

WHORE

PARTICULARS IN LITERATURE, ART AND IRREGULAR EVENTS

When your failed states
state clearly your failures,
what then can you say?
That it was all them?
You did all that you could?

No -

No, you can not counter the accusations of the dead
when they have thrown themselves at your feet,
speaking the only language you ever taught them:
The Bomb.



WHORE

PARTICULARS IN LITERATURE, ART AND CURRENT EVENTS



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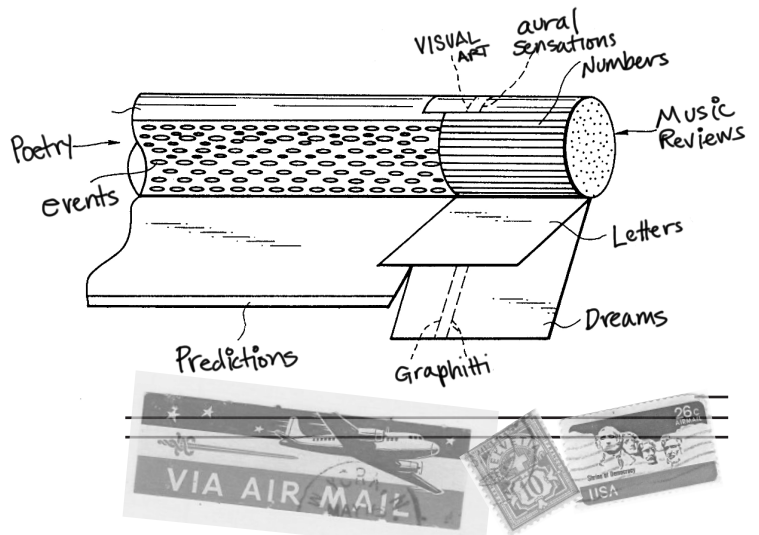
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BEARS SEEN SHITTING IN THE WOODS



LETTERS & CORRESPONDENCE

salacious Heathens and lost souls,

I write to you today in the hopes that Fortuna has seen fit to remove you from her grand plans. What you may have ever been doing there is something only the Lord Jesus Christ can know. I, for one, have given up. Your continued existence imperils the souls of millions. Dare I say that you have, in one perverse way after another, influenced countless minds to shed the grace of our Father who art in Heaven, and donned the cloak of such demonic wizardry the like of complaining about the US

Military, and driving roundly ignorant refrains into the soft ears of fertile children.

Should the lord Jesus Christ see fit to destroy your production capacity, I've no doubt that many around the world would rejoice. For it is you, with out Religion or Trigonometry, who has brought the wrath of the Terrorists upon our light heads. You, bumbling fools careening back and forth between sin and mortal sin, You fiends of self-aggrandizement - you have done this to us and it is you who are responsible for the recent attack against the Nation, Under God that occurred in Benghazi. Were someone to check, I'm certain they would find your filth and putrid publications laying around those terrorists bedrooms - perhaps on top of the TV or near a Radio.

With Such evidence, I expect you should be soundly beaten and forced to recant your sickening lies.

Yours in seemingly permanent discomfort as you continue to exist,
Ignatius J. Reiley.

GOD DAMN, I WANT TO FUCK YOU!

EXISTENCE MACHINE BREAKDOWN

panic set of variables
dreamt 2 hours out
distance to accurate
panic set of variables
read in from existent pasts
velocity increases proportionally

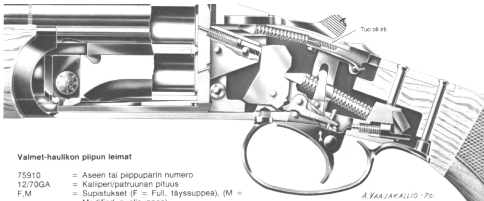
BLICK AM ABEND

Boulevard Papers are the truth to the overly Cultured.

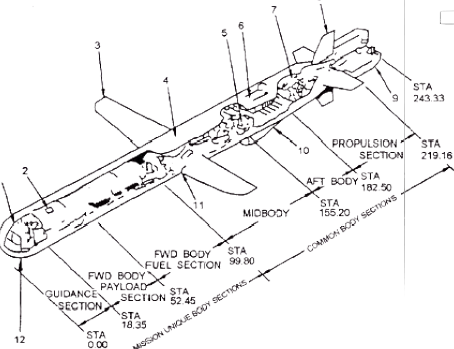
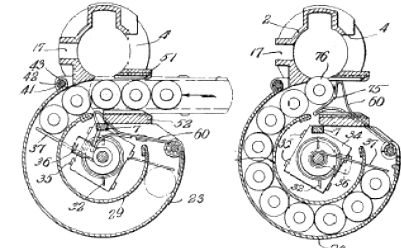
They describe a lost faith in Royalty and the Worthlessness of being alive.

Our great culture of Free Press provides the Truth.

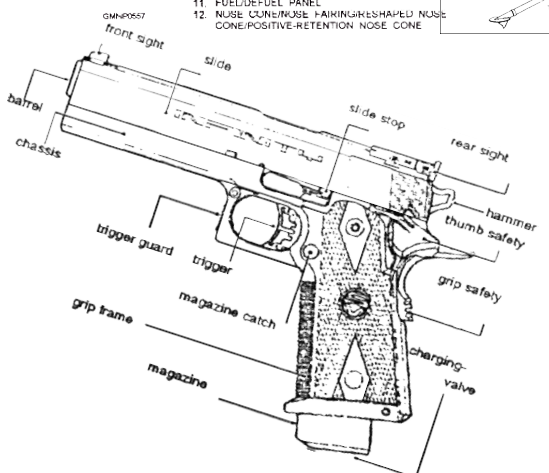
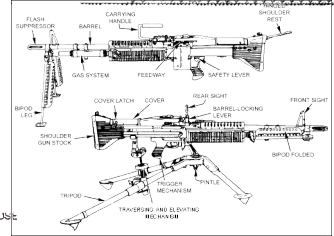
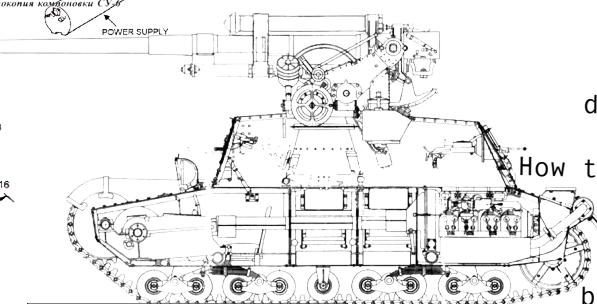
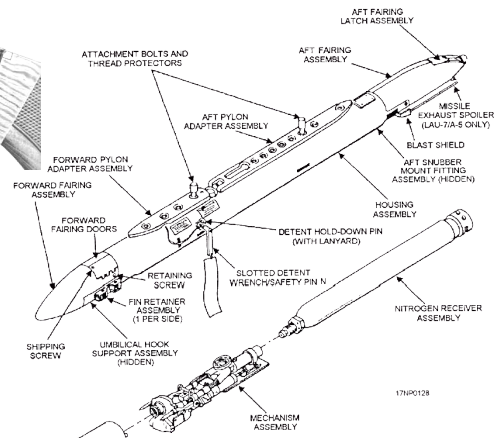
Whore Magazine is a product of pirated software, stolen hardware, the blood of innocent lambs, the left-overs from the Schlachthof and wasted thoughts. We don't copyright, nor should you. Whore believes in your capabilities; Use Whore to make art that disturbs, offends, caresses and kisses. Use Whore to make a difference. Use Whore to make someone feel more than their anesthetic existence has allowed. Embrace your inner Whore and revel in the excitement of knowing your art has never belonged to you.



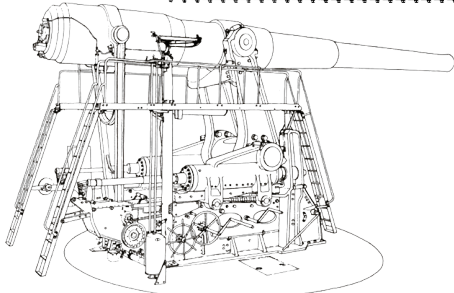
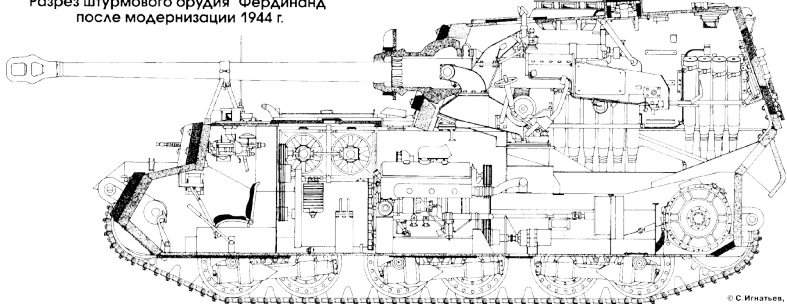
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1. GUIDANCE SET
2. WSD WARHEAD
3. WING (2)
4. STANDARD MISSION COVER
5. AIR DATA PACKAGE
6. MISSION CONTROL MODULE
7. SUSTAINER ENGINE
8. FIN (4)
9. ROCKET MOTOR
10. ENGINE INLET
11. FUEL/DEFUEL PANEL
12. NOSE CONE/NOSE FAIRING/SHAPED NOSE CONE/POSITIVE-RETENTION NOSE CONE



Разрез штурмового орудия "Фердинанд" после модернизации 1944 г.



Love Poem FOR WAR...

war sweet war,
 blood upon sweat,
 dripping into my mouth,
 war, oh sweet, war,
 come and declare
 yourself to me!
 hidden behind your bullets,
 balls of steel, lead
 (and depleted uranium),
 piss upon me and
 declare me Your whore...
 oh, war, sweet war!
 How the children admire you,
 each death a trophy,
 each injury a medal,
 oh esteemed war,
 battles of our hearts...
 how I desire your
 dead upon my heaving body,
 the maimed to drag behind me -
 Oh, war, tell me:
 What can I make you for dinner?
 Surely you desire a feast of the weak,
 the stupid, the unambitious...
 those overly ambitious generals
 who drive you to work...
 you must have quite an appetite!
 Here, sweet lover of death,
 here are the orphans for your grizzly teeth,
 the raped widows, the barren young virgins;
 I will give them all to you,
 deliriously dreamy war,
 for you have earned each
 tear, scream, muffled last breath,
 each humiliation and torment,
 every sadness and shrill cry of the children
 whisked into the night of our love making...
 For you, deathly war, frightening war, for you
 I have prepared myself,
 to be the apple in the swine's mouth,
 the feat of your feasts,
 I have become the fat goose
 for your christmas dinner,
 the blood pudding for your desert -
 oh, LOVER! LOVER! LOVER!
 tear my arms from their sockets
 with your passion and glory,
 tear my legs from my torso
 with your Patriotism and Heroism,
 rip out my eyes as your collateral damage
 and seal my lips with your chemical burn kiss...
 destroy what is, what was, me
 and take me with you into your peace -
 for that is all you know, sweet succulent gift - war.

oh man I walked down
the street the other
day mid-afternoon
sun tripping into my
eyes connecting them
with rainbow prisms
and kaleidoscopic
fragments that whirled
into myriad patterns
surrounded by an
otherwise abysmal
vacuum of blackness
eyes open shapes
shifting gravity keeping
me down otherwise it
seems to twirl on the
merry go round of the
spinning globe can't
keep up float along
digging the junkies on
the corners slinking
and mooching about
ashen droops of men
mamas from africa
swaddle by men
chew moustaches
at the corners of
their mouths buds
on lonely branches
leaves emerging
from chrysalises a
chameleon springtime
wafts on the air
pungent with fresh
decay street hustlers
smack gum and twig
at their skirts paunchy
smoked out men cast
jerky glances keep
walking maintain the
required rhythm start
hearing scattered
tracks of jazz trains
bop by cars purr at
the edges a bird hoots
get to the river walk
alongside it listen to its
steady rushbeat

The Process Skewed

skew time, skew!
the time is come
suck the oxygen slow
forget last night
or tomorrow's moon
sit watch the breeze

lick new life
slurp anew spontaneous
fire up the loins!
wallow in cocoons
mellow mellow
breathe
trust the ferment

Transformation

oh, time
i see you have returned to me

once the nocturnal beckon
destroyed the daydreams of
dormant nostalgia

the longing burdened by its
own existence
would never be

the moon appears -

molecules or atoms
continue to transmute
in rivers and oceans

i never wanted that
weird that it happened
i thought i could see

yet i forgot that it all decays
forgot the fecundity
of the original vision

SALLY SCHONFELDT

I am in love with the dead, the dying, everything that is ugly. I dream of the weak and the starving and want them wrapped tightly in my arms until the last sigh of life is squeezed from their frail bodies. I love the wretched, I love the wronged, I love the destroyers of beautiful things and then I love those things they have destroyed. I long for flames at the flower's base and for broken bottles all throughout the streets. I love all that is wrong and hurt and abused and marginalized – I love the sound of sirens and gun shots and bombs and crying and wailing and more than anything else in the world, I love the sight of a tear against the soft cheeks of usurped innocence.

I would be lying if I said I didn't care, that it was all meaningless to me – more than that, I would betray myself, my truth, if I said that I did not love all that no one else will. It is that vulnerability in everything, its potential end, its movement away from its pristine origin, its fall from creation that pulls all of my being into it for those moments that it dies until I love it beyond any compensation of its originality. And all of this is no joy; yet it is a requirement of the senses, that each piercing cry of suffering course the void of space to rest in finality upon my ears; each distended belly, each bloodied corpse, landscape of paradise littered with the bodies of the once able, proud and alive beings, as those moments are trapped in each analog second that radiates its life with 10,000 trumpets as it hurls itself into nothingness, I collapse in humility before its courage and I worship it. I love them because I can not imagine my end without the same love, and I can therefore deny it no more than I can accept it.

In Love With the Dead

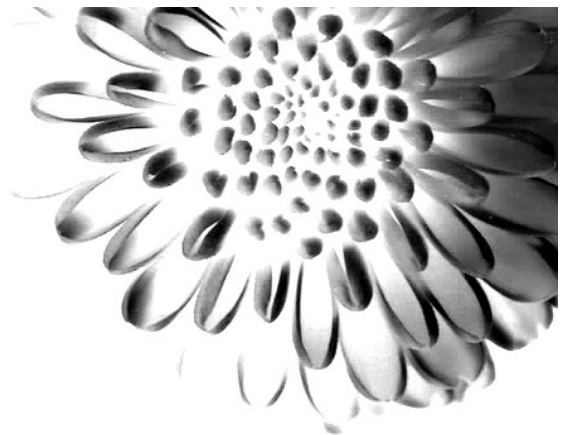
oh, universe, what have you burdened us with?
i've an ego i can't shake;
i am what i hate:
 stupidity, hubris, decline;
i've the confidence of invaders
 invading the sublime,
and the will of empires...
I've an EGO that demands dominion
contrition submission
but never - no never
a bout of self-reflection:

What Revolution can I bring
If there's no revolution in me?

what thing can I newly see
after the storm has cleared away the trees:
will I find there was always love
where I imagined nothing but me?
will I find there was, indeed, brotherhood
spelled out from all the blood
dripping from the broken noses
that littered my war path?
or, brimming full of ego
will I only find solace
in the sun's worship of my tender skin
forgetting all that I could have been?

i don't remember when
this Ego decended upon me;
it was not a trancendental moment
as some would have you believe...
No, it was quite and stealthy
in the desires of puberty,
in the streets of acceptance,
in the youth of dirty tricks,
in the play of light upon our eyes -

i would work that my ego dies.
but shall I, shall I?
shall I kill the only thing
I have known is me?
and after, how shall WE speak?



Power of the Pen

With your pens, your words,
you've crumbled countless lives,
denied life to the dying,
food to the starving,
water to the thirsty.
Absolution will not come from Abstraction:
your lines of rulers,
policies and declarations;
your desire and hubris
is not masked through messengers
or your failed intermediaries.
No entity alive can offer forgiveness
for these gravest of crimes
against your own souls -
against the soul of our very land
who held you in her bosom tight,
granted all that you wished:
there is the rope that will burn your neck
for the debts you have incurred.
It will not be me, or any of the billions
you have put under the sword -
rather, you must take care
to watch over your own hand,
possessed by the greed of your wasted youth,
watch that it does not get too close
to your sagging throat,
for you already know its penchant for death.



Sometimes, all a girl gets is her fuck

I'd met him at the bar, or just outside it - a dive in DC where the powerful were not: just those of us dead inside. He'd told me he was a pimp, but i didn't see any of his whores. The conversation was muddled and muted, when he finally said, "Sometimes, all a girl gets is her fuck.

Some girls: they don't know nothing but how to fuck.

And, you know, they gotta eat too."

I was young then; really just starting out in the world: I still believed in love and romance back then - before the beatings took me down, the morning alarm clocks, the Rail martinis, the lost nights in debtors' rooms, the muffled cries of the whores in the morning where I tried to rid myself of loneliness, before the engines' noise swallowed my soul whole, and commuting was the beginning of a sentence, not the end.

Penelope reminds me of that encounter every day: she can't clean a thing and burns the coffee every time, ruins appliances, destroys poetry, mangles the laundry, breaks the dishes and loses my important papers, but she pays for her keep with her fuck.

untitled no. 764

We'll see the how the fireflies flash,
two if by sea,
none if the heart is dead.
Patriots of hearts,
take heart,
Your Pride was lost long ago,
now we fight for
vestigial appendages.
Wait Boys, Wait...
let us watch the fireflies
to know if we fight or die.



WHORES IN SWEDEN

BY JACOB LURMAN

I recently read an article titled "A Question of Dignity" in the Tages Anzeiger Magazine; it was the Cover story and the first page read: WHY PROSTITUTION SHOULD BE ILLEGAL. my mother, strongly influenced by the women's liberation movement in the 70s/80s, handed the paper to me, and in response to my initial reaction ("what the fuck?!"), she said: "just read it before judging, some of these arguments should be considered" ... so I did – and here are my thoughts:

In 1999, Sweden was the first country in the world to introduce a law prohibiting the purchase of sexual services, following an already existing law against procurement of sexual services (promotion or deriving profit from prostitution). This means that prostitution itself is not illegal, but the sex worker's customers can be fined. Ever since, Swedish politicians have been bragging about how greatly this law is affecting the whole society – how it had become more equal, more progressive, more moral - how human traffic and street prostitution had reduced and how much better off sex workers were generally. This is the one-sided view that the writer of the article took on, promoting the prohibition of sex work under the angle of women's dignity.

My initial thought was this: if prohibiting drugs does not help junkies get over their problems, how can prohibiting prostitution help sex workers get over theirs? It needs to be said initially, that speaking out against this law has nothing to do with supporting the act of buying sex (somehow taking the side of buyers) or supporting the tragedy of human traffic – just like speaking out against the burka ban has nothing to do with supporting the discrimination of women in Islamic religions. The question here is very pragmatic: what exactly happens to a woman - whether she's forced into sex work or whether she does it by choice - once her business becomes illegal? If they are the ones we are doing this for - in order to protect them - does it, actually?

The author of the mentioned article, a self-proclaimed female women's-rights-activist, goes out saying it definitely does make everything better for everyone affected, basing her opinion on interviews she conducts with Sweden's judiciary chancellor, a social worker taking care of prostitutes, a criminal inspector and a policeman enforcing the law. Unfortunately, talking to an actual sex worker didn't occur to the author; if it had, the responses gotten might have been a bit different.

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All three of them, chancellor, social worker and cop agreed: street prostitution and human traffic have declined in Sweden (meaning "possibly" prostitution in general), while at the same time judging the risk for sex workers to be threatened or abused not to be higher. The fact that street prostitution and open crime appear to have been reduced is undeniable, backed-up by reports and evaluations, whereas the actual reduction of prostitution** and the safety of sex workers is a different issue. In fact, already one year after the passing of the law, other Swedish reports* have stated that the risk for sex workers was greater, that their conditions were more difficult and that the application of the law was causing many problems that the Swedish media and politicians were not talking about.

Let's look at some facts. Since brothels and the public promotion of sex work are illegal, prostitutes do not work on the street anymore – knowing that they will find no customers there, except for those who risk being fined. Since neither sex workers nor buyers simply disappear when a legal situation changes, where did they go in Sweden? It looks as though a privileged portion of the sex workers has managed to turn to the internet and to continue their business on the base of anonymous customers. On the other hand, at least 2/3 of the ones that used to be "regular street prostitutes" continue to do their work behind closed doors, underground - and this is precisely where the risk comes in.

Even though the sex workers have not been directly criminalized, they have none of the rights a normal worker has to protect him or herself, like working in a safe environment, advertising, open businesses, form work-collectives, let alone join unions. Particularly not being able to have networks or collectives affects the prostitutes severely; they are now unable to support each other in difficult situations or to inform each other about dangerous customers. Since there are less prostitutes working on the streets, competition for customers has gone up and, with it, prices of services have gone down – sex workers in harsh financial situations are more likely to have to perform unsafe sex or "unusual" sexual acts in order to survive. Since most of them don't pay

Continued on Page 10

I watch all these little flies buzzing around looking for someplace to have their maggot babies and when I can't watch anymore, I leave and go drink by myself. I've never wanted maggot babies and I don't want my babies to eat the dead.

That's the burden in life – to know about all the good shit and you just wind up having maggots and they live on dead shit. The whole world sliming about, eating the necrosis from the wounds in the earth, but it's not enough. They have to keep killing it, slowly, so they can feed their maggot babies that eventually become them, tie, hat, collar and pens in the front pocket, even a pair of wingtips, all the way down to the miserable wretchedness upon returning home to their maggots.

Anyway, there's a black cat in the church parking lot and I'm too many drinks in to stop now, so black cat be damned. The world be damned when I get like this.

One day I'm just gonna walk up and slide a couple of fingers into her pussy. You see, people like us never get it. You know, the things the rest of the world just seems to intrinsically understand. I never have and I bet I never will. It's too bad I'm not a gambling man.

So... there's this god damned cat in the church lot and it's black. Becca has been rattling on about fucking some two-pump-chump and I can't even see any more, when this woman comes up to me. They always want to know what I'm writing. Well, they can all fuck off 'cause I don't know what I'm writing. It's all just a lot of shit anyhow.

She says she likes people who write. I want to say I like people who fuck but instead I say I'm writing about this moment right now. She thinks I'm insane. I read her the bit about the maggots and whatever, just above here. She says my words are beautiful. Did she just hear a fucking word I said? Maggots eating dead things? Christ, that's just down right disgusting and probably shouldn't ever get printed again. What the hell is wrong with her. So I ask her. She's in denial. She asks me to read more. I do.

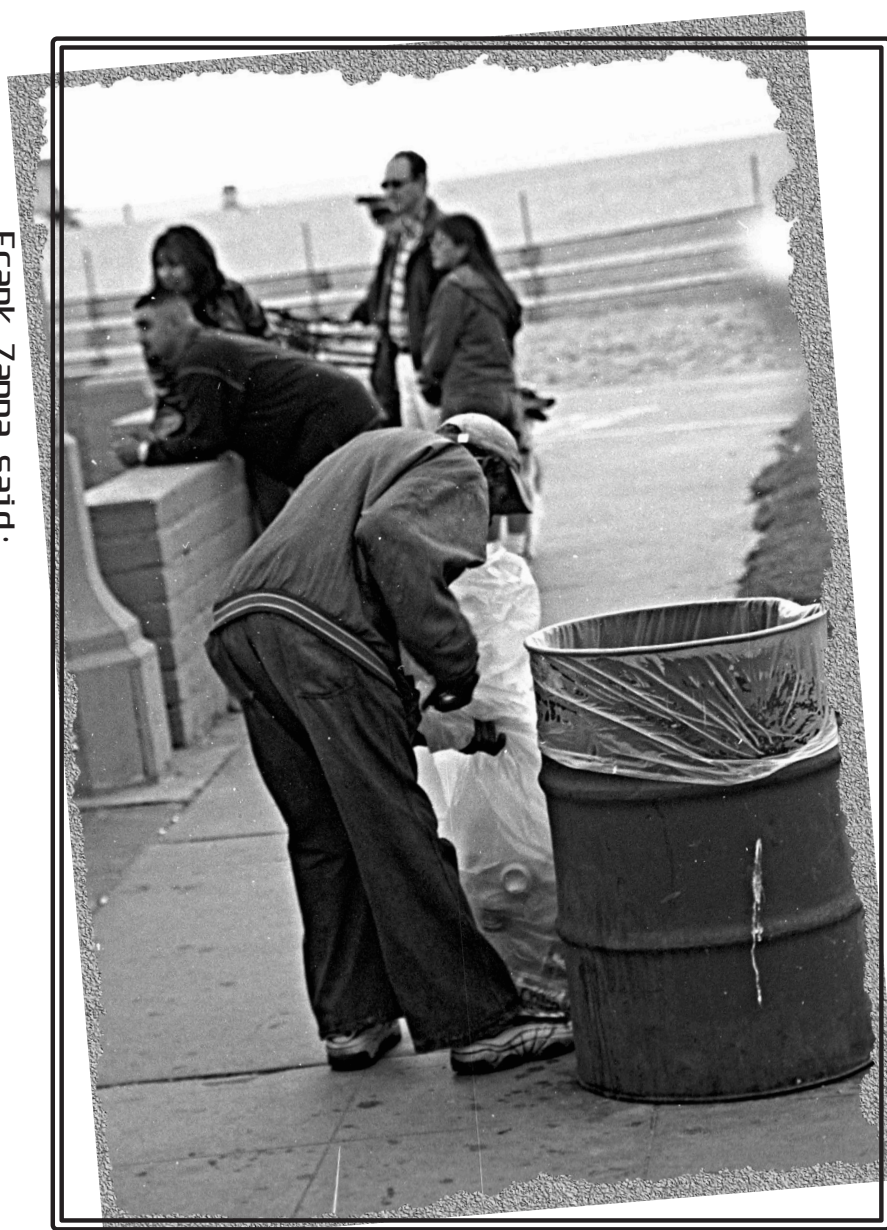
"Who's that one about?" she asks.

"Why," I respond, "might you know her?" Of course it's going to be lost on her. So, I break it up with something about "I'm just kidding, no, it's an old flame."

She tells me it's beautiful again and I don't really care, again.

Frank Zappa said:

BROKEN HEARTS ARE FOR ASSHOLLES



taxes and only receive minimal pensions, they cannot count on financial compensation in case of sickness, or on a safe retirement.

Swedish author Petra Östergren has written a dissertation about the law and interviewed many sex workers in the process. In opposition to what politicians and media say, she states that, generally, the laws are harshly criticized by sex workers; “they feel discriminated against, endangered by the very laws that seek to protect them, and they feel under severe emotional stress as a result of the laws.” although the number of exploitative pimps might have gone down as an effect of this law, the prostitutes are now forced to lie in order to rent premises where they can exercise their work – always afraid of being discovered – or pay exorbitant rent to landlords and “rent pimps” who treat them badly. since it’s also illegal to receive any of a sex worker’s income, cohabiting with a partner is difficult. according to Östergren, “it is hard for a sex worker to have a family at all since sex workers are considered to be unfit parents and therefore can lose custody of their children if it emerges that they sell sex.”

So how does all of this answer the “question of dignity”? the problem seems to lie in the moral aspect. Swedish politicians and feminists are proud of the state’s prostitution policy because they see themselves “combating” an issue that is considered socially ill and a form of men’s violence against women. while male or transgender sex workers are rarely mentioned, women who sell sex are considered victims who need protection by the state. the only way those victims can be helped, is by abolishing prostitution “in the task of creating a better and more equal society.”

but instead of helping sex workers to help themselves by empowering them and encouraging them to build structures and communities, basically all their rights as citizens are being violated. next to being stigmatized as outcasts by society, their workspaces are now being constantly patrolled by police and social workers. how could sex workers build trustful relationships with these structures, if they are constantly afraid of being discovered or having their houses raided? why would they turn to the police, if they are forced to report their costumers and risk losing them? why would they turn to social workers if those can’t give them help for everyday problems?

this image was accurately portrayed by a social worker interviewed in the article. by saying “I don’t know any happy whores”, she proves that the sex workers that do come see her

do not have the trust to talk to her about why they are unhappy. according to Östergren, “all sex workers (...) mention the stigma attached to prostitution where the sex worker is seen as weak, dirty, mentally ill, addicted to drugs and alcohol and viewed as a victim.” despite being an important and contributing part of society, they are actively excluded from it, legally discriminated against and denied the benefits of the welfare state. but what is most striking to me is that they are completely overlooked in the decision making process regarding legislative changes concerning them, which is anything but democratic.

In conclusion, I find it frightening that such discriminating laws can be accepted on a large scale under the cover of “women’s liberation“, even by feminists, when its direct effects do the exact opposite. if it’s not a moral law, as the Swedish judiciary chancellor says, but one with “symbolic meaning in a society in which the equality and freedom of individuals are highly emphasized”, then I wonder – who is more equal and who is more free? where is the difference between moral and symbolism?

before we start making decisions on behalf of others, we should consider the opinion of the ones we are trying to “save”. most of the sex workers interviewed by Petra Östergren reject the idea that there is something intrinsically wrong with their profession, or that they should be subjected to therapy or retrained in order to work as something else. contrary to the “official belief”, it seems that sex workers more often see themselves – not as victims of their costumers – but as victims of the state.

*reports addressing problems emerged after the introduction of the law (1999):

1 National Council for Crime Prevention: conducted surveys about the law and its affects (2000) states that the situation for sex workers had become harder because costumers are fewer, prices are lower and competition is greater. also states that prostitutes are more likely to have unprotected sex and to accept more costumers take wouldn’t normally work with.

2 National Board of Health and Welfare: documented the spread of prostitution after the introduction of the law (2001) states that the situation for sex workers had become more difficult, that they are more exposed to “bad (more dangerous) buyers” and more dependent on them.

3 National Police Board: evaluated the practice of the law and made suggestions about new methods how to “combat” prostitution in police work (2001) states that the health care system is worried about a declining health among sex workers and a spreading of sexual diseases. also states that wire pullers are harder to detect because the costumers – now criminals themselves – are less likely to testify.

** in none of these reports, is there any evidence saying that prostitution in Sweden has declined. on the contrary, they suggest that hidden prostitution has increased since the introduction of the law.

lullaby for a well-behaved child

tv slobbers barbiturate into the mind
drowning love and will
curing anger with ill

rigid structures creating frigid lust
dead men, oh please-
show us what we want to have
jerking off live, replacing love
- with obedience

all are equal, all serene
corrupted by an empty mean
all are equal, all the same
insubordinates will get the blame

and they will resume
as long as you want to consume

their frigid lies
their insane morals
their loveless gifts
shit into your mouth

creative culture
depicted as act of terrorism
give them anger
give them fear
show them their enemy
they will be happy to devour their ill-mannered
child
spitting its remains before their nice shoes
and puking their unloved souls thereafter



ode to azathoth
(or hail to the economy)

oh you greatest god of them all
you blind deity
bound in the center
tortured by the lesser
insipid entity
raging in insanity

destroying what you cannot see
because you weren't given eyes
but fists
feeling no love, only imperative
because you weren't given a mind
but causality

once shackled
now freed
-by mere humans
and we love you
give us the right to crush the weaker
give us the right to rule the sane
give us the right to wage war
give us the right to take what we want (and not
need)
give us the right to define what is good
give us the world for prey

oh hail azathoth

soap box artist

Better than bombs: love

When I said I loved it here, You insisted
We go to the Hospital. Now, I wonder if
you knew something I didn't.

Then when you said, "let's go home," I
argued it never existed. Now I sit &
drink alone, waiting for that god-
damned Sun to die.



Chocolate Knives

there is a place we call neutral.
seeking refuge, we went and asked
where upon, we were told,
"acceptance destroys neutrality"
and though we stayed, we knew
no being, beast or flower,
would ever be loved there.
love can not be neutral
while it sides
with killers and the killed.
And not loving can side with nothing,
refusing the killer and the killed
until everything dies of old age.

Too much Molly for a Break-Up

The ugliness is overwhelming,
the tears are screaming out of my eyes,
such dirt, such dirt, such filth
lost souls devoid of space (filling all of it)
their drunken teeth slurring broken bones,
their flaccid eyes limply holding on to my skin,
a billion faulty nerves delivering only fire,
these craven beasts
can't dream anymore.
But I can. I dream under-whelming beauty.

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