

My Small, Skinny, Indie Baby
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11-18-09

I had a baby over the weekend. Not me, personally, but my wife did. It was so beautiful, and I wrote a song about it. In fact, I wrote an entire concept album based on my baby's birth, but I'm certainly not going to play any of the songs on these airwaves where at least five people are listening to the show.

I videotaped the entire process and turned it into a film. Full of character and theme, it ultimately had no plot and was celebrated at many film festivals, after which I asked for my name to be dropped from the credits of the capitalist cashcow of a blockbuster. I later posted my director's cut on the internet. There is a dual meaning in "director's cut" because it is how I, the director wanted it to look, and also because of the C-section that I filmed.

We brought the baby home in the pages of a Cormac McCarthy novel.

I will admit that, as the baby grew, I was not a major part of its life. It was my responsibility to work for an independently-owned hackysack manufacturer and put organic food and Jones soda on the table. Yes, I did miss the first steps, when the baby ran towards a Barbie doll to throw it into oncoming traffic. I would have been so proud... if I had the ability to feel pride.

I also missed the first words when the baby recited the entire dialogue from *The Squid and the Whale*. No relation to the radio station.

"No relation to the radio station..." I need to remember that for a song. It doesn't need to make sense, as long as I sing it in front of a few acoustic power chords.

But back to the baby. The sexually androgynous room that we put it in was... well, it just was... There was a mobile over the zero-carbon-footprint crib made entirely out of broken guitar strings and Chris Cornell CDs (damn sell-out). We child-proofed everything, the wife and I, and never actually took the baby out of the crib, for fear that the outside world would taint him with consumerism and the appreciation for popular things. We also put in a Flaming Lips nightlight, so the baby would become more afraid of the dark.

In hindsight, the live gorilla was probably not a good idea.

Either way, our baby is already a senior... citizen. They grow up so fast... I look back on the days when the wife and I would change the baby's diapers. Well, *she* would change the diapers, while I... what DID I do? I guess I provided support while she touched the icky stuff. That's too mainstream for me.

Don't get me wrong (don't get me at all, if that's your thing), I love my old baby. Maybe one day I'll actually take it out of the crib.