

Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel

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the retraction

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AFTER WORK, MO BRINGS THE NEW INTERN UP TO SPEED. I DON'T WANT TO DISILLUSION YOU, BUT THIS IS NOT A GLAMOROUS JOB. IT'LL BE A LOT OF GRUNT WORK, SHELVING BOOKS, KEEPING THEM DUSTED...

OMIGOD! HANDLING BOOKS? CARESSING THEIR SPINES, SMELLING THEIR NEW BOOK SMELL? IT'LL BE LIKE, TOTALLY ORGIASTIC!

YEAH, RIGHT. SO, JEZANNA TELLS ME YOU'RE IN HIGH SCHOOL.

WHATEVER. MAINLY, I'M A POET. WANNA READ THE Sestina I WROTE AT LUNCH?

IT'S CALLED "SUCK MY LEFT ONE, SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC."

UH...

WELL HELLO THERE, MO? IS THIS WHY YOU LEFT ME THAT TERSE LITTLE MESSAGE CANCELING OUR DINNER DATE? IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, YOU COULD BE HER MOTHER.

OH, LIKE THAT WOULD STOP YOU.

ACTUALLY, MY MOM'S MORE THE BUFFED AND COFFED TYPE.

AND ANYWAY, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. SHE'S OUR NEW INTERN AT THE STORE. ANJALI, SYDNEY.

DE-LIGHTED.

SO, DO YOU WANT TO RESCHEDULE, OR DID YOU MEAN "FRY IN HELL" LITERALLY?

THEY JUST TOLD ME HOW YOU DITCHED HER WHEN SHE GOT DIAGNOSED WITH MS.

OH... YOU DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW?

ARE YOU NUTS? DO YOU THINK I'D AGREE TO GO OUT WITH THE POND SCUM WHO'D DO A THING LIKE THAT?

UH...

"UH?" SURELY YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT! WHERE'S YOUR SCATHING RIPOSTE? YOUR TWISTED INTELLECTUALIZATION?

I...

OH, JEEZ! DON'T CRY SYDNEY!

SHORTLY... ANJALI, I'M SORRY, BUT I HAVE TO GO TO DINNER. I'LL FINISH EXPLAINING THINGS TO YOU TOMORROW.

KAY, WHAT EVER. SHOULD BE INTERESTING.

DATE by default

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FOLLOWING SOME MILD MELODRAMA AT THE COFFEE SHOP, MO HAS PACIFICALLY AGREED TO DINE WITH SYDNEY.

ARE YOU OKAY? DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?

YEAH. JEEZ, I GUESS A GIRL HAS TO BREAK DOWN IN TEARS TO GET A DATE WITH YOU.

SYDNEY, IF THAT LITTLE OUTBURST WAS SOME KIND OF SCAM...

IT WASN'T! I WAS GENUINELY UPSET!

AND THIS IS NOT A DATE, OKAY? I JUST WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR HURTING YOU.

IT'S ODD. BEING CALLED POND SCUM NEVER BOTHERED ME BEFORE. BUT SOMEHOW, WHEN YOU SAID IT, IT REALLY GOT IN!

I SAID I WAS SORRY.

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU MADE ME REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT A SHIT I'D BEEN TO THEA ALL THOSE YEARS AGO. YOU HAVE A CERTAIN MORAL AUTHORITY ABOUT YOU, MO. A KANTIAN CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE KIND OF THING. VERY SEXY.

PASTA PUTANESCA... AND VERMICELLI WITH CHARD STEMS. DO EITHER OF YOU LADIES WANT SOME FR...

NO!

SYDNEY, I'M TRYING TO HAVE A SERIOUS DISCUSSION HERE. COULD YOU QUIT TEASING ME FOR A SECOND?

TEASING YOU IS A RARE PLEASURE, BUT AT THE MOMENT I'M PERFECTLY SERIOUS.

COMPLETELY?

MM-HMMM.

SLURP

HUH. Y'KNOW, YOU HAVE A RAKISH, DEBAUCHED SORT OF CHARM YOURSELF.

WATCH OUT, I MIGHT CORRUPT YOU.

HELLO, MO. HELLO, SYDNEY.

H-HI, THEA. MAXINE.

SHIT! I TOLD HER I WASN'T GONNA GO OUT WITH YOU.

LOOKS LIKE I'M HAVING A DELETERIOUS EFFECT ON YOUR MORALS ALREADY. SHALL WE KNOCK OVER A PASTRY SHOP FOR DESSERT?

THE MOSTLY UNFABULOUS SOCIAL LIFE OF ETHAN GREEN...

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FLASHBACK JUNIOR HIGH

PHYS. ED.

SEEMS YOU'D EXHAUSTED ALL AVENUES OF DEFERMENT... CAN'T I JUST TAKE BAND AGAIN?

NO. CLEAN UP THE LUNCHROOM?

NO. PICK COLOR SWATCHES FOR PRINCIPAL KORNBLUT'S NEW DRAPERIES?

ETHAN YOU DID THAT LAST WEEK! YOU MUST TAKE GYM!

OFFICE

THERE MUST'VE BEEN A SECRET SCHOOL BOARD POLICY TO HIRE ONLY BROKEN AND BIGOTED DRUNKS AS GYM INSTRUCTORS... AND ONLY NARCISSISTIC JERKS AS ASSISTANT COACHES.

I'M SORRY... BUT YOUR RESUME MENTIONS RUNNING A BASKETBALL CAMP FOR INNER CITY YOUTH...

WELL, YES...

WE'RE LOOKING FOR prejudiced INSTRUCTORS...

OH, I SEE...

BESIDES, YOU APPEAR SOBER BUT... I... I DO SMOKE A LITTLE POT ON WEEK-ENDS...

NEXT!

THERE EXISTED AN IRREFUTABLE PRESUMPTION THAT YOU KNEW HOW TO DRIBBLE...

CAN YOU TEACH ME?

TEACH YOU? WHADARYA SOME KINDA COMMUNISTIC PINKO FAGIT?...

SAY, ASSISTANT COACH DRYLOOK, CHECK OUT TH' LITTLE GIRL...

YOUR UNIFORM'S FABRIC + FIT WERE REALLY JUST REPUGNANT.

GIRLFRIENDS WE'RE TALKIN' RAYON... AND LIKE TEN SIZES TOO BIG... SAY, THESE CANAPES ARE FABULOUS...

ASININE PREMONITION OF YOUR FUTURE SELF MAKING LIGHT OF THIS DEGRADATION AT SOME DISTANT GARDEN PARTY...

Wise CRACKS SPARED YOU FROM THE WORST FATE OFFERED BY PICKING TEAMS... OTHERS WEREN'T SO LUCKY...

LEMME SEE, TWO RETARDS LEFT...

HMMM... I'LL TAKE GREEN... AT LEAST HE'S A FUNNY RETARD.

NINTCHA GREEN, HEY DO THAT "HORSHAK" IMPRESSION...

IRONICALLY, YEARS LATER, SOMEWHERE ON THIS EARTH YOUR OLD TORMENTORS CAN'T GET UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS WITHOUT WHEELING, WHILE YOU SPEND 5 NIGHTS A WEEK DEVELOPING YOUR "TRAPS."

UP UP UP

NEEDLESS TO SAY, STAIRS AREN'T HIS ONLY PROBLEM

MURPHY'S MANOR by Kurt Erichsen

IT'S GAY MARRIAGE, DUCHESS! THAT'S THE NEW BATTLE-LINE. IT'S JUST ONE MORE RIGHT THEY'RE DENYING US!

DEAR, DEAR ANDREW!

YOU'RE MISSING THE POINT, DEAR BOY. WE DON'T CARE ABOUT LIBERATION OR SOCIAL CHANGE. GAYS ONLY CARE ABOUT ONE THING - GOOD THEATER.

THEATER??

THAT'S ALL THE GAY MARRIAGE CAMPAIGN IS. IT'S A SATIRICAL THEATER PIECE PLAYED UPON THE NATIONAL STAGE.

THEATER, HUH? WELL, WE'RE NOT GETTING VERY GOOD REVIEWS SO FAR.

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO PISS OFF THE CRITICS.

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