

# fishbasher #8

**Boulder,**  
COLORADO

**DISHWASHER**  
Mon-Fri 9-2:30; 5-7:30pm  
Senior Facility, Boulder.  
1055 Adams Cir.

**DISH MACHINE ENGINEER**  
Sat & Sun, 8am - 4pm.  
Apply in person at The  
Broker Inn 30th & Baseline

I arrived in Boulder feeling like a wanted man - wanted because the classifieds had no less than eight **DISHWASHER WANTED** listings. Ho ho ho... Geez, there were just too many to choose from, couldn't decide which establishment to grace with my services, so I had to put the whole thing off for a few more tomorrows. Those jobs ain't going nowhere, I figured. Finally, when I got around to checking them out, they'd all been filled. **FUCK!!** So then I didn't check the papers for awhile and then I did - all new listings - but ~~km~~ it turned out that those jobs had also been filled. **SHIT!!** ~~X~~ I decided to check everyday, waiting for the new ad so I could be the first applicant to pounce on the action. It turned into a routine for me: going around to the cafes in search of a left-behind newspaper and scanning the classifieds... But things turned bleaker. The dishwasher ads dried up. None - zilch... I already felt screwy about looking for a job thru the newspaper since I'd never done it before. Usually I just see the **DISHWASHER WANTED** sign in the window and I go in and get the job. The newspaper way was sucking. I was unwillingly forced to scan further thru the classifieds, ~~amongst~~ amongst all those horrible sounding jobs that I could never possibly be hired for anyway. Reluctantly, I applied for a midnight shift of sticking advertisement inserts into the daily newspaper (the very same paper that was being stingy on the dishwasher listings). Well, I didn't take the job - I held out for the occupation I desired... **FINALLY**, a new DW listing. I called the number and found out the place was located way outside of town. I didn't care. I borrowed my girlfriend's car and drove out there. It was a deli in the middle

**DISHWASHER, \$5/hr.** Apply in person, 1837 Pearl St, The Creative Cafe.

**P/T Dishwashers AM/PM** Michael's Cafe. Apply in person 5360 Arap. after 2PM

DISHWASHER for Rudi's Restaurant. F/T exp person. Call John 494-5868.

DISHWASHER NEEDED. Saturday & Sunday, breakfast & lunch. Apply Gunpark Deli, 6545 Gunpark Dr. Gunbarrel 530-7281.

of a vast shopping center. Got the application and started writing in the appropriate spots. The guy who was obviously the boss seemed like a prick - ughh - but no, I figured I shouldn't judge him cause I've an awful record of judging folks (people who seem cool turn out to be assholes and visa versa (and look at me - people usually seem to think I'm an angry-mean guy when actually I'm pretty mellow and jolly (don't gag))). So as I'm in the midst of dealing with the application, he came over, looked at what I'd written so far, saw ho much I was making in Alaska and remarked it'd be impossible to make that kind of dough washing dishes around here. I told him I knew that. He said the job paid five bucks an hour and as I was saying "swell" - he said "but I suppose I can give you six bucks." I repeated myself by saying swell again. Then he rambled on about how it was a slack job ("lots of the time you'll just be dicking around"), how he usually just has the neighborhood kids do the job, how there were no pots and pans to deal with, how I should show up saturday morning but if I didn't, it'd be no big deal. -- So I left feeling pretty good: slack job, six an hour, and no pots and pans!!...

It wasn't til later that I discovered my first impression was correct - the guy is a prick....

★★★★★★  
FRASIER MEADOWS MANOR  
Dishwasher P/T, flexible  
shifts. Contact Terry or Liz  
at 499-4888 ext. 33 for an  
appointment or apply in  
person at 350 Ponca Place.

★★★★★★

DISHWASHER, P/T late  
afternoon/evenings. Mon-  
Fri. Call World Fare  
442-5115 after 2pm M.F.

## In the Driftway

A YOUNG woman has just been awarded her Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago, her doctorate thesis being a study of the time-honored subject of dishwashing. The Drifter has not read the thesis nor has he any desire to do so. From accounts of it he learns that it contains, among other things, a series of tables on just how many motions and how many minutes are required to conduct a dish soiled from the dinner table to the pantry shelf in a pristine condition. But apart from such tabulations, what interests the Drifter is that the successful candidate has taken all the romance out of her subject.

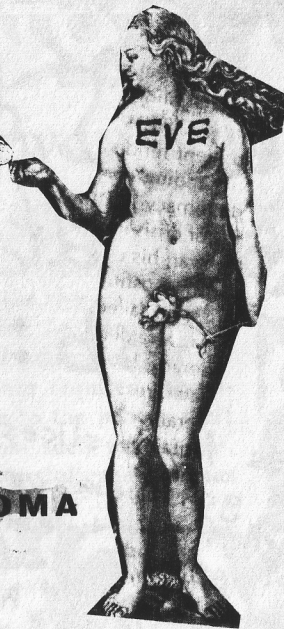
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ALL this, of course, lifts dishwashing to a plane on which it is not always seen. There is drudgery in simple tasks daily repeated, and done everlastingly in the same way. Why not, then, use a little imagination? Introduce variety; wash your own dishes today and your next-door neighbor's tomorrow; institute a rigorous system of kitchen police in the home by which Father washes on Sunday, Mother on Monday, and the five children successively on the remaining days of the week. If there are fewer than five children, import some from neighboring homes, or invite the minister or the school-teacher to supper and let each take his turn at redding up. The notion that guests must never be permitted to suspect that there is a kitchen in the house is a highly erroneous one; household chores are never pleasanter than when done in somebody else's home. The Drifter once knew a sensible man who lived alone and did his own housework; he made his bed faithfully every morning, but his system about dishwashing was not strictly according to Hoyle. "I figure," he explained, "that plates don't need washing as long as I can remember what I ate on them. If I say, 'eggs this morning, beans last night, stew yesterday noon, bacon for breakfast yesterday morning—but what did I have to eat the night before?'—then I guess it's about time I washed everything off and began over." This is surely as effective a labor-saving device as any invented by a Ph.D.

THE DRIFTER


# Things I do to entertain myself at my current job:

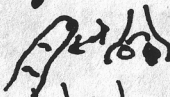

- ~ toss lemon slices into the garbage disposal and grind em up to make the dish room smell fresh + lemony
- ~ not pay attention when my boss tells me something that he thinks is funny
- ~ enjoy the fact that I still don't know the boss's name
- ~ drink as much orange juice as possible
- ~ ignore the waitress that too many male customers fawn over
- ~ count how many times the other waitress needlessly thanks me each day
- ~ snack the uneaten food from the plates that are to be washed
- ~ spray the spray hose aimlessly
- ~ go to the bathroom and hang out in there reading the newspaper
- ~ count how many days are left til I quit



**IF I'M EVER IN A COMA  
KILL ME.**

When I wash dishes my Bodily Functions seem to explode. I'm pavor trained for some experiment except they don't use meat powder on this dog they use a dishwasher. I walked up to the dishwasher the other day and I started to sneeze and Fart at the same time. My sneeze blew out goo berries and I saw them Fly all the way to the ice machine and ~~POP POP~~ I didn't expect to hear them land but they did, like my nose was a pellet gun or somethin. I pretended they were beautiful then wiped them off before any body saw. During the sneezes, ~~when~~ I Farted real loud and powerful but the sneeze covered up the sound physics-wise it is not smart to Fart and sneeze at the same time cause

Its a biological fact that when you sneeze your body tenses up ~~and~~ and that includes your Butt muscles, so when I sneezed the Fart had to press through ~~the~~ → a clenched hole. and thats what happened, It hurt. It hurt so Bad that I ran past the other dishwasher (Greg) and said "I just sneezed and farted, I think my Butt is Bleeding!" 

This isnt a Fluke cause today my Boogers were crawling out my nose like ants and I picked my nose but I didnt think I had a booger but I did. so there I was with a booger on my finger and more coming out my nose  soon after I picked my ears and had ear wax - so how I had earwax Under my finger nail and a Booger  on my finger I looked at the waste of my Body and I thought if I'm ever in a coma kill me!

- LUKE

## dish-doing daydreams

I just finished doing the dishes here. It wasn't bad, just about one load. A load is just a normal sized load. It's about the amount a family of four makes in a day or maybe a couple people make in a couple days. If every dish in this apartment were dirty, and it's happened a few times, then you're talking about, like, three loads. Also a load has something to do with sighing and attention span. If, for instance, I'm doing a three load pile of dishes, and I've about finished, say the first load, I kinda snap out of my dish doing daydream and sigh, and look down at the dishes I've done and all the dishes which still remain to be cleaned and think, "Fuck, there's still a huge pile!" That's another way to gauge what one load is. After each load there's always a sigh, and a snap out of the dish-doing daydream. The dish-doing daydream isn't anything particularly special. Every job has a daydream, but dishwashing daydreams can be pretty involved since dishwashing has less "reality stakes" driven into one's consciousness. For example, a carpenter may daydream, but every five minutes he has to carry some long, heavy 2x4 somewhere and think, "Fuck, this thing is heavy." Or he has to ~~think~~ figure out some geometrical dimension problem so he can slap a 2x4 flush with the floor joint and roofing overhang and think, "Fuck, I better not fuck this up." But the ~~dish~~ "reality spikes" (those



bits of reality which a job will require an alert mind or an amount of pain, as a pinch to wake one from dreaming) driven in during dishwashing are fewer and farther between. Indeed dishwashing is closer to sleep than most jobs. And where there is sleep, dreams will flourish. How is dishwashing near to sleep? Well to start, you're in a warm place. All the steam in the dishwashing area keeps it warm, like being under a warm lover. Next, the dishwashing place seems very imaginary and far from reality. It is filled with magical large machines, a rubber carpet, and metal walls, a very strange place, distant, and similar to the state of mind near sleep. The act of washing dishes is very tedious, repetitive, like counting sheep.

All of these elements serve to lull one away from reality, drawing them inward toward the realm of the imagination. This is why dishwashing daydreams are so intense.

-- aaron walburg  
(a.k.a. floater)

## Alex's by Peter Sinclair

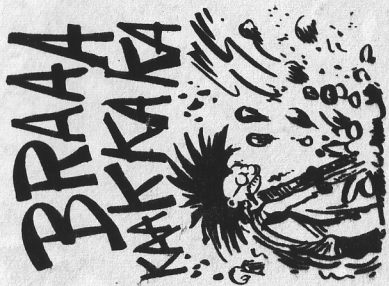
SURGEONS, ARTISTS, AND ATHLETES. ALL REPORT INSTANCES OF EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH PERFORMANCE WITH PERFECT CLARITY OF MIND!



SCIENTISTS CALL THIS, THE "FLOW STATE". I FEEL THAT EVEN AS A SIMPLE DISHWASHER, I OFTEN ACHIEVE THIS STATE OF AWARENESS.



IT'S KIND OF HARD TO MAINTAIN THE "FLOW STATE" WHEN YOU DROP A FORK IN THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL.



# Quotes

[EVERBE IS A HOOKER WHO WANTS TO GET OUT OF THE BUSINESS.]

Then Everbe:  
"Nol Nol I'm not!"  
until Boon said:

"What? Quit? What do you mean, quit?" Then Everbe:  
"Yes! I've quit! Not any more. Never!" Then Boon:

"How're you going to live? What will you eat? Where  
you going to sleep?" And Everbe:

"I'm going to get a job. I can work."  
"What can you do? You aint got no more education  
than me. What can you do to make a living?"

"I can wash dishes. . . ."

—(William Faulkner)

(The Reivers)

my boss speaking irreverently  
of the other dishwasher:  
"He's a lazy shit BUT he never misses  
a day of work and you won't find  
too many dishwashers in America  
who can do that. . . ."

My luck was down. I was known by Genet, Henry Miller, Picasso, so on and so on, and I couldn't even get a job as a dishwasher. I tried in one place but only lasted one night with my bottle of wine. A big fat lady, one of the owners, proclaimed, "why this man doesn't know how to wash dishes!" Then she showed me how one part of the sink - it had an acid of some sort in it - was where you first put the dishes, then you transferred them over to the soap and water side. They fired me that night. But meanwhile I had drunk two bottles of wine and eaten half a leg of lamb which they had left behind me.

- Charles Bukowski  
The Day We Talked About James Thurber

(Colleen-Bean did this background doodling!)

medical  
myths  
guys  
use to  
get sex

**MYTH #2:**  
**Sex is great exercise.**

It depends on how you do it and for how long. An hour of active woman-on-top passion is equal to half hour of jogging—but few people could keep it going that long. The calorie-burning rate drops to about 110 an hour if you're in the submissive position—about the same as washing the dishes.

# Common Dishwasher Problems and Solutions

**Problem:** Your co-workers have the revolting addiction of listening exclusively to "classic rock" radio stations while working.

**Solution:** Bring an automatic weapon to work and mow down co-workers regardless of their musical tastes. — No, no, no... just kidding. Though it's become a faddish sport to shoot one's co-workers, you must not be so quick to snap. First, you should be compassionate. Understand that listening to classic rock is not merely bad taste, it is a disease which afflicts many. You can't walk down the street without a car driving by blasting the Steve Miller Band. It's impossible to lay in bed at night without your ears being tortured by the distant pathetic cries of The Who. And worst of all, you can't achieve the peacefulness of being one with yourself while washing dishes because The Eagles are being drilled into your head. These poor people have been listening to the same tired hits of the late 60's and early 70's for 20 years, but with your help they can overcome it. Yes, do bring your automatic weapon to work. Let everyone be aware of it, but don't use it, just set it on top of the dishwashing machine. Announce to everyone, "I think it's time we listened to something else" and tune the radio accordingly. True, it may not cure their disease but at least it will cure your headaches.

# The Russian Cafe

The first time I was in Boulder, a couple years ago, I immediately ran into a job at the Russian Cafe on Pearl St. The sign in the window said HELP WANTED - DISHWASHER so I went on inside to inquire. A middle-aged Russian-looking guy walked out from the kitchen. I told him I was interested in the dishwasher position, pointing at the sign as I spoke. His eyes followed my finger to the sign and he nodded and kinda expelled an "aah" to convey that he understood. In heavily accented English, he asked if I spoke Russian. I said no. Then he proceeded to talk and talk. I didn't understand anything he said. Maybe it was English but it was incomprehensible. A couple times he turned away to shout distinctly Russian commands to various employees. Cool, I thought, it'll be neat to work in a place where everyone but me speaks Russian. But then he just kept talking and talking and I kept nodding as I started to become nervous. Maybe he wasn't explaining the job to me. Maybe he was complaining about how he hated his wife. Or maybe he was telling me he loathed non-Russian speaking dishwashers. Possibly he was divulging that the secret to the restaurant's delicacy came from the dozens of people he'd personally slaughtered and cooked. The scene didn't seem so neat-o anymore. It was turning too creepy too fast. He kept talking and I kept nodding my head as I slowly inched my way to the door. When I had my hand on the doorknob, I understood him well enough to hear him say something like, "You be here right? You come back then..." Apparently he had told me of some time + date of when I was to begin working. I made it out the door with a silent vow to never return. And for the rest of the month I was in town, that sign remained in the window.

I asked some dishwashers around town some questions. This is what they said:

What does dishwashing in Boulder mean to you?

Richard (Dot's Diner): A way to stay wet during the summer.  
Sarah (Cafe Bohemia): Well, it means a better future for me in the Virgin Islands in September and better serving customers with clean dishes everyday.  
Rich (Creative Cafe): It's everything!! It's my whole life and the lives of a lot of friends of mine.  
Buzz (Dot's Diner): A few bucks, that's about it.

What's yer favorite dish to wash?

Richard: Don't have one.  
Sarah: Oh definitely tempered plates.  
Rich: I like the knives.  
Buzz: Well, by far, it'd have to be the salsa bucket, definitely the salsa bucket.

What's the most food you've ever stolen from work?

Richard: Food? Not money? Um, I don't need to steal any.  
Sarah: I don't have to steal food, I get it for free.

Rich: Probably the most food would be like star fruits, expensive things, almonds, stuff like that, nuts and seeds, expensive stuff.

Buzz: A full meal for about four people.

Who do you have the hots for at work?

Richard: Um...um...um...no one at present.

Sarah: No one. No fishing off the company pier.

Rich: Well, of course, just about everyone who's good looking.

Buzz: Ooh...man, that's a tough one...let's say all.

Why must yer worst hangovers come on days you have to work?

Richard: Just happens.

Sarah: That's because it's murphy's law, it's totally my life.

Rich: That's just part of the Law of Dishwashing, part of the code.

Buzz: Karma.

Would you rather be the surgeon who treated Ronald Reagan's colon cancer or be Nancy Reagan's gynecologist?

Richard: I won't touch that one.

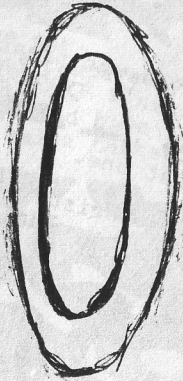
Sarah: I'd rather be dead.

Rich: Nancy Reagan's gynecologist.

Buzz: Ronnie all the way. I wouldn't wanna touch Nancy.

I left Arcata to spend some time hanging out with friends in Boulder for the summer with no intention of working.

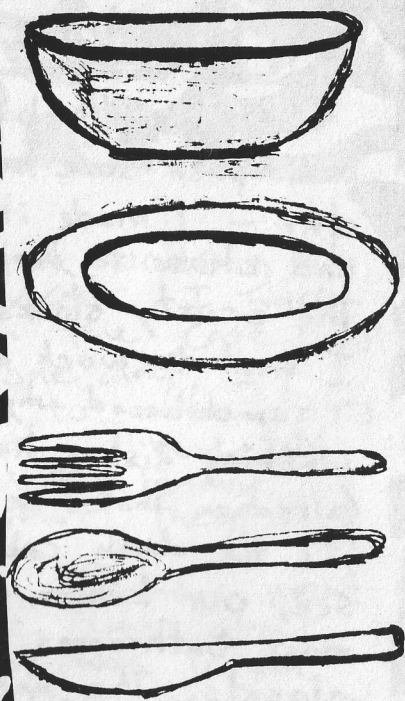
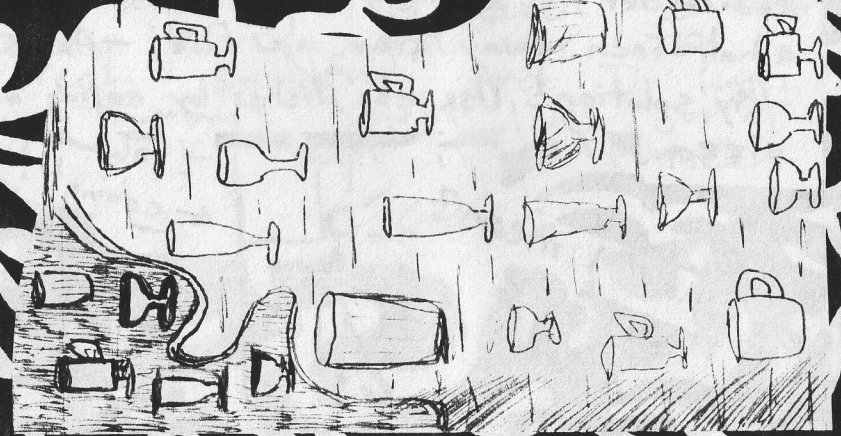
One Saturday, my roommate was offered <sup>500</sup> to bus tables at a wedding, for a catering company. An hour before she was to be there she decided not to go and asked me to take her place. I wasn't very prepared but I was into it because I'd been waiting for a phone call from my boyfriend in Alaska all week that was to occur the next day at 4 P.M. I couldn't stand the suspense so I thought working for eight hours would keep my mind off of it. The only dress code was black pants + a white shirt. I had to wear what my friend planned to wear (she got it that day at a garage sale). When I showed up I was nervous because everyone looked really dressed up and I felt pretty pathetic. Nevertheless everyone turned out to be cool and I even had fun. When the night was over my boss asked me + another guy if we wanted to go where she rents out a kitchen to wash dishes. Even though it was after midnight I still wanted to keep moving. After all it was dish washing and that made the offer even more enticing.





I thought it would take hours to wash all the different kinds of glasses, among the other dishes. I was really into the idea of spacing out while running the dishware through that soapy water wearing rubber gloves. From bussing to dishwashing in one night I thought it'd experienced it all. But to my disappointment, when we arrived I discovered that it'd be using a front loading machine. Which means you just pull out a tray and stack dishes in it and run it through 2-minute cycles. I was bombed. After running that machine 5 or 6 times and putting all the shit away I mopped the floor and went home.

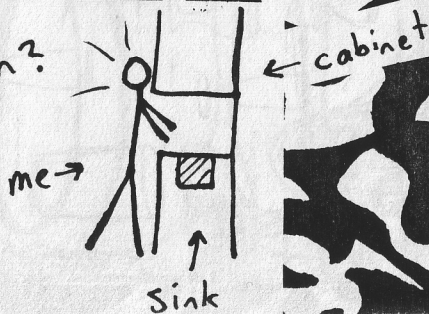
by  
KJ



# THE HOME SCENE

Feeling pretty bored, I decided to accomplish some task during this sleepy day - I made it easy on myself and chose to wash the dishes. The crusty stacks awaited me and I went to work at it. Within seconds, I remembered why I don't enjoy washing dishes here in my own home (a reason that I seem to keep forgetting) - it's the damn cabinet-in-yer-face business. See, our kitchen is puny - smaller than most bathrooms, even smaller than most closets. The genius who designed this set-up, put a a huge cabinet above the tiny sink. The obstacle sticks out over the sink so far it makes me have to crouch to see into the shadowed sink. Yet, even in this awkward position, the cabinet still gets in my face. During each washing an uneasy feeling is generated til I finally remember - "Dammit, I've got a cabinet a half-inch away from my face! - ARRGH!!" - My solution? Use less dishes by eating more pizza.

See what I mean?



## TIMMY

I recently started working at a yuppie / hippie market. I wash dishes sometimes in the Cafe part. ~~But~~ But, then one day, I was honored enough to wash dishes for the meat dept. They told me right away about Timmy because that is what they all call each other.

Timmy was a former meat dept. dishwasher. He was about 40 years old and was kinda mentally retarded. Now he was an excellent washer and they all loved him really. Unfortunately he gradually went senile. Things got crazy in the meat dept. for a while and they had to let Timmy go. But their fondness could not be forgotten, so the meat guys all call each other Timmy.

Knowing this secret, I hear Timmy being paged over the intercom system and I laugh. So Timmy's spirit lives on at my work and it is funnee.

- GREG

