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Bastardized by Babynames.com

Breanne LeJeune

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The lady at the bank said it was French, and she's as official as anything on Google. LeJeune sure, but Breanne? I'd venture a smelly mid-western waitress, but let's not be fooled, the French have their ways.

I'm a mutt, I'm the untrackable, untraceable combination of broken odes to glory-faded debutantes whose memory history has humped up against each other, and whose result is a one-eyed etymological pup named Breanne.

And so we've evolved into vagabonds, quite rightly, us Breannes, gypsy creatures who will end up poor, abused, and powder nosed, all thanks to our names. We're artists.

We have a spread in Moto-cross, we are spread in Playboy, we are eleven and have websites, we are nine and like dogs, we are hopeful. We're not in any dictionary or religious text, we aren't in baby name books; we have escaped documentation, we are the untitled essence. My parents picked it because they liked the sound. My aunt picked it first, for her daughter, but when she was born they called her Amanda; she didn't look like a Breanne. I did.

I am stolen.

Breanne Trammell of Lawrence, Kansas is "like taxidermy for printmaking." She has a friend named Tango, attends shirtless dance parties, has good skin, an eighties fashion sensibility, and attractive friends. She has a book of monotypes printed on Buttericks dress patterns, and doesn't wear bras.

Another Breanne always wears bras as she has, and is known for, her huge natural breasts. She is rated #17 on pornstars-pornstars.com top 100 list. She is nineteen and majoring in psychology and human sexuality. She considers porn to be a "well-paid internship." She is the innovator of the sexual position "the Breanne Position," and only does girls professionally. Her first film was Cockless 23, and her favorite thing about porn is having her makeup done. In Mary-Carey Rules!: Hot for Teacher, Breanne plays a struggling student who is chastised because, as her teacher says, "You were supposed to write five million words and this looks like it's about 50." Extra credit is offered.
Breanne Lawrenson from Canada is a seventeen year old singer with long blonde braids. "In her songs Breanne explores the emotional world of teens in a world where many of them feel misunderstood and undervalued." She is compared to Michele Branch, Vanessa Carlton, Sheryl Crow, and Norah Jones and is currently recording her second album.

"Breanne J. Diehl is a member of the J. Fantasy and SciFi Art Gallery 208 at Elfwood." (http://www.elfwood.lysator.leu.se/art/b/r/bre/bre/html). She is seventeen and into art, forensics, singing, and "being a goofball." She draws anime.

And another Breanne has a website devoted to the Days of Our Lives characters Shawn and Belle.

I'm not really proud of these other Breannes. However, I'm sure if they looked me up and found my awkward Traverse City Record Eagle art article, they might think I was literally mentally retarded. They'd see the answers that were butchered by that polite reporter; they'd be embarrassed. "She makes art to reflect the universal struggle of being different?" They'd say, ashamed of my typicality. NO! I'd scream, I made a collage of gay personal ads, admit it! And apparently I write because it is both faster and easier than my painting, a flattering point indeed. I tarnish the name they try so hard to make famous. Breannes are not united. We are coincidences. Each thinking we are cooler than the others. If I met Porn Breanne on the street I'd tell her Mary Cary Rules: Hot for Teacher inspired me to write, she'd scoff and make some comment about how I have no boobs, telling me she was glad I chose writing and not porn. I'd probably be friends with "printmaking-like-taxidermy" Breanne. Her friends are hot and she's kind of crazy. If I met Sci-Fi Breanne I would burn her artwork in front of her, tie her to a chair and force feed her Egon Schiele, Andrew Wyeth, Elinor Carucci and Nan Goldin. She would make art about how I made fun of her. She would be famous and I would be in jail. She reminds me of a Bree I knew in high school who always made art with Barbies, because society apparently raped her mind like everyone else and she felt oppressed and full of false ideals. I thought she was trite and I don't know what she thought about me. She drew naked lesbian anime and showed it to the portfolio reviewer from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. It took balls.

Perhaps we are quick to judge.

As a child I would watch the since-cancelled Disney children's show The Torkelsons. They all had southern accents and lived in a big white house. Dorothy Jane was the star and I would watch and cringe every time anyone said her name, because each utterance made my own name feel infinitely more white trash. "Dorothy Jane come help fix supper!" "Breanne feed the hogs!"

I would imagine it as Bre Anne, like Ruth Anne, or Bobby Jo, or Becky Lou. Dorothy Jane would talk to the man on the moon every night, sitting on
her romantic little window seat, plush with cushions, gabbing about her sad life and how all she wanted was to date the older boy next door, wishing someday to leave her pathetic situation for a fancy university. I somehow attained her penchant for 80’s fashion and trashy prom dresses, and the tendencies to talk to myself, to obsess over unattainable people, and to constantly wish I were somewhere else.

According to baby name sites, the combined nature of Bre and Anne is one of grace, virtue, honor, and mercy.

Grace, I lack grace. Last week I went to the library and rented twelve books. Twelve art books. Five hundred page books. Back breaking watercolors and naked photos. I filled my backpack and two plastic bags with the things, and almost fell off my bike. Every time the wind blew it would catch the bags and steer me off the sidewalk, into people. The handles bore into my skin, blood stopped circulating to my hands, and I had stigmata in my elbows from where I donated blood. I was convinced I was going to pop like a blood balloon, my skin the failed plastic, and die, a big red splatter on the sidewalk.

The first time I donated blood, after being de-tubed, I b-lined it for the cookie/rehabilitation table to hang out for a couple hours (skip gym class). I was looking at the sugar cookies when I felt my arm get warm and slimy. I looked down to discover that I had popped a leak, having picked up my thirty pound book bag with the arm I donated with. Blood was squirting everywhere, trickling down my arm to the floor. A woman ran over and bandaged me but I kept bleeding. I kept the bandages on for a paranoid week and didn't bend my arm. I ruined my white sweater as well as my reputation with the on-looking student senate, but liked looking like a heroin addict.

And while I consider myself virtuous, who doesn't? Virtue isn't a Breanne thing. Virtue is a liar thing. Anyone can have it, but not many do. The same with mercy. The same with Honor. I'm merciful, honorable, sure, I'm merciful because I don't care enough not to be and I'm honorable because you don't know that I'm not. I'll claim the titles. But according to the baby names people I'm supposed to be some saint. Some graceful angel person and I'm here to tell you, I'm a huge disappointment. Most Breannes are. Porn stars, geeked out sci-fi chicks, I mean, we are awkward. Sure we're probably fucking bombshells, but we don't flaunt it. We also don't flaunt our angel-like qualities. This could mean they are non-existent, this could mean they're pure. Either way it adds to our sexy sense of mystery, and I would much rather have mystique than grace. It's a lot less to live up to and attracts a lot more weirdos. Bonus.

We are not the sum of our parts, unfortunately. We possess neither the virtue or honor of Breanna, nor the strength of the Brees, the Anne's kick our ass in the grace department, but we have creativity. We create our own sexual positions, we are ditzy and do anime. We like soap operas and dogs. We actively
create the etymology of what will one day appear on Babynames.com. The sad empty bastardizing response to our name searches will no longer yield n/a in every domain. We will have answers. The Breannes of the future will have a template. Per say, templates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Origin</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Rating</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breanne</td>
<td>n/a</td>
<td>Crazy, at times unoriginal, vain but sexy, obsessive; a geek goddess; a band nerd.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breanne</td>
<td>n/a</td>
<td>Sexual position.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breanne</td>
<td>n/a</td>
<td>Has embarrassing hobbies, says stupid things, has unexplainable cult following. Shops at Hot Topic.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breanne</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>Slut. Hot when naked.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breanne</td>
<td>n/a</td>
<td>Available on videotape.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breanne</td>
<td>n/a</td>
<td>Just ate lasagna.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And people will name their bug-eyed daughters Breanne because right from birth they could see her shaking, could see her forming her first swear word or reciting her vulgar spoken word poetry, perhaps because it was their husband’s secret love, because it’s tradition in Elfwood, because they were conceived using our position, because it’s pretty.

And when LeJeune becomes boring, they’ll tell you Breanne is french too, because there isn’t much else to discuss at the teller window, and I’ll fake a smile and take my money.