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"Um, Brooklyn."
"Ah, Brooklyn. You should have said Brooklyn. Why you say Manhattan?"

"Because it's on Manhattan, in Brooklyn."

Falana got confused, and we weren't able to straighten it out. Eventually he whipped the cab around the corner, got out, and asked another cabbie for directions. He returned shortly.

"I sink I fine Greenpoint now," he said.

As a cab-driver, Falana had three main weaknesses:

1. He barely spoke English.
2. He had no idea where anything in Brooklyn or Queens was, or, for that matter, which part was Brooklyn and which part was Queens.
3. He was terrible at following directions.

Tearing down Manhattan Island, he demonstrated his strengths. He could come within an inch of other speeding cars without hitting them, he could swerve quickly across three lanes, he could make a right turn from the far left lane, and he could run red lights. He ran red lights real well.

Falana got us off the island, then executed a humongous circle around the expressways of Brooklyn and Queens, without a glimpse of Greenpoint Ave. DeBarge and M.C. Hammer pumped through the cab's stereo system. I knew we were in bad shape when I realized that Captain Butch was too stressed to take the time to abuse M.C. Hammer.

When the fare had reached \$25, Banana asked Falana a question.

"Do you have any idea where you're going?"

"I fine dis place," Falana said. He started pulling over on street corners, honking at cars in the next lane, and getting out of the cab at red lights, trying to get directions. Each time he got them, he immediately botched them. Finally a woman

driver we met at a red light told Falana to follow her, and before we knew what had happened we were on Greenpoint Ave., pointing at Reuben and Pinsk's apartment (we recognized it from pictures), screaming at Falana to stop. He managed to follow that direction.

Reuben greeted us at the door of the apartment, in boxer shorts and a dirty T-shirt.

"What the hell," he said. "You're 4 1/2 hours late." Captain Butch punched him in the jaw and Banana kicked him between the legs, sending him to the floor. I picked him up and ordered him to go buy us some beer. While he was gone we told Pinsk what had happened. She in turn explained to us that when you call Brooklyn from Manhattan, you have to use the area code.

I laughed bitterly when I thought back to the smooth arrival I had envisioned back at the train station.

Dash Galaxy's voice echoed in my brain: "... like this, you can't write s-- like this, you can't ..."

"But Dash," I said out loud, "Why would you want to?"

Madison three-block bash includes kegs, live music

By Mark Munn
Staff Reporter

It seems there is no war on drugs in Madison, Wis.

In my outstretching travels this summer, I was fortunate enough to run across what is called "Mifflin Street Block Party." This three-block-long bash is held annually, around mid-June, in Madison.

The jollities included kegs in every house on the blocks, three stages with live music all day, lots of free and earthy people, clothing booths, and a huge truck full of more kegs. Needless to say, there was a bit of drinking going on.

I understand it is only a \$5 fine if you are caught on state property possessing less than an ounce of marijuana. This party just happened to be on University of Wisconsin property. People were selling hash

brownies and hash cakes all over the street.

A wide range of bands took the stages. I experienced a reggae/calypto band, a progressive noise band and various others. The Tar Babies, one of my alternative favorites, performed to make my day in heaven complete.

I met people from New York, Minneapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee and lots of locals. Everyone was full of enlightening stories. I didn't see an ounce of hostility among the crowd all day -- unless you include the end of the night, when the cops ran through the streets to clear the premises. Way to bust up that crime, guys.

If you get a chance next summer, I suggest you hit this festival. I personally promise a rockin' good time. I'm sure you'll see me there.

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