

he likes you

Indigo Som
bitchy buddha press



a-qui-moment girlfriend of my life, for zoris, email & so much more. la la la

ME
LOVES
YOU
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LOVES
ME
NOT

he loves you
you loves me
he loves me



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he loves me
you not
me loves me



he loves me
me loves me

he loves you
you not
me loves me

he loves me
me loves me

he loves me
you not



rich kid quit smoking for me. 3 wks
later when he lit a cigarette i
knew it was over, &
i was relieved.

guitar player's other girlfriend was
sleeping w/ the whole world.
one of her lovers gave
us all crab
lice.

my palms
on the brown warmth
of your beautiful back under
that white cotton shirt which called to me
all day crisp & sharp

The last time i ever saw him it
was scorching hot, downtown
Berkeley. i was getting into my
car with a lime popicle when i
saw him. He left his girlfriend
standing on the corner, came
up to the other side of the car,
told me they were going to see
a movie. Too hot to do anything
else, he said. All i could do was
suck on that tart, green cold-
ness & look at him, the heat
blue car soap between us.

TURNED OUT TO HAVE A
WHITE GIRLFRIEND
(so what else is
new?)

chickenshit sculptor never woulda
called me again so soon, but
he forgot his watch
by my bed

Dried roses hanging from velvet
ribbons, antique quilt, beveled
mirror. He was a luxury to
sleep with. But then I
found out how
boring he was
outside of
bed.



first

grade

girl

bubble

tough

gum

steady

going

There was this Japanese boy who lived down the hill from me, the only other Asian family in the neighborhood. Somehow my best friend decided to pick on him. She would kick him with the hard heels of her cowboy boots, kicking her foot out behind her like a horse. She got me doing it too. He was so easy to pick on, he hardly even resisted. So different from all the other boys who were always trying to beat each other up. My friend was a tough scrawny girl who had her own pony up at her father's ranch in Sonoma. Her Levi jacket had a picture of her pony embroidered on the back. She liked to pick up cigarette butts off the ground & smoke them. We'd go sit on the hill under my house & talk while she smoked. She knew about horses & pop music & all kinds of things I never even thought of.

This pack of girls in 1st grade was into chasing boys. They would go out at recess & terrorize the boys by running after them to kiss them. I was mystified. They seemed somehow older than me, motivated by an unknown force that didn't touch me at all. Maybe it had something to do with being pretty. Certainly it had to do with not being Chinese. I remember them all looking the same, long-legged, long-lashed girls with long straight hair they wore loose. My hair was always pulled back, twin fountains of black spouting from behind my ears. Friends would beg me to take it down so they could play with it, but I always refused. A couple times I joined in the chasing just for the thrill of scaring a boy so much, but whenever I caught him, I would yell "I caught one!" & hand him over to another girl for her to kiss him.

The first slumber party where we talked about boys was my 2nd-best friend's birthday party in 4th grade. Our sleeping bags all in a row on her floor, we whispered in the dark about who we liked. All of us liked the same 4 guys, but each of us had a different favorite. I chose a skinny blond guy who was into Elton John. Next year he turned out to be in my class again, & I still liked him. A couple years later, a popular girl told me that he had asked 17 girls in the 5th grade to go steady with him before he asked her. Of course, just like the 17 girls before her, she turned him down. I don't know how many girls he asked after her, but he never got around to me. I never even knew about all of it, just like I never knew about the Truth or Dare parties until after they'd happened, my friends sharing gossip about who kissed who.

One recess in 2nd grade the teacher gave bubble gum out to everybody. This boy named Mike taught me & another friend of mine how to blow bubbles. The 3 of us stood around near the open doorway of the empty classroom, Mike's foot up on a chair while he demonstrated his technique. It was a sunny day, & a warm breeze came off the playground where the other kids were all playing. My friend & I blew small, lopsided pink bubbles while Mike coached us. I can still feel how surprised I was that a boy would be that nice to me. Especially a boy like Mike, who had nice clean curly brown hair & the right kind of Adidas, & wasn't nerdy or geeky or some kind of loser. That was before I ever liked boys, but I did wonder later if maybe he liked my friend, & if that was why he'd been so nice.

petting

girl

tough

first

grade

frenching

fucking

kissing

steady

bubble

gum

going



Colophon

Continuation

The other papers turned out to be a nameless mulberry with hearts & Champion Carnival Text Vellum Rose. Photocopy typefaces: Centaur & Shelley.

This is a work of fiction. All names, characters & incidents are products of the artist's imagination. Any resemblance to actual people or events is purely coincidental. For real!

Thank You

♥ the home team: Mariette Shin, Karen Steward, Nancy Chen, Ahim Bodhran, Mom, Alan at Digger Pine Press, Dad, the Genome Radio Project for eternal flexibility & this time off

♥ of course, Ann Kalmbach & her WSW posse, for spoiling me rotten

♥ the gracious Leda Black, for lifesaving loan of her fabulous magnetic base

♥ Donna Keiko Ozawa, brave sculptor, cootie-free guitarist, clean-lunged, never-a-dull-moment girlfriend of my life, for zoris, email & so much more, la la la

colophon

He Likes You is photocopied & letterpress printed from plates & linocuts on Superfine, Larroque Mouchete Brick, & other papers I didn't choose till after I made this plate. Typefaces used are Kabel & Souvenir. Yes, my handwriting did look like that in 5th grade.

how to use a fortune teller (In case you forgot)

Stick thumbs and forefingers in the 4 sections of the fortune teller, hold it closed (by holding all four fingers close together), and ask a friend to choose 1 of the 4 options (traditionally, colors) indicated.

Open and close the 4 sections as follows: Pinch thumb and forefinger of each hand together while pulling hands apart. Close again. Separate thumb and forefinger of each hand while pushing thumbs together and forefingers together. Close again.

As you open and close the fortune teller, spell the name of the color out loud, one letter per opening of the fortune teller. End with it open.

Friend chooses 1 of 4 options (traditionally, numbers) now visible inside the fortune teller. Count out the number while opening and closing the fortune teller as before. Friend picks a number again, this is also counted out. When your friend picks the third number, lift that flap to read the fortune underneath.

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He Likes You was produced with a grant from Women's Studio Workshop,
funded in part by the New York State Council on the Arts.

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