

Dykes To Watch Out For

mouths o' babes

© 1995 BY ALJON BECHDEL

22A

WE REJOIN OUR SORDID DOMESTIC DRAMA JUST AFTER CLARICE RETURNS HOME TO FIND TONI AND GLORIA IN A CLINCH, APPARENTLY OBLIVIOUS TO RAFAEL'S BATHROOM NEEDS.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

UH... I THINK I HEAR STELLA WAKING UP FROM HER NAP... EXCUSE ME.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME SO EARLY? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

I'LL SAY SOMETHING'S WRONG! GO AHEAD AND CARRY ON WITH GLORIA IF YOU HAVE TO, BUT NOT IN FRONT OF MY SON!

CLARICE, IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE! THERE'S NO THING GOING ON!

UH... WE'D BETTER BE GETTING HOME. BYE!

BYE.

IF THERE'S NOTHING GOING ON, WHY'S SHE LOOK SO GUILTY?

MOMMY, POTTY!

OH, SWEETHEART, I'M SORRY! LET ME TAKE YOU RIGHT NOW. YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD, BIG BOY TO SAY WHAT YOU NEED!

YOU'RE INCREDIBLE, TONI! GOD KNOWS WHAT KIND OF TOILET TRAINING TRAUMA YOU'RE GIVING HIM!

I'M GIVING HIM? LOOK, LET'S JUST PUT THIS DISCUSSION ON HOLD 'TIL HE'S DONE, OKAY?

SHIRTLY...

CLARICE, IT WAS AN INNOCENT HUG! GLORIA WAS JUST TRYING TO COMFORT ME AFTER MY MOTHER CALLED!

YOUR MOTHER?? WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE WAS OVER AT CARMEN'S BABYSITTING AND FOUND THAT CARD WE SENT OUT LAST CHRISTMAS.

WITH THE PHOTO OF US HOLDING RAFFI DRESSED LIKE AN ELF WHILE WE'RE KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE?? OH MY GOD! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I DIDN'T PICK UP. SHE LEFT A MESSAGE. SHE WAS SO ANGRY, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

AW, HONEY! DON'T WORRY. SHE'LL COME AROUND. I'LL HELP YOU. I'M SO SORRY I LOST IT ABOUT GLORIA! YOU KNOW I TRUST YOU, RIGHT?

MOMMY CRYING.

YES, SWEETIE. SHE'S FEELING SAD.

KISS MOMMY LIKE GLORIA?

KISS MOMMY LIKE GLORIA?

JUST EXACTLY HOW DID GLORIA KISS YOU, MOMMY?

RRR...

and brains too!

© 1995 BY ALISON BECHDEL

225

MO'S SCHMOOZING WITH THE CLITERATI AFTER THE BIG MADWIMMIN POETRY SLAM.

LOOK AT HER, PROOING OVER THAT MUSCLEBOUND POET. I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S ATTRACTED TO SOMEONE WHO MISUSES 'LAY' FOR 'LIE' IN AN EROTIC POEM, FOR GODSAKES.

YEAH. I HAD A REAL BONER FOR BEATRICE ONCE. UNTIL I ACTUALLY HAD A CONVERSATION WITH HER.

YOU WERE JUST GREAT, BEATRICE. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T WIN.

YEAH. I KNEW I SHOULD'VE WORN ANOTHER OUTFIT.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THAT ONE JUDGE KEPT GIVING YOU SUCH A LOW SCORE.

MAYBE I SHOULD'VE WAITED TILL AFTER TONIGHT TO DUMP HER.

OH, SO YOU'RE SINGLE, THEN?

HEY, BEA!

'SCUSE ME, MO. I HAFTA TALK TO THESE PEOPLE.

SHE SAID MY NAME!

SO, HAS THE DISILLUSIONMENT SUNK IN YET?

HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I'M TALKING ABOUT THAT BYRONIC-PROFILED FLUFF-FOR-BRAINS YOU'VE BEEN PANTING AFTER.

BEATRICE? ARE YOU KIDDING? SHE'S BRILLIANT!

WHAT?! COME ON, MO. SHE READ A POEM CALLED "ROLLERBLADING NAKED!"

EXACTLY! WHAT AN APP METAPHOR FOR THE INCREASING VULNERABILITY OF LIFE UNDER THE GINGRICH-DOLE CONGRESS!

AS THE PROTECTIVE GEAR OF MEDICID, WELFARE, AND THE EARNED-INCOME TAX CREDIT IS STRIPPED AWAY TO BUY TAX CUTS FOR THE RICH, THE LOOSE GRAVEL ON THE BIKE PATH OF LIFE BECOMES EVER MORE PERILOUS FOR THE POOR.

AND WHAT ABOUT HER TRENCHANT TAKE ON THE DISNEY-ABC AND TIME WARNER-TURNER BROADCASTING MERGERS, AND THE DANGER THAT SUCH MEDIA MONOPOLIES POSE TO THE FREE FLOW OF INFORMATION IN OUR SOCIETY...

"WE WALKED OUT OF POCAHONTAS, WENT HOME, AND WATCHED CNN. THERE WAS NOTHING HAPPENING ANYWHERE!" WOMAN'S A GENIUS.

HORMONAL IMBALANCE DUE TO PROLONGED SEXUAL INACTIVITY AND AFFECTING THE JUDGMENT. IT'S OUT OF OUR HANDS.

THE MOSTLY UNFABULOUS SOCIAL LIFE OF ETHAN GREEN... By Eric Orner.

IT APPEARED A WEEK AGO FROM THIS DAY AND SHOWS NO SIGN OF GOING AWAY.

FOR ANGRY SKIN, 'TIS THE SEASON. CHOCOLATES? STRESS? LORD KNOWS THE REASON.

IT HAS ENCAPMED UPON YOUR BACK, RENDERING ITSELF INVULNERABLE FROM ATTACK.

MEDICAL SCIENCE HAS FAILED YOU HERE, OF BENZOYL PEROXIDE IT KNOWS NO FEAR.

IT SNEERINGLY REFUSES TO POP, IT'S GROWING BIGGER & WILL NOT STOP.

SURE, LIFE BEFORE WASN'T SIMPLE, BUT IT BEAT BEING HOST TO THIS PIMPLE.

HEY, YA GOT ANY DIET SODA? SHASTA MAYBE, OR FRESCA? I'D LOVE A FRESCA. HOW 'BOUT PRETZELS? YA GOT ANY PRETZELS?

THAT THING ON HIS BACK IS AS BIG AS A HOUSE..

I'VE GOT THIS THING ON MY BACK...

really? I HADN'T NOTICED.

MURPHY'S MANOR by Kurt Erichsen

Seventh floor

Fourteen for me, please.

This man is a homosexual!

Six.

Sixteenth floor.

Look at his eyes - you can tell he's recruiting. Would you want your son to ride in an elevator with him?

Now, wait a min--

He's right, this fag wants to start an orgy!

No special rights for queers!

Let's make him get out and walk!

Sixteenth floor, just in time!

At least you can get out of an elevator!

600

12-30

56789
215161718

11011121415

16
Osg