

# The Storm Front

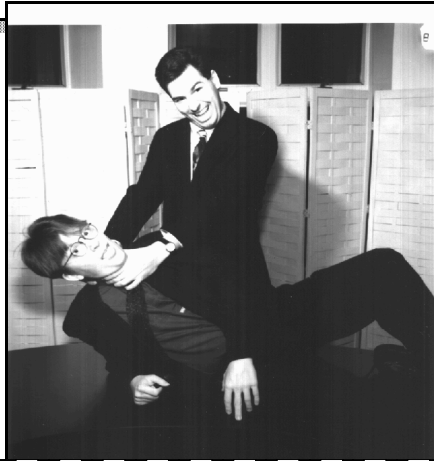
**Randy, Susan, and Bert**

## The Bride Wore Plush

**D** on January 10th, 1993, Susan Goldfried became Susan Mandel. Randy finally came to his senses (or lost them, you be the judge) and married her. And because Will Lewis is such a downright amazing boss, I was able to be in New York to see it happen.

If you've never been to a Jewish wedding, rent "Fiddler on the Roof." It was just like that. Except that Susan didn't have to circle Randy three times (or is that what cats do? I forget.), and the Russians didn't crash the reception.

The wedding ceremony was very nice. Susan avoided the hassle of choosing a couple of specific colors for her theme by choosing every color for her theme. The bride's maids each wore different color gloves, while the men wore vests that looked like they were cut from a Jackson



**Eric & Roger discuss politics at the wedding**

Pollack painting.

I've been to a lot of weddings in my time. I've even caught a fair number of garters. But I have never had such a big load of worry and guilt as the Hanna's and I had to deal with at the Mandel affair; we didn't know if we were supposed to wear those

**Please see "Wedding" - page 3**

**My own private Stockton**

## Reflections on Something Scary

knew it was bound to

happen. Sure, I told myself that I had plenty of time and these things always happen to "other people." But, deep down, I knew my name was on the list. And that the hand of fate was slowly checking off all the names before mine like some mad maitre d'. Until, finally, the Voice of Doom whispered softly out of the speakers tastefully hidden

**Please see "Doom" - page 2**

### From the Publisher:

Greetings everyone,

It's been quite a while since I've been able to put out an issue. Sorry for the delay, but I've been busy. Since you last heard from me; I've had a "killer" Halloween party (shame on those of you who missed it), worked a lot, been to Atlanta twice, learned basic Ballroom Dancing, and attended Susan and Randy's wedding.

What have *you* been doing? Write me, I'd love to know.

Well, I hope you enjoy this issue. Please don't use it to line a bird cage, you might traumatize the bird.

### "Doom" from page 1

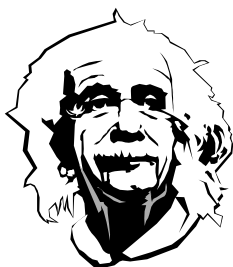
throughout the bar of my life: "Storm party, your table is ready."

So the question is, should I bolt out the back door, or drag myself to the place set for me and try to swallow what the Waiter of Time is serving? Will I find myself surrounded by interesting people, or plastic ghouls from my past?

What am I talking about? My High School 10 year Reunion, of course. What did you think? My 30th birthday? Get real, for that they send the Bellhop of Despair marching through the Lobby with a shrill whistle and a sign bearing your name in giant letters-of-fire. No, I just have to decide if I want to go have dinner with and be friendly to people I haven't seen in ten years. It could be very fun. In fact, it could be very fun, with a little help.

Here's my plan: I'm going to manufacture a life and I need my friends to back me up. Don't worry, I'm not going to make you say something outrageous like I'm the real power in the White House. I'm just going to come up with something slightly unusual. How about if you tell people I came to the Reunion alone because I was married, but while we were

honeymooning in Europe, she went to make a phone call and never came back. And that some Government agents have questioned you because there is a rumor that she was an International Terrorist. How does that sound? Now, remember, it's really important that nobody knows the whole story. Susan can say things like "something happened when they were honeymooning" and "an FBI agent came around asking if Eric's wife ever mentioned living in Tehran or Belfast." While Val can tell people that I said she just disappeared on day. See how that works? And all I have to do is act uncomfortable whenever anyone asks me about my past. It will work like a charm. Don't worry, I'll get story outlines to the people involved well before the June 19th Reunion. Until then, practice saying "Eric doesn't like to talk about it, but . . ."



### The year, decade, & now ...

## Column of the Woman

**C**olleen Stanturf is living in Dixon on a farm that has running water "most of the time." She's about to graduate from UCD with degree in Philosophy. Unfortunately, only 10% of the Philosophy professors are women, so she's considering giving up deep thinking as a profession.

Tina Halstead's security-guard boyfriend taught her how to use his handcuffs. We all got a demonstration during a recent party at her apartment. You ain't seen nothing until you've seen Susan and Tina rolling around on the floor handcuffed. Reminds me of a scene from "Mad Max - Beyond Thunderdome."

Elizabeth Nunziato has been doing a spectacular job playing Karen in the local production of "Speed-the-Plow." This play is by the same guy who wrote "Glengarry Glen Ross." It's a great comedy/drama, full of very strange dialogue. But Lisa sounds natural and very believable as she gives some of the wackiest monologues I've ever heard.

Katera Forbes now has inexpensive and very high quality prints of some of her coolest art available. So you can't say you won't buy because you're afraid your insurance will go up and you'll have to buy an expensive security system to protect you from international art thieves. Give her a call, I'm sure she can ship all over the country.

**"Wedding" from page 1**

beanie things (ok, so I can't spell them). So we sat quietly near the back, hunched down so the Rabbi wouldn't notice us and call down the wrath of God.

There was one very exciting moment though. As is bound to happen in any wedding, someone fainted. Yes, our good friend Ginger Koski checked out about half-way through the ceremony. She just started to sink down and the Maid-of-Honor (who was about 14 months pregnant) helped her into a nearby seat. Way to go.

Once Randy stomped on a glass (which symbolizes the newlyweds' displeasure of cheap gifts), it was off to the reception. And what a spread it was: about 30 courses, music, and an open bar. But first, they danced. Then we got salad, and danced. Then we got another course, and danced. You get the picture. Danced, danced, danced, danced. This was the most athletic wedding I've ever been to. It was a wonderful reception, except for when the D.J.s played "YMCA" by the Village People, that was uncalled for.

After the dancing stopped, Randy and Susan went to New York to rest up (yeah, right) before they flew

off the next morning to their honeymoon in Mexico. Rumor has it they did their best to even out our trade deficit with our neighbors to the south. Wasn't that thoughtful of them?

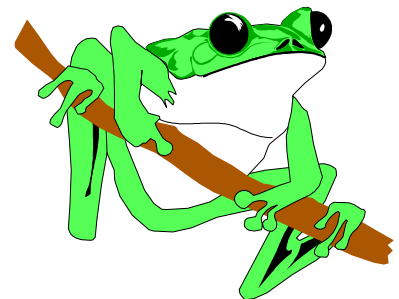
So where did the "plush" in the title come from? It should be obvious. Ginger, when she's conscious, works for Henson Productions in Los Angeles. She took a whole pack of us to see their New York offices. What a cool place. We went to their executive building first. They've got a trophy case with all sorts of cool awards, and this really, really amazing three story high wire sculpture hanging down the center of their staircase. It depicts a whole bunch of hot-air balloons connected by ladders and bridges. And if you look closely, you'll see that there are tons of little bitty muppet figures all over it. We saw some neat stuff and met some nice people, but the major treat was yet to come.

After the executive office, we went to the Creature Shop. This is the building where they make and store the muppets. I got to play with Bert. Honest, I wouldn't lie about something like this. I might lie about my GPA, my professional qualifications, or even my love life, YES! But never, ever

would I lie about muppets.

And I learned something very interesting that day: Bert is BIG! His head is almost as big as Roger's (I'm not making any kind of comment, it's just that Roger happened to be standing in front of me at the time).

After we got to see all the happy little employees working along, making outfits for the characters, we went to a floor that had racks and racks of muppets still in their clothes from "A Muppet Christmas Carol." It was "kid in a candy shop" time. We played with Beaker, Animal, Kermit, and others. It was way too much fun.



## Trust Me

# TRULY ACCURATE HOROSCOPES

ISCES \* Feb 19 - Mar 20 \* The

**P** bad news: George Bush blames you for his defeat in November. The good news: he's letting Dan take care of it, so somebody in Toledo who doesn't look a think like you is probably going to get roughed-up really bad. But watch our for strange dogs. Millie is a master of disguise and the real brains of the whole administration.

**TAURUS** \* Apr 20 - May 20 \*

Stop writing those letters to Charles Manson. He has not been taking them in the humorous way you intended. Instead, take this time to clean your house. Your about to start the phase of your life that's going to become a made-for-TV movie. I don't want you looking like a slob. And it goes without saying that you should make sure you're wearing nice underwear at all times.

**SAGITTARIUS** \* Nov 22 - Dec 21 \* I had a dream about you, a purple grapefruit, and a dime named Ed. I checked my book on dreams. Since I didn't see a laughing muskrat or Michael Eisner, it's a little unclear.

Either, you're about find fame and fortune in the checkout line, or I should throw away those carrots that have been in my crisper for the last month.

**ARIES** \* Mar 21 - Apr 19 \*

Clinton and the Congress have

decided to simplify the budget by making you pay for the deficit.

Sure it'll ruin you and you'll have to declare bankruptcy. But then they'll be able to write the whole thing off as an uncollectible debt and get on with reforming the House Bank.

**LEO** \* Jul 23 - Aug 22 \* Your dog has the brains of a small shrub. Face the fact and get on with your life. And while you're at it, flush a quarter down your toilet. The giant alligators living in the sewer beneath your house need to make a phone call.

**AQUARIUS** \* Jan 20 - Feb 18 \*

You're going to finally break down and call the Home Shopping Network at the precise moment all your friends happen to flick past the channel.

Everyone you know is going to hear you tell Kiki how much you love your "Elvis at the gates of Graceland" plate.

**SCORPIO** \* Oct 23 - Nov 21 \*

The very next autoteller you use is going to give you hundreds and hundreds of dollars out of someone else's account. Don't be fooled, it's a test. Drop the money in the Bank's mail slot, and enclose a note explaining the error.

**VIRGO** \* Aug 23 - Sep 22 \*

Small animals have begun to see you as their Messiah. Now would be a really bad time to eat a hot dog outside; the "Faithful" my believe you are a false prophet and pelt you to death with acorns. Instead, buy a bird feeder and don't let them see you refill it, they'll think it's a miracle.

**GEMINI** \* May 21 - Jun 20 \* You

thought you had gotten away with it. You thought nobody had seen you. Well, you were wrong. I saw you and I've got evidence to prove it. Now would be a great time to send me something really expensive. I'm not blackmailing you, I just want to remind you how "forgetful" I get when I've got a new toy.

**CAPRICORN** \* Dec 22 - Jan 19

\* The Postal Service spent a lot of money designing a stamp with your picture on it. Unfortunately, they can't release it while you're still alive. So I suggest you have someone else pick up your mail for the next couple of months.

**LIBRA** \* Sep 23 - Oct 22 \*

You are going to be the first Guest Star on the "Ren and Stimpy Show." But your promising career will be cut short when they replace your voice with Phil Collins'.

**CANCER** \* Jun 21 - Jul 22 \*

The stars were really tired by the time I got to your horoscope. All they'd tell me was that you really need to work on holding your breath and that you should stay clear of green Jell-o until after the 20th.