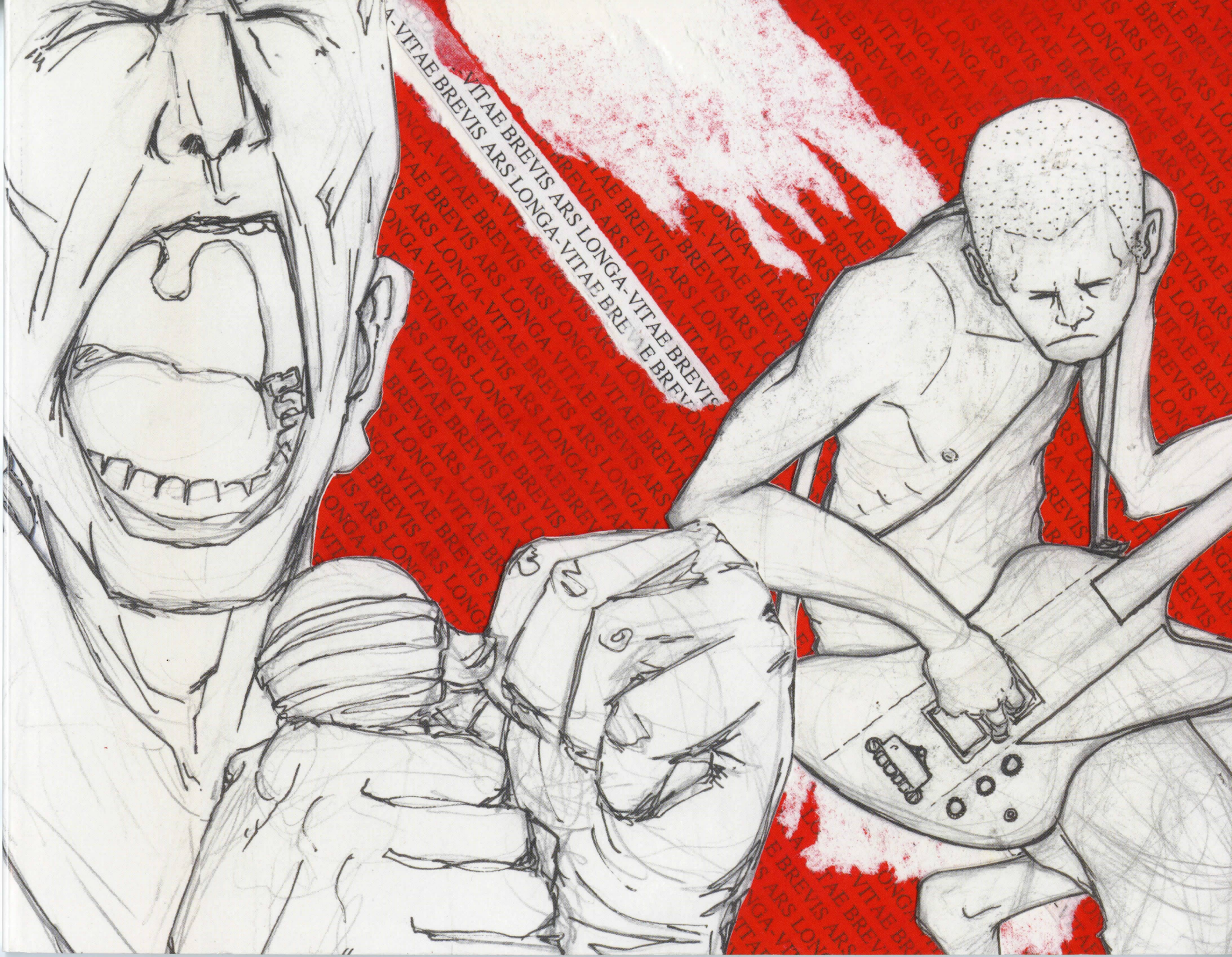
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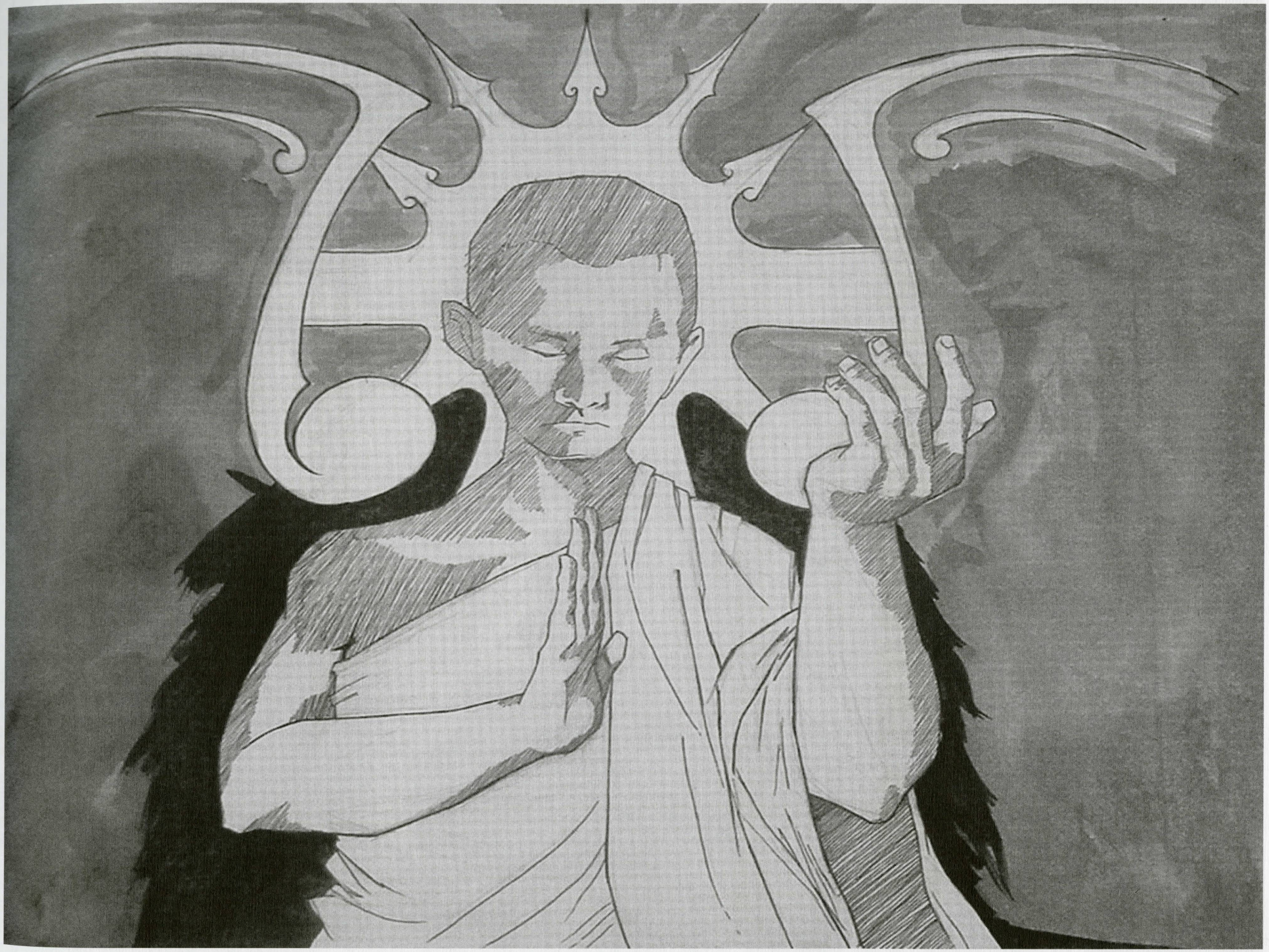

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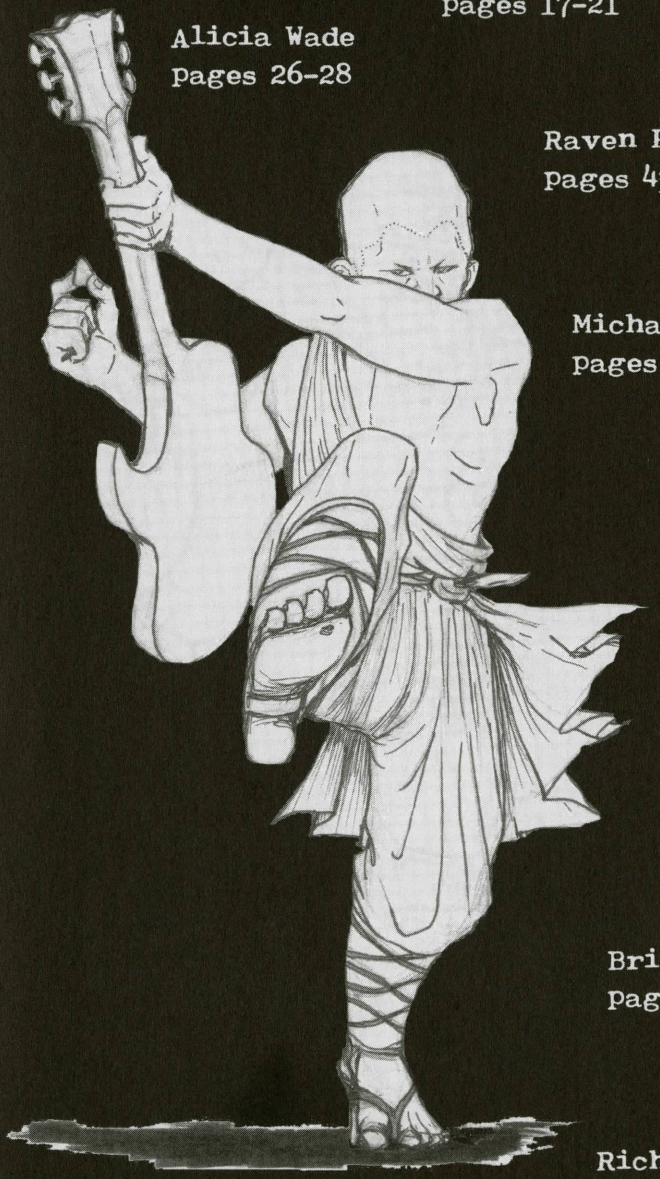

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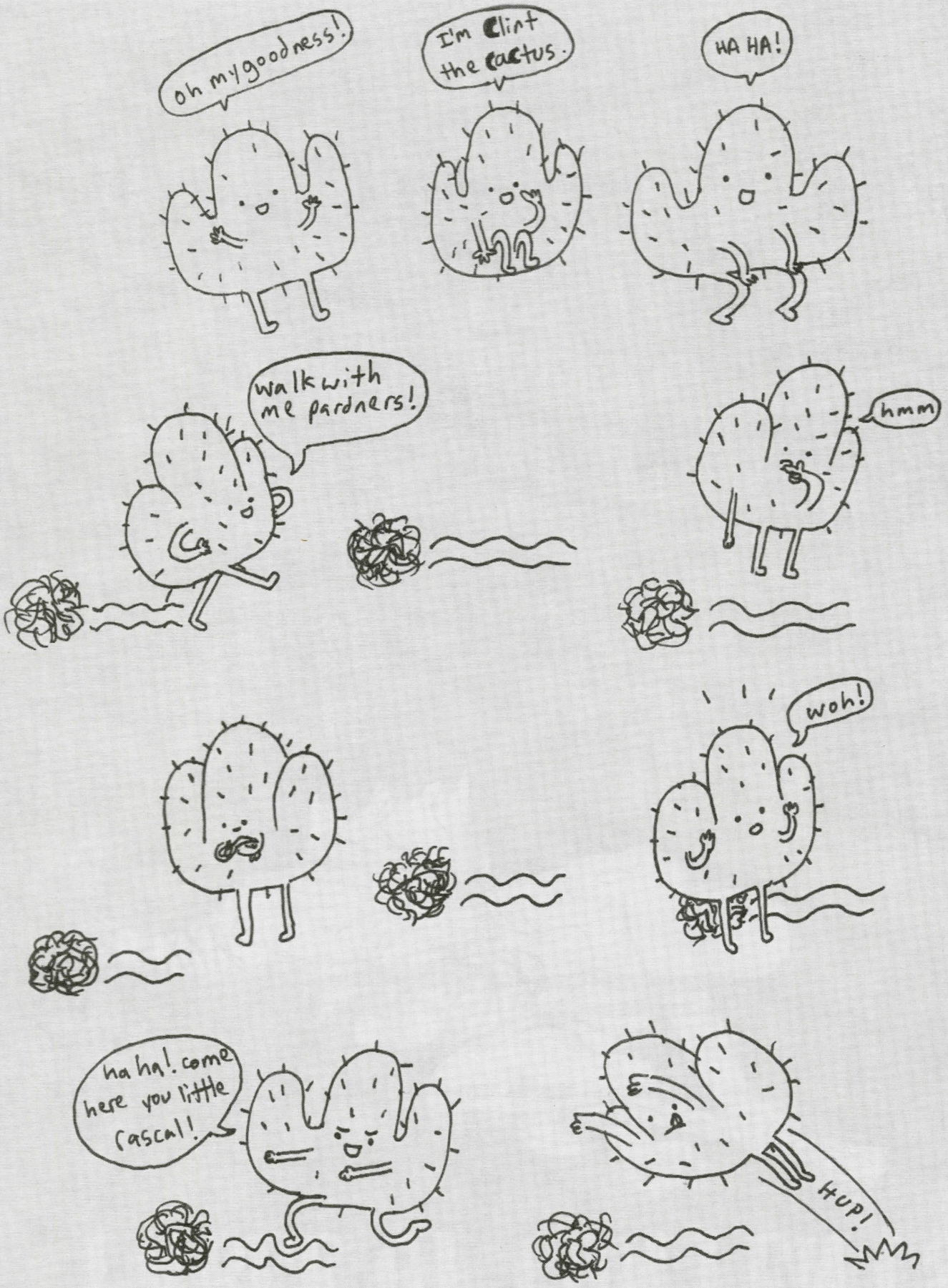
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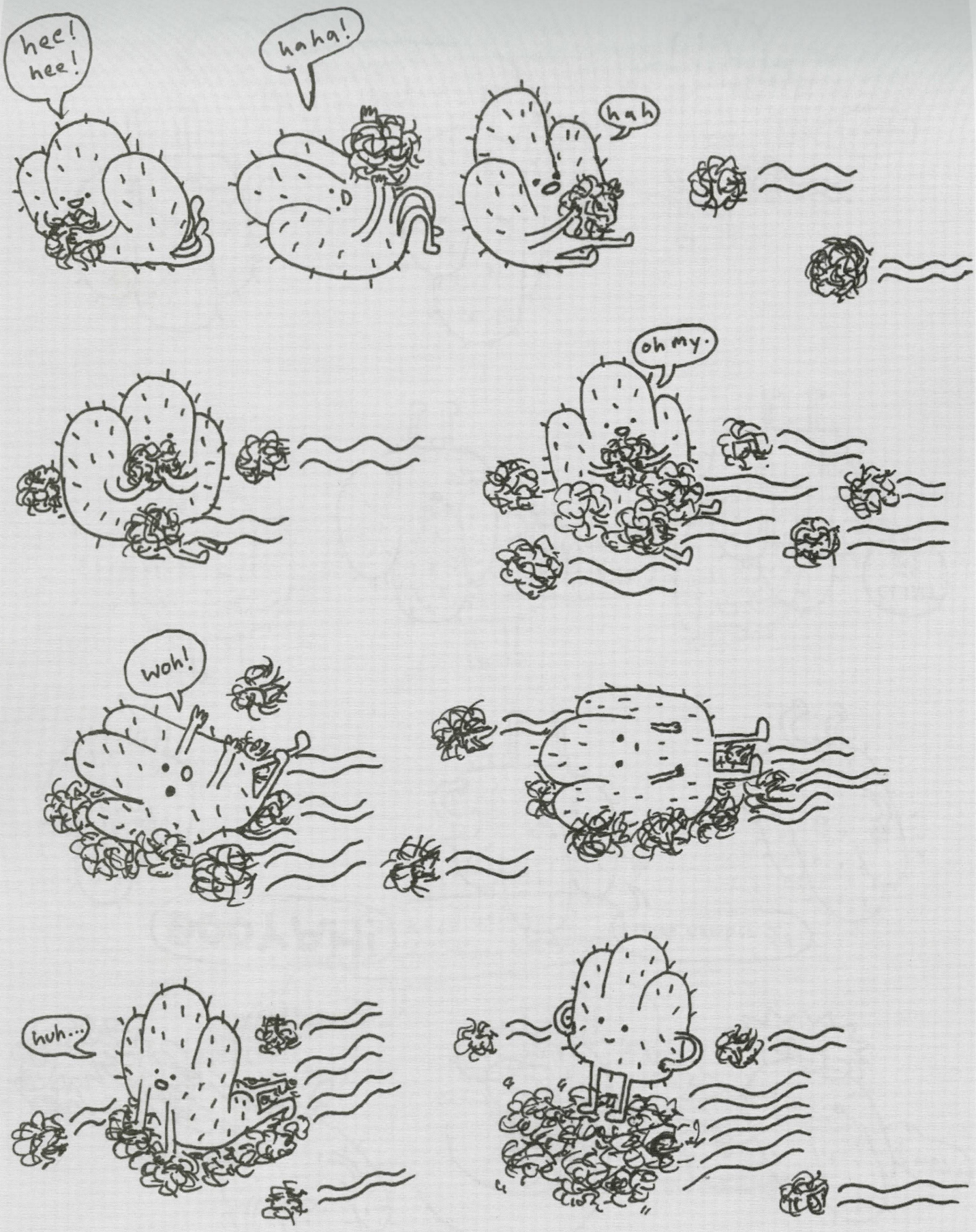
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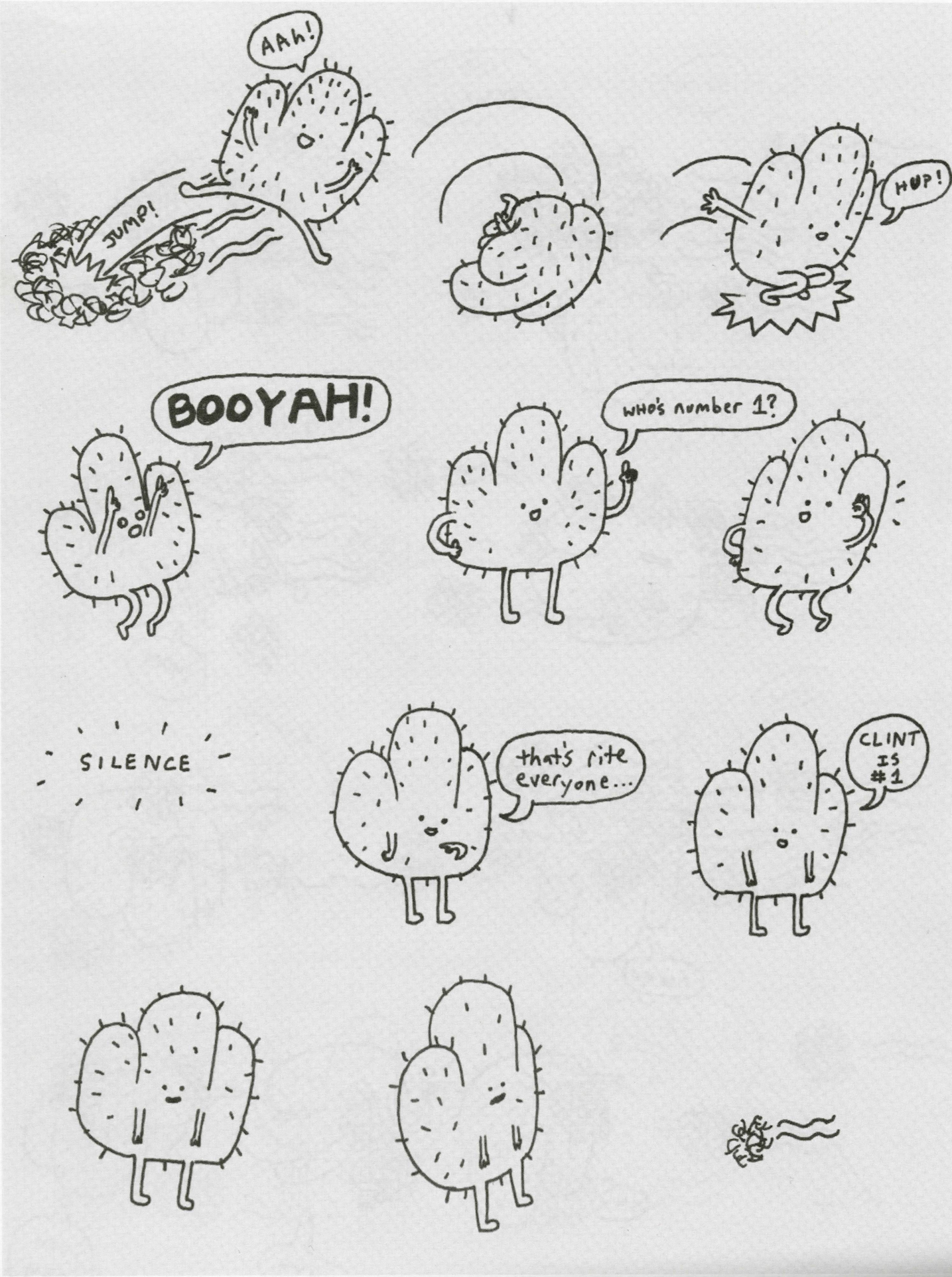
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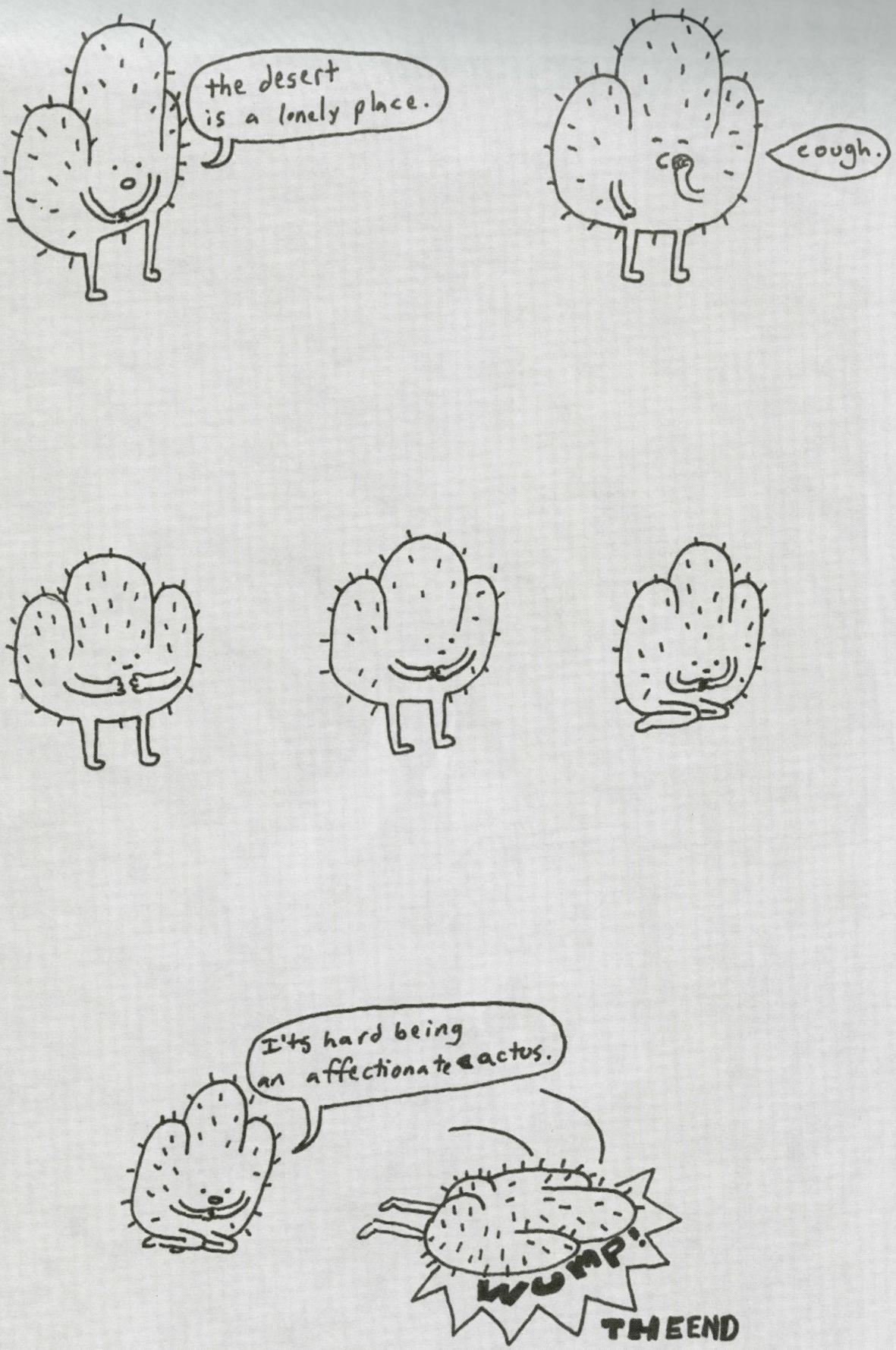
the desert is a lonely place.
cough.
I'ts hard being an affectionate cactus.
WUMP!
THE END

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MARK
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...I AM LEGION...
...FOR WE ARE MANY
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EVERY SINGLE STEP IS JUST ANOTHER REASON TO FORGET WHO I'VE BECOME.
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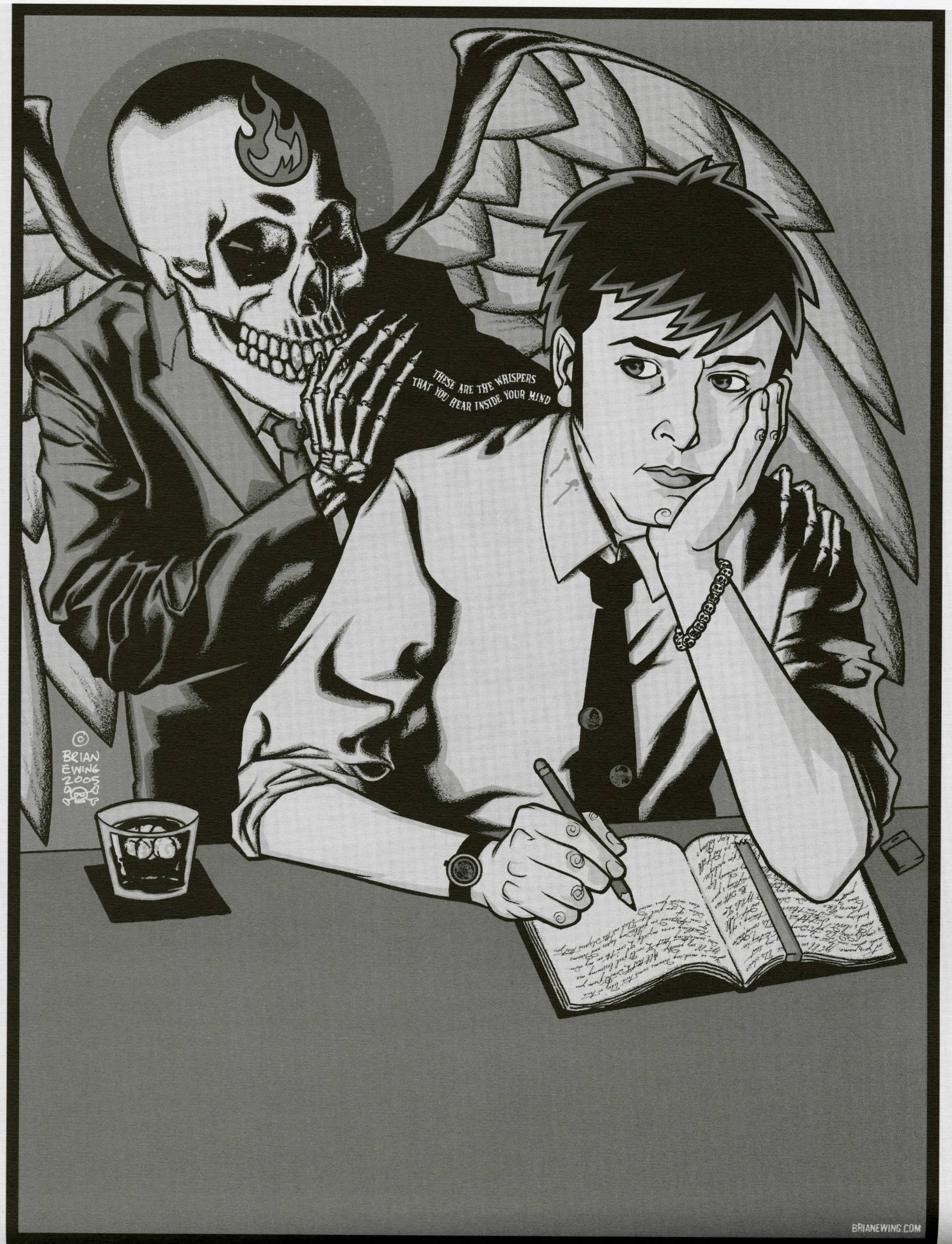
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PUCKER UP, LITTLE CAMPER

BY SEAN CARSWELL

I went to high school with a guy named David Dickgrabber. True story.

Actually, his last name was Dickgraber. One "b." The last two syllables rhymed with "neighbor" or "labor." And when David pronounced it, he didn't pronounce the "ck." To hear him introduce himself, you'd think his name was de Graybor or something. His pronunciation did absolutely nothing to deflect the ridicule, though. Let's face it, if you're one "b" away from being a dickgrabber, as far as this cruel world is concerned, you're a dickgrabber. This was high school, after all. The place where David had to suffer roll call on the first day of class, when inevitably one of his teachers would call him Dickgrabber and everyone would laugh. Or, even worse, the teacher would just read out, "David Dick..." and stop, horrified, then stutter, "...Dick... Dickgrab... David Dickgrab..." until David raised his hand and accepted the name David Dickgrab just to stop the giggling.

The thing was, I never giggled. Not because I'm above dick-and-fart jokes. Believe me, I love a good dick or fart joke as much as anyone, but David was my friend. He was in most of my classes and we usually sat by each other. This meant that I'd sat through the dickgrab ritual far too many times, and I had a front row seat to David's wincing and grinding teeth most of the time. So I kept my mouth shut and didn't laugh, even though it was funny to watch a middle-aged woman stand in front of a classroom of teenagers and stutter about grabbing dicks.

Plus, there was the Kelly incident.

The Kelly incident occurred during the summer between our junior and senior year of high school. I'd met a girl named Kelly out at the beach one evening after I'd gone surfing. I was just sitting on my board when she walked past me and smiled. I smiled back and watched her walk away in her little pair of cutoff shorts and little white tank top. After a few seconds of that, I went back to watching the back end of the sunset and watching my buddies stumbling and crashing on the waves. I had a whole rogue crew of friends who I surfed with in those days. We weren't the stereotypes most people picture when they think of a crew of surfers. We were all too skinny or too fat, too full of acne or too full of insecurities, too clumsy or too spastic, too slump shouldered, too poor, too something to be too cool. But what the hell? The waves never cared and we were out there all the time. Every day, if we could make it. David Dickgraber wasn't part of the crew, though. As far as I know, he didn't surf.

So anyway, I was watching those guys and waiting to see what they were going to do that night when Kelly walked by me a second time. I called out to her, "Hey, you. Get a job."

She stopped walking. "What did you say?"

"Get a job," I said a second time, even though I didn't know why I'd said it the first time.

"Why on earth would you say that to me?" she asked.

I couldn't explain, so I just came clean. "I couldn't think of anything to say," I said, "but I wanted to talk to you, so I just said the first thing that came to mind."

And who would've guessed it, but that stupid line worked. I had a towel and unfolded it for her to sit next to me. She sat down. We chatted about nothing, but hit it off, anyway. After about fifteen minutes, a few of my friends came out of the water. This turned out to be a bad thing, because my friends were geeky like me and because a girl like Kelly talking to one of us was such a rare thing that they didn't know how to act. They started saying all kinds of stupid things to her, I guess trying to flirt but going about it all wrong. She split almost as soon as my buddies started talking. Luckily, I'd already gotten her phone number.

The next night, I'd called her. She didn't feel right just going on a date with a stranger, so she invited me to meet her at a party in Cocoa Beach. I told her I'd be there.

I lived in Merritt Island, which was one town over from Cocoa Beach. I knew I wouldn't know anyone at the party, so I wanted to talk a friend into going to the party with me. This way, I'd have someone to hang out with and not look all desperate just waiting for Kelly. The thing was, I didn't want to invite any of the rogues who I usually hung out with because, well, they'd already pissed off Kelly once. So I thought of Dickgraber. He was a polite guy. He wouldn't spoil my chances with Kelly. Besides, I hadn't really articulated it this way in my mind, but somewhere subconsciously, I knew that there was an invisible fence around David, what with his name and all, and that fence had shocked him so many times in the past that he wouldn't try to step in on Kelly and me. I called him up and he had nothing going on that night. He was up for a party in Cocoa Beach.

I swung by his place at around eight o'clock. David was waiting outside on the front steps. A bunch of his brothers and sisters were out in the front lawn, playing tag. I stopped my truck and looked across the fenced in yard. As I sat there in the cab of my truck, a weird thought crept across my mind. I wondered this: if I walked into that yard and yelled out, "Look at all you little dickgrabbers," would they descend upon me like a bunch of piranha on a cow that slipped into the Amazon? I didn't test the theory. I didn't even leave my seat, because David was out of the yard and ready to go before I chance to.

As soon as I started to drive away, I said, "Damn, David, how many brothers and sisters do you have?"

"Seven," he said. "And my mom's pregnant with one more."

I said, "She still hasn't figured out what causes that, huh?"

"Fuck you," David said. But he was in too good of a mood to be genuinely mad. He started asking me all kinds of questions about Kelly. Well, not really about Kelly. He asked about the possibility of Kelly having a friend and that friend being good looking and wanting to hook up with him. I'd gone to parties with David before, and he was never usually this optimistic about them. I couldn't figure out why he was excited about this one. The way I saw it, it was a pretty shitty deal for anyone who went to the party with either me or Kelly, because chances were, we were gonna ditch them. Usually, David would've had this kind of cynical outlook. But no, he was chipper, chatting away with possibilities on the whole drive over the Banana River and into Cocoa Beach.

The party was in a big house at the end of a cul de sac. It was packed by the time we got there, which was good because we didn't know the host and we were pretty much crashing. Clearly, though, crashing this party was okay. Everyone seemed welcome, or at least ignored enough to not feel unwelcome. And David's good mood continued. Almost right away, we ran into a guy who ran cross country for Cocoa Beach High. David had run against him the year before, and the guy recognized David. They'd run neck and neck for most of the race, but David outsprinted the other guy at the end. I found it hard to believe that anyone could outrun this Cocoa Beach dude because he was so hyper. If he ran anything like he talked, he'd be a state champ. He said, "You remember that race, man? That was some tough race. Fucking crazy, man."

David said, "Yeah, it was close."

"Listen to you: 'It was close,' like it was nothing," the runner guy said. "That was a tough race. I'm gonna beat you next year. I'm gonna train from now until then and you can try to run with me but you won't have a chance and just to make sure I'm gonna start feeding you beer right now." He started to walk away, but two steps into it, he turned back and waved for us to follow him. "Come on, fellas. The keg's this way."

PUCKER UP, LITTLE CAMPER

BY SEAN CARSWELL

David caught up to him and they talked more about running. I followed one step behind, looking around for Kelly and wondering what had gotten into David. He was never this social.

We hung out and chatted with the runner guy for a while. He talked like mad and David kept up with him. I spaced out on the conversation a few times. For one thing, I'd had to work that day, picking up construction trash and hauling it to the dump. That's what I did for most of the summer. It paid for the gas in my truck and school clothes and what not, and I was also saving up money to have my truck painted, because the original bed had rusted through, so I'd bought a new bed from the junkyard, but the new truck bed was black and the rest of the truck was brown, except for the front fender, which I'd also gotten from the junkyard, and it was white. Anyway, I'd been out in the sun, lifting trash, loading it into my truck and a trailer, driving out to the dump, driving back, thinking about seeing Kelly again and wondering how it would all go down. I was kinda glad that David and the other dude were doing enough socializing so that I could just stand there and feel the breeze off the nearby ocean and wonder where Kelly was.

I did this for a while. David didn't talk to the runner guy that whole time. He met some of the runner guy's friends and made friends with them and they introduced us to other groups of people. It was like David was a new person. He was funny in a happy way.

In the meantime, more and more people started to show up to the party. It overflowed out onto the front yard and into the street. One keg dried up and some guys passed a hat and intimidated enough people to fill up the hat with money. They took the money and came back with three more kegs. Two of them were dry within thirty minutes. The hat went around again. The guys took off again. More beer was purchased. I didn't have to know anyone at this party to know that it was gonna get ugly early.

After we'd been at the party for about an hour, Kelly showed up. She did have a friend. The friend was a girl and she was good looking. Kelly and her friend walked right up to David and I just as David finished telling a group of strangers a joke about an ant and an elephant. Damn, I thought, that worked out well for David. The first impression this girl would have of him was of him making everyone laugh. I kinda wished it had been me telling that joke and making that good impression on Kelly instead of just standing around, tired from picking up trash and daydreaming. I said hi to Kelly and she introduced me to her friend Tara. Tara shook my hand and introduced herself to David. He just said, "I'm David." She said, "That's a nice name." And just as she said it, these two fat, offensive linemen types behind David started wrestling with each other. They locked up and twisted and slid and crashed right into David's back. He stumbled forward into Tara and would've knocked her over but he recovered in time to catch her as she fell. It couldn't have worked out better for him. I could see it.

Damn, I thought, I wish someone had knocked me into Kelly and I could've knocked her halfway over and saved her from falling and become a hero.

Instead, in a much less cool encore, a drunk girl ran through a few groups of people, pushed her way between Kelly and me, and started puking into an azalea bush right behind us. Kelly said, "Maybe the four of us should get out of here."

It was a pretty easy sell.

Kelly and Tara wanted to go to this joint called Herbie K's. It was one of those retro-fifties diners that charged double what a normal diner would and made the waitresses hula hoop and always stayed packed with tourists. David and I agreed to go because we wanted to be anywhere Kelly and Tara were.

I rode with Kelly and let David drive my truck, partly so I could get some time alone with Kelly and partly so that I could separate myself from my brown truck with the black bed and the white fender. It worked out for David, too, because that old trash hauling Datsun pickup was better than the vehicle he had, which was none.

Kelly had a little Toyota sedan. It wasn't too fancy but everything inside it looked new and shiny and it had only 27,000 miles on it, which was about 150,000 fewer than my truck had. The inside of the Toyota smelled like spearmint gum. Kelly offered me a piece. I hated gum because I figured that, if I was gonna do all that work chewing, I'd want some food to end up in my belly. But I took the gum anyway, just in case it was a hint. Kelly took a piece, too. She put it in between her lips, which were glazed with pink lip gloss. I couldn't take my eyes off of those lips. Kelly said, "I think Tara likes your friend."

I said, "Uh huh," because I didn't want to talk about that. I wanted to talk about me and Kelly.

"What's his name again?" Kelly asked.

"David."

"Just David?"

"He doesn't like to go by Dave," I said. "He says that all the Daves he knows are assholes."

Kelly chewed her gum a little as she thought about this. I glanced over my shoulder to make sure the black, white, and brown truck was okay. David and Tara were right behind us. Everything seemed in order. Their heads and hands were moving and the truck stayed between the white line on the right and the dotted white line on the left.

Kelly stretched out her fingers. Only the palms of her hands were on the steering wheel. Her fingernails were long. They were painted the same shade of pink as her lip gloss. She gripped the steering wheel again. "Well, maybe you and me and David and Tara can double date sometime."

This was more like what I wanted to hear, so I loosened up a little.

Herbie K's wasn't really too bad. There was an empty booth for the four of us and I got to sit on the same side of the booth as Kelly and I could smell the artificial strawberry scent of the shampoo that she washed her hair with. David and Tara seemed to be getting chummy, which was cool because that meant that we could have two conversations going on in the booth. I got a chance to talk to Kelly about music. She was really into New Wave still, even though most people had gotten past that a few years earlier. Kelly didn't give up on it, though. She still all of her Devo cassettes and her Elvis Costello cassettes. She even had the Vapors record LP not 45 and the Go Go's first record. She listened to them all the time and loved them. I teased her about it, but really, it was way better than my last girlfriend who only owned one cassette and it was the Dirty Dancing soundtrack. I asked her if she liked the Ramones, and she said they were

PUCKER UP, LITTLE CAMPER

BY SEAN CARSWELL

just okay, which, again, wasn't great but was better than my last girlfriend who said that the Ramones looked like cavemen in leather jackets. So things were looking promising on my side of the booth. I wasn't paying much attention to David and Tara's side of the booth, but there did seem to be plenty of giggling going on there.

After about fifteen minutes, our order came. We'd just ordered french fries and sodas, mostly because I knew that David didn't have a job so he wouldn't have any money to pony up, and we couldn't ask the girls to chip in. So I faked like I wasn't really hungry and just wanted fries, and everyone agreed. Anyway, the food came. We all ate a little and chatted with each other a little, except for David, who really dug into the fries. Kelly said, "David, do you have any brothers?" David nodded and chewed on a mouthful of fries. Kelly said, "That's what I thought. Whenever there's more than one boy in the family, all the boys learn to eat, like, super fast."

This slowed David down. He said, "I have five brothers."

Tara said, "Wow! Five?"

"I have two sisters, too. And another sister's on the way," David said.

"Eight kids already and you're mom's pregnant with another one?" Kelly asked.

"Yeah," David said, grabbing a handful of fries. "I guess she hasn't figured out what causes that."

Kelly and Tara laughed, but I was too stunned that David was stealing my joke. Not only stealing it, but getting a laugh out of it when all I got out of it was a "fuck you." I looked at David with a big smile on his face and a clump of fries in his hand and curly-haired Cocoa Beach girl sitting next to him, and it finally occurred to me what was going on here. For one of the rare times in his life, he wasn't a dickgrabber. He was just a David. A David like the guy who slayed Goliath. Or a David like a good, normal American kid who ran cross country and won sometimes and made friends easily and had fun at parties and went to retro-fifties diners and made pretty girls laugh and didn't grab his dick any more than anyone else who had a dick to grab. It had taken me all night to figure out what was different about him, and I finally realized that the electric fence was down. I felt a little pride for the guy.

That pride lasted about twenty seconds, and then turned to shit when Billy and Darren walked into Herbie K's.

A year earlier, Billy probably would've been hanging out with me. At least he would've been one of the geeky surfer guys who said all the wrong things and bumbled through trying to flirt with Kelly on the beach that one evening. But during the summer between our sophomore and junior years, Billy had decided to go out for the high school football team. Since he sucked at football but was really tall, he started taking a lot of steroids. The more he took, the less his old friends hung out with him and the more time he spent with other roid boys and bullies like Darren.

Billy and Darren walked down the aisle between Herbie K booths and saw David and me and two pretty Cocoa Beach girls. Apparently, Billy and Darren didn't think it was fair that they'd done all the weightlifting and suffered through all those football practices just to get girls and they didn't have dates, but a couple of goofy guys like me and David got to hang out with Kelly and Tara. The roid boys stepped up to our table, looked at David, and said, "What's going on there, Dickgrabber?"

David looked at me. Billy and Darren and Kelly and Tara all looked at David. I looked at everyone but him. Tara wrinkled her forehead in that unspoken question: why are they calling you a dickgrabber? Billy and Darren leaned down on the linoleum-topped diner table. The basket of fries slid down towards them. I grabbed the basket and pushed it down by the condiments. Everything was silent around our table except for the jukebox playing Sam Cooke's "Twistin' the Night Away." David's silence surprised me because usually he wouldn't put up with this shit. Usually, he jumped right back at guys like Billy and Darren, because one thing about being named Dickgraber is you get a lot of opportunities to learn how to fight. David had learned well. But, on this night, David didn't fight at all. Maybe he felt like he'd already lost.

Billy stood up and folded his arms to make them look bigger. He wore a white t-shirt that was two sizes too small. He said to Kelly and Tara, "Which one of you are dating the Dickgrabber?"

They didn't know how to respond. Darren let out a goofy, awkward laugh. I said, "Hey Billy, are your balls still shrinking?"

"What the fuck did you say?" Darren asked, leaning in close to me.

I didn't shy away. Not because I was especially brave. I wasn't. I'd just noticed that two cops were sitting at the counter, about twenty feet in front of me. I'd also smelled all the booze on the roid boys. I knew that Billy and Darren wouldn't fight me when the cops were that close and it would be that easy for the cops to run the roid boys in for underage drinking. So I said, "Remember, Billy? You told me last summer that the steroids were shrinking your balls."

"Fuck you," Billy said. It was loud enough to turn a few heads around us. The cops were watching us closely. This made me even more arrogant.

Darren leaned in so that his face was only a couple of inches from mine. I leaned back in the booth and said, "Are your balls shrinking, too, Darren?"

Billy pulled on Darren's shirt. Darren stood up. "You're dead," he said to me. "And you, too, Dickgrabber." Darren grabbed a couple of fries and threw them at David. Billy started to walk past the cops and out of the diner. Darren turned, too, and started to leave, but not without saying to the girls, "I hope you don't fuck these losers."

What happened next happened as predictably as you'd imagine. The girls asked what it was all about and David explained his last name to them and Tara acted like it didn't matter but her face told another story and she suddenly claimed to have a curfew that was only a half-hour away and she really had to get home before she got grounded. Kelly was full of shrugs and sorries, but we got the bill and I paid and we got out of there pretty quickly. Kelly asked me to call her. I promised I would. Tara gave David a phone number. It may have been her real number, but I knew David and knew that look of pain in his face and knew he wouldn't call. The girls took off in their shiny little Toyota and David and I got back into the junkyard Datsun pickup and headed back for the island.

PUCKER UP, LITTLE CAMPER

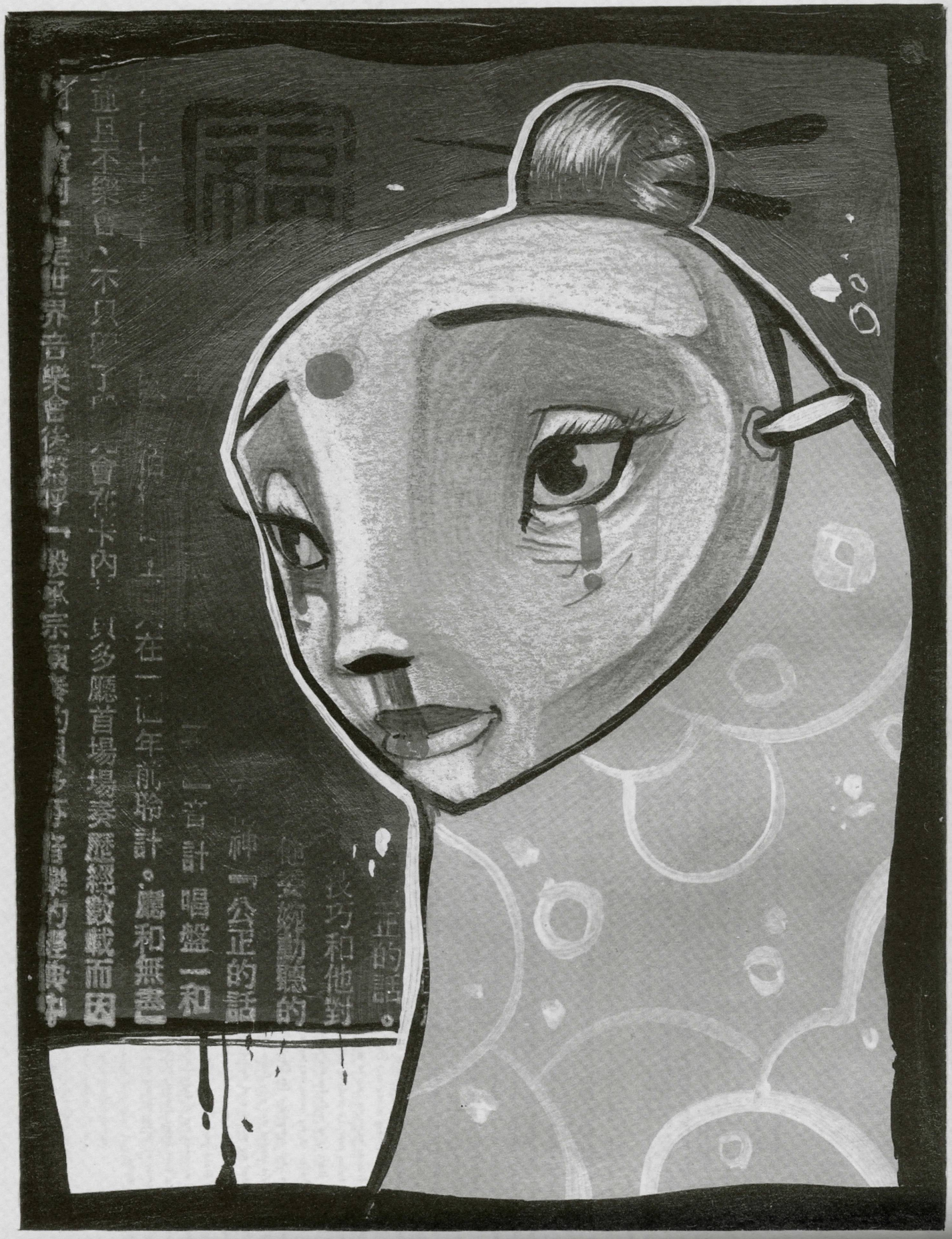
BY SEAN CARSWELL

I drove out of Cocoa Beach in silence, but by the time I crossed the bridge over the Banana River, the silence hung too heavy and I wanted to break it up. I said to David, "The worst thing about it is that no one ever says anything funny when they make fun of your name. Like, if your name was David Sphincter, the bullies could say, 'Ah, pucker up, little camper.' But there's no joke that you can make about Dickgrabber other than," I dropped into my best Neanderthal voice, "huh-huh, you grab dicks, huh-huh."

David didn't say anything. I looked over at him. He stared out the window of the truck. He was grinding his teeth. A little muscle on his jaw popped up and down as he did this. He stopped grinding long enough to mumble, "Not now."

And I was left with nothing to say to him. We'd already talked about it all: about the lack of original dickgrabber jokes; about the cruel bastards at Ellis Island who would prey on illiterate immigrants by taking a perfectly normal name like David's ancestors had and turning it into Dickgraber. We'd talked about it being a silly thing to be made fun of for because, shit, everyone who has a dick grabs it. We'd talked about him turning eighteen and being old enough to change his name, but he didn't want to change his name because, goddamn it, it was his name and a name change would be a slap in the face to his mother and father and five brothers and two sisters and one little sister brewing in his mom's belly. I'd gone through all the conversations with David and he'd gone through them even more times with more people and beating it into the ground wasn't going to do anyone any good. And I thought, if David were black and Billy and Darren had attacked him for that, at least David would have black friends who had had to deal with similar shit and could empathize with him. Or if they'd attacked him for being poor, he could've talked to me about it and I would've known exactly where he was coming from. But there is no unfortunate-name support group. And I couldn't possibly know what was going on with the guy. After all, my name was as normal as could be. No one would ever make fun of me for it. All I could do was have sympathy for David. Even my sympathy sucked because it was more like pity, and the last thing David needed was pity from a guy in a junkyard truck who spent his days hauling trash to the dump. So I just kept my mouth shut and drove the rest of the way back to the Dickgraber residence.

As I dropped David off, he mumbled something like, "Thanks for driving." He got out of the truck and opened the fence into his front yard. I knew he'd rally in a few days. He'd be back to his normal self: cynical and tough and ready to kick anyone's ass if they fucked with him. In a few days, he'd take care of Billy and Darren on his own terms. For the time being, though, the guy was just so bummed, and I didn't know what to do. So I left him there, with his family of dickgrabbers and their search for a way to take on a world hell bent on finding any excuse to drag a person down.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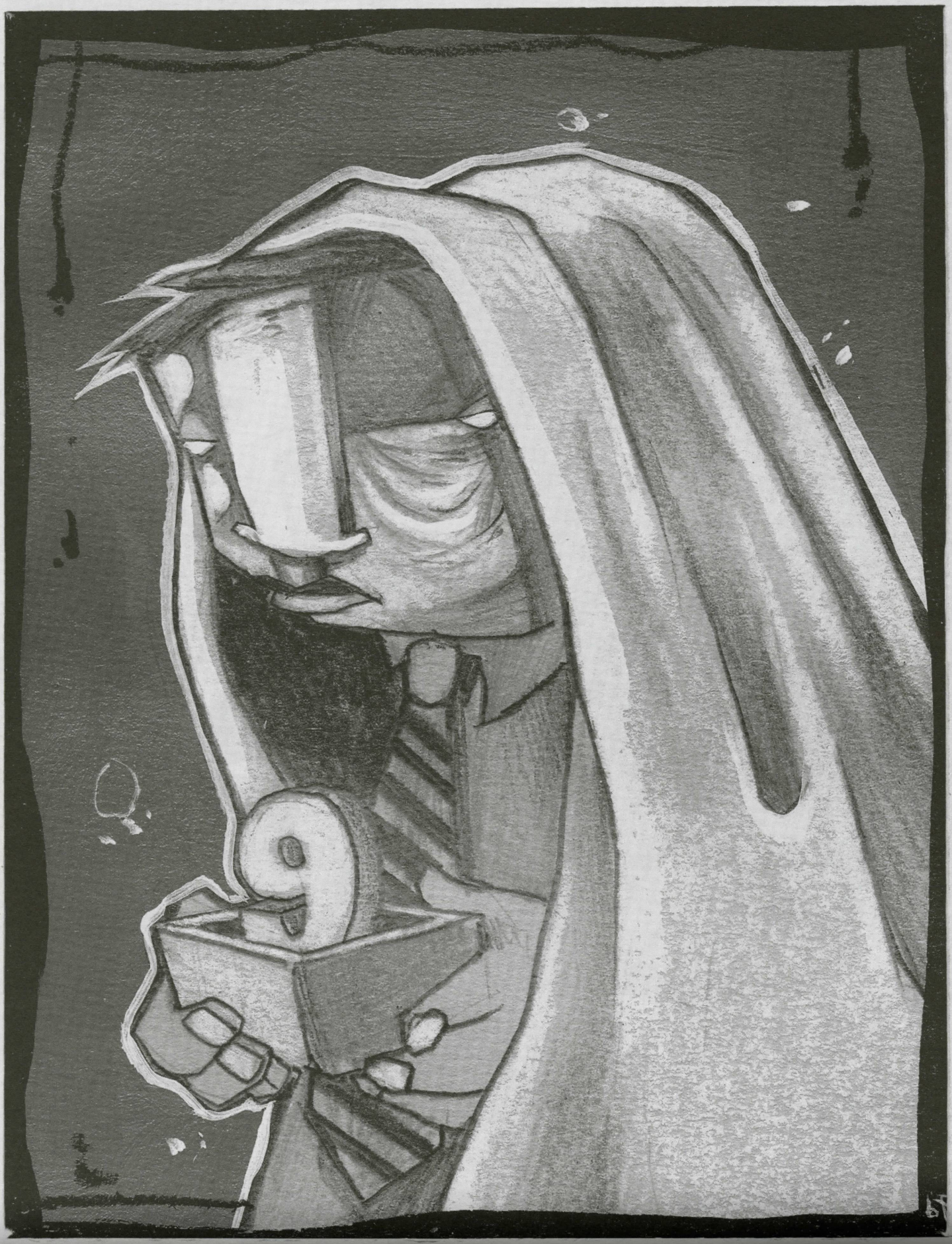
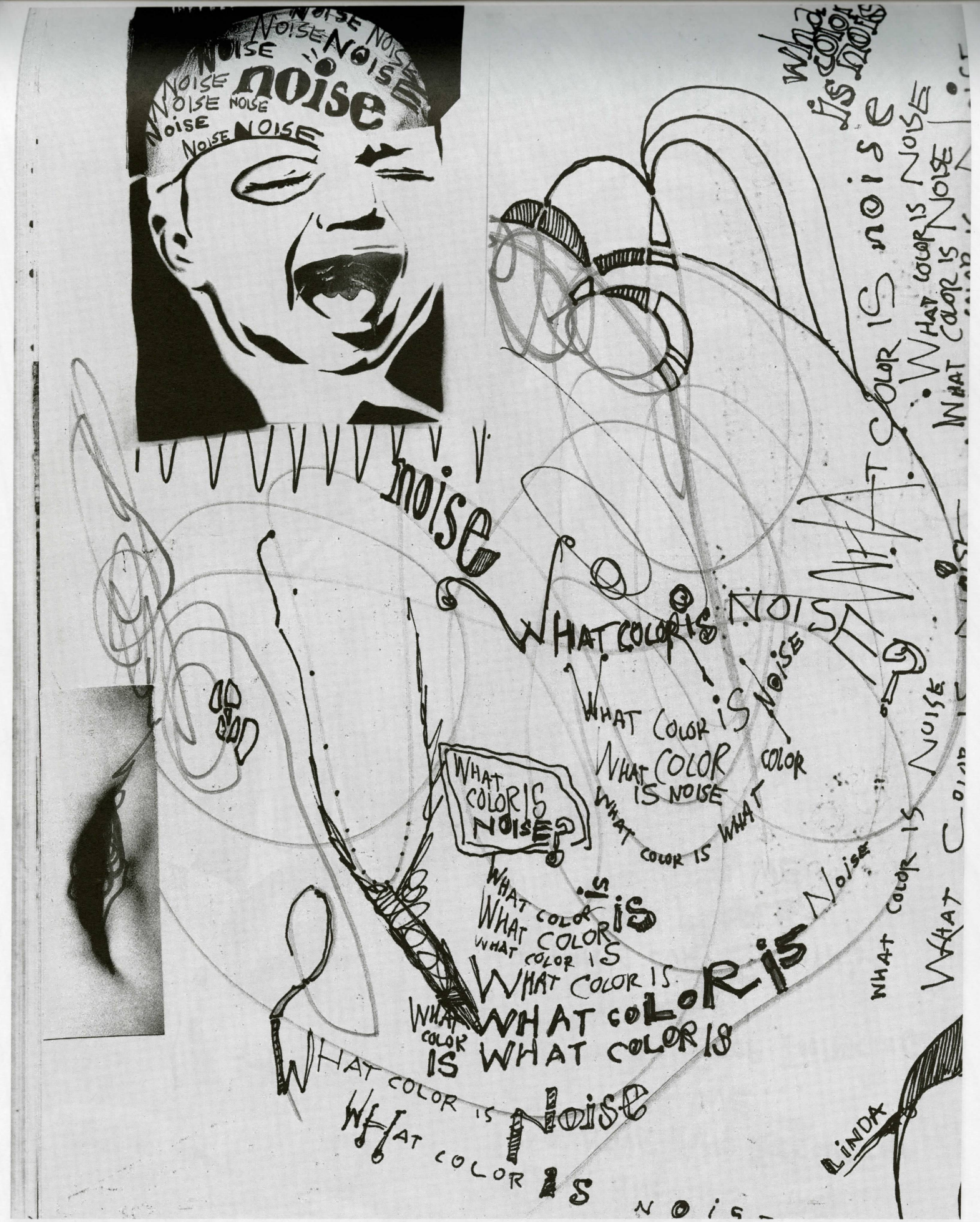
正的話。
技巧和他對
他要辦動聽的
神」公正的話
一首計喝盤一和
在一二年前聆計。應和無數
演出不樂會、不只的了。會在卡內
以多應首場場表歷經數載而因
界音樂會後都呼「股承宗寶的多事音樂的感典




noise
WHAT COLOR IS NOISE
WHAT COLOR IS Noise
WHAT COLOR IS
WHAT COLOR IS NOISE
WHAT COLOR IS WHAT
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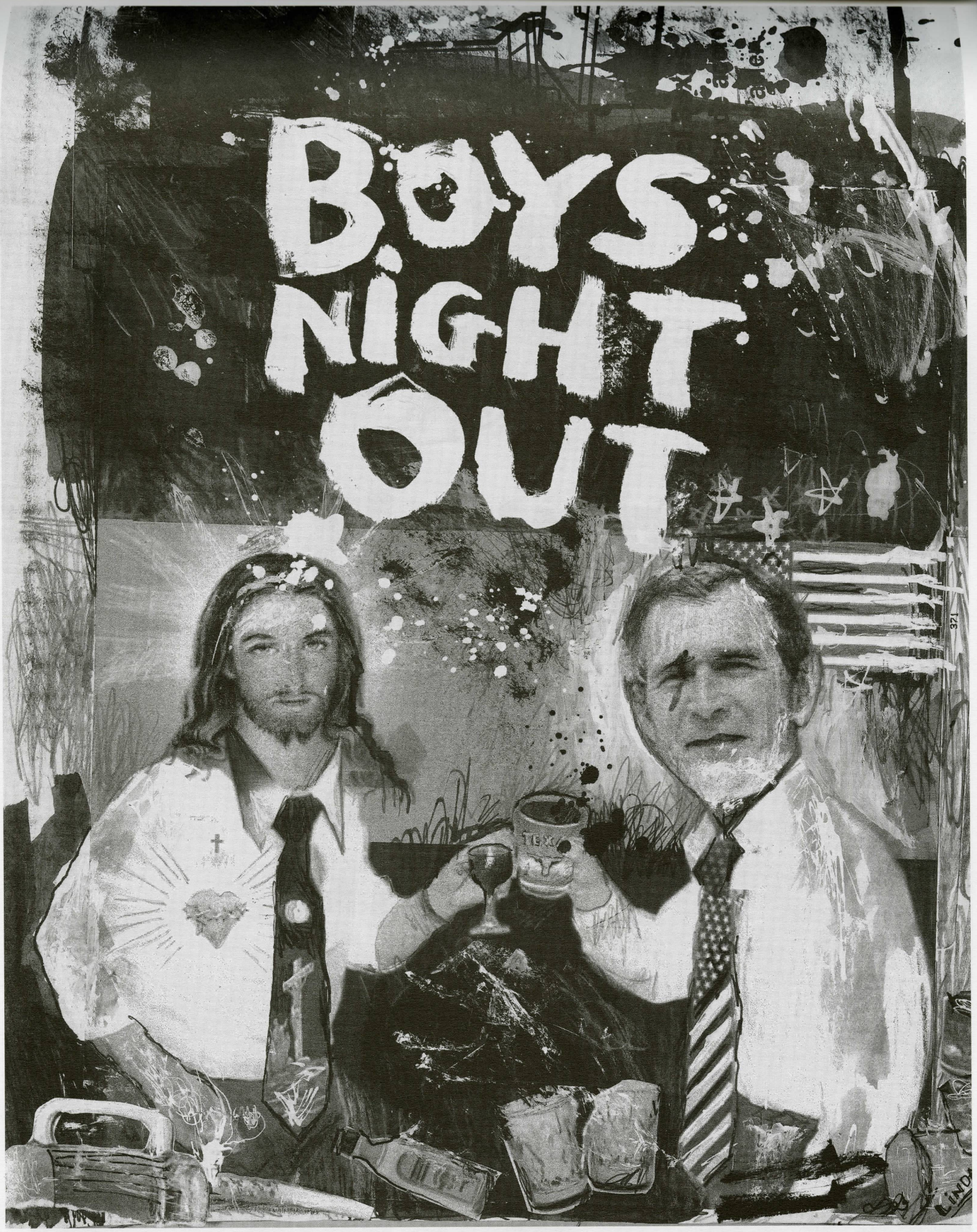
WHAT COLOR IS

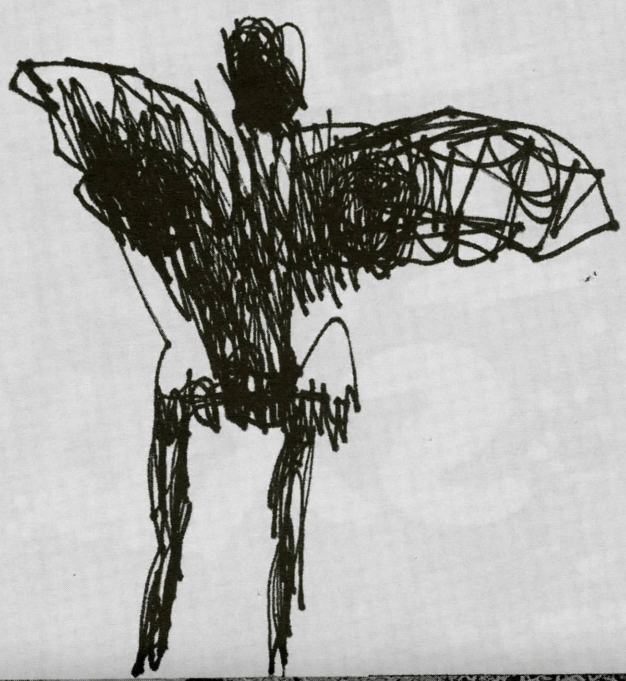
"OUR ENEMIES ARE INNOVATIVE AND RESOURCEFUL AND SO ARE WE... THEY NEVER STOP THINKING ABOUT NEW WAYS TO HARM OUR COUNTRY AND OUR PEOPLE- AND NEITHER DO WE"

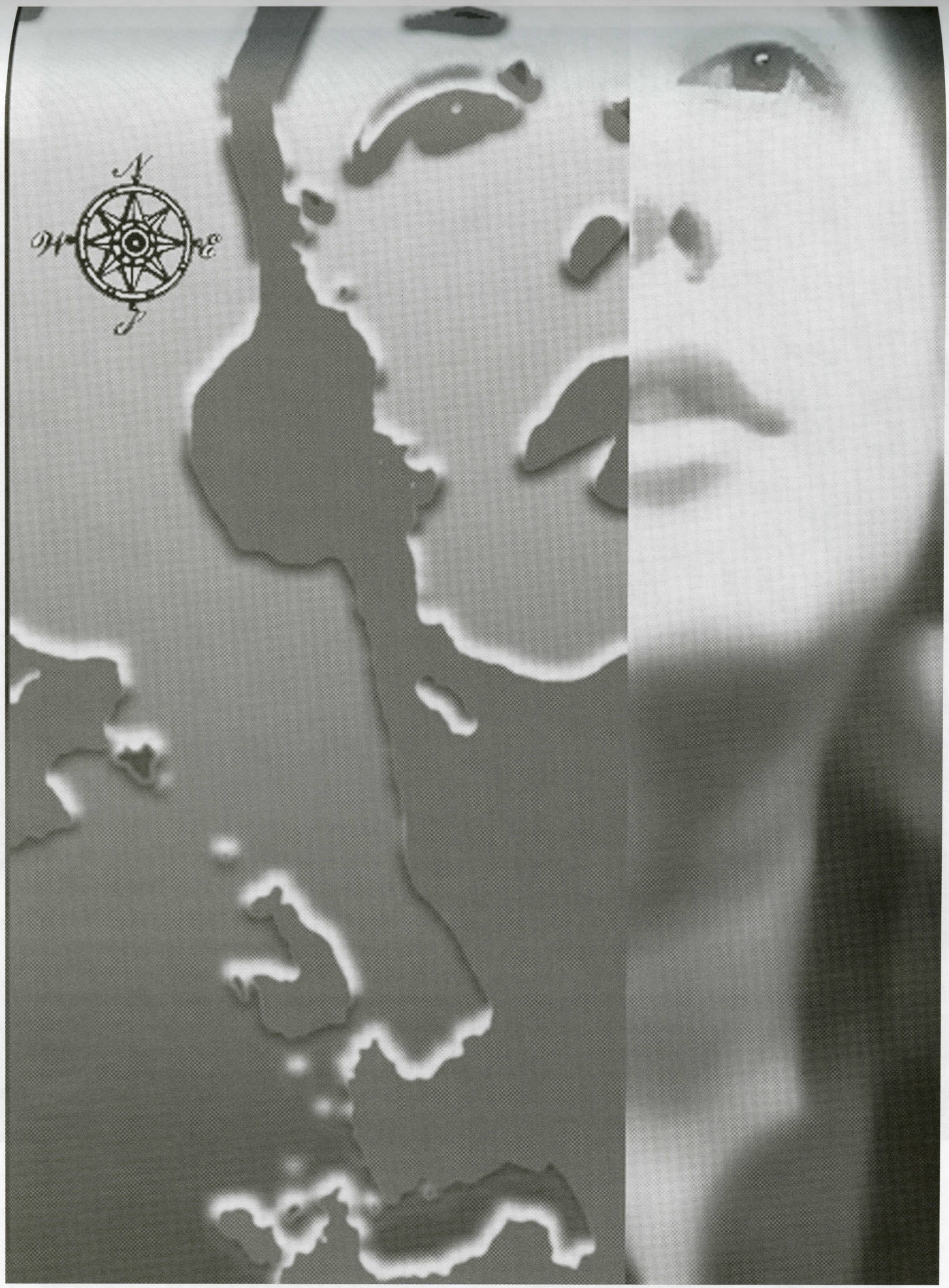
GWB AUGUST, 6 2004


BOYS
NIGHT
OUT

HOME
IS EARTH

RACE IS
~~HUMAN~~

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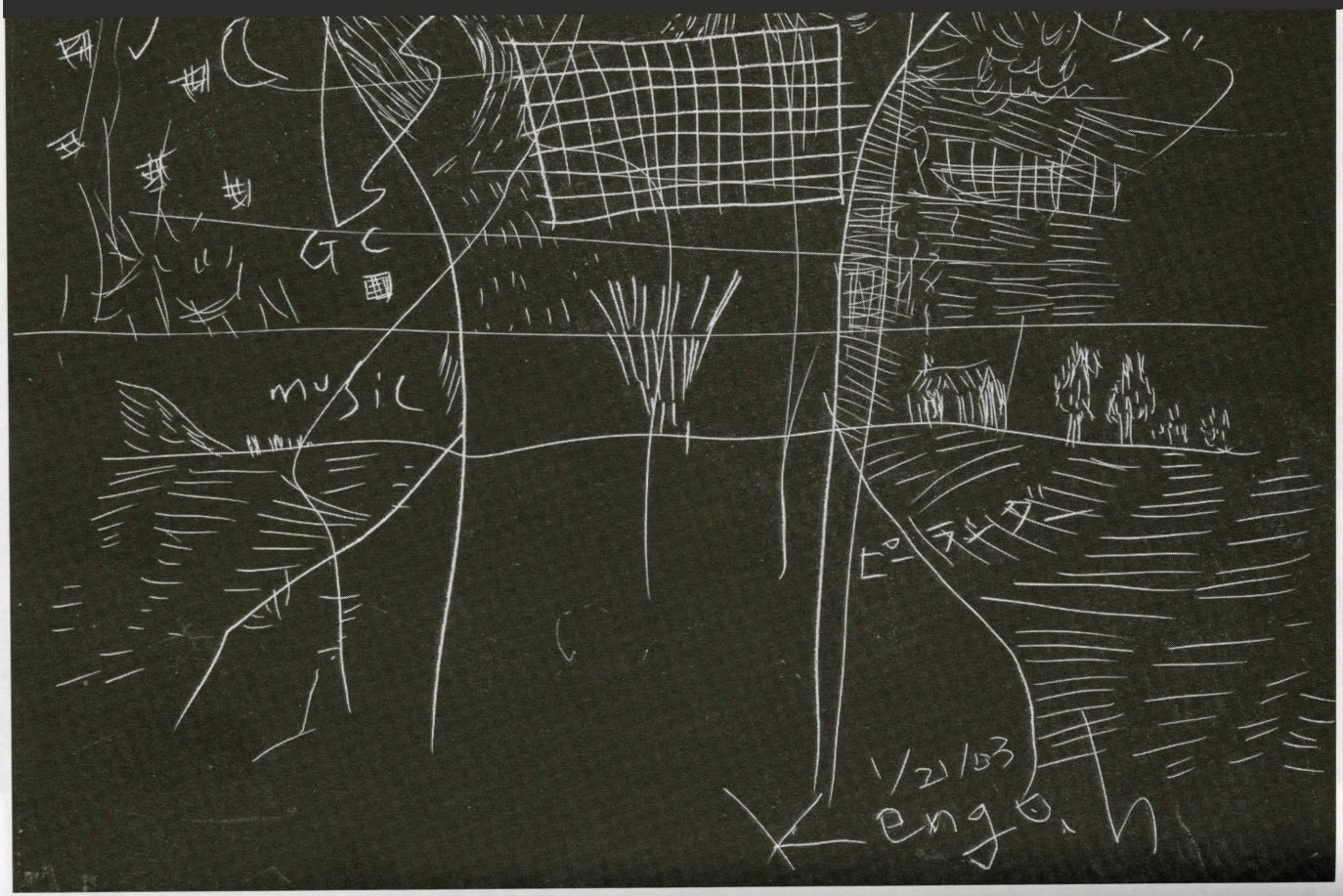
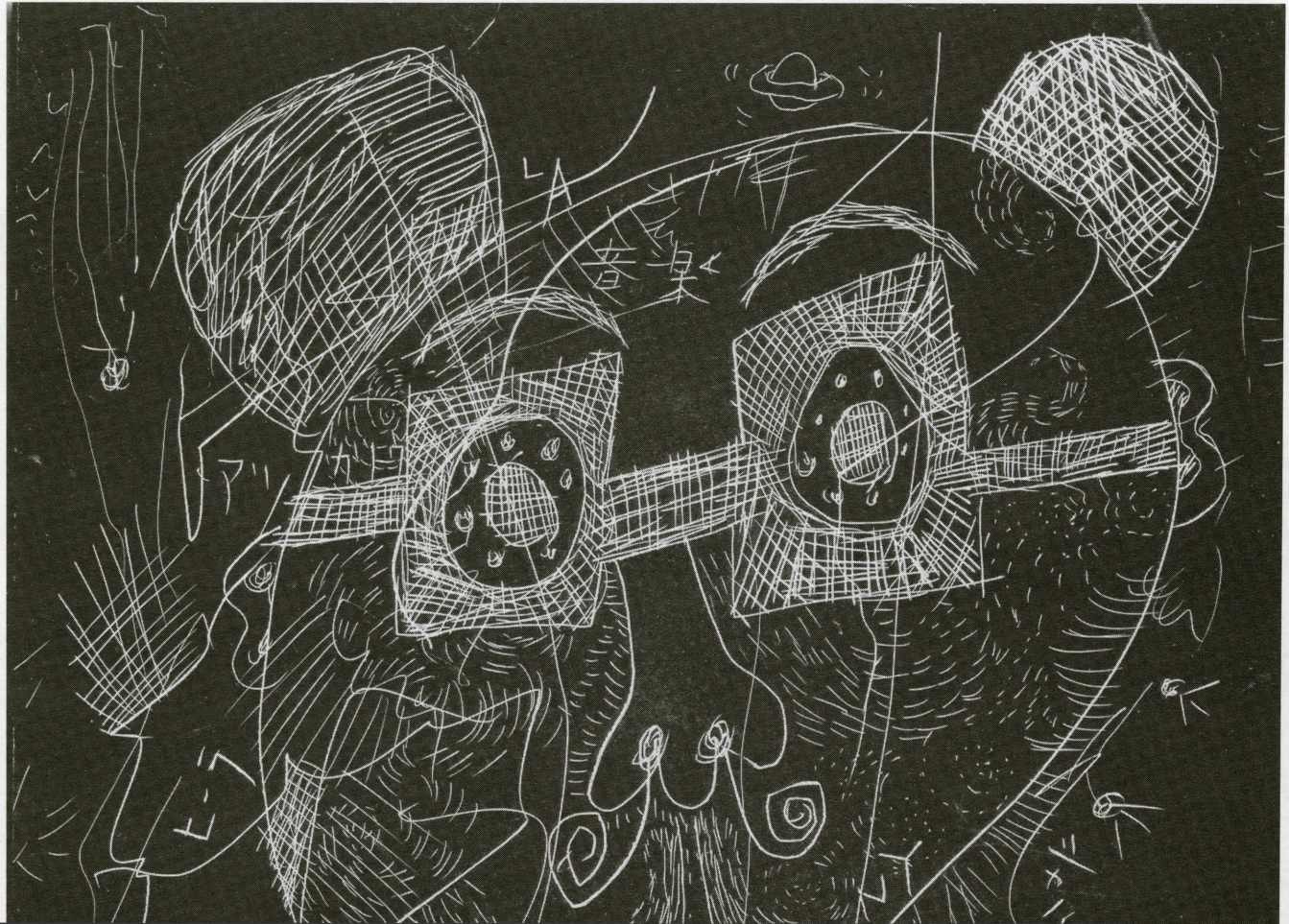
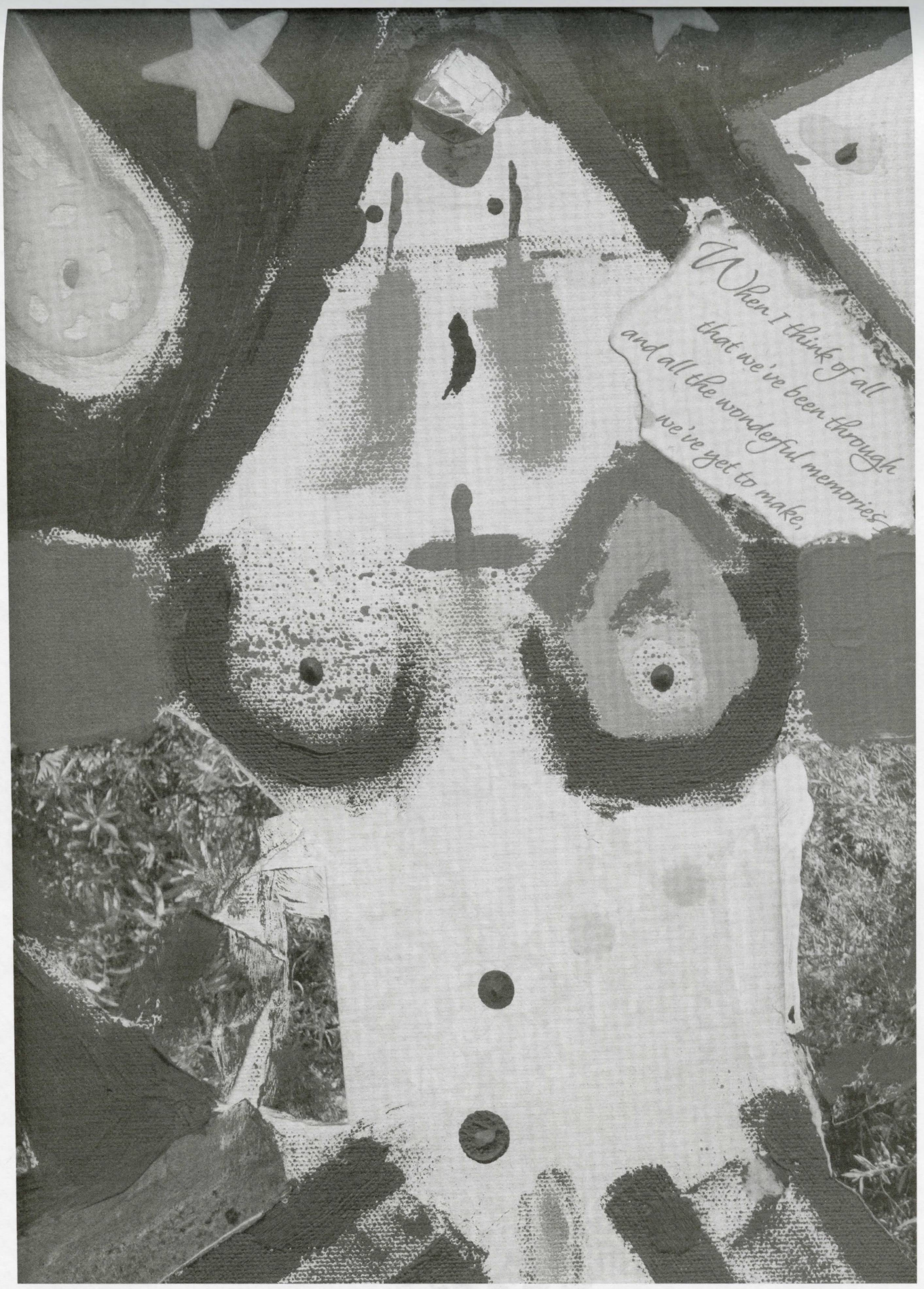
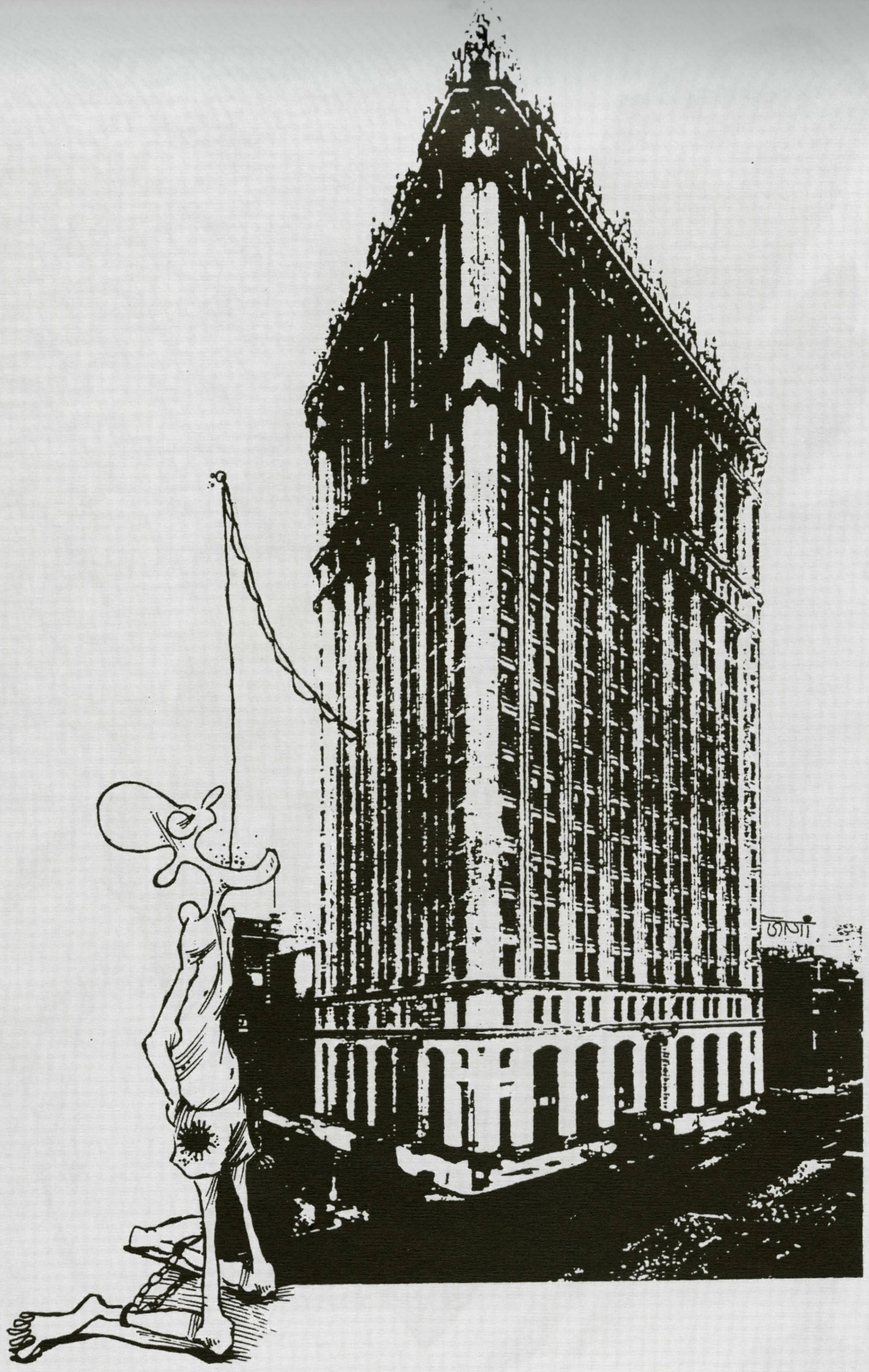

GC
music
1/21/03
engo.



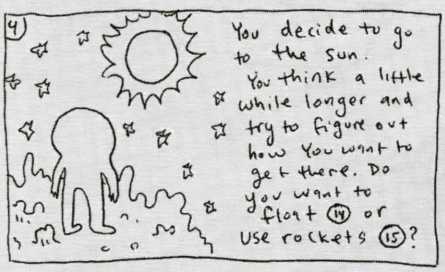

When I think of all
that we've been through
and all the wonderful memories
we've yet to make,

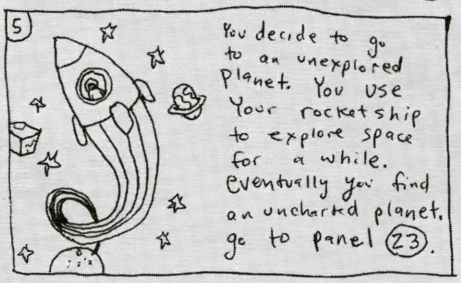


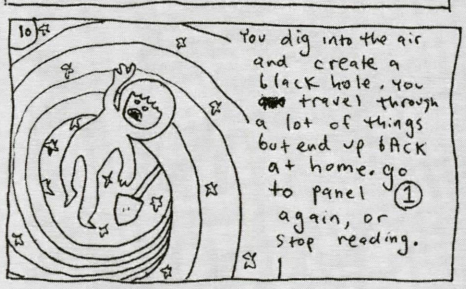
ZARGARI

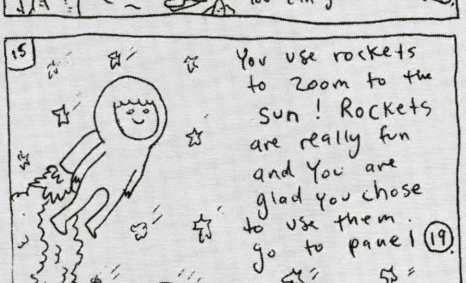
ADVENTURES IN SPACE

by Pat McHale. To read this comic go to the first panel and follow the numbers depending on what you want to do.



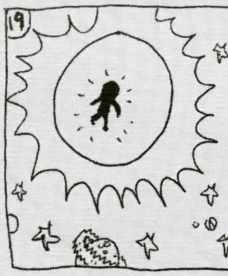






Page two of ADVENTURES IN SPACE

19



You shoot right through the sun when you get there and get sucked into a great black void. You don't exist anymore.

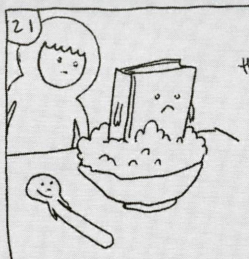
20

You keep the book.

You become the best at reading.

the end.

21



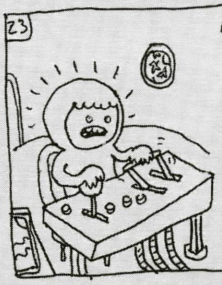
You don't keep the book. You put it back in your oatmeal to find later. go back to (16).

22

It turns out the sun is actually a big flower. You decide to live there and eat the pollen.

the end.

23



As you are preparing to land, your ship malfunctions! oh no! what do you do?! You could attempt to land it safely (24) or you could eject from your ship (25).

24

You land your ship successfully onto the planet. You explore a bit and soon you realize that this planet is exactly like your own. Even your house is here. You decide to think of something to do (2).

25

You eject and drift into space. eventually you reach one of the uncharted planets moons. Do you want to write your name in the sand (26) or explore (27)?

26

You decide to write your name in the sand. Go for it! write your name in the blank space on the moon. Everyone will know it is yours. the end.

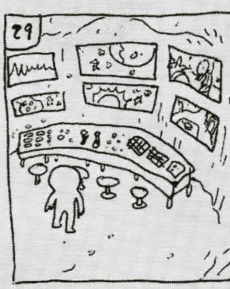
27

You look around a while and don't find anything else around. You think maybe there is something in one of the craters, so you begin to climb down into one of them (28).

28

You discover a hidden chamber in the moon. inside you find a mysterious door and a strange device laying on a table. do you use the door (29) or device (30).

29



You go through the door and find yourself in a control room of some sort. Do you want to push a button (34) or pull a lever (35)?

30

The device is a tracking device and it leads you through a secret passageway and into a dungeon. in the dungeon you find creatures chained up. go to panel (31).

31

if you want to let these creatures go, go to (32). if you want to pretend you were never here, go to panel (33).

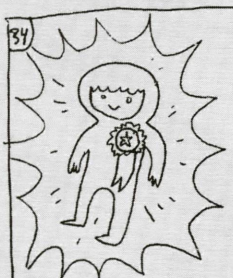
32

You let them go. they grab you and growl because they are monsters. eventually they eat you. the end.

33

As you leave you bump into a scientist. He tries to grab you but you slip past him and make your way to the mysterious door - (29).

34

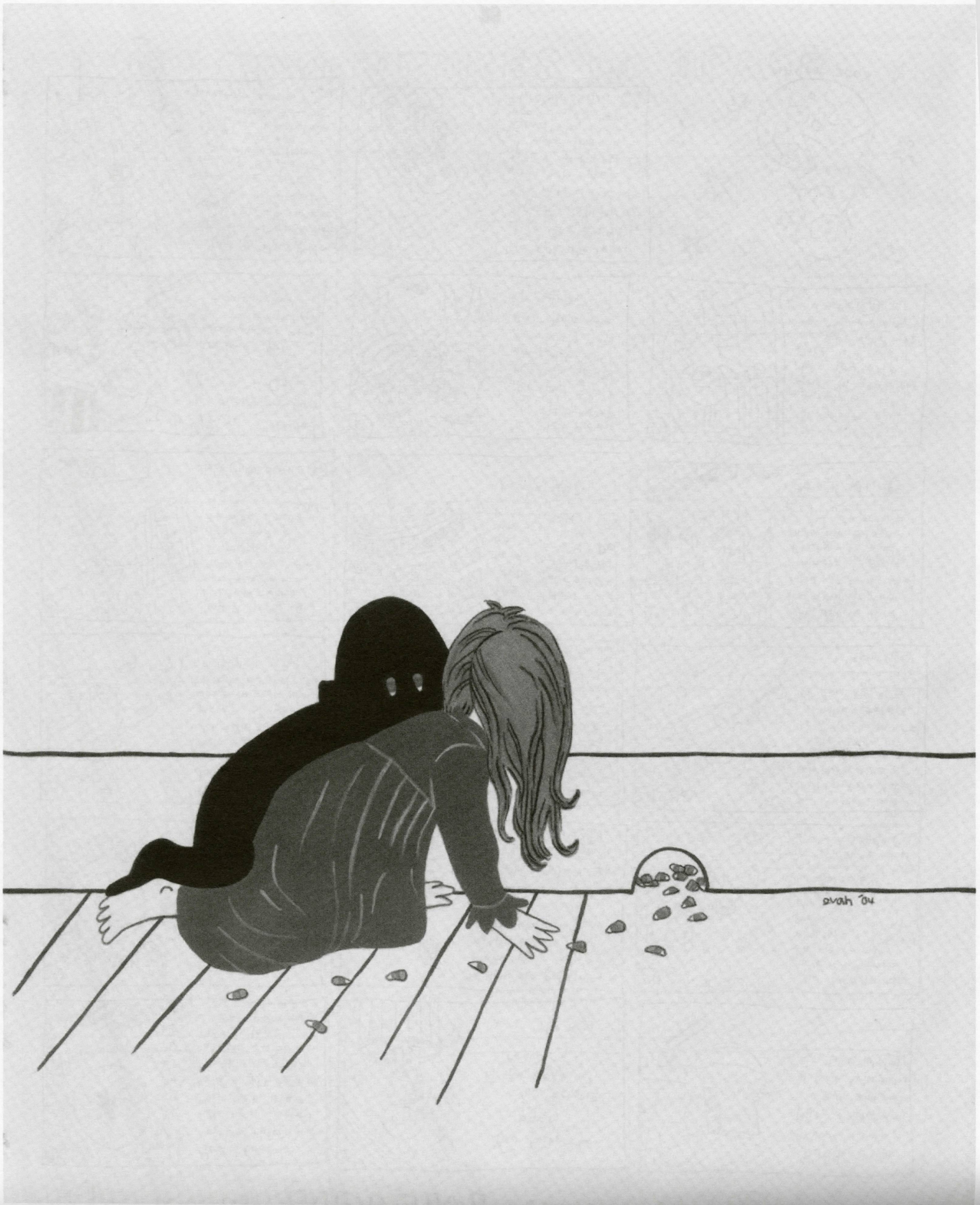


You push a button. an alarm goes off and soon on one of the screens, you see the space police come to the moon. there is an evil med scientest here who is arrested. You are given an award. the end.

35

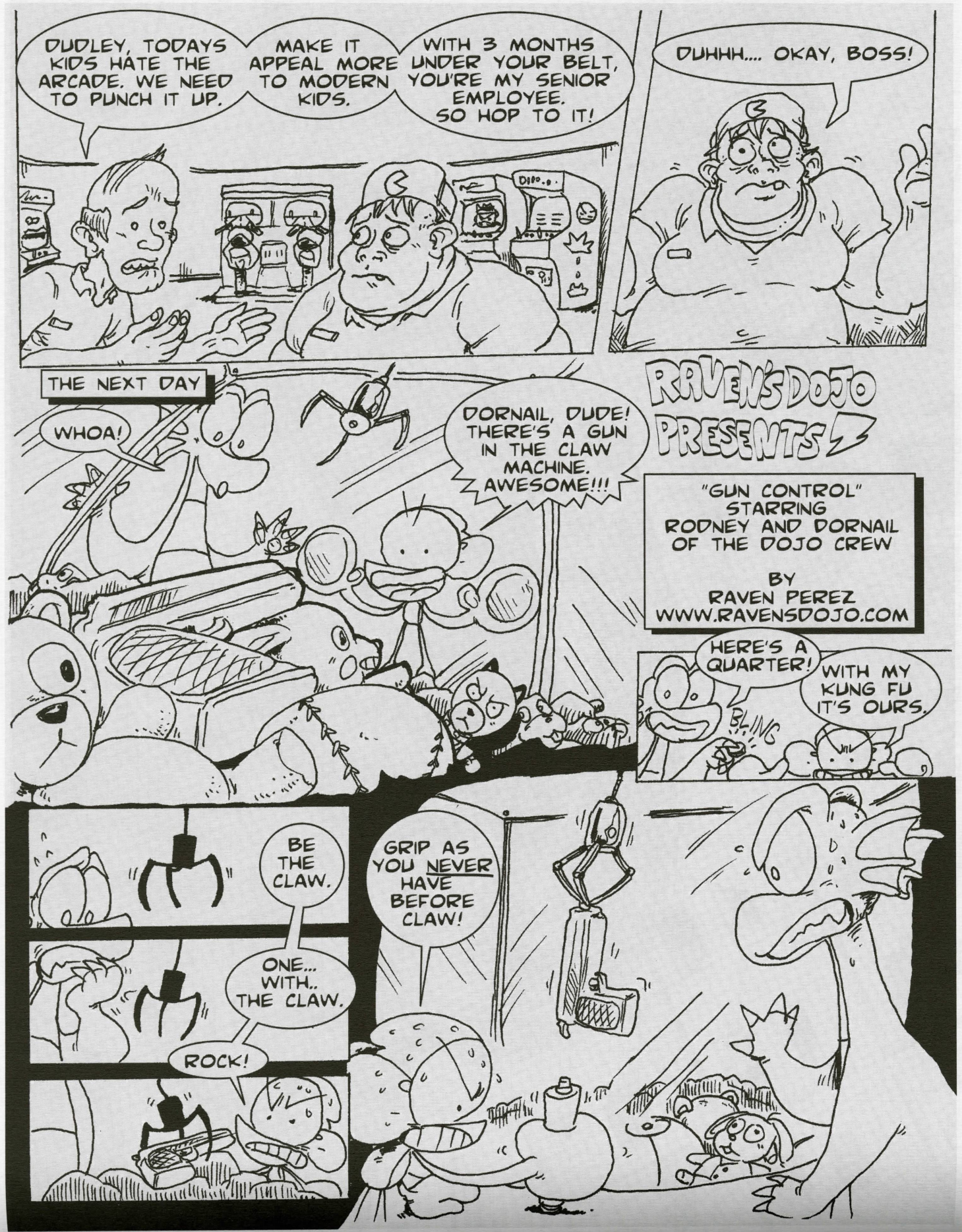
You pull the lever. it is the X-ray lever. It turns you into an X-ray monster. You spend the rest of your life wandering the moon with see-through skin. the end.

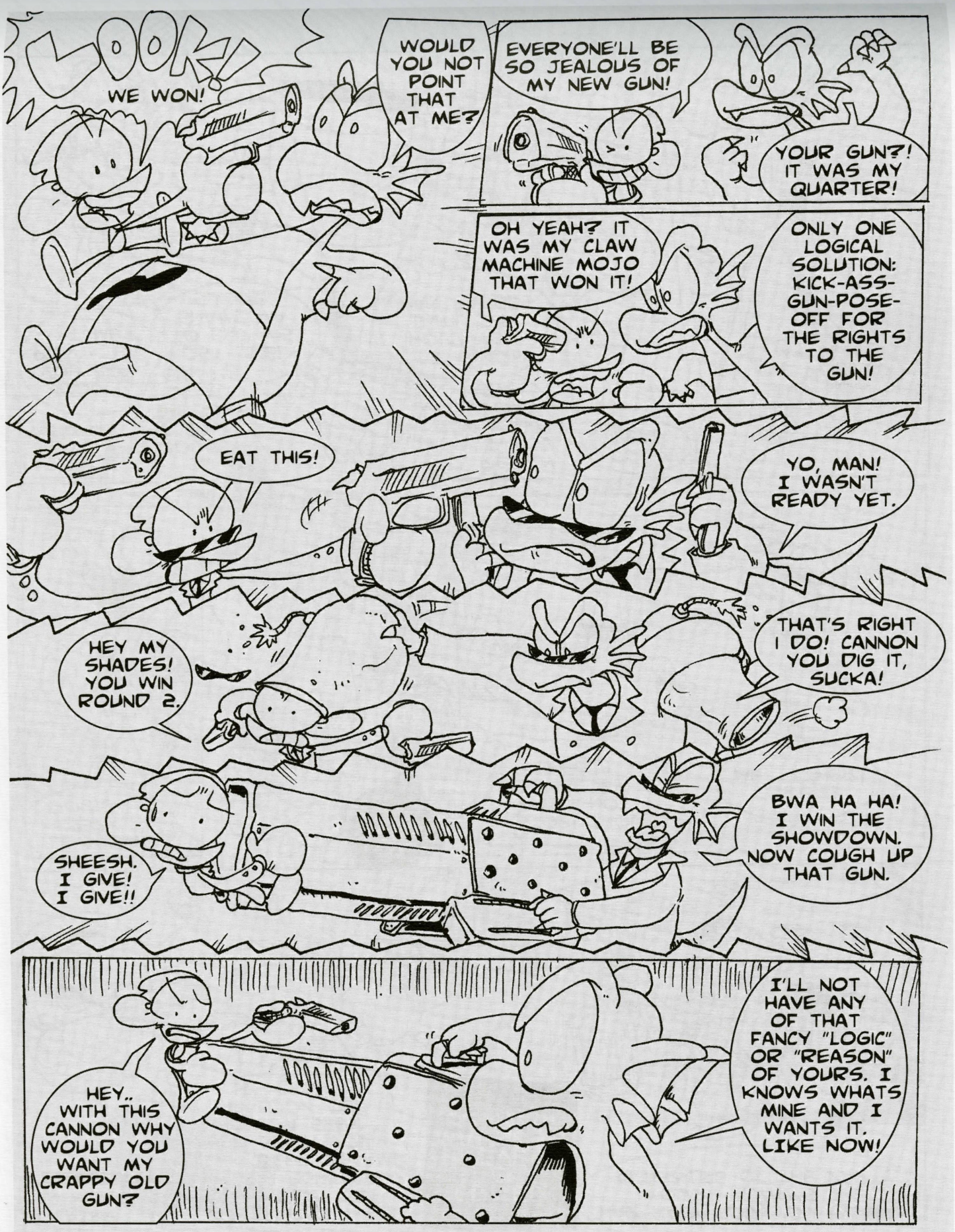
MARCH 2005

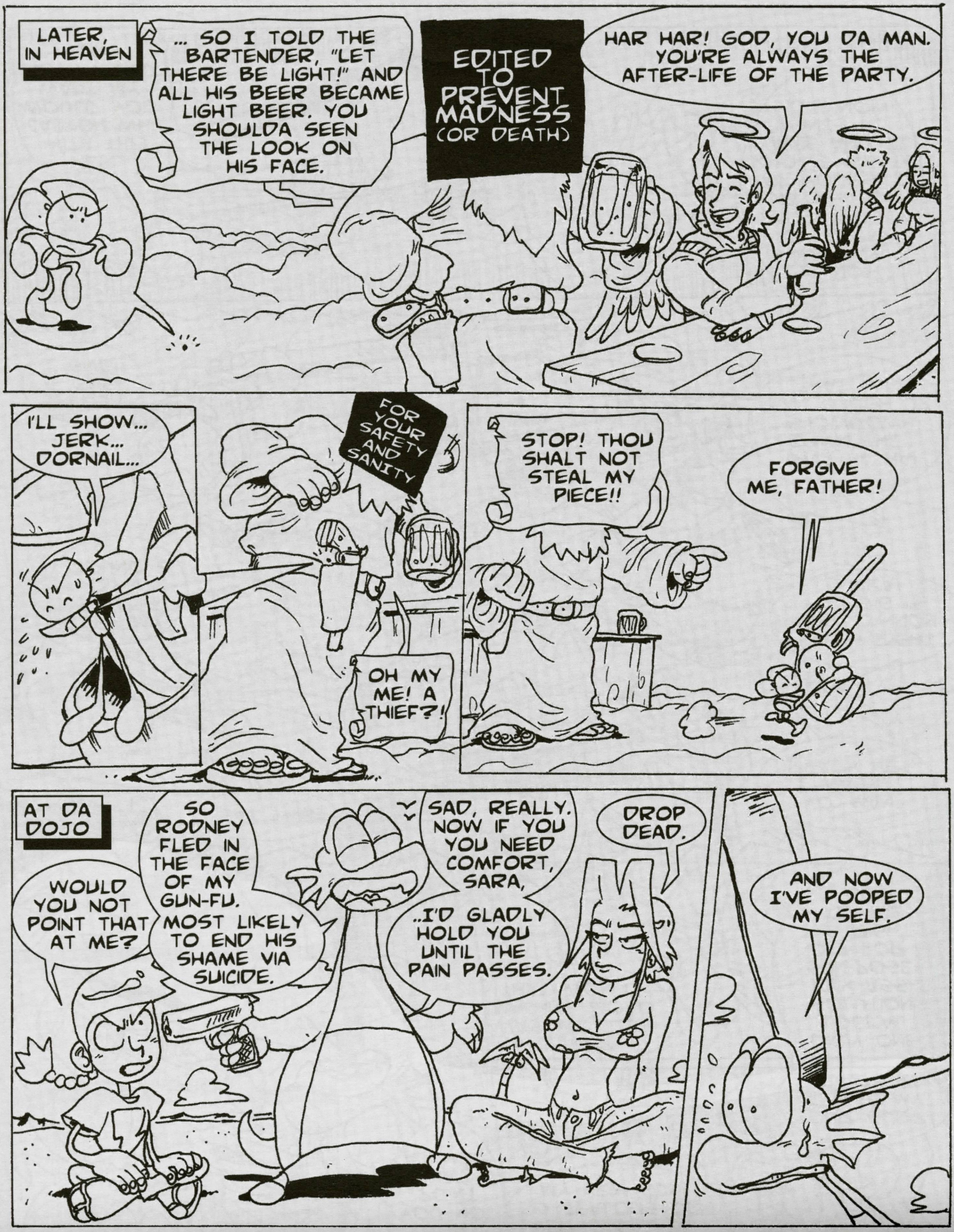


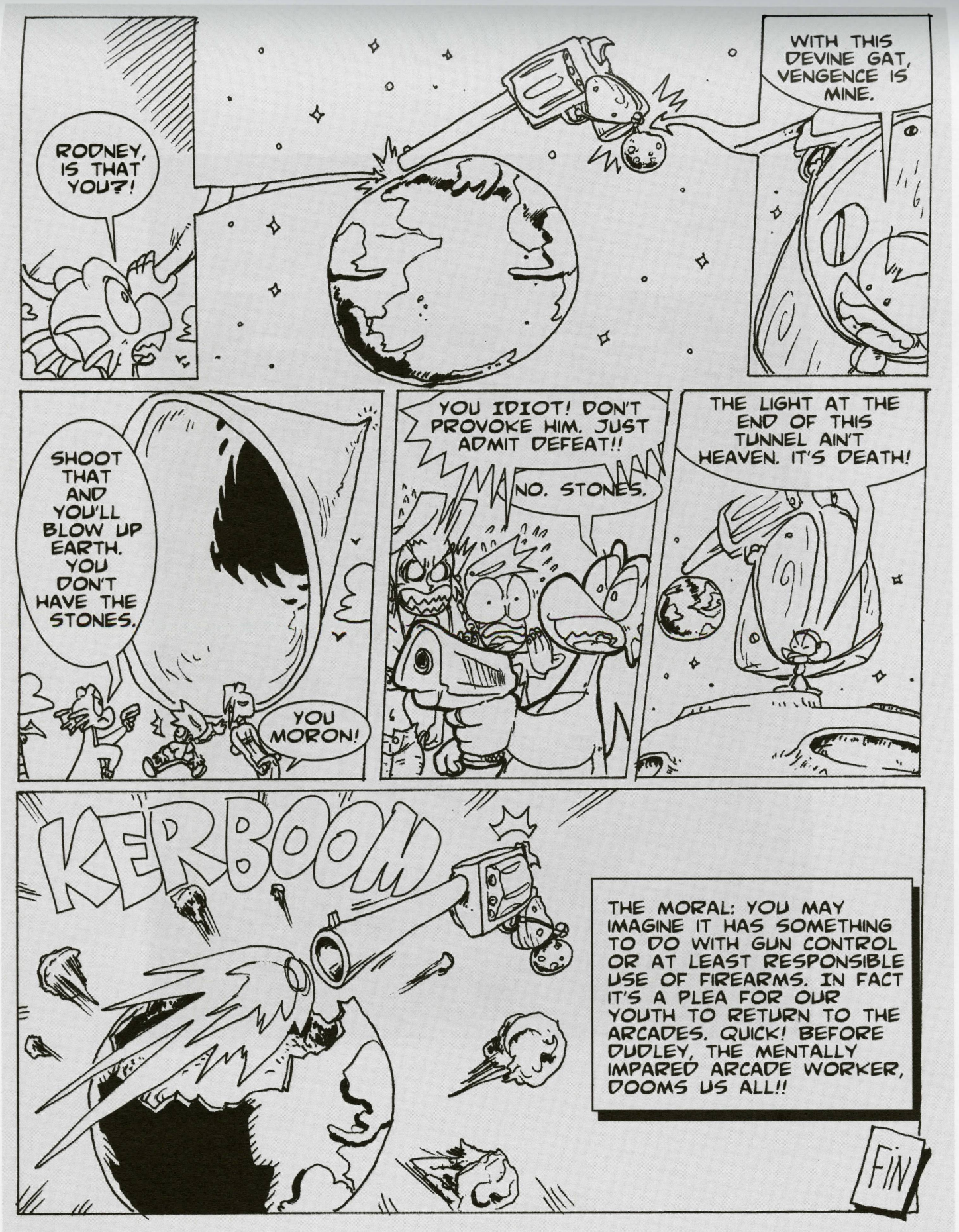
get
bent

examined
COCHRAN

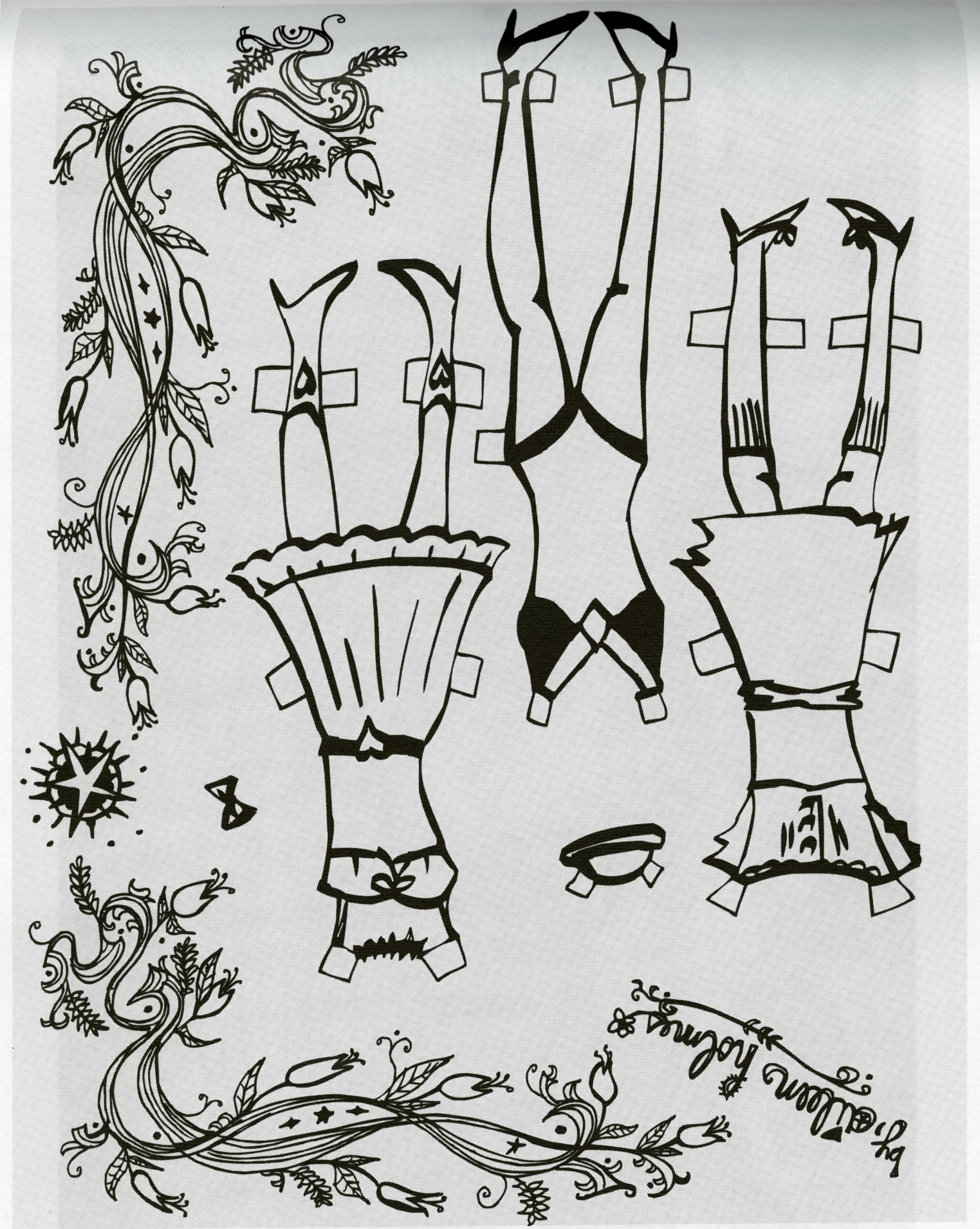

DUDLEY, TODAYS KIDS HATE THE ARCADE. WE NEED TO PUNCH IT UP.
MAKE IT APPEAL MORE TO MODERN KIDS.
WITH 3 MONTHS UNDER YOUR BELT, YOU'RE MY SENIOR EMPLOYEE. SO HOP TO IT!
DUHHH.... OKAY, BOSS!
THE NEXT DAY
WHOA!
DORNAIL, DUDE! THERE'S A GUN IN THE CLAW MACHINE. AWESOME!!!
RAVEN'S DOJO PRESENTS
"GUN CONTROL" STARRING RODNEY AND DORNAIL OF THE DOJO CREW
BY RAVEN PEREZ WWW.RAVENSDOJO.COM
HERE'S A QUARTER!
WITH MY KUNG FU IT'S OURS.
BLING
BE THE CLAW.
ONE... WITH.. THE CLAW.
ROCK!
GRIP AS YOU NEVER HAVE BEFORE CLAW!


LOOK!
WE WON!
WOULD YOU NOT POINT THAT AT ME?
EVERYONE'LL BE SO JEALOUS OF MY NEW GUN!
YOUR GUN?! IT WAS MY QUARTER!
OH YEAH? IT WAS MY CLAW MACHINE MOJO THAT WON IT!
ONLY ONE LOGICAL SOLUTION: KICK-ASS-GUN-POSE-OFF FOR THE RIGHTS TO THE GUN!
EAT THIS!
YO, MAN! I WASN'T READY YET.
HEY MY SHADES! YOU WIN ROUND 2.
THAT'S RIGHT I DO! CANNON YOU DIG IT, SUCKA!
SHEESH. I GIVE! I GIVE!!
BWA HA HA! I WIN THE SHOWDOWN. NOW COUGH UP THAT GUN.
HEY.. WITH THIS CANNON WHY WOULD YOU WANT MY CRAPPY OLD GUN?
I'LL NOT HAVE ANY OF THAT FANCY "LOGIC" OR "REASON" OF YOURS. I KNOWS WHATS MINE AND I WANTS IT. LIKE NOW!


LATER, IN HEAVEN
... SO I TOLD THE BARTENDER, "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" AND ALL HIS BEER BECAME LIGHT BEER. YOU SHOULDA SEEN THE LOOK ON HIS FACE.
EDITED TO PREVENT MADNESS (OR DEATH)
HAR HAR! GOD, YOU DA MAN. YOU'RE ALWAYS THE AFTER-LIFE OF THE PARTY.
I'LL SHOW... JERK... DORNAIL...
FOR YOUR SAFETY AND SANITY
OH MY ME! A THIEF?!
STOP! THOU SHALT NOT STEAL MY PIECE!!
FORGIVE ME, FATHER!
AT DA DOJO
WOULD YOU NOT POINT THAT AT ME?
SO RODNEY FLED IN THE FACE OF MY GUN-FU. MOST LIKELY TO END HIS SHAME VIA SUICIDE.
SAD, REALLY. NOW IF YOU YOU NEED COMFORT, SARA,
..I'D GLADLY HOLD YOU UNTIL THE PAIN PASSES.
DROP DEAD.
AND NOW I'VE POOPED MY SELF.


RODNEY, IS THAT YOU?!
WITH THIS DEVINE GAT, VENGENCE IS MINE.
SHOOT THAT AND YOU'LL BLOW UP EARTH. YOU DON'T HAVE THE STONES.
YOU MORON!
YOU IDIOT! DON'T PROVOKE HIM. JUST ADMIT DEFEAT!!
NO. STONES.
THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THIS TUNNEL AIN'T HEAVEN. IT'S DEATH!
KERBOOM
THE MORAL: YOU MAY IMAGINE IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH GUN CONTROL OR AT LEAST RESPONSIBLE USE OF FIREARMS. IN FACT IT'S A PLEA FOR OUR YOUTH TO RETURN TO THE ARCADES. QUICK! BEFORE DUDLEY, THE MENTALLY IMPARED ARCADE WORKER, DOOMS US ALL!!
FIN

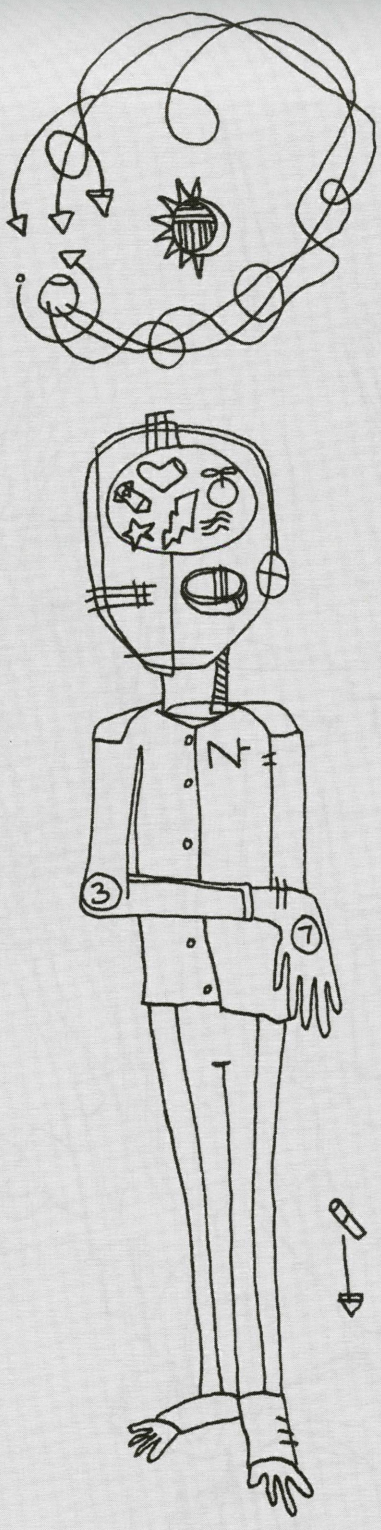
love
3 the Height of FASHION
make sure to make a copy before you cut 'er out.
don't wanna mess up this nice book and all...
aileen@aileenholmes.com
www.aileenholmes.com



MISO
PRETTY
甜
梅
味
PLUM
LIP
GLOSS
唇彩

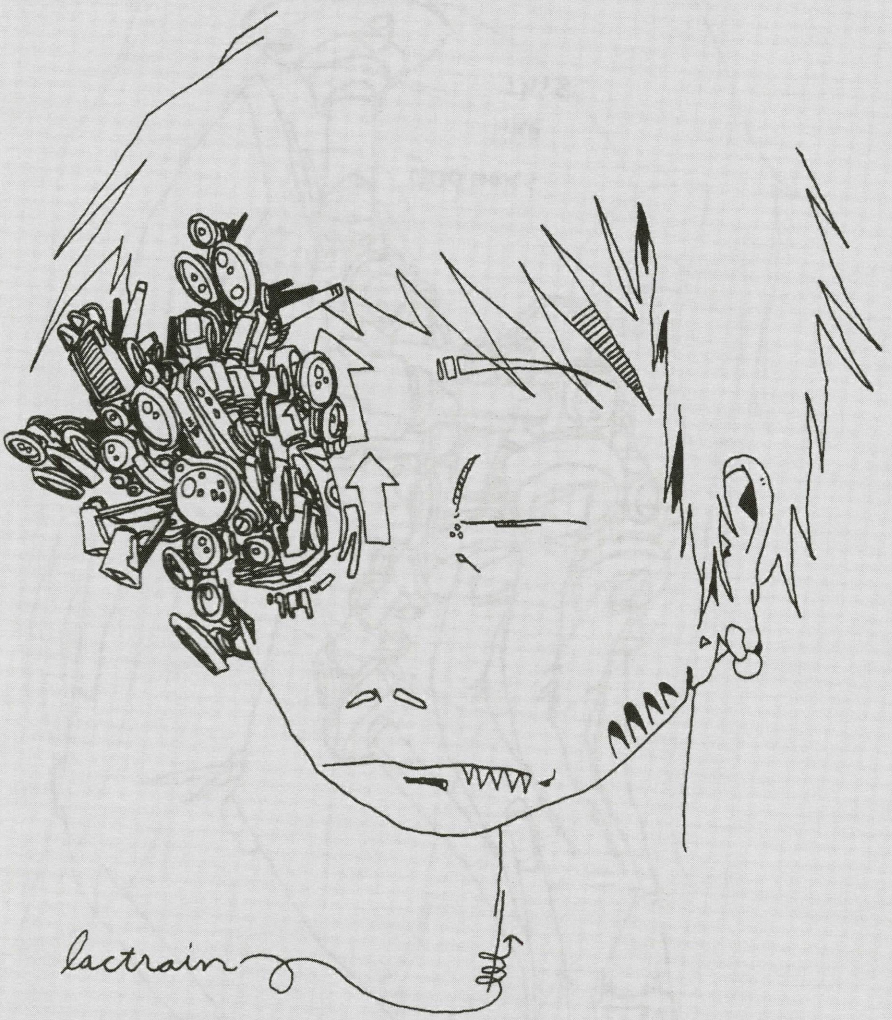
Go awc
NORMAL
DEPRESSED

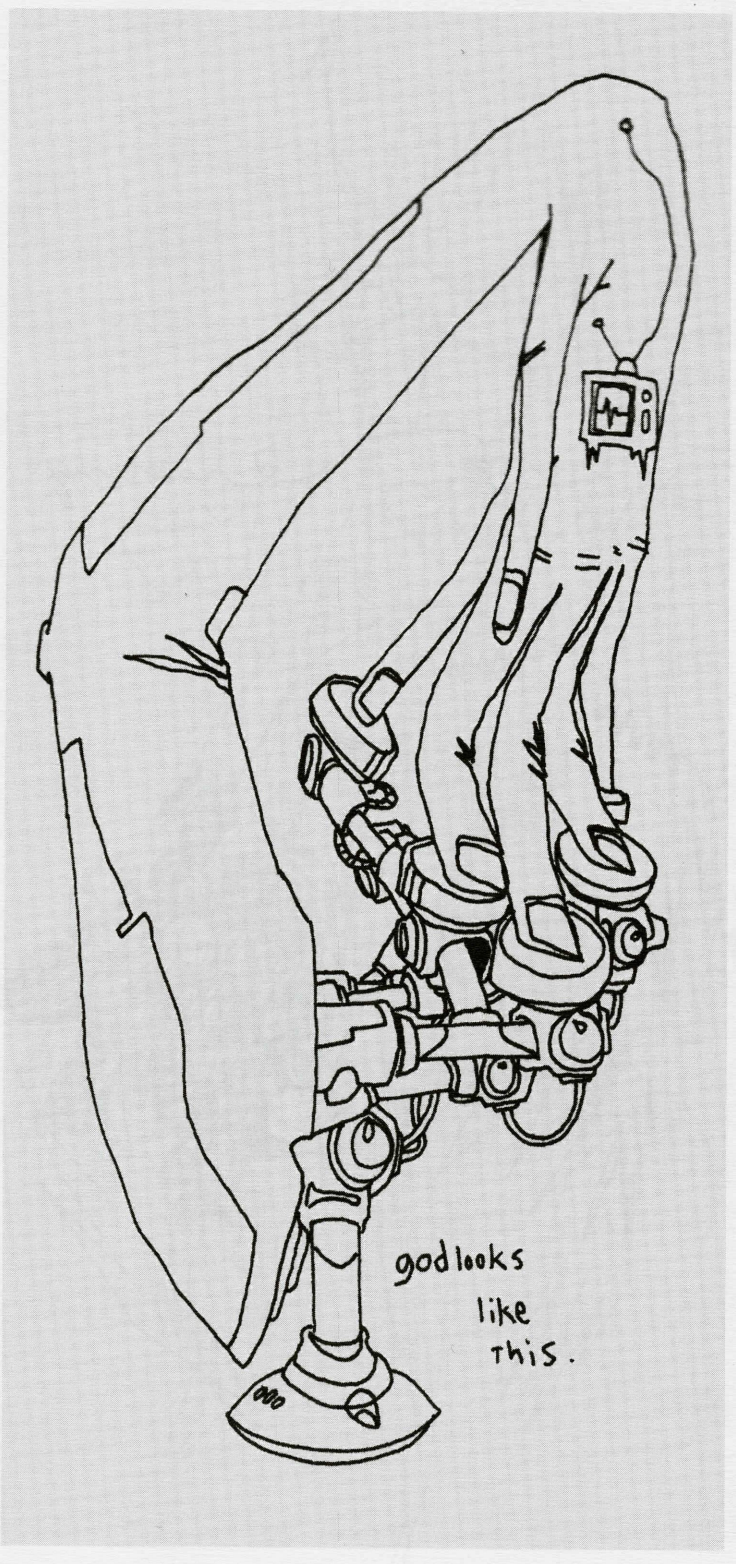
CAPITALISME
107,600 deaths
948,000 deaths
531,000 deaths
973,000 deaths
10,825,000 deaths
$
email
Will
Technology
Heal
Your
HEART



Newtons law, one who loves looses Everything.

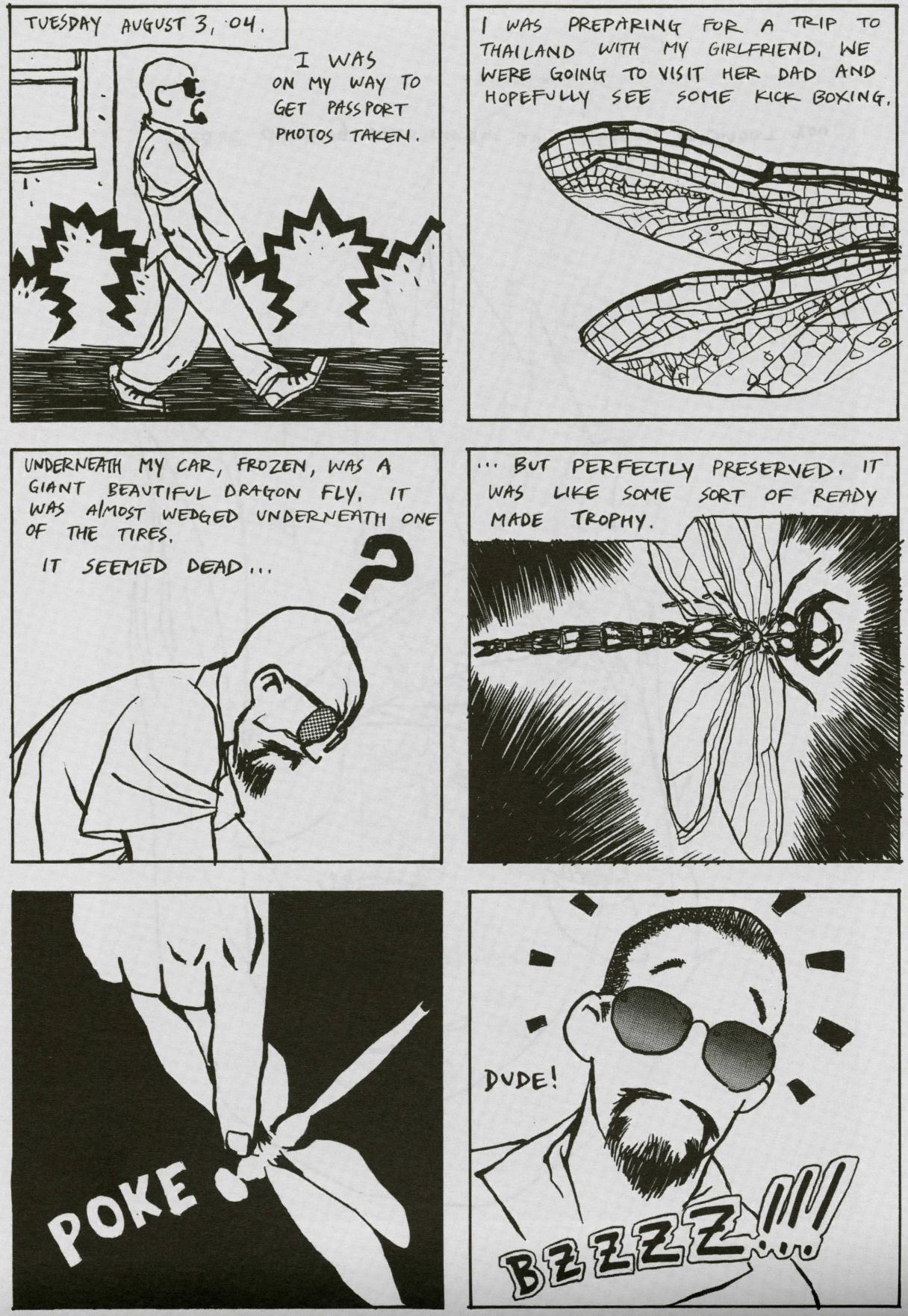
I miss you
so much
it
hurts.

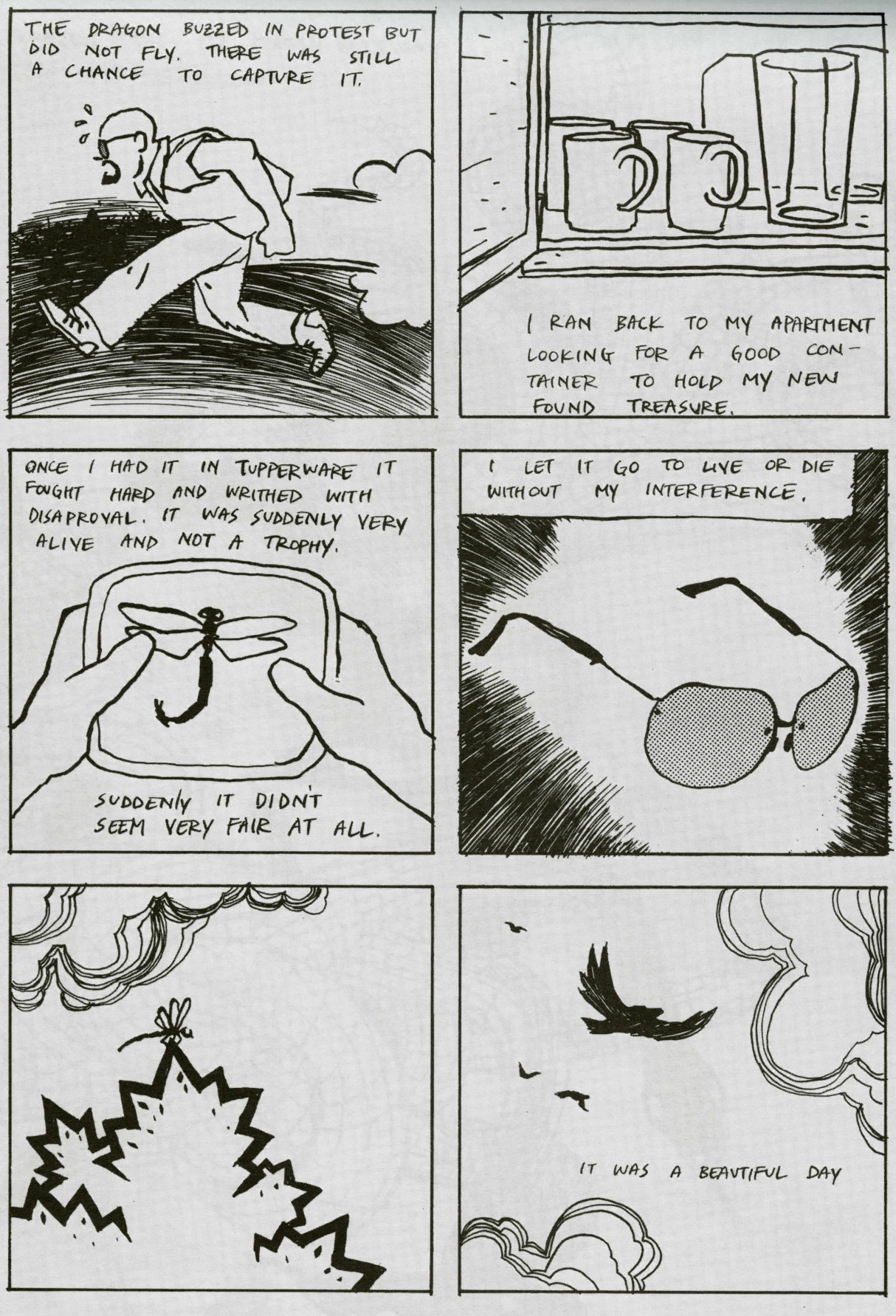

lactrain


god looks
like
this.

please darling, pass me the gun, I want to shoot you.

I THINK DRAGONS SHOULD FIY BY KIYOSHI NAKAZAWA




THE DRAGON BUZZED IN PROTEST BUT DID NOT FLY. THERE WAS STILL A CHANCE TO CAPTURE IT.
I RAN BACK TO MY APARTMENT LOOKING FOR A GOOD CONTAINER TO HOLD MY NEW FOUND TREASURE.
ONCE I HAD IT IN TUPPERWARE IT FOUGHT HARD AND WRITHED WITH DISAPROVAL. IT WAS SUDDENLY VERY ALIVE AND NOT A TROPHY.
SUDDENLY IT DIDN'T SEEM VERY FAIR AT ALL.
I LET IT GO TO LIVE OR DIE WITHOUT MY INTERFERENCE.
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY

SKETCH BOOK BY KIYOSHI NAKAZAWA

insanity

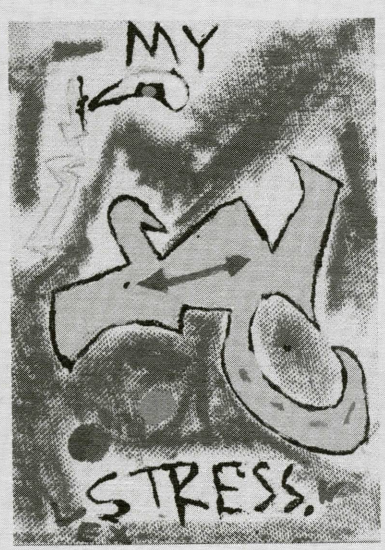
They call me insane
always criticize my brain
I don't act the same

People don't act nice
I'm in an institution
they are corrupted

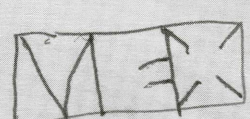
They call me insane
even though they are corrupted
they fight with themselves

I fight with nobody
people abuse my body
attack for money

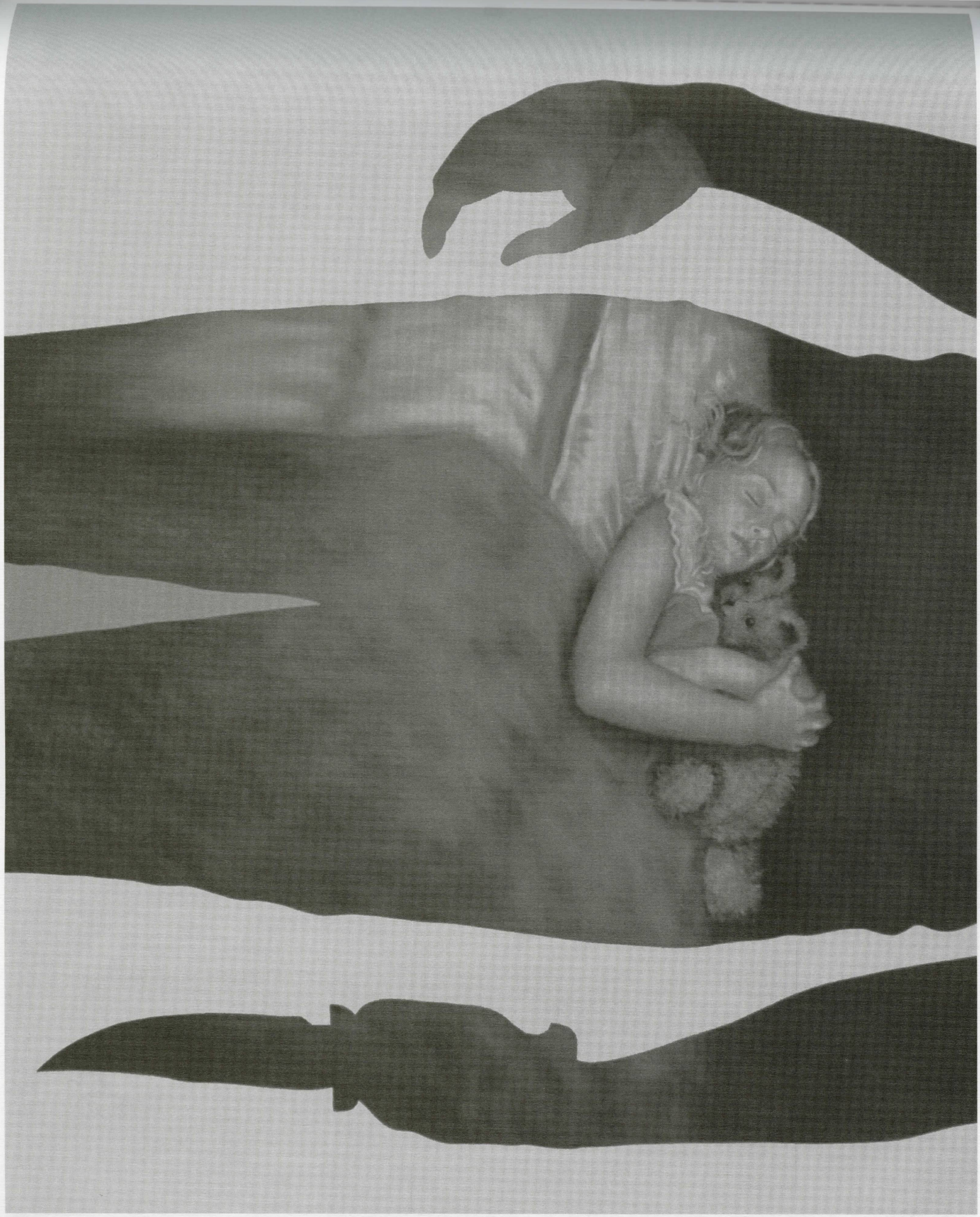
& when I am dead
they will think it is funny
they just love money



by
Vex



TNT
TNT
Jason Maloney



FACTORY FEMICIDE

the murders of maquiladora workers in ciudad juárez, mexico

Background

Since the passage of NAFTA in 1994, which allows for an economic open door policy between the U.S. and Mexico, Juárez has been filled with factories owned by various multinational corporations. Currently over 400 maquiladoras operate in Juárez and produce tens of billions of dollars in goods for export into the U.S. annually. Maquiladoras employ mostly young women, a group they believe to be docile and unlikely of unionizing or striking for more pay.

Young women from around Mexico flock to the overpopulated border town just south of El Paso with the hopes of finding economic security in Juárez's many maquiladoras—U.S. owned assembly plants producing goods for export.

Thousands of young women in Juárez commute to maquila jobs everyday before dawn to work twelve-hour shifts where they will be lucky to make anywhere from $4.50 to $6 a day. For these women, a lack of outdoor lighting in the shantytowns and maquilas increases danger for those who face a long, unlit walk to the nearest bus stop.

Women who arrive even three minutes late for their shifts are turned away into the dark night; as in the case of 20-year-old Claudia Ivette who was later found in a ditch alongside the bodies of eight other women. The meager Juárez police force of 1,200 does little to protect women against the rampant violence and crime in Juárez.

The Victims

The killers have targeted young women—the average age of the victims is 16—who are poor and have little social standing. Many of the victims were part of the young cheap labor force that makes Juárez such an attractive place for multinationals; others were waitresses, students, or women who worked in the informal economy.

In other words, the victims were young women who were seen as unimportant to society, and whose deaths have prompted little interest from authorities.

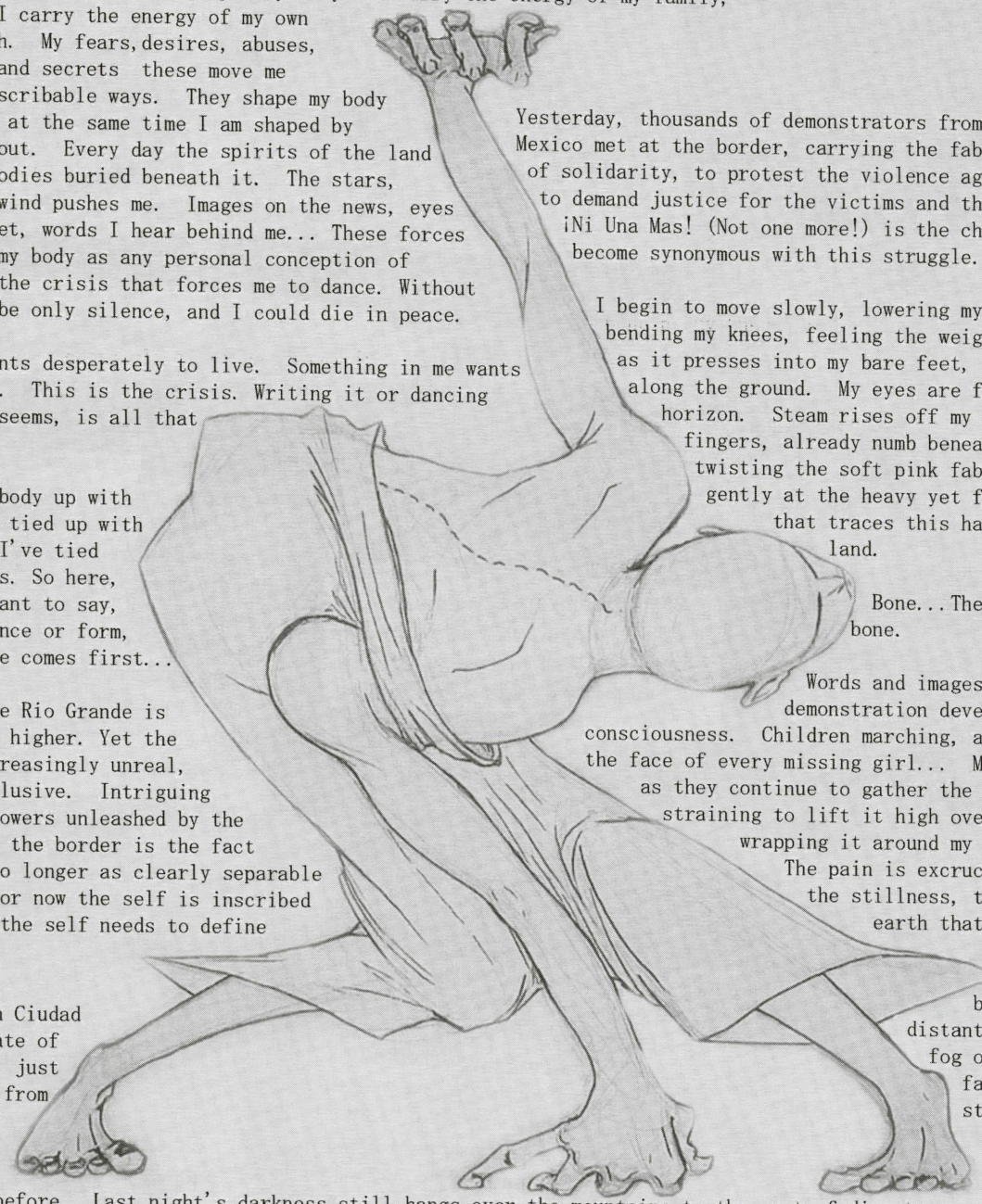
LAMENTO DEL OTRO LADO:
(Cry from the Other Side:)
Excerpted from The Crisis of Articulation, by Shakina Nayfack

If my only need in life were to dance, I wouldn't. I would sit in stillness until the impulse to move drove me mad, and then, in madness, I would dance. At every moment, there are a thousand energies acting upon my body. I carry the energy of my family, living and dead. I carry the energy of my own death, and my birth. My fears, desires, abuses, obsessions, loves and secrets these move me constantly in indescribable ways. They shape my body from within, while at the same time I am shaped by energies from without. Every day the spirits of the land push me, and the bodies buried beneath it. The stars, moon and sun the wind pushes me. Images on the news, eyes I pass on the street, words I hear behind me... These forces demand as much of my body as any personal conception of identity. This is the crisis that forces me to dance. Without this, there would be only silence, and I could die in peace.

Something in me wants desperately to live. Something in me wants desperately to die. This is the crisis. Writing it or dancing it... Neither, it seems, is all that different.

Butoh-Fu ties the body up with words, and now I'm tied up with words, and I fear I've tied Butoh up with words. So here, I think its important to say, regardless of essence or form, sometimes the dance comes first...

The fence along the Rio Grande is erected higher and higher. Yet the border becomes increasingly unreal, micromental, and elusive. Intriguing testimony to the powers unleashed by the destabilization of the border is the fact that the self is no longer as clearly separable from its Alter. For now the self is inscribed in the Alter that the self needs to define itself against.



Yesterday, thousands of demonstrators from the U.S. and Mexico met at the border, carrying the fabric as a symbol of solidarity, to protest the violence against women, and to demand justice for the victims and their families. ¡Ni Una Mas! (Not one more!) is the chant that has become synonymous with this struggle.

I begin to move slowly, lowering my pelvis, bending my knees, feeling the weight of my body as it presses into my bare feet, sliding hesitantly along the ground. My eyes are fixed beyond the horizon. Steam rises off my arms, and my fingers, already numb beneath the mud, begin twisting the soft pink fabric, tugging gently at the heavy yet fragile vein that traces this haunted crevice of land.

Bone...These women came back bone.

Words and images from yesterday's demonstration develop in my consciousness. Children marching, a mother screaming, the face of every missing girl... My arms are tense as they continue to gather the material, straining to lift it high over my shoulder, wrapping it around my shaking body. The pain is excruciating, the stillness, the cold, the wet earth that is now freezing onto my skin. My own breath becomes hollow and distant, and through the fog of each exhale the fabric seems to stretch on forever.

I am in a ditch in Ciudad Juárez, in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, just across the border from El Paso, Texas. It is February 15, 2004. Sunrise, or just slightly before. Last night's darkness still hangs over the mountains to the west, fading to an ominous blue as it touches down on the silhouettes of eight pink crosses that rise sternly from the rocky soil above me. On each cross is written a name: Claudia Ivette, Brenda, Lupita, Barbara, Esmerelda, Veronica, Laura Bernice, and finally Desconocida (unknown). The crosses are hand painted, and have been retouched since they were first planted there in 2001, when the bodies of these women were found after having been raped, tortured and mutilated. They were found together, right where I am standing.

I cover myself with mud and prepare to dance. For me the earth on my skin is a symbol, way to connect with the energy of the land. In front of me lies a chain of fabric over a hundred and seventy yards long; three hundred and forty panels tied together at the corners, one for every young woman that has been killed in this city over the past ten years.

Stories of a city gripped by death

FEMICIDE IN JUÁREZ

Mexican women have been brutally and systematically killed in Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua. . . . Many [of the victims] have been tortured and sexually violated: raped, strangled or gagged. Mutilated, with nipples and breasts cut off, buttocks lacerated like cattle, or penetrated with objects.

Time to shout

Artists hope to raise the alarm about the murders of women and girls in Ciudad Juárez.

This is my offering. My body for your pain. My life for your death.
A symbol for an exchange that can never occur, a redress that might never come..

LAMENTO PARA LAS MUJERES DE JUÁREZ

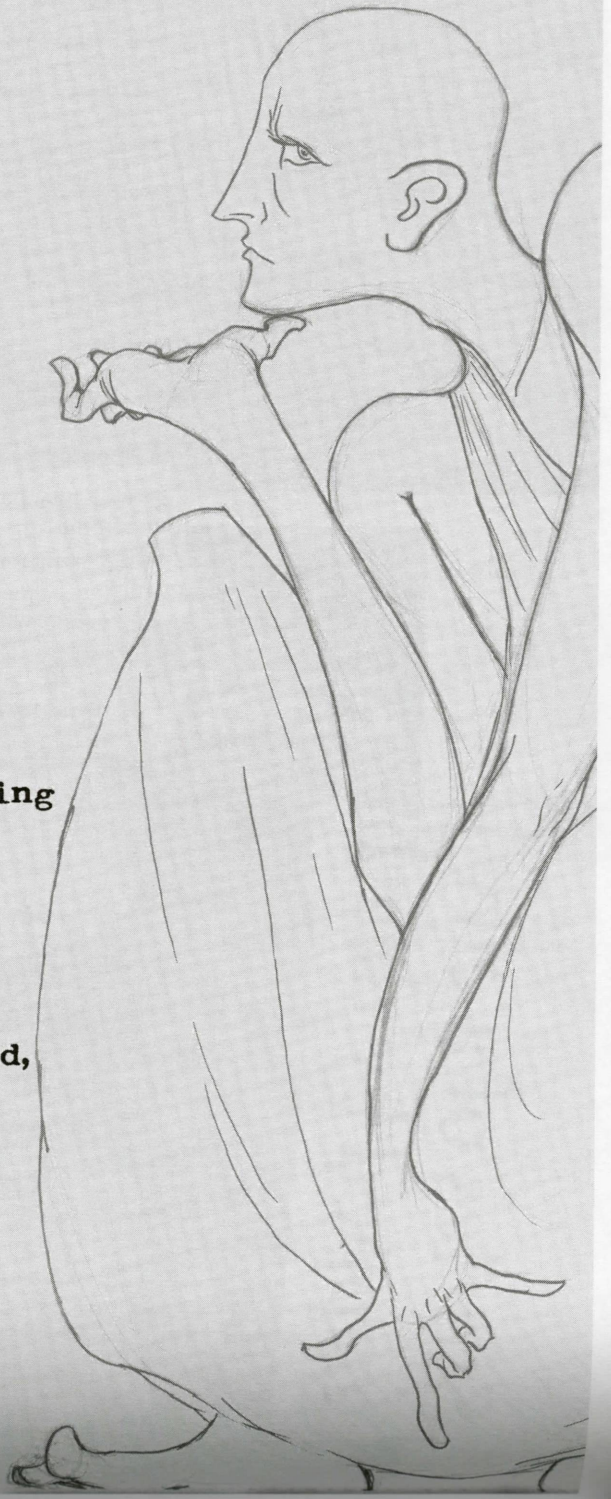
Freezing.
You are frozen.
Ice like glass that wedges between the nails of your
Fingers, toes, and eyelids.
Your breasts shed tears that crystallize on your
abdomen,
Collecting at your naval.
Your sex is open and ravaged.

Quietly, you become a limp rag doll
Rotting beneath the canopy of dried palm fronds
Telling secrets to dead souls evaporating like
steam rising from blood still warm.
Your eyeless head rolls to the base of a pink,
wooden cross,
Smiling like a pomegranate.

You are stuffed into a mattress,
Putrid and Stained,
Covered with dismembered hands,
Clawing through the cold clay mask that has
hardened over your face.

Soiled feathers merge into a long-neck swan turning
from the Sunrise.
The swan' s neck becomes a bridge made of sand
and stone
Spanning from one world to the next.

Eight women arrive carrying heavy buckets of mud,
Each becomes a ghost that drowns in a field of
plastic roses.
There is a flower on your fingertip
Another on your toe
Soon they cover your entire body
And you become a wilting stem that disintegrates
Into the blood soaked earth.

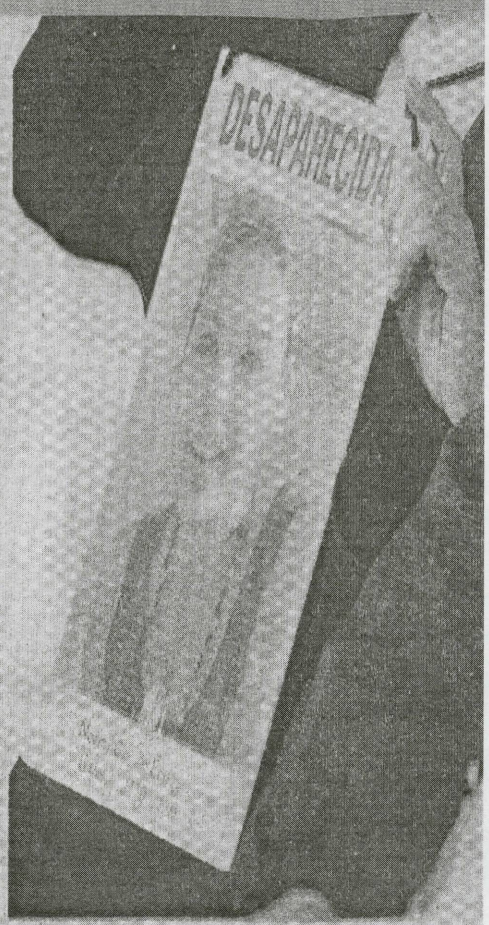


AMIGOS de las MUJERES de JUAREZ

P.O. Box 2449
Mesilla Park, New Mexico 88047

amigosdemujeres@yahoo.com
www.amigosdemujeres.org

EN JUÁREZ ARTISTAS POR FEMINICIDIOS



Madre de familia sostiene cartel, sobre la desaparic
hija. (J. GUADALUPE PÉREZ)

EL MEXI

The Women of Juárez
Demand Justice
Las Muertas de Juárez
Demandan Justicia

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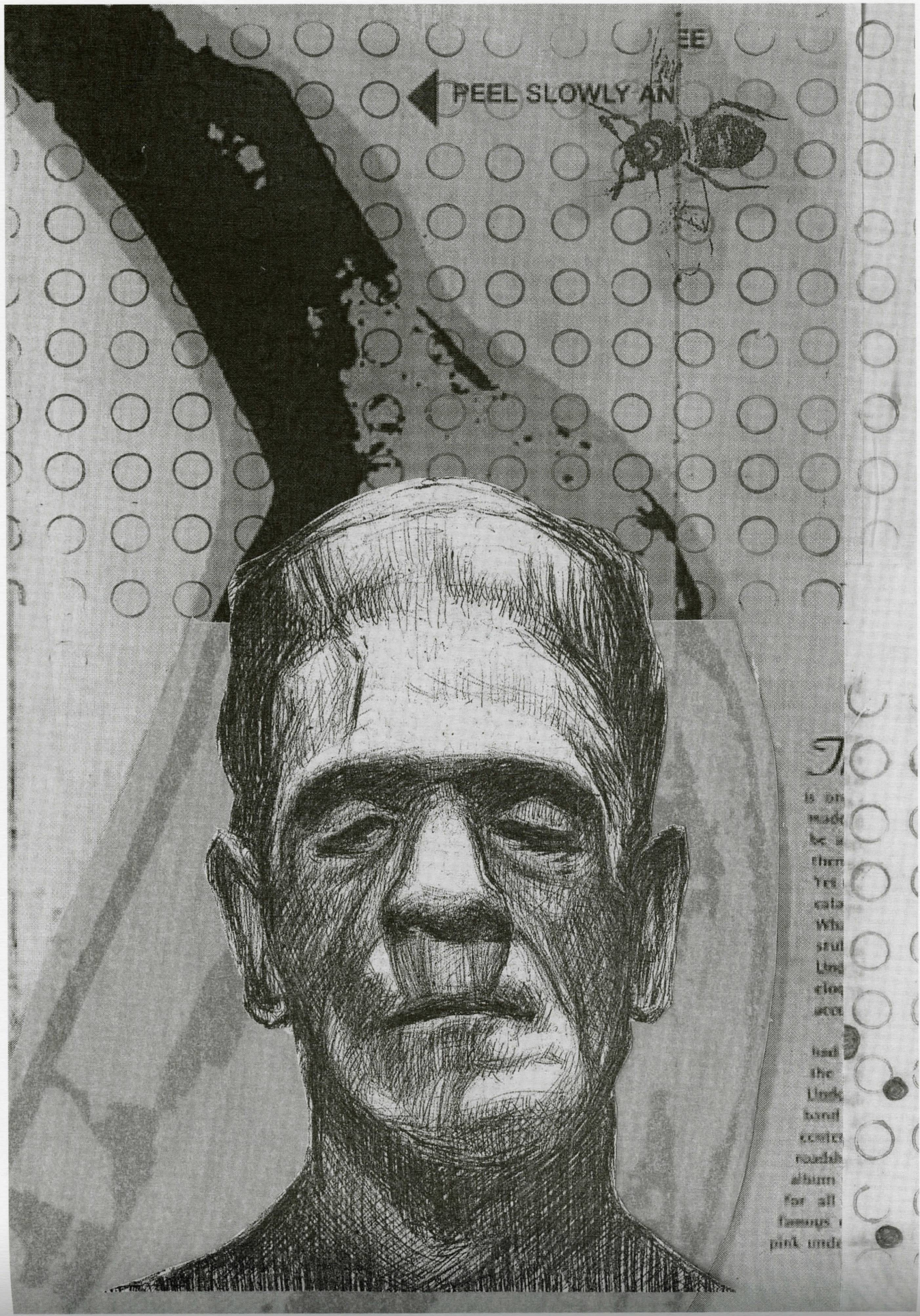
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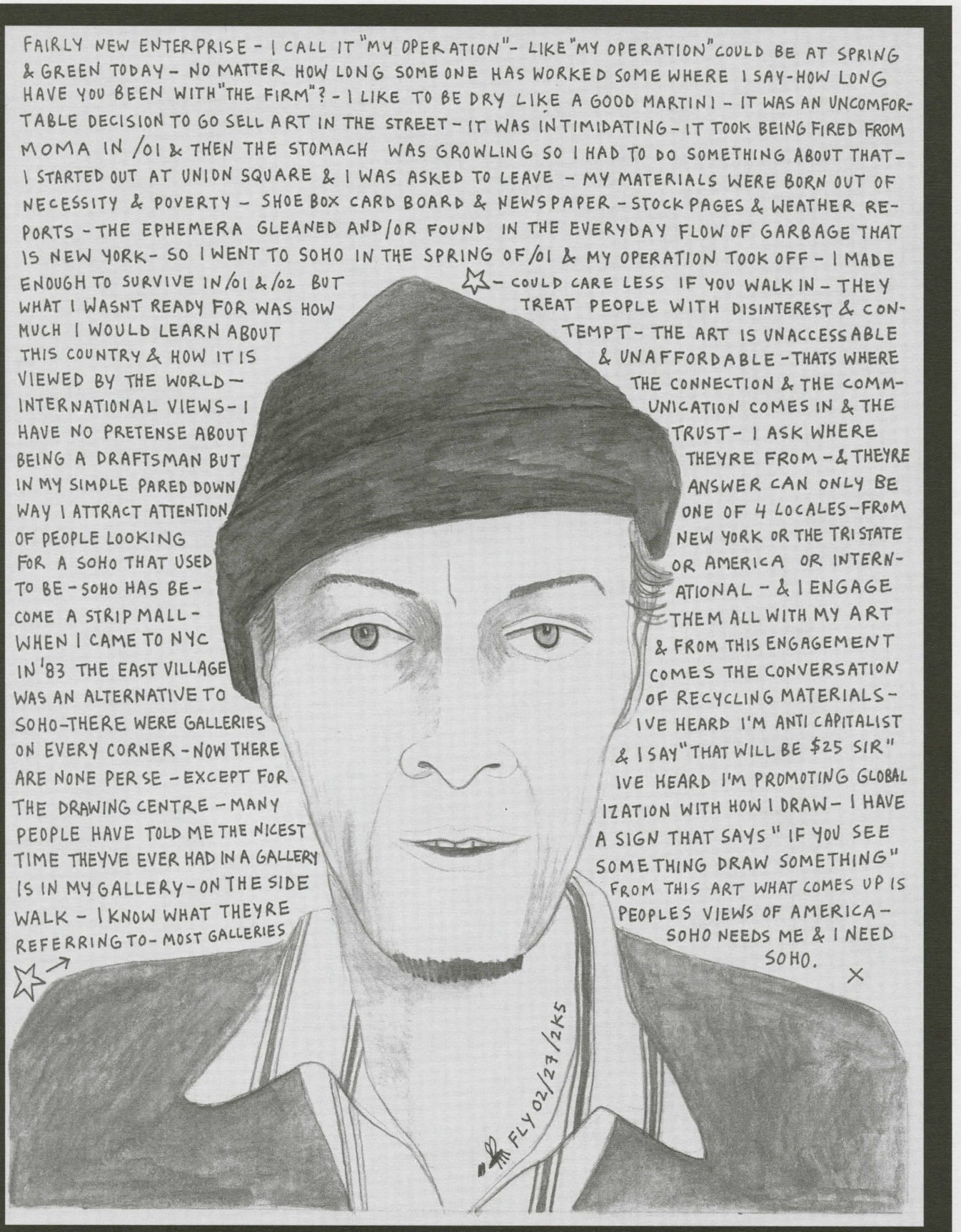
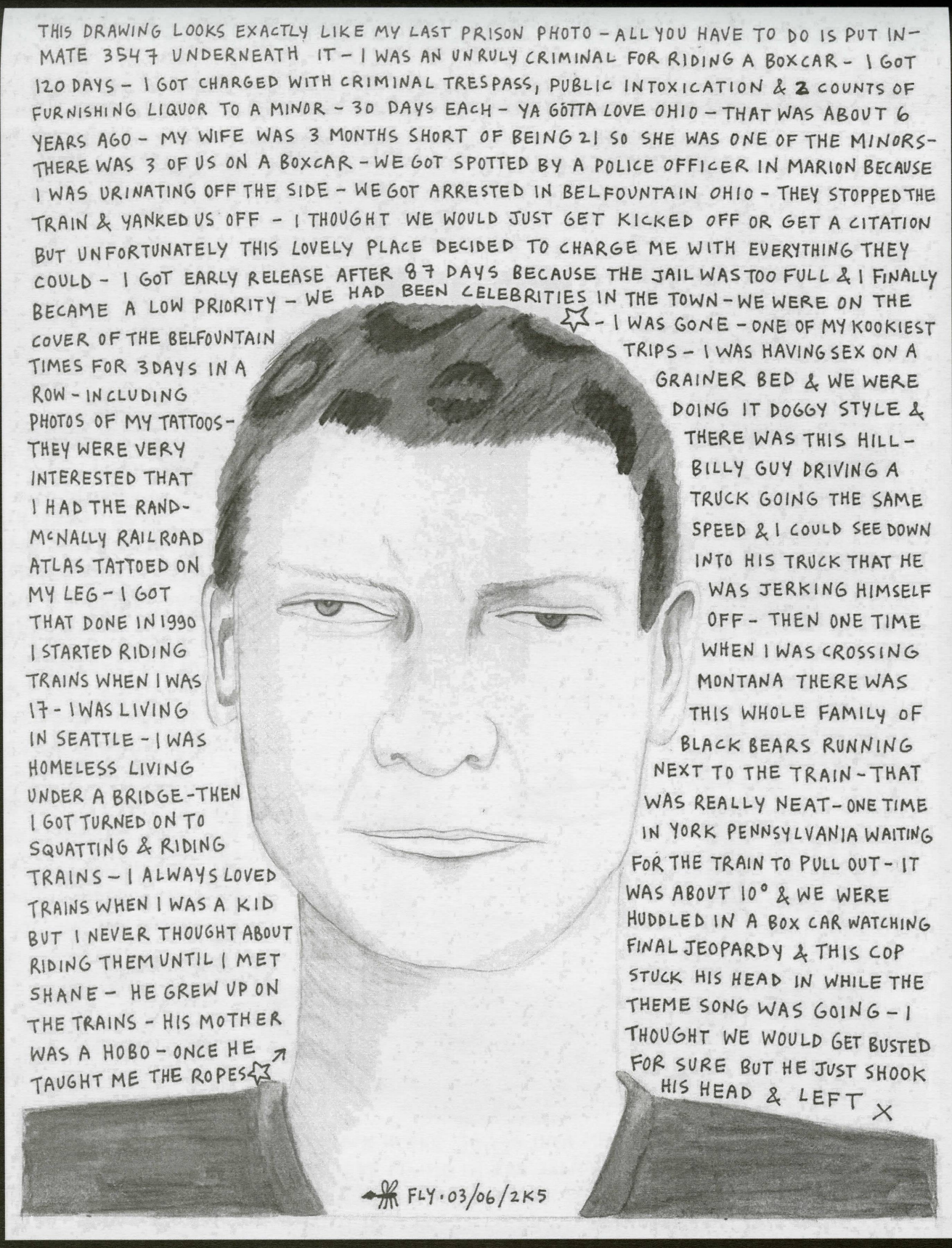


MATTHEW COURTNEY - 02/27/2K5 - NEW YORK CITY

I MET MATTHEW BACK IN THE LATE 80'S WHEN HE WAS EMCEEING THE OPEN MIC AT ABC NO RIO - NOW HE CAN USUALLY BE FOUND SELLING HIS BEAUTIFUL DRAWINGS IN SOHO ON THE CORNER OF SPRING & GREENE.



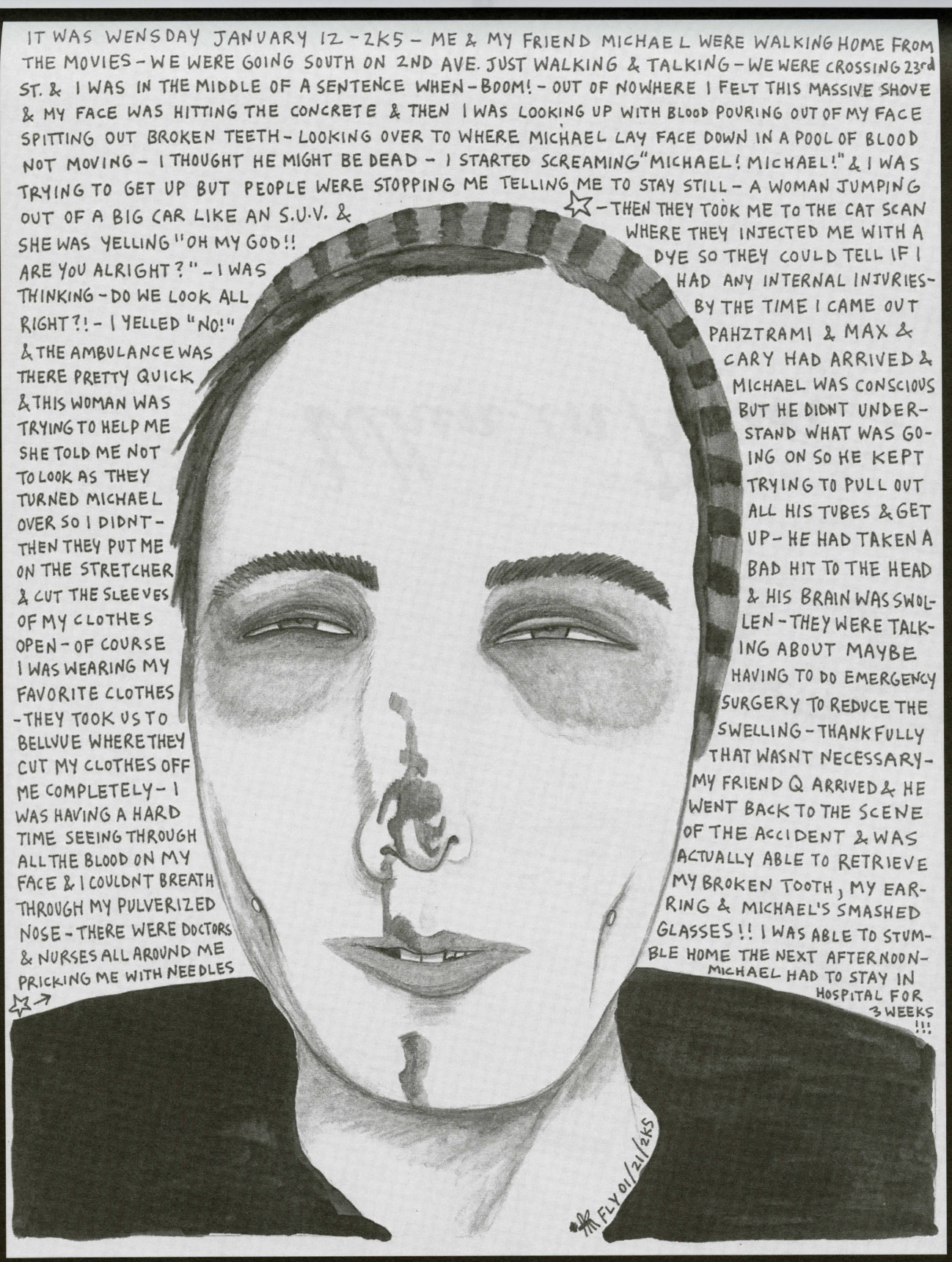
SCOTTY SLEETH - 03/06/2K5 - NEW YORK CITY

I MET SCOTTY A MILLION YEARS AGO WHEN HE USED TO LIVE AT FETUS THEN GLASS HOUSE THEN C-SQUAT - NOW HE LIVES IN PITTSBURGH & HAS HIS OWN CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS & HE STILL HOPS TRAINS.

SOPHIE CRUMB - 09/19/2K4 - NEW YORK CITY

SOPHIE IS AN AMAZING COMICS & TATTOO ARTIST - SHE REALLY DOESNT LOOK LIKE THIS

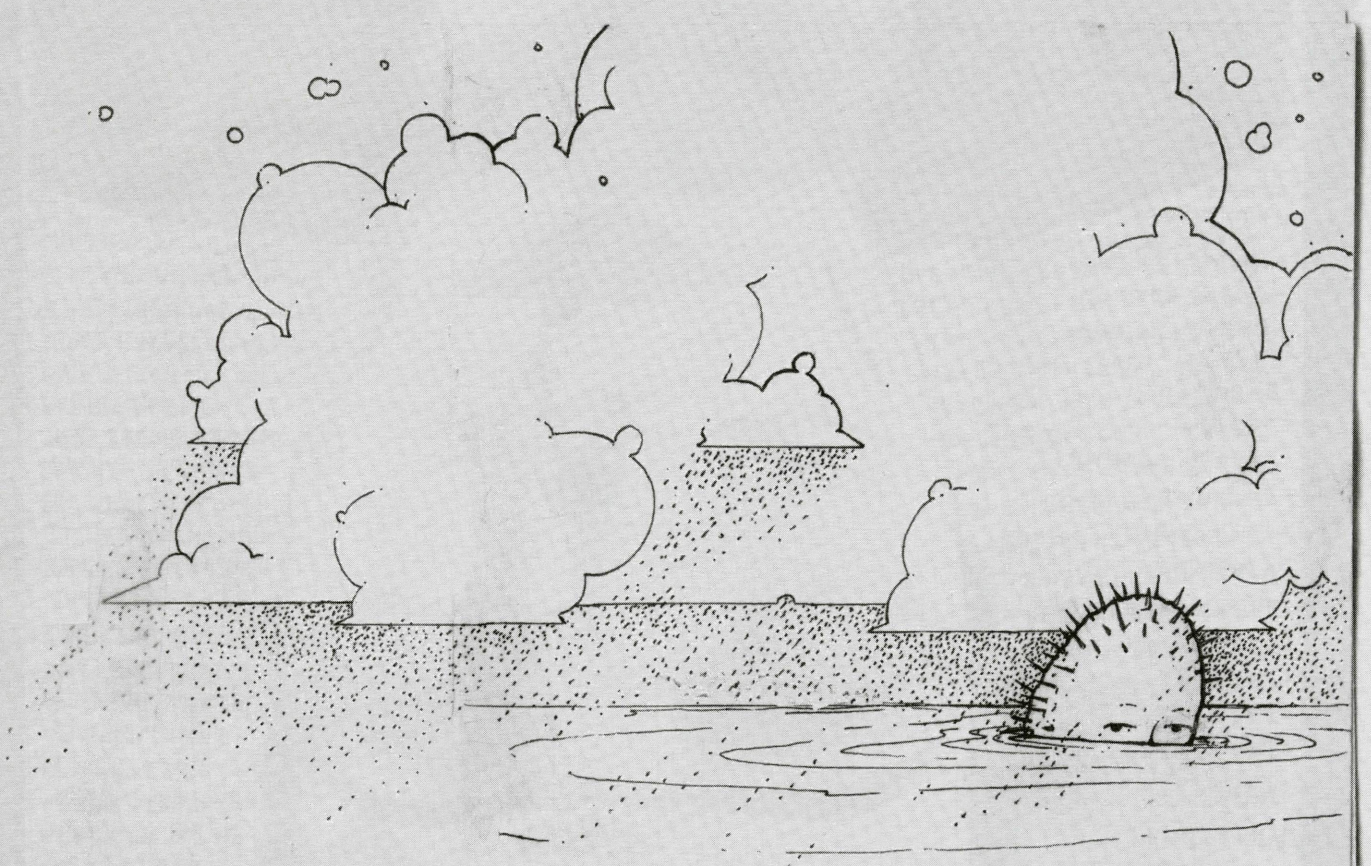
SOPHIECRUMB@HOTMAIL.COM



FLY - 01/21/2K5 - NEW YORK CITY

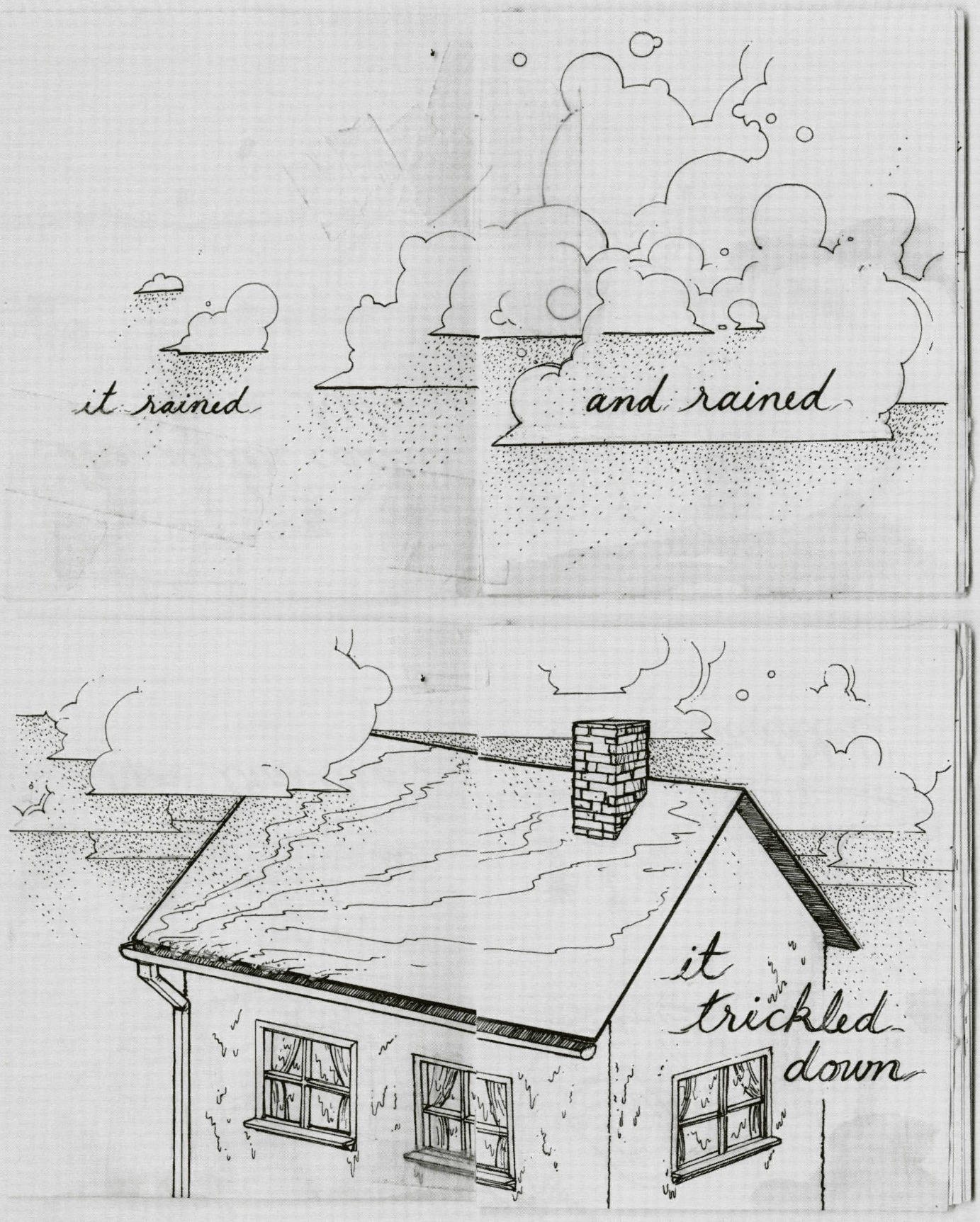
THIS IS WHAT I LOOKED LIKE A FEW DAYS AFTER I WAS HIT BY AN SUV - RIGHT NOW I NEED A LOT OF DENTAL WORK & SURGERY ON BOTH KNEES

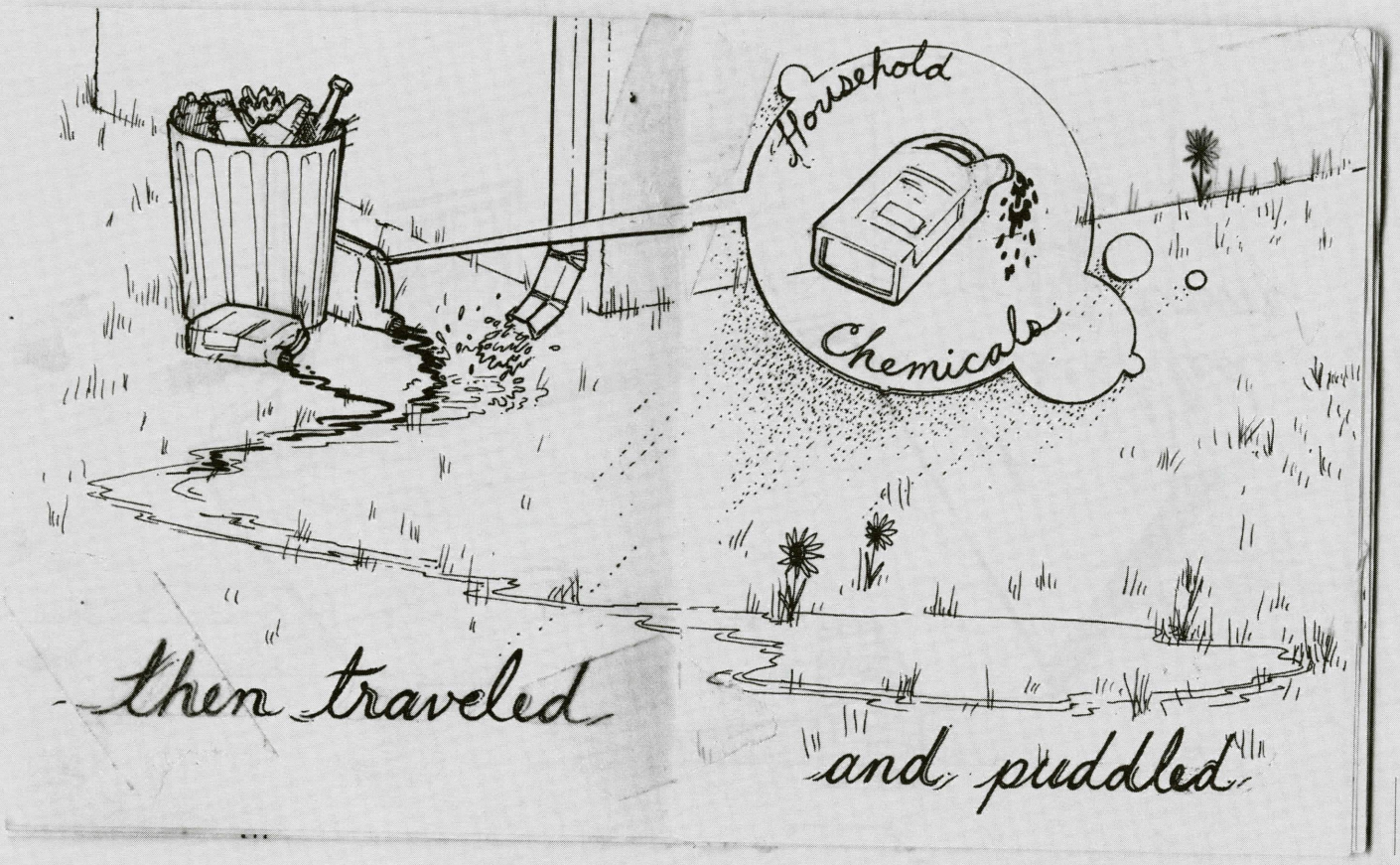
FLY@BWAY.NET - FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA



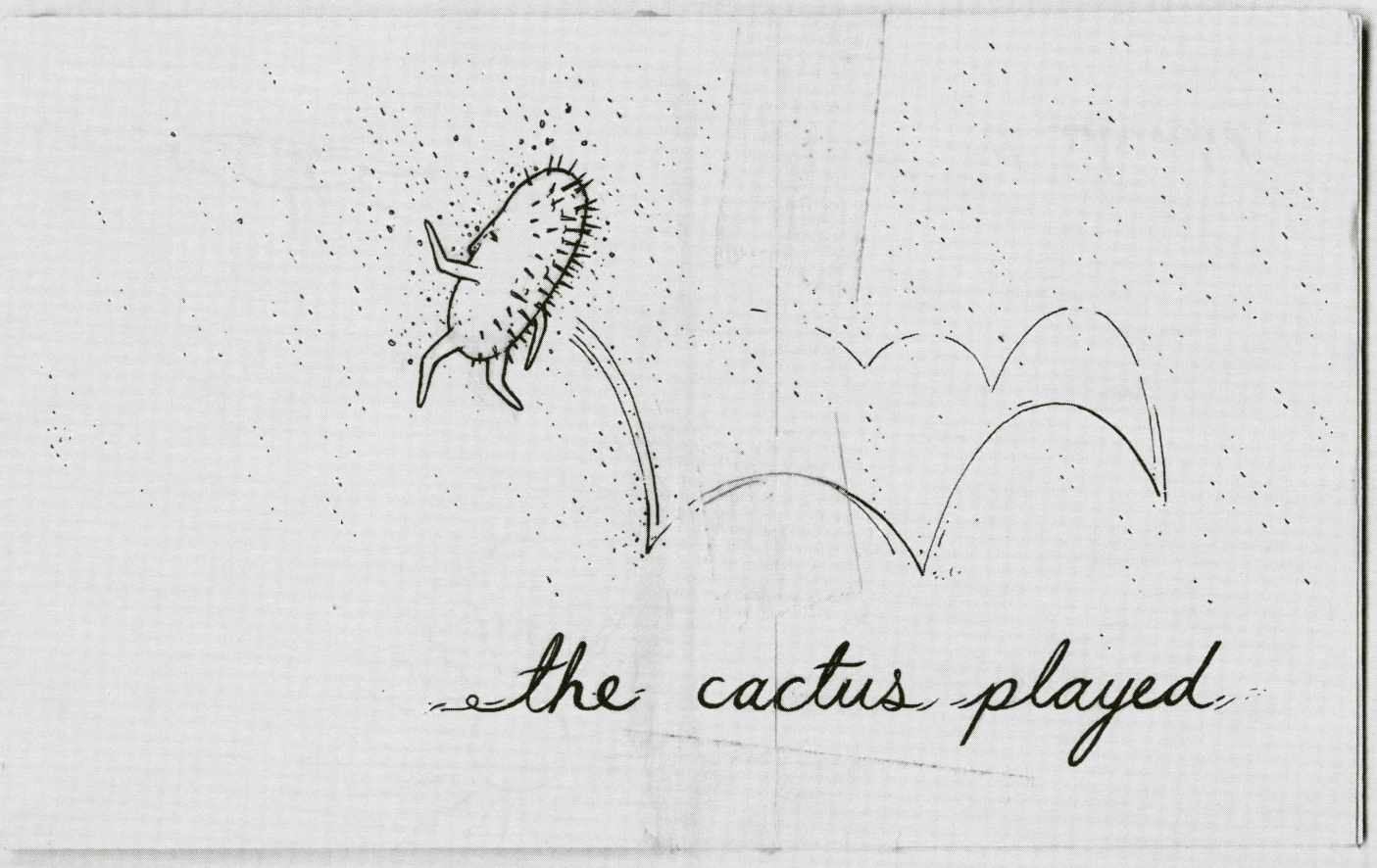
When in Rain

by brendan monroe

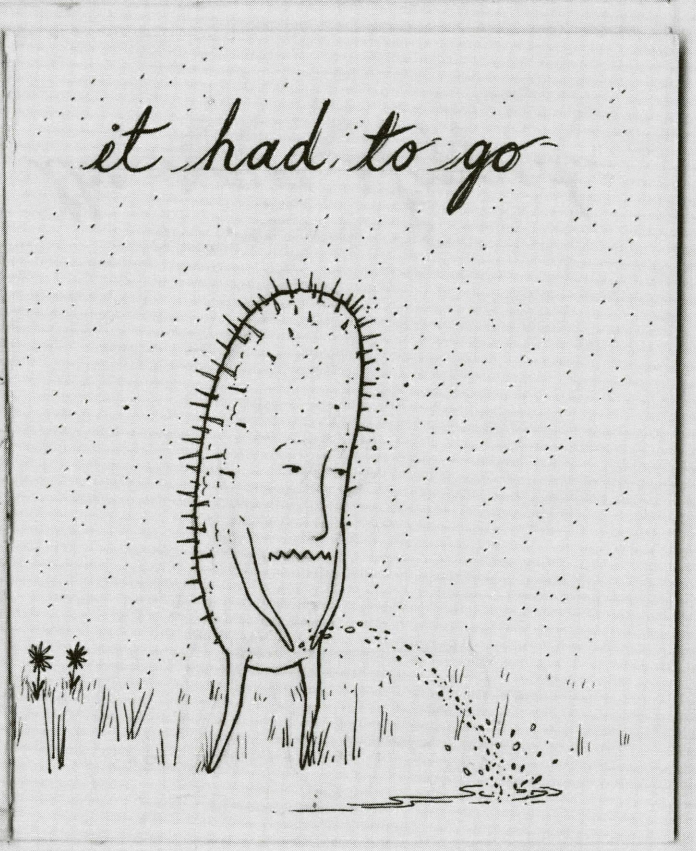

it rained
and rained
it trickled down

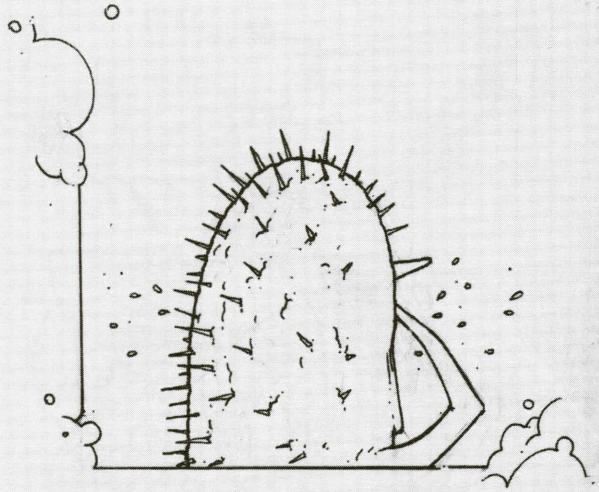

Household
Chemicals
then traveled
and puddled

The water cactus came out
from hiding

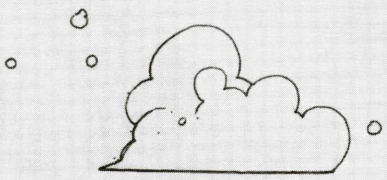

the cactus played

it drank

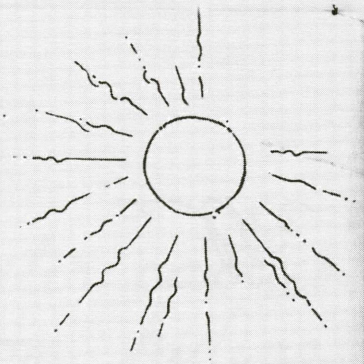

it had to go



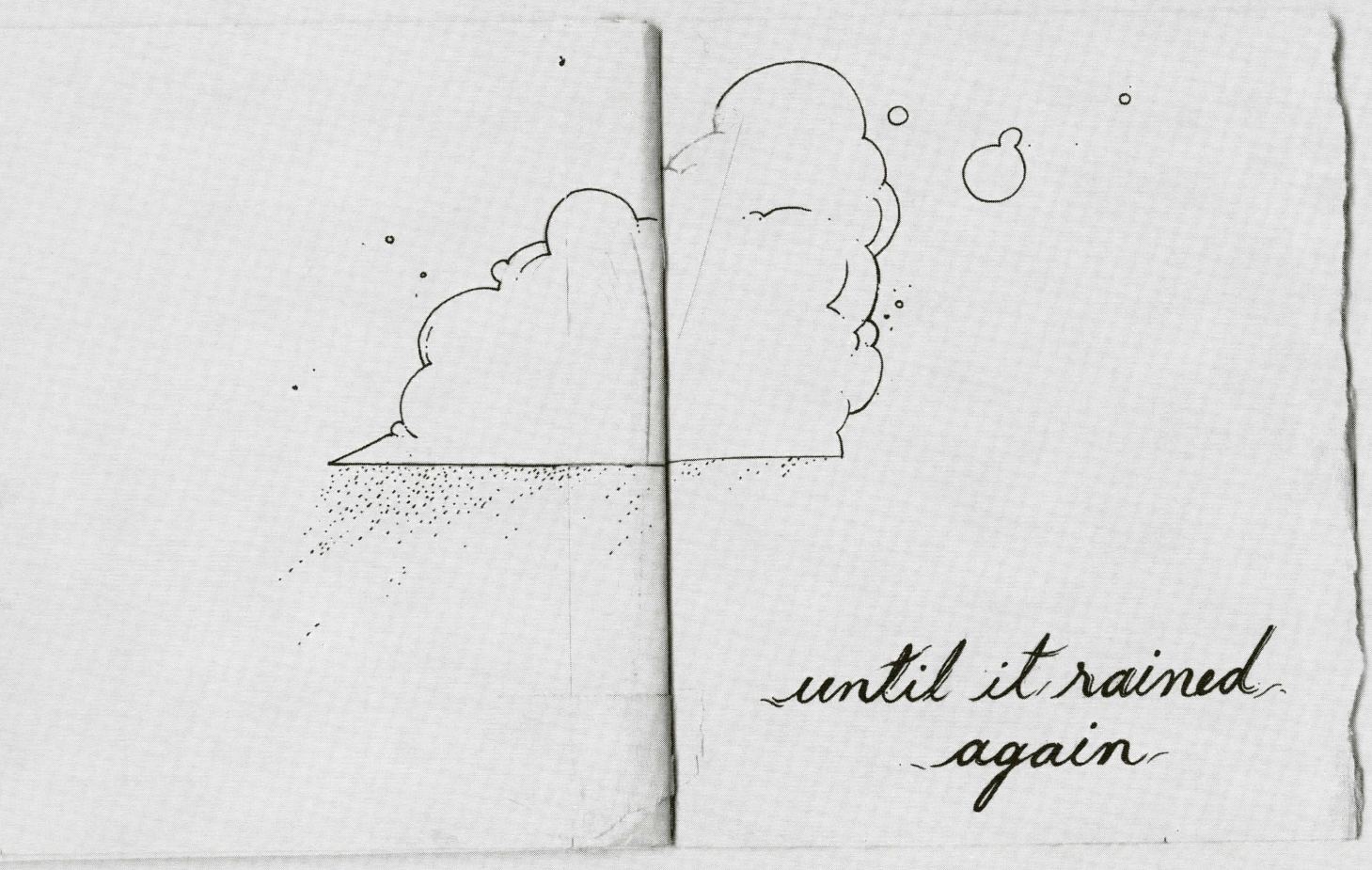
unfortunately



the rain stopped



it shriveled


until it rained
again

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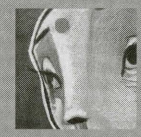

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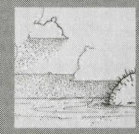

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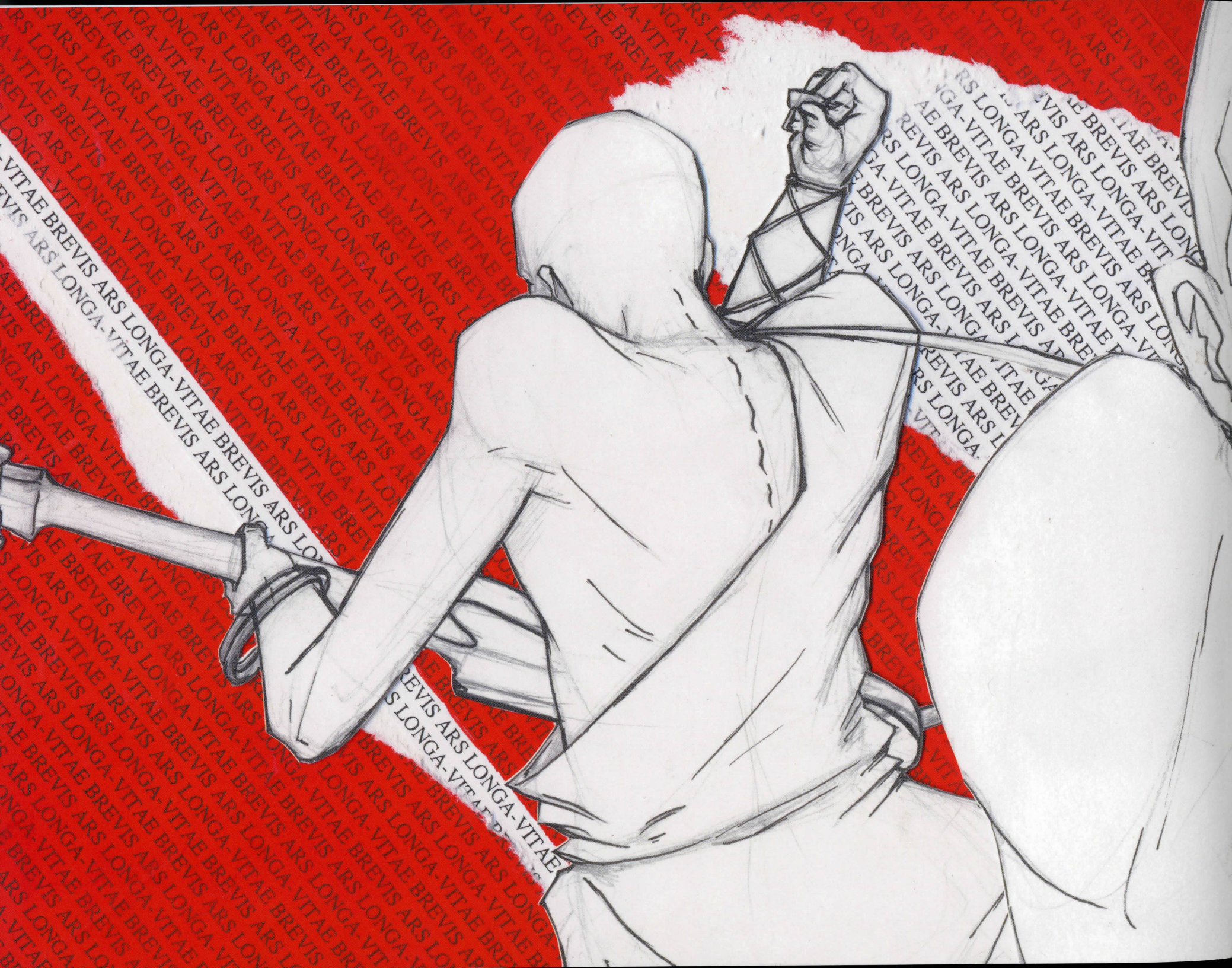
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