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**PETER SOTOS PORNOGRAPHY
1991-2000**

PROXY
peter sotos pornography 1991-2000
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INTRODUCTION

From **Selfish, Little** (2003):

"The more pedophiles fantasize, the more specific they make their tastes. The more specific and narrow those ideas become, the more chances and opportunities arise and taunt. The fantasies become excuses for impulses that are defined only by the pedophile as uncontrollable. When, in reality, they're still fantasies. Ridiculous fantasies pulled from the reality they're trying to operate under and sniff out. Westley Allen Dodd wrote reams of material trying to figure out why he became a murderous pedophile. He was obsessive and relentless out of jail and in. I've seen a photo of a child he left hanging in a closet and read extremely precise descriptions of how he liked to suck on children's penises and how much he liked these kids, even little girls, to just see his full adult cock. He was consistently frustrated. And he enjoyed, at times, doing nothing more than musing on how it felt to finally have a child look at his big Seattle cock. There isn't anything but the writing. It is exactly how it exists. The perspective and consequence is confused in everything but the actual writing and the selling of the words."

"The Machine Shop has been gutted. The backroom has empty boxes where the booths used to be. The doors have been taken off and are stacked on top of each other in a corner. The video players have been taken out of the walls and the wiring ripped through. You want to suck cock now; you can still do it through a glory hole between the partitions but you're completely exposed. The tunnel rats have taken to fucking out in the open in the middle of the dust and splinter filled corridors. And these are short, fat, stunted men who are used to hiding."

From the introduction to **Total Filth** (2004):

"Now closed. Next to the Admiral theater in Chicago. For the record. A small shop with crumpled

magazines on only one wall, booths opposite that and empty hand made video boxes everywhere else including under the slightly raised counter where one of only, always, two old scumbags used to sit and moan.

An old man's pit. Again. That I want to talk about. Again."

From **Comfort & Critique** (2004):

"I can put the pictures up. I've done it before. I've convinced assholes. Morons. I've even had slides made from the photos that I own and supposedly covet and had the sheer sickness to pretend that others would see something better in the pictures that I selected. Purely because they would see them in a different context. Even though I was being completely honest about their personal worth. Just like now, bringing it up, preparing it and yapping all over it is supposed to remove every ounce of what once made the photos work so perfectly. But it really doesn't. I can't do it without beating myself up for the idiots who care about it barely. There's no way that I can shut up about them. I want to let you know that I think I'm wrong but I want to see how that sells. In the end, I'm completely certain that I've fucked it all up. The woman that gives me the photos had to watch as I drunkenly ratted them out. Right now, all I want is more. And I never get bored about what I have. I love the shots constantly. I'm never unaware of their genius. I have this reduced need to sell it more than fuck the next one whose got flesh exactly fucking like it, almost."

"This is what happened.
News works backward.

Less than two years past the little eight-year-old's murder, photos of little Sarah are rarely published alongside the interviews and articles that her mother allows."

From *Predicate* (2005):

"Those kinds of places won't ever come back. No one is going to rebuild something like that. They were slums. Barely kept open and subsistence successful only if officially forgotten about. Years from now, it won't seem to make sense that they even existed. The bent and lifeless lifechoice that moped in there won't find anywhere else to beg."

"These booths I used to slip into when I was a kid. Only trolls remember the filth they showed. The place I used to prefer is no longer there some nearly thirty fucking years later. But not a bit changed for at least twenty-five. They still showed cheap 8mm films projected from the rear onto a white block painted on the inside of the door. Well after the video industry had changed everything for the better. I was sixteen. I was seeing films that mimicked -badly- rape and depicted -faithfully- bestiality. Mouths and cocks would hang at the sides of the wood and glue booth through punched and clawed glory holes that stretched the full length of my long legs. At first. I didn't feed these cocksuckers. Most of whom were old men and some of whom were pushy loud revolting niggers.

Just down the street was a gay movie theater. I didn't care about the old men slobbering down my THC and PCP crotch there. I didn't prefer the younger faggots. And I wasn't so out of it that I didn't know I was picking or not picking. It's what big screen queer pornography was invented for. To construct the excuse that men could behave this way. Back in the sleazier wooden commercial heterosexual holes, I was gargling on some sort of rotten brain information. I was hating these thickly painted women who weren't getting beaten badly enough. And these cheap paycheck male fucks who didn't seem to enjoy it enough. The women fucked stopped muddy farm animals and sucked on frenzied red dicked dogs and huge bending horses and dumb cows. Fish were folded and clumsily inserted. I could find anything until I settled on kiddie porn as the sole blunt stunting point of my busy pornographic existence.

This is how you become a troll."

"Earlier we had discussed how miserable it is to have lost LW Sales. I told it I didn't think I would care. I was glad to see the cesspool closed and the owners depleted of what little cash the monstrosity could have provided them. The human waste stench combined with the broken booth doors and busted peep machines meant only absolute last chance cocksuckers like me and him would end up there."

TICK

Questions 1–32 from pages 56–59 of *SEXUAL ABUSE – THE CHILD'S VOICE*, Madge Bray, Jessica Kingsley Publishers, London, 1991.

1. Oh, my goodness me, are you a very, very big policeman?

Who frightened you? Who hurt you?

Far too young to be protecting someone, yet that's the obvious answer: What's inside that little stupid twitch and dodge? Who taught you to do that? Why would you protect the person who hurt you? So they could do it again? Does that overwhelming self-destructed – what? Instinct? – at such a brand new age make any real fucking sense? Were you born this fucked up? How does all that fear soak down into those brittle bones that fucking quick?

They take care of you, don't they? They protect you. And you already know that there's nothing else outside? Nothing better? What else can you do? Is that it? There's so many more good hours than bad, aren't there? Warm times, I guess, when you play and when you show off to the audience that chose you.

You do what they say. And they haven't told you what's bad yet. Right? It doesn't hurt; really, does it? And all the time passes away so quickly. Into baby time. Into what you do whenever you want time.

No one really did hurt you, did they? Why would they want to? You're too pretty, too perfect, too valuable. Aren't you?

Don't worry, sweetheart, everything's fine. The policeman won't hurt you. Do you even know what that fucking means? No one would let him. Right? You don't get hurt, do you? Not here. Not when you know how really safe you really must be. Like you are. Always. Always have been, right?

Tell the old lady to shut up. Tell her to stop saying stupid things and stop making such rotten filthy talk come out of her horrible ugly smirking mouth. She shouldn't smile when she's being so mean to you, should she? She shouldn't like it. She shouldn't lean that way, manipulate that way, dress

that classless way. She likes to make you frightened and cry. With her ugly mouth. All the paint on her war mouth and on her ageing hiding face. Look at her. As close as she looks at you. Size her up the same way she packages you back to you. Tell her to shut it. Tell her to leave the baby alone.

A. WHAT IS IT ABOUT CHILDREN THAT YOU FIND SO ESPECIALLY APPEALING?

A1. *I flipped through the photos in a John Douglas book and found two new photos of Amber Hagerman. The first one – Amber Hagerman with her brother at what turned out to be the last Christmas of her life – came courtesy of Richard Hagerman. The second photo was a full page reproduction of the Crime Stoppers Reward poster.*

2. Are you the biggest policeman in the whole world?

Someone stuck something small and dirty inside her. Something that wasn't made to fit. Up into her. Something dirty as far as it would jam until that someone thought they'd better not push anymore. They thought they should stop. Before he ruptured the tiny gutty insides to a new hard faint. Maybe she'd die. When he only wanted to fuck her. When he didn't really even want just that. He wanted – right then, right now – to have his oily ethnic finger bent straight inside of her. To squeeze it in between the peach slit centered inside a new fresh small warm girl's body. A bendable struggling little girl's body that you could pick up and spin and make laugh and twist and toss and giggle and rub and pull and pry and split into giving just a wee bit more, there, there, and push and waste wash and shit and piss all over itself against itself. Very small. And too tight, too fused to enter. To violate. To penetrate into fitting nicely like it's fucking

supposed to, you wretched fucking slut.

Just his crooked tired finger scraping inside the baby body like a bent up aged adult long dirty finger inside another giving speeding adult's sweating asshole. It'll feel the same minus the knowledge and acceptance. You'll see. You'll grow into it. Around it. And the condescension. And the waiting. The braying. Saving. Spending. Hoping. Praying. Begging.

Are you in?

Is that good?

Do you like that?

This way or how about this? I've been saving this idea all this time, just for this night.

They kiss. They moan deep and listen to the next steps TV taught them to surprise, first, and win, second, and talk about, third, forever.

Simpering orgasm solicitude. Their lies – immediate and easy – about their mistakes and losses and special new fucking dog plans.

Do you want it deeper?

Can you take that, can you, whore, you want it all the way, do you?

A2. Underneath her badly xeroxed face, under her \$75,000 face: AMBER HAGERMAN, WHITE FEMALE AGE 9, 4'6, 80 LBS, BLUE EYES, SHOULDER LENGTH HAIR, WHITE SHIRT WITH MULTI-COLOR HAND PRINTS, PINK PANTS, BROWN SHOES, BLACK AND WHITE BOW IN HER HAIR.

3. Are you very strong?

You're very gentle, aren't you? You're very tiny and careful and you need someone between you and those who are much bigger than you.

But – no one wants to hurt you, dear. The world isn't like that. And you're too young to hear about that, aren't you? You need to be kept – saved – innocent. Just like you are, just like you were. You need to be fed innocence. Untouched. Cradled. Owned. For as long as we can – and that, then, is the true tragedy here. Sweetheart. For someone like you who's too young to hear all this. This garbage that shouldn't be part of your wet staid personality. Yet. Never. You shouldn't have any of this inside anywhere in you.

You don't have to be real yet. You don't have to be strong. You don't have to put on a happy face if you don't want to. You shouldn't even know the difference between your safety and their pleasure and the beast with the crinkled mouth lines and old scrunched forehead and pointy pink fingernails and age-spots and slippery baby talk should just shut her fucking noisy yawn and leave all those mean evil hating ideas out of your hairless soft ears and shrinking brain.

You're not old enough to wear make-up like that. You don't want to; not out like that, do you? If

we dressed you up – would you look like her? All ageing and drooping and sunken and bloated and pinched like that? No. You're too good for all of this, my special sweetheart. You're too good for all of it. You don't pretend to be strong for anyone. You're just a tiny girl. And don't be fooled by what she says: You don't have to like anyone just 'cause they're strong. Just because they're bigger than you. You can be as frightened as you feel the need to be and you don't have to listen to this cloying watery sugar shit anymore.

You're worth way too much.

A3. I turned to the index and found only one page listed after her name: 155. Hagerman, Amber, abduction and murder of, 155.

4. Have you come to help us, then, because we rang down to the police station for some help a minute ago?

It was a dirty finger. A finger with wet dirt from being sopped into his mouth first and then rubbed around his pervert lips dripping with drool and spit and wet milky excitement.

Like a skinny little cock'd blow-job. The way you see post paid whores on porn do it. You poke it in your mouth and get it all soaking wet. You tongue from the inside and taste, hot, the worker's dirt, the open piss hole, the honest rimmed filth of that thing that goes somewhere else better and then you – kiss – it out. To paint the whore hole. Drying up the cordial grease and slathering it with new muddied sweat and talking stink. This'll fit fine, honey: The whore says as she looks at the \$200, \$300, \$500 or so. This'll all be over – acting included – in well under an hour.

You insert your measly finger into the porno fuck first. Your wife, the mother of your child, the one that wanted it worse than you, her fault, your girlfriend. The mawkish lump you probed as introduction. The stumbling cocksucker you tasted with your mouth then wanted to stick a finger inside, lightly, since you're used to feeling guts with your digits rather than your tongue and your cock.

Into the pillow.

Into the wall in an alley.

Into the popcorn couch in front of the always on TV. A rented motel room. A hard wood floor. A nursery carpet. A department store rest room. The marital bed. The steamy studio apartment. The drunk, the excuses, the yearning, the stupidity, the quelled, the paid, the protected.

You wet your finger and slide it past that meat that parts queasily in nature and gives in warm and rigid and soft and black.

Sometimes an audio cassette will be just the right enough. No face, bites, ass, nesting instinct or performing horse tricks.

A4. It's one fucking paragraph. However, it turned out to be a comparison to the abduction, rape and murder of Polly Klaas which was covered at length.

5. Do you catch people who hurt children?

Do you remember what you used to look like?

The old pig with the mouth all over the small growing mind of the littlest pained raped child starts to lock and suck. She tastes what she was and swallows all that grown up cum: pooled in the tiny deepening crevices of twisted grey matter clogging up the stupid happiness impulses that spark playtime.

The old pig doesn't forget. Her job, here with the cop and the notes for the already advanced book, is completely dependent on this little baby's penis stuffed mouth and digit'ed cunt.

Do you remember what you looked like?

Do you remember what it tasted like? And how much better you can make it taste now – how much brighter the colors are now when you paint them over and over again until, because you have to stop when the pigments slush into black smeared mud, you have to start brand new all over again. The same painting. The same cartoon. The newer promise. The refreshing new twist. The exciting fresh start just after the cheap neon garage sale.

A5. Another photo of a smiling cutie with barrettes in her hair: Cassandra Lynn "Cassie" Hansen was abducted from church in St. Paul, Minnesota, on November 10, 1981. Her body was found in a dumpster the next morning.

6. Well, are you very strong? Are you very, very strong?

You fingerfuck her. Like you fingerfuck any teenage date. You slip just one finger inside of her. And, since it's dreamier when you close your eyes, you do. With your finger then worming your way up the entire other of a stranger's body it becomes a – say – four-year-old baby child. A small girl body. A little toddler struggling her smile around full sentences and absolute need. Whose cunt is a better cunt? The date with her age and lapses and make-up and adulthood coming tits and hips and lips and jobs or the child she once was ironed down deep inside beneath the survivalist praise for a wondrous brand of god-given innocence. Which trade-marked flavor of innocence do you dig through with only one finger first?

You necessarily hold back. You learn. You go slow. You register.

How can you possibly let me do this to you?

A6. Hansen, Cassandra Lynn "Cassie", abduction and murder of, 99-115, profile in, 101-6.

7. How strong are you? Can you show us?

You compare. I'll show you.

I started doing it with hookers. I was so low by the time I started it seemed like the only logical progression. Or, at least, a next step. I had sunk from getting sucked by them to asking – paying – them to remove their shirts and then masturbating myself. I didn't want any part of them to touch me. I didn't want them to be working on me, manipulating my cock, or performing on me. My hard-on was fixed before I laid eyes on their tar stained uniqueness. I cummed in mine. But soon that fell through as well. I looked at their ugly withered bruised bodies and wanted less. Those flat stretched hog jowls, liver lips and beaten arms. I see them on HBO. Their children at home and their stunted conversations; I'd had them all before. The crimes in their stalking forests and their sisters dumped in garbage cans. I didn't have to squat so pathetically low to get it again and again. So, I started to offer them more money. I always offered them more money. But now I wanted something more for it. And I asked. Can I put my finger inside your vagina. Can I see your ass and can I put my finger in it, please. Cunt, pussy, asshole. Words that reeked of their yellowed minds. Abutted by their very specific African sensibility: Can I put my finger in. Not stick. Put. Place.

I let them tell me the new amount. How much more money do you want – exactly – to allow me to put my finger inside your vagina? And in your ass. I never haggled. Almost always it was \$50.00 which is way too expensive and just fine by me.

You can put anything you want in there.

Are you clean? Did you wash?

Just one finger.

I ain't gonna get all wet that way.

You sure y'all just want your finger in there?

Go on Honey, you stick it in.

Ain't nothin' goin' in my asshole.

Motherfucker.

You want me to turn around?

Did you get yo' nut?

I ain't doing nothin' afters. That's all you payin' fo'.

Let me see your fingernails.

If you be motherfuckin' careful.

I've even wrapped a condom around my finger before penetrating a nigger cunt. This probably being more my problem than hers.

I don't care if they buck, moan or sleep. I don't like them wiggling their tongues like snakes as they watch my embarrassed face and I prefer their tops on, covering their browned tits and completely hiding their black cow lick nipples.

Is this where the baby came from? The one addicted and quaking and crying from crack? Is this where your brother and his basketball buddies slipped their jungle loads into you? Where your first street whore fuck slimed his condom'd whites into you?

How many fingers before this one?

How many fingers until you feel it?

I was a meat packer. My whole body stunk like offal. I struggled to hold on to wet sliding fat purple cow livers grabbed from the bottom of huge cardboard plastic lined barrels soaked in thick black blood. If you didn't want to drop the heavy meat into the sawdust and shavings and boot dirt, you dug your fingernails deep into the squishy weight and held it away from your hardly clean white meat frock. Flanks – white and deep red and warm hunks of poundage – had to have the cow shit cleaned off them. Tumors and noids and muscles had to be incised – the smell and the phantom texture penetrating your gut and staining you for the bulk of your weekend.

I fingered other assholes before hers.

I frigged the asshole of an AIDS death when he asked me to.

There's these old timers: A grandpa who comes into the peep booths I mine. He saunters past me straight into the tight black wall corner. He turns back around towards me and drops into a squat. He's here to suck up cock immediately and make his submissive position as clear as dog.

He helped me with my pants not saying a word. He had placed in my hand a handful of gold tokens for the screen ambience and the red "on" light outside. He yanked down my pants, shimmied down my boxers and bobbed at my flaccid penis.

I prefer a condom.

At the time I preferred to keep my cock soft as long as possible. Now I try to show hard and finish quick.

He licked and sank: on to my balls, my piss hole, my choad, my jock itch, with his hands on my bare ass.

"Did you fuck any children today?" he sneered from down below my waist.

"Fuck off..."

"Did you – did you fuck any kids today with this? With this?"

"The fuck's wrong with you?" Cops don't suck cock, hopefully. They don't berate you while they hold on to your balls and shaft, certainly. Some faggots forget where they are. Want to take their phone sex games out with them. They watch too much porno. Read too many books. And risk getting their fucking faggot faces kicked in. Then: "Do you know who I am?"

"Can I have some of it?"

I pushed farther into his mouth, choking him. He gagged and garbled and sputtered back only to breathe and lick at my glans.

"I want to taste those kids. Those children you fuck with this. Give them to me." And he headlonged into it.

"Shut up and finish" I told him. He groaned. "I hate faggots like you. Old man."

He pumped at his meal worm cock in the dark. I watched down at his head under my belly. At his faggot hunting. His snake hands pushed into my loose ass and around my legs up to my chest and around my waste and hips and thighs.

"Jesus fucking christ. You want to taste those little punks. You want to swallow up all that blood?"

"Yes, please, sir, yes, please."

A7. The medical examiner found no evidence that she'd been sexually assaulted, though small traces of semen and several pubic hairs were discovered on one thigh of her navy blue tights.

(Journey Into Darkness, John Douglas & Mark Olshaker, Scribner, 1997, page 100.)

8. Can you lift that?

I'll show you.

I leaned into his mouth. I took my right hand and steadied myself on the wall across, just above my head. My left hand leaned into the other corner with him between. On me.

Can you stand still?

I had to hold on. I balanced myself on my arms and queened wholly into his sucking slurping swallowing face. My hands in the greasy smear inside the hot box closet with the TV and the cheap porn and the cum dollops and this geriatrically hot AIDS mouth.

His hands scurried from my balls to my sweaty crack, brushed his filthy asshole fingers near mine.

I pushed harder down his throat and told him to watch it.

"Knock it off."

More licks and now strokes.

"How old were they? How old was the little baby you fucked today?"

"Young. Too young for you, old man."

"I can taste it. I can taste that little cunt."

Mmmmm. There – there it is. Mmmmm." His old dad tongue lolling and spreading his stink all over my fat reddening thick cock head.

"Inside."

Which he took to mean: more sucking.

"Harder."

My sac and his wash, my shaft and his yank and glide, my hatred and his swallowing.

You have to be careful now.

"Mmmmm. Did you kill her?"

"Shut the fuck up. Finish."

"You did, I know you did."

"You don't ...fucking.. Shut it now."

I wanted to fuck this mouth more than ever suddenly. He'd won. By far. And I wanted to cum with his mouth slurping murder ministrations all over me. But I'm no good with fiction and I'm shit with talking

fantasies. I wanted his child killing mouth to bring me off immediately on some specific cunt raped and throated little piggie like Amber Hagerman. I pulled out of his stretched and soaked face and started masturbating inches back into his mouth.

"You see that? You fuck your daughter with that mouth? Did you?"

He was pumping. Snaking his gross tongue out at my cock and then up at my face. His shave, splotches, baldness, wrinkles, gray pimpled chalk pale complexion.

"Yes. Yes I did. I fuck her with your dick."

"Not with mine, pal. You got that thing there – that fucking beast, did you stick that thing in her?"

"Yeah – a lot. All the fucking time." And back to pillorying.

"What did it feel like. What does your daughter's stretched out baby cunt feel like?" I grabbed the base of my cock and yanked my balls harder than he could.

"Like your dick. I can taste her on your cock."

I held his head and pumped into his old man head like I would have fucked his daughter as per his own instructions.

"Can I fuck her? Will you let me?"

I held his head tight. Groans from deep while his tongue fought to lick, first, perform, second, and breathe, third.

"Can I fuck her. How old is the little cunt? How old is the little bitch – your fucking cunt wife's ugly baby." I wanted to smash his head with my hands and cut his throat with the torn shards of the TV screen. My balls in his face. My cock in his head. Him pulling himself off below me, in the filth and the dark and the safety.

"How tight is her little cunt, you faggot."

A8. From the same paragraph: Abrasions across her chest indicated that another belt had been used as a restraint around her upper body.

9. Oh, my goodness, you must be strong, and can you lift this?

I turned to the screen. Away from his toilet.

You must be strong. What is your current T-cell count? Your viral load? When did you first suspect you were HIV positive? Do you know how you got it? Who gave it to you? Have you confronted him? Do you hate him? You do understand that this is no longer a death sentence, right?

Do you still practice safe-sex?

Do you still take it in the ass?

Do you believe in re-infection?

Do you let strangers cum in your mouth?

Do you like the way nonoxynol tastes?

What about the toxins? Can you try and make

it to the bathroom on your own this morning?

Would it have been rude to not wet my finger a second time before sticking it back in again. All that rank meat, that chewed blacker than bile gristle and gluey liver guts. Her piss slit. Her crack baby hole. That squashing soft suffering head being slid, forced, dropped out of that spread forgotten crumbling seething nigger sewer.

How low did it get before it just stopped.

Those quick trembles of nausea started from what act, exactly?

What do you hold dear? What do you keep safe? What says yours to you?

Your mother helped hard to raise you because your father worked all day into night. He paid your selfish bills and she pat your spreading head. She made the phone calls and hoped to set up your future. And you repaid her with getting sex slung AIDS before your thirtieth birthday. Older than most. Old enough to know better. To have chosen something better.

Did you tell her?

How did she offer to help again?

How did you say it at her – what words did you select?

I wanted to dry fuck her. Keep my finger in her and feel that scratching callous on callous.

I lick my finger as she leans back and spreads her mottled thighs wider. She licks her own boney claw first and drops it before I get the chance. She needs it wetter. And she'll make sure the fuck it is; not me. I slide in after easy and she adjusts her waist and hips and shimmies her flat slaved ass towards my tensing wrist. I wiggle only slightly and pump slowly. All that black life. All those high projects. All that blunt trauma stuffed up in this black hell before me stinking down on my now bright white finger.

I look at her face: her nigger warts that form features from the remnants of gorilla housing. Dime store crack habit puffed lips and thin deep greased wrinkles. Yellowed pooled dead eyes that perform all too well all the time.

Grand Marnier. Chivas. A pile of old wood. A slip down the hard metal muddied stairs and all the used condoms piled into melting blobs of chemicals, sperm, rubber and misunderstood lazy life-style attempts. The heat index. A hard palmed slap by her raging second step-father this week just before his only eventual arrest for robbing a closed Walgreens.

I let my infected femaled finger fall out of her paid death and feel the stained tip around her gummed out cunt. I find her deader fattened clit and trigger a sad grind. Your man could bite it off, sister, and you wouldn't know, would you, sister? Your tribe boss father could clip it off with a dirty jackknife and you wouldn't understand, am I right, honey-chile? I'm not doing it for your response. I'm not checking the

girth and beast of it for my prowess. I'm just wondering how you find it yourself. Deep black in the hairy fat alley of your drug crawls.

Her loose flesh feels like old fingernails. Her cunt is nigger perfect. It's all sunken and puffed and beaten. Hung. And I barely scrape one single finger over it to see more of what I paid for. See if I can stomach it. I only barely look. I back up.

"Can I go again."

Her ratted lungs hiss and her talons extend to my forearm to position my finger back to the nest, quickly, to get all this sick fuck stupidity over with. She pulls at my pants to ball up my straining hard-on. To check if she has a chance to finish up even sooner. And maybe safer. And the less of this dirty pig all the better. I am this low.

Another spit to my finger. Like you should do when you're counting lots of stranger's dollar bills. You don't lick your finger after flipping through all that coke and germs.

Her cunt reeked like knots of old washing left over hard hot liquor soaks. Vomit. Roaches. Strains. Tears. The kind that thinks it deserves a little more only when it's slightly sober.

"Is that all you want to put in there?"

Another twenty bucks so I can finish inside her mouth. That pressed and drooped blackened corpse face that belongs behind bars and guards looks best when watching my fat belly and balls rather than my decidedly unsteady face.

A9. And: The six-year-old had been scratched and beaten about the head and face.

10. Well, I think you must be a very strong policeman. Can you lift that?

Women experience HIV differently than men. Drugs create different changes and effects. Women die faster.

I could offer to pay the open lump in Ziagen. I should show her my warning sign. I should ask her:

"What kind of drugs are you going to buy with this money?"

The fished rank from her hollow bucket cunt is less natural than the fished rank of other parasites. The fished rank from both sets is less natural than the hard bite fished rank of AZT and more left all over my spreading hand.

A10. The next book John Douglas and Mark Olshaker published had, on the very first page of the photo section, an absolutely incredible shot of Dee. Her mother was in another shot, below her, smiling: in happier times. Since Dee's death she has struggled heroically to put her life in order and fight for victims' rights.

11. Are you very, very strong?

Why should she take the drugs that'll keep her living? Why should she – honestly – waste all the money and time in toxic stutter? The recreational drugs make more sense. To die without being bored while infecting and flaking away all the extra days these rich cocksuckers have. To enjoy yourself by yourself in yourself. With god.

But logic doesn't fit comfortably inside those medicinally caulked craters. Another day is another day and all the promises that have been piling up must be due incredibly soon.

My finger tastes like salmon synthetics. It smeared meat delivery van steering wheel over my own heavy drugs with crumpled porno money and the meat I grab and cut and tie for at least eight years now.

And I lick it again. To go back deeper. This time: I taste her. All that sinking filth. All that disease plus. And the sexual question is sudden and brutal: Is there more pain inside that than just pure and simple hideous loss. Her ugliness. Her turpitude. Degeneracy. And if there's a game here, a will to power, a faggy deconstruction: Am I lower than her? Than it? And even lower now that I've done something dirtier than pay her for what she has. Had. And the pit of my gut swells with acid and pepto bismal and salt and chemo and all her bacteria and insects and silent carving death and I am pushed to believe that, culturally, I've done all of this to myself and she's not quite that sad.

I have to get my finger wet so I can fit it back in between the folds of her faultless massacred body.

I get my finger wet by sucking on it with my mouth and tongue and teeth and caps so I can enter her blacking body as close as I possibly can for twenty fucking nigger fucking dollars.

My knuckles register her flabby given adipose ass and her toilet brush wire bush. Her chafing pink brown to black welts. My spittle. My spit will taste back like her for years now. Like some hasidic fuck who can't wash other's sins off him. Like maybe I do this to myself and what I deserve I get in the form of even more bang for my buck.

A11. The photo of the little Dee was taken by mom Katie while the photo of mom was taken by Keith Souza, who must be her ex-husband. And Dee's dad.

12. And do you catch naughty people who hurt children?

How else do you do it? What else can you do? You can't sit by fat and alone and pretend to simply soak it up by second-hand lies. You owe it to yourself, to your choices, to your time, to your pit.

You don't have to think he's beautiful. You don't think anyone is actually worth fucking, do you?

Your dirt has to cover their mud. Your filth has to be the degree that finally calls for the clean-up. You have to be all you are just for yourself, right? There's no sinking. Swoon in above it all and take from everything sliming down just below the velvet hem of your Wagnerian cape. And clean it up. By proving to all the its just how sick its are. And you breathe through that. You suck harder. You slurp back deeper. You taste what all the other scumbags miss. And only you'll know what separates you from the more depleted, more desperate lines standing in port authority and bug house square.

You don't get caught.

And you don't drop old like all these other wretches. Others. The rest of them.

You are not defined by them. By their stimulants and instincts and similarities and differences. Send your filth to me at my post office box. I want to see it.

A12. Next to the special photo of special Dee holding her stuffed oversized cartoon doll and wearing her charming plastic wristwatch and her silky hair in long page boy bangs, her tiny gentle cheeks slightly sucked in:

On September 17, 1990, an adorable and loving little girl named Destiny "Dee" Souza was found by her mother, Katie, in the basement of their house in Fairfax County, Virginia.

13. And when you catch them, do you get very, very cross?

What exactly is my level?

It is the single worst thing you can do. To drag them down to your level. And make that level live. Beat and pump and rise. On in them. Through you. Clearly.

Some Thai faggot drops his jogging pants and yanks at a surprisingly thick nut brown cock. Heavy balls squeezed underneath a heavy silver metal cock ring and he wants you to pay to suck that cock and lick those hairless straining fat balls. His ass is smooth and tight and positioned for grabs and caresses more than messy angry hated fucks. But what's the difference, suddenly. A fuck is more expensive than what he'd prefer. Which is cheap, comparatively.

A13. The next lines: She was eight years old and had been beaten to death. Katie's sister's boyfriend, Robert Miller, was convicted of the murder.

Her hair and age and face are all Rodox. Page boy cut means Rodox.

14. And what do you do when you get very cross? Do you shout?

It's not my job.

A14. From Obsession, John Douglas & Mark Olshaker, Scribner, 1998, page 177:

"I wanted to see what was done to her," Katie says.

15. And do you shout very loud?

I've been reduced.

A. WHAT IS IT ABOUT THESE CHILDREN THAT YOU FIND SO PARTICULARLY APPEALING?

A15. I barely know these cases. Even now; I've only scratched the surface of what I was given. I really know so little about what happened to them and their little bodies.

16. Can you show us? Shout something.

What makes you a good cocksucker? Time? Lust? Professional concern? Fear? Indecision. Femalia. Testosterone. Instinct.

16A. I think they're very cute.

17. "Go away!" – Shout "Go away!"

How the fuck should I put myself in her place? I'm not even fucking interested. If some stupid fucking woman wants to get blasted and sloppy and then ends up naked getting fucked by someone who doesn't normally deserve such delicate favors; why should it be my job – as what? as a gentleman? – to protect her. From who? Herself? The troll? Someone who doesn't care as much as me, someone who's not as sensitive? A sucker, a cuckold, a teddy bear.

And it's her stinking mouth – her drunken trollop mouth that is asking to be stuffed. And what's the big fucking deal? One single simple fuck. And, OK, what that can lead to: death by virus, broken beer bottle, court room S/M arguments, gossip. Is it my job to protect her or not to take advantage of her? Tell me where the damage is –.

Hold this teddy bear, you tell her. And you snap a photo of her on her bed with the old brown smiling stuffed doll between her white legs. Take off your top. Lean back to the pillows and headboard. Rub your old friend fuzzy darling between your spread wide thighs. Like you did when you were so much younger. Such a naughty brat. You did, didn't you? Did you really?

The alcohol that burns her crown blurs your words into memories and she's easily living her preteen sexual fumbings: Her tiny raw clit and ever ready friendly brown scratching post.

Tie her hair into pig-tails with strips ripped

from her baby doll Gap top. The tight advertising she wore out for tonight's perfectly understood youthful pigging.

Are you too drunk to shave?

Kids today are so promiscuous, aren't they?

Tell me about your first time – when did you first become aware of your mighty sex drive?

Did it include getting fucked?

Raped?

Was it a safe female experience – do you remember if you moved at all, you filthy dead soaped fish?

Did you suck?

Do you like having piss-holes in your mouth.

That hot muscle veined taste – did you imagine what it would taste like or did you focus on your beauty and mirror power as you cooed and petted and bequeathed? Trade kisses with your bathroom reflection? Make your finger hurt and your shoulder ache?

Do you understand what I'm doing? Do you mind?

I like it when you pretend to be much younger.

A17. *Twenty years or so ago I purchased a book called Violence In Our Time by Sandy Lesberg. It had a huge effect on me. On my late puberty and on my tastes.*

18. Do you like little girls?

You can tell me.

A18. San Francisco, California, June 1948 – A juvenile probation officer comforts 5-year-old Sharon Steward who was found naked in a filthy closet, suffering from malnutrition. Summoned by neighbors who heard the child's continuous crying, police found a bureau jammed against the closet door and clothes crammed beneath the door. The father was on a fishing trip and the mother had taken two of their other children to the beach.

(*Violence In Our Time, Sandy Lesberg, Haddington House, 1977, page 18*)

19. Are you very kind to little girls?

Has anyone ever hurt you? Deeply hurt you? When did that start? When did the memories switch from perfect to muddied? When you were how young? Your daddy or one of his friends? Has mom ever thought to sell your baby body for her last chance at some street crack? Is a fingerfuck all that happened the first time?

A19. *An oversized full page shot of naked 5-year-old Sharon in black and white. Dirty and still crying, her pubic area carefully covered by the prim probation*

officer's arm, who reaches across to a drawer of the evil bureau. The female cop's knelt down in front of the little skinny girl, her face comfortingly close to the child's.

Naked Sharon's black hair is messy and tangled and long around her crying face. Her ribs push through her fragile chest but she doesn't look entirely Third World. She's white and hurt and neglected but not alien. She's been taken care of better than that.

20. Well, do you think perhaps you could help us; would you like to help us?

Why would someone do that? Why do you think? Just stick their finger in that clamp of yours? You wouldn't imagine someone would like doing that if you weren't going to enjoy it. Too.

Would you have preferred a cock? Something with some weight and life to it?

Is that how you cum?

From inside?

If I tell you where my hands have been today, will you be honest and tell me where your cunt has been? For all these years? Since the very first time you had something go the wrong way. When outside saturated your inside. And you became a lousy hole. And how lucky that there's always an audience not bothered by the plebian.

I want to make you look younger.

I want to fuck something that closely fools me into you being anything other than you: Like a little you – a little girl you. Before you were just short of too old and too available and too drunk.

Why do you drink?

You can't handle it.

I don't want an apology on my answering machine the next day. I don't want to have to explain to you how it's alright and that you're not a slag and that it really is no big fucking deal.

You used a condom, didn't you?

He didn't fuck you in the ass, did he?

You don't think you're pregnant, do you?

Did he still want to fuck you even after he saw your herpes sores?

Did the end of his cock taste like the beer he's been pissing out all night?

Did you stick his finger in your mouth after he tested the swamp waters to see how wet you were. Or if he'd fit just yet. Or if you stank. If you shaved. If you were clean. If there were crabs or ointments or yeast or a rag and a plug or a slack jawed maw big enough for his worker's forearm.

Did he say please? Did you?

Did you ask for compensation?

And the next day when you tried to forget how stupid you were from underneath that eye wrenching pain and headache haze; did you understand that

what you fucked and what he fucked were two entirely different creatures. That you were just any open sewer. And that what he wanted was just a little child. That you fucked a child molester who used your everything as the little sexy kidling that he would've raped if he could. Instead of you. That the cum that slides down his erection into your stripper's pubis and down into your shaved ass and across your careful belly was child rape. As close as you'll come. But not him.

Kiss the teddy bear.

Put on the pink panties.

Wipe your make-up off and let's re-do it. Your blush, your cheeks, your used freshness, your JonBenet lips.

I hate your tits. Can't you cover them up or cut them off or something?

Turn around.

Lay flat on your stomach.

Keep your head down.

Spread your ass with your fingers and leave the fucking cunt stench teddy bear lying in the middle of your back.

Don't say a fucking word. I don't want to hear you play the game. I don't even want to hear you say: Daddy.

It's just my finger first.

I'll tell you what you had for dinner last night.

Don't cry.

It's not worth it. It's just a finger. And I'll make sure it's lubed.

This hole is for child rapists, you understand? Tight.

I'll keep you soft and pliable, enterable, with your lipstick.

That way I can see your child's cunt in the dark. Just like lipstick is supposed to do. Don't move. Don't buck. Don't put on a show.

I don't believe you.

How much to fuck your sister?

With lipstick all over her mouth – to show me where to stick it. How much younger is she and – did you look like her back then?

How much for just my finger?

Don't answer.

Don't slur.

Let's go get your sister. Remember that when you wake up tomorrow. When I fucked your ass – I talked about your sister. Remember that.

A20. *Sharon is the one I remember thinking of the most back when I was masturbating the most often. 5-year-old naked Sharon was the one I thought of when I was bored in High School. I couldn't wait, it would seem, to relieve the pressure in my pants and head by fucking that photo over and over again in my mother's bathroom.*

21. **Oh, good, because we've got a smashin' little girl here and we think maybe some naughty person has done something to her private parts and hurt her a lot –**

You're a very cute girl.

You're a very cute girl with a darling little cute face.

Very cute.

You have a lovely smile.

I think you're very precious. Very cute. Very special.

Very beautiful.

A21. *She was more than a naked child. Her hair and nipples and legs and the tip of her boney hips. I was aware that there was so much more going on in there right from the start.*

22. Oh, good; well, what will you have to do? Will you have to get your book out and write this person's name down?

How terrible it must be to have become infected with creeping death from someone as low as this. Sex is all youth. And then all memory. And to see, when you're cleaning your store bought vegetables and fruits with bleach lest there be even the most microscopic germ or bacteria still waiting to kill you, a cock underneath a belly as ugly and fat and white as that. Again and again when trying new drains and new nucleoside analog combinations: A dead cock amidst all the other condoms and plastic gloves; cum and piss and pus-y STDs and cheap sure-fire sleazy glory hole joints after the bars close. Excruciatingly slow drags on hard cocks with an asshole that takes in all the immediacy, loneliness, depression and ageism swimming just underneath the correct amount of alcohol, poppers, penicillin and collapsed self-esteem.

The pickings get thinner. The crowd that sharked around you back when you were young have slowly enveloped you as one of their own. The pulse of the place has only changed with your view.

I spit on my hand. And then glide my slime'd palm back and forth on his long soft shaft. I push my hand into his fucking teenage faggot face and tell him to lick it.

That's what your cock tastes like.

When it actually tastes like my garbage gut. My ill-health, my mono and TB cough, my bad diet, my cancer.

And my balls.

You want to suck yourself off, faggot? You like your dick that much? You don't do this at home?

I don't kiss.

Neither do I.

You get older. You turn. Implode, collapse, give in to yourself. After so many years of getting what

you want as easy as this and not caring about the degree of dog asshole open and constantly available for mere quarters 24 hours a day, you've come to wear the lazy style too deep. At this age. At this place. With this flop sweat. With these zits. At this same spot just like all the others: No matter where you are you acclimate easily: Urinals in Berlin and mirrored single hiding places in Los Angeles, Rue St. Denis in Paris, old Show World buddy booths in NY and every nook and cranny in Chicago shit holes. It's not knowledge, or a wide horizon, as much as an insignificant divestment in a slow pull through one single serial lowest common denominator.

What else can you do?

I want you to suck it.

Use your mouth.

Let me see what you got.

You are all over yourself. Whole heartedly. And this is what was bound to happen. You became you. Folded all over yourself and blubbered and tired and hungry: All the weekly cock tricks and coin games that have slabbed their secrets into your puffy flesh rubbed and fell into cellulitis and flushes and hard arteries.

"Can I put a condom on you" you hear yourself practice. As you sit below him, waiting for him to acquiesce and ask for money. Which is easiest.

There's nothing as silly as active and passive, male and female, fucker or faggot roles here, now, right?

How low they have to be to let you hog all over them. With your AIDS and hepatitis C and their condoms. How degenerate and perversely puritan they live as your perfectly healthy but slothful wheeze slides back to their asshole and up to their boney chests.

This is what you must do: Slob into them like an old father. That'll work.

A22. *She was still crying. Always crying. Her lips jutted and eyes clenched. Her naked vulnerability, her confusion and distress. Her relief. Her fear for the future. That big woman in all those clothes and her little body in none. The fucking photographer. The neighbors. The suggestion that someone cover her. It was the crying that I found most salient.*

23. Well, and what will you do when you catch this person?

She started it. She figured she was different by dumb dint of her past. And even though she was, right now, acting exactly like all the others out there, doing exactly what all the others do in here, she paraded her simple minutes quick self as something wholly apart.

She wasn't doing it for me. I wasn't even lucky to have her here. Understand – she was explaining, talking at my hardened cock and then

face, for her. She wasn't another tramp. Lumpen was outside somewhere else. She was special to herself, for herself and, sadly, apparently, that sometimes needs to be explained.

A23. *I also concentrated on 9-year-old Antonio on the page just before Sharon. Much thinner and more extreme: Antonio's naked body was lying on a concrete floor in the right hand corner of the full page shot. His ass and balls carefully cropped out. A chain hung from the upper left down to the floor and around his hogtied hands and feet. A bucket near his head had to be for pissing and shitting and puking.*

I was in the mood for that every now and again. But I was overly concerned that the news service told him to lay back down for the shot. It was good that way, I decided later, especially after seeing how KP was filmed. However, I seemed to obsess over Sharon – who I also expected to have been posed somewhat.

24. How cross will you get?

"You don't want to use a condom?"

"We ain't fuckin' – it don' matter to me. I know you don' like it – it ain't feelin' right on you."

"I'm OK. I was asking for you."

"You ain't got nuthin' do you? I ain't worried about you, you better not be worried about me."

And then: "I ain't got nuthin' to give you you ain't already got." Which, of course, meant she did.

I knew before I even thought about getting a blow-job from absolutely any nigger mouth that she would be sick. The talk here was syrup. What she said, and the natural way she said it, was the common variety veneer of STD worry. She wasn't that far gone, not at all desperate, not reduced as badly as the scumbag white john who's twisted enough to take such stupid chances for such cheap excuses for the briefest gratification.

But inside those colorfully chosen yips slurred in the hope that the paying dogs don't listen to anything they don't want to hear anyways: The truth they always manipulate when they can't own it. Forget the context. And it is half the charm that that simple life-long equation gets chewed down to a stump by the daily drudgery of such inept scheming fogged by recreational need. The thick nigger skin formed over those words ends up fitting so suffocatingly tight that the only one possible to fool is the beast owning the noisy hole. She hears herself intelligent. She sees herself impress. She waves and sucks and basks. And her life is complete. For, right now, she sings, for just this little while, she heats up, that it's all starting to finally work out 'cause she knows it has to. God's been listening, certainly. Why else is she here?

To insult her tattered sheen of McDonald's rest room cleanliness with the suggestion of a

protective wrap that'll numb her business lips and short her expertise and shut the ugly buzzing bugs roaring through her face and gump and blood cells back into her circular self image would have made this pathetic transaction far more difficult than necessary.

"I actually like the way it feels."

"I ain't got a lot of time."

"I cum quick."

"I hope so."

A24. *Isleta, Texas, June 1963 – "Whenever mother leaves the house she ties me up", 9-year-old Antonio Valenzuela told police who found the child naked and chained to a washing machine. He also told police that his mother hit him because of the way he made coffee that morning. The boy's mother was being sought on charges of child neglect and aggravated assault.*

(Violence In our Time)

25. Well, I think you are probably strong enough to help us. Can you go and catch that person, then?

I put myself here.

What's the difference between the hole behind the purple liver lips, nigger tongue wags, alcoholic gum diseases, drug flattened face, dirty hair, bone stupidity and the hole propped open by faggot service, lustful complacency and soft wired romanticism?

Money.

Time.

Taste.

A25. *There were much more graphic photos. The book was a compendium of such things. My favorite chapter was CHILD ABUSE. I was fucking amazed.*

26. Oh, hang on a minute. You don't know that person's name–

Well, who knows the name? We'd better ask the little girl.

The context slams full-stop dead at the same brick wall all the time. Fuck blunt instinct and genetic lack. It's just a difficult attention span. Did these nigger beasts ever get high school hickeys on prom nights and senior mixers. I'll give it to the motherfucker one way or another. You want to fuck this pussy. This black nigger pussy. It's nice and tight and I fuck real good. What was your lily white age when you seen your first gun? How many have you seen growing up? All of this between licks at the pursed tip of my cock and rough tugs at my balls. A roasted pig on a spit. More grease in the crackling fire. Rib tips. White bread on top of the cheap beef slab of bones and gristle covered in BBQ sauce only niggers think is

spicy.

"You know Luther East?"

"um...no."

"Oh I see – you didn't pay for no conversation, huh?"

"No. It's nice. I'm fine. What's his name?"

"It's a school."

"Oh – no. On the south side?"

"It's a private school. I went to school there."

"No. I don't know it."

Half my capacity was trying to make sense of the shit she was dribbling to form what could, actually, be an entertaining conversation. The other half was reeling as to where her hands were in relation to my wallet or whatever she might have hidden in her clothes. This part didn't want to be suckered; to believe that this plug waste on the end of my straining hard-on was steeped in self-esteem problems. Or bragging the way these things do on the loud sections of the exceptionally long Chicago bus routes. Proud of the fact that it can say conversation instead of conversating.

A26. *Looking back at it now, a photo of two-year-old Sonja Peterson looks remarkably like Thea Pumbroek from the photo in Tim Tate's Child Pornography.*

Thea Pumbroek – victim, died aged six.

(Child Pornography, Tim Tate, Methuen, 1990)

27. Oh dear, the little girl says "nope nuffink". Do you think that's the person's name? Do you know anybody called "nope nuffink"?

"Was it nice?"

"Yeah. I loved it. I learned, boy. It was my favorite time of my life."

A27. *St. Paul, Minnesota, November 1962 – Two-year-old Sonja Peterson recovers in a hospital after her father allegedly amputated her right hand at the wrist. The father, aged 27, who at first claimed the amputation was an accident, was arrested on charges of maiming.*

(Violence In Our Time)

28. Well, do you know, Mr. Policeman, do you know sometimes naughty people who hurt children, they say to children that they've got to keep it a secret and not tell anybody. Did you know that?

She didn't return to gobbling her job right away. Instead she stuck her small chest out a little more; her arms back, one hand not working but steadying on the dash, the other fingernailing the hairy base of my standing glistening cock.

"You got nice tits."

She was simply poodle'ing for more money. All of this was for a tip. Like some weasely waitress

giving you extra whatever after you've already paid the check. I reached over and felt at her hanging hideous flesh under her t-shirt and since I 1) didn't want to go under her shirt by her pants line 2) didn't think it would work through her drooped collar and 3) didn't want to lose my erection and stride, I figured I would simply comply to the very least expected of me. I wouldn't fuck it otherwise. I wouldn't want to.

She should have removed her shirt. She should've had me finished off by now. I was still that hard. I wanted to fuck something remotely like it. I wanted all that beefy waitressing and middle class lies to be stained, momentarily, sadly, by my dripping sickness and drive. What I excrete just slips out. Burps and bubbles and farts, so near to the ailing asshole that bleeds my toilet water bright red and squeezes itself shut on the most unhealthy greasy food and chemical sludge waste.

A28. *Sonja has her tiny good hand to her big eyes. She looks very distressed. On the verge of tears and two-year-old confusion. I might find it worrying that this personally elemental book could still carry the same power. Beyond grotesque nostalgia. I don't think that's particularly healthy.*

29. Well, little girls haven't done anything wrong, have they, but sometimes these grown-ups say to children that if they tell the secret they will get into a lot of trouble.

—And maybe some person's told this little girl that she musn't say anything about it and she has to keep it a secret. But if you were to manage to get down on your hands and knees and put your ear very close to this little girl's mouth, then maybe she could whisper the secret name of the person into your ear, because you see, we could all turn round and pretend that we're not here, because we wouldn't hear the secret. Do you think you could maybe do that?

Her tiny ploys and pleases. Her banal obsequiousness and my ice cream eating decorum. And no matter what: I paid.

No matter what: I re-infected her.

No matter what else happens. I bought everything she said and I paid for the next few days of her dreaming up new stories and thoughts and selling suggestions with just the tiniest bit of my free time.

A. WHAT IS IT ABOUT THESE LITTLE GIRLS THAT YOU FIND SO POWERFULLY ATTRACTIVE?

A29. *It's not the only thing I like – it's not the main thing.*

30. Well, goodness me, Mr. Policeman, what a lot this little girl's been able to tell you. This little girl's been such a help to you. Do you think you could go and

catch this naughty person now?

"Let's finish before the cops come."

I cum quick with prostitutes. I show hard and pop messy and fast. With faggots I try and stay soft for as long as I can because I like the way that works. With cheater's hands and full blubbering lipstick slather and melanoma blotches and breezy professional stumbling I turn cumming into a two minute piss. Less. Often enough. I soak in what I don't touch and soak through everything they do. I repeat myself. I trade them drugs for their faces. Everything I understand about them is based on what little I know and like proving.

A30. *I saw the film with tiny Dutch Thea in it. I believe it was her. I was told it was. Since the little girl died of a drug overdose just after the film was made, the film became quite well known. There was quite a lot of publicity. Thus the market for it was huge.*

Which is why I'm suspicious. I'm willing to believe that what I saw was the last film with her in it – I'm told she did a few of them, actually. Anyways, that's how I remember the film I saw. All the time. That it was definitely the right film.

31. OK, will we come and see you off?

"Thank you. Wait one second. Thank you."

A31. *I've talked about all this before. To me, I look for the drug abuse and the compact life of death. It's hard not to see it. The action is always cookie cutter. It's hard not to look for more even if it's not there on the screen. It's there. Believe me.*

32. Will you be very cross?

I give her an extra ten bucks. What's worth fucking twice? Is that what you marry? What you take home and let hold you?

What does your wife turn into in so many years. How has having it all so close changed you over the long haul. Who looks worse. And who gives a fuck. What you look like. How you fuck. How you don't or can't or shouldn't.

I'm old. And I wouldn't want to be that plug fucking stupid ever again. I don't want to get arrested again.

A32. *I don't mean to obfuscate. I do dearly want to answer your questions. I think I should.*

I have to be careful. But I'm not worried about anything but my own honesty.

I think these girls are especially cute.

1. On average, how many men was she seeing a day?

Questions 1–13 from pages 72–74 and questions 1–14 from pages 77 and 78 of THE INVISIBLE CHILDREN, Gita Sereny, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1985.

How many. On average. How many more. On average. And how incredibly many more behind. How many until it formed an average. When did the act slide into routine and the sleazy motherfuckers all tugging their cocks out of their pants and then leaning back and taking their own sweet fucking time to cum all clump into the average way to waste another pay day.

You give these fucks status. Even just by their singular and collective numbers. By their nick-names, their number names – first one today, fatass, second fucking pervert this week, last one of the night, one more and then I go home – they become larger and more significant and, mostly, listen, they become better than the little you. Because you act like you won't let them crawl all over you. You let them blur into lumps and mist because you let the decision you don't really care about make you.

And the act that keeps you on the bottom. You become the vomit bucket used by sick pigs too lazy and selfish to exert even the effort to make it to the bathroom. You've been hammered out for just that. And kept clean only so the next time won't remind anyone of the last time.

How many can she put away before she breaks down. How many more can she handle. Until she reaches that one often repeated but now never equalled act that she simply must not perform again. Her breathing changes. Her mind drags. Her jaws clench. Her flesh waxes over and she fantasizes that fucking fuckable corpse not even one more fucking cunt fucking time.

You can't get old here can you, sweetie? What can you do then – toothless, sagged, fatty, fallen – maybe in Paris, grandma, but not here. Look around. They aren't here because they've moved on to anything better than minimum wage and alcoholism

and mid-life collapse, lies, nightmares and homelessness.

The last cocksucker to strip her himself. Let me do it. It'll cost extra. How much do you have to spend motherfucker?

I want to fuck the mouth that cries. And I'll pay the extra money and wait all the extra time. Until you figure it out, cunt. My ugly stubby hands on an uglier body used to uglier hands. I want the same technique you give everyone else – I want to see you fall into that careful position that at least takes the pressure off your tired-ass strained back for just a few seconds. If you give a little bit more, a little bit better, a little bit cuter: you get them out just a little bit quicker.

One more hand. To give the other a rest. Let these animals feel your tit and they'll almost always pinch your nipple.

A finger fuck bigger and harder than a cock fuck because the scumbag's a lot more worried about hurting his precious cock than his dirty fucking finger.

How old were you when you started this? And how do you gauge the perverts when you answer: How you can tell the difference between those pigs that want early teens and those that want so much younger. Oh Honey, I got turned out by my daddy long ago, you know.

And how long before all this new reality wipes over all those lazy lies.

B. DO YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT?

B1. *From today's paper, the Chicago Sun-Times, August 7, 1999:*

MAN GETS 35 YEARS IN ASSAULT OF ADDISON GIRL

An Ohio man was sentenced to 35 years in prison

Thursday for abducting and sexually assaulting a 6-year-old Addison girl last year. John B. Ferryman, 25, of Urbana was found guilty of luring the girl into his tractor-trailer with a promise of ice cream last Aug. 23. Police said they found Ferryman that night by using a global positioning device on his truck.

2. Had it always been like that, with all of the pimps, never a day off?

It's easy to lie. I spend 95% of my day in complete fabrication. Child molesters have to. I can't talk about my tastes or offer small conversational opinions or act immediately on my impulses or in any way imagine that I'm reasonable, or safe, outside my own frightened, burning, perfectly logical head.

It's not about time. I'm not bidding my time. I would be watching all that I do now go to waste if that were true. And you can't waste time. It's impossible. You make time livable. It's all anyone does.

B2. *Same paper, same day:*

YOSEMITE MURDER SUSPECT ENTERS PLEA. Motel handyman Cary Stayner pleaded not guilty today to the murder of Yosemite National Park naturalist Joie Armstrong, who was decapitated. Stayner did not speak during the arraignment in Fresno, Calif. He is also a suspect in the February murders of three tourists at Yosemite. He had been questioned but not held after those killings. The three had been staying at the motel where Stayner worked.

3. What percentage of these seventy or so men a week did she go to a hotel with?

This'll be easy to work out. Then it'll get repetitive too fast.

You don't pay a prostitute to piss in your mouth. How can you give it such a position? And how could you pick apart your own standing on the ladder as lower down the rungs than hers. It's your money, time, need and rationale. Status as what? As compared to others? As compared to what others want and wrest?

She straddles over your face, her filthy sewer filled to flooding with all those other sick john's waste and her own natural proclivity towards disease; smeared and stringing and blocking against all you use to breathe and read and taste and gulp and express and judge. And she expels all the same. In hot meaty chemical wash stink. Women piss so miserly until they become prostitutes. Cheap and unhealthy until it turns to flabby expulsions of vicious imploded hog wash.

You prod your fingers into the slack wet nest. And your tongue. And your chin and lips. Your beard,

your puffy red cheeks and stinging fluttering shut eyes all becoming meat just like her old pressing female flaps. The center of her dog's life meeting yours. You flatter yourself. You vie for position in blind psycho-sexual advertising. The gutter and the sewer. Pockets and prods. RNA cleaving itself.

Who made your cock that hard? Harder than the last time you remember; harder than ever before just like always, baby. And more desperate now to fuck that particular soaking wet lavatory hole matted with hair and filth and mud and use. That sickening wizening spread open hung human slash.

And then you roll a condom on.

The piss from inside her wracked pin pricked aged body has drenched the back of your neck and your short haircut as it seeped into the rat hotel pillow and down into thick quick dabbing puddles as you raised your nape to furrow more, to gather more human garbage, to sop up more liquor deeper and deeper and swallow whatever little drips you didn't want to miss.

I've seen a cunt drop great yellow globs of mucous and new cum onto an old hotel carpet in the middle of an intolerably hot noon time Chicago summer. While it waited for me to get dressed.

I've fucked a woman who put towels under her ass to collect the possibility of menses and save the college sheets her mother gave her from permanent stains.

I've put my hard cock inside a mother's plug after it's been fucked by five or six or seven of my friends in a row. And watched then as other friends went after me. My next turn would be in her mouth because I learned that I didn't want all that collected boy filth clogging up and washing back on me. The trash was starting to become more and more specific.

I've cummed into pregnant pigs and re-used the holes they abort from. I've fit my fist in them and pissed into their assholes just a little too close to their cunts for the enemas to be especially clean. I've fallen asleep on them and forced bottle necks inside them and replaced them with muscley assholes quite regularly whenever I couldn't get it out of my mind just how seethingly revolting that pit that these beasts hide and then open for you really is.

And: when I was younger. I fingerfucked them to make them cum. I waited 'til I felt whatever it was deeper in there with my hard-on and waited and worked 'til it cummed. I used my tongue on it. And tried to time my sweating humping orgasm with its.

The same way I fucked young men in crowded movie theatres and had to decide if I wanted their face or their ass. Without barely even seeing either. The same way I fucked old men when I just got tired and sick of faggots and took whatever they preferred. Like a dog. Like a pet. Like a pair of dogs – where one dog is just a bit – what? smarter? alpha? bigger? –

than the other for just as long as it takes for one or the other to cum. And then either apologize for not waiting around for the other to finish or just leave silently without even a wink and or a handshake.

When I was younger, a lot more men tried to kiss me. I got offered money. Few wanted anything more than to just suck and lick on my cock and balls until I popped messy or knocked them on their heads and said: It's not working. Thanks but I already came.

I would watch their fat heads bobbing below me and go limp. I would watch them drop and tear and grab and huff and I'd think of something else to help them out.

You don't put your head into a urinal in a public rest room and lick at the drain. And there's cleaner, better kept urinals and there's filthy old rusted leaking pails with old gray pubic hairs and spunk spit and flies and stopped up gummed up plumbing. There's air freshener and nightly clean ups. Old mops in the corner. Abrasives under the sink. Roaches. TB. There's a glory hole porn store in uptown that has a free standing urinal in the back by the locked exit with no door or curtain around it. The queers who zombie around the booths come and watch you piss, staring straight at your cock and your flow, avoiding your eyes completely. Craning their necks around your hand. Letting you know they're focused. They want any dick and this is one way to get it before the other hounds do. It'll follow you as you shake and fasten and head back. They're in the same place as you. And you know which booth to choose. The one that's got another empty one next to it for your new friend. Who's already hard. And who moaned as you turned your illegally exposed dripping cock towards, before you replaced it behind your button fly. Which you didn't bother doing up all the way.

The urinal is female. Like his mouth is. But his squashed face is designed for more, isn't it? Cunts aren't. This is how they're supposed to work. For your deposits. Ask it; it'll tell you. For you to walk up, unzip, and piss your dirt into. Urinals. That are spread open and, if one is a trifle more upmarket, then cleaned and polished after each use. For your disease and garbage and nausea to mar only when absolutely necessary.

He wants a urinal as his face. He wants a cunt. He wants to be the middle urinal in a nightclub where two porcelain johns are full to overflowing with chewed up cigarettes and dried hair and pus and cum and scaly human tissue.

He'll take your piss first and when the stream slows he'll get to give the blow-job he wanted to give anyways. He'll raise his fucking ugly german bald head onto your cock and suck all the nasty little tiresome drops that you usually soak into your underwear. He'll use his tongue like kitchen cleanser

and his head like the hand dryer. And he'll slobber and drool out like the end of your cock does after whiskey and beers and faggy vodka and cranberries. Not feeling the end of your bladder. Not feeling the spray on your balls as you make a drunk sloppy mess. Not sensing that you may be pissing on the floor or in the urinal or in his mouth and your neighbor's shoes. Just like a cunt. Like a urinal designed for such. Where no one gives a fuck if no one else is watching, especially the runt puerto rican that's employed – barely – to clean up at night.

You release your cum into the cunt.

Into the female face of things.

Into the urinals covered in flesh. In hide. In special little personalities one better, louder, than the next.

B3. *That same day's Chicago Tribune didn't report on the Ferryman case but did carry a photo of a rather bored looking Cary Stayner towering at least a full head over a plump little cop-type:*

YOSEMITE SLAYINGS: Cary Stayner (left), who the FBI said had confessed to killing four women in Yosemite Park, is escorted by a U.S. Marshal after his arraignment in a Fresno court Friday where he pleaded not guilty in the slaying of a naturalist last month.

4. And how long did she spend with each?

She was extra. Extra money. Extra weight. Extra mouth to fill. Extra time to get through all of this.

B4. *Cary's younger brother, if he'd lived, would never have grown to look like Cary. Little brother Steven had been kept and regularly raped by the paedophile who kidnapped him for seven full years starting when he was only seven years old and Cary only eleven. But Steven, after escaping the sex, only went on to die in a motorcycle crash in 1989. Cary says he fantasized about murdering women from the time he was seven.*

5. And what happened after the ten minutes – did she wash?

Where do I find that? That extra. Extra has to find you. That mere unfortunate. A young retarded girl that sits across from her mick bloated pale barroom father in the front seat of his taxi cab. He trots her out at night so he doesn't have to work the at least twelve hours to pay for the cab lease and make enough money to get him and his ugly brood through another day plus liquor.

The mother is a gorilla in a house dress. Fat and tired and comfortable in poverty and noise and, when asked, you can be sure, denies any knowledge of her daughter's morally revolting situation save her

honorable husband's dedicated and unfair work ethic.

The parents should be Hindu. Which would make the mouthing daughter a rat child. Raised to beg and deform. Hairy and bindi-d, the mother would shrill the beast into following her papa into the betterment of the rat's nest forever sat in the middle of an angry hating suburban walk-up. All that white meat pushed up inside all that grease and musty spice; You just shut your fucking mouth. You don't talk about that here.

She was born retarded. And her life here and back home have set in underneath her lumps and bones and twisted the natural warning droops into a hideous urban machine. She has brothers who use her. And she doesn't mind. She responds to the attention and the false devotion and dog pats. And her father is worse. Worse than the mother who needs the money from the whatever-it-is-the-fuck-they-do and the uncles and cousins who don't care to come around much anymore, actually.

Clearly retarded. Far beyond slow. Deep into genetics. An ugly flattened downs syndrome slope into the sunken black ringed bug eyes made all the more tragic by her low end continuous sale. The gropes have to have an effect. The stink and slobber and discharge take a toll. And whatever youthful resilience she might have had were she not so blood muddied and bone soft would even have been worn out and wiped under by now.

That's a lot of dicks the father has pimped.

A lot of excuses and lessons.

That's a lot of use. A lot of wear and tear.

She didn't wash. She wasn't able. Faggots in these peep show back rooms suck as many cocks per day, a week, a lifetime, as she ever would. The hygiene rate and physical efforts had to be the same. You get lucky. Once in a while. The real damage would be in the choice. The lack and need of options. That is, if retards are capable of making groundless lifestyle and survival decisions.

B5. From PEOPLE, August 9, 1999:

Cary Stayner's younger brother Steven was kidnapped by a paedophile in 1972 and subjected to seven years of sexual and psychological abuse before escaping at the age of 14.

6. Did she look at the man to see if he was clean?

She knows what to do. And doesn't seem to mind. She's not anxious, however, and leans mute against the rear door as he undoes his pants and pulls out his prick.

"I had to lean way back and unfasten my pants while she sat on the opposite end of the car seat staring down at my crotch. I knew she wasn't going to do it

for me. Her back was all the way against the door – as far from me as she could get – and I was kinda scared that she was going to bolt as soon as I got my pants down around my thighs. Like this might be a sting or something."

She was farthest away from her father at that point. As far away as she could get when working that night. Her father offered her services to whoever he thought was drunk enough or desperate enough or sleazy enough to go for it without attacking him and calling the cops.

"My daughter thinks you're very handsome."

The father sized up the customer. Just a nighttime cab passenger until the father eyed them into a john. And a john that would fuck a questionably aged retarded girl in the back of a dark parked cab while its father watched.

You want to fuck her: Extra.

You want me to beat off while I watch: Fine.

I would cum right away. Those near enough to childhood lips on my adult cock and hairy balls stinking like late night beery pisses and faggot faces chokes deep into her sputtering pancaked head hell.

I could cum that way. Into her throat and across her crowded teeth. Better into the condom that I slide down because she'd only fumble and pinch pathetically. Her clumsy blather cooking up the equivalent of all those arabic to irish working rationalizations. Her muddled impotent rage focused on cardboard boxes filled with cheap off-brand liquor and soda cans and roach candy in the back storeroom of the family 7/11 and replaced nightly with the stench of drunken fumes of filthy moneyed gullible sex. This is on the way home, you understand.

She doesn't see kids her own age out this late at night. Instead she sees what she would like to grow up into. She barbies the young women and boyfriends and knows that someday they'll all be her best friends and they'll all share their time and laughs and compliments with her. They would be her friends right now. And very soon she'll have them with her along and they can go sucking the smelly cocks of the dangerous strangers together – and make plans for make-up and TV when their darn typical girl chores are over.

Fifteen minutes: all the way from the bar I work at to home with a quick stop in an alley to unload my disease into this puffy pig's stooped one down, more to go, night.

And her father pretends to protect her. While strangers expose themselves to her. But don't hurt her or make her cry. While they guide her head down to the part they want to mop up clean. And he makes sure she gets paid by taking care of the money for her. Watches as they collapse in her mouth and on the rental seat he'll have to wipe.

He feeds her. Clothes her. Teaches her. Compares the cocks and styles and kinks and slobbings of white drunks and working class bores and has to be prepared for the inevitable guilt and self-hatred that boils up only after they've already cummed. Or, at least, tried.

Most were drunk.

The father could really only solicit very few.
B6. From TIME, August 9, 1999:
In the world they try to build, Steven found happiness after his return at age 14 from seven years as the sex slave of a paedophile, and there is no connection between that made-for-TV drama and last week's sequel, in which older brother Cary confessed to four horrific murders in the vicinity of Yosemite National Park.

7. Did she tell them in advance?

Do you like music, sweetheart?

Are you O.K.?

Is there someone I can call for you?

Did you pick this out yourself? It's very pretty.

Nice things make us feel better, don't they.

Looking pretty makes you feel good, doesn't it?

Do you want to go outside and see the city?

It's alright, honey, we'll do whatever you want to do today.

What do you want to do?

B7. From NEWSWEEK, August 9, 1999:

Yet he had lived in the shadow of his younger brother: when Stayner was 11, his 7-year-old brother, Steven, was kidnapped by a paedophile and held prisoner for seven years.

8. Did she ever get scared of them?

How do you reach it? How did he teach her? How do you convince it that this is a step upward – this will somehow be better than what she has safe at home. You're not giving in, giving up, sinking lower but, rather, taking a proactive position and struggling, right now only, to change things perfect for the always smiling future. There's a good girl. There's daddy's little girl.

This is what men want and what you do and, try and remember always, this is the proper price and market value.

Showed her porno videos. See the way she moves her mouth and tongue. Look at her hands.

These are breasts.

This is your fanny.

I'll be watching. It'll be O.K. Only do what I say. Watch me. I'll always be there. I'll let you know when something's not right.

I'll let you know.

The girls will like you.

They'll all be your friends. And you can show them what you already know.

Just not yet.

Mom taught her.

Her brothers.

Her sister. Raped previously by her father, brothers, uncle, neighbors.

You force her mousy ratty head down on a fat plastic dildo stuck upright onto a dinner table in the kitchen. Flesh colored and as realistic as the bargain price and suction cup bonus would allow. You bought the dildo at some degenerate porno shop in Chicago on the north side where you drive your overheating back breaking taxi all the fucking time.

You put a twenty dollar bill on the table.

And a can of beer.

A three pack of Prime unlubricated condoms bought from a Walgreens because they're much cheaper there than the exact same brand at the porno joint. The dildo could have been purchased cheaper if you'd shopped during the day at any one of those primp little fag S/M leather shops that dot the same area as the porno store. But, also, then you couldn't go in the back for a blow-job. And, anyways, you're not looking for professional gear, are you? This'll do fine. The price figures in at the end.

Next to the beer and condoms and dildo stuck up pointing at the ceiling and cash, lies a porno video. Some sale special compilation of blow-jobs and money shots.

Show her first.

You put your mouth here.

And you go down.

Your hand goes here.

And you squeeze and pull.

You can lick here if it's taking a long time.

Do you know what I'm talking about? Do you know what you're looking for – what we're waiting for?

If they don't want to put a condom on; you have to know how to do it yourself.

Here's how you open it. They open extremely easy. Don't use your teeth. Try not to show them your teeth. Try not to be so friendly. Try and remember what you look like when you're doing this.

You have to be careful to get the right side to furl down. Be careful here and pay attention. If you go too fast and just plop it down and then realize you've got the tip upside down – then you'll have pre-cum or maybe germs on the end that you place in your mouth after you fix it.

This is how you roll it down.

Look for warts and bumps and scrapes on the balls. Lick there if it looks clean. Otherwise, don't worry. But hurry up – don't take so fucking long. You'll see how much licking down there helps speed it up.

You'll be able to tell how much the man likes it. He'll tell you. He'll show you. Normally, he'll moan and arch and help you to do the things he likes best over and over again.

Here's what it tastes like. Put the condom in your mouth.

Don't ever make a face. I don't care how bad it smells. Remember to hurry up and get it over with and not bother the man. If you do it right it'll all be over very quickly.

Here's what you do with your hand again.

Suck in harder.

Pump your fist and your mouth at the same time.

He probably won't feel your tongue through the condom, so go back to the balls.

Don't get scared if he touches you. Don't worry.

I'll be there to help you if I see you need it.

Take off your top.

Show him your breasts if he's taking longer than he should.

If he says he wants to see your tits – that's what he wants – to see your breasts. Look at me – I'll let you know if it's O.K. – wait 'til I say do it.

Let me see your tits.

Shake them at me. Like you'd do if you had any. Like you could do if you weren't so young. And stupid. Fat doesn't count.

Lick the air like you've got a cock in your mouth.

Like a snake. Go on. Like you've seen on TV.

Grab your chest. Those fucking retard tits.

Pinch your nipples.

Do it. Keep doing it until I say stop it. You fucking – you fucking retard. Keep doing it. Grab them. Act like you want to finish this for fuck's sake. Move.

How come you didn't take the twenty bucks and give it to me like I told you to?

Give me that money.

That's a seriously fucking stupid mistake.

You have to be a lot more careful.

You have to think, you understand?

Finish this fucking thing. Finish the job.

Put your mouth back.

Suck down lower. Fit it all in your mouth.

Deeper. Go down. Don't choke. Don't be so fucking stupid. Don't make noises. Just keep going. Jesus.

Use your fucking hand.

And your tongue.

I can't keep telling you.

Move your ass.

They'll grab your tits like this. They'll feel your fat ass. You can wiggle. Do you like that? Is that better? Fucking better ...better fucking do it. Just go deeper. Go all the way down.

Rub your teenie tits up against it like that.

Wipe your nose.

Move your fucking fat ass and bend your back, idiot. Rub your tits on it like you wanted to – like you want to rub them there.

You can't see with your eyes closed.

Clean up your mouth. Wipe your fucking chin. Pull your hair back.

Keep using your fist. Use both hands. Suck it harder. Pump it up and down, squeeze harder, make him cum in your ugly fucking sloppy mouth. That fucking hole I have to keep looking at. Move your fucking neck. You – you simply can't be this fucking stupid. This fucking female.

Let me show you the video.

I'll show you what you're doing wrong.

And why you're doing anything at all.

What's the most important thing here?

Did you remember to give me the money?

I'll have to take it from them, won't I? I'll have to make sure your stupid ass gets paid for working. I'll have to do it your whole fucking life.

I'll have to because you'll forget.

B8. *Steven would have looked different as he got older. Carried the marks and knowledge of rape and sexual abuse. In the way you'd have to be careful around him and the way he stared at the things he may have wanted to fuck. The way he held things and the way he used his hot breath. The way these young adults who hang around the peep show backrooms mutate after just a few months of easy access and cheap satisfaction. Their jowls, their chins and lower lips. Their eyes. Their features shape around the mannerisms they've learned to shark and feed. They mold around the act and slowly become unrecognizable from the photos that their broken-home parents keep of when all children look like they might grow up into the same proud gene pool.*

9. Did she ever say no to anybody?

The beer'll take the taste away. It'll be a treat. And it makes it easier to move on. Just a few sips 'til you understand what to do again and again and again and then you can do it easier. The liquor will taste better. It'll make you stop thinking about the head count if nothing else.

I can't keep it cold in the cab.

Don't get sick. You'll see. It'll all be fine and only you can make it seem bad. No one else thinks it's bad.

The beer will wash all the rubber taste and flesh and hair and dirty stink away down your throat and into your big belly.

You don't have to be scared.

You'll barely be there.

What do retards follow exactly? Thought to thought?

B9. *Mike Echols wrote a book on Steven Stayner's case. He later went on to write a book about a priest that molested even more boys than the "reverend" that so enjoyed Steven. Mr. Echols now commands a website that aggressively promotes the brutality and horror of child molestation which, of course, is one of the better sources in terms of disseminating the photos and details paedophiles so quietly, desperately want.*

10. How can she tell?

Men get righteous after they cum. They feel filthy and ashamed. They feel guilty.

It's no reflection on you.

B10. *Rita Ackerman's paintings center around little girls in little tight panties and tiny tops. Playing with naturist animals often enough and sometimes splattered with painter's red to look like menstruation or rape or both seeing as art allows the perfectly noncommittal. The girls are done cute cartoon style. Like the ones girls would draw when they're young even up to the eighth grade fantasizing about what it is to be a girl now. And like the ones older girls draw when they've become disturbed by great fearsome waves of violence that can't nurture and appreciate – honor and celebrate – the true essence of idyllic gentleness and communal giving. The soft touch forever scarred and calloused over. And like the ones boys would draw on paper in school notebooks when they're horny for girls they haven't touched yet. Ones that they don't understand. These boys would become paedophiles as they grow older. Longing for those feelings that seemed to translate somehow magically as their boiling brains transformed lust into fingers that marked and scratched panties and curved the slight hips and lips and titless chests. Most boys would eek out cartoons of big mouths and crude jugs and fat long cocks invading fatter holes. But those with the right or wrong tendencies could appreciate the younger girls for what they should be rather than what they could be.*

11. But what about physical things: would she say yes to any man, even if he was physically repulsive to her?

He plays the video at her and, before she can grow bored, and before he explodes, he pulls his shorts down and waves his runted sweaty irish dick at her. He massages it raw and red and pug'd and greases his narrow stare at her tits. Puts his mouth to her. On her deformed body parts that he chooses one after another. Lips like a father would kiss. Mouth and

tongue like a father would lust. Nipples through her shirt before it seeps through how deeply ugly she and this act are. How low he'd have to bend down to find that comedy cunt. Her legs in the air. Her eyes towards the ceiling and then back at him, waiting, learning, staring, not making anything happen for him but warm hated mannequin. Like a cow. Like a warm cow's body. The guts inside like anyone's and the udders and horns and spots and hide just exactly like hers.

Suck it like I showed you.

Make the cum come out. Like in the video. You're as pretty as her. You're exactly as pretty as her. She has more make-up on. You'll look like that. I promise.

You don't need a condom with your father. I'm what made you.

This made you.

Get used to that. That belly, the thighs, the black stench of his asshole and sweaty male crinkled hair. The girth. The sucked out muscles and fallen thick folded sac and crawling veins. His daddy fingers and sleepy dumbled drool, dead eyes and hung mouth.

It's a retard. It was made this way. With a face pulled and stretched out from his wife's. He checks the resemblance underneath the new damage and fresh changes. Every minute. Every single day of its life under god given twists and divots. How do you measure round?

The slanted way she performs everything. Pet tricks for pet snacks for dad, the first time only, and everyone else in the back of a cab at night in the dark parts of Chicago alleys.

B11. *I used to wait at the window of the third floor attic in my parents' house back when I was, I don't know, maybe fifteen or sixteen. The attic window faced the public grammar school I used to go to.*

I would kneel on the floor with my body as much to the side of the window as I could hide and then masturbate as I stared at the little children playing during gym class and recess. I would often pretend to be sick so I could stay home from high school if I thought it was going to be a nice day outside and the teachers would let the kids out.

12. What did she do when she got back to the hotel after work?

She'll never grow old. Not in the way you're supposed – expected – to.

"My brother was a cab driver and he used to get hit on all the time. All these guys late at night would ask him if he'd like a blow-job or if he wanted to come up to the apartment he had just stopped in front of. They'd ask right out if he was gay or lonely or wanted

a different kind of tip or if he'd like to make extra money."

B12. *I didn't want to see the kids who were close to my age. I wanted to see the littler girls. The ones in bright clean pastel shorts and t-shirts without the faintest hint of eighth or seventh grade buddings and pretensions. All they should do was run and jump and scream and I was spoiled for choice to find the one I could concentrate extra hard on. I wanted to pick one and stare it down into the ground as I worked on myself. Just chewing on every little nuance and skinny set of legs and white socks and mother purchased shoes.*

13. When did she eat?

The husband stands in front of the wife, wanting to tell her everything.

Instead he lowers his head and starts foreplay. He licks and waits and sucks and kisses. His hands stroke and pet and push and hold and steady and finger as gently as he can.

He wants to tell her about the cab driver he wanted to suck off. The cock he needed at that moment when he felt it was alright to give in to himself. How he thought about it for years and years.

He wants to warn her about the possibility of hepatitis and syphilis and, just now, figures he loves her somehow enough to not want to hurt her or their children or their completely necessary trust.

And he sees the way she acts when she cums. The way he does it to her. How she allows herself to feel that safe and selfish and the deceitful gratefulness that's going to bubble over next.

He deserves better.

He deserves what he wants.

She can't possibly believe this shit life that screams so obviously empty right now. Like old dogs that know better than to go back to the hand holding the rolled tight newspaper, still unable to run anywhere else. Right back up to it again. This fidelity. This respect. This wedge in your life that splits love to one side and sex to the other.

B. DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT?

B13. *The boys were alright with me. But the little girls were all 5-year-old Sharon Steward.*

From my teenage window, I once got a chance to watch two little boys fighting. They were probably the same age but one was much taller than the other. They fought like little boys do when they're that age – five or six or so – going at it like crying little rages. Flailing their bony arms and stretching their fat heads as far away from the other as possible, while they extend their claws and legs right back at their best

friends.

The littlest one got conked in the head when the older one pushed him down onto the hard short grass and dirt. And I remember wishing so fiercely that they should have been fighting on the concrete stairs that separated the grass and dogshit on one side and the huge gravel play area on the other.

1. Did she think, that it was time to stop? She looked ill – would she come to a doctor with me?

The fat lazy slouched mick hardly implodes. The problem is with the law and then with the miserable bastards who can't see sex as anything but filthy dirty cunts and disease and drug addiction. The body fearing puritans. The lonely moralists riddled with hang-ups that can't even scratch their way to his meager mastering of contemporary capitalism and sensual utilitarianism.

Maybe she'll cum.

And it's so much less personal exploitation than a job at McDonalds or even IBM and these corrupt pre-set minimum wage boosts.

He's no fucking sand-nigger with his fucking tandoori fingers all over his rat brown daughter's clay oven heating ass bitching about the crippled situation back at home and the sick stingy greedy motherfuckers over here who strangle the entire fucking world.

Maybe she'd make these simple empowering choices for herself if she could think past kindergarten. God, after all, gave her those fatty thighs and meaty cunt and tits and then kicked the supposedly sleazy black thoughts in the little minds of all those men and boys who see the body first and personality only after they've weighed the rape factor.

She learns like strippers learn. She learns like secretaries and CEO's have to learn. It'll just take a little longer and some extra work on the visual obstacles and people's deep Playboy doll prejudices.

B14. *I wanted to see the small boy bleed. He was crying and it excited me tremendously. It was one of my best cums – in the vulgate – and I remember it vividly, even today. For years afterward I would refer to that little red faced rat bellowing and entreating and angry whenever I thought that maybe I had a chance to drop a quick load and found myself without a visual aid. It also, I'm sure, reminded me of Sharon.*

2. Did Cal know she was ill?

You use a condom to protect yourself. The men carry diseases and viruses in their bodies and you don't want any of it passed to you. The answer would scare her. You don't want any slow boiling excuses in her head.

"The father handed her the condom. While we were in the back seat. Like he was giving her change. I gave him the money and while I was doing that, she had come around to the back. And she just sat by the door while both me and the father kind of waited for her. So I finally figured I better get started."

"Like I said, she watched me unzip and I even had to wave my dick at her a little. To sort of get it hard and – you know – to let her know to come on."

"The father watched but not like a creep or anything. Like a cashier or a bouncer. Which is what he was."

"I had to put the rubber on while both of these scumbags watched me do it. That didn't exactly get me going, you know. And while she was sucking on it, I knew that good old Flanagan was staring at me and I watched him back. I was trying to get in to it. Into her fucking head and everything. I tried to feel that fucked up monkey mouth on my cock but it's near impossible with the condom on. She was alright though. But she wasn't making much noise which meant she wasn't even sucking that hard and I could barely tell if I was having sex or whatever.

And the father could tell. So he says something – I didn't hear it exactly, I don't remember what it was – but she heard it right away. 'Cause I'm sure she's heard it all before and just the initial bark of his voice probably lets her know what to do. Like a dog getting orders and responding to tones and timing.

So she flops off my limping dick and yanks the rubber off, balls it up in one hand and with the other starts to beat me off. Tight. Then, before I can say I didn't pay for a fuckin' hand-job, she hunches back down on it. Lots of tongue and she gets it all wet on my piss-hole and she starts sucking my balls into her mouth and then pulling at them with the one hand that doesn't still hold the rubber. I don't think she wanted to litter the back of her dad's cab."

"I came in her mouth and she didn't pull off until I popped a few spurts. Like she was afraid I'd stop mid-cum and get angry or something. I already paid. So she let me cum into her mouth and the idiot must've swallowed some of it because she didn't hock it out like some more professional crack head would have."

B15. *The girls in the playlot were Sharon in clothes. Waiting to be stripped and locked in the closet. Waiting to be released from the scary deep dark and then photographed naked by adults with fingers pointing and hiding and pressing and helping and soothing. Waiting to be hurt. Waiting to be kept crying.*

3. Was it still "kinda fun" on Eleventh Avenue – blow jobs in commuters' cars, hours of standing on freezing corners, hidden moments of refuge in diners? Continual fear and now continual pain? Was that really better, as she had also said when we began to talk, than an office job?

"I immediately started to worry about what she gave me."

B16. *I was masturbating. I was forcing the context. I was responding to the information and regurgitating it through my body.*

And I'd clean up. And worry that I might be seen and caught. I'd clean up very carefully.

4. But she wasn't making any money, was she?

A photo of 9-year-old Amber Hagerman reveals a smile suspiciously similar to that of 7-year-old Meagan Kanka. Amber had dark long bangs hanging right down to her eye brows, shading and almost blocking her little puppy eyes. And these big teeth. Jagged and crowded into a very workable mouth. She doesn't seem as chubby as Meagan but her nose and the size of her eyes all too closely echo the younger blonde's.

There are so many women artists who sell the subjects so dear to a paedophile's raging constant tastes. The painters featured in a lavishly illustrated article by Hannah J. Feldman, "The Lolita Complex" in *World Art* (#2/1996) are said to be producing work that directly addresses the pre-adolescent and teenage girl in constructions of female desirability.

And.

Today, Lolita provides women with a transgressive model for representing female sexuality: To be Lolita means to take control of one's power over men, and to reverse the pejorative connotations of aggressive sexual behavior.

But.

Could it be that the energy society puts into curtailing childhood sexuality actually affirms its desirability, precisely by keeping it illicit? If so, then the new celebrations of Lolita ultimately reinforce the stability of this desire, playing right into the hands of those who want it, and often to destructive ends.

Amber's mother hands out the posters with the photo of her missing daughter. She chose the photo. Remembered it and went and found it for the printers.

Meagan Kanka's mother sits in the courtroom where the man who raped and murdered her child argues against the loud violent sexually explicit details.

One of the few white cab drivers in Chicago goes prowling through the taxi parking lot looking for

a license he can steal and post over his own while he drives on the nights when he brings his little daughter and her drooping wet lolita mouth with him. Sahib, Abdul, whatever works for however little time he needs. There can't be that many takers. No one will think twice if there's someone else's ethnicity over his own. The little holes don't have to worry too much, if she worries at all.

I thought of offering to buy her panties.

He should carry a camera with him.

Blackmail, child pornography, performance art. More money. More violence. More protection. Clearer memories. Proof.

He doesn't want to do this, of course. You think he likes this kind of life? Dealing with scumbags like you – even if it's just for a fucking ride back to your air-conditioned knick-knack TV hovel.

Don't think I haven't stopped in the middle of doing whatever it is I do and grabbed my saved xerox page of Amber's missing poster and stuffed it down my pants. Ripping it and smearing it and taking it back out in crumbled pieces and cuts and, when I was done, laid it on the floor and tried to put it back together again. Not to keep it. Or moan about the loss. Not to torture myself over something so silly and removed that's nonetheless been transformed into an incredibly precious icon. Absolutely not. So I can spit on it. And finish myself off a second time. Right in a row. This time, over myself. This time, over exactly how desperate the damage is. The hoarding. The hunting. The mother and her fucking fucked kid's photo and my cock, my thoughts, all over her and it. And it. All over it and I'll wipe it up – my cum on a wood floor where I splashed over the torn pieces of her little fat white trash face and the miserable cloying words chosen for effect and pity and manufacture and repeat and gossip. And I wipe up the small puddles of infection and filth with the paper clumps and wad it all up and flush it down the toilet. Still excited. Still not spent. That's twice now. And it's only me and my hand and the pictures that were placed in my fucking fat lap. But I'm getting older now and I physically am unable to cum quite that much again and again. It doesn't happen so often these days. Less and less, as I get older.

B17. *In a catalog, a little salesmanship next to the printed synopsis on the front cover: 6 X 9, cloth with DJ. xiii + 236 pages. With index, bibliography, glossary, and reproductions of the interdicted material! \$45.*

5. But if she got herself into a position of holding a job, any ordinary job, the money she earned would be hers, wouldn't it?

From the only monograph I could find on Marie José

Burki, eponymous, published by Camden Arts Centre, London, and the Bonner Kunstverein, Bonn, in a chapter titled STRAIT OF FABLES, written by Alain Cuffe (page 28):

The women of Antwerp filmed by Marie José Burki are prey to an ordinary fatalism, selling a body that no longer belongs to them, that they have learnt not to consider as their own, and that unenthusiastically abides by the law of supply and demand. Standardised by the elementary conventions of seduction, wasp-waisted and bug-bright, in a few basic gestures they absently mime the call of a desire deprived of identity; and when a man comes, he is not another but always the same client about whom they already know everything, both his disquiet and the indigent limits of his want. For the woman of the streets, waiting is part of the job.

B18. *The key point from the front cover of THE SEX OFFENDER AND THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM by Ronald M. Holmes, Ed. D.:*

The differences between transvestism, transsexualism, and homosexuality are explained, and several chapters are devoted to crimes against children, including paedophilia, incest, and child pornography.

6. But what was the difference what the amount was, if it wasn't hers?

How many beers does it take to get a retard drunk?
Give her another beer.

B19. *Another from the same catalog, reproducing the text from the inside flap of the dust jacket:*

In THE LOLITA COMPLEX Russell Trainer investigates the intimacies of real-life Lolitas and Humberts, using case histories, professional opinions, court transcripts, interviews, and police records. The book provides an abundance of case studies of such relationships in different parts of the country. These real life dramas demonstrate the prevalence of sexual experiences between young girls and older men, and the reasons for such relationships are carefully analyzed.

7. Isn't it extraordinary, to do what you're doing for free?

How do you know she was retarded?
Give her another beer.

B20. *I would see their bodies through their clothes. And I really didn't care. Except for what it meant for them. I saw that little mop called Sharon featureless and crying. Features meaning personalities built from lumps and the lack of lumps and promise and mistakes and misfortunes and blessings.*

Her face contorted and squeaking silently in

black and white, you know. These children were all over the place.

8. Well, did she like it? And did she think the other young girls did it because they enjoyed it?

It was his dick. The one she sucked. You and her. You both sucked his cock. Sahib's fatty greasy nigger donkey dick. His third world cum. His idea. His choice. His eye. Your cash for only a few hours before you gave it to him. His daughter. Your doggie dick. His mouth. His bad genes working perfectly well, actually.

What about the possibility that someone, other than you, would have been offended by the offer. Outraged by the depraved and brutal humanity as well as the smeary personal insult. So incensed over his predicament that he beats the lazy irish white trash cocksucker near to death with a crowbar found there in the backseat of the cab. And thus rescues the little beast screaming to a better life away from the filth and hands and body lard into a full home for quieted drugged up grazing knitting cows.

You didn't think to help her.

At least to offer her a place to stay while the police booked her father and you could fuck her in the comfort of your own clean bed. Sink your red stretched cock into the entire teenage abrupted mess again over again and work to convince it that this was better – and different and special – because it's love. And this sort of fucking and mauling and probing and fingerfucking comes along with respect and equal portions and overarching concern.

Do you understand, sweetheart?

Are you happier, dear?

There are mothers for this sort of thing.

Outside this cab and away from her leeching father and you and your mad money. Away from the reporters and trivial lessons and great numbers of this shit everyday. In every city. In every cab.

What were you going to do anyway? At least she thought dad cared. Which means he did. She didn't look beaten and depressed, just retarded and listening.

B21. *Their mouths would open wide. As wide as they could. Even from as far away as I was I could see their bulging tongues and tiny teeth and red cheeks.*

The haircuts that adults would pick for them until they were old enough to pick them for themselves. This is best for her face. This will be darling. What do you think of this one, sweetheart?

9. Yes, she knew it was a flea-hole, but it was better than being out in the street, wasn't it?

Did she have a quota?

Based on money or customers?

Did he make excuses for a bad night so that she didn't feel it was her fault?

Is there a possibility that this was a one time complete rock bottom breakdown. A father turns to the only and worst thing he can when his gambling bill spirals out of control. After watching his slow daughter sucking the cock of a stranger to help him in such a small pathetic attempt to make even the smallest incremental dent in his debt, the father epiphanies how bleak the world and his own character really are. He only tried to consider the retrogressed outcome: She'd be even worse off without him here to take care of her everyday.

B22. *They didn't seem especially fragile. In fact, not fragile enough. They didn't cry enough. They shrieked in loud children worlds and stupidity.*

10. What did she think was most important about herself as a person: That she was a female? That she was pretty? That she was young, and bright?

Did she know how to dial 911? And what to say so that the cops could help but not cause such a monstrous scandal. Just say we were attacked and robbed. Don't tell them what we were doing – what you were doing.

Did dad work these possibilities out before hand?

B23. *Like nigger children on the L-trains. The mothers won't shut them up. They peel at the top of their strong little lungs as much as they can before crack is allowed to wheeze it all out of them. But for now, they are encouraged to scream as much as possible due to a deadly combination of utter inaction and boredom on the part of their minders and of their ignorance towards their embarrassing futures.*

And the idea is to hurt them way beyond their stopping. To keep hitting them again and again until they replace the initial shock and ache with more fitful frantic bouts of anger and rage and fear that this pain will never stop.

You hold their arms back behind their backs and yank up, bending the skinny little brown limbs to breaking. And you slap them repeatedly. On their fatty cheeks again and again until welts that the body creates to cushion the pain coming fast start to rise and push through caucasian. You twist their wrists and pull their arms back up higher. Let them know they'll never break free. And keep hard palm slapping through the screams and sad vengeful desperate attempts to bite at the adult hand that sears and stings.

11. What did she think of herself?

She watches her father masturbating in front of the TV night after night. She takes in all that she can and doesn't imagine herself or him in any way depleted. He'd watch regular TV channels and after awhile could no longer hide the aggressive excitement building up over all the women in bikinis and lolitas and sex rape newscasts.

She's retarded. It didn't start out fair. She doesn't know it should somehow be bad. And it fucking isn't. It's natural and ubiquitous. It's fucking network TV.

His fucking sex drive has fucking increased since he's gotten older.

B24. *It does become rape. A cock doesn't need to penetrate. But it always does, doesn't it? It seems more selfish – more personally honest – with the sexual element washed all over down upon their tiny sexy bodies.*

12. But looking at it another way, it was the pimps who were telling her to bring \$150 or whatever every night and she had to do it. If she didn't then they "kicked her ass", wasn't that right?

A finger is all that would fit in at first. He could break her in and lessen her pain just at least that much. He could break her in by letting her brothers in on her. Let them see her when she was dressing and undressing. Your sister's going to be needing a bra soon, don't you think? Closer in age and better in size.

B. DO YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT?

B25. *I'm not rich. I'm no longer young. I've become what I've surrounded myself with. Which was sort of a surprise, actually. Even though it makes perfect sense. You don't feel yourself sinking – you don't sense the staining and wear and tear. All this depletion. Until the two worlds you've always traversed so easily are both rejecting you and you realize that they have been for quite some time.*

It's not payment. It's not natural. It's not a moral. But I don't think I saw it coming. And I'm not bitching. I don't really know that I don't like it a lot.

13. And would that somebody else be any better? Would he take less from her, give her more – not just in money, but in feelings? Would any of them be honest?

The brother wasn't retarded. Wasn't particularly raised to be smart either. And didn't mind in any case.

Most half drunk customers aren't going to even think of being interested in her slovenly cunt and the time and trouble it would take to spear

something this young, this gone, this sold.

She's not like other girls at that age. Not fragile, not confused. She's been served up way too many times. You don't want a dowdy old milk mare just because it's still the youngest in the stable. Especially if it's blind. In any way.

It's putting her approximation of all those other girls her age on the end of your dick. This makes me look good, right? I want a nice hat like the girl next door wears. Why can't I go out and play with them. Hello! Hi! What's your name?

She's already said goodbye to her chances over choices. As she got older than just born. And again, meaner, when her father bundled her into his cab to go play bye-bye in the car.

B26. *You should see the sweat that rolls off of me. How I carry my weight and age and demands. You should see me in my element. And you should see the others.*

There's a fucking big difference. But I don't know if you'd be able to tell.

14. A game at which the pimps are clever. But what about you? What are you getting out of it?

"It's stupid suffering over some unanswerable hatred for the drives in your body. It's fucking ridiculous. I don't have to explain what I did, or want to do, to anybody else but myself. Your body forms scabs over cuts. It takes perfect care of itself."

C. DO YOU HAVE ANY REGRETS?

C1. *I watched it happen. I always watched what happened. I know what a voyeur is and I don't believe they really exist.*

Questions 1–25 from pages 218 and 219 of CONTRARY TO LOVE, Patrick Carnes, Ph.D., Hazelden, Minnesota, 1989.

1. Were you sexually abused as a child or adolescent?

You make it look like a cunt. You decide. You create the atmosphere for such idiotic excuses: The ones they give you to make themselves look all better than the stupid cum rags in their mirrors. Don't make it your fault.

Prove it. To them. Try this: Get up and move to another seat. While the stripper in front of you dances and jiggles and waits to be rewarded in all things currency, respect, safety and admiration. Get up and walk to another.

If the stripper has fat deposits between her knees and ass. If her tits are too small, her nipples uneven and if you see immediately that she should know better than to take her clothes off. That she shouldn't be allowed to get away with it.

Her tit job is sloppy and too obviously fake. Natural is ugly and her attempts at denying have fucked up. Even worse. She should not have settled and your mum acquiescence will not make it any more acceptable. Get up and leave her dancing to the dirty walls and moron bouncers.

Stretch marks. Bruises. Bad dancing. A high forehead and dumbed eyes that beseech her audience for cash over taste. A gap in her teeth. A fat nose. An overly ethnic countenance. Blue new age girly tattoos that'll just look worse and worse as she ages disgracefully.

Hips that are secretaried fat from years away from dancing and minutes away from feminist.

A scar on her face that looks suspiciously like a corrected hairlip. Bad make-up over pock marks, acne or cavewoman eye brows.

If she has a book of poetry privately published. A zine. If she is an underground filmmaker. If she considers herself something of a

journalist because she applies college theories to easy interview transgressives. If she has a comic book. If she doesn't know how to dance for men.

C2. *Sex seems so brutally unnecessary and unimportant after it's spilled into your daily social existence. It's why AIDS is so unlike any other disease. It's why financial ruin and arrests and jail for sex crimes seem so much more horrid and draconian. Why Leeza and Oprah audiences get so angry. There's the safe pretence that freedom only exists behind your eyes and the greatest existential tragedy is created when you decide you've had enough of promise over experience. Drive and nature that saddles rather than supports.*

2. Have you subscribed or regularly purchased sexually explicit magazines like Playboy or Penthouse?

This is low priority. That's her name and all her tattoos. It's all of their names. Because here women don't sink. They can try to lift themselves up from a belly crawl. It's on their faces. Strippers who pretend to get away with it. And you don't have to look especially close. You just have to put yourself there to see.

You don't have to forgive. And act like this is OK. Or that they've given of themselves. Something that you want and must be grateful for. Anything you must accept quietly and carefully, non-threateningly, so that they can continue your polite fantasy.

Old. Worn. Used. Hoped. You both know it's not a tip.

A crooked nose with wrinkles everywhere else. Puffy eyes and a smile that reveals jagged pushed forward teeth. She's a fucking pig. To do this. To do this, especially, in that state.

Her lesbian lover who's nothing like a lover and everything like a garbage pail that collects all her dropped personality scabs. How much longer can you do it, honey, we have to get this shit out in the open and deal with it. It's not healthy anymore.

A fucking pancake round face close enough to Downs Syndrome to elicit immediate sympathy and public concern.

All these cunts wear make-up on their faces. And should consider wearing more. Everywhere else.

Mostly, it's those lazy mottled thighs.

It's that stomach pouch. That protruding belly above their cunts that puff out to their dented and saddle-bagged hips.

Old sun skin that never cured correctly from her carefree hippy trash childhood. Loose skin that wobbles on even the skinniest wasted bag of human. Knobby. Wet. Sloppy. Pinched. Folded. Tucked. Moles.

Pretentious faces that wear glasses off stage and dry man fucking long hair that turns and twists into hopeful long tresses rather than thin snapping straw. A meadow smile drooping into a ghetto smirk. They shave the hairs around their gorilla patches that beat up to their navels every once in a while.

Bad genetic mix.

Worse genetic start.

Their children.

Their drink tabs.

Their compassionate hugs and Anne Rice books.

Watch them kiss the other girls' kids. The ones they can't ignore when others are watching. The lines that split between their drawn chubbed cheeks and veins that stretch thick in their necks. The old men they hunch into. Their plans to rearrange the continual grays. Furrowed brows and crows feet. Sunken eyes and K-Mart sales. All their naturalism and inner beauty is neatly adjoined under all their loud cackling arguing stupidity.

It's their asses. And their nipples. And their lips. Their faces and their looks and stares and stoned stalls.

You pay to watch them wait.

Dumb as rocks and asked, amazingly, for their opinions. You simply change your position in front of their mined portion of someone else's stage and look beyond them for another one. A better one.

Could you fucking get out of my way, bag.

When's your daughter coming out?

Maybe some sit-ups?

A different shade of foundation? A new job?

One where I don't have to try and look around your huge ugly fucking face to see your tits and sickly cunt.

Clowns. That pick their faces so they can slather up their new moods. And then deny it.

Star potential.

A new lesson in demeanor.

Speech tricks to rid one of one's slur.

Is there anyone back there who's not quite so canine?

How did you come to think this was going to be OK?

Did you pick out those stockings for the effect you think it'll have on the tourists or the other dancers?

How did you decide on this music? Why did that particular slice of pap resonate with your performance ideas? It makes you look like you care. It makes you look like you're fantasizing. Like you want to let someone in. That you're free for four or so minutes not including the extended dance mix. That you're capable of being admired and reaping the more than financial benefits of the slightest amount of work and ingenuity.

But you don't do anything.

You're just grinding and jogging. You're just wasting time while you're up there. Down there.

You're so obvious. So obviously far from perfect. Which is, no matter how settled you've become in various steps of acceptable, what you really want to believe while you're here in front of all of them.

C3. I have lots of regrets. But I refuse to see what I've done in the past as having some quiet foaming significant weight on what I've come to do now. I'm perfectly logical. There's a silly little danger in seeing what I've done and what I've thought about in my young years as ominous; as somehow quaintly indicative of what I've been acting out in sublimation all these years hence. Issues. Nightmares. Complexes. Unrequited lusts. I've done the work. I did the planning.

3. Did your parents have trouble with sexual behavior?

It's not all age. Not right now. It's not all parasitical motherhood or worn out planned obsolescence.

The most attractive thing a woman can do is to say:

"I'm not a piece of junk."

C4. Apparently, it is assumed that a healthy old age would be constructed of an intrepid will to constantly expand one's horizons. I have actively narrowed mine. My tastes and the way I've chosen to satisfy them would necessarily reduce all other options as I age.

4. Do you often find yourself preoccupied with sexual thoughts?

I've got my hand tight around my cock trying to get it thicker and harder, quicker, for myself. You

understand. I want it to register what I'm thinking physically. And I want to have the girl I'm looking all over look right back at me and see what I'm doing and hiss:

"You don't recognise me?"

C5. Regret has nothing to do with my tastes. My very careful tastes. And as difficult as the difference between what I view as other people's salient and extreme problems and their ugly similarity to my own social deficiencies may be for you to reconcile, I can assure you, they are not for me. There is a huge difference.

5. Do you feel that your sexual behavior is not normal?

It often sounds better than just similar.

The *Chicago Sun-Times* for August 12, 1999, written by Gary Wisby, under the headline 1 YEAR FOR TEEN WHO BURNED DOG and next to two photos of ugly thick lipped mug shot'd niggers:

The six-month-old dog belonged to Henigan's younger brother. According to Moore, when the German Shepherd puppy ran away from a pit bull on May 13, Henigan put it in a trash can and fetched lighter fluid for Thomas, who allegedly doused the animal and set it ablaze.

Henigan's brother, 12, poured water on his puppy and called police. "He was crying 'They burned my dog, they burned my dog,'" said Moore, who listened to the 911 tape in preparing her case. Officers shot the pet to end its misery.

C6. I yearn for nothing. I see the themes in what I've watched happen and the directions I've looked in and the ways I've grown - twisted and bloated, if you prefer - and I understand that not all that much has stretched all that far from home.

6. Does your spouse (or significant other(s)) ever worry or complain about your sexual behavior?

You spread your fingers through the run-off. You check to see what's dripped down in here and stayed whole and what's been chewed and transformed into pure forgotten wet waste.

These girls would care about those little defenceless animals. These women would look to themselves and peel apart their age lines and make-up stitches and big red atrophies and fatty cottage cheese pits and pinches and want to examine the exalted princess drowning underneath. The soft pink one clutching the shivering soft lamb and small dumb dog and bored kitty-cat. And they'd know, naturally, instinctively, that they'd have to hide the vulnerable beasts away deep inside their bleeding guts and

tattoos and paintings and poems and wads of crunched up floor swept dollar bills so that no one else could ever get their violent little rat teeth into them.

Here a blow-job is not a selfish act. Like the way a faggot would dream of giving one: because he wanted a cock in his mouth. Because he wants to feel the other being pleased and satisfied, impressed and grateful. A sense of worth in serving and performing and teaching and in bowing under a violently degrading truth. They're OK with it and bolstered by their intelligent deconstruction of gender roles and sensual spiritualism.

"Now there's a dick that deserves to be sucked."

"I exploit myself."

"Is this OK", she asks just before she places the actor's long dick in her mouth. She looks to the camera and spoils the scene. It's that first taste, that first acceptance, that initial recognition and weigh that's most important. And she blew it.

"Just do it, for fuck's sake. We'll take care of the frame."

And the next time she remembers. Watch him unbutton his pants like you can't wait to see his big dick. And when he's entirely exposed and only a little bit still flaccid, don't turn your stupid teenage head back towards the audience to see if you should go ahead and do it now, if everyone's ready or watching, or whatever, and just lower your self into the act like you've been taught by the lessons and lusts and directors and boyfriends.

Lift the shaft up and lick down the underside towards the base. To his balls. Slurp it like you like the taste. Then put the fat head inside your mouth and start to move your head back and forth like he would his hand or you would your ass.

Pretend you're spreading magick all around. Pretend this means more than just your time. Consider the poor exploited unwashed paying a goodly amount to see only one of many multiples of your acting out another's prefab fantasy.

Inside all the distillation drippings slithers a microcosm of hatred and self-abnegation. This sick universe slides around an embryo barely protected from the sensual excuses and metaphysical lies that house all the other dog acts. This is where the money goes.

A faggot on his knees does want to suck on that complete stranger's genitals. And the typical stranger can only see the possibility of sucking off some other's filth as a barter. Like he would eat a date's cunt and wait for a cum or proffer a whole a kleenex. There's nothing to be felt in the act itself. He bends his words and ideas around the capitalist trades and necessities and sustenance and easily eschews the arrested bullshit need for attention,

touch, comfort and inner tickles.

And these animals raising their skirts and fastening double bras around their wide chests to heft their watery fat tits up to their aging necks comply. It's business. But more honest than daily drudgery because it makes comfortable recompense for all those past growing mistakes and sexual abuse and wrong decisions.

And the horny luckless tiny bitches realize: There is no act. Correct. It's not the other sick fuck's bloated and selfish mentality. Absolutely. It's not the hard judgement calls or the brutally unfair uncertain future. Right. It's not their nervousness or their insecurity or their christian bashfulness. Not at all. None of that is what makes life – the time away from one's job – so fucking ugly and so pathetically easy to manipulate and package and suck.

No. What makes everything else ugly and painful comes from the eyes that see it that way. Yes. But.

And the basic truth is that the women who suffer all the searing synaptic anguish this way are, in fact, simply, sadly, ugly.

Their faces. They're ugly.

They're ugly in the graphic sense. Not simply under the perfect ten line or lame in the measuring up done by the evil pervasive media pigging patriarchy.

Simply ugly. Ugly women.

Depleted. No. Deficient. Yes.

And that, no matter what cloak they use to get through the day's needful rationale, will never be acceptable or vaulted.

So the one that looks up and momentarily quells her hatred and rage and instead molds it all into self respect and one last shot, purses her lipstick, steels her eyes, extends her wasp chin and slithers:

"I'm not a piece of junk."

Is lying.

C7. *A child I knew back in grade school had been attacked by another our own age, Maybe nine or ten or so. This boy showed me the scars on his back made from where the other boy had stabbed and scratched him with a cheap red hard-point pen.*

7. Do you have trouble stopping your sexual behavior when you know it is inappropriate?

Page 135:

He once tried to stick a three-year-old girl in the rectum with a stick.

Page 136:

He once slowly choked a cat to death and another time stuck an ice pick through a dog's head from ear to ear.

Page 143:

Recently he has shown an excessive interest in sex and at age of 12 molested his 6-year-old brother.

Page 230:

Subjects who staged cat fights wanted to see the cats destroy one another.

Page 263:

Examples are pouring kerosene or gasoline on an animal and setting fire to it, tying a dog and cat together at their tails and then hanging the rope over a branch to watch them kill each other, injecting animals with various fluids, and the like.

Page 321:

She begged him not to kill the cats, after he had, she begged him not to leave them there.

Page 342:

Abusers often lie: "My dog got cut on a barbed wire fence."

(Cruelty To Animals And Interpersonal Violence, Randall Lockwood & Frank R. Ascione, Purdue University Press, 1998.)

C8. *I fantasized about doing it deeper and harder.*

And then turning him around to jab it in his balls and penis and the insides of his little boy thighs. I thought scissors would have been better. It could cut up and mutilate his little dick and stab it straight down into his legs and rip open his flat chest and skinny belly and slice up his open screaming crying mouth.

8. Do you ever feel bad about your sexual behavior?

There is no one world. There are little pockets of safety, however, and these little frightened mice can't seem to find them. Hence, it's all their fault. Including the bad ageing.

I guarantee this has happened.

A young black girl tired of her life and her lack of success in raising herself out of the daily dirt of mother earth and urban sprawl decides that RAID Ant And Roach spray may be a finer, quicker, cheaper high than what she's been offered so relentlessly for all these finally fifteen years.

She huffs it straight. Putting her liver teen lips on the thicker spout like she's used to seeing crack heads make do with make-shift bottle pipes, little rose novelty jars and plastic juice containers all stolen from Walgreens. The thin aiming straw had been lost long ago and she leans back to press, shoot and suck in as much of the chemical stench as she can drool.

And I can guarantee this has happened better.

In an abandoned building on the south side of Chicago, hard into the notorious hell of Englewood, an even younger little black grammar school girl had been dragged into a back room off the quiet crumbling dusty street.

Forced to learn how to suck a long bum's nigger hard-on a full year or so before she would have learned on her own.

Had her grammar cunt fucked without the mental images of romance and jealousy and braggadocio that her very first boyfriend would have fed her just a few months from now if she hadn't been so fucking ugly for a nigger girl at that age. How do you get fat in the projects?

Made to turn over and have her tight eating asshole finger prodded first, because he had the time, and then penetrated by the same salty cock she tasted with her face and womb well before she was able to make the decision to give it up for the right customer for a slightly better sized crack rock.

He made her suck down the very last stinging drops from a battered over rusted can of RAID Ant And Roach spray that he had found in another abandoned building while he drug stooped and canvassed the area for the perfect fuck and bump hole just before he went hunting for the more perfect fuck and suck hole who just unluckily enough happened to walk right by him where she shouldn't have been walking now, should she.

She gagged on it. The bottom of her throat and thyroid cacked it back up into her acid ripped mouth and nose and burned into her squeezing eyes. Her mouth turned chemical black and was watched, nigger spent and nigger fucked, while it happened. Choking and drowning on toxins and bile and pain created to destroy nagging tiny insects in bigger insect homes.

It couldn't have been worth it.

The rape was bad enough.

And again what was left in the bottom of the certainly empty tin can was drained and banged and shook and hammered down to the last hot drop was punctured out and mange'd into her new bruises and cuts and learned three holes.

C9. *And for girls I wanted to use a long thick knotted wooden cane on. In. To ram it up inside their splayed cunts and bluntly puncture wherever it was that their cunts stopped at and their fused shut hymen wombs started at. I'd beat them until their bruises – flat and dark purple and welling up blood underneath such pretty pale princess skin – split into deep open dark red running wounds. Then I'd fuck those new holes with the splintered and dirty and bloodied wood.*

9. Has your sexual behavior ever created problems for you or your family?

The same aged white girl wouldn't have been so disposable.

Florida white trash or not.

Wouldn't be around discounted discarded

cans of RAID Ant And Roach spray that make it into the hands of rapists plowed on crack.

She wouldn't go skipping across abandoned buildings turned into hide-outs for drug suckers and dog dicked child rapists.

She'd fight harder. Having swallowed the scraping frying bug chemical, her chances of making it to a hospital with her throat puffed out and twisted and her face scarred so deep and red and dirty on such paled peach cuteness would have been better and all the more tragic.

Huge nigger hands all over a little nigger's not ready yet body. His burnt long claw crack fingers finding their natural way into her corpus without a problem or slightest resistance despite the drug haze and low end genetics and crazed pit bull lust.

Little black girls look better when they cry. And when they gag. When she should try to spit all the stomach acids back up and out of her numbed out heated up red raw skinned mouth.

Her parents would find the details, reported the day after her body was found, listed in the local paper full of grammar and spelling mistakes.

And they wouldn't know it.

The girl will have had nothing and received less in the way of help or benefits or chances until a small group of flowers collected from a funeral home and placed in front of the abandoned building where she died has been photographed and passed on to the grieving family.

C10. *And I think that I find that much more sexually exciting now than I did back then.*

10. Have you ever sought help for sexual behavior you did not like?

Her momma finds her stray hair still left in the bathroom sink.

Where she combed out her ratty do for what seemed like forever. Staring at herself in the mirror and pulling and teasing and shaping all that her stingy god would give her and nothing ever more.

She'd contemplate her face there. Her flat wide nose and dark eyes and the combinations. She'd test her looks to see how she looked when she kissed. She'd extend her tongue as far out of her mouth as she could to check out how long it was and if she had anything extra special to offer. And what she'd have to do to serve it up.

Momma grabs a kleenex and cleans around the deep rust stains in the sink. Does she throw away the old dry hairs crumbled in her hand under the tissue or keep such sad memories. Does she store them in a drawer or is she just being silly. Should she cherish this precious angel manna or try and just fucking get over it. Not give into it. Could she even

possibly throw them away into the garbage without bawling uncontrollably. Can she possibly change the urge over from utter despair. When she sees her child getting brutally raped and hammered into, her baby's baby fingers digging into the rocks and dirt she can pass by daily. A dilapidated pit that crumbles in the middle of all their continuing lives and remains standing out of sheer old bull-headed promise and well organized planning. The forefathers of this neighborhood didn't count on the incredibly heavy weight of the public's filthy laziness.

My poor baby. My poor baby.

She has to seek help. This nameless faceless mother. She can't deal with this all alone. She can't quit these imaginings from her old yellowed eyes and ears and off her cleaning washing working fingertips and the very constant edges of her smaller brain. The sickness that slipped thick repetitive blobs of useless male sperm and thin streams of rust washed metal stripping toxins bleeding down her daughter's black throat may or may not be only one in a great number of difficult dreams and attempts but she just can't find a polite perspective anymore.

She can't live like this any longer. She should have offered her child more than a dirty smudged mirror in a peeling and running bathroom when she got home from a dirty hot school every damn day.

Where were the cops? And the doctors who were supposed to save her? And the fucking psychiatrists who could have done some trepanning into that evil dog's motherfucking bursting crack head before he was let out on the streets with his glass dick and his screaming pussy hunting cock. Dogs don't need help. They need to be put down.

C11. *It was never hate. I wanted to put my mouth on it. And my dick inside them. It was sexual and I wanted it even more sexual. I'd bite the boys' cocks off where the scissors wouldn't make a clean cut and then chew it to mulch and spit it back into their dead faces. I'd jam my fingers into the baby girl vaginas and grab the pubic bone to yank it down to my waiting tonguing sucking mouth. All that little girl weight being torn and pulled and pushed and raped again and again.*

11. Have you ever worried about people finding out about your sexual activities?

You don't have enough time.

It's a lesson you learn early.

If I see a child left alone to go to the restroom on his own, like in a restaurant, and that child is just old enough to look like he's proud of going on his own without his father's help or his mother dragging him into the ladies' room with her: I follow.

I've done it quite a few times in my forty years.

And, of course, it only works if the stalls are busy or closed and the little one wants to try and shoot his little works into the urinal. And then there has to be more than one urinal next to each other. And no one else can come in. Or come out of the toilet stall.

It's very difficult to consider, and then find, all the optimum chances.

And then, if everything works out in the architecture and cosmos, then the best you can ask for is to look down and see the little shit's thin stream of piss eeking out of a tiny squeezed kid dick.

You don't dare offer him help.

Kids are taught to scream these days.

But you've got your own cock out next to him. And maybe you could get it semi-hard in the little time you have and you could feel your adult blood start to thicken and sense the rape that should just rip the little dicked freshness in half.

And you don't dare expose yourself to him.

That could invite the same screams or uncomfortable talk back at the next dining table, followed by an ugly loud scene, handcuffs and bad mother TV interviews.

How close those lips are to your rising stretching erection.

How exposed is his tiny balls and flesh and little cock glans. How simple it would be to reach down and bunch it all up and ask him:

"Wanna know what feels even better?"

But you can't. Not yet. Calm down. Bad move even thinking about it.

C12. *I'd masturbate around that, then, as I do now to photos of smiling little children taken in schools but published in newspapers.*

12. Has anyone been hurt emotionally because of your sexual behavior?

I don't like what's on offer. Pornographers don't like the pornography they make these days. And you can tell. It's all geared down to fake laws and faker taboos and the lazy pretence of having to answer to middle America's dumbed down tastes. There's so little there that's different to the 50's jokes of travelling salesmen, cheating husbands and braved-up twenty-year-olds flaunting their trimmed and thin profligate youth before they return to sensible monogamy and self-respect.

They're tadpoles thrashing around, no matter how hard, for the most money they can swindle away from the fat old assholes who either don't care enough to figure out what they and their marketplace would really like to see or that are simply too

frightened of what those tastes might require in overhead, legal fees and sudden harsh declines in egalitarian mores.

But you can't look to others to give you relief. You have to see beyond relief. You have to leave high school. You don't collect types. You don't fuck bone sloppy mental cases on the wrong end of crack pipes and welfare laws. Homeless cardboard beasts stinking like females that don't wash it off every now and again. Some cute cunt from California, one from Florida, another from the mid-west and an especially drunk one from Paris. One that looks like your sister when you were both younger and that old hooker that was older than your mother even now.

On weekends, back in highschool, me and a few buddies would quite regularly drive down to the slightly worse side of town and buy nigger hooker mouths to warm down our masturbation obsessions. Drunk overcoated naked criminal black oily beasts without the slightest worth save the money we very quickly and politely gave them. Their hotbox mouths only became our fists for a scant few minutes. But their hideous lives and eroding bodies continued to amaze and amuse while we waited for the rest of us to just fucking finish already. It was never quaint. And it isn't now. Not because of the PCP and speed frying out the insides of our judgement. Or because of sentimental adult guilt. Gender and racial parity. Simple hormones. Lazy parents, lazier cops. Stupid teachers, store clerks and pimps.

We'd spend the rest of the long evenings dodging curfew until we could convince our girlfriends to do the same thing the hookers did but cheaper, better and cleaner.

I despised women right from the beginning.

My girlfriend was more than accommodating. Back then, a fuck was easier to squeeze out of your girlfriend's show than a blow-job. But my little piggie, when we were alone, was rather fond of resting her big blonde head in my lap after we made out because she was, I'm sure, flattered by my anxious and painful erection.

Though that's not why I hated her. Not even because she seemed to like acting like a whore when I unzipped and shoved her make-up into my lap. She must have thought I never bathed. I had to stink so bad. My sticky hot cock and balls and pubic hair had to have steamed up the sick bellows of any drunken cocksucking nigger throat full of stale alcohol, all the earlier greaseball cocks before me and all the cigarettes she inhaled as after sex toothbrushes.

I've never equated my sexual tastes with theirs. Any of them. I don't see how your question could be answered. I always consider my partners' emotions and the chances that they'd be hurt always seemed so fucking silly and immaterial and then, somewhat suddenly, worthwhile.

I never had to tell her that I was cumming less with her because I'd already popped my best load into some busy african slave hole.

Someone else usually would, though, wouldn't they?

That's how my mother found out that I liked little children – or rather, at least, photos of little children. Getting fucked. From the news.

You pay hookers. You go to bathrooms for sex with dying degenerate filthy men. I trade drugs that I get from scum for sex with scum.

C13. *You'd have to think that the ideas were pretty orally specific, I guess. I wasn't going to hurt them anymore after what I had already planned to do to them. They'd most likely be dead like garter snakes nailed to little wooden boards and small dogs smashed over the head with a hammer to keep them from yelping so loudly. I simply wanted their pain to be caused more directly by me.*

13. Are any of your sexual activities against the law?

Last week I got a handjob standing at a urinal in a gay bar on the far northside of Chicago. There's a slanted mirror on the ceiling over the urinals that lets all the faggots check out the competition and potentials. Some camp utilitarian hold over from more care-free days.

I finished pissing and waited. When I looked up, the skinny queer next to me was staring at my reflection in the mirror, not across at my exposed piss pursed cock. We watched each other's eyes and I stepped back a little to push my cock out a bit further. He snaked his eyes to the real flesh and reached over and squeezed. And started to stroke around my barely guarding fingers into the thickening shaft. I reached back and reciprocated. Suddenly, effortlessly, he had my balls and my cock in both of his hands and his hairy forearms virtually in the urinal. He lowered his face into me and licked the fresh piss slit and dragged his fat tongue down my hard-on into my shovelled out bunched up balls. His head all over the drain because I wasn't moving back any further. I dropped my hand from his soft cock because he was getting entirely too busy. I pushed a bit closer to the running drain. And forced him to retreat to just using his hands. A condom machine was chained to the wall above the pissers and below the mirror and I thought I might be better off encased tight in one and then back into his hungry beating skull.

As it was, I popped all over the urinal. My cum forming a large thick wad on top of the toilet's flushing handle just underneath the condom machine. He kept jerking my cock and shaking the cum drops violently onto the floor, my pants, his tight hand and

the plastic trap in the urinal drain.

He didn't ask for anything in return. Sex is most often simple proximity. I patted his back and turned to the sink to wash my hands with the blue goo from the large ostentatious squeeze bottle of industrial strength anti-bacterial soap. He didn't lick the cum off my cock or the flusher. And he didn't wash.

He played the mob-owned fruit machine all night and I sat back at the bar with an old friend and a brand new one who was dying of AIDS.

C14. *From Life And Death by Andrea Dworkin (Virago Press, 1997). Page 22 in the first chapter: MY LIFE AS A WRITER:*

I began messing with men when I was in High School, though, sadly, they began messing with me earlier than that – I was raped at nine, though not legally, since fingers and a hand were used for penetration, not the officially requisite penis. That ended up in my hand as he twisted and contorted with a physical omnipresence that pinned me and manipulated me at the same time.

14. Have you made promises to yourself to quit some aspect of your sexual behavior?

You have to continue to be careful. Sex is also about control. Self-control and age. Youth. Until it becomes age. And with age comes a more steady understanding of what's available and what's best left unsatisfied. And it's the care – the frightened treading in me and, especially, in others that I find so tremendously attractive. Sex-wise.

C15. *From the second chapter: IN MEMORY OF NICOLE BROWN SIMPSON. Page 41:*

It is always the same. It happens to women as different as Nicole Brown Simpson, Lorena Bobbitt – and me. The perpetrators are men as different as O.J. Simpson, John Wayne Bobbitt, and the former flower-child I am still too afraid to name.

And page 47:

When I was being beaten by a shrewd and dangerous man twenty-five years ago, I was Buried Alive in a silence that was unbreachable and unbearable.

15. Have you made efforts to quit a type of sexual activity and failed?

I work well with the system that exists. The one that allows me to go to a store peopled by trendoid little groupie girls and rent a porno video that suggests, if not directly mimics, their rape.

I like the idea of holding down any woman

and spraying RAID Ant And Roach spray into her tears and replicating what I look for on video into her clutching screaming bleeding raw giving body. Her black body. Fifteen years old. Like Tawana Brawley.

I want to concentrate on hurting her breasts. Stabbing little deep bloody pits into those gross hanging bags of fat with dull bent clean safety pins. Fucking wretched mother pin cushions advertising adolescent pretence to middle aged self-loathing. Cutting them up into slashed ribbons with angled razor blades. Slicing them – its – up and dragging muscle and adipose down in tumorous sized lumps, ripping the baby sucking contorting nipples off with my teeth and blood soaked gingivitis scarred gums.

Blood warm like mamas. You fuck them with what you have around. Dead and choking and fazing in and out having suffered through the worst beating of their toothless lives, you could, I'm sure, jam the entire width of the hard tin RAID Ant And Roach spray can into her cunt, first, easiest, asshole, second, giving in finally and forever hideously distended, and mouth, last, through smashed teeth and torn lips and dislocated jaw and bashed scraped and skinned throat and disfigured closed casket permanent forever.

C16. *From the third chapter: LIVING IN TERROR, PAIN: BEING A BATTERED WIFE. Page 52:*

I was battered when I was married and there are some things I wish people would understand. I thought things had changed but it is clear from the story of Hedda Nussbaum that nothing has.

And page 53:

My breasts were burned with lit cigarettes. My husband beat my legs with a wooden beam so that I couldn't walk.

16. Do you have to hide some of your sexual behavior from others?

At some point you're going to make a mistake and boil over into real life, fucking up everything you've ever done and every chance from then on.

But just imagine if you could get away with it. It won't be about the cum. Not at all.

You turn away from the urinal and face the little boy who's trying to hurry up as much as his skinny vulnerability can manage. Your fag sharing cock ready to drip piss as much as sperm or syphilis heats up in your palm as you stretch it out towards the boy's face. And before you snap back down thicker, your other palm surrounds the back of his soft haired head and pulls his frightened face into the slimy overwhelming rape. You grind your hips like a faggot stripper mimics a younger hag stripper. Clench your ass and bend at your knees; your center, your focus in your balls and fattening adult penis. You

mash his screaming life – his eyes, his little pug nose, his mute sexy small mouth that doesn't know enough to bite – into your hung sac and stink and full tight wide erection. And you grind some more. Harder. Yanking him deeper into it. Feeling his breath and angry hands rising to your hairy thighs and crumpled hard jeans and bumbling sloppy all over your sex and his struggling. Harder. Suffocate. Stink. Fucker. Getting longer and redder and animal to penetrate and rape and murder.

Put it in your mouth or I'll kill you.

It'll shut him up as well.

Now or I'll kill you and your fucking ugly mother. Get mad and defenceless when I insult that lonely pig you're going to leave. The mommy you're not going to ever see ever again. Put it inside your mouth as far as you can fit it.

And when he chokes and sputters, you push harder still. And when he pinches his entire tea cup sized ten fingers into your meaty thighs and hair and tries to kick and puke, you push into his open mouthed childhood even deeper and deeper and blacker 'til it faints clear out. Its body hardly protecting itself. Which is when you bang his tiny rat holed head open on the curved and sharp edge of the clean white sink behind him. You grab his little dick as it retreats into itself and lower your face to bite through his minute boy sprouts and fleshless sac. Smash open and crack his crumbling skull again and again on the splintering tile underneath the sink where all the piss stains and stray pubic hairs and shoe shit never get washed up and you get up and run out of the restaurant as quickly as you can. Out the back door. Through the kitchen. And you don't bother with thinking about the keys to your car and the people in the parking lot or the witnesses who saw you go in the back or the people at your table waiting or the neighborhood or the life you lead and the trail you leave.

And you'll remember the little boy's death.

And his tight shrinking balls and the bite and taste of cock and the next time you get sucked off by anyone, male or female, you'll feel his entire six or seven years all over the outside and inside of your pumping slob mess.

C17. *From the fourth chapter: THE THIRD RAPE. Page 57:*

I had been raped twice before. No one used the word "rape". The first time I was nine; my parents didn't report it.

And page 59:

I believed then, and I believe now, that still no one had a right to rip up my insides – nor the insides of the many hundreds of mostly black women, mostly prostitutes, in that jail.

17. Have you attempted to stop some parts of your sexual activity?

If you had just exposed yourself to him the ugly outcome may have still been the same. The running part, the hated part, the masturbation afterwards. All that horrible ending for such a quick shot at his eyes and your hard cock. All of that possible in the smallest reduction of a full blown taste, anyways.

How can you stake out the john. How long are you willing to hide and wait.

C18. *From the seventh chapter: PORTRAIT OF A NEW PURITAN – AND A NEW SLAVER. Page 68:*

Before I was much over eighteen, I had been sexually assaulted three times. Did I report these reports? – patriarchy's first question, because surely the girl must be lying. When I was nine I told my parents. To protect me, for better or worse, they did not call the police.

18. Have you ever felt degraded by your sexual behavior?

The young boy who watched that cock next to him and became frightened and silent, because of a small natural fear of weakness, only, now finds himself figuring out every possibility and ageing into the same act years and years later.

Just back away from the urinal and aim your piss into the drain. See if the child laughs. See if, on his own, he decides to join you. Backs up his less than four foot body and wants to play too. Two men, he enjoys, playing with how far their pee pee can reach all the way into the toilet. His only fear now that his father will come in and yell at him for making a mess.

His breath so near.

His nakedness so bare and available and unthinking to be stabbed at and snipped sloppy with a pair of sharp scissors conveniently kept in your back pocket.

I'll tell your dad you were being bad.

Never do that again.

And he finds himself forever wanting to replicate that act. Down the slope into size-queening every tea-room and back booth available to suck every single cock he's ever guessed at.

Thank you.

Do you want some head, sir?

C19. *From the tenth chapter: MASS MURDER IN MONTREAL: THE SEXUAL POLITICS OF KILLING WOMEN. Page 113:*

Like many women, I have a long history of violence against me, and I say, to my increasing shame, that everyone who has hurt me is still walking

around.

19. Has sex been a way for you to escape your problems?

She's an ugly woman. Twenty something and dressed in catholic plaid – red because, in most cases, green is illegal – and a tight t-shirt and pigtails and a tattoo over her flat navel and the obligatory white knee socks along with nipple pinches and stupid mugging grins.

She shaves her cunt completely.

She's quite skinny.

And when you slice out the bottom of page 32, cutting just below her belly button and the ridiculous flower tattoo you'd be left with a shot highly similar to a close-up of a little girl's childish vagina. Just a slit barely rising between two not too fatty thighs.

The old bitch's pubic area, if you look far too close, looks airbrushed. Perhaps indicating a bad shaving rash or some other bumpy female unpleasantness. But this particular shot – chopped carefully – violently reminds me of the obscene close-ups I've seen scroungy paedophiles focus in on and distribute illegally.

Just down her youthfully long torso and below her boney waist.

And cut before the knees.

No labia, no chewed lips, no maw, no hair, no personality except dead. Just a slight slashed indentation. A curve.

As you masturbate you can feel the give in her pubis. Her tight flat flesh and divot. It's like that. And as fake as the photo and the crop and the giggly danger the cheezy hollywood editor uses as reputation.

You actually don't feel a thing.

C20. *From the eleventh chapter: TERROR, TORTURE AND RESISTANCE. Page 117:*

As any woman in this room who has ever been beaten or raped knows, it is one of the most impersonal experiences you will ever have.

And page 125:

We know who the rapists are. We know because they do it to us. He did it to me; he did it to my best friend.

20. When you have sex, do you feel depressed afterwards?

Since I wasn't going to fuck it, the fairly clean looking naked pig slobbered her rubber ass off the towel and onto the sheets. Since I already paid, the fully viewed pig felt compelled to insert almost all of her hand into her fat wet cunt. It had to be wet. Or that fat. Her bunched up fingers sank all the way in far too quick

and easy. She was not in the slightest way excited. And I would be surprised if she lubed because I was clear of my intentions not to touch her long before she tugged her saggy girth out of her black sales dress.

I don't know what kind of old fingers she had. Long and withered like her brethren usually hide, I'm sure. I didn't care about her hands except that I didn't want them on any part of me. They should have been soft, actually, she wasn't exactly the thin english type but she was at least as old as thirty and apparently a whore for some time. She shouldn't have had miner's callouses or crack pipe burns. Maybe sewing cuts from the long times she had to sit and wait and while. I'm tempted to guess that's where her lumpy chin and belly came from. Snacks and sitting and smoking. All that talking with the lady that answers the door that takes the make-believe tips. I'm tempted to assume she gets plowed twenty times a day and any kegeling tension she might have retained after her first mistake baby or two had long given way to pure day to day drudgery and coffee naps.

Please don't do that.

Just sit. Please.

Thank you.

She had a sore on her waist. What I think was her waist. It was more on her side horizontal from her folded navel just above her kangaroo pouch of slight unembarrassed after cash cellulite. These British whores are out of their window wear in mere seconds after returning, cash stored next door, to the room you wait in. Just after they called out in the dark that this nice American gentleman has paid you a nice tip darling.

Just don't bite, OK?

The question as to whether or not she's actually had that happen to her just means more noise. Noise under that irritating solicitous accent or, worse, that feminine lilt.

I really am here because I hate this particular beast. And this particular English beast is only as special as the sign inside the wide open doorway off the busy yuppie Soho street.

And, unlike the rest of the dogs and niggers and perfectly respectable quiet businessmen who paw these ragged hideous depths hourly: I pay extra for less.

C21. *Such an incredible charge: The dead dick, or even better, the straining hard-on on a faggot ailing with walking AIDS. Hurting for a touch and comfort and financial security only after his sick tool is emptied first.*

21. Have you felt the need to discontinue a certain form of sexual activity?

What if I only want to look at your tits. When all I really want to do is see your face. On the inside of this room. With the light in the window. That hangs and glows red outside. Model. And the disgustingly vulgar sign downstairs pointing up to here. That maybe masks criminals in the hallway.

And if she's not filth. Not another criminal. Not human garbage used and re-used and drained and spit on and expected to take it and hide it and get ready for the next, maybe cleaner, maybe gentler, pathetic lurching staring scumbag. Then all I really need, I guess, is to pay you here, figure out the exchange rate, and imagine that I've added my very important charitably minded contribution to keeping you here where it's just a bit safer than the streets. Or, if you prefer, incrementally helping you to get the fuck out of here all that quicker.

I'll be done in a minute.

I'm really quick.

I cum on my hand and on her carpet. On their carpet. This room being shared by whores in shifts. I would have been fine with anything other than what she did: Which was to snake down to the end of the bed and jam her fingers into her womb. And act as if she was giving me extra. A treat for the polite masturbating American at the foot of her rickety server's bed. She moved away while I jagged off and she stared at my gawked face and licked the air farthest away from my cock. She didn't want my cum on her and she could see better from the pillow end. Safer all around. While she dug at herself.

She cleans herself first. She pulls herself off the bed all rolls and tits and finish talk and offers me the paper towel that she placed on the table just before taking her clothes off. One paper towel and an ashtray filled with condoms. The paper towel is considered rude and therefore not in plain view until the john has paid while the condoms are a convenient and leery attempt at romantic advertising. She heads into the little bathroom off to the side and stands comfortably nude at the sink splashing fuck knows what.

I don't want to see it naked.

It refuses to suck its pouch in.

It still teeters in high heels. To hide her corns. To retain just a hint of fetishy safety in the sudden face of sunken worn femalia. A small attempt at weaponry.

It talks. Always. And offers me a chance to wash up next. So your wife won't see the stains. That soak into your skin, underwear and the inside of your crumpled jean crotch.

The hog shakes my hand naked.

Um, about your scab.

Are you in town long.

I'm here most nights. Just look for the sign downstairs.

Rather easy five minutes work, yeah?

Work?

I wouldn't fuck anything I actually like. I don't believe anyone does. Especially after seeing it like this.

C22. *I've seen them. I see them as all the same. But I look hard for the most minute differences. And I get them sicker. Our viruses mutate and create more resilient, more aggressive strains. Metal drug resistance starts with me or with their formal brutal inability to control themselves. And their answers to their tired grieving lovers, bored co-workers, rejected now rejecting family, and their thinning outraged community all include me among their tragic existentialism. Where I absolutely do not belong.*

22. Has your sexual activity interfered with your family life?

I'm allowed to carry on unchecked. I've replaced sex with pornography and realized they're exactly the same act.

The last woman I fucked – actually put my cock in her cunt – was only a few months ago. But I had performed the act so many times before that there was guaranteed nothing new or interesting to be had from inside the pigness of her body. I never fucked her before. In fact, I had never fucked anything that old before. Which is why I actually decided to fuck it, rather than just jerk off or get my condom'd cock licked and mouthed. I've fucked women before and picking out the better parts of what they may have to offer – like crack habits, ghetto children, AIDS, old age, tiny tits, loose financial needs, whatever – tends to still sound too base. I don't hate them. I'm not bored. I'm not primally compelled. But I'm not willing to believe that there's something special in anyone of them. It's my choice. And I keep making it. Like I did a fucking long time before I laid my eyes on anything specific.

This is nothing but pornography.

In Paris, on the Rue St. Denis, I watched all these daylight hookers talk with each other. They stood in individual doorways along the main drag and bunched up in closer numbers off the side streets. Some wore long coats buttoned up to their necks while others wore tight thin bright sweaters and lacey see-thru tops. A great number sported fake nipples – little plugs stuck in their bras and on their tits to give that always interested, always ready, always young and firm look to their quick ageing wear jobs. All of them wore clown make-up that women for sale carve on: Fat lips to show you where to stick your money and red cheeks to cover the bad childhood and ill health and shaded eyes to convince you to talk right at them about using their bodies fully as urinals and waste

baskets.

Do I want a nigger in more make-up than the ones back home bother with. Do I want a nigger that speaks about my money and bad taste in french rather than gorilla. I'd have better luck understanding their fake snotty broken english than the cranked ghetto sludge I usually fuck through.

Do I want a nigger with a mouth.

The black girls are said to be pushing out the white girls. The color ratio has changed rather dramatically since the last time I was here. Picking out a white whore - fat with big tits, skinny with fake - stuffed not implanted - tits, or the newer brand of renegade middle class friend doesn't seem all that much a better prospect.

"Twa Son" or some fucking garbled thing like that slithers out of these cunts' mouths as soon as I approach. They all say the same price to any old asshole who asks in anything other than french. It means 300 francs which, I have to estimate is close to 30 pounds and therefore close to around fifty dollars in this shit fucking exchange rate and, no matter how cheap even on a Thai scale, it's too much for that. Something so perfectly poor.

Pushed further, they'll go down on price. But I'm not interested in haggling. They count with their thumbs first here. And some of these beasts drop it into their palm when I ask for a mite less than the twa son full two holed feast. That gets me washed and sucked sans condom for maybe the first three or four plunges. Then its cunt for more. Ass is another option I'm not all that interested in. It really doesn't hurt enough. And there's already enough shit in it.

On the furthest end of the street, in the daytime only, sits, literally, all the older hookers. Sixties even.

I'm sure my mother fucks this way.

I want the condom on, dear.

I wouldn't put my cock into my mother's mouth or her cunt without wearing a condom on principle, honey, you understand, especially if she was selling it.

I'm old now. And a creep. This is what I do. I go to where the choices I've made throw themselves back at me. Up and down the middle of this street are porno shops and peep shows. There's a faggot sauna which is rather too expensive and just a bit further is Club 88 which has heterosexual sex shows seen from private booths (20 francs a shot) and, upstairs, very busy, very crowded queering buddy booths.

Mom and I actually had to walk about a block through a tight throng of tourists and tradesmen to get from her perch to her rented apartment. I'm fairly sure she lived here. Because I very carefully only saw one dreary room with a bed and a sink. But it was housed among a much larger hall of many larger apartments. Where everyone else in the building knew

what she's done all her life, or after the fall, and isn't it sad in kind of a pitiful sort of way. And, of course, I'm the pig. The gross beast taking advantage. Desperate. And sick. With someone like that.

Keep your clothes on, mother.

Just lift your skirt, mom, and tug down your very necessary panty hose.

Mother's sweater would feel better than the watery mottled hung and sagged flesh underneath.

I promise to be careful. I promise to not put my fingers in or anywhere near the fatted folds between your collapsed veins and thighs.

I initially only wanted to see mom's head on the end of my piss. My dirt. Would look better that way.

I'm not a fan of meat, mom. I am a fan of make-up. And of giving you money. Of confirming your lease. Money is not the fulcrum here. It is the introduction. Sex is the commerce. The act is traded. The payment is what's sold. Her head. And, now, I see, her wig. Her mirror. Where she watches my hands and pose and encourages me to forget my situation. And the relative dangers and chances and mistakes and steaming rages; hers and mine. So I don't kill her when I see how ugly she is on the wrong end of sex. And how ugly I've become from letting her and her room and her morning make-up struggles and dread infect and stain me.

I pull out of her mouth and pat her head. Her tongue hangs out speaking french dog and I tell her, while I beat my soaked cock up on my own, in her face, that I'd like to put it in her twat. The words help in sending the charges to my balls as does her struggling off her seat on the bed to get ready.

She unbuttons her yellow blouse and tugs her bra up to disfigure her pink nipples grandma dug beyond its natural hang and droop. I masturbate rude. She steps out of her black dropped skirt and kicks it into the corner. Which means hurry up before it gets wrinkled. She spits in her hands out of those pinched red smeared lips and rubs my cock up and down. I do the same. Then she grabs some ointment from a jar on the sink to use as lube and smears it under her belly. I keep masturbating. She motions that I should take my pants off. Again. And I'm forced to. Which means I'll go limp. I'd rather masturbate. But I push my shoes off at the heels and yank my pants all the way off. She's sitting there with a new towel on the bed and an unwrapped condom. That I prefer to put on.

The condom and my AIDS and her old age and stupid fucking concern for whatever little else she may have left makes me fully hard and I sink in. All the way. Silent. The beast all over underneath me.

Such a little girl with such a strong back turns too fucking rapidly into such an old rag with a bent over warped frame.

And I do have to pay to see it.

I pull out and slime the greasy condom off into my palm. The tip giving away and the warm stink of her cunt shit and my fat load wadded up into my palm. So as not to spill. She tells me in french to drop it into the basket underneath the sink and, before she pulls her clothes back on, hands me a towel. Not a napkin. I toss the garbage away, wipe my hands on the towel and dab my hands into the sink. Struggle to get my pants unbunched. She doesn't say anything else. She gets fixed up and waits for me to leave by myself. I said thank you and she smiled like mothers do when they give you money.

Later on that night, I washed her stink off in the mouth of a heterosexual french man in one of the booths of Club 88. This pig wanted me to cum in his mouth, he asked me to in English, and I told him I didn't think I was ready yet. But I came quickly. As always. The booth was too tight to really form a conversation about why I was in Paris or if he had any children and he didn't seem too interested in jerking himself off or in me reciprocating in any way; so he drained my meager cum and my mother's reused womb and got up and fucked off.

C23. I've become the fat german tourist in the Thai blow-job bar. The one that the wonderfully young dumb frowning and working hookers look at as their low point.

23. Have you been sexual with minors?

At this age he doesn't have to make apologies for it. Who would he apologise to, anyways? Himself. Actually.

He stays alive for this. He puts condoms on the cocks he sucks so he doesn't die from this. Not that he would. He falls back on the bench in the one single booth that has one in here and keeps his short windbreaker shut. There are no mistakes here, no misunderstandings. He is here to suck whatever you pull out.

Which he does while he sits. And asks you if you mind wearing a condom: Can I put a condom on? You'll suck it this way or not at all.

OK, pal, fine, and he taps at your exposed cock meaning: leave.

Do you always use rubbers, this one long dicked hick asked him after returning back to his booth. The pickings being slimmer than he figured when he barged out so furiously before. The drawn and wasted hillbilly had an even bigger hard-on this time. And yanked it out and beat it up and down right outside in the hallway between the various doors and expensive bored mexican hustlers. Buck thought he had something to show that irritated greaseballs but frenzied the young college students. And everyone was concerned about the law suddenly.

The faggot who runs the place is usually one of two people. A blonde balding lazy queen with too much jewelry on his wrists and fingers and ears, most often found in short jean cut-offs and then a burly dock type who sucks more cock than anyone. This latter mouth is the one I suspect of secretly videotaping most of the booth action. I caught him once masturbating behind the front counter. As if I was his mother, he pulled away from his seat and walked away behind the TV on the shelf next to the register fumbling with his hog gut and too tight pants.

I saw him break up a fight once, just minutes before closing, totally ignoring the complete out faggot screaming: "Call the cops, call the cops right now, I want him arrested". The plug just pushed and pulled out both booth idiots, saying "Shaddup, shaddup, get the fuck outta here before I lock both of ya up myself" shoving them through the front door. Like some barroom bouncer who gets away with enough illegality in his life to not even bother with this little fly and bug noise. I walked behind him. Watching what was happening and wanting to get out of there myself before any cops showed up. It was 2 a.m., I lived about three blocks away but figured it was best to get a cab.

Take out your cock. I'll just jerk off. The hillbilly was back in his booth, having followed him straight in this time. Having picked the one nearest to where the hick was exposing his girth.

The condom was still going to be an issue. But the trash was hard and horny and fine with cumming by his own hand as long as he had another cock to look at while he did it.

I ain't as big as you, you don't want any of this.

Yeh, yeh, take it out.

He pops his fly and pulls out his meager soft cock and tries desperately to work it out.

That's it. That's it.

The hillbilly knew he'd drop to the floor. That fucking white trash bulk understood everything in the careful cocksucker's head perfectly.

Sex sweated over his wax face like a wet towel being squeezed over his head and the lowering face could do nothing except instinct it all: Started with rubbing buck's balls and then stroking along the cable thick shaft and then simply had to put that fat round apple smooth head into his head.

This is how you get fucked.

This is how you die.

Right now: This is how you receive a viral load that could or could not be the deciding factor in every decision you make for the rest of your life.

He made me.

All that tongue means he wanted it. Fucking slob.

You're not afraid of HIV are you? You can't get

it that way. Anyways.

There's a beautiful child down in Florida who got gonorrhoea of the throat from having his father soak his baby mouth in his infected sex sick cock raping sperm.

And you do jerk off later. Thinking or hating.

You like big dicks: the disease asks.

I like your big dick the faggot answers, sinking even deeper into the game.

I like your big dick a lot.

You always use condoms? The certain dishwasher smashes the faggot back home: Standing in the dark closet, reeking like cum and piss and shitty asshole fingers and bad breath and balls and back sweat, the faggot masturbates himself close and gets set to gobble the big dick of his new best friend.

The hick jiggles his heavy balls and inches closer. This is perfect, both facing the porno screen at an angle away from each other. As if they're only slightly embarrassed. Or if the movie might just mean a little more.

The faggot eyes down on the long meat. The hick judges and prowls. Pushing his prize to the size queen deeper inside every single queer he's ever met.

And it works.

C24. My tastes haven't changed. Enough. If I'm no longer the young and tall thick meat that all the old pathetic faggots in the glory hole joints need to suck off first and better and am instead thought of as one among their number who, sadly, doesn't quite understand it yet: Fine. I would never deny that I wasn't dirtied by their own disgusting narcissistic interest in the first place.

24. Do you feel controlled by your sexual desire?

According to police, after the dog refused to fight, Henigan and Thomas poured gasoline over the animal and ignited it.

The brother managed to extinguish the flames, but the dog was so badly burned that he had to be killed, Benjamin said.

(TEEN GETS JAIL IN DOG'S DEATH, Chicago Tribune, August 20, 1999)

C25. My choices have formed me. Formed around me. Infected me and reduced me.

25. Do you ever think your sexual desire is stronger than you are?

I like saying "Thank You". And I like it a lot when the other idiot says it. I always watch very carefully. I look very closely.

About a week after I first heard about the tiny little case, the August 20, 1999 *Chicago Sun Times*

continued the story as JAIL FOR TEEN WHO HELPED INJURE DOG:

Terrance Henigan, 17, is sorry he helped set his little brother's puppy on fire, but he's still going to jail.

The Lawndale teen has given his 12-year-old brother a new dog and has been forgiven, the boy's sister said Thursday after Henigan was sentenced to six months in Cook County Jail.

C26. I am older and know that options I never wanted are no longer open to me. A supposed vicious circle of less options and less access all caramelized by desperation and a staunch and stupid refusal to move the fuck on. To grow up and die by the choice you wouldn't make again if you could only rethink it all and take maybe some of it back.

Questions 1–25 from pages 93–96 and questions 1–19 from pages 127 and 128 of THE MURDER OF CHILDHOOD, Ray Wyre & Tim Tate, Penguin, London, 1995.

1. Tell me what you did. I'm not going to interrupt this time. I'm just going to let you speak.

All I did was watch. As her mother taught her how to put on make-up over the cuts and bruises that her father had caused all over her tiny face. It'll be fun, her mother told her to try and get her mind off the damage. We'll play dress up.

I started to masturbate. All I did was masturbate. Me touching myself. I knew that at some point the child would want to see how her face looked in a mirror. With all the new make-up on. And then she would see the new red scars and pain underneath. And as soon as I realized that would happen. When I anticipated that shock of tears and flush. That child swell of pure unprotected rage and powerlessness. Even though I only saw the mother dabbing pink blush and waxing red lips and pinching and cooing all over the little beaten beatable child's cute welled nature; I started to feel an ugly strong pulse inside my cock, safely fastened tight underneath my dirty stained button-fly jeans.

The mother licked her finger and poked it into a small round pat of brown. Then she brushed the wet paint in soft strokes over the small terrorized face of the thinking hard first grader. You could see the sensation of the child was all on the touch of the mother. She needed to be comforted more than dollied.

I slipped my hand over my pants, under my belly, and grabbed the outline of my pressing hard-on. I tried to pull it up and fix it from straining and hurting against my pants. I massaged my hard packed balls and worked around my shaft. Getting thick and long and responding to her childish lips and tears and lessons and abused father crushed and fleshed out nightmares all stinging her games and new mama words and squeaky questions.

Mom brushed the girl's long tangled mousey hair back and tied it in a pony tail with a rubberband. Always sleek and messy and now out of the way for today's clown job. The mother must have registered her hatred over the child's state or, at least, her own miserable life as its second most important cause. But she hid it all perfectly.

I decided to undo my buttons and let my cock poke out straight from my jeans and shorts. I shovelled my balls out as well. Like some teenager. Like some rapist nigger slob. I felt like a dog and sunk into rubbing myself up and down. Little cunt. Little beaten up child. Fucked in her girly face forever now. She'll grow up bent and hurting and screaming like just before in her bedroom for her tall dad to leave her alone, leave her alone, mommy, mommy, help, as his huge drunk worker's hands slap her full in her chubby face and slash at her cheeks and cut hard into her big soft lips.

And the mother won't put the fucking lipstick on quick enough. Old stupid cunt. Old idiot bag full of herself and worn by her age and failures and her nonsense womanly needs and distractions and cheap wishes. Her wizened mother unplugged tits. Her stretch marks that that new bawling hymen carved out of her on the way into that lie both fully grown sentient adults skunked long ago.

You don't see those marks and cuts on your gut and above your old meated cunt and on the sides of your pruned nipples and dugs as part of you, do you, mother? The way you see that bleeding wreck contorting into tears and cycles and Max-factor. The ugly beaten rag doll with a voice now still looking for your sucked out sagged in tit. Or do you, hippie? Do you see it as all part of the wondrous plan and design like the new hairs on your lip and cheeks and navel and the peeling walls inside your hung vagina and the new spread of your deep dimpled ass and fallen hips.

The body your child abusing mate can't stand. The one he doesn't agree with. The words you can't find to teach him. To convince him. To fool him. And yourself. And your ripped up little baby.

She deserves it.

She deserved a lot more.

The mother over the child. The child especially.

A young boy imagining that he wants to suck on somebody's cock like one of the boys in his algebra class goes home to his mom's make-up box. He wakes up mornings sleeping on his stomach and, first thing, sees himself not being able to wait to have his ass pumped full of hurting spreading dripping cock. He outlines his kissed lips in dark eyebrow pencil and colors in the pursed wretched pink space in as bright a red as his mother buys to show his fantasy boyfriend where to stick it.

I took him home when he grew older. I met him at a video rental shop that dedicated its entire second floor to pornography. Since I was renting transsexual videos – thinking Matthew Shepherd to be close enough at that time – he asked me if I lived nearby. No. But he did.

He put on lipstick and a long black goth wig which I made him take off. I didn't want to cum in the mouth of a would-be woman. I wanted to fuck a slight man wearing lipstick around the area I deposited my sick filth in.

D. WHAT IS YOUR ELEMENT?

D1. *You can try and control yourself. Your whole life. But controlling the world outside your body and your repulsive anti-social urges and sublimations will always prove far more difficult. So you become a creep. Or, you remain a creep.*

2. Hang on, let's not go too fast. Were you able to distinguish at that time whether she was unconscious or dead? Or what did you think?

The child had her face beaten. I couldn't see her frail hurt body. A diner down the street from me sports a short little mess with constantly raccooned eyes as if her significant other – as likely to be a lesbian as it is to be a speeded drunk semi-employed truck driver – beats her face down into the warped tiled kitchen floor weekly.

It doesn't make me hard.

It doesn't make my grilled cheese and coffee any better or make me tip a couple quarters more.

The little girl doesn't begin to know better until when?

A welfare mother spends her court kid's cereal money on new brands of cover possibilities as much to change her look and her slim chances to corrupt someone new, as she does to feel a little

better, a little cleaner, a little more special about herself and her previous bad choices.

A hooker on video allows herself to be cummed on one after another by at least twenty-five men collected from within the porn industry and various nearby bus stations. There is virtually no connective or penetrative sex. The prostitute is first paid to masturbate herself in front of the shirtless underwear clad men who sit waiting for their quick shots at her face only. Then they strip off in unison and start to masturbate. When they're ready to cum they frantically struggle to fit their orgasms to the director's sense of frame and deposit the shooting dribbling sperm on the prostitute's face. Which is incrementally covered in ever thickening wads of sliding sticking puddling cum. The idea is to let the cum collect and coagulate. The girls are not cleaned or toweled off until all who can cum do. Each girl is paid to kneel and face up to the acts.

In the American *Bukkake* series there are usually three women to each one and a half hour edited tape. Each woman has her own vignette. Some of the women hold glasses and cups, even a lollipop, under their mouths and chins to catch the overflowing cum that runs down their cocked faces like, pick one, sticky bun frosting or sick white globs of thick snot.

At the end, the filthy beast who sometimes catches the odd load directly into her mouth but most times keeps her lipstick gump shut tight except to spit out the blotches of cum that collect at the sides of her seeping smile, gets rinsed off by buckets and jugs of water.

The actual minutes of the videos are made of anonymous cocks being furiously self-massaged and spurting on the classless beast's face and tattooed or pierced or sloppily implanted breasts. And all her make-up. The faces of the men are kept well out of camera shot; mostly being male navel to thigh to her face and neck and hair-do. Low rent. Ladies.

The videos are sold off the back of exploitive advertising wildly suggestive of, but perfectly absent of, real misogyny. The back drop is that these women are compensated and, although so many so-called porn stars wouldn't allow themselves to perform such obviously degrading acts, these girls who aren't cute or conventionally beautiful enough to make it to the rarefied hypertrophied heights of porn starlet-dom and extra picks and choices, do, in fact, make the best of the situation available to them. After all. What do they care. It's just cum. And they don't get fucked out and stretched up like endless anal scenes do to the big girls. And they don't have to swallow any of the cum. Like the so very pretty regulars on Howard Stern do. The audience wants to see it spat out and dripping into full oily coverage. It's all cash and easy semantics and inhibited losers and a perfect way to exploit the current unfriendly trends of perfectly safe male stupidity and what god gave you and natural spiritual

bodily freedoms.

They're above it all. I guarantee you.

D2. *The market for videos like Gang Bang Angels and especially the American Bukkake series must be mainly in the repressed cock hound demographic. They seem perfect for those men frightened or resentful of their burgeoning, closeted or fully denied homosexuality. Greasy cocks on cocks with little or no personality except size and masturbating idiosyncrasies. And a more than approachable woman made to expose the inner sow she rotates upon and tries to hide so badly. She pays for female pulling power and access and oafish male lust and possibly even the lazy viewer's own wavering and jealous gender confusion. All those fat cocks. Convenient polymorphous perversities and paraphilias. And it ends with her looking worse in simple natural urges.*

3. Were you frightened she might be dead?

And the thinly scripted videos like *Gang Bang Angels* that feature spitting and slapping but no broken tree branches or fists or stopped hard cum shots directly cleanly into the throats of would-be beating cutting victims or into the sight fading wombs of future black abortives: The women easily convince themselves and lower their expectations to the level of the sweaty loser with the most money in his hand. Fine. If that's what you think they want. I don't mind. I really don't think you're strong enough.

D3. *In Gang Bang Angels #3, a behind the scenes addendum displays the only actress getting her make-up applied. This volume goes a bit further in cleaning up the action that has just passed. Showing the actress and the eight or so actors getting the pre-film prep from the director and his solicitations of preference instructions from the actress. She's concerned about fingers in her asshole and scratching. There's a quick friendly poll taken of what men will agree to have their asses eaten by her and lots of reassurances to just have fun.*

4. So, whether she was unconscious or dead, what did you do then? You took the pants off her, and then what did you do when you stood over her?

Gang Bang Angels #4 includes among the final credits a series of out-takes from the single day's shooting: The prostitute heading up the stairs behind the set, having finished her eight men or so suck and DP fuck day job, and into the showers. She removes her long blonde fall with some difficulty and passes one of the lesser paid buff studs drying off his cock and stomach as she reaches beyond him to turn on the water. Also included among the montage is footage of her having her make-up applied by a rented

professional and a stage hand bringing in a small pint of Cuervo Tequila which he presents to the cameraman mock surreptitiously. As if it mattered.

D4. *The setting for Gang Bang Angels #3 is a bar with a large pool table and a stage. The actress pretends she's acting out a fantasy about fucking all the men there. And begins by sucking off a couple of guys at the bar. She starts off on the floor, then on the pool table, ends up on the stage, back to the pool table, etc. She has two big thick cocks slid into her slimy cunt at the same time. Slowly. Carefully. Patiently. Even gently. And then one oiled cock after another slobbs their pissing cum into her face and tonguing mouth.*

5. Where did you ejaculate?

I beat myself off harder and faster as I wait for the lipstick. To cover that little deep slice in the center of her fat child chewed lower lip. This is where daddy hit you and cut you and I want to fuck you. The way he said he's sorry and the way you need to listen and believe and the headache I want to split into fucking deeper pornography images over memories. I want her flatter and waiting on the floor of my bathroom.

D5. *During the behind the scenes footage, the actress confesses to the exact same motivation as the character she's supposed to be playing. That having sex with so many men all at the same time has been a fantasy of hers for a long time and making this movie will, luckily, finally fulfil that personal dream.*

6. On the floor? So she was still unconscious at that time?

A long fat forefinger and an old bent thumb pulled alongsides of a tiny bald vagina to open it up; see how far it could spread and what it would look like. The digits pressed in and squeezed the chubby flesh as hard in as it would stretch. The cunt was dry. As in not cummed in or on, rather than naturally unlubricated as the child was obviously far younger than even prepubescent. This would be the position to investigate the damage wrought on any such childish organ. To see if there were any immediate entry scratches or vicious bites or the faint red burns of a too large adult cock or finger or wooden tool or mass-market plastic dildo having been shoved too thick, too long, too quick, too unready, too uncaring into the minute space just beyond that barely formed, barely folded, tight shut opening.

The fingers would peel that tiny tot's cunt open to see what would fit. So far. And what wouldn't and guess at the damage it might cause, the trail it might leave and the suddenly sobering possibilities of intense public outrage and the crush an arrest and

life sentence a child raper, and murderer, would have to endure. And would this be worth it. This little cunt attached to a little mouth and flat flesh stretched politely over such small brittle bones and miniature blushes and games and tears and eyes.

It never was innocent. Unless innocence means dumb. It was barely human. Too few years here. And there's no need to twist the little pig into something less than real: inside that disastrously planned little hole lies all the exact same minutiae that'll grow up and turn and mold into all the other wonderful possibilities of female-dom and motherhood and great accomplishments and sisterly sense. It's all there now. Painted with the rules and guides of its absent parents and blossoming into them cancerous knot by knot.

No matter what kind of parents they are. The kind who didn't wrap the cocoon warm enough or the kind that didn't care enough not to unlock the house doors no matter how far past teenage curfew it was. Or the kind, most usually black, who'll sell anything they can find or create for this very minute's money to buy some crack, heroin or soda pop and corn chips.

This cunt is small. And still so fucking shut tight that the womb that stanches inchoate sunk lapse beneath the pit is all just one small detail in the bigger truth of someone else's cruelty. The body is incomplete. The nature is arrested. The chances were just beginning to show and the flesh ready to register more the damage done to it than the promise created for it.

The man who took the photo – filling the frame with nothing but fingers and child slash – must have been interested in the crime rather than the autopsy. The lack of detail is extreme. The photo is a record of the act the hand performed rather than the budding secrets of a child's artful fascinating vagina. Though the photo can be a perfect replica of both; the crueller intention certainly seems reflected in the fact that the published reproduction crops in so much finger, so much action. Although the long tips of these aged and clawing fingers may be included to give size to the comparatively very small, very young cunt. Below the important paedophilic demarcation of ten years. And it is altogether even more possible that there were not two men in the room when this shot was taken. In the hotel room. Which would have been best. One hard-on'd rapist to hold the little bawling duct taped fuckable rat down and then spread her wriggling baby cunt as far as baby sex flesh would spread between his two dirty smelling like her guts fingers, while the other fucker sits across from the sexualized sweaty rape and snaps as many photos as he can before he needs to jam his own fingers into the little death before she dies or stops crying and faints and ruptures and begs even one more long hard jacking pumping cock squeezing second.

Hold her down.

Tighter. Hold her head back.

One fuck at her baby feet, the other at her baby blonde head; two naked lazy slobs with full engorged adult genitalia and wrinkles and spots and skin tags and heated plans all over, towering, forcing, cajoling, laughing, shadowing the tiniest little four- or five- or six-year-old girl sat forever in the darkened middle.

One hand stretches the cunt open before the inside walls rip, as far outside as the pork flesh will allow before breaking into evidence. Another hand holds her tiny wrists together, rubbing mean, between five pushing and pulling determined fingers. His cock shaking and jutting all over her last use of eyes and burning brain and denial mechanisms and memory. Another set of hands encourages position. Masturbates and grinds and pokes and deftly records by the small plastic and metal camera like mom and dad used on attention soaking holidays and acting lessons.

D6. *I don't know that it really matters. Having had my cock up some nigger hooker's alcohol sopped throat and then, just a few hours later, sticking it unwashed up a nice high schooler's face*

7. But was she unconscious or dead?

Alternatively: one man with one hand around the special naked darling's filthy clean cunt and the other hand on his camera. He may have her sat in front of him, so that his probing hand and arm are bent up and pointed down at the elbow. His head down and staring at his work. He might have her laid down flat beneath him, his heavy fat weight and hairy manhandled balls and slung strange frightening penis dangling back and forth into her baby fresh face. A bouncing thick cock glistening at the tip with seeping disgusting dollops of drooling pre-cum. Ready, by dint of mother nature, to wet any hole regardless of its own design or interests.

D7. *The high school girl who turned into a quiet married friend, who now owns a sandwich shop in a trendy part of town, must have loads of sexual experiences behind her. And sucking some dumb kid's cock that may have tasted like the spit of a drunk black human wreck can hardly be seen as an extreme low point.*

8. You didn't know which, or it didn't matter, because you still carried on with the behavior. What did you do when you stood over her?

Have you ever masturbated with child pornography?

The way one is meant to? For the reason it is created? The difficulty in obtaining it, the dangers in

even owning it, the sickness one has to trundle through to come to one small barely realized desire.

With a fucking magazine. The manufactured and professionally reproduced and planned issues like the European INCEST 4. The only one the police took from me.

Or with videos. Or with five minute 8mm films. The way I did when I was much younger. The kind I used to buy from a faggot paedophile out of his gold coast basement in Chicago. Who I met while pursuing an entirely different form of entertainment.

D8. *It tasted better that way. It's not like she was doing it for herself anyways. Big deal. That's not when she got herpes. It doesn't matter now because it didn't really matter then.*

9. Looking at her?

From the Brief And Appendix for Peter Sotos, Appeal To The Supreme Court Of Illinois:

Section 11-20.1 (a) (2) makes criminal the mere possession of child pornography. The State claims that the statute is a valid attempt by the State to protect its children by prohibiting even the private possession of child pornography. The State contends that it has a compelling interest in protecting its children which overcomes this defendant's right to privacy within his home. This is so, the State argues, because the value of child pornography is "de minimus".

D9. *Before AIDS drastically and slowly changed the tenor of glory hole joints and backroom sex booths, it was a common thrill among crawling fags to suck on twenty or so different cocks a night. All the spit and old dirty fists and diseases and amy and sweat and cheese collected in the mouths and throats of men who crept and spread from shared cock to cock. The idea was unclean. The STDs crumbling away over horny years at immune systems and the wear and tear always starting to show earlier than it should.*

10. So you masturbated as she was laid there on the floor, unconscious or dead, and her skirt up around her waist and her knickers were off?

It's just one small part of one small girl. In a high contrast black and white snap done in extreme close-up. And if it didn't look so small next to the fat fingertips and stretched so tightly painfully barely open, one could argue that it could be anything. Anything like some adult just fresh out of illegality, shaved and trimmed and short for her porn star by the piece peroxide age. But this shot. In its violence. Is unequivocal.

And it sits in the middle of this thin Rodox printed 8 X 10 size magazine of distinct child

pornography. All the other pictures are clear in age and intent and, perhaps, sadly, less violent. Less cruel. Less direct. But in context, where the close-up informs the more traditional acts and crimes, rather than vice-versa, the entire little magazine takes a shift towards the sadistic and away from the celebrated or revelatory.

Black and white shots of a little girl stripping off in the front seat of a car. Spreading her legs and smiling as the cameraman catches her bald slit and instructed sold naughtiness. Kneel. Up. Push your hair back.

A tiny baby held upside down. Between two large long hairy arms and meaty hands clasping its delicate toddler shoulders and head aiming its tiny naked cold cunt spread towards the beast's ugly thick semi-flaccid cock very close to where penetration would be a screaming killing rape. Less than a girl, this one. Too young to know anything. Too young to take in anything but the spin. Far too young to fuck even beyond this particular pose unless one's customers, like me, are primarily interested in buying filth that proves death and pain. I'd like to see her head nailed to a fucking board afterwards. When the frustration gives way from cock to coke bottle.

Skinny short arms on a blonde girl balance her awkward lean on a single bed as some standing paedophile slides what will fit of his hard cock into her pushed in face.

The next page is a slight close-up of the next minute or so. The pre-teen blonde gets further away. But. Her tongue extends out to his glans, pink tip poking into piss-hole and one of her bony hands trying to cup his fat hanging bushy balls just like he told her to.

This is what I do.

This is what I remember.

These are the names I give the little cunts and cocks I saw in magazines and films and slides and accounts being molested in ways feminists, psychiatrists, sociologists, reporters, cops, victims, parents and paedophiles explained to me.

D10. *Imagine being so pathetic as to wrench your own psychotic jollies out of acts so unimportant to others. As if you're the only one who got the joke that the entire room only finds ...embarrassing.*

11. Why would they only charge you with lewd and libidinous behavior for what was clearly an attempted murder?

JonBenet's cunt.

Matthew Shepard's mouth.

Ryan Harris' life.

The hookers and stolen playthings look for new words to describe what they feel is their soul. That schizoid chimera best employed to wash the filth

of guilt and childhood confusion right back down the throats of those caught up in decisions that slowly decay whatever lofty designs they've used up all their lives until then. Until the moments when they come to realize: This is what this hole is for. This is who owns the hole. And it makes god forsaken sense to sell it back to them.

A little girl with long curly black hair to her shoulders and in her big brown eyes looks at the camera lens she was directed to and slowly sings a counting song. She's wearing a print country-style dress in a warm country-style room in, no doubt, a big safe country-style wood and brick ranch home.

The cameraman moves in while she sings, so by the end of the commercial I'm left with just her soft white cheeks and pouty child mouth and little nose and large eyes all gently framed by that soft black hair. The bottom of the screen frame, however, intrudes even more violently as the little safe face gets bigger and closer. Perfectly. As it details what makes this little, maybe six-year-old, raven so much more special than any typical degenerate paedophile focus:

"This is Kate
Her stepfather forces sex on her
He says he'll hurt her mother
If she tells"

She's got pretty white teeth and she smiles to show them as the commercial ends. "1-800-4-A-CHILD. CHILDHELP USA. KEEP THE LINES OPEN."

Geraldo Rivera was kind enough to include this and various other PSAs concerning child sexual abuse as part of the "Exposing The Last Taboo" episode of his eponymous daytime talk show.

Broadcast about seven months after JonBenet Ramsey was murdered, Geraldo used JonBenet's case to highlight the need for understanding the disaster to children that is sexual molestation and, apparently, murder.

Geraldo explained his case at the outset: "I think the way to abolish the last taboo is to expose it." To which, his special guest Marilyn Van Derbur Adler gilded: "There is no way to change it unless we understand it."

Marilyn is a wrinkled, oddly tight, smartly dressed, prim looking, white haired old former Miss America who as "advisor to prosecution in JonBenet case" has appeared on countless TV and radio talk shows and news programs detailing her own abuse at the hands of her millionaire father since the age of five. She talks regularly about the help she provided the attorneys investigating JonBenet's murder as related to her own pageant status and incest survivor status.

She often serves to remind one of what rich pampered molested barbie dolls will grow into if allowed to make it past the age of six, perhaps.

D11. *So you shove your make-believe tentacles out even further. And for anything to work it has to end in a victim. AIDS brings all the filthy forgettable sex acts back into perspective. Sex becomes just as wretched as you quietly always knew it would be. And luck replaces guilt.*

12. What does it feel like when you tell me you're in a dark place, in an air-raid shelter, with a little girl? How old was she?

Every week since JonBenet's death comes another crop of tabloids most often with a shot of and a garish blurb about the little made-up pre-six-year-old on the cover. *The Globe*, one of the four main tabloids, is virtually consistent. Every weekly issue for almost two years has had a feature, with pictures, of the bright red lip'd little doll.

And every week I pick through and buy the tabloids with the articles and photos of her. Available everywhere. I cut out the pictures and check the context and keep them in private files. I'm quick to remove the JonBenets from the supermarket celebrity crap that surrounds her and slide her back into my own specific context. Where I use her as pornography.

Marilyn Van Derbur Adler: "The average age of a child violated for the first time is six."

Geraldo Rivera: "Really? That's how old JonBenet Ramsey is. Was."

D12. *And you barely expand your narrowing vision into reference points and touch stones. And you're helped along. The victims so pained at being alone and forgotten huddle into desperate groups, call them communities, and start to howl and scratch more violently now as symbols and examples. Their noise and details and documentations disseminate larger traumas made from smaller and smaller infractions. And it's not supposed to doubleback on the lepers. But it always does. Making the initial pain so much more bloated now. At the same time she is encouraged to dig deep for the future relief of personal enlightenment and overcoming and empowerment. Which are all just lies.*

All these rape victims and family members of murdered losses collecting and sifting and petitioning and briefing and getting filmed. The unique and unfair ordeals melting into opportunities to educate the dumb public about everything from everyday sexism to the intricacies of the legal system to finding your own little hidden bird's voice.

13. Seven. And you may have killed her. What does that feel like?

Fourteen-year-old Kandace, a seventh grader, who Geraldo's been letting tell her story, wants to read a poem to her father.

"What you've done, I can't undo.
Times you molested me, I can't forget about you.

I feel so dirty, yet I'm clean.
I take a bath but it sticks like glue.
How you disgraced me; how could you do this.

I was just a little innocent girl without a clue."

Geraldo tells her: "It's lovely. It really is lovely."

At the end of the show he lets Kandace have another minute for a personal message to her father. Geraldo tells her to look straight into the camera. And Kandace tells the cameraman about how she's got friends now and that they'll help her if he – the father, the lens – ever touches her or anyone again:

"You're not gonna have a (bleep) left."

The propriety that pervades such brutal truths, and, more importantly, the noble need to expose such brutality, is one that all of us, paedophiles and avengers, quickly learn to operate around. The dreaded point makes it through the wire and the details that heat more intensely in your brain than in your ears will just have to do.

D13. *And now you want to see this actress, who puts an even greater amount of herself into her part than what you normally would have suspected. Again. And the only actor who leans down to kiss her after fucking her face is the one wearing the black SUCK IT BITCH t-shirt. And you tear through all you know about the acts and monies and politics and roles and reasons and you settle for the Krista Absalon case.*

A black and white photo of aging Krista graced the cover of the November/December issue of MS. (volume 5, number 3) under the politely superimposed:

KRISTA ABSALON WAS GANG-RAPED. FIVE MEN WERE FINED \$750. AND WALKED. THAT'S WHEN ABSALON AND HER SUPPORTERS TOOK ON THE SYSTEM.

14. And you were scared. But what did it feel as you were masturbating watching it? Very excited? You must have done.

Slow motion shots of little JonBenet modelling down the runway during one of her little miss beauty pageants. Her child face all done up in make-up the way her mother would wear. The lipstick on her baby lips target all the sex she doesn't understand yet forever. Over the footage of this little made-up bag of bones and lessons comes a stuttering voice recorded over a phone line. Adult. Female.

"I was molested by my grandfather as far back as I can remember till I was thirteen years old. I never told anyone.

I always wanted attention 'cause that's all I thought I was good for."

It turns out that "Anne" had called the Geraldo show to offer her thoughts, personal revelations and disturbances over a recent broadcast about JonBenet. "Anne" wanted to let the Geraldo show know that she thought someone should check out "any male people in (JonBenet's) life" and especially John Ramsey because "it really bothers me."

The footage of JonBenet displaying her kiddie wares cuts to "Anne", 29, now sitting on the panel and broken down in tears next to 14-year-old Kandace. Geraldo was so touched by her confession of personal pain that he offered her a chance to tell, live on his show, more people than just a private recorded phone line manned by TV producers. About herself. And others just like her. About JonBenet. Except still living.

And, as it turned out, while not a beauty queen, "Anne" was a failed entertainer who could blame her lust for fame on the abuse she suffered.

One grows accustomed to the specious connections that those who have suffered through abuse make to the abuse that hopefully little Jonbenet has suffered. It is somewhat more acceptable when the details are immediately juxtaposed, or even better, read over the top of pageant footage.

D14. *From Journey To Justice by Natalia Rachel Singer (MS., IBID):*

Krista had come home feeling "sore and wet", she said, but since she had wanted to drink herself numb – and succeeded – she assumed that's why she didn't suspect anything initially. She would later tell her lawyer, "I wrote the pain off to my period, but the truth is, I was too sick to pay attention to anything." Within a few weeks, Krista developed chlamydia, a sexually transmitted disease.

15. How long did you squeeze her throat for?

Rose West would sit on a couch across from her husband Fred and spread wide her legs. Look at that, she'd say addressing her splayed open cunt to her husband's attention. I bet you wish you had something to fill that up, she'd say, or something approximate. And Fred would love it. He and she were in on the same joke. His wife spending most of her day fucking nigger after nigger in the hopes of finding bigger and bigger cocks.

There was a book of photos the husband and wife kept, one of many such albums and videos devoted to their personal dedication to sexual documentation. And this particular one was specifically concerned with shots of Rose's cunt in various stages of slack opened and raw fucked-ness.

Cunts get that way, don't they.

And it doesn't necessarily have to come from sitting on the wrong ends of jungle sized nigger dicks minute after minute, does it.

Because these old whores age badly. Don't they. Those old beaten horses, drooping sagging pinched flesh and craters and divots and pits, age into widened folded and hung slabs around which bodies still convinced of some small sense of worth, try and smile and tuck and primp the ways they did back when they were firm at eighteen, firmer at fourteen. And they still don't get it. Do they.

A review in AVN (*The Adult Video News*, October 1998) for the video *Deep Throat Debi* doesn't go half way to describing what really goes on in the 74 minute amateur porn video:

The formula for this four-scene video is simple: Debi blows a well-hung black man for several minutes, then he fucks her in multiple positions and comes on her face. The sex isn't bad, but the couple is so determined to let us know how much they really enjoy themselves that hubby comes from behind the camera and does an impression of a zamboni, licking the jizz off her face and chest in broad circles.

Debi is a pock-mark riddled skull on a withered rag body closer to the disaster side of a middle aged white trash crack whore. Her ass is flab mottled with cellulite and while her gangly frame is abused skinny, her tits even sag deflated under the weight of huge pruned brown nipples and various faded tattoos.

The effect is less:

The action is kept at a steady pace throughout the video with good camera work and very enthusiastic participants.

And more: fat niggers getting sucked off by a garbaged hooker who may like her job just a little more due to her size queen husband who gets off sucking the nigger cum out of her distended cunt and licking it off her grizzled face.

D15. *There's a photo of the main roon of the Casablanca, the bar and restaurant in Gouverneur, NY, where 23-year-old Krista was gang raped by five men. There's no pool table or a small band stage like the one that the actress from Gang Bang Angels #3 gets her fantasy fuck filled. There's no pinball machine from Jodie Foster's award winning ACCUSED performance.*

16. Did she struggle when you did that?

I like the word "little" best. I like the way it gets attached to specific names and cases by anonymous and/or cloying men in professional capacities.

The commercial that immediately preceded the first show that Gordon Elliot did on the JonBenet murder case featured the title "WHAT HAPPENED TO

LITTLE JONBENET RAMSEY" stapled over frozen stills of the 6-year-old's little adult painted baby face.

And wrapped inside was another favorite surprise. Little JonBenet got her little dead body dissected by Gordon's special kid-gloved guest Marc Klaas. There's no better way to fuck a little child than to have her parents do it for you. And there's no better way to watch fucked children than to watch someone who knows how to keep fucking it just right. Someone who knows what happens and how it works and what it looks like and what it'll sound like when he opens his gump to say the words that only he can pick out so carefully.

Marc Klaas brings with him all the loud details of his cause. The cause that he has dedicated his new life to now that his daughter is gone. And through the foundation he and his wife run out of his home, appearing on talk shows to enlighten the viewing communities about the best way to protect your children is but one important facet.

From WHO KILLED POLLY? by Frank Spiering (Monterey press, 1995):

Petitioner removed his sweatshirt, opened a condom wrapper, and unrolled the condom onto his penis. He then gathered the nightgown under the victim's armpits and inverted her white mini-skirt over her hips and pelvis, pushing it up her body. Whether petitioner ultimately ejaculated is unknown: the victim's body had decomposed to a point where forensic testing for penetration was not possible; any semen that might have been present in the condom may have been washed away by the elements; and during police interrogation, petitioner himself said only, "You guys soon find that out."

D16. *From the same article in MS.:*

"Sue Buckley called me and said, 'I have a girl who heard through rumours that some guys had sex with her while she was unconscious. She doesn't know anything about it.'" Potter told Buckley she ought to interview the men.

17. What do you think?

The best way to masturbate is to use someone else's head. Faggots who need to suck any cock that comes their way and nigger drunk or cranked whores who need to suck any cock that comes their way. Compulsion, for inclusion, for inversion, for sex, for money for more drugs and drink and more poverty back home and nothing else ever better.

Some faggots on their knees in glory holed peep show booths will put condoms on the cock you give them. They'll reach into their back pockets and ask you if you mind. Nigger whores who don't use condoms are usually very unhealthy just like most of the queers who do their job bareback. Some fags hope you can't get sick by sucking cock and have the

medical data about membrane fissures and stomach acids, as well as their penicillin quick fixes to prove it. Some nigger cunts hope to give HIV to you but still don't want your pig's cum in their mouths.

From POLLY KLAAS: THE MURDER OF AMERICA'S CHILD by Barry Bortnick (Pinnacle, 1995):

The position of the body, coupled with Davis' past crimes and the unrolled condom found at Pythian Road led investigators to suspect Polly had been raped or at least molested before death.

That Marc's twelve-year-old daughter Polly watched those fat greasy fingers unroll the condom up that greasy fat cock with her last minutes the way faggots might help or niggers might hide is something you'll never know – definitely – until Richard Allen Davis can be trusted enough to tell you and Marc Klaas.

Mr. Klaas offers up sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey:

"These people are in the worst emotional state anybody can be in. They're in a place that often times, people are not able to get out of. They're in a dark room looking for a way out. And some times people don't find a way out."

But Mr. Klaas basks in more virtue than he'll allow the newest famous parents of a murdered child on the block:

"I think it's a type of psychological child abuse. Is what I think. Six-year-olds should not be sexually provocative."

That warm mouth and the tongue technique or hard sucking jaws or whatever the beast on the sloppy end of your cock brings to the party is rendered largely blank by the tight latex covering your hard-on. Which is perfect. You have to look down to see what to feel. Their knees in filth, their inability to do anything else, their ghetto sale, their pock-holes and drug rot, their twelve-year-old face that left nighttime make-up stains on the hood when placed over her head.

Gordon Elliot continues to draw out Marc's informed opinions on the likes of a six-year-old parading around in clothes designed for older, more world weary whores. "It eroticized her," Gordon says. "She's playing barbie," he forgives and then suggests that he knows the secret to eroticizing something:

"There's a lot of people in this country who look at these little babies in a very different light."

Marc adds his personal pain to the mix again: "Beautiful little girl." And "Who knows what she would have been when she grew up." And finally:

Gordon: "You sound like you're talking about Polly."

Marc: "Well, I am, aren't I?"

D17. *And:*

Were it not for the villager's love of gossip,

Krista would never have known she had been assaulted. But the stories some people continue to tell about her are brutal, cruel tales about a woman who stepped out of line. Rumours circulate that Krista has group sex in cars; that the night of the gang rape, she was performing oral sex on men lined up outside the bar. In Gouverneur, many people consider Krista a trouble-maker or, worse, a money-hungry sex fiend.

18. What do you think? What's your guess?

Both Geraldo and Leeza invited family members and friends of the little raped and beaten black girl known as Girl X onto their respective programs. Both talk show hosts wanted to confront the possible racist inequities of the media and public by discussing the relative lack of attention the crime against Girl X received when it occurred the very same Christmas week as the murder of JonBenet.

Girl X had been left for dead. By a stranger that raped and beat her retarded in a stairwell of the Cabrini Green Housing Projects in Chicago. She was nine years old, a fourth grader and lived in one of the most notorious housing projects in the US. And she lived. So the crimes against the children were virtually the same.

Geraldo: "I know that the girl was found with the gang graffiti scrawled on her abused and violated body."

Geraldo also had the good sense to show footage of one of Girl X's school friends screaming in tears at the bottom of one of the dirty rusted project stairwells having just received the news about the rape and brutal beating.

And while Leeza's guests moaned about the media being so accustomed to black on black crime that the rape registered nary a blip on the national level, Geraldo made sure his audience knew it was a big story in Chicago by interviewing the newscasters and reporters who brought the locals as much information as was allowed.

Unlike JonBenet, Girl X was by law protected from being named or identified by whatever footage could be found of a typical little black girl growing up in the projects. And while bitching about the racism inherent in the lack of even general coverage, it didn't escape the attention of most that Leeza and Geraldo still had to tag the black on black crime onto the footage of lily white JonBenet.

The sad reality is that Girl X's life makes better copy. But newscasters can't call her project poverty no chance life miserable because of all the others sharing that life and watching it on TV at what would be the same time. JonBenet's life is better pornography because it is what is allowed.

D18. *At the start of The World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang, the actress is filmed getting her hair done,*

preparing for her role. The actress – whose name I do remember, Brooke Ashley – is sitting in a make-up chair listening to her stylist's concern over her client's job to get fucked by what was then fifty men, mainly, in her asshole:

"Wow. Whoa. You think you'll be alright?"

Brooke assures her that she's up for it. And just before the scene breaks, the camera pans down to Brooke's open white robe where she is seen to be rubbing her clit.

19. Can you see her face?

On Geraldo's primetime cable talk show – more respectably upmarket, investigative and, on the surface, less tabloid-y – *Rivera Live*, Geraldo married a couple of JonBenets with Ryan Harris and Sherrice Iverson. Two other little black girls raped and murdered under glamorous circumstances. However, as Geraldo soon started to obsess over the Clinton/Lewinski blow-job the public who had come to rely on Geraldo was robbed of their best chances.

D19. *Contrary to the advertising, Brooke Ashley's gang-bang is much more genteel than the previous examples in the genre. The men enter her one at a time, one on one, with no great long lines of gawking, genital tugging non-industry strangers all waiting for their brief stab at tearing her tiny ass apart. Some of the men wear condoms as they dig into her cunt and then her asshole. While others don't. Some of the actors exit the actress' anus only to jerk themselves off and aim their cum directly into her slightly slacker asshole. In one brief moment, and it's hard to tell, but one of these incidents ends with Brooke pushing away from a just spent actor as he looks to be trying to sink his cum soaked cock back into her asshole. Brooke Ashley, the actress, and her asshole.*

20. **What I'm finding amazing, I suppose, is when we talked about Laura, and your fantasy concerning Laura, that in a sense it was like a re-enactment of what you just told me. I mean what is actually going on? Do you find that an unconscious side of you takes over, that bypasses intellectual thinking, or what?**

Christopher Meyer. Ten years old.

The photo I keep of him (clipped from the *Chicago Sun-Times*) is the same one Geraldo kept showing. And the footage of him playing in a living room before he was murdered comes courtesy of Geraldo's special show on child predators.

D20. *As part of the TRUE LIFE series produced by MTV, an episode entitled "I'M A PORN STAR" aired on October 7, 1998 and featured, among its behind the scenes access, an interview with Brooke Ashley. Brooke sitting at another make-up table with*

her hair in curlers, getting ready for either a shoot or a dance. The interview was edited slightly to tighten up her answers and focus as the actress talked directly into the camera. She talked about The World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang (also called "Brooke's All Anal Adventure", Midnight Video):

"I got a call to do a film and with the amount of money they were offering me I was thinking; god, you know, either this is a great budget for porn or I'm going to be doing something here that you haven't told me about yet."

21. **Yeah. Yeah. But what I'm interested in is that it stayed there in your head and that you've had the image of it for a very long time. You may have struggled with it for a very long time – not wanting, but it kept coming into your head ...it kept coming back.**

Geraldo used this show to spotlight the crimes against Christopher, Megan Kanka, Amber Haggerman and Alicia and DeAnn Jones by sandwiching their cases and family pain between updates on the JonBenet case.

D21. *"They wanted me to have sex with a total of 32 men. Okay, sure, that's a lot. That seemed like a lot for me but I was thinking this day and age when you have another person out there that's just as pretty as you are – maybe prettier, maybe fresher – that's willing to do just as much as you, if not more; you just had to keep up with that competition. I felt that this was going to enhance my career."*

22. **Yes. Now I also know because the fantasy has been there that sometimes you have been masturbating about other things, that image still comes into your head and you don't like that. You didn't like it over the years, but it was there and you end up guilty and therefore feel bad. Am I right?**

Geraldo mentions, before he runs over the Megan Kanka victim details, that her murderer Jesse Timmendequas was facing the first day of his trial that day.

Court TV was allowed to broadcast live only the opening and closing statements in the case. As such, prosecutor Kathryn Flicker faced the jury (who were off camera) and recounted for the watching world Jesse's confession. She read in a brave but disgusted and angry voice, careful to keep it all professional and fair:

"I tried to penetrate her with my penis for about two minutes and I couldn't get it all the way in."

"No matter how hard I tried to force it all the way in, I couldn't get it in because she was too small."

"I tried to penetrate her in her pussy."

"Question. Did you at anytime try to have anal sex with Megan. Answer. No. But I may have slipped when I was trying to penetrate her pussy."

Geraldo had lubed the stage earlier with photos of the little chubby faced seven-year-old and the vivid report on her rape and murder:

"Once inside he lures her to an upstairs bedroom. Strangles her unconscious with a belt. Rapes her. And asphyxiates her to death with a plastic bag. Then he places her small body into a tool box and drives her to a soccer field two and a half miles away where he dumps her body into the bushes."

D22. *"I was expecting so much from it. And it actually had total opposite impact on my life.*

(starts to cry slightly)

"I tried to make it where everybody had to wear condoms but they told me that, um, in the contract that only half of the guys in the movie would be, um, able to wear the condoms and the other half would not.

"Some of them I've known for a long time. Most of them have known me pretty well because they've been booked in my movies, vice versa. After completion of the movie, I went to go get my blood drawn for my routine every thirty day HIV test. And the following day, I get a really odd voice message. And I call it on the car phone and it says 'Hi baby, um, this is Jim South, honey, this is very important, I need you to not work. Call me on Monday.' My agent! My agent's making money off me working, what's he thinking?"

"I – I get called into the office on Monday. They close the door behind me and I knew something was wrong and basically it was this: I ...tested positive for HIV, um, I think I went into mourning for myself for a period of time. (deep exhale) It's something that ...you're so careful (starts to cry) and you are. You think everybody's tested, you know, you see people's test. How could this happen? I haven't had sex other than this movie and my boyfriend wears a condom. What's going on here?"

23. **And as you masturbate, you connect those images with orgasm. Orgasm is the most powerful experience and internal feeling that you can have. But, connected to that orgasm and fantasy was that behavior. Right? It's okay, you can tell: don't worry about this.**

Mika Meyer is invited to talk about her sense of injustice and loss.

"It's dying a thousand deaths everyday. It's walking around with your open heart surgery never being stitched up."

Geraldo had just told the audience about mother Mika's little boy Christopher:

"The little boy had been stabbed 53 times in the chest and the back. His genitals had been completely castrated."

Then he introduced Glenda Hill, the sister of little Tara Sue Huffman, the five-year-old girl that was also murdered by the man who murdered Christopher.

Later, Geraldo would pounce outraged. Timothy Buss had served only twelve years in jail for the murder of Tara Sue and shortly after release murdered little Christopher. And he follows the same tack of brutal caring bravery with Glenda that he did with Mika when he asked her to "remind them about how exactly Timothy Buss murdered your son."

Geraldo: "What did he do to your sister? He didn't just murder her"

Glenda: "No. After she was dead he stuck sticks up inside of her body. And... um... he bashed in the front of her face and... he beat her. (starts to cry)"

Geraldo: "He served twelve years. Is that right?"

Cari Meyer, sister to the late little Christopher, sits in the audience and Geraldo walks to her and entreats her to talk about her brother. "It didn't have to be him" she says as the camera swings to Mika who has also now broken down.

D23. *"I had spent so much of my life. Giving so much of my life to this. And when (sniff) my own business, my own family – people that I spent my thanksgivings with, people that I grew up with. From the time that I was eighteen to twenty-five. Um, I just can not believe our business was in such denial."*

24. **I know you have. But you haven't always been able to, have you?**

Geraldo continues:

"A man walking his dog discovers her nude body. Chalky white. Face down. Floating in a creek eight miles from where she had been abducted. Her throat had been slashed five times. Autopsy reports confirm Amber was also sexually molested."

"Tell us about Amber."

The mother starts to cry and her face is replaced by a shot of her 9-year-old daughter smiling with jagged teeth and bright blue eyes.

"She was my dream. She was never in trouble. She did no harm to nobody. She was an innocent little girl."

A new photo of Amber holding a baby doll sat next to her mother, both smiling, comes on next.

"How dare that man do this to my little girl. How dare him."

D24. *She cries and the tears run down her previously*

cum soaked and cock filled mouth. Her lip trembles and at times she seems to have to physically hurl the words out. She twists her tragedy, her bad luck and single worst decision into a condemnation of the business. Which wouldn't have happened before. She asks questions of cosmic inequity and personal confusion and tries to find answers by forcing them into the camera that, once again, records her working so hard.

25. Yes, and it not only comes back, but at the time masturbation to the fantasy is something that's reinforcing the image. The way you've lived with that. No one has helped you. No one has talked to you. No one has helped you overcome that image... Today, here in this room, you can go back to that cellar, and there in your head is that child, just as real now as it was then. Right?

This is what I've been reduced to.

I've replaced photos and films of children having their pushed up little faces cock fucked and their cookie cutter orifices finger fucked with images of previously safe little darlings smiling before anything special has happened.

Because JonBenet looks prepared and because she smells like she has fucked and killed written all over the inside of her tightest crotch hugging swimsuit if I work hard on the context. What I recognise inside those sold and cropped and considered and financed photos is not so much what she looks like dead and raped but how much she looks like she's got all those fingers on her. Adult fingers and adult mouths clamoring to suck on her 6-year-old cunt; positioning themselves in the midst of an angry hard cock based hard news gang bang.

D25. *And I cum quicker to her tears than I do to her smeared asshole and all the cocks in her femalia and all the whore eyes and invisible infections I could look for. And there's this obnoxious little act that ends perfectly alone and messy and is somehow supposed to stain someone else's reality. But it doesn't. But I breathe it all in and take it with me. I work on the connections, silently and individually, and fish it right back to where it started. With me.*

1. When were you first conscious of the female form, the girl with no hair? When were you conscious of that becoming important to you?

What does a little girl look like. Naked. Vulnerable. Waiting. Fucked. Crying. Posing for a photo that belongs to an art gallery rather than in my front cock pocket on my way into some glory hole joint.

JonBenet, in no photo I have of her is she belligerent. Or bratty. I have some where she looks away from where she's supposed to and another where

she yawns.

I have video footage filmed just a few days before she was murdered, of her singing christmas carols, pretending to blow a sax during the instrumental break and wiggling her little butt. First aired courtesy *American Journal*.

Geraldo played the Ramseys' answering machine message where JonBenet squeaked: "We're having a great summer. Wish you were here!"

A *60 Minutes* episode, broadcast about five months after JonBenet's death, had a nice introduction to her stage act:

"JonBenet Ramsey!

She'd like to become an Olympic skater.

Her favorite star: Julie Andrews.

JonBenet loves to eat cherries."

D26. *Brooke's life pops up again in an article about porn actress Tricia Devereaux's newly discovered HIV Positive status in the April 1999 issue of POZ:*

Next it was reported that 25-year-old Brooke Ashley – who starred, with 50 men, in The World's Greatest Anal Gang Bang – tested positive. In April, long-timer Marc Wallace, who had some 1,500 titles under his belt, including Anal Anarchy, Anal Savage and The Creasemaster, got the bad news, as did single-name Euro-newcomer Caroline, of Lewd Conduct, Part 1 fame. May brought word to veteran Kimberly Jade.

2. If you were to place the perfect girl in that chair with you as a target, what would she be? How old would she be?

Nearly seven months after the murder of JonBenet, the Denver investigators were forced to release her (partial) autopsy to the press. The orgy to figure out as close as possible to the truth of whether JonBenet was molested was as thick as the report was vague.

All these well-intentioned vultures targeting this tiny inflamed barely six-year-old dead buried vagina.

Wolf Blitzer sat in for Larry King on his CNN talk show in front of an esteemed panel of reporters, attorneys, a child abuse expert and the ex beauty queen incest victim.

Charlie Brennan (Rocky Mountain News):

"There is very strong indication that she suffered a degree of trauma to the genital area. And it may come down to a matter of semantical discussion as to whether the trauma to the genitals constitutes what we typically call sexual assault or whether that was more under the heading of what we would just call physical abuse. In my book, assault to the genital area – that says sexual assault to me but I think there are obviously a lot of people that may have different interpretations on that."

Bob Grant (Adams County DA and a regular guest on *Rivera Live*) upset for the "human reason" that "intensely personal, private, clinical, graphic detail – not the kind of stuff that you want to hear at your breakfast table" has been released and pored over so meticulously:

"It's just a shame that the memory of this beautiful child has to be sullied with this stuff."

Marilyn Van Derbur Adler seeps into her favorite position and takes Grant to task. She barks again for full disclosure of all the "intimate details" so that the public can learn that "these children are pried open and raped – viciously."

D27. *From the next page:*

Devereaux's genealogy pointed Mitchell directly toward Marc Wallace. Devereaux had worked with him twice in the fall of 1997, and had never worked with the other three women who tested positive; she also says she never shot up drugs and had sex with only one man outside the industry, who's HIV negative.

Soon an industry backlash dubbed Wallace "Patient Zero", and rumours flew that he used needles or did gay outcalls; that he had known he was positive for a year, and forged negative test results.

3. What would she be wearing? Picture her there in the chair, and look at the chair. Put her there.

Dr. Richard Krugman (child abuse expert, University Of Colorado Medical Center – he appeared earlier in the day on MSNBC News, also discussing the autopsy, alongside Robert Ressler, the serial killer profiler expert.):

"...and at the same time she had several other fresh abrasions, scratches, bruises on her body including an abrasion on her hymen that was part of what was found at the autopsy. Whether all these occurred at the same time as, shortly after, shortly before, I think is not clear from reading the autopsy."

Wolf Blitzer: "Is there in your opinion, and you're an expert in this kind of area, is there enough to conclude that JonBenet Ramsey was sexually abused?"

Wolf Blitzer: "When we're talking about sexual abuse, are we talking about sexual abuse on the night of the murder or is there any evidence in this autopsy report that suggests there was previous sexual abuse?"

D28. *Luke Ford, author of A History Of X (100 Years Of Sex In Film), runs a porn industry gossip website and recently published an interview with Marc Wallace:*

Luke: "Brooke Ashley says she asked you if you knew you were HIV positive, and you were silent."

Marc: "She never asked me that. No one can ever

prove that I knew. They didn't ask me or find out from the treatment center."

Luke: "Supposedly Patrick Collins asked you the same question and you were silent."

Marc: "No, why would I be silent?"

Luke: "Because it's an insulting question."

Marc: "Well, yeah. I'd say, 'fuck you. You're an asshole. If you can't figure that out for yourself, I'm not going to answer it'."

About two years ago, Marc and Brooke did cocaine and ecstasy at Tom Byron's house. Marc and Brooke had sex while doing the drugs.

Marc: "If I had it then, she would've had it way back then. Some other girls too that I partied with..."

4. Short? Long? What sort of colour?

John Gibson sat in for Geraldo Rivera on *Rivera Live* that same night. Another group of criminal attorneys, reporters and medical experts were gathered to pick apart the newest glance at that little paper cunt.

Among the details that Gibson directed attention to were the urine stained long underwear and the mysterious red stain on the panties the child had on when she was found dead by her father.

John Gibson: "Does that red stain mean anything in particular?"

Craig Silverman (civil and criminal attorney):

"Well, let's look at it. Understand that this little girl had panties on. And then long underwear. Typical garb for a little girl going to bed. When they found her she has blood on her panties but not on the long underwear so this indicates to me that if there was a sexual assault somebody would have to redress this little girl. Which is bizarre behavior by a stranger who comes in and then commits this type of act and then would redress her, particularly if the pants were urine stained."

Cyril Wecht, MD (forensic pathologist/attorney who would later co-write a book on the JonBenet case and argue vociferously for a sexual motive in the murder including the embarrassing assertion that JonBenet died as a result of a bad game of sexual asphyxiation):

"May I remind you that previously released information tells us that there was blood on the labia, blood in the vaginal vault, an abrasion and contusion so we definitely have a sexual assault. The red staining on the panties, I'll bet you anything, is blood. And the question is how does it get there. It gets there from the blood on the genitalia. And Mr. Silverman has correctly pointed out that there's no way that this could be done. The panties were placed back on to the child after the sexual assault had occurred in order for the staining to have been there in the crotch of the panties."

Cyril continues to get excited and, after the commercial break, talks clinically about inflammation

and discoloration and the hymen and the rim and finally concedes that perhaps the rape of the child wasn't a vicious attack "maybe not by a penis" but rather was a "controlled situation".

D29. *This is how you become a creep. You need to fit all that hearsay and cheap information that you've collected and then jam it into the tiniest little box that you can handle called your Tastes. And then you have to hope just as desperately that the tragic little realities that you've tried to touch by simply constantly masturbating your mass onto your palm and belly are the true tragic realities of those who have already proved their tacky ability at selling, at low ball prices, all the reality that any loser like you would buy and care to believe.*

5. Hairstyle?

Geraldo does the same show as Rolanda, Maureen O'Boyle (*In Person*), Maury Povich, Jenny Jones, even *CNN Talk Back Live*. That is: trot the little girls who make up the small numbers of the little Miss Beauty Pageants and tut tut the perverse sexuality by ending with the murder and rape of its most famous representative.

Susan Rook of CNN asks one of the little assembled beauty queens all done up like a little executive rather than a Miss America: "Natasha; do you want to be a tomboy?"

The eleven-year-old little Miss Michigan replies through heavy lip gloss on big sexy lips:

"No, I don't. I want to be a little girl for as long as I can possibly be. Because I just want to live my childhood in pageantry isn't my whole life. I just want to be a little girl."

Of course, Little Miss Michigan is already too old. The question should have been asked to one of the smaller younger made-up dollies that were dressed up as princesses.

D30. *The acts performed by Brooke Ashley don't change with extra information. Because they don't matter. 23-year-old Tricia and old man Marc fucking on film makes the same small sense as renting virtually any gay porn video anywhere at any price. Especially the newer ones that all include condoms and seriously careful wide open mouth cum shots. The possibilities and stories and fake concern for their own welfare and cottonmouthed regrets all show up in places very far away from the video monitor. Brooke crying. Brooke reading an article on Tricia Devereaux. Brooke listening to what Marc Wallace has to say personally over publicly. The air that swirls over her head with gossip and all those fanboys saying her name and disease over and over. The titles of her videos. The money she can still glom. The cheap wooden peep show booths that play any porn actress'*

video while some hard knee'd faggot fills his asshole with a brand new strain of HIV. The life she swam in and supported and now has to prop up what little's left so that it'll not come crashing down even harder on her single weakest character yet.

6. What sort of face would she have?

8-year-old Brittany and 9-year-old Breanne are interviewed on *Extra* as former pageant mates of JonBenet.

"Where's JonBenet now?"

"She's up in heaven."

American Journal interviewed Breanne as well:

"It's kind of scary when I'm, like, far far away from my mom. Or my dad. It's kind of scary."

Breanne's mother, Dawn German, also contributed an article to *Newsweek* (January 20, 1997) as part of its cover story "The Strange World of Jonbenet"; IT'S LIKE PLAYING DRESS-UP:

When she did her first swimsuit competition when she was 6, it was very age-appropriate. The suits were very cute, and they held beach balls.

Caryl And Marilyn (The Mommies) interviewed 11-year-old Dallas, 10-year-old Rebecca and 9-year-old Amy. Marilyn says Dallas looks like "Lolita" and that she had a "quick tense feeling" when they displayed such "sensual shots" of the tykes in full make-up.

D31. *A future Gang Bang Angels could just as easily be built around the Tawana Brawley fake rape case. Three or four or even more white men – some dressed in cop uniforms – take a young black porn starlet out into the woods and soak her in a cum bath after jamming two queer cocks into her cunt at the same time and making the nigger bitch take breathers at their assholes. They fuck her one after another in her naked pitch black asshole and when they're ready to ejaculate, they pull out and smear the sperm into her hair; already filthy with leaves and small sticks and dirt and mud.*

Then a shaving scene where her nigger hair is cut clear of any evidence. Just before they make her crawl into a garbage bag. One of the voice-overs from one of the actor/rapists should be about how it feels to fuck the tight insides of four hundred years of oppression.

7. A pretty face?

Geraldo picks through a copy of *People* magazine that features JonBenet on its cover. He holds up a pageant program. And then, as images of JonBenet's swimsuited sex, lipstick and flirtatious bounces and grinds wash over him, he begins the real introduction:

"Found by her very own father, murdered

brutally in the basement of her Boulder, Colorado home. Sexually assaulted before being strangled to death. But while the country watched the pictures of the little six-year-old on their televisions something else was also coming across. A powerful message. This was no ordinary girl who was murdered. This was a Pageant Queen. Even at the age of six. Here she is in the first images the country had of the slain little girl. Doing apparently what she knew best: performing. Then there was this outfit. JonBenet in her pink cowgirl dress. Working the runway in front of onlookers. This black and white ensemble was next. Complete with matching top hat. Once again little JonBenet performing for points. For fame. But nothing brought forth the underlying story that was starting to disturb America like this still photo of JonBenet. Her hair styled perfectly. The bright red lipstick. All on a six-year-old child. What was this? What was this little girl involved in? And why were her parents doing this to her?"

Geraldo then admonishes the crowd to save their derision for the parents and not to treat the little children badly as they walk out onto the stage. He introduces each by name and comments on how charming each is in succession.

7-year-old Taylor.

"That's nice, I like your crown too."

8-year-old Brandy.

"Did your mom teach you that?"

8-year-old Tessa.

"Will you stand and show them your pretty dress? That's very lovely."

8-year-old Brooke.

"Can you show me that wave again?"

8-year-old Tabitha.

"Very nice."

D32. *The director may want to go that extra marketing distance for verisimilitude and sensationalist audiences by having the actors scrawl KKK and NIGGER NIGGER on her stomach and, unfortunately, big implant scarred tits. Then a shit-like substance over 80% of her body that'll show up the right shade on her dark shit-shade skin. He can always use a disclaimer about the need to tell the truth about the horrors of the crime and the effect that even the ideas have on one's repressed racist soul. He can broach the transgressive by seeking to investigate the polite limits of the public. Or the disturbing but undeniably erotic content of consensual and non-consensual rape fantasies. What better case to investigate truth and fantasy and power relations than one built from racist allegations in a sex case that most likely never happened.*

There'll always be some low rung perverts that you can't worry about.

Better yet; The producers need to hire a black director. An old porn stud now put out to driving a bus

or whatever. He'll do it.

He can expand on the details and outright deny the salacious references; all the while winking at his friends and employers and porn circuit audiences. He'll bask in outlaw artist status. He may want to simply suggest the humiliating denouement by having a male porn star smear his semen on the paid black whore's firm belly in what just may seem to look like the beginnings of a large K or something.

8. Would she be happy? Sad? What would her face be?

Jenny Jones reminded the audience who Jonbenet was. "Strangled and sexually assaulted" and then "she was gorgeous".

Of the mothers accompanying their pageant daughters, one had taken her daughter out of the circuit due to "too much pressure." This one, Donna, said her daughter Deidre had even competed against JonBenet. But now she was more realistic:

"My biggest fear is pornographic material. Any sleazy photographer can come in to these pageants, they will sell you videos of these pageants for \$120. But they own the rights to those videos."

D33. *From Al Sharpton's autobiography; Go And Tell Pharaoh (Doubleday, 1996):*

On November 24, 1987, in the middle of the first Howard Beach trial, a fifteen-year-old black girl was found covered in racist graffiti and dog feces in a plastic garbage bag on the grounds of an apartment complex in Wappinger's Falls, New York. The girl, Tawana Brawley, was rushed to the hospital and treated for trauma and sexual assault. Tawana told a story of having been abducted by a group of white men, held captive, and tormented, raped, and sodomized for several days.

9. What would her personality be?

JonBenet will be forever six years old – even though most of the photos of her are from when she was four and five. And she'll always have on either lipstick or duct tape wrapped around her little pouty unfittable mouth. Though there's certainly enough photos of her in the public feast being just a regular girl without make-up like something a paedophile wouldn't want to fuck over any other available child.

It is important to imagine that perhaps JonBenet was in fact molested before she was murdered. And while fiction is always ugly, the question of whether or not JonBenet, in later life, might have reacted negatively to the photos of her made-up like an adult looking to get paid or fucked does inform the photos I keep so carefully.

Could the little girls showing their legs and fannies and barely visible through diaper slits learn to

see their innocent poses and struts and sliding holes as dirty. If I tell them I masturbate to them. If I show them. How I think of those red lips on such a little girl and imagine the brain numbing pain behind such tight bones. A bright red smudge on the head of my fat cock.

A paedophile who sits quietly as children play at the beach. A paedophile who just watches. And occasionally looks up from his book.

A finger that won't fit in. A cock that would cum only as he rubbed it along with her clumsily small palms and ignored directions. Her red suffocating face turning the lipstick you put all over her thin lips a brand new angry crumbling shade. The way her parents set her up for it wholesale. Delivered the pornography right into my lap for, what, \$120.

D34. *The black actress would be paid better than her male co-stars. It would be a mistake for any black actress in the porn field to pass up the chance at such a juicy incendiary industry attention grabbing part.*

It would be an even better part for a new girl. Someone fresh. One that had certain reservations towards her chosen life and that maybe just wanted to test the water a little bit.

Because jobs are hard to get. Acting. And harder still for african-americans. And worse; women of color.

10. And would she be clean, tomboyish or dirty?

JonBenet is only known to me because she was murdered. And that death is all that lets me see the rape – desperately clung to despite the gross stupidity of perverts like Cyril Wecht – and all the bruises and sores and inflammations spread out onto bodies mostly older than her own and not exactly the same.

JonBenet is flat. As in the way a child of her age would be. No tits. Unformed. No fatty cunt and thighs and bags under her eyes and stretch marks. Soft and hard where there's nothing but skin on bone. Tired. Selfish. Bumps where saline will go soon enough. Tape here. Hide those. Exercise this more.

She is even flatter. As in paper. As in pathetic. As in pause and sound bite and used all by your lonesome self again and again.

And worse. I don't know any real facts and details about the little reproductions due to the intense self-serving speculations of even her most minute vital statistics. I know burly voices slick with muddy inference and salty with effeminate concern.

D35. *More from Al Sharpton:*

I cannot describe the horror I felt upon hearing the full details of this story. No black person is without historical memory of the outrages visited upon black women throughout slavery and into the

twentieth century. I was interested in this case because I felt someone had to stand up and defend this young girl; I felt like I was defending my mother, my wife, my daughters, my sisters, all the black women I know and love, black women in general, even. Something had to be done.

11. When you put a girl like that in the chair – picture the girl – what do you think when you see a girl like that?

I'm not telling you how hypocritical these detailers are. The same way I didn't give you the phone number to CHILDHELP USA to help you escape. But if that works for you and the various judges and prosecution and investigators who may be interested: Fine. You're welcome. Thank you.

Because I'm not the one to do it. The distant moral stance and thick condomed safety that separates those who talk about it in public and those who worry about it in private all seems to hinge on the very nineties hyper-concern for family and, specifically, the protection of children so that they can remain children for as long as they can. I don't have children – literally and figuratively – and I'm not so misanthropic to believe that all that adults say is somehow smarmy. The same way I don't believe that all good is done for the next generation.

But I'm clear on this. That this, from the *National Enquirer* of October 28, 1997, works best for those who masturbate into condoms thinking about Polly Klaas' pain, her father's mouth and her fully clothed ubiquitous image:

Hoffmann-Pugh disclosed that JonBenet was terribly embarrassed to be seen naked by anyone including her daughter Ariana. 'If I happened to walk in on her and she had her top off, she'd make a face and quickly fold her arms over her chest and turn away from me', the housekeeper recalled.

It was very clear that she was alarmed and didn't want anyone seeing her chest, even though she was completely undeveloped.

D36. *Underneath the Gang Bang Tawana volume whatever title, in splashy white text, so as to leave no doubt in the heads of stupid racist assholes that may want to masturbate the wrong way to such images:*

"For all the black women I know and love, black women in general, even."

12. What else do you think?

In the second photo of Emily, 10, in the photo book *Fast Forward (Growing Up In The Shadow Of Hollywood)* by Lauren Greenfield (Knopf, Melcher Media, 1997), the little rich girl supermodel poses in the bathroom mirror of a rather ritzy hotel. She's wearing the same hot pink swimsuit that she wore in

the previous photo but this time it's dry. Her ass is pushed out, her long brown hair is held back in a sexy flow, she looks as if she's starting to bud breasts. But she's probably just a little too chubby. Her pink lips don't look as pink or thick as they do in the shot of her closing her eyes and dreaming in the pool. She says:

In the bathroom, there are mirrors everywhere, just like I love. It's kind of fun, because I can spend five hours looking at myself in the mirror and doing my hair and posing for myself. I want to be a model for magazines and videos and TV shows and stuff.

D37. *From Unholy Alliances by Mike Taibbi and Anna Sims-Phillips (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1989):*

According to the girl's aunt, Juanita Brawley, Tawana was found dazed and confused Saturday afternoon in a neighborhood where her family once had a residence. Passers-by noticed her incoherent state and brought her to St. Francis Hospital in Poughkeepsie. Upon examining the young girl, doctors observed that her hair had been chopped off, her body smeared with feces, and the word KKK written in Magic Marker across her chest. On her stomach, "nigger, nigger" was written. She had been raped; her face bruised, body scratched. She was treated for her injuries as well as shock and released to her mother and aunt early this morning. The popular, attractive cheerleader from Ketchum H.S. in Wappinger's Falls is so shaken she is unable to speak.

13. What else do you think?

The Chicago Tribune on July 27, 1999, under the headline; MICHIGAN POLICE HUNT MAN IN RAPE OF TWO GIRLS:

The man was wanted in the rape of two girls, ages 8 and 14, who were found bruised and bleeding Saturday in the farming community along Clio Area Bike path, about 10 miles north of Flint.

The girls told authorities a man approached them as they walked along the bike path and threatened them with a knife.

He raped both girls, handcuffed one, then beat and choked them until they lost consciousness, Genesee County Sheriff Robert Pickell said.

"He may have thought they were dead. It appears he wanted them dead", Pickell said.

Two days later the *Tribune* reported again. Under MAN CHARGED IN SEXUAL ASSAULT OF 2 GIRLS:

Jack Duane Hall, 34, was arraigned in District Court on charges of first-degree criminal assault with a dangerous weapon and attempted murder by strangulation in the attack on the 8- and 14-year-old girls, said Genesee County Sheriff's Lt. Mike Rau.

Bleeding from where?

D38. *The actress should not speak. Over the opening credits a group of happy sexy cheerleaders practising their liberating youthful cheers should be filmed from behind the chain link school fence.*

14. That's what the target is: she has a skirt on but no pants?

A primary use for child pornography is to lower children's inhibitions. To show them shots of others doing what you want them to do. This really isn't true often enough.

Put on this lipstick, dear. Just like mommy does. Just like little JonBenet.

The Examiner of April 22, 1997:

Even before she was killed, bootlegged pictures of JonBenet and the innocent child's beauty pageant videos were a huge hit with sick paedophiles who spend hours glued to x-rated kiddie porn on the internet, say insiders.

The Star of April 29, 1997 (included under their JONBENET DAD LINKED TO KIDDIE PORN exposé):

Girls who appear as young as 10 or 12 engaging in sexual acts – including oral sex – with each other and with men.

Pre-teen girls, bound and gagged, being whipped and tortured.

A girl of no more than 12 or 13 bound from her head to her hips in a leather bridle, and hung by a chain. In the full-color photo, she is made to appear dead.

D39. *The porn company, frightened by possible lawsuits and costly legal entanglements, may think it best to choose a different name for the Tawana character just like it would have to choose an older age. Juanita, after Tawana's media hungry aunt, might be an ironic and powerful choice.*

From Unholy Alliances:

Juanita: "She had feces smeared all over her, in her hair. Her pants were burned. Um, she was incoherent. I saw "KKK" scrawled on her, written on her chest, right over her breasts. Further down there was "nigger nigger" written on her stomach."

15. What are you wanting to do with her and to her?

It's not a mouth I fucked. Not a small available body that I beat up just to do what her fucking father did. I wasn't that drunk and stupid and repressed.

Her mother didn't ask me to do it to her. By putting make-up on her and asking her to walk the way she used to when she was slightly older and more knowledgeable and far more trained in the ways of courting and selling and giving it up to the wrong loser time and time again.

I didn't pick the target. I don't have to take

the one that old cunt chose for all the other idiots.

D40. *The end credits should scroll over long slow motion pans of project houses and crack corners. And at the very end, just before the behind the scenes make-up and new age complicity footage, the legend, once again, from the box-cover about how all this has been done for the black women the director and all the other care givers see as voiceless and in need. Long freeze frame to fade. Then back up to lighten the mood with actor details and motivation.*

16. But what would you want to do with her if she was in this room now? You're on your own with her: what would you be thinking about? What would you like to do?

I wouldn't put make-up on her. I'd leave it on, though, if she came that way.

You know how many times I've heard those stories about how child molesting fathers didn't have to ask their children for their bodies after a while. That the kids would become trained soon enough. And if they found themselves alone in the house with their dad they'd usually just strip off and go for daddy's dick as he just sat there. She'd pull him into the bedroom. Just little children.

That's what I would be thinking. That's what I'd like to do. To see how that comes up from the first time you nail her little face and tiny hands and stretch her child's vulva to adult coming shreds. To watch that coming up like vomit. Under the tears and the running mommy make-up. Underneath her dress and trailer trash t-shirts and tight swimming trunks and peanut butter breath.

Now. I'd look for specifics.

D41. *Truth is I wouldn't look for porno stars' names or titles if it weren't for such information. And I know I can't see the infection rate physically go up when some dick pulls off and dumps his perfectly clean DNA'd cum directly into some cheap cunt's gaping asshole. I'm sold all the information and I buy it up. She got HIV at someone's house while fucking another porn star for athletic fun and drugs. She was just that way. And she was ugliest when it was just her acting that was bad and her used female stupidity couldn't not seep through. It was the low level she started at and the way she denied it as she slid further down. The tears and the trembling and mild composure fits are only as good as her awareness of the cameraman and her professional relative ease at selling absolutely any part of her that's asked for.*

17. Right. Where?

I'd tell her she wasn't lying. That I knew she was more than just a piece of junk. And my problem with

her make-up was just that: My problem.

And I'd explain about her father. How ignorant he is and how she deserves so much better and how, still, she'll always be better than what he's trying to make her.

And that she should feel pretty. Because she is. And not in a dirty way. Not in some ridiculous romantic way. Not in a bullshit way. She would be pretty all her life because she had something special to offer the world. In the way she'll carry herself and be above all of this filthy weak shit and in the way she'll be able to cut through all the lies and phoniness and manipulations that people – scum – that want to tear her down and deplete her will try and use against her.

I'd like to hug her if she wants me to.

If she asks me.

I'd like her to know she's safe with me. That she should feel protected, at least, sometimes. That she owes that to herself. That the world owes that to her, correct, but she can't always count on it.

Let me see the scars. The cuts and bruises. Let me see the future snack shop waitress underneath all that make-up and let me explain pornography to her. You don't need it. Unless you want it. I'd ask her. Make up your own mind.

Where do you fit here? Where?

JonBenet was a six-year-old beauty brat who smeared her dead raped body all over my reading material and television and masturbation fantasies. You don't want that, do you?

And I'd feel the pulse in my cock.

And I'd want to tell her what the physical manifestation of love is supposed to be. I'd show her everything. Before she was ready.

D42. *How many women have had pool sticks jammed up their freshly raped and ripped wombs and then been cracked over their heads with the blood splattered broken wood ends. Had their faces and bodies beaten into bleeding pulp by angry drunk bar patrons showing off for their buddies, after their cocks have gone limp inside the sloppy fifths of the passed out still fuckable corpse. How many nigger whores were ever concerned that they might have contracted AIDS through an overly aggressive john's mouth fucking. How many have had to abort john's or pimp's children and then been collegiate nurse lectured about the incredible dangers of unprotected sex as they soaked their sore pits and glands in orange juice and cookies. How many went and fixed that very same night, had a bump before they got home and fucked the same exact sort of man again and again before they allowed themselves even a little nap between nods and faints.*

18. What's the word for those?

What did mommy teach you?

Did you ever ask: What are you covering up. What's getting hid. And all these lies about honesty and how important that is to a little girl thrashing around in the dark. And a haggard mother trying far too hard. And a horny fat masturbating faggot face fucker. Ask: How deep do you push to hit honesty?

Truth.

You don't look for truth, asshole, you swim in it. The cum on your knuckles and the tell-all stains on the crotch of your jeans and the burning blisters on the shaft of your cock are all due to what some little piglet does every day from then on for the rest of her life. How fucking stupid can you be? How pathetic.

Soul. Spirit.

It's impossible to not talk about the souls in pornography. From the teenagers who choose to lift their shirts in drunken youthful liberation to the hard over-worked bodies of pop porn starlets modelled as come-uppance for Hollywood stereotypes all the way down to the wilfully reckless misfits who accept candied degradation and outright humiliation as laughing nigger-rich answers to bright and certain futures. These women – mainly women – believe and operate only under the belief that an inner protecting wonder separates themselves from their acts. Or, more contemporaneously popular, that the big deep extra is being fed and celebrated. Even.

They're still miles above – far away – from the dirty little worlds that sad fucking lonely monsters like me cling to.

And a mature woman tells me she wouldn't make the same mistakes the immature one did and now she would try harder to not miss out on all the fun she could have had if she were looser and less stuck-up; less frightened.

There's so much to learn she says.

Education.

The be-all and end-all of one's sex life shouldn't be continuously spent alone. So says the common denominator. So you take all the porno boxes displayed on all the many walls of the second floor of Nationwide Video and you compare the face of these plugged holes to the only plugged once face of little six-year-old JonBenet Ramsey and you look as hard as you can for the one that'll take you away from all of that.

And you rent it.

You compare her to the poses and the press and smiles and morals and the wholesaling and the adjectives of the backless mob telling you what they can sell you under the strict US government guidelines and beat off, at home, to second best.

You owe it to yourself.

And the skinny faggot who takes you to his stinking like sickness apartment, who only requires that you buy him a six pack of cheap beer or two on the way up asks you if you want him to wear one of

his outfits for you. Because he knows who you are. And he asks you to call him JonBenet. If you like. For him too. As he places his lipsticked wet mouth on your stiff cock and drags his stained and thrashed tongue up your ass and across your balls. And into your mouth. Making everything he smears pink.

Because it's different when you're naked and in bed, dear, because you can't lie as easy and it demands a greater sense of commitment. It's too much work to always hide. Too much work to never give in.

D43. *How many nigger whores have sucked on the dicks of men whose last few hours had been spent at faggot peep booths. The stink of men who beer belch and lap at the hairy sacs of other men mixing with the slimy latex and chemical smell of the prophylactic on the flat of their tongues. The mouth stick of sick young men and sloppy old dirty men greasing up hard in her palm as she tries to cheat a bit before her jaw does the hard but safe work. So few johns must wash. So few johns leave their homes to go fuck the insides of niggers. These horny animals waste time by eating other men on their lunch hours and in the middle of their drives to and from work. And what do the hookers care? Even if the crack and smack didn't cancel out the wretched mud acts and disgusting wants and requests and all the cheaper and cheaper demands, then certainly the sheer boredom of men turning deep into men would. Just the same. It's the wives and girlfriends and dates and friends that care. The ones that want it clean. Who are stupid enough to think it matters. That there's some self-respect there. Some comfort. Something worth something more. Good girls.*

19. What is the clinical word?

"Luck" works.

"De minimus" does as well.

D44. *How much to fuck you in the ass? How much do you want?*

Answers 1–41 from pages 93–96 of SEX, edited by Boyd McDonald, Gay Sunshine Press, San Francisco, 1982. Questions (G42) 1–6 from THE TRIAL OF IAN BRADY AND MYRA HINDLEY, edited by Jonathan Goodman, David Charles, Devon, 1973. Questions (G46) 1–7 from pages 201 and 202 of MALE INTERGENERATIONAL INTIMACY, edited by Theo Sandfort, Edward Brongersma & Alex van Naerssen, Harrington Park Press, New York, 1991. Questions (G47) 1–15 from pages 10 and 11 of THE CHILD LOVERS, Glenn D. Wilson & David N. Cox, Peter Owen, London, 1983.

1. 15 in their late teens or early 20s. Had to stop after rain started in the wood of a country club.

Another english Lesley; this one a year older but with a mental age of only six. Already so different than our dear sweet bright Lesley.

From *Innocents* by Jonathan Ross with Steve Panter and Trevor Wilkinson (Fourth Estate 1997):

The forensic scientists and pathologists would soon confirm that, mercifully, she had not been sexually abused, but that, although she had not been interfered with, her last companion had undoubtedly obtained some sexual pleasure from her final hours on earth.

I remember what the little pig wore when she was missing and how it changed when she was found. Soaked in blood and hard mud and spotted with old cum. Different from the photos I have of her, aged ten, squinty eyes like a play ragged moppet. Different from the pictures I used to keep of little dutch rats getting fucked as they pretend to half-sleep. Different, still, from the drawings Trevor Brown did in high contrast black and white of little girls with bugs and guns and their harsh lily white legs spread open, their skinny uncomfortable mouths filled with whatever Mr. Brown put in there right then. But I make them all the same.

It is known only that the killer had masturbated onto Lesley, and that he had killed her, brutally, stabbing her twelve times in the chest and neck with a small knife, before wiping the blade on her thigh and leaving her, uncovered, to the elements.

Oh dear god, let her be safe.

She wore a blue coat with a fake fur hood. And under that, over her easily guarded pre-teen pre-human female damage, keeping her safe and entertained and distracted, was a pink skirt, a white t-

shirt and these charming tartan socks featuring the name of her favorite 1975 pop group: Bay City Rollers.

Upon her underwear forensic scientists were to find semen, but whether the man had ejaculated in some private, quiet place, or up in the winds and mists of the moors, whether he had done so when she was alive or dead, would also remain unknown.

E. ARE YOU SEXUAL WITH CHILDREN?

E1. No.

2. Most were. A very few were dirty or had a strong smell.

This is pretty close to perfect. All you do is look. And masturbate. And fuel and twist. Clarify. Seethe. Hide.

And it's more than simple self-control. Isn't it? Like art. Like love. Like getting high. Like screaming at some poor bereft mother about how you particularly like fucking this one photo of her daughter over and over again. Just as you'd imagine the crack head who split her tiny project frame all open did. Thank you. You mutter when you're done. It's like living with it. All the time.

You wanna know what a cheap motherfucker is? You wanna know the best way to do it? You want to get as close as you can without – sticking it in, getting any on you, getting caught, putting it in your mouth?

The worst thing an artist can do is perform for an audience. To create something for an effect. To look for a response to justify his neonous obsessions and confusion and think that the exercise is legitimate due to some misunderstood lazy form of shock or compliance.

No one would believe it anyway.

E2. *I'm told I hurt children. I don't really believe it. I'd like to be convinced. If for no other reason than it would make my petty deviousness and misplacements seem more legitimate; less desperate or paranoid. More worthwhile. As it is, it all looks rather pathetic. Silly. Ugly. Frightened and angry and lonely. Like someone who's compelled to search for sex even though he disdains it. Who's come to hate it because of a need that he can't fulfil or explain. Rather than hating it for its own lack. Of course, that resentment must lead to him creeping around between safety and stupidity; between vivid fantasies and clumsy violence. With contorted grasping reality in the middle. Mixing and confusing sex with pornography. Twisting unrequited inversions.*

3. Very few had cum I didn't like.

I cut out newspaper photos of all these special little girls. It's almost always little girls. There's more girls than boys. And I put the paper bits onto xerox machines and I enlarge the images. The paper is bright white underneath the face that turns from cheap newspaper grey into harsh black dots. There are no small details. The image becomes general and flat and whole. The idea becomes intentional. I keep these at home and use them as pornography. I can no longer find any commercial pornography worthwhile.

I jam the clipped photos into my pockets. I want them to tear and flake and disintegrate. They are not precious. They are dirt. Garbage. They are used cheap newsprint that costs no more than the entire newspaper at no more than fifty cents a day. This is all very small. Very little. Unimportant. They don't even adequately represent the lies that families and friends continue to mouth even after the now missed thimble is buried. Anymore. Children are convenient. For their parents. The shots of their children's faces are grey and flat and sold.

I want to believe that the work I put into these smiling shots is genuine. Deserved. Honest. Natural glee – taken at happy times that apparently need commemorating. Times that were safe and paraded and full of the promise badly planned but ostentatiously hoped for. Tight. That love; that unique bond that is inexplicable to those of us who don't pass our cum into bodies worthy of reproducing and raising and worrying and protecting and selflessly giving and sneaking off every small once in a while.

The shots – the ones I picked that day when I knew where I'd end up sooner or later – stay in my pockets until after I cum in public. Then they end up on the floor stamped on and unrecognizable, left to crumble and soak their ink and grainy thin paper into the puddles of dead runny cum and shit smears and

piss drops and steam and crabs and sperm feeding flies and lazy glossy black paint on cracked concrete.

I've seen men get on their hands and knees and lick at the cum and shoe sole filth left on the never swept floor. I've had a beast wipe my dripping cock with a kleenex that crumpled into small white fistful wet clumps that left white fuzz all over my mouth drenched crotch and then, like a retard, like a degenerate faggot, push the sticky wet tissue globs into his mouth, lick, bite and chew. All the while staring at me and masturbating his long hard angry cock.

This is something you do alone.

This is not a ritual.

I don't usually cum into napkins. I don't usually clean up. I shake drops that don't shoot into drool that covers and dissipates into hands and onto pants and shirts and strangers' fleshy asses and throats and chins and beards and docked hard cocks.

I leave the pictures in filth because that's where they belong but I don't feel that I'm returning them to their rightful place. I am uncomfortable calling them they. They mean so little to me everyday. Just like sex. And they take up so much of my time.

I mark and draw on the pictures. I cut them in pieces like raw kleenex nothings with a paperclip. I gouge at the little girls' faces and leave scratches in the table underneath. I bend the paperclips into long jagged spears and stick it through the photos into the wooden partitions in peep show back rooms. I leave the little dead raped rats hanging for other mouth hungry PC faggots who don't think about what they're doing. The suburbanite husbands find that they've sunk even lower. And worry more about the kind of cock they're getting stuffed on. The proprietors of these places don't say one fucking word to me. Because they don't care. About stupid assholes and their camp fucked kinks. Whatever. And I know this.

This is cheap. And ugly. Gross. Pathetic. And less than nothing to me. Shit. Garbage. Small. Fat. Sweaty. Dark.

It's not humiliating. Though it should be. If all the lies that droop out of these mothers' and fathers' now supposed empty lives – lives – had even the smallest root in reality. These thieves that care about whether or not I'm masturbating and staining and coveting their little birth breaths into my low sleazing belly mulching existence.

I want to fuck her kid. I want to fuck her little less child because it is her child. I want to fuck it because it will make its crying so much more personal. Harder. I don't want to fuck it like some seething faggot with a face full of ten cocks a night licking up the grease off the edges and flats from glory holes and beating his dog meat hard-on because he finally, desperately, needs to cum. I fuck it because it already hurts as quiet as it can.

E3. *There's an intense set of rules permeating every reported case of child sexual abuse. A fear of the law spread among universal morals hangs just above every single news head, simpering comforted confessional and well compensated world mother. I can't help but slither in context.*

4. Yes, I only found very few with cock cheese that I could enjoy.

Some of these girls are so tiny. Stomachs as flat as only growing baby fat allows. Faces so compact and lips too tight for two fingers.

I'm no more bored with sex than any of these other types: these fucking nigger drug addicts, husbands and fathers, and the ones that have to create jewelry for their genitalia or tattoos for their backs and trimmed pubics and positive mind expansion exercise excuses and temporary primitive fantasies. You don't need it. You don't need to make it interesting again. You don't need something that you just can't figure out quite yet. You don't answer for it. You want it. And you do what others want you to do. You just don't admit it. Even though you're so fucking used to it you've replaced why you started with what the fuck were you doing. Why you keep hoping for more. Performing. Treading. It's as natural as VD. As phony as respect. And as warm and comforting as grease.

He wasn't going to leave first. Which is usually the case. I tucked myself back in and leaned into his pigging pretentious face:

"Swallow it."

I grabbed his balls underneath his slippery fist and cock action and squeezed tight. His faggot hand dropped and I took on my own slow rhythm. He chewed faster. Sloppier and slower and louder. Not because he was threatened. But because he sensed more sex. His eyes dropped. His concentration took over. The sweat in the booth, a new acceptance on his hard dick, a stranger's cum on cotton in his mouth – against his back teeth and down his tasting throat.

He came quickly. I pushed his cock up hard so that his sickening fourth cum of the day jism barely pulsed onto his hairy exposed stomach and shirt tails. One hand cupped his balls, the other shielded his cock. His sperm splashed onto my arm and wrist and soaked back around my palm.

"Swallow. Atta boy. Swallow it."

I didn't have a kleenex. I reached into my front pocket. His cum probably smearing along the inside seams and my keys and bucket change. My pants still unfastened around my cock, only kept up by the button at my waist. I felt my stink and his and pinched the photo of little Lesley Molseed that I kept nearest to my balls. The photo slice of murdered near-retarded Lesley and her mom's memory after her short

eleven years of lessons and candy giggles and embarrassment dabbing up and wilting the pervert cum of this troll's long extended balmed gummed cock. I wadded the photo into my palm and used it to cup the pig's glans. I hoped he'd get a paper cut or a skin scratch nearest his piss hole. But the paper was too thin and cheap and wet and old. I hoped Lesley would turn to black blotches in his ill white running filth. I stroked back down the shaft, my careful skin protected from his slick tender skin by Lesley as prophylactic dam. I tugged at his perpetually full balls. Lesley's big ugly english teeth biting at his sac. And pushed my fist and her wetted face farthest in, above the scumbag's bunched up pants, into his perineum and as close as I could get to his sweat soaked black asshole. Where I left it.

E4. *America's Most Wanted broadcast some footage of the film taken by Adrian Rosales with his very necessary camcorder. Of the nine and ten-year-olds he used to film at neighborhood kiddie pools and playgrounds. He planned on molesting them. And made a single botched attempt at a hotel. Which was why he was featured on that particular TV show – with the host that continues to suffer through the tragedy of having his son raped and murdered; who appears alongside Polly Klaas' father on so many other safety obsessed TV shows when the discussion for children in sexual danger seems, once again, appropriate. I can't see this material in any other context. It's all carefully and loudly framed for me. Regardless of my personal taste. Even the most cloistered and imaginary interests become predatory and dangerous. My sight becomes my sickness.*

5. Had a few rejections and insults, hit once, bitten once. Apt. robbed once and caught by vice cop I put the touch on, but I went to court and won.

I'm not the only one. I masturbate at home. Seeing this bastard's standing cock and seeping asshole and his thick mental disease when I use Lesley Molseed's new photo around my own.

This is what creates a creep. This is what creates art.

I look at the paintings of Trevor Brown. The way they are perfectly rendered to get as close to the real image as is possible by craft. And I know he does the same thing. I see the stand in. Not mere proxy for some juvenile sense of attack or greater violence involving the law and some mess and some very extreme and ugly degree of corporeality. But as use. To get as close as possible to what that little dead girl means right now. Right then.

E5. *Alone in a room with such a pretty little child. I hugged her and felt her close against my crotch all*

bunched up and rough in jeans pushed against her moldable flesh and that tiny openable warm squealing hole and big eyes.

6. Rest rooms of mews, theatres, parks, rest areas, shopping malls. The rest at my apt. and a good many in the car.

Trevor Brown from various issues of his mail order magazine *Taboo*:

I have no bad conscience about the use of small girls in my artwork – I'm not painting "Kiddie Porno". Child pornography has one blatantly obvious sexual intention – what I'm doing has much wider objectives – I suspect it's highly unlikely that sick paedophiles would find much to get off in my work.

As for personal taste, ie. for porn to actually do what it's intended to do, I have to find the girl real cute, the actual activity not that important. So, as under this criteria most Western pornography fails, I feed off the tacky images, grotesque close-ups, tastelessness, degradation, extreme perversions and, perhaps, most artistically stimulating of all, the glib smiles?

A shame that the majority of porno is so dull/uninventive ...just following the set formula ...the primary intent is purely making vast amounts of money. Is there no one making porno for art?

I think of the bruises, etc. more as an enhancement emphasizing female fragility and beauty, suggestive of sexuality, rather than having a direct connection with violence. Perhaps it can be taken as a kind of surreal post-rape fantasy.

The real reasons for drawing young girls were more instinctive and 'innocent' though – as I said, it was mostly just a natural progression from drawing dolls and the interest in exploring the 'sinister innocence' theme. Plus, of course, I am living in Japan – the 'empire of cute' – where such imagery is fairly commonplace and free of the over-reactionary nonsense going on in the Western World.

I've fetishized/sexualized bruises etc. to such an extent I can barely connect them with the cause...so if someone says my work is about violence I'm confused and saying 'Where? Where?' I can't see it.

No – I think of it more as an enhancement – emphasizing female fragility – like seeing a girl crying you want to wrap your arms around her and comfort her – ...but there is also an underlying sadistic appeal.

E6. *I put my finger straight in, all the way in.*

7. Usually all drop their pants, and I can feel their lovely ass.

There is a brief pause in the BBC documentary *Fear*

Of God: The Making Of The Exorcist where, while director William Friedkin is basking in his genius, the camera is allowed to just barely pass over two still photos of twelve-year-old actress Linda Blair in perfect Hollywood make-up. Her face made to look deeply slashed by fresh bleeding scars down her slightly chubby cheeks, across her nose and into her soft redder lips. Looking very still. Emotionless. Her eyes naturally wide. As she waits for the test shots to be taken and evaluated.

William Friedkin: "One day I had this thought that the disfiguration that was ...that results in her face should come from something that Regan did to herself. And I thought what if – in the scene where she was masturbating with a crucifix we see that her whole face is streaming with blood. Fresh blood. As though she had used the crucifix to scar herself."

Friedkin's hands claw down his face as he speaks to bring the point home.

Miserable perverts can rewind back to the shots and freeze. Linda Blair the actress. Linda the child. The parents and their contracts. The simulated vicious sex acts and the foul sex spat language and the immediate and cumulative effects on shocking unprotected pre-teen purity. The character and its simple puzzle parts that seem to mean more to all the other well paid industry interviewees even though all their answers about such are couched in high moral social concern about the little girl under the make-up. Under the pulleys and lights and straps and instructions. Linda explains that she didn't learn that she was meant to look like she was masturbating until years later. And that her prosthetic tongue jabbing is horrible to look at.

E7. *So perhaps the answer is Yes. But I know the answer is as ridiculous as the question. Which is where I operate. Where I stay on the hamster wheel.*

8. I used to always want to be sucked off, but now not so much because of the high rate of VD.

A young girl pisses into a urinal almost as tall as she is. Her panties down around her thighs stopped by her stretched down black fetish stockings.

Trevor Brown paints carefully articulated bruises on the perfect sexual spots – under the thighs and down the legs and small nicks on the small breasts. He knows to tie her arms back. A lipstick smear that careens back towards an asian ear is a convincing and extremely personal gesture.

He delicately touches tiny brown nipples and clear running tears and twists the bandages and smiles and stains and confusion into plastic toy dolls. Which makes sense when you consider what it takes to draw and imagine and follow through and airbrush these acts before displaying them.

I see that extreme need in Balthus and Darger. In Helnwein and Klossowski. And every single one denies it. I don't see it in Mann and Araki and Hamilton or Sturgis. Unless I want to. Every now and again. Like Lewis Carroll and Mary Ellen Mark's beauty queens. Like Dorthea Lange's Damaged Child. There's a craft that some feel the need to master and wildly perform within its wide open parameters simply because the craft exists. Like a songwriter trying to write a perfect song. And then there's the others for whom the craft is purely indulgent.

It's just that easy to turn the best intentions into child pornography. Rather like parenting. One would assume.

It's all in the seeing where the crucifix would slice and how the hot blood would drip and stream. How deep you need the new scars to be. And knowing that you need to see it.

F. DO YOU HATE WOMEN BECAUSE YOU CAN'T FUCK CHILDREN?

F1. *A question I prefer. Because it contains "Fuck" and "Children" and "Women". I like the way someone specific would choose the ideas and string them all together. It seems so perfect. And my answer should be as equally sexual. And still proclaim, in as slippery a voice as possible: No.*

9. At one time three times a week, but now usually only once or twice a week.

How many nigger whores have sucked on dicks belonging to men whose last few hours had been spent on backroom knee crawls. The nigger's coffee belches are worse. But. The same brand of stomach churning swallows rising up through tired tongues and hurt gums. An unwashed bite. A latex tang. Barely edible spew from over-worked, over-tasted, over-wet flesh. The fast food approach to digestion and disease. And the hard truth that the john, even with his money still in loose change, knows full fucking well that what the hooker does is so much more terrible than what he does. And so much more hideous because of that. The way she's let herself steamroller over her african-american self.

I stuck two fingers through a glory hole and jabbed straight into a flabby fatty sticky ass. The death pit on the other side pushed harder against the partition and started to position his slack doughy flesh up hole to hole. He waited and groaned and wriggled as I fingerfucked his soft shit stench until I could get hard enough to slip my cock all the way inside him. Nigger whores watch you. I replaced my slick stinking fingers with a slipping loose fuck and cummed inside his kneading gutting corpse. Again.

F2. *Brooke Ashley turns up in the very first American Bukkake video. She with her HIV history made public. She keeps a champagne glass tucked tightly under her chin to catch all the cum that might hit that rather than her ethnic face. The same one you can rent. To see it cry about turning HIV. Or collecting thick sold loads before she even knew. Maybe while she got it.*

10. I was staying overnight with my cousin and he said, look over here. He was jerking off, so I did it. I was 12 then. Me, a cousin & a stepbrother were just playing around and got into sucking each other, and then I told a friend and we did it; then there was this 13-year-old boy on my paper route who I talked into it, and I was well on my way, but really came out in the Air Force. I went in at 16 for 6 mos. At first I spit it out but then tried it one time and liked it.

A boy I used to go to school with showed me how to have sex in the restrooms whenever time even slightly started to drag. I'd sit on the toilet with my pants down around my ankles. He'd suck me off a little to get me wet and then spit into his fingers to do the same to his asshole. Then he'd put his feet on my knees and sit flush down on my cock while I leaned back as far as I could into the tank behind me. So I could pump in as far up his tight faggot asshole as my arms and thighs could steady. His pants and shoes and, after a while, the women's satin panties he'd taken to wearing would be placed carefully on the tank to keep the metal and porcelain from banging too loudly.

I'd cum straight up into his ass somewhat quickly and painfully and he'd often try to jab his hard-on down onto my balls and thighs. As much as he could. The smell of his shit and my cum was sometimes overwhelming. And we'd carry the stench out with us into the rest of class.

If I was feeling more aggressive and a lot more reckless, I'd just sit him down on the toilet and fuck his face. I'd cum into his mouth and piss and turn around to get my asshole rimmed while I beat myself off so we could start again.

He'd stare at a nude model during certain figure drawing classes and I knew – no matter how homely or little dicked or female the model was that day – that I'd end up cumming into one of his bored mindless holes before lunch break.

F3. *This could be payment. This could be payback. The corralled strangers dump their filth on her because she has been rendered worthless and, worse, dangerous to the collective biology. She represents the rat teeth of infection through human need. Or is she simply wretched because of her laziness and ignorance. Or her ready willingness to exploit what*

little she has left so bottom shelf cheaply.

She is still there. To re-infect. By her own design. Her own seething sense of vigilante revenge. Like a John Walsh hunting for all the child molesters like the one that cut his son's darling little baseball cap'd head off. And getting paid for it. Just like this one. On her knees. With her mouth open. Licking at the spewed cum and bristling against the violently pumping hard hands working to bring about the personal private act of self-orgasm. She wants to bring it on. A compensated tool. A funnel. A symbolic humiliation. An easy job. Cum here. Right there. And do it yourself, just thinking and looking. Just aiming. And she adapts that subservient position lower than the fat, bloated, animalizing congealed mass of male and sticks her tongue out like she does when she gets checked for thrush and mimes: Fine. Put it here. Look at this. Pay me. Sucker. Sucker. Suckers.

11. I mainly sit down over a cup of coffee and talk them out with hinting to see how they respond, then I'll invite them to my apt. – that is, if they are not negative to the hints.

A mexican glory hole queen who insisted on showing me his soft pink stained panties asked me to please cum in his ass when I was done with his mouth and ready to shoot. It belongs in my ass, he kept telling me, as he licked and bit at the tight white condom I insisted on wearing.

F4. *You have to take her into her mother's bedroom and sit her down on the marital bed. You show her what she has to look forward to. You appeal to her vanity.*

You start to tweeze at her tiny thin girly eyebrows. Pluck every single gentle hair out of her tight furrowed strained forehead. Keep her quieter. Yank each single small hair out one at a time. Explain why you have to do this. So that she'll become pretty.

12. This school is more a youth jail, so they have as much to lose as I do. Also, when the boys get mad they call just about everybody fag, so no one pays attention to it. They don't want the mess any more than I do. One has to know how to cover his ass.

"I can't go in some of these places anymore. I've been yelled at before and others, I suspect, just have to remember me. And, after you're defiled enough, you don't want to go in there anymore anyways.

I kept leaving spent full soaked condoms on top of the coin boxes. Sometimes I'd drain the cum out onto the coin slots and slap the sticky fused condom across the video screen.

Some of these other skanks leave their shit smeared all over the walls and screens."

F5. *Tell her: She has a choice. That there is no real difference between an earth mother bagged down with lumpy hips and facial hair and pure goddess stupidity and then a plastic'd shiny face teetering like wax above big fat tit implants and youthful hard gym obsessions. That it's mom's job. Not yours. And although you have nothing extra special to bequeath, you still haven't met one single brand of spread waitress that was actually worth a fuck.*

13. I'd say 90 percent and 5 percent will go bisex. The other 4 will be gay.

You pull the weakest one out. The sheep don't want it and it's the easiest one to do.

Women and children first. Absolutely.

I've started to fetishize the lack of choice.

F6. *That you haven't ever seen or met a stripper who really was above her station. Just like a mom who didn't need make-up.*

14. Yes.

How many faggots have told me about their lovers dying. How many fag creeps have handed me condoms as they've lowered themselves to my crotch just to show me they care what I just might think of them and their personalities.

F7. *Explain about battered wife syndrome and how fawning manipulations work well with fissure insecurities. Tell her to go get her little brother and see if he would put up with all of this.*

Tell him to strip next to his sister. Tell them both to look. Tell them both to kiss. Make sure the sister has enough lipstick put on her puffy little child lips to smear the excess onto the boy's own harmless culpability.

See that his little penis becomes stained in bright pink sister. And that it rises and thickens against his fear and surprise. And that he reaches across to pinch her mosquito bite sized nipples on her flat boney chest just like faggots do. Don't be gentle; tell him. Look at her forehead. Underneath the red raw plucks and tiny specks of blood. She shouldn't fucking look like that. She won't ever look any better now. Not without the appropriate shadow and concealment lessons.

15. Jockey shorts.

Before he goes out slobbering and stuffing, he's taken to drinking big glasses of milk and eating big bowls of sugared cereal drenched in even more milk. To make his piss more fluorescent. To make it taste like

JonBenet's.

F8. *You shouldn't confuse what you're doing with what you're watching. Laws do that. And psychologists who are paid by the hour, just like the judges and attorneys and police officers and TV talk show crews, don't want to explain the difference away too neatly.*

What I'm thinking has to stay perfectly clear. I know how safe and removed and perfect in mind these truths are. There's nothing to be gained by making reality a fantasy.

Six-year-old Kayla McKeen was sent to school with make-up on her little blonde face. Her father, and possibly her mother, were trying to hide the black eyes and bruises she had.

16. Yes.

You can't go home with people for sex. Dirt becomes mud if you wait too long. Your fingers smell like their shit reached out from sweat pooled assholes and unhealthy stomachs and irresponsible brains.

"Why do you want me to make you sick?"

And:

"This doesn't get any better."

It's a simple mistake of age. An ugly mistake that, as difficult as it is to live through at the time, will only get worse as you're forever forced to reconsider the urge over the act while you slowly sober up.

His asshole in your face and your digging shit thick fingers and shit smeared knuckles and shit stained forearms and all the bends and grunts and growls and liquor soaked need to get in deeper and deeper until you pass out with the hot mess on your chest and wrinkled dick and collapsed balls amid the hot morning flies and kitchen roaches.

"You should insist on a condom, really – it's for you as much as me."

You came in his throat yesterday. Today it's necessary that you deposit directly into his intestines and, because you're just that drunk enough to be polite, somehow you'll make sure that he'll cum. But, as he needs to play the Nell this short tired life, it is not acceptable for you to slink into any of the real work.

Twice is like boyfriends. Except he knows your reputation. And if you were nice at all, it'd blow the cheap cartoon fantasy for him and his faggy peers. Which is why you're getting laid. Otherwise; if you treated him even half-human, you'd discover that this skinny little young faggot with make-up all over his fuck face and your cock wouldn't touch any bit of you, or anyone else similarly unaffected. He didn't buy or steal all that make-up just to get what all the other cunts can get.

You make him clean your fingers. That

shouldn't have been in him if it weren't for his lap dog tongue.

Your hand went there to see how far his yapping corpse stretched and how black and stubborn his pit sank. Till he started bleeding infection and toxins inside that widened hurting damaged hole. All the time fighting through the liquor to see if you could feel his sloppy lazy face on your sac and glans and shaft without actually watching it. You stayed hard because of the old smell of friendly shit on medicinal fish gas and the cold on wet face and fist clawing and pumping.

"You filthy faggot" slurred into that dead father's hole that you tried – a couple of times now – to spit into rather than lovingly rim. Faggots search with their tongue. Girls are used to the taste of warm fresh dirty shit.

He got his small face punched. Hard. Drunk. When he asked for a little violence. To make the palsied common variety fucking he was slithering on just a little harder, just a little rougher and just a little closer to the ugly death he always figures he deserves for spreading his womanly asshole like this. He got his full shaved balls yanked and his veiny neck choked; his skinny blotchy pale back scratched and slapped and his hair towelled off a good amount of his own shit.

He cried. Like one of Trevor Brown's streaming little girls. And both of you stopped flat when you came into his ass; his long dog cock standing straight up and bouncing everywhere but into his palms that held him tight onto the couch. He had maybe hoped to finish himself off at the same time, or to protect his made-up greasy face from the sting of more hated slaps and grabs. Instead he settled on the contractions and pulses of a cumming cock inside his thin transparent body.

I told him I wasn't going to wait for him to cum.

I don't fuck friends.

When, in fact, I just had.

I wanted to leave the stink from all over him and his dripping human pits. The bruises on his face and the cuts in his ass and the paper cuts on his ugly back. And I was still bombed drunk. But I knew I made a fucking bad mistake.

The rape charges. The aggravated sexual assault next to my felony conviction for child pornography. The way he'd preen and ignore me the next time I saw him at the bar and the public way he'd make this into how boring or dangerous I was. I'm not good at receiving or giving pleasure in this way. It makes no great difference to me what these holes I plug do after I've left. My feelings don't depend on acceptance or vanity. I'm obnoxiously selfish and getting older with every drink and quicker and quicker tryst.

I took the isopropyl he offered.

I took the diseased head he slobbered. And the asshole. And his requests for even more. I respond like a magazine article. Like a dog in heat and, since he didn't want a hug or a kiss or the slightest reciprocation for the, apparently, big favor of getting me to cum somewhere other than my darkened fist, more exactly like a flea'd up old beaten drooling dog in heat.

It's not the giving. Not the sharing. All this I know. It's the agreeing.

F9. *From The Chicago Tribune on September 13, 1999 under the headline; NEIGHBOR'S TIP LEADS TO GIRL CHAINED IN BEDROOM and the sub-headline; RESCUE ENDS YEARS OF ALLEGED TORTURE:*

Norco, Calif. – For years, a little girl lived chained to a bed in a darkened room so filled with trash and feces that her mother tried to blanket the putrid smell with baby powder.

17. Always suck balls and nipples. Rarely ass. I use the finger.

This is all you can do. Next to this seething queer's small messy drunk sodden couch, on a lamp table spattered in greasy lube and cheap recreational drugs, laid the cover of *Time* cut away from the rest of the magazine. "WAR ON GAYS". Over a color photo of the fence that Matthew Shepard got pretty much dead on and imposed over that yet another reproduction of the famous Matt profile inside a thick black obit border.

The needing hole said he was going to hang the cover on his wall somewhere. He said this before he took his clothes off and before I did the same. He said we probably both liked the cover but for different reasons. Probably. Right. As he looked for a newer bottle of headcleaner and a couple of glasses for the supermarket vodka he had sitting on the floor.

Last night he asked me to put cigarettes out on his arms. Like James Dean liked. Like Richey Manic.

James Dean, I think, liked to have cigarettes stubbed out on his chest. But, of course, the other bar faggots in his neighborhood wouldn't be able to see the tattooed scars on his chest while he walked down the shopping street or ordered a cup of hang-over coffee the next day. I suggested I put the hot boxed butts out inside his anus. But I didn't smoke. And the cheezy game words made me cringe. And we were in a restroom in the back of a fag bar with my pants down and his face into my fat gut.

He had asked me to call him JonBenet, if I liked, as we went up the stairs to his apartment on the second night. I told him not to be ridiculous.

He put lipstick on. This time. And insisted. I

told him he looked more like Matthew Shepard and that he should start talking even more effeminately.

My time just went cheaper and uglier and more desperate with every word uttered from either mouth.

F10. *From The Chicago Defender, September 11, 1999; 6-YEAR-OLD GIRL CHAINED TO BED 5 YEARS:*

Riverside County sheriff's deputies say the little girl was taken to Loma Linda Medical center after being discovered Tuesday in a harness that was chained to her bed in a room filled with trash and human waste.

And:

They said she had filthy, matted hair down to her waist and could communicate only by moans and whimpers.

And:

The mother told deputies her daughter had been chained to her bed since the age of 1.

18. In rest rooms they show it. In the book stores you ask if it's OK to watch the movie with them. Most are straight and drop their pants to the floor. Most are from the working class.

Advocate: "And do you believe that?"

Judy Shepard: "Well, it's not Matt. It's not the Matt I know, and it's not the Matt other people know." (Matt's mom being interviewed by Jon Barrett for her cover story in the March 16, 1999 issue of *The Advocate*: A MOTHER'S MISSION.)

F11. *Every single eyebrow hair should be tweezed out one fast clean tug at a time. Her bare brow; her face will slowly start to swell from the pain and abuse and tears and worry. And the little tiny cuts where your clumsy tweezing pulls and pinches and bites her reddened flesh will be what you'll have to cover later. After you've showed her. After you've explained what it means to look down deep inside yourself and find the new hidden sexualities and persona you want to explain and explore. The all new yours.*

19. I'm in good health, 5'7", 140 lbs. Light brown hair. User friendly.

I like to watch others fuck animals. Degraded women in the sinkhole of their lives who can do nothing but this. That have been reduced to this. Take forty more loads of masturbated cum onto their faces rather than straight down their gullets only because of money marketed laws and civil statutes. Children softened up by selfish ideas too huge and heavy to comprehend just yet. I don't do it. I'm not so fucking depleted that I'll fuck dogs or suck off horses for cash, for lack of

looks, for lack of passionate self respect.

And I take this cunt's bottle of headcleaner and stuff it into my fogged head and arteries and shitted asshole and everything his hung mouth could swallow, bite and peck on.

F12. The boy persuaded his sister to enter an abandoned house and "to some degree directed the activities of the others", officials said.

Seven boys – ages 6 to 13 – are suspected in the attack. Police questioned three on Monday at an elementary school and the others Tuesday.

The victim and her attackers were "playmates", police said.

Police said four of the boys, including her brother, raped the girl.

(BOY, 9, LED GANG RAPE OF SISTER, POLICE SAY. *Chicago Tribune, September 22, 1999.*)

20. I always tell them they got a nice Dick. As for sucking, I go all down, off and on, also run the tongue around the head and push it in the hole.

Mothers don't know unless you tell them. Unless someone else, maybe, shoves the information under their noses. They'll stay sad and blind and think that everyone except the ultimate evil abuser and the tabloids feel the exact same way they do until they see what else is out there. Under the right rocks.

And it is better that they don't know, isn't it? You can get away with all of the dirty terrible thoughts inside your head and underwear this way.

Our child. The words they use slither even better out of your mute straining face.

But mothers and fathers are the only ones that really matter. They change fantasy into flesh, as best as you can get it, they rend sex from ugly self-contained safety. Because what difference does it make: You with your splotched pants down around your ankles, mumbling about what a filthy slut the paid pig on your porno television screen is. Giggling to your fellow internet drips about your autographed copy of ORDEAL: "If she only knew what I was really thinking." Telling me about your girlfriend and the way she swallows.

F13. *Explain that they'll be able to sell this. That they'll be paid to recreate it in tears. This could be left to live on forever under all that new mommy make-up lifestyle.*

Whisper in the pretty little girl's tiny ear by brushing her long mommy decided hairstyle behind her neck. That any earring she wears when she gets old enough to want them will always feel like your hot wet breath. And lick her. To see if she feels it tickle inside her tight bald cunt. Yet.

Tell her: Kneel down. Careful not to smudge

your lipstick on your hands. Open your mouth. Lean into your brother. Put your fist full of face, with all your newly discovered accents, into his brand new crotch and open your mouth so that his stubby penis will fit perfectly naturally.

21. I go for build and personality mostly.

Judy Shepard posed for pictures. Looking out into the distance stood fat and puffy in the middle of a huge expanse of sky and sun bleached Wyoming weeds and flatland; her narrow eyes have a slight gloss. As if she were crying only slightly. Maybe as if the sun were a little too bright.

Another shot like the cover cry that made it across the centerspread of her interview had her looking down at the long weeds and dirty melting snow, her red hair being blown from the cold wind that breezes at her well protected back. In both shots she's got her chubby little hands tucked into her open jacket pockets. On the cover she looks up and out. Inside, she looks down and tired.

Her exclusive poses and interview – five months after her son's murder – is interrupted, first, by a four page advertisement for Fortovase (Saquinavir); an HIV drug marketed by Roche pharmaceuticals, and then by four different full page color ads from four different viatical or viatical-related companies.

Between the HIV drug and the very first viatical ad comes another shot of Judy returning safely to the scene:

Judy at the fence used to corral picketeers during the funeral.

F14. *If she doesn't stop crying soon, use the tweezers to pinch at her little pink nipples hard. Hold them tight and split them open to bleed and scream. And we're not going to stop any of this until he pees. Til he gets hard again. Til he decides he's worried as much for his sister as he is for himself. Use the steely tweezers on his little penis and tight bunched frightened sac. Little cuts and slices and stabs when it becomes uncontrollable. Let that bright raging red burning up their child faces spread down across their flat heaving chests and into their shaking furious nothing little claws.*

22. 3 to 5 minutes and longer.

Throughout the article, there are three small grey photos of our little Matt carefully placed alongside the larger color shots of mother Judy. The last shot of him in a fashion mock sees him staring off into the promising distance, away from the photographer, and now, due to romantic art direction, the distance has become his parents' beleaguered faces in attentive

media close-up:

Dennis and Judy Shepard at a preliminary hearing held last November for Aaron McKinney, one of two men accused of robbing Matthew and beating him to death.

Matthew always looks clumsy and frail and faggy in the few photos his parents have shared with the various medias. Uncomfortable and droopy. There was something slightly jagged about him. In the shots, his mouth seems especially wide and long for such a small shouldered young adult boy. His fair mousey hair always a bit tussled, his eyes dark, his complexion spotty, his cheeks and jowls sunken and thin. He took medication for depression and anxiety and had an eating disorder and told his mother he suffered from nightmare flashbacks caused by a rape that he said occurred in Morocco.

F15. *Twenty years from now and she's old enough to know better but lucky enough to have the queen's excuse and she finds herself flat on her lazy naked back on a mattress on the floor of a Florida hotel room. Ten or so naked dripping males all pushing and shoving for warm wet shots at her paid face and her spread cunt getting plugged one after another. One fat humped faceless nigger slides out greasy and another immediately squats down, slides in far too easy, and pumps in a whole new rhythm without, oddly enough, missing a beat between them. Her cunt is that slack. That weakened. That unkempt. That slippery. That opened and ready. For the next ape to follow the last.*

Another nigger edges his bulky way in between two men who were shovelling their half-hard cocks into her stumbling tongue and soak attempts. He's ready to cum having beat himself off in the back corner better than she could, what with all these hungry lumps crawling all over her, and he wants to deposit it into her mouth. He grabs her head with one huge hand on the back of her sweat soaked hair and yanks her face into his fat belly where his other hand keeps a furious stall on his hard-on. He drops his meaty hard weight painfully into her mouth and cum jerks all his dysgenic filth into her tight full mouth, straight down into her gagged throat. As he pulls out, stretching and smearing the last drips and spurts onto her recoiled tongue, the director from off-screen shouts for her to clean the shaft.

23. I prefer cut cocks, but they will not turn me off if they are uncut.

I forced my fist into his sparkling red mouth. He was crying then and scared and as hard and tense as he could get. He was sweaty and smeared and flushed.

"Do you see?"

And:

"That's what you taste like."

And:

"Do you do that when I'm not here – do you eat your own shit? You do, don't you? Tell me the truth."

I felt my cock pulsing and stopped my ass from grinding into his little body. His rectum clenched tighter around my cock so he could feel the jerks and spurts and shots of my cum being emptied straight into his stomach. He closed his eyes as if this was a moment of safety and spiritual connection; as if this was what we were both here for.

And he was right; he was perfectly safe. I didn't want to piss in him or all over his nice living room and his drug and shit stank couch. I'm not a teenaged nigger. I pulled out slick and sick and wet brown and green filthy and palmed my hand over my sore balls and cock and wiped down the rest on his pale pink splotched chest. I patted his face. And moved to get dressed as soon as I could rise up off of him.

He laid flat and started to masturbate a little. Ready to cum.

F16. *She didn't end up here. She starts here. She started here. Never pure and innocent. She didn't have the potential. She sees nature from here. This is where the definition rings finally true. This is where it all makes sense.*

24. Reading magazines, TV, music, camping, walks.

There is nothing attractive about Matthew Shepard. Except for his mouth. And the lies that fell out of it on the messy way to find something to fill it. His hungry pretentious past. And his mother.

You look for things. You find them under rocks. Maybe against your will or better judgement.

The crime that took Matthew Shepard's make-believe life was pedestrian. It took him six days in a hospital coma after one full night of blood and pain and hard adult crying strapped to a fence in the plummeting cold weather to die. But there was no sexual assault. And, contrary to the specialized gay communities and lonely fag hag humanists who desperately need such a very safe martyr, not even a hate crime formed from his over-aggressive brand of campy straight cruising.

It is most likely that he was killed in the speed haze of a robbery for fear of identification. It is even more possible that Matthew left the bar where he met the two rough trade white trashes who would pistol whip him into a week long death to cop speed rather than to get double fucked. His new HIV recklessness might have had more to do with extra drugs than extra sex. Which is sexy.

The hits I took from the kid drugs felt weak on top of the drunk that already blurred my vision and

affected my balance. The plastic bottle under my nose felt like his shampoo bottle. And the limp effect – smelling what he gave me – was the exact same kind of queen act as his picking a special wash or perfume.

I don't get any more of what little I had earlier this evening or late last night in the bar restroom.

The games he wants to play get played whether I want to or not. His JonBenet lipstick and his gender problems and his Matthew Shepard mouth are all over me wherever I'm at now.

F17. *And then she adjusts her bra before she goes. And fixes her make-up for the daylight still outside. After she's bathed herself of all the extra male filth. All that heavy white cum and stinking sweat rolls and grabbing and digging and shoving and sliding all over one after another as if it mattered what number it was. She checks to see what her smile looks like in this particular shade that she thought looked nice for the price in the special make-up store on the northside. Whatever's most comfortable.*

25. It is still thrilling. The cocks are just as good as ever.

Matthew Shepard's mother sets up the bridge between paedophile and child. Just like all mothers. And regardless of Matthew's age, the overly darling misfit Matthew that Judy sells continues to be just a little child. One discovering and fumbling with his sexuality and forced into creating fronts that mothers like to say are brave and difficult.

Advocate: "There were some things about gay people that embarrassed him, though, right?"
Judy Shepard: "Yes. I can only think of one specific instance. In general, it was the stereotypical gay bars with sex going on rampantly in the bathrooms. But there was one specific instance in a park, and it really angered Matt. He said, 'That's just whoring, and it sets back people's views on gay relationships so far that it brings forth the stereotypical view of gay men and that they're incapable of having a committed relationship – a monogamous, committed relationship.' He was really upset about it."

F18. *I don't hate women and I can fuck children. I can't imagine any single form being special on its own. I fuck myself. So few of the things have their own names. So few are different from the most simple and available form of nothing pornography.*

26. About twice.

Judy Shepard belongs perfectly in the *Advocate*. She belongs on the cover and in the celebrated middle of

such a thin glossy niche marketed organ for assimilationist homosexuals. She was made to fit between HIV drug and viatical ads. And she was absolutely correct in her decision to be photographed in a field just like the one her son was found beaten and bleeding and as near to death as it would take six more days and as many doctors and networks to complete.

The context for Matthew Shepard's life and his tiny little death has become the myth of hope that the fractured and desperate gay sympathy dolls just fucking love. That Saint Judy shit. With even more gore. And the dramatic flair that the only two spots on Matthew's face that weren't covered in blood was where his tears had cut long paths sets up so perfectly.

And as many writers as can find room to make the case for Matthew's beatification through his suffering the ultimate homophobic horror, so too are there an equal amount that struggle even harder to lionize the misfit for the unwise, though sadly human, lust that drives so many of their community into quivering hells of hot danger and witty anecdotes.

I got a headache from the creeping sickness and pungent shit mess and deep noisy opened orifices. And the liquor. And before I leave. Before I walk down those fucking stairs back into my answers and bad sleep, I figure I better go into the wretch's bathroom and vomit. So I do. And my lipsticked feces soaked naked friend watches me. And I'm older now and fatter and full of stomach cancer and lymph HIV and can't hold my alcohol as well as I could years and years and just months ago.

"Do you want to sit down awhile?"

The puke that flies from my gut is brown like shit and flecked with red from alcoholism and general bad health and reeks more biting now from this queer's insides than just my own.

But your head clears after you've cleaned out your body from all that slosh. Or, at least, that's what you hope. Now with your adrenalin slipping.

G. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS REPLACED BY PORNOGRAPHY?

G1. *It's never been about masturbation aids, proxy, parallel universes or overly generous credit. Pornography is almost always an old, beaten, loosely rolled funnel. And the long center of which is of little importance. It's what's on the edges that is worthwhile. What goes in and what comes out. The pigs that are formed by it. The pigs that deserved to be changed by letting themselves slide all the way down deep into themselves. Pornography becomes sex because you learn how to safely stick your finger into cinema vérité. People become my own personal private smear.*

27. I would not say it is an advantage, but just as good as any other life there is to be had and I've really enjoyed life and will to the end. I'm not lonely, very seldom get bored and I don't buy the sin bit. I'm just as good as anyone, maybe better than a hell of a lot of them.

Judy Shepard, it turns out, didn't know her son even enough to act like she knows him now. And the gay press – especially Jon Barrett, whose cover story interview with Judy follows his previous cover story of Matt as "The Ultimate Ex-Gay" – isn't going to explain it to her.

Barrett's questions and his frame – "A MOTHER'S MISSION" and Are you surprised to find yourself an activist? – are as safe as a bereaving mother deserves, apparently, regardless of the glaring truths. Judy hasn't even begun to set up the charming Matthew Shepard Foundation for which this interview is the ostensive bow:
Advocate: "Do you have ultimate goals in mind?"
Judy Shepard: "Actually, we're so far in the beginning that I don't even have those yet. I just want to make a positive difference. Even if it only lasts a year, I feel we will have affected more people than already have been – that we will reach people somehow."

G2. *Children that didn't ask for anything better. Because they don't know anything better. Children that never learned.*

28. Yes, off and on and once a group of 10.

All sex is games. Little games that used to cheer on little kids and now take up nearly all the time adults have when they have nothing like god or jobs to keep them busy.

And this skinny hurt queen who wouldn't dare masturbate his naked dog cock in front of me as I hunch over his toilet thinks that the game includes all that phony concern and gossipy care that anyone still lonely for high school days falls for.

"You oughta wipe that lipstick off your face before I do it for you."

G3. *A universal plan with no societal remedy. Please. Squalor that smells perfectly natural. All these snide derisive critiques of suburban living that end right back at the exact same morals and needs; simply reexamined and fashionably tarted down. A massive lack of protection on all open sides. Like AIDS or rape or child abuse by parents thinking they can never squeeze a quick cum out of piddling little selfish urges and clumsy rearing lessons unless there's a unified code of respect and love and altruistic good faith.*

29. Yes. I met them in a bus station rest room and took them to the wood.

What kind of moronic fuck wants a child to look like its mother? Older? You don't put make-up on its pretty little untouched cheeks to hide wrinkles or creases that don't exist. Yet. Until. You pinch its little fatty extras and make them blush pinker; don't you? If you want to see it pinker. The harder you pinch, the redder it gets. Using your frustrated heat like the steel fingers of a wrench, you can make it go from your mom's bundle of trusting wonder to screaming frightened angry demon. Little cunt. Hurt and angry and sad defenceless. Rubbing itself. Little baby cunt.

You dab your finger with its mother's bright red hooker lipstick and simply glide your stained fingertip along the baby's bottom lip. Or you make her kiss as you paint. You explain to her about how she'll have to learn this later from someone who actually knows what she's doing. You smear the excess between thumb and forefinger and then brush whatever hasn't dissipated across her cheeks in two slow tight drags. This is another way to do it.

There. Now. Sweetheart. Lovely. Perfect.

You're being very good. Aren't you?

What if she does it all by herself? All alone.

In her mother's bedroom playing, being bratty and lost in her mess. Of course, it only works, she instincts, if mom and dad see her. If she impresses.

The hand that tenderly placed the kleenex between her newly deepened red lips is the same old man's hand that petted her cheek and stroked her jaw into just as tenderly spreading her tiny mouth open just a bit wider. The mind that patiently waited for her to close her mouth on the tissue to blot the waxy cocksucker advertising she so stupidly crumbled across her stubby teeth and into the insides of her hot tiny mouth with her little pink anxious tongue is the same mind that knew to have the box of selected extra-soft facial tissues purchased and near-by. Even wider. With a wince, finally; that pre-pubescent act of strain that tells me and her invisible constant audience the incredibly tiresome extent of her tiny princess favor. Of how nice she was being. Of how she deserved more than just flattery. How her halo-d praise was earned. Now. See. How the acknowledgements and pets and pats are fully owned now.

Sweetheart. Honey.

Perfect.

You're being just the most beautiful doll; aren't you? Aren't you?

It's better this way. This is the best way.

How does this look on an old hag like me?

Light blue wisps of comforting tissues. Like putting your hand between fat warm furs, I'd imagine. Being hugged and safe pre-fucked maybe. The size of

an adult's used snot wad stuck with the hideous imprint of its aged pinched and falled dragged open lipsticked black pit.

Does this make me in any way even the slightest hope more acceptable?

The brushed gentle red testament to a child's natural greed. A miniature version of the old rag whore deep inside. All waiting to be paid. Or worse.

The size of the child's smack could be swallowed by the fist of the adult's. So, to use it later, he folds the tissue, ruining it of course, and stuffs it in his front pants pocket. Near his dick. Let me show you something else.

You make it look like a cunt.

G4. *A documentary on a porn star that killed herself seems to shy away from the blunt stupidity of the typically cute girl who used what little she had lifted from the usual morass of neglect and haywire vanity. And in the last days of her blonde hollywood life, Savannah comes to perform a gang bang with eight men. This is presented as her nadir:*

"For someone who had become a near legend in the adult film industry, StarBangers was a desperate act by a desperate woman."

And

"StarBangers #1 briefly revived Savannah's fame but Savannah was damaged goods. Her phone stopped ringing. And the hottest number in porn was suddenly a has-been at age twenty-two."

30. They just show their Dicks and I ask, you want a BJ, and let's go to a safe place.

You work it all out again and again. Just like the acts themselves.

This last trip to London included a stop to one of these Soho beasts that advertise by putting up a piece of paper on the outside stairwell of their rent-a-room walk ups:

New. Friendly. Busty.

The details get flattened into one another.

I masturbated in front of her. As she laid on the bed I refused to even sit on. I stood at the foot of the low bare mattress and watched her dig her fingers inside her over-grown adult cunt. Her idea. And I jerked off because it was the way for both of us to know when I should leave. Quickly.

I cummed on the carpet and in my fist. She made some garbled English comment about how she likes to see a clean cock do what its supposed to do; just not on her floor.

She suggested I clean myself up before I leave. Though I'm hardly a stranger to just dropping my load in my hands and underwear and all over my coat, I waited for her to finish first. As I hadn't touched her, this was probably just her ritual. She

walked by me, friendly like they all are, naked, and started to ask questions about where I was from and what I was doing there. She apologized about the weather and I explained to her where Chicago was.

Naked she was revolting.

Naked and yapping.

Naked and sunk and drooping and sucking her only slight paunch in even though we were done and washing her cunt hands in the small sink as I stood outside her opened door toilet in the room designed just for this.

You remember it differently each time.

You don't put make-up on a child to make her look older. You put it on to show her off. Look at this fucking thing.

You teach it to look in the mirror and check.

Then turn to the queue. Smile. Take it all in. These mules behind all these stairs and doors and tips are called models, if not euphemistically by themselves, then at least, by the marketed punters.

Make-up is for the audience. It's what you use to smirk at others who you think need to know about your interests. What you're going to do to the one you're painting.

Happy Birthday, Darling.

You don't dress up a little vulnerable to look less vulnerable do you? To look more than less pre-teen. Closer to hag. Closer to mom. Closer to the anachronism of what you're doing with what.

Did you miss your chance? Are you like every other cocksucker out there who just wants a hug and a womb and confuses the absolutely absent relationship between the two.

You don't live your life this way, do you?

You step off the street, follow the dark stairs to the top, guessing which door is simply safest, quickest, best. And they are, no matter how entertaining the memory afterwards, exactly all the same. Whether you fuck it or not. Or whatever you call it - whatever it is that you do there.

And all the kids run by your embarrassed face, as your eyes are fixated down on your sloppy cock and grinding fingers.

All their ages and the crimes against them and precisely where the combination seems utterly perfect.

It gets easier. And it gets older.

This is exactly how child molesters get off. In their hands. There are no screams, no scissors and tape, no cameras and no long lists of new problems. I didn't do it and there's nothing better.

It's Fisher Price commercials. Gap Kids.

It's "Be gentle with me" and the overly sensitive acquiescence. It's exculpatory evidence before the fact.

Little cunt. Our child.

The words are just simple noises. Too fucking

easy. They form in my head and blur out of my mouth far too quickly. Little retarded cunt. Little cunt. How small is 11 years old, how retarded is that un-grown? Had she lived, would she still be so fuckable? Retarded like that. Cute at that unsafe age.

G5. *You don't masturbate to hate. You use someone else's hatred. Or obsessions. Or confusion. Never your own. You respond. Not act. You may agree or inculcate. But you never choose or decide.*

31. Most stood and a couple laid down. I was on my knees.

What was JonBenet like without all that lovely make-up? As a little girl who hadn't had her head bashed in and her skinny throat squeezed and her bothersome cute little six-year-old fanny wiping problems. You know that, right? That she hated wiping herself, right?

G6. *The director of StarBangers, John T. Bone, spoke briefly in the same documentary (E Hollywood True Stories: Savannah):*

"I came up with the idea of taking the world famous ice queen and putting her into the most intense pornographic situation that any star would go into. That was so removed from anything she'd ever done or what anybody'd conceive she would ever do that it would stand the industry on its ear.

I got lucky."

32. No.

I wiped my chin and down my t-shirt with a great wad of toilet paper and then flushed the toilet for the third fucking time. I hand wiped the sweat back into my hair and bent my back as far as I could to try and work the crik out of my spine. I stopped by his mirror to see how pale and red eyed I looked and then decided not to.

He had put on a long black t-shirt and some flannel shorts and cleaned his face on, I'm guessing, a dish towel.

"Sorry. I'm really fucking old."

He assured me I wasn't, though I'm close to twice his age. He asked me to sit down and have some coffee. But I declined. Now politely.

"You're not worried about re-infection?"

"No. Frankly. No"

"How're you doing?"

"Fine."

G7. *John T. Bone's StarBangers series came somewhere among his well documented "World's Greatest Gang Bang" series - where one woman gets penetrated by ever greater numbers (251, 300, 500 plus) in as quick a manner as possible - and his*

various transsexual films. These are the films that I know him from. The films that I've looked for. That have tangentially crossed my well worn path.

33. Most just took their pants down. Two took all their clothes off.

From *The Chicago Tribune*, Saturday, October 10, 1998, under the headline HATE CRIME ALLEGED IN WYOMING ATTACK and the subheadline GAY MAN BEATEN, ROBBED, BURNED:

Shepard was found Wednesday evening by a man on a bicycle who at first thought he was a scarecrow or a dummy because of how he was tied to the fence.

He was unconscious, and his skull had been smashed with a handgun. He also appeared to have suffered burns on his body and cuts on his head and face. The temperature had dropped into the low 30s during the more than 12 hours Shepard was left outside.

He was on a respirator Friday in a Ft. Collins, Colo., hospital.

"He's a small person with a big heart, mind and soul that someone tried to beat out of him," said his uncle, R.W. Eaton. "Right now, he's in God's hands."

G8. *John T. Bone interviews a young Thai transsexual prostitute, documentary style, at the beginning of his first "Lady Boys" film:*

"What is a lady boy?"

"What is lady boy? Lady boy, I think, inside, yeah, want to be lady."

Lady Boys and Lady Boys #2 begin a theme that would continue in Bone's "Guess What?" and "Guess Again" films. That is: men with slight bodies and effeminate faces in make-up loaded on hormones and gender confusion have sex with men and women who may be fooled - or need to pretend they're fooled - by their actual gender.

34. All worth blowing. Glad I didn't tire out too fast.

DEATH IN THE WEST - GAY YOUTH ACTIVIST MATTHEW SHEPARD DIED MONDAY AFTER BEING SAVAGELY BEATEN IN WYOMING:

Chicagoans will offer their support to slain gay youth leader Matthew Shepard in a vigil Wed., Oct. 14, 7pm at Waveland and Halsted (wear yellow armbands with green circles).

(Outlines [The Weekly Voice of the Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Trans Community] Oct. 14, 1998).

BATTERED GAY U. OF WYOMING STUDENT DIES:

Early this morning hospital spokesman Rulon Stacey gave a statement for Shepard's family saying,

"He came into the world premature, and he left the world premature."

He added, "Matthew's mother said to me, please tell everybody who's listening to go home and give your kids a hug, and don't let a day go by without telling them that you love them."
(*Chicago Defender*, Oct. 14, 1998).

FRIENDS AND STRANGERS MOURN GAY STUDENT IN WYOMING:

"There is an image that comes to mind when I reflect on Matt on that wooden cross rail fence", the Rev. Royce W. Brown, the pastor of St. Mark's, said in a eulogy. "I replace that image with that of another man hung upon a cross. When I concentrate on that man, I can release the bitterness inside."

Mr. Shepard, a 21-year-old freshman at the University of Wyoming, had dreamed of working one day for human rights. In death, he has become a national catalyst for a new drive to guarantee for homosexuals the right to physical safety.
(*The New York Times*, Oct. 17, 1998).

RALLY FOR SLAIN GAY STUDENT ENDS IN ARRESTS:

Dozens were arrested Monday night in New York at a protest against hate crimes and the fatal beating of a gay college student in Wyoming. Several thousand people marched in Manhattan, and at least 90 were arrested, most for disorderly conduct, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said. He said the rally started as a vigil of about 200 people, but the crowd rapidly grew.
(*Chicago Sun-Times*, Oct. 20, 1998).

MAN PLEADS GUILTY IN SLAYING OF GAY STUDENT:

Judy Shepard cried at the courtroom podium while talking about her son, then turned to Henderson, "I hope you never experience another day or night without experiencing the terror, humiliation, the hopelessness and helplessness that my son felt that night".
(*Chicago Tribune*, April 6, 1999).

G9. *Bone's Guess films are built around peroxide transsexual Kelly Michaels. Michaels wears its hair short and feathered, wears its tits small, pointy and hormonal, and seems to have a special predilection for loud, thick, matte red lipstick. He also displays a charming tendency towards impotence when he has to fuck women and in both films resorts to faked cum shots when orgasms are required of him. He sloppily squirts something looking like cum out of his fist as he pretends to finish his job manually onto Annabel Chong's face in Guess Again.*

35. It took me about 8 hours for all 15, to have the

sex and go back to the rest room and get another.

I had three fingers inside him while I tried hard to discern the senses between mouth and tongue and fist. And he moaned when I tried to fit in a fourth. He clenched his ass and bounced his dripping glistening cock and balls at me. And when I slapped his ass he understood to switch.

And it was wide open and I put my finger straight in, all the way in.

He wanted me to see his lipstick on my hard-on. He wanted to show me his slob work. I had to look down and see his queening and hogging. His drill and his lessons and his bottom rung pride.

I remembered all this as I tried to faze back into a steady foothold.

All the infection that slid into his tiny wounds and through his slow bloodstream oiling down that opened wide stuffed and aching and straining stinking asshole.

The yeasty thrush like old milk in his mouth stuck into my asshole and smeared in red turning pink on vodka and beer sweat and fat heaves. His ugly attempts at rhythmic time and mutual satisfaction. Which I am utterly incapable of. If for no other reason than complete unpracticed ineptitude. All the illness. The declining possibilities. There was nothing dangerous. Only sensationalist. And either way it all pissed me off.

He asked me again for a book I had said I would give him later. Yes, I said, next time I see you.

"Have you ever really hurt a child?"

Women think they deserve honesty after they've had sex with someone. Don't act like a woman.

"If I say yes, are you going to get all hard or faggy about it?"

"You're the only one that came."

"Do you have any KP around here?"

"No."

"Have you ever seen it?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't keep it?"

"It's not really so much my thing."

"I can't see how you'd expect me to answer that - at least, where you'd think that I was being totally honest."

G10. *Both Guess films feature pale skinny Michaels having sex with multiple male partners in single encounters. Guess What sees three fat cock'd homosexuals vying for his made-up face and crowding in to stuff only two cocks simultaneously into his small lipstick'd gobbling sucking slobbering mouth. Guess Again trims the crew by one but has Michaels slobbering on the double combination just the same, this time in full drag. At the climax of both scenes,*

Michaels either has his lipstick smeared all over his face or has it completely wiped off by his faggot mouth performance.

36. Both.

Matthew Shepard was a pincushion. And rather a different sort of pincushion than the type his mother needs him to have been.

Matthew Shepard was raped just a little too much during his twenty-one years on this planet. His prescriptions might prove that his mother wanted to believe the details - she only really concerned herself with the first one in Morocco - but in light of all the new coming information being fed slowly and begrudgingly through the cracks in the people who would seem to protect her, how much longer before she changes her mind on the life that her son really did live. And, of course, that'll only hurt her more. Like a mother. Who tried. She'll understand that it must have been even more difficult for tiny him to have thought he must make up lies and moral fibs and brave fronts all these short truly wasted years before her. Because her love and compassion and sympathy and worry for his - very tenuous - safety were unconditional. Though, apparently, he didn't know that. And she couldn't see through it.

G11. *Michaels, with his short hair and his struggles to stay hard, can be supplanted by Matthew Shepard. With the two cocks being shoved into his mouth. With the lipstick, mother, and the low requirement that he had to end up there sooner or later.*

37. My neck and jaw only.

Judy Shepard could see what her boy was before he was found dead. I see it every week almost.

Judy Shepard tells the communities looking for themselves in her son that there's a warm place for all of them. And I know she's perfectly correct. All the desperate noise reassures me. As does seeing all these horny martyrs crawling in the cummed-up dirt that they shovel over themselves again and again.

G12. *Matthew Shepard was not killed because he was gay. His slippery mouth was made for tattling as much as it was for fellating. But his murder's incredible resonance has the same appeal, albeit in lesser quantities, of transsexual pornography. That is; Exploited gender confusion under thick globs of misfiring howling peacocked frailty. Sold damage. Sold fucked finality.*

38. Just friendly teenagers. Some said thanks, some said they enjoyed it, some said I could suck it all day.

MATT'S HIV STATUS:

In a long article about Shepard, writer Melanie Thernstrom reported that the AIDS virus was found in Shepard's blood when he was being treated after the attack. "The infection, detected in the hospital, was thought to have been a very recent one", Thernstrom writes. She says that Shepard had not told his friends or his mother he was positive and likely did not know himself.
(*The Advocate*, John Gallagher, March 16, 1999).

G13. *It is most probable that John T. Bone sought to fit his transsexual and gang bang videos into a specific market. The bisexual or, more accurately and pathetically, the bi-curious market would do well with both series. Quiet self-hating queers, frat boys and misogynists. Bored heterosexuals and bored faggots all just slightly angry over their circumscribed lack of potential.*

39. The rain started on the last one, but I kept sucking till he shot and we were both drenched, but he didn't seem to mind and said it was great.

SHEPARD CLAIMED RAPE:

Slain gay student Matthew Shepard reportedly claimed two months ago that he was raped by three men during an alcohol-blurred outing near Yellowstone National Park.

But Park County, Wyoming, sheriff's deputy Scott Steward tells *The Denver Post* today that tests showed no signs of sexual assault and Shepard decided not to press charges.
(*Chicago Defender*, Oct. 17, 1998).

G14. *In a typically safe fanboy interview, "adult film" director Patrick Collins talks about John T. Bone:*

"He's the kind of guy that'll go to a girl and say, 'You know what, you don't wanna do anal, but I really need an anal scene'. Or he'll hire her and know he's going to do an anal scene with her, and he'll just offer her a little more money or whatever he has to do to get her to do it, and she'll end up feelin' like a whore afterwards. So he's one of the low-life punks in this business that, when *Inside Edition* or *48 Hours* or *20/20* or any of these shows do a story, you know they always want to focus on the assholes like Bone and some of these other pricks that are misogynous and have absolutely ...(getting upset) they couldn't give a shit about any of the people in this business. They only care about themselves."
(*The X Factory*, Anthony Petkovich, *Critical Vision*, 1997)

40. Most I went through with it, as the meat was too nice to let go. Some bothered me and some I told I had a sore tooth so I just jerked them off. Once I

ended up with four Army men when my buddy left as he was afraid. Once a guy left me miles from the city and it was cold, 15 degrees, but I got a ride. Once two young moving van drivers took me in the van on the mats for sex. While I sucked one I played with the other, and then sucked both dicks at one time.

The March 1999 issue of *Out* had two articles on Matthew; the second of which was "Writing The Book Of Matthew" by Elise Harris where the heated prurient could learn that Matthew "had several black lovers" and "went to parties and a public park where local gay men and lesbians hung out" and that "he dated a lot; during his time in Denver, he saw a 35-year-old African-American pharmacist, a 35-year-old deaf-mute, and a 23-year-old crystal meth dealer."

I turn all these cheap repeated ideas into pornography. I smell the boy being used and using his youth and getting AIDS for drugs. Bottom feeders. Easy fucks and simple settled payments. I check the mother pretending to have been concerned only now. I can guess why she wants to. They're just words and words are the easiest thing to let drip out of your mouth when no one is going to hold you accountable.

I turn all these rutting acts into pornography. I see these carnalities and memories in the same flat manner as I see all these ridiculous characters and their lying hyena lives. They're only as good as I decide well before hand. The pleasure is in looking as hard as you can until the pictures break down into mere dots and motives.

In "A Boy's Life" by JoAnn Wypijewski from the September 1999 issue of *Harper's*, I learn that my vague over-excited picture of the suffering bleeding pistol whipped young gay man wasn't as precise as I trusted:

His hands were not outstretched, as has been suggested by all manner of media since October 7, 1998, when the twenty-one-year-old University of Wyoming student was discovered near death, but rather tied behind him as if in handcuffs, lashed to a pole four inches off the ground. His head propped on the lowest fence rail, his legs extending out to the east, he was lying almost flat on his back when Deputy Reggie Fluty of the Albany County Sheriff's Department found him at 6:22 pm, eighteen hours, it is believed, after he was assaulted.

I don't want his coffee or his time. And I'm not especially sorry that the words he chooses to play with are the same ones I've heard over and over this long many years. I think to ask him about his mother and turn her into Judy to his Matthew but I think better against it.

"Do you still want to cum?"

"I'm OK."

"You sure?"

"Why - what do you want?"

I'm reeking of vomit and shit and old alcohol stained flesh. I'm fat and grey and drunk and sloppy and so pathetic that I can get hard again as soon as I think my head's the slightest bit cleared of embarrassment and self-respect. Or shame.

"I want to wrap that photo of Matthew Shepard around your cock and cut both of you into little bits."

"I really want to keep that photo."

I have every intention of wiping his fuck thicked asshole with it. Of wadding it up into a pointy little ball and shoving it up the slickened rut I fit three painful dripping fingers into.

Once two young moving van drivers took me in the van on the mats for sex. While I sucked one I played with the other, and then sucked both dicks at one time.

"You understand the real difference between what you're doing - how rude and measly you're being - and what JonBenet was? Or were you just being a faggot? Just being campy and trying to be outrageous? I hate faggot comedians."

And:

"The difference is she was six."

And:

"How come you don't have a photo of her around here?"

That's what you do with pornography. You return to it. You keep it. If it means something more to you than just a single simple cum. Which is what sex is. Too much work and too much empty kid stuff. You don't do a fucking thing - you don't do anything after a certain age. Except keep looking. At less than nothing. At less and less. Nothing new. And everything is potential pornography. So you're always just busy.

"I wish you had a picture of JonBenet around here. This place could use a little brightening up. You like little six-year-old girls, don't you?"

And:

While I sucked one I played with the other, and then sucked both dicks at one time.

And:

Put it in. If you don't keep that hand down, I'll slit your neck. Put it in.

And:

Just put it in now, love. Put it in now.

And:

Put it in your mouth and keep it in and you'll be all right.

And:

Can I just tell you summat? I must tell you summat. Please take your hands off me a minute, please. Please - mummy - please.

I can't tell you.

I can't tell you. I can't breathe. Oh.

I can't - dad - will you take your hands off

me?

And:

Please God.

And:

Tell me.

And:

I can't while you've got your hands on me.

And:

Monday, October 30, 1989.

Didn't sleep at all. Sucked him five or six times, masturbated ten or fifteen times, crotch fucked six or seven times. 2:00 a.m. He woke up - didn't seem to mind being nude. I pulled him up on top of me - his belly to mine, my cock in his crotch. He slept on top of me for half hour as I rubbed his back and butt. Was able to give him good erection as he slept.

2:45 a.m. He woke up. I made him suck me about five seconds before going back to sleep.

3:15 a.m. Said, "I'm going to kill you in the morning." He said, "No, you're not." I said I wouldn't before he started crying too loud.

And:

Her head wasn't touching the floor. Her skirt fell down and I could see the hole in her vagina was gaping, like it must have been well relaxed, and it was wide open and I put my finger straight in, all the way in. I took it out again, just the once, and I laid her down on the floor and masturbated. When I'd done that I put her knickers back on.

G16. *Annabel Chong's real name is Grace Quek. She features in many of Bone's films including the first World's Greatest Gang Bang and both Kelly Michaels vehicles. She tells an interviewer in the Oct/Nov 1999 issue of Show that, while studying art in London, she was gang raped. She says her attackers received only a few months of jail for the attack but that she won a settlement in a civil suit.*

In another brief, largely empty, interview in Pop Smear magazine from Sept/Oct 1999, Annabel was asked if she got chafed during the (video'd) gang bang:

"It was ...yeah, at some point I started to feel the strain of it, but in the video you see John Bowen (T. Bone) announcing to the guys that I was scratched up. It was not true: They just wanted the guys to go easy on me. It was a little insane."

In a David Aaron Clark film, Asianatrix, made after Annabel left John T. Bone's company, the slight asian continues her stellar reputation in a bukkake segment.

41. I was in a park. It was entrapment. He was a college kid. He asked me for a light, I gave him one, but he came extra close to me. I walked away and he came up again. I felt his meat. It was hard. He then

pulled out his badge and said I was under arrest. All he said after that was, don't you read the papers. 14 were trapped that week. I said I was out of town. I figured I was ruined so I said to myself I'll fight it all the way, as the other 14 got 6 months and/or \$200 fine and their names in the paper. I got out on bail after 3 hrs. and had an Atty. in another city, who knows I'm gay. In court I told the judge it was an accident; I stated my back was to him and he came up so close it startled me and when I turned around my hand brushed him. The vice cop was not at court. I pleaded to suspicious person and was fined \$20. The Atty. was \$200. It didn't hurt me otherwise.

The 9-year-old known as Girl X confirmed her attacker's identity with a nod of her head about six months after she was raped and nearly strangled in her Cabrini Green apartment building, her mother said during a pre-trial hearing Monday. Patrick Sykes was charged in April 1997 with predatory sexual assault in the Jan. 9, 1997, attack on the fourth-grader. She can't speak, is partially blind and uses a wheelchair because of her injuries. Prosecutors are asking a judge to allow the mother's testimony under a law that lets parents and teachers speak on behalf of sexual assault victims under age 13.

(HEARING IN GIRL X CASE, Chicago Sun-Times, September 28, 1999).

G17. *How rare it is that a victim gets to recreate its life as short commodified scenes. Matthew Shepard's mother trying hard to grasp what truth she can handle by getting further and further from any actual sense of her son's flimsy reality. Grace cloaking herself in more and more direction and mouthing soft and immediate lies in interviews as herself squatting on her character. John T. Bone's filmed fantasies bearing more flesh than, say, his paintings would do. Artists constructing ideals out of desperation by twisting their limited experience into crude guileful quilts. Limply arguing possibilities when they mean daydreams. Masturbating. Loudly. And still peeking.*

G18. *I have pictures of crouched women in peep show booths. Things from some internet site somewhere; some magazine, some fucking video club. The women are using glory holes cut between the walls. Long thick porno size cocks are shoved through for the models to lick, swallow or feel. Tooling the men off or getting ready to put their mouths on whatever is exposed.*

The women are naked in every single shot. Their tits in better view when they're just fist jerking the disembodied cocks rather than shoving their heads all over them.

G19. *There is no equanimity. I see no unity. Not among low-lives. I don't judge the bird's nests and*

short shaved heads by the inflated obsessives in movies and porn screens. Though I suspect they do. These degenerates have tattoos and decide hairstyles. Many of them actually have given up. But I know they care. Still. They've been beaten down to this. They've learned to pretend hard. They play at self-control and pretend to lose. They sleep and peck at convenient addictions. Motherly excuses. Corporeally.

And yet they all think they fool you by acting as if they don't mind. That sex is no big deal. Sex is simple shared fun. Sex is instinctive and essential. While the hanging grade they fail to make oozes from every small sense of belonging they ever hoped to claw, drag, hide or ignore.

G20. Three Advocate covers for Matthew Shepard in the first year of his death; the last one celebrating the first anniversary of his murder. The last two with exclusive interviews with Matthew's mother. These have a function. Such a common crime on such a common little beggar. All blown up to include all those who'll also never matter.

G21. It's important to know that the women in these male places are, in fact, women. Their loathsome breasts and long primed hair and fat cunts twisting the ashtray eroticism of such places into a hate crime.

The pornographic context is changed. Not just by simple gender. Or by societal roles or inequities. By requirement. Act. Delivery. But also by audience. By their blunt obvious choices.

G22. The child sits on the bed that smells like the cheap sex her parents perform in her memory. Lay back. Lay all the way back. Spread your legs wide. As wide as this. Take the tweezers and pull at her tiny labia. That hasn't given away to thick folds of used meat and wear. Find her baby clit. And squeeze. Between the teeth. Her nubbed flesh inside closed tight cosmetic metal on metal. Pull up whatever hasn't burst into blood and detached skin. Sink the steel tips in again. Grind down. Fuck it. Push it straight down through the uppermost tip of her dirty disgusting female speciality. Say: You don't need it. You don't need any of it. Any of this.

Let her live that way. Reduced. People become pornography. Choices become demands. Demands become personalities. Let her live like Mary Vincent.

G23. There are nineteen photos detailing the reverend Jimmy Swaggart's specific tastes around a New Orleans prostitute in the July 1988 issue of Penthouse.

The photos are in grainy black and white when they should be in full color. But the photographer may have been trying to make the shots

of the bedraggled whore and her low ball surroundings look as seedy as they felt. Or pretend that it's news. Or perhaps; he was trying to separate these shots, as much as possible, from the airbrushed soft-focus diego style of the other women that fill the pages of Penthouse. But more probably he was struggling to clean up the hairy sloppy wasted beast by flattening her out just a little. While still conveying what a pig it was that the anti-porn crusader would settle - or look - for.

There are close-ups of her chewed up cunt. Her thick black pubic nest spiralling out and down into greasy clumps in her ass and across her flabby fat flat buttocks. Her inner thighs and hips and upper arms are seen to be streaked in mutant gorilla hair. There are close-ups of her poked jail or gang or trash tattoos and her saggy sunken tits. Her stupid smile and paid smirk. Her backwoods dull eyes and flat niggerish barely white nose.

She models her thick waist and her used breasts and her hirsute cunt in the passenger side of a moving car in mimicry of what Jimmy Swaggart used to ask her for. She tugs her fat meaty labia up into her black rat's nest with her short stubby fingernails and then later rends a pair of old white panties up through her split old female cracks. Wearing just the panties, she dogs on all fours atop a motel bed before she squats in front of the empty chair that the reverend used to sit in as he masturbated. She rubs a dildo on the fleshy meat hanging off her gaping pit underneath all that spidery pubic hair in two separate and unfortunate gynaecologically obsessed close-ups.

G24. Penthouse called Debra Murphee, when advertising the photo spread and accompanying interview, a \$20 New Orleans prostitute. In Let Us Prey, a book about Jimmy Swaggart and his tiny problems, she is sold as the picture of the stereotypical veteran New Orleans prostitute who almost never smiled and when she did, she kept her lips closed, hiding her uneven teeth. In sum, she was a decidedly unattractive individual, described by many as being ugly or gross.

G25. Next to the obligatory photo of the front desk and the sloppy POSITIVELY NO REFUNDS AFTER 15 MINUTES placard at the motel that Debra used as her brothel is the caption:

"Most people paid me \$30 or \$40 for a quick blowjob. When I first met him, he offered me \$10 to jack off, and I said, 'No', and he said, 'I'm going to do it myself. You won't have to touch me.' And I said, 'No, I won't do anything under \$20. Even if you want to look at my titties, you have to give me \$20.'"

G26. Street whores lie to themselves about how much

they're getting paid. They can't admit to the nagging dread of losing any one single ugly chance. The possibility that they might not get at least something. No matter how small. No matter how degrading the fact that they would take absolutely anything. And then spend it almost immediately on help. To scrape the value down even more. And to reduce the sting of perpetual valuelessness.

I told her to just sit there. She watched my hand move around my cock and tended to avoid my eye contact. Probably because she could leave as soon as I came and she knew that a facial expression other than professional hate focus and beaten genetic stupidity might slow me down.

G27. "Or he might have brought the rubbers and let me keep them. He always brought Trojans Lubricated in the blue pack.... Most of the time when he'd buy them and let me keep them, he'd buy a box of three."

I usually give my unused tokens to the faggots that are still staying behind. I even give them the extra quarters that I've changed at the front counter. The change goes from booth coin box to the till and back again. I drop the condom packs on the floor of the booth or in a garbage bin on the way out towards the door. Sometimes I keep the torn three packs wadded up in my fist throughout the entire dalliance just in case I'll need another.

G28. "He asked me to unbutton my blouse and unzip my pants in the car while he drove around and jacked off."

I know she put herself here. But I accept the excuses as possibilities. And I know I understand very little of the whole story. I get so little this way. Which is fine. Which is perfect. Which explains it all, actually.

G29. From Transformation - "The Magazine Created For Men Who Enjoy Being Women"; from their interview with their "Boy-Girl Of The Month":

Transformation: "What do you like most about life as a female?"

Gia Darling: "Being able to turn heads and make men drool when I walk into a room. Believe me, it has happened."

(Transformation #21)

G30. "He'd always try and talk me into pulling my pants off and facing him sideways with my legs spread. I said, 'No, I'm not going to take my pants off in the car. If we get stopped, I won't have time to put them back on.'"

Some were overly friendly or insistent. I don't need any help. Don't stick your fingers inside of you. Stick your tongue out. She knew to jut it in and out of her mouth like she was licking any one of the cocks

she never ever worked that way. She'd wiggle it around and dart it at me like a greasy cracked nigger snake.

Don't touch your tits.

You're the only one that needs to be worried about getting caught or mugged. Once inside the front seat, she'd be all quick business. Of course, she's done this a lot more than you and it's also a lot harder for her to wait.

G31. "I'd start standing up, pull my underwear up between my crack, and then he'd tell me to get on my hands and knees and then turn over and take my panties off and play with myself. He said I had a fat pussy and he liked fat pussies."

The words that slur out of these cunts' mouths that are supposed to tell you what you like. As if there is some common bond. As if she knows something naturally true about men. As if she has something extra to offer.

G32. Transformation: "What is the most exciting aspect of being a female to you?"

Olivia Love: "My Beauty."

(Transformation #22)

Transformation: "What is the most exciting aspect of being a female to you?"

Lexus: "Being a female allows me to feel free, and being who I was supposed to be."

(Transformation #23)

Transformation: "What is the most exciting aspect of being a female to you?"

Tara: "Wearing tight clothes, having big boobs and the cat calls from men."

(Transformation #24)

G33. "He just laid on the bed and he said, 'Just stand over me', you know. 'I just wanna peek'. He wanted me to have a dress on, and I'd pretend that he's not there, and then he'd come sneak up and peek up my dress. He just more or less liked to see the lips sticking out my panties and liked it real tight."

G34. A color photo of Julia Hember titled "Self-portrait With Diamond Earrings" is included in the 1998 edition of the John Kobal Photographic Award catalog. Julia has numerous slashes and scratches covering her face; across her nose, across her cheek and up her forehead into her hairline. Her temple is stained with a thick splotch of blood and her brown hair is matted and slick with it. There is no other information in the catalog about Julia's aesthetics or student opinions and it is most possible that the damage is very well done make-up. Her eyes are bruised purple. Another bruise stretches around her slender white neck. So, of course, Julia is pitching for

something closer to domestic violence or rape rather than a car-crash or a rough stumble down a fucking long flight of stairs. But anything is possible. And I like how especially careful it is no matter what her pretensions.

G35. "I'd ask him if he wanted me to take my clothes off. He says, 'Yeah, down to your panties'. I'd say, 'How do you want me?' He'd say, 'Get on your hands and knees on the bed.' So I would."

G36. This is an ad: Send me your videos. I know you wife batterers must do it. Send them to me. This is what I want: both of you. The one beaten up just like a cunt and the one who did it just like a vain palsy. Talk to each other from either side of the camera. How it felt and why you're willing to try again.

Or, ladies, if you've already filed a restraining order, then tell a girlfriend to help you. You can tell her everything. How it started and what you were hoping to accomplish and what, exactly, in detail, failed. And how you've changed. And show me the scars. And the tears. The romantic ones and the existential ones. The tears that start when you talk about remembering the little girl you were and the messy ones that split through the anger when you point out the physical pain.

Gentlemen, do this for me: Make a video of you cutting up the girl that is stupid enough to put on that make-up for you and stay with you. Tell her. Ask her. Have your new girlfriend talk about the old wife and what lies she knows about the reasons you two were ever together. While this one talks, move in for close-ups of what you like best. As if you were with a market cheap appalachian blonde in the front seat of your car and she asked you if you'd like to see her tits first. And don't forget to itemize your own personal attractions and world weary mistakes. Generalize. Explain. Bark. Convince others as you stumble to convince yourself.

G37. "I was on my knees, doggie-style, with my feet hanging off the bed... He pulled his jogging suit down around his ankles and left his T-shirt on... He stuck it in and pumped a couple of times and pulled it out... He was very easy. A few pumps and that was it. He'd just moan, and as soon as he got done, he'd throw the rubber in the trash, tuck it in, and walk out the door."

G38. This would be nearer the truth. These men masturbate to the same ideas that their rental audience does. Touching the girl knelt back below them is prohibited by market rules. They can only jerk off over her. The sex act stays at their own speed and motivation as long as they can fit their orgasm into the timeline of the director and his shooting schedule. The girl's knees may hurt. A visible mean of respect must be enforced. You don't let a group of naked men

loose on a single female without rules. And all the other men watching and waiting and timing won't help make room or control themselves or mind their turn unless a certain decorum is established. Editing can clean up the pacing but only within a narrow linear/narrative frame. She can't be allowed to sit in the cum too long lest the waste soaks in or otherwise dissipates.

They look down. At her cleanliness. At her as yet untouched showered willingness. At her low life plans. Then they continue to look down. At her use. As the numbers spend and grow. At the way others have treated her before them. At the way they all treat her and the way she takes it. The way she acts now and how she agreed long ago. The way she needs this for whatever she says and then the real reasons. The way she can't back it up. At how revolting she is. At the way he can use her. All the greyhound bums and niggers and donut eaters. Her middle-level looks if you're feeling kind or generous. Like a bucket on the outside. And filthier on the inside.

That's what makes you cum. What the producers and paycheck accountants are banking on. That you'll see her for exactly what she is. And their professional lighting and catering skills and financial planning and personal scheduling all assure that their precious time hasn't been wasted. When the audience thinks it's worth \$3.00 or so a night until a month later when the next volume and a different girl might be worth a similar pocket change crack.

G39. "I asked him, 'Do you want a date?' And he said, 'All I want to do is jack off awhile... look at your tits.'"

You hold her head tight between your hands and thrust deepest into the hole that keeps your cock in artificial wet friction while it starts to choke on your cumming insistence. You don't let it breathe until you're done. At that moment; you don't care until you're done. And all your disease and filth is deposited cleanly into whatever spirituality it uses to pretend what you're doing is consensual and human.

G40. Yes. I see it. Such a little boy. Such a naked little boy. With his pants that way. Little rat buried after he's been made to get raped. Little boy with his asshole and his little uncircumcised penis exposed and dry and sunken. Crawling into himself and getting pulled out by long hands bigger than his face. All fucked and dead and rotting and naked. All naked in the area he should have been dropped into. All imploded into his stunted genitalia lessons. Into his tears for mommy and daddy and stop it and maybe it'll be over soon and then he'll get a special treat for being so good. You shut your fucking mouth cunt. Cunt. You shut your fucking mouth and swallow. You shut your fucking cunt mouth and swallow. Let me see. Let me fucking see your cunt. Let's see your little

new cunt.

G41. "When you put a rubber on and you are giving him some head, he always said to make your mouth as tight as you can because he always liked getting young pussy."

I only told her I'd buy it. I didn't tell her what I'd do with it or how close I'd look. I know there's no such thing as a completely closed mouth. And this way I could come back. I'd have to wait 'til she offered more. And then I'd have to figure out if I was maybe being set up and if it was all going to be worth it. And when she and her biker buddies would think enough is enough and what's a scumbag like me gonna do.

G42. 1. Will you look at this photograph of the body of John Kilbride? Do you see that the trousers are pulled down below the knees, or round the knees?

Yes. I see it. Such a little boy. Such a naked little boy. With his pants that way. Little rat buried after he's been made to get raped.

2. Just try, will you? It is obvious that there is naked skin between the knees and the thigh, save for earth that covers the flesh?

I keep looking. Only looking. I strain to see more and more from the same fucking tired veins.

3. We have been told that they were his jeans. Now look at this photograph of the body after the clothes had been removed at the mortuary. Do you see, just above the knees, there is rolled down in a roll his underpants?

I put her baby panties to my nose and detect nothing. I put it all in my mouth and suck the spit that collects around my teeth and tongue. I taste no sense of her but the knowledge that she wore them and that her parents will probably miss them.

4. It is the Prosecutions' case from those photographs, that that boy was in some way homosexually assaulted. That was something which you were ready and willing to do, was it not?

Fed a steady diet of child sexual abuse. Especially homosexual child abuse. I could see myself molesting boys very easily.

5. That is what you did to that boy on that moor or some other place on 23 November 1963, was it not?

The boys were around and the market more defined. The boys were even aggressive. The joint was a homosexual hot-bed. All the signs on the walls are concerned with gang slogans and gang colors these days. And I'm not sure the action is still the same. It used to be all child prostitution. Teens. The boys knew who you were and what you wanted as soon as you showed up looking stupid and uncomfortable. Last time I was there it was very different. Same ages though. I'm sure I can work it out again. But I don't know how long it would take me.

6. And you buried him in that grave?

These little rats were hungry. Pronounced misfits. Little actors who were also incredibly transparent. They were burying themselves in every breath taken and sold. Young mistakes with typical pretensions, fashionably traded, and brief maladjusted histories. In fact; there was no other air to breathe than the one that all the hunting and equally hungry old perverts used to suck in and drool out.

G43. "It was in my room. I showed him a picture (of my daughter). 'Would you ever let her watch anyone do anything?' he asked. I said, 'Oh, no! My daughter don't even know what I do!'... 'Would you tell her I'm a photographer and we'll take pictures of you and she'll be comfortable... do it a couple of times, and when she gets comfortable with it, then maybe she'll take her clothes off...'"

And from Let Us Prey by Hunter Lundy, Genesis Press, 1999:

He wanted to know if she was as pretty as her picture indicated, if she had developed breasts yet, and if she had hair "down there". Murphee answered his questions and tried to change the subject.

And:

He also asked her to strike more and different poses, and again brought up the subject of her daughter. Again, she refused to discuss any involvement of her child, who was still residing with Murphee's parents in Indiana, but she sensed that he would not let the matter drop for good.

G44. A mother makes the trip out to the carpark where her daughter's raped and murdered body was left to garbage. She kneels down and gently places a bouquet of carefully bought flowers nearest to the spot where the body last lay. Later, she'll tell others that the long moments she spent there seeing and studying and praying among the commercial spaces and dirty utilitarian designs meant a great deal to her and her daughter's memory.

G45. "Before I even had a dildo, he would say, 'Have you got something on the order of what you could stick in you...?'"

I tell them to leave it alone. I can't stand that particular part.

G46. 1. Do you still want to have any contact with them?

I avoid them all now.

2. Would you want to work with them, e.g. as a colleague?

Contacts were important to me back then. My thinking wasn't as clear as it should have been. It was very dangerous. It's a streamlined and tight little ugly fucking world. Where everything revolves around child

abuse.

3. Would you allow them to visit you regularly as a friend?

I see these wastes all the time. On the bus that goes through the neighborhood where I've lived the last twenty years of my life. On the street, in the bars and stores. I say hello like I do when I see the scumbags who lurch around inside these cheap backrooms I also find myself trolling. You hope there's no conversation other than the nodding politeness. That they remember where they are. That there's no place for them out in the real world.

The start of those years were spent heavily involved in that particular pig farm. They disdain me as much as I disdain them. In fact, because of my arrest, I was the more hated pariah.

4. Would you want them to be your neighbor?

They continue to live their lives the same way. I'm fairly certain that most have not been able to make things better for themselves. I ran into one of the worst of them not too long ago. He introduced me to his son. Who was about eleven.

5. Would you want to discuss your concerns and problems with them?

I don't know that it really was his son. But I had heard, through various other acquaintances, that he did get married quite a long time ago. He was very well known. I can't imagine him changing. In fact, even if he tried, there's no way he'd be able to resist the temptation. Not through all those early years of his son stretching long and slow into prepubescence and the budding teens.

6. Suppose you have children, would you allow them to take care of them, e.g. as a teacher?

I don't know how he'd be able to resist. And having him - the boy - there all the time, that life would just bend around him into something so much more vicious than anything either of us would have been able to mind or cultivate.

7. Would you allow them to look after your children, e.g. as a baby-sitter?

Trust was something that was sold at you. You, depending on what you wanted, had to pay extra for the best possible situation. And it was largely impossible to feel at ease with any single transaction. Over the years some business dealings twist into friendships but they were never firm like the ones sold in sit-coms or school books. You were always in danger and getting less than what you wanted. And, of course, what you really wanted was to be done with all of it. Just like the animals who sold it to you. Just like the animals they sold.

G47. **1. Do you like (a) boys (b) girls (c) both boys and girls?**

So many of these young boys would offer to set you up with their girlfriends. So many of their

benefactors were these old fat faggots that clearly embarrassed the boys among their friends. Some jobs were worse than others. These teens were quick to pimp anyone that wasn't their own sex. The girls would do the same.

2. At what age are they most attractive to you? (please give to nearest year)

Things have changed so much over these many years. So many of these kids look primped and faggy. They spend more time on themselves these days. The girls just seem dumb and pierced and must be pretending to get something out of it other than wretched boredom and health problems. Like a talk show appearance any day now. The boys look like they may have still been tossed out of their homes for being farmboy faggots but their wobbly mental problems seem more acceptable in loose pants and nigger colors and friends of compliant accepting mock-hoodlums.

3. What is the range of ages that you find attractive? From age ___ to age ___

I've lived here for so long and I've seen these wrecks take deep roots. I know how many of these diseased died during my twenties spent during the eighties. I've seen them go home to mom and step-dad on TV and, honestly, I've seen a rough trade sensitive type, that I used to know somewhat well, turn up sold and slaughtered into pieces stuffed into the bottom of a dumpster. So many of these cunts had AIDS back then. So many paid in badly cut rat poison. So many of these white trash uptown skinnies got it handed back to them in spades.

4. What is it about children that attracts you?

Some of these delinquents rotate into the garbage that do the same as I did and I've watched some end up on the gay side of charity food delivery jobs and the wrong side of peep show trolls.

And even if I didn't recognize them anymore. Or they me. And even if I'm completely wrong about who these mouths and speedy fingers and tattooed backs are: It's still all the same.

5. How do you view the idea of sex with adults?

I wish I had photographs of these stretching pits. Them with their girlfriends. The way they were to remind me of what they are now. Nothing illegal. Mostly with their clothes on.

6. What were your parents like, and how did you ever get on with them? (a) Your mother (b) Your father.

Close-ups of their faces and the acne and wide wet mouths and protruding dark red lips. Their dull eyes and low brows and deep set problems and poses.

7. What was their attitude towards sex?

There is no need to make it anything other than what it is. A photograph taken of a hustler standing wherever he'd like to stand. Nothing homo sinister in the background. It doesn't have to be in

front of the arcade that's still there on Belmont. Or in one of the alleys behind the restaurant grease traps or lake-side tearooms.

I'm looking at the mouth that he used for anything other than sucking cock or selling what little he could get.

8. Describe the earliest sexual experience you can remember.

What's the difference between your breath and the nigger hookers' breath on Lake Street?

9. What kinds of relationships have you had with children?

Others would do the more blunt desperate acts and I'd be happy to buy it from them. But for me; I'd just want something other than the obvious sentimental or lustful recollections. I wouldn't want to turn it into your stupid idea of human. The fag collectors would tell them:

Take your shirt off.

Get your cock hard.

Do you think you could cum?

Let me see the muscles in your ass. Turn around again. Don't smile.

Spread your asscheeks apart farther.

Lean back against the wall.

I want to catch the drip.

10. Do you have fantasies concerning relationships with children? If so, what kind and how often?

As you age, the idea that a biology that would force you to answer against your will tends to seep away into nothing. The lies about mistakes and fumbings, about lessons and instinct, about warm memories and dirty comforting fixations are no longer necessary. Not for yourself or your parents and probation officers. You try and recall what you need to know and little else. Until you're forced by regret and threat and financial destruction into remembering exactly how unimportant it all is.

The kids start hating you after awhile. Not without good reason. And it becomes still more dangerous.

11. What would you like to do with children if legal restrictions were entirely removed?

The best fuck I ever had came twenty years after I did it. I knew he was sexually and neglectfully abused and I watched him knot up into a helpless young waste. His mental capacity degenerated severely over these years with or without any very small degree of help from me.

12. How do you feel about your preference for children? Are you puzzled, happy, disturbed, or what?

Too many people suddenly had pictures. The prices, because I always bought them, had started to rise. I was that much of a sucker. I had been promised much more but it was merely a carrot dangled in front of me so that I would try and keep my dealers happy by buying every single inferior item

they ever offered me.

13. Have you ever sought professional advice or treatment? If so, from what kind of person or institution?

I had asked others. And the price was always too much. I simply didn't have enough money. I would have gotten into more serious trouble if I had the money they wanted me to spend.

14. Is there anything else you wish to say about your paedophile interests or behavior?

The hard shell boy in the dumpster was the most sensational but it wasn't the best or the worst case I remember. The one I remember crawling and crying at me. Him begging me to help him and then apologizing the very next minute and then breaking into fierce, absolutely frightening, tears again the minute after that. He doesn't seem the most remarkable either. Not after all these years.

15. Would you be willing to be interviewed in person by this researcher on the understanding that confidentiality would be maintained? If so, please give a contact address or phone number.

Nothing matters if it starts confidential. The questions are almost always going to be more truthful than the answers. Until you put a face and a name and a photograph to them.

G48. *He had turned paranoid. He kept asking me not to hurt him anymore. I hadn't. I told him I never meant to. He was so much younger than me then. He was out of his burning fractured mind on a bad mix of constant drugs and alcohol and bad ageing sex. I hugged him and he responded. I gave him the rest of the money I had and told him it was all I had.*

G49. *You could kiss the boys. Faggots do that. You don't kiss nigger-lipped nigger whores. The same way you don't pay them to piss on you. Neither of you should enjoy it.*

G50. *I get an erection whenever anyone cries. I've been that way since I was a kid.*

G51. *I had to leave that particular situation. It had all the earmarks of a potential attack or a loud neighborhood investigation or a second class x felony arrest. I told him it was OK. That he needed some rest. I would take him back to his friends who loved him and who would help him get through this only one bad night. He had put his tongue in my mouth. I told him not to worry about it. He was a few months away from suicide. I wasn't sure until then that he was really suffering or if he was just fucking with me for laughs or more money.*

G52. *Ten-year-old Pamela Butler was snatched off the street she was rollerblading on and stuffed into Keith*

Nelson's truck. Her handwritten missing poster listed her as wearing a sports bra. Similarly aged Gina North is seen running towards whoever is manning the camera – her mother, father, friend, someone close. She was playing in someone's backyard and her small skinny body is soaked from a sprinkler or a pool or something like that. An orange top wet and clung tight to her chest, cut above her firm thin stomach down to her tiny blue slick panties. A dark wet blue bikini bottom tied high on her long juvenile thighs. Long blonde matted hair and she sticks her tongue out.

G53. It is possible that there is some great form of inexplicable grief that allows or forces these ruptured mothers and fathers to give out their old home movies and personal photographs. Something must have gone wrong. Something unfair. A terrible crack in the plan. And there must be some relief found in crying and sharing and growing up to know it. I just haven't made it yet. Creeps like me don't get it. But. For now. They simply must be telling the truth.

LAZY

"Do you care if I use a condom?"

"No."

"It's O.K.?"

"Yeah... Go on."

"Thank you."

If you get up close enough; if you put your nose straight up next to the wadded slick full condom of old hung cum that I tacked to the wall you'll be able to sniff all the truth you couldn't get from just looking. The rubbery manufactured welcome that you expect to be there will be replaced by the extra story you're paying for just as soon as you lean right in and press your gump on it just like a faggot cocksucker probably does when he's – get it – worried about his faggot cocksucking future.

The medicinal slide and the fresh mechanical extra can be marred by something vaguely like bodily waste. See. Remember. A salmon tang that may be the yeasty inners of a sweated heterosexual statement or the AZT soaked bowels of yet another homosexual statistic. A new brand of old food bite that could come from the deep gut of any pig that fucked anyone anywhere. An asshole that reeks like the sick depths of fried grease and small vaselined crumbs of black hard shit found inside lazy wiped cunts. The heavy plastic worn thin fat nipple tip that collects the thicked puddles of thinning cum. Stretched down to white blue, the waste that hasn't dissipated into the burning chemicals, when snuffed and licked, still tastes like someone's special paunch or mouth.

A nigger whore's cracked up blur – her toothless pipe face all puffy and fallen jowled and struggling to get it on tight enough so it doesn't slip inside her busy spacey mouth. They ain't gonna tell if they cummed. They want you to keep workin' long after they done 'cause they don't feel it raw inside that condom. A father that didn't want to risk the chance of giving his son gonorrhoea of the mouth and throat. Another father that didn't want to have to wait for the court demanded DNA results. A paid immediately porno un-mom with a performance piece

for every single extra pound of old age plastered around her hips and gut. The same mouth that remembers his dead boyfriend's grand contributions to society. And the causes of freedom and respect and brand new chances. The same mouth that won't shut up until he puts something exactly the same back into his head.

"Have you seen that guy that comes in here with a condom already on? He takes his cock out of his pants and it's already got a fucking condom on it. Like he must have put it on or something before he gets here."

"Is he already hard? How does it stay on?"

"Maybe he puts it on outside in his car – you don't know him?"

One of these places has cheap blue plastic chairs placed in all the booths. They take up almost all of the space inside and the shifting of the chair lets those in adjacent booths know your intentions before you can make them rudely obvious. It's light sky blue plastic molded for your summer ass and back comfort and soldered onto rusty metal legs that scrape the filthy white and black tile below.

Placed in front of the TV screen that faces the door, you can sit straight ahead, idly jerking and watching the per minute TV action alternating your gaze to either glory hole cut into the walls on your right and left. Some will sit and shove the back of the chair to whatever side they don't want to suck through, thus blocking the eyes of those waiting or just watching. Others will push the chair aside towards either the door or the screen and simply stand; hoping to feed the hole in the wall with the most leg room. Those who suck cock here are not usually bothered by the pervert fucks who spew their cum hourly onto the seats and backs of the easy wipe blue plastic. They may brush larger puddles with the backs of their hands and then onto their pant legs. They may bring kleenex with them. They may choose other booths. They may stand and stoop and try and

manoeuvre around the hot spots. They may not care about the outside world just then. They might not have thought they would end up here today. The floors are scratched and gouged by the worn jagged metal chair legs, splattered by dirt and piss, slurped with fatty globs and smears and pools and old stains of cum, littered with the occasional wad of shredded tissue and small fisted and flung pulled prophylactics, fast food wrappers and half-chewed condiments and fly larvae and roaches and roach eggs.

Those morons that stand with their backs to the door and their faces to the screen, sometimes pretend they don't know about the begging leering eyes fixed to the holes virtually on top of them. They blankly masturbate wet or dry cocks and switch the channels quickly to show that they focus only on women getting mouth, tit, cunt or ass fucked. These men waste expensive time for the mouth pigs who depend on turnaround. Who have selected their sweaty booths carefully in hopes of maximizing their chances of as many lunch hour cocks as they can pressure.

The wombed face that wanted me to wear a condom while he slid his lifestyle choice up and back on my cock was not here, however. He was on his knees in a similarly sized booth, though darker and sans glory holes, chairs and relative anonymity, in an establishment constructed more directly for just this act that I call The Leslie Mahaffy.

He had already made me hard and lubed. He had me hard before he took his own cock out and rubbed it against mine and before he bent to lick my piss-hole and cat at my balls.

It's ridiculous to call any of these cavities particular.

I can't imagine why you wouldn't want to wear a condom.

I can't imagine thinking there is some sort of sensual pleasure to be had here by sliding naked flesh on flesh. Some sort of spiritual connection or unified extra. The more remove the better. The less opportunity to feel any part of this hole's hole, now and much later, all for the best.

A condom should fit so tight and suffocating that all of these mouths and hands and pits and slits feel exactly the same. And that feeling should feel nothing like the insides of their rotting (if queer) or aging (if female) ugly closed to open bodies.

These are some options:

Place the booth chair under the condom.

Leave a puddle of cum – it would probably have to be made of a thick hardened industrial glue – in the middle of the seat where the art patron's ass should go.

Smear the cum deep into the hard plastic and record the trails and drops and weakening bodily film just like some diseased in mind glory hole moulder

might do in real life.

Tack up photos just below the hanging full condom. Photos of little black girls especially like Ryan Harris, just eleven years old when she was, in this order, murdered and raped. And next to her; photos of skinnier less dressed blacker little girls who have barely made it through the Rwanda machete massacres. Underneath the photos of such unfair and exciting deaths sits the chair where spermicide gel mixes with a glob of fresh spasmed cum. The hand that squeezed the tube and pulled the cock and produced the cum has smeared his sweaty sticky fingers across the photos and back to the seat.

Man after man, all HIV infected and in various degrees of ill-health; deteriorating or not, drops self administered load after toxic load onto a magnum black condom spilled over in a bowl to catch it all. The bowl would have to be similar to those used on tables during family evenings in Chicago's decrepit south side ghettos.

Photos of Ryan Harris and her parents displayed amongst photos of crack fucked withered nigger whores and glue huffing latinos soak underneath the thinning greasing oversized wasted condom.

Quietly, unknown to most of the paying public, the photos on the wall can be affixed to the gallery walls by using cum as paste.

The men can use whatever pornography they want to help them cum. They can stare at each other while they masturbate, if that helps. They can suck or fuck just as long as the cum gets spat into the bowl.

They should be provided photos of Ryan Harris.

Real child pornography. A mock peep booth, without the glory holes so you'll feel safe, and charge the fans of contemporary conceptual art the chance to see how bad it really is. In guaranteed privacy. Every night, however, the floor of the booth will be photographed and collected into a monograph that will forever mark a child's violation secondhand. As well as the brand new depths one sinks to amid revelations of self, taste, wish and reality due to unjudged, unrecorded, unguarded access.

So few fans actually get to see real child pornography – where little children honestly get fucked and suck adult cock and cry and such – that to juxtapose such images with heated news reports of murdered and raped children and male voices all about their vaginas and jammed up sticks and halved skulls would prove too annoying and distracting. It'll have to be one or the other.

It must be deliberate.

It must be. It can be the only way to look at it. It must be planned and carefully, thoughtfully produced. The pure slob that sits under the artifice must not be separate from the idea or the act. The

wish. It never is.

My hand outlines the side of his pulled contorted face. My cock stinking old underwear fingers edge under his chin and my thumb pokes at the bottom of his drawn and bellowing cheek. I see it. I touch it. I know his inside machinery is all working on me.

This is very simple.

It is repetitious.

Like all the pages of interviews that abused children mouth up to all the same questions by so fucking many salaried doctors and probers and recorders and reporters.

When did it happen.

What did he do.

Did it hurt.

Did he record it.

Did he threaten you.

Why are you here.

Where does it hurt.

Were you frightened. Are you still.

Can I see the insides of your mouth.

Please talk a little louder.

Please talk into the microphone.

Only tell me what you want to.

Do you have a social worker.

Do you know what a care-giver is.

It is egotistical. Egomaniacal.

It is frightened. It hides.

He sucks at me like a newborn baby sucks on his mother's tree bark nipples. Not in the motions of his mouth and tensing neck and hard bobbing head because he mimics all that just like a faggot. Like a typical free mouth whore. Like a blind gourmand. Like dirt on dirt. He blows me the way a bloodied fresh freely fantasizing rat baby expects his mother's swollen ugly dripping full tit to be there any time he just wants it to be. As if my face slobbered cock is an extension of his struggling needful body. There is no concert. No recognition of a separate, or even shared, reality. There is no connection or mutual identification.

He has retreated into his body.

And it makes perfect sense this way. And the condom is the encore.

Because what am I supposed to do? Wait for her to orgasm? Apply my time and efforts in deep respect or acknowledgement of her tired clit conditioning and all the careful space it takes for her special sense of self and safety to sink in?

This tattoo is where dad abused me. Where he came on me. And that's why, you may have been wondering, I don't like to hold hands even today. That's why I do fetish shoots. That's why I got tits this big. Why I don't eat for weeks and work at the nightclub I do and write my poetry only for myself.

Am I supposed to fuck it with her in mind.

Extend the correct rhythm and deftness and hard and fast when it needs porno only now and again in time with nature's wonderfully perverse flowering plan.

Am I supposed to say: Great blow-job.

Am I supposed to care. About her tits and talk and make-up protection and honesty. About her gift and concern and zipperless fuck spirituality.

There's nothing special about any of them.

Am I supposed to want to reciprocate. Suck him off for the same length of time it took me to replace piss with cum. Turn him over and sit on his cock just because he sat on mine. A mouth is a hole until it talks. An asshole is a garbage pail until you have to keep it clean.

I like the lies. More than the sex. Until you understand that the lies are the sex.

"I've had so many of these rats tell me they're HIV positive. Hah. Usually, after the fact. But I always suspect – and I can't imagine going into the situation without looking immediately for it. It's the first thing I think about. And, half the time, I wouldn't do anything if I didn't think they weren't HIV positive."

"I like the words they choose to use. I like the language. I like the way they rush through the first part – the admission – and then slow down through the details about counsellors and psychiatrists and their parents and significant others and all the insurance papers and forms and money problems. I like that stuff the best, I think. I think all of that is what sex is really about. It's all about the details and the way they work out the details just so they can tell you about them."

"I often repeat the details I heard from one to another. I tell them I'm HIV positive too. My doctor told me to bulk up. I can relate, sweetheart. Or about how I lost someone too. And I'm still raw about it. And, when I say it, I can really feel that. 'Cause we're like this close, you know.

I fucking love that.

These rats are so quick to open up and talk about absolutely everything to you. Nothing's out of bounds. And some are such fags. Especially the younger ones. They're still rutting even when they're talking. They're horny and excited about having a new friend."

Nothing is real out there. Until Ann West cries right in front of you and grows old so fast you can hear the squeaks in her readymade personality. Until Winnie Johnson turns cartwheels. Until investigating detectives explain to you that they've actually met and taken care of the naked cold child in the pictures. Or maybe just until you get the point

that the crime – the crime that happened all the way out there where you never were or ever will be now – really did happen in a searing colorful world populated with foolish people and their stupid fucking tranquilized feelings and selfish mother masked dreams just like the ones you think you're so naturally above.

Cops know the hookers you sleaze into because they've seen them eek and shiver and detox and lose again between the quick tricks of which you play such a so very small part in. But little nothing assholes like you add up ugly in big numbers.

They know the pimps you pay because they've been paid to sit in witness stands and watch the lazy scumbags pretend to sing god and family and slobber all over the same words used in law books.

They've seen cocksuckers like you phone their wives and stutter over heart punched pleas for understanding, guidance and bail.

They've slimed around the gloryhole pits you naturally gravitate towards and played at being just another faggot wanting a face gutting, soaking up the same adrenalin speed and shoe scum stick as you and yours.

Maybe you need an expensive team of lawyers to help explain it to you. A bigger group of right side reporters. A huge nightmare of angry mother taught public. Or an artist with all the very best intentions: Someone that can fix the dried dusty crevices in your old losing brain with fresh pervert images that will gently prickle into shocking new realizations, into warm emotions, into old tired humanities. Dead cold charges jolted into recall. Creating places to hide and hands to hold and vistas to readjust.

How to burrow that concept into your thick selfish pretentious fortress skull. How best to convince you. To teach you. To remind you. To let you back in, heal you, help you, lock you away so you can't hurt – absolutely – anyone. Else. Including yourself. And your family. Your new family even.

The story needs to be sold on a very particular, very specific, very detailed reality that one very special, very important, very unique child struggles to swim through. Even now. After so long ago. Still. Motherfucker. It needs to be fucking giftwrapped in polite reminders.

Anything else would be just pornography. It would be sadistic. Low rent porn made with the cheapest possibilities and the barest reasons and for the most obvious snickeringly haughty financial benefits.

The chance to know the inside of that head versus the self divestiture of impulse and inversion and just one more right now warm fist sized mouth. Like a make-up made surrogate baby cunt. Like a photo of a little murdered girl taken from a newspaper report and carried into a backroom peepshow booth.

Cut from the expert layout next to the quotes from her father and teachers and digging dispassionate cops. And dropped into a thick splashed puddle of watering clear cum that was left on a plastic folding chair by the horny filthy pig who paid a dollar for four minutes just before you did.

Your child's picture was found in a peepshow booth soaked in stale human issue. Your child's black and white photo was coveted by someone who wanted to mix its existence with some stranger's large pool of worthless sick void, spilled grossly, pathetically, angrily, insultingly onto the seat of a similarly stained chair where another would likely sit to fill his gob up with just any greasy cock.

Any other intention would be unacceptable. It wouldn't be here. It wouldn't breathe like this. The variables make it safe. The confusion makes it sellable. The lack of responsibility makes it art. The amount of possible worlds and passions are limitless. Everything is fair, true and respected under the rules of discovery. The drop down to your knees is healthy. The drive behind your attraction to the work, the product, shouldn't be different from the drive that strove to create it. Though it's ok, certainly. What you get out of it; what you do with it is, apparently, your own business just as long as you understand that it is not necessarily what the artist had in mind. All those many years ago. Or the curator. Or the reviewer. Or the salesman and his storefront.

Your thoughts are ramshackle and frantic and, out loud you admit, keenly violent. You flit from charge to charge and the only way to calm yourself down, to quit running behind the tiny ugly surprises, is to deconstruct. Your obvious excitement. And call it repulsion. And purge the terrors of children unfortunate like yourself or unimaginable in the general. The impulse behind your attraction and what they – they; all of they – twist your impulses into.

The gallery records the progress of thought and expression kicked hard by reasoning, aesthetics, design and lumpen provocation. The work that finally stands, sits, hangs or mocks inside these genteel walls is reflective and portentous. The glob of thinning cum and the hole in the wall that seeps with an eye, first, a finger, next, then a wrinkled half hard cock and the business of selling allotments of time for sex and one to four hour videos are removed from these pristine concerns and practices.

There is no other business that can treat its clientele worse than the pornography industry. From false advertising on video box covers to rude bitter stunted counterhelp. Overpriced, repackaged, cheaply manufactured and all the pretensions of a genuine multi-billion dollar backless empire.

I think long and hard over which photo to look at. Which one I like best right now. Myra and the dark circles under her eyes, her harsh cheekbones and lips

heavily painted, her blonde fringe and puff-ball sixties hair. Lesley and her mother comparing ages. Charlene Gallego and her excuses sounding like Myra's and Karla Homolka's. The influence of men and sweetheart deals. Mad or bad and the media support that carries this information into my lap.

Myra the mugshot. Myra the woman. Myra the cause. Myra the grieving family. Myra the image and representation. Myra the argument. Myra the painting. Myra remembering and fabricating and fading.

Myra hating the self righteous self advertising masses' image of her. How she was up for days without sleep and how she wouldn't ever had looked like that if it weren't for such extraordinary circumstances.

Some cunt is going to crawl in here and offer to sell you a little perspective. But. You've already bought it. If you were looking for something new – a more specialized, more daring dedicated ebb and flow – you wouldn't have come to the same old place. And you buy anyway. A new way to look at the sign outside dictating terms written in English and Spanish and misspelled throughout. A pumping metaphor. A fucking flat scapegoat.

The November 23, 1986 issue of the *Sunday Mirror* carried a banner:

WORLD EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

and a headline:

BRADY AND HINDLEY AS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE.

Underneath that, for the entire length of the rest of the page was a black and white photo of Ian Brady holding Myra Hindley close to him. Their faces were pressed together as they smiled for the camera. Ian's left hand around Myra's shoulder to her neck and his right hand gently touching at her breast. A cat stared out in front of them; Ian dressed in a suit and tie, Myra in a light long sleeved blouse.

More photos were offered on pages 2, 3, 4 and 5.

The Sun published

THE AMAZING PRIVATE SNAPS OF THE YOUNG MYRA HINDLEY

on Wednesday, September 27, 1995.

Myra:

"SELF ASSURED...in kinky boots, she relaxes with a glass of whiskey, a cat beside her on sofa."

"DOGGED...stern look even as she cuddles pet dog."

"LYING LOW...a defiant glint in her eye as she is caught off-guard on picnic, with motorbike helmet behind her."

The next day, the *Sun* ran more. In the corner of page 34 was a photo of Myra sitting in a quilted armchair, wearing a fur collared coat and cradling a brandy snifter in one hand, a cigarette in the other. This shot looks almost exactly like one of the shots published in the *Sunday Mirror* of '86. Same TV set to the left, same armchair and floral wallpaper print, same coat, dress, smoke and drink (although Myra has switched hands), same crossed legs and off-camera unsmiling attention. The main difference is Myra's legs. In the *Sun* shot she is wearing long almost knee length black leather boots, forever fetishized as "Kinky Boots".

"BEAST IN BOOTS...with drink and a cigarette."

In the *Mirror* shot, she's wearing high heeled shoes.

"Cold-eyed – an angled snap of Hindley, with her black mascara and blonde hair, enjoying a drink at home."

Myra looks stern in most of the collected shots. Her white peroxide hair piled tall on top, high sharp cheekbones and square jaw could produce an effect of little else. And added to her rigid features, both natural and coiffed, Myra seems to have developed a penchant for looking away from the camera as the pose was set. As such, she comes off (when friendly) pensive and aloof and (when sultry) self assured and mean. Sometimes like a harsh Hollywood starlet. Sometimes like a long lived heroine statue. The two shots published in these groups where she looks directly into the camera and actually cracks a wide smile show her to be a rather typical English girl of her age. Which probably accounts for the studied stoic poses thereafter.

"SIXTIES STYLE...Hindley oozes self confidence from behind her trendy shades."

"SMUG MUG-SHOT...dressed up and ready for a night on the town."

The main photo on September 28, 1995, over the headline **IN THE CLUTCHES OF A MONSTER** was a color reproduction of a home photo of a young girl with long black hair and full lips, smiling just slightly, sat next to Myra while they both petted two large panting dogs. Myra wore pearls, a red top and a thin smile focused down at the dogs. The little girl looked straight at the man behind the

camera.

"SO CLOSE TO A KILLER...the pretty, dark-haired mystery girl sits stroking pet dogs with evil Hindley in the sixties."

Another shot of the "mystery girl" was included at the bottom of the page. Laying atop Myra, who reclines sideways on a bed, the two girls frolic with one of the dogs sandwiched between them.

The *Sun* pretended not to know who the little girl was. Asking:

"Was the girl in these pictures another victim – or someone who had an incredibly lucky mistake?"

A boxed headline told readers to call a special phone number if they knew, or even were, the girl in the picture.

Of course, the little girl was eleven year old Pat Hodges, who was a friend of the Moors Murderers and who testified at their trial. And who was featured in a headline article in the November 23, 1986 *News Of The World*. One photo of her there – looking exactly the same – with dog but without Hindley. The headline:

I PLAYED WITH MOORS KILLER – AND LIVED.

Typically, the article featured an interview with Pat's old mother as Pat herself had always refused to talk to the press. Pat was then aged thirty-three and had three children of her own who needed protecting. Grandma also allowed the paper to publish a photo of her daughter during the unwatched time she was friends with Brady and Hindley.

It was the first time I'd seen Pat Hodges. After all these years of knowing about her. I always wondered what she looked like. At that age. So close to Lesley Ann Downey's age.

Another perfect frozen image. A frozen age. A still vessel.

It can turn into media studies.

It can turn into consciousness raising.

It can turn into a neat slice of precious time as banal as any other boring holiday souvenir. And I can twist it around in my head to give it the necessary color to separate it from all the others. And the more I see, the busier my mind burns and contorts. The danger must certainly be when I've seen it too often and I forget to think about it's unique – and real – application. Just another stupid smiling child waiting for whoever to take the fucking picture. Just another smile that would slide the right way across a smear of tears and tape. What to think. Where to wallow. A new approach might bring me back to human, perhaps.

I continue looking at hands. For hands.

Specifically the hands of little murdered girls who may have held in tiny clumsy wet finger frightened grasps the hard pushing cocks of towering men obsessed with these bright bleeding chances of fucking and hurting and entering and owning and capturing such little vulnerable darling naked shaking soft skinned tight shut prizes in such careful colorful piles of prize clothes left next to the bed there. Just like the shots I have of little skinny European misfit girls getting face skank fucked, before they knew it could be that dirty, that smelly, that fat, that way, by older flesh heavy men who sold the quickly forgotten snapshots aimed and tossed and another drink and snort and whack and a new TV channel to more men who would print and crop and divide and market the full color rapes into mail folded and creased and bent magazines directly into my bathroom, under the couch and behind the bookshelf. Where the cunt cops with their nigger brains aren't even smart enough yet to look behind.

I want to see how small the hands are. When they palm the crumpled sheets on the bed behind them, under them, as they lean back, to allow the red cock and purple stretched slick lubed glans in as far down inside their hot angry similarly stretched to just about tearing under the dirty rules of mother earth bleeding chewing sucking gagging tongue forced reflexing baby mouth, as the much taller rapist fuck squats, as if she was shitting, into all of their hand held full blank breaking heads. His legs on either side of her compact contorted body. A full old balled teabag. He yanks and tilts his hard-on down into the sapling's squeezed open pre-teen yap. Keep believing. Things will get better. Keep asking. When you can go home. Things will always be better. And this ain't really so bad. The tongue extends beyond the beak to push it away. To keep it out. To stave off just this little bit. This little section of utter gut pulling punching filth. Keep a little clean inside. Keep it clean inside. All the hours it wasted until this point.

Little ten year old hands of murdered girls dug out from deep black peat and laid out blacker and charred and pitted and insected and distended on top of clinically clean steel drainage tables all set for bald invasive sexual autopsies and greater pristine carefully guarded and owned shots of swabbed out pin pricked ten year old raped hymen torn mother and father family pet vaginas and now dead and rotting near-wombs.

The same size of those palsy photos of that black and white smiling cunt Shirley Temple. Her fat cheek apples and pouty Hollywood cute lisps and the fuck way she dances and lights and jogs with her firm high ass stuck out at whoever is just this perfectly lucky to be behind her in those stickered and taped white slightly kid stained panties. Just like every single precious photo I have of Lesley Ann Downey.

Little hands that hold money. Hold because they don't even know what to do with it correctly. Dollar bills in the large dirty brown hands of glue muddied Brazilian street boy rats that, like dumb eager puppies with large paws, means they, should they be allowed to, will grow up into big fat withered alcoholic truck drivers and road workers and drug and cunt pimps. Little hands that don't touch those chances. That stumble around in solvent glazes unable to keep paper money dry or as anything but debilitating angry highs and manipulative time wasting shanty blow jobs on ghetto hard cum rags.

To twist the action into commodity, there has to be an opportunity to rethink the initial reaction. The required response is more often pragmatic. There are those who think they're operating on instinct. There are those who desperately need to know that they are controlled by base motives and biological rutting roles. There are those who aren't below the same line as you. And they'll make it their business to fuck up all the purity you covet and hide, to sell it, tainted, right back to you.

It goes without saying that the little palmed cunt fucked open and drying on paper folded behind my bookshelf is rather different than the exact same little cunt laminated on gloss color and pinned to a wall belonging to a small public with selective and rarefied tastes.

You take out the photo and leave it on the bench behind you. You stand and wait.

The faggots who beg permission to enter friendly stranger's tight peep show booth spaces often make their face stuffing intentions clear by immediately reaching to drop quarters into the coin box that nearly glows in the dark of these rank owned joints. They intend to pay for their pleasure. Just as those that wait in their booths for servicing, often invite the beggars inside by dropping a few quarters into the box, thus demonstrating a certain polite and reciprocal desire. They own the booth and now the time.

A separate mind is formed on immediacy. In such base bone gnawed shares, little trifles and twitches become huge egocentric decisions where one's hunchbacked personality is weighed and defined purely on how quickly another can be made to understand how low exactly the other is willing to drop. Gropes, pinches, licks, the size of your cock and the color of your underwear and, almost imperceptibly, money are all more important than simple details on the way to a greater good. The orgasm just means all of this is over, not forgotten.

The faggot that undoes your pants because he wants more than just your dick. The grope around to your ass and the clasp – hard – on your nipple. The hand-job that presses his cock into yours. The kiss on your neck or balls or glans that may be dangerously

stupid, romantically reassuring, needy, narcissistic or a signal that he's all done with that for right now.

You look for nuance.

And it is always so hideous here. So small and ugly and so desperate and exactly like sniffing a dog nose into a pile of fly dead shit just to see if someone else pissed on the concrete underneath it.

A credit card on the table next to the bed where a little girl has been raped for a camera. A can of Coke or a half glass of milk in the background.

Underwear left on the hotel carpet in plain view.

A new haircut. Different from all the rest. And, maybe even, from the last time you saw her.

One extra person in the room.

A face as blank and stupidly wiped as most kids that age; an annoying frown or a bored roll or a fucking acne smirk. Her blonde hair bobby pinned up to allow access to her face in shots other than close-ups and her thin lipstick'd mouth or, possibly, the schoolgirl's favorite pick of the day.

It doesn't all have to be so mean.

It is most likely formed on some sort of great sensitivity. An overwrought sensitivity perverted into pain. Confused and misunderstood and in need of a little extra time.

It can be ugly on both sides.

It can be apologised for.

It can be twisted and it is capable of cumming.

It can easily be turned into a very caring, very sympathetic piece. One that attempts to crush the viewer into a submissive, empathetic, position like that of a child to an adult. Or as an adult is to corporate media culture and information manipulations. The size of the painting, listed variously in the tabloids as between 12ft by 8ft (*Daily Mail*) and 11ft by 9ft (*The Times*) and in the *Sensation* catalog as 396 x 320cm/156 x 126in, is, simply stated, huge. And as one searches up close and sees that a little child's hands in different splashes of white, grey and white have formed the monstrously glum face of Myra Hindley, the effect may certainly be that of the intense vulnerability her victims must have faced. But more likely it is of the entire newspaper buying public being made victim. The private outrage made publicly outrageous. Evil turned into an icon and an automatic satire. The size was obvious. Typical. Self righteous. But the little hand prints chase up a different, more sexually immediate, spine. The awe and manners; the respect and fear of any child in the presence of such an overpowering parent association as any larger adult. The small made even smaller. An authority figure becomes such just by its – her – size. And any child becomes specific. The viewer becomes that child they know absolutely; their eyes washed over in the pain

and terror and mother searches and jails and parole pleas and mad and bad and the screams on tape played through your very own store bought, channel selected TV set. The older children: Pauline Reade and Edward Evans. The twelve year olds: John Kilbride and Keith Bennett. And – especially – ten year old Lesley Ann Downey. A larger female hand swallowing her tiny hand. As the new mother leads her out of the fun fair. So easy and immediate and commanding. So safe. In that size. And the mother she resonates; she becomes. The symbol of everything that happened rotten that one quick night that could just have – naturally – happened to you or yours if you didn't know to be careful like you do. By example. The long black thick mind cloaking nightmares purging into lessons. The tiny pocket mugshots and casual gossip shrinking in the company of evil giggling monster obsessions and tawdry news vulturism.

And Marcus Harvey, the painter of MYRA, is a "care worker", the *Daily Mail* reports. Certainly, he would know about the seconds long snap of danger inherent in children's open wilful trust of those recognised to be in charge. Lessons that pulse hard in the forehead of any sweaty worried adult well versed in the problems and controls and evils children will face as they wonder and gape at the big colorful actions sparkling and unfolding minute by minute.

This sensitivity is born out by the painting. Harvey used a plaster cast of a child's hand to make the prints. How could he have done otherwise? A busload of clean and pleasantly dressed children waiting in line on a field trip out of the classroom on a special visit to an artist's studio. Partners and lunchbags and notes signed by mom and dad and guess what I did. Now you put your hand in there and then press it down here. Don't drip. Don't be sloppy. See what you've done. Isn't that great. You're an artist. Too. Do you know who Myra Hindley is? Ever hear of Ian Brady?

And he could have picked out the ones he liked better to do the more important bits. The little girl in the tight black stretch pants peeking underneath the large auntie jumper could have been made to reach out far, tugging up the sweater as her short arms push out above her cute head to splat a little messier than most dripping white paint into the middle of the painting. Careful. You're dripping. Watch your sweater. Your mom will kill you – and me – if you go home dirty. Dirty. Let me see if you have a stain. He could have held her by her waist. Held them. Some of them. Any of them. Or just given out instructions. Teacher hard. Or simply been surrounded by a roomful of tykes all contemplating the unique paces of child-sex-murder.

Does the child whose hand created the cast know what he did with it? Was the cast created in a

context of learning wonderment and just appropriated by Harvey for this. Or is she – or he – waiting to find out. Sometime later. Myra's own hands. The one that reached down to reassure Lesley and warm her to Brady. The one that helped push in the gag. The one held aloft that threatened:

"In your mouth. Hush, hush. Shut up or I'll forget myself and hit you one. I'll hit you one. Keep it in."

A huge painting – 11ft by 9ft – of Lesley Ann Downey done in large splashes of older female fingernailed hands. Myra, herself, was only 23 years old when she was arrested. The picture chosen would be of Lesley looking at the camera – at her mother – and smiling. One of the many of the few that was handed to reporters to publish after the little one went missing, taped, tortured, kiddieporned, dead. Maybe the hands would be of an old catholic lesbian who's done well over thirty years in prison.

A large painting of one of the nine photos Brady took of Lesley.

Three of the nine photographs had Myra's fingerprints on them.

A small dark haired girl is given a saltine cracker. She places it in her mouth and bites down, gently, slowly, as she is given instructions on exactly how to do this small inconsequential very natural act. Her cheeks look thin and drawn. Her eyes black and her skin dirty all due to the bad lighting and third or fourth pervert generation rushed dub. Her lips and teeth are just barely moving and seem smaller than they should be. Like she was grinding her teeth instead of chewing on what she should be enjoying. Given the situation. Her eyes look down as she finishes the one bite of salty mush in her chipmunk face. And she keeps them there. This has irritated her. This stupid fucking cracker thing and the silly reason for all of this. She is hearing more instructions.

She is wearing a white t-shirt. Visible, just now, as a single shoulder strap.

She raises the saltine back into the film frame, having, apparently, let her dainty obnoxious fingers balance the food, carefully as told, down in her tight skinny hopefully naked lap.

She hands the cracker back to the hand behind the camera.

And he moves for a close-up, obscuring the background as the small hand-held camera moves away from her lovely face and lovelier hidden flat chest and that fucking folded warm lap in a quick whisk and blurred glance at what might be, on pause, a bed that she sits on and waits.

The focus settles as the man displays the slightly bitten cracker in an unsteady hand held out as close as possible in front of the lens that he also

tries to balance. Such a small bite. Such a perfectly formed almost perfectly half round bite. Just a tiny edge, in a crisp half-moon space, taken away by her petite mouth incapable of fitting even more than just the flattest salty hungry taste.

A delicate poetic way of showing just how tiny this little babe's mouth actually is. Before he sticks something unnaturally larger in it. This is where he begins.

Done in Hindley's fingerprints.

Done in Lesley's mother's fingerprints.

The mother's fingerprints barely recorded. Because she couldn't force herself to look at the photos of her raping child while her brain burned and churned with the ideas that everyone told her what they couldn't tell her.

The mother's fingerprints in the corners. Holding them like a slipping faint.

Holding like a mad beast crawling around inside its instinct and revenge and emptiness and attention.

A little child, the same age as Lesley, posed as exactly naked as Lesley did. The shot of her little ass with her arms outstretched. Or in the cuddled sleep she was buried as. Naked. With her clothes and pretty white beads at her feet.

Posed. Kept. Frozen. As if the stills didn't – couldn't – move. With or without the screams on tape and the print on paper.

You gotta see it everywhere. Fucking paedophiles can get hard over just breathing.

You can see small. You can tell vulnerable. Pliable. Maybe drugged. Maybe stupid, maybe just ready. Some little bitch given to someone else and told exactly how important it is to do everything that the new someone else says. Whether it's because dad and mom need money for their "sickness" or under threat of a little more violence than those bright red pinches and slaps. Or even more brutality than she's ever gotten used to.

Possibly it's just dad or her older brother doing this. The underpinnings could be simple unchecked lust rather than just greed. The capitalist drive has to be somewhat small relative to the large possibilities available throughout the crime undergrounds. Why bother with child rape? Especially since there's so many cops hungry to keep cushy jobs sitting on their mick asses writing letters and twiddling with computers just aching for a shot to justify a few more years of easy street.

Sometimes you just get lonely.

Sometimes you deserve a little better.

You have to treat yourself.

You have less than fifteen minutes to figure it all out. Available. A video promised to be explicit. Prostituted as exactly what you're looking for. All completed in body exposed close-ups and silent. The

action happens all over – don't worry – a very little someone you can't name or gauge. The little beast certainly allows the fat controlling hands to move around her tight body easy enough. She doesn't react enough. She doesn't seem to mind: does she. Must be, maybe, her father. Doing this to her. An uncle. Someone trusted who, in a larger sense, obviously shouldn't be.

The lack of a live soundtrack is especially annoying. This may confirm the trusted family idea. They – the man with the real hands and the tyke with the unfortunate torso and cunt only – could be easily tied together. Should she talk and he be arrested. Or perhaps the little raped's name was used. It was understood that the soundtrack would have to be erased. One is cautiously sure not to want the instructions barked out in one's own voice played back at a trial. Close favorite snuggle nicknames. That, when played back in public, would even further anger the community minded judge and jury with its stink of thieving calculated manipulation and abuse. Honey. Dear. Sweetheart. Bunny. Your mother said to mind me while she was gone. Remember; like before. You will like it. It's something you don't know yet. That's all. You haven't tried it yet. It's what's best. Do what adults tell you to do. Listen to your father. If you don't, I'll tell on you. Shut up and do as I say before I really fucking hurt you. You won't want that. This is way better. Don't make me mad. Don't ruin a nice day for us. Don't make such a big fucking deal about it. Nobody loves you. Except me. And I don't want to leave you here. All alone. Don't you want both of us to be happy. Don't you be so fucking selfish. No one is ever going to like someone as stuck-up as you. That's why you have no friends. I'll buy you something pretty to wear just as soon as we're done. Something really special. Better than the old garbage you have on. Which just makes you look old and stupid and fat and ugly. Like something you saw on TV and told me you liked. Immediately. You were so excited. What would you like to do later. I'll do anything you want to do. Then you can be selfish.

I've got so little to go on.

I'd like to see a video with someone – some mean pig fucker – sticking a barbie doll up into some little crying child's cunt. A soft doll head formed from mold plastic with rope tufts of glossy golden hair strung out of the top, scraping all the painted on grown up make-up off as it enters, sticks, twists and rams back out of that stretching giving hymen ripped tiny body. The whole fucking package compact and full and contained. In rape. In adult hands. In teeth and threats and ties and toys. Her father – I'd like to see the lazy cocksucker who shat his part out into her entire healthy life – wrap that rubber head on that skinny long neck in wide silver duct tape and jam it all the way up and deep like any other dildo bought in

any yuppie safe sex slinging novelty porn den. And a bottle of headcleaner. Please. Like a bigger dildo purchased together by lovers from a pierced posing titted tattooed retail clerk full of herself and outraged, later on, when interviewed by detectives investigating the correct history of the little gut haemorrhaged bag of garbaged bone death. How could you not know. How could you not care.

He took her favorite barbie doll from her. And covered the torso and shoulder bendable arms and big head – with its daddy searching puppy eyes and stuck red lips and successful blue eye lids – in tough enforced steel tethered duct tape. He left the unnaturally long legs exposed. So the little twitching nerving little waiting spread too young too crying too needing little little could see them. So he could hold them. So she could feel where the tiny collector's shoes that she carefully picked out and cherished should be. From her special growing collection built on the hairy cancerous back of mommy and daddy's extra fun money allotments.

Be my wife. Please. Be my wife. Her father slithered in her burning ear. As he tugged back a handful of her baby hair cut on special mommy excursions carefully noted down as memories.

I want to see her bleed all over. And cry and scream from deep within her concave fleshed chest. Heave. Pant. Summon up the strength to hurl out just one more loud Please. Before she gives up consciousness. Done somewhere she could scream her little irritated head all the way hoarse. Like those abandoned high-rise buildings full of old rusted cables and iron bars and barren bum pissed stained concrete thick cold floors on the ugly nigger southside where the crack whores blow those just a bit more advantaged than them. Where angry burning niggers steal and buy and rape and strangle little neighborhood black girls, under ten, dressed carefully, showfully, on their skipping singing ways to fake futures. Until she was tired and sick and retching and it no longer made sense to her. Just give in. Just give up. Wait till it's over. Till she fucking gets it through that dumb fucking hard cock and sac sized red tense head: crying is just advertising and, finally, not worth the further considerable effort.

The pain is enough.

Lesley Ann Downey wasn't really all that young at ten.

She fucking should have known a lot better.

That doll meant something to her. Something I can't quite grasp. Exactly. To her little life with her little collection of selfish importance. Her darling rating system that allows everyone else to march delicately around such a gorgeous wonderful adored queen.

The fist turned mean that used to gently wipe her alabaster dirty firm bouncy child's ass. Used to

give her a hug whenever she wanted one. When she'd crawl in the way and demand attention by way of affection. A pet to reassure her, bother her and gently convince her, over not that long a time, that she is: Safe. Loved. Wanted. Special. Perfect.

The duct tape greased and torn and slick with lube purchased from an adult bookstore dad goes whenever he wants to suck on a few or ten stranger's cocks. Thinking of his wife, he'll just jerk off a couple of guys who don't get bored or pissed off first or try to guide his head aggressively down at the slopping beating drooling meat-ons. Thinks enough of her not to drag home any disease to her. Placed his mouth to her mouth to the ears of her family doctor and family's lawyer. Faggot motherfucker would troll around porno stores looking for men – anyone, any faggot scumbag just like him – to stick his dick into and – I don't know – probably suck them off as well. Women don't get it. Wives don't understand. Girls play life like cartoons. Like kids' books. Their entire worthless lives.

Spread wider. I don't give a fuck. Go ahead. Force your legs tighter. Try and keep them closed. Try and shut your knees as tight as your baby lips. Fight me. Little baby. Little red real daddy's girl. Hole. Holes. Red holes. Wiggle your ass away and spit up at dad and learn, soon enough, to stop screaming your disbelief. Your protected tantrum. You're not getting anything. Today. Nothing more.

This is what you look like. In pornography.

This is what you look like when I told you to hold his cock.

When I asked you to look up at the camera. Keep it in your mouth. Put your cheek next to it. Lick your lips.

Put your hands on your hips. Push your stomach out.

I like it when the focus is all on her displaying what she knows nothing about.

Push it out. Stick it out.

Turn around. Bend over.

Spread open your seat with your fingers.

With adult wrinkled and hair patched fat fingers invading the carefully framed shot and taking over the entire illegal tableau. Pulls it open for a better view. A more violent intention made just more obvious.

The entire quarter of an hour video is done in close-up.

Focused right in on her. The square TV frame lines up from just above the chest, her bitten nipples, but always below her face, barely touching on her neck down to her sat lap and someone else's legs. His hairy plopped thighs. Squashed underneath her. Gentle weight. That means sex. That feels promise. That sweats anxious. Horning. Grinding. Positioning. Waiting and sensing and focusing. His balls bunched

up like a bag filled to busting slowly twisting gliding rubbing.

She's sat on it. Not penetrated by it. His cock squeezes out once or twice and his fingers fatten it up on her bald unknown clit. He doesn't insert. He – functionally – jerks off by sitting her and pressing her and slamming her little corpus down and slid back on his aching cock. Uses her manhandled self like a new tighter hand. Cunt. Mouth. Asshole. Wound. An entire greased slimy fucking child lap like a body like a brain like a picture like a warm raped and recorded and discussed police report.

Sloppy edits prove that the action moved out of the carefully laid plans. Their faces, if captured on the original film, have since been violently excised from this and, I'll bet, all prints.

It's a tight flat pocket one walks into here. The air inside is almost sold to you. The entrance fee – to browse – is one dollar. There is no mandatory minimum. No tokens. You have to decide by yourself. How long you'll stay. How much you'll spend. How many quarters will be enough. This transaction, merely changing paper dollars into quarters, is entirely based on your guess as to how many chances you'll find waiting in the backroom. You clock the time of day – weekends are busy, after work hours, even lunch breaks – and weigh it against how much money, cheap as it is, you're willing to allow yourself to ...waste. Because this won't make sense later. And money is the single tangible manifestation of a greater sense of loss. The absence of the cash in your wallet previously ascribed to entertainment; the presence of reminder quarters not spent. Because you pigged quicker than usual. And got fed faster. All become the hard flash of realization later. A personal private badge of face flushing self hatred when one takes stock of one's own expanded distended capacity for ever longer, ever deeper, ever more conscious steep slips into – simple – filth. The design that takes more and more time to plan and becomes harder and harder to avoid. A peeling schism that burdens itself in free money versus free time and marks itself in memories that smell more like old uncleaned pissholes than truthful – or heightened – self awareness. The air you rent seeps in through hard sucks of musty old flesh, cum stained wood, grease, cheap gas and piss and shit and faint bleached paint.

Bodil tries to grab the miniature horse interested. Its foot long white and peach and grey spotted fur horn cock is extended, fleshed, and thick; its glans mottled and ruddily natured for latching hard into slack fat horse holes and staying there. Bodil licks around the long fist fulls of hose dropped shaft in stuttered lolls and darts. She never swallows the head whole. As it might scare the already confused horse – only slightly bothered due to its now natural history of being treated in any way any human sees fit

any time. Being too aggressive, however, might also rip Bodil's Danish alcohol puffed face into female bleeding slashes. She jerks at it carefully in homage to what she performs on men as well as in expectation of her audience's narrow sensibilities. They need to see an animal – it really should be much larger – treated as an anthropomorphic trick just like them. She's wearing knee-high slick black boots for them. And maybe to guard her aging feet from the spiky work hay and, possibly, horse shit. Though, at this flatline level, squashed and smeared horse grass brown shit all over her feet and knees spreading to her matted blonde rag hair and wobbly ass and pocked cheeks would certainly be a sellable bonus.

This place is pulled down into two main constructions. Money and dirt. And money and dirt, here, entwine and mesh to complete the perfect package for pure satisfaction masked, temporarily, necessarily, as naturalism. Nature as truth, drive and a humanist function. As a purge and ideal. As a fine earthly and self protecting reaffirmation in a tribal and uncomplicated but, sadly, public frightening context.

The money taken in by the pegging clerk at the front counter is such a tiny amount. Only one dollar a head. One after the other, on and on all day and night. The coin boxes in the booths in the backroom take quarters – not Susan B. Anthony dollars as is common in the somewhat cleaner and more upmarket lying genteel areas – and the length of viewing time seems largely unimportant to both patrons and clerk. Stay as long as you can stand it. Or leave after your very first taste, the very first time. Gay-owned shops designed more elaborately for these acts usually charge in excess of ten dollars as a flat (no ins and outs) entrance fee. Which, of course, is also user friendly. But the tiny amount required here is what defines and creates this very particular clientele. And their commitment.

Just as the dirt does.

The place is decidedly run-down. A slum. The booths in the back draw you in like a magnet, since the bookstore section – what you walk directly into off the street where the sign outside lights up only ADULT BOOKS and PEEP SHOW – is virtually bare of magazines and videos. There are old bent and thumbled issues of *Celebrity Skin* and *Penthouse* sold at cover price no matter what the date and scattered copies of ancient hardcore magazines like *Swedish Erotica Presents* and *Tit Fucking, Cunt Lapper* and *Girls Who Eat Cum* photo specifics. A row of beat up used empty video boxes line one wall loosely scattered in a wire hanging rack all out of date and far too expensive. The stock really exists for the public health regulations of a retail store license only. But the too early cocksuckers can waste time browsing and looking at pictures to try and calm themselves down

while they wait for free time cocks to slink into the back. Just as many dire loiterers stand firm against the brick walls by the booths, refusing to give up their place and carefully mined chances, tensely staring into dead hall space in the safer-this-way darkened backroom.

There is a washroom beyond the booths that floods the cruising area occasionally with light and constantly with running, dripping water sounds. There's a sign printed in faded color markers telling you you're welcome to use the bathroom only if you clean up after yourself. Another sign warns you to drop quarters, not loiter, and if you're caught pissing in the booths you'll be thrown out. Though there is no one here to monitor you. The clerk guards the cash register. As the pungent bite of old piss reassures you.

The booth room is rough by any human standards. Four booths on two short walls with a walk down the middle towards the always draining john. Mops and buckets let you know where the booths end. In the dark.

There's only two glory holes. The first two booths on the left hand side as you enter each have their own neatly carved holes, however, they don't share a single hole as the booths are separate constructions each with its own walls and doors. As such, there's a space of at least six inches or so between the booths at irregular spacing. So the holes are for watching and courting only. Except for a few, very difficult, very determined, very hung paranoids and their size queens.

Each door to each booth has a peephole. To let others look in on you as you look out. Ideally. You can't see anything, of course. It's too dark and black everywhere. And even the blue shadow video lights and flickers don't help. Which is why almost everyone save the greenest jag-off leaves their door open a slight crack. When someone you like, or accept, or settle for, slides your door open a bit more and peers inside: you either rub your crotch and say nothing, staring at the TV screen that sits perversely low in every booth until he gets even braver and finally buffalos in, or you look directly at him and throw another quarter into the coin box that controls the minute or so porno clip. Pretend he's lucky. And you're that good.

The video screen is lodged behind a thick plexiglass cover that is always dirty. Cum splashes and fingernail and key scratches and gouges have rendered most of the screens underneath all but unwatchable. These monkeying pigs shoot their gross wads all over the screens. Directly aiming at the hog porno action. Having just jut out of some princess's unskilled raw mouth or just slamming and stroking themselves lonely up and out over some blurred fuck and suck fest provided for their supercharged over anxious stall time.

Everyone is there to suck cock. Even the younger faggots who pretend they're there to be serviced. Or initiated. They lean hustler style against the walls opposite the booths waiting for you, or someone, to nod them into their empty booths. Soon enough they're begging and rutting and peeling and kneeling harder than most.

You want some head.

Are you busy.

Can I give you some mouth.

Can I suck your cock. I'll do it real good.

These are not impersonal booths. Because of the lack of glory holes, it is necessary to enter another's ostensibly private booth. This causes many problems, especially in these days of AIDS and rampant STDs, for those customers slightly ashamed of their needful mistakes. Previously ignored and denied wishes tend to give way to mercurially aggressive mauls. These animals bite and shit undouched and grab, drool, spew and drip.

This is fag bashing. These cocksuckers don't deserve anything but disease and unremitting weakling pain. I don't believe showhorse heterosexuals hate faggots because of their own insecurities and closeted fears. I also don't believe they know the real reasons to hate them.

Demands twisted from dreams get stomped flat to raging horny crunches. Monkeys suck cripples because they're the only ones who'll come close enough to the cages. It is tight in these booths. And there's no hiding and masturbating and imagining behind filthy sticky useful partitions. What the homely paraphiliacs and selfish sensualists want, here, comes with a brutally honest low ball context of ugly on ugly give and take.

And the price kicks in another smelly swing. Another contradiction. Another, heavier, problem to deal with. A reality to face. This is substandard. And consumed by rejects.

This one to one assignation lends itself to a more conventional politeness. Once you're in the booth. A friendlier trusting sort of sick act that can easily mire down in what is commonly mistaken for respect, like movie love or tenderness or care.

You end up trading dicks. Reciprocating concerned. Attentive. Sharing spit and favors and lessons. Looking for quick personalities. Grunts. Farts. Sizing up prowess and attributes. Taking in as much as you refuse to give out.

His dick will be standing up straight next to your thigh as he cups and learns your balls. He'll stand up after sucking - mouthing - you. Waiting for his ordered turn.

A long line of barbie dolls soaked in menstrual blood and hymen paint and car oil and grease wash duct-taped to the walls of some gallery in a Rape Free Zone group opening.

A selection of tabloid JonBenet photos carefully centered below the painted highschool hallway walls where a conceptually minded art student teen has scrawled DADDY'S LITTLE HOOKER. Prompting a news feature and a passionate letter from JonBenet's father.

These men are heterosexual. Who'll take anything. After a while. Except for the genetic faggots who pretend they're only slumming, looking for some slimy trucker dumps or gross old dog men rather than the more community braggart schemes of bodily fluid care and rough trade hustling tea room coffee dishing.

Old men looking for youth, nostalgia and affection by grovelling, hourly, on any body part, suppurating and hating, shoved or pulled their desperate way. Worms looking for wet safe worm holes.

Some nazi mexican offering sweaty steak meat.

Some thick middled bald father.

A nervous gym teacher way out of his league and neighborhood.

A first year college student who's playing dumb and closes his eyes as if he's back in the dorm actually enjoying some form of mystic sisterly flabbed out fantasy.

They squeeze into line to get what they can. Mongrels pumping in the air, against stranger's legs and hair, sublimating the desire to cum blind into the great dark empty world. Just waiting for it. All by themselves. On someone. Inside anything else.

The hands are of children. Little hands. So much smaller than an adult's, they are nothing if not prescient. And the future here is violent. Ugly. Hateful, bitter, mean, sexually perverse. That's all we know. All we need to know for the idea to sink in low and start to flicker and cry and spiral back loud and bright and bloody. Touch it again to rerun.

Any child's hands.

Any child except the already dead - murdered - ones. All the rotting ones. Like Leslie Mahaffy and Jeanine Nicarico even. Or whoever. But especially Pauline Reade (16 years old), Keith Bennett (12 years old), John Kilbride (12 years old and never found), Edward Evans (17 years old, queer, and a face covered in acne) and Lesley Ann Downey (10 years old and spread naked out like Jesus).

Any child's voice. Pat Hodges (11 years old). Only slightly older than Lesley. She was a neighbor of Myra's and often travelled with Myra on rides to pick up Ian from his mother's house. Later she would accompany the couple on visits to the Moors where they dug for garden peat, ate sandwiches, drank wine and posed for semi-innocent photos. There were other children taken to the Moors just for fun, children of neighbors in Hattersly, but it was Pat Hodges who was shown a newspaper with headlines about the then

only missing Lesley:

"...it was an account of a little girl who was missing. I read it out to Myra."

The words that spilled out of Pat Hodges' mouth and into the antiquated recorders of police and authors and judges and newspapermen delivering it back home to her mother and Lesley's mother just like the words she fed the so much older Ian with.

This is what sex is.

The voyeur that wants to see it all has to stick his head all the way in and offer up his cock to the mouths he had heard existed all those childhoods before.

The whore that believes she's doing a healthful service of relieving tension and stress and depression and loneliness; who cares deeply about honesty and healing and fellowship and yet continues to talk in a squeaky little girl voice about little girl terms and fantasies and dreams. Her sore cunt confessions removed from the stench of eight men a day or repeated shots and angles for one ten minute video scene feels somehow loved enough to graciously bequeath the same. And the wallet emptier cleans himself of her slug trail and walks home singing a simple song while the nagging suspicions that humanity is perfectly for sale and the safest price is through a friendly but sickeningly stupid dirty stretched out aged haggling hog whore's mouth with her lax femalia cunt getting longer and older and wider every single loud vomiting second is ringing just a little bit more shrill every breath on the way out of there.

The moments grow old and pile up. The reality hits a bit clearer every time: you fucking try and not see those stretch marks on the sides of her wretched tit bags as she waggles them, again and again, in your politely paying face. Or the dark brown trickle of watery shit sliding down her dog form positioned distended asshole. Try and tune out her ridiculous new ageisms and tight bottom drawer fear.

Keep fucking the same hole. Go on. Stick it in again. See if you recognize the smell you think you may have hit last time. See if you want to scratch its back or wipe your down dropped sweat off its old forehead. See how it keeps looking and feeling exactly the same sensual idea.

Get your sister her medication.

These are the nails a detective removed from your daughter's forehead.

This is the crumbled up brown paper bag removed from your son's choked closed throat.

Like a fat squirrel locked in a half-sized rat cage. The idea turns into an obsession and frantic, blistered and god hating tired, finally retards into art.

Near enough.

Enough's as good as a feast.

Pat Hodges.

Like two children learning.

Like autism.

You mewl into someone's booth. The booth, the closet, that this faggot now owns. Commands. His entire existence reverbs from floor to ceiling, wall to wall and you wag to come all the way inside. Quarters and placement. Quickly ruminating on the amount of change in his pocket or fist and the manners one learns slowly over who pays when trudging into anybody else's hot space.

Grope, feel, follow, size. And the rote fag tells what he's there for. Not just sucking. Not just more ugly hogging inversion.

His hands snake up your shirt. As you rudely undo your pants. He grasps full palm across your chest, pinches and twists lusty man fag at your nipples and pours over your stomach and around to your back. Pulling you closer. For some hot breath and a grunt. As your pants open, he operates deftly within parameters, keeping your pants on and up around your thighs as he cups into your underwear and slithers under your drawing balls to the crack of your sweaty ass.

His mouth is on you in a second. Too fast to remember his bending over and squatting and licking and kissing. He slides his face entirely to your crotch and brushes your rank pubics and balls flat. You quickly meld into his wet head and grease into his jawing slime and performing tongue. All black and video fuzz and warm desperation. Back and forth faster between long licks and ball sac tumbles.

There were nine shots of Lesley Ann Downey. I know every single pose. I know her face and what she didn't wear.

A little kidnapped girl owned currently by someone willing to take money to pose her in whatever special way his employers desire.

The precise pose will be enough. Just close enough for the idea to be brutally obvious. A black wig placed on her own special earmark just wouldn't be correct. You want to see this particular girl recreate this particular torture.

A handkerchief.

A difficult bend.

A smile totally different from the look on the original suggests all sorts of new scenarios. The perfectly replicated frown may suggest a common trait. Or a deeply human realization.

"One was of her praying, and another was a back view with her arms spread wide."

You have to take stock of where you are. Not to give in. Not to willingly accept what the rest of these roaches have allowed themselves not to think:

sinking down to dog sniffing hunch is in no way liberating. Natural's not in it. Honesty does not split from a dab of pre-cum giving way to a handjob soaked in spit like an angry slug mirrors your suitor; mouth hung open like a bruised retard, squeezing your balls to help you cum even faster. Brother.

That's it. Come on, stud.

Tell me what you like.

And when he tires of his whore swim. When he thinks he's sopped into your fair soul and you've meshed enough to sink hypnotised to the same exact art. Except:

You don't suck cock as good as he does.

You don't want to pinch his nipples. Or feel his chest and abdomen.

You don't feel and slither into an ass crack and mouth up his balls.

Turn around.

I want to suck your ass.

Bend over.

I already came.

But this place is cheap. Very few professional out fag cocksuckers here.

You get old men here. Who can't get fully hard. You drop and suck at it and stroke and yank and leave. Old men living in the transient hotel next to the bar next door. There is nothing to do for the rest of their lives except this. Every day. Waiting for small cocks like they wait for their stingy pension checks. And hoping. And keeping to their rat cage schedules. The diner a couple doors down. Cigarettes. The fucking rain again. The bank. Macaroni.

These mole rats never had a life outside of this. I can't even be bothered to imagine whether they've been gay or just sunk deep into solid degradation.

Do you know where you're at.

Do you know what you're doing. Dad?

All the time.

Fat queens with girlfriends and workmates and mother holidays. Felt your bloated hanging gut and your hulking muscleless ass, your blubbered love handles and short stubby cock. Fat fucks failing to grasp taste and job and accepting absolutely anything – everything – that they can blag and swallow half-heartedly. Like the books they've jerked off on and the words they've dug underneath: Abandon. Passion. Primitive. Bacchanal. Community.

Women with their corpulent bulges. Their fat lips and wide flat hips. Their bony arms and mental deficiencies and breakable legs spindly under fattened wombs and lactating uncontrolled bags fit for farms and glossy make-up ads.

I see coke bottles.

I see razor blades.

I see domestic abuse.

I hear lies. To cops and families. I see blush

peeling dry off the broken bridges of noses and I see TV funerals all clad in black and frenzied crybabies.

I see counselors.

I see rape becoming more and more popular and the effects more and more publicly egregious.

I see mothers barking at candle vigils and yapping over autopsies and ownership rights.

This is what a woman is.

Something that'll fuck dogs.

And talk about it like it was ok. Like you're impressed with her articulate sense of honesty. Or as if you're listening compassionately.

The box is the size of a small closet. Tall and tight and hot. And as some fag sleaze drops to decide whether or not to stoop and suck, while he masturbates you with one cold tentative fist and juggles your balls with the other, still clasping the quarters for your coin box between his palm and a couple of fingers, making more of a clumsy poking and tickle motion against your loose sweaty flesh. The heat in the box circles between you and all the black paint and noisy video washes and buzz. You start to drip.

It's hotter quicker with two faggots on top of each other. And the wet from your asshole spills into his hand and the wet from his matting hair slathers against your beer belly and will stain your underwear. He pushed your shirt up from below and wipes himself on you. He reaches to pinch your nipple as he frees his balls and quarters hand. And you drip all over him. As he starts to lap up the salty side of your half-hard-on. And he realizes. That he wants you to cum. And that he'll have to suck your head clean into his head. And he does. Violently for such a little time before he realizes again. That he should just stop it.

Actions collapse into recollections. You talk out loud as you walk away. You did this in the daytime. Outside in the sun, in the clear air, in the crisp Chicago winter, the busy NY summer, the Wisconsin stupidity, you see it all in mumbles and angry barks.

The penis that came scented in special bacteria. Chlamydia. Herpes. Trichinoses. Syphilis. The close knowledge that you don't have to swallow to become infected. Your hot head as incubator of someone's filth. Your drying warming cottony mouth accepting and sifting spiky germs and cooking them up into diarrhoea, warts, scabs, coughs and discharge. Blind-sided. Vomiting. Cramps. Passing it on down the line and sitting back, forgetting, jerking off to the clean safe mind parts.

The size of that fat cock.

The way he gobbled.

His fingernails and that fucking scratch. Thinking right and doing it wrong.

The spread. The thickness. The intent. The plan and the giving and the acquiescence and the

taking. The narcissism, the attention, the dalliance, the finger pushing inside your pained stinking cock head. Dragging out your piss and cum and burn. The danger and hatred and divestment that separates you from the zombies that all too easily pass by the place on the outside. The ones that don't know to not care. Those without decisions.

Pants around your ankles. Your bared ass flattened on a wooden bench, painted the same day, way, as the floor and the cheap wood doors. Some Thai busboy queer who smiles wide and shrimps between sucker and thruster. Irritated with you just slamming your fist into his musty dark nest of one hundred faggots later pubis and little long thin teen straight up hard-on, after he did you so well, so quickly, so happily, he jumps up to standing on the bench. His gym shoes at your knees. He tries to slip his angry third world focus at your face. Wraps both hands behind your head and pulls you down towards his humping angry action. He's as impolite as he is short. He's as used to suburban fags like you as he is to dirty hand wiped dishes.

Take it out, man. The fat Mexican you masturbate says. He's watched from on high. You lick his balls. Around his cock. His purple smooth large head and wife stench. His own rape strokes set your pace. One hand on his heavy hairy balls while the other jacks the knotted dark shaft up and down to a tight monster erection. His cock angling down at the tip from age and bad wasteful genetics. His skin tight and painful.

The booth is soaked in poppers. Gasoline bites every orifice and he wants to see your cock. And you wanted to keep it away from him. Just suck some Mexican meat. Already wet. Spent. And hard again. Die a different way today.

He sucks you off. Down to the root and pull. Big burly flesh mass messy and sloppy and talking and slurping and hissing. Give me that jizz. C'mon man cum. You can cum. You can cum. Cum, man. You can cum. Give me cum. Give me cum, man, give me cum. And so soon after. Because he talked like a pigging mother. A wetback TV fuck whore with a face like an anvil and a body like migrant drunks fat and sleeping on the hot sun job. Man. You lean back towards the wall and thrust out forward. Directly into his throat. Which stopped mowing and clamped tight. To take in your throb and spits. Your deposit shooting and sliding into human darkness and drug frenzy.

That's it. As he slides off of you and drops wet his work. That's it. His fingers sticky in his cum and his palm and cock the exact same red.

He's sick. He's infected. He takes your cum – your discharge – like everyone else's. You had nothing extra to offer him except this particular time right here. This moment. This short walk from the street to the back all over here. Anyone. At all. He's so full

of disease and old dried cum and bugs and brain lesions and stink he wants to yearn himself all over you. Soak you up. And in. A part of you slipping through his fat clogged arteries and spreading the mix back up into slow grinding dementia and cancerous picking sliding mouth cock sucking death. Sink. Down. Drop and drip and sleaze and wither and seep and fall off brittle and pick and gnaw and cry and wave for some sort of anything relief.

This is not fair but. It didn't matter. At all. Then.

So many of these stumbling male cunts are the same. They sink into groups identified primarily by the amount of fear they evince around an act they're obviously unable to avoid. They find themselves here.

He nailed down more poppers and he licked his lips and wiped his mustache with his fingers. His cock hung out of his pants and t-shirt and black belt. He yanked it and shook it. Cleaning the last drops of underwear stain and stick. He wanted to bask a bit. Let you burn in what just hogged on you. The sickness churning inside you as his drug raged backwards into your lungs. Hard and wet and animal and seemed to want to get hard again. And get fucked. And swallow some more cum, man. Get some in my ass, man.

He blocked your affrontery. He stood in the way as you zipped up and shoved past him in a sudden flit of rudeness. All at once. Leaving him to jerk on himself and file it away. Like all the numbers that blur and mount and don't matter. Unless there's something more. Something extra. Which he never ever gets. But tries all the time. Constantly. You just know it.

"Not even bisexual."

How many clean young men would let this pig eat them this way whole. How many desperates have shot their load into his gullet and walked away, fast, without saying a word like "Thanks" and bolted out into the street. The same way they started. "No - Thank You". Slapping it up and down and done, easy, quick enough. Aimed right at the video screen and collection of cum and fingerprints and roach waste. Like it was right. Like pigs and cows and rats and dogs. Down and back up. And right out the door, down the hall, past the clerk and onto the street, full of yourself and needs, on the way back to work.

"I didn't pull out in time."

The floor is gummed and black with thickened sticking lumps from years of serious dereliction. As if the owners had decided, at various times, to just paint over the filth rather than pay for daily toxic upkeep. The concrete is dust slick and

cracked and underneath the fused tissue and condoms and pebbles comes blacker and dirtier and larger bugs. Like fruit flies. Roaches. Crabs. Mites. Dropping from old unwashed underwear and tight levis and leaking cocks and fistulas and dripping rimmed assholes. The flies degenerate into crawlers and diggers in the hot mist stench and buzzing dark and bad luck. You catch them spazzing buzzing pinching in the TV light. You sense them on your hands and cheeks. You see others twitch and brush them off like mental defects.

Breathless, standing forward cock to cock, hands being the most sentient part of the program and debasement turning ritual, twisting natural; may all be shattered back to scarred sunny reality by the indiscriminate flick of a tiny lighting fleck. The dumb stare trance of fantasy fleshing into declining tolerance instantaneously smashed into bright sight. The hung mouth. Wet lips. Dull eyes. Zits and craters and wrinkles and skin oil. The hard as a fist squeezed cock. The push. The friendly acceptance of shit smeared, piss stained, tobacco nailed fingers and germs and lazy lolling stunted tongues behind yellow thick teeth and bleeding pink to red holed gums. Like an old high school girlfriend or a fat old gym teacher desperate enough for a cock death much bigger than the one you point and shake.

Yet another faded old posterboard sign, hung just as you make the turn from hallway to booths, that tells patrons to either find a booth or get out. If all the booths are taken then you must wait in the bookstore browsing area in the next room. Loitering in the booth room is not allowed. Nor is hustling. All of this haphazardly scrawled in black marker in pidgin English and in smaller green marker underneath in probably perfect Spanish.

Most of the hustlers here are Mexican. Banjee types with heavy cock ring'd packages and way less than half the danger. They lean against the walls outside of perpetually empty booths and hook their fingers in belt loops or tight pocket edges just like they've been told to forever.

They can go for as little as \$5.00 though the danger escalates while the price decreases. You may not get all you want if you barter. You may just get enough, however.

The cheaper, mostly free, faggots have no shame. They bounce out of the booths like pinballs off bumpers looking in on any possible masturbator who may be waiting and willing to settle for any mouth somewhat like theirs. They peek through the cracks and peepholes in the doors to watch when someone else is fed and rub themselves in public, though they don't outright jerk-off. But they moan and make lick noises. They flick their tongues at closed locked wood like old balding peeling snakes. They cow their way into the booths immediately after one faggot

has left and try to glom what's left as sloppy seconds. Suck that double stink. Failing that, they occupy the now completely emptied booth and inhale the stench of melded sweat and sperm and lonely hygiene and yank themselves staring at the TV screen porno still rattling out the extra unneeded quarter time allotments.

There are films on video: of ugly fatty women sucking off on dogs and pigs and horses and attempting to let the beasts penetrate their meaty rotting hirsute wombs. As nature allows.

There are longer videos of future wombs being paid small money to eat shit out of dogbowls and out of full brown water turd filled toilets.

Close-ups of these absolute beasts vomiting and spitting and spewing out the last taste of backed-up urine, sick faeces and beer breakfasts.

Video advertisements that offer women tortured and seriously lastingly hurt by carefully chosen trigger adjectives that only ever disappoint when worried greedy companies pretend to lie under clearly understood clearly feared laws.

And covert footage of pigs shitting and pissing in suburban mall bathrooms. Helping their children undress and squat and wiping their tiny white asses and barely vaginas for them.

Cock after cock dropped into some sag's cummed up rag mouth. One after another. So that the after the twentieth tool or so, the first or second or third has another chance at one more afternoon four camera cum.

The child pornography I used to look for was quick shots of as many different little girls and boys all compiled. But I took what I could get. So little was offered reliably after a point.

He reaches around to run his palm across your ass. Fits a finger between your fat cheeks and pretends to look intense: deep into your face and eyes and mouth and hitting nothing but mute, graded, guarded agreement or a violent shift in design. Turns cocksucker compromise. In a second. Don't get all mad. Falls to the floor and forgets about how he wanted to lick the tip of his finger all wet to dip it into your intestine and get you ready for his mighty porno fuck. Playful frightened etiquette. Instead he kneels in the old deposits and discharges. The used and wasted and cheesed condoms. The specks and hairs and dirt from so many fucking cocks and faggot quims. Gobbles it all up deep and lasting his lifetime.

You have to remember where you are. You have to see what you're slithering in. See yourself doing what you're doing. Context is important. Here, especially. Those that say they want the debasement and masochistic elevation find heaven in being punching bags, piss pots, male sewers. The kicks in the head. The old men baths. The worked fingers. The impressionless "No"'s. The cons. The heart attacks

and tension and sharp defenses. The disgust. The trolls. The wretch reflex. The refusals. The daily mounting minute offenses: They're damaged by the act, first, and excused, second.

Myra writes from jail.

She explains the famous photo as:

"...that awful mugshot".

And complains that people prefer her that way.

Marcus Harvey came up with the perfect idea for a painting of that famous awful Myra Hindley mugshot. It would be 11ft by 9ft and recall the art conscious style of blown up pixelated mosaics. The genius here would be that the pixels, on close examination, would be seen to be the hand prints of little children.

It is certainly a piece of thoughtful art. Simply defined, perhaps, by where it is allowed to be seen and displayed, the audience it attracts and where they can buy reproductions and find discussions of its existence. But the always expected furor that arose from the showing of the painting as part of the *Sensation* exhibition in London plopped the piece and its thoughtful components into something very close to crime. And seeing as the always available mothers of the victims of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley couched their hatred of the art in personal pain confessions, the work, in the minds of lumps, crossed over directly into the further torture of poor innocents.

The little arguments started before the piece was even hung as part of a larger collection at the Royal Academy Of Art in London on September 18, 1997. It had been exhibited before this, in 1995, but with none of the messiness that surrounded the *Sensation* show. The financially bare and hitherto outdated Royal Academy Of Art publicly aired the vote and heated moral arguments its members fussed over in order to finally agree to display the piece in London. Damien Hirst defended the work and threatened to pull his pieces from the show if the Hindley portrait wasn't allowed in. Hirst is seen by most as the cornerstone of the "Young British Artist" movement that the show trumpeted: **SENSATION. YOUNG BRITISH ARTISTS FROM THE SAATCHI COLLECTION.** And while many saw that the show was either an attempt for the Royal Academy to change its stodgy reputation or a chance for advertising "guru" Charles Saatchi to increase the value and reputation of his collection, most of the paying punters saw an exhibition heavily steeped in sexual violence or, at least, sexual vagaries.

Which is what art is good for. Since pornography is largely relegated to a marketplace frightened to slow death, whose only defenses are

hollow contradictory voices shrieking limp transgression, snugly tribalism and fleshy pneumatic femalia; one must turn to other forms of unsafe real world representations that get a little closer than advertising. Most Porno has become love where some art has become sex. In a small visual world defined by censorship and paranoid moral boundaries, those who refuse to spoon with community taste regulations and general swishy altruism have hung their violence in the noisy art-world and, legitimately, approached more reality than either antiquated porn shops or traditional art concepts could produce and market on their own.

Marcus Harvey is the media. Same job, same beat, same game, same ironic sense of perpetual helplessness. The soft articles under garish headlines actualized by men that simultaneously creates and derides OUTRAGE, HORROR and EVIL in perfect advertising demographic acumen recalls exactly the purposely unstated intentions of the artist. The same ivory fingerpointing at invisible sadists; the same haughty condescension and familial security ploy. The kinder benefit of doubt lies in their underdefined drives not being as bad as their foresight. The outcome of all of this information is understood wholly by its context. Which is one of ethical superiority and overwhelming public consideration.

"That fag that put a condom on me and sucked me through it. I let him do it because I actually prefer it that way. I like him to worry and still have to do it. And I don't want any of his sewer to back up into me. Anything in his sewer. It's not like he's my idea of an ideal partner either.

When I was ready to cum I pulled the condom off by the tip and shoved it towards his face. He was still all slobbered up and close. But he stopped. And he didn't go back to the job and he seemed pissed or confused that I stopped him first. So I pulled his head back towards my cock. I had one hand on the back of his head and the other one on my cock. I was close to cumming so I was jerking off. In his rhythm.

Somehow he must have grabbed the condom from me. I guess he thought he was going to put it back on me. But I started to cum. He resisted my pull. Which was only as strong as his push back. It was sort of a gentle reminder with a little extra force.

Any other situation and I'm sure the guy would have hit me. It was pretty rude. He was worried about AIDS, otherwise he wouldn't have sucked skin through latex. So to pull his head down just before I came – so I could cum in his mouth – was probably like a death threat to him. I'm sure he took it very seriously afterwards.

But I buttoned up and left. And he stayed and adjusted himself. He didn't do anything."

The hook is pain, but the goods are open

arms and hope. Evil exists in the same pretend world as mother care and greater good. The grand effect of all this is that it marks the place and price. Anything is available and the cost, on both sides of the transaction, is as cheap, easy and immediate as the impulse is perpetual and hungry.

"Most of these guys watch you as you take the condom off. Like it's dangerous and, though they want to see the mess you made, they act like they're scared to death that you may splash some of it on them. They still stare straight down though. Like they're proud of their handiwork.

Most guys splash and drop. Whenever I can, I try and make it as quick as I can all in one quick yank. You have to fist it from the bottom to do that and it gets messy. Usually it turns into a communal thing. In which case, I try and be polite.

I had this one queen blow me through a condom and after we took it off, somehow, the motherfucker slipped it in my pocket. I found it in my pants as I reached in to count my change on the way out. I thought about going back to stuff the fucking thing down his throat but then I figured, what the fuck, good for him. I was the sucker."

It is deliberate. But its idiom is marred by laziness, transforming it into art. And maybe it is its marketing – the capitalism that makes such speech sellable – that only makes it mean. But the constructs that necessitate the thoughts, the acts, the replications, the musings are inherently benevolent. The hyperbole and clamor are diversionary. The confusion behind its existence is calculated and polite.

"There's a pressboard screen that covers the top of the booths because the walls of the booths don't reach all the way to the ceiling. Some of the wrecks that come in here push the screens over so that there's light in the booths. So they can see what – or who – they're doing.

These pigs cum in their hands and wipe it on the walls. And if you go in one of the booths that doesn't have a ceiling, you can see the cum in thick splotches smeared on the walls right at eye level.

These are fucking busy booths. And you have to be really careful where you put your hands."

Theories and philosophies, media savviness and bleak cultural chicken littles are weeds for trendies. Satire is for lonely catholic priests hiding behind church doors leering, licking the air and masturbating as altar boys strip down to their tight package hung white skivvies in the backrooms. Irony is for students, scared and hiding close in fuckable chances. Free-form jazz and open endings and blurred

edges delight cheer clutched children of any age. Left to those who need them. And ignored by the rutting dogs who see everything as precious and base and salacious.

"The booths that have glory holes are especially disgusting. The walls around the holes are just completely sticky and tacky. You have to figure how many times a day, an hour, all these pigs sweating and humping against these walls. And all the spit and forehead sweat that slimes up against all the pubic sweat and cum and acne and everything. You can smell it as soon as you open the door. Your first instinct is to keep the door open and the light on."

All the couched arguments and intellectual gift wrapping among all the mother's flag waving and inner scar dangling create something hardly sensual. Something less complicated. Something neatly sadistic. Something contrived.

"These booths, these heads, are so cheap. But the homos who suck you, who aren't HIV positive yet, have to up their entrance fee by \$3.00. That's how much it costs for a three pack of PRIME condoms at the front counter. Fuck knows how many packs these whores go through. PRIMES are pretty thin and fit really tight and the boys seem to prefer the taste, I would imagine.

You don't see as many on the floors as you'd think you should but that probably tells you all you need to know about the very special nature of the clientele here and their impressive collective viral load."

I only see the artwork, whose impressive size is so intrinsic to its concern, reduced to pocket-sized reproductions. And I see the new version of Myra's mugshot in art magazines and art catalogs and in, to use Ian Brady's adjectives, both the "quality and popular press". Such a perfect mess. These little hands attached to little gag stuffed mouths and widened force fucked bleeding crying bald ten year old cunts. Little hands and an adult's evil deeds. Her baggy eyes before thirty and lipsticked cocksucker lips and Lesley Ann Downey's delicate hands innocently dabbing in paint by numbers exercises and brand new lessons. That aren't coming. That live on in her mother's old craggy drugged down forehead over dull dumb eyes that count all those Marcus Harvey careful splats.

The problem lies with me. I can see little else than sadism. Little other than the cruel child pornography produced by details and outbursts. I see compensation and concealment as the work's real raison d'être. I see a less complicated apologia for compulsions that end up in law courts and death row

jails. I fold it up and take it all with me. All the sweat and black humor and bad taste and hurtful news footage in my front pocket next to my cock that feels longer and fatter and bigger when rubbed and pinched through my pants as some old mouth queen stares and waits outside my half cracked peepshow booth door.

"The painting should never have been done in the first place, it is not helping me and it is only prolonging the agony. Since Keith disappeared I have never had a proper night's sleep and I still get nightmares."

Winnie Johnson, the mother of the Brady raped and never found body of forever 12 year old Keith Bennett, also added that those who went to see the painting would be "as sick as Hindley is".

Winnie turned down an offer by the Royal Academy to come see the *Sensation* exhibition at their expense. Instead she picked up on a tabloid's offer to come down from Manchester to stand outside the academy and protest.

Normally, an idea would be enough. A picture in a book. A paragraph on a page. A concept. A stain. Details. Descriptions. News. Here, on the way in to see a painting of a child murderer done in child's hand prints, one is met outside by the mother of one of the victimized children and encouraged to watch as she jumps through hoops and wallows in prolonged agony.

"I would have jumped for joy if I had seen this happen. I'd have turned a cartwheel."

Winnie was excited over the damage that was done to the painting on the opening day of the exhibition. On two separate attacks within an hour of each other the painting had red and blue Indian ink smeared on to it and had been pelted with four eggs.

"I wish I knew who did it, I would like to shake their hand."

Winnie was eager to please.

"I told the academy this would happen but they told me 'I don't think so'. Now I think they should leave the painting in the gallery so that everyone can see it for what it is. Other people should be given the pleasure of throwing things at it."

Leslie Ann Downey is the popular favorite among Ian and Myra's victims. She was the youngest. And it is widely assumed that Myra Hindley had convinced the ten year old girl to go along with her; away from the funfair where she stood alone, away

from the nearby safety of her mother and stepfather's home. Ian Brady then raped her and photographed her and Myra threatened her and helped to bury her. Lesley's mother was also pleased that the painting had been attacked:

"It is a pity the whole portrait was not completely destroyed."

"Myra" was restored and rehung and the Royal Academy sought to restore order by allowing viewers the chance to voice their opinions by way of a questionnaire handed out at the site.

The critics who're paid for their populist words like the ones hired for the catalogs and ad copy eyed the work up close and formed convenient oppositions and defenses.

This is what sex is. It is not what sex has been reduced to. This is not looking under rocks for what may hopefully just appease. This is not base. Wanting a hug or a cum or a feel or a long narcissistic suck or a acceptant kiss and coming up, desperately, clinging but still raging, with all of this little this. Not at all.

This is all of it.

As one grovels between the legs of some fat assed flab bellied thick dicked panty wearing Mexican sausage eater and its breath. As one scrubs hard in hopes of wishing away all the disease he doesn't want to, at least, pass on to his bored TV induced lusty wife. And their fucking fucked kids. These are not exceptions. These are not special cases overblown and exaggerated. These are not lies and excuses.

This is absolutely everything.

The context looks back harder. The claustrophobia and sick thick air and paint black chips on old metal coin boxes and rotting wood and crumbling concrete creep inside loosened pants into unwashed cocks exposed and chewed and bit and tongued and raw and beating and angry and lips and lungs breathing and waiting and sucking and empty.

Rooms designed for this act and allowed to decompose because of the act. Art designed by tastes far too close to the impulses of paedophiles' minds to be anything but in perfect concert with fucking degenerates exactly like that.

The blunt sting of the filth, the tired work of the money and the next planned purchase of image, of human, of memory, of experience, of therapy – all last longer than the orgasm. On the floor. In your hand, ass and closing throat. Spat or palm wiped on jeans where it sits and soaks quicker than the puddles on the concrete in the corners and splinters in the dug and clawed bench. The channel you pick while you wait for it. The wracked bend of sucking cock to cum. The peering under stain after rock after pile after hint after time.

How much do you care, pig.

How many hands can we connect together in a circle.

Couched in a new spirituality that doesn't see the crime for the scars because it is, simply, easier this way. As blind as it is trite. As ingratiating as it is lazy. Nonetheless, the work fits into those little boxes one has to keep under one's bed. Full of illegal child pornography and perfectly legal medico-legal reports called **Soul Murder, Male Intergenerational Intimacy and Not My Child.**

The emancipation starts with help from case workers, care workers and art commentators who'll do the hard work deciphering the highly individualistic pleas and cries and screams from entire schools of abused, raped, forgotten, sex positive'd crumbled up little children. While all the paedophiles look deeper. Even deeper. Quiet frightened begging sadists collecting tiny bird droppings long after the big colorful parade has passed and gone.

These mouth whores eat themselves. Which is what one does when one laps at surrogates. Gum and slurp and slide; little children teething and wanting and slobbering and egoing all over their old unwashed shirts and unhealing bruises and whoever else ventures close enough to do exactly the same debilitating thing. The entire wood on concrete on sex stink wobbling construction greasing outside like a cheap brown lunch bag filled with store sold fresh black leeches. Little bodiless chomping heads open to fish mouths. Toothpick legs only made to stand under small pointing seeing cocks tasting and needing and avoiding all the other blind sexing screwing seething useless amoeba cocks vying for the smallest stain of space. Here is the last chance. An articulation of infection and waste. Withered flesh piled loose over sludge throbbled blood, slow expanding arteries and sore muscles. All clawed and yanked and tight from limp to slithering; Now Motherfucker. A wet clumped handful of pigfeed dropped into a busy dirt and gravel slobbered old wooden trough, painted black and smelling like crotch, asshole and cum. Hogs wrestle fat for free space. Noses drip and snort and sniff for position. Eyes yellow and glare and blank before the pig act and coat themselves in the ancillary ambience of shit streaked mud and human lard. Made from themselves. And as quiet as they can be.

There are the thoughts that drive the beasts like instinctual spines ill-defined and bent and corroded. As is best. And there are the thoughts that twist back around in hate fed on god and pride and whatever self respect is supposed to mean. Forms a softening falling mantle art piece stuck flat in the middle of a busy city block. Straight in the center of so many sicked infected brains all unable to just pass it by. Or on the burnt edges of humane worried eyes struggling so hard to keep walking, not looking, not

thinking, but not hardly blind like their brothers and sisters untouched by such perfectly cheap and readily available verisimilitude.

Some oaf cunt reaches down and pinches up a quaint little idea from inside his huge wide beating loving heart. See if you understand this. Those of you whom the world of big tall frightening men adults have abused and murdered and ratted: We Want To Hear From You. We – the world – need to hear your very own very special story. Because you are unique. And you are not alone. There's so many of you, in fact, that the power of your previously almost mute lone stutter will be amplified and strengthened solely by inclusion in such a great number of those collected. Those who have suffered in exactly the same manner. The personal made political made statistical.

He stretches further down and clasps out a box of rainbow paints and glows it at the dirty color faces of all those children lucky enough to be chosen to be sat in this empty wasted babysitting prison school room specially selected for this extracurricular meeting designed by those helpers helping, counselors counseling and teachers, at least, supporting and caring.

Let's change this fu...oops world. Let's add our singable voices to the fray. To a crushing din. Let me allow you smallees a rising voice that won't ring short and unhelped and unwatched and unheard. This is why the world needs kids just like yourselves. Poor things.

On a street in New York, on a boarded free standing wall erected to hide the city planning eyesore of a building site, a gaggle of bright tiny hopefuls paint out their demons. Chipping away from inside their helpless charred shells, the head patted and paid foster encouraged crew of hugs and thoughts and shame brim and splatter in dark ugly dripped reflecting colors all of their too many near years of experience. And come up with all new fresh chances:

Please Don't, Don't Kill Me, Please ...Help Me Please.

I'm Afraid.

I am very small.

I am afraid.

Big faces crying and huge mural angry flowers wilting. Monstrous black hands and cartoon kidlings holding ever vulnerable.

Nothing Can Dull The Light Within Faith Can Move Mountains

Some of the children's hands have etched large their names hungrily onto the bottoms and tops of the paintings. The names they were given by their

parents. As they explain. Maria does:

Mom & Maria Sad With Bruises. Dad Happy & Relieved After Hitting Them

So does Gregory:

I don't like to hit Kids

Maureen:

My Feelings Are Locked Inside My Soul

And "Maria in Shelter":

Do Not Slap Me In The Face Please.

You Will Make Me Hate You.

I want to love you.

I am very sad.

You Make Me Feel Worthless.

The children are applauded. For having made it through. And for turning their troubles into a voice. For making something else – something somehow real and honest – out of something too terrible to imagine. Something convincing. The children are uniformed. They are handed awards from the city and the quick flash vice president next time he makes a trail stop. They are featured on the morning talk TV shows. They smile. Wave. Tear. Fret. Explain. And watch all the others.

They are encouraged to design lives based on their new found vocabulary. They are told to believe in their spirit and final freedoms and their own significant genius.

All the while, the photos of their painful accomplishments rest tight against my ass in my back pocket. At home, stored inside a bookcase filled with thousands of nameless little fucks and battered cry babies just all exactly like them. Pervert photos taken by a friend and mailed to me because he knew what I'd get out of them. How I'd read all their listens and helps and sees into my sick masturbation freetimes. The doors that got slammed on their fingers, the old sperm they didn't know enough not to swallow, the stench that made them gag and nightmare, the paddles that inflamed and welted their soft firm asses, the t-shirts bloodied from their torn lips, the tight pants unwashed and smeared from schoolless day after day sweat spent handcuffed to roach and ant ridden beds anywhere down south. As the New Yorkers pass by the paintings. And the women with children stop and make a memorable day's lesson out of it. They write articles about it. That are published in Women's Magazines and special color newspaper

supplements. And they yap about it to their other moneyed friends with children, over the phone, about how they had such an incredible and really meaningful day out walking with their little rats and how they had to clarify all the littlest bits for such littlest rats: Why does it happen, mama, why is he mean, mama, what is the word there, mama, why is the flower crying, mama. All the reasons sexist make barbie dolls, sweetheart, and men make wars, darling, and the excuses we use for the answers about having you, cutey.

As the troll grows up: Bending. Forgetting. Drinking. Shitting out two more just exactly like her before she even gets the chance to turn eighteen. Before she gets the chance to cut her father off at the knees while he wins having infected her bloodline all those heavy unstoppable years way back when. Too late. The toothless alcohol sodden grandmother inherits a baby carriage full of dirty state purchased diapers and free orphan toys. They all remember when. And the patrons understand. That it all made sense way back then but if you look at it now; the work is even more meaningful.

**Please Do Not Slap Me In The Face.
Please.**

Fuck "Please" it sobers up. Fuck "You will make me hate you". And that fucking "I want to love you" crap. Her blood dripping into her stopped up toilet, oiling over her dirty alcohol piss and herpes uterine tissue. Her boyfriend back whenever, who appreciated her – for like a fucking day or two – and all her new plans and hopes for an extraordinary voiceful empowered occupation. The father of the first child who looked at her clippings and snapshots and medals and held her close, his jail tattoos keeping her safe and strong in the schoolyard pecking orders and in the third floor morning hot sun beams and drug hues.

**I Am Very Sad.
You Make Me Feel Worthless.**

All these hot years later. Cops and laws she didn't know and weren't fair and nobody listened. Convenience. Prejudice. The Man. Piercing noises like bass thudding hip-hop and screaming lunatics and city stink and the TV loud while the last baby – stunted in the eyes and mouth as the blood gets ever thinner – tries to keep a steady pitch over the attention sucking din. What good is it to be this stupid and hairy and fat and breeding at such a supposedly young age. Perfume under her piles of frizzed out dyed hair and thick black facial moles, fists and nails and sugared teething rings and her Puerto Rican washing hung dugs. Have another snort.

Take another drink. Suck another locked door through that squat fat Mexican hard buddy cock. Void in another Spanish soap opera. Wash out the difference between you and your filthy Mexican neighbor and their drunk community hot rod fucking nigger loving dirty day to day deals.

Her older friends had to explain what a nod was. Initially.

Happy because my mother left the bad relationship with my sister's father.

Right into the next one. So many that the drugs and memory lapses are considered probably lucky. Which is the only thing professional care workers and volunteer catfuckers can tell pig titted balls of stretch pants, baby tops and bulging varicose veins. It gets better from here. Each story is the same.

**Emily
Herrandez
beaten
broken bones
raped
DEAD
9 months old**

There's so much of it. All over everything. All of it the same except for your very personal favorites. All of it made from tiny specific details that only a real true honest victim could make up and recite. Painful memories carefully constructed into hopeful wedding plans and high school graduation mills for bright college and parental freedom futures. Made in heaven. Another set of freshly fucked tits and lips turns special by mumbling and shaking in what she wants to be a four year old's voice. Don't do it Daddy, Mommy, don't let Daddy do it again. Her Stepfather. Her biggest scariest adult. The truth is in the lies and in the assholes who believe it. Who tell me. And work so hard at it. And want it so bad. And genuinely hate it to their core. And have to sell it.

And there are clues and short cuts to help you.

The Clothesline Project is a huge travelling collection of hand-painted t-shirts done by individual victims of violence perpetrated by men. The stated concerns of the project are to form a "national network" that seeks to end violence against women. And the plan seems to be to expose the crime in all its many fascinating and brutal facets by artfully, if not angrily, painting specialized and highlighted details onto t-shirts.

The project started with just 35 shirts in 1990 and by its peak (a national display in Washington DC in 1995) had grown to 35,150. The network that mothers the artwork now incorporates

similar projects in eight other countries and measures its considerable strength in great influential numbers of personal histories of beatings, rapes, dysfunctions and murdered and lamented loved ones.

While each shirt is specific to one case, the color of the shirt that gets the paint is not.

"The different shirt colors represent a code: red, orange, pink: raped or sexually assaulted; blue, green: survived incest or child sexual abuse; yellow, beige: battering or assault; purple, lavender: lesbian bashing; white: violent death."

The 9 month old Emily Herrandez memorial is performed on a white t-shirt. The letters are scrawled in black and speckled and slashed with drips of red to resemble blood. And cuts. And slices. And stabs. And open newly opened old wounds. And scrapes. And welts.

She must have suffered horribly.

If the work and its code can be trusted, Emily died violently. Bloodily. I can fucking see the little baby, not even a fucking full year old, screaming and shaking and twisting covered sparsely haired soft fat crying head to red slick itty bitty baby toes in vast cuts of viscus bright warm blood. Little dead fucked stamped baby rat. Named Emily. Named Emily for nine months – slightly longer than it probably took to grow the thing in some now empty and missing her womb. Fresh from that mother blood to violent blood. All constructed worthless. Wasted. All that trouble to see her dead and messy and smashed so small and wanting and helpless. Brain functions not even registering. Not retaining. Only what the baby wants right fucking now and what the baby gets one final time.

Much of the artwork contains stories; the victims finding their voices literally. Most look to be done by children or inner-child embracing naive artists high on message and low on ability. Desperate words and exclamation points. Trite flowers and crying eyes, open arms and screaming mouths. Outsider art that politely rises above the cartoon designs and featureless faces into psychology over technique, sociology over aesthetics.

Another white t-shirt with an unsteady rainbow painted across its chest has the words **NOW YOU ARE AT PEACE** trailing down into a little red peace symbol.

A Keith Haring style cartoon figure opens a door to a hidden yellow space. **THE WITNESS** is written in block letters to the left, where a brand name should go, and below, across the belly, in more block letters lies:

**I SAW MY DADDY HIT MY MOMMY
AGAIN. AND NOW SHE HAS UGLY**

**BRUISES ON HER PRETTY SKIN.
I TRIED TO STOP HIM BUT HE'S
MY DAD. WHY DID HE HIT MY
MOMMY. WAS SHE BEING BAD?**

**AUTHOR:
MY 5 YEAR OLD SON
MARCUS JR.**

It is worrying to think that the mother of Marcus Jr. would make up such words so delicately written and stretched in child's parlance with a laundry marker for her own pity bath.

The shirt is white. Which should mean that Marcus Jr. died violently. And the audience should then make the gentle leap that these words are his mother reciting what he's not around to print himself. Odd, then, that the crime focuses on the mother and her pretty hurt skin.

But maybe ...and here's where that reality kicks in hard... the shirt was printed by a repentant father. He might've killed his wife and is seeing the horror of his act through the pain of his helpless conflicted child's eyes. The mother's pretty skin is that extra detail that haunts the murderer: his wife's vulnerability and innocence, his defilement of something good and pure.

And there is so much more.

If the mother made the shirt: memorializing her dead son that somehow got caught and died – violently – in the crossfire, the strength and impact of the art lies primarily in the subtlety of the shirt color code. The terror of violence and the common defencelessness at the hands of brutes is expressed not by the ugly graphic words but rather by the severity of the white t-shirt connotation of death. This crime escalated into murder. This crime only started with the child's audience of the pain and his resultant confusion. The tortured waste of promise. The next chance made last.

AGAIN. Is the child an angel forced to forever sisyphus what it should have done when daddy started hitting mommy.

NOW. Is it possible that Marcus Jr. is looking at the bruises on his mother's naked corpse.

TRIED. Could the boy have died when he finally decided to stop his daddy from hurting his mommy and confusing him further.

The worst scenario would be that Marcus Jr.'s mother made the shirt and didn't get the fucking idea about which color shirt she was supposed to use.

Little Lesley Ann Downey's mother sinking old and used in the press. The photos of her deep crow's feet and tattered hair and thick worm veined hands next to the text and quotes.

One blue shirt in the Clothesline collection is covered in hand prints. The photo I have is cropped and, due to the questionable cut and size of the shirt

in relation to the size of the palm print, it is difficult to discern the age of the open hand that created the prints. I am, however, inclined to think that it is the hand of an adult. It seems to be one single hand print multiplied many times. Its fingers are long and its palm is wide and grown and, possibly, even wrinkled. Old woman hands. Pressed down pretentiously on the color that could mean it belongs to a survivor of sexual abuse and/or incest. So, no matter what, the child is, at least, implied. Unless the emphasis is on the surviving. And her age as an old bad artist is more important than the horrors that stamped her noticeable, acceptable and worthy of our patience and attention.

Lesley Ann's finger and palm prints lifted from the things she might have touched in Ian Brady and Myra Hindley's bedroom by investigating detectives. Done the same way Marcus Harvey lifts the cast of his art child hands from his slow drying canvas.

Amber Hagerman, only nine years old when she was kidnapped while riding her bicycle just two blocks from where her grandparents lived. The associated press picked up the story and interviewed a 78 year old man who saw the child dragged into a truck. They also talked to Amber's mother who had only recently been filmed for inclusion in a documentary on families struggling to get off welfare. The documentary was due to air the same week that Amber was pulled off her bike. The news service included information that might help people in Chicago identify the girl:

"The blue-eyed girl was last seen wearing pink jeans and a gray shirt with multicolored handprints all over it. Her brown hair was in a ponytail."

The t-shirt Amber wore becomes the same t-shirt in the collection, in the art project, and all the handprints that make up Myra's huge black and white painting become the same ones on all the clothes worn and designed by sisters in sexualized pain. And all the same fingers from all the same hands are stained with the cum that gets wiped off on the walls of the booths where I bring my little photos of, this last time, Lesley Ann Downey.

Ryan Harris gets murdered and raped while riding her bicycle in a bad neighborhood. Two little boys are said to have killed her only for her bike.

"Is it true that since the age of 18 you have not had any sexual contact with another male?"

"No."

"Is it true that you have not used any form of pornography since 1985?"

"No."

"Have you ever used physical force or physical abuse to obtain sex?"

"No."

"Have you had any sexual fantasies involving your victim since your last polygraph?"

"Yes."

"Have you violated the terms of your therapeutic contract?"

"Yes."

"Have you reoffended or attempted to reoffend sexually?"

"Yes."

Sarah Lynn Paulsen was another of these little girls out riding on her bicycle when she was snatched and murdered.

She was eight years old when she died. Enjoying her summer. Only. Just. Very close to home. Less than a mile away. I'll remember that. Eight seems very young not to be under constant watch. To be that far away – out of sight – even if the newspaper reporters swing it to sound tragic instead of careless. Less than a mile is at least a mile. Close is home; a mile or so is always where raging paedophiles twist their cruising heads back and forth checking to see if there's some older parent or sibling around to see them rubbing their hard pants erection thinking, first, and venting, second, all over those all alone little tight boned helpless new cunts.

Eight wraps itself tight like a mouth that thinks it's safe. Eight wraps around your cock like a PRIME condom so it can suck hard. That primer gut that sits down on the seat of that steel poled metal candy color bike and pumps all that strong girl energy of such short years. In taut determined buoyant firm youth. Her black soft fake leather cushion seat pressed up flat and forming against such a precious small unsuspected cum wet child spread. The way that pole spreads and fucks that seat under her little shut cunt. The way it should be separated from the industrial glue and racing tape and stripped screws that hold it solid underneath her sex weight and the way the hospital cop photos look taken later as she sucks air from light blue plastic tubes further taped to her scraped nose and swollen cut fat red lips. Had that steel pole inserted. Raped as hard as metal can rip eight year old fresh skin and organ. Wreaking havoc inside of her thin flat waist, ruining her future kid dreams of having a baby cook in that now eight year old dog used and rendered tiny not spreading womb. Fucked by the bike she loved and the huge hands that picked her. Beaten on the face. Beaten across the hard chest bones on her titless torso. Ass fucked, raped, penetrated, used, pissed, torn, chewed, deposited, diseased, spread, fingered, tasted, sucked, washed, bled, wolved, ganged, pierced, pinched, nailed, talked, snapped, stopped, taped,

tubed, tweezed, cottoned, saved, marked, cleaned, doctored, stitched, cunted, posed, needled, dressed, colored, dabbed, brushed, advertised, sold, owned, dreamed, wished, kept. Dressed in soft cloth created for action and wear and designed to please the little rat's parents' sense of display: Not for this. Not for some fat nigger fingered rapist to full-on smear his thick black cock shoot and grease and ape issue all over in small splashes and stains and evidence. Not for the last thing she ever wore. Over her skinned knees and fancy talk play and little ideas slowly whittling away as the big black tide of angry fistfucked pawed rape drowns all those motherly plans and excuses. Such a gentle gleeful life. Out for some fun and natural devilment.

Tiny fingers on her rubber black bike handle grips. She could have been poor. Like south side Chicago niggers used to rust and third hand stolen property crack deals. Like her mother's radio and her mother's boyfriend's bus pass. What her cunt looked like. Depends on so much information I don't have. Having had a hairy quim, or mild or clean or meaty: all depending on her race, first, her age, second, and her familial manners, third. Since genetics are proved by data and I don't have even one fucking shot, I have to resort to fucking stereotypes and personal ugly mood. And what I suspect, sadly, over what I hope.

This is important.

These little girls don't have on make-up when they play outside on their bikes. But maybe if she was travelling up to a mile away from home...

I can see some little nigger looking at photos in magazines and wondering what kind of – exactly – look is that. How was it achieved and what is it good for.

This is why you want to look nice. Sweetheart.

Squawking like one of these ghetto-rats do out on the hot apartment streets, as they play with each other, as they age and mental deficient all over. Screaming a new way when converted to child pornography by a shadowy nigger fleshed fuck like Eugene V. Britt.

I don't know if these kids like the clothes they got on. Who picks them out when they're as poor as I want them all to be. Function over design, dear, it's all they had left in line. I don't know what the short fragile corpse was buried to rot religiously in. I don't know if some little band of white panties drew up the slick brown crack of her heart shaped bubble ass and set the leering waiting monkey into jungle mode or if she was just unlucky enough to be allowed out, unwatched and absolutely un-fucking-cared for, at that very special stars in the sky time.

Most of the kiddie-porn I've owned in my life has had the little darlings naked on page after page. I do remember a tiny latina in black and white news wash that raised a white bunched t-shirt up just above

her minuscule nipples to her short neck, below her concentrating eyes and disappearing lips. Grey skin. Large child dark eyes waiting forcing her arms and shoulders to a hunch in a pathetic attempt to protect herself with herself. I don't remember if the shirt had a print on it, some name like Menudo, or if it was an oversized adult sized used as a poor pajama hand-me-down. I do remember the folds and the action and the clear as cum intentions. The exposure. I see short sleeves on skinny arms. And a few baby fat rolls in her belly saying she was even younger than her position. Her tummy hardly saved the way to her tightly closed scared to death lap. Even then; the little hispanic bucket of youth and filth knew the perfect entrance into her body, her life, and what all of this meant.

And the context had something to do with child torture and abuse. Her nipples – dark Mexican bites made stained and jagged and blacker – had been seared by hot metal utensils. By someone cruel and angry and hateful and, I'm sure, related. The child had been directed, this time out, by police and press detailers. To lift her shirt that covered her need to be protected and pose what had been done to her, forever, so that it might not ever happen again.

The Indian girls from Calcutta and Bombay had similar skin. And they seemed just as small and badly positioned: life-style wise. Only their mothers – the gross old flapping hookers and walking wrinkled and the howling cackling hijras – wore sarongs and useless creviced make-up.

The kids stay cold and naked and barely fill any corner of the photograph; never mind how much of the entire focus is on whichever selected and brokered body part.

Like her cunt, bald, fused, brown and flat, with a cock forced right up into it. Like her mouth under those large eyes pooled straight into some sleaze's black stretched and pulled pubic nest, fist and angled down cock. Aim. Learned. Shoved into it like a huge black crow backing up and slamming forward full of instructions and a monstrous and frightening new world all over her listening guided safe old gone world. Made compact. Squeezed. And, for the first time ever, sold directly to her. Instead of around her.

Like this.

This is how it is.

This is what it's like.

You'll learn.

This is what I do.

I write child pornography.

For myself.

I create child pornography. Out of children's pain that I try so impossibly to construct out of what I desperately want to believe is the reality, the truth, the details. That I alone buy and immerse myself

under.

Eight years of piggy sucked out and dropped strangled into the arms and niggling laps of fat old men like myself, having seen it degenerate, and clocked it, all exactly like this, time and time again.

Tell whose baby this was.

And about who said they loved it. And who owned it. Who it belonged to. Who was responsible for its safety and upkeep and mistakes. Who sold it. Who let it, forced it, allowed it. To go missing. Who thought they should look for it and who wanted to find it better than raped and retarded and wheelchair and dumber and renamed and repackaged. And who painted its lips and eyes and cheeks and patted its bottom into its long walk away from safety.

Into my lap. Into Eugene V. Britt's violence.

I don't know if Sarah Lynn was black or white. I've seen more white little girls performing rape than black girls, of whom I've actually seen very little. Her name sounds as white and country cute as it does black and country stuck. Her situation makes her sound black. Her murderer was black. And he would have felt safer in black areas. If she was black she could've easily peddled into anywhere Eugene was comfortable and she wouldn't have necessarily had to be stupid to have been there. She still should have been watched no matter what. But it would be so much worse if the little girl made it to a bad neighborhood on her own. And got what she, or her too busy somehow parents, deserved.

And then there's the chance that Eugene sauntered into a neighborhood he shouldn't have been in. He invaded. Or what if the neighborhood was suffering all sorts of gentrification pains. The neighborhood was going from bad to good and clean Sarah Lynn's parents were trying to make, and save, some money by being some of the trailblazers in the struggle for safe new cities. Maybe the neighborhood was falling into blight and the parents were stubborn and cheap and stupid. Like Anne Frank's dad.

I know little children. Black children. Dressed up like Sundays and sitting in court rooms with whoever victim's family sat next to me struggling to be quiet and respectful in such large empty brown and gold rooms on the fourth floor of the criminal court building on the south side of Chicago. They were there – the parents or the new minders or whatever – to represent – or whatever playgame that thought fucking works as – their side of the pain coin. To be there for their loved one: one of the whores murdered by Eugene Gerald.

And it was either important for the little chiles to see the murderer stutter and prodded and sentenced, or they couldn't get a babysitter.

One of the crack whores murdered by Eugene Gerald. One of the black crack whores with family, apparently. One with children, most assuredly. And

with pasts that fogged in and out of irritated aunties and sisters taking responsibility for the weaker drug problemed birth mother and her lazy selfish cum depositing absent father.

The older women are dressed like sisters of one of the deceased. They aren't so old, really. They're just black and, I'm to understand, the rough miserable bricks that keep the hard poor communities they come from together in whatever better ways they can. Dressed in showy bright poverty and distinct general bad taste. Resplendent in indignation like weary wrinkled hard lizards worth a long free day sleeping in the hot basking sun. Full of their highly limited chances and the god's robbery committed against them and the secrets that froth over immediately into anger, hate and screaming rage.

Who owns the crack whore's baby.

Who's taken control.

Who lost the draw and got another mouth to fill, another ass to whack and another laundry list to haul.

When did you start to care for it. When did you inherit it.

And what do you think are its chances of shaping up separate from the rest of the crack coated sick cheap fuck block parties. You teach it up good. Don't y'all.

Those hands just find their own way there; don't they. As it swallows your little cog cock flaccid and uses its existence as trade no matter who wants it or what happens. The market viruses all over the tall hot black box and, somehow, you end up with your hand caressing down the side of his jaw and neck and back of his hair. You center down his cheek and hold the whole hard haired mess into you. You pet it. You enter and re-enter its darkened sucking life and hold tight its usage like the warm gift of a toilet. You're more aware of the hair on your fingertips and against your palm and your balls that brush and scratch than his sloppy sucking and licking and faster and faster bobbing. The head invented for so much more than just shaping itself around your ugly short hard-on for an even uglier less than five minute assignation/cum depository. The city that feeds it and the country that sold it and the history that nurtures it all collapsed into one knees down, head back, jaw slopped small black tin bucket.

Thank you.

I cum hot into its head wrapped inside the condom it snaked onto me. Before I got hard, even.

I shoved out this older man – short and fat and bespectacled Asian, fifty-ish, in a blue Izod shirt – because I wanted this faggy white mess with all his black hair. Thirty-ish and new and awkward. These old men in here are demanding. I got quarters. I just want to watch. I'll just jerk you.

There is a sense of aesthetics. There is the

equivalent of sucking off those that suck on you. Like picking a girlfriend. Or someone to have a baby with and spend the rest of your life with. Falling in love. Checking out some nice piece of ass as it walks by you. Nice tits. Implants. Muscles. A dress cut right and the conditioned response. It is all just getting on your knees, putting your face in some crotch, saying "please" and tongueing at their balls to make them hard. Before you blow them. Before you swallow them whole to the root and taste all the cum inside that special cock that you picked out and would have you as well.

"I don't have a date on this. It's not like I laminate the fucking things. In fact, one of the things I really like about these things is that they deteriorate. They crumble and tear into nothing. I know this is going to sound ridiculous but it's part of the thing that makes me especially hard. I know I'll move on. And there'll be so much more.

This is from the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

PAROLEE'S LINK TO DEATH SPREE PROBED by Alex Rodriquez.

I don't always need photos. Though, when I'm at home that's what I use. The photos of little girls are scarcer than you'd think.

Have you been following the Ryan Harris case? Same photo of her in every fucking paper and magazine everywhere. The *Chicago Tribune* had a full color front page blow-up that showed her standing in front of a blackboard – and that's where the photo that they've all got is from but the *Tribune* showed the whole shot. Which is nice. For some reason.

Newsweek, actually, had another shot of her that made her look more typically black. She's wearing her hair back and this bright red t-shirt – she's much more athletic looking in that one. And she seems to look younger than eleven years old. She's a fucking doll in the ubiquitous shot. Nice mouth and her hair in fat black ghetto braids."

"I'll tell you something else I really like about Ryan Harris. You know where her body was found? In that fucking back yard in all that tall grass and garbage. Have you seen the shots where the people in the neighborhood tried to memorialize the murder spot? There's like notes and cheap balloons and streamers and flowers and everything. And there were these shots published just a few days later – like by the time the case made the nationals – of where the flowers were all fallen and the few bright balloons were all deflated. It looked so pathetic and so Englewood. It was almost tacky of the papers to print it. There's even one shot that had an ice cream van parked in the background."

"That day, when I went out, I pulled out some

photos of the Bulger case in England. I took photos of the two boys – Robert Thompson and Jon Venables – because they're still alive and in jail. I wish I had a shot of the little dead boy's penis – Jamie Bulger – because the uncircumcised skin had been pulled back when he was found dead. But, of course, that would be illegal to own, wouldn't it?

When the boy's body was first found, the townspeople in Liverpool laid out this huge area for flowers and teddy bears and notes but it went on for blocks and days. It was incredible. And, of course, there's newsfootage of one of the little ten year olds – Robert Thompson – laying a flower at the site before he got caught."

'If he'd done his 30 years, maybe this wouldn't have happened', the mother said.'

Note for note. These beasts all perform the same tricks. Yet another nigger niggering his way into one brand new box just exactly like the last box before this. All the same stink. The same moves, same sensations, same bad manners, the same retarded lines waiting for a free booth with holes.

Saddles up. Drops it through.

"Britt was living at the Prayer House Deliverance Temple, a homeless shelter at 1344 W. 5th in Gary, when he was arrested on Nov. 3. He is being held without bond at the Porter County Jail in Portage."

Careless. Hideous. Dirty. Gummed already, reeking like another, older, fatter, white mouth.

This is not a better blow-job. Not that it matters.

"Police believe Britt strangled Paulsen to death after kidnapping and raping her, Minick said."

How long does it take you to get hard, boy. How long to get at least close to finishing what your blood runs for. Boy.

"Her body was found in a wooded area by a woman walking her dog."

These niggers troll in here and flop their genitalia around like vultures shaking off meat from old boned road kill. They stand good physical inches and far metaphorical yards behind the hot black meat they shovel through tight holes for the queues of waiting face pigs.

And you eat it. You go down on nigger dick. You see and suck and, when they tease you, when you hope they're just stupid enough to not understand your interest, your reason for being there, you beg:

Like you wait outside for a booth to free up. Which smells thick with old semen and biting fresh lemon cleanser and sweat from between assholes and balls. At lunchtime downtown this place gets busy. There's not enough booths fitted with glory holes. One side with holes, one side without. The doors to the booths without holes stay open and empty. A clerk will often remind the shoe gazing loiterers silently hunching for position to: Go find a booth, guys.

"The Gary Post-Tribune reported Wednesday that Britt confessed to a dozen murders in northwest Indiana when police questioned him Tuesday at the Porter County Jail. The victims he described ranged from a 14 year old girl to a 51 year old woman."

Some don't want to pay. The clerk has to monitor the crowd. There are red lights above all the booths that let the clerk know where the cocksuckers are and who's dropping dollars.

Some just get carried away with their job. With themselves.

The dollar coins the video peeps take is good for four minutes of video choices. These rooms are kept cleaner than the low rent joints. Due to their downtown clientele's sense of worth rather than their manners, which are on the exact same par as the cum drenched quarter pits. Cops wouldn't allow the same old splashes of dried cum on the screens and the thick hardened wads of tissues, condoms and fluid paramercia either. The boys in suits don't need to be made aware of how much lower than their knees they sink when they pay jobbers to allow them to suck off strangers. The city license is, here, worth the paycheck of some Puerto Rican dish boy sweep and mopper.

Some niggers just pump hard at the wall affixed to faggot face and moan and fart and enjoy it like slithering grease slick sex done in near public without any sense of privacy or shame.

"All were females, and all but one had been strangled to death, according to the Post-Tribune's report. At least five were sexually assaulted, the report said."

A businessman sucks cock like he saw his wife do it. He sucks cock like he needs to. Like he saw on rented porno. Does it his way. This one of many will do just fine. This one from all those men outside - the street workers, the cops, the teachers, the telephone suburban guys - either give or get. Or get and then want to give.

"Seven of the victims Britt described were found dead in Gary between May 9 and Sept. 12."

Another three were found near Miller, Ind."

The line-up grows ever more frantic as it grows more crowded. Long getting longer getting thicker and spreading out to the circumference of the hole as any cock will do as it settles into the hated ritual. Feral stare stops black just an inch in front of its nose as it slides into white painted plaster board. These rooms, like all peep show blow job booths, are constructed around the glory holes. But it seems part of the cleaning regimen of this particular place actually includes frequent wall wipe-downs. Which is very rare. The decision to paint these walls white must have included plans for a stock of yellow latex dish-washing gloves and thick orange scrub sponges. The white walls make the action clear. More money spent to make more money.

"Some of the niggers in this place are seriously disgusting. More disgusting than usual. I've come in here and seen the holes slathered and dripping in vaseline.

And some of these dogs hog the booths for hours, I swear. They're in there all day."

"Before the current alleged crime spree, Britt's victim in 1978 was a senior at Roosevelt High School in Gary, who was walking alone on 24th Avenue on an April afternoon."

This joint is made for walking cunts. Nine to fivers that fold open and out and turn purple like porn painted flat vaginas. On their haunches in front of fat long nigger dicks plopped through holes as wide as your forearm and just about the correct size for some of the bestial meat that hangs thick through. Stuffing their holes with dark rapist cock during their lunch hours, or the extra time they fight themselves over in the mornings before work. While they wait. Even. For the bell to go home. Breaking back and forth: I have to. I have to. I just can't keep fucking doing this to me. And to my poor wife. What if I gave her something. Please god, let it be alright.

"Can you imagine how many fans of great-looking black women just rented the tape for one scene?"

Most of the customers don't even venture to the peep shows in the back. This store has the largest stock of porno videos in Chicago.

"Britt came up from behind and wrapped his arm around her neck, the girl said in an affidavit included in court records at the court house in Lake County, Ind."

A commitment isn't necessarily iron clad if the money you use remains your own. Tokens, that can't be exchanged if unused, are the pornhouse staple and often create a clientele of nervous pacers and hounds; anxious to get either their money's worth or to shoot their load quickly within strict financial parameters. Here they change your paper dollars into Susan B. Anthony dollar coins. The price per peep may be more than you think the experience is worth, but the time you spend remains your own. Which can be even more crushing in the long run.

"Britt dragged the girl into a wooded area, gagged her with a scarf, and then raped her. 'I was gagging, choking and sobbing,' she said. 'I tried to keep my eyes closed for fear the accused would kill me.'"

The left side is full of neatly carved perfectly rounded glory holes. Usually two holes to a wall. Which better facilitates and encourages faceless mutual masturbation.

Gregory Clepper is another nigger who killed whores on the south side of Chicago. He admitted to the twelve murders he was charged with but is suspected of more. According to the article **MAN LINKED TO 4 MORE MURDERS** by Daniel J. Lehmann, published in the *Chicago Sun-Times* on May 3, 1996, Clepper:

"admitted strangling 11 of the victims and bludgeoning another with a wrench."

"claimed to have had sex with one woman after he killed her."

"was charged with sexually assaulting three of his victims with foreign objects."

"strangled most of the victims with his arms or hands, but used his belt, an electric cord and a rope in three murders."

"would kill after becoming enraged over prices asked by prostitutes for sex acts."

"allegedly disposed of most of the bodies by placing them in waste receptacles."

"has received death threats from County Jail inmates."

These next two are from **RAPE VICTIM TELLS OF ATTACK IN ENGLEWOOD STRANGLER TRIAL** by Maurice Possley, from the November 5, 1997 *Chicago Tribune*.

Englewood is a ghetto. In another article on the Hubert Gerald's case, staff writers from the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Jim Casey and Bob Secter, headlined Englewood as **"A NEIGHBORHOOD OF FEAR AND DEATH"**.

Ryan Harris was also murdered in Englewood. Her eleven year old body was found there and, when it

was announced that the principal suspects in her death were only seven and eight years old, popular news focus in the form of shock, outrage and charity was directed to Englewood and the victimized urban poor.

Before the crime turned into another cause célèbre, the only real details on the little dead raped girl came from Chicago's black oriented newspaper; the *Chicago Defender*. The thin paper is readily available downtown and was the only news service to divulge important facts such as that Ryan Harris had been raped with dirty sticks.

The *Defender* is also the main source for material regarding fourteen year old Lakysa "Kiki" Gardner's sex slave allegations.

"She awakened, she said, in a van with Gerald's raping her. 'He had his hand on my throat,' she recalled. 'He was startled to see that I had woken up.'"

The patronage here - for the booths in the back - is a pretty close to even mix of races. Half blacks. Half whites. And the others. This reflects the integrated working relationship of Chicago's downtown business district. Generally, the blacks want mouths. Few settle for fists and even fewer want your little white dick.

These beasts drop cock in a second flat. Virtually as soon as you close the door behind you. Some wait till you deposit your silver dollar just to make sure you're not a cop, thinking that the police won't spend actual money to entrap you.

One of Gerald's crack whore victims escaped. She had spent the night smoking crack laced with pot with him in her apartment. They finally separated when they ran out of drugs; both of them heading different ways to cop - Hubert Gerald's looking for credit, Cleshawn Hopes with cash in hand.

Gerald's doublebacked and attacked Hopes in an alley. The 25 year old black female drug addict was strangled unconscious and tossed into a parked van. There, Gerald's ripped off her pants and raped her. When he finished, he started to choke her to death. But the doped up whore regained what little sense the crack hadn't killed and was able to fight and shove herself out of the van by breaking through a piece of plywood that Gerald's had taped over the door frame. She ran back to her home, naked from the waist down and called the police.

Cleshawn eventually appeared as a witness against Gerald's during his trial for the attack on her as well as for the murder of six other black women rather similar in nature to her. At first, however, Cleshawn lied to the police and threw the case seriously off track. She told the court:

"Getting high was an immoral thing in my family, and I tried to hide it. I almost lost my life, and I was in jeopardy of losing my kids and everything around me."

There are strains of nelly nigger faggots who come in expressly for white cock. They make themselves known quickly. Often acting like the butcher apes and thrusting their – hard – cocks through the holes just as quickly as required. Almost as soon as their purple and brown tips get wet, they recoil and fall to their knees. The excited businessmen and street workers give up what they got and bring home the stench to their wife's laundry baskets.

They don't suck like hookers. The nigger heads I have to compare them to.

"I went to Gerald's trial. And I've fucked crack whores. I went to the trial to see the crack whores' families in the daylight.

I saw their kids. Their orphans. I had pictures of black porno stars cut out of AVN stuffed in my pockets. I didn't take the clippings of the case 'cause I figured I'd save them for something else. Some other connection. Some other art project.

These crack whores aren't the kinds of niggers that get marketed to me via porno stores and video joints. These niggers don't look black that way. Even though they all do the exact same thing. For the exact same people.

About half way between the courtroom and my apartment on the north side lies this wretched peep show joint. This is like one of the last ones with girls dancing behind glass – one of the last ones that are cheap, actually. This place has glory holes in the back with videos in the booths and out front, near the entrance, are two circular stages surrounded by booths where women dance for about six guys per. You put a token in the coin box and a screen drops in front of this glass partition that separates you and your greasy fingers from the dancing pig. You're supposed to tip the pigs by pushing dollars in a slot just below the screen; about waist high. And, if you're tipping, the pigs show you the insides of their cunts up close or grab their tits or, at least, just dance right in front of you. If you don't tip, you get mostly their flabby tattooed asses.

This place is on the south side but it's not deep in the muck of the south side. There's a lot of truckers who stop here – so the glory holes are pretty busy – and the place is mixed about even with whites and latinos. I don't think south side niggers like to pay.

I was looking for a dancing nigger this last time. But, instead, both pigs were white. Ugly as fuck. Might as well have been niggers.

I still jerked off. I wouldn't want them cute. I left the photos in the booth on the floor in my – and every- fucking-one else's – cum. These filthy nigger porno stars that these cunts will never be. They'll never be that well paid or that made-up. No one – not them or their bosses or their pimps or their customers – gives that much of a fuck."

"Cheaters Head" is where you lick the head and the balls and, basically, perform a hand-job with your fist between mouth and groin.

Nigger whores are fairly adept at this. They'll often lull you in by sucking for just the very few first seconds.

36 year old Lovey Ford had a four year old daughter named Chastidy. She still sucks her thumb. Lovey left six children and nine grandchildren.

Mary Blackman had four children, all grown, ages 16 to 26. She was smoking crack with Gerald's in the basement of the house they shared, when Gerald's became angry and strangled her. He dumped her raped body behind a dumpster.

Millicent Jones was known as "Peanut" and had two sons, of whom her mother had custody. It was her absence from her 6 year old son's first grade graduation that alarmed her mother to the realization that her daughter might be dead. Peanut was another south side crack addict whose path turned towards Gerald's because of the drug and her ready availability as a street prostitute. A "Pipe". Her dead body was left inside an abandoned building on the far south side.

I have two photos of her in her high school graduation outfit. Better, I have a photo of her sister Helena sitting with Millicent's two children, Gregory (4) and the newly graduated motherless second grader Hasaan (6). Skinny little black boys with close shorn haircuts and wide mouths. Short pants and t-shirts. Wide white eyes; both of the boys paying attention to somewhere other than the newsreporter standing, aiming, in front of them.

Sherry Hunt's body was found in her home. Her five children were all under 12 years of age when she was murdered.

Gerald's says he killed Joyce Wilson, mother to four daughters ages 6 to 11, because he was mad at her for asking for another hit of crack. Wilson was a prostitute who did crack "about every day", according to her 20 year old sister Beverly's interview with Scott Forner and Art Golab in the June 21, 1995 *Chicago Sun-Times*. Joyce's corpse was left inside an old abandoned meat truck. Before her death, her children were cared for by Joyce's mother and her eight brothers and sisters who all threatened to stop helping if Joyce didn't stop her hated lifestyle and enter treatment.

I fucked nigger heads on whores inside the

meat truck I used to drive. I'd spin my legs around to the passenger seat and watch their spider's nests bob up and down as I leaned against the driver's side window. They'd jerk me off and lick my cock. Suck at my balls – the flesh, hairy and full and tight and stinking, not wrapped up tight in a thick condom. Take out your tits, I'd tell them, when I felt like the hand-job was certainly enough. I'll pay extra. Sometimes it was a tip. Most times, it was a pause and payment on demand, my cock standing rudely up in the air and wet and pressured in the latex. They would talk and ask me if I liked their tits. I would look for babies and stretch marks and bruises and Kaposi's and jail tattoos. Yes. And they'd lean back and give their mouths part of a long night's rest.

Alonda Tart was a heroin addict who left home and school at age 14. She was 23 when she was found dead on 54th Street.

Dorthea Winters was 37 when she was murdered. She was a hooker who often had men visit her in her home.

Rhonda King's baby boy had been born with cocaine in his bloodstream. The baby was taken away from her by the city and given to her stepmother. Rhonda was a crack addict since dropping out of high school and a prostitute since she began working the south side of Chicago's most infamous area for black hookers: Halsted Street between 51st and 55th. She looks darker than the older girls, in the few photos I have, with a big flashing wash of white teeth inside a big sliding wide black lipped mouth. Her head cocked back in good cheer. She was only 18 years old when she died and you can see that, if you look hard and concentrate.

MAN'S INACTION OVER GIRL'S KILLING ANGERS 20,000. According to the *Chicago Tribune* on August 26, 1998. The mother of former seven year old Sherrice Iverson said that the young man who stood by and did nothing to stop her daughter from being raped and murdered:

"shouldn't be able to get on with his life like nothing ever happened. I can't."

A couple weeks earlier, on August 13, the *Chicago Defender* ran an editorial by Earl Ofari Hutchinson, PHD, titled **DEVALUING BLACK LIFE: THE MURDER OF SHERRICE IVERSON** where he complained:

"The Iverson murder, though heinous and shocking, got a fraction of the hyper-charged media frenzy directed at the cases of JonBenet Ramsey, British au pair Louise Woodward and Melissa Drexler, who abandoned her baby at a teen prom. Neither did it evoke the national outpouring of rage, grief and sympathy for the victims and their relatives as did the

cases of Ron Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson."

A huge three and a half page report in the *Los Angeles Times* of July 19, 1998 printed a photo of the inactive eighteen year old friend David Cash at the prom he wasn't allowed to attend and another of him hugging a close buddy. There was also a color photo of Jeremy Strohmeyer (18) who apparently raped and murdered Sherrice in a casino bathroom in Nevada.

Included with the following details was a photo of Sherrice looking very much like Ryan Harris even given the important four year difference in their ages.

Same hair almost. Lovely mouths. Wide soft lips. Similar eyes and moppet faces and stay still poses.

"(Jeremy) chased her, and she sprinted away, her blue sailor dress swinging and her black cowboy boots padding along the carpet."

"He placed Sherrice's boots, pants and underwear in the toilet bowl. He lifted her up and put her legs in the toilet. He folded her arms over her legs."

"Sherrice Iverson, 7, was considered affectionate and trusting by her teachers at 75th Street Elementary School in South-Central Los Angeles."

"Sherrice's mother, Yolanda Renee Manuel, didn't come on this trip. She and Leroy had fought two weeks earlier, and she had moved in with her sister."

"Her hair was neatly braided. Her clothes looked freshly ironed. She struggled with reading, was scared of the dark, adored 'The Little Mermaid', loved the color purple and liked to jump rope. She wanted to be a nurse or a policewoman or a model or a dancer."

Among other facts about how security guards had to repeatedly bring Sherrice back to her father Leroy while he gambled, and how she fell asleep in the seat of a racing car video game, all on the night of her murder, as well as the unsubstantiated claims of abuse that social workers investigated over 58 times in 10 months, comes this particular:

"A tall blonde teenager from a wealthy Long Beach family playing tag with a small black girl from South-Central, whose dad was on disability. She weighed 46 pounds and stood just under 4 feet. He was nearly 2 feet taller and outweighed her by 100 pounds."

There are an impressive amount of Mardi Gras videos available. Identified by different companies

and multiple volumes, these amateur releases recall small cottage industries. All offer basically one idea: women, usually white and college aged, raise their tops and expose all manner and shape of breast outside on the streets of New Orleans. There is the party atmosphere, the tradition, the drink and the trading of beads. All excuses for the girls to show what they pretend to keep hidden inside tight CK tops and one size small wonder bras. Usually sold for \$30 a pop for close to two hours of girl after girl after fat pig after proud bag who doesn't know she's actually this ugly. These videos line the wall nearest the counter as you wait to change your cash into coin.

"I've fucked more black women than white. Way more. These cunts don't look like the girls you see anywhere else. Which is why I try and snip shots of porno'd niggers fucking if I'm going to fuck whores.

Most all of the whores in Chicago that I see are black. I have fucked white whores but they're much harder to find and usually more expensive. Not only that, but when you do find them, they either act black or seem like they got a hefty amount of nigger in them."

I just sit on my ass. Lean back on my fat and let the words pinch into memories. I look for patterns. I am sedentary. I am prurient.

This is the only safe way to do this. Safety being perfectly logical and absolutely natural. Not that natural is ever acceptable. It's just easier. It comes to me quickly. I have to work at separating the requirements of the job from the personal style at getting through it. Just like I do in the real world, outside of this little someone else's hell. Just like Hubert Gerald does. Then you have to pull away what you see over and over again. On the one hand, you'll have what makes each little mouth hole beast special. Individual. Important. Worthwhile. On the other hand, you'll have all that makes her typical. Genetics. Bad choices. Worse opportunities. Bone stupidity. Laziness.

Certainly, one can't be expected to travel into crack houses to know crack whores. You either settle for half-way nigger fucks and the – hardly honest – anthropological knowledge of plying your very own brain in the wretched imagery of shaped to sell realities. Or you choose to become one of the wretched itself.

You may like it too much. You may not know what honesty really means. You may be a victim. You may – actually – not be above any of it.

I'm not getting any on me. I'm tired and old. Of using poverty as an excuse. Of seeing experimentation as somehow legitimate; like seeing something in those tiny black beady rat eyes that I might just be able to relate to. As if that would help.

To see it more clearly. To understand it better. To aid you in getting more.

One more nigger head is one more nigger head. One older fatter, more closeted, slightly shyer grandpa mouth replacing his shaky loose sweaty fist all over half hard aching bored cock is, finally, never going to be any different from what I walked in here with. His whiskers and the steady ease with which I can glide myself into his decrepit and imploding and creaking body are the same fuck those businessmen give their wives once in every month.

This is simple. This is easy. This is sex I walk towards and into and under. Nothing I choose – like the bespectacled Asian I pushed out of here last week – makes any aesthetic sense. I choose based on price and hate and an urge stronger than any sense at all. My decisions are small in light of the larger compulsion that sent me all the deep way down here.

And, now, I'm no fucking nigger.

I shouldn't have to work. I shouldn't have to try at all.

In the hand that clutches the typical, I should be able to feel all over the black back of this hot roach feeding city that I don't go to. And don't need to.

"You have no idea how ugly women seem to me now."

"These puffed up lumps and props. I can't think of a single thing they have to offer."

And the memory that claws and picks away the personal best of the ugly trail of available mice should be enough to settle back on, rest up, and inform the next step towards never having to leave my own soft comfy stained sagging chair ever again.

"I was in jail for child pornography. All the cops took steps to get me seriously fucked up in there. They loved it.

I had niggers spit on me in there. In my hair when I would put my head down into my arms. I tried hard to ignore them. These wastes; these ignorant blights were spitting on me because of what I was in jail for.

I understand how that happens. It doesn't tell me anything new about the way these beasts need to advertise. It didn't change or cloud my opinion on race matters.

I was there for porno. For having pictures of little children getting fucked. Pictures.

When I see the filth on the floors of peep show booths, when I see the dripping cocks and bugs and full stamped on condoms and shit streaks and AIDS – how am I supposed to be disgusted? What frame do I stick that shit in that tells me that this is

something I shouldn't be doing?"

They'll bring it in here, next time.

All the way in. Perfect.

I passed one door after another. The pig I wanted. She advertised herself as a busty something or other. For fuck knows who else. I was told she would be all the way up at the top apartment of a rickety multi-tiered building. White painted wooden steps in a narrow facade inside a narrow building just off New Oxford Street in London. I was told where to put my eyes and my back, out on the busy street, and how to recognize the quaint little run-down. The slim building didn't seem at all out of place with the general price of the neighborhood or the traffic and the shoppers and business people.

Whores perched on every floor. Two doors on one side of each landing. Girls' names posted on colored paper next to their little door buzzers.

On my way up, making the prerequisite noise my winter shoes would certainly make on such rotten English stairs, a door on one of the passing floors opens up. Her voice hits me before her face as I've already turned my back on my slow trudge up all these fucking stairs.

"You're looking for me, luv?"

I don't care who I fuck. What I fuck.

I'm just fucking an area. A zip code. A phone number.

"I've left them hanging. Walked out on them. Niggers with their cocks hung through holes as soon as I got in there."

Except the voice has an irritating Jamaican slur to its English lilt. And the face behind it is round and brown and gummy and smiling. I talked to a caucasian Brit.

"I don't think so."

"Did you call me just now?"

"Is your name—" whatever the fuck the name I was given on the phone by whatever money sow I talked to.

"No."

"I'm not confused. Or deluded. I know what I'm doing with all of this.

These people don't know I even exist. If I concern myself with what they're doing, they don't even know. I have no effect on them.

If they have a problem at all – and I'm sure they don't actually – but then that problem is with the newspapers. The reporters who they're stupid enough to talk to.

I didn't tell these idiots to give their mugshots to the Tribune or the Sun-Times. I didn't run upstairs and pore over the old cherished

memories of my family and come back down with a shot that best represents the happiness my baby felt before someone raped her to death.

Half the time I don't even remember their names. Because I don't really care all that much."

"I stand inside the booths. I leave the door open a little and usually take whatever mouth cracks it open a bit more. I can see out better than they can see in 'cause there's more light in the hallway.

I've watched these animals stare through the tight peep holes and cracks of other doors forever. They just stand there in the middle of the room and squint into the holes just barely seeing the dark action inside the shut booths. Totally oblivious to whoever or whatever is going on beyond that fucking tiny pin-prick and the blur they can hardly make out. Like maybe just someone's head or the reflection of the TV on someone's hand.

Some bend down all the way to the door handle and look through the busted door jam. You might be able to see some dick going into a mouth if you're really really lucky.

Somehow this makes sense to them. The incredible amount of time they waste between cocks and cumming. And somehow this makes sense to me. To find this – in the middle of all this hardly acceptable activity – to find this peering and leering and wincing and bending particularly offensive."

"Talk to these niggers who're in jail about manageable desire and real life experience. Not me.

I've just got pictures. They're not even kiddie porn like they should be. I don't want to go back to jail. I don't want to get arrested again. I've fucking learned my lesson. You can't get any more careful – or pathetic – than me."

She was trying to steal some other whore's trick. That neither had worked for. She probably had a little card advertising her liver lip'd maw and black chewed cunt hanging in the same telephone box where I saw the number of the pig I called. What is luck. What is fate. What is the quickest way to a stranger's cock and wallet via words and cartoons.

She had the temerity to approach whichever rat rose to her level. No one had just called her. The lighter slash airing her raw pits on the floor above her, and all the rest exactly like her, must know of her rudeness and thieving desperation. But no one was on the look-out. No cat claws out and loud. I stopped and stared at her ready nature.

"You sure?"

She let her tit jut out from behind the half opened door. Just enough to make it obvious. To hook the dog with her brown heft and droop. And her thick thigh, clad in a green wispy rack cheap negligee, that

might not have been quite as see-thru on anything a little less nigger. She hooked her leg around the door like some drag queen might. Like some early Hollywood cheesecake still. Like a whore advertising the long line that ends inside her fucked old vagina salesmanship. Her tit: brown around a big wide black nipple, heavy and hung motherhood. Her obvious selling point. Her entire worth. Those long legs and a bubble butt no doubt waiting for the experience.

"I'm fine. Thanks."

"Sex is only interesting because of AIDS. I deposit so many bugs into so many systems."

"I'm sure these guys with beards walk out of here with crabs in there. These crawling spidery dots have to be running around everywhere. Especially near the glory holes. 'Cause those holes are so filthy and hot - if you dare lean your hands up against the wall to balance yourself while someone sucks your cock, you feel all the slime immediately. You almost have to keep your hands on your ass.

"Course, I'm well aware that the slimiest thing in the room is what my dick is inside."

I listened to all these businessmen say things about Hubert Gerald's. I read the reports before his trial and watched the doctors on the witness stand in court say all the things any lawyer, judge, reporter or court aficionado would have guessed they'd say long ago.

Dr. Jonathan Pincus ran down the list. While Gerald's sat in his chair, his large head heaped in his wide hands, uncomfortable looking in the idea of nice clothes: a white shirt sticking out from a roomy grey and tan sweater being his depressing attempt at looking human while all these professional mouths talked about him around him. Khaki pants. Gym shoes.

Gerald's is a large man. Dark skinned. He sat at his defense table between two men and two women. The chief defense attorney sat at the head of the table looking directly at the judge. Gerald's and the women, sitting at the length of the long wooden table, faced the jury. The other male lawyer sat at the opposite head and stared back at the chief defense lawyer. The tall caged beast seemed surrounded and overpowered. By everything. Including his own boredom.

He often closed his eyes as if he was either thinking or stewing. Or wishing or calming. He usually returned his face to his hands.

It had been reported early on in the trial that Gerald's would fall asleep at the table. I only saw him yawn.

His lawyers busied themselves with reviewing papers and scribbling notes. We all listened carefully

to the details of the tests Dr. Pincus performed on him.

"This is a tragedy and we need to tear down some of these abandoned buildings." Said an Englewood resident to *The Chicago Defender's* Sheila Washington on the day a body correctly believed to be Ryan Harris was found. **BODY MAY BE THAT OF BABY MISSING** was the headline for July 29, 1998.

SHOCK IN ENGLEWOOD from the August 11, 1998 issue of *The Defender* summarized more Englewood neighbors confused over the possibility of eleven year old baby Ryan Harris being murdered and raped by local seven and eight year olds:

"Although not in its official report, and spread by neighborhood gossip, residents believe the girl was violently sexually violated.

They have trouble believing children would know about sexual violation."

Gerald's didn't know the date of the week, month or even the season of the year. He couldn't subtract further than 7 from 100. Couldn't spell the word "world".

Couldn't even spell it backwards when given the correct spelling.

He didn't know who the current President was.

Couldn't name five states or towns. Couldn't remember seven digits in order. Couldn't make sense of proverbs like "Don't cry over spilled milk".

He tested "adequate" for reading at a first grade level. Pincus said that Gerald's was maybe at a "Somewhat shaky second grade level".

Pincus said Gerald's "was not faking". Gerald's scored 18 in a dementia test, where less than 25 is evidence of such.

Dr. Pincus, who wrote a book on behavioral neurology and is a professor emeritus of Georgetown University, specializes in brain disorders and testified for the defense.

He examined the accused for three hours and also interviewed Gerald's sister about their past.

The doctor told the court that he had some difficulty talking to Gerald's. He complained that Gerald's had to have everything explained to him literally and that he had to "dig hard" to get any information at all. Pincus said Gerald's had only "vague family understandings" and had to corroborate all details with Gerald's sister.

Gerald's, he said, had an IQ of 54.

Gerald's couldn't read, he said.

Gerald's stepfather often repeated that he thought his stepson was "mentally slow". Pincus thought this as well.

Gerald's told Pincus that he was a bed-wetter

till the age of 17. Pincus said Gerald's sister said it was only till the age of 14.

Gerald's would be beaten by his stepfather if the stepfather even smelled urine.

Gerald's mother died while he was in his late teens, while he was in jail in Staten Island.

He only ever held odd jobs.

He moved to Chicago when he was 29 years old.

His stepfather would tell him:

"You're retarded."

"You make me sick."

Gerald's stepfather was, according to Dr. Pincus, "extremely abusive". When the doctor told Gerald's this, Gerald's replied:

"No, he was mean."

Gerald's was beaten daily. He was between 4 and 5 years old when the beatings started.

Gerald's would be locked in his bedroom for weeks at a time. And beaten with an extension cord and a belt.

"There are scars all over my back," Gerald's told Pincus, who told us.

The scars remain. 2 to 3 inches long, ? inch in diameter some of them. On his back, shoulders, hands and arms.

Gerald's said they were "really ugly looking scars" and he wouldn't attend gym class in school because he was ashamed and embarrassed of them.

Pincus said this caused the already slow and troubled boy even more difficulty at school.

Gerald's told Pincus:

"I graduation from seventh grade."

Gerald's sister said her brother would kill animals and set fires in garbage cans when he was young. He would throw cats off roofs and jam them into pillow cases.

The mother was also beaten by the stepfather, regularly, most often with a broomstick. All the children, seven brothers and sisters, one half-sister, watched the beatings.

One of Gerald's sisters talked to the press. Angela Gerald's lived with Hubert and actually turned him over to the police. Brother and sister lived in a south side apartment along with an aunt, uncle and a friend of Angela's, Mary Blackman, whom Hubert murdered. Angela knew her brother better than anyone. And she told reporter Art Golab the following for his June 21, 1995 *Chicago Sun-Times* article **A SISTER'S LAMENT: 'HE HAS MIND OF CHILD':**

"Half the time, he wasn't here. And when he was, he slept on the couch."

"I never thought he would be capable of anything like murder. He has the mind of a child. He doesn't act like a typical 30 year old. You could tell

he had a problem, a learning disability."

"He lost every job because he would steal."

"He smoked crack and drank."

This child - this this, this it - doesn't tell me its age or name. He says so few words.

It is wholly left to me to make him special. After the fact. The fact being that he has to represent every other rat in the high rise project death camp somewhere - anywhere, everywhere - in Chicago. But I try harder than most to make this a him; make it more than just any bad luck nigger child.

Because of me. Because of his history. That I don't touch. That I couldn't give an extra dropped dime towards. That I own and create.

He has particular bad luck. His bad luck even allowed him to get filmed. The video in my machine, my cock in my hand, his face in my mind, his father's hand trading my money: so much guarantees he will be more than any other it. Made special. Hardly isolated from the huge dirty details on how I got just this tiny extra bit of him.

I will remember him until I build flat over him. The blackened brat has no idea that pigs like me even exist outside of his daily scrounging hell.

I will consider his surroundings and the biting flea circus sucking all over him. I will try, and sadly, ultimately, fail to create on him a personality that seeps the dirt and mindless aggression and daily crush of night terrors, fear, entropy, loss and failure as severely as I feel he should. Like I would. Like I don't. At all.

I'll try and get as close as I can without getting any on me.

The name I will give him will be close to real. Because I will take the time to pour something of me over into his previously always bare, always vulnerable, little body of brown bones and eyes and genitalia. That's all. This will be it. This will be him.

So I can sell it. So I can move up. So I can look back and rape it again and again.

Children get grouped. A paedophile, like me, I'm told, lusts after all children. Makes his bets on what he can get and fondly recalls a special age or genre. Like hookers. Because they're easy and available and filthy and deserve it. Not like the supposed love of your life that destiny sent you stupid into the lingerie store to just bump straight into. Paedophiles want them all. Until they've had enough and droop into the taste faggots inspecting and lisp about deep assholes and bald pubis, armpits and soft long necks. Size queens, really. Kid movies. Kid shows. Playground baths and pools and smiles and blood drawing bites and pornography their fathers showed them as they slid their fat greasy cocks in

between little legs held tight like their mothers dishpan aging stealing claws.

I doubt that I'll know much more of him. Any kid in the paper:

Raping a Seven/Eleven clerk and getting arrested because he didn't know enough about 24 hour shops with closed signs on their doors. Stayed too long fucking. Slipped easily into the dumping ape that everyone knows already.

Dropped from a high open cold window the day after the filming. Not related. Because he wouldn't steal candy for a ten and eleven year old pair of hard cases. To me he looks the perfect Eric Morse age except a couple years older so he can feel it a lot more.

The sad schoolless rat that boosts from the northside drugstore, plying white manners and white phoney egalitarian intimidation, whose grandfather drives my bus and despises his legacy.

His name is the price I paid for the video. His familial caste is what I glom from the comments overheard on the screen and whoever it was I paid for the inept ghetto dub.

His life is what I avoid. The bums I step over and ignore as they beg and clutch and bother. The neighbor-hoods I can't visit. The entire stretch of the city that beats and erupts hot and rancid like burning vodka vomit in rusted garbage cans and overfilled unscrewed clogged toilets and babies in full blown scraped rashes. I've never been there.

I know where to buy drugs. I know where to buy their sisters and mothers and daughters' mouths, cunts, assholes and viscera. I know where the loud vengeful disturbances on el platforms live with kids like scabbed mice for welfare checks hiding and shivering and crawling and spilling on shit filthy blood disease tissue'd bug scuttling bare feet floors, cold loud metal stairs and drug screen chicken wire fences as lookout points.

One smarter nigger. With a deep crotch itch and dedicated hunger. Or maybe with a pimp's awareness of what sells to sick motherfucking racist paedophiles with deep wallets. Not as deep as he was guessing, actually, but well within a sloppy white frugality. Or possibly an underground network that he couldn't have handled or controlled sucked it up before he had the brains to learn what a dub was. Chances are he just didn't want to deal with the planning after all the crack banter and poverty fantasies.

The barter story is more typical: Done for himself and sold for crack. Very rare. Very special. Highly dangerous. You want it or not.

Someone who bought drugs from someone else mentioned what a good idea a film like this would be. No one actually likes this kind of shit man.

Too many nigger paws.

Too many deep nigger bass voices and shrill crack'd cackle. Drop offs into their chests and bright stories, old friends and wild games all playing directly in front of their blind eyes and waving arms and shaking hands. Too many words. Bad ideas.

Too many copies later.

Too many snail hands and a trail to your door.

This should be easy. It has to be. The video is testament to the gross laziness and closeted fear of the marketplace. Like a book on Wayne Williams. Like a picture cut from the paper of little five year old pigeon Eric Morse.

"I'm not licking the dumpsters these dead whores are found in. I'm not jerking off and rubbing my cum on their graves or on the front stoops of the houses their parents barely own.

I'm not calling up their children and asking them if they know what their mommy did for money for them and for drugs for herself. I'm not following behind the little rats as they ditch school and dragging them into alleys to fuck the holes created by older sold dead holes.

I am aware of degrees. I am aware of laws and boundaries and, hopefully, I'm staying well within the little box I'm allowed."

It has to have existed before the idea even hit me. Before my appetite was whetted. So long before it was offered to me. Before I was even thought of as a customer, a pervert, a chump, a slime. Someone to rob and beat, someone who deserved it. Someone to sting. With cops. With a gang. With AIDS. With the same disrespect he shows just by coming down here so fucking low.

Someone had to be careful. Someone had to know how to handle this correctly. Someone - with tastes very different from my own - worked this all out. I came late.

Someone else knows details I don't own.

It had a conception. A name I don't know. A reality I can't buy.

You can't pay. I'll tell you what. What you can do. What you have to do.

You go tell your wife.

You still see your children.

He would know. If he gave the ripped toothless mind a camcorder, that mind would certainly have sold it the minute it was left alone. All parties know the hot desperate vole pull of crack. Violence isn't even a thought. The deal had to have been a promise.

That stupid. That low-end. Like dogs. The idea for the film wouldn't have come to anyone else. Who didn't see the degradation always made worse by the complete knowledge of, and utter disregard for, anything but that degradation.

This is perfect.

Listen. Listen to me. You gotta do exactly like I say.

You'd have to keep a tight lid on them.

They're wretched barking monsters who, given the chance to inhale a little fresh air into their wet sucked out sackless lungs, would almost certainly devise a hamster's idea to wrench even more for their sick little godless effort. They would improvise like bar actors in front of a paying tourist audience, like a dog in front of a master stupid enough to keep the entire box of biscuits in full fucking view. That instinct the worthless have for more.

Don't fuck it. Don't fucking touch it.

One idea would be to capture the truth that keeps the rats in cages. It has to be more than cops and jails. A steady implosion. An inculcated browbeating. I'd like to see that hideous verisimilitude called, politely, coping. And failing. And taking it.

Keep your fucking clothes on. Listen, dammit. Don't either of you get any ideas at all. What I want is what I want. You're just not that smart. And there is nothing extra. Nothing else to get or work for. Nothing's gonna be better than this very clear deal.

Left on their own the truth would come in between the cracks. In their stuttering ineptitude. Their eagerness to impress. Their lap-dog manipulations and fawnings. All this would be acceptable. But the work would be too much, too distracting, when the design - the way they really live - could be expressed in the pure untouched honesty of one so open, so unready, for the coming slow destruction.

You'd have to send someone else. Though it would be optimal to have the mother and father do it themselves. As it would have been if they'd come up with the original idea. Or taste. Or if the father got to convince the mother outside of the violent spiritual necessities of crack and heroin addiction. But that's a whole different story. And one missing the subtlety of convenience over blood over mothercare.

Have them sit on opposite sides of the couch with your cameraman between them. Mom and pimp and pop. The soundtrack should provide the barest instructions. Being the extra details only the parents would faintly, hazily, remember and slur and howl, loud, louder, on command and drug kicks.

Where'd you get that?

Who gave you that?

Tell the truth.

Point.

The niggers would play off each other. As they do. They should sell each other out. Complain and pretend, like Susan Smith and Darlie Routier, that they would never hurt the child in any knowing way. That times are hard. They are weak. This isn't that bad. Grow up and get over it. More drugs against

more thoughts.

Tell them. Explain to them. If the interloper wasn't there. It would be so much worse. Left on their own, the parents would certainly have raped the child. Their understanding of the project would be literal. Their impulse obvious. Their greed sexual.

All three figures in spindly oily dark nudes. The father skinny and worn, drug ashen and wine dumb, unsteady on blacker bruised knobby knees bent over and arched towards his plate of born sad meat. The mother deserving African flat drooped breasts but instead displaying firm full brown tits with unnaturally wide pitch pruned nipples due to her near constant lactating availability. This was the last child born before the other crack babies were taken from her.

PROBATION FOR COCAINE MOM, Janan Hanna, *Chicago Tribune*, February 20, 1998:

"Cynthia Smith gave birth to a cocaine baby in 1992, and to three more, in 1993, 1994 and 1995.

The Illinois Department of Children and Family Services took custody of all her children and offered her drug treatment. She refused.

So last year, when she gave birth to a stillborn baby who tested positive for cocaine, the criminal justice system stepped in. She was charged with drug possession, based solely on the blood and urine tests of her and the dead infant."

A wilted bush that spreads out in tight black peppercorns all the way to her bony wide trash can hips and up through her sagging muscleless asscrack. A crack whore stare and lurch. A limping sense of work. Nesting armpit hair and dark flesh stains. Low tired forehead. Burnt puffy lips. Yellow scattered fangs and wet red rimmed eyes and nose and corners and wrinkles and crevices. A teenage life duller than the one even her mother gave her.

His cock never fully hard again. The blood stopped and gone from the synapses firing on top and to the side of each other. The circus. The suggestions. The delay of drugs. His current dog's one shot. Jus' hush up. Ingh yo' mouff. Hushn. His hand tight at the base and low hanging balls bites it as thick, as tough and formidable, as it's ever gonna get. Long and dead. Uncut and painful. Black like mud. Like dirt. Vicious like a rape born of impotent rage - a robbery that turns animal slowed down to near forever.

Keep your pants on. You understand. Keep your dick to yourself. Just sit there and make sure it keeps your promise. Promise it it'll be ok. Promise it'll be better for everyone. Why just sell yourself when you can sell what you made. Nothing has to even touch you. Promise to do it and then get paid. I promise you'll get it all. Just keep your promise, first.

Just watch. It will all pass you by. No sweat.
Easy.

Put your feet up and try to calm down. Just a very short while to wait.

There is nothing in its head that can't, and surely should, fry exactly like yours.

This is nothing new.

You've already done this to it. You've already ruined all – all of everything – of it for it.

The mother would try to teach it to lick her. Little nigger child mouth tongue out and lapping at the grease pink slash inside the brown and blacker chewed mud gristle pulled and stretched wide open by her cocaine and speed chewed fingernails: Put it in boy.

These are entire bloodlines of mental hunchbacks.

Men are like dogs. They fuck anything.

Anything.

What did mommy tell you.

What did mommy give you.

When do you get to go live with your auntie.

Grandma.

How far can you stretch that baby neck.

What is it you want.

How many times full around can you twist its little baby screaming throat.

What are your chances.

What are the odds.

No, you'd have to keep them there sat on the old roach couch. Waiting, steaming, for the pay-off. Drug soaked. Quiet; staring and not caring because the drug, like god, is the only thing they've got.

Tell it to take off its clothes.

That the five year old dressed itself in.

That it learned. And is trying to teach the younger ones now rubbed in their own shit and piss and bug bites. Brown rashes browner. Hard skin harder. Soft skin sore. Deep crags and yellow edges and scabs from nothing in particular.

You don't cry, do you?

The children are no longer here.

Where are your fucking children. Do you know. Exactly.

The father'd stick his dick up it. He'd prefer it was a girl. A bitch. Hot. Cunt. He'd prefer not to live this way. Not to be born into this; Not to have to consider someone else's fault all the time. Not have to go blank in the face of stress, accomplishment, promise, success. Not to have to do it. Not to be able to think about the headache coming and noise going. Always. Constantly.

The little apartment he calls his own. Owned by the city with a miniature rent he doesn't pay. Wine bottles. Whores. Dust on dirt on old dried mud. Plastic pop bottles and foil tops and burned paper and used matches. His crack house. His crack life.

His horny crack talk. An animal instinct made hard made forgotten made waste.

You shut up. You shut yo' mouff.

Chile don' know nuthin'.

Ah'm yo' daddy. Yall lissen ta me, goddammit.

It ain't gonna hurt none.

Hold it down and fuck it dumber.

Drill its nature farther into the car oil and refrigerator battery burn stained floor. School head lice. Two three four week Downey wash. Patches and thread and safety pins. Thrift store stolen and shamed. McDonalds conversations and games in the middle of a busy street.

Why the fuck do I have to talk to you.

Big white eyes.

Being pushed and pulled – sat down, hushed up – on the crowded poor buses, rude and scary and tall and bored and turning more and more all white as it keeps going just straight the fuck out of here.

You'll have to tell it which drinking fountain it can use.

Where it can sit.

And hope.

And pretend.

Mother could have taught you so much.

Father could have showed you how to take care of yourself. Better. And the next generation is screaming DNA. He played it loose. He simply didn't care enough.

Like – exactly like – your neighbors.

There on the street. Waiting for cars to come by and buy a tiny chew of crack. So you can go buy a bag of junk. Some food. Some easy sleepy cunt. Some hot sweat stinking sliding cotton mouth and slick legging in the corner of the room behind your baby's TV watching head. And its exponentially aged siblings and your own brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles. Who care but don't say. Or can't say. At all, at anything. Who are used to it. Who do it themselves.

There's a vacant room kept especially for rape. Another few just for crack. Just rooms that are called apartments and sit boiling all over the sixteen seventeen twenty floor high rises. Most of the building lays empty. The city fighting over how to tear them down now. Because things are that bad suddenly. The rats. The rapes. The disease. The drugs. The guns. The gangs. The teenage pregnancy. The theft. The revenge. The scams. The hiding. The abuse. The beatings. The lying. The sickness. The poverty. The desperation. The boredom. The hate. The overdoses and rot and the cops and the ambulances that, simple, can not even enter the complexes.

You know nothing now.

You have no promise.

You will learn nothing new. Incapable of retention beyond this point.

You will degenerate.

An ugly rooting darting clinging running ape.

There is no innocence and you will prove this by sliding over the years back into yourself.

An angry skeleton.

A shirtless shell.

Don't fuck it the way you do when no one's looking. If you weren't so loaded all the time.

Don't use it like your hole. Like its older sister at ten, her older sister now pregnant at twelve, her mother at seventeen and her moral rights of ownership and habit.

Just point it at the wall. Tell it to turn and face the camera.

Take off its clothes.

Pan to its little bald cock and balls.

Uncircumcised, small, unformed. Five years old and empty. Hardly.

Tell it to pose.

Put your tiny arms behind your tiny black frame. Arch your back. Thrust your lil' dilly out.

Play with it like you both in the tub.

On wash up day.

Play with it like you see daddy do.

You know how those whores like yo' mommy make him feel good.

And your brother who passes out next to you and fixes your pull up diapers and t-shirts.

Pull the skin back. The little faded brown nipple hanging over the mouth of the little friendly worm. Point the brown head tiny and tell it to pee on the floor.

Like you yelled at him not to.

Pee.

Straight out at the wooden floor and patches of stained historically eaten carpet.

Teach it to pee only while the camera runs.

Shake it. Laugh. Cry. Whatever happens to the confusion breaking its little brain inside that little Eric Morse embarrassed face.

Tell it to say its name.

Tell it to mouth Eric Morse.

Ask it if it knows what happened to little Eric Morse.

Tell it. About the baby.

Do you know what a shorty is.

Do you know cops can't arrest children – his size, kindergarten – for selling crack and holding crack and running and fetching crack back and forth from bushes and yards to corners and rooms because of their tiny unjailable ages.

More fun than money.

Respect. Attention. Friendship. Protection.

Cops can't – won't – come in here.

You stupid. Act it.

Close in on the bruises.

The stains on the clothes next to him.

Its mouth.

Its penis.

Its mouth.

Lips.

Snot.

Its penis.

The coming damage.

What keeps you here.

Ask the five year old.

How old are you.

Roaches crawl through the cracks along the window frames and into the bricks and wood looking for heat and water and food. Huge armies of the bugs collect in the stairwells where old bags, wrappers and cartons of fast food chicken bones and fry grease are left scattered and stepped on by the lazier tenants.

Make five fingers.

What makes you laugh.

Do you love your mommy.

And your daddy.

Does daddy hit you.

Who's your favorite sister.

Is she soft.

Which brother are you closest to.

Does he take care of you.

Do you like that.

Do you feel safe.

Do you watch your mommy fuck strangers for money.

Is there such a thing as a stranger here.

Are they nice to you.

Do they go with your sister too.

Do you think it's funny.

Does mommy look like her face is falling into old rags. Does it look like it burns inside with rotting stalled blood and searing mistakes.

The roaches become braver in quick generations. Washington Post reporter Leon Dash sees roaches as indicative of personal pride. He remembers poor families whose buildings were infested but their apartments immaculate. If a roach was seen in the home, it quickly tried to scurry out of sight. The way the roaches instinctually reacted was directly related to the way they were tolerated.

From *When Children Want Children*, Leon Dash, Penguin Books, NY, 1989:

"Other families appeared to be overwhelmed by the conditions of their poverty. The soiled and unkempt condition of their homes reflected a deep despair. Roach infestation was always heavy in these homes and the roaches so numerous that little energy was expended in trying to exterminate them. The roaches were ignored.

In turn, the roaches in the poorly kept apartments became so bold that you had to brush them off a pile of dirty dishes in a kitchen sink to get

a drinking glass. They would appear at any time of day and strut across any piece of furniture, occupied or not. They were not afraid of people.

On the day I inspected apartment B-1, the roaches didn't even run when I walked up close to them!"

Do you think she understands. Does she care. Can she.

Does she know.

Can she ever change.

And the thick old stains on daddy's pants. Do you know where they are from.

Do you get held.

Is that important.

Play with it some more.

Turn around.

Bend over.

Spread your butt cheeks.

Laughing is ok. You're being rude, aren't you.

You're a little devil, aren't you. Crying and the slight idea that you may know what this is about would be better. If, perhaps, slightly less honest.

What would you like to be.

Keep bending.

Dig.

Stretch open further.

Your daddy's getting hard.

Do you know what a hard-on is. Of course you do.

Do you like them.

Does daddy hurt you.

Daddy wants to fuck any hole that's open.

I don't think he wants to hurt you. I just don't think he cares. How about you. You should put a finger in. Dig. Put it in. Put it inside you. All the way. Stick it in.

Who's more important.

What do you think he'd say.

Do you think he lies.

Do you think he'd tell me a different answer, from the truth, from the one he tells you, from the one he learned to say from news broadcasts on how apparently bad things are here, from the one he embodies down at the welfare office, or the few days years ago he worked with other stupid ass people, or the talk out in the alley, or the words he says when he's divesting himself of DNA driven issue deep inside his menstruating daughter. And on her heavy tits. Her fat brown round ass. Her browner wide nipples and painted for anyone else's shot deep red smeared meat lips.

Do you know how niggers fuck.

Do you think you were born for it. To machine it. To dog and cow it. Like they do. So well.

Do you know what a black hooker tells a white john as soon as she gets in his car.

After she hides his money. After can you go fo' twenny.

She asks:

Have you ever been with a black woman before.

She is everyone to you.

Play on it. Like a gummy bear.

She is your sister. And your mother and especially the stern auntie you run to, or end up with, because of the judicial system and the new three strikes and you're out law.

She is every single black woman on the planet and you fuck their faces.

From the case file on Lakysa Gardner. Better known as fourteen year old Kiki. All written by Sheila Washington and published in *The Chicago Defender*.

July 29, 1998.

"For 24 days, he occasionally tied her in a chair, made her sell drugs on the street and passed her to an undetermined number of men for sex as a payoff for drug deals, her mother said."

(SUSPECT'S RELEASE SPARKS ANGER - FAMILY MEMBERS OUTRAGED)

July 28, 1998.

"However, *Chicago Defender* sources said O'Dell is a police station regular, well known in the west side community. Insiders also said he is telling police investigators that the girl 'wanted' him, and was pleased about sexual encounters with various men. She told her mother she was drugged when she tried to fight her attackers, and that some of the men wore condoms."

(CHARGES POSSIBLE IN CASE OF TEEN GIRL'S ALLEGED ABDUCTION)

July 28, 1998.

"She was repeatedly raped, she said. The man who allegedly forced her into a car June 29 had been identified by her to police as a man who had sexually assaulted her in May."

Whether or not an actual gang of 'body snatchers' exist, families of three area girls have had contact with police about their missing young girls."

(WEST SIDE GANG SAID TO BE MENACING WOMEN)

August 3, 1998.

"Q: Did you file a police report then? Was he taken to jail?"

A: I filed a police report, but he was not jailed. Police couldn't find him. I went to the hospital. They said I had gonorrhoea.

Q: You then tried to kill yourself? (She put a knife in her mouth and threatened to jump out of an upstairs window - her mother summoned police.) Why?"

A: I was upset. I was upset with everybody. People acted like they didn't want to help me. I wanted everybody to help me - my friends, family and police. Then I started getting counseling and I felt better."

(KIKI' GARDNER SPEAKS OUT pt.1)

August 4, 1998.

"Q: How many sex acts did she have to perform each day?"

A: She performed sexual acts every day. Sometimes with a lot of men, and sometimes not. He (the accused man) was making more money if he sold drugs and sex."

(KIKI' GARDNER SPEAKS OUT ON ABDUCTION pt.2)

Do you even suspect a different life. A different way. Do you smell a chance.

It's too young. It's too blunted. Too new. Too fresh to bad surroundings. It hasn't started in on the slope of awareness. It hasn't seen enough decline. It hasn't learned enough about raw possibilities.

Do you know how to read.

Has anyone taught you.

Do you know numbers.

Your alphabet.

Do your mommy and daddy, cooked on crack and new cheap stale wine, tell you over and over again about how bright you are.

I want you to look at this.

Film it as it carefully toddles over to you. Film its budding genitalia and its excited frightened worried face. Get close ups of the bruises. Hold it. Close in. Hold its little arm with a large wrapped around and swallowed hand. Hold on there, little fella. Wait a sec. Look here.

This isn't so bad, is it.

What is this.

What is the name for this.

What do you call this.

Can you make it stand up.

Tell me about your sisters.

Look into here. Look into the camera and tell me all about your sister. Tell me about your naked sister. And the men that come over. Tell me about how she sleeps all day. Where does she sleep all day. Do you know what a date is. Do you have a strong conception of money. Of worth. Of value.

Give it a copy of any mainstream porno rag. Softcore variety. Sold behind the counter at the

Seven/Eleven. Where they buy their cheapest brand beer. Where they lock up everything and keep the entire contents sealed behind plastic bulletproof guard.

Just ask.

Just point.

Flip to the ads in the back.

Can you read numbers.

What number is this.

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? THEN YOU'LL LOVE WHAT YOU HEAR! HOT HOLE. 1-664-410-1486.

What is that.

Do you know what that is.

What do you call that.

Do you like white women.

Do they look - at all - like your sister. Like maybe once. Maybe a long time ago, even.

Are you feeling like a daddy now.

Are you feeling like your daddy now.

Daddy would be hard and barking.

Overcoming his drunk palsy. Searching his empty car lot brain for the difference between what he wants, what he can have and what he can do.

SUCK SLUT ON CALL! 24 HRS. 1-758-455-6140.

Do you want to keep this.

Take it back to that spot under the stairs with the rat holes and gummed down concrete condoms where you hide in the black away from only the noise in your home.

Take it back with you. To where you were. Go stand against the wall there. It's ok. Go ahead and look.

Do you know what instinct is.

Do you know about memory.

How about - Do you know what a trap is. A mouse trap. A rat cage. Rape. Do you know what that word can mean.

What does this - cunt, this picture of this cunt - make you want to do. What have you been exposed to before this. And how is your tiny little impotent situation different.

Tell me about a slow long fuck up against a wall - the kind you give up in jail.

FILL ME WITH YOUR COCK! LIVE HARDCORE. \$3.98/MIN. 1-900-666-0027.

CALL ME NOW! I NEED YOUR COCK! NO BLOCKING. NO CREDIT CARDS. NO REFUSALS. 011-592-572-928.

TEENS CRAVING REAR ENTRY! FUCK MY HOT VIRGIN ASS! 1-800-TEEN-BUTT.

There's so many of you. Just like you. Leaking and masturbating on the floor. Looking for comfort and something easy and natural and overall safe and finding it in open wounds and bleeding pits.

This is instinct. Like I showed you, right. This is what you know, already, right. That's reality. That's all the truth that'll visit you in this fucking roach den. Nothing is ever as warm as the inside of someone else's body. Right.

Turn the page. Flip through it. Stop at what you like. Are there any pages – any pictures – of pigs with open gaping holes like the ones you see constantly breathing.

Fat black chicks.

Nigger machines.

Yeast peeled mamas.

Pregnant gorilla ass fuckers. Where it hurts.

Fuck dirt this black.

Crack stupor rape isn't exactly rape, is it?

Teenage slave hole.

Teenage mama feeds babies in front of the TV while her momma prays to god.

Teenage hole pig trades mouth for sense.

Teenage nigger slut offers well worn cunt for another crack at humanity.

CUM IN MY ASS! 1-800-ASK-4ASS.

FUCK MY SLIPPERY WET PUSSY AND GRAB MY BIG JUGS. 800-409-DOLL.

SEXY SLUTS TOTALLY LIVE AND READY FOR YOU! 800-278-LEGS.

FUCK MY 1-800-WET-CLIT. BUTT FUCK ME! 1-888-4-ASS-SLUT.

LIVE 24 HRS! CUM DRIPPING SEX! 1-888-WET-3SUM. FUCK MY TITS! 1-888-TITTY-SEX.

MY PUSSY WANTS YOU.

FILL MY MOUTH WITH CUM.

FUCK MY WET TWAT.

I NEED SOME HOT DICK.

DEEP THROAT.

LICK MY LUSCIOUS TITS.

COCK-TAILS ANYONE.

NASTY FUCK FETISH.

WET, SWEET & CREAMY CUNT.

SUCK MY DRIPPING TWAT.

I'M WAITING FOR YOUR DICK.

FILLER'UP WITH COCK.

STICK YOUR DICK HERE.

HOT PUSSY LIPS.

MY ASS IS YOURS.

TWO TWAT MINIMUM.

OPEN SEASON.

FOUR HOLES TO FILL.

CUM ON IN.

SUCK ME, FUCK HER.

MY PUSSY ACHES FOR DICK.

How do you look after one or more of you.

Do you deny that you do a bad job.

That you shouldn't even try.

What would be the point.

Do you waste time all the time.

Does it feel like that.

Do you do what just comes naturally.

Did you know the boys that killed little Eric

Morse. Would you have stolen candy for them.

Do you know if they apologized.

Do you think it had any impact.

Do you think his parents really care.

Do you think they were told to act that way.

Or – do you think – they picked up on the idea that certain emotional advertising was expected of them.

Why do you think they cared about that.

Do you think they got over it pretty quick.

You know, when they were alone.

Do you think they miss him.

When they're not thinking about themselves.

Or looking around here. Or talking with that big fucking thumb up in the sky somewhere. Everywhere.

When the cameras are on.

When the pastor isn't screaming about, no matter what he's screaming about, how bad all the lives here are.

Mama cries for herself. Always.

Daddy's sucking bleached crack for the dirty wash in his veins: the collapsing brain that monkeys back and forth between meals and fucks. Mama's only thinking this is the way to get something good for the time being. She hates the bars. Not herself.

I'M A HORNY SEX BRAT! 1-800-648-HOTT. CUM JOIN MY ALL-STAR ORGY! 1-800-376-ORGY.

Plastic tits with airbrushed scars and stretch marks where the gel didn't hold. Dark eyes and extended tongues slipped over greased waxed hot whore's red lipstick and dot to dot printing. Disembodied fat hard long cocks pressed right up to – but not on – the trying hard pro-whore's tongue, kiss lips, fingernails, tits, trimmed, mowed, cleaned, spread, glued, targeted, clit'd, pawed, painted cunt.

Do you want to **SUCK IT!**

Do you want to **FUCK IT!**

NASTY NYMPHOS.

YOUNG GIRLS.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

COLLEGE GIRLS.

ISLAND GIRLS.

The video must exist. There's simply too many of them around. This child rape is perfectly available. I know.

How many fucking models are there.

Every fucking page.

A crack couple fucking their kids for money. A crack couple not knowing any better. Behind the other's back. In front of the one who doesn't want it to happen. In the haze only slightly recorded. Or because it's all there and open and designed – produced and owed – just for exactly this. All the time. Whenever.

I just want to hear the little boy talk in his own little darling way. Naked and bruised and slowing and stalling and dropping and stopping.

It's too easy.

A black paedophile. Better than the rest. Knows where to go. How to take the child up high to the nearly vacant floor in one of the project rises. Where he keeps an old garbaged mattress; left there since the original purchasers credit carded it, failed and fled.

The entire floor is beaten to trash. Plaster holes in the walls where wires were lined and yanked. Fresh graffiti testimonials to gang culture and the most laughable attempts at self respect. Shorties on shared and coveted tricycles wheeling out of one of the two staunchly occupied worthlessly empty concentration camp hovels. Kids on kids on young adults on adults on geriatrics simmering on one single blanked and burned gluey mind. Sans electric. Screens that are nailed across the windows for light from one corner of the entire building to the other.

I don't let the kids out of here.

I don't like to let the kids out of here.

It's worse down there.

The paedophile walks the child up the tiring huffing stairs and puts him in his room.

Excitement is the same as fear at this age.

If anyone should see him with this child. They would know immediately what was going to happen. Exactly what was going to occur. This would, in fact, be dangerous. There is public responsibility. There are the accolades. There is the reward. The attention. There is the betterment and respect and white talk around the dinner table.

But there are excuses. And overwhelming boredom. Traumas become anecdotes even quicker around here.

Lay down on the mattress. For the candy.

For the money.

For the fun. The excitement. The something altogether new.

For the lack of a fully disciplined thought.

For the inculcated policies.

For the bet.

For the hour or two left completely alone in the playground in the middle of the fucking projects, for fuck's sake.

Undo the buttons or I'll smash your little

grapefruit head into that jagged brick fucking wall you little nigger fuck.

Take down that little girl corduroy zipper.

Old enough to know better.

First his bent deformed old finger.

Then its tight tears.

Then its big lashing struggle. And anger. And jerking kicks and thrashes and twists away. All the while: Not figuring it out quite. How to get it to stop. Not on top of all this. Whatever next, Lord, whatever next.

Then the threats.

Someone looks after her. He's there for protection and when he fucking finds out.

He drops his own pants.

Reaches down drop into his white underpants yellowed with old cum from the glory holes and whore baths and bushes and adult peep stores and cups up his ball heavy crotch. Lifts out his cock; thickened and raw and split and drawn like the hog he's going to fuck into the roaches fixing into her bare black back over and under and inside this old mattress stinking of other children turned into drug addicts and whores and lazy mothers and deadened unclean easy mindless spread eagled howling fucks and sucks and cumming machines.

There'll be five generations of oily beast sat fat around an old formica tiled table remembering how many times – and who got it worst and that's the way they is – they were molested and raped – 'cept we didn't call it that – back then. Back in the projects. Just down the hall. You remember the high rise before they tore it down. Remember the rats. Still, it was kinda better back then. Ain't nuthin' but drugs now. And gangs. Lord forgive me, I hope that dog dies. He don' mean absolutely nuthin' to me now.

Dad laid on top of her when she would pretend to be sleeping. Dumb nigger told her to wake the fuck up. Told her later he was drunk. But she knew how he acted when he was drunk and that wasn't it. He came inside her and cleaned up over her naked sweated budding body. Twelve years of his flesh formed into a better cunt than he ever bought or courted or robbed. I made this. I made you.

And she could blackmail him back then. Before the entire city stopped thinking it was an irregular occurrence. When his wife, her mother, still all lived together. Before the current trend of maternal lines staying united against whatever may threaten the hard clutched hole. Fathers and grandfathers in jail or on corners or in hiding. Mothers with daughters with daughters with daughters; each child waiting less years by example to prove their worth on the schoolgrounds.

Slides it in. Twelve years old with a menses cycle just starting and enough birth control

information aimed directly at her head and purposely ignored. Hips that grow like female. cunt that opens and closes and fits and sucks like an ever younger history. Tits and blush and shades that tell bloodlines, lips and forehead and eyes that tell personalities.

The young lady knows when to shut the fuck up. Duct tape and the stupid motherfucker would just end up choking her, suffocating her if she kept on fucking screaming like that. Her fat blacker than brown nigger lips starting to bloat from the calloused chewed palm and mean fingers of her neighbor rapist.

An opportunist.

His huge hands clasped tight around her thin neck. What do you have that I want. Whore. Little girl. Do you let the boys touch you yet. With those titties you keep in that bra so as not to jiggle and shake enough to drive them all out of their minds. Or to make them sit up and notice what you got. Nigger talk. You got hair up there so I know you got hair down here. She opens. She gives. She wets. She pisses. She bleeds. She squawks. She bleats. Groans. Sinks. Learns. Grows. Manipulates. Acts. Bucks. Stretches. Bounces. Wants it. Hates it. Hates more than this. Hates him. Hates everything. Thinks better of screaming at this filth all over her, destroying her. Going down the list of possibilities.

Just do your thing, daddy.

His pale palms – orange in the ghetto dark – slapping and pulling her where her chest will expand even bigger. Her once tiny nipples forming and scarring into wide black mud covered iron sewer lids. Teats for dogs. I ain't never been embarrassed.

All the way in. Up.

On her stomach.

Plied and sunk open all the way. The muscles in her thighs pulling rubber tight and her womb filled up with violent animal engorged pain. Her bladder bleeds, not expels. Her uterus discharges and leaks and seeps. Her flesh scraped and raw and rashed and dirty layers deep.

Her lack of oxygen. Her frightened overloaded brain failing to click into coma and getting jammed at just one more helpless worthless unnecessary bout of forever quiet rage.

Just wait. Again.

Wait 'til he's finished.

Just like always starting now.

One more time. Next time won't be as long.

Or, probably, as gentle. Just live through this one. Just like the roaches. In the future: when you'll live without them. When you move away from all this. When this will be done, forgotten about, ok. When you get out of this stinking hole made deeper every single fucking cocksucking crackhead day. When you live and work and play with your one light skinned daughter over there. Far away, when this was all that time ago. When you help others get out of here. When

you teach them how to do it.

Please god. Please god.

His wasted cum hot and sick and thick and sloopy and runny inside and around her little snapping scratched aching raped body. Twelve years for this. The deeper black down there.

Up to her neck.

Where babys grow.

Where mommys turn fat and busting and whining.

From the March '98 issue of *Celebrity Skin*:

"Samantha is the most popular Page Three Girl of all time. A working-class lass with a sweet round face and sweeter round knockers, her popularity in the papers led to other venues where her big boobies could be peddled – including postcards, calendars and picture books."

"Though no one would have admitted it, half the show's ratings share was probably due to horny guys pleasuring themselves to the small screen images of Adrienne's huge, luscious hooters swaying about inside her tight tops."

"Following in the footsteps of veteran boob baroness Anna Nicole Smith, Laetitia became the latest Guess? sensation, squeezing into skin-tight denim and filling each tantalizing frame with her extra-perky boobs and her knee-weakening figure. Ms. Casta's au naturel cleavage has also been featured in all of the major fashion mags, and if flaunting decolletage on the cover of Elle and Cosmopolitan doesn't mean that a model has arrived in a major way, then what does?"

His fists full on and larger than ever before. Her neck so small and sexy like a twig sold to be snapped. Her forehead angry under his weight, her eyes shut tight as he slobbers his sackful old thin stomach all over her face sliding and stabbing his cock at her regardless of any aim or hole or pressure point. Like a hungry humping dog fucking his food. His naked ugly black cock swinging around like a retracted chicken neck slabbed against heavy dark mottled balls and rank wired pubic black hair. All over her. Face and torso. Tiny scratched ribs and bruised smooth skin turning purple under dirt and pink drags and lesions.

Let her live the rest of her sad life out stuck inside the metal bars of a wheelchair that no one can fucking bother with now. Extra government money for ramps and lawsuits for new access and aunts and uncles who'll steal the money due retards for gin and cunt parties.

Sucking hard cold air through a tube sliced into her neck connected to the back of the robo chair.

A light to be checked regularly by the always paid nurse and the one elder family member with patience.

Crack her twelve year old spine. The way it should have been cracked at seven years old.

To shut her up.

For the movie.

For the good sense it makes. Simple: legally.

Financially. Historically.

Keep her there. Here.

Hard again.

Do you know how to read.

Do you see any white women like this.

Read me those numbers.

**PLEASE DON'T, DON'T KILL ME, PLEASE
...HELP ME PLEASE.
I AM AFRAID.
I AM VERY SMALL.
I AM AFRAID.**

**NOTHING CAN DULL THE LIGHT WITHIN.
FAITH CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS.**

**MOM & MARIA SAD WITH BRUISES. DAD
HAPPY & RELIEVED AFTER HITTING THEM!!
(Maria)**

**I DON'T LIKE TO HIT KIDS.
(Gregory)**

**MY FEELINGS ARE LOCKED INSIDE MY
SOUL.
(Maureen)**

**DO NOT SLAP ME IN THE FACE.
PLEASE.
YOU WILL MAKE ME HATE YOU.
I WANT TO LOVE YOU.
I AM VERY SAD.
YOU MAKE ME FEEL WORTHLESS.
(Maria in shelter)**

**HAPPY BECAUSE MY MOTHER LEFT THE
BAD RELATIONSHIP WITH MY SISTER'S FATHER.**

One hooded fatter nigger held down the clerk girl while the other speeded around locking the door and turning the sign around to CLOSED.

The first one to hit her dragged her in the back and beat her some more. Beat her retarded. Hard brick punches with knuckle clenched fists into her crying stunned acquiescent face and the back of her neck when she bowed to avoid further broken bleeding teeth. The second late-starter quickly undid her pants and yanked them all the way off, her cheap cushioned gym shoes pulling off simultaneously with her panties rolling down on her thighs. Serving only to

fetishize the moment. Getting the hard boys hard. Her smock and t-shirt and white work bra ripped by dogs hungry to see it all. Have her completely naked where she didn't want to be. Where she had never been before this way, with these men, offering up all of this at once. Her black cunt. On a white mound. A white belly sucked in a little better for more important men and tits politely more usually lit by faint window glow and wishes. Mousey dyed made-up whore. Pink and tattooed and trashed before they even got there. "I'll make that bastard give it all back, mom, I promise. I swear to fuckin' god, mom."

Take it out.

Take it out, ho.

He gave in too quick. The little pig couldn't process the information that fast. Too many hands. The blinding blood and haze and struggle to stay clean and untouched and alive. A finger digging into her hips that hurt where she was slammed to the floor and kicked and blocked. The noise wheezing down her spine and the back of her brain inside her eyes stinging that she had one of the motherfuckers jiggling about in her cunt. And her legs getting spread farther apart. While her mouth fills up to black in smelly salty nigger thick cock.

His fat ass pumping inside her banging head. His huge hands squeezing her head making her face tighter. Cutting her lips and dizzying her even more. The pain inside her low slung belly as she gets fucked again. Hard and harder and her face taking it all in as far as he wants to shove it. Exactly like the cock in her cunt.

Don't bite it. You ain't in jail.

She had never thought about it. Rage wasn't allowed in. Too much pain and worry and fright. Too much breathing and action and sex happening all over her. Surely she would just die here and now.

Dropped his balls into her face. Waited for the other one to hurry up and finish. And when she passed out, pretended to piss in her when he couldn't cum.

She thinks they were calling her "Ho" after "whore" because, she figures, that was the closest to white that they wanted to fuck. Instead they ended up with her.

A quicker white fuck than any of them wanted.

She would be saved with bite marks deep into her tits and stomach flab. Her anus would need reconstructive surgery due to the glass perfume bottles shoved in and smashed. Some foreign slab of metal pole left traces of glass deep into her stomach lining. Her ability to defecate children or urinate cleanly without a bag and tube impossible for the rest of her life.

They had their fingers inside her.

They had their cocks out and left their dirt

inside of her, mixed up with all the glass and expulsion.

When the police found her, the closed sign with the lights on clued in some neighbors, the first thing they saw was the blood all over her back and ass. She laid unconscious in a long coma flattened on her fatty female stomped stomach. It was as if they had carved ugly into her back, the scratches and deep blood barely spilling out from near dead cuts made by digging glass shards and razor like pieces of wood and metal nails where she had been dragged and pumped back and forth everywhere.

Another ten year old and a bike and a visit to grandma's. Another body dumped in concrete and dropped in a waterway.

This one is a boy. And the bike was a promise. And the concrete was poured into a tub where the child's corpse lay and then sunk in a river in Maine.

And another meeting with the government. Another measure drawn up to keep one more victim in one more neighborhood special. So the parents and relatives can say something is now better for the short years the child wasted on earth. Maybe. Before breaking down on camera again.

When Jeffrey Curley's parents and siblings met the acting governor of Massachusetts, for a press conference to back a new proposition for the death penalty, one of the older brothers held a photo of Jeffrey.

I know why this is disgusting.

I drop the condom on the floor as soon as I yank it off. I can cum better if I jerk myself off while the mouth that sucked and licked me through latex just waits a fucking minute. I can cum easier if the condom isn't on my cock still.

Sometimes, I jerk off by just rubbing the shaft of my hard-on with my hands on both sides sliding the tight rubber back and forth. My load fills the extended tip and spreads back on the head and coats the inside of the condom anathematizing it to the hole who wants to help me ply it off. I drop the sloshed emulsive mess on the floor between us. Where it is ignored.

These cunts take everything. I push my ugly ass in and choke the face fuckers who don't go deep enough. And they accept it all till they sputter and gag and jut back to save themselves from blacking out. Only to go down more, taking breathing rests by licking my balls or my shaft or my head.

I prefer rubbers. So much so that I've now taken the initiative and added a \$3.00 pack of PRIMES to my back pocket alongside the photos of, today, Ryan Harris, Jeffrey Curley and little trashy Amber.

Because it's hot and I see screaming children on colorful stiff bikes out enjoying their safe summer.

Absolutely safe. I do nothing else than make desperate connections. This isn't magic. The cum on the floor spilled from my own hand and strangers' efforts is not a sigil. The children fistfisted around my spent wet cock are specific. Murdered. Hurt. Raped. Used. They're not just anyone outside riding idly by any fat fuck's sad sinister scared unrealized intentions.

Charles Jaynes, 22, was said to have had literature from NAMBLA in his car when police arrested him for the murder of Jeffrey Curley.

Jeffrey had told his mother that someone - a new friend - was going to give him a new bicycle. Because Jeffrey had had three bikes stolen in just a few months.

Jeffrey disappeared after a final visit to his grandmother's home one summer afternoon. Prosecutors, at the time of Jaynes' arrest, said that the ten year old was raped after death and that the 4 foot, 10 inch, 80 pound boy had been smothered with a rag soaked in gasoline.

A friend of Jaynes, Salvatore Sicari, 21, was also arrested and charged.

These booths reek of amyl nitrate, which always smells like gasoline fumes in quantity. The fags here use video head cleaner because real amyl is harder to get and the fake stuff isn't all that good. By mid-afternoon the place burns with the heavy stench of a car garage and condoms spilling crabs and cum litter the floor in puddles and chewed gum and tissues.

The condoms I flip are no different from the ones others drop. I cum on the benches and floors and straight down gagging spitting up Mexican mouths.

This is the closest you'll be to rape. This is the closest you can come while still staying on just this side of a niggling worry about police reports and DNA tests and violent frenzied decisions shoved down your brain mid-fuck: What's the worst thing that can happen here. Arrest. Disease. A fight. A heart attack. Robbery. A sudden revelation as to how low you've sunk is that the sight that naturally churns your stomach was caused by someone exactly like you. Only not as fat.

You can't allow yourself to end up in jail or inside a hotel wheezing through scabs, unable to afford the prolong drugs and hospital oxygen tents and flesh snapping tranquilizers and bitched nurse by the hour care. You don't want to lose your job. You don't want your family to know.

As long as the sperm doesn't slide down his moaning throat. Just to be polite. Even though you were pumping harder into his gob open face faster than he wanted. As you tried to set a more aggressive, angry, hated pace. You little fucking faggot. You slimy fucking queen. Desire means nothing so much as how

fucking stupid other people really are.

They are perfectly safe around me. All of them.

This is how a new one started. From the *Chicago Tribune* on August 15, 1998:

"Tucker was arrested Tuesday in Park Forest after a resident of the 400 block of Tahoes Street in that suburb called police and reported seeing Tucker fondling the girl as she stood with her bicycle next to his mail truck. According to the witness, Tucker also exposed himself to the girl."

The girl was seven years old.

Leslie Tucker was sixty-one, a mailman of fifteen years who took over this last route four years ago. In 1990, two molestation cases against him were dropped because of a lack of evidence (a two year old girl) and because a mother didn't want to further traumatize her daughter with a trial (a four year old girl).

By August 28, 1998 the *Tribune* reported **MAIL CARRIER IS INDICTED IN 2ND MOLESTATION CASE.**

This time Tucker was faced with the **"more serious charge of sexually assaulting a 5 year old Park Forest girl"**. To wit: Predatory criminal sexual assault.

The old men take to the trough like pigs too tired to be hungry. They're grateful and disgusted and sloppy and terrible at it and slow and poisoned and selfish and they shake and prod at their dirty stained baggy work pants and never suggest reciprocation. They're too soft. Too dead and dying. They fill their mouths and work on your body for what seems like absolutely no good reason save dementia. They're rude about their position in line and demand time but little attention. They leave in short needful order.

But I want to see that dead hung old cock. How dead could it be when it obviously led it in here. It's the hard-on in the back of their close razored scalps; the sick chemical syruping thick at the nipple of their hypothalamus that works overtime. It's that angry badger instinct hobbled and uglier than ever. That won't shut the fuck up ever.

A minute or two that robs away the sting of insignificance. And rubs his spotty fallen face in it at the exact same time.

He drops his underwear to share. Or work on me while he works tougher on himself. If he cums he'll wake up and see what he's doing. His mouth full, his face flushed and pounded and humiliated.

I don't give a rat's ass if I finish or not.

This is sex in the service of non-sexual interests.

I understand the words they tell me. About my chronic phase status and class X felony conviction. How I'm an offender, though I confuse my

addiction as that of a non-offender.

This place is disgusting because I left it that way. I'm not worried about the change I get back. If the dollars have cum stains and coke residue and smell like ass wiped nigger shit. These dollars feel like old paper that I can pass on again to fuck new faggots with super human doses of bareback pamphlets, protease inhibitors and Prozac. Naproxen, KOH preparation for oral candidiasis, peptide T all paid for in sticky quarters thumbled in fat prints made of sperm and sick and acid.

What I do is regulated.

This is repetitious. It is bloated and redundant. Most of all, and worst, it is scared.

There is nothing essential here.

So many of these men are fathers. The young Mexican hustlers who don't know any better way to advertise down to the middle aged mouth pigs on their lunch breaks or on their ways home to their just moved in girlfriends.

Which is why Megan's Law and Megan's mother means so much to me.

I fuck these men. I cum in their mouths as they slide on offal and I pretend I know them.

Jonathan Hawks served five years in jail for sexually abusing two ten year old girls he had followed to one of their homes. After he saw them leave school together. He broke in and raped them both.

Jonathan's release from jail and his plans to move into his mother's house in Dilly, Oregon were announced to the neighborhood. Nearby residents then pooled their money and bought Mrs. Hawks' house from her, allowing her and her son to move elsewhere.

Michael Allen Patton, 42, had served thirteen years in state prison. When he was released to a rooming house in Santa Rosa, California, police spread the word door to door: Patton had sexually assaulted women as well as girls for over 22 years. Five days after the police followed Megan's Law, Patton hung himself from a tree and died.

In early August 1998, a federal judge ruled against Russell Markvardson's arguments that leaflets distributed in San Francisco publicizing his child molestation history kept him from rebuilding his life.

In April 1998, the Supreme Court had rejected a challenge to Megan's Law based on similar "double jeopardy" arguments.

Michael Dean Martin, 32, was a convicted sex offender who committed suicide at his mother's home in Erie, Pennsylvania after he admitted killing thirteen year old Lindsay Anne Cross to his lawyer by phone. Lindsay lived just down the street from the house that Martin, along with a girlfriend and two daughters, had recently moved in. Martin asphyxiated himself in his mother's car inside her garage.

George Ashetzie, 41, served fifteen years for

using a starter pistol to threaten and assault young girls in Chicago and La Grange, Illinois. He was arrested just a few months before his parole was due to expire for loitering around a Kindercare Learning Center in another Chicago suburb. He was charged under a new loitering provision that makes it illegal for convicted sex offenders to enter or loiter within 500 feet of a school unless the offender has official permission to be there, or if he is a parent or guardian of a child enrolled in the school.

Peter Hooper, 53, was charged with unlawful presence within a school zone by a sex offender when he was arrested in the parking lot of a grade school in Roselle, Illinois. He was also charged with possession of child pornography.

Bobby Whitaker, 40, was hired as a bus driver for an elementary school district in Evanston and Skokie, Illinois in 1994. In 1995, a law in Illinois was passed making such a job a felony when it is held by a registered sex offender. As Whitaker is. Having been convicted of aggravated criminal sexual abuse against an eight year old boy.

During a routine traffic stop, police checked Whitaker's background and learned of his criminal past and current job. Bobby was subsequently fired from the job and charged with the crime of being around children in a school bus.

Five months later, Whitaker was also charged with fondling and kissing a seven year old boy in the form of two misdemeanor counts of criminal sexual abuse. Police said that Whitaker knew the boy from his bus route but that the crimes were committed outside of the daily job. However, Bobby was still employed by the school district at that time.

"Why do you do this?"

"I don't know."

"Have you always been gay?"

"No."

He unfolds the photo for me. Hands it to me delicately because of the old creases and crumbling wear and his genteel age. But he still hands it to me to hold. Regardless, I assume it's dear and treat it gingerly. Not all that much of a fetish object as a living memory and flattened reality.

"You know, this is the sort of thing I've been looking for. It's so incredibly hard to get now."

"You don't see it around any more."

"No. Not at all."

One more little girl's back and shoulders. Thin. Bony. Stretched tight and youthfully smooth, bendable, slumped forward away from the camera. Leaning her gentle weakling weight on the flat fat fully old lump underneath her spread child lap. Her

cute moon face is twisted back around to me; her eyes and nose and girl lips and pink cheeks all but obscured by her black tangled long hair and uncomfortable pirouette position. Features, I'm sure, that pretend to be perfectly innocent just before she opens her sadly unstuffed yap to typically hideous normal puffed guile.

I don't know if her eyes connected with what she wanted to see.

Her eyes didn't seem overly bright and wide the same way they didn't seem terribly dull and drugged. It wasn't surprise or paranoia but more like, perhaps, indifference. Entitlement. Maybe slow hatred. Contempt. Boredom. Arrogance. Annoyance at further instructions or ugly fat pleasure.

Truth is I don't even remember the color or the shape of the child's eyes. I remember where she aimed her focus seemed to be off a bit. But then there was the hair that meant she was getting better than she deserved or wanted, or would want, and the back strained arch that meant she was in the middle of it. And I know there's just a few thick years now to wrinkles and scars and flab and testimonials. All of that comes quick through training. Not in a quick flash that frustrates, rather than aids, masturbation.

My retention shifts to the hands holding her thin hips. Big hands needlessly steadying such straight curves. For such a little cocky shit. Such delicate soft curves. Her rump featureless save the baby fat pinched athleticism natural to her age and weight and defencelessness.

The arch that ends in her shoulders and twists through her back, that starts in her stomach that must certainly rotate around the fat knot veined thick hard cock disappeared all the way up inside her sliver small cunt. Her butt squeezing the inchoate hollow designed for a future wretched womb stuffed to death, now, with a forced greased rubbing tearing red glans'd erection.

I recall hairy legs, cut off at the knees as they trail out of the shot and, in a blurred background, I see the oily bed that this faceless pair of hotel legs and hands and engulfed cock lies back on to penetrate such a thin weightless bag of bones and holes and bumps.

"It's kind of odd, really. You don't see all that much. I like it. Fuck, I like anything like that. You see more than enough. I like it a lot."

"You can't see his dick."

"Or much of her."

"It's not a her."

"You can't tell. It's that hair. She looks like a girl in the face and that sort of straight body - I think I thought it was a girl who hadn't reached puberty or whatever yet. Like not even the slightest bit of female whatever."

"This kind of stuff is so hard to get. Even back then."

"Gay stuff?"

"It's not gay."

There's no way that cock could have made it that far up that young an abridged asshole.

This isn't consensual. So this isn't gay. It's not queer. Because it doesn't fit the appeal of any aesthetic interest in flesh or beneficial anything. This shouldn't start with a warm tight package of small bundled genitalia in wet swimming trunks cut close to his ass and thighs. With an old man's bearded army kiss on a small pink penis before it rises in spite of a moral biology and parental fears and lessons. It shouldn't end with a splatter of thick cum rubbed on bones barely fleshed over on his chest and stomach and back and then a hug and a pat on his head. A gentle lean down and a peck. A sultry kiss twisted through a fat gross old tongue from a reassuring lick along with an extra piggish roam of sloppy angry chewing self satisfaction.

What it should do is cry. The way all these Darwinist civil libertarians and bi-curious faggots and future parents and caring conservatives promise it should.

"You can't see what exactly is going on. But it seems like there must be some other shots - like a story that follows or starts here or somewhere, you know? Where'd you get it? If I can ask you that. It obviously came from a magazine."

"I forget now. But this was the only picture I liked anyway. All the others were all sorts of bichas shit."

"You mean like the poses?"

"Yeah. For fags. Lots of dicks."

Some old dad wants to suck my dick. Wants to sit on a wood bench in the booth that I picked while I feed him cock. He offers me money not to throw him out. And child pornography to keep me interested.

This is how it starts.

I'm not the first to bring in photos with me. To wrap photos of children around my penis and jack off inside torn wet peeling cut paper. To pop a viral load in my hand and wipe it off with the head shots of molested children now dead or dying or, at least, fucked as good as a few minutes and extra money and make-up allowed back then.

"That's the only one you keep?"

"Yep."

"You didn't like the others or what? You knew it was a boy, right?"

"Yeah, I know. It don't mean I got to like all

the rest. I like this one. It's a picture I like and I know who it is."

"Do you know how old the boy is?"

"You look at regular old porno. Like the kind they got next door. You like women, alright? But you're looking at a lot of dicks, alright? Going in the mouth and in her snatch. Getting licked and cumming and all that. That's what you're looking at. Along with the women. But the guy is in the picture too. The women aren't alone."

"Do you not know how old the boy is?"

Around?"

"Now?"

"No. You know what I mean. Back then."

"Nah. Young, I guess. Jailbait. It's all illegal. I know that."

Daddy held her down. Fucked his daughter. And let some old friend man take the pictures. It won't hurt, goddammit. Just once. The extra slow seeping cum soaking into his underwear that he'll leave for the mother to clean and fold like she knows nothing. Just this once. Put it in your mouth. Open up.

Now he sucks off men in booths in old cheap dirty bookstores, in the back, on his old knobby knees after seeing so much and doing so much. Always this way. As long as it gets greasy so many times and thoughts a day.

Do you want me to cum inside?

He splashed on the small bed where his daughter slept. How could he hide the stain from his wife. How could he explain that this was the best thing for all of them. He didn't fuck her. He didn't hurt her. He just felt the warmth of her bed where such a little product nestled naked and he recalled her bald cunt and bouncy ass before she turns all the way teenage away from him and her chest and the start of tits and hips and hair and lips and hair against his cock and balls and inside that warm ridged body and just jerked all the way off. He couldn't stop even just that for fuck's sake. It was just him by himself. And once he started he couldn't stop. It felt like it was the least he could do for himself. And he gobbled his old man balls up in his cupped hand close into his fist jack pumping all over his cock, rubbing the flat of his palm over the glans and his asshole where that little cracker mouth should be licking and kissing and pressing open and sucking through and came a hot evil spastic spurting thick load of cum all over her fucking cunt drenched drool dream finger fucked bed.

Get her to lick it off. Lick it clean and taste your dad's sick mean insides you little made-up tramp. Cock to hand to bed to carpet to mommy safe wash and dog walks and lies. Leave me alone with her just once. Just once you cunt. You fucking old bag

whore. Leave me alone with that spindly barking meat and loud designs and fucking drill her little spending corpse so far into the money it cost for that fucking bed and her braces and her curfew and her fibs and manipulations and her fucking boyfriend pressing his cigarette lips to her teenage nipples and sucking them hard. The first cock she feels and handjobs and then the last one she sleeps through in a drunken tattooed pierced haze one after another you fucking typical ugly painted dreg.

"I ain't gonna get no woman for a quarter."

You can't imagine how silly all this sounds sometimes. All this work for all this dirt. And all of it formed and stood up high on fear. Frightened by every possible move: every chance is weighed and informed hard by the vicious space between begging and the various degrees of self control.

Pornography doesn't create rape. Pornography allows rape its voice.

I've got these color photos of the late Ana Mendieta in the midst of her fucking performance art piece: **RAPE SCENE**. Her fat naked Cuban ass pointed towards the camera and her panties down around her ankles covered in blood. She's tied to a table and more blood streaks her legs and butt cheeks and pools around her face flat on the table and the floor all around her. What her motives were are obvious. And the context – in art books and her monograph and women's issue history paragraphs about bravery and brutality – sells something nice and provocative and salient. The voice is different but no less shrill in its condescension and earthmother care and empathy. It really works fine. For this sort of thing.

"I'm going to put on a condom, ok?"

Pamela Fong collected her photos of "Survivors Of Child Abuse And Neglect" in a book and titled them *Breaking The Silence*. In her preface she tells about how, on an airplane trip, she sat next to a paediatrician who told her a friendly story about her job. About a father who brought in his two year old girl to see the doctor. The father told her his two year old was bleeding from a rape.

None of the photos she took of the children are as graphic as her start. But all the textual information she adds to the collection – clinicians' transcripts, survivors' transcripts, bleeding essays, etc. – is there to help you get as clear a picture as art and the law allow. And the dirty voice behind the sparkling clean din works well enough. Some straight white trash portraits of sitting and bored older everythings carry the same impact as the shots of seemingly unperturbed children holding waterhoses

like fat cocks. The title informs the photos just as much as any long winded self impressed detail. The shots aren't explicit but neither are the concepts of nightmare scars, trauma eggs and repressed memory syndromes. The lost and tortured inner children hide anywhere one wants to find them.

Vera Anderson tries the same thing. She collects black and white photos of smart women who were beaten by their lucky lovers and mates and juxtaposes the simple portraits with brief interview vignettes. All age. No scars or band-aids. And the title *A Woman Like You* lets you know what Vera is working towards just as soon as you see the spine sitting on the Violence Against Women bookshelf in the local feminist bookstore. All these women would have gotten older and wrinkled and sagged anyways, but these ones are separate from the hot dog hags down at the all night convenience store and laundry mats and your tired mother and sister and girlfriends because they tell you.

I quite like all these photo compilations of AIDS victims. *Epitaphs For The Living* collects Billy Howard's photos with testimonials written by the wasting imploding subjects (or their friends if they just died) scrawled in their own idiosyncratic handwriting below each shot. *People With AIDS* by Nicholas and Bebe Nixon focuses on fifteen "people" and their rushed slow deaths. It is rather more graphic than most, including, as it does, the bad taste to get up close to all those burns and scars and tubes. It is this one that will set up all the others. Like *Positive Lives* edited by Stephen Mayes and Lyndall Stein for The Terrence Higgins Trust and *A Positive Life* by River Huston (interviews) and Mary Berridge (photographs). While *Lives* attempts to transcribe the world of HIV in photo-documentary style – meaning you see men cruising and arty shots of toothbrushes as well as hospital rooms and Portacath implants – *Life* narrows the wide scope to just "Woman Living With HIV". Berridge's shots are in color and you have to be very careful not to blur the victims here to the victims in *A Woman Like You* because they fucking look exactly the same. The text here even smells the same: Vera Anderson was a battered woman just like River Huston is HIV infected.

The images have been burned deep and lard digested long ago. What kind of asshole would need another shot of some skinny European drenched naked in cow's blood and a CD soundtrack that just reminds one of what it really should be but can't even get a little closer for all the money you spent.

What I like best about this particular rape was that the stepfather had his own movie camera. That mindset and all the planning and purchasing and wife hiding and all the bright new invasive media cultures set up to support it.

And after awhile all these crimes become

rape. Some wrinkled beast gets a street broken coke bottle dragged across her made-up face and sliced jagged into her bra'd tits and then fucked and pissed in and it all uses the same words as the father that gently inserts his dry hard-on into his sleeping daughter. I think of children no matter how old the rape victim is.

You see: It's this way. These little lives don't exist if they're not traded. Simple.

Dario Mitidieri's book of photographs *Children Of Bombay* is probably the best. Better than the full color brutal old hag whore hijras in Kamatipura (Marlon Shy) and much more direct than the few pages of children in similar circumstances in *Juarez: The Laboratory Of Our Future* by Charles Bowden. *Brazil: War On Children* by Gilberto Dimenstein has the right idea. Some truly hideous lovely Mexican sluts, garish murders and charming tiny skinny dirty dark children in David Perry's photos in *Bordertown*.

Actually. *Stolen Dreams* by David L. Parker is the best. He tries to connect the United States with India, Nepal, Bangladesh, Indonesia and Mexico in photos of, exclusively, children working. None of the little rats look happy. And you know they're supposed to, given their tiny ages. Parker's got all these young, poor and thin shirtless dusksies sweating and frowning and struggling as well as the prerequisite Thai whores and wasted street beggars. He also includes a very sexy shot of a small contortionist, possibly younger than nine years old, who performs in a circus in Katmandu. And for those whom that photo strikes a certain particular resonance, let me recommend Mary Ellen Mark's *Indian Circus* which is full of similar children in similar positions and better make-up. In fact, the same contortion – a little girl with her chin on the ground bent over backwards through her squatted legs – features in both books. Perry's darling sucks a small cactus-like flower. While Mark's wears more expensive specially made panties. Mark is more specific – she includes the names of the girls and boys performing, practicing, resting and waiting. All dressed and ready and growing.

"I can't tell you how sick I feel about all of this. I really can't. I get home and I wash my hands immediately. I've even rushed into restaurants and used their johns just to wash as quick as I could. I just want to get that fucking stink off of me and my hands. It's like bugs. You can still feel their cocks in your hands – like, whenever my hands went on someone else's body; I just had to get that invisible feel off of me."

"You have to look down. These complete strangers eating great chunks of your flesh like hogs and vultures.

You put your hands on their heads and stick

straight out into them, as far as you can, and they continue throating and groaning.

Sometimes you hear them from next door just making gut pig smacks and burps as loud as they can. They forget – or don't care – where they are. And there's all these older burrowing rats twisting every which way to see whatever little they can.

These cunts settle for the cock they crave either wrapped in unfeeling latex or in skinned and wart secreting terminal diseases. Nothing matters after a certain level. Not even discomfort."

"Hydrogen Peroxide is cheaper and stronger than Listerine. These men run into the store next door and for like fifty cents, buy a plastic bottle and gargle and rinse their mouths and throats out with the foaming liquid in the alley behind the joint.

Just in case they licked the wrong part or sucked a little too hard or couldn't be bothered to care just then.

There's an impressive amount of drunks that come in here as well."

"I've done that. But, you know, I know it doesn't do shit. It's not killing any disease that I might have got that way. I would down that fucking coffee – really fucking hot – in like three big gulps. Just searing the roof off of my mouth and even hurting my teeth. My whole body would shake because my mouth burned so bad. It would hurt so fucking much. Anything in there I would want dead and burned out. But it was the feel and taste of those fucking stupid hard-ons and those wet drops. And all that sweat and fucking ...fucking stench, that feel. I know it's ridiculous. It's supposed to be. It would make me calm down a little. Which is weird. But my mind would be racing and all sorts of ideas about what I had let myself do were just fucking crashing into my brain and I couldn't even think straight enough to get home just to wash and gargle or whatever. Take a really fucking hot long shower.

The scars in my burned mouth probably let in more germs than were killed by the heat."

"I never used to touch them that much. I don't like men. I don't like cocks and I can't even begin to understand the desire for sucking on them. It's really not an impulse I suffer from."

"These motherfuckers are devious. I don't know if these guys know what they're doing or if it just happens that way. I mean, I know the problem is mine, I know it's my fault either way. I'm just not sure to what degree I let it happen."

"How much you want it to happen."

"Right. Exactly. Like if I knew somehow it would turn around on me. Like if I was expecting it to

happen. Whether I admitted it to myself or not."

"Like you were hoping."

"Right. I guess - I really, honestly, don't know. It just happens. All the fucking time. I mean, I know how to play the game pretty fucking well now and I pretty much control the action more than anyone. But still. It happens."

"And are you still - do you still do dangerous things?"

"Yeah. More than ever."

"It told me it was its birthday the last time I was here. It was the kind of it that likes to make out with the trolls. I'd come in and see it leaning into some other faggot's face and kissing it deeply, all over. Grinding and tongueing right out in the open. In the hallway. I gave it the quarters I had left when I was done. I would've done it anyway. I hope it didn't think it was a birthday gift."

I can see it every Sunday if I want to. It told me this is where I'll find it. And it's gotten so that I purposely avoid the place on weekends now just in case it's there at any given time.

I figure it's what it lives for. What it looks forward to. And if its job - whatever it is it does - allows it weekends off, somehow it'll find a way to be here on Saturdays as well. It likes it too much. It needs more and more, maybe, because, after all, it's all it's got."

Paul Bernardo pinched Leslie Mahaffy's fourteen year old nipples so hard that the little girl screamed on camera. Later, on the video Paul filmed of her performing all the ideas he had for her, cops and journalists and family could clearly view the dark bruises on her nipples.

He cut her lip when he punched her in the face. Her fourteen year old mouth wore mom and dad bought braces through which she previously enjoyed drinking beer, with her buddies past parent planned curfew times, as well as talking mean and teasing boys.

She was told what to say while she was told to masturbate in front of Paul's video camera. She swallowed Bernardo's cum when he ejaculated inside her teen braced mouth, just after he told her how to suck his dick, because he told her to.

"The disease in me will last longer than the one in her. I matter more."

"How often do you come here?"

"I don't know."

"About."

"It changes - I don't know. Sometimes - whenever. I really don't know. I can't tell."

"Is it fairly often?"

"I see you often enough, don't I?"

"That's what I mean - are we just lucky to be here at the same time, all the time--"

"I guess."

"-or are you here a lot more and I just see you when I come here?"

"I don't know. Maybe I feel the same way, you know, maybe I think every time I come here, you know, here's that same fucking guy again."

I could take photos of anyone and you wouldn't know who anyone of them were. I could write stories underneath the prints to fill you in. I'd lie. And you couldn't tell.

Hooker. Hustler. Crackwhore. Mouth faggot. AZT bag. Beaten. Molested. Raped. Fingered. Puffed up survivor. Father. Mother of an autistic child that regularly bashes its brain damaged skull against the old brick walls of the hospital this wrinkled poor flea bitten fat beast pays for upkeep and warehousing. At 15, one year older than Leslie Mahaffy was allowed to grow, the spotlight falls on this deformed female mistake that still wears diapers.

My contribution to the grand world of art could be selecting the everyday bores and wastes and propping them up against some poignant background and telling you about how all of them wait in great long lines at glory hole booths hoping to suck little boy dick instead of the fat men dick they sloppily gorge themselves on just as soon as they can pull themselves away from whatever low paying job they happen to manage to keep at that particular time. This face fuckee learned he was HIV positive just the day before we snapped this photo. During his interview he refused to talk about his wife. This faggot, whose name I couldn't be bothered to remember, has been "out" all his life and living with AIDS for just a really long time now he figures. He didn't have sex for nearly six months after he found out. Grandpa here likes to masturbate himself while he watches others do the same. Often enough he is compelled to lean down and suck a little but tries to be as careful as he can. Actually, he worries more about those that suck on him. This younger dumb looking one works at a porno store at night and comes here during the lunch hour on his days off. He fucks faces where he works and fucks his own here where he plays. It's been taking him longer to get fully hard these days and he steals condoms and headcleaner from his job, knowing he shouldn't, both because he'll end up getting caught and fired and 'cause he wishes he could stop wasting so much time doing the cruise and wait around here. This half-nigger crack fan likes to bend over and get fucked more than blown. He misses the days when he didn't need drugs and took load after load day after day.

I named the booths on Ashland Avenue after

Leslie Mahaffy because I like to go there and get my cock sucked by dying pigs.

"I saw one of our oldest friends ...um... had been beaten to death on the kitchen floor and he was laying in blood. It was everywhere. It was a terrible scene."

David and Laura Sykes appeared on the Leeza show talking about the stupid fucking cats that were killed at their animal farm. Their hippie shelter for kitties and non-profit profits: The Noah's Ark Animal Foundation.

"I started towards the shelter, very quickly, and I found bodies of other dear friends everywhere."

The "dear friends" are cats. Fucking cats. Three high school students from Fairfield Ohio beat sixteen fucking cats to death and maimed twenty-three others (eight seriously). The boys snuck in at night and tried to herd all of the little things into the basement so they wouldn't be able to run away. There were eighty of the fucking beasts in the shelter at the time. The cats were bludgeoned and had their tiny cat skulls crushed and fractured, their jaws broken and their eyes gouged. The boys seemed to be aiming for the mewling heads. Some of the cute little cats were raised from kittens and some were "rescued" from abhorrent conditions, David and Laura said, trying and succeeding in anthropomorphizing their anti-social failures and misanthropy into good ol' country humanist selflessness.

Leslie Mahaffy's fourteen year old dead mutilated cunt has become a meeting place for hungry desperate ugly men. It is here that I see all these old men with fragile voices and scattered thoughts climbing inside and pumping and fucking and screwing and spewing and lapping all over her raped deposited skinny tramp teenage blonde body all saying between cocks and assholes and faces and fists that dear old friend Leslie's parents just didn't love her the correct safe way. They didn't love her enough they slurp. These old men with their cocks out and the TV camera pointed straight at their bald heads and yellow teeth painted bright white. Leslie Mahaffy's dead cocked cunt is where men come to transfer and swirl the AIDS virus around and collect grease fingered quarters and bend down low to let brand new best friends feast on her smelling fourteen year old douched nature raped details straight out of the piss tips of raw veined cocks that don't get fully erect any more at all. One politely offers you a hit of poppers that still fails to rise his cock now wet and stroked and yanked with your memorizing hands and holed face. The hand that slipped between his legs and groped at what was left of his ass did nothing

other than remind him of his own slowed future of medical dependence and tubing scars and hidden tags and treatment build-up records. Come on, sweetie.

The photos, almost always, are badly reproduced versions of previously unimportant water-treaders. Blank faces made blanker as the originals lose any shading or definition that's not explicit and overstated. Hard cropped squares blur inside the clean edged cuts on top of newsprint that reaffirm only that your taste, your interest, like your access, is cheap and paltry and removed so far down as to depend on approximations as bad and stingy as this. Those that make the decisions for you know you'll go to wherever the feeder is dropped. Whatever side of the rat shit cage they think is best for you and your old claws and worn hooves. The photos are mere washes. They are hints and triggers. You guess. And what little these lives and representations might have meant, in some hideously fooled romantic anything, becomes, now, in withered desperation and wilful implosion, something personally voyeuristic. Absolutely everything outside of one's own eyes is perverted into the personality of the lazy masturbator and owned by him alone. Controls are set long before the digging is allowed to begin. Again and again replaces deeper and deeper. Over and over becomes questions of affordable means and negotiations around trifling illegalities.

It greases up with spit on its hands. It tugs down its filthy silk women's underpants and holds its balls. It leans back and admires its slick size and friendly home psychotic rhythm. It gives in to itself and it sucks and shakes and sicks to incorporate all the minute signs that those littler photos fuck. The editor that ok'd it. The artist that positioned it. The grieving mother that sold it. The journalist that suggested it. The slob that empties the steel boxes that collect sticky silver coins fed in there by sleazy street rats trying to act just like the fuckers on the screens when the channels work.

I went through a long patch of wearing little clipped out shots of baby teen gymnasts near my cock when I came here. Anywhere I put them they were near my cock. The color shots of prissy girls made-up in mother mimicked slather and learning and trophying their stunted growth in the tightest stretch formed leotards. Older than JonBenet and all her model poses, most of these sporty nameless nymphets possess greater ideas about their worth than the dear murdered child I name them after. The market for these dolls is perverse; an entire consumer culture that voraciously feeds on the erotic possibilities of looking anywhere but directly at the only obvious focus. These little bodies moving and bouncing and displaying their tight rhythmic wares needling outrageous, almost Victorian, excuses of propriety and

female replication manners. Their brattish responses to prudish outmoded demands explicit in bum shimmies and the slightest hints of hard nipples poked through the new, daring, shocking, full-paid advertising endorsements all the girls seem to be struggling into this season.

They all look like the little cunts fed drugs to fuck a nd fed speed to learn and fed athletic exercises to split and prance and sell. And this one is showing a bit more of her tucked up ass. And this one, her lips painted much darker than any child at her age should know about, is placed in my pocket and folded and ends up on the floor sandwiched in a new puddle of cum on top and an old puddle of cum on the bottom.

You can't possibly think there's a difference. What the fuck do you think I need your fucking hand for? I can do that at home. Jesus fucking Christ.

The pig waitress that fucks like a trained movie monkey. The seething male pit that, in one fell angry swoop, cups, outlines and unloads your cock from your jeans as he exposes his inadequate hard-on and drops hard to his knees, his washing machine mouth all over the safer parts of you before you can: 1) Put another quarter in the coin box or 2) Say no. The nigger who says "Let me see it" pointing to your crotch but meaning money. The child asleep in a family photo, resting in a learning father's arms, fully clothed nice for some holiday gathering, or whatever, that only registers a hint of a toothy Guatemalan dirt rag pumped up retarded on street glue and stinking like an old tourist's barrio trolling fuck and suck stories.

You think I don't do this at home? You think I don't jack off like you would? Only better. I look at those shots of Ana and her pretend ass supposed to be pulled open and it's all that's allowed. You understand? What else is expected? The last thing I need is your grimy paws on any fucking part of me. That's not at all acceptable. That's not at all what you're here for, idiot.

I don't want to listen to these great big sucking black holes.

I don't want to hear the same noise over and over. I don't even want the next experience. The next fuck in a low collection of fucks.

This is not legitimate. This is hardly worth it.

I refuse to listen to what I already know any more. The only two brands of sexuality on sale, The Eligiac and The Hallowed, are irritating fibs employed by bores who continue to slither underneath unforgiving compulsions and need a fucking social language to help them get more and more from less and less.

I don't want a chance to argue, to eke out more information, to widen my horizons.

My view shrinks as I get older. My peripheral

vision is seriously hindered by blinders that get perpetually longer, wider, darker and closer every fucking day.

I refuse to get any on me.

I let one in my booth once. He was the first one that day, of many that week, that month, the past few buzzing sickening rutting years of human toilets and urinary tract infections.

This pig was the kind that dropped his pants as soon as you offered the invitation in. Early morning porno hours brings the kind who're there to suck hard and fast. Here, however, was the real reason he entered your little hovel: he wanted to let you see what had happened to him.

He wore light sky-blue baggy sweat pants with a rope tie. A long oversized sports shirt in golf green covered his crotch and the knot and he quickly, just a flat second or two after closing the black door to the booth behind him, tucked up the bottom of his shirt under his chin and untied the pants. I saw bad dirty, maybe Mexican, skin. Dark eyes just barely and lots of greasy curly black hair piled in a fat halo around thick brownish pink sliding lips. Not quite a nigger nose. The sweats dropped and he pulled up the shirt even higher. To expose, at once, his half-hard cock pointing straight out with a slight brown ethnic curve behind a smooth darker purplish fat head and his ill-formed misshapen smallish what b-cup size breasts. His long hair was suddenly more important. The curls and dirt were primps and dye. His pock holes and lumpy lips: electrolysis and collagen.

Wrapped up in the sweat pants stopped just below his spread quaking knees were women's used yellowy silk panties more along the lines of old lady bloomers than any sexy lingerie picked to impress or excite. Most likely it was his mother's. Or what he knew or suspected his mother wore. An older sister, the surrogate grandmother that raised him after his poor village parents packed him away to all the glories and unwashed dishes any lucky illegal had waiting on the correct side of the border.

In the time it took him to bend and lick at my fastened jeans, undo the buttons and masturbate my flaccidity as he gobbled at my hairy fat balls, I clocked the rest of the story. I edged his head up to check what else it was I thought I saw.

Huge thick scars like goeey pizza cheese stretched and poured over his torso just under the fake tits he displayed now so eagerly. On both sides. For inches and inches down meted out the entire length of his rib cage to his slight belly. Pinkish tissue molten with twists of his naturally dark heritage and darker to reddish older pain. This was not elective surgery. Unless it was the best that could be done to correct earlier mistakes like injecting candle wax into too slight a bichas body.

His little lump breasts were quite possibly

due to hormone shots alone. The scars may have been a terrible burn accident. That happened long before and were unrelated to his extreme sexual confusion. The scars were too large to ignore. And I couldn't grasp if he was so bent narcissistically that he imagined I didn't see them. He could have been so far gone – after all this permanent scarring and sick body gazing and gender hate and quiet school hid pain and mind softening drugs and old fucking men and fucking dirty mirrors – that he was determined to believe he was someone else entirely and that this ugly selfish act all over him was just a lovely gift that he bequeathed every now and again just as soon as he could.

I ran my hands to his chest and tried to cup the flesh there. I wasn't sure whether to treat him like a woman or a faggot. A fag would expect me to pinch and twist these brown nipples that were still the same small inconsequential size of a man's. A whore would ask for more money to touch them and she'd watch you like a hawk lest you start to get mean. A woman would get angry if you treated her like a faggot. A woman that was trying to appear that she was no longer a faggot, especially.

He smiled as I held on to one gross fatty stale tit. My other hand moved to myself. Now glistening with its mouth stink and inevitable disease. He pushed my hand away from my cock and replaced it with his own. He wanted to be a woman. He wanted to smile in my face as he stroked me as if this would be the best way to soak up and enjoy his perfect sexy feline body. My one hand brushed the fleshy scar mass underneath his mauled dug while my other hand rose to his waist. The scars traversed all that was exposed and were too exaggerated to miss. The only attention possible was towards his obvious deformities. My avoiding and wincing only doubled his arching efforts to draw me back in.

The dreg took my barely touching his damage as a sign to further advertise his personalities. His ass was a woman's ass. Ugly and corpulent and droopy and mottled and, in what I assume was an attempt at altering nature on the cheap, dotted by at least thirty small circular purple thick scabs the size of cigarette burns and cow industrial needle pricks.

I was stained. No matter what I chose to do.

When I dropped my fist back down to my cock, pulling it to keep hard and somehow focused – my mind was threadbare with viruses, bacteria, self disgust and external rising nausea – he took it to mean he should do the same. He started to masturbate his hated mistake. And smiled at me again.

This is what he was used to. Mutual masturbation like so many of these mouth faggots. They've had to settle for this. Since some of the trolls that mine these booths are health conscious enough

to just push it half way. They settle for the closest thing no matter how far away it really is. Thus, he was not going to be popular with those who hadn't turned HIV positive yet. He being a living billboard for the degenerative lifestyle of bugs who burrow into absolutely anything. The trail was bound to end up here sooner or later. The bottom of the barrel. The hand clasped soul stripped of its flesh.

We were together breathing tight in a booth with a glory hole cut into one side. With an eye pressed into it. I suddenly recalled the scene I saw as I entered the joint. This he-she dying link was faced off with another man. They were talking when I walked in the back. The link entered my booth and the other half of this very special, very raw, couple went around to the next booth to watch.

This place is usually crawling with hustlers.

And crawling literally with old men who pay them.

I was fed. I was baited. I was speared. I had been offered up to this husband. This entire tableau; this filthy gut sucking assignation was effortlessly designed by this old man in the next booth. Who used his him like that. Who sold up the sickness and watched it spread and seep and infect. So that he could masturbate the design he liked best. So that he could live this way.

I did up my pants and pushed the wreck aside. I walked out of the store. Straight out into the street. Wondering, not if I should have seriously fucked up the cowering weak husband or made his bottom bitch cry hard all new from a nipple tweak turned nail dug deep to rip or a mouthful of hot stinking vegetable piss that it would have taken just as easily for daddy, but rather, if I should have spent a little more time and seen it all the way through. Digested what was on offer. Used the toilet that had been invented for nothing other than my waste. No matter what objét d'art I'm told it operates quietly as. Instead of going nowhere at all. Back home.

This is what a woman is.

I spend most of my time enjoying things I don't like.

It would be easy to talk to these zombies. It would be sensible to record what they have to struggle to find and sputter. It would be exciting to see them deny and lie and die and it could mean so much more to be done with them altogether.

It would have been different if he wore make-up. On his face. Over his pits and craters and cuts. Over his lips that breathed back into my cock wet with his face stench. Lipstick that would have made his lips entice rather than stick and snort and pull. Face powder to soften the harsh effect of an ugly childhood ended in a peepshow booth sucking deaded cock for a quarter less than a minute. To soften the crumbling edges and bloated puffiness of death and

the ragged mistakes he scraped up on the way into here. Blush dripped and streaked on pancake to slick the brutal failure to live up to even the slightest of expectations. Black to brown eyebrow pencil to make believe and draw attention away from the more absolutely glaring mother squatted, father deposited imperfections and aged histories.

He didn't say a word.

He breathed loudly. And didn't coo.

From deep within his scarred and sliced and folded over chest came the only sound he shared. Mute sex formed by necessity, not design. He didn't even do the best with what he had. He simply sunk. And gave up. And waited. While the husband did the very best with what he had.

On one of the countless trips down the hall, towards the desk, on your way out to the daylight street, you caught one of your charges talking to the quarter clerk. His bald head seemed older and sicker, his thinness seemed more pronounced and angled and deeply cut in pale harsh whites and brown splotch shadows. His fingers picking at his face and mouth seemed frail and crooked and collapsing under the strain. His eyes outlined in watery red as he purposely, though hardly embarrassed, averted your glance by flickering straight into the all knowing evil fat face of the clerk who will now monitor you from brand new AIDS watch gossip. He's another one of the herd that's too smart to walk into the busy death trap he keeps open and running for such a tiny paycheck and ugly frugal lifestyle.

The two bookend slob watch more TV together than talk. The slob bond by not shooing each other away and not asking the other if it's alright to suck his cock.

You sure? Why not? You're not scared, are you?

One waits for money because his boss allows him to. The other waits for cock that isn't exactly as hideous as all the rest that stumbles and strolls under the cheap in here.

His ass is all flab. Cheeks fallen dead in doughy sags. Masticated used muscle hung in hefty lumps on a paper thin skeleton sore frame. He pinches your nipples as you dock cocks. He raises your shirt and sucks.

He gobbles your cock because he can. He strokes all your flesh and laps around anywhere he lusts because he can.

He tells the Mexican glory hole fag to back up so he can see the dick of the mouth that chews and mops his dripping virus. The Mexican burnt mess is typical for this place: small and hard and friendly to his own fist only. The balls even smaller. The Mexican turns around, spreads his fatty clawed and dimpled asscheeks and backs up onto the barely hard AIDS cock. And he gets it. Works up hard inside that sad

slack wreckage and, for the first time in short term memory loss, squeezes and drizzles a sharp rotten load of sick wife and child infestation slid down and soaked inside the Mexican fat glory hole non-speaking wholly sensible faggot's brand new history.

You have no trouble getting hard. You have little shame left as you feel around the ravaged body of the cocked death bent uncomfortably down all over your hard-on.

Your sick slides back velvety thin and raw and open and torn available inside death's open mouth. He darts his pink spotty white tongue on your sac and nestles up to suck hard.

When you suck him you must avoid the head. The open hole to his corpse. Inside that taut helmet that shoves into nothing is a distinct lack of sensation. His balls hang slack and loose and old. His penis limp and long and virtually unable to widen and expand and snap. Still he tries and still you try.

You lick down the shaft to the balled head. Than back up underneath. Into his hair and wrinkles and balls. You wrest the skin diseases from your mind and the filth and taste of all the other carriers before you. He masturbates himself as he backs up to share the sex some more. To let both of you look. To moan and hope and change the study from the veil of his funeral and infirmity and worthlessness and failed promise and the lack of simply anything left to offer or accomplish.

No matter where you die. Or with who. Or from what. It ends here.

He is a helpless innocent dog panting and recalling what he used to do. But his dog's body is severed of legs and sense and his slithering brain still fires off images and dreams and remembrances of what he likes and what he does and how he should do it right now like before.

His body drips off him in folds. His cheeks draw into his withered broken bone teeth and infuses his rubbery watery death with the complete inability to feel anything else but the chemically stunted growth gnaw. He hopes to numb.

Leslie Mahaffy's mother killed her. She should not have locked her out of the house on her final night alive.

She didn't show the proper concern. The queer at home, seroconverting, his diarrhoea trickling out of his wheezing coffin like stubborn food poisoning brown and green rushes of spiked filthy water, masturbates at the same time. On the toilet. His stomach sore and contracted and his flu rendering him a sweaty stiff mass of sex beating anger. Remembers the finer points and strokes up harder like he had done to him at first before the dark mouth and warm lolling cowboy wet excited him enough to cum just like he hoped all his sing song jealous life. Wipes his cock first. Drops it between his

legs and feels the black bug swimming sinking swallowing up the cum stained soaked kleenex as he reaches down and through to smear a little bit of the snotty mess on his stinging sore asshole.

That mouth. That cock. That open tight ass. That pimp. That artwork. That mistake.

This is what woman are. The idea that sends him down on his knees. The idea that mixes his longings and misfires and sad wishes with his prices and chances.

There are so many kinds. Two photos of two lone girls. One is Leslie Mahaffy, kidnapped, raped, filmed and murdered shortly thereafter when her mother locked her out of the house the fourteen year old counted on to be open and safe no matter what. Nothing was that bad. The other photo is of any other fucking high schooler of the same age and mildly reckless disposition.

All girls are mothers waiting to burst. All women are waitresses waiting to be mothers. This child would have grown up to do the same.

You get home and your cock is still rock angry red due to all the pawing and yanking and yawning and nibbling and yearning. You are sore to the root of your gut and sweaty and sick to shit.

You don't ever come home clean. The biology is all wrong.

The promise of the high schooler that looks too much like Leslie Mahaffy without all the mother pain and excuses and trials and tribulations and cheap answers about love and discipline and plans that could have in some ridiculous unselfish way contributed anything to some greater fucking good somewhere else other than the bed she called her own but couldn't just sleep in that one very unlucky stupid unfair teenage lusted fucked and strangled and tossed away bad night. The suggestion of her on her knees like a sharing partner. On her back accepting your offer and calling it love over respect.

There is nothing left to look at. It makes good sense for pornography to be whistling and humming down below these fucks' faces and brains. Video edits of men fucking and sucking each other. And women sucking new hello cock on coke and getting fucked in their cunts for just a few full hours before their assholes by men who'd rather not at all. All on continuous looped play picked any one out of ten. Any scene will do for right now. And, usually, all ten channels aren't all working. I've seen it down to a single channel even. And the records of voluptuous women strapping on plastic dildos and smearing deep red outlined lipstick on puffed labias, slapping saline hard loafs don't matter here. Because of male gaze. Because of the cartoons these beasts have mimicked for men. To pick. Because of their struggle to overcome obvious rejection. Because of the

mad money behind their positions and their bosses and buddies and problems with the kids and school and daddies and barflies and legit TV casting calls. Because of the distinct lack of any cock.

The sound only occasionally kicks in and the video tracking is almost always more than just slightly off. The colors of flesh and sets and fluids are washed and bled flat and compacted more from memory than vision. The connection, the training, the response work perfectly for that. The stupid fantasy echo play and all the cliches that seem acceptable only on stages like the one you share with the video dogs bled tight into the frame of desperate immediate impolite gratification. All over your partner and slapped and slicked inside your open palm and his relative degree of selflessness. A hot steaming closet painted black to match the lack of light that ingeniously foreshadows every single move you slipped right down into. A tiny rank night outhouse pocket that warps as you bend underneath the swell to stuff your ocean sized self with the barest possibilities only.

The muscled marys that follow the dictates of demographics and tastes of dolts scared to hiding of possible obscenity arrest. The thick long penises edited strong and hard and sold inside pure contempt and degradation. And the exaggerations that seem necessary backdrop given the weighty difference between finances here to there. This is what you get for this price. Full stop.

I wad these photos of little children being molested inside these booths with me. Because I want to be close to rape. I want to get just this desperate bit closer. Sad. And no matter what I do here. No matter what happens to me, on me, in me, because of or in spite of me; I know what I'm absolutely doing and getting. Because of the heavily decision'd reproduction from the cheap newspaper or reasonable magazine or dear book that I clipped carefully and folded clumsily and placed on my person in my front cock pocket.

When I cum. It's due to the photo. To that specifically outlined shot. The ideas are the same. The head or hand or AIDS asshole pit that I use to drip inside is the entire body hole of that little moppet sold by her father or mother somewhere and raped and sold again somewhere else again and reproduced and placed directly in front of everyone's spurting hungry sloppy child molesting cock exactly like mine.

There are photos of AIDS victims. Victims themselves. Victims of themselves. Rotting disappearing dogs that twist ugly into memorials in art design conscious condescension owed to the men's club they couldn't avoid inside themselves outside regret.

There are videos of these skulls. Interviews done on hand-held inconspicuous invasive cameras

manned by careworkers and friends and buddies and gleeful lovers and activists that are advertised as brave and helpful and unflinching and truthful and revelatory and sold to fat masturbating air fuckers like me who don't believe the works are even near truthful enough.

Jerk off.

While you look at your favorite porno.

Can you still get hard.

Move your IV back, sweetheart, it's blocking the frame.

Tell me what you're thinking.

Tell me all about your best friend.

Tell me about the last time and all the brutal disappointments pretending to wash them all away by forming this living legacy. Your one last chance. To leave a mark, like a child, to explain yourself, to peacock your medical schedules and pulling teeth and toxic painful pisses under the wonder umbrella of helping those yet to stumble into the same sick DNA strain named precisely after you.

Get one more hard-on.

Show us what you were. What you are. Still.

I could put these photos in my pocket when I go out to these booths. Before I leave, I think about it.

I want these videos played in the booths. The interviews and the instructions and all the concern. Some porno actor twists a condom over his standing meat before he places it easily inside another actor's rubbery tightly made-up asshole.

While some Thai busboy can't wait to hunker down to suck me to my sweaty matted wiry base. As he bumps and grinds on my leg, his short skinny oriental penis dogging up and down to bounce focus and beg reciprocation and slick black vicious brainless burning honesty.

The camera zooms back from a Kaposi's Sarcoma roach and offers some helpful artful context.

The queen who lets me cum in his deformed ass because he already has whatever it is I could only possibly give him. That which he can't afford the right drugs for anyway.

The image of AIDS has changed from wretched lone sick victim to brave mindful wronged survivor. Crushed sexual weaklings under confused controlled healthy glares now morph into Broadway Stars strolling sagely in front of paparazzi oiled caring over fed applause. The cloying activists have won the attention of the great pharmaceutical companies and bask in their FDA sanctioned hope masked moneys. The gay press continues to run smoothly on the back of insurance company viatical ads, but now spreads further and fatter thanks to the finally added benefits of brand spanking new drug money, concerns and pressured government rush jobs. These lowly queer cocksuckers on their bony knees in their falling

transient bedrooms and cheaper than dirt peep booths collapsing under their watery lungs and IV splits now die even slower and poorer. Brain spots and blindness and testimonials breed adrenalin fear for the ones on treadmills and weight training. I suck off and fuck in the new hopefuls. And all the ones that aren't invited to the publishing and market parties. The ones that are too poor and too lazy and too hateful to ask.

I could bring in the new ads with me. Like I could bring the old photos of these wastes dying in their beds with their teary witnessing underneath them. When I slump in here amongst the painted and chipped black dirt and coughing pocket change.

These human sick wombs get exactly what they want. Make no mistake.

A corpse with nipples like thickened pointed long red pencaps raises his shirt and asks me to pinch him while he jacks me off. Face to face I comply. When he turns around and backs into the hard-on he raised he pulls my hands back to his chest. I buck in and out of his dead tissue swimming asshole while I yank tight on his long nipples that ages ago ceased to register the bled dried pain that he needed more and more of. I squeeze hoping he'll bleed again. That he'll scream and cry and act just the way he wants to. I hate the sloppy infected ridges inside his intestines that cut and rip my unprotected flesh. This walking disease so dead on pain that none of it reaches the cortex that begs for it. This simpering murderer who doesn't care about the possibilities beyond his own worn nibbed cesspool overdrive. I cum inside his midget death and he tries to constrict the slackened black shitted hole to feel my pulses and spurts. He bends down at the waist and lets my hands fall from his sunken chest. One human asshole. One human asshole filled. As I go soft he grinds further backing up into my hips and thighs and pushing me flat up against the back black wall stained with shot after shot of carefully lazily aimed cum and spit and anal grease. His shivering unsteady legs tuck in at his thighs and stomach and he clamps tight on my spent withered cock not wanting to let it go from his rushing backed up sewer gut. He pulls and pinches his ugly pulled and pinched nipples the way he likes it. He wiggles and shakes some more. One hand drops between his sandwiched legs around to my wet sore balls and I'm allowed to slip soft and greasy stinking like medicinal shit out of him. His hand slides from my sac to my cock and then back to his. He beats his limp hanging tethered meat whispering loudly and trying to direct me to stay between actions. Like a hug. Dancing like a girl. Like a woman. Like a cunt. Like a cunt that's just been fucked and now seen for what it only is.

When I don't. When I snap my pants up and slap his ass to tell him to move he spins around to show me his erection technique.

I don't suck AIDS.

I like to watch it die like this though.

I like to see it turn all faggotty on spotlight and twitch like it hoped it was sexy instead of just looking like another red dicked possum pumping inactive dead science. All is voyeurism second only to the price you're willing to pay.

I extend to his cock and squeeze hard sliding on his palmed sweat and anal excitement.

Intention sleazes all over his body. His contorted chest and his brown tufts of wet shit clumped ass hair, his balls that he bounces and his hard now fistful of cock that he points directly up at my standing stupid mouth.

My other hand lowers to cup his balls and I yank down. I push and pack up. I squeeze in and manipulate the nuts inside his sac so that his frayed and diminished nerve endings react and recoil. His hands reach to my shoulders to guide my head down to his pleading desperation. I pull hard and slide down on his cock easy salved with the reek of his shit on my hands.

I resist and move my eyes from his dog works to his stunted retardation. His skinny exposed muscleless arms pull his long grasping hands quickly off me and replace them at his own favorite place. He makes a kiss hiss and moans deep as he tweaks his nipples hard up and down and I increase my pace to increase his.

I find men less ugly than women except when they act like them. Homosexual sex is often the quickest road there. And this is soon lapping up vagina and working on some ridiculous clit numb mistake. This turned into christmas and thanksgiving and his birthday and all the lipstick I could afford for one little suburban bar tit grope and sister blow job.

I do want to see AIDS ejaculate.

I want to be here.

He starts to rub my flaccid cock again through my pants. I can feel his inside body outside my clothes, needling my pisshole. Outlining the spent shape and, I suppose, his handiwork. He's far too close. I drop his cock and keep his balls. I move a couple of fingers to his chest and he stops all the action on me back to him. My other hand follows my first and I imagine Bundy biting these sow teats off of his chest and filling my mouth and his sex act with blood and screams and real fucking finishing pain. I pinch harder knowing I don't want his toxic blood washing through my gums or stupid nigger cops washing through my apartment. I press my fingers together obliterating his thick scarred tissue and he squeals like your mother did when she was younger than all of this. He wails on himself harder and faster.

I want him to die and I want to see it. This tainted fucker can't cum without dying. Without poppers. Without getting fucked harder and longer by

bigger and wider cocks, dildos, chairlegs, oxygen blue tubes. Without getting slammed and hurt inside his badly conditioned and armored accepting prima donna body. Nothing barely gets through. AIDS is a kick that makes perfect real sense here.

I placed too many quarters in the coin box. He matched them with more. We were on his time and that time wouldn't end to let me out.

I cupped his formless drooped chest muscles flat and patted his hardly raw nipples flat. Sorry. I gotta go.

He backed up and turned and let me pass, hard-on raging and pants down around the fly soaked floor, white t-shirt pulled off and dropped on the concrete in puddles of filth and nature and death and waste.

I walked out of the booth past the waiting peering peeping fags and hustlers and TV clerk and outside. The death stayed in the booth. And got whatever it was he wanted all over me and the next fat slug exactly like me. Cumming, like the quarters, just controls and marks the time.

What I wanted was close to rape. What I got was close to sex.

There is no such thing as one-sided selfish sex. Unless it is fully rape. Unless it hurts. Sexual hurt. Unless it strips down all that gross stupidity named spirituality or discovery or honesty and replaces it with a wheelchair and speed addiction and sleeping drugs that the rapist only reads about later, by himself, written by some secondhand fed third party removed college student forever pointing a camera in exactly the right places.

Unless it feels like it.

This way honey.

There are no women here.

There is no female equivalent.

My tastes are built on an ever thinning bedrock of women crying and bleeding and hoping and failing and crawling and discharging sick crack addicted babies even worse than themselves.

This pit of pollution with all its carefully hated and unkempt preplanning and its quiet repeated circles of sick dying men with only their raging sex organs hastily exposed wet and pointing is a female filthy pit. Female as in hipped and titted and cunted and made-up and prone and taking and performing and showing and barking and crying and all the rest of the perfectly natural biologically sanctified acts seeping from one's wallet.

This is the original version. Written by Nick Pron and published as part of his book *Lethal Marriage* by Seal Books of Toronto in 1995:

"You know what?" Kristen said.

"What?"

"When I go home," she said, but didn't finish,

possibly because, in spite of herself, she was aroused by the deft tongue movements of her more experienced captor."

This is the revised version. Published by Ballantine Books of New York in November of 1996:

"You know what? Kristen said.

'What?'

'When I go home,' she said, but didn't finish her sentence while staring at Homolka, who tried to arouse the prisoner with her deft tongue movements."

Kristen French was one other girl murdered by Paul Bernardo and Karla Homolka. She was one other girl that was filmed while she was raped by the husband and wife team. She was one more girl rendered whore through the dissemination of child pornography featuring her waning lolita fifteen years long after her death. One more piece of art floating in the collective mind of viewers and patrons all mewling over whether the little darling enjoyed her last tastes of sex before being forever confined to the whiles of exploitive perverts suffering under parent monitored legal parameters.

There's so many streets in any one town. And so few designated for hookers and their drug and health and romance problems. You have to know where to go. You have to know where you're allowed.

You have to work within the frame of organized indulgence. Exactly what is accepted and constitutes, first, a danger and, second, a crime.

Someone will want to correct you and punish you. Someone will work directly against you in secret, busying the excitable minds and mechanics of the city with whatever grandiosely inarticulate tiny thoughts you form and perform all over yourself all by yourself.

"I didn't fuck these children. I'm not responsible for their drug problems and poverty and bad decisions. I didn't make the bleeding holes and indentations where they were held down and paid and drunk.

I don't dare."

These gaps and assholes that pay to come in here and figure out what to do all on their own. Who work out their time and finances and inhalants – this place is pretty fucking cheap – and the difference between a barroom cunt or a high school lipstick gift and all these cocks that hang bigger and redder just immediately after they cum. While they spurt and drip and droop. On the floors that most kneel on.

This isn't a piss you have to take. It's a choice you make. Easy.

This isn't based on some hidden sense or

instinct.

It's art. And art is based on fear. Just like this. My status outside – barely outside – the law is indicative of a dangerous thought process. I am chronic, I'm told. Inside a chronic phase.

But the truth is: This is all extra.

I still have favorites.

"My daughter didn't die for the profit of others."

You have to keep in mind what she was wearing. Something you want to keep in mind. She had been to a wake that night and then a party afterwards. The party was supposed to be somber: a group of kids who hang around together gathering where they always do to drink and get high and flirt and spout idiocies and jealousies. It's just that this evening's frivolities came after the heavenly funereal obligations for some close friends that burned to death in a car crash.

Our new Leslie, all fourteen years of her, wore shorts (a pair of beige knee lengths that she rolled up to even shorter) and a lacy vogue bra exposed beneath a sheer white silk blouse. Nick Pron, the author who suspected that Kristen French cummed also remarked that Leslie's fourteen year old tits were "smallish".

Frank Davey's book on Leslie and Kristen and Tammy's murders begins chapter one with a lovely high school photo of our Leslie. Her long straight blonde hair – that she straightened herself – is pushed back off her forehead and her wide and friendly smile is thus framed by her natural Canadian features alone. The braces in her teenage wide mouth seem almost obscene.

The little pig was videotaped getting fucked by Paul Bernardo and his wife before being murdered and her body sawed into pieces.

The smiling posed photo of Leslie Erin Mahaffy, Age 14 Years is included in color in the Canadian hardcover version of Stephen Williams' book on the case. The clean gold blonde in her long hair is impressive in light of her paler white shining complexion and the thick round heavy dirty gold earring that she showcased by pulling her hair back behind one ear.

The teen pig was filmed sitting on Paul and Karla's toilet pissing and wiping herself.

Paul took close-ups of her fourteen year old vagina and pubic hair, her white panties and bikini lines.

She was makeshift blindfolded and stripped. She initially tried to hide the slight baby fat tummy she had, though she did what she was told to, sexually and otherwise, and drank what she was given. The mom ingrained conditioning to sell and impress and the natural female embarrassment of the wrong

goods to do it with couldn't even be surmounted in such a hopeless useless situation as rape.

She was taped washing herself taking a shower. Paul telling her what to pay special attention to.

And getting vaginally and anally raped by Paul and having her body sucked and licked and fingered by Paul's wife. She responded obligingly to instructions on how to suck Paul's cock the way he liked it and what to do next.

Her wide minor'd mouth where her smile should be underneath the blindfold that kept her thinking she might live through all of this. Her braces hurting her and embarrassing her for what possible good now.

The cover story of the May '98 issue of *Sight And Sound* was of director Adrian Lyne's brand new film remake of *Lolita*. The cover featured a smiling Dominique Swain who played the title character. Swain is described inside the magazine as a "14 year old Malibu schoolgirl".

The schoolgirl is wearing a retainer on her toothy Hollywood smile.

Leslie Dick's review in the same issue records:

"Lyne adds a childish detail in her retainer, which she reveals in a wildly improbable cover-girl smile directed at the stranger. (Later this retainer will perform a key semiotic function, as she gleefully pulls it out, in bed with Humbert Humbert, apparently in preparation for fellatio)."

Leslie's mother killed her. Deborah Mahaffy and her husband Dan. The same mother who wanted the press to know that her daughter wasn't raised to be exploited and who joined with the family of Kristen French to halt the scheduled screening of the rape videos in court and actually hired anti-porn crusader Catharine MacKinnon to come and help with arguments.

Ms. MacKinnon authored the excellent *MS*. (July/August '93) cover article: **Turning Rape Into Pornography: Postmodern Genocide** all about "Rape/Death" camps in Bosnia where the action was supposedly filmed and distributed as pornography as much as propaganda.

"One woman reported that she saw done to a woman in a pornography magazine what was also done to her."

MacKinnon also figures in Yaron Svoray's egotistical and highly dubious book on snuff films *Gods Of Death* (Simon & Schuster, NY, 1997). An earlier book by Svoray remembered how he viewed a film where an "eight or nine year old girl" was raped

and murdered by a gang of neo-Nazis. Yaron, years afterwards, living the good life in Israel, in the first chapter of *Gods Of Death*, is visited by Catharine MacKinnon and encouraged to do an entire book/mission on snuff films:

"She had accepted a speaking engagement in Israel in order to track me down. According to her, in eight years of investigating snuff pornography she had not found anyone before me who had ever said in print that he had seen a snuff film."

Into that circus fantasy one slips one's cock and spews quietly. Leslie Mahaffy's mother directs the action spotlight home and disseminates the full color truth. The clowns fidget themselves running around the edges of the center ring bouncing your consumer attention to the bright lights and pay-off. Pretending that you don't see them in their bright make-up and shrill screams and finger waving and pointing and non-exploitive word hawkings: FREE. FREE. FREE. SPEND. SPEND. SPEND.

Young Leslie's mother was trying to teach her daughter a lesson that night. Leslie was getting failing grades in school and skipping an alarming amount of classes. Teachers were sort of concerned. And so was Deborah. Enough.

Leslie had run away before. Once for a week and the last time for ten days. During this last spate, the ever stern and correct disciplinarian Mrs. Mahaffy changed the locks on the doors to Leslie's home. Mrs. Mahaffy contends that she was meaning to get new keys to her daughter since she seemed to be trying and shaping up again just before her death, but, sadly, never quite got around to it.

Our Leslie came home later than her curfew the night of the wake/party and found the doors to the house locked. Leslie phoned a friend of hers and asked her to pick her up so that she could sleep there. No, her friend said, the last time Leslie had stayed there, Leslie's mother called up her mother and yelled at her.

Luckily, Paul Bernardo picked up the young teen in the early morning hours and offered her a cigarette. He then locked her in his car and drove her to his house to be raped, filmed continually for Ms. MacKinnon's perpetuity.

When Paul and his wife were done with the barely chubby teen and her little tits and wide braced mouth and her tongue and sense and ass and cunt; they strangled her, mutilated her and dropped her parts into concrete chunks sunk in a Canadian Lake.

The Canadian police initially considered fourteen year old white bra'd Leslie Mahaffy a runaway. Not a kidnapping.

Not even crack whores are this lowly and bedraggled; this cheap. Because crack whores are

never cheap. Actually. The danger one slogs through and the diseases one judges and settles on hardly make the cost efficiency post weigh even tolerable. But still, crack whores are fixed by their aesthetic approximations, horrible as they are, and by the selling of their very specific bone crunched living deaths. Their poverty. Their femalia. Their mirror work and culture fits and losses. Their decisions and lack of education, capabilities and bedroom locks.

The male mouths and cocks and fingers and distended assholes and their never unique stench of sex at The Leslie Mahaffy is pure commerce.

The underworld here, the illegality, exists most in just how often they clean the floors. And maybe the slightly paranoid concern of hidden cameras. But cops and perverts isn't the same pressure here. The secrets are heavier; the self hatred and brain screaming epiphanies may be the highest price.

The price is fear. And when you learn that you, literally, can't trust yourself. Not to pass the place up. Not to not walk straight down to the block. Not to not stop thinking about it. Not to just jerk off in front of your TV or in your bathroom or in your darkened bed. With your favorite faded badly folded shots of kiddie porn. Not to crawl. Not to beg. Not to schism. Not to hunt and peck and settle and swallow and bend and peer and peek and offer up absolutely nothing. And still do it. Still grovel. Still hope. And walk away as if it didn't matter what you got or what you expected to be there when it never is.

The long lone dead wiry pubic hairs that I see floating in my toilet bowl after I've sat to take a too tired piss. The same way I see countless other ugly stray hairs in urinals in restaurants and clubs and bars fallen from slam dicked niggers and plump Irish drunks and skinny lying working male whores. The way I left some in this faggot's mouth, on his cock, in his underwear, inside his asshole, up against his haemorrhoids. The way it falls out of his pants onto the dirty barber shop hair floor tiles when he gets home and flops to take a shit just before he remembers his handful of seventeen toxins a day clock. My cum slides and stresses out of his thinning body as he presses and shifts to get his watery sick shit out of him like always. That pungent bite of cum on cum on cum on packed faeces and AZT in rotten intestines and pill packed charcoal stomach wash.

Hits of poppers alone at home. Oily fistled head cleaner bottles that smell like jock itch and unclean male chlorine and my rank showerless balls all kept under the couch in front of the TV.

The solvent opening up new pores in his brain to close even more. To shake that dead dick redder and wider and extending straight out in aim and acceptance. Spreading open pits and craters and membranes to allow more room for tiny germs and

fleas and microscopic nits to lighten and chip at the wobbling immune system. Sterilize it. Tranquilize it. Cover it up. Take it all in. Step back. Open it up. Suck it down. Sniff it up. Close in all over it and turn black one minuscule cancer cell at a time.

You think I don't do the same all over that fucking painting. You think I don't lick up every paint stroke that looks exactly like the collected little hands of every vulnerable sex charge with a cracker placed to its itty bitty mouth just to show exactly how fucking small it is.

A frightened pushy queen stands like me with his back against the sealed peep show booth walls and shoves his English uncircumcised works through the hole. Apologize. Lesley Ann Downey squeezes through one of those open wooden pores and fills that popped fried quaking impulse with endless replications of her baby action mouth up and down and on and back on Ian Brady's Gorbals cock while Myra Hindley watches like a husband.

He only fucked her with his fingers. Finger fucked her till she bled. On his hand.

What I hold is an object. Not an act. And she was just a little baby.

Fucks her baby mouth like the baby mouth that left that tiny cracker crumb on the balls and hairs of her hung abuser. The baby raper who knew enough to genius the subtleties at the camera. See how tiny. How little. Can you fucking imagine an adult thick hard or not cock ever sliding past that thin shredded tight lip and jaw spread. Can you see up close how tiny these small hands are compared to the action and knowledge they indulged.

But it does fit. It fits. And I've seen it fit.

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PRIVATE. SPECIFIC. SOLD.

ONE

"Sometimes, I try to think about what is going to happen to me. Not when I'm dead, but when I'm dying. I'm scared. I get lonely at night. I want my mother to be here with me because I feel so vulnerable. I get panicky when I stop breathing. It's so claustrophobic, if you stop breathing. There's no treatment for me. If I walk in with pneumonia, they're not going to treat it. When I die, I'll die within a week. At this point, I'm so far along that I might wake up some morning with only two more days to live. I do want to be made comfortable. I want as much medicine as I need, to keep the pain away."
(PEOPLE WITH AIDS, Nicholas & Bebe Nixon, Godine, 1991)

"I'm finding that AIDS seems to have taken some of the fun out of washroom sex. People just don'tthe washrooms don't seem to be as crowded as they used to be and not as much activity is going on and they don't seem to be as fun now. There's a lot less sucking going onit's mostly, I think, mutual masturbation."
(URINAL, John Greyson, Art Metropole, 1993)

"Imagine the difference in gay men's lives if we knew beyond any reasonable doubt that oral sex was as safe as plugging in a toaster. Talk about news you can use! Then again, imagine the potential number of lives saved if we learned otherwise but in the process discovered factors that can minimize the risk. The problem is that nobody anywhere is working on the question."
(“Oral Arguments”, Gabriel Rotello, ADVOCATE, Oct. 17, 1995)

"Call me wigger, call me a race-traitor, call me a self-loathing homosexual: I'll just tell you that you are

jealous. I'm just starting to explore the ways in which one can be white and not-quite white, gay and not quite-gay, but the only thing I've learned for sure is that people don't seem to understand. But damn. You should see my trade.

For whatever reason, I am slipping farther and farther into banjee, and it is perhaps fitting to write in the first anniversary issue of DIRTY that I have moved from one of those passable guys who gets to suck the dicks of cute boys getting off the subway at Delancy Street into one of the boys who gets his dick sucked."
(DIRTY, Chris Leslie ed., Volume 2, issue 1)

"I have developed a detailed three page questionnaire which delves into the intimate experiences of exceptionally well-endowed men. I want to find out what sort of locker comments they have encountered, how their partners react when they first see their size, and how they have coped with ill-fitting condoms, briefs, athletic supporters, and trousers. The men who qualify for this study must measure at least 9" from the top when erect (which means that less than 1 in 100 men will be able to participate). For that reason, I need your help. If you know of any man - straight, gay, black, white, young, old - who qualifies, please let me know."
(THE HORSEMEN'S CLUB, Gary M. Griffin, Added Dimensions, 1992)

"I have had a very satisfying life and can fondly recall many of the special outstanding cocks I've sucked over the years, like the one that shot the biggest load, the butch I thought was 'straight' but wanted to be finger-fucked while getting blown, the rough trade type that insisted on calling my mouth his favorite 'pussy', the one that wanted me to hold still while he 'fucked' my mouth, and the fattest one I ever sucked

(I'm not a size freak but this one was so fat with such an unbelievably large head that I can never forget it)." (SKIN, Boyd McDonald ed., Bright Tyger, 1988)

"The essence of fucking, to me, is not penetration per se, but trust: I trust you to be gentle (or rough, or whatever), I trust you to make me feel good, I trust you enough to want your cum up my ass. Wearing a condom negates those feelings, for me, and leaves the act as a simple in-and-out act of penetration. If that's all I want, I can use a dildo. No, I want a man – but not a Negative any longer, not a man who's scared of the juices of my body. The Negative world is defined by fear, ours by pleasure – and it takes another Positive to treat me with the abandon for which sex was invented."

("Exit The Rubberman", Scott O'Hara, STEAM, volume 3, issue 3)

If I crouch down – down to that low level – I can hear – I can fucking feel – the drop inside your skull. I can see and touch and cum all over your masturbating little fingers, your self hatred and ripped apart mouth hole.

That open mouth and pushed flat tongue, those wide open eyes and burning blush are hardly temporary faggot. This is what you smell like. This is what you've become, what you've grown up into.

Back to your hole.

Do you like the cock you get?

With your face stinking like everyone and your wetness and drool, the inside of your head repeating details of hollow mouth, frenetic violent rut, swallow and suck and throat. Pushed up against a hole cut in a cheap wall, in a bathroom or a peepshow or a faggot ghetto club designed exclusively for exactly this, any sliding fat hard cock in your face for – what – a couple minutes will not only do but be perfect. A perfect fit.

Make him cum.

Take him all the way.

All the way in.

Make him cum into you. Onto you. By your best sex giving, sex sucking, sex being efforts.

It was a very thick around cock, and long. Hung down weight. Pointed, wrinkled, dead pink and tired. Naturally, it belonged to a thin boy of about, say, twenty-two or so. He wore white boxer shorts just barely shoved down around his thighs with his meaty balls flopped heavily above the elastic waist band. His hand, at first, hid the head of his cock as he stroked his meat using that rough sort of tease and squeeze technique common to men of that size. Cupped the head and pushed and pulled by squashing his fist around and back and out and in. Through the hole in the wall you spied his darkened ruddish face, glasses and sex stupid stare. Slightly drawn, rough skin,

messy hair; a little too thin for Chicago.

He reached over and tapped first.

Not hard yet, you simply brushed your hand across your crotch to show bulge and interest. Tap back.

He pulled his face away and backed up to show you the half hard-on unencumbered by fist. Wobbly and long and grey with a tight smooth well defined head. He pushed it through.

Your fingers felt its weight from underneath its languid heft. Pulled it. Wrapped a fist around it and tugged. He responded by pushing up closer to the wall and sticking his cock right up to the stem, flattening his balls and pubics up against his side of the wall.

Very thick. Very long. Getting harder.

His meat was sticky. Tacky. He had been in the booth already when you entered yours. Spit had dried on his cock so your hand, your fingers, your palm, felt its flesh snap and mat as you measured, lifted and squeezed. It would smell like someone else's mouth. It would taste like someone else's mouth – their hot tongue, their dry spittoon gums and throat, the red space open inside their head while they try to keep from biting and swallowing and drooling. His cock wanted another face. He pushed harder towards the wall. He wanted another head to fuck. A motion in his ass, a pull in his balls, a rubbing and brushing and washing blank around his cock flesh as he stared at a wooden partition trying to guess what that last stroke was: your fist, your mouth, your wet sliding tongue, you could bend over and wrap your asshole around that hard-on now and let him drive long into your body, into your gut, up inside your shitting sucking works.

How many before you. How long would it take him to get that meat at full pointed quaking attention. Full up animal. How long would you have to work at it, love it, how long did you want to spend. Tasting his flesh, like warm skin, like a scab or a booger when you're just a child, and spongy head and pumping cells that stopped sliding and bending while you pinned your whole fucking existence on that fat fucking hard-on. Spitting and wetting it down and stroking it up and staring at it, at your work, at what you want. Hard and blood rushed and slimy and ready to cum so you poke your pointing tongue into that hole on the end of that stretched pink smooth helmet to taste and search for the body inside of that beast. Lap tickle eat those hairy heavy balls. His curly black hair patch all wirey and coarse and matted, his vein and bumps and tightness, his motion, his responses, his cum inside someone else's mouth, asshole, cock, AIDS.

You suck it. You bend over and suck it.

Swallow and deep throat it. Tongue the bottom of it and eat his meat inside your crowded panting head.

Swallow someone else's gut. Some other slave dirty fuck's filthy rubber on someone else's filthy pissing dick.

Pre-cum. Inside that hole, down his thick long stem into his balls around his nerves, his stomach, intestines, out down his prostate and flexed into his skinny little pinched dirty prune shitted asshole.

Turn around. I want to suck your ass.

That dried spit taste is yours now. All you have now is burning you; hot and wet and transformed like a fat ugly dog lapping and eating someone else's greasy waste, anyone's hole. Sniffing up a stranger.

Do you think you can cum again?

As you settle into animal rhythm.

I'll know when you're ready.

Do you want to suck that up too?

Dogs don't know better. Dogs don't know anything. Dogs are made for this.

Bugs.

Lice. Can crabs scurry up a dick into a hot mouth, does your spit, your fat lips slick them out of that black pubic nest and do you eat them along with the yeast and stink and flesh and spit and stick.

What comes first: the loser or the loss?

You have to be this way, don't you?

Who fucked you up like this?

There's a certain strain of glory hole slob that likes to show off its prowess. You feel this sort of primped hog on the end of your asshole and it's bad enough. To watch him work on someone else is worse. PR terms like homophobia and intolerance mean nothing next to the, very sexual if you like, urge to see the cocksucker hurt, bleeding and crying. There is a sense of craft that reads mindless and weak and, in its self-importance and singularity, comes across as confrontational. Designed, as it is here, to entice. Men look hideous in this position. As do women. But if a vagina provokes an urge to mutilate like a stomach worm provokes an urge to vomit, then a cocksucker – his head cracked open like the best cunt he never had – deserves to know exactly what it is he's playing at. Which only you can explain.

Came in here looking for a pig.

Came in here to celebrate all that is unfair.

All the little rats that can't keep their jaws above the rushing sewer black water. The rats that drilled their ways out of their little concrete holes – coming out, declaring themselves in bright white chiffon lights and back pats, hugs and angry parental cartoons – and up into the bottom of the world. Sweaty short matted dysgenic rodent coats scraped and bloodied and patched, pointy evil little stubby teeth chipping and digging and ragging on the fat bloated worn brethren in front of them: blocking their way, their turn at the hole; at the drop feeder. The grosser ones who don't know their sickness. The ones who clean up, pay and

lie. Mice, just as dirty and infected and rotting, being chewed slower and even more painfully by the cramped cages it keeps dropping itself into.

Came in here to look down. To lift up my shoe and see the cum on the floor turn to a small stain. Saw the kleenex and rubbers and thick wet puddles of dead waste – piss, cum with parasites, infectors and drugs. The chlorine stink that bites less and less from the nigger's \$5.00 an hour mop and more and more from the spent cocks of cock hungry mama's boys.

Do you work here, or just hanging around?

I help out.

He's got two very clear sores – like little warts, one right on top of each other, or rather, right next to each other like a deep inverted staple gun scar – on the top of his long cock.

Suck it.

He's already hard. And standing straight up in the air like some showered teenager who can't wait for a kiss or a piss or a pat. And doesn't really know the difference.

His speech has that irritating, slightly southern lisp. That affected fag or traditional white trash slide.

He stuck his finger through next.

He licked the head of my dick in even concentric circles and beat the shaft so quickly and so steadily that cumming was strictly relief. Which is all it ever is, probably.

I can tell when I cum into someone's mouth, when all I can see is the wood in front of me. My cock twitches and expels and the mouth clamps tighter. In the best cases. I can feel the back of its throat, a bit busy because of the orgasm, but this wet warm roughness is there. And you draw back clean. He wasn't going to lick the cum off the end, just swallow it straight down.

I could give it AIDS if, I hear, his gums are bleeding or he has herpes or a cold sore inside that head cunt.

He's still beating off. Still working it. Usually they cum at the same time, or before, I think.

"You belong to me now," he says as I button up and turn to walk out.

What does this waste do? What goes on in that house at night; let alone in his brain. In his dingy little apartment. His sick little life, his lonely faggy words.

I see him sitting in a chair – that his mother bought him a long time ago – just staring off into space. His right leg has gone from twitching to pounding. Uneven nerves constantly shaking and tapping as he just forgets himself if he can. Nervous about what's happening, what's not happening and what, exactly, he's not doing right now.

TV is boring. Cable is paid for and wasted. He searches the channels for sex scenes. Insulting stupid

plots only designed to show fake tits once in awhile. The news reports have all been used up between 4:00 and 7:00 and he just can't fucking sit through the same fucking things again. His CDs are all the same. The food is all the same.

He's just watching, thinking, imagining what his bed would feel like if he could sleep. If he felt like sleeping rather than just having a decision made for him. His leg shaking all the way through his hips into his stomach.

It's not me that's wrong.

All cocks are the same. Size queens try so hard to put personality where it doesn't belong. Everyone is flat as soon as they walk, cock first, through the door.

After all these years trolling around for mouths to fuck and cocks to suck, the part of the act he hates the most is seeing what pig comes attached to the meat.

At the holes – better than the fake baths that barely exist or the tea room pop-ups or faggot bars; he never goes home with anyone anymore – he's grown disgusted with those games. He doesn't even worry about cops anymore. If he's looking to feed, he just stuffs his wobbly soft cock through and waits to be serviced. He's yet to be arrested or turned down outright. No matter how limp or unwashed for how long or scabby he is. Most of the time the lurching breaks down before a full hard-on is reached. And if he's looking for meat, he refuses to bend and peer. He just juts his finger through the dark hole and drops and licks and sucks hard when served. Like a zoo. Size is for the queens and dykes. For the new boys and the lost. All the same thing.

He doesn't want to know what he got: just some penis. Some part of a man who means less than shit. Some sex act. Some sex. Some internal confusion. A fat long thick one that tastes like some greaseball's fist or a short stub, uncircumcised, that sucks hard too quick and cums too politely. Tall and thin, and slow to get hard should read HIV positive, because of its popularity. Fat ones mean laborers. Beer guts and cake guts and shy locker room wife problems. Too many tasted like someone else's dirty breath. And bad manners.

T-shirts he'd see. Bad jackets. Suits. Stained and shit lumped underwear. Some rude motherfuckers who'd put condoms on before slipping it through. Ask, cunt. Let me see you unwrap the thing before I tap you back. Push you back into your – suburban – hole.

Size is nothing now. Taste and smell are irritants. The place he goes to the most reeks worse than any nigger plug package anyway: the fat fuck who runs the joint weighs some four hundred pounds and can barely be moved to give change for the slots these days. His huge black nigger dollop neck is strangled with tumours. If not thick black keloid knife

scars.

Any cock comes through, he sucks. Any mouth that shoves itself into the wall, first, he fucks.

That belly motherfucker needs an iron lung. His wheezes and farts and sloth are what's really at root here. And his disdain or indifference or capitalism, nigger-style, just rots everything in slow time. It's his stink that covers everything.

Stick your balls through.

Nice mouth. You got a nice mouth.

Watch your teeth, asshole.

Blondes.

Children. Sixteen could be eighteen to that fucking blob at the door. They want to learn and are so worried about AIDS but give up so easily. Fun would be watching them trying to get to sleep at night: hating themselves. And their bodies, their cocks, their hands and mouths and assholes. And the chance is great that they'll pass it on to some – innocent – victim.

Big brown two-tone dicks that hook. Bellies that get in the way. Cunts who want to play trade.

They are all the same.

The only personality is the wood inbetween. Painted black. Which is what you fuck. And what you're here for.

First it works like this. You trot in so full of lust and stupidity and all you do is feed yourself to the animals. Desperate little doggies who want, simply, a cock in their mouth and cum, sometimes, in their throats.

You look into their little world of videoscreen and locked plywood and watch them tug their hard-ons and pull down at their balls. Bend to check their faces: race, job, style, approach, looks, manners, mistakes, attitude, size. Then you fuck it. The wood with tongue and warm teeth and fucking lousy technique.

Cumming is cumming. After awhile you piss. You have your shithole lunched out. You get notes. Instructions. Please, sir. Money. Visitors. Friends. Barking dogs and lessons.

And when you start to learn the meaning of glory holes and easy faggot sex you understand that you have to suck cock. Because that, actually, is what you want.

There's no such thing as a top or a bottom. There's deluded cartoons and posey safes. There's fags. There's niggers. Cocksuckers. Ugly limp dicks on old men who you can actually watch twitch into Parkinsons'.

And then you start to measure. You start to make up stories and personalities and meaning. You start to desire and search and worry less and less.

And you don't like it.

Eating male is the exact same thing as fucking a cunt. Fucking an asshole is sucking some

cunt and fingering some clit. Getting slammed on all fours, your asshole rimmed and rosebudded from a plastic fat slimy dildo and your intestines soaking up someone's puddle of cold cum looks just like your father popping inside of your mother's inhuman bestial slash. With her eyes shut tight just like you.

He doesn't care anymore.

But he does it again and again.

The boy was sitting facing the wrong way when he went into the booth. All ready to finger poke or cock feed, he was surprised a bit by the eye facing the wrong way staring at him through the hole in the wall.

He bent down to whisper: Fuck off.

But the boy bent down and laid on the cold concrete floor. He put his eye into the hole to see where the boy disappeared to.

The boy huddled on his knees, on the floor, like he was praying to Mecca. The boy was completely naked. His naked boney back and ass cheeks clearly visible in the blue flicker video wash.

The boy dug into his asshole with a backwards hand. He was shoving a dildo in. Further. Out and in again. A dark dildo that was hard to see. Size being important, suddenly, again.

The boy slowly raised back up to see if he was watching and interested. He was. Huddled back down. In and screw; further; in.

Up again to see the reaction, the boy now wants to see a cock. Wants to suck on it. Wants to service. Wants, obviously, to eat cum and drink piss and lick the shit off of fingers he'll dig in only for that meal: nothing else.

But he wants to see more.

The boy bends back in his kneel and displays his soft loafing cock, he grabs his balls and penis in his hand and bunches, tugs and droops. He prays to Mecca again.

Hands back to his ass. His face lays flat on its side facing the showhole and he starts to dig without the tool. He spreads his cheeks far. He moves his head and stares flat down at the floor. The video colors his back but the hole he's playing in is obscured by dark.

The boy is shitting. There in the booth. But he can't see the shit or the squishes, or dirt, just the strain read in his back, hands and face focused hard on the floor.

He starts to rub his pants, his crotch wants some of that messy shithole. Some mouth. Some of this fucking filth.

The boy has won and comes up again. Presses his tongue through the wall and wiggles it out. Look for shit. Do you eat your own shit? Do you smell your shit? Cock slides in neat and fills the warmth inside that hole. The boy laps it long and presses his lips all the way to the splinters. Hungry,

angry, giving like a mouth slave, a mouth pig, a human male cunt.

He gets hard and time starts to dull. He pulls out. Soaked. Shit stink cheese. And knows the boy wants something else anyway. He backs away, straightens out, and beats off a little. Shows the boy his sloppy work. Let's him admire the mess he's made: what he wants, he pretends.

The boy gives him a little yellow post-it note. Carefully printed beforehand in neat faggy pencil.

FAG WANTS TO SERVICE. TREAT HIM AS YOU WILL.

HAVE YOU EVER WANTED TO BEAT SOMEONE TO DEATH WITH YOUR BELT? THIS IS YOUR CHANCE.

DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE.

Death registers in his head. His cock has lost its girth as he waits and he sizes up the scene.

Another fag with AIDS. Another death just waiting for time to take him away in sick parts. Another stabbed and bleeding dog for the hot garbage heap.

He wants to see him in the light now. See the Kaposi's. See the scars. The cancer. Smell the AZT. And feed him his body's wasted dead cum. That is what the boy deserves. What he thinks he needs. Right now.

Needle marks. Clothing stores that accept donations only. Old mothers and sisters and candle light parades. This is what smells here. Perfect. The hard-on starts to beat again in his balls and greases up his asshole.

He turns to the hole and drops his pants to let the boy taste his shit. But then he figures, quickly, that he doesn't want to be naked here. Wants to feed this dying boy loads of human garbage and then, yes, beat him into a crying begging angelic bloody pulp. His boy eyes puffed out red and shut black and blue. His lip three times its usual fag droop size and seeping blood and embedded teeth torn into and out. His nose slashed and broken.

The belt buckle should be concentrated only on his face. Let him live with a face like frankenstein for the last year or so into his wet hospital bed. Make him blind before the lack of blood cells does. Make him deaf. Knock out every tooth in his lumped and broken skull.

And leave his prick alone. That point of entry. That lord.

How helpless can you be. How pinned down and ripped apart till you shriek for the landlord. How much death can you beat. How much can your mind talk your body into deserving?

He turns back and hitches his pants up. Tucks his cock in and adjusts his balls.

The boy lowers to Mecca. Probably for the dildo again.

He keeps the note and opens the door, walks out, and hopes the boy understood he wasn't coming over to his booth.

I know this fuck-up whose thighs and legs and calves, even his ankles and tops of his feet, are spattered and streaked with long thick deep red gouges and slices. This beast's particular mania is to be blown while the cocksucker attacks his legs with steel combs and wire brushes. He showed me some scars that came from razors and jackknives. He liked to turn a blow-job into a full on face fuck while he started to feel the sides of his meaty legs getting slashed and scraped and chopped. Motherfuckers jab me and scrape and scratch. When I cum it's so fucking far into their throat I can taste what they ate all week. Some scars were raised red welts that looked fresh, while others seemed to be melding into twisted peach and pink fat flat veins closer to bark than flesh.

I like to rape their faces. I like to feel them want to get away and hurt me while I attack them. I like my own blood sliding all over myself and the feel of my cumming at the same time.

The inside of that pisshole holds some fascination. The way he pinches the cock head and spreads the hole open between his two fingers. Curls the tip of his tongue into a point and dips it down into the open black pursed space. Discharge. Piss. Nothing.

Some half nigger fag bends over a wooden plank in a little booth upstairs at the Bijou. The only light comes from a TV monitor showing porn films and the half-caste seems even darker in the buzz and shadow. All you see is his back, half of his face when he turns his head to look at you behind him, and his hands spreading and yanking his ass-cheeks far apart. His asshole is in that black you can't exactly make out just below that quick line of flesh/flicker cathode flash up his boney tail section. When you're inside that asshole, when you feel his weight squeeze against your cock and up into your balls and stomach, you watch only your hands. That grab his throat and push his neck and head down into his chest and you pump him: cock into fists. He is just this wretched thing you wrapped around your dick. And the noises he makes. The slipping you feel. The rhythm he constantly varies and bucks and blows. And exactly: the way you easily found that little hardly tight hole in the pitch dark.

I absolutely refuse to wear rubbers. Sometimes I tell them I will and then just leave them off. I absolutely hope to give them AIDS. This specific dysgenic loss didn't even ask. Sucked me hard and needy and turned around and bent spread. Far. Down. Apart. In. And taut. Ridged greased snot flesh. Which, all, certainly, means he's infected.

In the light he'll look chalky. His mother was black; Jamaican actually. I'm looking for weakness.

Sores. I want him to tire quicker and faint and bleed alot more. I didn't feel any shit, I didn't stink when I pulled out, I just pumped out slick and half soft.

Some other hole, some middle aged faggot on his knees, will lick that smell off of me. Taste this disease's chewed insides and sick. Before that, I have to pull my pants up from my ankles, fasten my belt and button my fly. The nigger gets dressed much more slowly. Measured. He'll want some talk, a hug and a tongue or, much easier, he'll adopt that dogmeat cartoon he likes: used up and lonely and giving and rejected and empty. Fine. I'm looking, as politely as I can, as always, for Kaposi.

I'll tell you this:

I've been in that booth before. The very same one. Lots of times. I've been in most of these. Some have just holes in the sides so you can pick the dick you like best of two. Some have only one hole. Some don't have holes. A few have monitors, seats, planks or room enough for more than two.

The last time I was in this booth, I sat on some queen top's neck and shoulders and fed him cock. Faggots watched through the glory holes. He beat himself off while I humped and pumped into his mouth and across his face, my one hand on my cock all over him, the other alternatively a clenched fist left in the air just above his forehead or clamped to the edge of the plank to steady my more violent shoves.

He wanted to be slapped. I wanted to piss. But didn't. He tried to stick his fingers, and his tongue, into my asshole but I was sat too flat and let him know by remaining that way. He didn't want me to cum in his mouth. I didn't. But on his cheek and forehead and into his hair. I was doing most of the work on my dick, keeping it going and bent toward his slobbering gump so he could lick and slurp and pretend he was getting somewhere. He kept his mouth clamped tight and got mad after he peeled himself off the floor of the Bijou's blow-job booth.

I know this cunt liked it. I know he thinks I'm an asshole as well. I know exactly what he jerks off to at home. He wishes he could have taken some of that jism into his throat and across his clenched little teeth.

I've been presented with assholes rather than cocks at the holes. I've been offered cops' mouths and friends' shared erections. I've tasted cock that tasted like my last meal.

I know what a bad blow-job is. I know what makes it lousy: I know what I'm looking for, not what some fucking god has designed for me to find. And a bad blow-job is anything but sloppy self-concern and scraping teeth.

There is a beast that sits in the middle booth at Adult Books on Clark. As you walk to the back, before the stage area where drugged slatterns implode behind glass for dollar tokens, there are two rows of

preview booths on either side of the walk. Four booths to a row; three of the booths on the right have open glory holes. The first booth has its glory hole shut with paper and cardboard and tape. It costs a dollar to get in the shop. For browsing. The preview booths take quarters. The video lasts for maybe a minute and there are quite a few channels to choose from, though only a couple will be clear and free of tape wear, static or tracking glitches. Very cheap. And if you're the overly excited type, the shop workers usually don't check to make sure you're feeding the machines.

However, the red light above the entrance to your booth that lets the workers know your screen is on, also alerts cruisers to your presence.

More often than not, there'll be the beast in the middle booth. Something you can stuff your cock into. The beast will be sat, panting and sweating, to take it from either side.

More often than not, this beast will be one specific mistake. A huge fat white bearded and balded blob blubbering over a small wooden stool with his pants bunched down around his ankles, his Y fronts clearly stained and held only half way down his legs. His belly hangs far over his thighs, his penis is only visible when he leans far back to pull at it: to show you he's interested, actually. He is perpetually soft and has the smallest dick ever. Virtually no shaft at all. The tiniest little helmet head and balls that seem sucked up inside his puckered bruised moldy immense girth.

You see this quickly. As you scope. And decide.

He spends the better part of his day here sucking at long cock. He presses his bloated puffed face up against the wall and jabs his short gross stuck Santa Claus tongue at you. He ties up the action for hours; the suburban cocksuckers are defeated by his hogging the middle booth and thus controlling all possibilities. It's get sucked, by him, or nothing and nobody else.

He's learned to suck cock. The way you hate, actually. Professional faggot style with an overwhelming need, abnegating lust pig burn. The inside of his fat face, his deformed and pressured skull, his short bulged winded cheeks and slob tongue are, at once, designed to tell you all of this: Gut fat sucking to give you what he wants. A cock in his head, bobbing up and down, licking the bent forward shaft and housing and brushing the spongy angry head.

Put your balls through.

And you jerk at yourself by slamming up against a wall while he licks and pokes and presses and pops at your hairy sac.

You want me to tell you when I cum?

And he doesn't answer. Fair enough. You have to stare at the wall, you have to consciously imagine:

fat fuck, squatting, pulling and pinching at himself, his teeth, his tiny poke, holding and forming and squeezing and flobbering his pigness. You fuck: his entire head bashes up and down more violently on you, never slowing down, he stopped sliding and slurping and staring as he decides this is now the time for you to cum into his hog throat.

You'll draw back smelly. Like his face. And drier than his mouth that gulped directly into his mauled guts.

There is a boy hooker who, a year ago maybe, wouldn't suck your dick. Would only give you a hand-job and figured he was only there to be sucked off.

Fine. Just jerk me off and drop your pants. Let me watch you play with me; you understand.

He hung around outside, mostly, too young and cash obvious to last for long inside where the proprietor used to get nervous easily. He'd want you to take him home, to a motel or for a cup of coffee which meant a nearby alley - which, because of his well known reputation in the neighborhood was a very dangerous and stupid prospect.

He's older now. And just another fag. I think he works at a porno theatre down the block.

And he knows me. And I don't even see his miserable hung white cock and skinny flat stomach while he sucks and eats and asks me to let him know before I'm ready to pop.

I hope to fuck he's dying. I would bet my life on it.

I know it's none of my business but...

What is the correct way to jerk off an old man? So that he'll cum quick and not cause too much trouble: not complain about the money, not try to force your head down to his struggling hard-on, not pull at your nipples through your cheap second hand/second day T-shirt or pull bruises into your balls, thighs or ass.

How to keep him content and stupid and away from the realization of his dog status.

How to just keep the singular focus. The idea that you're only going to do this and nothing else and the right kind of talk that understands, accepts and just not quite desires. Coddling and sharing and affectionate selflessness are those red flag areas that could just as easily invoke rage and real fucking physical danger. Cash ready placidity. And all the available personality of a clean toilet.

You don't want to be beaten up. You don't want to be raped - which, in this case, is defined by price and chemical disposition. You need to be paid. And you'd like to be able to wipe his cum off the car seat with your hand. Not your mouth or your hair. It's important.

Some of these men - these overfed, fat, desperate, grasping, lazy men - are physically

nauseating. Beyond their personalities, beyond their lack of self-control and strength, beyond their comfortable mistakes at hygiene and discipline. The money they don't miss. Beyond the skin color and lube. The grease. Making you sometimes vomit up their taste in the outdoor bathroom of some McDonald's or, worse, between the beer isle and cardboard cookie stand onto the tile floor of some dirty 7/11 knock-off at around 3 a.m.

On a busy Friday night in November, 1995, eight to ten police officers raided the Ram bookstore, arresting four men and charging them with public indecency.

The Ram is only ostensibly a bookstore. Once a patron is buzzed through the front door, he sees to his left, a wall of out-dated and worn gay porn rags and, to his right, videos for sale only. The counter that faces the entrance has a large sign advertising the backroom for \$10.00. Scrawled at the bottom of the sign, in big angry black marker, is YES! THAT'S TEN BUCKS! NO IN/OUT PRIVILEGES!

The video room is large and sprawling and surprisingly clean, having been completely renovated not so long ago. There are small video screens showing porn in various rooms but almost all of the space is taken up by black painted booths, some with glory holes, others with just unlocking doors. There are the ubiquitous red lights everywhere. There is a side room that houses carpeted benches and personal video screens in larger – buddy style – booths.

The next month, the Cook County State's Attorney dropped the charges of public indecency. Andy Knott, a State's Attorney spokesman, was quoted in the *Windy City Times* ("Chicago's Gay And Lesbian News-Weekly") as:

"From a legal perspective, this was not a public place."

There was some pressure put on the mayor's office, by the organized gay community who saw the arrests as harassment, to drop the charges. The Ram's window, which displays only a closed curtain, is painted with the legend: A GAY TREASURE. And the owner of the cocksucking emporium, a vocal member of the community, takes that legend very seriously. He quickly rallied support for his cause while the four arrested men struggled to keep the whole episode as quiet as possible.

Even the uncharged witnesses to the arrests preferred to remain anonymous. The week of the bust, one shadowy individual told the *Windy City Times*:

"The police were kicking in the doors of the booths and shining their flashlights onto people."

Because the cruising is done in a dark but open maze – faggots leaning against the entrance of the tight booths, staring and quiet and sizing and posing and hoping – but the sucking and face fucking and rimming and fagging is done behind the closed

doors of the individual booths, what the entire building is created for is not considered public.

The reality, here, however, is that "public" translates to something very specific. Something that has nothing to do with the amount of eyes that could possibly view whatever acts performed at whatever time however easily. "Public" accesses the available, wanting, ready and uncontrolled.

The design of the Ram, like the atmosphere of similar blow-job houses (like, for example, the immense Bijou or the heterosexual oriented mall-like circus of North Avenue Books, recently closed due to "public health" violations) offers absolutely nothing to a public. It has everything to do with access and facilitating needs ripped from damage and brutal confusion. It's all very private. And personal.

Public, here, means natural. And natural includes acceptance, need and a larger sense of unity. And all these words, these convenient and empty words, are mere excuses for an overpowering lust – a useless and mindless search misunderstood as drive – that the patrons of these places can't question let alone fight. Which is why nature, like god and love, make such popular stop-alls. It's hard to argue with a hard cock in your mouth.

And the intensity – the singular heated focus – of this natural drive is exaggerated by the violent pall of AIDS that virtually hisses and howls with every tentative cock stroke and tongue probe. It simply can't be helped. Monkeys hooked up to electric shock centers that massage sex and drug impulses.

There is no such thing as nature.

There is no primitivism that allows for, or defines, the ugly silly little degenerate acts you find yourself behind. The ones you give yourself over to, the kind that mirrors failure, backs up lust or surrenders control and sense.

There is no love. Warmth in safety. Motherly care doesn't exist except as very clear mistakes. Like your father understood when he got the fuck out of there.

Respect is a mark of condescension. Pride is empty advertising and only fleetingly fashionable.

Do you know what a mouth pig is?

Details are important. Reality is on trial. Proof and trust and context are everything.

Mouth pigs are glory hole faggots.

Cocksuckers. Made, not born. Male.

Only clowns and misfits forgive. In sex. And only lesbians wrap it around themselves as a protective lifestyle quilt. These beasts that crawl in here looking for healing are looking for religion. They find sex because they're lost and sick with themselves. Which is, more probably, a fine definition for nature.

Which may be exactly what you're looking for.

These seething faggots line the walls of peep

shows and movie houses, bathrooms and bushes; all running down checklists inside the corner of their little black burning brains. One list alternates with the other; one is philosophical, the other practical. Both are available. The first is studied:

Guilt.

Self-pity.

Ego.

Disgust.

Revenge.

Weakness.

Nature.

Purity.

Will.

Love.

Lust.

The second list slithers all over them: size, weight, that quick lick that'll produce the exact effect: either in the cock or the mouth. So called seduction. So called cute, romance, taste, acceptance.

It is this last list that is so cutting and perfect. Reality lies only inbetween what one wants and what one will settle for.

I can think of nothing, right now, more attractive than watching some faggot rot away live – half life – from AIDS. I've got memories and I've got photos. I've got a notebook and some videos and all sorts of theories and statistics.

Cotton dry and sore mouths hung off skin stretched over skulls so clear it must hurt just to feel the blood in his brain. Collar bones that jut right out of their neck and shoulders, and straight out of the high shadow black and white photos that some cunt art student was apparently so brave to bring to us. High foreheads and lumps, chemo-hair traces and brittle wisps, dead eyes wishing something could stop hurting this much. Long alien gangly arms made of glass bone. A stupid sick baby smile. With those black burns and blotches and scars and pokes and new holes and leaks. Pinched around the edges and raised and puffed out and cruel. Melted seared skin attached to the underside of those spindly arms and just above the eye and on the ankle and his cheek and all the fuck over his back:

That someone watched flex and bend against the cock he pushed deeper and deeper into that asshole. Watched that spine curve and buck and take that cock into the space behind waist, penis, thighs and intestines. With skin that sits like rolled soaked paper towels inside his guts that rips slightly and seeps with the virus that the good someone plowing into his insides feeds into the whole family in just one loaded pop and spew.

A tall thin man that, no doubt, reeked HIV, dropped his long soft cut and taffy cock through your side of the hole. He would suck you off later splashing

your sperm fully into his sucking swallowing head and licking your cock head back and around while you got soft on display, you figure, for the faggot seeing through the glory hole on the other side of the AIDS death wall. But now he hops his flaccid cock up and about in your booth by wiggling his ass and twitching his feet on the other side. Suck it, he moans. He coos. And you grab its length and massage its underside and rub the tip of the head: where the piss hole puckers up and open. You slurp at it and engulf it with your mouth, hopefully not letting any of the virus into your bloodstream. Into your head. Suck it, he says again. You pull off and try to force a finger inside that piss hole. You want to tear it open. With a long finger and jam that boned digit all the way inside and down into his faggot body and rip the finger through the stem that you sucked and licked and tasted. You want to razor blade that thing in two and wash in the screams and blood and all before he gets hard this time. Before you pull your head away so that he can cum into the air and not into your blood.

AIDS is everything. You don't have it. And he does. And I'm glad he does. It wouldn't be the whole thing – it wouldn't be anything – without this virus that makes you die so slowly and weakly and paints you with every bad luck mistake and ill-thought and, completely, every weakness that forms every bit of your brain and spinal column. You know; your personality.

The inside of his head felt like every other. Warm, wet, piggish and busy. Annoying when ticklish.

I felt what I did. And what I saw. At least I tried.

My hands around his head, my ass clenching and pumping back and forth into the hard head I cupped hard and held steady. I felt his drooly loving mouth and lips and saw his crewed black hair. I knew his eyes were closed except when he tried to look up at me. Which I discouraged by forcing my fingers tighter into the sides of his hair and ears and pumping faster and meaner.

He had started out like all the other faggots: he licked and slurped and brushed and stared. I felt my cock grow harder and harder from the base of my balls tightening to the tip of my stretching fat head. This happened because I settled into the business at hand and let my ass fuck his face. Like a dog.

I felt his bottom lip mostly. His tongue slapped my cock and balls whenever I'd let him. I worked out my own rhythm by spearing his mouth; by using his head on my hard cock like a bucket slab of hard dying meat on the fat end of a blunt sticky meatpacker's fist.

I know what cock tastes like: hot. And muscle. And you taste your face and brain as you buzz around some alien appendage – some animal design – that requires you to do that right then. Only.

My penis and sac were clean of the stinging sour piss he had splashed and soaked over his face and hung yawn dripping with those dead closed eye wincing and shakes. Aimed at his cock because he leaned back onto his wooden floor and thrust his erection at me, one hand masturbating his thick length, the other positioning his body up behind him. On his knees, his head now at an angle furthest away from my standing legs and pissing cock, he tried to waggle his tongue in the air, at me, as I pissed a steady flow from cock and balls to chest and shoulders back into that faggotty cloying face.

Don't you fucking spit it out. Don't you fucking dare.

Glistening and slippery and formed in my waste, he glommed onto my cock and started to suck. I felt his cheeks draw in and his hand run up my leg and thigh to my balls.

He had told me before he had waited for this. He had blown me before at a glory hole joint. He asked me, after I pulled out of his sweaty smelling face, to, please, cum in his mouth.

I knew to cum in him.

I smacked his head – on his ear, hard. The dog kept sucking harder, both hands pulling and pushing at my thighs and ass and ankles and all over my legs as he growled and tried to jam his face all the way into my body, my cock balancing him, his whole head rending and sucking and chewing.

I yanked his hair. In thin bunches cupped by the insides of my palms, my fingernails scratching and closing tight around his ears into angry mean direction.

When I cum, cunt, I want to see it spray on you. I want you to lick the air and see me deposit my filth onto you.

He resisted, clearly he wanted it directly in his throat. Into his mouth, behind his teeth, flat and warm and thick on his palate. A warm suppurating sensation in my balls, in my ass and through to my cock to my head and throat. I filled that black hole wrapped around my dick, my pig inside his existence, and felt every drop and spurt hit his gump and lips and queer begging face.

It was a mistake being naked.

I wanted to piss on him again.

He started to lick my balls and moved a finger around to my ass, his head followed between my legs and he started to kiss, and lick and dig.

His hand massaged and jostled and hurt, tightly, messily, desperately, my sinking balls and still thickening red cock.

He started to open my asshole with his tongue. By careful continuous prodding and gentle sucking and pushing his entire face up on, in, on top of my ass cheeks and furrowing his nose and lips into my crack and shithole.

I could work out my shit for him.

Into his gut.

I could feel this in my stomach and in my brain and his sick slick face and hard cock below me, masturbating himself, again, while I clenched and eased and dropped my shit into his mouth and face and smeared all over my thighs and butt and back.

I grabbed his cock. Pumped it and slapped it. Pulled it while I tried to shit. He was wrapped all over me, his cock pointing and struggling to get even closer. In his face, on his tongue, into his body; let him eat it out of my bowels and chew it with his dirty teeth and swallow it into his germed bleating withering body.

I turned to see him. I told him to chew. I watched as he slid a clump of slimy bodily brown shit down his chest and stomach into his pubic hair and grease around his hard-on.

I don't want to play games. I don't have to tell you what to do. I wanted to kick a boot up his asshole, I wanted to squash his penis into his solar plexus and wrench it clean and bleeding away from his corpse with a pair of pliers.

I had seen red blotches appear on his chest. He was tired. He had fainted once before, he told me, after being fucked by a huge rubber dildo. He had been tied down and he fell unconscious – everything went bright white – while someone plowed into his gaping ass with a monster flesh pulling fake dick. That person had upped and left. Left him soaked in ill sweat and failing and naked and sex exposed. Alone and wasted into nothing. Dying: maybe not now but definitely.

He had shown me a video when we first got to his apartment. Of him masturbating. The orgasm was a lot more powerful than he thought it would be, he said.

He wanted me to listen to his tapes, he said. He made his own music. He played a noisy clang and drone thing on his boom box while he showed me this video:

The camera pointed at his thighs and waist, as he reclined on the floor, back up half against the wall, his cock getting stiff, his voice nowhere because of the noise in the small apartment. Stroking, feeling, thickening the gray meat package until, later, cum spat out of the tip of his fist as it covered and yanked on the hard belly slapping shaft and purple helmet. His fat balls stretched and flopped while he smeared himself in his own sperm.

I despise the way this faggot looks sucking cock. Eating shit and lapping it and playing in it like it matters: like some plug dead lost zoo ape. Drinking piss and turning his brain off, giving up control.

There is nothing left after that. And its all still a mistake.

This is that intensity – the hard focus – that,

you realize later, rings in your ears over any sort of sense or sentient thought. This is all you; all everyone, you think. This is weakness, but acceptable. This is loss, absolutely, damaged. This noise termed sex bangs and screams inside your ears and veils your eyes as you walk – cruise – around yourself through the glory hole booths and partitions. The Puerto Rican faggot who sees you watching a video. While you wait. Walks in front of you, stares down at your crotch and backs into a black on black wood stall. Leaves the door open and drops his hand to his bunched package: which, actually, means he wants to suck you.

Licking his lips. Closing his eyes. Stroking and pulling down on his dick.

His lower lip is disgusting. That stupid lolling droop – wet and dark red, deeper red in the dark, and the wanting, pleading, devouring eyes that bleed homosexual pure rote.

And: he'll suck on your dick just like every other head faggot will. And: you'll compare it to others that night and your first and last and in your teens and with someone special, good, or not.

The concentration is crushing. It is the tiny truth behind the games and rules and measuring sticks. You let others define you. Your personality is advertising, armor and open shared desperation carefully, wilfully, clumsily masked. As need, as care, as human. As vapid and fake as the idea of respect or love or tribe that would seek and fail to support it.

There is no such thing as preference.

This is how you molest a child:

YOU AIN'T GETTING OUT OF THIS CAR UNTIL YOU SUCK THIS DICK. YOU UNDERSTAND? DO YOU UNDERSTAND THIS SIMPLE RULE? DO YOU WANT TO LEAVE? DO YOU WANT TO GO HOME AND THINK THAT THIS NEVER HAPPENED?

OPEN YOUR FUCKING TINY MOUTH AND PUT YOUR HEAD ON TOP OF THIS NOW.

Slowly take away their options and you'll get what you want, see what you want to see.

And then your decisions get worse and worse, your reasoning is full of mistakes and holes. And all that bad luck. What you thought was vulnerability.

The fag was still into the game. Personal reasons, bad childhood, lonely little loser. I simply asked him for a towel. I decided not to shower – the situation was just this close to reality and the possibility of him recognizing himself could prove very ugly.

I asked him for the video.

Later on, months later, he would give me his notebooks. He filled these Walgreens spiral sale specials with frantic scrawl immediately after returning home after having spent full days cruising and wallowing in glory hole theatres.

Bijou was open 24 hours.

The Ram closed early morning to noon.

He had often spent two full nights in a row – Fridays and Saturdays, especially: day to night to day to night to day again – upstairs at the Bijou. Not sleeping, not eating, hallucinating when the focus wore through or too thick or when the cleaning crews would make everyone move into the downstairs theatre.

I first met him at the Bijou. Later on I saw his name and phone number scratched on a wall there. Later on I would even see him on the street or in record stores.

My favorite thing is this:

I asked him to record a video of him just talking. No sex. This was to be just for me. I told him I liked his notebooks. I told him it was better than having sex with him which, as I told him long before, I didn't care ever to do again.

He gave me a video of him being play tortured by a cartoon leather fag. He never got around to just the talking. He should have just pointed the camera at his face; at those little bumps and zits and marks that I saw whenever I really looked, and talked to the air. His mind would say the right things. The truth. The porn. The reasons and bad decisions. He made excuses and such, but I had a good feeling that it was far too much to ask. I'm sure it just seemed to be too much work, that's all. Or too boring for too long. Maybe not real enough or physical enough. There had to be more than just him. Alone. Or there had to be action – had to be back on that fat cock.

I remember, now, where my cock was. And my shit and piss when he grins his mouth to talk. I remember seeing that cock jerk and split when he tooled himself between my legs and thinking whether or not as he jammed his face next to the wall that fed him my dick. I remember, above all, how ugly he was and dog drunk and crushed.

I wish I could have made that clearer.

In an open reply to a Joe Murray's letter of November 30, 1995 wherein Mr. Murray took the clientele of The Ram to task for "sex addiction"; Michael Schumann, the manager of The Ram replied:

"If we follow his line of reasoning we see that in his calculations: bookstore sex = anonymous sex = unsafe sex = AIDS = death. This is clearly based on a whole bunch of very faulty assumptions, not the least of which is that all bookstore patrons are gibbering idiots too stupid to look out for their own self-interest. In fact, however, casual sex plays so big a role in the lives of so many gay men in places other than bookstores that one might reasonably believe that it is an aspect of their lives that they do not want to change."

(Windy City Times, December 7, 1995)

"Q & A! Q: HOW MANY COCKS CAN A COCKSUCKER SUCK WHEN A COCKSUCKER CAN SUCK COCK? A: 12 (B-I-G THICK DICKS)! About Part 2 of Glory Hole Quartet, Tom says 'Come with me tonight to my own private "confessional" booth where your hot rugged type of man is shoving his big schlong anonymously through that cum-N-saliva dripping plywood hole to get serviced, worshipped, cleaned up, and shot off!'

LIP SERVICE, INDEED!

PIGPEN GLORYHOLE FEAST!

ALL U CAN EAT!

GLORYHOLE ACTION the WAY-OUT WAY you lived it! TWELVE (12) BIG COCKS, so commandingly hard, teasing, ramming through the drilled gloryhole, YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH THE PANEL OF PLYWOOD! GREAT COCKWORK! HUGE VEINED COCKS WITH LUSCIOUS SKINNED HEADS TOPPING LONG SHAFTS! TOTALLY TUBULAR! A RAW, BIG DICK WORSHIPPER'S DREAM OF WILD STUD COCK. Real MacWhoppers! All AMERICAN SAUSAGE! Jockstraps, jeans, cockrings. VEINS! JUICE! PRE-LUBE! MULTIPLE CUM SHOTS. All the Olympic Glory of big cock worship at it's RITUAL, PRIMEVAL BEST! Pagans and New Age Male Warriors, come strengthen your manhood! 12 BIG CUT COCKS! 96 rip-snortin' minutes."

(GLORY HOLE QUARTET VOLUME 2; TOM'S CUM CRAZY COCK-SUCKER, Palm Drive Video)

"This is an all oral video featuring our beautiful and BUSTY DE DE. This one is done using the peep show theme. This little 5' blonde loves to suck cock and once you see her in action you will be convinced.

This video has seven excellent facial and in the mouth cum shots. As we said DE DE loves cum!"
(DE DE'S PEEP SHOW, 60 minutes, Fantasy Video)

This cunt. This fucking beast, this thing that is every female cell on its knees stretched apart from birthing like a back alley plugged and pulled rat, looks at a glory hole cut through flimsy standing press board and mutters, almost imperceptibly, "please let me suck your cock".

You fucked this hole before. Shot cum into it, blind, into its licking mouth and spewed up your insides into its head.

And so you feel the cup in your back and the strain in your thighs and calves as you crouch uncomfortably to slop your cock in the hole and keep it there while you feel: whatever it is rubbing and brushing and flicking and heating along your cock that is blackly lost to you at this time. While you stare at a wall. While you stare at a television screen. This close and blank. And focused and dreaming you're imagining the scene through a dick that may or may not be sloppy wet. Through a dick that isn't yours. Inside some hog's face. A fleshed out wall for a face

and a brain. That you fuck, moving your ass cheeks barely back and in their heads again. That you fuck with your fist.

That dead mouth is never female. Unless it's your wife. Or your sister done in a frenzied confused minute. Or a back alley rape where time just won't permit the little porno show you'd prefer.

Women, quite simply, are paid.

This ugly strain of narcissism can give way to a gross misunderstanding of empathy. A mistake that separates gender into two distinct and untenable camps based on similarity rather than difference. Somewhere, there is a special, heavily crowded, brightly lit, hardly safe little quarantine reeking of medication and stale pain with a big fucking red sign on the door: Mouth Pigs.

But this is female trash named whatever. A prostitute. A wretched animal devoid of anything but her most disgusting outward attributes. She is virtually chinless. She even fucking wears glasses. Her blonde hair is crimped and curled in Southern Illinois truck stop lot lizard style and repeats in moppish shakes and jabs the action it hides by bad camera angles.

She barely licks it. Her slurping is fairly noiseless and her workmanship is steady and dedicated and unquestionably indicative of brain death brought on by years of drug and general, easy, body abuse.

How much did she get? And how many cocks in a row spread out over how long an afternoon before she had to return to her job dancing in a peepshow in some backwoods white peeled round red lightbulb adult bookstore. With men in the backroom waiting. With money. With ideas. With a camera and a little more money, today, when you think about it, for even less work.

The first two dicks she pokes through her turgid skull, she pillories herself upon naked. Except, of course, for black high heeled shoes. Her breasts are long and flabby and flattened, watery and jiggy like little clumps of sucked out sand bags refilled with cancerous fibrous loose veins and too much skin. Pink nipples dotted and uneven and hanging towards her belly. Which is in sections because her ugly middle aged pigness attempts to suck it in. Demurely. Pathetically. Uncomfortably.

The lower part of this reptile's white gristled stomach bulges out from its navel mid-way and cuts and digs into deep winding puckered and pinched stretch scars and cellulite. Her pants must have left those permanent lines that split the fatty deposits that bag over into lumpy sick ant parts.

Her cunt lies below hidden and tucked into more flesh and sparse pubic hair. Her thighs are, too, littered and poked with more cellulite and veiny bruises.

Women are pigs. Toilets. All of them; every single one of them is this drugged-up and raped piece of street forgotten father fucked trash.

Any beast that births. That can birth. That owns the capacity to shit a child slowly through its fattened bleeding cunt. Whore sensitive tits fill with something to feed the bawling needy turd and whose mind becomes soft with tiny little ideas of what love really is, how spirituality really feels and what heaven is whenever you get out of its bed in the stinging hot morning.

This hideous old used cunt puts her clothes on after two blow-jobs. A teddy and long thigh-high stockings slick looking like leather in the right light. Leaves her glasses on throughout. Towards the end she rubs her saggy dugs and pets her cunt through a different outfit: white teddy and lacey satiny panties. She doesn't – is careful not to, in fact, obviously – drag out a breast again or pop her bush. The director, no doubt, told her not to.

The cunt pets her face with one or two sloppy cocks after they shoot inside her hollow head. The cunt lets her bottom lip hang lap dog open so that long white strings of sperm slide slowly out to her bunched up folded full and spongy cancer belly.

She is typical of her age. Desperate and ugly and aware of her position: worn and hopeless and in need of whatever it has to do, or to be, or to perform, immediately. Only now.

Nothing good can ever come out of a blow-job. Except for the pleasure that might be there in the degradation – the expressed and explicit pained and confused degradation – of the thing wrapped around any hard cock.

This fat cunt works on seven different cocks like a mindless hole, like a washing machine, like an old beaten clanking and burning sloshing and rinsing machine like your mother or sister sagging into what should be some sense of comfort and experience. But here it isn't. Here it is thoughtless. Animal. Nigger. Stupid and weak upon weak; wet instinct as facile but pure reality. Sickening reprobates feeding on each other's seething confusion-cum-anger and wide eyed asking-for-it loss. You move that way and get more of it. Heaped on top of you to drown you slowly, crushing your lungs after your brain and previously masked personality.

You don't want to make these mistakes. You want to enjoy these mistakes. Amateur videos are made for a very small and dedicated, specific, audience. Sold absolutely everywhere.

TWO

"Most often, 'soft-core' means pornography that someone thinks is okay; 'hard-core' is pornography that someone thinks is the real stuff, dirty, mean, and at least a little abusive and repulsive. 'Hard-core' has the aura of breaking taboos around it and pornographers use it in advertising as a point of pride."

(PORNOGRAPHY AND CIVIL RIGHTS, Andrea Dworkin & Catharine A. MacKinnon, Organizing Against Pornography, 1988)

"SHE SUPER SLIDES THAT MONSTER WEINER DOWN HER THROAT EVER SO SMOOTHLY, PICKING HAIR OUT OF HER TEETH, CHOMPING WIDE BONERS, AS SHE DRINKS THE FRESH NUT NECTAR DOWN HER THROAT. SHOT THIS IN TWO PARTS THREE WEEKS APART. SHE FIXED HER HAIR BETTER THE SECOND NIGHT."
(THE DOCTOR GETS LAID #3, 90 minutes, AVS LTD.)

"One of my claims to fame is that I knew the dog even before Linda [Lovelace] did."
(THE MAD SATYR pt.1, Jamie Gillis, *Screw*, January 4, 1988)

"In one scene, the dear child is seated in front of a two-way mirror combing her hair. Unbeknownst to her, but to the horror and amusement of the rest of the cast and crew, I masturbated behind the mirror within an inch of the precious little snot's nose."
(THE MAD SATYR pt.2, Jamie Gillis, *Screw*, January 11, 1988)

"We started as revolutionaries, became filmmakers and ended up as whores."
(THE MAD SATYR pt.3, Jamie Gillis, *Screw*, January 18, 1988)

"No, Jamie isn't crazy, just misunderstood. People

expect the worst from him and are surprised to discover he's not the monster they imagined. Sure, sometimes he seems like a sleazy guy, but what the hell is porn all about?"

(RAW TALENT, Jerry Butler, Prometheus Books, 1989)

"Jamie Gillis is by far the most perverse person I've ever met', Savage admitted with respect."
(SAVAGE LOVER; FETISH PORN STUD RICK SAVAGE, Pearl Chavez, Nugget, 1996)

"Having, himself, taught learning annex classes in the Bay Area and having just completed some other course in film making, Gillis is very enthusiastic about bringing this kind of information to the fans and the adult business wannabes."
(JAMIE GILLIS TO HOST ALL-DAY XXX SEMINAR, *Legal News & Views*, AVN, May 1994)

"So when Gillis announces he's putting on a seminar to teach ordinary citizens how to make saleable adult tapes (though admittedly more of the amateur variety) that's not only news, it's worth attending simply to listen to anecdotes at the master's feet."
(JAMIE GILLIS TEACHES "PORN SHOOTING FOR BEGINNERS" COURSE, *Boneyard*, AVN, September 1994)

"This is a real life documentary style video. It shows Renée Morgan, our female chauffeur, Mondo and myself cruising around San Francisco. We pick up guys and video-tape them doing whatever they want to do with Renée. This is all unrehearsed, real live action. I guarantee it. —Jamie Gillis."
(ON THE PROWL, 65 minutes, Jamie Gillis Video)

"He's At It Again... 'The Prince Of Perv' Jamie Gillis Has Hit The Streets Again In Search Of The Elusive...Exclusive...Ultimate Wet Dream Queen. This Time Ol' Jamie And His Everready Handy-Cam Takes Us On A Steamy...Sweaty Outrageous Limo Ride With A Wild Eurasian Beauty Whose Backseat Antics Is A Zipper Meltdown... Then We Meet A Young Street Honey Whose Back-Alley Gymnastics Will Leave You Breathless... And It's On To The World Famous 'Century Club' Where We Get An Up Close And Very Personal View Of Blonde Super-Star Taylor Wayne... A Girl Who Really Takes Her Fans To Heart... This One Will Really Make Your Hair Stand On End... As Well As Anything Else You've Got Handy. It's The Hottest Pro-Am Ever... And It's A Sin City Exclusive."
(ON THE PROWL AGAIN, 77 minutes, Sin City Video)

"On a recent trip to Paris, a French producer asked if I'd direct some S/M films for him. We never actually closed the deal – but I did shoot these casting sessions. The first two girls I saw were brand new to S/M – after putting them through their first spankings, they both decided they wanted to try being in charge."

The new-born dominants seem to have the most fun when one sits her beautiful, young ass on my face while the other whips my crotch with a belt.

The third girl is well known in Paris as a bitch with her very own torture chamber. She likes to treat men like dogs – literally – and has me barking to her heart's content."

(JAMIE'S FRENCH DEBUTANTES, 60 minutes, Dungeon Video International)

"1. Jamie delights in handling bad girls with a sound spanking. Tiki, a tall blonde with big tits, confesses, while being spanked, that she had sex with her boyfriend's best friend. Jamie uses his hand, mini whip and belt as he puts Tiki in unusual positions and turns her tender ass bright red.

2. Jo Jo has a beautiful bottom, nipple rings on both nipples and an attitude. Jamie once again uses his large, firm hand and mini whip. Jo Jo admits that she has been spanked before. Jamie has her sit up in his lap, hugging Jo Jo as he punishes her trembling, glowing buttocks."

(MORE BAD GIRL HANDLING, 60 minutes, RedBoard Video)

"Three different segments on this video & while not as nasty as the WALKING TOILET BOWL videos, it still delivers Jamie's unique style of perversion & the girls are cute! They shit, blow enemas, shit their pants ...Jamie smears shit everywhere and jerks off in the filth!"

(JAMIE'S POTTY GIRLS, 110 MINUTES)

This had to be explained to her.

For every cum shot you take in the face, I'll give you an extra five dollars. This is dangerous on my part. Quite generous. Aside from the fee already discussed and agreed upon – a flat fee that is yours no matter what, as long as you let as many men as I let in here fuck whatever hole of yours they like – the five bucks per shot is extra; and only depends on your taking it in the face.

That is: if some sweaty nigger hogs himself out of your cunt, having brought himself to the brink of climax by banging away inside of you for however long it took, then, quickly, juts his body up to your head and masturbates himself to cum onto your face, that's extra money for you. Same is true for the men you'll be letting fuck your ass and fists. Obviously it's true for those who'll take your mouth first and foremost.

None of these men will hurt you. There'll be just over twenty of them. All naked. At times there'll be another girl around to help you and them. All combinations are possible.

I want to encourage you to suck the men off using your mouth like a jackhammer, use your tongue and your hands. You'll have to be energetic, don't get tired out. With so many men all looking for the next open hole, chance or shot, the quicker they can be brought off, the better.

Lick up their cum. Chances are great, in your favor, that you can't get AIDS from cum inside of your mouth. Anyways, you don't have to swallow. Let the men beat off in your face – they'll push their hard-ons into your mouth and cheeks, rub them over your nose and eyes and hair – while you extend and dart your tongue out and slurp up at the tips of their dicks. Gobble at their balls. This will help them cum faster and it's extra money for you to let them ejaculate all over your tongue and, if you prefer, your closed tight mouth. Even on your nice white teeth which you can keep clenched if you're worried, or if you just maybe like it that way best. The men will aim at your mouth.

Sweat is fine. Towels will be handy. You'll be drenched in their sweat as well as your own. Your hair will be drenched and lay flat wet against your head and back, stringy and hot and uncomfortable. Your nose will dot and drip water.

Don't wipe off their cum. Except if it hits you in the eye. If, for example, you're laying flat on your back and someone jerks off onto your aching tongue and face and explodes all over your chin, neck, cheek and lips – let the sperm stay where it hits and ooze into the mess of other men's jism that surrounds it. A lot of big wads collecting on your face and tits and whatever is exactly what we want. Our audience like that idea; like that look, so keep that in mind. Let it splash and stick.

It'll be over soon enough. The more cum shots you take in the face – and the men know that's

where we want them – the better for you as you'll have all that extra cash when we're done. Some men will cum on your belly or your back after fucking your cunt or asshole and that's fine. Let them. Most will want your pretty face.

Use your hands. It helps the men stay excited while they're waiting for a hole to free up.

Cocks that enter your vagina and anus will have on condoms. We encourage the men to take the condoms off when they're just about to cum and to cum outside of your body, obviously. This will all be filmed. The condoms, if the men cum inside your cunt, or asshole, or even in his hand while still wrapped, will probably be emptied out onto your tits or ass or, preferably, into your mouth. Stick your tongue out and hang your head back and let him squeeze the condom flat out above your wide open mouth. Open real wide and really push out that tongue. The open end of the condom will be pinched above your face, then released. He'll press his fingers down the hanging rubber to let every drop of cum slide out and into your mouth. Wait till he shakes out the last drop. Except if you're choking just a little, then tilt your head the right way and swallow. Then open up again to collect whatever may be left. If you can, let the cum lay on your tongue for the camera to go in for a close-up or at least, to make sure you caught it. Also, if you're really still worried, to let the air kill the HIV virus should it be present. Which I'm sure it isn't. And anyways, the spermicide in the condom would have killed anything so really you just can't worry about it. When you pull your tongue back into your mouth, swallow. Or push out the cum and spit from your mouth with your tongue and let it drool down your chin and neck. That will be worth the same extra five dollars. Obviously.

Sitting, naked waist and legs, her armless t-shirt bunched up around her neck to display what little tits perk up, she spreads far apart to further access some moron lapping up inside her sopping wet man after man after man plugged and spewed on cunt. The jerk squats himself down between her gangly legs and aching ankles with his balding head pointed down at the mess. She is flanked, plopped on a schoolroom brown metal folding chair, by two men both jutting half-hard-ons glistening with smelly sweat and her spit. Her head – being the exact correct height for such an act – pivots between the two meats and licks and sucks and jaws at the outsized genitalia, stomaching their nigger stinks and warm hygiene tastes inside her face and memory. Her hands drop to a sac of big balls and back up to the fattening cock as she faces each in turn. She makes an uncomfortable effort to jerk the cock her mouth ignores for a minute or two but usually decides that her coordination works best on a single cock. Both men will eventually use their own hands – their own

rhythms and friendly masturbation technique to all but jack off into her face as her tongue lolls and wipes around the spearing and retreating cock head pissholes – and then push their cumming weight further into her mouth as she tries to keep her lips and teeth closed so the cum'll collect on her face and spill down her little perfect tits and thin belly and that cunt lapping middle aged head.

Men who watch the action, pulling themselves off while they stare, will zombie over to her seat and shove their cocks into her face, rudely, as soon as they think they can't take it anymore. The niggers in the round seem especially pushy. They are also less likely to settle for a cum generated only by their own fists and eyes.

Lay down, the bulky camera man recording the circus will instruct every now and again. Cum shot, cum shot, he'll bark if motioned by one of the minion and the flesh slapped nest around the beast will open up to allow for the crowning home favorite angle. With one camera, rarely but occasionally two if lucky and the money's there for that and a nicer hotel room, the action is always focused on the whore. Men sit and stand, naked and cold and preoccupied, pulling their cocks, sipping juice or beer just outside of the camera's range or interest. The center becomes her dugs and mouth, her burping cunt and slackened asshole, close-ups of machinery penetration while the sound picks up the guffaws, idle conversations and dog-pound encouragement from those milling about just behind and beyond the fucking and sucking and accepting.

Give it to me. Give it to me. Give me another. I want more cum. Give me another cock. The blank rag will bleat as she worries about the sperm being wasted on areas other than her paid face. She makes it sound like sex talk. And if it helps the conditioned response of porno hounds and worthless niggers cum quicker so much the better. But its intention is capitalist and efficient. Give it to me. C'mon give it to me. C'mon who's next. Baby, baby, baby.

I will never ever do this again.
Sold. What number was that? What number am I up to?

Let it come down. Let it fall. Let it wash all over you. Let it soak in.
It's not the buyer. It's not the market. It's not that any of it exists out there tenuously in your spindly hard nailed grasp all the time, every day. It's not the cruelty or the lessons to be learned, or the truth in fact.

It's the seller.
The dogs at the door, begging to be let in. And fed. And the bath that they don't realize is good for them. All the rats crowded around and chewing into each other's corpulent splotchy short mat fur meat with their pin prick razor teeth snaps, dig and

retracts. The ones that are killed so easily with just a slim wood stickball bat to the back of their brittle twig bendable spines and walnut sized heads. You pick them up dead, avoid the far too small spots of raw exposed red blood scratches and tiny bobble eyes, hold it's dime bag weight by it's ribbed worm fat tail and drop it in the dumpster.

You can easily hold a cat in the air, away far from your body, arms outstretched and stiff as your hands squeeze into it's soft boned neck. The cat will scream and mewl guttural and angry like a choking baby and thrash as wildly as it can. Small shit will drop from its shaved ass and piss will fly in short streams and misses every which way around. Or you can keep its head – its baseball sized head where you can feel its thin skull and quaking brain through the crewed fur and bumps and shut closed tight little kitty eyes – as you rub the clenched head about in a puddle of polyurethane or whatever those turpentine based chemicals are that are so easily available. Watch it fall apart and writhe and struggle and stroke side twitch and choke cold coughs and expire in sliding slow wheezes and spasms long after the poison has made it all but near dead. Don't let it drown.

There's the Id. And the Ego. There's the young girl finally come unchained. It's all very simple to sell.

The emphasis is all on the one under the pile of pigs at the trough.

Paid in full. Hardly. None of these decisions are easy unless you're down that far already. Right, honey? Then it's just a question of who's going to pay. The amount is important in the negotiating, right? You don't want to be taken advantage of. As long as you're there now. You want as much as possible. You want what you're worth. Or what the act is worth. Considering the time and the market and what that motherfucker will make off of it. He can afford it.

But the truth is that the money isn't really worth arguing over. Because she'll do it. It's a question of degrees, not price. The decision has already been reached. The money is whatever she can be convinced of – of what details she'll retain as to what the men are getting, the rent of the room and the rapidly disintegrating hot Florida mattress on the floor and all the gear.

Beer – not too much – coke, orange juice, poppers, lube and pizza in the kitchenette.

I don't believe you were made for this. I don't believe you don't deserve an upgrade, another shot. Something much better. But I don't see that you have somewhere else better to be just now either. Or an idea that can be better than the single opportunity open to you at just this minute.

So, fine, it's just your hand.
Give me some help here.
He pulls his cock out of his pants and works

it up at you. He watches you look down at the exposed flesh, worrying up your next sentence, trying to remember the best route and safest bet.

The make-up you bathed in. The pants you bought. The fucking string hanging out of your ass as you slip down your panties whenever. The alcohol stain and swallow and the mirror you glance into as you pass. The TV show you decide not to watch, the drug you decide isn't for now but later or maybe not at all. This is all you are everyday. Those quick little minutes better than the long ones. All steady, if possible, all burnt into one tiny train of inevitability.

The blouse that looks best. Cutting off the end of that tampon or thinking about using it as an all-around excuse. The high heels that pinch your corns and make your calves hard as bricks. The way you jog and skip so your butt cheeks don't look too mushy. The way you stare before you're paid and then after. Your tummy bulge and the muscles that can suck in or relax depending on the time of night. That crick in your back. That taste and memory. That very necessary shot of labelless bourbon or only slightly used flannel sheets.

Give me a hand.
Rub the balls.
That's good, that's good, like that.
I'll give you an extra ten to just look at your tits. Just pull your top up. I want to look, not touch. I can do it myself.

Short stubby fingers that reach to tit-fuck you. Miss: Can you please stick your breasts together. As he flops and waddles his pasty heavy male all over your vulnerability worrying and firing beneath mouthwash, a little LSD to make you giggle and every ounce, every year of dysgenic stall all clean and molded just for this.

Some asshole sits on the subway bench across from you. He's still wearing his shades, looking like a posey pratt, as if he's not staring at you. Checking out what you have to offer; he figures. Your tits, the way you cross your legs, where you avoid looking, your just washed hair and accessories. This pathetic moron thinks to himself that you were made for him. He figures just watching will be enough; just this little bit. He makes the same mistake all these doggies do: he imagines that all mouths are made for blow-jobs. All cunts are the same. All holes just waiting to be filled by him. And his lonely little train dreams are all he'll get. You know this. And laugh: even money couldn't buy what he thinks he wants, though you'd pretend to sell it to him just like anyone else.

It's only cum.
It doesn't stain.
It wipes off forever.
That's how cheap you are. How cheap you come. What you have to offer and for how much.

That slide down here was fast. Now, it seems, everything up until this point was fast. But let's not fool ourselves. This is all easy.

Your life is very easy.

Tell them what you can remember of what they want to hear.

Lie about your hard choices: Dad beat Mom. Dad didn't like your older boyfriend. Dad liked certain parts of your anatomy better than certain aspects of your soul, heart and innocence.

Your brain runs over real choice: the attention your breasts got when you entered the eighth grade. You didn't have a chance to even develop a personality. Those big tits got you what you wanted and you cleverly mapped out a life to follow. Those nigger like lips helped seal the deal.

Somewhere a mother is just all fucked up over her morning coffee. Missing its baby. Its ghost pain. Its hole in the heart. This mother remembers and, alternatively, looks for clues and avoids them. Her room. Driving by her high school. Phone calls late at night and none at all for months. Reports. Friends, shopping, smiles of surprise and quietly fed wonder. Lies. Money. Ego. Your fucking wish list.

And a little uncaring titted troll walks the streets of wherever her bad luck flung it to. She is addicted to whatever drug that allows her some personality. And she sucks nigger dick for it. And she sucks white and hispanic dick for money for the nigger.

She doesn't imagine that she is haunting her mother's friendship sleep time. The beast now only knows crack. But, to her credit, there was a time when she knew that her mother only used the idea of a child as the reason for having one. She never really mattered. She never really existed. And she actually proves that now. She and her mother both know she is correct.

How does one explain the fact that one can derive pleasure from the pain of others if that pain is merely born of confusion? Her stupidity forms and protects her. She is a common enough liar. Nothing special.

God allows the others to serve. That little blonde haired rat that attaches its pre-teen lips to the end of its father's hot cock believes in what it has to. It doesn't know what to think. It doesn't have the capacity. It isn't lost as much as it never mattered enough to count. The head count, the line count, passed it by. Mores the pity.

Some skank rotund nigger in a leopard skin t-shirt yanked down the low collar and flopped out a brown tit for me. This was on Halsted Street near the Addison police station so the exposed breast was an absolute necessity. If I would want to see it again, say, like when she jerked me off or blew me, it would have to be figured into her dirt cheap street price.

This was just a quick black oily nigger nipple to prove her whoredom. I drove my car up past her and turned around in a parking lot. As I waited to pull out of the lot and head back to the street pig, another black beast ran up to the passenger side and yanked the handle. It wasn't locked. A mistake I wouldn't make again. And this skinny nigger splashed herself right down next to me.

Don't worry. You want to have some fun?

I figured as long as it's not a cop. I wanted a street prostitute. I didn't care if it had big tits like the animal on side show or little hidden ones like the sweaty frantic loss gargling beside me.

You wanna play? You wanna fuck, you wanna real nice fuck?

She told me where to go. I already knew. And then started in on price and my tastes. Which were simple enough. I only had ten dollars and I only wanted a blow-job.

She rubbed my cock through my jeans and asked me if I was clean, which was a first for both. The rest had always been very quiet and hardly excited or interested enough to grope – especially, it follows, for ten fucking dollars.

I assured her I was clean and let her know I was surprised by the question. She blew her cover by launching into stuttered lies:

She usually works around the Gold Coast area. She doesn't work the streets too often, gets most of her traffic in the bars around there. But, see, she was arrested just the other night and decided she would work around here for awhile til the heat cooled down. Then she pointed to a paperback book she was carrying and her small purse and said she had these with her to really come off legit.

She liked to pretend that she was waiting for the bus there. She said.

It wasn't until later, driving home, that I put all this together. The blow-job she gave me was certainly unlike any other I'd ever had. Especially from a hooker. Especially from a street pig such as the kind available in that neighborhood at that time of night. She sucked in on my balls and licked my thighs and rubbed my cock with her tits. She flicked and kissed the head of my hard-on. In the middle of working, she asked me if I liked to fuck. I, of course, told her I didn't have enough money. But she didn't mind: she asked again. Do you like to fuck. She started to shimmy out of her pants and kept her nigger lips and rushing angry tongue washing all over my hard dick. I could see her wirey pubic hair just a little in the dark in the car and I saw more of her ass as she shifted it up to peel down her pants and panties. I told her to forget it. That I was going to cum. But she kept wiggling and sucking at the same time. I think she was patting and pulling herself. Fingering and running her nails through that brillo

nest of kept sweat and yeast. Trying to convince me.

I came in her mouth and she backed off but, unlike every pig cunt face that I ever fucked for money before, she kept at it. She kissed and licked around where the cum may or may not have slid and cooed and kept stroking me. Sucked and popped at my balls again.

I thanked her. And pushed her nappy head away from my now very sensitive still stretched cock, wet and sticky and exposed. She started to get hold of herself and then asked me: full face to face. Was it her looks that made me cum so quick or was it just 'cause I ain't had any in a long time. Or maybe it was her technique. Her tongue and mouth. I told her I was married, though I wasn't, and yes, it was a very nice blow-job.

She was waiting at that bus stop.

That book was some little thing she brought with her to read while the dollar bus took her back home to wherever south she lived. The far south side of Chicago is all ghetto. But I figure this one had to have a real job. She saw the hookers around. She knew where they took their tricks. Maybe she worked on the north side and knew what she wanted to try out one night.

Prostituting her mouth and empty head was what she was drawn to. And, I think, made for. She saw it there all over. And, perhaps, when she saw me pull into the parking lot to pick up the titted beast I had just passed, she figured she'd give the game a quick reckless try.

It couldn't have been money.

It didn't seem like her life.

Until now.

It was virtually the only option open to her. What with that mouth. Like having big tits on a teenager. And like working all the excuses out later. Like pornography.

Accepting is different from settling. And forgiveness and healing and fantasy and empowerment don't even enter into it.

Her mother worked so hard to keep her out of the drugs and gangs and wasted mind of the ghetto. And she and her god are so proud now. It all worked out so well. Just a little dalliance. And the future is still wide open.

You have to reach down so far into these pigs' mouths to get any sense of separation. Any effort on your part will hardly be rewarded. Desperate stereotypes who've given up, who've lost, who didn't have a chance or didn't want one.

The bruises they sport and don't care about hiding is the only thing that gives them some degree of personality. What someone did to them is what makes them special, makes them tolerable. In fact, worthwhile. Human.

The little pig raped by whoever, whatever the

relation, however violent the surprise. However unfair the attack. However brutal the trauma, however real the life seems packaged. The little holes sold into bigger ones. The mouths that no longer just eat and bark. The bodies that no longer just shit but accept pain and cancer under the idea of necessity. Of desire. Of cause and effect. Of malleability. Of what's left to sell.

The older woman who now looks into a mirror and wonders. Constructs a plan on how to accurately paint up the toilet seat that stares back at her.

I've got an extra five dollars for the best tattoo. The boys that have ones that say "NO CURE" and the girls that say "SIXTEEN YEARS OLD" are particular favorites.

They'll crowd around you. While you lay down. And while you sit up. They'll slump into couches and onto folding chairs and the sides of lamp tables and it'll be your job to go to each one in a row, sucking them off and stroking them as they recline back, their pants crumpled down around their ankles. As if they're masturbating in front of their TVs alone at home.

They'll collect in a circle. Standing. You on your knees. Turn your head, now go in order. Nigger, nigger, nigger, white and thin, yet another nigger. About ten all closing in on you, soft meaty thick spit wet and slimy cocks selected for their size being worked on by their own hands as you move to the next, then the next, then the next, tasting your own mouth now instead of their individual cocks.

Her cunt is cramped with a purple dick having replaced some stranger's two knotty fingers. Her breasts – lubed with nothing but sweat so as not to scratch – are being squeezed and flopped on one side by a man kneeling next to her as he pulls on his very hard cock waiting for a chance to stuff up any part of her; the other side of flabby dug is being manhandled by the faceless dolt who slips his flaccid cock into and back out of her mouth for useless licks and slurps. She switches his cock with another, this man kneeling far too close to the tit grabber cock handler. Two of the men will cum about the same time – the ones sharing her mouth – and shoot their wads directly down into her wide open gullet gaping throat.

They'll move her over, bend her back so her asshole points slightly up. Some geek will shimmy underneath her and slip his hard-on into her slimy cunt as she lies baby oil flat on top of him. Another will squat behind and above the coupling and slowly fit his forced down uncomfortably cock into her shithole. The two men will eventually settle into a rhythm that uses her body as a heavy dead piece of masticated holed out beef. All the while she'll turn her head, under all this bulk if not activity, arch her back so that'll hurt certainly the next day and suck on

another pair of head switching beating cocks. Her hands have to steady and support her fucking sandwiched body so any more hand-jobs or masturbating help is out of the question. The background is blurry with men watching and pumping themselves. Or leaning and talking and laughing and drawing the director to the action he might miss by obsessing on the wrong filled hole.

Her stunted eyes. Her rabbit tongue. Her red puffed and oily pimples and lack of make-up. Her lumpy tits. Her fatty unhealthy ass cheeks. Her little tummy and female rolls. The way her eyes automatically close as the first spurt of cum jettisons from any asshole directed straight at her face.

The stupid words she thinks and drools out of someone else's mouth in all that fog and buzz.

The instructions that she takes. That make it through.

The way she waits til each fuck finishes before moving again, before even thinking.

"Our sexy lady is staying over a friend's house but falls asleep. When she awakens she finds the house full of the bride's father's friends and the Groom's friends. She seduces the bride's father into joining the party. They watch together at what happens. She watches a girl do a striptease and as she gets more excited she thinks she can do better. She is invited to join the crowd. As the show continues she begins her own show by showing off her legs and sexy body in a dress that is too tight and too short. What happens next is a sex orgy beyond belief as she takes on more than 20 guys again and again. She sucks them all then goes from cock to cock being fucked. This girl just loves to have a guy cum and she makes them cum more than once till she takes more than 29 cum shots herself in a cum bath explosion. When the party is over the girl decides to leave but some late arriving friends feel left out. These guys want something special. The girl decides to give it her all even when she finds out they all want to fuck her in the ass. She does her best taking one cock after another in her ass but first they shove a dildo up her ass and she masturbates with it. This video set has more action and more wet shots than any other videos we ever made available with one lady."

(GANG BANG #17 – THE BACHELOR PARTY PART #1, 100 minutes, A&B Video)

"Tanya cums home to find her boyfriend has some new Gang Bang videos from A&B. She gets off reading the descriptions and winds up in her dreams seeing herself being Gang Banged and taking a Cum Bath. First she finds herself in a circle of guys who each sits on a stool while she sucks them off she goes from fantasy to fantasy as cock after cock goes into her mouth and pussy. Cum shoots out on her face and tits

again she finds herself surrounded by more guys as cum oozes all over her till she ends up taking 23 CUM SHOTS til she is bathing in cum from cocks and condoms she doesn't miss a drop of her Hot Wet Sticky Candy."

(GANG BANG #44 – TANYA EATS IT ALL, 100 minutes, A&B Video)

"This lady loves fucking and loves cum. First she entertains a group of men in a wild fucking orgy that ends with them all giving her face a cum bath. Then she tells them she wants to eat their cum and brings out a dish. They again fuck her but end cumming on the dish. When they have all spent their last load she takes the dish and eats their hot cum licking it up into her wet mouth."

(GANG BANG #70 – CUM EATER, 90 minutes, A&B Video)

It's a heavy uncircumcised cock. The thin foreskin covers about three quarters of the long pink head even when hard. There's lipstick – cocksucker red – all over the wet asshole and tip. He yanks it out of a mouth doing female jack hammer hard work. Cradles his meat – his cock and his balls – with one free hand and points the straight out hard-on downwards with a painful but simple stroke. Not far. As he's standing, she's kneeling, and he's just a little back bent to fit himself rhythmically inside her face. As he readies to climax, he tends to straighten up if barely arch slightly backwards in fake porno ecstasy style.

His cum spits out of his cock in thick fluid pumps. Aimed at her mouth, primarily; his ejaculate spills all over her face. He tends to paint the face when he cums: rubbing and jerking and almost imperceptibly stopping as each spasm produces another thick white splash. Her head has been hung back to catch his cum. Like an ashtray. Like all the rest.

The camera affixed to his other hand and hooked to his eye records all the action cock heavy. He directs his head, the audience, down and captures the frame as he has done in countless video sales: the head as receptacle. As paid, again and again with as little deviation from this very precise act and response. This woman's body is just a brief stop in a large number of cunts – mouths, vaginas, assholes, personalities – all available to perform this very important, very specific, very rigid and archetypal tableau.

There are other cameras and camera men. Often enough. A bigger budget and greater distribution, professional marketing and above-ground adult video industry sanction allows for, and requires, thinly scripted smiling scenes with self-conscious over-acting designed to collapse just as soon as the sex begins. Which is just as soon as it can. But the

focus remains constant. The market divined, settled and mined.

It is objectifying. It is tedious. It is all probably about money, now, after twenty or so different editions. It has always been about money.

Each and every girl displays the same face when the close up money shot is finally delivered: Resolute drudgery.

The bright eyes, the sultry twists of mouth and tongue, the studied and professional hands and stomach shimmies, the deadened dog slurps and clit bobbing needling self-absorption all finish as gilded sales copy as transparent as grade school bathroom excuses. As is perfectly understood.

"Rodney's smutty want ad reads, 'Video Producer seeks Pretty Faces to Cum On'. Brand new girls are responding to this ad. And they're Nasty, the kind of girls who want their tasty butts spanked before they drink cum!"

Buzz words are less relative in the underground. The honesty can be claustrophobic. The smaller and smaller audience's interest so precise that the relationship between faceless market and corporate marketeer virtually degenerates into more direct, though no less cliched, john to pimp. Typical ad copy is rendered capricious and insulting as the words, rather than thinly masking comfortable and new-age safe triggers, must now display a shared sense of interest, if not a common responsibility. The pimp's part becomes that of an active participant with an egalitarian dedication to exploration. The rutting drive steeped in coddling and acceptance. The language is precise and obsessive. The concern is recidivist.

Fuck the games. Get rid of the play acting. Let the real thing be sold rather than sipped through even easily deconstructed legalities and unnecessary, fantastic pleasure center guards. Explode the parameters and reduce the false self-denial into simple warts-n-all prurience.

And best of all: it can be done without the girls knowing it.

How do you rape someone that's allowed it? As in the idea of putting a micro-camera in some suburban ladies' room and filming all the heavy winter jacketed fat asses who march in to relieve their lazy selves one after another. Fat cellulite beasts and bladders who allow themselves a quick personal moment away from hiding their pig bodies and sink into their bloated hideous lumpen humanity. If you're lucky, once in a great while, one beast may wipe the wrong way up or maybe clean the toilet seat psychotically before planting her toxic rotting filthy holes down to expel all that ugly pressure inside.

None of these cunts seem to get it. The fact that on the other end of the dick they're sucking at is a camera, doesn't seem to mean anything as nearly

important as the money politely slapped to the yeasty insides of their puffy young vaginas, dreams, youth or needle pricks. And that, most important for the audience, the camera here records anything but the sex they think they're selling. Or giving up. Or getting by. So easily, so cheaply.

Let's make it clear. Let's make it personal. Let's carve a new niche in the market.

The whores in any low rent district, dangerous at all times save for a perspicacious adult understanding between thieves, junkies and careful pimps and cops.

The nigger paid to parade her fatty motherly jugs around on the street like the whores you passed by all those times? See the flashing series by Alchemy Productions. Especially *Flashblack* (S10).

Something more direct, see Randy Detroit who fucks ugly black trollops of the kind lined up on street corners in Chicago selling cheap for liquor outside 7/11's and willing, forced, to sell up for a six pack alley way blow-job often enough:

The pregnant skinny titless toothless crack whore he fucks in *The Doctor Gets Laid #3* is full of the same promise you avoid daily in welfare lines spilled out onto the streets and half-minute newsblurps of shit black babies being crib shook or dropped and sold to death.

The fat monster he slides his thick shaved peach white cock into and out of, effortlessly, in *The Hookers Who Loved Me* just lays there blubbing and bored while he pounds away as deep as he can get inside that dark oily stretched and pinched and rolled and huge fat mounds of nigger cunt meat and belly. She zones and stares off blank while he jerks himself off over the flopped indolence and shoots puddling white cum all over the black lard whale of hair, lips, pits and stink. She acts like any paid hooker living inside any cheap hot box apartment would. Paid for her slash. A little extra this time – cause of the camera, the money shot, the time it takes to set it all up for posterity.

A little whisper in its afro haired ear would be nice: Do you have any idea what is being sold here?

But unnecessary.

What part of the woman gets raped exactly? What part of the community?

Because: I'm not worried about being raped. I can't possibly relate. When I look outside, after I've locked my front door and walked down the three flights of stairs inside my apartment building's dinginess, I don't see the potential danger. The heavy handed mexicans, the barking animal niggers, the alcohol crazed white bums don't mean quite the same threat.

The stairs are long and winding with slight dark pockets at the best of day. At night, when I've returned home to find the hallway light burned out,

my sense of fear can't be even close to what the women in the building, in the exact same situation, must feel.

Because, apparently, it's just that much worse. And worth protecting all the more.

Really, it must be terrible.

And always just this close; around the corner and dragged in the alley or the seats of any car, or in the hallway, in the pitch with a blood slid skull cracked pipe knocked out half dying and leaving the vagina and anus slack lifeless and accessed easily.

Prove to me that you're more than meat.

Because I don't want her to be all women.

I'm trying to make this personal. Between me and her – the fear she felt being weaker naturally and vulnerable and still making that decision to walk up all those stairs trying to feel her way up the side rail. The extra drink she shouldn't have had since she was driving. The slightly larger rent she should have agreed to in a little better neighborhood. The size of her femalia: her tits, lips and the color and feel and selection of her underwear. The condom in her purse and the money shoved into her pants pocket. How long I had to wait for her in particular or someone just like her or anyone with the hardly correct equipment. Her bad luck. Her decision to follow instructions or her saying all the wrong things. The what watching her bleed does to me. The size of the stretch and cut in her flesh and the bottle in hand.

Now: would explaining your intentions to them be the same as rape. Or is the rape part just watching the playback later – for reasons they don't understand or don't even fucking care about. Is it the cameraman's purchase power so blithely lorded over the uneducated but just mildly desperate lapping face. Is it the sale of the tape or the purchase or the relationship formed within a patriarchal buyer's market. Is the rape in taking more than what the whore offered or was previously willing to sell? Is the rape getting it all for so cheap a price? Or that it's all packaged up so easily and immediately, so degraded and low a position so readily accepted, convinced and so inhumanly taken advantage of.

An insult so thin. And sold cheaper.

Forty bucks buys alot of that stuff out on that street.

Say: I'm a good nigger.

"I'm a good nigger" she lets whisper between licks of his hairy heavy sac.

Come up and get some dick.

Lick don't suck.

She acts like a monkey when he tells her to, before the bartering for more cash begins, because it's easy enough for her little black self to do in the price already reached. The blackened rotten banana she waves around and the ape grunts she mimics, the flies she pretends to pick and scratch, don't look and

sound all that wrong outside of a crowd.

Jamie Gillis keeps his camcorder tight to his eye and looks down on the nigger whore he pays to eat some of his shit. She twists around and argues with him from inside his half clean but dry crowded bathtub. He offers her an extra five dollars for putting his turd in her bright white toothed black lipped mouth and ups the amount incrementally for chew then swallow. Let me see it.

Vomiting is ok. As long as we can see it.

The price was for shitting on her chest. And we'll see what happens.

Honesty is easy to come by when the situation is as uncomplicated as this. This tight and specific. The price the viewer pays to watch directly supports the action. The implications are personal and pure, the complicity salient.

The trappings and boxes and marketing and ecumenical excuses are all unnecessary legalities under which the truth denies itself and hopes to stop just short of undue influence suits and perfectly unavailable here. You're no longer paying for the advertising. Or the safety. Silicone tits, lip gloss, mascara and high heels, words like sex negativity, empowerment, catharsis and soulless no longer mean what some fat retard lawyer says they do.

These acts are illegal.

These bodies, fucking right, are exploited.

Definitions are made flesh. Words become connections.

David, the cameraman in the *Brown Bomber* series records his dealings with bottom scale street hookers around Los Angeles. He offers to pay them to shit into bowls and onto plates. He films it all – and as he usually has to wait a great deal of time for even the littlest of "nuggets", Dave's constant questioning and the hookers' withered answers and bodies and brains are what's really for sale. Their unembarrassed dirt squeezed and pressed out of unresponding used and drugged muscle functions is the perfect conduit, and metaphor, for such an expose'. The price shines through the most direct orifice, as Dave constantly reassures them that the tapes are only for "me, myself and I" and makes plans to see the whore again for another shot, as soon as possible, and just after they've had a really big meal. "When do you usually go?"

From volume #3:

The first girl: Lisa is short, very fat and like most of the whores throughout the series, hispanic. She has a huge belly that is slashed across into lolling plump bulges by a thick crease that could be a deep scar, too tight pants line or just horribly unnatural.

The second girl: In the room at the same time as Lisa, another hispanic. Wears dark blue satin panties and a cheap shiny black top. She answers to the name: Baby. Slick wet jeri-curl formed and

molded and fused two tone (orange- blonde to her neck and down her back, pitch black on top) hair.

She tries to shit into a popcorn bowl and presses hard into her fat puffed distended asshole. She's skinny and boney and dark skinned. Says she hasn't gone in two weeks.

Dave tells both girls to stand next to each other, turn around, bend over and spread. Baby says "just like when we were in jail".

The third girl: Amy, whom David calls a "strawberry blonde" and explains outloud "has a beautiful daughter and she's gonna see her tomorrow but right now she needs a little money".

Amy has slurred speech and repeatedly asks Dave not to film her face or the tattoo just above her cunt of her boyfriend's full name. "This is just for me, not for anyone else" and then Dave asks if that's the name of her pimp.

You've been pregnant before, besides your first child?

"Yeah, I had a miscarriage."

Well, that's a drag ...how long ago was that?

"About three months ago ...almost like the time I lost my daughter."

And:

"I usually have a tan line, but I haven't been wearing shorts because I got all these, you know, bruises."

The fourth girl: Wedda; thin worn muscle and tendoned look to her thirty-one year old body.

"I try to stay healthy."

And:

"Alot of girls are just 24-7 out there on the street, I try to give time for myself."

The fifth girl: Patty. Blonde Mexican trash looks beat up Irish. Eating pizza and drinking coronas on Dave's balcony with her friend Diane, another hispanic pig in wide mirrored shades and frizzed out afro-mop like a fright wig.

Dave talks about his bad luck getting the whores to give him the big thick logs of shit he wants.

"Well, sometimes drugs constipates you", Patty slurs then explains that she takes drugs in the morning and it definitely effects her bowel movements, it "makes 'em big, makes my butt bleed."

And:

"I wake up kinda sick cause I need to, you know, do my drugs."

And:

"I was with a girl for six years. That was my wife. She's like a boy. But actually she's a woman. She thinks she's a man."

Patty wants the money before she tries to shit.

"Half and half. What we agreed on, first." Her ass is wide and flabby and dotted with

picked sores and zits. Scratches and indentations and cuts and red marks cover her entire whore's section of ass, thighs and lumpy waist.

The sixth girl: Diane the fright wig, also has a go at shitting but is as unsuccessful as all the others. Her ass is elephant flabby and hung loose low unto her legs like great mounds of old wet rolled up and chewed garbage carpet. Cellulite cheesed and pock marked with absolutely no muscle or snap except within a thick protruding varicose vein or two. Just hung and sick and whored wobbly meat flabs of dead flesh.

In Volume #5, Joanne leaves Dave in the bedroom to go smoke crack in the kitchen.

"I always have a rock when I get home."

Patty returns in this volume, shares a smoke with Joanne and continues to cough up phlegm:

"Yeah, that's what that shit does to your lungs."

In Volume #11, dedicated entirely to two girls: Kristy and Toni, both rather young looking and acting – possibly less than the eighteen years required by law. Kristy, in particular acts childish; bouncing around and posing her fat belly, huge ass and little firm tits, talking about her mother and, after a brief stab at licking Toni's wide open cunt, asking her how she did.

She may also be retarded.

David asks Toni: How long have you had a bush like that? When did you start growing hair down there?

"About 4 or 5 years ago," she mutters and poses with her hands behind her black hair.

Toni wants to see the video.

Kristy digs at the shit in her asshole by reaching two fingers deeply into her cunt.

Dave gets especially smarmy in this edition, due most probably to the girls' youth. He couldn't get away with repeatedly kissing all the other older hookers the way he does Toni. He also probably wouldn't want to.

"Rodney Moore, the extraordinary 'King Of Cream', returns with another soaking wet edition of Creme De La Face, the video series for anyone who loves to see pretty girl's faces continuously splattered with huge helpings of jism."

(CREME DE LA FACE #5; JUST FOR THE CUM OF IT, 2 hours, Odyssey Group Video.)

"Take a look at this one boys. This is a west coast shot series of local hookers shitting all over. This series starts with #3 because 1 & 2 are pretty ruff, but they get better each tape. In fact, as I type this description up I have been informed #4 is complete and being forwarded to me. This series was started by some brown lovers like yourself who would like to

produce good quality viewable movies instead of multi generation tapes that are almost impossible to tell which end it is coming out of. This is intended to be a constantly evolving project with a movie expected every 2-3 weeks. We have subscribed to this project and will carry the entire series. As far as I know we are the only commercial source selling them. Call shooter if you would like to subscribe to this series and receive them as they are released. Go ahead order this one. See if it's what you like. Remember they only get better."

(BROWN BOMBER, advertised in private catalog)

"In December 1985 Martin received a call from Lou Ellen Couch's sister. LuLu had been stabbed to death in a street fight while defending a friend. Her last words were 'Tell Martin and Mary Ellen LuLu died'." (STREETWISE; PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK, Mary Ellen Mark, Aperture, 1985)

"Just before a police sergeant announced that Alice was stabbed to death by a 28 year old Latin male, and Alice's prostitute roomie explained that her murderer used an 8" long 2" wide butcher knife, Alice herself was interviewed about her future:

"I predict that I'll still be with Harold, um, probably, well, I don't know, if age catches up with me fast, I might not be doing this but, you know, as of now, yeah, I'll probably still, you know, walk the streets."

(HOOKER, Directed by Robert Niemark, 79 minutes, 1985)

See also Jennie Livingston's PARIS IS BURNING, John-Paul Davidson's THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL, Nick Broomfield's HEIDI FLIESS: HOLLYWOOD MADAM and AILEEN WOURNOS: THE SELLING OF A SERIAL KILLER, Kate Davis' GIRLTALK, Playboy's DOROTHY STRATTEN, THE UNTOLD STORY, Frontline's DEATH OF A PORN STAR, America Undercover's HIGH ON CRACK STREET, Bill Kurtis' NEW YORK STREET SEX and DYING FOR SEX, CNN's FACES OF SLAVERY, and, especially:

"I bought a rice farm for Aoi and I left Thailand. One year later I went back but she was not there. I found her working in Bangkok, in a sleazy massage parlour called 'The Happy House'. I asked her why and she said 'It is my fate'."

(GOOD WOMAN OF BANGKOK, directed by Dennis O'Rourke, 90 minutes, 1993)

"This video captures women going to the bathroom in the privacy of the ladies room. Great patience and risk went into its making, and the connoisseur of ladies room voyeurism will surely enjoy it.

"This presentation captures another thirty or

so women with their panties down. CLR-3 was filmed in both B & W and in color. A past review precedes and an interesting Candid Ladies Room EDITFEST follows. Enjoy!"

(CANDID LADIES ROOM, CLR-3, 90 minutes)

"The trash bin had been emptied Monday morning, police said, and there was no garbage in it when the fully clothed body was discovered."

(WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN TRASH BEHIND SCHOOL, Chicago Tribune, April 25, 1996)

It doesn't have to be this way. You don't have to be this ugly. The troll everyone knows - short and fat dyed dirty hair all colors of penny boxed blonde and black and hard grey, old Irish pig squashed white wisconsin stupidity - doesn't have to exist this way.

You don't have to drink. You don't have to be addicted like trash. You don't have to lie to your drug friends and co-workers, your johns and your pimp that way. You don't have to be so fucking defensive.

Who fucked you up this way?

Let's get rid of the excuses and armor and that ratty thick shell of hate that makes your natural attributes - beauty - so fucking anally perverse. How can your sore toothless face with all those pocks and blemishes and bruises ever retain any of the parent imbued bad luck you were raised with? Do you think that by slithering underneath all that make-up and attitude and stumbling slow chemical drowse that you can hide the great series of mistakes that has sent you right down here now?

Do you know the market for you, right now? Do you know you were fucking born for this? Asking for it? Just waiting ...waiting and begging for it?

Come on; who fucked you up this way?

Don't you dare say a name. Don't even think to find a whoever and struggle around tweezing it out of that wrinkled fried matterless mess. Don't make another sound unless that belch points directly back at you and all your petty problems. I don't think EKG machines can register the brain waves of cows these days. They're man-made beasts now. Totally inorganic lumps that could probably grow square in cardboard boxes if it made sense economically, and wouldn't frighten the public aesthetically. What sort of farmyard raised you, dear? What small sort of mistakes were made back at the farmhouse? Now, slowly, gather what brain cells you have left to pop and press from the diaphragm up: Who fucked you up this bad? What kind of sick lifeless pig turned you into this mess?

You know it wasn't anybody else, don't you? Don't you and your young-ish sore cunt truly know that: when you blur on the plain mat ceiling above all those jabbing discharging cocks, needles and jagged fingers? What part of the new age was lost on you?

What part of some equitable inclusive self negating pop philosophy did you miss? What created that hole your entire existence fell into? What classes did you skip? What kind of help did you forget to get?

What kind of person - fuck, I know you was simple country folk - could you be without all the excuses you sell so well you don't remember you even started. Inside that burning chipping greying brain where you barker out a brand new cut of pig; just behind that drunk lost slosh and slipped veneer of protection and raw advertising insecurity, peeled open asshole bloody, lies the answer the prosecutor needs to find.

How can you change? What will you offer later as to what good you can do now? What can you afford to sell or buy or what is it you prefer at this particular stem of uncluttered hallucination? Inside that splintered and re-plastered rotten barrel lies a thick hardened fistule of lard and fecal disease cancer and bodily quim cum and blood formed flesh that has your DNA red stamped all over it.

That beast - this special little idea - never fucking existed. And the jury fucking know it. And the prosecutor, who already got paid, spat the garish cheap advertising through her teeth so easily it bothered even her; for a second or two:

No one, I'm sure, has to tell you this. None of this - these details, these motives, these actions and defense excuses - has to be explained to you. Or anybody. As wrong. As intrinsically evil or, if you prefer, as absolutely anti everything humans are destined to do, want or accomplish. That these acts which naturally repel; naturally - that is, viscerally, immediately disgust down to the very roots of one's soul - these acts are unbearable. These acts against someone else, whether you believe in god or a higher power or buddha or just your parents or love in a hard, hard unforgiving world, are decidedly evil. They are incorrect. They are loathsome. They are destructive. They are needless. They are selfish and worthless and sickeningly hurtful. Self-obsessed, vacant acts that are an affront to everyone - everyone that understands themselves as part of a community or a family or a thinking individual as part of a chain that includes everyone working together, helping, struggling, commiserating, sharing and protecting each other for as long as we're here on earth.

These acts hurt more than just the victim, who in certain hateful base eyes is seen just as a plaything; a toy without feelings or emotions or reasons or plans or place. These shameful acts mortally harm us all. Because it takes away a great deal of our humanity. Some of what we call life. These acts cast a pall over our lives and transform us into less than we were. They deplete our resources, gnaw away at our hope and trust and concern and compassion and rip and stomp and steal our faith and

future.

These acts offer nothing. They consume our time and energy. They pillage and waste, they raze and burn and leave nothing whatsoever in the smoke and blood and pain. Not even for the selfish damaged individual so sick in himself, so low and degraded and torpid and mad.

These acts make no sense. Not even to him. Any acknowledgement of basic, rudimentary workings of compassion or empathy or humanity, if there is even the most remote possibility that those concepts can be located anywhere here at all, is only evident in the calculated twisting and circumvention of such feelings in the victim. All victims are innocent. None deserve their pain. No one deserves to be hurt. No one asks for terror and force and control and bruises and blood and frightened last screaming seconds and years of tortured flesh and mind destroyed insanity.

No. Feelings don't exist here. They couldn't. Not here, not as bludgeons; not this way. These definitions are all inadequate.

So we are left with a new reality predicated on immediate blind lust and personal drives bent and sick on destruction and cruelty. And anything we knew previous - anything else that was important to us, that was special or meaningful or purposeful like family and concern for our fellow man and charity and realized dreams - is now complete garbage. Rendered to filth. Vain vacuous chimeras.

No, we can't let that happen. We can't look for understanding here. As humans, as people who seek to produce and help instead of destroy and steal and rape, we try to look for the boy that was instead of the man who is. We try desperately to cling to some semblance of ourselves, some greater knowledge of our position here in nature and see what went wrong; what exactly could have turned something so inexplicably terribly wrong against us. What did he do. What did we do. How can we help.

We are naturally inclined to look down at the lifeless scorched earth left in his wake and pick for clues. Because we feel incomplete. Our need to understand and feel a sense of unity, of oneness, of brotherhood, of love, of the universal mother; all changed now. All reduced invalid. All of us left with nothing rooted, just a big black of empty. Of dust. And a sad miserable reality that nothing can ever be the same again. Everything shot right to fucking hell.

All of us: robbed. Soulless. Dead. All of us murdered.

No one wants to say these words. One is forced to.

We are the family that suffers the loss of a very special part of ourselves - an unreplaceable gem of promise and hope; the victim from which all this cannibalistic hatred and harm and pain spirals ever outward. We are now condemned to the reality of this

animal's design, his whim and reaction and illness. We are now formed in his image.

The shattered humanity of everyone but his.

When you see that video. And you see that beautiful girl with the beautiful blonde hair and bright clear eyes and freshly buffed up rosey cheeks; look to see what she becomes. And see if we don't become the same. See if it doesn't kill all of us. Because she changes right there on that tape. Gradually over the span of twenty filmed minutes that the camera focuses on her. Watch her become less than nothing, watch her body drain and empty and die and see the it she becomes as her new god, the creator of us all, fills up inside her vulnerable little body.

This then is the new age. This is the second fucking coming. This animal that fed her cocaine and filthy lies and easy answers from easier money; this is what creeps into her marketable body before he allows her blood to oil over the carpeted floor and silk bedsheets in their bedroom, before he uses her up and lets her rot away from him. Used and dirtied and now worn and no longer worth even one extra phonecall minute.

That penis she places in her mouth. And all the cocks she sucks. Isn't his. The man in this particular twenty minutes that pumps and grinds and pushes his erection into her vagina and paws at her breasts and finally ejaculates onto her back; having divested himself of friction in every human hole she owned and sold, is not the god that killed her. That big hard-on cock was a hired stupid pawn stud – a substitute cock in the greater fuck. Told what to do. Paid for his time, his pleasure, his complicity in her all too available death.

She hugs him afterwards. Cum still soaking into her milk-fed soft skin and sliding down her spine and puddling onto her round, over eighteen, butt. She kisses him and he pulls her tighter. A job well done.

A job now over and filmed forever for the god to use, to keep, to store and sell and show his friends and impress or talk about and prove or just masturbate to.

You can pause the video now. He can stop the film on exactly the frame he likes best. That gentle devil tongue on the red tip of a fat whore cock, his hairy scrotum pushed up rough against her midwestern peach complexion and heroin zits.

On her face.

Cock inside her mouth. Up her vagina, as her thin meaty cunt lips pull apart and hang slippery low around that bull thick fat veined hard-on that shoves up deeper and deeper as she squats down lower and lower onto all of that paid sweaty mindless animal action.

On her objectified skinny well formed body.

Nice tits, firm teen type rump.

Blonde bush untrimmed but clean.

Soft lips and endearing smile that stays throughout the entire mouth fucking dog licking blow-job.

It's all right there.

And it's all there in the right place now. The robotic instructions and angles, the tedious gropes and thrusts and facial expressions. All of it is brand new in the new heaven; the new aeon of the young selfish god. It's all real now. Reality has become fiction before this. This twenty minute of dumb teen approximations, fantasy fucking and cunt lapping and cocksucking and dick cumming and hair held back so we could see her natural tits heft and fall with every rutting good long powerhouse slam is now the holy fucking bible.

No one need be ashamed now.

You don't even need a safe word now.

No one needs a second thought.

You can see real sex roll right before you.

That cock in her mouth must be remarkably similar to the gun she placed there just a few days later.

How proud her boss must be.

Her god practically predicted it. Fucking walked on water to show us all he knew about everything.

Imagine that gun sliding and pumping out of her steadied mouthed head as that gorilla with the smaller dirtier smellier flesh fucks her face. Freeze on that skin and muscle throbbing vein, hard and tight and firm against her padded pink tongue, and that quick last taste of black finished smooth hot steel and fingered wood and a trigger that drug limp pulled back quicker than a brain pulse.

That cum close-up trickles like a small amount of blood. But not as well. Not as full-bodied and viscus and perfect pump seep spill and spread and soak beneath the plush colored clothes into the floorboards. You can really jack off to the crime scene photos now. All that head and face and bullet hole splashed behind and to the side of the large bed.

If she coughed on pre-cum. Just a little. Just a little piss or a little sick discharge. Fuck. The way her skinny lungs filled with the warm red blood from her collapsing throat and shoulders. Fuck the way he grew hard in her head and jerked his ass muscles to feel the inside of her warm sloppy face that ripped and tore and fell apart and peeled and splattered and came and prayed.

Nothing better than a paid fuck on cocaine cunt. Nothing better than a new cunt to fuck every night, in your own home, alone at night, holding your cock in front of the TV scattered images moving each way inside a single little hand held orgasm.

Messy and yet as clean as can be.

Tonight it's her face split into two.

Yesterday it was her little jiggling tits and hard pink nipples pert and unbruised. Covered in

caked blood and that little twitch of slightly pained belly I didn't catch before.

Tomorrow it'll be the humiliation of the money shot brought home to mom. Back in the cheap seats, mom; does dad still want to fuck the hole that produced the thing he saw fuck anything with enough cash, drugs or connections. The god himself said fuck this one just for the camera and she was more than happy.

And what part of the little porno body reminded you of the one you owned not so long ago and grew ape hard even just thinking about it.

Dad can't pretend now. Can't deny. Neither can mom or the cops or the nigger welfare jury and job hunting prosecution.

God has made everything real.

Everything is clear.

And no one wants to hear it. No one wants any of it. No one wants to see the photos and the film that effortlessly combines post-mortem and pre-mortem into a whole new exciting religion. No one wants the proof. No one wants to be here for this; any of it.

No one wants this to happen. No one wants the possibility of this to exist – not to themselves or those – anyone – around them.

And no one deserves this. No matter what. No one deserves to be anywhere near these actions or the descriptions – the pornographic details – of these acts. Words, thoughts, dreams made flesh, evidence. No one asked for any of this filth.

No one needs their reactions explained. You don't have to investigate what you already know to be naturally, instinctively beneath you. You already know exactly what happened. And what's wrong with all of it.

And nothing has changed. No matter how much this motherfucker has tried.

These things don't change.

And I'm sorry to have had to add to this sort of noise, this sort of filth, this sort of demeaning consideration. And to have had to drag you all along, when you already knew, and didn't ask to be here and would rather be anywhere else. I'm sorry, just truly sorry, for all of it.

THREE

"Without me, those crimes could probably not have been committed. It was I who was instrumental in procuring the children, children who would more readily accompany strangers if they were a woman and a man than they would a man on his own."
(MYRA HINDLEY: MY STORY, Myra Hindley, *The Guardian*, December 18, 1995)

"I slept terribly last night. I should be used to it now. That dream has haunted me day and night for 25 years."
(FOR THE LOVE OF LESLEY, Ann West, W.H. Allen, 1989)

Wizard, the shit eater from *You Said A Mouthful* (Slave & Master) returned in *The Bizarre Debut Of Mistress Anne* (also Slave & Master), this time, to chew on and suck out a heavy flowed blood soaked tampon pulled slowly from a goth whore's fat meat folded deep red cunt.

Slave & Master videos used to be available through Bijou Video in Chicago until an agreement was reached between the Bijou's owner and vice police not to sell them anymore.

Mistress Anne, not as interesting as Wizard unfortunately, continued to make bondage and torture videos – a great many of them sadly cartoonish; though that's what the market and law called for. Mole Video in downstate Illinois attempted to carry as much as they could of old (even then) fat wrinkled dyed blonde Mistress Anne's oeuvre until they too ceased to be, due to police pressure.

Superlive of Ronkonkoma, NY, used to publish a "Catalogue Of Brown And Gold Erotica", among their specialty stock, that featured the scowling Mistress Anne sat atop a naked slave's face on the front cover.

Mistress Anne, it seems, started to make her reputation in scat films during the very early eighties: rather along the lines of her forcing her willing, paying, fat middle-aged closet bottom to eat her shit.

A store in Chicago will sell some of these old tapes in badly dubbed form, in Memorex boxes even, for \$100.00 a crack. Cut up descriptions from old catalogs are taped to other blank video boxes and displayed along the walls. An old prick with cataracts, who works behind the counter shoeless – no doubt due to his old war corns – is quick to explain how he hasn't seen any of these films and has no interest in seeing them either.

You can select from six or so films playing constantly in the peep booths along the side wall for a quarter for about a minute and a half.

If you're looking for shit. And shit eaters and shitters and shit fuckers and pissers and piss swallowers, you have very few choices. You simply have to take expensive chances.

The current reissues of old Christopher Rage films have been re-edited and contain little of their original appeal. Even the more adventuresome gay-identified/alternative porn purveyors are unwilling to involve themselves in the scat market, seeing as arrests for obscenity are so costly to fight and easy to bring.

SVE has a series that collects the loops of the Seventies onto compilation videos titled *Grinders*. Each edition lasts around sixty minutes and contains badly reproduced photos from just a few of the included loops on the xeroxed covers. No names or titles or other descriptions, apparently, necessary.

Just search the racks for the small grainy stills of hanging mamas' bellies splashed with cum. Or a long haired whore squeezing her nipples clamp tight to release a messy sprinkler system of filthy

lactose.

Diamond's Period from Diamond Productions has the title star, thin and young and available made up, dragging around inside her swollen puffed and red stained cunt with a vibrator. Her well hung close cropped young co-star laps at her cunt in a later scene, before sliding his cock into the stinking sticking mess. He pulls out of her to jerk his only barely red tinted cock off on her ass and boney back. She goes down on him and his questionable hygiene. And none of it is as messy or gory or, even, clear as obsessive fans of all that is performed and required by the monstrously clumsy ballet called Creation and womb worn entropy would hope. Or imagine.

Diamond's drawn cheeks pop and her ass bags flop and her ribs and thighbones jut through her skinny fatless flesh. Like all mothers, potential or declining, she wears far too much make-up to be fully resplendent in all things natural. Rather like a suburban make-out teen turned obvious.

Blood dots and smears her friend's cock, but looks only like the faint lipstick blow-job aftermath left by most nigger or mexican porno stars. Blood speckles around her thin trimmed cunt and pubic hair but never blots the sheets in puddles or close up drips. The way your wife would probably do if she didn't jam a diaper up herself before she laid down to bed every thirty or so days. The vibrator manned by Diamond to slut around inside of her creeping dying walls is used to display the deep clot color of her blood and its viscousness.

The men who come into the Chicago shop with the shit videos are mostly older gentlemen. Many of these men will squeeze their way into your peep booth on just the slightest offer of attention or acquiescence.

These old men continue to suck cock. And they seem to like to make you cum. Some jerk themselves off, many don't even bother. They suck at your cock like a machine, like a teat, like a dottering old wheezing man whose wife died of a brain aneurysm long ago and this is as close as they get to flesh these days. Like they were sucking their own.

They haven't always been queer.

They've been in public showers before without getting hard or even thinking about it.

Whores are too drugged and money hungry these days. Cars are unavailable on their pension plan. These stores are heterosexually oriented somehow.

And one quickly generates a perverse – seemingly perverse; easily and lazily labeled perverse – interest in seeing these old bags' sunken drooped lifeless cocks. Their dying bodies.

There are chairs half way down the steps at The Bijou just in case some of the older clientele need a breather on the way up or down.

These old men will lick out your asshole if you turn around.

Their cocks will get semi-hard, or surprise you by getting very hard and quite often enough they themselves or you can make them ejaculate.

Somewhere, that's what they want. To cum. An orgasm. A release. Some pleasure.

But none of them wanted any of this. Not this way. No matter what they have to do. Or what they get into their now rotten minds about what they miss or the shit they want to watch, the period they want to smell, the damage they want to track. The mothering they want to feast on and own and sell and beat into fleshless dust.

None of them really want what they get.

Since my arrest for possession of child pornography back in 1985 I have been very careful. The last batch of kiddie porn I bought was in Japan last year but I was sure to leave my purchases in the hands of a friend when I left. As it was, I spent three hours in customs with up to four different agents all poring over whatever items I figured I could bring through legally. *Death Women* caused alot of concern but eventually passed.

My favorite photos from this last batch were of peep shots taken of little children who were unaware of, or unconcerned with, the photographer. A little girl, no more than maybe seven years old, helping her mother paint a wall, her loose dago t-shirt hanging wide open at her skinny armpit exposing a tiny brown nipple. Lots of shots of schoolgirls in traditional – Western catholic type – school uniforms playing and running and tumbling so that their dresses hitch up over their clean tight mommy picked fresh white panties. And swimming shots of tight pre-teen vagina curves and slick butt cracks and protruding hard girl flat tit nipples barely underneath sopping wet skin slim bathing trunk material. And surreptitious bathroom peeks: just a bit more than little babies really but older soft firm butts squatting down, away from their mothers and friends for seconds only, over those horrible Japanese concrete toilets in the floor.

More graphic depictions of sex acts between all combinations and ages were cleanly available and waded through. But what I liked of the new explosion in peep videos and magazines was the clear intentions of the photographer. The flesh – supposedly innocent, or at least ignorant – becomes conduit. It is only what is directed on to it.

The best photos of the sixteen children massacred in Dunblane, Scotland by Thomas Hamilton were collected and published in *Paris Match* (28 Mars 1996). All the news shows here in the States carried footage of the ever widening floral bed created in front of the school as well as weeping,

howling, hand hiding mothers and, of course, film segments from Hamilton's large collection showing him teaching and manhandling his young shirtless charges over a gymhorse.

In color shots with the children's faces digitized out, *Paris Match* froze one of the video stills for a perfect view of the boney body clad, only, in baggy shorts and gym-shoes and socks that Hamilton loved so much. Another snap of him posing with the boys from one of his many scout troops shows his smile, confidence amid the right age – all clothed in t-shirts and jerseys except one boy sitting in the front, shirtless, blond, and the smallest one there.

LE MONSTRE

Déjà en 1989, des mères pourchassaient le pervers dans la rue.

I can't read French. The cover of the issue is all sixteen then live, now dead children, including the eleven girls he didn't fucking care for, in nice cropped close ups on glossy stock.

KEVIN, 5 ANS

DAVID, 5 ANS

BRETT, 6 ANS

JOHN, 5 ANS

ROSS, 5 ANS

The information came first.

"There was talk of boys having to parade around in boxer shorts and puff out their chests for inspection, of hundreds of photographs, taken and of bullying and fondling at his camps."

(WHY?, *The Sunday Times*, 17 March 1996)

"He then took a bus back to his special flat, perhaps to spend the evening watching one of the hundreds of the videos he had made of 'his boys', most aged between eight and twelve, filmed semi-naked, flexing their muscles."

(THE LAST DAYS OF THOMAS HAMILTON, *Sunday Telegraph*, 17 March 1996)

"Many parents complained to authorities about his penchant for photographing the boys bare-chested and for fondling and bullying the youths in his charge."

(INNOCENTS LOST, *People*, April 1, 1996)

"There were 20 to 30 young boys wearing only swimming trunks, parading as if they were in a fashion show."

(THE SORDID MISFIT OBSESSED BY GUNS, *International Express*, 20 March–26 March, 1996)

"The pictures of bare chested boys on his walls could be seen by anyone looking in his window; a woman neighbor was shown his collection of videos of boys

running around his Loch Lomond camp as if they were the most natural thing in the world for a youth leader to film."

(THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THOMAS WATT HAMILTON, *The Independent On Sunday*, 17 March 1996)

"They told me he was taking lots of photographs throughout and later they all went to sleep in the same bed."

(THEY HAD SO MANY CHANCES TO STOP THE MONSTER, *News Of The World*, 17 March 1996)

"Tom always blamed the parents for failing to provide their children with wholesome diets. He was always talking about healthy bodies leading to healthy minds."

(I COULD KILL FOUR PEOPLE WITH A SINGLE BULLET, *The Mail On Sunday*, 17 March 1996)

The girls' names could be used to place little fake personalities to the pictures one might masturbate with, to, in the comfort of one's bathroom, say, in Tokyo, just five minutes away from the most lovely family owned and immaculate Kiddie Porn stockist.

Particularly recommended, and up market even, is the easily available *Alice Club* which runs down and captures all the happenings in kidnews, in Japanese and full color and perfectly clear black and white, monthly.

Say you don't like Japanese flesh. You're just this much more interested in something a bit closer to home.

CHARLOTTE, 5 ANS

EMILY, 5 ANS

ABIGAIL, 5 ANS

JOANNA, 5 ANS

EMMA, 5 ANS

SOPHIE, 5 ANS

MHAIRI, 5 ANS

HANNAH, 5 ANS

MEGAN, 5 ANS

MELISSA, 5 ANS

VICTORIA, 5 ANS

Video shops catering to a large gay clientele have recently been getting away with Dutch and German transfers of barely legal porn. In Chicago, at least. Boys just over or at legal age who look young are the excuses; the chance that the boys are younger and lying is the market. Though all have pubic hair and big, thick and too grown (no matter what the ethnicity) cocks.

ACTION BOY

BOYS FOR SALE

GERO GAY EXTRA

SEXY MOTEL

SMILING BOYS

MEGA BOYS: MESSAGE BOYS

TEENANGEL #5

IMAGE EURO PRESENTS: DAS SPRITZ HOTEL

SPERMA MEN #36

EIN VERFICKTER UMZUG

It seems that around that age – eighteen or so – boys can get away with more than girls. The market is bigger for that sort of youth look, in boys (the term "boys" alone has a much wider application than does its female counterpart), as well as being harder to judge age in thin, drawn and wasted rough trade misfit hustler types.

But there's no reason to work all that hard. To deliberately fool yourself. That specific interest is easy to come by.

"Three months of hopeful waiting ended in anguish for Jimmy Ryce's family Saturday, when police found the missing 9 year old's mutilated remains and charged a Dade handyman with the killing."

(MISSING BOY SLAIN, DISMEMBERED, *The Tampa Tribune- Times*, December 10, 1995)

"Nobody knows. Nobody can ever know the hell this family has been through, and will go through forever."

(WHAT IS LEFT TO FEEL AFTER RYCE TRAGEDY, Gary Stein, commentary, *Sun-Sentinel*, December 10, 1995)

"The end was more horrific than anything they had imagined. But, at least, Don and Claudine Ryce know what happened to their little boy."

(I KNOW HE'S IN HEAVEN, *Sun-Sentinel*, December 10, 1995)

"Moulton said her ex-husband was driving around the area, hoping to find his son. She said he was 'very distraught and upset'".

(PAROLED KILLER QUESTIONED ON MISSING BOY, *Chicago Sun-Times*, August 11, 1995)

"Chris, we are never going to stop looking for you until we find you", Moulton said, breaking down into tears. 'If I can take any of the pain for you, I will do that. I am doing my best to take your pain so you don't have to suffer.'"

(MOM: WE ARE NEVER GOING TO STOP LOOKING, *Chicago Sun-Times*, August 13, 1995)

"His grave was a plywood board and a dusting of dirt so thin a foot was sticking out, an awful, unfair end for a child who set out only to fish on a lazy summer afternoon."

(SEARCH ENDS WITH A GRIM DISCOVERY, *Chicago Sun-Times*, August 16, 1995)

"The photo is now etched in our minds: eager, trusting blue eyes: a broad, gap-toothed smile; neatly combed blonde hair, dimples pushed in by his grin."

(BEHIND THE SMILE: A BOY WHO WAS LOVED BY ALL, *Chicago Sun-Times*, August 18, 1995)

"He waited there for quite awhile until the small blue casket was covered with dirt. He waited, friends said, 'to make sure Christopher was in his grave and safe.'"

(SLAIN BOY IS MOURNED AS PICTURE OF INNOCENCE, *Chicago Sun-Times*, August 23, 1995)

Sex has everything to do with age. Even more than infection. With waste and depletion and entropy. Everything after. There is no such thing as a clean fuck.

Sex is a matter of degrees. It's a history of options. When sex is pornography, it is born of safety and privilege.

The formula is slow and reactionary. It is functional and ugly. The deviations that seem more investigative; more dangerous and difficult and spiritual and thus, more honest than mere urge or instinct are, in fact, the very same thing. Manifest confusion. Dedicated self-aggrandizement. They are not perversions. They are not truthful. They are not naked. They are not education. You fuck yourself no matter what you're looking for, find or settle on. No matter what you say. No matter what you believe.

I'm bad at guessing ages. I have a very dear video of these little girls. *Gymnastics: Coaching And Spotting Gymnasts* put out by a little company in Florida for, I guess, budding coaches and the mothers of the little featurettes. There are seven little girls. All in those little danskin outfits that stick right up in, on and across all the places you knew it should. The coach, some blond muscle head wad, talks the camera through the correct way to hold the girls as they bend, flip, stretch, jog and wiggle on a wooden beam and then some padded blue mats. He palms their backs and waists and supports their tight little asses and barely brushes their flat boney chests. I imagine they're between six and nine, though they could be just slightly younger. I hope they're not older but it would be possible. Their smiles are genuine. Their smirks and studied concentration pose; all the same. Their hair looks decidedly mommy primped. Their sex is all in their perfect trim asses and straight chests and that firm space between their spread legs as just a line of shadow or strained bent-over thought. This particular video is very matter of fact and only fifteen minutes long. What I know of little girls who're older is what leads me to my guess at their ages.

I know there's this little girl, age eleven only, who used to sleep in the nude. Used to sleep upstairs in her parents' house, in her large perfectly kept bed in her immaculate bedroom, alone, nude and dark.

At eleven she was wearing make-up. Her body was just starting to develop. Into whatever will happen over the next five or six or ten uncomfortable years.

The girls in the video don't wear make-up. They have white hand powder splashed about little corners of their bodies, some on their tiny sport butts, others across their chests and crotches. But their lips and eyebrows, their eyes and baby cheeks are all their own color. All their own. One little girl on the cover of the video (showing all seven girls in a clumsy smiling pyramid, posing, supporting and leaning child careful), down on her hands and knees on the right corner, looks to be developing a little quicker. But this may be due to the way she slumps her back rather than anything else more natural. Budding hurtful motherhood. Just not yet.

Many gymnasts train so hard that their bodies stall puberty. Menarche can, in extreme cases, begin in their twenties at the cessation of their rigorous training schedules. The girls' bodies are left and kept in a frozen pre-pubescent state: brittle bones and low estrogen and skinny womanless muscle.

The eleven year old had to crawl downstairs to her parents' bedroom and scream at them: tell them she was raped and show them the blood. Tell them about the window and how dark it was and how he, first, tickled her feet with a knife.

How could it have felt. Are you alright now sweetheart? Do you need a while alone? Do you need to cry it all out – it's alright, now, it's alright, would you like to be held? Darling. My poor baby.

Did the fuck she had pinch tight every muscle in her body like stretched fucking wood? Like muscle hard flesh gymnasts develop and desire? Or did you just feel the pain inside your body like any little girl losing her virginity would. Inside all over; not easy to forget, burning to piss everything out.

I watched my sister grow up. I have a video of her talking to my mother – my mom behind the camera. My sister looks like she's talking directly to me.

Just her head and shoulders, clad in a fuzzy black sweater. She has a cute pageboy cut of black hair that forms a neat flat helmet around her just pre-teen chubby face. A gentle small nose stubs out below somewhat sunken though flawless dark eyes. Thin lips all pinched inside a clean peach complexion flattened out by a bad video dub. She doesn't smile. She's mad about something. There's no sound. And it is just of her face, I think, from around twelve years old.

I remember watching her masturbating.

She was squatting in a bathtub only a quarter filled with tepid grey water. She was patting her vagina, perched up on her haunches, one hand steadying her gangly deformed weight on the side porcelain of the tub, the other rubbing between her

legs. Like a monkey, a fatty ape, a stupid dead to the world selfish hog.

I'm watching from the back. I can't see her face or her cunt. I move a little to see her bent forward boney back and the sides of her thin pubescent stomach rolls. I focus on the crack of her ass that peeks up as her shoulder moves to tell me she's feeling herself.

She just had her period, perhaps.

Or she's decided it feels good to do that. To pet and caress her hairing cunt. But she doesn't know better than to just slap at it.

Would you like someone else to do that? Do you even realize the possibility? Do you understand sharing, or getting that close. Do you understand the difference between rape and just a fuck that you yourself want, asked for, wondered about, lusted after. Caught. Mounted. Deposited. Wiped off. Do you know what your body can do to your brain, can you comprehend anything like this?

I mean; would you mind?

Did your face flush, your belly tighten, nipples harden and did you cum? And how will that change?

When you're thirteen. When you were just a teenager. When you're of legal age. When you hit forty. When you're finally given over to your oldest child's home to exist, in the way and hated, over a birthday cake then and again or a nice dress dropped off at the Goodwill.

You liked it when mommy washed your hair. When you were just so little and inoffensive.

And now you know you like that special place that you found when you're bathing.

You can tell me.

I saw you.

You don't know what you're playing with. You didn't know what you started.

I've seen bodies like yours. I know what you'll be. I saw what was aching to happen even then. Tits like yours sag like the ones on the pig I fucked when I was looking for pigs to fuck. The fleshy spread, the slithery grasps and cowering slides. Your shrill embarrassment. Your stumbling mistakes again and again. I watched you grow and turn and form and fail. I remember that age very well. It took a long time.

Nine year old Amber was in Girl Scouts, of course, and during the first week of cookie sales, she was pulled from the little bike she was riding and stuffed into an old black pick-up.

She lived in Arlington, Texas, had blue eyes and was wearing pink jeans and a grey shirt with multicolored handprints splashed all over it on the last day of her life. She wore her lovely brown hair in a cute little nine year old ponytail.

Amber's mother, the day of Amber's abduction, cried:

"I want to get out there and do something. I want to get out there on the street and holler and holler for her. I know that's not going to do anything, but I just want her back.

Just drop her off. Let her walk home by herself. Just don't hurt my baby."

The video has changed though there is really nothing new. Nothing different. It remains as exactly as I see it. It is nothing more than that.

Amber was found dead in a ditch.

Sisters bleed into mothers if you let them.

It all starts to look the same then. It is the same.

A mid-twenties/middle-aged thing sold me a video of her daughter. The video, police and child rights advocates will be pleased to know, was only of a three or four year old girl playing at some beach. Some grey but sunny, sandy though rough, cheap and hot beach near, I think, filthy but playable Lake Michigan. The baby wore a chintzy lovely little bathing suit – one piece wrapped snug to too tight around her tiny bunched up chub ill-formed child's body. At all times. The video lasts a bit over a half an hour and it, honestly, is just as innocent as you can imagine.

I thought it might be a good idea if the thing filmed herself changing the girly's diapers or helping it into that stretched out sling shot of a swimming rag. K-Mart, Woolworths, Sears – not ghetto, just functional, budget grandma cute and close. Children are just so small at that age. But she didn't. And I certainly didn't mention this idea. Of course, it's not like there was any great sense of decorum. Even through all the liquor and fake best intentions, the thing knew exactly what I wanted the video for.

I met this liquor soaked and dead witch at a hooker's bar – what everyone calls a hooker's bar – in downstate Illinois. Talked to her awhile, did what I had to do, and came back a few times later. She smelled out my intentions – not a hard thing to figure out given the intimate circumstances – and offered to sell me this tape; this very, like I said before, innocent video tape.

This thing sucked my cock for twenty dollars and offered her cunt for thirty more. I told her when I was going to cum and she slid her mouth away but kept jerking my dick with her hand in about the same rhythm. Which was nice. She had tugged a saggy drugged sucked limp tit out of her tacky whore's black biker blouse – too tight for a mother with fat lumps but, I think somewhere, that's the point. She struggled out bar napkins from her front pocket (black jeans) and handed them to me after I came. She didn't offer to clean up me or the mess on the floor as she was standing by then. We had repaired to one of a few different small rooms in the back of the bar. To do this. Like little washing rooms for laundry – no machines or tubs or dusty sinks or plastic lines

stretched across the walls, but that was the basement stink of the place.

It was a terrible place to be. And a terrible mistake all the way around. When first led back there – for only twenty dollars, very quickly – I realized how stupid I was being. This was still hot in the front of my mind as my eyes adjusted to the sudden dark light (the walk back there was nearly pitch black) and she stood there expecting me to – what – suck on her revolting breast or grow hard by its tease. Pet her, force her head down by my palm hard on the top of her rat's nest or hug or just unzip? A charming touch to the room was a small bathroom rug on the floor that she knelt on to undo my pants and blow me. I expect we would have gone somewhere else if I had picked up the offer to fuck her cunt. It had dawned on me that I could be very vulnerable back here and my cock responded more to this than to her far too industrious hands. Spit on her palm. Grabbed my dick. Brushed the tip with her tongue and lifted and licked the underside of the shaft. Looked to see if there was a pre-cum drop. Or syphilis perhaps. Then gulped me up and sucked, exaggerated, hard. I felt my balls tighten and my cock stretch and thicken. I heard her head pop as she checked at the degree of hard-on and tickled the dry piss hole with her fat tasting tongue. Any minute some big biker fuck is going to come up behind me and smash me unconscious. I told her to wait by brushing my hands against her shoulders and plopped out of her sloppy dog mouth. I walked exposed behind her kneeling slump and saw the hideous mop of teased and wired and old combed colored and split hair she wore like it might actually matter to some particularly close drug addict or specific john. Pimp, neighbor, mother, gang. Her and her make-up and that female fucking dug pushed up and hung out and fat and sick. The air and cold spit and flash of my dick as I stumbled around the thing did more for my hard-on than her taffy pull technique and porno tongue would ever know.

I started to get hard before she even – quickly – shifted back around to face my cock. I wanted to have my back to the wall and my face towards the paper board accordion door. That I then saw was completely shut. And her body in between.

She said nothing, just opened her mouth and that white girl whore tongue and that ugly female practiced whore's rhythm. Fine. Cunt. I knew then, like I know now, it wasn't the blow-job at all, honey. Thing.

I wondered if I should reach down and pull her dug. I thought it might be polite. I wondered if I was obligated. I feared if I went anywhere near the sandbag I'd pinch it til she yelled and I knew that would: be a mistake. Cost extra. I came. Her on her knees, moving her head to the side of my thigh and looking away. Like I was an ill child and she was

doing her motherly best to help me vomit over a toilet she didn't want to look into.

Thanks. Come back anytime she told me, as she tucked herself together, standing, making my position there and back at the bar obvious. I should just leave.

I walked out towards the dark passageway, less dark now, through the bar, head slightly down and careful not to give anyone the wrong kind of look. The light outside was late afternoon. That was a big fucking mistake. AIDS, VD, a robbery could still happen and any cop could have been anywhere. Never again. Never fucking again. I had lost control. I had put myself in jeopardy for something as ...ugly ...as simple and easy and fucking overpowering as filling some cunt's anything with my dick. I had given up to a weakness inside me. Something above me, prodding and pushing me. Separate. Animal. Like the rest of the dogs sat at the bar. Some fucking connection to something else pulling strings and mapping out blind directions and group dance instructions. Schizophrenic. I knew better and had to be better than the situation which suddenly seemed so important and huge that I'd completely forgotten: what I wanted in the first place. There is no beauty in strength. There's no truth in weakness. There is absolutely no such thing as nature. Not now. Nothing that I belong to anyways.

I knew it wasn't the stench of female. I knew it wasn't some fucking hole or some black stupid drive. I just got in line. It wasn't what I wanted, but it was available.

That ugly pig would always be there. I knew that. And if not her – if, say, she died of an overdose of crystal meth; white biker type mother trash that all her sort seem to obsess over rather than the crack and liquor favored by wasted niggers and junk favored by the spindly city punks, there'll be another cunt – vagina, literally – in exactly the same bar exactly like her any-fucking-where. This I knew with every fucking fiber of my being. Face fucking this particular thing was hardly necessary. Seeing the fucking thing sitting in the bar was just as good – just as necessary, as desired – as seeing her drooping flesh and soaking mother's tongue lapping my dirty smells and cheap cumming heat. Even watching her. Being there where she seeps. Putting myself in that position: It was all too desperate.

Fucking her hollow head made sense there only. Fucking her hollow head with my cock there pushing in and out like a dog made sense only after I gave up to something other than the reality of the bar, to the attraction to the pained caged beast, the thing, in the first place. It was, very simply, very definitely, a bad decision made from a lust that ceased to have definition. My tastes had become excuses, like some mother of a crippled child might label her crowded

days and forced plans: spiritual. What I wanted was inconsequential to what I – apparently – had to do or was allowed to do or pushed to do.

Conned; a bait and switch.

And this held true for all my return visits there. I had eliminated the police from the equation by not going into the back bar after that. Even when this thing rubbed my jeaned crotch under the table and tried to start a – what – free hand job, paying hard-on. I'd let her outline and pinch all night if she felt like it. Which she didn't. I didn't get hard. That way. And I'd take her hand away when she tried to pop buttons.

Of course, I paid her. And didn't spend near enough time with her. For the price. I told her I'd be happy to just sit there and talk and find out certain things and she should feel free to go with whoever she felt like if she saw an opportunity. She was hardly pleasant or even accommodating. But to her credit, she knew – after the first time – that I didn't want to talk about my problems or myself and that I didn't believe her talk show white trash tales for the lonely. Father abuse didn't ring true and it was clear to both of us that, although a nice gesture on her part, I was just this very irritating pest worth some easy money if, after being paid, she could get me out quick enough.

I did not want to be this beast's friend. In any way. Even professionally. I didn't want to drink with her and know the name of the bartender or her co-whores or traders. I liked the stories about her daughter. The thing got it after awhile. As she went down the list.

I liked looking in her pinched and wrinkled face and checking the dilated pupils, the whiskey sweat, the unwashed hair and the way words could slur and mash altogether on the way out of her stupidly hung sloppy maw. What she said, I knew and proved, would be of very little consequence.

Her wretched spleen. Her slab liver. And why she had to pee so often.

Her dreams of being better than this, her excuses, and Speed sense.

Her child. Singular.

Her buddies here at the bar. Cash family.

Downtime. Painkillers. Time wasters.

How nice, at least, I was. And then she tried to sell me on a little more: I had hurt her mouth, I was one of the thickest dicks she had ever had. Just a little more than usual.

Her child was not sacred ground. No hidden secret, no untouchable place that only close friends and better customers can go. No mother clouded pose either. It was very simple. I kept asking and she, lazy as she so quickly was, never felt the urge to make up porno tales. She knew my interest was specific and her answers became genuine, first in an attempt to dissuade me from asking more. I didn't want to know

about her fucks and the possible rape scenarios while she was out peddling her flabby cottage cheesed asshole. She got to that by talking about the laundry not being done, and not smoking in the house, the price of Pampers and how quick she had to mend clothes because of their short lifespan as the child doubled in size every damn month. School girl recess rote.

She told me nothing about the father or how the little rat was the best thing in her life. How maybe she felt terrible about what her life had become and the need to get out before it affected the child. Which, of course, was the real reason she kept on. She never even mentioned the poverty angle which, business wise, might have seemed appropriate.

She told me how she liked to swim. How she bought a new bathing suit for the baby and how the baby liked to wear it around the house, baby talking about when they were going to go to the beach again. 'Cause she knew momma liked it there too, the thing could have added for effect, but didn't. The child was sold properly selfish. I understood, but made the usual fucking stupid allowances and comments anyway.

And she told me about the video. And I said I would like to see it. No problem. Price and, yes, there was nothing vulgar about it at all. Lest I get arrested for child pornography as that was hardly my interest. Correct.

The possibility of being primed crossed my mind. There's more you could ask for. More that she or others could provide. Or that video was at her apartment, where other, better, services were available.

There is no baby bald tight cunt in this video. No changing scene, no trace of anything but a large cumbersome and ugly diaper bunched up underneath this little orange flat slick bathing suit. No little three year old ass cheeks sneaking out from behind. Fuck's sake, take the diaper off before you dunk it in the water you mindless inconsiderate slob.

Longish stringy wet then drying hair. Bright big eyes that I can't see the color of. Baby teeth and a wide giggling smile with pale skin and red cheeks, nose and slight chin. High forehead and soft messy but controllable hair – yellow to blonde to brown when wet and tangled. No nose at all sometimes it seems, little darling. Tiny shoulders with straps just barely separate from the top of her chest and neck and arms.

Fucking little Peanuts pail with sand and plastic blue shovelled out into the wet foam. Running into the water with just her tip toes and being led back into the tight arms of her mother. Or holding hands with mom's girlfriend when mom is manning the camera. All chubbiness stretching into skinny girl with baby face stupidity. She doesn't know anything

yet. Not anything real.

The poses and fun are for the child. And they're done with either snapshots and TV memories, or me, in mind.

Both women talk at the child. But there is not one drop of life there. No boyfriends' names mentioned or daddy or questions asked by the child about where they're going later or isn't this better than – say, something else – or is that man going to come later or do you have to work tonight or even a slight blemish or band-aid innocent enough. The mother, the thing, and friend are suitably dumpy, hardly sexy if not uncomfortably shielding their zaftig laziness and there, obviously, for the child. Within reason. I can easily imagine the rank vodka and coffee breath, the hang over wrinkles and aches, the sore arms and jaws. Their last chance lesbianism.

What if they went out and did this video just for me.

As innocent and clean – and unassuming – as it is. What if they took the little darling out with their camera expressly for this sick fuck pervert at the bar.

Was her friend worried about where this sort of thing could lead? Did she plan with someone else to mug me the next time I came to the bar because, obviously, I didn't deserve to exist. Child fucker. Fat jagoff.

Was I so pathetic? Was it just a laugh? Did either whore worry about the implications and how their relationship had changed just because of this little design and their proximity to some prick as fucked up and lonely as this?

Or did it exist, perfectly, just for the memories it promised to serve up. Did it deliver the nice comfort smiles and tough responsibilities when they watched the tape later. Like any other stupid cunt mother looking for her back to be patted or for a quick dip into never was, never will be, wouldn't it be nice chastisement. And has that all changed, all been dirtied, by its sale to me. And by their decision to sell it to me. Are we watching the same thing. Now?

Could she look at the video the same way ever again. Would mother remember me and my interest when she snuggled the child into the swim suit ever again. Will she have to buy a new one. And burn the old one. Would she question her hugs or looks and turn what was just fucking fine before into something altogether ugly now and, definitely, unsafe. Ugly. Perverse. Purchased. Saleable.

Would she remain indifferent. Drugged to the gills where the answer was money: The details just don't read that way. In any way, asshole: Your problems are your own.

That mouth that tasted my dick and walked away from the table we sat at to talk to another possible blow-job for another twenty bucks was filled with more than meat and heat and stink. It was filled

with reality and the metal taste of speed and teeth and the bottom line is only reached when someone asks her to sell it. So don't. And it, honestly, didn't exist before that.

Which is what I bought. Perfect.

There are specific ways of looking at this whole circus. Event. Mess. Destruction. My little doll, I think her pig mother told me, was supposed to be four years old. A lovely age for her mother to raise. A perfect time behind that buzzing scowl and drunk splotches and cock breath to go home night after night to. But the video confuses certain truths then. Would a four year old wear diapers?

And this edges what I see. On the video and into that cunt's face that I pissed cum into.

Did she, maliciously, put a big diaper on her child. So I couldn't see that cradled four year old shadow of ass crack. Or did she put it on the child to sell her as even younger. A tease. A safety.

The sound is badly recorded. Still, I don't hear any names being used.

Or did the little darling not learn to live without it yet? Stunted; maybe the mother is unable to teach the little retarded girl, rapidly turning, slowly discovering, every minute of every needle infected puffy bruised arm slow nod day.

Who takes care of it at home. And what is she doing right this minute. Both of them. Dropping off in the middle of a TV blank and the little bored damage soaking into shit on the floor staring at an old worn couch, infomercial, bare lightbulb, torn and taped photograph, works, a boyfriend rubbing his pants and figuring a little teach and pull and lick scream might peel the right way down his spine just now. His cock hard. Getting hard. His finger can help judge the deepness of her age as far as he can get it inside that non-slash yet and those guts that have to sit way too close given that baby squashed size.

Fuck the junkie.

Let's make another baby, nigger.

Fuck only the hole that's legal.

Fucking thing. Can it talk now?

Which is another possibility. Was the youngster filmed at three, perhaps. And the video is older than a year now. Two years old to three years old is a definite distance, she's at least three but four is a possibility: that long hair, her mouth that answers and squeaks clipped baby sentences that the fucking camera can't quite pick up.

I know what I want. And what I got. And, so, it's all true. And sitting there in front of me.

You cheap used whore.

You bag of slow death and disease.

And its toddler.

When you hold your baby girl, do you feel it in your numbing, peeling ageing womb? Your stretch marks? The split between your grotesque vagina and

gaping plugged asshole. I know your kind of filth. You are special that way. You have quite a few good years left in you, right? That sub-human romantic phantom pain has to count for some grace, right, you toilet. You are that thing that sits on the end of any cock anytime.

Does your belly – your seething empty womb – ache with loss or promise when you view your baby rolling and barking and just screaming. Or just playing. Tickling. I want to see how that baby howls. In pain. In real pain. Different pain. And I want to hear her talk baby talk about what it feels like. All to you. At you. And see the effect. The change. The reality and honesty of motherhood. Or of drug abuse. Or of lazy beasts shitting out more beasts under tree stumps in sleepy paying jungles.

Where's mommy?

What does dad's dick taste like?

How do you weigh a gram of coke?

Do you feel embarrassed without clothes on?

Do you know what virginity is?

What happens when ...who made that hurt?

Who hurt you? Who hurt your bottom?

Do you hate mommy?

Do you hate it when she leaves? Do you know where she goes?

Do you want to taste something nice?

Do you know what love is?

How about sex? Drugs? Are you having fun at the beach? You like your bright little outfit? Who are you wearing that for? Does it make you feel pretty? Sexy? Do you think mommy is proud of you? Do you like that? Want to make mommy happy?

Do you like shopping at the 7/11 and Woolworths?

Do you get by?

Do you have everything you want?

I like it when you giggle.

This is my favorite part.

Do you know why mommy looks that way? Do you know the chances of you getting those exact same slits and stains at the corners of your mouth and curve of your lips and crows-feet and jowls and deep wrinkles and used and abused junk speed teeth are mighty good? Dear? When I look at your video, I see your mother. And when I see your mother, you, as well.

When I see her just breathe. I see you, honey. Beautiful. Just like you are. A little package of promise and inconvenience and your mother just beating and bubbling over to let herself out of all that is you. Screwing herself deeper into your little receptacle self.

What is good?

What do you like?

What in this material world makes you smile?

What do you remember. And how does it

affect you. What did you bring with you.

What would it mean to do exactly as you'd like?

What would that be?

What is sex without love?

What is pornography without humanity ...without some specific, however slight, sense of human connection? Empathy.

What chance have you got? Now? Left?

What is more ...natural... cumming or failure?

How many fingers are you? I'm bad at guessing ages – you have to help me learn. It's important.

"COCK-HUNGRY AND PREGNANT.

This video features a cute, blondish girl who must be about nine months pregnant. It starts off with her masturbating, until her boyfriend comes in and she eagerly sucks his cock. For a brief minute, another guy enters and she sucks both of them. This video has some real hot fucking and sucking action – don't miss it!

85 Minutes."

(The Tiffany Amateur Collection, T-1732)

I have fucked mothers. I know the truth of the universal mother and its stench of biology. I've paid the universal mother ten dollars to cum in its mouth over its cunt. I've fucked its bruised and scarred and small poxed pitted black ass and cleaned its shit off my cock with a crumpled up plastic bag from Walgreens. The stink that still sticks to my moneyed cock and burns my thighs and eyes is the same stink that clings to the yellow grease stains slathered all over their cardboard cages called housing projects.

I like it when the rats open their tiny little brains and squeak: follow your heart.

There are rooms in Cabrini Green that cost \$18.00 a month in rent. I hear. Apparently your rent is based on your welfare status and it's understood that whatever the amount, it'll just go unpaid. Understood by the various agencies organised to look after the lots: whose jobs it is to help out the helpless and their money allotments, their gang problems and drug and abortion and AIDS and black on black crimes and babysitting and child abuse and neglect and teen work and education and Sunday BBQ god or neighbor meetings and jobs-for-the-future programs.

How many shitting screaming little black babies can you pile on top of how many fat drunk lazy garbage mouthed mamas? How many chemically shivering sweaty sliding nigger punks can you pile on top of their borrowed rusty bathtubs, broken windows, unused but free condoms and flea beds? How many angry squealing rats can you lock one atop the other until they rip their way outside their tight fucking cages. They gnaw at and eat each other first, don't

they?

They say: follow Jesus.

Save the children. An equal chance.

Brother, can you spare a dime.

I've seen the caucasian colored flesh split from inside nigger whore's cunts. Inside those blacker than the deepest tar soaked stomach cancer, gristled labia lips spread out sticky pink. Hideous keloidal white flesh stained cunt. Like their palms. And the bottoms of those nail stung feet. The inside of their lower fat rubbery lips. Ugly that way.

I don't know how crowded those rooms get. I don't know how hot they bake when the humid Chicago boiling sun roasts all the barbed wire and unpainted rusting metal. All the chicken coop netting and broken locks and splintered cracked wood. How the walls split and warp from crack clouds and steaming drooled body fluids and rank overcooked pork grease.

Then there's some ones that I'd never allow for. Possibly. Maybe. Probably very different from the stereotype I fully intend on believing. The ones that hide. The ones huddled in frightened corners. The ones with even worse luck, perhaps. Probably. But.

They're all the same.

The universal mother exists and protects and breathes inside all of them.

And I like it when it's poor. And lost. And hungry to angry degenerates into frenzied hopelessness. Sometimes accepting and always rotten with stupidity and mental disease and so few options.

Ask it to take its top off completely. Its cheap knock-off sports grey t-shirt. Over its head and crinkled slicked flat unclean hair and above its brutalized skinny dugs. In the front seat of a hardly safe car. And it bursts into tears.

Please help me.

I haven't made anything tonight.

It had to see its bruises.

And it'll take just a minute to forget it completely again and again.

Its child and the bruises it came in here with. They are exactly the same kind – in the same places – I could have given him. That I can make larger and deeper red and blue black and make hurt just a little bit different than the one that's on his skinny boney knee from falling down as he ran into the big black iron doors at toddler school. Or onto the hot dirty concrete. The glass smashed and hidden in old browning grass and mud.

Or the bruises made from his owner's disinterest. Neglect. Impossibilities. Drunken drugged whorish stupor. Or its stress point: My god, woman, don't you see those signs on the buses – don't you know the phone number to call when you just can't take it anymore and it only makes sense to abuse your easily produced brood?

What part of daddy's brain made that?
What part of daddy's dick do you like best?
Now; after you've been with him for awhile?
Do the johns make the same face as daddy did when they squash whatever they have into whatever part of you you're able to sell tonight. Crack hurts your teeth just now, doesn't it? You tell me if you've seen that face before on the one who squats down to shut up your child. Does the child's face register the same as yours. He's got your nose; whose tongue does he have?

In the right circumstances, I find its children attractive. In the proper context. Safe and removed. The context that it so desperately clings to and dreams of and blindly accepts as denied but owed. Its children are revolting product. Parcels of its sickness and disease and laziness.

And it's in those realities that I find it so perfectly attractive: its thin skin ready and lined up to sell like another huge cow on a flat stainless steel floor with a thick brown chain nailed into its hooves.

I like hoping the child will live. I like the idea of scissors being plunged into its spine to kill it, or to help it after an unfortunate accident. When we pray, at the same time, for his little body to stay breathing, for him to just make it. At least. Existing. But it'll learn to regret it. Brain pumping lungs half dead without a spinal connection. Breathing with metal and plastic. Under a brand new waft of crack pipe heat.

She made a big fucking mistake.

She asked for it.

Fucking hoped for this.

It earned it. It deserved it.

This is what it gets. This is nature. This is perfect in something's - someone's - plan. And it has to accept that. Now.

Stupidity can be made into a religion. Just like loss. More and more rats sucking each other's cocks and swollen baby bellies and alcohol bottle ends for that last stale drop, blunts and pipes so hot they can't even hold them anymore.

Those that don't deserve an opinion deserve nature.

Like your mother. Like your absent father.

Your mother who sucks cock on cue.

Some nightmare in flesh full of motherly promise in spirit only squeezes her lumpy fat dug up all over some seventies stoned long cock and heavy packed balls. She moves her bags up to his hairy mouth and pinches, tweaks and twists her pink rubbery nipples. A dirty non-white liquid drips slowly from the udder into the gaping maw of the fool who can barely raise his head to lick, first, then suck. At her teat. At her femalia. Like a baby. Like a nested bird. Like a full grown man growing more drugged dead and malleable. His head falls back onto a pillow while the mother hooker lifts her fleshly sacks up so

that the camera can correctly record all her paid worth. Mother's filthy milk can now be wrenched from its bloated weight in great aggressive streams - uncontrollable shotgun lines of warm milk shooting and splotching the wasted supplicant's face, swallowing throat, lapping tongue, sunken chest and everything else - old bed, tacky stickered walls, camera pimp, rented lights and cables - within sickening spitting distance. The leaking and squirting sow has directions to lower her punctured motherhood down to the limp folded cock and to rub and gyrate the sad loose wet mess altogether. Then back up to the sucking dog, down to his chest, now back to his cock which either pig, if they absolutely have to, can work up into a quick hard-on. Unless the drugs are too powerful. Or the money's not enough. Or the woman is just too grotesque by this point. Mix his dead-end cum with her whored milk - just like nature intended.

This lactating beast gets to be fucked again. It doesn't get its period when it can still produce milk. When the baby, or whoever has enough money or time, stops suckling, her period will - naturally - start up again.

During the seventies, those interested could enjoy film loops of these hookers doing their jobs projected into tight booths usually located in the back of most adult book stores. One could choose from the list at the entrance to the arcade or search over the boxes stapled to the doors of the individual booths. Among all the other peccadillos; Poppin' Mamas meant naked pregnant fucking, Milk Maids would include lactating tits.

Many of the booths also had glory holes drilled into the sides so that after watching some pig approximating your wife and mother, you could stuff your face with the cock of a stranger, similarly affected, and further approximate the experience of motherhood. Those heterosexuals staunchly masturbating at their easy access or unrealized moans were quickly reduced to their situation as desperate hungry faggots made their intentions suddenly all too clear. Sooner or later everyone - everyone - is on their knees with the taste of someone else's cum on their tongue. The difference between motherhood and fatherhood becomes more than who points the dick. Who owns a dick. Who sucks it with whichever specific part of its body. That special perversion of the - very pure - survival instinct. Instinctual. Inculcated. Needful. Mined.

There is a desire to see that blood.

And what is formed from it. Hurt.

These cunts want the chance to live that life that'll include that little mommy passed fairytale: you too, darling, will start to decompose and bleed and expel and leak and sprout and carry and seep and hate and bloat and push and produce and turn it all

loose instead of wrapping it in gauze and chiffon and silly little brutal dreams and wishes. You too, sweetheart, will swallow. It all. And this is how.

I've got the footage courtesy of these very same talking empty-armed parents. The little bundles of slow motion joy with edited piano strolls and voice overs. The mothers lower their heads or tilt them in shame and memory terror or rest them on their blank outraged and robbed husbands' drooping shoulders. Red neck morons whose dicks smell worse than the rapists and molesters and murderers, who plugged and burned the little wastes of time and space, massage the same heart strings as the fearsome housewives.

I've got Jacklyn Dowaliby in a wading pool. Black wet hair slicked back and smiling just like a child her age is expected to. Full of herself and her parents' video mirror.

I've got Polly Klaas swinging on a swing. Same smile, same giggle, same small hands and mother's dress. Fuller poofier hair and older than dear Jacklyn.

And Polly's dad hisses "Nightmares do that."

There is no Kiddie Porn in this house. No videos, no mommy pictures of any kind that would show, say, a little darling with a cock pushed up to but not fitting inside her little unlipsticked thin lipped mouth, shoved down her bald plain cunt, half inside a thin stomach entered through a stretched out - quite horrifically unnatural - asshole or the way such a little fist tries to wrap itself barely around a full hard thick cock.

No tears. No screams. No nos. No shaken heads and pouts and balled fists and stamping feet and spurting messy erections and illegality of any kind.

Tell me again. Let's watch this one. How exactly did your boy have his little boy penis severed from his body and how did you find him - what did he look like - when you found him tied to a tree, his pants that you picked out and paid for and admired somewhere else in dirt and his crotch area just completely covered in warm clotted and dried and slowly running blood in that filthy black mud and finger stains.

What about the way you had to see your baby girl laid out on a morgue slab. And see her head crushed into two essential distinct pieces, just mere dirt and bone leather now - not quite the way you remember it, is it? When you think of her and your plans. All those reasons to spread your fatty legs nine months late and shit out something so dear and unprotected as that was.

Do you blame yourself?

Your husband. Society. The motherfucker (literally) who knows what that flesh of your flesh tastes like better than you and what no sounds like

when it is wheezed and barked out in painful unfair squeezes and pumps.

I've got photos of Caroline Hogg smiling like Sarah Harper and I've got shots of Robert Black where you can clearly see his fingers. And I know exactly what all three smiles have in common. All ten fingers and two holes, four holes, six holes. I know it.

And I have come to like the lies best. Because real knowledge - reality - is a celebration of exactly what a mess it is that you've made. And the wreck that you prop up and try to hide behind face paint and motherly understood clichés are just about picture perfect. Because they're lazy like you. Like you are now, fat and spent and sucked out dry and like you were, when you let someone - anyone - snatch your little reason to live, your little primped personality, up off her bike and stuff it into the back seat of his car (Brian Dugan), van (Robert Black), and fuck the life (literally) out of it.

I've shared polaroids given to me by a paedophile with a taste for his sister's kids. I've seen them smiling as they sat on his lap, snapped by the sister for her brother. And I've seen shots of the same kids naked and smiling. Taken by the paedophile.

He told me he masturbated with the shots that he talked the children - two very little girls - into posing for. He never fucked them. Though he desperately wanted to. Especially the chubbier one. And he never touched them except to help them into their freshly picked underwear.

Your DNA leaves its mark on a licked envelope or inside a bruise or onto an underwear stain called, briefly, Repressed Memory Syndrome. They can pull your mark from a never rotting never fresh swabbed out rape hole.

You were designed this way. You have little choice that's not either a limbic mistake or genetic truism; socialization just fucks up what little will you hope for. Your snail's trail proves it.

That little baby will grow up and remember those photos you took under the guise of love and innocence, one day when it seems most appropriate and convenient to her new lifestyle choice.

Gym coaches who watch their freshman Highschool boys' classes take their showers.

A screaming red faced in the dark fat father follows his sixteen year old runaway daughter into a large enclosed vacant parking lot. Pulls out his cock. Wraps around a photo he has of his child when she was young and safe and his to do absolutely anything with. Works the photo into his fist, crinkling and ripping, as he jerks his cock with its sharp plastic and paper cuts. Quickly. He runs up to his daughter, his palm working up his cum around and inside the baby fresh smile photo: DON'T TELL. DON'T TELL. I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU IF YOU TELL.

He fucked her mother to produce exactly what

he had. To produce exactly this. His screaming mad confused DNA.

Why, exactly, do women disgust you so much? Away from teenage, pre-menopausal and just post-sag. These cunts bleed, these cunts stink, these cunts pick and yeast and fart and spew and discharge. Veins and hair and that thick clown make-up that somehow has become acceptable: Tell me about honesty, about love and respect and soul and what new spirituality you fell into this week, you great fat sow; now that that wrinkle cream has seeped so deep into your craters and divots that your crows' feet have turned into full personalities of their own.

Skank. Vagina. Beaten motherly hog lying on a sheet covered uncomfy metal table waiting, begging, now, for a two day old C-section and some drugs because those gift given ribs and pit hole just aren't moving quick or far enough apart yet.

You want some painkillers?

You want some comfort.

You want to scratch up flesh and hold on to the edge of the table. You remember when you took those Gym-mat classes and you could wrap those skinny legs and proper thighs back behind your never blonde haired smiling cheek puffed face. So much unlike the greasy horse you've turned into now. Who'd want to fuck anything about you, mother?

The lights work perfectly with the make-up. All those careful accents.

The prostitute lies on her back on a cheap studio bed and rubs and dips in her puffed dry birth-hole with a cream-colored five and dime brand vibrator. Ratty cheap yellow hair thin over black roots pinned and spilled all atop her squashed ape-ish hispanic brown face. Slippery lips, pimples, bumps, half mast stupidity and old zit pocks. Her bloated cancerous belly is huge with a creature, probably nine months along, short on promise and worth: what kind of little shitting mewling animal could this half human barn produce and what will it offer the world after it's slit from an ugly sucking and fucking and, obviously, dirt poor whore's slimy pit?

You wanna suck off seven guys in a row and let us film it? What do you need the money for? Diapers, drink, rent, groceries, Advil, crack, heroin, the virgin mary, your five other piglets? How's the hot box walk-up? Are the lines at Welfare too difficult to manage with all the baby carriages and playing and screaming for attention? Do you even know the fucking father still? That hump that spilled his waste into you and created the rest of your life in a half-minute jerk off toilet flush. What are the chances that he'll beat you, and the kidling into a daily pulp, if he still lives with you a couple months from now? Just like all the other drunk meat packing mexicans and niggers you've ever been allowed out for.

She puts down the vibrator and lowers her

heavy head towards her monster size sickness. She licks at her swollen mother tits. Thick brown nipples made prune knotted and twisted from glowing motherhood. Pierced nose; tattoos on her hand – gang or prison style. More tattoos will become visible as the video progresses. As she performs doggy style fucks, the faded blue pick marks on her back and flabby ass will become clearer. As she gets plowed into, on her acne'd flat back, the permanent stains around her ankle and wrist show themselves. How could this cheap stupid rat ever feel so committed about anything. How fucking stupid could this ghetto sludge be. How perfect. How she doesn't have a clue, never had a chance; open wide and hope it doesn't hurt. Have something to eat. Smile. Bark. Roll-over. Spread.

Her pubics – that brown mat of rat hair and Brillo wire, streaks across her pregnant pigness and scatters around her pin pushed navel. It screams down to her puffed out asshole and vines up her pitted thighs and ass-cheeks. Five different men fuck her various cunts. Two return for more at later points. Some lick at her birth deformed vagina through her sweaty hair patch. So close to birth. She gets fucked and reamed and dug into: she lies there dumb and bored and listens to her hair grow. She stares up at the ceiling, she performs porn talk and takes loud direction from the crew assembled around her motel throne.

She seems particularly taken with one greasy off-white but dark middle-ager:

The director, off camera, tells her to guess the fucker's nationality.

She tweaks his black nipples and scoots her kneeling pregnant farm disease closer to his body. He'll have to jump off the bed to get his jeans and socks off but for now, only shirtless and kneeling like he doesn't understand the job at hand, he smiles and waits. With her in her tight stretched out red thin teddy clearly not designed for pregnant cows and attempting to dog perform lust, the squat mama slithers: Puerto Rican?

"Everyone says that", he smiles again and lets her rub his slick chest.

Italian?

"No."

Mexican? What!?

"Black and Portuguese."

The crowd off camera laughs. Throughout the entire hour and a half they can be heard talking amongst themselves while the director only occasionally gives instructions above the din:

"Yeah. Yeah. Yeah."

"Use it like a paintbrush."

The phone rings off camera, jokes are told, no one is interested. Including the dogs that mount the motherly holes and baby to be. All seven scenes end

with the near or proper latinos jerking themselves off and aiming their cum at the fluid tight belly, tits or chicken skin face. All seem to have problems keeping or getting hard-ons. The beast herself performs only when necessary. But she knows that the demon loafing cocks have to be milked for the scene to change and the meat of the hard day's work to end.

The half-caste puts on a rubber and explains that it's because he doesn't want to irritate his dick which has a little cut on it.

The pig asks him: Don't take a long time.

Like the others. Please. This momma sucks cock, gets tossed around to switch hole after hole and lets the cum that collects on her various lumps seep into her splotchy skin rather than wiping it off. She slurps some cum off of herself and opens her mouth for the facials. She rolls about the creaky bed with all the grace of a walrus stuck in a crag. And doesn't look to understand that the pigholes she offers aren't only female. Here, it isn't defined only by male lust. By nature what – she possesses by simple dint of gender and the luck that comes with it. The rote games she has learned to play. She splits and opens, offers and pushes and glides and accommodates the foreign matter collecting in her cunt and across her abused chest and hairy face. Just like any other marketed cunt. But the vacant defensive banter, the unhealthy slow draws of breath, and stumbling yellowy eyes, the used and re-sold bargain basement femalia, all sell something else. Or something extra. And this little slice of her life becomes more important, more real, than anything the pig actually lives, or exists, through. She is caged. Her mistakes have been captured and displayed. This document – the video and the sale of it; the available marketability – becomes the special event. The real thing. She just dies sooner or later. Her lack of success. The child's head so close to the cocks pushing again and again through her cunt. Her wretchedness. Her low place in line. Her obscene deformity. And the truth that allows prostitutes and all mothers everywhere the possibility of slowly destroying sexy little rat babies by shackling them to ghettos and sexual abuse. Just like this, what money was invented for.

There is no fascination. There is no search for the secrets that women possess. There is no truth to be gleaned from sticking your finger into a cunt, your dick into a mouth or fist in an asshole.

This pregnant mess, this female list of horrors, was here full of cum and quim and lack of sense before you sat down on your couch to watch its pain with your VCR. There is nothing new to be learned about varicose veins, afterbirth or thick black worm fat scars that stretch from asshole to cunt and never ever heal. There is nothing new about implosion or old age. Nothing special or interesting about wilted flesh and chemical changes that cause, conveniently,

any newly trade-branded form of depression. Or confused excuses.

There is no fixation.

You didn't see your mother's red rag or douche bag and not forget it. The women you took a bath for, the babysitter in the seventies' tight worn jeans and tube titted top doesn't mean the same as the greasy black whore you pay to stick crack pipes up your ass.

There is no mystery. There are no secrets. You want gospel truth and you want to name it Nature and Mother? You want reason and balance, you need cause and effect? Extra is what you're looking for. What you pulled off the shelf and took home. Extra is specific and personal.

Your mother is a disease. Rotting away and clinging hard to what's there of you.

You get this information in drips as you get older. She was a whore. She ran away from home when she was just a teen and ended up married young. You have a half-sister or two somewhere downstate. When you're old enough to know where to go you put two and two together: you understand where mom ended up and what part of the city gave birth to specific parts of your personality. And mom's. And the sense mom had available to her all her troubled life. That she only needed a price.

That's where all the strip clubs were, back then, wasn't it?

That guy sounds like a pimp.

Have another gin and tonic, souise.

You were so lucky to meet a guy like dad.

Where did you meet him?

Where did you meet a hump like him? A trick, a john, a niggerish dick boy and his cheap needs and your cheaper offers.

How much did last night's cum cost you?

What kind of whore were you?

Who did you fuck when you were pregnant and for how much? Were you able to lift your packed and plugged and whinnying weight around with the same stupid slow clumsiness that that fucking hispanic pile does, when she falls face flat and sells her expanding hole to whatever dog stands behind her?

Can your little baby feel that cock?

And those strange tongues and fingers and intentions?

This pig found herself this way. This pig didn't choose this for herself. This pig nailed herself to that bed and those cocks and those cameras and that consuming churning seething belly like a blind dog sniffs a pile of shit searching for just a bit of non-toxic sustenance. You don't shit into toilets like her. Some germ might crawl up your ass. You stand away and piss into it. You stand well away and aim your cock like a paintbrush. You aim for the mouth,

the tits, the embryo, the dirty water that is made for your waste. And when you miss, you're just another privately minded slob. This is a bad neighborhood and you knew the toilet was going to be a pigsty when you entered. You zip up and walk out. Let the next pig flush. Let the pig swallow if she wants the right amount on her paycheck.

The customer creates the interest.

If it wasn't pregnant it would have nothing to sell.

The real beauty of motherhood.

You wanna make \$200.00?

What else do you have to offer?

Sometimes you just have to do what you're told.

Darling; are you pro-choice? Do you feel you have the right to make decisions about what you can do or not do with your body? Do you think women can be trusted to make the right decisions? Do you think they can come up with the right answers?

And you? Did you make the right choice? Did you fucking plan this? Did you work it all out beforehand? Are you, at least, happy with this situation?

Do you possibly want this?

Forever? For the rest of your life? Do you still hope all of this will work out?

Did you even have a fucking choice?

Did little baby make a mistake? And are you tied to this now? Did you miss your appointments at the doctor? Do you think that spearing that little worm inside you on the end of a coat-hanger or sucking it down the wrong end of a vacuum tube could be murder? Or is that fucking tiny parasite slowly murdering you – steadily constantly sucking off of everything you were and had. Reducing every inch of your life in mind bleeding never ending bits and pieces.

Was it your choice? You? What part of you?

When you closed your cunt around some hard-on and let it spit? When you hoped that he pulled out in time, wore a rubber, cummed on your asshole and not in your cunt, that he wouldn't come back and do it all again by leaving his deposit warming up and grabbing and affixing itself to the walls of filth inside you.

Is that what you spread for? Some fun? That giggle that was just waiting to be let out?

I don't believe any of you. I do believe that the entire act – your whole history – is defined by watching your plans whittled away by your lack of choices. Your options are simple. Your decisions are drooled excuses. You can't ever catch up.

You should have had an abortion.

You look sick this way.

You should have had your legs fused shut.

You should have a few more brain cells.

You should have been born male.

You shouldn't have had that cigarette, one last drink, that condom should've been checked under a better light. You shouldn't have believed in love, lust or second chances.

You should have let the doctor pull the plug when it came out too soon and fit in the palm of his hand.

You should have run away.

You should have thought a little harder.

You shouldn't talk like that.

You shouldn't think those things – it'll only make things worse. You just have to take one day at a time. Now. You just have to get through all of this.

You wanna make some extra money?

You need something.

You know that, at least.

You do need some money – for all of this. For everything you need to get now. And maybe for something you want. Maybe for something that you wanted once and now need to just feel whole again. Something you need more of.

You deserve it.

You just gotta.

You wanna make some money?

It's your decision.

You let me know. I got five guys – two of them want to go twice, so a total of seven and they want to feed your pregnant face with their good clean cum. Just like you've done before.

The fucking baby won't know.

There's an audience out there who likes to look at your bloated busting pig meat and the holes you continue to offer.

Would you like to try?

Your choice.

You can turn a bad thing – well, not that that's bad, right, I mean, it's a wonderful thing, it's just that times are hard now ...you can turn a rough situation to your benefit.

No one would want to pay you extra if we weren't paying for two.

Now is important. Right now. This minute.

These next few days will be better than the last few – and a baby is all future, isn't it? That's what's important.

Let me help you.

Let us help you.

Let us help both of you.

It's your choice. Your noisy mind. It's all yours to sell.

I think it must be drugs. Every time I see one of you beasts moving so slowly, so sickly, I can't imagine you believe in what you've done.

Am I wrong to have given you the benefit of the doubt?

Reach over. Put your head down. Mother. Bite that soft baby head. Let your teeth peel into that soft

as shit never healing baby bendable head. Squash it. Knock it down stairs. Suffocate it. With your not inconsiderable weight. Pinch its tiny nose before it's too late. Pound its chest – just once, you don't have to do it too hard, its heart will burst easily, it's a very fragile sickness. Throw it against the wall or shake it quickly up and down, ghetto sludge style. Make it quit screaming. Quit sucking you dry.

Put it in the back of your car and drive it into the water. Lock them in their baby seats. Fill those fresh lungs with heavy bleeding and rupturing black water full of parasites and filth and disease. Rape their small bodies with frightened death.

Mop the floor with her face and shrinking cries. Feed her her feces that she wiped all over the refrigerator in the grip of a frenzied seven year old mental breakdown. Put her down on the bed like a retard; she having fallen unconscious after being raped repeatedly over days – using a toothbrush and a hairbrush inside her little flowered and dead and morgue creamed body. Make the children stop bullying you into being something you're not.

Feed them poison. Tear up their tight fleshed bodies with grease from the pans on the stove, finger fuck whatever hole offends – or excites – you most.

Make them swallow glass shards and vomit blood and spit tears.

Funnel in bleach.

Film their injected quaking bodies and sell the one and only video to a pervert you heard about: who stays at home and masturbates – only masturbates – to films that hurt children and promises more. Let him fund your crimes. Let him plant that germ for more crimes, longer lengths, better ideas.

Inject your body with heroin and crack and shit the baby out shivering and silent screaming and frying and film it like some yuppie in hospital blue fake smiles would. Let's see it bathed in your sick blood flopping around like an unhooked suffocating fish too terrified and bone soft to audibly bark. Slide it across the floor. Dirty; cut by splinters and your own long painted nigger nails. For a camera close-up.

Defecate. Shit. Pinch and strain. Let your unhealthy AIDS crack porcelain bleeding squirting bodily waste burn its flesh. Let nature be your guide. Celebrate all that is human. Whatever disease you've let crawl into your black chewing and spewing body, whatever has attached itself inside your sewer female hole for as long as that thing you made tumbled and recoiled and suckled dry nothing dust.

Let me convince you. Hold the baby down and let it expire. Let it die by not touching it. Let's see what happens. Let that five pound malformed bag collapse and implode and fight its handful of fight to stay alive as if it knows absolutely nothing else. Let its tiny little body eat itself. Its snap and sinew, its

baby fat and cold brain. That is nature. That's nature like the idea was sold to you. See if those paper thin chicken skinned giblets blend and fuse and grow and create anything worthwhile. Or if it just shakes and coughs up blood bubbles and nothing at all in its – only shadow staring – eyeless brain.

What did you want?

What did it get from you?

“Q: What about fisting?”

Jamie Gillis: Okay for your personal collection, but unsellable to a distributor.”

(PERVERT CUM LAUDE, Chuck Farnham, *The Nose*, #24, September, October 1994)

“The prosecutor says the defendant and Karla took turns taping each other violating the girls. During one disturbing sequence, Bernardo pretends he's directing a pornographic movie and makes his wife and Kristen dress up in school uniforms, the court was told.”

(VIDEO MONSTER, *The Star*, June 6, 1995)

“You watched the (sex) tape on other occasions with Mr. Bernardo, didn't you, Miss Homolka?”

‘No, I didn't; you're very wrong,’ Karla replied.

‘You watched it, and you enjoyed it, and you got a big laugh out of it because it's part of the kinky sex you were into,’ said Rosen.

‘That's a lie,’ Karla shot back.”

(DEADLY INNOCENCE, Scott Burnside and Alan Cairns, Warner Books, 1995)

“Among the disorders Bernardo may suffer from, according to Hucker: paraphilia (sexual deviation), sexual sadism, voyeurism, hebephilia (attraction to pubescent or adolescent females), toucheurism (grabbing of unsuspecting women), coprophilia (deriving sexual excitement from feces), alcohol abuse and narcissistic personality disorder. Still, Hucker wrote, ‘there is nothing I have seen in the evidence so far available that Mr. Bernardo has or has had a major illness of a psychotic type, i.e. he is fully in touch with reality.’”

(BERNARDO: THE UNTOLD STORY, Joe Chidley, Maclean's, September 11, 1995)

FOUR

"Each man was given 30 minutes in the cubicle, and I would try and prolong the time in an effort to lessen the number I had to serve, even to lessen the number by one. At first, I got away with this, but later on I was too exhausted to do anything but lie still like the dead with my face turned to the wall, avoiding his stare."

(Yi Okpun, TAKEN AWAY AT TWELVE, TRUE STORIES OF THE KOREAN COMFORT WOMEN, Edited by Keith Howard, Cassell, 1995)

"One man, although drunk, stayed inside me his whole allotted hour. It was unbearable – but I had to bear it."

(Madam X, THE COMFORT WOMEN, George Hicks, Souvenir Press, 1995)

"The girls might smile for no reason, or perhaps they smiled at the prospect of earning 500 baht for an hour's work instead of 70 baht for a day hauling cement on a building site in 90-degree weather. That's a little over two dollars a day but for most of them, that was the only alternative."

(Rory O'Merry, MY WIFE IN BANGKOK, Asia Press, 1990)

"In 1984, five young girls who had been imprisoned in a Thai brothel were burned to death in a fire. Later it was revealed why they'd never had a chance: They had been chained to their beds."

(David Hechler, CHILD SEX TOURISM, Appendix to BATMAN: THE ULTIMATE EVIL, Andrew Vachss, Warner Books, 1995)

"A hierarchy of jobs existed on Patpong. Working in a blow-job bar, like Dang, or performing in Fucking Shows was at the bottom."

(Cleo Odzer, PATPONG SISTERS, Blue Moon Books, 1994)

"I don't have any money. I'm pregnant. I'll be leaving work. I need the money.' I went with him. He wanted to do things to me that I didn't like, such as three holes. He said he would pay me for that."

(Madelin, LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL, Sandra Pollock Sturdevant and Brenda Stoltzfus, The New Press, 1992)

"If I were a man, I'd never entice a kid into working the streets, even if she were low on money and bumming rides. I'm starting to hate men except for fatherly fantasy figures who are gentle, comforting, and couldn't possibly have real penises."

(RUNAWAY: DIARY OF A STREET KID, Evelyn Lau, Coach House Press, 1995)

"While mizu shobai women provide a service judged to be socially legitimate, the legitimacy of the service extends only to the men seeking the service, not to the women servicing the men, who are seen as somehow transgressing their very nature by being sexualized, even in talk, by males. The woman's position then becomes one of degradation – she is the slave."

(Anne Allison, NIGHTWORK, The University Of Chicago Press, 1994)

"It really sucks when you have a 'flashback' onstage. Once some guy spat a mouthful of beer in my face – he was this close – and it reminded me of when I was 15 and being raped, and the guy came in my face."

(Kathleen Hanna, ANGRY WOMEN IN ROCK, Andrea Juno, Juno Books, 1996)

"Sometimes I ponder the idea that hundreds of thousands, perhaps even millions of men (even some women) have masturbated while looking at images of me. I wonder what effect this might have had on my life on a metaphysical level. Perhaps I might have felt it physically. I don't know for sure, but I like to think that my life has been enriched by it."

(Annie Sprinkle, POST PORN MODERNIST, Art Unlimited, 1991)

"Ms. Fox, by any objective judgement, is out of proportion. Her small body, well under average height for a woman, is dominated by a secondary sexual characteristic gone mad, a huge pair of breasts (requiring, apparently, a 38DD bra cup, whatever that may be) which constitutes a constant reminder of her biological role. Ms. Fox can never know the freedom of going without a bra, without straps and painful bits that dig into her flesh – except, of course, when she is in front of the camera. Her chest relegates her to the position of the crudest of sex objects, one so lacking in subtlety that it is not hard to conjecture that her 'fans' are characterized by the immaturity and functional nature of their sexual response."

(Joan Smith, MISOGYNIES: REFLECTIONS ON MYTHS AND MALICE, Fawcett Columbine, 1989)

"There is a lot wider variation in men's conscious attitudes toward pornography than there is in their sexual responses to it."

(Catharine A. MacKinnon, ONLY WORDS, Harvard, 1993)

"We are recognized only as the discourse of a pimp."

(Andrea Dworkin, PORNOGRAPHY HAPPENS TO WOMEN, THE PRICE WE PAY, Laura Lederer & Richard Delgado, eds., Hill And Wang, 1995)

"I took them into their yard behind some shrubs and pulled down the front of my shorts (I wore no underwear on these trips). I said, 'Anyone want to touch it?' The 4-year-old did and said, 'Yep – it's real!' They all laughed, and the 4-year-old and two of the 9-year-olds agreed to meet me at a vacant field nearby that evening so I could do it again and show them some tricks (making it 'bigger', 'bouncing' it without touching it, and making stuff come out), and I might even teach them how to do it, but they never showed."

That was the last time I ever flashed a kid. One had touched me, and gave me a better feeling than just showing myself. I now wanted to be touched, not seen."

(Westley Allan Dodd, personal diary, 1976)

"New Orleans Style! Come along with GM VIDEO for a Close in depth Look at All the Action, we mean

Action! This Video is so jam Packed with TITS & ASS you won't believe it! Our roving cameras were in the crowds catching all those Beautiful Girls Flashing T&A and BUSH! It's just like you were there. All Spontaneous Action! Don't miss Vol 2 thru 4." (#170 MARDI GRAS '95 Vol #1 of 4; 2 hrs. Hard R.)

"What a Fucking Hoot! All on Video, GM Style! We topped last year with More Tits. More Bush. More Close Ups. More Nasty Stuff! All Spontaneous, no Staged Crap! Every Size Tits & Ass You could ever wish for! Each Volume Always contains something UnXpected? Don't Miss Vol 2 & 3."

(#184 MARDI GRAS '96 Vol 1 of 3; 90min. X.)

"Unlike many other Videos of Sturgis we didn't spend a lot of time filming all the Harleys. Just all the Girls Flashing their Tits, Ass and Bush! Wild and Crazy. GM invaded the Camp Sites and RV Parks for a behind the scenes look! Even a Nude Wedding! Don't miss all the Biker Chicks!"

(#177 BIKE WEEK T&A, STURGIS 1995; 110min. Hard R.)

"He's amazing! They call him 'Ugly George, The Professor of Seduction' and 'America's Crude Dude' but if results are what counts, we all have a lot to learn from this funny looking guy with a video camera under his arm! WATCH HIM WORK HIS MAGIC ON INNOCENT YOUNG GIRLS! Every woman wants to show herself, to 'flash her goodies' and delight as she exposes her bouncing breasts and pouting pussy for a man to lust after, admire and worship! But how do you get a girl to 'give in', to surrender to those inner needs and desires? GEORGE CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO GET THEIR CLOTHES OFF ...ANYWHERE! His technique is failproof! He stops strange, beautiful girls on the street ...starts an innocent conversation ...and before you know it, he is chatting and charming them right out of their moist panties ...sometimes in the closest alley or doorway available!

Watch 'Ugly George' do it and then 'go and do likewise' yourself! You'll learn every clever trick, every subtle persuasion device he 's taken years to perfect ...and you'll lead a richer, sexier life for it too!"

(ELECTRIC BLUE SPECIAL: UGLY GEORGE, Kenyon Video, 1982, 60 minutes)

"Deep within the concrete canyons of New York City there lurks and thrives a personality so bizarre, so strange, so totally off the wall, that the world knows him only as Ugly George. George is a specialist – a specialist at accosting young, unsuspecting girls as they go about what would have been their everyday business. And what exactly is George after from all these heavy hootered honeys? Their bods, of course! So turning on his ever present video camera, he

coaxes and cajoles these unsuspecting damsels into doorway, alley, and even into his private 'Polish Penthouse' for a time they'll never forget and none regret.

So strap yourself in, grab ahold of your 'pencils' (as George himself would put it) and get ready for one of the strangest journeys you'll ever experience – a Totally Unrehearsed, Triple X Rated journey of amateur exuberance and dynamic proportions.

Plus, this video features GRETCHEN, a one-in-a-million find who may just be the World's Largest Busted Woman, in a brain melting bosom love bout with the ugly one himself. Rated XXX." (TNT TITALATORS: THE BIG BUSTED GIRLS OF UGLY GEORGE, Big Top Video, 1985, 60 minutes)

"A frank, humorous, and provocative documentary about what some men really think of women. Produced by award-winning filmmakers Lucy Winer and Paula de Koenigsberg, RATE IT X is an eye-opening excursion into sexual values in America today.

Men from all walks of life are interviewed – like Ugly George, the cable TV star whose 'gimmick' is to ask women to take off their clothes on camera. There's a baker who creates 'bikini cakes', a lingerie advertising man, a group of retired war veterans, and even a funeral director who shows caskets designed to appeal to men (blue) and women (pink)! It's funny, feisty, and fresh – a new look at an old problem, produced by women with a sense of humor." (RATE IT X, International Video Entertainment, Inc., 1985, 95 minutes)

That cunt crawled around like a roach. Like a flattened roach looking for somewhere hot to hide; frantic like someone turned the light on too fast.

On all fours, legs up tight and fixed and arms stretched down straight and fast; cunt looking for some dick. From dick to dick to dick.

Your wife has been raped.

What you owned has been stolen. What you bought belongs to someone else.

She was stuck like a caged farnpig. In her small studio apartment working to pay her bills and do what little she liked. What she was owed.

What we know – and you don't want to hear this, but you do need to know – is that she was attacked by more than just one man. A group of men.

You are one dumb cunt.

You are one disgusting fucking pig: all covered in blood and cum and wanting more.

What kind of pig would do that?

You want to know how we know it was a gang that attacked her? That it was more than just some single horny burning nigger following her home from

buying whatever it was she needed at whatever unsafe time of night?

She was a breathing cum towel. She was covered in beer and beer swilled sweat and beer pissed cum.

You think she deserved better? Because she wanted something else? Because she wanted a break? Just because she didn't want that?

We know because of the cuts and scrapes and scratches of all different lengths and degrees that cover her body leading and coming all different ways. Fingernail slices and teeth scar bites and paper cuts and forced squeezed bruises that spread and bleed damage inside. We also know because of her hysteria just before she fell into shock. She was screaming and hallucinating and biting the air. She was lashing out at the technicians, the cops and the medics who were pawing at her and sticking needles and drugs into her. She was frothing about hands and cocks and AIDS and heat and stink and all about her head blacking out being forced under water.

There were foot prints made of blood and grease and smeared with shit and beer.

Crumbled up cardboard that they used to scrape the muddy mess from their shoes and bodies, that was maybe used as a gag or some form of tampon to stop the heavy flow of hemorrhage.

There'll be a full cup of cum inside her.

She'll have to get an AIDS test. And tests for other sexually transmitted diseases. Syphilis is particularly virulent lately. Crabs, herpes, counselling, prozac, morphine.

She's in pretty bad shape.

Why didn't she just chomp off one of those dicks shoved into her bright bawling mouth? They used every hole she has, had: you just know that. Why didn't she just bite down hard.

It's the survival instinct. It's the strongest of all. It must have made sense to her, at the time, to just get to the next moment where hopefully the pain and evil and unfairness and threat and fear would stop.

She sucked when she was told to suck. To swallow that load you cunt. She didn't want to die all the way.

She'll have to deal with driving thoughts of suicide now. Ironically. She won't be able to take this. Anymore. She'll keep hearing. And saying.

She'll suffer flashbacks and brain lesions and have to fit all she knows about inequity and worth into her new life. Her fucking survival instinct will want to suck up all that cruelty and come up with something special; much more special than what worked before.

That gun that got rammed up inside of her gave her life.

Do you know what you want, whore?

You gotta know what you want in this life.

What do you want most of all?

She must have been fed that gun. That's what happens in a real gang bang. Someone showed her how that steel and power felt cold and hot inside that lame endorphin rushed unnumbed body. Wake up, honey, everything can come crushing down right up from the insides of your skull.

Do you have any friends who can come take care of you?

Treat you right?

They held her down with their fists and dog shit shoes: I don't know if they planned it all out beforehand; if anyone was wearing steeltoed boots or meat packing shitkickers.

Just hold your head there while I fuck it. Hold her head straight while I fuck it like a garbage hole in the dirt. And the rapists were hard from her fear. And from her animal scratched nakedness. He liked the way her tits looked. Firm and not so young and a healthy untouched by a real man cunt, salad stomach not unlike some of the stuff on lighted display but not for sale everywhere else. He got full and rushed from her crying and weak womanly helplessness. Her struggling; weak and pathetic and perfect.

She can be taught classes in self-defense. She can take therapy where she'll be encouraged to cut a rubber dildo in half.

She can wear her damage as a call to arms.

She can never drink alone again.

Her chances for motherhood are well fucking slim. Depending on how old she was, she might have been fucking menopausal for all I know.

How close to pornography did she look when sucking off any other member of the gang. Did anyone fuck her ass and cunt at the same time; cum on her belly or, as is the case when no camera is present: straight down inside its throat or shot up into its womb.

All the blood and cum mixing with her guts and ovum and stink forming a new rat biology out of such ugly natural aggression.

Imagine her next want of cock. Of cunt, of flesh, of comfort or escape or pity.

Her next drink of water from a stainless steel fountain.

Her next hug or good old fashioned cry.

I have this idea.

I'd like to take this child – at times, a girl seems best and at others; I'd like a weepy little boy. For some reason a boy would be much easier to break, I think.

I'd like to keep a child in a box. For as long as it took. Barely feed it. Fuck it always, in all different sexy ways – as one's tastes change in terms of what pornography seems appropriate for whatever sense of proxy is needed whenever. And slowly convince the child to commit suicide.

Convince might not be the right word. I guess I'd like the idea to come from inside the child – not from me talking it into it.

But imagine that: how long would it take. What would the defining moment be?

Like a test in a concentration camp.

Or fucking your wife with the barrel of a gun and about five or six hung cocks – or a very small penis for that matter; in fact, I think short stubby greasy cocks would be best provided there's a coke bottle or Tanqueray, or a chair leg around as well, or half a rubber dildo even – until she just can't take it any longer.

Like ten or so years after she pulls herself up from her nightmares and casts and tries to dance naked in a peep show booth or upmarket strip bar. Sucks a gun off with her finger at the trigger inside the women's bathroom where some of the more liberated or uncaring sisters take quick cash johns for the same kind of non-metallic tasting tongue job.

There's a certain sense of forgiveness that bothers me. If you've ever been around certain streets in New Orleans during Mardi-Gras you'll see obnoxious amounts of flesh. Most likely, it'll be females of all ages, though not really children, pulling down their tops and lifting up their bras and wriggling out tits of all shapes and sizes and deformations.

Some of these women pretend they're flashing their body parts for cheap shiny beads, sexual identification or just plain lazy drunkenness. No matter how ugly, or typically un-pretty, they know the crowd wants to see it. Every slob is in *Playboy*, every beast no longer suffers the horrors and hurt of lookism.

And the crowds go crazy. Some balconies are dedicated to this event and the strip clubs pay their strippers to play along.

Hands – usually a fair amount of black ones – reach out to cup or grab or often pinch the breasts that are flashed and then covered up, or attempted to be, almost immediately. The men hoot and yee-haw and beg and barter and memorize.

Film crews and camcorder jagoffs offer nicer beads and even cash or just the proper sort of attention. They often ask for pink shots, or for the girls to bounce up and down and jiggle or even encourage them to perform blow-jobs or lesbian licks and kisses with their partners.

The video tapes are then sold in regular adult video stores. The ones that feature girls are sold to heterosexual men as "soft-core". The videos that feature men flashing and tugging at their cocks are sold and marketed to gay men as camp and safe and understood.

But aside from the male audience, what the events, and more so, the tapes, have in common is the sense of acceptance and accommodation.

Whatever the girls or men get out of the act itself is up to them. Not all men, I suppose, are dogs looking for cunt just as all the women with their tits out and cunts spread are Freudian messes who'll either hate themselves later or work up a new-age excuse of liberation and catharsis and female empowerment. All is fun is a fine excuse. What is important and shared is the fact that so many of the women are hideously ugly.

Great big scars on their fat bellies. Fleishy misshapen nipples and cellulite. Stupid straps and fastens that hide bulges and badly done tattoos and sloth are struggled clumsily out of and snapped open to let all sorts of sicknesses blubber out.

A woman in a wheelchair; its thick heavy flabby jugs flopped atop her protruding bunched up lap forever belly, lifts her tent large overwashed t-shirt up to thunderous applause.

A mother and daughter – wearing home painted shirts that advertise their willingness to flash – display; on the daughter, skinny boned flattened sucked out dry white trash flesh bags limped and hung like wrinkled scars while the mother displays a belly swollen out far below her high pants line and small but equally damaged dust filled waste breasts.

Mastectomy scars and fake hard tits that couldn't possibly have been done purely for someone else's viewing pleasure.

Cancer lumps waiting to happen, for sucking, for mothering, for exhibit and sale and obsession.

And there's the demure attempts, or equally blatant as the case may be, of even the younger just-college kids who've made their reputations on the size of their sweaters and t-shirts that, once exposed, quickly try to hide the sag or separation by lifting or arching or otherwise shyly controlling the exposure.

The documentary circus will film anything. Anyone and everyone is encouraged and rewarded. The niggers respond on any cue.

You could fill the little child's head with all sorts of ideas. Not even physically rape it. Just tell it how bad its situation is; what it's missing, what it would be if it just had the breaks, the right amount of cash, the right strength, the right body.

Let it get through that phase of wanting to kill its captor. Let it decide that absolutely anything would be better than this.

Make it do it itself. Himself. Herself.
Let's make it herself.

"An 8-year old girl was raped after her mother traded her to a man for crack, police in Bossier City, LA, said."

(GIRL, 8, RAPED IN 'TRADE', *Chicago Sun-Times*, April '96)

"Cain told police Hill gave him the girl with the

understanding he would have sex with her in exchange for crack, Halpin said. Police were alerted when workers at a local motel called them about the child."

(MOM CHARGED WITH SELLING GIRL FOR CRACK, *Chicago Tribune*, April '96)

What is a pig?

What does pig taste like, exactly?

How does pig suck, what does pig eat and how does pig grow into sex?

Just like it smells.

Just like you knew it would, when you thought about it, before you even took it, saw it, tasted it, fucked its fist before raping its tiny mouth and cunt with fingers and asshole days and days later when you just couldn't wait any longer.

How soon do you want to eat, honey?

How would you like to eat, dear?

I have to fucking listen to this mess.

Every fiber of its corpus is known to you before you summed up its technique, needs, what it was after the way it slurped and licked then sucked and dropped and deep throated to impress like some wheelchair bloated safed fuck would want to.

Here's your one and only chance.

Let it try to draw you in. To convince you.

Fool you. This pig tastes like it talks, like you knew it would. She's a very sensitive pig.

She's just a cripple. She is a whole fucking cripple. This is her life, her stamp. Her brain swimming in halves. And the young dirty toxic fed baby becomes a cripple; her back breaks, her knees deform due to lack of proper exercise and care and as she grows she grows bent. Crooked cunt with glazed eyes focused on whatever my hand holds which is most often my cleansing pissing showering cock.

The cripple comes from the line that includes brain damaged wrecks pulled from their blood splattered metal car wrecks and ones that fell from high rise concrete out of thin holey gray window screens and the ones that slid the wrong way out of dysgenic cunts like the one she now holds so warm and dear and unloved. Which is why she cares.

Or at least, why she has to.

She lowers herself down unto any cock anywhere after all that baggage has been unhooked and unfastened and folded and cracked and screwed and broken, and all that baggage just drools and drips over me. Fat ugly cunt looking for a little fun. A better show. Mardi Gras friendly push and face make-up and a hideous, hideous lifelong disease.

Nipples so dark red and thickly pruned they belong to the baboon she mimics when she squats, fingers and plucks your cock from inside her fat asshole back to her hung open like a sore cunt.

Venereal disease could have caused those

malformations. Some fucking disease could have crawled up inside you when you were drunk, or pretending to be, and you let it happen to you.

I like the way your sentence stops. The way you know how to talk – how to think and speak English perfectly well until you get to the word: AIDS. That word, those initials that step down so hard on your little blank head and choke your wind pipe and turn your face stupid and flush. I suck off those images right out of you: an autopsy room, a mother and her boyfriend being told by you on the phone and all the phoney play acting about what you're all going to do now when you know it is all about you. Only. And your decisions becoming choices less and less and your necessities becoming less and less demanding and less obvious and hardly important, now, in the face of things. And that image of you letting it into your body. So skinny and happy and dog content: bent over or ass high or tongue extended or face plastered flat, fist clenched, teeth grit, stomach tight, ass loose, cock hard, blood soaked, sweat wet and watery shit all sloshing down your thighs and sore hole as you get up too quick off the bed, table, floor, cloud. Back to you. Cunt. Faggot. Right back to that face. That smell of dirt in your body, on your palm, in your mouth. That cheese stink, that heavy cum, that hurtful body odor and the truth of memory and recognition and prepubescent focus.

It's not just the glory hole faggots acting like available women or the cripples pretending they're human or the children not knowing. It's not the system that sells female bodies as worthwhile or the whores who don't understand the marketplace.

Who wants to see a pair of tits or a cunt or a face waiting for a blow-job?

Some fatty Thai cunt – older than you'd expect or prefer – lies flat on her dead fluid staining back in a small swamp of green plants and grass and rich black mud, surrounded by thick black flies and crawling black ants. Her legs are spread wide in rape. Her fatty tits are flopped hung to each side of her gas bloated grey dead flesh chest. Naked death; her face sits straight up, mouth open, teeth hammered and raw.

Cops and technicians flit around her corpse as the cameraman floods the area patch with garish artificial light. A small Thai cop places a large green leaf over the raped gaping out and sunken vagina to prevent necessary digitising censorship later.

There are more close ups of another body, slice wounds that separate the skin into meaty chunks, red and yellow bubbled fat and scraped bone exposed inside the slashes thick and fist heavy. Bugs crawl over the body and around the cuts and dried scratching blood. Her black hair is matted and oily in gore and dirt and filth. Her face is torn into pieces; her teeth exposed wide as if she were mad and

chomping open. Her eyes squished and closed tight.

Chop scars on her breasts, in between the cleavage and down the middle, boldly leaving the nipples clean and untouched.

My favorite is a little white girl laying in a squatted prone position, ass slightly up, head buried down and to its right side onto the floor, crammed right up next to a bed. Her baby brother is lying elsewhere on another bed with a large steel skinny poker imbedded and jutting straight up out of its tiny lunged chest. The baby's neck is viciously slashed open and pulled out. The little girl – I'm bad at guessing ages, but very young maybe 5 or 6 or 7 I hope – is barely clothed in tight pink underwear made sheer and disintegrating and tattered from the blood and piss and fecal shock. Her gentle dead ass cheeks pushed almost out sexily straight see through. A sleeping striped small t-shirt of pink and dirty white clads the upper half of her tiny titless torso and back. Her leg extends out uncomfortably as in a struggle from the rest of her compact death. Her thigh white clean peach meaty with just a few blood splatterings and pink scratches.

Blood is everywhere. The bathroom was filmed completely covered in it. And the toilet; thick pools and large splashes and, most importantly, these long dried sloshing drags where something, someone, had to splatter and spread it around in a liquid running mess.

The soundtrack is all in Japanese.

All you have is the pictures.

"Figure 8-46. Two sisters, ages 4 and 7 years, were raped and mutilated by their mother's live-in boyfriend. He killed the mother and left them all for dead. The children survived and identified their attacker. The older child (A through G), after the rape, was slashed several times with a knife. The knife was run, midline from below the anus, through the perineum and into the vagina. (A) Before surgery; (B) just before the surgery. She sustained a puncture wound to her arm (C and D), a small laceration to her mid-chest (E), a laceration of her left arm (F), and defense wounds of her left hand where she tried to ward off her attacker (G). It is important to note that the palm wounds can be abuse injuries because children often defend themselves palm outward against their attackers. The younger child (H and I) had a knife slash across her throat (H) and evidence of anal abuse (I). She probably suffered the same abuse as her mother, who was anally penetrated with a broom handle. Compare the vaginal injury in the older child with cases of accidental injury, specifically with the child doing the splits and the child impaled on a light fixture (Figures 8-47 and 8-48)." (CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING

POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"FIGURE 8-82. This 3-year old boy was seen in the emergency room after complaining to his mother of anal pain. He disclosed anal penetration by his father. Note the increased pigmentation, funnelling, and moderate dilation. These are all nonspecific findings of abuse. With the history given, assuming that it is credible, they become stronger."

(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"FIGURE 9-11. This 9-year-old boy told a schoolteacher that he was chained at home. Police investigators found him with a chain around his neck. The dog in the foreground was running free."

(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"FIGURE 9-12. Child punished with a cigarette lighter."

(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"FIGURE 3-7. Genital lesions that are abusive. This 5-year-old retarded child had penile narrowing below the glans (A and B) believed to be due to a stricture. The caregiver was trying to control the boy's bed-wetting."

(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"FIGURE 3-10. Flame burn of the penis that was believed to be caused by a cigarette lighter (A and B)."

(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"FIGURE 8-3. This 7-year-old girl described digital penetration. With labial separation the examination is not remarkable (A). The tear, at nine o'clock, is seen after labial traction."

(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"The videos offered by Overseas Male were 'in actuality videotaped evidence of a crime taking place,' Hunter said. 'They show images of children having sex with each other or with adults - children as young as 7, 8 or 9 years old being sexually abused in unthinkable ways.'"

(POSTAL SERVICE STING TARGETS CHILD-PORN BUYERS, NETS 45, *Chicago Tribune*, May 19, 1996.)

"One of those arrested, Robert H. Ellison, pleaded for the return of several of his videos because he feared that he would molest children if he couldn't relieve his sexual urges through pornography, said Leo Lalley, a U.S. postal inspector.

(...)Also arrested, on Oct. 25, 1995, was Samuel Bigknife, 44, of Niles. Lalley said a search of his home turned up newspaper articles on John Wayne Gacy and Jeffery Dahmer, as well as drawings of castration and decapitations."

(MAIL STING CAUGHT KID-PORN BUYERS, *Chicago Sun Times*, May 10, 1996.)

"I reflected on the injustices of the day. They had held me against my will for ten and a half hours, abused me, searched my home, damaged it (no telling what they had taken from it), confiscated my car and one of my trucks, all without even showing me a search warrant or leaving a copy of it at the house - all over a missing kid who I didn't know, or see, and about whom I could not provide a scrap of help."
(A QUESTION OF DOUBT, John Wayne Gacy, Myco Associates, 1993.)

"WELCOME TO PRAGUE, THE CITY OF MANY ANGELS. 'NOT ANGELS BUT ANGELS' is a documentary about boy prostitution in Prague. The economic boom and the recently won political freedom have turned the beautiful, graceful city into a new mecca for both Eastern and Western tourists in search of sex. Young men trying to live up to the standards of Western consumerism readily fall prey to quick, easy money from hustling.

The young hustlers' disarming frankness and need to talk become the compelling engine that drives this film. They withhold nothing. Rather they speak of their lives in often gruesome and stripped bare details, leaving us chilled by their short and fragile lives in the grasp of the oldest trade on earth."
(NOT ANGELS, BUT ANGELS, directed by Wiktor Grodecki, 80 minutes, Water Bearer Films, 1994.)

"But it was clear from comments by both a mother and one boy that both children had been involved in similar animal torture before, although both claimed the other was the instigator. During the interviews the mother and boy described incidents in which one goose was burned to death and a duck's nest was

looted."

(BOYS' TORTURE OF GOOSE SHOCKS COUNTY COURT, *Chicago Tribune*, April 30, 1996.)

"FIGURE 9-9. This 13 year-old boy stated that his father, while pinning the boy to the floor with his foot on the child's head, had beat him with a fishing rod numerous times. A neighbor noticed the marks on the boy's back (A and B) and reported it to the police. The father admitted to hitting the boy with a switch that was a three-foot section of fiberglass fishing rod."
(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

"But prosecutors said evidence of the rape was overwhelming. It included a pubic hair found in the girl's diapers, which, when subjected to DNA testing by the Illinois State Crime lab, conformed to Pulfer's profile."
(90 YEAR TERM FOR INFANT'S RAPE, MURDER, *Chicago Tribune*, April 1996.)

"Police said Kenneth Hansen picked up the three boys on Oct. 16, 1955, as they hitchhiked home from a day roaming the city, going to a movie and two bowling alleys. Kenneth Hansen drove them to a stable on Chicago's Northwest Side, sexually abused them, strangled them and later dumped their bodies in a forest preserve ditch, police said."
(FORMER STABLEHAND DENIES TO SON THAT HE KILLED 3 BOYS IN 1995, *Chicago Tribune*, August 17, 1994.)

"FIGURE 8-61. This 12-year-old boy, along with his younger brother, described several episodes of anal penetration. Note the small anal tag at 11 o'clock and the venous defect at 1 o'clock. The younger brother had no physical findings suggestive of sexual abuse."
(CHILD MALTREATMENT; A COMPREHENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC REFERENCE IDENTIFYING POTENTIAL CHILD ABUSE, J.A. Monteleone, G. W. Medical Publishing, 1994.)

The cows are looking for encouragement. Empowerment. A new way to look at yourself, girls, regardless of the way others look, or leer, at you. Males. And the money these pricks wave, and the cocks they point, and the daughters or dirt they'd just as quickly fuck, don't matter when you close your eyes and float off to anywhere outside the sewer you call home.

The cunts that judge them. The ones that don't understand your failure to conform is born of inability and just plain bad luck. Natural beauty passed some of us by. Outsider status is forced not

selected. Chattel are born.

The dregs collect. Seek and buy their level. And the mirror gets too crowded too quick. So full of fat used and sickly stupid cunts that there's no room for even one reasoning finger. One finger to prod its way between the slithering amassed cellulite and cancer and fading tattoos, the hormonal hair and early mother scar mistakes and yeast and boils and pits and fear and boredom and loneliness, and gently, so as not to startle or suddenly frighten such sensitive spirits, and point to the room at the back where their customers are waiting.

The ones with money. The motherfuckers with control. The ones with eyes that don't see the womanly glow of acceptance and tantric time chakras. The ones who want to fuck a hole someday and have settled for what they can afford. The ones that close their eyes and pretend those thick spider varicose blue and green and red veins aren't there and don't matter until the next day when they think about how low they've sunk. The ones that maybe fuck with their eyes wide fucking open and take exactly what is on offer: Let's fuck a beast wrapped in lies and daddy pain. Let's fuck some hole who's only chance in life was to market the fat tits she sprouted when she was thirteen and now won't admit to their sagging or, rather, builds a new religion out of responding to the only attention she ever got and tried to keep that way.

The defensive fibs slowly contrived and meted out mock passionately is what the new mouth sells. The cricks and slits around the old mouth no longer used for blow-jobs is a powerful selling point in her hard won honesty. Her sister hole.

The words aren't merely naive or slanted, they are childish fantasies that hold to ignorance like a raped retarded girl in a packed court room answering, loudly, "NO" when asked by a defense attorney if, in fact, she is retarded.

Wilful in protection. Only. Words that squish out to convince that only a sex negative asshole would say words that mean whores are receptacles for desperate people's hatred, anger and disease. Only a red neck frightened by his own sexuality, or lack thereof, or by general or size-specific inadequacy would see the flowery accepting advocacy of "Whores Heal" as incorrect readings of ideas as base as Whores Drip, Whores Stretch A Lot, and Whores Glaze Over.

Excuses of this kind are formed of desperate clawing confusion stemming from finding yourself where you don't want to be but having done it for so long that the rot can only be prettied up not removed or hidden.

Say you get home one evening and you're not filthy with drink and stupidity. You're not medically altered and the smell of your hands and clothes isn't redolent with tequila or poppers or pot. You're finely

aware of your business.

Few holes are so clearly homosexual.

The mouth that sucked so tightly; like the wall itself was sucking all of you into that little fucking flesh pulled hole. Those tongue flicks tell you. The drags down the sides and length of what you feel of hard cock skin pulled tight.

I can't tell if it's fists or his mouth until I pull out and see how soaking wet my hard beating red cock is. When I bend down to see what he wants more of, his fat tongue is extended into the lower clip of the wood. His face is a shivering panting wanting begging mouth hole: Dog faggot face with his trusting tongue lolling down against his lower lip wiggling it at me.

He's tooling himself off, in there, on his knees, naked from the waist down except for his faggy hippy DMs and white rolled sports socks.

His mouth is replaced by his muscled firm man butt that he grinds into the wood wall. He must feel his asshole in perfect position to the hole I look at. Spreads his ass cheeks and pushes the black open hole and beginning of his hanging hairy balls at me. Shit, motherfucker, come on shit. Big dark black crack and hairy stink and sweat matted caucasian flesh.

This is a good idea. This is healthy. The worst thing that could happen to you in this far too short life is that you could live it fooled. And worse than that: that you could choose to live it that way. I push into his guts.

Before someone would have wanted a condom or given me that look to come over there or go home with him.

He wants it through the wood. And now. And sweaty. And pumping and slamming right into and through that fucking wall.

I can smell his stink of amy buzzing his thoughts and need and turning everything into just now.

I cum into his asshole quick enough. And he knows it because he quits bucking and making so much fucking noise in a public place. The spasms in my cock are straight and staid and all the way in.

He is death. He wants to reinfect. He slides off, a large wad of mucous cum sweated thin shit drips onto the cum and chlorine stinking floor from the tip of my pisshole and the edge of his asshole.

His dog mouth cleans it up.

He takes in his own AZT.

We have guys who come in to lick the cum off the floor.

He comes in here two or three times a day sometimes. At least once a day every day of the week no matter what, but he comes back a lot too.

I'm told he's got a huge big dick that fills up the entire hole. He just can't get enough. He asks

sometimes for ten dollars in quarters.

That cocksucker that ate your body and swallowed all sorts of new doses and toxins is a wife batterer, you're told by the fat black lump that smells behind the counter selling tokens and change and copies of swingers ads and few enough videos now and then.

The over the counter magazines have women spreading their legs and their meated cunts have been painted with lipstick. Like their mouths. Like targets. Hung out and kept that way with glue.

The cops actually came in here looking for him. So his wife knows what he does.

He told me he gets drunk and beats her. And sometimes he gets carried away and she calls the cops.

I know what fantasy is. I know full well how important it is to define reality and not be fooled, not to be lulled into laziness and empty safety. I know the difference between fake and actual dreams and wishes, hope and need. I know what I want and what I've had.

I know I can't feel the fists he fucks his wife with when he pulls me off through his side of the wall. The mouth that spits at that stupid white trash whore that wraps around my cock and licks on the thick main vein that pushes into his face could be anyone's.

But it isn't.

Do you have any children? I asked him finally.

I want to know if you fuck your children.

Do you suck off your child; your little boy? Do you fuck his ass?

I let him lick my balls. I gave him some dick. I jerked myself off asking him questions while he stared at me.

You like big dick?

Does your wife suck cock like you?

I want to know how old your boy is and what he looks like in the bathroom being fed your drunk dick smelling like all the mouths in here.

Do you beat your child?

Do you fucking abuse your baby boy?

It's better than fucking cunts isn't it?

This cunt will talk on and on about the power of pussy if you let it. About how he fell in love with vaginas when he first got a glimpse in, what, grade school and how he's been hooked ever since.

This puffed faggot will convince himself that cunt – fucking females – is somehow worthy of talking about, about spending time working out the peculiarities of his attraction and the strength he possesses in, first, giving into the natural drive and second, his forthrightness in detailing his daily dip.

How he fucks cunt. How he talks at it and has come to protect it and his overburdened need for it.

There's these little morons; these little bugs scurrying around in circles crackling their little holes and clicking out tiny scraping noises over which wet little ads sound: I fuck cunt. I take care of my children. Why not pick on someone your own size.

And the State will take care of the bills for your next child born with a hole in its retarded rat heart.

And all the cum that slid down your wife's hideous barking throat and around the decaying walls of her womb is tinted with reason and desire and nature's will.

And love is what you own when you tend to your package. Love is the idea that lies under you when you stand arm and arm at the welfare office thinking about all the cunt it fucks and the little diseases it protects and how snugly excuses fit into the big comfortable black hole that is that bleeding chewed vagina and his jerking off in front of the TV set.

I know fags who say the same thing.

You fuck cunt, you suck cock. You beat a cock off with your greasy fist wrapped around it, your open soaked hanging lips pressed and rubbing up against the fat purple cock head, other hand working the space between ball sac and asshole. Someone, anyone tonight, comes into that hole. You feed that hole. You pump and grind into that faggot's face and feel that tongue and that pressure, that relief, that easy focus on just one clear idea, one all warm busy idea like nature and anger and need and want and you cum into that face that works around you. Or that cunt that flops its tits into your face. And it thinks: I love cunt. Or ass. Asshole. Hairy man's ass sucking up the sweat with a hand towel that your wife cleans her make-up off with.

You should find what it is you want.

Your child is probably waiting at home now thinking the exact same thing.

Ask what he wants. Show him what you know.

I fucking know you wouldn't tell the beast at the front that you beat your little boy. Or better: fucked his shit all in and showed him how you sucked my cock.

I understand. You can tell me.

I want to know.

I tore up my garbage into little pieces. The cops tried to put them together. It makes perfect sense to me to look to what's already legal for your pleasures.

A video exists of a couple burly looking Portuguese speaking greaseballs holding down a young boy. There's a few men running about on camera arguing and shouting. The camera moves from the argument – heated sweating apes yelling close to each other's faces – and into a crowd quickly forming around the

youth.

The camera points down directly at the frightened dark-yellowish face of the boy. His eyes wide and darting, his struggle and fear and helplessness clear and contorted on his biting South American ghetto features. Big shoulders and fat fingers knock into the camera and add confusion to the violence. It is quite probable that the arguing is just over the camera being present.

A large blue denim shirt sleeve with a big dark brown hairy hand gropes a small black rusty pistol and, almost as soon as it appears pointing down at the boy, the camera is jostled – forcibly pulled back. Quick faces with beards and a brick wall fuzz by and blur later on pause. The camera is brought back down amid a large laugh and tries to recapture its previous focusless aim.

The boy has already been turned over. The camera was jumped not by the thugs, it seems, but rather by the aggressive flip of the boy face down into the concrete. The frame is shaky and nervous and amateur intensive, and the pistol cracks, like quick pops, two right on top of each other, happen far too fast for any emotional connection. The boy's slick black hair is immediately blacker from the red and all the yelling stops as the camera is quickly pointed to a wall and turned off. The image that stays was just all wet hair and blood just starting to fan out onto hard concrete against his flattened face, one would guess.

I would have preferred to see the boy laid flat on his back, the gun shoved deep into his mouth like a cock rape and the trigger pulled right next to his dirty hard teeth. A huge pool of blood faucets out on the alley beneath his exploded head and the men who held him down can't help but get their big black boots wet in it. They leave large footprints and thick red streaks as they move abruptly over his body and, disturbed by the mess and now the evidence, the last one to let go of the lifeless skinny young arms and torso starts to kick it with his bloody boot. The boy's dead face then comes closer into focus to display his smashed jagged front teeth, sunken and collapsed eyes and nose bridge and cheekbones: the skull inside his face being shattered from the gun blast he sucked off last.

I would like to see the camera turned off then only after seeing, maybe, his plastic baggy filled and burnt with glue. Or it would have been best to have had the killers come across the boy as he was head down huffing, his eyes slits and oily dark bad complexion black heads on deep tan wasted teenage skin all glazed over and chemical dead. They should have humiliated him, or tried to; given his extreme brain drugged state. Pulled down his loose pants and slapped his numb face to make his thin pointy flaccid Brazilian uncut dick wiggle and bounce lifeless. They should have put the boot in there. And stuck the gun

into his dry asshole, fucked him with that little tube gun barrel just as an idea, a symbol, rather than the pain that would have most probably been lost on the zombie anyways. Blowing his guts out of his shithole or shooting his cock off or more boot kicking and hard fist punching would have taken the video out of its utilitarian state and placed it firmly into the sexual. These brutish Brazilian thugs who have to do a job, basically have to dispatch any number of these street thief urchins, could've enjoyed themselves much more. Taken advantage of their position and rarefied good fortune. The boy died anyway. And too fucking quickly.

It's what I saw, what I liked about it and then what it meant to me. What I think the implications are and the reality that is formed by that information. Where it pointed to in my fantasies, my desires and tastes. What the lame fucks missed.

A rat brown haired female mess in loose grey sweat pants and a large thick winter t-shirt with what looks like a hand painted bunny swinging on a swing on the front is filmed talking to someone in the front seat of a car. It's still light out, possibly early afternoon even, and her dirty sweats are easily glimpsed in her slump and the light. The car must be somewhere secluded though. The car is in park, the radio going, some beating noise, the driver holding the camera and leaning, must be, up against the door. The driver's white rough hand reaches out into the tight frame and pets the white trash's breast over the t-shirt, then down over her belly making a large arc motion whereby it quickly becomes obvious that this daytime whore is very pregnant. The hand on the shirt flattens the palsy painted homey shirt against a vary taut protuberance that seems far too round to be just fat. The woman lurches forward into the camera and starts to fiddle with where the driver's belt and zipper must be. Almost as immediately the driver's back straightens out, arches a little and the lens is pointed to the nest of hair in his lap. All the frame becomes, because of the position of the driver and the compactness of the car, is her head -her ratty hair-bobbing up in anyone's lap and nothing more. Surely that cock remains soft in her anxious head. She is far too quick and no genitalia or mouth can be seen. The steering wheel is actually pushing up against her hair and if she becomes too aggressive or lost in her performance, she's sure to bang her high forehead on the way up or down that dick.

This turns out to be just a taste. Perfunctory. Establishing shot. The camera is turned off and the edit clipped to a quilted orange and brown covered small bed snuggled tight into a badly wall-papered corner. The pregnant beast now sits on the bed with her squat legs across the width of the bed and her hurting back against the wall. Her pregnant lap sinking into the dilapidated mattress springs.

She is somewhat toothless when she opens her mouth to small talk; therefore a crackwhore. She doesn't smile when she asks the cameraman if she should strip and doesn't wait for an answer. She seems to be announcing it more than anything else. She lifts that shirt off in a clumsy bend and pulls and lumps back to the wall to show her firm rock hard pregnancy tits jutting just above a smooth dimstore lamp light reflecting round child twisting belly. Her jogging pants actually continue to cover the lower portion of her pregnant sag and she shifts her ass up just a little, the slightest effort necessary certainly, and wrests the dirty old material off by tugging it in clumps at her knees.

She picks in the hair between her varicose legs and on top of her head, absent mindedly, but suddenly exposed and vulnerable. She's left her cheap laundry room sneakers on. Stealing herself in whatever drugged up way she can.

She leans up further against the wall and then slacks just a little; slumps her weight down to her neck and middle back to showcase her puffed in cunt for the camera. She finger slips the lips apart and spreads her pliable gummed meat flesh barely open: gristled and brownish and blotchy red and disgusting wirey brown dark rat's fur hair pushing and curling and twisting every which way inside that rank whore's nest.

The frame again grows smaller, the objects larger, as the camera goes in for a close-up. Her face is glimpsed in a second before the focus is all gross cunt: teeth here and there in empty red sick gums all in the middle of her mouth, lipstick, lousy bumpy skin, eye shadow and blush and half mast heavy lidded genetic stupidity.

The frame expands and pans up the hair trickling from her pubic mound like ants up her belly to her puckered and pregnant deformed navel. Her dark reddish almost brown wrinkled mother's nipples and a large pink pus yellow zit on her tit. Her face again bored and uncaring and, even, unaccommodating. She wants to let the camera idiot fuck her and get it over with.

Her position shifts in a shaky moment as she lays down further on the bed and seems to grab his dick at the same time. The camera's voice telling her to wait. He's gotta "work on it a minute first."

These are the first two scenes of four that matter. The rest is all humping. The camera is placed on a tripod a little too far from the bed and as the john - now pot bellied, balding and somewhat withered with a fat but short stubby cock that's hard immediately - checks continually to a monitor just off screen it seems. He fucks her gaseous cunt as she lays flat back on the bed; their bellies slapping, one tight and hard, the other flabby and loose, and stopping each other as his arms carry his weight

above her shoulders. She sucked him a little. And a little more when he pulls out of her pruned cunt and mounts her face, obscuring almost everything with pregnant belly and his fleshy ass cheeks. He finally jerks himself off, like most videos with pregnant pigs, all over her stomach fetus and tits. While she just lays there flat and waits for the wipe.

The final two edits are complementary. She sits, clothed again, on the bed and talks to the cameraman who is again holding the camera up to his eye. She's drinking from a small wash glass that she immediately relaxes into. She pours back into the glass from a green bottle of Tanqueray gin. She's also smoking a cigarette and portrays proper bar style with cigarette and gin all in one hand. The talk is clear and boring; mostly about how long she had to wait for someone both of them know to show up for a ride somewhere.

Then she raises her shirt to show her monster gut naked and says: "This'll work for ya."

She stubs the end of her lit cigarette out on her belly. The other hand holding the gin up high in wait. She doesn't make a sound or a wince. It seems the act is more gesture than burn, though the butt does crumble beneath the stub evincing some dedication to purpose.

"You don't want the baby?"

"I don't know the baby."

"You don't like it?"

"I don't know it. I don't like bein' pregnant."

The cameraman gets up from where he's been sitting and close-ups on the belly mark. Just grey ash, no puffiness or pink hurt.

Another edit replaces what should have been more conversation and focus.

The new frame is filled with her pregnant to filled up pigness and bursting belly. Her navel is down at the bottom of the screen, a single tit just at the top right. It doesn't look so polished even in the reflected light, though rather blotchy and unevenly pricked and pimped. Much less clean and perfect and more troubled and manhandled.

The cameraman's dirty fingers stub out another cigarette on the middle of the bloated stomach. She flinches and burps out a small squeal. He grinds it into her skin and rubs out the orange burn across the sickening baby weight.

Nothing is said but she continues to moan a little bit extra.

A third cigarette, that must have been lit at the same time as the second, is put out on her mothered existence just as quickly as he can manipulate the shaky camera and his fingers. This one drooled sparks down her round belly that may have fallen unto the bed or her pubic nest. She twitches less, having been prepared for it but almost bounces herself forward. She sort of whistles and says

it hurt a little more that time.

"Little motherfucker," the cameraman says for some reason.

"Yeah," she says and the tape ends in ash smear close up.

He could have asked her when she was due. He could have put the cigarettes out inside her cunt and lit matches underneath the nipples the little crack addicted head bursting quivering mess needs to suckle at. He could have smashed the Tanqueray bottle against a table and shoved the glass shards into her cunt: to hurt her and make her bleed. To offer a jagged cutting pathway for the baby to crawl and die through. He could have performed a C-section right there and then and beat the pregnant pig to slow bone snapped, drug pulled death with a baseball bat. Smashing down on the baby belly womb. Smashing down on it so it collapses and fells and expels. Breaking the ribs that spread. Breaking the tendons and fluid pouches and feed veins into pulp and all the little forming soft vermin break and bend cat bones.

I know what I bought the video. I know what I'm looking for. And I know what they're playing with.

Let all the edges be blurred with money. Let the beasts involve themselves in filth and rationalize their positions with the need of finance. I know what a job is. I know what a mess reality is. I don't want to fuck it. I want to support it and encourage and exploit and silently control. Let them live and breathe and collect and think.

I know what they do and what they offer. I know what I clean up and purchase. What I display, move and hide.

He should have asked her:

How long have you been drinking?

When is the baby due - do you know, have you gone for a sonogram, did you worry about whether or not to get an abortion?

Have another drink.

Do you know who any of the fathers will be?

Are you still addicted to crack?

Can I buy you a rock? Can I film you blasting your face with your homemade pipe and plastic bottle, naked, pregnant, puffed and burning, feeling fucked and alive and filthy and mothered and motherly again?

Will you be around to hold your shivering baby if it's born addicted to crack? From what I understand, that's what those little packages of born pain desire most - just to be held. How d'ya think the doctors know that?

Will they let you breast feed? What do you lactate?

Do you have a regular doctor? A favorite, comfortable clinic stop?

What has a doctor said about your bruises and teeth?

You have to fucking tell them, don't you? You can fucking talk to them, can't you, because you fucking have to, right?

Do you understand what's going on?

Do you know what you're doing?

Can you care?

What you are?

What you're selling?

What I'm buying?

He should have explained to her that the video need only be for him, but she had no control either way.

And he had every intention of selling it to me and specific others, anyways.

And that he bought her. All of her. Twenty minute flat back fuck and the pregnant disgust and car blow-job through crack teeth face all for sale. And it's all she has left. To offer. Always.

The reality is mine. Her entire daily life and whatever makes her smile, cum or forget is in my pocket – when I pull out the cash to pay and when I put the video back in. Her half an hour of life is all I want. Let her go back to her mundane density and morning sickness, her plans to raise a garden sometime, or another kid, or finish a class in real estate. Let her hide her tampon and pull out her whiskers here and there; let her call her mom or get one nice dinner a week or an early morning cup of coffee or a nice shit: it's all garbage to me. It's all here clean and real in a half an hour and, at the same time exactly, all that I want and all she has to sell. I watch it again and again and hope to fucking hell she's abused into the hard black dirt again and again every fucking time I watch it with my hard-on cumming all over my fist and cheap holed underwear.

I'm interested, honey, in everything you are.

Because I own every bit of your reality.

And I own all of them. As somewhere right now there's some stupid girl pitching in to help around a punk rock club and working nights at a rape crisis center. And she used to be a stripper and had cum after cum splashed into her glass frozen face just like the rape she slid through when she was fifteen. And this little ignorant darling supports me. Keeps the place open for me. Hands out rubbers to whores for me to cum in and puts her shoulder out for the ones I want to rape – want to: see everyday: ain't no nigger – and sells it all right back to me. Time and time again.

You lost honey. As soon as you see yourself included in the group, you lost the big war. As soon as you think your acts help those behind or below you; all of femalia, you just joined the ranks. You sick condescending monkey on a stick. You cheap titted dancer for men. You moron in make-up and roller skates.

Bad mistake.

Someone's got to teach you.

How to stand up for yourself.

How to lose with dignity.

The correct way to go through someone's pocket while you're rubbing your tits in their face or on their cock. When your mouth is full of their balls, when you're speared onto their cock.

The right thing to do with your money. Easy money is too often easy spent, easy wasted.

You don't have to use drugs just like you don't have to let someone piss in your face. Or cum in your mouth.

You can remain in control.

It's just an image on the screen.

It's their problem, not yours.

I'll give you an example.

I'm not interested in the touch of someone else's flesh.

I'm not without insecurities. As I get older I see that many were warranted but I seem to care less. With every extra pound of weight I gain my cock seems to get smaller and deader. As I get older this is of some comfort to me. Let the niggers be niggers. I'm tired and lazy and I've become that hulk that the girls want to finish quickly and steal from. I look like a slave that doesn't know what he wants, who he's fooling or what he's getting. Fair enough, I figure, I'm in paying mode and I wish my cock was even smaller, my belly bigger, my need to keep clean more forgiving.

I thought paying one of the whores I was fucking in Japan for something other than their slippery thin pink long haired cunts might be a good idea. Every one of these prostitutes was exactly like any other cunt anybody has ever fucked. The look in their lidless eyes, the weight of their small boney laps, the slide of their existence on top or below me.

She could move any way she likes. A barnyard pig. Weasel bait. A cummy model. A bored brat like a teen coked strawberry. Dead fish but not dead all the way. She could bark, giggle, try her English out retard style or talk porno. She could sit back and count her money as her tiny pug nose twitches out just the slightest quickest or most overpowering waft of cunt womb rotting menstrual yeast. I don't care how many men did or didn't cum into her. I don't give a fuck what she's going to put all her yen to. Her gossip. Her in-fighting. Her customer condescension. Her ideas and dreams and highest sale period. I don't want to think she has any opinion other than pure contempt for me. How she rationalizes her position, her situation, is entirely up to her.

Her flat stomach, her soft bones, her make-up thicked pock marks and dull work eyes. Her copy of *Hit Parade*, *Vogue*, *Uomo* or some subway comic book. Her mexican flab. Her nigger lips. Black beef. Skinny slow cunt. Her slurred words or impolite refusal to speak, or admit she understands, English.

Her asshole that closes tight to rosebud dark flesh or that mucous that circles the gaping distended pit that beats slack long after the cum has soaked into its intestines. Her muscleless mouth and tiny fingers. My anywhere from 20 to 200 dollar cock.

This last one understood perfectly the price in yen. And that I didn't want her to use her hands or, most important, her neck or tongue.

I thought just fucking its face was a better idea this time. Using it like a stunted Japanese flesh bucket. A hole I fed in and out of, a brained up skull I fucked myself with.

Don't move your fucking tongue. Just open your mouth and leave it open like a dummy. Honestly, I won't choke you. I won't go too fast. I don't want to. Just open up and I'll fuck your black slick haired soft head.

I did this for awhile.

I wanted to take some of the kiddie porn I bought from the shop just down the corner from my hotel and look at it while I fucked this little burning paid-for face.

She was anybody.

She was flesh and a hooker who did this for, from what I understand, a rather acceptable living.

I could have had younger. More like the little growing into girls in the pictures I chose this time out, probably. Though I suspect the pornography is a much easier acquisition. I also could have had cheaper and more demeaned, more dejected and available. And it follows, there was a large selection of much higher priced smarter girls.

I didn't want to fuck the kind of girl in the pictures.

The youngest of whom, I'm guessing, was around six or seven. Quite young and full of long thick cock to lick and jerk off. A still or two from a film and some lovely polaroid reproductions from America.

This cunt whose head I gift wrapped my cock in could have, would have, dressed down to a school girl uniform and made like she didn't know what I, as the very old man, wanted from her just budding youth.

This has nothing to do with power.

She came in here sold.

This has nothing to do with my parents.

This has nothing to do with baby flesh.

This has nothing to do with hate or lust.

This has nothing to do with females.

I'm just visiting.

This is just what's available.

This is just what's on display.

This is within my price range.

I had put her on her knees, onto the carpet in between the American style bed advertised and the desk against the wall. I faced the window with the drapes closed tight. I pumped into her face

rhythmically, mechanically. I wasn't altering my thrusts or my interests. I held my hands at the sides of her face to keep her still and steady. A gently running breathing sewer. I put the magazine – color, digest sized, LOLITAPOP in large green letters on the cover above a thin shapeless torso cut at the nose and hairless pristine vagina, just at her straight thighs – directly on top of her black hair head and creased it as flat as I could. I only turned the pages twice or so. I settled eventually on a younger little girl lying flat on a bed, the camera at her feet towering over her while another man, the partner, stood at her head and lowered a long soft cock into her face. The girl's tongue inched out of her thin mouth just barely to touch the tip of the purple headed cut thick cock, his balls dangling in her soft blondish brown hair that, as she matured into just the first few years of teenage would probably turn dirty brown all on its own. The partner's one hand was reached out and tucked to put a finger into her bald flat surprisingly spread out cunt slash. Her legs might have looked better kept shut tight in fear. Natural fighting rape response. But the cameraman, no doubt, told her to spread. Do the fucking splits on your back. Her little eyes were unclear in the shot, just little dots when I stared too much breaking up the photo into printing technique and poor reproduction quality with a long history of sales, but I did wonder if she was looking at the camera man for instructions or to the balls and cock being hung down steadily into her short soft face.

I had flipped through this magazine before. I had masturbated with it before. Sitting on my bed, with my back up and my cock perpetually hard as I stroked and kept teasing myself as I found a better image, a better image, a closer image than I expected every page I kept turning. Every magazine from the collection I was quickly gathering during my brief vacation.

Another one. Flat chest, boned nothing nipples, a ten year old bud who's had make-up applied to her baby cocksucker face.

Another one. With an engorged big cock stuffed into the beginning of its small stretched mouth and eye squint like she didn't like the taste of paste in school.

Another one. A firm little ass spread wide open and bent over.

The shot with someone's tongue pressed into that hole. Her baby asshole clean of stench and shit and now sullied with demands and money and trauma.

Sat on a cock. The balls flattened against the thin roll-less weight of her white thighs and boy hips. Hairless; it fits perfectly up to all its brims.

So much to choose. So many perfect shots. So many more to look through and then leave behind. And this face I work into. Who doesn't care.

Except for the money. That's what she sees instead of my hairy lumpy sac hanging old and slapping ever so rudely, steadily, gently onto her chin and supple Japanese neck. My cock in the back of its throat, sliding against that lifeless tasteless tongue, her teeth high and low in her breathing mouth absentmindedly but conscious of my hard hot skin and thick cabled vein and hair and stretched to pain spongy cock head.

I like this photo.

I like what happened.

The space between his cock and his fingers is just barely a foot or two, encompassing that child's entire body in its expanse. In his shadow. His intention. His reality. So compact is she. So small and sold and ready.

I paid this whore.

I paid for this magazine.

Bottom rung.

I know if I ejaculate into her mouth, she'll pull back in fear. I don't need an uncomfortable moment, not when this is what I worked up to.

I feel the sperm in my crotch collecting, I feel the cords in my spine arching, I feel my cock pursing and dribbling pre-cum.

I pull out and masturbate myself. Just once, twice, a few times hard quick strokes and juts, down my rather dry length into her face. The magazine is still on her head, she politely stays in place, rooted, naked little tits to the floor as I cum all over her chest and arms as I point down and she doesn't flinch, doesn't move away, keeps the magazine open to that little fingerfuck and blow-job tongue.

That little girl in the room with those two cocks. The cameraman had to have a piece. I'd like to see more shots, one after another, of what happened — pity this is a collection of scenes like the Japanese are so fucking fond of. I want to see more eyes. More fingers stuck in up there and more tongue and mouth.

More cocaine. More vomit that I don't smell or hide. That rains down on tears and bruises badly covered in wine and bad make-up to cut the glare.

I focused on the magazine, not the mouth. Not the head I fucked into. My dick slid in and out of someone else's life but I didn't even watch, couldn't see it and the fucking child getting raped up to some boney ring finger slosh and dig and dig.

Let them cum huge thick loads of white porno jism into that throat; down that open gullet and choking sold tears.

Sperm spills down from my pisshole. I stroke it clean. Let the cum dangle like snot, in long gelatinous globs that stretch and connect to her chest, Japanese tits with slightly brownish nipples being something of a purer breed, I suppose, and soak into the dust and dirt in the hotel carpet.

Lick it. Lick it, don't suck.

As my penis slowly grows soft, too quickly

actually, as I hold it and start to drag my fingers into and around my sinking ball sac flesh, a couple of my fingers getting nice and close to my asshole. My thumb rooted against the heavy base of my pubic hair and cock.

Lick it and I'll pay you extra yen. I'll give you a tip. Bad pun.

She does. Cleans my cock. My AIDS. No long stem tongue drag and slurps. Just workman mouth swallows and envelope and cheeks drawn in to smack. Puts her head on it and dives in.

I like it flaccid and in her face. The magazine has been placed on the bed to the side. I keep my hands away from her head and let her do her job. This time. For awhile.

I move out clean. Mouth spit clean. All my cock stink is left on her tongue, I suppose, I hope. She'll draw it back into her mouth and swallowing air and spit she'll taste all of my money in her gut and retch. For her to take home. Or back to her closet or fixing room or wherever, like she always has done.

I could've had her move her head. Had a proper blow-job like she's been trained. I could've easily put the magazine on the bed and turned my head to it as she kept the same position. Turning the pages with one arm outstretched every now and again. I could've instructed her to turn the page. Stop sucking and find me a nice little damage.

I didn't need her head still. It's how I wanted it. I just wanted to fuck a face — her face, as it turned out. Her mouth, her head, her foreign existence and everyone she's ever known or been paid to be fucked by.

I, at that particular time, wanted that information. Next time I'll want anybody else. Next time I won't need a head at all. Next time I won't need the magazine.

Next time I won't be able to.

I just made my money work for me.

And I know what fantasy is, and what safety is, and what I did and what I paid and exactly what I got.

Next time I'll be breathing it all in.

This was no coveted moment. This was a part I purchased. I own all of her reality and the most interesting thing — the most amazing thing — for me is that she — that anybody — is completely immaterial.

TOOL

ONE

SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE RECORDING, BOTH BRADY AND HINDLEY COULD BE HEARD ORDERING THE CHILD TO PUT SOMETHING—A GAG, PERHAPS—IN HER MOUTH.

— THE TRIAL OF IAN BRADY & MYRA HINDLEY, JONATHAN GOODMAN

THERE IS NOT MUCH DOUBT THAT THE CHILD WAS SUBMITTED TO GROSS INDIGNITIES AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN AND, PRESUMABLY, BETWEEN THE TWO PERIODS WHEN SHE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN GAGGED. THE TRANSCRIPT MAY BE READ IN MORE THAN ONE WAY, BUT ONLY ONE OF THEM REALLY MAKES SENSE.

—ON INIQUITY, PAMELA HANFORD JOHNSON

AND WHEN IT IS REALIZED THAT LESLEY ANN DOWNEY HAD BEEN CALMED DOWN ENOUGH TO OBEY NINE DETAILED ORDERS, AND SO WAS UNLIKELY SUDDENLY TO UTTER A HYSTERICAL CRY, IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT THERE WAS NO PRACTICAL NEED TO USE A SCARF AT ALL. A CHILDISH SYMBOL OF CRUELTY, VENTED ON A CHILD.

—MYRA HINDLEY: INSIDE THE MIND OF A MURDERESS, JEAN RITCHIE

OR IS IT NOT MORE FEASIBLE, AS MANY WHO LISTENED TO THE TAPE BELIEVE, THAT THIS EVIL COUPLE WERE HAVING A LAST LITTLE SEXUAL GIGGLE WITH THIS WRETCHED LITTLE GIRL? WAS IT NOT MORE LIKELY THAT MYRA WAS GLOATINGLY INSISTING THAT LESLEY TAKE BRADY'S PENIS INTO HER MOUTH—AT LEAST IN THE EARLY

STAGES OF THE TAPE?

—THE MONSTERS OF THE MOORS, JOHN DEANE POTTER

SEVEN PHOTOGRAPHS AND I HAD SEEN ONLY TWO. SEVENTEEN MINUTES OF TAPE AND I HAD HEARD ONLY A MINUTE OR LESS. WHAT UNIMAGINABLE MONSTROSITIES REMAIN HIDDEN FROM ME? THEY DO NOT REMAIN UNIMAGINED. THROUGH THE SLEEPING TABLETS AND TRANQUILIZERS THE IMAGES INSIST ON SMEARING THEMSELVES ACROSS MY BRAIN. MAYBE THE IMAGINED HORRORS ARE WORSE THAN LESLEY HAD TO SUFFER...BUT WHAT IF THEY ARE NOT? WHAT IF BRADY AND HINDLEY'S SICK IMAGINATION DREAMED UP MORE THAN I COULD TO FUEL THEIR FOUL, DEADLY GAMES? —FOR THE LOVE OF LESLEY, ANN WEST

My probation officer insisted on me seeing a psychiatrist, as was her option as part of my sentencing. The moron she hooked me up with had his office walls splattered with these incredible drawings by sexually abused kids. Big circle faces crying blue tears. Angry crayon-scratched houses. Sad eyes and mean mouths. But also cheesy flowers and sailboats and parks and green footballs.

As clearly damaged as the Customs agent who sat in on my questioning, this closet case rolls up his sleeves, just like his college professor told him to, and asks me how often I jerk off.

You're such a pretty girl. You shouldn't cry. Such a dear. Those tears aren't pretty, are they? Look at me, stupid. Now—

Are...Those...Fucking...Tears...Pretty?...Cunt?

Do you like making your mommy cry? Do you like that? Huh? The poor fucking woman. You selfish little brat; you cunt. How do you think she feels, huh? Huh, cunt? How terrible you are. How mean. How mean and cruel to your mother you are. Don't you feel horrible? Making her cry. Making her hurt so badly. I think you're absolutely terrible. A fucking brat. Fucking horrible cunt. Shame on you.

Now there, there. Crying won't help. You already made your mommy cry. Nothing can help your mom now. She feels very, very bad, and you did it. You can't change that...cunt. You're a cunt, and momma's gonna cry for-fucking-ever. Your momma's gonna miss you something awful. She will never get over you leaving her and never coming back. You're killing her. It's all your fault.

Do you think mommy's out looking for you? Do you think she's worried about you? Can't you just see her?...Walking through your once-happy home, her eyes swollen almost shut from the continuous stream of tears, hands clamped to the sides of her head as she mumbles....She's yattering your name over and over and over. Can't you just see her? Her blotchy middle-aged face covered with scratches and her dress all mussed and caked with the makeup and mascara that slipped and slid from her wrinkles and crow's fucking feet. You're driving your mother crazy. She's losing her mind from worry and fear. All because of you. She's pulling her hair out. She's tugging at her cheeks. Poking at her eyes. 'Cause she misses you, she's afraid for you. She wants her little baby back. Her darling daughter. She wants to hold you. She wants to press your head against her chest and kiss your forehead. Do you like it when mommy hugs you? Do you feel safe then? You love your momma, don't you? Do you like to kiss her and feel her warmth next to you? No one can hold you like momma, right? Don't you wish you were there right now? Mmm. You'll never see her again, you know. That's right. You'll never see your beautiful mother again. Ever. Never, ever.

Nope. No more hugs from mommy. No more love. From anyone. No one loves you anymore. No one cares if you live or die. Your mom cares, I guess. So, I'm sorry—I made a mistake. No one but your mom cares. But you'll never see your mom again...so...I guess...no one fucking cares for this poor fucking little fucking cunt who sits in front of me, crying like a big fucking baby. Cry, cry. Crybaby. Fucking cunt crybaby. Cunt. Bitch. Fucking pig. Fucking pussy.

You really are disgusting. You really are.

I want to hurt you so fucking bad.

I'm really gonna make you cry. You're going to cry so much more, you'll think your eyes are going to melt. Those crybaby tears are going to burst open your eyes and rip deep red streaks straight through your

face. You are absolutely doomed, my sweet thing. I'm gonna hurt you so much.

I'm going to see you dead. I'm gonna look down at your pale, bruised, and bloodied corpse and masturbate. I'm going to run my fingers through your matted hair—I'm going to let my callused fingers get caught and tangled in the blood and sweat and grease. I'm going to pry your wounds further apart and peel off the dried blood and carve new holes in your corpse so I can fuck your entire ten-year-old being.

Dear, I will watch you die a horrible death. But then, that's the last thing you'll know—death will be a relief. Because I'm going to hurt you so much. 'Cause I love to hurt you. I want to hurt you and other little girls. And you'll be dead and gone, but I'll still be around to hurt your friends.

I like to watch you cry. It gives me such a hard-on. Do you know what a hard-on is? Cunt? Have you ever heard of a boner? An erection? A blood-engorged penis? No? A hard-on is for you. That's right. Just for you. It's what defines your entire existence. It's what made you. It's what drove your stupid fucking father to plug your disgusting pig-slut of a mother and produce you. But it's more than that. Because, really, your father's imbecility and your mother's greed are hardly worth dwelling on here. An erection, which is another name for a big fucking hard-on, is what forces men—lesser men—to lower themselves to even consider women. You didn't know that, did you? You see, men and women are very different, and yours is a rather sorry lot.

OK. A quick sex lesson. A quick sex-education class for a pretty little girl whose destiny hardly demands such an education, but whose innocence and puffy, wide eyes tell me she deserves it. But be forewarned, my sweet pupil—your concerned parent or guardian would want me to be sure I told you this—certain graphic details may be offensive to more sensitive and, um, vulnerable individuals.

Let me show you something. Let me show you...this. You wanna kiss it, cunt? Feel my balls? Wanna suck the head? You wanna lick it like a lollipop? How 'bout my piss, cunt...you wanna drink my piss, cunt? You want to get down on your knees and pray to it? Get down on your knees! Get down on your knees and thank your God that this cock will soon be spewing cum all over your child's body. Pray thanks to God for bringing you here.

I like to rub my dick when you cry. I like to put my hand here—just at the base of the shaft and massage up and down like this. Slowly. Slowly. Just like this. I want you to cry now. Cry harder, before I slap your baby-fat flesh off your fucking face. And then I'm going to make you lick this shit that shoots out the end of this monster.

See that hole there? See it? Stick your tongue out. Stick it out further, you brain-dead cunt. Little

Miss Brain-Damaged. Stick it out and taste the tip of my sweaty dick. I'm going to fuck you so hard and so bad. Oh, dear, my little dear. My little sweetheart—you're going to pray to die.

Mmm-hmm.

Oh, fuck off—I am terribly sorry. I was about to give you an education. Please do forgive me. You'll see my little digression was understandable under the circumstances. In fact, I think that you'll find it an aid to better understanding the following concepts: Men, you see, tend to give themselves over to their erections, and, often, they think of nothing else but satisfying the urge to cum. Thoughtless, yes, I think we can agree.

Allow me to continue. Women, one of which you'll be quite lucky not to evolve into, thank you, are fairly worthless. Honestly, I can't think of a single thing they're good for in this day and age. I'm in the minority with this line of thinking, unfortunately, and my fellow man has allowed pigs like your mothers and sisters a sad degree of attention, which, of course, they wield as power. Men have surrendered this power because they lack the personal strength to step in front of this—the thing most men view as their sole reason for existing. Their instinctual responsibility, if you will. That's right—this red bastard, which is just the perfect size for your mouth, cunt, and asshole, is the be-all and end-all of most men's lives. Just like your father's.

Pathetic, isn't it?

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't want to sound bitter or deluded—I mean, I'm sure that somewhere, somehow, there is a reason for animals such as yourself, be it biological or otherwise. But just now—you know, today, this year, this generation, I just can't see it. And given that there's no such thing as Santa Claus, you girls really make no sense at all.

You don't believe in Santa, do you?

You see, my dear, trusting student, this is reality. This is what makes sense. Your situation right at this very moment. This is the way it is.

Dog.

You can imagine huge piles of women—rows and rows of dead female bodies all deposited amongst stinking garbage heaps and dirt-filled burial pits—and no one would be the poorer. No one would mind. There's too many of you things. You've never been something to worry about individually.

And, honestly, you're all as stupid as shit.

Though, still, I'm quite looking forward to fucking you up.

Tell me, do all worldly things have one purpose? One reason for being? Just like they tell you in church? Do you go to church, you hypocritical pile of cunt-spew? Did your mother and father bundle you up and parade you down to that fucking hole where everyone pretends to care? How sweet. Truly, how

sweet.

But you know there's no real truth there, don't you? What, can you tell me, is the sole reason for being? Is it God? Power? Money? Is it possible to do unto others as you would have others do unto you? What makes sense to you? What is the sole reason for being, cunt? What is it, cunt? Do you know, cunt? Do you want me to tell you, cunt? Huh, cunt?

It is to serve me.

I am God.

And I bring you reality. This is everything you will ever know. You've reached the absolute. You've arrived at the pinnacle of being and purpose. Lucky girl. I bring you, and you're a most unworthy piece of filth, the most pure of all philosophies. The knowledge that will ultimately set you free. The only existing truth.

You get to have your body cut and bruised by my punches. Have your tiny nipples ripped off by my teeth. Have a yellow holy-water shower and bathe resplendent in the ascendant social allegories contained in a heady stream of hot piss. Yes, imagine your deep sense of pride and honor as you lovingly lick out the inside of my asshole.

Imagine the nobility—the ascetic delight—that lights your face as I bust your cherry during your first and last sexual experience.

Such a lucky girl.

Now, I'd like to see you cry again.

And don't worry, dear, I'm just being facetious. The truth is, I'm certainly not so stupid to think that there's only one reason to our existence. But you knew that, didn't you? It's just that, now as always, I'm not bothered at all by your purpose or, indeed, your sense of self.

It doesn't matter in the slightest.

And, if I may be so bold, your present situation seems to suggest that it can't mean much to anyone else.

Being forever female, you're just too easy to understand. However, I'll admit to musing over your psychology as far as it concerns enjoying my day. That's all the flattery you're allowed, sweetness.

What do you know about...convenience?
...love?

What do you know about compromise?
What do you know about humiliation?

I think your God wants you to suffer. I think your God, and remember that's me, wants you to stop involving him in your filth.

Your innocence is very exciting, my dear. You cunt. You are just a cunt.

And I think it's very important for you to know that, if you were allowed to grow into a woman—but don't worry, as you won't—but if you were allowed, then along with the sweating and moaning and licking and fondling and groping and sucking and spitting—arm-in-arm with all that passes for, um, sharing—

somewhere amongst all that—there is love. And respect. Mustn't forget respect.

Do you believe me? Are you so innocent?

No, of course not. I'm teasing you, aren't I? You know it as well. There is no such thing as love or respect, is there?

If there is none, then what have we? Do you know?

There is pain.

That we know.

For sure.

There can be unbelievable amounts of pain.

Physical pain.

And suffering.

And brutality.

And satisfaction.

Now ask yourself this question: What do I know, and what have I been through tonight? And tell me—do you think your God has deserted you? Your money? Santa?

You're so young. Your mind is so full of yourself that you barely compare to a bowl of Jell-O. But your innocence is slowly starting to annoy me. Fuck's sake, you, just like your mother and all of her pig kind, are so easily fooled. The fairy tales only work up to a certain point. And it's nice to know that your mother's bubble will burst at about the same time as yours.

Yes, dear. Oh, yes, ma'am, I believe in love. And in forgiveness. And respect.

Think now—of how painful the rest of your mommy's life is going to be. How she'll hurt from the moment she notices you're gone 'til the day she dies. How she'll never be able to think of anything else. How

nothing else will ever matter. How no other thoughts will be able to push the images of your pain and torture and desperate death out of her mind. You will always be there—like a Catholic's bleeding and crying Christ on a cross—in the forefront of her mind. Everything she does from now on will be controlled by images of you laughing in your crib turning into images of you, silent in your casket.

Maybe you should beg for mercy.

Remember this—and this'll be the last word on the subject, I promise—the pain felt by others is never as bad as the pain you feel.

Can you, for example, imagine anything as fucking stupid as the efforts designed to save the fucking African hippo or North American lab hamster? Can you imagine? Don't tell me about the chain—the food chain, the ecological chain, or the great karma chain. I don't know any fucking hippos. Fucking morons. Quite honestly, I get a fair charge from vivisection.

Do you have a dog, dear?

A cat?

A fucking parakeet? Favorite squirrel? Fish?

Roach? A head louse you've grown particularly fond of?

Well, then—it's all the same to us, isn't it? People who want to save animals are the same people who can't even talk to other people. You see, animals, being stupid and instinctual, are rather safe company for these loathsome ne'er-do-wells who like to worry about the planet. Vegetarians worried about the treatment of fucking cows and pigs—fuck's sake, it's enough to put you off your supper.

I've seen some wonderful footage of animal pain. I like it a lot. It's a damned good source of amusement. But I am always left a bit empty afterwards, I'm afraid. Animals don't provide quite the right kick—it's OK for a while. Good fun watching dogs and cats and pigs and monkeys howl and shriek. But there's just not enough—pardon the pun—meat. When one enjoys the torture of another, one wants to feel the full reality of the situation. You want the baggage that comes with the person. You'll see what I mean, firsthand, soon enough. You do like to know that the person has some degree of humanity. For example, if they're homosexual or Republican. Generally happy or sad, the way they dress and the reason they picked that particular look for that particular day. You like to feel their conscience. Gives their pain a resonance.

What else are animals good for? Did I ever tell you 'bout the time me and a couple of friends shot to death a possum with our BB guns? Great fun—we were pretty young, and the fucking thing seemed huge. Fuck knows what the bastard was doing in our neighborhood. It took forever to die, and no one believes me when I say this, but I guarantee you—that beast, who was bleeding from everywhere, cried. I saw tears drop from those eyes. 'Course we were aiming for the eyes but never seemed to hit 'em, I think, until it was already dead. Stupid thing ran into a corner somewhere in an alley and just shook from fear. It didn't fight—just took each shot, one after another, and pushed itself tighter into the corner. Screamed, of course. Good fun, good times—and it all seemed pleasantly natural.

But it's all like looking at photos or TV footage of thousands killed by hurricanes or gas attacks in Iraq. It has little effect. Those people have no personalities. They're just dead meat. Their only reason for existing is to be there on my TV screen while I eat my dinner. There is no feeling there. None at all.

Cancer is a much more personal death. I love shows on cancer. The victims and their families are so pathetic. Honestly—mothers and relatives and friends all gathered around some dumb sap's bed, holding hands and rubbing the soon-to-be-deceased's arms and legs. I like when people cry. I like to watch. And there's a world of difference between watching someone, say, a sister, bawl over her brother as he

rots away from the inside, and a fat, hooded female covered in warts and burlap cry over her son who's died of dysentery as part of some ridiculous mass epidemic. Give me a break. They're not people—they're not even entertainment. Barely a diversion. It's OK for TV, but nothing more.

Your predicament is much more special. I certainly don't mean to lump you in with all the rest. My sweet little beatific doll. You are special. Extremely special. Why, after all, you're the most important thing on earth, aren't you? Yes, of course you are. You deserve all this attention. Don't all little girls feel that way? Isn't that unique to your way of thinking? No. I don't think so, either. It's just that you're here now. Waiting for things to be done for you. To you.

Do you want to go home?

Yes?

Do you want to see mommy again? And your father? Are you lucky enough to have a little baby brother? Or sister? Do you want to be safe in bed at home and nestled tightly, securely, in mommy's arms? I know you do. But you can't. You'll never see anyone you like—love—again. You're going to die.

And it's going to hurt very much.

Would you like to know how I'm going to hurt you? Where I'm gonna ram that hard-on I showed you? Would you like to see it again? Taste it some more? Huh, slut? You want me to grind it so deep into your very being that you pass fucking out? Completely unconscious—just because your tender, lithe li'l body can't handle the extreme, um, sensations.

I want to see you naked. NOW! I want you to get undressed. I want you to take off your clothes. The way mommy taught you. Pull your top off over your head and shimmy out of those pants.

Do you know what kiddie porn is?

You have such a beautiful body.

Yeah, don't believe it.

Do you know what these are?

Have you ever seen your daddy shave his face? In the morning—have you ever watched him in front of the mirror with cream all over his face? When he looks just like Santa Claus?

These are toys. Fun toys. Here. Sharp, isn't it? Be careful, dear. Hold it in your palm. Give it back now. There's a good girl.

There's a good girl. Not a terribly bright girl—but a good girl.

Mommy told you to be careful with sharp things, didn't she?

Didn't she?

Answer...

What?

Pardon?

Excuse me?

Answer me, now, cunt...

SHUT UP!

Cunt.

Why does mommy want you to be careful? Why?

Because sharp things can cut us. Right? They hurt us.

If we're not careful.

Never eat sharp things.

Put this in your mouth.

Open up.

Open up. Wide.

This won't hurt. I was only kidding. See? It's just a toy. It's just pretend. It's not really sharp. Now open your mouth and see.

Open your fucking mouth, or I'll smash it open.

Now.

Cunt.

Stick this in.

...

...

...

Shut up.

Quit your crying.

And stop your yelling.

You're giving me a headache.

Shut the fuck up.

You're getting blood all over the fucking place.

Wipe yourself.

Clean yourself up.

Hurts, doesn't it?

Yes, I know, baby. There, there...

Shhhh...

Shut the fuck up before I fucking rip your head off. You stupid little baby. You wanna chew on another razor blade? Then shut up. Stop crying and yelling and drooling and bleeding and...Jesus fuck, you're a fucking mess. Fucking pig. You really should have known better. Shut your trap or I'll hit you again.

I'll cut your lip again.

You want me to yank your teeth out?

I'll slice your lips up all over again if you don't stop crying.

This is not going to end, dear. You're going to be like this for a long time. This isn't going to be any fun—not for you, anyway—so be quiet, starting now. You really are giving me a headache.

You see, this is a real lesson in life for you. A lot of good it's going to do you. But, just for the sake of letting you know, here's some of the very female fun you're going to be missing. After men cum—and that's what you call it, like when I had that icky stuff shoot out of my penis—after we cum, we really don't want to be bothered with your type. You know, you've served your purpose and, really, women have absolutely nothing to offer after that. You're a bucket. So, thank you, it was a magnificent cum, and I do appreciate your bleeding and crying, but I'm rather

tired of it now.

So do us both a favor, alright? Shut it.

Look—you're getting blood all over your tiny tits and all over your face and in your hair and...look—look what's happening. You're about to get me hard again. I can feel it in my balls. It's that combination of tears and blood. Honestly, a better cocktail I couldn't imagine.

C'mere and let me see those cuts in your mouth. C'mere and let me see those slashes in your cheeks and lips. Does it hurt? Does it hurt when I fucking squeeze it, you little fucking cunt? Huh? You slimy fuck. You cunt. Cry harder, you bitch. Cry for me. Scream louder. You cunt. You baby fucking cunt. Scream. Keep crying. OK? OK? Huh, cunt? Can't you fucking scream any louder? You like that? Do ya, you fuck? Huh? You bucket. You hole. You filth.

Y'know, it's a good thing you don't have much longer to live, dear—you'd rather not suffer the rest of your life with those scars.

Imagine how hard it would be to get a boyfriend. No one would want you, my dear. Don't believe that shit about personalities—I know way too many lonely fat people. These scars would put you right up there with dwarves in the eligibility department.

C'mere and wipe your mouth off on my cock.

I want my cock soaked with your blood and baby tears.

Tell me what's sweeter—my cum or your blood? What's warmer? Your blood running down your throat, or my cum sliding down it? What feels worse? Do the muscles in my cock make the rips in your mouth ache even worse? Yeah?

What about my piss?

Is my piss the warmest yet?

What's worse, love?

What really makes you cry?

Your face is becoming really ugly. Where did all those bruises come from? My good Lord, who did this to you? Who would hurt you? What kind of maniac would do these sorts of things—these horrible, bestial things—to such a sweet, innocent girl?

I think people like that should be shot. Hell, they're not even people. I mean, children are so...innocent. And trusting. Kids' minds are so fragile. They can't handle abuse the way an adult might be able to. Kids' minds fall apart. I know all this is true because I saw it on TV.

Do you watch Geraldo?

Oprah?

20/20? 60 Minutes? Frontline? Hard Copy? A Current Affair?

Christ—they've all done specials on child sexual abuse. They're fucking great shows, too. Kinda stupid—but great to watch. I've seen all sorts of weepy mothers on 'em. And they teach you all sorts of things. Healthy, moral sorts of things.

Do you like TV?

Do you?

What's your favorite show?

Really, you're going to have to stop crying now. I'd like to share some quality time with you. Really get to know you, you stupid cunt.

Shut up and tell me your favorite TV program.

What do you like best? Playing outside or watching TV? I'll tell you this—if you say playing outside, I'm gonna crack your skull open on the floor. So, OK, what do you like best? C'mon, concentrate, will you? What's your very most favorite TV show?

Do you like cartoons?

Situation comedies?

Did you see the HBO special on rape?

How about the Frontline exposé on serial killers? I miss Bundy. Truly terrible what they did to him. A waste, don't you think?

Did you see any of the weekly features on day-care abuse and neglect?

I'll tell ya, you've been missing some great programming. You've really got to use your brain some more.

But I will bet you're going to miss it. Yes, ma'am, you're going to miss TV. If I gave you a choice, what would you pick: watching wonderful TV or swallowing dirt and bugs for all eternity from inside a pink-and-white baby's coffin? What sounds like more fun?

Can you imagine your mother's wet little mind when she tries to decide whether or not to give you a closed-casket wake? I'm going to ease her pain a bit. I'm going to make sure no amount of makeup will cover what I'm going to do to your fresh baby innocence.

Your bruises will be legendary. Deep red gashes and raised black welts and thick fucking pits where your mouth and teeth used to be.

Closed-casket for sure.

Have you ever seen a baby's coffin? They're incredibly tiny. Embarrassingly tiny. Instant hard-on stuff, I swear.

You'll be dressed by some mortician who probably masturbates over dead bodies. You'll be such a prize for him. Just like the prize you'll be for the detectives assigned to your case. The investigators will covet your murder photos and autopsy reports like the memories of their cherished first days on the job: the first corpse they saw—the one lying in the middle of the street spouting blood like a fountain; the first street whore they fondled and busted; the first quivering crack baby they pulled out of the projects. Full-color glossies of your young raped cunt, your cracked and smashed face and skull, your blood-drenched torso.

Your baby body will be flooded with embalming fluid, and your bruises, cuts, and welts—deep and long and fat and thick—will be badly masked and

stitched.

I love the idea of your small corpse taking up so very little space in the cold, blue morgue. Your frail, vulnerable body supine on a frigid metal drainage table—and tubes and scalpels and saws poking into you and tearing you apart.

You are going to be missing so much.

I'd like to be there to watch your mom and dad and relatives fall apart. You're going to be just a mound of meat tied up in a pathetic, sweet, feminine dress. The contrast should be astounding. Hacked and masticated flesh, broken bones, and the viscid marks of a putrescible feast, all covered by some silly, frilly, froufrou costume. Darling. Forever.

You better fucking hope I don't get another hard-on, you cunt.

Not just yet. Right?

Doll?

We were talking about television, weren't we? This rape show was wonderful. Did you know that over fifty percent of all rapes are done by people who know the victim? Or that twenty-five percent of rapes are perpetrated on victims older than sixty-five? Or that forty-five percent of all rape victims are under fifteen years old? Or that seventy-five percent of rapists cum in the victim's mouth in the first ten minutes of attack? Forty percent of all rape victims deserved exactly what they got? Sixty percent of all rape victims got off easy?

I don't remember what percentage of rapes are performed by blacks. I know the figure's high. You know what crack and overcrowding can do to a laboratory rat's brain—I'll have to get back to you on the exact figure.

I know you're going to miss TV.

Or...is your mom one of those cunts who says too much TV is bad for you? Is she? You look pretty well-fed. I'll bet you've got parents who are that pretentious. I'll be doing you a favor. Putting you out of your misery. You have such caring parents—so smart.

You're gonna miss TV.

You're gonna want your MTV.

But you'll be dead.

Did you ever notice how fucking piggish the women in music videos look? Big tits and fat asses. Would you like the chance to grow up into a video slut? Would you like the chance to let those little mosquito bites sprout out about two fucking feet into those monstrously fat, cancer-pumped, secondary sex glands? Can you lip-synch? How far can you spread your legs? Can you pout? Let me see you shake your chest. Let's see you jiggle that flat, bony body.

Does that sound good to you, cunt?

These fucking things right here. These cute little pink things—fucking hell, the fabulous things you can do with these. The difference between mega-stardom

and bag-ladydom.

I'm sorry, did that hurt?

Didn't your father ever pinch your tight little nipples?

Stop your crying.

Louder!

I want you to cry a lot louder.

Cunt.

Whore.

Slut.

Fucking prostitute.

You little piece of worthless baby fat.

You're an ugly little girl.

Your mommy hates you.

Your mommy wants me to hurt you.

I'm gonna fuck you up.

You sleaze.

You hairless cunt.

You pig without tits.

You shit stain.

Cunt.

Cunt, fucking cunt.

Filthy fucking cunt, rotten, diseased fucking cunt.

Lie down.

All the way.

Put your back on the floor.

All the fucking way, put your head back.

Do it now, before I rip your tiny head off.

Move.

Cry louder.

You baby, you little, helpless baby.

Cry, or I'll hit you harder.

You like that?

Harder?

You want it harder?

Keep crying, cunt.

How hard do you want it?

How much more do you want to bleed?

I'm saving you, bitch. I'm doing you and the whole world a favor. I would let you grow up into the cunt you were, for whatever reason, destined to be. But see, this is reality—your reality, your destiny. I'll do what I want for now. And I think I'm here for better things. Better things than watching your stretch marks peel. Watching your vagina widen and your ass expand. Your hips spread and your veins pop. I've seen the videos, dear. Childbirth and rock music don't mix. Females shouldn't dabble in either—but the combination is dreadful.

Let's leave birthing to the sheep.

Let's just leave cunnilingus to the sheep.

Let's leave tits and ass to the sheep.

Let's leave blue, blood-soaked, pickled and wrinkled babies that slide out of squatting Puerto Rican pig mothers in dilapidated birthing barns to the sheep.

Do you know what Down's syndrome is?

Do you have any retards as neighbors, classmates, relatives?

Anyone your momma calls "slow?"

They are hideous.

I've seen two highly exciting porno films that featured these sorts of mistakes. The first was of this Frankensteinian retard girl who was being taught how to fuck horses. Unbelievable. Another girl had to show the slow creature how to do absolutely everything. How to hold the horse dick, how to lick and suck it, and how to try to fit it in her monster cunt. It looked like the retardo didn't even know she had a vagina. The horse wasn't very big, unfortunately, but its cock was still rather formidable. The most hilarious part of the film didn't even involve the stupid animal—the horse, that is. The normal girl, which I realize is a relative term here, tried to instruct the dim one in the truly repulsive act of cunt-licking. And the dullard just couldn't figure it out. She didn't have a clue! She just opened her mouth and let her fat tongue hang out while the other girl kind of shook the retard's head up and down in the general direction of her clit. You should have seen it.

The other retard film I saw—um, these were 8mm films, not videos—the other one was kiddie porn. This very young beastie just cried and cried and cried throughout the entire film. This withered, skinny old European man really put her through the paces, though. The retard didn't want to be there at all, but that didn't bother him—he fucked her, ate her, made her lick his balls and suck his cock. And the docile dog did it all while tears poured from her sunken eyes. The European was fairly ancient-looking—typically thin and pale and with a huge, long, uncircumcised cock which was, oddly enough, perpetually soft. The girl was about as tall as his navel, meaning his flaccid meat was almost constantly in her face during the instruction sessions. He just let it dangle in her face, and then slobbered it in and out of her gaping mouth. Did I mention that the barely human thing was so severely damaged that she even had a hunchback? She had that troll-like body that those sort of fuck-ups get. Fat, puffy, and soft. All in about a twelve-year-old frame—though her mental age was, I'm sure, quite considerably less.

I highly recommend all retard sex films and videos.

I wish I could film this. It would be a marvelous souvenir. One of the all-time great jerk-off videos. Too dangerous, though. Too much hassle. And don't you think it would cheapen the moment?

But I could turn you into such a star. You wouldn't dare miss your mark with me. Are you good with directions? Will you do a nude scene? It is essential to the character development, I assure you.

Let me explain your character to you. You look like you could use a little motivation. Is there a

problem here? The main thing I need you to think about—I need you to focus on—pain. Lots of fucking intense pain. Keep that plastered to the forefront of your small mind at all times.

I'll hurt you, so it shouldn't be all that difficult, OK?

See that deviant slash cut between your skinny thighs—that hole from hell? I'm going to spread it open and force all sorts of things up into you. And everything that grinds into you won't fit exactly. But we'll get it in. You're going to bleed a bathtubful. Everywhere. I'm going to puncture the walls of your bowels with everything from my cock to chair legs. You'll shit blood all down your legs and over your ankles and across your feet. And you get to lick the blood off everything.

You're going to suck and lap and taste and swallow all your blood. I'm going to massage it all over your body. And my body. Over my balls—my sac, my hairy, smelly balls, and the stem of my dick. In my pubic hair and the head of my cock. And you'll hate it—you'll need to vomit. And you'll choke and sputter and suffocate and come just this close to blacking out. This close to dying. Your eyes will turn white from the inside, and you suddenly won't be able to cry anymore. Your throat will clamp tight. Your skull will pound. And I'll be cumming in your dry mouth and I won't let you die. I'll wrest my dick out of your face and run my sweat, my sperm, and your blood all over your entire existence. My piss will taste exactly like you.

Your pain will make me want to keep you alive. I'll want to watch you die forever.

Please stop crying.

I'm sorry.

Go on, beg me not to hurt you.

Beg me to stop.

Beg me not to pull your face apart.

I think there may be a chance for you if you ask me nicely. Just like mommy taught you. What do you say? What do you say to the nice man? C'mon. Don't you say, "Thank you?" Do you say, "Please?" Say: "Please don't fucking torture and destroy me." Say: "I'm only ten." Say: "I have my whole life in front of me." Tell me how you want a chance to grow up into a successful and worthwhile addition to the community and society at-large.

Tell me how you want to see your mommy again.

Tell me what your bedroom's like. Do you feel safe there?

If you beg me—if you ask nicely—I'll let you go home.

I will, I promise.

Look, I feel bad suddenly. Honestly.

You believe me, don't you?

Don't you?

Look—stop crying.

I want you to ask me not to hurt you. I want you to ask me not to make you permanently null and void. But I want you to look at me—look me in the eyes, smile demurely, and ask politely. Just like mommy and daddy taught you. Ask me not to hurt you any longer. Tell me it hurts. Tell me I shouldn't hurt a little girl like you.

And if you do, if you can do that for me, if you can do that simple thing, I'll let you go. Then I won't hurt you anymore.

Now. Do you think you can do that, honey?

Slow down and try.

C'mon, dear. Take a deep breath.

Stop those sad little tears.

I won't slap your face anymore.

Just ask.

I promise I won't hurt you—any more.

I won't punch your fucking face anymore.

I won't twist your arm.

I won't pull your titties anymore. I won't rip those fucking pimples you call nipples right off your chest.

I won't punch your face, my dear.

I won't bang your head.

I won't kick you anymore.

I won't slam my fucking hand into your cutesy baby face

any more.

I will not fuck your ass.

I won't cum in your blood-drenched asshole.

I will not spread your ass cheeks far, far apart and jam my cock in and out of that horribly tight little hole you use for shitting darling baby-girl turds until your whole body bursts.

I won't pull at your hairless cunt anymore.

I won't ram my finger up inside you.

I won't force my fingers up inside you. And I won't yank your whole fucking soul out from inside you.

I won't fuck you.

I will not fuck you for the very first time.

I will not break your cherry.

I will not bruise your lips.

I won't make you eat any more mean toys.

I will not smash your cunt up into your stomach.

I will not fucking destroy that disgusting sick hole down there.

I will not cum in your cunt.

Or on your cunt, as you watch and cry and howl.

I will not stick my dick into your tiny mouth.

I will not make you lick my balls or suck out my asshole.

I won't piss, shit, or cum on your face.

I will not kill you.

I will not tear you apart.

I will not destroy every inch of your soon-to-blossom female self.

I will not take you from your mommy and daddy

and dog.

You can go home.

Won't that be better?

But you have to really want it. You have to beg me. You have to convince me. Make me want to let you go home.

I promise I'll let you go. I'll take you right up the stairs to your home and tell your mom and dad that I'm sorry and that I promise never, ever to see you again.

And I don't even care if I get in trouble.

But you have to help me. You have to make me believe that you want all that.

Do you want to go home?

Do you want to see mommy?

I want every bone in your body. I want every muscle—every living cell—to shake and plead with me to let you live.

C'mon, try, honey.

Cry louder, goddamnit.

Stop crying.

Go ahead, cry.

Stop it.

Cry, you cunt.

Stop.

Cry.

Stop.

Cry.

Cry. Cry. Cry. Cry, you dead little fuck.

Stop it.

Please, honey, stop crying.

Cry, cunt.

Cunt.

Yes?

No?

Yes?

Maybe? What? Yes?

What did you say? Did you say something? Did you say yes?

Go ahead—cry.

Stop crying.

Grow up.

What's your name?

What's your momma's name?

What kind of dog do you have?

Ever seen its dick?

Did you ever play with your dog's fuzzy red dick?

What about your dad?

Have you ever seen your dad's dick?

Huh?

Have you ever had your dad's meat in your mouth? Has he ever shoved it your way when you expected him to tuck you in bed?

Mommy's stretched-out cunt?

Ever seen her episiotomy scar?

Does her cunt look all fucking chewed-up?

Do her tits sag? Fucking beast.

Want to see Europe?
Do you want to live another five minutes?
Cry louder.
Scream.
Make your face redder.
Make your body shake again.
Scream, you helpless bastard.
Scream louder.
Stop.
Now stop it.
Stop it, or I'll kill you.
I'm sorry. I'll let you go.
You can go home now.
Really. Get dressed and go home.
This is far too much fun.
Keep crying.
Don't be so silly.
You're going to die.
I'm sorry.
You cunt. I said I'm sorry.
You filth.
You female.
You dog.
Bark for me.
Dry your face and go home.
Let's go see mommy.
Wanna see mommy?
Wanna go bye-bye in the car?
Nope. I want to ram this chair leg in your ass

first.

I want to send you home to mommy, bleeding from the asshole.

Stick this in your mouth.

Stick this in your fucking mouth.

Open up your fucking mouth and stick out your tongue and lick this fucking thing before I reach in there and pull your tonsils out and make you eat them out of my fist. Imagine the marvelous blow job you can give me when you don't have any teeth in that cute red mouth of yours.

Jesus fucking Christ, I like to watch you cry and choke.

I hope that doesn't offend you. I mean, it's nothing...now, don't get the idea that this isn't personal. This is about as personal as you can get. But just think—this stuff—all this stuff that's happening to you. It could've happened to anyone. It's just that I ended up with you. For no other reason than you were available at the right time. Nothing anyone could've done would've helped you. No books on how to say no. No videos about bad touching or how to stay safe. No Michael Landon specials or TV documentaries with helpful phone numbers or neighborhood support groups. You were born for this.

It's more than bad luck.

You lived your few years under mom and dad's caring, watchful gaze all in preparation for this day.

It all comes down to this.

And all the fun you had. All the warmth that closeted you. And all the love and care you fell for. It all adds up to a small, inchoate personality that'll fit just perfectly over the tip of my dick.

And your parents. Your parents are going to miss you for the rest of their ridiculous lives. They're going to hurt and be miserable human wastes from this day forward. They are going to grow to hate the very thought of you. Starting soon enough. Your pain will be their pain until they die. They're just that stupid.

It's all worked out really well, don't you think

TWO

"Little five year old Caroline had been on her way to a fairground, wearing a pretty little lilac party dress when she got done. The pleasure of removing her little party dress and unveiling her little clean cunt must have been magnificent. Battering that little hairless gash must have been equally gratifying. The little baby crying as she realized she wasn't going to have fun at the playground."

—from PURE #1.

She wraps her thick purple painted lips 'round my cock and slurps like a fucking pig. Her wrinkled bony brown fingers scratch and rub at my hairy balls and sweaty shaft. I try to be mindful of my pockets—keep a sense aimed at those roaming hands. She seems fairly straight, though. Gets down to business. And she's good at it. Lots of tongue. Uses it to jab around my nuts, licks under the sack and darts in and out at the head. Sucks hard. Draws those harsh skeletal cheeks in and buoys her natty head tightly up and down. Her skull is a perfect extension of my cock. So good at her job. Like most. The job being to get me to cum as soon as possible. Has to get back on that street. That corner of Lake and Ada where she parades up and down, back and forth, around and around. Lifts her T-shirt up every now and again—whenever someone white drives past. Hitches her skirt up once in a while. Though skinny, she's still got a flabby, cottage-cheesed ass. Wobbly brown meat and pock holes and dimples cover the curves of those cheeks just above the back of those weakling thighs. Shakes her butt at me. Turns and thrusts her crotch at me. Sticks her tongue out—wiggles the tip, licks her yellow teeth, and kisses the air. Fucking hairy beast.

Her face is typical ghetto sludge. Drunk, glassy eyes covered in yellow film, stupid hung mouth. Ratty hair and wrinkles and blemishes. Niggers shouldn't wear makeup. Rouge or blush or whatever-the-fuck caked-on and mottled leather skin with deep pores and sores. Greasy. So fucking old. Moron. Pathetic.

Dressed for sex. I think. Fuck only knows if she thinks she's sexy. Could be she's just advertising the act. Her availability. Couldn't be her looks, her attractiveness. Honestly, there is none. Lingerie, tight terry-cloth skirt and garish, stained T-shirt. Tight. Tight over flaccid, unhealthy flesh hung loosely on sick bones and cheap muscles.

Her drinking—her drinking problem—her drunk existence is everything one sees. Her posture. Her gross sexual gestures. The shape of her mouth and nose and eyes. The veins on her neck and bony chest. Saggy tits, bruises, scars, nicks she doesn't feel, gaunt, stretched and hungry stomach, toothpick thighs and spindly legs, flat flabby ass and gaping cunt. Her hairy, unkempt... personality... everything is colored and modeled by the drunk she went to bed with. The drunk she put on first thing in the morning. The drunk that wets her brain and slacks her mouth and runs her life from one slow Sunday to the next.

Her breath is overwhelming. Hot, sweet, and stale and dead.

"How ya doin', doll? Lemme see dat big ol'-ass dick a-yours. You wanna suck and fuck an'have a good time?"

She paws at my dick as soon as she gets in (the car?). Rubs my crotch. Scratches at my jeans and runs a cracked, red-painted nail down my zipper. Cups the bulge and squeezes just tight enough. Tries to make me hard right away. More money out there on

that street. Rubs up and down, fingers following palm. Feels and outlines the shaft and pinches at the head. Palms my balls again, my dick, strokes my thigh. She brushes against my legs. No wallet, no money in my pockets. Fucking niggers.

She slurs: "Ah know if ah show'd you dis pussy, ah'd get you ta stop....Too hot ta go to t'motel. Al dese guys wanna go t'motel. I ain't got no time fo' dat. Takes too long—dese guys wanna stay all day."

Job-friendly talk. Unbelievable. Condescending client relations. She's as stupid as she is drunk.

Who'd want to fuck her? Who'd want to spend more time with her than the ten minutes it takes for a blow job? Cum in her mouth, get the fuck out.

"You wanna suck a titty? Lotsa guys don' like ma titties. Dey ain't big enough for 'em. But soma dese girls out here, dey got dese big ol' titties. All hangin' out an' fat an' such. I don' like t' way dey look. And neither do ma men."

Fuck's sake. No one should be this stupid. Flabby, skinny, hanging, sucked-out tits. Stretch marks, deflated. Thick black nipples and blotchy brown skin. Fucking shop talk.

"Will you go fo' twenny? Whattya want? Nice lollipop blow job? You wanna fuck? Hmmm? You wanna fuck dis here pussy?...Look at you, gettin' all hard. C'mon, go fo' twenny."

Always twenty. Never barter. Undoes my zipper and yanks my dick out before I can get the car in park. She runs her hand over my dick-head to clean off fuck-knows-what, drops her head in my lap, and goes to work. She's licking, slurping, sucking, scratching, jerking, and rubbing before I can even shift my legs away from the dash. Slipped the rubber over without my help. I like prophylactics. Makes sense—let the pig suck plastic and medicinal slime. Tugs the shaft of my dick. Sucks up and down on the head and licks the balls. I cum. Quickly. In her mouth. In the rubber. A couple more strokes—a nice touch, job-friendly. Never varied her speed. Quick, businesslike, professional.

Adjusts her shirt. Pushes her disgusting dugs back in place and tells me where to drive. Drop her off where I picked her up.

All prostitutes are the same. A blow job is a blow job. And they're all a dime a dozen. A cheap kick—a quick fix of reality at a loser's expense. I know everything about her without having to hear her blather a single slurred syllable. They wear their failure like a full body tattoo. They advertise it. And they're so wretched, so unimportant, so numb, that it doesn't even matter if they know where they fit in. Not to them or me.

They are all the same. Lips and tongue-meat, thick and whore-painted. Tits—used and worn, pulled to shreds by children and johns. Gristled, hairy cunt like a fat old woman's mouth. Pock holes—deep and

frequent. Stretch marks—thick and long and thorny. Black contorted and bunched nipples. Like a pig. Like a dog. Filthy and weak. Like a cow waiting for the slaughter. Like a downed goat, too sick and destroyed to do anything but wait, alone, in pain, until someone finally pays some attention and disposes of the unsightly mess.

Cunts waiting for the slaughter. Their life will be defined by their end. Another statistic. If that. Meat on a hook. Cunt in a car. Mouth on a smelly, hairy piss-hole.

When she sucks my cock, when she blows me, I cum in her mouth. That's why she's got a mouth. A hole. A bucket. A sewer. She's a TV with a hole in the middle of the screen that's just perfect for my dick. And I fuck that screen when I feel like watching a documentary special expose on "Prostitution—The Plight of Our Inner Cities." She's a lifelong documentary that tells me nothing new. Nothing I didn't already know. And nothing I didn't come to celebrate.

I've seen the shows. I know her whole history. I want to fuck that history.

I know about her ghetto father and his drunk buddies who raped her all her life. I know how she slept on the hard wood floor next to the only couch in the project apartment—the old throw-away couch where mama used to get drunk and fucked and beaten. The smelly tattered couch that her seven brothers used to fuck her on. The ugly, battered couch that stinks of vomit, cum, shit, liquor, piss, and greasy food-stamp food and which still sits in that project building today.

I know about her crack habit. Her alcoholism. I know about her kids growing up with drugged and retarded neighbors. Her rats. Her roaches. Her bug bites.

When I fuck her mouth, I fuck her whole history. My way of celebrating Black History Month. I fuck her father and mother, her brother and aunties. I fuck the ghetto cops and crack dealers and welfare workers, parole officers and political representatives. I fuck, what, ninety percent of the prison populations?

And that's what she's here for.

I cum in and on the walking dead. The ones that feel and suffer their slow, inexorable deaths.

These women are the terminally ill. They're rife with AIDS. And even those who haven't been fortunate enough to get the disease still live their lives like AIDS patients. They are pariah. The untouchables. The unloved and unlovable. The filth that scars the charming scenery of ghettos, meat markets and jerkoff booths. The lowest of the low who thought they could advertise for cheap.

The AIDS patients who lie on hospital beds, whose deaths are prolonged by drugs that can't help them improve, can't even lessen the pain much, just

makes them live longer. Their torpid demise made more excruciating. The agonizing minutes where every second is brutal, bone-chewing, flesh-mauling pain. The minutes twist into hours, mind-numbingly into hours and, incredibly, into weeks and months.

Row after row, room after room of these emaciated, filthy, barely breathing body bags moaning and crying out for impossible relief and implausible dignity. The patient who loses control of his bowels. The patient with no control over anything. The ones who crumble in the hands of a nurse who doesn't want to be there. Forever. Covered in bandages and pushed together with tubes, feeding bags, needles, and Handi-Wipes. Drugs and morphine do nothing for their headaches, their muscle pain, sinew deterioration, their sores that perpetually ooze, their shit and piss that seeps out of them at all times. Forever. Diarrhea and vomit. Incessant torment. Dementia. There is no dignity in death—their death, to anyone else, means absolutely nothing. They die in death houses—warehouses of pain.

There is no alternative. There are no friends. No softening of the impact. No magic wands. No god or love. There is distress and slow death. They become their death, they feel their putrefaction—every second of it. Every fucking second of death, where needles that prick their bony arms and morphine drops that puddle mockingly into their feed bags are viewed and checked and registered through perfectly wide-open eyes.

I want to be there. I want to be there to see one black cunt whore die—finally—in a bed from AIDS. I want to see the shit and piss stains on her paper gown, on her crumpled bed, on her scrawny legs and hands and up and down her back and in her hair. I want to see the pus and tears and bile and vomit. The glazed eyes and limp mouth, the drool and spittle and cracked and creviced, callused skin. Her pale and sweaty blackness. I want to see her scratch her cancer bumps and cankers. I want to watch her die. I want to see the scars from a year in bed. I want to see her shake and tremble and fall and bruise and bleed. She is nobody. I want to see her spirit give up, having already been broken so long ago. She is meaningless. Dirt. No one comes for her. And the point is, before her coma, she wants someone to come. She needs (and thinks) someone to care. Care for her. Care about her.

Apparently, most of these death's-door-knockers believe that human contact is very important to them. Of course. How pathetic to be dying due to their own insistence on sucking cocks and fucking assholes and then being deprived of even a held hand. Just like the comic-book reality they've emulated all their lives, there is a certain poetic justice in AIDS. They may as well believe in love, God, respect, and kindness and caring—it's worked so well for them up to this point.

No one cares. Maybe some dopey lonely nurse who needs to objectify them to relieve her own pangs of self-loathing and fat worthlessness. Or some volunteer lesbian-faggot who wants to show his friends what a self-sacrificing giver he is. All meaningless. All lost. All beautiful in their deaths—the death that draws itself out for so long.

I want to see these wastes bang on the walls of their rooms. I want to see them struggle to rise and rail against the injustice of life and then collapse under their very own inconsequential weight. I want to see them whine and bleed and discharge and cry and vomit and give up everything they thought they were. I want to see them get angry—angry at their nurses and orderlies, their washers, their doctors and then, themselves. I'd like to hear them invoke God and then, in a rage, the devil—only to recant minutes later when they remember how close they are to finding out if there really are a heaven and hell. Then, I'd love to see reality wash over their dead, pale, pasty faces.

Remember the last dick you sucked, whore? How much did you get for it, whore? Ten dollars? Twenty? Such a lucky girl. Did he cum quick? Was it a big cock? Small? White? Haitian? Hairy? Deformed? Did you suck on his cock in the front seat of his car? Did he ejaculate in your mouth? Did you spit it all out?

Did he grab your tits or cunt or ass or feel your back while you blew him? Did he pay you extra to fuck you? Could you feel his cock in your cunt, or are you too stretched-out down there? Did he suck your nipples? Did he look at your tits and tell you how pretty you are? Or did he just look—and you knew he thought you were hideous? Did anything special make you fuck faster? Y'know, like your disgust with Whitey or with your situation? Did your pimp leave you any money?

And the fag—how charming to catch up with the rest of your life in a peep-show cubicle. On your knees in cum with your pants bunched down around your thighs, with your quick-tugging hand on your hard cock as you suck off a stranger. You kiss and lick and suck the cock of a stranger until he shoots his load in your slobbering mouth. Did you cum at the same time? Did you get him to take you home so he could ram his cock up your ass? Make you feel so special when he infects you with the whole point to your existence.

What's the best fuck you ever had, fag? What's the biggest cock you ever landed, size queen? Who had the warmest, the sweetest, the thickest sperm? Did your mouth hurt the next day? Your ass? And do you feel lucky?

If I'm real lucky, maybe I'll get to hear their stories from their own gaping mouth holes. I want to look in those mouths and I want to see the pigs gag. Choke on their tongues as they struggle to sort out their confused, dim and diseased thoughts out enough

to allow them to sputter out truths and fantasies to those of us in the safe seats. How's it feel to die? How's it feel to actually feel your death? How's it feel to die a worthless but intense and endless death?

How important was cock to your life, exactly? Do the phrases "bad move" or "wrong decision" mean anything new to you?

What can people learn from their mistakes? Do you still get horny?

Whores are AIDS deaths waiting to happen. Whores are slow death all the time. And that's what I'm only too happy to pay for. Cheap. A little more than a new CD, less than a video.

And I can jerk off later. I can see their wasted faces, their wretched lives.

I remember them all. The old pros, the new recruits who might be cops until they waggle an ugly breast your way. The fatty drunks, the short retards. The men—the boys—dressed like cartoon women and going cheap. The regulars.

The wiry cunts. The dry or wet mouths. The ball-suckers. The ball-lickers. The cum-swallowers and the spitters. The tonguers. The masturbators. The asshole-fingerers. The junkies. The scum. The one who calls me her friend. The one who thinks I like her tits. The one who talked me through a blow job like it was my first one. The one who asked me if I liked her ass. The one who wanted to know why I came so quick—was it her technique or her looks? Honestly. The one who tried to hide her dick, who thought I was fooled. The one with the bruise that covered her neck and chest, shoulder-to-shoulder. The one who told me what the cops did to her. The one who explained where the cops hang out. The one who asked me for an extra buck for good luck. The one who charged the same for mouth, cunt, or, amazingly, ass. The one whose asshole was bigger than her mouth and hung open like a cancer wound. The one who wiped my dick down with a McDonald's napkin hidden in her bra.

Filthy pigs. Beasts. Ten minutes and twenty bucks and the opportunity to wallow in their destruction. So cheap.

THREE

The front cover of PURE #2 was an extreme close-up of a child's hairless cunt being spread open by an adult. The night of my arrest, the three main networks in Chicago used me as their lead story, and all showed close-ups of the cover.

I'm standing, elbows to walls, in a tight, dark booth made of peeling black paint over rotting wood. It's just big enough for me and my pockets and, I'm sick to say, I'm surrounded by cum. And even though I'm here where:

—I can easily detect the acrid sweat, sperm, and bad hygiene over the overwhelming presence of ammonia and pine—

—My shoes stick and tack so loudly on the old tile floor, liberally spotted with puddles of cum and crumpled Kleenex, that I'm uneasy to move even the little bit of the cramped closet would allow—

—I face a scratched-up and worn glass window that extends from the top of my head down to just below my crotch. I can clearly see cum on the window. Behind the glass is a cheap white Plexiglas screen, also scratched and worn—

—A coin box is nailed to the wall on my right, just at my shoulder, and its slot is so wet and sticky that I make sure my token is the only thing that touches it—

—I'm sure there's cum in the two wooden slots, marked 1 and 2, cut into the wall just below the glass window—

My position, my station is never in question. Even though I've got my:

—pants hanging open loosely around my hips, kept up by an odd though not uncomfortable spread-leg posture—

—underwear bunched beneath my balls—
—cock in my hand—

My lot in life, my reality can never be as low as that of the pig I'll watch dance behind the glass.

Because I can leave. This is just a trip to the zoo.

And as the Plexiglas rises and I see her, my every wish is confirmed. She's as perfectly female and typical as everyone I've ever seen here. This is the type of girl who, I know, has a severely retarded child somewhere. I know this because of the:

—tattoos on her shoulder and upper chest. The homemade blue crosses, halos and stars—

—covered forearms. Covered up by tack scarves; wrapped and pinned in a pitiful attempt at formals but designed to hide the needle marks and scars. And hidden not because of some demure embarrassment on her part but rather, just in case some cop decides to spend his lunch time with her—

—flat forehead—
—dull eyes—

—greasy hair, blonde and stringy and cut longish, trailer-trash style—

—slippery, sweaty complexion. Blotchy and pimply and tired—

—puffy belly scarred with grisly stretch marks and varicose veins—

—way she dances. She pretends not to dance at all. But her performance can be called nothing else. Because it is dance, it is a celebration of her total character.

She wiggles and gyrates and bumps and grinds—but just barely. There's no excitement, no idea of freedom. Her moves are stock. Her demeanor is of boredom, disinterest and nonchalance. I'm supposed

to believe that this is just her job; that she's just pulling her shift.

I should see that she feels pity for me, not contempt. I shouldn't see this as any big deal—it's not humiliating or desperate. I'm lonelier than she is whorish; I'm an animal and she provides a service. And if she seems jaded, it's just because she's—

- seen all types of men—
- seen all types of cock—
- heard all the moaning and filthy suggestions—
- heard all the insults—
- seen all sorts of orgasms and kinks.

But she's a chickenshit actress. Her dance is crude ostentation. It's contrivance and artifice and it belies much more than just a job. She can't pull it off, she's:

- too naked—
- too bare—
- too alone—
- too ugly—
- too stupid.

It's as obvious as her white skin. She didn't choose this job. Her dispassionate dancing act is a shelter. Her strut, her corpulent jostling is everything she's got. Her breeding.

Her thoughts.

Her mistakes.

Her loss.

Her reality, existence, life.

When she dances, her:

- eyes seem locked to an invisible pole connected to her solar plexus upon which she revolves—
- fleshy thighs and arms jiggle in loose concentric half-circles in response to simple hop-and-skip movements—
- fatty tits and hung belly shake with a liquid balance all their own—
- hair stays plastered to her head and neck and back—
- stringy fingers only touch her cunt, ass, and tits.

And she has developed this style of dancing in strict accordance with the long history of peep-show whoredom. She has fallen in line with all the other failures and reprobates who've filled this space before her. And she'll dance just like all the ones yet to come; all thinking their reason for being there is no big deal. It never is. Could it be:

- because her father abused her? Or a teacher or trusted neighbor had an uncontrollable penchant for little white girls—
- because a boyfriend forced her into prostitution to help support his drug addiction. He was cute and manipulative, she was young—
- because she's developed a fitful drug or alcohol problem due to her reckless trailer-park youth—
- a shock reaction to her sudden freedom and

blossoming femalia after having taken care of her derelict mother and wretched siblings who were denied a father due to some backwoods disease or farming accident—

- her lack of proper education—
- her lack of brains, personality, or good looks.

All these sluts are the same. Different colors in the same by-the-numbers painting just to keep it interesting. So many fucking rejects, fucking deformed water-head babies, garbage.

It usually takes about five tokens for me to finish with these cunts. The exact duration of time one's allowed per token remains cloudy to me. Each token is a dollar, and I'll guess that it lasts around two minutes. Sometimes it feels like hours.

First token: I acclimate myself to the bad lighting, claustrophobic conditions and bathroom odors. The girl says hello, tells me where to stick her tips and turns on the tape (which, astoundingly, is usually Stevie Nicks, John Cougar, Pat Benatar, or Prince). She starts her dance up close to the glass, twitching and jerking her portly body through a cheesy K-Mart teddy-and-bra ensemble.

Second token: Her top comes off. She tugs at the rubbery nipples and presses her ugly tits against the window. Her breasts are relatively young and on the firm-ish side. However, the stretch marks tell a story of disgusting motherhood, so I assume their non-sagging is explicable due to the needs of a wanting water-head. It is a pleasure to see one so young and yet already so used-up. It is heartening to know she'll raise more humans in her own image. Tits, which are probably the most hideous things on earth next to the cunt, are dead giveaways in the failure stakes. So many women build their entire personalities on the homely appendages that it can only do a man good to see them slap and fidget, here, in their natural habitat.

Third token: She peels her cheap panties off and dances naked except for her shoes and needle-wraps. She turns around, bends down, and grabs her feet, displaying in all their sickening gore her swollen crack and filthy brown asshole. This is the favorite position of the peep-show beastie—being, as it is, a natural position emblematic of her greater place on God's green earth and, also, a brief period of rest. She can stop dancing for a few seconds and give her flesh a short break from sloshing against itself.

Fourth token: She begins the clinical examination of her vagina. She nuzzles up close to the window, puts her foot on a stool, raises her hips, and splays her red gash right in my face. Two fingers spread the craggy lips while another finger probes, pushes, and pokes the slime-meat. She'll diddle the clit and purse her lips. Her head will turn down towards her cunt, up at me, and then back down at the hole—that is, if I'm tipping. Then she doesn't want me to miss a thing.

Fifth token: Continues the finger-fuck and clit-pull. She'll also return to the ass-jutting ankle-grabs of the third token, but now with the extra added attraction of asshole-digging. She'll dart one or two stubby, painted fingers between her cunt and asshole and spread each one open for greater perusal.

Mixed in with all this flattering choreography are the tongue-waggings and sexy witticisms:

"Let's see your cock."

"You like that?"

"Did you get your nut?"

There is no dignity here. None. However, my reasons and interests are clear. Hers are not. Hers are born of desperation and confusion. She has no other option open to her. But she still has daydreams about herself. She thinks she may be better than all this. She has no other place to go. I do.

And today I've chosen a quick trip to the zoo.

I wonder: Does this caged pig refer to herself as a model? Does her confusion seep so deep that she isn't even aware of what she has to offer? There are models:

—like the bumpy ones who pose for PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE or even ADAM, HUSTLER, CLUB, et al. Those females who have formed their careers—their successful and lucrative careers—out of the money which doltish men pay to follow their dicks around. These girls simply use their assets:

- Big tits.
- Firm asses.
- Taut stomachs.
- Wide hips.
- Long legs.
- Full lips, small noses, wide eyes.

These are sluts that trade on the fantasies of lonely men. They are the whores who believe that they possess a special power by dint of their being born female. The ones that believe that an erection is involuntary. That the man is helpless behind it and therefore, the real power between the sexes lies in their artfully trimmed and shaved, aerobically muscled and tight laps.

And they are the ones that make modern rape defenses possible.

All women are whores. The difference is price. Some are very successful. Then there are other models:

—like the one in front of me. Stupid whores. The ones who get rolled over by their own lives. The ones who don't possess the necessary assets. The ones that have:

- Saggy, uneven breasts.
- Fat asses.
- Fleshy bellies.
- Motherly hips.
- Squat legs.
- Thin lips, big noses, dull eyes, pock holes,

pimples, double chins, mustachios, pudgy cheeks, emotional problems, stupidity.

These goats can't choose their profession. They end up in places like this all over the world. Misfits who carry their ostentatious litanies of abuse and distress wherever they go.

And I can watch it shake its fat and finger its cunt for a dollar a shot.

When I look into that seedy cunt pressed up and stretched out against the glass, I can see all the way into her gassy stomach. And I can follow that all the way into her tiny little female brain. And I can see every memory she has:

—I can see her fat father putting her through her paces at a very early age. Simple incest. Nothing too spectacular or pre-planned. A drunk man who decides, for whatever reason, to see just how tight his little daughter's cunt is.

—He slops a sweaty, hairy hand over her mouth and finger-fucks her the first time. She cries. She gets confused. She hurts. Blah, blah, blah.

—Next time, he wants his dick to feel the warmth of her guts, so he lathers it up and rams it home (literally—she's his fucking daughter, why else have 'em?). Keeps it quiet, cums quickly.

—Then he wants the whole package. Mom's out or, hopefully, dead, or, even better, drunk. He pulls the girl into bed. Grabs her tits. Pulls and grabs and licks and sucks her tiny titties. Feels her ass, pokes at her tight asshole with his hairy finger. Sticks his old tongue in her mouth and runs it around her throat. He climbs on top. Jams his hard cock into her dry, tight cunt, pumps, cums, slurps, grabs, fingers, and does it all again and again.

—Not always enough time for the whole package. Teaches the little girl to suck him off. Shows her how to use her tongue and where to stick it. Shows her how he likes her to rub his balls when she gobbles on the end of his cock. How to suck on them balls. Use her hand, up and down and tight and lick the tip. Fucking slut, fucking whore, fucking cunt. Cums in her mouth every time.

—Gets bored with young cunt—like all cunt, period. Starts to beat off in her face and slap her around. Makes her lick that slimy shit off the head of his fat, sweaty, adult dick.

—Rapes her asshole.

—Introduces dildos and cameras into their familial bonding. Push this in. Now keep it there and twist. Deeper. Stop your fucking crying, you little fucking whore. You like it, don't ya, you used fucking slut? Sit on this. All the way. Stop crying. Suck this, suck it. Ties her to the bed and plows it all up into that tiny little slash. That deserving pit just keeps stretching and stretching and stretching.

—Gets her pregnant.

—Watches mom get beaten to a pulp after she

finds the photos.

—She knows she's the cause of all the problems—her brother's drug habit, her father's insanity, her mother's depression. She's ruined everything for everyone.

I can see it all. All these things and more slosh around in that small brain that only knows pain and mistakes and failures. And every memory, every thought, every decision—all starts with daddy's juicy red cock. This makes:

—looking at her disgusting holes worthwhile (knowing daddy stuffed them all)—

—watching her grind and gyrate and thrust and jiggle worthwhile (the way daddy taught her)—

—seeing her peel off those cheap panties and bras worthwhile (just like when she had to put 'em one and take 'em back off for daddy).

When she unhooks that tacky C-cup and lets her tits fall naked against her chest, and then shakes them around, right to left, with a little shoulder-switch and tail-wiggle, does she look at me with my cock in my fist and see her father?

I'm betting on it.

A dollar a pop.

I want to see her father standing there behind the glass. He's beating his meat in front of her. He eyes her fatty tits and belly, her hairy cunt through her cheap panties and squat, bruised legs. For daddy, she:

—spreads her cunt lips and twiddles her clit—

—finger-fucks herself. Feels the insides of her slimy bowels and comes out with a disgusting, sticky, smelly, soaked finger—

—rubs and slaps her hairy crack and pokes her dilated asshole—

—licks her lips and gives the air in front of my dick a mock blow job—

—watches all sorts of men cum in her face.

Everyday. Always.

And when she gets home, she gets to take care of her other mistakes. She tries to forget:

—her drug habit—

—her ugliness—

—her loneliness—

—her worthlessness—

—her overwhelming inabilities—

—her brain-damaged child. The one that was born bleeding beneath the lining of its brain. The one that:

—can't learn to feed itself—

—can't learn to talk—

—can't lift its head up of the pillow just yet.

Doctors are optimistic that, with therapy and dedication, the child-thing may someday be able to raise that bloated thing more than just a tad—

—shits and pisses and spits up on itself and doesn't have a clue about it—

—cries and cries and cries—

—will grow up into a wheelchair but will never be able to move it by itself—

—is constantly in need—

—breathes through holes cut in its tiny little neck and spine. And, once again, doctors are optimistic that someday they can remove the tubes and replace them with permanent artificial devices that won't look quite so hideous—

—will need help to piss and shit every day for the rest of its life—

—will never learn to use its hands—

—will forever meet people who will not look its way until it passes and then will just stare and shake their heads with pity—

—will never touch another human in a way other than in a complete state of dependence—

—will feel only loneliness, shame, and hatred—

—will never lead the storybook life its mother had always planned. No love, friendship, care, trust—

—won't even be able to perform in the Special Olympics. It's too far-gone. Too brutalized. Too sick and worthless and depressing for the pity parade—

—sits alone, crumpled and uncomfortable, while its mother is out spreading cunt behind glass to men for a dollar and, if she's lucky, an extra dollar tip. I'm sure this pig compares cocks. She made a point to look down at mine while I pulled on it. She's looking for one that looks like dad's or her druggy boyfriend's. It's part of the job. Has to act like she wants that dick—gets a big tip if she sticks her head toward it and licks the glass.

What does she do when she fucks? Who would actually want to stick their dick in that thing? Would her father still want to? She fingers her asshole too much to be a dyke. Perhaps she's trying to form a friendship with the nigger janitor that mops up the cum around here. Does she think that maybe one day she'll look out and behind the glass will be Mr. Right with his balls and cock in his hand? Will he cum, tuck in his wet cock, and take her away from all of this? Does she still believe in love? Or just welfare? How does she feel when someone cums inside her cunt? Does she think of all the thousands of times she's seen cum drool out of men's cocks?

I shoot on the window and drip on the floor. In her face. I clean up, zip up, turn around, and walk out of that revolting cum depository.

She says, "Thank you."

FOUR

I always get a little tweak of excitement when I see kids—young kids—cross the street in front of my car. They're so blasé. So full of themselves, so loaded with attitude and phony with promise. I'm always reminded of this woman whose child was smashed by a delivery truck while he was playing out in the street. I see these giggling fresh faces and my brain and spine get licked with every single detail of that accident in less than a breath. A neighbor ran to the woman's house and, screaming, they both bolted straight out the front door to find the little boy sardined between the truck and a parked car. There was tiny twisted flesh and long, scratching streaks of blood and the mother going deep, deep into shock.

My Dear Woman,

I hope you'll read all of this. To do that, I'm sure, you'll have to fight an impulse to stop suddenly and tear it into tiny pieces. Either that, or you'll want to hand it directly to your prosecutor friend and spare yourself the bother of what you see as my perverted problems. But I'm hoping that you'll be able to draw on some of the enviable resilience you displayed at the trial and, with teeth and fists clenched tight, make it through to the end. I do understand how unpleasant holding a letter from me must be. I can appreciate that your thoughts throughout the length of this missive may center only on the State's failure to adequately silence me. But let me convince you of my worth—for the length of this letter alone. Let me assure you, firstly, that contained herein is information you'll want to know in order to form a truly accurate portrait of your beloved son and, secondly, that you can trust me to give you

unflinchingly honest facts and opinions based on close and careful observation. You're certainly correct in questioning my motives for such a letter and I won't attempt to lessen your possibly justified hatred and prejudice. But if I might be so bold—we find ourselves in a rather unique position. We share an extraordinarily intimate relationship with your son as loving catalyst and interface. And, whether you prefer to admit it or not, our relationship is, since the passing of your son, as close as either of us will ever be to him again.

Now I would assume, both from seeing your actions at the trial and parole hearing, and reading various quotables in the press and depositions; that you find no use in shielding yourself away from the gory details or painful invectives regarding Danny's death or living situation. It is to this strength of character I wish to appeal. And further, I'm sure you would agree, that any information regarding Danny's life and death is, at this sad point, very dear indeed.

To be brutally frank, I think you owe it to Danny. By your own admission—at the parole hearing especially, when you so eloquently explained the hole in your heart and life since Danny's untimely end—you owe it to Danny to picture him in your mind as he truly was, and not just as what the public wants to hear or wants you to think.

And as concerns my veracity: You know the facts. You know the photos. And I suspect you sense the honest truth. But honesty is a valuable, precious commodity—so precious, in fact, that it is irrevocably insular. Safety and fear demand that we cast aside our pure sense of honesty and instead act on a base level more common to jungle animals and thieves. May I suggest, then, with that excruciating familiarity

as a backdrop, that we ignore the false veneer of respect and good taste and allow our shared experience to speak for itself. Just as true honesty celebrates itself, through the necessity of lies and trickery, let's you and I concentrate on only our observations—shared as they are in deference to Danny.

I promise I won't keep you long. I also promise you a unique experience afforded to very few mothers. How many women do you know who are able to see their child through perfectly clear eyes—precise, lavish images unclouded by falsely accepted sentiment or natural (to wit: blind) concern. Allow me the chance to show you Danny as his peers, his public, saw him. Let's you and I share the selfishness of his personality. His being. His image and reality. I suspect, as I said earlier, we already do.

I thought your presence at the parole hearing last month was a very brave and commendable move on your part. I know how difficult it must have been for you. You said so yourself, didn't you? The papers and court records should accurately reflect that fact also. Your pain as a mother suffering a mother's most extreme pain is quite obvious. Your words reverberate in my brain as they echo through the public's Sunday newspapers: "I don't want this creature out to kill again. He took my son. He can't ever be allowed to be paroled. Never, never release him. May he die in hell. He not only killed my son, but he murdered the father of my son. He surely died because of the stress and strain of the case and the pain that he caused."

Strong words with a personal, real-life backbone. Let the parole board see the living pain of the crimes. Quite right. After, of course, they've viewed the actual photos. The photos that you brought with you. The same photos the prosecutor had and passed around to the board members just as he did to the judge and jury so many years before.

You came across, to me and your public, as exactly as you see yourself. As exactly as you are, I'm sure. Damaged and hurt and especially honest. These outrageous circumstances demand ostensible sincerity. These demands require that you share with all of us the most confidential and introspective details of your psyche and experience. An ugly situation, indeed, and one where the greater concern for general welfare is sometimes forgotten entirely in simple practice. You held up well and put on a very special performance.

I think, therefore, you will understand what I mean when I say that I saw a lot of Danny in you. As I watched you, as I checked your piteous bawling, your manipulative pleas and acerbic, bitter, vengeful insults, I saw the real Danny seep out of the witness stand and obliterate you. Through you I watched Danny and his dismal failure to understand his impulses and drives. I saw the most basic personality

forged precariously upon laziness and the ever-ready acceptance of the immediate public moment.

Pity, then, that I can't say your social soul-searching was enlightening or unique. Like Danny, your honesty was only as entertaining as your mistakes. Your opinions are only viewed against the typical scenery of public stupidity.

This indolence might forever serve you, but between us, and our very special closeness, it will remain a heavy and brutal wedge. This is a shame.

Forgive me if I don't dismiss you as readily as you dismiss yourself, but I think your raw nerves and motherly mewling need some shaping. You need some motivational skills, some insight—a few less back-pats, concerned hugs, and empty reassurances and a few more details.

"All you have to do is look at the brutality of the act of the man. The fact is he is a monster."

Impressive, effective, I suppose, but you and I know: empty. Let's not let ourselves sink down to their level. Let's you and I disregard the convenience of histrionics and, instead, base our feelings—our honesty—on what we know between us.

Which is to say that Danny was not a particularly bright boy. He wasn't especially pretty or endearing in even the most open or drunken circumstances. I know that your relationship with Danny wasn't all that close. The sheer frequency with which I saw him was enough to tell me that. But, beyond that, I could see it every time I was with him. However, I would never question the strength of your influence, and, of course, that very special elemental bond between a mother and son.

Danny's main attributes were his slim waist, large penis, and cheap price. His young age helped, as his chosen lifestyle hadn't evinced itself on his face just yet, though I wouldn't call him in any way cute. His mouth was a little slack and his eyes dull. Of course, the rather large amount of drugs he took daily couldn't help but alter his appearance but then, to guess at his looks without that chemical-induced stupor would be about as unfair to him as the crying jags in your testimony. I only knew Danny when he was high and for sale. But, as I've said, I knew him often.

Danny was friendly and malleable and eager to enjoy himself whenever he was completely blitzed. He was talkative and typical and, I suspect, somewhat retarded or permanently drug-stunted. A nice boy and nicely available. He was extremely polite, albeit street-cool with a slow, slurred solicitousness. Charming in a sluggish, desperate, thoroughly average type of way. Lovely, if barely awake.

I encouraged Danny to talk whenever we were together. And, in keeping with my avowed dedication to honesty between us, I will confess that my interest in what he had to say was more sexually selfish than

the misguided altruism that is more commonly assumed. Danny told me about his girlfriend, his plans for marriage, and his hope of getting away to Montana to "take it easy" eventually. Danny was always careful not to act gay and also to not let me think he was just some sort of street bum.

Shall I tell you some of the other stories Danny told me? I think I should, as you can quite possibly use the details in your next interview with the Tribune or the parole board. That is, just in case, you'd prefer at this point not to continue on with me in my attempts to help you formulate that warm and colorful portrait of your son.

Perhaps I should explain that, speaking from experience, a lot of what prostitutes say is usually manipulative in some way. If they're not trying to sell an image or raise the price, they're trying to ensure a repeat client by giving him what they think he wants to hear. Sometimes it's just lowly self-aggrandizing. I can only add that what I'm about to enumerate came directly from Danny's mouth. And just as I choose to believe or ignore those things I prefer or dislike, so should you. As I suspect you already do. But it did all come from Danny.

He told me his mother and father died a long while ago, after which he was delivered to an aunt and uncle whom he didn't really care for. He said his uncle raped him when he was nine, and although I encouraged Danny to give me explicit details of this attack, and which he dutifully did, I will spare you them as I know them to be mere business phantasms best consigned to my more private moments. After all, you're still living, and during the trial I heard not a single mention of any uncle or any other less-than-proper living arrangement during his younger, more formative years. I wonder why he said both you and your husband were dead, though. Perhaps you can tell me?

He told me he didn't think he was gay because usually men only paid him to let them suck his cock. He told me he had a lot of problems cumming and even staying hard in their mouths and often had to resort to thinking about his girlfriend with his eyes closed. However, if I offered him a bit more than the going price, he was quick to let me in his crack, and only once—the first time—did he remark that it made him feel cheap. He always seemed to take it pretty good. Some mess, no blood, not especially tight.

He told me he saw a social worker who came around periodically but that ("no offense") he seemed a lot like his customers. And the girl that came around with condoms and addresses of where he could stay and sleep and kick was "really fat and ugly—you know why she spends time with us, it's 'cause no one else will hang out with her."

He said he quit school because his classmates would call him a faggot and other names 'cause word

got out about what he was doing. He said he got in a lot of fights but won 'em all. Of course, the Danny that you and I knew couldn't win a fight with a nun. Perhaps a natural awkwardness and frailty accounts in part for the exceptionally long list of drugs found in his autopsy report?

He charged an extra twenty bucks if his customers didn't want him to use a condom. He confessed that he was worried about AIDS and was always very careful. I explained to him that he was probably not in the position to get the virus, as it was his dick getting sucked, and he replied it was just a way to get more money anyways.

Rest assured, I used a condom. When I fucked him.

Danny liked heavy metal. But, perhaps not surprisingly, he liked the older groups—Judas Priest (his favorite), Black Sabbath, Ozzy, UFO, Led Zeppelin. He hadn't heard of many of the newer groups, though his friends sometimes talked about them. I told him about the so-called "death-metal" bands such as Napalm Death, Carcass, Morbid Angel, Immolation, and Samael, but he only seemed politely interested. He told me he bought a Slayer cassette and an AC/DC cassette from a local used-record store one night. He wanted to listen to them in his new Walkman, but "the fuckin' thing's all fucked-up. I just fuckin' got it, but I don't know what the fuck happened—it was alright when I got it." Needless to add, Danny was pretty high.

Sometimes Danny would ask me for an extra five dollars. "I'm having financial problems today," he'd say. This meant business was slow. He'd say he needed the money for dinner and then start talking about the extreme price he had to pay for drugs. He said he had to make deals with this "scumbag nigger at his roach motel."

Danny told me most of the men he went with were "middle-class white guys" and that he was pretty selective. I can tell you that while this may have once been true (though I find it hard to believe), by the end of his sixteen-year-old life, Danny looked a little more than tired. I'm sure if he didn't waste all his money on drugs, he could have saved quite a lot of money. I can't help but wonder why he took so many drugs. Do you think his school life was really that bad? I can't imagine what he was trying to get away from. I can't quite understand what would make him so desperate for artificial fun.

Although I know how special Danny was in your eyes and how you're just sure he stood out from the crowd; how he was kindhearted and carried your neighbor's groceries and helped his litter sister, etc. I must unfortunately confess that this was not obvious on the street. Alone or in a small gaggle of misfit hookers in Uptown, Danny was no less or no more cute than any of the others. His moves, his come-on

and usurious smile, his slow conversation were all rote performances. Very much like all the rest. Very careful. Very fucked-up. His penis, as I said earlier, was large (long and kind of thick for such a skinny boy), and that may have made him stand out to various size queens, but, in all honesty, his main allure stemmed from his availability and familiarity. I've had better and worse. More entertaining ones and more abused ones.

Now, of course, what I knew of Danny and the impressions he made on me were put in a different light after I hurt him. His crying and begging and swearing and fitful rage and drugged inability to cope tend to cloud my earlier memories. Just as I'm sure your loving images of breast-feeding and night-time tuck-ins are marred by the crime photos you promised to bring to each and every parole hearing. But these were extreme circumstances, and I'm sure it wouldn't be exactly fair to judge Danny on such a caged and urgent set of events. One's mortality is something one is desperate to avoid, and when faced with its shocking and painful reality, one can easily be excused for forming an entirely new personality. Perhaps we can talk about all this in another letter. It would be fascinating to hear your thoughts on how you think Danny perceived himself and his surroundings. His sense of purpose, his religion, his politics, etc. He did beg fearfully for his life, I can tell you, and I somehow suspect that this reflects a little better on you.

Well, I know I've taken up too much of your time, and if I might be so bold, one last time, I suspect your time with Danny was always a mite strained and difficult for you. Hopefully, next time you talk to the press or the parole board, you might mention less about what a great kid gone awry he was and more about how he was pretty much dead before I even got near him.

I think that would be the honest thing to do and more in keeping with a real love for Danny. No use in tarnishing your personal photo book even more than it already is.

Additionally, I'd like to hear more about yourself. Maybe how I've made you feel in light of all the press and peer attention you've received. Nothing wrong with a little limelight, and I certainly don't mean to suggest that you're an empty, worthless media hog. In fact, I think the photo of you shrieking and crying at the courthouse when the caption below read, "Danny's mother declined comment" was especially tactful. You did look old in that shot. That was probably enough of a comment. But I'm talking more specifically about how I've given your rather special mothering technique that rare stamp of legitimacy. You'll no longer be a piece of trailer-camp white trash with a faggot junkie whore for a son, you're forever now a poor blameless mother who has suffered unspeakable

injustices. Inconceivable tragedies. Gross disadvantages.

Violence is quite a purge, my dear woman, and when I think of the gleaming coincidences we share, it's mildly disturbing to me that we're not much closer. I'm sure you'll agree.

Hope to hear from you soon,

FIVE

PURE was described as a magazine that "extols the pleasures of child-torture and murder" by the Illinois Assistant State's Attorney during his press conference. He thanked God that I was stopped before the third issue "hit the streets."

"Child abuse is a sublime pleasure." This is the line most of the reporters and anchormen latched onto on the night of my arrest. The rest of the paragraph, from PURE #1, is as follows:

"All the great extremes—genital torture, forced unlubricated rape, butchering; all these pleasures and more reach their pinnacle when the victim is a small child. The orifices are extremely tight and usually virgin, an absolute joy to mangle, rip, and violate. The pained screams ring more shrill, more impassioned, unhampered from years of growing up fat and jaded. Virgin territory brings the fresh cries and intense reactions of crushed and forever retarded innocence.

This dick. This fucking idiot who, because he knows his job too fucking well, thinks he's a bright little boy. Sitting at the opposite end of this ratty Formica-top lunch table, he stretches, clasps his hands together in the air, and brings them back behind his head. He's still wearing that stupid green logger's cap even though we've been inside now for the past three hours. Everything's attitude with this bore. Sizing me up and psyching me out. Regular-guy blue jeans and flannel shirt, mousy mustache and beard, slow Chicago accent and dim eyes.

He sighs and asks me what I know about Melissa Ackerman. He wants to talk about it 'cause he's talked to some of the other cops that are working on the case down state. Then he asks me about Robin Gecht. It was his job to talk to some of the hookers

and follow up on some of the leads in Gecht's crimes and, he's really quick to tell me, he even picked up some of the mutilated hooker corpses.

My situation hardly calls for irreverence so I'm compliant. This dick wants to fill me in. Wants to show off, I figure, but wants to act like he's drilling me for info. Wants to see how much I know.

What a dick.

I'm positive about this guy. Just like the prim nigger who showed me the arrest warrant and search papers. Just exactly like the Customs goon who was livid—honestly, bright red and pounding—about me getting kiddie porn through the mail. And the tight-cunt professional with the crow's feet and pinched face who decided to drop in on my apartment search just 'cause she helped rewrite the laws on child pornography.

Knee-deep in shit, they're dimwitted enough to care and enough not to understand.

So the suburbanite prattles onward. Did I wonder what it was like to pick up these bodies? Did I know that an arm meant a search for a hand or a leg or whatever limb was missing? Did I understand the gore factor? And did I know that with everything he's been through—all that pain and violence and evil and gore and sickness and humanity—that he couldn't even approach the thinking that I had?

The details were interesting, the editorials a given, and the indignation annoying.

Cops have such a great job. Pity they're all bump-and-grind morons. I wonder when it is, approximately, that their fetish for their position turns to the pure stupidity as evidenced here. But I know these dicks are here for reasons: serve and protect and care and power-trip and insecurity and macho and vigilantism

and personal best and gym class and family and making a difference and retirement and pension and all the bloody rest; I don't figure they're all perverts. Sheep. Like the rest. That's all. Inoffensive, really. However, there must come a time when the "material" they handle ceases to feed the shock of the new and enters the nether regions as slog or burnout or mania.

These dolts get to have all those nice photos of crime victims on their desk. They get to flip through my copy of INCEST FOUR and nine months of my garbage-can refuse. They get to search for decapitated heads and limbs and teeth and hair and iron bars used for beating some scumbag whore's head to bits.

These football boys get to do so much.

Have you ever seen kiddie porn? Real KP—not the fag crap by NAMBLA pussies or Mexican boy collectors. Good KP has tiny kids—I've seen babies, which, actually, fail to make much of a tweak due to the rather unimpressionable age. But the gesture is certainly appealing. Good KP, as quoted in the memorandum of law in response to defendant's motion and amended motion to dismiss the indictments in case numbers 86-CR-211 and 212, should have at least some of the following:

a child under the age of eighteen depicting a child as (1) engaged in an act of sexual intercourse; (2) engaged in an act of sexual contact involving the mouth of that child and the sex organs of another person; and (3) in a pose involving the lewd exhibitions of the genitals of that child.

I think it goes without saying that age eighteen is a convenience just for the law. Preferably the child should be quite young—not so young that, as I mentioned earlier with the babies, they don't know or care what's going on but certainly young enough to cry and be scared and hurt. Traci Lords and too much fag KP isn't where it's at, fellas. If you're looking for genitalia, go somewhere else.

The stuff my cops get to enjoy contained all sorts of good action. The kind where the damage is clear and real, albeit subtle and unbloody.

My cops and both sets of my lawyers and my judge and all the clerks that cared got to pore through pages of top-quality material. Hard to get then, near impossible to get now. Lucky fucks.

A little boy—maybe seven, longish blond hair in a messy, "just got out of bed" Dutch-boy cut extends his tiny wet tongue out of his cute little lips and presses it against a huge, hairy cock—hard, uncircumcised skin pulled back and thick, heavy, and long. The boy's eyes are wide open. The man towers above the boy as the cock seems as big as the tyke's confused little face.

A little girl—much less than ten, I'm sure, in a series of shots. On a bed. In a car. In a field. No penetration, no physical abuse, and all the better because of it. She's displaying her wares for the cameraman: Lift up your shirt, dear, show us that flat chest. Smile now. Bend over. Lift up your skirt. Spread your butt-cheeks. Turn around now. Point to your thing, dear. Touch it. Smile once more. They're all here—all the ridiculous, cheesy, hetero-fantasy flesh jerkoff shots, but with a little spice. The position, the atmosphere, the environment, the crime, the corruption, the smell of threats and control and manipulation. Child pornography is so much more than just child flesh; so much more than just flesh anything.

A little girl—a full close-up of her cunt. Fuck knows how old. It's a hairless cunt and, obviously, as tight as a drum. Two fingers frame her cunt and stretch it open. The camera records the display in juicy wet color, flesh and pink untouched unmentionables....

A little boy—a different, short-haired, naked innocent lying on a bed. We see an older man dangling his long, flaccid dick into the boy's swallowing throat. We stare from the foot of the bed; the boy's feet just on top of us as he lies supine under the squatting man. The boy's head is twisted uncomfortably and turned up slightly to give that all-important age profile. His paper-thin lips wrap around the hanging works while the man wraps his big, bony paw around the boy's teenie weenie. He cups the little balls with a couple of fingers and pinches the penis between his thumb and forefinger. No response from the boy. Eyes shut. Mouth open.

A little girl—a close-up of her face. Eyes half-open, tousled, stringy brown hair—longish, again, about to the neck. Flat. Greasy. Her mouth is closed and her lips slightly relaxed. A thick, snotty load of milky-clear cum is smeared across her lips and cheek and nose. Some of it has slid onto her eyelid. It's a fucking big load on a small, cutie, pasty white face.

A little boy—lying on the bed. Could be the cock-swallower. We see his tiny asshole and firm, taut buttocks envelop a thick, man-meat cock. Guy fits his cock into that little hole, and we don't get to see the little bastard's face. I'd like to see if the asshole took it easy—see what step on the wheel we're at here.

A little girl—possibly five years old—quite small, wide-eyed and scared-looking. That hair again. Licks a dick. Hairy adult balls at her chin and neck. Big dick, small mouth, tiny tongue. The cock goes in sideways across her lips and her tongue caresses the bottom of the vein. We see her small, skinny frame, her ribs, her almost nonexistent nipples and hips, her bald pubis with just the most tender hint of a slash down there. Her eyes are the biggest thing about her.

A little girl—same one, so incredibly small, squats

on a fat cock. Just the tip of the head makes it in. Another shot—a close-up of the action—shoves the cock all the way into her stomach. That tight little bony quim stretches impossibly 'round that engorged thick prick and takes it all. Just his heavy balls squash out beneath her tiny lap weight.

Another cop—balding, thin, but otherwise typical nigger, in designer jeans and understated work shirt tells me about his responsibilities. These same responsibilities will later be expressed even more clearly in their case against me. To wit:

"the distribution of photographs and films depicting sexual activity by juveniles is intrinsically related to the sexual abuse of children."

"the materials produced are a permanent record of the children's participation and the harm to the child is exacerbated by the circulation."

"States have a legitimate interest in inhibiting dissemination or exhibition of obscene material when the mode of dissemination carries with it a significant danger of offending the sensibilities of unwilling recipients or of exposure to juveniles."

And I agree. Certainly. I wish I could feel the constant torture of the little kiddies when I blithely masturbate in the privacy of my lonely little bathroom. Instead, I have to amuse myself with the hope that the child now depicted sucking cock ended his day draped over a hotel-room luggage stand dead from an overdose of cocaine given to him by the photographers to keep him quiet and malleable. Too many white-slavery stories sound fantastic, too many whore memoirs sound self-serving and convenient. I'm willing—eager—to believe all that this black-lipped nigger and various other law-jobbers have to say—I'd just like some proof, some backbone.

The nigger tells me how much he hates looking at this stuff. I think every cop, dick, and DA that I've ever talked to has made sure I knew that. I would suggest another job. Honestly, it can't be worth it.

Just imagine the horrible possibility of one of these poor men fucking their wife's depths, grabbing her big titties, and sucking her tongue and plowing ever harder, ever faster when, all of a sudden, that evil image of child-fellatio hits him in his forehead. I'm sure it's enough to make him lose his erection.

Imagine my nigger cop fucking his wife doggy-style, or rubbing his greasy dick on his wife's saggy breasts and having to struggle to disassociate his pure feelings of love with my demented notions of fun. It's enough to make him swear off begging his wife to let him in her ass forever.

And, good Lord, how will he ever help his little baby daughter potty-train or take a bath?

"Are you a member of NAMBLA?"

"Are you a homosexual?"

"Did your father abuse you?"

For the women: The cops made sure that all the prisoners I shared cells with knew what I was there for.

One short fat nigger cop patted me down in a holding area (after I'd been there for a couple hours and in full view of the other twenty or so prisoners, of course) and asked, "any mo' of dose little boy pictures on ya? Have ya got any mo' of dose little-baby sex pictures in yo' pockets?"

Another stupid nigger pig wouldn't allow me within ten feet of his desk. I had to shout the information he needed for his little form from the line of prisoners. Everyone else stepped to his desk. When I got there, he told me to move back—way back—and then announced to his partner (and everyone else) what I was there for. His partner, white, just shook his head.

Two Dago moron cops told the two dicks flanking me (as we walked to a courtroom) to knock me down the stairs and get it over with.

A fat-ass Mick pig banged on my cell at four o'clock in the morning to make sure I saw the newspaper with my photo in it. He said, "Everyone's really hot about having you here—how come everybody hates you so much?"

They kept switching my cell. Every one of my cellmates was black. Not one gave a fuck.

"Who sold this to you?"

"When did you start looking for this type of material?"

"What do you do with this?"

I like these cops. I even like my unbearably stupid parole officer. (She suspects that I'm a Satanist and wanted me to see a psychiatrist but couldn't find the funding.) I'd hate to sound as if I'm crying over these incidents. My arrest caused me some big problems—these aren't them. No, I'm a big fan of these types. I like these guys 'cause their loss drips off them like a sick shed skin.

I wouldn't have it any other way. If they really care: They've lost. But they're just football boys. Blind, deaf, and dumb, stuck waist-deep in a snowstorm and just waiting for a big-enough freeze to come carry them off to their next big sleep. They are very safe, these boys, far above their station. They see themselves as poking some order into the scummy ditch below. Very expensive. Very luxurious. Very convenient. Very careful.

I wouldn't have it any other way. Even if I could. Works too well. Sometimes. But it's certainly morally reassuring. I'd like to see more documentaries on Brazilian death squads done by caring ingenue film makers. More talk shows on rape and child abuse, more TV specials hosted by celebrities who've suffered tragedies and are big enough to share all the gory details. More important people doing important favors.

I need to spend more time with people bigger than their jobs. I need to hear them explain what they have to deal with day by fucking day. I want to see their wrinkled faces and hands and the bruises and traumas that started their eating disorders, alcoholism, nightmares, and ulcers. I like to hear what they hang their marital problems on; how their kids aren't responding and women—they just don't know what it's like.

And they're so much better—excuse me, we're—all so much better for having had the experience.

I—we—need a cop who understands the horrors of child abuse. Really understands it. He's seen the pain, both mental and physical. Societal. He's been right there on top of it. He's done everything, from picking up the corpses of kids with their tiny genitalia fucking ripped from their bodies and soaked in blood and cum and wounds and salt and shit and piss and nails and wood to forcibly removing a crying, howling ten-year-old from her father's arms in a run-down, filthy project hole 'cause he suspects serious abuse, goddamnit.

A copper who's always thinking. Brings this shit home with him. Deals with reality. Doesn't try to escape, but rather, integrates all the facts into a lifelong drive for truth and human rights.

A cop who sees today's headlines and TV themes, who checks which way the wind's blowing. Watches the waves and trends of society and hopes that human nature must be better than its actions.

He tortures himself nightly. Can people be just this bad, or is it reflexive trauma? Are these criminals victims, perhaps? Or is it a simple question of control, or, rather, the lack of it? I just jail the sick, he figures, but most importantly, I protect the innocent.

You wouldn't believe what I deal with, he says, it's such a nightmare. The lines are never black-and-white. Take, for instance, that most abused kids want to stay with their abusive parents. Love—love is a very weird thing and kids are so impressionable; so easy to brainwash. Have you ever heard that one song by Madonna?

*"You can't hurt me now
I got away from you
I never thought I would
You can't make me cry
You once had the power*

I never felt so good about myself."

I've seen these kids, I've studied the psychology. She really hits a nerve. She cares. She campaigns on behalf of these kids. Donates money and makes it an issue in interviews.

*"Oh, father
You never wanted to live that way
You never wanted to hurt me
Why am I running away
Maybe someday
When I look back
I'll be able to say
You didn't mean to be cruel
Somebody hurt you, too."*

There's another song.

*"They cry in the dark
So you can't see the tears.
They hide in the light
So you can't see the fears."*

I've seen these kids; they don't want to tell on their parents, even though they're beating them to death; making them do horrible things. Really disgusting, horrible things.

*"Be daddy's good girl
Don't tell mommy a thing.
Be a good little boy
And you'll get a new toy
Tell Papa you fell off the swing."*

I remember one of these kids. A cute little girl—really cute under all the tears and scratches. Her father was fucking her since she was four years old. He taught her how to suck his penis like a professional prostitute. And, to top it off, like the fucking pervert sex wasn't enough for the sick motherfucker, he had to beat her. We wouldn't have even known about the abuse—the sexual abuse—if it wasn't for the fact that when I pulled her away from the old man, you know, when I had her in the office at the station—she was the most highly sexed thing I'd ever seen. She'd make a hooker blush. And she was really little, really young and small. She'd rub her crotch and say these filthy words and then stick her tongue in and out—you know, like she was giving a blow job. It was sad. Really fucking sad. She was stressed-out—it was such an ugly scene with her dad and everything, so she was acting really upset and she showed us all this stuff. That motherfucker really fucked her up. I don't know if she'll ever be fully OK, you know. I wanted to kill that motherfucker—it's really frustrating.

I think it's important that the public knows about these things. I don't think too many people could take it, though—the real stuff.

*"Yes, I think I'm okay
I walked into the door again
Well, if you ask, that's what I'll say
And it's not your business, anyway
I guess I'd like to be alone
With nothing broken, nothing thrown
Just don't ask me how I am
Just don't ask me how I am
Just don't ask me how I am."*

There's that one line that keeps going through my head:

*"They only hit until you cry
And after that, you don't ask why."*

These songs, they really come to mean something more when you deal with this shit every day.

The cops that searched my apartment (I think there were eighteen creeps there at one point) came through both doors (front and back) at the same time. And as soon as they got there, the phone started ringing. For them. While they rifled, packed, and logged the items they were seizing, one young-ish white cop made a crack about my having more child-abuse books than they had back at their offices.

They made me play some records for them. They picked out a seven-inch single that had a teddy bear on the cover called "Stay With Me Tonight."

These boys. These rednecks. Regular Joes. Good guys. School kids. Nice, God-fearing men. Weekend warriors. Family men. Football boys.

They've been to the bad areas of town. They've typed out the reports and gone home to tell their wives. And they don't want to talk about it on the holidays, mom, for Christ's sake. They've been to those little closets that cost an unpaid eighteen dollars a month and seen the roaches and rats and dirt and filth. They've imagined the kidling's faces, checked for bruises, and felt the broken jaws and collarbones.

Spleen cut in two by powerful punch to the stomach.

Knee broken from outside pressure. Mom says the boy fell off the bed.

Buttocks and back riddled with purple sores and welts, indicative of abuse. Mother says child is "slow" and can't grasp idea of potty training.

Skull sensitive to slight pressure. Possible fracture.

Thick burn marks and scrapes on legs and arms.

Cuts on inside of mouth, severe swelling along jaw and chin. Mother says boy suffers from an

abscess.

Dark patches on scalp where hair looks like it's been pulled out. Child would not let officers examine her head because "it hurts too much."

Red swelling around genitals. Puffy marks may be burns or possible allergic reaction.

They get to pick up the garbage:

A black whore was found in a garbage dump, still breathing, bathed in blood and dirt. Her left big tit had been slashed and hung to her body by a thin stretch of flesh; her right one had been completely severed and was nowhere to be found. Long, jagged cuts criss-crossed her fat black body. She was deep in shock. Drugs had been flushed down her throat with Coca-Cola. She had been raped vaginally and anally. She was eighteen years old and first introduced to the world of whoredom by her boyfriend about two years ago.

The body of a sixteen-year-old boy was found in a garbage heap in Chicago. The body lay undetected for almost two weeks and was sprawled across a mutilated dog carcass. The boy's torso, stomach, neck, and genitals had been sliced and ripped apart by a large, sharp knife. He had been necrophiliously raped.

"You see these kids? They're my responsibility. I have to protect them."

A nine-year-old boy had been shackled to a large section of two-by-four specially fixed with a pair of handcuffs. In this helpless position, the boy's virgin young asshole was raped with a seventeen-inch, hard rubber, double-headed dildo. A thin glass rod was shoved up the hole of his dick. His mouth had been shut with black electrician's tape. After the torture and rape, the boy's genitals were severed from his body, in part, by the killer's teeth. The boy was beaten and slashed and, finally, bled to death.

"What about these bestiality films? Where did you get them?"

A twelve-year-old girl had been made to crouch on all fours while her attacker took her from behind. She was found with her tiny thin white throat slashed from ear to ear. Her anus and pre-teen cunt had been savaged and mutilated.

"How often, on average, would you say you masturbate?"

A sixteen-year-old boy's remains were found in a garbage can, placed in several green Hefty bags. The youth was a well-known street prostitute and had spent his last day on earth being literally stomped to death in the bathtub of a trick. The boy was attacked with a butcher knife and an awl. He had been strangled and cut into pieces by a hacksaw. The smaller shards of his personality that didn't make it into the Hefty bags ended up in the toilet, sink, and in pails of bloody water left in a basement. There were portions of the boy's brains found underneath a

radiator.

"Do you like photos of naked children? Does this stuff...turn you on? Do you get excited by these kinds of things?...You must like it, right?"

A mother of four was only one hundred yards from her home when she was murdered. She was trying to make ends meet by whoring her ugly, used-up body one late night when she met the wrong john. With a hammer, he smashed her head in until the entire skull caved in from the back. He tore her motherly tits into one gaping wound with five stabs of a knife. He stabbed her an additional nine times in the stomach and one deep thrust into her throat.

The same killer collapsed the face of another whore who was turning tricks in her cramped, dingy little apartment. He used a claw hammer on her head and then ripped it into her chest. He would smash with the blunt end and cut and dig with the claw end. The harlot's blood splattered the entire apartment. After he was done mutilating the corpse, the killer pulled up the dead cunt's pants and fastened them back on.

"I've got to take some Polaroids of you—to show that we didn't hurt you or anything. Then I want to go over some of this mail with you."

A man Florida would pick up whores in his car, drive them to the quiet spot of their choice, and proceed to beat them to death with his fists. He often butchered the girls, after death, with a screwdriver. Plunging into their cunts and wombs and spilling and spreading the viscera out among the dirt and filth.

"You're clever. If we don't find anything, then I've got to assume you're involved with a second party or you're hiding it somewhere else."

An old bag of eighty-four years old was raped before her killer bled her to death. He slit her old rooster throat and carved her face up with a kitchen knife. She was raped, a second time, while she lay on the floor blubbering and bleeding.

"If we take you out the back way, they won't film you now, but they will get you going into Cook, and that'll look a lot worse. You'll be getting out of a cop car. You're better off walking with us—we'll walk faster than the cops at Cook will. You can put your coat over your head if you want to."

I've always been a fan of the man behind the counter in porno stores. They're almost always ugly, fat, sloppy or skinny, gay and trashy, and they're always pissed off. Rude. Curt. Unfriendly. Miserable. Stupid. Blank. Seems like they've been there too long. Maybe too much need and loneliness. They size you up immediately and couldn't give a shit. If they bother at all.

It's just a job.

Pay your dollar to browse, or get a few bucks for the booths. Buy a copy of Cum on My Tits or The Penetrator or SCREW or Fetish Times or cum on the

floor in the back. Use your hand or a stranger's mouth. Someone has to clean that up, you know. Someone has to deal with the perverts and faggots and the cops and hookers and troublemakers. Someone has to deal with the drunks that stumble in. But the pay's good, and you're your own boss most of the time and, generally, it's pretty quiet and safe.

These are the faggots. This is one. This fucking lowlife scumbag with his mouth wide open and free hand jerking his little hard-on. This fucking worthless faggot cunt who's replaced his soaked maw with his frail little pussy-grab that whacks my cock off so he can tilt his head back to catch every drop of my cum down his queenie throat. As soon as I start to spew, this womanly waste'll switch mouth to hand with a technique sure of experience. Wet gaping black hole, clean teeth, red-faced fruit whose sweaty had fucking shines crisp and lurid in the glare of the video screen. This is pure female insecurity. Him on his knees, his existence crowded around my dripping cock and sticky balls and thighs, my sweaty, smelly ass crack.

I shovel my slick sperm straight down his throat. As if this is what he's born for. Everything's so clear to him here: knees hurting against the concrete, bent back covering up the peep hole he prayed in front of a few minutes ago. Every fucking drop of that thick, watery, white snot ends up in his mouth. On his tongue. Down his gullet with a gulp and a sigh. A lick and kiss and a suck and lick, slurp, lick all over the place for a nice, clean job.

This is the money shot.

No mess. My cock is clean and wet and free of any sign of my own interest in face-fucking this pathetic weakling moron.

And I wish the money shot could be all it's supposed to be: why the hooking porno cunts and posey asshole interviewers on TV always bring it up and talk it down. The money shot, I'm to understand, is humiliating, degrading, one-sided, and less than human. Objectifying. A brutish act devoid of the humble reciprocity necessary in the offering up of one's sexual self. Here in dark, dank video room-whateverthefuck, where I can pick any of, what, fifteen films like: men fucking men, transvestite mistake things or ugly made-up bitches; but no dogs, kids, or the disabled, I just fucking wish the money shot would be all those things those pussies promised. I'd like to wallow in that selfishness and degradation.

This faggot brings all that baggage in with him. He had his cock out when he came in here. He shoved it my way when he told me he wanted to "suck." His humiliation, his vulnerability, his worthlessness, his used insecurity were what I saw just after he tapped on my wall: I got to see him masturbating his works and jabbing his tongue at me. Sure, come on over.

Any one of you. Every one of these tools thinks he's special. He's got a suburbanite wife and a coupla kids and plays sports with his buddies off from work but, Christ, I need a cock in my mouth, he figures, there's something extra to my existence.

SIX

All sorts here.

And all the same. The cocksuckers who invite you to their apartment—the gay ones—if you even just touch their

cock. The perverts who're just lonely drivers and dwellers. And the husbands and old men who are just bleeding all over the fucking place. The dick-lickers. The rimmers. Ball-tuggers and cock-strokers. The ones who want it in their ass, but don't make it too loud. The ones who wipe your cum on their cheeks and necks and then off with their shirt sleeves. The ones that give lousy—fuck, really lousy—blow jobs. And the ones who want to suck your cock while it's soft—the same ones who've cummed in their palms before you even get hard.

These pussies line up. Their desperation palpable through the thin cardboard walls. Put a token in the slot, jog the channel, and listen for the tapping. Ram your cock down their open mouth, stare at the top of their sometimes balding heads, and check another peephole to see a shy fag work his dick up acting all stupid.

Desperate little fucks. Desperation wants penis, basically. Any cock, but probably, big cock like the movies they watch, with full, hard-packed balls and clean and healthy and muscled. Suburban sleaze, but prim and proper. You know the shit—homos and S&M poseurs are at the bars. Next step up on the fag totem pole and they've all got their hands wrapped around their dicks.

Mexican faggot grunts.

Blossoming queen tears a condom foil with shaky fingers and barely looks at you. Won't take his eyes off that meat, though.

Seen 'em watch that cum shoot out so's they can dodge the spray. Most are better at jerking than sucking, not surprisingly. Though a lot want their shit in their mouth.

Only time I wish I had AIDS.

At home, the faggy gays all have the same videos and books and records and knick-knacks and you can piss on the ones with wooden floors.

I'm game: Tell me about your mother, moron. Tell me about your alcoholic father or how you got beat up in grade school, how you didn't fit in at high school, and how special you were in your outsider mode in college. Then tell me about the news you watch, the movies you see, the newspapers and magazines you read, and the campy crap you think makes impressive conversation. You can then lick the shit out of my hairy asshole, off my cock, and around your lips. You can smear that greasy snot from your hole on your balls and legs and give me that phone number of your friend who likes to be fist-fucked. Mention it again next time I see you and demurely accept an offer to have me squeeze your insides, queer dear.

Gross animal soaked in piss. Mouth dribbling it out; the half of which he doesn't swallow. Letting it spit and pour and slide down his chest and genitals to sop into the floor. Wet, smelly, matted head of hair, pouty thick lips, and tell me again, how pure you feel.

How cleansed.

How pathetic.

How ugly and lonely.

And worthless.

These cocksuckers ask for it. So weak and available and female. Everything they do here screams out against the weight of the world. And they just lay right down under it. Cock down their throat and up their ass and covered in cum and thick red AIDS cancer welts. Let me hear those details again: coughing first, the sores, the hairy tongue, the attrition, and then the piss- and shit-soaked fetal position in bed after bed in hospitals across this whole fucking world.

The sperm that slides down their throat's going to come back as thick bile and blood in just a few years.

These fags fucking beg for it. They are everything conned and ruined and stepped-on. Wasting away from the time they decide to limit and politicize their sexual mistakes. Nothing better than a faggot killed for a cheap sexual thrill. Females, faggots, cripples, bums, all the same. Pawns. Jokes.

Hurting faggots has nothing to do with hating them. Homophobia is a myth. I, we, couldn't give a damn. Homophobia is a term designed by queer PR buddies and support groups: a self-aggrandizing buzzword. Hurting faggots has everything to do with availability and desperation. As always, it's the situation that counts most, and fags bring an exceptionally heavy count of simpering weakness masked as galling bravado to each and every nervous twitch. Makes for a nice kick. You know, when they fucking beg for it.

They suffer and die by their own effort.

Poor souls. Poor rejected mama's boys. Scared of reality, petrified by the outside.

So many things seem important as the cum spurts out of the end of my cock-hole and into a bucket that breathes and moans and masturbates. And so many things are important to this bucket:

His father with Alzheimer's.

His feelings of inadequacy due to his failure to understand what it is he does, exactly.

His collection of moments and anecdotes and his stories of unobtainable dreams.

His bitter memories over his social clumsiness and personal awkwardness.

His lack of good looks.

His loneliness.

I've never met an honest fag. They become so adept at lying to their parents and friends and chums that they seem to lose any real personality; instead, they become your best friend by constantly readjusting their likes and dislikes, their opinions and tastes, to yours. It's all very charming.

His immense denial.

His heavy hurt and psychological damage;

resplendent on his sleeve and noticed by no one that would ever matter.

His mistakes.

I can taste all this from the end of my cock. And as my cum spills down his cheek and neck and clots in his hair and closes his eye and dots his teeth and tongue, I'm aware that the money shot is all too easy.

Too fucking easy. And all the things that are important to me, here, aren't fucking important enough.

He's too run-of-the-mill.

Too banal.

And embarrassing.

A boring cartoon, a joke for other lonely people. A sitcom—a ridiculous half-hour on the couch.

The money shot, for all its glorious hype, should bring with it a flood of real emotion: some real damage.

Instead, it's just another cum. A wet spot in your hand wiped off with Kleenex and flushed down the toilet. The great pay-off isn't in the cumming—or even in whether or not the guy knew how to suck: If he did, he's a fag with practice, if he didn't, he's a closeted crybaby—reads too many magazines, sees too many videos, doesn't know the score. Pathetic, sad, and scared.

Boy or girl. A blow job is a blow job. And cumming is cumming. But whoever says they both feel the same (“like a squirrel playing with your nuts”) hasn't ever had both. Cunts suck your dick to impress you with themselves. Fags suck it 'cause they need it—it exists as everything to them. My cock-head lolling in the back of his throat, his lips pressed against my pubis, his jaw and chin up to my balls, and his tongue circling the taut meat stem: These boys have a tradition and a technique—a veritable legacy of defeat.

But the various forms of orgasms, the different examples of pay-off, money shots, the big-deal release: None are as good as the porno whores promised.

'Cause it should be.

Seems vaguely like a rape of some stupid pig female aged twenty on up. They'll seek therapy and counseling and attention and coddling for the rest of their miserable lives. Which is quite a funny thing. But it doesn't ring true.

This cunt wraps this garbage around her and wears it as a blanket for-fucking-ever. A perfect excuse for everything and every little bother and responsibility. A reason for living: An answer for the end of the day, a categorical imperative, God. But, unfortunately, she can get over it, I just know she could, so all the nightmares and night sweats and day horrors and mental blocks and traumatic catatonia just add up to another cunt crying in her Chablis.

I want to see the damage.

I want to see the fucking pain.

Cunt gets raped. Better be by her fucking dad for years and years, and better be brutal—with cameras and dildos and threats and kicks and slaps and razors. Cunt better cry for the rest of her life 'cause she can't think of anything else. Sees that daddy-dick in every Playgirl, underwear ad, and soap-opera stud she ever flashes on.

Cunt gets raped. Better fucking cut her hands off and beat her face to a bloody pulp. Leave her cunt split open asshole-to-navel. Make it so ugly, she can't piss or shit or change her disgusting tampon with the lights on or her eyes open. Don't let her pass a mirror without falling to the floor in a sweaty, teary fit.

Cunt gets raped. Better lock her in a basement somewhere and bleed the bitch. Make her eat your shit and drink your piss and suck your cock with a toothless mouth. Fuck her in the ass with your cock, fist, chair legs, lead pipes, and bricks. Slice her to pieces and bruise every inch of flesh and then piss and cum onto the open wounds.

Cunt gets raped. Make him beg for your cock. Make him beg for that thing he wanted in the first place and then fuck his face so hard he cries and cries and bleeds and bleeds and drools and dribbles and vomits. Let him realize that what he's been fucking around with is going to fuck him up. Make sure he knows that he puts himself there and has only his pathetic, misunderstood “needs” and “drives” to blame. Make his lips so fat and raw and disfigured that he'll never be able to prowl adult-book stores again. Make his dick so limp with pain as to make sure he'll never grope it again. Fuck his asshole with your fist—and then rip it out—many fags die this way. Fist-fuckers have to be very careful exiting the anus. Stomp and squash his face into his skull with the boots he wanted to lick. Tear his back open with a thick metal belt buckle and slam the rest with a baseball bat. Make him lick the shit—the sticky black feces clotted with blood and sweat and mucus—off the wood of the bat and smash his fucking eyelids shut. Crack his skull and spine and leave the broken mass for his brother to find. Let the brother who slept in the bed across from him while they were growing up find his brother the fag; the fag who all but died in a sick sexual tryst. Let the faggot explain his position to his mother and father from a bed that will keep him uncomfortably alive for the rest of his troubled, dependent little life.

Cunt gets raped. Cut off his balls and cock and stuff them into his mouth. Ask him if he wants to suck cock now. Ask him if he'll ever jag off again. Hang around bathrooms now, motherfucker, hang around urinals and check out the action with your tubes and wires and colostomy bag. Not much action now? How sad. Did your own dick taste like all the others? That hot muscle-skin taste? After the smack and smell of blood wore down? Was your cock a

disappointment? I would have thought it would have been heaven—everything you were about.

Cunt gets raped. And dies. Mom and dad and sis receive some brand-new info on their pervert son: The money shot should feel like I'm there to see them get the news.

The money shot should be like when one of Randy Kraft's victims gets buried. Mr. and Mrs. fag-breeder explain to the neighbors that they only just found out about their child's penis being cut off and then stuffed up his dead asshole along with leaves, dirt, and tree wood. They fight back their embarrassment with opportunistic grief and stutter through the details of a swizzle stick being jammed in their boy's bladder via his piss-hole. And that he had burn and cut marks all up and down his body, even his eyelids.

The money shot should be like when Lesley Ann Downey's mother checks her child's corpse in the morgue for police identification. When she passes her daughter's frayed and dirty clothes on a table on the way in, and when she sees the face she had cared for all those years under a white sheet held back by a stupid cop technician, and when she focuses on Lesley's swollen lips. And then, later, when she gets to hear the tape of Lesley crying; of her getting her mouth stuffed with something believed to be Ian Brady's cock; of her being threatened by Myra Hindley, of her begging and pleading to be allowed to go home because "I'm going out with my mama. Please, please help me, will you?" Ms. Lesley's mom has since spent well over twenty years on drugs. She's written to her child's murderers and continues to fill her days with rage and hate and pain.

The victims of Peter Sutcliffe. Bashed on the heads with a ball-peen hammer and then raped and mutilated with a sharpened screwdriver. Peter picked on cheap road sluts, many of whom had mothers typically unaware of their daughter's taste in cunt-hungry men. Yes, ma'am, that thing you shat out and effectively abandoned years ago turned up as a corpse the other day. As if sucking and sitting on dicks in alleyways wasn't enough of a humiliation, get this, her vagina had been slashed open to her tits and then a greasy, broken bottle was slammed into her gaping, gory wounds.

So many lovely, important money shots.

At the very least, it should be like the day a mother gets told about her son's suspected retardation. At the very least. The toddler gets into some skirmish at preschool and the teacher calls a conference. The kidling just seems slow and too clumsy. Too unreceptive. Look at those eyes, that forehead. You always suspected it. You refused to admit it. Now go home and tell your husband. And call your mother- and father-in-laws. Tell them to call your friends and their friends and see what fake advice that gossip will generate. Then better get settled in for dealing with this mistake—this oaf, this monster, this waste of space, this parasite, this life-

sucker—for the rest of your miserable life.

Or some suburbanite cunt wakes up in the morning. In the room next to her lies her husband, who for the last two years has been unable to do anything but shit, he being a victim of a fall-asleep-at-the-wheel car crash. Her ass hurts from the inside, her face and arms and thighs are sore and stiff. She looks down at her middle-aged saggy tits and sees scratches and bruises. Her eyes burn and fill with tears and she thinks: oh-God-I-hope-I-didn't-get-AIDS-how-are-my-kids-gonna-get-by-without-me-I-hate-my-husband-I-hate-my-life-what-was-I-doing-why-am-I-so-stupid-what-was-I-thinking. And she remembers what she was thinking: She was sick of cleaning shit out of her husband's flabby ass, off of the bed and out of the shower. She was sick of seeing his atrophied muscles and flaccid, pale flesh. She was sick of staring at his mouth and eyes and trying to discern his numb thoughts and needs. She was sick of working and sick of her kids and sick of hearing about sex when all she had was TV. So she decided to try and hide that married-for-ten-years belly in some loose clothes and caked up the makeup 'cause, if there's a God, it would be dark at the club. And, of course, the only guy that would even pay attention to an old used garbage bag like her is the one that'd take her drunken shell to a motel room and fuck her face and stretched-out birth hole. And when he got tired of her stumbling attempts at sexiness and youthfulness, he opted to fuck that other—tighter—hole. Her feeble resistance was met with insults, slaps, punches, and rape. And the money shot—a couple of them—him sliding his cock out of her shitty hole and popping back into it, the day she finds out about HIV antibodies, her cleaning the shit-smears off her whorish panties and her praying and dealing with some fucking God somewhere to help her past the next hurdle.

My mind should be filled with these things. My brain should wash with images of Dean Corll fixing one of his young charges to his torture board and ramming home that big dildo. Of Ken Bianchi injecting ammonia into some dumb-titted coed's veins. Peter Kurten slashing some small child with a broken pair of scissors. Robin Gecht tying up the fat tits of a teenage nigger whore and then slicing 'em up and off. Of Dodd torturing a helpless five-year-old boy and recording all the baby's pain with his camera and tape recorder. Ted Bundy jamming a can of hair spray into a dying bleeder's discharging asshole.

The pigs are wrong, stupid. Too much is made of the money shot. The humiliation, the desperation, the degradation, the weakness, the failure, the base stupidity—all givens. The cunts bring it in with them. Nothing new. Nothing real. Hollow promises and lifeless stand-ins. Stunted onanism. Easy pantomimes designed for the sheepish magazine and video set.

Faggots are too available. Too female. Too common. Too beaten.

SEVEN

FIGURE 11.5

The back of this three-month-old was pressed twice against a hot wall-heating grate. The uniformity of depth of the burn, large clear imprint, and double imprint on a normally clothed body part make accidental burning unlikely.

—from *THE BATTERED CHILD*, Ray E. Helfer and Ruth S. Kempe.

Look, my dear, I'm just looking for some fun. No big deal, just some fun. This isn't going to mean much, I assure you.

I don't figure everyone's in line to suck my dick, you know. It's just your bad luck. Shame on you for being so convenient. Shame on you for being so available and so weak and longing.

I could be in front of a TV right now. I could be whiling away hour after hour with the cable channels speeding by—Can't say I care much for the way you're shaping up, son. I'm afraid you'll turn into one of those boys whose only goal in life is a good cum in front of the TV. You'll find yourself wasting day upon day of good quality home time flicking off channels like a fat horse flicks flies. Your pants undone, cock jutting out of the top of your underwear, one hand on your balls, the other on the channel switch. Tits. Tits. Tits. Some ass. Where's some tits and ass? Fuck knows you'll end up wasting your entire life—time will just pass you by. There are so many important things—more important things to accomplish dear, my dear son. I can't allow you to waste your time like this. Sweetheart. I want you to go out there and make something of yourself. Experience life. Do things, see places, meet people. Yesiree, it's a good life and it's all your just for the asking.

Understand this, cunt.

You're it.

I don't give a rat's ass about you and your opinions or why the fuck I'm doing what I'm doing. It's your own stupidity, your own charmed life that's let you down, dear.

I don't come from an abusive background. My father didn't fuck me, and neither did my mom. My brothers and sisters are fine. I didn't get to hear my mother hiss, "cocksucker" across the table at my drunken father. I never saw my dad spit at her or slap her hard across the face. I never cared about how they fucked or if they didn't. Neither did my mother recoil whenever my dad came close with a hug or kiss.

My mom wasn't a whore. My dad wasn't a simpering drunk weakling.

And whatever past you've had, my dear, dear little girl whatever precious memories you hold tight or whatever nightmares seep through into your consciousness now and again: I really couldn't give a fuck. They don't matter. Not here. Not anywhere.

I'm quite a bit older now, you know, and I'm pretty sure at this point that your tiny tales about your evil mommy and daddy wouldn't appeal to me all that much.

Jerking off's too easy, too quick, too nothing. You're gonna have to try a lot harder this time, sweetheart.

Convince me. Tell me about your papa. Tell me about how you ran away when you were young and how you met some pimp who fooled you 'cause you were so young and vulnerable, and then segue into your successful recovery and victorious triumph over things that just got out of hand.

It may look as if I'm bored, but believe me, I'm

just really tired—I didn't get much sleep last night, and I'm a trifle worn. Go on, I'm fascinated. Really. I'm only yawning 'cause, you know—I really want to hear what you and every other fucking blameless cunt has to say.

I think it will help us enjoy ourselves even more. It'll help us to enjoy each other even more. It's important that we get to know each other—first, before we become intimate—isn't it?

Tell me all about yourself.

I just can't wait to hear every little detail.

Tell me about your hopes, dear girl.

Tell me about your dreams and aspirations. Tell me about what you've seen and what you want to see, what you need and think and feel. And then, you can let me know all about your body. You know, what you'll need to feel yourself cum.

Go on, this will be fun.

Tell me all the exciting details behind your opinions and situations. Fill in the blanks. Let me get to know the real you.

I'm really worried about you cumming—you know, I'm afraid that, while I'm here pleasing myself—you know, that I might lose myself and forget about you. I don't want to be selfish. It's really important, to me, that you enjoy yourself. Honestly—you'll have to let me know. What do you like, dear? Did I spend enough time on your cunt—on your clit, huh, on your labia, your asshole, your mudflaps? You sewer fucking hole.

Please do tell me, love, I need to know what you want. You wanna get fucked in the ass? Huh, cunt? You want me to fucking ram my dick up your shitty fucking butt hole? You wanna coke bottle in there? Chair leg? My fist up to my arm?

How about I play with your tits? How about I make your nipples hard, 'cause I know they're sensitive? I have to be careful, don't I?—Say, you're not on your period, are you? Christ, then they're especially sensitive, aren't they? Fucking ugly cow dugs—fat bags of useless flesh and disgusting rat milk.

Come on, honey, let me know what you need. You liked it, didn't you? You liked it, right? I mean...I was good, right? Was it OK? Oh, God—don't tell me...am I a bad lover? What can I do? Wasn't I good? Didn't you get off? Huh, didn't you get off, you fucking sleazebag cunt? Didn't we cum?

You fucking beast. You hairy dog. You pig.

Have you ever seen faggots suck cock? You should—maybe you'd learn something, you whore. Maybe you'd learn how to wrap that lipstick-whore's maw around a fucking man's cock the right way—learn how to use your slimy tongue and garbage mouth like a real pig. Kiss the tip, make that noise, you know, all that porno shit—all that "need" shit—all that fucking corporal loving important shit. Let's share, sweetie.

Did you ever see faggots fuck in the ass? You want me to stick your legs behind your ears and pop all over your cunt? I'll yank my dick out of your shitted hole and money-shot all over your stretch-marked belly, you birthing pig. C'mon, doll, let's make some love.

Ever see a faggot suck a nightstick—ever see him get it shoved in his mouth, back and forth, back and forth, wham wham wham, until he vomits up all the beer he's been drinking all day? This frothing beer stench yellow and orange puke—all over. All over him and his beard and hair and face and chest and jacket and pants. I've seen the motherfucker eat it as well. And like it. More puke, more jamming that stick in his mouth, more vomit, and more face rolling around in it—his fucking hair all stringy and matted and stinky and sweating and spitting.

And shit—sucking it straight out of assholes. Fresh green shit. Brown and green, dark and gooey. Comes out slowly, motherfucker has to strain to inch it out and straight into that pock-holed fag face. Fucker sloshes it around through his teeth with his tongue and digs it, although his throat and stomach seem to jerk a little. I've seen a different damage case eat shit off a floor after it's been cummed on. A big, thick brown log with pearl-white cum spewed all on top of it. Faggot buries his face in it.

Oh—you'd like it, dear. I'm sure you'd like it a lot.

Come here, put your mouth around my hairy balls and I'll see if I can't work out some shit while you slurp. Come on, you cuntig pig—you fucking porker, you sleazy animal.

This is what you do with whores now. You jerk off in their ugly nigger and white-trash faces. Have 'em suck your sack while you jerk your dick. They'll do it. Money's tight, heroin's expensive—that crack, boy, oh boy, you sure do need a lot to keep fucked up, don'tcha? Crack and AIDS and liquor and junk and child abuse, Christ-all-fucking-mighty, I love you piggies. Come on, let me cum all over your cunt-hole face.

C'mon, you'd like that, wouldn't you? Secretly? Honestly? I know you would. Let's do it together. Let's have some fun. Let's share some release. Some catharsis. Let's meld.

Let's see you lick. Let's see you swallow, you filthy beast. You rutting slob female pig.

While smashing your hard head open with a crowbar and splitting your face open with a broken bottle does fill me with a certain sense of excitement, I must tell you, I'd almost rather let you go. Let you go on your merry little typical way.

I'd like to see you file this information. Let it mean nothing more to you. Just like all the steamrollers that have squashed and rolled on over you in the past. The way you've forgotten them, the

way they've forgotten you.

Whatever I decide to do to you—whatever I do, quite possibly, won't mean anything to you at all. What's another line under your eyes, another roll of fat on your stomach, another dimple in your saggy ass? Another bad memory. Another idea to lose in the back of your little misshapen mind.

I'd like people to refer to you as sick. Sick and damaged. Like Laurie Dann. When Laurie was holed-up in a neighbor's house after shooting the lungs out of some little runt, her father was brought to the scene. It was thought that somehow he'd be able to get her out of the house—just by his presence there. The cops wouldn't let him talk to her 'cause they weren't sure how she'd react. They didn't know what images—what memories—her father's presence might trigger and perhaps set her off unfavorably. Anyways, her father was shocked when he arrived. He saw the guns and the police poised to shoot, and he got very upset. "You're treating her like an animal!" he screamed at the chief of police.

It's a nice scene, don't you think? Her problems and her inability to deal with those problems was, obviously, quite severe. And her father had to deal with it, just like her and the police chief and the parents of that little boy sans lungs.

But I don't think people will call you sick if I let you leave. I don't think your mind is that soft and tender yet.

I'd just like to be that close to you—I'd like to feel that you're sick and damaged and in pain. That you're sad and confused and desperate and lonely. That you're a loser, a fuck-up, a nothing.

I'd like that cheap thrill of seeing you suffer like an ugly monkey in an old rusty cage. I like the idea of you lashing out at the world in all your pain by hurting yourself and whatever other convenient sucker happens to cross your messy path.

You can put on your makeup and lipstick and squeeze into the whorish rags you think will attract others. Talk like they want you to. Mind your manners and watch what goes on, carefully, intelligently, longingly. And then, when it doesn't work—when you find yourself out of place, all alone and pathetic—and the sympathy act won't even work—I want to see your brain just drip right out of your skull. I want to see your eyes go dull and soft, and I want to hear that stupid, violent gibberish roll perfectly from your mouth.

I know what you're thinking. You ugly cunt. You're thinking I'm talking from experience. No, my dear, these are all images from the pit—from where you are. My little female. My little boring drag.

Don't get me wrong, though—I'm not suggesting some sort of reactionary bias toward your charming femalia. I wouldn't want to sound vengeful. As if I was out for some sort of bizarre psychic compensation

or payback. I've nothing against you personally, dear. Or any female slob pig cunt, for that matter.

I don't feel you're all the same.

I think you're really quite special.

Yes—dear, only you have suffered and triumphed over your unique past, and I'm sure, none of us (and I mean everybody, not just we men) could ever hope to fully understand your willfulness and genealogy.

How wonderful for you.

I don't like those Playboy types, you know. You mustn't feel bad about your body. Who says you have to live up to such a perfect image? Who says you have to act and perform a certain way? Yesiree, I'm not attracted to Playboy bodies—I like 'em from the inside. Isn't that right? It's what's inside that counts. Your mind. Your personality. Your thoughts and decisions, your kind and caring demeanor and nurturing, concerned nature.

Of course, just 'cause I'm not attracted to Playboy lumps doesn't mean I don't judge you against that image. Oh, absolutely, I like that psychology—I hope the pressure of that image is real. I do hope, as all those humanist, feminist, PC misfits so eloquently propose, that there is such pressure.

But to me, doll, you're the cat's meow.

Lucky girl.

You're everything I ever hoped for.

You could be anything. Just as long as your wonderful personality was the same as it is now. Why, your body is just a shell, isn't it? The goodness inside shines right through, right? You could have been male. You could have been a little boy. You're so much more than just a hole or just a bucket for me to piss in. When I fuck you, I want to see you as I truly know you. I want to close my eyes, lean back, and see you dancing happily in my brain.

But for right now, I think I'd like you to have a skinny little dick. I think you should look like a boy I saw in some kiddie porn. I think I'd like to close my eyes, lean back, and pop my load into that kid's very small soul while I tear you—sorry, him—into a million little bawling pieces of flesh and pain with glass-bottle shards.

I liked your asshole, doll, you want me to make you shit all that blood again, huh? Should I take you out, sweetheart? I like the way your asshole felt around the end of my dick and the way your tiny intestines sucked me in while I laid into you. You gotta nice, hairless ass, kid—a real girl's ass, almost. If I didn't know better, I'd think you had the potential to grow into a faggot. You've a fairly effeminate air about you, and I get the feeling you didn't mind it all that much as I shoved my hard-on in and out of your tender hole.

How old are you—can five-year-olds be fags?

I think I'm gonna fuck you again before I let you shuffle off this great big playground. I think I'll wait

another day or so. You looked pretty fucking scary the last time I took a long, close look. Your ribs and throat and legs, especially. Far too thin.

I love the way your skin is turning green from those bruises. You're quite a mess, you little fuck. I love how you stumble around—your clumsiness. I love the pain and hurt and terror in your youthful, wee, chubby face. I loved the way my cock looked in your mouth and how it felt when I rubbed it and my balls all over your wet, red face. Oh, I liked that a lot.

And I like the way you bleed. I like the way you shit and piss and lose control. How you beg and plead and scream from your throat when you want your mommy and from deep-down in your stomach when I hurt you.

I like your body, too, dear. I like your hairless ass and the tight dimples on the sides of your hips, your knobby knees and your flat, bony child's chest. I like your skinny, hard spine rippling down your back and the soft skin that covers everything you are. Your messy blond hair and fresh, unscathed forehead and bright eyes before and after they puff up with fright and rage and confusion and helplessness. I like your thin, barely there eyelashes and silky eyebrows, and I like it when you sweat and cry and contort that cherubic face into the scowling Satan who's been wronged and violated but still can't do a fucking thing about it.

I thought you were very beautiful, indeed, naked, and standing in front of me; your face shiny red, your teeth clenched tight like iron gates and your tiny fists all balled-up and twitching. Your eyes screwed and fiery. Your punches tickled, sweetie, your powerlessness made my crotch ache even more. I love your hairless little dick. Your tiny, bunched-up balls and button dickie. That little clean area above your penis where soft blond pubics would probably sprout if you were allowed to live.

Before you die, I'm going to cut your dick off with a pair of scissors I've got. I want to see that scrawny, emaciated body implode. I want to see the whole corpus liquefy and bleed out that raw stem above your tiny little sack.

I thought your hard-on was touching. It looked magnificent on such a young boy. It confused me a little, it looked so foreign, quite honestly. Like it shouldn't be there. But I love that fact that, even with your brain wracked in pain and your hands tied and bound and your body bleeding from your ass and the glass slits; even with all that and fuck remembers what else, you were able to get a hard-on in my mouth.

I got quite a thrill from jerking that little pecker. I thought it was great—and if I hadn't been distracted by your bleeding and continuous bleating, I would have liked the opportunity to see you cum. Just to see what that sort of release would do to you. And to see

if you could. I'm gonna bit those whittle testes off your body, you little bastard. I'm gonna bite down hard, pull the flesh away with my blood-drenched teeth, and listen to you fucking scream to high fucking heaven. Then I'll spit the mangled, chewed-up tripe out of my mouth straight back into yours and watch your skinny, veiny throat choke and retch on 'em.

I've seen some great kiddie porn—but never have I been attracted to the kids' bodies. It's the crime, you know. The damage. The situation. Not the body—I couldn't give a fuck if it's a boy or a girl or whatever. I just like the trauma and torture and general action. I like the mutilated innocence, the destruction of the naive and protected, the brutal reality and pain of knowledge.

You know, that's what pisses me off about these NAMBLA morons. The potential for greatness is there, but they're such fags about it.

Like the photos I took of you.

That would make for some good KP. If you were a lot younger. These faggots just focus on the flesh. Here they are, so unrelentingly insecure about themselves that they divine a taste for children and yet have to tart it up with all this idiotic nonsense about the kid's pleasures. It's imbecilic and cheesy. They're like retards standing in the mirror looking at their hard-ons for the first time.

They don't realize it's the personality, not the flesh. Or it's the situation, not the size of the dick, the smallness of the ass, or the color of the eyes and cut of hair.

They're unfair, aren't they?

C'mon, show me where the fun is. Open your heart and your legs for me. Show me all there is to see and feel—make this experience so special by really sharing with me. Let's celebrate your existence, dear.

Living by proxy is fine, love, please don't be upset. It's not you. It's like music or really good TV. It's great fun. I certainly didn't mean anything insulting.

It's natural, now cowardly, not unsafe but not ugly, either. It really means a lot. When you share your hole with me.

But only when it comes from your heart.

Imagine all the things you and I can't touch. Imagine what it must be like to learn you have cancer. Imagine what that must be like. To figure you've got only a very limited time left—what would you do? Imagine you're a black guy in a wheelchair and you have to ride in the street all the time 'cause your neighborhood's got big fucking curbs. And you love basketball so much. You've got Chicago Bulls stickers on the back of your chair, and your favorite jacket is a Bulls warm-up. What's it like to live like that? What kind of mind is that? What's it like to be Laurie Dann

or her father or mother? What's it like to have to fight the impulse to fuck your baby daughter and then give into it? Only to want to kill yourself afterward 'cause she was so scared by the sweating and pumping and grunting and sperm? And what's it like to do it again and again and again?

What's it like to be old? To be a helpless female like yourself? What's it like to be ugly and lonely or fat and gay or rich and stupid?

You can share so much with me. Of yourself. Of your experience. Of your uniqueness. It's a very special thing. It makes me feel very warm and safe and glad to be alive. Do you feel the same?

Fucking like dogs is such a cozy feeling. Cumming on your siliconed tits and in your fat, greasy asshole and down your smelly wet throat, it's a rare opportunity to touch another's being. To become part of them. To have them bleed and puke and spit and cry all over you.

And there's some really good records. Great songs about abortion and political torture and Satan and dead babies eating aspirin and environmental concerns and all sorts of marvelous causes like homelessness or the female struggle or the plight of slaves and the overly sensitive.

And great TV, too. So many wonderful, gorgeous experiences to share and touch and be part of. You're a very special experience, dear.

Thank you. Really, thanks very much, sweetheart.

EIGHT

"Heirens put the pieces of Suzanne under the faucet to wash away her blood. He ran his fingers over her clean skin and meat chunks. It is most probable that William jacked off as he viewed his sex work and the mutilated corpse of a six-year-old. He could have rammed his cock into the flesh mess or spilled his cum onto her cut-up head."

—from PURE #3.

Dear Mrs. Anderson,

Please pardon the intrusion. I realize you don't know me and I feel uncomfortable writing to you as a stranger. It's just that I feel I know you so well now. I've followed your personal tragedy, the horrible loss of your dear daughter, for the past six months and, due to the massive media coverage, I feel almost like a close personal friend. It's proved difficult for me to see and hear such intimate details about your life and thoughts and feelings and yet remain an impartial observer. So, please forgive my familiarity—both in approaching you and in assuming you might want to hear my thoughts on how to deal with such a nightmare; such an intensely private nightmare that I, in all my effrontery and impudence, have attempted to understand and empathize as if we were family.

I'm hoping, Mrs. Anderson, that you'll allow me the small amount of time it will take to read this letter and afford me the chance to share some of my personal thoughts and feelings. I think I can help.

It's been some time now since your daughter was stolen from you and I'm sure the pain is no less now than it was on the very first day you found out. I can only guess at how painful it must be for you to have to relive the incidents and memories, although I know

your confusion and distress will never abate. Life can be so unfair. Life can be so cruel. I wonder why we ever expect it to be honorable and kind.

I understand from some of the many interviews I've read with you and your husband that you've found solace through God. I understand that the reverend at St. John the Baptist Church has become very close and important to you these past months. It was the reverend who told you that little Lisa's body had been found, wasn't it? And I was glad to see that you gave your press conferences at the church as well as Lisa's school—two institutions that represent the venerable sanctity of family life and honest morality.

I wasn't able to attend the prayer groups during the search for Lisa, nor was I able to make it for her funeral as I would have liked to. I did, however, follow the events on TV and in the morning newspapers. I read the reverend's words at the funeral mass and saw the photos of you and your husband walking behind the casket as the pall bearers carried Lisa out of the church. I also saw that wonderful photo of you and your husband holding tight to each other at the burial. I'm sure few people weren't touched deeply by that shot. Did you know that the papers described you as a handsome couple? They even detailed the clothes you wore to the funeral. It must have been very hard for you to pick out just the right outfit to wear for such an important occasion.

And how absolutely awful it must have been for you to choose clothes for Lisa's burial. I'm afraid the media didn't report what the little girl was wearing that last day with you—I know it was a closed-casket after all. They did report on how beautiful Lisa looked in the photo that was placed on top of the casket, however. Smiling; standing tip-toe in ballet shoes,

pink shorts, and ponytails, as I understand it. Lisa was the perfect image of an innocent angel. Were you still able to feel pride at your God's little gift? Were you still grateful for her?

I wonder what went through your mind as you and your husband stood so handsomely there at her casket. I understand both of you greeted all the mourners and visitors personally. Did these people's support help you through this time of great personal pain? Or were they a bother? Did you feel you had to put on a strong facade—or, perhaps, you felt you had to modify your grieving in some other way? It's hard for me to understand what exactly you went through there at the funeral home and burial. I've thought a lot about it.

I've thought about you every day since Lisa went missing. I don't think you've ever left my thoughts. I've seen you weather through the search, her missed birthday, the terrible discovery of her body, her burial and now, the adjustment and recovery. You, and your husband, have been very forthcoming with your pain. So many of your words have stayed with me. And I want to say, "Thank you" from deep within my heart for letting me really feel what you went through—your suffering and confusion and pain. It's an extraordinary feeling to share those most intimate moments. For example, I vividly recall yours and Mike's words when Lisa's birthday came and went. Do you remember? Of course you do—you thought there was a chance that Lisa was still alive. You said:

"We were planning her party when he took her. But now there won't be a party. Now there won't be anything until she comes home. We bought her stuff, but now she's not here to get it. I don't know why you won't let her go if he's got her."

I thought it was especially poignant that you included "if he's got her" in that last statement. You already knew, in your heart of hearts, that Lisa was murdered, didn't you? Did you cling to hope? Or were you sure that your little girl was dead all the time during those weeks that the whole town searched the woods and rivers and neighboring communities?

I remember your pleas to the abductor the first day and next:

"I want him to know that he and anyone who knows about this must come forward—bring her home....We need all the help we can get. I can't think of her out there in the fields. I can't think of anything. I am praying and hoping, praying so very hard. I just wonder if she's cold, if she's hungry. Please—just please—let her go."

I was very touched by your sad desperation—your powerlessness and vulnerability. I remember seeing your young and puffy face on TV. You were chewing your lower lip and staring down at the ground. You broke into tears at the end:

"I just wish he'd let her go. I don't know how

someone could do this. She was just out for a bike ride, like any other day. I just don't see how it could happen."

Still, I think your most dramatic moment was on TV, when you kissed a small, pocket-sized photo of your little dear—your one and only seven-year-old baby—and tried to fight back the tears and stuttered your own personal message to Lisa through the cameraman's lens:

"I love you very much and I want you to come home. Happy birthday, my little girl."

The next day, the headlines read, LISA WILL BE 8 TODAY and ABDUCTED GIRL'S BIRTHDAY—NO CELEBRATION UNTIL SHE COMES HOME. The articles told how you hadn't slept for days and how Lisa wanted another Cabbage Patch doll and how roses (Lisa's favorite flower at seven years old) and balloons had been delivered to your house.

I need to know: At this time were you unsure about Lisa's almost certain death? Or were you being strong for the townspeople who came out in full force to search for her? Were you praying that she would be alright and unharmed? Or were you praying that she didn't suffer too long before her death? I think the pain of imagining your daughter alive and captive somewhere, without you—frightened and confused and hurt—would have been even more horrible to consider. Though I know you did. But did a mother's intuition tell you the truth? Did your innermost thoughts fight between the two worst scenarios you've ever imagined and yet, in some inexplicable way, gently reassure you by letting you know that Lisa wasn't still suffering? You were so genuine on TV. A composite picture of care and concern mixed with pain and longing. And your pleas were passionate and pure. I know you were sincere. You must have had evil nightmares. Could you see everything—were you forced to see your worst fears made flesh by uneasy, sweaty sleep? Was your capable of even conjuring up such horrible realities?

I've watched your face on TV, Mrs. Anderson. I've seen the photos and read the quotes. I think you knew she was dead but you wouldn't admit it. But I'm not sure why. Was it dire optimism? Did you think you could stave off the inevitable if you refused to acknowledge it, if you refused to admit the possibilities or to picture them in your mind's eye? Some sort of surreal hope or fear against jinxing providence?

Did praying help? Did it really help? Obviously, it didn't help change the situation—but did it help you get through those two long weeks of uncertainty? Perhaps it helped to think that God has a plan for everything?

So many people seemed to be looking for you to remain strong, didn't they? Could you feel such pressure? Or do you feel, more realistically, that these

people were feeding on you and your pain? The people that worked fourteen-hour days for two weeks straight. The thirty-seven policing teams that rummaged through barns, corn fields, forests, and culverts. The boat crews that dragged the rivers and streams. The people that printed and distributed the thousands and thousands of posters and leaflets all emblazoned with Lisa's smiling face. Or the woman that sold the PRAY FOR LISA buttons—one of which I bought—and raised more than thirteen hundred dollars for a reward fund. Did you feel somehow responsible for their attention? Did you play up to it? Do you feel they see you differently now—and that their treatment of you can never be the same? You are now "Lisa's mom," aren't you? Everyone feels so sorry for you. Does their pity, their prying, or careful politeness weigh heavily?

I'm sorry, Mrs. Anderson, to be asking so many questions. But I'm hoping you'll see that someone—at least one person—cares about what's been going on with you. With you, directly. I feel I need to show you that I'm aware of the pain and bewilderment you suffer; the everyday horrors—that heightened sensitivity towards previously mundane actions and thoughts. I know Lisa's memory will be with you forever—but it's clouded and tainted now, isn't it? A glance around your house and images of her playing, smiling, and laughing don't bring pleasure anymore, do they? No, I'm sure they don't. These precious memories have become nightmarish needle pricks and hammer blows, I'll bet.

Have you found an outlet for your rage? Pain creates rage, and in your situation, one fraught with severe injustice and harsh, ugly reality, I would think the rage that builds in you has the potential to completely destroy you. A ventless cancer.

Have you fought to remain the woman you were? Is that possible? Will you be forever jaded and bitter? How has your God helped you through these changes? Is there any way that you can look at the world—in every day—and see it as the same, small town with trustworthy people and friends and family and holidays? Your future has changed drastically, I understand, but have your dreams for your future changed? Did you create and mold your life entirely around Lisa? So many parents do. Their child becomes their personality. Their whole lives are built around the child and its future rather than their own.

So much more than just your child has been taken from you. How did you ever stop yourself from committing suicide? I'm glad you did. Did you think about it? Do you think you can ever get over such thoughts? Have your loved ones helped you with your despair? I remember your father—Lisa's grandfather—made a statement to the press. He said, "It's a blessing so many people have come together because of this."

I remember seeing your dad on TV. I know he

greeted mourners at the church and he told the newspeople that you felt some measure of relief now that Lisa had been found. But he added that you cried every day since she went missing and you continued to cry even after the body had been found. As I said earlier, I don't think there has been any relief for you. I wonder if there ever will be.

The funeral must have been nothing compared to the details you must have suffered through just two days earlier. All the shops in town that hung up signs: CLOSED FRIDAY FROM 10 A.M. TO NOON IN MEMORY OF LISA. The mile-long procession. The hundreds of people who came up to you and told you how Lisa's photo atop the casket told of a happy childhood and the perfect image of a younger you. None of those things—those tired rituals—could have penetrated the wall your mind must have raised to keep out the details of your daughter's brutal murder.

Your husband told the world that you were "hurting" on the day of discovery. He said you were in a quiet room at the church and that he was going to stay with you there. And that's all we would know for that frantic, hellish day.

The end of whatever hope there was—indeed, a day to remember. I understand Lisa was found naked, her clothes torn and bundled just a few hundred feet from her body. She had been raped and strangled. She had been dumped in a drainage ditch and weighed down with large rocks. Her legs were sticking out into river rock, and her lungs had filled with water. She was only seven.

Lisa is so real to me. My thoughts of her frequently meld the newspaper descriptions into a living, breathing, tiny human being. I can see her lips move and her teeth glisten, her cheeks dimple and eyes crinkle and bat. I can see her long, brown hair fall across her cute face and be whisked back by her gentle, soft fingers.

I know her face and body and the personality it projected by memory now. I've grafted the newspaper details into my brain so as to never forget her. But I struggle with the image. And I know you do as well. You have to. And it must be so much more brutal and evil and real for you. I see her frame the way she was found in the ditch. She had a small, second-grader's body and the weather and river had already eaten away at parts of her flesh and bone. She had light-brown hair and dark brown eyes. Her two top front teeth were missing. Recovered from the ditch, in water only two or three feet deep, just next to her body, was her favorite necklace—the one she would never go outside without. What did you do with that necklace, Mrs. Anderson? Did you bury it with her? It was pink with white letters that spelled LISA—how darling. Do you think Lisa held it before she died—is it possible that she reached out for it? Could it have been so special to her?

Lisa was four feet tall and weighted only fifty pounds. On her last day on earth she wore a purple polo shirt with green trim, a lighter shade purple tank top, blue jeans, and pastel-pink tennis shoes. Did you keep these clothes? Or did the police keep them for evidence (as I would imagine)? Do you ever want them back? What would you do with them? Have you kept all Lisa's clothes and toys and trinkets and books and games? What about her bike—the one she was pulled off of before she was thrown into a stranger's back seat and raped and murdered?

You know so much more about the real girl—your girl, your flesh and blood, your child. There's so much that the media can't report and couldn't hope to accurately convey. And I hope you'll forgive my presumptions about her—I know that I really know nothing at all.

I don't know what she was like when she played with her friends. Or how she acted when she got mad or difficult or sad. I can't see her, remember her, in her father's lap or in your arms. What she was like, I can only wonder, to walk hand-in-hand with? To pick up and cuddle. To put to bed with a gentle kiss on the forehead. To watch her at the dinner table and teach her manners. To listen to her cute stories about her friends and favorite TV shows and pop heroes. I don't know her favorite toys or cute little phrases or jokes.

I can't see her sleeping in her room. I don't know what things there made her happy or were important to her. Are you going to keep her room exactly the way it was before she died? Did you force her to make her bed before she went out to play? Was her room tidy and neat? Messy and comfortable? Can you ever straighten it up and throw out her belongings, perhaps, keeping just a few precious mementos? Certainly, you won't be able to box everything up and stick it in the attic or give it to the Goodwill. Do you think you'll ever be able to use that room in your house for anything else? It will always be Lisa's room, won't it?

You were hanging up the laundry when you found out that Lisa had been abducted. I'll bet you can't even perform such acts now. Are your thoughts entirely controlled by this heinous crime and terrific loss? Are even the most menial, knee-jerk tasks now subject to uncontrollable recollections of Lisa? Are all your memories harsh and painful and ugly?

I do imagine that everything you do—everything you think and feel—is going to be governed by this tragedy for a great long time. But I'm sure you'll be able to laugh again. And without feeling guilty about it. But, right now, that seems impossible, doesn't it? I don't mean to sound impertinent or cold, but you certainly will never get over the pain and loss and, honestly, I don't think you ever should. It's important to feel Lisa's misfortune both for her and for you. How else will you be able to understand reality? It was your

decision to have Lisa. She was your responsibility when she walked the earth, and she'll continue to be your responsibility. There was nothing you could do for Lisa as far as her abduction and murder goes—your responsibility lies firmly with memory. And your memories should answer all your pain with the reasons you had Lisa in the first place. To make her happy and complete and to fill your life with meaning and importance.

You have nothing to take care of now. You might feel like you're only living to die. The world will surely stop turning when you pass away. Lisa meant your whole life to you. She was demanding—as all children are—on your time and patience. But children demand more than our constant attention, don't they? They demand that you give over everything you are to them. They become everything you are. And you pour everything you are and everything you have and everything you could be and could have into them. The void left in your life is so much more than missing a precious and loved one. It's a lack of devotion. It's abandonment in a cold, dark, and empty space. The killer who took Lisa from you robbed you of everything your personality—your spirit—had come to be, and he has left you raw and exposed to universal indifference.

I hope you have reassurance in God. God, I'm sure, and religion and the promise of an eternal afterlife of bliss should provide you with comfort and the strength to carry on.

Is silence just too painful for you now? How about your husband's affections? Your family's? Do they seem too much—too forced or empty in light of your sudden desolation?

Or, perhaps, your pain has turned into frustration and anger? A rage with direction and reason? Do you hate the man who caused you and Lisa so much pain, so much that you've allowed that hate to focus and control your thoughts? Does that particular hatred take the edge off your misery? Does the specter of this evil and heartless man fill the void in your soul? I can understand that.

What kind of man would do such a bestial thing? It's impossible to feel pity or sympathy toward such a person, isn't it? I think it's because they live another kind of existence—one where people don't matter and feelings don't belong. And even though, as most studies indicate, these men are themselves victims of all sorts of horrible abuse and trauma, I still find it impossible to think that they don't will these events in very careful, calculated, and deliberate conscience. They have a philosophy that would seem to go along with their quest for damage and destruction and selfless satisfaction. And they're fine with their time on earth. They don't suffer. Not like you suffer. They way you feel pain with every breath, and loss and emptiness with every thought. And it makes your pain

deeper, doesn't it, to think that this monster is still at-large? It makes you seethe and hate all the more.

This man—this total stranger—has proven himself capable of a crime that created such an immense cavity in your soul that, perhaps, the only way to plug it up will be by becoming the person you never thought you could let yourself become. You almost have to allow yourself the chance to be consumed by hatred and blinded by confusion over injustice and human cruelty, so that everything else that was previously important to you—empathy, sympathy, gentleness, care, and concern—doesn't kill you by their weight and unmanageability. Those things you thought were real before are now too cumbersome and ungainly. Those feelings have to be changed. The lines in your face, the stretch marks on your belly, and the gray in your hair all must attest to something new. Something unplanned and unprepared for. Something that reflects how life truly is. Something that blots out all the tenderness and care and fantastic daydreams and naive misconceptions about love and equality. Something true and real.

I don't know the answers to provide so that your confusion and hurt and loneliness could be lessened. I don't know what someone can do for someone like you. I know that you'll be a new person, starting from the day Lisa was abducted and continuing on, forever forming, until the day you die. You know, I'm sure you'll learn more about yourself and your friends and families and your place here on earth. Perhaps you can find some modicum of comfort in the start of a new beginning. A new outlook. A new life.

Good luck, best wishes,

SPECIAL

ONE

This is what you like.

You like scenes like that.

When those two boys pull their pants down. When you see their smaller crumpled uncircumcised cocks and budding balls. Black Italian pubic hair and their stomachs with teenage muscles boarding down at their thighs.

That little boy hops up on that medical table with that bright playful smile. His penis was so thin. And jutted out straight like the tiniest hard-on. The size of a half roll of dimes, but soft, very soft with transparent dark Japanese skin with a thin nib of foreskin and a tight nut of tender balls set right up and safe. Just two fingers around its width and soft pinch motions like a careful tweeze.

That emaciated mouth with its gaunt dark five-o'clock features and deep set AIDS death eyes shutting and collapsing in a fattish pair of naked thighs. A huge fat hard cock standing straight up and out and greasy from base to thick red knob for the death knell mouth. Who's too tired to suck to completion. Who's out of breath and near imploding just from working on what he wants: that long heavy fuck stick dripping with his life, his disease, his absolutely everything in every waking moment.

You unzip the space between those black jeaned legs and reach your palm inside. Your other hand moves to pop the button at his waist and you quickly, magically, drop the pants and shorts to his bent knees all in one breeze. Half soft, not near hard long cock that you jimmy back and up taking in its thickness and length and malleability. You like it that way. Long and getting longer but not dedicated to the fast quick pump designed for nothing else but frenzied mechanical worry. You want to see it now. And maybe

impress. And stick your finger inside the piss hole. That you spread with two pinching fingers and leer inside the reluctant slit lips. Taste it wet with your sloppy tongue, envelop with your breathy mouth. Over the head and down, raise back up and stroke the base with your tongue. Then look at it: glistening hard cock, red and veiny and meaty and do those pulls. That slink. That limb. That pack of egg jutted hairy weight in your hand, cup its warm heat base with the tips of your fingers. Now lick and suck and run through your head again. Suck it all in. Lick it all up, hot hard muscle with balls and cum inside waiting for your head to just suck it all out; just lick and taste the pre-cum and that hard shaft and bulbous fat helmet with its defined raised edges. Smooth tough head and sliding thin skin that takes a tight unfrightened untender fist to move and give. Stroke fast with your hand, now your empty head, now with your fingers and lose any sense of position or care except that fat suckable cock in your hands; in your face; inside your sick little hot mouth. That bubble dot salt lick cum, thick wads of splooshing digested smelly greasy jism. Cloudy white and watery and uncontrollably splashing out and spitting sperm on your face mouth and hair and chest and shirt and pants and you're kneeling in it.

Because this position has become more... interesting for you. Another wall. Another what... tongue, hand, another short dicked middle-aged loser that's too scared to suck it and only wants to see it. Wants to jerk it; caress it and, if he's really daring, to stick his little tongue out and just—lick—the shaft never going near the head. The kind you pull out and have to look down to see if your cock's wet at all.

Another hole. Another mouth. Another fuck of that wall in total black with your knees bent and your stomach fucking hitting press board.

No, this has become it. Until you leave. Zipped up after jerking yourself off during the forgetful frenzy and heads down out the door, checking the stairs and splashes out in the cold light heat of real life and day.

You like scenes like this. Until you've done them. After you deflate. After you feel some other. After you feel weakened and controlled and angry and sad and desperate and suicidal. Atrophied.

So you look at the photos.

And remember where you got them: that information is always right there no matter where you focus.

The mail that worked—amazingly—and can those cocksuckers still come banging into your house?

The pedophiles you had to fuck and suck with.

The suitcase you had to stuff so carefully and nervously.

Pregnant women are absolutely disgusting. Bloating sick things pressed and stretched out so hideously, so hugely, so obscenely outside of themselves. Their fat puffed faces and sweat at their weight and uncomfortable with all that churning disease and bodily waste. That pure gross blank cuntung stupidity. Sick animals trussed up in female. Pigs ready to split and pop and discharge insecurity and inadequacy and clinging, grasping uselessness.

Want to slice open that belly. With a thicker than usual dirty gray and browning razor blade. Make a thick tendon slash to deep cut to spread thick loaves of meat and flat tight bucket plastic flesh. Quick then, no longer sensual or slow or first cut obsessive, but haphazard arm length digs and slits that cross and slice into each other forming chunks and strips and pouring bloody pits.

You don't want to see that baby. That thing. That little premature wasted growth. Bat it into pulp. Along with the matted agony—screaming, howling shrieking, biting, gnawing, attacking—head of its mother. Smashing her forehead and hairdo that's too wiry and pregnant to fix. Destroying and slamming her face into her fleshy cheeks that rip and tear into jagged bleeding skull and cracked shard stumped teeth. Fucking whore face that carries such a sick thing; fucking whore face that drank as much cum and sucked so many cocks and got fucked the wrong way too many times.

No abortion this time, you cunt?

You beast. Pig. Slag.

You cheap street whore.

No abortion this time; what—no money, no time, no care; a rutting pig that said okay let's spread and shit this one out, shall we?

How many times have you had that vacuum

cleaner jammed up into that queasy pit and had your guts swept?

How many fat cocks have you lowered your face onto. And how many of your suitors told you:

Just let my dick lay in your mouth.

Don't move. Don't suck.

Let me fuck your face.

And then he did it. Held your hard female existence in-between his hands and pumped into your face. Propelled and jerked his hips in rhythm to his own cock while he used your head as his toilet.

Like a spittoon.

Like his piss soaked handkerchief or a bucket.

And you just knelt there. And later, after you decided what you really wanted, right, mother, later you decided to take that spit he deposited into your skull and think about the possibilities of a brand new meaning. So you splayed your old bag thighs and took some of that into your flabby sick belly and now you walk around, stumble around, saunter around, hide and quake and beat and bleat and poke and fart and press and weep with that clawing parasite swimming in that tumorous shell you call the mess that is you.

Smashed, split and torn female flesh. Female hair matted with thick black oily blood. Teeth and shut swollen tight eyes, broken nose and slashed meat cheeks. Dead ripped through womb. Stopped and raped pit of a life, easy cunt getting higher and higher and bloodier and more and more like you.

You'll fuck that hole. You'll fuck that wound. That sewer. Now that she's crying. And swearing. And screaming. And blathering, blood and spit and pain and woman shrieks. Fuck that cunt. That hole in her face. Cut your beating pumping cock on her jagged teeth you cunt you fucking prostitute.

You like those photos.

You have that video.

Of that little hand extending down to another smaller, baby's hand.

That little boy grabbing that other little boy and walking.

A little clean white hand extends itself down to another, littler, hand that rises up to meet it. So naturally. The slightly larger hand clasps around the oh so small barely formed hand and gently guides it forward. Both sets of arms are wearing full winter jackets and clothes. You see nothing. You see nothing now except the hands. Though the video screen captures everything else in the vicinity including the third boy leading the way out of the mall.

Fuzzy blurred squared mechanical video slow motion. And in real time, it is just too pure. Too immediate and clean. Perfect, that way. The little tot has his other hand stuck in his parka pocket even. His hood over his head; ready to leave, to be taken anywhere. Just a nearly three-year-old baby. Slightly

uneasy only due to the newness, you're sure, of the situation. They're holding hands. The older one—ten—knew to drop his hand and—help—the little one. The little one knew, without any thought at all at such a young state, to gently allow himself to be held and taken. On an adventure. Or wherever. Now. This instance.

And the video. And the video shot. The stills. Are everything. Are everything and more.

You've seen child pornography. You've seen a child on a bed, naked and barely female, waiting, lying flat on her back, looking, staring to the side then up and to the wall next to her body, for this man to mount and enter and slam back in and out into her tiny skinny corpus.

You've seen the squashed lapped cock of an older hairy man sat underneath the unbudging hairless hairless seat of such a little girl made to squat over and attempted on his meat.

Of the directions given to the children. Take his willy. Take his willy in your mouth. Pet her bunny. Pet and pat it like you want her to, you know, enjoy it. Kiss her. Now lower your head.

Adults careen by the video blip. And the children walk out. Outside of the video eye. There's other shots. But this one. With the hands and the easy stroll and the little hooded parka and easy trust and determined lead out of the mall. Is everything.

The suckled baby cock. The pulled back foreskin. The battery down the anus. The bloody head and the beating with the railroad tie. The sex. The youthful sex discovering angry motherfucker gin soaked retard burning knowledge is everything there in that shot. The baby's family that acted just right. The boy's mother and missing father. The unemployed lout and two other children; to special schools and euphemisms are so perfectly there in that image.

You have many, many shots from family notebooks and drawers, newspaper captions and headlines. Eyes, salty beard hard teeth and sloppy. Glasses, sometimes obscured in shades, sometimes glint and laughs.

Chubby faced Caroline Hogg. Pageboy cut Sarah Harper.

And Robert Black in his prison overalls in handcuffs. His hands out of shot. His hands and fingers cut off by the square border that allows abuse: DEPRAVED BLACK IS LED AWAY TO JAIL.

He had the little murmuring ball bound and trussed and tossed in the back of his van.

He liked to finger-fuck. He said he wanted to see how big these little girls were inside. Inside their little twelve- or nine- or so-year-old bodies. Inside that quim.

And he fucked them up there.

And squeezed his finger up inside the emerging hairless cunt.

Those fingers that you can't see in that shot. His cock in the triangle formed between the handcuffs and hands underneath the thin garment jail issue.

Fingernails and long hairy man's rough finger. Up and out inside feeling and poking and taking it all in from their small bald shut cunts.

Inside Caroline Hogg.

Black big eyes. Black and white newspaper grays all through her chubby cheeks and clean toothy grin. Big eyes. Blonde. Mouth. Slightly edged up and her head tilted just so barely. Black, big eyes that watched Robert Black move his dick around to her. And lick that dirty finger. And start to poke and slip and force. And lick it again. And thrust and enter and puncture. And taste it all up.

Like the videos you saw. And jerked off to. Pause. Right there. Those little bones and skinny jiggling firm butt bounce up on the sat pushed cock.

That toothy grin. Fuck it. Fuck it.

That photo of her at her friend's birthday party wearing a dress. Taken just four hours before Black had her. Had her do exactly—anything—everything—he ever would have wanted.

So small. Her thin girlish arms extended in front of her, watching the other children, out of shot, playing around her. Biting her bottom lip. Blonde hair pulled up to the back of her head in a big pony tail behind her. And those big eyes. Small cute nose and flat thin body.

And the one that Susan Maxwell's mom gave to the press: of her in her pajamas with her pageboy cut too: but fuller and blacker and more perfect than Sarah Harper.

Between seven and thirteen. Darling, girlish smile waiting to be violated. Waiting to see and be fucked and knowing it: no tits at all.

Did he fuck her. Cum on her. Inside her. Bite those pinkish unformed nipples and thick unexposed gash so clean and taut and uninvited. So unused. Just as much as a whore not wanting to happen. Stick it inside her whole tiny limby body, right up to her fucking wet soft brain.

Let her go and watch her cut herself with scissors and a stiff hairbrush.

Lesley Ann. Always. So many nice shots. And you've seen the shots of her praying. The porno shots taken of her crying and not wanting to be fucked or even away from her mom.

Her day dragging on and on. All this away from her safety. With that cock and those big hands and orders. The threats and worry and whys. Her violent head choked death.

Pray.

Put it in. Or she'll hit you.

Lesley Ann, with your pretty white beads.

Like that faggot who sucked him off and wanted it. Like that faggot who sat on the settee waiting for him to fuck his face with his cock. His understanding. His degradation. His acquiescence. His readiness. To please.

Sucked on that cock that fucked little children on its end rammed up through tiny flat holes; so tight and raw and unopened and forced and dragged all the way in.

Cocksucker. Did you lick it? Pull the foreskin back and press your tongue to that hole. That tasted like little Lesley Ann. Like a vagina. Like a little boy's asshole. And their faces.

Fuck it, suck it. Now, cocksucker.
Little baby crying for his mother.
Bawling and grasping for his mother.
Buried with her skull cut in half.
Robert Black's fingers. Underneath the pajamas and inside that—crying, quivering, shaking, whimpering—body of the little baby once held and fretted over and doted on. Unprotected and available little babe.

Gives the boy his baby hand.
That stink on their ten-year-old hands, getting older and remembering what they did: maybe seeing it for the first time. Or maybe churning it slowly, steadily into something the prodders—psychiatrists, doctors, parents, hardened peers—can live with. So, day by day, they can live with it.

The little boy's back walking away. Holding hands. His dirty face inside and not seen by the camera. His face that his mother and father easily recall. And that you reconstruct from their memories. And from the photos they shared with the world.

Which makes it better. This is the shot mom and dad fetched from their upstairs memory box. And held. And gave away with all the best intentions.

That you cum to.
Little face built just for this. Photographed for just this reason. Molested and hurt and murdered just for you, just for this shot.

TWO

I want to ask you to describe a specific fantasy. What would you like to do—what would you do with the body of a little boy?

Why a little boy?

I'd just like to hear—

Why not a little girl?

You can describe—

Or an old woman, or a middle-aged woman—how about my mother? How about the kind of pig cunt you'd find attractive?

You can do any one of those. But I would like to hear about what you'd do with the body of a boy and sooner, or later, we'll get around to it.

Are you trying to ask me what I masturbate to?

Do you fantasize about children? Do you masturbate to ideas of little boys?

Is the jerking off part significant? What if I just like... what I read in the newspaper?

What do you like? What do you look for—what would you like to see?

I'm sure I see the same thing as you. In fact, I'm sure we even enjoy the same things in what we see, which is where I'm sure your problem lies.

And is it just a problem for me?

Your special problem.

Not a problem for you.

What's a problem for me is that I'm not there—or I can't trust whoever I'm lucky enough to come

across—my fantasy would be greater access. I'd like to be there and watch Ann West worry about what to put in her letter to Ian Brady. Knowing that she's designing her pain for the next morning's news story. I would have died to sit next to Winnie Johnson for the five weeks it took her to compose the letter to Myra. Just between her and Myra. She begged Myra to help her find her son's grave. Begged her—even talked about being on her knees. Imagine that—no pun intended—try and see yourself there as she begs the woman who killed her son for... anything.

I would have loved to see more photos of little Lee hanging in the closet by his broken throat while Dodd concentrated on what to do next. Or to see him on the bed with this little dick standing up and Dodd getting hard; his whispering in that little ear about how he was going to kill the boy the next day. And the little darling snapping back, "no you're not."

Jon Venables crying to his mom: "I never, mum, never touched a baby."

Rachel Nickell's mulatto son watching his blond mama getting raped to death in the bright morning sun.

All potent images. If you like, though, I'm happy to switch genders and age groups.

If you had Lee Iseli's body—

Little Lee Iseli.

If you had little Lee Iseli in the room that Dodd had him, what would you like to do—or to see done—with his body?

I have seen done to his body. Little boy. You know, I've seen some of the photos Dodd took and I've read his notebook.

What do you think is most attractive in the crime against Lee Iseli?

Just now? Your question.

Do you think—

You're desperate for me to say Macauley Culkin with a scissors rip between his legs—

No, not necessarily.

A scissors split through those thick wet lips, perhaps.

Okay—

You know how much child porn I had that the cops didn't even come close to finding?

How much?

You know what you do with kiddie porn?

How did the cops miss so much?

You see films. You see pictures. You know this information. You see it and learn it and know it.

I'm not sure I understand.

Masturbating is hardly a beginning. You stick your dick between your hands. You stick your dick through a hole in the wall, you stare at the wall and try and guess if it's a tongue or a hand. You cup the space between your sac and asshole and stuff yourself into some mother-to-be's wretched body, you look down at her tits and fake make-up face and you're just bound to be disappointed.

But you sit back and watch a boy choked to death with a dull black army boot and you get up and walk out into the air the next morning. You see a little girl cry as she looks to the side of the bed that doesn't face a dingy wall and you don't wait for the hard cock laughing to do what you'd like to see.

Sweaty mess. Sweaty fucking dog. Sweat running down your neck into cold drips on your back. His hair drenched and his chin and lower lip extended down and slobbering.

Watching some old fat fuck squat in cum.

Sticking in cum, his shoes tack and pop with every desperate angry molty movement of his haunches, shoulders and, especially, neck which bobs and

gyrates his huge head around and up and on like a little spastic child painting a doorknob with way too much brush, time and paint. On that cock that gets bigger and longer that he wrenches from his lips and loves at. Long thing with a smooth head extending itself forward and up. His hand grabs it and pulls forward like a cup. Licks its shaft, side and bottom—only—and then checks it again. Pushes a finger at the piss-hole and wants to spread it with just one fingertip.

Doesn't suck. Licks. Looks for pre-cum, wants it, but wants to keep it from his mouth and swallowing throat.

He can only lick and pet and pull so long. He dishes out his cock and offers it up. Standing, his legs hurt in their upper thighs and his back from his neck to his coccyx, he pushes his hard-on into the sucker's face and leans into his back weight.

He'll come this way. And he'll yank the other off. If he can. This way.

A cunt has to spend a dollar—she plans—of her money every time she gives a blow job out here. She buys a hot cup of coffee from the fast food joint in the back and washes her mouth out by downing the hot black bitter in just a few gulps. She won't sip or blow on it. She sears the insides of her mouth, the roof and tongue and it even hurts when it goes down.

She wants to burn that shit out of her face. Out of her head and the hole that leads into her sick body.

Burns—and, yes, next time she'll be even more susceptible to the virus she doesn't think anyone understands.

Spits it out. That little cottony spit she forms only from inside her mouth, from behind the teeth and against the lined rough walls and over the tongue and never, from below or through her nose and stomach face pipes. Just a mouth spit. Again and again. As she walks fast to get her coffee.

Every time.

Burn that disease out. Kill the crabs that might have scurried into her mouth and inside her face. The syphilis and chlamydia and unwashed dirt; the cheese that sticks to the slimy base when the tongue examines too much, too quick, too needingly.

He's a lousy cocksucker.

Fat and old and dirty and sweaty and hunched over a piece of ugly gnarled—big veins and smooth skin as it gets longer—meat, never in his mouth. So he can watch it and tongue at it. He didn't suck it.

Put it all the way in his hollow face and draw his cheeks in, and hump and bob back and forth on it. Like a faggot filling his mouth with an entire personality. A faggot on his knees now. In cum.

Sticking. First he squats. Then kneels. Then sits in it. In cum and shit, his own spit and used napkins, where rubbers were discarded and picked up with

cigarette butts underneath piss and snot and human dirt.

And when he cums he wants it to be in the fucker's throat. Down into it. All the way. So he pulls out clean and going soft and he doesn't want to look down at the faggot who sucked him off. And swallowed his clean—unbeknownst to him—cum.

Gonna put that cock in my mouth this time. Big cock. Gonna suck it.

Gonna knead those balls this time. With my chin. And then tongue out that asshole.

Gonna jam my fingers in there. And lick the shit off my fingers. Gonna suck the inside of his intestines out with my mouth, my throat, my stomach and cinch my hands around that juicy muscled rock-hard cock.

Gonna swallow his cum. Gonna eat his piss-hole. And have him juice my mouth afterwards. A little hot piss mixed lube stringy after-cum and in hot drops and gentle streams just the way I like it.

Fucking pig maw. Little cocksucker. Little cunt.

What sucks your cock in a hotel room?

What kind of twelve-year-old cunt is available to you. Everyday. Immediately.

With her mouth open. Like a faggot. Like her mother when she opened up and closed her eyes and let that beast ejaculate inside her liquor soaked corpse and blast out the squabbling filth quaking and needing and bleeding.

Fucked in the face. Into her womb. Little twelve-year-old prostitute runs into the Daybreak mission, run by some lonely fat pig with a fetish for hugs and soft pink nipples in her face when she shower massages her forty-plus sagged meat hole.

Be careful, dear.

Sucking those cocks, dear. Squatting on those cocks, dear. Pig—jerking off those hard cocks and trying to just use your tongue, twelve-year-old street whore blasted on crack and adoptive infant raped hatred, confusion and excuses.

Fifteen years old. Hitchhiker with little chubby cheeks and safe mama's belly. Raped and her arms cut off. Left naked and bleeding and thought dead in a drainage ditch.

Twelve-year-old boy ran away when he was only ten with his skinny little limbs in soccer shorts and a T-shirt. Had a paper bag crumpled and jammed down his little choking throat.

What did her cunt look like?

Splayed open and dead underneath a fattened bloated head beaten to death with a baseball bat in a hotel room. A thirteen-year-old cracked out cummed up made up face with its eyes battered shut and fused with blood and caked bone and flesh: that little thirteen-year-old slash tight and young but getting slack and worn from just about a year whoring her body and drugging her face. Cheap.

Cigarette burns on her forehead when she was twelve; her emaciated fucked face that bent down and over cock after cock after cock in cars and roach motels. Fingers and cocks and tongues up that little new to teenage cunt: men, fat and old and desperate masturbated themselves in their bathrooms at home thinking of how they stuffed their bursting hard-ons into that little quim. How fucked up she was. How young. And skinny with stick arms and tired bone legs and foul dirty mouth. How that rubber felt too fucking tight at the base of his cock but how he forgot as she ran it inside and down her twelve-year-old body.

How old are you?

How much?

How those lips felt on that cock. Just get it wet. Make it cum quicker. Use your tongue. Bend over. Tell me if you're tired. Tell me if I'm hurting you. Is that okay?

Open your fucking eyes.

Swallow.

Look at that tight ass. Those flesh bags jutting just up at her thighs. Youth and that cunt with its soft hair, dirty blonde pubic hair hustled up over clean lips not allowed to sag or drop like so many disgusting mothers and old whores.

Did those burns come from nodding out onto hot lit cigarettes or something worse?

Did some old man jam his cock and balls into your crying face and hold your arms and shoulders down by sitting his weighty knees down on you. And then stub his hot-boxed cigarettes out on your teenage head. And your zits. Lights another and presses it into your baby flesh watching you cry or drug soak into the bed you little pathetic numb zombie.

What caused that response? Didn't you move? Right? When you're twelve you just have to be there, right? With your tiny firm tits and teenage budding mouth and make-up and lipstick fat and unkempt young hair. Your cheeks and chin. Your little face.

Those photos of you as a child—in the home of your adoptive parents. Where you were raped by another rented sibling; when you were only five.

And your natural father is supposed to have raped you as an infant.

With his fingers? With his mouth? His pre-cum slid and spread across your little girl's squashable head?

I've seen the cute little smiles with those big glasses and hugs. I've seen those cheap family poses and warmth.

I've seen you smile when you were twelve.

That big dirty black or gray loose sweater that hid absolutely everything. From her neck down almost to covering her cunt—also masked underneath loose fitting workers' pants. Her ratty blondish hair pulled up and tied above and behind her head in a mess that

exposes that mouth and fresh oily teen pallor on cheeks so one can watch—perfectly—his fat wet red cock slide in and out its face. Against those teenaged lips. Baby tongue.

She continues to talk. Waves those skinny arms you don't see in those hanging baggy sleeves, worn and stained and threadbare at the ends where she, no doubt, used to cup her gentle hands up inside as if she were cold. Or bored. Or cute. Or available. She tells a camera crew not to film her face—that's why she doesn't like them—and that they'd do better down the block. Where it's more interesting.

This is what happens. Maybe not so simply, or so base. But purely, this is exactly what happens. Always.

Please describe an abusive situation.

From whose point of view?

Whatever you prefer.

An abusive situation that I prefer?

How about one where I'm the lowest rung on the ladder. Then we—then you can tell me what my responsibilities are. Where my humanity lies. Or is supposed to. And then we can argue about—how I support that abusive situation by abusing from very far away.

Go on then.

Or would you prefer something more physical. Like one where I get my hands dirty—

Why not begin there.

—in the sense that I've actually got to wash them, you know... um... what I like to watch, right?

Yes.

Or are you looking for a definition?

Please describe an abusive situation; that is all I said.

Yes, I know that is all you said. What I'm trying to get at— or avoid, if you prefer, is...

I'll tell you; I'll tell you this. I fucking can't stand the idea that this abuse carries on so long after the victims, you know, are out of the fucking room. Or out of the woods. I do believe it. And I do trust it. And, in fact, hope for it in so many ways. It's just some of these relatives just fucking choose to ride that reputation. They choose—they

fucking love to live that life. And, I find, it takes a lot of the truth, or reality, away. It greatly cheapens or dirties... it greatly detracts from the event.

Detracts?

Absolutely. Do you know who Mary Vincent is?

Yes.

When Larry Singleton raped her, she says he kept calling her his "good little girl," for her to be a "good little girl."

And I saw her on TV being interviewed, saying the usual: "He took away my life. This isn't living. This is existing."

And?

"It won't—it just won't leave. I can't escape it. I wake up to it every day. Just waking up to... no hands."

And they had this shot of her walking away from the camera. With one of her two children at her side. A lovely young boy and, of course, Mary raises her prosthetic arm up and places it around the boy's shoulder, then down to the small of his back. And the boy—you never see his face, just them walking away—reaches out and holds, kind of fumbles, lovingly, holds her hook. As they walk into the sunset.

I'm sure we don't agree on definitions.

THREE

I know that a gay gentleman was found about a block or so from his home, passed out and near death, covered head to toe in blood that drenched and seeped through his clothes into his frozen skin. The man had been beaten in his home and had to make his way outside to find some help. He was cruelly attacked by, what police figure was, a group or more than three men.

The gentleman still exists. Still talks and walks and smiles and laughs. The 126 stitches in his head are, however, virtually unknown to him. Such is the nature of AIDS dementia. Currently at his lowest ebb, near death with rare and brief stabs at lucidity, the man either refuses to acknowledge the attack or simply to discuss it.

Police are most curious about the extensive damage done to the man's feet which, they surmise, would suggest a certain closeness between victim and abusers. His feet—heels to toes—were chewed and bitten through. By more than one mouth. His entire fag body showed healed bite marks—neck to thighs—but his feet mutilation was fresh and especially vicious.

Meaning, maybe, that he liked it.

And that it went too far. And, maybe still, when he objected—or maybe not—the abusers reacted by smashing his skull again and again into a faucet—maybe—until he shut up. Screaming to stop. Liking it to begin with. Asking for it. Waiting for it to start with a hand rubbing at his middle-aged jaded sagging balls and tough hanging dick. Never liking it and wishing it had never started. Crying with all the godless power in his brain for them to please just fucking stop it now. Unable to stop it; either by that impulse that led him to such an always dangerous and mysterious situation where the groin tug is the smile on his face, rather than the slow steady whisper in his noisy personality. Or simply physically unable to bend against the pure bone gnashing pain.

DEAR CLUB MEMBER,
IT'S VERY HARD TO INTRODUCE

ONESELF TO ANOTHER MEMBER BECAUSE YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY OR TO WRITE DOWN ON PAPER THAT WILL EITHER TURN ON OR OFF ANOTHER NUMBER EVEN THOUGH WE MAY HAVE THE SAME OR CLOSE SEXUAL PREFERENCE OR EXPERIENCES. I KNOW THAT WE HAVE TO BE DISCRETE AND COURTESY TO OTHER MEMBERS ESPECIALLY WHEN IT DEALS WITH ONE OR BOTH PARTY'S SEXUAL LIKES AND DISLIKES. I'VE BEEN IN THE CLUB ALMOST A YEAR NOW AND STILL TRYING TO FIND ANOTHER MEMBER WITH MY SAME SEXUAL TASTES. I'M STILL INTO SHIT AND MAYBE LIGHT S/M. BUT I LIKE AND LOVE SHIT AND WOULD LIKE TO MEET WITH YOU FOR SOME OTHER SEXUAL FUN. I'LL HAVE TO VISIT YOUR PLACE BECAUSE I LIVE WITH MY MOTHER AND SISTER AND THREE DOGS SO WE CAN'T MEET AT MY HOUSE. I'VE ALWAYS HAD AND LOVED SEX WITH YOUNG MEN 18 ON UP. AGE, HEIGHT, WEIGHT AND ESPECIALLY COLOR WHITE BECAUSE I'M WHITE BUT OTHER BODY MEASUREMENTS DON'T MATTER TO ME AND I HOPE THEY DON'T MATTER TO YOU. I LOVE THEM FROM 4 TO 12 INCHES.

Those teeth that bit into him must've known about his slow death by disease. He'd been diagnosed ages ago and his lover from whenever had left all sorts of legacies and souvenirs around the apartment and

bars.

And he was fine up till that point. Relatively speaking. The attack landed him in the hospital for good. And then the dementia kicked in and the fetal position slop and wish is just days away. His brown and thick teeth jutting far out of his stretched gnawed skin under pencil thin cracked dry pink lips. His chin all worn skull and sunken dead eyes full of help me, god loves angels doesn't he and you'll never know what cancer feels like it eats me alive motherfucker.

Those black cigarette burns are tattoos, those collapsing thread like veins that press outside his neck and shoulders and calves and thighs are dirt. The stutters and chills and flashes and dreams are absolutely everything now.

He is insignificant. He is no longer who he was. Maybe it's better that way. Right, darling? He suffers miserably, tremendously, and, if what the doctors and newscasters promise is really true, feels his pain and imploding life, his waste and worthlessness every fucking second of every minute of every long never ending day. Here in the hospital room.

I know a man whose belly was so full of cancer that the operating doctors sewed him all the way back up only minutes after ripping him open. There is nothing anyone can do for him. I know he grabbed his sheets and twitched his ghost gray body away from itself and fucking screamed for me to get a fucking doctor and get him some more morphine shot into his soft burnt spine.

Used to be you could walk into the Bijou and buy all sorts of good scat videos. One of the clerks there took my address for a mailing list and commented that we live close. I told him it was a post office box, so he asked my phone number. He told me we shared a lot of the same tastes and recommended a video where a fat biker talked to a camera that never strayed from his place in a shit and piss filled bathtub.

Turns out he liked to be fistfucked real messy and having his asshole turned inside out. He was also into Thai kiddie porn before the market turned into teens with big dicks but little hair.

MY ONLY PROBLEM IS THAT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND OTHERS WHO ARE INTO IT AS MUCH AS I AM—HOW MUCH OF MY OWN BODY FOOD CAN I EAT? I'VE WRITTEN TO SEVERAL OTHER MEMBERS BUT HAVE HEARD FROM ONLY TWO OF THEM. I GOT SO WORKED UP AT ACTUALLY MEETING ONE THAT I WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY SPENT BY THE TIME I GOT THERE. HE SOUNDED GREAT AND HAD CREATED A TOILET CONTRAPTION THAT RESTRAINED THE RECEIVER! THE ONLY

PROBLEM WAS THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING FOR ME—I DID ALL THE GIVING!

The day things went wrong. Things went wild, didn't they, honey? And neck pecks and cheek sucks and the first time he held a penis in his hand. When he was surprised at how it felt. No muscles. No bone. No personal response where what it did was not connected directly to what he wanted and, at puberty, what he got. Put it in your mouth. Flick your tongue. Stop ramming backwards with a fat hard slap. And relax down from your back and, for fuck's sake, slow the fuck down.

The first faggot he sucked off in a bathroom of a gay club. How he wanted to only suck and jag himself off at the same time. How it was impossible. And how pathetic these straight married men are at giving head. Aren't they?

The first drag queen. The transsexual mess hookers in his front seat and that gnarled thick brown bunched up scar that ran across its chest as he swallowed and puckered drooly all over its dead little meat. That nigger. That boy. That guy at the bookstore he was told to stay away from because he was there every fucking day at opening.

The piss queen with the wood floors.

Do you know what a pessary is?

That filthy pit. That bestial sewer that spits and seeps underneath all that painted-on thickness. That slippery slide across that white puffy face; that bright red hole when its horny and fucking stupid stare from those parasitic eyes freezing bleeding need and want.

Pigs. Loud and laughing or shy and disarming. Dogs. Goats. Rats. Monkeys. Beasts. Half closed eyelids set to useless, reassuring moans and open palms against a shoulder or headrest. Those simpleton gritty little fuck-me teeth and friendly corpulence.

As you piss into that fat wet hole.

As you jerk off your cock with an image of anything but that matted hog's hole you slam and slide and slither in and out of and back again. Let's hear about that car crash, about that angels book you're finding so interesting, about what you want for christmas and how nice the snow looks, about how great those tattoos on your neck look since, yes I understand, that's the most painful place to get one.

You know how I think that little scar on the cleft of your big fat ass is really charming. Endearing. Sexy. Honey. The way it digs down deep into your irritating soft white colored skin and loose muscles. That way I know some uncaring doctor actually had a chance to carve into your piggish cunt's bleeding body and not lose himself by plunging his scalpel fast straight down into your giving beef flesh and ripping it up and back smashing and destroying your bony endorphin pumping spinal column. Just tearing your whole

female existence into filthy slimy meat packing fat rags.

What kind of kink was that?

What kind of scene?

Exactly?

And how did this lonely gentleman get to such a place. After his roommate/lover/other/buddy/friend/shoulder to cry on and hug and nurture and care and clean the vomit from the edges of his mouth and off the pillow and tile floor. Died. How did he know that this was the way to do it. Forever. Honey.

This gentleman blacked out and revived. Woke up against the pain and somehow knew to save himself. Crawl out of the house. Crying. Dulled. Whimpering. Begging. After his attackers left him. Bleeding and soaking and bent and wracked and permanently damaged.

Shoved their thick soled boots into his crotch, smashed his squashed cock and nerve ending balls into his stomach with slow grinding presses and no reaction. Then wind-up kicks and skinhead heavy stomps. Dug their black heels all the way down and into that skinny faggot corpse spread-eagled and screaming.

Their hands clenched into red fists and claws. Smashing his balding small head into the iron steel hooked faucet. Where that skin pops and rips and gives way to the bone that covers his bent brain. Where it chips and cracks and dizzies and fades into bright white black.

I know that another gentleman sleeps at night knowing what a boy bleeding and crying into pools of mama's pain looks like. When young boys could have their tiny meaty suburban cocks and balls and pubic patches gnawed and clenched and ripped off their squirming handcuffed teen bodies. Full of themselves and their girlfriends and their drugs and liquor and now shocked, for the briefest moment, into full frontal pain of pure sexual selfishness. Dean Corll, I am led to believe, had a mouthful of warm boy's blood in his throat, on his tongue and across his lips. That smell in his nose and under his eyes sticking to his teeth and gums while he forms that perfect O again as he leans into and up on that dangling sex pack. His tongue stroking the underside feeling that thick tendon and skin stretch and warm pulse and hair and musk. His teeth sharp as it just clips that little dick to body like those old cocksuckers who just don't know how to do it—and don't care enough to do it right, 'cause as soon as they cum they're off their knees and out the door. Down to the balls, flat wet tongue taste and full choking mouth. That smallish heavy growth with fluffy tufts of teenage black bush; tight and used and young. All in his mouth.

And the boys did die. They were buried and their bodies mutilated. This I know. The cops dug 'em up

and found severed genitalia in plastic baggies next to the baby sweet mother's memories. Thin teenage corpses with caved-in stomachs and flattened raw holes between their legs.

This gentleman knows so much more than. So closer to that thought that ran in his life for so long now. Knowing his dead lover as he did. And loving him. In death. Keeping his memory alive and warm and real. And how it all adds up to nothing right now.

'Cause he doesn't recognize you. 'Cause he only pretends to understand the words that flip out of your mouth. When he needs a laugh from you he only goes campy out of rote.

The last night of freedom when he knew he was dying but not when. Not so soon. Not in any particular way. That day that sent his mind into total collapse; his personality shut off and garbaged. His entire existence reduced to the bedpans and tubes and shrugs and sweaty pats and please nurse can't you get him something and there there honey just sleep now.

Smashed his teeth in. Split his coconut head open and set into his near dead body with their teeth. Bit and chomped into his soft American queen's thighs and love handles, his stomach and nipples and shoulder blades and then literally ate powerfully, violently, brutally, the soles and tops of his feet. Cry you fucking rutting animal faggot:

Whose mouth earlier fed on a penis or two or three.

Whose asshole sunk around a hard billyclub or spraycan of black auto paint.

Whose head was smashed and slammed into the bathtub's hard gritty porcelain before being pierced and punctured by ramming flesh and hair and bone up into a faucet. Who was flung around the small cramped room, half naked and not, bleeding from huge wounds and cuts and tears streaming from his barely there red puffed out face.

Let me see your dick.

Let me see your mouth.

Let me see your asshole. Spread those cheeks and dig it out. Let's see your pussy, stud. Let me sniff that ugly rancid cunt.

And the lambs that would protect you. And make excuses for you. Would just as soon slice open your face with a hard smash and yank and pummel. The fat cunt with her cracked teeth and antique table that offers up condoms of all shapes and flavors just in case the press drops by. With her new age answers for whores and the sexually sick; with her prim politeness and care for dwarves and misfits and you little dicked dying faggot: you worthless human time wasting plug hole. You cows.

With your drag queen accent and librarian chic mistakes; your Chicago cheap hip and NY magazine debauchery. Your little celebrations and get-togethers.

Your donations and discussions and ribbons and screaming greek art only filled the space in your ineffectual anecdotes until now. Now it's all different.

And some close-cropped pig in a leather jacket decided to fuck women exclusively like herself, rather than femme stereotypes or bull dyke reactionaries all under the umbrella of her ecumenical sadism. And there's room for you there, sweetheart. She doesn't really want it, baby, come here. Come along baby this is the meaning of your mission, public sex, macho sluts and a parade on the weekend. This is where you fit.

Every two minutes a wife is beaten. A heterosexual woman gets AIDS. Someone with the exact same stink of dick breath as you finally expires into a sweaty spindly victim of the great plague poster boy.

And while you laugh. Here in your death room. There in your fetal position all tied up in confusion and brain softening drugs and pity; while you forget. That some guests of yours thrashed you within inches of your life one particular sex night for your diary and friends, you certainly must remember this:

And this is what I know.

That disease, that virus, that's turned into cancer and left you alone a sweating needing bowl of pale skin and strings and hurting tendons affixed to bones affixed to transparent aching skin was triggered into action on that very night.

As you talk about going out to your favorite bar when you leave the hospital. You're mumbling, dear. Your mother is dead, yes dear, I know, don't cry. I'm sure she was, dear. Don't do this to us, dear. You'll be out soon and work is fine just now. Don't worry. When you return you'll have just so much to correct and keep you busy.

Everyone misses you so much.

And the girls all send their best. And one in particular wants to visit you—she's so worried, she's so sweet, and she loves you so much. And it would be good for both of you to spend time together. You're both very special people.

And they think they'll never miss you—no matter what they say, no matter how thin their sense of duty and compassion is—they think they'll hate the very thought of your slow rotting body and face and brain; all collapsed now from AIDS; from the attack that turned you into a feeding spewing lung sucking dog.

And this is all I know. That I like to think that those men who stuffed all sorts of things into your face hole, asshole, and like Randy Kraft maybe, broke off sticks inside your pisshole. And beat you with hard fists and boots and sharp clean teeth and thick heavy hard-ons, cummed on your living corpse and you tasted it. With your blood.

And I'm afraid that what I know won't match up

to what I hope.

FOUR

That rican on the corner.

Standing there holding court for that squat hooded porker with the hideous tufts of large orange hair puffing and blowing out all over that square stunted mama head. Her fat spic greasy liver lips slathered over with lumpy bright pink chewable lipstick and covered again and again by an easy pound of lardish gluey poundcake make-up. Her huge oxen ass all bustled up and crammed into those worn tight Levis. Fat puckered rolled thighs and belly all blubbering over her meaty thick cunt lips and hot stinking bush and black fucking hole. Pig in a hip-hop parka and honking at the garbage that spills from the rican stud's slippery latin lips.

He fucks that thing. That sweaty sleazy bitchy teenager. He strains those fine cut muscles behind those hand scrawled and poked gang tattoos and digs deep into the only personality that short dead cow has to offer. He cums into that hell and somehow creates another screaming, puking, money sucking, hole fucking, table clearing ant for the busy ant farm.

And you wonder: where else does he stick that dick? Does he fuck men too? Just for fun? Just for some wet rough sport, maybe humiliating, fun?

Would he let you suck that rican cock of his? Would he beat the fuck out of you if you even asked? Maybe he would. Maybe he would pull it out. Tease you while you wait for what you want and what he may give you. That fat rican uncircumcised fleshy flaccid thick meat waving at you. Held in one of those angry tough fists. Bunched up and threatening, anticipating. Let you taste it. Lick it—show him what you can do with your mouth before you think that the only difference in muscle taste is in the smell of the underwear that sticks to their pubic hair. Poke at the large curled skin at the long end of the tube that nestles large in your shaking palm, so gently trying to gauge weight and sensitivity. Brush the protruding teary pisshole and push your tongue's end in and out, searching for some feeling, some taste, some reaction,

some memory, some piss and cum and hole stink. Swallow down the smell and the filth and caress and slurp with your stretched mouth all up and down and spit and lick and stare and stroke and what would happen if you rubbed his tight fitting clenched ugly asshole with a quick flat fingertip now. Reach down and beat off. Pull your own hard penis and suck his up and down with the exact same technique. Two cocks all one hungry pig faggot.

And after he cums in your face. Straight down your throat. On your chest and stomach; all over your pants and cheeks and jutting lower lip—would he beat you up then? And would you like him to? Especially now. Drenched in his cum and weak in your need and empty of your lust bravery. Can't you just taste it now? That long rican muscle meat cock and hairy full balls shaking in your soaked face and over your head as the pain in your skin echoes the tightness in your sloppy mouth and jaw. The blood you taste in your mouth, the blackness in front of your eyes when you pass out and under.

Imagine getting the wrong idea. Imagine doing all that work and not getting what you want. Imagine it being the only thing—right then it seemed like always—and never finding release. Or not realizing. Not knowing. Imagine just stopping dead in the middle of numb answers and placating bits and scraps.

What can you possibly control. What can you keep under control.

When did you learn not to?

Where? From whom? When you line up. And wait.

When did you learn your manners? Where did you learn to wait your turn and what to do? How to towel her off and care for her; how to keep your cool and relax and line up.

When did you learn not to turn that open gash into a dry scraped red worn wound? When did you learn to spit on your fingers and to rub grease into

that fucking sewer so you won't tear the thin skin off your cock when you slam in and out of that seething mother's organ.

That technique that you so naturally apply to your wrist and fingers as you move effortlessly about your burning hard-on, positioning yourself to ejaculate onto her sweaty moaning whore's head.

How do you quell your disgust?

How do you know when you've hit the right position? When you've got your clotted load into her eyes, nose and lovely, lovely, straight down into her sick gullet. Her womb. Her hole.

How do you function?

How do you work it all out?

How do you know when to spin her around and apply a little more mucous into that fecal abscess and plunge into her whole boned body. Did you cum yet? You squirting freak pig? You fucking pig. Did you feel that tiny twitch that makes your joints ache, nipples harden and face flush? You fat beast, you hole waiting to happen.

You slag.

When did you learn not to turn this train into something real? Something violent and satisfying?

When did you learn not to slam one after another into that great fat pit as she's being kept flat down by her ankles and wrists. With another choking her, maybe, and smashing her teeth into jagged bits ripping down into her bloody sputtering gagging wet throat if she fucking dares to nip your hot dick as you stuff it all full into that bawling pleading spitted mouth.

When did you learn to care for your sisters?

And keep your distance?

How do you fight that impulse? How do you feed that nature?

Careful not to step in that shit.

How do you know when to stop? How do you know when she's just about dead? When have you really had enough? Your fill? What you deserve?

Cheap street slut, just asking for it. Waiting to be filled and completed and paid. That yes. That offer. That sly acquiescence. that honest mutuality, that cheap cunt.

And when do you learn to look back and make sense of it all?

When did you learn not to?

These gypsy mothers look to send their little children around. In a dirty train station in Paris—immaculate by american standards—Gare du Nord or Gare de Lyon or wherever—these filthy little sheet wrapped demons ply their trade. A very young boy, maybe eight, and a couple of older but barely twelve-year-old girls walk next to you as you check out the departure times on one of the overhanging boards. They tug on your sleeve and motion to their mouths;

point to their skinny bellies completely covered by their fucking pastel bed sheets. They're very persistent. Again, not at all like Americans are used to. They're muttering in French over and over, pointing at their open mouths with hangdog eyes and begging for money and food.

Dirty little rats. Darling little urchins. Special little devils. Flat dark complexions with a little Gaelic, a little soot and a little professional cartoon sympathy. A perfect package of annoying gall think the fat. A perfect picture of little fuckable screaming flesh for the right price dreams the degenerate.

Chubby cheeks. How much would your cow mother sell that face to me for? If I could trust the ridiculous situation or the wretched circumstance. Or the mind freezing fear and spine shortening lust. In one of the dank bathrooms maybe? That's not what you want, is it, you greasy little package of manicured wolf. Your new teeth and do you get a chance to play at night or in the very early morning? Where? Inside some fucking tent? Some ghetto? With some hairy freak and fat mama vodka fucks in the bed by your soft tiny black haired head. Your dreamy round frightened face. How to unwrap that carpet? That mile long towel that hides and advertises those harsh bones and mosquito bites.

I like the finger pointing to that deep black mouth, sweetheart.

And the childish digit to the tummy as well. The large eyes, imitating entreaty and careful pout. Those cheeks are simply perfect. I see that impulse, I see that move, you know—my fat dirty knuckle eczematous long finger jutting into that lipped open wet hole. Those soft pinkish lips. Everything so small and hung dead in an open loll. Those stubby teeth that I scratch and push further—gently, slowly—staring at that fucking martian face and money gape sucking in every long second. Knowing and feasting on every blank empty feature in that little girl destroyed face. All the way in and down into that black throat, pushing down on that fat thick baby tongue. And making a hook with my fingers. Inside that mouth. My thumb on your little chin. My fucking filthy hand that smells like a gross fucking sandwich, fat meat, cheese and lard, greasy potato chips or my just pissed balls all inside your face. Covering the bottom of your head, the mouth you use to beg with. The mouth and chin you might try and laugh with when—what—when momma lets you off the leash just before bedtime you little flesh trader?

Would you like some money in that cup?

Would you like something to eat—something to crumble and place through those little puffed chub cheeks and gentle mouth, soft lips and pushy colorless eyes? Make a kiss. Wipe the spit off a little, honey. Close those burning eyes. Close your eyes. Try

and smile. There there. Would you like something to fill that tight pulling forming little girl's belly? That thin flat stomach just there with a firm but loving stinging loud slap. A pat and rub. And fingers that can't wait to crawl a little lower. Retract. And inside. And a bit higher across the front to that bony chest and slowly compress all that taut flesh that'll just split and pull and scrape across those bones and pumping fist-sized heart and girly baby dirty thin skin.

I like the fingers back in your mouth, little dear. I like my thumb maybe forcing hard down into your wet nestled tongue and seeing those tears start in the lower edges of your muddy glass eyes. Stare right back at me and think of the money of your momma or your aunt or hunchbacked papa or whatever goes with that incorrect existence. Think of handing over that money. Of those huge ugly seething smoking jailers spending that money. Think of them wiping out the cold insides of your mouth and cunt. Looking for bruises on your chest and throat. Flat on your back, up at the ceiling, now towards the sides, now down, looking at the blood that burst behind your worthless big baby eyes. Cleaning you up. Washing me off. Spitting and swallowing it out. Toweling you off.

I don't need to know. I don't need to understand any facts, details or ridiculous attempts at truth.

And I don't want you to be subhuman, sweetheart. I'm not interested in touching anything I didn't touch long before entering. Entering the whole deal. You're special, yes indeed. But not because of anything you, or the people who sell you, do.

That cute pointing gesture and hung lazy begging mouth, cheap glint and board navel that points to a gaping... um, bloody coke bottle ripped scar and bite marks and a slippery wet set of mucous drenched fingers and spit and piss and momma's umbilical bleed and shit and crybaby screams and deep howls and confusion and hate and bright white black punches, kicks and cum has absolutely nothing to do with what you offer either way.

I held that personality in my hand—your personality—in my hand before I walked in here and saw that small motion walking behind me. Tugging at my sleeve. Being so impolite and forceful and demanding and bad needy. So professional.

FIVE

Let's make a list.

Let's record—or we'll just try and remember, all right, what it is you like or don't like. Like you didn't care for me sticking my tongue in your ear, did you? It was icky, wasn't it?

And you weren't laughing when the pinches changed from tickles, huh? You like the tickling though, right? For awhile, right? Just for a little while.

Do you like kisses? Just not with the tongue, right? And not down there, right?

You don't like it when you get spanked do you? No—it makes you feel like you've been bad, right? And you weren't bad, were you? But what if I told you I only spanked your bottom 'cause you've got such a nice round soft one—and that I was only showing my admiration for it? It wouldn't change things would it? How 'bout if I told you it was less admiration and more... special.

That wouldn't be fair, would it? That would be terrible, wouldn't it?

So—let's play a different game, all right? Let's see if you know how to read—do you?

Let's look at this.

Look at this, do you know who this is?

Do you think he's ugly? And scary?

Read this line here.

THEY HAD NO IDEA WHO HE WAS, BUT HE IS A CUNNING DEVIL AND ANYTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED.

Do you know who the devil is?

That's not really him, is it? No—that's not the devil at all, is it?

Read here.

PEOPLE SHOULD REMEMBER THAT THE LAST TIME HE WAS WITH A CHILD WAS WHEN HE HAD

HIS HANDS ROUND THE NECK OF MY LITTLE GIRL.

That sounds terrible, doesn't it?

What's going on there?

See—did you read the bit above that?

IT'S SICKENING TO LET BRADY TOUCH ANOTHER CHILD.

Who's saying that? Is it the mother of the child that died or is it the man in the picture? Of course, it's the mother, isn't it? She's talking about the man in the picture, right? Very good.

Here's a good one.

Read this. Down here.

THE FAMILY SAID: MR. READE HAS SAID NOW HE DOES NOT MIND WHO COMES TO THE FUNERAL BUT HE DOESN'T WANT ANY CAMERAS CLICKING DURING THE CEREMONY.

That's no big deal, is it? The headline—that's what this is—looked better. That's the trouble with advertising.

Read the big letters.

SICK MOORS MUM'S FINAL AGONY.

That sounds impressive, doesn't it? Do you know what agony is—can you believe you'll ever be this old?

That you'll look like that? That all this soft smooth skin will just bleed and droop and chew into something like that?

Look at that—I'll see if I can find another photo, sort of like a before and after shot but it'll be somewhat different 'cause... see this is the mother of this child. See—this is what this cute little darling could've turned into.

Can you believe it?

Of course, we have to leave some room for bitterness and agony and regret and revenge and

hatred—so maybe this one's just a little more twisted and old than the other one would've turned into.

Want to know what happened to the little girl?

Read this first—this'll give you an idea.

"IT WAS TORTURE, THE SCREAMS ON THAT TAPE. NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH. I STILL HEAR HER NOW. SHE COULD HAVE MARRIED AND HAD CHILDREN. THAT'S A WHOLE GENERATION LOST."

Think about torture—the way she does. She's the mother. Think about what losing the little girl did to the mother.

Look at what she says here.

"NO ONE HAS SUFFERED MORE THAN I HAVE. IT'S NOT THE DYING. I'D SOONER HAVE SEEN HER RUN UNDER A BUS."

That sounds terrible, doesn't it?

Here's a good bit.

Read this.

MR. NORTH SAID, "THIS WAS A CHILD LURED TO AN ISOLATED SPOT WHERE SHE SUFFERED INJURIES TO HER HEAD AND THROAT SUCH AS TO CAUSE HER DEATH.

"THE INJURIES WERE AS A RESULT OF A CRIMINAL ACT WHICH WAS THEN ATTEMPTED TO BE HIDDEN." HE DESCRIBED THE MORE SEVERE THROAT WOUND AS "MASSIVE."

THE INQUEST WAS TOLD THAT A COAT COLLAR SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN PUSHED DELIBERATELY INTO PAULINE'S NECK IN AN ATTEMPT TO REDUCE BLEEDING.

That's her.

Do you think she's pretty?

Not as pretty as you, right?

And she's dead—so it doesn't count. Does it?

Why do you think she had her throat cut? Who could do that to such a pretty girl? Right—you know who would do it, don't you? So why—why would someone take someone as pretty as that little girl there and then cut her throat all up?

Can you imagine?

Try and imagine that. Look at that little girl and see if you can see her inside your mind all screaming and bleeding. And naked. Imagine that man there doing all sorts of bad things to her naked young body as she cries and bleeds from a gaping throat wound.

You're getting excited aren't you? Scared? Sad?

Do you feel bad for the little girl?

Do you think about yourself in her position—do you think that it would be a horrible thing to have your throat cut and your body violated by that man?

Or by any man?

'Cause he's in jail, isn't he?

You're safe from him.

But all this could happen, couldn't it?

It's a terrible world out there if you have to be

scared all the time, isn't it?

It's not fair.

And look here—here's her father. Imagine how he feels. You think you feel bad, look at him.

Read this bit here.

"PAULINE WAS A HEALTHY AND ACTIVE GIRL. SHE HAD NO PHYSICAL OR MENTAL DISABILITIES.

"THE LAST TIME I SAW HER ALIVE WAS AT TEN MINUTES TO SEVEN ON THE FRIDAY EVENING OF JULY 12, 1963.

"SHE WAS ON HER WAY TO CORNWALL STREET DANCE HALL.

"SHE WAS WEARING A WHITE AND PINKISH DRESS, WHITE SHOES, A PALE BLUE COAT, A CARDIGAN AND A GOLD COLORED NECKLACE. SHE HAD A RING ON HER FINGER.

"PAULINE HAD BROWN HAIR AND SHE WAS ABOUT FIVE FOOT TALL."

Do you think that's sad? Who's sadder—her father, and all that about memories, or her mother and the wear and tear on her face?

Both pretty fucking sad, huh?

Doesn't it just make you feel terrible?

Do you believe all this shit?

All this crying and hurting—does that sound real to you? Or honest?

You'd feel terrible, right? If mommy died? Or if your father fucking looked as sick as that old bag of bones, right? But—you're a very special case, aren't you? You're very selfish, right?

Do you know what selfish is?

But how do you think—how do you imagine your parents would feel if they lost you—but, wait, don't answer yet—how do you think they'd feel if they lost you and you weren't as special as you think you are?

You know what I mean?—like here:

"SHE IS ALL RIGHT NOW, DEAR. SHE IS WITH GOD AND SHE IS PRAYING FOR YOU."

Even you must know that's garbage.

But it's not so much the god bullshit—it's just the fact that the fake sympathy really doesn't seem necessary, right?

Don't you think so?

How long would you like to think your parents will grieve after you're murdered?

It's all over these.

Read this one, down here.

"WHAT KIND OF A 'NICE GIRL' LETS MY LITTLE GIRL BEG HER FOR MERCY? HOW CAN ANYONE THINK SHE IS A CHANGED WOMAN AFTER ALL THIS TIME?

"SHE WAS NOT LED BY BRADY WHEN THEY KILLED THREE YOUNGSTERS. SHE IS THE EVIL ONE."

Does that sound bitter? Grieved? Pained?

I honestly would hate to think it's not all of those,

but I can see you're just a little unconvinced.

Here.

THE MOTHER OF MOORS VICTIM KEITH BENNETT HAD MURDER IN HER HEART TODAY AFTER SHE LEARNED THAT HER LITTLE BOY MAY HAVE BEEN FROGMARCHED TO HIS DEATH.

"IF I COULD HAVE GOT MY HANDS ON BRADY AND HINDLEY I WOULD HAVE TORN THEM APART," SAID MRS. WINNIE JOHNSON AS THE GRIM SEARCH FOR KEITH'S REMAINS CONTINUED ON SADDLEWORTH MOOR.

See—what d'ya think?

Do you think they're just fucking asking for it, just begging to live their lives like that?

What do you trust in, honey?

Look at this bit.

MRS. JOHNSON, A HOSPITAL KITCHEN ASSISTANT, TOLD HOW SHE FELT WHEN SHE READ OF HER SON'S TERRIFYING WALK.

"I WAS BUSY COOKING, BUT I JUST BROKE DOWN AND CRIED."

That's a very sad picture, isn't it?

Her bawling over her beans at the thought of her little tot marching up the moor to be murdered and sexually abused.

Why you must think me terribly callous... that's a terrible thing, isn't it, honey?

The little boy marching up, not really knowing what's going to happen—or what if, what if he did know?

Imagine that—let's pretend the little bespectacled lad was told he was going to be murdered there.

That's very exciting, isn't it?

What if he had been raped beforehand. What if the tot had blood all over the inside of his trousers as he stumbled and fought and cried his entire way up to that hill?

It didn't happen that way, did it?

Do you like to pretend?

Do you like to play games—do you like to play grown up?

I'll tell you what—I hate it when you second guess yourself—let's look at this instead.

Now see, here's where you're lucky.

Apparently, I'm supposed to show you pictures of kiddie pornography. This, I'm told, is a technique whereby I'll lower your defenses and inhibitions by saying things like:

See they're doing it.

It's not so bad.

Just try this.

But I'm sparing you these tried and true police techniques and philosophies. Look at this instead.

Do you know who she is?

She doesn't look that special, does she?

She looks nice though, yeah? Kinda cute and

cheerful. Happy. Rather like yourself, right?

She has a nice smile, doesn't she?

Can you smile like that?

Turn your mouth up like this—look, do it this way, see, use the corners of your little mouth you stupid cunt.

Just like this photo.

Smile. Like this, idiot.

Narrow your eyes a little bit more.

Sort of squint.

She has a much prettier nose than you do.

Who do you think took this photo? Do you take pictures in school—where you stand in line for the chance to make a nice snap for mom and dad and grandma and grampa?

So fucking act like that.

Smile exactly like that photo there.

Look—can you see anything in those little eyes there? Look carefully. Just a lot of little dots, right?

Nothing there tells you what happened—what might have happened to that little darling. Right?

Do you think she grew up into one of those beaten and bitter hags I showed you earlier?

Do you think she grew up at all?

You can't tell, can you?

Do you think—for example—that she was dragged out of a window during a sleep-over party with a couple of her friends and then strangled?

Does that make sense from that shot?

You don't see any blood in that shot, do you? Any terror or crying or worthless little baby flesh being kneaded and pierced and shook all over the fucking dirt-naked and screaming and dying underneath all sorts of tape, and oddly, an incredible amount of clothes.

How does this work?

Ready, yet?

Would you rather see a film? Or some magazines with little nude kids fornicating in them?

Just tell me what you want.

Do you wish you had cheekbones like that?

I do. Now, at least.

What I should do—what I should do is rape you—fuck that cunt so it hurts, just so it fucking bleeds and continues to bleed and stretch that asshole so far apart you'll never take a shit again without thinking of me.

(He stretches black electrician's tape across her mouth, circling it around her head, tightly clamping her thick handfuls of black hair stuck to her nose and lips.)

Then I should cut your fucking arms off—leave you broken fucked and bleeding in a drainage ditch. And let you live, cunt. I'd like to see you turn twenty

years old without arms; with silver steel poles jutting out of your shoulders and mechanical hooks for hands.

(Smashes her full force with a hard fist to her little black taped head. Hits the plastic stringy feel of the tape with a loud stinging clump, splitting her nose open and cutting open the edges of her eye.)

I should have fucked your face some more. I should have pissed down your throat a lot more. I wish you fucking died drowning in my piss—when I shoved my cock into your little mouth and came down your throat, and started to piss, and I pulled out to watch your red ugly gagging face contort and sputter. I should have just left me in there and felt you die with my pissing cock filling your lungs and red exploding face.

(Starts to piss again. Holds his half-hard cock up to the crying mute face that shows only eyes, hair and a bloody nose and dribbles a few drops that spill onto her naked body—spills onto her chest and into her lap as she sits stupid in front of him, on a bed, with only her wrists tied behind her back. Then the piss comes fuller and steadier. He drenches her body.)

You cunt. You slippery pig cunt. I just want my filthy piss into your wounds, you cunt. I should cut you in half—right down the fucking middle crossways. And shit in your throat, make you eat some more of that shit. Cut you up and leave you for no one to tell who you are forever.

(Smashes his fist into her face again. Her nose splits across her face spilling blood onto the bed and her body. She falls unconscious to her back and bounces to her side as her hands cushion the fall.)

You cheap cunt.

You filthy fucking pig.

(He cuts the rope tying her wrists together and slices into her wrists and backs of her hands. He lays her down on her back and flops her arms out to the sides, her legs spread before him.)

Wake up, you cunt.

Wake the fuck up, cunt.

I want you to fucking see this you fucking cunt. I want to see you struggle and—come on, cunt—I want to see you trying to scream underneath that tape. Come on, baby.

(He smashes his fist again down into her face. Again back down full wind up and smash. He feels the tape slap and begin to give under the punches as her teeth start to give way. As the littler bones around her mouth start to break and crumble.)

You lucky pig. You dog. You think I want you to die now? You think I want to let you sleep through this?

(He cuts the tape off her face slicing into her blood soaked flesh blackened and torn face as he flails all jagged rips and digs. She remains mute, her

eyes closed and expressionless due to the running red black blood.)

I want you to see this. I want to hear you fucking scream you cunt. I don't care who hears you you worthless piece of cunt. Come on, cunt. Make some fucking noise—this is your last fucking day here, pig, you better fucking enjoy it. You better get something out of this. Understand, pig, this is it—you shouldn't fucking sleep through your last day on earth like you did every fucking day of your life.

(He leans into her face and slaps his hard cock down at her face. He's hard as a rock, his erection pointing straight up and out like an iron pole. He rubs his engorged head into her facial wounds and jerks his shaft back and forth. He decides to masturbate and quickens his pace.)

You fucking pig. You fucking diseased pig. You really are disgusting, you really are. You cunt. You like that—

Wake the fuck up. I want you to see this.

I want you to see this pig.

I want you to see this pig.

I want you to see all of this.

You like it?

Huh? You fucking like this you pig?

You fucking cunt. You fucking pig.

Come on, honey. Come on, sweetheart.

Are you dying—huh? Are you dying?

Are you fucking dying you dog?

You dog.

You fucking dog.

You filthy fucking dog.

You dog. You dog.

You fucking hideous dog.

(He cums into her wounds. Just a long spurt and bubble from the head of his cock as he points it down into a money shot, then a few more jerks and his jism explodes into her blood and torn flesh. Her swollen red eyes and blackened open nose. Into her hair like a porn prostitute or a peep show pig. He massages his cock into her pain and filth and starts to go limp and thick.)

Atta girl. That's a good girl.

Did you enjoy it?

(Raises off of her body and starts to smash his fists into her face again. His cock still softening and dripping.)

I wish I had a baseball bat. I'd turn you into pulp. Like that little street whore; that little cuntung twelve-year-old ashtray.

How'd you like to be fucked one last time? Do you like to get fucked, sweetheart?

Did you dress all this flesh up into tight clothes that advertised your best features and hid your worst? And then troll down to the hip clubs and bars and dog pounds to suck up all the attention? Or lack thereof.

Is that what you did with your time? How many cocks have been in your face before mine? How many cocks did you try to convince of your real worth?

Did it work?

(He moves to her legs and spreads them out further. Full exposure. He mounts the body, his face at the end of the bed, over her feet. His greasy cock dangling over her bloody mashed head, his ass up and strained.)

He guides his cock down into her face and flexes his butt cheeks. His asshole tightens and relaxes again as he pumps into her face. He starts to harden only slightly.

He pushes himself up and to the front and reaches a hand underneath the bed at her side. He dismounts and climbs off the bed.)

Let's see what kind of fuck you were.

Let's see what you brought to the party.

(He bends down and searches under the bed with his hand, his head staring at her cunt. He finds a coke bottle.)

How's this, piggy? The right size for you?

You know, dear, if I had my boots on—shit, if I owned a pair of boots—I'd fucking kick that fucking slash of yours into the mulch that is your face. As it is, though, I'm only going to fuck you.

There's no point in fucking you with my dick, is there? You can't watch and you're not going to walk out of here—and I certainly have no intention of sticking any part of me into that filth hole unless it's going to affect you, lover.

Do you watch your boyfriend when he slams into you? Do you flutter your eyelids and pull away from the hard hugs as he plows into your womb? Do you pull back just to see the... what?

Passion?

The enjoyment—the excitement, the knowledge that you're pleasing him?

Or just to complete the act—you know, that it would be expected of you, like you saw in the movies or the fucking simple dreams you have in that little pea brain?

Is he fooled? Do you cum? Do you work? Do you... are you a good fuck? Are you a nice lay, sister?

And, of course, I do hope you're safe. You wouldn't want to get any sick fucking pig disease slammed into that beastly little sewer hole, now would you?

You're just a cunt. Now, you know that, don't you? Now—see—you have nothing—ever—to offer anyone. And your whole life has come down to this fucking bottle.

(He puts the lip of the coke bottle up to her splayed cunt—dry and pink and bulged out, its lips and hood and the rack in the curve of her shit hole all visible underneath the matted and oddly spaced tufts

of thick black pubic hair. He pushes the neck of the glass in barely, the skin doesn't give but sticks. He pushes harder; violently then from his shoulder and the glass enters tightly up to the swollen bottle body. Out again, the cunt lips tacking to the bottle not releasing it so easily. Back in, harder. Harder using his shoulder blades and back. Harder. Pushes. And the cunt gives to the larger part of the bottle. In. Into. Her cunt expands around the push and shove and force and glass. Out again, with his hand around the flat round base of the bottle but it stays stuck. Further in then. And he slams his other fist, on the side of his balled up little finger, onto her pubic nest. The bottle stuck inside of her. Smash again onto that bone and hair and flesh. He leaves the bottle in there and brings his other fist to smash in its base. His fist slams into the base of the bottle stuck up inside her cunt and glass cracks everywhere. His knuckles are cut. Her cunt bleeds and her wiry pubic hair seems to spread even wider to allow a clear view of the mess. He knows the glass is inside her body cutting her meat and womb to shreds.)

You pig.

(He reaches next to the bed and grabs a broom handle. He stands up, off his knees, aims the handle end to her cut dry bleeding cunt hole and jams it in much more easily.)

Did you die yet?

Do you like it? Huh? Do you?

(He fucks her with the handle. He smashes and crushes the glass inside her cunt and starts poking deep into her body. Up and in and far. He wants to puncture her lungs, her spleen, liver, break her ribcage, fuck her heart and throat with the long blue painted wood of the broom handle. In and further in, then back only slightly, in an din again. Violently, faster and faster and harder and harder.)

You cunt.

You pretty darling little cunt.

You darling little girl.

Move those tits, honey. Come on, baby.

Dance, doll.

Come on, I'll tip ya—move those fucking dugs back and forth. I'll give ya a nice tip. Shake that ass, cunt.

(She bleeds and sputters. Deep black crimson blood seeps into the bed and splatters his hard aching cock and packed up balls. Both hands grasp the broom handle as he fucks the corpse.)

How much for a lap dance, sweetie?

Huh? How much to see that fat ass of yours?

You cunt. You fucking cunt. Move your cunt. Move it. Move.

What kind of pig are you?

What kind of fucking pig looks like this?

You know about that retard, huh? Do you know

about her? The one that got fucked by a gaggle of jocks with a baseball bat, huh? Fucked her retarded cunt with a baseball bat... fucked her cunt... just like this.

(They wrapped the baseball bat in plastic so as not to get it dirty. The girl told the court that it might have been her idea to use the bat. Her parents didn't agree.)

I like you a lot, pig.

Don't mistake it. I like you a fucking lot you beast. You fucking cow.

I like those fat retarded tits and that bent dumb fucked face. I like the films I have of you sucking off horses.

I like the way you crawl around.

I like the photos I have of your ten-year-old naked baby body praying—with that black blindfold on. You little plugged darling.

I love—I fucking love it the way your head—the way your skull has big fucking holes in it from a ballpeen hammer, and the way you get scissor fucked.

I like the way you cry on TV after drowning your little sickening babies—come on, cunt, let me hear you say what you did. Let me hear you cry.

I like when you beg not to have your cunt filled or your arms cut off.

I want to hear you scream when I put cigarettes out in your fucking eyes. How's that hurt—how much did the flesh 'round your twelve-year-old mama vagina hurt when I sat it on the end of my hard-on?

I want to see your whore's body handcuffed and beaten and lit on fucking fire in a hotel room.

I want to see you suck crack and see pictures of you eating out assholes as a little girly baby.

I fucking like you—aesthetically, you're just a doll, specifically, you. Darling.

I want to see it all in that cunt. When I turn and rip that shit hole open to your neck. When I splay open that cunt to your parents and your johns and your boyfriends. When I cut off your tits.

SIX

This would all go a lot easier if you'd stop trying to second guess me. If you would just answer the questions I ask or just tell me how you see certain events without having to worry about how I'll react. Or what conclusions I'll draw.

It's stupid to act as if these questions of yours are... as if all this was a vacuum or something.

First off, you don't have enough information about what my job is and secondly, I think you misunderstand my interest, or my position, as regards any conclusions that I may make.

Actually, I have little or no interest in your conclusions. I just don't trust your intentions. But my real problem is that I don't like your attitude.

Oh come on.

Not in a flippant way. I mean—you've got a lot of balls thinking you can ask me all these questions and that I'll just answer them so you can record all my impulses on your little checklist. I don't know you and I'm sure you don't have a clue. Whether or not I can convince others of your ignorance, I think, will be a very real problem. And now I look paranoid, right? Or hostile. And, of course, you are just perfectly correct. This is fucking insulting.

Certainly, convincing others shouldn't be a problem—well, convincing is probably the wrong word. But you know you'll have adequate opportunity to explain yourself and your reactions. Your conclusions. Your reasons and beliefs and situations.

My excuses.

If you prefer.

Nothing here is what I prefer. This is what I mean. You ask me these questions in this supposedly safe way—as if it's just you and me and some mutually understood philosophy. It's not. And I would never enter into a conversation of this sort with someone who's so ridiculously different than me.

It doesn't have to be a shared philosophy—how else will you learn something, if you don't have different opinions? I know that. And it still must be stressed that we're not here to argue. Your answers only need be honest.

Even if your questions are not.

This is a problem. You're so worried about my questions and my possible reactions to your answers that you're unable to answer them. And, of course, you know that I have to make some sense of your answers based on however you answer. So all this arguing is answering. It's just that I'd like to break through that wall now.

I can give you what you want. I really don't like that you want it. And I don't like what you'll do with it.

How you'll cheapen it.

What do I want, exactly?

Let's talk about my mother.

Have I asked you about your mother?

It's a joke.

Well, then... how—

I was making a joke about how your sort just wants to bring everything back to something as mundane and simplistic as someone's mother or father or abuse or whatever.

Nonetheless, that I haven't asked you about your mother must say something.

Okay, let's do it this way.

I'll tell you about my mother if you'll tell me about the children you've helped.

I don't know that I'd like to hear about your mother right now, but I'm willing to play out this game, if you like.

I can tell you about my attractions to retarded girls.

Okay, go on.

And the first rape I ever saw.

Wonderful.

Which one?

Why not the rape—you said saw, didn't you?

Yeah—you'll like this one, 'cause it's got drugs in it as well. Which should certainly confuse all the issues.

I was about sixteen and I used to hang around with a whole group of guys. We called ourselves a gang but back then a gang didn't mean the same thing as it does now. Anyways, one bright summer day we found out—we were just hanging out at this school yard and a friend drove up and told about five of us that he was going back to a motel where a few of our friends had picked up this hitchhiker—so, naturally, we all piled in the car and went there.

All in all, there were about ten or eleven of us, I suppose. All standing and sitting in this motel room—some of us inside, some of us waiting by the pool. This was during the day and I remember it was pretty hot.

This girl—on the promise of free drugs and the room—was more than willing to get fucked by anyone and everyone that came through the door. So we all just had to wait our turn.

When I got there, I walked in the room and

there was one of my friends just calmly pumping away at this dirty naked hippie. Laughing—my friend was, and when we walked in he just continued pumping and started talking to us and motioning down to her face with his head—like saying, without actually saying it, look at this fucking pig. I couldn't believe it. It was funny and very exciting at the same time. I was sixteen and horny and the thought that this was that easy was very exciting.

So there was the usual amount of arguing and laughing about who was going next and what she was going to look like by the time we got to her and all that. In the meantime, there was just an incredible amount of drugs around—which we could get at the motel 'cause someone knew the owner or something and I seem to remember a couple of buddies even made another run to get some more, as well as there being a huge liquor store just next door.

Back then, drugs were everywhere. I stopped smoking pot back around that age—well, my first year in high school 'cause the chemicals that were around were so much better. I hated hippies and I hated that sort of drug stupor pot put you in. Most of us switched to THC and PCP and coke—which was just getting popular—and my personal favorite at that time was speed. None of these mind expanders. We were pretty much into heavy damage 'cause we were young and violent and very stupid.

At any rate, guy after guy fed into this pig—she really was just this road pig. She would talk during the fucks and in-between as if she was trying to teach us something about women and freedom or as if she was just trying to get a handle on us—as if she was somehow above all our brash silliness and, you know, if this is what you want, you know, big deal.

Everyone was taking their time with the beast and we'd laugh and continue getting extremely plowed. One of us could be fucking her and we'd laugh if he grabbed her tits too much or tried to kiss her or put his hands the wrong way, whatever. Her soaked and red cunt was a great source of amusement and the fact that no one seemed to care about the possibility—the very real possibility—of disease being passed to absolutely everyone there. Of course, back then it was just VD.

I remember it started to get pretty messy after a couple of hours, with like way too many guys walking around naked and really fucked up and starting to get too loud and playful and violent and mean. We started to fuck her mouth the same time someone was fucking her and, you

know, you'd look over and a buddy'd be sitting there stroking a hard-on staring at you or her tits or you really didn't know what.

She didn't want to blow anyone. But she gave in—she really was a disgusting sort of earth mother cunt when I think about it—condescending and motherly and really all she was was this open sewer flesh hole. This stinking sloppy flesh pit who was probably into it as much as we were. All these young boys and their cocks and it was probably the only way she could get laid. She was by herself when they picked her up.

She wasn't very chunky but I remember her being kind of loose and probably pushing middle age. Brown hair, huge cunt. Watery tits with squashed sore nipples. When I got on top I clearly remember crow's feet and smile wrinkles around her mouth. I also remember her smiling at me like we were sharing a secret or something and that pissed me off. I thought you fucking cunt—I'm just one more and I really didn't appreciate that sort of fake warmth or comfort or whatever it was supposed to be in her head. I really saw her as this ugly pig.

Well, needless to say—the night wore on and this beast was just a sweaty mass on this filthy spunk stained bed and she was getting pretty fed up with us. But I think 'cause of the drugs and alcohol, she didn't fight too much. Just made rude or semi-aggressive comments like: come on, last one and no more—after we were already on sloppy seconds or in some cases, even thirds. Naturally, to amuse our friends the sex started getting more and more filthy and violent—real boy stuff, I suppose.

Now, this is my problem. Drugs don't, I think, make me do stupid things—I think they just allowed a certain veneer of separation between me and the act. I was pretty loaded on coke mostly but I'm sure there was a lot of PCP in me as well as all this shit I was drinking. The problem is everything I see now—the way I remember it, has this veil over it, like this hazy curtain and I don't quite know why. 'Cause I remember the details—but, of course, we talked about it so much afterwards that I would probably remember it just as vividly. But I can see the action in my head. and when I was younger I used to jerk off thinking about it all the time. But those fucking drugs just add all this sad fucked gray to everything.

It was really late and I was really plowed and I'd cum only once but for the life of me, I couldn't get a hard-on to stuff into her mouth like I wanted to. I'd sit there pulling down on my cock which felt just like rubber and a part of anything

else but me. A few of us were having this problem and it was actually sort of funny in a very frustrating but, oddly, friendly way. So I stood there hoping I could work this thing up and started to mash it into her face. She wasn't that angry—not as much as she should have been, certainly, but she was getting sort of disturbed. I remember she'd try and suck it though. Lick it and wiggle her tongue a little. And lick it and rub my balls—but then she'd pull away. All the while, a friend of mine was humping away and—oh, she was drenched in beer and liquor—'cause we started to fool around a bit by then. We were slapping her like a side of beef making her switch different positions and having hand job races and she had stopped being so compliant. So, naturally, we retaliated by dumping liquor on her and spraying her and in general, getting pretty fucking disgusted with her.

My dick would not fucking work. And she really wouldn't cooperate. So I just pulled away and figured; whatever. Though, I was getting pretty fucking tense. And, of course, there was another idiot there at my shoulder who wanted to fill up her mouth if I wasn't going to, so I just pulled away and went back to a corner or whatever.

My humping buddy now had decided he wanted to switch positions and he turned her around on her stomach. And the drugged out piece of meat just evenly did it. Just flopped over. But my buddy had another reason for wanting this position. He started to fuck her in the asshole, which was fine with the pig and then somewhere, somehow, he produced this fucking chair leg that someone had screwed off the comfy chair by the wall. The place was a mess like the bed and the beast didn't seem to care about anything. This chair leg was fucking long. I remember it as being about a foot long and fucking thick.

So his cock pulls out. And he starts slowly sliding in the chair leg. The beast just lays there, stupid and disgusting, her ass propped up by a pillow I think. And my buddy starts to go further and further in and all of a sudden, and I mean, like I hadn't noticed anything till I noticed a lot. My buddy was pulling the leg all the way out and then rubbing all this blood on the back of this beast. And then putting it back into her cunt and pushing it in and then taking it out and wiping the blood again. I don't even know how or when she first started to bleed. But when I did, when he dragged that wooden leg across her back in this sick sort of slow motion rub down, it was just soaked. Like a long blood smear that was liquid and heavy. There was a fuck of a lot of blood. And

you could just smell it. And sort of feel the splinters and punctures inside.

We were fucking howling then. No one took it seriously, sadly, it was all just this amazing fun and the beast was this sweaty mass of unconscious wet flesh. Just like blubber—though, like I said, she wasn't fat—kind of thin with little tits and a loose stomach and hips and a wobbly ass. But she was near death, I think, when we realized things were getting seriously out of hand. Anthony just kept smearing the blood on her back and there was this puddle on him and his dick and the sheets between him and her cunt and he started to show us the color of the blood even better by wiping the leg off on the sheets. Bright deep red and getting black and muddy and extremely viscous due to the incredible amount of blood that just seemed everywhere really quickly.

Some of us decided to get the fuck out of there 'cause we thought she might be dead—but we were still fucking around. Let's try to wake her up by slapping a dick in her face or going: come on, baby, one more, roll over and spitting mouthfuls of beer onto her matted brown hair.

Anthony looked at me and showed me this fucking screw on the end of the chair leg. He wiped the blood off in his fist, looked right at me, and just fucking... lifted the leg up towards my face... it really was amazing. And then he put it back in. All the fucking way. All the way in and out again. With her hemorrhaging just everywhere.

We pretty much just got out of there then. It was really late and we thought she could be dead. I wished we pissed on her. Later on, when I was jerking off, I think I added that bit, but really, we just sort of thought we had gone too far.

Want to know what I especially liked when I jerked off?

Yes.

When you masturbate, do you think of one special image over and over like a single sentence over and over or just a whole list of things?

Do you find yourself excited in general or by specifics? Or by a particular image or idea that stands out from the rest of the build up?

Once again, I don't think anything I say here would help the situation.

The situation? I thought we were friends.

If I told you—even if I told you I didn't masturbate anymore—I'm afraid all this will cloud the issue. That maybe you'll feel we have to agree or it'll just waste

so much more time.

I would believe you if you said you don't masturbate anymore.

Do you think of specific images when you masturbate, do you think of particular body parts or freeze frame images?

I don't masturbate much anymore. Either.

Yes—

I was talking about when I was young. Considerably younger and dumber.

How do you feel about the rape—to use your own word—now?

It happened. I feel it was almost natural, though I'm not happy with that word.

What is natural to you—what is nature?

What is nature is why I don't like the word. Like it's some beast that controls us all the same, like you and I would masturbate at the same things—

I think I mean that the rape—to use my word—just happened and there was an even flow from event to event and a certain lack of control, yes, but not a lot of bother. In the end.

What should have been controlled?

What would happen if I say the pig? See, this is why I don't like that word nature. It's as if she wasn't there none of this would have happened, or if we weren't fucked up maybe nothing would have happened. Or if we weren't stupid teenagers.

But, rather, what makes sense to me is that it did happen and I watched.

Do you feel any sense of responsibility?

I don't feel guilty—I'm certainly not bothered in the least. This is what I'm saying. I didn't do it and I'm not bothered that it did happen, in fact, I'm quite happy it did. My sense of responsibility wouldn't be the same as yours. If you're asking me if I helped along the event—I can only answer that I'm sure I did and, if I think of my masturbating as a barometer, then I wish it went a lot fucking further.

I fucked her. And wanted to again.

My job certainly wouldn't have been to stop the fucking thing.

Was your job to just watch?

That is what happened. Who gives these fucking jobs out?

I simply wasn't sure what you were saying, exactly. Do you think the drugs confused your thinking?

I think they confused my memory.

You don't take drugs anymore?

Just when I was young. I grew out of it—I hate that I did then, I wasn't thinking. Just like fucking.

You don't like sex?

Not sex—I don't like fucking.

What is sex to you?

Want me to tell you about retarded girls?

You said you were attracted—

Which should answer your question.

—to retarded girls.

Retards.

Yes, of course, go on.

SEVEN

Cunt has a real problem. And it swirls above her head uncontrollably and it's too painful, too cutting and evil, to ever try and even think about it. To ever try to bring it to hands that can, somehow, manage. The effort is too much. The truth too crushing. The ability to change perfectly out of reach.

The impossibilities, the impotence, the senselessness all salient and swimming around in a whirlpool that keeps sucking down day after long day into wasted, pained lifestyle. Wasted perfectly. The damage follows the natural disabilities; the selection and pecking order are disadvantages before the fact. Don't forget the pig that you are.

Her options are reduced. Her understanding of them whittles the chances away even more. Get it over with. Go to a doctor. Call a bored friend for a shoulder that lasts the length of the bother. It's the fight that makes you feel so alive. Her mother. Her father. Someone who doesn't want to stick their fingers up inside of her.

Cunt's problem stays up there somewhere. Moving fast and brushing her flattened face like a constant icy burn. Until it turns into a bright bloody punch or a dry long cunt fuck with a wad of dirty crumpled bills shoved into its open bawling mouth.

Stop it.

Stop it, please.

Please... please, stop... please don't hurt me.

Cunt's problem is the drink she slides down her head into her liver and out her gut by oily vomit and thick stringy lung spit every black tar morning. She thinks: How not to need it anymore. How to stop. How to stop wanting to think of nothing else but the breeze it gives her to stop thinking about her worthlessness. And loneliness.

Cunt doesn't think.

Cunt's problem is that soft brain she was born with. Or the hard halved electrically misfiring mass that burps and barely beats behind that low forehead and sunken blank eyes. And the big tits and fat cunt

she can't see beyond. And believes, understands, sees that she doesn't need to.

Cunt does dog tricks.

Cunt's problem is she takes it all. And figures it wants to smile.

Cunt wants to reproduce.

Cunt wants to laugh. And cunt doesn't think. Cunt can't think.

Cunt now sticks two fingers straight down and round up into her flabby snatch: she burns and hisses and twists her drunken greasy lipsticked mouth into a fat blubbery groan and schnapps burp. Cunt wiggles her knuckles and turns her fingertips up inside her deep meat blackness. Her bones sensing the warmth and slippery chew and grind of her pitted corpse. The beast confronts herself; the beast becomes cunt full on.

Like the nigger who stole an old white mother's purse and sent her crashing down into a row of plastic chairs that lines the office where she worked all by herself.

Like the nigger who rubs his long thick eel black dick in the front seat of a cab and thinks nothing from the chipped thick skull and dead beaten dull gape: But cunt and its sister.

Like the nigger who mounts another thirteen year old ghetto rat in a sweaty pissy hallway and discharges a load of thick yellowy glass eyed cum into the womb of a slow grinding death just like all the monstrous drunken mothers.

Nigger's heart exploded.

Those reasons and excuses. All that talk. That dumb rhetoric that one is politely asked to see through and attempt to grasp the experience and

forgive or empathize; a little sympathy.

I saw what they did.

And what they continue to do. And I don't have to be there to know it happens. And I don't have to hope it continues or stops or just as long as I can avoid it.

You do not share hopes and dreams.

You do not feel anything at all.

She's got a whole list of plans to back up her reasons and hopes. How the kids must be sick and the punishments doled out are even sicker. The guiding hand that needs to touch a cheek and pat a hand moves to point the way: new thoughts behind the homes and prisons; a brand new way of looking that, really, is the way everyone thinks and hopes and loves—it's just hard to get past the retribution born of rage and disgust.

The children must be sick. Their parents aren't necessarily evil and the mistakes and thoughtless deeds simply, or rather unnaturally, lined up and stacked all in the wrong order like a big bang theory.

Like a song. About the rain. With a dotting mother and an absent father and a new morning powerful with drink and pain and not a scratch of hope. But a lifting song that rests just above its sad heart, dear.

And the answer is only there for those minutes, sadly, thinks the lying mother. Who dreams of wresting something from the sometimes orifice her husband slinks to plow throughout their child's fledgling life. No, becomes thinner and paler and finally sinks into a glazed look into the bathroom mirror: seeing only age and not giving a fuck anymore. 'Cause the day is just too long again.

And mama figures love doesn't exist but that song's just fine in the right mood.

Fat black cunt rolls, head down, fat belly before her and tits in a cheap blue print flowered dress, to the witness stand.

I want to see those photos again.

And I want to see them the way the men displayed them around the beast.

Sitting there, fat nigger, fibbing, lying like a fat tit ripped nigger full of nothing else but those gray misty words and watery sentences these men have stuffed into her empty clouded corpus.

Fat lips. Dull eyes. Fat head. Fat bushy cheeks and wrinkled neck.

How old are you, dear? 'Cause everyone is your friend now. You're safe and protected and all this is being done for you. You understand that, don't you?

Open that hole and bleed that badly painted pain; let those ideas that buzz and harm and pinch that warped sack inside your skull out like the way these men told you. Filled you.

Maybe like some church gospel song.

The way you cling to hope that looks like god and a choir and a whole list of ways and reasons to live

with someone else in that greasy ugly half-burnt roached numbing hovel.

With babies that die because of some technique that requires any root limbed drunk sweating shit skinned dog to lift the fragile bag crying and screaming out of its towel mounted crib and just. Shake. All those—guts—moving the wrong way and sloshing the wrong way and its death was just waiting anyway.

Like that animal and its beast that slowly stopped feeding the little tube sucking hunchback that shat out of the great shared ghetto womb that allowed for the beast to go, what, seven months without even knowing she was carrying one of those little black as cancerous shit parasites in her flabby wet greased belly.

Niggers and their rotting bellies; niggers and their gorilla rocks and all sharing the same diseased mind like mules.

From Mississippi.

Those fat lips part and slide and pause and flutter and the noises they make burp, bark and slip out into its every increasing lap just like the way the men told her. When she can remember. When she can think. Barely.

She drools: Her boyfriend started to pimp her.

The dog explained the photos.

When her fat glossed nigger lips smacked and stuck together then popped and spit apart and those shy little barely heard pantomimes struggled to eke out and forever away, this little black pig became absolutely everything she had ever lived for. Her entire life. Her pimping boyfriend and her convenient easy willing lies. Her dead meat slash and television cheap brain all coalesced into the gross black titless fat whore up there on the stand. Talking down into her chest, sweetly. And hurt.

Explaining how her dug came to be butchered— one sliced completely off her dripping shit brown soaked fleshy chest, the other hanging loose and heavy by only a thin stretched slit of same hideous mistake skin. Unconscious, there by the crushed empty beer cans and worm soil. Faded into the mud and biting rocky dirt that fixed her bleeding wounds and sticky hot sucking, cocktasting nigger mouth, her closed eyes that probably stayed open in fear or awareness job style as she lowered her hard head in cock extended lap after lap after lap. Swallowing all sorts of shit: cum and the drops of urine that sometimes came before cum, never after. Venereal diseases and the Pyranate 2000 soap that helped to kill the little black bugs that ran through her johns' matted stinky warm pubic nests. Her tits mutilated and sliced, eyes wide open and screaming until the pills that were shoved into her mouth and sunk down her throat with the forced gurgles of coca-cola gave

better than the numbing body saving brain faint.

And the scars were visible.

In the photos to her side. And in the eyes of the judge and the assembled families and onlookers who peered straight into that stuffed dress she wore just below her constantly bowed and mumbling head.

The cunt was tied up in the back of a van. Coke poured down her struggling yanking black throat, pills to kick her head to sleep. Her whore's flabby nigger tits with big crumpled nipples almost black as watery brown wobbly flesh bags in his hand, next to the other that carved and slashed through its stinking female flesh. Bestial whore now crying and hoping and confused in the black red mouth and stuck in place wet soft useless brain.

Like every other nigger prostitute on every other corner in every other blow-job district. Car fucks and napkin hand-jobs.

You want to fuck this mouth?

You want to suck this titty?

You wan' sum o' dis?

Grab that hellish rats' nest between the cheap cloth that covers its obscenity and ask again, this time with your too pink tongue wagging and wriggling like an imitation of what you think is god's sexy gift.

And think that I don't want to jam a coke bottle into that cunt. Hard. And smash it to bits by beating your hairy cunt down from the top with a heavy ballpeen hammer. You fucking nigger cunt beast. You cunting harlot.

How many kids shat out this year, you ghetto sludge? You fucking mother. You disgusting womb trotting animal; you pig, you mother with little piglet crack babies and zombie daddies pissing in that hole that forms some sort of ugly being with limbs and holes and bumps from a sick sea of cum and salty sweat and rank blood and gas and guts and your smelly cunt secretions. You pig. You mother, leg spreading beast.

I want to smash that glass up and cut into and through that black chewed up meat pile wound. That seeping sucking mother's hole. I want to watch the blood just peel out of the little and long cuts the glass rips indiscriminately and spreads width when I push and pinch them with my fingers. And I want to see the bruises that give way to gashes and full open deep fresh wounds when I slam the blunt end of the hammer head into your mound of hair above your cunt pocket.

That wiry black brillo pad of cunt hair. That blacker than mud pit that hides the fat bulging engorged opening to your sick fat belly body.

I'll blast those black nipples back down into your lungs.

Wheeze, cunt. Choke, cunt.

I'll rip those bags that make those nigga boys

hoot and bark right off your chest with the other hard jagged end.

You are exactly what I need.

And I have fucked that face.

You have tasted this cock. You have tasted this unclean unwashed red dick and I have shot loads down into your good memory's mouth.

You are exactly what I want.

And you could have been anyone.

I like what you have to offer. How special you are. How you fit the scene and the image I had before I even knew you breathed at all.

You are exactly what I saw anywhere else.

Like a middle-aged mother of a retard or a paraplegic or little tube breathing dysgenic mistake born of bad drugs and bad acting. Or a perfect suburban dream. A happy pig.

Like a middle-aged fattening bitch hung upside down in an old warehouse where sound bounces off each meat packing stainless steel door. Hung up by her ankles bruised and sliced fainted unconscious. Her legs spread far apart and gaping that gristled vagina open in the hot stolid air waiting for her husband to stick his face into and felch out his spunk and her placenta and the hairy shit baby number two left in there to deafen the next sad worthless pathetic package.

A little girl signing to her mother across the table in the restaurant that you're unlucky enough to choose.

A little blonde boy fixed into an incredible steel girded chair with tubes and straps and breathing apparatus to hold its mute head up. And the mother might ask your help in getting it into the car later.

And into that split vagina that you peer straight into and see all those mistakes and stupidity and slime you raise your hand high above your head and smash your scissors deep back down into it. Again and again and again again and fucking her gross mama body with these bloody splitting slicing scissors all over and into and down further until all her tubes and womb connections to that cunt are shredded into strands of bleeding pulp and flesh mulch so that you can spit all the way down into her dead sunken brain via that saleable pit she's now lost forever.

Open the blades and grasp the hard bloody edge of one. Puncture a fatty varicose thigh with the other sharpened edge and draw up to the knee. How she splits like pork. How she bleeds like sex. How she dies like a crying baby. How she is everything she ever planned and gave up on now.

Her belly is collapsed. Her organs and bones scratched and bitten and crushed and severed. Her breasts are as lifeless as they were in life, her white milky dug mere grandmother appendages waiting for hair and back aches and burps of pain and disgust.

Her nipples snipped off at the pink nib. Her throat knelt to and slashed and her hanging mouth in death sunk into by the scissors scraping her teeth and jaw bone as the scissors plunge and wreak everywhere in her face through that mute hole. Her dead female eyes. Her short sliding make-up dripping nose and booted bruised legs. Her hair done up in just the right price.

This is a cunt. As big as she hoped for. This is a mother whose womb flowered two tight packages of toxic garbage and gave a soaking spot for gallons of barking dogs' cum.

This is another cunt.

Do you live it, whore?

Money slurping, cum swallowing whore that might actually believe in love and drugs and bad luck.

And her position here, in this courtroom, talking about the damage done to her cheap black body and its uselessness and the program she's in now. Up those project metal clanking stairs. All slumped and beaten and day-glo promises getting blacker and dimmer and heavier and sticking that face into a crack pipe like a thin white hard cock is everything she has to offer up.

Shut your eyes, honey.

Now ssshhh, honey baby.

I once watched a retarded girl wring out her T-shirt next to an open fire hydrant. Water was shooting out in storming hard pounding torrents straight onto the black top and running into deep long puddles all down a nice Chicago street. Cars would drive along and know enough to roll up their windows so as not to get soaked. The kids in the neighborhood would lift the water from the hydrant by straddling it and tugging their hands together underneath the rushing flood, lifting their cupped hands and arms and aiming it at the closed car windows. The fathers knew what the boys were doing. Their jaded closeted minds laughing at the fun and leering at the boys' town. In-between the cars the boys would pull the girls they went to school with, into the downpour and grope them. Obvious teenage reasons. Pathetic adult masturbatory memories and conspiratorial back pats. Typical teen methods. Fatty teen tits, waists and hips. Drunks and games.

But the retard had bigger tits and was easier to grab just 'cause she didn't know the correct procedure to giggle and run and feign. So her shirt was pulled off. And she began to cry. While the boys in-between cars started to go wild in-between pretending to worry about her welfare. Until someone pulled her to one side, with her large fairly firm pink hard nipples hanging out of a white bra that was one cup pushed over and the other one wet see-through. Her big tit jiggling and wobbling, her other one steady with the nipple and aureole just as clearly visible.

She sat on the curb and cried and wrung out her wet soaked T-shirt, all stretched out permanently with her fat tits hanging out for the entire block and all the thick teenager hard-ons. Snot and tears running freely along with the water from her drenched dirty blonde hair, all down that slightly bent, largely uneven, round clear eyes and incredibly wracked smearing frown.

Her make-up ran.

That her mother must have tried to help her apply. To please let her be happy. And get along. And be careful.

As the years went by, she was shunned by the other neighborhood girls 'cause every one of the boys would use her bent face to stick their cocks into when no one else would or for a quick laugh or an absolutely necessary cum.

With those big fat nipples. And that retarded mouth hole that knew how to suck and swallow and lick and, of course, please and cuddle. And display. Turn around now and stick your ass in the air, I want to see that dysgenic cunt and asshole. Let's see that untrimmed gorilla blonde bush and suck in that hunchback belly and squeeze your breasts you malleable zombie. You like that? You like that finger in that? You think I like it? You like that I like it? You like that you beast? You dead before thirty mindless cow. Suck it, lick it, squeeze it and I'll call you tomorrow and tell everyone you're my girlfriend. That's okay. Right. Yeah, he's an asshole and all the girls are just stupid, don't you worry. You got a fat fucking cunt and I like it when you pay attention. Kiss it. Open your mouth and watch your hair, honey, it's getting all wet from falling in your mouth. Don't be so messy. Be careful. As you pet and fist her bulbous fleshy tits and pinch that fat hard nipple. Pink getting red getting thick and defined. Finger fuck that hole and cum into that father's little bad dream head, come on baby. Move that ass. Move from here. Suck and lick and flick that extended nipple. For fuck's sake, make a noise, don't just squat here. You like that?

You like this?

Fat tits.

Spread your legs. All the way. I want to sink this thing in deep. All the fucking way. All the fucking way to your twisted spine. All the way in and down and all the way through you you retarded little pig.

Ugly little cunt.

Ugly fat cunt. Spread open and folded and hairy and stinking like the bath oil your mother gave you in the hopes you'd fit in and not have to look exactly like you do now, spread open like a cheap street whore without a smile or a glimpse of reality in that squared made-up painted mona lisa zone.

Cum in that hole.

Black hole.

In that face.

On those fat big hanging firm tits.

Ready and available and easier than most.

Better than most.

It wasn't my fault. Say it.

It wasn't my fault.

How does that sound?

You have to try and believe it. Trust it.

Say it again. This time, see it right there in front of you:

It wasn't my fault.

You're a survivor. You're a victim. This is who you are.

Don't give in. This is how you've been made.

I like when you say it. When you mean it.

When you live it. It wasn't my fault.

EIGHT

It's a sewer swimming with disease. A huge black cavity walled in rank blood, chewed rotting flesh and cancerous timbre.

In the dark it spreads itself open to reveal all its needless nature: the sloppy bawling quaking babies that can spill out of the sick waste puddles you piss and seep and spit into it. Its hideous deformities born like but without thalidomide and ripping through simple forgetful mistakes with all the mind numbing power of thirty to fifty years. Its alcohol sunken fall to hard concrete, its migraine medicine, its rat poison intake and continuous cunt slamming crack sucking disinterest turned regret turned slow bone gnawing torture. The shit sweat smell of money jammed down its made up plastered tubes. The gentle dabs of moisture and pus and slick bodily excretions that are cutely prodded, laughingly teased or generously ignored. Those half-pound indented heads given a name and a towel down wash as it's shat out amidst fecal lube and malformed bag-like placentas swallowing hair and piss and the shit that can all too quickly burn the fibers out of the blue little bleeding package's ears or eyes.

Splating crooked across rough concrete floors into paraplegic steel or pastel blue drool cups. And the pig that excreted it will expect to cry and pet and discover. The pig that fingered the furry fingernailed veined slash with its gummy giving meat edges and guts and its dark dank wet corpus will come to change with new revelations designed to mask its weakness, impurity and uselessness.

A petulant cunt that tells of the sparkles in its eyes as it sucks simple air through a wire and paper tube embedded in its lungs. How it favors lights or smiling faces dripping with cheap sympathy and regret. Sifting through the garbage, pretending to be on a level that doesn't agree with the heaping daily dose of condescension.

In the dark the rejected cunt becomes the disease: the sickness waiting to happen, gestating and planning and stirring in pillow dreams and vapid plans and selfish excuses. In the dark the mother becomes

just another in line. In the light the mother is just another nigger slut.

And this is what breathes. A reality that exists as salient. A perfect sense of nothing to sell or beg or buy; but a perfectly formed spine—a backbone and brain and reciprocating giggle.

Where the photo of one little grinning boy with brown shiny hair cropped squarely above his thin eyebrows and narrow smiling eyes becomes everything you know and lust after. His English ears and teeth; little choppy and spaced irregulars in a narrow slash of childhood smile. The photo typical of those taken in school when told to say some new word for cheese that only mildly brought up a smirk for mum. His cheeks—longish and pale but healthy and thin and dimpled slightly. His collar and tie and jumper and the lovely black eyes of newsprint.

And the chubbier one. A little more focused and smart and brattish. Brown eyes bigger than the others and hair longer though neatly swept above brasher, thicker eyebrows. A short pug nose much much smaller but not as delicate as the pointier one on the other. A thicker, sexier, bottom lip and a fuller top perfect pink curve with that chub cheek spread of just the bottom of two front teeth.

And a blue shirt with tie and green fuzzy jumper bleeding delicately out of shot. A little tuft of hair down behind his ear to his neck. And the deep set eyelid under the baby fat.

That underneath these two magic photos are words listing their names and words counting out the most brutal epithets and insults is merely typical. The perfect pornography is constructed not by the garishness of HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW YOU LITTLE BASTARDS but simply by the fact that the school photos were taken unawares and now exist for you.

In livid full color.

The two front teeth just barely sneaking out under that soft lip, sensually stroking that bulging pink

curve nestled into the chubby uneven short chin. Where his mother might never have touched at so perfect an age. Where she might have missed a pat and gentle soft longing stroke as he turned ten this past year as her thoughts turned steadily sour due to the gin she kept sucking day after day since her husband packed up and left her for an older, but obviously better, woman. The hair darkened by cheap ink and dirty times that was run through by the darling's stubby little fingers and clear ten-year-old fingernails that walked out of the house everyday skipping to the beat of something new, something special to do today.

That stunted look set in his colorful clean youthful eyes that says nothing of cartoon horror and trauma that the biographers and apologists are sure to mar. That proves nothing about soul or love or sickness; that only suggests the incredible sight, yet to come, of a two-year-old baby, nearly three yet, being playfully raped by his shoving batteries into its minute anus.

Another thin jaw line set squarely on a tender neck and posed artlessly straight on. A line that careens up to jutting close cut ears and then to the tussled dirty blonde wash out; all centered by the squinty eyes and slight baby fat bags underneath. We know of the operation he went through to correct his squint. And we know he had trouble with smiling. An easy bright ready smile full of childhood and promise and the later details of numerous teddy bears "protecting," in his own careful words, his bed at the boys' home he now lives at. Where he is the youngest of many. Where he says he dreams of chocolate and of being a hero—specifically, in dreams of saving the little tot who died with his pants wrested from his waist and bunched up by his tiny baby ankles before the huge iron train slashed the throwaway child boy baby's little body into two clean sections.

The thin eyebrows and splash of flashbulb on his high forehead, down his long nose and across his cheeks, above his lip and around his slightly square chin.

It most certainly is his father's smile. His father's grin yet to come after so many years of drink and unemployment and wasted hours in front of his television. But without the life that spewed two other retarded children into the womb that perfected and incubated the mistakes to flesh. This toothy, gummy, holey smile lives with the blood that smells sick and deformed. Lives with the daily mishaps and taunts and cares and concern for two other struggling washed out minds built for nothing else but clumsiness and inadequacy. Those cheek bones yet to fully blast into something as obscene as character in the eyes of jaded and jealous rats boasts not an innocence or even untested benevolence but rather,

the details read and memorized and perfected into little prurient charges like the one where he wanted to go to the same school as his retarded siblings did.

And then trust and, possibly, better, naiveté. Transmogrified by lifeless bored mothers and used up fathers. Where one laid a rose on the grave for the baby, where his mother sees this as proof of something purer, maybe wrong and too powerful to understand. Where you know it's all there—not in sadistic pathetic delight, but rather in the photo itself. Where the flower and wave for the camera and the crime's memory beating a stream through his short limbs and existence is what became that bite of the lip, the focus of his eyes and the oily part of his hair.

The cocksucker who posed them. The drunk cunt who might not have helped dress one of them. The retarded sister who may have been shrugged off as easily as was a living embarrassment or another weighty daily problem. The family burning knowledge of a diseased and weak womb and the fantasy lives that crept up so gently and immediately to wash over their self-disgust and regret and impotent rageful anger. The father that never called. The father that slept elsewhere. The little baby that had his asshole pushed down open with a filthy gravelly battery and the photo-fit that'll swim nightly with new colors as every day gives way to a new day and, sadly, new rationalizations.

Those cheeks forever chubby. Those lips forever thick or thin and the haircut will always remain as youthful play and hope and wonder and monstrous access and vivid knowledge.

There are other photos. Frozen stills of both boys playing at a party caught on fuzzy video. Snaps of families and posed; snaps of a younger age astride a horse.

Precious photos.

There are always faces to fuck. Fat open cunts spread out and splayed on beds waiting for romance or face slurps or coke bottles shoved in and rammed up into their disgusting ripped and torn wombs. There are always whores like ants and roaches and crack sucking, lip smacking, money tonguing rats with dyed blonde hair and polite giving mothers who worry and fret over just who is stuffing what into where for how long and how much.

The little babies that struggle to be yanked out and cleaned aren't always going to be as breathlessly deformed or retarded or deaf or unable to walk or wheeze or raise up its waterhead above a pathetic slouch.

Some will look just like—exactly like—the little two-year-old boy whose dead severed cold corpse was found with his foreskin manipulated. With batteries next to his body that, possibly, had been forced into

his nearly three but not quite asshole freshly diapered and mommy kissed. One of the boys seemed to be able to admit to forcing them into the baby's mouth. Only.

A bigger smile, because of his age, rounder and more excited eyes. Messier blonder longer hair and chubbier cheeks. So fresh and cleaned up from the womb of his mother. Larger eyebrows that spread further his compact yet to shape face. Baby teeth all perfect and matched in shiny rows in that gleeful smile. Picture perfect. And happy to be there. Here. With mommy. Happier only by minute degrees than the nearly same age photo of one of his killers. Same rounded unformed face; just a different genetic impulse perhaps. Nothing more sinister or special or argued. Like the shockingly lovely shot of little Lisa Steinberg despondent and just waiting—just longing, aching—for a sexual death by the fists of her fake father under a drug haze and house of bruises and filth and mangy food.

And fat photos of an unsmiling son. A temper tantrum, an un-impressed bother from one so pure and doted on.

And one with his mother. And his father. Smiling. Shapeless. Soon to be raped and walked over two and half miles crying and begging for mum with paint splashed in his little face and batteries stuck into his terribly tiny body.

His mother has the same pictures.

NINE

That rotting jellied womb. That ugly lazy back worn drive and phony glow: put that disgusting dug away you sick old cow.

Fucking disgusting baby machines. Bloated barking cum churning beasts. Animals on their jungle muscled haunches easing into a sweaty tight shit. Cancerous rotten deformities. Fat swollen red bellied pigs spitting and drooling and huffing and muttering: nature, nurture and this first one's got a small slit in its little baby chest to allow a yellow plastic surgical tube in to help it breathe every day at least for its first retarded year on god's green earth. Brain damaged growth out of some fat lazy prostitute's hemorrhoidal second asshole; with a wink and a groan and a thick pile of mucous mixed milk and blood and toxins clotted in body hair and fecal grease lubricant.

You disgusting sow. You sick female beast. Fat pig. Fat grotesque mothering pig.

You know what a hooker is?

You know what makes you a low prostitute?

When you spread those fatty thighs all the way across some piss stained sheet or car seat or bathtub candled tv screen and pike down to the black cavern you wait to have filled and prodded and pissed in. When you move in some cunt's rhythm to some lazy dog's grunting and groaning and sweaty affectations.

When you figure you didn't sell that slash. When you figure you're serving a higher good or doing someone a favor. Or that you two are in love.

You know what makes you a common whore?

What separates you from the foreskin peeling ten dollar zombies in black holes and pits is more than the liquor and crack. And more than the dirty skin shades. And more than the cheap singularity of purpose.

More than your ability, or need or interest or acceptance, to suck up that pissy cum with those bleeding walls and turn it into some creaking deformed mess just 'cause you planned this one. And it still turned out all wrong. All desperate. And puny and hated.

And shaking like a cocaine baby needing a tight

hug against a warm chest. Anyone's chest.

Those high tight cheek bones that say: cocksucker. Those fat painted lips that drool tight cunt. Those darkened eyes that slit and close and coo mommy.

This lame cuntin' fuck who knows what the pissholes of half of Manhattan's cock population tastes like will tell you she's here to help you learn. About yourself. About your need to place your dick into her corpulent useless flab.

Cheap whore. Simple mother. Poor little thing.

Remember the time you sucked a cock? And then got your baby ass fucked hard and long? Remember how all child pornography smells like shit and cum: the mix that runs down your leg or clots your underwear and hits your nose like a full black sick boot when you walk it off later. As you wish it would've soaked into your body and not just puddled there like so much acidic vomit to drop and drool out of your corpus to remind you of your nature. That thick smearing shit smell that runs and feels like someone else's cum in your body. Inside and now quickly outside of your warm sweating shell. A shiverous twitch and shudder and burp; a wet bodily extra; a warm wet mistake and full fucked memory.

He liked your cock and balls; of this you're sure. He wanted to play with your thick hard-on and kept grabbing at your tight hairy sac. The way he blew you was less functional and more selfish. All those long licks that when strayed from your balls only irritated you by fucking up the rhythm. Those growling bites and soft tugs and jerks that felt soapy and loving, obsessive rather than helpful or attentive.

Not the way you sucked. Not the way you licked and jerked off that huge beast of a long red headed fat dick being thrust in and out of your wet soaked pink hurting face. Cummed in your mouth. You knew it. Waited for it.

Long and fat and thick; a wide cock that hurt the

edges of your mouth. He sat on his cock and you knelt before him. He kept his shirt on. But his legs and feet and hard-on were completely free and naked. As were you. Your asshole cold and shaky as you shifted positions to relax the strain on your knees or, alternatively, your thighs. And you were hard. Before he started to suck you.

Whore.

You were surprised at the price. And confused at the situation. How many times had you reciprocated with a hand-job or a blow-job or a steady rim and finger fuck. How many men before that shot warm to cold loads in your expanded asshole. But this time, on your knees, naked and erect, your wet mouth lolling and licking and sucking your entire head around that thick stick pumping into your face, balls into your face and the man smell and hot weakness, was all required. Like a whore. Just like a cunt for crack or high-school or one of those fat lonely guys at the bookstore glory holes.

And that sallow taste of wad cum in the roof of your mouth, on your teeth and that full retch into your gulping throat and willfully accepting stomach.

But that cock looked good. Looked hard and so fat and so very very long like better than those cartoon fags in cock books. Real meat. And you knew why it looked so good, and probably why you didn't mind blowing it so much, just if the situation were a bit different.

'Cause it looked so big and special there on his wall. In his basement. Next to that child who was so scared. And it hit you: that that cock would be so special to size queen faggots who're worried about length and width and performance; the ones who size you up when you walk into the booth or down the stairs at The Bijou. The ones who don't know any better.

His cock would have been everything to them; a perfect day.

To you it was even bigger. It represented even more knowing it was there next to you in his jeans as he sat there the first time you saw one of his films. He graciously projected it onto his basement wall, the projector between the two of you, the light stream obscuring his reaction or his judging yours. Seated with him was his buddy, slightly younger than him but older than the little boy that was the crying prize in the film. His buddy had been through the ropes with him. Obviously. Started young, you could tell, and kept around while and after he aged for whatever reason you couldn't figure out.

But very unlike the intentions, you were sure, that initially brought them together.

You knew they were looking at you.

As you stared straight ahead. Dedicated to your luck and rarefied position here, momentarily forgetting

what the real position was.

You were aware they were groping each other; you heard the shuffling and sensed the rough pants rubs and zipper shifts; the soft meat strokes and wobbles and hand manipulations. Darling. As the little boy on the wall's face got redder and redder and more and more angry, hurt and shocked and frightened.

As he was first held down. After seeing that long flaccid and huge cock. That he was made to lick with that little barely stubbed out tongue and the fright came from the large hands behind his back, on his skinny arms and the pressure rather than the heavy mean cock in front of his soft scrunched up no no no face. Little naked boy cold to lost face.

That full hand on his head. Suck it, put it in your mouth, and he did. He could just barely fit the tip of that too big head into that tiny tiny dry mouth. His eyes closed and his head tried to pull away, but the hands held him clumsily straight at that fat swaying meat pack.

Such a long fat cock. Heavy full balls. Stray hairs. Smooth shovel raised head and black wide piss hole. Too big now. Too big. Fucking too big to satisfy that interest in you that finally needed to see it thrust again and again into the tears and terror and his breaking crumbling little bloody skull with its soft brown fly-away hair and gentle ignorant eyes and small nose. Cheeks, baby cheeks and smooth neck and the attention was to his face and that cock at that time. And to the hands that were his pain, that were his whole life then. And not his hairless bunched up child balls and little wiggly cock.

That he sucked. The whole package fitting neatly into his mouth with a single swallow and suck, suck lick and gulp swallow again. Stick that finger in that little tight closed dot. Barely fucking went in. You were so hard. So hard, masturbating would have been nothing but release now, nothing but ugly animal divestiture of confusion so you could focus and lose that screaming in your head and cock and pounding chest.

The pair were hot to you then. They were, must have, sort of remembered, beating each other off quickly and violently, a circle jerk with two child molesters there right next to you.

The buddy's boot started to press down on the little boy's neck. Just above the shallow boned chest and shoulders of the screaming boychild. Chicken. Flattened against the concrete floor that you knew was just by the boiler room you walked by to get to the couch. And he was holding it down at the point, but the camera, who was taking the fucking thing, was faced down at the foot and face and you needed a pull back to see if his one hand could've been, oh please please, into that fine undestroyed unplanned unangry asshole tightly clamped or around those

minute packed and receded balls and did he get that little wiggly thing hard to straight up and make the child cum 'cause I want to see what he does. Under that force. And influence. And pain. Under that terror and weakness. Helplessness. Powerlessness. Make him sex. Suck that little penis. And lick his clean cherry balls right into his brain.

He was filming it then. The first bit was on a tripod that, fuck, he had to keep checking, apparently, as he told you this. Did the film stop there or did this dickhead just turn it off. Your focus was cloudy as you felt his hand grope your crotch hard-on and easily free it from your pants while one thought among the child's pain, body and destruction was lent to a fear, or a concern, that you'd already cum or would in just a second.

Suck me. He said after he tasted and licked you and your hand routinely responded to that fucking pole you'd just watched fill the space in your brain. Where was the buddy at this point was a question that should have been there instead of whether or not you really wanted to give a blow-job right now.

And if it was required as payment.

Or misunderstood as a sick chemistry between you.

And, suddenly, regrettably, how you'd've preferred a girl up there. And suddenly this is what you have to settle for, or is required, or is it just the youth and the indiscriminate pain, ripped and torn and bawling or some silly little aesthetic.

Which made you having that cock easily shifted to your sucking licking mouth largely uncomfortable. And you shifted into animal; by rote rather than nature and your mind was filled as many crack whores as simple reciprocal blow-jobs and the ugly position of the child seemed less intense suddenly. A color was drained out of the screen and from your face and replaced by that feeling that you've done this before, and that it was the wiring that overburdened the act rather than the pain and crybaby excitement that created the moment.

A little girl with her bald slash and her ugly momma drunk and fat and filled with white trash cock in the background gets squatted on the biggest, bloody red pumping cock to ever pierce her entire wasted garbage lost existence.

Another black whore with fat tits and drawn features bounces its ass in your face as it goes through your pockets quietly for more money than the twenty you already gave her to fuck her black wobbly death. Thick lipped cunt with a peach cock squeezing and slipping out of her great pitted gorilla face.

Those glory holes where you've sucked and been sucked, fucked and been screwed, swallowed and shot and the cheesy cartoon definitions of top and bottom really irritated you as much as a church

service or something.

He jerked off into your face. Finished it by wiping that long thick prick against your sloppy sticky and smeared face.

And you would go back.

And see the rest of the film.

And walk over the section of the dirty concrete floor where the boy was tied up and beaten into a crying mama lost baby. See him ass raped by the buddy and clawed on his thin bony back and see his head slammed repeatedly down into his neck and chest, from the back a too large hand nearly enveloping that little hairy head, as those butt adult cheeks flexed and muscled into shivering loose white bum. And the hand behind that camera reached out and pulled the boy off, viciously, without any concern or let up for maybe a burgeoning erection, though something resembling pre-cum or a clear discharge strung out and stuck floor to boy penis in the camera glint.

And you never asked about little girls.

Was this before or after you were arrested?

Before.

Then, certainly, you had child pornography that featured little girls.

Yeah.

So, that couldn't have been what you were looking for.

That wasn't only what I was looking for.

Did the police find everything you had?

Hardly.

What did they miss?

I'll tell you: it's a mistake to think these people are smart. They're not. They're incredibly stupid. Especially the two niggers that bore the brunt of my investigation. At that same time, it would be a bigger mistake to think they're not good at what they do—which is, maybe, another way of saying I was especially stupid and they're just acceptable at what they've done in the past. Um, they're clever, I suppose, because they know what to look for in what you're doing and saying, the way you act and you're simply unaware of the checklist they're running you through.

On the other hand, they missed so much. And they knew it.

What did they miss?

Better things.

Don't be coy.

Don't you be.

Obviously, you don't have these things now. Were they at your apartment during the search?

What I'm saying, primarily, is that they didn't really know what works. What to look for that wasn't explained to them in their rule books. They didn't understand the importance of context.

Are you saying they missed—or rather, that you received enjoyment from things that were legal and that's what they passed up?

That's true. Definitely. But it's not really what I'm saying here. I'm talking more about their mindset.

It'll help if you're a bit more specific.

Precisely.

If they knew enough about specifics they could have understood what was happening and what I was doing and what to do...

I'll give you an example: one of the suburban cocksuckers that took my information for about the millionth time asked me if I was gay. I said no. And he argued with me. He said—or rather, asked—why I hung around in gay bookstores then. You know, suggesting that I gave or got blow-jobs in the booths and whatnot. They even made a big deal out of some of the books I bought in regular bookstores that were basically gay in tone.

You did frequent these bookstores, you did engage in indiscriminate sex.

Absolutely.

Maybe they understood that you seemed uncomfortable being labeled gay.

I'm not gay, not that that's what we're talking about here. You see, you're exactly the same. You think you understand a textbook case of homophobia here. You're still clinging to this fear or repression angle. The truth is, your definitions are wrong. And sucking cock and fucking assholes isn't a necessarily gay idea, sweetheart. This isn't semantics either. The problem lies in your

expectations.

And another truth is I learned this when I started getting child pornography; it wasn't the appeal of youth or genitalia after you've seen enough. And still want more.

What would the appeal be?

The exact same as your interest.

I think you're confused or—

I think you're confused.

—or you're compartmentalizing or willfully blocking out—

I think my interest in this material is built in your direct confusion. And I'm talking about right now. This very minute. Your confusion, and, if you prefer, your repression or denial or masks, or self-hatred is what I find so exciting in the material itself. On the material.

You're speaking of a reaction, that as—

No, it's not reactionary. I'm not looking for your stamp—I'm saying the impulses that lead you astray, lead me to enjoy the material more; not your opinions but the problems. And, I'm sure, we understand each other perfectly.

I wouldn't agree.

Comrade.

I think you may be seeing this from—

I think there are reasons for closets and mine is just like yours except I'm a bit more honest. And mine doesn't seem to be as cluttered as yours. I would have to ask you if you enjoy your job and then we can work it out from there.

You see; you can't imagine that someone could have a different interest in this world, in you, or in the safety and well-being of others.

You may be right. But I'm willing to give others the benefit of the doubt. Not that I care. But not so, with you.

Certainly you realize that two people can look at something and see totally different things based on their upbringing, sickness or whatever it may be.

Certainly.

And if I tell you what I think, it's only an opinion. But, really, we're not here to argue or to define my interests, or, if you prefer, my problems. We're here to understand what may be getting you into trouble.

What gets me into trouble is simple. It's mundane. But if we are here to work that out then it's only gonna happen if I don't think you're just another closeted pervert.

I know that we don't listen to the same music or like the same movies. I wouldn't even trust you to recommend a good video for a quiet night in. I don't trust you to know what's good and what's bad because you don't trust your own tastes. You prefer to stay politely and safely confused. You're a fucking ant.

An ant who's in rather a different position than the one you're in, right now.

TEN

Arch your back.

Suck your stomach in.
Lean back, sweetheart.
Be a good girl.
Be good little girl.
I don't believe you—not for a second.
But I want to.
I'd like to hear what you have to say and I really want to believe like I wish you did. But I can't.
'Cause you're a bad liar.
And you're not fooled, are you?
You don't really believe all this, do you?
Filthy liar.
Arch your back.
Now tell me why you're back here.
Tell me what you think I want to see.
Then show it to me.
Suck in, dear. Alright.
Just let it lay there in your mouth.
Don't move your tongue.
Let me just fuck your face.
Let me fuck your head.
What are you here for, dear?
What made you come back here—what were you looking for?
Did you think any of this would help?
Did you, really?
I don't believe you—not a fucking word out of your mouth, I'm afraid.
I don't think you're being at all honest.
What kind of pig are you?
What kind of pig would do that?
—would let someone do that to her?
Who's a walking toilet bowl?
Who's a good fucking nigger?
Be a good girl.
Be my good little girl.

Tell me what's going with you—how could you possibly have decided this would be okay?
I know what you're thinking.
And I know you're not saying it. I know you're lying.
And, cunt, listen here, I want to believe what you're saying more than the little thoughts I know exist in that ugly little head of yours, so try convincing me.
C'mon, cunt, con me.
Fool me into splashing all sorts of love over your hideous whore's body.
You cheap cunt:
I've seen you raped, pig. I've seen your fatty rolled belly and hairy cunt tossed on to a bed and smashed by fists right in your face. Slam, slam right in that pressed-in face—splatting flesh and soft bone claps by hard knuckles hitting and popping your nose and cheeks and ugly lips; your hard forehead and protected sunken eyes.
Your mama ugly digs flapping and belly rolled up into lazy weak loose bulges and puckered cottage cheese thigh backs and dark world weary circles under thin bags that tell me your brain is hurt and tired and essentially empty.
I like the way those cracks look.
I like the way those hard cracks to your face sound and how my cock gets hard just by seeing you tumble away.
And now I want you to convince me that you don't like it.
Understand, slut?
All the crying and pulling away and cheap wrestling and pity look too fucking easy from here.
I know you don't want it.
I do know this, absolutely.

I'm just not sure at all that you know that.
This is not good.
Not at all, I hear your lipsticked bathroom talk echo off another trussed up and safe prostitute's face or your fucking suburban mother or whatever pig who's unlucky enough to be near you and have a cunt and a little free time. And they all agree.
Right?
This is not good.
And it isn't. Right?
Not at all.
And this, believe me, I know.
I know this is true.
So why do you sound so weak and ugly now? So unnatural.
Tell me about your sisters.
C'mon, cunt. Tell me about those cows at the back.
The ones that wouldn't go in the alley, wouldn't display all those bumps and pigness in quite the unique way you do: and how 'bout the beasts at home who just can't even think about those things.
You know what I'm talking about?
There's two girls, okay. One's been raped—had her cunt drilled by a cock she didn't want in there, big deal, and had her tits grabbed and her soft nipples bit and maybe beaten into black and blue bruised painful bags of cancer waiting to slip and seep into every pore of her body and had her asshole spread open and had a fat cock forced down into it. Got a throatful of cum and a face full of spit and piss and licked up some nice shit off a sloppy dick and dripping, hung fat asshole.
You know, cunt, you know what I mean.
Eat that, pig. Stick your tongue up that shitted hole and chew out that stomach filth and grease and disease. Mixed on hot piss and fecal sweat and your own vomit. All over your face. That'll clean up your face, whore.
Wipe your make-up off, whore.
Clean that dick.
Suck and lick your own shit off that dick and stink just like an animal that's been up inside you and in your disgusting gritty body and deposited all sorts of garbage into your soul.
You're led around, dear.
By what, honey?
Exactly—what exactly makes you—or allows you—to do this?
Sweetheart.
With your head in the toilet. Licking and sucking shit off your stomach while lying down in the bathtub. Chewing it, drinking piss.
For a little money. A lot of crack.
\$5 extra buys a lot of that good stuff out there.
Be a good girl.

Come on, baby.
Tell me what you see from in there.
Better, tell me what you've seen.
Tell me how you've come to make these decisions.
How do you know what's left? How do you figure this all out—what's on your plate, honey?
And, cunt, make me believe you.
You fucking better just make me believe you.
Because I am fucking bigger than you.
That part is perfectly true.
Physically, you don't stand a chance. We agree on that.
When you check your windows at night. Are you worried about one specific way in? Does it keep you up at night? Partly? Do you just give in? Or do you sleep safe—or maybe you burn inside thinking of those... what, truths? When you close your eyes what do you see? Or do you just sit there and fucking burn?
With those details that make sense. And those facts and statistics.
Every woman is so fucking lucky if she can turn eighteen and not have been molested by the time she hits that long slope downward.
Right?
One gets beaten and raped. For hours. Her stretched out huge black pit of a cunt between her fatty wobbly legs, her face and neck and chest and fat belly punched hard—fucking hard—till she just goes black body and brain. He fucks those holes, that head all up and puts her near death.
And one doesn't.
And the one that doesn't get viciously fucked by everything she deserves, everything she asks for, starts to wonder about her chances.
How her daddy didn't fuck her.
Or a man by the little girls' bathroom didn't slip a finger up inside her tender little baby prize.
Or a co-worker didn't force her down the stairs in the back and plow into her crying surprised hating face with his tiny pecker pulled from underneath a bulging porky beer belly and stained piss undershorts.
Fate is slowly whittling away her safety, her chances to avoid pain and violence.
And she's getting frightened.
More and more, lately.
With those boyfriends getting bigger and the crack addicts and the neighborhoods getting blacker and the TV shows showing more and more what they really do out there in the ghettos. And that's what they want.
Those motherfuckers.
And she's checking those windows. And listening to what they say at work. How it's all sex, sex, sex and violence against women and those motherfuckers; these motherfuckers.
They're the ones that start wars.

And harm little kitty cats.

You know, in this little corner. Thinking about these fat hard cocks being shoved down screaming cunts' necks, choking these dimwitted naturally tender babes, these fat fucking mother cunts' eyes watering up and just strangling on these red hard-ons and furry balls and oily white cum.

Being strangled with big hands, while they're fucking their faces.

Punching their faces in.

Fucking them up the ass. Into that bleeding, seeping tightness that smells just like the fingers pushed in their mouths to stretch it out and force down their tongues before another hard open palmed slap across those meaty blushed cheeks and small noses.

Their burning and tearing eyes. Streaming please don't, please leave me alone tears down their no longer cute, no longer beautiful, no longer cheery and alive and special faces.

And she's so scared for her cunt and the damage that carries to her brain.

For the physical side: The actual pain and the fear that wonders if it's going to be killed right there and then.

That survival impulse that refuses to bark: please god just let me die now.

And maybe the one that lusts after revenge or lives a generalized and atavistic hatred from then on.

Cocksuckers. Motherfuckers; they're just dogs.

And the other one's checking those doors and windows as well. 'Cause she knows, right?

She knows exactly what all those other ones are talking about. 'Cause she's had it in there. Been choked and had those blood vessels pop and break behind those eyes. Felt that slow black separation from her body when it just became too much not to sleep through.

And those filthy ugly thoughts. She's seen them up close and lived through each and every one except the one where she gets her head caved in from the crashes of a ball peen hammer and has her cunt ripped open by a thick knife and sharpened screwdriver.

She's just had her arms lopped off. After she had her cunt fucked harder than her face and asshole. Maybe. 'Cause that's where she says these boys want to be.

And she's wrong, isn't she?

Maybe—maybe she just got fucked. By some stupid nigger. For only a few minutes. Maybe it didn't hurt as much as she thought it would. Maybe she was surprised at his violence. It wasn't sex, it was violence and he just hated so much.

And that's what scares her.

Believe it?

And your daughters. What about those little babies who just don't know better?

Cut her blonde baby crying face off and beat the small baby corpse into the bed with a baseball bat.

And put out lit cigarettes on her forehead.

And stick that baseball bat into her cunt.

Or she was a lot older. Old middle aged to old woman with a rotting womb and graying hair and hot flashes and tired varicose veins. And she was surprised by the violence when that broken coke bottle dragged across her wrinkled spotty skin and cut deep into that sagged out vagina, lopped over those baggy dug and dug deep down into her precious memories of her grandchildren and her kids and her hubby or friends and the way it used to be.

Stop those old cold coughs by ramming a dick into her lungs.

And she started checking her windows and doors long ago. She lived her life like that.

Now she has something new to add to her whole wonderful list of anecdotes.

How was work today, dear?

There's someone at the door. At two o'clock in the morning. He said his car broke down and he needs some money so he can get home on a bus. At least.

He'll pay it back.

Your house had a light on.

You stuck two bucks through the mail slot.

And then watched him leave down the street from your little window in the front room.

And then stayed up all night.

With the light still on.

Does he think you're alone. Couldn't decide if it was better to answer the door or not.

Dozing off on the couch.

And there he was.

At the back bedroom window with the lousy lock and, really, you should have called the police when the bell rang so late.

What'd he tell you?

Not to fight? Or did he like it that way.

Your brittle limbs and female attempts at bravery and strength.

And pride.

How humiliated you were to even let this animal see that old unkempt meat slash and how old you've become.

Like all women. And still you tried to hide your saggy weight and camel wrinkles and skin tags and bumps and discolorings and splotches and bruises and fat behind your old claw fingers.

Hit the side of the little lunch table you've had all these years with your shin. Stubbed your big toe against the dresser one night when you got up to pee with only the bathroom light left on like always.

Until your focus was on his cock. In your face.

Into that dusty cunt.

That hideous fused up bleeding dry raw slit with all its dead use and health problems.

Remember how young you were once.

He got what he wanted.

And made you cry.

Deeply, from the center of your gut all the way into your crooked back and softening spine. Huge sobs and gasps and then howls and screeches underneath an old pair of holed panty hose stuffed into your throat.

Never been pissed on before, I bet.

Never actually gave in and stuck that tongue out like that so he wouldn't cut it off completely; never thought you would have to—not even till you actually did it.

Old whore.

Old female.

Those big fists.

Hurting you and changing you.

Remember how this is, now.

For every day in the hospital thinking of nothing but kill the pain, suicide and this is what it all comes down to.

You've lived your whole life for this. Waited all this time to get here.

Dearie.

A brutal hands held down old ass fuck. Flabby loose bags of aged beef being grabbed and pulled and forced into and nailed straight down into the darkest wettest floor you ever tasted.

Wrap that cratered face around that prick, sweetie.

Now hold your breasts up like you're offering them up for the camera.

Arch your back.

Don't forget what you're doing.

Don't forget who you are.

You are not who you pretend to be. Underneath that make-up and manners you're not as strong as you like to think.

I don't see a speck of strength or anything that would help separate you from any other cunt carrying pig on her knees.

No style.

No sense of decorum.

No class.

No polite or demure appreciation of self over survival.

Nothing special; no sense of self at all.

Old fashioned motherly manners. Not now. Not naked. Not stripped.

You're too quick to fall in line and beg. Too quick to offer up excuses and to lose hope and where is that god now?

I know crack addicts who're better lays.

Better fucks.

But I'll bet this is the best one you ever had, you phony beast.

You'll keep this one until you die. Everyday.

Suck it. Put it in your mouth.

Lick, don't suck.

Get some dick.

Not the head.

Lick. Lick. Just lick.

Old fucking hag. You decrepit rag.

The one that got raped can see it all right there in front of her.

And the one that didn't get attacked gets raped by only horny thoughts. She lusts after her fear and hatred and disgust.

And it doesn't have to be like this, does it?

Dismantle the patriarchy.

Heal yourself.

Take back the night, sister, absolutely.

Some cunt rats off the problems and reaps the applause, and fiery eyed; a brand new hand holding nest marches down to a rank little peep show parlour where your dad is jerking himself off in a booth thinking:

tits

pussy

wiggle that butt

that's it, baby

look at my dick

and tossing another couple of dollars though the hole to the dancing quaalude skank.

But the nest breaks up and trolls home in separate cabs.

After they're done marching. And stomping and crying and singing and hugging and sharing and supporting. They trot up the stairs to their woolly beds and locks and photos of how bad it is and the fantasies of how bad it should be.

Kiddie snuff, you know.

That pose sure looks misogynist to me. Why, just look at how those vaginal lips are painted red and splayed open as if to beckon and sell.

Labia.

Bend over.

Just like I showed you there in the photos.

Arch your back.

Flex into a hallway and whip 'em out.

And you do.

One after another.

Here's another five, now put that shit in your mouth. And swallow.

I want to see you vomit.

It's okay as long as we see it.

And I want to watch you die. Just by looking at you.

Seeing your filth and knowing your descent into

the lifeless can you were born to be: when your shit skinned hog mother farted you out into the video age and all its nigger shit eating, monkey jungle possibilities.

Lick, don't suck.
And tell me you don't want it.
Make me believe you deserve better.
Make me understand how wrong I am and how you may actually exist when you leave this fucking room.
Make me believe I can feel your pain after I'm done fucking your ass with my cock and making you lick the shit off my cock and fucking you with my shitty cock—make me believe how it'll continue to hurt and to confuse you and to torture you.
See the photo of your mama?
Or your dad?
And his buddies.
And your school chums that didn't get raped—horribly violated and thrashed—who got to go home to their husbands and the lovely chance of making love and babies.
I'll fucking ruin you.
See that shot of your smile?
Tell me how it's going to change.
Permanently.
And how can I trust you?
What can you say that'll make me hard. To know you're looking out your windows—obsessively—compulsively—because of me and the very real possibility of something other than your own rape fantasies or irrational fears?
I like the idea.
I like the way you look.
And what I've seen.
You hurt and frightened and terrified.
And the way you felt.
When you forced your face onto my defenseless cock.
And fed your asshole 'round my cut and raw cock.
And sucked down all the pills and coke.
So I had to slash the tits off your repulsive female torso.
I like the way you cried when you got punched in the face.
And had your luxurious hair yanked out of your fucking head.
The way your eyes swoll up and shut.
The way you howled to god and your mum when you tasted penis for the very first time.
The way you woke up in a drainage ditch with your shoulder stumps caked in dirt and blood and your fucked cunt stretched over your entire life, sweetheart.
What did daddy do to you?
All daddies do that.

Say it: all daddies do that.
And don't tell your mother.
Have some tact and learn to keep a secret.
What did that sonofabitch do to you?
Did you suck his cock?
How could you do that?
You must've wanted it, baby.
How could you sit on that cock and pump your belly and vagina up and down like that?
What were you thinking?
When you let him cum in your mouth?
When you bled onto his cock.
When you begged him to stop.
Arch your fucking back.
Bend that spine, cunt, I want to see your tits.
Here's an extra five bucks.
Tell me again.
About your sister.
And your pain.
And your therapy.
And the prozac.
And the stitches and photos the cops took.
How you slumped in court.
And your interview with tears streaking through your plastered make-up.
And about phantom pain where your arms should be.
Tell me again, dear.
'Cause I like to hear the stories.
And, you know, I really want to believe it this time.
So say it right this time.
Slowly.
Tell me I can trust you to be honest this time and that I'll see the you in the you I've got right now.
Say it right.
And I'll just listen this time.
I promise.
Maybe you can tell me while you dance.
Or just stay put with my dick in your mouth.
How 'bout if I fuck your face.
Don't move.
Just let it lie in your head.
Close your eyes.
Don't move.
Not even when I start to move my hips. Not even when I grind my cock into your face.
Don't move.

ELEVEN

You look human now, you think. You're back to being something that thinks what it has to say means something. That you possess something that I either need to hear or at least will put up with.

Those gritty chomping teeth and thick lips, those droopy beady eyes. Those red puffed cheeks and sweaty brow. Matted unkempt face with a patent glow and bad TV gloss. Your fucking hair and delusional countenance. Everything about you is relaxed falsehood. Now.

That boring sliding smile and pursed lips. Again. The image of your shiny white teeth crashed against a swimming pool tile rim or into a brightly clean concrete sidewalk. Shards of those little bricks and cartilage digging through your shocked face and eyes and skull and brain. Your worthless posing brain. Soft and dark and instinctual. Connected by disgusting thin and thick veins and mucous and muscle to your fat reddened tongue puddling with bodily viscous blood and an ocean of stomach acids and spit. From that fatty belly, that appendix scar and bloated haggis. Your womb. Your cunt. Your liquor soaked liver, spotted drug frenzied tendons and dilated pupils. Suck this end of the hammer now you cuntin digging rutting pig, you cheap female beast.

Dead eyes under your worn scarred hands, trying to hide the flesh you paint in front of a little less bright mirror before you check if the wrinkles in your ass show through your loose dress if the wind blows it too tight. Your needled hips and puckered thighs. Your flabby diseased existence. That wiry hair with its dying gray barbed matting, that virus that swims and breathes and defines your every eye bat and cheek flex.

Do you know what one does with that? Do you know what you look like? Now? That crow's-foot and please let there be a glimmer glint. Like a cheap star on your door and vaseline hazed edges, you're as cheap as your fantasies allow these days. Low rent and ready. Low rent and used to it.

Do you know what you look like when this slides

into your face? Your mouth open to your personality and your eyes pretending that the fleshy part is more than your position here. Now. A hand on your head. Gentle. Then, as you like it, with your rhythm. As you crave assurance that I'm as animal as you, as you desire comment, as you require payment.

I've seen that face before. I've seen that look before. I've seen that life before. I saw it before I even laid my sorry eyes on what it is you've designed this very moment or the one before that.

I held your personality—your entire being—in my hand long before I came in here.

And I want to be here when you realize what you've become. What you are. What you've let happen to yourself. What you've allowed to roll over you and squash you slowly into that thing in the mirror that didn't work out quite right. What happened? How could you? How could they?

And you'll spread another layer of drippy mustard across your soaked lathered corpse maw and tell yourself it's all you've got tonight. It can't be helped.

You'll just have to make do.

Those wires under your flappy breasts. Those withered motherly dugs full of desert air and metal cancer. Golf ball string tumors pinching and splitting through those hideous bags that you heave across your bruised and chewed torso every second of every minute of every day. You sick dying beast. A great yawn of death in some lazy jungle somewhere thinking take care of me, plug me up, fill me in and please don't ever let me be alone to even think. Think about those dreams that fooled you. And maybe you're not as bad as you seem just at this very second.

In the mirror. Or down at the plate that's cleaned of grease and fat that now streams and soaks into your cauliflowered face pockets. Those close up looks of

holed pores and pits and scars and memories.

Remember your first french kiss?

How about that hand-job? Remember the time you thought you'd just go along with what he said so you could—what—for a little while more. Remember the reasoning? And how you laugh at it now? And how you think of it as unimportant in most ways, but you think of it often enough to bother you with a shiver.

Remember your one hundredth blow-job?

Remember what he does with that thing. The piss that spills and sprays through that little hole at the end that spits and plods into a toilet at the other end. That he wipes off with a piece of toilet paper and deposits that as well. The stinging yellow piss that drips from the hole in that dick. And the smell. Of his sweat—a sort of chocolatey smell that came from underneath his dank balls hanging a bit too old due to his barroom desperate age just about to his asshole that almost pointed to the floor in the position you were in.

That old ragged knuckle pressed down and again into your dark pit buttock. Hung open when you shoved it his way. Gaping like a mouth. Like your mother's mouth. Like your father's finger. In and in and in, like a greased tree stick into a fleshy mud hole with a squashing sliding suck that gave up sliding all too soon and you were left:

On your back, on your shoulders with your elbows holding your weight and your hands anchored to your waist.

Your knees against your torso, your legs losing blood and wavering until you realized you were just a hole on a bed, a lifeless form with a slimy finger being dug into anything's asshole.

Your hole so fucking big and hung that the smell came up from your queasy stomach more than from a lack of proper toilet training. Your shit nestled and scratching inside your stomach up against the beggings of your chest that hung flesh to your sides like forgotten worthless—embarrassing—female sacks.

It went on for days. That digging and prodding. And fingering. Into and up to your black shit. Inside your corpus. Not as deep as you needed to feel more than the friction and what you had for a meal last night and later in the day. Not deep enough to—like now where you wish he would've just yanked open that fat gaping asshole with his dirty grappling claws and rammed a rock hard fist straight down into your heart and lungs and ribs and spleen and guts and ripped it all out in one handful, spreading and spilling your bloody pissy burning insides all over the hole, your thighs and stomach and screaming face splashing them back onto those body parts no one should ever see again and why don't you just die. Rub it out. And down. And in. And let you die right there.

But it didn't happen. He pulled out again and went back in again. In again and again and again while you

thought about what? And finally when he presented it to you. To lick with your eyes closed, waiting for his dick and smacking on your mucous and just a lot of green stomach shit; the taste of your green intestines inside down there. When that smell hit you on his barely hard cock finally slid into that cavern of down and drip.

Barely hard.

And slides in so easily.

He had to keep his hand around his balls and move it to the base of his shaft and he wanted to just pop or beat or at least get some friction or at least get hard and greasy.

No blood. No AIDS. You hope. With nothing but lax elasticity and distended rosebud.

Those stretch marks at the sides of your dugs. And again at your flat bunched and pinched nipples. And that abortion you had. You mama. You lactating beast. You pig with a parasite, a dog with a swollen street belly running away like a possum from a car on the highway.

That abortion.

That vacuum cleaner jammed up into that slash that so demurely shut after someone flushed into it. That allowed—with a painful reluctance and quick jabs and tugs—its bloody raw walls to be scraped and sucked clean of the monstrous little bug that somersaulted and clutched and suckled inside of you.

Did you sit on your ass like they told you at the clinic?

Don't walk around. Stay in bed. Call us if you start to bleed or discharge anything that seems... well, unnatural. Did you get up and walk around on purpose? Did you hate yourself—not for the baby. For that little rat. But for your niggerish stupidity. For the cold violent abuse; the rape, the cartoon, the used up bag and hog that you now knew you were.

Angel.

Sweetheart. Did you give it a name? Did you remember a song or a sweet movie or image from your daddy's childhood. Before you knew that squish you felt as you lumbered off someone's bed some night or other was a disease building itself into a three hundred dollar problem and a slight headache and a few droplets of blood in the toilet water and across the paper that, for fuck's sake, you knew enough to wipe back and not up. Not to spread any toxins from your own wretched filthy whore's corpse into that whore's cunt.

A fistula between the holes.

A tampon plugged up inside that greasy flesh.

A hair all curled and mosquitoed hanging in the air on the edge of that meat pink slash too near your shit hole.

A fat man's moneyed face washed up and his short tongue lolling and mauling all that pressed and

stretched meat while you think of the act and time and next morning and he thinks you were someone else and you'll do and what's important is the sort of cunt and tits and moans and looks and tugs and pictures he—exactly—wants.

What kind of roach fell out of you?

And crawled across that ghetto wooden floor into a socket of splinters and piss warped unwashable paint.

What kind of rat did you abort?

A beautiful girl in your arms; blue and twitching from the cocaine mix clogging up your thin blood streams.

A little faceless pup with a hole in its heart that'll breathe its first whole year through an oxygen tube because of the congenital mistake a dysgenic liar and a common street whore soaked in drugs and liquor and clean cutting self-obsessed stupidity form. You know; niggers on welfare.

A cripple.

In a chair or leg braces, at least.

A little girl that you can fit two fingers up into. A crying tot that slowly turns eight which you've figured is the right time to see if you can make that gentle and clean and hairless, of course, shut tight flesh space that looks just like... well, natural.

A little boy you can chew to death. Watch him scream. Tie him to a chair and beat him. Pull him. Eat him. Little thing.

A little devil that makes you cry. When you come to think about what you've become. And what you owe him. And how you have to be a certain predestined thing for him. And how... well, nature... doesn't seem to be working the way you planned. Or hoped. Or prayed night after night to let you get through it or be another way and so far, you've been let down and bitter.

What happens when it rains?

Do you get melancholy? Do you like the way it feels on your old leathered skin, do you feel a surreal happiness based on trust in god and goddess or in memories or in a gentle hope that mutters fire, water, earth and air somewhere in that empty happy fogging hippie head.

TWELVE

I've seen that little boy crying as he was hurt. I saw him coaxed away from his mother in the mall, so easily. Just a little boy coyly holding another gentle guiding hand. Unalone. Needs a little help. A little care and love and schooling. Some hugs and pets and fun. A bright smile across his two year old turning three baby's face. Such an exciting time for this little playful ball of charm and cheer and nature.

I saw his nearly three short compact boy's face contort into full raked pain: and especially because it wasn't from the physical, base, powerful torture inflicted on his tiny tiny body. Yet. It was the fear that left as quickly as it came. For such a young inchoate mind could easily drift and swim into the next colorful promising fantasy. A smile or a confused nod or a begrudged acceptance or bright hope; maybe a sly condescending act to let you believe you've won or fooled him. Then, just as happily, that promise of his mother and safe dad and some more adventure and everything is new anyway. Petulant brat. Cuddly darling full of selfish need and warm parasitic humanity. The clear drop of that face. The pure inability to mask a dream pulled violently away from that all encompassing baby's mind. Contorted into three-year-old rage and anger at how unfair this is. And how he didn't do anything. He doesn't want this. Simple. Stop. This little baby does not want any of this.

And he prays to who?

Who's taken the place of safety and care and equity. These new faces and hands have been here forever until he sees—realizes, knows, discovers—that they intend on hurting him. Some more. Even more.

Who will miss you?

Who will lose you?

Who will worry about you. And what—exactly, little boy—are you worried about. You need safety and protection and every little shiny pastel blue and vivid reds and gentle brown-oranges and plastic peach thought there in those ruddy puffed out slits all wet and desperately rageful and shouting and violent is all

you: that little package so vulnerable and soft and naked and wide fucking open. Brain to eyes to full mouth to chest to tight bunched testicles and diapered relaxed shithole to baby little fat legs, knees and ticklish feet. Formless little stomach, soft skin.

I saw that boy pull your pants off. And tear batteries into your tiny pleading mouth. And let's see if they fit in his bum.

Hold him down.

Put your finger in there.

And this, darling, is what I know: that the police found your little dead wrecked play sex doll, with a small tear inside your body. Inside your nearly three-year-old asshole. And this, darling, is what they told your parents. That it could have been from constipation.

The police didn't look at the shit found on the railroad track near your body. With the blood above it. And the batteries had lain there too long to be tested. Frost and dew and gravel all helped to erase, if there were any, traces of your little body.

And I love that your parents weren't told. And the police didn't want to even look. Or admit. And pretend that it wasn't important.

And your torturers, your killers, your deciding gods—the ones that pulled you away from your parents and pushed your sweet little hug flashes, photographs and memories in front of every TV, newspaper and fuck me dog-style moment your parents have been after forever.

Remember?

Remember; the way he laughed and giggled.

And how about the time he brushed against your

cheek and actually made a kiss noise with his lips. How sweet, what a special dear child.

Please, please, please let it all be a dream. A fucking nightmare that'll end sometime.

What did they want with that little body?

With your little body. With your little boy... your flesh and blood... what plans did you have for him? come on, baby

Is all he had to say and your little boy was taken away. From his mum. And his family forever. Left the photos though. And the stories.

Jon Venables cried during the interrogation.

His ten-year-old face contorting around the confusion he tried to fight and the truth he now regretted and couldn't figure out. The trouble that seemed too powerful, too overwhelming for right now. And let's go home.

The little boy cried to his mum, in front of the cops who were disturbed by the boy's frailty and small size.

He cried:

"I never touched a boy, mum, I never."

"I never, mum."

"I never killed him, mum, mum, we took him and left him at the canal, mum, that's all."

He cried, sobbed heavily and rose out of his little chair, confused and distraught:

"But we never got a kid, mum, we never, we never, we never got a kid."

"But we never got a kid, mum, we never. We saw those two lads together we did, we never got a kid, mum, mum, we never got a kid, you think we did, we never, mum, we never."

Tell me about the hammer.

The hammer—Thee hammer.

You had one under your seat in the van.

It was part of the deal actually; it was a company van and the hammer was part of a tool box that sat underneath the driver's seat.

What other kinds of tools were in the box?

Well, you'd be interested in the screwdriver and the crowbar, I suppose.

Did you add these items to the toolbox or did they actually come with the box—which I assume would be in the cab for emergencies like tire repair or engine work?

Right, and it's hard to imagine a hammer or

screwdriver being needed? Or, god forbid, a crowbar.

I was just wondering if the box was equipped before you took over the van.

Actually, I did make sure the hammer was added. And I sharpened the screwdriver down to an incredibly vicious point by filing it down against concrete in the shop's garage.

What was the purpose of that?

Just exactly what you think.

You don't know what I think—only what you know and think I suspect.

But you do think you know what I'm thinking, whether you're going to admit it or not—this whole annoying conversation is based on your assumptions.

You give me too much credit. Just tell me about the hammer, how about that, then?

I always liked knowing it was under the seat.

Yes—

When I was getting blown by nigger prostitutes, I'd just lay my head back and concentrate on that tongue—that fucking cracked up face being fucked in my lap. And I waited for those roaming hands to fuck with my pockets or socks and I knew I wasn't worried because the hammer was in easy reach.

So you must have had it out of the box by then.

Yes. Not the screwdriver though.

Or the crowbar?

Or the crowbar. Or the spraypaint. The pliers—a knife, some long rusty nails and screws.

So was the hammer protection?

Um, not really—not in the way you mean it. I knew I would use it if things got out of hand. I knew to be careful beforehand. The tool was there for really, just when I wanted it.

Did you ever use it?

Yes.

Tell me about it.

Cracked a nigger whore's head in half. Brought it down smash on her close cropped nigger nappy head and dug straight down into her warped fogged up fried out brain.

Did she have your penis in her mouth?

I wish.

When did you kill her, then?

Which one?

The one you just told me about.

Could have been any—I'll tell you about one pig in particular. I actually remember her as the best. The most special, a real dear.

She was crying before she got in the truck. I pulled up to the corner she was at—this is at Fulton and Lake, you know, where all of them were back then. This disheveled beast runs up to the cab without a shirt on. Just baggy gray pants—like work pants that were too big for her and, I found out later on, she also had on dirty scratched up and worn through cowboy boots—which is a bit odd really, but, anyway: um, she had absolutely no shirt on—nothing, not in her hand or tied around her waist or anything. Just a skinny stomach and jiggly sort-of young floppy nigger tits with those black nipples those cunts all seem to have—sort of uneven and puckered and bumpy and sort of stuck out and rough looking.

She runs up to the drivers' seat and starts banging on the door—saying all this shit about: "I see you all the time, you better stop now, you better go for a date with me." And I laughed—I said: "Where's your shirt, dear?" And she grabs those black dugs and squeezes and says, "You like 'em, you like my tits? Why don't you go with me?" And though I don't remember exactly, sadly, I think she probably said, "I'll suck you good." Of course, most of them said that—"You wanna nice lollipop blow-job" or "You ready to git yo' dick sucked?"

Now, thinking about it—it's incredibly dangerous letting one of these beasts into your car because if the cops would stop you, you're fucked. All the cops knew the girls. But having one without any shirt on at all is just pushing the issue.

Anyway, I let her in. She nearly jumped

through the driver's side anyway. And as soon as she got in she was just like all the others—which was fine. She reached over and massaged my cock and scratched my balls and even pulled her nipples as we drove to the place I knew to go. She knew I knew—she was perfectly correct about seeing me around a lot. I knew a lot of the girls by sight now.

We went to this driveway—a short driveway behind a closed meat packing plant, pretty dark except for this white paint everywhere that, I guess, reflected the moon so it was kind of perfect. Somehow I had my dick out and she was jerking it and she positioned herself like she was going to blow me.

I should mention, I suppose, that one of these roaches' tricks is always to turn the littlest thing into a major production. All the shifting around worries the john who's on the look-out for cops and anxious to have all this done with. It's a weird sort of situation, actually.

Isn't it?

Certainly.

Right, so she didn't have anywhere to fuck around with, really—as she didn't have any shirt on and I was trying to shimmy my hands—or one of my hands—around her ass as her dirty nigger hair started to bob about in my lap.

Have you ever gotten a blow-job from a nigger?

Please.

Well, maybe you know then. How these whores use their tongues a lot—to quicken things up—and their hands. On your balls, on your dick to stroke it as they lick and suck. It's messy.

I reached down to feel one of those thin tits and she jumped back. Really hard and different from the usual sort of reaction—which is based on more money, so I kind of expected it. But this one fucking like flew back as if I startled or hurt her. And I didn't pinch it, I didn't really even grab or get a full hand on it. And, keep in mind, she didn't have a shirt on—needless to say, I was really confused.

She looked at me and just mumbled some slurred crack garbage—the only word I could make out was "baby" and, I think, "careful" but, you know, I caught the gist.

You had said earlier she was crying before she even got in.

Oh right, right. When she said all that about seeing me driving around all the time and not stopping, she started to cry. Because, she said, business was so bad and she really needed the money. Jeez, I can't believe I forgot that bit—she was like selling her tits and crying at the same time, or just within seconds from thought to thought. When she jumped in, she had to wipe the fucking snot from her nose and nigger lips with her hand. And—I'll tell you something funny—she wiped the back of her hand in her hair as if maybe I didn't see it or she didn't care or maybe I couldn't figure out what she was doing.

You know, you can be as nice as you like and I'll tell you—however much you don't like to admit it, they're so much like monkeys. There's this fat nigger cunt who works at the L platform near my apartment and she's behind these bars—it's really like watching a gorilla. One time I was yelling at her 'cause she was so fucking slow and she just stared off to the side like this immense stubborn fat ape, just fucking sat waiting for flies to pick off her children or a big fucking black fist to come and whap her jungle half-ton head into place.

But I digress, don't I?

This pig is sensitive about her breasts and she's sucking me off and suddenly—and I mean like that—while my dick is inside her face it suddenly hits me. That what I really want to do—or maybe, you tell me, what I need to do—is slash those nipples right off her skinny crack burned dirty brown body.

I'll tell you something weird—when I think of her—and I don't think I think in black and white—I remember her bony body as gray. Why is that?

Maybe because of the odd lighting in the area.

No, I don't think so. It's kind of like covered in cigarette ash gray.

Some—I can see big red lips and brown squashed greasy oily noses and dimpled black warts and spots—freckles or moles or age spots, I don't know, black zits and pits all one wet brown black skin. And their tits and bellies with stretch marks and cuts and thick black bulbous scars.

But this one seems just like fucking gray head to toe.

Sounds surreal.

Yeah. But it shouldn't. Maybe it was the lights. It's a weird sort of black and green area with big

words painted in red and white and all this concrete. Anyway, fuck's sake—

I grabbed her fucking hair. I reached down into her rat's nest mop and dug my fingers deep across her skull and tried to force her head up but my hand sort of slipped over her head. Not surprisingly, she reacted like a fucking animal and hit me hard right in my face. Full on. One hand hit my arm—my lower arm hard and the other scratched right into my face. My fucking nose stung and my eyes just immediately watered up. But somehow my hands just—one hates to use the word—just naturally extended around her throat and my arms bent in and crashed her head against the window. The van had one of those quick drop offs where you're kind of sitting just above the engine, so the dashboard is like right here and the window is less than, say, six inches on an angle above that.

She didn't hit the window so hard to crack either her head or the window, thank fuck, but my arms were able to push her far enough away fast enough to prevent any further attack. But, I'm telling you, we're like so fucking close in this cab I don't know how we shifted so fucking quick. Someone had to be looking out for me. And she went out immediately. I choked her for a long time—I had no intention of being fooled but I really think she was perfectly ready to die 'cause she just went out.

Her throat was so tight. And I just kept fucking squeezing. There was like no sweat, no fight, no mistake. Just pure. And I smelled her body die. Like rotten shit—and she was a mess when I pulled her pants down too—and her eyes were like red blotches all over and so fucking dead, it was like—I was so incredibly hard all this time. I was never worried or confused and the pain in my face was like a pleasure. I liked that she reacted that way: that she didn't have a chance or it just hit her so violently and perfectly.

I took her out of the cab and dragged her in the grass alongside the building and the van, off the driveway. And I choked her some more and then stood up and dug my boot on her neck—in-between her chin and shoulder blades and just stepped down, sort of digging her into the dirt, crushing all those bones there. I kicked her face—the face that I had just fucked—and her tongue had sort of disappeared there in the mud and mess, there in the dark and I just knew I wanted to fuck it again and I was raging.

I hate to be like that. I hate to be out of control—sexually, it sounds like you're out of control, like you're a slave to your dick. But I was fucking huge and my focus was rapidly on

cumming or at least on pulling and stroking my exposed wet cock. The air made everything exaggerated and just really tense. And I wanted to pound on her skull with the hammer and work on her cunt, but it just dawned on me that I had to fuck that mouth and to piss in it. And I knew I had to cum first, before I could piss so that's what I did. I jerked off into her dead nigger face and then dumped a load into her face and dead mouth and eyes and hair and flat ugly nose and then just stood there—staring at that dead mess—until I felt the piss come up to my balls and out in one of those slow wet spurts until it finally came in a hard hot gush like I was washing graffiti off a concrete wall. My piss hole hurt and the piss seemed like acid into her melting make-up—but, really it just got wet and plastic looking. Like I was making her cry again.

I left my cock out a bit and then decided I better get out of there. I kind of like that as well.

Kind of like how after you go through these incredible scenes making these pigs do whatever disgusting thing you want them to do, right after you cum, you start seeing them as human again. Or maybe human is the wrong word—you just see the situation as not quite as clear or channeled or, I don't know, focused as you did during the rush to cum and you sort of take stock. And maybe you give the beast the benefit of the doubt then.

Of course, I wanted to leave but I also wanted to play with the mess I made and I didn't see this dead mannequin as anything approaching human.

And not just 'cause she was black, you understand?

Sure. Fine.

Or because she was female.

Okay.

She was shit. She was a dog. I don't want to confuse the issue—for you or for me—but I don't want this to sound like hatred or revenge or whatever.

Okay.

I don't think she—deserved—it. I don't think she was asking for it. But, I mean, actually, she was—I don't know—I just don't like it to sound so primitive or slavish, I guess.

Do you think it is slavish?

No, I really don't.

Okay. Go on.

I pulled out her cunt with the hammer just to do it. I beat her hairy cunt from the outside. I pounded on the mound of venus, as it were, with both edges of the hammer. I made an incredible mess of her.

I wrenched her womb from her, ripped her open and smashed her beastly breasts down into her chest bones all with the hammer. Just like I was beating her into pulp. Right back into the mud that made up her skin color.

I went back to her face. Then those dugs, smashing and splitting the nipples into flat mash, into pure black mulch. And her face collapsed under the hammer blows. The bones cracked and gave way while her skin broke and tore and fell apart. Separated. I imagine the people who found her corpse would have been very disturbed. Very sickened.

Have you seen the autopsy report?

No.

Do you know if they ever found her body, or identified it?

Don't you?

No. I figured it's the sort of thing that wouldn't be reported. Whores, whatever.

No. I don't know that a body was ever found.

Interesting.

What does that tell you?

I don't know that it tells me anything. What does it—specifically—tell you?

That they didn't report the murder to me or that they didn't find a body?

Yeah—either. I suppose you just answered it though.

Do you think I don't believe you?

Suddenly, it seems obvious.

What if I don't believe you—what then?

Fuck if I know. I don't have to convince you. But,

I'll tell you something; what would it mean if someone didn't do this but only fantasized about it. Or maybe, worse, just wanted to believe it happened that way?

Wanted someone else to believe it or wanted to believe it themselves?

The latter, actually.

Do you think there's a difference between fantasy and reality?

Of course, don't be silly—I'm just wondering if your sort would look at such a specific taste, if it was only a—say, a masturbation fantasy—if your sort would see that as just as damning as the actual act.

I think damning would be the wrong word. But I also think control is an issue, as is a certain degree of hostility vented in what may be considered—

I fucking hate that word: hostility.

Are you being ironic?

Sadly, not on purpose. I just don't think you understand.

THIRTEEN

I have some photos of a cunt. Just a big cunt that I pointed a camera at, snapped and then developed myself at an artschool rent-a-lab.

The cunt was part of a young lady that I had dated quite a few years back. She had done numerous self-portraits with her own camera, most of them nude; her big high-school tits over her slim tight waist and teeny chubby ass with a stupid sucked in pout and lavishly painted eyes under lots of big black hair. She was pleased to pose for me.

She thought it would be nice to have close-ups of her cunt just before and after we'd had sex. Wet and slimy and a little rubbed and her pubic hair matted all in black and white. Once she suggested shaving her pubic nest and snapping the rashed sweat slash also before and after fucking.

I also have shots of her head with my dick in her mouth—taken standing up with her on her knees looking up at the camera, tongue extended, and a couple more laying down flat with her hair pulled back in a fist full of bun by me, porno-style.

I have other personal photos.

Aside from a small cache of child pornography that is hardly mass market and printed on home stock; but this is available to a few more than just me.

A gentleman raped a young lady in a room in a southern state and was kind enough to send me some polaroids he took. The snaps also include a close-up of a wet cunt.

Sadly, but understandably, he kept most of the shots that he said included the cunt being forced to shave off her pubic patch with a long razor.

I HELD HER DOWN WITH MY KNEES AT FIRST WHILE I BATTERED HER FACE WITH A BILLY CLUB. WHEN SHE FELL UNCONSCIOUS I HANDCUFFED HER TO THE BED.

I STUCK THE BILLY CLUB UP INSIDE HER. SHE WRITHED AND TRIED TO SHAKE HER BODY AWAY

BUT THE HANDCUFFS HELD PERFECTLY.

I SHAVED HER CUNT WHEN I TOLD HER SHE BETTER STAY STILL. I TOLD HER I DON'T USUALLY GO FOR WOMEN HER AGE.

A guy I used to work with—he was a salesman that dealt with my company almost daily—gave me an entire box of Kodak 8 x 10s. His wife had caught him having an affair and he was worried about having even more evidence around, especially since this was yet another woman.

These shots were mainly of the beast he was plowing. A nurse that hung out at his local bar. He encouraged her to wear her nurse uniform in suggestive ways; though it was her idea to take the photos, he said.

The nurse was skinny with saggy drunk tits and the hairiest brown bush I'd ever laid eyes on. The salesman commented on it before I even opened the box. The shots included the hirsute pig in her lab coat and nurse hat talking on a telephone and sticking a dildo into her cunt. There were also photos of the nurse sucking off the salesman in almost the same standing position as the ones I had taken.

Just a few months after he gave me those photos to guard for awhile, he had a massive brain hemorrhage and died. His wife took over the sales and I kept the box.

A rather sad acquaintance of mine gave me quite a thick pack of snaps taken of this little boy and girl swimming in a lake in Wisconsin. The kids—about five and seven—were playing around and peeled their clothes off while their parents laughed and tried to coax the kids back into their clothes. There were at least twenty shots in the pack.

The photographs were developed at a photo-mat and the couple brought them in telling the counter

person that these might present a problem. The counter boy said no, after developing them with the couple waiting, because the father was obviously taking the snaps as mom tried to clothe the kids.

The boy, however, made two copies of each shot. At first, they were for the cops, maybe, but then he decided I might like them.

The intentions aren't completely clear. There is a lustful impression, I think, as the father is absent from the shots and quite obviously snaps furiously. The mother seems just like a cartoon. Though I can't help but think she must know the father's insidious attention is reflected by his frenetic finger and focus. And as she's smiling, I'm sure it's not all care and concern and joy over innocence and good natured childish cheer.

The photos have changed over the years.

You're on an el train going downtown. This means there'll be loud mouthed niggers yapping and barking and posing up at irritating sonic boom levels.

One of the black girls talking in a gaggle of rubber lipped painted beasts is wearing high hitched shorts over an impressively jutted nigger ass. Her brown butt cheeks are spilling out underneath the tight turn of her too short shorts and your eyes easily follow the glide of her fat cheeks into that pocket of denim that rests flat and into that immense black bush cunt. Only a small strip of fabric is allowed to slide there between those fat long legs and you can almost smell the sweat and french fry grease from your safe seat along the side.

She talks and talks, waves her arms around and back and lets everyone within hating distance know that her clothes and demeanor are there to help her net any amount of attention.

The gorilla also poses the prerequisite thick waist and a huge set of propped up and iron-clad bra'd nigger breasts. Today quietly toned down in a black polyester disco blouse that hides her belly rolls and watery cleavage but accentuates her amazon rock beating melon obesity.

Niggers are made to fuck.

All niggers are whores.

And every one of them crack addicts or alcoholics.

She wants you to look. That's why she's dressed that way. These niggers are proud of their fat asses and fat rolls and big dick sucking lips and cheap sweaty teeth lined vaginas.

She knows it.

'Cause the niggers she fucks all tell her so. And respond like a zoo at feeding time every time she bounces down the hot ghetto street to the corner store to buy hair dye, pork skins and rum.

I sat in Tokyo Tower once and watched two little Japanese girls dressed identically in school uniforms

and knee socks parade around their unconcerned parents. Rather lively, one of my compatriots remarked, for such a carefully mannered people.

Because the little demons knew exactly what they were doing.

Or thought they knew. Being so young.

Kept spreading their legs as they reclined on a couch across from us. Tight little Japanese curves underneath whiter than blindness panties. A swatch of black pubic hair, possibly. No. Bald. Clean. And clamped tight. Long legs and a shirt that cuts straight down from their necks to their waists.

Went to the deep windows of the high building and leaned into the long sills looking down. Their shapely inviolate, untouched butts pushing down from their black dresses completely covered in white underwear looseness. No curves. No shadows. No separation between the mounds except that which my mind would later etch in there as I masturbated back in my hotel room.

Pulling those panties down.

Sticking it inside. All the way in.

And the tears that followed the laughing smiles and naked giggles and shy trust.

There are amazing rows of pornographic videos available in Japan that include naked children in their school uniforms. There are also incredible amounts of magazines devoted to these children taken surreptitiously by innocent looking photographers.

Japanese child pornography is sometimes misleading due to the young appearance of so many Japanese girls.

There are European child porn loops available quite freely, however.

And if you stick to the exceptionally young children, you'll certainly have no problem.

These peep magazines that feature little girls just, say, painting a wall with her arm extended and her oversized diego tee stretching loose between armpit and positioned hand, displaying a puffy mosquito sized bite of a nipple from side view is, most likely, what you're looking for.

At the swimming pools.

Changing with mama-san or simply exiting the water with a wet soaked skin tight blue bathing suit plastered underneath a safe, uneducated smile.

It's not the skin. Or the tits. So much as the skin and the tits in the photo. The photo taken by someone who knew what he, or his audience, wanted.

Like the nigger on the el. Fat pig. Fat drunken cow. Loose fleshed and filthy and made just for fucking.

On a porno video rented down the street, hundreds of nigger pigs take it up the ass and in the face. Get pounded in their cunts for a five dollar toss.

And on the corner by the meat packing plants,

they display the very same skin problems and female dirt bumps for immediate disposal all sopped in crack and pimped up street smart stupidity.

They are all the same.

Every one of them.

Masturbating to the image of those liver lips.

Cumming inside thick quims. Jerking off in the front seat of a meat van, telling the ten dollar waste:

Just take your tits out.

Just a hand-job.

Okay, how about a little help here.

Lick, don't suck.

Don't worry, honey, I'm clean. Are you clean?

And seeing her sister on video the very next night.

Like the one parading her only worth on the train or behind the counter at the post office or at McDonald's.

Let me buy you a drink.

Do you do doggie style?

These bitches scream when they cum.

White boy, you ain't got enuff dick to make a black girl enjoy herself.

Seeing her on the el is enough.

Seeing the photos of that bald and rough cunt that I shaved for a cheap date.

It means something a little different now. Another in a long line of photos taken for all sorts of reasons including ego gratification, her lust and her sale.

But now I see it all.

Because I know what happened.

A little Japanese girl lifts herself from a pool or leaves Tokyo Tower in Japan in an elevator holding her sister's and mama's hands. They know only the possibility. Later. Or at least, quickly forgotten or unchecked now.

This smooth cunt or face with my dick in it. And the memories of fucking her in the ass in a bathroom at school or her swallowing my cum for the first time in an office room at work has changed.

And I know that she went on to have her third abortion at twenty-three. And how this last one was a bit late and her guts are now somehow damaged.

And how she tried to commit suicide by cutting her wrists and laying in a bathtub like her favorite writers or whoever she was trying to imitate. But it was just a pathetic painting for attention, and she never wanted to die, just a chance to label her self-pity somewhat genuine.

But she was extremely drunk. Having suffered through days of ill-health and badly prescribed drugs and a drinking binge that turned her vomit to thick blood and her diarrhea to red and yellow constantly running water.

She kept drinking until she hallucinated and couldn't fall asleep because the nightmares seemed to be slipping out into her awake mind and the only

way to stop the pain and fear was to let some more blood out. In big gushes. Big full bodied gushes, she says.

She didn't care about the babies. She says. Though she names the first one after a song she heard while she waited on a gurney after the operation with her cookie and orange juice. She just couldn't take all the pressure.

She had long ago started to cut herself up. Her arms were covered with deep red gashes and scratches from the steel bristles of some nigger's hair brush and her stomach crisscrossed with pink and peach raised scars from her father's style razor blades.

Her mother swallowed bleach in front of her when she was just a child.

And she took to sticking forks into wall sockets when things got especially dark or sick or sometimes sexual.

She said her breasts were her best feature. And her chest got a lot of attention growing up in high school and that's why she took the photos.

At the abortion clinic, the doctors were unsure of letting her go because of the scars on her body and the obvious derangement. Apparently, they could keep her against her wishes, but it was a difficult thing to do, so they brought in a therapist who recommended checking into another hospital rather than simply more regular visits with her.

During her drunken stupor abortion mess daze she attacked her roommate's dog with a pair of scissors.

After she was released from her suicidal drama fest—her roommate found her in the bathtub covered in blood and fecal mess, drooling and scratched up all over her face; the tub was empty of water—she killed the dog. Again with the scissors.

The dog went mad as she jabbed the big artists' sharp scissors into its face but didn't attack her. It ran away and only showed its teeth to her when cornered. It squealed and barked and whined but, incredibly, she was able to calm it down to hug and cuddle before she again plunged the scissors into the dog. This time she jammed the scissors deep into its side above its ribs, sticking the steel blades in all the way up to her finger wrapped fist around the handles. She held onto the dog, who shook and trembled and sputtered and tried to pull away while shrieking in a loud repetitive howl, while she pulled the scissors out of its flesh and hair and then stuck them in again into its soft underbelly just above its vagina. Where its nipples were. And a long slash and another bloody stab and the dog quit screaming and shitting all over and bled as it collapsed into her tight wet grip.

She started to butcher the dog with the scissors. Cutting up its belly and its long dead snout. Chopping at the black nose and into its glassy eyes and breaking its yellow pointed teeth, ripping its tongue

open. She decided to bathe in its stomach and to decapitate it.

It weighed less than twenty pounds being a mutt and short haired and brown, slick and jumpy.

The landlord opened the door and wrapped her in a bedsheet and led her away from the bloody carnage and meat into the living room. She was crying and dropped the scissors when the landlord ran into the kitchen to find her.

His wife called the police.

She wasn't a total lunatic. She didn't think the dog was evil or trying to get her. She was in a terrible state but all the while, a friend of hers told me later, she just hated the dog.

She said she fucking hated the way it was cared for and doted on and fucking stupid. And she wanted to see it in pain and screaming and helpless.

All this is what I see when I jerk off to that picture of her shaved cunt or with her lips around my hard-on.

All her just budding nature is now there in the open in one full fuck. That warm breath, those big tits she was so proud of, her easy breezy sexuality and captured on film in my hands wrapped around my cock into her face.

Into that cunt close-up.

All over her memories of her mother choking, her dog being tortured and her hatred of herself now exaggerated into loss and frailty and a life long grease. Her anger and confusion and fear turned inside itself as sex and bad care and unfair mistakes.

All over that little picture.

All over that little life.

I know her favorite movies and books.

Her favorite food. What made her happy now and again. And what hurt.

Her favorite songs: David Bowie and Rod Stewart.

FOURTEEN

What is the difference between compulsive and obsessive?

I don't know. Would compulsive be apart from desire?

What's the difference between obsession and addiction—what do you think the difference is?

Addiction, I would suppose, is more physical.

Why do you think you're attracted to little girls?

You didn't ask me about fantasy.

Tell me about little girls.

I had some photos that the police are currently borrowing. Just to possess these photos is a crime—a felony, in fact. Had about eighteen people in my little apartment ripping it up looking for these photos of little children.

Now ask me the difference between fantasy and thought. Or between plan and action. Ask me about what I thought when I possessed these photos and when the fucking little mick prosecutor showed them to me again in court. Or the nigger cops that possessed them now for longer than I ever did and let's work out the difference in just thinking about the photos in a professional manner without any sentimentality and the filthy sexualized way that they understand me to masturbate to. Just looking.

How are your impulses different from the person who took the photos?

I don't know that they are, honestly. But I don't know that the person who took them killed the

little girl like I'm hoping. Or at least, sent her on her way down a hard fucking road loaded with cheap damaging sex and block it all out drugs all at the hands of quiet bedroom sadists like yourself.

I hope she's destroyed and I hope I can see it there in the photos of her licking with her tongue out, or sucking with her eyes shut.

There's this painfully emaciated white man—old, sunken, gray; not wrinkled as much as he is withered. His rib cage juts over his skinny loose stomach with way too much fragile weight. He's got a big long fat cock and low hung saggy balls, sparse dirty chalk hair on his bruised, sallow, thin legs and wiry nipples.

He leers almost to the point of drooling, his lips and nose and eyes all seem runny and red and frail. And he pats the steely table he teeters in front of. Fucking hunchback all bent and used and tired and fucking hurting under the strain of just standing. Just trying to stand. And to stay focused. And then excited.

His thick pendulum uncut cock gets some rough long tugs and just droops and squiggles. No snap or response. No blood or expansion; just bony skinned fingers uselessly pantomiming youth and interest and confusion and rote.

He wobbles another hand to the table. Bangs it, open palm, weakly; one hand yanking down, the other flopping down with a metal crash. He wants the little girl in front of him to get up.

And she'll have none of it.

This is one of the best kiddie porn films you ever saw. She can't be over six or seven. And it's rare they're so unwilling, so undrugged, so stubborn and frightened.

She's got to end up on the table. You didn't pay all that money for her not to. But, for now, it's fucking amazing that the pervert who made it left this scene in.

She even fucking cries. Even screams and tries to fucking run. Only to be wrestled into the arms of the scarecrow, only to be sucked into his imploding skeleton and thin guts and have his swinging meat package flattened and squashed into her back and neck and hair. Her precious soft dark black long baby hair. His hands on her arms and across her boned flat chest.

He throws her on the table. She quickly stops wriggling 'cause you know the cameraman told her to shut the fuck up or he'd:

kill her

dope her

slap her

give her a present

let her go home.

Or better, maybe her mama is there, snorting up some burning heroin and worrying that she won't get any more if her fucking cunting brat doesn't act right, fucking little cunt.

And when they're done with her. Done fucking her and sticking things inside her and on her and all over her: pissy cum and sweat and the cutest red faced cheeks and tiniest bouncing flesh bags and muscle you ever saw in your life so far, she goes home with mama and gets sold again. Without even the dignity of a record being made this time. Just a one-off. 'Cause it don't even matter that much.

And the mama sucks some ass and eats some cock and shoots and yawns and snorts and vomits and spreads and drifts and bleeds and sleeps.

And the little one, you know, has to die. She can be left warm to cold over a luggage rack in some hotel room as dumb and dead as her mama. Cocaine frozen brain and soft pale big eyes and burned out nose and stretched-out smelling breath rot mouth.

One finger only.

Barely in before it's out.

And you don't know if the squirming is 'cause it hurts or if she just does not want to be there at all. Like a toy store tantrum. Pain, you know, just doesn't translate so clearly over the screen.

Tell me about boys.

You know those niggers on crack—sixteen to eighteen to twenty- five to forty to old fucking hags on the corner sucking cock for ten bucks a

pop? These are not the girls. These are not the little limbed wastes fed cocaine and bought from mothers on heroin and fathers on furlough. Those little ones get fucking hurt—fucking impaled—and don't fucking have a say from thereafter. And most importantly: they know it.

Tell me about boys.

Ask me about cunts. Big fat overfed and overused vaginas. Ask me about these old fucking hags that these little pigs grow into.

What is a cunt?

Vaginas are too small. Compact little organs that look like autopsied leeches spread out with stickpins on someone's lab mat painted flesh.

Too small for a fist or a coke bottle and a dick in there just makes no sense to me. Those fleshy boxes get bigger and bigger and more and more cramped and they're still so fucking small. All vaginas are short, too small, no matter the age.

A thin slash that cuts between thighs that are too big and too fatty on a helmet of padded flesh that bends and splits and dwarfs its simple existence. Hidden by embarrassment under the meaty thighs when even casually held tight. And further made diminutive by a pubic hair patch, finely cut on the helmet mound but given to excessive disarray and weedy tufts and divits near the sick little fingernail slice that divides the thighs and torso into an ironic and mocking, depressing frame. That leads into the pitted globes of warm fat sweaty ass halved and cut through by an ugly thick band of darkened leather that starts at the lowest drip of the pulled and pricked slash and the pressed in and fallen head of the wrinkled and pinched shit smeared and smelling asshole.

Its meaty lips are tough and extended, its minute clit and its hood swollen thick and its level to the ass clear as the flashing red lights around a sunken pot hole. But its size, given the enormity of the body it's slapped to is just tiny enough to beg excess.

The pocket that hides behind its selfish tucked in and folded out flaps and skin clipped edges is collapsed and closed. The tubes that end at this open maw, this coverless sewer that connects veins and dank empty arteries and waste passages and bloody growths and ridged ruffled walls are centered and focused here. The womb that lies at its innermost back is squeezed and sat, waiting, as it is, for the slow steady expansion

of a growing head and spreading elongating limbs and suffocating glands to droop and veil over the slimy blue warmth of a tiny pathetic ill-formed parasite five and ten and twenty times the size of the slash that protects its little hair sensed corpus from infection by the air or rough hands that would seek to kill it by one single punch or abrupt shake.

Filthy dirty animals.

Filthy sickening wet spots and stupid eyes with ugly excuses and sad misunderstood rationalizations.

The cunt tenses and pinches tight. Its small hold biting the two fingers that force and prod their blunt way in. Paper cuts. The hard cock that goes in so slippery, so easily. The fist that extends well oiled and soaking wet up to the forearm with grease and sweat and spit and vaginal lubricant on its way up to grab a lung and wrench it from its bestial chest and ribcage guaranteed to move itself when the time is right for baby.

The obese english whore that compares fucking johns to waving a pencil about in the Royal Albert Hall.

The cunt that spreads itself open from cancer or camera envy and the line of dogs that wag and hoot and yelp at the slightest hope of spewing cum or licking spit into its sainted over-exposure.

The mistake that explains its simple gross tininess as something so important that its size actually stretches to accommodate and envelop and cover in elasticity and girly moans the whole of the earth. Every man standing in awe, holding his quite inconsiderable shrinking and alternatively elongating penis, groaning and praying and panting.

Not you though?

I don't give a fuck.

You don't like sex. You don't think there's a perfect match between females and males?

Ask me about dicks.

Tell me about boys.

I'll tell you about the kind of dick I like, okay?

—um, I'm sure there is a perfect match between sexes. I'm sure there's some biological answer to all of this, but it's hardly clear and either way I remain unmoved.

Have you ever had a jockstrap check when you were in high school? When you were in high

or junior high, from about ten or eleven to about fourteen or fifteen? You must have.

We'd all stand there, shorts around our thighs as the coach walked by and stared straight down at our cocks. One by one he strolled by, never looking anywhere else but where he thought we understood we had to.

And as you grow older, you realize this. When you're a kid you make jokes but you don't think about that psychology.

And now, I like that situation very much. Though I'm rather unimpressed with pubescent hairless skinniness just about the same way I'm unimpressed with beer bellied jocks lonely and horny for the same. These faggots, most of them heterosexual, with a penchant for chewing up love and poking down innocence bore me to tears. They're cheap silly salesmen. Celebrating, kowtowing, supplicating their confusion and frightened desperate lust in front of motherly dreams and cheap toy eyes.

It was enough for a gym coach, even after all these years, to just watch his boys in their jockstraps. But he still came up with ideas. He had to make sure they took their showers before they left for their next class. If he gave them a little less time to undress, shower and get dressed again, ready for their english period before the next bell, he had an excuse to watch them shower. He had to make sure they showered. It would simply have to do. How he wanted to spread some of those cheeks and peer into those tight clenched shitholes. Jab a tongue in and taste that faggot violence. Face down. Shut up. Make them hurt when he pushed his cock into them and make them sweat and beg and squeak.

Their cocks were everything when he masturbated. That's what he knew. That's what he's seen. Behind and underneath a simple one-handed pull up from the knitted edge of the jock and out juts that weighty budding teenage meat and more. He thought about cutting the jockstrap off with scissors, the boy held tight by a naked gang of classmates taking turns shoving and jerking their hard-ons into his red swollen mouth, black and blue eyes and cum matted slick hair. Fuck him. Skewer him. Kill him.

But he wanted to suck them and drink them, hot child cum in his throat and stomach. Feel those unsuspecting and lucky, lucky cocks grow taut and beefy and tight in his mouth, on his tongue licking all their heat and muscle and pure clean smell.

He wanted his finger inside their holes. He wants to pinch it open and look inside and dart a tongue into it. Slurp and wiggle and infect it.

Hear the little boy moan of his own accord.

And jerk him off on his knees. Watching the boy masturbate like he does at home seeing brand new tits, a hairy bush like in a magazine or a sister's tight mouth when she cries and gets mad or eats her dinner from across the table.

He sees their penises. He sees the boys attached to them and how their bodies are so much less interesting than the little bumpy patch of sex and how the focus is unbearably strong and overpowering.

That's the kind of cock I like. You know the ones that blow you and feed you at glory holes: the ones that stink like need and rot and slow hate? Like the kind that hangs inside your pants. Like the one that put you here, right now.

Tell me about boys.

I just did.

Tell me about making them cry.

About cutting them up? About slicing and digging through their sold, drugged out bodies? About jamming scissors into their cunts and cutting off their tits that sag and break like their mothers'?

Yes, all that.

I like the situations.

What is the ideal situation?

One that doesn't give in to ideals, first of all. One that doesn't try to answer to biology.

What is in between ideals and biology?

Reality?

What is reality?

Entertainment—given the right situation.

What is a right situation?

Just because you think in such base terms, doesn't mean we all agree with you. Would you be happy if I said watching people cry?

Watching or making them cry?

Knowing the difference. Both.

What is exciting about that?

Seems to make sense.

In a natural sense, in an unnatural sense, in an ecumenical sense?

I don't use your definition of nature. In mine, yes, it makes sense.

What is your definition of nature?

What's yours?

Child pornography is illegal to possess. Just to own. Therefore, even though it exists, one should not have it in one's home.

And when one looks at child pornography, it is up to that person to know exactly what is going on. In the photo there may be nothing more than two fingers forcing open a tiny little cunt—a cunt that stops just behind the hole; an entrance to nothing yet. And the two fingers are clearly adult. The dynamic could be a doctor examining or a pervert plowing. Could even be a child showing off or a entrepreneur making cash. I know what I want it to be. Which is, of course, what it is.

Can you imagine a gym coach that doesn't lust after his boys or white clad bouncing girls? And can you imagine one that doesn't want to hurt them? Can you imagine looking at those photos of a little girl naked and fucked up inside that too small hole and knowing she's not draped over a hotel's luggage rack—dead from an overdose of cocaine used to make her more docile and pliable?

Do you get blow-jobs from nigger whores just 'cause they have tits like all women do?

Your problem is my definition of nature and sense is simply correct. Yours is the one that's undefined. And I don't care enough to let you know where you make your mistakes.

Unfortunately, you feel the exact opposite.

And you don't have any idea how you look when you say these ridiculous things. Or how stupid you sound en masse with your fake wives and buddies and you don't even think that I might fucking like it that you are so mistaken. And that is reality. That may be nature. That you lie and no one is going to tell you that they know you're lying. Except to make you cry.

I don't fucking grieve for how bad it is out there—outside this safety. I don't feel the same way as you about bad or good.

I like it. I like this. The pornography of reality or hard truths or whatever you call it with your removed sense of responsibility and your

condescending moralism and concern. I don't trust your definitions or your impulses. I don't trust you to know what you or some nigger crack whore or cocksucking pedophile really wants and, what's more, I don't feel a need to trust you. Or understand you. Or share any silly burden. I'm not, in the slightest way, in need of trusting anything about you. This is not begrudged acceptance or rationalizing or bad fucking luck.

What it is, in fact, is good luck. Perfect good luck and you can all do what you want or what you feel you have to and I will be all the better for it. I enjoy it. That is what I do and, apparently, what I'm here for.

Good luck to you.

What is luck?

What is privacy?

Answer either, I'd like to know what you think.

All this is for you. You tell me what is fucking correct.

You just told me, didn't you?

Ask me what pornography is.

What's your favorite kind of pornography?

We have to agree on definitions first.

I think that's impossible.

There's this retarded woman living in California. I hope she's still there. I hope she's still living there.

There's a lovely photo of her staring down at a birthday cake. I think for her thirtieth birthday, which is the last thing I've seen. Her look is the walking dead. Retard blank. A useless old cow.

As a child she was kept tied to a chair for the first thirteen years of her life. Strapped in a straitjacket at night, tied to a plastic potty chair in the daytime. For all those years—starting, I think, when she was just one and a half. She never learned to talk or take care of herself. There was a stick left in her room that her father used to beat her with. And he'd scare her by making animal noises and growls.

Her mother ran away with her when she was close to fourteen years old and now all these years later, after foster homes and scientific experiments, she resides at a home for retarded adults.

She was made retarded.

I've got pictures of her as a child. Videos of her trying to walk and stumbling like a blind rabbit and trying to communicate like a deaf ape. Of her just freed skinny arms and face getting mad and lashing out at herself. She didn't move for all those years. Nothing. And now I've got pictures of her dressed like a painted cow at a party with a cake sat in front of it.

And I've got photos of a little girl with a black blindfold on, kneeling at the foot of a bed, her hands in a praying position. And I've got photos of the man who instructed her to take that position and I've heard a tape of her crying to her mother and a god.

"Please, god, help me. Don't undress me, will you. Don't."

"Don't... Mum!"

"I want to see my mummy. Honest to god. I will swear on the bible. I have to go because I am going out with my mummy."

The photos I have and the tape I listen to are the same ones the little girl's mother heard and saw—for identification purposes, of course. The same exact ones.

Now ask me for my wish list again.

Ask me what perfect means.

FIFTEEN

It doesn't matter.

What memories haven't been seared off her brain by that white hot blank pulled off her crack pipe.

Nothing matters.

The good memories especially. The ones that don't smell like her cousin's cock or her daddy's drunken mouth or her twelve-year-old fingers stunk in grease and unwashable sweat and body rot. The ones that cut into her flickering frontal lobe like maybe they were only TV: a pat, some warmth, a gift, a place that was as wonderful as she had hoped, as safe as she was promised.

I don't care. I don't give a fuck.

Motherfucker.

What'd she look like as a toddler? Small puffy cheeks, bigger whiter eyes, a nose that didn't spread across her face like hard matted dried putty. A clean brown even body. A little unbuckled back without pain or concern, a soft spanked bottom and a dress her favorite closest auntie gave her for Sunday meeting hopefuls. When did that compact bundle give away the fun and forage into this? When did you first taste shit?

All that fucking hard. Every tendon and deep crease and nailed-in pit and spot and cut and stare. Streaked K-Mart hair dye, chewable slab red lipstick and Sears black blush cover and slather. All sliding down in drug and filth hot sweat. From the corner she's propped up at. Waving her hand and a deflated fat tit flopped from her ragged T-shirt loose over speedo calf-length black tights. Pull 'em off and let me see that black mulch. Blacker and chewed and lumped like melted tar, wadded in snagged brillo pad hair with a penny thin slash of pinker brown—just inflamed and wet enough to slide through all that intense black.

Stretch marks that look like claw tracks streaked

heavily down her bubbly ass; from the inside of her thighs down almost to her knees. Thick and jagged and peach colored as if her nigger brown skin had been peeling and pulled off to expose a white trash nigger beast underneath.

Deep black stains only between her legs and on her flat blotted nipples.

And this is what she knows. What she sees and remembers now. What she is.

How to flick that tongue. How to close those eyes. How to grab those hairy white smelly nuts with the back of her hand, scraping the cracked and thick painted and bitten fingernails of her thumb and forefinger against your sweaty hot dank base and balls. How to ask you, between tongue and bath and full cheek suck:

You like to fuck?

I said, do you like to fuck, baby?

Face like a toilet, like a big black empty bucket that hangs upside down on your cock. That eats and drools and spits out your cum. That feels perfect to piss inside of.

She eats dirt, sucks filth.

Do you hurt? Does your belly hurt? Your eyes burn, your hemorrhoids itch, your thighs and small of your wide black back ache? How much do you burn when you wake up in the morning. Do you pass out and back in from a hazy fog that fails to cover up everything, every early morning to mid-afternoon in some rat trap roach hole. Does that bright sun hurt. The bugs, the heat, the noise, the drag. That liquor and crack scarred throat, your lungs, your face and the space behind your forehead where your brain should be.

You're old. Getting older. What do you choose to remember?

"My heart tells me that she is in a place filled with light and love," Eve Nichols hopes and prays.

She's got a picture of her daughter Polly painting some cloth; painting it with hearts and girly waves for a school play. All teeth and shiny suburban hair and carefully coordinated shirt and pre-teen dress. "Brown Hair, Brown Eyes, 4 feet 10 inches, 80 pounds" read the handbill that quickly followed the kidnapping.

All that bother.

All those problems.

And hopes, wishes, plans. Like romance and care and love and foolishness. Happy, proud of you dear, don't do that honey and thank you. Remember?

That smile, that hug, that smell, that sleep-over with her friends and the clothes that were found underneath a tree—her tights, two strips of packaging tape and an unrolled condom.

Sixty four marked and counted days. As if no one knew. As if no one hoped. Perfect.

Her flannel nightgown was open and pulled up. Right? Her miniskirt pulled up. She had a pink shirt tied around her waist when she was kidnapped, and it was found unfastened, correct?

Close your eyes. Now look down. At the toilet you piss into, the flaccid penis you hold in your hand.

That starts to weight, that starts to spread and expand and stretch. At your hand that lets the last piss drop and shake then shift down to that heavy package of warm balls. And back along and out around the hardening shaft. That fat artery underneath protruding and flexible, the head stretched tight back and focused. A rhythm on the veil of red mapped transparent skin sliding back tight then bunching loose. So fucking tight, so fucking hard and found so fucking fast.

I can see it all.

See you suck that fat dick, lick the balls. Be that fucking dead, that zoned, that ugly and bleeding and young.

Older than Lesley Ann Downey.

Older than Shanda.

Whiter than the fat lips that rubber up to that cock with its pink serpent darting tongue, muttering all that pimped ghetto garbage.

You want a nice lollipop blow-job?

And I know this. That the beast sitting on my lap with my cock pushing inside her fat rolled belly is built for this. Just like the boned tot captured on the bed in *Incest IV*.

Come on you cunt.

Come on you cocksucker. You filthy cocksucker.

You nigger whore. You cheap cunt prostitute.

What fucking whores do I know? How do you suck cock like that—who taught you you fucking black beast, what pimp fuck held his black meat in your fat lipped hole and told you how to move that hard empty

head up and down and around like that, and hold those balls and slime up that shaft, then use your white palmed nigger fist and your wiggling tongue. You cunt. You fat female beast. You fucking gorilla with tits and a fat fleshy hole in your face tighter than the meaty slash between your wobbly thighs. You meat packing pig.

I had a white hooker—who talked like a nigger—a wigger who told me the difference between the sizes of her tits. She fixed her make-up in my rear view mirror before she plowed down on my half hard cock.

I had a skinny white hooker whose cunt I fucked with my finger, just 'cause I wanted to feel her bony hips and mid-rift where her skin looked like it was about to snap and burst. I think of her, now, as pregnant and bleeding. And pissed on. As dry inside as a road kill sun-dried flattened rat; all gray hard hair and smashed flat wood-tar meat. Used and chewed and old. Her thin lips, absent clitoris and stone cervix. Like a dog. Sick. Like walking death. HIV positive and leery and stupid and ill.

Does this hurt?

Does this confuse you?

Do you care if you're going to die? Cunt? Are you ever sad, worried, do you care, do you fight and bark and rail? Do you like spreading the virus—do you lust after revenge? When do you curl up into full-blown? Tell me what you want to do, where you want to go, you cheap bag of filth and rot and wasted nothing.

And I took her home. Next time I piss cum into another white head for love, or a ten dollar puffy faced made-up nigger slug or straight into a clean porcelain toilet that I flush easier and quicker and cheaper and safer than I pay, I'll see those scars and tears. And the space underneath another whore mouth and pits that stand exactly like you. Acts exactly like you. The way that teenager mumbled into her neck and stuffed Wal-Mart dress. About her boyfriend turning her out, about her rape and that dick in her mouth. About the pills shoved into her mouth and drowned down with coca-cola.

The cunt that ate rat poison.

The cunt that swallowed bleach.

The cunt that had cigarettes burned out on her forehead and had her face shattered and collapsed with a baseball bat beating in some rank hotel room.

The frightened tot on the next page. Trying uneasily not to know what's happening. Staring out at anything but the dick in the hand of the man at her side. Ready to climb down on that bed that's just a bit too big for her little skinny white flat body.

"I would like to say that whoever has my children, that they please, that they please bring 'em home to us, where they belong. Our lives have been torn apart by the tragic events. I can't express how much they are wanted back home, how much we love 'em, we

miss 'em. They are our hearts. I have prayed every day. There is not one minute that goes by that I don't think about those boys. And I prayed that whoever has 'em, that the lord will let them, let him, realize that they are missed and loved more than any children in this world, and that whoever has 'em, I pray that every day you're taking care of 'em, and know that we would do anything, anything to help you get 'em back to us. I just can't grasp it enough that we've just got to get 'em home. That's where they belong, with their Momma and Daddy."

So true. So perfect. So easy.

So specific.

Carefully chosen. Centered around perspicacious words repeated over and over again and packaged into claustrophobic reality:

Susan Smith's babies carried together in a single very small white coffin that their father collapses next to in tears and moans. The lies that are honestly delivered from her overfed, overfucked mouth about love and safety. The videos she played for you with the children in overalls and gleaming excited smiles—fourteen months and three years—neatly covering the tiny lungs that would burst from torrents of hard water swallowed in heaving, gasping wet gulps in the middle of the totally black late night as they were tightly strapped into car seats that slowly sunk all around them.

Selecting perfect details like the child in *Incest IV*. And words like: Little. Weight. Cock. Fat. Cunt. Meat. Frightened. Fucked.

The knowledge that Susan was twenty-three years old and fucked by her father right up to the time she packed the little bags of nothing into the deep black painful water. Her suicide watch and the mistaken desperate teenage attempts that failed.

Like the nigger drug addict with her thin brown and worn skin pulled so tightly across its face that its jaw and low cheek bones read constant pain. Whose sunken black blank eyes suggest that the controlling, addictive crack she inhales can be felt with the head of your cock as it fills the soundless cavity at the top of her bent and crumbling spine.

Just your tongue.

Just your head. Don't move your tongue and watch your teeth. I just want to fuck your head. Don't use your hands. Don't touch it. Don't touch me. I don't need that kind of help.

Just wait.

Just open up and leave it like that.

I like the way your lips feel. And your throat.

Fat slippery red painted lips and harsh lines that slide across her short history. Chalk white horse teeth that easily give way to crusty yellow stems poking from rotted gums with black and brown permanent stains from either abuse or genetics. Spaces of pink

and light red and paint smeared chips and breaks whenever she tries to sell some conversation or directions.

You masturbate with her head.

You jerk yourself off using her entire nappy story and every little detail you know and looked for.

You pull your cock into that head and mouth and cum all over those lies and hopes and promises and sweetly held and brutally debased and painfully cut memories.

You masturbate into that empty head.

SIXTEEN

Were you ever abused by your parents?

No.

Were you ever molested by strangers or relatives?

No.

When did you first become aware of sexual feelings?

Sadly normal, I'm afraid—when did I first notice that sex wasn't... when did I first know that the kind of sex idiots talk about wasn't the kind of sex I liked? I'd like to know when you realized you were different from everybody else but I'd like to hear how your sexual interests formed from the very beginning as well.

The first time I fucked a girl, fucked a cunt, you do that don't you—you fuck the entire girl. I fucked her in the back seat of my mother's car, parked behind a bar my buddies used to hang out at. We were underage but we still had our own local joint. I was sixteen and I just got my license and I stuck my dick in her blonde polish cunt and felt her tits underneath this padded bra. And I looked down at that cunt—'cause I wanted to see it.

It was dark in the back seat and I looked at her jeans around her ankles and her brown blouse all open and her bra pushed up and her hard nipples and I knew I'd never want to do this again.

I thought it was terrible.

What was wrong?

Everything. Fucking her—fucking anyone was all I thought about then. Girls only. I was a typical sixteen-year-old horny boy. And I couldn't believe that was all it was. That everything I thought about was so fucking stupid and silly and... it was even too much work.

Do you think you built up the act too much by thinking about it constantly?

No. I didn't think the sensation was all that it was advertised to be, certainly, but looking at that pig with her cunt open and her tits out: all I could think of

was I'd never want to do this again. And that I'd really like to see her cry.

Did you climax too early, or did you have a problem with the act or—

No. Nothing like that. I was pretty rambunctious and she was politely compliant. It wasn't humiliating or anything like that.

I just didn't like it like that, you know.

I told myself in the mirror the next morning that if I'm gonna do it again I'm gonna fucking destroy her. I was going to enjoy myself. Find out exactly what I wanted and what I was looking for. And I figured that meant hurting her 'cause all my life I liked it when I saw people cry.

I giggled in inappropriate places and got a hard-on when I watched people cry.

Who did you see cry?

My teacher once. A science teacher. She broke down because I insulted her looks in front of everyone. And I was right. And my mother. My sister. TV. All over the fucking place.

My whole life has been spent looking for different and better ways to see people cry.

So few of these things interest me.

An old black woman has legal custody of her twenty-eight-year-old daughter's children; boys ages four and six.

Her daughter's body was found barely hidden in an alley on the south side of Chicago in a neighborhood rife with prostitutes and crack addicts.

"I told everyone who would listen to me, when my daughter dies, it will be because somebody killed her—and it will be because of drugs."

Other black girls' bodies were found around these few blocks. All whores. All drug addicts. Though not

all killed by the same person. Not exactly.

She was not a good mother. She didn't cook or clean, she didn't care or look after the little things that splattered out of her thick bellied pig womb.

"We are going to find you dead somewhere, child."

Her little nigger chillins were filthy. They lived in dirty diapers when they were older than babies and on the streets when only just kids.

If she lived with a boyfriend, it was her pimp.

If she fucked someone, it was for crack or heroin or a bottle of booze.

If she had a thought in her head, it was placed there by someone yelling at her in her rare seconds of unblasted wakefulness.

One was found in the basement of an abandoned building, strangled. The cops knew the building was a crack house and knew there was a murder there because the house had become empty over the last week.

"It didn't seem like she was in so much trouble."

"She just got off into the fast lane. She used to tell us this guy pulled a knife on her. It was hard to keep an eye on her."

How many of these young old looking and thinking black girls were raped before death is hard to tell. Not impossible, though. They sold themselves for drugs. Which they inhaled and injected immediately like starved stupid dogs. Some didn't worry about their customers wearing condoms and some were HIV positive already. The cum inside their murdered throats and dead wombs is very likely that of the murderers but, unless it was shot into a corpse, it is difficult to know for sure.

The murderers don't know each other. Or, rather, are unfamiliar faces to each other. They act the same, have similar lengthy police records for robbery and burglary and both were heavy drug users. Niggers. Mid-twenties. And most of the deaths had more to do with drug hoarding or drug anger and rage, or bad drug deals in general, than with the sexual nature of the girls' stretched and withered old corpses.

I possess a photo of a little mouth labeled parenthetically PNEUMONIA DUE TO DROWNING. It is of a little child, I think. I can't be sure because the asshole who took the shot cropped it to just focus on the mouth and nostrils and a little of the morgue blanket that covers up to his chin. I think it is a boy. The lips are thick, his teeth bright but cloudy wet white. The edges of the lips that seep into the little smooth chubby peach face become paler and almost white as they extend furthest from the sore red edges touching the teeth, hiding the dead weight of the tongue that lolls against the inside mouth. Tiny little pin prick scratches and sticky scabs, like just a little messy dried mucous, dot the very small nostrils. One nostril so small a baby finger couldn't push its way in.

A drunk mother places her child on an old grease stained gray stove and heats the coil underneath the baby's bottom.

She douses the child's blonde hair and skinny chest and his thin outstretched shielding arms and hands in thick oily hot bacon grease.

Some dumb nigger hungry for the only impulse his brain still pops for steals the crack out of a whore's cunt pouch. He strangles her to shut her up, blasts the crack and stumbles out looking for more whores with more crack, more liquor and more money than him.

Some little love package goes to the edge of the pool and vacantly dumps in. Water fills its lungs before its raised by the frantic father's swimming clutching arms. It dies later in a hospital crib surrounded by weeping nurses and well-intentioned bellowing friends.

Down the corridor lies a man with a sprained ankle, four broken ribs and a collapsed lung. His male lover is a drunk and continually batters him.

"It's hard for me to think about this, because when I remember, I remember the real bad stuff."

And he keeps coming back for more. And he'll start to drink as well.

"I nearly drank myself to death," says an AIDS patient, his thin shapeless, colorless lips stretched white. His cheeks sunken and skulled. His eyes at half-mast bleeding drugs and pain and tired. His forehead huge and bumped, his chin pointed and painful, his arms and back blotched with fat black puffy leech-like cancers.

He whimpers and wheezes philosophical about his mother and father and his alcoholism and his AIDS and his finally giving up on wishes and plans and finances.

Tell me again.

Just cause I want to be sure to understand everything. Absolutely. Every fucking little fucking faggy detail. So let's hear it. Let me hear those shitty tiny words drag out of your little cocksucking queer mouth. Let me smell those words—I want to taste all that shit. Make me feel what you went through, faggot. Make me know just how bad it got. Make me cry and feel and see and hug you and keep you warm. And we'll be so much closer then. Connected, you know.

But I'm only gonna know you from what you say. Just words. Fucking lying little words open to conjecture and misunderstanding and color. Subjective, objective and couched in every little ugly impulse and fib that embarrasses you. Or scares you. Or keeps you from the pure fucking heaven that lies right here in my open arms, puppy dog. That's what you want, isn't it, honey? Isn't it, dear? Someone to say you're right in every fucking thing you've ever

thought or done—every single moment. And, of course, you're right. Honestly. How could you be wrong? This ugly world. They—they—they never mattered and so what if they did? You're human and every decision can't be made perfect right on the spot. More importantly, every decision—no matter what—has to be made by you. You are what matters. Perfectly. Honestly. In this god's world you have only you to go on. Right?

And I want you to know. 'Cause I feel the same. We're both 100% correct and we only have to work out the lines between us. You see? Now I want to hear it again. And I want you to say it exactly the way you told me before. Only, this time, I want to fucking see it. Right here in the back of my painful little burning beady eyes. You faggot fucking cocksucker I want to lick the stink off those words—those irritating little flies' lies—and spit 'em back into your bawling worthless liar's face.

Sit up and bark.

Use that tongue in a foreign way this time. Let's see how many rutting pig's trails of deceit and horror and pain that red fat whip can click right off. Fast you fuck. You pretentious little homo queen, I want everything right here. I want my cock to feel it and my asshole. Before my brain can pick it apart. You fucking dog. You dirty fucking animal dog. Open that hole and stink this entire place up to high fucking heaven with that sick little you of yours. Your face farts, your asshole gump, your shitted grotesque fat lazy whore's mind.

Tell me how you got it.

Or should I refresh your memory? Should I get you started so you don't veer off the track and really fucking grinding fucking piss me off with more outrageous fucking little pussy whipped faggot lies? Should I, fuck? Fuck?

How fucking close are you? How fucking just this close are you to understanding how really fucking important this is to you? To us.

Remember now... calm down and spew forth only that which will set you fucking free. You fucking pig.

How you got it—how you think you got it. 'Cause I—we—know it's still all in the open, right? We're not sure? But you have an opinion. And we'd like to share that opinion. We'd like to be very close now.

We want to choke in the warm sunshine of your fairy tale. To hold hands and cup big flabby asscheeks and caress your fingertips up and down one's sides, hips to armpits, kiss fully and deeply and know that time only exists the moment we pull from each other and wonder who gets to the bathroom first to soak off the shit and sweat and cum.

Tell me about how you got AIDS from letting someone blow you. About the cuts at the base of your cock—where the skin rubbed and pulled open and the

sores stayed red and wet and every time you jerked off and slammed and slipped inside some fag room asshole. And how you let that oriental faggot suck you. How he sucked you right to the balls. And how you forgot about the cuts. And how you had diarrhea just a few days later. And thrush.

Let me see if I can smell that AZT on you. In you.

And tell me how your husband battered you and fucked your ugly pig face. And you didn't know what to do, did you little baby? You cheap cunt. You cheap fucking pig.

And how did daddy's dick taste?

How you would've kept your shirt on if you weren't drunk. Especially since someone had a camera. 'Cause you're really not like that, are you, you cunt.

And you let him piss on you 'cause it meant something then. And the nude scene is important. Sex is just a great plus when it comes to love.

Should we wear condoms when we fuck our friends' greasy little holed asses?

Should you employ dental dams before you engage in the wholly disgusting perversion of actually getting your face anywhere near those wobbly piss and filth filled sewers women call cunts?

And should we smoke?

And wear shoulder straps in the car. Oh dear, I certainly hope your tiny little six month old baby doesn't go smashing through your windshield breaking every bone in its worthless fucking body. What can I do to help?

Were you ever abused by your parents?

Yes.

Do you feel like you can talk about it?

Go on.

Would you like to try?

My father used to handcuff me to the bed and stick his fingers inside me when I was only twelve years old.

How long did the abuse go on for?

Years and years—I left home when I was eighteen but... when-ever I came home like for a holiday or whatever, he would still molest me.

How long did that continue?

Till just... the last time was about six months ago. *What form of abuse—how does your father molest you now, or currently... this last time?*

He locks me in the bathroom. I know when it's going to happen. I'm too afraid to go to the bathroom in that place. This last time, I was sick and had to spend some time in the bathroom against my better judgment. He waited for me to open the door and then pushed his way in. I started to act violent but I was afraid to let me mom hear... and it doesn't even matter that much anymore.

What did he do?

He sat me on the toilet and made me blow him.

Why do you think you don't want your mother to hear?

It would kill her.

You don't think she'd help you?

I think she'd have to. I know she knows.

Of course she does. Has she ever caught you and your father?

She's seen me running out of their bedroom naked.

And she doesn't say anything?

She sort of treats it like she's either stupid or in denial. Or even sort of like me and dad are having an affair.

Do you hate your father?

Right now, I do.

Not always, though?

It's weird. I don't know how I feel sometimes.

He's good in some areas, in some places sometimes. I kinda know he loves me, he's just really hurt himself.

By the abuse or by events previous?

I think he's had a hard life. And the lines blur easily on him.

When you're fellating him in the bathroom, you don't hate him?

Should I?

It's all up to what you feel—what goes through your mind?

That I hope he cums quick.

That's all?

And that I wish he'd leave me alone.

You locked the door. You said you didn't scream because of your mother. You must know you aren't pleased with the situation. You didn't want it to happen.

I don't want it to happen. But maybe because I've sucked so many other dicks I just don't want to have to do another.

Really?

In a way, yeah, it's just another dick. Another fucking asshole's dick.

Not necessarily your father's?

Yeah, My father's taken care of me in other ways and... I just fucking hate sex in that way, I guess; all these assholes are the same.

Do you enjoy sex?

No. I like the money and the sex doesn't bother me because of the money but I don't think I've ever liked it for its own sake.

Do you think that might have something to do with your father raping you when you were twelve?

Maybe.

You were never allowed to know what real sex would be like.

What is real sex?

Well... maybe like real love or a moment of tenderness

or caring or comfort.

My dad pets my head afterward.

Does he apologize?

Sort of. He knows I'm a whore so I think he apologizes more for putting himself down to the level of my johns.

What does he say?

Oh dear, oh dear... he mumbles just about everything. I try not to listen. I just try and clean up my mouth and see if he dripped on my blouse.

Do you think of him as down to that level?

Yes. All men are pigs.

Do you think men are incapable of caring or loving? In general?

Well, I don't think it's manifest in sex, that's for sure. In general.

Do you think that your feelings towards men were, or are, formed by the fact that your father started having sex with you when you were just twelve?

Well, I don't know how I could change now. I guess I don't know. He did. And this is how I feel. All the stuff you say about care and love means very little to me. In fact, it sounds foolish. I don't believe in those things.

What do you feel is the purpose of sex?

I couldn't imagine that it ever had anything to do with love. But I don't know those things—purpose, I mean; I don't believe in god, I don't believe in silly ideas like love, I don't think anyone can believe in the purpose of such a thing.

It just seems somehow stupid to me.

You think men are stupid?

Yes. As far as sex goes, definitely.

Do you think women can enjoy sex?

I don't see how.

Certainly, you've had friends—girlfriends tell you that they enjoy sex?

No, I don't think so. If they talk that way—I mean, obviously, I've heard all about it every fucking day but I just leave or don't pay attention. Those people are obviously deluded or stupid.

Our bodies work one way. The purpose of sex is to have babies. Why we're supposed to enjoy sex is totally beyond me. Cumming is just an animal thing. The same way as having a baby is.

You don't feel that you want to have a baby?

No.

Why is that?

Why would anyone want one? I can't answer that—the cows I see with babies and all that; I just hate it.

Hate is a strong word.

Why am I supposed to just get in line with all these others? Why do you keep asking me these questions as if you know there's only one way to act or exist?

I'm just curious if you think your separation from everyone else—or from currently accepted social mores—is based on the abuse you suffered from years of being molested by your father.

My mother's put her fingers in me. And you don't think that could have changed the way you think about motherhood?

Well, the truth is, I'm just kidding. I just thought you might like to hear that. I don't think my opinions have been forced on me irrationally. I see what goes on. My thinking isn't clouded or reactionary. Why would you think I would want to hear it?

I think you'd like to hear exactly what my dad did to me, really. How big his dick is and what he slipped inside of me and how many times he pumped and where he spewed and how he grabbed me and held me down and forced his way into my hairless little snatch.

I know men. I know you. I can tell you what you think and how you act another way. That's what love and care is. Hypocritical masks. Like praying—acting as if you're thankful and honorable and grateful when you're only really asking for more or better things. I'm not stupid. I see you every day. I've sucked you off and you taste no better or worse than my dad. I've been paid for all parts of this body. I've been sectioned off and sold wholesale. I know what you want and even when you'll get unembarrassed enough to ask for it.

I don't know why men want to put their dicks in me. I don't know why some are happy with just dicks and others want to use coke bottles. Why some look at my tits like they want to slice them off. Why some men want to piss on me or want me to piss on them, eat out my asshole or shit on my stomach.

My father handcuffed me to the bed when I turned fifteen and I was starting to believe all the shit I heard in school—that this sort of thing was wrong, blah, blah, blah. He fucked me in the ass and made me swallow his cum that tasted like my shit and my cunt. He jammed his fingers into my fifteen-year-old asshole and then put 'em all the way down my throat. I'm twenty years old for fuck's sake and that motherfucker is making me suck his big dick in the car on the way to the airport. I'm on the fucking highway bent over my father's lap licking and sucking his hard-on and squeezing his balls and hoping he cums before he kills me. His dick looks just like yours, motherfucker, and you don't fool me for one fucking minute. You owe me even for just my time you cocksucker.

My father gave me presents. And taught me lessons. He even fucking told me the same shit you do about caring and concern and love and respect. And I don't believe it not because he fucked my tight little snatch and my sore little ass

or my freshly made-up for the prom face. I don't believe it because it's not true. And the people who say it is true know it's not but need to believe it 'cause they want to fuck the same holes.

No matter what they say or how they act. No matter how others see them. They're all exactly the same.



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