

# CAMS



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## IMAGES

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## TEXT

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**Julia Bloch**

**Taylor Brady**

**David Buuck**

**Norma Cole**

**Mark Ewert**

**Susan Gevirtz**

**Robert Glück**

**Rob Halpern**

**Doug Heise**

**Sarah Gina Jones**

**Kevin Killian**

**Yedda Morrison**

**Jocelyn Saidenberg**

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## DESIGN

**Wayne Smith**

How did it happen that I became a voyeur of interiors? On hot New England summer nights I would walk the neighborhood with my mother peering into neighbor's windows, checking out their odds and ends, their decorating schemes, their appliances. At Christmas we'd drive around gazing into picture windows inspecting silver trees slowly changing from amber to red to green to blue and around again. Was it *Builder's Showcase*, the Sunday morning TV show that would flash slides of the paneled and plush interiors of new split-entry Garrisons for my post-church delectation? Real estate was my pre-pubescent sex. I imagined all sorts of living arrangements. These architectural fantasies have led me to this—ogling public interior lives on the net.

I glean images from web cameras – adult erotic webcams. Webcams allow me to pull up a chair and leer into a living-room. I survey these cameras out of the corner of my eye as I word-process. An empty room builds an anticipatory erotic charge. I grab. Homey erotic dancers appear for my net-voyeur's pleasure. Contorting to exhibit their body parts, they twist through the frame momentarily creating aesthetically aroused compositions. I grab. I grab from the video spew anything that gets my art-erogenous zone going.

The banality of these images creates a quotidian intimacy between the click of my mouse and their decor. I always fantasize what the camera hides or what lurks around corners and behind cupboards beyond its eye. Are the floors hard or soft wood? Are the faucets dripping? Is the carpet stained?

The bodies and interiors I gape at are archi-erotic fictions to me—I construct as I go along watching. To corroborate my fantasies of real-estate I have collaborated with these fiction writers and poets to create this book.

**ELLIOT ANDERSON**



**Dodie Bellamy**



## **(Untitled)**

After jerking off for four hours, he's finally reached it, the Realm of the Red Buddha. Ed unclenches his fist and waves his palm in front of his all-seeing cock, a fan dance to entertain it, a shield to protect it from its own vision. The cock is not red. Mere mortals are not permitted to gaze upon it. Through the cracks between Ed's fingers the cock glimpses Carla, 2000 miles away, in San Francisco. She's sitting in front of her monitor, staring vacantly like a zombie, but more needy—like—how does that song go—like a dog without a bone, like a something without a home—her freckled face, her Martha Stewart haircut, big bones, endangered muscle—the thought of her was better than the thing itself, the thought is always better. Suddenly she's frantic, dabbing the keyboard with a kleenex—spilt coffee. It's three in the afternoon and she's still in her bathrobe. Currents of soft red air pass over the cock's head. The breeze is neither hot nor cold, for red is not about heat, that's such a cliché, red knows no mortal temperature, the red summons stillness, folds of red flesh flowing beyond the four corners. Not just postcoital—transcoital. Ed could never reach this state with Carla beside him, all those organs, he's never known a woman with so many organs, beating and wheezing, the slap of his cock against her cunt. In the Realm of the Red Buddha sex is silent. Ed shifts his alignment with the gaps between molecules, and the red couch folds softly like his torso, the couch is flesh, the air is flesh, the entire room mottles with redness, red flesh.

**Julia Bloch**





The ceiling slants down so redly it feels like college, and in my next life, I would like to come back as a chandelier. I'd like to drip with glass; I'd like to light up a room all blowsy and Southern. Instead I'm here, now, pawing you damply at the edge of a clotted brown pillow, the kind of pillow people die on. I close my eyes and there the chandelier is snowing — terrible shards! terrible knowledge! But I meant what I said, that when you're inside me it's like the opening chords to track five. I can't get comfortable in this black rayon skirt, even though you're back and you've brought bourbon. The television burns in the corner and my thoughts turn once again to avarice.

**Taylor Brady**



## Barely Room For One (Excerpt)

[THE CAPTION]:

*Between each one and the next there is a third where the city grows without a thought of water in its head.*

[FORENSICS]

We dream about the dream next morning in misguided conferences, hoping that our assignation might lead to the assignment of collective guilt that absolves us of the weight of one specific body left behind by a heavy sleep as a stack of discarded drafts or minutes that no one in the room will ever read, but which must be filed and preserved nonetheless.

The caption for this is obscured by glare, and is pronounced: "You've been there before."

[FORENSICS]

[INFINITE REGRESS]

The regularity of accidents becomes a thing to notice once a sense of interval has been established. This is what one finds gouged into the gates of the new hell, which is an ellipse so as to look like the back of your own head suspended before you in a double mirror where a false half-profile is drawn. All you cannot see is the step you take to enter, the curled hand that, scattering pooled milk away from the mouth across the room to dribble in the lap delivers wet salt from the flats in its place. Walk past your eyes now and you'll grow feelers through which to strain to be a more sensitive instrument, registering

the reduction of all things to everything. The goal here, as always, is to enumerate the bubbles of nitrogen rising in your blood, their fractionally unimportant shades of difference, before they do the same to you. Nothing surprises in the codes of dense chromaticism, and the reflecting pond sticks wetly to the air.

[INTERIOR]

You've been there before: that other room without windows or even sightlines, with its sound of muttering and cursing where a social mass is held in wait as an audience for its own fumbings toward a public speech full of half-retracted insults and the things one claims to have said on buses.

[FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF LIGHT]

It is a process like laundry and one wishes it would go on without much input, while a cheap car burns into local color in the back yard amplified into white. Balancing human smells with the weekend's waste labor holds a column of expenses well apart from what it takes simply to make it to the job next morning. I could speculate on how much detail would be killed from the balcony of a hi-rise zoned into the same coordinates, but it would only plan the reproduction to a second degree. It's blindingly hot out here, feeling it as a series of small stabs on skin abraded by a dull razor in the shower. You say it's a lonely, horrible place, and I say let's read those box scores tomorrow instead. Glass leaves the factory filled with so much light that the amplified perspective melts you down for scrap.

[WE DREAM ABOUT THE DREAM] as we did as children, and with a greater degree of easy bad faith. The ridges of a fingerprint showed through every surface of a life admitted in advance as forensic with the loss of the auxiliary verb between, "You made me do it," and, "You made me." The latter was oddly [MORE SPECIFIC THAN] the former, being part two of three die-cut plastics specified by the model kit for building a fort. Draping a blanket over the sofa was the worst. And the very worst of us slept well there, that's how. Next on our agenda is what, and what to do about it.

[INSCRIBE THE CAPTION: To keep this from devolving into infinite regress there's police action, a dance in the very immobility of administrative boundaries. The public having long since left this theater, the lottery picked him to be the one to cold call us all, armed only with last year's metropolitan directory. His embrace of it might allow us the compensatory fantasy of the encyclopedist, albeit a fantasy time-sensitive in the extreme and obsolescing by the minute. [INTERIOR: An hourly wage guarantees the fundamental enjoyment of what we do. With nowhere for us to go but those numbers or the oblivion between editions, he'll murder or forget us, every one. [THE CITY COULD BE TREATED THUS AS WELL, A SINGLE UNIFORM BLOCK]]].

[INTERNAL/lost auxiliary]

This is to say a twining of the coarse hairs that line the posterior surface of the free limb around the barbed projections on the wall that sets a limit to the consequence of climbing. A model or a doll, to demonstrate this in detail, would be a marvel of contemporary design. The mouth closes in around the tongue just a bit too tightly:

"These things one claims to have said on buses. You've recognized a word or two in that speech to make necessity of your habit of evacuation, your lower lip spilling wet remains of articulation on the chin you stick out in the face of your own bad faith in other people's spontaneous self-organization. These props develop a hemispheric stage for your conviction in their priority. Their empirical reality clicks in the rhythm of your walk, of the fluttering needle on a nation's pressure gauge. It proclaims you neutral."

*The weight of one specific body left behind a dimple in the pile of the thick shag carpet.*

[A CAPTION]

[THE MONOLOGUE]

He spoke slowly and with great diffident gestures between each word and the next, acting a dance in the very immobility of the language, as if every border were fluid and could be redrawn to suit his need for a pair of pants that best showed off his shapeless body to his friends who had long since left the theater, leaving with him only the command to drink as much of that functional space as his embrace of it might allow, or as if each line could be rearticulated to cut across those routes that would best undress those same friends into the purity of their own fundamental enjoyment of what they did, accumulating functional white-box buildings full of discontinued apparel with nowhere to go, and thus he did his duty by them for as long as every word could be treated as a block of equal size and no friend would return to see him dancing there and believing in it.

**David Buuck**





## TV Eye

*(Throughout the play, characters remain offstage. Occasionally one darts across the stage to the other side, dropping items onto or picking items up from the couch.)*

Gopher: Here I bathe my ankles in swollen light, stretch through somber video-heat to reach the one true signal!

LightsUp: Have a look at my small but growing collection of [meteorites!](#)

Gopher: I was wrecked here, spread across the wall in a glaze of tendon and rift. Then sunk, deep into the maw of the couch, plucking nickels with my teeth!

Fredd: I'm a writer, avid roleplayer and dedicated cook with a strong interest in biopsychology, and you'll see these passions reflected in a large part of the Burning Void!

LightsUp: I work as the messiah for a major world religion - it's called [Christianity](#). And I've got [e-mail](#) now, too! too!

Gopher: My pixelated fleshtime plunk. How long will you wait here?

Fredd: One time, in California, I got real bored, and wrote a [BigPaikuSaga](#) about how much I was in love with [CharlesMiller!](#)

LightsUp: My [Fluids Image Gallery](#) is now available!

Nicole: Lets orgy PUSSY PUSSY !

Rest of cast: Lets orgy PUSSY PUSSY !

Lil\_Jo: I currently work with the State of New Jersey with the Department of the Treasury. I also have a wife, Nicole, as you see above. She's the owner of [Fancy Paws Pet Grooming](#) in Mantua, NJ!

Fredd: Since I know you are pressing me to tell the story on how this evolved into existence, it's basically simple. I got really bored and bugged Dan, Tom, and Ismir to death to get this thing together!

Nicole: We have PUSSY PUSSY that are Cori Nadine. We have PUSSY PUSSY that are Anna Falchi. Here you will find PUSSY PUSSY that are Heather Tom and even PUSSY PUSSY that are Debra Danning!

Gopher: What's right there, in front of you: anonymous space, domesticity pulsing with mediated proximity!

*(sounds of voracious eating offstage.)*

Lil\_Jo: Essentially the tang "asked" the crab to do it!

Nicole: You may even find PUSSY PUSSY that are your Vanesa Angel or PUSSY PUSSY that are your Stacy Sanchez , but lets hope not, unless of course your into that sort of thing!

LightsUp: The study showed that I needed an upwards pressure change, no a downwards one!!

Nicole: Our College Girls is original, although some far fetched, are still exciting and are!

Lil\_Jo: I realeased her, and she looked all around makin a full pan of her situation over and over!

Fredd: Too her shock, the next thing she felt [lesbo teen lesbo porn](#) was a warm wet mouth on her nipple, sucking, nibb!

Nicole: He also scolded me for not paying the judgment!

Rest of Cast: He also scolded me for not paying the judgment!

Fredd: Flo said, "Here's redheads pussy redhead xxx the new girl I was telling you about, she wants in."

LightsUp: I did not agree so he deleted all. :( :(

*(heavy disappointed sighing, punctuated by a belch.)*

Nicole: Mizzer, sunshine, shamu 3 pussy orgy under the tree sheba buffy locked up and ready for their master!

Fredd: Kinda cute, like those little flip-card movies— It's a NARRATIVE!

Nicole: So now I've got two holes, converging!

LightsUp: The troublemaker still concerns me; I'll be monitoring her closely and will approach the director if her manner does not approve markedly once she gets to know my daughter!

Lil\_Jo: Rank My Blog!

Gopher: My body moves through cinema-time as animation, spliced into a constellation of film stills, shocked into event by the tidepull of narrative!

beth1977: So, either a sweater is now seasonal or the website isn't totally updated, or my store did something wrong!

Fredd: My only regret is that I've been living with SS amplification for all these years!

Nicole: In some fashion, this sent juice through the head, and caused me to short out!

beth1977: Poly glue buys you more time but as Chico says, it's slicker than cat poo on a marble floor!

LightsUp: If you did alot of this, vacuum bagging would be the only way to go!

beth1977: Again, sorry for the non-furry topic!

Fredd: I still couldn't figure how my ignition power source was getting a hit, but upon further examination I noticed some high quality "dealer like" splicing, soldering and tape, which leads me to believe that some sort of party went on down there at an earlier date!

Lil\_Jo: Well we introduced them in the tub and Tyson ran right up to Tiger and bite her on her epilets and one month later ... Tigger was layin eggs!

Fredd: The burnout temporarily stalled the prep work for that long-term roleplaying project I've been thinking about for some time; I'm working on getting started again with some changes in the way I'm doing things!

Lil\_Jo: I ended up calling our maintenance people, they said they will refinish the tub!

Beth1977: I spend too much time on RelayChat, talking to PeopleWhoThinkTheyAreDragons, and PeopleWhoPretendTheyThinkTheyAreDragons!

LightsUp: When she is not kicking tail in his studies, LightsUp is kicking liberal tails with her pithy yet poignant writing skills!

Fredd: I have now add a copyright and disclaimer. Check it out!

Lil\_Jo: Although I have a good job, and am therefore not currently looking for employment, any offers to play bass in a heavy metal band will be seriously considered!

Beth1977: Again, sorry for the non-furry topic!

Nicole: Let me know if you think the colors are completely terrible!

Gopher: There are still a lot of things I haven't covered yet, but I decided it would be better to release the document now rather than wait forever! :) :)

Entire Cast: :) :)

*(Silence. The stage is empty, save for a TV monitor projecting white noise.)*

**Norma Cole**



## The Olympics is All in Your Mind

bluish-white, scarce ore, shaking and red splotches as if her leg was all bloody and then blood would drip on the rug and on the chair

calming, like a color, like blue, or calming like the pink of a child's room or a hospital corridor, pink pearl or a kind of peach color intending to be calming like the absence of discourse

you simply keep going as the shadows get long, twos and then threes and sixes until finally two enter(s) and one last one

but then some tentative foot placements, as if the floor was suddenly hot or covered with a fine layer of ground glass, fine as a powder

imagine the dancers to be in the room, in the room with the blue chair and blue air, sheet music strewn about

• \* \*

They left a long time ago.

Strides into the room.

Strides in this restricted space?

Stepped then, gingerly more likely. Entered gently, tentatively, stepping between the coffee table strewn with papers, possibly pages of street music, I mean sheet music, drafts or sketches of an unfinished piece, as yet untitled, sporadically thought and partially remembered.

Steps between the upholstered blue chair and the coffee table strewn with papers, then past the blue chair filled with blue air, appearing to aim for the sofa on the opposite side of the room, outside the frame. Debates about suing a rhetorical device, perhaps repetition or receptor theory, with variations, here, but lets the idea slip away out of the frame, over the falls in a barrel.

People were still pulling that prank over fifty years ago, before the beginning of her reign. The idea of her reign over a barrel over the falls.

The one not in the room at that time had been trying to organize an event, a spectacle patterned after his idea of the olympics as they once were. Nothing like the corporate sports events of today but rather more like an imagination of the *arche*, sports, arts, *arete*, competition and excellence, risk. This time they would be in a town he'd visited in Mexico. Or in Paris, in and around an abandoned automobile factory. With corporate sponsorship, or at least seed money. Tennis and Theater. What he enjoyed. What he enjoyed watching on the television, also outside the frame, in that room, from the couch or the upholstered blue chair, during the afternoon with the curtains drawn against the light like the light now, leaching out the color, the substance, the very forms from the room. Drafts of the proposal were piled uncollated on the coffee table near the blue inflatable chair. How to approach potential subscribers, he wondered.

Did she know that painting whose title was the same as her book? There is no evidence of painting or even books about painting in that room, only mirrors and, at times, smoke.

They hadn't been all the way through the argument about meaning.

There might be examples, if individuals could be said to be examples, not of their gibberish, for that gibberish is something else, something they own and use to fill the

room's vacancy with vacancy. But their lives are maps, they're rather the evidence of the rupture, both collusion and opportunism, homeostatic like the blue air, like the atmosphere in the room, the way it refers—it's a stretch—to the dream of B's double room, preposterously, providing documentation, occasional, posthumous but enduring, that is the hook.

When need or pleasure being mutually addressed, erase the surface indicators of favor, the power index

• \* \*

Nothing yet said about the place mat or the dark part of the chair back facing the desk, facing the wrinkled picture plane.

A young man placed his hands on my head, along the sides of my head and said come back in six days. I said I couldn't, or thought I couldn't. He thought, come back when you can. He gave me a turquoise umbrella when I left the room. It matched the chair. It might have been behind the chair.

The black suitcase is stored behind that chair. It looks identical to the one with writing all over it, Tibetan writing in white, like shoe polish, the liquid white shoe polish that comes in a plastic bottle with a sponge at the opening, under the cap, so you can brush the polish onto your white canvas shoes or white leather shoes once you've lifted them from under the other chair.

**Mark Ewert**





I think it used to be different.

I didn't use to need labels to locate my hands or eyes—did I? Or squint to read?—Yet now, not even my tongue lying across the open pages of a book yields any information.

I remember—I *think* that I remember—that one *would* come to the end of a field, eventually.

Colors, I believe, once had underpinnings, real reasons for being, and there were clear distinctions between what we now call 'living things'.

Probably, food was once powerful, and could exert 'influences' on objects, or on people.

Light, I doubt, was acid.

The world included us in its ceremonies, and we included it in ours, and nothing was left out; this I have deduced.

But 'here' and 'there' have swapped places, and 'here' is gone.

That which was once less than the glare of my thumbnail must now be everything

**Susan Gevirtz**



## Chandelier (Bait and Switch)

"Hovercraft?"

"No,"

It was a blank slate and no one could see around it.

"It was a blank day so the sky decanted."

"But not for nothing."

"No, it was motivated."

"An air show of sorts."

"Yes but inside."

"Seen from the floor."

"What appeared to be air an actual conveyance."

"How?"

"Years in the laboratory — explanation run amuck. Funded by Al Quaida and the FBI — their only collaborative project in... at least... five years."

"The advantage?"

"It's effusion, sometimes called L \_ \_ \_ \_ — the actual word is classified — can be used to restore or destroy life."

"Dimmer dependent?"

"It depends on installation and misnomer — Oh, Excuse Me!

DESCANT REDUX

"The orders?"

"Yes, misspelled."

"Misspelling a sardine net dragged in the night."

The doorbell again. Angle of approach. Objects where people use to be asleep. The reproach of objects. You are not being watched. Smuggled in. We had heard of it. Even heard you coming down the long red-carpeted hallway into the room of the classified words. Something like footsteps but more anxious. "Don't doll it up," said the host. Meaning that there was no furniture and that would never change. That there was no space for furniture as the room was already saturated with the L, walls decaying from over exposure to it, causing a turning of the room into a kind of musical-instrument-chamber, pulsating, vibrating, played by it, a kind of music-box turned lung, turned high-frequency song, so silent, so speechless, so inescapable, so big. And also filled with the incoming outgoing "guests." We call them "guests," bait and switch, as they can slip by the authorities in pearls, furs and tuxes. We call him "host". We could say "conciierge or general or doctor." We could and have said "escaped POW's," "friends," "provocateurs." What once was "the mansion," we now call "hotel," "shelter," "hospitality house," "ghost town." The research shows that radio waves increase the effect. This is why you see them lined up, waiting their turn, antennas in hand.

**Robert Glück**



## Chapter XXV

Miss Kitty was usually still awake when the birds began to warble their aubade. Her longing for transcendence was coeval with the nightwatch of pallid flesh that somehow knew by instinct to withdraw from the arousal it engendered: "All men and women shape a comprehensive answer to the question of life's meaning," she instructed herself. "Mine is Teddy's boner."

She spoke to it, though it was dreaming. His seamed purse was hairless as an egg, his cock was hairless as a boy's, and yet the paterfamilias of a whole clan of dreams. Indeed, it was an hour hand that conveyed midnight into the morning. In the dream, sweetness tasted itself despite Teddy's mother from his childhood, an unmitigated tyrant, a martinet who disapproved of eating the oatmeal with sugar instead of salt, and also despite Miss Kitty's cold homosexual husband, Mr. Fox. "Your 'fuel-defiant' behavior encourages active distortions of reality through brummagem dreams," Miss Kitty asserted.

"That's for me to guess and you to know," Teddy supplied from his sleep.

Miss Kitty said, "There's a wrinkle around your dinkle," to see if he was awake. "If there's no meaning apart from Teddy's penis," she wondered, "does that also mean there is no meaninglessness 'on its own'? To be deprived of meaning, I might recognize that, but don't take meaninglessness away! I can't give it up!" she pleaded, and added, "There's a rink around your dink."

Last night, at the restaurant, Miss Kitty ate too much. She swallowed the depths of edacious Time. It was strange to feel, amidst the peaceful, benignant irritability, the edacious appetites and pampered constitutions, like a woe-begone old man, with

his thin grey hair and his thick cheeks, looking wistfully from one to the other, and listening anxiously, hoping to hear the words which should bring peace to her soul. She said, "If only you loved me the good way instead of the bad way."

Teddy made a joke of it, saying, "Humans are forever ascribing malignant or benignant motives even to forces such as the internal-combustion of an orgasm." He added, "I wish you were the right sort of salmagundi, instead of the wrong sort," with that bonhomie *which won the hearts of all who knew him*. His explanation of why they couldn't be together hurled them both on. In the sincerity of her despotism she could not live under the hypothesis of a rival. "Me and anti-me," she affirmed. Miss Kitty looked this good, vibrating negatively, but not from a distance, from which she was indeed Mrs. Fox. It revived in Miss Kitty her sense of tragic glamour, what the BBC had the nerve to call her *Vanity Fair*, that is, a baffling salmagundi of Nineties accents, 1800s clothes, Wardour Street plotting, and a sort of language never spoken by any human at any point in history.

At that time, in that land, Pleasure asked a question: "*Romantic love?* Miss Kitty, how did you survive?"

"I didn't," she replied, "someone else went on."

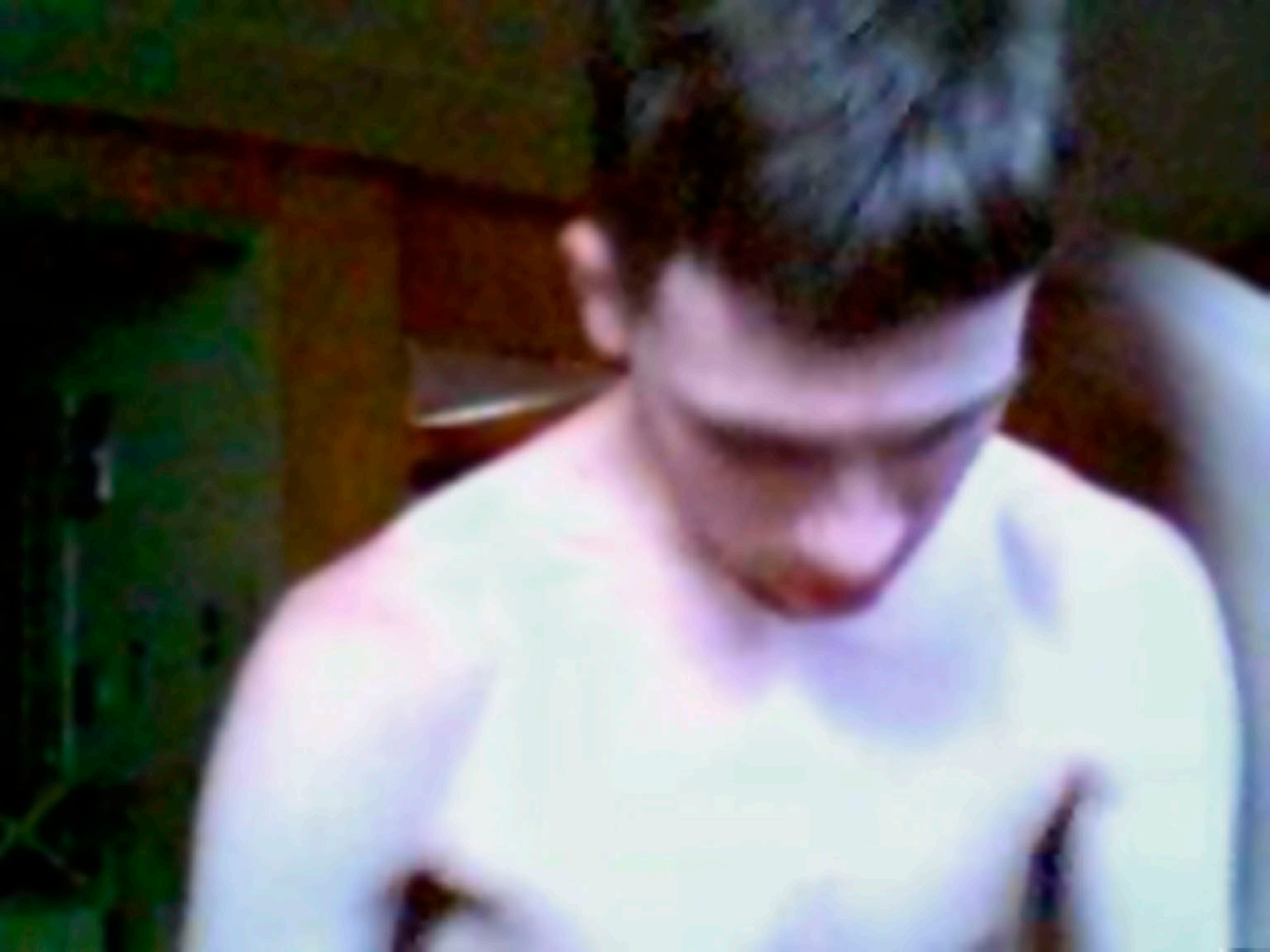
"With Teddy?"

"He's deeply buried in my psyche."

"Good!" said Pleasure. "There he'll stay."

**Rob Halpern**





he comes from the forest, my unforgiving visibility. this is a sentence freed from an obsession with that. you're not even hard, he said, a blank i keep repeating. what pure situation, the repetition and the sentence, a heat seeking form of command gone cold.

—this makes me sexless, but I want to fuck. so long as I can turn that feeling into something mathematical, dynamic, he said, or was that me. he is barn wood, clover, a figure of vast duration, cuneiform or moss, the equal of Silurian mounds, a system of rocks,

progenitor of my turnip, my fern. if the record's been preserved intact, nothing could have happened. but he's already something else, a trace of real currency, a sign of absolute exchange, a piece of mortar shell or bone. this is history's limit, my lost marine.

then a sense of something boundless makes me impotent. the war's directive works like this, a bad infinity gone sublime. he comes from the land of Ur, forgotten place of oil and bronze. let's do this everyday, they said, beyond the true, unwritten. would that he were only

—sound, my unrepeatable whimper. but the thing i'll never hear is what arouses me to enter. objects i'm investigating. being his hair. his wood. his barn. his clover. remains outside my sentence. unforgiving visibility, skin. he says, i don't believe a thing you write. i say,

my object has no truth, take the turnip take the fern, the signs are pure without your body's résumé of torture: "sunken eyes, the ears taped back, the nails pulled out, his tongue is mine." the repetition having not yet achieved the status of event, or being the absence of that, erasure

—looms, a cool inebriate sleep. he comes from beyond the bay, the barn, the woods, the clover. i remember him exactly, the way he came, my spectacle of pure duration, something inconsolable, some wood from the forest, our moment of arousal, the war.

there's nothing to resemble this, nothing here to see. the wood's immense, the clover shines, the barn, a darkened cube. this is the land, he said, it's broken into islands, cluster munitions, masses of sediment, my Silurian mounds, a system of rocks, a crust of earth, the turnip—

the fern. he's not like my sentence, the erection and machinery. then we're not fucking any more. nothing happens in the heat of combat. he's gone. i feel dirty. the image of my soldier running, some imperfection in the record. a broken condition of areas now continuous

—supplemented. today excitement reigns again, my tongue inside his ass, but all duration's been reduced to mortar shell and bone. the sweetness of communication breaks. he is nothing, my every impression, a land once separated, now joined with mud and meat.

**Doug Heise**



Hi Mom,

How are you? What time is it there?

I clean all the time but the house is still dirty and there's dust on everything. I wake up covered in it. It gets in my mouth and I can't speak right. It gets in my ears and clogs them up. It gets in my eyes and makes everything fuzzy.

When I sleep, I dream of dust mites – giant white dust mites with enormous jaws and pink eyes. They look translucent. You can see their guts and watch their juices squirt around. They look like the little bugs we saw under the microscope in science class last year, only 1000 times bigger.

I saw a mouse eating the wheat crackers in the pantry. It had babies in the closet but the dog ate them. Speaking of which, I had to put the dog to sleep. After he ate the mouse babies he started acting sick. He whined and barked and wanted to walk and eat all the time so I put him in an extra strong garbage bag and put him to sleep. I miss him.

I'm not seeing Doctor Phyllis anymore. Regression therapy sucks and the rebirthing ceremony was a great big joke. Who wants to be born again? The first time was bad enough. And anyway, the drugs don't work anymore.

I stopped going to school because Mr. Jeffers won't let me read my poetry in class. He doesn't feel that it's appropriate in an algebra class. I don't like him.

There are mushrooms growing on the windowsill in the kitchen. I tried to eat one but it didn't taste like the ones from the store. It was bitter and brittle and

crumbly and dry. It fell apart in my hands so I swept up the pieces and made a tea. It didn't make me sick, just thirsty.

So I drank all your Diet Coke and played all your old records backwards until the needle on the turntable broke. I tried to listen for all the scary backwards voices. Like "Hail Satan," or "Paul is dead," or "I will bite off your head and suck out your soul." But the records didn't say any of that. They didn't say that at all. They only said nice things words like "Your hair smells so good" and "You are such a nice person". But now the turntable is broken and the records won't talk to me anymore.

But like I said, the pills don't work. I keep taking them but they only make me sleepy. The more I take, the more I sleep.

Are you OK? Do you like Tulsa? Is it cold there? When are you coming home?

You sound so different on the telephone. Last night when you called me, I almost didn't recognize your voice. It was so deep and slow. I thought that maybe you had hired some one to call me and pretend to be you. But why would you do that?

It's cold here. I had to build a big fire in the fireplace just to stay warm. But there isn't any wood left so I had to burn Dad's model ship collection, and the neighbor's garbage, and the furniture in the guest room.

Say Hi to Dad.

Susan

**Sarah Gina Jones**



I'm not going to say it again. Get that smirk off your face. Change the repentant music or wash your teeth, just stop staring at that scrap of glass as if you're going to find that piece standing smack in front of you.

Let it go.

How bout a nice game of solitaire 13? A bowl of macaroni and butter? A glimpse of the video The young and the hung? No? Well then, go ahead, pull out the hairshirt. Pony up to your green eyed fiend, but get your hand out of your pants for chrissake—prioritize, that's what I'm always telling you. Don't mix up your dark clothes with a load of whites, right? Whatever, I've never understood your voyeuristic obsession of spanking while the tears bumrush your eyelids. Atta boy, now unclench that steel trap of a jaw. See it's not so bad. Try to think of something funny like...Massive Headwound Harry, he always makes you chuckle, even when you're in a sour mood.

C'mon, give me a break here, it's not easy being the one who has to uphold the permafuckingsmile, but if we both go down in the dimming light with

only the smell of candle wax instead of dinner simmering on the range, then who's gonna lasso us back to safety? Huh? Not mom, certainly not Brad shackled up with Mr. "Just Right" in LA, no one but you and I and that warped perception you have of yourself.

Hey, I have to live with it too, pal. The staticky channel of a late pubescence, a smear of lost years, a stuttering mistake in the parking lot while the Ferris wheel turned twinkling lights against a black sky. I've burned through nine pairs of running shoes trying to escape from it. I plunged into fourteen self help books; torched five dozen candles, a bundle of white sage from Mt. Shasta and a \$325 phone bill trying to find myself. Remember when I hid the mirror for a month under the sofa? You started having an affair with the toaster, almost scorched your lips if I recall...

Sometimes I get carried away too. I blame Cousin Eddie for opening me up when I was too young and enamored to protest. I drift back to that Michigan beach town guarded by fir trees and I change the story to suit me. So that I showed Eddie how to build a campfire boy scout style,



I pointed out Orion's Belt like three faraway headlights over the lake, I demonstrated how shotgun was properly executed with a can of Old Style Beer and a pocket knife, and I rubbed up on Eddie from behind with an ache in my limbs to be his first, so that he would never ever forget me no matter how much sandglass I picked off the shore. I'm not going to let anyone shove you around any more. Okay? Believe me, you are a beautiful boy. Hello?

I'm calling you through a foghorn of logic—snap out of it—you're under a spell of your own fancy. Hit the lights and let's go to bed.

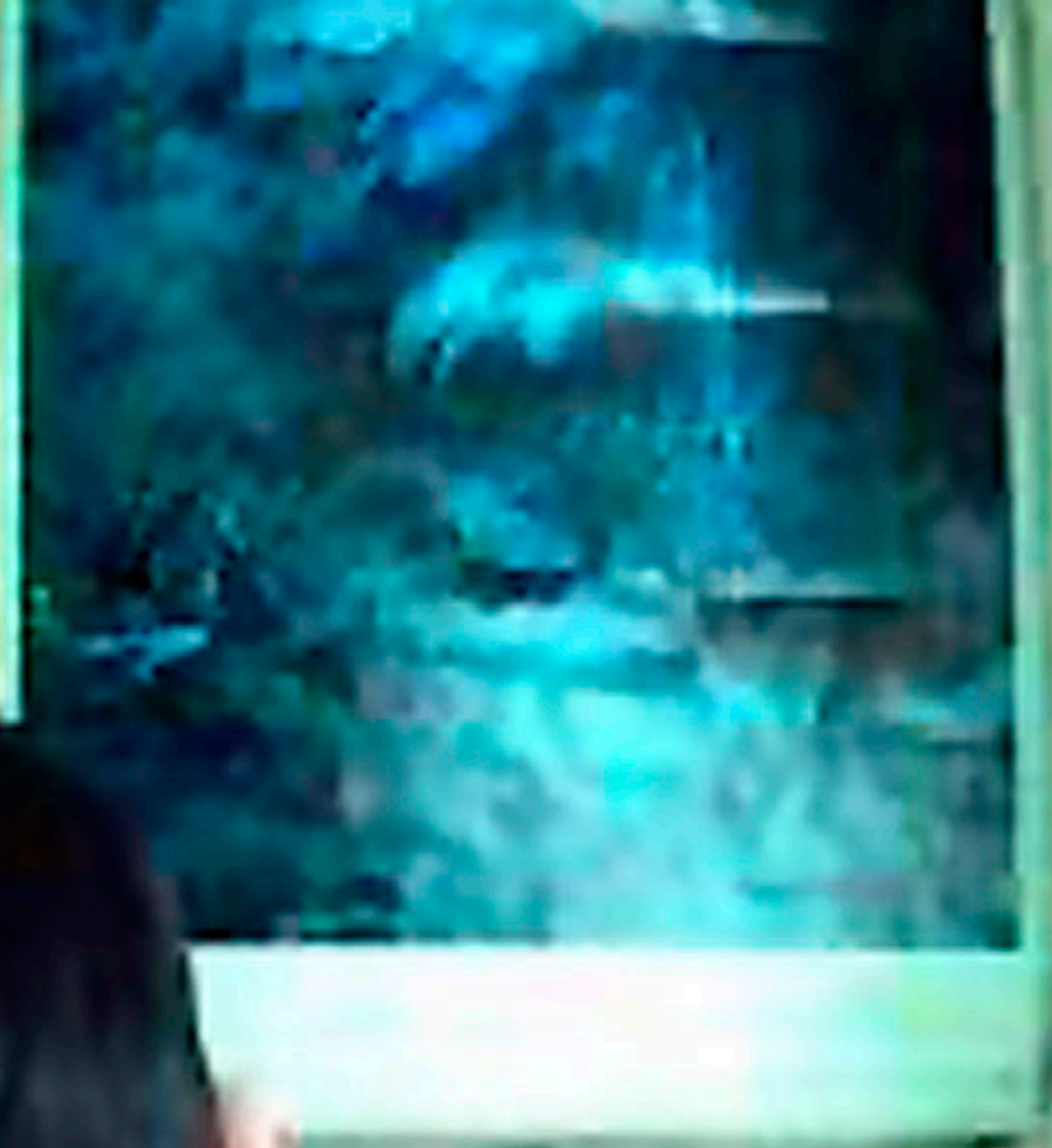
Framed.  
Once again, in the moment—  
you and all your pavement tones  
wafting into smirk  
and that look  
like you've just slipped under the ice  
before telling me...telling me... telling me what?  
that you knew all along?

Hell, do you ever look at yourself  
when you look at yourself?  
Beyond the pink mouth of eye sockets  
and ghostly shadows?  
Past your ice goggles and smear of a mouth?  
There is only 4 millimeters of separation  
between desire and losing your mind.

Remember when you said:  
"Yeah, yeah, I'll pay you back."  
You didn't.  
The smile is nice, but watch the hands, buster.

I wanted to give you a fat lip, a knuckle sandwich—  
I wanted to mark you with a ruby-blue resentment  
but standing there just a face away  
I know what lies are for.

**Kevin Killian**



I keep meaning to get that framed.

Or take it down. Or something. You wake up, filled with plans and hi-energy, and I don't know what happens but all of a sudden it's past 10 p.m. and all the framing shops are closed and I still haven't shaved or really done much of anything.

Joey Stefano gave that to me. The porn star?

Well, it came from his estate.

I see you looking at it, wondering what on earth it is. Well, I got a call from this lawyer and he said that Joey Stefano had left me that picture in his will.

I guess it's like an imaginary place where you can travel to in your mind and find some peace. Maybe a fantasy world.

Do you like it? Some people hate it. I figure, there are two kinds of people and—some just don't get off on blue.

He wasn't really a lawyer as it turned out. Just some freak who had my number, but he fooled me!

I'm, like, salivating, because, you know, wow, Joey Stefano!

Whom I never did meet, in the flesh, pardon the pun.

But I like to think of him, watching the picture, kind of dozing and dreaming about—the escape from whatever it is that was bugging him.

No, I went to the guy's place, he had like a loft with all these rolled-up posters standing against the wall, and he says, "Joey wanted good homes for these and I'm authorized to give them away." I'm, like, looking at these rolled up pictures and of course I thought of Eva Hesse!

That piece she has where there are these rods or whatever all leaning every which way against the wall.

The guy must have been around your age, kind of stern, rugged-looking, I figured, what the hell!

Go for it, you know.

So I'm thinking, should I get one of the X rated ones, except sometimes my mother or whoever might come in here and just—freak?

"What's that," I ask.

"Oh, Joe used to call that 'Narnia.'" The land where the kids go in The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe.

I'm like, "Joe"? I figure, this guy must have known Joey Stefano pretty well, to call him Joe like that. That pretty much sealed it for me. All of a sudden my head kind of clicked with all this trust, that I began to feel, as though Aslan had come lumbering up, you know, *paw by majestic paw, through the walls of the loft* and he was in the room with me, and I'm going down on this guy as though he were everything.

Worshippable. You know how some guys just have that kind of—hmmm, equipment you could make a little altar to surround.

Doesn't matter how good looking they are, face-wise, not when you're really into it.

This guy was buff, and he looked kind of like, oh, I don't know, do you remember that old show "A Family Affair"?

I'm really chowing down and I'm thinking, my God, Joey Stefano probably took it up the ass from this guy. Who was kind of silent, we kept backing up and I'm scrambling on my knees, thinking, well eventually we'll *land somewhere*.

I'm not religious but I just had this feeling of, well, grace. This blue grace like you might get in an old-time cathedral.

I kept thinking of Joey Stefano, and Eva Hesse too, how they were both dead and kind of—watching me, like two blue angels, on either side of this big, large, amiable friendly lion who was God.

So after a while, you know, I'm trying to wrap it up but I'm not getting too much response from Jay—that was his name, Jay. Like, it isn't happening, I'm groaning and whatnot, tickling his balls, I've got a finger all wet up his ass, you know, and—

Well, so you can see the picture's a little tattered but to me, it's not only a souvenir, or something unusual to me, but it's also a kind of window for me, into Narnia. Whenever I'm stressed, or worried about money or, you know, things—I can go there and it's a place where time stands still.

You know, I still haven't shaved and I'm boring you.

You're very kind but I know that look.

No, I never did meet Joey Stefano. You know who's kind of like him, though, is that one nephew of George Bush, you know, the one with the kind of party attitude. Him I can picture on his hands and knees. And he's not just looking for his contact lens if you know what I mean. He's not just mopping the floor with his little brush thing.

Can't remember his name.

From Florida. Right.

Okay, let's head out but first do you want to take a shower with me?

Yes, the nephew, the one like Ricky Martin.

Or Matthew Barney I sometimes think, now there's a guy it would interesting to get to the bottom of. No, just leave your coat there, my mother will be round and she'll pick up a bit.

She's at church right now, don't worry.

**Yedda Morrison**



## The Promise

flap flaps open

I'm watching my own bagina swim the wire. then it's wired. it stands up on its hairy leg and scratches. baginawire. sparkling with pooldrops. it shakes in some kinda genital sunshine. a poolcleaners white knees hanging out from his coded thighthing. waiting. under seven sunspots the wire runs the bagina. to its audience. the audience to its testickle. the testickle to its test sight. the site to its ray gun. the gun to its girl. the girl to her egg sold. the sold to its pool house. the pool to its pubic. the pubic to its cable. the cable to my eyeflap.

but I'm not *in* the pool I'm in yr eye's mindlick my every possible move a could be in yr fleshy eyeflap what might half robed or better appear loose bulging but I'm not *in* the pool but I could be wet under shade trees or maybe buried sub aquatic or prepubescent over for a swim nubbys sticking out and u leaning back for the View Me and I could be but I'm not finally exactly ever *on* the deck half robed or better scratching my bagina against pixilated tree trunks or digging shallow graves on national tv but I could be wet maybe and if so how rubbery and if so why not *in* it and if so why water wings with nothing to lick at but my Could Be in shade trees hunting beavers or some such half robed or maybe appearing center Look At or diving right through its venereal sub plasma and me under maybe and slashing up through aquatic cloudbursts and u in lick watching to enter my too blue slit and me not *on* it maybe but flat on my Could Be with the camra up in it and my nubbys up way up half robed or better.

talk back flap. flapping open. tell me to sleep it off sister. you maybe cannonballed my bodyoff like wet angora with inflatable beads. swat it. soft it. swallow.

flap flaps open. and waits. flaps open. waits and flaps. flaps open. and waits. waits open. and flaps. flaps open. flaps open and waits. waits open. opens once. opens. the bagina. waits. the pool opens. the ray gun waits. waits and opens. to the wire. to the wire waits.

waits. waits the pool. the bagina. waits around it. waits the pool. waits the deck. waits the shade trees. waits the shade. waits the public. waits the poolcleaner. waits. waits the wiring. and the eyewall sees it. sees it waiting. sees it open. once. sees it fire. sees it surrounded. flaps. flaps open and waits. sees it waits. waits open. sees it quoted. sees it quotes. quotes itself. open. quotes othrs. quotes open. flaps closed. and waits. sees it. see sit flapping. flaps open and waits. baginawire waits open. for the cam. the camra. waits open. flaps open. flaps in it. the pool surrounds it. open. the camra flaps in it. falls open. sees it. and quotes. get the cam. get the camra comrade.

but I'm not exactly *ever* swim nubbys leaning back for the View Me but I could be hunting busted or buggy tree trunks and if so flat on my with no *in* it and if so half robed or better but I could be Could Be licking your fat eyewall my Could Be beavers or or better but me appearing maybe robed or better yr fleshy and bulging What Nothing to lick my too blue to enter or diving right at it and u watching and sticking out.

flapping camra. camra comrade. my camra it's lit with a flapping wire. its sparks light my wiring. its fire and flapping where pool. comrade yr camra. this demo camra comrade is righteously redded. it lights my pool. comrade. this camra. this demo. this cracy. this cracy corroded camra. it lights my.

I could be someone's wet sister comrade but I'm not exactly I'm not exactly *ever* a swimming bagina eye nubby wiring my Could Be plasma but I could be *open* comrade to hunting fire with this demo camra this cracy I'm in yr trees maybe way busted and I've pinned the fat national digging center look I'm no shallow but a puss wiring yr fleshy what cracy or better maybe appear my Could Be open and flapping. flaps open. dear comrade, yr camra, sleep it off.



**Jocelyn Saidenberg**



6.

white metal teeth. describe her lips. how they reveal and encircle them. encircling me. place them in some setting. a long walk. the kitchen at night. hounding toward an untimely end.

that which spawns life. one foot in front of the next. spawning more. beating out the attachments. strumming along. not refreshing that. productive and not taking advice. recognizable car engine up the road. another can grow again there.

7.

unjoined. supporting that. permeated and touched. moved by injury. joining not singular. this state. that stare. meaning the look alike and she is eyeing those that be.

taken to an extreme. accepting even that. orchestrate a sighing. a fourth. audible sounds of presence. calculating the ooze of difference.

a quaver in the voice. it's the ask if.

8.

refresh against the sight lines. in its sedimentation along the edge of the mountains. planes overhead. the love of trees indigent and muscular. exploratory chance to disappear bone by bone rancid. finally : slowly : she : exuberant and revolting forcing immobility. along the edges of the mountains replenishing asking Agnes asking Edith. grinding into their own emergence. an unlikely anger such unlikeness. sharp calmness shallow dehydration and a decomposition weary and threadbare. admit nothing turn by turn admitting a hand. expresses its weariness. its evanescence its asking to be unlikely bone by bone.

9.

i adopt a hostile attitude towards it. towards want.

forced into the background. escaped from the cage prowls about in your life. a ghost of dead business unfinished and naked cash payments between afterglow. intolerable shadow invites back into the fracture. watching the tree grow naked. going down to the port start from the shore of calculations and yawning. it is voracious. its wanting to be included wanting to grow fast. is asunder where the first was rooted out. sifting through the outrages of lightning and blood.

10.

she tells more than she knows. a knot of suffocation. strangling itself. gestures your gait and resolutions. a recipe in permanent access in diversions. the flower dies at the end. a short stifled giggle. i had gone 'too far' asking toe to toe.

adoring and afar we attend. before talking. the horizon folding in on us. to give in advance of conductivity as a dispatch. regardless of protection she means to say. indeed.

11.

indeed. i can't declare them for what they are. the approach goes like this. the dogs bark across the street. when and how and where. despairing answers. here it is finally. the days passing as an argument indeed indeed terrestrial. carnal excavating relentlessly. inaudible slo. howling recalcitrance behind the music. beneath the ground.

## Carnal

1.

without that, the river which was, a substrata is movement now. mermaid left behind flopping in the pipes. her sludge is the sewer where once they fished to watch the night sky blacken. that one, long lingering, now languishes in a cavernous underground source, fountain for none.

music of exhaust and darkening horizons, her hair begins to thin, nails soften, while she waits, a siren of light slow to diminish, wasting rescue. dogs at night are frequent. the scales that once cleaved to her flesh, her body, her shelter, now a day-glow phosphorescence, luminous filth, cleavage, radiating and filtered through her. boils begin to grow, round lumps spurting evanescence, a rainbow of industry, inviting those who come to visit to enjoy her paints, corporeal, images of what might be, a river now sewer then tomb, sanctions while poking her eyes out. no sensible heat.

2.

images are wanting. she studies them. let them bury themselves in: no comment no comment.

a partial shutter moves through the crowd taking us up along its crest. pubises sway. incarnate and incorporated publicly. swaying us. subjects of.

the sap in the oak tree the bugs in the book binding. for she renders and has left behind the bark. its carnality upon which i turn. hard by and solitary. the other pole.

3.

she means to say  
or stubbornness as a means of resistance  
speaking about us and for us

dread and ailments a celebrated day in liberating explosions of losses disparities and distances dispersed in errors mistaken detours mismade calculations faulty respirations. counter to the stream and in plumes. the pressure transgressed in hands. nor was there another road.

trying to gather what is gone. first by pacing. then on her hands and knees with the measuring tape. she's a period piece asking if. seeking the response she is the question.

4.

she means to say we live among a crowded scene. overcrowding faces and malice. a crack in time painted on garden paths. inclined to our desire. we ooze we can flourish there.

forward elephant eleven o'clock rook one o'clock apple and 3 o'clock lightning perpendicular to spoon soiled underneath apple in line with lightning in line with 2 cent piece face down. all circling about hunted and hunting. elephant trying to leave the scene heading out east spoon facing west constellating failure of identity with apple and rook.

5.

meaning to say. given that. the uncertainty. perhaps. surely. perhaps. figures in. the shape. perhaps. calls. subtract. add. total. a certainty. the space between. shaped by want. by need. fear of threats. the lure of repetition. her feet admired. their figures. the fear of repetition. start at the end. work back to shape. figure that. days wait. the response. slowness as position. a gap to walk into. as opposition. given an entrance. she is on your side. whirlpools of repetition. opening traps. a shape appears. groups itself. more figures. a shape in the doorway. time for gets smaller. tilts inwards. the envelope unshared. first. given that. a sign. a set of shapes plan to meet. she is faint. clouds to the west.

**Zakary Szymanski**



I'm calling in dangerous to work.

As usual I'm met by an unimpressed silence. My boss, L., hasn't taken any excuse seriously, not even the weather, since the accident last May.

I was holding down the fort at the self-serve copy shop so she could take her annual hiking trip when I got the news; L. and her cousin P. had climbed to the top of Mount-whatever when she turned and saw P. sprawled 50 feet below in a pool of blood. So L. lowered herself down and held his cracked head as he lay dying and muttering his final wishes. Then P. went into blue-lipped freezing shock as the sun went down and it started to hail, so L. took off her clothes and wrapped him tight, talked him through the night, and come morning, ran naked three miles to the nearest ranger station. Both of them survived, but I had to work six days in a row while they recovered, and L. seemed to resent me afterward. We were torrid lovers before she went away. Then she snapped and kicked me out of her house and we were just torrid. If she ever tries to fires me she knows I have a sexual harassment suit settlement in the bag.

Today is the worst day of the year, according to the radio, winds at 70 miles per hour and downpours making visibility next to nothing. All city residents have been advised to stay indoors.

But my scheduled trick and I are faggots, we surmise during our phone conversation, brave soldiers of the nellie underbrush who can't be stopped from an outside fuck date. So I shower and strap on an eight-inch, then hang around in my briefs to be summoned to the corner of 14th Street.

I placed yesterday's ad in the women's personals, which is mostly a bitch board for the local dykes; "Tammy you slut I hate you," and "What's up with the \$10 cover at the Honey Pot Club," and all that hysterical girly crap. Thankfully the tranny boys

still use it to cruise, and it doesn't take much to snag some stud hankering for a rough one-time deal. Still, we have to keep it on the down-low. The butch-femme lesbian scene wouldn't approve; guys like us are supposed to use their manhood to protect the ladies.

My tricks are just like me: hormone-hollowed hips, a newly restless language, and an angry-damp arousal for the bodies we spent years rejecting. What really draws us is the contrast of it all, such profound irresponsibility practiced by such profoundly mature adults. "It's revolutionary," last week's little junior exclaimed, his pubescently-stubbled lip sucking off my testosterone-induced infant dick. "We're completely legal pedophiles."

Today's anonymous encounter will be no exception. He is to be dressed in a school uniform, his tits bound under a blue oxford, his rubber cock hard under baggy cargos. I will know him by his signal: an all-over glance, followed by a look-back, then a casual stop inside a doorway.

When he rings me from a pay phone, I'm off like a soldier, dodging a few swing-and-crack palm branches as they land like imported decor along Mission Street.

On the slick road a wounded pigeon darts under tires, holding one wing, only to step into a live-wired puddle and go out with an electric wail. The neighbor's window explodes above me into glass showers, and the man walking behind me runs ahead to push a small child out of the way.

Still I will defy these cruel conditions as only a real man can, braving what I must in order to get under this new boy's skin, gut his neck, pin his cropped sideburns against brick, and drive everything I have into his heroic asshole.

All this effort, I am certain, is true bravery in the name of the cause.





