

◇ Defenestration ◇

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Two Poems
by
By Justin Kibbe

Announcement

I have decided to become
paranoid, schizophrenic; I am
twenty-six, and not getting any
younger. They say "If you aren't
by the time you're thirty,
you probably wont be."
I don't want to be
left out.

On the beauty of homegrown food

Fannie's got a fine ass
for a farmer.
Next to all those animals
I rank her number two.

Cow-fishing
by
William Fairbrother

The cow-fisher
makes his lures
from wet balled-up hay
and taunting tufts
of dangling fresh grass -
Quite beautiful, really -
it is an art
to approximate cud.

The sport itself
can be harrowing -
Strapped in the harness
leaning out the propped-open door
of the helicopter
swinging the line -
Disaster if
he hits a snag.

But making a strike -
setting the wench -
reeling one in -
Well, that's the challenge -
She knows she's been tricked -
grunts kicks groans twists
as she's lifted skyward.

My Sparkling Buttocks
by
Zack Tisch

My sparkling buttocks, radiant and white
My sparkling buttocks, shining so bright
Look how they sparkle, watch how they gleam
Buttocks like these are the stuff found in dreams
Flexing these buttocks has been known to rip seams
If these buttocks could talk, they wouldn't, they'd SCREAM!

The Dialogues of Huevo

by
Allen Coyle

INTRODUCTION

As any learned scholar will assert, no extensive study of philosophy is complete without considering the works of Huevo. His immense contributions to the field in the form of his dialogues provide a window into the foundations of modern, rational thought. It is of great fortune that his numerous works have been preserved through time, one of which is offered here, dissected and translated by renowned American author Allen Coyle.

Huevo was an informal student to Cocrates, whose philosophic teachings arguably introduced rational thought and similar concepts into mainstream intellectual discourse. Indeed, we can witness firsthand the obvious reverence Huevo held for his teacher, as it is him he establishes as the primary character in his dialogues.

We have no written, concrete documentation of Cocrates' philosophy, for Cocrates himself did not believe in writing, in fact calling it "the rancid turd of speech." Huevo, on the other hand, was a fluent and prolific writer. He preserved multitudes of philosophic notions in his dialogues, most of which contained Cocrates as the representation of rational inquiry and an inferior character depicting the preliterate mindset. Indeed, these ancient texts lay out for students the development and application of the so-called "Cocratic Method."

One problem the student of Huevo faces is just whose philosophy is being put forth in the dialogues. Are the pieces meant to be an accurate depiction of Cocrates' line of thought, or is Huevo merely using his teacher as the lead character in his written works to spout his own philosophic convictions? The debate has ensued for many centuries, perhaps never to be resolved, and this author thinks it unessential to support or argue against any side here. Rather, the dialogues should be interpreted for the ideas they offer -- never minding if they are Huevo's or Cocrates' -- and for the revolutionary change they made on civilization at the time, not to mention the foundations they laid for western culture. Huevo in a sense provides a means for us to view the birth of ourselves as a modern culture and the fundamental notions that compose us collectively as people.

FOREMAN

In this particular dialogue presented here, FOREMAN, Huevo introduces Cocrates as a young man working a summer job as a landscaper in order to earn sufficient monetary funds to later attend university. Cocrates is inquisitive and alert, eager to engage in intellectual pursuits, and often pulls aside fellow laborers to delve into complex philosophic discussions. Foreman, the preliterate character in the dialogue, has witnessed Cocrates leaning on a shovel and questioning a teenager, Philo, on the obscure aspects comprising reason. Infuriated, Foreman pulls Cocrates aside from his discussion and asks him why he remains to be idle when there is work to be done. Cocrates seizes this opportunity to engage Foreman in a conversation of work, asking him to define this concept and if it is authorized by nature:

FOREMAN: Listen here, you little son of a bitch. Every time I turn to look over at you, you're sitting on your dead ass yakking to the other employees. We've got to get this project done sometime in this century. If you want to keep your job, I suggest you pick up that God damn shovel and get your ass to work helping these guys digging tree holes.

COCRATES: Ah, but Foreman, you have pulled me aside from a conversation I was having with Philo pertaining to the elements that comprise the abstract notion of reason. These discussions offer wisdom to a curious mind, of which I am certainly in possession, and also perhaps answer important questions about ourselves and our culture. One cannot define reason in a mere sentence, dear Foreman. However, Philo attempted to do this by offering me a sincere but very incomplete definition of the concept. I prodded him to educate me further on this nearly indiscernible idea so that I could fill my empty head with wisdom, for what am I but a void to be filled with knowledge? Picture me as a glass, Foreman, and my fellow citizens the pitchers containing knowledge. In order for me, a glass, to obtain knowledge, I must implore for my fellow citizens to pour wisdom into me. How then do you wish me to fully ascertain the notion of reason, a quite complex and abstract idea if I must say, if you squeeze the neck of the pitcher and prevent the tasteful liquid of knowledge from pouring into my inquiring mind, the glass?

FOREMAN: What the hell are you talking about? Pick up that God damn shovel and get your stupid ass to work!

COCRATES: By implication, you are denying me the privilege to inquire on reason. Very well. Dear Foreman, there is more than one pitcher from which to take drink and quench thirst, and more than one well from which to draw water. Educate me, then. Fill my questioning mind with wisdom. You speak of work, but what exactly is this amorphous concept? The term can suggest a plethora of meanings, ranging from the notion itself to all the tasks it encompasses. Moreover, how do we orient ourselves between work and slavery? Is a man who receives compensation for his labors not a slave? Is a slave who receives a beating from his master not a worker? Are the terms mutually exclusive, or rather are they combined in the grappling vines of intellectual infrastructure? Does hard work always yield a reward? Is work a product of an economic system, or can we find it in the state of nature? Does not a savage work when he collects food for survival? Does not a savage work when he seeks shelter from the weather? If work can be found in the natural state, then how can we account for its presence? Are we all slaves to work, or are we workers for slavery?

FOREMAN: I'm about to kick your ass off this God damn job. These other guys are busting their butts and you're standing here with your thumb up your ass and your head in the same place.

COCRATES: Indulge me, good sir. Let us consider our investigation at hand, or rather, allow us to answer this crucial question: What is work? Now, you tell me that I must get back to work, but what tasks does this term encapsulate, if we assume the term is not the definition itself? For if I abided by your command and gathered food for myself to eat, would I not be working? For indeed, it seems we can easily agree that collecting food is work for the savage. Or what if I ripped out all of these plants, dug up the irrigation pipes, broke them, disassembled the valves, and uprooted all the trees? Would I not also be working? Is destruction not as valid as construction in terms of physical effort put forth? Moreover, is work defined as a creative force or a destructive one? If I create, am I no more working than if I destroy? Dear Foreman, it would seem by your logic that the term of work in essence is defined by the course of action you desire me to take as your employee. But can such a narrow definition prevail through time? Under these conditions, you subsist as

my master and I as your slave. Is this a proper characterization of our relationship?

FOREMAN: You're an insolent piece of shit. You're lazy and a no good son of a bitch. You're also off the job. Pack up your shit and get the hell out of my sight.

COCRATES: Before you recede to the primordial instinct of your Neanderthal mental capacity, allow us to further delve into this discussion of work. Now, Foreman, I have thus far been probing you with the hope of extracting a clear and concrete definition of work. Remember, my mind is an empty vessel which must be filled with knowledge, and it is my fellow citizens upon whom I call to serve as dispensing pitchers. However, you have failed to provide me with the solid definition which I seek. How then, Foreman, can we properly conduct this rational investigation if I am hindered by your unwillingness to cooperate?

FOREMAN: You--

COCRATES: Allow us to pursue the matter further. We must ask ourselves this question: What is the concrete definition of work, and is this concept authorized by nature? For if we can agree on exactly what is meant to be defined by the term, we must then proceed to investigate if it is natural or unnatural. For if we find work to be natural, then does that imply a natural hierarchy in the state of nature? Or, is work unnatural, which would imply that the savage who subsists in a natural environment is privy to a more enjoyable existence than civilized man, for I'm sure we can agree that work, whatever it implies, is certainly not pleasant.

FOREMAN: Now see here--

COCRATES: Let us now reach an appropriate conclusion dictated by logic. Discarding all other principles, philosophies, theories, and religious doctrine, we will find ourselves in the natural state, naked among savage men. Once we have arrived in this setting, we must observe the environment with zealous vigor. Does the concept of work exist in the state of nature? Ah, but first we must ask ourselves just what constitutes the elements of work--

FOREMAN: All right, that's it. C'mon guys, let's kick his ass!

COCRATES: And this broad definition must be further narrowed for the sake of rational inquiry ... hey, what are you guys doing? Hey, wait, no, no! Ow! Shit! Help, somebody!

Kevin
by
Christopher Woods

They rose slowly from the bowels of the ship, toward the restaurant deck. They listened to Muzak selections as the elevator ascended, humming in its vertical dimension. All around them the Nordic Princess churned at a brisk sixteen knots, halfway between Caracas and Barbados.

"It's taking its time," Ted growled, breaking the silence begun in the stateroom. "You know what the pastry buffet looks like once it's been vandalized."

At least he's speaking, Gwen thought. She had feared one of his lengthy silences. He was angry at her, and she couldn't fault him for it. She had tried to pass up lunch, lying to him that she wasn't hungry. Ted knew better. It's the man from Nottingham, isn't it, he asked her. The man and his son. It was, but she couldn't admit it, not even to herself.

Finally the doors of the elevator opened. She could see the Paddington men already at table, napkins draped across their laps. So savagely prompt, she thought, as she and Ted approached the table.

Neville Paddington, Kevin's father, rose and pulled out Gwen's chair. Kevin remained seated, but Gwen noticed that he attempted a nod of his gargantuan head. It passed without an incident. The Englishmen has started without them. Neville poked at a poached halibut, on the lookout for shellfish. "We don't eat those," he had remarked during their first meal out of Miami.

They watched from the railing as passengers disembarked in Bridgetown. It was raining, and dockworkers wore yellow slickers. Neville and Kevin were among the first off the ship. They wore their eternal tweed. Walking up a rain swept street, Neville held Kevin's arm. Kevin's portfolio and camera gear were wrapped in plastic. Wind off the water whipped at the plastic and made it look like they were being steered by a large sail.

"I don't know," Ted said at last. "I feel bad about it, but I'm going to talk to the steward about changing tables. We aren't enjoying ourselves like we should be, Gwen."

"We can't do that," she said. "Imagine poor Kevin. Besides, we can't request a table change after the first three days of the cruise. I know, I already checked."

"I'll see about that. I'll talk to the steward tonight."

Ted's appetite ebbed at dinner, over Trout Veronese. He was sure it was because he was trying to keep a conversation afloat with Neville Paddington. Gwen had kept after him to carry his load. But at the moment Ted was most concerned with a trout bone wandering in his mouth. He wanted to go after it with a finger or two.

"What is your job in the States, Ted?" Neville asked.

"I retired this year from Continental Corrugated Cardboard," Ted replied with difficulty. "This is our retirement cruise."

He was thinking how much he disliked the way Neville spat out his name. Ted, Ted, like it was a sesame seed. He watched as Kevin pushed his ledger over to his father.

"Kevin wants to know how many trees must die each year to accommodate your company's needs," Neville said, after reading Kevin's ledger entry.

"I can't help him there," Ted said. "I was in the advertising end of things."

"I imagine you and Kevin are looking forward to Barbados," Gwen said, trying to change the subject. "It's still part of the Commonwealth, isn't it?"

"We certainly are," said Neville. "I dare so we will enjoy it more than Curacao. All those garishly painted houses appalled Kevin. Subtlety has never been a predominate Dutch trait."

Gwen sensed that Kevin was nodding vigorously in agreement, but she chose not to look. Make me brave, she implored herself. She promised herself not to look in Kevin's direction until a break in courses, and perhaps not even then.

There was good reason. Kevin's head resembled a huge potato, recently excavated. It sported dark, mysterious nodules and leafy flesh that hung like flaps from his tweed collar. By Ochos Rios, Ted said, Kevin's head reminded him of a runaway head of lettuce, but Gwen was adamant about her potato comparison. After all, she said, his head is brown. Mostly brown, Ted said.

"First we'll visit Lord Nelson's statue in Trafalgar Square," Neville continued. "But given Kevin's botanical obsession, the Villa Nova will be our primary concern."

"Isn't that an old sugar plantation?" Gwen asked.

"Correct, Gwen. Kevin will photograph two portlandias once planted by Her Majesty years ago. It will become part of Kevin's portfolio of plants and trees dedicated by the Royal Family all over the world. Like most of Kevin's projects, this one is quite an undertaking."

"I see," Gwen said, though of course she didn't. She was perturbed that Ted was not holding up his end of the conversation.

"Perhaps some evening you and Ted can visit our stateroom and take a peek. We have visitors so rarely. I regret that, but I understand how people feel."

"I'd like that," she said vaguely.

"Kevin would feel honored," Neville said. "You've no idea."

They could see that Kevin was writing furiously in his ledger. When he finished, he pushed the ledger to his father again.

"Kevin says you need to leave for sick bay at once, Ted," Neville said. "The trout bone causing you discomfort is about to lodge in your esophagus."

"But how does Kevin know that?"

"Past experience," Neville answered. "I'll go with you, Ted. I'm sure everything will be fine, but Kevin seems alarmed. I assure you, he is never wrong."

"Feeling better dear?" she asked.

"My throat is still sore," Ted said weakly.

"Tomorrow you'll be good as new. You'll see."

"Is that what your friend from Thalidomide-on-Avon says?"

"You should thank Kevin," Gwen said. "For all we know, he saved your life."

"All I know is that I'll miss the Henry VIII dinner tonight."

"There will be more roast beef later, Ted."

"I'm going to talk to that Italian steward, I swear I am."

"If we change tables it will break Kevin's heart."

"That would be preferable to us having breakdowns in tandem. I'll collar that fascist Italian steward in the morning at breakfast."

"Fine, but leave me out of it," Gwen said. "I'm staying with the Englishmen," she vowed defiantly.

"We are so honored that you've come," Neville said as he showed Gwen into the Paddington stateroom.

In the very dim light she saw that Kevin had raised a hand in salute. He was on his bed, his giant head propped on scores of Princess pillows. Gwen thought he might be smiling, but this was difficult to know for certain.

"I must apologize for the light," Neville said. "I'm afraid Kevin is having one of his migraines."

"This is all the light I'll need, I'm quite sure," Gwen said.

The stateroom was like a scene from an old Sir Walter Raleigh movie. Cluttered with maps and charting instruments, it reminded Gwen of an old maritime museum she and Ted had once visited in New England. Neville noticed her amazement.

"Oh, those dusty old things. Kevin is quite keen on maritime history. Don't get him started or we'll never hear the end of it. Besides, he's running out of pages in his

ledger.”

“How did he become interested in all this?”

“Kevin is a man of many quiet passions. He can answer any question you might have about sunken galleons and their contents, for instance.”

“I’m afraid I wouldn’t know what to ask,” Gwen said.

“Please excuse me for not offering you some sherry,” Neville said. “Kevin won’t allow alcohol, you see.”

“I’m surprised the two of you didn’t go to the Henry VIII dinner tonight. It sounded very British.”

“I couldn’t have dragged Kevin there with a team of wild horses. Of course, we’ll miss our Yorkshire pudding, but Kevin holds a terrible grudge against King Henry. He will never forgive the man for his break with the Church. All to satisfy a low, libidinous craving. I hope you don’t mind my frankness.”

“Not at all.”

“Kevin believes that all of us have a higher calling. For a man in Henry’s position to ignore that is repugnant to Kevin.”

“I see,” she said, and this time she really did.

“Kevin’s sympathies are with Catherine Parr, Henry’s last wife. I think it is because she survived him. Then, when she remarried, she died in childbirth. You see, my wife died the same way, giving birth to Kevin. He will never overcome the guilt he feels. To make up for it, he tried to perform good deeds.”

From across the stateroom came a shrill, whistle-like noise that sent chills up Gwen’s spine. Kevin had fallen asleep. Gwen watched as Neville crossed the room to pull a blanket over him.

“I have never seen a person so attentive to another,” Gwen said in admiration.

“He’s all I have,” Neville said, sitting down again.

“I’ve heard of people with his affliction before. The waterhead syndrome? But I was under the impression that they never survived for long.”

“With very few exceptions, this is true. But you must remember that Kevin’s will is stronger than his physical condition.”

A few minutes later, Gwen said good night to Neville. Padding along the corridor to her own stateroom, she wondered if she would remember everything that was said. She also wondered how much of it Ted would believe.

"I like this view even better," Ted said as he dismantled a lobster.

"I guess so," Gwen said weakly. She could not eat a bite.

Across the table the French woman was smiling at her again. Gwen returned the smile, then looked back at her plate. At the new table there was much smiling. They ate now with a French couple and their two children. They were nice, upwardly mobile for Third World, Ted had judged. But the problem remained, they could not understand each other because of the language barrier.

The Princess was docked for two days in Port-au-Price. Earlier in the day, Neville had invited Gwen to go ashore. Kevin was looking for a Haitian primitive painting to add to his naive art collection. Gwen told Neville that she and Ted would stay aboard the ship. Then we'll see you at dinner, Neville said brightly.

She had not been able to break the news to Neville, that she and Ted had changed tables. Now, sitting with the silent French family, it came to her that the dining room seemed unusually quiet. Only Muzak and the occasional clash of silver broke the deadly silence. She kept looking across the room to their old table. The Paddington men were not there. Gwen felt very guilty. She feared that the Englishmen's feelings were so hurt that they could not even enter the Viking Dining Room. She decided she would find out what she could. The Captain was passing by.

"Excuse me, sir, but could you tell me where the Englishmen are?"

"Haven't you heard, Madam?" the Captain asked, bending down close to her.

She had heard nothing. In fact, she longed to be at their old table with Kevin and Neville, enduring the same awkwardness through meals. But she could no longer risk Ted's wrath. She feared a deadly siege of silence from her husband. Now, she felt like a Judas, and there was no getting around it.

"They were in the Iron Market, the way I understand it," the Captain was saying. "Doing some shopping, I imagine. Suddenly, a crowd of Creole children attacked the younger Paddington. They thought he was some kind of evil spirit. It was all over in a matter of a few minutes."

Gwen could not say a word. Ted, who was listening, put down his fork in a moment a silent tribute. The French family, who had understood none of it, continued to smile. Gwen kept looking from the Captain's face to the empty table across the Viking Room. The Captain, always a busy man, at last moved away.

I Hate Writing

by
Darby Larson

I hate writing.

Don't get me wrong, I love coming up with stories, I just hate typing them in a computer and printing them out and making sure the margins are all straight. It's a waste of my fucking time, is what it is.

So one day I was watching TV and a commercial came on that said, "New brainskull upgrades! Only 100 dollars! You'll never have to write another story again!" so I went to the brainskull upgrade store and said, "how's it going" to the guy behind the desk and he said, "hello sir, let me show you what we have."

He took me into a fancy room with lots of lights and advertisements on the walls. The salesman pointed to a man sitting in the middle of the fancy room. He told me this was Ed and that Ed was going to demonstrate the benefits of a brainskull upgrade. Ed was sitting in a chair thinking hard about something and then all of a sudden this paper comes flying out of his ear. It freaked me out a little. It came out in a sort of rolled up cylindrical shape and then unfolded and got caught in the air current and floated down to the floor. Ed picked it up and read it and put it in a folder and smiled at me and the salesman. "Holy shit! What just happened there?" I asked, and the salesman said it works like this:

"All you have to do is think of a story and it just pops out of your head. You don't have to worry about typing or setting margins or anything ever again!"

"You mean I just think of a story and it comes out through my ear already proofread for spelling mistakes and edited and everything?"

"Yes siree!"

I thought for a second, then said, "Will it let me use the Helvetica font?"

"Absolutely."

"Sold."

Eat your heart out John Steinbeck, I thought. Now I'll be able to write the Great American Novel just by thinking about it!

I spent four days in the brainskull upgrade wing and had my brain and skull surgically transformed. It was a long process of decapitation and fiddling around with my neurons and drilling holes in my skull and shit.

Four days later, I was lying in my bed in the recuperation area and the doctor came in and said:

"How do you feel?"

I decided to give it a try and thought really hard and a paper flew out of my ear. It was the strangest feeling I've ever had, like someone stuffed a vacuum cleaner on my ear and turned it on full blast. The paper flew out and I caught it and read it. It said:

-Damn, I feel amazing, how do you feel doc?

I handed the paper to the doc and he sort of chuckled and said, great son, I feel great.

It was true. I felt amazing.

I decided to go home and start writing... er thinking a novel that very day. I left the hospital and got in my car and started driving, but there was a traffic jam on the freeway. Then a paper flew out of my ear. I picked it up and it said:

-GOD DAMNIT! FUCKING TRAFFIC!

Holy cow. Did I just think that? I guess I did.

Then another paper flew out my ear. It said:

-Holy cow. Did I just think that? I guess I did.

I ignored the notes and kept on driving and then I noticed an incredibly beautiful woman driving a white truck. She was wearing a white tank top and her hair was blonde and then a paper flew out my ear. It said:

-DAMN, look at her! I'd sure like to...

I quickly crumpled up the paper and kept driving, trying not to think about anything. I was sweating a little.

I finally got home and I went to the living room and sat in my chair and started thinking about the novel I was going to think.

I closed my eyes and thought. Then papers started coming out of my ear and I continued to think. I stopped and picked up some of the papers and read them and they sounded good. I was a little relieved. This might actually work. I was getting really tired and I was just really glad to be home after four days of brain surgery. So I went to sleep.

When I woke up the next morning, there were papers scattered all over the bed and on the floor and everywhere. This ought to be interesting, I thought.

I picked one up and it said:

...my dog walked around on the ceiling eating coco puffs and reading the morning paper and then my old Army buddy came over and said what the hell is up with coco puffs man, don't give your dog coco puffs. No, man, you can't! Never ever do this again, if you want to see tomorrow! I swear I'll kill you man, just go watch cartoons or something but don't give your dog coco puffs or else you'll...

I threw the paper back on the floor.

I got out of bed. Shit, shower, shave. Went to the kitchen and had some coffee.

I wasn't thinking about anything when a paper flew out my ear. I picked it up and it said:

-Hi

I thought, this is strange. Am I talking to myself or what?

Hi, I thought.

Another paper flew out of my ear. It said:

-I was wondering if I could ask a favor.

Sure, I thought

Another woosh from my ear.

-You see, I'm actually a separate entity living inside your head. I was told by a bunch of doctors to just read your thoughts and spit out papers, but I'm already getting tired of this shit. Your thoughts are so boring and I've been feeling like I need to get out and do stuff you know? How would you feel if you were stuck in someone's head forever?

Well, I thought, I guess I wouldn't... but before I could finish thinking, another paper flew out.

-Anyway, here's what I want you to do. The only way I can get out is if you pick out your eyeball and then I can get out through your eye socket and then you can just put back your eyeball and everything will be back to normal, what do you say?

I thought, this is a little drastic. I don't think I feel okay about taking out my own eyeball. How do I know it will work again? And I thought you were going to help me write the Great American Novel.

-The Great American Novel? There's no such thing. Trust me, this will work, just pick out your eyeball with a spoon or something.

It better still work, I thought. I picked up a fork and stuck it in the side of my eyeball and scooped it out and holy shit, it hurt!

My eyeball lay on the kitchen table next to my coffee and I waited and waited, but nothing left through my eye socket.

Or maybe it did and I didn't realize it.

Weird Vibrations
by
Kfir Luzzatto

"Commander! Commander!"

The soldier ran into the room where Commander Burpf was standing in front of a large control board. He was obviously worked up, since his ganglions were vibrating uncontrollably.

"Yes, yes," he uttered with impatience, without even looking at his subordinate. "What is it?"

"Comptroller Hrrump is here to see you, Commander," explained the soldier. "He demands to be allowed access to the laboratory," he added, almost in a whisper.

"So let him in. Let him in," ordered Commander Burpf, still without moving his gaze from the screen in front of him, where data was being elaborated - data of a nature that he was able to understand thanks to the excellent explanations of his project's scientist, Techno Warp.

Presently an officer of majestic aspect made his entrance into the room. It was Comptroller Hrrump, the highest officer of the pan-galactic expansion program, who reported directly to the Committee. His upper fur was combed to the back of his head, as befitting the dignity of his position, and he had donned a red and silver toga.

Commander Burpf turned toward him and saluted formally, making the required elaborated exercise with his respiratory extremities.

"Welcome, Comptroller Hrrump," he said. "I am happy to see you here. I was expecting you."

"No, you aren't, and you weren't," retorted Hrrump. "I'll be blunt - and I beg you to excuse me for it - but clarity requires that I dispense with all niceties and get straight to the point."

"By all means, Comptroller," said Burpf, in a tone that could have been sarcastic, hadn't it been unthinkable to address a superior in such a fashion, "I won't have it any other way."

"Well, then, Burpf," continued Hrrump, "the Committee has got wind of what appears to be totally illegal activities on your part, with respect to the planet identified as Earth - in complete disregard of the Committee's directives."

"How so, Comptroller?" asked Burpf with overt annoyance.

"I'll tell you how," said Hrrump, superciliously. "You know very well that our galactic expansion rules forbid any form of colonization of a planet, if its population has a quotient of intelligence above R.A. - the Recognized Average for developing planets."

Hrrump was growing excited while speaking and started to pace the room and to gesticulate.

"This rule," he continued, "was not made for nothing. No, sir. It was made wisely to avoid the dangers arising from an attempt to take over a planet, which is too advanced. But you, Burpf," Hrrump threw accusingly at him, "you have chosen to ignore this rule. You have taken it upon yourself to bend it. Deny it, if you can."

"I can and I will, Comptroller," retorted Burpf. "I have bent no rules, and I operate strictly according to the regulations issued by the Committee."

"Ha!" said Hrrump, mockingly.

"What do you mean, 'Ha'?" asked Burpf, sounding outraged.

"I mean 'Ha'! Everybody in the galactic expansion project knows that you had set your heart on colonizing this planet Earth. And we all appreciated the measure of your disappointment when the survey came in, showing that the average quotient of intelligence of its inhabitants was far above the R.A. limit."

"Not far above," corrected Burpf quietly, "a mere five points."

"Five points or half a point is not the issue," retorted Hrrump. "What matters is that it is above the limit, and therefore your orders say to leave it alone."

"Not if I can show that it will go well below that limit in the near future."

"A fat chance you have, of showing it," said Hrrump derisively. "All the statistics indicate that the average quotient always increases with time."

"Ah, but this time I have found a way of helping it go down," said Burpf smugly.

"What do you mean," asked Hrrump in surprise.

"I mean that with the help of one of our best scientists, Techno Warp here," said Burpf, "we were able to institute the Program for the Reduction of Alien Potential, which will eventually lower the quotient of intelligence of the inhabitants of Earth well below the limit."

Techno Warp acknowledged that he was becoming a part of the conversation by turning and getting up graciously.

"Tell me more," said Hrrump.

"The inhabitants of this planet," explained Warp, "are quite peculiar. We have discovered that when they are exposed to vibrations of a given frequency for sufficiently long periods of time, a marked decrease in their individual quotient of intelligence is detected. By applying this method to a large proportion of the population," he continued didactically, "of course, we will eventually achieve a reduction in the average quotient."

"Hmm," mused Hrrump, "you are aware of the reservations the Committee has on using certain methods on civil populations..."

"Wait," intervened Burpf, "you haven't heard the best part yet."

"Yes," continued Warp quickly, "the interesting part is that the earthlings are doing it to themselves."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Hrrump. "What kind of race would do a thing like this to itself?"

"Well, that's what these Earth people are doing," said Burpf. "We are merely helping them to spread it quickly, so that we can obtain a reduction of the alien potential in a speedier way."

"This is very peculiar," said Hrrump, still unconvinced.

"Yes," said Burpf, "we know that it's quite surprising, and therefore we have prepared a demonstration for you. Warp," he ordered, turning to the scientist, "turn it on."

Warp fumbled with a dial on the control panel, and suddenly a hideous sound filled the room. Taken by surprise, Hrrump shut down his hearing channels, then opened them slowly again.

"This is awful!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure that you are not exceeding the allowed galactic standard of cruelty? I can't believe that any creature can stand this."

"Well, Comptroller," said Burpf, "to be absolutely truthful, the elder specimens we tested at the beginning couldn't stand it and we had to sacrifice them. At that time, we considered abandoning the project. Luckily," he explained, "due to the perseverance of Warp, we surprisingly discovered that the younger earthlings relish those vibrations. Explain, Warp."

"It sounds crazy, I know," he said to Hrrump who had turned to him, "but the young earthlings actually work and spend money to help our agents - the ones dispensing the vibrations - to penetrate all channels of communication and to spread them. They appear to be addicted to this dangerous exposure that will, ultimately, bring them their own doom. And our agents - they are entirely unaware that they are helping us. It is all a subliminal thing. They are made to believe that they are actually purveyors of enjoyment for the young earthlings."

"They call this music," said Burpf, jokingly.

"Ha-ha," reacted Hrrump, politely.

"It's a perfect situation," continued Warp, "since in this way our operations and involvement can never come to the attention of the earthlings."

"Amazing," commented Hrrump, who had started to pace the room again, this time in excitement.

"Yes," continued Warp. "So all we have to do is help our agents to operate. They do so via particularly primitive means of broadcasting, as well as by distributing the vibrations through simple optical mass-storage means."

"You see, Comptroller?" said Burpf with excitement, "We only need to sit back and wait. Once the older earthlings die out, and since the younger ones reduce their quotient of intelligence daily, our work is done. In a very short period of time - less than thirty Earth

years, the quotient of intelligence will be well below the Recognized Average, and we will be able to colonize the planet with no effort at all."

"Impressive, Commander. Very impressive," said Hrrump warmly. "I will issue a positive report to the Committee. A very positive report on this project of yours ... How is it called?"

"It's called RAP - Reduction of Alien Potential. And our agents are named RAPPERS, after it. Please include that in the report. They deserve much credit. Let me accompany you, Comptroller," added Burpf, graciously, and ushered him out of the room.

When he returned a few minutes later, he found a very satisfied Warp waiting for him.

"We were good, weren't we?" he said.

"Absolutely," answered Burpf with satisfaction. "We have turned him into a supporter, and I don't think we will hear from him for a long time now."

"Is he gone already?" asked Warp.

"Yes. He's gone," Burpf reassured him.

"All right! Then we can listen to the music in peace." Burpf sat beside him, while Warp fumbled with the dials. "I just discovered a new Rapper - you won't believe the kind of music he makes..."

"Turn it on, turn it on," said Burpf in excitement. "I have locked the door."

A sound filled the room. It went 'Chaka-chaka-cahaka - tum. Chaka-chaka-cahaka - tum.' A raucous earthling voice followed it, reciting a litany consisting of a meaningless series of earthling words.

Warp and Burpf sat there, enraptured. Life on the Project was beautiful, indeed, and they intended to enjoy it in full.

The End

Finding Mr. Right in a World of Mr. Wrongs
by
Lauren Bonney

1) You have been swapping glances with the hot guy at the bar when you finally decide to approach him. He:

- a) Stares at you and starts drooling on your shoes
- b) Doesn't realize your standing in front of him because he's still staring at what you thought was you
- c) Asks you if your cute friend is single

2) You exchange numbers with your new guy and plan a date for next weekend. When he arrives at your house he pulls up in:

- a) His mom's wagon—with mom in it
- b) His Firebird—wings included—with a rattling exhaust pipe
- c) A Porsche, but asks you to drive because he doesn't want to get his "girl" dirty

3) The two of you are now at dinner and your man:

- a) Asks for crayon and paper
- b) Wants an Old Milwaukee and spare lighter
- c) Slaps the waitress on the ass and says, "I'll take a piece of that!"

4) The food arrives and your man:

- a) Squirts ketchup all over his din-din in the shape of a smiley face
- b) Pulls out his Ziploc bag and starts savin' some grub for later
- c) Gives you his salad, eats your dinner and explains that a salad is plenty food for that ass

5) When it's time to pay he:

- a) Pulls out his coupons and roll of quarters
- b) Starts burping and sniffing his pits
- c) Grabs his coat, winks and says he'll be right back

6) It's getting late and your desperation sets in, so you end up back at his place. He tells you he'll be right back. He returns wearing:

- a) Curious George PJs
- b) Ripped AC/DC shirt and faded jean cut-offs
- c) Nothing—accompanied by two other girls

7) Regardless of whatever the hell is occurring in this bedroom, you decide "what the hell..." You begin to seduce him and he:

- a) Cries and confesses he's never kissed a girl before, let alone touched her boobies
- b) Gets down to his leopard skin G-string and starts twirling around on his vibrating bed
- c) Says "cash only"

8) Finally you pass out and when you awake you find your man:

- a) Playing Atari and slurping OJ from a sippy cup
- b) Drinking a beer and watchin' the *Dukes of Hazard*
- c) On the couch with your roommate

9) It's time to leave. On your way out your man:

- a) Clings to your leg and whines
- b) Rock n' Roll Dude!
- c) Yells, "Don't let the door hit your fat ass on the way out!"

10) In the cab on your way home, you think to yourself:

- a) I love little boys
- b) In just a few weeks we'll be movin' into the trailer park together
- c) This fat ass still got it goin' on!

Mostly A's:

Face it Jacko, you're always thinking "Thank goodness for little boys." If you're into a man

who spends most of his day collecting worms, and watching Batman, you'd better be prepared for trips to Toys R' Us, lots of whining and the occasional temper tantrum. You're most likely to meet your guy at a park, zoo, or day care. Go get 'em you lil' perv.

Mostly B's:

Do-si-do partner! Well whoopdee freakin doo—boys with ponytails do it for you! Stop cluckin' round in that ol' hen house and get your kiester down to the local diner, truck stop or rodeo for the real action! Reel 'em in tiger---reeeeeel 'em in!

Mostly C's

Ah—the tender feeling and warmth received from a rough slap to the ass rings more than a smile to a woman's face. It also reminds us women of what our place in society is: "Shut up, sit down and lick me bitch!"

Dirt-Bag
by
Nicola Barry

We were having our leisurely Sunday morning lie-in when the smell first became apparent. We were dozing, after working late, drifting off, waking; dog lying at the end of the bed, snoring gently.

"For God's sake," I said, sitting up in shock as an all-pervading stench hit me.

"That's awful, really bad."

Minute's silence, partner grunts, sits up, furious at this rude awakening.

The reek of an abattoir. The bedroom has turned into a slaughterhouse, dead meat, rotten tuna fish, something really evil.

"What on earth did you lot eat last night?" I said. "If it was curry it must have been far too spicy. I s'pose it was followed by the usual fifteen pints of beer?"

Man snarls, really angry now.

"It's you ..." he hissed. "It's got to be you. That's never me, never. It is really awful. Barely human."

I sigh, aware my weekly lie-in is over before it's even started. I roll over, legs out of bed, step onto thick carpet.

I need to get to the window, quick, need some sweet fresh air. I'm thinking: 'he really should see a doctor, if things are that bad. What the hell could be wrong with him, chronic gut failure?'

Then, I see the thing, just before I step in it: the largest, brownest pile imaginable, all over the new carpet, hidden away at the end of the bed.

I notice the look on my baby's face: Coll is cowering, sheepish, embarrassed, knows I've seen the floor. He's ill, he looks ill.

'Did Daddy upset you, diddums?'

I gather him up in my arms, cradle him, carry him downstairs to the garden. It was only my baby. The smell has been forgiven, forgotten.

Upstairs, there's an angry shout, followed by a royal flush of expletives.

'Daddy's put his foot in it, yes he has. Oh goodie. And a bare foot at that'.

Miss Martin Discovers Safe Sex

by
Vanessa Gebbie

You can blame it on Barbara Cartland if you wish, for that is what Miss Ambrosia Martin did. Bring an aficionado of Cartlandaria, Miss Martin, at the tender age of forty-something, had dived into the world of sex without much thought as to the safety of it all. Indeed, prior to her conversation with the faithful Dulcie, who enquired in a concerned manner about whether Selwyn practiced Safe Sex, Miss Martin was oblivious to anything other than having a rather good time, if a little late. As to *practicing*, well, yes, Selwyn practiced it all rather well, in her opinion. Safe Sex to Miss Martin had meant putting the security chain on the front door and ensuring that her late father's precious seismograph was firmly wedged on top of the chest of drawers in the bedroom, as one of the floorboards was loose, and when the bed got going, the seismograph was in danger of having a serious fit. Actually, it had registered 8.9 on the Richter scale after a particularly energetic session, of which Miss Martin was rather proud.

Therefore, when Dulcie explained about "taking precautions" Miss Martin felt very enlightened. Deciding first of all to move the seismograph into another room, she also resolved to take matters in hand herself. After all, was she not a liberated and empowered woman? The very thought made her stand a little straighter, and she went into the hall to put on her coat to go to the corner shop. Mr. Evans stocked most things; "from glue to gas-mantles" was his motto. She was sure he would be able to help. As she stood in front of the hall mirror, her mind wandered a little. She may not be in the first flush of youth, if that is what they called it, but she wasn't bad looking.... at least, not by the standards of her town... or to be more honest, her street. What woman does not need the knowledge that she outdoes a few others in the looks department? Selwyn seemed happy enough, didn't he? Her imagination roved a little. Were there any other men she could, if given the chance, have a pop at?

The answer to that one was yes. One of her close neighbours was the charismatic and interesting Dai Morgan. Dai was the owner of the local undertaker's, which if you think about it was rather unfortunate. Come on now... Evans the shop, Selwyn the book, Michael the Milk... Dai the Death... Dai hated his nickname, but there wasn't much he could do about it. His wife had recently left him to run away with an insurance salesman from Brecon, an event which had enlivened the street, and caused the residents to look upon Dai the Death with great awe and not a little envy, on the part of the older males. Dai was still in touch with the insurance salesman, who had done a wonderful job in getting him a rebate on those premiums paid on behalf of his wife. Miss Martin allowed herself to fantasize, just a little, in front of the mirror. She was on a beach... the sun warmly caressed her skin, the sea lapped gently but rhythmically on the sand, and a naked Dai Morgan emerged, glistening, from the sea, holding a spear gun upon which was wriggling a silvery fish. "My spear is sharp and my aim is true..." he said, as he bent to kiss her....The doorbell rang. In a somewhat flustered state, Miss Martin opened the door. The object of her recent fantasy was standing on the step.

He was taller than she had realized. His masterful muscular frame stood over her, blocking out the street. She felt deliciously little and defenseless. His dark tousled hair fell over his broad forehead. His deep brown eyes gazed into hers, penetrating to her very soul. She felt quite weak at the knees. His perfectly formed lips parted, and she leant

closer to catch his every word...

"Your cat's been sick on my carpet," he said.

Jenkins the cat had been a little off colour recently, and had been rather over-productive in the way of smells from one end, and regurgitated food from the other. He had endured the indignity of being put into a basket, carried across town, and being prodded in all sorts of unmentionable places by the veterinary surgeon, who had diagnosed a gastric complaint. This had been getting better slowly, helped by a prescribed medicine, and by an illicit tincture from Evans the Shop, who seemed to be able to organize an illicit tincture for most ailments. Miss Martin had also put Jenkins on a strict diet, something that he did not appreciate.

It appeared that Jenkins had gone visiting, had entered Dai Morgan's house through an open window, had feasted upon some leftover fish and chips, (but as Dai now lived mostly on fish and chips only disposing infrequently of the leftovers, who was to say how old the delicacies had been?), and had promptly deposited the rejects on the carpet of the master bedroom...(with avocado bath en-suite.)

Dai seemed unaware that a moment before he had been about to cavort on tropical sand with Miss Martin.

"I'm off out," he said. "Here's the front door key. The cleaning things are in the kitchen." And he stomped off, aiming a kick at an approaching and unrepentant Jenkins, who sidestepped neatly, and stalked past Miss Martin into his house, tail and head erect.

Miss Martin sighed and took off her hat. "That'll teach me to think about anyone other than good old Selwyn," she thought, as she made her way to Dai the Death's house and let herself in.

The kitchen was a wasteland of old fish and chip wrappers, beer cans, sauce and vinegar bottles. Plates and mugs were piled in the sink, which was filled to the brim with dark brown water. A line of shriveled teabags decorated the draining board. Miss Martin peered into the under-sink cupboard for the cleaning things. More beer bottles, and some bin liners, but no cleaning things. She took a bin liner and straightened up. She spent a few minutes sweeping rubbish into the bag, and when she had finished, the kitchen looked fairly presentable, if grubby. She decided to survey the damage caused by Jenkins, and made her way upstairs.

Dai the Death's bedroom couldn't have been a greater contrast to the kitchen. It was spotlessly clean, and many, many Miss Martins were reflected, together with many perfect views of the immaculately made bed, in a hundred sparkingly clean mirrors. There were mirrors on the dressing table, mirrors on the wall by the fireplace, on the wall by the door, mirrors on the bed head, at the foot of the bed, on the front of the wardrobe, mirrors on the back of the door, on the door to the bathroom (avocado en-suite), and there were mirrors all over the ceiling.

Miss Martin moved through the room slowly, watching her reflections as they changed and moved with her from one mirror to another. She even lay down and bounced on Dai the Death's bed, and giggled at her reflection giggling down at her from above. What a place! She wondered if this was one of the reasons why his wife had gone off with a nice, boring

insurance salesman. The only thing that seemed out of place in the lovely sparkly room was the small pile Jenkins had left on the carpet, a pile which was also reflected in a hundred silver screens. Miss Martin couldn't help remembering why she was there.

"The cleaning things must be in the bathroom," she thought, as a hundred Miss Martins jumped off the bed and went into the bathroom ... (still avocado en-suite).

Here, there were only two mirrors. The one on the front of the largest bathroom cabinet she had ever seen... and the one on the floor. In fact, there was not much floor, just mirror. Miss Martin wondered how she was going to be able to look Dai the Death in the face again. No sign of the cleaning things. She opened the cabinet.

First one, then two then twenty, fifty... hundreds of small shiny packets cascaded from the cabinet, and landed in a heap in the basin and all over the floor. Miss Martin picked one up. "Assorted flavoured condoms. Not to be sold separately," she read.

It was lengthy and potentially fulfilling job, getting all those little packets back into the bathroom cabinet, and persuading them to stay there. They seemed to have a mind of their own, and be far more interested in escaping the confines of the cabinet than sitting peaceably on the shelves. After some little time, Miss Martin finally picked up the last one; it had slid over the mirrored floor to come to rest behind the loo. There she also found various cleaning materials, cloths and sprays, so she set to work undoing the doings of Jenkins.

As she scrubbed at the bedroom carpet, she found that the proximity of so many condoms inspired a return to her fantasy. Back on her tropical beach Miss Martin was surprised by a sudden downpour. She noticed that now, Dai, still holding his spear gun, was wearing not nothing, but a single item on a particular part of his anatomy. Unfortunately the fantasy was not one that involved all the senses, and she was unable to tell whether this item was flavoured, scented or anything else. Rousing herself from this now somewhat unappealing vision, Miss Martin remembered that she was supposed to go to the corner shop to see if Mr. Evans had any of what was in abundance only feet away. She checked the time. The shop would now be closed, and tomorrow was Sunday, and she would have to wait until Monday to try Safe Sex with Selwyn. Putting aside her very proper up-bringing, she finished her job, returned the cleaning things to the bathroom, and, reopening the cabinet very carefully this time, took a handful of the shiny packets. "Dai will never miss them," she thought. "And I can always return them some day."

Miss Martin returned home with her prizes, and sat in her bedroom with a cup of tea, contemplating the excitement to come. Condoms! Not just condoms but flavoured ones. What fun. At least so she thought until a worry crept in to her reverie. Miss Martin had fairly catholic tastes as far as food went. She liked most things, but there were one or two things that she couldn't bear, and this posed a difficult question for her. What if, in the heat of the moment, Selwyn donned a condom and she discovered too late that it tasted of mulligatawny soup? She had always harboured a horror of mulligatawny soup. Or, almost as bad, Brussels sprouts. She looked closely at the little shiny packets. Apart from the words "Assorted Flavoured Condoms" there was no indication at all what the flavour was inside each packet. There was nothing for it. She would have to find out, and if necessary relegate any mulligatawny soup or Brussels sprout flavoured ones to the bin. She opened the first packet, and took out the contents, then licked it delicately. A definite flavour of strawberry, slightly oily perhaps, with an overtone of rubber and chemicals ... but not that

unpleasant. She opened number two. Pineapple. Actually, this one was quite nice. She had not had tea yet and was beginning to feel hungry. The third was apple flavour. This did not work so well she thought. There was a definite aftertaste of room freshener, but never mind. The fifth was like toothpaste, with a strong effect of mouthwash, and the sixth and last was chocolate. Being a tidy person, Miss Martin placed the six condoms in a row on the bedside table, and went downstairs.

Later that evening, Selwyn came round as arranged. Miss Martin opened the door to him, with what she hoped was a lascivious smile on her face. "What is it, Rosie?" enquired Selwyn, anxiously. "Not indigestion again, is it?"

Reassuring him that her stomach was fine, and dropping the smile, Miss Martin ushered him inside, checked the street, (force of habit) and shut the front door. "Tea, Bovril or Horlicks?" she offered her lover with abandon.

"What is wrong?" asked Selwyn again, peering closely at her from under his ginger fringe. "You look a bit flushed... are you sure you aren't going down with something? Bovril, please."

Miss Martin squealed in delight. Dulcie had recently explained the meaning of certain phrases that Miss Martin had used all her life with total innocence. She now understood that certain innocuous words had hidden depths, and she was finding it all rather exciting. "I certainly hope to be going down with something quite soon," she replied with a slight blush, and turned to make Selwyn a pre-cavorting mug of Bovril.

"Where's that animal?" asked Selwyn, settling himself at the kitchen table and looking around the room with unease. He referred of course to Jenkins, who was not his best ally when it came to carnal relations with Miss Martin. "Oh, don't worry about him," said Miss Martin, switching on the kettle. "Off hunting, I shouldn't wonder" She allowed a small worry to cross her mind about Dai the Death and open windows.... then turned her full attention to Selwyn. "I've got a surprise for you," she said. Selwyn visibly relaxed. "Oh good," he said.

Miss Martin opened the bedroom door and backed into the room, drawing Selwyn gently with her. The room was in almost darkness except for a glimmer from a candle on the chest of drawers where the seismograph had stood. The candlewick bedspread was drawn back invitingly; the pillows plumped to perfection, the scent of warm vanilla pervaded the air (Mr. Evans, scented candles from last Christmas, half price). Most importantly, ready on the bedside table.... Miss Martin peered into the gloom... they had gone. The carefully laid out flavoured condoms were no longer there. She flicked on the light. Selwyn blinked. "Will you tell me what's going on?" he asked, exasperated, putting his Bovril mug down by the candle.

The other side of the bed, somewhere from the region of the carpet, came a faint but ominously regular squeaking sound. Both Miss Martin and Selwyn tiptoed round the bed to see what could be making the noise. "Could it be mice?" wondered Miss Martin.

"Some mouse," she thought later. For there, crouched on the carpet, chewing hard and squeakily on something rubbery, had been Jenkins. The cat moved slowly and guiltily under the bed. The frantic squeaking sound continued. Miss Martin and Selwyn peered together at the floor under the bed. Jenkins was madly chewing away, mouth agape, trying to dislodge the last condom from his teeth, where it had become firmly impaled. Miss Martin sighed. A faint scent of pineapple rose from under the bed. "So what is the surprise?" asked Selwyn.

Miss Martin sat alone at one end of the vet's waiting room, Jenkins in a basket on her lap. Mrs. May, down at the other end of the room with her elderly collie, looked at her with some concern. "Back again so soon?" she enquired. "I hope its nothing serious this time." Miss Martin started to reassure Mrs. May that this was just a check-up. The basket groaned and emitted a loud fart. The unmistakable smell of fruit salad, with mint and chocolate overtones, filled the waiting room. Miss Martin sighed for the umpteenth time that day. How on earth was she going to explain this one to the vet?

Pappa Fly
by
Painting by Jeremiah Stansbury (Painting)
and
Luigi Fairbanks (Text)



This is one of those paintings that you take one look at and go: "Woah." There's quite a bit of stuff going on here, isn't there?

The painter behind this intriguing piece of art is none other than Jeremiah Stansbury. While he doesn't have superpowers like Spider-Man or Jesus, Mr. Stansbury has shown us that amazing abilities don't always revolve around the ability to walk on walls and/or water. Painting, too, can be amazing. Just look at this thing! It's friggin' cool!

How does he do it? "I am devoted," Mr. Stansbury told me, "to tracing the line of sense or reason that leads me from the creation of one image to those images that follow the initial image and subsequent paintings." I'm not an artist, so I don't know exactly what that means. So I asked him why his painting is so damn cool instead, to which he replied, "My painting makes my individual outlook fresh and clear because perceiving something as beautiful is directly related to ones ability to rearrange color and line "into" something pleasing to the eye." See? That I can understand.

This painting is pleasing to *my* critical eye for several reasons. First, there's obviously some sort of gigantic bird-monster there, and what's more, said bird-monster is clearly sipping on

a delicious, delicious human torso through a bendy straw. Upon closer examination, more treasures can be found! Look closely. You'll discover all sorts of oddities, including: a snake-monster; a steam shovel with eyes; some cherries; a sad, human head hanging from a clothesline; one of those staple-remover thingies; and finally, my diary. It's all there. Just look!

A Comic
by
Jerry Rychlo

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All Jerry ever wanted was a
log cab in the woods, and it
had finally come true . . .



Contributor Biographies

Justin Kibbe is in the Bible somewhere. We're not sure of the exact location, but we're almost certain that it's true. He probably hung out with Moses and his pals.

William Fairbrother: born La Jolla, CA April 10, 1956, 10:10pm. Winner of Bravura Award for poetry. Lives in Denmark with his wife, the Danish sculptor Bernice Tilly Fairbrother, and their two children. Poems, stories and plays appearing in numerous literary journals. His collection of literary objects, "I Cry Gray Mountains on the Moon" is available in paperback from Amazon. His futuristic detective novel written in Denglish (English-Danish patois), "Dick Calm:::Virtual Detective" and "(W)hole [stories, objects, poems]" are available from NoSpine.com. His philosophical thriller "Wanderings" and his 9000 line narrative poem "Marika's Cooking" are available as web-books from VirtualItch. He is currently foreman of the Danish ebook society VirtuelTrang.

Zack Tisch, currently a student at Duke University, says: "I wrote this poem because someone bet me that I couldn't write a poem about my ass. Not only did I win the bet, I also wrote it without the aid of a mirror. And thank god for that."

Allen Coyle is a bona fide dog lover. He can't help it; those are just the kind of girls he attracts. When he's not the center of the dating scene, he spends time with his wife and three kids. Any hot chicks desperately wanting a picture of this hunk can consult the wall of their nearest post office.

Christopher Woods lives in Houston. He is the author of a prose collection, *Under A Riverbed Sky* (Panther Creek Press), and a collection of stage monologues, *Heart Speak* (Stone River Press). His play, *Moonbirds*, about doomed census takers in a Third World country, was produced recently in New York by Personal Space Theatrics. *Moonbirds* will be produced this summer in Ghent, Belgium by Kattenkwaad Theatrics.

Darby Larson likes words. Like these. Hi. Now, visit his website: <http://darby.tv>
Woo hoo!

Kfir Luzzatto was born in Italy. He works as a patent attorney and lives in Israel. His novel, "Crossing the Meadow", was voted "Best Horror Novel" in the 2003 P&E Readers Poll. He also publishes short fiction (mostly serious stuff but always with funny bits in it) and serves on the editorial board of *The Harrow*. He has written "Weird Vibrations" during a trip to Portugal, in a desperate (and futile) attempt to preserve his sanity when cooped up in a cramped boat on the Duoro River with his four children and an unlimited supply of EMINEM's CDs.

Lauren Bonney is a certified bullshit artist brought up and raised in the underground ghetto of white suburbia. While dealing with idiots all day long and listening to how insignificant their problems are, she entertains herself by basking in other's miseries and enjoys listening to the soothing and educational messages of Eminem.

Nicola Barry lives with a Man and a Dog. One time, she almost stepped in the aforementioned Dog's shit. True story.

Vanessa Gebbie says: "I was born. I was potty trained and learned to talk. Then there was no stopping me. V, I thought, what's the pinnacle of achievement in life? What is Nirvana

apart from a group? And verily it came to me one night, Defenestration. I subbed by pigeon, was accepted by limerick. Life was sweet. But the downside...? What is there to live for, now? Now that I've been here? Oh God, life is so cruel..." (Dies).

Jeremiah Stansbury is a prolific artist who is currently being prolific in art. His artwork has been on display in numerous areas in the Memphis, Tennessee area and now... ON THE INTERNET! Jeremiah's been to Florence, Italy, thus ensuring that all of us here at *Defenestration* are very, very jealous.

Luigi Fairbanks is made entirely out of rich, chocolaty Ovaltine.

Jerry Rychlo currently calls London, Ontario home. His day job has nothing to do with drawing cartoons. His cartoons have nothing to do with anything at all. His wife, two kids, cat and dog are glad they're not him. Jerry likes to live life one day at a time, mainly because it's physically impossible to live life two days at a time. His log cab is still in the planning stage.