

Union St

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Hello. Scott and I return to our dual commenting system this issue, right after Scott's catch-up comments on *Turboapa* #42. We had some problems getting the last couple mailings done because we weren't working *with* our normal patterns, but rather were working *against* them. I write easily under pressure; Scott hates doing that. We'd originally agreed to join the apa together on the condition that the two of us actually *talk* about our reactions to apa material. That's what had been fun when I was a member and Scott was just reading my copy. However, the way we'd been dealing with the apa recently was for Scott to spend most of the month reading and procrastinating on comments, and never actually talking about it until after the deadline, because I would read the issue and write my comments at the last possible moment before collation. Now we've resolved to do things more sensibly. I assign myself a fake deadline early in the month and read the apa and write my comments first. Then, while Scott is reading the apa and giving himself plenty of time to write, we talk about what you guys have said. (And some of that conversation actually ends up getting printed in the apa!)

I suppose there may be a few other reasons for our having to send a post-mailing last month: there's always the ever-popular reason, "we've been busy," but I sure hope none of that has prejudiced you against including our post-mailed zine with your copy of *Turboapa* #43 and your comments on it.

So, without further ado. . . here's Scott—

Last month I learned a few things about APA writing. First—don't procrastinate. For me, that's fatal as I simply can't write under deadline pressure. Second—don't skip a month unless that month's APA is very light-weight. *Turbo* #42 contained some of the best material, or at least some of the most seductive comment hooks, of any APA since Jeanne and I started. That makes it very tough to try to catch up, yet to skip it totally without response would be very unfair to many people who put in a lot of work. Commenting late is a drag because by the time it sees print, the conversation has moved significantly ahead so your comments seem very dated. I must avoid this situation in the future. An apology from me is in order to all contributors of #42 along with a few modest responses.

KIM WINZ

Very classy zine. I liked the whole look from the color of

the paper to the typestyles you chose. Nicely laid out as well. I was impressed with your story. Did your classmates get to read it? How was it received? You commented to me that you thought you would avoid Jamaica for vacation. Since I last brought the subject up I have met yet another acquaintance who regularly travels to Jamaica. In both cases the major draw of Jamaica is that pot smoking is legal and plentiful there (though not buying and selling). That is a big plus with many folks I know and an advantage I forgot to mention originally.

JOHN PEACOCK

Jeanne has already taken a shot at responding to you. As for me, my view of this discussion has not changed. As far as the Galileo mission is concerned, I am not a scientist at all, I'm not particularly informed about the project or all the objections to it beyond a few critical articles I've seen in some non-scientific periodicals of the Left. I never represented myself as an expert and am at a loss to refute your specific arguments even if I were so inclined. But that was not what I criticized you for in the first place. I responded to the tone of your article—mean, a bit arrogant, and contemptuous of the protesters daring to criticize the project over so trivial a thing as a little plutonium. Your article in *Turbo* #42 continues this attitude, writing off critics as being "chowderheads" who are not qualified to even discuss the project. Pardon me if I implied that you were a NASA cheerleader. But again that wasn't the point. The issue that Jeanne and I wanted to bring out for discussion was the tendency among fans in general to leap to the defense of the space program in general (including NASA, Galileo, the UW, etc. etc.) You wrote an excellent critical assessment of NASA, yet you vehemently deplore even a suggestion that Galileo could be criticized. In sum, I don't know or care if you are right about Galileo. I just want to point out how well this discussion has illustrated the knee-jerk reaction fans often display to criticism of the space program whole or in part.

KAREN BABLICH

Weddings do seem to come in flurries—like pregnancies at work. There was a big flurry of them just after I graduated from high school. Another big flurry after college. It's been quiet for me since then until I moved to Madison and now the local SF group is wedding crazy. It'll pass. At least I hope it will. I have four nieces all high school and college age now and I'm hoping I get a break before another flurry hits them!

I liked the cartoons.

ALGERNON STEWART

What can I say about "Casting Away the Black Stone"? I liked it, read it all the way through never tempted to stop, but I don't understand it.

Yct me about candidates. Most candidates don't "think" per se. They consult the polls and their funding sources and that amounts to the thinking process for most. There are few exceptions. Want to influence them? Don't waste your time talking to the candidates. You need to convince the media, PACS, large corporations and contributors. As they say, once you have them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow.

HOPE KIEFER

No need to apologize for giving yourself a plug in your own zine. I would like to add to any Turbos reading this that I strongly recommend Hope as an agent. She has gone above and beyond the call of Travel Agent duty for Jeanne and I—especially last fall when we were trying to get Jeanne's brother Eric back to San Francisco. That effort alone was worth a medal.

One of the nice parts about your job, Hope, is we get to read travel stories like "Job Stuff" from that issue. Great! I was very disappointed that I missed *Drugs are Cowboy*. Now the long wait for the video (sigh!).

DON HELLEY

The look of your zine is beginning to grow on me. As Turbo zines get more and more slick and high-tech, you retain a certain "homemade" feel. It's a little weird, but not beyond comprehension. It must be a lot of work and you deserve more positive feedback than you've been getting. I don't think I can launch into a discussion of your "Long Road Trip" section just now other than to say I found it very interesting.

RICHARD RUSSELL

Jeanne said it all last month.

PAT HARIO

Welcome—nice first zine. I'm a neo at this too.

BILL HUMPHRIES

Welcome—another fine first zine. Good comment to Hinz. It's too bad he dropped. I was looking forward to his answers to his many critics.

ANDY HOOPER

The second draft of "The Barnstormer" was a fine read. I thoroughly approve of the changes—especially the beginning of the story and the more fleshed out character of Lillian. I think you've started a pleasant trend in the APA by submitting fiction. Then you took it a step further by submitting a subsequent draft after getting comments on the original. That takes guts, but the results are very entertaining—and I don't just mean the story, but the process. Are you planning further revisions? I think it reads very well right now.

STEVE SWARTZ

A stunning effort in comment writing. Thank you. I think you may have set a new standard. I don't think I can deal with

all the issues you brought up in one response, but I will tackle it bit by bit. As Jeanne pointed out last time, there is enough stuff in your issue # 7 to talk about for months.

Your observation that I tend to avoid making judgements was very interesting. I suppose you're right, looking back. I'm certainly as full of opinions as anyone else. I'm not too worried about "bludgeoning" anyone in this APA into agreeing with me (note my great success with Peacock). Nor am I concerned about using judgements as a device to change people. I know all too well that people change only when they are damned ready. My problem is my discomfort with this medium of communication. Writing is tough, at least for me, and I want to avoid misinterpretations of what I write. Being too quick to draw and shoot can result in unnecessary pain. I'm just the cautious type. Look at that whole silly hickey discussion we had. My feeble attempt at humor was completely misunderstood and for good reason. It was badly written. That's why I try to be careful.

Turboapa #43 Mailing Comments**KIM NASH**

(JG) I know what you mean about plateauing being the worst part of weight lifting. I did weights for about a year and a half until my bench press plateaued at 220 pounds and 30 reps. Unless I went in for more than the one hour, 3 days/week I was doing already, I couldn't hope to improve my record, and unfortunately improving my record was the only thing that kept me coming. So I got bored and more importantly, careless, and my attention wandered and I started doing my body more harm than good.

So I turned to swimming which has more to do with meditation and an out-of-body experience than beating records.

The OE-as-Ghod was Scott's idea as were all my other fannish accomplishments. I am merely his puppet. Scott's real name is Richard Bergeron.

(SC) The last couple years I have built up a formidable array of excuses to put off exercise. Unfortunately, having once been in good shape, I can't completely ignore the urge to regain that feeling. Running was my most successful exercise endeavor. I was up to a daily 3-5 mile run and I just felt great. Not only that, I could eat anything. I gave it up when I started to experience frequent pains in my ankles and knees (despite a careful investment in shoes) and the problem of what to do in the winter. I couldn't face running in severely cold weather and the idea of running around a track all winter just made my eyes water. I work with a bunch of serious weight lifters and they have not impressed me as being all that concerned with health. Looks and power, that's what they're after. At my age, I need to be more realistic. Karate is a very good idea. I was into it once, briefly, but gave it up because I was over-scheduled with other stuff. I have thought about getting into it again (the stretching is really good). I look forward to more reports on your progress. I could be talked into it.

To tell you the truth, Kim, I didn't know anything about any cover until I saw it on the APA. Honest. Jeanne did it all. I had no part in it whatsoever.

Really.

JOY KIEFER

(JG) Your so-called "cold" was probably shared by most apa members. Actually, the symptoms you describe add up to this winter's plague, "The Shanghai Flu," and it's apparently the worst winter flu in years—earlier outset in the population, more virulent symptoms, more people down with it for a longer time than in past years, more fatalities, etc. I came down with it a couple days before Christmas but ignored it until the day after because Scott and I had invited my whole family over to our house for Christmas day and I'd planned a gourmet extravaganza. (The Madeira Wine Sauce alone took two days, one for stock cooked from scratch and another for five hours of simmering. It was fantastic. I just wish my taste buds had been in better shape on Christmas.) Anyway, the day after Christmas I drifted in and out of consciousness upstairs in bed while Scott brought me orange juice and chicken soup and in general, took care of me. Then even though regaining vertical orientation, I drifted mute through the next few days (except for frequent raucous coughs)—mostly at Scott's family's house in Iowa. My voice disappeared entirely and I could only croak or squeak to people if they held their ears about two inches from my mouth. Which they did rarely.

One interesting phenomenon that Scott and I discovered is that we've developed routines when telling stories about our lives to other people. One of us will start and the other will finish, or will interject well rehearsed comments. But during my enforced Harpo-ization, the routine got derailed. Scott would begin a story and even though he knew I couldn't chime in as usual, he'd pause, look at me a little helplessly and stumble through the part of the story I usually told.

I wish your mom and you and Hope best wishes and luck, if that can help, with the cancer treatment. It's amazing how, as you said, experiences in life can change one's sense of relative horror. To you, the "club" became a manageable experience, and unfortunately or fortunately—I don't know which applies—a great deal more horror can be transformed into the mundane.

to me, just the existence of a potentially healing wonder drug for your mom's cancer seems an optimistic thing. By the time Rick's AIDS symptoms really got rolling and the brain atrophy caused him to lose so much of his mind (and he had been a truly brilliant person, technically a genius, but so much more) that we all knew that even if a miracle cure for HIV was discovered the next day, it didn't matter any more for him.

And another: I talked to a gay man in San Francisco who had been sure he had AIDS because of some growing spots on his chest. He put off going to the doctor, afraid of the diagnosis, and when he finally went, the doctor told him he'd contracted a virulent form of skin cancer, melanoma, from too much exposure to the sun. "Thank god!" he exclaimed. "I've only got cancer!"

Certainly, for me, the few medical problems I've had this year, have seemed of infinitesimal importance and not the least cause for worry as I saw Rick go through his last months.

(SC) Your description of the cancer clinic trip was so familiar to me from seven years ago when my mother contracted cancer. Suddenly we were admitted to a whole new

world that was hidden before. Even when you are acquainted with people who have cancer, it's not the same as being family and getting a close look at what treatment is like. It's not simple or easy. So many emotions to deal with. So much of what you and Hope are writing rings true for me, it's not easy for me to read, but I always look forward to your Mom Reports.

NEVENAH SMITH

(SC) Welcome back. One sure way to get my attention is to stamp something "IOWA." It was one of the first things I read. I came away with two strong impressions. There was a lot that I liked, but it also made me uncomfortable. Your description of the driving was just great. You were very precise and the images you created were vivid. The uncomfortable part was probably not your fault. The story seemed very personal to me based on what I know about you. I could not separate the characters and their emotions from real people. I will be interested to see how others reacted.

ALGERNON STEWART

(JG) Artist "class"??? What a bizarre idea. The idea that there are people out there who are working to solve the "problem" of a gap between artists and non-artists confuses me as much as if there was a group fighting prejudice against brunettes. Maybe I'm just "out of it" these days.

At work, the other graphic artists and I feel exasperation toward people who define themselves as "non-artists" and come to us to do jobs that they basically don't want to do and therefore define as "artistic" in order to avoid.

Examples: Attaching a graphic onto a piece of foamcore with Spray Mount or hand-lettering a sign or name tags. It rather reminds me of a typically male line about how women can do icky things like dishwashing and other housekeeping chores so much better than they can.

But "artist class"? Nawww...

LUCY NASH

(JG) Well after reading your's and Kim's description of that blowout party, I really felt sorry that Scott and I weren't around that Friday for Kim and Kathi's birthday celebration. I always enjoy the show Kim provides when he's had too much to drink. However, that day we were in Iowa, and more to the point I had no voice, and so it wouldn't have been as fun for me as it might have been. (Laugh, cough, cough, cough. Laugh, cough, cough, cough. Laugh, cough, cough, cough. Laugh, cough, cough, cough. etc. etc) Next year maybe.

KATHI SCHELLER

(JG) Welcome. I'll never be able to look at your kitchen table the same way again! Might there be such thing as a table haunted by a cat's sexuality, violently excised?

I'm confused. Doesn't a Haiku form require three lines?

(SC) Welcome again. You should be loaded with juicy APA material. Stories about Dick at work and at home, progress

reports on Kim at karate class (or are you saving those for blackmail purposes?), more feline gore stories. Just let yourself go, Kathi.

ANDY HOOPER

(JG) I appreciated the meaty mailing comments even though *Union Street* was not available for you to comment upon that month. I managed to feel included by your comments to others re their comments to Scott and I. I *do* like the conversation part of apas though it sometimes feels to me—and I think I've said this to you already—that your apa writing tends more toward the performance mode than it does the interactive. Which is not to be understood at all to mean that I don't like your performances. I liked the thunderous outrage of #41, this issue's "Seven States Including Hysteria," and I'm looking forward to the next version of "The Barnstormer," or will it be *The Barnstormer*? Anyway, I appreciate the meaty comments even more given that.

Funny—the hints in your zine and others about the plot turns in *Beauty and the Beast* make me interested for the first time in seeing some episodes. I grew exasperated by the show early in the first season and stopped watching it after only a few shows. But the no-holds-barred plot line you describe (in which even Vincent could die) strikes me as far more interesting than those early plots. When you read a novel you certainly don't start out assuming that the main character or any appealing character is immune from radical harm. Even though that's a more difficult balance to achieve in a continuing series, it should be attempted or else the form descends to predictable cliché. It's unpopular to say this but I like *Thirtysomething* for the reason that that show maintains the balance. Main characters are not immune to life's changes.

(SC) I enjoyed "Seven States Including Hysteria" very much. I shutter at the thought of calling it a "trip report" as it is more than that and, well, better than that. I doubt that I will be the only reader to point it out, but just in case no one else mentions it, Nevenah did not share with us the details of the car break-in. Why was the thief a moron?

Re-reading your opening rant on the world situation today (Feb. 15), I find myself amused by the fact that it already sounds dated. Instead of resorting to the "methods of their predecessors" as you predicted, Gorbachev has again pushed the fast-forward button on the USSR and the hot news today is his embrace of personal property and scaling back the power of the Communist Party. Germany is about to reunite whether the rest of the world likes it or not. Yet by the time you read this, all these issues will be replaced by another series of hot developments. Dangerous, but exciting times we live in.

PAT HARIO

(JG) Lawyers write that way in order to intimidate other people by the legalese, so that they feel compelled to hire lawyers, because who else could write that way? All professions have their own rhetoric which functions in a manner opposite to protective coloring, and clarity of meaning is certainly not the number one reason for its use.

(SC) Don't get me started on lawyers. I will permit myself one comment. I was strolling through the UW bookstore

the other day and noticed four books that were exclusively about dealing with lawyers. How to select them, how much to pay them, how to tell if they're doing a good job for you, etc. I wonder what this says about our society. Not that it is so odd that such a book exists, but that there are so many. Of course at least two of the titles I saw were written by lawyers.

BILL DYER

(JG) Great anecdote. I would have been tempted to kid those guys a little more than you did: Like "Yes, I'm indeed a member of the local Satanic Booster Club and I'm sure glad these photos came out. Usually our photos cloud over when they are touched by Christians. I'd be glad to pay for them...unless you *mind* becoming a Satanic accessory..."

DIANE MARTIN

(JG) Congratulations for finally evicting the SOTE and good luck in solving your problems in the absentee landlord biz.

Seeing you at a party recently made me realize how little I've seen of you in the past year. I would like to get together more often this year. How about you?

(SC) I just sighed and shook my head when I read about your troubles with the SOTE. My father had just enough dealings with renters to leave us both leery of ever renting property to the general public. From the landlord's perspective, once you have bad renters, you have big problems. Especially if you have some emotional attachment to the property. We once rented our Grandmother's house to a couple who painted all the rooms outrageous colors, fire engine red, deep blue, orange and even stripes. Repainting that place was awful.

JAMES BRON

(JG) Thank you for the salmon which (Ignore his protests to the contrary) Scott gave me of his Own Free Will. It made a delicious bagel and cream cheese and Lox sandwich.

The phone call wasn't dumb. Just unexpected and difficult of respond to considering my half-awake, fluscourged condition, and the fact that I was astonished at the long distance of it all. I do appreciate the thought.

I think I'll send you my new discovery, black tea, flavored with black current. Drink with cream and sugar of course. Soon. Don't worry about my wasting perfectly good tea on civil disobedience: I favor tossing beer off the side of the ship for political protests.

(SC) I would like to correct a typo Jeanne made above. She meant to say she supports tossing LIGHT beer over the side of ships. I witnessed Jeanne enjoying the salmon on a bagel. She stole it from me fair and square.

In my opinion, your travelogue was some of the best stuff I've yet seen from you. More than ever, I came away feeling that the next trip to Britain we make will include far more time spent in Scotland. Thanks.

HOPE KIEFER

(JG) I admire your growing facility with computer layout programs and art. Nice shadows!

Yes. I'm also someone who prefers to know things.

What a great idea it was for you to surprise your mom with a visit! Good for you.

(SC) I agreed with your reviews of *Always* and *Blaze*. I liked *Born on the Forth of July* slightly less than you did. I still think the best Vietnam War film was Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*. Cruise was remarkable, however, and there were some great moments such as the MASH and Vets hospital scenes.

See my comment to Joy about the Mom Reports. I'm following them closely so please keep them coming.

JULIE SHIVERS

(SC) I like the new glasses. I think you detest flying only slightly more than I do. I can keep a stiff upper lip and just tough my way through it, but I still hate it every bit as much as the first time. I don't care about the statistics. They will not save my ass when it's plunging 30,000 feet out of the sky. I'm just not convinced airliners should work in the first place. At least in a car or on a train you're only a few feet from the ground. If the engine quits, hey, no problem. But look what happened to the plane out in New York last week that simply ran out of gas! Shit. Flying sucks.

I liked "Amuck in Oregon," particularly the ending, "we did some things while we were there and we got back alive". Great.

KARL HAILMAN

(SC) Congratulations on the 164 bowling score. You sure blew Hope out of the water. How long have you been temping? You must have some great hell-work stories. Your video lawsuit insert left me gnashing my teeth. The fact that some lawyer actually took this case proves that Shakespeare was right about lawyers.

CATHY GILLIGAN

(JG) Good luck learning stick shift. It's been a while since Scott began teaching me, though granted I didn't practice often and had to begin at the beginning quite a few times), but I feel confident now, and even find myself enjoying driving standard transmissions. It's one of those things that you do often enough and it gradually becomes second nature.

(SC) Jeanne has done very well on a stick considering the haphazard practice she got. Now that she is feeling comfortable with it, of course, we're about to buy a car with an automatic.

Cathy how do you get yourself into these situations? At least they make good stories. Good luck with the car. I think you should spend a little more time in the library learning about buying used cars. It's a tough business loaded with perils—I know all about getting burned on cars. (My Escort is sitting in my driveway right now with a junk engine). You'll have plenty of company telling car/hell stories.

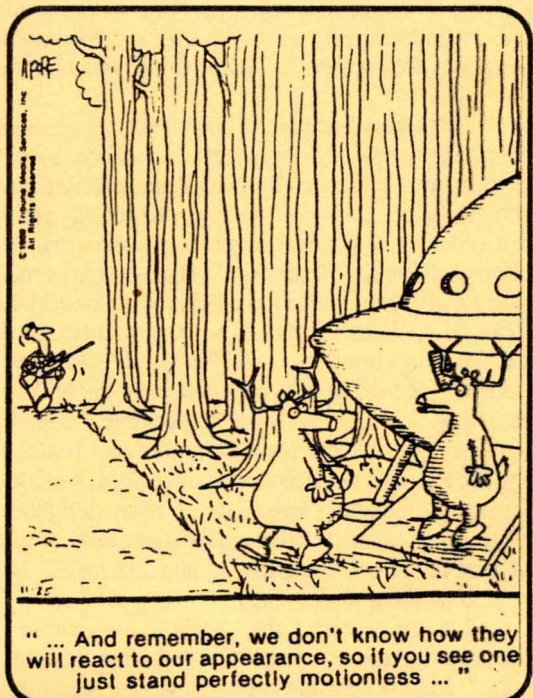
ALI BRON

(JG) I'm going to enjoy talking to you I think. I'm an opera lover, well mostly a Puccini lover, and there are very few people who are willing to talk about that topic... I want to re-write the libretto of *Madame Butterfly* so that Pinkerton's wife and Butterfly team up at the end and assassinate him, but otherwise—like you—I don't have problems being a feminist and an opera lover at the same

time. *Turendot*, in fact, I interpret as a feminist epic. Or it could be...

What an amazing doll! I am so stunned that I would like to share this incredible thing with some friends. Would it be possible for me to send you money for you to mail a pregnant Barbie to me? Or is there something of equal value here that you'd accept in trade?

(SC) Welcome. You and James must come from a very interesting family (that's a subtle clue that you can tell us all about it, including any dirt on James you happen to have handy).



A Detour off Union Street

Mostly by Scott Custis, with some foreshadowing moments
by Jeanne Gomoll



On leaving Madison in a very ordinary Renault Encore, we decide to check out a few items of standard equipment (always a good idea when using a state vehicle). Our check list comes to a sudden stop when I am nearly assaulted by the car's deadly projectile-cigarette-lighter. I push it in while fiddling with knobs and buttons on the console panel, and instead of simply popping up to indicate readiness, it leaps out of its socket at me and flies between the bucket seats onto the floor in back. We decide it is safer to wait in suspense to discover the car's other quirks than to seek them out all at once. If this were a movie, this moment would no doubt be orchestrated with ominous, dramatic music. People in the audience would turn to one another and say, "this is a moment of foreshadowing."



Ah Wisconsin, home of lovely lakes and forests, picturesque farms, meadows and hills and the distinctive giant fiberglass animals. Oh I've seen other states meekly attempt to start a population of fiberglass animals, but no one succeeds with the gusto of Wisconsin. As we travel up I-94, we encounter our first specimen moments after leaving town. A large pink elephant graces the sleek architecture of a filling station just off the Interstate. Such sights become familiar as we spot a black steer outside the Big Steer restaurant near Osseo. Eau Clair sports a rooster, a mouse (which looks a bit more like a rat) and another steer. The show stopper, however, is a giant fiberglass deer leaping ever so gracefully over a fiberglass log outside the Brass Fawn restaurant in Black River Falls. It is so realistic that, I swear, if only I was totally shitfaced drunk and tripping on acid, I would surely mistake it for the real thing.

On the way home we stop for gas in Portage and see a giant fiberglass bachelor Lutheran farmer with giant fiberglass sausage, churn and straw hat with appropriate dumb look and big feet. We wonder briefly about what kind of person makes these things. We decide there are some things it is better not to know.



The state once again surprises us with the unexpected lavishness of our motel accommodations. Travelling down the bleak Highway 8 approaching our final destination, both of us grow gloomy imagining our motel turning out to be one of those Norman Bates places that seem to be the only motels we see along here. At last we spot a road sign for our motel and Jeanne yelps in surprise at the bottom line of the ad proclaiming "Indoor Pool". "I never thought to ask if they had a pool! We didn't bring our suits!" she says. I assure her that the pool in this place is likely to be a disappointment. We both are impressed as we pull up to the respectable chateau-style motel complete with a large restaurant/club and liquor store. Everything is clean and well kept up and the pool, we discover, is, well, very respectable. Jeanne is at once delighted and crushed. This time I assure her that we will have no time to swim (I use that term loosely when speaking about myself, I "swim" like mobster in cement underwear).



I avoid watching the *Today* show because every time I see it, I always wind up saying to myself, "Never again." Jeanne flips the set on as we get ready to go to breakfast and, once again, *Today* falls down to my expectations.

After some fairly promising but frustratingly brief spots on South Africa and malpractice insurance, *Today* elects to do a feature on dolls. The spotlight is on a very hip character called Billy Boy who has come up with the idea of marketing a doll in high fashion "couture" clothes. The other hot selling point is that these dolls are anatomically correct. At \$500 a pop plus a catalog of couture clothes for it, Billy Boy figures his creation will not be mass produced ("common" is how he phrases it) as Barbie. His dolls will be instant collector items targeted for the serious (read RICH) collector. I do not find any of this hard to believe, I just don't know why anyone should care and I can't take his lisping snob appeal any longer. When Willard Scott comes on to put a huge purple paper chicken on his head and stumble through the weather I feel an instant reflex reaction in my hand and it shoots for the Off button.



It is warm, nearly spring-like on Monday morning, but the state car starts only with difficulty, acting like it is 40 below. The movie audience whispers "foreshadowing," again.



How can I best describe the parks we saw on our trip? The weather is nice, the parks are nice, the people are sure nice,—hey, it is real nice. We hope to do some cross-country skiing, but lack of snow ruins that. There is just enough snow left that the trails are too messy to trek down without the boots we have thoughtlessly failed to pack. We are given excellent personal tours by the park staff, but we aren't able to spend time tramping around soaking up the outdoors as we usually like to do. We need to come back again better prepared.

Interstate Park has a fine new Ice Age exhibit that includes some great graphics of Ice Age history, fossils and photographs of geologic remnants of the glaciers. As Jeanne and I walk around the exhibit, I notice the small collection of stuffed birds of prey mounted on the walls; a bald eagle, a hawk, a snowy owl and a great horned owl. I step up close to examine the talons of the horned owl. They remind me of a hunting story a co-worker told me just a few days earlier.

Jim is an enthusiastic deer hunter, but he finds shotgun hunting too easy. He has no problem using a shotgun when he wants to be sure of getting some deer meat for the season, but it's not particularly challenging. Jim finds bow hunting more interesting. It takes patience, steadiness and, above all, skill to kill a deer with a bow. He told me about a bow hunting experience he had recently while waiting in a tree stand. He was being very good, waiting in the stand and being very, very still. He was in full camouflage including face paint. "I had carefully turned my head to one side to look down the trail. I don't know exactly what I did to attract him—probably just blinking my eye." A great horned owl, some distance off, had been watching Jim for some time. Jim was so well camouflaged and had done such a good job of keeping still in the stand, he fooled the owl into thinking he wasn't there. Except for his eyes or nose that moved just enough to look to the owl like dinner. Jim recalled, "My head was turned, but I saw him suddenly out of the corner of my eye. He was coming at me diving in full attack mode, talons out, going right for my head. I lost all composure. I yelled, threw my arms up, dropped the bow and sunk down as far as I could—nearly falling out of the tree myself. The owl turned and missed me just slightly. That was it for me for the day. I was so shook, I just went home." As it turns out, encounters like this between deer hunters and owls are not that unusual.



It is 7:30PM and stores are beginning to close down around us. We are standing on Nicolet Mall trying to decide where to find a restaurant. It is a terrific day for walking down the Mall. The weather is clear and very warm. It is my first trip to Minneapolis' famous downtown shopping district. Two disappointing trends that day are the relative lack of good bookstores and the abundance of franchise fast-food places. We are in the mood for something more distinctive. This leaves us in the frustrating position of being hungry and not having a clue as to where to turn for good food with the evening growing colder around us.

I look off toward Hennepin Ave. and spot some friendly looking neon and say, "Thataway." We reach the corner but are disappointed to be looking at a line of garish topless bars with names like "Gay 90's".

"One more block," I say. "Then we'll give up and head for our car."

As we approach the next corner, Jeanne points across the street and grins, "That's the place!" The neon sign says "The Loon Cafe". I am skeptical. Jeanne is certain. "We must eat in a place with a name like that. Think of where we're from."

I am still skeptical until we step inside. I immediately relax. The Loon is an old fashioned saloon, clean enough but a bit worn and comfortable and not a brass rail nor a potted fern to be seen. I know we are committed when Jeanne decides she likes the layout and graphics of the menu. They offer a hodge-podge of sandwiches, bar food and Mexican. They boast about their chili and offer four different versions. We choose Mexican and are quite satisfied. The beer selection is large, but I am disappointed to see only one decent Wisconsin beer, Lienenkugel's, represented.

The Loon proclaims itself a sports bar ("Baseball Spoken Here" the menu says). Scattered TV sets are all tuned to the Syracuse/Seton Hall basketball game. There is baseball memorabilia on the walls—newspaper clippings of the Twins and a history of the bar (it sits on right field of the old Athletic Park), but it doesn't jam this theme down your throat by filling every square inch of wall space with banners and pennants. The Loon has a genuine feel, like it doesn't need to prove anything.

The Loon claims to be famous. "Rated one of the top 100 bars in the country by Playboy and Esquire magazines" the menu boasts. However one wishes to consider this shameless bragging, there appears to be some truth to it. My favorite piece of memorabilia is a plaque telling the story of four Texas Ranger players who got off their plane, hailed a cab and directed the cabbie to take them the Loon Cafe. After \$40.00 in cab fares and mercilessly chewing out the driver for failing to find the bar, the players gave up and went to their hotel . . . in Milwaukee.

Jeanne dreams that night that Andy secretly manages The Loon Cafe in his spare time.



Tuesday morning is warm, even more Spring-like than the day before, but this time the car is even more recalcitrant. Finally I have to get behind the wheel and coax the ignition to spark the motor. We breath a sigh of relief when the motor turns over.



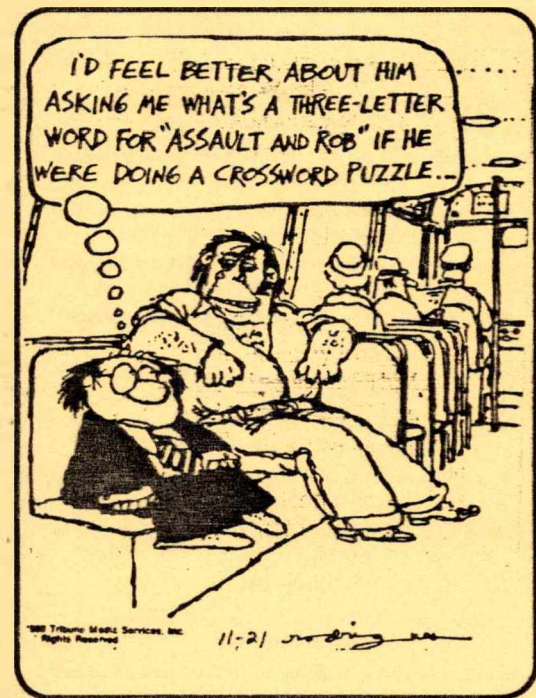
On the way home, Jeanne invents imaginative curses for the state car which seems to be tired of driving under the influence of cruise control. Half the time, the car ignores a direct order to lock onto a selected speed. This would only be frustrating if it weren't for the fact that the rest of the time, a speed demon takes possession of the car and gradually increases the speed from 65 mph to 75 mph

when the cruise control kicks in. When she almost loses control of the car next to a big truck and skids momentarily into the shoulder because of an unexpected surge in acceleration, Jeanne finally turns off the cruise control and swears that she will have revenge. Which is probably a mistake.

The trip is over. We drag our suitcases into the house and promise ourselves that we will unpack first thing tomorrow. We crawl into bed and snuggle into the luxury of our own bed and fall asleep almost immediately. If this had been a horror movie, the heroine would be undressing and slipping lasciviously into the bath water and the audience would be holding its collective breath, trying to warn her that *the movie isn't over yet and the monster is going to make one more attempt at her life.* The heroine is always surprised, and so are we.



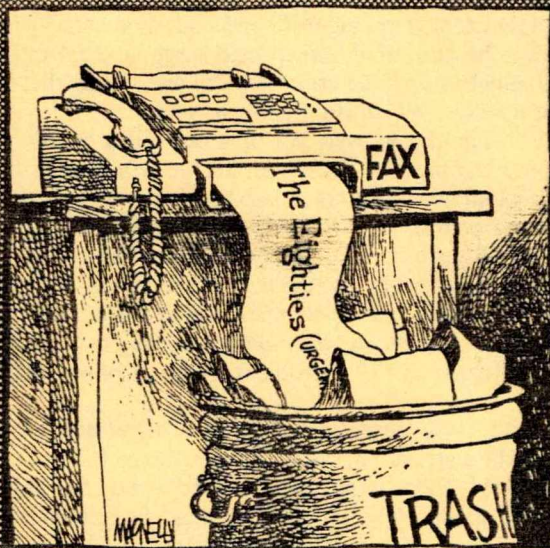
Wednesday morning is warm and spring-like. The state car does not start. The motor will not turn over. There is not even a sound when the key is turned in the ignition. The battery is not dead; I suspect a loose connection. Jeanne goes into the house and calls up the Department of Natural Resources fleet headquarters and is told that someone will come to the house and tow the car back to the garage. "OK. Fine," she says, and takes the bus to work. Finally the trip is over and the monster leaves the hero and heroine's life.



Torture—According to a recent book, *White Man, Black War*, Rhodesian military officers once tortured a black guerrilla by forcing him to listen continuously to a John Denver record played at high volume.

Religious Broadcasters—Reason magazine reports that a survey of hotel bills from last year's convention of religious broadcasters revealed that 80 percent watched an x-rated movie on their hotel room's close-circuit channel.

Harper's Index To The 80's



Not every decade can be assessed using the simple reckonings of time and value and weight. But the 1980s were characterized by a deep materialistic faith, and the age — the age of Reagan, Trump and Cosby — was always busy counting things. The decade knew itself by what it cost, and calculated its happiness in market shares and rates of consumption. Because the Harper's Index is itself a product of the period, we decided that a special, expanded version would be the most fitting way for the magazine to memorialize the decade. The 1980s offered an especially wonderful assortment of characters, excesses, atrocities and surprises — and more than enough numbers to take their measure.

- Estimated number of plant and animal species that have become extinct since 1980, worldwide: 100,000
- Number of new plants and animals that have been patented since then: 2,632
- Ratio of decisions handed down by the Supreme Court to decisions hand down by Judge Wapner, since 1980: 2:3
- Amount of dehydrated, drug-free urine sold by Byrd Laboratories of Austin, Tex., since 1986, in reconstituted gallons: 1,000
- Estimated amount of the U.S. government paid Manuel Noriega during the 1980s: \$1,200,000
- Amount of U. S. military aid given to the government of El Salvador each minute during the 1980s: \$700
- Amount of U. S. humanitarian aid to the contras in 1985 and 1986 that was spent on deodorant: \$5,760
- Percentage change, since 1981, in per capita U. S. consumption of white bread: minus 10
- Ratio of the U. S. government's budget for housing to its budget for the military in 1980: 1:5
 - In 1989: 1:31
- Increase, since 1980, in the median income of an American in constant dollars: \$64
- Increase, since 1980, in the median cost of a new home, in constant dollars: \$16,170
 - Number of condoms the U.S. government has distributed to developing countries since 1981: 4,535,900,000
 - Number of polyps removed from Ronald Reagan during his presidency: 15
- Estimated amount of fat surgically removed from Americans in 1988, in pounds: 206,400
- Estimated amount of silicone and collagen implanted in Americans in 1988, in pounds: 63,250
- Number of the 1,077 toxic-waste sites the EPA Superfund targeted for cleanup in 1981 that remain hazardous: 1,047
- Average increase, since 1980, in the amount of garbage an American discards each year, in pounds: 69
- Average increase, since 1980, in the amount of junk mail an American receives each year, in pounds: 17

- Average number of acres of rain forest cut down each day since 1980, worldwide: 20,000
- Number of the 6 hottest years in this century that have occurred since 1980: 6
 - Number of times God was thanked in acceptance speeches at the Academy Awards in 1989: 1
 - Number of times Michael Ovitz was thanked: 3
- Rank of Jim and Tammy Bakker's appearance on "Nightline" on May 27, 1987, among the show's most highly rated broadcasts: 1
 - Net worth of Donald Trump, per pound: \$9,700,000
 - Average age of a first-time fur-coat owner in 1980: 50
 - Average age today: 26
- Change, since 1980, in the percentage of their income the richest 1 percent of American families pay in federal taxes: minus 15
- Change, since 1980, in the percentage of their income the poorest 20 percent pay in federal taxes: plus 19
- Total outstanding balance on U.S. credit cards at the end of 1980: \$54,894,000,000
 - At the end of 1988: \$174,792,000,000
- Percentage change, since 1980, in the number of American families composed of a housewife, and employed husband, and 2 children: minus 21
- Number of extramarital affairs on "Dallas" during the 1980s: 37
- Rank of sex, crime, and the family, among the topics most frequently discussed on "Oprah" and "Geraldo": 1, 2, 3
- Number of days in prison to which Zsa Zsa Gabor was sentenced in 1989 for slapping a police officer: 3
- Total number of days in prison to which Iran-Contra defendants have been sentenced: 0
 - Number of Supreme Court justices in 1984 who voted against legalizing the recording of TV broadcasts by VCR: 4
- Percentage of children in 1988 who said that Pee-wee Herman was "highly qualified" to be president: 8
- Percentage who said that Michael Dukakis was "highly qualified": 4
- Points by which President Reagan's approval rating went up after he was shot in 1981: 7
 - Number of books published during the 1980s with the word "terrorism" in the title: 190
- Net foreign debt owed to U. S. government, business, and citizens in 1981, per American family: \$2,500
- Net foreign debt owed by U. S. government, business, and citizens in 1989, per American family: \$11,000
- Percentage of the 1989 earnings of U. S. companies that went to interest payments: 71
- Average number of corporate mergers per business day during the 1980s: 12
- Portion of all MBAs ever awarded by U. S. universities that were awarded during the 1980s: 1/2
- Percentage increase, since 1981, in use of the term "postmodern" by the New York Times: 237
 - Number of Elvis impersonators hired for the celebration of the centennial of the Statue of Liberty in 1986: 200
- Number of times Edwin Meese used some form of the statement "I don't recall" during his Iran-Contra testimony: 340
- Number of times since 1987 that President Reagan has been quoted as saying "dovey/ai no proveyai" (trust but verify) in the New York Times: 11
 - Exclamation points in "The Bonfire of the Vanities": 2,343
 - Lines of coke done in "Bright Lights, Big City": 48
- Percentage of Pepsi drinkers who say they would switch to Coke if it contained oat bran: 74
- Number of suckers born born the 1980s, according to P.T. Barnum: \$260,320

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