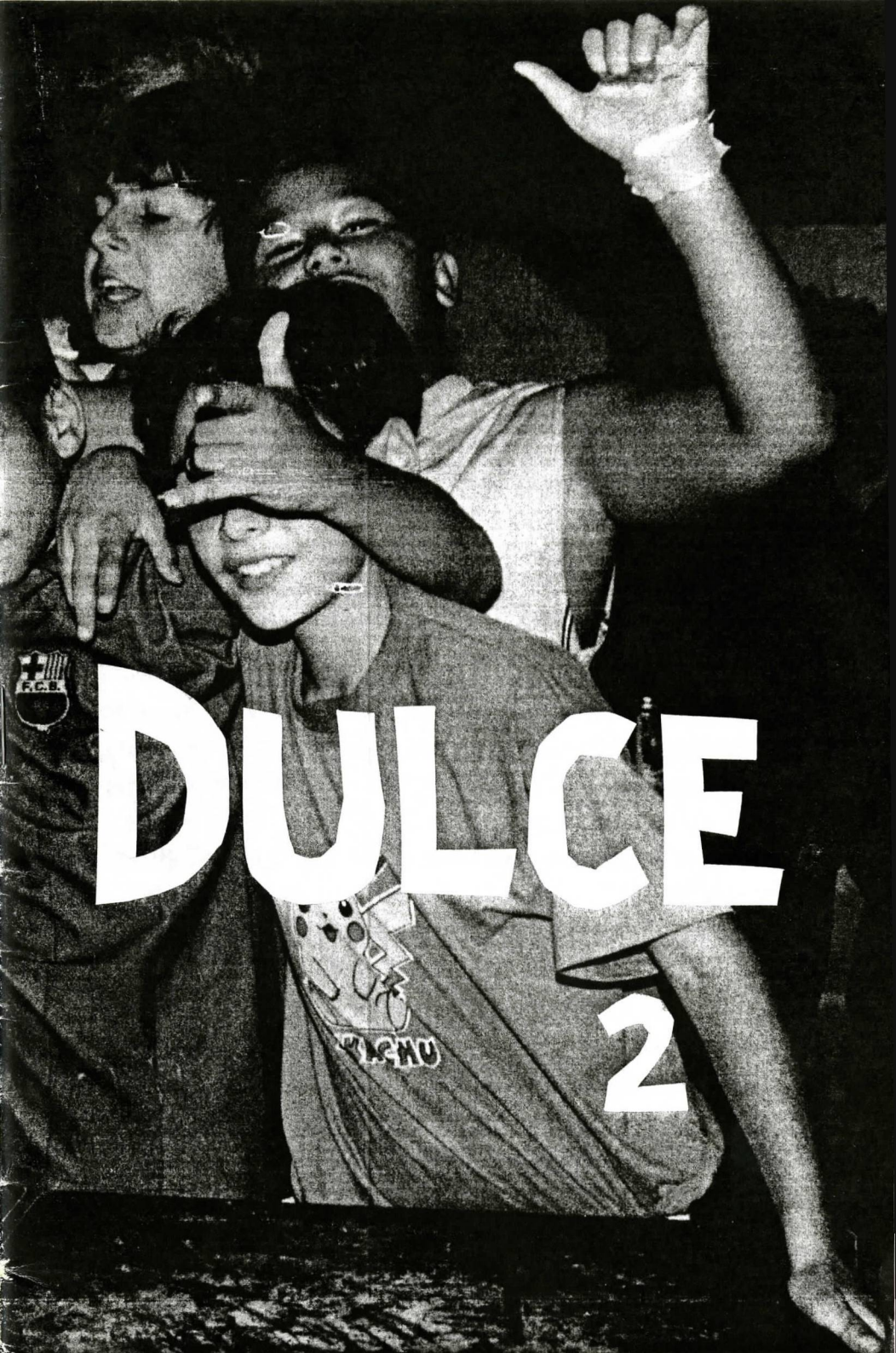




DULCE

2

Borough of

Dulce



City of New York

Lighting cigarettes for people with my gift Zippo lighter has, for the past few weeks, become a somewhat involved affair. As opposed to the simple "Thanks" or courtesy head-nod, often which takes the place of words as the smoker inhales their first long drag, I am met instead with cockeyed curiosity, or simply a disgusted look at the thumb of my right hand, which couldn't be more than two inches from the smoker's face, after which time he or she will inevitably ask, "What the fuck happened there?" To which I reply, "Have you ever heard of the high-time?"

"No, I have not."

"Well let me tell you all about it!"

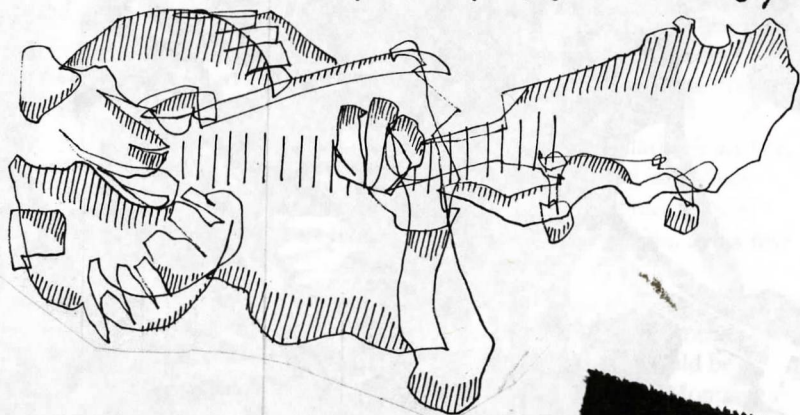
"Uh... actually I kinda gotta go. Late for class. Thanks for the light. Bye!"

...As I'm left standing, jaw agape and wounded Thumb still extended, with no one but the pigeons with which to share my stupid story... Fortunately, however, two little miracles known as photocopies and Freedom of the Press enable me to share this story, and many others, with you! Lucky you. And what's more, if you don't wanna hear them you have the option of simply setting this down, or setting it on fire; either way it will not affect my emotions in the least, as I'm certainly nowhere near you right now. Of course you could do something real mean, like wipe your ass with it and mail me the stinky, soiled zine, but that'd be an awfully big effort. A waste of time. Plus, I'd actually find that hilarious. So it's a perfect situation for all parties involved. ANYWAY....

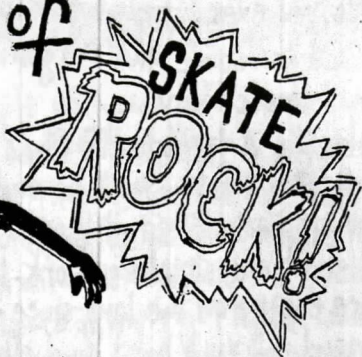
I made a vague promise in the premier issue of this (what's working out to be) YEARLY zine that I'd share a few of my favorite drinking/make-out/kickin' back spots in the great city of New York with anyone who gives a damn, and...

Have you ever heard of the high-line? okay good, cuz it's wicked awesome and I'm gonna tell you how to get there. Now listen closely....

Take the A train to 14th St./8th Ave., walk over to 10th Ave. and hang a left. You'll be under some scaffolding, but once you approach 13th St. it'll open to a bunch of old meat-packing district industrial iron work. Look carefully and you'll see a fire escape on the long-since abandoned building. Have your friend give you a boost and climb on up. Now you can lower the ladder and let a whole fucking party up there, but be careful - it's real heavy - that's how I sliced a good part of my thumb off. Proceed all sneaky-like up to the roof and give your buddies high-fives - that was the sketchy part. Now walk to the far left corner of the rooftop, where you'll squeeze through the little corridor between buildings and through the broken window. You'll enter what I can only assume was a loading dock where they'd put all the pig/cow/goat carcass on trains way back in the day, now it's all rusted metal and graffiti and broken glass - kinda creepy, but you're there! Follow those train tracks northbound to the most incredible, beautiful, illegal promenade in all of Manhattan! Now drink beers, crush out and kiss someone, or just bask in the light of the secret city... Enjoy, my good friends, enjoy.



TWO NIGHTS of



FROM
VANCOUVER, BC

STREETS HIGHTOWER

SATURDAY
AUGUST 2

STARFOODS
64 E. 1st ST.

WITH
SORRY LIKE HELL & 7

FROM
SAN FRANCISCO

SUNDAY
AUGUST 3 / NORTHCLIV



Best Summer EVER!

Like the pool party scene from innumerable teenage sexploitation flicks circa 1985, I heard this phrase thrown about with reckless abandon, eighteen years later, in the summer of 2003. Despite a couple of nervous breakdowns and a difficult break-up, by the time S.T.R.E.E.T.S. rolled into town the summer was admittedly fixing up to be pretty fantastic. I hadn't been working much, yet the twin blessing of plentiful health food dumpsters and two-dollar Ballantine's 40s allowed that I still had enough money saved up to leave Brooklyn and go on tour for what I expected to be a two month whirlwind of debauchery, skating and punk rock. Woo! See, not much has changed since '85. Or, my life resembles a scene from "Zapped!". I don't know which of those is more terrifying.

As anticipated, the following week on the road with S.T.R.E.E.T.S. and Hightower was unbelievable. Just to travel and watch my friends play every night was enough; additionally, we spent two off-days and nights at an incredible haunted farmhouse in Cape Cod, where a friend's parents were kind enough to let twelve stinking punks occupy every square inch of couch and consume every last calorie of food on the premises. Shortly thereafter, a raging country party occurred in the backwoods of rural Maine, where local sea-dogs cooked freshly caught lobster, children frolicked in the forest, bands played on the deck of a mini-ramp, and the bonfire burned brightly into the summer night. It was cool to see a community get together like that; an almost equal mix of men, women, children, young, old, urban, country folk, skaters, farmers, fishers, coming from near and far to celebrate life and get obscenely drunk together. Best summer ever.

Yet the tables turn all too quickly sometimes. Particularly in my life, I've noticed a tendency for everything to go from good to bad, and vice-versa, instantaneously. As soon as we hit the U.S.-Canada border, B.S.E. was to be reduced to but a short-lived memory, three rolls of film, and a few blurry Sharpie tattoos.

If you've any sort of criminal record, don't try to cross the Interstate 89 border at one o'clock in the morning with a dirty punk band. I mean, that's just common sense, right? To my credit, I figured there would be trouble, and attempted numerous times to convince friends from Montreal to come pick me up in a less conspicuous vehicle, I simply forgot that no one I know even owns a car. We'd been driving for twelve hours and everyone

was in a terrible mood, wanting nothing more than to get the hell out of the U.S. It was at this point that common sense and good judgment ceased to exist. We stopped at a gas station for a quick faucet-shower and change of clothes, and gave that imaginary line the old rum-runner's try.

From my vantage point in the back seat, I could see the border agent taking out a yellow pad of "Secondary" tickets before we even approached her window.

"Nationalities?" she unenthusiastically asked.

"Five Canadians and one American," duly answered James, as the agent covertly scribbled KILL THE YANKEE in her little ticket book.

"Pull over to the left please..."

Strike one.

We piled out of the stinking van, all six of us in sweat-stained t-shirts, cut-offs and hole-ridden skate shoes, followed by a cascade of cassette tapes and dirt-brown socks. The agent who emerged to check out our passports was relatively human; it seemed as if he was about to let us go when his very angry looking partner stormed over and ordered me into customs.

"Supervisor demands to see the American!"

Strike two.

Trying my hardest to maintain a calm and innocent demeanor, while fully aware of the coming shit-storm, I approached Der Supervisor. With one pallid, chubby hand on my passport and the other on his computer keyboard, he spoke.

"Have you ever been arrested before?"

I knew all of the answers to his deep question lay on the screen before him. There was no getting out of this.

"Yes."

"You know you're not allowed into Canada, don't you?"

"Well...my...I...the last time..." That's the sound of my rock-solid constitution evaporating.

"SILENCE!" he yelled, "You're lucky we don't take you to jail right now! Tell your friends to drive you back. Their van is flagged and they've exactly one hour to return." With those words he slammed my passport on the counter as well as an increasingly familiar "Allowed to Leave Canada" document.

Strike three, you're out.

"I hope you don't lose any sleep over this!" I spat, as venomously as I could. Although immediately it occurred to me that no, he wouldn't lose any sleep over it. In fact, this is what he does, everyday, to people of all walks of life. Ruining a young punk's incredibly anticipated summer trip with his best friends was of no more importance to him than ruining an immigrant father's twelve-year reunion with his family, or probably choosing what microwave dinner to stuff in his face-hole, for that matter.

As I walked dejectedly back to the group, sad and mad as all hell, I noticed James arguing fiercely with the angry, neo-Fascist border agent. He claimed he'd discovered traces of weed in the van. When James remarked, "That's funny, none of us smoke weed. Why don't you show us?" the agent was just kind of speechless and put-off. They hadn't found anything; obviously, they were simply trying to scare us into admitting that we had something.

They finally let us return to the States to abandon the real illegal cargo, me. I thought of the thousands of immigrants deported everyday from around where I grew up in Southern California, mercilessly shipped back to Tijuana to fend for themselves. I considered how awful it'd feel with so much more than a tour riding on circumstance, with an entire livelihood destroyed by the INS and the laws they uphold. Then I thought of how there are few things in this world which I hate more than borders. I told S.T.R.E.E.T.S. they had to write a song entitled "No Borders But Skateboarders".

The nearest town on the 89 was St. Albans, Vermont. We stopped at a gas station to vainly attempt to devise a plan. I was an emotional wreck and drinking the last of a bottle of Canadian Mist whisky to numb the absolute disappointment and futility of the situation. S.T.R.E.E.T.S. had to be back at the border in a half-hour and we couldn't reach anyone in Montreal. Furthermore, we had no clue as to where St. Albans even was, much less what, or who, was there. As Mapee was devising a scheme to sneak me across the Cornwall, Ontario water-crossing in a boat, a truckload of skater kids pulled up and asked if we were a team on tour. Well no, but...yeah, in a way. We explained to them our dilemma and they told me to meet them in Jay's Pub across the street in twenty minutes, then left. I gathered together a backpack full of essentials, and after a solemn goodbye I watched my friends disappear up into the cold, dark North.

Entering Jay's Pub with my filthy clothes and a big backpack at two a.m., I was met by the six or so patrons with a myriad of glances ranging from "curious" to "unwelcome". I dropped my bag in the corner and took a seat at the bar, ordering up a cheap pint and lighting a smoke, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible. A grizzly young man wearing overalls and a camo cap sat next to me, and next to him an older, identically dressed man methodically threw down shots. I eventually asked about St. Albans. "It's an industry town, we're loggers. Born and raised, we've never left. This is our bar, want a beer?" Kind folks. I told them an equally shortened version of my story, "I'm on the road, a traveler. Stranded, might never leave. Right on, totally."

The bar closed and everyone was drunk and the four men and four women were flirting in the way that people who've seen each other every weekend for twenty years might do. The bartender poured everyone a few more, and by the time we were shooed out I was trashed. The skater kids had never shown. Thanks, bros. Fuck it, I made a beeline for the nearest dark,

partially-wooded corner of a building, laid out my sleeping bag on some leaves, and passed out.

I woke up early to spiders in my sleeping bag and increasingly hard raindrops falling through the trees. No matter, I was still a little drunk and unfazed after the previous nights ordeal. Nonetheless, a storm was coming in and the thought of a Recluse bite was making me nervous, so I packed up my stuff and stumbled out into the grass. In the early light of dawn, I could see that I'd slept next to a train station and, furthermore, a train yard! And what was that sound in the distance? A train whistle! Of course! I'll just hop this incoming freight train up to Canada! But alas, I watched despondently as it rolled past at a dangerous speed with nary a ridable car to be seen. Fuck. It was too good to be true...

Now the rain was coming down in sheets and I was soaked to the bone. I didn't care. I snuck up onto someone's front porch and lay down in the swinging chair. Cursed the heavens and hoped the property owner didn't also own a gun. Finally decided that bottomless coffee was my only salvation and shuffled into town, through the deluge.

The rest of the morning was relatively uneventful. I hung out under a gazebo in the town square park. I drank a gallon of coffee and tried to make sense of my situation. I had to get into Canada, yet I hadn't thought of anything and I was all out of ideas. Ha. One those seemingly hopeless, terrible times when the mind's defense is to simply shut down. I went walking.

Eventually, I ran across a couple of sketchy looking dudes whom I'd observed lurking about the park a few hours previous. I asked if they could offer any advice on border crossing, while trying to convey that secretive knowingness of illegality in my speech. Wink, wink.

"Fuck that shit! Go to Florida!" answered one without hesitation.

"Mmmph!" agreed the other.

I soon learned that they were both named James; the taller, talkative James bragged about everything from being the biggest crack dealer in Tallahassee at one time to how many girls he'd fucked last weekend, and claimed to be the only black dude in St. Albans (I didn't doubt this), while the shorter, silent, white James...I don't know. He never really said much besides "Ha!" or "Mmph" or "Uhh", but loud James seemed to enjoy his company.

For lack of anything better to do, I followed the James' to a house where they "had some shit to deal with". I walked through the screen door into the kitchen, where an obese middle-aged man sat with a tough-looking preadolescent. Pacing around nervously was a young woman with feathered blonde hair and a few missing teeth, which I couldn't help but notice as she ground her jaw incessantly. A wiry construction guy sat on the countertop. They all eyed me with hostile suspicion until James introduced me.

"Y'ain't a cop, are ya?!" the woman demanded.

"No, I'm not a cop," I answered, "Do you have a light?" I desperately needed a cigarette.

"Right there in the cupboard."

I opened a drawer and removed a box of wooden matches nestled between an array of empty prescription bottles and a small handgun. I lit a smoke and sat down on a ratty couch. James and the woman were now haggling over a deal of some sort. The sound of a vehicle pulling into the driveway interrupted the argument and James went running out, returning a minute later with a handful of blue pills.

"Ten milligram Percs?" asked the construction guy.

"It was all they could get," replied James.

Peering through the Venetian blinds, the woman suddenly raged, "IS THAT FUCKIN' DEBBIE? I TOLD YOU NEVER TO DEAL WITH THAT BITCH EVER AGAIN! YOU KNOW WHAT SHE FUCKIN' DID TO ME RIGHT? SHE FUCKIN' COMES IN HERE AND STARTS FUCKIN' BEATING ON ME ONE NIGHT CUZ OF WHAT HAPPENED WITH TYLER WHICH I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WITH!" This tirade continued until she and James ran outside to fight who I can only assume was Debbie and Tyler.

I took this opportunity to cautiously approach the man at the table. "So... What do you know about getting over the border?"

After a long pause he began, "Well... There's this crossing, over near Alberg. Unguarded after midnight, you can just drive right through. 'Course you'd have to be in the trunk, just in case. How much money you got? Cuz I'll get you there for a hundred."

It was a tempting offer, but if anyone in the Eastern U.S. was going to be busted at the border, it was this man, and I wasn't about to trust him with my freedom. Furthermore, I didn't have a hundred bucks. "Hmm... No thanks, man."

"Alright. Suit yerself. Good luck..."

On the way back downtown, I decided to try my luck in the train yard again. Stashing my backpack beneath an abandoned boxcar at a siding, I casually walked into the yard. With my camera slung around my neck, I slowly approached a yard worker.

"Hello friend! Would you happen to know of any northbound freight leaving today?"

He gave me the once-over and half-asked, half-warned, "Yer not gonna hop a train to Canada, are ya? Cuz I'll have ya know that if yer caught, that there's a Federal Offense."

This I knew. "Oh no, no. Wouldn't think of it. I'm a rail fan! I just want to take some photos!"

"Sure ya are. Sure ya do..." And with that, he turned and walked away.

I wondered if St. Albans was the Patron Saint of Assholes and Meth Addicts.

I'd missed the one daily Amtrak to NYC, so going East would mean a couple days of hitch hiking in the rain. I'd done worse, but I wasn't ready to give up quite yet. So I drank more coffee, smoked more cigarettes, bit my nails, pulled my hair and devised impossible schemes. Approaching a man on a bench in the park, I decided to ask him...I don't know...for a flying carpet? An invisibility cloak? I honestly forget what prompted me, but conversation ensued as it often does among those stranded, lost, lonely, and/or desperate.

Pat and I quickly made acquaintance. He was in his mid-forties, fairly obese with matted brown hair and a large graying beard which, when added to his stained white shirt and teal shorts, gave him the appearance of say, a dirty Santa on vacation in Florida. He chain-smoked Old Golds and spoke very slowly, with a nasally, lisping drawl. I told him my sob story and he told me his, which was similar to most everyone I'd met; born, raised, worked in industry, never left St. Albans. After a few pleasant hours of cigarettes and small talk, he asked if I wanted to go back to his place; hang out, sit on a couch, watch television, drink beers, that sort of thing. I was ambivalent; I wanted nothing more than to get the fuck out of St. Albans, but I couldn't turn down the hospitality given my situation. A few cheap beers and a nap on a couch sounded just fine.

We took a local bus to the north end of town, arriving at a gas station which I immediately recognized as our futile clean-up stop on the ill-fated drive up. Pat's place was across the highway in an old, decaying shopping center, above an out-of-business pizza restaurant. One would've never guessed a dwelling to be there. Up a staircase and down a darkened hall, however, the second floor opened to wood-paneled walls, filthy green shag carpeting, an old big-screen T.V. flanked by vinyl couches, various scattered appliances, spent beer cans, ragged porno magazines, a few dim lights and a small window. The smell of old cigarettes permeated everything. That was Pat's apartment, a little creepy but mostly just sad. I began to ask myself why I was there and became more depressed with the thought of my friends in Montreal, so I pushed the thought out of my head, dropped my backpack, lay on a couch, and immediately fell fast asleep.

The sun had set by the time I awoke, and the only light source in the apartment was the perpetually burning cigarette in Pat's mouth and the hazy big-screen, which at the moment featured a porno film of sorts. Sitting across the small kitchen table from Pat was another man - middle-aged, wiry, fidgety - who I soon discovered was the roommate, just back from his job at the pulp mill. This fellow immediately gave me an uncomfortable feeling as he, drunk and shirtless, leered at me as I sat up on the couch and lit a smoke. Pat offered me a beer and I duly accepted. A bit of awkward silence ensued. The creepy wasted roommate stared.

Finally, Pat. "Lissen...uh...I got a few buddies I could call up to hang out with."

"Yeah, sure man," said I, indifferent.

"Yeah, my cousin, he lives right down the road."

"Okay, call him up if you want."

"Yeah...y'know...He'll give us all blowjobs..."

"He'll...what?" I desperately hoped I'd misheard one of the most obvious words in the English language.

"Suck our dicks, y'know?" Pat spoke as casually as can be. "You want me to call him? He'll come right over."

"Um...no. No, I don't think so." I really wasn't in the mood for sexual favors from some weird country cousin. I certainly wasn't in the mood to observe weird country incest. Nor was I in the mood to be cut up and eaten by the weird country roommate, who had just stared and chuckled during the whole exchange. Fuuuuck. I glanced quickly around the room and determined the place nearly inescapable. There were a few barstools that could be used as weapons. But no, these guys were too huge and drunk and determined. It'd never work.

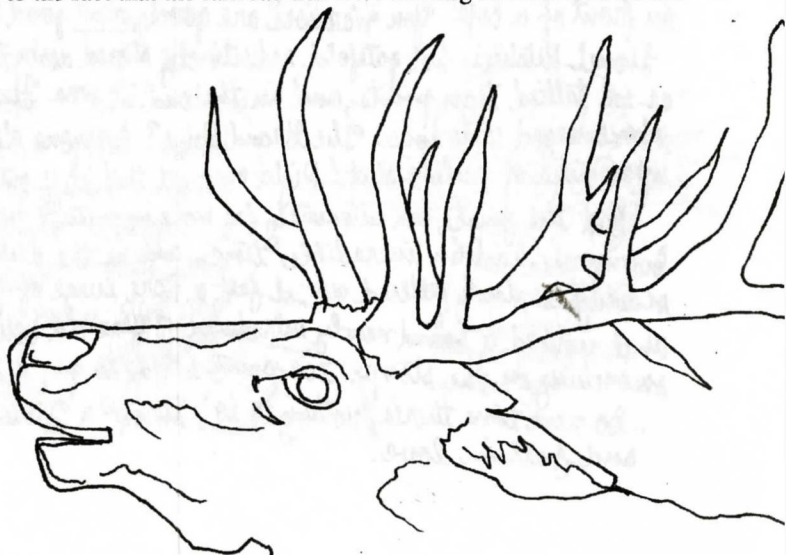
"I'm dead," I thought, "What a shitty, stupid way to go."

"Whatever," said Pat, just as nonchalantly as before, then somewhat sadly, "Your loss..."

What a weird, weird fucking town.

The rest of the evening passed without incident. It seemed as if Pat and his roommate were slightly disappointed that I didn't want anything to do with their orgy plans, but I clearly wasn't going to be dealt with Deliverance-style. Just in case, I stayed awake sipping on cans of Natural Ice and watching a Mel Gibson film, which had taken the place of Anal Sluts III since the moment I had totally ruined the mood. The two men finally shuffled off to bed and I eventually drifted into half-sleep, plagued by the strangest manner of dreams until sunrise, when I shouldered my backpack and made haste.

The Amtrak made the usual eight-hour trip to NYC in sixteen hours, due to the fact that the railroad ties were melting in the Best Summer Ever heat.



TREASURE HUNT ACTION!

Pickin' back with your friends, bored outta your half-drunk heads on a beautiful autumn afternoon? Balls to that! You've been hanging out all summer - get off yer asses and organize an ol' tried and true Punk Rock Treasure Hunt! It's not the most groundbreaking idea out there, but whatever! It's fuckin' fun and your friends will be talking about it a year later as if it was the best time of their life. Trust me.

On a rainy day in April, twenty-five-some-odd friends and strangers amassed in my backyard for the 2003 Brooklyn P.R.T.H. ~~Scavenger~~ Teams were developed and everyone was given a list, → then it was off into the great Borough of Brooklyn for three hours, by subway, foot, bike and/or vehicle. My team, Savage Scavenge, fucked up in retrospect by taking a car, but we wanted to kidnap someone! ~~Instead~~ However, instead we just snuck pints of Guinness out of the Sweetwater Tavern and went down to the waterfront to drink and do graffiti. I was much more excited for the others, to whom the list was entirely new and surprising...

Upon reconisitering at Dean St. I was absolutely outraged. Full-on superhero team outfits, disembodied pay phone receivers, the stereo blasting shitty casio-beat karaoke tapes, hot-off-the-press zines, and Jesse proudly holding aloft a court summons for pissing in front of a cop! You warriors are good, real good!

Lionel Ritchie's hot gatefold seductively stared down the masses as we tallied team points, and in the end it was Fuck Yeah! who emerged victorious. The Grand Prize? Everyone else's piles upon piles of useless shit! Right on - get that stuff outta my house.

But the final, and ultimately for more important verdict? Everyone had an incredible time, and as the drunken scavengers slowly filtered out, I felt a rare surge of philanthropy as I noticed a ~~brand~~ newly introduced 18-year-old couple smooching on the stoop. 100 points! Way to go, kids! ...So next time there's "nothing to do", throw a Treasure Hunt and fall in love.

5 points

10 points

20 points

50 points

100 points!



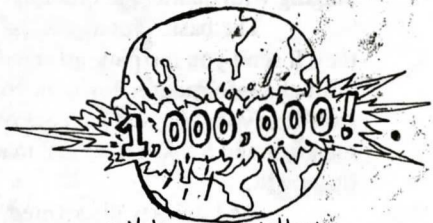
old shoe
colt .45 can
coffee grounds
plant
spatula
ashtray
pizza crust
menu
today's paper
construction pencil
picture frame
roses
blind contour drawing
of your team
birth control pill
library book
found photo
twinkies
duraq
salt shaker
greek coffee cup
show flyer
doorknob
USA map
oven mitt
latex glove
vanity mirror
baby bottle

manicured nails
short shorts
selfiest
gummy worms
cockroach
weed roach
baseball
hickey
sea shell
mix tape
fast-luck candle
old gold ciggies
(or most obscure ciggies)
dog chain
viagra pill
best original joke
baby pictures
sea water
hard hat
choco-taco
wig
queen of spades
dreadlock
novelty eraser
map of europe
oldest newspaper
kitten postcards
jehova's witness magazine
wristbands
pink shoelaces

fake mustaches
(whole team)
midnight dragon 40oz.
(or most obscure 40oz.)
photobooth of stranger
mohawk
love letter
miniature handcuffs
broken boombox
wrap-around shades
subway advertisement
coke spoon
fake I.D.
robin williams movie
80's porno magazine
fake switchblade
lionel richie record
car tire
makeover
hangover
counterfeit bill
blueprints
map of africa
out of town friend
puke on demand
best found photo
dye hair
pirate costume
street sign
dumbarton
washington state rock
crack pipe

complete stranger
everyone with mohawks
garden gnome
black eye
wetsuit
imperial (2002) putty
carried back from bar
BEST team outfits
roller skates
didgeridoo
photobooth making out w/stranger
10 copies of team zine
cassette tape of team
doing karaoke
real switchblade
fresh graffiti (documentation)
1/2 finished bottle of
18-year-old scotch
manicured, airbrushed nails
cornrows
map of defunct U.S.S.R.

missing tooth
jesus statue
tattoo
celebrity autograph
angel dust
unicycle
retriever from photobooth
citation
photobooth making out
w/stranger, a modity
a lonely goth
a mannequin
surfboard
skateboard with clay
or metal wheels
no eyebrows
new girlfriend/boyfriend



matching team tattoos
a stolen vehicle
stripper posing as cop
vincent gallo

TWO WHEELS, ONE GEAR, ZERO PATIENCE...

I didn't have any romantic delusions of unparalleled freedom when I chose to work as a New York City bike messenger. Nor could I really see myself with shaved head and legs, neck tattoos peeking out of a torn up lycra team jersey, calling off work to go for a pint with my messenger friends at the messenger bar. I'm not that tough, I've never held allegiance to any particular job of lifestyle and, most importantly, I'm scared to death of riding a fixed-gear track bike in downtown traffic. I like my brakes, which translates to immediate disqualification from that club.

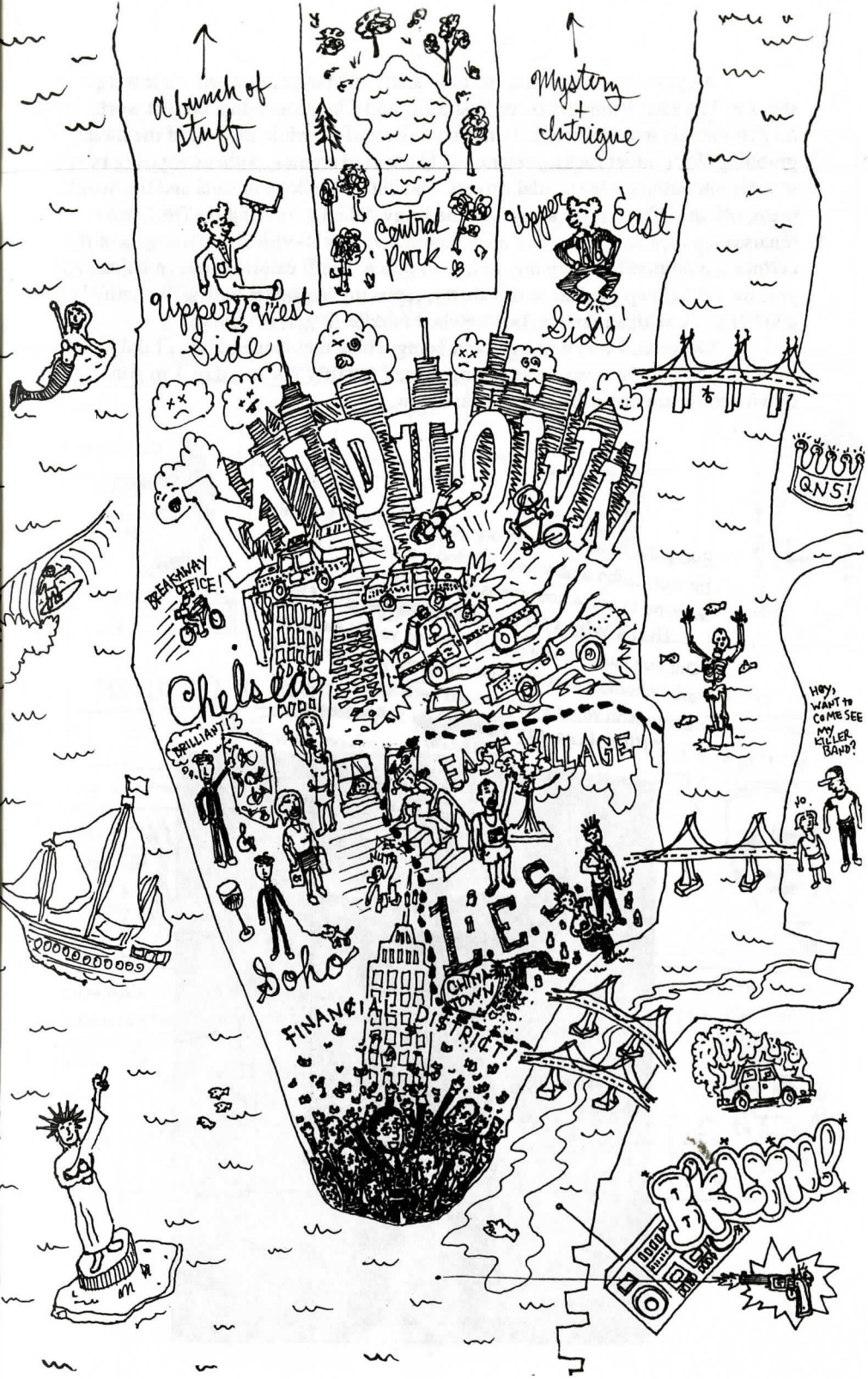
Nevertheless, I've always loved bike riding (Hell, I raced BMX as a youngster and was still riding my brother's 1985 GT Mach One as my primary means of NYC transportation until last fall, when my knees started giving out and I spontaneously purchased what was most likely a stolen road bike for thirty dollars), so when I once again found myself totally broke and totally unemployed in the midst of winter, I thought to myself, "Guy, you're spending all day, everyday, just riding aimlessly around the city, thinking about how bored you are of beans and rice and Colt .45, yet you're obviously not about to write a resume...fuck, someone should be paying you for this..." DING! It was as if that animated idea-bulb lit right up in my fuzzy, hungover head. "I'll be a bike messenger! Why didn't I think of this earlier?"

In a rare episode of determination, I got up at six the following morning and was pushing across the Williamsburg Bridge by seven. Let it be known that I have never been, and never will be, a "morning person". I mean, I love mornings - the crisp, cool air, the gray-blue dawn light, the sedate yet stately manner in which the city emerges from slumber, and all that shit - but the whining of the alarm clock and the coffee-sweat subway ride to face another day of workforce drudgery? Fuck that. I've never seen human beings look as downtrodden as they do on the A train at seven-thirty a.m. But this job would be different. Yes.

By ten o'clock, I had been offered three, count 'em, THREE bike messenger jobs from different companies. I have to say that I felt rather proud of myself. One, a ramshackle little operation run out of a small, dingy storefront on 24th St., asked if I could start immediately, and with nothing else to do in Manhattan before noon, I agreed. I didn't have the \$50 deposit necessary to get a two-way radio and I don't own a cell phone, so I began my job just like they did in the olden days, with a pocket bulging with quarters in order to contact my dispatcher via payphone.

The basic premise of the job is incredibly simple; you call dispatch and they'll send you the pick-up and delivery address of whomever has called them, you write the information down on your manifest sheet, go find the package or whatever, stuff it in your bag and haul ass over to where it needs to go. Get a signature on your manifest and SNAP! You just made about three dollars! Don't spend it all in one place, kid...

As I quickly discovered, the most difficult part of the job isn't Death perpetually riding on your nylon coattails, but rather the logistics of mapping out a series of pick-ups and deliveries in an efficient manner, this in a city with literally billions of numbers. But "logistics" are kind of boring, aren't they? Let me instead tell you what I REALLY learned about the City of New York during my brief stint as a bicycle messenger, in handy map form:



As you can clearly see, the only areas of Manhattan worth their weight in shit are: The East Village, Lower East Side, and Chinatown. In a perfect world, those neighborhoods would remain connected to Brooklyn, while the rest of the money-grubbing Wall Street fucks, pretentious black-clad artistes, pathetic aspiring runway models, bloodthirsty homicidal drivers, and cute little dogs in suits and ties would break off and float far, far away into the briny Atlantic, leaving the freelance renaissance men and women of aforementioned neighborhoods, harbingers of the cultural revolution that they are, to live in peace. We'll call it Brooklyn Island, and yes, we get to keep the Statue of Liberty, replacing her tablet with a Ballantine's 40 and her torch with a massive, outstretched middle-finger, of course.

Oh yeah, I was writing about being a bike messenger. Um... I did it for three months then quit because I was killing myself for fifty bucks a day. I'm gonna go lay down and dream about Brooklyn Island now.

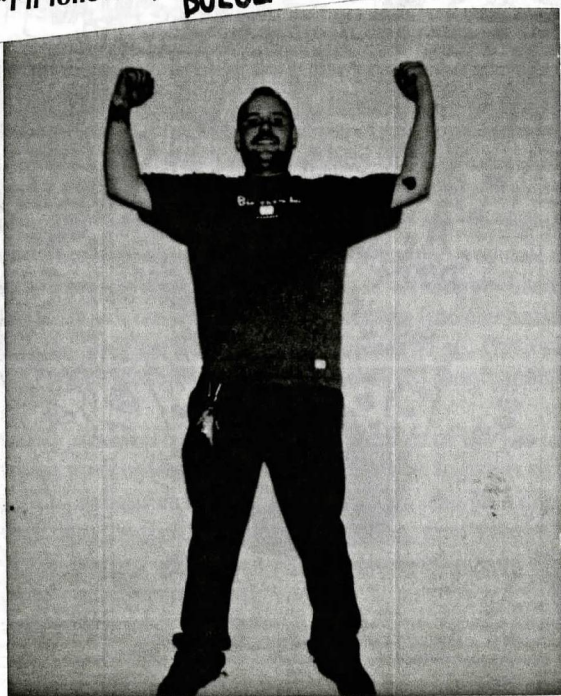
Every day, road construction crews, state and federal transportation authorities, and local developers are working to make your maps and atlases out of date.

That's why you need ~~MapQuest~~ DULCE.

Our continual updating plan assures you of maps that are incredibly accurate and completely up to date. It's the reason why people around here say...

"I'll follow my ~~MapQuest~~ anywhere."

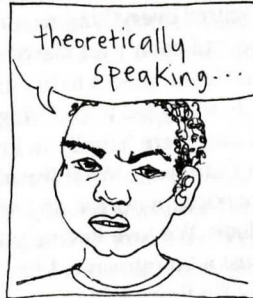
DULCE



WHEN PEOPLE TRY TO SOUND SMART

by olivia arrow

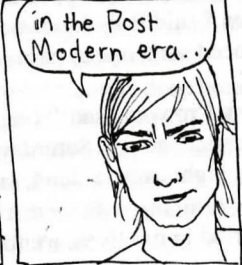
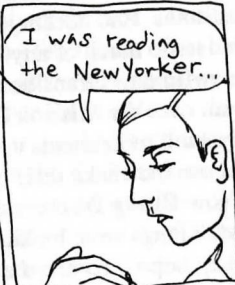
PART I



WHEN PEOPLE TRY TO SOUND SMART

by olivia arrow

PART II



Crappy Job Stories!

Part Two: Record Finder, San Francisco, CA

A long, long time ago, when I was like twenty, I decided that I wanted to live in San Francisco. This meant leaving a wonderful girl in Canada, hitch hiking down the West Coast, and arriving to a tiny apartment, where I was somewhat invited to spend a few weeks by half the inhabitants. Totally fucking flat broke, might I add. A bit more naive than I am now, I simply figured everything would fall into place upon my arrival; I loved San Francisco and hadn't yet discovered the phenomenon of large cities being entirely different places to live than to simply pass through.

It was good to be living with Shawn again, and Kristina too. It was cool that they were happily in love and establishing a life away from Southern California. What wasn't so great was that they had broke, dirty, smelly me, occupying the tiny space at the foot of their bed every night. "It's alright, dude. We love having you around!" they'd say. Still, I couldn't help but feel just a bit intrusive. I knew I'd have to find my own place soon, and that meant finding a job.

Searching for employment in San Francisco at that time was impossible. The Dot.com Empire was falling and web-designers were moonlighting as drug dealers and prostitutes. Had decent jobs even been available, it wasn't as if I was qualified to do much of anything; apparently this was evident, as proprietors of the awful new "transitional" cafes and restaurants (which were sprouting up all over the Mission District at an alarming rate, overpriced and shoddily-built monuments to gentrification that they were) would take one look at me and shake their heads, tactfully attempting to block my view of the "Now Hiring Dispossessed Dot.Commers" signs on their windows. Things were looking grim.

Just when I had all but given up hope, I received a phone call from a record store at which I'd dropped a resume a few weeks previous.

"Listen," said Bill, the owner, "We don't have any positions open on staff, but I need someone to pass out a few flyers for a promotional sale this weekend."

"I think I'm your man!" I replied.

"Fantastic. See you Saturday morning at eight." *click*

Friday night came around, and Johnny and John took the train up from Daly City, bringing with them a couple gallon jugs of Carlo Rossi. Per usual at that period in our lives, we took it upon ourselves to get as drunk as we could in the shortest allotted time possible. We walked through the Muni tunnels. We sang Jawbreaker tunes at the top of our lungs. We broke things and had fun being young, prototypical punks in S.F.! Fuck you!

Miraculously, I didn't get sick, but rather went to bed after a few hours of debauchery with a good three liters of cheap, cheap wine wreaking havoc upon my vital organs.

Waking up and getting to the record store on time was no big deal. I didn't get hungover in those days and besides, I was still w-a-s-t-e-d. It was fixing to be a beautiful, sunny, warm day, so it was with reluctant enthusiasm that I took to the corner of Market and Mission with a large stack of fluorescent green flyers tucked under my arm.

"Ten percent off at Record Finder with this flyer!" I forced through my wine-stained teeth, extending cigarette-stained fingers toward a clearly sober couple on their morning stroll. They threw me a condescending smile and continued past.

"Whatever", I thought, "I can handle another eight hours of this bullshit."

By nine-thirty, the phrase had burned itself into my brain, the part which doesn't actually think, but just kind of does things, like flick switches or tie shoes. "Ten percent off at Record Finder with this flyer! Ten percent off at Record Finder with this flyer!" The words had ceased to sound like English, were now just thirteen syllables which fell out of my mouth every ten seconds. I was completely ambivalent to the reaction of passersby. Simply put, I had transformed into a flyer slingin' robot.

The only difference, of course, was that robots don't get sick and by now I was feeling the effects of the previous evening's revelry in a very bad way. Nauseous, dizzy, and sweating cold under the hot morning sun, I began to wonder whether I'd be able to carry out my duty until the day's end. It was amazing how quickly it all came on, within ten minutes I literally could not stand. I sat in the shade and cradled my spinning, aching head, hoping that neither boss nor cop would walk by.

"Fuck this!" were the first human words to enter my head all morning. It was useless. I made a dignified decision to crawl up to the store and "explain" my situation. As I shuffled through the door, a blast of air-conditioned cool hit my face and everything went kind of blurry. I tried hard to maintain my composure as I approached the counter.

"Hey...Bill?" I managed between quick, deep breaths, "I'm feeling kinda...sick and...I was wondering if it'd...be okay if I..."

"Oh maaaaan!" he interrupted, obviously dissatisfied with my performance, "Two hours on the job and you already wanna leave? Shit! Listen, I..." As he continued his reprimand, his words became underwater gargles and I watched helplessly as Bill faded to black.

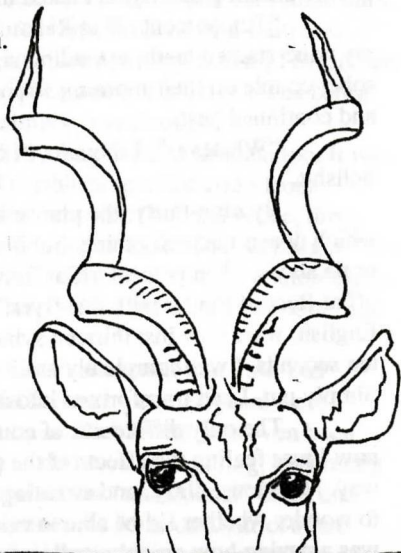
I woke up suddenly with a startled, deep breath as a figure in a blue jumpsuit cradled my head and lightly slapped my cheek. A large shelf lay facedown on the floor and CDs were scattered everywhere. I had absolutely no fucking idea where I was, who these people were, or what had happened.

If you've ever fainted, you'll know what I mean. Coming to is like watching a Marx Brothers film on acid while an out-of-tune orchestra plays "Flight of the Bumblebee" in reverse. Absolutely terrifying.

"Here. Drink some orange juice. Your blood sugar is really low," said a reassuring voice. A paramedic. I slowly sat up and gulped ravenously at the sugary liquid. Details slowly returned to my mind. After answering a few simple questions for the paramedics about drugs and diabetes, they helped me to my feet and took off for more pressing engagements.

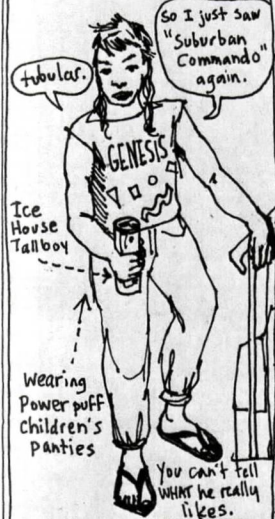
"Better go home and get some rest, kid," said a dumbstruck Bill, as he showed me the door.

I never heard from him again.



6 COMMON TYPES seen at concerts, parties, art shows and bars.

Master of Irony



Mystery Girl



Dr. old Skool



by olivia arrow

Ms. Over the Top



Jock in disguise



Misunderstood Intellectual





BREAKIN' TO HIGHTOWER. SAN DIEGO, CA · 2004



FRIENDS HELPING EACHOTHER OUT · ALBERGURQUE, NM · 2004
~~ALBERGURQUE~~
~~ALBERGURQUE~~
 SANTA FE

Fall is coming on quickly this year in NYC -
seems like the leaves turned and the days cooled off
and noticeably shortened within the week. I predict
a long and frigid winter - the dawning of a new ice age.
So why the hell am I posted up in this downtown
Brooklyn Kink's, on perhaps the last beautiful,
warm, Sunday afternoon EVER!?! ...I gotta get out of here.

Thanks for ~~posts~~ picking this up.
Everything in here by me except
the amazing comics by Olivia A. -
Olivia makes an awesome zine which
appears about five times more frequently
than this one, while nannying 3 children,
painting 7 houses and waitressing at
15 different cafes. She's unstoppable!
Write her at:
11732 S. Komenky Ave.
Alsip, IL 60803 okay?

I'm leaving NYC very
soon to follow the
endless summer, but I
can always be reached at:
756 La Mirada Ave.
Leucadia, CA 92024

Write me and I'll send you
special stuff. um... Dulce #1
still available for
postage or trade.
Look for Dulce #3
sometime around
2012! xo,
Anthony Dulce

