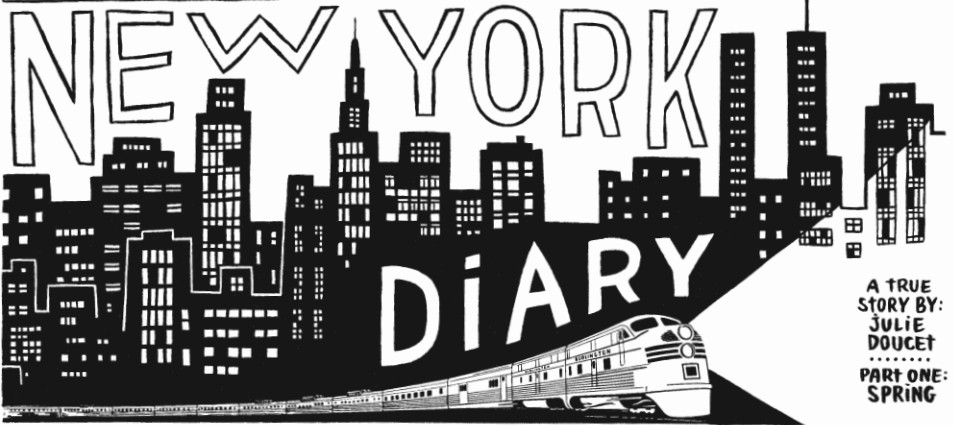


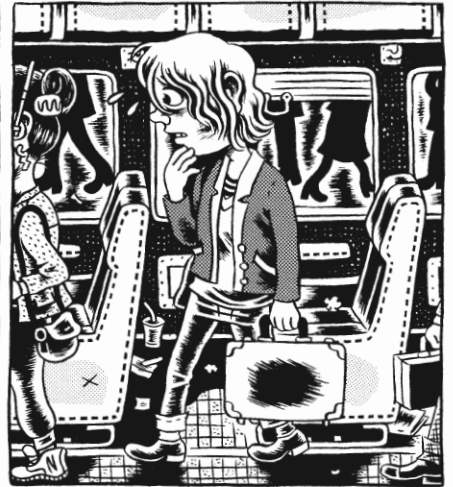
TUESDAY, APRIL 17TH 1991 HERE BEGINS MY...

NEW YORK

DIARY



A TRUE
STORY BY:
JULIE
DOUCET
...
PART ONE:
SPRING





← 75 FAIRVIEW AVENUE APARTMENT 3B. THE ROAD GOES UP A HILL AND ON ONE SIDE OF IT IS WHAT LOOKS LIKE A DUMP.. IT'S ACTUALLY THE PEOPLE LIVING UP THE HILL WHO ARE THROWING THEIR GARBAGE OUT OF THEIR WINDOWS!.. UHM...

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS IS NOT EXACTLY A NICE AND QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD, YOU DON'T REALLY GO OUT ALONE AT NIGHT AROUND HERE...

HEY! WAIT!! WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE MAILBOXES ???



HA YES... SOMEBODY BROKE IN THEM JUST A FEW DAYS AGO... THE MAILMAN WON'T DELIVER ANY LETTERS ANYMORE! BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GET A P.O. BOX, YOU AND ME TOGETHER. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

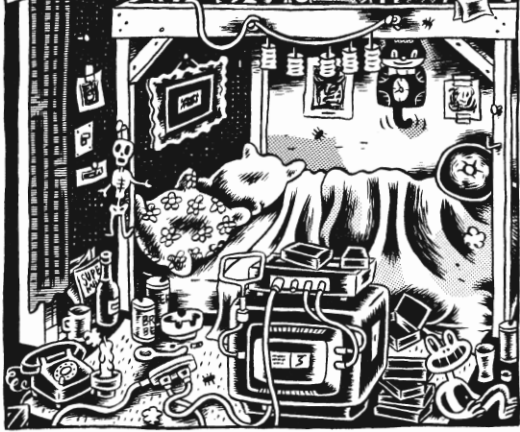
COOL!



THIS IS BASICALLY ONLY THREE ROOMS
IN THIS APARTMENT...



THE BEDROOM, WITH THE BED, THE T.V. AND THE
V.C.R. ON ONE PART...



...AND ON THE OTHER, A TINY WORKING SPACE,
WHICH HE NEVER USES. IT IS RATHER A STO-
RAGE ROOM, REALLY... NICE VIEW ON THE
GARBAGE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET.



THE BATHROOM. NO SHOWER, BUT A LONG
LONG LONG BATHTUB. YOU CAN PRACTICAL-
LY LAY DOWN IN IT!.. SAME NICE VIEW.



AND THE LIVING ROOM. IT'S THE KITCHEN TOO, WITH
THE STOVE AND THE FRIDGE, ON THE LEFT WHEN YOU
COME IN.



IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM IS THE
TABLE. WHERE WE EAT, WHERE WE
DRAW, LISTEN TO MUSIC, DRINK BEER
... OH YES, ONE MILLION THINGS. I
FORGOT TO MENTION: THE COCK-
ROACHES! VIEW ON THE BACKYARD.



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18TH 1991 THE NEW LIFE. FIRST WE WENT TO THE POST OFFICE TO RENT OUR P.O. BOX. THEN, AFTER, WE TOOK A WALK...



JUST LIKE ABOUT EVERYDAY HE DOES! THAT'S SOMETHING I'M NOT USED TO. I USUALLY JUST STAY HOME, WHERE I FEEL SAFE.



BUT I LOVE WALKING AROUND WITH HIM...



JULIE! DON'T MOVE!



SMITH'S BEER WAREHOUSE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL - 273-1482



OFFICE





THAT ONE NIGHT, WE DID "WHIPPETS" I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT "WHIPPETS" BEFORE... I GUESS I AM AN IGNORANT, OR MAY BE IT'S JUST HIM WHO'S PARTICULARLY RESOURCEFUL WHEN IT COMES TO DRUGS?



ALL YOU NEED TO DO "WHIPPETS" IS ONE OF THOSE SIPHON BOTTLE FOR WHIPPED CREAM AND THE COMPRESSED GAS CARTRIDGES THAT GO WITH IT. NO CREAM NEEDED.



YOU PUT THE CARTRIDGE IN THE SOCKET AND LET THE GAS IN THE EMPTY BOTTLE. AND... THE GAS IN YOUR LUNGS.



AND NOW...

FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!

YOU GET A 20 SECONDS SWEET LITTLE BUZZ!



IT'S NOT MUCH OF A CHEESE SHOP REALLY, IS IT?



FINEST IN THE DISTRICT, SIR - AN' WHAT LEADS YOU...



...TO THAT CONCLUSION - WELL, IT'S SO CLEAN!

YOU CAN FIND THE "WHIPPETS" CARTRIDGES IN BOXES OF 20, IN ANY GOOD BODEGA UPTOWN...



HA:HA! HA:HA!

...WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY UNCONTAMINATED.

BY GHEESE! YOU HAVEN'T!



ASKED ME ABOUT LINGER, SIR - IS IT WORTH IT?

RRRING!



SATURDAY, APRIL 21ST 1991 | MAY BE ONCE A WEEK, WE GO OUT, DOWN IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, OR AROUND THERE... TONIGHT, 'KAREN BLACK' IS PLAYING.





MONDAY, APRIL 30TH 1991 | IT'S TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK, NOW. I GOT TO BE FINISHED WITH DIRTY PLOTTE N°4 BY THE END OF JULY... AND I HAVE STILL 20 PAGES TO DRAW. THREE MONTHS. OH I'LL BE FINE... MEANWHILE, HE SITS BY MY SIDE, WORKING ON HIS OWN COMICS, OR WRITING LETTERS



HAAARR SALOPERIE!! I GIVE UP, I CAN'T WORK WITH THIS PAPER!



IT'S BAD! LIKE, I MEAN, I DRAW A LINE AND THE INK GOES...UH, PSSSSH! ALL OVER, YOU SEE?



SNIFF... MAY BE IT'S YOUR INK!.. DID YOU TRY SOME OTHER INK? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS CANADIAN INK OF YOURS!..



HA HA SNIFF NO, CHERI! IT'S THE INK, SNIFF UH? NO NO NO I MEAN THE PAPER!!! THE PAPER IS REALLY BAD



OH YEAH THE PAPER IS REALLY BAD

