

I stopped in to a liquor store in Eagan, MN yesterday, to pick up some Scotch.Â My favorite swill, Clan McGreggor.Â They had liters for \$12.99 or 1.75 liter for \$26.99.Â Say What?!?Â Bought a small bottle.

Worked at the client's last night from 6:00 - 11:30.Â Drove home in wet, sloppy, snow, but safely.Â Had a couple of scotches while watching TV, until suddenly all the channels went away.Â Called the front desk.Â "Oh, it must be because of the storm." said the gormless twit behind the desk.Â Ha, *Storm?!?*Â This is ef-ing Minnesota, and a little teeny snow storm knocks out their satellite feed??Â No excuse if you ask me.

Drove down to Kansas City today.Â Currently ensconced in the Holiday Inn at the Country Club Plaza, which if you know KC you know is a tony address.Â The Nelson-Atkins is just a short walk away.

Speaking of arts museums, went to the Walker yesterday.Â Had to pay the \$12, as I left my MAM membership at home (grrr).Â Great new building — much different than the last time I was there, maybe 20 years ago.Â Had a huge exhibit on Cindy Sherman.Â WOW!Â Did you read the profile of Lena Dunham's mother, the artist Laurie Simmons, in the New Yorker recently?Â In it, they talked about her knocking around Metro Pictures and other "in" galleries in the 70s & 80s, and she talked about learning to make good looking prints, and what a change that made to her work.Â Well, the same can be said for Sherman, a regular member of the Metro Pictures stable of artists.Â Her "Hollywood Film Stills" project is amazing, and the later, larger, work is simply arresting.Â So glad I got to see the show.

They also have a large installation called Midnight Party, which is a sprawling conglomeration of hundreds of works by over a hundred artists, mostly pulled from their collection, and arranged brilliantly across several galleries on 3 floors.Â Some rooms are given over to curio-cabinet style displays, like a natural history museum, but all art.Â Quite good.

My only complaint was that the lighting, in general, was abysmal.Â Very hard to appreciate some of the work for all the glare.

I just got home from a fabulous dinner at Oklahoma Joe's Bar-B-Que, in KC, KS.Â Here's about 1/4 of the line of people waiting to order:

That line twists and turns all the way to the street door.Â If it weren't Valentine's Day, I was told, the line would be out the door and down the block. Â



Queue at Oklahoma Joe's Bar-B-Que

Thank God I was dining alone on V Day, I say!

Here's my dinner.Â I ordered a full rack with a side of coleslaw.Â The grill man hollered out, "Special Creamy!!"Â I almost blushed. ☐

That's either mighty fine eatin', or a piece of Christopher Dorner.Â You be the judge!

This nice older couple came and sat next to me.Â Had a nice little conversation with them until the woman explained, "I talk to two kinds of people in this world; those who have accepted Jesus Christ Our Lord into their lives and hearts, and those who are just about ready to.Â Which type are you?"

"I'm the type who doesn't believe in discussing religion with strangers over dinner." I replied, and turned back to my food.Â What I wanted to say was something witty, like "If we're going to discuss deeply personal and private matters, let's talk about masturbation habits, instead.Â I'm sure it'll be way more interesting!" ☐

Now back at the hotel, after trying to navigate dense, cryptic KC traffic and roadways without



Special Creamy

GPS.Â I was currently busy trying *not* to run down the horse drawn carriages that look like Tiffany Pumpkins festooned with garish lighting, slowly ferrying their cargo through the self-same cryptic streets.Â Thank god the other drivers were so busy gawking that they ignore my severe traffic transgressions.