

# booty

FINALLY  
DONE!

## #20

APRIL 2005

to  
MARCH 2007

(so... i kinda  
didn't feel  
like drawing)

TRYING TO REMOVE  
PUB-TUBE PASS PHOTOS

Sarah and I

WAIT! Shouldn't  
you draw some-  
thing more  
like  
what's  
inside  
this  
issue  
???

I mean,  
it's kind of  
rude  
other-  
wise,  
isn't  
it?  
A  
heck?

i can draw  
really.

the AVAM

in Baltimore  
last october.

My Tank  
Girl pose

...and the American  
equivalent.



came working on my godzilla impression

### MUSIC FOR THIS ISSUE:

ABOUT A ZILLION MIX CDS ♡  
THE ENTIRE LUCKY SMITHS BACK CATALOGUE (THANK YOU, JEFFREY!)  
LOADS OF THE DECEMBERISTS, DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE,  
THE CURE (OF COURSE), PRINCE, PLACEBO, DAFT PUNK, ROBYN HITCHCOCK, JOY DIVISION, BILLY  
FRAGG, BIKINI KILL, THE GOSSIP, BAVHAUS, THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, RADIOHEAD, DIANE IZZO,  
THE CLASH, COCTEAU TWINS, RAINER MARIA, NIN, JAMC, THE POSTAL SERVICE...

this list is just gonna go on on...

# booty

#20

april 2005  
to  
march 2007

WELL, HI. HI THERE. IT'S BEEN A WHILE, HUH?

Yeah, life's been a little weird lately. Lately I've been hanging out in the house listening to a lot of the radio. Modest Mouse. Panic! at the Disco. All that stuff. I don't know quite what to say - I didn't feel like drawing for a long time, and this issue had a few false starts. The lesson, I suppose, is that it just takes its own time. Like splinters working out of skin. Like getting over it and going on. Patience has never been my strong suit, but I'm getting better. I'm learning to slow down, finally, and stand up for myself a little more. I like where I live, and I like the folks there with me, and I've had twenty uninterrupted days to do loads of drawing and zines and to remind myself about what I liked so much about 'em in the first place. and i have new ventures (I'm writing about webcomics for Fleen.com -!). its strange- earlier this year I resolved to try to start taking my art a little more seriously, to become more mindful about what I was producing. To produce more of it. To mean it. To this end I got hooked in with a local-ish comics group ([www.treesandhills.org](http://www.treesandhills.org) - thanks Colin!) and I've vowed to quit being so dang shy about this book. I mean it. Thanks for hanging in there. ♥

happy reading!

be well!

♥, ANNE.

20 MARCH 07



★  
booty is by and © me;  
exceptions where noted.  
play nice, please, with  
anything other than  
fair use - just ask me.  
(i promise i'll be nice.)

★  
some trades welcome  
please contact first  
★

★  
ANNE THALHEIMER  
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★  
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★

# HERE IS MY YULE LOG...

happy holidays  
Joy for the New Year  
exciting things afoot  
changes abound!  
♥anne

## 2005

• JANUARY: began in Reston, VA visiting friends  
MLA flu irradiated mom

• FEBRUARY: Judith Halberstam rules.  
off to NYC to see THE GATES  
very, very cold

• MARCH: Spring Arts at the Station  
paper accepted at MLA NEW ISSUE!

Robyn Hitchcock  
at Iron Horse  
in crazy rain

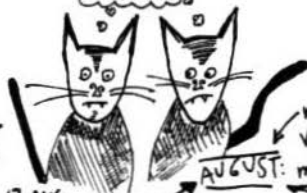
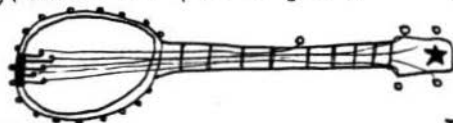
• APRIL: saw Rainer Maria play at Smith  
visited [redacted] (yikes)  
clinique sub  
(I am the makeup counter girl...)

end of my  
FCWSRC  
stint

• MAY: banjo ♥  
full-time soap job  
went to Mass MOCA  
(in platforms)

• JUNE: printmaking  
decided not to attend  
the [redacted]!!!

• JULY: househunting  
femme burlesque  
packing (ugh)



FERRETS???

new housemate and her cool ferrets  
Volunteering with Planned Parenthood in Springfield

• AUGUST: moved 23 August — helped drive a 15-foot truck into downtown Boston...  
saw Jesse Malin play at Iron Horse

13 AUG  
Rode 55 miles in  
95° heat to raise  
money for various  
HIV/AIDS organizations  
throughout MA

• SEPTEMBER: pink hair!

Rainer Maria at Iron Horse

booty at Atomic Books

RED HORSE PRESS  
soapmaking class

THIS CLOSE to Beth Dittoe <sup>gossip</sup> r.i.p. Meg  
GANG OF freakin' FOUR! at Pearl St.

• OCTOBER: pink pageboy wig ... fire engine red hair underneath  
birthday. my alleged radio career  
my first collaborative cartoon

31 OCT  
Best  
Halloween  
Ever.



• NOVEMBER: re-registered for Red Ribbon Ride  
Alleged Radio Career, part 2  
IKEA expedition

SNOW! ❄️

i have  
photos  
taken of  
my eyeballs! → • DECEMBER: MIA paper at the HINKLEY HILTON  
Ben learns block printing  
new shoes! • new glasses!

late-night  
donuts

thank you ♥ to last year's donors  
my Red Ribbon Ride website:

(THIS YEAR I HAVE A TEAM!)

[http://www.massredribbonride.org/site/TRC?pg=peditor&fr\\_id=1010&px=1003482](http://www.massredribbonride.org/site/TRC?pg=peditor&fr_id=1010&px=1003482)

Donations = art! see website for details ♥ | days in Aug 06

anne thalheimer  
160 n. maple st.  
florencia ma 01062

... and 2006

7 MAY 86



# 2006

1/3/07

yet another  
... year with  
NO NEW ISSUE.

(SO, INSTEAD I'M GOING TO JUST  
SIT DOWN AND DRAW SOMETHING.)  
♥ anne



I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THE HELL'S  
WRONG WITH ME.

↑ REALLY OUGHT TO LOOK A BIT  
MORE EMBARRASSED.

BIG FUNNY HAT.



(ACTUALLY, I KINDA LOOK  
MORE LIKE THIS - IT'S  
56° IN MY HOUSE  
BECAUSE THE HEAT IS  
TOO DAMN EXPENSIVE  
TO CRANK AND THE  
HOUSE IS OLD + DRAFTY)



SO  
HERE  
GOES.

↑ NOT SURE IF THIS IS CUTE  
OR TOO MUCH LIKE THE  
SCREEN.

ITS NOT EXACTLY WRITER'S BLOCK. AND I DON'T FEEL DEPRESSED. REALLY.



I'M JUST KIND  
OF GETTING  
OVER EVERYTHING  
AT MY OWN  
DAMN SLOW  
PACE. LIKE USUAL.

(OH LOOK!  
CUTE AGAIN,  
BUT OUT OF  
PERSPECTIVE.)

↑ THIS IS AN  
UNDERSTATEMENT.

MOST OF YOU KNOW THAT I LEFT MY COOL SOAP JOB IN MAY. I WAS VERY  
EXCITED TO LEAVE A JOB WHERE I WAS BEING TREATED  
SO POORLY, BUT IT WAS HARD TO LET GO OF A JOB  
WHERE I'D MADE A BIG IMPACT ON THE SALES, AND  
WHERE A LOT OF CUSTOMERS TOLD ME  
"WOW, YOU SURE KNOW A LOT  
ABOUT THIS STUFF."

OK. YES.  
I'M A LITTLE VAIN.



THIS IS PROBABLY THE WORST  
DRAWING OF A BAR OF SOAP I'VE EVER  
SEEN.

(MAYBE I HAVE  
GONE TO ART SCHOOL.)  
↑ LOOKS LIKE PIE! FUCK!



I LIKE SOUNDING LIKE  
A FUCKIN' SMARTYANTS.

WHY D'YA THINK I GOT  
THAT GODDAMN PH.D.?

(NOT  
TRUE.)

↑ OKAY NOT  
ENTIRELY  
TRUE.

HOLY SHIT.  
I DID THAT?



I WAS ALSO VERY GOOD  
AT MY JOB. I CAN'T  
TELL YOU NUMBERS,  
EXACTLY, BUT THERE  
WERE MONTHS WHERE  
MY DEPARTMENT'S  
SALES WERE 4 OR 5  
TIMES MY YEARLY  
INCOME.

THIS TIME,  
LAST YEAR,  
INSIDE



BUT IT WASN'T  
LIKE THAT  
MADE IT  
INTO MY  
POCKET.

100%!  
SO VERY  
VERY COLD.

GO. FUCK

YOURSELVES.



I DID NOT SAY THAT.  
BUT I CERTAINLY THOUGHT IT.  
WHEN I LEFT I HADN'T  
HAD A RAISE BASED ON  
MERIT IN OVER A YEAR.

I'D HAD ONE FORMAL  
EVALUATION IN THE 2 YEARS  
I'D WORKED THERE. AND MY SUPERVISOR  
KEPT CALLING ME "A BRAT" - NO JOKE.



MY LAST DAY WAS UNEVENTFUL.  
I'D GIVEN TWO WEEKS NOTICE,  
BUT ALL THE HIGHER-UPS ACTED  
AS IF THIS DAY WAS LIKE ALL  
OTHERS.

I WAS GLAD WHEN IT  
WAS FINALLY OVER.

BESIDES, I HAD A NEW  
JOB TO START...

THE  
VERY  
NEXT  
DAY.

INSTANT KARMA:

TWO WEEKS AFTER I QUIT,  
MY SUCKY MANAGER  
GOT FIRED.

A FRIEND PHONED ME @  
MY NEW JOB TO TELL  
ME THE NEWS.

(A SATISFYING COINCIDENCE.)

IN MY DEFENSE I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO DRAW PHASES.



NO  
SHIT.

NO! I AM  
NOT THIS  
SKINNY  
(NOT THIS CUTE)

YES, WE HAD TO  
WEAR APRONS.  
AND, YES, I WORE  
MAKEUP. THAT'S A STORY UNTO MYSELF, HONEST TO GOD.



THE BEGINNING OF THE END ACTUALLY  
CAME ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR.  
I KEPT GETTING INEXPLICABLY SICK @  
WORK, AND THEN FEELING FINE OUTSIDE  
OF WORK.



HEADACHEY.  
PUKEY.  
DIZZY.  
LITERALLY BUMPING  
INTO THINGS.  
IT WAS SCARY.

WE DON'T KNOW  
WHAT IT IS.



E.R. DOC.  
I WENT  
AFTER I  
WALKED INTO  
A SHELF @  
WORK.  
HE GAVE  
ME  
PAINKILLERS +  
SAID IT WASN'T A  
SINUS INFECTION.

ARE YOU  
SURE IT'S  
NOT A COLD?



CLINIC DOC

NO PRESCRIPTION.

THEN I FOUND OUT  
THEY WERE CLEANING  
THE HEATING DUCTS  
@ WORK! ARGH!

2006, pg. 2.

SO I WENT OVER TO A DIFFERENT  
HEALTH CENTER TO A NURSE PRACTITIONER.  
SHE TOLD ME NOT TO GO TO WORK, TO



YOU HAVE TO TAKE  
ME OFF THE  
SCHEDULE. MY  
DOCTOR SAID SO.  
I HAVE A NOTE.

SEE IF  
IT  
IMPROVED.  
IF I  
FELT  
BETTER.

GUESS WHAT?  
IT WORKED.

OH, BUT I HAVE MCS AND  
REALLY, YOU  
JUST HAVE TO  
EXPOSE  
YOURSELF TO  
THOSE THINGS  
MAKING YOU SICK,  
AND ...TOUCH IT ON!!



AFTER THAT'S  
WHEN MY SUPERVISOR  
REALLY STARTED  
GETTING SNARKY.

MY SUPERVISOR  
WASN'T SYMPATHETIC  
IN THE LEAST, WHICH WAS  
WEIRD CONSIDERING SHE  
INSISTED SHE HAD MCS.



BUT IT MAKES  
ME SICK +  
IN PAIN +  
WALK INTO  
STUFF!

ME, FEELIN' REAL SMALL.  
IT WAS BAD.

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN'.  
IT SOUNDS LIKE A SCAM, I KNOW.

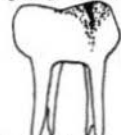


BUT IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT  
ME, YOU KNOW IT TAKES  
A WHOLE FUCKING LOT  
TO GET ME TO A DOCTOR.

AND I HATE EMERGENCY ROOMS.

I ALSO SORT OF HATE BEING TOUCHED. AND SICK.  
AND I REALLY HATE BEING IN PAIN, DAMN IT.

I ALSO HATE  
GOING TO THE



DENTIST.

WHICH I DO HAVE  
TO DO BECAUSE I  
DO HAVE A TOOTH  
THAT LOOKS LIKE  
THIS. I'M IN HELL.



I CAN'T IMAGINE  
WHAT IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN LIKE  
FOR MY MOTHER.

I IMAGINE HER  
SCARS UNDER  
HER T-SHIRT.

WE DON'T TALK ABOUT  
CANCER ANYMORE.  
(BUT I STILL THINK ABOUT IT.)

I DO FEEL LIKE THIS SOMETIMES.  
(MY MOM DOESN'T MISS HER.)



OH, JUST FUCKIN'  
CUT 'EM OFF!!  
IT'S NOT LIKE  
I'M GONNA USE  
THE GODDAMN  
THINGS!!

WOULD I MISS MINE?  
DO I MISS HER? I  
MEAN, THEY NURTURED  
ME AS AN INFANT, AND  
TURNED INTO THIS LETHAL  
THING, SO MUCH SO THAT MY  
MOM CHOSE TO TRADE THE ONE  
HEALTHY BREAST FOR PEACE OF  
MIND AND HAD IT REMOVED ALONG  
WITH THE CANCEROUS ONE. AND SHE  
ACTUALLY DID SOMETHING WITH HER.  
(I'M THE FIRST OF THREE CHILDREN.)

MINE... MINE DON'T DO  
ANYTHING. THEY DON'T  
PAY THE RENT. THEY  
DON'T FEED BABIES.  
THEY AREN'T  
PARTICULARLY  
PERKY, OR  
SAVVY, OR  
ADMIRABLE.  
THEY DON'T  
HAVE A  
USEFUL  
FUNCTION  
(THOUGH AS OF LATE I  
HAVE BEEN CARRYING MY  
FLASH DRIVE IN MY BRA.  
DOESN'T GET LOST THAT  
WAY, OR DAMAGED). I  
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT  
THEM THAT MUCH. REALLY.  
SO WOULD I MISS 'EM?



I DUNNO. I DON'T.  
BUT THE REALLY HORRIBLE  
TRUTH, WHAT I'M SURE OF,  
IS THE THOUGHT OF  
SOMEONE ELSE  
TOUCHING THEM  
KIND OF MAKES  
ME SICK.

WHICH SUCKS.

I'M NOT A  
BODY-HATING  
KIND OF GAL.

NOT REALLY.



I THINK I KEEP THINKING THAT IF I DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, AT SOME POINT IT'LL GO AWAY, THAT I WON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT ANYMORE.



MAFF.

THIS IS NOT MY BEST STRATEGY.

THINK SOUTH PARK. NOT ELF.



FOR STARTERS...

IT MAKES ISSUES LATE!!  
GODDAMMIT.

EMBARRASSING BUT TRUE.



I OVERANALYZE. I CAN'T LET GO. I HAVE TROUBLE GIVING UP THE TRUTH BECAUSE IT INVOLVES OTHER PEOPLE. AND I'M NOT A NICE KID, NOT WHEN I'M HURT.



OH, GOD DAMN.

I DELAYED THIS ISSUE TO TRY TO FIND A WAY TO TELL THESE STORIES. ONE INVOLVES A SCHOOL IN VERMONT, AND THE OTHER'S ABOUT A BOY IN BALTIMORE.

ONE GAVE ME ATTENTION FOR WHAT ENDED UP FEELING LIKE THE WRONG REASONS. THE OTHER GAVE ME NO ATTENTION AT ALL, FOR A REASON I DOUBT I'LL EVER KNOW.



BOTH HURT LIKE HELL.

IT FELT A LITTLE LIKE HEARTBREAK, ACTUALLY, IN REALIZING THAT IN BOTH CASES I WASN'T AT ALL WHAT THEY WANTED, NOT REALLY. I WASN'T INTERESTING ENOUGH FOR THEM TO GET TO KNOW, TO KEEP, TO CONTINUE - I WAS A CHECK, OR A DISTRACTION, OR JUST TOO MUCH TO DEAL WITH, BUT IN THE END...NOT WORTH KEEPING.



I FEEL A LITTLE LIKE I'M CHEATING.

BUT I THINK THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU. ABOUT ALL THAT, ANYWAY.

IS IT OVER YET? AM I OVER IT YET??



BECAUSE, HONESTLY, I AM FUCKING OVER BEING SAD ABOUT THESE THINGS. GOOD RIDDANCE.

BUT YOU'RE STILL NOT GETTING THE STORIES. ♥

AND MAYBE THAT'S MY BIG LESSON - EVERYTHING ON ITS OWN TIME. I'LL GET OVER IT IN MY OWN TIME. OK. WHATEVER.



MORE TO THE POINT



RIGHT. GOT IT.

THE ISSUE WILL TAKE ITS OWN DAMN SWEET TIME TO GET DONE. EVEN IF THAT'S TWO WHOLE FREAKING YEARS. OH GOD.

HOPEFULLY IT WILL NEVER EVER EVER TAKE QUITE SO LONG AGAIN.

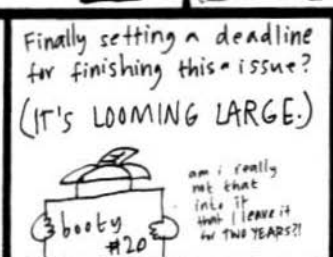
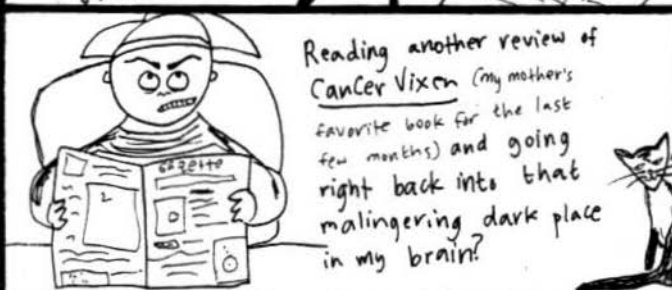


OH GOD.

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!! PLENTY OF OTHER STUFF I JUST BELIEVE! JEEZ! WHAT ABOUT THE SHOW?



YES. NOW THAT THE MISERABLE'S OUT OF THE WAY, LET'S GET ON WITH IT, SHALL WE? (TEESH!) end.





25  
FEB  
07

SO, I'D BEEN SAYING THIS:



ESPECIALLY SINCE THE STUDIO'S SHOWS DON'T REALLY DRAW A CROWD.



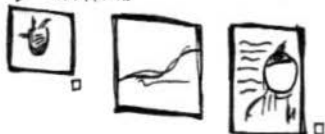
SO I  
PITCHED  
ONE  
@ A LOCAL  
GALLERY



IT GOT  
ACCEPTED.

HOLY CRAP!

WATCH  
THIS PRINT!!



THE IDEA WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH -  
HALF THE SHOW WAS FRAMED WORK,  
AND HALF THE SHOW WAS SELF-SERVE  
WORK ON A CLOTHESLINE.

THIS WAY  
IS THE  
STUFF IN  
FRAMES

CHEAP  
ART



THIS WAY  
IS THE  
CHEAP ART ON  
A CLOTHESLINE



THE CONCEPT WAS  
INSPIRED BY THE  
ART-O-MAT, BY  
THE POSTSECRET  
EXHIBIT, AND OF  
COURSE BY  
BREAD + PUPPET. ♥  
ART IS FOR KITCHENS!  
art is like good bread!  
H Y R R A H!! ♥  
♥ ♥ ♥

WE HAD A POSTER UP EXPLAINING HOW IT  
WORKED - PUT A DOLLAR IN THE CASHBOX +  
TAKE HOME SOME CHEAP ART! - AND WE  
WERE UP FROM 19 NOV - 11 DEC 06!



IT WASN'T IDEAL - OUR CASHBOX  
GOT STOLEN ONCE, AND TWO  
OF THE FRAMED WORKS GOT  
SWIPED - INCLUDING MY  
HEART PRINT - AND THE  
WHOLE EXPERIENCE  
WAS KIND OF FRUSTRATING...  
BUT WE HAD A KILLER RECEPTION!! ♥

GROUCHY!!



I STARTED THE DAY VERY CRABBY, BUT THE RECEPTION  
WAS SO MUCH FUN - WE HAD TWINKIES AND PINEAPPLE  
SODA AND A TABLE FULL OF ART SUPPLIES FOR FOLKS  
TO SIT DOWN + MAKE THEIR OWN CHEAP ART!

IT WAS RAD.  
IT WAS THE MOST FUN I'VE  
EVER HAD @ AN ART RECEPTION!

♥

COOL!

WE STILL HAVE CHEAP ART! SEND ME \$1 AND A STAMP  
AND I'LL PUT SOME CHEAP ART! IN THE POST FOR YOU! ♥



IT'S FUNNY.  
I DON'T FEEL THIS SURLY.

FRY IN HELL.

☆@!!  
OR LIKE THIS.  
JUST TOO UNPRINTABLE.

AND I'M MOSTLY OVER THIS  
REACTION... WELL, THIS

! PART,  
ANYWAY.  
I HAVEN'T GOT  
AN ANSWER FOR  
THE ? PART YET.

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE "LETTING ME GO," EXACTLY?!

by anne 5 march 07



YEAH, I GOT  
FIRED.  
WITH NO EXPLANATION.  
OR NOTICE.  
KIND OF OUT OF  
NOWHERE.  
BY A BOSS WHO I THOUGHT  
WAS BETTER THAN THAT.

SHOWS  
WHAT  
I KNOW,  
I GUESS.  
I'M AMBIVALENT, IN TRUTH,  
ABOUT THE WHOLE THING.



THE PAPERWORK SUCKS. [SICUTIME]  
I GOT SEVERANCE PAY,  
BUT I CAN'T FIND PAYMENT  
FOR RECENT WORK, OR SALES  
COMMISSIONS @ THE  
STORE  
WHERE I  
WAS WORKING.  
BUT 2749  
(I KINDA DID 2 J+B.F.)

IT'S A GOOD THING I GOT ALL  
THAT MEDICAL + DENTAL STUFF  
DONE LAST MONTH...  
CRAP.  
BECAUSE IN 26  
DAYS I'LL BE  
UNINSURED.

AND NOW I HAVE TO  
FIND A NEW DAMN JOB!  
THIS IS PROBABLY THE  
PART I DISLIKE MOST.  
CRAP.  
I MEAN HI. I'M ANNE.  
I'M YOUR 12 O'CLOCK?  
2 REASONS WHY:

ONE: I HAVE A WEIRD  
WORK HISTORY.  
TWO:  
IT'S  
KIND OF  
LIKE  
RATING,  
INTERVIEWING.

THIS HAPPENS MORE  
THAN YOU'D  
THINK.  
WAIT A MINUTE.  
YOU HAVE A PH.D.?  
WHY ARE YOU  
APPLYING FOR THIS JOB?  
UM... I CAN  
EXPLAIN...

AND...  
SO, YOU HAVE A PH.D./COOL!  
WHAT'D YOU WRITE ABOUT?  
LESBIAN  
COMIX.  
OH, CARL.  
WAIT... WHAT?  
EW... UH... YEAH...  
YOU'RE A...  
UM...  
I CAN EXPLAIN...

I'VE BEEN WORKING SINCE I  
TURNED 13. I'LL BE 33 IN SEVEN  
MONTHS. OBVIOUSLY THERE'S COME  
STUFF I LEAVE  
OFF THE RESUME.  
FAKER!!  
THERE'S THAT  
DOWN SMILE  
AGAIN! CEM!  
ALL APPOLOGETIC,  
MR. ALUSSEN.  
SEE! SEE!  
I'M DRAWING MYSELF  
WITH TITS AGAIN! I'M  
NOT SCARED OF CANCER!  
HOT ME! NYAH NYAH!

NANNY.  
I AM NEVER  
HAVING KIDS.  
UH... HEY...  
FUCK  
YOU!  
EAT ME!  
HIS 7  
YEAR-OLD  
BROTHER  
← 8 YEAR OLD

THE TWO DAYS I  
LASTED ON  
3RD SHIFT  
STORE  
RESTOCKING...  
ZZZZ

PERVERT FOR HIRE.  
OKAY.  
SO I'M  
GONNA  
NEED A  
VOLUNTEER.  
(FOR A  
SO-CALLED  
"DEVILANT SEX  
LECTURE" IT'S  
ACTUALLY  
PRETTY  
VANILLA.)  
IT'S A  
BANANA.  
PRAY!  
TRUST ME.

SO I DROVE HOME IN A DAZE  
AND THEN STARTED SENDING OUT  
APPLICATIONS.



OK.  
FINE.

AND THEN  
I STARTED  
DRINKING.

THE NEXT MORNING, WHILE REGISTERING  
FOR UNEMPLOYMENT, I

YOU HAVE  
NO IDEA  
WHY YOU  
WERE  
TERMINATED?



HAD A  
THOUGHT.

YUP.  
PRETTY  
MUCH.

NO IDEA  
AT ALL.



THAT'S CORRECT.  
SHE DIDN'T TELL ME.

P. 2

SO WHEN I FINISHED  
THAT CALL, I MADE  
ANOTHER.



I THINK  
THAT'S THE  
ANSWER.



SO, WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

I NEED  
A CHANGE.

SURE YOU DON'T  
WANTA 'BRITNEY'?

TRIED IT. NOT  
A GOOD LOOK  
FOR ME.



IT'S NOT A  
RADICAL  
CHANGE.  
BUT IT'S CUTE.

AND IT'S  
BLONDE,  
AGAIN!

ON FRIDAY I HAD AN INTERVIEW.  
(I WAS FIRED WEDNESDAY, AFTER  
WORKING A  
FULL DAY.)



SO-YOU  
HAVE A  
PH.D.!

GLT...FRIGGIN' SMILE

THAT'S S!  
I'M TOTALLY  
LOVING THIS.

IT WENT OK.

I HAVE ANOTHER ON WEDNESDAY.  
(TODAY'S MONDAY.)



STARTIN' TO GET  
A LITTLE  
STIR-CRAZY!

FREAKSHOW!!  
IMPATIENT!!



I KNOW,  
I KNOW...  
IT'S BEEN  
THREE  
(BUSINESS)  
DAYS...

← CRANKY!

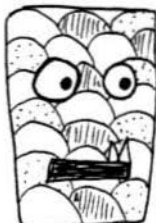
BUT IT'S GREAT FOR PROJECTS!  
AND DOING STUFF I COULDN'T  
BEFORE IN AN OFFICE ALL DAY.



THIS IS  
SORT OF  
LIKE BEING  
ON HOLIDAY.

I'M KICKING  
ASS GETTING  
THIS NEW ISSUE  
FINISHED, AT  
LONG LAST!

I MADE A BUNCH OF MONSTER PILLOWS WITH  
LAVENDER IN THEM FOR THE  
BOSTON ZINE FAIR AND FOR  
MY FRIEND TANYA'S WEBSITE.  
AND I'M SENDING ALONG SOME  
TO MY DAD TOO. (OH! THE LAVENDER'S  
FROM THE FARM WHERE HE WORKS.)  
[AND I MADE MONSTER-MAKING  
KITS!]



JESUS CHRIST. I FEEL LIKE  
I'M IN A CARE VIDEO  
DOING SOMETHING.



I WENT FOR A LONG WALK.

THE BOYS THINK IT'S GREAT.



OH, MY GOD.  
WE JUST  
WENT  
KITTY  
LOTT.

OH WAIT,  
WE MEAN,  
MROWL!  
YOWL!  
ROW!



HONEY,  
WHERE  
HAVE  
YOU  
BEEN?!

AND I'M  
CATCHING  
UP WITH  
OLD  
FRIENDS.

WAIT A MINUTE.  
WHY DO I WANT  
TO GET ANOTHER  
JOB AGAIN?



FIN



WELCOME TO FABULOUS LAS VEGAS, BABY!!

I LANDED VERY LATE AT NIGHT.



NO WONDER IT'S THE ONLY CITY ABLE TO BE SEEN FROM SPACE.

(ON 6 OCTOBER 2006)

THE SHEER SCALE OF IT WAS UNREAL.



NO, THE WAY OUT'S TO THE LEFT... I THINK...

VEGAS IS BIG AND WEIRD!

THEY HAD MAPS OF THE HOTEL! NO JOKE!

MY FIRST NIGHT WAS A RUDE AWAKENING:

LOTS OF SMOKING IN HOTEL LOBBIES. EVERYTHING WAS CROWDED AND NOTHING EVER SEEMED TO CLOSE.



I'M GONNA DIE...

SMOKE!!

IT WAS KIND OF A BIRTHDAY THING. I'D MADE PLANS TO MEET UP WITH MY FRIEND LESLEY, WHO I HADN'T



THAT'S IT! I WANNA GO TO THE GRAND CANYON!!

ME, LAST APRIL OR SO

SEEN FOR A WHILE.

LESLEY'S ONE OF MY CLOSEST FRIENDS. AND MY VERY BEST CO-CONSPIRATOR IN INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL.



YOU RULE.

EVERY YEAR OR TWO WE GET TOGETHER FOR A LITTLE INTERNATIONAL MATHEM.

LAS VEGAS? NOT YET.

DRIVING TOUR OF CANADA? CHECK. DRIVING TOUR OF THE SOUTH? CHECK.

DON'T FORGET CALGARY!



SO WE MET UP IN VEGAS.

LESLEY AND I ARE AN ODD PAIR-SHE'S VERY PROPER + PUT TOGETHER. (AND I AM TOO... IN MY OWN WAY.)



WHAT?

YOU FORGOT ABOUT THE WHITE SOCKS!

ATHLETIC SOCKS. NO SELF-RESPECTING ENGLISHWOMAN WITH TASTE WOULD EVER WEAR THEM. HARRON!!



AS OPPOSED TO ME, THAT IS-SINCE VERY LITTLE IS AS COMFORTABLE WITH BIG STOMPY DOC MARTEN BOOTS!

STEEL TOE. BIG SOLE.

BUT WE WERE AN ODDER PAIR IN VEGAS. NON-GAMBLING,



NON-SMOKING. NON-CLUBBING. VEGETARIANS.

AND IF THAT WASN'T WEIRD ENOUGH, I'D JUST GOTTEN CONTACT LENSES, WHICH I WAS SUPPOSED TO WEAR



ARGH! I'M GONNA CLAW MY EYES OUT!!

EACH DAY FOR AN INCREASING AMOUNT OF HOURS.

NEW LENSES + LOTS OF SMOKE & DRY AIR? VERY VERY BAD.

BUT WHAT WAS GOOD IS THAT IT WAS WARM.



NEW ENGLAND IS NOT WARM IN OCTOBER.

(POINT FOR VEGAS.)

AND LESLEY RULES!

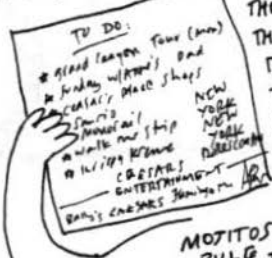
OUR BIG SATURDAY NIGHT OUT CONSISTED OF 2 FOR ONE DAQURIES (SP?) AT THE OUTSIDE HOTEL BAR



AND DOING CRAFTS UNTIL IT GOT TOO DARK. AWESOME!!

KNITTING (ME) AND CRAFT STITCH (LESLEY) ROCK!!

I HAD A SHORT TO-DO LIST, AND WE KNOCKED A LOT OF THEM OFF RIGHT AWAY - SAW



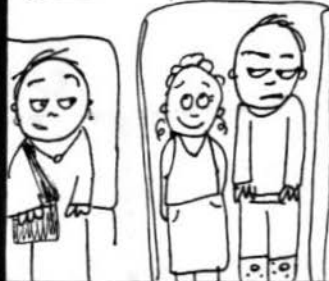
MOJITOS  
RULE

THE VOLCANO AND THE SIRENS OF TI THING, AND WALKED THE STRIP AND SHOPPED - I HAD A GREAT MOJITO @ THE CAESARS PALACE SHOPS.

I RODE THE MONORAIL, WHICH I LOVED.

LESLEY WANTED TO DO OTHER THINGS (MORE SHOPPING) SO I RODE

THE MONORAIL FOR A WHILE WITH MY SKETCHBOOK, JUST PEOPLE - WATCHING AND SKETCHING. BACK + FORTH. IT WAS GREAT. VERY QUIET AND NOT AT ALL CROWDED. LOTS OF ROOM.



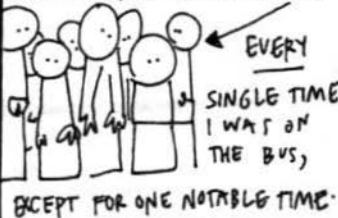
IT'S TRUE. IT'S 2 1/2 X MORE \$ THAN THE BUS, AND THE STOPS ARE MORE LIMITED.



IT'S 'CAUSE THE THING'S A TOURIST TRAP!!

BUT THERE'S ROOM!!

LITERALLY, IT WAS LIKE THIS



THESE 50 YR OLD LADIES WERE HAVING A REUNION AND CRACKED US UP THE WHOLE WAY BACK FROM FREMONT ST. (WE WERE ALL ON THE UPPER DECK OF THE BUS).

ALL MY GRIPEs ABOUT THE WONDER THAT IS VEGAS (CROWDED, SMOKY, VERY TOURISTY) ASIDE, THERE ARE THREE THINGS THAT MADE THE WHOLE TRIP WORTH IT.

① MY DAD DROVE OUT FROM CALIFORNIA TO SEE US. ONE OF MY MOST FAVORITE MEMORIES OF THIS TRIP IS RIDING THE NEW YORK NEW YORK ROLLERCOASTER WITH HIM. WITH MY 52 YEAR OLD FATHER. HOW F\*CKIN' COOL IS THAT?!!

BIG  
FRENCH  
DROP



I CAN NOT DRAW OR DESCRIBE FULLY HOW BREATHTAKING THE GRAND CANYON TRULY IS.

LESLEY'S THE BEST SPORT EVER.

SHE CAME ALONG ON A VERY SPENDY HELICOPTER + LIMO + LUNCH TOUR. EVEN THOUGH SHE'D BEEN ONCE BEFORE, HAD ALREADY SEEN THE GRAND CANYON, AND ISN'T CRAZY ABOUT FLYING.

THIS WAS TRULY ONE OF THE BEST DAYS OF MY ENTIRE LIFE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.



③ BEING TAUGHT BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN HOW TO HAVE A REAL AMERICAN HOLIDAY:

IN PATAMAS, EATING FAST FOOD, AND



OH MY GOD! THIS WAS THE BEST IDEA EVER!

I KNOW.

WATCHING TELEVISION!



end



# HARBOR

to the

# BAY

BOSTON

PROVINCE-TOWN

HIV HOTLINE  
(Toll-free)  
1-800-235-2331  
TIT: 617-437-1672

16m07

MANY OF YOU KNOW BY NOW THAT I'VE GOTTEN SORT OF INTO DISTANCE BIKING. FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS

I'VE RIDDEN WITH THE MASS RED RIBBON RIDE... which I loved.



LAST YEAR I EVEN CAPTAINED A TEAM -

THE MIGHTY DERRICUDAS! WHO RODE ON DAY ONE, AND I RODE DAY 2 ON MY OWN.

I DID 128.3 MILES OVER THOSE TWO DAYS (MY LAST CENTURY)

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOT ALL THOSE BIKES ON THE CAR!

(HARIS, YOU ARE AMAZING)

\*PERPETUAL THANKS TO PJH, OF COURSE!

BUT, IN ORDER TO HELP RAISE MORE MONEY, THE RED RIBBON RIDE JOINED WITH ANOTHER RIDE - THE HARBOR TO THE BAY.



BIKE HELMETS ARE EXCELLENT FASHION STATEMENTS. EVERYONE ON A BIKE OUGHTA WEAR 'EM!

IT'S ONE DAY, NOT TWO, BUT

ON ONE HAND, I'M KIND OF BUMMED. I LIKED THE IDEA OF A CROSS-MASSACHUSETTS RIDE. WESTERN MA OFTEN GETS NEGLECTED IN FAVOR OF STUFF IN BOSTON, AND WHILE I LIKE BOSTON, I THINK THAT'S KIND OF A DRAG.



shrug!

BUT HOW COULD I NOT RIDE?

COVERS A PART OF MA THAT I HAVE NOT YET RIDDEN: BOSTON TO THE VERY TIP OF THE CAPE: P. TOWN!

I MET AMAZING, INSPIRING FOLKS ON THE RIDE. I RODE MORE THAN I'VE EVER DONE BACK-TO-BACK.



AND, REALLY, THE BOTTOM LINE: AIDS ISN'T OVER.

NOT BY A LONG SHOT.

THE STATISTICS ARE KIND OF STAGGERING. OVER 3.1 MILLION PEOPLE DIE EVERY YEAR, AND THAT



LET'S BRING IT LOCAL. EVERY YEAR THERE ARE APPROX. 1,000 NEW INFECTIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT ONE-THIRD OF THESE FOLKS DO NOT KNOW.

NUMBER IS RISING. 39.4 MILLION PEOPLE WORLD-WIDE ARE LIVING WITH HIV/AIDS

I'M RIDING TO RAISE \$ FOR THE AIDS ACTION COMMITTEE - THEY WERE THE MAJOR ORGANIZING FORCE BEHIND THE RED RIBBON RIDE + SOME OF THAT \$ IS COMING BACK LOCALLY TO AIDS CARE/

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU??

- any donation gets you some sort of small goody
- \$15 = limited edition print of some kind
- \$30 = custom art...? funky surprises...?
- \$75 or more = holy smoke! just you wait!!



YOU CAN DONATE ONLINE @

HARBORTOTHEBAY.COM

CLICK ON "DONATE" + SEARCH FOR ME, EITHER BY NAME OR RIDER # (240) OR YOU CAN WRITE TO ME + ILL MAIL YOU A PLEDGE FORM AND SOME GOODIES ♥



THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT, FOLKS.

♥, ANNE



WHEN I DECIDED THAT  
I WASN'T GONNA GO  
BACK TO SCHOOL AFTER  
ALL, I TOOK THE \$  
I WOULD HAVE HAD  
TO HAVE SPENT ON  
FINANCE CHARGES...

and i bought myself a

# banjo



I'm taking lessons with  
the same guy with  
whom i studied

mandolin  
when i first  
moved to Amherst  
and had the mandolin restored.

Mine is actually pretty old.  
The guys @ the shop where i  
bought it think it's 1890s  
era.



IT WASN'T ENTIRELY AN  
IMPULSE  
PURCHASE -  
I DON'T SPEND  
THAT MUCH \$  
ON A WHIM.



BUT I KIND OF  
FELL IN LOVE AT  
FIRST  
SIGHT  
OF  
THE THING.



IT'S BEEN WELL-  
LOVED BEFORE IT  
REACHED ME -  
BEEN PLAYED SO  
MUCH THERE  
ARE GROOVES



Tuning it is a special  
challenge... someday  
i'll get newer tuning  
pegs...



It's got such an amazing,  
organic kind of  
sound, when  
all fingers are  
in correct  
chord positions

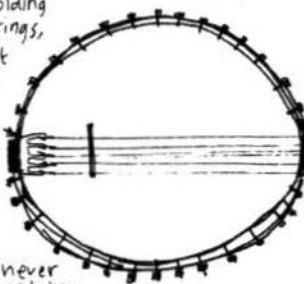


And i'm totally smitten  
with the fact that  
i own an antique  
which is still totally  
functioning + playable.



and the history of the banjo itself is kind of fascinating, especially in the united states. and it seems the more i play, the more i begin to hear banjos every-where. in lucksmiths songs! and i know the decemberists have one. and the more that i talk to people, the more it seems as if playing the banjo's back in vogue. i've had mine for about two years now, and i've only really skimmed the surface of what one can do with these things.

This detail  
here, holding  
the strings,  
is what  
sold me  
on the  
banjo.  
It's so  
simple  
and  
elegant  
and i've never  
seen anything  
quite like it.



my banjo is  
old and quirky and fussy.

(okay, the strings are a little out of whack.  
straight lines are not exactly my forte.)

I think it's what  
drew me to her  
in the first  
place.

I wonder where she's been  
all this time.

# Reference Map

- ★ expects more ★  
than it is getting.
- ★ doesn't know quite  
what it is doing here

★ steeped in a bit too much of  
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE, THE CURE,  
AND THE DECEMBERISTS.

- ★ doesn't seem to want  
much company.

★ won't wait on you  
to come around.  
It's too old and  
too tired to  
waste that kind  
of time

- ★ has been known  
to skip beats  
at times  
for reasons  
that it keeps  
secret.

★ was  
such  
trouble  
in its youth

★ erratic!  
irregular!

- ★ has started to  
miss things it shouldn't!

★ it is full of {hidden, of course!}  
soft spots!  
for strange things.  
for simple stuff.  
for chord progressions  
that are hard to play, and places far away from here.

(Reykjavik. London. Dublin.)

★ that said, it is a tough thing!  
all muscle. no patience.

and all kinds of self-mending. it is amazing.  
not fragile! has survived a few really bad stampings.



NOT QUITE AN ★  
EMPTY ROOM, NOT  
QUITE THE HEART  
THAT YOU CALL HOME,  
NOT REALLY ALL THAT  
INHABITABLE WHEN YOU  
GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT.

does not sit ★  
all like  
to shore

★ stays  
2way from  
state fairs

would not  
fit through ★  
even the fastest-  
typing fingertips  
stickly expressions or  
no.

★ not  
too  
gooey ★  
or mushy,  
★ or rotten,  
...but

it is kind of a malcontent.  
smells of ★  
almonds.  
(and a little like cat spit)

fills up ★  
with rain.

stays up late. ★  
on school nights.

19 SEPTEMBER 2006