

Missgo a Real News



Still At Large: The Unacartoonist

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Name of topic

Out of breath, Hep stumbles into Hubert's Bar on Chicago Avenue to rendezvous with the Outlaw Eastern Alumni.

"Watch out," he warns the crew, "Ski is mad as a hornet, in a foul mood, and may take hostages soon."

The local, Prz, asks where the bailbondsman is. Hep replies he is off parking the car. "There is no parking around here," Prz cringes.

The warehouse district that surrounds the ballpark is in the midst of a century slide of urban decay. Street parking is nowhere to be found.

Suddenly, a SWAT team rambles past the open tavern doorway. Sirens are blaring. A commando bounces into the bar and screams at the bartender to keep everyone inside until the situation is resolved. He then swipes a half-empty bottle from the bar, and staggers outside into the glare of the summer sunset.

Hep, sticking a straw into the beer pitcher, foams that he last saw Ski scrawling a poster while weaving out of traffic. It said "I'm the Pillsbury Dough Boy-- If You Bake Me I'll Burn You!"

Rocky, pulling out his

police scanner from his backpack, is not concerned. "He's a pro, he can handle Jesse's stormtroopers." The radio cackle is sparse; budget cutbacks and the lack of overtime are the only things discussed with vigor.

More squads, fire engines, bomb trucks and helicopters thunder by the bar. Through the frenzy of Mars lights, bullhorns and screeching tires, Ski walks into the bar.

Mr. Hash is relieved. Ski has the only hotel pool pass; his children, gnawing on the table legs in anticipatory athletic competition, cheer the Arrival like UFO abductees in Rosewell.

"Lame parade," Ski says as he pulls up a chair to table. He has been living with a personal 8.5 earthquake with its epicenter the crack of hindquarters; a living nightmare day. He was late in driving to Belvidere to pick up Hep, who had spent the last three weeks begging, pleading and ca-

joling a ride to Minneapolis. Even though he has made a longer trip from the Quad Cities, Hep wants to ride shotgun on the Crazy Lawyer Friday Express.

The meeting at Rock's in-laws was diplomatic until the end when Hep tossed the male leader of the clan his car keys with the instructions to top off the tank, wash and wax it by Sunday. Ski pushed him into the vehicle before they could load their shotguns.

If it was not enough to listen to Hep's five hour monolog on Republican trichosis, World War II military mistakes and Bavarian beer songs, the kicking and bleating from the trunk for the first hour of expressway driving was unnerving. Hep was adamant in bringing a pagan goat for the sabbath barbecue. Ski had no time to look up the interstate trafficking of sacrificial goats.

Got Fishin

As the Olds hit the Wisconsin border, Hep demanded to roll down the windows to get the full effect of the decaying grass and dairy cow barn smells that hit your lungs like an insane professional boxer. He was homesick already.

The Meat Loaf tape should have soothed the beast, but the tape got churned in the cassette player like homemade noodles. In an attempt to use the 10 CD changer was foiled by the kicking goat. Ski

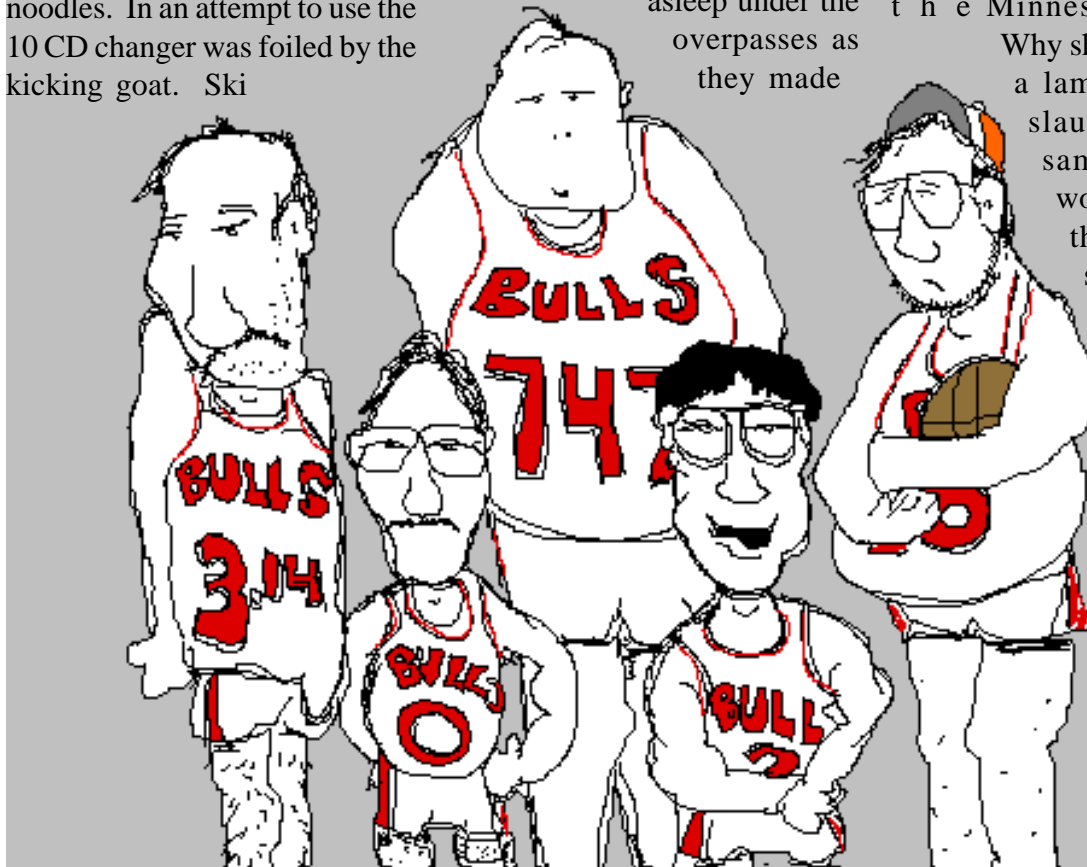
went mad by Madison; rural radio is worse than Chicago's talent desert. Then Hep decided to kill the Dead Air with his annotated translation of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

The prairie was in its late summer fire. The troopers were asleep under the overpasses as they made

record time.

Time had to be made up in order to meet their commitments, including the Timberwolves-Outlaw Bulls charity basketball game, that Mr. Hash had arranged by fax with the Minnesota governor.

Why should we bail out a lame duck and be slaughtered at the same time? We would bail on Hash that evening, by sending a telegram to the arena saying we had gone fishin; so the arrest warrant would be directly solely at him. That's what friends do for other friends on a long weekend away from the daily routine of living the Life.



Sure, it was a reach, but not as far as Hep's tavern table beer reach. The motion is subtle in its inferences. Is he looking to refill his glass? Is he reaching to pay the check?

The discussion around the table comes to an awkward silence upon the Move being seen. It is commented that it could not be the latter, since Hep's wallet, ever since he lost a credit card in Montana in 1994, is attached to a thirty gauge industrial chain stuffed tightly in his jean overalls it takes two union forklift teamsters to pry it out of his pocket.

"What?" he shrugs as he fills his glass.

Prz wants to know about the commotion outside. Ski explains that he is probably parked in an unmarked industrial no-parking tow zone. So he called the operator and told her about an active cell in this block.

"I can't help it if she infers something else besides a surprising good cellular

phone connection," Ski says.

He figures that they cannot ticket or Denver boot his vehicle if the state national guard has shut off all access for blocks around his parked car. "But how do you plan to get it back?" Rock says, knowing that his Ride is now behind enemy lines. It could take hours to clear the chaos. "Right," Ski states, "because we are staying here until both Hep and Hash buy a round."

"Brilliant! It could take hours!" Prz laughs. Another perfect Serious Weekend Plan.

Rocky is still fuming about his flight. He could not break into the client conferences to his counsel in the morning. NW Disorient was attempting to charge him for two seats since the flight was only a quarter filled.

"Is this anyway to treat a first class passenger?" Rock yelled at the Gate. "I don't

need any accommodation unless you want to get me some warm milk and

hot towel nude back rub."

The ground crew was going to call the US marshall to arrest Rock, until they determined that he was booked in Seat 1A. Seat 1A is the captain's position. "After that, things went relatively smoothly," Rock boasted. "I just had to plug in my G4 Powerbook, and I ran Flight Simulator and got the plane to Lindberg Field in record time."

Hash's Midway adventure was just as bad. At security, his family was broken into groups for personal inspection. During the delay, their flight was called. He grabbed the kids, who clung to him like baby raccoons crossing a divided highway at rush hour. In the confusion, their baggage was sent to Philadelphia, and his spouse wound up on a one-way flight to Guam.

Prz just smiled a quiet grin. He had refused to discuss any real agenda. He was playing the Segretti role in this off-Broadway production of All The President's Men. (In fact, there was a playbill in the bar window: Hep as Colson; Rocky as Erlichman; Ski as Liddy; Hash as Hunt and Prz as the mysterious Deep Throat.) We would be operating his call center tonight; fielding calls of the love-lorn,

insane drunks, and medical snake oil sales. "Oh, we came to entertain the masses?" Ski moaned.



Bachelor Summit

Rendezvous

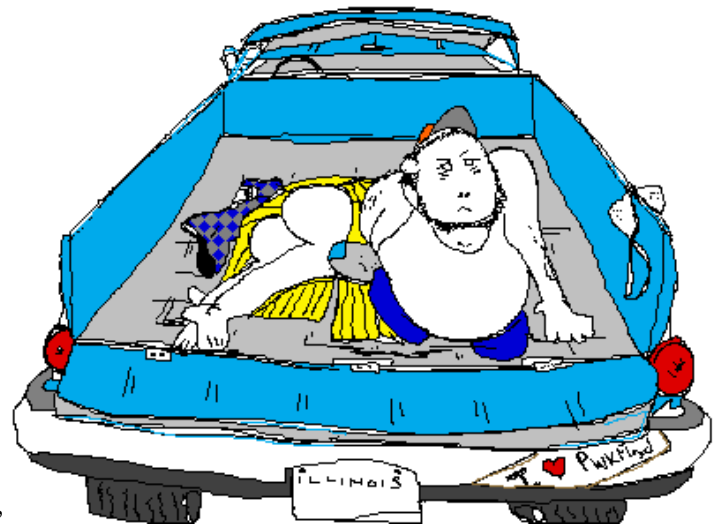
There is no quorum left for the Bachelor Summits of Lore. The Last Great Debacle was in Montana in 1994. There



were many images of that cross state warped marathon of bad taste, politically incorrect behavior and slanderous commentary. Some images still haunt the participants, like the Montana Ski portrait in Column 1 above.

There were other images that have never been published. They were found by the publisher in another one of his midnight, rescue a fallen hard disk, curse-a-thon.

“Low Tech Man,” upper left, must have been a focal point for the inner jacket sleeve art of the Outlaw Eastern Alumni LP



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Can’t Be Serious,” or in response to the cutting to the bone 1994 mega-popular series, HI-TECH MAN which kept the Montana summit moving forward into the dark abyss.

The other graphic from 1994, “Rushalo,” below right, is homage to the Western Bureau Chief of the Rebel Real News or the adverse reaction to some unknown Indian reservation-casino medication purchased in the Mexican restaurant in Billings. One can’t be sure of the facts, unless they are written down by a stenographer or Ski in a nightmarish drunken blitzkrieg. Only time will tell if these images replace their driver licenses photos

Things are getting weird when it takes one-third of your entire weekend devoted just to traveling. Of course people get a little loopy, hostile, crabby, surly and curt after more than thirteen hours on the Road, spending 50 miles behind a road grater in Central Wisconsin, a five mile border back-up south of the Illinois interstate; and route maps drafted by Lewis & Clark. One thing kept them going; the WELH reunion must go on.

How can Ski write about the Trip before it occurs? Well, that’s what he did in 1994 in Montana, to eerie accuracy that made the co-conspirators nervous and more intoxicated by fear than usual. Minnesota Real News © 2002 by Paul C. Pinderski, distributed by skirealnews.com a division of pindermedia.com, inc. All Rights Reserved.

or digital resumes.

