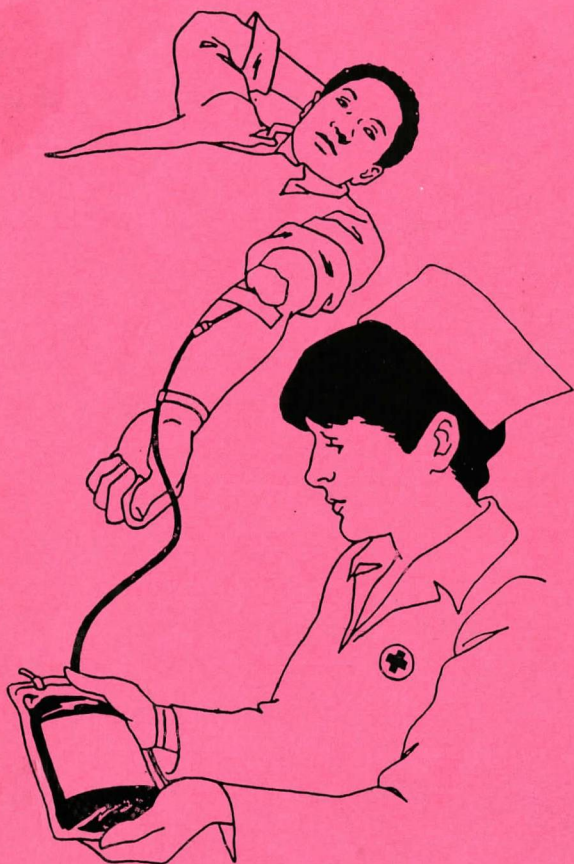


ONE DOLLAR

#5

California's



THE LOVE ISSUE

cul-de-sac #5

January 2000

published by

Julie Halpern & Liz Saidel

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Back Issues are one dollar plus 3 stamps each:

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- #1: A Conversation with Liz and Julie**
- #2: The Karaoke Issue**



Hello, Radiant Readers!

Welcome to the Love Issue. With this issue, we wanted to do more than write about romance. We wanted to write about *things* we love. When put on the spot, I couldn't come up with a huge list of things I love. It worked sort of more deductively; I'd be in the middle of an experience or a conversation with somebody, and I'd realize, "Hey, wait a minute, *there's* something I love." In other words, for my part, as cheesy as this sounds, this issue was about discovering more about myself.

Interestingly, when we started composing this issue earlier this year, my boyfriend of a year and half and I broke up, so one might argue this should have been called the Bye Bye Love Issue. Ironic, considering his dad is the accountant for the Everly Brothers. In spite of this, I almost feel like I have to less to say about "romance" (what immediately comes to mind when one thinks of love) than I have to say about other kinds of love, like love of things in life.

Considering my recent romantic history, am I just avoiding the obvious and most pressing material to write about? Maybe. Maybe I don't want to embarrass him. Maybe I have nothing to say about it to the audience that isn't my own psycho-babbling dirty laundry. Or maybe, I choose to focus on other things in life that are life-affirming. Either way, this introduction is way too serious for our normal **CDS** fare. Speaking of love's lost, by the way, Lounge Ax, the place of our beloved karaoke is closing, and may be closed by the time you read this! Sadness! But **CDS** is still here, and we hope you dig this issue.

Love and kisses, Liz



Julie's Stupid Love Tricks

Since this is the Love Issue, I guess I'll put in an article about that crock-o-shit known as true love. This is coming from the perspective of a person who hasn't had a boyfriend in a year and a half, and of the boyfriends I did have, let's just say I made some bad decisions. This article is not so much a cut on the actual guys I've dated (well, it sort of is), but more on how I don't seem to have my brain turned up to 11 when I choose to date the people I do. Following is a list of the types of guys I have dated and an explanation of why they did not work. Read and learn.

1) I Should Marry Him Because He's Jewish: I have found myself in this situation one and a half (half Jew) times. Even though I don't care what religion the guy I date is (see the fact that I have only dated that many Jews), but dating a Jew ads all sorts of urgent, we-must-get-married feelings. The relatives really put on the pressure: an aunt sent me \$50 once when she found out I was dating a Jew. The whole thing puts the relationship into fast forward, at which point I discover I don't want to marry the guy, and I feel all embarrassed for acting all intense about someone I hardly knew.

2) Damn, You's Fine, But You Ain't Got No Brain!: Women fall prey to this, too, although I will have a heated argument with you any day that men have much more generic and unrealistic standards for women than women do for men. These relationships are fun for a while, and it's nice to have a trophy and to want to have sex all the time. This lasts one to two months, and then snore-a-roni.

3) Let Me Treat You Like Shit So You Hate Yourself and You Think I'm the Only Guy Who Will Ever Like You: Of course, this

was my longest relationship and one that will never be repeated. As karma would have it, he is now dating a woman who cheats on him and insults him regularly (He told me she told him he had a small penis! I was way too nice for keeping those feelings inside.)

4) The “Is He Gay?” Guy: I’ve never thought of myself as the most fem gal, so maybe that’s why I end up choosing femmish guys. It’s funny: I usually deny their gayness until we break up, then I make all sorts of “Well, he needs to start dating men” comments. My friends, however, have questioned the sexuality of several of my boyfriends way prior to breakups (just as I have questioned the sexuality of *theirs*.) Not one of them has come out yet. Show your true colors, boys!

5) The “I Play the Drums” Guy: Apparently, drummers are my musician of choice because whenever I date a guy who’s a musician (are there any guys out there who aren’t?!) he’s a drummer. Perhaps that’s because I’ve always wanted to play the drums. Or perhaps that’s because I have picked these guys up in hippie drum circles. That was a joke.

Since all of these guys, I have made my standards much higher. I think that’s why I haven’t had a boyfriend in so long: I’m tired of compromising. I’m actually quite proud of the way I have stopped dating guys just because they ask me out. However, talk to me in five years if this draught keeps up. I may have to start visiting drum circles again. That was still a joke. I hate drum circles. Really. [f]



How Not To Be My Boyfriend

by Liz

It's really not that hard to be my boyfriend, especially if you've made it past my screening service. However, there are definite things that will put suitors and long-term boyfriends in my disfavor. And if that happens, well, let's just say I would hate for there to be a lit-tle acc-i-dent? Things just sort of naturally fall off the top of buildings, don't they? So I highly advise not screwing up this job.

Teach me how to shoot pool when we're just playing a game

Hello! We're at a bar to have a good time. This isn't a competition. It's just a game to have a good time. It's just physics. Invariably whatever guy I'm with condescendingly pipes up, "Here. Let me show you..." or "Why don't you just..." Well, here's what I have to say: "Here. Let me show you how to FUCKING FUCK OFF."

Not change your gross earplugs

I dated this guy for like a week who was a piano teacher/composer. I thought that was sort of genius-y, especially because he was in one of my classes and would raise his hand in this big lecture class and discuss things with the teacher, which I found really attractive. I went to go watch him play in the practice room, and he wore earplugs, which is fine in itself. I myself went through a phase where I wore earplugs all the time, even walking down the street. I wore them because I felt there was too much sensory stimuli. But this guy! His earplugs were all gross. They were covered with earwax and this gross black goo. He'd wear them over and over without getting new ones. No way did I ever want to put my sensuous tongue anywhere near his grody ear! Besides, my friends said he was weird at my parties because he would sit in the corner and play guitar, like he was a teenage boy or something.

Make a mess

If you come to my house and spend a lot of time there, I begin to feel like this is Hotel Liz where the room service (me) has to clean up your plates, crumbs, urine on the toilet seat, etc. I'm not a fucking maid!!!



Be a shitty listener

I have to say, I have met many guys who, when I describe a problem, are very, "Well, why didn't you just.../You should..." Yes, men really are from Mars; they're from another planet and they're martians. I just want to say, *Have a little empathy*. If somebody did that to you, you'd feel like shit, wouldn't you? I still maintain, male or female, the best listeners nod their heads sympathetically and say things like, "I hear you and that sucks." Is that so hard?

Look to me during a sad scene of a movie to see if I'm crying

What are guys doing when they check? Looking to see if it's OK to get emotional by watching how I'm acting? It's like they can't stay in their own experience and have to invade mine. Even worse is if they start talking. Die! Die!

Talk about music and music only

There is more to life than just music. There's transcontinental flight, family tragedy, wrinkly dogs, mysticism, and the contrast between classical literature and modern fiction. So don't give me any of that, "But I'm a musician. I feel the passion of music" crap, because passionate people are passionate about *life*, not just Matador.

As I get older I realize more what I will and will not accept in a relationship, but I could only do that through experience. That's how I know that these are some major offenses. My secretary immediately notifies suitors and longtime boyfriends via a memo if these mandates are violated. Ha, ha, just kidding. No really, I just have my hench man come out and knock 'em off. ♣



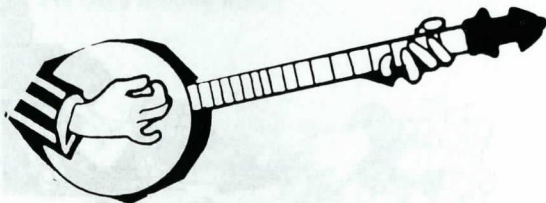
Deliver me from Hoyt

by Julie "I ain't no inbred" Halpern

Call me creepy, but ever since I saw *Deliverance* last year, I can't get it out of my head. No, I'm not talking about that "Squeal like a piggy" part (Big fucking deal- women get raped in movies all the time, not to mention every minute in REAL LIFE.) I rarely even get that far when I watch because I become transfixed on the darling of the film: Hoyt Pollard. Who, may you ask, is Hoyt Pollard? Why, he's the inbred banjo boy. His alien-like, moon-shaped face leaves me mesmerized each time I see it.

At first, Hoyt totally creeped me out. What was wrong with him? Did he really play the banjo? Was it make-up? Did they create the part for him or have a casting call for inbreds? I still don't know the answers to many of the questions. What I do know is this: he is a true inbred, hence the large forehead and deep-set eyes. This is what's known as Froelich's syndrome, common amongst inbreds. He did not, I believe, actually play the banjo because the credit to banjo music goes to someone else. And to my knowledge, he has not appeared in any other films.

Strangely, Hoyt shares the same last name as my favorite rock man, Bob Pollard of Guided By Voices. Perhaps a long lost relative? Or the result of Bob's incestuous relationship with his sister? I doubt it, considering the time frame of this movie, but the coincidence is eerie. For now, I will just watch my *Deliverance* DVD and ponder the illusive being that is Hoyt. Hoyt. What a lovely name. 🍌



I DO Not Love
Giuseppe Andrews
by Julie

DID ANYONE OUT THERE SEE *DETROIT ROCK CITY*? NO? WELL, I DID, AND IT WAS ACTUALLY QUITE AMUSING. MOST OF MY AMUSEMENT CAME THROUGH THE LOVELY LEAD BOY (NO, NOT THE FROG-FACED EDWARD FURLONG) PLAYED BY GIUSEPPE ANDREWS. YOU MAY HAVE SEEN HIM AS A GREASY NERD IN *PLEASANTVILLE*, OR PERHAPS AS A "DENOMINATOR" IN *NEVER BEEN KISSED*. LIZ DESCRIBED HIM AS "THURSTON MOORE-ISH," WHICH I GUESS IS BECAUSE OF HIS MOPPY HAIR AND LANKY-NESS. HE HAS A HIGH-PITCHED, PLUGGED-UP-NOSE VOICE, AND I THOUGHT HE WAS SO DAMN CUTE. I VISITED THE *DETROIT ROCK CITY* WEB SITE FREQUENTLY TO OGLE OVER HIS PICTURE.

HAVING MONO THIS SUMMER, I BECAME INCREASINGLY MORE BORED AND INSANE, SO I DECIDED TO WRITE GIUSEPPE (ALSO KNOWN AS JOEY) AND ASK FOR AN INTERVIEW FOR **cul-de-sac**. NOT LIKE THE BUTTWEDGE HAS ANYTHING BETTER TO DO, BUT HE DIDN'T WRITE, E-MAIL OR CALL (I GAVE HIM ALL THREE OPTIONS!). SO NOW I SHALL DISS.

LIZ AND I WATCHED THIS REAL VIDEO INTERVIEW ON THE INTERNET (STOP LAUGHING, PLEASE), AND HE WAS ALL PRETENTIOUS AND YOUNG IN HIS 'COON-SKIN CAP. HE TALKED ALL ABOUT HIS LOVE FOR GERMAN FILMS AND HIS LOVE FOR THRIFT-STORE SHOPPING. HEAVE-O-RAMA.

I NO LONGER HAVE ANY FEELINGS, EXCEPT THOSE OF RESENTMENT, TOWARDS MR. GIUSEPPE (NOT EVEN HIS REAL NAME!!!) ANDREWS. IF YOU HAPPEN TO RUN INTO HIM, JUST RECALL HOW HE SNUBBED THIS INNOCENT LITTLE ZINE GAL, AND SPIT ON HIS 'COON SKIN CAP FOR ME. (D)



EMO-CORE

When I met the love of my life, Emo Phillips

By Liz

One day I will marry Emo Phillips. You must know who I am talking about. He is the tall, skinny comedian with the black bobbed hair who speaks in puns, like "I was walking down the street. Something caught my eye and dragged it fifteen feet." He used to go on "Letterman" wearing one of those red and black Michael Jackson jackets and peel it off halfway through to reveal another one of the same underneath, announcing, "Now ladies, contain yourselves." I tape any show he's on, memorize his albums, see him live, anything short of stalking this strange man. I can even imitate him pretty well. So now that you know this, you simply **MUST** read the following story, wherein though Emo and I are not engaged (most likely because Judy Tenuta stands in the way; I believe they were or are married), I did make his acquaintance!

At a zine fest someone from Quimby's told me that Emo would be at a screening of a movie called "Desperation Boulevard" at Celluloid here in Chicago, so I went. I was the first person there! I walk in and only see a few people who greeted me at the door. Immediately I assume I have the wrong night. I furrow my eyebrows (I assume. I've been working on eyebrow coordination as you will also remember from **CDS #3**) and said, "Um, hi. I heard there was a, uh—"

"A movie screening," a man finishes.

"Yeah, but...I heard that Emo—"

That same man said, "I'm Emo."

AND IT IS! Tall, skinny, but dig this: short, spiky brown hair. With highlights. Yes, blond highlights. Um. I don't know what to think about highlights. That's what suburban mothers convince their daughters to do when they don't want them to dye their hair.

And a tie. Actually very cute, which added another whole element. I exclaimed, "Wow! I never would have known that was you!"

"Witness protection program," he goes. He points to a fat man standing next to him and announces, "This is my body-guard," to which the body guard points to a very small woman and says, "That's my body guard." (My dad loves that part of the story.)



Emo asks me my name and what I do, and was very attentive. I was so excited I thought I was going to pee in my pants!

Now at this point I guess I should address the question, 'Is Emo freakish in real life the way that he is on stage, all airy and strange?' And to that I reply...Sort of. He has a few similar vocal inflections, but less gestures. Like most comedians, I get the sense that on stage he's a thicker-skinned version of himself with a script. I think most are the best possible versions of themselves on-stage, in performance mode. I get the feeling it's sacrilegious for me to be writing this, because I don't think he wants people to know that. I heard some guy behind me right before the movie say, "I tried to take a picture and he said, 'No pictures.'" So now I think the alter-Emo police will be coming after me for spoiling the conspiracy.

After the movie I *saunter* up to him. (The question remains, did I in fact, *saunter*? I damn well better have *sauntered*. I want to be all about nonchalantly *sauntering*.) I give him the most recent issue of CDS, and he thanks me. He's talking to a group of people but when I approach him, he immediately turns to me!! I feel like Frenchie when Frankie Avalon sings "Beauty School Drop-Out" to her. Emo asked me what I thought of the movie, but during the screening I was so nervous about re-approaching him, I could barely pay attention. He said if I had any comments I should write him. (!)

The thing with the zine was that he keeps opening it from the back. Both Julie and my dad suggested that he's Jewish, because that's how a Jewish prayer book reads. There may be some truth in that suspicion, because he said a few things in his stand-up routine before the movie that could be construed as comments from someone of the tribe, such as: "My sister married a German. Not the most effective way to get back at them," and, "He said, 'Yknow, you can't get a good bagel in Germany,' and I said, 'Humph, well, who's fault is that?'" So that means we can get married and there won't be any problems with discomfort over marrying outside the heritage. So that's settled, thank Gawd.

Emo then asks me if my address was in there and I tell him that my e-mail was as well. Then he goes, "Are you leaving?"



EMO-CORE

"Yes, I have homework to do." DUH! I HAVE HOMEWORK TO DO?! Why did I say that?! Probably because in truth, I did have a lot of work to do, but I mean, COME ON!! I felt like Baby in "Dirty Dancing" when she's all, *I carried a watermelon, I can't believe I just said that.*

He says, "I'm feeling very protective of you. You're like a little daughter or something." I didn't know how to answer, so I just answered, "I'm a really big fan. Can I give you a hug?" And he bends down and I GOT TO HUG EMO!!! Even as I'm writing this I'm all squirming back and forth and bouncing up and down and smiling and laughing! (I am secretly nine, if you haven't noticed.)

So then he goes (I AM NOT MAKING THIS UP I SWEAR TO YOU NOW), "You're so cute and little I could just bop you." Um. OK. I don't know how to answer that. I guess I always thought of him as a Disney character they have walking around at the Magic Kingdom and you go, "Look! There's Emo!" You don't actually picture him saying something bawdy back. I wasn't sure how to react. I mean, I wasn't offended, if you can believe that, because I've seen him harass people on stage about their sex lives. This is normal behavior for Weird Stage Emo. So I took it as a compliment.

Now my brother asks when Emo is coming over for dinner. I still check our p.o. box and e-mail everyday. I am still waiting for the day Emo becomes my pen-pal. One step closer to marriage.✿



Tuna Melts, A Love/Hate Relationship:

A Debate

By Liz and Julie

Just in time for the Love Issue! A **cul-de-sac** Forum. These are minutes from the last **cul-de-sac** town meeting.

Liz: Tuna melts are gross. First of all, *hot* tuna. Whatever. Second, melted cheese on tuna. Gross, dairy and fish? This is grody. I don't like tuna melts. Can you tell?

Julie: People cook fish all the time.

Liz: Not out of a can. And it's all crotch-y.

Julie: All fish smells like twat. You eat fish yourself!

Liz: Yeah, but not like not, crotch-y, out of a can with cheese on it.

Julie: What's the difference between fish with cheese and fries with cheese? That's not natural either.

Liz: It doesn't smell though.

Julie: Fish smells. With or without cheese. Dairy and fish is not a good point. People eat butter on fish as well as cream cheese-based sauces. You have no argument there.

Liz: Tuna melts. Gross, gross, gross. One time on a first date my date ordered a tuna melt and I wanted to vomit on him. What would it have mattered? It would have looked the same as the tuna melt. It makes your breath smell anyway.

Julie: Obviously, you have no case here. The court sides with the defendant. Your punishment: to eat a tuna melt.

Liz: I think tuna should be reserved for tuna salad croissants.

Julie: My feelings towards tuna croissants is that there is a major emphasis on the mayonnaise. Now mayonnaise is like eating boogers in lard, in my opinion. So you see our problem here --

Liz: I like mayonnaise. I think it adds a nice milky flavor.

Julie: That's good?

Liz: Only if you vomited on a piece of bread and covered it with cheese.

There you have it. Straight from the tuna's mouth. (?) Anything to add to our minutes? Write us: cul-de-sac@prontomail.com



Why *Grease 2* is Better Than *Grease 1*

by Julie "A Girl for All Seasons" Halpern

I don't know many people in the world who will agree with my radical opinion that the film *Grease 2* is better than *Grease 1*. (I will hereto be referring to *Grease* as *Grease 1* because of its inferiority and, therefore, its status only as a precursor to the great and powerful *Grease 2*.) Don't get me wrong - I loved *Grease 1* when I was little and still very much enjoy John Travolta's humorous performance ("You know how it is: rockin', and rollin' and whatnot.") And Knicky was so cool that they decided to put his picture on the new \$20 bill (see for yourself!) But nothing in *Grease 1* compares to the hilarity of *Grease 2*.

The cast alone of *Grease 2* is phenomenal. Mini-man Adrian Zmed was the least foxy of the T-Bird crew (come to think of it, he was less foxy than the principal, Miss Magee, and her kooky sidekick, Blanche), yet he was their fearless leader. It's fun to think about their previous, oft referred to school year where Zmed as Johnny Nagarelli dated Michelle Pfeiffer's character, Stephanie Zinoni. What a wild duet! It slays me that the T-Bones (Birds! T-Birds!) were so pumped to play the talent show in order to win 100 long-playing al-bu-mens (I got the Roy Orbisons!) Just writing this article is throwing me into fits of laughter over all of the incredibly memorable dialog. The actors went all out with their creative license and chose to pronounce most words incorrectly.

Truthfully, my least favorite performance in *Grease 2* is Michelle Pfeiffer's. She was great for the part, beautiful, and I totally wanted to be her, but she just took herself way too seriously. Hers is the only cringe-worthy part to watch. She did, however, get to sing the rockinist song in the movie, "Cool Rider."



If I'm ever in a band, I would cover this. I wonder if they have a karaoke version...

Maxwell Caulfield as Michael Carrington is the dreamiest. You know he's gotta be a cool guy in real life because he played that dandy of a musician in *Empire Records*. He was so blue-eyed pretty and smart in *Grease 2*, yet he could ride a hog with the best of them. The worst part of the movie is most definitely the song "Charades," where Michael sings around the cafeteria carrying a lunch tray. He does wear a nice sweater in that scene, though, that brings out the blue in his eyes. Nevertheless, I always fast-forward.

Another of my favorite characters is Louis Damoochi, the guy who can't get laid. He attempts to seduce his girlfriend (who also played Dolores in "Fame") in Michael's Grandpa's bomb shelter. I would have given my virginity to a cutie with a voice that sweet if he sang "Let's do it for our country" to me. Sigh.

The thing that really sets *Grease 2* apart from *Grease 1* is its absurd plot. It starts out simple: the new smart guy likes the stupid greaser girl. But then there's the whole talent show, Michael becoming a "cool rider" who wears a pair of goggles like a man from outer space (Oh, shut up), the bomb shelter, Michael forging T-Bird term papers, sex ed class, the Lonni K Lonni Luau, and weird Mr. Spears who just got back from the mental hospital and wears two-tone pants. How could *any* movie compare, really? I suggest you run out and rent it right now. Go ahead. I'll wait. 📺



God Save the Queen

By Elizabethan A. (nglophile) Saidel

This paper will talk all about how I love England and then give examples of how much I love it and then it will talk about how great England is. In conclusion, it will talk about how much England is great and how much you should go there and see how great it is. Second and finally, you should see all the cool stuff that comes out of the land of England in that great country, because it is really great.

I suppose it is really fitting that I will be a high school English teacher, because I am quite the Anglophile, though any English teacher will tell you that it isn't just British stuff you're teaching, especially if your class is American Lit. Nonetheless, I love that the position is called English teacher. It sounds like I'm teaching all about England.

I love England so much I've been there twice. As an undergraduate I did a British pop show on college radio with my English friend Nick. When I told everybody I had a crush on him and his beautiful accent, somebody alerted me to the fact that, "Y'know, if you go there, there's a whole country of people with accents like that." Besides, I was devastated that he told me he thought I was "mad."

Oh, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "I know you're just really into Spandau Ballet." Actually, it's really all about Douglas Adams' *Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. All five books in the series are hilarious. I do love Simon Jones who played Arthur Dent, the earthling who travels the galaxy with his alien friend, Ford. I want to be like Arthur and wear my robe around and make comments at the absurdity of carbon-based lifeforms. When I do that now I just get arrested.

I also have a coffee table photo-version of the first book. I have the BBC CD sets of the radio series and the scripts as well (as it was a radio show before it was a book). I love the many bizarre quotables from the show, like 'Y'know, it's at times like this, when I'm trapped in a Vogon airlock with a man from Betelgeuse and about to die from asphyxiation in deep space that I really wish I'd listened to what my mother told me when I was young.' Why? What did she tell you? 'I don't know! I didn't listen!'

Now you may notice, that on that quote I used the singular mark (') and not the double marks ("). Why? Well, have you ever noticed how British lit always uses the singular ones? At least in Victorian literature they do. Just

wanted to alert everybody to that, because it's really important. That will *definitely* be on the quiz.

Anyway, I have a written sort of making of the series, titled *Don't Panic* and the BBC video of it that at one point has Douglas Adams's butt in a beach scene. A former boyfriend (who, funny enough, I met at British night at the Smart Bar over a Charlatans UK raffle) saw that scene and announced, "That kind of looks like this Verve album cover."

I first got into this series when I borrowed the book from a friend freshman year of high school. The books influenced me in two important ways: 1) It turned me onto science fiction, and 2) I became an Anglophile. Imagine my surprise then, to learn that the University of Liverpool had a Masters program in science fiction. What a combination! I could just die. I visited it and they were very cool. A female headed it up! Nice! I visited the Foundation (as in the Asimov series, I guess), which was their library of thousands of books, zines, videos, etc. The guy who led me around it said that later that week he was going to a "Babylon 5" conference. Right-o! Nerdy British man, won't you be mine?

I've been trying to branch out to other parts of the isle, namely Scotland. I tried to master a Scottish Lowlands accent. I did a dramatic interpretation of readings from "Trainspotting" for my linguistics class but I'm practicing too much, and it's starting to sound like Balky. I actually walked around listening to scenes I'd taped from the movie on my walkman, like when I was a kid, before I'd leave for overnight camp and I'd tape scenes off TV to bring with me to be cool. How that made me cool I have no idea.

I need to marry a British man so I can have dual-citizenship. Here's a start though: I start student teaching in a week, and two of my classes are British lit! They WILL read this series. Either that, or we will look at pictures of Jarvis Cocker (the lead singer of Pulp) all day, because he is beautiful and swoonable and looks a bit like Kyle MacLachlan (who is not British). Language Arts, here I come! I even have a cardigan with a little British flag I can wear. Huzzah!

In conclusion, England is really great and I think everybody should go there because it is so fun and cool and I love all the accents and all of thee extra vowels on thee end of everytinge. Thee end. 🇬🇧



Julie Reviews the New Era of Teensploitation

I am truly pleased that the film industry has once again decided that teenagers are worth making crappy movies for. And it is even more pleasing that most of the teen films in the last three years are not in the *Porky's* vain, but are virtually free of naked tits. Following is a list of some of the most noteworthy teensploitation films of the 1990's. They are rated from zero to five cassette tapes in these three categories:

- 1) cute teens (ct)
- 2) dance scene(s) (ds)
- 3) actual entertainment quality (afq).

Can't Hardly Wait - The mutha of 90's teensploitation movies, this film seems to have been forgotten about by many, possibly because it came out right before the major boom in teen films (which, contrary to many morons' opinions, did NOT begin with *Scream*. That film was a horror film which, although it contains teens, is not a teen flick.) Don't miss this hilarious and stupid teen love story. I know any movie with Jennifer "Love My Breasts" Hewitt on the box scares away most people, but she really is only a small part of this adorable, ensemble cast. Ethan Embry (*Rusty* in *National Lampoon's Vegas Vacation*) is so pleasantly alien-like, and Seth Green (*Oz* from *Buffy*) plays a right-on white G. The soundtrack is more from my high school days than the days of the movie characters ("Bust a Move" and "Funky Cold Medina," to name a couple tracks)

Jennifer "Body Call"
Love Hewitt +
Ethan Embry of
Can't Hardly Wait



which probably adds to the likability of the film. Maybe that's the reason it didn't quite click with the younger, *actually* high school-aged crowd.

ct: [0][0][0][0] ds: [0][0][0][0] afq: [0][0][0][0]

10 Things I Hate About You - This movie was so sexy, thanks to the handsome crop of actors chosen for this 90's take on The Taming of the Shrew. I must have rewind the scene where Julia Stiles (as the shrew) dances on a table to the Notorious B.I.G.'s (R.I.P.) "Hypnotize"; it was so hot! And her romantic lead, played by the candy bar-named, Heath Ledger (sans his nasty, stringy hair) was mighty fine. All of the characters were so likable and good-looking (except for the main jock guy who was supposed to be hot - eeeewww), and I love Joseph Gordon-Levitt (3rd Rock From the Sun) for being so sweet. I highly recommend this movie and am currently in the process of bidding on the DVD on E-Bay.

ct: [0][0][0][0] ds: [0][0][0][0] afq: [0][0][0][0]¹/₂

Never Been Kissed - Does this movie count? It's not actually about a teenager, but it's so fantastical and cute. I shall include it. My favorite thing about this movie is the thirty-ish teacher wanting to get it on with supposedly high school-aged Drew Barrymore. I saw this the night it came to theaters, and the Chicago audience was roaring with



laughter. It was very fun, and I felt so proud for Drew. Lovable flick, even though it's not quite teensploitation. ct: [R][R][R] ds: [R][R][R] (Drew's awesome, stoned dance scene) afq: [R][R][R][R]

Cruel Intentions - This movie would be perfectly sexy if it were not for boring, pube-headed Ryan Phillippe. Reese Witherspoon is way cute (so why'd she marry Ryan?!), Sarah Michelle Gellar is gorgeous, and Selma Blair's character is over-the-top retarded, yet lovable. The movie itself got kind of boring after the first initial turn-ons, and prepare yourself for the ending of you've heard "Bittersweet Symphony" one-too-many times. Still, I'd rather watch this than *Dangerous Liaisons*.

ct: [R][R][R][R] ds: no tapes afq: [R][R]

Disturbing Behavior - Boring, unmemorable film about some disturbing things happening to teenagers. There was this creepy, elf-boy character that intrigued me, but he died (oooh! Did I give too much away?) The lead boy was not all that, and Katie Holmes had a fake nose ring. Embarrassingly, I love that song by the Flies (Flys?) that pervades the film. The rental version has a video of the song after the movie. I suggest you skip straight to it.

ct: [R][R] ds: [R] (Katie dancing on a truck)

afq: [R]



If only more men were
like Jake Ryan...



*Now Class, Simmer Down: Language Arts
With Liz "Future English Teacher" Sidel*

One of the things they make us do in our English methods classes before we're certified to teach high school English classes is write these thematic units that you would use with your students. You write an unit on a theme you've selected, such as justice, nature, death, sexuality, whatever. You pick texts relevant to the theme that you plan to cover in class, enrichment activities, such as projects and field trips, and various other poems, songs, films and what have you that have to do with that theme. I'm thinking about an all Max von Sydow unit. What do you think? I'll run it by you, and you let me know if you think it would go over well. Group work is all the rage now in education, so I think if you and I split up into partners, maybe you could give me some feedback.

Max von Sydow is the guy who played the librarian in "What Dreams May Come," and the priest in "The Exorcist." His period I am most interested in is from the fifties and sixties, when he was in Swedish director, Ingmar Bergman's films, like "The Seventh Seal." Von Sydow was all lanky, blond and beautiful. In this particular film, he played a Knight that wanders the countryside in the Middle Ages, trying to evade the Plague with some entertainers. He occasionally interludes with Death, playing chess and what not. (There's no doubt in my mind that the second Bill and Ted movie got the death character straight from this movie.)

My university encourages teachers to be reflective about their work, so here are my thoughts on Max von Sydow: I don't mean to go for the lankyblond types, I just do. Maybe it's a genetically-dominant-featured, subconscious, Jewish self-hatred thing to go for a recessive Swedish man. I don't know. Nor do I care! Just bring on the von (Sydow).

The funny thing is, until college I had no idea that this man was ever so attractive, because the first movie I ever saw him in was when I was in third grade and it was "Strange Brew." He was obviously past his lankyblond prime. He played the evil Brewmeister Smith. To this day, Julie and I still imitate him: "I could crush your head, but I won't, because I need you." Also, it wasn't until I got older that I realized



“Strange Brew” is essentially *Hamlet*. So there’s a good thematic unit right there. It could feature the intertextuality between Shakespeare and Bob and Doug McKenzie. However, “Strange Brew” is all about drinking beer, so I don’t think that would go over too well with the administration. Probably neither would this “I think we should cover this in class because he’s cute” unit either, come to think of it.

Concerning this Max von Sydow unit, besides film, I still need to think of actual texts to use, as well as poetry, music, short stories, activities... Well, everything really. But I’m off to a good start, wouldn’t you say? I was thinking that in an ideal world I would come up with a very self-indulgent unit based on my own interests, called the Ms. Saidel’s Favorite Things Unit. Then I’d create this little cult of me’s running around into all the things I’m into. Well, I think that’s what a good teacher does anyway, really. She shares stuff with her students, as if to say, “Hey, this is really cool, check this out,” like when your friend lends you a book they like, except with your friend you don’t break into discussion groups and make dioramas of your favorite scene. 🐛



Don't Say the H Word

by Liz

You can always tell when a band starts to get too popular. How? They get all overproduced and they add **HORNS**. I really hate horns. They're all brassy and yucky. And synthesized horns, those are even worse! Horns aren't even melodic. They're just bright, shlocky, and eighties-y.

I am very anti-love about horns. How could anybody be into Fishbone fully knowing they sound like the theme to *St. Elmo's Fire*? Even the Jam sucks when they add that brass. And horns really ruin the Fine Young Cannibals. Oh, they don't use horns? Well, they suck anyway.

I don't think I have any sort of emotional connection to my dislike of brass instruments. It's not like I was strangled by a flugel horn. Although, if I was at knife point and I had to draw on an emotional association to my dislike, I would have to say that I am reminded of how when I was a kid, my parents had this huge zebra skin on the wall of the TV room that scared the shit out of me. In the same room they had one of those hear ye-hear ye herald horns. (Also in the same room: a tambourine autographed by Kenny Rogers. Jealous?)

One of my friends said that they were going to pin me down, sit on me, and force me to listen to "Feels So Good" by Chuck Mangione over and over. Vomit. He said, "Oh, you'll just have a fit." Damn right I will. The horns have such a bright intensity, and then in combination with that bassline, it's like a musical manifestation of Fat Albert.

Horns make me wince because they're overkill on the emotional high. And it's not like I just don't have the funk gene or something. I can't stand horns in *any* genre, especially ska, which sounds like polka. And anyway, everything with horns always sounds like a wedding or bar mitzvah band that plays "Celebrate,"



all heavy on the horns. I remember at those functions being so uncomfortable; I was so hyper-conscious of the manufactured “feel-good” vibe that made the atmosphere all cheesy. It just made me squirmy and cringe-y and hyper-aware. What self-conscious preteen isn’t? The horns were used to make the music sound romantic, and a fabricated-romantic atmosphere is the last thing you want to be in when you’re thirteen and surrounded by adults. Colorful sounding horns in combination with gross banquet food and then gross people too, make for well, vomit.

I think horns add too many extra people to a band anyway. I’m not interested in seeing the Blues Brothers when I go see a band play. I don’t want a line of people in sunglasses crowding the stage. Horn musicians put so much effort into that job, blowing so hard, and then they make such a silly noise. It’s no coincidence that when we hear a tuba we think of farts and being fat. Why would I want to listen to that? I see a tuba and I just want to go stick my fist in it. Or maybe a rolled-up tube sock.

People who know me well have the courtesy to warn me when they’re playing me a CD and a song comes on that they know has horns in it. I need preaprtion so that I don’t cover my ears and run out of the room screaming and crying. I suggest if you’re in the market for some new tunes that you investigate music with a variety of other nice instruments. (I sound like a mother, all like “I think you should try to introduce yourself to some other nice boys.”) Besides traditional instruments like guitars, drums, and pianos, there are other interesting options such as vibraphones and Theremins. I beg of you, don’t play the horns around me.

So I’ll see you at Blues Fest? 🎺



I Was a Teenbeat Star
or
My Big, Bad Crush on Mark Robinson
by Julie

In **cul-de-sac #1**, I wrote about how crushes are sometimes better than reality because you can't get hurt and you can turn the person into whoever you want them to be. I still believe this. the only problem is the older I get and the less outwardly social my life becomes, the fewer options I have for crushes. It was one thing to see a boy everyday in school, know who he hangs out with, know that he wears the same t-shirt every Tuesday; these were things that provided ample inspiration for crushes. but how exciting is it to have a crush on a cute guy I see across a smoky bar? There is no reason for a crush here; it is only a situation of cute boy = sex. What I mean is, a crush is never solely based on looks, and a person you make eye-contact with in a bar is not there for conversation.

All that said, I have missing out lately on the joy of crushes. Bar guys bore me, no matter how cute because once I talk to them, any sort of interest usually dissipates. There is not reason for me and the guy to be talking, no common thread. I am becoming very disillusioned with young men of today. We'll talk when you get a job.

What this all has to do with the following tale about Mark Robinson is a bit dodgy, except that it would be safe to say that I had an actual crush on Mark Robinson. A crush that caused me to check my e-mail frequently and squeak with goofiness when the message finally arrived. (In case you don't know who Mark Robinson is, he's in Unrest, Air Miami and Flin Flon. Check your local record store.) Here's how it all began:

Liz called me late on a work night. I was all, "Hello, I work, " and she was all, "Ohmigod! Did you ever do an interview with Sassy Magazine?" I had no idea what she was talking about until she played me a snippet of a CD that her boyfriend had. It was me talking! Flashback to high school, when I used to read Sassy and they had a zine of the month column. There was a zine I wanted, and instead of writing them a letter, I made them a tape of me talking. It was rather embarrassing and way too personal, but when I did it I had no idea that someone would take and PUT IT INTO A CD. A Teenbeat CD, nonetheless, called "Tube Bar Deluxe," a sort of documentary CD, complete with prank calls. The funny thing was that there was no music; it was only me talking for five minutes, yet there was a "Produced by" credit. That credit went to Mark Robinson. Why he thought he deserved credit for producing a crappy tape I made, I just had to find out. So I emailed Teenbeat, told them who I was, and asked for a copy of the CD since it's out of print.



This is the email I got back:

Julie

yes its true

I feel like I know you.

Please send me your address and I'll get you a copy of the record

Mark

Teenbeat

And so the crush began. I had so much time on my hands (still do), and that whole "I feel like I know you" line sounded so romantic. The crush was inevitable. I wrote Mark back and told him a little about myself. This is what he wrote back:

J ulie

I'll hop to it

It may take a couple of days for me to find a copy (its been out-of-print for 5 or 6 years)

but soon as I do I'll send it out

Library Science is where its at

I know lots of people with that degree

bye

Mark

He wants me, right? I started to believe it was fate - that Liz was dating someone who had this CD so she could hear it and tell me and 8 years later Mark and I would finally meet. It seemed logical at the time. So I wrote him back asking how he got a hold of my tape and why he used it. Here's what he wrote (Quotes from my e-mail are next to the arrows):

hey Julie

I found a copy of the CD and I mailed it to you yesterday.

I hope you like owning it.

> how did you get a hold of the tape I made?

the people that did the zine played it for me and you just sounded so cute and funny
I stuck it on with the crazy filthy other stuff to lighten it up a bit.

> I question whether or not I should even send this or I should have just

> written in my journal. I hate keeping a journal; looking back makes me feel
> crappy.

>
I definitely agree with that. I started keeping one once and then read the previous stuff and threw it away promptly.

> um, if you're ever in Chicago, we should go out to eat or something. I
> promise to be better company.

I'd definitely be into that thanks
bye
Mark--

Tres romantic, don'tcha think? He'd "definitely" be into that. I started to fantasize about our fated meeting. Of course, I had no idea what the guy looked like or really anything else about him, but I have this strong belief that meant-to-be relationships are always brought together in some roundabout, bizarre way. This seemed like one of those situations to me.

The CD never came. Months later, the crush had worn off. Crushes don't work very well if you have absolutely no contact with the person. But wait! Who should be coming to do a show in Chicago tomorrow night? None other than Mark Robinson. I emailed him about the show, told him I never got the CD and this is what he wrote back:

Hey Julie

I can't believe you never got that CD.
I sent it ages ago - I even sent it Priority.
shit.



I will be in Chicago - It'll be nice to meet you.
I don't think I'll have time for lunch, I'm on a
really tight schedule.
but I guess I'll see you at the show.
I'll try and see if we have any more of those CDs...

bye
Mark

Was this the "maybe she's ugly, so I don't want to make plans until I see her" thing? Or had he grown disenchanted with our long-distance relationship?

I was a little nervous the night of the show. Liz and friends were going, and it was a nicely populated club (good because I could hide if embarrassment ensued.) Mark was the second act to go on. I still had no idea of what he looked like, but then the opening guy (sorry, I forgot who he was) invited Mark onstage to play with him.

There he was. He looked like Johnny Galecki, who played David, Darlene's boyfriend, on "Roseanne." At first he had a retarded way about him, but then I realized he was just doing "The Robot."

After that set, I walked up to Mark and told him who I was. It was fun talking to him. We got along famously (we are label-mates, after all), and I seemed to amuse him. It felt like we were old friends. We talked for maybe ten minutes about the CD, high school and meeting people who you've only written or talked to on the phone. I wanted to tell him the story of the boy I fell in love with the summer before seventh grade while on a family fishing trip. The boy and I were penpals for ten years but hadn't seen each other since the trip. One year in college, he left a message on my answering machine and said he was in town. He would call back later. He never did. We haven't written since. Mark had to go on-stage, though.

After Mark played many songs that were lovely and romantic, lots of people went to talk to him. I wanted to say goodbye, talk to him some more, invite him out to eat or something after the show. It just seemed silly with so many people around. We said a hurried goodbye while people tried to talk to him, and he said a very genuine "It was nice meeting you." And it was. It would be fun to see him again if he's ever in town, and I'm not at all disappointed with the experience. I only wish there were more people out there that were worth having crushes on. ☺



Sanrio Fever

by Liz Badtz-Maru Twin Stars Saidel

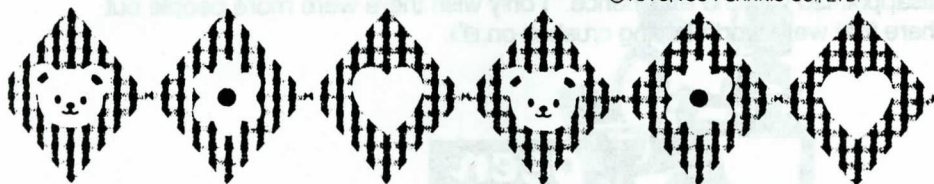
I've got Sanrio fever. Sanrio is the Japanese company that manufactures all those products with characters on them like Hello Kitty, Little Twin Stars, Pochacco, Bad Badtz Maru, etc. Whenever anybody wants to buy me a gift, they can just get anything with those characters on them, and I'm happy. They even let me keep the bag from the store because they're so cute, and they smell so nice. I always thought these characters weren't on any shows or anything and that they were just sort of ON things. However, I recently found out that there are books, cassettes, and videos with cutesy titles such as, *Hello Kitty and Friends Love School* and *Hello Kitty and Friends Bake a Cake*. I also know there is a *Hello Kitty Big Fun Deluxe* CD-ROM. I am considering ordering the *Lullabies-Sing-Along* Cassette. Ooo, karaoke! I don't know how recent this stuff is, but my suspicion is that until now it has been merely a marketing thing for paraphernalia only.

I don't actually NEED any of these products. I just like them. And these are some weird products. These are things that are supposed to be oriented towards kids, but I saw a pager holder at Sanrio Gift Gate, (Woodfield Mall, Schaumburg, IL). Since when do kids carry pagers? Are they needed in surgery?

Just smelling and looking at all of these items are enough to keep me occupied for hours. I could just lay it all out on my bed, pretending I am very small and that I live in a Sanrio house. I like to pick things up and put them close to my nose and smell them, but I don't like to use the items, because that means there will be none left. I will buy Sanrio stationary but then I rarely use it except for very special occasions. I don't want to give it away, even though I have a whole pad of it. That means I'd be consuming it! So if you receive a note from me on Hello Kitty stationary, you should be quite flattered.

I found some other Sanrio-minded individuals on-line trying to trade their Hello Kitty-engraved collectibles: wine glasses, toasters, earmuffs, eyelash curlers, folding clocks, and inflatable chairs. Although my Sanrio collection is not as eccentric in terms of individual items, I think it passes me as enough of flake to be considered a San-phile (not to be confused with a Sanford and Son-Phile). Although I've omitted some of the items I think you will find less interesting, here is a list of my Sanrio possessions in case you want to trade later, perhaps after we finish our cheese and crackers and Gatorade.

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Sanrio containers

Every single one of these were gifts. People must think I have need to do a lot of carrying. One case folds out in a zig-zag with Keropi designs. This frog lives at the edge of Donut Pond and has a snail friend named Den Den. The case came with big, flat band-aids for when you cut your hand trying to get the damn thing open and tiny slots on the other side for two pills per slot. My blue, drawstring Hello Kitty, shiny, coin bag came with a Hello Kitty half keychain-half lip balm and ten Pochacco band-aids. Pochacco is the sports-minded, vegetarian dog that loves banana ice-cream. The folding, plastic package the band-aids came in reads, "He's a hip pup with a cool attitude!!!" No kidding, three exclamation points. For a while I was keeping my Sanrio gum in it. That is, until I ate it all. I bought that gum because I knew it would tell me what flowers would taste like. Finally, my Pochacco "COOL K-9" six-ring organizer comes with a solar-powered calculator. It doesn't actually come with a calendar or planner, but does come with an address book. Kids need the extra phone number slot for their friends' pager numbers.

Sanrio Clip Boards

I have two Sanrio clip boards. One is transparent with a sea-green clip. The face of the board has Zashikibuta (a pig, I think separate from another Sanrio pig character, Pippo -- it's unclear to me) eating ice-cream, and it says "This is hog heaven." The other clipboard is blue and has a purple clip, with Pochacco on the face. In green it says, "STILL GROOVIN'." I also have spiral notebook that has the same design on it. This is the blending of two amazing worlds: Sanrio and office supplies. The joy! Too bad I won't use them.

Sanrio Stickers

I have a shiny Keropi sticker with spirals and question marks. I have a transparent Kitty & Mimmy (Mimmy is Kitty's sister) sticker with apples and a bunny in a teacup between the kitties. This I did actually put on my car. I have some HK temporary tattoos that I won't ever use, however, because they look so cute in the package, the plastic perforated just so around these perfectly cut squares, and I just can't bear to ruin that. I have the same problem with these Chococat stickers 'cause the layout is so cute, all checkerboarded. It would just be a travesty to interrupt it. Chococat has a friend named Nutz the hamster. Ha.

♥ Hello Ditty ♥

Sanrio Stationary

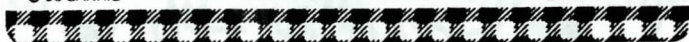
Most Sanrio stationary is for tiny, tiny writing. It's unwise to actually attempt to send letters in Sanrio envelopes through the mail because you can't lick the envelopes shut. I have a triplicate fold-out Zashikibuta (Pippo?) the pig stationary set. It came with stickers and tiny envelopes, but believe it or not, I did in fact use them up leaving silly notes on my friend's porches. One HK set I have has five squares with a dash for the return address. I haven't figured that out. Is that a Japanese thing? Do they live in Morse Code? I also have a package of Chococat blank business cards that I give people my address on. I allow myself the luxury of using those, because I know people keep them and don't just throw them out. Besides, I like carrying them in my wallet so I can take them out and look at them (or smell them). I think Chococat is one of the cutest characters, so I didn't hesitate to acquire the matching Chococat pen carrying case and palm-sized stationery set. Incidentally, I also have 100 Hello Kitty post-its that I have yet to use. I still haven't broken into my Keropi address book, different from the aforementioned "COOL K-9" one. It just looks so cute in the shrink wrap. I haven't even sharpened my PickleBickle pencil. I like to look at the little PickleBickle on the end of it: he looks a dog but is actually a mouse with purple ears, and on his butt is a black tail with a red bow that I just can't get over. If I use all of my Sanrio projects, I will use them up and not have any more, and that makes me sad.

I think a lot of my obsession with the Sanrio stuff has to do with the smell of all the products, even the candy wrappers that I keep. It's like scented plastic, slightly fruity. Almost like fluoride. But in a good way. I can't place it exactly, except that it viscerally produces a good feeling about my childhood, as if at that moment I only remember good things about being a kid, which is amazing, considering that I was such an unhappy child. I guess I just needed more Hello Kitty stuff. Let it be known that I saw a headline on Yahoo! announcing a link to some girl's page that said "Sanrio, Lambs, and Other Things." Lambs?! I preferred Nami's: "Nami's Collection Kitty - I like HK Are you so, too?" Yes, Nami, I so, too. 🐱

Chococat



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The Earwig and the Jew
Part 2 of the Earwig Trilogy
by Julie

This is the second installment of my earwig trilogy. This particular earwig tale is my favorite of the bunch, which is why it appears in the Love Issue. For those who missed the first part, I have always been horribly repulsed by these insects and they somehow manage to pervade my life. Here is another frightening tale of earwig woe:

One evening when I was working in a public library, I walked back towards the break room. An undeniably Jewish woman with bushy, brown hair and picture frame glasses stopped me frantically. "Can you help me?" she asked, in a glorious, smoking New York Jew way. "I need to know about earwigs." I was thrilled that someone else shared in my disdain.

"Why, yes," I told her, "We can go look for a book..."

"No," she interrupted, "I don't have time for that. I've got them in my house. I found one in my bed! I can't get rid of them! What do I do?" This woman was hysterical. I assured her that earwigs, although the spawn of Satan, would not actually pinch her or crawl into her ears. "Thank gawd," she sighed. Then she grabbed my arm and leaned me closer, "But will they go in my pubic area?" Only a Jew could say that with a straight face. I, however, even with the Jew factor, could not help but blurt out a "no" between throws of laughter.

I never did see that woman again. I can only hope that she never did find an earwig in her pubic hairs. I'd put one there myself if I knew she'd come back to tell me about it. ☹️

MY BIG DICTIONARY

By Liz

Rock'n'roll pneumonia! You simply MUST see my dictionary. I bought it for three dollars at a Chicago Public library book sale. They were getting rid of their Random House Dictionary, one of those unabridged muthas with every word ever. It's a few thousand pages and has all the supplemental stuff, including maps, The Constitution, Romance language dictionaries and a list of every Oasis B-side.

But this fantastic dictionary has been a long time comin', I'll tell ya right now. It's been a long climb out of the pits of the Midwest till I got to L.A., where through hard work and practice, I achieved great success with this fame and fortune.

I had this acoustic dictionary in my teens. It was my mother's from college that she gave me. "Sociology" was defined as something about the relationship between church and state, which I evidentially found distasteful. I knew what sociology was because I went through this phase where I liked watching people so much that I went around saying that I wanted to do it professionally. Hence, the perfect job would be to be a sociologist, to dwell in the study of societies, right? This was about the time I wore the fake glasses too, but then I stopped wearing them when I read somewhere that Debbie Gibson predicted this trend would skyrocket. So the sociologist dream died out as well, by association. I will say that reference books seem to make the same statement to me that wearing glasses does: smart. I love them so much that even though I don't wear them. I wish I did. Glasses, that is, not dictionaries. For a while I tried to squint so much that my eye sight would no longer be 20/20, and I would simply *have* to wear glasses. But that didn't work. Now I just have to settle for dating guys who wear glasses. Mmmmm...Guys with glaaaaasses...



But the point is that I wrote in that dictionary, next to the definition of "sociology," that it was an incorrect definition, that it was "stupid" to bring religion into the picture, that sociology was the study of societies, not the separation of church and state. PUNK ROCK! A few years later I stumbled across that note I had made and was all embarrassed that I wrote it. I realized that I had hoped somebody would stumble across my disestablishmentarianistic dispute with this dictionary and be impressed by such an independently radical free-thinker (me, not the dictionary). Kill your television! So I ripped out the page. I obviously needed a new dictionary then, because there was a page missing from this one and because it was outdated.

So you see, it was Providence led me to this new dictionary, and now we are cranking out the hits. Someday I will tell you about my history with thesauruses, but a brief cliff-hanging overview is that thesaurus number one fell out a dorm room window onto a wet roof. The suspense! That's almost as titillating as the *Romeo and Juliet* scene where they show his butt. Rock over London, rock on Chicago! Random House, your way right away. 🐛

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SLC Punk! **Rocks My World** **by Julie**

Originally I wanted to see *SLC Punk!* because it looked like a rollicking high school romp that focused on one particular teenage group, the punks, a la *Valley Girl*. I also have always had a somewhat freakish fascination with the movie's star, Matthew Lillard (leading me to watch *Hackers* and *She's All That* a disturbing number of times). And any movie about punks could prove to be either a wacky, stereotypical representation or pretentiously exclusive arthouse crap, both of which I'd enjoy making fun of. Boy, was I mistaken.

SLC Punk! is the story of the only two true punks in Salt Lake City, circa 1984. Matthew Lillard plays Steve-O, a post-college anarchist who lives with his friend and fellow punker, Bob. The story is told through Steve-O's point of view, and writer/director, James Merendino, did an excellent job of telling the story of a getting-too-old-for-punk guy struggling with the question of whether or not going to Harvard Law school would be selling out. Usually I feel movies use voice-overs as cop-outs because they couldn't bother writing good dialog, but Steve-O's narration has a wonderful, story-telling feel. The gist of the story is told in flashback vignettes, sometimes with Steve-O doing the Ferris Bueller and talking directly to the camera.

The energy of this movie is incredible. Matthew Lillard rocks my world. Steve-O is such a passionate character, and I left the movie wanting to beat the shit out of every bland looking person I saw. The music (original classic punk tracks) helped carry the movie's rockin' flow. If I could have sex with a film, this would be the one.



The supporting cast of *SLC Punk!* is very cool and includes Jason Segel (adorable boy who plays the drummer on NBC's *Freaks and Geeks*) as Mike, Michael Goorjan (Julia's ex on *Party of Five*) as Bob, and one of my favorite, long-time-no-see actresses, Annabeth Gish. There is also a mega-foxy appearance by Devon Sawa (star of the critically acclaimed, *Idle Hands*) as an acid-dealing, spiky-haired tard-ball.

I saw *SLC Punk!* in the theater with a good friend and two rather straight-laced male friends of hers. This movie made me want to kick these two boys asses, if for no other reason than they weren't punkers. The funny thing is that when I do see little punks, they usually just look obnoxious and trying-too-hard. But for one night, I could have used me one of them there little punk boys. Sigh.

SLC Punk! is why I bought a DVD player. The DVD has an audio commentary by Merendino, Lillard and Goorjan. I must say, Merendino sounds way too stuck in his high school pretentious punker mode, but I didn't think that attitude translated into the film at all. This film comes with my highest level of recommendation. It's funny, rockin', sad and completely energizing. And if anyone out there happens to know Devon Sawa, give him my number. ☺



Mike Reno of Loverboy Scares Me

By Liz

Love has such a central place in our psyche that I thought it apropos to touch on some issues regarding self-love. Freud's work is a good place to start. I know that it might seem redundant to say that Freudian imagery is a reoccurring motif in my life, considering that one of the common staples of Western thought is All Things Psychoanalysis: the unconscious, Oedipal Complex, phallic imagery, infantile sexuality, etc. So I guess I'll have to narrow this Freudian thing down to Mike Reno, the lead singer of Loverboy. I know it wasn't a topic frequently covered in Freud's work. I have, however, found much psychoanalytic theory to be applicable to some issues regarding Mr. Reno. I haven't actually seen him in person, but his image is plaguing me everywhere. No worries, I don't plan to make this a dissertation centered around Mike Reno as some Elektral figure. He's more of a symbol to me, a sort of Jungian archetype, if you will, for issues I have regarding self-image.

It all started when I heard that he was at some horse race handing out unsolicited autographs. Then I saw Loverboy on some really old "SNL." Reno was decked in tight black leather pants, a flappily buttonous shirt, sweat bands on wrists, a red bandanna around his feathered hair, pulsing, gritting teeth in anger, belting "Everybody's Workin' For the Weekend." It came to a head when I had this dream about him: he's asking me out, trying to be swanky. Meanwhile there's this evil doppelganger Mike Reno trying to rob my house.

So why the dream? I had no idea that Reno had made his way into the depths of my subconscious. Surely, this had to be a case of displacement. Freudian review: displacement is when you dream about some trivial detail or person that you incidentally passed in say, the supermarket. You're shifting the importance of one thing to another, like maybe that unimportant person had a loud shirt on symbolizing your loud, offensive relative who upset you last night. So then, what did Reno symbolize in my life? I felt that this secondary elaboration, recalling the dream verbally, was getting me farther away from the latent content. Trying to recall it only changed my memories of it! So I needed another, more intuitive method.



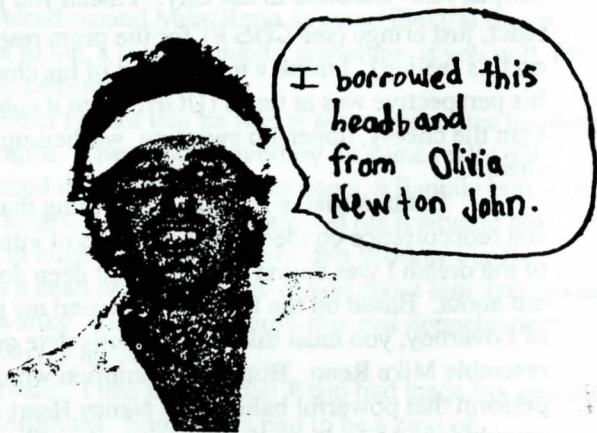
I heard some dream analyst say on some talk show once that if you're analyzing your dreams you should pay attention to how you felt in the dream besides just the details. So I recalled that in my dream I felt sort of anxious. Anxious for me, because this guy was gross, but also anxious for him because he was so gross and that made me pity him. But he was being all predator-like, making me cynical too. This guy was simultaneously taking advantage AND hitting on me. It's just, I didn't feel as threatened as I did simply just shame for him, the same way I feel empathetic pity for actors on embarrassingly bad sitcoms with really horrid scripts, like "Caroline In the City." I mean you just can't help but physically react, just cringe (see **CDS #1** for the prom response article for elaboration on this feeling). I think a minute part of his character in the dream, part of his perspective was at times (UGH! Here it comes!) ME! I am Mike Reno! I am the cheesy, upper-lip sweating, washed-up rock star! I am my own shame!

But this shame is not the only thing that I think Reno symbolizes. His reoccurrence condenses other issues of intimacy/sexuality. At the time of the dream I was dating someone that deep down I felt slightly grossed out about. Based on the fact that I equated my partner with the lead singer of Loverboy, you must think I frequently date guys that in some way resemble Mike Reno. But this assumption would be false, even if he did perform that powerful ballad with Nancy Heart on the "Footloose" soundtrack. Mike Reno that is, not my boyfriend.

I've tried exploring other avenues in explaining the Magical Reno Mystery Dream Tour. First I questioned my sexuality. Certainly if I equate men (or at least this man) in my head with the lead singer of Loverboy then women would have to be a step up. Julie says I should consider the "coincidence" that Janet RENO is a lesbian.

I also consulted those popular little dream symbolism encyclopedias. Seen those? Like if your dream has lots of green, it means PROGRESSION. But they don't work because symbols are different for every person. Just 'cause we both dream of an elephant doesn't mean that we both like peanuts. Besides, there's no entry for MIKE RENO.

But this Reno thing isn't just the dream. It's that he keeps reappearing everywhere. Just the other day I had a discussion with the drummer in my band that we should make a video where he's wearing tight red pants with his fingers crossed, like on a Loverboy album cover! No! I can't escape! What is it that Mike Reno symbolizes in my life? Awkward eighties pre-pubescence or something, like I haven't quite exited this young adult stage (perhaps why the entirety of our last issue was devoted to it), like me as weirdo tomboy girl with the wrist guards and a Journey t-shirt. The only way to exercise these Reno demons is to sing a Loverboy song at karaoke and be done with it. Channel Mike Reno. That's the only way to do it. I'm not looking forward to this. ♣



Discussion Questions

Answer in complete sentences.

Example: I think "War Games, the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack" is a better album than "Footloose, the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack."

1. Do you have dreams of Mike Reno? Why or why not?
2. Would you give unsolicited autographs at horse races? Explain.
3. Which the best video, Saga's "On the Loose," Aldo Nova's "Fantasy," or The Tubes' "She's a Beauty?"
4. If you could have sex with anybody's parents, who would they be? Where?

Reading Is Fucking Great by Julie: The Librarian of 2002

In the last year, I have familiarized myself with the works of children's author Natalie Babbitt. My love for her began when I discovered a book entitled **The Search for Delicious**. Such a gorgeous name, and a beautiful book about a kingdom that is at war over the creation of their dictionary. Each word is not so much defined by a definition as it is through an image or feeling (kind of like in the movie *Mask* where Eric Stoltz gives the blind girl a cold stone to explain the color blue). The problem is that no one in the kingdom can agree on what is delicious, so a young boy is sent out through the kingdom to do a survey. There is foul play along the way, but the gist of the story is a young boy's coming-of-age journey and the message that friends can be found in the strangest places.

Even more amazing is Babbitt's most well-known book, **Tuck Everlasting**. It is the story of a young girl who happens upon a family (the Tucks) made immortal by a magical stream. The Tucks fall in love with the girl and must decide how to deal with her newfound knowledge of the stream: if others find out, they may have to endure the same misery as the Tucks. There is a wonderfully romantic subplot between the little girl and the Tuck's 16-year-old son: he wants her to drink from the fountain when she turns 16 so that they can marry and live happily together forever. Tragic. The ending is so sad that I cried my eyes out in the middle of an airport. It'll take you only a few hours, and they will be hours well spent. Trust me, for I am **Julie: The Librarian of 2002**. 