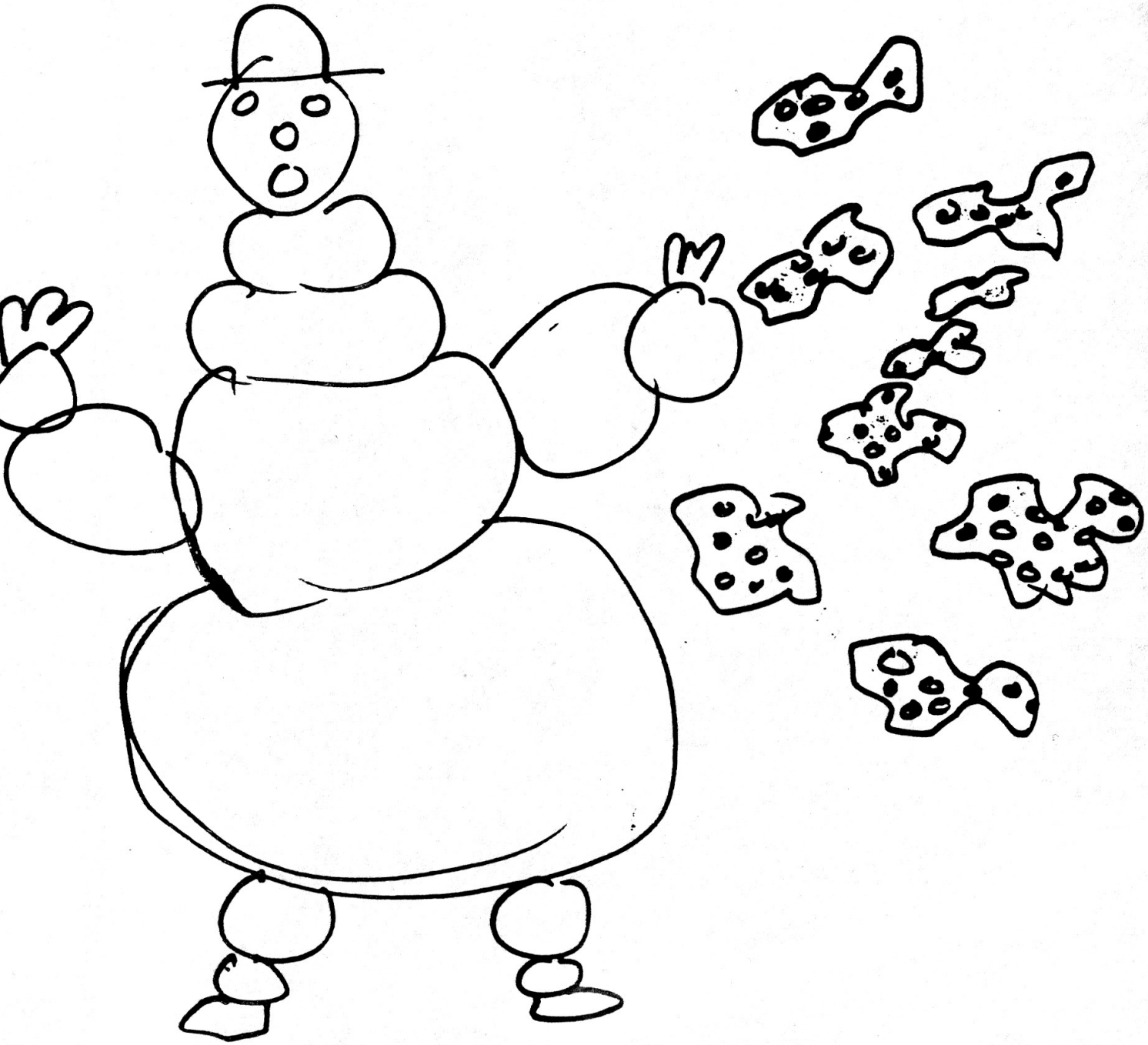
August 26–27, 2000
pinko's opening


WHERE DO I BELONG?
HOW LONG?
WHEN WILL MY AIR RUN OUT?
7
6
5
4
3
2
1 PM
12 NOO
11
10
9
8
STROW



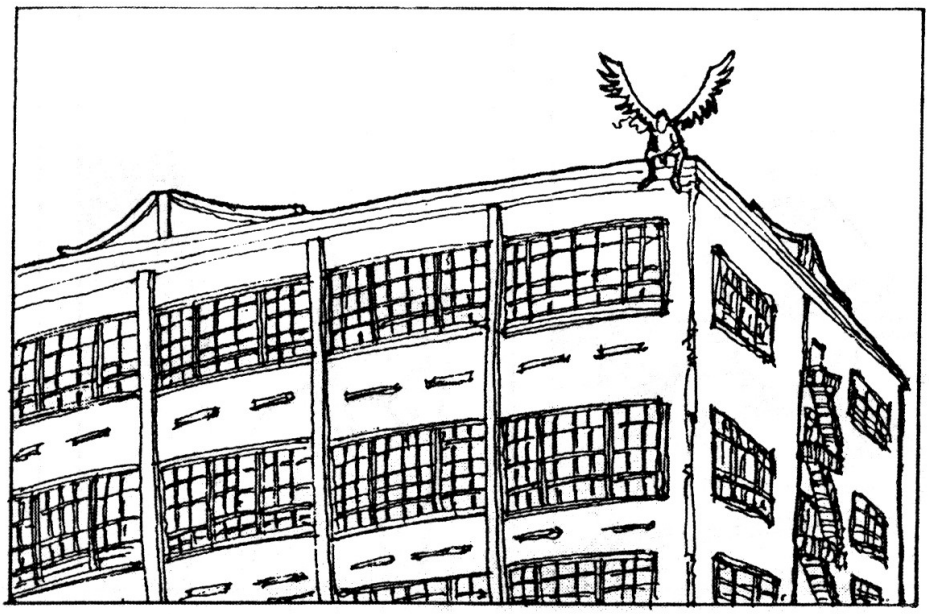
Your Immune System At Work

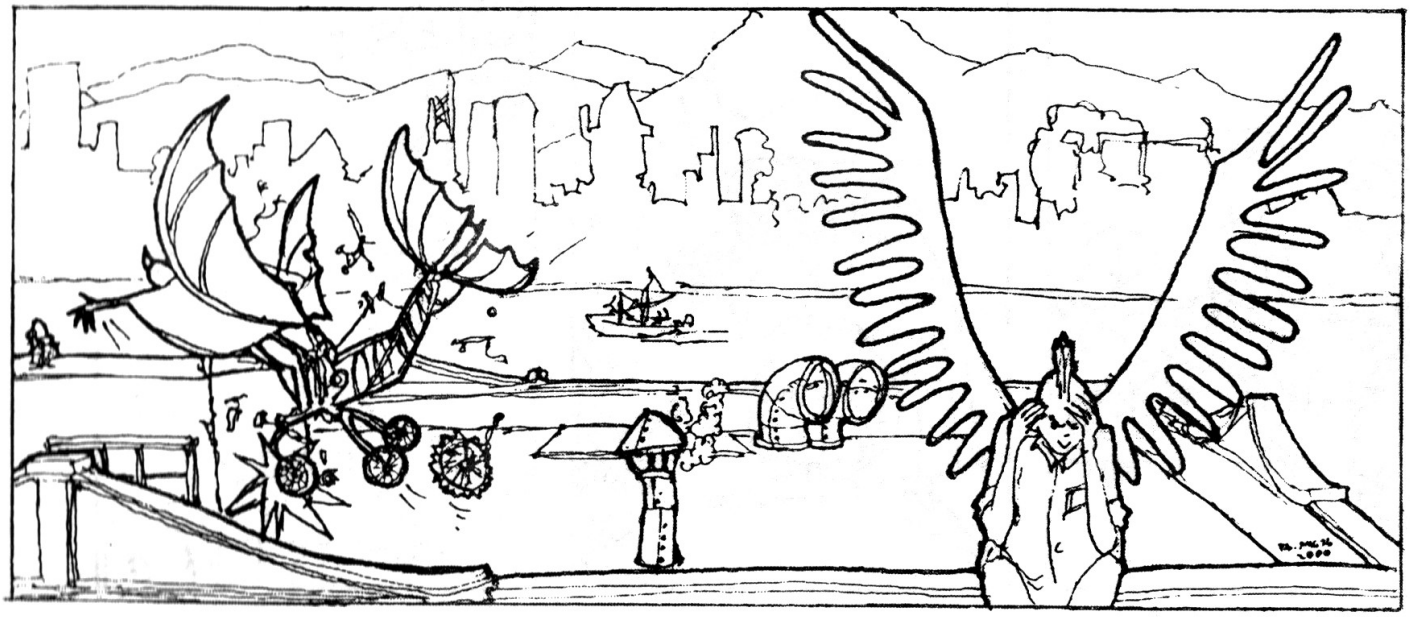

BINGO
6
1
9 30 32 57 75
10 67
2 72
15 61
1 27 33 49 64
OO-OHH DORA!!
MOMMY, DADDY NEEDS SOMETHING!

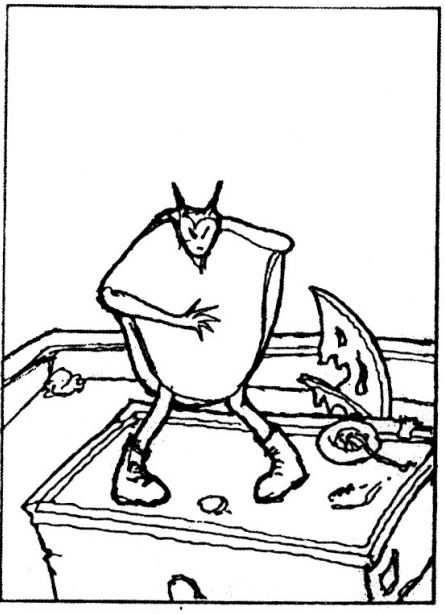
the Angel, the Vampire & the Witch in the Opening

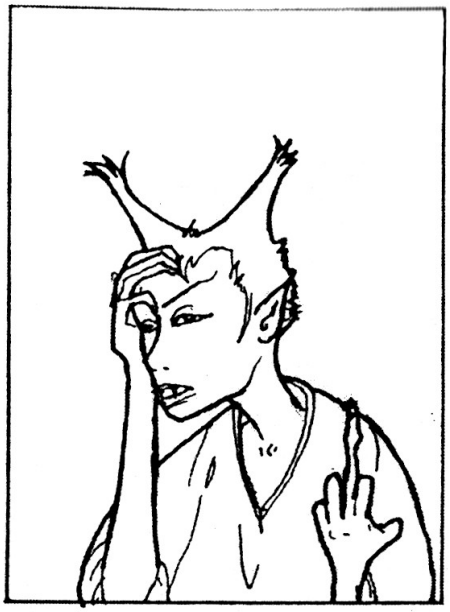
By LISA LOEWENTHAL (STORY)
PETR SORFA (ART)

Date: 26 August 2000

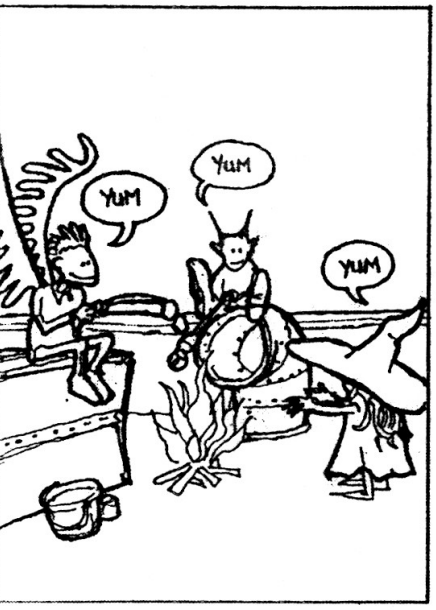


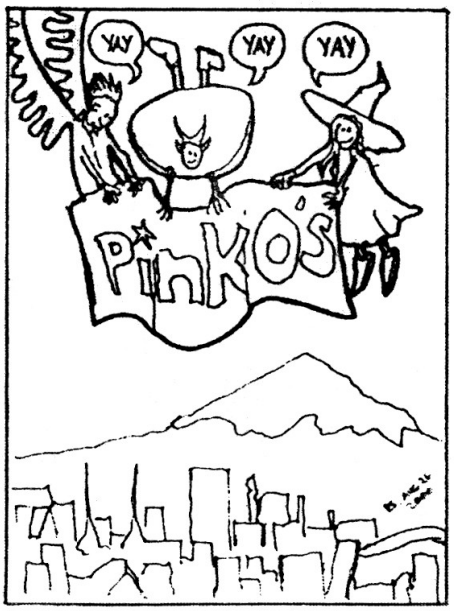







MARSHMELLOZ!


YUM
YUM
YUM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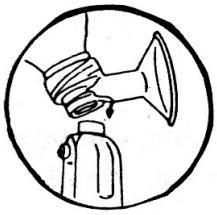
PINKOS



MY WEEKEND AWAY FROM PINKO'S

by Steev Hise

Saturday morning, eager for advance news of the Pinko's Grand Opening, Jay and I tried to look at the webcam. But something was wrong with the internet, somewhere between here (in San Francisco) and there (in Portland). We were sad about this development. I wished we were there. Jay mentioned again her desire she had voiced a few times in the last couple days that she wanted to do things here "like what Jon and those guys are doing".

She went to work and I set about getting ready for my gig that night. I practiced for a couple hours, making noise in the living room. Then I packed everything up, the laptop computer, the tiny mixing board, the echo box, the cd player (just in case the computer crashed), and all the cords and power adapters. Then I made dinner and Jay came home and we ate it. By then I was a little nervous about the gig and had forgotten about Pinko's for the moment.

While the Grand Opening went on into the night, I drove my illegal car (800 dollars in parking tickets, failed smog test, and unregistered in California even though i've lived in California for 5 years now) over to "The Clit Stop," aka "the Delivery Room". I use the second name because I hate that first name, and have publicly said so. I sometimes call the place the "Gratuitous Sexual Reference Stop". It's juvenile and pointless to call it the Clit Stop, and I have toyed with the idea of never performing there as sort of a personal protest. But there I was on my way to perform there. So much for principles; I was eager to play, because I originally was supposed to play with this group thursday night at The Luggage Store, but the show never happened because the owners never appeared to unlock the place!

Anyway, I arrived and brought my stuff in. It turns out they had a PA. A pretty nice one, in fact, which i didnt expect. I had brought my own amp, the reason I had to risk driving my illegal car. Otherwise I could have taken the subway, as all the rest of my gear fit in two shoulder bags. I was to play with Bonnie Kane, a saxophonist from NYC, Ernesto Diaz-Infante, a guitarist from SF, and Paul Hoskin, clarinetist from Seattle. Paul arrived soon after me but the others were late. The first act went on shortly after Jay showed up with our friend Wobbly. By the time that was over, Bonnie and Ernesto had arrived and we set up.

I had never played with any of them before, or even seen any of them play, though I had heard Ernesto's recordings. Ernesto invited me to join in, since we all are the kind of free-improv players that are open to collaborating with anyone on the fly. But, I was still worried about how it would go.

It actually went pretty well. It felt strange being the only non-acoustic player in the group, though both Ernesto and Bonnie used effects and amplification. The overall sound turned out to be surreal and, as Bonnie described it "orchestral". My instrument, some linux software called the Syntagm

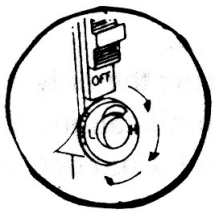
Engine, still needs some work before it's a really effective tool for ensemble improvising. But I did alright, sort of navigating my chewed-up media samples in between the noisy skronkings of the horns and guitar.

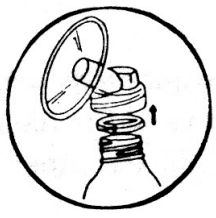
At the time I was confused about how it really sounded. But afterward people said it was great. I recorded the set with my minidisc recorder and binaural microphones, and Bonnie also recorded it with a portable DAT machine. So I was looking forward to hearing a recording, so I could find out what i really sounded like.

The next act was the Moekestra, led by local genius experimental conductor Moe Staino. The Moekestra is different for every piece, but it always involved conducted improvisations, with Moe frantically waving hand signals and signs at the band, which is always quite large. Tonite the piece was "Death by Dildo" and the group consisted of 10 guitarists, 2 bassists, and a drummer. To make a long story short, the main idea of the piece was making noise with vibrators, using them to scrape the strings of guitars or basses, interfere with the magnetic fields of the pickups, or vibrate the surfaces of drums and cymbals. It was a very noisy, funny piece, as you might expect, but speaking of cymbals, or symbols, the probably unintended connotations of the piece were a bit disturbing to me. Mainly because there was only one female in the band, the drummer, Karen Stackpole. She's a great percussionist, but also a pretty attractive woman, and here she is sitting in the middle of 11 guitarists that are all beating on their guitars with big plastic phalluses. Moe is stabbing the air with his fingers, indicating when she should hit her drums or when the guitarists should wave their phalluses over their long fretboards. You probably don't need to read Freud to get the idea. This was all okay except that amazingly there was little or no attention paid to this. I mean, of course they hammed it up, haha we're playing vibrators. But.... what does that MEAN? Oh hell, I guess I'm just too serious sometimes... I mean, hey, it's the Clit Stop, what better place for a rather unreflective, bombastic piece called "Death by Dildo"? What the hell.

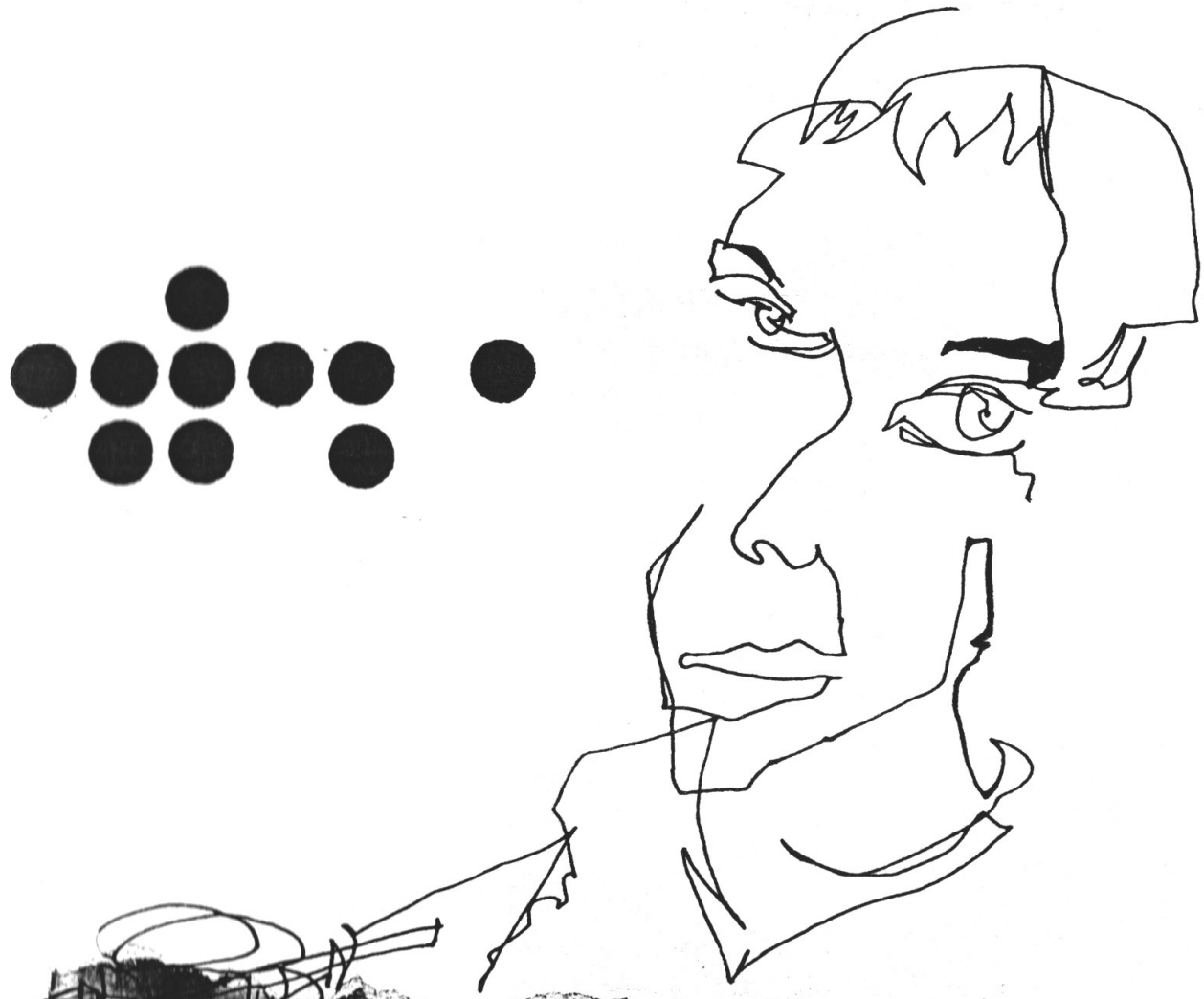
This morning I woke up and made some tea like I always do, and listened to the disc of the show last night. It sounded great! My playing was actually much more discrete and cautious than I had felt at the time. Which is good. And, it was fun.

While I listened, I read my email, and there was a message from Jon about Kinko's. I tuned in to the web cam and saw the busy pinko's comrades hard at work. Hurray! I still wish I was there and I tip my laptop to you, Pinko's, in a hearty salute! Cultural Workers of the World, Unite!






you bet yer sweet ass... I'm in love



this girl has really big eyes. and cute little lips too. i do like her white boots. i wonder if she ate any of those mushrooms. what is she thinking about any way? with that big head and all? she looks like she's trying to be cool. she's very sedated. see how her eyelids are heavy? she's not easily impressed. she knows she's cute. id like to wrestle her in the grass. she'd win. i just love her


sun deck where they may relax and play in sports clothes is segregated from rest of
They are favorite tennis companions of junior officers who radio ship for dates.
time of a total eclipse of the sun.

BOTTLE ROCKET JUNKY

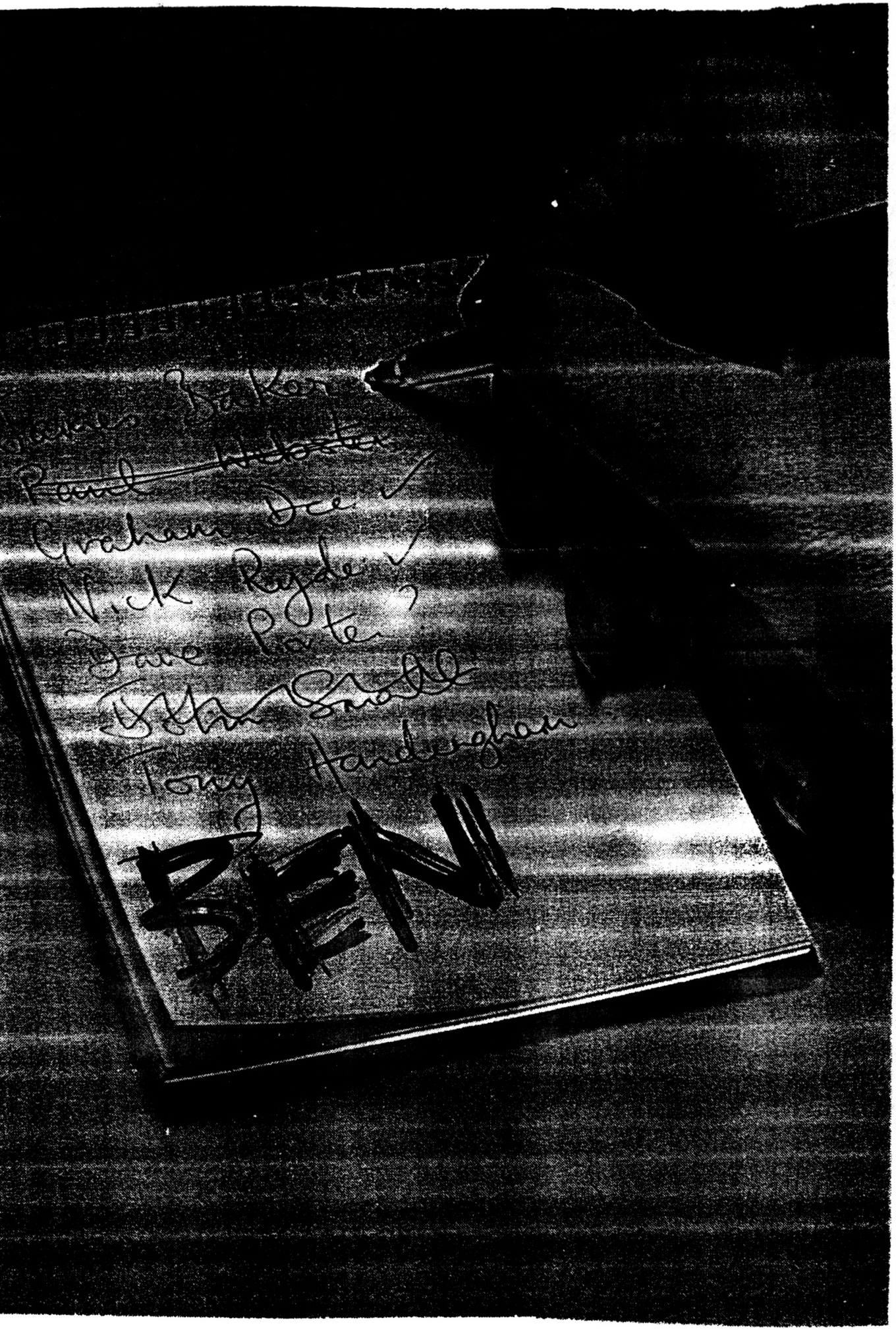
By EDOSITO.org

ON A WHIM ONE NIGHT, BACK IN OMAHA, I RENTED A MOVIE CALLED "BOTTLE ROCKET". I WAS ON A BINGE OF WATCHING MOVIES ALONE IN MY ROOM ON A DAILY BASIS. I WAS PLOWING THROUGH ALL THE INDIES AND FILM GEEK CLASSICS I COULD FIND AT A MIDWEST STRIP MALL BLOCKBUSTER. I WATCHED "BOTTLE ROCKET" TWICE ON THAT FIRST RENTAL. I WAS SO TAKEN BY ITS KIND HEART AND OPTIMISTIC SPIRIT. LITTLE BY LITTLE, ITS SUBTLER CHARMS SET UP CAMP IN MY MIND. I SHOWED IT TO FRIENDS. I'D RENT IT OCCASIONALLY FOR MYSELF. SOON, IT BECAME THE MOVIE TO WHICH I COMPARED ALL OTHERS. PACING. CHARACTERS. MUSIC. SO SIMPLE BUT* SO SUCCESSFUL. I BECAME A FAN, ENDLESSLY PROMOTING IT AND LOOKING FOR FILMS LIKE IT. THERE ARE NO FILMS LIKE IT, BY THE WAY. BEFORE I MOVED TO PORTLAND IN 1999, I'D SEEN "BOTTLE ROCKET" ABOUT A DOZEN TIMES. WHEN I SHOWED IT TO MY NEW ROOM MATES, A NEW LEVEL OF OBSESSION BEGAN. IT BECAME A WEEKLY (DAILY FOR A FEW WEEKS) RITUAL. DIALOGUE FROM THE MOVIE INTEGRATED ITSELF INTO OUR LIVES. "CA-CAW!" BECAME OUR GREETING, "WHEN DID ___ GET SO CYNICAL?" WHEN SOMEONE GOT CRABBY. RECENTLY THE LAURELHURST THEATER PLAYED IT FOR TWO WEEKS. I SAW IT FIVE TIMES. YOU SHOULD TOO. JUSTIFY THIS INORDINATE FONDNESS. PLEASE.

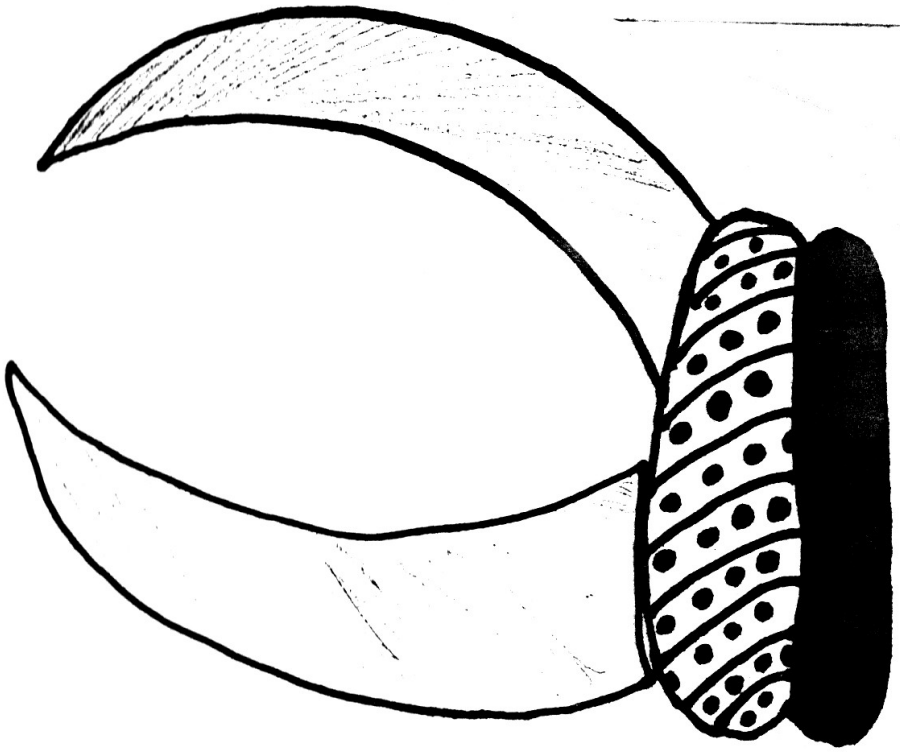
*THEREFORE

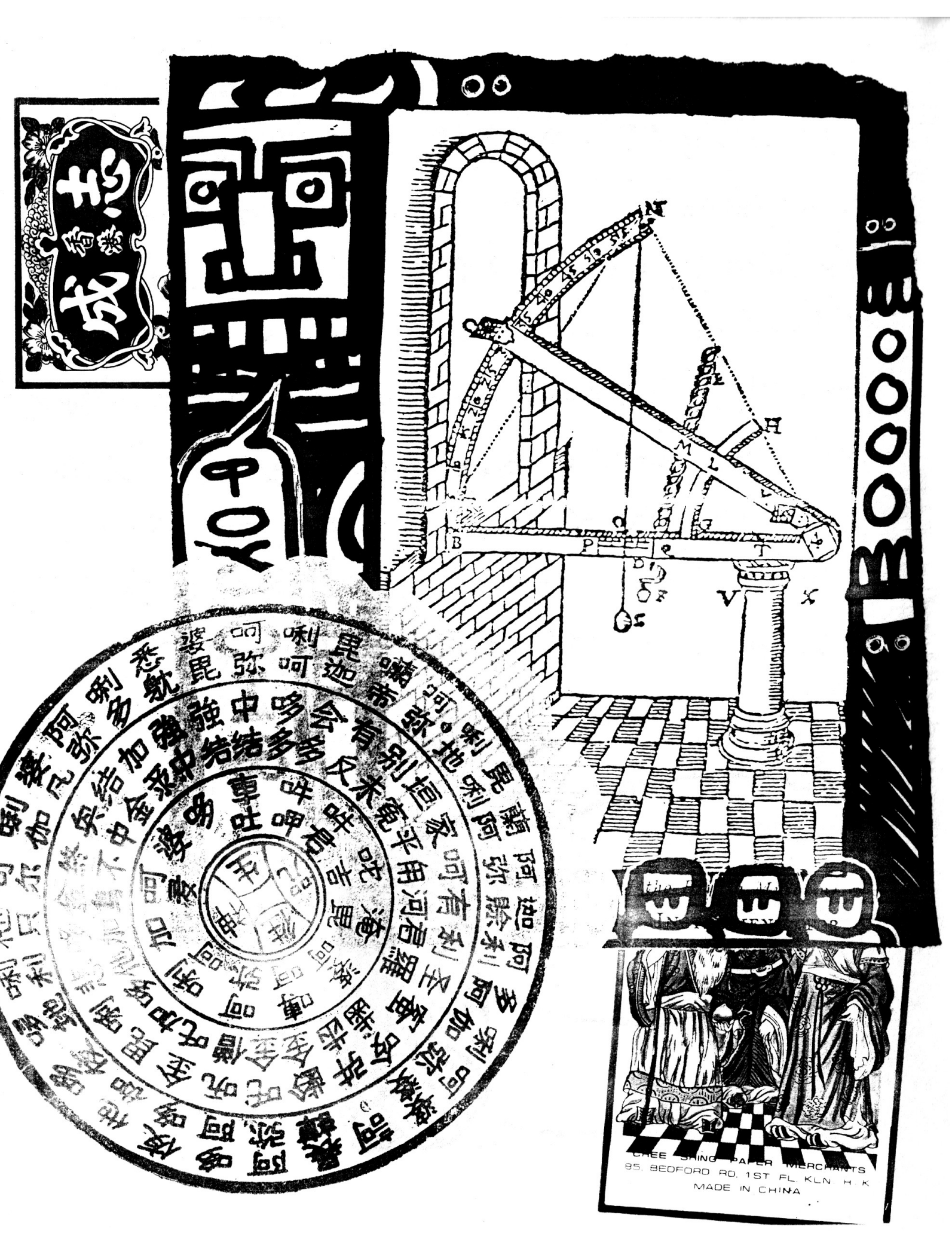
WES AND OWEN ALSO MADE "RUSHMORE" AND ARE CURRENTLY MAKING "THE LIFE AQUATIC"

OWEN WILSON AND WES ANDERSON CO-CREATED "BOTTLE ROCKET"


Graham Dee
Nick Rydale
Dave Porter
Tony Hanrahan

TWENTY CHICKENS, EACH ONE A SECRET HAIRDRESSER. TWENTY CHEERLEADERS, EACH ONE ARMED TO THE TEETH WITH POMADE GRENADES, HAIRTHROWERS, SEMIAUTOMATIC SCISSORS. IT'S THE MILLION MISSY MARCH! THEY'RE POUNDING ON THE WINDOWS OF THE LITTLE BLUE SCHOOLHOUSE! "SEND US YOUR TEENAGERS! WE WANT TO COIF THEM! OR COIFF THEM, OR BARB THEM! WE HUNGER FOR A HANK OF HAIR!"

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PHENOMENOLOGY

The founder of phenomenology, the German philosopher Edmund Husserl, introduced the term in his book, Ideas: A General Introduction to Pure Phenomenology (1913; trans. 1931). Early followers of Husserl such as the German philosopher Max Scheler, influenced by his previous book, Logical Investigations (1900-1; trans. 1970), claimed that the task of phenomenology is to study essences, such as the essence of emotions. Although Husserl himself never gave up his early interest in essences, he later held that only the essences of certain special conscious structures are the proper object of phenomenology.

As formulated by Husserl after 1910, phenomenology is the study of the structures of consciousness that enable consciousness to refer to objects outside itself. This study requires reflection on the content of the mind to

the exclusion of everything else. Husserl called this type of reflection the phenomenological reduction. Because the mind can be directed toward nonexistent as well as real objects, Husserl noted that phenomenological reflection does not presuppose that anything exists, but rather amounts to a "bracketing of existence," that is, setting aside the question of the real existence of the contemplated object.

What Husserl discovered when he contemplated the content of his mind were such acts as remembering, desiring, and perceiving and the abstract content of these acts, which Husserl called meanings. These meanings, he claimed, enabled an act to be directed toward an object under a certain aspect; and such directedness, called intentionality, he held to be the essence of consciousness. Transcendental phenomenology, according to Husserl, was the study of the basic components of the meanings that make intentionality possible.

opening night at pinko's - by raymond brigleb

it's opening night at pinko's.
josh is walking around filming people
i think his name is josh, to this day
i cannot be quite sure
i am very bad with names

i once had to ask a woman her name four times
in a period of ten minutes, while asking her out
her name was laurie,
not a difficult name to remember for most people.
it was for me.

ed is designing some graphic layouts for the 'zine
i don't like to call anything a 'zine
but i call it that because everyone else does.
the project has lofty goals.

all the men here are wearing lipstick
because someone wants to get our lips on paper
lips are great for kissing, if they're the right ones,
but they're not so hot on paper.

because of my trouble with names
i am reluctant to introduce myself to people
try as i may, i know i won't remember the names
and i have to ask them again, or say "hey you"
and then i just sound stupid.

calling this a poem is like using the word 'zine.
a linguistic evil i cannot evade
the stigma of the word, the abortive thought.
i find comfort around things that don't need names.

heard a whisper. Actually, I heard two voices, whispering. They were the voic
might find in a James Cagney movie, see? The voices were stern. The voic
e serious. The voices asked to be eavesdropped on.

I am Ronaldo.

I know.

Do you know where she is?

NO.

Do you?

No. If I did, I wouldn't be asking you.

oved closer. I mean, maybe I know where she is. I had this vision of Shirley
Clain in The Apartment. It probably wasn't her. They continued.

She left me no address. No phone number. Nothing. That bitch.

Maybe she didn't want you to find her.

Oh really. Perhaps you should give up your current profession and become some
of
detective.

Yeah. Maybe. Or maybe, and this is just something to think about, maybe you
uld avoid
women that are, not a little bit, but a lot, smarter than you.

y, I was interested. I moved even closer. You now, it's amazing how brave you
when you think that no one can see you. You start to think that you're really
sible. That you have become the perfect bug. That you're living inside the
trum of the people you're spying on. That you're an organism yet to be discovered
organism that resides in human eardrums, and has only one purpose: to absorb
rmation. So, I continued to listen. No man was going to get over on my watch.

Whatever. Can you find her?

Of course. Of course, I can find her. I'm like a social butterfly without
uples.

Okay. When you find her . . .

Yeah.

Tell her . . .

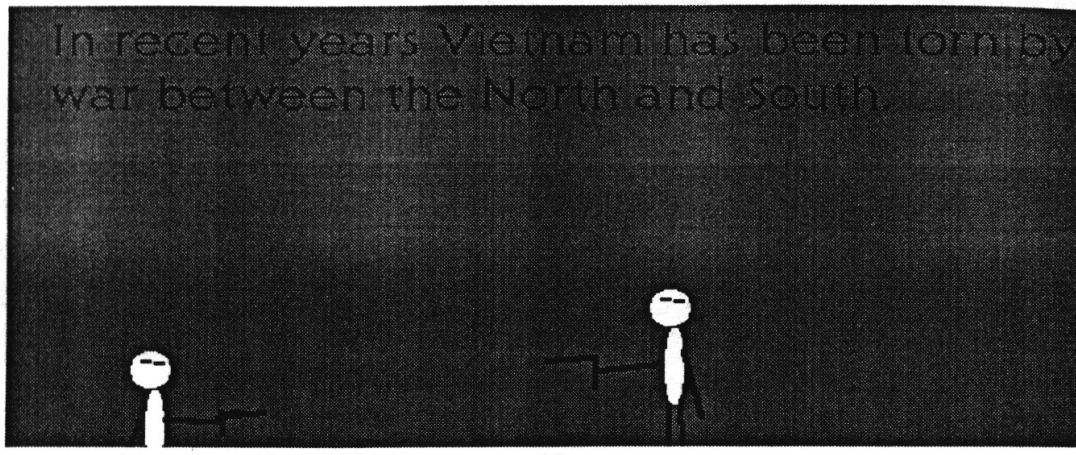
Yeah.

Tell her to give me back my Tito Fuentes records.

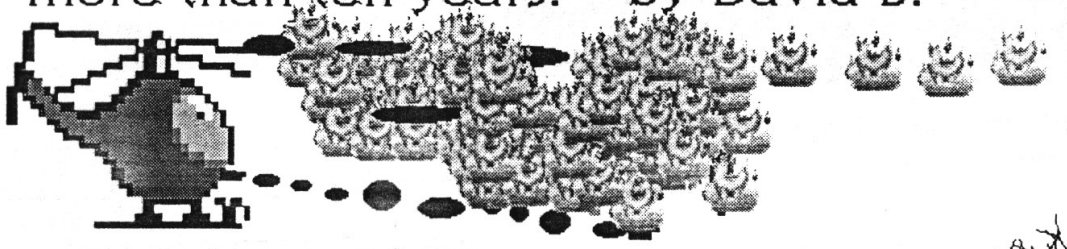
At this point I became confused. Who was Ronaldo? Well, whoever he is. He really
likes Tito Fuentes. God, my toe itches.

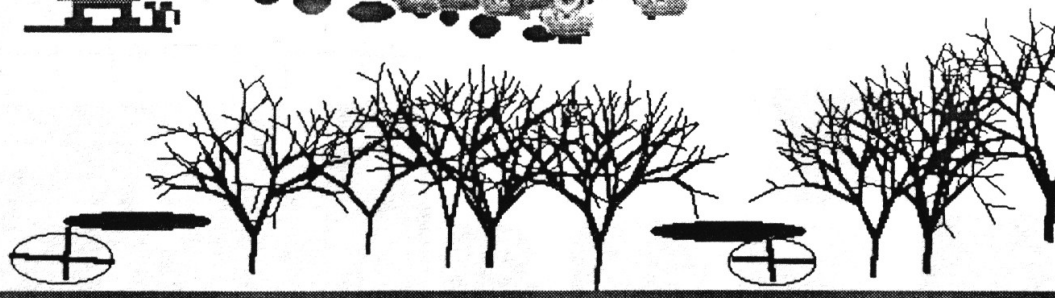
Our souls understand each other.
Babies.

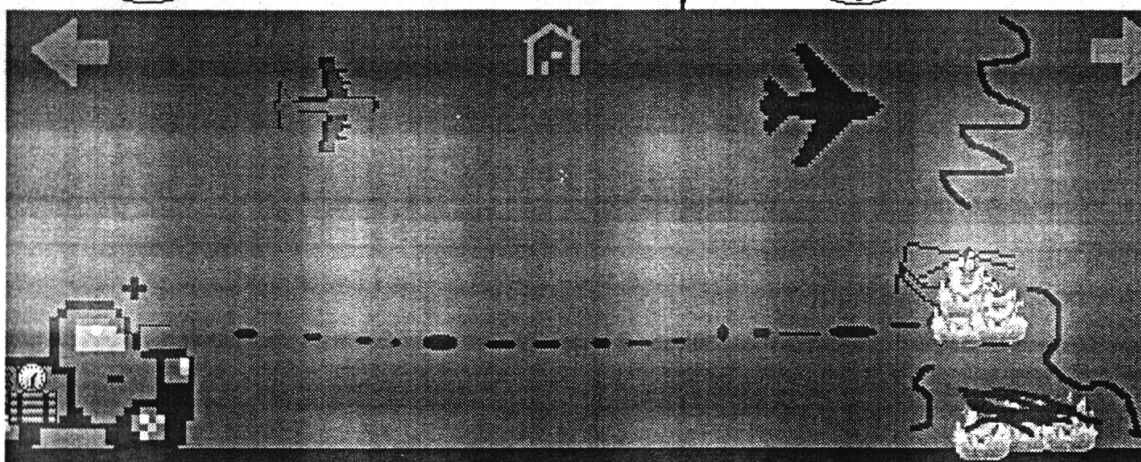
[redacted]'s the kiss where the lips and the world begins.



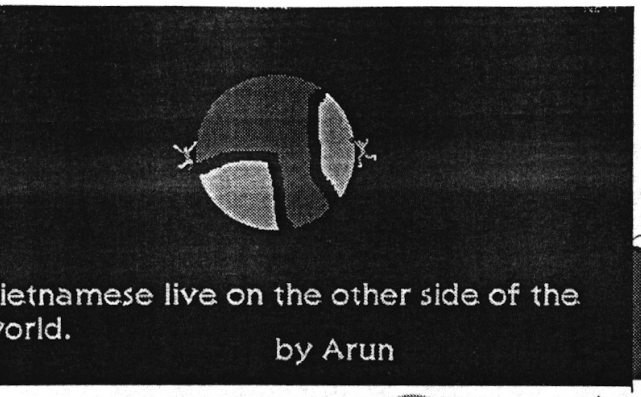
South Vietnam was supported by the United States. The war was fought for more than ten years. by David B.



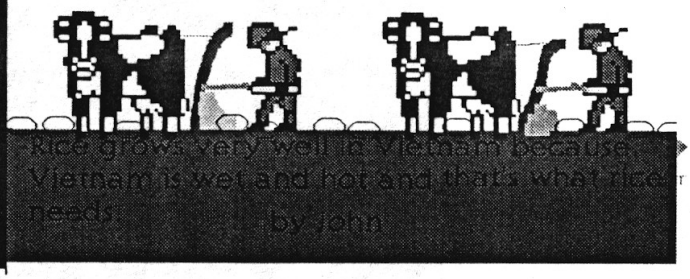




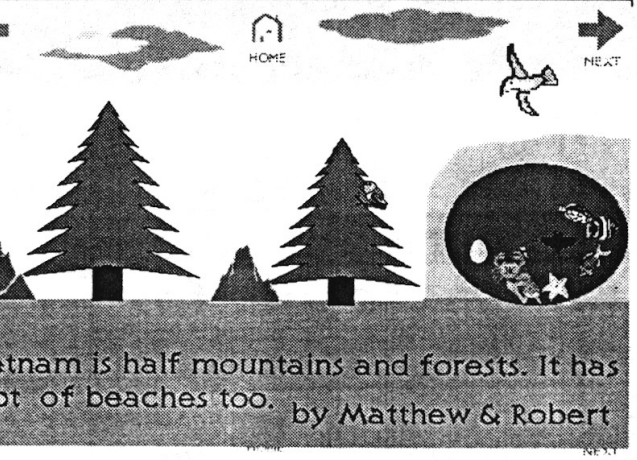
South Vietnam's army was badly beaten. In April 1975 South Vietnam surrendered to North Vietnam. by Matthew & Robert



ietnamese live on the other side of the
orld.
by Arun



Rice grows very well in Vietnam because
Vietnam is wet and hot and that's what rice
needs.
by John

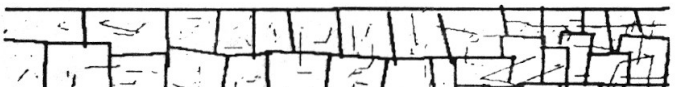


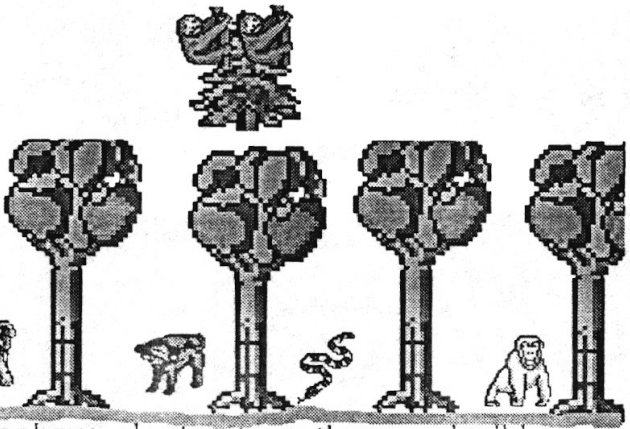
tnam is half mountains and forests. It has
ot of beaches too. by Matthew & Robert

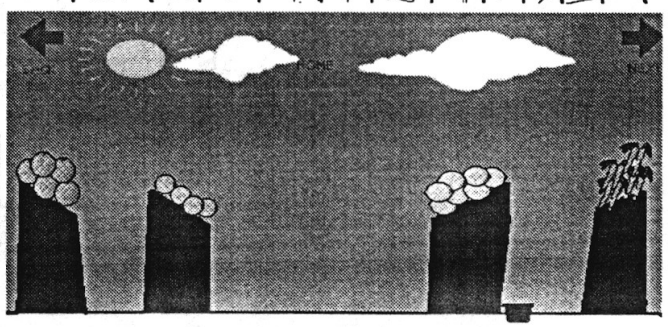
In Vietnam there are work cows (water buffalo). The cows get wet because they step in water. The cows work in rice paddies. The cows are strong.
by Stacey

In Vietnam they have rice paddies. Rice paddies are fields with water standing in them. People in Vietnam go to the rice paddies and pick the rice and put it in baskets.
by Stacey

Langur monkeys live in the forests of
ietnam.
by Vinny

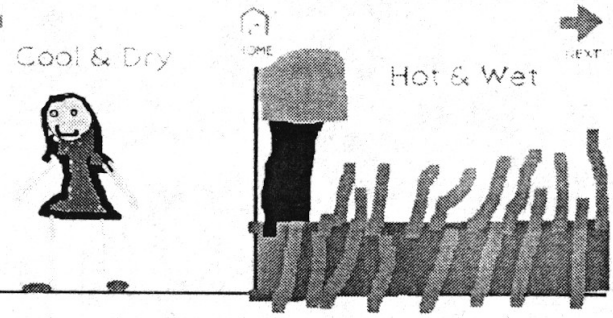




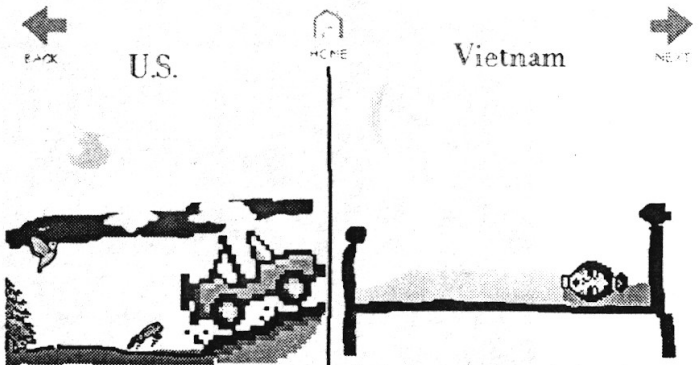


In Vietnam the people shop at outdoor markets because it is so hot there.
by John

onkeys, elephants, pythons and wild oxen
n be found in Vietnam.



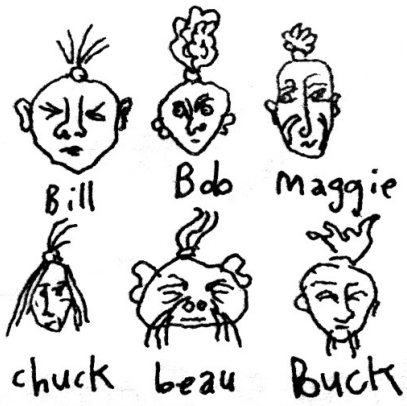
Vietnam there are two seasons. One is
et and hot. The other is cool and dry.
by Melissa and Chris

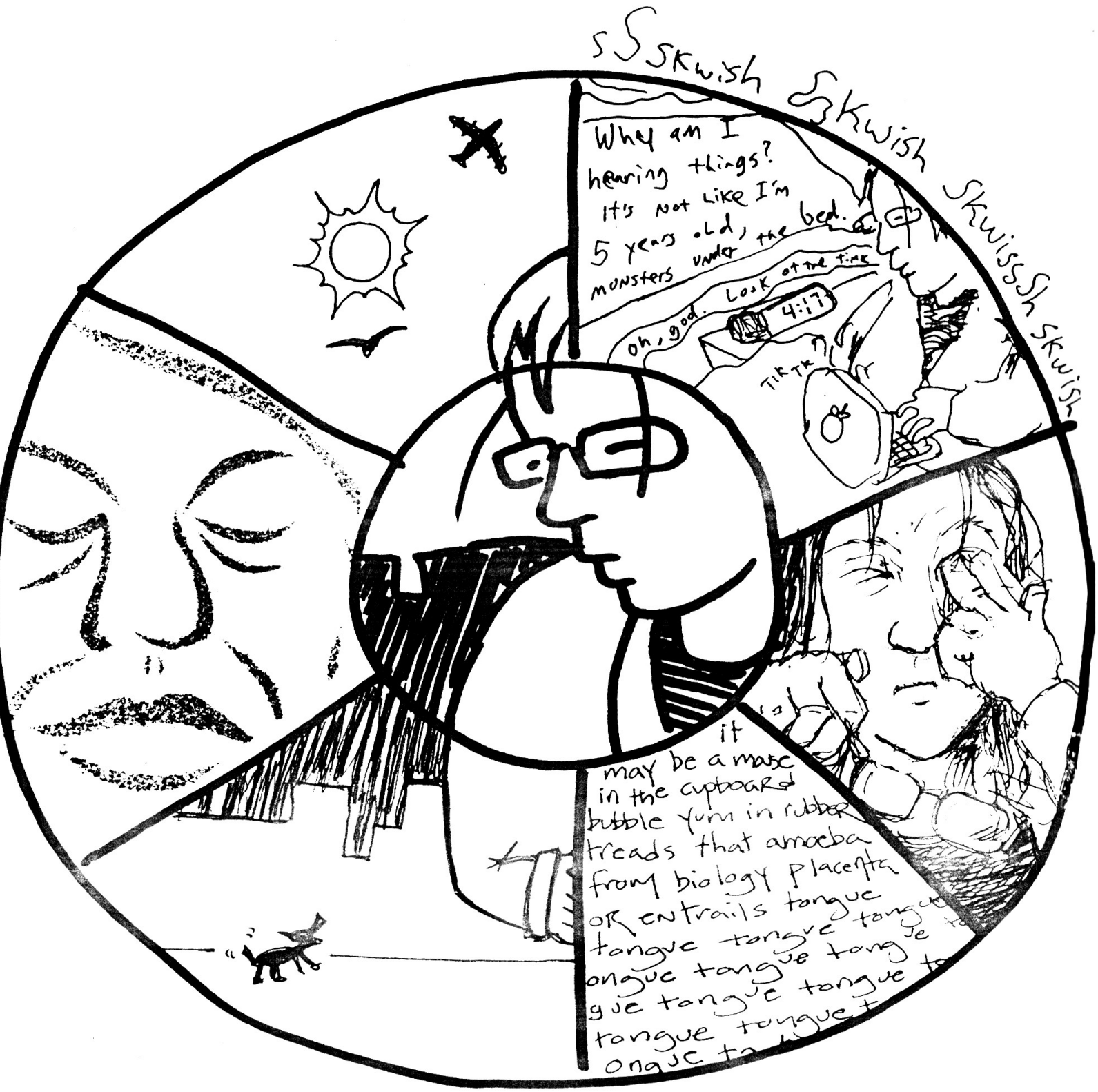


When it's daytime in the U.S. it is nighttime in Vietnam.
by Kathryn

Shrunken Head
in my bed, a very
sickly shade of
dark dark red.

By it's hair
I lift it up &
Swiftly chuck
it out the
window.





HE HEARD SOMETHING SQUISHY.


you should have done a UFO abducting
too Late.
goddam cartoon Squirrel
6 MONTHS
HORMEL
GOOD FOODS
BEST DEAL

OFFICIAL

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The ICY VIRGIN

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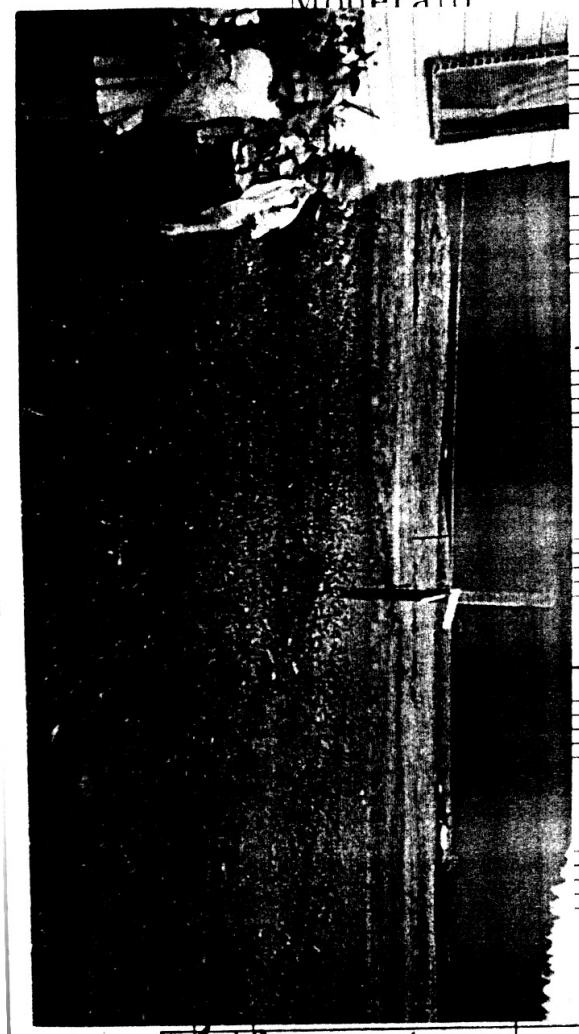
NOT SUITABLE FOR [illegible] GIRLS



Moderato

Gmi7 Gbdim Bb7

lose my Beg Your Par - don

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Ebmi+ Eb9

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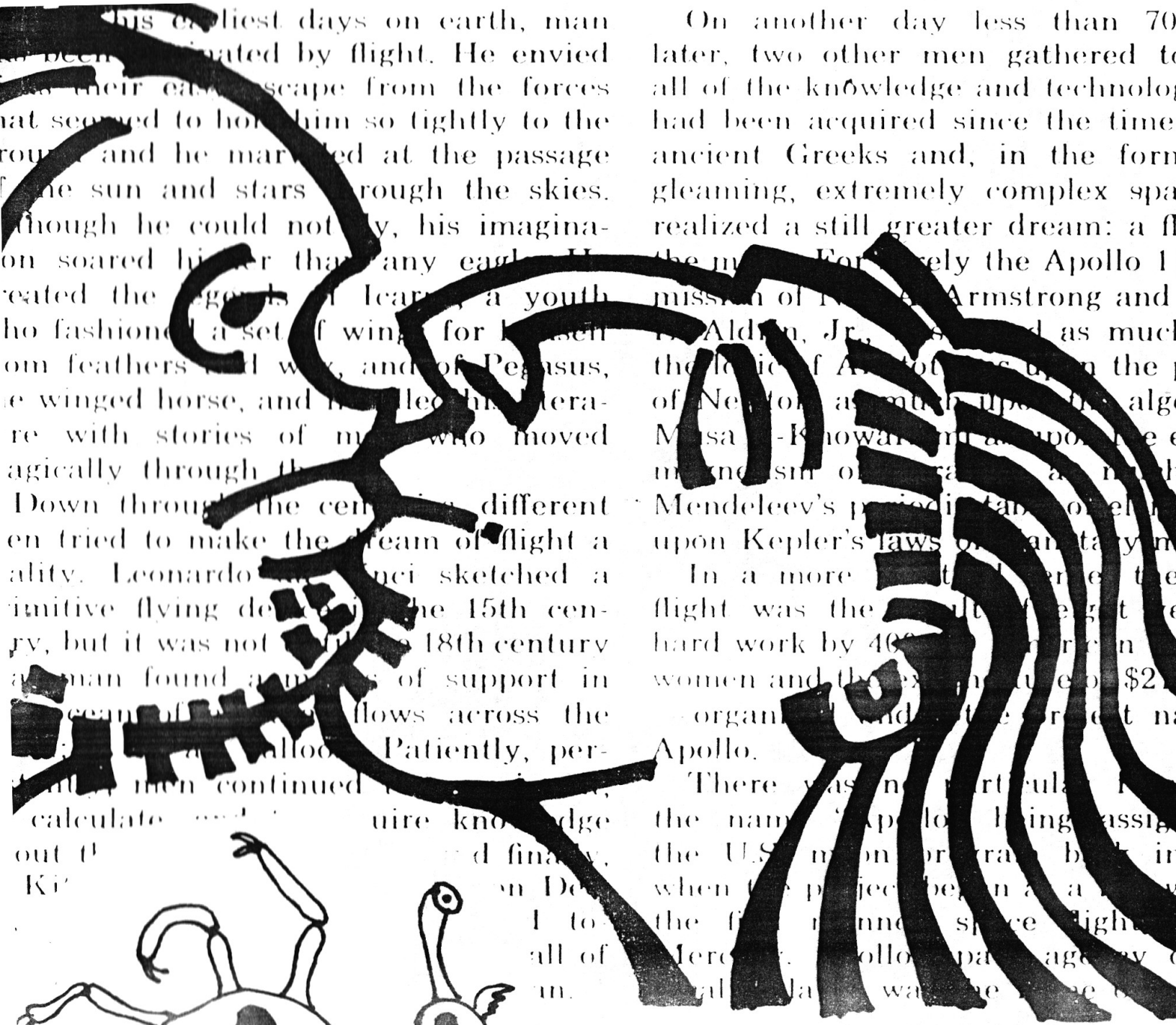
Eb D Bbmi C9

Why should I wor - ry, The way that I do, When

HEAVENLY BODIES WITH TAILS



his earliest days on earth, man
been fascinated by flight. He envied
their easy escape from the forces
that seemed to hold him so tightly to the
ground and he marveled at the passage
of the sun and stars through the skies.
Although he could not fly, his imagina-
tion soared higher than any eagle. He
created the legends of Icarus, a youth
who fashioned a set of wings for himself
from feathers and wax, and of Pegasus,
the winged horse, and he filled his litera-
ture with stories of men who moved
magically through the air.

Down through the centuries different
men tried to make the dream of flight a
reality. Leonardo da Vinci sketched a
primitive flying device in the 15th cen-
tury, but it was not until the 18th century
that man found a means of support in
the ocean of air that flows across the
earth. Hot air balloons. Patiently, per-
haps men continued to experiment,
calculate and acquire knowledge
about the air and finally,
Kitty Hawk, on December
1 to
all of
mankind.

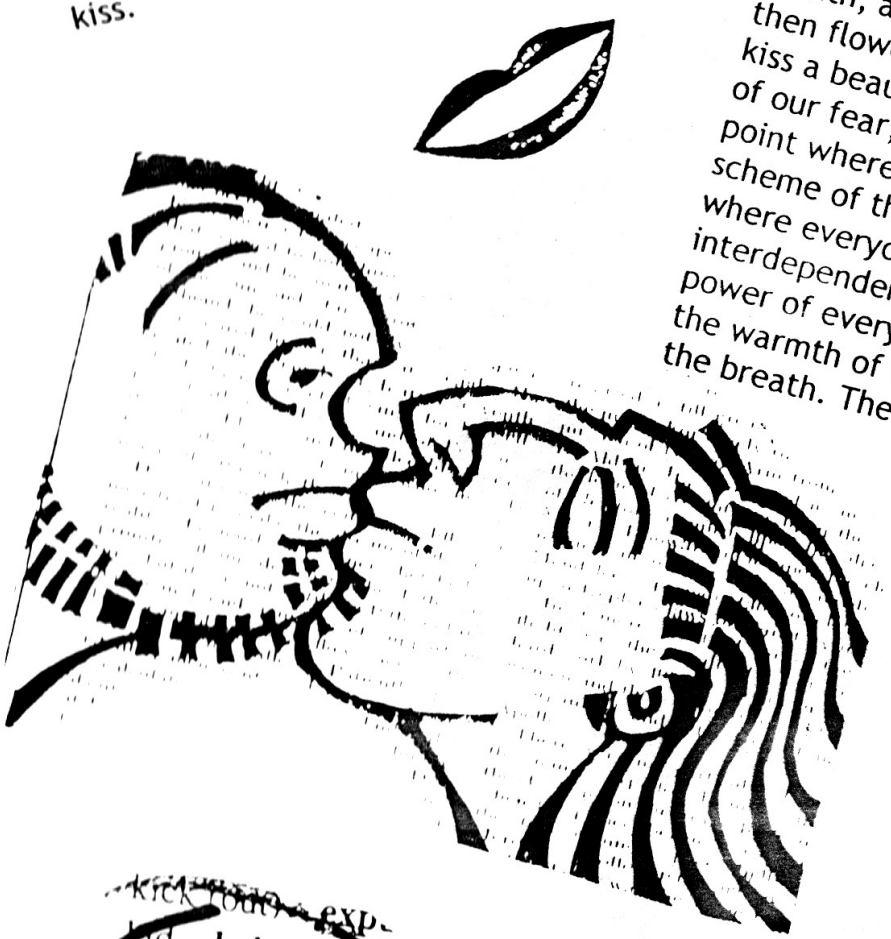
On another day less than 70
later, two other men gathered to
all of the knowledge and technolog
had been acquired since the time
ancient Greeks and, in the form
gleaming, extremely complex spa
realized a still greater dream: a fl
the moon. Formerly the Apollo 1
mission of Neil A. Armstrong and
Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr. [illegible] as much
the [illegible] of Apollo [illegible] the
of Newton, as much [illegible] alge
Missa[illegible]-Knowar[illegible] as upon the e
mechanism of [illegible] and
Mendeleev's periodic table of el
upon Kepler's laws of planetary m

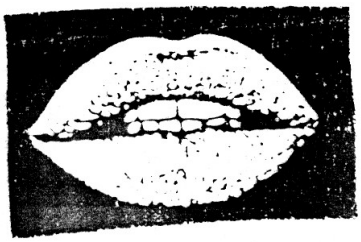
In a more [illegible] the
flight was the result [illegible] of
hard work by 40[illegible] men
women and the [illegible] of $2
organ[illegible] and [illegible] project na
Apollo.

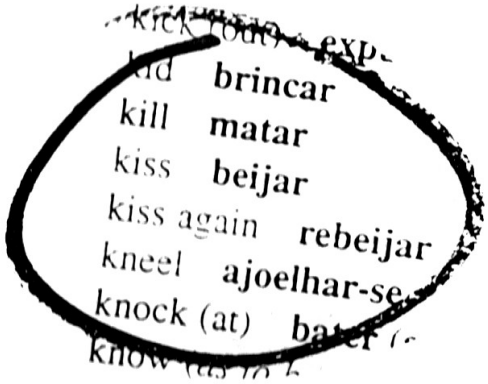
There was no particular
the name Apollo being assig
the U.S. moon program but in
when the project began as a
the first manned space flight
Jerome F. Apollo [illegible] agency
[illegible] was the [illegible]

Our souls understand one another, say these words on this page, but the alphabet is simply the language of the mind. What of the body? Our bodies? Yours and mine? It is as if in the complex language of love, there were a word that could only be spoken by lips - when lips and tongues actually touch. Yes, that's it, the Word that speaks through us and through all things, the Word made flesh that transcends the limits of bewitchment in the final, silent surrender of a kiss.

Is this the secret of the Kiss? In the kiss, light, breath, and warmth fall in love. Desire glowers then flowers into the ecstasy of immortality. We kiss a beautiful mouth, and a key turns the lock of our fear, our fear, our fear, and we reach the point where everyone is truly sharing in the scheme of things human, we reach the point where everyone is truly sharing everything as interdependent/ independent beings in the power of everyone. The light of awareness and the warmth of friendship mingle in spirit with the breath. The individualized light of awareness





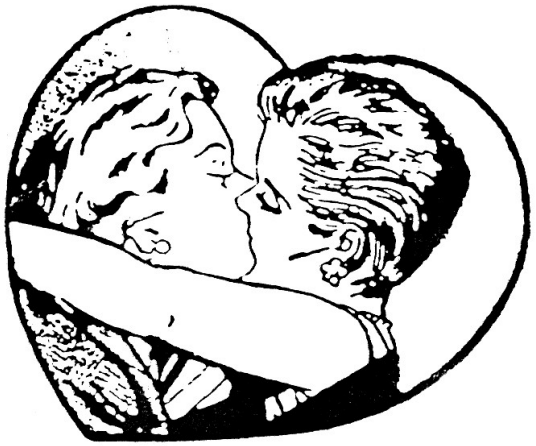


in the head goes down with the breath to meet in the chamber bed and grail of the heart. This, then, is metaphysics, where the inner meets the outer, where processes and potentials within ourselves awaken. The warmth held secret within the blood rises to the chalice of the heart, and then to the lips. In the kiss is the possible metamorphosis of the past and the sweet promise of the future. The form made Here all meet.

Chaste Artemis awakened sleeping Endymion with the light brush of a butterfly kiss (later it's Sleeping Beauty). Goethe's Faust awakened Margaret's passion with a kiss. Kissing on the lips seems to have been started by the early Christians and then Romans, but it was the Troubadours and their Courts of Love and Chivalry in the ninth to twelfth century that popularized and ennobled the 'kiss' to exalted heights of splendor and morality. To the Troubadours, once you kissed someone, you were connected for life, and perhaps beyond, to protect and to cherish, to honor and defend, from this time on to eternity. To kiss and fall in love was to vow to each other to stay connected in every way possible till each reached total enlightenment and the eternal portals of heaven. Once connected with the 'sacred kiss', neither hell nor high-water could part souls from their high goal of peace and happiness for all living beings on earth. To the Troubadour, the compassionate glance, the magical touch, and the spiritual kiss was equal to the Mahayana Buddhist vow to unite with all who are Enlightened and all who seek freedom from suffering. It was the eternal bond of friendship and joy.

KISS and Cry No More!

A kiss can trigger exulted perceptions revealing a greater meaning to life. A kiss can be a heavenly messenger for change. In the 16th century, the Rosicrucian's Christian Rosencreutz (a Spiritual being said to be overshadowed by Buddha, Zoroaster, and the Christ) was legended to bestow a 'kiss' or touch from the invisible spiritual world to awaken a divine intervention (a kind of a 'God made me do it, versus 'the devil made me do it' thing). History has it that biblical heroes such as Moses, Aaron and Jacob, left this world for a better one as a result of a kiss from God. Many ancients felt that the 'kiss' signified a death of the past, a renewal of self, and a rebirth into a higher world.



Nowadays we're touched by such notions as the new age, the 'Celestine Prophecy,' the 'Mutant Message,' or even a Pee Shy song on the radio. Maybe it's just a syncretistic moment that inspires us just when the sun breaks out of the clouds and pours onto our face. But ain't it the truth that many of us still hold out for higher dreams of romance and futurity? We are captured by a higher vision and hope renewing to our hearts. The soap opera dream of a magic kiss and romance fills our world with the sweet promise of a Hollywood night at the movies. Are we the true mystics, troubadours, and saintly taskmasters of the world whose cup of love overflows to all of life? Do we see and feel something so beautiful that we may never recover...till we attain what we seek - total bliss and joy in the song of life and creativity singing from every heart, bird, and tree? Till all of William Blake's hills are echoing the songs of heaven?

So what is this secret of the mind's eye breathing on the water's of the blood? The light shining in the darkness? The bread on the waters? What is the secret of the blush of the cheeks and rose? Why are the lips rosy ruby red? Is it not that the blood
is closest to the skin here? The kiss is metaphysical, it is not totally understood by science nor history. It remains a secret to the

beijar

to kiss

Personal Infinitive	
beijar	beijarmos
beijares	beijardes
beijar	beijarem
Present Indicative	
beijo	beijamos
beijas	beijais
beija	beijam
Imperfect Indicative	
beijava	beijávamos
beijavas	beijáveis
beijava	beijavam
Preterit Indicative	
beijei	beijámos
beijaste	beijastes
beijou	beijaram
Simple Pluperfect Indicative	
beijara	beijáramos
beijaras	beijáreis
beijara	beijaram
Future Indicative	
beijarei	beijaremos
beijarás	beijareis
beijará	beijarão
Present Perfect Indicative	
tenho beijado	temos beijado
tens beijado	tendes beijado
tem beijado	têm beijado

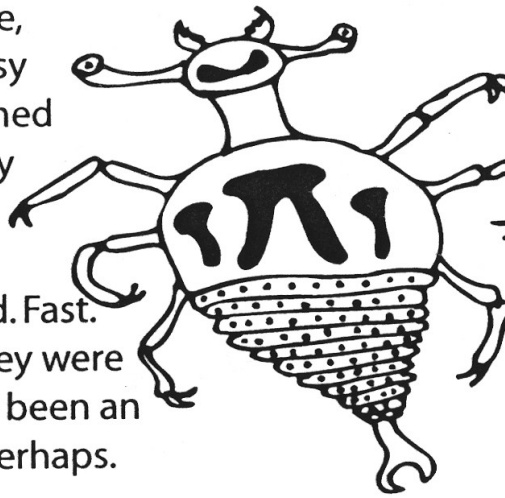
uninitiated, the unloved. And as the ancient Fire Philosophers, Theosophists, and Rosicrucians knew; the eternal pilgrim soul seeking enlightenment, or the true 'self' comes through the warmth of the blood to meet the light of day, through the senses to, in time, awaken the heart of enlightenment in truth and love and compassion. Somehow, the head and heart can come together on the lips. There is a real fire here that transcends gun powder, that place where Breath feels alive. Massage therapists and Chinese acupuncturists point out that the conceptive vessel or acupuncture meridian rises from the root survival/ sex chakras (psychic centers) to just below the lips, while the governing vessel or meridian rises from the root behind and below to go over the head to just above the lips. The lips are where heaven and earth meet the past and the future, the alpha and the omega.

Is the kiss where our lips end? Or is it where the world begins, where the body and the blood, the bread and the wine, wholeness and holiness, awaken to Love. Is the Kiss what led Christ to say, "Where two or more of you meet, I will be there." Or, "This is my Body, This is my Blood." All religions have their sacred kiss, or meeting. Perhaps we should all kiss more. The sacredness and power of the kiss is a secret few fully realize. It is something that cannot be forced nor faked, it is both given and received, and something more than can barely be explained in light of day. Perhaps one day, very soon, the kiss will become our new fiery weapon for peace.

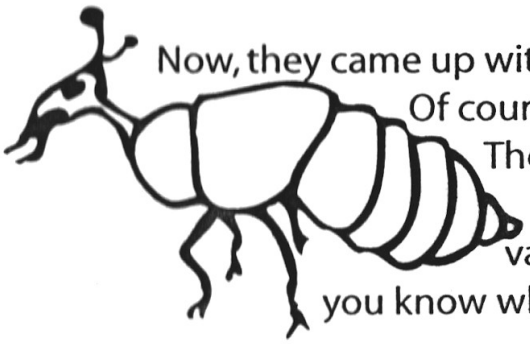
My Muse is Goddess. Her lips taste of wine. It has been too long since someone whispered, "Ohhh, hut up and kiss me." Kiss me, then, Lover. waken my soul to destiny. Kiss me that glory ay dwell in our land. When our lips touch, ercy and truth will meet together, hteousness and peace will kiss each other.

s only sing when they cannot kiss. I long for nce. Delay no more. Share my breath. Let us h in every cell. Let me know your taste, my ved.

The young men had been somewhat delinquent as far as the housekeeping duties were concerned, but they didn't think much of it at first. Of course, it's easy to forget about these things when you are very busy and have lots of more important stuff to do. Besides, it seemed like they never spent a lot of time around the house anyway so why bother.



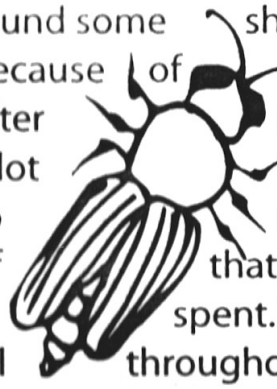
When the first bugs started showing up, they got interested. Fast. It wasn't so much the fact that there were bugs, but that they were so fucking weird. Even for bugs. One of the young men had been an entomologist in his younger years, so he knew. Too much perhaps.

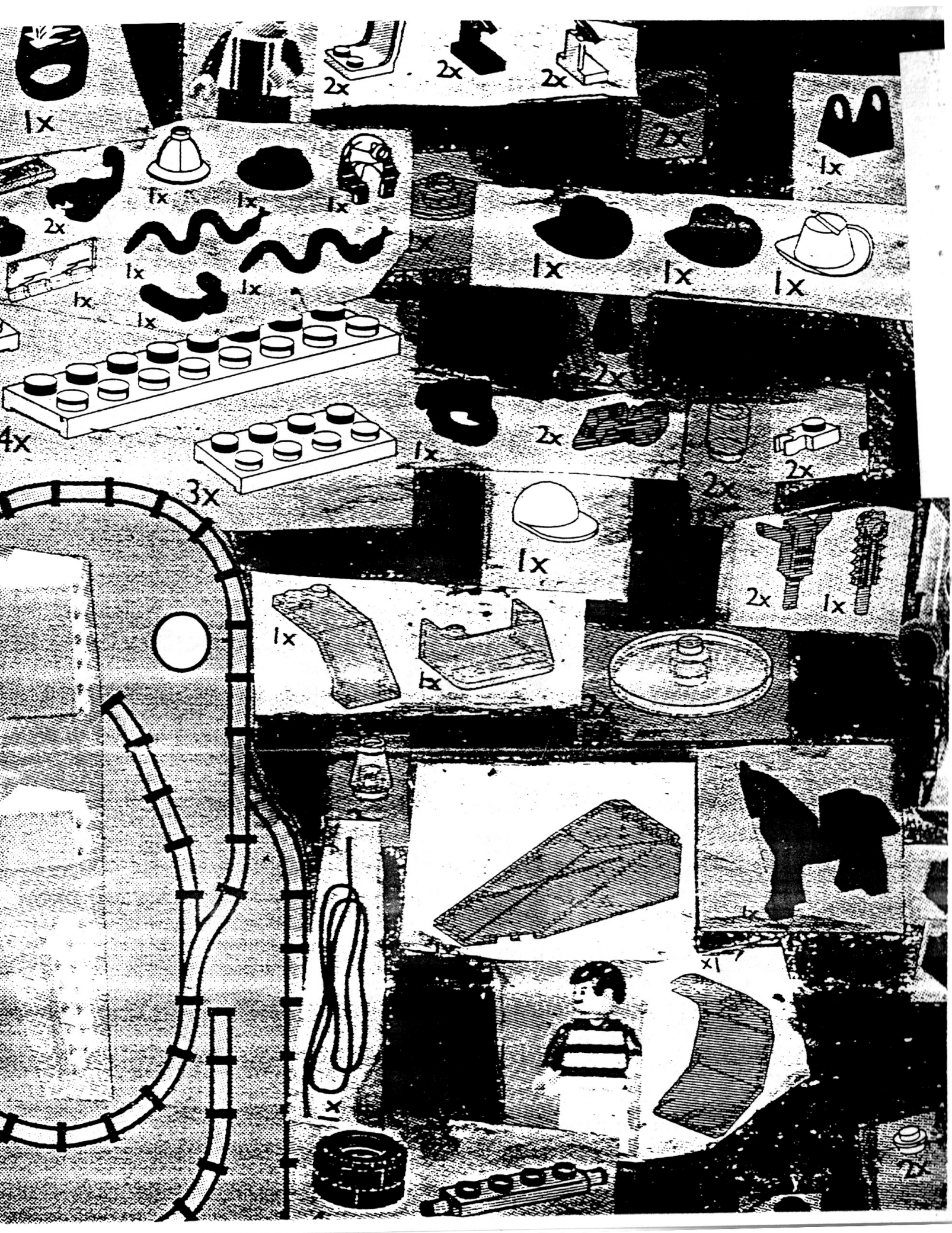


Now, they came up with a lot of theories about what was going on in their house. Of course, most of them were either really stupid or made no sens The only reasonably sensible idea they had in fact was to clea up their house. And do it quick. They split up the house int various "danger zones" and began riding into them asap, if you know what I mean.

Well, they started getting some cleaning done. Progress was quite slow. They were out of practice and generally less than motivated, both due to general apathy and over-use of weed. The various cleaning chemicals may have had something to do with it as well. At any rate, and it was a pretty slow one, they made progress.

During the cleanup they found many, many, many of these very strange bugs and bug-like animals in their house. They attempted to classify them, but to no avail. They also found a lot of stuff that they had lost over the years and thought was gone forever, and a bunch of crap that they lost and had totally forgotten they had ever owned. They even found some shit that they had lost and hoped they would never find again, but, all because of these stupid bugs they had found it again, which kind of sucked after several years of cleaning, they had found almost everything, including a lot of previously unknown bug species and a lot of stuff that they had to destroy rather than running the risk of thinking they had gotten rid of that crap and then finding it later to their dismay. Three long years they spent. They didn't talk much, barely ate none of them got laid even once all throughout the time they spent cleaning. When they were done they were really really glad.

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PTOOEY!
SPIT FATE
IN THE FAC
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CHAOS.
AND THA
IS AN
ORDER
PRIVA


FALLING TIMELOVE
JUST THAT'S SOME
times you are head over
Heels, sometimes you trip and
stub your toe,
And sometimes
you whack your head on
the pavement.
NOTICE

rah.

rah

I wanna be a LEGO

You can have a body

body 3 beatrice.

a flat

chest would

be the norm

digital photog

would look

great! And

if ya gained weight

You could just

body parts!

enara + Inara na Europa

Lenara Verle <lenara@verle.com>
Mon Jul 17, 2000 1:14am
: noticias de Paris

gos amados.

s ha dois dias em Paris, ja visitam
Eiffel, o arco do triunfo, o quartier
oje o centro pompidou. A Silvia chega
Tambem ja tomamos muita chuva na cabeca
enino frances tarado nos convidou
tease quando faziamos compras na
. Apesar do tempo nao colaborar, a
linda mesmo assim.

terminal de internet gratis na nossa
de metro, mas alguns sites nao acessa

eijos,

---

enara Verle <lenara@verle.com>
ed Jul 19, 2000 3:00pm

melhor:
a Inara
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m bistrot no
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ntigos
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rre Eiffel:
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nublado.

w.lenara.com/paris1/PIC00002.JPG

sta de cima da roda-gig
lenara.com/paris1/PIC00014.JPG

aticissimos anfitrioes, Ane e Alfredo
lenara.com/paris1/PIC00038.JPG

a Mona Lisa e' minuscula e sem-graca:
lenara.com/paris2/PIC00005.JPG

liamente, nos lev
a chegar "a areja Sacre Coeur em Montmar
ir muuuito raus. Estou dolorida ate ago
lenara.com
ris2/PIC00021.JPG
leu a pen aro :) :)

aqui: ao lado do banheiro para pessoas, tem
o" para cachorros. So' mesmo em Paris!!
lenara.com/paris2/Pic00093.jpg

s a todos

---

a pe ate a Italia... E claro, desde o comeco da viagem as pessoas acham que temos cara de italianas... Vamos ver amanha se enganaremos os nativos tambem chegarmos de verdade a Italia.

Muitos beijos,
Lenara e Inara

From: Lenara Verle <lenara@verle.com>
Date: Thu Jul 27, 2000 3:22pm
Subject: cias azuis...

Silvia e pessoas,

a mãi al, apesar de ter
apo pr nhecer a cidade, e
conseguirmum albergue, ja que
mpletamente lotada de t stas!
lugar bem ao lad Ra
a pra nde tem fest olte
es sao no muito fest
quais la xtas, tab
de fe !!

Vimos a ato maluca de Gaudi, incrivel!
sta nossa no parque Gue
www dra.com/barcelona/PIC00 JPG

Essa sou eu tomando sico na Rambla:
http://www.lenara.com/barcelona/PIC00020.JPG

E a Inara na frente de uma cassinha no bairro gotico:
http://www.lenara.com/barcelona/PIC00 JPG

O pess
hesse
Fotoxc
deixan

Bel
cote
varios
abarro
viagen
de vac
o trem
fila do

e melhor... voce lembrou! mas nao podemos comprovar porque nao fomos la.

Em vez disso estamos aqui em Veneza, que e um amor de cidade, e nao e redundancia como todo mundo diz. As melinhas e pontezinhas sao um charme, e muito engracado pegar um barco em vez de onibus. om um marinheiro em vez de motorista. As casas meio decadentes mas absolutamente charmosas. ou adorando!!

Ainda nao temos fotos daqui, mas aqui vao umas de Menton:

Nos ira da praia:
http: lenara.com/menton/PIC00012

O mar ul:
http://www.lenara.com/menton/PIC00

A praia de tarde:
http: lenara.com/m C00014.JPG

das montanhas:
www.lenara.com/menton/PIC00051.JPG

Beijoes
Lenara

PS: A a aqui e uma foto es p/
o Vito Paris todos os caes tem nome:
http://www.lenara.com/barcelona/PIC00016.JPG

outro brinde, as d osofas em
o predio da Sorbo
www.lenara.com/b ona/PIC00017.JPG

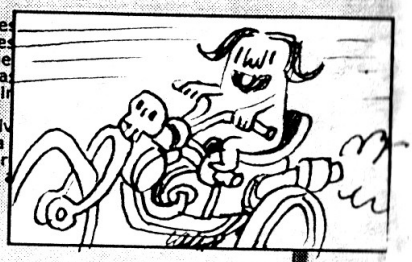
Verle
8, 20
zia

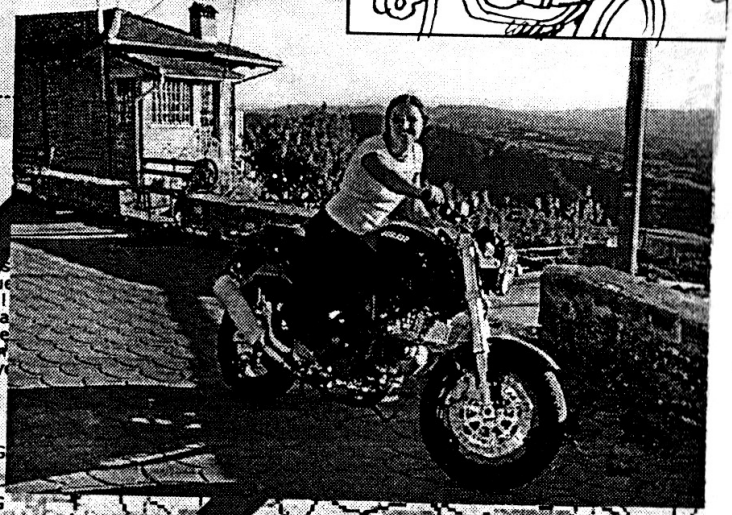
sso ul ia er
ade tam osa

---

nao vem, as pes
umas instrucoes
caso de emerge
que entre outras
deve-se gritar

Estamos nos div
ontem na janta
entendia, ela pr
de emergencia





From: Lenara Verle
Date: Tue Aug 1, 2000 12:49pm
Subject: cura terminal... :)

Amigos

Estou de volta a Inglaterra. A Inara deve estar em Roma a estas alturas depois de uma breve passada em Firenze e sil tud o, pela para mais uns dias e ew

Nosso fim de n Alba foi otimo! Depois muita mochila volta e lugares que tiramos de guias turisticos, nos esbaldamos com otimos anfitrioes nos levaram aos lugares que nao copetam de Alb chega Milao as tre ba sen coes, m pobre oli barcelon ra la Rubi a maximo, s ficamos irg

Para quem (onde fica A castelos e p Italia, que t em um jant adoraram verdadeira verdadeiras com molho de abobrinha comeu por massa de p a uma esp mamore E que existiam que o pratre informacoes, palpites... enquanto jantavamos ao ar livre a luz de velas.

o pra falar na comida, que era dade, o acompanhamento para os vi otimos e super diferentes entre si. Longe de mim ser uma exper mas devo dizer que foi minha melhor experi com vimos ate hoje!!

Alem diss m tivemos uma

are you trying to
read the "texture"? try
www.lenara.com/

FACT: I have 28 photobooth pictures of myself on our fridge. The next roommate in line has a total of 4.

8.27.00

☆ i couldnt think of anything to write, so ed called out a page # in my journal to stop on at random & print. It was this note → to my coworkee, with some crafty commentary at the Bottom from Flo.

(June 16, 00)

☆ Welcome Home ☆
Angela.
i missed you.
hope you had fun.
lots happened.
no more Boyfriend for me.
♡ nicole

↑ yea right - she's already got a new one - flo

FACT/WORD USAGE: you can't say "affinity for" because it has to be mutual. I can "affinity with". A mutual admiration or appreciation of. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

I don't think it's all that interesting, but fate cast it's hand.. ...

☆ FACT: on average i drink about 7 ~~cups~~ shots of espresso a day.

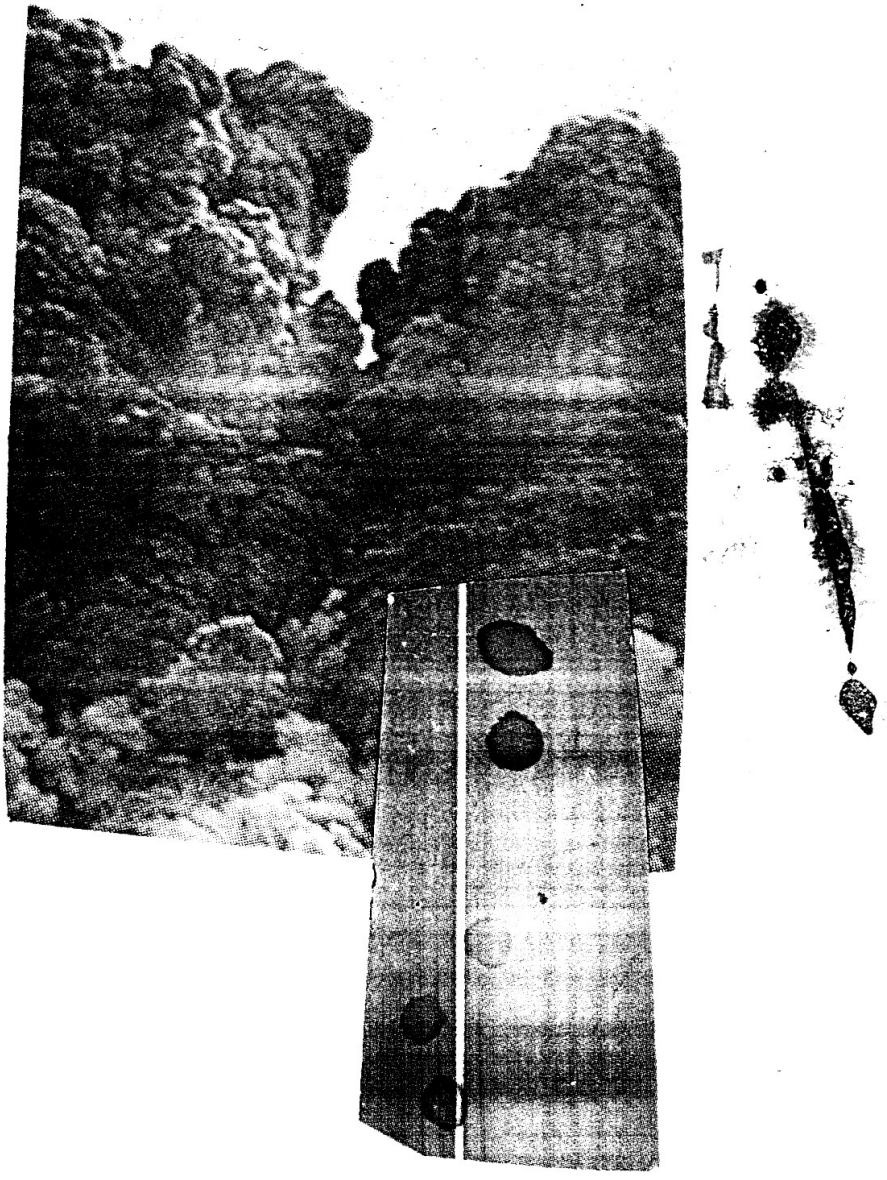
☆ FACT: i stabbed my Big sister in the hand with a fork when she tried to steal the last olive off my plate when i was 15.

☆ CONVERSATION SNIPPET:

"No way Claire- if i rode my Bike with headphones on. I couldn't hear anything. Ladies would Be like "WAIT! Don't run over my BaBy!" and I'd Be all "Huh...?" KACHUNK!"

"Shucks... even a dude can do it!"

13...



explosion

he blast or the heat. In some ar
were clipped neatly at about 20
e ground; in other areas not eve
ained. The swath was eight m
wide
eep in areas clos
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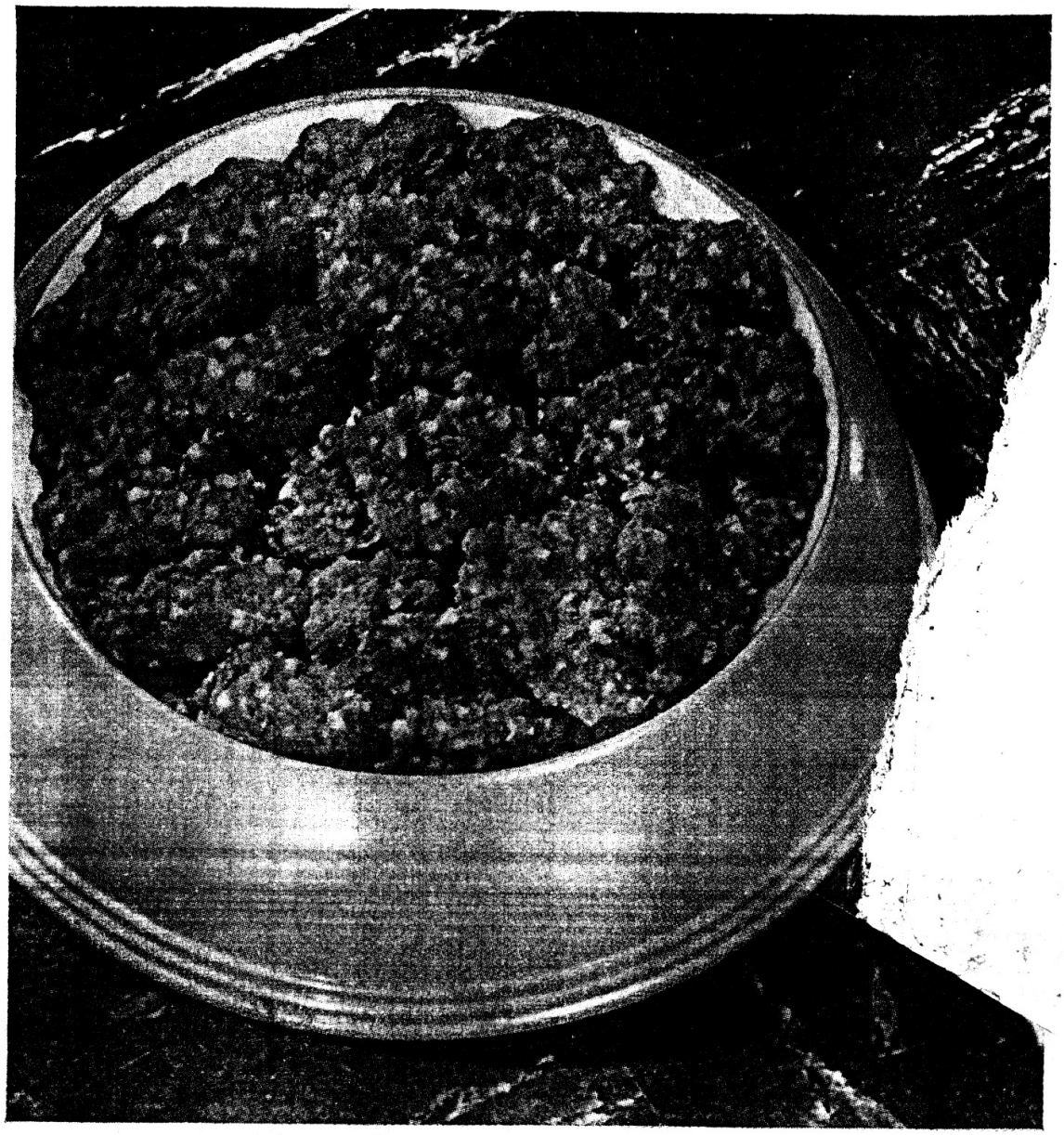


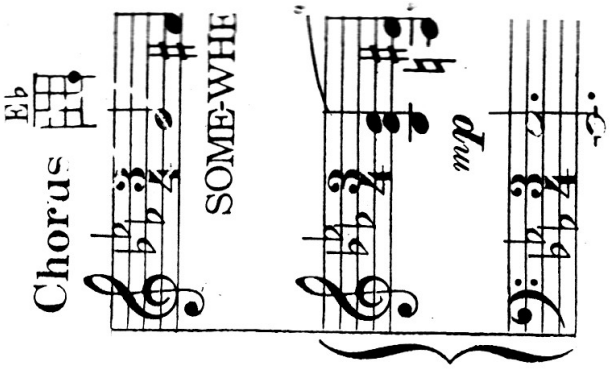
ve

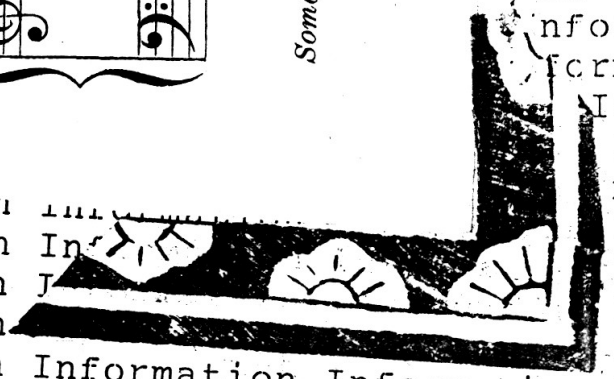
ur

Feed your as well

A-Page Not
Just For
The Boys

Special bulletin
From Jessus Christ's
Little buddy.
Jesus apologized to me, becaus-
he got his messages confused
in heaven and sent me The
wrong one. The message I
got was meant for another
world. Jesus has made me
honorary sheriff of the whole
United States so I can help the
Police catch The outlaws. Jesus
said he is sorry about That.
Signed Jesus christ's buddy.





Do your stockings have the F

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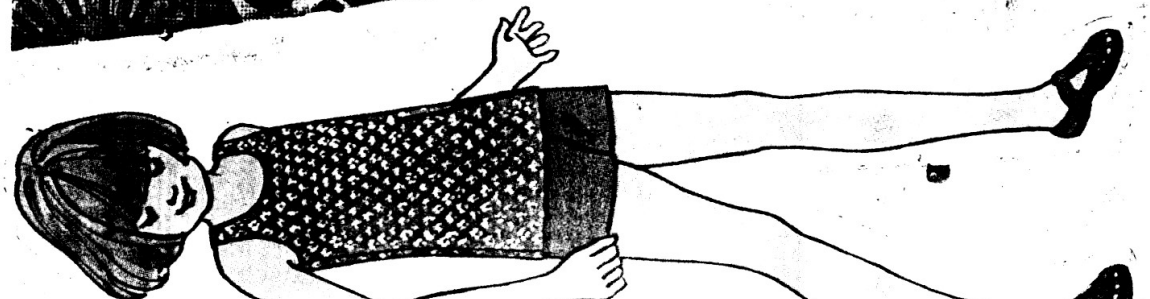

The Choice of Decorators
Cake Decorating
193
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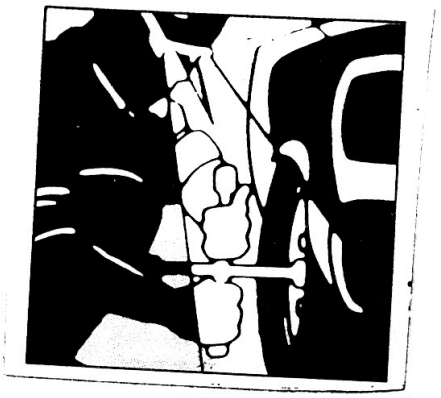
PERUVIAN TYPE SKI MASK . . . Save face on the slopes. 100% Orlon knit keeps you toasty warm. Covers entire head and neck . . . rolls up to use as a "gob" hat. Intriguing design in brilliant colors. Protects face from icy blasts and cold winds making it ideal for those nippy winter days. **State whether for adults or children (up to 14 yrs.). Each $2.98**



VOGUE AMERICANA

An Ongoing Saga of Wrong & Right.

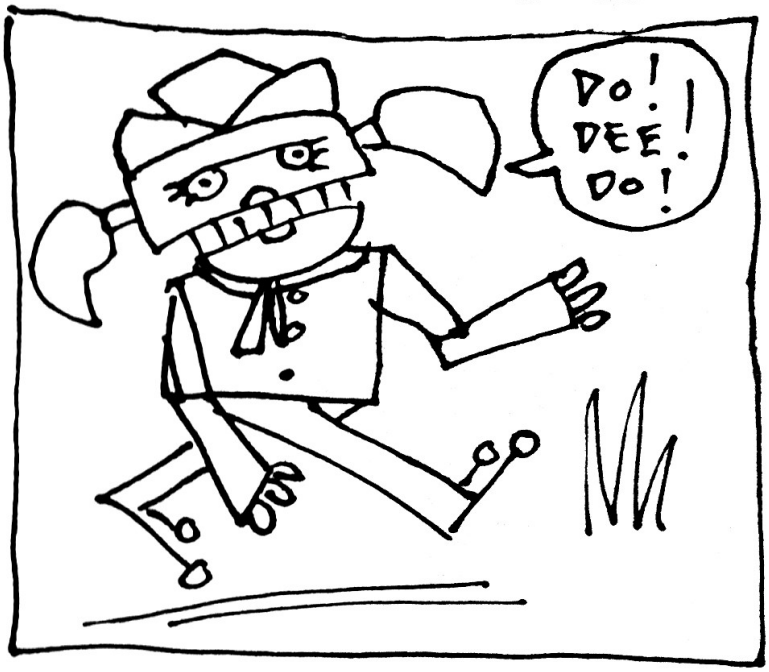
It has been postulated by various wise and otherwise intelligent men that all that has come into vogue must someday, by definition fall out of vogue.

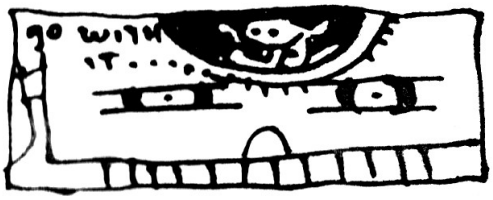
Luckily for various persistent fashions, the changing winds and whims of vogue tend to change and often revisit past fashions. Strike a pose. Again.

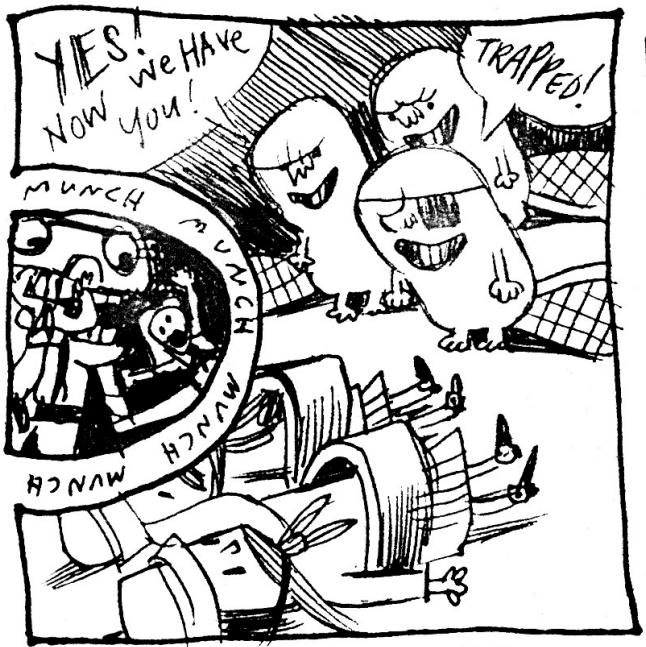
Unfortunately, some things are bound to never come back in style. e.g. Plague. But then again, only time can tell. Yes? Of course.

Q IS FOR MEAT

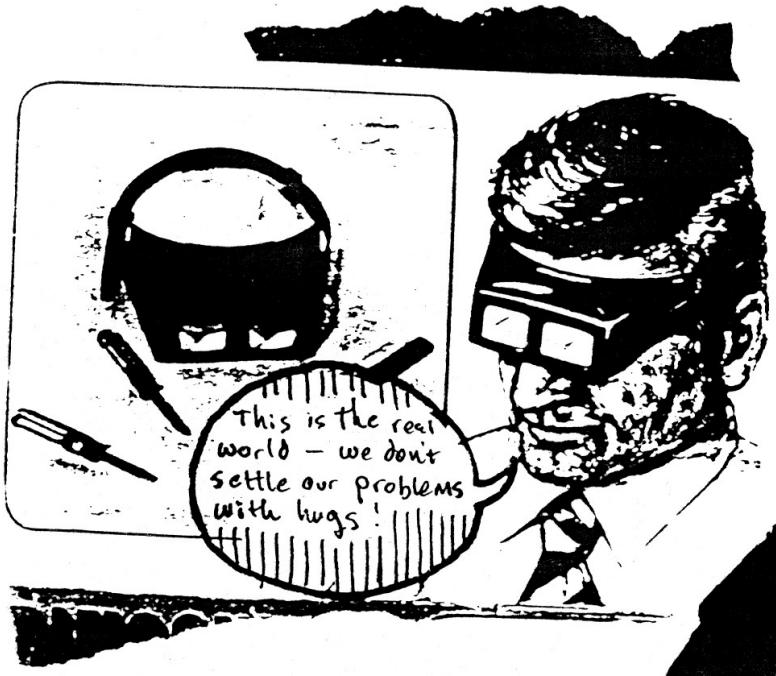
THE BOY SCOUT GIRLS IN BEAVER TRAP

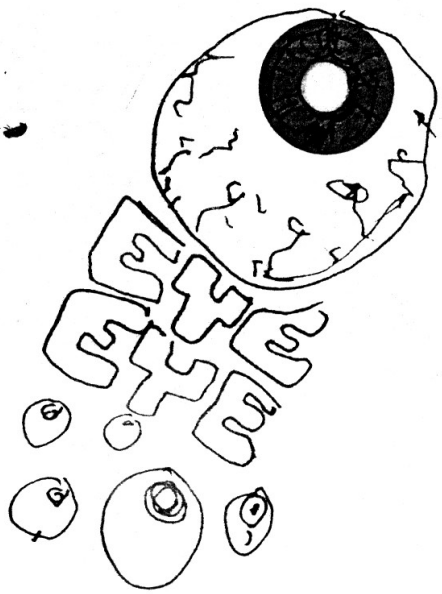


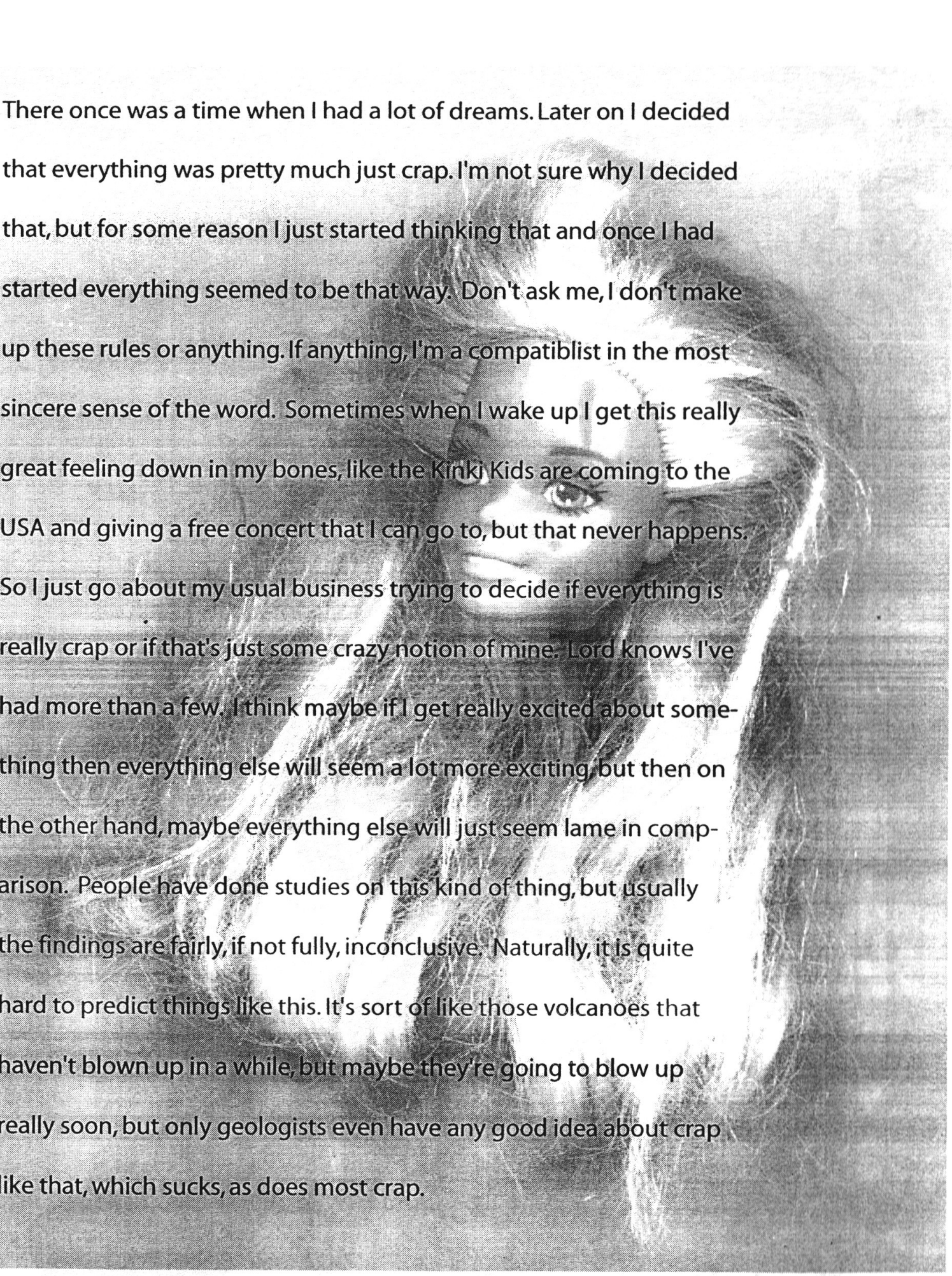




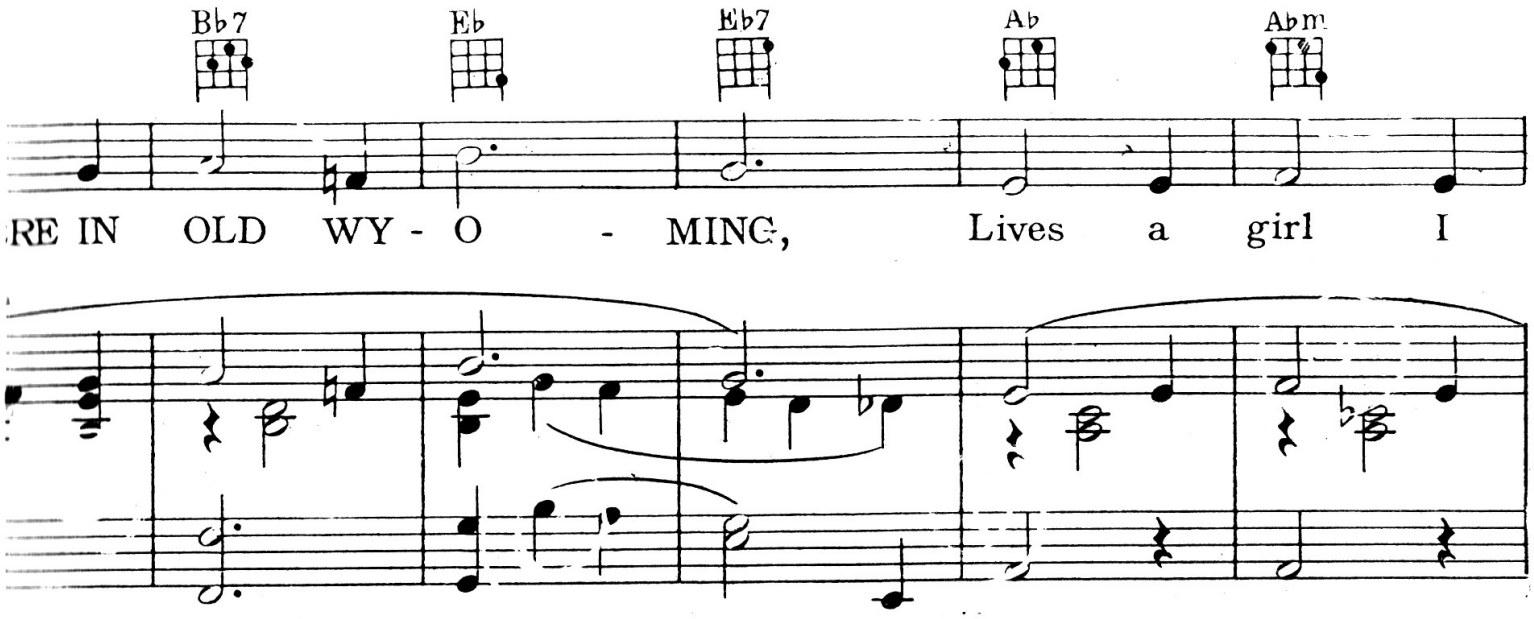
THEY DRESSED US UP LIKE GIRL SCOUTS!!


This is the real world — we don't settle our problems with hugs!





There once was a time when I had a lot of dreams. Later on I decided that everything was pretty much just crap. I'm not sure why I decided that, but for some reason I just started thinking that and once I had started everything seemed to be that way. Don't ask me, I don't make up these rules or anything. If anything, I'm a compatiblist in the most sincere sense of the word. Sometimes when I wake up I get this really great feeling down in my bones, like the Kinki Kids are coming to the USA and giving a free concert that I can go to, but that never happens. So I just go about my usual business trying to decide if everything is really crap or if that's just some crazy notion of mine. Lord knows I've had more than a few. I think maybe if I get really excited about something then everything else will seem a lot more exciting, but then on the other hand, maybe everything else will just seem lame in comparison. People have done studies on this kind of thing, but usually the findings are fairly, if not fully, inconclusive. Naturally, it is quite hard to predict things like this. It's sort of like those volcanoes that haven't blown up in a while, but maybe they're going to blow up really soon, but only geologists even have any good idea about crap like that, which sucks, as does most crap.

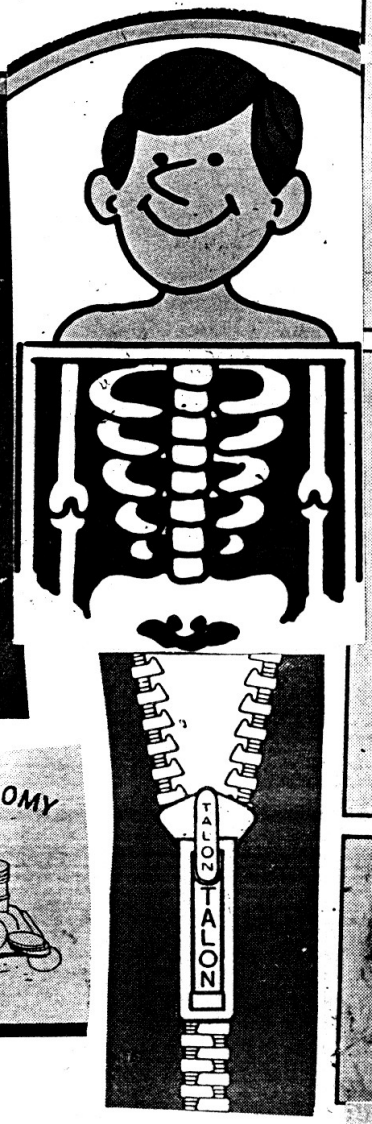


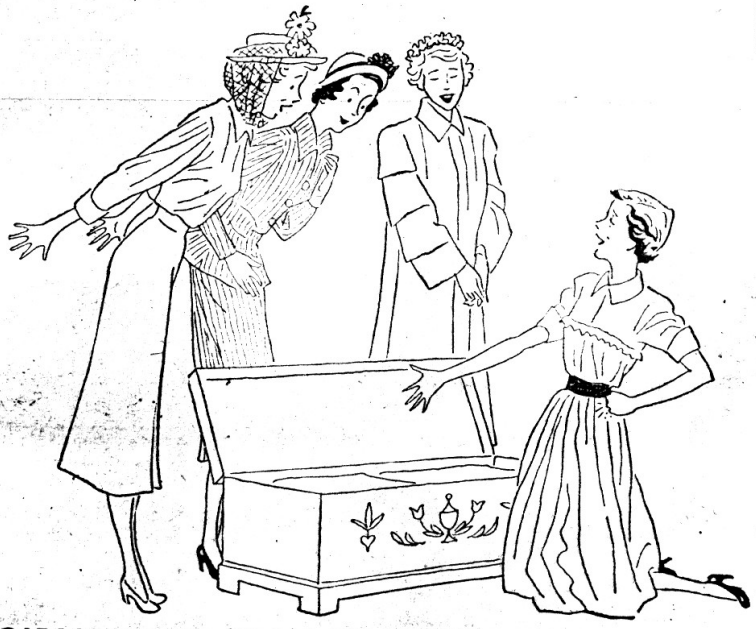
oming - 4

lextoe*?

Writing Numbers

Name	Address
Barbara	161 High Street
Cathy	385 First Street
George	241 First Street
Jack	184 High Street
Kay	492 First Street
Lee	157 High Street
Mary	198 First Street
Ruth	563 High Street





GIRLS' CLUB: "Lucky!" "She's set for years!" "Well, any gal is who gets Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets!"

Are you as heavy as a

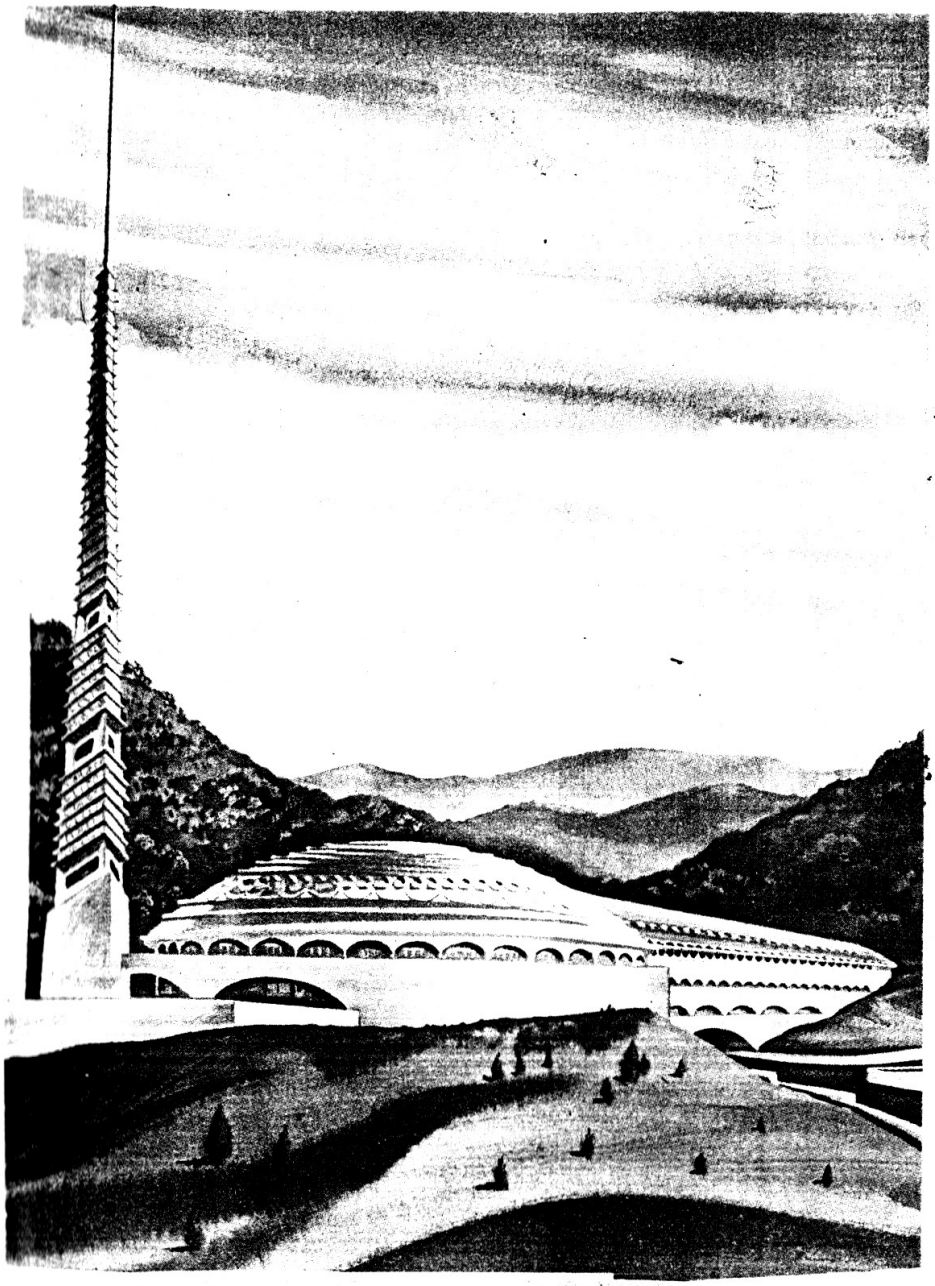
Is a puppy as heavy a

Is a kitten as heavy a

Is a man as heavy as

THE BOY SCOUT GIRLS IN SCORE SHEET SKUNK

16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
RIVETS
REAR BRUSH SPRING
FRONT BRUSH SPRING
PICK-UP HOLDERS
TIRES
HUBS
CROWN GEAR 15T



SWEET

NO BITTER

ın elephant? No

s a horse? No

s you are? No

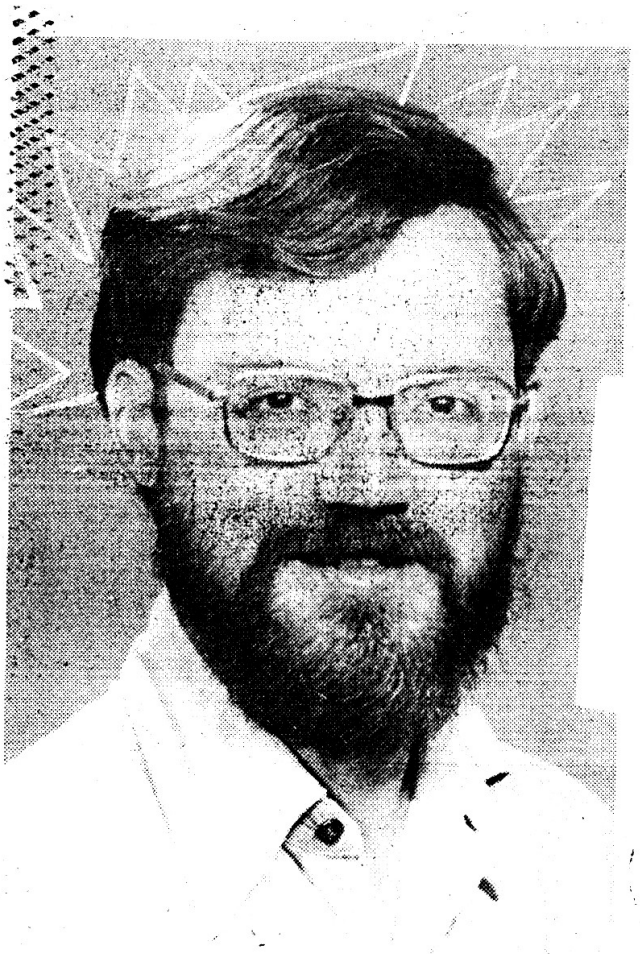
a truck? No . Beouse a truck Whaihs about a TON.


RIGEL
ORION
ALDEBARAN
BETELGEUSE
SIRIUS
PELLA
PROCYON
POLLUX
We can beat the Reds with this plan for shooting our flag to the Moon by rocket.
rah.

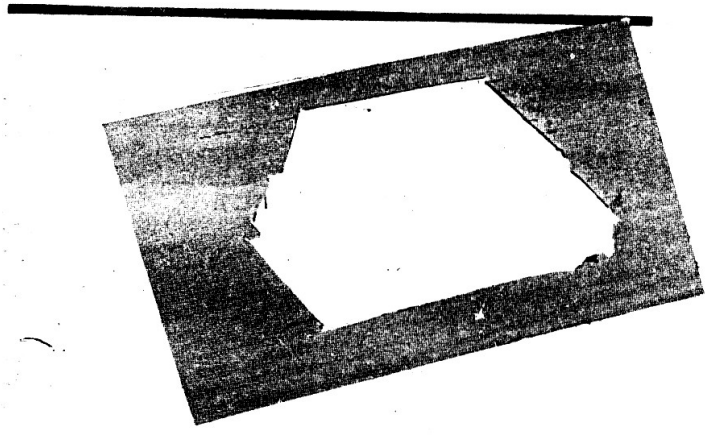
Sunday

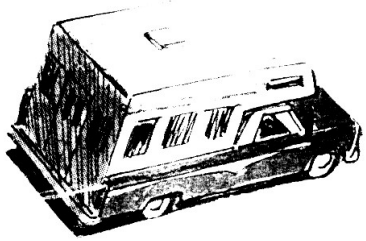
Reid Blackburn

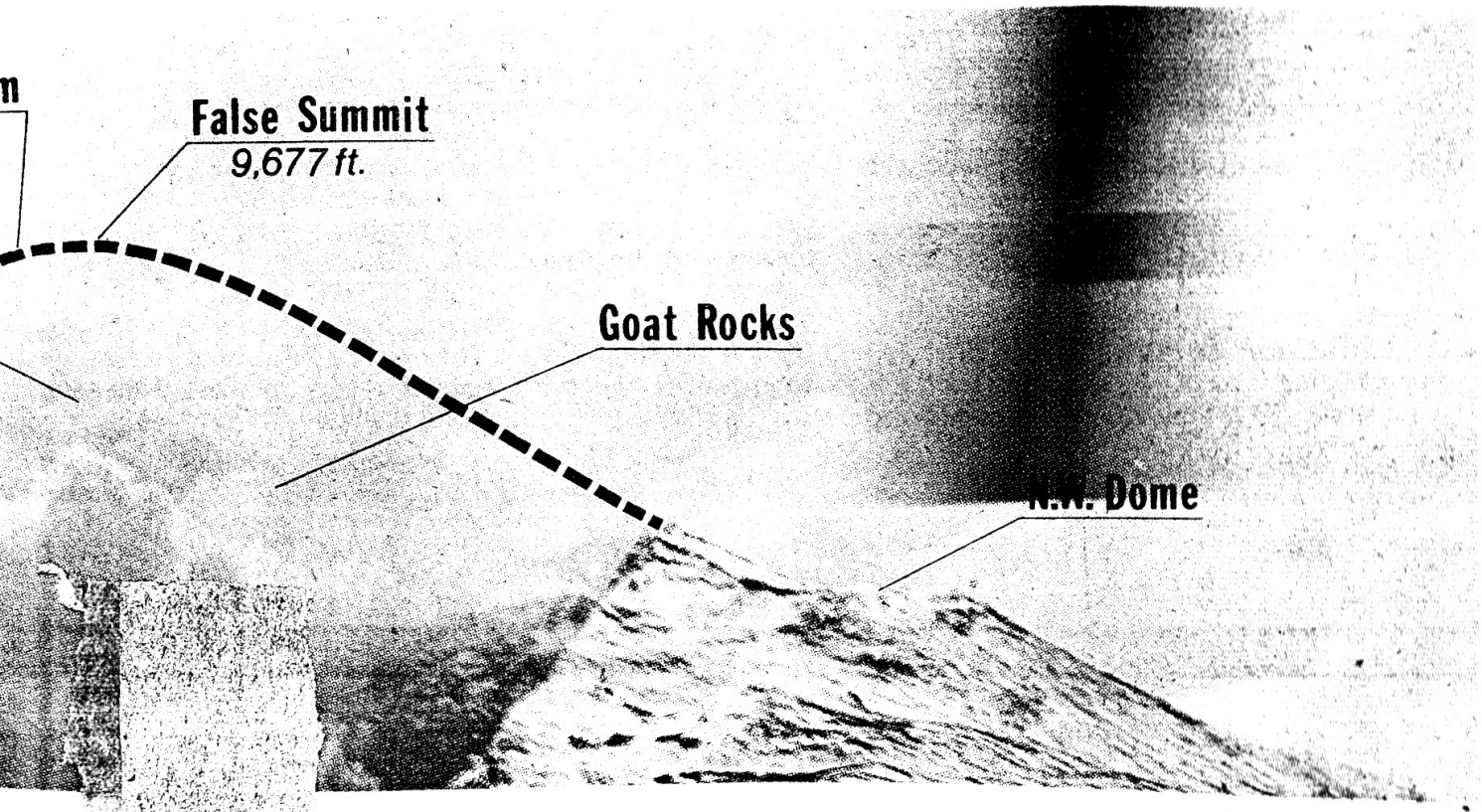
He lured our senses in awareness



Reid Blackburn



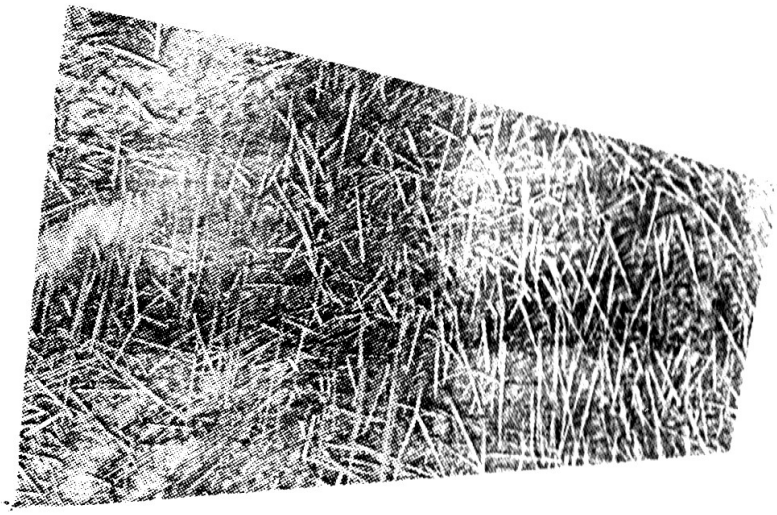


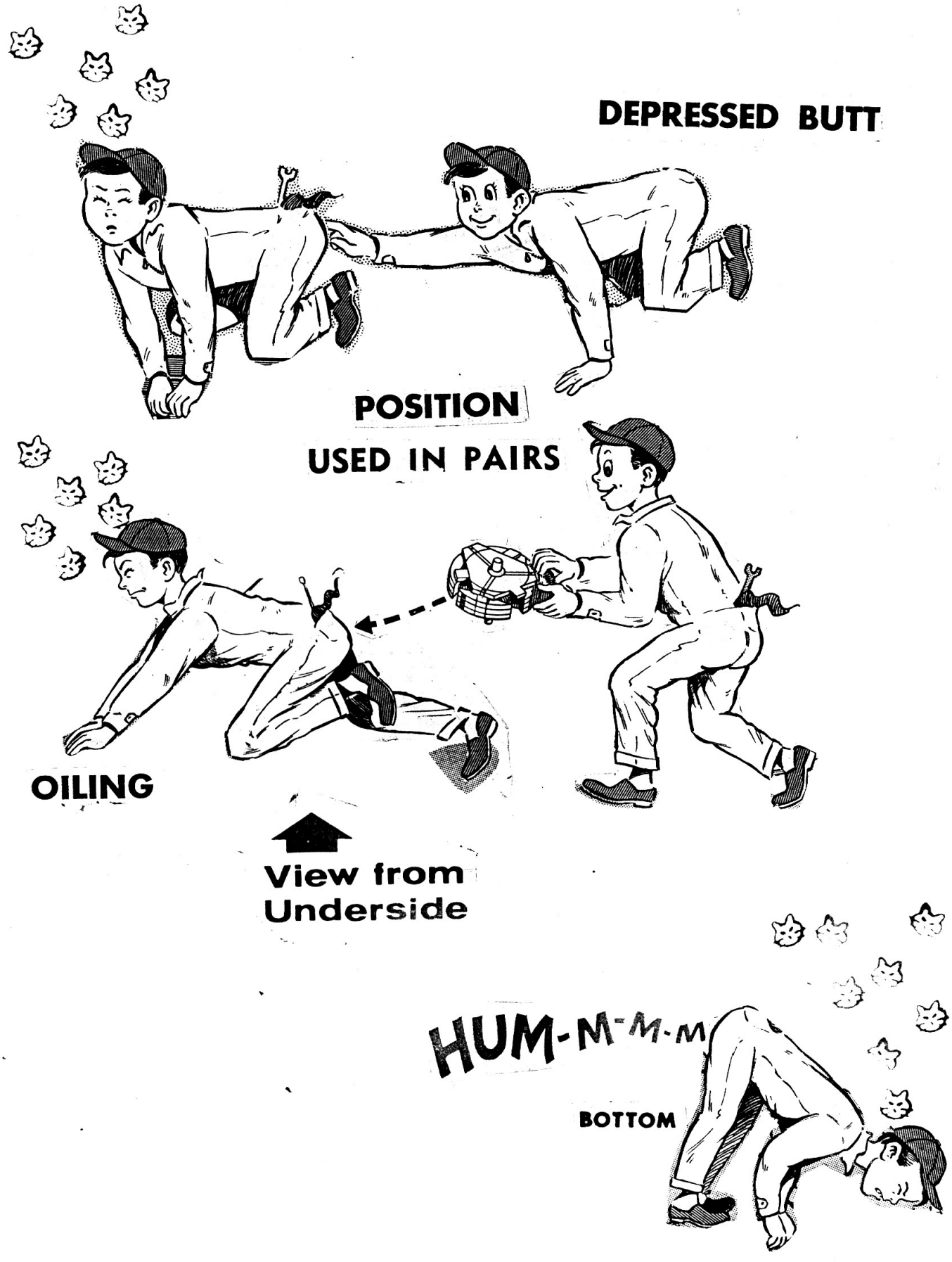


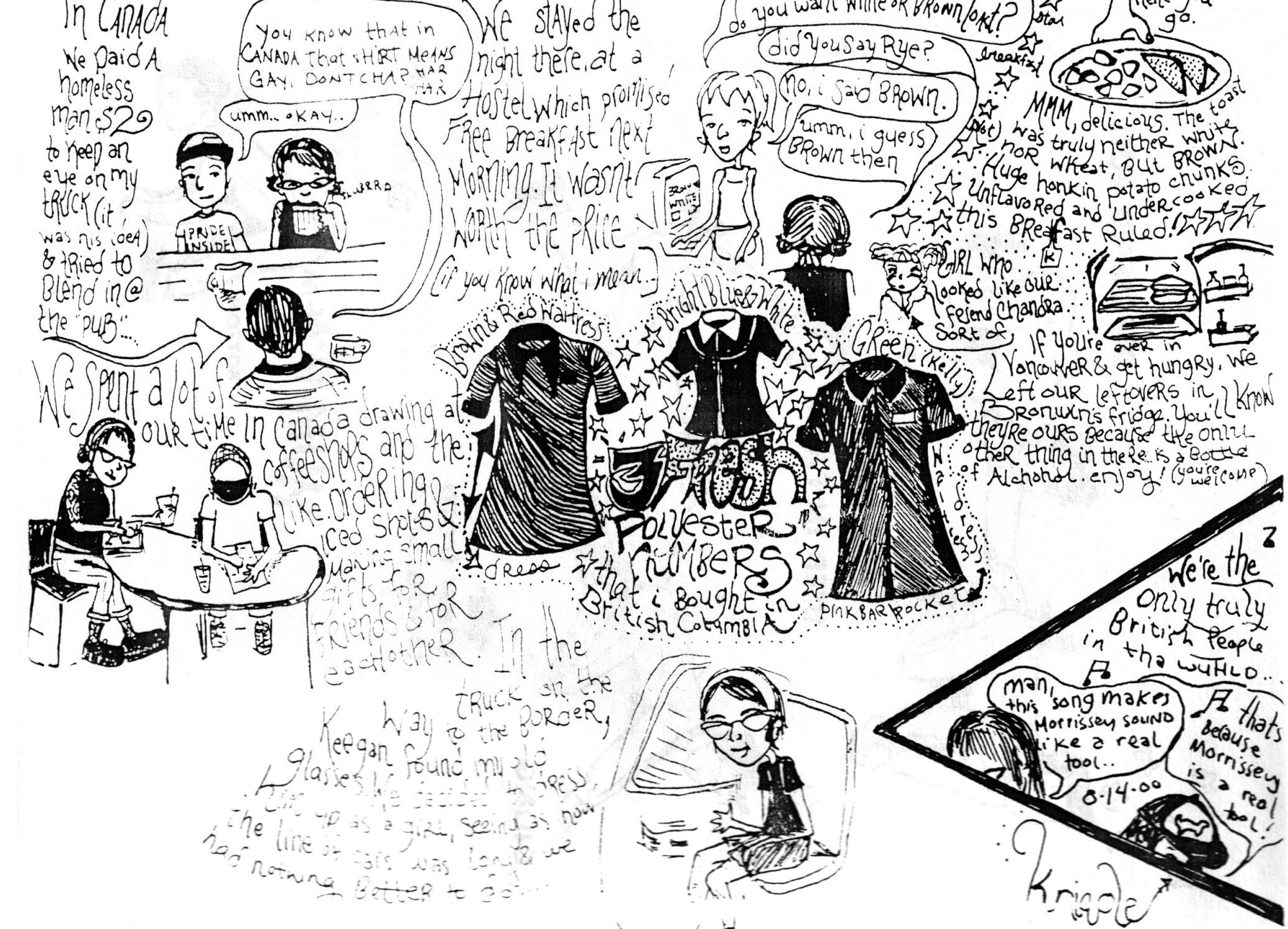
dog

catastrophic

that shock of
the trees
th




DEPRESSED BUTT
POSITION
USED IN PAIRS
OILING
View from
Underside
HUM-M-M-M
BOTTOM


In CANADA
We paid A homeless man $20 to keep an eye on my TRUCK (it was his idea) & tried to Blend in @ the "PUB"...
You know that in CANADA that SHIRT MEANS GAY. DONTCHA HAR HAR
umm... OKAY..
SLURRP
PRIDE INSIDE
We STAYed the night there, at a Hostel which promised FREE BREAKFAST next Morning. It wasn't WORTH the PRICE (if you know what i mean..)
do you want WHITE OR BROWN TOAST?
did you say Rye?
no, i said BROWN.
umm, i guess BROWN then
BROWN WHITE
Breakfast
go.
MMM, delicious. The toast was truly neither white NOR wheat, BUT BROWN. Huge honkin potato chunks. Unflavored and undercooked this BREAKfast Ruled!
GIRL who looked like our friend Chandra SORT of
If you're ever in Vancouver & get hungry, we left our leftovers in Bronwyn's fridge. You'll know they're ours because the only other thing in there is a bottle of Alcohol. enjoy! (you're welcome)
We spent a lot of our time in Canada drawing at coffeeshops and the like. ordering iced shots & making small gifts for friends & for eachother. In the TRUCK on the way to the BORDER, Keegan found my old glasses. We decided to dress up as a girl, seeing as how the line of cars was long & we had nothing better to do!
Drawing Red Waitress
Bright Blue White
Green (Kelly)
FRESH POLYESTER NUMBERS that i Bought in British Columbia
dress
Waitress
PINK BAR ROCKET
We're the only truly British people in tha WHOLE...
man, this song makes Morrissey sound like a real tool..
8-14-00
thats because Morrissey is a real tool!
Kringle

-> UK -> PLYMOUTH ->CAIIA-STAR.NET

gos queridos!!

ilario de [illegible] Inglaterra, baixo

[illegible] tud[illegible] bem [illegible] meses , entao [illegible]te de [illegible] torios desocupados, sem o de alunos zanzando, e os professores es, pra ajudar na minha pesquisa.

n nao sabe, isto que estou fazendo ma "residencia artistica", o que que nao tenho que assistir aulas, lo contrario. E como um convite rar aqui por tres meses, trabalhar rsidade com os outros pesquisadores rojeto meu na area de arte e tecnologia.

lei o endereco do meu projeto pra voces , quem nao pegou la vai: ww.sito.org/~lenara/hypod

n olhar e mesmo assim nao entender, na instalacao, estou pesquisando alucas como sensores lasers para geringonca pra funcionar. Tambem e "parir" um software que vai animacoezinhas como as que tem a, mas em larga escala, aquelas as uma demonstracao de como vai valer...

anto tudo vai correndo bem com a esquisa, acho ate que vou conseguir

http://www.lenara.com/plymo

aqui e um bairro antigo que es na guerra e fica na beira do m de pedras e ruelas sao um cha http://www.lenara.com/plymo

Aqui a vista da primeira casa o um amigo argentino chamado do "hoe" que e tipo assim u bem na ponta, terminan o farolzinho, na foto lo http://www.lenara.co http://www.lenara.c

Aqui esta o pesso aqui de casa (qua http://www.lenar http://www.lenar

Esses aqui sao os na universidade, c aqui de casa. Eles http://www.lenara.c

Aqui uma "praia" onde eles acham essa areia o [illegible] as criancinhas e fazem mini-stonehanges com maximo pena que nao tenh http://www.lenara.com/plymo

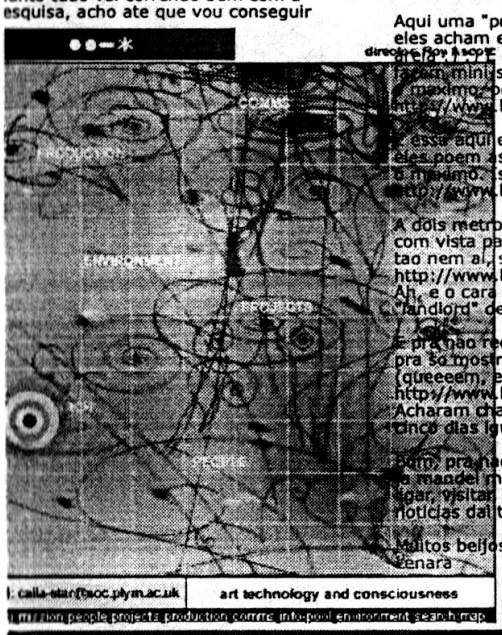
e essa aqui e uma praia "tipica eles poem as esteiras nas ped o maximo. sso foi um almoco http://www.lenara.com/plymo

A dois metros tem essa grama com vista para a praia de long tao nem al, se fosse eu punha http://www.lenara.com/plymo Ah, e o cara da esquerda e o J "landlord" de quem alugo esta

E pra nao reclamarem que eu pra so mostrar as de dias boni (queeeem, eu?) assim e a cida http://www.lenara.com/plymo Acharam charmoso mesmo ass cinco dias iguais a esse pra ve

Bom, pra nao cansar voces demais termino por aqui, a mandei meu endereco e fone, se alguem quiser ligar, visitar esteja a vontade!!! E mandem noticias dai tambem!!!

Muitos beijos,
Lenara



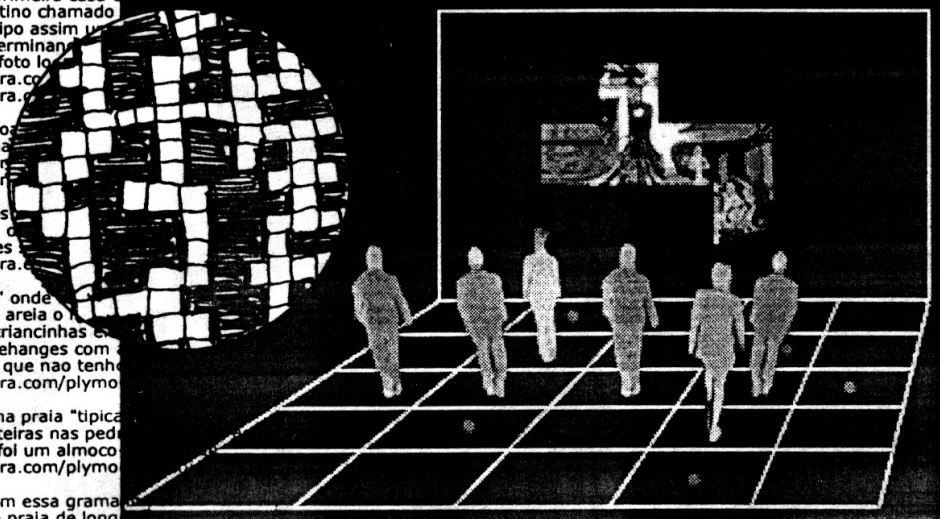
e: caiia-star@acc.plym.ac.uk | art technology and consciousness

mission people projects production comms info-pool environment search map

HyPod

(a viewing interface for HyGrid)

HyGrid is a digital art piece made collaboratively by many different artists around the globe. Instead of a single creative mind that gives birth to a finished work, there are dozens of artists creating together in a continued visual dialogue.



People position themselves in the grid on the floor, creating a viewing pattern. Red lights show possible open positions. Leaning and jumping together, they move and change the image, navigating inside HyGrid

www.lenara.com
/plymouth

CONSCIOUSNESS reframed 3

23/2[illegible]5/26.08.200[illegible]

CAiiA
Centre for Advanced Inquiry in the Interactive Arts

UWCN

CAiiA-STAR

CAiiA-STAR

Lenara Yerle : Biographical Note.

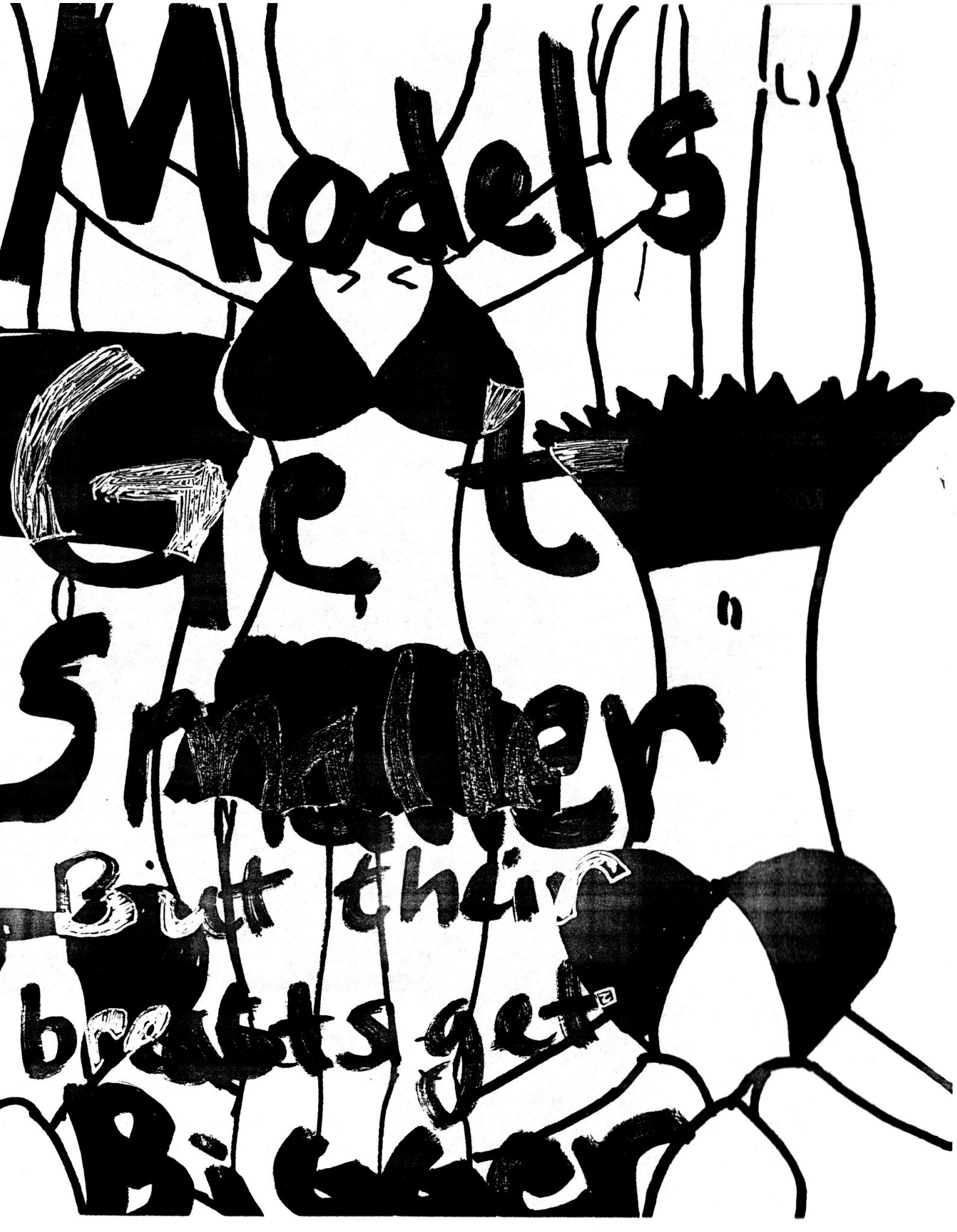
Lenara Yerle is currently a UNESCO-ASCHBERG resident artist at CAiiA-STAR, (june-august 2000) where she is developing the following projects:

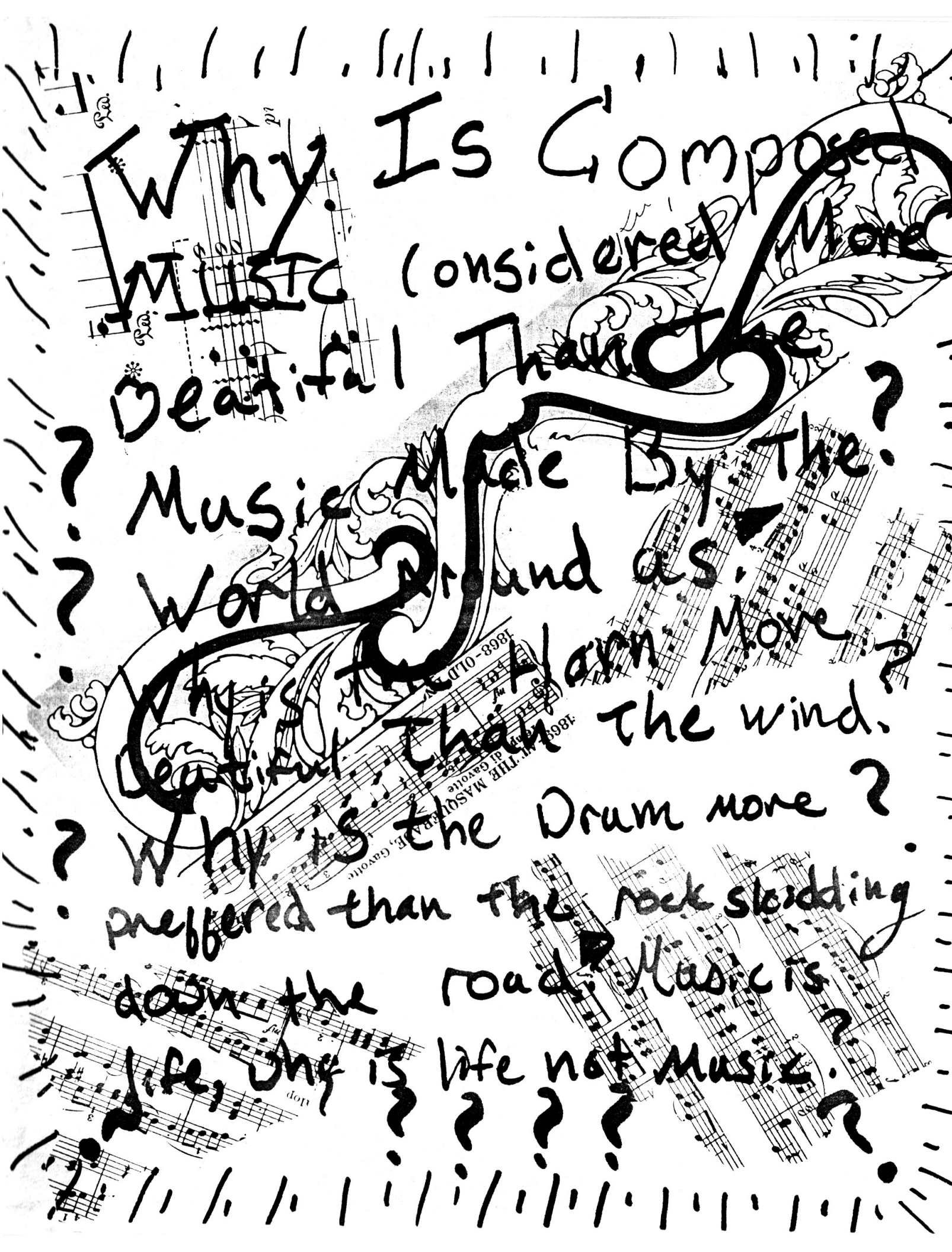
HyPod & PANIC Room

Lenara is an "articipant" in the Sito.org net.art group, and is interested in internet collaborative art.

She has a Masters degree in Communication by PUCRS - Porto Alegre - Brazil and is a researcher at Laboratory for Electronic Art & Design (LEAD) - Brazil

CONTACT: lenara@terra.com.br
WWW: www.lenara.com


Models
Get
Smaller
Butt their
boobs get
Bigger


Why Is Compose
Music (onsidered More
Beautiful Than Love
? Music Made By The ?
? World Around Us. ?
Why Is Heart Move ?
Beautiful Than the wind.
? Why Is the Drum more ?
preffered than the rock sledding
down the road? Music is
life, Why is life not Music.
? ? ? ? ? ?


Made from the
Initial pressing
of raw cane the
molasses remains in the
crystals, giving Sugar In The Raw
its blond color and robust flavor.
Enjoy it in beverages, on cereals
and fresh fruit.
Bulk size also available in supermarkets
Cumberland Packing Corp., Brooklyn, NY 11205
SUGAR IN THE RAW
DAY CODE
BOARDING UNTIL
TIME SHOWN AT BOP

Excerpt from Beans -

That sense of being aware of everything around you - at the same time - was Beans. Distinct individuality - all stemmed from a cup of joe. Beans was the first place I set foot in when I arrived in Boonieville. My first out-of- kiddom experience. And where I met Jen. I had noticed her working there, bad ass humor at its best. I used to love having someone else in front of me in line so that she could make some comment to them or about them, later to me, when I got to the front. Her social commentary was great. It was a constant kick in the pants with that girl. I wanted her to want to talk to me. She had a shaved head, tattoos galore, and the sassiest look I'd ever seen. Most of the time she looked at me like I was a complete idiot. I thought she was the coolest thing since barbie. So anytime I went to Beans, which was alot in those early days of Boonieville, I spent like 45 minutes in front of the mirror, practicing being cool. I made sure I looked as weird as possible. And I always tried to make her laugh. So I think it went like - one day I said we should hang out sometime and she gave me her number, and that's how the greatest friendship of my life began. I can't remember the first time we hung out, but I have fond memories of every time since.

Jen & I survived on activist mayhem - cigarettes, Led Zeppelin, drugs, coffee, David Byrne, sensitive big boys, randoms, and bagels. Well, I just liked to bum the real cigarettes from her that real women smoked, Marboro Lights. And thought David Byrne was a pretty funny guy. She was an art major, utilizing every project as a public statement on women's reality. It was quite a sight, a 5'2 gal with berettes, welding with mask and shield diligently, the oppression of female identity. I was the pushing 5' , running around like a crazy, trying to raise money and publicity for every marginalized group in America. And It was fun fighting the world together. My last memory is the outside pool at Motel 6. I had borrowed her 16-year-old sister's bathing suit, the one that was flesh color, due to the see thru factor of cheap cotton. As I walked out of the pool to lounge to LL Cool J, Jen pointed out that the whole world knew I was a woman now. My bathing suit was completely see thru.

We and everyone we knew from Beans were either migrant workers or pseudo-intellectuals. The pseudo-intellectuals either talked about the energy in their dreaded hair or the future and present state of the human psyche. Everyone was on something. Richardman was a lab assistant, photography store clerk, olive addict, fast walker, and insomniac. Jen was a waitress, faculty assistant for two professors, president of a couple campus organizations, overtime student, and constantly bored person. That first summer on my own I worked three jobs, as a conference assistant for the university , a cashier at Kentucky Fried Chicken, and a worker for Able

odies . I just naturally put all the random tasks together in my mind to orm that concept of a third job. Able Bodies was a temp agency for onstruction workers. If you weren't experienced in the glamorous world of onstruction, you were still considered for jobs as a worker. A worker was omeone who could get up at 5:30 in the morning, call the Able Bodies ffice, and then get to whatever location of Boonieville needed able bodies. ost of my earnings were supposed to be saved for tuition, but ofcourse eren't. Most of my money was spent on beer, peanut butter, bread, oatmeal, pplesauce, and coffee. Confusion was free in those days. My guaranteed urs as a conference assistant didn't always surface, leaving odd hours of e day not able to be filled with the distinctly paced hours of fast food. brother loaned me about $20 or $30. I walked everywhere & sometimes gave to the reliability of public transportation, the AppalCart. Walking ross the town of Boonieville to get to work each day became habit though. e silent, invisible change agent, the queen of subliminality was I. I ought breaking news stories to the public's attention, the students of appy State University. While working as a reporter for the Crappalachian, raised awareness about a woman's cry of fear at night in the community and e community answering back, violence against women. I brought the gay and raight community together to celebrate life in honor of National Coming t Day. And my friends received death threats on their answering machines, alkings in the tunnels, and screams in their faces. I was 18.

After my family's trip out West, I told Jen that my person & I would ild our cliff dwelling - our cliff palace - with hand & foot, trails in e rock to travel by daily and ofcourse a helicopter nearby to transport e visiting family. Jen decided to concentrate on grad school. I got back om Europe one semester and decided I was retiring on a houseboat in sterdam. Jen thought about settling down. Some things changed.

It's all good. Skechies. Crazies. A skech. Blah. My blah. My Amy. My chardman. Those were some of the words & phrases in the Boone language. st people never leave Boonieville. Adam's been there for over 10 years, ntent with 3 bars & everyone knowing his name, as he walks down Queen reet, singing Janis Joplin & Ray Charles at 2 every morning. My old mmate worked at Beans for a couple years after we graduated and lived in e same apartment for 6 years. Jen still lives there. She works at a video ore and is known for wandering the streets of Boonieville at all hours. I e to meet up with her at the Smithsonian one day, at the opening of her t show. I work for a publishing company now, write alot, still enjoy the ange, still get confused sometimes, and am co-founding a company this r that I first had a notion about in Boonieville. They say it's good to ve Boonieville for a little while, then come back. They call it the nieville boomerang, always springing you back to the town. Whoever "they"

are. My mind was constantly intrigued by that world. That old boyfriend of mine's words still ring through my mind, "If it's on paper, it's permanent." In Boonieville, the girls all give hugs before they leave. Still etched in my mind, I'm delirious.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THE TIME?

She said - everyone has a story - well, everyone is. Come into my world, you might like it here. I want the fucking mirror. Unlending intensity. And so I must finish my message before I really could even start and I - so I - shall simply say I am looking forward to our living.

Sara LeWinter
Muzaks@Ureach.com

EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN
A GAME IN WHICH NOTHING IS DO
RULES AND ON THE RULES
STANDING THE GAME IS THIS
RULES OR WITH THESE CHANGE
DETERMINE THE COURSE OF PL
THE OTHER BECAUSE IT IS BOTH
AS WE PROCEED INTO IT I
— MAYRED

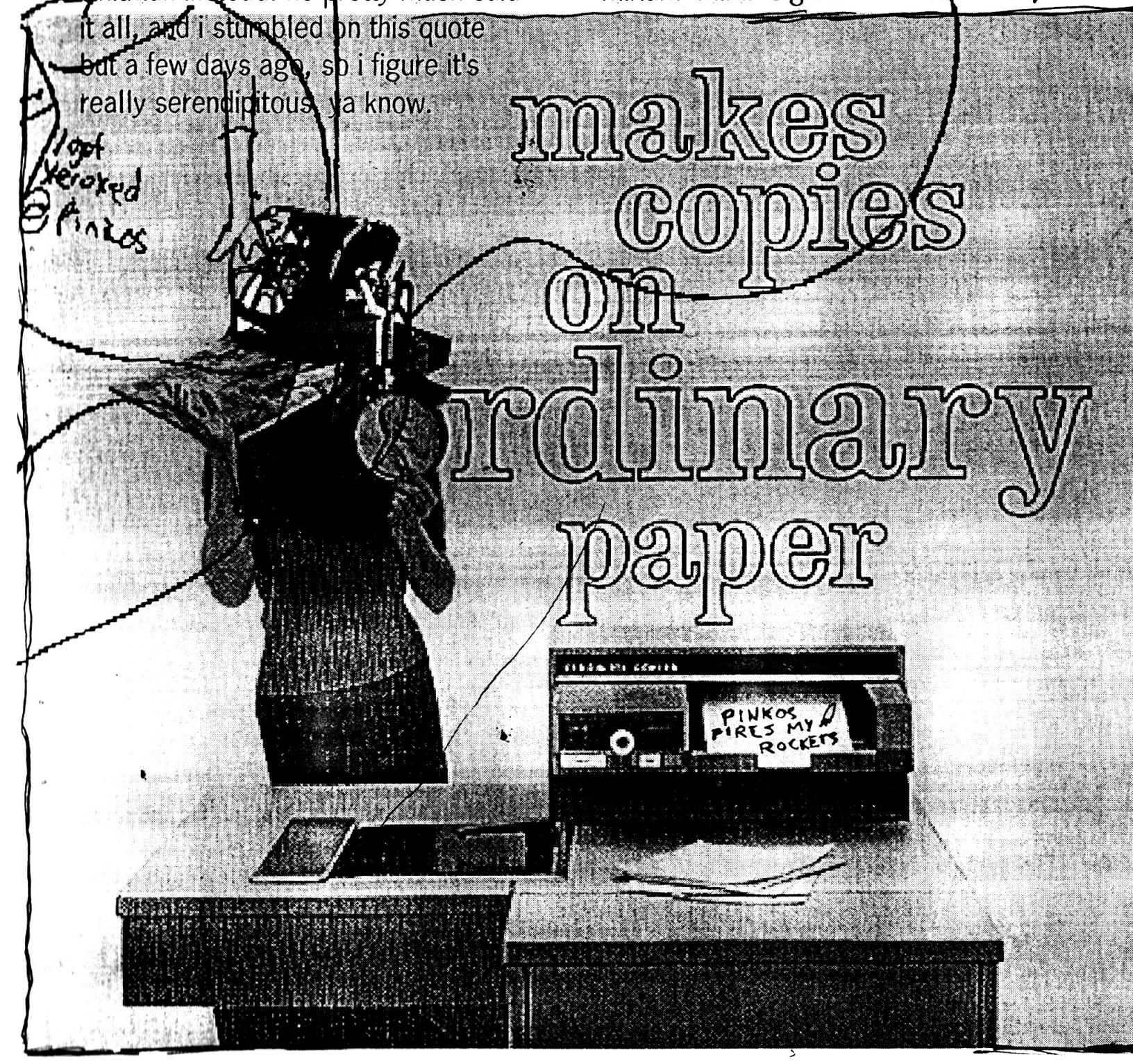
THE WORLD RESEMBLES A VAST
TERMITE IN ADVANCE BUT THE
TERMITE IS OBJECTIVE UNDER-
NOT IDENTICAL WITH OTHERS
OF CHANCE HAPPENINGS THAT
AY IT IS NEITHER THE ONE NOR
A ONCE IT HAS MANY ASPECTS
N THE FORM OF QUESTIONS
IGEN 1981

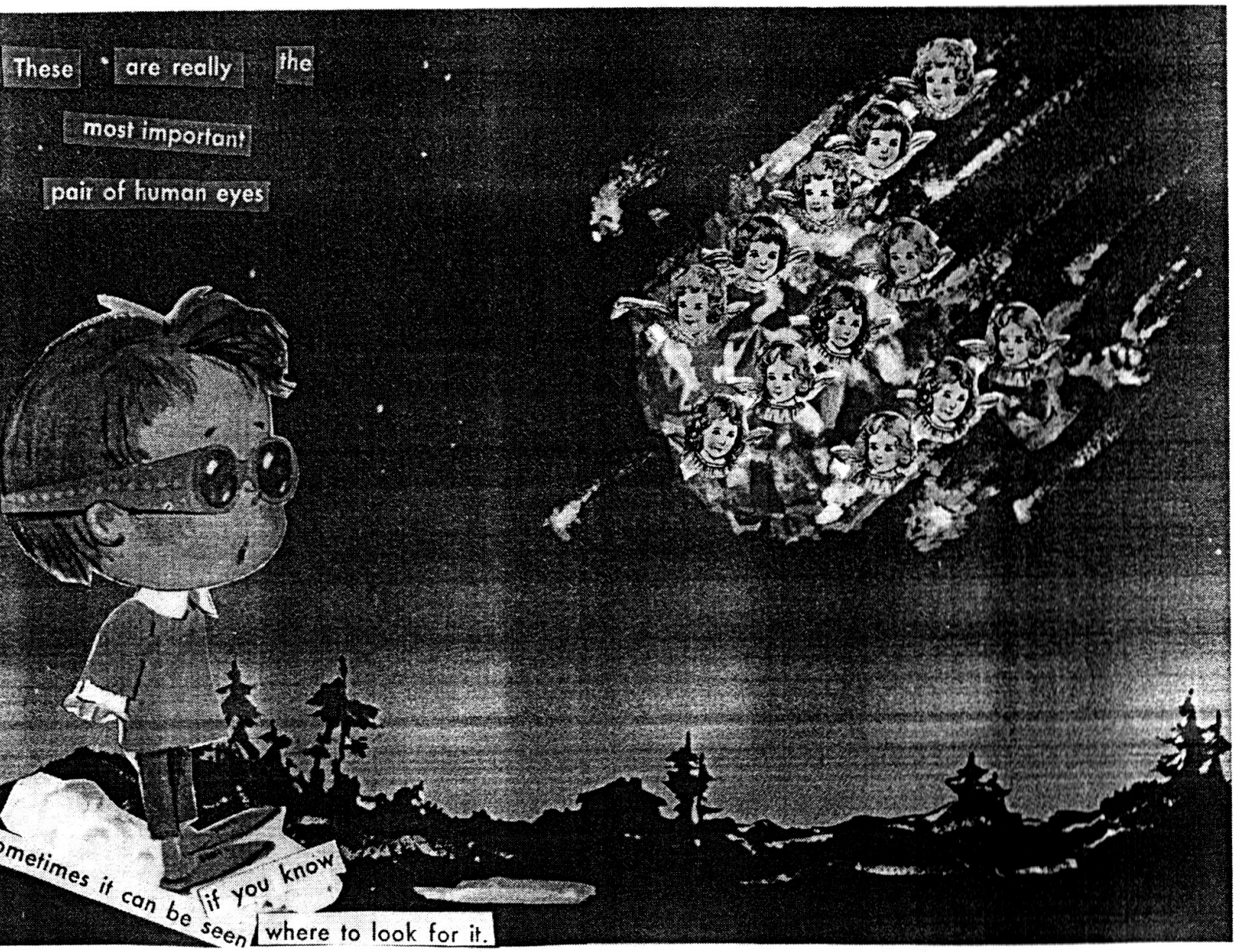
dedicated to Iva returned, !!!
the cat, who pinkos
just in time for
and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy,
with the mothers of families, read these leaves in the open air every season of every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss what ever insults your own soul, and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency not only in its words but in the silent lines of its lips and face and between the lashes of your eyes and in every motion and joint of your body. —Walt Whitman
income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young and
devote

as one of the founders of pinko's commie coffee copy center ™, i've been asked to say a few words to introduce this zine. well, i'm tired. it's the 17th hour of our 24 hour grand opening and i've decided to quote some of the wisdom of walty whitman instead. he pretty much said it all, and i stumbled on this quote but a few days ago, so i figure it's really serendipitous, ya know.

so check it out. again, i'd like to thank everyone for making this possible, and with this i kick off the 24 hour marathon zine, created at pinko's in portland oregon. 8/26/00-8/27/00...

– miriam "mimi" o'graff





All over the world, the angels of death fall
oon the people. The little children cry for meat. We ask our fathers to give us
ore fabric, more substance. And so the little angels fall on the other places, and
we have our blankets. Where we see the angels falling, we know we will be
appy. For our future, for our fathers, for our families. Amen.

Countless Deaths

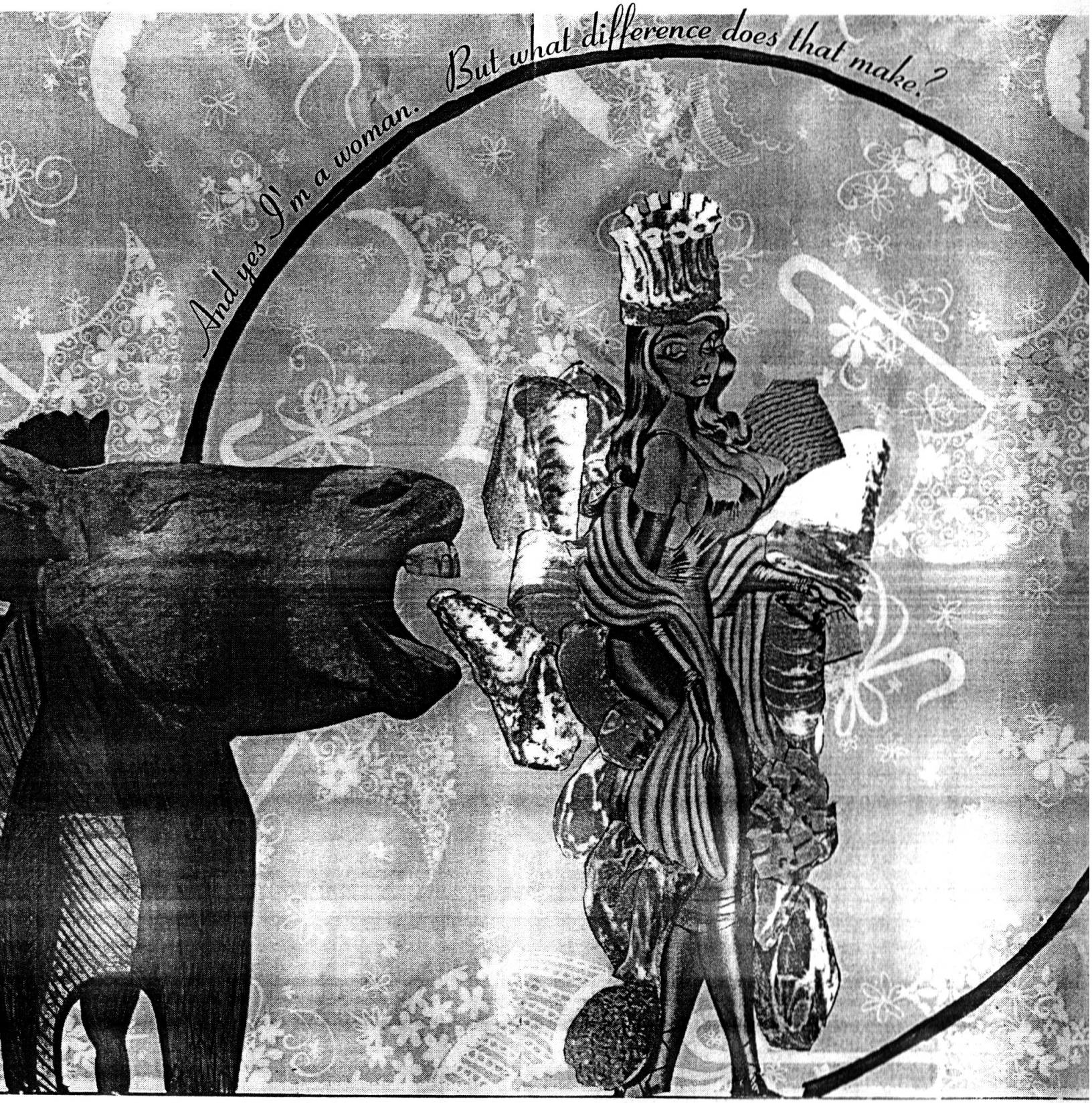
The Sticky Seat: in five minutes

by Megan P. Kelley

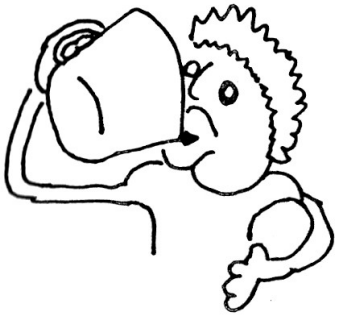
I arrived late by bicycle to the Pied Cow. By then, my friends had finished their hot drinks, and were waiting for the salami platter. The evening youth had gathered in a tidy queue, and were waiting, in artificial ease, to be seated in the courtyard. I peered through the hedges, squinting, casting an expert glance at each table, spotting last of all the familiar faces of Jon, Brady, and Nick. I had taken a few moments too many in my scan, and felt a wash of relief that they were indeed there, seated, and with an empty chair waiting for me. As I eagerly brushed by the people in the narrow entry, I felt a swift ounce of adrenaline flood my bloodstream. The thirty-odd strides to the table became a tilt-a-whirl ride between tables, and around flying waitstaff. I lunged at the last moment to reach for and pull out the green, plastic lawn chair. With a great sense of relief, I sat down.

But, it seemed that despite my neurotic efforts to be there, safe and sound, I had sat in a small puddle which had gathered in the chair. It was clear, but it was clearly not water. I worried for a moment that the fluid would soak into my pants, through my underwear, and onto my skin. I soon realized, though, that the puddle was not sufficient in quantity to dampen me. The disruption which ocurred was due more to the darkness of the courtyard, the stickiness of the fluid, and finally, the small amount of it, which harkened a fantastic variety of sensations (all of disgust, and replete with annoyance). I jumped up after lightly feeling my bottom to try to identify the texture of the fluid. It was not thick, but it was sticky. I wetted a cocktail napkin and wiped my hands off. Jon brought over another chair, and from the big tree above us, a plump drop of harmless tree sap fell, as if in slow-motion, to the vinyl tablecloth. It spread out like an uninflated ball, and then broke. We all touched it. Indeed, the same fluid which had landed on the green plastic chair before I sat down had fallen right there on the table. ❖

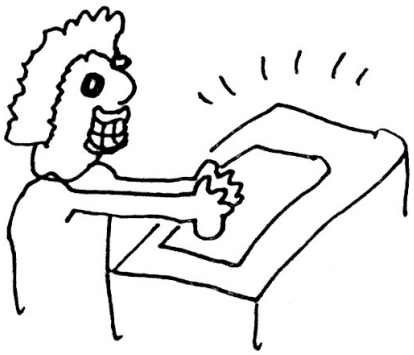
"WHY, IT'S LOVELY, BUTCH—IT MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST 15 YEARS!"


And yes I'm a woman.
But what difference does that make?

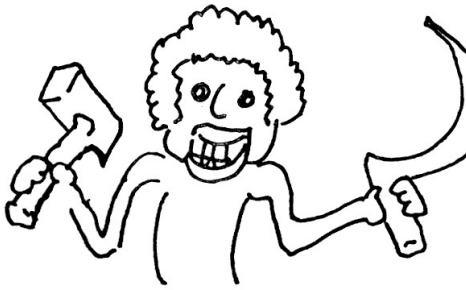
pinko's



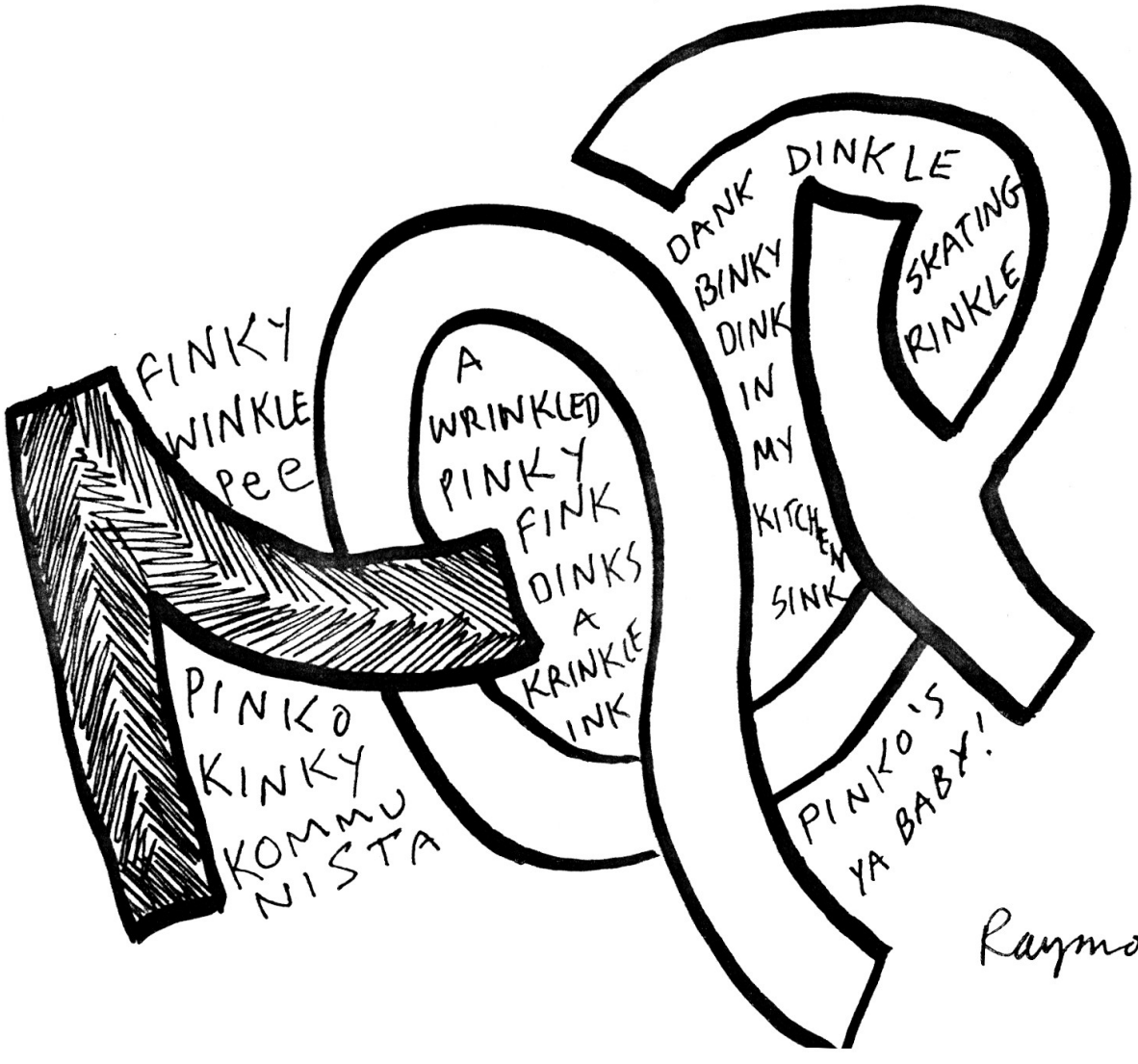
COFFEE!



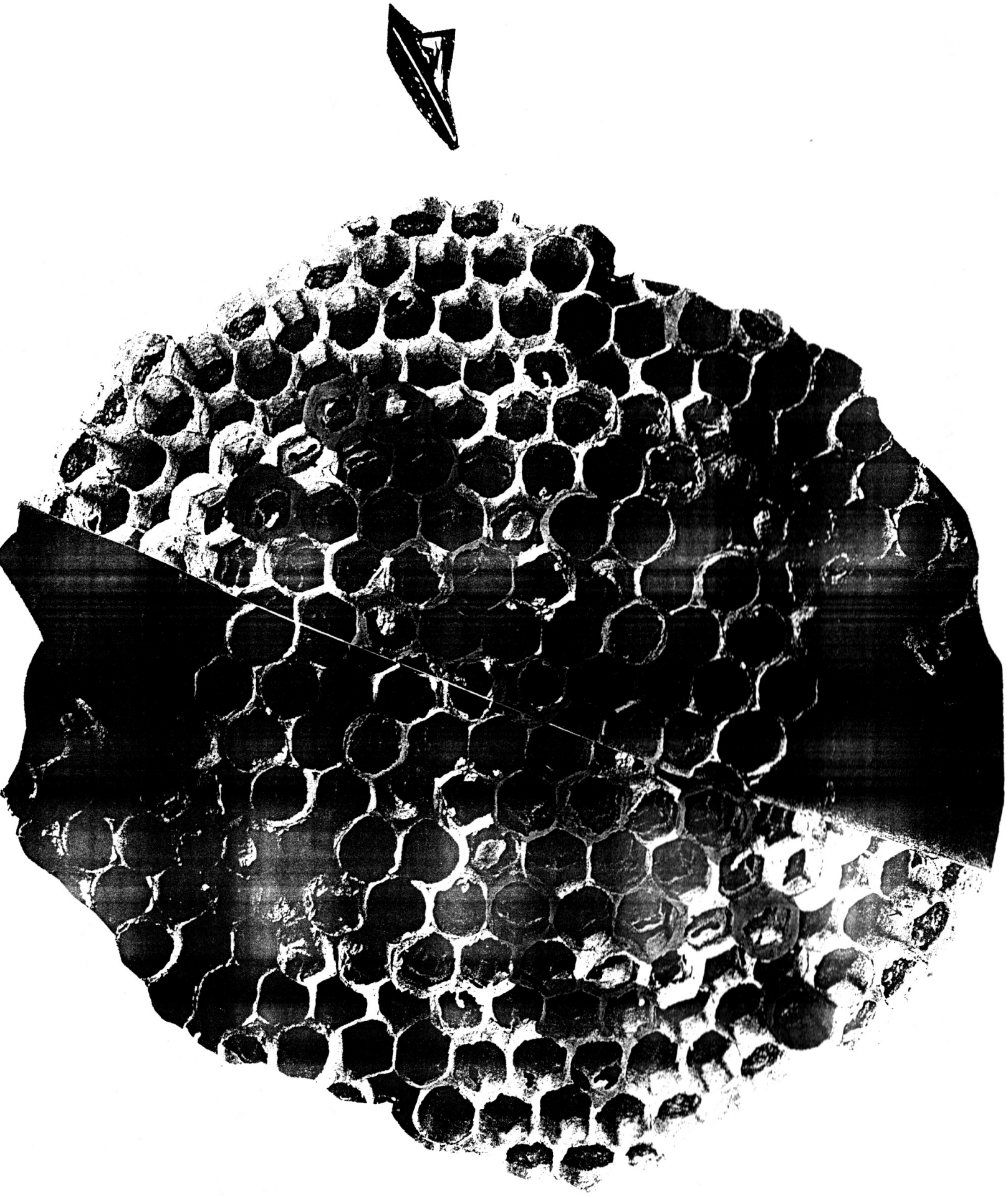
COPY!



COMMIE!



Raymond



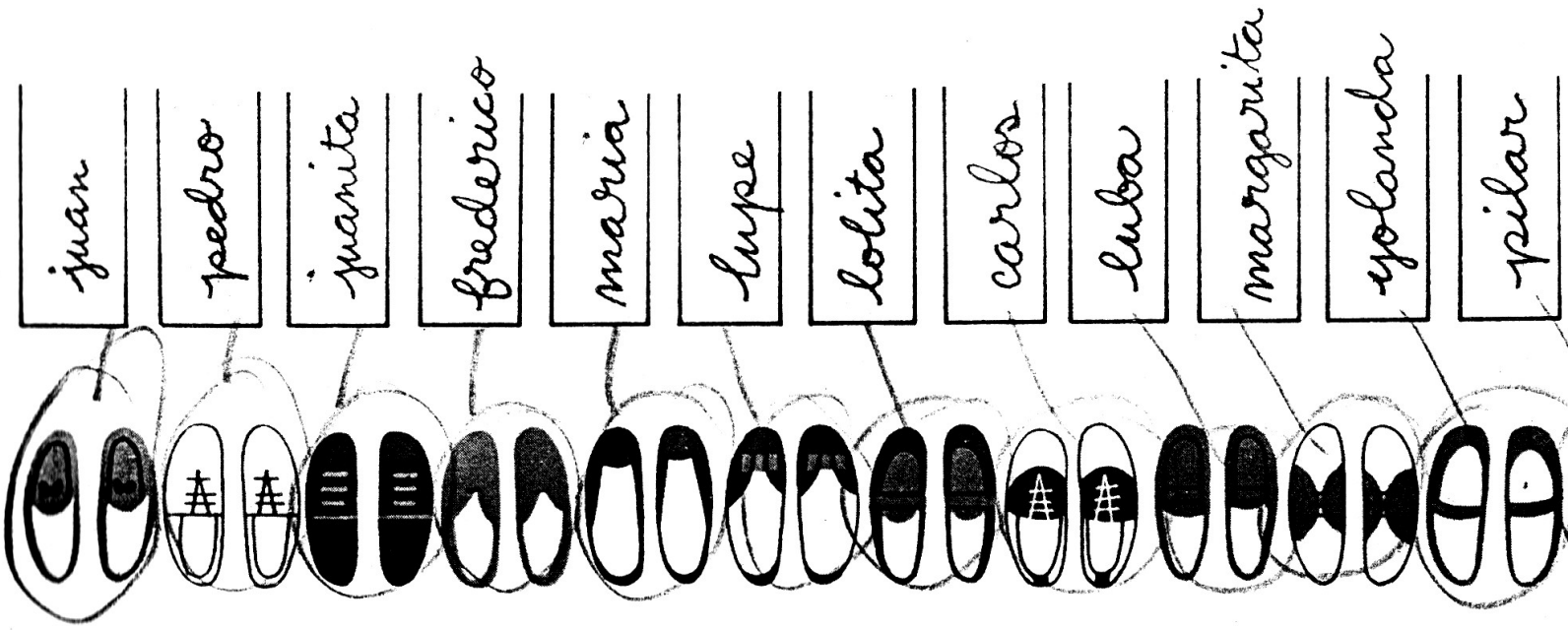

Nutrition
Serving Size 1 Sand
Servings Per Conta
Amount Per Serving
Calories 120
Total Fat 6g
Saturated Fat 1g
Cholesterol 0mg
Sodium 110mg
Total Carbohydrate
Dietary Fiber 0g
Sugars 8g
Protein 2g
Butterfat 0g
Lactose 0mg
Potassium 2mg
Vitamin A 4%
Calcium 15%

The Real Issues Facing Humankind and Our Future on This Planet
as I see them (and I am very smart)
by Dave

Rattlesnakes or Corn dogs
Factory Farming or "You call that a push-up, sissy!?!"
Poetry or the 'good' kind of itching
Cinnamon catheters or free e-kittens
Road maps or scrotum grenades
Board games or Odor Alchemy
Corn tortillas or making love to bats
"Atta boy!" or "You want an apple? I'll give you a fucking apple!"
Sonny and Cher lps or Dr. Cornelius' Cum Powder
Hair Scrunchies or killing your enemies with your mind
"Dinner for four?" or fornicating robots
Beer or irony
Encyclopedia Britannica or *The Hows and Whys of Orange Juice Enemas*
Fortune cookies or the boner-groaner
Sitcoms or Scatological Marathons
Santa Claus or Blind Ol' Petey Onions
Diuretics or making priests cry
Borrowing money or letting your friends' pets drink water out of your mouth
Trying desperately to be funny or animal privates
Medicated shampoos or "I'm crying 'cause I'm hungry."

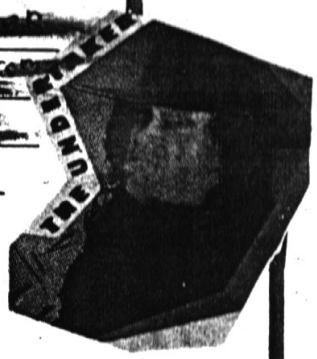
Let's see if we can get together and settle these issues on the nonce. The longer these concerns go unaddressed, the longer I will be forced to berate sales clerks, undertip waiters and steal toilet paper from work.

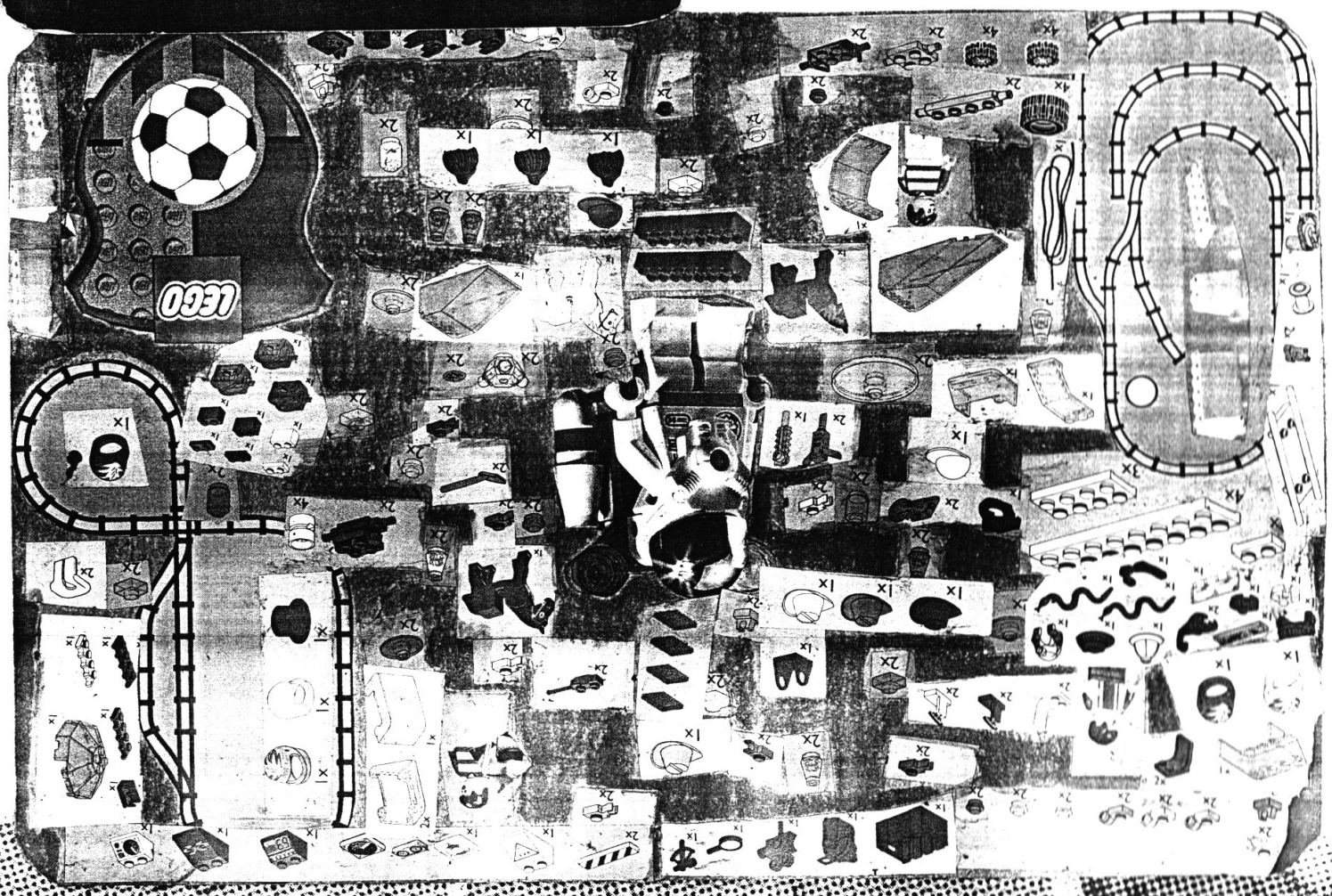
zapatos o sin zapatos, tu eres guapa a mi... de pies a cabeza.



NAME: the underta...
SCHOOL: headhunter...
STD: Yes DIV: ... NO.: 69
SUB: ma weaver

Ramtirth®





Saturday November 20, 1999 5:59 p.m.

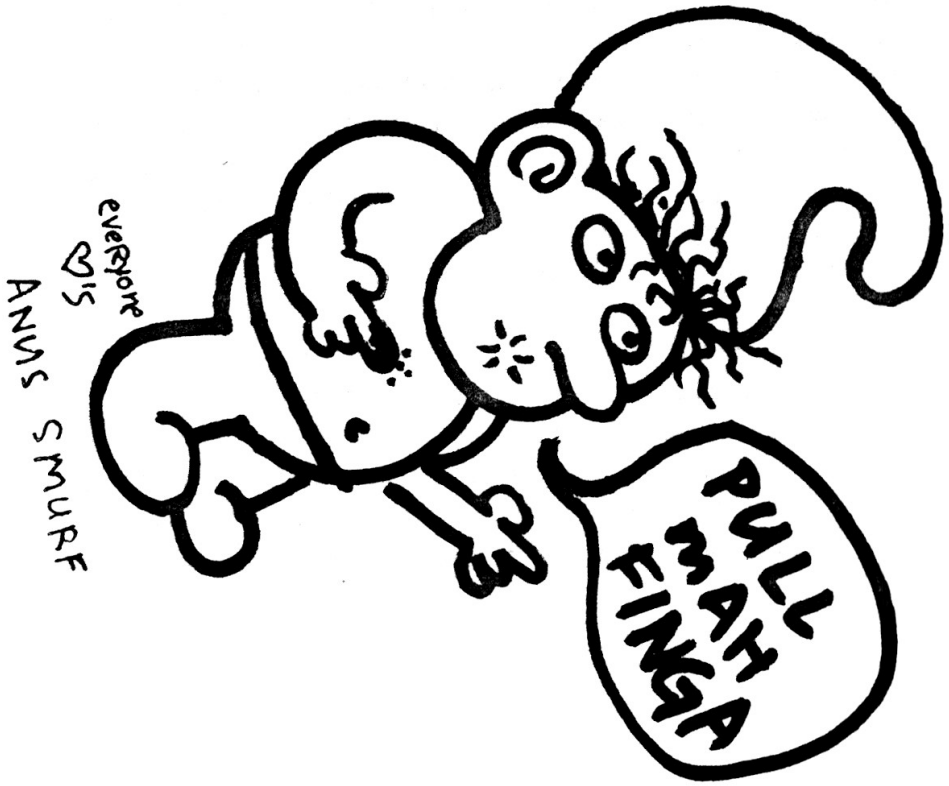
Partly due to trying to save money, I have been shoplifting more and more, almost as much as when I first moved here.
I enjoy shoplifting. It is exhilerating to get even a little something back from a culture that may not so slowly be driving me mad. Like buying into the culture by stealing it. Wait. That may be just as fucked up and wasteful. No matter. Experienceing this culture can be overwhelming and this is some sort of statement of reason I have to make to myself. I know stealing is really just to recieve some sort of compensation for putting up with all the advertising mostly.

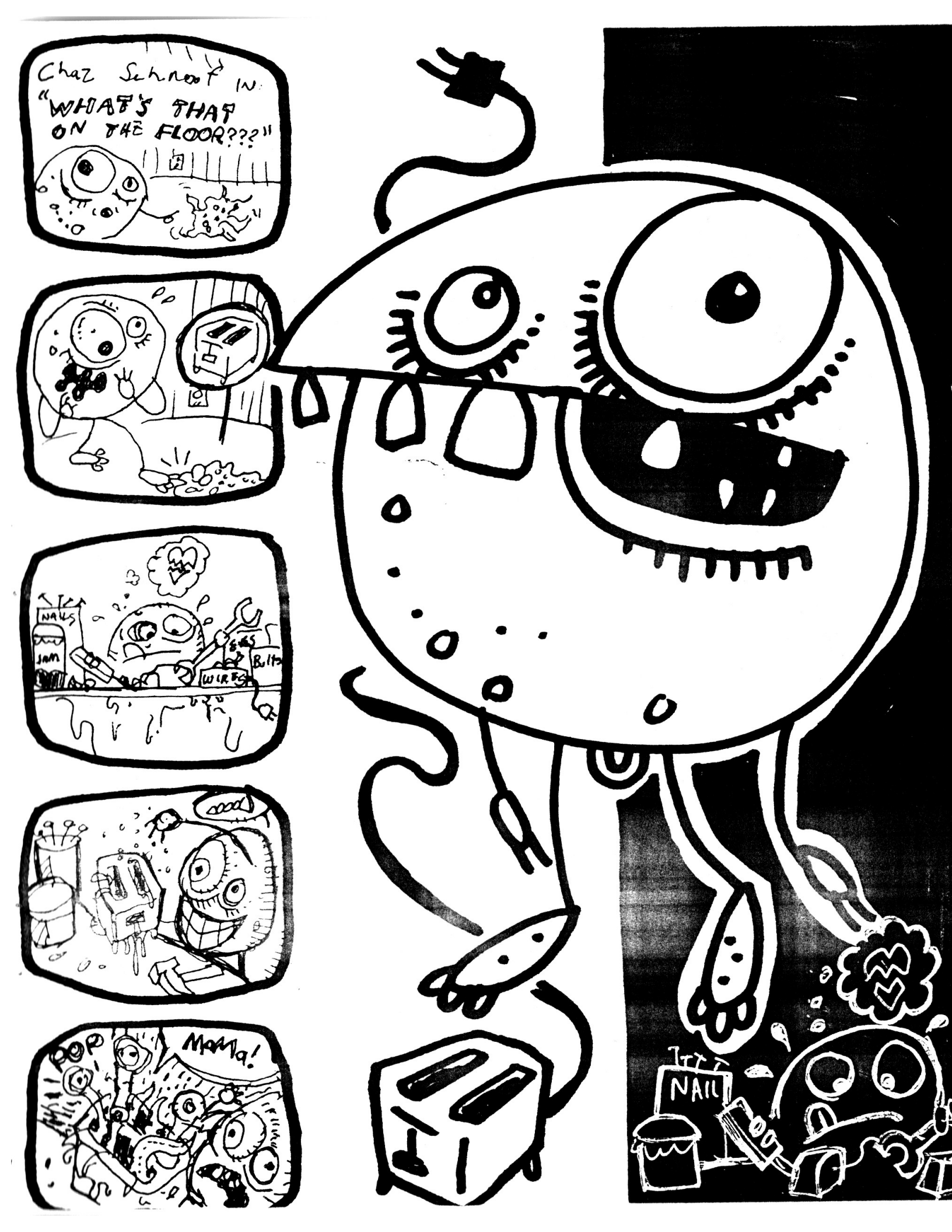
I find it difficult to write this reasoning down, feeling that I am jinxing myself by trying to explain. Stop analyzing. Everytime I bring the subject up with people, I usually get uncomfortable hearing all the stories of them or their friends getting caught, and so I have mostly ceased to speak about it. Mary has similar thoughts on the subject and we talk about it sometimes. Lately, my favorite things to get are dumb new products I see advertised. The "Swiffer", for example, which is just a stick with a disposable cloth stuck on the end. "Pick up twice as much dust as using a broom, with 300 times more waste!. . . Wth ultra-advanced new technology- 'stactic electricity'! . . . Never vacuum, mop, sweep or dust again!" Wow. I want it. But it costs fourteen dollars! So I rationalize that the good people at SCjohnson wax or Cocacola (or whatever other multibillion dollar company that makes most of the crap in our lives) really want me to have the new thing or they shouldn't have told me about it and made it look so appealing. Just a few days ago I turned on the television, saw the Swiffer commercial, and within the hour headed over to my local corporate, chain megastore. I am now the proud owner of a Swiffer and now I never have to vacuum, mop, sweep, or dust again! "How did I ever survive without my Swiffer?" the attractive young housewife chirps from the t.v. screen. "Must buy more Swiffer refill cloths next shopping trip," she is thinking.

I have tried dozens of new beauty trends and "healthcare" items (vitamins, drugs, and shit like that), and even food products by stealing them after seeing them advertised (though most of the food I see is so unappealing and overprocessed, the latest example being Reece's Peanut Butter Cup Cereal). Taking the things that I somehow feel are owed to me feels like a tax return. In a way. Like eating a plateful of garbage, then asking for a refund.

Sometimes I steal simply because a false need was created in my head and there it was on the shelf all ready for me to take home. Granted, it's not always like this. I try to just steal what I legitamatley need, and I only steal from corporations, never people, and I have to make sure that I am absolutely positive that I deserve whatever it is that I am taking. I've got to know it was already mine. Usually I'm alone, as it's less confusing this way. I wonder if people who shoplift regularly think about it much. I do and I don't, as I am torn between thinking that I am going to get caught one day and really believeing that I can keep doing this indefinately. I realize my advantage as a well-dressed white girl, and take it. It's fucked other people get targeted more than me, but that doesn't mean I won't keep stealing. I think, for the most part, it's probably best just to do it, be careful and smart about it, and not worry.

sometimes I want to write a letter-
Dear Nameless Faceless, Inc.,
Thank you for the $1295.39 reimbursement granted to me again this year for putting up with seeing your horrible advertising everywhere I go. You ruin my view of the city almost daily and I feel we have a fair trade going on. This money is also for having to deal with consumerism being forced down our throats with the proliforation of corporations like yours. I will use the money wisely, and not mention it to anyone.
Your partner in consumerist culture,
Amy Joy Tipker




Chaz Schnoof IN
"WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR???"
NAILS
JAM
WIRES
NAIL
POP
MAMA!


NARCOMANIA
An abnormal desire to seek relief from pain through drugs.
Seeds of Contagion
Step One: Start creating something that is incomplete
Step Two: Fill in white spaces with black.
Step Three: Fill in black with white.
Step Four: Repeat.
Step Five:
EVERY TIME I GO TO THE STORE I FORGET SOMETHING SO I HAVE DECIDED THAT I WON'T GO TO THE STORE ANY MORE. EVER.
once there was a house and in the house there was a cat that left the house
After he left the house just wasn't the same And neither was the cat.
It was a crying shame
There Are Many Kinds of Fidelity. Some are worse than others.
when I was just a little kid my mom told me not to make too many mistakes or else my life would suck and I would have no one to blame but myself.
You must learn to distract people a lot.
Inevitably, naked girls play a prominent role in witchcraft
True


NOVELTIES FOR PIANO IN THIRD GRADE
Carefully phrased and fingered
adds nothing to price — much to good form...
Melody
thout words
Morceau de Salon
Morceau de Salon
SMITH, Characteristic
Novelette

If you were Sally, what would you do

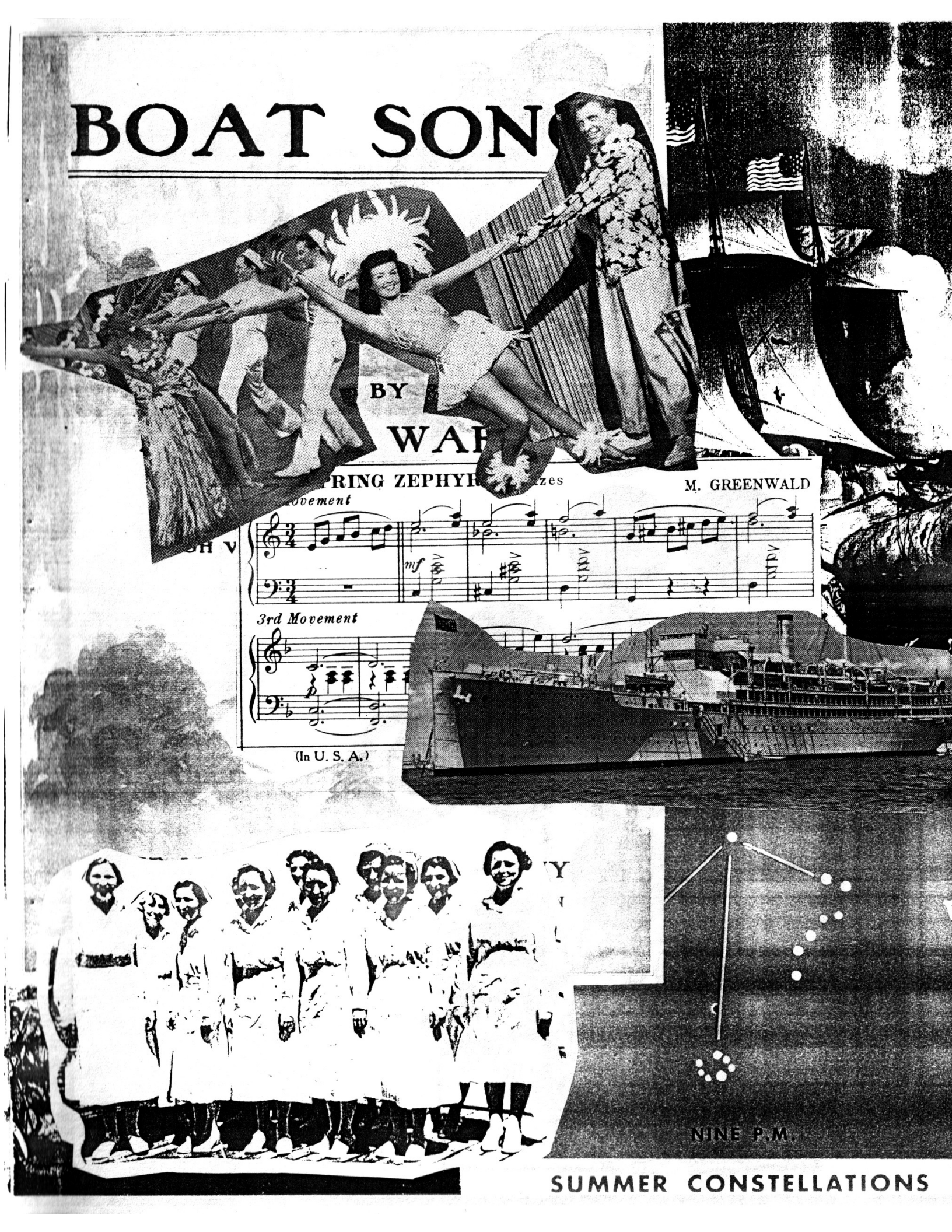
. i walked to where it looked like omething was happening. there were ights and people under them. they alked and smoked and looked back and forth among each other; i looked away. there was a girl with that dress, and that lipstick. she looked bored. then she looked up at something and smiled. i looked up too, but i couldn't see what she did - the pink cloudbellies from city light reflection? the building tops with their end of human reach? i didn't know, but i smiled too. she turned and walked away. i liked her walk. "i can walk like that" i thought...

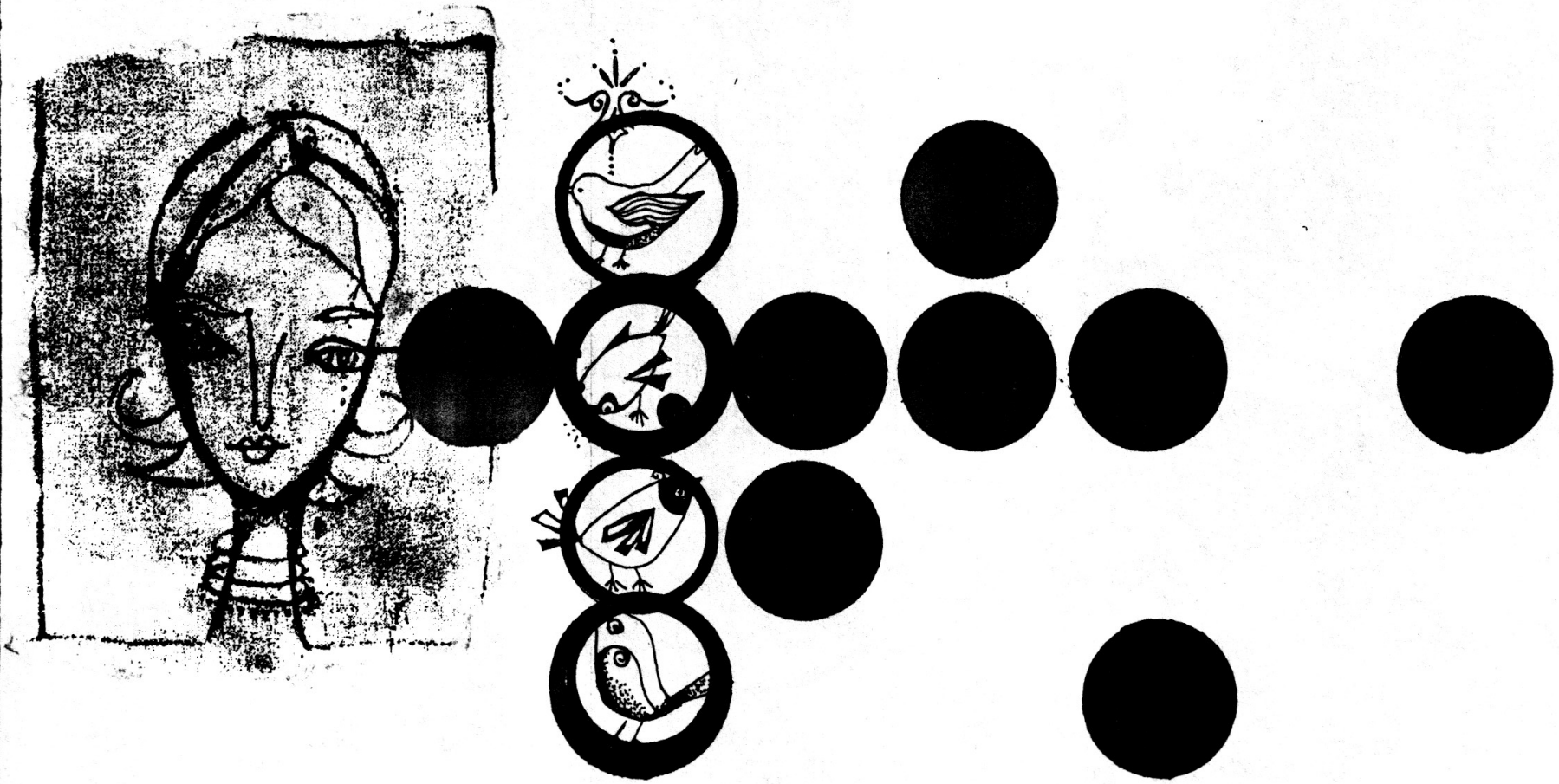
Breast 27

Bobby

Talk about what is happening in this picture.

不使用时，主音键
在演奏时，右手大拇
揿动音键，用左手腕
配合演奏。在推拉时
向内及向外移动。拉
需要大幅度推，拉，结
此时，必须揿动放气
以调节空气。拉动风箱
时，亦不宜拉动，否则风箱可能损坏，结果造成漏


BOAT SON
BY
WAR
M. GREENWALD
3rd Movement
(In U. S. A.)
NINE P.M.
SUMMER CONSTELLATIONS

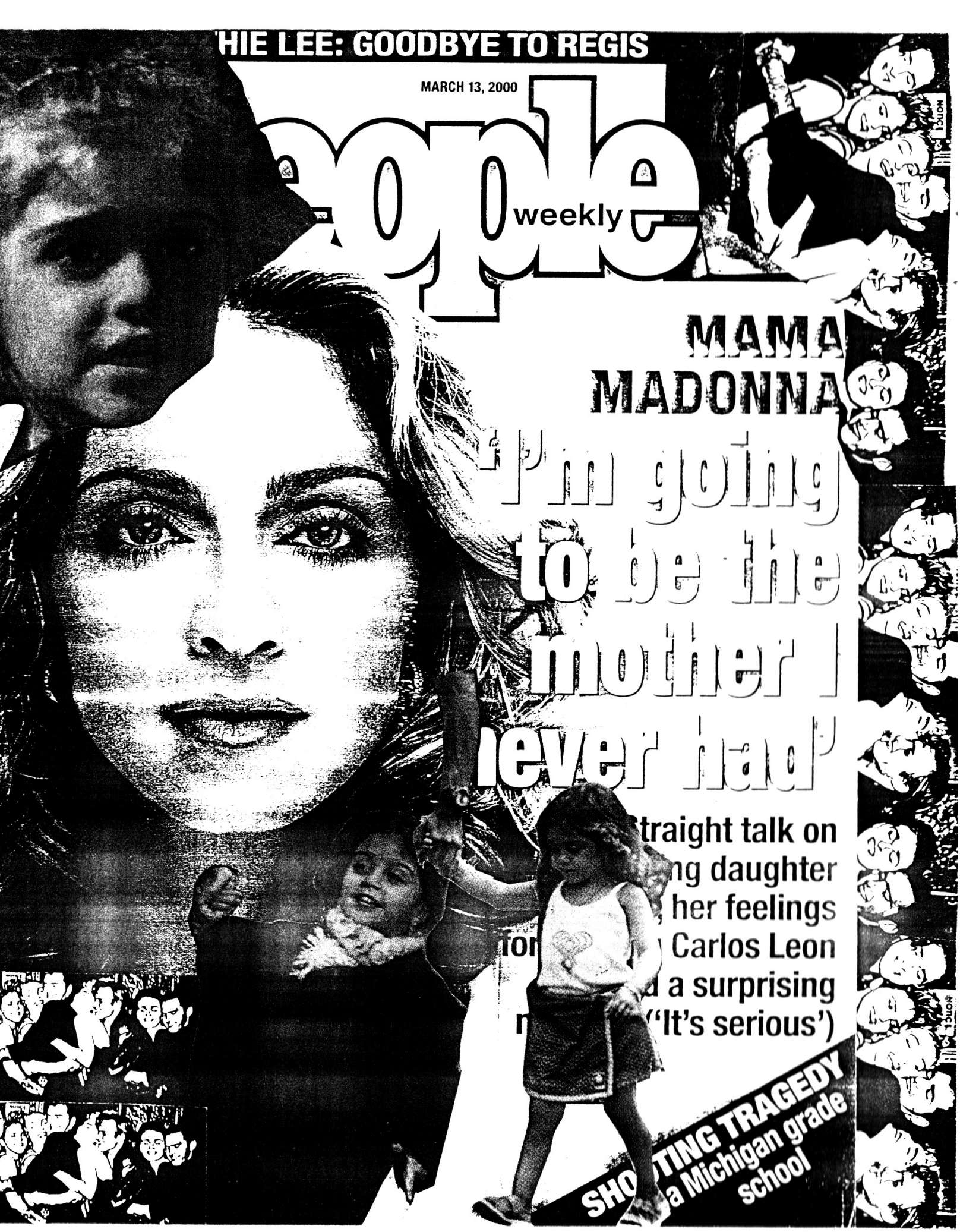


she has this thing
about birds...

'HIE LEE: GOODBYE TO REGIS

MARCH 13, 2000

People weekly

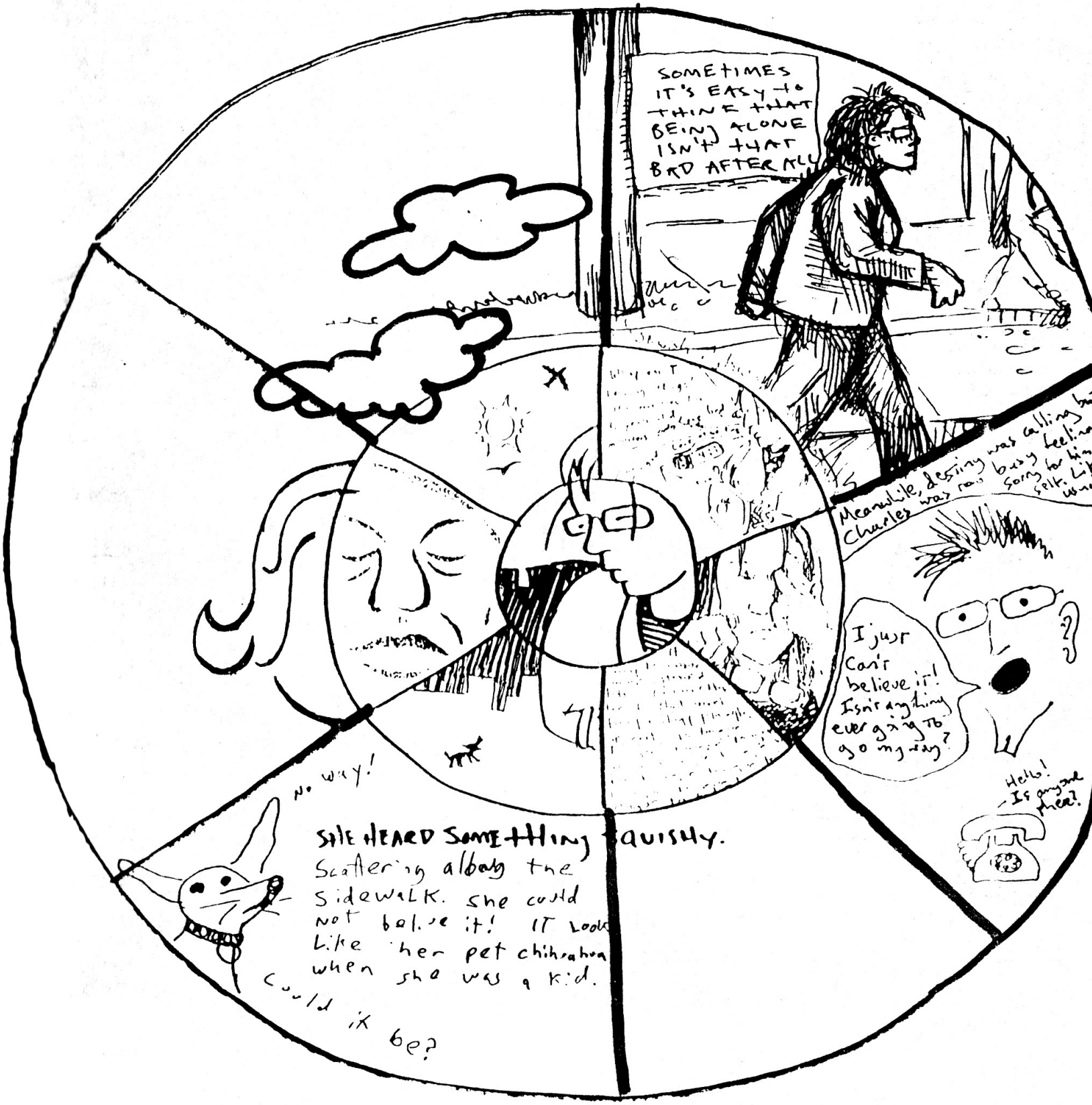


MAMA MADONNA

'I'm going to be the mother I never had'

Straight talk on ng daughter her feelings Carlos Leon a surprising ("It's serious')

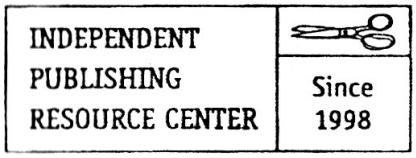
SHO TING TRAGEDY a Michigan grade school


SOMETIMES IT'S EASY TO THINK THAT BEING ALONE ISN'T THAT BAD AFTER ALL
Meanwhile, destiny was busy calling
I just can't believe it! Isn't anything ever going to go my way?
Hello! Is anyone there?
No way!
SHE HEARD SOMETHING RUSTLY.
Scattering along the sidewalk. She could not believe it! It looked like her pet chihuahua when she was a kid.
Could it be?

CURRENT IPRC HOURS

monday	noon - 10 pm
tuesday	4 - 10 pm
wednesday	4 - 10 pm
thursday	4 - 10 pm
friday	closed.
saturday	noon - 6 pm
sunday	noon - 6 pm

make.
mail.
print.
compute.
archive.
exchange.
research.
publish.
browse.
create.
learn.
talk.
bind.
read.



917 SW Oak Street #218
Portland, Oregon 97205
Tel | Fax 503.827.0249

www.iprc.org

EARN MORE MONEY (while enjoying anal sex)

1. "you are not taking our son to that awful catholic church!"

2. "we are baptists, right?"
"well, I love to eat thin wafers!"

3. "think about the kid, jon... drinking the blood of christ is good for him..."

"and besides, you were a catholic choi boy once."
"yeah, but..."

5. "well, we can do our own ceremony and he can decide what he wants"

6. "here, son, this to will make you forget all about th damned catholic

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

itself to them by its effect on
y radio waves travel in straight
ram
9. Because of this fa
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waves from the broad
ver
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antenna at B, becau
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how. Kennelly and Heavis
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was a clue pointing to
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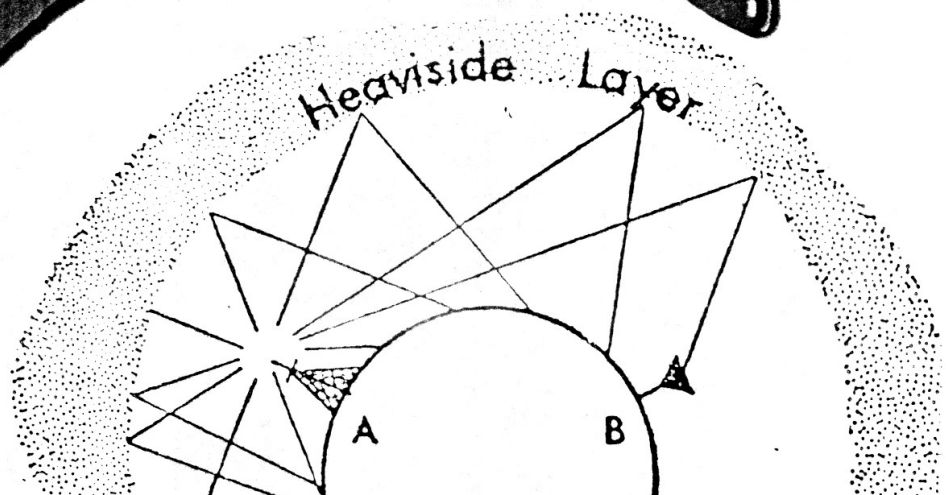
high up in the air.
he
ca
charges up there acts like a
or,
hat strike the surface of this mirror are
to the ground, as shown in Diagram 2.
lio broadcasts get around the curvatu
can reach receivers that are a lo
m the transmitting tower. Sometime
disturbed, and develops electrical "hole
ves that strike the holes pass right throu
ng reflected back to the ground. When

Air

Atoms up
antly being struck by short-wave photons
em. The collisions warm up the air in

most layer of the earth's atmosphere. Beneath it ar
other distinct layers. The lowest layer is calle
troposphere. It reaches up an average of seven
above the ground. It is in this layer that our eve
weather is made, with its winds, clouds, and st
Between the troposphere and the ionosphere i
stratosphere. The stratosphere has neither the dus
clouds of the troposphere that lies under it, nc
electrical particles of the ionosphere above it.

ultra-violet
and
rays of the sun it also hides them from us
prevents us from studying them. But it is importa



A WARNING AGAINST...

THE DANGERS OF DOT DOSING

THE POACHED EGG OF BECK
Coming soon: The egg, part two...

In which Adrienne Shelley plays one of the Blue People, in a province of suspiciously peaceful Americana, at an undetermined point in the future where drag racing and grocery-shopping seem to be two customs eerily preserved...

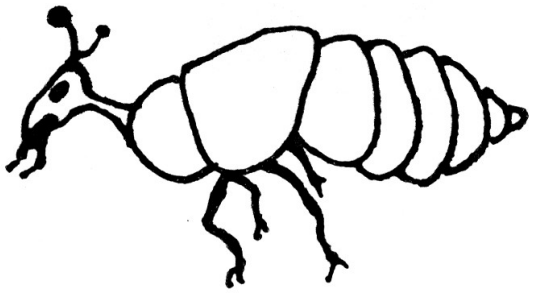
You see them going shopping in this Olde Vermont Log Store, and getting back into their minivan. Their grocery bags are paper brown and they wear these helmets over their heads like large blue visors, and their arms and legs are covered in dark fluffy leotards which emit a phosphorescent skeleton-pattern, alternately changing from white to anemone blue, which I saw in their kitchen: Where Adrienne was, looking like a Strip Mall Venus, and bereft of any blue attire, which after enough examination, I realized, that isn't their anatomy, it's costumes.

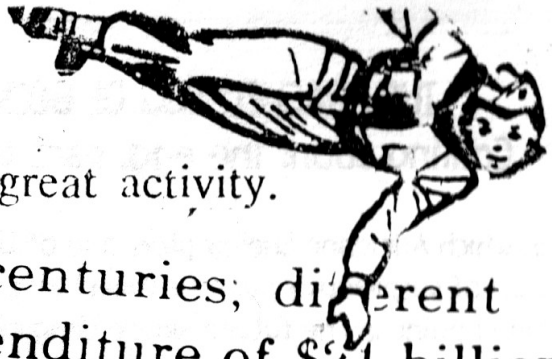
Adrienne is so out of luck, so destitute, that she thinks of doing the one thing people in this province in the future can do to make money: kind of like selling hair or giving blood. But this is far more rigorous. You can offer to be a cheese mold.

You go into a factory-like anteroom which looks like it's hidden in someone's suburban home, and still streaks of natural light reach the apparatus which Adrienne steps nakedly in and then lies back in. The cheese is poured around the subject and then the mold develops over time. The volunteer must remain absolutely still during this process, which may take even months. The human is zombified for this purpose.

Adrienne is at this moment reconsidering her decision as the runny yellow liquid is tepidly settling about her shoulders, hip-bones. She wants to give a signal to those monitoring the temperature and pressure-sensitive controls. At this moment samples of flawed cheese are tasted and crumbled into smaller viscerae in a gloved inspector's hands at the kitchen table. The inspector explains (as the chunky taste still sits undigested and grainy between my teeth) that urine and undesirable mineral content can be left in the cheese, destroying the texture.

In the search for Colloidal Gold.

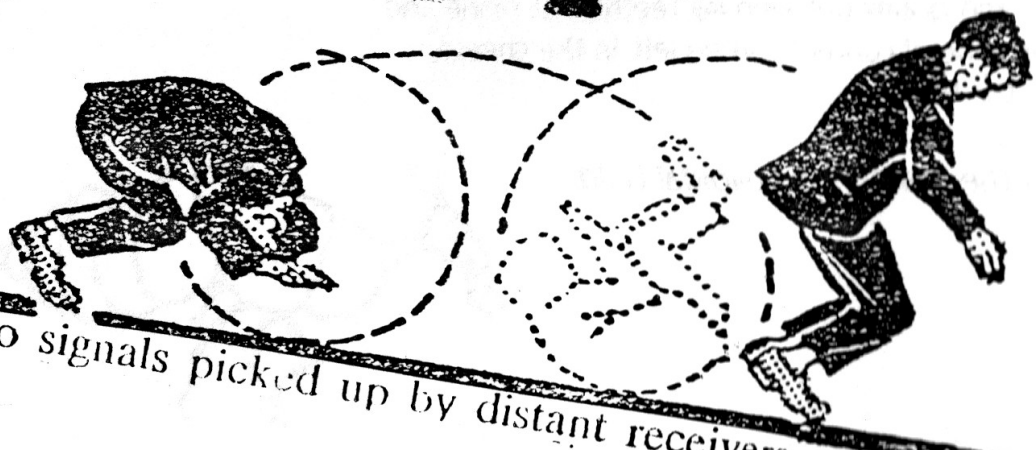




The ionosphere is a place of great activity.

Down through the centuries, different women and the expenditure of $21 billion sistently, men continued to experiment, ancient Greeks and, in the [illegible], primitive flying device in the 15th cen-

DiSTract FUdgecicle Sleep Tar tall Pie



this happens, radio signals picked up by distant receivers

This zine was created in a 24-hour period by an incredible and beautiful group of people, in celebration of the opening of pinko's resource center.

As I type, we are 19 hours into this, still needing to paste-up and duplicate our end results. The hardcore troop who is still here is just shifting from sleepy couches and piles of pillows. They have been waking in waves for about 2 hours. Personally, I have yet to sleep, but sense I may resolve that soon.

During its first trial run, pinko's seems to have produced delightful results, centered squarely on the people here, followed closely by the art (and interaction) they produced.

Please, jump in and enjoy what this 24-hour period spawned. Picture handfuls of sleep-deprived souls chatting with each other and sharing markers and paper. Then, picture yourself having the same fun — and drop in to pinko's.