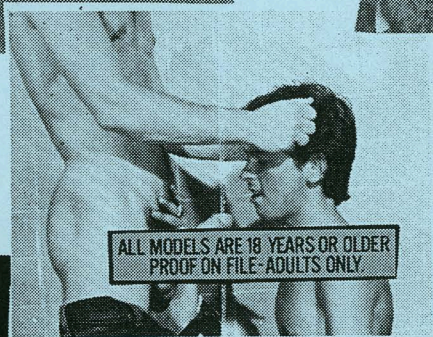
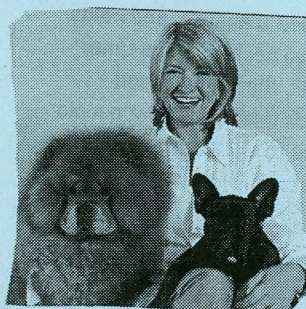
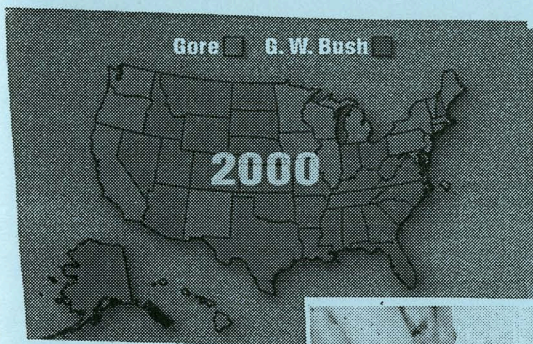


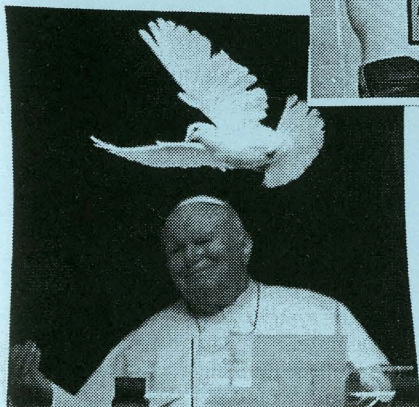


the cubby

B@r&ly L%g@l



ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER
PROOF ON FILE-ADULTS ONLY



WELCOME

The Cubby has managed to put out seventeen previous issues of our Missalette, making the one you're now holding in your hands Number 18. We figured we needed to mark the occasion with a related theme: **Barely Legal**.

We put out a call to the Cubby Faithful looking for stories about things they've done and/or observed in the world that wobble on the borderline between legal and illegal — downloaded dirty pics of nubile bodies...foreign intervention waged in the name of our freedom...trespassing on private property...vandalism of any kind...underage drinking...aggressive panhandling...etc. etc. etc. — and we received a lot of great stuff that addressed these juicy topics.

Likewise, many of us took advantage of the Missalette's 18th birthday to travel back to the time when we were "barely legal" — that post-adolescent, graduating-from-high-school, off-to-college, getting-a-real-job period in life.

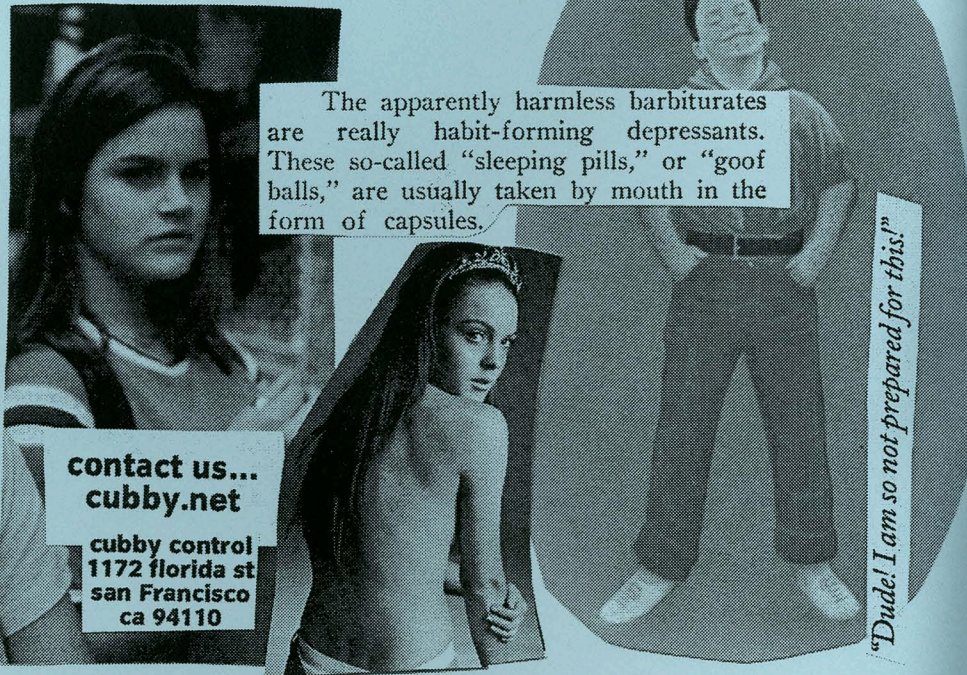
We received many recollections of those confusing days from our Cubby contributors. Alongside the mythmaking, irony, surrealism and strongly felt opinions that the Missalette has always contained, these visitations back to our tender years represent the "bare" (as in bared souls) in barely legal. I'm not sure what to make of this vulnerable outpouring. Is the Cubby is showing its age?

--by Karl Soehnlein, who edited this issue alongside
Missalette mastermind Brian Weaver

Thanks to all those who CONTRIBUTED with words, images and labor:

Alec Way, Alissa Mach, Andrew Poisoner, April Valentine, Ben Tinker, Bill Fisher, Brady T. Brady, Cat Knight, Cyrus Limon, David Ury, Elizabeth Costello, Emily Davis, J Winburn, Jamez Smith, Jason Gonzalez, Jol Perez, Lorna Kirwan, Melinda Adams, Morgan Guberman, Phil "Fly Molo" Ramirez, Sean Chiki, Susanna Williams, Trismegista Taylor, the Women of the Hustler Club, & Yesenia Padilla

(and thanks to Kevin, too!)



The apparently harmless barbiturates are really habit-forming depressants. These so-called "sleeping pills," or "goof balls," are usually taken by mouth in the form of capsules.

"Dude! I am so not prepared for this!"

contact us...
cubby.net

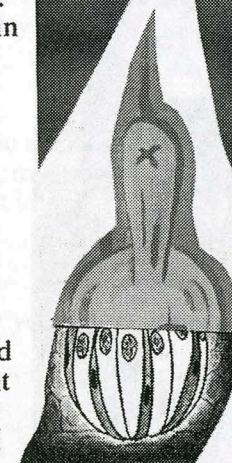
cubby control
1172 florida st
san Francisco
ca 94110



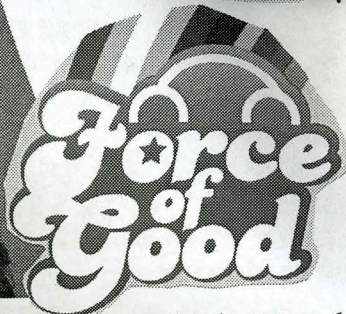
I used to be Mormon.

I'd like to ask you for a moment to flush your brain of all stereotypes of Mormons and just imagine that I was naïve. I was trying to not masturbate and I was a horny 18 year old at Brigham Young University. It was making me very depressed. Sometimes in between my jobs as a bagel baker and a bookseller, I didn't get out of bed for a few days. I was always trying to keep my right hand pinned away from my crotch. I thought that masturbation would keep me from what I wanted most—a happy, sensuous marriage and a good relationship with the Lord. I'd go to sleep with my roommate on the other side of the room sleeping happily asexual and pray continuously for the Lord to help me just fall asleep before I became so overwhelmed with desire that I had to bust one out. I'd lay for hours and get more and more anxious. I'd get up and walk around. I'd scratch "I will not fail" over and over in my journal with Gustav Klimt's "The Kiss" on the front. Eventually, I always failed. Except one night, but around 6 the next morning, while I was taking a break from the bagels, I was twiddling in the bathroom. It was uncontrollable.

I had been told that if you are depressed, you pull yourself up by your bootstraps and Heavenly Father will be there to help you. So I started waking up at 3 am to read my scriptures in the morning before I went to work. I fasted several Sundays for the Lord to help me "overcome temptation." I read about Adam and Eve, Esther, Ruth, and my personal favorite, Job. I thought that since I still couldn't get out of bed on my days off that I was probably clinically



TASTE BUD



depressed and I decided to go to the BYU counseling office.

I wasn't sure how to hold my face. I thought that it was stupid of me to think that I could pretend I was in there for any other reason than for being fucked up all to hell. The place looked like a focus group office and I kept thinking the guy behind the counter must get sick of all these Mormon girls with fake problems. I love how he asked me if it was an emergency. I said "no," and since they were booked solid my first appointment had to be a month later, after Christmas vacation.

Dr. Shively reminded me of Bonnie Raitt. She had red hair with body to make it look like a shifting other-organ. It poofed in the right places. She was tan and freckled and she wore purple all the time. Like purple plants and a purple shirt. The stuff you'd buy at Express in 1993. She was nervous. She moved about her office like she was playing grown up or doing an improv sketch on "psychology."

I was as honest as I could be, but I just couldn't tell her about the masturbation thing. Plus, a little transgression had happened over the Christmas break. I'd done a little something with my ex-boyfriend that would make me ineligible to continue my enrollment at BYU unless I repented. I figured if I told her about the masturbation, I'd have to tell her about my confusion that I experienced intense jubilation when my bra fell on the floor, the ecstasy of someone sucking my nipple, how the cock was so much bigger than I expected, etc. I thought it was best to just focus on my "my depression" and keep the

sexual activities to myself.

She told me she was a behavioral psychologist and she was less interested in analyzing me than in helping me, though my behavior, change my moods. I was instructed that every time I thought a depressing thought, I was to bite my tongue until I felt pain, and then immediately replace it with a thought that made me happy. Since I felt there was a 50/50 chance I'd suffer in Outer Darkness (that's Mormon for "Hell") for all eternity, I decided to concentrate on something abstract: light coming through a high window.

In the next visit, in her clever little office, she held the DSM-IV on her lap and asked me questions from a checklist.

"Do you ever swing wildly from one mood to the next?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever have increased periods of productivity followed by periods of inactivity?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever spend large amounts of money, more than you have, and then regret it later?"

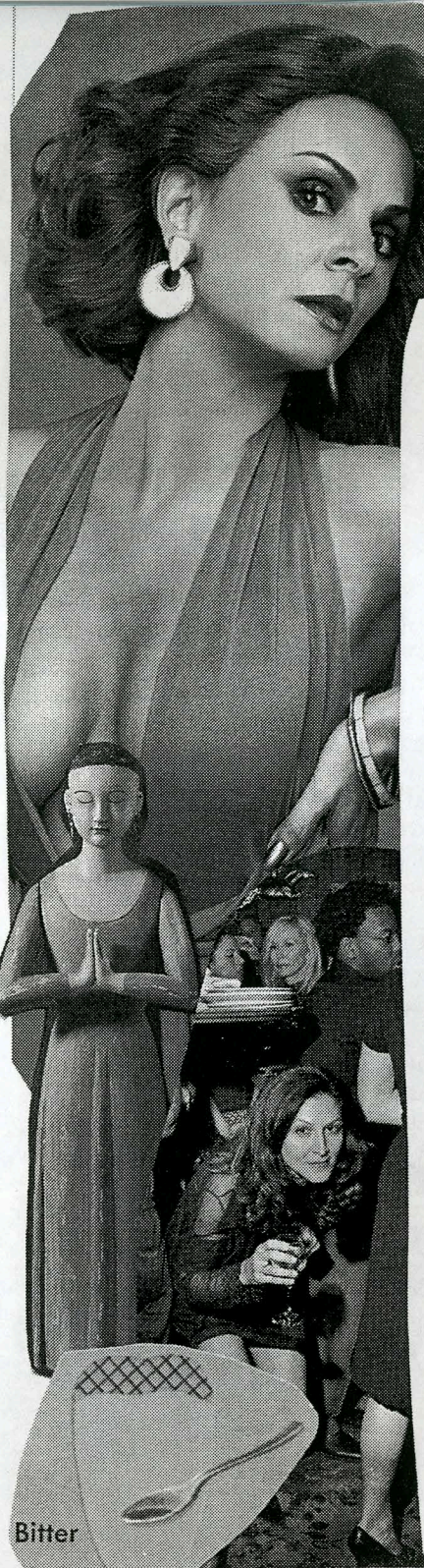
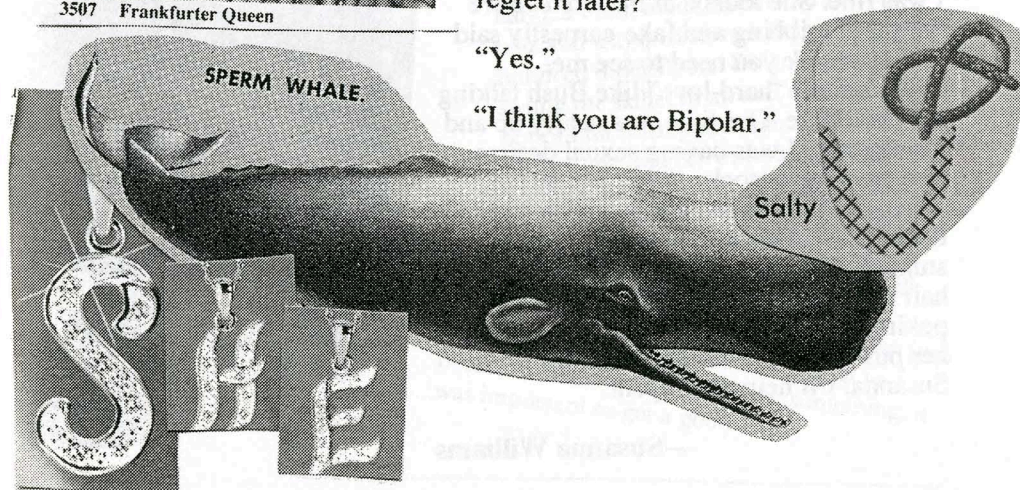
"Yes."

"I think you are Bipolar."



3504 Masked Man

3507 Frankfurter Queen



Bitter

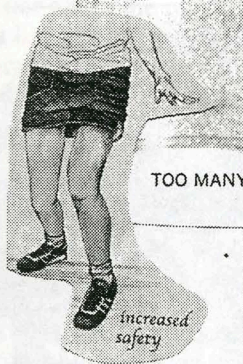
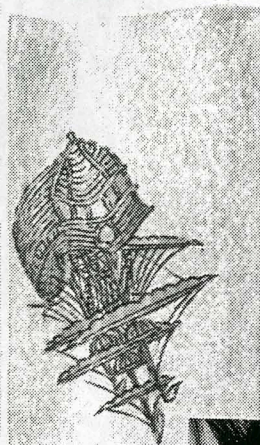
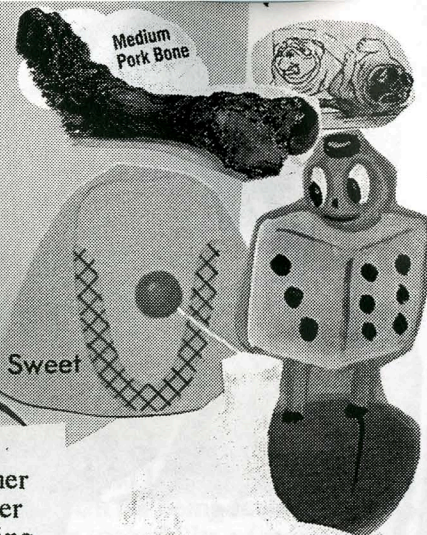
Dr. Shively recommended I go see another doctor who prescribed medication. I never made it over to his office. I did keep seeing Dr. Shively, though. Sometimes we'd do deep relaxation techniques on her floor.

I decided to leave the church, leave BYU, go back to Georgia, and fuck my boyfriend silly. I just had to finish out the semester. Dr. Shively still didn't know about the masturbation or the transgression, which by then, thanks for a 3 day fest in the Days Inn in Provo ("what time of day is it?"), had been cemented.

But she had helped. The tongue biting did take my mind off of demons and the "diagnosis" made my family less cruel toward me leaving the church.

On our last visit, she seemed annoyed that I was fine. She looked at me from above her purple ribbing and fake-earnestly said "I don't think you need to see me anymore" all "hard-love" like Bush talking about welfare. Our time was nearly up and I hinted that I was having sexual desires. She gave me a stock answer and as we were walking toward the door I dropped the bomb: I'd done it already. She was stunned. My last memory of her is her red hair parallel to the frame, her leggings poking out through the slit of the door, and her pushing hurried: "I'll help you Susanna. I'll help you repent."

—Susanna Williams



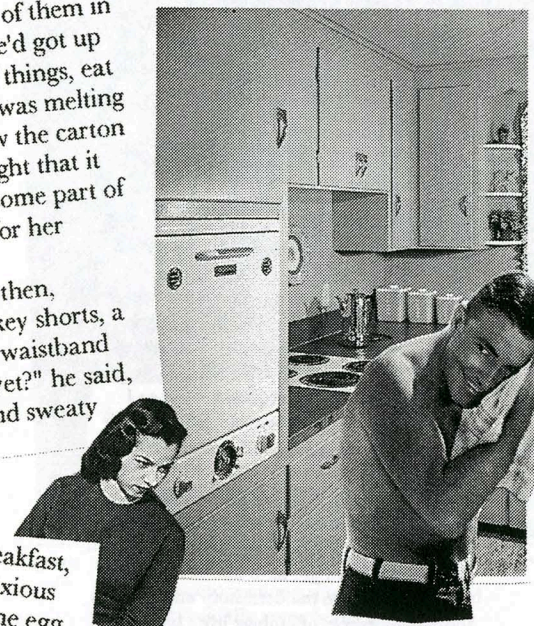
A Good Breakfast by Brady T. Brady

It was all because somebody had put the egg carton back with no eggs in it. Somebody.

Well, there were only the two of them in the house and she hadn't done it. She'd got up early hoping to make a good start of things, eat breakfast and go from there. Butter was melting in the cast iron skillet when she drew the carton from the fridge and knew by its weight that it was empty. She looked to be sure, some part of her hoping there'd be a single egg for her breakfast.

He walked into the kitchen then, scratching himself through his jockey shorts, a line of hair crawling up out of the waistband into his navel. "You make coffee yet?" he said, passing close, the smell of sleep and sweaty sheets strong on him.

All she had wanted was some breakfast, something in her stomach to ease the anxious feeling she had all the time now. Even one egg would have been something.



He stood at the sink, rummaging through the dirty dishes for a cup, his shoulders slumped, the skin of his back mottled and hairy. How had this happened she wondered? What was it she saw, or had wanted to see, in him? She couldn't remember now. God, what was it?

He farted where he stood, like some barn animal, shifting his weight, letting loose his stink without a thought for her standing near. She grabbed the skillet with her right hand, a hand made hard from plates and coffee pots and trays, wet mops dragged across a hundred diner floors. Swiveling her hips, she swung the skillet in an arc, turning it so the flat bottom hit flush on his ear and he went down like a stone and lay without moving or making a sound.

She took a deep breath. She was still hungry, but for a minute her stomach felt better. Careful not to look at him, she went into the bedroom and dressed. She'd go out to breakfast now, she needed to eat something, it was important to get a good start.



The Night Before I Left

Dear Cubby Missalette,
Ever since the email went out about the Barely Legal theme for Missalette #18, I've been thinking about that time of my life, when I was 18, and the decisions I made, and the things I did, and the things that were going on around me. I suppose I thought for a long time that the events of my life, particularly that time of my life, were rather boring on one hand, and somewhat embarrassing on the other. That it is perhaps impossible for one's life to be both boring and embarrassing at the same time was unimportant -- it was how I felt.

Then I realized that I was really still involved in a lot of the issues that had never been resolved from that time, that I was still thinking of that time from the perspective of an 18-year-old. And so I decided to embarrass myself and perhaps bore all of you and actually tell my story, because it is somewhat strange.

I was not that kind of normal 18-year-old that had nice parents and who had a decent grade point average and who applied for colleges and got in to one or two and then moved into the dormitory and enjoyed all the pleasures of college life. Instead, I barely graduated high school, largely due to being chronically late or cutting my classes. My GPA was somewhere below a 2.7 -- this mattered little to me at the time, because I had no desire to go to college. Mine would be a college of the world. I had more important things to do. When people asked, I stated my intentions plainly: I'm moving to Los Angeles to become a rock star.

You smile. You say, you can't be serious. But I was. And that is exactly what I did -- moved to Los Angeles, got a job at a record store, and played guitar almost every waking moment I could. Very young and very alone in the Los Angeles night bloom of jasmine. I woke to my astonishment on the surface of the Death Star, in the belly of the whale, with the towers of the city framing a slow realization of simply how big the world actually is. And no matter how grandiose my notions of myself were, I had to come to terms with the fact that my insignificance was a staggeringly palpable reality.

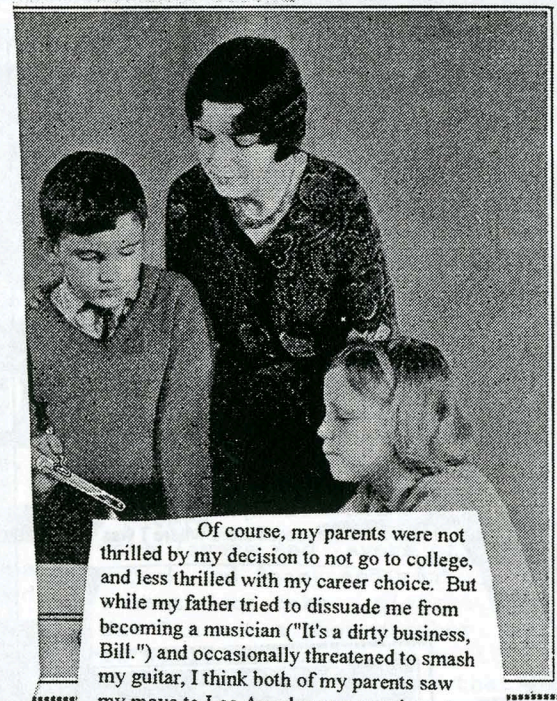


But I'm getting ahead of myself, and perhaps away from the point. I said that I did not have nice parents. That is not exactly true. My mother was very nice, and my father had his moments, but they were not "nice parents". They were certainly generous -- for example, they let me have the old Datsun station wagon, the one my mother bought in the 70's, the one my brother and sister drove before me.

My parents, yes -- they did their best, given the circumstances. But the circumstances were not good. My mother, unfortunately, was slowly losing her mind while I was growing up, but I did not know that she was anything but normal. And

while my hair grew out during my senior year of high school, she descended into a depression that would end up putting her in the hospital, after my father came home one day to find her sitting alone with his Saturday night special, looking at it, not crying, but thinking.

When I look back at this now I wonder how I did not see the pressures that sent my father toward the liquor that became his increasingly common habit. I suppose this too seemed normal. He had always been a drinker, so what? I saw him begin to play a kind of Jekyll-and-Hide that would mirror my mother's own bipolar disorder, in those days called manic depression. He would retreat into his study of the stock market, and work long hours at his medical practice, taking on as much as he could. Every so often he would notice me, and become the authoritarian figure that he thought was the right and correct model of fatherhood, mixed slightly with a kind of watered down Dr. Spock child psychology. I can remember now, "How do you think you should be punished for this behavior?" mixed strangely with statements made behind a few glasses: "You're the second biggest fuck up in the world. You're brother is the biggest, and you're the second biggest."



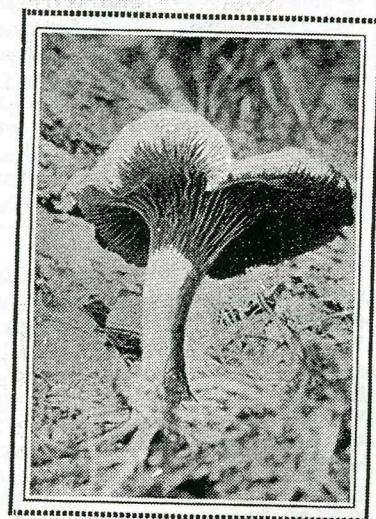
Of course, my parents were not thrilled by my decision to not go to college, and less thrilled with my career choice. But while my father tried to dissuade me from becoming a musician ("It's a dirty business, Bill.") and occasionally threatened to smash my guitar, I think both of my parents saw my move to Los Angeles as a grand stunt, one that would teach me a lesson or two, and I would eventually come home and go to the local junior college. This was, after all, what my sister did after high school, when she made similar statements about getting an apartment in town instead of going to college. For better or worse, I never did move back home and really did not ever feel that the option was one that I could ever do, largely because I could not imagine living with THOSE PEOPLE ever again.

The night before I left home I spent the evening with my girlfriend, who I was leaving behind in the grand, romantic style that had become by oeuvre. She loved me dearly as a friend, but I believe her willingness to date me was predicated more on her pity for me, my status as a kind of local teenage rock personality, and the fact that I swore up and down that I would leave immediately after graduation. We spent the evening under a blanket in the park, kissing and knowing that this was the end.

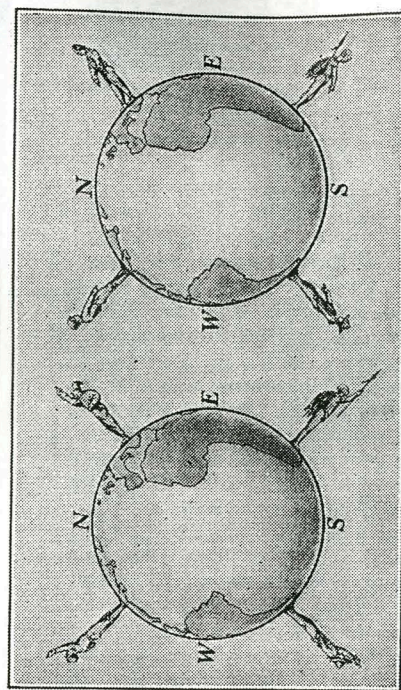
I arrived at home that night to find my father on a mean drunk. He bellowed in my face, putting his hands around my neck, shaking me and pushing me back against the liquor cabinet. He yelled in my face that I was selfish, staying out late and worrying my mother, and that I could not leave for Los Angeles the next

day, as I could not possibly get enough sleep to make the drive. I tried to explain about saying goodbye in the park, but he belittled it, saying that he did not care about my "trysts." He took his hands off me and we moved back through the house, yelling at each other. I was in tears, throwing my car keys down against the carpet, because I dared not throw them anywhere else. He kept telling me that I could not leave, that I was crying like a baby, that I was too immature to move to Los Angeles. We woke my mother and I told her that she had to divorce him, that he was insane.

I went to bed to escape them. Waking late the next morning, I packed the car and left without waiting for my father to get home from work. It was my intention to never see him again (again, the grandiose gesture). I did not see or speak to him again for four months, until finally he walked in unannounced to the record store where I was working.



How did this mushroom happen to grow here?



Strangely, the memory of this night has lived with me since that time as a prime example of why my relationship with my father is strained and distant. Exhibit A in my case against him, if you will. But only after these last few weeks of meditating on that particularly difficult time of my life have I begun to realize that it really was a very difficult time for my entire family. For my father, the empty nest meant being finally alone with a woman who was losing her mind. My departure also must have signified a kind of failure of parenting to him, as he could not understand who I was or what I was doing or why I was doing it. And the entire episode on that last night was probably in fact a way for him to beg me to stay, though twisted by his ego and pushed further by the alcohol.

So I want to thank you, Cubby Missalette, for bringing all of this back to me, making me examine it again. I've been surprised by how much the past can come forward and pull at the heart. I think I thought that only happened in other people's more interesting lives.

peace and love,
Bill

Poems by David Ury

Scarecrow (just kidding)

I'm going to be a novelist.
I bought a big dictionary.
Hardcover.

Now all I have to do is put
the words in the right
order.

Ann Powell

She was a plump and silky
angel. So beautiful and so
dumb.

Perfect but not perfect.

The musty honey scent of her
open legs (snatch) made me
drunk.

But I was too timid to taste.
I'm on the pill, so you can
come inside of me.

But there were too many
pictures of diseased penises
and pus covered sores shoved
inside of me.

And I ran away.

That was 14 years ago.

I hear she's a prostitute
now.

Spelunking

I did yoga
downward facing dog.
There was a girl next to me.
The shape of her body made a
cavern
with layers and layers of
rock and foamy sediment.
I wanted to take a picture.
But I'm not a photographer.
It would mean a lot to me if
you would just imagine that
image.

Just for a moment.
Thank you.

Now you're just trying to get attention

Everybody has sex, so I know
it's not worth writing
about.

But do you really have the
same sex as me.

Maybe it's different.

My girlfriend let me come in
her ass last week.

The future

When I was in high school I
thought I could soar to the
top my field no matter what
profession I chose.
Would you like cinnamon
crispas with that?

Tony Soprano

Tony Soprano has a confidence
that I lack.

All those gangsters do.

They're not afraid of anyone
and they don't take no for
an answer.

I worry that my penis is too
small.

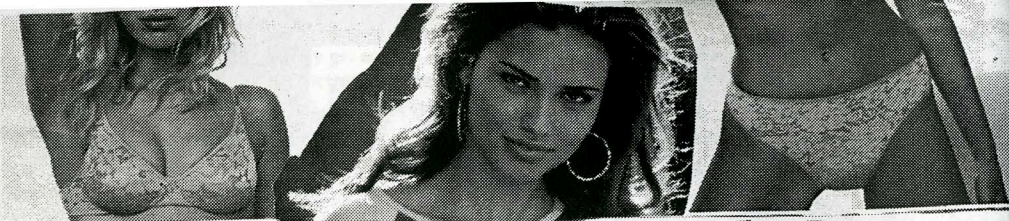
Thanks, dad

Somewhere along the way, I
learned to feel guilty for
every erection.

And every crusty tissue in my
garbage can.

If you love something set it
free.

No.



Do the Hustle!

Women of the Hustler Club discuss men and relationships.

*Barely Legal Special Feature Joint Article
by Brian Weaver and Phil Ramirez*

The infamous *Hustler Club* in the North Beach district of San Francisco offers \$2 drinks on Tuesdays. It's one of the best topless bars in the Bay Area. So, for a \$15 entrance fee, you can get very wasted and feel a little bit like James Bond for an evening. The ladies there are particularly good looking; even the ugliest of the lot could win beauty contests. And most of them seemed exceptionally intelligent and articulate (e.g.: "You boys ready to *Fiesta*?"). We interviewed five women: four of the dancers and one bartender who were kind enough to share a few minutes of their evening with us and answer our questions about if and how the sex industry influenced their views of men and relationships. So, follow us down the stairs, where the INXS song "New Sensation," never gets old, and meet the ladies...

And Now... Meet The Ladies! Tonight we have:

Name: Jasmine

Age: 26

Occupation: Dancer

Length of time working in this industry: A year

If you were a love song, then who would sing you?: Prince

Name: Victoria

Age: 21

Occupation: Dancer

Length of time working in this industry: I just started -- it's been about a year.

If you were a love song, then who would sing you?: Brian Adams -his voice is perfect for love songs...No, wait! The Righteous Brothers! I like their love songs. Either one of them.

Name: Phoenix

Age: I tell people 25 but I'm really 27. I guess it's not that big of a difference.

Who cares anyway?

Occupation: Dancer, but I'm going to write a book about my life.

Length of time working in this industry: One year now! I started late.

But better late than never.

If you were a love song, then who would sing you?: Marc Anthony -- his voice is so romantic.

Name: Tara

Age: 25

Occupation: Dancer

Length of time working in this industry: Four years now.

If you were a love song, then who would sing you?: Marvin Gaye... because he has a voice like butter.

Name: Lonnie

Age: None of your business

Occupation: Bartender

Length of time working in this industry: About a year and a half now, here.

If you were a love song, then who would sing you?: Barry Manilow.
And? What? What's wrong with Barry Manilow?



The Question:

"Has your view of men and relationships changed since you started working in this industry? If so, how?"

Jasmine: "No. Not really. (vacant stare...) Bye."

Victoria: "Well, I lost my boyfriend because of it, so this scene definitely affected my relationship. Let's see, um, my view of men... yes, it did change. After I dance I don't want to be around men for a couple of days. Because I just feel (wipes invisible dirt off of her arms and then hugs herself) I don't know ...like, I don't want to be touched or grabbed. (then squeezes my leg and leaves hand on my thigh.) You know. (rubs my leg gently, while hips slowly gyrate on the side of Brian's leg, as she thinks with a smile...) Do I see them differently? Yes. Now I know the sincerity of a man. I mean, I can tell, when I'm not at work, whether a man is interested in me or just wants to get something. I'm more focused on that since I've started working here. That's how my view of men has changed."

PLEASE TURN PAGE →

Phoenix: "This is one of the few industries where women have a powerful position. So, if you don't take things personally and respect yourself then you can survive this scene. And not only that but you can really learn something as opposed to being a victim to all this (waves hand around the room). It's a very powerful position when you realize it. I've learned a lot from doing it. How it's not about looks -- it's about what's up here (touches forehead). You have got to be confident. You come at them with an attitude, thinking 'You want this!?' That makes all the difference, really. But my view of men hasn't really changed that much. This is all just entertainment, really...it's not real. It's a business, and you look at it that way. And it's empowering to know the power women have... the power of *desire*. You know? I want to make a book -- I think it would sell."

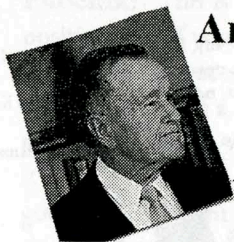
Tara: "Yes, my view of men has really changed since I started over three years ago. It's a constant challenge to not hate men when I leave this place. Even with gay guys, if they're talking to me, then I think, 'They just want to fuck me.' (crosses her arms and frowns, haughty posture,) So it's a constant challenge to not see all men like the men that come here. Because the men that come here, for the most part, have serious issues with women. In other words, they have unhealthy views of women, and this is where they go because they can't have any real relationships. And those guys that have the most serious issues are the guys that pay the most money. So we have to find them and then that's kind of weird. We (the dancers) have to rent the time here because we're independent contractors, and I've made as little as \$40, which sucked, but then I've also left here with four grand on some nights. There's lots of drugs, too (puts finger to nose and taps it twice.) I don't do them anymore unless I'm in one of the private rooms, and then I'll only do just a little, and that's only because they're paying me \$500 an hour. You start to see men as turkeys here. You have to go around fairly quickly because it's a numbers game. For every ten guys you approach for a lap dance one will say yes, so you can't spend too much time talking with one of them. It's all about timing (snaps fingers twice.) So, I'm going to go now -- I'll come back later."

Lonnie: "To begin with, a lot of these girls already have issues with men before they even get here. They're view of men is twisted by some thing in the past. So they hustle...they don't call this place the *Hustler* for nothing. For the most part they're good girls, they just get stuck and stop striving to do other things. I've known a few of us bartenders who have gone over to the dark side (referring to the dancers,) and most of them are still all right, but I've seen girls spiral down with the drugs and money -- yeah, lots dropped off on something and I've never seen them again. It's really kind of sad. Me? Guys try to hit on me here and I tell them, 'What makes you think I'd go out with a guy that'd come to the Hustler Club? Are you crazy?'"



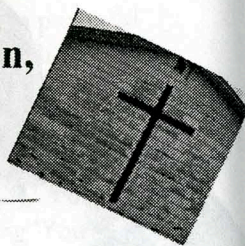
"I swear by my Life and my Love of it that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine."
--John Galt in *Atlas Shrugged*, by Ayn Rand

"I was never good at forgiveness, but I find I'm fantastic at forgetting. When people say 'forgive and forget' it should really be 'forgive or forget,' because all you need is one of those things to get the effect." -- jol



Anti-American, Anti-Christian, Terrorist-Loving Idiots

By Brian Weaver



I have decided that I will challenge certain politicians, religious leaders and TV news hosts, anchors and other talking heads the same way they challenge those who oppose their ideologies. That is, I will condemn them as anti-American, anti-Christian, terrorist-loving idiots. Now, it is, of course, my belief that everyone in America should be able to express themselves and say things about America within the constraints of the first amendment, which are pretty broad constraints, and not have to be condemned as an anti-American, anti-Christian, terrorist-loving idiot, and, of course, I'm generally more ideologically in line with those who get might get branded as anti-American, anti-Christian, terrorist-loving idiots, but it is also my belief that sometimes you must fight fire with fire. A good example of what I'm talking about is how Bill O'Reilly, host of the ultra conservative (and often ultra neoconservative) Fox News show *The O'Reilly Factor*, recently stated that if San Francisco were to be attacked by Al-Qaeda, he would not want the United States military to come to its aid. He said this in response to San Francisco voters approving a ballot measure in the most recent elections that would encourage high schools and city college campuses to prohibit military recruiters. This apparently really irked O'Reilly to no end, and he responded by saying on his nationally syndicated radio show *The Radio Factor* that if San Francisco doesn't want the U.S. military to recruit in their schools then, if he were president, he would stop any kind of federal aid to San Francisco and tell Al-Qaeda that "every other place in America is off limits to you, except San Francisco. You want to blow up the Coit Tower? Go ahead."

OK, now, O'Reilly has a right to his opinion, but this is a man who regularly calls people un-American and now he is encouraging Al-Qaeda to attack San Francisco, one of America's greatest cities! That is some hardcore doublespeak snafu if you ask me. And the funny thing is, outside of San Francisco, no one really seems to care that he has said this. There is this notion that "Oh, well, he's just trying to be outrageous. He's just full of hot air, you know." No, he's a fucking evil doublespeak propagandist is what he is. He would never get away with saying such things about New York City or Washington D.C. Well, at least San Francisco supervisor Chris Daly seems to agree with me. In response to O'Reilly's comments, Daly said, "... to green-light a terrorist attack, to green-light violence in the way that he did on his radio program Tuesday night, you know, it shows a lot of hate. It doesn't show a lot of humanity and it's, I would say, un-American." Daly has even introduced a resolution to the San Francisco board of supervisors asking that FOX News fire O'Reilly. Hell, yeah, way to go, Daly! But I'm going to take it a step further. My idea is to create a Web site that will basically be a listing of people I think are anti-American, anti-Christian, terrorist-loving idiots. Perhaps that will even be the header on the home page: "**Anti-American, Anti-Christian, Terrorist-Loving Idiots**". In addition to Bill O'Reilly, I will list people like George Bush, Dick Cheney, Karl Rove, Paul Wolfowitz, Jerry Fallwell, Pat Robertson, Tim LaHaye – you know, people who are always calling others anti-American, anti-Christian, terrorist-loving idiots. And, of course, I will explain why I think they're anti-American, anti-Christian,

terrorist-loving idiots. There will also be updates in the form of news items when any anti-American, anti-Christian, terrorist-loving idiots make any anti-American, anti-Christian, terrorist-loving statements or comments. Here is the news item I have written about Bill O'Reilly...

SAN FRANCISCO – Fox news host Bill O'Reilly has recently expressed political and ideological alliance with Al-Qaeda, the international anti-American terrorist group headed by Osama bin Laden that was responsible for the 9/11 attacks on New York City and Washington D.C. O'Reilly opined Tuesday, November 10, on his nationally syndicated radio program *The Radio Factor* that if San Francisco were attacked by Al-Qaeda, he would prefer the United States military not to come to the city's aid. He even went so far as to encourage Al-Qaeda to blow up Coit Tower, the famous 210-foot-tall Art Deco landmark dedicated to the firemen who saved San Francisco from the fires started as a result of the 1906 earthquake that killed 3,000 people and nearly destroyed the entire city. O'Reilly expressed these staunchly anti-American views in response to San Francisco voters approving a ballot measure encouraging city officials and university administrators to forbid military recruiters from recruiting at public high schools and on city college campuses and to create scholarships and training programs that would reduce the military's appeal to young adults. Though the measure is a mostly symbolic gesture and does not actually ban the recruiters from the schools, which would result in a loss of federal aid to those schools, O'Reilly felt the gesture deserved immediate response by Al-Qaeda in the form of a terrorist attack. Neither Westwood One, which carries *The Radio Factor* in 400 markets, nor O'Reilly himself could be reached for comment so it is unclear whether O'Reilly has actual ties to the international terrorist group, is part of a terrorist cell here in the United States, or is just an Al-Qaeda sympathizer.

Questions sent to O'Reilly (oreilly@foxnews.com) and Westwood One (Sherry_Rothenberg@westwoodone.com) on Nov. 13, 2005, to which there were no responses:

How long have you been affiliated with Al-Qaeda?

Is the terrorist cell of which you are a member in regular contact with Al-Qaeda operatives and Osama bin Laden, or do you work independently of them?

Have you ever met Osama bin Laden in person?

What other American cities do you feel should be attacked by Al-Qaeda?

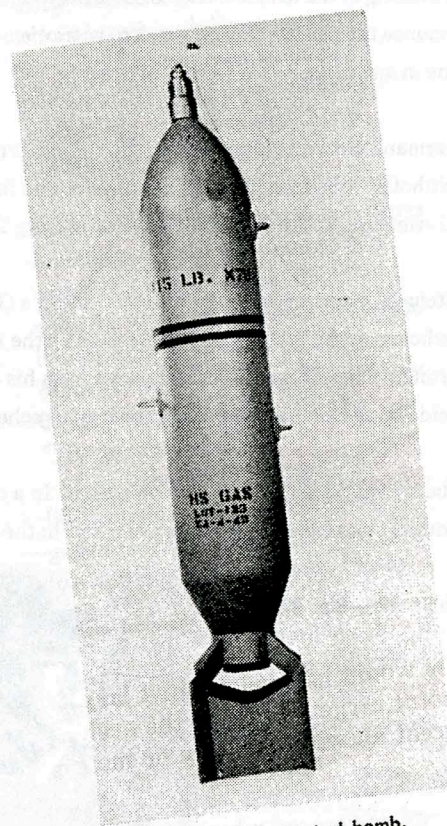


Figure 11.—Chemical bomb.

Problem 1

How the

Earth Moves



AFFECTS THE EYES



DON'T RUB EYES

"Why of course the people don't want war. Why should some poor slob on a farm want to risk his life in a war when the best he can get out of it is to come back to his farm in one piece? Naturally the common people don't want war: neither in Russia, nor in England, nor for that matter in Germany. That is understood. But, after all, it is the leaders of the country who determine the policy and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the peacemakers for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country."

- Hermann Goerring [January 12, 1893 - October 15, 1946, decorated ace and commander of the Richthofen Squadron in WWI, Nazi leader and founder of the Gestapo in WWII, tried for war crimes and crimes against humanity at the Nuremberg Trials in 1945-1946]

Statement made privately to Gustave Gilbert, a German-speaking intelligence officer and psychologist who was granted free access by the Allies to all the prisoners held in the Nuremberg jail. Hermann Goering made this statement from his cell on the evening of 18 April 1946. He committed suicide on 15 October 1946, hours before his scheduled execution.

Gilbert responded: "There's one difference. In a democracy, the people have some say in the matter through their elected representatives. And in the United States only Congress can declare wars."

"Oh yeah?" - Alec Way

HISTORICAL MAPS



FACE THE WIND



LOOSEN CLOTHING

Lap Dancing for Wally By April Valentine

Their names were Keller and Clahan. They came from the South. You never saw one without the other. Like the Valkyries, they worked best in a pack.

His name was Dunne. Walter Dunne. He had a mustache and sensitive eyes and luscious just-at-the-collar curls. He was the Tom Selleck of our school, no doubt about it.

I was just 17. And this is the story of how I gave my high-school guidance counselor a lap dance.

It was the Monday before the Friday before Christmas Break. Homecoming was long forgotten, we'd just wrapped the musical *South Pacific*, and because of our enormous school-wide, across-the-grades effort, we had successfully inundated our local Top 40 radio station with thousands of postcards telling them why the Coral Springs Colts deserved a professionally deejayed Winter Spirit Dance. So the week was looking like this: turn in final assignments, obsess over how *totally radical* it was that we won the contest, get a perm, coordinate lies to parents about where we were going Friday night after the dance, find somebody with facial hair to buy us beer, and then head off into 2 weeks of holiday no-school bliss.

I was in the rehearsal room practicing a dance number for the January Back-to-School talent show when the two of them approached.



L. Keller
Secretary



P. Clahan
Guidance

They were school secretaries, two of the many unsung heroes that made the place run like clockwork but whose pictures always seemed like a waste-of-a-page in the yearbook. They were a dynamic duo of administrative ability—mimeographing, memo-writing, phone-answering, announce-ment-scheduling, treat-baking, cheer-dispensing gal pals.

Even though we students couldn't tell them apart, they always seemed to know our names. We called them *The Ladies*, like a generic brand of dishwashing soap, indistinguishable from all of the other ones. You know, "The Library Lady," "The Attendance Lady," "The Lunch Lady," etc.

The Front Office Lady (Keller) was wearing a schlumpy green sweater with a Rudolph pin fastened near her clavicle. Its red nose blinked randomly. The Guidance Lady (Clahan) wore dangling earrings made out of huge outdoor Christmas light bulbs. Green on the left. Blue on the right. (School colors).

"April! We knew you'd be here! We've got a proposition for you!"



"Huh?" (Slightly dizzy & out of breath from admiring my moves in the mirror.)

"You mustn't (she actually used the word *mustn't*) tell anyone, but we—giggle—are Mr. Dunne's Secret Santas."

Mr. Dunne. The world's sexiest guidance counselor.

"Isn't it usually one Secret Santa per person?"

"We doubled up!" giggle giggle. Clahan covered her mouth and the blue Christmas light clinked against her ring.

"Anyway," said Keller, "we were wondering if you would be willing to come down to the guidance office on Friday at lunch and be a Singing Secret Santa telegram for him...except, you know, dance instead of sing!"

A digression: At this point in time, I was known throughout the school for my signature dance number, "Hey Big Spender," from the musical *Sweet Charity*. Always a puzzler, why high school drama teachers felt this was appropriate material to stage, since it's the story of a down-on-her-luck prostitute. But whatever. My number was a sweetly innocent yet smutty piece of dance-theatre that basically involved me vamping it up and draping myself provocatively all over a chair, swishing my legs around and well, pretty much doing a pole dance. But on a chair. I had

choreographed it for Thespian Showcase, took it to state competition (judged "Superior"), performed it around the firepit at our Science Club camping trip, and then taught it to our school dance troupe so at some point there were actually 22 teenaged girls in leotards gyrating over cafeteria chairs in the name of 'modern dance.' It was truly obnoxious, and it made me extremely popular.

Of course I said OK.

And so at the appointed hour, Mr. Dunne (or "Wally" as we affectionately referred to him in the girl's locker room) was busy shuffling SAT materials and college applications at his desk when I peeped in.

"Mr. Dunne?"

He said nothing. But those sensitive eyes registered fear.

"Could you step out into the hallway for a moment?"

He arrived to a crowd of The Ladies wearing holiday-themed sweaters and standing in a half-circle, shifting their weight from one sensible shoe to another in breathless anticipation of what was about to commence. I don't remember any men (except Wally, of course), but it seemed to me that the entire population of those three wasted "Staff" pages in the yearbook were present. In the middle of the half-circle stood the requisite empty chair. And me, in a

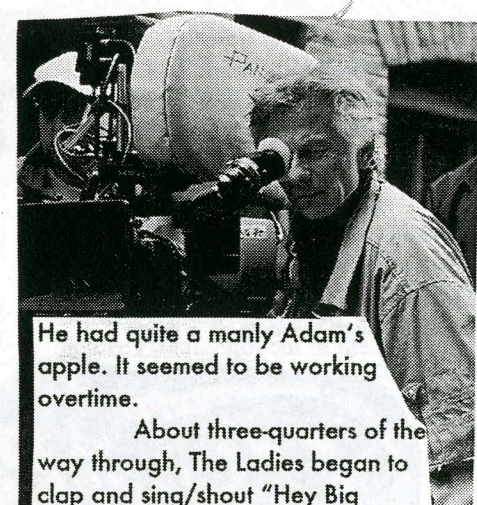
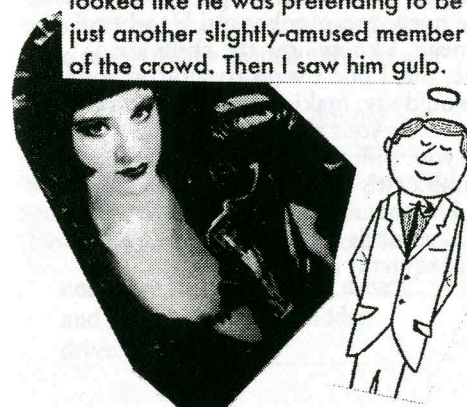


red Danskin leotard yanked up to my armpits, little white belt holding it sky-high. My furry Santa cap had April written in silver cursive glitter along the white brim, and of course I had borrowed Clahan's Christmas light earrings. I sauntered over, hips blaring, red-and-white striped leg warmers bunched stylishly around my ankles.

Grabbing his tie, I pulled him over to the chair. The Ladies hushed. I kicked my leg in a wide slow arc over him, landing the toe of my white jazz slipper ever so gently on his right thigh and pushed him down into the chair.

"Merry Christmas Big Spender."

I have only a few memories of the actual dance, my mind mostly being occupied with hitting my marks while navigating around his two twitching legs and very broad shoulders. At one point, draped sideways across Wally's lap, back arched so far that the tip of my Santa cap was dusting the floor, I saw that his socks did not exactly match. And later, as I slithered on my belly down his knees, knowingly wagging my butt at The Ladies as I went, I looked up at him, expecting a huge, gleaming grin. Instead, his expression was sort of a concentrated blank. He looked like he was pretending to be just another slightly-amused member of the crowd. Then I saw him gulp.



He had quite a manly Adam's apple. It seemed to be working overtime.

About three-quarters of the way through, The Ladies began to clap and sing/shout "Hey Big Spender" every time the refrain came around. I hardly noticed this because I had become preoccupied by a tiny inflamed pimple under Wally's chin. "What happens when he shaves?" I wondered. But then BAM BAM BAM, the music was prompting my big finale, and I kicked and spun and leapt and straddled him once again, kissing his cheek right on the final note of music. As I dismounted, my lips tickled from their slight encounter with the corner of his luscious brown mustache.

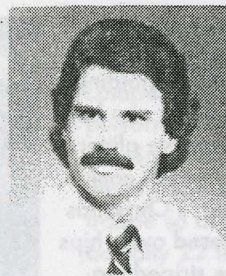
Immediately, I was enveloped by the roar of The Ladies. It felt like scoring a touchdown, with much stomping and hooting and high-fiving amongst my co-conspirators.

Poor Wally. He posed for a picture, thanked me politely, and left as soon as he could. He never came near me again.

After that, I never looked at Clahan and Keller in quite the same way. We'd formed a sisterhood of sorts. Being their surrogate Santa gave me a kind of triumphant and special sort of cache among the grown-ups. And as the orchestrators of this lusty event, they

achieved a kind of notoriety and mystique that The Ladies had never enjoyed before.

As I look now at their faded pictures in the yearbook, I can see their secret twinkle, that naughty sense of fun lying just below the surface of their thin smiles and perfect posture. Turns out they weren't such a waste of a page after all.



W. Dunne
Counselor
Victim



Dear Heather:

You don't know me, but I know you. Or should I say, you don't know that I **KNOW** you. I know all about you. I see you every morning and every evening. I see your beauty where others only see your frizzy hair, bad skin, and always flared nostrils and tiny stand alone teeth. Where others say you have a cave where your breasts should be, I see majestic stalactites. The way you eat bananas, straining them through your skinny teeth with all those spaces in between, the way you walk around in your room dressed only in your Henrietta Hippo underwear, the way you want to "go for a walk" with a handsome and popular boy. I know all about what you really want to do on your walks. I know all about the way your pits smell. I know you better each day. I see the way you look in your leotard. I can read your lips, Heather.

I just want one thing from you Heather. Just one thing. And if you don't give it to me I am going to take it. Do you know what it is? Think about it Heather. It's something you carry deep inside you. It may be purple or pink or creamy. It may be soft and furry. It may be polished or rough, dry or wet. But I think it's wet. And juicy. But you're not a 900 number girl Heather. I see that. I know what you're thinking I mean, I know how the chills are running all along your knobbilicious spine. But I don't want to snog, as your favorite British rocker, Roddy Slimane, would say, making you yourself have 900-number thoughts. I know whose face is on your pillowcase. I know you don't want anyone to know how you grip your pillow at midnight. But it's all right. Because what I want from you is simple, it's the very simplest thing. The most boiled down. It's your essence Heather. That's all. I **WILL** extract it. I **WILL** drink it down. I **WILL** vomit it up and drink it down again. Then I **WILL** vomit it up again and squirt it into my eye.

With passionate desire,
Your Secret Admirer

HEY SOLDIER, or, THE LUCKY LIEUTENANT

By Jamez Smith

I had been in the military for barely more than a year. I'd been stationed on McChord Air Force Base for about three months. As soon as I'd saved enough money, I purchased a car. After my shift of duty was done, more often than not, I would hop in my car and head off-base for shopping, a movie, or simple joy-riding.

Now, whenever an airman was assigned to a new base, he was given a list of business establishments and areas of town that are off-limits. Different routes back to base would take me past one or two of these "No-Fly Zones". One of these was a mini-mall, that lay along side the road, right next to base. Unlike other mini-malls, this one had no Baskin-Robbins, Gap Stores or Chuck E. Cheeses. This place featured neon signs shaped like martini glasses, or advertised all-nude dance joints, and 25¢ arcades. The latter peaked my interest.

See, a few years earlier I'd discovered the 25¢ movie theatres around Polk & Geary in San Francisco. At that point in time, aside from reading porn, those little booths represented the bulk of my experience as a gay male.

But when I made the decision to join the military, I also decided to "stop being gay": For me, that meant not reading or watching porn. So, though I wanted to, I wouldn't let myself check out the arcade, for fear of getting busted and sent to jail. I spent my first year in the Air Force celibate. I had crushes, and lusted after some of my fellow airmen, but that was the extent of my sex-life.

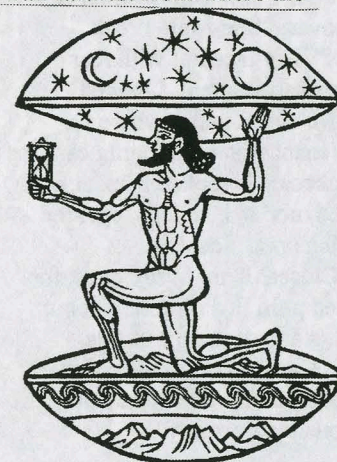
Well, one night, while driving past the mini-mall with its 25¢ arcade, the hormones raging through my 20 year-old body got the better of me. Despite the "No-Fly Zone" ban, and the trouble I

could get in, I did a quick u-turn, and pulled into the forbidden drive.

Though the parking lot was empty, I strategically parked several spaces away from the arcade, just in case the military police drove by. I sat in the car for a while, my stomach churning. Twice, I put the key back in the ignition, and once actually started the engine, before I finally got out of the car. "If I get busted for being here, I'll just say I didn't know," I consoled myself.

The door of the arcade opened with the tingle of a sleigh-bell. The space inside was surprisingly sparse. One glass counter, and wall-to-wall magazine racks. There was a man behind the counter, seated on a stool next to an open closet. He looked up from whatever he was reading just long enough to silently acknowledge my presence. He reminded me of Comic Book Guy from the Simpsons.

I scanned the walls of the brightly lit square room. Lots of porn, of course, but from a distance I could see none that I was interested in. I walked up to the wall farthest from where the



GREEK TALE OF GENESIS

man was sitting, and began scanning the pornographic imagery. Titles jumped out at me: "Big Tits", "Big Black Tits", "Asian Angels", "Dick White & Pussy Black". I continued on down the wall: "Bi Biker Babes", "Daddy's Favorite Girl", "Doggie Style Dames".

Half-way around the room I stopped at a copy of "Little Brother's Best Friend", hoping that, despite the naked woman on the cover, there'd be at least one scene of a naked baby brother and his best friend's cock. As I flipped through the pages, the jingle of the door announced the arrival of another patron. My heart leapt up into my throat. Walking into the shop, in full dress green uniform, was an Army officer. A second lieutenant, according to the brass bars on his epaulets. He removed his hat, and walked up to the counter.

I fumbled to the far wall, putting the magazine down in a fluster, reaching for another, as if the Lieutenant would somehow realize my true intention. Ignoring titles, I snatched up the first book I saw with women on the cover: "She-Male Freak Show". My face hot with fear and embarrassment, I looked towards the counter, where the Lieutenant was exchanging cash for tokens. He looked back at me, smiled, nodded, and disappeared into the open closet.

Closet? Duh. In my quest for printed porn, I'd forgotten about the 25¢ arcade aspect of this place. I walked up to the counter, and peered into what was now obviously a doorway.

"Three dollar minimum."
Announced Porn Store Guy.

"Wha?" I mumbled.

"If you're goin' in, you gotta buy three dollars in tokens."

The prospect of live-action porn re-ignited my hormones, wiping away all fear. I got five dollars worth of tokens, and walked through the portal.

This room was in stark contrast to the first. It was dark. Pitch dark. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust. The first thing to come into focus was a red glow. This came from the many booths lining the corridor of this narrow room. Coin slots. I walked up to one of the rear booths. Like all the others, the door was ajar. I peaked in, confirming that it was empty, then took a seat, and locked the door.

...to be continued.

A signal from the brain can convert relaxed bundles of muscle cells into a regimented army pulling together to keep the body and its parts moving—an essential of life.



Anonymous Cubby Cock

I MADE A PACT WITH YOU OH CUBBY
THAT I'D GET TO KNOW YOU,
MADE A PACT WITH ME AS WELL,
TO PUT MYSELF BELOW YOU.

WHAT A SILLY OBSTACLE
I THEREBY DID ENGENDER,
EVERYTHING I SENT CAME BACK
TO ME "RETURN TO SENDER"

I'VE REACHED THIS OLD RIPE AGE,
AND WHAT A MIRACLE IT BE
I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF SINGLE
AND UNTIED FROM COMPANY

SURE, I'VE DONE A LITTLE WORK
AND SAVED IN THIS DIRECTION,
BUT WHEN IT'S LATE AND YOUR STILL HERE
I HAVE A TRUE ERECTION.

MAN, HOW LUCKY CAN ONE BE,
TO KNOW AND LOVE THE CUBBY,
HOW MUCH COULD MAN PARTAKE
BEFORE HE GOT UNSIGHTLY CHUBBY?

OR COULD HE FEAST TILL BREATHED HIS
LAST
ON CUBBY SELF-INVOLVEMENT
WHILE NEVER ONCE BECOMING
ANY MANNER WELL-INSOLVENT?

SEEMS TO ME THE LATTER'S TRUE,
I MARVEL AT ITS WITNESS:
A GLIMPSE OF SELF IN MIRROR
AT THE PEAK OF MY OWN FITNESS.

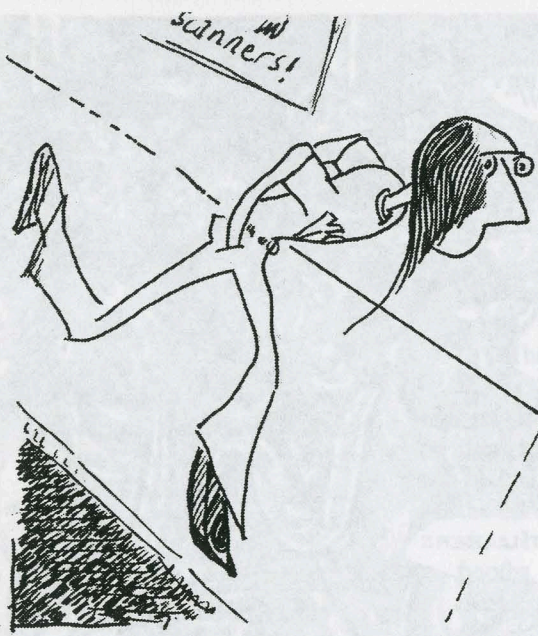
WHERE THE CUBBY PERSEVERES
YOU'LL FIND THE HOME OF FREEDOM,
WHERE THERE'S FEAR AND SLAVERY
THE CUBBY CAN DEFEAT 'EM.

ALL ARE BORN FOR THIS GREAT HONOR,
STILL IT MUST BE CHOSEN.
I SEARCHED THE WEST UNTIL I FRIED,
THE EAST TILL I WAS FROZEN.

NOW I KNOW I'M EQUAL
WITH THE LOVER THAT I LOVE
WITH RIGHTFUL EXCLUSIVITY
AND NOTHING ELSE ABOVE.

NOW THE GREAT LEGITIMATE
IS RIGHTLY CALLED MY SAVIOUR:
FAIREST CREATURE IN THE LAND,
THE SPRING IN MY BEHAVIOUR.

--BY JOL



Lines Form on My Face and hands
Lines Form from The
ups & downs
I'm in the middle
Without Any
PLANS
I'm a boy

And ...
I'm a man!
... ? ...

I'm 18!
And I don't know
What I want!
I just don't know I want
18! I gotta get away!
18! I gotta get outta this place!

I'll
go runnin'!

In outer SPACE!

OH YEAH!



I got a baby's Brain!
An old man's Heart
took 18 years to get this far
Don't always know what I'm talkin'
Feels Like I'm Livin' in the
middle of doubt!

18!

I get
Confused
Every day!

18!

I Just Don't
know What
to say!

18!

I gotta get away!

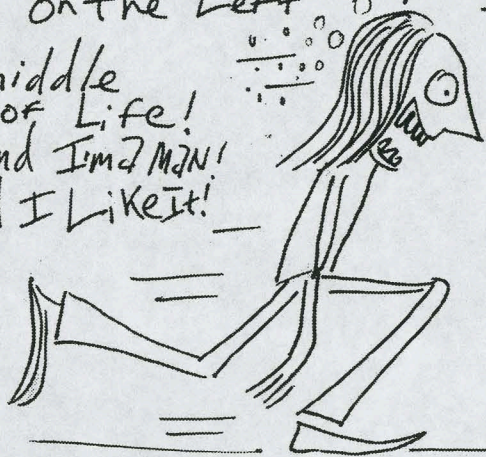


Lines Form on my Face and my hands
Lines Form on the Left

I'm in the middle
the middle of Life!
I'm a boy and I'm a man!
I'm 18! And I Like It!
Yes!
I Like It!

18!

18! ...



Virgin Pussy

A Road trip With Sonny

By Sean Chiki

Sonny had pissed himself again. There was no doubt about it; a wet patch had formed on the crotch of his tennis shorts, seeping down into the upholstery while he snored away. It's not as though this in itself was a surprising state of affairs, nor in fact (as Richard pointed out to me) was it the first time that it had happened. Sure, Sonny was a loathsome and incredibly disagreeable individual no matter how you looked at him, but still there was something gruesomely compelling about a grown man losing command of his bladder as he dozed off the crapulence from a case of Budweiser. I made a mental note not to use that chair anymore.

Sonny spent much of his time while he was home like this, either in a conscious or unconscious state. He was absent for weeks at a time driving his truck about the interstates, but when he came home for a weekend he seemed to subsist on a diet of cheap beer, popcorn and televised roller derby and professional wrestling. Today however, had been an exception to the rule. Today he, Richard and I took a road trip to Grand Prairie to sell some Nagle prints.

"I want you to hold that pedal down until you get to 100 mph," Sonny sputtered out his order after taking a swig from his can of Bud.

Richard looked nervous. The stretch of highway was as long as it was flat but it was midday and there were other motorists on the road. Richard timidly began to accelerate. We were gaining fast on the car directly ahead of us. As we edged closer and closer, I could feel Richard start to let up on the pedal.

"Goddamit Richard, keep going! They'll get out of your way!"

Richard hit the gas again, harder. His hands wrapped tighter around the

steering wheel. We were topping eighty. Eighty-five. The car ahead switched lanes.

"Keep going!" shouted Sonny. Ninety. The engine roared. "C'mon! You're almost there!"

Ninety-five.

Richard held the pedal to the floor and gripped the steering wheel as his knuckles turned white. The needle on the speedometer crept over the last few notches to one hundred.

"Whoohoo!" Sonny nearly sprayed out a mouthful of beer on the dashboard. "Now pull over, I've gotta piss."

Slumped in the back, I breathed a sigh of relief as our velocity decreased and my fingernails released themselves from the door handle.

The car was a retired police vehicle from the seventies bought at auction. The passenger side door was stuck shut so you either had to enter from the driver's side or jump through the window (as I preferred to do) Dukes of Hazzard style. A rust spot on one of the doors where the police decal had been was shaped vaguely like a teddy bear. The back seat had been removed for some reason and in its place was a dirty old bed mattress, to which I had been relegated today along with a case of Budweiser. Richard called the car the Pigbitch.

We were on our way from Azle, Texas, where we lived to Trader's Market in Grand Prairie, just outside of Dallas. The event, which had precipitated our trip, was the questionable acquisition by Richard of three Patrick Nagle prints. Sonny had been out on the road the previous couple weeks and somehow or other the gas bill, which was already past due neglected to get paid. When the gasman came by to shut off our gas, Sonny was none too pleased to find out how much money Richard had spent to buy the prints and have them framed. So he gathered us all up along with a case of Budweiser, which he threw in the back of the car and commandeered our little trip to raise the money to have our gas turned back on.

Sonny had begun drinking even before we left and was clearly well into a preliminary stage of drunkenness by the time we made our first stop. Richard slowed the car over onto the shoulder and Sonny jumped out. Then he took up a stance on the passenger side of the car, leaning with his arm and looking out over the roof at the traffic speeding by, trying to appear nonchalant and not as if he was taking a leak... sort of like people normally do when they stop for no reason by the side of the highway and watch the traffic. I was a little surprised by this unexpected show of modesty, especially by the end of the day I couldn't understand why he didn't just whip it out and piss into the oncoming cars. But I guess it was only his first few beers.

We got off the main highway eventually and started taking a back road. We sure didn't seem to be getting any closer to Dallas. Grimy trailer parks with trucks up on cinder blocks outside still featured commonly in the roadside vista. We approached one of those wooden stalls where they were selling watermelons and other produce. Sonny became agitated and started yelling for Richard to pull over again.

"These are the best watermelons yer ever gonna find! Remember these Richard?"

"Yeah Dad." I noticed the first trace of exasperation in Richard's voice.

Sonny jumped out and came back moments later with a big grin on his face and two huge watermelons in his arms. He threw them in the back with the beer and me and we continued on our way.

It was almost touching, it occurred to me, how Sonny could get so excited by the seemingly simple things in life, like a nice tasty watermelon. This was a guy that Richard told me drove his truck into a bar after some Mexicans beat him in a card game. Well I guess he wasn't so bad after all.

We reached Trader's Market by late afternoon. The place was hot and full of people milling about from one stall to another checking out the deals and the goods on sale. Sonny was drunk and becoming belligerent again about the matter of the prints.

"I don't know why you bought those things Richard! The frames cost you even more than the prints. And you don't have a fuckin' job! You better get a fuckin' job! Why don't you work for Bonnie? You could work off what you owe her for the frames and all the art supplies she's been putting on your tab."

"She doesn't need any help, Dad. I already asked her."

"Yer ass sucks buttermilk! You should get a trucker's license!"

"I don't know Dad... we're gonna try to find jobs out in Dallas..."

"Dallas? We live in Azle! You should apply at that service station they're opening up down the road. I betcha you could get a job there."

"We're gonna look in Arlington and Grand Prairie. That'll be close to Dallas and not too far from home."

"Richard..."

"I know; my ass sucks buttermilk."

Trader's Market is one huge flea market. People bring everything here to sell, from a litter of newborn puppies to someone's latest and amazing new car polish invention, along with the various and sundry dealers of annoying arts and crafts that seem to be ever present at these sorts of things. After about a half hour of wandering through the warren of stalls, we found the art dealer. He took a look at the prints but I could tell by his initial reaction to them that we weren't going to be walking away with much for them.

"Well they're really not worth a lot. These particular images aren't in such demand at the moment."

He held up the one that I thought was the least interesting of the lot and offered the most for it, primarily because of the nice frame-job. Richard settled on an amount that was clearly much less than he had forked out for them. Sonny was not at all happy and seemed determined to stay and argue until the dealer satisfied him with what seemed like a graduate course on the economics of art dealing. In his ever increasing uncivil state as he polished off another beer in a plastic cup, Sonny decided it was time to count our losses and go.

As we headed out into the parking lot, three teenaged girls passed by on their way in. Their revealing summer mode of dress proved to be too much for the highly inebriated Sonny to contain himself and he let loose with an exquisite drunken volley of slurred catcalls.

"Sugar sugar! Sugar sugar sugar... booger booger! Whoo hoo! Baby's got her blue jeans ooooo!"

The effect that these inappropriations had on their targets might have gone with only a few appalled and disgusted facial expressions in return had the girls not been accompanied by a middle aged woman who was obviously someone's mother.

"You horrible, filthy old man! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! These girls are only fourteen!"

"C'mon Dad, let's go," Richard muttered as he attempted to steer Sonny along in the direction of the car so as to avoid further incident.

The sun was going down by the time we made it back into Azle and Sonny had made it through the last of his Budweisers. As we approached a number of roadhouse-like taverns, Sonny instructed Richard to pull in to the first one. We followed Sonny to the entrance and tried in vain to remind him that we were both underage.

"It don't matter," he huffed, "you ain't drinkin'."

Sure enough though, it wasn't long before the bartender asked us for our ID's and then immediately demanded that we all leave. Sonny seemed determined to argue with everyone even though most of his arguments ended in no avail. Admitting defeat, he simply led us out of the bar we were in and into the tavern next door.

This place was nearly empty; one or two patrons, the owner and his wife and they seemed all right with Richard and I hanging out while Sonny refreshed himself with a beer and a game of pool. Richard found a video poker game and slipped a coin in the slot. A skinny fellow with a molester mustache and scraggly beard sauntered over. He wore a white painter's cap and a

Newport t-shirt that said 'Alive With Pleasure!'

"Hey I know what that sign means," he snaggled as he pointed to the peace sign on Richard's t-shirt. "I used to wear one of them. You know, I used to be a hippy and I was all into peace and shit. I don't know that other sign though. What's it mean?"

"It means anarchy."

"Anarchy? Whoah. You into anarchy?"

Suddenly, as I glanced in Sonny's direction, the most horrifying sight of my hitherto eighteen years greeted my eyes. Sonny's testicles had managed to liberate themselves and were now dangling out of the leg of his tennis shorts. I was literally at a loss, stunned, unable to decide whether to say something to someone or casually pretend that I didn't notice what had now burned itself inexorably into my brain. I merely sat and watched as he bent over the pool table to line up his shot, oblivious to his blatant scrotal exhibition.

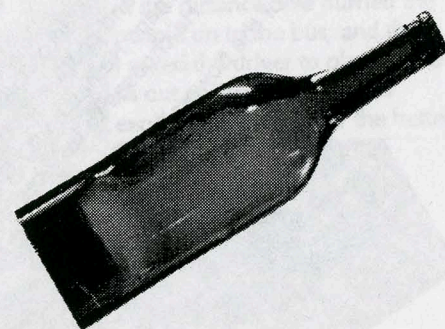
I was saved from the fearful lone responsibility of this knowledge however when I saw that the owner's wife had also noticed and was whispering to her husband and nodding with a rather appalled look in Sonny's direction.

"You better tell him to control himself," the owner called over to Richard.

Richard spotted the problem and said to Sonny sheepishly, motioning to his crotch, "um... Dad, you're coming loose."

Sonny glanced down, then continued lining up his aim with the pool cue.

"Lemme finish my shot first."



We decided to leave Sonny dozing in the chair with his soiled crotch and went back to watching Dr. Gene Scott on the television in Richard's room. What else were we going to do? It was no good moving him until he woke up. Suddenly a bellow came from the living room.

"Richard!"

We looked at one another and then Richard sighed and got up to see what he wanted. He returned a minute later with a pained expression upon his face.

"He wants me to go out and rotate the tires on the car."

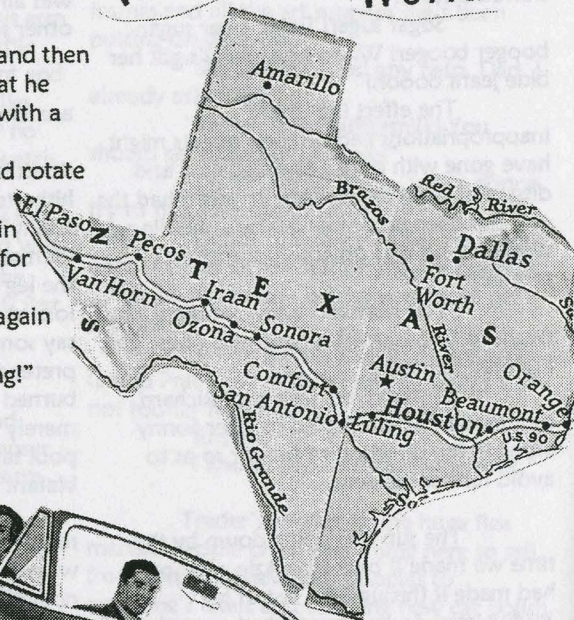
"What?!" I almost laughed in disbelief but didn't out of sympathy for Richard.

"Richard!" Sonny hollered again from his damp throne.

"All right, all right! I'm going!"

"Yer ass sucks buttermilk!"

Wheels for the World



"God...chooses myriad ways to enter into souls: the golden powder, a swan, a bull, a dove, and countless others. For a gigolo who cruises the tearooms, perhaps He has a way that theology has not catalogued, perhaps He chooses to be a tearoom."

--jean genet, "our lady of the flowers"

THEY DON'T MEAN US by Melinda Adams

"Don't worry, that sign doesn't apply to us," I assured the tour bus driver, as we reached the gates of the Hunter Point Naval Base and were confronted with the "No Trespassing Under Penalty Of Federal Law" sign.

He held the bus at the gate, as I explained that the leader of our guerilla theater had indeed gotten the Navy's permission for us to enter the base at 11PM with a busload of about 50 semi-drunk audience members to put on a quick, ten-minute performance. As I recall, it was to be a voodoo cabaret ritual song and dance.

The driver rolled his eyes at me, knowing that I was lying to him; but still, he decided to take us into the Naval base.

We quickly unloaded the intoxicated audience and set up the equipment; the whole performance, from arrival to leaving, was on a very tight schedule.

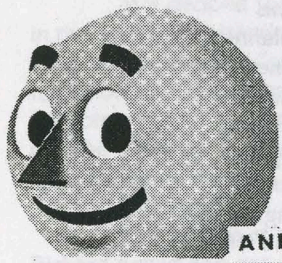
A few days earlier, the theater tour, during the location-scouting mission, had hung out after hours at the base, making noise and flashing lights in an attempt to see how long it would take for the M.P.s to notice us. Once we saw their car in the distance, we scurried off the base. We took that response time and shaved a few minutes off it (for safety's sake, because we knew the expanded crowd would cause extra attention

tonight.) So we knew exactly how long we wanted to be in this location. During the pre-planning of every show, we took time to figure out how long it would be before we could be expected to be asked to leave a spot by San Francisco's finest. This was pre 9-11, so after much playing dumb ("No, officer I didn't see the 'No trespassing' sign") and begging, we were normally just asked to leave if we were caught.

We would also need to secure an entrance to some closed locations; but preplanning and bolt cutters fixed that problem. Our fearless director's theory was that art should be done everywhere, the odder the space the better—empty oil tankers left to rust on hill tops, closed pumpkin patches, condemned buildings, Home Depots and junk yards, to name a few of the places where we had bands play, poets recite, and people dance. His other theory was: you were really not suppose to be any place you could actually get into (with a little work and a clip of the bolt cutters).

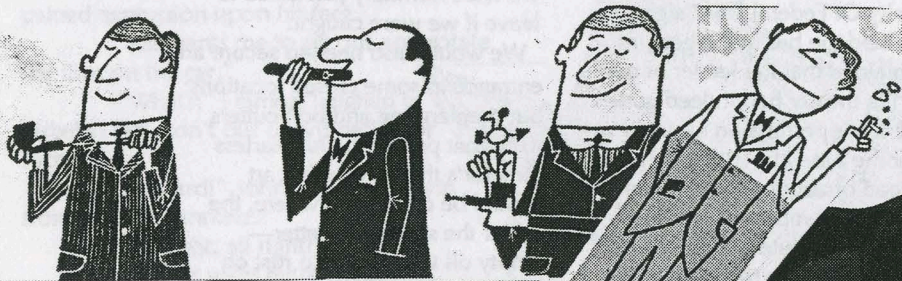
As the voodoo song ended, we saw the flashing lights we recognized from days earlier off in the distance. We hurried the people on to the bus; and then I asked the driver to please take us out of here—and further explained, the quicker the better.





AND THE TOBACCO PROBLEM

It is believed that some of the pleasure of smoking is due to the "ritual" associated with it.



"For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die!"



WELCOME
THE MAN!

They would set up a controlled medical-care program, under which addicts would continue to get as much of the addicting drug as they needed, while they were being treated.



virginal fairy.

"NO MORE

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS"

Billows of Pillows for Weary Heads

Every effort is made to transform the youthful patients into useful members of society.

"Fuck, just hurry up! It's so cold out here." I snapped my cell phone shut and hugged myself, teeth chattering. It was another dank and foggy night, the kind that turns the orange glow of streetlamps into floating spectra, lost and alone. I turned and peered out into the deserted street, wet and smooth.

We'd been walking around the park all night, a motley procession of sorts, waiting for the right time to go into the little corner store across the street to buy the cheapest and strongest liquor we could get our hands on. I, of course, being the youngest-looking, (but not the youngest; I can honestly say I was one of the oldest of the group), had to wait outside while the others bought up. I slowly paced the street, kicking a bottle cap as I walked, watching my breath release before me, smooth and white, like smoke from a cigarette. Tonight a choice will be

made. To drink or not to drink, the eternal question. Perhaps tonight will be different. Perhaps tonight we will not rely on the "party in a bottle" and we'll see one another as who we really are; with

out the mask of libations.

"Hey! We've got it!"

I snapped back and saw several people walking toward me, carrying bags. My friends. There was excited chatter and lots of giggling among them, like children waiting to open Christmas presents.

"Hey, you wanted the King Cobra, right?"

A hand from among the group thrust a large glass bottle at me. The amber liquid glowed inside it with the light reflected from store windows. Beyond it I saw the deserted street, wet and smooth; the orange spectral streetlights, lost and alone.

"Hey!" The hand shook the bottle. "You asked for this, didn't you?"

"Yes. I asked for it," I said. Then I took the bottle, opened it up, and took a long drink.

—Yesenia Padilla

MAYUK

ABSOLUT RELEASE.



ABSOLUT
RASPBERRY

intense burst of
raspberry, blended with
ed from grain grown
rich fields of southern Sweden
and flavoring of
old Swedish traditions
seen sold under the
absolut since 1879

1 LITER
IMPORTED
BERRY FLAVORED VODKA
AND BOTTLED IN ÅRHUS, SWEDEN
VIN&SPIRIT AB (PUBL)

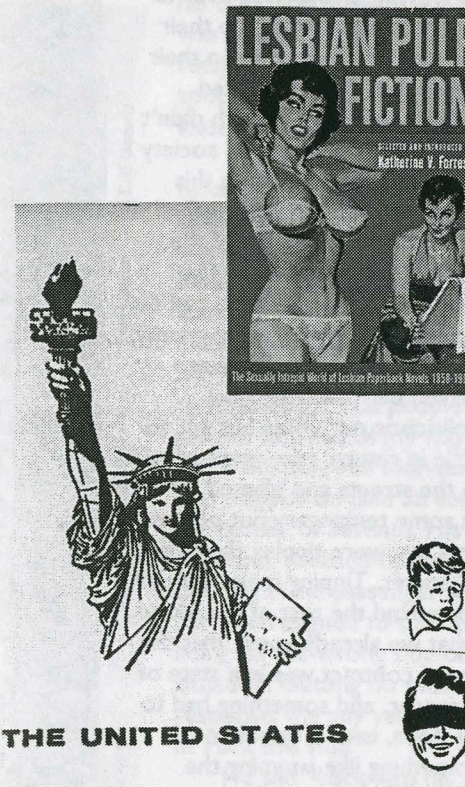
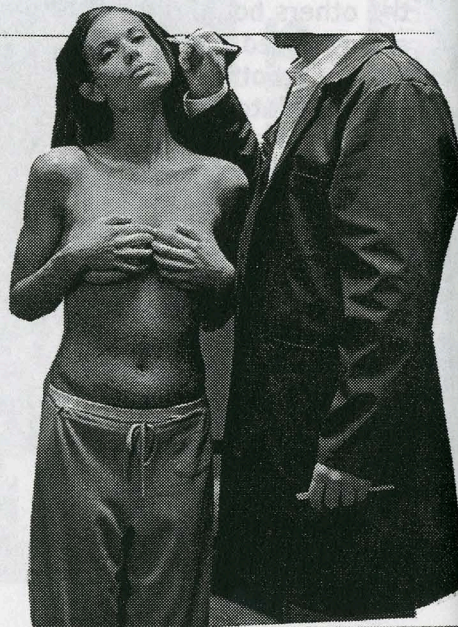
Arnold's China Trip

By Jason Gonzales

It was a mess in the tool shed. Evidently, the Governorator had gotten angry. We could see the aftermath in the garden. Turned up earth, ravaged vegetation and garbage strewn all over the bushes. Wu Li looked it over and concluded, "That fucker went berserk." It was as true as it was sudden. One minute there's a tour through the garden and workshop, he's waving and smiling for photos, he's doing a little barely comprehensible sermonizing and the next moment, he's got his bomber jacket off and he's shouting in that odd throaty way that everyone remembers from the Conan days. "No! This is not the way to distribute a film! We have to embrace a market philosophy! Jet Li is an awful type of person. He just sits around in his living room sipping champagne. He's not real!" And so on, making less sense as he goes on. Just a moment before someone had asked him why buying cheap copies of expensive American films was a crime and then he's completely freaking out, stomping over to the tool shed, throwing things around and coming out wielding a hoe. Everyone scattered when he started swinging it around over his head and bugging his eyes out. The trash cans got it first, then the flowers, then the juniper berry bushes. By the time he calmed down, he was simply hacking away at the corner of the building. "You are a dirty bitch!" he moaned abstractly. From our hiding place behind the tractor, Wu Li looked at me and said, "Gray Davis never pulled this kind of shit!"



1.—Replace headgear. Fold inner flaps of carrier and fasten the outside flap. Return carrier to position at rear of left hip.



THE UNITED STATES

what price
glory?



Bakelite Division, Union Carbide and Carbon Corp. Transparent overshoes keep a pretty pair of pumps dry without hiding them.

SACRIFICE by Karl Soehnlein

This took place in 1990. Gay Pride weekend, New York City.

Back then, Gay Pride was more defiant, fueled by an urgency that just isn't there today. We had no AIDS treatments, no state recognition of our relationships, no hate crimes legislation. Anti-gay violence was at a peak. If you cast your "queer eye" on a straight guy you'd get beaten for it. In New York, we were reeling from the brutal murder of Julio Rivera, a gay guy from Queens, the Matthew Sheppard of our day. My friends and I silk-screened t-shirts that featured a raised purple fist next to the words QUEERS BASH BACK.

Which is not to say that Gay Pride weekend wasn't a celebration. It was, complete with floats and balloons and wigs and glitter and leather and go-go dancers and a sense of hope. On Sunday, the big parade would move down Fifth Avenue and turn at the Washington Square Arch to make its way toward the Village, toward the Stonewall Inn, where the whole movement had been born twenty years earlier. Where once had

occurred a riot between drag queens and the police, now stood the souvlaki grills and t-shirt kiosks of the post-parade street fair.

This story takes place the night before the parade, a Saturday evening at the end of June. The sidewalks were overflowing in the West Village. It had started as an official gathering of the Radical Faeries,

with a speaker or two talking into a mic, but it grew into a party too big to be contained. My friends and I and the people around us—the activists mixed in with the out-of-towners looking for fun and the onlookers checking things out—had taken over the streets that bordered Sheridan Square. And then we were moving, pushing out of the Square in a steady, exuberant flow up Sixth Ave., making our way against traffic, and then stopping traffic altogether. Bringing downtown Manhattan to a halt on a Saturday night, just because we could.

Someone revived the Stonewall era war-cry, "Out of the closet, into the streets," and our numbers swelled. All kinds of people wanted to get in on the power of the moment—

power that came not from slogans or t-shirts but from presence, this nonviolent show of strength. There were too many of us for the cops to push back on the sidewalk, so even though laws were being broken (jaywalking, disturbing the peace, etc.), the police turned their attention to holding back or redirecting traffic. I remember how happy I felt, amazed that this had spontaneously bloomed into something so big.

We turned off Sixth onto one of the side streets, further messing with motorists who were stuck with nowhere to go. If an angry driver yelled at the crowd to get out of the way, our chant would morph into, "Out of your cars, into the streets." Some people did get out of their

cars, giving themselves over to the spectacle, turning up their car radios and dancing on their hoods. Others just looked helpless and angry, which didn't bother me. Why should society go on as it always did, in this neighborhood, on this night of all nights, the anniversary of the birth of our revolution? The world was out of whack, and our community was suffering greatly, we who paid taxes but were denied benefits, who gave politicians our votes but got so little in return, who were beaten in the streets and blamed for it. In some temporary but potent way, we were tipping the balance of power. Tipping it just enough to remind the rest of the world what we already knew: that the social contract was in a state of disorder, and something had to be done, even a symbolic something like jamming the streets with people having too much fun to care about the rules.

The night ticked on, the sky getting darker, the traffic situation hopeless. Every now and then a driver would try to squeeze through an opening in the crowd, pleading his case through his window. But even if he found a sympathetic ear, the mob was too big, too set on its ambling course, to split apart and let him pass. Inevitably these cars just got themselves in deeper, encircled like an island in a sea of queer flesh.

These little clashes became more prevalent, and I started to feel the temperature rise, the hostility increase. Drivers were laying on their horns, yelling insults from half-rolled down windows. Every now and then a tough guy would stand outside

BEFORE THEY WERE STARS, THEY WERE THE OUTSIDERS



C. Thomas Howell



Matt Dillon



Diane Lane



Ralph Macchio



Rob Lowe



Patrick Swayze



Emilio Estevez



Tom Cruise



Leif Garrett

his door and threaten whomever was nearby, threats met with reciprocal insults and on-the-spot political diatribes, or blown kisses and wit.

My own tactic was to ignore. I was doing my best to ignore one guy in particular. He wore a polo shirt and a backwards baseball cap and was standing on the pavement next to his open car door, his arms waving furiously, his voice commanding, "You people better get the fuck out of my way." His car, a smallish, red four-door, was trapped on Jane Street near the corner of Seventh. His girlfriend, prettied-up for a night out, sat in the passenger seat, her face resigned to the delay, to being on the wrong side of this situation. Getting no satisfactory response, the guy yelled, "That's it! Fuck this shit!"

He slid back into his car, slammed the door, gunned his engine. He gunned it again. Then he hit the gas, blasting into us. Those of us who had watched this unfold jumped back, shouted for others to do the same. He took advantage of this sudden parting and floored it, scraping past the revelers, sending people spinning and shrieking as rubber burned on the pavement. I saw a couple of older dykes lose their balance and topple to the ground.

The car careened sharply to the left, clump-clumping over the concrete curb, and swerved onto Seventh, which was empty for that stretch because we'd blocked access to it. I saw his red taillights blurring away. Those of us near enough to feel the adrenaline rush of having almost been run over reacted

quickly and took off after him on foot, leaving behind a crowd buzzing from the commotion. Up ahead, the red car came to a stop at a traffic light. Now there were more of us chasing him, sensing that he wouldn't get away. He must have sensed this too, because he didn't wait for the green before he hit the gas again.

He made a right on Christopher Street, which was too crowded with revelers for him to pick up speed. The guy running next to me, someone I had chatted with earlier, sharing a laugh, was now pulling cans of beer from a shoulder bag and hurling them toward the car. One landed on the trunk with a thud and shot out a spray of foam. We were closing the distance. People on the sidewalk were stopping to watch, trying to figure out what was going on.

I felt so many things in that moment: the fury of having watched that two-ton vehicle charge into a peaceful assembly; the hunger for revenge; the sickening fear that by chasing him we might be making it worse, that he might actually hit someone up ahead.

He drove only as far as the Lucille Lortel Theater, halfway down Christopher, and then couldn't get any farther. The marquee was lit up, casting a glow onto the red car as the driver swerved toward the sidewalk and screeched to a halt, two wheels on the curb.

The car was immediately surrounded. We banged on it, shouting. The guy who'd been throwing beer cans swung his bag into the back window. I stepped closer, lifted my foot

and kicked hard into a headlight. I could hear the screams of the girl in the passenger seat above the sound of the smashed glass. As I felt the tremor of the impact in my ankle and shinbone, I looked up through the windshield and saw the very real terror on driver's face. It stopped me cold. I hopped backwards, moving away from the mob. Someone else stepped in to the gap I'd left behind.

Next thing I knew the girlfriend had flung herself onto the sidewalk, clutching her purse, hobbling on high heels. The guy tumbled out after her, dragged her toward the box office. He was trying to reason with the angry faces surrounding him—"That's my property!"—while voices shouted back, "You should have thought of that before you tried to kill someone!"

I wondered if it was him who would be killed, wondered if I wanted to see that happen, right here, see him torn to bits. All that nonviolent love I'd been feeling had been overwhelmed by the toxicity of his aggression.

Just one year earlier I had

been beaten by a couple of gaybashers who looked a lot like this guy; I went to court to testify against them, listened to the prosecutor lie to the jury about how these boys had been defending themselves against my sexual advances. I had received the unbelievable news of their acquittal over the phone from a young district attorney fumbling through an apology. I had hung up the phone and hurled a glass full of vodka against the wall.

Part of me hungered to see this heedless driver sacrificed for that past injustice, for the helplessness I'd felt then.

Part of me was recoiling from this bloodlust, the way I'd recoiled from the car when I felt the headlight shatter beneath my boot.

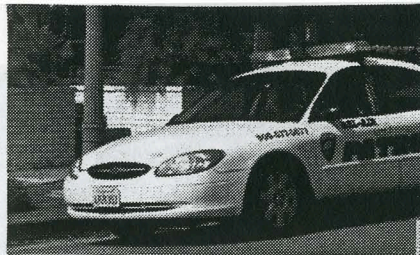
I looked around. No one was in charge, but the crowd seemed to know what it needed to do. The driver and his girlfriend were abandoned as the full power of vengeance was turned on his *property*. As more of the original marchers arrived, the empty car—this weapon glowing in the light from the marquee—was swarmed.



"Rory's thrown into a complete tailspin!"



are you putting yourself at risk for



Fists hammered the hood, the trunk, the doors. Legs were raised, kicks aimed at windows. I watched the glass break into spider webs. I watched someone climb to the roof and swing a heavy heel into the windshield, the impact frozen for a split second by a camera's white flash. Streetlight rippled across the glowing red metal, dented and puckered under the nonstop barrage. A wall of bodies banded together, leaned against the vehicle, rocked it, tried to lift it off the ground.

I heard a chant start up, "Queers bash back, queers bash back," and I joined in, shouting myself hoarse.

The cops arrived and shoved their way through, dispersing us before the car could be upended. I saw one of them find the driver, suddenly reanimated, his arms waving frantically in every direction. His girlfriend's face had gone blank again.

As we backed away, the damage came into focus: tires flattened, glass shattered, paint scratched, mirrors torn off. Metallic pulp. Totaled. Even the roof was half collapsed, as if a heavenly fist had descended through the night sky to target this puny machine.

Some folks approached the police to give them the story. I considered stepping forward as a witness, then thought better about it. I had engaged the legal

system once before and it had gotten me nowhere. I moved away to find my friends, those same friends I had started the night with so carefree and happy. I was shaking. The last thing I saw was the cops leading the driver and his passenger into a police car. Getting their statement? Making an arrest? I didn't know. As far as I could tell, not a single person who'd helped destroy the car was taken in.

The next morning, the cover of the *New York Post* showed a photo of the wrecked car. We were front page news. I don't remember which details were laid out by the reporter; I don't remember what happened to the driver; I don't recall any witnesses quoted in the article. Maybe I didn't even read the article beyond its headline, which seemed to me to say everything that I needed: QUEERS BASH BACK. On that celebratory Sunday, the documentation of the previous night's retribution had become the image of our pride.



National Recreation Association Bull's-eye! One of these young archers has made a perfect hit, exactly in the center of the target.

What were you thinking? (50 points)
You're amazing. (50 points)

Barely Legal Haikus.

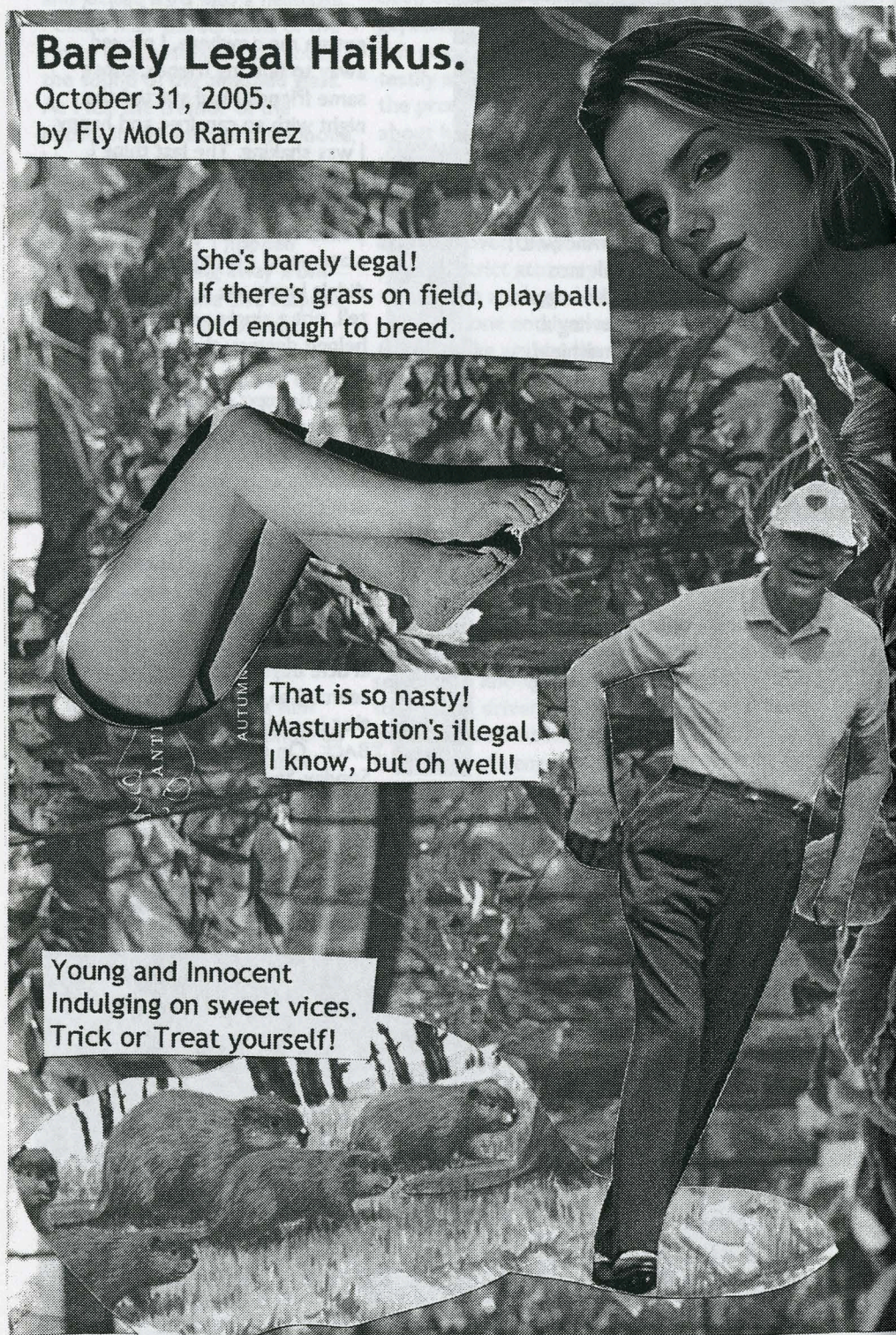
October 31, 2005.

by Fly Molo Ramirez

She's barely legal!
If there's grass on field, play ball.
Old enough to breed.

That is so nasty!
Masturbation's illegal.
I know, but oh well!

Young and Innocent
Indulging on sweet vices.
Trick or Treat yourself!



by Lorna Kirwan

Rodeo Queen

Rodeos have long been a social setting for small towns in America. In a particular small town, the rodeo was a place to meet your neighbors, show your bravery, and show your style. The people of the town would enter the events as small children, starting with the "stick horse races," in which a child would "ride" from the start to the finish line on a broom with a cardboard cutout of a horse's head. Older kids would compete with a real horse, in a simple style of dressage, showing control with a walk, trot, and canter. The teenagers would ride the barrels or poles: a timed event to show your speed with a horse around three barrels or poles.

When a rodeo girl hit her teens, perhaps starting to fill out her Wranglers, starting to sprout breasts, it was usually time to run for Rodeo Queen. To be Rodeo Queen, a girl would just need to raise the most money. The girl would do this by going around town

Your skin acts as a bodyguard as well as a reporter. Through nerve endings in your skin you know when to stay away from something that will hurt you. If you touch a hot stove by accident, the nerve endings in the skin of your fingers send a message to your brain to tell you not to do it again.



MEN AND WOMEN

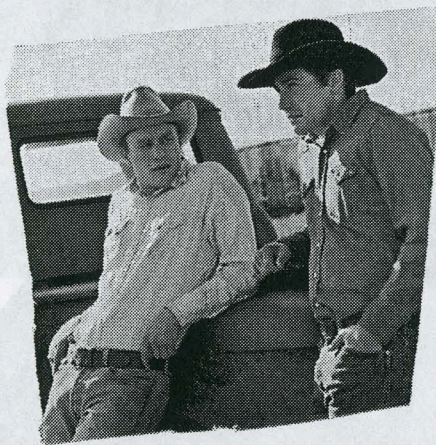
in her best wranglers and a pledge book, asking people to pledge money to her. If she got the most pledges then she would be the Rodeo Queen for the year. It had nothing to do with her horse, her talent, her smarts or her leadership qualities. Really, the purpose of the competition for Queen was to raise money for the rodeo, nothing more. The Queen's duties were mostly ceremonial. After the crowd would sing the Star Spangled Banner, the Queen would carry a big banner and gallop on her horse around the arena to start the rodeo, and later attend the annual rodeo dance and BBQ. She would also need to accept the little tiara and give it away to the next Queen. The tiara fit snugly around the crown of most cowboy hats.

It usually starts with the Rodeo Announcer. He walks slowly over to the girl as she brushes her horse's main or feeds him oats after riding the barrels. The Rodeo Announcer has the blue Wranglers, the big silver belt buckle – a prize from a team roping competition – the cowboy cut shirt, the boots, and the big hat. He walks slowly up to the girl who is focused on her horse, unaware of her sprouting turnip breasts, and puts a knobby, wrinkled hand on her shoulder. The toothpick bounces from one corner of his mouth to the other as he speaks, between the words, "It is time that you ran for Rodeo Queen. It is time. You have a chance. You should try." The toothpick bobs between the short sentences.

The girl replies, "Uh, yeah, maybe."

The toothpick tries to make room for the words. "The competition starts soon. You need to start soon."

"Uh, yeah, maybe, ok." She goes back to brushing her horse as he walks away.



After the rodeo, the clown comes up to her, followed by his dog. He is out of his make-up and his baggy outfit. His lips look surprisingly thin and downcast without his big red smile. She stoops to pet the dog, and the clown says, "You know, it is a great privilege, a great privilege to be a Queen. Everyone will envy you; the whole town will envy you. It is a great privilege. You should run for Queen."

The girl pets the dog and does not look at the thin lips and the downcast mouth. "Uh, yeah, uh, maybe."

By the next rodeo, if the pledge book hasn't been picked-up by the budding rider, then the past Queens start to make their appearances. They are older, they seem old to her, apart from her. They once ran the barrels but now do *dressage* and jumps: events that don't need speed but require more precision.

"Darlin', you know, runnin' for Queen is easy. Easy as runnin' the barrels. This is what you do: you go to the tackle shop – get yourself into a new pair of Wranglers. Get some of those new colored ones. Make them tight, your figure can stand it. Put on some make-up, I can help you with that, and with

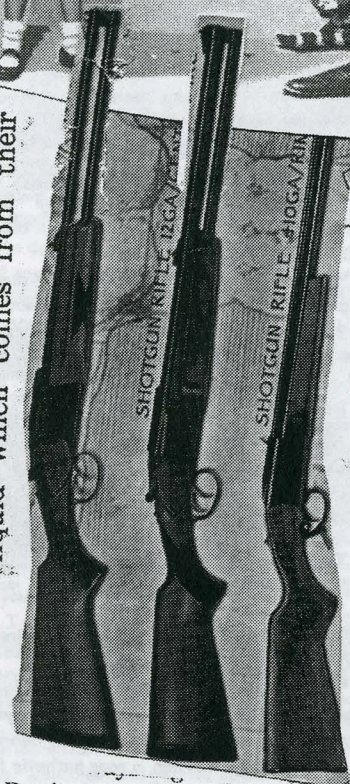
your hair. You just walk around town. You just walk. You go up to single men. They always give the most



money. Don't even bother with the women or the men with women. Just go up to the single men. They will give you enough. It's easy Darlin.' Real easy."

The pressure continues from the different angles: the man, the hand, the toothpick; the thin frown; the former Queens. She needs to decide what to do.

liquid which comes from their



The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer's

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the Queen.

The Lawn Mower Tales

by CATHERINE KNIGHT

In the beginning an evil mower was born...

"God Dammit!" The man kicked the lawn mower sharply in its side. Immediately the man regretted his flippant reaction when the lawn mower growled to life and came roaring after him! "Jesus Christ! You Mother fucker!!!!" These words were the last of Thomas William McGee as the mower ate his entire body in a surge of energy. *Who would be next?*

"Oh, Billy! You make me so hot!"

"Shelia! I've wanted you for so long!"

"Give it to me Billy!" With a sly grin, Billy slowly went down on the buxom blonde Shelia. "Watch the toes Billy! Don't bite so hard!"

"What are you talking about?" Billy Asked, But Shelia had no more to say as the crazed lawn mower began to rip her shapely feet to little pieces! Blood, skin, tendon, and polished red toenails flew everywhere! It took all of Billy's willpower not to pass out, he sprang to his feet to run away, but in that same instant the lawn mower from hell got to him first and gnawed away at poor Billy. Shelia, crying, began to drag her way back to her home. Without feet, however, she couldn't go far. She only hoped that she would find home, before the mower would find *HER!*

"Daddy, why is the sky blue?"

"Well Son, the sky is blue, because....I made it that way! Isn't it beautiful?"

"Wow DAD! You're amazing!"

"Why yes, Son, I sure am. Now, I'm going to go inside for about an hour to talk to the babysitter about....about Where to hide the salami."

"Alright, Dad!" Little Jimmy continued his playing in the sandbox. Little did he know, this was to be the last. Tall, thick grass surrounded the area around the sandbox on all sides, anything four feet or lower would be completely hidden.... All of a sudden, Jimmy heard this sound in the grass, as if something were, well, dragging itself very slowly through it. Then, a poor pathetic face, that of Shelia, popped out of the grass, eventually, her whole body appeared, all the way down to her perfect little stubs of what was left of her feet.

"Help me! HELP!"

"You want to play? I like to play! We could play soldiers! And I just shot you!"

"I've been attacked....by a lawn mower! Get somebody!"

"You're SILLY! You silly lady!"

"You little SHIT! Get somebody here now!"

"DADDY! This lady said a bad word!" "Daddy" came running out of the house, at the same time, what could only be assumed to be "Mommy" drove up.

"Hi, Sweetie!" She picked Jimmy up in her arms, and then gave her husband, Herman, a sharp look. "Your pants are unzipped Herman." Guiltily, he went back inside. "Well, cupcake! What have you done all day? Hmmm?"

"Mom! There was this lady! And she had no feet! And there was blood everywhere! And then I asked her to play soldiers, and then she told me a bad bad bad word!"

"Why don't you, um, show me this lady, darling." So the disbelieving mother was led away by her son to the sandbox. But no lady did they find here, only mangled shards of what was left of Shelia's body. Pale pieces of skin lie everywhere, the only substantial part of her body left was her torso, where her rib cage was exposed. And what was even more disgusting; her heart was still partially beating. "Well!" The mother said, and swiftly lit up a Virginia Slim. If only she had known, what a 'bad' habit smoking was, because then out of the tall grass came the maniacal lawn mower, hungry for.... *DESSERT!*

"Well," Sheriff Arnolds said, "How does one exactly go about stopping a crazed lawn mower? Men? Any ideas?" He looked out over the small crowd of officers and they looked at him: Arnolds was a stout man, who, when ruffled, turned into one mean homo sapien.

A tall skinny man in the back raised his hand. "This isn't grade school idiot!" Arnolds barked.

"What?"

"Sir, umm...Sir, maybe, maybe we could lure it into a play ground by means of little children, trap it in the jungle gym, and then maliciously hit it with small stones and tin cans until it dies."

"You FUCK! You imbecile! Do you know what you're saying? Do YOU want to risk the lives of children! How dare you sir! Shame on you! But....*It just might WORK!*"

Little Jimmy limped along with his crutch and one good leg. The place where his left leg once was, still pained him at times, and reminded him of the viscous attack by the lawn mower, who he referred to only as, *THE mower*. Sadly, Jimmy gazed out at his fellow classmates, running around in high spirits, playing games of tag, red rover, and haphscotch. If only he could still play with his friends, then maybe the hurt would slowly fade away. Now, the children only taunted him with names such as "One-legged freak", "Stupid Idiot", and the occasional "Fuck Head". After enduring only two days of this, Jimmy couldn't take it anymore, he needed a plan, and he needed it fast.

One day on the playground, while thinking of what to do, he found himself in a dark corner of the playground. "Grrrrrrrrrrr...." *THE mower* appeared from out of nowhere! But that was the exact moment when the idea popped into Jimmy's head.

"Stop!" He cried. "Don't eat me, I wanna help you, mower." The mower paused, as if in deep contemplation.

"RARRRRRRRRR!" It roared it's consent.

"Good!" Jimmy rubbed his hands together. "This is what we're going to do...*Muwahahahahahaha!*"

"Hey, everybody! Hal Look it's peg-leg Jimmy! What an idiot!" For the thousandth time that day, Jimmy was surrounded by his classmates who taunted him. But this time it felt different, because this time Jimmy knew something that they didn't...

"Hmmm...Millicent, you are a clever one aren't you?" Jimmy picked out a girl in the crowd...He started pacing around her, well, what would have been pacing if he hadn't been leg deficient. "Millicent, why don't you come here?" She hesitated, but curiosity got the better of young Millicent. Jimmy led her to some thick vegetation off in a corner of the playground..."What a loser...I can't believe she's falling for it!" Jimmy said under his breath.

Millicent whipped around, "What? What did you say?!" "I said, your repartee is so amusing...I can't believe...I can't believe I get the amazing honor of being in your gracious, lovely, and beautiful presence! Now, to prove these feelings for you, why don't you step over there, that bush in the middle?" Millicent, taken aback at his compliments, did as she was told, but unfortunately those were the only compliments she was to receive for the rest of her life! And they were fake ones! The lawn mower leaped out and garbled up her face! Blood *SPACKLED* everywhere! But Millicent, who at the age of five happened to join the varsity girls' cross-country team ran away at an amazing speed and got away! Unfortunately her disfigured face would leave her a hermit for the remainder of her years because no one likes ugly bitches.

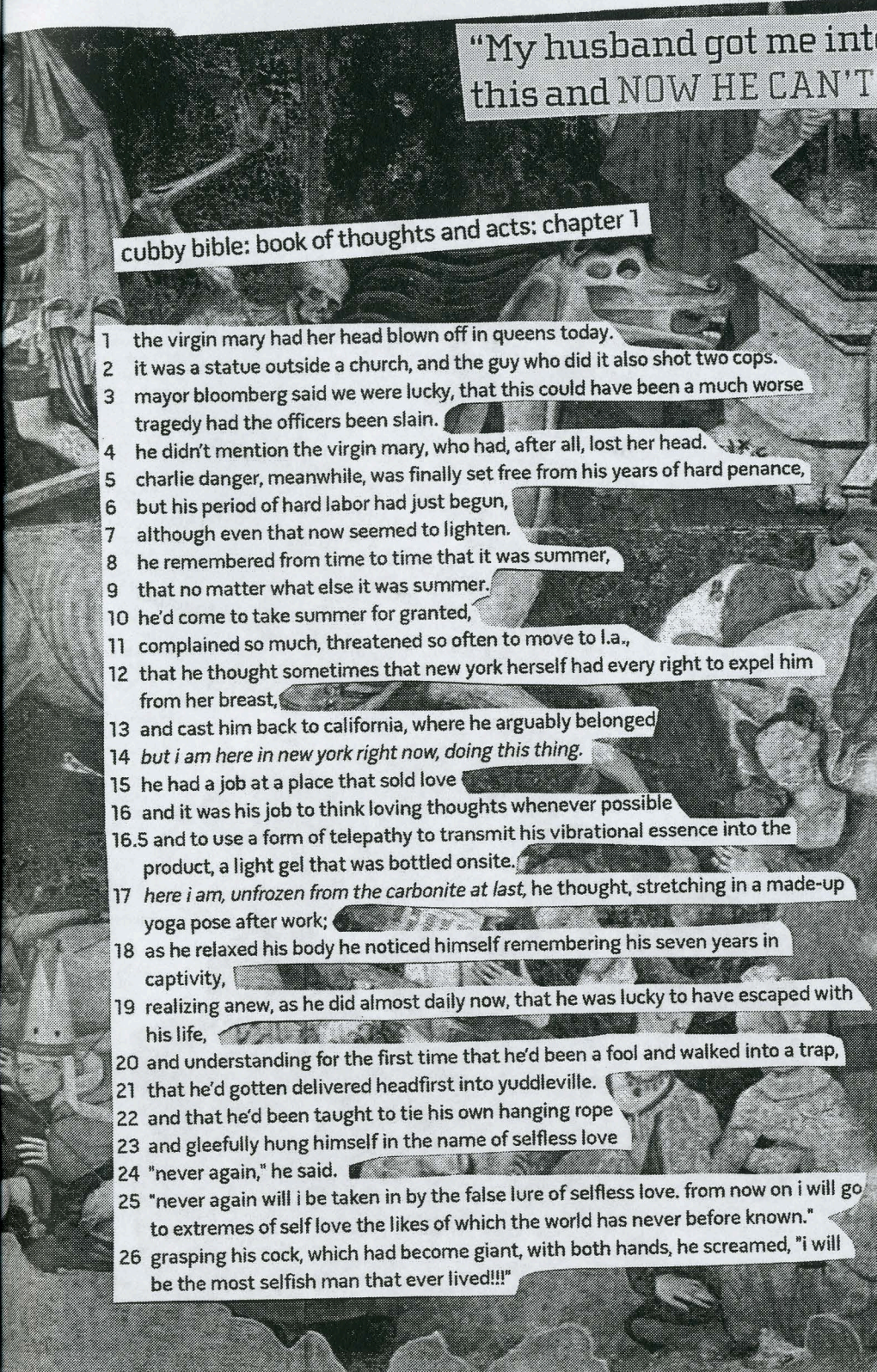
"That's too bad that she got away, mower...Oh well, we'll get the next one." Jimmy patted the mowers side.

"grrrrrrr...." The mower turned towards Jimmy and began advancing!

"Hey! HEY! Stop it! I'll get you another kid! I didn't know she was part of the cross country team! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"Growl!" If a translator had been present, he would have told you it meant: "don't FUCK with the mower" Jimmy was quickly eaten and his innards sprayed all over the bushes in a lovely ensemble of red upon green that reminded on-lookers of Christmas...too bad Jimmy's mommy would be receiving her son in a box this year....*'Cause he was DEAD!*

A black and white photograph of a nude woman lying on her side, facing right. Her head is resting on a patterned pillow, and her eyes are closed. Her right arm is bent, with her hand near her chest. Her left arm is extended forward, resting on a light-colored surface. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body. The background is dark and indistinct.



"My husband got me into this and NOW HE CAN'T

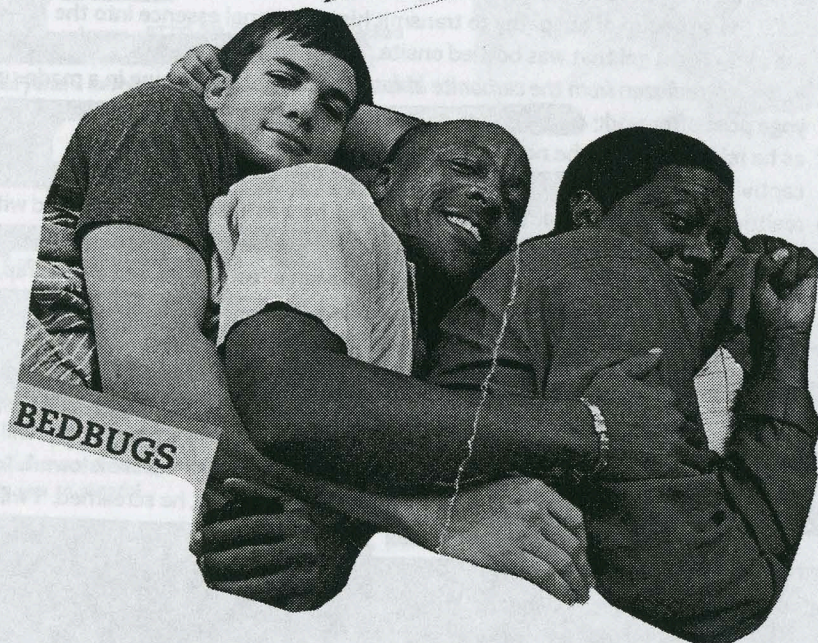
cubby bible: book of thoughts and acts: chapter 1

- 1 the virgin mary had her head blown off in queens today.
- 2 it was a statue outside a church, and the guy who did it also shot two cops.
- 3 mayor bloomberg said we were lucky, that this could have been a much worse tragedy had the officers been slain.
- 4 he didn't mention the virgin mary, who had, after all, lost her head.
- 5 charlie danger, meanwhile, was finally set free from his years of hard penance,
- 6 but his period of hard labor had just begun,
- 7 although even that now seemed to lighten.
- 8 he remembered from time to time that it was summer,
- 9 that no matter what else it was summer.
- 10 he'd come to take summer for granted,
- 11 complained so much, threatened so often to move to l.a.,
- 12 that he thought sometimes that new york herself had every right to expel him from her breast,
- 13 and cast him back to california, where he arguably belonged
- 14 but i am here in new york right now, doing this thing.
- 15 he had a job at a place that sold love
- 16 and it was his job to think loving thoughts whenever possible
- 16.5 and to use a form of telepathy to transmit his vibrational essence into the product, a light gel that was bottled onsite.
- 17 here i am, unfrozen from the carbonite at last, he thought, stretching in a made-up yoga pose after work;
- 18 as he relaxed his body he noticed himself remembering his seven years in captivity,
- 19 realizing anew, as he did almost daily now, that he was lucky to have escaped with his life,
- 20 and understanding for the first time that he'd been a fool and walked into a trap,
- 21 that he'd gotten delivered headfirst into yuddleville.
- 22 and that he'd been taught to tie his own hanging rope
- 23 and gleefully hung himself in the name of selfless love
- 24 "never again," he said.
- 25 "never again will i be taken in by the false lure of selfless love. from now on i will go to extremes of self love the likes of which the world has never before known."
- 26 grasping his cock, which had become giant, with both hands, he screamed, "i will be the most selfish man that ever lived!!!"

charlie d's barely

legal personals ad

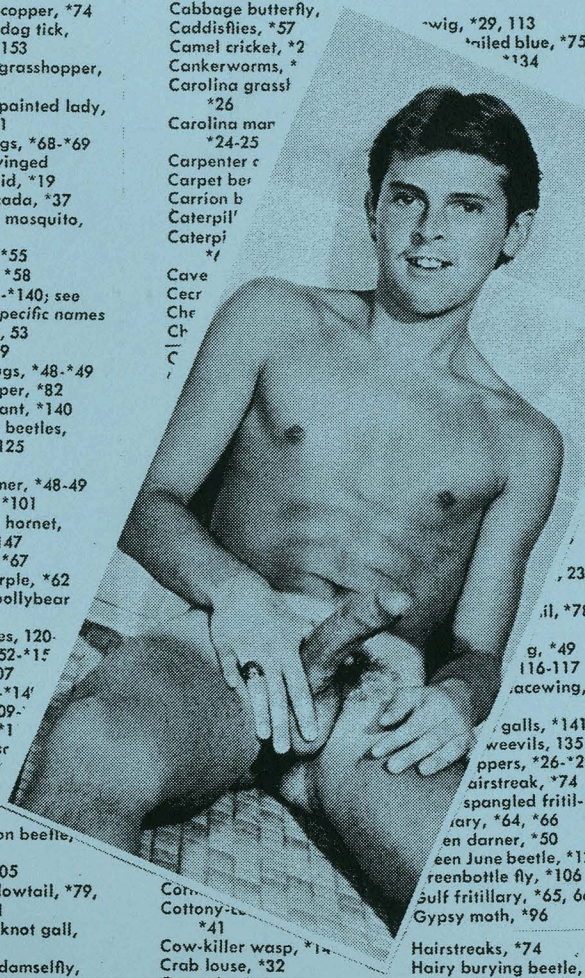
dude seeks best friend, 20-40
let's have deep talks and stroke our cocks,
do whatever we want together, just always be into having fun
with no strings attached
artist friendly
awesome
beatles fan, fond of good food but in shape,
understand poor, want to be rich
worked out regularly at 2-3 times a week
like movies, good and bad,
john waters fan,
new york lover wanting to discover it together
for richer or for poorer
forsaking no one else for one another
must be your own best friend too



BEDBUGS

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THINGS I BEEN TOLD WHILE I WUZ SINGIN' ON THE SIDEWALK

