

"Of course," Tony groaned. Look of disdain. He placed his head in his hand and rested his weight on the counter and adjusted his t-shirt to showcase a little more prominently his curatorial tastes.<sup>1</sup> "She's always sending her stoner friends over here." "I'm not a stoner."

Tony eyed me up and down, side to side, back to front.

- Do I look like a stoner?
  - I haven't had a haircut in a while
  - Maybe I'll ask mom to give me one when I get home.
- Do I smell like hash?
  - I hate hash.
  - Does Lori smoke hash?
    - ◎ Her parents are divorced, that's probably why.
- Stoners are people too.
  - ◎ She gave me weed smell.
  - △ I can't wear these clothes anymore.
- I hate Tony's shirt.
- The music they play here is so loud.
- Maybe I should shave?
  - I'm starting to get a mustache.
  - Who cares?
- I think I'm nice.
  - I think I'm nice.
  - I think I'm nice. .

"Yeah, okay, you're not a stoner."

Cool.

"Cool," I said. I tried my best to read my list in a way that made me seem like someone with a more complex inner world.

"What's that? Let me see that note."

Why?"

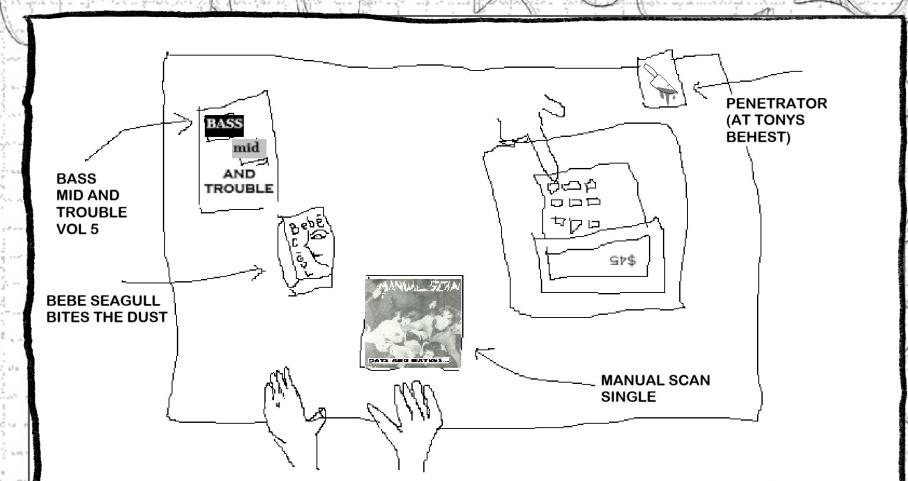
"Let me see that note."

"Okay."

He grabbed it from me, read it over. He scanned line by line, studious, his fat pointer underlining every word. He looked like he might set the thing on fire somehow. Getting to the last bit he looked up from it, at me. Back down. Back at me. Up and down, side to side, back to front, HA-HA, etc...

...

<sup>1</sup>. Shirt from aforementioned hardcore outfit, Penetrator. Known for their all around non-conformist attitude, the band would often steal packages of bulk tees from K-Mart, enlisting friends and girlfriends to cut the shirts up and emblazon them with slogans- i.e. "I Have An Unusual Request", and "I'm Not Queer I'm Just A Lard Ass."



## MOD LIFE E1

I'm waiting for a magazine in the mail that hasn't come. Something punk, from San Diego. The girl I sit next to in class, Lori, told me about it. She has a shaved head and remarried parents and a driver's license. I don't. So sometimes when I give her two dollars she'll put her driver's license to work and give me a ride home.

I found two dollars on the ground outside today, and gave it to Lori for fare. We usually sit in complete silence until she drops me off at my parent's place and I say my thankies and see-you-laters, but it seems that one of her four parents was feeling generous and her car was done up with a nice used stereo and nice used speakers.

"You wanna listen to anything?" She asked, twiddley. Her new dials were being proudly twiddled.

"Uh. I've got uhm," I reached into my little backpack and pulled my most special/most only cassette out of my walkman. "The Carpenters."

"What the fuck?"

"Wha"

"Are you serious?"

"I like it, put it on! It's my mom's though so I have to have it back when you drop me off."

"Dude don't tell people that."

"Why?"

"That's fag stuff"

"Oh," I said.

"And you shouldn't listen to fag stuff."

"Sure!"

She extended to me a generous pause for pontificatory purposes.

"That was mean. It's fine if you're gay."

Lori tore a page from a notebook in her bag and wrote out a list with every 45 and cassette that I needed to get, she said to go to Please And Thank You Records downtown. "Talk to Tony," she said. She sounded urgent about it.

"Okay," I looked down at the note. "Sure. Yeah!"

PLEASE AND THX 288 H STREET BELLVILLE

"TONY!!!" - SAY YOU KNOW ME

YOU NEED

- MANUAL SCAN (SD MOD)
- ANYTHING BY SUICIDAL TENDENCIES (LA HARDCORE)
- PENETRATOR (LOCAL HARDCORE)
- TICK-TICK-TICK (LOCAL PUNK)
- OPAL - HAPPY NIGHTMARE BABY (PAISLEY STUFF)
- BASS MID and TROUBLE (SD ZINE!!! LEARN SOMETHING)
- BEBE SEAGULL - BEBE SEAGULL BITES the DUST (MORE PAISLEY STUFF. YOULL PROBABLY LIKE THIS ONE)
- NOISE 292 (SD PUNK[?] MY FAVORITE)
- A BOYFRIEND (just kidding... HA HA!)

"Why the fuck are you asking about Bebe Seagull"

I had just walked into the record store, I forgot to mention Lori. It felt like this guy Tony was already annoyed with me, but maybe that was just in my head.

"Uhm," I whispered. I looked down at the note she gave me again, it had been a week now since she'd driven me home and the paper was all crumpled up and oily from my fidgeting with it all the time. I had to take a weird route from school through the industrial side of Belleville, near all the old steel foundries and stuff to get to Please and Thank You. I'd walked by almost every day but hadn't gotten the courage to go in until now.

"Yeah, my friend Lori told me about them, she's punk."





### DEAR ESTABLISHMENT ET. AL.

could there be women movies?+females?

thank you for your time and consideration,  
the ethical cinephile

### I PROPOSE

a new type of reaction available to imessage users which conveys, dually, a "Ha-Ha" [or "Laugh"] react and a "Heart" [or "Love"] react- I've sent some early drafts to the creatives and expect it to enter the development stage soon.

### DEAR DIARY

disturbed to realize ive a lack of world music on my ipod. ive downloaded five compilations curated by David Byrne to try and remedy this but i fear it might be too late for my year end [last.fm](http://last.fm) chart.

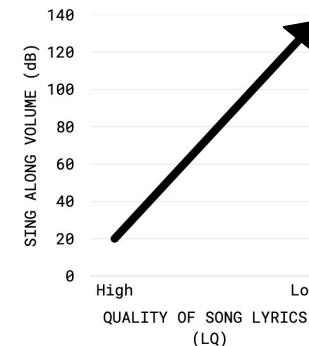
signing off,  
The ethical hipster

### I'M SOBER

But I hope to one day blossom into a #responsiblealcoholic



Figure 1. Inverse Relationship Between dB and LQ.



### AFFIRMATIONS

Jangle pop, slowcore, garage. I see no difference indie is indie

### MUSINGS

SATRE remarks somewhere<sup>1</sup> that all great philosophical questions can be reduced to one, that is, the question of whether or not to commit suicide. He forgot to add: to commit suicide or to join the workforce.

1. This is in fact a half remembered quotation of Camus from a Verso book i didn't like very much- you can read my acclaimed review here.<sup>2</sup>
2. <https://www.goodreads.com/The-fantastic-world-of-monkeys-and-apes-and-more>

### SABINE's DREAM [a] e2 Contd.

"-But we could watch something else too like-"  
 "would you guys think I'm an alcoholic if I cracked this"  
 "Nah, you don't get pulled over here."  
 "Damn what'd you get Sabine?"  
 "uh just a tallboy for myself... we can pass it though"  
 she's gonna think im something like stupid and selfish  
 "Yeah, Miri, I was gonna make us mixed drinks at my place so I have triple sec and stuff in the back... Could you pass that up?"  
 "You're crazy for that"  
 "I'm not gonna get drunk off a sip"  
 "I'll get you guys back next time with something."

It's cool cuz I think Miri is the type of person who does coke, like casually and stuff. It doesn't work right for me but I wish it did because it'd be "cool..."

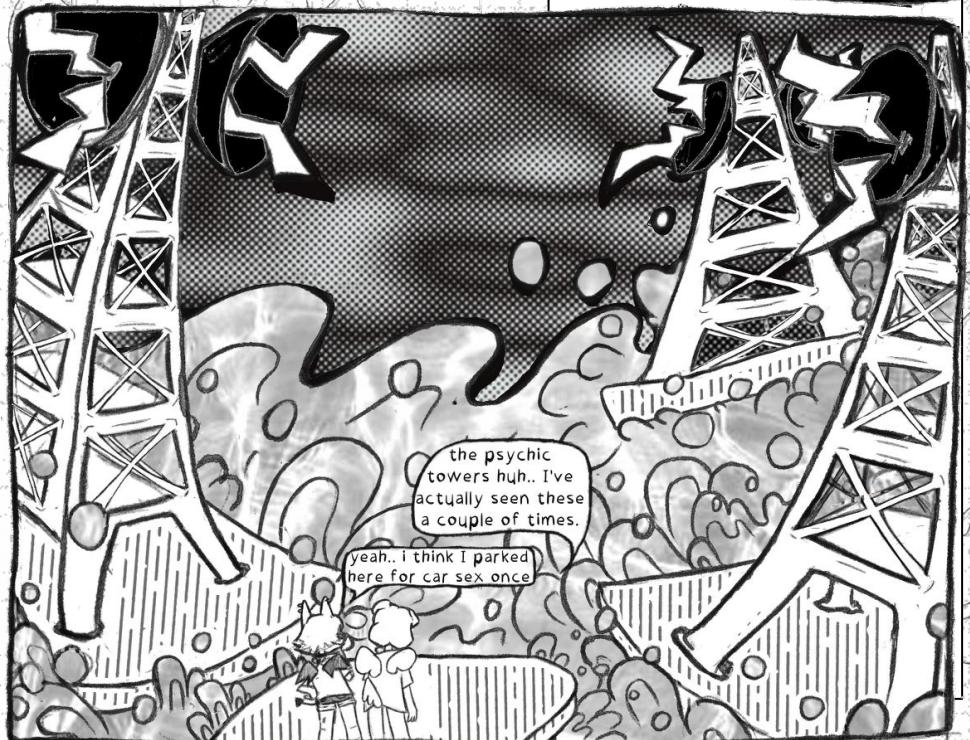


### SABINE's DREAM [b] e1

Driving through the swamp, beaver torn trees looking gray on gray in wan green tint light. A sign across the way reads "up ahead! wild west town of Harper's Ferry Maryland!" Shot from the passenger seat, the camera pans right, to show two bridges running parallel, forming a rainbow over the river. Rocks the size of houses fell off mountains (houses people die in) caught by a canopy of fencing.

Driving under eclipsing boulders, sunlight strobing, chain-link firmament dipping, her car serpentine animalistic, jumping holes in the pavement, over sections of bridge by design patchwork (no jutting rebar, no decay, concrete shaped for school buses to slide down slowly, shockingly into shallow rapids, even a few cruel mineral maws clearly meant to lure some innocuously picnicking family with the wawa lunch, violent death lurching kids going aaaaAAAA!). Elsewhere, a beach, a trailhead, a graveyard on top of a church abandoned overlooking another church with reserved parking for cops, a railroad running over the water and obsoleting the canal, terminating in the Summit of Maryland Cliff Face Tunnel, over which reads... CASINO GUNSHOP BAR THEATRE! in giant lights. Her car straddles the train-tracks, simultaneously tight-rope, sections of it flying out behind as a wake of rust and wood, loose beams picked up by wind before falling, thunk, carried away by the water.

Spinning out to a stop in front of the cave, she steps out of the car spurs a-chiming, hat cocked down. She rolls a cigarette with her tongue 'n swallows a match, spits the whole thing out lit. Two guns hidden for every one visible (2x, x=12), loose jeans and a wife beater. Puffs out a cloud of smoke that seeks out and throttles to death a mosquito with wispy buff hands, and with boot heels singing on the pavement, she walks on ahead.



## MY SUBWAY STORY

I was riding the subway ↗ by myself ↗ and the guy sitting next to me was acting really weird and spreading all close to me so i quickly dispelled his presence with an effortless display of my genius (attached below)



## MY ZINE SUBMISSION

I was thinking of going viral posting this drawing I made, but wanted to run it by you first- what do you think?  
→



## SABINE's DREAM [a] e2

Met someone at work today. Two girls. They think it's cool I work here. They work other places in the mall. We joked about going into the casino but I think we seriously would too.

"Nothing?"

"no... same thing... Met some cool people though. one's a movie theatre girl at Egyptian. The other is on the Live! drop and count team."

"you should hop on.. get close to money. and chips and shit. There's probably crime but idk if you really care."

"crimes cool... not as cool as fourth reich stuff but it's dope when I see it... idk im jaded..."

"drug stuff doesn't count"

"yeah drug stuff isn't that cool... but it's all drug stuff..."

"I just checked linkedin. Her job pays 16\$ LOL"

## LinkedIn

Jobs | Relationship Marketing Co...

Relationship Marketing Coordinator - Maryland  
Live! Casino & Hotel • Hanover, MD

| Q

Apply ↗

### Where You'll Make an Impact:

- Opening, removing and securing currency from the slot machines and table games.
  - Accurately counting slot machine currency drops and tickets.
  - Operating electronic currency counter/sorter and New Wave ticket counter equipment.
  - Counting chips for Poker Room
  - Ensures area is clean and organized.
  - Maintains confidentiality of all information...
- Skills to Help You Succeed:**
- Excellent written and oral communication.
  - Ability to:
    - Handle and count money accurately.

I like both my new friends. We've met up a couple times on our lunch/smoke breaks and we have a groupchat, where we say stuff like "who has a hair tie, can you grab me drink if you're going to royal farms." One of them is named Miri and the other is named Lis. Lis was gonna get us into something at the theater after our shifts today. Miri's trying to hook me up with an Audio/Visual gig at the casino because she heard I'm still part-time at Outdoor World. I told them they could use my employee discount there whenever and that that plus bargain cave discounts could really make a difference if we wanted to buy, GPSes or whatever.

I walk to Lis's car and I'm so excited because this maybe feels like it could be something "romantic." I think it's cool cuz we'll be dirty and won't brush our teeth and have beer breath and wash it with coffee breath the next day and that's kinda like, comradery.

"heyyyyyyyyy"  
"Oh heyyy what's up!!"

I sit in her sedan passenger seat. It's not as dirty as some others and not as dirty as mine. Across from me I can make out her features washed blue and yellow, small face and shaved head. Black hair. I guess normally she wears wigs but I thought it was for real. I don't know if I think that's hot.

"can I pleaseeee hit yours is so much better than mine"

"Awww, yeah."

"When's miri get off?"

"(throat clear) like 20 minutes"

"Alright, let's go to the liquor store now, and we'll be done when she's done."

She picked everything out. She wanted to delegate it to me but I didn't want to look stupid because I really only know beer and that's only sorta. When we got back, Miri got right in the car, throwing her stuff on top of the back seat pile. I gave her the front seat because I wanted her to like me but which meant the whole car ride I was half outside their conversation and I couldn't hit Lis's vape.