

"I love you like a sister;"



Said ERIKA LOPEZ.



Handwritten text in a non-Latin script, possibly Hebrew or Arabic, located at the top of the page.



Handwritten text in a non-Latin script, possibly Hebrew or Arabic, located at the bottom of the page.

psst. / hey.

"I love you like a sister,"



said ERIKA LOPEZ.



©1995 → by Erika Lopez / "An American Art chick" ★ ★ ★

Thanks to my awesome
MOM Who CONCEIVED me all by
HERSELF,
my FUNKY, SWEET HEART OF A
SISTER who's TRÉ hip or whatever,
MY 2ND MOM, CAT, who makes
MEATballs BETTER than GOD,
and also my DEAR friends.

↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑
They've all cheerfully put up with all those
bouts of EXISTENTIAL ANXIETIES
I NEVER quite grow out of. / I THANK
THEM all for occasionally saying
SMART things + Making me LAUGH
UNTIL my face hurts, my stomach aches,
my throat is RAW, my LUNGS ARE
CLEAR + my LIFE is BETTER.

"...hey. hey you → the Puerto Rican chick
in the Andy Warhol wig... Yeah. I'm
talkin' to ~~me~~ → You."





★	THE "PIA SECTION" starts on PAGE.....	14
☞	then the 1st story arrives on.....	17
📖	A tangential menstrual book review.....	27
🐱	Pia's cat in another fucking cat cartoon.....	47
🕒	VIEW MASTER FLASHBACKS.....	61
💬	WHAT ARE YOU FEELING? THERAPY GIRL.....	65

☕	THE "Things called Joe" section.....	68
🦎	Iguana Joe.....	69
🚗	Camaro Joe + Tina.....	75
🏪	FEAR OF CENTER CITY THRIFTWAY.....	81

🍌	"FAKE PENIS" section.....	88
🔪	Strap-on cartoon.....	89
👩	The Lesbian Avengers.....	101
👤	👤👤👤👤👤👤 ← the Fake penis Exhibition.....	105

"WHY YES, OF COURSE THIS SONG GIVES ME THE CHILLS: I THINK WAYNE NEWTON'S
JUST GREAT."

Pia Sweden



Pia Sweden / Erika Lopez

AN INAPPROPRIATE

1/2 COLOURED GIRL ^{who} thinks =

"fuck NO. the RAINBOW

AS ^{still} NOT ENUF."

THEY SAY IT TASTES LIKE CHICKEN
BUT I THINK IT CAUSES CANCER



BEING $\frac{1}{2}$ PUERTO RICAN + $\frac{1}{2}$ REGULAR-WHITE-GIRL
HAS LEFT PIA SWEDEN a very hairy woman
WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SPEAK SPANISH.

LIKE ALMOST EVERY OTHER SMALL FRAGILE
GIRL, HER REALISTIC IDOLS WERE: FARRAH FAWCETT IN
THAT SITTING-IN-FRONT-OF-A-BLANKET POSTER; AND THAT
LITTLE BLONDE GIRL W/BANGS ON "NO MORE TEARS"
SPRAY-ON CONDITIONER (MADE BY JOHNSON + JOHNSON).
THESE WERE THE QUEENS OF THE HAIRLESS BLONDE
PEOPLE AND SHE LOVED THEM. SO WHEN PIA



WAS YOUNG (AND EVEN NOW, SOMETIMES)
SHE'D PUT ON A TURTLENECK, THEN
TAKE IT OFF & LEAVE IT ON HER HEAD.

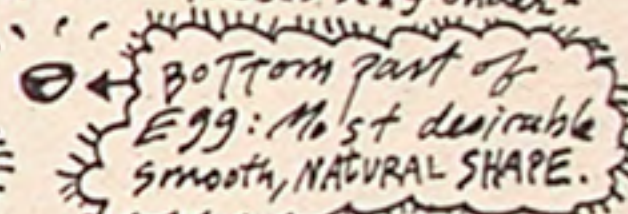
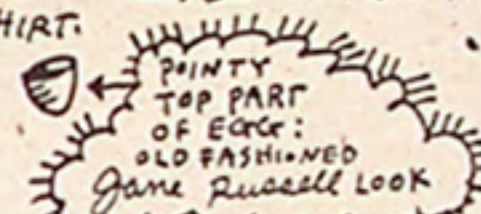
THIS WOULD ENABLE
THE ARMS AND BODIES TO
CASCADE DOWN HER YOUNG
BACK IN A LONG BLUE FALL,
BACK IN A LONG BLUE FALL,
SIMULATING JOHNSON + JOHNSON'S
"NO MORE TEARS" GIRL,

as if she were riding
on a white horse on
the beach (woosh, woosh)... Like
an honest tampon commercial:

"I FEEL SO FREE
W/OUT BULKY PINS
OR PADS ~ AND LOOK! ~
NO BLOOD ON MY HANDSOME
WHITE HORSE."



THEN SHE'D TAKE HER FATHER'S
CEL' LEGS" EGG + split it in half and put
BOTH halves UNDER HER COTTON RIBBED SEXY UNDER-
SHIRT.



BUT THE TWO HALVES WERE NEVER EVEN, SO SHE LOOKED
LIKE A GIRL W/A SLAB OF BLUE HAIR ON HER BACK AND A
REALLY FUCKED UP BOOB JOB. SHE DIDN'T NOTICE OR
CARE. SHE KNEW SHE WAS HOT AND THAT HER DAD WOULD
FALL IN LOVE W/HER and her only. SHE WAS
ALL THE WOMAN HE'D EVER NEED/WANT.

And YEARS
Later, AFTER HER
ELECTRA COMPLEX
HAD LONG SINCE SUBSIDED,

SHE BEGAN THE IMPOSSIBLE
SEARCH ~~for~~ looking for a pleasurable
way of REMOVING FUR.

One day...

SHE BOUGHT A PAIR OF
BIRKENSTOCKS, AND ALL OF
THE SUDEN SHE
DIDN'T EVEN CARE IF
SHE LOOKED SEXY:

SHE WAS
COMFORTABLE.

SHE LET THE HAIR ON
HER LEGS GROW real long,
SHE ATE TOFU & SUBSCRIBED TO
THE VINE Reader. Then
SHE STARTED GOING BRALESS.

The next Morning

SHE looked in the mirror
AND DECIDED SHE MUST BE
A LESBIAN, SO SHE
PACKED HER BAGS + MOVED
TO PROVINCETOWN BECAUSE
SAN FRANCISCO WAS
TOO EXPENSIVE.



Once she arrived in "P" TOWN,
she went to the library to check out
a copy of LESBIAN NATION where
ITS Author says if you WANT TO
TRULY = LOVE yourself and
your sisters, you have to sleep w/ them
FIRST. (it WAS written in the 70's.)



"OKAY. Now I'll be gay. It'll
be great — like having
a best friend + sleeping w/ her.
BUT IT'LL BE HARD GIVING
ONE OF MY FRIENDS A "FUCK
ME" LOOK W/OUT CRACKIN'
UP. BUT I'll get over it.
They probably cover a
situation like that in
LESBIAN NATION."

AND HOW WILL
I KNOW IF someone else is
a LESBIAN? IS there a sign? If so, I don't
know it and I'll miss it... I'll still be
alone, lonely, w/out love. Maybe
I'll hum Holly Near and Oria Williamson songs in
public so that OTHER lesbians will hear me and
think that I'm one of them because I know all
the words to "THE CHANGER + THE CHANGED"....

"If that doesn't work, I'll talk about how cool women tennis players are. AND THE SEX. I'LL FEEL LIKE A VIRGIN AGAIN. HOW WILL I KNOW WHAT TO DO? I KNOW! I WILL RENT LESBIAN PORN FILMS FROM SPRUCE ST. VIDEO. AND STUDY THEM. BUT WAIT... WHAT IF SOMEONE I KNOW IS THERE RENTING 'My Fair Lady' AND THEY SEE ME? THEN THEY'LL POLITELY SMILE, AND WHEN THEY LEAVE, THEY'LL TELL EVERYONE I'M GAY. I'LL LOSE MY JOB, MALE WAITERS WILL HATE WAITING ON ME (THEY'LL THINK I WON'T TIP), MY FRIENDS WON'T HUG ME, PEOPLE WILL CLOSELY OBSERVE MY MANNERISMS, AND MY CATHOLIC DAD WON'T SPEAK TO ME. MY MOM WILL BECAUSE SHE'S ALREADY GAY. BUT WHAT IF I'M NOT EVEN SURE I'M LESBIAN MATERIAL AND I CHANGE MY MIND BACK BUT I'M OUT OF THE CLOSET anyway? THAT WOULD TRULY SUCK."

(so Pia Sweden decided to go to the shore in her BIRKENSTOCKS AND BE PROFOUND)

"I WILL GO TO THE SHORE NOW. I NEED TO RELAX... PUT MY MIND ON OTHER THINGS. I WILL COMMUNE w/nature & CENTER MY SOUL AT THE WOMB OF THE EARTH, HERE AT THE OCEAN THAT GIVETH FORTH PLANET LIFE. I WILL THINK ABOUT THE QUALITY OF MY OWN LIFE. I WILL BE AMAZED AT THE SHEER BEAUTY OF THE OCEAN AND MARVEL AT JUST HOW INSIGNIFICANT I AM. I AM A FLY PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF AN UPRANGE, SHATTERED UP TUPPERWARE CUP FROM 1973. This mind wanders. Wanders like that same fly's body... THE FLY THAT WANTED TO BE GREAT AND TASTE THE CHERRY KOOL-AID in that scarred Tupperware cup, BUT DROWNED INSTEAD. NEVER TO RETURN TO HER FLY FAMILY AGAIN. I NOW TURN TO THOUGHTS OF THE SKIN-SCOURGING EFFECTS OF WET SAND ON MY FEET. I GO TO WORK ON MY HEEL... AWAY, BAD CALLOUS, AWAY. AND I THINK THAT THE NEXT PERSON I SLEEP w/BE REMARK TO HIS OR HERSELF → 'wow. WHAT SOFT AND SILKY FEET PIA-THE-BABE HAS. SHE IS JUST LIKE A DELICATE BUT ASSERTIVE FLOWER. JUST LIKE A COSMO GIRL. NOW I LOVE HER ONLY, AND I WILL NEVER EVEN THINK OF LEAVING HER... FLOWER THAT SHE IS.'"

"I AM EQUAL TO THAT SHATTERED CUP OVER THERE IN THE SAND"



OF THE OCEAN AND MARVEL AT JUST HOW INSIGNIFICANT I AM. I AM A FLY PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF AN UPRANGE, SHATTERED UP TUPPERWARE CUP FROM 1973. This mind wanders.

Wanders like that same fly's body... THE FLY THAT WANTED

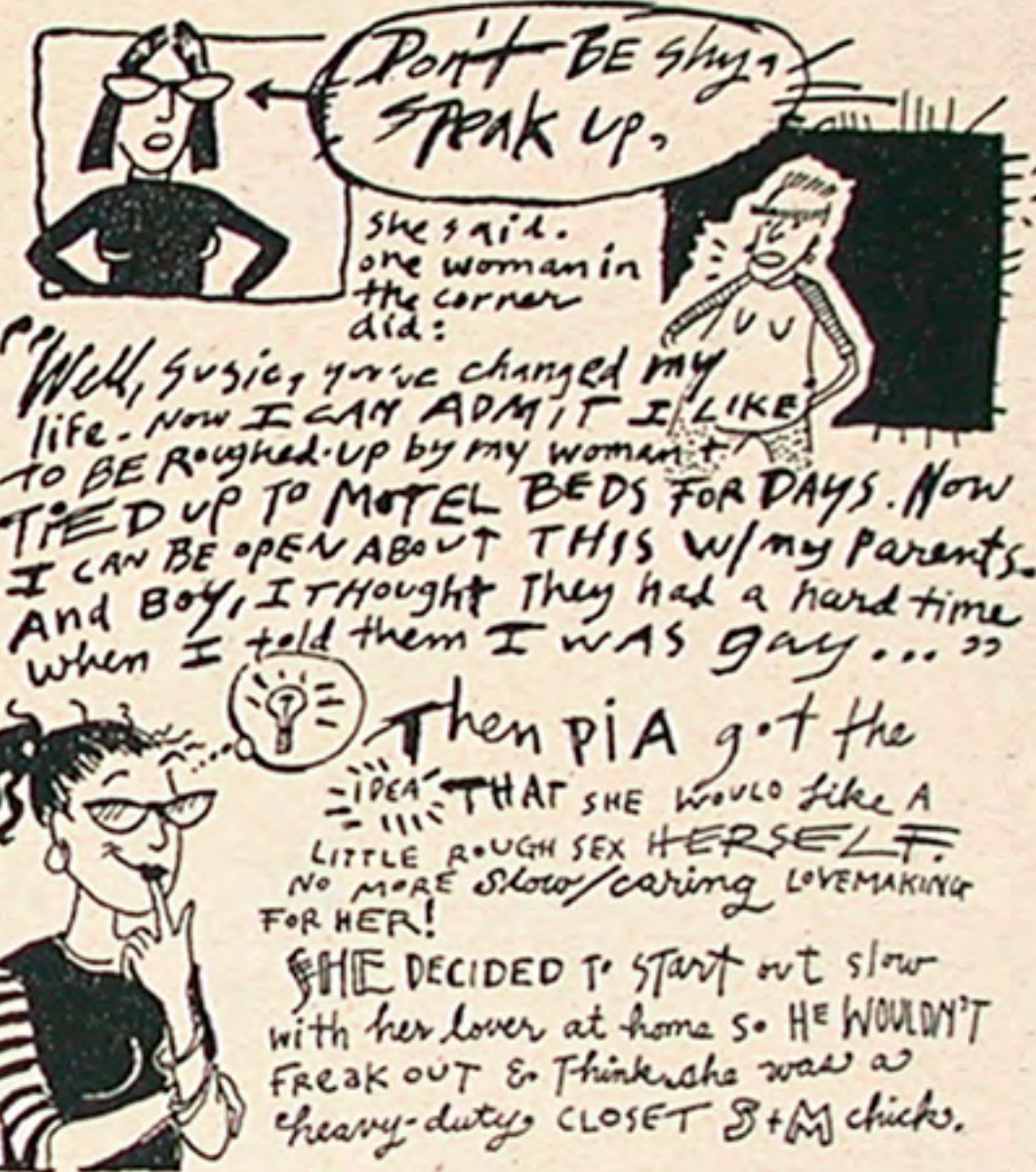
TO BE GREAT AND TASTE THE CHERRY KOOL-AID in that scarred Tupperware cup, BUT DROWNED INSTEAD. NEVER TO RETURN TO HER FLY FAMILY AGAIN. I NOW TURN TO THOUGHTS OF THE SKIN-SCOURGING EFFECTS OF WET SAND ON MY FEET. I GO TO WORK ON MY HEEL... AWAY, BAD CALLOUS, AWAY. AND I THINK THAT THE NEXT PERSON I SLEEP w/BE REMARK TO HIS OR HERSELF → 'wow. WHAT SOFT AND SILKY FEET PIA-THE-BABE HAS. SHE IS JUST LIKE A DELICATE BUT ASSERTIVE FLOWER. JUST LIKE A COSMO GIRL. NOW I LOVE HER ONLY, AND I WILL NEVER EVEN THINK OF LEAVING HER... FLOWER THAT SHE IS.'"



WHAT SOFT AND SILKY FEET PIA-THE-BABE HAS. SHE IS JUST LIKE A DELICATE BUT ASSERTIVE FLOWER. JUST LIKE A COSMO GIRL. NOW I LOVE HER ONLY, AND I WILL NEVER EVEN THINK OF LEAVING HER... FLOWER THAT SHE IS.

 BUT I REALISE I'M NOT A COSMO GIRL BECAUSE COSMO GIRLS
 DON'T THINK FURRY LEGS ARE SOFT. BESIDES IF THEY DID HAVE FURRY
 LEGS, THEY'D LOOK SMOTHERED + SQUASHED UNDERNEATH THE
 SEAMED STOCKINGS THEY WEAR W/ VICTORIA SECRET GARTERS. PLUS
 I'M NOT A BULEMIC WHO WOULD VOMIT THE VERY EXPENSIVE DINNER
 A NEW YORK STOCKBROKER/BACHELOR WOULD BUY ME AFTER

ANSWERING MY
 PERSONAL AD IN
 THE NEW YORK
 REVIEW OF BOOKS.
 THEN PIA HAD ENOUGH
 PROFOUND OCEAN TIME
 AND WENT BACK TO HER
 LESBIAN STUDENT MODE.
 SUSIE BRIGHT WAS IN
 TOWN DOING A BOOK
 SIGNING, SO PIA WENT
 THERE TO LEARN ABOUT
 FIST FUCKING
 OTHER WOMEN.
 BUT SILENCE SMOTHERED THE GAY-
 LESBIAN-FEMINIST BOOKSTORE.



SHE WENT HOME AND GAVE HIM
A BLOWJOB AND BEGGED
HIM TO PULL HER HAIR.
HE HAD THIS HORRIFIED/
DISGUSTED/IRRITATED
LOOK & SAID HE COULDN'T
POSSIBLY DO ANYTHING LIKE
THAT. BUT HE WANTED THE
BLOWJOB ANYWAY. SHE
BEGGED AGAIN FOR HAIR/
HEAD PULLING. HE LOOKED AWAY.

THE ROUGHEST HE GOT
WAS WHEN HE SLIGHTLY MOVED
HIS HIPS ONCE AS HE CAME,
AND HIS HANDS HOVERED AROUND
HER HEAD. Needless to say, Pia Sweden was quite disappointed.

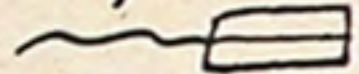


THE END.

"I love you baby, I need you baby."

TANGENTIAL/MENSTRUAL BOOK REVIEW



A little tampon. 
I AM ANGRY AT TAMPONS +
I DON'T WEAR THEM ANYMORE.
IT'S NOT ONLY THAT I CAN'T
AFFORD THEM, BUT THAT
~~I~~ WOULDN'T WEAR THEM
EVEN IF I COULD. I'M
AGAINST PAYING CLOSE
TO FIVE BUCKS FOR A BOX
OF WHAT IS BASICALLY
COMPRESSED Toilet paper.



These CORPORATE guys
have REALLY GOT BLEEDING
WOMEN BY THE OVARIES.
BLEEDING WOMEN IN WHITE
STRETCH PANTS BY THE
OVARIES: "I FEEL
CONFIDENT!
AND YES, I'M
WILLING
TO DO
CARTWHEELS
IN PUBLIC!"



I WAS CONVINCED by a bra-less,
EARTH-LOVING PRINTMAKER
WHO LIVED ALONE w/HER CAT,
TO USE A SMALL SEA SPONGE.
THE KIND THEY SOLD in health
FOOD STORES in a SMALL FAKE
VELVET POUCH.



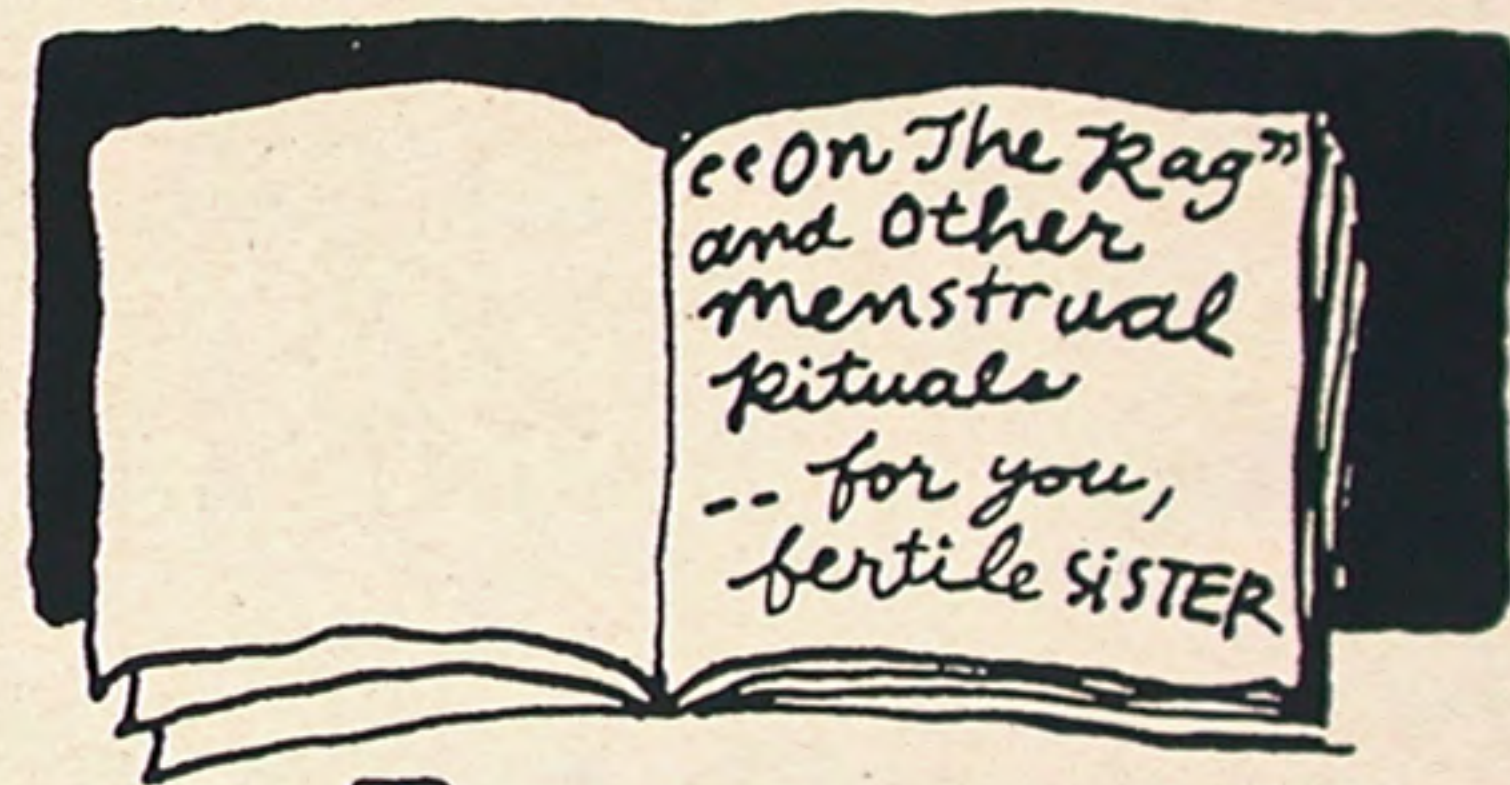
Then, while I WAS AT THE
HEALTH FOOD STORE, I ALSO
BOUGHT SOME PATCHOULI
FOR MY UNBLEEDING
PREMENSTRUAL WRISTS.



THEN. / THEN W/MY HANDS
LOOKING LIKE ARTHRITIC
SHIT, I BUMPED INTO A
BOOK ABOUT WOMYN-
STUFF. IT WAS POLITELY
PRINTED IN SOY INK ON
UNBLEACHED PAPER.
IT WAS CALLED:

Hygeia / A WOMAN'S HERBAL.

It was written in the 70's,
AND I COULD HEAR JOAN
BAEZ'S SONG, "Diamonds and
Rust" as I turned the
FIRST PAGE...



THAT'S WHAT THE FIRST CHAPTER
WAS CALLED. + BEING THE FERTILE
SISTER THAT I WAS, I READ ON..

(I shall paraphrase)

DO NOT BE ASHAMED
OF YOUR BLOOD, OH SISTER.



I LOVE YOU,
VAGINAL BLOOD.
AND I AM NOT
ASHAMED OF YOU.

DO NOT HIDE YOUR
SOILED NAPKINS IN THE

DARK TRASH.

TAKE YOUR PROUD

BLOOD TO THE AIR,

THE SUN,

EARTH



LET GO OF THE EGG,
AND SAY

GOOD BYE,
EGG

AND THE PAIN WILL
BE EASIER. / DO NOT
BE ASHAMED OF BLEEDING.

PROCLAIM YOUR BLEEDING!
YOUR FERTILENESS! ~ LET
THE WORLD KNOW / AND
BE PROUD! GET IN TOUCH
W/ YOUR MENSTRUAL
CONSCIOUSNESS.



Squat over your HOUSEPLANTS
THAT NEED minerals. AND DO
NOT PLUG YOURSELF UP W/WHITE
PATERNAL PLUGS. BLEED

FREELY AND MAKE YOUR OWN
MENSTRUAL PAD. MAKE IT
HUGE. / MAKE IT PROUD. A
PROUD menstrual PAD, BECAUSE
THERE IS AN ART TO BLEEDING.
(RINSE! RECYCLE! DO
NOT SUPPORT A HUGE
POLLUTING INDUSTRY!)

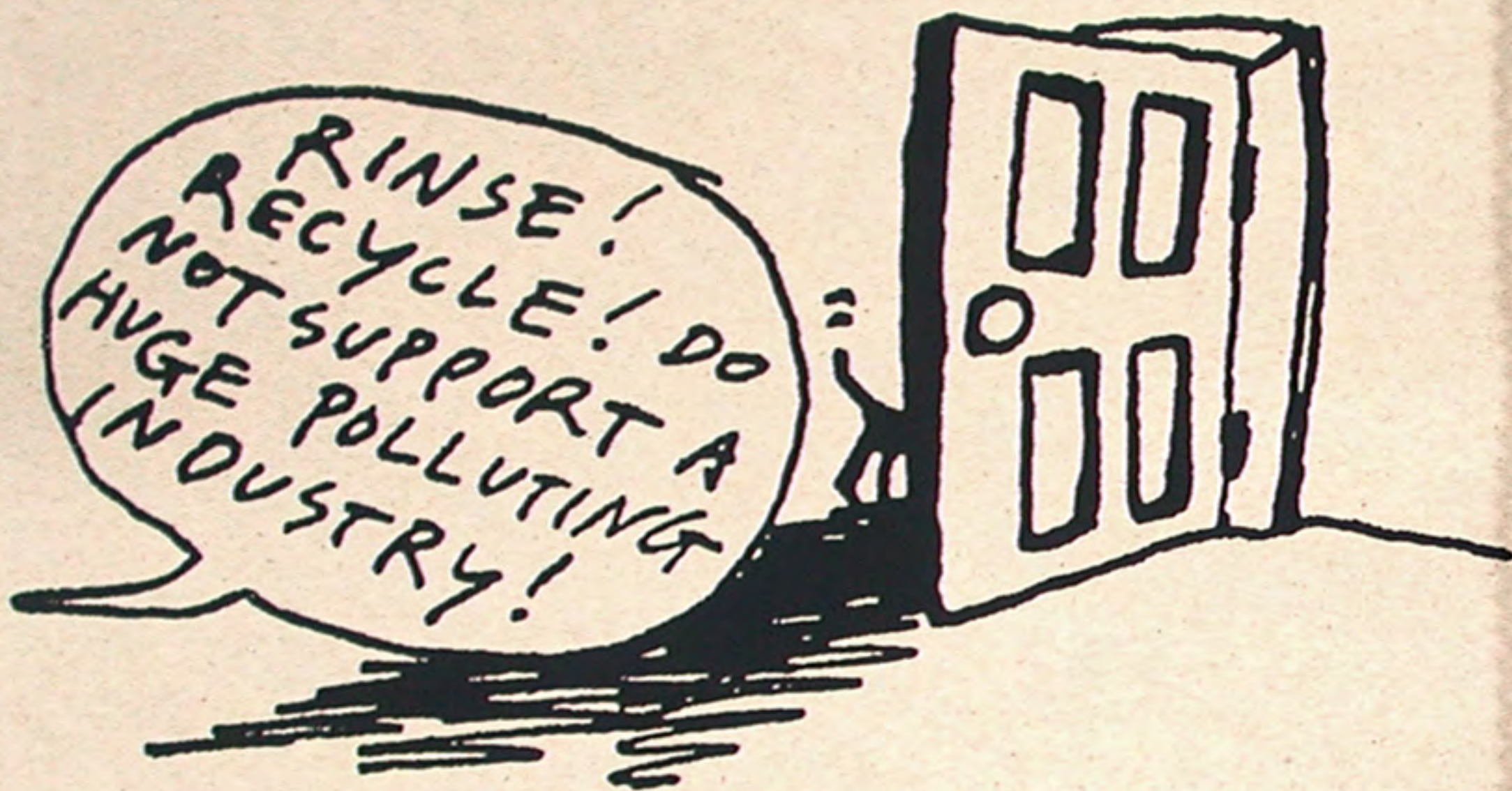
MAYBE CHOOSE A PURPLE FLANNEL
TO REST NEXT TO YOUR
EARTHLY VAGINA.... AND
APPLIQUE A GOLD MANDALA
ON THE FRONT.... WHO
SAID THAT EVERYTHING
MUST BE WHITE LIKE THOSE
HERMETICALLY SEALED
TAMPONS + WEDDING DRESSES?

WHITE MOCKS YOU
FOR LIVING,
EXISTING + SECRETING??

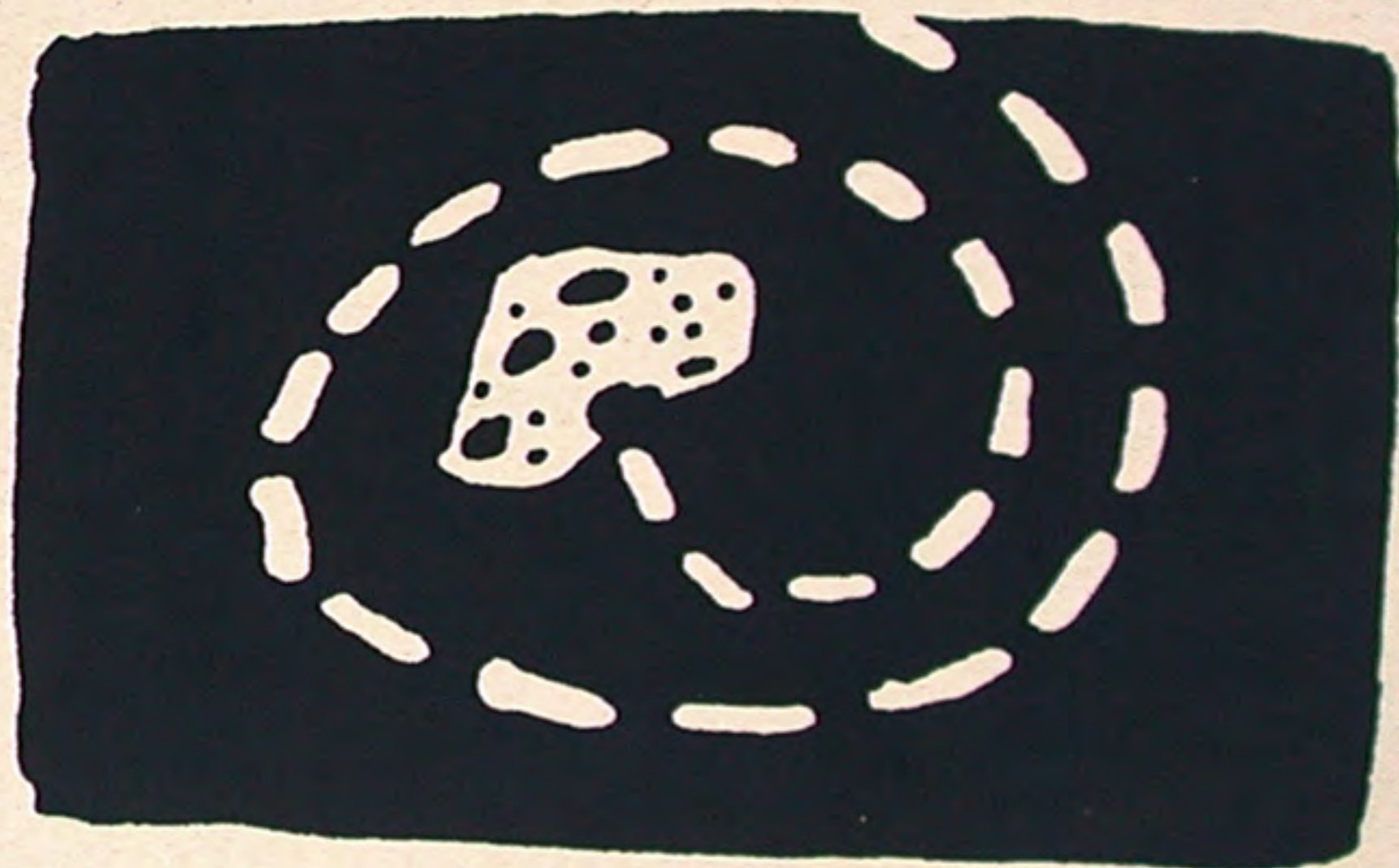


THAT WAS IT. THAT WAS ALL
I NEEDED TO READ. / I PUT
THE BOOK DOWN + WALKED
AROUND MY APARTMENT
CARRYING A SPIDER PLANT
BETWEEN MY LEGS, AND
SINGING MADE UP SONGS
ABOUT GERMAINE GREER
TO CLASSICAL MUSIC WRITTEN
BY EXTREMELY DEAD MEN.

MY CAT FREAKED OUT
AND ^{sssszzzz} threatened to
leave me forever if
I didn't quit it. /
BUT I WAS SO EXHAUSTED
BY MY IRON DEFICIENCY,
I DIDN'T HAVE THE
STRENGTH TO TALK her
out of it. / SHE WAS
WALKING OUT THE DOOR
+ ALL I COULD SCREAM
BEFORE PASSING OUT ON
THE FLOOR WAS:



AND A FEW DAYS LATER,
AFTER I WAS RELEASED
FROM THE HOSPITAL, I
DECIDED TO GIVE MY
SPONGES A WHIRL.



I WAS PROUD AS I RINSED
them in PUBLIC SINKS,
Jamming my FOOT against
the BATHROOM DOOR.

I FELT SUPERIOR.
SUPERIOR LIKE A SUPERIOR
PERSON, IN BEING CONNECTED
TO MY BLOOD / MY EGGS.



ME

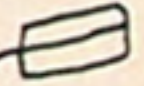


EGG



I SAID "FAREWELL, MY LITTLE
EGGS, FAREWELL" AS I SET
MY BLOOD FREE, DOWN THE
DRAIN. / LIKE A SAD
BIRD-MOTHER OR SOMETHING.

I WALKED BACK INTO THE
DENNY'S DINING ROOMS
FEELING CONNECTED, IF NOT
WAITED ON, AND I WAS
AT A FEMALE kind of
Peace... 

BUT the SPONGES DETERIORATED,
and the ROMANCE FADED
w/ RED FAMILIARITY. / PAST
DUE therapy bills STARTED
TAKING PRECEDENCE, AND I
STILL HAD NO MONEY w/all
the TAMPON BOYCOTT
CASH I SAVED. 

"If you.... I have never had a love like you."

PIA SWEDEN'S CAT

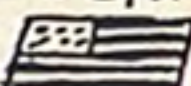
© 1992, ERIKA LOPEZ

IN ANOTHER FUCKING CAT CARTOON

PIA SWEDEN LIVED
IN AN APT. WHERE
SQUIRRELS LIVED
BEHIND THE RADIATORS
IN THE WALL, REALLY.

THEY HISSED + SPIT AT
HER CAT FROM BEHIND
THE WHITE PAINTED
GRATE THAT WAS
BARELY ATTACHED TO
THE WALL---

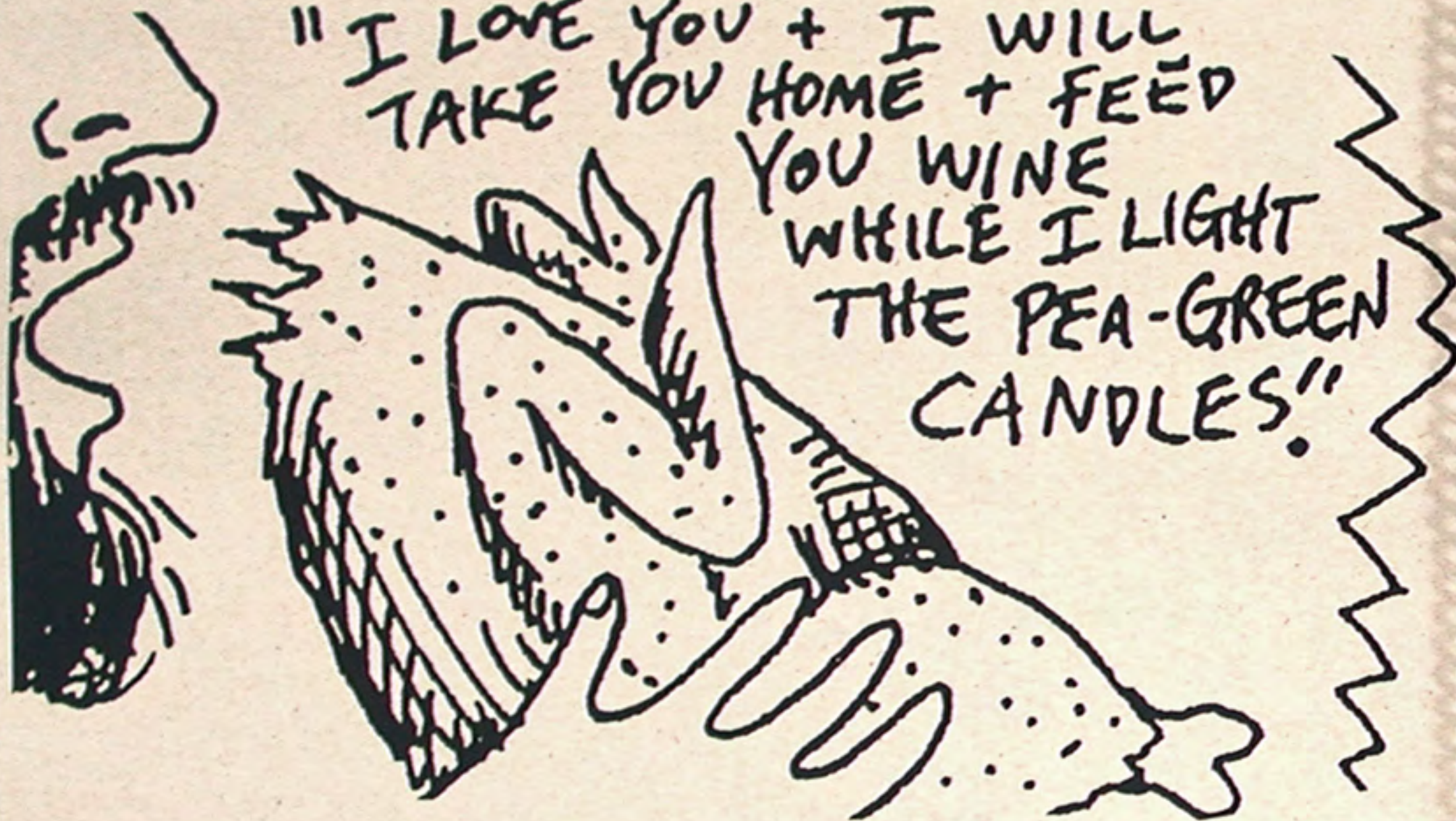
UNTIL ONE DAY
WHEN NENA
THE CAT FELL
IN LOVE W/ ONE
OF THE QUIET
SQUIRRELS

FROM THAT MOMENT ON THEY VOWED
TO FIGHT EVIL + FLY TOGETHER THROUGH
THE NIGHT DOING **THINGS** 



They went into a grocery
store where they
happened upon
a bearded man
who'd taken the
cellophane off of
a chicken, and
was sweet-talking
it.

"I LOVE YOU + I WILL
TAKE YOU HOME + FEED
YOU WINE
WHILE I LIGHT
THE PEA-GREEN
CANDLES!"



The chicken WAS NOT MOVED.

So, Nena The cat + the hissing/spitting squirrel decided their FIRST heroic act of the night would be to save this passive chicken from

DATE RAPE



They Rescued The CHICKEN By tricking the bearded man into thinking that the chicken was their friend, Maria, who was supposed to go see a Jean Luc Godard

movie later that evening w/ them.

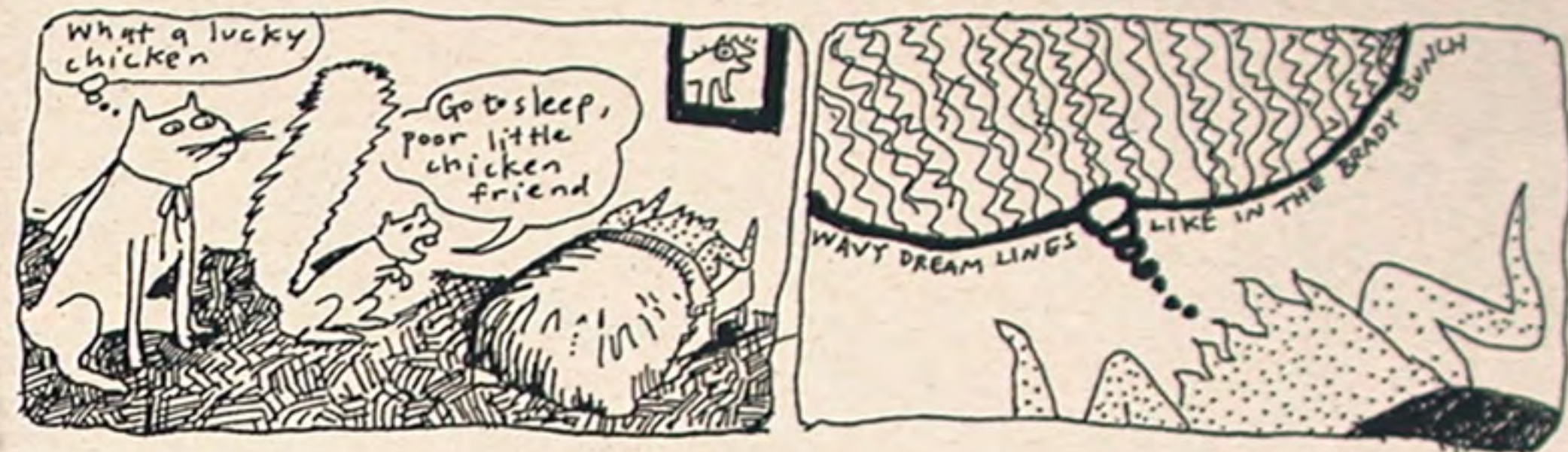
FILM

THE END.

GOODNIGHT, AMERICA.



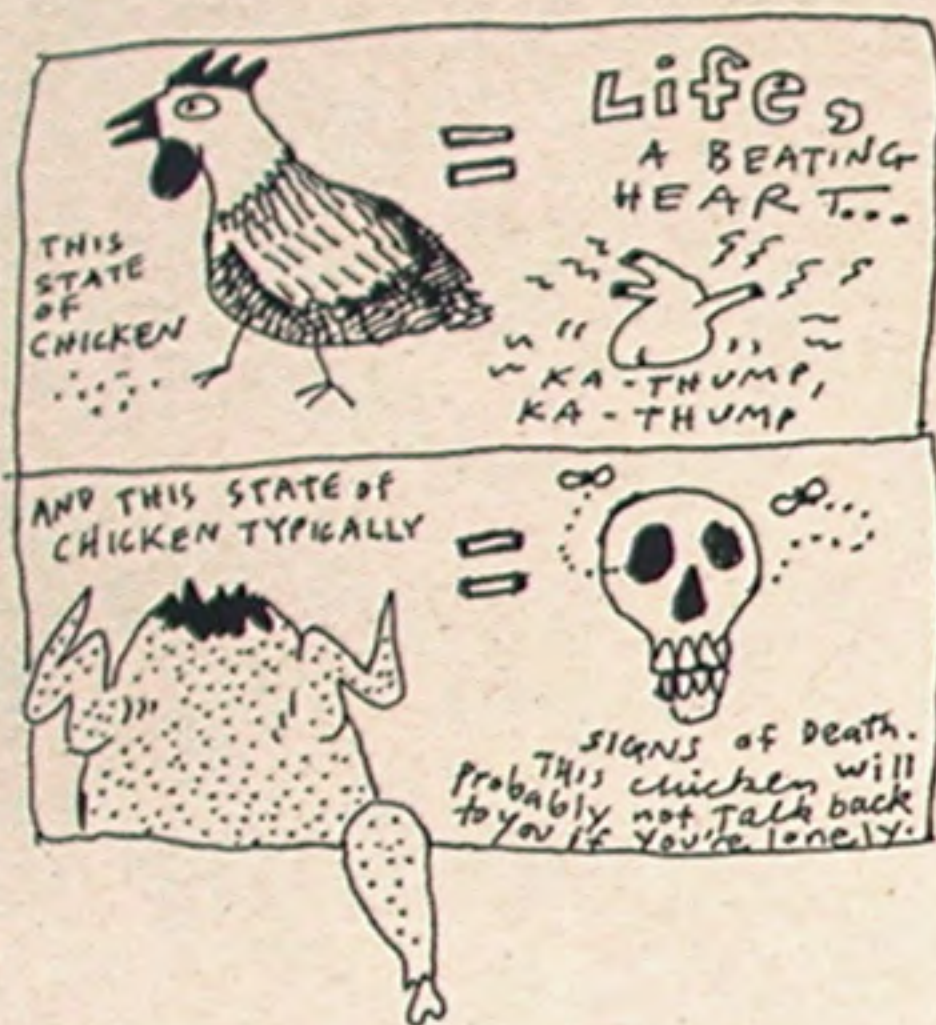
NOT Really. IT'S CONTINUED →



Then the cat & the squirrel flew home and put their new chicken friend to BED.

the SLEEPING chicken had a DREAM, A DREAM OF LOVE, A DREAM OF good TIMES past, A DREAM OF A TIME when ~~IT~~ IT STILL HAD FEATHERS, ITS HEAD, AND ITS INNARDS --- which, incidentally, were donated to some hospital so THEY could BE TRANSPLANTED INTO more humans after they ran out of BABOON guts.





- *****
- BUT WHERE WAS ITS life
 - source coming from IF IT HAD NO
 - HEAD/BRAIN TO CONTROL NON-EXISTENT
 - INNARDS? -- TO CONTROL MOTION?
 - --OR TO CONTROL FEELINGS OF
 - HAPPINESS, ANGER, OR SADNESS? IT IS...

RAMTHA, THE
35,000 year old WARRIOR (spirit) WHO
KNOWS how to speak perfect MODERN
English. HE LEFT THE BODY

of Linda Evans' & Shirley MacLaine's New Age guru
with long blonde hair, pulled back into a pony tail.

→ NOW LINDA & SHIRLEY ARE LEFT alone to meld WITH
YANNI - who looks like a long-haired t.v. cop. AND NOW Ramtha has
ENTERED the plucked body of A perdue chicken that had been
spit on and neglected in a PERDUE processing PLANT DOWN SOUTH.



I'M A DISGRUNTLED
PERDUE WORKER.
I WILL SCRATCH
MYSELF W/THIS
CHICKEN, SPIT
ON ANOTHER ONE,
AND LEAVE A THIRD
ONE ON THE FLOOR
IN MUCK FOR
THREE DAYS BEFORE
I SEAL IT IN PLASTIC
WRAP FOR THE
SUPERMARKET.





RAMTHA HASN'T HAD THE CHICKEN WALK up to the MIRROR so Ramtha doesn't know he's possessed the body of a FORMERLY dead perdue chicken. He wants to think he's in the body of another blonde: Leslie Stahl. But as a result of being a CHICKEN, HE WOULD

~~PREACH~~ preach in the beef section at THE GROCERY STORE. RAMTHA

THE CHICKEN WOULD TRY TO ENLIGHTEN SAUSAGES W/FRAGMENTS OF RAT HAIR, BUT being the SAUSAGES that they are, THEY just never listened. They continued on their own paths of destruction to lead the way to FLATULENCE + CORRODED ARTERIES.



THE only ONE WHO WAS CONVERTED TO the ways of "Ramtha The chicken" WAS the guy WHO MOPPED THE grocery store UP. HE TRIED TO GET SHOPPERS TO LISTEN TO RAMTHA - he even taped subliminal messages over the supermarket + elevator music that all of life's answers were to be found in the poultry section. But a shopping Southern BAPTIST KNEW a backward SUBLIMINAL Suggestion when he heard one (HE STUDIED Beatles Albums), AND he turned the janitor in.

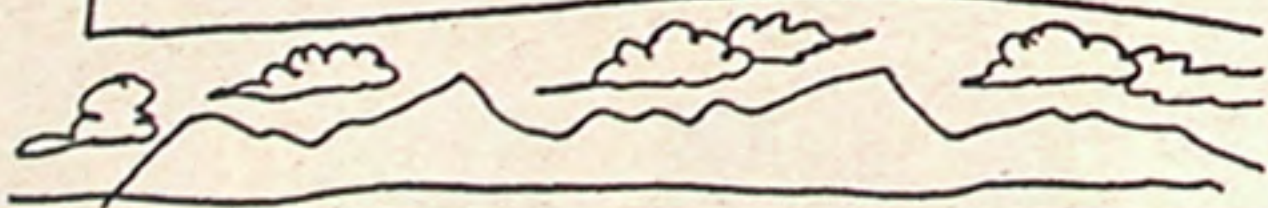
GEORGE, I really
THINK you should
LET BARBARA
SPEAK IN
PUBLIC
MORE OFTEN...



Okay. WHATEVER
You SAY. I'm
GOING TO JOG
NOW. DAMN I
LOOK GOOD IN
NYLON SWEAT
PANTS

They fired the guy and he
went on to become one of the
campaign managers for
the George Bush campaign...
AGAIN, NO ONE LISTENED.

SHORTLY AFTER, THE
CAT + SQUIRREL CAME
INTO THE PICTURE +
PUT THE CHICKEN TO
BED



* AS ~~THE~~ RAMTHA
THE CHICKEN
STARTED TO WAKE UP,
AND THE CAT + SQUIRREL
STARTED COMING INTO
FOCUS BESIDE THE BED,
RAMTHA DECIDED IT WOULD
CALL UP LINDA EVANS AND
SHIRLEY MACY FIRST THING MONDAY
MORNING.





Come Monday, RAMTHA CALLED LINDA + SHIRLEY,
AND TOLD THEM TO MEET HIM AT A
certain park BENCH. HE TOLD THEM HE WAS INSIDE
Jesley STAHL THIS TIME. Ramtha got there
early and fell asleep. WHEN LINDA + SHIRLEY
arrived, they were happy to see each other. They
only saw a plucked chicken on the bench.
After waiting, they decided to go to LINDA's
for a CHICKEN DINNER AND TO listen to
YANNI'S New Age CD. THEN they all
meditated. Each one secretly felt that
RAMTHA WAS ~~was~~ INSIDE herself, but
didn't know that it was true because they'd
BAKED RAMTHA before his spirit could escape
THE CHICKEN. ~The End.

"Yeah. We've got like this spiritual thing."

PIA SWEDEN

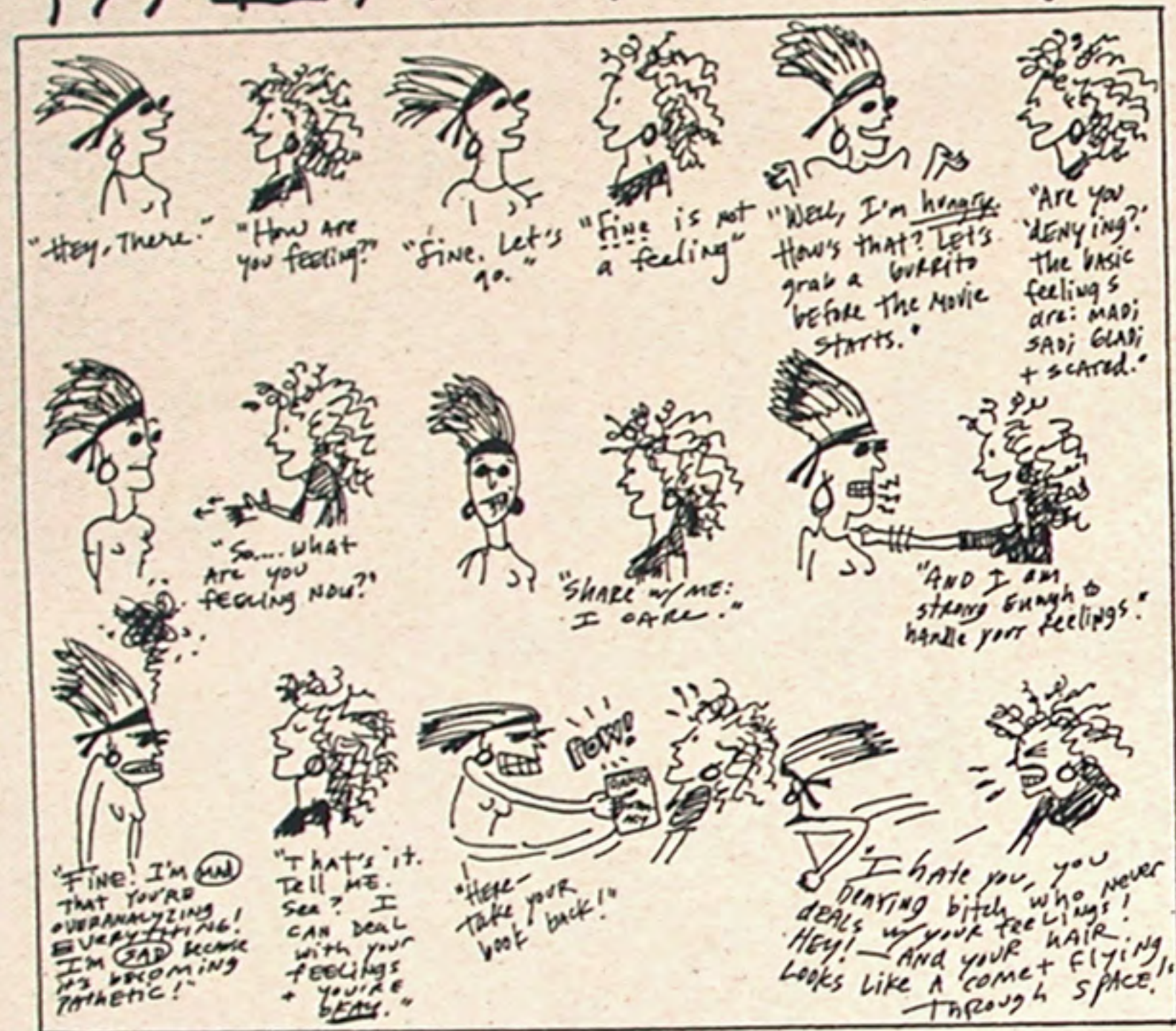
Puerto Rican Girl in the ANDY WARHOL WIG? "HEY, WHO'S THAT LOOKING THROUGH MY VIEW-MASTER. IT WAS THE NEW RED KIND W/ ROUNDED CORNERS. SO SMOOTH/ SO SENSUAL/ SO RED. I INSERTED A WINNIE THE POOH SLIDE AND HELD IT UP TO MY FACE. I SAW A BIG OAK TREE. A BIG OAK TREE W/ A DOOR, AND THROUGH THE DOOR I COULD SEE THE EDGES OF A WOODEN SPIRAL STAIRCASE, AND AN OLD TRUNK OFF TO ONE SIDE. HMMM... A STAIRCASE THAT WENT UP + A CLOSED TRUNK.... Maybe, just maybe, there was porridge in the trunk. I WANTED IN THERE. I WANTED SO BADLY TO WALK UP THAT PERFECT BALSA WOOD STAIRCASE AND INTO THE THREE-DIMENSIONALITY OF THIS IMMACULATE VIEW-MASTER + CLAYMATION WORLD. THERE WAS NO VIEW-MASTER TRASH, NOR ANY VIEW-MASTER PAIN. I CRAVED THIS WORLD, AND IMMEDIATELY FELT MY STOMACH LURCH AND MY SOUL SHRIVEL LIKE A VERY SICK RAISIN. MAYBE RUDOLPH AND THE HEAT MISER WOULD BE THERE, PATIENTLY WAITING FOR ME ON A STYROFOAM ICEBERG, and we could glide over to THE ISLAND OF MISFIT TOYS, and give the GAY CHARLIE-IN-THE-BOX A T-SHIRT W/ A PINK TRIANGLE ON. IT WON'T SAY "SILENCE = DEATH" BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANY AIDS IN THIS SECRETION-FREE WORLD. I WILL BE CHRISTOPHER ROBBIN'S LOVER, AND BLOW IN HIS CLAYMATION EAR. (WOOSH) I WILL SAY TO HIM: "HEY, I WANT/ NEED/ LOVE YOU, AND I'M GOING TO RAPE YOUR MOUTH AND RAM MY PLAYDOUGH TONGUE DOWN YOUR DUSTY THROAT." HE WILL LOVE ME FOR DOMINATING HIM AND SIGH IN MY ARMS. I WILL CARRY HIM UP THE BALSA WOOD STAIRCASE, and we will MAKE LOVE ON THE MINATURE PATCHWORK QUILT. AFTERWARDS WE WILL EAT hot porridge from the MAGIC PORRIDGE TRUNK. Later, we will HAVE SEX IN THE MAGIC PORRIDGE TRUNK BECAUSE (A), it is fun, and (B), BECAUSE WE ARE UNLUBRICATED:



WE ARE CLAY. BUT in my TWENTY-FIVE-year-old heart, I knew THERE WAS NO WAY TO SAFELY ENTER THE VIEW-MASTER LAND OF CLAYMATION. And this impossibility NEARLY CAUSED ME TO TOSS MY HEAD BACK, SHRIEK, AND THROW MY BODY, with its BODICE-RIPPING HONEY BROWN THIGHS, DOWN MY IMPERFECT PINE STAIRS. BUT I DIDN'T. NO. Instead, I PUT ON Diamanda Galas' "PLAGUE MASS" CD AND KICKED OUT THE lights. THEN I Had a dream. A MEMORY DREAM CALLED "HALFBREED, THAT'S ALL I EVER HEARD... HALFBREED, HOW I LOVE TO HATE THE WORD." I WAS in 2ND GRADE AND JUMPING ON THE BED WHILE SINGING ALONG TO CHER'S "HALFBREED" SONG ON MY PORTABLE/ PLASTIC-BLUE RECORD PLAYER. I WAS THE ONLY 7-year-old who SOUNDED EXACTLY LIKE CHER, AND I WAS PROUD. I WAS ALSO PROUD AS I PUT ON MY MUSTARD-BROWN CONSTRUCTION PAPER HEADBAND W/ ITS MAGENTA feather. I jumped off the bed and stood in front of the MOD LUCITE mirror. I said to it: "yes, CHER, I feel your halfbreed INDIAN PAIN. All you have to do is call me, and I will be your halfbreed friend." BUT JUST THEN THIS BIG MONSTER W/ ROUNDED, WIRE-RIMMED glasses AND CLAWED FEET + HANDS CAME INTO THE ROOM AND SHOUTED: "THERE ISN'T ANY SANTA CLAUS OR TOOTH FAIRY, AND CHER ISN'T EVEN PART INDIAN. She's Armenian or something!" BAM! → A KEVIN COSTNER-TYPE ARROW SHOT RIGHT into the heart of my NEWFOUND identity-crisis/ SOUL-MATE THING. I CRIED AS I SLOWLY DROPPED MY HEADBAND in the TRASH + SHELVED "cher's greatest hits" FOREVER. WHILE picking up the SHARDS of my CONFUSED and SHATTERED WORLD, I DECIDED TO BECOME black BECAUSE SOMEONE ONCE SAID I WAS -- AND DIDN'T I feel a PANG OF HORROR AS I walked INTO MY JEWISH FRIEND'S HOUSE once AND SAW THIS OLD BLACK cleaning LADY in UNIFORM-WHITE, WALKING OUT THE DOOR/ SHYLY DIVERTING HER Eyes + Demurely CROSSING HER arms in front of her/ Tiny, Black Patent leather PURSE PUNCTUATING THE PEND OF HER ARMS? yes. THEN I was Black. Black UNTIL I SCREAMED + Refused to EAT the SOUL FOOD Placed before me. Black UNTIL THE Black girl TOLD ME I thought I was "Something" because of my HAIR. Oh, how I wanted the PLANET-SIZED AFRO of "Get CHRISTY LOVE," THE ALMOST PORNOGRAPHIC POLICE DETECTIVE W/ HOT PANTS + GO-GO BOOTS. THE WHITE LIPSTICK OF SEMEN AGAINST her Black SKIN, AND UNDERNEATH-VIEWS of Karate Kicks to the FOE. Yow. I FEEL MY SEVENTIES NIPPLES HARDEN AND MY Freudian PENIS ENVY Rising.

"Now/this is the best sex ever."

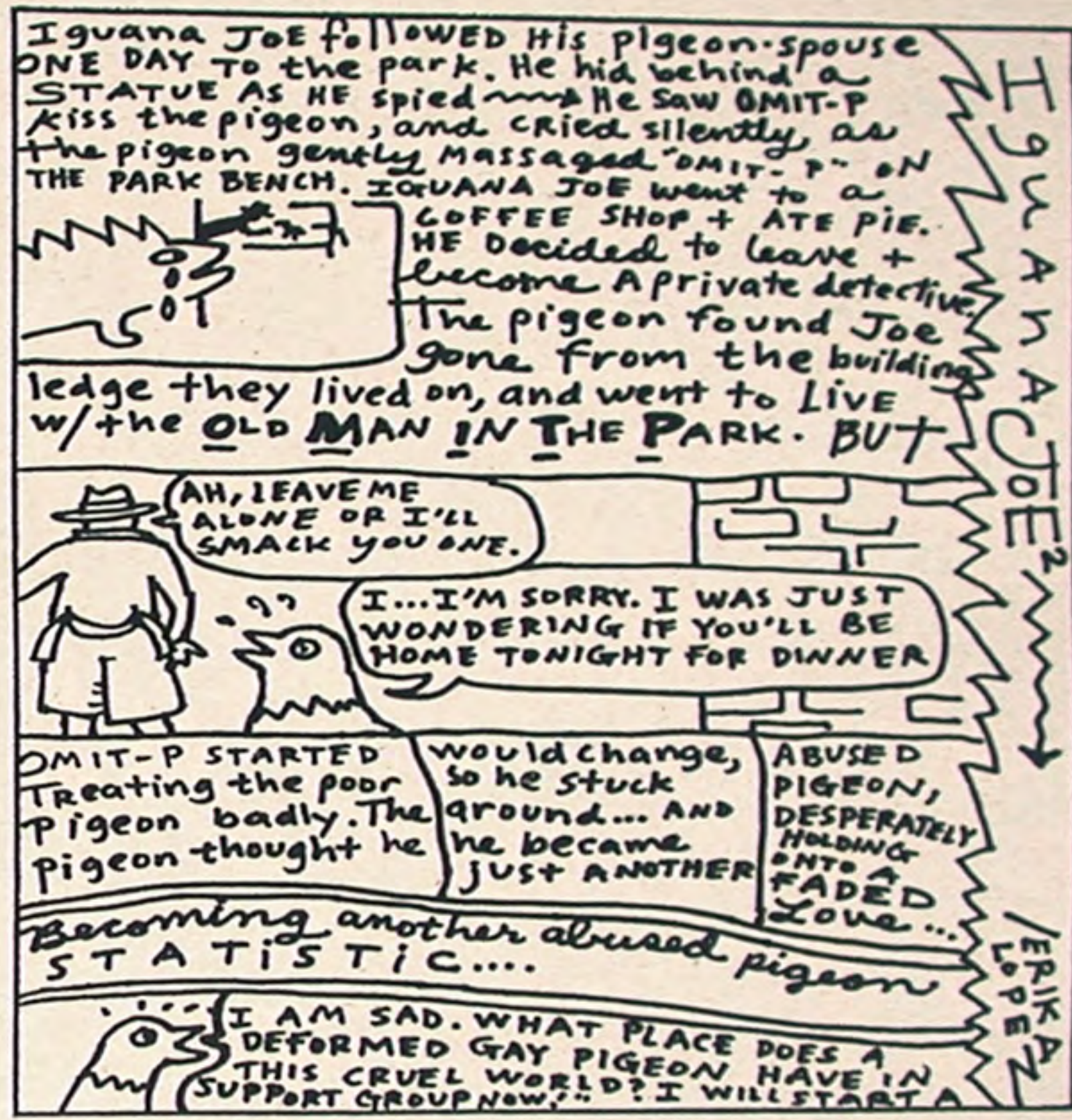
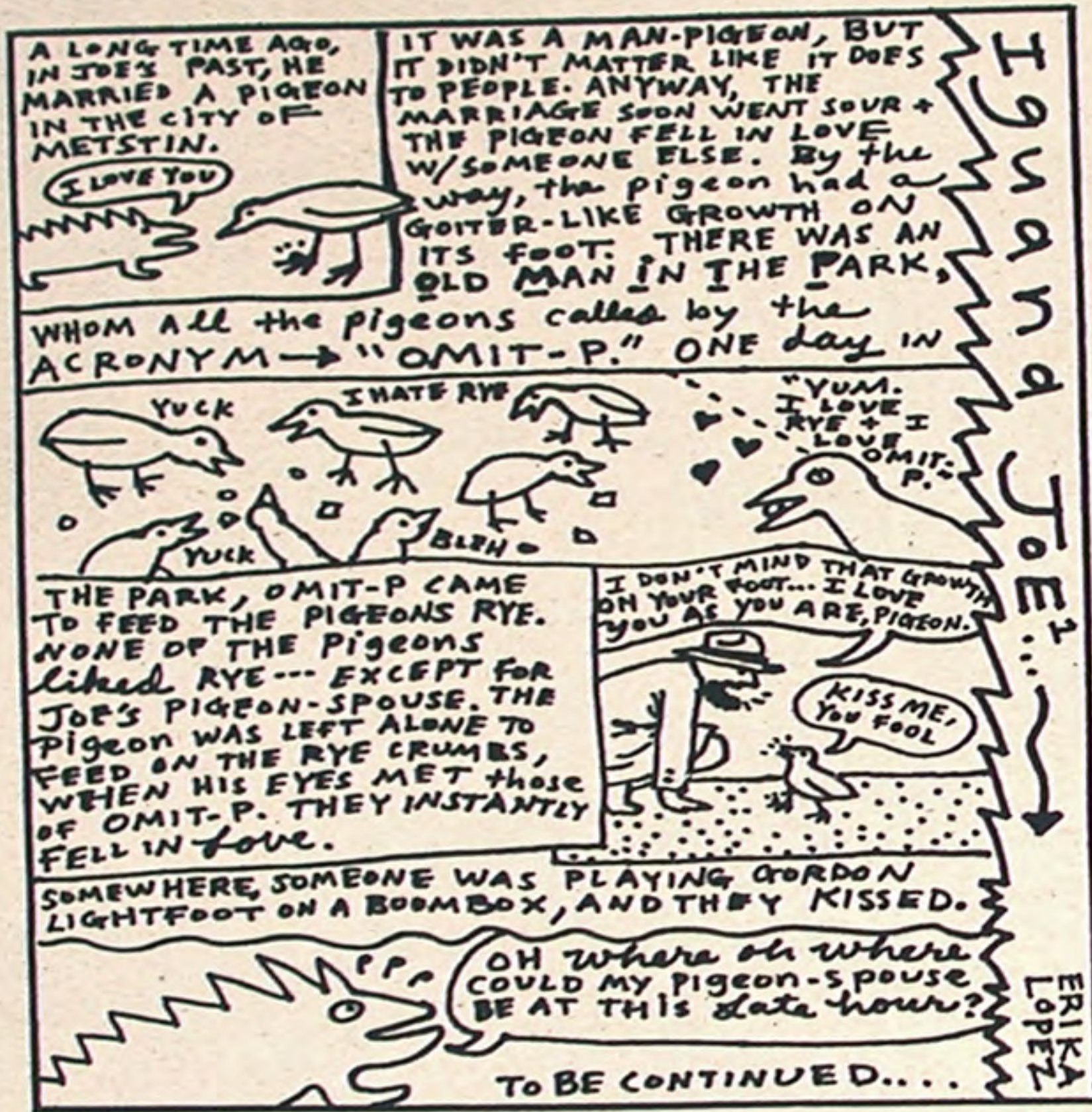
Therapy Girl

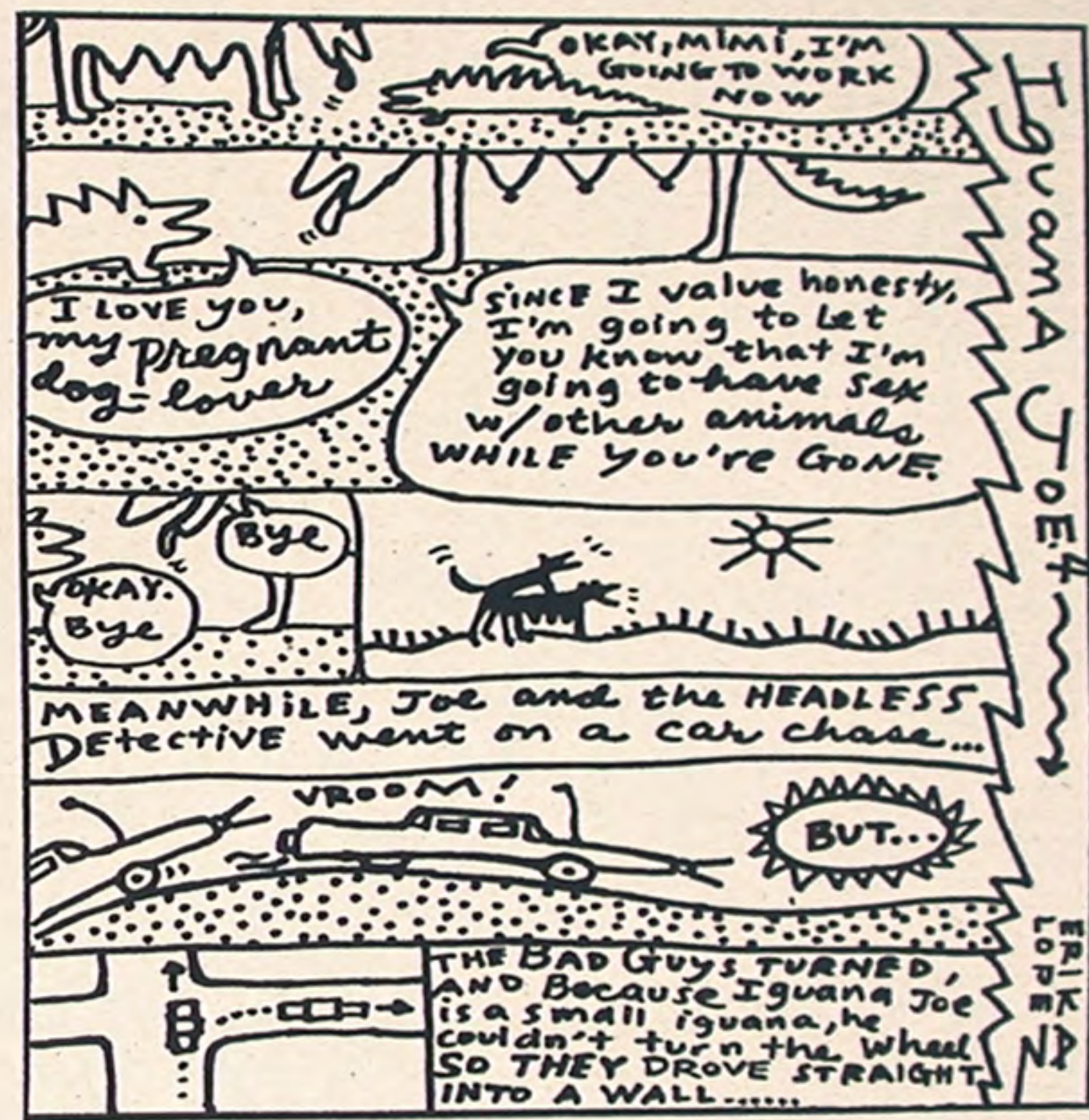
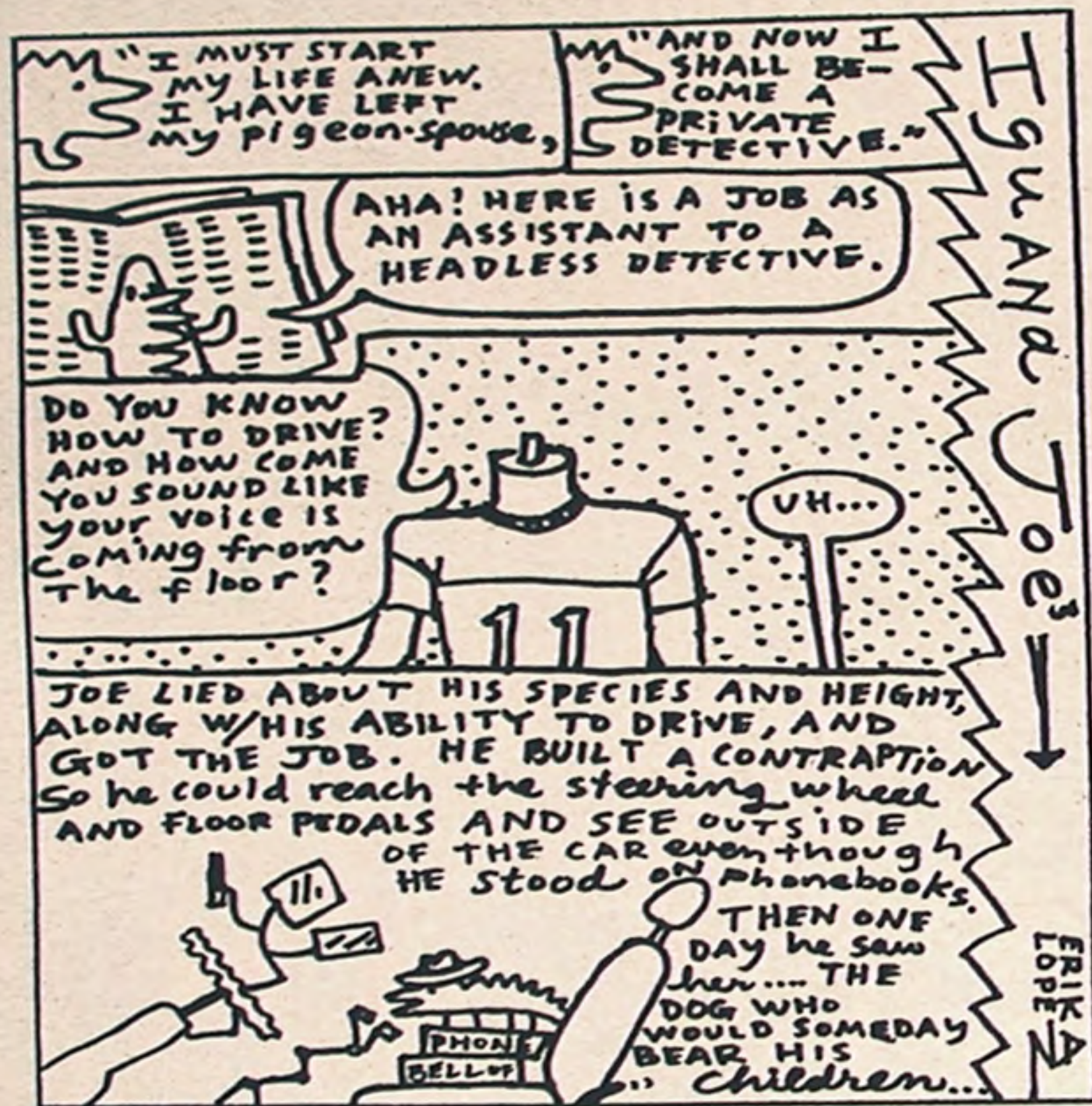


"I love you baby, I want need crave you baby."

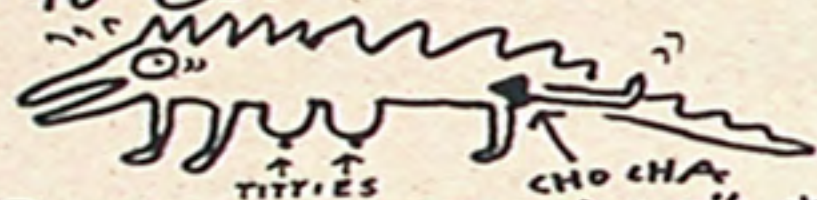
THINGS
CALLED
"JOE."







BUT SINCE THEY WERE ONLY GOING
5 MILES AN HOUR (REMEMBER,
JOE COULDN'T REALLY REACH THE PEDALS),
THEY MERELY "TAPPED" THE WALL.
IGUANA JOE PRETENDED HE
BASTED HIS HEAD ON THE DASHBOARD
& GOT AMNESIA. THEN HE STARTED
TO INSIST THAT HE WAS A WOMAN
IGUANA. SO THAT AFTERNOON HE
FLEW TO SOME SCANDINAVIAN
COUNTRY TO GET A SEX CHANGE.



NOW HER NAME IS "JOLINE" + YOU
CAN FIND HER IN HAPPY SHOCK IN SEX-ED
CLASSES.

!! Let's watch t.v. now.!

CAMARO JOE + TINA

By → ERIKA LOPEZ *



IT ALL STARTED WHEN CAMARO JOE HEARD A BLURP OF LED ZEPPELIN ON WMMR. HE WAS THE FIFTH Classic Rock CALLER, AND WON A TRIP TO...



BAGHDAD! YEAH, AND I WANT YOU GUYS TO COME W/ ME!



HE INVITED HIS FRIENDS, FIREBIRD TOM, IROC BOB, and TRANS AM MUSTAPHA. THEY IMMEDIATELY HAD ALL THEIR CARS SHIPPED THERE, AND THEY TOOK A PLANE THAT AFTERNOON.

HEY, FIREBIRD TOM, DID YOU BRING THE ARMOR-ALL? I THOUGHT YOU DID...



BUT THEIR CARS WEREN'T THERE YET, SO THEY WENT TO A CAFE AND DRANK AFFORDABLE BEER.



A MYSTERIOUS-LOOKING MERCHANT WALKED UP TO THEIR TABLE + OFFERED TO SELL Camaro Joe A "MAGICAL" BLOW-UP DOLL: "Cheap. Real cheap. Less than 25 American dollars for you." All the guys laughed, AND CAMARO JOE PRETENDED TO LAUGH, TOO. BUT → AS HE HANDED OVER THE MONEY TO THE GUY, HE FAKE-LAUGHED AGAIN + SAID HE WAS GETTING THE DOLL AS A JOKE SOUVENIR. / Later, when their cars FINALLY ARRIVED, THE OTHERS WENT OUT TO SIMONIZE THEM, BUT CAMARO JOE STAYED IN HIS HOTEL ROOM BLOWING UP THE DOLL....



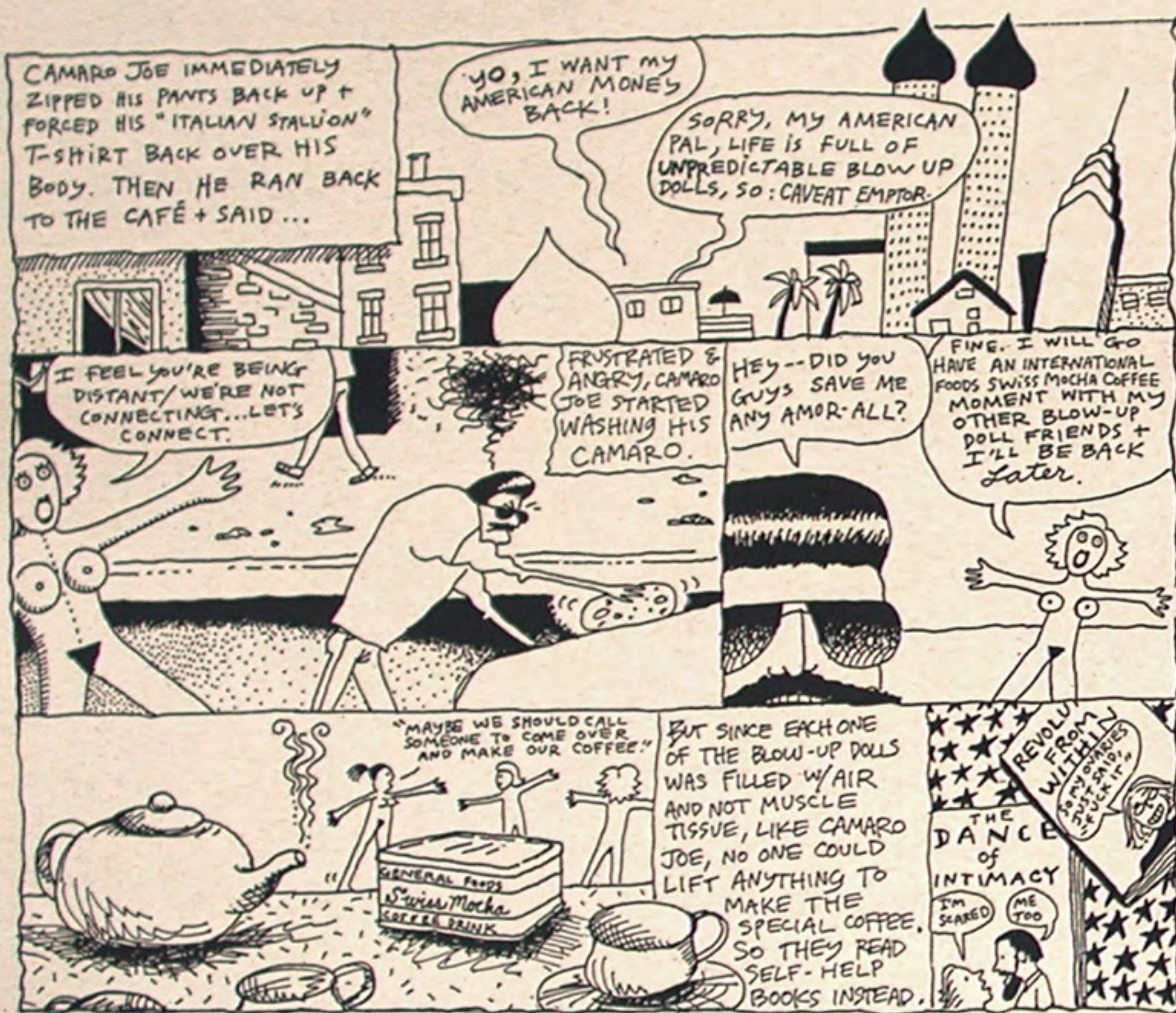
"(COUGH, COUGH) I HOPE I FINISH BEFORE 'KNIGHT RIDER' COMES ON."



AND TWO HOURS LATER, CAMARO JOE STOOD WITH HIS HAIR MESS'D UP... NOT EVEN MORTIMER COMB IT... JUST STARING IN AMAZEMENT







"(± wish you'd hang up the fucking towels)."

FEAR OF CENTER CITY THRIFTWAY

©1993 ERIKA LOPEZ



I HAD TO GO TO THE GROCERY STORE FOR FLOUR + CAT LITTER. THE THOUGHT OF ME ENTERING THAT GHETTO GROCERY STORE DOWN THE BLOCK WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE MY STOMACH CLENCH AND MY SOUL SHRIVEL LIKE A VERY SICK RAISIN.

BUT I DID IT.

I CREEPT TO THE STORE LIKE I WAS ABOUT TO HAVE DINNER IN A PERDUE CHICKEN PROCESSING PLANT. WITH ALL THE EMERGENCY EXITS BOLTED. A FEW MINUTES LATER, I STOPPED IN FRONT OF THE STORE AND IMMEDIATELY FELT THIS BILLY DEE WILLIAMS MALT LIQUOR SHROUD OF GOVERNMENT-CHEESE-LIKE DREAD FALL FROM THE TOWERS OF THE TALLEST HOUSING PROJECTS IN THE WORLD. THIS SHROUD COVERED ME LIKE A SLEEPY PARROT W/ A BLACK PERCALE SHEET OF A N O N Y M I T Y. MY CAGE WAS LINED WITH CONDESCENDING FOOD STAMPS THAT GAVE ME PAPER-CUTS AND MADE ME BLEED.



THE PROJECTS WERE HIGH, AND THEY FUCKED THE WHITE CUMULOUS UNIVERSE WITH CHAINLINK BALCONIES, W.I.C., AND SUICIDE.

BUT I DIDN'T WANT THAT. I WANTED WHAT THE ETHEREAL SUBURBAN CLOUDS HAD TO OFFER: GROCERY STORES WHERE EVERYTHING WAS PAINTED FRESH GREEN OR SPRAYED WITH A FINE MIST OF EVER-WET GLYCERINE, AND RESTING ATOP BEDS OF FRACTURED ICE. EVEN THE CASHIERS, WHO STROVE TO BE POLITE W/ THEIR SELTZER WATER-FRESH UNION WAGES AND BIG SOUTH PHILADELPHIA/CHERRY HILL HAIR. HAIR WITH VEIL-LIKE BANGS THAT WHISPERED: "CC (WHOOSH) I wait by the phone for men to call. The kind of men who drinks affordable beer and come in five minutes."

"HI, I'M SUPERFRESH DAWN, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND."



AND THE KIND OF MOM WHO DRINK AFFORDABLE BEER AND COME IN 5 MINUTES: "OH, BABE-- DON'T BOTHER GETTING UNIMPRESSED. LET'S DO IT ON MY CAMARO AGAIN."



IF I WANTED TO FEEL REALLY GOOD, I COULD BORROW A CAR AND DRIVE TO "ZAGARA'S" IN MARLTON. I COULD PARK AMONG THE DEMANDING, SUBURBAN RANGE ROVERS AND CHALLENGED JEEP CHEROKEES. THEN I'D GO SHOPPING, PUSH AROUND A BLACK AND RED REAGAN-ERA SHOPPING CART, LISTEN TO MOZART, AND PRETEND I COULD AFFORD THINGS.

I SNAPPED OUT OF THIS and forced myself through the entrance of THRIFTWAY, SQUEEZING PAST THE POLES WHICH PREVENTED ME FROM STEALING THE SHOPPING CARTS I'D ALWAYS WANTED.

I WONDERED HOW THE ALUMINUM CAN MAN GOT HIS SHOPPING CART. DID HE RETURN AN ARMPFUL OF CRUSHED AND DRIPPING PEPSI CANS and say "LIVE YOUNG!" WHILE HE WAITED FOR HIS BUS FARE TO A MAINE LINE GROCERY STORE?--WHERE SHOPPING CARTS ROAMED FREE IN THE PARKING LOTS LIKE IRISH COWS?



EVERYONE MOVED SLUGGISHLY, OR STOOD IN A BORED/IRRITATED CONTRAPOSTO POSITION--EVEN THE CUSTOMERS OF THRIFTWAY.

I WALKED ON-DOWN-THE-HALL LIKE A LETHARGIC JIM MORRISON ON his way to kill his father, AND I ALMOST STEPPED INTO A LARGE, WRINKLED PUDDLE OF TAUPÉ GRAY ON THE CRACKED FLOOR. SHARDS OF GLASS RADIATED OUTWARD FROM THIS GRAYY SUN. IT'D BEEN LIKE THIS FOR YEARS, ACCORDING TO THE DRYING, PUCKERED EDGES OF THE TAUPENESS.



Everyone passed by this spill on their tips toe, AVOIDING THE GRAY ALONG EVERYTHING ELSE: THEIR FEELINGS; THEIR JOBS; THEIR CRUEL CHILDHOODS; THEIR INDIFFERENT MEN AND the needs of THEIR LOVERS AND CHILDREN. APATHY PERMEATED THEIR SOULS LIKE A VERY EXOTIC PERFUME MADE BY CALVIN KLEIN. And you just KNEW THAT BY THE TIME THRIFTWAY FELT LIKE CLEANING THIS UP, THERE WOULD BE A WAXY SHEET OF GRAY LEFT BEHIND.

Just like the sheets of gray left over from our childhoods.



I PUT MY FACE IN MY HANDS AND REALIZED AGAIN, THE INEVITABILITY OF DECAY. I DIDN'T FIND THE DYING PART SO BAD AS THE DECAYING PART. THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NO ESCAPE. EVEN IF YOU DECIDED TO GO "CLEAN" BY GETTING CREMATED, THERE WAS THAT "IN-BETWEEN" PART WHERE YOUR BODY WOULD LOOK LIKE ONE

OF THOSE GORY "LIFE" PHOTO-GRAPHS TAKEN OF A BURNED UP SOLDIER IN VIETNAM. --AT THAT POINT, EVEN SHIRLEY MAC LAINE WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO CHANGE HER MIND AND RETURN TO HER BODY. SILVER CORD OR NOT. --WE'RE ALL GONNA END UP LOOKING LIKE those half-dressed ZOMBIES in THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT her DYING ALONE IN HER APARTMENT, AND HER OLD, CHEAP, YELLOWING PLASTIC STUFF WOULD BE PUT OUT AS TRASH. Out on the street, getting RAINED ON, AND SPLASHED BY PASSING CARS WHO DIDN'T CARE.



"RAINBOW BRAND TOILET PAPER IS THE CHEAPEST," THE OLD, YELLOWING LADY STAGE-WHISPERED, "AND THE TEXTURE IS REAL NICE. LIKE WAFFLES." I LIFTED MY FACE FROM MY HANDS AND SMILED IN THAT PUBLIC WAY. SHE SMILED BACK, AND I GRABBED THE RAINBOW TOILET PAPER OFF THE SHELF W/BOTH HANDS AND SQUEEZED. I RAISED MY EYEBROWS AND ANSWERED, "YOU'RE RIGHT! THANKS A LOT!" I MADE SURE I DIDN'T START WALKING AWAY TOO FAST, AND SHE SAID SOMETHING ELSE: "YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO BUY IT? I'M NOT USED TO PEOPLE ACTUALLY LISTENING TO ME." I KNEW THAT IF I DIDN'T WAVE AND WALK AWAY QUICKLY AS IF I WERE YOUNG AND HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO, I WOULD FALL AT HER FEET AND CRY. BEG HER TO LAUGH LOUDLY AND THROW BINGO CHARTS AT THE WORLD.

"OH MY GOD! IT'S A BINGO CHART! A BINGO CHART THROWN BY AN ANGRY OLD LADY! --RUN!"



BOB, THE TIGHTWAD'S PROUD OWNER, WALKED UP TO ME AND SLOWLY SCRATCHED HIS STOMACH. HE PUT HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AND SAID: "HEY! --DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TWO GAY GUYS IN THE BAR? --ONE GUY SAYS TO THE OTHER, 'CAN I HELP YOU PUSH YOUR STOOL IN?' --BOB THREW HIS HEAD BACK AND STARTED LAUGHING.

I FELT LIKE SOMEONE WIRED EARWAX ON ME.



THAT'S WHEN I RAN FOR THE DOORS.

Just outside, THE HOMELESS PANTERS LADY ASKED ME FOR PANTERS MONEY, AND I SAID "NO WAY."

From then on, I made like a MADONNA SONG: I grabbed my CROTCH AND "RESPECTED MYSELF." I WALKED THE 10 EXTRA BLOCKS TO A KINDER, GENTLER SUPERMARKET WHERE THEY DIDN'T SELL BLUSH CHICKEN THAT WAS TOO OLD FOR LOVE.



★

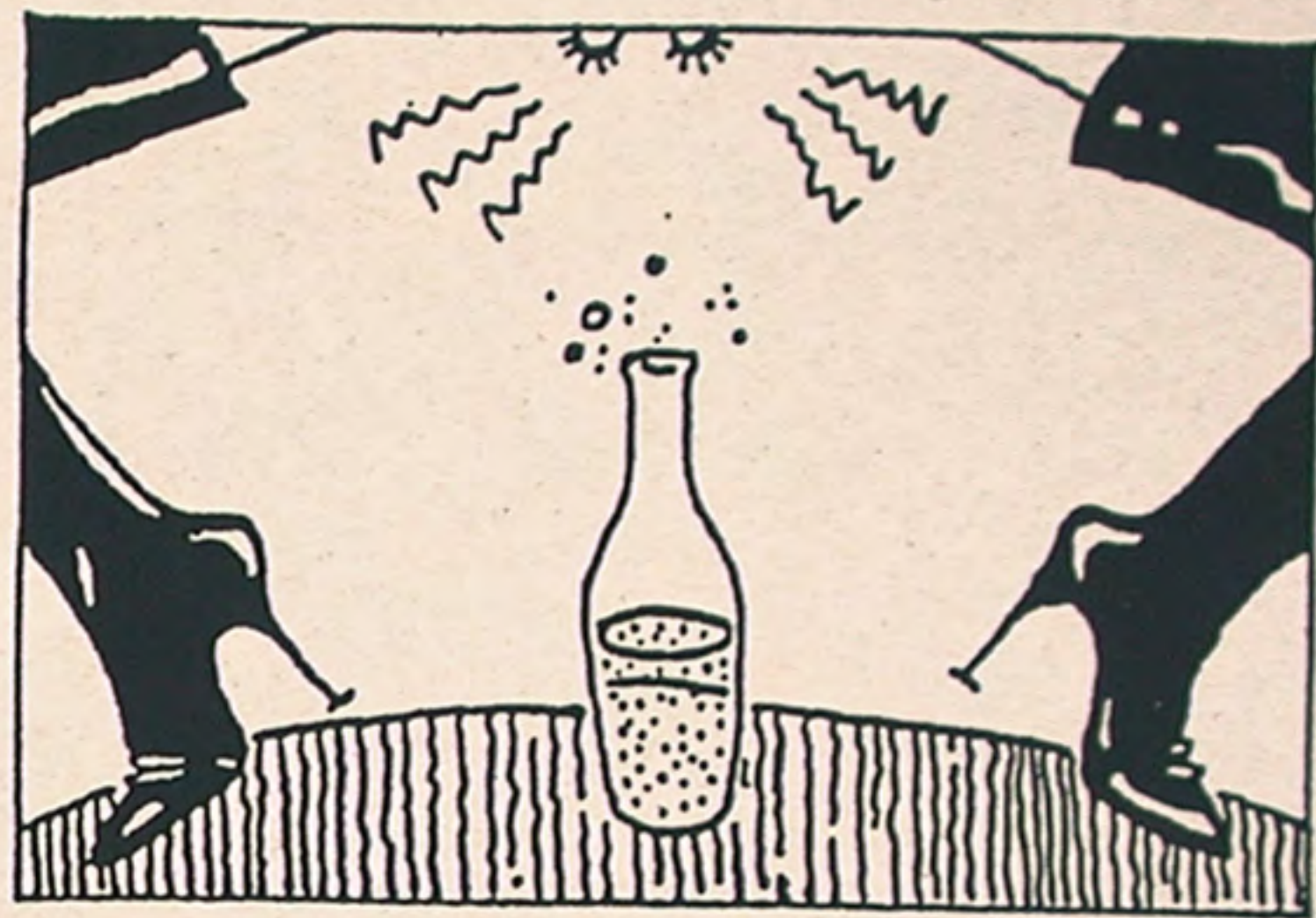
"" V ""

"(COULD YOU PLEASE HANG UP THE FUCKING TOWELS WHEN YOU'RE DONE?)"

???

Fake Penis Stuff ----

THE *Loose* STRAP-ON CARTOON



THIS IS NOT ABOUT WOMEN WHO
PICK UP 1/2-FULL BOTTLES OF
BEER W/THEIR LABIAS + DO
HEADSTANDS. / No. / THIS IS
ABOUT OCCASIONAL BOUTS
OF "PENIS ENVY" W/"BREAST
CONTENTMENT" AT THE SAME
TIME.



STRAP-ONS ARE GOOD. YOU PUT ONE ON + YOU ARE IMMEDIATELY IN YOUR OWN SAFE, ANDROGYNOUS, K.d. lang KIND OF WORLD. YOU WILL NOTICE A RUSH AS YOU FEEL LIKE WARREN BEATTY OR MR. "T," AND YOU WILL WANT YOUR OWN MONSTER TRUCK THAT YOU CAN FILL UP WITH ALL YOUR OWN SPERM.



TAKING PRIDE IN YOUR APPENDAGE, YOU HAVE FITTED THE HEAD OF IT W/STEEL + NOW YOU'RE MAKING HOLES ALL OVER THE BACK OF THAT BROWN RECLINER THAT SHINES AND YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY UP TO CHEAP FOAM SOFAS FROM IKEA WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING.



You later see yourself
in A BORIS VALLEJO FANTASY
PAINTING W/THE STRETCH -
MARKS ON YOUR BREASTS
AIRBRUSHED AWAY...



AND NOW YOU'RE PROPELLED
BACK ~~~ BACK TO A TIME
WHEN DWARVES LIVED IN CAVES,
PYTHONS HAD OPINIONS THAT
MATTERED + THEY COULD FLY,
AND CONAN THE BARBARIAN
WALKED THE EARTH... GIVING
AWAY FRUIT.



YOU'RE UNDEFEATABLE W/YOUR
STEEL-TIPPED VINYL STRAP-ON
AND YOUR WELDED BRA...

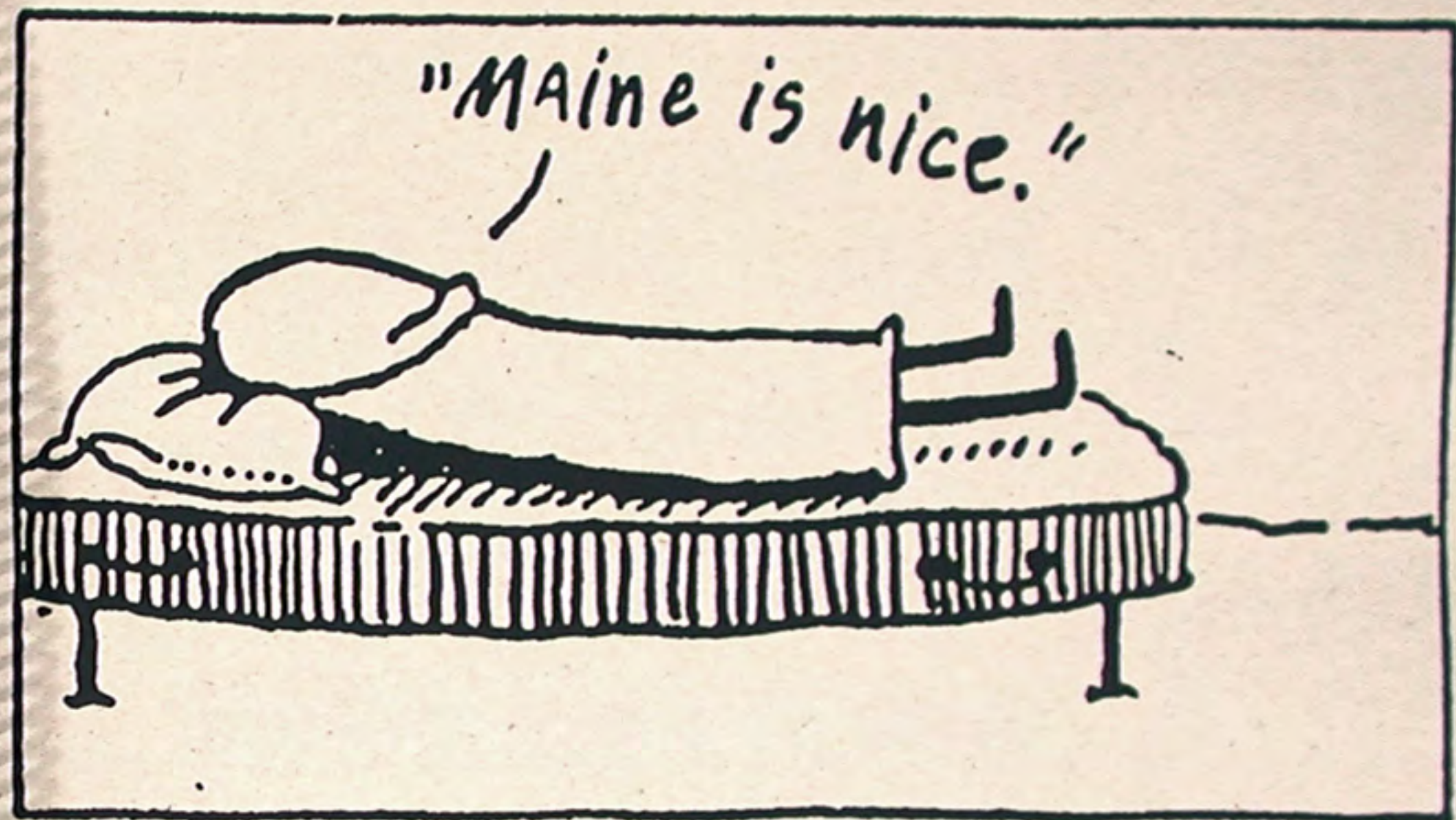
YOU ARE DESIRED BY EVERY-
~~ONE~~ ^{AND} EVERYTHING IN
THIS HOBBIT-INFESTED WORLD:
MEN LUST AFTER YOU; WOMEN
CRAVE YOU; DOGS AND
ELVES DREAM ABOUT YOU;
WHILE MOLLUSKS AND TROUT
WOULD DIE FOR YOU. YOU
ARE RULER OF THIS WORLD.

THEN, LIKE A XXX PINNOCHIO,
YOU FIND THAT IF YOU LIE,
YOUR PENIS ACTUALLY GETS
LONGER.



"YES. YOU ARE
MOST DEFINITELY
THE BEST
LOVER I
HAVE EVER
HAD."

Months later, you
AWAKE TO A KAFKAESQUE
NIGHTMARE:
YOU HAVE FINALLY BECOME
NOTHING BUT A HUGE PENIS
W/OUT ARMS WHO CAN'T
OPEN THE DOOR OF
YOUR OWN BEDROOM. YOU
EVENTUALLY JUMP OUT
OF THE OPEN WINDOW, BUT
A 1970'S FEMINIST SEES
YOU AND THROWS AN APPLE
AT YOU. IT IMBEDS
ITSELF INTO WHAT
USED TO BE YOUR BACK.
IT FESTERS THERE FOR
YEARS UNTIL YOU FINALLY
DIE AS A LONELY, OLD
PENIS SOMEWHERE
IN MAINE.



The End.

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ERIKA
LOPEZ

"Where are you going?"



As if it wasn't bad enough that 187 passed, John Wayne Bobbitt's a Budding Porn Star, and bloody fetus republicans are having Jesus seizures on the steps of the Capitol, the straight-girl-owner of Kate's Kitchen said-- "stop making out all over the place" to a dyke sitting in her girlfriend's LAP.

This was a job for the **LESBIAN AVENGERS**. They might not be able to do much about Pete Wilson ("In my next 4 yrs. I promise to kill all the homeless + giddy-up, silver! + on to the white house!") Black kids are getting life sentences for stealing gum three times, and the Centers for Disease Control still define a lesbian as "A woman who hasn't slept w/ a man since 1978."

But Kate's Kitchen was going to deny us our sacred + inalienable right to sit in **EACHOTHER'S LAPS!**



Two weeks later, the Avengers stormed the restaurant, ready to sit in each other's righteous laps +

RISK IT ALL (but still meet the \$3-per-person minimum so they wouldn't get kicked out). → **HEY,**

ANYTHING to defend a former cheerleader/intermittent-sex-worker-w/a-degree-from-Smith, and her girlfriend, a leatherdyke New Englander so butch, she tattoos herself.



The clenched, bitter waitress whose 1/4th-Native American name is-- "Douches with Lemons" frantically called the owners. You could cut the tension with a **LABRYS**.

The Avengers nibbled on their confrontational English muffins and tried to keep their legs awake.

A Laura Ashley catalogue waitress concentrated on refilling coffees and not looking at anyone, while a rogue hair sprang from her middle-class ponytail + **BETRAYED** her.



Just then the straight-boy/co-owner clamored past the plate glass window and into the front door. "All right! I'm here! → Talk to me!" he shouted, mistaking himself for the center of the universe.

It was 30 dykes--57 tits, 1,080 teeth, 870 piercings--

against ONE Monty-Python-audition reject w/a shag hawdo.

He thought he could win them over w/his dry British wit + heterosexual logic, but they wanted his genitals tagged + mounted.

"Not Am I supposed to tell your average family 'oo comes in here and complains?"



"TELL THEM TO go back to IOWA!"

Only slightly deterred, Monty Python whipped a log cabin republican out of his pocket. "Well, some gay men thought what we did was great."

"Were gay men," said one indignant bag from the lap of another, "And we think it sucks."



Monty Python blinked at the heterosexual pancake-eating onlookers--disoriented by the flashing newspaper camera + the sight of his balls being batted across the room. The situation was getting desperate. → Time for maximum strength Hetero Liberalism: "It's not because you're 2 women. We don't let anybody sit in each other's laps." ↑ ↑ ↑

"Excuse me-- can I say something?" ONE OF THE PANCAKE BREEDERS WAS suddenly standing beside him. The dykes and their FAG FRIENDS STARED AT HER FLOWING PAUL MITCHELL curls + held their breaths...

"My boyfriend and I have made out in here many times..."

"I LIKE these pancakes
let's make out."



"Yeah. This is America."

"And nobody has ever bothered us."



she was their hero.

The AVENGERS limped fiercely out of the RESTAURANT, DETERMINED TO KEEP THEIR JELLY LEGS FROM COLLAPSING UNTIL THEY WERE OFF HAIGHT STREET.

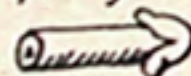
MORTY PYTHON FLITTED IN BLEARY CIRCLES BETWEEN THE TABLES, CRADLING HIS EMPTY CROTCH IN ONE HAND + IN THE OTHER, A 1994 BAY GUARDIAN READERS' POLL AWARD: BEST PLACE TO GET COZY WITH A LOVER.



NOW HE SPENDS HIS DAYS SCOTCH-TAPING PENIS PHOTOS TO HIS CROTCH AND BRIBING KINKO'S WORKERS TO LAY NAKED ON THE COLOR COPIER...

"COME ON, FIVE BUCKS."

"HARRY, he's back again. call security."



"I don't need
you. ←
you suck."

Phallusies: The fake Penis Exhibition



The IDEA for
this COLLECTION
of FAKE PENISES
CAME FROM MY SEARCH
FOR THE ULTIMATE
SEXUAL EXPERIENCE by
MYSELF. The ONLY
FAKE PENISES I've
SEEN OFFERED, are
the PIG-COLORED ONES,
Big Black RUBBER ONES, Penguin ONES,
Dolphin SHAPED ones, + ONES LOOKING
Like KINGS. I wanted SOMETHING MORE.
Something cooler, At least. I EVEN
Went to Stockholm, thinking I'd
Find SMOOTH, MODERN WOOD IKEA-TYPE
PENISES, but I didn't. I'd been
under the false IMPRESSION that I
could collect FAKE Penises throughout
EUROPE the way others collect Match-
book covers + hotel towels. Like,
Would touristy SPANISH ones be RED + Black?

SERIAL KILLER
Penis



DISAPPOINTEDLY RETURNING to the U.S.
w/LIVER DAMAGE*, A U2 T-SHIRT, + A
WEDGE of CHEESE, I KNEW I'd have
to take Matters into My own hands.

BUT 1/2 way INTO PLANNING a COLLECTION
of FAKE PENISES, I thought of Judy
Chicago + My Mother. Two Women from
the generation that LOVED its VAGINAS.
Was I KICKING DIRT in the FACE of
EVERYTHING they FOUGHT FOR, + CELEBRAT-
ing my INTERNALIZED MISOGYNY by
SURROUNDING MYSELF w/PENISES +
DEVOTING A whole LOT of TIME to Making
them? What happened to ALL that
CUNT POSITIVE thinking?

I couldn't deny THE FACT THAT EVEN
THOUGH I WANTED THE FREEDOM to HAVE
HAIRY LEGS + go BRALESS, I also LOVED
RECEIVING flowers, Gifts, + HEADBOARD-
CRASHING PENETRATION w/MY KNEES at my
SHOULDERS... TO INDULGE in THE POWERLESS
FEELING THAT MADE ME FEEL like this guy
WOULD PAY MY RENT + fix my CAR FOREVER.

AND THEN I suddenly Realized I JUST
MIGHT BE SAVING MY OWN LIFE BY
FUCKING MYSELF FOR A WHILE.

DALI



GIACOMETTI



* THEY DRANK HARD. in SWEDEN.

SANTA + SLEIGH
PAPERWEIGHT
SNOWSTORM
PENIS



WOMAN-CENTERED PENIS



EsKimo Penis



priest penis w/altar
boy penis



A MODEL OF
TERRI'S ONE
night STAND

Muslim Penis
RUSSIAN PENISES
Nesting



COSMO PENIS
w/CLEAVAGE



LITERARY
PENIS SERIES



Tribble
PENISES



RUFFLY GIRLIE PENIS



crook
PENIS



SUPERMAN PENIS



TACKY SAND...
Landscape



PAINTED MACARONI
+ YARN PENIS



MEMORY PENISES



PENIS SELF-HELP BOOKS



VARIATION



PHOTO OF LOVER
EMBEDDED in Lucite



BUNGIE JUMPING → PENIS



SUBURBAN PENIS

SUICIDAL PENIS



PENIS CITY



GEORGE CLINTON PENIS

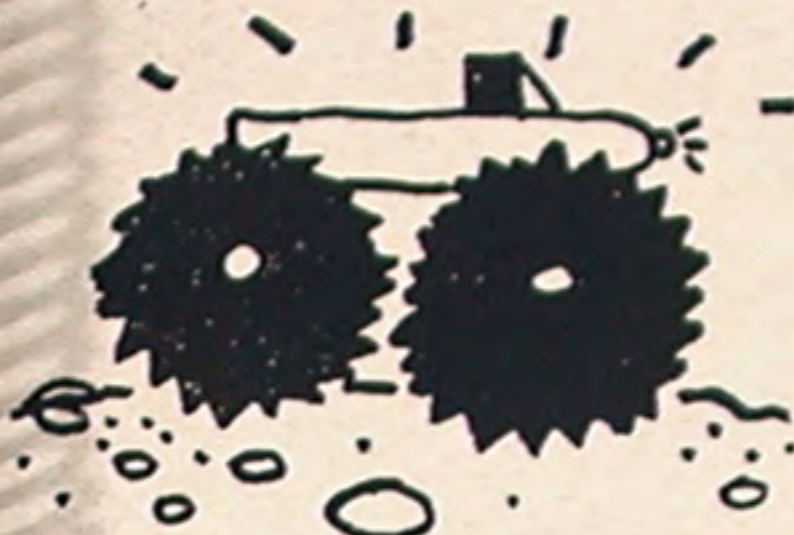


PENIS LOVERS



THE JFK PENIS ASSASSINATION SCENE

MONSTER TRUCK PENIS



THE TUNA FISH PENIS



LEGO PENIS



PENIS TAROT CARDS



A "PENILYN" A FOLK PENIS INSTRUMENT



(fine. whatever.)

ERIKA LOPEZ

is one of the most famous cartoonists of the age. She makes lots of money by making Dictating funny things to a hysterical state of artist. And she flies back and forth to her home in Philadelphia + San Francisco. On her own private jet she wears the coat + can barely go without being recognized anywhere on the planet. And she has a loyal husband + wife. They have sex with her and give her lots of support whenever she wants it.

When I was 12
when I was 12 I was 12
when I was 12 I was 12

For me → Erika was born in 1964 + lives between Philadelphia + San Francisco. Her work was recently published in GIRLfriend magazine (GIRL friend) and was appeared in various magazines + alternative weeklies. Right now she has a regular full-time gig in the San Francisco Bay Times, and soon in a new weekly by the name of Daily News, and another new magazine published by Knight-Ridder, "Pulp."

Erika is also scheduled for a one-woman show at The Women's Studio Workshop in New York in the summer of 1992, and was a winning winner of the Ben Fawcett Award (1991). She is currently planning her drawing diary, screening into a novel shot for the rest of it.



[This book was made possible by a grant from The Women's Studio Workshop.]





ERIKA LOPEZ

IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS/GLAMOROUS CARTOONISTS OF THE AGE. SHE MAKES LOTS OF MONEY BY MERELY DICTATING FUNNY THINGS TO A DEDICATED STAFF OF ARTISTS AND SHE FLIES BACK AND FORTH TO HER 2 HOMES IN PHILADELPHIA + SAN FRANCISCO. ON HER OWN PRIVATE JET. SHE WEARS FUR COATS + CAN BARELY GO W/OUT BEING RECOGNIZED ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET. AND SHE HAS A LOYAL HUSBAND + WIFE. THEY HAVE SEX W/HER AND GIVE HER LOTS OF SUPPORT WHENEVER SHE WANTS IT.

when pigs fly.
when hell freezes way over.
when the cows come home.

FOR REAL → ERIKA WAS BORN IN NYC IN 1967 + LIVES BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA + SAN FRANCISCO. HER WORK WAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN GIRLFRIEND NUMBER ONE (Cleis Press), AND HAS APPEARED IN VARIOUS MAGAZINES + ALTERNATIVE WEEKLIES. RIGHT NOW SHE HAS A REGULAR FULL-PAGE GIG IN "THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY TIMES," AND SOON IN A NEW WEEKLY PUT OUT BY "THE ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS," AND ANOTHER NEW MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY KNIGHT RIDER, "PULP."

Erika is also scheduled for a ONE-WOMAN SHOW AT THE WOMEN'S STUDIO WORKSHOP IN NEW YORK, IN THE SUMMER OF 1995, AND WAS A DISCIPLINE WINNER OF THE PEW FELLOWSHIPS LAST YEAR ('94). SHE IS CURRENTLY CHANGING HER FLAMING IGUANAS SCREENPLAY INTO A NOVEL JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT.

[This book was made possible by a grant from THE WOMEN'S STUDIO WORKSHOP.]

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