

The Blonde Bombshell

by Steven Gowin

In graduate school, I lived across the street, across North Governor, from a pretty art student whose dance name was Jan the Blonde Bombshell.

Saturdays we'd go see her strip at a joint six or eight blocks away near Paglia's Pizza. She was tall and lithe, used whipped cream in the act, and danced above the crowd on a sheet of inch plywood over a couple of bar booths.

A day or two later, we'd chat with her on the street or drink a cup of tea in her warm kitchen. She was a photographer and told me about Emmet Gowin, who she admired. She came from up North, Storm Lake or Mason City, somewhere like that.

My girlfriend and I tried to hire her as The Bombshell for my roommate's birthday. The Quinster would have loved it, but her parents were in town for the Iowa State game, and she couldn't even come as a guest. If not for the damned Cyclones, she'd have been there.

I heard that when she graduated, she ended the act. Jan was a good stripper and a nice Iowa girl.

