

editor's message



Diary Entry: December 10, 2042

I had the most wonderful dream last night. I dreamt I was a young fellow again, just 70 or so, and I was strolling around downtown Bloomington — the way it used to be.

I stopped in at Goods for Cooks where a bail bondsman now has his office, and there was Andrew Appel, the proprietor, behind the counter unwrapping a new shipment of spatulas. Andrew had some kind of mind; he could tell you about every one of the thousands of items in his store. He knew all of his customers and their families, too. I recall that Andrew had a son who was an excellent soccer goalie, and smart. I think he went on to study at Purdue.

Next, I stopped in at that imposing stone building on the corner of College and Kirkwood. It used to be The Briar and The Burley. A fellow named Mike was the owner; he used to race cars and kept a race car inside the store — not to sell, just for customers to look at. He carried luggage and leather goods, fine writing instruments, and other things, like exotic pipes, that you couldn't find anywhere else. I used to go in there just because it smelled so good, and to talk about cars with Mike. My wife would buy me a new wallet there for Christmas practically every year. It's a Taco Bell now.

Where that mattress store is today, there used to be a really fine women's store called Tivoli. A soft-spoken woman named Cheryl owned it and she carried classic clothes — not the kind you wear once and they're out of style or already falling apart, at least that's what my wife always said. And Cheryl, she was very classy herself, always beautifully attired, and she personally served every customer who came into her store.

Down the block there's a boarded up storefront that used to be a men's store called Andrew Davis, owned by one of the city's top attorneys, Andy Mallor. I think he loved clothes as much as he loved the

law. It was on the pricey side but the quality was top-notch, and the manager, Macey, a young fellow, couldn't do enough for you. He always offered you a soda or a bottle of water, even if you were just looking. And when Andrew Davis had a sale, it *really* was a sale.

That used furniture store on the corner of Walnut and Kirkwood? It used to be the Book Corner. It was there for about 60 years. I loved that place — an authentic, old-fashioned bookstore where you could peruse, touch, and look through books to your heart's content. And if they didn't have a title you wanted, they'd order it, and call you when the book arrived. It also carried a big selection of magazines, the biggest in town. The place was owned by a serious reader named Margaret, and her father before her; a family that loved books.

Down there, off the Square on Morton, in that large, empty space, that's where Relish used to be. Best contemporary furniture store in Indiana. In fact, you'd be hard pressed to find a better one in New York City or Chicago. Belonged to Sharon Fugate, who mainly ran the business, and her husband, artist Brad Fugate. Hard-working people. Sharon was there every single day, seven days a week, and she got to know every one of her customers and what they liked. Going into that store was like entering another world. Jazz music was always playing, and everywhere you looked there were beautiful things. I used to drop by quite frequently; just being there kind of soothed me.

Seriously, readers, this is what the future holds and this is what we will lose if we continue to make most of our purchases on the internet. So please, shop locally. And savor the experience.

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