

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 thickened 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 lusting 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 aunts and sisters taking responsibility for the weaker drug problem 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's 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 collar 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 bleed 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