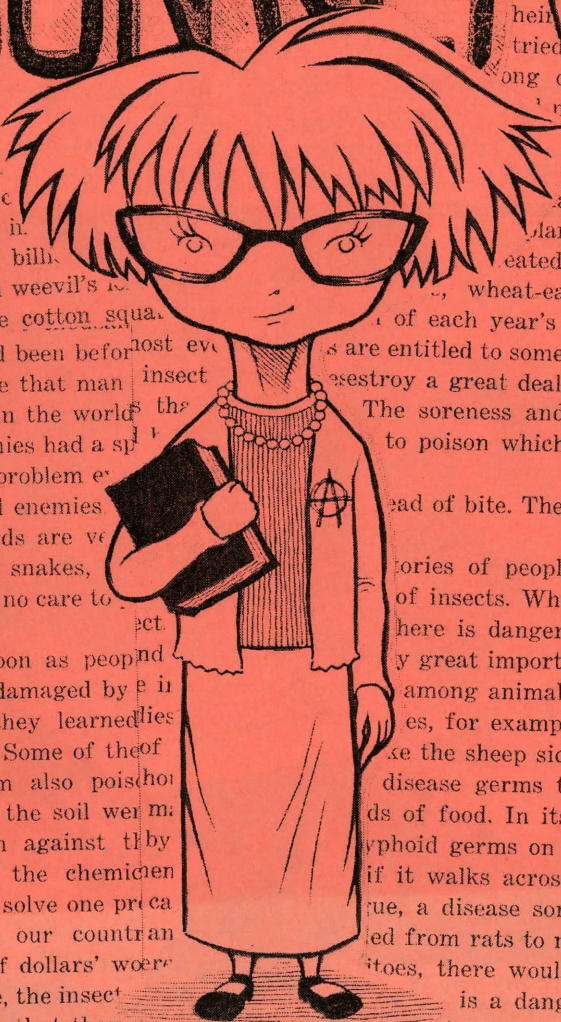


LIBRARY BONNET

7



The insect enemies. More than their insect enemies common a pest at one insect. Fortu crops are importan In so about on From re how inse a success: The left-hand insect enemies - insect does mean growers of our c boll weevil came it of more than four bill. Do Notice the boll weevil's re enits way into the cotton squa every one there had been before At the same time that man fight its own way in the world that its insect enemies had a sp tively, he made his problem ex the insects' natural enemies birds for food. Birds are ve insects. Toads and snakes, man certainly took no care to them. Of course, as soon as peop were being badly damaged by e insects. In time they learned various chemicals. Some of the of but some of them also pois plants growing in the soil we m: to hold their own against th by killed. Others of the chemie Thus, in trying to solve one preca At present, in our countr destroy millions of dollars' we're In a way, of course, the insect they take so much that they u.

mounts of food ing were excel ing insects fo which could not solid fields so grow and mul- roying some of umbers of wild aral ies of e insects, d kill hein fields tried to fight the ong other things, many insects, o that the ere not able ad not been plants directly. eated another. wheat-eating insects of each year's wheat crop. s are entitled to some of this. But destroy a great deal of the foodv The soreness and itching that to poison which the insect le ead of bite. They too leave po ories of people who have of insects. When great num here is danger, but most in y great importance. among animals by living in es, for example, live inside ke the sheep sick. disease germs to us on its t ds of food. In its search for typhoid germs on its feet and t if it walks across it. The terr ue, a disease sometimes epide led from rats to man by fleas. toes, there would be no mala is a dangerous disease what parasite which must live now



T A B L E O F ★ C O N T E N T S

LB#7

Page ① "Sewing" Page ②-③ "Oriental Trading Company,"
 Page ④ "Martha" Page ⑤ "Dirty Page" Page ⑥-⑨ "Julie at
 the Library Conference" Page ⑩ "Tom Ford" Page ⑪ "Liberry
 Page" Page ⑫-⑬ "Peace March Diary" Page ⑭ "Dear Lam"
 Page ⑮ "Brapp" Page ⑯-⑰ "Book Reviews" Page ⑱-⑲ "Etc..."

cover model:
 Kitten Phister
 (see page 32)



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 info!

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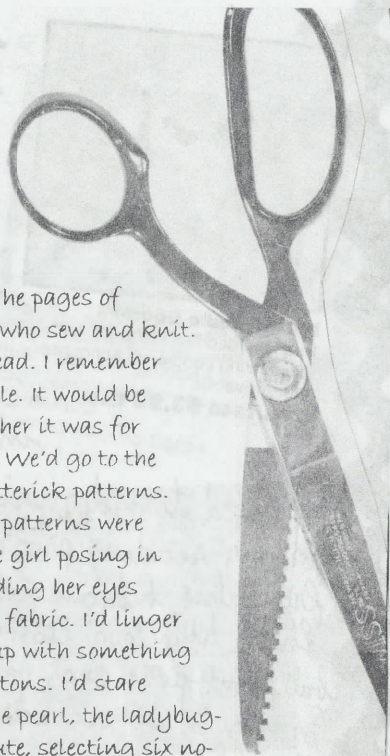
Page ⑳ "Go Retarded" Page ㉑ "Hi There!"
 Page ㉒-㉓ "Interview with Tommy"
 Page ㉔ "Poem" Page ㉕-㉖ "Library Basket"
 Page ㉗ "Quiet Please!"

Sharp Scissors or Shears

Scissors have two handles that are the same size. They are fine for cutting threads or for cutting small snips in cloth.

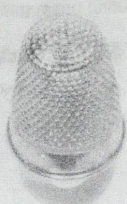
Do people still sew? I think so. The pages of *Fitch and Bust* are full of DIY females who sew and knit. But sewing used to be more widespread. I remember the whole procedure, when I was little. It would be decided that I needed a dress, whether it was for Easter or school or whatever reason. We'd go to the fabric store and look through the Butterick patterns. The drawings on the cover of these patterns were always interesting to me, with some girl posing in the dress, picking daisies or shielding her eyes with her hand. Then on to the bolts of fabric. I'd linger over the velvet and tulle, but we'd end up with something cotton. Then my favorite part: buttons. I'd stare at the jet and rhinestone combinations, the pearl, the ladybug-shaped, while Mom went the practical route, selecting six no-nonsense buttons. The weekend would be devoted to making the dress; Mom pinning the paper patterns on me and then the whirl of the sewing machine, while I fiddled with scraps of ric-rack and torn out zippers from other, long-ago dresses.

by Julie



Thimble

You will find a thimble very useful for pushing the needle through the fabric. Wear the thimble on the middle finger of the hand you use for sewing. Be sure it fits you.



Pinking shears have blades with notched edges. You do **not** need pinking shears. If you have a pair, never use them to cut out a garment. You should only use pinking shears for trimming off a very small amount of the seam allowance (only on closely woven fabrics) just before you press the seam open.





Plush Poodle Doorbell
 Push the doorbell in the tail and this barking poodle will announce your arrival. 28"
GV-6/1340 \$3.95 Each

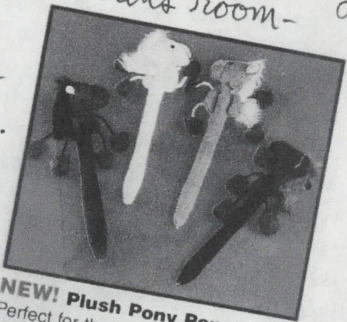
Library Bonnet

— presents —

The BEST OF the politically-incorrectly titled "Oriental Trading Company" catalog!!!

When we both still worked at the Santa Ana Public Library, in the children's room-

we used to order prizes for our reading programs from this hideous catalog. Shitty little "mini erasers," ballpoint pens that work for maybe 30 seconds, etc. Hey kid, you read 100 books! Here's a poorly-painted plastic finger-puppet!"



NEW! Plush Pony Pens
 Perfect for the horse person who has "everything"! Assorted colors. 6 1/2" © OTC
GV-8/242 \$7.95 Dozen



Metal Bug Bell Craft Kit
 Assorted styles and colors. 2 1/2" © OTC
GV-48/263 \$5.95 Unit (makes 12)

50¢ Each Project



I was thrilled when I started receiving the catalog at my current junior high library job. We never order from it.

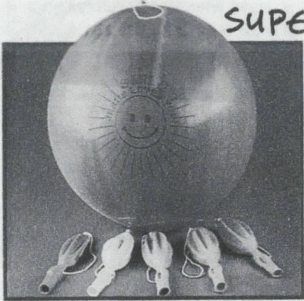


NEW! Plastic Religious Glow-In-The-Dark Kaleidoscopes
 Ordinary things become beautiful prism patterns! 6 1/2" © OTC
GV-36/771 \$5.95 Dozen

TONGUE TWISTER!

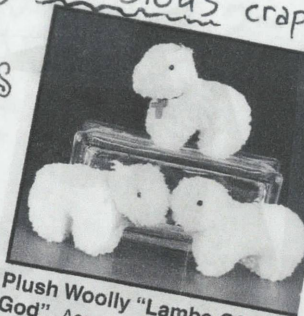
But it has nostalgia value for me.

SUPER-SCARY RELIGIOUS crap!



"Smile Jesus Loves You!" Punch Balls Assorted colors with rubber band handles. 16" © OTC
GV-17/144 \$5.95 Dozen

Jesus punch balls
 ← are SO
 rock &
 roll!



Plush Woolly "Lambs Of God". Assorted color ribbons with felt crosses. 5"
LK-36/377 - \$9.95 Dozen
 children under 3 years of age

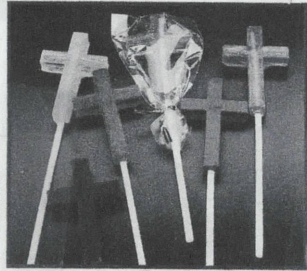
Candy non-returnable.

BEST SELLER!



Woven Polyplastic "Leap For The Lord!" Potato Sack
 Play all of your favorite picnic games with this leapfrog sack.
 24" x 36"
 © OTC
GV-36/318 \$5.95 Each

"Candy non-returnable" →
 "cross-shaped suckers"
 →
 "KINDS of wrong."
 →
 "Just picture some 12-yr old girls sucking on 'cross-shaped suckers' and tell me thats not just all KINDS of wrong."
 →



Cross-Shaped Suckers
 Assorted fruit flavors, on a 6" plastic stick. Individually wrapped.
 2 1/2" Fat-free.
GV-5/683 \$4.95 Dozen



Plush Religious Bears With Bible Pockets Each includes a To/From card. Assorted colors.
 4 1/2" © OTC
GV-36/592 \$14.95 Dozen



TESTAMINTS™ Assorted mint flavors individually wrapped in Bible verse wrappers. (Approximately 145 pcs. per unit) 3/4" Fat-free.
GV-K294 \$5.95 Unit (1 lb.)

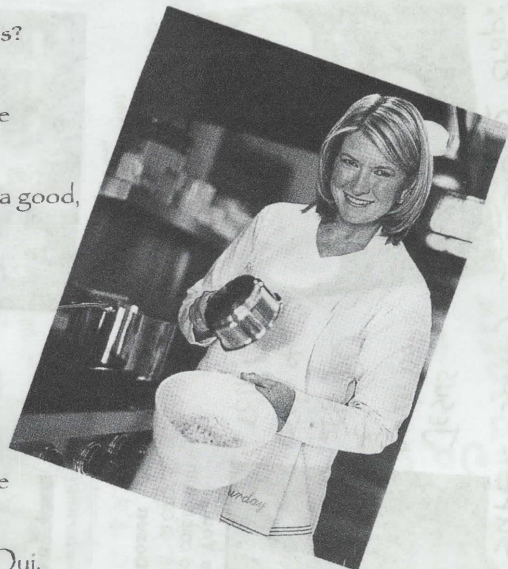
These are positively twee →



by: Tommy



Martha Stewart: Stock shenanigans? You bet. Mean to her employees? Sure. Cold to her family? Probably. Lacking in warmth in general? Bingo. Looks haggard at times? Absodamnlutely. Likes bossing people around? Word up. Calculating? Ouch. Powerful? Yeah. Understood the importance of good shortbread? An emphatic YES. Appreciated a good, thick sugar cookie? Uh huh! Frosted cakes beautifully and gently? Si. Introduced previously unseen subtle color palettes to the general public? Yessir. Had entire magazine layouts devoted to acorns and pinecones? Happily, yes. Froze pomegranate seeds in ice just 'cuz it looked neat? Um hm. Taught us all how to use vellum? Got it. Showed us all how pretty apples are? Yes, master. Insisted on using thick, lush ribbon on presents? Aye aye. Showed how less can be more, if done tastefully? Dy-no-mite. Enunciated all her words carefully? More than a lit-tle. Made birthday cards out of old, previously forgotten buttons? Oui. Will I miss her? Very much.



by Julie

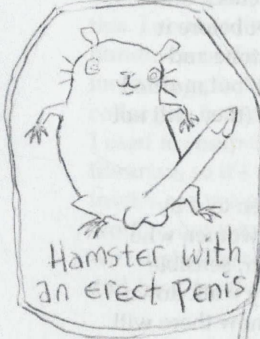
BIRTHFACE

2nd

installment



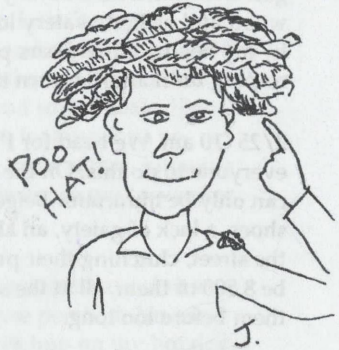
"The New Vile"



Hamster with
an erect penis



Penis with an
erect hamster



POO
HAT!

Blowjob by a
NAKED MOLE-RAT!



A teacup full of
DIARRHEA!

Oops!
Your
mother's
drinking
it!



LIBRARY Julie at the Conference

2/25 - 9 am. I arrive in Seattle for a 3-day Public Library Association (PLA) conference. I've brought my husband along. We check into a swanky hotel (paid for by my city, the last of the budget before it gets decimated next fiscal year). It's very Seattle, with stone and wood and etched, watery looking glass. I feel expectant, but muffled by my head cold. My ears plugged up during the flight (they will not re-plug until after I return to California).

2/25 -10 am. We head for Pike's Market, as we have been told by everyone to do this. On the way I keep seeing packs of women who can only be librarians. Beige trenchcoats, short, gray hair, sensible shoes, a lack of gaiety, an abundance of modesty as they walk down the street, clutching their purses. I snicker. Little do I know there will be 8,500 of them, all at the same conference. I will be engulfed in them before too long.

2/26 - 8:30 am. I am at the conference, waiting for the first presentation. I'm in black boot cut pants, and a fitted, cherry red corduroy jacket. I've received my teal blue totebag full of programs, flyers, giveaways from vendors, and am forced to wear a big badge around my neck, as all attendees must. I feel a rising sort of anxiety. The badge has a big cord down the back that makes us all look like we have rat-tail haircuts. I'm at "Programming for Young Adults" and I scan the huge crowd. Ladies, 98% of them, with the occasional wispy male in an ugly sweater, or someone fat and bearded. Everywhere, women in turtlenecks, women in beige trenchcoats, women in denim jumpers, women in ill-fitting blazers. A woman in a vest with books embroidered all over it leafs through her PLA newspaper. A woman across the aisle from me, in a beige trenchcoat, knee length gray skirt, black tights and black sandals, is actually knitting. Her hair is angrily captured in two barrettes on each side.

10:30 - Second workshop of the day. "Dead Wood Employees." I don't have any dead wood employees, they're all pretty alive, but I



am actually looking for a colleague who told me she was attending this. I need to find someone to talk to. The crush of librarians, the numbness of the library world, the badge around my neck...I feel an increasing plummet into a black mental hole. I don't see my colleague, but someone I used to work with and sit with her. She and I used to compete for jobs and the status of who was the coolest librarian, so it's alternately good to see her and sort of toxic. She invites me to a group lunch, and I say no, I'm looking for a co-worker, but maybe we'll have dinner one of these nights, knowing we won't. The room has 400 people in it, I never see my co-worker, and head for the exhibits.

12:00 - Rock bottom. Eating a hot dog in the exhibits area. I sit at a large round table, where other solo eaters have perched. No one looks up as I set down my stuff and squirt ketchup on my hot dog. I give everyone a hard stare, daring them to look up. Someone says, Can I sit here? and a comfy looking, pregnant lady sits down. She shows me her heaped up french fries and laughs and offers me some. A human! She's a library director and we talk about budgets and Friends of the Library and Michigan versus California and she is very normal. I want to kiss her for pulling me out of the hole. I visit the exhibits, call Tommy, and feel better.

6:00 pm - Husband and I have happy hour at a French café overlooking the Puget Sound. It's so pretty, Seattle is so glittery, and the bread is so good spread with soft, rich butter. Doug dips his bread into the garlicky sauce left from his bowl of mussels. The sun is quickly going down, and the sky is that indigo blue color, dotted with emerging stars. I try to forget about librarianship, but several ladies are at tables nearby, with the tell-tale long skirts, short gray hair and their one vanity, dangly earrings, and I keep hearing the word "library" wafting over from those tables, and the angry knot faintly returns.



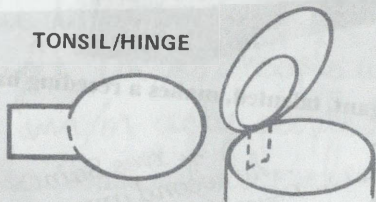
2/27 - 8:30 am - "Programming for Boys" workshop. Some man is pontificating up at the long table on the stage, while everything he says is stated on the Power Point presentation behind him. They all do this. Stand or sit, and blather on while we read along. Can no one roam the crowds like, I don't know, Ricki Lake, and stick a microphone in our faces? Because Librarians loooove to talk about what they do. The man mispronounces the author John Scieska's name and a murmur ripples through the crowd, and saucy glances are exchanged. I know it's all they can do not to stand up and correct him, they are *itching* to. The youngish woman next to me is, no lie, embroidering. I see purple squares, and white squares. Is it for a chess board? I don't ask. The room is too full, again, about 400 people, and latecomers are sitting on the floor. One lady nestles in a doorway and sticks out her stubby legs like a cat, sunning herself. Someone of course tries to come in the door and she makes a pouty face and reluctantly moves. I sneer to Embroidery Girl, "Nice work, sitting in the doorway." and she says, scandalized, "I know, I can't even LOOK over there". I don't want her to think we're buds now so I don't speak to her again.

12:00 - I bolt out of there and head for the Cheesecake Factory down the street. I want Orange Chicken, and I get it, and a compliment from the waiter on my red and black top, and humor from another waiter about how the place was crawling with librarians, and I admit I'm one too, and there is pleasing incredulity. He tells me "they're all nice, though." I paw through my PLA totebag I had hidden next to me and try to look businesslike and make notes and highlight things. The sessions are all relevant to my job, and packed with information. I feel incredibly alone and my brain insists on telling me I'm in a fussy, quaint, dull profession, and despite the red lipstick, I fit right in. I need to re-tool my entire life. I must finish my manuscript. I must publish something. I must do something different. Anxiety crawls over me. I ask for the check.

2:00 pm- I am determined to identify some, any, halfway attractive men at this convention, just for my own informal poll. A petite guy in a snappy suit and with shiny, close cropped hair enters the meeting room...oh. It's a woman. This also happens a lot at library conferences. They're pretty Sapphic. A man enters, no mistake this time. Well dressed, tall, actually handsome...hold the phone! He must be a vendor or work for the convention center. But no...he wears the shameful badge we all do. He sits in the back. A pretty, redheaded female sits next to me. We talk about the conference and buying graphic novels for our collection and she's brilliantly normal. No trench coat, no socks with sandals, no vest, no denim jumper, no gray updo with swinging earrings that are little books, none of that. A somber black suit, much like my own, and like me, she's tucked that goddamn rat-tail cord under her collar.

4:00 pm - I see more people I know and hug some of them. Hey! I'm a conventioneer! I then wait excitedly for my final program of the day. It's a poetry reading, and one of the poets is a favorite of mine, Madeline DeFrees. I can't wait to see her. She was a nun and left the order, and wrote a book called *When Sky Lets Go*, full of really beautiful, blistering stuff. I watch as a little, white haired old lady toddles to her place up on the stage, and wonder idly who that is. Shit! It's Madeline! When it gets to her part of the reading, I'm worried. She starts out with two slight, sort of silly poems. Then she reads some of her older work, and a love poem I've never heard before, and she's still got it, it's all there, the mystery, the cadences, the beauty. I go up to her afterwards, tell her how much I like her work, and recite a line from an early poem. She is delighted and asks me my name, and beams, a mouth full of crooked teeth, and then we got interrupted and I slunk out of there, happy, tired, with a head full of poetry.

TONSIL/HINGE

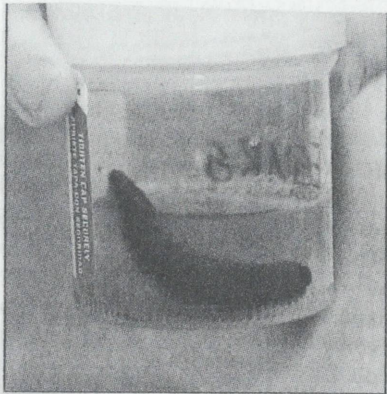


If you are using a plastic foam ball for the head, glue one felt circle to the cut

By Julie



Stuff that caught my eye...by Julie

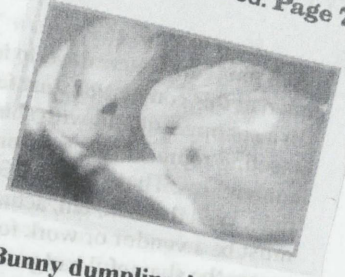


VALERIE BERTA / THE PRESS-ENTERPRISE
 Leeches rest from their blood feast for a couple of hours in a regurgitating liquid after they come off a wound.



I think this is the best sentence ever.

The dumplings may look like bunnies, but Mission 261 serves serious food. Page 7



Bunny dumplings! Mama like!

Chocolate brown is the new beige.



Q. Is the peanut a nut?
 A. No, the peanut is a member of the legume family and can justly be called a Ground Pea. It belongs to the Pea and Bean family.

as it cools. It's tasty, but definitely to share. Mini mushroom ravioli, though, are awfully seductive, despite the needless frills of foie gras and black truffle sauce. (It's not truffle season, and what are truffles doing on an *enoteca* menu?) Risotto with red wine and leeks is a good choice too.

Downstairs, it's always a mad scene at *Enoteca Drago*. What is it about Italian food that gets people so animated? Every-

I love the fussiness of this restaurant review

HIS WA...
 Tom Ford
 Lc
 IL

Tom Ford...elegant, talented, makes a receding hairline look damn sexy.



...the second annual
 ...in Davent... LI:11

I'm here to apply for the position of Liberry page. 'Cept I cain't lift much, an' I cain't bend over too far. I need insurance.



Can I have the job?
Momma's waitin' outside in the Impala.

I drew this while sitting in a coffee shop & thinking about the more disturbing types of people who used to work at the public library (and probably still do). Then I thought, "Oh, no! People will think I hate fat and/or ugly people!" Then I thought, "Who cares? I like the funny picture!" 😊

Tommy's
Peace March
Diary

This happened last year, but it's still relevant 'cause we're still fukkin around over there...



2/15/'03 Saturday

On February 15th, '03, Julie clued me in about a peace march that was going to be in our area, so I rolled my boyfriend out of bed and we raced to get down to the Orange Plaza, hotbed of Republicanism and conservative assholes. It was a peace march/anti-war rally starting in Hart Park and migrating downtown from 12 to 3. On the way over in the car, I made big signs that said, "NO WAR" on the backs of my big drawing pads, the cardboard part. It was so cool, there were TONS of people down there in the park, and out on the street waving their signs and chanting and cheering at the traffic. All ages, even babies and dogs. Lots of hip alternapeople, too, all young and fulla beans. Then en masse the whole crowd began moving down the street toward the circle, and it felt weird and very cool to wave our anti-war signs at the Republican traffic in Downtown Orange and flash peace signs and cheer and stuff. My boyfriend, Anthony, looked SOOOOOO cute with his sign and his little fingers in the peace sign, in that prim way he has, marching down the street. The most polite protestor in Orange. There was a nun, there were little old ladies, there were peace DOGS. One wearing a little blanky that said, "Puppies for peace". A LOT of cars driving by rolled their windows down and cheered and honked and flashed peace signs or the "thumbs-up" thing, and it made me feel so amazed and so much better about the city I live in. I NEVER would have thought that many people would have shown up in Orange for a peace rally, a bunch of them with signs saying, "IMPEACH BUSH" and "IT'S NOT YOUR RANCH, GEORGE," and "STOP MAD COWBOY DISEASE." There were all these police cars and cops on foot along the way, helping to direct traffic, because there were enough of us to pretty much flood the streets, and traffic was way slowed down. They were supposed to be having an "antique fair" in the circle, and that just didn't happen. There were some people in lame costumes, like Victorian carolers, and even some Civil War actors, and because everything got swamped and taken over by the protest, the costumed people just sort of wandered around the edges, not knowing what to do. I loved it.

My favorite sign was being toted by this very pretty alternagirl, and it said, "Who Would Jesus Bomb?"

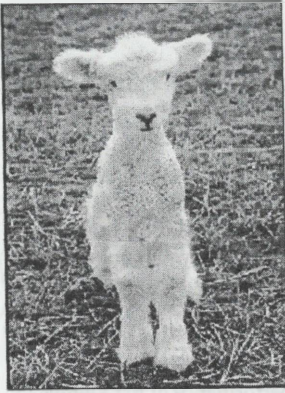
There was, of course, the occasional frowny "thumbs-DOWN" from a passing motorist. This one lady cracked me up, she was so conservative-looking, and made a point to shake her head adamantly "NO" at us, while she did the thumbs down, and frowned really hard. Fuck her. And a few people, guys of course, actually yelled "FUCK YOU!" to which most of us just waved our signs higher and cheered louder.

There was this group of young college students, mostly girls, and they were protesting, but also handing out flyers to their college performance of the Vagina Monologues (coincidence, or Jesus trying to tell us something?), and one of the girls ran up to one of the cop cars patrolling us, and she tried to give him a flyer, but he wouldn't take it. She skipped away laughing and screaming, "HE DOESN'T WANNA KNOW ABOUT MY VAGINA!!!" So then all the girls in that group started chanting, "Know... your... VAGINA!!! Know... your... VAGINA!!!" That was the funniest thing ever.

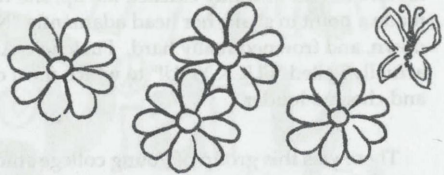
There was this young burly football player-type guy who would run up and down the street, like a little bulldog, barking, "WHAT DO WE WANT?!!!" and we'd chorus "PEACE!" then he'd yell, "WHEN DO WE WANT IT?!!!" and we'd all yell, "NOW!!!" He was great. Just all fury and passion. I think he was about to give himself a hemorrhage, though.

After a while, people started funneling back to Hart Park, and there were going to be speeches and shit, but we just left, because that's preaching to the converted or whatever, and who cares about that. On the walk back to the car, I insisted that we still hold our signs aloft, and it was so cool how many cars were honking and waving and cheering at just we two little peace-loving gay boys. Then this one jeep fulla jocks yelled, "FUCK YOU!!!" in that hoarse jock way, and I just laughed. But when we were at the car, I said, "Quick, get us outta here before we get beat up."





Deer Lam



Q. I just extruded 250 larvae and I'm really tired. Do I have to keep doing this? Are they all gonna tum into babies?

Scared,
Dung Beetle

A. Hi Beetle! Your babees...Farmer in truck. Alfalfa? Alfalfa?

Q. My species mates for life, that's fine, Ellie's great, but lately I've been attracted to someone else at the watering hole. A hippo. I feel confused and rather desperate. I feel sick with longing. Her eyelashes unHINGE me.

Yours, Elephant

A. ALFALA!!! Farmer GOOD.

Q. i aM a moNkey and itChy and liV in a zeW canT stop pLayin wiTh my tHinG. ples help me oh ItChy

Noodles

A. Hi Noodles. Try a nap? Sunny. Pretty. Bee on tail!

Q. I keep burying nuts and then I can't find them again. My mouth is full of nuts. My burrow is full of nuts. I'm sitting on a pile of nuts. But I'm obsessed with the nuts I can't find. Do you know where they are? I'm nervous.

Bye, Squirrel

A. I will help you. Sleepy now. Good place on hill.

Q. I made a beautiful web this morning, and some human walked right through it, waving their arms, agh, help me! I hate humans. My question: do humans smell? I think they do. Like something oily.

Thanks, Spider

A. Dear Spider. Humans smell. Where Farmer? Bleating now.

Q. I'm nocturnal, and I have this feeling that sunshine is totally pretty. I don't know how this works. Can I trade with someone?

Racoon

A: Where FARMER??

Q. I broke off a front tooth while burrowing for roots, then stabbed myself in my bladder with my own sharp claws while trying to mate with a reluctant female. Does life get...better?

Mole Rat

A. Hi Mole! I like Mole. Clover bucket is coming. Clover.

By
Julie



BRAPZ!

The
Farting
Fashion Doll ♥

• Squeeze her butt *
and she farts one
of 5 designer
Fragrances

Poot! ♥



Sears
Seabreeze



Trailer Park
Passionfruit



Very Berry
Birth Control



Kmart
Camomile



Wicked Welfare
Watermelon

*You can't squeeze her tummy, it's concave! ♥

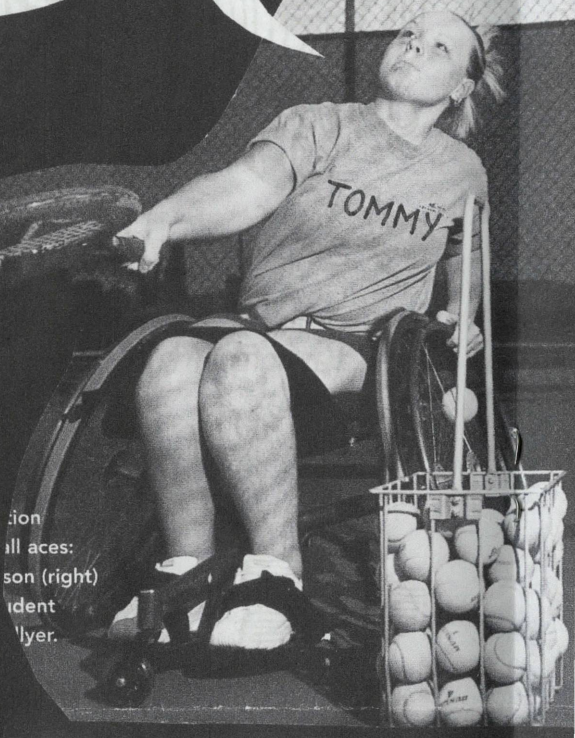
T.K.

BOOK REVIEWS

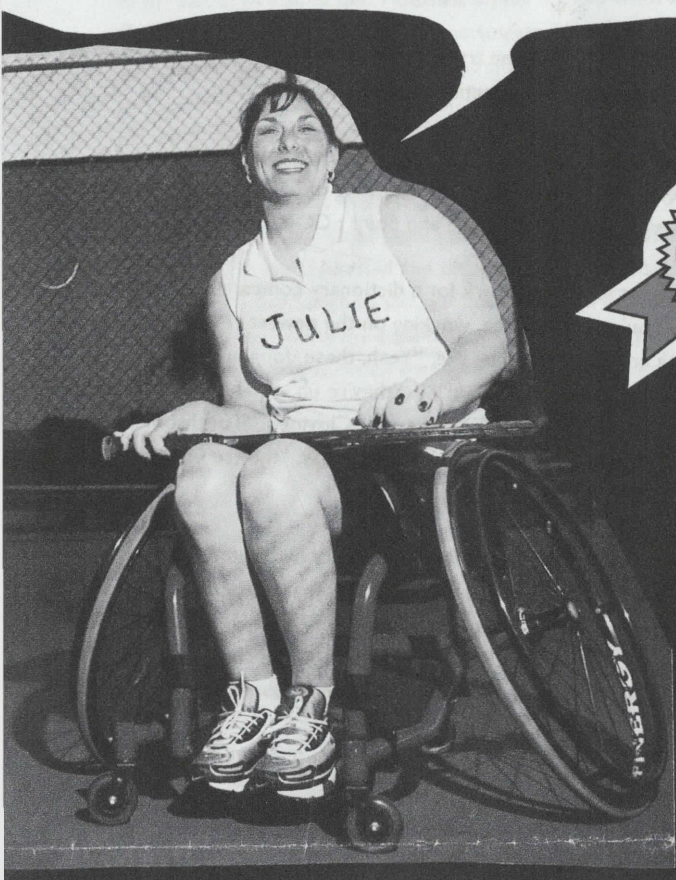
Hi! It's me, Tommy! I've possessed the soul of this inspiring wheelchair-bound athlete so that I might give you a short book-talk about one of my absolute favorite sci-fi authors, Sheri S. Tepper. She can create the most alien-seeming alien races, such as vast creatures that are the size of planets. Her concerns are ecology and human rights, and one might call her a feminist. But don't get me wrong, they're not "issue" books. The worlds she creates are so fascinating and innovative you just can't put her books down. I'm serious, bitch. I just read Singer From the Sea and it did not disappoint me. Believable and surprising alien races, a planet with an impossibly vast "world ocean," and shocking revelations. Some other great books by Ms. Tepper are: The Awakeners, Grass, Shadow's End, Sideshow, and Six Moon Dance.



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all races:
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Where the Broken Heart Still Beats: The Story of Cynthia Ann Parker. Meyer, Carolyn. Well, I like the Indian captive stories, and this book, based on a real person, didn't disappoint. Cynthia Ann was a lil' white girl who was kidnapped at age 9 in 1836 when a raiding band of Comanche warriors attacked her home. They killed her father but spared her mother. Cynthia lived with the Comanche until she was 34, when her relatives found her and forced her to live with them, "instead of among the savages." Ah, but Cynthia Ann, renamed Naduah, had taken to the Comanche ways and didn't really want to be "rescued." Tough, muscular and stoic, Cynthia found the white folks' obsession with bathing (the Comanche seldom bathed, and the women only did after their monthlies) to be strange, and that they could make bread dough rise in the bowl to be some sorta magic spell. She put butter in her hair because she missed grooming with bear grease and she snuck off and smoked a pipe whenever she could. She tried to escape a few times and stole horses from neighbors (a sign of pride in her tribe), but kept getting recaptured. She died brokenhearted and broken spirited at 36, after her Indian daughter, Prairie Flower, died from the Fever. Grim, fascinating stuff, because I find nature vs. nurture very compelling. If I'd been taken by the Comanche when I was a little girl, would I be a horse-riding, tipi-making fierce warrior instead of the whiny, mewling girl I am today?





ETC. by JULIE

It wasn't until about 5 months ago that I realized there was a clock at the bottom right hand corner of this computer. Of all computers. How did I miss that? I don't ever look at the little line-up of icons down there either. Looks like a little honking horn, then a gray box with a green grape on top, a tiny screen with a tiny graph next to it or a square, veiny eye, a blue whale with a red ball, and a silver fish with a manila folder next to it. And then the digital readout of the time. I consider myself an observant person so this alarmed me.

Manila. Sounds like someone trying to be way too adorable when they say vanilla. Poopsie want some num-nummy manila wafers?

It's impossible to say pithy and not sound like a total twat. Pithy. It's a shame, because it's a fine word: 1) consisting of or filled with pith [*Editor's note: snicker*]; 2) having substance and point : CONCISE.

I wonder what it's like to work for a dictionary company. It could be irritating. You're in the office, working on the newest revision. You take a little break and say something like, "Yeah, these doughnuts are different than the old ones you used to bring...they're uh..." Then the chorus of overeager voices: "Spongier?" "Denser?" "Cloying?" "Toothsome?" "Greasier?" When you really just wanted to say, "they're uh...givin' me the gas."



It's wrong to think that Daniel Radcliffe is very handsome in **Harry Potter: The Prisoner of Azkaban**, innit? That his face has taken on some interesting angles? That his hair is like brown feathers, blowing softly in the wind? That's wrong, hey? That his full lips and clipped, British delivery make you want to sneak into his dorm room and

Hi there!



I keep eating lunch in my car. I pick up some food, then park a distance away from my workplace, listen to music and eat. Sometimes I read. The goal is to get away from humans. I open the sunroof, to allow sunlight to graze my embalmed form. This is probably not a good practice. Aside from being dangerously anti-social (I rebuff lunch offers all the time), it's making a mess out of my car. Bits of taco, hither and thither. Rogue beans, scattered. Avocado, mashed into upholstery. And the other day, a veggie burrito went haywire and gushed through its paper wrapping. It oozed on to my just dry-cleaned suit. I cleaned myself up, and went back to work. Only later did I notice that there was smeared bean on the back of my skirt. A red flag, a vulgar sign for all to witness: *Julie needs help.*



My sister called me at work the other day, at 3 pm. *I have something to tell you*, she said, dispensing with her usual silly fake Spanish accent when she calls me. *Something has happened. There was an accident...* I thought it was my parents. I thought I was getting the call that I have dreaded since childhood. My world lurched and spun. Turns out it was a friend of the family's, quite shocking and sad, but not worthy of the sobs I couldn't stop. I scared the shit out of my staff. See, once I start crying I can't stop. It's a horrible faucet that won't be turned off, no matter what. I closed my door and emerged 10 minutes later, redfaced and puffy, eyes brimming with fresh tears. Wish I could have just twitched my nose, Bewitched style, and disappeared.





YOU CAN GO RETARDED

Brought to you by Tommy

The following is an excerpt taken VERBATIM, friends, from a student's report at the junior high school I work at. He was working on it in the library, and printed out an extra copy by accident. When I read it, I knew I had to share at least part of it. Here you go:

Taken from "WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU FALL AT 20 MPH BY (name withheld to protect the stupid)"

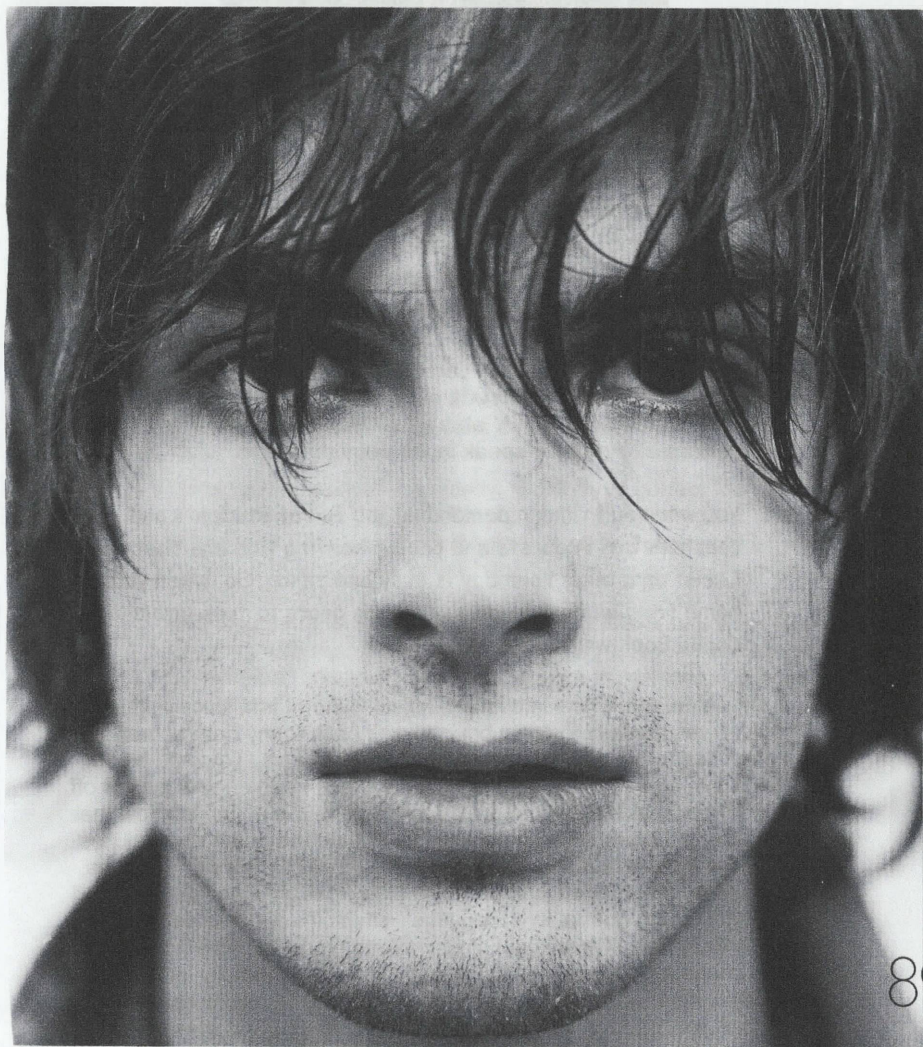
What can happen to you're head? First of all that could happen to you is that you can go retarded or have physical injuries that will of course happen when you fall that fast on such an important part of you're body. When you are mentally retarded that mean's you are mentally gone for ever you are not their any more in other words you see the world as if you were a baby for the rest of you're life. physically challenged you are crippled which may be able to fix.

(We'll skip ahead here to the charming concluding paragraph)

Kids are always important because you never know on what they can do when they grow up. that is why im going to wear a helmet when I go out Side to ride my bike any where I go even if its a cross the street. this concludes my report on what can happen to you're head when it hits the ground at 20 mph.



Hi there!



8



Interview With

T O M M Y

by Julie

Questions for Tommy Kovac

1. You may be my best friend and all, but I really don't know how you create all the amazing things you do (the comic books *Stitch*, *Skelebunnies* and the upcoming and very exciting *Autumn*) since I am not a My Little Pony and don't live at your house. So, allow me to probe.

That's not really a question. I can't do an interview if you don't ask legitimate questions. When one of my collection of vintage My Little Ponys interviews me, THEY always ask real questions, like professionals. And they speak in the pony language.

2. You work full time, a demanding job full of students and teachers and requests and people wanting this and that and Christ on a bike! Your day is busy and tiring. So, when you get home from work, how do you switch gears to turn into a Comic Book writer and artist?

That's a REALLY good question, Jules! When I first started doing this, it was actually tricky to bring myself back to my natural mental state, and to get into the characters and the mood. I'd come home and have all this naggy baggage in my head, people I was pissed off at, things I was nervous about for the next day, and yet I'd know that I needed to finish inking a page or something, because of deadlines. I'd have to work out first, or listen to a favorite CD. Change clothes, mess my hair up, that kind of thing. Now, though, since you asked, I haven't had to do that in a long time. I think it's become second nature enough. Or maybe I'm just so into "Autumn" right now, that the characters are always there in my head, and I totally look forward to drawing them, and bringing them to life. Plus I rearranged my whole work space, cleaned and organized, and have more of my favorite things around, my gargoyles, a pinecone, incense burner, favorite postcards taped to the wall...

3. I know you get a lot of artwork done on the weekends, too. How do you organize that time? Does Anthony, your very excellent and handsome boyfriend, have to pelt you with rocks to get your attention?

My compulsion to create is definitely a presence in the house. I work for about 4 or 5 hours on Saturday, and the same on Sunday. I try to do it when Anthony's still asleep, or at times when he's playing video games or something. But he feels neglected a lot, and it's tough for both of us. If I'm really in the moment with what I'm working on, I'm so absorbed in it I can hardly speak, and can't tear my eyes or attention away from it. So he could be like, "Honey, help! the dog's on fire!!!" and I'd be like, "Uh... okay, hold on. I gotta finish this line..."



4. Are there any CD's you keep returning to that seem to enhance the creative process? What are you listening to these days, while working on Autumn?

I listen to Rasputina incessantly, and they're perfect for "Autumn." I also love Veruca Salt, and Bauhaus, the Creatures, etc. I was listening to Bach sonatas on harpsichord and piano while I was penciling "Autumn" #2 for a while. Scarling is pretty great for moodiness. When I'm working, I like to have things that are moody and thoughtful, but not so downtempo I feel like napping. I love anything with really great lyrics. Courtney Love "America's Sweetheart" has been on heavy rotation in this room. She's a genius with lyrics, and anyone who disagrees with that is a dildo.



5. Do you listen to different music for different things, for example, penciling vs. inking? How about pooping?

When I'm penciling, I can listen to more distractingly loud or obnoxious stuff, but when I'm inking I need just a tad bit more calm. Not "happy" music, NEVER that. Just a little calmer. Angst. THAT'S IT! Angst is what I look for in music to create by.

6. Do you have a drawing outfit, say, a favorite shirt, or a hat, or special slippers? I know, you're not a retard.

Thank you for making that claim. I think I always draw in shorts. And a black T-shirt of some kind. Something I don't wear to work. I never wear shoes when I draw. But who would?



7. Has the mood you've been in while drawing *Autumn* been different from say, working on *Skelebunnies* or *Stitch*?

Yeah, I've more confident, because I think this is the best thing I've done so far, and I really like the characters. Instead of being a little afraid of whether or not I'll be able to pull it off, I'm more excited about all the cool stuff coming up in the story. It's a subtle difference. Even when I was doing "Skelebunnies," which is lots of obscenities and genital humor and stuff, it was still coming from an angsty, introspective place. Just different ways of expressing it.

8. Have you ever gotten into an accident while furiously mulling over artwork and plot while driving?

No, but sometimes I'll suddenly come to my senses and be confused about where I am, and which way I'm headed. But I do that even if I'm just thinking about donuts.

9. Do you like going to comic book stores or is that a bit of a busman's holiday? For instance, I have no desire to visit other libraries when I'm off duty, but that's really a different situation, and we're not talking about me right now, which is hard. For me.

Can we indeed bring the focus of this interview back to me? I don't know what a "busman's holiday" is, and I don't care enough for you to tell me about it. Regarding the question, I DO like visiting comic book stores, but I only do it maybe once a month. Sometimes not even that. In fact, it's probably been several months now since I've been in one. I read voraciously, as you know, and frequent Barnes & Noble and Border's more than I do comic book stores. There's a really good used book store by where we live, too.

10. You just had a successful time at the Alternative Press Expo (APE). How does it feel to keep acquiring more fans? Have you noticed any similarities among your fans?

I can't figure my fans out. I don't have TONS, but I do have them, and they seem weirdly disparate. I think I have a lot of female fans, and that may be the only defining similar element. I'll have a 7 year old boy come up to me, then a gaggle of goth girls, then a couple of mature belly dancers. (I'm not kidding about the belly dancers, either.) I like to think that my work is not a genre thing, and will appeal to people from all different walks of life for different reasons.

11. Name three favorite smells, and make it snappy.

Tart apples, mint, and black markers.

12. What is your favorite art tool right now? I said ART tool, you naughty!

I had been using this horrible old school-issue wooden ruler, and recently (during the cleaning and organizing of my work area) found this great metal ruler, all clean and straight. It's a wonder, and I now love it and cuddle it. The wooden ruler, it sucked and was such a fuckin' bitch. It was sort of uneven, and the underside of it was dirty, and would sometimes leave smudges on my work.

13. What's the best part about working on your comic book? Okay, how about the worst part?

The creation process, when you're really into it, creates these synaptic fireworks in your head, and makes you feel totally high.

Writing the perfect script for an issue, feeling totally inspired and just on FIRE with it. Bringing something into the world that wasn't there before, something that has beauty or humor in it, and says something true about your experience. Sometimes I'll sit back after inking furiously for a day, and see the completed page, and it's like I don't remember working on it, like it just appeared out of thin air, and I'll be in love with it for a while.

THEN I'll start noticing all the things that seem wrong, all the flaws and errors and inconsistencies, and I'll be consumed in this burning rush of insecurity. I'll get pissed, depressed, hopeless, anxious, etc. Emotional roller coaster. The worst part is having to have a day job, because even though the creative work is a roller coaster, it's a ride I'd get on every day, happily. The day job just gets in the way of my REAL life.

14. What is your least favorite sort of comic book? Come on, be a real asshole about it.

You know you don't have to coax me to be an asshole! I hate bimbo titty comics, because I don't care about girl parts, AND I happen to respect women, which really isn't a contradiction. I also hate overly simplified comics for mass consumption, the kind of thing the market is rife with right now, big superbold lines, Powerpuff Girls style, stuff that's trying to be Nickelodeon hipster style. I like detail and depth. I hate things that are too self-conscious, where the creator intrudes too much with their

"charming" little asides, speaking to their audience excessively in an effort to be cool. My favorite type of comic is something that looks obviously all done by hand, no computers, all written and illustrated by the same person, and with a storyline and tone that gives the impression the creator exists in a void, and has somehow managed NOT to be overly influenced by current popular culture. I like stuff by people who seem like they have their own world in their head. And that that world does not include "American Idol," or text messaging.



15. Outside of the comic book world, what artists do you admire?

Rasputina. I know they're a band, but they are "artists," and the aesthetic of the whole Rasputina thing really appeals to me. I love the Hudson River School painters, because landscapes rule. Mark Ryden, of course. Tove Jansson, who wrote and illustrated the Moomintroll series of children's books. John R. Neill, who illustrated 13 of the original Oz books. Sir John Tenniel, who illustrated Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass. In Through the Looking Glass he had Alice wearing those wonderful striped stockings that have become a required item in many of our wardrobes. Many of the Renaissance painters. I love that whole period of art. But when you're talking classical paintings, I prefer mythological subject matter to religious.



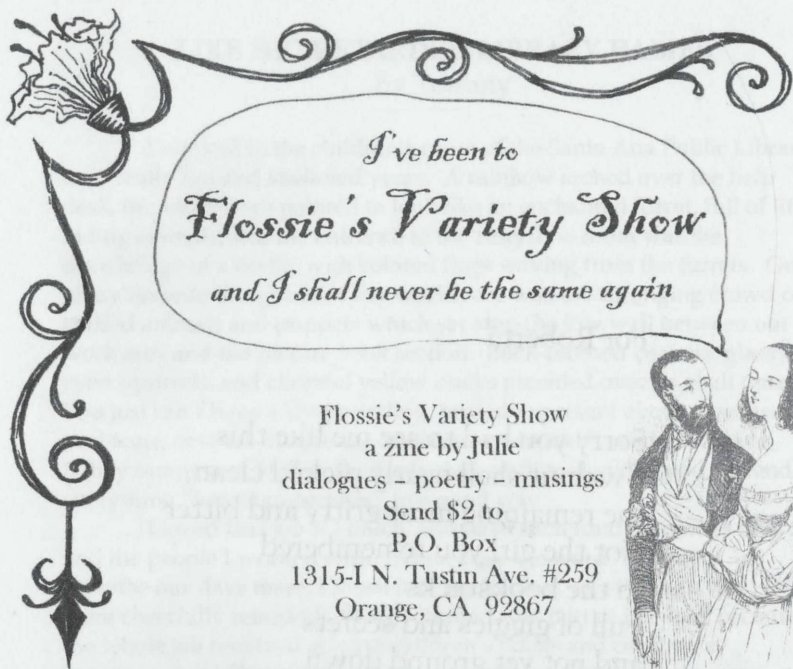
16. Your favorite cereal, and why? I don't have all day.

Cinnamon Life. And stop being so pushy. Oh my GOD I love Cinnamon Life cereal. It's all grainy with sugar and cinnamon, and gets just mushy enough, without being like paper mache. It's perfect. I think I need to go get some right now.

17. Thank you, Timmy! Anything else to add?

Sometimes I feel I can't truly relate to any other human being, because I lead such a busy life inside my head, and it's impossible to translate it all into words, and I just do the best I can with my artwork and writing. Like I'm channeling into something divine through the creation process, like it's a conduit to another world or dimension. It's fabulous and frightening and can make you feel crazy. 'Kay, bye!





*I've been to
Flossie's Variety Show
and I shall never be the same again*

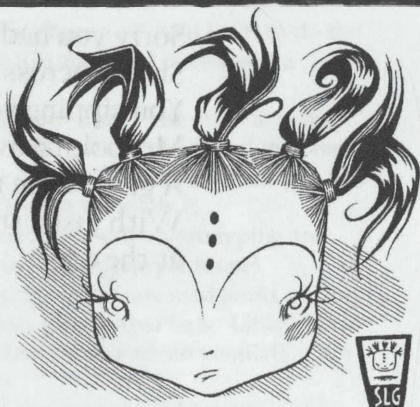
Flossie's Variety Show
a zine by Julie
dialogues - poetry - musings
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For Roberta

Sorry you had to see me like this
a walnut shell nearly picked clean,
the remaining meat gritty and bitter
Not the girl you remembered
In the bookstacks
Full of giggles and secrets
and not yet ground down



Sorry you had to see me like this
Sitting across the table
You sipping your martini
Me looking away
A gray storm rolling in
With just a strip of pearl white
at the edges.

--Julie



LIKE BIG RETARDED LIBRARY BABIES

by Tommy

I worked in the children's room of the Santa Ana Public Library for 5 really fun and sheltered years. A rainbow arched over the help desk, the walls were painted to look like an enchanted forest, full of little hiding animals, and the entrance to the storytime room was the drawbridge of a castle, with colored flags waving from the turrets. One of my favorite things about our workspace was the thronging crowd of stuffed animals and puppets which sat atop the low wall between our work area and the picture book section. Buck-toothed beavers, glassy-eyed squirrels, and cheerful yellow ducks presided over us at all times. You just can't have a fist-pounding, heated argument about personnel problems, or fiscal thingie-ma-bobbers or whatever, when you have Bobby Bunny and Heddy the Hedgehog smiling down at you. It renders everything "less-than-serious," in a good way.

I loved that job SO much, and have such fond memories of it, and the people I worked with. When I use the word "retarded" to describe our days there, I mean it in the fondest, most benign way. We were cheerfully retarded. Being retarded was part of the deal, because the whole job revolved around children's books and children's programming. Shapes! Puppets! Caterpillars! Our concerns were simple ones.

In retrospect, it's almost shocking how well-paid I was to do the most simplistic things. We were SERIOUS about the business of a children's library.

We ran several seasonal reading programs, one of them being Summer Reading. A big deal, with "prizes" for the children if they read so many books. Let me capitalize "Big Deal..." No, wait, let me put that all in caps, "BIG DEAL," because that's what we made it.

Outside the world of our library, other folks were typing and filing furiously in little cramped cubicles, getting carpal tunnel syndrome. People were sweatily slinging fries at fast food joints, getting paid minimum wage and having to wear gross paper hats. Little kids in Indonesia were weaving baskets in a dark room with no ventilation, for 18 hours at a time, for 10 cents an hour.

I was getting \$13 an hour (and that was about 10 years ago) to put little plastic beads into plastic baggies, leisurely, and getting praised for it. Julie and I STILL talk about the bead episode. I think the deal was something like, "If you read 25 books, you get a make-it-yourself bead bracelet kit." My job was to put about 15 beads into each plastic baggie, and to color coordinate them pleasingly for the children. This was not scoffed at, this was an important task. So I sat there for about 6 hours, using my artistic sense of color and contrast, as I put together differently themed color combos. Some of the beads were in special shapes, so of





course this meant even MORE possible combinations. White star-shaped clear beads with pink round beads and purple sparkly beads. Yellow flower-shaped beads with transparent blue beads and dark blue opaque beads. The variety was endless, and I thoroughly lost myself in this task. I didn't even have to answer phones or help patrons, because everybody could see I was BUSY coordinating bead baggies.

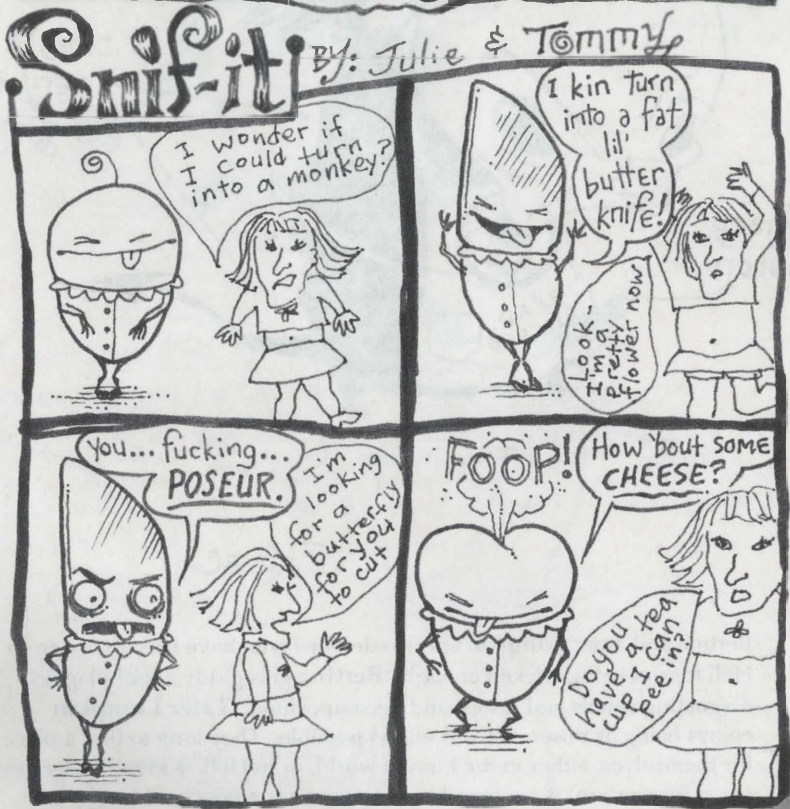
This was also one in a long chain of "And you DIDN'T know I was gay?" incidents, because the ladies I worked with (I was the only male in the children's room) were just a-twitter with delight over what a FANTASTIC job I did with the bead baggies. They were so impressed with my choice of colors, and the combinations I came up with, the subtleties of contrast. They literally clapped their hands and cooed with delight over my choices. They pointed out their favorites to each other,

excitedly. "... and look at THIS one! Who would have thought to put those raspberry-colored beads with the pink ones, and that it would look so tasteful!?"

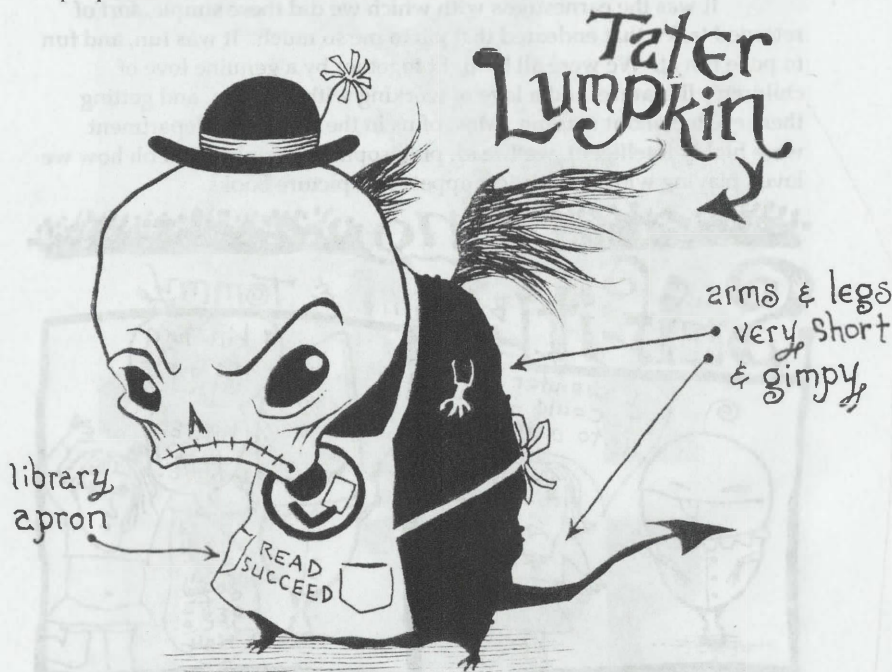
I'll NEVER have another job like that one. I don't remember for sure, but I probably came home from work that day, after spending 6 hours with the beads and the baggies, and said to my boyfriend, "I had SUCH a long day at work! Could you massage my shoulders?"

It was the earnestness with which we did these simple, sort of retarded tasks, that endeared that job to me so much. It was fun, and fun to poke fun at. We were all brought together by a genuine love of children's literature, and a love of working with children, and getting them excited about reading. Most of us in the children's department were highly intelligent, well-read, philosophical people. And oh how we loved playing with beads and puppets and picture books.

END

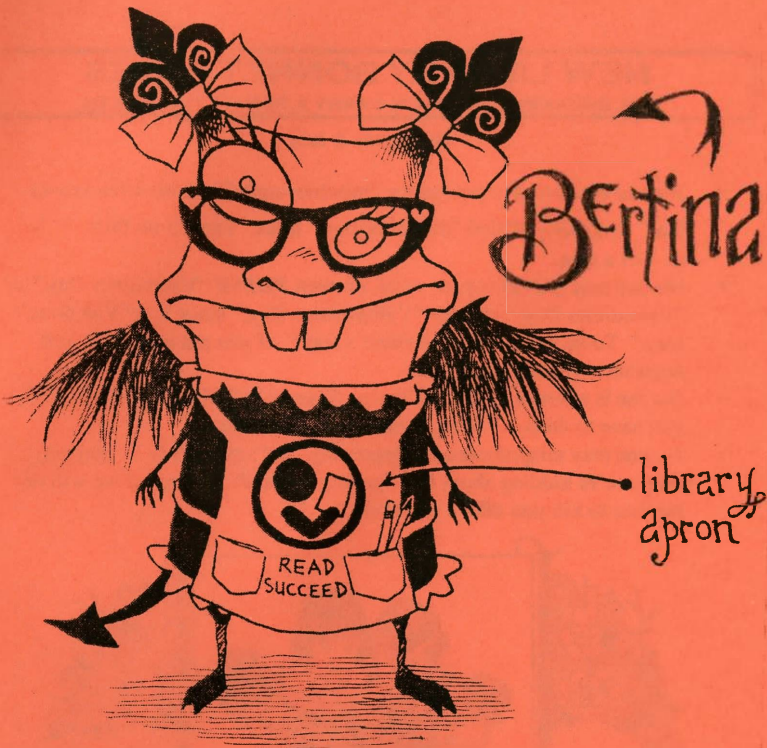


On these two pages, and also the cover for this issue, you will find characters I developed for this dumb contest Julie and I both entered. It was the Fox Network's "Pitch-o-rama," where anybody could submit an animated series proposal. Mine is called "Quiet, Please!" and is about demons who work in a library. And their librarian caretaker. How could Fox have passed on that?! I tried to get Julie to print some of HER proposal, but she demurred. Hers was cool, too.



T. Kovac

Bertina and Tater Lumpkin are two demons who have been exiled from Hell for not being wicked enough. Bertina gets giddy about plagues, disgusting smells and tastes, and decomposition. Tater Lumpkin enjoys being as miserable and vile as possible. They long to find a place for themselves, either in the human world, or in Hell. Kitten Phister (see cover illustration) is a young librarian who has a penchant for the underdog. She is broad-minded, and not easily shocked or offended. She protects and educates the demons in the ways of the human world.

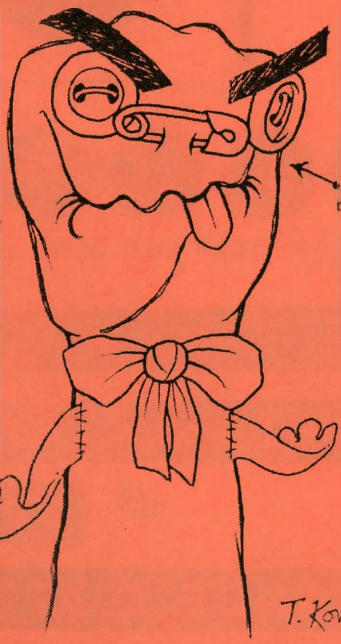


Bertina

library apron

I am not a puppet, I am an ACK-tor.

Mr. Sock



safety-pin nose

floppy felt arms

T. Kovac

NEW LIBRARY BONNET RULES

THE BREAKING OF WHICH CARRY A PENALTY OF DEATH.

By Tommy & Julie

- No one is allowed to pronounce "mischievously" as "mis-chee-vee-us-lee." It is *NOT* spelled "mischievious," folks. There's no third "i" in it. Get a clue.
- No one may **EVER** say, or write, or even **THINK** "Valentines Day," or "Valintimes Day," or even "Valiumtimes Day," since it is "Valentine's Day." To be exact, "St. Valentine's Day." If you put any "M"s in it anywhere, you are so fucked.
- No one is allowed to say, "Alls you gotta do is," when they mean, "All you have to do is..." This is entirely inexcusable.
- No one may mispronounce "supposedly" as "supposably." You may think we're kidding about that "penalty of death" thing, but we will not hesitate to kill you where you stand.



O R D E R S

send \$2⁰⁰ cash per issue to:

email: Heenie@juno.
com
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LIBRARY BONNET

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[Redacted]