

MR. PEEBODY'S SOILED TROUSERS

& OTHER DELIGHTS #9



HORRIFYING STORIES
OF UTTER BOREDOM!!!

THRILL TO TALES OF
JOB HUNTING!



"RINGO STARR FIXED
MY GIRLFRIEND'S
FLAT TIRE!"

"Life is fantastic enough without making it fake."

Hello. My name is Jason. I'm a small white man who acts like a boy most of the time. I'm bald, on purpose, and a little portly, by accident. I grew up in New England as a country boy living on a farm. I went to a cheap local state college to get a degree that I haven't gotten much use out of. I've worked as a auto parts store lackey, a cub reporter, an unseen Hollywood grunt, and the sole proprietor of a record store. But I've given that up to be with the one I love. She's living in LA, so I'm heading back west with the gold rush to seek my fame and fortune. Am I heading for a Hollywood breakdown?...a Brian Wilson beach facade?...an earthquake escapade? I don't know what's going to happen, but whatever it is it should be interesting.

Welcome to the January 2001 issue. I'm pretty sure you'll enjoy this one, albeit at the expense of my dignity. This issue starts with the end of my drive cross-country to Los Angeles. Then it goes into Cherry and me trying to get settled into our new apartment. Oh boy, that sounds pretty exciting, doesn't it? Then, of course, I've got to find a job. Goddamn, how can you restrain yourself from ripping into this one?!!

Mr. Peebody's Soiled Trousers And Other Delights is written, produced and misdirected by Jason Koivu. All opinions are necessarily the views of this zine and its writer. Reprinting of this publication in any form is just a waste of time. Anything reprinted in this publication has only cheapened the original sentiment. Only a few animals were injured during the production of **Mr. Peebody's**. Meat...it's what's for dinner. Single copies cost \$2. Yearly subscriptions are an amazingly low low price of \$20. That's four dollars off the original cover price! How do I do it?!? I don't know!!! That must be why they call me Crazy Gideon!...I'm also open to trading. Send stuff to **Jason Koivu, PO Box 931333, Los Angeles CA 90093**.

Monday, Jan 1

Started the next century with a bang by getting into the first car accident of my life.

During my cross-country trip to Los Angeles I stopped in Flagstaff, AZ where I met my little China Girl, Cherry (actually she's Filipina). We spent New Year's Eve together after having been apart for 6 weeks. It was oddly odd to see her again and by her nervous behavior I could tell she felt the same about me. Even though we'd been living together for over a year, the separation made it seem as if we were meeting each other all over again. But that didn't last long, as we were rocking the bed for all it's worth within minutes. We got up just long enough to eat before going back for seconds.

The next morning the third or fourth thing I did was to get the flat tire on Cherry's car fixed. I was backing out of a parking space at the Motel 6 and keeping my eye on the kids running around to my right while not paying attention to the old couple zooming up on my left--BUMP--Didn't even leave a dent. Sure they have a black bumper mark on their rear left passenger door, but I didn't even chip the paint. I gave the guy \$25, which was more than he'd need to buy some Windex and the paper towels to shine up the spot, but he still took down my information.

It was an unfortunate situation that I couldn't spend time worrying about, cuz Cherry's car (the one I was driving at the time) had a flat tire that appear to be beyond repair. I was looking for a gas/repair station that would be open on New Year's Day. HA! Good luck to me. But the beautiful thing about getting in the accident was that the old dude I bumped into pointed out that there was a gas station right next door. I hadn't noticed because there's a fence inbetween the motel and the Mustang service station. I didn't have much hope of them being open, nevermind being able to replace the tire on a Hyundai. But low-and-behold, not only were they open, and not only did they do repairs, and not only did they do them cheap, and not

only did they have a good used replacement tire for the car, and not only could they do the job right then and there, and not only did the owner of the shop (who had a couple lackeys working for him) do the job himself, but he looked just like Ringo Starr! With a big nose, grey hair in a ponytail, shaded sunglasses, a 3/4 length overcoat, a middle-aged paunch...to me he *was* Ringo. The famed drummer only charged me \$40, labor, tire and quick service included, so I gave him an extra \$5 that I couldn't afford.

Then it was off to the Grand Canyon. How someone could drive right by the Grand Canyon is beyond me, but I managed to do it. We damn near ended up in Utah before figuring out that I'd missed a hole that spans half the length of Arizona.

The canyon is flat out amazing, even seeing it for the second time. It looks like a picture postcard, yet no postcard could do it justice. I know the touristy stigma behind going to GC, but you have to see this place to believe it.

Tuesday, Jan 2

Stayed at Motel 6 last night. Had more sex, but not by myself! With Cherry here I'm not riding solo any more.

Went to see the Grand Canyon Caverns. I'm not going to write a detailed description of it here, cuz Cherry and I do a travel/tour guide zine called **Been There Done That** and our escapades in Arizona will appear in the next issue. Send a dollar and I'll send you a copy.

Why do I eat at McDonald's? Don't I like my body? I guess not, cuz I ate a Filet O'Fungi there today. A few hours later I got sick...very sick. My stomach did a few somersaults before deciding to eject everything I'd eaten over the past couple days. And man, never have I wished to puke as much as tonight. Sure, in the past when I've gotten sick and knew I was going to throw-up, I would beg my stomach to hurry up and get

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD

(I don't throw around a lot of names in this issue. But here's the list anyway, to avoid any possible confusion.)

Chad - Warren's roommate. Publishes **Belief**, a hardcore fanzine.

Cherry - My girlfriend and confidante.

Jocelyn - Friend and pen pal. Used to put out **Cupcake**.

Pat Lee - A comix zinester from LA.

Warren - Friend and former roommate.

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“Why Is It Called Mr.Peabody's Stinky Pants And Something?”

It's a lengthy explanation and I've been asked it more times than I cared to answer. So I'm gonna put it down in print. That way you don't have to ask, right? So here it is, the explanation to the title of my zine, Mr. Peebody's Soiled Trousers And Other Delight's.

Right off, when most people ask, they assume I've spelt Peebody wrong. NO, YOU'RE WRONG! (inside joke) You see, Mr.Peebody comes from my days of being a chronic bed-wetter. Right up until I was 8, 9 or maybe even 10 (ok fine, I *still* wet the bed!) I could not stop myself from, um, marking my territory in my sleep. After years of this, my dad got quite frustrated. He told me, “If you don't stop wetting the bed the kids at school are gonna call you Mr.Peebody.” I didn't say anything at the time, but I was thinking, “Well, how the hell are they gonna know?” I mean, it's not like I didn't shower up and put on clean clothes. What, was he going to tell them himself?

The “Soiled Trousers” bit obviously ties in with the bed wetting, but mainly it can be traced to my love of Monty Python and British comedy in general. Whenever I'd watch those shows it always seemed like someone was talking about having soiled their trousers, and I found that immensely hysterical.

“And Other Delights” is a direct quote from Herb Albert's album Whipped Cream and Other Delights. That album cover gave me my second woody ever. The first was erected at the sight of Deborah Harry from Blondie when she preformed on the Muppet Show. Oh baby, come to Mr.Peebody...

the job done. But tonight it was a different matter. Tonight I shit myself and could only wish I'd puked instead.

"Oh Jesus, oh Jesus!" I kept repeating. "What the hell. Jesus. Oh god. Why is this happening. I can't stop!", I muttered as the shit flowed. I couldn't stop it from coming. I haven't shit myself in about 15 years. It's been so long I'd forgotten how gross it feels. In one way it was humiliating, and in another it just seemed ridiculous.

I was parked outside an AmPm. I could've gone in and hoped they had a public bathroom, but I couldn't force myself to get up. The load was so large I was afraid to shift it. So I drove down a dark street away from the busy streets and lights. Luckily, I found the perfect place to do what I had in mind. It was a quiet dirt road in the desert, only a couple hundred yards away from the highway, but relatively hidden. I stopped the car and left it running with the lights on. Then I jumped out of the car, as I did I could feel the warm shit running down my leg. Hobbling a few feet away from the car into the desert, I found a bush to begin stripping behind. At that point I realized I'd crapped in my favorite pants. Flipping them off I realized I'd crapped in my favorite boxers, a pair of Scooby Doos. Damn it.

A pair of tighty whiteys and three pairs of socks were sacrificed in order to clean myself up. And then, what I'd hoped wouldn't happen, happened. A truck drove up.

"Shit, oh shit, oh shit!", I yelled out loud as, out of nowhere, a pick-up truck drove up and stopped by my car. With the doors open and the lights on, it probably looked like I was having car trouble. So like the friendly person they probably were, they stopped to give me a hand...until they saw a naked man dive into the passenger's side trying to hide himself. At the sight of my bare ass they tore off down the road.

I finished cleaning up as best I could, threw on some clean clothes and took off before the police arrived.

Somewhat ironically, I found a McDonald's to really finish cleaning myself up in. The bathroom facilities were perfect for my use, which turned to include more shitting. I'd

never been to a fast food restaurant that had toilets walled in from the floor to the ceiling with a thick metal door, all blocking out sight and sound.

After zipping up and washing my hands I felt for my wallet and it was gone. I damn near shit myself again, until I realized it was in my back pocket, a place I *never* put my wallet.

An hour later I pull into Pomona, the outskirts of Los Angeles. Now I'm in California. I can see and smell it. But my ass says I can't stop to smell the roses, so I pull into a Jack in the Box and shit again. A bum, who I'd almost shoved aside on the way in, helped me find a pay phone so I could call my friend Warren, who I'm staying with in LA. For a bum, he turned out to be quite coherent and we talked as we walked up the street. Come to find out, he was originally from Worcester, a city in Massachusetts just 30 minutes south of my parent's house. He had been in the Air Force for 13 years before they discharged him. I didn't ask why. Figured there's no sense in dredging up bad memories. He said he hadn't been back to Mass since before his service duty and he had no plans to ever go back. I don't blame him. If you're gonna wash windows for a living and sleep on the streets, there's no better place than in Southern California.

Finally made it to my friend Warren's apartment in the West Hollywood area a few hours later than planned. I met Warren back in '93 or '94 when we were both still going to Fitchburg State. I think we had like a music and philosophy class together. I don't remember how it got started, but if neither one of us had anything to do after class, we'd go play a little air hockey in the school's game room. Then we started going into Boston to catch hardcore and emo shows at clubs like the Middle East, or we'd go to the Brattle Theater for the artsy fartsy films you just can't get out in the sticks of north central Massachusetts.

I think the reason we work as friends is cuz, beyond the obvious same interests thing, we also are both relatively laid back types who respect one another's personal space. And that

definitely was apparent during the three years we spent as roommates living in the San Fernando Valley after college. I could count the number of times we fought, if you can call it that, on one hand. It was more like we'd have the occasionally heated argument, and that would be the end of it. We both did our share to keep the apartment somewhat clean. And I think we both pretty much kept our own personal messes in our respective rooms. Friends who would visit would ask if Warren and I were actually friends, cuz to them it seemed we never talked or did anything together. But actually we continued to do the same things we did in Boston here in LA on a fairly regular basis. And I think the fact that we *weren't* always doing things together is the reason we were able to get along for as long as we were. It seems like the friends who are constantly hanging out together are often the ones who get sick of one another.

Okay, this is getting longer than I planned, so let me sum up with some quick details: I moved cross-country the first time and moved in with Warren because we were working on a movie script together as a sort of Coen Bros partnership. Warren's family took me in, in a way, and included me in a lot of their family's activities. After I moved back to Massachusetts, Warren and I kept intouch. He even stayed with us at my parent's house one time on a visit to the east coast. And now, as I move back to the west coast, he's been kind enough to give me a place to stay in the interim. Point blank, he's the sort of person who you want as a friend.

So I'm sitting there talking to Warren in his apartment. We're watching Miami beat up on Florida in the...I don't know...Tostada Bowl. I still feel like shit. And I swear I can smell it, but I know it's just in my head cuz I'm clean. Just the same, I take a shower and feel 100% refreshed.

It wasn't until I crashed on his couch hours later that I was able to stop and think about the fact that I am now really back in Los Angeles. I'm happy. I like being warm.

I'm not a religious man, but I enjoy the fringe benefits of living in a society overwhelmed by Christian beliefs. So I

celebrate Christmas and occasionally pretend to make New Year's resolutions like everyone else. But today I've decided to revise my resolution from taking better care of my health to just making sure I don't shit myself anymore.

Wednesday, Jan 3

After Warren and his friend/roommate Chad went off to work, I spent a couple hours this morning trying to get this journal caught up. I guess Cherry and I are going to meet up in Santa Barbara tonight to hang out with some of her friends, and then stay there for the night. I doubt I'll have time to type much over the next couple days and quite frankly I hope I have nothing to type about.

Thursday, Jan 4

Hooray! I have nothing to write about today!

Friday, Jan 5

Cherry and I spent last night at her friend Matt's house in Santa Barbara. We went to see Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh in **Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon**, the story of a warrior who wishes to stop killing for a living and the woman who wants to love him and wants to help him pursue his wishes. It's a fantasy, a light fantasy, heavy on the incredible fight scenes. The action is so fast, well-shot and executed that the audience clapped and cheered after the first major fight. The film plays heavily on the mysticism of martial arts and couples it with a comic book sense of story telling. It's hands down one of the best 'kung fu' flicks to hit the mainstream theaters in years.

Saturday, Jan 6

Cherry and I drove up to her parent's house in the Fresno area and stayed the night. It's all flat farmland around

here. There isn't much to do, but we didn't come for the excitement. We came to take care of some of Cherry's business.

I'm glad to get the chance to get to know her parents a little better. Last time we were here, it was a bit awkward. We were getting ready to drive cross country to Massachusetts and her parents hadn't heard a thing about it. So here I am, this strange guy they've barely heard about and now I'm dragging their child clear across the country. They treated me just as nice as they did when we arrived last night. Though I'd say there was perhaps a brighter twinkle of happiness in their eyes this time than the last.

Since the small town they live in doesn't have a movie theater, we had to drive to the 'big city' of Hanford to see Tom Hanks in **Cast Away** with Cherry's sister MaryAnn and two younger brothers Jimmy and Timmy. The movie wasn't the greatest piece of filmmaking I've ever seen, but I didn't go in expecting it to be. Actually, it turned out to be quite an enjoyable bit of entertainment. There's relatively few moments where Hanks over-acts. Otherwise you have a fairly smooth flick about a man whose daily life is bound by time and using it to its fullest. His tightly scheduled world is tossed upside down and then it becomes a struggle of survival, man vs nature. This is a good movie to rent for the family, but only if you don't have any travel plans in the foreseeable future.

So I guess we're gonna stay here for a day or two. On Monday we'll call our new landlord and hopefully our new apartment will be ready.

Sunday, Jan 7

Hooray for football! Got the chance to watch most of both playoff games today. What a strange season it's been in the NFL. No one team has been dominant throughout. Obviously the St. Louis Rams were favored, but then they fell apart...and to lose to a hampered Saints team. Warren's favorite team, the NY

Giants have been a big--and quiet--surprise. The same can be said of **AYTD** editor Ruel Gaviola's Oakland Raiders.

We're still at Cherry's parent's house. Around noon she and I went to the Fresno Fairgrounds, cuz we saw advertised on TV a crazy liquidation sale going on there this weekend. The ad said something like "TVs, VCRs, DVDs, and Camcorders...70% OFF." That's hard to beat, so even though we have no money to speak of, we went in hopes of picking up a DVD player for her parents or a cheap ass camcorder. But the sale started on Friday, so by the time we got there everything was gone.

We spent a few more hours at the Thomas' before heading back to Warren's place in LA.

Monday, Jan 8

An uncommon thing happened today in Los Angeles...it rained. It was cold and rainy almost all day. Reminded me too much of New England.

Cherry and I went to visit my old boss Stephanie at Film & Video Stock Shots in North Hollywood. Stephanie and I had a more friendly relationship than the usual employer/employee. She was a nice, motherly figure to me during my two and a half years there. And now she's been kind enough to give me some work while I look for a fulltime job. However, I won't be starting next week like I thought, cuz her nephew John is will be working there for the remainder of January, so she won't need me. We agreed that if I still don't have a job by the end of January, I could work at Stock Shots for a few weeks.

Afterwards Cherry and I went to Leonore's, a vegetarian joint in Studio City on Moorpark and Whitsett that serves fairly cheap, yummy Mexican food. Anything on the menu that says it's meat is soy-based. We both had chicken enchilades that were scrumptious.

Leonore's is in the same tiny plaza as The Actor's Network, so the chance of star sight-seeing is higher than many

places in the San Fernando Valley. Today we saw two actors who both recently appeared in Best In Show. Damned if we could remember their names, but they've both done enough work that you'd probably recognize them if you saw them. I'm not good at spotting stars. Cherry's ridiculously good at it.

With no home or jobs, Cherry and I have been wandering nomads since we got here. We've got no place to go and so we find places to go. Tonight we drove around picking up flyers for revival houses like Nuart and the New Beverly Cinemas. Right next to the Nuart Theatre is a video rental place called CineFile Video that has an awesome selection of hard to find films. Their rental fees are reasonable and their free membership is exactly what I would want to pay. The only problem is that CineFile is on the otherside of town from where we'll be living. But I got a membership anyway, cuz they've got some stuff that's worth the trip.

Being essentially homeless sucks. I'm not talking about living on the street. I'm talking about not having a home to call your own. We've bounced around from friend and family since arriving in LA and it's wearing thin. Whether it be a house in the country, an apartment in the city, or a box under a bridge, your home is your personal haven. I haven't met a person who didn't need a place of their own to escape to and I'm no exception.

Tuesday, Jan 9

Today was a good day to rest, relax and catch up on the zine. Cherry had an orthodontist appointment in Santa Barbara, so I just hung around at Warren's place.

Watched some crappy TV, typed, and then went to my favorite American/Mexican burrito place, Sharky's on Burbank Blvd in North Hollywood. When I used to live in the Valley, I would try to make it down to Sharky's about once a week. They got the cheap prices, the big quantities, and the quality yum-yums. Their schtick is the shark burrito, as you might

guess from their name. Actually they've got a few fish choices. And oh yes, the chips and salsa are quite tasty, as well. I think their burrito prices are around \$5ish, but it's \$5 well spent. You can eat at noon and you'll be full till your head hits the pillow that night. Plan to spend some time on the shitter the next day.

From there I wandered over to Game Dude, a used video game store on Sherman Way that I worked at for a week before getting fired. I was hired to be a cashier, something I'd never done before. I was so slow and didn't really know enough about games, so the training assistant manager fired me on my answering machine. But hey, no hard feelings. It's a pretty good place. They've got a warehouse full of games for every system. Today I was here to pick up a price sheet for their Gameboy games for Cherry's brother Timmy.

This evening Cherry, Chad and myself piled into Chad's little truck and drove off to see **Traffic**, but all we ended up seeing was traffic. There was nowhere to park near the theater and we were late for the showing anyway, so we drove off to another theater that was showing it in the Silver Lake area and ended up getting there too late, also. So we drove back to the apartment somewhat dejected. Then Warren came home with his girlfriend Renee. They had just seen **Traffic** and said it was amazing. Great.

Chad's a pretty cool guy. And when I say 'cool' I mean he's laid back and easy to talk to. He does a hardcore fanzine called **Belief** [\$2 Chad Timmreck 1224 N.Mansfield #5, Los Angeles CA 90038]. It's got interviews and reviews, and as a bonus, issue #10 includes a scanned pull-out poster of Bane.

Wednesday, Jan 10

Called Arena, our landlord who again, like yesterday said the apartment is almost ready. I guess if the landlord wants to make improvements on the place at no extra charge to you, you should let 'em. But of course we're in a rush to get settled--talk about yer contradictory phrases--so we wanted to

get in as soon as possible, which was today as stated in our lease.

I wasn't as impressed as I hoped to be for what this is costing us. We're paying \$850 for a smallish one bedroom. That's the most I've ever paid. But we are in a pretty central location. To me, Hollywood, West Hollywood, Los Feliz and Silver Lake are the downtown or center of Los Angeles...well, greater Los Angeles. It's where a lot of shit happens. But I guess there's a bunch of areas around here like that: Melrose, Burbank, Santa Monica, etc. They're all like little pockets of activity. Then there's the places where 'nothing' ever happens. Those are numerous and good places to find cheap rent. In North Hollywood, Warren and I had a spacious two bedroom with a separate kitchen and huge livingroom, and we were paying \$650 a month. Course the problem with North Hollywood is that it's located in the San Fernando Valley, and the Valley gets damn hot in the Summer. It's a 10 to 20 degree difference. That can be the difference between pleasant warmth and melting. However, the Valley isn't as busy with the hustle and the bustle as it is on this side of the hills.

Well anyway, we're here and we're unpacking our meager possessions. I'm lucky in that I've got a lot of relatives, so hand-me-downs are plentiful. If you let it be known you're moving and need stuff, both sides of my family start unloading plates, pots, pans, glasses, bowls, utensils, toasters, can openers, blenders, lamps, tables, chairs, couches, old TVs, air conditioners, fans, and whatever else you can think of. It's more than Cherry and I could bring with us, so much of that stuff went to the guys who lived in the apartment below us in Fitchburg, MA.

Thursday, Jan 11

Cleaned around the apartment. Tried to scrub up the tub so at least the stains were less noticeable. After my dad got a foot fungus from a public shower 15 years ago that he's still

trying to get rid of, I've become pretty anal about where I bath my bare feet.

After lunch at Leonore's again (no celebs this time), we headed up to Cherry's parents place, again. I'm getting tired of driving around. This time we had to pick up their pick-up so we could pick up some furniture to furnish our pad. I'm apparently getting tired and punchy, because I'm starting to write sentences that are obviously meant to piss off the reader. I better quit now.

Friday, Jan 12

A crazy storm swept through the area over the past few days. It seemed to knock Southern California on its ass. My mood is as gloomy as the skies. I snapped at Cherry numerous times today, not so much because she was doing anything particularly wrong...or even something I would normally find objectionable. It's just that when I get 'over-tired' I become irritable, anti-social and down-right-surlly. The best remedy is for me to hide, to get myself away from other people. If I don't, I'm apt to 'lose it', as they say. I'll do and say things I wouldn't at any other time.

So it was with this attitude that we went furniture shopping at Ikea. Thankfully, Ikea doesn't have salespeople rushing up to you at every turn. In fact, you actually have to go up to them to ask for assistance. I like that. And it helped my mood to peacefully wander thru that huge store looking at all the stuff we couldn't afford and contemplating the things we had the money to buy.

Then it came time to check-out. We had a big, unweildy pile o' junk stacked on top of a cart. Three of those pieces were heavy bookcases that were on sale at an amazing price. But when we finally manuevered our load up to the counter, the check-out moron started charging us three times what the cost should've been for the bookcases. At our request, he checked the price and told us it was a different colored shelf that was on sale. So I went back and got the ones that he was taking about,

and then I got back into a long line. When I got to the front, the original moron had gone on break. The new moron rung up the shelves at twice as much as the last ones! When we mentioned it, he said it was the brown ones that were on sale. Well, it was the brown ones that I just put back. So at this point I was ready to build a large fire out of these bookcases and roast some check-out boys.

Cherry, much to her credit, did not dump my ass on the spot like anyone else would've. Instead she took over and handled the situation from then on, leaving me to mope and mumble out of harm's way. It was what I needed.

The rest of the night was spent building furniture, seeing our apartment come together. Again, Cherry did most of the work.

God, I'm such a pansy boy.

Saturday, Jan 13

More of the same. Slowly but surely, as they say, the apartment is coming together. For me, the most important part was having a place to sit and sleep. Well, we've got that now, but Cherry...once you get her going on a project you can't stop her, not even for sex. Just as well. I mean, if she's willing to go go go, who am I to stop her? So I sat back for most of the day, helping now and then. Yup, that's about it.

Sunday, Jan 14

This zine is really suffering. Because of the move I haven't had time to set aside for writing. For me to do this right I have to have a more regular schedule. So many of the details are being squashed, cuz I'm not always able to sit down and type. And then, by the time I get around to writing this shit, I've forgotten half of what happened. What you, the reader gets is a vague summary description. It's often dull and boring. But we're almost settled, so I think from now on I should be able to

invest the right amount of me that this zine needs to be readable.

P.S.: More of the same happened.

Monday, Jan 15

Cherry's siblings came down for a visit yesterday and stayed the night. We drove around like tourists looking at all the usual Hollywood crap: Hollywood Blvd, the Griffith Observatory, Beverly Hills, Sunset Blvd. Right now they've gone off to the Santa Monica Promenade. I decided to stay behind. I can only take so much sight-seeing.

I'm still essentially jobless right now and things are starting to get tight. I'm expecting to get a fat check back from my former landlord for the security deposit I put down on the store. If I don't get that soon, next month's rent will take care of the rest of my savings.

Tuesday, Jan 16

As long as we stay somewhat productive, Cherry and I don't feel bad about not having jobs or doing anything about it. But when we stop and think about it, the guilt settles in. We're both running out of money. That's a fact. We're having too much fun playing house. That's got to stop sometime.

I'm pretty happy right now as I type this, cuz we finally finished putting together our zine office. We put a desk and some shelves in the back closet by the bathroom. It's kind of a secluded spot. Out of the way and out of sight. I already feel comfortable here.

Why is it that no matter what, I always try to open a plastic trash bag from the wrong end? And worse yet, why is it that the first side I try to open it from, actually turns out to be the right side, but I can't open it, so I move on to another side, again and again and again, until I'm back at side one, and this time it opens! Am I the only one who has this problem or is it the wide spread epidemic I think it is?

God damn, if I ever open up another business and I want to make boku bucks, I'm gonna start a mail drop store, like Mail Boxes, Etc. Jesus christ, it's fucking expensive to get a box there. On the phone, I thought the woman said it would cost \$19 for 3 months, which is still a lot but I was willing to consider it enough that I went down there earlier today. The same woman I spoke to on the phone was there and I talked to her. This time I heard her more clearly, to the tune of \$19 per month. Ergo \$200+ for one year. I can't afford that. As much of a pain in the ass it is to deal with the USPS in a big city, they'll charge me something closer to \$20, which I can afford. I'll just have to put up with long lines of impatient and often rude customers so I can be waited on by impatient and often rude clerks.

Wednesday, Jan 17

I don't remember if I've ever said this: I'm a very lazy man.

Today I did almost nothing. When I say that I guess what I mean is that with all the time I had I managed to get very little done. Using Cherry's laptop, I faxed my resume to a guy named Mike, who I hope will give me a job as an "office assistant/runner" for some sort of business that I think might be related to the movie industry. Don't quote me on that.

Other than that, I did a few loads of laundry and worked on editing the December issue. If you stretch the work out a bit, throw in a few breaks as well as breakfast, brunch, lunch, and an early dinner, I've had a very busy day.

All Cherry managed to do was to find some essential furniture and go to an interview for a job which she subsequently got by the end of the day.

After my hectic day, I was able to pull it all together and treat my baby to a night on the town. Well actually, it was just a movie and she paid for her own ticket.

The movie was **Traffic**, which I'd been meaning to see since we missed it the other night. I hope you get the chance to see it on the big screen. If you don't, you should still make it one of your top rental choices. The idea was taken from the UK mini series **Traffik**. Director Steven Soderbergh has made one of those movies in which it is hard to find fault. The basic premise revolves around drug trafficking in Mexico and US involvement. The viewer follows three stories that intertwine (Recent movies of a similar vain that come to mind are **LA Confidential** and **Pulp Fiction**.) I don't want to ruin it for you though, so that's all I'll say. I guess not everyone feels that way, though. Some people don't seem to mind telling you the whole story. I'm talking specifically about the people who put together the trailer for **The Wedding Planner**, the new Jennifer Lopez piece of fluf. It seemed like they told us every twist and turn from beginning to end. Why bother going to see the damn thing if you already know everything that's going to happen and how it gets resolved. Not that I'd planned to see it anyway.

Thursday, Jan 18

Today I learned that if you go to the post office just after they open on a regular weekday the lines aren't so bad. I hardly had to wait at all. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to get a p.o. box. They didn't have any available, and so I have to try back next week. A slight set back, but I'm okay with it. I won't be running back to Mail Bondage, Etc. Not yet anyway.

I feel like a shit. This morning I got a little upset with Cherry about leaving food and milk containers open in the refrigerator. It was starting to stink like my gram's frige, which is one of the stinkiest refrigerators ever. She'll leave open cans of tuna and cat food in there for days, maybe weeks. That, mixed with sour milk, is what you smell as you open the door. It's enough to turn your stomach. I guess you could make an argument for her that the stinky frige is meant to be some sort of appetite suppressant, except that she's overweight and has

been since I can remember. Well anyway, it's become one of those sensory memory things and when I opened our refrigerator today I could smell that smell and it kinda set me off a bit. Cherry remained quiet afterwards and eventually left for a little while. When she got back things warmed up between us fairly quickly.

I feel like a shit. This afternoon I got a little upset with Cherry regarding the printing of my zine. It started out with me printing out issue eight just one day per one sheet of paper, which was wasting some paper, yes, but I just wanted to get it done. And then Cherry comes along and starts messing with my stuff, trying to show me how to print another way that will save paper. Well, it didn't really work right off so I basically told her to get out of my face. Then I continued on with my slow, wasteful ways until I realized what I needed to do to make her original idea work. So I did end up using her suggestion which did save paper *and* saved me a bunch of paste-up time. Sorry Cherry, I suck. Or rather, I *will*, if you want me to. It's the least I could do for acting like such a jerk.

Friday, Jan 19

Didn't sleep well last night. There was an alarm going off for about an hour and some guy was yelling at someone. It sounded like he was trying to explain why he's such a swell guy. Then a helicopter started flying real low right over our building. It was the first night since we moved in that noise has been a problem, which is pretty amazing for a big city. Shit, at our apartment in Fitchburg, MA there was almost a nightly disturbance that would wake us up anywhere between midnight and dawn: college parties, college parties being broken up, lover's quarrels, ex-lover's quarrels, rioting in the streets, our house being hit with beer bottles, etc.

Cherry started her new job as a delivery person for restaurants. To be more general, she works for a company that

provides a delivery service for restaurants that don't have a delivery staff. Does that make sense?

I waited up all night for her, cooking and cleaning. Then she saunters in at all hours of the night, stinking of take-out. I mean for godsake, what am I suppose to think? If she thinks I'm just gonna sit around while she has herself a night on the town, she's got another thing coming!...Um, I don't know where I was going with that, but anyway I ah...I did clean up the apartment a little. But mostly I spent the time getting reacquainted with an old friend, **Taxi Driver**. Though it's not my favorite Scorsese film (**Raging Bull** is this fan's favorite) it's probably his best work. It's a character sketch of an ex-Marine named Travis who's suffering from insomnia, so he starts driving cab to keep himself busy during the long nights. When watching this one keep an open mind for slightly laborious character development. I call it laborious, but in a way it could also be described as minute. Regardless, the pay off is immense.

Saturday, Jan 20

Didn't sleep well last night. Cherry's got us using this comforter at night instead of blankets and the thing can get too warm at times. So I kept tossing and turning and after a while my mind started playing tricks on me. I was tired and half asleep. I'd open my eyes and the shapes and shadows around the room would spin and wurl about or pretend they were in a Dali painting. I got up, grabbed some blankets and slept much more soundly out in the living for the rest of the night.

Got invited to play a little football with Warren and about a half dozen friends, most of which he knows from work. I'm far from being "in shape". In fact, I've been out of shape for so long I don't even remember what being in shape looks like anymore, personally speaking. However, modesty aside, I held my own, scoring numerous touchdowns and nabbing a few interceptions. We played three or four games, switching up the teams each time, and I'd like to point out that my team never

lost. Yes, my body is now in a massive amount of pain, but that's the price you pay for greatness. Sorry, football cliches can't be helped at times.

Cherry's friend from college, Heather came by for a visit and the three of us went to the Vista movie theater on Sunset Drive in Silver Lake. I don't know much about it, but I think the Vista was recently renovated. Inside it's quite magnificent in an eerie, gothic kind of way. The seating is ample, but no matter how far away from the noisy people you sit, you'll still be able to hear them. The acoustics are too good. So if someone in the first row so much as sniffs, the person in the back row hears it as if they were sitting right down in front beside the sniffer. Luckily, the crowd tonight was a quiet one.

The movie was **Shadow of the Vampire**, a fictional take on the making of the early 20th century vampire film **Nosferatu** starring John Malkovich and Willem Defoe. **Shadow** is nothing to write home about. It's not that long, yet it manages to drag a bit here and there. Ah but Defoe as the vampire is quite entertaining, enough to make it all worth while, especially if you've seen the original or at least have an idea of what it's all about. I think I would've preferred a non-fiction approach. Life is fantastic enough without making it fake.

Malkovich and Defoe star in **Shadow, not **Nosferatu**.*

Sunday, Jan 21

And so today we went to see **Nosferatu** at the Silent Movie Theatre on Fairfax below Melrose. Since it happened to be playing at the same time as **Shadow of the Vampire**, it only made sense to take them both in. I'd seen most of **Nosferatu** in bits and pieces, but it was good to put it all together. Is the acting over-done? Sure. Are the special-effects silly by today's standards? Of course. But we're talking about a movie that was made almost 80 years ago. So you've got to take it in the context of which it was made, and realize how fucking good it really is.

This was the first time I'd been to the Silent Movie Theatre. When I was living here before, it had been shut down after the proprietor was shot and killed by his jealous lover...or maybe it was the other way around. No no, I believe that's how the story goes. Regardless, it's been reopened by a very spirited and overtly energetic kid about my age-ish. He's doing the sort of thing I've dreamed of doing. And in a way I kind of did it with the record store, but eh, it coulda been better.

The theater itself is fairly small. The downward slope of the room is almost nonexistent. The chairs could definitely use more padding. Butt fuck all that. Where else are you gonna see silent films? How often do you see the owner of the theater jump up on stage and give a funny, informative history of the filmmaker and then later give away freebies? And finally, how many times have you seen a full length film, plus three shorts, all backed with a soundtrack provided by a live pianist? Unlike when we went to see **Traffic** at a General Cinema, I didn't mind paying \$9 to get in...especially since I used my student ID, five years expired, and paid only \$6.

Before the movie we ate at an Ethiopian restaurant just down the street a few blocks. I can't remember the name of the place or it's exact address, but there's about three such places all located around 1000 S.Fairfax.

As much as I realized that at this point I really can't afford to be so loose with my money, I can't help going to places I love. And Ethiopian food is just plain yummy and fun to eat. You see, they give you this somewhat sour spongy bread and you rip off hand-sized pieces, then grab your food with it. No utensils! I like the hands on, get down an' dirty style. Fuck etiquette, let's dig in!

But yeah, I gotta start being a little more frugal. We've been going to too many movies and eating out way too much. There's plenty of food here at the apartment. Christ, I haven't even touched that 30 pack of Ramen I bought at Ralph's last week. Top Ramen for less than 10 cents a pack...sweet.

Have you ever had a full body cramp? No, me neither. But I feel like I came pretty close today. I am sore all over from playing football yesterday. I can't lift either one of my legs without suffering harsh pain. I'm such a sissy boy.

Monday, Jan 22

Wish I could say something exciting happened today, but I can't. All I did was move my car around all day. You see, the street in front of our apartment is 'one-hour parking only' from 8am to 6pm. Last night I parked my car out there just before six. This morning I had to get up and move it. So I went and did an early morning errand. But when I got back there was no 'all day parking' on any of the streets near our place cuz of street cleaning, so I had to park it in a one-hour spot again. Which meant an hour later I was off again, running another errand. To cut down on typing and reading time, just multiply the above scenario by three before I finally managed to get a spot that I won't have to move from now until next Monday.

Parking fines have become a big money maker for the city of Los Angeles. I didn't mention it at the time cuz I didn't think much of it, but Cherry and I both got tickets the first day we moved in. And then today while down on Melrose I got another one.

The Parking Nazis (P.N.), as I call them, are everywhere. In cars and on bikes, they slink around the streets. And they move quickly. I missed not getting a ticket today by seven minutes. You have to be quick and careful around this town, or pay the consequences. Quite frankly I think that sucks, so I'm trying to come up with ways to torment the P.N. It has to be clever in a way that will make them understand why it's happened, and it has to be crafty so I don't get caught. Any ideas are surely welcome.

Finally got a po box! That's high-time for celebration in most zinester's eyes. What a pathetic lot we are.

Tuesday, Jan 23

I'm finally getting caught up on my zine stuff. Although, I still haven't sent out #7 to everyone who's expecting one. The rest of the copies are still at my parent's house. Christ, I could have #8 copied and mailed out before I even see the #7s again. Course I won't, cuz as I mentioned a few days ago, I'm a very lazy man.

After looking around at furniture stores and thrift shops alike, Cherry and I were unable to find any reasonably priced bookcases that met our needs, until we went to Staples. They had basically what we were looking for, a simple design that can hold records and CDs just as well as books. And the tag wasn't ridiculous. So we said we'd take 'em. They said they'd have to be ordered from the main warehouse. It being Friday, the cases wouldn't be in until Monday. Fine. Quite understandable. ~duda~duda~du~ Monday arrives. We head on down to the store around noon, figuring anything coming from a warehouse about an hour away should be there by now. Nope, it's not here. Call back later in the day, they tell us. Sure. So I call back towards the end of the Staples day. A friendly person named Michelle says she'll go look for them. I stay on hold for a good ten to fifteen minutes. That's as long as I can take. So I call back. This time no one even says hello, I'm just immediately put on hold. I hang up and try again. It's busy. It's busy again. Fuck it. Let's just get them tomorrow. That brings us to today, this morning to be exact. The bookcases *must* be in by now. Nope, they're not. The warehouse only had two of the three we wanted. So they delayed shipment until they had all three. They'll ship them tomorrow. We're told to call before coming in, just to make sure. Perfectly okay. That happens. But if it continues to happen beyond tomorrow, it's going to get ugly.

Usually when this sort of thing happens I don't care in the least. However, there's something about the people that work there that gets under my skin. They all, aside from

Michelle, have a better-than-thou attitude. Now, I hate it when a salesperson gets in your face and won't go away, but the sales personnel at this Staples are quite the opposite. You have to beg for their attention. I went up to one guy who was stocking a shelf and said...

"Sorry to bother you, we need some help."

"Yes?", he replied without even turning his head towards us. And his "yes" to me sounded more like "what is it this time?"

I would've completely expected this sort of thing from a teenager, I used to do it myself. But this guy looked to be in his 40s at least. Well, I guess if when I'm 40 and I'm working in a Staples, I'll be just as pissy.

Wednesday, Jan 24

As of mid-afternoon today, the bookcases have still not arrived. At this point, Cherry and I believe there actually are no bookcases. It's all just a big joke at Staples and that's how the workers get their kicks, by watching us come in day after day like beggars with pleading eyes.

I realized today that if you stay in your apartment and never go outside, you can make yourself forget that you're in Hollywood. But the moment you step outside, it's over.

Tonight I walked up the street to the Tower Bargain Outlet Over-Stock Whatever-the-fuck-you-want-to-call-it Store. As much as I hate Tower Records, I have to admit, their outlet stores rock. You see, Tower constantly over-stocks their stores and when stuff doesn't sell right away it gets relegated to the outlet store at bargain prices. So tonight I picked up Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald for my brother, and videos of The Smiths, Monthy Python and Kids in the Hall for myself. It came to a \$40 total which is a price I can deal with...No, wait a minute...Why the fuck did I buy **ANYTHING?** Damn it, I can't afford that shit.

I was walking down the street on the way back when I thought I heard a child screaming. Kinda like throwing a tantrum screaming. It sounded like it was coming from the far corner of the intersection I was at, but I couldn't see any kid in the darkness. Then, as I crossed the street, I realized the noise was coming from a old black bag lady. I think it was the same woman I saw in Rite Aid yesterday, standing in the middle of the store eating ice cream while doing a little song and dance in praise of ice cream. Yeah, I'm pretty sure it was her. This time she was kinda stamping her feet and jumping up and down while wailing away the entire time. I passed her and then stopped. She just kept yelling her head off and it occurred to me that she was just looking for attention. And as her little dance brought her around to face me from across the avenue, she stopped. Apparently she saw that I was watching her and she stood there looking back in my direction. To see if I was right, I turned away and started walking home. Immediately the wailing started up again.

Thursday, Jan 25

An amazing amount of nothing happened today.

Friday, Jan 26

Zinesters are a solitary lot. For the most part, they like to be left alone. I'm the same way at times. But I also like to know that, indeed, there *are* others out there like me who write these things. So I like to drag zinesters out of their holes now and then.

A day or two ago I called Patrick Lee who does a comic zine basically based on his life experiences called **Time's Up** [\$1? Patrick Lee 280 Florence St, Burbank CA 91505]. I've been admiring his work for years. Before I left LA last time, I got the chance to meet him and we occasionally saw each other at various zine fests. At first he seems quiet and introverted. But

as the conversation gets going, you realize he's a thoughtful guy who will laugh as loud as any extrovert.

I was happy when Pat stopped by the apartment this afternoon for a couple hours. We talked about LA, Boston, zines, me, him, and a bunch of other stuff. Damn it, I just realized I didn't even offer him anything to drink. Sorry Pat. And Pat, I hope you didn't get a parking ticket while you were here. The P.N. totally slipped my mind.

Tonight Cherry and myself went out to eat with another zinester...well, former zinester, Jocelyn. She did a zine called **Cupcake**, but that's been on hiatus for awhile now and it doesn't look like she'll be getting back to it anytime soon.

About four years ago I ordered a copy of **Cupcake**. Since then Jocelyn and I have kept up one of the best penpalships I've ever been fortunate enough to be a part of. She's gone thru some hard times and come out a stronger person for having survived. I don't think I've ever told her this, but she reminds me in more ways than one of Lucille Ball. She has that silly sort of way about her. And while she's tall and lanky, she maintains an aura of beauty and grace about her. Right now Jocelyn is probably reading this thinking, "What the hell's Jay been smoking."

All three of us had sushi at Anaba's on Crescent Heights and Beverly Blvd. It's a place Cherry and I have frequented perhaps too frequently since arriving in LA. But they've got fresh, tasty food at reasonable prices, well, reasonable for sushi anyway. Plus the staff is super nice. You always get a big hello from the hostess or the chef, whoever sees you come in. And when you leave it's like you're boarding a ship and sailing away. Everyone stops what they're doing to wave you out the door with a warm "goodbye!"

Tonight, Cherry and Jocelyn did most of the talking. I was talked out from earlier in the day. So I mostly just sat there enjoying the company and food.

Saturday, Jan 27

In the interest of giving my life some order, I'm still trying to get my stuff unpacked and put up away on shelves, in closets, under the bed, where ever. I'll feel more at home when I've gotten rid of all the cardboard boxes.

Received the security deposit check back from my former landlord and the total was about \$500 more than expected. I don't know why and I don't care. It's money I need and money I feel I deserve. My problems with Aubuchon Realty Company were not frequent or horrendous, but enough to make me never want to do business with them again. First of all, they go by the book every step of the way. Their standard lease, the one I agreed to sign, describes in minute detail exactly what they will and won't do, down to changing the individual light bulbs. More importantly to them, the lease details everything that is my responsibility, as well as everything I can and can not do. The "can not"s are much more numerous. There's a bunch of little instances that I could bring up as example of their irritating business practices, but frankly that could also be taken as me nit-picking. Plus, I'm in no mood to even think about it again.

Sunday, Jan 28

This is the first time I've been able to watch the Superbowl naked. It's always been a dream of mine and now it's come true. What a wonderful time to be alive.

Actually, since I've been indoors all day watching TV, I feel like shit. I could really do with a bit of fresh air and exercise, so I'm gonna go for a walk.

Monday, Jan 29

Today is the day I have to play hide-and-go-seek with the P.N., cuz they do street cleaning on Mondays. So I had to find stuff to do with my car for three hours this afternoon. So I went to the post office. Why? I guess I must like standing in

lines. One dude continuously and loudly professed just how much he did *not* like standing in long lines.

"I come down here everyday and spend a \$100 and these people still treat me like crap!", said the middle-aged white man with the slightly scruffy beard. He kept running off at the mouth, again and again, repeating himself and getting the others in line involved. "There's only one line open and no one's complaining?!?"

"You are!" yelled one woman.

"Yeah, if it pisses you off so much, why don't you go up there and complain, ya stupid jerk", said the woman in front of me. I just laughed my ass off.

"That's the sort of attitude that makes the lines get this long!", yelled the man. "You know, every time you come in here and don't complain about the lines being long, next time you come in they're 20% longer."

"Look, gittin' all stressed about it's only gonna make ya git older," rationalized another woman.

You might notice how none of the many guys in line, including myself, said a word. It's one thing for a woman to talk back at an irate male, but for another male...that's a challenge to his manhood. And if you don't want to get in a fight with 'the pissed off guy', men know enough to keep their mouths shut. Women on the other hand can shout right back in his face without much fear of retribution.

Tuesday, Jan 30

Cherry spent all last night running from the law in the dream I had. In retrospect, it was quite silly to think Cherry could out run anyone. I mean, with her tiny little legs and feet she has to take stairs one at a time. But there she was, moving unseen thru the night in this downtown warehouse area, deserted aside from the cops and FBI (or whatever the fuck they were) searching in vain, but persistently for my baby. I was searching alongside them, acting as if I was trying to catch her

as well, but of course I was trying to help her escape. I don't know why she was running, but I do know that she had been wrongfully accused of whatever it was.

Don't tell me TV and movies don't affect us in any way.

Wednesday, Jan 31

I swear this is going to be the last time I talk about my dreams in this issue.

It was about a week or so ago when I talked to my mother and she told me about how she had sold a few of the CDs I had stored at their house to friends and family. I asked her how they managed to do that since the CDs were stacked in bins and shoved away in the back. She just said, "We managed."...an uncommonly mysterious answer for my mother.

So I guess that's what triggered the dream I had last night. It started out with me back at the record store selling CDs. Quite an ordinary beginning. However, after the customers left I looked around and noticed there was something wrong with the store. In a flash, it became known to me that it was January 5th and that my parents had moved all the merchandise back into the store. They had resurrected a skeletal version of what my record shop had once been for the sole purpose of selling off the rest of the stock. I freaked out, mainly because the lease had run out and we weren't suppose to be in the building any more. Plus, I would have to move everything out and clean up the place all over again. "Fuck it, I thought," it's their mess. "Let them clean it up." And that was that.

What a lame dream. What a lame life that my lame dreams are more interesting to write about.

I thought I'd give Mail Boxes, Etc a shot and see what their postage prices are since I had a bunch of zines to send out. There's one right down the street, so it's just a hop over Don Johnson's star, a skip across Alabama's, and a jump over Kiss'. And when I got there, there was no waiting in line to pay twice

as much as the post office. For me, time is *not* money. I can afford to waste time, but I can't afford to waste money.

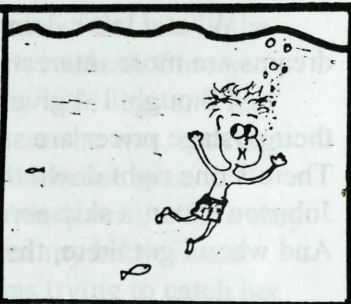
Later, back at the shag pad, Cherry and I watched perhaps what is the worst porn ever made. **For Pleasure Only** stars Asia Carrera in the snorefest of a life time. The sex sucks. The director tried to get artsy and just ended up making a mess. Half the movie is in super slow motion...or maybe it just seemed like it cuz no one was doing anything. Then there was this one chick who was just flat out scaring both Cherry and me. We both agreed, that neither one of us had ever been so unaroused by a porn before. Christ, it took us a good fifteen minutes before we could forget that monstrosity and start getting horny again.

IN CONCLUSION

This issue sucked, didn't it? Jesus, I thought it was gonna turn out pretty good, but it just plain sucks. I think the problem is that I was tired from the moving and I was getting all stressed. From what I can tell, the next issue seems to be coming along nicely. It surely can't be as bad as this one.

Let's see, I don't think I forgot to mention anything...but I'm sure I have. The margins could still use some work, but I did widen them. You can tell partly by the decrease in pages from the last issue. But also there's fewer pages cuz I just flat out wrote more last time around. Like I said, I was tired this month.

By the time you read this I should almost be done with "Mr. Peebody's Picture Book", a mini-comic/perzine about my childhood. I don't think I'll be asking for much more than a dollar for it.



MOVIE PREVIEWS

I'm not what you'd call a big **X-Files** fan, but Cherry is and so I occasionally get roped into watching an episode. Well anyway, we watched one recently in which David Duchovny's character gets abducted (and probably probed!). As far as I could tell, it didn't look as if he was coming back to the show any time soon. I jumped to the conclusion that Duchovny was going to be busy with movies and what do you know, I was right. **Evolution**, a sci-fi comedy from Dreamworks will include Duchovny, Orlando Jones, Julianne Moore, Seann William Scott, Ethan Suplee, and Michael Ray Bower. Ivan Reitman's at the helm of this one.

Animated movies take awhile to produce. It was three or four years ago when I told you about **Shrek**, and I just saw a trailer for it last week. So don't get too excited just yet when I tell you that Columbia Pictures is putting together **Final Fantasy: The Movie** based on the popular video game series. The voices will be provided by Alec Baldwin, Ving Rhames, Ming-Na, James Woods, Donald Sutherland, Steve Buscemi, and Peri Gilpin. They just started in August of 1999, so it could be a while yet before it comes out.

I think the trailer's already out for Martin Scorsese's **Gangs of New York**, what appears to be a sort of old school approach to Scorsese's usual formula. I should probably be bitch-slapped for having said that. The cast includes such notables as Daniel Day Lewis, Leonardo DiCaprio, Liam Neeson, Cameron Diaz, Jim Broadbent, and Henry Thomas.

Course almost everyone knows Warner Bros is slapping together a live action Harry Potter movie based on the books called **Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone**. But perhaps you don't know that it's cast will include John Cleese, a

favorite comedic actor of mine from his days in **Monty Python** and **Fawlty Towers**.

Jurassic Fart 3 is apparently on the way. Sam Neill gets savaged again along with William H. Macy and Tea Leoni.

Drew Barrymore's Flower Films company is working on her new vehicle, **Riding In Cars With Boys**. That doesn't sound like a title that will stick, so look for a movie under a different name starring Drew with Sara Gilbert, James Wood, and Rosie Perez. Penny Marshall's directing, while James L. Brooks is producing. I knew a kid in 4th grade named James Brooks. He always acted very 'girly' for a boy. Last I heard he had joined the navy.

John Woo's latest project is **Windwalker** with Nicolas Cage and Christian Slater. Shooting started this past Summer in Hawaii.

Zoolander features Ben Stiller in what I believe was an SNL skit expanded into a full length production about a male model. A fairly solid supporting cast includes Jerry Stiller, Milla Jovovich, Christine Taylor, Owen Wilson, and Will Ferrell. I wasn't a Stiller fan when I first saw him on MTV, but he's made some funny movies.

THE FOLLOWING IS NOT A PAID ADVERTISEMENT

When I'm not busy working on my own zine projects, I like to sit back and do some reviews for one of the leading review zines, **A Reader's Guide to the Underground Press**. ARGtUP, or ARG, was originally hand-crafted in the 20th century. This beautifully designed book contains hundreds upon hundreds of reviews as well as news and events that have touched the lives of zinesters through out the ages. Supplies are limited. Order Now! Send \$4 to ARG, PMB 2386, 537 Jones St, San Francisco CA 94102.

TALES FROM THE NEXT ISSUE!

! A Valentine's Day Love Story !

! Hanging out with the Assassin...or the Whiner? !

! APE shit happens !

! More job hunting !

! Francine Dancer !

! Pinks...Yum or Yuck? !

LEFT-OVERS

This is what remains of the past Peebody's. If you haven't read them yet, you don't know what you're missing. So let me tell you, you're missing nothing.

I don't plan on making any more copies of the back issues. In fact, the extra copies laying around are just getting in the way. However, instead of throwing them out, I'd rather take you for some of your hard earned cash. So send for a few issues and help finance my empire. Bwa-ha-ha-ha!!!

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