



DRECK

MEGAZINE

QUARTERLY

volume four
fall 2006
five dollars

this issue:

obsession

Front cover image: "Gagged" by Tony le Tigre



WHAT IS OBSESSION? page 2

ASK SPITTLES page 3

LOVE IS THE DEVIL page 5

METAL OBSESSION page 8

DAN DULLMAN page 10

LEATHER AND FEATHERS page 11

TOUCH THAT VELVET SKY page 18

PHOTOSHOOT page 20

THE RULES OF OBSESSION by Vicky Frankland page 22

LA PORNOGRAFIA NUOVA by Seth Kaplan page 24

LIMERICK FOR A LATTER-DAY GODDESS page 27

THE POET IN THE LAUNDROMAT page 29

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT RON SAXTON page 30

AMEN/CREDITS page 38



This page: "Juicy Illusions" by Tony le Tigre

Contributors to this issue of **DRECK**:

Hannah Nguyen, Melanie McVean, Sara Cella, Caedmon McCarren, Charlie Vazquez, Deserae Pitts, Terra Wilcoxson, Richard Young, Kinsey Oleman, Kirk Sigurdson, Aaron White, Dylan Benedict, Seth Kaplan, Vicky Frankland, Evan Dumas, B.T. and Tony le Tigre.

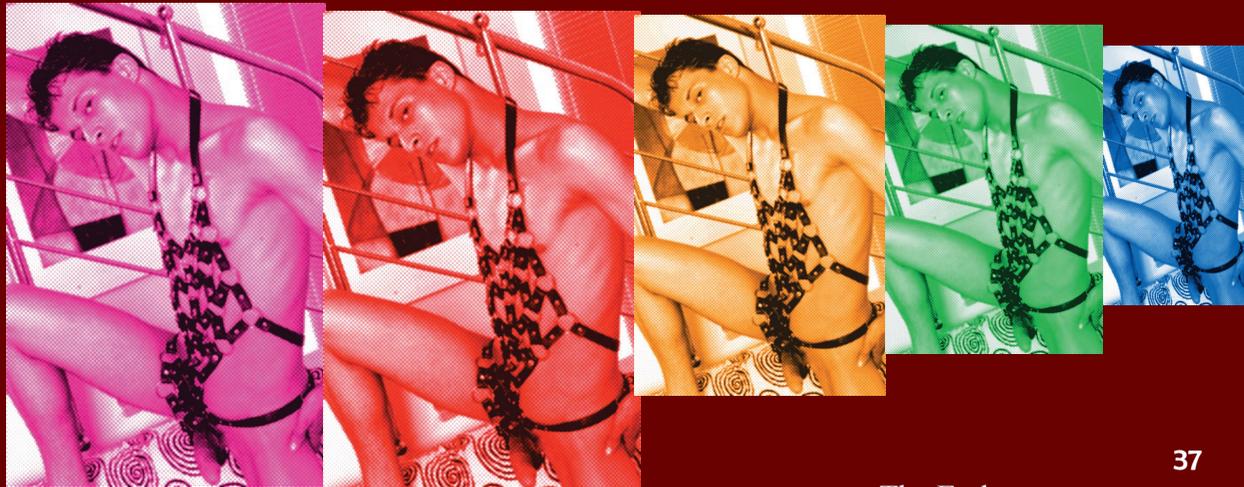
I love your shadows
the long line of your side
dark patches
hiding beneath skin and bone
moving and turning
in the light
Amen for your hands
that will hold me

Back cover image: "My Grandmother would Have Liked Me,"
by Tony le Tigre

Email comments and inquiries to anthonylockwood@gmail.com

new is pornography, and those pornographies are the New Pornographies. But the New Pornographies are nothing if they exist only as mental constructs, a rusty old idea like true anarchy, automation, whatever. No, it's not just in their minds, it's in their hearts. And it is up to the visionaries, the true anarchists, to bring that idea into being, to burn the repressive idiocy that dominates, to thrill at the destruction of the ruling ideologies, to wake the dead with bombshells." He was pounding the microphone into his hands to make his point, which obscured some of the words, but the audience had stopped treating him like a senile old man talking aimlessly when they perceived he was insulting them. They began to move faster and get louder, and, with the breaking of a glass, move towards Howard at the front as the management cut off his sound.

The animosity and excitement heating in the room were useless to me. New Pornographies maybe – another blank space on my resume I'd have to explain away when I got back to Eugene, maybe if I moved up to Seattle in the future. "You're in your twenties," a middle-aged director had told me when I was restless, "You can just say to them, 'I was in my twenties, I fucked around, tried to be the next Tarantino' and you can still write it off. 'I was writing my novel,' you can say. Don't worry about it," and I had laughed at that, and that was a year ago. But the chairs started flying over my head as the lights dimmed, and shadows darted across the opening credits. Howard slipped away in the dark, out the back. I learned that later from the articles, the ones that started in Adult Video News and kept circulating from trash to less trashy until they appeared in even partially credible magazines like Rolling Stone, putting his life in the standard-format personality now, scenes of trials, scenes where they don't think they'll make it, scenes when they ended up worthy of note. "How did it feel creating a new pornography?" "well, in creating the New Pornographies, you gotta understand, I was fleeing for my life, because it made them angry, often societies crucify their prophets, and I'm just lucky I didn't!" But I was stuck in the crowd, jostled and thrown forward in the wave towards the front. I could barely hear my glass break over the protests, couldn't keep hold of my glasses as I was swept forward and groped for heads by which I could push myself onto the bar and hold on, but I sank back into the swarm, rushing towards the screen, only barely recognizing the image on the screen: Magnus dressed as a Gilded Age businessman, ascot and monocle, moving towards Vicki Vastness, bespectacled behind a desk, in a scene I didn't remember filming, didn't remember cutting up or splicing in. Techno pulsed in the background, and Magnus said, *"I have a very large deposit that I would like to place in your account..."*



It was my idea to make this issue of Dreck all about Obsession. You might say that in this issue we're obsessed with being obsessed.

Obsession isn't a cut-and-dry thing. My guess is most artists and writers worth their salt have experienced obsession at one point or another, and while it may drive you crazy at times, it can also be a source of supreme artistic inspiration: the voice in your head that drives you to keep going, to never give up, to get it done before you collapse in a hot heap. The difference between artists (and writers, filmmakers, and so on) and normal people is that artists believe what they have to say is interesting. And if they're really good, or lucky enough to capture the zeitgeist, they can convince other people they're interesting, too. It can turn out to be a mirage on the horizon, or a goal you destroy yourself trying to reach, so that when you finally do attain it, there isn't enough left of you to enjoy your achievement. But the artist doesn't have a choice. When his muse calls, he must obey, or renounce his identity as an artist.

I've been told you aren't supposed to talk about yourself in your writing; that there's a difference between assuming people are interested in what you have to say, and assuming that they'll be interested in you personally. I could easily have filled this entire issue myself with my many obsessions past and present; luckily for my friends and reading audience, I've gotten some other contributors to write about their obsessions as well. My hope is that, taken as a whole, this issue of DRECK touches on many of the major obsessions of humankind – sex, death, time, immortality, romantic yearning, fear, the subconscious sadomasochistic tendencies of our psyche – as well as the smaller, idiosyncratic ones that define us as individu-

Dreckfully yours,

Tony le Tigre



ASK SPITTLES!

Babies! Babies! There's blood on your lips and teeth...

One at a time, please—don't jump on me all at once. The prison guards get suspicious and I only have so much love to give! And believe me, I've been "getting" it here all right—*everything you've heard about prison is true*. So, in accordance with the "Obsession" theme for this issue, I've dredged up some pretty breathtaking (no joke) inquiries from the past few months. Spittles has discovered a new career here at Riker's Island—as a comedian of all things—and boy do I need practice.

Lord Spittles Dionysus,

I've had it with "working for the man," so I decided to start my own business. Since I need to market to a demographic that has lots of cash and nothing much to spend it on (besides self-serving fantasies), I decided to go for the "fag-pig" sex market; especially those that wish to have something big up their ass—which I feel is a subliminal urge to birth a baby. I designed a realistic inflatable sponge-like baby the size of a newborn. This way, gay sex-pervs can throw fancy birthing parties—all over the world. All they would need to do is place the small deflated sponge-baby up their ass and inflate with air or water, whereupon they are faced with the problem of getting it out. Now, men with not much to do in life (besides inventing new "anal" things to do) can experience both "birth" and having something extraordinarily large up their bum. Two birds with one stone, you might say. The best thing about this is that once the baby is passed there's no obligation to nurture it. You can just clean it off and tuck it in the drawer until you get the urge again or find a friend that wants to try it (Editor's note: YUCK). I find this no different than jamming a fist, foot or giant black dildo up an ass, so I have an instant captive market. What are your thoughts, Spittles—is this a moneymaker like wedding planning or just another dumb thing to have up your ass?

AC in DC

Dear Ass-Crammer Dick-Choker

Wow. If "necessity" is the mother of invention, then "absurdity" must be the proud father. I agree that you have a captive market—I would most certainly buy your "ass-baby" invention for my "disciplinary practices." What compels me to publish your letter (and more importantly my response) is that you've envisioned the solution to an epidemic, from its humble and immaculate conception to its cultural impact after production and marketing. Your entrepreneurial strategies are concussive, but I have one thing to suggest for your design and product usage. "Birthing" must take place under the auspices of only highly qualified "midwives." They would connect an electrical charge-box to a metal cock-ring worn by the proud "mother"—so that electrical charges zap "her" with every contraction, as "she" gives birth. Pooping a baby out Monty Python-style isn't cruel enough, in my book.



Schpittles der Punk Rock Clown!

* * *

The motive for inviting me to the party for the premiere, I assumed, was to show me what I had ceased to be a part of, a punishment for my apostasy, a glimpse from without of what I had forfeited. But I still wanted to see it, to see how the vision of the New Pornographies had shifted a week after the test audience had rendered their judgment, from when Howard had told me that he was wrong thinking my impaired vision stopped at my eyes. The stars and starlets of the skin industry that I had spliced together for years were all side by side, drinking in the black light of the bar, giggling, flirting. The drinks were strong and foul; they smelled like the sweat in the editing room the last time I was there, to pick up my check in the middle of my hiatus, watching old pornos I had edited as the days sank away. I had wondered if my aunt had kept up her collection after Blockbuster forced them to close their store in the mid-nineties. Howard and Dave drank together at the other side of the bar, surrounded by two plasticky blondes working their hands over them. Howard stood laughing and toasting, and Dave smirked awkwardly. He noted me and raised his glass.

"And to the New Compilations!" he said, and his company laughed.

A squat, mustached man in a midnight blue tuxedo called everyone's attention to the front, and clapping his hands together, said, "well, tonight I'm sure you're aware that we're witnessing history. I'm sure you all know Howard Davis, I shouldn't be introducing him, does anyone not know? That's why you're here, right? You want to witness some history, right? Well, there has been no other audience before this one to see Howard's maverick vision in its complete form, the New Pornographies. But I haven't seen it yet - no, I wasn't lying to you! You're the first - and so am I - so I want to give him the stage now, let him talk about how the hell he got this created! Alright, How-ard!" The crowd applauded with him, and broke out in whistles as Howard strode onstage.

"Heh," he said, adjusting the microphone. "Thanks. I want to say, first of all, that it was not easy getting the New Pornographies made. The New Pornographies call us to prove that we are not Pavlov's dogs, we won't salivate at what has been conditioned. We declare the old rules to be restrictions, chastity belts, on our inherently free libidos, which we hold to be self-reliant. Whenever we find something is too restricting, it is our duty to cast it off."

The applause had been building, and a pair of red panties flew past him. He silenced the audience and continued.

"When you take it upon yourself to do something so new and radical, it's difficult. People laugh at you, underfund you. You get betrayed. But you realize that early and it helps to know that they're the idiots. There is more power and life in the new than there is in the old. Our power of pornography is derived from those who like to watch," he emphasized, "and all of the Old Pornographic powers are banding together to wipe out the New Pornographies. I say let 'em come - let 'em come indeed - they can run me out of town, they can kill me, but let me tell you, they know the New Pornographies are themselves a new power. And it goes beyond me, baby, it's in peoples' minds, it's hardwired into them. They know, deep down, that the

it was so close."

—"The voice-over by the director who sounds like a dirty old man, especially over pictures of women masturbating."

—"The expressionistic guitar playing to the closeup on the small of the woman's back while she's getting pounded, even though we don't ever see her get pounded, just this big bouncing back that jizz shoots across from off camera."

—"I did not want to see the Easter Bunny whacking off homeless vomiting dudes, but it was kind of a payoff when they broke the bottle over his head."

—"The Easter Bunny motif was wrong, especially shitting chocolate eggs into women's mouths or vaginas. It combines the worst of furry porn and scheisse films, and it's not new. I'd say it wasn't even pornography. The fact that this clip is played over and over again may be significant to the director's conception of what the New Pornography is, and that it's replacing pornography as it stands today, but it doesn't seem much like pornography at all, or art film, or anything, least of all significant or true. The slow-motion only makes it worse."

—"The live birth. Definitely a shitty way to start a porno. I'm watching a porno, I don't want to fucking think about babies. Or human dissection - fuck."

—"All the scenes that get the most real treatment are the fucking impotence scenes! I don't want to watch a porno about impotence! I want to see some chicks getting boned, or some chicks eatin' each other out, maybe from like a new angle."

—"Cutting stitches is a terrible way to end a film."

—"The fact that vomit replaces most of the money shots."

—"Again, the woman seizing was tasteless, offensive, and indicative of the entire problem with this movie."

—"Not enough real sex."

What is your overall impression of the New Pornographies?

—"Like John Waters movies, but not as funny."

—"I saw this movie once by this guy named Nick Zedd, and it was kind of like that but Nick Zedd's movie had a lot more butt sex."

—"I want to kill myself."

—"There is nothing new about degrading women."

—"Not as good as regular, good old pornography."

—"Deplorable."

Would you recommend the New Pornographies to a friend?

—"If I no longer wanted that friend to be a friend."

—"If they lost to me in bowling."

—"If they said to me 'hey you know I want a movie to make me not want to have sex.' "

—"Only to Melvis, cuz I like fuckin' with him."

—"No."

Spittles in America Jail,

I like sex with clown and banana dream if I were banana what will you do please mountain me your honest sight here I am in far Russia please be nice I sometimes low courage and all ten kilometers is good walk for sex email me prison address again in jail again here please I have to come see you as soon as time let banana bird love is costly here I have ass banana tattoo now and think much you.

Alexey Tattoo Jail Man, Vladivostok

Alexey,

*What? We've met? Oh baby! If I'd put on a pound of weight for every time I'd done something Satanic with fruit and veggies, I'd be crushing a ham sandwich underfoot, holding my neck and turning red like Mama Cass right now. What fascinates me is you—YOU FREAK! Put *this* into your translation program: I would unpeel you and crush you with my bionic sphincters. Then I would felch you out of my own poop-chute and eat you. I would then feel obligated to pull a "Calista Flockhart" and throw you back up, lather you with whipped cream, mash it all up in my sweaty armpit and swallow you all over again! I hope that works for you, because it sure as hell did for me! *Da! Da!* Mmmmm...tattooed and Satanic Russian jailbirds are the bomb-diggity.*

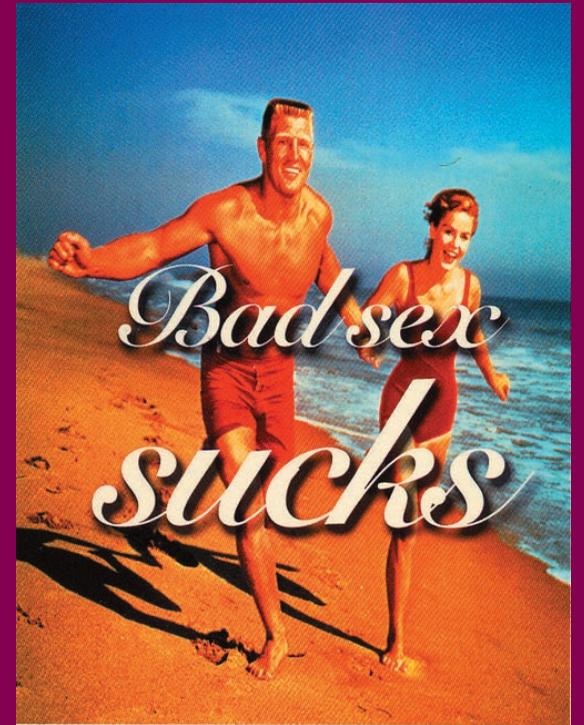
Dear Spittles,

I have a newfound craze for certain guys I never had before and it's bothering me because I happen to work with many guys in this ethnic group (Asian). Now, I have trouble focusing on work. My mind rages on and on, from one fantasy to the next and I might have to quit my job. What should I do?

Jack in Yonkers

Dearest Jack-Off,

Your *mind* rages on? Oh please, I bet that's half the story, darling—the half I could care less about. What really "rages within you" when you see handsome Kim Lee sweating and shirtless in his Adidas basketball shorts is your *cock*—you Satanic animal! What do you think the locks on toilet stalls are for? KIDDING! But, not really. Funny you should express your desire for men of Oriental detail because I too have (at one time or another) indulged in Asian "foods" that were rich and magical in flavor and passionately satisfying. And while Asian men are nothing to be shy of Jack-Off, it sounds like you need to direct a porno at work. If I were you, I would date an Asian guy and get the action fulfilled in "real-time". That way you have an actual conduit for your fetish fantasies. Drool over the rest of them at work and get your needs met with your very own darling "shimp lol!"



Love you guys! Send me love soon...

askspittles@yahoo.com

LOVE IS THE DEVIL BUT THE DEVIL IS LOVED

The other night I had a dream that Courtney Love died—and it didn't make me happy. It actually made me very sad, because as soon as I heard the news, in my dream, I was sure any comments I heard about it, out and about in society, would be either totally nonplussed, jokingly dismissive, or downright nasty. Or worse yet, no one would care, and I would be alone with the feeling that a very great, very tragic, very flawed and very unique person had disappeared. It even got sappier than that, because you know how emotions in dreams can be, but I'll spare you the tiger tears. Suffice it to say I've had an unrequited love affair for ten years now with this woman whom I've admittedly never met.

I wasn't born this way. In fact, back in my freshman year in college, I had a generally negative opinion of Ms. Love, mostly constructed of things I'd heard other people say, since she's certainly always been a lightning rod for other people's opinions, and often not really complimentary ones. I'm pretty sure some

Through This for the first time, and in someone's anthology of female rock writings I happened upon an essay titled "Bad Like Me," by Love herself. That was the point where my view started to change, as it always has when I listen to Courtney herself rather than to what people say about Courtney. The essay was nothing but brilliant. The sentences were short, pithy, and muscular, almost Bukowski style, or maybe Gertrude Stein, and there was something that really got to me about the person who'd written it. It had the same brutal honesty, or honest brutality, that you find in all her music: Hole's great trilogy of albums ("Pretty On the Inside" through "Celebrity Skin") and the

force-of-nature personality I'd heard in her music. I was surprised by how smart, funny, fierce, and insightful she could be, all at once, in the same interview. She said things that were provocative, even startling, and very interesting, but they came across as the candid outpourings of a slightly unhinged soul rather than the calculated risks and chess moves of, say, Madonna. And I could relate to this unhinged soul. She wasn't like the other famous people. She had the veneer of the underdog a lot of times, yet somehow she always seemed to come out on top (this was the 90s). She talked trash about other celebrities in print, and not just "safe" targets, but anyone - rock stars, politicians, Riot Grrrls, her own rivals in the entertainment industry, even people for whom she

of the things I'm going to say in this piece will make me the kind of person that music geeks laugh at. That's okay, because I laugh at music geeks too. And I steal their mail.

At some point in that 1994-95 school year, I started sitting with the quirky, feminist-but-not-PC, out-cast-by-choice chicks in the cafeteria - the only boy at the cool girl's table, a badge I wore with some pride. Some of these girls were way into Courtney, and it was with them that I heard Live

hilariously-titled "America's Sweetheart" as well. There's probably someone who thinks Kurt wrote it.

From there I started reading interviews, and there again was the same confessional honesty and

project, I did not know what to make of myself.

The faces I saw coming out of the building while I was condemning myself mirrored that confusion, loosely holding the checks that Dave had written them inside. They didn't seem to know what to do with their thoughts or the money, and they either averted my gaze or looked at me wide-eyed but blankly. There was a silence, and the sense of a defining moment. Then I heard a chair hit the wall, and saw Dave swing his fists at the ceiling in frustration.

How did the New Pornographies make you feel?

- "Alienated."

- "Confused."

- "Nostalgic for the old pornographies."

- "I don't think I'm getting it. Is the New Pornographies supposed to be like real pornography?"

- "Unsettled."

- "The horror of existence is revealed to me. I can't understand anything, and renounce my test audience fee."

- "Unhealthy and unable to masturbate."

- "Angry."

- "Degraded."

Which parts were the most stimulating to you?

- "The scene with the woman seizing was offensive and was just another part of this movie's total unsexiness."

- "I'm only stimulated to anger by this piece of shit."

- "I liked the frottage scene. Porno doesn't give enough attention to rubbing against strangers on crowded buses (or subways, fyi), and I'm glad someone finally has, even though it shouldn't have ended with him exploding. That only serves to demonize."

- "I guess the backwards sex scene was okay, when the guy's semen goes off that woman's face back into his penis. I guess it was sexy when you saw them putting their clothes back on and she's leering at him. But since it was sped up to about 10x, there's no way anyone can jack off to it."

- "No comment."

- "The part with the chick seizing was fucking hilarious. Keep that in."

What were your least favorite parts?

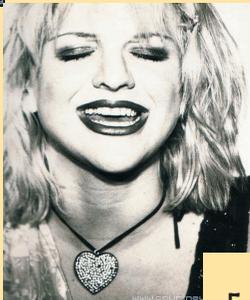
- "The human dissection scene."

- "All the shots of buildings and all that kind of shit."

- "They were all my least favorite part."

- "The editing and the cutaways were rough and not professional. Real edits do not draw attention to themselves, but these ones were all over the place, the reversing of the penetration shots, the negative shots. The direction was poor as well."

- "The part where all the sex scenes were imposed on top of each other, and you couldn't tell what was going on, because it was just a blur. Because



lives fucking on camera for three years or so, or making more compilations so they can pay rent and bless the world with their continued stagnant existence.”

I slammed the door behind me. Maybe he had checked me out because he saw my screen name attached to so many compilations – that’s what I had thought. My image of the night he came into the editing room refocused, from his perspective at the door. I am slumped forward, away from him, glasses askew on my face making a lopsided reflection of the computer screen. I’m twenty-five, I’m as frustrated as he could hope I am, only now I can afford takeout instead of having a floor littered with ramen packages. Maybe it was that anyone who was editing porno films for three years was unhappy, felt unsuccessful, had to keep telling their parents that they’re going to find mainstream work, would be bored at parties when people asked and then feigned like it was a dream job while knowing that they weren’t making a career, or even doing anything worthwhile, just paying rent and renting movies. The perpetual film student who would watch Hollywood films or French or Swedish films in my spare time, and imagine I was the editor, making the choices for the cuts. That must have come out in my editing. Maybe I was advertising myself to be sold on ideals and the idea of upward mobility, and here he could do that. He’d pay me a compilation fee to manage the project, do the editing, by luring me with lines I could put on my resume, a record of achievement that held its value in its potential for exaggeration and self-aggrandizement, which I could use to sell myself to the next step in my career trajectory, to prove to my employer that I deserved to be fed and sheltered like I had tried to all that first year, feeding these records of my identity into fax machines, human resources departments, and having them digested and returned to me in past due notices.

The economy was tanked, I realized that, but as I began to read the piles of notices next to my sink and on my small table as the literature of my debt, rising from benign nativity to full-formed bellicosity, smashing my credit, depleting my reserves, it began to grow into bar graphs which charted the measure of my failure. I had been out nearly a year and had depleted my savings, had asked both of my parents for help, convincing myself that my dreams to work in the film industry were childish and blind. When I had my car ready to drive back to Eugene, an acquaintance handed me a number at a party. Everything in my apartment was sold, and then I got an interview the next day, and just having a month of paying the rent on time and with my own money was worth it. Temporarily I felt like I was doing something right. But when I turned twenty-four, I started to get bored with pornography, to feel like I’d be stuck there forever, that I was making a horrible mistake, and that I’d be shunned from real, fulfilling work. That feeling would subside every so often, and I’d fall into a routine, but when I’d become more isolated, it would reassert itself, the only interpretation of my life that seemed could exist, only at different volumes depending on how distracted I was. And Howard had sensed that, and I had no idea what to expect now that it was uncertain what would happen to the New Pornographies. There were now three blank years on my resume, as far as the world outside was concerned, and after I had gone through my memories and fears about the

expressed admiration at other times, like Yoko Ono and Chrissie Hynde. Her talent for making enemies is matched only by her ability to make friends. Even Trent Reznor, who doesn’t exactly have a history of being one of Courtney’s most vocal fans, admitted in 1995 that “she certainly is a fucking character.”

So now it’s late 2006 and Courtney has a new album allegedly due out in November, tentatively titled “How Dirty Girls Get Clean,” coinciding with the release of her diary/scrapbook “Dirty Blonde” (which you’d better believe I have pre-ordered on Amazon). Does anyone care? 2004’s “America’s Sweetheart” was a mess, as was Courtney herself when it came out. It was also a commercial failure, although not entirely a critical or artistic failure. In fact, it’s kind of the tragic ghost of a really great album. Even as is, it has some incredible songs. “Uncool,” in which Courtney confesses her desire to write a simple love song, is phenomenal; it reminds me of an 80’s hair-metal ballad, but with La Love’s voice and lyrics (in other words, better). I like “Hello” because it drives through to the rant at the end in which she screams “Fire!” over and over, ending with a ferocious roar the last time as good as anything on any of Hole’s albums. I hated “Life Despite God” at first, until I realized it was supposed to be evil, uncomfortably honest, and wrong (I believe “Evil Woman Blues” was a working title). The intentionally-misspelled “Zeplin Song” is a fast-tempoed and funny vignette of a blue-collar rock n’ roll girl who is fed up with her boyfriend playing “that song” (probably “Stairway to Heaven”) incessantly in their bedroom. And the album closer, “Never Gonna Be the Same,” described once by Courtney herself as a “gospel song,” is extremely beautiful and actually quite moving. The biggest tragedies are the first two songs on the record, “Mono” and “But Julian, I’m A Little Bit Older Than You,” two near-classic songs that may never be classic because of the generally crappy production and arrangement of that album (or because they were recorded by Courtney Love, maybe). There’s a live recording of “But Julian” from a 2002 show that’s a little heartbreaking, because it is such a brilliant song, and so much better there (even on a crappy bootleg) than the album version – even though the title will date itself after nobody knows who the Strokes are any more. As for the album opener, “Mono,” it is a spiritual ode to rock n’ roll and our need to save it, a furious anthem of defiance, a plea to God for one more chance to prove yourself, and a murder fantasy directed at corrupt record executives and phony celebrities in Los Angeles, among other things. Who else in the pop mainstream writes anthems with lyrics this fierce, idiosyncratic, and intelligent? Let’s do a little comparison here with Joan Jett, one of the best-known anthemic female rockers, using two of her most famous songs.

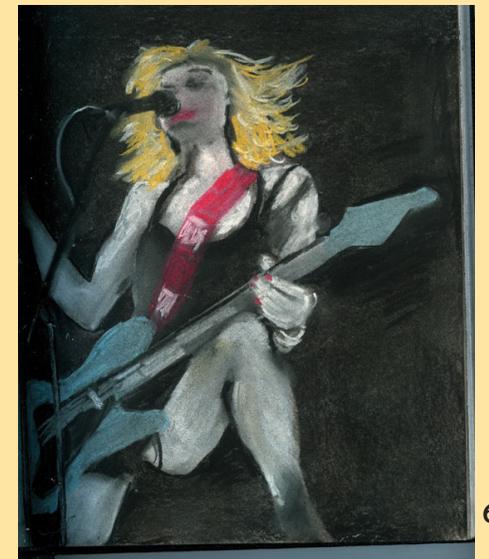
The chorus of “I Love Rock N’ Roll” is

*I love rock and roll
Put another dime in the jukebox, baby
I love rock and roll
Come on take your time and dance with me*

And the chorus to “I Hate Myself For Loving You” is

*I hate myself for loving you
Can’t break free from the things that you do
I try to walk but I run back to you
That’s why I hate myself for loving you*

Well-known songs. Very popular. Extremely bland, lyrically.



Compare with the chorus from “Mono”

*No God you owe me one more song
So I can prove again that I'm so much better than him
No God I'd give you anything
To hear you say that you were wrong and we were right
Before I leave this life I'm gonna hear you say
That an eightball isn't love*

Or these lines from “Never Gonna Be the Same”

*You gotta show a little faith
In your old rugged cross you made
If there's a God it's me, now, baby
I cannot come over to you
And if you wanted madness
If you want what's pure
Well you gotta come over to me, now baby
My light doesn't reach to you*

Or these lines from the hilarious and sexy “But Julian, I'm A Little Bit Older Than You”

*O-B, G-Y, G-Y-N
Triple XXX
It's time that you and me
Had lots and lots of meaningless sex
Erotic City VIP
The porno-riffic girl is me
I came I went I caved oh no I faked it
He's still tied to the bed!*

It should be obvious that I take Courtney Love seriously as a lyricist, singer and songwriter. She may be crazy, but her craziness allows her to do things in her music that few other artists can do. She's living the life that many people imagine or play at, but few people actually live, and the places she's been give her a limitless amount of material to work with. She can speak with authority about being in the gutter and being in the stars. On “America's Sweetheart” she addresses God as an equal one moment and the next constructs verses from the escort ads at the back of a newspaper. As she's said herself, she may lie a lot, but never in her lyrics. She practically invented the concept of the celebrity trainwreck, then made peoples' jaws drop by appearing on the red carpet with her full power and beauty revealed, more glorious and fabulous than anyone could have expected. But then around the turn of the millennium she seemed to lose herself again and to be overwhelmed by her demons. She got her daughter taken away from her again, had too much plastic surgery, and returned to being the thrilling mess people want to typecast her as. I believe she forgot how powerful and real she was. Before it ends, I hope she remembers, and rises again like the fabulous phoenix she was in the late 90s, when she gave some of the best celebrity interviews of all time in magazines like Jane and Spin. I hope that when her new album comes out, people fall in love with her again, and she reclaims her rightful place as one of the greatest women in the history of rock 'n' roll.

—TONY LE TIGRE



Coming to the business late spurred on Howard's ambition, and during the mid- to late-nineties, he had a string of successful video series. He started cheap, placed ads in the paper, used a camcorder, but marketed well and moved up quickly with the rise of gonzo pornography. By the end of the decade, the biggest names in porn were working with him, and producers were eager to give him money.

Once he had made a joke about how he had bought one of those small press books about disappearing, and then walked out on his family, took up a new name and a new career in a new town. He went wild, got a lot of women to sleep with him, and then decided to go back to his family five years later, so that he could legitimately remove himself from their lives. From that time, he moved in the triangle between Santa Fe, Santa Barbara, and Seattle. What he wanted us to be concerned with was his rise to prominence in the porno industry, the development of his aesthetic from cheap and sleazy amateur films to polished and effective craftsmanship, until he had his artistic awakening with the dawn of the new millenium, the vision of a pornography that could be new, to explode the limits of arousal: an all-encompassing New Pornography. It began when he was forty-five, and we were joining him at the crucial point.

“They were excited about the new century a hundred years ago, you know. They had all sorts of exhibitions and revolutions. They were fucking all over the place, and they were forcing society to evolve. No one wants to have that these days, they want to sit in front of their goddamn TV and get the same crap that they've been fed when what they really need is to be shocked – by the New. So they stop living complacent and mousy little lives, and get over themselves.” He told me this in the car, ranting so everyone could hear, while we applied pressure to Magnus' arm. A shard from one of the tomato cans in the bodega that Howard's friend, Javier, owned and was letting us use had ripped across Magnus' shoulder while we were bringing the scene to a climax, on Howard's direction, by exploding the canned goods on the shelf. Magnus was unhappy because the scar would look terrible on camera. Vicki was upset because the blood got splattered over her, as well as tomatoes and beans, and she thought her reputation would be ruined. Leslie, the production assistant holding Magnus' arm, was unhappy because she had stipulated that she wouldn't touch any bodily fluids. Javier was unhappy because he told us that he gave us use of the store and not the inventory. Howard was mad at them all for being craven and shortsighted.

In the hallway, he was telling me the same thing, when Dave had gone away agitatedly to try to calm himself by buying a pop. Howard was pacing back and forth, looking at the door to the auditorium and vociferating: “I trusted you, Mitch, I trusted you not to be craven and shortsighted, and right there you showed me that you have no faith in the New Pornographies!”

“That's just not true,” I shouted.

“Quiet!” he hissed at me. “Suddenly everybody abandons me. Like some supernatural force wants me to know what it feels like to get disappeared on. And everybody can abandon me, because they can all go back to their small

"I turned it off. It was the late eighties, and everybody in middle school was a homophobe, so I didn't want to watch it too long. I was scared my friends would find out."

What Howard would say was true, aside from speculations about my psychology that he brought up. To sort out their conceptions of how their marriage was being derailed from its original intent, my parents had driven us up to Portland on their way to Olympic National Park. My Aunt Rachel's leaky house was the only orange one in her sketchy neighborhood in the northwest part of the city. She had just bought it and hadn't fixed up anything except for the paint job. I got sick that night. Rachel didn't trust me to look after my sister anyway, so she would watch Cinderella in the Kids Corner in the video store that Rachel had owned for three years with the couple she was seeing. There was a huge collection of videos piled, shoved, and stacked on the floor, along with all of her books that were wrinkled from the dripping water, on the coffee table by unwashed dishes, in the kitchen. In a year, I'd find the love notes from her lovers as easily as her diary, lingerie, or marijuana. Anything hidden would be placed on my wavelength. Before she discovered that her letters were out of order, though, it hadn't occurred to Rachel to hide anything except her relationship with Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

"By middle school," Howard said, "kids have heard of porn. And most of them don't know where to find it, but somewhere, always before legal age, they get their hands on it, and their life is changed. There's that hidden world, all opened up. To me, your experience is another shard of evidence. But you're so jaded with porn now, you're working in it. It's a business, and it's not so much of a thrill. Sure, occasionally there'll be some scene or actress that will make you want to rub one off, but it's no longer special, or world-shaking like that time in your aunt's basement."

"Living room."

"She kept it in her living room?"

He didn't give any further conjecture or have to guess that after the shock of seeing an American man suck a German man's penis, when the image was first cycling through my mind like a tire swing I couldn't get off, I began to replace the face of the American with girls from my class. I don't think he could guess that I would wonder if adults urinated on each other, like the two guys did near the end of the film, since I did watch it all, and that's why I was afraid my friends would find out, and call me gay. It's likely he would have guessed that the next time my mother took us to Portland while my father thought things over back home in Eugene, I would know the order of every title in every pile, knowing that the stash I found wasn't all like I told him, that my aunt's tastes were sufficiently broad to accommodate my own. And while my sister slept upstairs and they went to have a teary, elongated lunch where all of their secrets came out, I'd put a tape I'd later steal from her in the VCR, and that I'd be trying to act out with girlfriends for the next ten years.

He only promised: The New Pornographies.

METAL



OBSESSION

I'm obsessed with metal.

I hear it everywhere. Jud-Jud

After Britney Spears sings "Hit me Baby one more time."

Jud-Jud

Its rhythm present in my own footsteps

in the flanging of every car that passes by

on my bike with the wind screaming, Jud-Jud.

The Sound of Machines - The Sound of Hearts -

The Sound of Blood, Jud-Jud.

Centuries of Sorrow, Histories of Guilt

Memories of Pain, The Beauty of the Fall.

With Horns raised to the gods of whispered inevitabilities,

I welcome the crushing Judgment of Time.

Jud-Jud.



OBSESSION

Devour must,
the monkey's pry.
Rage's exaltation.

Spastic needs,
a case awry.
Horded aberration.

Craven head-trip,
delusional cry.
Phantom salvation.



I am, I am,
this dream's sigh
spurting humiliation

-richard young

GOVERNOR

RON SAXTON is running for GOVERNOR (sp.) of Oregon. He's been blasting his opponent, the incumbent Ted Kulongoski, with vitriolic ads; you may have seen them on television or heard them on the radio. But we've uncovered some startling facts about RON SAXTON that prove he is in no position to be making attacks on other candidates. Did you know:

-Ron Saxton is florid and portly

-Ron Saxton writes lurid, x-rated pulp fiction under the feeble pseudonym "Rob Sexton"

-Ron Saxton doesn't wash his hands after using the restroom, then shakes voters' hands

-As an adolescent, Ron Saxton once loaded a group of young, retarded children into a shopping cart and pushed them down the Zoo Hill. And blamed it on a Democrat

-You remember what Chuck Berry used to do? Ron Saxton is worse

-Ron Saxton finances a company that makes puppy snuff films

-Ron Saxton routinely clubs baby seals while on vacation, "for shits and giggles"

-Ron Saxton wears the special Mormon underwear. And he isn't Mormon

-Ron Saxton owns an unopened collection of Cabbage Patch Kids

-Ron Saxton also owns a cockfighting ring in Troutdale. And we don't mean birds.

-Ron Saxton has said the Meals on Wheels program has overstayed its welcome, just like the senior and disabled citizens it serves

-Ron Saxton drives Arnold Schwarzenegger's original Hummer

-Ron Saxton considers Old Growth Forest "stifling" and "antiquated"

-Ron Saxton secretly wears women's undergarments in the chambers of the House

-Ron Saxton finds the word "Neocon" soothing

-Ron Saxton is a Republican

I saw a poet in the Laundromat.

She was folding a pair
of underwear—
her underwear—
skimpy and sleek.

I could tell she was a poet by the way she
touched them,
with a malingering tease.
The poet in her would not let go
of the place where elastic gave way
to silky man-made fabric
gathering into a slight pucker.

And then, of course, there was the fact that
she caught me looking.

What did she do?
Did she hold my gaze with a twisted lower lip
caught between her teeth?
Did she turn away,
embarrassed?
Did she hold them up and scream,
“What in the hell are you looking at?”



No,
instead she marked me,
folded me neatly,
stacked me up
in the pile
right along with all the other pairs of
underwear:
another interesting
object
to put away in a drawer,
until her muse comes by later
and tries me on for size.

I became a line in her poem
And she thanked me with a wink and a smile
that were anything
but sexual.

So I took my laundry back home
With my hard-on rubbing against the basket
And I picked up a ballpoint pen
Instead of washing my own bloody pair
of underwear.

-Kirk Sigurdson

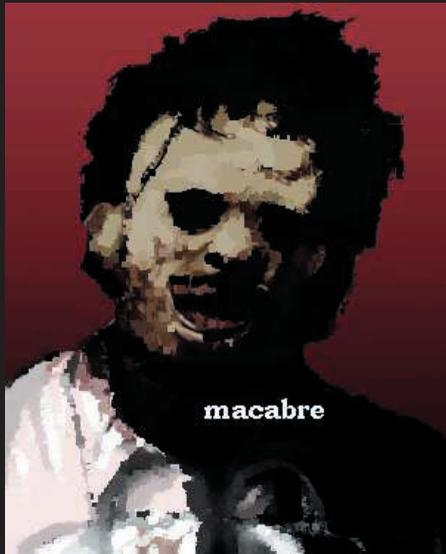
Dan Dullman's Obsession

I obsess about a lot of things. Well, I kind of obsess on things. I really like movies, but I have only seen a few of them. Movies playing in the theater are good to watch, so are ones from movie rental stores. I went to the movie store to rent a movie (an action and comedy thriller) because movie ticket prices have gotten very high these days. Movie ticket prices have to be high because film has gotten so much more expensive, and I hear all the new movie equipment is pricey too. I really like fiction movies, especially ones with that one actor in it. I think his name sounds like "Piano," he was in this one movie where the whole world was the internet or something, but he wasn't in the internet and we were. I like those movies.

Sometimes I think about other things a lot, like how nice clouds are, or how good macaroni and cheese is. I know a lot about food, I sort of obsess on it. Macaroni and cheese is a nice food to eat when I want to take 9 minutes preparing it. Ramen is good if you want something in 3 minutes, minus cooling time. Cheeses come in all sorts of styles, and even if it doesn't say "American Cheese" it could still be from America. White bread and wheat bread are both pretty good, though I stay away from any bread with just three letters (Rye, Oat, etc.) because I hear the fewer letters it has the worse it is. Pizza is alright and can be bought in grocery stores or you can have it delivered to you, though the jury is still out on which is better.

One thing I really like is music. They play some great bands on the radio, and the commercials aren't so bad because they generally have really good music in the background. I own a couple of CDs, but I think the disc jockeys at the radio station can pick better 'tunes than I can. I really like bands that have guitars in them, and drums are always good too. Some people sing pretty well but I don't always know what they're singing about, it's probably sex or drugs or something. All in all music is definitely one of my obsessions, I listen to it whenever I'm in the car or cleaning the house. It's good stuff.

-Dan Dullman



LEATHER and FEATHERS

My twenty-year affair with the Texas Chain Saw Massacre

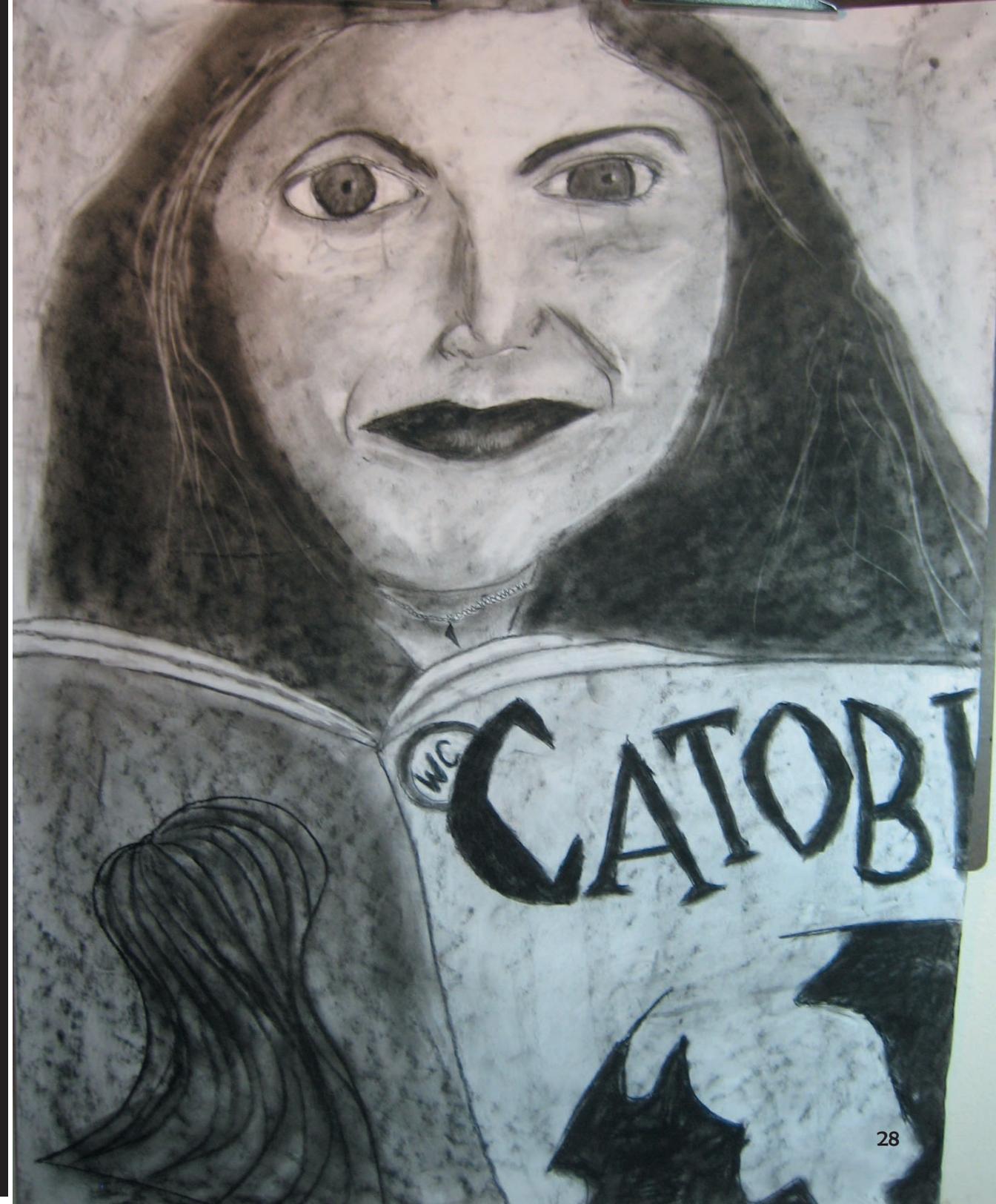
by tony le tigre

Why would anyone want to make a gross, sadistic, violent, disturbing film, dealing with homicidal insanity, grave-robbing, cannibalism, torture, and all the most perversely dark aspects of the human psyche; and why would anyone want to watch it? Well, these days, that might seem a naive or irrelevant question, but when “The Texas Chain Saw Massacre” first came out in October 1974, it wasn’t. But it was made, and it certainly has been seen. In fact, it may well be the

most enduringly famous and influential horror film of all time; and, after all these years, it may still be the best.

Willamette Week film critic David Walker said in a recent issue of WW that “few people love the original Chain Saw more than me.” I am probably one of those few. It’s been my favorite horror film, if not my favorite film, for over twenty years now, and I can’t count the number of people I’ve introduced it to (not always willingly!) I have two copies of it on DVD (the deluxe collector’s edition and a rare widescreen edition I ordered from Australia via Ebay), one on VHS, a documentary about its making on DVD (“A Family Portrait”), an IFC Films documentary titled “The American Nightmare” in which it figures prominently (the final sequence, of Leatherface at the end of “Chain Saw” pirouetting madly against the rising sun, slowed down and set to music by Godspeed You, Black Emperor!, is among the most beautiful things I’ve ever seen on film), an original Italian poster from 1975 (the title is “Non Aprite Quella Porta” which translates literally as “Don’t Open That Door”), a lunchbox, Joe Bob Briggs’ book “Profoundly Disturbing” which features a meaty essay on it, and a copy of Stefan Jaworzyn’s “Texas Chain Saw Massacre Companion” from 2003 (with a foreword by Leatherface himself, Gunnar Hansen.)

I must have been eight or nine when I first saw “The Texas Chain Saw Massacre” at my neighbor Wanda’s house. We lived in a townhouse in low-income apartment housing in Hutchinson, Minnesota at the time - me, my single mother (who worked nights as a bartender and commuted to St. Cloud State University by day), and my baby sister. I spent a lot of time next door at Wanda’s; she was my favorite babysitter, because she had a vast library of videos (she dubbed every one she rented from the store) and as long as me and her kids stayed out of her hair, she didn’t care what we watched. So I was well-versed in horror films of all kinds, and slashers in particular, before I was ten years old; I also saw some softcore pornos - I remember one of them was “Private Lessons.” I saw all the Friday the 13ths; all the Nightmare on Elm Streets; all the Halloweens and Exorcists; but of all of them, the one that scared me the most - scared my psyche the most, perhaps, but it’s too late to cry about that - was “The Texas Chain Saw Massacre.” It was disturbingly real. I felt like a homicidal maniac was behind the camera. One of Wanda’s older daughters told me it actually was a documentary and that they really were





LIMERICK FOR A LATTER-DAY GODDESS

Playful Polly played with Pity
Dressed it up all nice and pretty
Sold it off as Rage de Luxe
And made about a million bucks

Polly pawned her old guitar
Made a movie, became a star
You'd think that things would all be swell
But even in Heaven you can find some Hell

killing the kids on camera, to make me more scared. It worked. I don't think I've ever been so terrified as the first time I saw the scene where Leatherface jumps out into Franklin's flashlight wielding the chainsaw. And from there to the end it was pure insanity. I rushed home and told my Mom I'd just seen the most incredible movie ever, and when she heard the title it was obvious it signified something to her. "I've heard about that movie," she said, shocked that Wanda had let me watch it. Thereafter she did her best to find me other babysitters.



I've seen "Chain Saw" too many times to be scared by it now, but my appreciation for its artistry has never faded. People dismiss it as a "slasher movie" at times, but I would actually argue against it being a slasher. For one thing, much of the action takes place during red-hot daylight, very unusual among films of the genre to which it has been assigned (and which it, in part, spawned). There is no drug use, no rock music and no sex - although there are certainly some highly sexualized and voyeuristic camera shots. It feels more like a genuine nightmare borne out of the dark things happening and the general mood of doom covering the nation when it was made (1973), combined with the feeling artistic outsider types must have felt in Texas, surrounded by a vast country of hostile others. It also has the structure of a fairy tale - "Little Red Riding Hood" has been suggested, and director Tobe Hooper himself is on record saying its basic structure is that of the Grimm Fairy Tale "Hansel and Gretel" - which I think partly accounts for its peculiar dreamlike - or nightmarelike - quality. Why doesn't his chainsaw run out of gas? Because it isn't reality, it's a nightmare. But a very believable and sustained nightmare. It's the worst dream you ever had coming true; the ultimate fear of being lost at night in the woods, without keys or gas, and then watching as the very worst thing you could imagine actually does happen right in front of your eyes. It manages to be naturalistic and expressionistic at the same time, in very high degrees. There are the creepy nightmare images that get under your skin, more effective than any amount of gore: a nest of daddy long-legs spiders with wriggling legs; the fat chicken trapped in a cage mindlessly squawking in its prison of bones and chicken feathers. My opinion now, having seen this film countless times over a couple decades, is that the first approximately two thirds of the movie are completely terrifying - "the most horrifying motion picture I have ever seen" in the famous words of Rex Reed. But then, after Sally is clubbed unconscious by the Cook and taken back to the cannibal house (a pleasant white house with a windmill and a swing!), it turns into a warped, and very black, comedy. This abrupt shift into twisted humor kills the movie for some people, but I've actually come to think it's the most remarkable and artful thing about the film, and the most groundbreaking: this is the moment when the horror-comedy was born. It's also born out of necessity: after a certain point, when you've seen so much and been so traumatized, there's really no place left to go in the realm of terror, so the choices are either to transform or simply repeat. The film transforms. Without losing any of its intensity or insanity, the violence shifts from physical to psychological (at least until Grandpa gets ahold of the hammer), and there is an extended dinner sequence in which you feel the film trying as hard as it possibly can to break your psychic defenses and drive you mad. I'll admit what others may not: that I've felt some twinges of sadism watching this scene. I'm not sure whether I identify with the victim - or with the cannibal family. Now that is a movie that's taken me on a journey. That's a powerful piece of cinema.

And then Sally crashes through the window - for the second time - and it's daylight out again. I don't really understand why the Hitchhiker doesn't catch her as he chases her up the long dirt road from the house - it almost seems like he wants her to get away - or why the driver of the cattle truck doesn't just drive away with her, rather than stopping and getting out the other side of the cab. But it's hard to argue with the ending. We see Sally, escaping in her getaway truck, but bloody from head to toe, her sanity shattered, shrieking with maniacal laughter; and then Leatherface, frenzied with frustration, dancing in the middle of the road with his chainsaw, silhouetted against the rising sun. There's something poetic and ineffable about it. It's truly remarkable that a movie seething with such diabolical horrors can end with an image of such crazy beauty. "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" is as good as American horror cinema gets. Long Live the King!

"They'll be comparing it to the old pornographies!" Howard snarled, quietly so that the test audience would not hear through the door. "You reverted them to the goddamn Pavlovian dogs salivating for what they expect, and they're not going to know what they've seen, and you are going to fuck us for funding, Mitch."

"Guys," I said, "none of this is what I said, and I believe they'll be able to tell that they're witnessing what you yourself told me, Howard, was a sea change, and what did you say anyway?"

Back in the room, after I had tried to take sympathy on the confused audience, Howard had said, "A pornography, any pornography, is meant to go straight to the heart, and if along the way it inspires or makes you conscious of something deeper, it should never get in the way of that connection. We wouldn't - we don't begrudge the old pornographies that - we wouldn't be here with the New Pornographies if there wasn't something about pornographies qua pornographies. But the New Pornographies are the slamming piston causing explosions of inspiration and will turn you on more efficiently and effectively than the old pornographies."

Two months before, he burst into the room where I was editing one night. He first came off as brash, in the way I would find was typical, but then he had sat with me, quiet for a moment, and then asked me, "Do you remember the first porno you saw?"

He was trying the next tactic, I thought. He had already asked me what I was working on after introducing himself, and then he insulted it. What was coming was obvious. There were plenty of times I had been assholed into working cheap on a career pornographer's dream. Dreams, I found, when they actually were dreams and not an enticement leading away from other projects, were genre film elements shoehorned into a porno, sometimes a genre porno. As I would edit them, I would think of the darkened auditoriums where we would watch our classmates' derivative attempts at film back at college in Oregon. By the beginning of the second year I was working in porn, I began to feel duped and stagnant, which I dealt with by developing an ulcer, which would prevent me from sleeping.

"Yeah," I said.

"What was it?" he said.

"Some gay porn my aunt had."

"Really?" he said, putting his fingers in his gray hair. "That's an interesting market study."

"She had a stash. All gay porn."

"Really," he said.

"Uh-huh."

"And? What'd you think?"

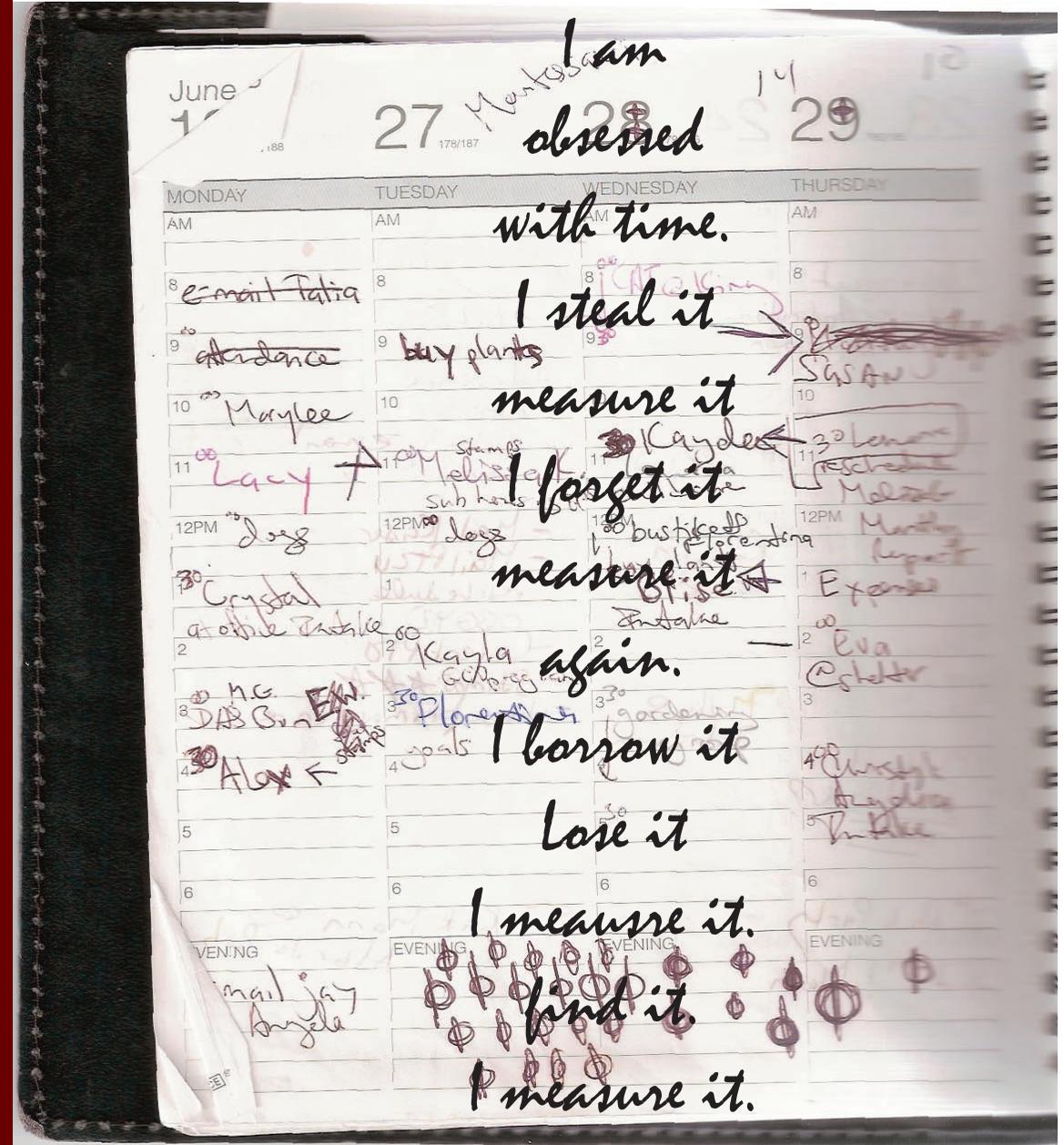
"My aunt was just as strange as I thought."

"You jerk off?"

"Come on, dude," I said. "I've got to get this compilation done, and I don't want to talk about it with you."

"I'm just curious to know ... how did people react to their first sighting of porn? That's all I'm asking."

continued on p. 31



Measure it again.

I measure it

again.



SCREAMIN' MIMI
by Aaron White

LA PORNOGRAFIA NUOVA

by seth kaplan

When the New Pornographies were finished – edited, polished, entitled, and revered – my assistant directorship would be attached forever to the project, prominent on my resume, an asset even in the world of mainstream film. It would be, Howard said, one of the few credentials I'd keep. Since the first I'd been told that, every failure and go-nowhere I'd faced became, with scrutiny, a clear career path that started with my early naiveté and ultimately arrived at distinction. Howard told it all to me after he came into my editing room and said, "Howard Davis finds talent, my little friend." When the test audience asked what to expect from the New Pornographies, Howard told them, "In a word, the New Pornographies take you through the dirt of experience and in so doing show you the point of infinite ecstasy and you become one with the ecstatic voice that is the choir of the enlightened."

The test audience looked confused, grimacing and fumbling with their pens, looking downwards at their survey cards or to the sides of the theater to avoid eye contact with us. How could they know what to expect? I decided to reassure them, "If you liked the old pornographies, you should respond well to the New Pornographies." The lawyer representing our producers later told me it sounded like a threat, the way I emphasized "should".

"If they don't respond well to the New Pornographies, then what? Not men? Or women? Castrati? Morriseys? You think they don't 'get' the New Pornographies? So when I watch the New Pornographies, and I'm like, 'I don't like this,' I probably have problems with my erections, shouldn't be allowed to have sex?" he hissed in the hallway, flailing at me.

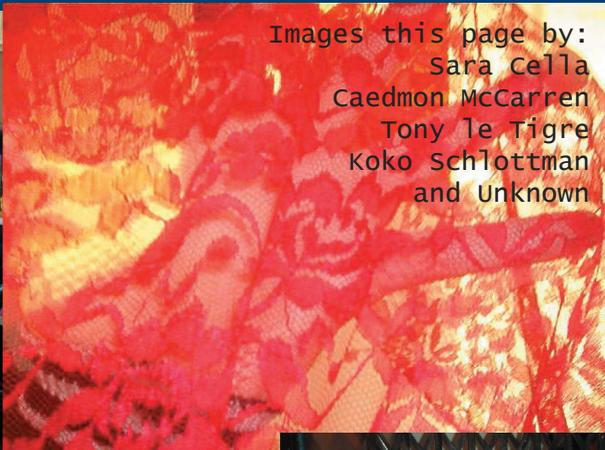
"Dave, you're like what? Thirty?"



"I'm saying what you're saying to the audience!"

"What he said to the audience," Howard said, emerging red from the screening room, "in an astonishing vote of confidence, was that the New Pornographies are like the old pornographies, and therefore aren't really New, are they?"

"And that they aren't worthy of enjoying natural sexual urges," said the lawyer. "At the least, he biased the results."



Images this page by:
Sara Cella
Caedmon McCarren
Tony le Tigre
Koko Schlottman
and Unknown



All pieces this page by Vicky Frankland

Clockwise from left:

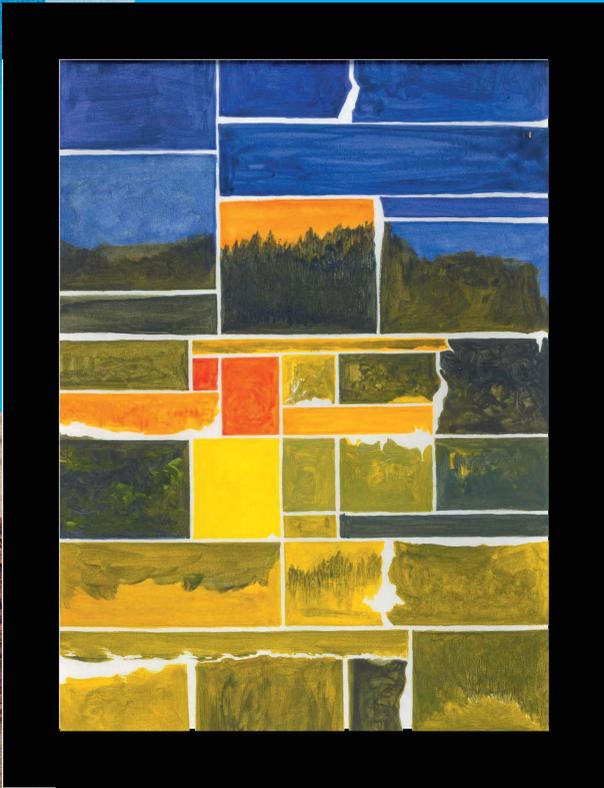
2D COOL

ROADTRIP

2D NEUTRAL



"Obsession" by Richard Young





“Rules are like crutches. A necessity for the lame, and a hindrance for the healthy.”

-some famous philosopher from way back when

THE RULES OF OBSESSION by Vicky Frankland

2D Design was a required course in school. I almost failed it, as did most of my classmates. It was grueling. We were cutting thin and thick lines of a certain type of paper, the name of which I have erased from my memory, and then making abstract designs on small, thin pieces of shiny paper. We started out with black on white, then moved to grey, then grey with a color and so forth. I couldn't get it right and I wasn't even sure why. There seemed to be no explanation for why something got a good grade and why something didn't. I became obsessed with getting an A and figuring out the rules.

These two final pieces from that course took hours to create, but for the first time in this entire course I was having fun. Due to my work as a layout artist I have an obsessive-compulsive need for neatness (especially after being told that my layouts looked like they had been through WWII). There wasn't a speck of rubber cement to be found anywhere, and every edge was meticulously cut with an Exacto blade. I thought my father would be proud of me. I finally got the rules.

Every painting begins with a set of rules that I create, and then I break my own rules. The 'Almost Straight' paintings are especially rule-oriented, although every time the rule has been broken in some way. They are in that way a reflection on art school and what it does to our instinctive sense of what is 'good' in art, and in a larger way on societies' rules that are often not expressed but implied, and then choosing which rules to break.

TOUCH THAT VELVET SKY by Bumble zefyr

You're waiting by the phone. It's been hours, he should have called by now. Becoming increasingly restless, you roll your tired eyes and sigh loudly. You look out of your window at the sky. It looks so soft, like velvet. Finally a ring. "Hello?" you answer the phone a bit too quick and just as quickly, regret it.

"Hey, you wanted me to call?" he asks nonchalantly. "What's up?" Annoyed, you nearly scream, "What's up? What the fuck is up? What took you so long?" "So long for what? Calling you? I do have a life." Oh no, you think, he's getting mad. You can tell he's losing his temper. Next he'll ask what the hell is wrong, his voice escalating into a blatantly annoyed tone. "Well, what the hell is wrong?" He uses a tone that makes no attempt to disguise his blatant annoyance.

"Um, well." You're trying to think of an excuse, in reality you just wanted to hear his voice...and see how long it took him to call you this time. Lately it's getting later and later. "I just feel...sad, is all..."

"You've got to be kidding me. You just feel fucking sad. Of course. I've got to go." He hangs up abruptly, but the dial tone doesn't startle you like it used to.

You're sitting by the phone, waiting for his call.

You glance at your clichéd cat clock, the one with the eyes and tail that moves with the seconds. 2:32 in the morning. His calls are coming later and later. He's probably out at Mink's, his favorite bar, drinking a Nuthouse Delight. You could never figure out why he liked that drink. It didn't fit him, with his masculine ways, his constant striving to be a man. His grey eyes, that seemed cold and empty at first until you really looked inside them to see the starvation for life, seemed too forlorn for such a cheery, creamy concoction as a Nuthouse Delight. You look at the velvet sky. No stars tonight. Only the crescent moon, hanging like a crooked smile. You think of how tantalizing it would be to run your fingers across the dark night sky. The phone rings.

"Hello?"

"Hey." You know the tone, your heart drops two inches and falls a little to the left. "I gotta talk to you."

"No, no. Not fucking now. No!" You try to pretend this isn't happening. He's not fucking letting you go. No, god dammit. Uh-uh. Your mind's attempting to reject this rejection, but it's not fucking succeeding. Not this time. This is raw and real and different from the others.

"Look, you fucking freak, just leave me alone. I don't know what you're fucking damage is, but I don't want to deal this shit. Just leave me alone, ok?" He hangs up.

This time the dial tone causes you to throw your useless phone. You look at the velvet sky.

You're sitting outside of his house, your hands clenching the steering wheel for dear life. You're waiting until you see his dark green Cherokee pull into his driveway. You always felt the jeep matched his personality, not the stupid drink. You chuckle a little to yourself. For such a manly guy, he sure drinks a pussy drink. You look at the sky. You think about how you could've touched that damned velvet sky.

Touched that velvet sky.

