

...go where the Salmon are

BUILD YOU
BUILD YOUR
OWN HOME

GENERAL INFORMATION

CACHALOT CHARTERS offer a complete charter service at Westport, Wash. featuring new boats designed and built for Sport Fishing. These boats are equipped with the latest electronic equipment and skippered by Coast Guard licensed captains with years of salmon fishing experience. **BRING LUNCH**, wear warm clothing and rain gear apparel is recommended. Lunches and motel accommodations can be reserved at the office. We supply free salmon and filet bags for your catch; **FREE COFFEE** aboard; and your salmon are cleaned on the ocean. The Cachalot office has **TACKLE** for 1100 KNOTS AND THE LIKE

Shir
COL

COL

"HOW WE ME

Abby
Jill
Eli
Sydmi
Bon

ARK



& "IS 21ST BDAY PARTY"

PIGEON
& KAI

"TOUR DIARIES #1:
THE 'EVER SHOW"
JAN '24

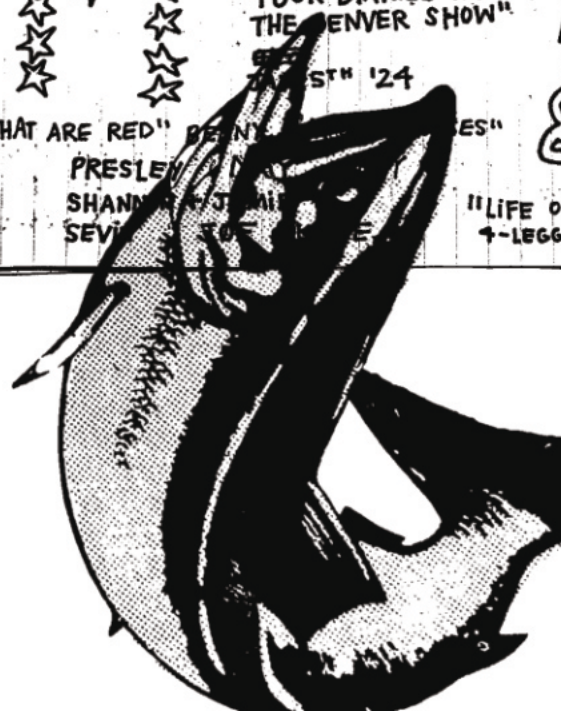
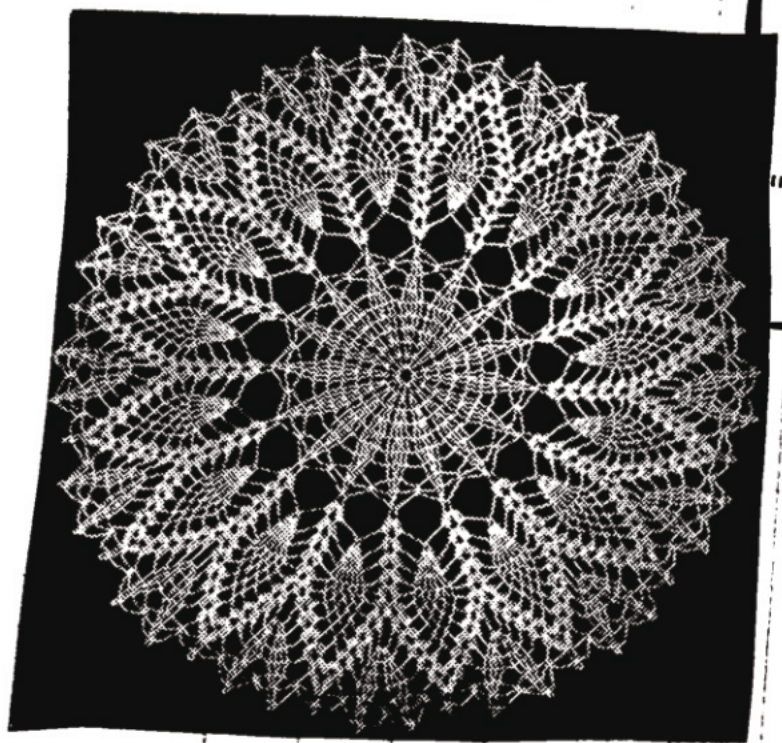
FROM COAST
TO COAST

"LIST OF THINGS THAT ARE RED" BEING

LIGHTNING!
ROUND! Go!

PRESLEY
SHANN
SEVI

"LIFE OR DEATH LOVEBIRDS/100MPH
4-LEGGED 4-WHEELED MONSTER TRUCKS"



The 100 YARN



Stories about:
knots,
punks,
rattlesnakes,
the Virgin Mary,
love,
Denver,
whistling,
fire alarms,
Paul McCartney
(or the lack thereof)
the cremasteric reflex,
car crashes,
running away,
and the color red

Compiled & designed &
printed by
Miles Ellisor
in March & April '25.

This zine is called 100
Yarn because "yarn" is
sometimes used to say
someone is telling a
story. Give me liberty
100 stories or give me
death!

Send yr stories:
milesellisor@gmail.com

GENERAL INFORMATION

I've always really loved telling and hearing stories. A month ago, I decided to compile some of my favorite (very much true) stories I've heard, really by any means necessary. I voice-memo-interviewed people, had them email me stories they turned in for writing classes, gathered text message conversations, and asked people to just write shit down (google docs, notes app, actual notebook). "People" in the case of this zine refers to friends, friends' stepdads, professors, coworkers, grandparents, and a lot more friends. The set-up of each story goes as follows:

- The person's name in the top left corner,
- Below that, the title of their story in "___"
- To the right of that, a preface written by me
- In pairs of columns on each page, the story itself (ranging from 2-4 pages)
- Scattered around, any related paraphernalia like drawings, photos, comics, diagrams, etc..

Okay now you know what's going on. Mostly.

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this zine, I'm yr #1Fan. Okay now time2read.

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ELOISE

"ON MY DELUSION OF DISBELONGING" "ON MY

I met Eloise Allan Crittenden in January when my friend Kate moved in to Eloise's apartment. Together the two have built the sweetest, warmest, home and it's there that we exchange lots of stories sitting around in a triangle. Eloise once told us about a story she was writing for a memoir class, one where she used "kid logic." Below is what she turned in.

Driving down the 101 in either direction a cross stands mirrored in front of the Calvary Church. Planted in the only green grass, in just the right moment, the cross aligns with the cross hidden in the silver architecture of the building behind. I often searched for this moment of alignment. Optical illusions, little moments of pure and uninterrupted observation could be found anywhere, and I made a point to find them. I began to collect these moments like secret souvenirs. I kept many little secrets, most of which were entirely insignificant to anyone else but me.

The double cross I passed with the most frequency. With each passing it grew, like the tree in The Nutcracker, looming larger than life over the church itself. This was not a religious experience, I don't know how else to express that aside from simply saying so. But the cross was, in a practical sense, calling to me.

I was promised no hard questions. My full name was called, and I followed the "California blonde" haired woman into the room in front of me. I took a seat in the mirrored, human sized fish tank, around the round walnut table, and did everything in my professional fifth grade power not to spin on the swivel chair. I glanced through the tinted glass to my parents sitting on a maroon bean-shaped couch, as they flipped through the years of yearbooks, and wished that they had told me what to say. The only preparation my mother had given me was, "just

remember to smile." She didn't believe in prepping me any further, she didn't think that she needed to, despite the fact that we had watched parents and children scatter to different nooks of the lobby to practice appropriate responses to probable questions.

I was trying so desperately to remember to smile, to cool the blush, to play off the redness that matches my fathers. I held the corners of my mouth out, tightening my face as to sort of pin my cheeks up. The questioning began.

"Do you believe in God?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye. I glanced through the glass, again. When I asked my parents "how are babies made" in the third grade, they told me the real answer. My mother got me a book on evolution so I could know it before learning it. My father was obsessed with knowing the mechanics of the way things work—he still is. But, I didn't want to be insulting to the woman bedazzled in crosses across from me. I didn't want to fail the interview. I couldn't lie in entirety.

"Maybe," I answered with an unknown confidence.

The next three years of my life would be filled with prayer. A prayer before every math test. A prayer for the L.A. Lakers to win. A prayer for those who believe in evolution (me). A prayer for peace. A prayer for our firefighters. I always held my head

up in some sort of miniature act of rebellion. That being said, in every other sense, I followed the rules to a tee, making me an outcast—a freak.

I deeply feared being dress coded. While the rest of the girls wore their skirts rolled, my skirt was always two inches above my knee, or the equivalent rebellion. That being said, in every other sense, I followed the rules to a tee, making me an outcast—a freak.

I deeply feared being dress coded. While the rest of the girls wore their skirts rolled, my skirt was always two inches above my knee, or the equivalent tardy, and still do. And, I always, always, always did my homework.

I had one good friend, Erin Zeile. I can remember her kindness. I can remember making sure never to sleep over on a Saturday, for fear of being brought to church Sunday morning. She would never know that. I blamed my parents.



I remember being invited to her home in Wyoming, saying that I would love to go but that it was short notice to buy a plane ticket. She said "not to worry," that there was an "extra seat on the plane." My father said that this would be my only chance to fly on a private jet. I went and masked my amazement.

If I am being honest with myself, we had far more in common than we ever did in difference, I was just resistant to it all. The whole idea of it. Organized religion, the stories they tell (the stories I read). The god that I had read about was not an entity of insufferable wealth. He was honest in quality. He was humble. He was an angel flying too close to the ground.

In seventh grade Erin got her period. In seventh grade every single girl in the locker room got their periods. And, every single girl my age, period, was talking about periods. I was the Virgin Mary.

It was the only explanation for my unstained days-of-the-week undies. Facing my locker to conceal my bloated stomach, I pulled my khaki skirt over my black target shorts and slipped on my maroon shirt over my Ivivva sports bra. I laced my red converse and walked quietly to class, my head neither up nor down. PE was after lunch, so I only had to sit through two more 45 minute long classes. I made eye contact with only the clocks on the walls.

I would have to wait a few days to be sure. If I remembered that horrible "just around the corner" video from fifth grade correctly, there were more symptoms than just a missing period: Missing period, nausea, something to do with big boobs?, growing boobs?, tiredness, sadness, fever?, headaches?

I hated my breasts, they were the biggest in my class. A girl in the locker room told me so, and that the boys had made a list and that I was at the top. Had I been more tired than usual these past weeks? Was I feeling sad? Was I warm? Did my head hurt? Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. The sound of the bell snapped me out of my inward spiral of questions. I rushed to my locker, grabbed my textbooks wrapped in inside-out Trader Joe's bags, and bounced down the stairs. Maybe shaking around would bring blood. I knew that shaking a baby was bad, so in this case it was good.

I waited under the pinholed awning after school. I watched as the ants entered into the ant sized spot lights. I called one a "bastard," thinking nothing of it. My dad said it all the time. I didn't even know what the word meant. The cement bench under me held too much warmth. I felt nauseous. And that was a symptom. Another Yes.

I remembered learning about

morning sickness in that same "just around the corner" video, swearing that I would never get pregnant by choice. It sounded miserable. Because I didn't want to be pregnant, it made even more sense that I was. It was almost karmic. It was nearly godly.

Quickly I was the only one remaining. I didn't have a stay-at-home mom. My nanny, Ena, picked me up late and drove me home. I remained quiet, though that was typical.

Our house, at this point, was an investment in a failed future, only none of us knew that then. I had my own room. A pink and aqua chevron rug. An aqua bean bag chair. Multi-colored striped bedding. A white, wooden desk covered in Lisa Frank stickers and rubber duckies. Six framed Missy Franklin posters. And a mirror in the corner.

It wasn't a full length mirror, rather a simple silver rectangle that reflected my hips to my head.

I closed my door, quietly, but quickly enough that it wouldn't squeak. With shaking hands and a hyperventilating mind, I dropped my bookbag, pulled my shirt up, stuck my belly out and couldn't believe it. I was pregnant. I felt my heartbeat in my stomach, and it didn't match the heartbeat in my heart. I checked. I double checked. I triple checked. I held one hand over my heart and the other over my stomach. Totally separate beats. It was undeniable.

I had a strange hope that by ignoring it, it would simply go away. I also had just enough belief and doubt in the stories that I had read in Bible class. If there really was a god, and he really was meant to come back in some unexpected way, it somehow made sense that it was me—the non-believer at the Christian school. But, if there really was a god, he would see that I was too young, too smart, too driven, and simply place the baby in someone else. I was torn. I tried to distract myself with school work, but I kept finding myself placed in front

of the mirror, standing profile, holding my stomach. I did lots of jumping jacks. I literally thought that I could shake the baby out, or somehow shake the baby away.

Maybe it was the kids around me that solidified my pregnant truth. I knew that I couldn't say anything to anyone at school about my growing condition. I can't remember if I couldn't tell anyone out of fear that they would cage me like a circus freak or if I would gain some strange inauthentic popularity. My cheeks continue to glow at the thought of eyes on me. And so it made sense it was me. It couldn't be the girls that threw tantrums because their daddies wouldn't take them skiing for a weekend. It couldn't be the boys that slid their macbooks across the floor, unconcerned with damaging their valuables, for their parents would simply buy them another. And so it made sense that it was me. It couldn't be the girls that refused to acknowledge my existence, inviting my entire class to a party except for me. It couldn't be the boys praying for an xbox while fires burned the neighboring hillsides and people were being killed by the KKK. And so it made sense that it was me.

I debated telling my parents, but their brains of scientific reasoning wouldn't be able to comprehend something so alien. And I didn't want to burden them. They were always working, the last thing they needed was the knowledge of their pregnant daughter.

I was terrified that somehow I would get in trouble. The thought of telling my parents left a peach pit in my stomach, one that would only help the baby to grow. I feared that they would think that this was some strange attention seeking behavior because I was lonely at school, and that the girls at school would think that I was not simply a freak but a religious freak. But I knew at my core that neither of these possible perceptions were true. I didn't want attention. I wanted to disappear. I wasn't a freak, and I

certainly wasn't a religious freak. But, I most definitely was pregnant.

I was simultaneously terrified that if I did say something no one would believe me, and that somehow if no one believed me then I really would be stuck with a child. And, soon, I couldn't see my feet. The mirror in the corner of my room became my safe source of anxiety. It was the only mirror that showed me my reality. It was the only mirror that I ever lifted my shirt in front of, trying to measure with my eyes for signs of growth and of life.

Nine months passed. I still hadn't gotten my period, but I knew that after nine months there should have been a baby. I spent those nine months wearing uniform approved hoodies in the California heat. I did as many jumping jacks as I could in front of my mirror the second I got home from school each day. And, I never told anyone.

And it all felt as though this was somehow the cross's fault, the one that I passed so often. The one that then became my place of schooling. It felt as though somehow I had caught the curse of the cross. Where the illusions would become a twisted reality for only those who could see them. The only green grass was fake. The silver cross of the building was actually the building's gutters.

I think it's because I pay too much attention. I think it's because my immediate environment deeply impacts me in every given moment. I think it's because, in some way or another, I have always felt out of place. A delusion of my own disbelonging.



ELOISE, CIRCA
FIFTH GRADE

7TH



"THE RUNAWAY"

(Editor's Note: This story took place in 1982 and starts in Bend, Oregon.)

I turned 16 when I was a sophomore in high school and got my license right away. I wasn't getting along with my parents at the time, and there was a lot of conflict. I wanted a later curfew like my friends, and I needed more allowance because I was broke, and I wanted to dye my hair orange. My parents just kept saying no to everything. I had extremely strict parents. I was pissed off because my friends got to stay out after midnight, and got more allowance each week. I couldn't even crank up punk rock in my room at night. My favorite bands were the Sex Pistols, Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Wendy O'Williams, The Cramps, and The Exploited. I had to tell my parents exactly where I was going or I couldn't borrow a car. They even made me stay home one Saturday night because I didn't mention I was taking a girl out.



For these reasons and more, I decided to run away for good. I wanted to dye my hair orange, be a

So Brian Tompkins is Kate Koblegarde's stepdad, he rocks. (Kate is one of my besties for the resties.) I had met him initially when he came to New York to visit Kate in April '24 and I immediately knew he was a weird cool guy. He sported a casual corporate dad get up, but kept talking about the sphere in Vegas and the intricacies of its sound design. I've never been to the sphere but after that conversation, I feel like I probably built it myself.

Fast forward six months, I stayed with Kate and her family in Bend, Oregon for a week. It was there I found out just how much Brian rocks—he has an entire music room full of like 40 geetars. It's crazy. One night, Brian took us out to dinner at this Thai place. We all started sharing long-winded, scenic-route stories around the table. Then Brian just casually rattles this one off. It was so wild that it actually inspired me to start this zine in the first place. PunkRock4lyfe.

punk rocker in LA and work at 7-11. I figured I could get a car, but wanted to see if others wanted to join me. I started saving my weekly allowance. It was hard to find kids that wanted to run away. I kept asking around and finally found two 15 year old girls that wanted to join me. Michelle and Heather were both having family issues and wanted to go. We had several runaway meetings to plan it out. We thought about what we could steal from our families to sell in LA to make money until we found jobs. We planned to tell everyone we were going to Canada to throw them off. I decided I could get guns, skis, Nikon cameras, and cordless phones from my family's house, and I could break in and steal a stereo from the neighbor that lived in our guest house. We thought of all the ways we could come up with as much cash as possible. Michelle and Heather had a list of stuff they could steal from their parents' houses. We took all the money out of each of our savings accounts. We decided to leave on a Saturday night when no one would be expecting us to disappear. We figured out all the details and we packed our bags the night before.

On the night of the runaway I asked if I could spend the night at my friend Dave Colb's house,

and luckily they said yes. The girls made similar plans so no one would know we were gone until we were long gone. I loaded up my parent's Jeep Wagoneer, waved to my parents who were in the hot tub, and went and picked up the girls.

We drove all night, switching off driving so we could get some sleep. We got lost more than once, and figured out we forgot our weed when we drove through Weed, CA. It took way longer than planned because one time I woke up and Heather was driving down a dirt road. We finally got back on the right freeway. In the morning we decided to throw all our school work out the window. It was like a runaway ritual. Our folders and binders opened up and exploded as they bounced down the road. It looked like confetti behind the car. We were stoked to be done with school and on our own for good. We picked up a hitchhiker who was maybe 8 years older than us named Casey near Mt. Shasta. He was basically a homeless cowboy and thought it sounded fun to go to LA with us. We stopped at Taco Bell a lot, that was my favorite restaurant at the time. The car was running hot on I-5 and we didn't bother to check the oil. When we were nearing Bakersfield the car started to overheat but we kept driving because we thought we could just stop at a gas station in the next town. After a while we heard a loud clunking sound and the car started to shake as we lost power. We pulled over to the shoulder with smoke pouring out of the engine. The engine block had cracked from running out of oil. The engine was destroyed.



We locked the car and hitchhiked to a gas station to figure out what to do next. We decided to tow the Wagoneer to a repair shop in Bakersfield. Once the car was towed to the repair shop we unloaded most of the stuff we brought with us, except the skis, and left the car key in the night drop box at the repair shop. We hauled all our stuff to a cheap motel nearby to plan our next move. I had my dad's guns with me, which was a little sketchy. One was a long 22 shotgun which made it obvious we had a gun. The next morning we had Casey call the auto shop and pretended like he was my Dad and authorize a new engine to be put in the Wagoneer. The repair shop said they would fix it and we could pay for it later, but we had no intention of ever getting the car back.

After a day in the motel we hid the guns in a field nearby and went to the bus station. We bought bus tickets and got on a bus to Pasadena. In Pasadena we rented a motel room, got some alcohol, partied in our room, went to Taco Bell, and started selling stuff. I liked Michelle, but as soon as we were in Pasadena, Casey got together with Michelle. That really pissed me off. Heather wanted to get together with me but I wasn't interested in her. We all hung out and partied at the motel while we were trying to sell stuff for several days.

One afternoon, I was trying to sell a camera in front of Kentucky Fried Chicken and 3 cop cars pulled up. I was freaking out. Cops grabbed me, put me in handcuffs, and threw me into the back of a cop car. They said someone had called the police saying I was selling stolen property in front of KFC. I got taken down to the police station. The police had caught Michelle and Heather selling stuff about a block away. Casey had gotten away. They put each of us in separate rooms, so we had no time to get our stories to match up.

They discovered that we were the runaways from Oregon, and that police had only been looking for

us near the Canadian border. Police had interviewed our friends in Bend and the consensus was that we were in Canada. I found out my Dad had filed an auto theft charge as well as transporting minors across the border so that the cops would try to find us.

They called all the parents and said my Dad had dropped the charges. I was alone in a holding room and a cop came in and said, "You are so fucking lucky, your Dad dropped all the charges". He couldn't believe it. An hour earlier he was telling me that I'm going to jail for sure.

They sent us to three separate halfway houses for juvenile delinquents with bars on the windows and crappy food. All our parents drove down to get us. My Dad asked me what happened to his Wagoneer and I had to tell him that the engine blew up and I had a hitchhiker call the repair shop to authorize a new engine to be installed. My Dad was really pissed off. Then he said "Where are my guns?" and I told him I hid them in a field in Bakersfield, and he yelled, "You have got to be fucking kidding me!" My Mom was mad but mainly just glad I wasn't dead. We drove to Bakersfield and my dad had to pay over \$5,000 to get the car out of the shop. We went to the field, but the guns were gone. My mom and I followed my dad back to Bend. I asked over and over if we could stop at Taco Bell, and my Mom talked my Dad into it.

When we got back, the 3 of us were kind of like celebrities at school. Everyone knew we had run away, and they wanted to know what happened. There were crowds at our lockers and a lot of high fives. I made a lot of new friends.

I was required to go to a counselor for six months, and I was grounded for a month. I had to apologize to the neighbor. After a few months, things started to improve. I was given a later curfew, more allowance, and they were not quite so strict. They even bought me a car, a red lifted Toyota pickup. My Mom was glad I

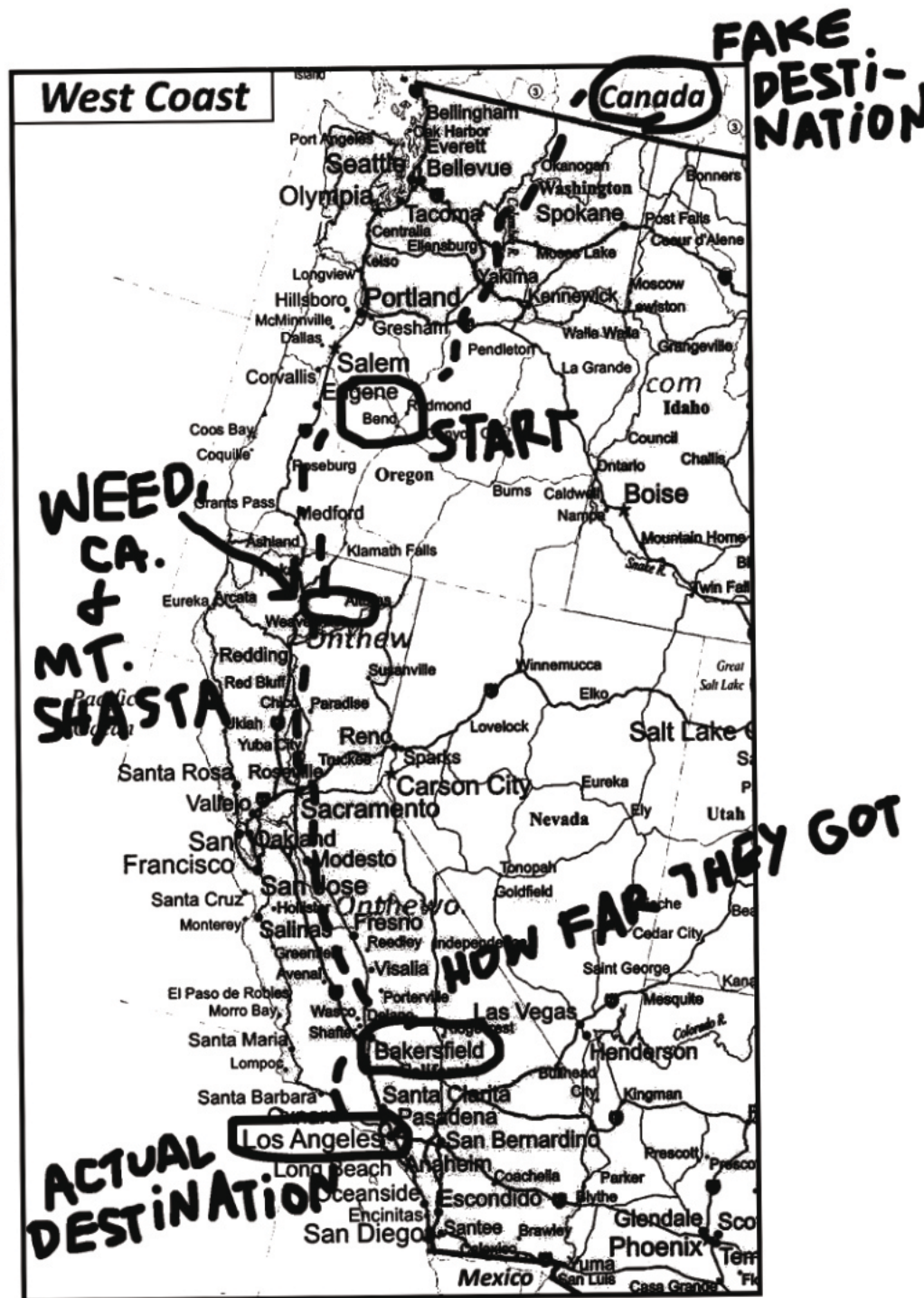
was home, and I don't think they wanted me to steal their stuff and run away again. I ended up getting caught up with my classes, graduating on time, and even getting into a college.



SHORTLY AFTER THE INCIDENT



BRIAN, 30ish YEARS LBR, IN HIS "PUNK COSTUME"



ARNUAD

Arnaud Turner and I met a couple months ago in our design studio bookmaking class, which we are both really enjoying. Arnaud makes wonderful photo books. I'm using this zine as a project in the class haha.

"THE WHISTLIN' STORY"

I don't exactly remember how but one day Arnaud, a few classmates, and I got to talking about whistling. Then Arnaud started to tell this story and it was enough to make a grown man cry. After he whistled a song and it was like hearing an angel play a harp. Arnaud is such a kind, creative person and I'm very glad to know him.

Side note: hearing his near-pro whistling made me realize it's quite hard to whistle specific notes in a song-like form. Try it and if you can't do it, ask Arnaud, or WikiHow it.

It started with my grandfathers, who I would hear whistling early in the mornings when I'd be visiting them. On both my mother and my father's sides, my grandfathers were exceptional whistlers. It was much later in my life that I learned Poppee, my mom's dad, used to play the saxophone when he was in school and that his mother played the piano. I like to imagine that some of the tunes I'd hear him whistling in the morning as an old man came from his days of youth.

That said, it makes sense I was born genetically inclined to be a pretty good whistler. I wonder how far back in my family the whistling gene goes.

I've been whistling for as long as I can remember. I've probably whistled the national anthem more than anything else. One of these days I want to whistle at a swim meet or a baseball game or something to start it off.

Like most things, the more you do it, the more capable you become. Outside of whistling, I didn't grow up in a musically inclined family. It wasn't until 7th grade when I had gotten my own phone and my English teacher played us 2pac, who I'd never heard of before then, that I started to discover the magic of music and develop my own taste beyond what I'd hear on the car radio.

I started freestyling with friends and rapping over youtube beats and stuff throughout high school but never took music too serious til

my sophomore year of college when I got sick and took a gap year. I wasn't sick all that time, but it was my heart that was hurting and while they were trying to figure out what was wrong I was thinking about my mortality. As a result, I took a break from the mindless motion of going to school just because it was expected of me by others and took time to rest and focus on what I love. It wasn't long after I left school that I went to Malcolm X Shabazz Market in Harlem and bought me a djembe drum. I started drumming in parks around New York at sunset and one day I ended up at prospect park. I was drumming on a hill and a middle aged black man with a red cap and a tin flute in hand came walking out from the trees. We played together as the sun set. Dawn and dusk are considered by some spiritual thinkers to be a time when the worlds align. That seemed to be the case on this particular evening. He told me that he'd followed the sound of the drum from another part of the park. He also mentioned that I should check out the drum circle they do on Sunday afternoons in a grove of the park by Parkside ave when it is warm.

After this interaction I had my mind set on a flute. As you would have it, the next day I was in Chinatown walking home down a street different than I ever had

before and I saw there was a vintage store having a close out sale. It was its last day open! I went in and saw they had a box of flutes. At the bottom of that box was a flute exactly like the one the red-hatted man from the day before was playing, and it was only one dollar! Just look at God, I thought then and now.

The next day was Sunday so I returned to Prospect Park for the drum circle with my djembe drum and my new flute-- more specifically -- my new tin whistle. When I got there, I sat a bit off to the side. One of the elders there saw me with my drum and flute and walked over to me. He was a great looking old man. He wore traditional African clothes and had on a necklace of wooden flutes. Baba Jiwe was his name. He told me to blow into my tin whistle. Shyly, I obliged. "Blow again like you mean it" he encouraged me, by blowing into one of his flutes in the higher register. I copied him. He started moving his fingers and so did I. Next thing I know we were playing the flute together and everyone else started drumming. It happened almost immediately, playing the flute was like whistling and it came naturally to me. I kept going to the drum circle every Sunday that summer, and I still go as often as I can. At some point Baba Jiwe, gave me his email as he wanted me to get involved in a Pan-Africanist organization he was a part of.

At the end of the summer, my lease in Chinatown ended and I had to move back to Pennsylvania. I kept playing music when I was home, and started playing the keyboard and guitar then too.

One weekend that fall, I was going to New York to hang out with friends. As I was getting on the train to the city I had to redownload my email to access the tickets and low and behold I see an email from Baba Jiwe that had been sent a week ago. As I read it, I soon realized it wasn't sent by him, but a family member inviting me to his funeral gathering that would be happening that very same day that I was

hopping on the train to New York in only a couple hours. I changed my plans around and went to the gathering which happened to be in his home in Brooklyn. I was the first person to get there, and met his wife and daughter. Soon the apartment was filled with men and women and children, many of whom were dressed in African attire and carried drums and other various instruments with them. Some words were said, and they started drumming. Between then and me first arriving, his wife, Mama Tioma had retreated to her room to get dressed and likely grieve in private. But when the drums began, she returned, wearing a beautiful purple dress and scarf that draped her long silver dreadlocks. She stormed in spinning and moving her arms along so gracefully to the collective beat of the drums. I had my flute handy and played along to her movements. To this day, it was one of the most beautiful and powerful things my eyes have seen. To see this eighty year old woman who just lost her husband dance so victoriously to the drums of his friends and the flute of a stranger felt divine, and it was.

ARNAUD PLAYING FLUTE UNDER A TREE



ELLIE

This story was written by the sweet punk angel Ellie Livingston for her online tour diaries blog. She's in this insane band Die Spitz, and this story took place the night before a show in Denver in early 2024.

Maybe listen to Die Spitz while you're reading this—here are some of my favorites:

1. I hate when GIRLS die
2. Kill Mr. Jones
3. Grip
4. Monkey Song
5. Groping Dogs Gushing Blood
6. Marrowbone

"TOUR DIARIES #1: THE DENVER SHOW" JAN 5TH '24

I actually can't believe that I played the show, my lungs felt like they were concave from the change in altitude that hit us on the way up from Arizona. I sat in the quaint, but tall green room that was laced with all of the necessary amenities (warm cheese and alcohol), as well as the lack thereof (the missing trash can), and forced myself to drink my solo cup filled with Savion Blanc. My face, flushed with red as I kept pouring small sip by sip fills, contorted with the taste. What the fuck. I had been heavily drinking for the past month, and now all of a sudden I couldn't jubilantly toss down a white wine for a little boost in confidence? I was pissed. COME ON ALCOHOL YOU NEED TO WAKE UP MY DETERIORATING BRAIN and BODY. As I sat continuing my sipping and stopping ritual, the headlining band's guitarist came up the small spiral steps to try and poke some fun with our band. Who of course MUST have been in the mood for shenanigans. He lightly asked where everyone was, and I sort of muttered an "I'm not sure," under my breath. The utter exhaustion and dehydrated feeling I was experiencing from the turbulent drive through the night had made my anxiety off the rocker for the sold out show. A hooker, a murder scene, alien sightings and rampant meth use had all been just 12 hours before. I laughed at his assumption we were all ready to jump the gun and took another sip of my wine.

It was 3am, the band had just shivered our way through the hulking rock formations on the ride up to Colorado. Although a beautiful escape, the 15 hour car ride through the night had our minds wandering and our feet and hands beginning to freeze up. We just had to make it. If we did, we could sleep in Denver and prepare for the long day of soundcheck, using our customer service skills to sell merch, and thrashing our brains for a good forty minutes. Just had to make it.



"Kelly" was always in this mindset. She knew it was her responsibility (although it was never spoken) to make sure the band survived, even if it meant driving good ol' Suzie (our van) through the night and into the dark abyss that seemed to swallow us whole in those hours. When we finally entered the lot of the luxurious Comfort Inn, the mood seemed to deflate a bit. In a cloud of slight adrenaline from the excitement of surviving the night,

we instantly started pouring out the clumsily thrown in gear onto carts to tote up to our long awaited rooms. "Zoe's" job was to check us into the hotel, and as she had already made her way to the front desk, she came out the clunky doors with a gutted look on her face. They had given up our room. We didn't have a room. It was 3am and we didn't have a fucking room. We all dropped whatever gear we'd been loading and started to laugh hysterically. After I went in to try and pull the chain of the front desk man who referred to us as "females", he finally let up and held a room for us in an adjacent hotel. The hotel is of course familiarly named the "Quality Inn". A quick sprint (3min drive) over to the Quality Inn in an increasingly delirious state, we were welcomed to the charm of the city of Denver with bloody tampons hanging from the bushes outside the front entrance. What a palace. After further inspection we realized this was an attempt to actually brighten the dreariness with some Halloween spirit. Jesus fucking Christ. With the hours creeping steadily into the early morning, we decided to give tampon palace a chance.

A middle aged woman with a tender face, mousy brown hair, and eyes full of incandescence and exhaustion, greeted us hastily in the front hall. We jokingly asked "Wendy" who was in charge of the halloween decorations littering the outside bushes and her face started to radiate with elation that someone had noticed her attempt to spruce up the place.

Zoe, grabbing our room key, led the way up to the second floor as we hauled all of our shit into the cramped elevator. As we creaked and stalled up one floor, the doors opened to a hallway with rotting wallpaper and carpet stains galore. We all glanced at each other knowing where our luck was at right now. As we entered our hopefully final room of the night, we were greeted with a smell of poorly placed cleaner on top of mildew and sweat. I could tell Zoe was not sure if she was sleeping

in the van tonight or in hotel tampon. In a concentrated mood to somehow get our heads on a pillow, "Aimee" started to routinely check around the bed sheets for bed bugs. This was a routine we practiced at every hotel, but in this case it was not routine, it was genuine concern we'd find something lurking. And we did.

Aimee stepped back from the left side of the headboard with a repulsed look on her face. Oh fuck. Although there weren't signs of bed bugs, dried blood covered the top and side of the mattress. It accumulated in a way that it looked to have surrounded a head. I stared at it with an incredulous look. Someone had died here. Not bled a bit from a period or a scabbed knee, someone's head had poured liquid red and the mattress had been left but not the body. We all felt a encroaching feeling of "we have to get the fuck out of here". Zoe and I went to the door to let Wendy know we'd be needing a refund and some therapy. As we left the room, a new mystery walked past us. In 6 inch cheetah print heels, too-perfectly curled blonde hair, and a denim get up, a movie star of a hooker brushed past us. Trailing closely behind was a beefish bastard that smelled of wet dog, cramped balls, and menthols. They entered into a room down the hall, and quickly slammed the door insinuating the deeds being paid for. It entirely embodied the season of "American Horror Story: Hotel" and me and Zoe could seriously not believe what the fuck we were witnessing. Letting Wendy know of the troubles we had endured through iPhone pictures and clenched teeth, she stared in embarrassment promising a new room to try. Although it seemed absolutely cavalier to stay in the Quality Inn, we were so in need to rest our thinning weary bodies we gave it one more chance. Wendy assigned our last hope to redeem the place, and we went back up the broken box. Kelly, checking the room numbers on the opposite side of the last, pointed to one just across the hall. Zoe and I immediately stared at each other. Had that not been the room that Ms America and ball sweat had entered

ELLIE,
SCREAMING
HER GUTS
OUT

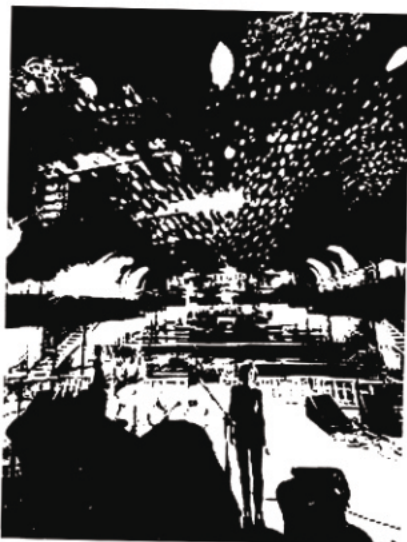
in the previous hour? Kelly shoved the dinky key in and opened it. We were greeted with a smell of what we like to remember as "death and piss". Zoe instantly spat what we were all thinking, we weren't staying here. No way in hell. Although wanting to ignore the deathly scent for the sake of the crooks in our neck and the sold out show in a mere 8 hours, we all still adhered. Wheeling down our gear on the carts that were in desperate need of oil, we approached the front desk once more. Wendy returned to the depressive look coating her eyes and meekly said, "Didn't work out for you did it?"

While Aimee, Kelly, and I went up and down to retrieve all of the gear flooding the hallway, Zoe waited in ol' Suzie watching our shit. After promptly loading, Zoe mentioned that we were being watched. Two women with sunken eyes, frayed hair, and meth flooded streams, had been circling the van while we dropped the gear. Zoe had to slam her hands against the glass of the driver's side and create a bulwark of fear to the women searching for a steal. They left into the shadows, but Zoe, certain of their return, was ready to skirt the van out of the sights of the daunting Quality Inn, Tampon palace, murder scene.

As 7am was quickly approaching, It was finally an hour that hotels were taking guests for new rooms. Aimee, calling every hotel over at least 3 stars, finally got us somewhere to crash. The rooms were over \$300 a night, but because of the early arrival, we were only being charged for one. With a wave of security after walking into a piss ridden horror show previously, we could finally start to let our anxieties decrease. Aimee laughed as she looked at the details of our luxurious stay. "Ha," she said, "We're making it just in time for continental breakfast."

Five minutes to show, I quickly downed my last sip of blanc and started to jump up and down, shaking my hands and prepping my torn in red boots. We walked onto the intricately detailed stage of

the Ogden Theatre, I believe the walk on song for the night was "Two of Hearts", and answered to our cheers with smiles and dance moves. A korn-esque "Are you ready?" poured out of my dry throat and we continued to shut the house. It was one of the most energetic crowds we had yet for tour, although Arizona pulled through in style. Pits started in the front section all the way to the back. My head felt like it was going to fall off from the amount of swinging. My vocals were still shit from lack of sleep and more so lack of oxygen, but it didn't matter. My screams were guttural and raw and real. I felt it and the crowd did too. This was what it meant to play rock n' roll. Drive in your shit but reliable van, witness meth corners and what should be yellow taped rooms, drink dry wine alone in your greenroom and continue to go on stage and have one of the best shows of your life. Although I couldn't have been in more of a state of disbelief from the night before, I was also in disbelief that this was my life. After the show we packed our shit and headed to Nebraska. Denver was definitely a show and a city we would never forget.



HUGE
VENUE



EAT

"BUGS"

This was the first story I got for the zine. It was told to me by Eamon O'Connor at a party in January at Bernarda's house and then again at a Valentine's party at her house. It definitely reads like a podcast, for better or for worse. We were just chatting it up in Bernarda's kitchen, doing that whole really loud talking thing cuz we could barely hear each other over the all-consuming, ever-holy PC music blaring behind us. Eamon was pretty high when he told me this story but he got through it with flying colors—despite being wholly planted in Le Generation Z, he used about 4 "likes" total! Also, our friend Darlene joined in on the conversation, and we got a bit of bug story from her as well. Some of my bug stories are even in here!

Last thing: all drawings (not maps or diagrams) are drawn by Eamon himself



WHERE HUNTSMAN SPIDERS LIVE ACCORDING TO REDDIT.COM/R/MAPFORN

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yard (almost 1 meter) a second" — Christy Bills). So I get them with spray and then I can't sleep in my room if I have to spray a lot because it's really deadly to breathe in.

E: In your pee?

M: In my pool. Not in my pee.

E: Have you ever seen those photos of the snakes coiled in the toilet?

M: Yes. Fuck that. But one time a rattlesnake that got in the pool got out of the pool and went into the garden and then we got an axe and started hitting it. And they really do make those hissing sounds, that rattling with their tails. And then we cut its head off and it kept moving.

E: That's so gnarly.

M: Yeah. I mean those things can move even when they're dead.

E: Also, I saw a video of one of my friend's dads finding a rattlesnake in their yard, and he was screaming so loud, because he was filming himself for something different. And then he heard the rattling, and for 20 minutes he's just gaining the courage to kill it.

M: Wait, wait, who won?

E: Man.

M: Man beats snake?

E: That's what men always do.

M: Men always win?

E: No, not men. Man. Not men.

M: What do you think about man always wins? What do you think about man power over nature? What do you think about how we have bug spray to kill bug, but bug doesn't have man spray to kill man?

E: Bug have man spray.

M: Yeah, bug have venom.

E: Yeah, that's man spray.

M: That's a deterrent, for sure. Would you say that man is the dominant species of the earth?

E: I hope not.

M: Have you seen any other scary critters, snakes, bugs, anything?

E: Snakes, yeah.

M: Have you ever had a snake in your house?

E: Yeah, I've had a snake in my house but they were never really deadly. But we've had snakes in our yard and my little chihuahua dog is part terrier and she's super sassy, I guess. One time she fought a cobra in our yard and she killed it but it bit her twice. So we had to shove her in a backpack—this is at like 1 a.m.—and drive her to the 24-hour ER so she could get an antivenom. But yeah, she's a badass dog.

M: What's her name?

E: Bianca.

M: Bianca. Does she have a middle name?

E: No last name, no middle name.

Darlene, who just walked in the kitchen: Just like Beyoncé.

M: How old is she?

E: Like nine.

M: When was this cobra story?

E: Like two years ago.

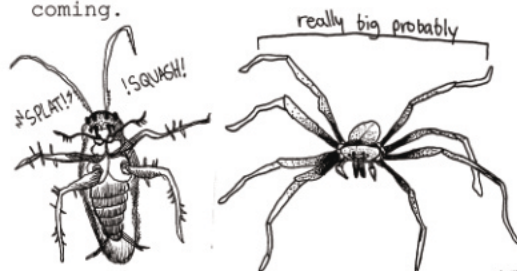
M: One time I had a rattlesnake swimming in my pool.

Miles: Who am I speaking with?

Eamon: You're speaking with Eamon Bossman.

M: Yeah! Alright, I hear you have a story for us today. It has to do with creepy crawlies.

E: Yeah, man. I have to remember exactly the details of the events. So, I live in a tropical island country and there's a lot of creepy crawlies. And one time there was a spider, a huntsman spider, one of the big guys. And we smashed it. Then we saw another one and we smashed it. We saw a third one and it was a mother spider with a million eggs on it. And all of the spiders came out all over the floor in our kitchen. So we sprayed it with bug spray right over a little well. And the fucking well opened up with a swarm of cockroaches that emerged from the depths of hell. And then we started smashing the cockroaches and spraying the cockroaches but there were too many. They were crawling up the walls of my house. And then my dad started boiling water on the kitchen stove and pouring it on the cockroaches in the well to kill as many as possible. And we were probably killing cockroaches for an hour because they just kept coming.



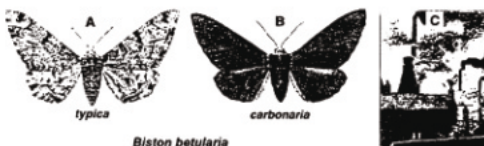
M: Do you think bugs will outlast us?

E: For sure. I feel like maybe bugs and fish-no not fish, we'll kill all the fish, we're already killing all the fish. Yeah, we're already killing the fish. I forgot we poisoned their air.

M: Yeah, if you could be any bug-

E: One of those bugs that's camouflaged like a leaf, you know what I'm talking about?

M: Yeah, I remember in environmental science, I learned that there were these specific bugs that would camouflage onto trees and they were white. And then the industrial revolution happened. And there was so much pollution, so much smog, and it stuck to the trees and made the trees black. And the bugs evolved to be black colored so that they would still blend in with the trees.



E: That's crazy. How do we find that shit out?

M: Because it happened very quickly, I guess that people just noticed because you could also find both the light ones and the dark ones. This was over the course of like a couple decades.

E: Whoa.

M: Yeah, don't fact check me on this. But it is true. (Editor's Note: this next sentence was directed at Darlene) Do you have any stories of bugs?

D: My mom was an exterminator in Seattle, Washington, and she was exterminated the Starbucks plant. They had hella bugs.

M: What kind of bugs?

D: Cockroaches.

M: Do you think there was ever a

cockroach in someone's coffee?

D: Yes.

M: How did she do it? How'd she get them to go bye bye?

D: She got those fucking chemicals and sprayed them. Yeah, my mom is brave as hell.

M: Have you ever heard of Billy the exterminator?

D: Who?

M: Billy the exterminator.

D: Who is that?

M: He had a show on TV where he would go and exterminate bugs.

D: Oh, dope as fuck. Okay.

M: Yeah. Your mom was awesomer than Billy though.

D: You know, she has dope swag. I'm sure Billy did too.

M: What's your mom's name?

D: Amy.

M: Amy the exterminator. Any last thoughts or stories on bugs?

E&D: I love them.

M: I love them as well. Live laugh bugs. This is the first story ever recorded for the zine. We're at a Valentine's party that Eamon called the singles mixer.



EAMON



LIGHTNING! ROUND! GO!

BENNY

The alarm sample in "1539 N. Calvert" sounds so real. What's that flashing light? Must be the strobes. We didn't install any strobes. It's coming from something on the wall, looks red and shiny. That's the fire alarm. "1539 N. Calvert" doesn't have any alarm samples. The fire alarm is going off. Can we turn off the music. The fire alarm is going off. I'm stopping the music. Everyone please get out. The fire alarm is going off. You should take your jacket, probably. The fire alarm is going off and you need to leave. I don't know what set it off. Yes it's real, the fire alarm is going off. Please don't take the elevator it doesn't work because the fire alarm is going off. Everyone get in the stairs, I know we're on the sixth floor. I wouldn't say this is *Project X* but I guess never been in a closer situation. Who the hell pulled this alarm in the lobby? Is everyone out on the street? I'm trying to call the owners. Hi, the fire alarm is going off and if you could give me a call back when you get this, I'd really appreciate it. Does anyone have a screwdriver to open the alarm panel? Someone pulled it and we can't get it to stop. You can probably go up and grab your jacket, it doesn't look like there's actually a fire. Someone pulled the alarm down here. The fire alarm is going off. Are those sirens? Why are you running away, it's not the cops. I can't believe they brought two trucks for this. Can everyone act a little sober and stay out of the way? Sorry for making you come all this way. The fire alarm is going off, but it doesn't seem like there's any actual fire. I'm just renting a room for a private party, I don't know where anything is and I can't reach the owners.

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James McCarthy Walker, Kate
Koblegarde, and Presley Walker

The fire alarm is going off. The fire alarm isn't going off. Oh the fire alarm isn't going off anymore. Thanks so much guys, sorry again, I really appreciate it. The fire alarm isn't going off anymore. Everyone, the fire alarm isn't going off anymore. Come back inside. Yeah we're still partying. Call the people who ran away. The fire alarm isn't going off anymore. Where were we? "1539 N. Calvert?" The fire alarm isn't going off.



THESE TWO
PHOTOS ON TOP
ARE BY SHA-
NNON MCMAHON

JOE

I missed a non refundable flight back to the US in an airport overseas, and the airline wouldn't put me on another flight. While I was freaking out, a nun asked me to watch her bags when she went to the bathroom. When she came back she could tell I was troubled and she asked what the problem was. I told her and she marched up to the help counter and demanded that they put me on the next flight back to New York, and in the next ten minutes I had a ticket in my hand. We then spent the next 2 hours walking around the airport together and she helped me pick out gifts for my parents.

SEVIN

One time I farted really loud in computer lab while doing an online Spanish lesson and my crush asked me if I farted and I said no.

MAY

I wrote in eighth grade for my mother:

They say a mother's love is a forever thing, but what of the child left holding forever alone? No matter how full the room, silence still finds me, for at night, every voice fades but one.

Grief is a vine that never stops climbing, years pass, yet it wraps tighter, sprouting new aches in places I thought had healed. At every age, a fresh reminder—a lullaby unsung, a lesson unlearned, a moment too big for just my hands to hold.

I press my palms to memory, searching for warmth, molding love from absence, presence from echoes. Each step I take is a stitch in the fabric of you, sewn into every breath, every becoming.

But no matter how much of you I wear in my skin, I will always search for you— at my wedding, my child's first breath, and the dance I saved just for you.

SHANNON + JAMIE

We spent 9 hours in line trying to get Paul McCartney tickets. We woke up at 3:30am. Benny was already outside the Bowery Ballroom. He called us wearily to let us know the line was already wrapped around the block. We bundled up and got in line behind a very sweet mother and son who drove in from Connecticut. It was 20 degrees and raining, we were 89th in line. The hours drove on and as the sun rose, more and more people joined the line— families, college students, phish enthusiasts, and musicians (the likes of Jeffrey Lewis, Snöoper, U.S. Girls, and the Lemon Twigs.) The anti-homeless encampment music began blasting from the Bowery Hotel around 10am. The box office was supposed to open at noon. Conspiracy theories began to go around the line like a game of telephone. Around 1 pm, cold and exhausted, we accepted defeat and began walking back to Shannon's

100 YARN

dorm. The moment we stepped foot inside the door we heard the news they were selling tickets for the show tomorrow. We pulled our coats and shoes back on and ran as if our lives depended on it. Our primal instincts took over. We crashed into each other as we rounded a corner. Shannon fell and screamed "Go on without me, go, go." Eventually we made it back to the line together back to our original spot (they let us cut back in line) and as they were handing out tickets, they ran short about seven people in front of us. Our efforts were made in vain and instead we spent Valentine's Day watching Wild at Heart at the Metrograph. Fuck you Paul McCartney.

KATE

I was putting away laundry and matching my socks. Blue with blue, flowers with flowers, brown with brown with brown? Three brown socks for two feet. I identified the outlier. It's not my sock, but it's incredibly soft and cute. I wanted to put it on so badly. Me: "Eloise!?" Eloise: "Yes?" Me: "Please tell me this is your sock; it is so soft. I want to make it into a stuffed animal and rub my face on it. It's freshly clean; that's not gross, right? Gosh, I don't know what to do with it; I'll have to keep it somewhere special." Eloise: "You're going to keep a stranger sock?" Me: "I haven't decided yet"

The sock sat on my dresser for a day. Two days. On its third day of residency, Eloise came into my room. She had a lot of excitement on her face and a brown sock in her hand. THE OTHER BROWN SOCK.

PRESLEY

Valentines day. I'm making pasta + my friend comes over. She decides to sit up a camera + take me as a prank. I've been pranked many times, but the problem this time was that I was the commando so she got a full face at my bare butt I said that's what you get for assuming. First + last time she'll ever pants anyone.

#1 PIGEON & KAI

"LIFE OR DEATH LOVEBIRDS/100MPH
4-LEGGED 4-WHEELED MONSTER TRUCKS"

After class one day, I met up with Grace/Pigeon Conrad and Kai Slater in Tompkins Square Park to hang out and chat and draw and eat. I had seen on Pigeon's instagram story a few nights back that they had gotten in a car crash, and I had yet to hear what the hell happened. Pretty soon into them telling me the story, I realized I needed to record it. So here we go, the story of the two lovebirds in a classic drama of life or death.

By the way: The car crash comic is by Grace, the forest drawing is by me and the rock n roll show drawing is by all three of us.

mom and I was like, "Mommy, I know it's 2 a.m. in Florida right now (Editor's Note: Kai's mom lives in Florida), but... what the shit do I do? Where do I go? How do I get to this car crash? And we talked about it and I decided that I'd take a taxi and just tell them the deal.

K: So I went to the taxi line. I found out Grace was 10 minutes away because I had their location. And then the taxi person said "Okay, that'll be \$80." And I was like, "Ehhhhhhhhh what.. Whatever." And then I went into the taxi and he said, "Do you have an address?" And I said, "No, well, this is the deal: My girlfriend got hit by a car. They're on the highway. Can we just like-stop there? Just make something happen. Make something happen for me." But then he just kept on repeating "Address. Address. Address." And I just kept on rambling. And then I realized that he didn't speak English. And I thought, "Okay, well, we don't have much time." I felt like Grace was dying or something. So then I looked at Grace's location and I found the nearest address.

K: And so the taxi took me to that address, but I didn't realize till we got there that there was barbed wire surrounding the highway. But luckily there was a giant hole cut in the barbed wire, which went into this forest inlet. I realized I could walk through it to get to the highway, so I turned on my phone flashlight and started walking through the grass. But then I heard this four-legged animal breathing and walking

towards me. I couldn't see anything and I started hyperventilating. Then I thought, "I just have to make the least amount of sound as possible." So then I turned off my phone flashlight and made sure that I wasn't stepping on any noisy leaves.

M: That's hard to do.

K: It is. And it's post-winter, so everything's very dry. I thought it was a bear or a four-eyed green monster or something like that. But I got through the forest, and

I found the street. I had to wait for the cars to pass but then I ran over three lanes of traffic to get to this hill, which Grace was on the other side of. As I started walking up the hill, I got this giant flash in my eyes, and I couldn't see anything. And then I hear the police yelling, "You can't walk there! You can't be there!" And I yelled back, "That's my girlfriend in the car!!" And they said, "Oh, I thought you were some weird guy."

K: And then finally I got to the crash and the cop said "Sir, can



you please stand on the other side of the fence?" But then I ignored him and then Grace and I hugged and I was really happy to see them and see that they were okay.

K: And then we had an awesome ride in the tow truck. Grace and I were both cold, but Grace was especially cold because they've been in the crashed car in the freezing cold. Then the tow truck guy said "I'm gonna make it so hot in here you're gonna think you farted." And he had a funny voice.

M: Wait, what was he like?

G: He was really New York.

M: Did he have a New York accent?

G: Oh, yeah. So much so that we couldn't really understand him.

Kai, impersonating the tow truck guy: I'm from Staten Island, man.

G: Anyway it was 3am at this point.

M: And the tow truck guy drove you where?

K: He drove us to a gas station and then we got a taxi from this Scandinavian man.

M: Was he nice?

K&G: Yeah, he was super nice.

K: Then we got home.

G: Then we were like "What the heck just happened?"

M: Where's the car?

G: It got towed. I have no idea where it is.

M: Do you think it's lonely and scared and sad?

G: Probably. Honestly, it was a pretty good car. I'm really surprised I didn't spin and crash the driver's side.

K: Yeah. Also we got a slip from the tow truck guy and we lost that.

M: Are you serious?

G: Yeah, and then we were freaking out. I was freaking out mostly and Kai was looking everywhere for it and we never found it.

K: But we knew it started with a "K," so even though we never found the slip, we found the name of the tow place.

M: What now?

G: Now we're just happy. We're both alive. Celebrating each other.



M: Yeah, you (pointing to Grace) didn't die in a car crash and you (pointing to Kai) didn't die from a four-legged creature attack.

K&G: Totally, yeah.

M: Any last thoughts?

K: Be grateful for yourself.

M: This is so true.

K: This is so true.

G: What does this have to do with anything?

K: What?!

M: Because you're both alive!

G: Oh yeah, sure, yeah.

K: Be grateful for your legs and your body and your arms because you could be chomped by a green-legged creature any time.

Grace, pointing to a drawing they were working on: Do you see a dog in this?

K: What? No.

M: Let me see... I'm working really hard to find the dog.

G: Guys what?!

K: Where!?

G: It's right here!

M: I'm so close to finishing my drawing. This is where I imagined you guys to be. Was this like the forest you went through Kai?

K: Oh my god, yeah.



THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYTHING BUT IT'S THE CAR



Shirley

"HOW WE MET"

Shirley Ellisor is my grandmother on my Dad's side. I call her Mimi. Growing up, I had always heard the legend of her meeting my grandfather, Don (Papa), on a blind date. I've always thought that was so romantic and I think I still secretly hope I meet my spouse in the same way.

When I was putting together this zine, I realized this story would be perfect, and when I asked Shirley, she said yes and was excited to write it out. Once I read it, I realized I didn't know so much of the story-and it adds so much! I feel very grateful to be able to include this story in my zine and have Mimi and Papa as grandparents.

Background: Don was engaged and that engagement had just ended when he found out she was seeing other guys on her college campus. He had been sure she was his mate for life, so this came as devastating news. Don's mother did not necessarily like this young lady for him, and although she was glad the relationship had ended, she was concerned about who he would choose to take to the Houston Baylor Football Club annual barbeque in August where everybody who was anybody would be. Taking matters into her own hands, she was searching for a

date for her youngest child, only boy, apple of her eye. Over coffee at a family affair, she and Eddie Lou cooked up this scheme for us to meet, knowing I was perfect for Don. Side note-we never saw Eddie Lou again.

I was in a chaotic relationship with my high school boyfriend, loving him, but not loving him because I did not think he would make a good father for our future children.

Don arrived right on time on Sunday evening. I had asked him to come a little early to take me to buy refreshments for the evening fellowship. Of course, my mother, four younger sisters and a cousin who was visiting for the summer were at the windows as I answered the door, and I must say, I was relieved. Upon first appearance, he was certainly dateable, and I would soon learn that he was kind and had the same expectations for

the future and family as I. He touched my hand in church, and by the time the evening was over and he pulled out of the driveway, I was pretty sure I was going to marry him.

Don went home, prayed to God for a girl like me to marry and we both went on our way for the week. The big barbeque was that weekend and after that, we saw each other at least every other night since we were both working at summer jobs in Houston.

August came, and Don returned to Baylor for football practice; I finished my summer job and could not wait to see him. He picked me up midafternoon at the dorm shortly after I arrived, and we drove to Cameron Park where he had a blanket and had packed a small snack and drinks. We had only known each other five weeks, but the I love you words had been exchanged just before his returning to college one week ahead of me, and he did not wait, but asked, "Will you marry me?" I immediately replied yes, and his answer was, "Don't you want to think about it?"

My reply was, "I already did." We packed the blanket and headed to the nearest telephone booth where we squeezed in and called each of our sets of parents. All were thrilled.

Exactly five months to the date from our original blind date telephone call, we were married in a winter ceremony in Houston with everyone there. We have now been married 57 years, and there are times we wonder why we rushed before knowing each other better and other times we discuss God's plan for our lives at that moment. One thing we know throughout our years together is that we have never both been ready to leave at the same time. It has not been a perfect road, nor are there any perfect relationships, and one of us was always ready to support the other and see us through the tough times.

At this stage of our life, we are glad we always toughed it out,

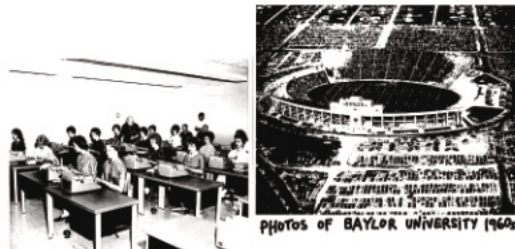
because we can celebrate together our three sons, their wives, and our nine grandchildren, the loves of our lives. We like to travel together and enjoy our retired life, still learning about each other as we go.



SHIRLEY + DON ON THEIR WEDDING DAY



SHIRLEY + DON AT THE BEACH RECENTLY



PHOTOS OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY 1960s



COLE

I asked Cole Hunt for a story and
I got texted back this Good Stuff.

Cole-related things to look up on
the internet: TV Buddha, Emotional
Maturity, Nitroglycerin!

11/10/24 - 3/2/25

What has a man got to do?
What has a man got to do, to
walk down State St. in the saccharine
evening, turn the corner and there
she is - bells crying their
sigh and the jingles all snicker to yr
footsteps as you capsize
to the fluorescent linoleum bar
Sweating under the skeletal fixtures
and sneeze a "one coffee ma'am" to
the stain of white teeth sucking the
other side of the counter; THAT'S
what a man's got to do, to do
what he's GOT to do what
a MAN has got to do to
see the face of the Dhammapada in
all scales, all hues of his
sugar pie doused by canyons
of unpaid rent
of scatter rafters
of an end unto oneself, all patrons
merging into a soulvoid of this diner,
shattered painstars raining postcomputer
love in every creamsoda every flake
of pastrycrust scaffolding into the
billions of buddhas + recycling unpaid
rent; each lonelyhearted diner a
dimestore incense-burner cowering in
paralysis of interest-rate sodomy,
an American Dream of the pureland
of singeing yr greased-back hair from
tens of billions of fingers groping spines
shaking shaking shaking together
twisted and useless - if you would
only let ME hold yr hand...
So on and so on you went,
rubbled by gringoisms and child-
wrestlers, youthless (weekless)
In the flesh juxtaposition
explosion / unyielding collision
in the nighttime of these buddhic blossoms,
strangers sprouted up from mud
to shadow and scuffle and
fatelessly mill around this orange-boothed
lemon ceiling tindrape depot,
You spilled every shuttered word
across the neon-mooned countertop,

100 YARN

As I picked up the pieces and
limped them together, I traded you
hand over fist, word for staleless
word, one lonesome traveler to
another: and the words bolted
out of me
"Yes, you know it's true... I
love it. I love everything you do.
I love it all. Won't you be mine?
won't you pour my coffee? Won't
you smile once more my way, your
cigarette-death breath aching my
stencil eyes - oh baby, have some
fun tonight!
I love you give me more
I love you give me more
I love you give me more
Don't wait for yr daily mail.
Don't wait for yr daily mail.
Scatter yr words across my skin.
Don't put yr pie in the laundry.
Suffer with me, suffer with me
I want to be your man. Please baby let me
be your man. I want to be your man. Let
me be your man. I am a man. I am
a man. I am a man. I am a man. I
am a man. I am a man. I am a man. I
am a man. I am a man. I am a man.
I am a man. I am a man. I am a man.
And so on and so on

you smile once more my way,
cigarette-death breath aching
stencil eyes - oh baby, have
fun tonight!
I love you - give
I love you As I picked up
I love you limped them together
Don't wait for yr daily mail
Don't wait for yr daily mail
Don't wait for word, one lonesome
Scatter yr words across my skin
Don't put yr pie in the laundry
Suffer with me, suffer with me
I want to be your man. Please baby let me
be your man. I want to be your man. Let
me be your man. I am a man. I am
a man. I am a man. I am a man. I
am a man. I am a man. I am a man. I
am a man. I am a man. I am a man.
I am a man. I am a man. I am a man.
And so on and so on





"BALL EMERGENCY"

Alright I got a double doozie for ya here. These two stories, "Ball Emergency" and "Queer History" are written by my sweet friend Em Higgins. I had heard both of these stories before and then later extracted them back to back at Em's dining room table (which recently just got decorated with chairs..Huzzah!)

Em is genuinely one of the funniest, smartest, most passionate people I know, so I really hope you enjoy.

Also: All the photos are taken by Em (they are a wonderful photographer).

Once upon a time, my ex-boyfriend and I were having sex and we had to call the ambulance. I'm a lesbian now, so I don't play with balls anymore, but long ago, I was on the freaking court. One night, many moons ago, we were at my parents' house alone. As we were taking advantage of the beautiful alone time, we decided to get freaky.

It was towards the end of the freak sesh that it happened. We were having a freak off. I shouldn't have said that. But we were having a freak off and, you know, I was trying to be a little romantic, try a little something new.

In my closeted lesbian moment, I guess I was trying to do the knee thing on him, which, he has balls, so I definitely was playing with the wrong anatomy there for sure. So I'm trying to do the sexy thing where I graze my knee between his thighs. As I pull my leg up, he makes a face of anguish, despair, confusion, just completely afflicted with tragedy. He then recoils and his face contorts as though he's been possessed by an evil creature in the Hereditary series or something. I'm appalled. I pull back and I'm like, "Oh my God, are you okay?" Like, "What happened? What happened?" But I'm also kind of laughing because I'm like LOL. Did I touch your balls you crazy girl? And it's like, oh my God, no, something sickening is going down.

So I'm like, "Wait, wait, wait, are you okay?" And he's like, "My

ball, my ball, I'm- my ball." And I'm like, "Oh my God, are you okay? What's happening? What's happening? Are you okay?" And he's like, "My ball, my ball, it's inside of my body. I don't- don't know what to do. It's inside of my body. I don't know what to do. My ball is gone. My ball has gone in my body like it's gone. It's in my stomach." I don't know what to do and I'm afraid to look down because I'm like, oh my, if he has one ball, this will freak me out. So I'm just like, "Oh my God, are you okay?" I'm like, okay, fuck. We have to lock the fuck in.

I'm Googling what to do, typing in searches like *balls shot in body and disappeared and having sex and balls went in stomach*, and all of the results are like *you're fucked and you need to call the ambulance right now*. I'm trying to be chill for the sake of both of us and refrain from showing him the results that say he is going to die. So I'm just like, "What do we do? Are you okay? Do I call the police? Do I ask them for advice? Like we could just call them and ask what to do but they don't actually have to come?" He's like, "No, I think I'm okay. I just need to go to the bathroom." And I'm like, "Okay, for sure, do you want me to help you?" And he's like, "I don't know." And he's limping to the bathroom, so I'm holding his body up, supporting him.

He gets to the bathroom, stands in front of the toilet, and is like, "Maybe I just have to pee." He's like, "I have to-" and then all of a sudden he collapses on the

bathroom floor. He's out cold. He literally shrinks into my arm and falls onto the tile floor and I'm sick and I'm like, *oh my fucking...* Like I almost fell down because he almost took me down with him like a freaking bowling pin. Trigger warning, I did the knee thing to my boyfriend and I almost murdered him. That's what happens when you're a closeted lesbian ladies, listen up. Just break up with him because murder is really not worth it. At some point you need to know when to actually shut it down. We can't do this anymore.



So he passes out, and I'm actually freaking out. I'm trying to revive him. I'm like "Hello, hello, are you okay?" Finally, he comes to and he's like, "What happened?" And I'm like "Girl, you fainted. You don't even know what happened. Your ball shot into your body and you fainted." So he's like, "Okay, just take me back to bed." So I limp his lifeless body back across the room. I lay him down to rest and he's traumatized and he's like, "Oh, I think my ball is back, but it's aching. It's aching. You don't understand- It shot into my stomach. What do we do?"

And I'm like, "Do we just call the police? It'll be totally fine. We'll ask the operator like, 'Hey, his ball shot into his body, do you think this is chill or not?' and they'll be like, 'Oh, this is what you do.'" So then he's really freaking out and he's like, "Oh my God, my ball is twisted for sure. I knew a friend like this, and he had to get emergency surgery because his balls were entangled and the surgeon had to untangle them because otherwise, the tubes

were getting suffocated and he would never have kids again and it could sever his balls." So he was like, "Okay, this is what's happening to me and we need to call the ambulance because I could have a ball emergency and we'd have to shut it down and have emergency surgery." So I was like, "Okay, fuck."

We dial 911 and we're like, "What do we do? We think his balls are back down now, but is he going to die?" The operator, she's like, "We're calling for an ambulance." They insisted on sending someone right away. Apparently you can't just call them to ask for advice, someone has to be dispatched- it's protocol. So I'm freaking the fuck out because my parents have cameras out the wazoo like it's fucking Fort Knox and the ambulance is coming to pick up my boyfriend's balls. So I'm fucking sick. I'm literally sickened and I'm scared for my life because I'm like, I'm literally going to get in the biggest trouble I've ever been in my life. The ambulance is going to pull up for his balls and I'm literally going to be in the worst trouble I've ever been in. I think I was 19.

So the ambulance pulled up and I freaked out because I wasn't supposed to be home alone with my boyfriend. So that was double trouble. And it would have just been so embarrassing to explain to my parents like, "Oh my God, my boyfriend's balls disappeared. We had to call the ambulance." So I was just like, oh my God, this is so bad.

The EMTs are in my parents living room. He's laying down in front of them and he's like, "It all happened so fast. My balls just went into my body." These are some real New York, Staten Island guys that are literally busting his the fuck out of his balls even worse. They're like, "Oh, you silly guy, you silly guy. Oh, crazy- happens all the time. You get freaky with your girl." These guys are putting on the Ritz in a thick New York accent and laughing in his face, and they're like, "You're fine, you don't need to come with us." So

they leave. And he's like, "Do I have to pay for this? They're like, no, no, no, no trust."

Even after they leave, he's so scared that he's like, "Fuck, I have to call my best friend's mom who's a doctor to make sure I'm going to survive this." So he calls her and she's like, "No, trust it's the cremasteric reflex. Basically sometimes when the balls get scared, they shoot into the body to protect themselves. And your balls were scared and they just did a little jump to hide away. Like, it obviously is very frightening, but it's nothing to be scared of. It just happens sometimes, like if someone grazes your leg or gets too close to your balls. So literally no worries, your balls are fine." Ball count, take a drink every time I say balls to black out permanently.

Even after all the hullabaloo, we forget about the ball emergency for a long time. My parents never found out what happened that fateful day. Then suddenly, a few months later, he gets an eight thousand dollar bill in the mail for the ambulance and we were like, fucking trust. He then had to go through a whole bureaucratic process to get it disputed because he never even rode in the ambulance. To my straight kings—stay safe out there and stay away from lesbians. Protect your balls and your wallet.



"QUEER HISTORY"

In the spring of my sophomore year, I was scrolling upon the course registration portal at my college when I stumbled upon a class entitled Queer History of Photography. At the time, I was dating a man, although I had been out as queer since high school. When I first discovered the course, I was cautious, as I often restrained myself from exploring queer media, literature and education in fear of realizing the extent of my queerness. Further, I feared becoming a lesbian. Inevitably, I decided to take the class and was like, it's fine, you know, just a little queer education. I knew it was going to be a fun class and, thought, you know, it won't make me gay. Little did I know, everything would change.

On my first day of class, I was surrounded by queer women and non-binary people. Each student took turns sharing their journey with queerness. The opening prompt of the class—I actually missed the first class, but as it was relayed to me—my professor put up a picture of Cate Blanchett on the board and said, "Why is this a queer image?" Everyone was at a loss for words when our teacher replied: "Because she is my celebrity crush, and I'm attracted to her. And queer attraction can make something queer." During our second class, she asked us, "When was the first time you viewed gender as a performance?" Everyone shared their coming out stories, mouth full of giggles, eyes full of tears. I immediately was enthralled with this group of queer people that would go on to shape my life for the next few years.

Then we go on and on and on in the semester and this class is changing my life. My teacher is the most amazing person that has her doctorate in queer art history. I'm learning about things I never have before. I had never before in my life had a queer education. I had never before in my life learned about so many

lesbians or discovered that queerness could be a facet of education, or that there were so many queer artists out there. It was like seeing with a new pair of eyes for the first time, and it completely changed my way of living. I went from a very stagnant heteronormative view of my life, and feeling that I had to devote all of my love, time and attention to a single partner, a straight cis man, and that my life was to fall in love, get married, go to school, have kids. And I mean, I already had undone some of that, you know, I'm not sure if I want kids. I'm not sure about marriage. You know, I knew I was queer.

I struggled with it, but I really was so entrenched in this traditional way of living where my man was my everything, my world, and everything else came second to that. This class really opened my mind to a queer way of living and holding romanticism in all aspects of your life, loving your friends, like family, like sisters, like lovers, loving the places you live, loving your pets, loving your home, loving your art, loving everything with such intensity and passion as if you're enamored and totally in love with them.

Meditating on queer abstraction and queer art completely expanded my life. Particularly in how voyeurism and sexualization don't always have to be stigmatized or foreboding topics, particularly when queer love and desire are so stigmatized. If the desire is consensual, if the voyeurism is consensual, it doesn't always have to be a bad thing. Thinking a lot about queering images, ideas and ideologies helped me to see that things don't always have to be so black and white, and you can hold a dialectic or look at things more expansively. Voyeurism doesn't always have to be evil. Sexualization and desire don't always have to be evil. I find myself interested in how we can embrace and subvert these devices as a celebration of queer life, identity, and love.

The class opened up my practice as

well. I was making photos before that were often about documenting friends, and I started to dissect that more deeply and realized that a lot of my practice was taking photographs of women I was attracted to, in love with, or enamored with. A lot of my practice was about yearning to get access into their world and be a part of this closed door world to these beautiful straight women that felt so unattainable whether it was being with them or being them. Then I also began expanding my practice to self-reflecting on my queerness through self-portraiture. A lot of it was in reaction to the limited lesbian imagery available. So I began to explore how I can contribute to a broader lesbian archive and expand the narrative. Much of this idea is in the ethos of the Lesbian Herstory Archive where they collect as much as possible of any lesbian artists that want to donate their materials. I just really want to be a part of that, creating a larger narrative of queerness at large and more specifically, lesbianism. I'm utterly devoted to preserving the memory of my community.

Throughout my life, I always ached and yearned to be a part of the lesbian community and never knew why I felt such rampant jealousy. Being in this class was an awakening that marked the beginning of the rest of my life. Not to mention, we formed an incredible cohort of lesbian artists that are so committed to lesbianism, spreading overtly queer imagery, creating a sisterhood, and uplifting each other.

Not only did I gain extensive knowledge that I will never forget that changed my mind about the way I was living, the way I was thinking, the way I was loving, I gained a community that walks alongside me and times of ecstasy and tragedy.





"LIST OF THINGS THAT ARE RED"

Ben Jammes is one of my good buddies, we've played in a couple bands together (Badger Hunt currently) and he's genuinely one of the best bassists I know. He was classically trained on cello, if that gives any idea of his style of shredding. Also he wants to be a professional session musician so hit him up for gigs and recordings and such: bsj5538@nyu.edu (Sorry I put your nyu email Ben, I didn't feel like asking for your personal one)

I digress. One day I was on the phone with Ben while sitting in Central Park, and somehow we got to talking about this zine. I asked him if he had any stories and emailed me this one-but he actually emailed the wrong Miles. The subject line was "Is this you?" It was not me. Anyway, Ben and I both like prose poetry/poetry prose. Here's some of his:

in between your ears vanishes and you are reminded of why anyone wakes up in the first place. I never got too sunburnt from those long afternoons though.

Where I am from, the apples are firm and juicy, Red and beautiful. The taste of passion grips your tongue when you bite into one. They are shared so easily and bring a smile to my pink face. I have made the mistake of letting an apple rot, and I was struck with a sense of melancholy watching the maggots slowly eat away at the once beautiful skin. Even in atrophy there is life clawing its way to the surface. Back in my hometown, you could find apples in stores or randomly sitting on the side of the road, in farmers markets on Sundays when the sun is warming your back or sitting along the canal that cuts through the city like a gash.

Pesky flies taste with their feet but can't even see the color red, even when swarming around an open wound or a decomposing fruit. No wonder they don't live long.

Blood trickles down my knee, tickling the short blond hairs and reminding me to buy band aids from my pharmacy. Crawling towards the ground, grabbing ahead and heaving itself along, it takes so much effort for the small stream to keep going. In several days, my pant leg will be brown, not red,

because Red is a passing color, one not used to sticking around longer than it wants to. Even if you want it to stay.

Horror movies have so much gore, but I don't mind that, it's just that I wish you would stay awake if you're going to make me watch them.

My local drugstore had an embarrassingly large sign. It often was out of the items that I needed the most: razors when I needed to shave, flowers when I wanted to impress, jellybeans when you and I wanted something sweet, band aids for my leg. Even when they had razors, they were cheap and I had to fold small pieces of toilet paper to place on various spots all over my face. Slowly, overtime, with single use blades, I eat away at my own skin. Despite boasting such a proud front, complete with a florescent Red sign, the inside of the store was humble, out of stock. I loved that Bartell's so goddamn much.

Our sweet teeth made the jellybeans disappear before we could appreciate them.

Marlboro 100's burn far too fast, but it's what I started on, and once that flavor is in your mouth, you never stop craving it. Red cartons pile up.

When I met you, I was not embarrassed at all, but Red was all around me. Your strawberry blonde hair catching the light while it floated effortlessly down to the tops of your shoulders. Your freckles were islands in a sea of dreamy rosiness. Your lips were spread wide. Your unfinished painting sat in the corner of the room, Red and pink paint dried on the palette lying at its base. I hope you finish it soon. Or at least the New Yorker puzzle.

It's you, the center of the star, the heat that starts the blaze that burns everything to the ground.

Discovery Park did not allow beach fires, and when I told a dear friend of mine that I stole wooden

pallets and lit them ablaze anyways, he was disappointed. Deeply. I turned red. I was always careful to be well into the sandy area and keep a close eye on the bonfire. I was always the one in charge of starting it and keeping it alive. I was always worried that I would be the dumb kid who burned down the west coast. I was always poking the embers with a stick and keeping those around me warm. I know how quickly these things can get out of control. How quickly do they leave your hands.

Watching a sunset is better with the smell of smoke. Wear your favorite clothes because the scent will linger on them.

You took a trip to Europe, and I was scared that Red was gone for good, but you came back with a great big grin on your sunburnt face. A shining apple. I pulled over my car in the airport terminal to throw something away, and there you stood, completely on accident, just passing through. As Red always does.

As flowers wilt, buildings crumble, songs end, fruits go sour, shops close down, cigarettes go out, and moments pass. I miss you, the apple of my eye. Fires sputter out and send to the sky thick tubes of not much color at all. Soon it will rain and all of the things that were so vibrant before will be drenched in a soggy hue. Like the puzzle pieces that your cat knocked a glass of water onto. Unable to fit back into the whole until they dry. At least the smoke will be cleared by the rain.

I think laughter is red.

Bright Red paint covers every brick of a modest three-story building on Atlantic street in Brooklyn. It flashes confidence and authenticity. The latticed windows appear as eyes into the head of some partially submerged beast; The inside of this fantastical monster's head holds memories of shared meals and the smell of sex in the morning, a complex map of floor plans, old hand-me-down furniture, and stacks of boardgames and New Yorker puzzles. It is a vast labyrinth of interwoven lives sitting on the side of an old street in a brand-new city. When the inside of the building catches an iridescent red, as the outside, people will be forced to drop to the ground quickly. We're in a drought after all.

When I meet new people, my face turns a subtle red, a pinkish hue that is always lingering behind the skin of my cheeks but comes forward in embarrassment.

In a field full of flowers, the roses stand the proudest, attracting the eye with their rich fragrance and tugging on the nose with their colorful hue. Their pedals wet with dew, they hover slightly in the gentle breeze passing through. When this field erupts into a landscape from hell, the roses will feel right at home. Dry grass catches easily.

Red Solo Cup plays in my head on lonely days. I fill you up. After working in the garden in the hot summer sun, there is nothing quite like that first sip. The heat lying

ABBY

"PUNK HOUSES" FROM COAST TO COAST

When you say "punk house" a lot of things could come to mind. You could think of a classic squat from the late '80s / early '90s—or a bunch of trust fund brats giving each other stick and pokes in an apartment their dad pays for. I've been to them all, and there ain't no such thing as a good "punk house." It's more of a badge of shame.

In 2007 I got to visit my first punk house. It was being squatted in Flatbush, not too far from the Myrtle avenue stop. Brooklyn in 2007 wasn't anywhere near as gentrified as it is today. It was still ghetto and deeply queer/transphobic. My friend was taking me to see some of his pals in the neighborhood. The house - which I'll call the Freegan Compound - was occupied by a group of vegan anarchists who dumpstered everything. They lived off of garbage and sold whatever they could fix up. They may have started by renting the house legitimately but they cut their landlord off after awhile.

The house was surrounded by a concrete fence that had barbwire on the top. We had to be let in through the front gate and were lead up a flight of stairs to the exterior of the house. Once we entered, it was under furnished and relatively clean. Our friends were a cis gay couple, two guys in their early 20s. Their room had to be the smallest one in the entire house. They had that this is capitalism poster of one man shooting another point blank. It was that kind of Gen X, in your

Abby and I both volunteer at the Interference Archive, an open stacks archive (meaning you can come in without an appointment, take things off the shelves, touch them with your hands, take photos/scans, etc.) in Park Slope in Brooklyn. We are organized in an anarchist structure, so nobody has authority over anybody. The stuff we have in the archive is all print material from social movements: zines, posters, books, VHS tapes, vinyl, magazines, comics, buttons, stickers, etc..

Anyway, Abby fucking rocks. We staff together sometimes. I knew she had a lot of good stories so I asked her to write some, and here they are in all their punky glory.

face bluntness that lacked all self awareness. The place felt more like a ghost town than a thriving collective. The kitchen was remarkable intact, which was the most surprising thing.

We stepped outside so that the couple could show us what they had done with the garage. They had turned into a club and decorated it with everything they had found off the street. It was decked out in random junk, Christmas lights, and had a piano in one of the newly constructed "rooms."

The next stop was to go to an underground venue out of someone else's house in the same neighborhood. It was also run out of a garage, with mattresses put up against the walls to keep the sound in. It must have been 15 degrees warmer in there. They had a makeshift bar by a wall where they only sold PBR and Red Stripe for \$4 a bottle, which in 2007 might as well have been \$12. The room where the band played was a sweaty, heaving mess of crust punks. I joined in the pit for a bit but got exhausted from the heat. Me and my friend went into their basement, which was turned into a lounge room with a tun of chairs. One of the punks was this woman just walking around in tank boots, panties, and absolutely nothing else on. I made a mental note to come back to that venue as often as I could but I never did.

Flash forward to 2015 in Seattle. I'm desperate for a place to stay

and two different people refer me to the "Grand Punk Palace." The name alone should have been a red flag but my meeting with the collective blew that away. I was greeted by a bunch of normies. They dressed normal, acted normal, and were repulsed by the idea of people enjoying anything "weird." They were the stereotype of the Pathetic Northweird's denizens; self centered, easily offended, passive aggressive, apathetic, always taking liberties and cliquish. The Grand Punk Palace was a normal house like any other on its block.

Each member had some neurotic, egocentric persona to them. Noah worked as a roofer and everything was an excuse to bitch and moan like a petulant child. No small incident in his life goes without him whining about it, as if it was the end of the world. Em ran the local anarchist books shop, Left Bank Books, as her personal business. She was gifted a motorcycle by her dad and was generally a selfish little shit. Kepi was an abrasive malcontent who lashed out at everything and everyone. She once got a write up from her job for yelling at customers for didn't order vegan options. Another time she forgot to put a customer on hold while shit talking them. The clique's favorite activity - aside from smoking weed - was to order pizzas from the local shop, never pick them up, and wait for them to be dumped in the garbage. They did this so often they had to make sure the right person was in the shop so they didn't get caught.

A few of my "favorite" moments came from just how fucked up they really were. A potential black roommate had stated in her reply to the ad, "I won't tolerate any anti-blackness." Their response to this was, "We don't know what that looks like, so you have to tell us if we're being racist." They often turned down people whose politics didn't completely align with their own, including someone who was an actual activist for the trans community. Yet their "politics" were just for show. There was a Black Lives Matter protest

100 YARN

happening downtown one evening. I expected the whole house to go but they had more important things to do. Like sit around smoking weed and watching Netflix.

One day they sat me down for a house meeting. They told me they didn't like how I communicated (as in at all, instead of just being a silent lemming) and I was a bad fit. They gave me a month to find a new place. Then they had the gall to ask me not to make them feel bad about it. They didn't want it to be awkward. Oh, and they had racked up a \$1200 utilities bill and wanted me to pay \$300 for my share. How the fuck that happened, who fucking knows. Obviously I didn't give them a single cent. Before I left that house, I made sure to stuff all the heating vents with stinky cheese as a final "fuck you" to them.

My favorite house I ever lived in was not inhabited by "punks" in the traditional sense but was the punkest shit I had ever seen. Located in Wallingford, the neighbors gave it the nickname "Disaster House." It was a crumbling two story shit hole with a basement apartment. One of the roommates had set up all these old Chinese Communist propaganda posters for no reason whatsoever. He wasn't a Maoist, he just needed something to decorate the hall with. My roommates were some of the weirdest and most wonderful people I had ever met. Max was a 6'4" cartoonist and self described rot elemental. He had a shaggy beard, a big head of curly hair, only wore a t shirt and boxers all day, and had the sharpest and meanest sense of humor. He was highly intelligent and a total fucking slob. He was a big man with a big heart. Wilson was a neurodivergent fellow who worked at Trader Joe's. He was a frantic reader, he couldn't exist without a book in his hand. He was Max's friend and the two had amazing interactions with each other. Listening to them talk was great. Carissa was a 5'9" voluptuous woman who told it like it was. She fought everyone in the city over every little injustice. It felt like a one woman war on Seattle's

shittiness was being waged my Carissa. She had a comment on everything and was larger than life. Her husband - Eric - was a gigantic British man. He must have easily been 6'6". He and Max were peas in a pod. When they all got in the same room, it was like something out of a comedy show.

In Disaster House, I had a basement room I shared with this lovely migrant woman from Mexico who was always shocked at how backwards and regressive the United States was. I got the feeling she regretted coming here. We shared a kitchenette and a bathroom in that basement, but we never stepped on each other's toes or took up much space in the common area down there. It was like having my own apartment. I used to practice playing guitar and cello in my room with no complaints. Disaster House had previously been a meth house and after that a frat house. The previous basement inhabitant were these oogle who moved to Olympia.

Disaster House was a fire hazard, a disgusting, grimy, dilapidated flophouse with a rotation of new temp roommates outside of me, Max, Wilson, Carissa, and Eric. I loved those people and as much as that house made me sick to live in. It was one of the homiest places I've ever lived. It was comfy in that rot. I miss my time there dearly.

What is "punk?" I might say it's a trio of anti-authoritarianism, anti-mainstream, and Do It Yourself ethos. Building a found family of misfits isn't about making a clique and looking for the people who fit the mold. It's about taking those weirdos who don't fit anywhere and giving them a home. It's about embracing the disaster and managing it with comradery. A house that gives a home to the freaks is the ideal punk house. The one that says to the world, "the weirdos aren't going anywhere!"

ONE OF ABBY'S
FRIENDS FROM
DISASTER HOUSE



MARK
MARK
MARK

Mark Johnson is my professor for this design studio I'm taking. The focus of the class is on bookmaking—essentially right up my freaking alley. Sometimes during lecture, he starts telling these stories, little bits of lore that he just casually drops then never mentions again.

He told us about this first knot story one time, and later I wrangled him after class to tell it again on a voice memo. He ended up adding some other stories too.

Mark makes me want to become a sailor, not a bookmaker. Books are for nerds.



Ma: Wait, I have an even better story than that.

Mi: What?

Ma: I'll just keep going.

Mi: Okay.

Ma: Later I started working at the Guggenheim, and it was a much bigger scale, obviously, a much bigger operation. Well, they had a Claes Oldenburg show. He makes soft sculptures of everyday objects. He'd make a hamburger, or a telephone, or something. They're really oversized, but soft, so they're all droopy and stuff. Well for this show, he made a soft sculpture of a badminton shuttlecock. (Editor's Note: This exhibition took place in 1995.)

Mi: Of a what?



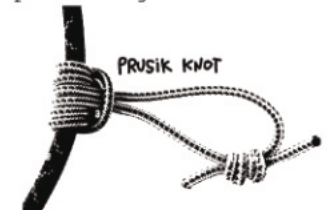
Ma: Shuttlecock. That's the formal name of it. Anyway they had this thing made out of feathers that were actually big futons. And they were hanging inside the ramp. So they had tied the sculpture to a rope and tied the rope all the way to the top of the Guggenheim,

where the Oculus is. Well, the guy who tied the rope tied it so that he would be the only one that could come and undo it. It would be very difficult to undo it, unless you really knew what you were doing. Well, he kind of pulled a power play and said, "I want more money if I'm gonna come undo it." And the museum said, "Forget it." But then they said, "Wait, who wants to do this? Who wants to take it down?" I said, "I'll do it."

Mi: Here we go again.

Ma: It's a little bit complicated to explain what it is, but I had to go up on a cherry lift. So there was a line going up to the ceiling to hold that top feather up and it was under tension. It's almost impossible to untie a knot when it's under tension, especially when there's so much weight because it just keeps tightening. So what I had to do was transfer the load from the one line, pull the line up, undo the knot, and then release it.

Ma: So I did all this research. I was like, "Wow, what do I gotta do?" You might know about this if you do any mountain climbing, but there's this knot called the Prusik. Basically, if somebody's mountain climbing and they're hanging from a line on a hook, you need to take that hook out, transfer the load to the other line, pull them up, and then undo that. And so it's this knot that goes around the line and when you tighten it, it tightens down on the line. So you basically make a cinch on the line, and you can pick up the weight it's holding.



Ma: So I went to REI and I got to talking with them, and they agreed with the Prusik line idea. So I bought a bunch of rope. And I was in my apartment practicing this line over and over because I was

Ma: It was empty.

Mi: Oh, okay.

Ma: So I tie this knot, it's called a bowline—it's a beautiful knot. It creates a fast loop, which means it doesn't slip. And I tie this thing, and we hang it. Then everybody comes by before we hang the LP tank, and they're all saying, "That's not going to work, that's crazy, that's not, that's not any kind of a knot." And I said "Well, what knot are you going to tie?" And they just tied this crazy knot, it's called a granny knot—it's all knot after knot after knot after knot. They thought just because they had more knots that it would be a better knot.



Ma: Well then, I don't know why I said this, but I said "I'll bet every dime I have in the bank, everything I own, that that knot will hold!" And they didn't believe me. But anyway, we hung the tank from it, and it held perfectly. And then Bob Flanagan came by, and he's like, "Oh, yeah, that'll be perfect." He knew.

Ma: I was so adamant about the fact that this knot would work that they listened to me. And my knot ended up being in the show, and it worked of course. After that I became known as The Knot Expert.

Mark: Hi, this is Mark Johnson, and this is a story about a time that I worked at the New Museum. (Editor's Note: This exhibition took place in 1994.) I was an art handler in my later 20s. It's the person who actually puts art on the walls. This specific show was very experimental. It's about a guy named Bob Flanagan. He had multiple sclerosis, and he wasn't supposed to live past 16 or 17, and he was in his late 30s, early 40s, and he was in constant pain his whole life. His artwork started to be about engaging in things that would take him to a different pain level, so he'd be like, "Oh, there's a pain that's worse than my daily pain," so when he was in his daily pain, he was like, "Oh, things could be worse." Anyway, this is sort of a side story, which I just thought was quite interesting.

Ma: So anyway, he was going to be hanging upside down from this rope from his ankle, and obviously it would be super painful. So they asked "Who wants to rig this up with a rope? We need a knot to be able to hold this guy up from his ankle."

And I said, "Oh, I'll totally do that because I know about knots." And they had this big gas tank. It's for liquid propane, and it's kind of human-sized, and they say, "We'll use this to simulate his body and see if it holds." So I tie this knot.

Miles: A gas tank is like, quite dangerous, no?

gonna be up on a cherry lift and if this line breaks, this whole sculpture is going down on somebody. I had to really know what I was doing. So I told everybody, "I got this."

Ma: So, anyway, I get the team together, and I'm six ramps up on the cherry lift. I'm looking down, I'm scared. And the sculpture is rocking back and forth, but I get up, and I tie this Prusik knot. I transfer the load, I untie the knot, we let it down, and it worked absolutely perfect.

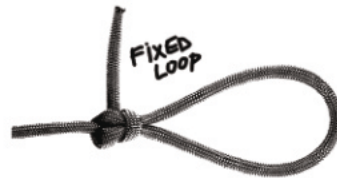
Mi: I thought you were going to be like, "And then 13 people died."

Ma: No, it worked like a charm.

Mi: Why didn't you become a sailor since you're good with knots?

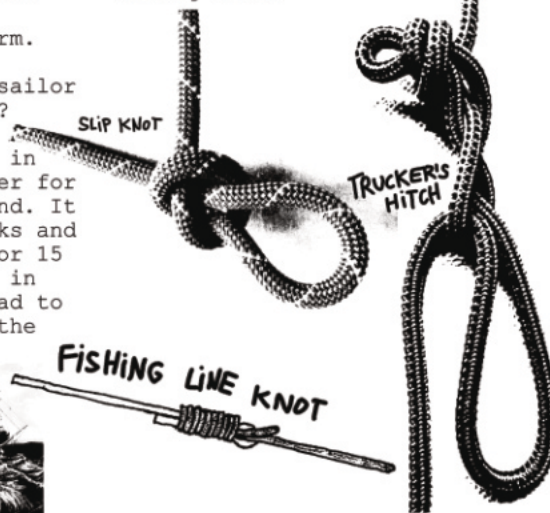
Ma: Well I spent the summers in Maine, and I was the caretaker for this little house on an island. It was all boats and knots. Docks and shit, you know. I did that for 15 years. Part of the dock fell in once. I was there alone. I had to rig it up and get it out of the ocean alone.

Ma: There's one that makes a loop that's called a #2 fixed loop, it's a set loop that doesn't slip.



Ma: There's one to tie rope to a pole #3 ???.

Ma: Those are real basic ones, and there are thousands of knots. There's a slip knot, a trucker's hitch, there's one for making a fishing line.



Mi: Who taught you these knots?

Ma: I wouldn't call myself a knot expert, but I just know the basics. There's really only a few to know, and so if you don't know those, then you're just literally grasping for straws. They're basically like:

Ma: There's one that connects two lines, it's a #1 square knot.



Ma: But I know the basic ones, and then that makes people impressed, even though it's not that impressive. It's like if somebody knows how to knit, I'm all impressed. But those people are like, "It's not that hard," you know what I mean? It's the same when I show people a book that I made and they're in awe. The skills are ultimately not that hard.

Mi: Yeah, it's just a matter of getting the knowledge to learn how to do it.

Ma: Yeah, and I think the majority of things you learn in your life really come from just practicing something over and over. After a while, you start to realize the

nuances and variables of things. A person who's doing something impressive has so much knowledge and they can troubleshoot on the fly-and you don't even know they're troubleshooting. And when you start trying to learn what they're doing, you're not even aware of those variables or how to solve them. But the more you do something, you learn all that knowledge and it becomes second nature.

Ma: I would say most art making is nothing but creative problem solving. That's what I like about it. But what I really like is architectural design. They say creating a building is a good 40,000 decisions. You have to pay so much attention not only to materiality, but understanding how all those materials all add up. You have to always be thinking, "I know if I don't pay attention to this step, it's gonna really come back to bite me at the end." Everyone asks me, "Why are you so particular?" Well, I'm not particular, I just know all these decisions add up very fast when designing a building. And if you're not careful with those decisions, the roof falls in on you. Or the floor falls out.

Ma: So there's literally the structural things, but there's also the little design parts of it. You can't just say, "Oh the light switch is fine here." Because it could be too close to the door, then you can't put the molding around the door. And if you do, you have to cut a notch out of the molding, and that looks ridiculous. So it's good to just think everything through first.

Ma: Back on what I was saying earlier about nuances and variables of a skill: I can hang a picture in two seconds, because I've done it so many times over at least 20 years. Now I'll watch somebody try to put a painting up, and think, "Maybe it is a little more involved than I thought." Because that person doesn't even know where to start. One time, somebody came from across the way and they were hanging a TV on the wall. Those were hollow, sheetrock

walls-just a half inch of like chalk, essentially. And they asked me, "I don't know why this is not hanging. We used a short screw, and then a longer one, and now even longer." They had a four inch screw. I said, "It doesn't matter because it's just going into air. You need an anchor or a stud. And they said, "I have no idea what you're talking about." The issue was that they were trying to solve a problem in some way because they had no understanding of how a sheetrock hollow wall functions.

Mi: That's like the toilet bowl effect, where everyone uses a toilet every day, but no one actually knows how it works. It's so funny that knowledge is built up over generations, so now we don't have to actually understand so much. Anyway, any last words?

Ma: About what?

Mi: Anything?

Ma: No, I think that's about it.

Mi: Okay.

Editor's Note: I'm using this zine for a project in class. Mark will be grading this zine. Ink a circle below based on what grade you think I got:

O A

O B

O C

O D

O F

Feel free to write some feedback for me as well, what the hell. You can even email it to me at milesellis@gmail.com.

Feedback from you to me:

...You just read stories about:
 knots,
 punks,
 rattlesnakes,
 the Virgin Mary,
 love,
 Denver,
 whistling,
 fire alarms,
 Paul McCartney
 (or the lack thereof)
 the cremasteric reflex,
 car crashes,
 running away,
 and the color red



You got any stories?
 Write em on this page.
 Send em to me if you like...
 Maybe they'll end up in 100 Yarn #2...

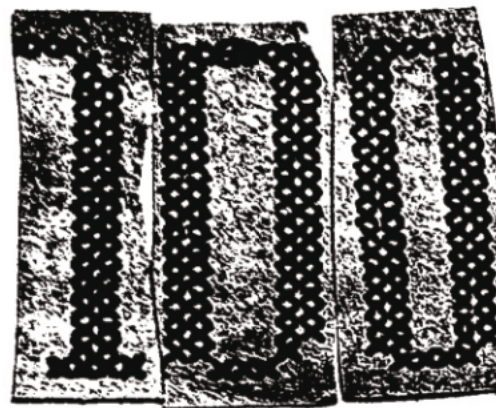
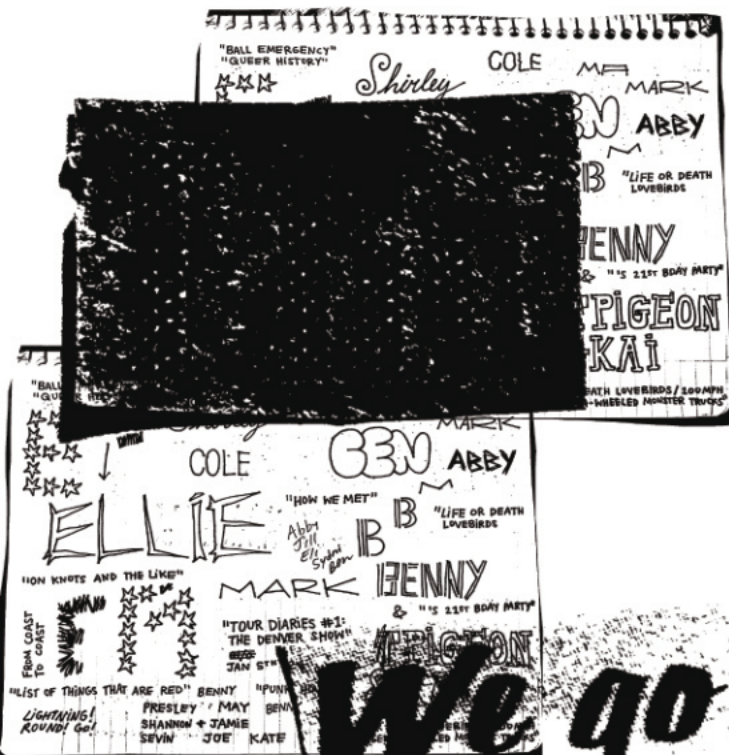
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