

six
shots
of whiskey
to a nap



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i'm not a riot grrrl. i'm not a
third fourth or fifth wave feminist.
can i be a

INTERVIEW
WAVE
feminist?

i've been called cyndi lauper
while walking down the street. (oh
yeah i know girls just wanna have
fun!)
i have the hat to be debbie gibson.
i got skinny ties and black
eyeliner.

i will sing the most powerful
feminist songs you ever heard but
they will use lots of synthesizers &
you bet yr sweet ass you can
dance to them.

and just so you know: one way or
another, i'm gonna get ya.

My 12 step program
only has 9 1/2 steps

sometimes my mom makes
empty promises about some
vague destiny that she believes
will be fulfilled. what's even
worse is that she can put
a date on everything she
predicts. "you'll get into your
college & you'll know on the
third of march" or "your boss
will realize what a good job
you're doing at work on
july 7th & he'll stop being
such a prick." what's even
double worse is that they're
always predictions about me.
of course they're never
right & of course i always
believe them & on the morning
of the fateful day(s) in
question i always wake up
smiling then go to bed frowning

because I didn't hear about the scholarship, or my boss doesn't realize that I work super hard. so last weekend, driving home from maumee, Ohio, mom says to me "i know a certain someone is going to call you on sunday" & i smile because i've fallen into her trap yet again. on sunday i take a cab to the airport & a plane to



my mom
falsely predicts
the future

chicago & then a train to jessica's apartment. & this time i don't think about my mom's prediction of fun drinking tea & smoking too many cigarettes & listening to dan & jessica talk about music. & this time, her prediction is accurate.

which reminds
me that...

My grandpa used to do greek
voodoo to remove warts &
convince my grandma not
to make beef stew for
dinner & stuff like that. But
the Greek voodoo would only
work if you didn't think
about your wart or beef stew
or the Greek voodoo itself.
so maybe Greek voodoo &
my mom's oracle-like wisdom
are ~~are~~ completely psychological.
But in any case, it removes
blemishes & gets me dates.
ROCK!

or maybe it was
a fluke

or maybe it's becau-
se i'm so sexy
??

how many times have
we emptied that

ASH

TRAY

tonight ?

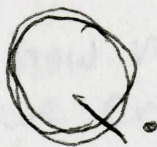


i fell into all the songs they made.

this is what comes of listening
when you're too young to relate.

their words invaded my dreams &
suddenly i found myself living in
miles of mix tapes and LPs.

i meant to live in my own songs.
things don't always work out how
you plan them.



Do you ever
feel like you're
living out a
Lou Reed song?



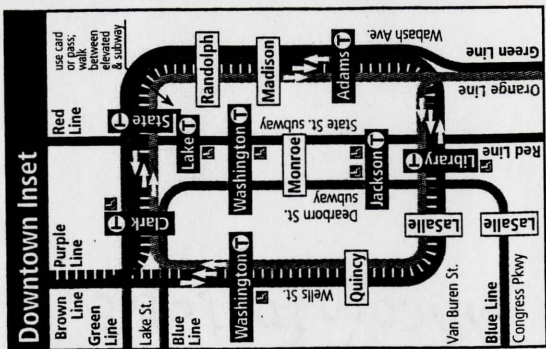
Not a lot, but
often enough
to feel
completely
uncomfortable.

Portrait of Jessica
feeding broken





Do you ever
feel like you're
living out a



Not a lot, but
often enough

Portrait of jessica
feeding broken



Live Bus
Danger Alive
No Switching
This Side

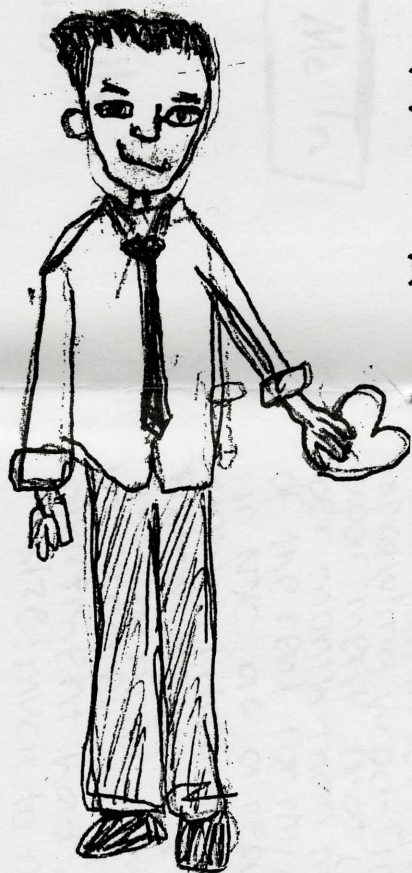
Normally
Open

Don't Fence Me In

Normally
Closed

me a pen.

I shall be



I gave her

my heart

and she gave

me a pen.

I gave her
me a pen.

my heart

over one for love

Journal of a couch-sleeper

Part I.

when east coast people visit midwestern cities, they generally marvel at the open spaces a city surrounded by corn can afford. & though i am from the midwest, & am a true midwesterned mind, body, & soul, i can't help but fall in love with jessica's sprawling wood-floored apartment that costs less per month than my half of the rent for my apartment in NYC. as a result ~~last~~ night 1, i dreamt that my roommate Lena, & i had just arrived in new york to discover that our apartment had doubled in size! much to our amaze-

ment, our stuff had also been moved in by our friendly downstairs neighbors who only asked in return a payment of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies.

Part I & 1/2

Later, i dreamt that the sun was shining backwards & so the earth was completely dark & hinging on catastrophic doom. before i went to sleep, jessica told me about her crazy upstairs neighbor who would bang on the floor anytime they would make a peep after 10:00pm yet would feel okay about vacuuming at all hours of the night. i think someone was mowing the lawn

the morning of my "earth-dying" dream & so in the dream, while everyone was running around in a chaotic frenzy, the lady upstairs was vacuuming. the lawn mower eventually woke me up. i got up to pee & the lawn mower sound followed me to the bathroom. i laid down again & said outloud to the still apartment, "What the fuck?"

Part II

dan is up early the next morning to go to work. he eat cereal in the dining room adjacent to where i'm sleeping. i guess the clanging of the spoon against the bowl infiltrates my dream & i dream for what seems like hours of just dan eating cereal. later, on when i question him about breakfast he admits to eating cereal in the dining room, but says "i know you're lying because i wasn't using a spoon."

DEAR MS. TYA -

I THINK U R

SUPER HOTT.

WILL U

LICK MY BENCH?

XOXO,
Maura
Tierney ♡

Dear Jessica,
I Love you & I
want you to be
with me for
a ^{forever} ~~really long~~
~~time.~~

Do you feel the
same? (check one)

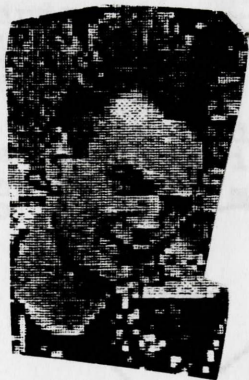
☐ yes ☐ no ☐ yes/no/
hell yeah

Love,
John Cusack

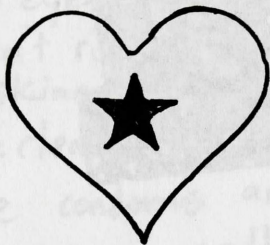
emo boy do i wanna slap
him or kiss him? take him
out for Coffee or say
"you don't even know what
pain is LIKE mr. built to
spill!?" fuck you. does he
expect girls to be sweet?
i'll throw him up against a
wall and kiss him hard.

boy-hustler why do i always
write about you? bisexual
with deep eyes, watery, mascara
that doesn't run. long legs,
and too skinny. junkie -
but you're clean cos the john's
always use condoms and you
only use clean needles.

[Punk boy] photograph: 6 feet
tall - perfect orange glued
'hawk makes him two feet
taller. towering over the phone
booth and pumping quarters in.
reflections in the window at
night in the shitty food joint.
i'm watching. memorizing.



She
had
tattoos
like
maps★



in a stark white museum meant for
atmosphere. a performance art film:
a girl sucks on her toe for ten
minutes. so i sit in a cold leather
chair and stare out a window. the
sky is pregnant with a storm,
belly-heavy & humid. boats float on
the horizon, dust from the baseball
diamond swirls up in the august wind,
a ghost.

when the water breaks, i giggle,
peaches leaving my hands sticky and
honey sweetness.

the train windows are streaked with
little rivulets of rain - knifed to
death. my reflection, pale in door
glass: i'm a ghost, too.

on the bus, the sky is downpouring.
everyone's sweat is acrid and loud.

i sing smiths songs in my head & dread
the coming of fall.

@ Clarke's:

waiting for an ashtray
to fill. new order, Velvet
underground, Nirvana in the
jukebox.

but first tom waits sings
my favorite line:



CHIC 32 0

What?

not the center of the
universe, surely.

666 state street -
a man leans out his
window; shuts his window to
the summer storm.

apartments, hotel rooms
dirty and bare.

a flag cut out of the
paper like an afterthought.



hey jessica, it was
really bitchin to
make a zine
with you...

yeah i really
had^a good time
too, ty a!



goodbye,
your favorite
gloom-cookies,
jessica & ty a