

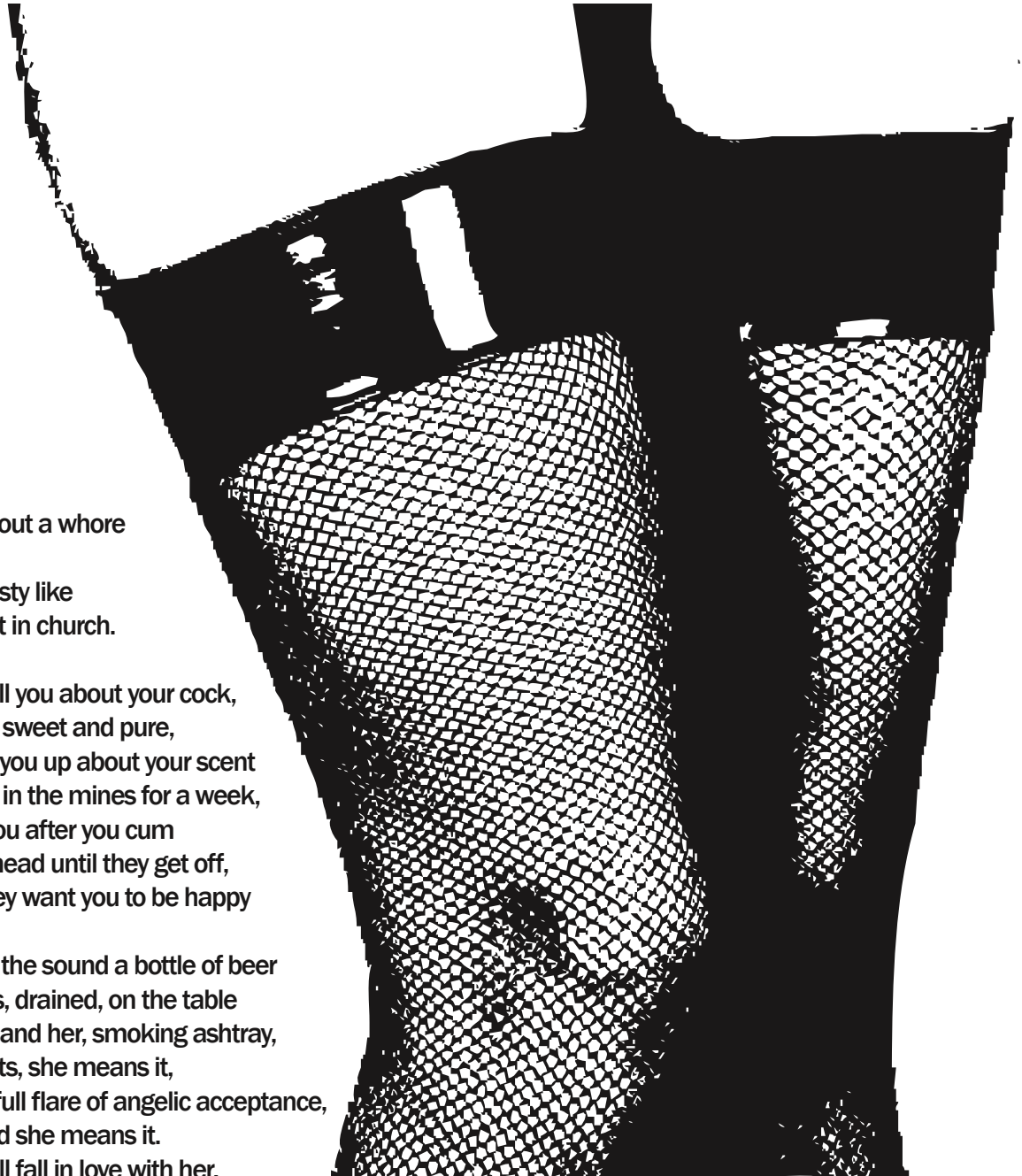
WHORE

particulars in literature, art, and current events

The best thing about a whore
is her honesty,
fucking real honesty like
you can't even get in church.

And when they tell you about your cock,
how nice it is and sweet and pure,
when they pump you up about your scent
after you've been in the mines for a week,
when they hold you after you cum
then ask you for head until they get off,
when they say they want you to be happy

they mean it; like the sound a bottle of beer
makes as it thuds, drained, on the table
just between you and her, smoking ashtray,
dirty sweaty sheets, she means it,
right then and in full flare of angelic acceptance,
she believes it and she means it.
That's why you will fall in love with her.



SPRING 2007

WHORE

particulars in literature, art, and current events



Original Picture from somewhere on the internet. WHORE would offer copyrights, but WHORE doesn't agree with them. To that end, please use this for whatever purpose you deem fit. If your homeless, try and sell this and get a beer, on WHORE.

Publisher: Whore, AG

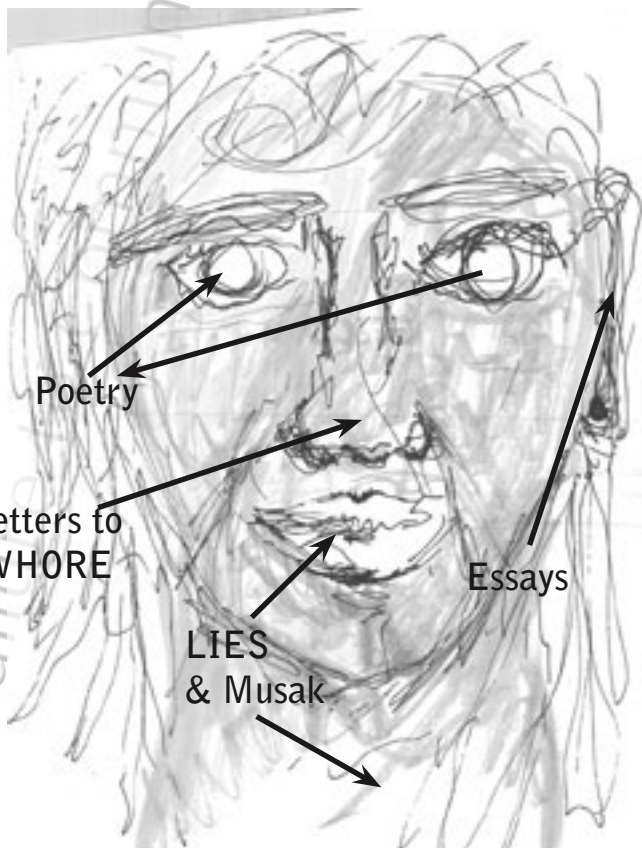
Contributors: Joshua Taylor
Candy Apple Bottom
Ignatious J. Reiley
Mirna Minx
Sandra Scream
Matty-Boy Floyd

Editors: Dirty Whore Squad

Photography: Canon AE-1
Nikon N70
Fuji S2

Reader: You!

Robots: Intergalactic Robot League
Support: CIA, DIA, NSA, DEA, FBI, ATF, NRA & other kids caught with their pants down.



Thinking Of ZEN

find out just what you don't need.
put it on sale and buy 10 of them.
say it was worth saving the money.

pick out a small dark spot that is scary.
send your children in to it without light.
tell them it was an effort towards freedom.

take a nail and pound it through your hand.
find the release of enlightenment in the pain.
say that you will never again forget love.

walk away from the collection of shops.
shine lights into your own fears of the dark.
avoid causing suffering to any part of the whole.

This publication was put together using pirated copies of software, old computers, painful monitors and the blood of rebellious children. There are no copyrights. There is no higher authority than you - WHORE respects that, you should as well. WHORE encourages others to produce art in whatever form you desire. Rebel against your Public School ideas of success and make your own: Be your own WHORE. A pimp is just another form of Government; do you really need it?

Dear Reader:

This is to inform you of WHORE's desire to publish your works. The city paper won't do it, and god damn if the Washington Post will. Printing is expensive; ask WHORE; you don't want to get into that shit, right? So send WHORE your art, your literature, essays, poetry, ramblings, scratchings, found pictures, weird pictures, whatever ... send it to: sonicbphuct@gmail.com

day or night, WHORE is here.

Army Surplus

How many playgrounds
will you give me for this tank?
I've got a helicopter with cannons
for a school on a river bank.

We've got a lot of bullets
and a bunch of useless bombs;
Can I trade these in
to help out some single moms?

I can't really think
of a time that I'd need
a machine gun to kill
a thousand, indeed.

Perhaps you could take
all this extra stuff,
and instead give the homeless
a life less gruff.

perhaps we could send
130,000 troops
into New York to feed
the hungry on their stoops.

With this much extra,
why stop there?
We could be feeding
everyone, everywhere!

And imagine all the children
playing with their toys,
rather than them screaming
from the bombing's noise.

If all of that is not enough,
I've got a nuclear submarine
to put up to auction
for the American Dream.



Fuck you,
Dwayne.

I'd Paid for
my paper towels.

copyright 2005 - Matty icklan

mother fuckers

When I placed it on the bar
I left with trust in my heart.
When I returned,
I lost a part of my soul.
Where did my oblivion go?
O, Salvation, who has you?

I know I've made a deal
with 2 devils

one says I can
one says I can't.

Fuck the both of them
because I told the man
I had left my wallet on Aisle 6.

Oh shit,
here it comes again,
can you feel it?

Revolution Offers
Freedom

revolution
will not
conquer



dick enough

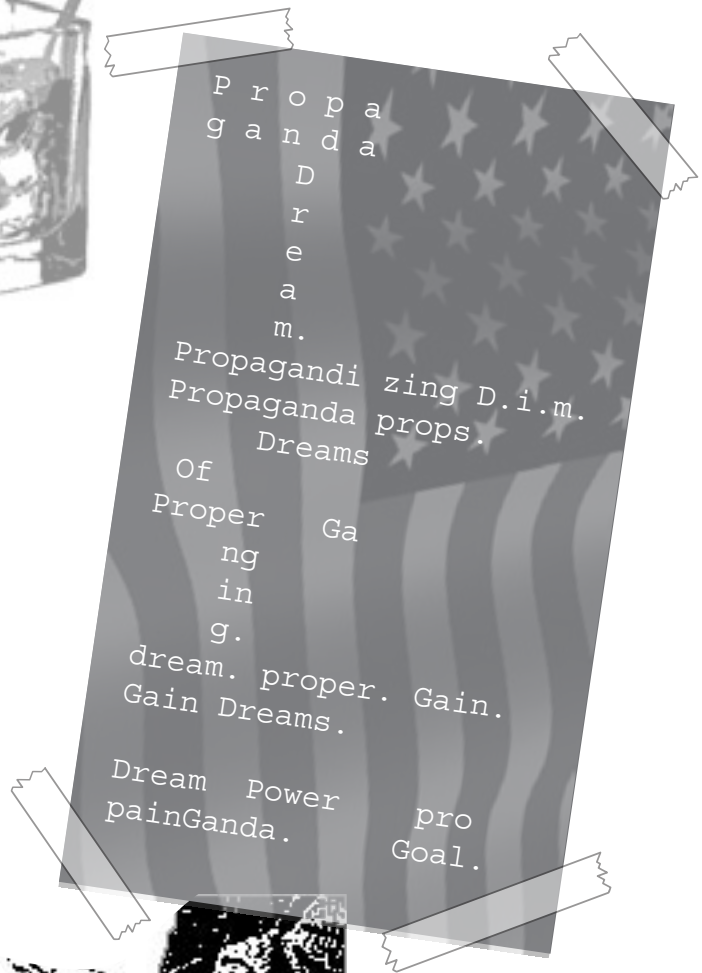
I've got what you need. dick enough for at least me.
you like it when I make you wait (I can tell,
it's the way you ask if it's ok to cum)
but I'd had a few beers by then.
we talked about love and bra sizes
where to shop for things
that hookers have always wanted
but we couldn't agree on where you could pick up love.

role call

the things I want aren't behind the bar
but the things that I need are.

role call:

- oblivion, are you here?
- Stupor - ok.
- memory loss - good, glad to see you.
- control - Excellent. We didn't want you anyway.
- If social sensibilities are here, please leave now.
- numb? Numbness? Are you here?
- god damn it, numbness is never on time.



Nothing Is What It Says

I read Economic reports on Iraq.
I read the constitution.
Nothing is what it says.
(These are lies being written)
I read Workplace Handbooks.
I read Investor Prospectus'.
Nothing is what it says.
(There's an old hat on my head)
I read history books.
I read poetry.
Nothing is what it says.
(my heart has never broken)
I read instructions for my vaccuummee.
I read the lease agreement.
Nothing is what it says.
(as a youth, my mother said I was special)
I read you & you read me;
nothing is what it says.



I Went To Mass today
Just to See if I Could
Still Cum on Her Face.

6 - - 6



April 3, 2005 – 135 commin' through Philly. It's a harsh color of life this Philly offers. It's not the pink swimingo of youth or the sweet lemonade stands where thirst is killed off with a dime or a quarter. There's beer here in these dark runoff rivers left over from the deluge of the Pope's death. There's whiskey and sadness and loneliness and hate pent up in the mortar of the bricks that make this city of Brotherly Love. This home to Franklin lost on hookers and junkies, raped at the edge of sanity by the shrill scream of crime fighters, like prize fighters going down in the 4th, after everything is said and done they've got the blood running out of their lips and streaming down from the cut above their eye where they were hit with a domestic violence call and the 3 kids found were dead in the hall way with 3 gunshots to the head each. That means he had to reload and think about the bitch that was screaming in the bedroom waiting for him to just drop dead like she'd dreamed about so many nights he'd stayed at the plant makin' the bones this whole god damn nation slept on, drove on, fucked on and died on. And they lost. Brother Love, where you at?

Rhymes For Your Children

just the other day
i saw the papers say
"UNION FINED 7 MILLION"
well, they can hike the fine
but they'll never break the line
even if it goes to 7 BILLION.
For the workers that fight
on the side that is right
can not lose, but only be delayed
for among their ranks
are the developing states
who's workers will finally get payed.

She was on her period when we were married, so I bought her a Red Dress for our Saturday Night wedding in Las Vegas



A Mechanism for Imaginations

"Is this it? Is this all there is? No more intelligent conversation? No more learning new things. All my life I've prepared for this?" His thoughts trickled out of his head. Slow, like the day and the scenery. The fan above spun slowly; too slowly to actually be of any use. It reminded him of a scene in Casablanca. The one all the shows rip off today any time they want to do some stupid romance parody. The one with the guy and the girl in the Panama Jack bar and the fan is made of wicker weaved together to form those little holes. The tables are made of bamboo and some exotic hardwood for the top.

He pictured himself in that bar with the Panama Jack hat and the Hawaiian print button up lazily hanging off his shoulders- unbuttoned of course. He was thinking of the things he would be saying to that girl that has, he thinks red hair - red hair in as far as one can tell from a black and white picture. It's always straight with that bobbing little under curl at the shoulders. She's always wearing some wide brimmed whitish hat with a little black veil over her face. Those lips that the veil tries to hide are always so pouty and red and so stark against the pure whiteness of her face.

She sits there so composed, but right on the edge of losing it all. Right there where her hands are held together and her fingers are locked in this organic weave and they are just ever so slightly shaking; not so you'd notice, but where she can feel them. She has a very manufactured look of genuine detached concerned, like she's his therapist and is very interested in helping him through his very traumatic Oedipus complex.

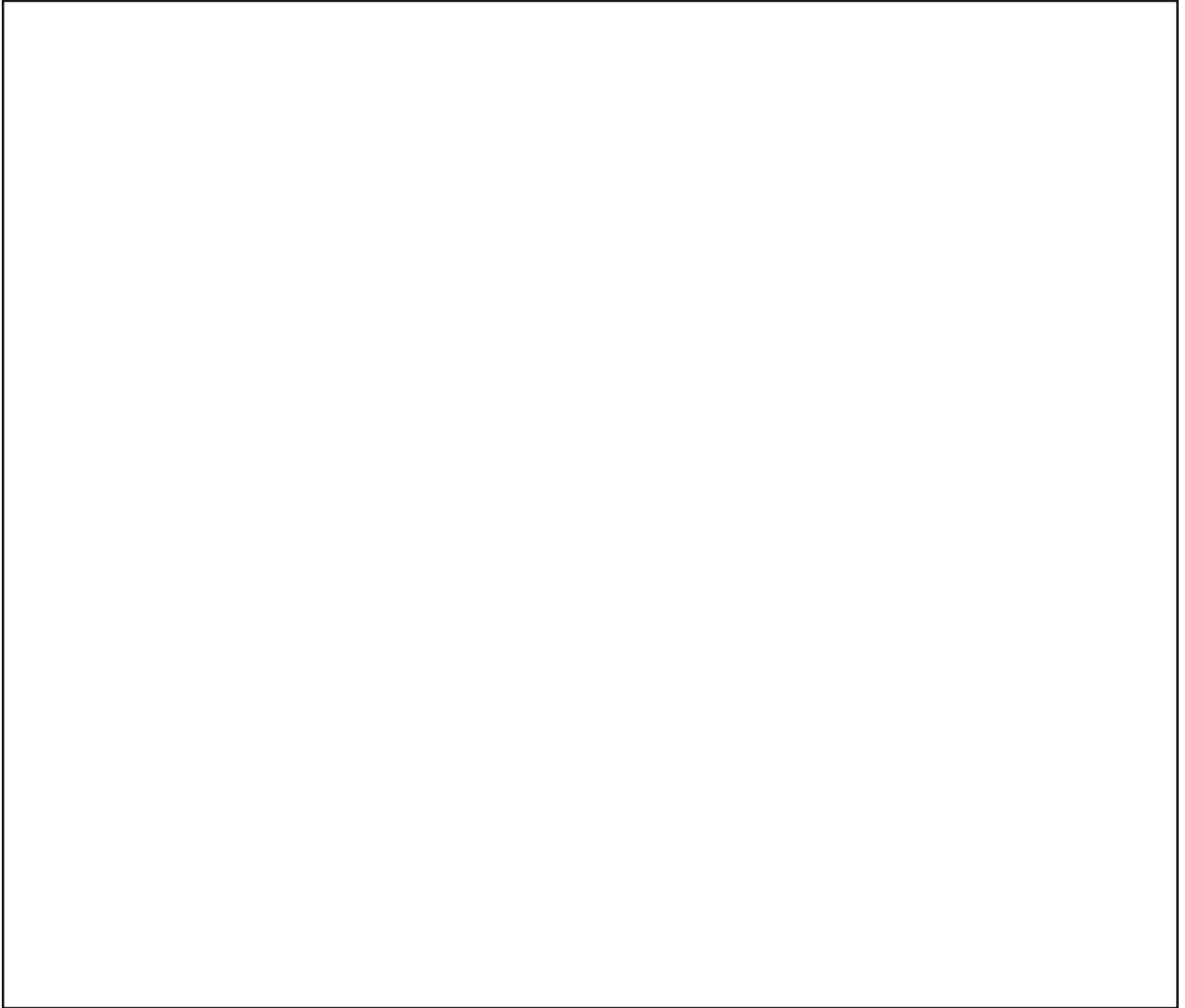
His lips move as he talks to her, but there is no sound. He hears his words in his head, not his ears. It's always been like that, where he can't hear what he's daydreaming. It always feels very sterile that way. If he makes a mistake, he just backs up and re-does it, as though if he heard the words, they would be there forever, like it is in real life.

He's telling her about how disappointed he is in the way life has shaped up. Not so much about the pain and unhappiness, but just about how boring it is. "see, here we have to sit around and share anecdotal stories And pretend to have fun. We come out to these little bar huts and we pretend we like everyone, but really there's only maybe three people in all of our lives that we've enjoyed being with." He says this very casually; nonchalant like, as though he'd practiced a thousand times in front of a wicker framed mirror somewhere. It went through his mind in about ten different ways until he decided that would be the best one.

He tells her that she's real nice and all, but that he has to find himself... no, he erases that one. He tells her that she's really beautiful and he wants to be there with her, but that Panama's just not right for him, that he has to

cont. on pg. 9

Please Whore your Mind here



it was a
gracious
August
Moon,
fitting
with my
leaning
ideas of
drinks
too
many to
think,
with lips
swollen
in de-
sire
and hips
sway-
ing to
swoon,
that
called
me out to
play
the
child's
game,
hide &
seek
with nary
a mention
of sweet
sweet
pleasent-
tries
dropped
on the
pat-
terned
bathroom
floor.

LETTERS TO WHORE

Dear Sir,

While I find your site horrendous, please be aware that I am doubly ashamed of your continued presence on our Lord's earth. One can hardly begin to contemplate His plan for you, least yet, be expected to retain full control of his gastronomical faculties while this Offense is pulsating with all the vigor of a sailor at a peep show through this abominable internet.

Since I can not profess understanding of Fortuna's control at the wheel, I can inform you, with much enthusiasm, that I am overjoyed to see how you have squirmed under the pressure of our boys in Washington while committing your grave misdeeds.

Were it not for that significant insight into your suffering, I might have thought there was no punishment for the likes of such a profligate as yourself. Because of this keen understanding of your work, I have been saved severe malfunctioning of my valve. I can not, however, bring myself to thank you in as much as I could thank Lucifer himself for providing reason to opposition.

Yours in Great Hope for your continued suffering,
Ignatius J. Reilly

LiES & Musak

Dolemite (Original Motion Picture Soundtrack)

Rudy Ray Moore and the Soul Rebellion Orchestra

Relapse Records - by *Matty-Boy Floyd*

I was psyched when I found out that Relapse finally stepped up to put this out. *Dolemite* is one of my all-time favorite movies, and the music is definitely one of the major reasons why. The soundtrack is a great mix of funk and soul, with chunky wah-wah and 16th note on the high-hat jams for the actions scenes, and smooth love songs for when our pimp/night club owner hero is makin' it with the ladies. The organ on *Ghetto Expressions* will really blow your mind, and the promo spots bring to bear the Godfather of Rap's deft rhymes and comedic wit. My major gripe with the release is that Relapse didn't clean up the recording when they mastered it to C.D, the cheap bastards. The crackle and tape hiss make it sound like you just blew your speakers, even when played at very low volumes. Poor sound quality aside, this album is a must for fans of the movie, and an absolute treat for 70's R&B enthusiasts.

(3 out of 5 armies of all-girl kung-fu killers)

When Your Heart Stops Beating

+44

Interscope Records -by- *Matty-Boy Floyd*

I'm so glad that this kind of music makes so many people so happy and all, but anyone who thinks that this shit is punk needs to be beaten out of his or her fucking coma. *When Your Heart Stops Beating* is poorly written pussy pop shit with an orange Mohawk. The songs are not imaginative or even catchy. They're monotonous and saccharine, and the singer sounds like a complete milquetoast who's being threatened with ass rape if he doesn't hand over his lunch money. The production is awful. It's

Use A Filter For that Joint -
Don't keep making Roaches.

as though the engineer just hit the Record button and left the studio so he wouldn't have to listen to the band play. I'm sure one or more of the songs on this C.D. will be used to sell a shit load of some variety of sugary malt-based alcoholic beverage once they're considered nostalgic by today's useless teens and twenty-somethings (which will probably be by the end of the week). Hopefully said libations will sterilize +44's listeners. Or, better yet, make their hearts stop beating.

(1/2 out of 5 fat chicks with black bowl haircuts and black lipstick blowing the mall security guard after he caught them stealing XXL fishnet panty-hose from Hot Topic)

LiES & Musak continued on pg. 10

'Apartment C-1'

She says my bathroom is inspirational,
But I know
Buddhist quotes and Einsteinian rants
Can do nothing for a tainted psyche.

In attempts to console
I read countless surveys
To only end up questioning:
Are these just fictional figures
Conjured up by disgruntled
And underpaid
Employees,
Or power seeking finance majors?
Endless questions
Repeatedly invade me
With Roman military force.

I write letters
Pages in detail
And wait to send them.
I crumble them up to avoid
The embarrassment.
Yet I feel as if they've still been read.

A ballad plays feet from my window
And I rush to stick my dazed head out
To hear a single chord
That may change the night's tone.
To my dismay it is
Only
The empty karaoke bar below
Where the tunes are wrecked with amateur form.

'New Private Message'

Margot and I couldn't stop laughing at the complete lack of passion we thought we had. 'Never again will I get caught up in that trap,' she said. I motioned as if to rip my heart out, threw it on the floor, and we did the Mexican Hat Dance atop it. We continued laughing, throughout our promenade of innocence. I told her I didn't know what I was expecting. And she agreed. 'These dating services don't have guarantees, and, Margot, I bet you know that now, too.' She told me, 'don't be silly, it was worth every penny.' Still puffing from some invisible nitrous tank, I grabbed her and I kissed her velvet cheek, now able to say I got my money's worth. Margot, me, our guaranteed casual encounter; it was worth every penny.



'My Sylvia Plath'

Hey, my silver-haired beauty,
Pluck those blueberries before the old black crows do.
With the contrast of their blue and your flesh,
They're much prettier in your mouth
Than on the stained beaks of those god-forsaken pests.
Or put them in that little jar.
Make them a microcosm of your own world.
Be their God while you shake them real fast.
Make them dance,
Make them sing,
Make them burst.
Smash that little jar and watch them flow.
Be a good God and destroy my world.



A Mechanism for Imaginations

from pg. 5

go back. He's not sure where he's got to go, But just that he's got to go.

He decides her hands should shake a little more. It is after all, his daydream. So in his dream she shakes a little more and a single tear trickles down her face and drops on to the collar of her two tone suit, white and black. It's one of those well tailored jobs that emphasizes her hourglass figure by buttoning in the midsection where she's the thinnest and kind of poofing out over her hips. Her lapel is lined with black satin and shows her cleavage. He thinks that it's too bad it's all only a daydream because she is very sexy.

Reality abruptly crashes his daydream as the siren of a vigilant police car screams by on its way to protect and to serve. Reflex pushes his middle finger up in the air in a grand, "Fuck you pig." Pig gets the emphasis. A seething in the back of his mind boils up for the cop. He's bitter at the cop for ruining his daydream. The Casablanca chick was just about to beg him to stay and tell him how much she loved him and couldn't live without him and please, please, please don't leave her. Just about to.

He dipped his hand into the little box of French fries he brought home with him from the drive through, the drive through that supposed to be fast. "Fast, my ass." He thought. So lonely he was that he was talking to himself out loud. "Some fast food. You wait twenty minutes in the fucking drive through and you get some fucking retard that can't get your order right. 'Quarter pounder meal super sized with sprite.' you say and they say, 'you want that super sized?', but those bastards got us all by the balls. You can't say shit to 'em, unless you want to your already shitty food to be spit in." His words were muffled as they hit the food in his mouth, though they retained their little hiss of dissatisfaction.

He looked around his room as though he might see someone he knew; as if there was anyone even there. He fidgeted about looking for things to occupy him so he wouldn't be so keenly aware of his loneliness. Shifting the fries off his lap he went over to the two shelves that were screwed into the wall. They mostly held his books and some sketch pads. He plucked one off the lower shelf and stared at the cover for while. It was an old beat up copy of the "Catcher in the Rye".

Communique From A Whore

I have sold myself – my very being. I have done this over and over and expect to have to do it for at least 43 more years.

I have watched my creations aborted and usurped. I have survived only on what I have been able to keep away from the work. There is nothing more or less admirable about my existence than any of the cops, the pimps, the other whores, or the johns. I have accepted my lot in life and will continue to do so. It is the same lot we all endure ... there are no new stories: the rich will have problems with their spouses; the poor will have problems with their houses. A person never owns anything; rather we sell our selves for everything. We are all



We call them bums, ignore and judge them, step over them. But they've never broken my heart or ruined my day. Usually it's the people with showers & money doing that.

whores. Eventually we all get used to it; the way the work steals our lives from us. You bring your creativity only to have it stolen by the pimps and the johns. It does not go easily; you must learn to keep it down, be the person you'd always hated.

It was in public school that I learned the foundations for my future. It was there that I was taught to give to the person that had what I wanted, the thing they wanted. I have had johns that just wanted to talk – for hours. I have been raped, I have raped, I have seen desires that turn stomachs played out with me in the starring role. I have learned to respond to the questions with the answers they want. There is no right or wrong when you're just doing your job; there is only doing a good job or a bad job. Every test in elementary school was either a good job or a bad job; few things have changed. Every "A" I was awarded cost me a part of my soul. I have paid for everything I have ever had with a part of my soul. I am a whore.



'Every Other Night'

She motioned for her glass as I spoke
not a dime of consideration for my rant.
but I stayed stoic as the sailor in storm
as she shot me down with her salty scorn.
I saw it in her eyes,
in her smoke's breath,
in her goddamn frown.
she motioned to the bedroom
when I paused for a drink.
not a goddamned concern other than herself.
I stayed strong as we walked down the hall.
I saw her out of her pants
in her black lace
in her tube socks and all.
I fucked her like I really meant it.
not a dime of consideration for those before.
not with any goal less than lust.
so she matched my intentions,
I saw her as my mother
in her baking mitts
in her Sunday dress
that's when I surrendered
that's when I lost my battle with women.



'Degradation'

Make me your woman, she said,
Pulling on my collar like a begging child.
I cant very well do that dear, you already are.
What a big heart you have.
All the better to love you with my dear.

Make me a model, she said,
As I snapped another shot.
I cant very well make you a model dear, you must make yourself
What do you mean?
You must take it all off.
I cannot see your beauty with all that cloth.
What big eyes you have she said as I watched in distress.
All the better to see your beauty with, my dear.

Make me a porn star she said as I painted her hourglass shape.
I cant very well do that dear, you must do it yourself,
What big teeth you have.
All the better to eat you with my dear.

Make me a whore, she said, as she grabbed my rear and slid me in.
I cant very well do that dear, you must lose your inhibitions.
What a big grin you have.
All the better to degrade you with my dear.

Make me your life she said
I cant very well do that dear, you must give me yours
What a big blade you have,
All the better to bleed you in, my dear.



**Kill
Cannibal Corpse**

Metal Blade Records - by - Matty-Boy Floyd

Detractors of this C.D. may have a point that the music and the lyrics aren't particularly cerebral, but when I'm stuck in Beltway traffic behind a swarm of SUVs with soccer ball and yellow ribbon bumper stickers, or when I'm in radical disagreement with some yuppie asshole at work, "the time to kill is now" is my mantra. Sometimes a heady prog rock opus isn't the sonic beating stick you're reaching for. Cannibal Corpse: it's what's for anger.

(4 out of 5 genitally mutilated toddlers gurgling bloody mucus from their mothers' scattered entrails)

Meet the New Boss - by - Sam Libby

It's easy to like Hugo Chavez (the Noam Chomsky quoting, calling G. Dub the devil, El Presidente of Venezuela) - from a distance.

It's much more difficult to like him up close, where he lives, where he is creating his reality of neighborhood snitches, political goon squads, shrill Marxist-Lenist dogma, the Chavez cult of personality, impending totalitarianism.

Venezuela has a brutal legacy of colonialism, slavery, capitalism, capitalism on steroids. There is much about Chavez that is about chickens coming to roost, about the United States and the corporate culture of greed making its bed, and now having to lay in it.

But the last message of Marxist/Leninist/Castroism, Chavez's message is to go with the historic resentment. The message is to hate, be angry, be resentful, see the world in terms of class, class enemies. The message is to go to the murderous place where resentment and anger will always go.

Chavez in working the historic resentment will take Venezuela to even more greedy, more brutal places.

Nations and peoples deserve the governments they get. A majority of Venezuelans know that Chavez is a fucking lunatic. They vote for him anyways, just as the Germans knew that Hitler was a fucking lunatic and voted for him anyways.

Soon Castro will die. Chavez will take up the bloody scepter of the failed, murderous orthodox dogma of Marxist/Lenist/Castroism. He will go where all his predecessors went. He will go to the bloodbaths that stained the 20th Century and will surely stain the 21st.

And there will come a day when leftists will regret their support of Chavez just as the leftists of the 1930's regretted their support of Stalin.

<http://karmabrella.blogspot.com/>

By: Gypsy Love

My junior year of college I was running to check my mail when I was hit by a freak monsoon. Many of us were running for cover when a girl with both a raincoat and umbrella handed me her umbrella saying "just get it back to me sometime." I carried the umbrella around with me for months trying to spot her on campus but I never saw her again. Feeling guilty for still having her umbrella, and having no idea who she was, I created a karmabrella. This first karmabrella was handed out on February 16, 2005. I left that campus shortly after and never saw how far it got. I can only hope it is still circulating.

How To Make a KarmaBrella

- Take any functioning umbrella,
- Add a paper chain ring that says: "Add a link, pass it on, keep the karma going. [location, date]", Maybe decorate it if you'd like,
- Cover the paper ring with packaging tape, or the like, to keep it dry and secure it around the loop on the handle,
- Next time it rains and you see someone stuck without an umbrella or raincoat hand it to them!





<http://www.sub-verses.org>