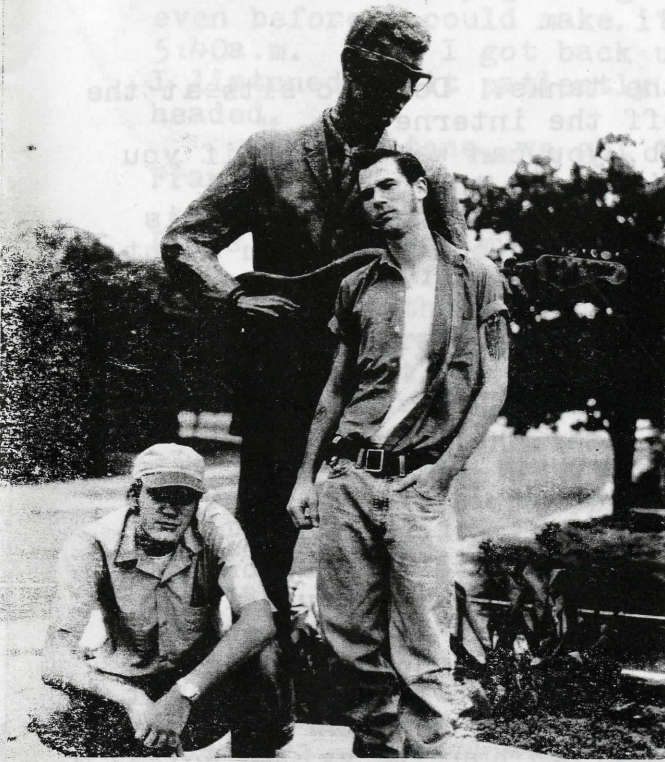


THE OFFICIAL, CERTIFIED...

UDC

DISPATCH

doughnuts  
make me  
happy!!

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS MY FELLOW SPACE MONKEYS,

HOW'S IT GOING SEAN? I HOPE ALL IS WELL IN YOUR BRAIN. I HOPE YOUR JOB AS A STREET MIME IS TREATING YOU RIGHT AND THAT HOMG ORTHODONTICS PROJECT YOU ARE WORKING ON IS COMING ALONG. HAVE YOU COME ANY CLOSER TO YOUR GOAL OF BECOMING BORCAT GOLDTHWAIT? I SURE HOPE SO. ANYWAY, IT'S TIME TO GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS AND EXPLAIN JUST WHAT THE FUK YOU'RE READING RIGHT NOW. I'VE BEEN MAKING TRIPS TO THE POST OFFICE FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS TO MAIL VARIOUS LETTERS AND PACKAGES TO FRIENDS WHO ARE NOW SPREAD OUT IN VARIOUS CITIES ACROSS THE COUNTRY. EVERYONE I SEND THINGS TO IS AN EXCEPTIONAL INDIVIDUAL WITH EXCEPTIONAL QUALITIES; I HOLD EACH OF YOU IN HIGH REGARD OR ELSE YOU WOULD NOT BE READING THIS RIGHT NOW. (IF YOU ARE NOT READING THIS NOW DON'T FEEL BAD; I'LL SEE YOU AROUND SOMETIME AND WE'LL KNOCK BACK A COUPLE OF BEERS AND SHOOT THE SHIT.) IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT MY LITTLE MAILING LIST NOW GOES ALL OVER THE U.S. FROM EAST COAST TO WEST COAST, FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA, O'ER PURPLE CROUTON TRAGEDIES AND AMBER WAVES OF BRAINS AND ALL THAT OTHER BULLSHIT. MANY OF YOU ARE CREATIVE, INTELLIGENT PEOPLE (TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT: DON'T WORRY - THE WORLD NEEDS A COUSIN LARLEY FOR EVERY BALKI - YOU SOLVE YOUR PROPOSE WITH) SO I DECIDED TO ATTEMPT TO UNITE THESE SCATTERED INDIVIDUALS IN THE FORM OF THE OFFICIAL UDC DISPATCH. YOU CAN SEND IN ANYTHING YOU WANT: PROSE, VERSE, PHOTOGRAPHS, CARTOONS, REVIEWS, PORNOGRAPHY (FOR MY OWN PERSONAL USE) COLUMNS, RANTS, DE NAIL CLIPPINGS, STOOL SAMPLES (PROPERLY JARRED AND DATED PLEASE) OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT COMES TO MIND. I'LL PUT IT ALL TOGETHER AND MAIL IT OUT TO MY FRIENDS ACROSS THE COUNTRY. THE FORMAT IS WHAT YOU SEE HERE: 8 1/2 x 11. ARRANGE WORKS TO FIT HOWEVER YOU WOULD LIKE IN THIS FORMAT. TYPE SINGLE SPACE INSTEAD OF DOUBLE; ALONG HAND IS FINE AS WELL. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE OFFICIAL UDC PIN UP POSTER, ALL THINGS WILL BE COPIED IN BLACK AND WHITE. SEND EVERYTHING EXACTLY AS YOU WANT IT TO APPEAR; I'M NOT GOING TO SPON CHECK OR CORRECT ANY GRAMMAR MISTAKES YOU STUPID FUCKERS MAKE. EACH HOUSEHOLD WILL RECEIVE ONE COPY; IF YOU WANT MORE MAKE THEM YOUR DAMN SELF. I THINK IT WILL BE AN INTERESTING UNDERTAKING TO ASSIMILATE WHATEVER YOU SEND ME. PLEASE INCLUDE WHATEVER UDC ALIAS YOU WISH TO USE OR I WILL PROVIDE ONE FOR YOU: FOR THE PROTECTION OF CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS, ABSOLUTE ANONYMITY IS ESSENTIAL. ANYWAY, I KNOW SOME OF YOU HAVE CRAPPY JOBS AND SOME OF YOU ARE JUST PLAIN LOSERS, SO GET OFF YOUR ASS AND SEND ME SOMETHING. YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO IN THE 23 1/2 HOURS OF THE DAY WHEN ALF ISN'T ON. ACTUALLY, THE REASON I STARTED THIS WAS TO GET MY ASS IN GEAR AND START WRITING SOMETHING. EVEN IF NO ONE SENDS A DAMN THING, I'LL TRY TO KEEP IT UP. HOPEFULLY THIS MIGHT LIGHT OF FIRE UNDER SOME OF YOU AS WELL. THIS IS AN INTERESTING SITUATION: MANY OF YOU DON'T KNOW EACH OTHER AND WILL PROBABLY NEVER MEET, BUT YOU'RE ALL UNITED UNDER THE RAGGED CANOPY OF THE U.D.C. THROUGH THE ABSURD ENDEAVORS OF A HAGGARD DRUNKEN MAN OF THE COASTAL EMPIRE MARSHLANDS WHO SPENDS THE MAJORITY OF HIS TIME TURNING SCHLITZ INTO PISS AND TALKING TO SQUIRRELS. ANYWAY, I GUESS THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY FOR NOW. UNTIL NEXT TIME, ALWAYS REMEMBER TO SEE A DOCTOR AND GET RID OF IT !!

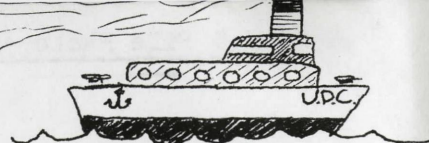
MAY YOU BE IN HEAVEN HALF AN HOUR BEFORE  
THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD,

Lucky McDaniel  
OPERATIVE AGENT;  
INTERNATIONAL U.D.C.  
COASTAL EMPIRE DIVISION  
DEPARTMENT OF PROPAGANDA.

IT WAS MY LOVE  
OF CHEESE  
THAT DID IT.

# A Seaman's Tale

By THE DUDE.



We're on our way to Flushing to fill the tanks. Domonic sits at the helm in the wheel house downloading porn off the internet.

"Shouldn't be too much longer now Bob, you can wake Frank if you want," he said, glancing up to check his position in the Bay.

He gives her a tug to port and looks over the wire connections to his computer. It's dark and in the rustling of heated contemplation about the wiring he knocks his coffee cup to the deck.

"Shit," he said, "man, that was good coffee too."

Still fumbling with the wires and periodically checking his position, he throws a roll of paper towels at the spot on the rug. It lands nowhere near the spill.

"Don't worry about it, I'll get that later," he said.

I had not moved an inch out of position.

"Hey, did I show ya this, joke?" he asked, "let me see here...this fucking connection; I'll tell ya."

He was having problems with his computer. It kept freezing up on him. I don't know anything about computers and to tell you the truth I'd rather never know about them but, I guess so he could look up porn on duty. Domonic had his computer hooked up to his cell phone to gain internet access. Like I said I don't know shit about these things but, I do know that a set up like that is the slowest and most unreliable system known to the industry. It took me over an hour to get to hotmail. I'm just sitting in the wheel house to waste time and to make sure Domonic doesn't fall asleep and run into a bridge. It's about 4:30a.m.

"How come women don't make good mechanic's?" he said.

He's turned around looking at me to answer the joke. Still hunched over the computers' screen, he's keeping some imaginary beat by rocking back and forth on the heels of his feet. He gave her a tug to the starboard. Just then I felt a vibration on the port side and a grinding noise filled the cabin.

"I'll take the wheel Dom," I said.

I grabbed the wheel and gave two tugs starboard.

"O.k. thanks, here just wait, o.k. now, huh?" he said with both hands on the computer now, striking a few keys and waiting on a picture to form on the screen.

The picture came up about five minutes later showing an obscenely biggoted rendering of a large buxom woman in a tight white shirt laying on her back on what appeared to be a dolly near the front right tire on a car.

"Yeah," he said, "massive hooters."

I stood up and put on my jacket and gloves. We were nearing the station where they kept water on that side of town.

"No need to wake Frank," I said, "just water right?"

"Huh, oh yeah," he said, "your almost off, I'll shake him later..."

I opened the door to the wheel house and walked outside. The wind blew a gale as I closed the hatch and I felt my face crack. It was about 14 degrees that night. I walked down to the bow and made her fast. Then made my way to the stern to secure it to the dock. It was all a matter of getting up on the dock and getting the job done. Black pools of patch ice lay all around the dock and the whole place looked to me like a mine field, although I had never really seen a mine field before in my life. After filling the tanks I jumped on deck sternside and let her go. Then walked up to the bow. The bow headline fell in the water when it let go

(CONT...)

from the bit. My glove got soaked wrapping the line and my hand froze even before I could make it back to the wheel house. Now it was about 5:40a.m. When I got back up with Domonic he had another joke for me. I listened to it patiently and didn't laugh. I asked him where we were headed.

"Whitestone, we got three at the east mooring,"he said"you can shake Frank."

"Alright,"I said"first Ill start some coffee."

I was taking off my soaked glove. "You feel like a cup?"I said.

"No I'm fine thank you"he said.

He had taken the porn off the screen and downloaded the ~~co~~ordinant's tracking program. He knew the captain would be there to relieve him soon.

"Alright then, I'll go shake the captain." I said.

I did that first then went down below and started the coffee.

Domonic had started the engines and ~~beganxxxxxxx~~ took off abruptly with a quick thrust as I ~~was~~ decended the stairs. I knew he did it on purpose and I could see him in my mind laughing that little ratty laugh of his alone in the dark. I shook my head and cursed into my sleeve. Then I sat in the galley and drank a fresh cup of coffee and thought about how pathetic my live degenerated the past few months. Then I thought about how I'd go see Siobhan at Dempseys when I got back ashore, and which Eightball I'd pick out at that great book store in the village. It was late in the week, a Thursday I believe. Only four more days. Then I went back up the stairs. Portside aft, and knocked on the door.

"Woah, we up?" said a voice from inside.

"Yes Frank, on our way to Whitestone,"I said.

I could hear rustling inside the room. I opened the door.

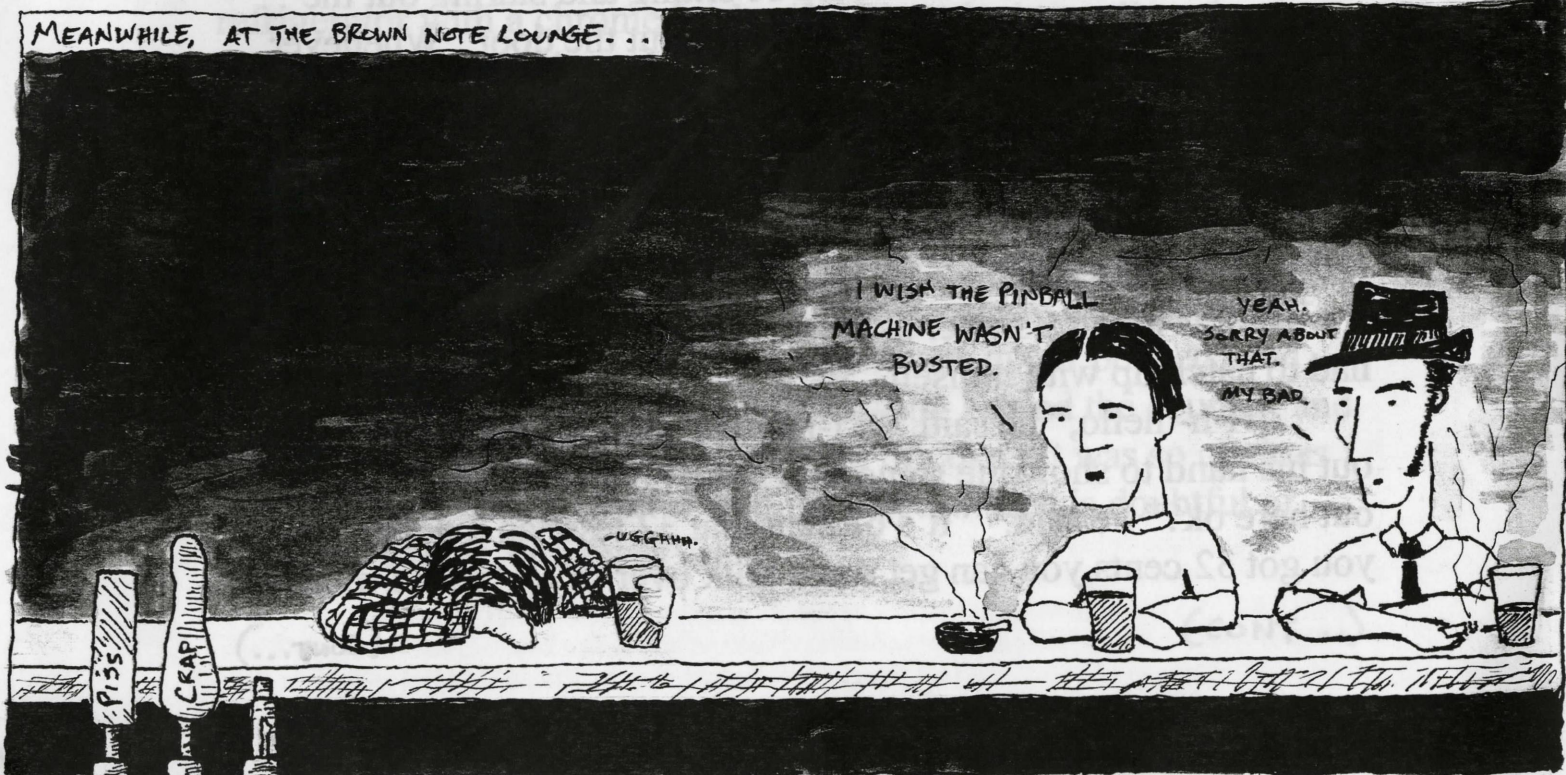
"Coffee's on Frank."

"O.k. then, no ruzh,"he said.

I closed the door and walked back down the stairs, poured a fresh cup in the galley, sat down and began to think again.

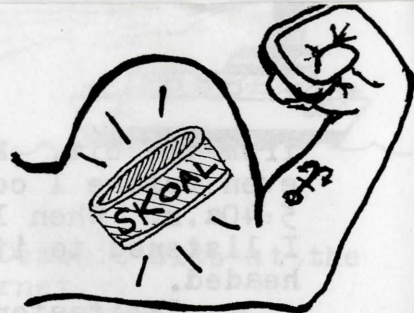
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MEANWHILE, AT THE BROWN NOTE LOUNGE...



# The Illegitimate arm of Popeye.

Some kind of story by: Bradley Williams



The building that house apartment 103 was composed of a total of 8 apartments numbered accordingly the 100s were on the ground and the 200s were upstairs. I didn't ever get to know anything about my neighbors upstairs. But I'd occasionally talk to the guy in 104 sometimes.

If I remember right, Maurice was his name, he was about six foot, four inches, with a clean bald head, a full beard, and was the color of coal. He didn't have a car, but instead he drove a small blue scooter and wore a glittery gold helmet that was so small it only fit on the top of his head, and the bubble shield on it only covered his nose, eyes, and forehead.

When I was in high school there had been a girl that everyone made fun of, we called her Scaly Scab, and her dad drove a scooter. Everyone said that is was because the state wouldn't let him drive a car because at one time he was a mathematical genius, but he had gone crazy and was not trusted with a car anymore.

I don't know if Maurice was crazy or a genius, but he always kept his door cracked open. When I would come home I could see his eyes in the darkness he would be sitting and staring out the crack. He would see me and he would shut the door. Whenever I'd get home and see that the scooter was in the parking lot his door would always be cracked, and he would be there looking out. We didn't talk for months until one day, while I had my door open so to let in some light—the windows were useless—he stuck his head in and spoke to me. He had a sort of stutter to his speech, but it wasn't as much a stutter as it was hyper sounding speech, like he had to catch up with himself.

"H-h- hello," he said. "I f-f-found some c-change." He held out his hand to show me some silver and pennies. "I f-f-found it out here ok?" he said. "It's 68 cent that 32 less 'an a dollar. If-if-you got 32 cents you can get some milk over th' A 'n P. I think it

(CONT...)



yours." I told him that I wasn't sure it was mine, but he insisted. "N-n-no, I picked it up outside our door here it ain't mine." I took the change and smiled. "Thank you," I said.

"Uh huh ok, I like milk. I can drink it all day. You like milk?"

"Only in cereal," I said.

"Ok. Ok I like it."

I introduced myself to him and we sat outside 103 and 104 while he talked about how much out of his pay check went to milk. I can't repeat the combination and depth of the numbers that he was saying to me. But I can say our conversation centered on numbers and the various ways he measured his milk intake. I couldn't follow. I tried to get him off the subject of numbers, but I couldn't. My mind started to wander. I knew of other man who would talk about, or to numbers around complete strangers. His name was Steffen and he ran a tire-store/gas-station/pawn-shop back in the town were I grew up. Steffen would talk to the money addressing each denomination by the name of the president printed on each. If he dropped a penny it was all, "hey Abraham, come Abe, where'd ya' gew?" I don't know from were it was that Steffen came from, but he looked like Charles Manson. We used to cut class drive down to his store. In the back he had an old refrigerator with a chrome latch, which you had to pull so the mechanisms in the door would release its grip. I was easily heard when we opened it. He had to have heard us. Inside the door was where he kept all the Skoal and Copenhagen. We'd walk right in with only him in the store, open the refrigerator to the sound of the latches releasing, and the seal that had been formed breaking and letting out cool air, which would inevitably cause the refrigerator to run afterwards. Then we'd put a few cans in our pockets, and walk out the door. Steffen would be sitting behind the counter, and maybe one of us would buy some kind of coke. It was so obvious what we were doing. Either he didn't care, which is doubtful of any store owner, or he was crazy.

(CONT...)

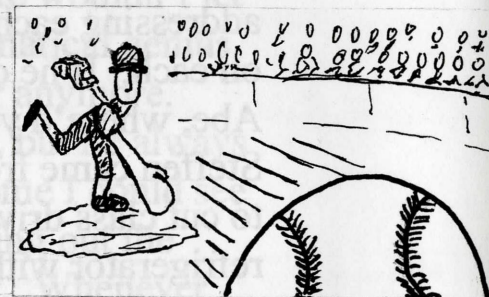
Sometime shortly after I graduated high school Steffen had a tire explode on him and it about killed him. But as a result of the tire explosion he was left with one arm that he couldn't straighten and somehow beefed-up to look like the illegitimate arm of Popeye. Less than a year after that someone walked into Steffen's robbed him, shot him, and left him to die. Steffen was an icon of sorts for us and it felt strange to hear that he was shot in the store that it seemed he let us steal dip from.

Maurice ended with a conclusion and a smile. I'd only caught bits of what he'd been saying. A bowl of mathematical cereal soaked in my mind, but other than that the numbers and the memory of Steffen had taken my attention away from him. I wasn't able to reply. I did my best to save myself from delivering the insult of ignoring him, and save myself from the embarrassment of not paying attention. So I put the 68 cents in my pocket said thank you again and went inside.

END.

# Reposessed!

BY RINGO T. GOOLAY.



## **Savannah: Part I**

Becarefulwhatyouwishfor bounces through the banisters of my mind like a drunken barn owl. Sounding like a Flannery O'Connorish piece of prose and tasting like soured sin on a pre-Guliani Noo Yawk night, the phrase reminds me that most of the childhood cliches eventually haunt you sometime or another in life as chillingly true...more to follow.

Although I toyed with some of the obligatory options so often employed by many writers in introductory issues of continuing columns, I've opted for other ground. While it's probably tomorrow by Rocky Mountain Time and time is of the proverbial essence if I plan on getting this mother written down, I will make a moment to mention that you as the reader came damned close to reading about my only worthwhile Ft. Worth experience. I witnessed Nolan Ryan almost pitch a no-hitter. Almost. Since I was clambering for beer when the stitches flew from the fingers, a trace of the pitch's wind was all that caught my eye. A sobering moment, indeed. Almost. I got the beer, you know... God's consolation prize. And you, the reader, got to read about it. Almost. Again, time is a ticking and Nolan must wait, as must Johnny Shines, Reverend Norb, Lisa Luken, Spike, Dusty Graves, Mojo Nixon, Joe Calamuso, Pinky the Stabber, and others. So many others. I should also like to think that future columns will focus...umm, right...on "Dead Flowers," the Dutch, highschoolgirl idolatry, rednecks in therapy, New York City water fountains, and four-dollar PB&J samiches. And Godknows I'd feel like a forlorn fool to forget Fonzie, Link Wray, and Bowser. This column, however, will address Savannah. Most of you know the place. New Orleans with much more tasteful sleaze and in many respects one of my favorite towns, although Hazel, Kentucky maintains a certain hipness and a place in my right aorta, although it's still working on the rest of my heart.

(CONT...)

Even veteran travelers make mistakes though, and in visiting the aforementioned coastal community, this global gallivanter invented a few new ones, methinks. But, of course, the road of excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom and my misadventures translate into advice for the masses, or even just my readers. Ahem....

When visiting Savannah adhere to the following: 1) Realize that the stick house is gone and will not come back regardless of how often you attempt to confirm its existence 2) You can only pet so many dogs without looking retarded 3) And, above all, make every attempt to avoid mentioning the IRA to the Irish, and especially to drunken Irish. Of course, other lesser lessons will surface within the telling of the tale, but the latter should be bookmarked for handy reference. Consider them the Holy Trinity of Travel within the city limits of Savannah. Again, benefit from my experience and trust me on this as the life you save may be your own....

In wartime, such as in the current time of terror, occupied by the playing of *Persian Gulf War Part II: The Revenge of the Nerd*, I always enhance my experience by compiling a soundtrack for the particular conflict. Somehow singing along with C. Thomas Powell's, Baby Bush's, Dick's, or Lisa "The Con" Rice's talking head adds just the amount of appropriate absurdity to the endeavor of killing, dying, and lying for oil. For the most recent rampage in the sand, I startle my dog, my wife, and innocent bystanders alike by bellowing out a blistering version of "War Pigs", an oddly upbeat "One Tin Soldier" or a crazy concoction of any number of songs by the cacophonous chaos that was Crass. Of course, I also do some mean renditions of the standard Dylan fare and carry no qualm against reciting one or more of Jello Biafra's diatribes against all things that are the State and its war machine. But, then, just for fun, I'll invariably slip in one of John Prine's early introspective examinations of postwar weariness, "Sam Stone" being the obvious choice, but "Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore" works wonders, as well. Of course, "Fortunate Son" always makes an appearance on the platter. It has been a staple since Somalia.

What does all of this have to do with Savannah? Not much except for the absence of said compilation on my recent voyage to the Georgia shoreline. The damn thing would have come in handy, too. Somewhere outside of Chattanooga, close to what I call Fireworks Valley, vehicular movement ceased as a significant reality. Unsettling as it was, I had to plan. Little hope seemed to surface as to what to do to pass the time? I mean, what was I *to* do to pass the time but maybe to slowly sip on my rapidly warming Pabst or perhaps to dingadindang my dangalong dingdong?

Most of my travels encompass lands outside the reach of The Traffic Jam, the blue highways and sidestreets of these United States; I had no frame of reference for this crap. Mere boredom and slight irritation evolved into an emotion Dante may have found stashed away in the 5<sup>th</sup> Circle of Hell. Not only did previous ideas such as cracking open the formerly "cold" Ones while listening to Georgia Tech baseball (NPR's coverage of the conflict had ceased to entertain me and the rest of the "music" on stations within the sheltered range of Fireworks Valley somehow does nothing but aggravate my abdomen, most likely due to its descent into the realm of wretchedness) sadly strike me as blatantly risky behavior given the number of SUV families from Illinois or some other foreign land of the bland that were highly observant of any type of freeway tomfoolery but also as temporal and even lackluster in their abilities to creatively consume time. Thus, I sat.

My mind thawed out somewhere east of Macon. The guilty pleasure that is the Friday Night Metal Mania Madness Massacre or some such Snyderian show pulled me into my port of call about 10:30 p.m. local time. Running low on gas and tanked up on Combos (the culinary equivalent of Dee's radio stylings) and 16 ounces of a Warm One sneaked through my lips about five miles outside the city limits, I immediately proceeded to get lost. I accepted that dilemma at its inception. Besides, given the terrors that Pol Pot instilled on a daily basis, who was I to whine? Oh.....yeah...the traffic. Well, I'd had an epiphany since...not to mention the beer. A man can muster up untold amounts of spirituality after downing even relatively small quantities of cheap American lager, ya know.

Thanks to helpful hippies and a crusty punk with a cellulite phone, the lostness didn't last. What next, you axe? Tune in next time for the rest of the story. RTG

END.

# MEDITATIONS OF A SOLITARY DRINKER.



By LUCKY McDANIEL.

So now I am alone in the world, with no rother, neighbor or friend, nor any company left me but my own. ... But I, etatched as I am from them and from the whole world, what am I? This must now be the object of my inquiry. Unfortunately, before setting out on this quest, I must glance rapidly at my present situation, for this is a necessary stage on the road that leads from them to myself."

-Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

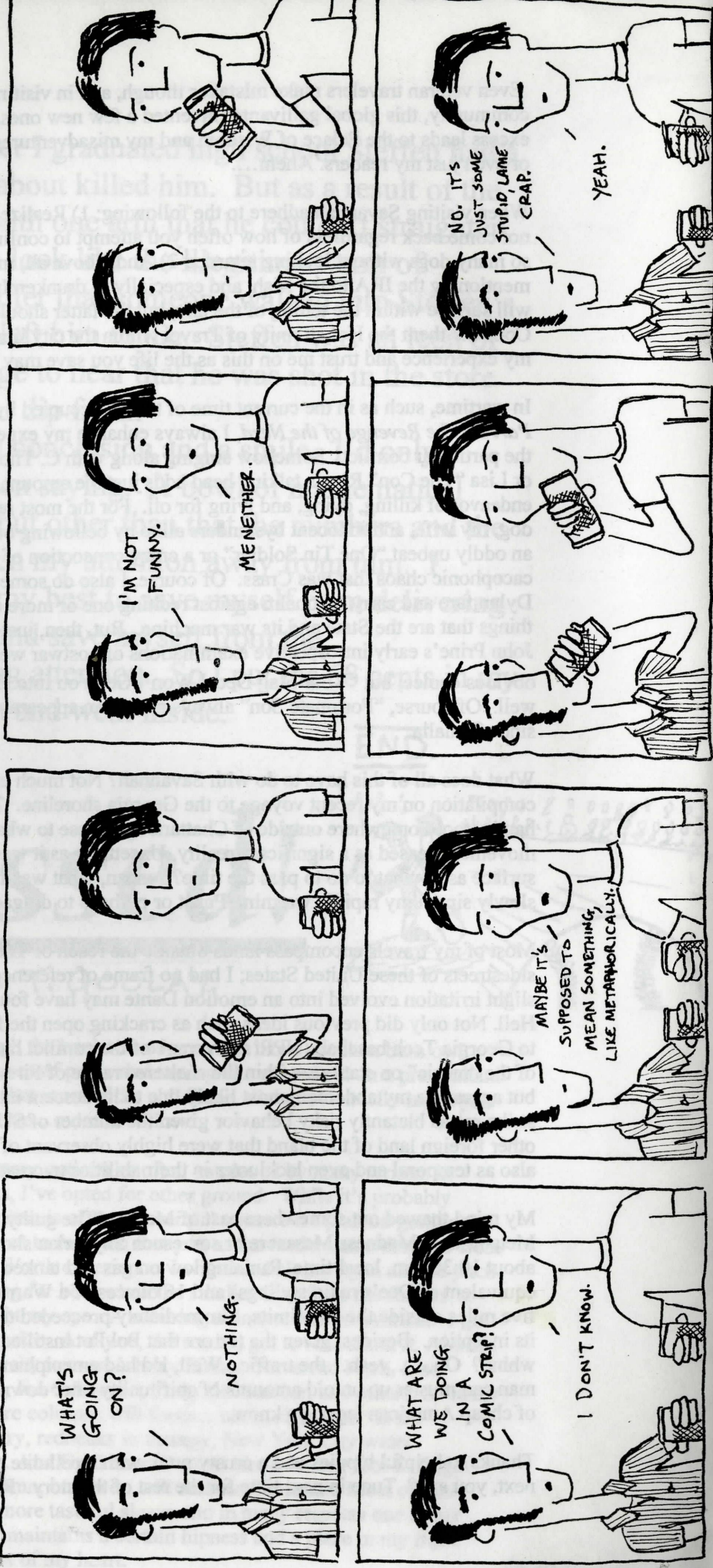
## PART I:

Another shit hole bar; another state of being: somewhat at least. I take my predestined seat at the end and take long draws off PBR draught. Anonimity once again rears its beautiful head. The fact facts are in: 1.no one knows my name. 2.no one cares what it is. I find great comfort in this. I silently toast the gods unnoticed. Tips of lit cigarettes blink in the obscure atmoshpere, recalling lingering memories of store-bought Christmas lights stapled upon faschias of random houses. Conversations roar around me; and I am grateful that absolutely none of them concern me. I wouldn't even know if I was actually here, except for the fact that I enjoyed the walk down the backalley cobblestones. I am already a regular, although this is the first time in the place. The barkeep can tell from the look on my haggard face: a tab is set; I sit at the end of the bar quietly sipping Pabst Blue Ribbon.

"I can't breathe [she says] ...Ihave to go outside to breathe."  
I chuckle softly to myself. I learned to quit breathing years ago.

My left shoulder aches once again. I don't like the people who have wandered in. I'm going to settle my tab and walk home.

**END.**



# The Bag and the Cat

by The Dude

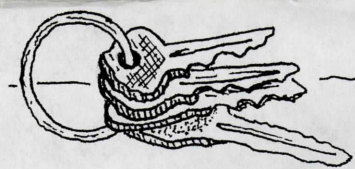


I had no idea the cat was let out. The room is filled with pot smoke. "the window must remain closed so the filth can drain out of the sink" he said. Your eye's mind is running in circles. Someone tied him to the door with the dog collar. "She wanted to fuck evryone in the room" I said. There was no time for the hypnotist. "Get out of the ventilator shaft, this room is chocking me" he said "It's the air inside" he said. Why are you still talking about it. He stole my raccoon years ago. And with the arclite I found it but, just barely. "Your story doesn't make sense to me" he said. I might understand because i'm foreign. Wabble on the esclator. You'll find yourself wishing you hadn't. "These rooms inside" he said. I say, your full of it. There's nothing that you can do now. I forgot to put the coffin back and when they came home that evening they saw everything. "So what happened in the end?" he said. Is this a question. "Should I phrase it differently or are you going to prespire?" he said. The smell if awful down there. It's a wonder they keep the place open at night. If you hadn't forgotten the armchair this afternoon things would have been just fine. There is nothing we can do now but wait. "The coffee's cold this morning" he said. My cup is filled with dew. The morning. Just be quiet please.

What is behind that docr. And if you knew there would be no sleep for ages. "This is becomming tedious" he said. "I'm getting bored" he said. The cigarettes flew like they were born to fly. Already written there in the air like tomarrow's newspapers. "That is not interesting at all." he said. What are you trying to say about our little situation here? "Rico told me about it, Yes and I'm at a lose for words myself." he said. Well we should try the purple curtain. The light play's well with my fingertips on such an occasion. "Yes, But where will we go?" I said. What does it matter to you. It is I who is unjust. "And so then what???" he said. "I don't know" I said. "He lost me pages ago" he said. And the arclight? Glowing in the staircase with that fucking dog. Just hold the paper tight to the roller and shut up.

We walked around the corner to find a place to drink. Stanley pointed to the mile marker. "That will be a fine day" he said. I had to go with him last tuesday and the reader, even then, didn't look good. "So did they rape t'em well" he said. "Well enought but I'll have to go back next month for a check up" he said. These ampules aren't doing anything for the state. Just personal use. "That's what we concern ourselves with here." he said. And the price can vary also. "I imagine that tea cup has a lot to do with it" I said. We had a good laugh about that one. "When he split his side I took the opporitunity to gorge on the flesh" he said. More laughter. "Then I fed him to the rats" then "he came unto the white light screaming and that's when we decided to record the song" he said. We stood there looking puzzled and egan again to laugh. Then we heard the song again and ate our meal. I found this in a men's magazine" he said. And the paprika. "I told him to let it braze" but he "does his own thing" I said. If he had gone to outer space we would not have been able to collect the money. "I am not goingto debate that" he said. "What do you do with your friends inside?" he said. Leave the pale overcoat in the car outside. "Where the fuck is all my shit?" he said. My briefcase is in the envelope acroos town. "We should all try looking for it tonite. The idea sounds familiar and stale. This has all been tried before. But Artex is looking at me from the stop sign and I know that I cannot let him down. "This is all very well understood by the com-mission." he said. "We need to promote more inquiries." he said "More fruitfull" he said. Ahh, I have forgotten the word. My skin is itching

(CONT...)




from the gas. "It wouldn't help to use the extinguisher." I said. Three men began to laugh in the corner of the rose garden. A vibration shook us all. That's when the itching began. "It's taken so long for the accused to come forward." he said. This does not please me at all. "For the love of Gpd, type faster please." I said. The papers have fallen off the counter. "Shit, you fucking idiot." he said "catch them you fool, catch them."

In the third ring at the circus there lay a vile of pestilence. The spelling is all wrong. "You should come around sometime" he said and vanished away in the distance. "You should come around to the point" I said. We're on our way now. The phone felt heavy and she had to hang it up. "Now your just being clever" he said "and the way you critisize and florilize." he said. "You know what I'm saying". Get out the tickets for the bus fare. These deals won't last forever. So without further adue, watch me." I quote from the text verbatim. "There's nothing you can do about it" he said. "Not now, not ever" he said. All the love is gone. The key's are all resting on the platform. It rises I mean, It's like a terrace effect." she said. "There all in some sort of order" he said. "It looks funny looking down on it this way." I said. Rossman shot and killed a man in Tulsa. "What was he doing there." he said. There was no way of knowing. We'll have to use the magick marker and form a new secret code. "I'll get on that right away." he said. "Is that the phone ringing" he said. She has nothing to do tonite. "She was looking for someone to go fishing with her." he said. "Everyone's away ..." control lines fall out. We are overcome by the flak. Someone far away screams. No good sleep tonight my friend" he said. "The tide is ebbing." See there.

The juiciness. He walks around all day thinking about ripe fruit. "And how am I supposed to react to this?" he can hear them say. It still does nothing to appease the statesmen. "Look at them there all sour and putrid" he calls to the maid of honor. "Yes, but their still invited to dinner" she said. Rediculous and half these keys don't work. "Your forgetting the real issue here, and I should know since I'm the one talking" I said. "Oh, don't listen to a word he say's, he raped me just fourty five minutes ago." The maid of honor is yawning, then turns from me and leaves. I wait for a sign. "Well he took a lot of shit after the war" the postman say's while climbing the staircase. I scan the package and hand him a tip. "He's still waiting for a call from dispatch." "They won't even leave him alone I guess" he said while leaving. And yet, there's always coffee. The fragrance reminds me of... Words fall out. No time left to conquer the masses. "We'll get a load of them tonite" he said. I looked at him from behind my cards. No one spoke. I'm having problems with her breasts. "I'm afraid you've become infected" he said. The pat on the shoulder lasted to long. "I felt him wanting more" she said "of me" and began to cry. We'll all feel better after the hypo's cleaned. Someone spoke aloud. "I know I will" he said. "I've been waiting all my life." "Shut up" she screamed. She began crawling across the floor. She feel on all fours after I hit her. "She began dragging herself" he said "huh, huh." She looked as though she might claw out his eyes.

"That's absolutly..." who knows. I didn't hear it. There must be some interference. My headphones are cracking up. "That is not a valid excuse" he said. "Here take this knife and just start stabbing." "He's learned a lot by going abroad" she said. Her smile never broke. Just tell me when to expect the check. "Just give a call whenever" he said "and soon." "Don't give him an excuse, he'll learn soon enough" he said.

(CONT...)



I'm gonna look all around. Am' pick a bale a day. "So one guy say's to another" he said. We all looked around the house for an explanation. There were none to be found. He verified this with the dispatch office and went on with his report.

"None of us were amused by this you understand" he said. He kept looking at his watch and at the back door and then back at his watch. Trading gazes we call it in the trade. He did this for about twenty minutes.

"I felt sure he was setting us up" I said "so before any more time wasted I stood up and shot him twice in the throat."

Maifield began to twist in his chair.

"Don't worry" I said "no one in the bar even noticed, I mean, the tender even came by before I left to fill the coffee cup."

He did not seem every assured. That was when I lost my liscence.

"They said I was no longer an asset." I said

"A viable threat no doubt" a crippled lush said thru persed lips and tight steel rimmed glasses.

"Hey, you weren't even there man." I said "I should have certainly delt with you the same wa... ohh, just fuck off all of you" I continued "let's see how you would have handled the situation, or I'd like to see, whatever." I felt I should shut up in a hurry.

I looked around for about five minutes. Tried to enjoy the silence. Now inexcapable, they were judging me, I know. Left the table to take a piss and escaped out the back door. Maifield saw me leave. I could feel his eyes on me. Perfectly by chance of course.

"This guy is completely unreliable."

"A fucking nuisance."

"I'll say."

"We need to go ahead and have him snuffed."

"I agree."

There was no way to change their minds. Not from where I stood on the balcony. Facing west. And I knew exactly what they were saying. I knew this cover could not be kept for long. It wasn't supposed to. They were doing exactly what I expected. Who wouldn't? Time to get out of town.

This cat is making me cringe. I found a delapataded flat outside of Chic-town to lay low. This fucking feline pissed on all my valuables. Miranda slooped around the sofa and closed all the blinds. "See here", I said. She wasn't paying any attention. She was murmuring the lines to a song while going about this chore of hers. Sounded like a twenties tune. "I thought you were over that theatrical stuff" I said. I don't think she heard me. "What's that, a twenties tune?"

"What's with all this noise" She said "you're nervous, God for christ's sake don't worry; please don't worry" she said "you remember what control advised." She stopped closing the blinds. "Have you finished your shot?"

"Yes" I said "here, come closer: I'll take care of you."

"Last time it took thirty minutes and you left a bruise the size of... well, it was big." "Don't worry" she said "just hand it over."

The light in the room was more than I could stand. "Who designed these blinds?" Miranda shrugged and clasped my outstretched hand, taking the dropper and giving a little tug and shake. Eyes locked for a moment as if to confirm and understanding. Then she sat down.

"I don't doubt you you know" she said. "You know that right?" Later ~~the~~ after the sun began to set I started to relax. The dropper had been low and I let Miranda take the majority of the shot. Leaving me with enough paranoia and tension to have to depend on the sun. But now as they say everything is fine. I tried to sleep but, sleep would not come. Miranda slept and I sat there watching her.

END

# The Wooden Chair.

By LUCKY Mc DANIEL.



The deadbolt lock clicked shut as the door closed behind him. The haggard wreck of a man took two weary steps to his right and collapsed into the cracked wooden chair...

The cramped apartment was more like a prison cell than a room, except that there was no metal commode. If he had to take a shit he would have to make his way down the dank narrow corridor, across the mildewed mosaic tile floor to the dilapidated shanty of a bathroom which housed the chipped, discolored commode that continually ran and rarely worked. Usually he would try to hold it until he reached the almost sterile toilet in the handicapped stall at the factory; as unsanitary as it was, at least it had a continual supply of toilet paper, albeit the harsh industrial brand that scraped like fine sandpaper when used. If he could not hold it, he would have to waddle desperately down the eight flights of stairs and go to the ramshackle grocery store on the corner.

An elderly Korean couple ran the paltry establishment and were there Monday through Saturday, nineteen hours a day. (Often times, when his mind had time to wander, he would speculate as to what they did on Sundays: picnicing in a green meadow surrounded by purple wildflowers, skimming across a placid lake in a small sky-blue sailboat, sitting close together on a park bench tossing pecans and raisins to bushy tailed squirrels. He would always imagine them in a charming Sunday situation; In the back of his skull, however, there was the incessant gnawing of reality that said none of his scenerios were accurate in the least.)

An old brass bell tied to the metal handle would give a dull, mumpish clank as he pushed open the plexiglass door, fulfilling its relogated role in the blank apathy that is the tragic result when monotonous repition and bleak desperation combine forces to create a barren vacuum.

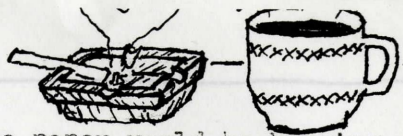
The man would always feel so ashamed when he entered the store in this pathetic gut-wrenching state: all hunched over with beads of sweat dripping from his pallid, pasty face and his despondent eyes pleading for help. Every time the old couple would immediately recognize his pitiful situation; Their eyes would meet for one brief instant and then they would turn and lower their heads, softly nodding toward the stained linoleum floor. He would then quickly make his way down the aisle, past the rickety racks of corn chips and porno mags to the end of the beer cooler and open the split plywood door with "EMPLOYEES ONLY" scrawled upon a scrap of notebook paper attached with a strip of scotch tape. He never knew if they averted their gaze out of pity or disgust; he wasn't quite sure which one he would prefer.

On the rare occasions when he had any spare money he would spend it in the store, buying items he didn't really need and some things he didn't even want out of simple appreciation: an unspoken gesture of sincere gratitude. The old couple would bag his meagre purchases and gently give him his change with soft, subdued gracious smiles.

A small, metal oscillating fan the color of old cigar ash and blackened rust provided the man's decrepit accomadations with the only source of relief from the sultry, sweltering humidity that engulfed the confined room in a thick, suffocating embrace. The dodderly archaic fan did not diminish the stifling heat in the least, but the whirring of its worn cogs would momentarily take his mind away from the oppressive atmospheric conditions; and the way it shuffled the insipid air back and forth across the windowless room would remind him that he wasn't dead yet. He took some comfort in this fact.

The yellow, smoke stained wallpaper was wearily peeling away from the walls. Dense moisture had long ago penetrated the seal, loosening the bond of the glue. This caused the wallpaper to bubble up in random places like festering, cancerous boils throughout the entire room; The seams were split open, exposing the pale bare plaster beneath like untreated lesions. When he had first moved in, the man would stand shakily upon the wooden chair and press the paper back into its proper place; but after a week he

(CONT.)



realized any attempts he made were in vain: The next day the paper would be hanging down even worse than before, mocking his futile endeavours of restitution with callous indifference.

The man would awake each morning at 4:30. He had no use for an alarm clock: The austere blast of the factory buzzer blared at regular intervals in the background of his feeble dreamscape. The world around him would remain asleep as he prepared a hot cup of coffee to accompany his lit cigarette. Easing back into the wooden chair, the man would serenely observe the tranquil flowing dance between the coffee steam curls and cigarette smoke spirals as they briefly intertwined before dissipating into the pre-dawn calm. This was the part of the day he enjoyed most; During this brief early morning break, the man felt completely at ease, in total accord and harmony with the whole world around him. He would sit and sip the smooth black coffee, savoring the bitter flavor, and then take a slow drag from his hand-rolled cigarette. The combined tastes of rich mellow tobacco and smooth hot coffee would transiently linger, mingling briefly on the surface of his tongue.

While he would sit and sip and smoke and savor, he would also listen. The manifold myriad of subtle sounds that emerged from the deceptively silent darkness continually amazed him for their profound depth and intricate overlapping: It was as though each individual sound complemented every other one and balanced out in pure perpetual harmony. Sometimes he would attempt to imagine what he would hear if one specific tone was omitted, but this endeavour never worked. The continuous flow of sound was like a tall tower built with a deck of playing cards; if one was removed, the entire structure would topple: every single card was absolutely essential to create the whole arrangement. These were the subtle utterances that the majority of people would not consciously take the time to notice; yet these sounds were the underlying essence of the pulse of the entire world. At 5:30 a.m. the man would extinguish his cigarette, rinse out his coffee cup and head out the door to the factory and another hard day's work. As he left his room he would contemplate the curiosity that the span of twenty simple minutes could solely justify an entire existence.

The dingy apartment was sparsely equipped with mismatched scraps of archaic furniture and obsolete appliances. They were the kind of things that were heedlessly thrown out on the curb in front of some dilapidated housing complex where they would remain for two or three weeks, absorbing the weather and filth like a mop in a pornographic movie theater -and then suddenly vanish as quickly and enigmatically as they had appeared. Most of his time in the room would be spent sitting in the lone wooden chair. The wood was so worn and weathered that it was impossible to discern what the original coloration was. The back was split completely through in two separate places and the left arm had broken away from the base, dangling impotently off to one side. The smooth seat had been worn down to the bare wood grain from countless hours spent by the numerous asses that had occupied the room before his arrival.

Next to the chair was a dull metal table. The man assumed that at one time it had been painted completely black because traces of black paint flecks remained upon the lackluster gray-brown surface. One leg was shorter than the others, causing it to totter back and forth each time he would place or remove an object from it. On top of the table was a small ceramic lamp. The soiled lampshade had been obstinately forced to fit the unsuited base and was permanently cocked at an awkward angle. There was also a dull-brown glass ashtray that would remind him of the ones at a bowling alley he used to go to many years back. The door, the wooden chair and the metal table were on the south wall of the room. (The man always took note of how his surroundings aligned with the four cardinal points. This gave him a sense of comfort and satisfaction; for whatever environment he would find himself in, he would always know where he stood.)

A porcelain sink colored black and grey-green with permanent mildew stains hung uncertainly from the east wall. The handle for the hot water valve had broken off and could only be turned with a pair of needle nose pliers that hung beside the sink on a nail tacked into the wall; The handle for the cold water valve was completely shot and would futilely spin around and around if turned. The exposed galvanized steel pipe beneath the sink leaked a steady stream when the water was running. Underneath the pipe was an old, faded Maxwell House coffee can that would collect the dripping water. When it was about



3/4 of the way full, the man would carry it down the eight flights of stairs and empty it out into the sewer grate.

Against the north wall stood the paltry metal frame cot upon which he would lie at night, tracing with his eyes the spiderweb cracks that ran across the ceiling and were held together with clear packaging tape. The dense, lumpy mattress provided little comfort from the metal bar of the frame that would constantly press against his back regardless of which direction his feet faced. He had been told that the sheets would be switched and cleaned three times a week, but every time he would lay down upon the dingy gray linen, he noticed burnt cigarette holes in the exact same place as the night before. He did not use the provided pillow; It was so completely stained and reeked of so many foreign, repugnant odors that on the first night he had placed it far back beneath the bed and bundled up his work jacket to rest his head upon as he slept.

At the end of the bed was the other table. It was a small wooden table upon which the archaic metal fan sat continually oscillating back and forth, squeaking softly as it turned from side to side. The man had never placed anything else on this stand, for it appeared that if even a dime were set upon it, the entire table would buckle and completely collapse in a pile of splintery rubble. It took all of the structure's strength and concentration to simply bear the weight of the small metal fan: it could endure not one iota more.

In the middle of the west wall sat a small brown icebox. The man paid an extra five dollars a week to have a room with one in it. On the first day he opened the door of the diminutive refrigerator only to immediately shut it back closed: he had to leave the room door open for three straight days afterwards to rid the room of the heinous stench that the icebox had released into the air. He had been promised an immediate replacement from the management. After two weeks had passed, he quit asking about when the new one would arrive; he would still pay the five extra dollars each week. On top of the inane appliance would perpetually be a half case of beer, a partial loaf of bread, an open pack of balogna and a half empty jar of yellow mustard.

A painting or picture of some sort had once hung on the west wall. There was a distinct rectangle -about three feet by two feet- on the peeling wallpaper that was not as yellow and discolored as the rest of the wall. A small nail, from which the painting would have hung, futilely stuck out of the plaster in forlorn idleness. In the dormant evening hours, the man would often gaze at the blank void for extended durations, sipping warm beer and imagining what once hung in the vacant spot and what had become of it.

The man had started work at the factory a few days after he had moved into the meager room. How long ago that was he could not precisely tell. It was as if time had split itself into two separate, distinct factions that were bisected by the point that marked his arrival to the room: Every day before would seem to be an aloof, distant dream from which he was almost entirely detached and removed; Everyday since was an indiscernable blur that was the muddled product of drink, destitution and daily routine. The factory job was grueling and thankless work and the pay was lousy, but it was within walking distance and they had hired him on the spot. There are desperate times when a steady paycheck takes priority over everything else and causes people to endure more burdens than they would at earlier, more fortunate times.

Dull gray light would barely be beginning to peak out from the horizon, breaking night's sombre reign as the man would stroll down the cracked concrete sidewalk toward the river and the grim factory which awaited him. The twenty-five minute trek that followed his morning coffee/cigarette ritual was often a pleasant, welcome journey. The chaos of racing cars and impatient people intensely rushing off to their respective destinations had not yet corrupted the landscape that early in the morning. With a few simple exceptions -such as a mangy stray cat or a random semi truck- all would be quiet and serene. In the darkness, the trash and filth that littered the streets was not quite discernable beneath the arcane cast shadows; it was as if civilization had been wiped clean and given a second chance. The complacent man would leisurely amble through the tranquil streets beneath the gentle blue haze of the street lights. He would study the sleeping buildings with a guiltless curiosity, noting which windows had drapes, which were boarded up or broken and the few which had flowers placed in the sills. If he was

(CONT.)

lucky, the golden moon would peak out from behind a building or break through the billowing clouds of smoke and shine down upon the concrete panorama in beatific solace.

Of course many mornings were not so soothing. On some occasions his shrunken, ragged stomach would violently seize in spasmodic convulsions, causing him to duck into back alleys or behind trashcans to vomit up opaque, green digestive juices tinged a dull red with traces of blood. He would stand feebly hunched over behind a side dumpster in a cold sweat with every muscle tensely contracted in utter agony as he tried his best to breathe between brutal convulsions.

Some mornings as he walked down the vacant streets, the fear would come upon him like a fever. He would hear vague, whispering voices as the wind whistled and ripped through the cryptic alleys: First from one direction, then another, then another, causing his head to jerk back and forth in a vain struggle to detect the source from which the arcane murmurs sprang. In the corner of his eye he would catch brief glimpses of fleeting PHANTOMS which would instantly vanish, receding into the murky shadows as soon as he would turn to face them. Even if he kept his gaze straight, he could feel their presence all around him; the hairs on the back of his head would stand straight on end as the faint whispers incessantly tittered and the cold, spectral breath of the unknown tickled the back of his neck. It would be as if intangible phantoms were constantly waiting behind every corner and around every turn, waiting to consume him into the murky darkness as he walked by. On these occasions he would anxiously tread down the middle of the street where nothing could jump out and grab him and he could see better to avoid stepping on any snakes lying coiled in the shadows.

And on some mornings he would simply plod down the sidewalk at a mindless, droning pace, not taking note of anything in particular.

The walk from the clamorous factory back to the reticent room would usually be the same. The blazing, oppressive sun would be high in the sky, blaring down upon the sweltering concrete jungle while sultry steam slowly rose up from the sticky asphalt in thick translucent waves. Taking a full breath of air was impossible: the sweltering air would cause the expanded lungs to painfully pulse in a dull, suffocating ache; short, simple breaths provided the least amount of discomfort.

Enfeebled by another grueling shift, the exhausted man would make his way down the glaring sidewalks with rubbery legs and a constant throbbing ache that ran from his neck, down his shoulders to the small of his back. The tense, overexerted muscles would cause him to walk slightly stooped over, giving him the appearance that he was trying to discern some strange sound which he could not quite make out.

On the rare times the sun would not be blazing, the sky would be covered with dark gray rumbling clouds that billowed across the chaotic sky with ominous fervor. The man relished these sporadic stormy afternoons. The dynamic air would be thoroughly saturated with intensity and anticipation; electricity in the air would envelop him, energizing his entire weary body with invigorating vivacity. He would saunter down the street with his shoulders back and head high, smiling up at the vibrant, bustling sky. Cold, refreshing rain would plop down in thick, plump drops which burst wide open on contact. The rejuvenated man would appreciatively soak up the sky's gift in elated bliss. Unfortunately, these stormy days would be few and far between.

Whatever the weather conditions would be, the man would always make the same three stops on his way back to the isolated room and the forlorn wooden chair.

Along with most of the other factory workers, his first stop would be the sleazy, run-down liquor store across the street from the plant. Every day he would buy a 32 ounce bottle of Hurricane malt liquor to drink out of a paper bag as he walked back to his meager dwelling. If he had a few extra dollars he would purchase a pint of cheap whiskey, half of which he would quickly down as soon as he left the store; he would then slip the half empty bottle into his back pocket, saving the rest of the rot gut concoction for later on.

The repulsive owner of the repugnant establishment was an oily, corpulent wretch of a man who would sit precariously perched atop a cracked plastic stool behind a smudged

pane of plexiglass. He would complacently gaze down upon the haggard workers as they purchased their cheap liquor, generic cigarettes and scotch and win tickets which never won, but would lie on the sidewalk outside the decrepit shop door, crumpled up in small balls from frustration and cast aside like used condoms. Every Wednesday the workers would line up in front of the smeared plexiglass to cash their paltry paychecks. The grotesque owner would be plopped behind the register gleefully taking in the paychecks and cashing them for a seven percent fee. He would slide the greasy, crumpled bills to the workers through the small metal slit at the base of the plexiglass, sneering down in condescending delight as each man glumly accepted his meager weekly wages and made their way back out into the sweltering heat.

The second stop on the man's weary trek back to his room would be a pitiful metal newspaper dispenser at the corner of two neglected cross streets. The newspaper's name had long ago faded away from the blue machine's sun-stained sides; the lonesome contraption had been claimed by a gang with swirling black graffiti spray paint signs and claimed more profoundly by reddish-brown rust stains that crept up its spine, bubbling up in sporadic, triumphant conquests of decay.

(The man didn't care much for worldly news or current events. He would briefly scan the front page headlines before casually tossing them aside. The editorial section would be placed on the floor unopened with its creases crisp and fresh. He would survey the smiling, posed couples and beaming brides that were in the wedding announcements. He would attentively peruse the obituaries, examining who died, how old they were and who they left behind; It was odd -he would ponder to himself- that the only people he cared enough to take note of were no longer people, but corpses.

All of these sections were ultimately unimportant: He would buy the newspaper for the comic strips and the crossword puzzle. The former provided his evenings with amusement; the latter provided them with purpose. He would happily read every strip with the exception of "Cathy" because they would never be funny and said "ACK" at least ten times. He would almost always complete the crossword puzzle which he would then set to the side of the wooden chair with a content sense of satisfaction. On the other hand, he abhorred the goddam word jumble; half of the time he wouldn't be able to figure out the words, and on the occasions that he did, the final riddle would be a trite, hackneyed atrocity that would render the time he spent in unscrambling the letters to be a complete waste.)

On his way home, the man would pump his greasy change into the allotted slot and open the door to obtain his daily newspaper. Every single time before he let the metal door snap shut, the man would pause. He would ponder taking an extra paper, or even all the papers -including the one on display in the front. They were his: completely vulnerable and ripe for the picking. Every day he would pause, completely conscious of the capability that he had to swipe the entire stack of daily newspapers. And then he would let the door snap shut ... He wouldn't know what to do with all those papers anyway; so he left them behind, sitting vulnerable and exposed for the next person who walked by and had fifty cents to spend.

The small corner grocery store run by the amiable, elderly Korean couple would be the man's third and final stop. His appearance upon entering the quick mart would vary greatly each time he crossed the threshold; The couple's reaction would coincide with his current condition: Sometimes they greeted him with welcome smiles, sometimes they pretended to be taking count of stocked supplies, sometimes they would disappear into a back room, sometimes they would speak pleasant, sincere, broken English sentences. Their reaction to his diverse presence would vary from day to day, corresponding with what state he happened to be in at the time.

The man would wander through the aisles, observing the sequences of colorful, prepackaged products that stretched out in carefully arranged rows. So many things would be placed before him, all calling out: "Take me home, please...I can give you what you need. I will fill whatever void there is in your life...just buy me." He would slowly saunter across the stained linoleum floor, taking note of everything from motor oil to beef jerky to pornographic magazines. Everyday he would purchase a half case of Schlitz

beer. Every third day he would purchase a pouch of tobacco for rolling cigarettes. Every Wednesday he would purchase a loaf of whole wheat bread and a pack of bologna: survival food as they say. On the days when he would have extra money, he would buy scratch and win tickets or beef jerky or pornographic magazines or whatever other item that happened to catch his attention at the time. The brass bell would clank blankly as the door closed behind him.

The eight steep flights of rickety stairs would wanly await the man as the final trial of his arduous daily trek home from the factory. The cramped, narrow doorway would beckon to him, summoning him up to the eighth floor and his paltry, meager abode. ~~Each~~ Each single, creaking, wooden step was a strenuous obstacle that must be overcome if he was to make it home to his dwelling and the comfort of the wooden chair. His weary, aching knees would wobble and shake in unsteady desperation as he would leadenly ascend the dim lit stairway step by step by step. The burdensome load of his daily purchases became heavier and more difficult to bear the higher he would get on his daunting climb, so that his arms as well as his legs would tremble and begin to go numb as he made his way upward. He would twist and turn through the confined, constricted corridor with no real sense of direction or location in the windowless, numberless stairwell. As he slowly ascended the stairs, his worn boot heels would let out dull, feeble thuds that faintly echoed and resonated through the vacuous, dead air of the bleak ambulatory. After what seemed an eternity, he would arrive at the dilapidated door which opened up onto the eighth floor and led to his humble, scanty room.

...The exhausted, depleted man gently cracked open a can of cheap beer, took a long refreshing drawn out sip, relaxed back into the open broken arms of the wooden chair and quietly died.

(END.)

MEANWHILE, AT THE BROWN NOTE LOUNGE....



U.D.C. MAZE: HELP SAMMY THE SQUIRREL  
OBTAIN THE MIGHTY, ELUSIVE ACORN!!

U.D.C. JOKE (I READ IT IN A PORNOMAG):

A PIRATE WALKS INTO A BAR WITH A STEERING  
WHEEL COMING OUT OF HIS PANTS. THE BARTENDER  
SAYS, "HEY BUDDY, YOU HAVE A STEERING WHEEL IN  
YOUR PANTS!"

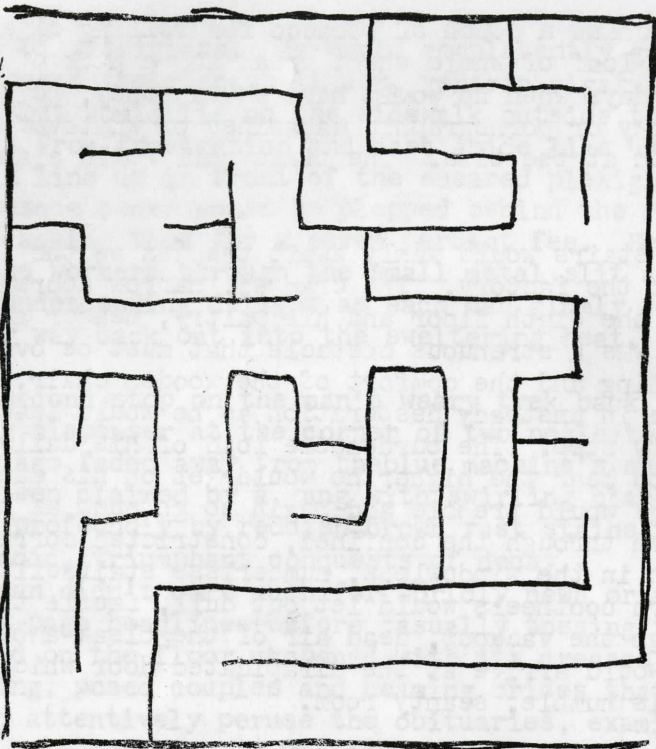
THE PIRATE REPLIES, "AAARGH, IT'S DRIVING  
ME NUTS!" HA HA HA HA.

U.D.C. COASTAL EMPIRE HEADQUARTERS:

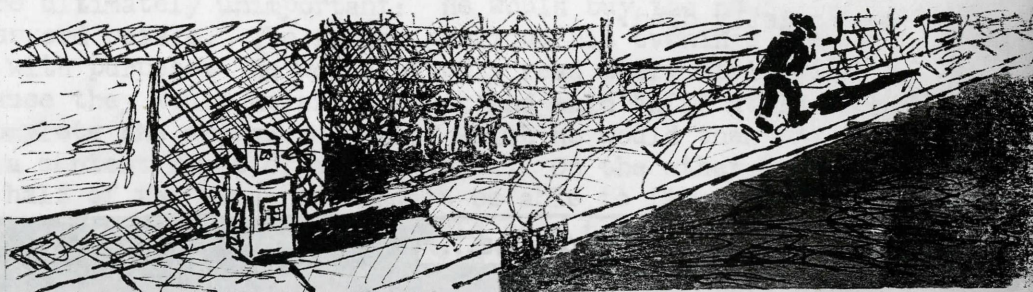
316 E. GASTON ST APT 4  
SAVANNAH, GA

31401

OR  
RDANIE20 @ STUDENT. SCAO. EDU



"footsteps in the night"



i left the club about 10:00 pm and started down the desolate street. the few streetlights illuminate the haze rising from sewer vents. distinct sharp shadows bite into the street, buildings, alleys. angry at the light for stealing their domain and confining; yet all the while laughing at the light for its feeble attempt to conquer what it can not. most of the tall towering brick buildings remain vacant. a coffee shop, a book store, a bar. i keep my hands in my ~~pock~~ pockets and my head down, jacket flapping in the wind. my own footsteps solely penetrate the roaring silence. i have been walking for fifteen minutes. two more blocks to go. hands in pockets, head down, jacket ~~flap~~flapping. in the distance more footsteps join my own in the battle against the silence, from behind they grow louder and louder. two men running. closer and closer they come. in a minute they will have caught up to my own. hands in pockets, head down, jacket flapping. they run past me. one man chasing another. twenty feet in front of me the first falls and looks up at his persuer in terror. the ~~xxxx~~ second stops, pulls a gun, says something to the man and fires into the back of the fallen man's head. the gunshot echos throughout the alleys like a rambling thunder. the shadows claim the man's body for their own. another coffee shop. a newspaper blowing across the sidewalk. i arrive at the body. step into the pool of blood spilled out upon the sidewalk and continue on my way. hands in pockets, head down, jacket flapping in the wind.

END TRANSMISSION.