



THERE'S SOMETHING COMFORTING ABOUT THE CORNER BOOTH IN AN ALL-NIGHT RESTAURANT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE; CONVERGENCE AND REEMERGENCE IN BACKWARDS AMERICA. WE WILL ALL ONE DAY WALK OUT OF THAT UNIVERSAL DINER NEW BEINGS. WE DECIDED TO TAKE SHIFTS ORDERING FRIES AND COFFEE REFILLS WHILE EVERYONE ELSE SLEPT. THE SHOW WAS REMARKABLY UNREMARKABLE. I SLEPT DREAMING OF A RIVERBANK. THAT, AND GOLD.



EISENHOWER-USA

TWO GUYS CAME INTO THE PLACE ABOUT THREE AM, ONE DRESSED IN BLACK, THE OTHER IN WHITE. THE MAN IN BLACK, HARD FACE, TIGHT PANTS, LED THE OTHER. THEY SAT IN A BOOTH NEAR US. DAZED, I WATCHED THE TWO. I WAS ALMOST TOO TIRED TO NOTICE WHEN THE MAN ASKED THE WAITRESS WHETHER SHE WOULD TRADE HIM SOME OF HER BLOOD FOR SEXUAL FAVORS. WOULD SHE? I GENTLY NUDGED EVAN'S LEG UNDER THE TABLE. THE MAN TURNED TO ME AND TOLD ME HE WAS A VAMPIRE. UNDEAD. I NODDED, SOLEMNLY, STEADILY. YES. OF COURSE YOU ARE. THE VAMPIRE WAS AT THE ALL-NIGHTER, ORDERING A SALAD. I SNIFFED, SNORTED. I TRIED MY HARDEST TO STAY AWAKE.

THE MAN IN WHITE SAID NOTHING, BUT STAYED FIRMLY, FLESHILY ROOTED BY HIS MASTER'S SIDE. HAD HE DROWNED? BLUE IN THE THICK,

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
For the Bedford City School System
Bedford, Indiana



SILENT FACE. THE VAMPIRE TALKED, AND I LISTENED. HE HAD DIED IN A CAR CRASH HIS SIRE HAD BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE HE WAS COLLECTING SOCIAL SECURITY AT HIS PARENTS' PLACE. HOW DO YOU COLLECT SOCIAL SECURITY WHEN YOU'RE UNDEAD? THE POPULATION OF REAL VAMPIRES SPILLED JUST OVER 100,000 IN THE UNITED STATES ALONE. MARGARET THATCHER WAS ONE. QUITE A CHARMER, THIS VAMPIRE. RIGHT BEFORE ALLEN TOOK THE FRY AND COFFEE SHIFT, THE MAN IN BLACK WAS PLEASED TO TELL ME THAT HE AND HIS PAL WOULD SOON BE MOVING TO A QUIET APARTMENT NEAR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I DRIFTED OFF.

AS WE LEFT THE PLACE AT THE CRACK

OF DAWN, THE VAMPIRE AND HIS FRIEND HAD BEEN
LONG GONE. WE ASKED OURSELVES: HOW MUCH OF THIS
DO YOU BELIEVE? I DROVE, FEELING SUNBURNT, FEELING
THE LAUGH LINES AROUND MY EYES.

DRIVING PUTS WHEELS IN MOTION. MIND, FLAYED BY
THE SPOKES, AND HERE I AM, MEXICO CITY, THREE AM.
THIS IS THE WAY IT IS. THE WAY WE ARE. THE
FIFTEEN MINUTES TO DIE FOR. MOM AND DAD, SOLEIL
AND THE LASERS. FIFTEEN MINUTES TO TRY FOR.

TRIED TO REACH OUT, GOT LUMPED WITH THE ODD ONES
AND THE UNFORTUNATES, THE COAL AND THE SECOND-
HAND BRICKS. THE EVIL KEN EVIL INCIDENT. MAYBE THEY WERE
CRAZY FOR TRYING. MAYBE I AM TOO. AS. ARE. WE. ALL.

DROVE ALL NIGHT. TOO TIRED TO GIVE UP THE WHEEL,
SO I STAYED BEHIND IT. DROVE, UNCONSCIOUS. EVERYBODY

SLEPT, AND I REALIZED MONTANA IS THE BIG
PLACE. BIG SKY, BLUE SKY.

MT. RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

WASHINGTON STATE

PARADISE ICE CAVES

58-7

Guide conducted foot trips are made to the Paradise Glacier Ice Caves. These vast caverns, with their unusual ice-crystal coloring, follow the Paradise River under the Paradise Glacier.

AND SAILORS.

AROUND FIVE AM, EDWARD

AND I REALIZED THAT WE'RE

ALL PENNIES IN A

PAPER BAG AT BEST.

SINNERS, SAVIORS, SAINTS,

WHO WANTS TO FEED US?



(REG.)

POST CARD

(REG.)

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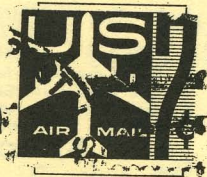
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED: THE SUN CAME UP
OVER 500 ~~MILES~~ MILES OF GREEN, STRETCHING FOREVER,
ENDLESS. I RAN OVER WHAT LOOKED TO BE A
CABLE OF BARBED WIRE, AND CAUGHT A FLAT.
SWEARING, I CLIMBED OUT TO PUT ON THE SPARE,
AND EDWARD WOKE UP TO PISS AND STRETCH. WHILE
JACKING UP THE CAR, I HEARD ED COMMENT TO HIM-
SELF ON HOW UNUSUALLY GOOD IT SMELLED. GRASS,
RAIN, AND BREAKFAST. HE ASKED ME: DO YOU SMELL
IT? SURE I DID.

IT TURNS OUT EDWARD HAD PISSSED ALL

HOOVER, TOWER, STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Former President Herbert Hoover, a graduate of Stanford's first class in 1895, has founded a Library on War, Revolution and Peace. The 200-foot tower housing this library is a landmark.

NATURAL COLOR
by
Mike Roberts
BERKELEY, CALIF.



OVER A STEAMING PLATE OF HAM AND EGGS HIDDEN METICULOUSLY IN THE BRUSH ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. BREAKFAST.

FORTUNATELY, THE COMPANION CUP OF COFFEE WAS UNHARMED, SO WE SHARED IT, AND TALKED ABOUT SKIPPING THE REST OF THE TOUR TO BECOME HORSES. WHAT THE HELL, THIS WAS THE PLACE TO DO IT.

THE SERVICE ELEVATOR ROSE TO THE TWENTY-THIRD FLOOR, AND THE DOORS PARTED. A MAN WITH A MUSTACHE AND A WAISTCOAT STOOD POISED, CENTERED AND PERFECT. "THE BAND?" HE ASKED. WE NODDED. SMILED. "VAULT'S DOWN THE HALL." FOREST GREEN,

BRASS TRIM. THIS WAS THE PLACE; ONE THOUSAND

The United States Capitol, set on a height overlooking the amphitheatre of the Potomac, is one of the largest and stateliest buildings in the world. It is 751 feet in length and 350 feet in width, covering three and a half acres. The statue of Freedom on the dome towers 307 feet above the esplanade. The cornerstone was laid by President Washington in 1793; the central building was finished in 1797; and the extensions were first occupied by Congress in 1857 and 1859.

~~THE~~ AND DISCREET.

THE VAULT DOOR WAS TWO FEET THICK, MASSIVE. THE TITLE, PRESSED IN BRONZE: NEW YORK STATE BANK. FINANCIAL SURETY. ARCHITECTURAL SECURITY. IT WAS OPEN, AND ~~THE~~ WE WHEELED THE EQUIPMENT INTO THE VAULT, THE CONCRETE ROOM, THE NEST EGG AND THE KIDS' COLLEGE FUNDS. SPIT ON YOUR LOVERS BECAUSE THIS IS ROCK. ACCOUNTANTS AND BANK CASHIERS SAT ON THE FLOOR IN COOL HARMONY, THEIR BACKS TO THE WALLS, SHIRTS UNTUCKED, PUFFING ON CIGARETTES. CLOSING TIME, YEAP. SLOUCHING. THIS IS AN AFTER WORK

NINETY DEGREE
ANGLES PENCIL -
POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY
PRICKED OUR EYES
LIKE GULLS. SHARP

Sinclair Lewis



USA
14

THING, THEY WERE SAYING. STIFF COMBED
STAGE HARBOR HAIR LET LOOSE.

Chatham, Massachusetts

A Harbor of refuge on the elbow of Cape
Cod.

WE'RE HERE FOR THE
SHOW. THE VAULT
SHOW.



BY THE TIME THE EQUIPMENT WAS SET UP
MORE ACCOUNTANTS AND BANK OFFICIALS, FINANCIAL
ADVISORS AND JANITORS HAD TURNED UP; IT WAS
CLOSING TIME. THE MUSIC WAS GOOD; IT WAS
DOWN LIKE A 747 IN THE ROOM GREY. STUCK IN
THE EARS LIKE WAX ON GOLD BRICKS. ON STACKS
OF ONES.

WHEN I THINK LOUISIANA, I THINK SWAMP. THAT'S WHY,
SLEEPING IN THE LOFT OF THE VAN, WITH ANDREW DRIVING
AND CARRINGTON RIDING SHOTGUN, I DREAMT ALLIGATORS
AND SKIFFS, FLAT, BOYANT LIKE DRIFTWOOD. THE CRESCENT

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN, 1917

MOON SHONE THROUGH THE MOONROOF, A SHARP TOOTH, A WHITE FUCKING SCIMITAR, TO THE POINT. NEW ORLEANS, SUCKING US INEXORABLY TOWARDS HERSELF.

Woke to find everybody outside the van, naked, painting themselves blue. Scooping makeup out of a can, cheap tin. Tradition, they said. Come on, they said. A tour break. The breeze blew silently, warm, on this, our desert oasis. Blew on this our hesitation.

We parked the van, snug in a side ~~side~~ alley, and tumbled out into the night, blue and naked. Currents of women, children, men parted before us. They, too, were blue. And red. Emerald green. And fuschia. Silver. Gold. Nudes. We, all, surrounded by tiny lights, sparkling, from balconies, terraces, iron fire escapes. A thousand guitars and the noise they bring.

We ended up in a ~~stone~~ cobblestoned courtyard, surrounded by painted faces, smiles on black, navy bright pink. Smelled like Madrid. The building-

ORSON WELLES (1915-

American actor-director in his famous "war of the worlds"
broadcast, 1938

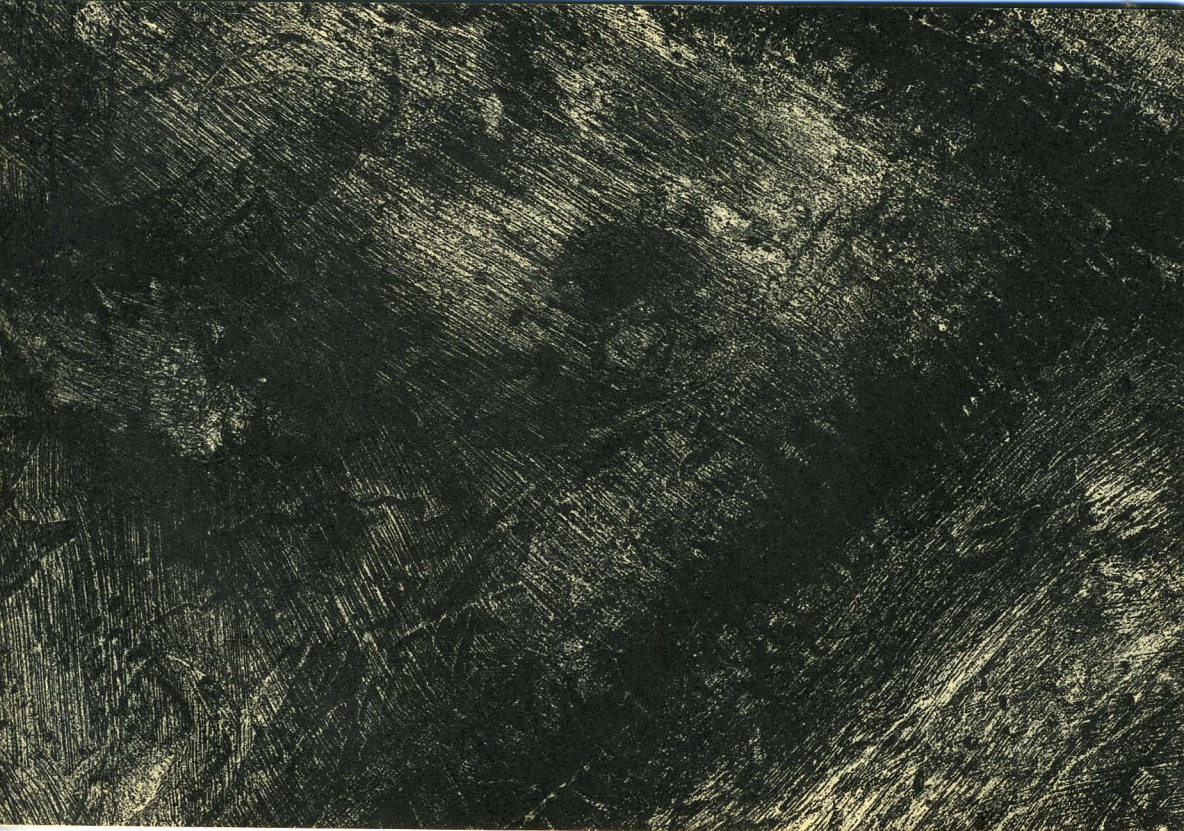
TOPS FORMED A CIRCLE THAT
FRAMED THE MOON.
THE DULL ROAR OF THE CELEBRATION. A
THIN CHILD, PURPLE, PUSHED A WARM CUP INTO MY HAND.
I DRANK. THE CHILD MOTIONED TO ME: COME CLOSER.
LISTEN TO ME. I BENT DOWN. "LUDS," THE LITTLE
BOY ~~WHISPERED~~ LISPED. THE CLUNK OF METAL, BUBBLY
GLITTER OF FLAMES TREMBLING. BLOOD CAKE AND COFFEE.
THE FORK SINKS IN, THE INNARDS, OUTWARDS. I LOOKED
AT HIM, PUZZLED. ~~FOR~~ FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, I COLLAPSED,
FUCKED ON ENOUGH 'LUDS FOR A WEEK.



I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT HER AGAIN, AND THAT'S TOO MUCH.
MAKES A BODY SICK, FRAIL. I REMEMBER DRIVING BY THAT
STAINED GLASS WINDOW. DUSK AND THE MOON. BLOOD,
WASHING OUT THE SKY. YOU WANTED TO WALK, I WANTED
TO SLEEP. YOU WALKED AWAY BUT TOMMORROW WILL
COME, THE ENGINE WILL STAY COLD. I SWEAR. I WILL
NOT. WANT TO FALL INTO HEAVEN'S BED, ALL OVER AGAIN.

EX.IGNOTA. PO BOX 13946. SANTA BARBARA, CA. 93107.







i want more life

Complications. Confusion.

Disappointment. Failure.

Error. I want to scream.

Everything is just getting more and more intricate, more and more complicated. Everyday ends with a feeling of loss.

Another day ends with the sinking feeling that my accomplishments were few, and my brain hurts from the knowledge of impending doom.

Fuck. I made another mistake.

Game over, you lose.

I want more life.