

NR_key_name: 24E635A25C7FF82A8525659A004B51D2

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Subject: 88 Lines about 44 Women

Because you asked...88 Lines About 44 Women -- by The Nails Deborah was a Catholic girl, she held out to the bitter end. Carla was a different type, she's the one who put it in. Mary was a black girl, and I was afraid of a girl like that. Susan painted pictures sitting down like the Buddhists sat. Reno was an aimless girl, a geographic memory. Cathy was a Jesus-freak, she liked that kind of misery. Vicky had this special way of turning sex into a song. Camella couldn't sing, kept the beat and kept it strong. Xylla was an archetype, the voodoo queen, the queen of rap. Joan thought men were second best to masturbating in the bath. Sherri was a feminist, she really had that gift of gab. Kathleen's point of view was this: take whatever you can grab. Seattle was another girl who left her mark upon the map. Karen liked to tie me up, and left me hanging by a strap. Jeannie had this nightclub walk that made grown men feel underage. Mary Ellen, who had a son and said "I must go," but finally stayed. Gloria, the last taboo was shattered by her tongue one night. Mimi brought the taboo back and held it up before the light. Marilyn, who knew no shame, was never, ever satisfied. Julie came and went so fast, she didn't even say good-bye. Well, Rhonda had a house in Venice, lived on brown rice and cocaine. Patty had a house in Houston, shot cough syrup in her veins. Linda thought her life was empty, filled it up with alcohol. Katherine was much too pretty, she didn't do that shit at all. Uh-uh. Not Katherine. Pauline thought that love was simple, turn it on and turn it off. Kit-Marie was complicated, like some French film-maker's plot. Gina was the perfect lady, always kept her stockings straight. Jackie was a rich punk-rocker, silver spoon and a paper plate. Sarah was a modern dancer, a lean pristine transparency. Janet wrote bad poetry in a crazy kind of urgency. Tanya Turkish liked to fuck while wearing leather biker boots. Brenda's strange obsession was for certain vegetables and fruits. Roeena was an artist's daughter, the deeper image shook her up. Dee-dee's mother left her father, took his money and his truck. Debbie-Rae had no such problems, perfect Norman Rockwell home. Nina, sixteen, had a baby, left her parents, lived alone. Bobbie joined a new-wave band, and changed her name to Bobbie-sox. Eloise, who played guitar, sang songs about whales and cocks. Terri didn't give a shit, just a nihilist. Ronnie was much more my style, she wrote songs just like this. Jezebel went forty days drinking nothing but Perrier. Dinah drove her Chevrolet into the San Francisco bay. Judy came from O-hi-o, she's a Scientologist. Pomerante, here's a kiss, I chose you to end this list. Eighty-eight lines about forty-four women.

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