



LIBRARY BONNET

4

INTERVIEWS

ESSAYS

Now even bigger
like your mom

EPHEMERA



1. One-half of the errors (is, are) unnecessary.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1	I can't sing it strong enough
2-3	Nude Man vs. Granny
4-5	Pansy Division- INTERVIEW
6-7	Where are the girls?
8	Slick Plastic Mystery
9	The More You Play With Us...
10	Library Secrets
11	Play Bill
12-13	LB Lyrics
14	I'm old enough...
15	Milk-Nose Kitten
16-17	The Babiest Play Page
18	Threat
19	BLABE Industries
20-23	Tommy's Tirade
24	Anxiety Bunny
25	I'm Thrifty With Affection - poem
26-29	Sam & Jason - INTERVIEW
30-31	Hair Pain
32	Etc.

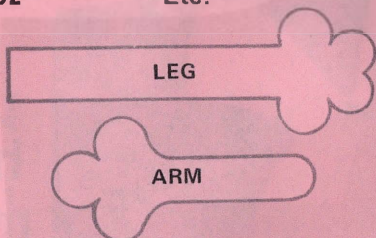
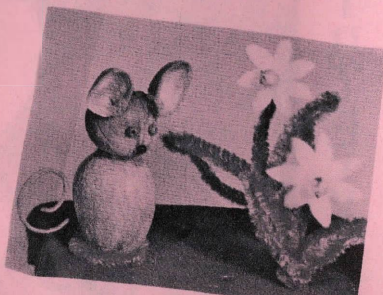
LIBRARY BONNET IS

CREATED BY:

Tommy
& Julie



ANGEL BUNNY KNIT HAT e
fluffy tail...ideal Easter bonnet.
fits 2-5 years. Pattern for mitter
ed. Send \$1.25 plus 25c p&h



LEG

ARM

In case you don't know, Library Bonnet can be found at selected Tower stores, and through these fine and dandy distros:
Pander Zine Distro Stick Figure Zine Distro Echo Zine Distro
(thanks to all of these fine distributors who recognize our blinding star potential!)

Here are some of our recent favorite zines: Soft Smooth Brain
Psycho #1 Fan (by Seth!) Java Turtle

Have You Seen the Do-

Bunny Love (by K. Seda)

to ORDER:

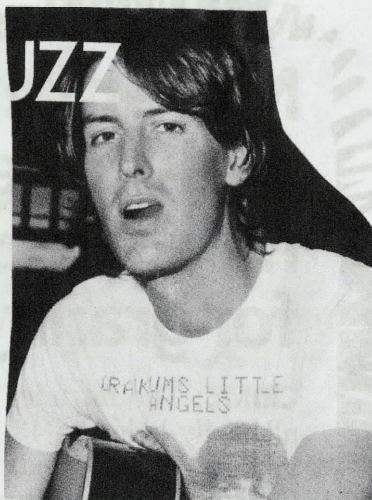
To order back issues of Library Bonnet 1, 2, and/or 3. send \$2.00 per issue (cash only) to Library Bonnet, [redacted]

cover photo: Anthony See

I CAN'T SING IT STRONG ENOUGH

Look at him, in this picture.
Oh my **WORD**. Let me clear something up. I got a crush on Stephen Malkmus long before I knew he was some indie darling and that other girls who wouldn't ordinarily have a crush on a singer in a band go ahead and have a non-ironic crush on him. It's always just been me and Stephie. Here's how it happened. I'm listening to **KROQ**, L.A.'s influential music station that back in the day actually experimented with different bands and sounds instead of its current, bewildering cock-rock obsession with angry white boys who didn't get their diapers changed enough when they were babies. Anyway, I hear "Cut Your Hair." I hear that low, manly yet boyish voice soaring through smart and different lyrics, I hear power chords and silliness. Then I somehow see the video, back before MTV created TRL and began to appeal to the lowest common denominator and went for vacuum-packed **SHIT**, and marvel at Stephen's strong jaw and proud forehead and general princely handsomeness. A comical tear rolls down his cheek, along his aquiline nose, and it's **ON**. I soon buy many Pavement cds and revel in their textures, wordplay and elastic vocals, and when now and then I stumble across pictures of Stephen, it's a happy bonus. I love the music, and he's so **FOXY**.

I know Pavement is no more, and he's solo now. I know Courtney Love has/had a crush on him too and probably knocked him down and tried to sit on him or something. I know he is almost approaching being a tiresome subject. So what. Just shut it.



STOP
BREATHIN'



by Julie

HARNESS YOUR HOPES ON JUST ONE PERSON



Nude man with knife no match for granny

CRIME: The intruder allegedly held the 43-year-old woman and her two grandchildren at knife point before being overpowered.

by Tommy!



A CAR CRASH.
A GRANNY.
AN EXPOSED PENIS
AND BALLS.
A MYSTERIOUS POT
OF CHICKEN.

These are the elements that make up my favorite news story to date. But how did the granny and the nude man end up in the same story? Well, it's very puzzling. Even after I had read the story, I was confused. I'll paraphrase it for you: There is a car crash. Granny and her two granddaughters run outside to see the wreckage. Meanwhile, a pot of chicken sits unattended on Granny's stove. Granny runs back inside to tend the pot of chicken, and suddenly, **NAKED MAN!** He brandishes her own kitchen knife at her. The granddaughters return to chaos. He nakedly threatens the girls' lives. Granny is quoted as saying, **"He told me the two girls were going to die. I told him, 'No.'"** But the dangling intruder grabs one of the girls, and so Granny elbows him between the legs.

Elbows? I wondered if the man was very tall, or if Granny was very short, or if she had to crouch awkwardly to get in position? The best quote from Granny is, **"When he complained about it hurting, I kicked the knife away from him."** I'm sure I'd complain, too. So then this kick-ass Granny shoved the nude guy into the garage until police showed up. It turns out the nude man was in one of the cars involved in the accident, but it is a mystery as to how, in such a short amount of time, he became naked and knife-wielding. It sounds to me like it had to have happened fast, for the sequence of the story to make sense. Because by the time Granny returned from seeing the accident, he was already there, and nude. So his **FIRST** reaction to the accident must have been to jump out of the car, strip off his clothes and become homicidal. The story says the man had to jump several fences to get to Granny's house, too. So he was a man with a mission. A **NAKED** mission. A naked, knife-wielding mission. But let's not forget what may be the missing link in this strange story... the pot of chicken left simmering on the stove. Was the chicken itself somehow working towards this incident? And what about the supposedly innocent granddaughters? I would like to be able to ask them if they **ASKED** for a pot of chicken on that particular day. My theory is that Granny was just an unwitting pawn in a very strange game that went awry. I think perhaps she foiled them by elbowing the groin of the naked man and shoving him into the garage.

Go Granny!



BRENTT SPORN/For the Register

HARROWING ORDEAL: Maria Gonzalez, 43, defended herself and her two young granddaughters against a knife-wielding, naked intruder Thursday. The man eventually surrendered to police.

NUDE MAN: Granny prevails



PANSY DIVISION

Interview conducted with Jon via email 2/01

Q 1.) Are you guys working on a new album, or touring, or what?

We're not sure what's going to happen next; after doing 6 albums in 6 years, we've had trouble deciding on our next step. We don't want to tour until we have new material, so we just do the occasional gigs.

Q 2.) Have you ever kicked anyone's ass? Were they askin' for it?

I have verbally wounded people, but not mortally. They were asking for it.

Q 3.) What are your feelings (if any) about the tiresomely-named riot grrrl movement, and bands such as Bikini Kill, and Bratmobile, and Sleater-Kinney? I ask because I love those bands, and see a corollation between their feelings of powerlessness and rage as women, and my own feelings of powerlessness and rage as a gay man. (The whole rebellion against the white heterosexual male.)

I am a big fan of that stuff, as well as its ancestors (Patti Smith, The Raincoats, The Slits, Kleenex/Liliput). I think it is a good parallel to what we've done, we are quite compatible. They made angry music because there was a distinct lack of strong, angry women; our music was more playful since there are plenty of angry men. We're going in different directions and conjoin at a certain point. To oversimplify just a tad...

Q 4.) Which would you rather:

Have your mother catch you masturbating?

-or- Catch your mother masturbating? (please explain)

Ugh! Next question!

Q 5.) Was it a conscious decision to not put any overtly gay imagery on the cover of "Absurd Pop Song Romance?" If so, why?

Yes. We wanted people to look at us differently, to look at it and think, hmmm, that looks like something different, something that's not predictable.

Q 6.) When you're playing live and you look out into the audience, what do you see? (Feel free to either use a specific example, or a generalization)

Shadows of people, and up front a few faces. I try to look around at people, not just in one place, to make eye contact.

Q 7.) What do your parents think of you performing songs with lines like "I looked into his eyes and let him sodomize me with his dick of death?"

Haven't talked to my dad about it! My mom and my aunt are quite amused. After playing PD to my mom for the first time, she said, "We're more open-minded than you might think."


Q 8.) What song are you most excited about performing live right now?

Our cover of negativland's "Christinaity is Stupid," and our cover of the Stooges/Iggy Pop's "Loose." When we learn some new songs those will be my new faves.

Q 9.) Would you eat a lunchbag full of snot for \$50,000?

If I'd wanted more money I'd have chosen a different career. NO!





Q 10.) Did you guys set out to be an openly gay band that appealed to other openly gay men, or did it just happen naturally? And how important is that connection with the gay community to you?

Yes--that's what we wanted, and it did come naturally. The major surprise was how many straight fans we have, and how young many of them are. Our connection with the gay community is important but not all of what we're about. The fact that we can go to a town and sing about gay stuff to a largely straight crowd means we're not preaching to the converted. I mean, I was prepared to preach to the converted because it was music I wanted to hear, so it's turned out well that way. But I like have a nice chunk of our audience being gay (otherwise we wouldn't ever get laid on tour!); a blend is nice.

Q 11.) The first person who ever mentioned Pansy Division to me was a straight male friend of mine who was trying to tell me how cool you guys are. At the time I was not "out," so it scared me away. I'm a different person now, but at the time I thought, "Oh, now, that's just TOO MUCH!" because I was prude and stupid. Do you ever get gay people criticising you for being "too gay?"

Yes; we've been accused of propagating an idea that gay men are only interested in sex, since so many of our songs are about that subject. But I want to put out a pro-sex message; gay people growing up get so many negative images about themselves that I wanted to do something positive. We sing about other things too, though those are less frequently mentioned in discussion of our band. Why? Because sex is fun and people love hearing about it!

And some people who make that criticism are worried about what "other people" think. Sorry, I spent too many years worrying about that, and those people will not dictate what I sing about.

Q 12.) When was the last time you vomited? Please explain.

Two or three years ago. Luis (our drummer) made me drink Jagermeister after I've already had a few. I'd never had it before. I never will again!

Q 13.) Do you have a specific "muse" that guides you in your songwriting? (Brad Pitt, Hello Kitty, Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, it can be anything...)

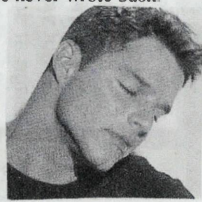
My songwriting is guided by the chip on my shoulder, the part of me that never felt accepted; writing is reaching out.

Yo BONUS QUESTION: Was "Vicious Beauty" based on a true story?

Awww...I wish I could say yes. A college friend did make some pornos, but he wasn't out then and we never went out. Sadly, no! A fan once wrote that it had happened to him, but when I asked for the story he never wrote back.

Thanks for the interview!
Jon

We didn't have
any pics of PD,
so here are some boys



STILL STILL PERFECTLY STILL

by Julie

I saw some photos from the Grammy awards show. Christina Gaguilera, with bleached cornrows, a fake tan, eyes caked with makeup, and lots of fiddling around with her breasts. They were pushed up, taped up, and if she could have, she would have outlined them in crayon. Destiny's Child, sprayed, teased, shellacked, in matching shimmery dresses showing their rock hard gym-toned bodies. I couldn't help but wonder why these girls under the age of 20 want to look 35 and like they're working the main stage at some big Las Vegas hotel? I know they can sing. They can take a song and torque it into a wailing thing that some people call talent. But where are the singer-songwriter girls, the rock girls, the grrls, the girls who don't have stylists and trainers on their payrolls? I miss them.

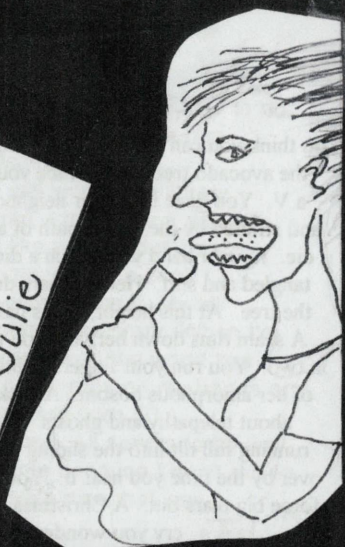
I live 45 minutes from Los Angeles, and KROQ is the radio station I listen to most, not because it's wonderful but because I'm holding out hope that they'll play something that moves me. The only female voice I've heard singing on it for months is Gwen Stefani's, and her band is mostly boys and she mostly sings about boys. I heard PJ Harvey's voice a few times last month, but they've already yanked her from their rotation. It wasn't that long ago that I could hear the Breeders, Juliana Hatfield, Liz Phair, Bjork, Kim Gordon, even Alanis Morissette (I know, shudder, but at the time we all sort of liked her), on a regular basis and those now seem like the golden years. When's the last time you saw a video like the Breeder's "Cannonball," with girls playing instruments, goofing around, wearing their favorite tshirt, their inky black hair falling into their faces, singing their own words? NOT dancing in a choreographed line, with the camera on their flat abdomens and the words of a team of three middle aged industry men oozing out of their mouths? Unless I bought it myself, or heard about it from someone like Tommy who seeks out girl-fronted bands, I didn't hear any new music by females, and that means lots of girls who are way younger than me and buy more cds didn't either.

When I was little I had a steady diet of my older sister's music: Carole King's "Tapestry" played all the time, Karen Carpenter. Janis Ian. Plain girls who had hit records, played instruments and crafted their own songs. There are such girls now, but radio doesn't like them and MTV doesn't want us to look at them. Again, I miss them. I want to know what's on their minds, what makes them scream, what scares them, what makes them want to sing. KROQ has a female music director, and she seems content to keep feeding us boy-rock, and keep the mouths of all the girls covered with tape.



**A teeny list of songs I like
written or sung by FEMALES**

Courtney Love: Miss World. Gutless.
Liz Phair: Only son
PJ Harvey: "Can see the free
Christie Brade: Sometimes, I
Sleater-Kinney: Talk of the Town
Siouxsie: Spellbound Song
B2s: Give Me Back My Man
X: 4th of July
Babes in Toyland: Icy Blue Heart
The Breeders: When I Was a Boy
Kim Deal: Gigantic
Bjork: Hyper Ballad
..and so many more.
Julie.



Siouxsie Sioux

Kathleen Hanna



L7

Kittie

Red Aunts

Inger Lorre

Bjork

Hole

Concrete Blond



The Breeders

Sleater-Kinney

The Muffs

Bratmobile

The Smears

Fiona Apple

Nina Gordon

Frumpies

Mocket

Jack Off Jill

Liz Phair

Eleni Mandell

Rasputina

The Gossip

Veruca Salt

Babes in Toyland

P.J. Harvey

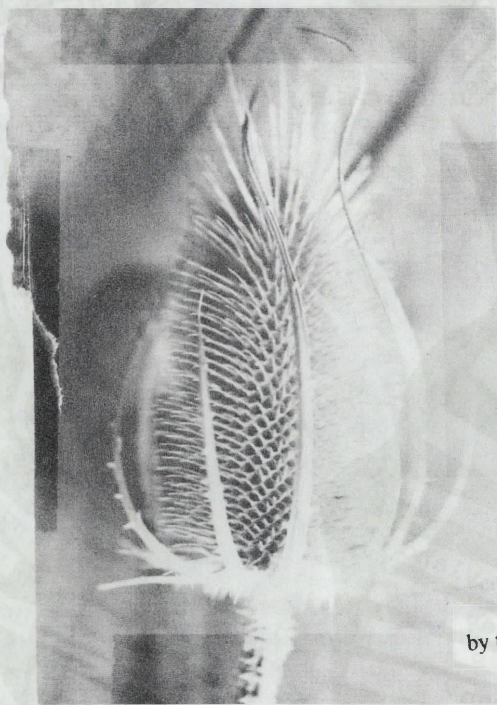
Boss Hog

Aimee Mann

(untitled)

You think you can see the whole neighborhood from your lofty perch in the top of the avocado tree. You brace your chubby legs between branches that form a V. You gaze into your neighbor's backyard. Unfamiliar lawn, cut close, and striated by the recent path of a lawnmower. You can fly, you can fall and die. In your hand you clutch a dirt-smudged doll. Her clumpy brown hair is tangled and stiff. Her gingham dress lies in a patch of mud at the bottom of the tree. At this height, she is naked, smooth, pink, cold, and hard as stone.

A seam runs down her, and you think at one point she must have been split in two. You run your fingers guiltily, greedily over her smooth chest, the slope of her amorphous bosom. A slick plastic mystery. You dream about magic, about telepathy and ghosts. Bloody Mary in the mirror and your cousin running full tilt into the sliding glass door. It shatters in an explosion that is over by the time you hear it. You sit on the stairs with your other cousins and force big tears out. A Christmas garland drapes down the banister and as you cry you wonder what you will get for Christmas.



by tommy



The More You Play With Us the More You Die

Well, let's see. Some things are status quo. I still don't know how to do very many things on my computer. I figured out how to put a box around text today and felt like Marie Curie discovering penicillin. My closet is still a hideous mess. I still work for a library system, but am an administrator, not a librarian. I miss being around books. I work late and I work hard and I feel like a real adult now. It is not a good feeling. I wish I spent more time writing a book I started last year. It's languishing and I fear I won't finish it. My all time dream is to have my own book (nerd alert) in a library. When I'm overworked, and overtired, and just plain worried, and the world has been too much with me late and soon, I still get bumps on my hands and I have to cry. I just erupt that way. My parents are both 70 and I check them often for signs of mental decay. All seems to be well there. My husband just peeled an orange for me because I don't like to. He even peeled off the membrane part (ew). He's nice that way.

Julie ↗

Tommy ↘

Here is the Tommy Page. I would like to say thank you to all the people who write us nice letters and emails about our zine, which someday we will print a selection of. Special thanks to Suzy M. from Las Vegas who sends the most awesome letters that are like works of dope-ass zine art themselves. Also, I went to the APE Convention (Alternative Press Expo) in February in support of my comics (*) and got to see some really great zine stuff going on. I talked to Lynne of Java Turtle, and got to meet Seth of Puberty Strike and Psycho #1 Fan. I was so excited because Seth was like a zine celebrity to me, since I'd seen him profiled in "Zine Scene" by Francesca Lia Block and Hillary Carlip.

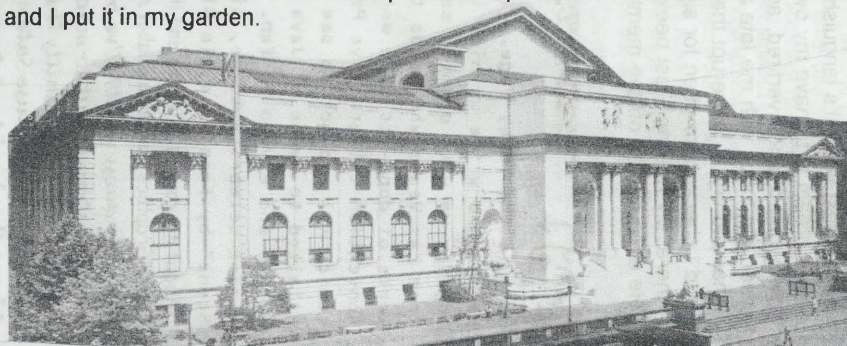
*About my comics! I write and illustrate "Stitch" and "Skelebunnies" for Slave Labor Graphics (www.slavelabor.com) Please check them out if you get a chance! Oh, and guess what? I've been seeing a therapist lately because I've been all stressed out so much that I just canNOT handle it. We've had a bunch of totally shitty things happen, all in a row, the way it usually does because Satan likes to watch us cry, and so anyway now I have this big "Anxiety and Phobia Workbook," and after taking the quizzes, I determined that I may have "Generalized Anxiety Disorder," AND (this is the best part) "Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder, with Obsessions Only!!!" So my therapist has been giving me really crazy advice, like if you're worried about something, ask yourself, "What is the worst thing that can happen, and can I survive that?" And here's my new favorite, "Be prepared to lose absolutely everything." I mean, I know what she means, but fuuuuuuuuuuuck...

LIBRARY SECRETS by Julie



I worked at an old library for a long time. I started when I was seventeen, and quickly learned that the big marble-walled building had secrets. The Foreign Language room concealed an old dumb waiter, and its door, pulleys and shelf were still visible if I pushed back a book case. There was a fireplace in the public lounge that used to hold crackling fires; old ashes remained in the grate. The basement was a maze of secret rooms; dark, shadowed rough-hewn rooms that held groaning stacks of books and old newspapers. The Children's Room had cold, hard tile and a window seat. The wooden letters were long gone but I could still make out the faint words "BOOKS FOR GIRLS" above the fiction shelves. The third floor held a serene staff lounge that no one used. I kissed Mike Peterson on the cracked vinyl couch a few times. I used to show movies to kids. I had to climb a small iron staircase, then hunch down on a special landing made just for this, with the whir of the rickety projector clicking in my ear. An accordion wall no one knew about rested in a hollow. The Children's Patio had wrought iron gates and a greened-over birdbath. Can you tell I loved it? I did. Every echoing footfall of it.

Then a new library director came and tore it all up...walls were ripped open, ceilings were moved, the lounge was sealed and the vinyl couch was thrown away. The birdbath disappeared, the dumb waiter was bricked up, and the Children's Room was moved to the other side of the building, its shelves hammered down and broken into pieces. I kept a chunk of marble from a demolished wall and I put it in my garden.



Tonight!

LIBRARY BONNET

8 p.m. Oct. 30th

2000 - Felcher Park Auditorium

\$5.00

with:

GRINT

Suck It and Scream

My Rotting Corpse

HELD OVER for 4th show

rain or shine

NO REFUNDS

Here are lyrics from the 4-track
Library Bonnet EP,

"Still Dripping"

-on DEWEY DECIBEL RECORDS

**JANICE IN THE BREAK
ROOM**

Janice has O. C. D.
Janice wears little girl panties
In the bathroom she lets them
touch the floor
Eeyore, Pooh, and Piglet,
Urine and germs

Janice has O. C. D.
You should see it when she
pees

She flushes, she flushes
she flushes...
She washes, she washes
she washes...
(Stop it, Janice!)

Janice in the break room
Choking on cock
Watching the clock
She's got a fast crotch!

Janice has O. C. D.
Janice wipes off his pee pee
She wipes and wipes and wipes
away
She wipes and wipes and wipes
away...

Janice says:
I have a casserole in the fridge
It's for the potluck
Wasn't I a great FUCK?!

SQUIRREL DICK

Baby that squirrel he better
slow down
He's burnin' a trail of sick and
slime
I saw him drag his balls right
up a tree last night yeah
They were blacker than his
lungs!
His nose is pink but I am
pinker, softer than his club
Don't even think about
Don't even dream about
Wintering in THAT tree
(It's haunted)

He curls his curious tail all
around the lady squirrels
He nips and snaps and licks and
yaps
And sometimes humps the field
mice

Yeah, Honey, that squirrel!
I seen his porno collection
Balled up in a hollow tree trunk
He chewed it and gnawed off
the faces, Baby,
Just claw marks and slobber
Ah yeah

Claw marks and slobber
Ah yeah

LIBRARY CARD

I'll slit your throat with my
library card
I'll gut a fish with my
library card

Slide it through your ass crack
to see what info I can glean
It won't get us cash (oh no)
But maybe it will help me see

Help me pry it outta you
library card fly fast and true
Slide it underneath your face
A semi-literate disgrace!

I'll slap your belly with my
library card
Plastic... skin... plastic...skin
library card oh yeah!

Romance or murder,
library card?
What will you check out next?

BEANY SAID

And Beany said:
Wah! Wah! Wah! Wah! Wah!
All the puppets go:
Wah! Wah! Wah! Wah Wah!
Cause Beany cries:
Wah! Wah! Wah! Wah! Wah!

Hello! Puppet show!
Big heads and tiny hands
Beany has a gaping mouth
Clap to make her go away

And Beany says:
Weh! Weh! Weh! Weh! Weh!
In misery:
Weh! Weh! Weh! Weh! Weh!
Wet diapered:
Weh! Weh! Weh! Weh! Weh!

Hello! Noodle hair!
Beany has a button nose
Pop it open and you'll see
Beany's noggin's full of dust

Beany cracks a bat
on Baby's head
Baby's head
Baby's head
Wah! Wah! Weh! Weh! Weh!

I'm not old. Old enough, you betcha. And old enough to remember things that are gone now, or will be soon. I was thinking about how tv stations used to close down for the night, I think at midnight. You'd be up, watching the Carol Burnett Show and then the news and then maybe some rerun of Father Knows Best and then the television viewing day would come to an end, they'd show a big Old Glory waving, and play the Star Spangled Banner, and then I think they'd just leave the flag on all night, or maybe static would kick in. Other stations would show a weird target-like image, that I think had Native American drawings on it..I can't remember. But television shutting down for the night was a lonely thing, and I remember feeling like the only person left awake in the whole world, in my Lanz nightgown and chenille robe.

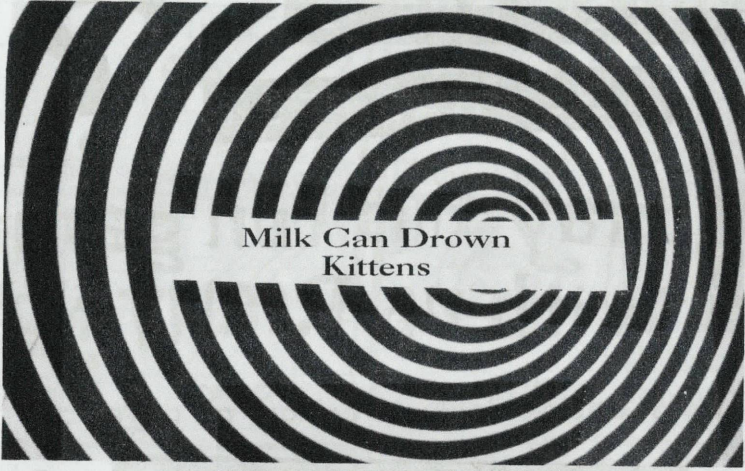
I had 45 records and would have to insert a little red thingie in the middle so I could play it on my hi-fi. One year my parents got a new stereo where you could stack the records, and I loved that sound after the first record ended, the "sflap" of the new record landing on top of the old, and the needle hitting that first groove. We didn't have a remote control for a long time, and because of that I think we watched a lot of shows we wouldn't now, because we didn't want to get off the couch and walk over there and change it, the knob with its loud ka-chunk ka-chunk. Thus, we'd sit through The Dinah Shore show. Commercials for Massengil or FDS (Feminine Deoderant Spray), or Merv Griffin, fawning over Charo. Old cowboy movies, which I hate now. Roller Derby. Not the gym-bulged women of today, but real looking women, with skinny legs, bumping into each other on their roller skates. Lots of Gilligan's Island. I had a confusing sort of crush on Ginger, and I liked the professor, too. I think I wanted to BE Ginger, with her clingy white dresses and beauty mark and height.

It seems funny now that we all had rotary phones, and phone numbers with lots of 9s in them were a real drag to dial. And you were rooted to the spot, and we'd have to giggle into the receiver and have our first halting conversations with boys while Dad sat just a few yards away, reading LIFE magazine and chomping on dry roasted peanuts.

I remember the Fuller Brush man used to come to our door. One time a Fuller Brush man arrived, hoisting a contraption on his arms that allowed several brush samples to dangle from hooks. He looked Italian, and sort of resembled one of my sad-eyed uncles. I felt sorry for him and his dangling brushes, and hysterically asked my mom if I could buy a brush. Money was really tight then, and she said I could use my allowance. I bought a tortoise shell brush, and never used it, resenting all the Tangy Taffy, Necos and Spree candy I wasn't able to buy.

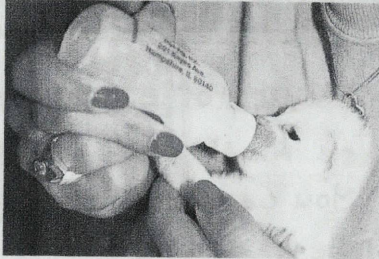
ONLY
PERSON
AWAKE
IN THE
WORLD





Milk Can Drown Kittens

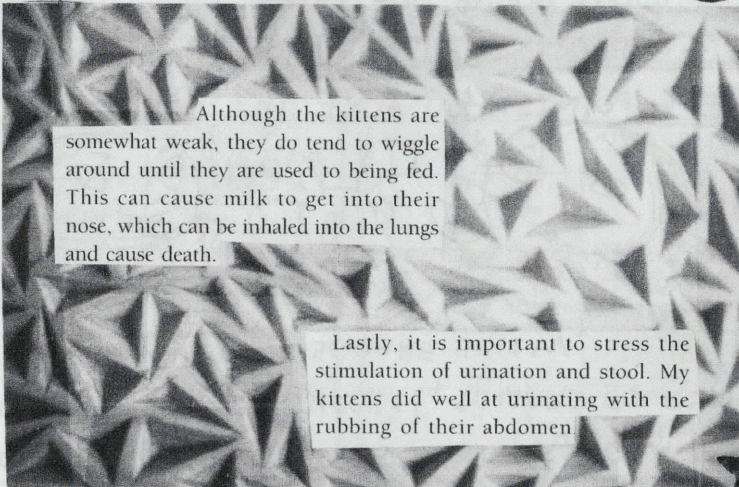
beware!



DIANE CALKINS

beware!

You must be extremely careful not to get milk in your kitten's nose if you are bottle feeding it. This can cause drowning.



Although the kittens are somewhat weak, they do tend to wiggle around until they are used to being fed. This can cause milk to get into their nose, which can be inhaled into the lungs and cause death.

Lastly, it is important to stress the stimulation of urination and stool. My kittens did well at urinating with the rubbing of their abdomen.

WHICH ONE'S

THE BABIEST



Play this fun game
with us **RIGHT NOW.**

answers upside down at bottom of page...

DO NOT CHEAT.



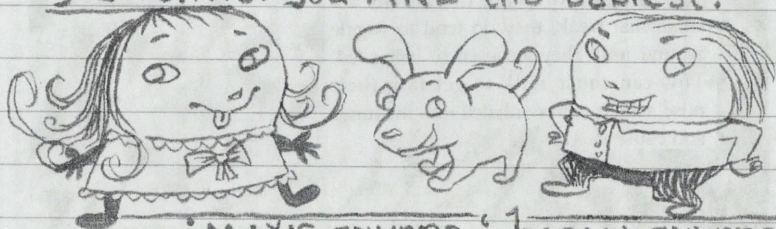
score one point for each correct
answer. If you scored...

0 POINTS: You can suck the shit outta
our assholes.

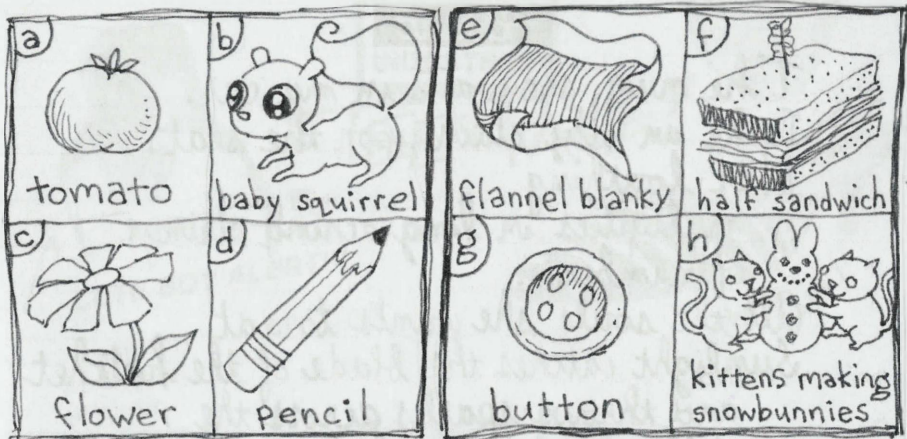
1-2 POINTS: You still don't get it, and
you're gonna get cut.

3-4 POINTS: You smell like a winner.

5-6 POINTS: You **ARE** the babiest.



correct answers: square one: b, square
two: h, square three: l, square four: n,
square five: q, square six: w.



threat

The nun, she waits in my car.
Like an oily stain upon the seat.
Her loathing
multiplies in long aching strings
of numbers.

All the souls she wants to eat.
Sunlight catches the blade of the hatchet
and throws sparks across the
stiflingly hot roof of the little car.

The nun seethes, presses her fingernails
into her own palm so hard
the blood trickles.

She stares straight ahead.

I have given her the name.
your name.

The nun mouths the word.

She flicks her Bic lighter on,
then off.

A pack of cigarettes lies secretly, clenched
between her thighs, underneath her
voluminous black habit.

A black habit indeed.

I told her I couldn't, but she made me
stow the gun in my trunk.

It's the only thing cold in that car.

Even the nun's heart glows red like a
pierce coal.

All alive-o. Hot and bloody.

[Julie]



CUTE BOY ALERT!!!

Sings in this band: TUBE SOCK.
Eyes: dreamy
Hair: yes
Age: Our age!
Hobbies: Reading, Church, Riding his horse, Homer.
Name: Brent. He likes you!

**BLABE
INDUSTRIES**

TEEN PAGE!



That's tight!



Let's Get Cookin'!



Oh yea!

This week:
PRO-TEEN SNAX!
1 C. BLABE protein mix
(do not use BLABEprotein substitute or any petroleum product)
1 TBSP. rolled oats
handful of peanuts (crushed)
Combine, pat into muffin tins.
Insert popsicle stix, bake at
350 for 45 min. Oh yea!



A Dream and a Dollar: How I Started
a Million \$ Corporation by Rod Blabe.



Listen up...I stayed up all night reading this book. It's about how this guy ^{who} worked really hard and saved his money and started a big company and guess what? His best friend is JESUS. That's WAY cool.

Kelli's
Book Review

**BLABE INDUSTRIES: FOR YOUR
ENVIROMENTAL, DENTAL, PERSONAL,
PHARMACEUTICAL AND NEIGHBORHOOD NEEDS.**





Do not be silent. Do not be invisible.
DO NOT BE A "BLANK".

★ ★ ★
Be **LOUD** for the sake of the younger generation,
who need our help for a healthier tomorrow...

This is a battle cry for gay people and for women, and for anybody else who feels they are rendered powerless and have their voices silenced and their rights as human beings taken away by the rich white heterosexual men in power, and our whole disgusting culture that revolves around rich white heterosexual men. I used to believe we were moving beyond homophobia and sexism and racism and prejudice in general, in this so-called enlightened age when even MTV runs marathon lists of hate-crime victims, and Will and Grace is one of the top t.v. shows. (A brief note: yes, I DO like Will and Grace, but no it is not always the greatest representation of what it means to be gay. Because it means something different for all of us.) Recently I had an experience at my dayjob that has turned into a very big deal, and I've done interviews for newspapers, a magazine, and even a local t.v. station, and the whole thing has shown me that there is SO much we still have to fight for, that maybe there never will be a time when we don't have to fight for our rights and for respect and representation. I have never been at all politically active in my life, aside from voting, and I am not part of any "gay community." My boyfriend and I would rather have our eyes popped out of our sockets than attend a pride parade, or stick a rainbow flag in front of our house. But this recent incident I'm going to relate has made me see that we all have to keep our eyes open for prejudice and hate, and speak up and fight it when we see it. DON'T LET DOWN YOUR GUARD. This may be the year 2001, but Bush Jr. is in office, I still can't get health benefits through my job for my partner of 10 years, and most women are still taking their husband's last names and surrendering their own.

I work during the day at a junior high school library, as the library technician. The librarian I work with is also gay, and although she's way more closeted and passive than I am, she ordered a series of biographies called "Lives of Notable Gay Men and Lesbians" from a notable publisher of library books. The first week of this school year, an old conservative asshole history teacher came in, happened to see one of the books, read just the title of the series on the front cover, and said, "You've gotta be kidding me! Lives of Notable... BLANK... and... BLANK?! You're not really gonna put this in our library, are you?"

I looked up from my work, and said, "The words are GAY MEN and LESBIANS. You can say the words, you know."

He said, "I don't HAVE to say those words. I'm not GOING to say those words," and proceeded to spew forth this amazingly ignorant invective about how those books were inappropriate for a junior high library and that our kids should not be exposed to "that." The librarian jumped in to the argument, and so did a fellow employee who was helping us process some other books. So it was 3 against one asshole, but he didn't shut up for about 10 minutes.

After this, the librarian decided she had better warn our principal about the incident, in case the teacher went to the board with a complaint or something. The principal acted supportive of us, and apologized for the history teacher's inappropriate behavior. But she asked to see the gay and lesbian biographies. She called the district office, and the district office asked for the entire biography series to be sent to them. Next thing we know, our books have been taken away from us, and many weeks have gone by with no answers. The librarian wrote many memos and letters to district personnel, including our

cont.

The picture of me is from a local newspaper that interviewed me about the case. I agreed to be photographed not (just) because I'm a narcissist, but because I feel it's important that kids see gay people who aren't afraid to show their faces and say, "Yeah, I'm gay. So what?" I'm WAY better looking in person. I swear.

superintendent, trying to get some clear answers as to WHY the books were taken, and WHEN they would be given back. Our district has a very specific challenge policy, through which anyone can challenge whether a certain book is appropriate for our school or not. This policy was never invoked in this instance. The history teacher never officially challenged the books. In fact, NO ONE officially challenged the books. They were just whisked off into a void, and the district would not even admit that it was because they were about gay men and lesbians. They started saying it had something to do with the books being on too high of a reading level for our students. Well, the books are for ages 14 and up, and about 1/3 of our student population will be 14 by the end of the year. Also, and this is important, there were 330 books total in that same order, including other biography series on men and women of faith (religious leaders) and Black Americans, Native Americans, etc., most of them on the same reading level, but ONLY the 10 books on gays and lesbians was stolen from us. We also have the Bible and Shakespeare in our library. Are they going to take THOSE books out because they are on too high of a reading level?

Finally, after about 7 weeks of the librarian sending memos and letters that weren't doing any good, I was just fucking pissed as hell. There is a monthly report I have to turn in to my principal, regarding copy machine totals. A boring, almost pointless task. So each month I draw a little cartoon on the report to liven it up. One time when I neglected to do a cartoon, the principal even asked, "Hey, Tommy, where's my cartoon?!" So it was obviously an acceptable thing to do. Well, this time I drew one of my comic book characters, a "Skelebunny," screaming FIGHT CENSORSHIP!"

I really didn't think it would upset her, since she knows how strongly I feel about the whole issue. But the next day, the principal called me into her office, and I got totally reamed about the stupid cartoon. She had it sitting on the table when I walked in, and she was in a rage. She said it was incredibly unprofessional, and that she was deeply offended, and that she just didn't understand WHY I would choose to "go in this direction." She was very "concerned" about my behavior, and wanted to warn me strongly that I needed to remember who I work for. By this, she meant the community, represented by our school board, which is known for being very conservative.

She even told me that I was not to get involved in the incident with the books, that it was "being handled" by others, that the issue was not about ME, it had nothing to do with ME, and I needed to remember that not everything was about ME. I was not to go around talking about the books, or stirring things up. It would not be in the best interest of this community to stir things up. I knew when she said "this community" she wasn't talking about the portion of the community that is made up of gay teens. Who will speak up for THEIR best interests?

Well, as she was saying this to me in the most threatening manner you can imagine, I was thinking to myself, "You just wait and see what I do, BITCH."

So that night I went home and I emailed the Human Rights Campaign of California, I emailed GLSEN (Gay, Lesbian, Straight Education Network), and I typed up a letter to the ACLU explaining the whole thing, and even quoting the pertinent lines from our district's challenge policy, the one they had completely circumvented.

The very next day I was called in again to the principal's office, and officially given a verbal reprimand which stays in my personnel file, for the stupid fucking CARTOON. Luckily, I had anticipated this, and had a union rep there with me who defended me brilliantly. The administration again tried to tell



ACLU
FOUNDATION
of SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

1616 BEVERLY BLVD
LOS ANGELES, CA
90026-5752
T: (213) 977-9500
F: (213) 250-3919
www.aclu-sc.org

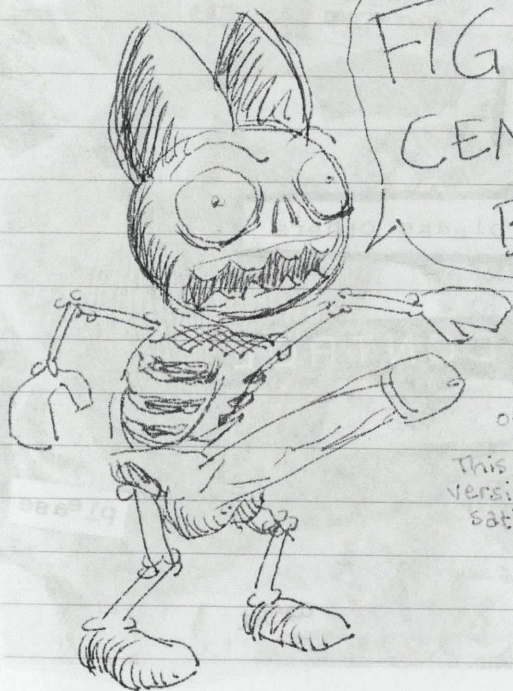


me that I was not to talk about the matter of "the books" with anybody, especially any other staff members. My union rep jumped in and told them that when I'm on break, or at lunch, even if I'm still on campus, I can talk about anything I want to talk about. She also told them that it is my right, even my DUTY as a concerned citizen to become involved when I see something that is an injustice. As long as I do it after hours.

The ACLU contacted me within days, and began putting the case together. I found a student I thought might be willing to get involved, and now the case has been filed by the ACLU, with TWO student plaintiffs. The students' identities are kept strictly anonymous of course.

The librarian, who has more faith in human nature than I do, took an amazing amount of cajoling and convincing to finally get her on board. So in the meantime, the district has set up this bogus defense of the books being on too high of a reading level. But at least the case has been filed, and the story is definitely OUT. The principal and I haven't crossed paths for about a month, which is fine with me. The district attorneys have indicated they might be willing to settle, so we are beginning negotiations. I'm not happy about the proposed settlement, but it's confidential, so I can't talk about it yet.

This story is meant to show you that people in YOUR own community can still have their heads WAY up their asses, and you need to speak UP. Nobody else is going to do it for you. We have so much left to fight for, if there are so many people out there who can't even bring themselves to say the WORDS gay and lesbian. Don't be denied YOUR voice. This kind of thing affects all of us. Censorship is never about just one issue. Today it's gays, tomorrow it could be Jews, or women, or Hispanics, or Asians, or Pagans, or whoever.



FIGHT
CENSORSHIP
BITCH!

this is not the
original cartoon I drew.

This is a slightly altered
version which is more
satisfying to me.

-Tommy
©

p e r f e c t i o n i s m

Excessive

excessive

excessive

EXCESSIVE

excessive

control

Perfectionism

Excessive Need to please others

Excessive Need to

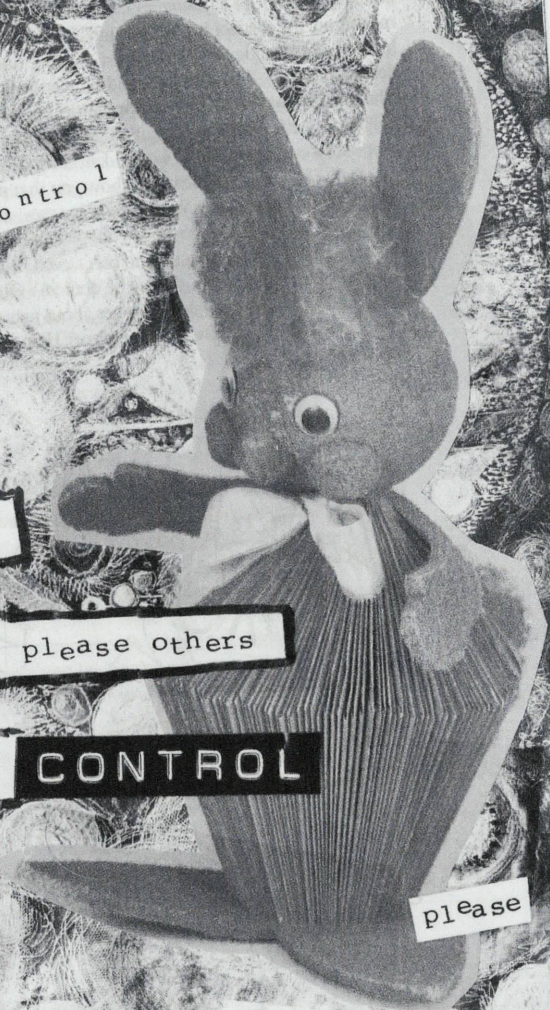
CONTROL

please

24

msinoi tce frep

CONTROL



I'm thrifty with affection
I don't like to say I love you
Love is a finite chunk that I dole out
in flinty shards
If you've gotten under my skin
I'll keep you there
I'll kill for you
I'll hunt you down and rub my scent on you
If you bore me I'll lose you
Cross me once and I'll drop you
into an ocean of people I've forgotten.
People want to own me
but I'm solitary to the bone
I'll charm you with crumbs and sometimes
a whole slice
But I'm as wary as a thief,
moving through the dark with a flickering light.
At work I feel like an imposter
I expect praise but am surprised by it
I shrug it off while I repeat it in my head
I am accomplished but sometimes breathless with fear
a clumsy husk of a girl that I thought I
had left behind
Only to rise the next day,
aware that my smile is a lure
ready to begin it all again
ready to watch the day take shape
a mosaic of patterns and light and people
Set adrift with only my familiar body
as my boat.

JULIE
12.00



STELLAR interview

conducted 1/22/'01

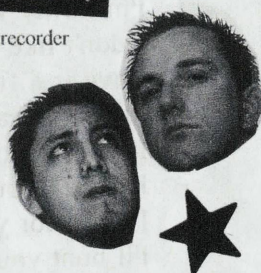
where: Gypsy Den cafe in Costa Mesa

Julie and Tommy conducting interview with handheld microcassette recorder

STELLAR

Sam Westre, 21 years old, guitar player for Stellar

Jason Sheahan, 25 years old, guitar player for Stellar



Julie: Can't you just conceal (the recorder) in your pants?

Tommy: Should I be recording? I don't know what you're doing.

Julie: I-- I guess. You tell me.

Tommy: I don't know. Well, should we start asking real questions?

Julie: Okay.

Tommy: The band's name is Stellar, right? So, were you already in it (to Jason), and Sam's new?

Jason: Yeah. We've been around for almost a year and a half.

Tommy: How would you describe the sound of your band?

Jason: Uh... definitely not Orange County. It's been my experience, playing in the local scene, that you're either wanna-be Blink 182 sound, there's always that regurgitated pop-punk sound, or there's, "hey look we're Limp Bizkit." We're really nowhere in there. There's all this wanna-be hardcore, and Limp Bizkit is considered hardcore now, which is...

Tommy: Stupid.

Julie: Yeah, his lyrics are so BONEhead.

Jason: Some of 'em are good. I like the old albums. Now the newer lyrics are like, "Okay, let's see how many times I can fit Limp Bizkit into this song."

Julie: Well, is there any way you could describe your sound?

Jason: Well, it's kind of hard to explain, but we have some songs that are kinda glam/pop/punk, but mixed with some ska. Most of our stuff is... well, have you ever heard of a band called (something like "Bar" or "Far" or "Farm," I can't understand what he's saying on the tape)?

Julie: No. Uh-uh.

Tommy: No. Remember, we're lame.

Jason: Some of our stuff's a mellow version of A Perfect Circle. And some of our songs are a little more Weezer-ish. But then we have some songs that are kind of, um... emo. We don't limit ourselves. We'll write whatever we feel.

Julie: Well, how do you handle the writing of the songs, how-- are you laughing at me? (to Tommy)

Tommy: NO! I'm not laughing at you!

Julie: So does, like, one of you just have, like, an idea, and kicks around like a melody, or some words, or...

Jason: Yeah I've always got ideas, I've always got stuff I'm working on. I'll go to practice and spit out, like half a song. I'll try to take an emotion that I feel and put it into the guitar.

Julie: Who's singin' right now?

Jason: Uh, no one.

(they tell us that their previous female singer just left, and they're auditioning a new one)

Tommy: Where have you performed?

Jason: The Galaxy, the Shack, Chain Reaction...

Tommy: I saw the Muffs at Chain Reaction!

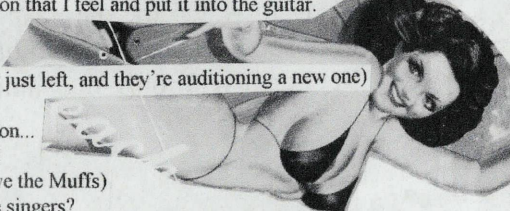
(everyone exclaims about how much they love the Muffs)

Julie: Do you like a lot of bands with female singers?

Jason: I totally do. I think it's sad, because there are hardly any bands that make it that have female singers. The only two I can think of are obviously No Doubt, and on a smaller scale Save Ferris.

Julie: I heard P.J. Harvey on KROQ the other day, and it was like, the second female voice I've heard on the radio in years.

(Sam and Julie have a conversation about Patty Smith for some reason, and I fell asleep because it was so boring and couldn't transcribe it)



Julie: (to Sam) So do you write lyrics? I know you like writing poetry.

Sam: Yeah, I write a lot of poetry. Before I hooked up with these guys, I was like really sick with the music scene around here so I was doing ambient and drum and bass... stuff like that. I got sick of it after a while because it was like... just me. I had this little 8-track at home, so I'd play first guitar, okay, then play 2nd guitar, okay, then borrow a friend's bass for the weekend. Then it was like, "I suck at drums so this track will have no drums..."

Julie: Just off the top of your head, what's the best show you've been to this year?

Sam: A while back at Chain Reaction I saw Starflyer, and they were with Joy Electric and Pep Squad.

Julie: Huh? What was the third one?

Sam: P-E-P S-Q-U-A-D. But just the fact that Starflyer and Joy Electric were on the same bill was awesome. Those are, like, my two favorite bands.

Julie: What's your favorite candy?

Jason: Candy? Mr. Goodbar.

Sam: M&Ms.

Julie: Well, like, with peanuts or plain? Sam: Oh, plain.

Julie: Well, okay.

Sam: Peanuts are evil.

Tommy: When you practice (in the studio) does it stink?

Jason: Well, not from us. But sometimes you get the big meatheads in there before you, and it smells like... well, you can't tell if it's armpits or beer.

Tommy: Okay, which would you rather: have your mother walk in on you masturbating, or you walk in on your mother masturbating?

Jason: Oh, my mom walking in on me, easily! I'm a guy, that's acceptable. I think I might die if I saw my mom doing that.

Sam: She's old.

Julie: You could never get past it, really.

Tommy: That would be pretty ugly, I think.

Sam: Well, does she have, like, a big ol' dildo, or what?

Tommy: Yeah, I don't know... That's the question, how would she do it? Finger, dildo...

Julie: Well, you guys handled that one in stride.

Jason: Well, you shouldn't have to really think about that one!

Sam: Yeah, if she walks in on you, you can, like, make excuses. I was just... checking my balls...

Jason: I was just checking 'em and they went off!

Tommy: Are they gonna bring me any more coffee? God. Would it kill them?

Julie: I think you have to go up there. Yes, it would kill them actually.

Tommy: Sam, how did you end up working in a library, were you drawn to it?

Sam: Was I drunk?

Tommy: No, no, were you DRAWN to it. I work in a library, and sometimes I think, Why the fuck am I here?

Sam: There was this English guy I knew who asked me if I wanted to work in a warehouse 'cause I got fired from my other job, and I was like, "Yeah," and he hooked me up with the job.

Tommy: So it wasn't like, "Hey, I wanna work in a library setting!"

Sam: No, no. I don't even read books.

Tommy: Excellent!

Jason: Do you know how to use the Dewey Decimal System?

Sam: Hardly.

Tommy: Do you know what the Dewey Decimal System IS?

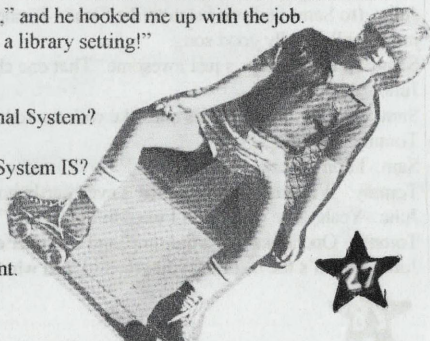
Sam: I think it's like... a number... and a dot..?

Julie: Yep, that's good enough.

Tommy: (to Jason) What do YOU do?

Jason: I have a boring job. I'm an escrow assistant.

GLAm/POP/PUNK!!



Tommy: Do you hate it?

Jason: Um... jobs suck. The only thing I really wanna do is I wanna get paid to write music.

Julie: What's a typical weekend for you?

Sam: Well, I dunno... Masturbate and look at porn on the Internet. That's Saturday night... No, sometimes I'll go to (the first tape cut him off but I think it was either a rave or a club).

Jason: There a lot of urbanites there?

Sam: Yeah, and a lot of UCI people. They play a lot of hip-hop. And there's a lot of people boning down on the dancefloor, pretty much.

Tommy: Boning down?

Sam: Yeah, like...

Jason: Rubbing the wang!

Julie: Oh! I gotcha, I gotcha.

Tommy: Oh.

Julie: Were girls doin' that thing with the butt?

Sam: No, not really. I had my ass grabbed, though. Yeah.

Tommy: (possibly waking out of a stupor of some kind) Huh?

Julie: (leaning over) He had his ASS grabbed a lot.

Tommy: Oh! Ha ha ha!

Sam: I thought the house room was pretty cool, though. They had this little room off to the side. I mean, I'm not a really good dancer, but it's all about making an ass of yourself. Other than that, I'll hang out with these guys... (indicating Jason)

Julie: What about you (to Jason), what do you do?

Jason: I spend most of my time with my girlfriend on the weekend. Uh... band practice. Basically just lounge around with my girlfriend, do the couple thing.

Julie: Okay... Well, what else have you got? (leaning over and peering at Tommy's list of questions)

Tommy: Oh! If you had to kill Julie or me, which one of us would you kill?

Jason: That's a WEIRD-ASS question.

Julie & Tommy: Yeah.

Jason: (noticing Tommy's faux-skater metal necklace) Well, you have my necklace on, so it'd be you.

Julie: (to Tommy) You're SO dead.

Tommy: Well, I figured I'd be dead. (to Sam) And you?

Sam: (to Tommy) Well, I just met you, and I work with Julie-

Jason: You HAVE to kill her! You work with her!

Sam: No, she supplies me with CDs and stuff.

Julie: Yeah, I'm the supplier.

Sam: (to Tommy) I'd have to cap your ass.

Julie: (to Tommy) You're double-dead!

Tommy: I'm so capped.

Julie: (to Sam) Did you listen to the Sleater-Kinney Cd I loaned you? Dig Me Out, the title track, is just a really, really good song.

Sam: Sleater-Kinney's just awesome. That one chick's hot.

Julie: Which one?

Sam: I think it's the middle one, like with the reddish hair.

Tommy: The singer?

Sam: I don't know who she is.

Tommy: Well, that's the one that's even partly hot.

Julie: Yeah. The other girls I wouldn't call "hot."

Tommy: One looks like a mommy, and the other one is like...

Julie: When's the last time you vomited, and why?

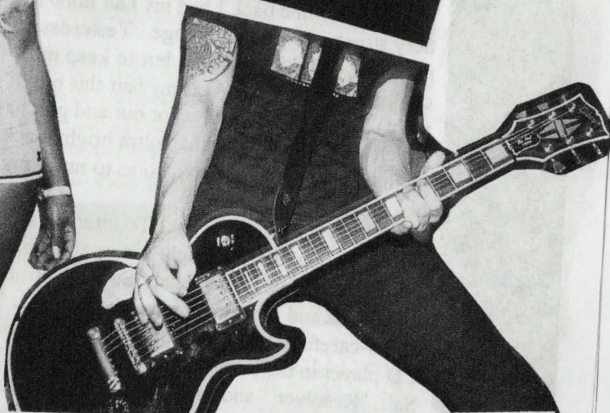
Rubbing The wang!





SAM

JASON



Jason: Oh, well, obviously like everyone else-- too much alcohol. But not too long ago we went to the L.A. zoo and witnessed a gorilla, like, continuously vomiting and eating it! At least five times. (Julie and Tommy laugh and mime vomiting and then eating it with two fingers, like poi)

Jason: And we made our former singer puke. During the recording, we took a porn break... and she saw a part she didn't like and threw up.

Julie: Really???

Jason: That was the greatest day of my life.

Tommy: She actually threw up because of porn?

Jason: Yep, she did. She actually got up off the bed and just ran to the bathroom.

Tommy: Well, what was goin' ON in the porn?!

Sam: Was it the money shot?

Jason: It was the money shot.

Julie: Well, I think we've exhausted our questions. You guys have had really good answers.

Jason: Have you guys heard us?

Julie: Well, I stupidly haven't had a chance to go to the website you guys told us about. I don't know if I even have the technology for that. Is that an MP3?

STELLAR info:

website with music and pictures and stuff: www.thebandstellar.com

contact and booking info: email derision2@hotmail.com

(Since the interview, Stellar has found a singer.)

Stellar is NOW:
 Natalie Brockway - Vocals
 Jason Sheahan - Guitar
 Sam Westre - Guitar
 Andre Pavlovic - Bass
 Ryan Mabry - Drums



My Hair Pain

by Tommy

9/11/'00

A while back I had my hair done a bright canary yellow with fiery streaks of red and orange. Yesterday I decided it was time to get rid of the yellow in my hair, but to keep most of the red. So in my confusion I first dyed ALL my hair this bright cherry red (on Friday night). Then yesterday I went out and purchased L'oreal gothic black, which is a shade lighter than ultra bright black. Gothic black had a picture of a guy on the box, so as to make my hair coloring experience less emasculating.

My idea was great. To intersperse streaks of the black/dark brown throughout the bright red, graduating to more and more black towards the back of my head. So I got out the tin foil and the comb and the gloves and the barettes and the little hair bands and started oh-so-carefully sectioning off pieces of hair. Piece by piece. I had the CD player in the bathroom with me and was listening to first Veruca Salt, "Resolver," and then Hole, "Live Through This." I may as well have been listening to Donna Summer or Cher, because I know how gay this whole scenario is. Anyway, it was taking a long time, and making me nervous, because it was becoming really difficult and confusing, all the separating and careful application of the dark color, trying so hard not to get it on anything I didn't want it on. My whole head was becoming covered in little folded up packets of foil, which made it harder to get to other pieces and see what I was doing in the mirror. It was occurring to me, "What the hell am I going to do when I get to the BACK of my head?! I can't see what I'm doing!" So some panic had set in. I had done the right side of my head, the top and was working down the side. Then I had just switched to the left side, and had barely started on it, when:

What I didn't realize was this-- if you let the coloring chemicals sit in the little applicator bottle with the top closed and only that tiny slit open in the nozzle, the chemicals start having some sort of reaction and become scalding (misspelling but I like it) hot and basically like a volcano ready to erupt. Did you know that?

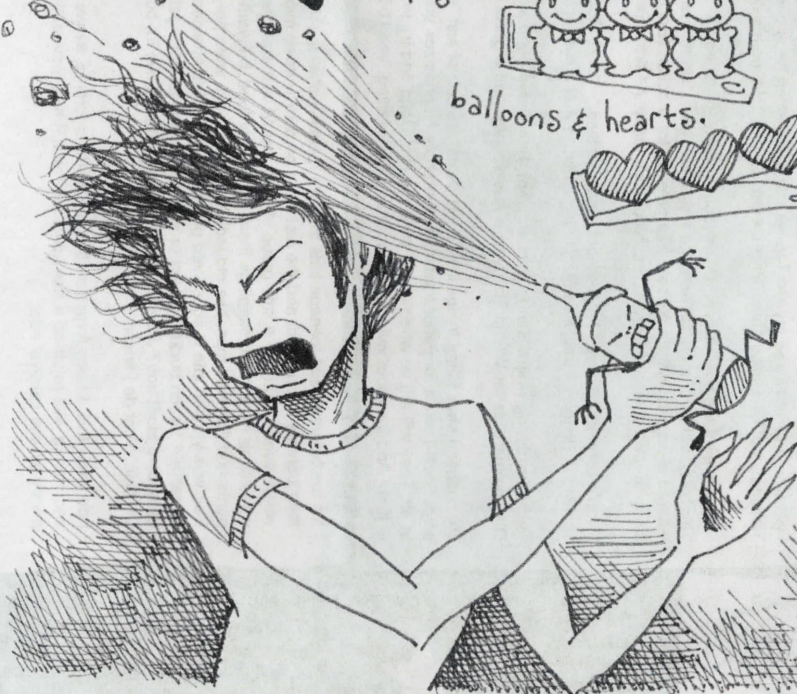
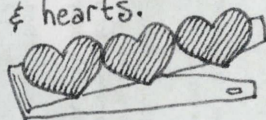
So as I began the left side of my head, with careful strands separated, trying so hard to leave certain parts red, I lifted the applicator bottle up towards my head, and realized that it was boiling hot. And as soon as I tilted it even slightly, it just went SPLUUUUUUUUURT!!! all over the left side of my head, all over my hands, dripping and oozing down my arms, jetting into the sink, geising at the mirror, onto the

floor, onto the toilet. And it was BURNING hot. I started baby-screaming, because I didn't want Anthony to know. "Oh my gaaaaaaaawd! Oh shit! Oh my gawd!!!" I knew I had to act fast. I really quickly aimed it at parts of the left side of my head, and it was now acting like a high-power spray nozzle, so it was just pelting me with hot dye. Forget the careful strand separation! Then I just started mooshing gobs of it onto the back of my head, wondering if I would be injured by the chemicals now. And since it was just gushing out of the applicator, there was more and more dye on the counter, the sink, the floor, ME, the toilet, the mirror, etc. It was like I was throwing a party and the dye was confetti.

So anyway, I did the best I could, while I was crying and cussing and trying to baby-scream so as not to draw attention to myself in the bathroom.

Now I have sort of red-black hair with some random bright red strips, and some almost pinkish white streaks at the front. I actually like it. There's a patch of red hair on one side of my head that's bigger than any of the patches of red on the other side, but I'm hoping it looks punky and like I MEANT to do that. Oh god.

my barrettes have bears, ABCs,
balloons & hearts.



Etc.
by
JULIE

I didn't realize that ponies weren't baby horses until recently. I can't keep chimps and monkeys straight. What's the difference?

I get worried that I'll see my cat Tennyson's penis when he is overly happy or cleaning himself. This will take away from his innocent, stuffed-animal-come-alive charm. Tommy told me his dog Happy used to "scoot himself to climax."

I keep seeing the possessive "its" used improperly. Even on the front of a large newspaper, and in countless magazine articles. The baby wet its diaper. There. It's a wet diaper now. Get it? Here's another thing I see a lot of: apostrophes out of control. Hand lettered signs say: Kittie's for sale. Tamale's 4 for a dollar. (Editor's note: I wish. God dong. I want a tamale right now). People seem to have a fear of plurals. Fresh cookie's today. All tire's half off one day only. All pant's half off. Heh heh.

People comfortably say "doggies" but never "catties." Why? Good doggy. How much is that doggie in the window (unsure of spelling of doggie). I say, let's start using cattie. What a cute little cattie! Just writing that made me hate myself. Forget above.

I was wondering where Sandy Duncan went. She was around a lot when I was growing up. Showed up on "Love American Style." Did commercials for Wheat Thins. She was spunky, had a glass eye, and a pixie hair cut.

My husband says funny things like "short pants" instead of just "shorts" (e.g. "it's so hot I'll wear short pants today") and always says Scott Towels for paper towels, and strongly emphasizes the last syllable in rattan (rat-TAN). I don't mind these idiosyncrasies at all. They will aid us when aliens steal the real Doug and try to fool me with a robot Doug. I'll say, oh really? What kind of chair is that? And the robot will say, It's a rattan chair, darling, and I'll instantly know.

It's troublesome that teenage kids that are mentally challenged often dress so badly. I want to know why this happens. I realize their parents are harried, and the last thing on their worried minds is how fashionable their teen looks. I used to work at a library where every Thursday a little group of them would visit and check out books. In they'd walk, in their ramshackle little parade. A wheelchair here, hand flappings there, the overly loud, buoyant voices filling the library. But why did the girls wear such stupid pants and flowered tops, like old ladies, and the boys wore polyester pants from Sears, pulled up high, and big cheap sweaters? Hair was yanked into ill conceived ponytails, and shirts strained at the neck, top buttons fastened. Could no one buy a Polo sweatshirt for ten bucks at Ross or some cargo pants at Target? Could someone not be wheeled into Supercuts and be given an easy-care blunt bob? Jose Eber doesn't have to be flown in, but wouldn't it help these kids if they looked a little bit like other kids? Oh hell. What do I know.

I do know this. I keep forgetting that the world is turning, as we speak. One night I noticed the moon, right above a palm tree, full and staring. We returned a few hours later and it had moved, the scamp, over the garage. The world had turned, as if we're all on a very slo-mo carnival ride.



PIERRE CLIMBED OUT
ALONG THE MIDDLE
FINGER



Photo by
Anthony

Talkative
Obsessive
Manic
Meteoric
Youthful

**A Funky
Gunk That
Rocks!**

JULIE →
Yeah, that's
me, in a
motel in the
desert
last year,
holding
a
super ball.

Photo by
Dug



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#4
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No one noticed a little girl wander off into the woods