

羊年大吉



# PANSY DIVISION

JUNE 24, 2009

NORTH STAR BAR PHILADELPHIA

Pansy Division are a gay rock band from San Francisco who sing songs about cocks, asses, and being queer. They've been around since 1991 and are still making jubilant sexy proud music. As a (*somewhat*) straight (*and cock obsessed*) woman, part of why the music appeals to me is because I can take a lyric like "you drive me rough like a pick-up truck, it's a never ending non-stop boy fuck" and have the pronouns apply to me. They can sometimes be dancey and poppy, sometimes silly, sometimes seriously touching. Joel Reader from Mr. T Experience & The Avengers joined the band. They've got a new album out on Alternative Tentacles called *That's*



**So Gay.** (Jello Biafra sings backup on *Average Men*.) Songs like *Pat Me on the Ass* and *20 Years of Cock* are silly catchy fun (*10! 20! 30 YEARS OF COCK!*) while songs like *You'll See Them Again* and *Obsessed With Me* are poignant and give you pause. *It's Just a Job* is about having a male escort for a boyfriend. They also have a documentary DVD out and a book called *Deflowered: My Life in a Gay Rock Band* by their lead singer Jon Ginoli. Please visit

[www.pansydivision.com](http://www.pansydivision.com)

&

[www.youtube.com/  
user/PansyDivisionVideo](http://www.youtube.com/user/PansyDivisionVideo)



When I saw Pansy Division I couldn't stop smiling. My photos do a poor job showing how much fun this show was. Why would you point the lights directly in the audience's line of vision, Mr. North Star Bar man? Seeing Pansy Division is confusing enough already! I was assaulted by prophylactics and the book of Job. After singing a song about how some of his best friends are gay, Joel knocked Jon's guitar stand off the stage. When somebody put it back up there, Joel kicked it into the audience and said "that's what I do to my best friend's gear!" At one point the drummer and the bass player switched instruments. When Chris the bass player was done playing drums, he threw both sticks at the audience and one bounced off my leg and then clattered around on the floor. They played lots of my favorite songs, including *He Whipped My Ass in Tennis (So I Fucked His Ass in Bed)* & *Fem in a Black Leather Jacket*. I would've licked (I mean LIKED) to hear *The Cocksucker Club* & *Ring of Joy*, but that's okay.



I am not the kind of person who can just turn off their friendliness. I am always willing to forgive others and overlook peoples' faults. I think this is becoming a fault of my own. I am learning the hard lesson that I can not always be everything to everyone and I've got to watch out for myself first. This is hard for me. I feel selfish putting myself first and doing what's best for ME. Then I know that's the wrong way to feel and feel bad about that too. (Is there really a WRONG way to feel? I suppose it's just a destructive way to feel.)

I dated a guy, we'll call him Lemmy, for five years that ranged through my late childhood to early adulthood. Age 16 to 21. The formative years. A lot of good rubbed off on me from him, such as my love of metal and my hate for drugs. Looking back on it, there's no way he was ever a good match for me. A good friendship, maybe. A good relationship, no. But looking back on things is never the same as looking forward on them. On my first day of freshmen year I wore a shirt that said "Independence: Freedom from the determination, will, and desires of boys." I remember this because it was in the photo for my student ID. Looking back, I realize how ass-backwards that shirt was, considering my situation.

I drove an hour and fifteen minutes every weekend for the first 2 years of college to visit Lemmy. He lived in the next college town over in his parents attic. He is seven years older than me, which alarmed my parents. I knew he was a "loser," I knew he had a lot of issues that most women wouldn't put up with. But I felt kind of proud that I wasn't so shallow. I felt like I was so...Independent...I didn't need a man with a job. I could support myself. It didn't matter where he lived, I didn't care that he didn't finish high school. I loved him and felt like those things shouldn't define a person.

I feel like this line of reasoning still has some truth to it. But I also feel like I made a mistake and wasted several years. I think it'd have been okay if he'd have been a good person. If he were honest and supportive and emotionally available. But I didn't realize how important those traits were to me until now. Of course I wouldn't have realized it at all if I hadn't gone through what I've been through. Take the following quote (from a book about Carole King called *Girls Like Us* by Sheila Weller): Ultimately Carole would settle down with the man who she should have been with in the first place. But as any woman of her generation would know, without that long detour into the dangerous and the forbidden, such a choice would have been an unimaginative capitulation.

So I spend the tail end of my teenage years laughing and driving around Amish country and going to flea markets and dreaming about opening an arcade with Lemmy. We're in a two-man band but we never practice, we just get B-list celebrities to hold up a sign that says "I heart [name of band.]" He gets really mad sometimes and screams I hate you, go back to school. I scream terrible things too. I hit him and he hits me. He yells at his mom the same way, I saw it first with her and kind of knew. I get a little older. I remember we thought my dad was going to die from prostate cancer and I was laying in bed crying and Lemmy didn't do anything to comfort me. He thought I could turn on the tears like tap water. Junior year of college I break up with him, feel too guilty, and go back to him. He promises to change, doesn't change. I think the most positive thing I've gotten out of this was I understand that you can't change people. This is a hard and fast rule. Thankfully I was smart enough to have never had sex with him (in all those years, even living together) so I didn't have a baby to think about. And I'd never given him any money. He never asked for any.

I think he loved me in the way he knew how to love. Which was immature and spiteful and dysfunctional. I look back now and think he may be a sociopath. He would do immoral things and just not care. He'd laugh at it and he'd laugh at God. He took nothing seriously. So it's junior year of college, I'm back with him, but cynical. I'm not happy. I don't know myself.

I've acquired many of Lemmy's characteristics. But I feel very alone. I feel crazy. We fight all the time and he tells me I'm crazy. He makes comments like, "I should just kill myself," and I give him a pity party. One time I pretended I was going to slit my wrists and locked myself in the bathroom, because I wanted him to stop yelling at me and be nice to me. He made me feel crazy. He made me act crazy. I've got nowhere to go. We're living together with his parents. His grandpa passes away and the whole family moves into the house his mother grew up in, because his mom doesn't want the house sold. This house is smaller and in a different town. Lemmy doesn't want to go, but he believes (?) he "can't" live on his own. I don't want to be with him anymore, but I feel like I have to be there for him during the tough time. So much of my givings to him revolved around pity and a sense of obligation. So I follow him, but not before one big blow out. I remember him screaming, "I don't want you to live with me! I want you to move out and leave!" and I was sitting in my car crying and his dad came and got me. It seems so crazy now. He was telling me to go and I wanted to go. But afterwards he'd apologize and say he did want me. I wanted to be wanted.

So we all move into a tiny house. He still treats his parents like shit and his parents and I really start to get along, his mom and I especially. They think I'm the best thing that ever happened to Lemmy. I graduate college and I'm living there. I finally move out in 2006, rationalizing that I'm not breaking up with him, I just need to be independent and have a place to call my own. No more mooching off his parents. But I met somebody else and just kind of slipped away. When I was looking for apartments, I made friends with a leasing agent in a really shitty apartment complex. He told me I didn't want to rent there and gave me names of some nicer places. He advised me to keep my fridge full, even if it's not with food, because it uses less energy that way. I told him all about my personal life and he told me Lemmy was crazy and if Lemmy let me leave then he wasn't worth it and I should consider it done. This was in the back of my mind as I was moving out.

So it's three years later. Lemmy's mom passed away in 2006 and his dad passed away last year. We're friends, we hang out sometimes, but I've moved on. I've grown up. I've dated a handful of other men, some functional some not. I go out to the gym and the movies and to eat all alone. I'm love with a great guy now and I gave my virginity to him. (If you could even call what's left virginity. I'd call them virginity shards.) I no longer feel like everything I own was a gift from Lemmy. But I still make visits to Lemmy's because I feel like I have to or I'm not a good friend. Especially now that his parents are gone. I suppose this means I haven't really moved on. I do not love him the way I used to, I can say that much. I cared about him like a brother. But a few months ago he texted me one night. I saved the texts because I thought I might have to go to court.





"I keep trying to call u but no answer or busy phone. I'm so lonely and depressed. Why do u and everyone hate me? why? I think I'm really going to kill myself. I'm not even joking." At this point I've been calling him, he's not answering the phone. I'm pissed off, I know I should just turn off my phone and go to sleep but I don't. I figure this is all a cry for attention. So I get in my car and go to his house, thinking he'll be there and we'll joke around and then I'll have done my duty. But he isn't home. "I took so many pills tonight, I'm so ready. I'm in a park crying so hard. I love you and always will. Seriously, I never stopped." At this point I am getting scared. I start crying. I drive around the park by his house. It's scary and dark. I call his brother and he comes over. I call 911 thinking they can put a trace on his cell phone, thinking he is dying. A cop comes. Lemmy isn't answering my phone calls or texting back. The cop calls Lemmy's cell and Lemmy picks up immediately. The cop says "you've got some people who are worried about you, is everything okay?" Lemmy says everything's fine, it was a misunderstanding. I get the following text: "The police are at my house. We are no longer friends." Lemmy hated "pigs." I'm pissed. I feel so stupid. I figure that this is the nudge I need to forever be rid of Lemmy. Or the nudge Lemmy needs to get some

counseling. Lemmy finally comes home from wherever he was. He talks to the cops, he looks furious at me. The cops take him to the hospital to be evaluated and he's released in a few hours. I go home and go to bed. Four in the morning, I get this text: "I seriously hate you. In the same way I hated my dad. I'd never hurt you but never contact me again for any reason. You are such an evil person. I hate you so much." So I'm really scared at first. That he'll come after me and hurt me. He's leaving messages on my machine saying he wants me to pay his hospital bill. He's never paid a bill in his life but this bill has to be paid. I ignore him for a month. A month later I call him and we chat in a friendly way. I know his life must be falling apart around him but it's his own fault. His own fault he doesn't work, can't pay his bills, can't afford to keep his grandfather's house. I keep telling myself it's not my problem. And reminding myself of all the mean things he said. But I think back to his mom and dad and miss them and feel so guilty and sorry for him. And now he's sending me emails saying how bad his life is and how much he misses me. And I don't want any part of it. But it's so hard to just shut myself off from him. I keep telling myself that the road to hell is paved with good intentions and I've got to look out for myself first. He is taking advantage of me and part of me knows that. He's taking advantage of my kindness and my forgiveness. So if anyone has any advice or can relate to this in any way, I would love to hear about it. [imustbedelirious@yahoo.com](mailto:imustbedelirious@yahoo.com).

(If I hadn't been reading *Eat Pray Love* by Elizabeth Gilbert I don't think I wouldn't written this.)



**POSSESSION AND DESIRE ARE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE. FOR THE GIRL TO BE THE GIRL, SHE MUST ALWAYS BE PULLING AWAY. THE FILM CLUB DAVID GILMOUR**

**I LOOKED AT THE FACE OF THE BRIGHT DOCILE BABY I WAS HOLDING AND SAW THE MOVIE OF WHAT HER FUTURE HAD BEEN- IN SCHOOL YARDS AND CLASSROOMS, IN THE BRANCHES OF TREES, AT HOLIDAY DINNERS, AT DANCES, IN BEAUTY SALONS, IN RIVERS, AT CONCERTS, ON MOUNTAINS, ON DRUGS, IN BARS AND BEDS AND CHURCHES. ALL NEW PEOPLE ANNE LAMOTT**

**I AM NOT FIGHTING FOR MY KINGDOM OR MY WEALTH. I AM FIGHTING FOR MY LOST FREEDOM, MY BATTERED BODY, AND MY VIOLATED DAUGHTERS. CONSIDER WHAT YOU ARE FIGHTING FOR AND WHY. THEN YOU WILL WIN THIS BATTLE OR PERISH. THAT IS WHAT I, AS A WOMAN, PLAN TO DO. LET THE MEN LIVE IN SHAME AND SLAVERY IF THEY WILL! CELTIC WARRIOR QUEEN BOUDICCA**

**THIS IS WHY IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO HAVE SEX WITHOUT GUILT. GUILT IS THERE BECAUSE THE BODY CASTS A SHADOW ON THE PERSON'S INNER FREEDOM: HIS "REAL SELF" THAT THROUGH THE ACT OF SEX IS BEING FORCED INTO A STANDARDIZED, MECHANICAL, BIOLOGICAL GUILT. LOVE IS THE ONLY KEY TO THIS KIND OF SEXUALITY BECAUSE IT ALLOWS THE COLLAPSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL INTO THE ANIMAL DIMENSION WITHOUT FEAR AND GUILT, BUT INSTEAD WITH TRUST AND ASSURANCE THAT HIS DISTINCTIVE INNER FREEDOM WILL NOT BE NEGATED BY ANIMAL SURRENDER. -THE DENIAL OF DEATH**

**ERNEST BECKER**



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