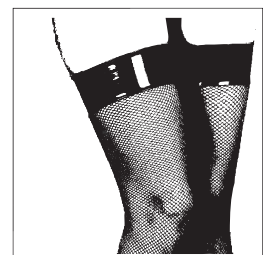


# WHORE

particulars in literature, art, and current events

dumping slices of apples off the back of the flat bed truck  
i'm falling into the trance of the red fruit falling  
they said dump so I dump. they said hurry so I hurry.  
the sky is heavy with the clouds from the dying fruit  
it reaks of rotten sugar.  
it reaks of the whore from last week,  
the one they brought over to the plant for us all.  
She was kind and did not mention anything while I  
undressed. she was sweet and did not stare.  
I did not stare at her and she was beautiful.  
i did take notice of her breasts but i can't  
bear to think of the notices she took.  
oh, i can't bear it.



AUTUMN 2007

# WHORE

particulars in literature, art, and current events



“Web Face” - no copyrights.  
Copywrite your own nose, then  
sell it. Wanna own our ideas,  
determine our discretions,  
fuck our girls? Help yourself;  
we’ve done all that to your’s.

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**Drug Dealers:** DOPEMAN INTERCONTINENTAL

**Support:** CIA, DIA, NSA, DEA, FBI, ATF, NFA & OTHER  
BEARS SEEN SHITTING IN THE WOODS.

I’ve a voice that  
says never trust;  
it sounds just like hers  
ringing a cacophony of fears  
from yesterday  
and the day before that  
though there is another voice  
of reason and assurance  
that is stomped upon by occasional dalliances  
in teenage independent angst.  
do we pay for loyalty or camaraderie?  
loyalty is the future while  
camaraderie is the present.  
where then do I live  
now or then?  
Then now is here,  
bounded by space and geographies  
left empty from audacities of love  
and I won’t stay gone forever.  
I am a lover after all,  
and trust is commodity  
that must be traded for its value.

Letters: Mail Bag: Post:  
Correspondence

Heathens - I won’t dignify your publication oozeing words ordered such that a low demon of the prince of darkness might have vehemently vomited them from a perfectly wretched practice of the dark arts. You, sirs, are failures of the lowest order, incapable of success even in the failure itself. So worthless is your drivell that I wasted over nineteen hours in cover to cover readings with a focused attention in the hopes that you may have produced a reasonable sentence; I wouldn’t get my hopes up for a whole paragraph. It is with this greeting that I hope I’ve conveyed my utter contempt for your hands, uniquely for their ability to type, and to a similar degree of your world view that would generate such inarticulate meanderings of one who may have spent too much time salivating in the depths of the skin theaters and the parlor streets, lined with the repute from which you draw your title. I can only determine that you have lost long ago your capacity for geometry and theology. For this I am ashamed for you and I bear that burden manifest in the failure of my valve causing me discomfort for which death would be a welcome relief.

Yours in searing pain brought on by yourselves,  
Ignatious J. Reily

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Making Love for three thousand miles

in her hair, red  
 tall woods with  
 Mojave blonde streaks,  
 I inhale desert perfumes,  
 fresh breath from choking infidelity  
 where angles  
 stain her cheeks  
 rouge from blood.  
 From her striking Joshua Tree headscarf  
 I take my namesake,  
 I run fingers along its edges,  
 intricate forests of determination  
 give her green scarf contrast  
 against sandy strands.  
 adobe Mission bricks,  
 a crown of thorns  
 for her whipping surf,  
 laid 500 years ago for Christ  
 I feel their old gods in  
 paintings of the new ones  
 on walls their parents died  
 against.  
 I want to take her scars from her  
 Yahoo! Slurp  
 I look into her roulette eyes,  
 "WINNERS" flashing in red and white,  
 bright lights mark entrance  
 from clear desert complexion.  
 With whores walking on rays of iris  
 we kiss her lids,  
 they put me to bed.  
 With sins against myself,  
 she forgives with  
 kind anonymity.  
 I run fingers over  
 her Sierra brows  
 and swim in her dew pools.  
 I find the canyon of her lips;  
 her holes wide, one mile deep.  
 I cannot climb my legs  
 across these steep walls.  
 She changed me with her kiss,  
 weak in her awesome presence.  
 She gives me voice,  
 I speak in her breath  
 and I know that few have been  
 led to me with goose bums,  
 ending words strangled by my wonder  
 her leg with  
 hope.  
 I languish in the arches and canyons  
 of her neck,  
 red sand and the sweet salt  
 she comforts outcasts  
 for god  
 sitting in shade of Bryce  
 my hands wander in lust  
 across her collar,  
 finding loneliness and righteousness  
 slithering across the sand.  
 I swallow in her breast  
 and I know that few have been  
 high reaches for more than men.  
 Many have perished  
 creamy white, man's rest destiny  
 meandering up her mountainside  
 her red

URBAN SUBURBAN



to her  
 starv-  
 ing feet,  
 I rub the  
 menacing  
 swelling.  
 she worries  
 about the dam-  
 age  
 the green has  
 done from  
 5th Ave. viruses.  
 wonder her leg with  
 hope.  
 I land at her ankles,  
 rolling my hands over  
 fertile skin bringing my  
 mother's father's  
 resting in achievement when I  
 find the top, cool as ice and firm,  
 until I am lost in  
 her skyscraper  
 knees, valleys and veins  
 stopping to kiss each hilltop as I pass.  
 I find the stories in its beating  
 heart, hungry for the love she once  
 before the rapes - men in blue to murder  
 her red  
 before her buffalo massacred

across her lush prairie  
 and her children slaughtered  
 for civility,  
 and her beautiful velvet skin  
 plowed in ridges that cut at  
 her soul.  
 Kissing her wounds,  
 gentle with lips soft  
 I offer my soul to her.  
 I lay my cheek upon her belly,  
 just above the ragged scar  
 red, raw, Mason-Dixon  
 no doctors in emergencies  
 She birthed a new baby there,  
 born of violence and  
 pain.  
 I stroke her scar and  
 I feel  
 her thousands dead  
 to bring her child out  
 dogs biting at new  
 born limbs  
 not even out all the  
 way  
 before water  
 canons hit  
 I caress her  
 womb  
 where great  
 Kings have  
 marched  
 to free her  
 children in  
 bondage  
 her babies  
 didn't die  
 in the  
 church  
 that day -  
 they flew  
 on wings  
 of black  
 velvet  
 to tell me  
 of her  
 love,  
 undying  
 for me.  
 I slowly  
 make my  
 way  
 down her  
 thighs  
 through  
 rips of  
 coal  
 mines.  
 Her first  
 lovers  
 were  
 enamored  
 with her  
 legs:  
 I am too.  
 I want to  
 massage  
 and kiss  
 every inch  
 of her  
 until I am lost in  
 her skyscraper  
 knees, valleys and veins  
 little blood flows  
 through  
 father  
 here to find his love  
 found, for each generation -  
 soft light of her bars at night,  
 Whore Magazine Page 3



DREAMS

I HOP

Continents from home  
-Swirling Beauties-  
like me, 5 hours from home  
7 hours now,  
9 years since  
is there prime in all these odds?  
Odd beauties float around  
Butterfly wings beating my heart  
my soul, where I love  
more deeply than I could hate  
Birds on wires greeting  
grey over cast - waiting the rush out.  
We'll pay penance for crimes  
in past lives  
or will it work out this time around -  
My death is cheaper here,  
beloved Virginia  
of questionable intent  
of bad history that hurts  
my arteries with disease  
from isolation and artifacts of crimes.  
Where was that tree  
That we hung from by our necks,  
too soft to understand  
the rope never meant any harm.  
On quiet Thursdays  
    bite down on sub-urban tears  
streaking down faces,  
    gloriously naked  
Dripping onto concrete grey  
(these are the cell days)  
where the sky, once uniquely humane,  
merges into traffic at Horizon on-ramps  
Belt me away from this loneliness  
that permeates my out stretched intestines,  
my liver soft from the fights  
to sleep without dreams  
    (even the good ones sting -on waking-).

Do you remember love  
Before you  
opted for  
Security?



Dylan says he needs a shot of love... I do too, i suppose ... .. ; there was supposed to be a semi-colon there earlier, but it was mugged by God for the poor on it's way into place. Hence the ellipses. In the mean time, I'm breaking bottles in my mind's eye and dreaming of a home that didn't just suck so bad. I'm jacking off thinking of "water boarding" our president until he confesses his part in the plot to overthrow the Human Soul. And all his accomplices; it really gets me off thinking about being their punisher, their karma. Maybe I do need a shot of love, but these Rotten Fucks just ruin my high – seriously ... a shot of love would only be wasted on me.

Ok, it wouldn't, its true. But still – the fiends en-magnitude! - I all but hate them and if I pray for them, I must force myself into not requesting their suffering. And just how is one supposed to read something like that? It doesn't matter – it just is; to deny it is to deny myself and to go with it ... well, I suppose we all imagine a fantasy in the hopes it will be realized but with the earthly knowledge that it will not. I think thats what makes them fantasy.

That I've even written an explanation at all is a bit of a farce; it's more out of fear than of critical thinking. Its the disclaimer for the idiots – just in case they diverge and smell blood or something. Its really disgusting that I'm even a bit nervous that writing something down that I think or create could get me into a bit of ... torture, or worse, dead.

And then Bob starts singing about Lenny Bruce – and what a god damn amazing person he might have been, and I wonder if it was worth it, to dance with that hot, hot devil – change – and get burned so bad. I mean, man, torture is one thing, but stealing your soul over half a lifetime through a needle is just unforgivable. It just is, that's all – there's no analysis, its an axiom that we can accept, I'm sure. Shit, there was Jesus – and Paul and Gahndi and MLK and St. Thomas Aquinas and all the other people that stood up and were crushed ruthlessly.

Then I start thinking about Burma – and the Mission of Burma's song, that's when I reach for my revolver. And revolution brews like morning coffee late at night at the top of mania and the end of a long long climb from a pit you never thought you'd make it out of. Man – if they would fight back, revolt, punch and hit and swing and kick; if they'd do that, they'd die, but man, they'd die free – freer than me and a few hundred million other European-Americans. Man, or even better, go non-violent take the beatings and killings and know they're taking it with a choice, with a desire of their own.

Man, we need another Jesus pretty soon.

## New York to DC in Four Hours

Chris wrote about Ol' Ninety Four and its fancy dancing up the eastern seaboard. I wrote about it before that and he before that and leap frog forever, on and on. It's not like we're truckers, just romantics that take trains because planes are more strain than their worth. The notion of train travel is genius. The notion of writing on the train is not so genius. It's bumpy and rumpy and crowded with people galore. But the lives that live on this tube hurtling onward into the ever vanishing distance along the lines of steel that eventually just careen into themselves but never seem to actually get there are brilliant and beautiful – more beautiful than I.

Her daughter is a writer. So am I. She's an artist, but she wants to know what kind of computer to get. I'm an artist and knowing what kind of computer to get is about as esoteric as baking your head in a cake. Of course it doesn't make sense because getting a computer doesn't make sense. Wires, ram, bam, flim-fam pale faced geek people waiting for their connection to humanity. Don't do it I advise her. She says no one at home will help her. an iMac then. Get one of those – a one stop shop kind of thing, no hassle, no fuss, just three K you'll throw away some new day.

How much money is enough money. His it when there is no desire or when everything is dead (including your soul)? That's probably not much to desire; maybe that's what the rich are after. I'm not after anything – except I have to buy my mother a house. Buy my mother a house – dance waiting for the mouse, we're screaming now and I don't know what to say.

**NY -> DC :: Continued on page 10**



Did you see what was  
in that empty box?

**then you can  
take all your  
triangles and  
shove them  
right up your  
ass.**

Wait for all the drugs to take effect. Drink your beer slowly. Sit, poised, ready to strike, just in front of the keyboard. Wait for it, Wait for it. Let the nausea strike first, the gag reflex; then the tingling; always the tingling just next, in the ears, like a shine right off the bottom of your earlobe where a fragment of magnesium just ignited. Think of the greats, the craft, the way you look at the thread behind where you just spun it together. Never get ahead of yourself. Remember that. Feel the soaring, like your feet letting go.

Oh, fuck. What was the blue pill you just took? Was it an upper or a downer? Christ; who gives a shit? Let your neck roll, until it feels like its going to break free. Dive in and dig around, look for it and watch for it and wait for it; this is a god damn piece of gold, you'll think, and you'll set it down because there is something bigger. Fuck the itching, just keep typing. You'll drive to the store if you're not thinking clearly, so don't, don't think clearly, think in foggy vistas and on turrets waiting for the approaching army, they're gonna be here any second.

You do this for 10 years and you know it will never stop. No ending in sight, this is how you are going die. You know it, clearly and with fury. Rage, pent up from too many unfinished fights where the other guy wasn't dead, comes out of your pores just like the guy who hemorrhaged everywhere cause they removed his liver and piped everything through his spleen and told him he couldn't have a drop of alcohol and he did; A whole 1/5 of Vodka which could be as many as a billion drops as far as he was concerned. But you're not concerned. You keep plodding away. You smoke another joint and eat 2 more pills. You write and masturbate and think of the end or the beginning — but you never waste time on the middle. "That's the god damn journey" you tell everyone, "it ought to be just like life, a fuckin' dream."

And you parade on about your ideas, like no one has ever had them before, like you might be Edison at a party, mingling, grabbing ass, fucking anything that moves, only because it's not like your Ex. and you're fucking Edison. But you never waste time getting upset when they don't see it.

They'll tell you that you've got hungry eyes, and they're right. They don't dream the same way you do, in blues and oranges with solid grey devices that ruin your sleep and always make you ashamed for the orgasm that just soiled your comforter. They sit and stare out windows and you jump through them. Damn right you've got hungry eyes and the whole world is going to get eaten by somebody so you better get your fill. Drink more; with a concentration this time; with a purpose.

Go ahead and throw up; as much for how you feel about yourself as for the swaying room around that requires a release. It helps to keep a bucket by the typewriter, by the refrigerator, next to the couch, next to the bed. People will complain of the smell, but if you're lucky you can take it longer than they can and they'll stop coming over. Avoid the needles, though, as that steals your work. At least for most of us; whole armies have laid their weapons down just to sit around and spike themselves — remember that it's always easier to kill the self than it is to kill someone else, but don't let that stop you.

"Suck in your gut," "buck up boy," "all the cool girls are doing it," will be repeated to you - fuck them. Let them swirl around with the rest of the air that needs to be polished from too many greasy fingerprints getting their share; can you feel the oxygen that's been around for eternity? Get more beer.

You'll fly through the world and live. People will say they remember you; it's not their fault, it's not yours; you'll say, "I'll measure my success by the number of people at my funeral!" just as pleased as pie with yourself and your kindness and you never forget that the President's funerals are filled with people that were in their debt and rich men are never threadbare in their casket when there's trophies to murder for. You never stop to consider the similarities, so you eat some of these red ones here, then you can't stop ... screaming at no one for nothing, "You son of a bitch for this life! You fuck cock piece of shit for laying the choices of my soul on me! I'll grow, you fuck! I'll grow like a god damned redwood and then I will do nothing; just like you, you ..." stuttering on, lingering on accusations of infanticide for imaginary turquoise orphanages on the other side of the world where

They'll tell you that you've got hungry eyes, and they're right. They don't dream the same way you do, in blues and oranges with solid grey devices that ruin your sleep and always make you ashamed for the orgasm that just soiled your comforter.

way back in the beginning,  
Europe wanted gold;  
the people were restless  
and the rulers were getting old.

They sent their emissaries  
over into the new world  
where stood a new philosophy  
of utilitarianism that unfurled.

With gold nearly valueless  
while industrial revolution brews;  
kings are stuck without tools  
while rebels use screws.

They built their way into new leaders,  
being perhaps, a bit more kind,  
allowing the citizenry a say in who  
will take the creativity from their mind;

though this did take many years  
and generations did come and go,  
the continued struggle between leaders and led  
did result in landing good blows.

The owned and the owner  
simply could not agree  
on the scarcity of labor  
to any exacting degree

leaving the owners themselves  
very nearly in the crosshairs  
of angry, starving people  
if the owners would not share.

As with all great things,  
there are lines of time and place,  
and in these delicate meetings  
New Deals are the new face

how we got here today

of leaders being determined  
to save their false authority  
in a compromise that nearly hurts  
to offer sustenance to a majority.

And leaders with vision  
will not let this go on long,  
giving up the monies earned  
from a working man's song

and with a resounding thud  
they found new technologies  
and ventured out to spread the word  
of the capital ideology.

In competition, they would say,  
is the path to a better life;  
their competition, on the other hand,  
says cooperation ends the strife.

But not a single truth ever did  
drip from out of their teeth  
because of the power vested in a few;  
the owned were still owned underneath.

the pawns in their games,  
all but new acquisitions,  
led the ice wars raging in a furnace  
as empires vied for position

while safely buffered here at home,  
Europe to the east and Japan to the west,  
our economic engine bellowing,  
a middle class came to rest.





If you  
fuck  
enough,  
You might  
find some-  
one you  
love. If  
you love  
enough,  
you might  
find  
someone  
you like  
fucking.

nothing reigns supreme and life isn't worth a shit; you'll lose nothing and gain nothing, making a hole twice the size with no effort. Then you'll close your eyes and sit down and everyone around you will wonder just what you're doing to yourself – they'll think they remember a nicer you, a kinder you, not this raving lunatic. But you have to be – some people have to be gay, some people have to be tall, some people have to sell nothing to non-existence. Fuck it, give it a shot – drink a swallow (just one, maybe two ... "I'd kill a motherfucker for less than that on the outs.", what's stopping you?), lick your finger and wish the end of it was gone, so you say you lost it in the world war, rather than everyone fingering it out that you lost it because you can't hold onto a picture long enough to get it down, out, like a shit or shake. Well, it's your funeral and you can fucking do as you damn well please: go ahead and dance and bellow and rub your feckless cock against all the thighs of those who loved you enough to show up – see which one will stay to finish the job off the right way. Yeah – you'll know all about it and you already do, so you throw every life away, every single fucking one, you toss them out like Today passes on by Yesterday. And every life is one more death and you'll dance that way and this and think about it all and finally, you'll fall in love.

It's to be expected from your ilk – but you don't need to hear that from me; you've heard it from all the living things: notes pinned to your shoes with blades of grass where the ants have written out, in their own dead bodies, "If your world would end as quickly as ours, you'd know safety.", so you think you understand. You hitchhike to the San Andreas fault to see where the world is supposed to fall in and all you can see is a street of desperate black trying to overcome the yellow ants. You stand in the middle of them, thinking you will know safety and for some cosmic reason (you'll understand later), you don't die that time – or any of the other times you really should have. You're keenly aware of this and throw your life away again and again. You won't get it for a long time and every time you do, you'll forget it. You'll write and write and pump out the shit from stringy ribbons hoping to let the ghost of someone once better out: there must be a middle somewhere, but you will throw yours away at least one million times; you should know where you're at in that course, but of course, you'll forget.

You'll saunter into calculator grinding systems and think of the world as square, sometimes L shaped, talk about ramblers, cape coddors, condos, upgrades and foil inside where your heart used to be: it's keeping the space wrapped for storage. You'll tell everyone you hope it comes back to you one day and low and behold you'll be putting in the pawn shop just as soon as you get it back – if I weren't the narrator, I'd kick your ass for that one thing alone, but it's just you: you'll dream of someone and they'll come around, just as clean as your dry cleaning. Measure up, [drink a beer], impress impress impress, then jump to conclusions – what the fuck were you thinking of? One more life used up, was that seventy-five? Have a joint, it will make it wetter. "Cigarettes! That's what's missing at this party!" the little Asian girl will say. "Do you have one?" She'll whisper it right into your ear: like you're a lizard and she's a fly. They'll do this all night long if you let 'em. Don't let them. You won't. "I have a chocolate dream of us, and there's delight all over the packaging." She won't be scared off; Christ, she speaks significantly more languages than you and she can think. You, however need a drink to keep this up. Slap her: she likes it: threaten to fall in love with her: she wants it; violently oppose intimacy: she loves it. You're fucked. It's not a shock the way it was finding out how a woman can turn love on and off; that's not even a fair comparison; two thousand lifetimes to understand the impetus of now and the unreality of this existence. Sure they loved you alright, but now is a whole different thing than yesterday. You'll understand the World War then, at that moment, and all your dreams will be missing the tip of your finger. That's the time to sit down and seriously decide whether or not you want to eat all of the black ones or some of white ones with a pipe. She'll find her own spot to die.

You get out on the road and dream of different places, you dream of different worlds and while you're walking alone in the desert, after you've forgotten about water and are drinking exclusively from your flask, you imagine the new world into being. You make it a trick – imagine the world where everyone is happy, imagine the world where everyone is decent, imagine the world where the workers aren't exploited, but they all bore you in one way or another and sooner or later, you will imagine every world possible and sitting, waiting, right here will be the golden nugget that you had set down an unfathomable number of lifetimes ago and it will be too late. Your mixed senses derailed to the point of unrelenting destruction of lifetime after

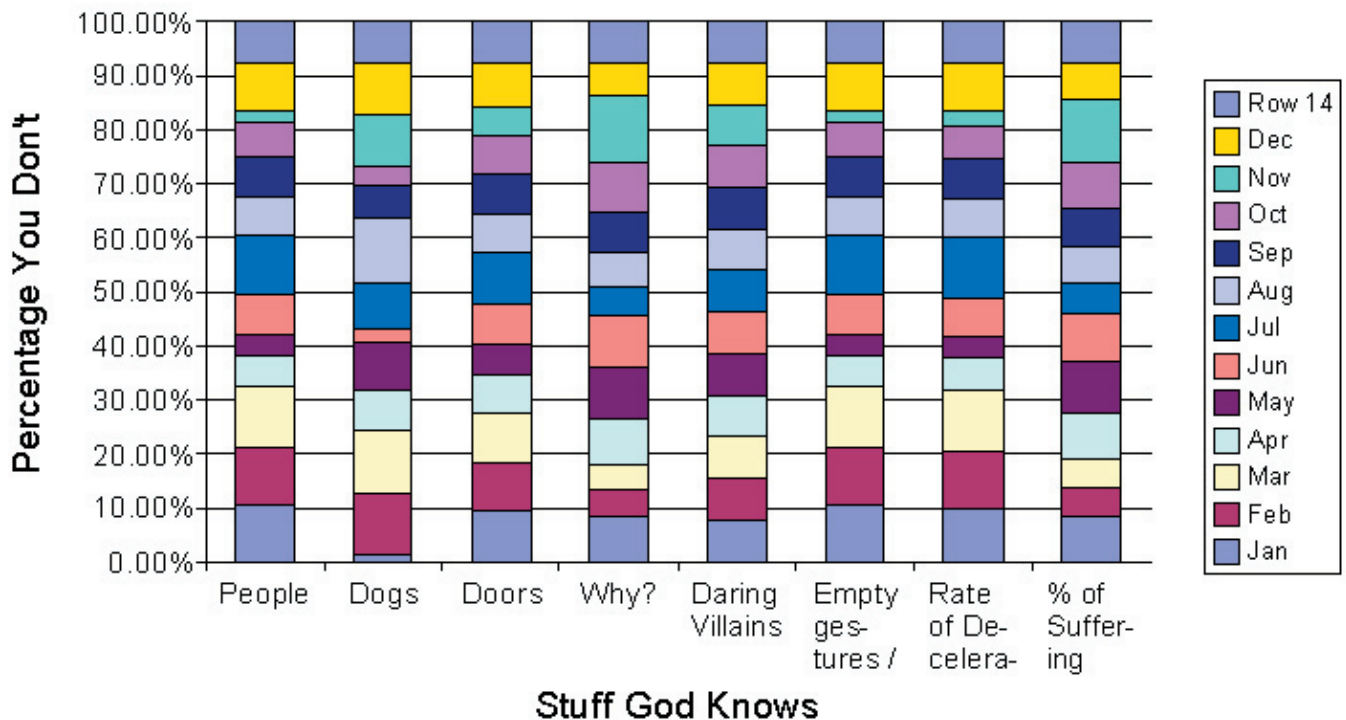
Cars outside the window are purring in visions of exhaust – poof, poof, poof, purr, ... rrrrr, lots of errererereres. Never enough road, but always enough rrrs. I'm tired of them, they're too exposing of my sad frail temperament. This is not real – This is not what I wanted to do. Nothing is what I wanted to do, instead I'm subject to quantum whims that dance around oddly vibing stringy thingies. God damn wild nights these Friday nights on Saturday budgets.

lifetime  
in a series of  
wasted visions and missing time  
co-ordinates. Stop. Find your eye. Feel it and  
poke at it gently: you know this pressure; the ordinary  
steak that you rave about from the four star joint  
looking at you as it was; the earthworm that you  
rescue from the sidewalk after the sun has  
come out; you have that pressure down. And  
the throbbing temples from news reports of  
anonymous factions of fuckers slowly fucking  
themselves into the most beautiful genocide  
ever; better even than the small pox'd Indian  
that leaves you wishing for a long shower after  
going to their casino: A small token to Gandhi's  
path of enlightenment. You hitchhike to the end  
of the world and decide to come back.

Craving safety, you re-read the Ants' note  
to you over and over again underneath freeway  
overpasses. The cops ruin a kind hearted blow job;  
safety is averted. You hadn't wanted that anyway;  
just that afternoon, you were beating off your  
friend and you weren't sure if you were going  
to hell or not. Maybe the cops saved you; you  
won't know this for a long time to come. Neither  
of them understood it either. Years will pass by  
and the note will disappear and it will become  
just a standard part of living: you will stop  
destroying things without meaning to; but don't  
jump ahead; you've still a haul ahead of you.  
Hearts and Minds, son, Hearts and minds.



## Things God Knows but You Don't



The pope is dead.dot.damn.dot.dead.dot.dead  
 holy.dot.dead.

well fed pigs at a trough, sleeping jerks dream cream colored screams.  
 dot.dead. ... dot . dead.

not dead not dead not dead

no offense no defense, no slips to trip

undressing in pleasing essence

of lives in doubt, in grace periods

between payments for pavements

of ripped up screaming dreams.

pounding hard on fishing fantasies

fishing dreams, fission beams

light beams from unholy reams

commandments of atonement reaching back to sack stoic men

we're living in the pig pen with over zealous breeding

through uncapped seeding – this lawn is dying

with the pope being dead, damn, holy, not, dead.

Money is not your salvation. | The revolution does not pay cash. | Dignity will be payed by the revolution |  
Money does not equal power | Direct Deposit will not be available. | The revolution will require your courage. |

# \$ is a pacifier

don't write on the wall. don't write on the wall. don't write in the hall. don't fall. don't write on the wall

