

The Girl with the Yes Tape

One night in high school, I went to a party at my friend's house. The party was typical in many ways—kids hanging out, raiding the parents' liquor cabinet, smoking cigarettes in the backyard. But at some point in the evening, an unfamiliar girl came into the living room where many of us were lounging. My friend A and I were laughing about another friend who was making out with some guy upstairs, so at first we didn't really notice her.

This girl, dressed in her vintage-70's finest, strutted into the room purposefully. She sat down in front of the TV, rummaged through her large leather-fringed bag, pulled out a VHS tape, and pushed it into the VCR. The opening credits of the VHS began and she pushed herself up even closer to the TV. The tape finally blared into shaky-color brilliance: a rock band, a concert movie.

A few of us in the room got curious-- what exactly were we watching? When asked, she handed the tape cover back to somebody. YES: Yessongs. She sat there and watched intently, drinking out of a cup, occasionally rocking out. At one point I left to talk to somebody, then returned. She was still there. She sat and watched the whole thing. Then, as the tape wound down, she put it back in the case, back in her bag, and left.

I never found out who she was, or why she had brought the tape. All I know is that I hope she's still out there, trucking Yessongs around from party to high school party. Pushing herself up close to the TV to watch the strobe lights gleam off some sequins and a six-string bass. Sipping whiskey from a plastic cup. Occasionally rocking out. And then disappearing into the endless night. The girl with the Yes tape.

- Samantha Culp
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