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**THE NEBRASKA STATE FAIR**

August 31-September 9  
Nebraska State Fair Park / Lincoln

*DIVERSIONS sees journeys*

# Reporters tell of travels

When I was a freshly scrubbed schoolboy learning my cursive alphabet and times tables in the hallowed halls of Norris Elementary School, my teachers invariably made me begin the school year with a boring essay on my summer vacation.

It was a pity for them that my summers were generally spent watching "General Hospital" and sunbathing. No exotic trips to far-away places, unless you counted western Kansas.

DIVERSIONS begins this school year on the same note. But, as you will see, our reporters' vacations were anything but boring.

Mark Munn takes us to a party in Madison, Wis., that legally spread to an entire block.

Robert Richardson spent his summer as a worker digging dirt in a cemetery, and as an eager reporter interviewing a former member of the Go-Go's.

Jennifer Johnson relates a tale of power, wealth and almost every

possible form of transportation on Long Island.

Both Lisa Donovan and Mark Lage spent time in New York this summer, although each came away with different impressions of the city that sometimes seems like another planet compared to Lincoln.

No stories of tee-ball tournaments. No boring car trips to grandma's. No kidding. It begins on this page.

--William Rudolph

## Numbers destroy smooth arrival

By Mark Lage  
Staff Reporter

Dash Galaxy is my next-door neighbor, and he is a very wise man. When life is at its oddest and most absurd, he just smiles and shakes his head, and says to me, "You can't write s-- like this."

But sometimes this wisdom escapes me, and my overly rosy imagination starts to think that it knows how life goes.

Three weeks ago I sat in a commuter train in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., waiting to begin the final leg of my summer's journey to New York City. With me were my travel companions, Captain Butch and Banana. We had driven for some 26 hours to reach this train station just north of the city, and with our destination less than two hours down the rails, my mind couldn't help but fill with images of my first entrance into the famed metropolis.

I saw our train speeding down the track, along the beautiful Hudson

River, through the outlying towns and villages. I saw us reaching the outskirts of the city, catching glimpses of skyscraper-cluttered Manhattan. I saw us heading underground and pulling into Grand Central Station. I saw us walking into the ornate, vaulted interior of the station, where our friends Reuben and Pinsk, seasoned New York veterans of eight months, would cheerfully greet us. They would chuckle at our wide-eyed Midwestern-ness, and then whisk us out into the bustle and lights of the streets, toward the very core of the Big Apple.

But before that I imagined Reuben saying "What the hell? You're three hours late."

Because that was strike one against a smooth entrance. Somewhere back on the road in Ohio we had decided that we were going to be early, so we started killing time in restaurants and gas stations. We killed way too much. Captain Butch summed our error up best -- he slapped his forehead and said, "What

were we thinking? We've never been early for anything."

Our train finally barreled out of Poughkeepsie at about 6 p.m., at a speed of roughly 10 mph. It then slowed to a steady three mph, which gave us a good, close look at all the garbage and abandoned buildings which line the beautiful Hudson. I wondered for a moment if it wouldn't have been better to rent bikes. The train finally got up to what the conductor called "track speed," but with the extra delay we were 3 1/2 hours late when we got to Grand Central. As we had feared, Reuben and Pinsk were not in sight.

We called up their apartment in Brooklyn, but only got a message saying that their phone was being investigated for trouble.

We started to worry. Or perhaps panic is the word. We were alone in New York City, night was falling, and we had no idea how to reach

See MONTAUK on 13

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Reggae, Salsa, Calypso
- Aug. 24,25 THE DAN DORAN BAND  
Kansas City's finest R & B,  
swing and blues band
- Aug. 26 Blues jam with the  
TABLEROCKERS
- Aug. 27 THE TABLEROCKERS  
The Zoo's deadly houseband
- Aug. 28 B & THE HOTNOTES
- Aug. 29 THE CHRIS CAIN BAND  
San Francisco's finest!
- Aug. 30 CHARLIE BURTON & THE  
HICCUPS
- Aug. 31-Sept. 1 From NYC, LUCKY 7  
Zydeco and rock



Chris Cain from the Chris Cain Blues Band appearing August 29 at the ZOO BAR.

