

one dollar

children's



THE

ISSUE

OBSESSION

#2



cul-de-sac #2

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**published
by**

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&

Liz Saidel

**To order issue #1 (or more #2's!)
or to give us ideas or feedback,
write us at:**

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G'day, cul-de-sac readers,

It is only appropriate that I write the intro to this issue because, as anyone who knows me will tell you, I am one obsessive Kitten. While Liz tends to obsess over harmless things, like inanimate objects and activities, I like to go straight for movie stars and musicians. I could theorize that one type of obsession is more pathetic than the other, but I would like to think that Liz and I are equally pathetic. Obsession unites us all as human beings.

I also want to tell all you readers (and Liz and I would love to know who you are, so write us!) that I'm leaving for Australia on October 13th for a long while, so our next issue may be a long time coming. I'll have e-mail to keep in touch with Liz, but I don't know if I'll actually have a computer to check it on. Somehow, we'll get another issue pushed out.

Hey-- if you'd like to send us gifts-- we love dried strawberries. They're a tad pricey, but damn are they exquisite. And thanks to Kwang for the yummy Caramacs!

Liz and I are liking this one theme per issue deal, so if you have any theme you'd like us to tackle-- write to us. We are mail hogs. Not to be confused with mail order brides.

Julie

P.S. Whenever possible, use the term "asseyes." Example sentence: "Shut the fuck up, asseyes." Isn't that classic? I like it so much, I'm thinking of changing my name to Asseyes McKee.



"I WAS A TEENAGE COREY HART FANATIC!"

by Liz

OK, so it was closer to a pre-teen obsession, from eleven to fourteen. He's the "Sunglasses At Night" guy. I really grooved on his whole pouty blue-eyed thing. His first four albums were so good! My fave song, "Chase the Sun," originally on "Young Man Running," was later perfected on "Bang." I commemorate his birthday every May 31st by calling up all my junior high friends to remind them. Follows is a tax deductible list (I kept all receipts) of the components to my Corey Hart collection. Maybe I will tour museums with it.

Prized pieces

Personally autographed handwritten postcards from him, his mother Mindy, and Erika his girlfriend, now wife (I should go beat her up).

Cardboard stand-up

It's him on his motorcycle, looking very James Dean-ian. I bugged the record store til they let me have it, then my mom waited out in the County Squire station wagon with the fake wood paneling, so Corey and I could ride home together in the back.

T-shirts

2 (two) from *SHADES* The Official Corey Hart Fan Club

1 (one) won from a drawing

3 (three) from a friend's trip to Canada

Lotsa li'l mag/newspaper snippets/pin-ups/interviews

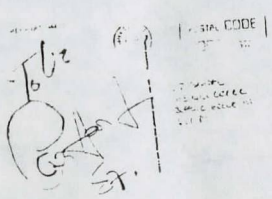
Oh, fer sure, now I'm writing all abbreviated 4 U guyz. The precision with which I papered my bedroom with this stuff was frighteningly pathological, with perfect spacing surrounding each thing. Eighties teen journalism was really into reprinting song lyrics. The best part is what's on the back of all these cut-outs: Duran2, Huey Lewis, Madonna in her "La Isla Bonita" phase, Gene Loves Jezebel, Hall & Oates...

Assorted newsletters

Not only do I have several from *SHADES* The Official Corey Hart Fan Club, but also from the U.S. chapter, The Shades Team. One newsletter documents his glorious Diamond achievement in Canada where he sold a million copies of "Boy In the Box."

12 (twelve) singles

One of these had an instrumental mix on the B-side which I used to sing along with in an eighth grade variety show.



Concert Photos

This is a truly embarrassing set of professionally shot ones specially ordered from Middle Village, NY. I feel very spy-like as I paw through them now.

Various

1 (one) concert book documenting tours '84-'86

5 (five) large posters

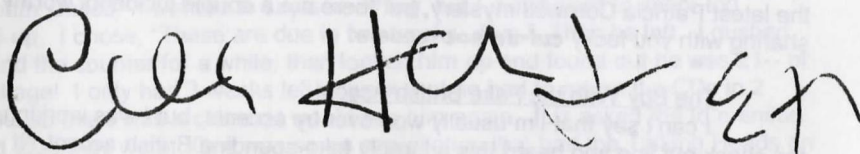
1 (one) key chain

1 (one) album cover flat promo

1 (one) membership card for ***SHADES* The Official Corey Hart Fan Club.**

Membership # 13881.

4(four) 8x10" fan club starter kit photos with his xeroxed signature I copied to perfection. I could forge his name on a check.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Corey Hart" followed by a stylized flourish and the initials "CH".

The best quote in all the interviews is definitely: "He's years and leagues ahead of me. I'm not a threat to Rick Springfield." I wonder what Corey Mitchell Hart is doing right now? Recently my brother bought me some newer Corey Hart CD called "Attitude and Virtue." It was all VII-I-y with lots of drum machines and sounded like "Lady In Red." I never bought his stuff on CD, because that was before CD's were as common as they are now. Also, last year my brother was in Thailand and he swore that he passed Corey Hart on the street! I spazzed out that my brother didn't say anything. I am convinced that if I we met we'd be totally compatible even though he's twelve years older than me.



**M E E T
COREY**



**Party Hart-y
CONTEST**

Library Confessions

By Julie

Working in a library for one and a half years gave me the excellent opportunity to refine my stalking skills. If a patron came in that I found particularly intriguing, I would zoom up to the computer terminal and announce "I can help the next person in line." I repeated their name over and over in my head, so when they left I could pull their record back up. From this record I could tell their age, how many times they have checked out while owning a library card (a frequent library user is quite a turn on), and what they had out on their card at that time. Then I would figure out when I might see them again by when their items were due. The next step was to plan my small talk so I wouldn't be caught off guard when they came in. While nothing ever really came of this, at least I had the excitement of anticipation every time the door opened. Of course, it usually ended up being some old lady wanting to discuss the latest Patricia Cornwell mystery, but there are a couple incidents worthy of sharing with you lucky *cul-de-sac* readers.

The Boy With the Fake British Accent

I can't say that I'm usually won over by accents, but I was working in the check out line and heard this adorably fake-sounding British accent. It ended up coming from this guy-- skinny, mopy hair, semi-zitty, but totally adorable. He was with his what-appeared-to-be mother, and he checked out a Sex Pistols CD. I totally guessed his accent was fake because he was making such an effort to talk to his mom-- like so I could hear his cool accent or something (yes, the world does revolve around me). Plus, if he was really British, wouldn't he already own that CD? Either way, I was automatically charmed, considering when I was in my big junior high British phase, I always faked an accent when there weren't people around I knew. After he left, I looked up his name-- I guessed he was around 16 years-old, which is normal for my library crushes(it's either that or 50 year-olds). However, he was not 16, or 15, or 14!!! The **boy** was 13! Grossly enough, this didn't discourage my crush. I wasn't pursuing him, just admiring him.

The next time he came in, he was alone. I was totally sweating, but I managed to use the small-talk I had prepared days earlier. "So-- you like punk? Do you listen to Wire?" "No." "Did you go see that free Descendents' show?" "No." "OK-- that's due in two weeks." Apparently, he was un-charmed. And I forgot to give him his library card back, so I had to chase after him as he left.

After that, he began coming in semi-often but always with his mom. (He was probably afraid to be alone with me.) Through bits and pieces of conversation, I deduced that that was his step-mom, who married his British



dad. So it was a real accent. Boring. He then went through this big derby hat phase and an even larger acne period. Slowly, I moved on...

The Haircut

I left my job at the library because I graduated from school and needed to get out of Madison, WI. This story takes place at the very end of my career there.

It was a slow, rainy Thursday night, and I was standing at the check-out desk, mindlessly scanning books. In walks the most cherry guy ever to enter my library. He was hard to define-- his running shoes were dorky, but he had a green army jacket draped over his shoulder and cute, floppy hair. He was appealing enough to make my face burn (You know that crazy crush reaction your body gets? It's such a rare occurrence at this age.) He must have spent a half hour in the stacks, and when he finally approached the checkout, I bolted to help him. I had a few problems with the pen scanning, and we both smiled. I wanted to say something, but I didn't want to seem too hard-up. I chose, "These are due in two weeks. Bye." Then he left. I gushed behind the counter for a while, then looked him up and found out he was 21-- of legal age! I only had 3 weeks left of work, but he had to return the CDs in 2 weeks so there was a chance I would see him again. [Liz asked me to mention what CDs they were. One was some compilation that had the Talking Heads on it. Another was an old blues CD. The third was, um, a nature sound effects disc. I don't know how to feel about that one.] This is when I got really obsessive. I started saying stuff like "if he comes in, then I'll ask him out because that means it's fate". I even got this psycho idea to call him, but I tried to put myself in his place and I'd probably be freaked out. *Something* was going on because he came in before his CD's were due. But he didn't check anything out; he just walked back and forth along the 7-Day books. Then he stood in the foyer reading flyers for 5 minutes before he left. Do you think he was waiting for me to come and say something?

I forgot about him during my last week of work because I had a last hurrah type of thing with an ex-boyfriend(which also proves my theory on how when something is real in my life, I obsess over fun things much less). My last day of work, this decent-looking guy with boring short hair comes in and throws some CD's in the return bin. I specifically remember that I was itching my nose a whole bunch as he walked in. He said hi, and I blandly said hi and he left. I thought about it for a minute, and then I looked in the bin-- the CD's the cute guy had checked out were in there! It was him! And he said hi! And I was too stupid to even see fate helping out. Oh well. If it's truly fate, he'll come into the next library I work in. Even if it is after years of grad school and me moving away from Madison. But, as I always say, anything can happen in a library.

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO AT THE BEEP

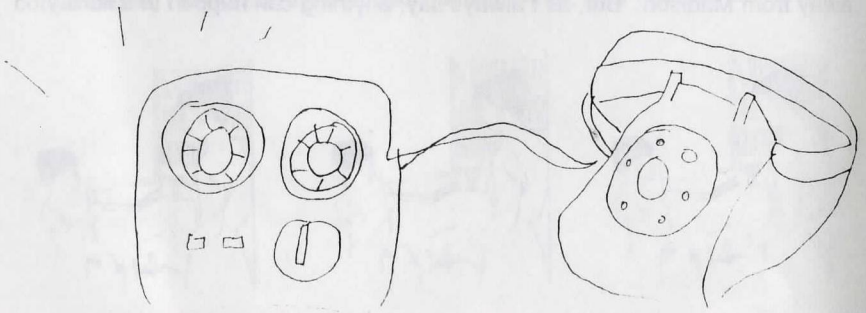
by Liz

I love the mini-theatrics of answering machine messages. In grade school Julie and I bought a tape of celebrity impersonation messages. It provided us with private jokes for months. We even used this tape during our many hours of office play, as if some big corporation is going to have some Jack Nicholson message on their elaborate voice-mail answering system. These events spawned a later collection of writings added to my omnibus of embarrassment. That piece of work was my own brainstormed list of answering machine messages, possibly to be printed posthumously. These classified documents were manuscripted circa 1985 Anus Dominus In the Year Of Our Asseyes. Alleged rumors have suggested that this treasure would remain unarchived. But here in the **cul-de-sac** labs, our scientists and archeologists have been working around the clock to reconstruct these messages with the aid of shoelaces, gum, and popsicle sticks. And here they are:

- #1. Hi, I'm Pat Benatar. I'm out running with the shadows of the night. Leave a message.
- #2 Hi, I'm Glen Frey. You belong to the city and I belong at home. Leave a message.
- #3 Wa. Wa. Wa. This is Scott Baio. I'm out getting my hair feathered and butt-shaped. Be on the lookout for my new Showtime adult series "Charles Gets Charged." Leave a message.
- #4 Hi, this is **Dave Kendall**. I'm out on the cutting edge, exploring the boundaries of post modern music. Leave a message.

Answering machine message creation is more than merely opportunities for self-expression. This activity is often metaphorical for unexamined personal issues. I don't think it is so far off to recognize certain characteristics of an individual based on their outgoing messages. My brother and I make ones that say "you get all the messages, I bet this one's for you," which is very telling of esteem issues.

You have 0 messages.

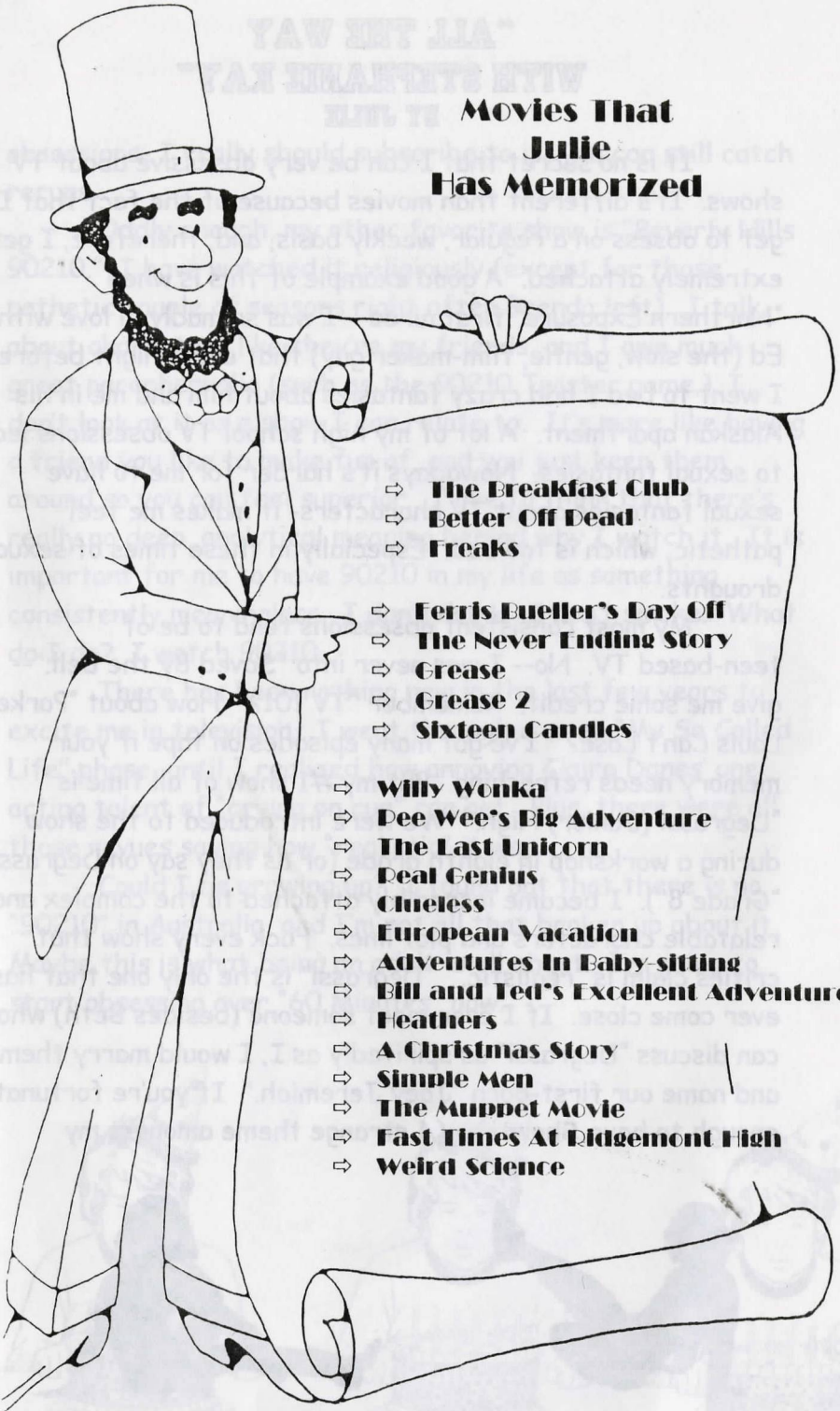


**Movies That
Julie
Has Memorized**

- ⇨ **The Breakfast Club**
- ⇨ **Better Off Dead**
- ⇨ **Freaks**

- ⇨ **Ferris Bueller's Day Off**
- ⇨ **The Never Ending Story**
- ⇨ **Grease**
- ⇨ **Grease 2**
- ⇨ **Sixteen Candles**

- ⇨ **Willy Wonka**
- ⇨ **Dee Wee's Big Adventure**
- ⇨ **The Last Unicorn**
- ⇨ **Deal Genius**
- ⇨ **Clueless**
- ⇨ **European Vacation**
- ⇨ **Adventures In Baby-sitting**
- ⇨ **Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure**
- ⇨ **Heathers**
- ⇨ **A Christmas Story**
- ⇨ **Simple Men**
- ⇨ **The Muppet Movie**
- ⇨ **Fast Times At Ridgement High**
- ⇨ **Weird Science**



“ALL THE WAY
WITH STEPHANIE KAY”

BY JULIE

It is no secret that I can be very obsessive about TV shows. It's different than movies because of the fact that I get to obsess on a regular, weekly basis, and, therefore, I get extremely attached. A good example of this is when "Northern Exposure" first aired-- I was so madly in love with Ed (the slow, gentle, film-maker guy) that every night before I went to bed I had crazy fantasies about him and me in his Alaskan apartment. A lot of my high school TV obsessions led to sexual fantasies. Nowadays it's harder for me to have sexual fantasies about TV characters- it makes me feel pathetic, which is too bad. Especially in these times of sexual droughts.

My most consistent obsessions tend to be of teen-based TV. No-- I was never into "Saved By the Bell."-- give me some credit. Remember "TV 101?" How about "Parker Louis Can't Lose?" I've got many episodes on tape if your memory needs refreshing. But my #1 show of all time is "Degrassi (Junior) High." We were introduced to the show during a workshop in eighth grade (or as they say on Degrassi, "Grade 8"). I became incredibly attached to the complex and relatable characters and plot lines. Fuck every show that critics claim is "realistic." "Degrassi" is the only one that has ever come close. If I ever meet someone (besides Beth) who can discuss "Degrassi" as spiritedly as I, I would marry them and name our first-born "Joey Jeremiah." If you're fortunate enough to have Showtime (A strange theme amongst my



obsessions- I really should subscribe to it) you can still catch reruns.

Oddly enough, my other favorite show is "Beverly Hills 90210." I have watched it religiously (except for those pathetic couple of seasons right after Brenda left). I talk about characters like they're my friends, and I own much great paraphernalia (such as the 90210 Twister game.) I don't look at it as a show I can relate to. It's more like having a friend you like to make fun of, and you just keep them around so you can feel superior. I like to think that there's really no deep, analytical meaning behind why I watch it. It is important for me to have 90210 in my life as something consistently meaningless. I don't drink. I don't smoke. What do I do? I watch 90210.

There has been nothing new in the last few years to excite me in television. I went through a small "My So Called Life" phase, until I realized how annoying Claire Danes' one acting talent of "crying on cue" can get. Plus, there were all those revues saying how "realistic" it was.

Could I be growing up? I found out that there is no "90210" in Australia, and I'm not all that broken up about it. Maybe this is what being an adult is all about. I'm going to start obsessing over "60 Minutes" now.



Bein' Cool an' Shit, Jsyeah (Spelled Phonetically)

by Liz

Someone told me they saw a Simple shoes commercial where they talk about how hard it is to not look like you're trying hard to look cool. I am obsessed with the notion of coolness. If I were really cool, I could start trends by simply being into what I'm into. I know people who are so cool that anything they do, even vomiting on the floor of their car, becomes "cool." Often, however, I find that my effort defeats the Fonz-like nonchalance. If I could pull off that nonchalance successfully, I would have mastered *sprezzatura*, the effortless possession of talent and chivalry. Paradoxically, *sprezzatura* still presents an air of modest perseverance. Courtiers used it in attempting to gain patronage from royalty. It's the cynical comedian's ability to sound smart-assily conversational, neurotically aware, and relaxed, all at the same time. Effortlessness that's full of effort, a flattering paranoia for the courted. True, I am trying to "court" you as readers, but what I am really doing is hoping that my interests make me eccentrically, inadvertently cool. Here goes nuthin'. Did that sound "cool?" Or was it too Guns'N'Roses? Apostrophes connected to slang is risky business.

"The Sound Of Music"

I love anything with Julie Andrews. Though the original stage production soundtrack has Mary Martin, I own that too. Rodgers and Hammerstein kick Weber's lonely goatherd's ass any day. I should make one of those tribute albums, maybe That Dog could cover "Do-Re-Mi." This was the first American film to be totally dubbed in a foreign language! Funny, this piece being a list of a few of my favorite things. Read: I DO NOT like crisp apple strudels.

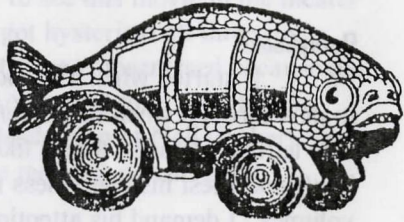


The Lazy Youth Label

I secretly enjoy it when my older co-workers call me a "Generation X slacker," even though I get all analytically "Don't label me" about it. Deep down it makes me feel cool and hip by indirectly associating me with Douglas Coupland, Richard Linklater, and some sort of amorphous Kurt-Cobain-"Pump-Up-The-Volume"-angst thing.

Rubber Stamps

Usually this art form is associated with pen-paling, horses, and Amy Grant. (With the exception of horses, I admit to being into all these things at one point.) I feel like when I'm using these stamps I should be a Christian born again R.A. in some undergrad dorm somewhere. My door would have rainbows, psalms, unicorns, and a dry erase board. I'd wear my room keys around my neck on a Universitas Oregonisis shoelace. Maybe I'd wear thin thermal pants with plaid flannel shorts over them. Please, let's just keep this between us.



Decoupage

This collage process with polyurethane glue and paper cut-outs looks fab-o on furniture, houseware, and even boxes. I'm pushing for decoupage as the next major western art movement, some sort of nerd Fluxus thing. We'd paste cut-outs of poppies, hummingbirds, various other floral and fauna on cars, buildings, garage doors, etc.

Oh Caption My Captions

I used to really be into those pre-written captions that you buy at camera stores. I'd put them on photographs of my stuffed animals ("Hey, bud"). Some other classy lines: "Lookin' good, hot stuff!" or "I'm

surrounded by idiots!" or "I am smart!" I like to compare it to really bad yearbook photos with captions underneath that read, "Sophomore Janet Shminkerton erases the chalkboard while Junior Samantha Spuddeberg **LOOKS ON.**"

Winnie-the-Pooh Merchandise

OK, so I fell for the marketing ploy. How could you not after reading The Tao of Pooh? It was like The Celestine Prophecy of novelty books. (Gee, do you think I should add **name-dropping** to this list of favorite things too? How post-modern of me to like the reinterpretation better than the A.A. Milne original.) But also, Pooh is really just damn cute. My dad bought me one of those cubes of paper with Pooh being lifted by the balloon, and I kept saying, "Look at my cube of Pooh!" He was not amused.

Scrapbooks

It started when a friend suggested I make a book of positive things to paw through when the esteem's low. I put in successful report cards, nice letters, pictures, things like that. Now every time I get a new boyfriend I test his cheesiness factor by whipping out one of the four volumes. I demand his attention, and if I get the right amount of oooh's and ah's at my accomplishments I give him points. Julie says this is because I like sappy guys.



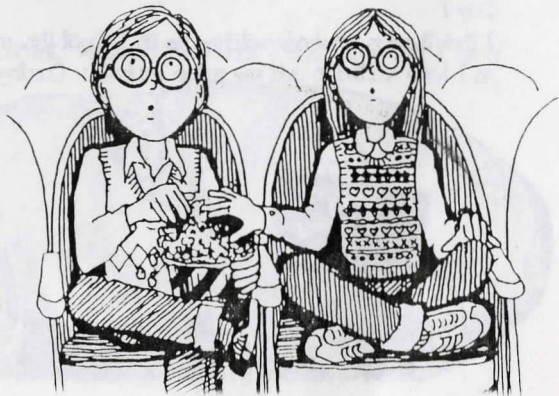
Anything Soft

Really it goes back to my old blankey. It was named Swiss Cheese because it had so many holes on account of all the little pieces of felt I'd pick off it. When I was nine a hotel maid thought it was a rag and threw it away. In exchange for my emotional strife the hotel gave me a wind sock. (?) My mom did a pencil drawing of me with my swiss cheese years before. The local newspaper did a piece about it in which I was quoted as saying that I was emotionally ahead of Beth and Julie because they still had theirs. Even now, Julie still sleeps with hers over her eyes. ("I use it to keep the light out!"--Julie) In college I found a blanket with the same texture as Swiss Cheese, so I claimed it as mine. I like to rub my mouth against it.

"Dead Poets Society"

When Julie and I were freshman we went to see this movie in the theater (Randhurst Mall, Mt. Prospect, IL), and got hysterical all three times. We'd applaud at the end of the credits but were embarrassed because the janitor saw us crying. Julie liked Todd Anderson's insecurity (Ethan Hawke) while I preferred the passionate leadership of Neil (Robert Sean Leonard). I bought the book based on the movie it was so good.

I still don't think I have mastered the Renaissance's *sprezzatura*, but it's not like I've had a whole lot of opportunities to practice gaining favor from a monarch. I have had plenty of practice trying to gain later curfews and higher allowances from the parental units, so that's gotta count for something. If I had mastered the careless possession of neurotically aware talent, I sure wouldn't be bragging about it. Perhaps I could invent some modernized version of this concept, like maybe *artfagatura* or something.



Diary of an Addict: Adventures In Juicing by Liz



Juicer's Log Standstill (9.10.97)

Day 1

My older brother turned me onto juicing! I have been using his Saiton Vitamin Bar Juicer. It's a beauty. This puppy's got some serious power.

Day 2

Spent an inordinate amount of time with my concoctions. My explorations in juicology have led me to discover some unexpected vegetables round out the taste. Who says zucchini's for barbecues?

Day 3

The potion has a slightly witches cauldron feel to it because I've started using funky spices. What is Black Lotus Poison? This is like if Mary Shelley wrote Frecklejuice.

Day 4

I think I may be screwing up the ratio of my juice (not the movie) by overzealously munching on the unjuiced food while prepping. My digestion's all screwy. My body has become totally dependent on the liquidity of juice and not whole bits of food, so I don't feel well right now.

Day 5

Got so excited with all the exotic fruits and vegetables, I forgot to wash them beforehand. Also, I've gotta quit eating the juice remains, because I've started hallucinating from its high acidity. Is there a juicer's web page? I don't even peel or cut the food anymore. I just jam it in. When it spurts out the sides, I cover the holes with duck tape.

Day 6

I am keeping receipts of prejuiced purchases and the THU stickers on the fruits for tax purposes. I should consult my dealer (Whole Foods) whether reimbursement is health insurance negotiable.

Day 7

I think there is somebody watching me as I do all this, some spy in charge of other food groups, so I have started to add soy protein emulsifier. Curdling ensued.





Day 8

I have begun to encrypt this journal incode onto a secret microfiche so nobody will see these top secret documents. I put everything in today's compound: blackberries, carrots, Asian pears, broccol, ginger, oranges, avocados, cucumbers, brussel sprouts, the first Split Enz album, a TV, Int. U.S. foreign policy, etc. A juicer also works effectively as a paper shredder.

Day 9

Moral is low. I have run out of bananas for the Project. Could not get the strainer off the juicer's main frame and had to call in roommate for help.

Day 10

Things are better after a traumatic fourteen hour blackout. Sold six ounces of the juice in tincture form to college students wearing hemp bracelets and "Transpotting" t-shirts. Started adding personal possessions. They're easier to store this way. Put the cut in. I am one step closer to the first liquid pet.

Day 11

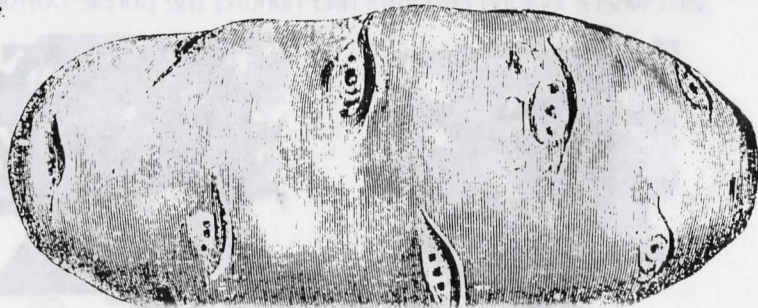
This freak juice is recalling the blender sessions of my youth that included ice-cream, Baco-Bits, cake sprinkles...I have started a compost heap of all the leftover pulp. When it genetically hybridizes and spawns a plant, I will juice that, perpetuating a cycle that will bring me closer to world domination. Down with the Man! Juicers of the world until I have documented an organic fennel recipe encompassing both Kabbalistic Philosophy and scientific notation. I will powder it with candy sticks like LickMAYd.

Day 12

I have destroyed all evidence of leftover pulp in a dimly lit room. I have to do it via the garbage compactor because I think someone is going through my garbage. No coincidence that "juiced" is only one consonant away from "judiced," subcomponent of the word "prejudice." I won't even get into the Biblical Jews references. Spent my Friday night drinking my psychology syllabus.

Day 13

They've got me locked down on juice arrest. Realized the shadow I must own is that I am a juicer junkie.



Noah?

OK-- total weirdness. It was late at night and I couldn't sleep, so I came down stairs to look up lame shit on the web. Randomly, I thought it might be interesting to look up my longest-standing boy obsession-- Noah Hathaway. In case you aren't familiar with him, he played Atreyu in *The Never Ending Story* (now I bet you remember that little hottie). Obsessively enough, I have followed his "career" quite closely for over ten years. I saw TNS 3 times in the theater, and I can recall the fantasies I had of me and Atreyu flying over Fantasia on Falcor the Luck Dragon (Keep in mind these fantasies were when I was 9 years-old-- not in recent years. I'm not that grody.) Around this time, he also appeared on an episode of "Family Ties" and an Ovaltine commercial-- then went on to make the classic horror flick "Troll." But after that, Noah just seemed to disappear.

A few years ago, I was reading the movie listings in the back of the TV guide (as I often do), and I saw his name! I flipped, because it was a made-for-Showtime movie, and I didn't have Showtime. I convinced my friend's aunt to tape it. Months later, I finally got hold of the tape. I was terrified to see how he had turned out-- While he was a total fox in TNS, he was foxy in that little-boy-that-kind-of-looks-like-a-little-girl way that young girls dig (hello, Hanson). Oh god. I don't want to write anything bad, just in case (yeah right) he got hold of a copy of this-- but let's just say I was less than turned on. He was wearing pointy cowboy boots, for Christ's sake! And I don't think he has grown since "Troll". Ugh. But maybe all that was just for his part, and he really is out there somewhere looking beautiful and hunting the purple buffalo.



So-- back to my Noah Hathaway net journey... If you ever want to make yourself feel like less of a loser, just look up something on the Internet. Someone actually took the time to make these sites! Can you believe there were two web sites devoted to Noah? One, The Unofficial Noah Site, was pretty boring-- just a few pics and sentences about his small career. But then I checked The Noah Hathaway Gallery-- gross me out! There were hundreds of pictures of Noah on this site! It was way creepy because they were all from his '84-'86 period, which made it look more like some kiddie-porn site. There was a whole series where he was wearing this Nike half-top and making these sultry faces. And there were a bunch where he was sitting all spread-eagle-- so fucking weird! The only Noah info the sites listed was his birthday and filmography-- like that was the way to make the site look like a legitimate fan site instead of some pedophile's wet dream. The person who made this site was one of those weird one-named computer people, and they thanked some guy for his contribution of all those pictures. Gross! There's some nasty perv that has an enormous collection of Noah Hathaway pictures! He even contributed some hand-drawn portraits! What does Noah think of this? Where is Noah? Why don't they show him as an adult? It almost makes me feel dirty that I have been so obsessed with him for this long. Am I as bad as these web people? Holy shit-- I forgot to mention that 15,000 people have visited this site since March 1997!!! What the fuck is going on? There are *that* many people out there interested in Noah?! Or is it the same sick fuck who logs on over and over and over again? Excuse me while I go wash my hands.



Doobie Brother Fraud

by Jonathan Cohen

This guest column features the adorable Jonathan Cohen, who likes all things UK and makes a hella good raspberry vinaigrette. His piece deals with feeding someone else's obsession.

Michael Tucker was a Grade A dork. I'd known him for years. But I'd never had to share a classroom with him until I spent my fifth grade year at a hellacious Jewish day school. Michael may have been "all that and then some" when it came to knowledge of the Torah, but when the subject was pop culture, Michael had the front seat of the short bus all to himself. We quizzed him who sang *Beat It*, and he went down in flames. In an attempt to redeem himself after bombing that exam he told us about his obsession with *Yah Mo Be There*. He had an extensive knowledge of this "hit". This Ingram/Mcdonald duet clocked in at number 100 of 100 on the 1984 Billboard countdown. The songs that held the two previous spots should be indications of just how bad this ditty was: *Rock Me Tonight* by Billy Squire and *When You Close Your Eyes* by Night Ranger respectively. (Note: *When Doves Cry* snagged the number one spot.) The phonetical spelling suggests a late Reaganomics-era version of mainstream ebomics.

While finishing my after school snack (something from Little Debbie), I brainstormed a fabulous exercise in ridicule. It was inspired by one of my dad's mail order catalogs called The Music Stand that featured music-lover paraphernalia with time signatures and treble clefs on them. The next bus ride was fabulous:

Me: Hey, Michael, I got this cool catalog in the mail yesterday with all this *Yah Mo Be There* stuff.

Michael: That's my favorite song! I love that song!

Me: It has *Yah Mo Be There* t-shirts and hats. Stuff like that. I think it even has *Yah Mo* bed sheets.

Michael: Can I see it? Do you have it with you? I have to see it!

Me: No, I left it at home. I'll bring it for you tomorrow.

Michael was too excited for his own mental health (not to be confused with Quiet Riot's *Metal Health*). His excitement snowballed from one day to the next as I repeatedly "forgot" to bring it. To make a long story short, I kept Michael teetering on the edge of gullibility for almost a month. But there will always be a part of me that believes he's still waiting. After all, I told him I put his name on the mailing list.

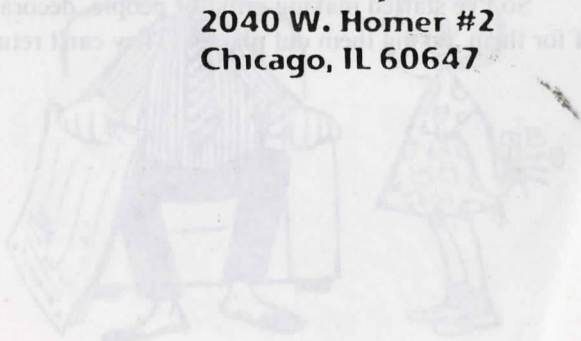


Match the Obsessive Behavior
To the **cul-de-sac** Babe
Contest!



<u>Behavior</u>	<u>Babe</u>
1 eats her cuticles	-----
2 knots up hair with fingers	-----
3 eats the walls of her mouth	-----
4 pulls hairs out of her leg	-----
5 asks authority if chore is completed correctly	-----
6 collects rubber stamps	-----
7 sleeps with the same blankey she's had since birth	-----
8 stores 7 different peanut sauces in fridge at all times	-----
9 eats large quantities of cheese fries with fork	-----
10 eats a turkey sandwich every day	-----

If you answer all ten correctly, you can win something (undecided). Just send in the answers-- You may use your own paper so you don't have to rip the zine up. Mail the answers to: **cul-de-sac complex contest**
2040 W. Homer #2
Chicago, IL 60647





Ixnay On the Cheesy Gift Ivingay

By Liz

This piece looks like some Dave Barry commentary thing, but seeing as how this issue is about obsessions, I see fit to discuss my compulsive gift giving issues. I guess now is as good a time as any to defend my preoccupation with explaining why I obsess. The truth is that I think that there is some creative juice behind it. I love to bitch, criticize, and analyze (example: The "Papa Don't Preach" video was a bad career move for Danny Aiello). Explaining my obsessions is a different degree of bitching. I once had a poetry professor who told me that a good poem was really just a document of some sort of obsession. So maybe that sheds some light on the matter. Now I'm going to tell you about my gift giving obsession, as it deals with creativity, but also so that you know what gifts to send us. We accept perishables, office supplies, postage, and items listed in various places throughout this issue.

Gift giving can be a beautiful experience, but often it causes me serious psychological trauma. I feel like if I buy someone a gift certificate it comes off as thoughtless (plus they know how much you spent right away). But then if I buy a real gift, they're like, "Oh, gee, you shouldn't have," barely holding it between index finger and thumb, like a dirty diaper. They return it for credit, which just descends into a gift certificate anyway.

Experiences on both ends of the giver/receiver continuum can suck. I don't know what vibe it is I give off, but I always receive the same stuff, the little boxes and little books. People have a fetish for storage units even without things to put in them. And the book thing is just an overkill on cuteness, all "gift-y." The Velveteen Rabbit. The Book of Embraces, quotes by women, French quotes about cats, bla, bla, bla. Interestingly, however, I love shopping at container stores. I do own this one really good little book, though, called Feel Good Words, with these cute little illustrations where you're supposed to feel good after you read the word and look at the picture.

So I've started making gifts for people, decorating things, writing stuff for them, taking them out places. They can't return it. To avoid

being too Tori Spelling on that "Day In the Life of 90210" special where she decorated empty boxes and gave them to charity, I fill my self-decorated boxes with quotes and things I apply to the receiver, like a little happy box. I often congratulate myself for considering them in a multi-dimensional light instead of a "here's something to put your bullshit in" light. But then I get all bitter if the receiver doesn't like it as much as I do. Of course I end up resenting them if they shove it in the back of their desk drawer. Maybe the moral of the story is never give your creations away. Or maybe the moral is you should consistently sneak into your friend's room and pull the box out of the back of the drawer and place it in full view.

Sometimes I see appropriate gift items for friends even when it isn't their occasion to receive, and I think maybe I should buy them these things just to have on the premises when the time comes. I am not so sure this is a useful method of gift giving either, mainly because I don't have the will-power to keep my mouth shut that I have a ridiculously early birthday present. It strikes me as incredibly practical, but it begs the question that the receiver and I will be on gift-giving terms when the time comes. Plus, since they'll probably return it anyway, they'll somehow find out the date of when I bought it, then think I'm a freak with some assemblage of cryogenically frozen gifts.

Consider different options for gift giving. Maybe pay one of their parking tickets or clean their house. Maybe take their vacuum to get fixed. Do stuff they don't have time to do because they're too busy organizing their storage units and cute little Mary Englebert books from other friends.





In-Depth With Beth



As promised in the first issue of cul-de-sac, here is another article about our beloved friend Beth. This shocking tell-all interview reveals her frightening obsessions with both dogs and bodily functions. We supplied Beth with a free Dog-a-Day Calendar and spent the evening watching her drool over every single day's canine.

Beth: Oh my god! A Weimaraner! Beautiful dog! Beauuuuuutiful! And a porkchop dog! So big!

Liz: What's a porkchop dog?

Beth: Could be anything.

Liz: Looky! One with a dog and a bunny! Bun-bun!

Julie: (Rolling her eyes, muttering) The dog and the bunny, oh my god.

Beth: I have this story about a dog show. The night before the show I sized up Robbie [her boyfriend] and decided what kind of dog he looked like, and I said, "You're a Clumber Spaniel." He said "What the hell is a Clumber Spaniel?" And I said, "You'll see." And it turns out the Clumber WINS Best of Show. I said, "Robbie! Robbie!" The first time it ever made the cut.

Liz: Robbie won the best of show!

Beth: The show the next year the schnauzer won and I burst into tears.

Hours later...

Julie: We've been at this for 23 minutes!

Liz: You're only on June 15th!

Julie: Beth, are you looking ahead for your birthday or are you saving it?

Liz: My birthday was stupid. Chooky the dog.

Julie: So Beth, got any stories about poo you can tell us?

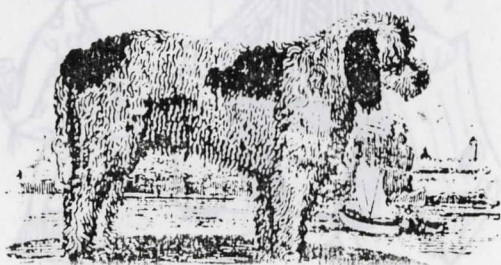
Beth: You guys, all I do is poop at work. And here's the deal, people are always walking into the bathroom.

Julie: Are you one of those people who can't poop-

Beth: And it's like BBBBRRRRR, BBRR, BBRR--like diarrhea. So I sit there and I have to wait and squeeze really hard to make sure--but then it's like BBRR--

Julie: Why can't you just shit?

Beth: Because I have to work with these people! But I've been pooping everyday at work this week, which is a miracle.



Swedish Fish
By Julie Halpern

Liz: Well, actually you're supposed to make three square meal poo's a day.

Julie: Square poo's?

Beth: These toilets are the kind that flush automatically, so they just keep going!

Julie: That's good because it's good to flush in the middle of the poo.

Liz: It smells less.

Julie: See, Beth, it's a good thing.

Beth: So then you can fart some more during the flush.

Julie: Like when someone else flushes.

Beth: But I'm still at work.

Julie: People can see your shoes.

Beth: Exactly.

Liz: They know it's you.

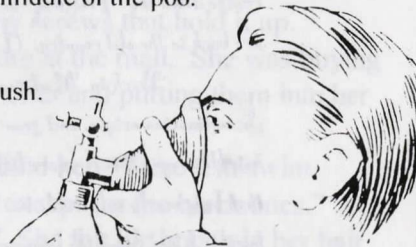
Julie: You can see someone else's shoes right when you walk into the bathroom. You should have your own bathroom.

Beth: I know. I love to go into my own little darkroom and fart. When I used to work in a library on campus if I had to poo I'd get on a bus and go to work and get paid to poop. I love the bathroom there. Nobody ever came in.

Julie: How do you hold it that long?

Liz: Well, was it like, not ripe yet?

Beth: One time the automatic flush wasn't working and there was no button to press. My poo was still there, floating!

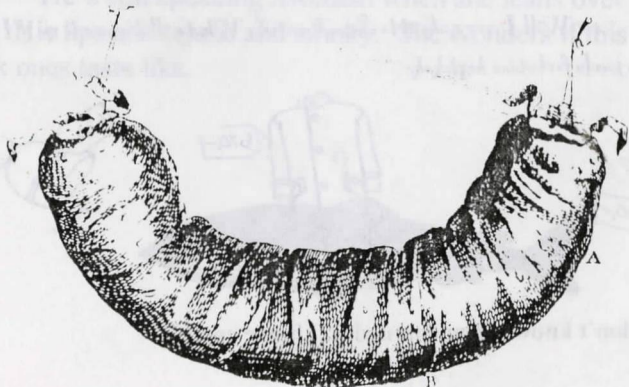


Many hours later...

Beth: Finally, December fifth! The Schnauzer! What do you call a dog that sleeps all the time? A Schnoozer! And my birthday, a fox terrier!

Liz: Hey, look at the Hanukah Pug. It's wearing a menorah. Ow, why'd they put a menorah ON the dog?

Beth: Robbie used to call Dachshunds "Dautsuns." James Dean had one. Oh, and my friend Josh had one and I would call it a long dog, and I would say, "Take me home and show me your long dog!"



The Language Of Lust

By

Julie

There is just something about Scandinavian languages that gets my motor running. It had never even occurred to me that they existed, growing up in a predominantly Jewish area. But when I moved to Wisconsin for school, a whole new Scandinavian world opened up for me. Everywhere you look, there is some little town devoted to the glory of Norway. Take Mt. Horeb, where you can cruise down the "Trollway" and see evil wooden trolls lining the streets to give you the feeling that you are back in the old country. (I also suggest visiting the Mustard Museum)

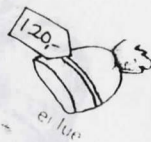
Back in Madison, I found myself being introduced to more and more people of Scandinavian origin, and soon recognized my uncontrollable attraction to them. It wasn't a blonde hair/blue eyes thing-- more like big heads/big lips. Maybe there is some Scandinavian phenomenon that I am overly vulnerable to. But it wasn't until I actually heard someone speak Swedish that I knew-- I had found the language of lust. It drove me mad. So I decided to take Swedish in my last semester of college. I figured it would be magical, having to sit through fifty minutes of someone speaking in that sultry tongue. But, alas (so I thought), the only Scandinavian language that fit my schedule was Norwegian. I took my chances.

Norwegian turned out to be the most glorious class I've ever taken. I had a perpetual boner-- not a sexual one, but I was just so damn excited to be there!

My T.A. Troy, was a Norse God. Everyone was in love with him-- boys, girls, yaks... My friends and I would run into him at bars and giddily swoon around his table. The oral exam made me sweat like a pig-- sitting in a small room with him, only allowed to speak Norwegian. It had a sort of sadomasochistic feel to it.

Even more funny is the tiny affair I had with a 14-year-old Norwegian exchange student that I met through my job at the library. We went out a few times, took naps together-- he was quite suave. Don't be gross-- nothing perky ever happened, although he did teach me to jitterbug. I couldn't actually understand anything he said in Norwegian, but he spoke perfect English. I guess that's good, though because if he spoke Norwegian the whole time, who knows what could have happened?!

Will I ever make it to Scandinavia? What will happen to me if I do? * Jeg vet ikke.
Din jævla forbainna hostekuk



* I don't know. You damned(x2) horse cock.

Swedish Fish
By Julie Halpern

"Say it in Swedish," she says. She always makes him speak Swedish.

They lay naked on his queen-sized bed, about three feet apart, staring at the ceiling fan. He smokes his after-sex cigarette. The fan wobbles, each rotation straining the tiny screws that hold it up.

The two met in a bin candy store at the mall. She was buying Swedish fish, picking out only the red ones and putting them into her plastic bag.

"In Sweden," he said from behind her, "these fish swim everywhere. They're freshwater fish, except for the black ones."

"I've never seen a black one." She felt his breath in her hair but didn't look over her shoulder.

"That's because they don't sell them in the U.S. Americans like their candy red and sweet."

She looked into her own bag, filled with red. "Are you from Sweden?" she asked. He said he was. A friend once told her that Swedish men aren't circumcised. Being a Jew, this fascinated her. She invited him home with the stipulation that he would teach her to speak Swedish. All she ever learned was that he was, indeed, uncircumcised. But she loved to listen to him.

He stands up on the bed and pulls the string dangling from the fan. It slows and stops.

"Why did you do that?" she asks, sitting up.

"Because I can't sleep with the noise."

"Say it in Swedish," she demands. As he speaks, she imagines herself in Sweden, swimming amongst red, green, and yellow gummy fish, taking bites from their tails when they get close.

He's still speaking Swedish when she leans over and kisses him. His lips are coarse and smoky. She wonders if this is what the black ones taste like.



The Fan Letter

By Julie

Have you ever heard of the Nickelodeon show "Don't Just Sit There?" It was on back in '89, and, believe it or not, I was way obsessed with it. It was this kids' talk show, complete with its own band. I liked Chris, the bass player. (That sounds so "I like Donnie." "Oh, well I like Joey.") He was so cute and funny and he liked cool music and he was left-handed (For months I tried to be left-handed, too). I was so weird about watching it-- I sat in front of the TV with the VCR on pause, and anytime the band came on I taped them. Sometimes they even had episodes where they interviewed the band or the band was in skits or they even got to play original songs!

For the first time in my obsessing history, I decided to write a letter to the obsessee. I never wrote letters because there could only be two outcomes: 1) They would never write back or 2) They would send some bullshit form letter. This goes along with my belief that obsessions are best kept at a distance. But I must have felt something magical about this one because I wrote him: I don't know exactly what I wrote, but I'm sure it was adorable and silly-- not all passionate and intense. I didn't want to have his baby-- I just wanted him to know that I existed.

A couple weeks later, I came home from school with Beth, and there in my mailbox was the SASE I sent to him. He wrote me back! I ran all over the house screaming and crying before I managed to open it. It was a four page letter-- hand-written!-- plus a 5x7 glossy. He was just so damn nice. The letter told me about the band and how they got started, but the best parts were when he referred to me. He has some quotables:

- "I must apologize for being so late in responding."

- "I realized your sincerity and just had to write back."

-(in reference to how the band formed) "We started playing some covers; Cure, Smiths, Church and the like..."

- "Tell all your friends Hi and we have acknowledged their existence as well."

I lived off this high for months.

With my next letter, I thought our friendship would build. But it took him months to respond, and he only wrote a short, one-page letter. Then my family went on a three week vacation (without Nickelodeon), and when I got home, my obsession was cured.



CHARLTON HESTON PUT HIS VEST ON

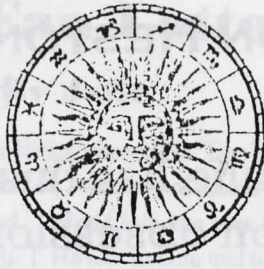
by Liz

Julie has this weird Charlton Heston obsession. She says it's because he overacts three thousand fold. She gets all Phil Hartman-y and imitates him grimacing, going, "Damn you dirty apes! Damn you all to Hell!" She has this two record set of Charlton Heston reading the Bible. I have seen her push her video collection of all the "Planet of the Apes" films like a pyramid scheme or something. However, she won't buy the hip new "Planet" t-shirts, because she says it reminds her of the time she bought the Dr. Zauis head for an ex-boyfriend and created a special stand for it. ("Hey, it's the boyfriend association, not the head! Long live Charlton Heston!"--Julie)



ASTRO PUFF

by Liz



Astrology is another silly obsession. It's just, well, a lot of people we know really do fit the characteristics of their signs!



CAPRICORN



AQUARIUS

Linda Goodman is God. Both Julie and I possess our own copies of *Love Signs*. It's got these great quotes from "Peter Pan" before each little section. There's all these references, dedications, and letters to her missing daughter (?) that make me cry. The book practically has a plotline to it. Other good sources I have found include different newspapers. I like *The Sun Times*, because it's a two-for-one situation with 'scopes from both Sydney Omarr and Joyce Jillson, the former dwelling more on socio-romantic issues

while also maintaining a very George Washington-esque appearance. The Trib 'scopes are quite decent as well. They've got those numeric expressions of difficulty (ten is the easiest day). I rarely get over a six. Also the TV at my old job had serious satellite access to the Bloomberg Network (also known as the Information Overload Channel). That had nice one liner 'scopes. Rarely accurate, but very succinct. I am willing to give them a little leeway; that channel is really known for NASDEQ and weather reports, though it was first to break the news of "Booty Call"'s long-awaited video release. I also own the Berkley Book Super '97 Horoscope that I consulted daily until the novelty wore off. I was going to calculate my ephemeris, and I thought studying the mathematics of the zodiac would be my new hobby. That lasted about a week, almost as long as the previous phase, where I'd make those long elf hats with the bells. Really I guess the astrology and the hat stuff were a composite Saturday Farmer's Market Dancing Bear stage.

Both Julie and I think it is quite humorous that we check books to verify compatibility with potential romantic candidates. I would like to think that I only believe astrological information when it is good, but I do feel disappointed if I read my horoscope for the day and it says it'll be a bad one. Scorpio dominates your scenario and try your luck in romance on the 16th.



HOW OBSESSING CHANGED MY LIFE

BY JULIE HALPERN

It's funny how at one point in your life you can be so into something and no one else knows about it and it's like you're cool and different and then that thing becomes really mainstream and it's so everywhere that you start to hate it and you're embarrassed that you even got into it in the first place. What I guess I'm trying to say is...

I was obsessed with Pearl Jam.

I don't know if I'm ashamed or I just think I'm supposed to be because my first college boyfriend gave me a complex about them. He was older and missed the whole Seattle surge, so liking Pearl Jam made me seem younger. (To this day, the only people I have met who think it's OK to own a Pearl Jam CD are younger than me.) However, I did say *was* obsessed, which means I have matured, and now it is just fine that I reminisce and tell you this beautiful story.

My senior year of high school began with me in a mental hospital. Being in there made me feel crazy, but getting out and having to tell people where I was for those weeks made me seem even worse. I couldn't connect with anyone-- they were all sitting pretty in classrooms while I was living on a ward with Satanists and possessed people (no shit-- there was actually a girl who had seizures and spoke in tongues!) The only time I really felt OK was when I was by myself-- usually in front of the TV.

Like every Saturday night of my high school existence, I was watching the Headbangers Ball (I don't know why this gave me such great pleasure). They had a segment called "Frantic Fringe" (Ooh-- Rock on, Man!) where they premiered the video for "Alive." Soon after, "Ten" became my angst-ridden life's soundtrack. There was even a song about a girl in a mental hospital! I can't deny that at that time, Eddie Vedder was a fine looking', passionate man. I had a friend buy me a T-shirt when Pearl Jam opened up for the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and I wore it every day.

The summer after my senior year, I was still somewhat mental. College was coming up, and I didn't care whether or not I even went. Life was so mediocre and I was so nothing that I didn't care what happened next. I didn't think anything *would* ever happen next.

Pearl Jam was at Lollapalooza that summer, and I went to the show really early to scope out my seats. My friends and I sat down to eat our peanut butter sandwiches and then decided to walk around.

I'M A

PRO

As I walked with my head down (to keep the hair in my face), I passed a person with black Air Jordans on-- the very same Air Jordans that Eddie Vedder wore when they were on Saturday Night Live (like you didn't know). Turning around, I recognized the brooding walk-- it was Eddie! I called his name and ran after him. His eyes were crystallly blue, and his hair was long and lovely. I regretted that I shaved my legs the week earlier because I thought he'd think I was cooler with hairy legs. But besides that, my head was like a big blur of crystal blue persuasion. He hugged me and small-talked with me, and I occasionally gurgled something.

Then this dork came over and asked Eddie for his autograph. That hadn't even occurred to me. Apparently, it had occurred to Eddie because he said to me, "What's your name again?" "Julie," I swooned. He handed me this Pro-choice fan he was carrying that said "I am a Pro-choice fan." On it, he wrote, "Julie, Eddie says hi." (The rest of the day, I carried the fan close to my heart, and this dread-head raises his fist and goes, "Right on, sister.") As if this weren't enough, Eddie kissed me on the cheek and said goodbye. It was like I won the Showcase Showdown of life!

This was the most perfect moment of my life. It gave me hope-- not hope that we would fall in love and be married. The hope had nothing to do with Pearl Jam. It gave me hope that good things could happen; that at that point, my life was ready to get better.

Every time I write the conclusion to this, it just sounds sappy. I guess it is-- but why should I always be cynical? This was beautiful and happy and wonderful-- every good person in the world deserves a moment like this (I hesitate to say everyone because of the numerous asseyes in the world). Eddie Vedder is a good man.

I am going to lay on the sap now-- I want to offer you the simplest words of wisdom: If you want something bad enough, and if you really, truly need it to happen-- it will. Life works out that way. It may take a really long time-- sometimes too long and too late-- but when it does happen: Life can be so cherry.

CHOICE

FAN.

The Espresso Geek & The Sea

by Liz

I have this obsession with these sugar packets at work. They're those ones that have the sailboats on them with all the corresponding trivia on the back. I study them, and then I try to impress people with my nautical knowledge.

Someone at Dixie Crystals Brands in Savannah, GA has done some extensive research about the boats on these packets. I suspect they may have gotten the idea from the Trivial Pursuit board. There's a picture of a **full-rigged ship** (takes at least a crew of forty to sail). Some seafarer-gone-graphics-expert thought, "Wow! Good size, picaresque drawing, friendly mood! And the same ship naval academies use to train in the finer aspects of sailing and team efficiency! It's a go!"

On a caffeinated glucose high, I learned the **ocean racer** also takes a large crew to sail. They run races as long as a thousand miles. There's more crew in the picture than the boat. Maybe they're suggesting a correlation between this product and social cohesion, in this case to command a large mode of transport. I guess we're supposed to feel we're "progressing" into success because of some PURE SUGAR. Motion is key.

These sugars are different from other sugars because there's trivia instead of those dumb Twain-y proverbs like "When it's sunny out, you get hot." And those ones that offer counsel. Like I'm gonna take advice from a food product.

Associating the packing with a desire to consume its contents raises sales. Based on this theory, there's a lot of room to break into the writing market subversively. Maybe some health food anarchist group would hire me as an Abbie Hoffman-esque anti-marketer who would infiltrate junk food companies, like sugar manufactures. They'd hire me as a graphics/writer guru, but I'd pick really disgusting ideas for the back of the packets, like

Ocean racer



different diseases. Maybe I'd do one sugar packet for each medical condition: orthostatic hypotension, rectosigmoid tumors, gas entrapment syndrome, mitral valve prolapse, all that stuff. To actually get the job, though, I'd pitch something shiny and happy for the packets, maybe different percussion instruments, like the glockenspiel, claves, triangles...

I've learned so much from these packets. The **mirror dingy** is a lo-fi cutey made of wood, plastic, aluminum, or fiberglass. It's usually six to fourteen feet long and popular with them college kids. Plus, based on the drawing it has lots of stripes and random looking numbers, very sort of skate rat. The **twelve meter racer's** the indie superstar. It was popular right away but wasn't allowed in America's Cup race until 1955. It kicks so much ass that now the Cup is held in "Twelves" all because of that boat!

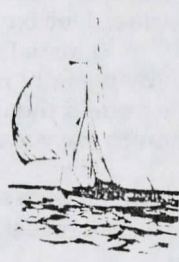
The funny thing is, I'm not into sailing at all. I like being in water, but I don't like being atop it. It sways. That's why I hate water beds. You can't depend on them to stop fidgeting. Just like people: changeable, unreliable, and made up of mostly water. That group efficiency thing gets blown right out to sea.



Mirror Dinghy



Full-rigged ship



12 meter racer

Reading Is Fundamental

By Julie Halpern,

Future Librarian

ANIMORPHS™

Sing it to the tune of Van Halen's "Animal." I got into this series when I caught the cool cover of a boy morphing into a hawk. It takes no time to read them, and they are actually quite well-written. Each book is written from the perspective of one of the Animorphs.

The Animorphs' plot is this:

Five kids walk through an abandoned lot where a spaceship lands with one hurt alien, an Andalite. This thing tells them that the Yeerks, a slug-like race which sponges off brains while taken over its host's body, are slowly taking over Earth. As the Andalite is dying, he gives the five kids the ability to morph— simply by touching an animal and acquiring it, they can morph into it when needed. The catch is that they can't stay in morph for more than 2 hours, or they become that animal forever.

My favorite character is Tobias, who is stuck in permanent hawk morph. He is the pouty, loner of the group (that is, if hawks can pout).

One of the great bonuses of these books is that almost every one of them comes with some cool Animorphs' treat-- so far I have 2 iron-on logos (both of which turned out horrible), two bookmarks, a postcard, character cards with stats, and two holographic stickers!

I actually wrote Scholastic a letter telling them how much I enjoy these books. I also told them that my iron-ons didn't work, so if they could please send me new ones, I would appreciate it. Several months have passed with no response. I'll keep you posted.

If you can live without the free surprises, then I recommend you head on over to your local library and start with book number one: *The Invasion*. They make for excellent toilet reading.

***We have to be careful. So careful
that we can't trust anyone.***

By the way-- I do actually read books written for adults. Right now I'm really into books by Barbara Gowdy. She writes a mean short story, and I'm finishing an exquisite novel by her, *Mister Sandman*.

That props to these stores that carry
cul-de-sac:

Atomic Books
1018 North Charles Street
Baltimore, MD 2101

Pic-a-book
506 State St.
Madison, WI 53703

Earwax
1564 N. Milwaukee
Chicago, IL 60622

The Quaker Goes Deaf
1937 W. North Ave.
Chicago, IL 60622

Green Noise Records
365 East 13th
Eugene, OR 97401

Quimby's Queer Store
1328 N. Damen Ave.
Chicago, IL 60622

Mind Over Matter
Records and Books
1710 Central Ave. SE
Albuquerque, NM 87106

Tower Records
2301 N. Clark St. #200
Chicago, IL 60657

Please, if you like us, show us to your local zine/record store.
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