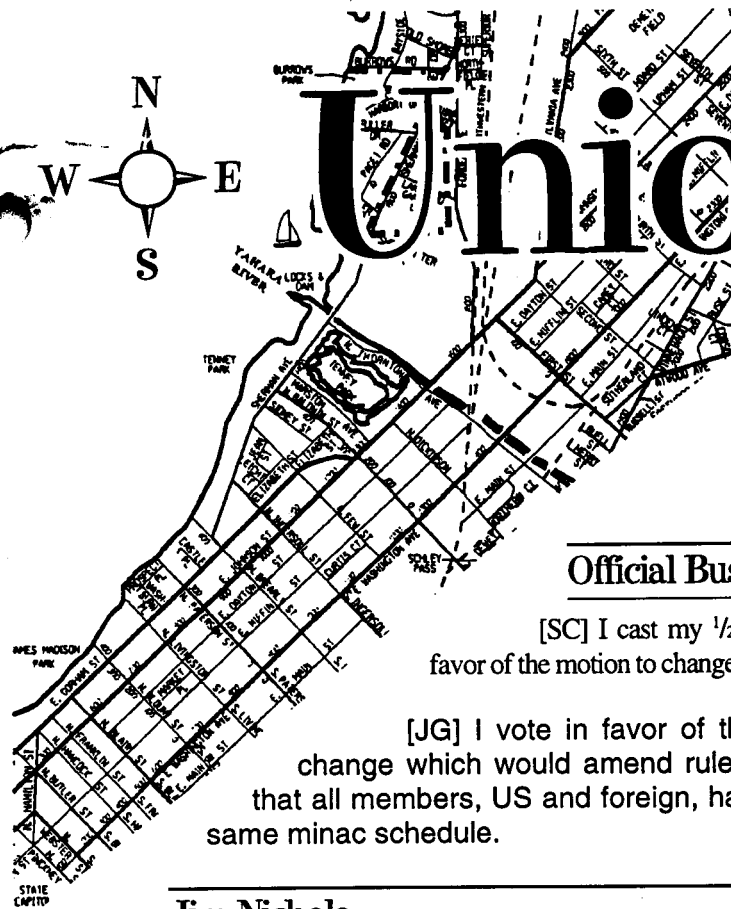


# Union Street

A joint zine by Jeanne Gomoll & Scott Custis



## Official Business

[SC] I cast my 1/2 vote in favor of the motion to change rule #1.

[JG] I vote in favor of the rule change which would amend rule #1 so that all members, US and foreign, have the same minac schedule.

## Jim Nichols

[SC] Re YCT me in Business, thank you.

[JG] It sounds as if you have carpenter ants. Does your landlord know?

## Michael Rawdon

[SC] Thanks for the very interesting book reviews. I, for one, see no reason for limiting our discussion in these pages to only SF/Fantasy books. Unfortunately I haven't had the time all summer to crack a single book myself since starting on my new work schedule (pardon my whining.) So you won't mind a little envy creeping into my remarks on books from time to time.

YCT me on my piece for Tracy's fanzine, thank you.

I'll be looking forward to reading about your vacation. Hope it was pleasant.

[JG] The FBI confiscated a *Tyrannosaurus Rex*?!?! I can see it now, the department of unidentified thundering monsters, UTMs.

In response to your request for clarification about my comment on your political views and your favorite authors.... Among the authors you listed as your favorites are ones that I usually consider the "old guard" — some of them liberal in their time but

hardly visionary in our own time on hot-topic social and political issues. In your list I noticed a preponderance of old guard authors (though not many reactionaries), and an absence of contemporary authors for whom political and social issues form the core of their concerns.

## Vicki Rosenzweig

[JG] Thanks for sending us a copy of *Quipu*, with your WisCon report in it. I really enjoyed reading your conreport, especially because it told me so much about the ACH performance which was planned almost entirely outside of concom meetings, and because I only saw part of the final performance.

Thanks also for your comments and suggestions for WisCon 21. I will use this space to update you all on plans for next year's WisCon, and apologize to those Madisonians who are familiar with this stuff.

We do have a coordinator; in fact we have *two of them!* Jim Hudson and Diane Martin have volunteered and have been enthusiastically endorsed by us all.

They are hosting all concom meetings at their homes — so far all at Jim's house — and are nearly through making all major staff assignments. People should contact Diane and Jim as soon as possible if they are interested in volunteering for any position, major or not. (I have let them know about your own offer, Vicki, to work as a consuite assistant.)

Jim Hudson  
76166.3404@compuserve.com

Diane Martin  
dmm@aeb.com

So there will be a WisCon 21, and Melissa Scott has

Welcome to Union Street #78 (Obsessive Press #180 and Peerless Press #80), which comes to you from Jeanne Gomoll and Scott Custis, whose address is 2825 Union Street, Madison, WI 53704-5136. Phone 608-246-8857. Union Street was created on a Macintosh Quadra 840av, and hard copy was printed on a LaserWriter Select 360 printer. Text was created with Microsoft Word 5.1 and laid out with Aldus PageMaker 6.0. All contents are copyrighted © by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, September 1996 for Turbo-Charged Party Animal #123. Members FWA.

## Quote of the Month

**"...my Mama's the best whore on the whole planet— probably in the whole universe."**

confirmed with us that she will attend as our GoH. We will not be skipping a year.

Scott and I have signed on to work with the new committee: Scott will be Hotel liaison (building upon the good connections forged during WisCon 20). I will be running the Programming Department. More that later, have no fear.

You suggested trying to interest people on the FEM-SF list to help out with the convention. We will certainly be doing that.



Your comments to **Lisa Freitag** about the proper priority of asking about the baby's gender (over other questions like mother's health, baby's health, etc.) have been echoed recently in an interesting discussion on the FEM-SF list on the same subject. All of which resulted in a sort of weird fantasy of mine: I wonder how people would deal with the new baby (as well as their parents) if they were told that the parents had decided not to tell people which gender the new baby was for a while. I imagine that it would result in a lot of confusion and enforced introspection about that confusion as people realized how central their knowledge of the child's gender was to the manner in which they interacted with that child.

Beyond the fact that such a secret would necessitate that the parents always change the baby's diaper and bathe the baby out of sight of others, I can't imagine that such an experiment would have any ill effects on the child. However, practical everyday necessities would probably make the experiment a rather short-lived one. Still, I'd love to hear about what happened.... (Which maybe gives you a hint about why I'm not a parent myself.)

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### Georgie Schnobrich

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[SC] Jeanne and I also saw and enjoyed *Cold Comfort Farm*. It's a delightful movie and Flora Post and the Starkadders are wonderful characters. I found your comments about how we have lost our faith in "modern" solutions and a better, "modern" future interesting. I think you have a point, but as I watched the movie I tended to view the whole thing as parody. Flora's faith in modern solutions to the Starkadders problems were being lampooned as much as anything else. So I didn't find myself relating to this in the way you did. Or maybe I've always been more of a pessimist than you, Georgie.

YCT me, thank you and thanks for the cartoon.

YCT **Bill Humphries**, I agree with much of what you said later in your comment to him that "rewarding belligerent selfish behavior" is "now sort of the American Way." Win At All Costs has become more and more our cultural, as well as economic and political, mantra. So it is not surprising that folks are behaving more rudely. It is the inevitable result of unrestrained capitalist mentality creeping into all aspects of life.

On the other hand, there have always been lots of rude people in the world and folks who live in large cities tend to be ruder toward strangers than folks who live in small towns. My father was complaining similarly about the state of the world twenty five years ago. I always have to check myself when I start complaining about how bad things are getting to see how much I am starting to sound like my father, regardless of the true state of the world.

[JG] Scott and I also saw *Cold Comfort Farm* and were utterly charmed by it. We both enjoyed the acting, the humor and bizarre characters quite a lot. Your comments about the outdatedness of the story's concept of "modern," were very interesting. Mid-movie, I remember thinking that Flora's simplistic solutions for the Starkadder's dilemmas would inevitably become bogged down in a far more complex web of motivations than Flora could conceive. I assumed that the story would confront the very young (though admirably assertive) Flora with an understanding of life that exposed the flawed simplicity of the point of view of a wealthy, spoiled, beautiful young woman. So, for me, the story offered a constant "twist" of my expectations: Flora's expectations that life-long problems might be easily "fixed" and that the world was, at base, relatively non-complex, turns out to be a versatile fulcrum of action. There certainly *were* complexities that Flora was unable to understand or uncover (she and we never do learn what nasty thing happened in the woodshed), but it doesn't matter. Flora's technique reminds me of behavioral-based psychological theories (like neuro-linguistic programming): you don't have to know what traumatic event precipitated a neurotic behavior; in fact, these facts are largely irrelevant. You have only to change the behavior....

In that light, the message of *Cold Comfort Farm* is a bit more contemporary than you described it. But I agree, Flora's philosophy certainly goes cross grain against many current ideas, especially of the long-lasting effects of childhood abuse. On the other hand, I really liked the way the story poked fun of Capital-R-Romantic Love.

My goal of reading Jane Austin's work chronologically was interrupted by Scott's and my vacation.

(I didn't want to take either of the two good hardcover volumes of the complete novels with us in a backpack to a tent site where it might be ruined by rain or dirt.) But I have already finished *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and read the last of *Emma* just an hour ago.

It's embarrassing to admit that seeing the movies of *S&S*, *P&P*, *Persuasion*, and *Emma* actually provided the impetus to me for finally reading Austin, but there it is, and as a result, I have been reading the novels with a visual reference rooted in the recent film versions. All, that is, except *Mansfield Park*. I liked the story and the main character, Fanny Price, much less than any other Austin novel or heroine, and said to Scott at one point that I doubted that this novel would be made into a movie. The lesson of strict morality, the wimpy main character, and the centerpiece plot devices (especially the very "wicked" playacting) would translate to the screen with less ease than the plots of the other novels. But Scott noticed that the *Signals* catalog advertised a BBC production of *Mansfield Park*, and so I attempted to track it down. None of the local video places stocked it, but I did finally find it at the Library. Seeing the video didn't change my mind that the story made a poor movie, but it was interesting, nonetheless, to see it performed. I thought the movie version made Fanny quite a bit more courageous than she was portrayed by Austin, who always described her as avoiding direct eye-contact with anyone she was talking with. Certainly the actress conveyed a directness that I would have preferred in the novel. But that still doesn't make me recommend the BBC version which faithfully retells Austin's story (though with a lot of well-needed editing in the early parts of the story), but gives us too little of the author's wicked wit ....

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### Steve Swartz

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[SC] Great trip report. Makes me want to follow your route out there sometime (minus the speeding ticket, or did you get a ticket from that cop? Kate saved the day?)

[JG] I miss you, Steve. I hope you are happy in Seattle and that your new job and circle of friends is treating you well.

What an amazing thing that you, **Tom Havighurst**, and Scott all came up with the same proposed rule change in the same month. You have my vote. (I think the postcard ballot is a good idea.)

I wish we could keep the distinction between radical and reactionary, because, for the most part,

I still have a fairly positive feeling about the word "radical." I usually think that getting to the root of things, addressing basic motivations, and making real changes is often a good thing; whereas "reactionary," for me describes the fear of real change, and the tendency to believe that utopia existed in the past which must be reclaimed, which composes the main part of my dislike of conservative ideology. Although I understand your and **Michael's** more liberal use of

the word "radical," I think I'll continue making the distinction.

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### Jae Adams

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[JG] I am sorry we didn't get to yours and Marcia's artists garage sale. What a fine idea! I hope you keep us on the mailing list for next year.

The word image you present of your competent self, ready for the art fair, driving to the square with all necessary equipment and supplies describes a feeling that I cherish when it comes to me. It's a satisfying sense of having done the work necessary to feel fully prepared for ... whatever. I had to laugh when you wrote that the feeling is your favorite part of going to the fair and I had to agree. Being Fully Prepared for a meeting is far more satisfying for me than actually using all that prepared material.

Congratulations on the commissions. I hope you find a way to take this work without letting it impinge upon your creative needs and that the work in fact gives you energy. I find that one way to find positive aspects in commissions that involve me in work I would probably not have chosen to do were it not for the paycheck is to think of them as exercises in limitations, which I think are excellent aerobic practice for creativity within limited spaces. Metaphorically speaking.

You published some really beautiful calligraphy in your zine this month. I especially liked Alicia McKim's Voltaire. Did you happen to see the Virginia Woolfe quotation that was used on the announce-

Mansfield Park, Jane Austen

It's an old, *old* joke. In *Mansfield Park*, Edmund asks Crawford, guy to guy, how he located the parsonage, Thornton Lacy:

*"You inquired, then?"*

*"No, I never inquire. But I told a man mending a hedge that it was Thornton Lacy, and he agreed to it."*



I have sometimes dreamt that when the Day of Judgement dawns, and the great conquerors and lawyers and statesmen come to receive their rewards — their crowns, their laurels, their names carved indelibly upon imperishable marble — the Almighty will turn to Peter and will say, not without a certain envy when He sees us coming with our books under our arms, “Look, these need no reward. We have nothing to give them here. They have loved

READING

*Virginia Woolf, 1932*

ment of the memorial for Karen Axness? I reprint it here.

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### Karen Babich

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[SC] YCT me, you said, “Would you like your last gift in bottles, on draft, or by the jug?” I will always choose draft first, but as most anyone will tell you, I am not fussy.

[JG] What a funny list of insults. I immediately Xeroxed it and put it up on my wall at work.

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### Bill Bodden

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[JG] Thanks, Bill, for your apology. I also apologize if I discounted your feelings.  
Very funny spoof.

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### Vijay Bowen

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[SC] Wow, more tough news. Maybe a big change would do you both good. Seattle is a nice place, I hear. But you would be very welcome here in Madison, too (you know we're Money magazine's choice as “The best place to live in America.”)

[JG] I'm sorry your life is so stressful these days. I hope you are able to find some positive

moments with your father in the next couple months and that Mark finds the job of his dreams very soon (or you make the move of your dreams. Pick one.)

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### Jim Brooks

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[SC] I hope you don't mind that I stole one of your quotes for my last business page quote. It was much better than the one I was planning.

YCT Jae, on *Independence Day*, it is good to remind us of the humor of this awful movie. Jeanne and I burst out laughing several times when no one else in the theater caught the joke. It might be worthwhile to sit down with a gang of SF movie buffs to look at it again for all the in-jokes and movie references/rip offs. There must be dozens, maybe hundreds.

“The sweat broke out on Scott's fevered brow as he tried to dial Pat's phone which was busy because she was dialing his...” This has only happened maybe once or twice, OK? Give me a break.

[JG] You know it would be a pretty funny thing, not to mention a *tour de force* to write all your comments as if from an omniscient point of view, detailing everyone *else's* reactions. Well, I liked it when you did it with **Georgie's** story. Go with it, go with it.

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### Clay Colwell

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[SC] I hope you find time to go to Armadillocon and write about it for us. I would like to have gone this year to see Jonathan Lethem (I liked *Guns With Occasional Music*), **Spike** and Tom and, of course, all you regular Austinites. We won't make it, but we'd sure like to hear about it.

Thanks very much for the Steve Hawley reprint.

[JG] Thanks for the WisCon collage. It's really interesting to hear what things stand out for different people.

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### Bill Dyer

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[JG] It doesn't often happen that I recognize a musician's name when people talk about concerts they have attended, especially when the names are obscure.... But it's finally happened, I recognized the name of the back-up singer who performed before K.D. Lang at the concert you wrote about.

For a while, many years back, I collected all of Holly Near's records. I stopped after I lent them to a D.J. at a local radio station, WORT, and someone at

the station walked off with them. The early 3 or 4 albums couldn't be replaced because they were no longer in print and I lost heart, especially because I liked her early, anti-Vietnam war work, the best, and had lost them forever. But I still like her singing and imagine that if I heard she was in Madison, that I might buy tickets to hear her again.

The first time I heard Holly Near perform was a complete surprise. I had just arrived on the UW-Madison campus, the antiwar movement was in full swing, and some friends and I hiked over to the Humanities building in order to hear Jane Fonda talk about her experiences during a Vietnam anti-war tour. Before Fonda spoke, she introduced a young singer who had traveled with them in Vietnam and who had apparently performed at some of their stops.

A very young, very small woman with long, blazing red hair stood alone at the bottom of an amphitheater, in a medium-sized lecture hall in which the seats were arranged in steep rows on three sides of a little stage, backed only by green chalkboards. It was not a room known for particularly good acoustics. There were no other musicians. Her arms fell to either side and she waited for us to quiet down. Then she opened her mouth....

—And an enormous, lovely, impossibly pure tone filled the air. She started her song on one very long, incredibly controlled, gorgeous note that floated up to us and then knocked us out of our seats. In a moment she had us all, in the next she was wringing tears out of us with a song of a wounded soldier trying to get home before he died. I can't remember what Jane Fonda told us that afternoon; but I will never forget the raw emotion and tone images that Holly Near gave to us about the war she'd just visited.

She came back to Madison many times after that initial appearance, singing war protest songs; and later, coming out in song, the politics in her music had more to do with lesbians and feminists than soldiers. I attended many of those concerts and loved how she was able to use her voice as a one-person band. To this day, I prefer her voice without accompaniment.

Holly Near has also done some acting. She was the sister, for instance, in the movie based on Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*. I've seen her in a couple other small roles, too. And she still travels with politically active groups and performs at a lot of benefit concerts for good causes.

I'm sorry you weren't very impressed by her.

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### Lisa Freitag

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[SC] It looks unlikely that Jeanne and I will be going to worldcon in San Antonio at this time.

[JG] Your early experiences with computers almost exactly match mine. I too, got involved with a computer class in high school in which we assembled a primitive computer with switches and components hundreds of times the size of a chip. Then, in college, I learned Fortran as part of a statistical analysis course. Then nothing. By the time I reacquainted myself with computers in the late 80s, very little of what I had learned in High School or College had any value whatsoever. It's a sort of scary thought to imagine that twenty years from now, the stuff I know now might have as little relevance.

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### Jim Frenkel

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[JG] This year sounds as if it might be the year to be a Wisconsin football fan. Scott and I were joking that someone ought to market a reversible jacket: one side green and gold for the Green Bay Packers, and the other red and white for the UW Badgers. Are you a baseball purist, or do you switch to other sports after the pennant race?

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### Cathy Gilligan

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[JG] I was very sorry to hear from you and Barb about your brother's stroke and the dreadful treatment he received by the hospital. It makes me so angry that our medical system seems to be turning into one that can only be safely accessed by healthy, unstressed people—which is precisely what we are likely not to be when in most need of medical assistance. I'm glad that David is improving and may survive his brush with the health care system.

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### Hope Kiefer & Karl Hailman

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[JG] Welcome Delight, and congratulations, Hope and Karl! Courage, Forrest.

[SC] Yes, what a cutie she is. Congratulations.

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### Tom Havighurst

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[JG] How long are your bike rides averaging, Tom? How many miles, how much time? Are you preparing for a long distance trip?

You and **Bill Humphries** give excellent reasons in your zines this month, about why the web is important to you. And in the end, that's all that matters. If someone else cannot see the value in a thing to which you have committed yourself, it doesn't matter. The very fact that you devote your time and energy to it makes it important. No one should try to diminish another person's life enthusiasms. On the other hand, we all have to respect other people's lack of interest in our interests.

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### Andy Hooper

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[SC] Wonderful zine, Andy.

[JG] Your piece on miniature world-building was delightful, and certainly cleared up a few questions that have occurred to me over the years about the purpose of all those miniatures you collect and paint. (I never realized that you actually played war games with them.) I'd like to see one of your battleground landscapes sometime.

There's a very funny bit in Margaret Atwood's novel, *The Robber Bride* about one of the central characters, Tony, who is a war historian and also creates miniature battlegrounds. Only she creates her backgrounds mostly out of foodstuffs (pastas,

seeds, beans, etc.) and tends to nibble on the landscape when she's absorbed in thought. (There's another very funny bit, about a scholarly paper on the technology of fly-front fastenings—actually a chapter in her planned book, *Deadly Vestments: A History of Inept Military Couture*.)

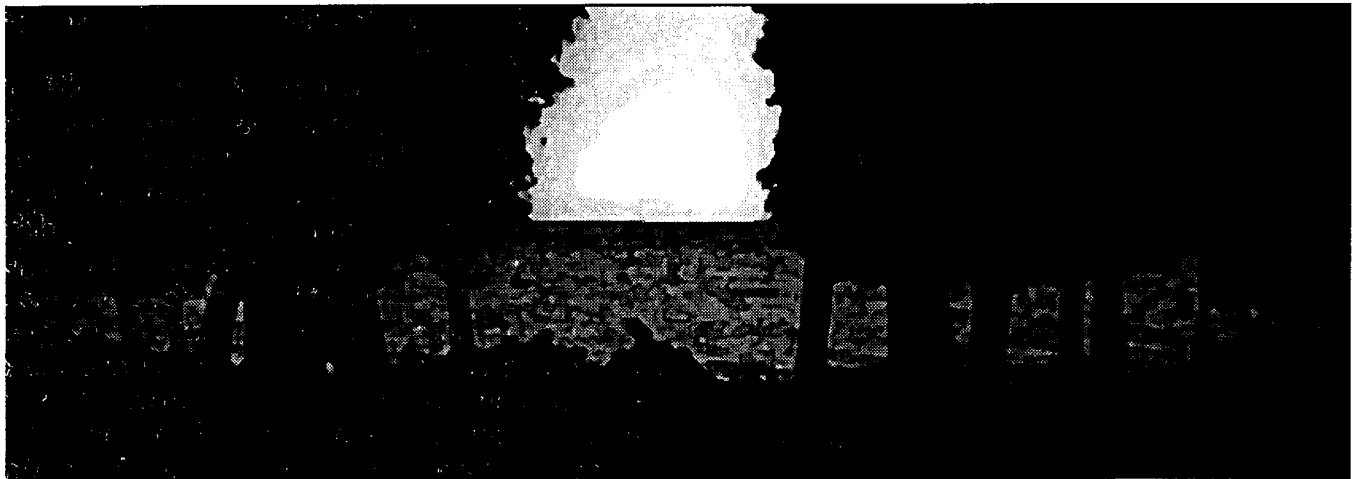
I would think that if I were not acquainted with the web that your website reviews would tempt me to go look. (Your essay, in fact, feels as if you have extended your fannish style of reviewing zines to the new media. It's a very effective style for the subject.) Indeed, this review might be more effective than all the entreaties to various un-wired persons that they should go on line.

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### Bill Humphries

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[JG] I liked your comments about Robinson's *Mars* books, especially your point that Mars itself is the main character. And I agree with you about the fascinating focus Robinson turns on Ann and Sax, turning them from archetypes to real, changing, multi-layered characters, and then revealing them at the end to be metaphors for the complex nature of the relationship between humans and Mars. It's such a wonderful book! I think the comparison between these books and *Moby Dick* is quite apt.




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### Our Vacation

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[SC] Almost every summer since we met, Jeanne and I pack our camping gear and head up to Rock Island State Park for a few days or a week. Wisconsin's far Northeast corner ends in a peninsula of land that lies between Green Bay and Lake Michigan. Most of this peninsula is Door County. At the very tip of the Door County peninsula is a large island community, Washington Island, that can only be reached by boat or ferry. On the far side of Washington Island is the tiny Rock Island State Park, also only accessible by boat.

While I worked at Mendota Mental Health Institute, getting time off in the summer months was always a problem. Sometimes our annual camping trip was scheduled rather tightly because I had difficulty getting a long stretch of time off in the late summer. Now that I work for DOT, time off is rarely a problem so this year I was looking forward to an unbroken 11 days off from work. In the past, our usual routine was to get packed and organized during the work week. Then we took off the first day (often I had to take a nap in the car because we'd

leave soon after I got off work at 7 am.) and drive like mad up North. Time was important on the first day because we had to make the three or four hour drive up to the tip of Door County, catch a car ferry across to Washington Island, drive across it to the far side to unload all our stuff and catch the foot ferry across to the park. The last foot ferry of the day is 4 pm. Then, exhausted and hungry, we had to lug our stuff to the campsite and set up.

This time was different. We had time to spend Friday and Saturday packing and getting organized. We left on Sunday around noon and leisurely drove up to Door County and found a hotel room the first night. Our plan was to head the rest of the way out to the park and set up Monday morning.

Door County is an unusually pleasant tourist area. The little villages north of Sturgeon Bay are full of shops, galleries, restaurants, motels and resorts. It is a very successful area. One thing that makes it so pleasant is that, in the villages north of Sturgeon Bay, the occasional gas stations are the only outside franchise businesses allowed. Everything else is locally owned. No McDonalds, Perkins, or IHOP. No Holiday Inn, Best Western or Motel Six. No Wall Mart, Shopko or Sears. I don't know how they do it, but it is refreshing to leave the world of big-corporations-constantly-in-your-face, mostly behind.

We stopped the first night at a nice little motel in Fish Creek. Heavy clouds moved in shortly after we checked in and we went to dinner that night in a steady rain. It was the only rain we got the whole week.

Monday morning was bright and sunny if a bit cool. We checked out and went to breakfast, as is our tradition, at Al Johnson's restaurant in Sister Bay. Al Johnson's is the definition of a tourist trap. It is always busy, in the morning it is typical to have to wait for a table. It has a gift shop full of odd Scandinavian clothes, books and nick nacks. The waitresses are all dressed in Swedish costumes including uncomfortable-looking wooden clog shoes. We go there, as do most people, to see the goats on the roof of the restaurant, live goats lounging around on the real grass roof, and the food. They serve the most delicious thin flat Swedish pancakes. It's worth the wait.

Our plan was to spend at least three days camping. A lot of times, three days is enough if we get some rocky weather or the flies are thick. We figured we could always round out the last day or two bicycling on Washington Island if we tired of camping. We got to our campsite around noon. It had turned into beautiful day and our site this year was very close to the sand beach. We set up and then spent a leisurely afternoon sitting on the beach, making supper and, later, sitting by the fire.

The Border's book discussion group book for September was *Smoke and Mirrors* by Jane Lindskold. It was a fairly short book with a lively plot so it was well suited to reading aloud, which Jeanne did on the ride up and now

in the evenings by the fire. Unfortunately it was not a very good book and it regularly elicited groans from each of us and quick looks around to see if anyone passing by or in other campsites could overhear this silly story.

I doubt that I can adequately describe how lovely and relaxing the next three days were. We had simply flawless weather, the best run of nice weather I've ever had up there. It was warm and sunny during the day, and the wind was amazingly calm. Rock Island sits out where Green Bay and Lake Michigan meet. It is usually at least breezy there. But that week it was so calm the water lapped gently into shore as if we were camped on the edge of a small pond instead of one of the Great Lakes. In the evenings it was cool enough to warrant sitting close to a fire with sweaters. Good for sleeping.

[JG] ...And quite a romantic place. The moon was full during our week on Rock Island, and we enjoyed spectacular moon rises most evenings. The moon rose in the midst of a grand sunset that painted the sea's horizon a lovely pinkish orange, which was reflected upon Michigan's surface. Scott and I walked out onto our private beach and watched the sunset and moonrise each evening after dinner. Other years, we have enjoyed completely moonless nights, and more stars than one ever sees in urban skies. But this year, for the first time, the bright moonlight prevented the nights from ever getting really pitch dark.

One night, I decided I wanted to take a quick swim and left Scott to tend a roaring campfire. The water was warmer than it had been in the day, almost bathwater warm, and I dived in without hesitation and swam away from shore for a long distance and then returned. As I stood on the shore, getting my breath back and letting the breeze dry me off, a sudden stillness seemed to breath around me. The glowing sky, the long silver beach and the dark, bordering forest, the gently lapping waves, the great sea in front of me, and the glowing moon — suddenly felt almost painfully beautiful. There was no other person in sight, absolutely no sound, no reminder of human existence. I could, for a moment, believe that I was the only person alive on an uninhabited, alien planet. I raised my arms and felt, for a moment, completely *alive*, completely aware of the moment, completely a part of this world.

Talk about getting away from it all! It was a wonderful week. Now back to Scott...

[SC] We spent the mornings sitting for a couple hours on the beach reading or taking a short swim. Jeanne thought the water was perfect. I found it a bit cold, but I looked forward to getting out into it every day for a little

while at least. We usually left the beach when the day tourists moved in. We spent time reading or dozing in the shade by the huge stone boathouse or walking out along the rock beach. We spent a couple hours one afternoon going back to the Washington Island to get supplies and have a beer in the Nelson Hall bar.

It's quiet out on Rock Island. You can't hear a car out there. Once in awhile a boat goes by. A plane might go overhead rarely, but jets are too high up to hear. Of the 40+ campsites on the island, maybe a fourth of them were filled. [Less than that, I think. — JG] Once the foot ferry stopped running at 4 pm, only a ranger and the campers were left and Jeanne and I felt like we had the island almost to ourselves. We rarely encountered other people as we wandered around, just saw their tents here and there. No one was camped near us. Since cars aren't allowed and you have to carry all your stuff out to the island, most of the campers are fairly minimalist. No TV's or big radios or large appliances or kegs of beer. It's very peaceful.

We were having such a fine time we stayed an extra day and didn't tear ourselves away until Friday morning. The weather forecast was for the sensational weather to hold through the weekend so we were a bit sad as we sat by our stuff by the boathouse and waited for the foot ferry to pick us up. We brightened however when the *Karfi* showed up loaded with people and gear. It was the start of Labor Day weekend and the park was beginning to fill up for the last big holiday weekend of the summer. We decided we were leaving just in time.

We skipped bicycling on Washington Island and went directly back to Door County to the nice little motel in we found in Fish Creek. The motel was only a short walk from the main entrance to the big Peninsula State Park. So we checked in again, rented bikes and spent a couple hours riding the extensive and well maintained trails of this great park. Afterward we decided not to do

another fish boil for dinner (we did a rather soggy fish boil Sunday night). Jeanne decided to ask the owner of the motel for a dinner recommendation. She directed us to a place called the Greenwood, off the main highway, for their Friday night fish fry. "It's where *We* go," she said, meaning the permanent residents of Door County.

She was right. The Greenwood is a supper club. It was packed when we got there. But as we cooled our heels in the bar waiting for a table, we noticed how everyone in the place seemed to know each other and how so many of the staff greeted folks by name as they came in. Either they were extremely friendly to strangers or the place was full of locals. We were treated to one of the best fish fries I've ever had in Wisconsin. The fish was a lightly battered perch that was delicate and tasty.

We finally drove home Saturday after breakfast. Not wanting to brave the crowd at Al Johnson's on a holiday weekend, we again asked the motel owner for a breakfast recommendation. She directed us to a place nearby, off the main street. It was a little place, again full of odd Scandinavian *stuff*, but almost empty of customers. We had a very good and reasonably priced breakfast. I knew that a large crowd of people were lining up to get into places serving breakfast just a couple blocks away on the main street and suggested to the waiter that they need a sign or something over there to draw some of those customers here. "Oh I don't think we really want that. We are a bit shorthanded today anyway," he said.

We picked up smoked fish and Door County cherries as we always do, and headed back home. Our last stop along the way was for a couple beers at the excellent Calumet Brewing Co. in Chilton. I believe it is the third smallest brewery in the United States. Gregarious Bob and Bonnie Rowland make some of the finest beer in Wisconsin. Worth a stop anytime I am in the Appleton area.

Scott Custis & Jeanne Gomoll  
19 September 1996

