

AMERICAN HOMEBODY

May, 1998

One Dollar

AMERICAN HOMEBODY

Issue 1

Lisa Anne Auerbach & Friends



In this issue: Homebody of the Month, Net Notes, Bug Killing, House Burning, Perversion, Hors d'oeuvres, Salads, Feral Spaniels, Foot Fetish, Potatoes, Tinfoil, and much, much more!



Welcome to American Homebody

It's summer in South Pasadena. Trips to the farmer's market have started to turn up tomatoes, and the neighbors have taken their domestic squabbles into the public arena. It's simply too hot to argue inside, and so their marital woes ring throughout the otherwise quiet neighborhood. Eavesdropping is an inescapable fact of summer. Open windows make neighbors into family. With the smog and the pollen count, we've been staying undercover, claiming agoraphobia and fits of the vapors. Hibernation in one's private cesspool produces unbalanced schemes, including the decision to start new magazines.

During a recent field trip to a local antique shop located just five short blocks from our offices, we stumbled upon an old, yellowed copy of a magazine from a forgotten time. *Women's Household* was filled with tips, stories, and recommendations about hobbies and homemaking from their impressive variety of readers. Mixed with an overwhelming number of advertisements for heavy duty clothing foundations, corsets, and elasticized briefs, the reader-submitted items ranged in tone and content, some giving advice, others searching for items to augment their collections, or to solicit pen pals. We sat in our hammocks, here at the AH HQ porch, drinking iced tea with lemon and wishing that the addresses in the old publication were current. We were dying to get in touch with a Mrs. LaVerne Rider of Kirtland, Ohio, to tell her that we had a copy of the pleated cape knitting pattern she was looking for, and with Mrs. Roy Haggard of Riverside, to let her know that the poem she needed to identify is called "Oh by far the flaxen sea," and is reprinted in an anthology of eighteenth century seafaring poems called "Ahoy the Western Red Sky," which has been long out of print, but which we just happen to have a copy of here, and we would be glad to Xerox her the complete poem and send it at our earliest convenience.

Unfortunately, we were getting ourselves overly involved with the past, which in itself wouldn't be so terrible, but practically speaking, it was somewhat of a problem. The stray copy of *Women's Household* we had was printed in 1973, and it was more than likely that a vast majority of readers had either relocated, died, or were no longer in need of salt and pepper shakers shaped like Kennedy in a rocking chair, or sheet music for the Magnus organ, or bedspread pattern no. 7191, and it was depressingly probable that the woman offering to send day lilies from Chaffee, Missouri had probably upped her prices from ten cents per root.

You can't live in the past, but you can adopt

models from history. We decided that a contemporary version of *Women's Household* was needed, an alternative voice of decentralized homemaking. Our homebody buddies seemed to agree, and submissions came pouring in from all over the country. This is the result of all that enthusiasm.

Welcome to *American Homebody*, the publication especially for those hell-bent on staying home.

Letters

Dearest editor of *Homebody*,

After many hours of consideration to your new publication, an idea has finally come to me. What do you think of a seed, cutting, spore, and sperm exchange; a forum for those interested in trading or donating their excess vessels of procreation? This would be a free public service by your magazine and accessible by the public at large, not excluding those incapable or uninterested in trading due to a deficiency in their stock. My service in this bank would be as mediator of deposits and withdrawals, as well as announcer of current inventory.

Best Regards, Mr. Giovanni Jance, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Jance,

Your "seed, cutting, spore, and sperm exchange" has a home here in *American Homebody*! After all, life begins at home.

Parties or individuals interested in participating in your forum should send notices of their holdings or needs to the offices of *American Homebody*, and we will pass them along.

Please remember that living material sent through the postal system has a good chance of arriving dead at its destination, so, put those vials in your freezer for a rainy day.

Thank you very much for supporting *American Homebody*. We appreciate your interest and contributions, and encourage submissions in all categories, even ones that don't yet exist.

American Homebody is published by Miss Lisa Anne Auerbach, who can be contacted at Post Office Box 983, South Pasadena, Calif. or emailed at anniebach@earthlink.net.

Subscriptions to *American Homebody* are not yet available, but those interested in receiving the next issue via post may send \$2.00 and their address or \$1.00 and \$.55 worth of postage stamps. Individual copies of *American Homebody* may be purchased for \$1.00 directly from the publisher or from a homebody in your neighborhood. Those interested in becoming a Local Homebody may purchase copies of *American Homebody* in bulk, 13 copies for \$10.00.

Cover photograph by Mr. Daniel Marlos

NOTICES

Used electrical equipment for sale! I have the following items for sale. All items are in "like new" condition. All items sold "AS IS." Items must go to make room for new. Olympus "stylus" camera, photos a little fuzzy \$20, JVC VX-350 3 head cassette deck, will not "play" \$50, Sony 900Mtz cordless phone with 2 batteries, reception poor, might be the batteries \$40, 19 RCA color TV with remote, picture kind of dark, no place to adjust \$20 takes it, Apple 1.5 MB floppy drive, displays error message, "unable to read this disk: Initialize?" \$2, Panasonic CD car stereo, skips a lot, plays classical music fine I think \$20, Answering machines and Walkmen, too many to list, will sell by the pound or whole lot, make offer. —Ron 718-387-0655.

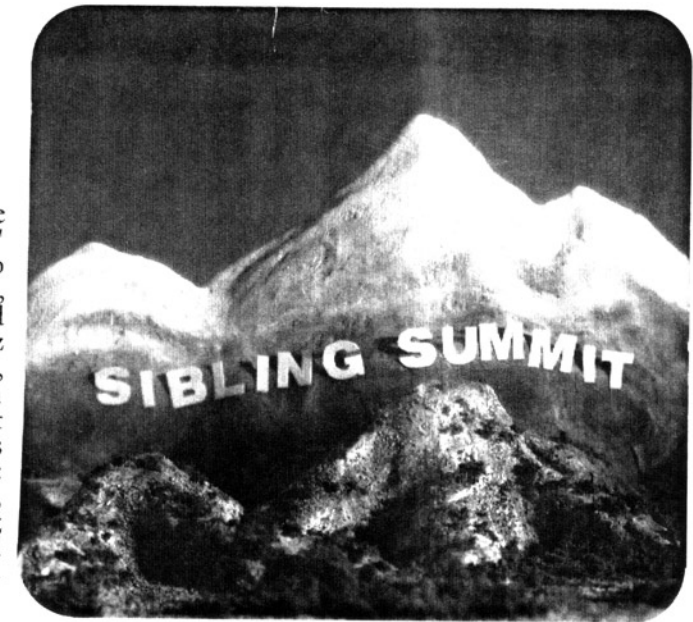
Hello Lisa, I got your note about the new zine and am quite excited, even though I almost down to the wire in replying. I do have a few things I would like to contribute — I am looking for white sage, either dried or live plant. Does anyone know where I can get it? Does anyone know why my bonsai trees always die. I follow the instructions very well (at least I think I do) —Teri Gast, terigast@juno.com, Los Angeles, Calif.

Jorge Pardo would like to trade arbitrating services and is looking for gardening help, clippings of nice native plants and general gardening tips.

I would like to offer my services as an amateur counselor and advice giver. Looking for old frames and a good hammock. —Laura Owens, LAOWENS@aol.com, Eagle Rock, Calif.

Are there any other art researchers out there who would like to exchange research tips with me? Any library recommendations, good non-library places to go? —Miss Elizabeth Saveri, esaver@earthlink.net, South Pasadena, Calif.

I would like to make a window box for my Brooklyn, NY apartment have this idea this will look pretty and be lucky. But I am the opposite of a nature, green-thumb type. I need instructions in the most simple and straightforward steps. Thank you, —Miss Maria Demarse, 104243.2650@compuserve.com, Brooklyn, New York.



Make your next get-together a SIBLING SUMMIT. Invite the close friends over and have them bring a brother or sister. We in Sierra Madre like to send out a card a few weeks in advance when an out-of-town sibling will be visiting. The mountain logo is ours, so no infringing on that, please. Decorating can be a family effort, with plenty of streamers to set a festive tone. We recommend investing in a cake you can't really afford and taking lots of pictures. While a three-legged race isn't out of the question, the best fun will be had exchanging family anecdotes. —Team Orange/Sibling Summit, 327-b Sycamore Place, Sierra Madre, Calif. 91024.

Need a BMX bike? Have a good portable gas burner?

I have a GT pro freestyler BMX bike. It has Redline Flight cranks, GT bars, Tuff wheels, extended seat post. It is white with white Tuffs.

I want to trade it for a good heavy duty portable double gas burner- the kind that hooks up to a 5 gallon tank. Will also trade for drum equipment. Please call (213) 478-1363.

This Italian restaurant serves up the tastiest food around. All dishes are cooked and served with the best ingredients and service. If you are looking for a great place to eat where everybody will eventually know your name this is it. Price range - \$6 to \$10. Tarantino's, 784 E. Green Street, Pasadena, M-Th 11-10, Fr 11-11, Sat 4-11, Sun 5-9, (626)796-7836 -Mr. Brad Williams, willid@juno.com, Eagle Rock, Calif.

A Waxed Tale

Once upon a time in the duchy of Evanston in the land of Illinois there lived Marilyn and Gary in Victorian splendor. A cozy place with a pretty blue room, a fifties knotty pine, but servicable, kitchen, artwork here and there and small rooms on the second floor. There lived on the third floor a tenant with shoes galore who played the violin, but was otherwise tolerable.

The scene was mostly quiet and serene as Marilyn and Gary went off to work each day and came home exhausted from their stressful labors. Vacations were taken, and a recent addition had been a small getaway.

Into this picture of near perfection came a housekeeper of renown, reputation for reliability and dedication. She had toiled well for many years without a hitch and no one thought that what happened on that fateful day in September of '89 (this was before the millenium problem became front page news) could ever occur. As was their usual routine on this sunny Friday morn with the weekend beckoning and prospect of a quiet time in Michigan in the plan, they drove off to work with Marilyn to a "retreat" at a private club in downtown Chicago and Gary to his office on LaSalle Street without a care or worry. At about 1:00 P.M., a call from a neighbor changed that tranquil day into a day of fire, water, smoke and ash. Theneighbor's message was that the "house was on fire" and so Gary very calmly called Marilyn at that fancy club at that oh so private retreat and casually noted to Marilyn that the house was on fire and that he would pick her up and that they should go home. And so they did, and indeed found that the house and all of its guts and gore were indeed on fire, destroyed by fire, smoke and water.

But how had this happened? Was it electrical, everyone asked? The reason for this question is that in 100 year old houses, the wiring is often old, frayd, and the cause of many fires. No, this was not electrical. Was someone smoking in the house? No, not that either. This was a new and different cause. The wax. The wax, you ask? Yes, indeed. That responsible, dedicated reliable housekeeper had been concerned that the floor wax would not flow properly so she poured it into a pot on the stove. And surprisingly enough, it exploded. So you now know the moral of this story so I need not make it anymore obvious than it already is, but in case you're having trouble

figuring it out, the moral is "don't go to work on nice Fridays in September. Rather, sit on the pronch and enjoy the fresh clean air."

—Gary Auerbach, garly@aol.com, Evanston, Ill.

The Bug Jar

I live on a salt water river in Maine and my dooryard is but a few feet from the tidal water. I awoke one morning and looked out at the cove to my left and saw what appeared to be sea shells. On closer inspection I discovered that a massive fish kill had occurred overnight.

This was the first time in history (and not the last) that these "pogies" had been chased down river by bluefish and had run out of oxygen and died. The first day was very noisy, the gulls were having a picnic, they thought they had died and gone to heaven. The second day things started to slow down with the gulls, but the fish kept piling up with every tide. By the third brilliant sunny day, the fish were everywhere and beginning to smell really bad. I thought it couldn't get much worse, but I was wrong. By day four, I walked to the front of my house which has a southern exposure and it was late afternoon and my gray house was now black, covered with flies. I freaked; this was my oasis, my sanctuary, my piece of heaven on earth and I now felt as though I was in an Alfred Hitchcock movie. Then the flies began to get in the house and soon they were everywhere, but for some reason mostly clinging to the ceilings. It was so gross. I was frantic. I called my friend Katy and she said "I'll be right down."

Now here is my tip of the year.....

When she arrived she couldn't believe her eyes or her nose! She calmly asked for a 8 oz. glass and some dish detergent. She filled the glass with water and a little detergent so that the glass had suds at the top. She then asked me to assist her in getting up on a chair, and she stood with the glass almost touching the ceiling and right where the fly was resting. Just like magic the fly dropped into the glass, never to leave its murky waters. In a matter of minutes we had managed to get rid of dozens of flies. She told me that it was a trick that she learned from her grandmother Laurada, here in Maine many years ago. We have not had the return of the pogies since 1992, but I will never forget the soapsuds trick.

—Jean Ross Lockhart aka GIGI,
macklock@clinic.net, New Meadows River,
West Bath, Me.

What's that Bug?

While it is common knowledge that you can trap more flies with shit than you can with honey, one might wonder what the need would be to catch shit-eating flies anyway. Needless to say, it is inevitable that your house will attract flies. My grandmother was always sure to keep the windows and doors tightly closed when she was boiling cabbage, because the smell of cooking cabbage seemed to attract more flies than anything. There are, however, many species of flies (order *Diptera*: Greek for two-winged) in the Los Angeles Basin that are attracted to neither shit, nor honey, nor cabbage for that matter, but are none-the-less attracted to the house.

Late April and early May are the best viewing season for several species of crane flies locally. The long ungainly and fragile legs are doubtless the reason the fly has been named after

the stilt-legged wading birds called cranes. Having been attracted to the lights, they are often found indoors, resting on walls, ceilings and windows with their legs outstretched. Though they resemble them, crane flies are not giant mosquitos and are not harmful to humans. Erroneously called "mosquito hawks," they do not prey upon mosquitos either.

Their mouthparts are soft and short, making them incapable of biting. The common crane fly (*Tipula planicornis*) has a body about 3/4 inch long and a 2 inch

wingspread. The giant crane fly (*Holorusia hespera*) is one of the world's largest flies with a 1 3/8 inch long body and a full 3 inch wingspread. The harmless crane fly often falls victim to a crushing blow from the uninformed person who fearfully spots one in the home.

While painting her kitchen a bright candy apple red, Miss Auerbach began to notice what she thought were moths on her ceiling. A quick search through *The Insects of the Los Angeles Basin* by Charles L. Hogue proved the tiny 1/4 inch bugs to be the much maligned Mediterranean Fruit Fly (*Ceratitis capitata*) or "Medfly" for short. This flying, fruit-eating immigrant from the Mediterranean is the most publicized agricultural pest in California. Additionally, its eradication attempt is the most controversial Los Angeles environmental issue in recent memory. Utilizing helicopters and sticky malathion droplets, the California State Department of Food and Agriculture cannot seem to halt the infestation, much to the chagrin of local inhabitants. Lest you, Dear Reader, suspect that South Pasadena has become a breeding ground for the "Medfly," be aware that Lisa Anne has the inside scoop from her neighbor, Rhonda: Sterile fruit flies were released in the area to thwart the breeding efforts of their fecund relatives.

Fig. B. Agricultural menace
— the Medfly

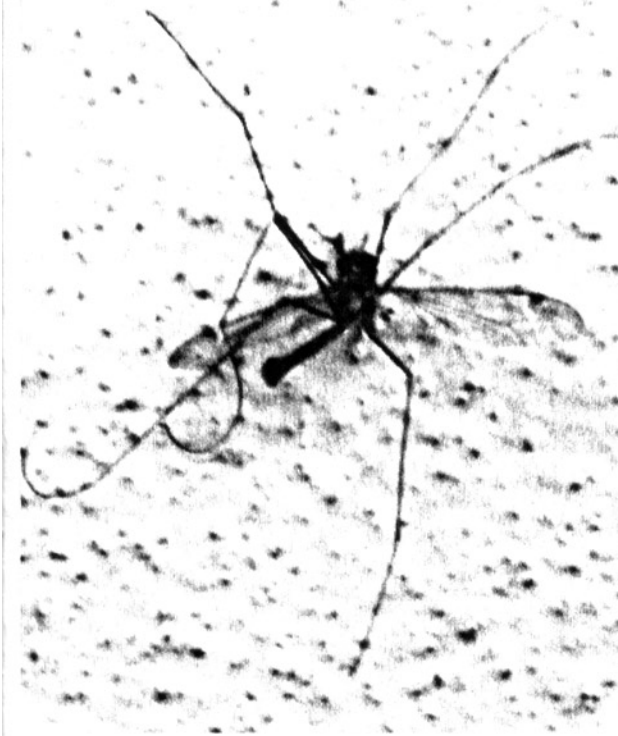


Fig. A. The graceful, harmless, common crane fly



Readers Ask: What's that Bug?



Dear Mr. Marlos,

I understand you are writing a column regarding BUGS for AH. May I inquire for some information and advice before the publishing date? Here is the problem. My home has (I blush to admit) silverfish. They are relatively harmless when it comes to my person, except that they upset me. But I fear they are devouring my portfolio as well as books and papers. Have you run across any way to rid my place of them? My mother recommended silverfish bait, but I cannot find any. It must be illegal at this point in time. — Miss S.

Dear Miss S.

Your fears are well founded. Silverfish (order Zygentoma) are so called due to their shiny, scale-covered bodies and their wriggling movements while running. They are often found indoors, behind furniture and among books, and are very difficult to catch. They eat organic debris and have a taste for sized paper, often causing considerable damage to books and wallpaper. They will also eat sugar, flour, cereals and fabric material. These primitive insects like dampness, and El Niño has provided an ideal habitat for them this year. Though I have never heard of silverfish bait, I can't imagine that your mother would be wrong. Perhaps she can send you some via post. If that is not possible, I would stock up on Raid.

Dear Daniel,

Perhaps you can help me figure out the answer to the perennial question: What's That Bug? It's hard to draw this bug. It was moving so fast and very erratically and it was extremely LOUD (buzzing) and it swerved towards me as if it were drunk! I



draw this bug. It was moving so fast and very erratically

and it was extremely LOUD

drew it actual size--to the best of my knowledge.

Dear Bugged by Buzzing Behemoth,

To the best of my knowledge, you have had an encounter with a female Valley Carpenter Bee (*Xylocopa varipuncta*). These very large (1 inch) bees are so named because they bore into wood, forming tunnel-like nests for the rearing of young. Telephone poles and fences are often attacked.

The Valley Carpenter Bee has earned itself a bad reputation because of its formidable size and habit of "buzzing" people. The green-eyed male is light brown with golden hairs and looks velvety. The female is a shiny black with bronze reflections on the wings. The female bees can sting, but do so very reluctantly, causing only mild pain.



Send your photos, drawings or descriptions of unidentified crawling things to American Homebody/What's that Bug? c/o Mr. Marlos, 1612 Kilbourn, Los Angeles, Calif., 90065. All serious inquiries will be seriously addressed.

Homebodies Away From Home

I am traveling in Germany and seek advice on how to deal with aerial assaults by local youth. Chestnuts you can pick up and hurl back and water balloons, even dropped from four stories, are almost refreshing. Lately, however, one beer and one mineral water bottle have shattered at my feet. How is a person to act? Back home around the holidays a 74-year old woman retaliated against a car-jacking in the grocery-store parking lot by heaving a jar of cocktail sauce through the rear window of (her) fleeing car, but it is getting too warm here to carry around cocktail sauce, even at night. Anyone, especially Veterans, who can advise on weapons and/or strategy, please do so in exchange for authentic strudel recipe.

—Dave Bailey, Berlin, Germany.

bullfish@compuserve.com.



The feral spaniels log

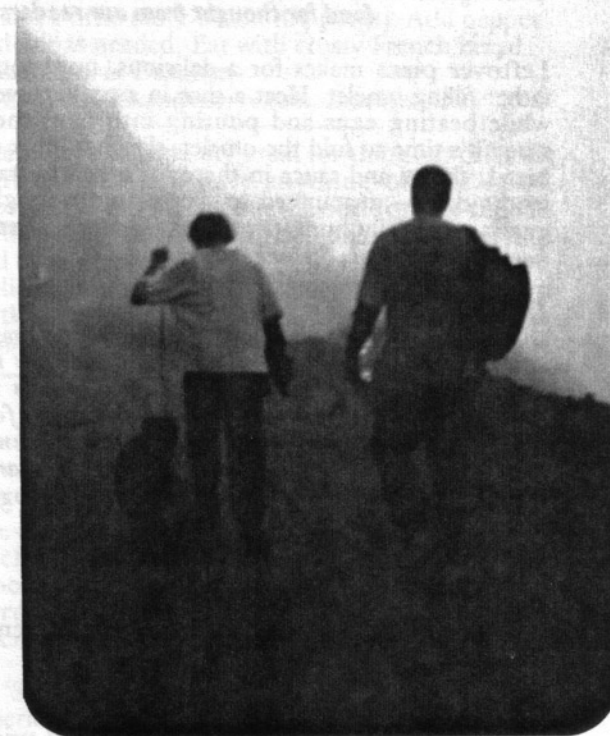
Feral Spaniels report for May 3 1998: 2 breakfasts squared.

Spaniels Runt, Road Kill (nimble novice Alex Slade), and Fang (my new name- I didn't like Off-leash), started out on a rainy morn at 7:00 am, on their erstwhile trek to Henninger Flats for the Mt. Wilson Bike Club's annual pancake breakfast atop the misty mount. Spaniel subspecies member Zöë Clough-Zittel earned her new title "Burnt Whippet" by emulating behavioral patterns that would turn even the most indulgent pet owner into a suicidal, pet burning maniac.

Whilst the cover of low clouds and cool early morning weather made our 3 mile uphill trek more of a bracing, wide striding frolic than a grueling dirge, the same could not be said for many of the overweight, so-called cyclists who were forced to, shame of shames, get off their overpriced mountain bikes and push them up the road. It is an unhappy day indeed, when the little multicolored baubles you've attached to your spokes end up mocking you in a mirthful clicking chuckle and your superlite titanium becomes an artless hunk of metal you have to push up a dirt road. But such is the curse of recreation.

The only curse a Spaniel has to weather is the cancer caused by red permanent ink seeping into sweaty flesh from the impromptu t-shirts we made announcing our affiliation before we started our schlep — but hey — there's strength or something in numbers and we're proud to show our allegiance, right!

Notable on the ascent were: a guy with an amerikan flag chopper mountain bike, a couple who decided to perform an orbit on their bikes for no apparent reason, the fact that everyone said hi, and a guy not only shredding up the hill but actually rope-towing a fat kid on another bike. On the flats we encountered a seething throng of multicolored spandex. Tight fitting bicyclist garb reveals the finer points of certain physiognomies that I would rather not have been made aware of. It is especially true that many of the male bikers were identifiable by tiny but well defined protrusions that they courageously flaunted in a questionable representation of mountain-biker machismo.



We gamely paid for our second (and in some cases third) breakfast, consisting of: a pancake — with imitation maple syrup. The coffee stand redeemed the crappy breakfast by offering lattes, and we dreamed of winning the free mountain bike with our raffle tickets. Although I can't say much about the self-important, unfriendly, peckerhead mountain biker freaks, at least there were some really cool, well dressed and seemingly smart Mountain Rescue guys who had cool ropes and an awesome chainsaw case. Eventually we tired of the scene and gave our raffle tickets to this guy named Darryl, who happened to be the organizer and Runt and Road Kill's friend, and headed on down, singing Zeppelin, and offering hyperventilating bikers bong hits. We necessarily ended our recreation with yet another bogging breakfast in La Canada and vowed to keep Dior's flame burning in our dreams till next Sunday, when we will have a new potential Spaniel, name of Rachel Khedoori, to initiate. T.T.F.N.,



fang

Recipes & Recommendations

food for thought from our readers

Leftover pizza makes for a delicious, nutritious, rather filling omelet. Heat a slice in a toaster oven while beating eggs and pouring into pan, then when it's time to fold the omelet, slip that hunk of bread, cheese and sauce in there for a hearty start to the day — guaranteed to please any overnight guests, especially hung-over ones. —*Mark North, north@sprynet.com, Steamboat Springs, Col.*

Dear Miss Auerbach,

I received your request for proposals from Andrea Zittel. I am a friend of hers and I live in her house in Brooklyn. I would like for you to consider my potato salad recipe for AmericanHomebody. I make it quite often and now that I have fresh mint growing in the backyard it make it even more a household staple and crowd pleaser.

Potatoes Fontecchio

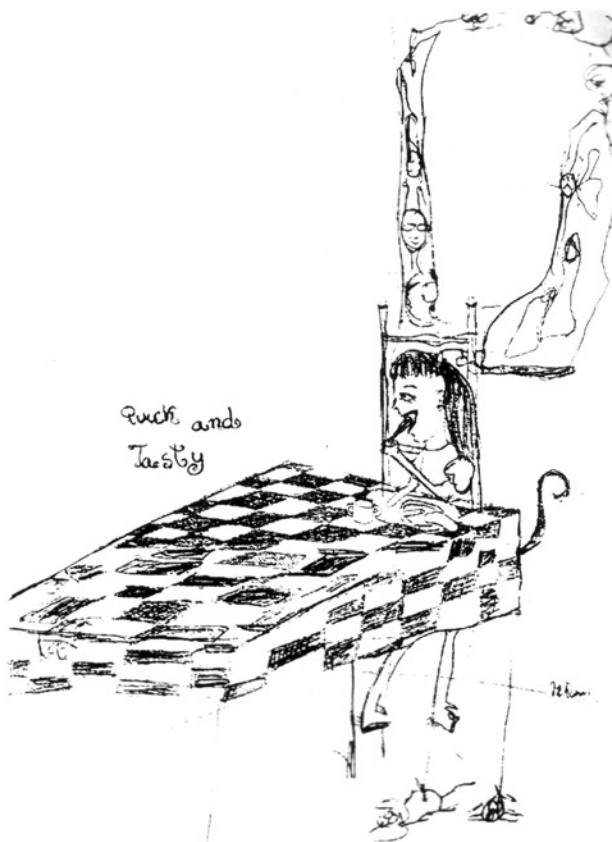
5 1/2 pounds red new potatoes
8 cloves garlic, finely minced
1 large or 2 small bunches fresh mint, stems removed, leaves finely chopped
2 tablespoons coarse salt
Freshly ground pepper to taste
Preheat oven to 350°F. Scrub potatoes and prick each one with a fork about 6 times. Place in a shallow roasting pan and roast for an hour and 45 minutes.

Cut each potato in half. Toss the potatoes with garlic, oil mint, salt and pepper. Let stand for 30 minutes. Guaranteed to be a hit; my mouth is watering. —*Austin Thomas, Austin345@aol.com, Brooklyn, New York*

I am looking for a good Italian restaurant in the Pasadena/South Pasadena area, not one of the spaghetti and meatballs variety, but a REAL Italian restaurant. Any suggestions? Any restaurant recommendations for this area in general? I feel as though I've visited almost every restaurant in South Pasadena that I know about. I'd like to try something new. —*Miss Elizabeth Saveri, esaver@earthlink.net, South Pasadena, Calif.*

Tasty Snack

1. Attractive scallions
 2. Gray Poupon Dijon Mustard.
 3. Your favorite plate.
- Clean scallions. Put a blob of mustard on plate.



Arrange scallions next to mustard. Dip scallions and crunch crunch. Yummy.

Quick and Tasty (with few ingredients!)

Here is my favorite quick meal called **Spicy Fish**

All you need is

1. Your favorite fish
2. A jar of your favorite salsa
3. Olive Oil
4. A baking dish

Olive oil the baking dish. Drizzle a little olive oil on fish. Pour your favorite jar of salsa on top. Bake. —*Miss Maria Demarse,*

104243.2650@compuserve.com, Brooklyn, New York.

The City of Culver City does not, it seems hold much in the way of wonderful foods, but just on its border is the extremely wonderful **Uncle Darrow's Cajun Food**. More of a concrete food stand, with an indoor and outdoor patio, Uncle Darrow serves up some of the most tasty catfish po'boys that this reader has ever had. Not being a

meat eater, I only vouch for the gumbos and other fare by the smiles and praises given by my dining companions. With the sound of KACE and some perfect pink lemonade, Uncle Darrow's cannot beat. Located on Venice Blvd., east of the 10 freeway and west of La Brea on the north side of the road. Go there now. —*Mrs. Charles Greer, South Pasadena Calif.*

Bread Pudding

2 loaves slightly randy three day old baguette torn in chunks twice as big as your thumb
3 cups whole milk
6 eggs, lightly beaten
2t cinnamon
1t ground nutmeg
dash ground cloves
dash mace
double handful raisins
14 oz can crushed pineapple, drained
2t vanilla

Butter the hell out of a deep baking pan and dump all ingredients in. Slosh around with your hands to coat the bread and flatten out the top. Bake at 425 degrees for over an hour, until puffy at center. Serve with whipped cream and bourbon sauce. If you have a good recipe for bourbon sauce, send it to us; we keep fucking it up. No one likes a grainy glaze on an otherwise sublime desert. —*Team Orange/Sibling Summit, 327-b Sycamore Place, Sierra Madre, Calif., 91024*

For an easy lunch try this...**Baked Potato Special.**

1. Potato
2. Cut-up tomato
3. Cut-up zucchini(not as much as tomato-you want to have more tomato than zucchini)
3. Crumbled feta

Microwave or bake your potato. Crack open your potato, when it's done. Put generous pile of raw tomatoes inside potato. Then zucchini and then feta cheese. Eat. If you don't have cheese around, try Soy sauce or salsa or hot sauce instead. They all add an extra kick.

Bacon Salad

1. Your favorite lettuce
 2. Bacon
 3. Salt and pepper
 4. A nice big bowl.
- Put a lot of lettuce(remember to tear leaves) in your bowl.

Fry bacon. Crumble bacon. Put crumbled bacon on lettuce. Toss till leaves glisten (you might need to add a little more bacon drippings). Add pepper and salt as needed. Eat with crusty French bread —*Miss Maria Demarse,*
104243.2650@compuserve.com, Brooklyn, New York

I have been racking my brain for things to offer for a trade but don't have anything of true value. However, I did invent a new **Food for On the Go** — 3/4 cup warm brown rice, tablespoon hummus and 3 tablespoons Verde Salsa from Trader Joes. Delicious on its own or wrapped in a toasted corn tortilla. —*Miss Laura Owens, LAOWENS@aol.com, Eagle Rock, Calif.*

FYI

The Williams Sonoma catalog offers convenient one-stop shopping for a dandy assortment of kitchen stuff--like a \$34 set of 4 one-ounce chocolate cigars--and the catalog copy is source of wordly wisdom that transcends mere product descriptions, like:

1. "Since gelato is denser and a bit stickier than American ice cream, it is best served with its own special utensil." (Gelato Spoon)
2. "The incomparable texture and taste of authentic tortillas are now available to those of us outside Mexico." (Fresh Tortillas)
3. "An elegant handblown vase from Poland has a charming simplicity that never competes with the natural dazzle of a floral display." (Perennial Glass Vase)
4. "The French are known for their stylish simplicity, and this gleaming flatware is no exception." (Guy Degrenne Flatware)
5. "This hand-assembled stainless-steel and aluminum toaster earned its reputation in European bistros and cafes, where efficiency and reliability are a must." (Dualit Toaster)

6. "Dining takes on a tropical air when natural bamboo-handled flatware sets your table." (Bamboo Flatware)
—*Mark North, north@sprynet.com, Steamboat Springs, Col.*

NET NOTES

Below is a list of sites, comments, and facts which I've accumulated over a good amount of time. I'm not a huge internet enthusiast, but I do go through episodes of searching. What follows isn't a list of favorites, but sites I currently have bookmarked. Generally, I go through my bookmarks every 5-6 months and dump all the stuff that's become boring.

First and foremost, the internet contains an endless supply of smut, and after a short while, that all becomes the same. If you're looking for a quick dose of shocking vice, check out the following three:

www.stickykeys.org
www.well.com/user/cynsa/newbutt.html
www.realdoll.com

The first site, www.stickykeys.org, has most of what you could imagine. Animals, feces, urine...the works. You can get it all out of your system with one visit, and then move on with your life. The site, [newbutt.html](http://www.newbutt.html), is a collection of X-ray images of the things men get stuck up their butts when playing with themselves at home, including live ammunition! The last site, www.realdoll.com, sells \$4000 latex love dolls, for those homebodies who are completely shut in. This site is eerie, I think.

Speaking of homebodies, a good friend of mine was devastated by Lou Gehrig's disease a couple of years ago. He moved with his wife and child to Northern California...he has a head mounted mouse, which allows him to put together the following web site:

www.jps.net/berman/

Any support or attention you could send Bruce's way would be much appreciated, I'm sure. For the cartoon enthusiasts, try the following:

www.fractal.com/bert/bert.htm
www.sanrio.co.jp/english/welcome.html

Bert, from *Sesame Street*, is exposed in the first one, revealing the real bastard within! On the more gentler side, hit Sanrio for some soothing, Hello Kitty internet games for three year olds! Check out Pudding, the gold retriever, too...he's so cute it's frightening. But on a sad note, all Sanrio enthusiasts will notice the absence (and discontinuation) of Zashikibuta...the world's cutest pig.

Charles Fleischer used to be on *Welcome Back, Kotter* and he used to do stand-up comedy. His father, I've heard, is the Fleischer who made

all the amazing SUPERMAN cartoons in the 1940's, along with the absolutely beautiful GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. Charles is a complete freak, though, and his insult generator is tops:

www.monkeydog.com/

Brother Russell channels Melba Jackson, and places phone calls to television and radio religion shows, along with QVC. You can find out more of these recordings, along with CD purchasing information, at:

www.fringeware.com/~melba/

For those of you looking to download tons of illegal software, the following site is the key...the arrow pointing down the long road of copyright infringement:

<http://www.dtinnet.or.jp/~jiro/hotline.html>

And lastly, for those of you who can't spell:

www.m-m.com/

—Mr. Chris Romano, romano@dreamboy.com

You'll notice there's no "http://" in front of the address above. With Netscape...I'm not sure about Internet Explorer...you can just type in something like "apple" or "dreamboy" and the software will complete the rest of the path for you.

That's lazy tip number one.

Many internet sites leave a present on your harddrive, called a "cookie." A cookie is a file with data in it, which is read by the web site whenever you visit. Some cookies can be devious, as is Windows 95, which uploads information about your harddrive to "the man." In a slightly more Orwellian future, cookies could alert software companies to potentially pirated software you might have living on your computer.

Did you pay for that copy of Photoshop?

With Netscape, under:

Options -> Network Preferences -> Protocols
There are cookie options which will alert you to every time a cookie wants to be written. You're now given the option to say "yes" or "no." I have to be honest, sometime it's a real pain in the ass with some sites, who want to write what seems like an endless amount of cookies to your machine...but at least this way you know what's being written and by whom.

Also, under:

Options -> Network Preferences -> Cache
You can determine how much internet shit will be cached, or saved, on your harddrive for "the time being." You can even clear your cache at this window. This is a good thing to do, particularly if you're using a computer at work...the last thing

you want is your boss to know you're visiting www.stickykeys.com!

Infact, if you type "about: cache" in the Location window in Netscape, it will give you a complete read out of everywhere you've been over the last few days.

Remember, everything you do is on record...somewhere. —C.R.

The following comments come from the mailbox of a foot fetish website run by a Homebody, who thought this information might be useful or entertaining to other Homebodies.

"I live near UC Berkeley, and in the spring and summer, there are HUNDREDS of amazing young women walking around campus with their feet showing. If you created a tape with a quick read, like ten young college beauties, ten minutes each, definitely no pros, just pretty young gals who are a bit befuddled by the fact that anyone would even give a shit about looking at their feet, but are happy to model them nonetheless, that would be sexy. Stockings would be good too. Or how about some of the more open-minded of these girls having their boyfriend's or female room-mates do "innocent" things like help them put the stockings on, or take them off. That would be fuckin' insane, for me!

"In a future girl/girl video scene, I'd like to see a set-up with two girls oiled up and playing Nude Twister, with toe sucking and toe fucking."

"Really like the idea of them posing with their own shoes. I want to see dirt - their best-loved, smelliest, most worn shoes. Also I'd love to see the girls' stinky dirty sticky grimy soles. That's how I like 'em. Would love to see shots of a woman's dirty soles being licked clean, too."

"My particular, & unusual fetish is for bitten nails, toes or fingers, do you have any pics that show bitten nails at all? Or if not any ideas where I can get some? Thank you for your time."

"I call you from Portugal...I love girl feet likes you...I have 1000's pictures from the net, and 100's from my own camera, films, etc.etc.etc. I have a particular fetishism for underwater girls...I like see underwater swimming girls but showing bare feet...the girls don't need are naked... have you this kind of films? If you have, I'm a member from a underwater's club for underwater girl's feet, and we are a lot of members...So, please tell me..."

What we're listening to..

"Depths" by Windy and Carl (Kranky)
Windy and Carl have been creating room-filling oceans of sound for a handful of albums and singles and this latest release presents them in fine if slightly darker form. Like 1996's "Antarctica" (vol.2 of Darla's bliss out series) "Depths" is full of guitar/bass effects mastery that produces songs through the often gentle building of sound layers. Unlike that record "Depths" contains sparse vocals by Windy as well as a much heavier feel. If as the packaging of these two records suggest "Antarctica" is a drift though the crystalline still world of the glacial giants, then "Depths" is a plunge, or more like a pull down past where one normally reaches, where light becomes scarce and sounds are rounded. As the oxygen thins and the brain wanders, as the pressure begins to effect the ears, sounds blend and move apart, some seem like they've been there all along while other effects only seem to be disappearing before one recognizes them. Not as much one long song as "Antarctica", "Depths" is made up of seven discreet pieces. Much like the title of the lead off cut, Windy and Carl are "Sirens", relax and listen to their call. These two are craftsmen of noise without assault. Fans of old 4AD records will want "Depths" and their other works. Everyone else should. Do yourself a favor.
—Ms. Mildred Weber, South Pasadena

There's a kickass 10-piece jazz/funk/groovy band called Viperhouse (out of Bristol, Vermont, of all places) that absolutely rocks, especially live. They've got three discs--one's called "Shed"--and Musician mag calls them one of the top 20 unsigned bands in the country, whatever that means.
—Mark North, Morristown, NJ.

Strife- In this Defiance: This CD is permanently attached to my CD Player. I just think Strife is the greatest band! I doubt if my neighbors appreciate my new obsession, but I try to keep the volume low when I know they're home. Strife sends that positive straight edge message. They have very short hair and their album cover is really ugly, so don't let that discourage you from listening. —AH

...recommending...

I don't know if this kind of mundane info is appropriate for your publication, but I would like to recommend my Doctor of Chiropractic, Herman Trabish, to all who are athletically inclined to strain, sprain, tear, wrench or tweak their beautiful bodies in their respective pursuits of happiness. I am particularly grateful at this moment because 5 days ago I could not tie my shoe and tonight I was able to boogie down, I mean way,way down, in the most private party sense, thanks to the healing hands of the man that many refer to as Doctor Pain. But he hurts so good!!! He's the cowboy clog dancing nerd with the power to set you straight! He's Doctor Herman Trabish, DC at (818) 545-7476 located right across the street from Glendale College.
—Fredrik

...and how we're feathering our nests.

My roommate Jason's sole attempt at decorating his bedroom consists of a sheet of tinfoil running from ceiling to floor on one of the walls, shiny side facing out.
—MN

Homebody of the Month

Miss Susan Lutz, of South Pasadena, is this month's Homebody of the Month. When we first met Susan, although she loved the pleasures and comforts of home, she was holding down a very impressive, high powered, high pressure job in the television industry. She worked five days per week, which didn't leave much time for puttering around her house. After four years, she decided to turn free-lance, making her home into her place of business.

With her executive pedigree, Miss Lutz attacks the duties of home life with the same zeal and gusto which made her so popular and much sought after in the world of documentary television production. After her final day at the office, she left town for two weeks to visit her family in Virginia. Back in South Pasadena, she's only officially been a Homebody for five days, but she's packed enough experience in to make it feel as though she's been doing this forever.

Her favorite things to do at home include gardening, sleeping late, and taking care of her cat, Clementine, an elderly black and white former stray. "I'm enjoying being a slave to the cat, letting Clementine in and out of the house all day long," says Miss Lutz.

When she's not opening and closing the door for her pet, our HOTM has plenty of things on her agenda. Her most recent to-do list includes "plant radish seeds, repaint the chairs, file papers, buy feather duster, fix modem."

"I spend a lot of time just pacing the neighborhood. I like to make the rounds — the pharmacy, the paint store, Bristol Farms, I like to walk that circuit."

With her newfound freedom, Miss Lutz has, like many Homebodies, become fixated on local quirks. "I like to check out the temperature, but I think the Wells Fargo sign is off, so if anyone is reading this has a way to find out what the proper temp at that corner (El Centro & Fair Oaks), I think it might be eight degrees too high. It doesn't disturb me; I would just like to know the answer."

What does disturb Miss Lutz is the possibility of wild animals on the loose in her community. "I think your readers need to know that there is what I would consider a Stage One Coyote Alert in my South Pasadena neighborhood," she says. "My neighbor Michael saw one at 2 pm on Tuesday walking down Oxley heading towards Mission, and he has confirmation that his cat has been eaten by a coyote. After seeing his 'lost cat' signs posted, a neighbor called to ask for a better picture of his cat Yams. It seems that they had found a piece of a cat and wasn't quite sure if it was YAMS, which it was, which is why I am so concerned about Clementine's comings and goings."



Photograph for *American Homebody* by Mr. Giovanni Jance