

OPEN

# SLOW BURRN







I once loved, and like most everyone else, it vanished in its own tragic concept. Now, I can taste only salty lips attached to a frazzled head on a worked body. Now, I shine shoes to shine back on the sidewalks they trample. Now and then, I think back on those lost days of sweet love... back when I shined shoes to shine back on the sidewalks they trample. Nothing has changed for me, from then to now, except for the visions of her dancing in my head. All I can remember now are the clearer glimpses of her through my good eye, and what I recall we said to each other, in languages of lustful insight to the core of our soft-spotted minds. This is our short love story...

She fell into my arms on bus number seventy-two that had proceeded to accelerate faster than she could find an open seat. I felt those two-and-a-half seconds of her in my arms in every vein of my entire body. I would have happily consigned myself to Medusa to curse me into a cement statue with her for eternity, if only I would never have to let her go. More than all this, it just felt good to have her sweet smell in my lap. It must have been the sudden shift of gravity against her 107-pound body that caused her fragile shoe heel to snap. In a sudden flash of purpose, I took pride in the fact that I, a normally forgotten man, was a prepared shoe shiner with a box of magic to reconnect the blue heel to the rest of her sheen stiletto pump.

"What's your name shoe shiner?"

"Oliver Nelson, but I'm not just ANY shoe shiner, I'm THE shoe shiner."

"I'm Tammy, the fluffer, pleased to meet you."

"Oh, a fluffer. So, do you fluff things like clothes or pillows or..."

"No, I'm a fluffer that fluffs men and women, keeping them up and ready to perform. Oliver, we both spit shine for a living!"

"I still don't quite understand. Men? Women? Perform? What the hell are you talking about?" (I was such a charmer back then.)

"Well Oliver Nelson, you have been a gentleman and a hero, thank you. I truly hope to see you around again." She said this as she swiftly leaned over and pressed her lips against my sweaty forehead.

I watched her get up, walk away, look back, smile, and... disappear off of bus number seventy-two. But, I knew this wasn't the end of 'ole Tammy and Oliver. Here I am, thirty-four years later, still shining shoes. I look at women's shoes, their legs, and even their dresses thinking of her. Sometimes, I get punched in the mouth for looking too closely. I ride the bus looking through my lazy eyeball for Tammy the fluffer. I still try to figure out what exactly "fluffer" meant. Was it a clue? Some way for her to tell me she loved me and wanted to be with me forever? The questions continue to rattle my head with love and still I shine shoes to shine back on the sidewalks they trample.

"SHOE SHINE ANYONE!"

Short story  
by  
Nicolas Pectol

LEMON SPY

you got your body you got your soul  
 and no ones left to leave alone  
 i just need a little time to run  
 well the feeling i need is the feeling i got  
 when they left us all to roam in the parking lot.  
 youre the one i want  
 youre the one i need  
 you give my brown eyes a reason to stare  
 cause they call you the lemon spy  
 youre older in years and your conscience is clear  
 so lets go wild the night  
 youre a wild cat honey strung out and sweet  
 in the back of my car that youve been riding in  
 well are you doing your time or making out a list for the planets?  
 well your silence is such that ill play along  
 drawn out and planned but the feeling is strong  
 well rip your long list honey we wont tell no one  
~~desert winds may fly away~~  
~~gonna move your baby almost every day~~

desert winds may fly away  
 gonna move you baby almost every day  
 gonna fly on time  
 gonna be there with you  
 but the trouble with me is i cant supply  
 that satisfaction baby almost every time  
 i cant hold you so baby im coming in

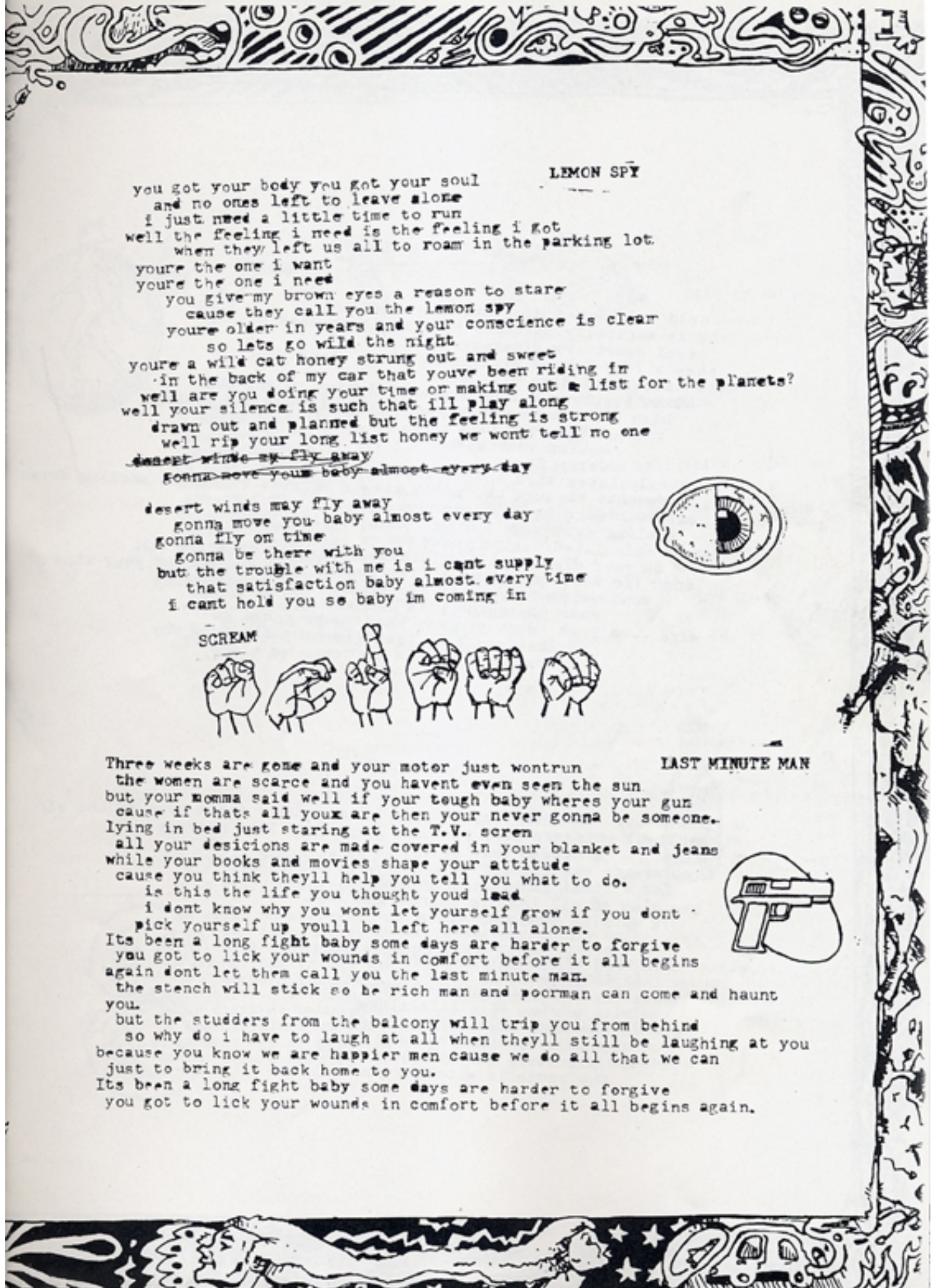


SCREAM



LAST MINUTE MAN

Three weeks are gone and your motor just won't run  
 the women are scarce and you haven't even seen the sun  
 but your momma said well if your tough baby where's your gun  
 cause if that's all you are then your never gonna be someone.  
 lying in bed just staring at the T.V. screen  
 all your decisions are made covered in your blanket and jeans  
 while your books and movies shape your attitude  
 cause you think they'll help you tell you what to do.  
 is this the life you thought you'd lead.  
 i don't know why you won't let yourself grow if you don't  
 pick yourself up you'll be left here all alone.  
 Its been a long fight baby some days are harder to forgive  
 you got to lick your wounds in comfort before it all begins  
 again don't let them call you the last minute man.  
 the stench will stick so be rich man and poor man can come and haunt  
 you.  
 but the studs from the balcony will trip you from behind  
 so why do i have to laugh at all when they'll still be laughing at you  
 because you know we are happier men cause we do all that we can  
 just to bring it back home to you.  
 Its been a long fight baby some days are harder to forgive  
 you got to lick your wounds in comfort before it all begins again.



COLD CALCULATED

cold calculated much misunderstood  
she is magically mistress hanging in my head  
soul sanctuary dinosaurs  
shes a long legged ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ vixen at my door  
cold calculated dogs will hunt  
~~xxxx~~ its been a long day of drinking in the SUN  
high hopes honey when youre down and out and leaving  
doing your time  
making your moves  
doing it



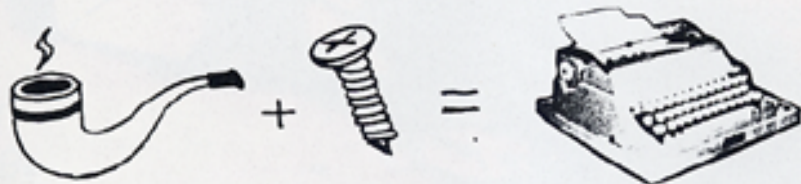
cold calculated much anticipated  
movements through the air & like a vallets cigarette smoking dream  
i hear your dogs bark in avenues  
howling myxx name through your missing tooth  
cold calculated making moves  
on your dices and your nickles spinning true for you  
dont lie dont bite ~~xxxx~~ i aint yours you are out of your mind  
dont swirl im sure if you stop all your screaming  
your obsession will be leaving  
oh yeah dont you say that youre gonna go  
because youll be back and baby ill know why  
cause you leave me to leave me alone

PATROL CAR

i woke up haunted my body in shadows by a dozen eyes in the air  
their whispers were pictures my story like mirrors  
a hidden tale it told  
the message was clearer the eyes they moved nearer  
for a final glimpse of my life  
the clam of all that is gained and lost  
is dancing while we sleep

the calm of all that is gained and lost  
is dancing while we sleep  
acts in a play that were moving through  
with a view of a life alone  
and in our days ~~xx~~ of grey and old  
these eyes will reappear  
i hope you lived the life you choose  
the youth is watching you





DAYS OF RAIN

Sleepwalk as drops hit the pavement,  
I tried to talk but waited instead for the days of rain.  
Lost cause a waltz in an alley,  
the dark pounding sky hides the pains from the sun  
in these days of rain.  
Don't try, caught in the moment the fields will yield  
the pace of my heels in this day of rain.  
Strange smells of tobacco and leather,  
are gently spread on the thoughts that I need on the days of rain.  
Sleep for now, lay by anyone  
sloving clouds, watch them fade away,  
underground where they started from.  
Attack of the snails lock the asylum,  
the mention of dew cascades the silence,  
my whole world waits in just evolving.  
Picture the showering heavens,  
healing my mind with this time that we shared in this day of rain.

ROY QUARTER

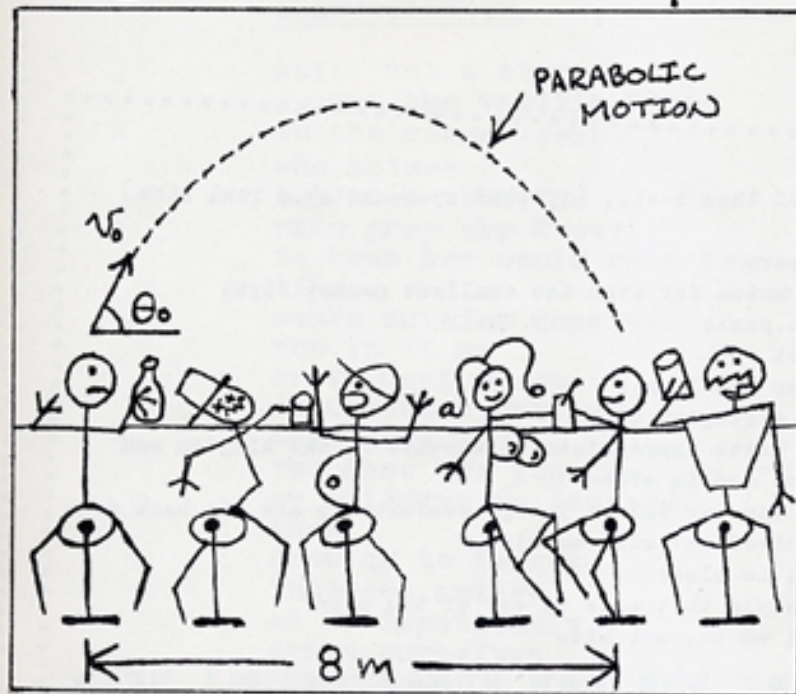


A single match awoke in space  
a cigarette lit up his face  
with his jutebox philosophies hes...

He walks on beer cans, unties the legends,  
he can't deny but he knows it has gloriously unfamous.  
The vultures reunite an appetite for his advice,  
they by him drinks and say goodnight still gloriously unfamous.  
He remembers when he might of been anything but anonymous,  
he tilts his chair with a stolen grin, has gloriously unfamous.  
The distance between him the mythic and the meaning,  
are all mixed on your god sauce and gloriously unfamous.  
In each age of gambling long lives the will of men,  
who earn a name in the den of the gloriously unfamous.

# ANGRY JONNY, THE BAR ROOM PHYSICIST

by: MATTHEW FLANSBURG

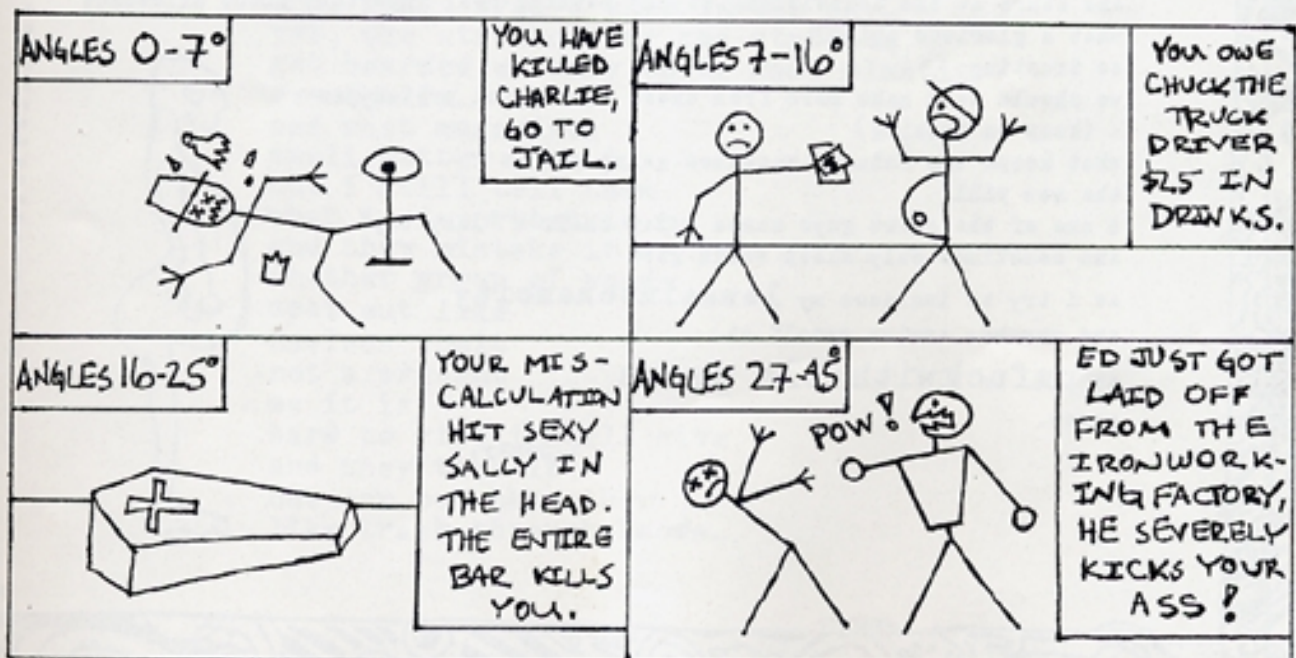


↑ ANGRY JONNY    ↑ CHARLIE THE WINO    ↑ CHUCK THE TRUCK DRIVER    ↑ SEXY SALLY    ↑ POLO JACK    ↑ ED THE IRONWORKER

Angry Jonny has been drinking all day with his friends Charlie the WinO<sup>AND</sup> Chuck the Truck Driver. Polo Jack and Sexy Sally are sitting at the other end of the bar. Angry Jonny wants to shag sexy Sally. He decides that he must throw his empty bottle over the heads of his friends and Sally, precisely striking Jack's head, rendering him unconscious. If Polo Jack is 8 meters away, and Jonny throws the bottle at 10 m/s, at what angle  $\theta$  must Jonny hurl the bottle? Assume air resistance is negligible, the vertical component of acceleration is equal to the free fall acceleration  $a = g = 9.80\text{m/s}^2$ . Use the equation:

$$R = \frac{v_0^2 \sin 2\theta_0}{g}$$

Warning: Consequences for miscalculation of the angle  $\theta$  are as follows:  
(Solution and consequence on page #16)









contradiction.

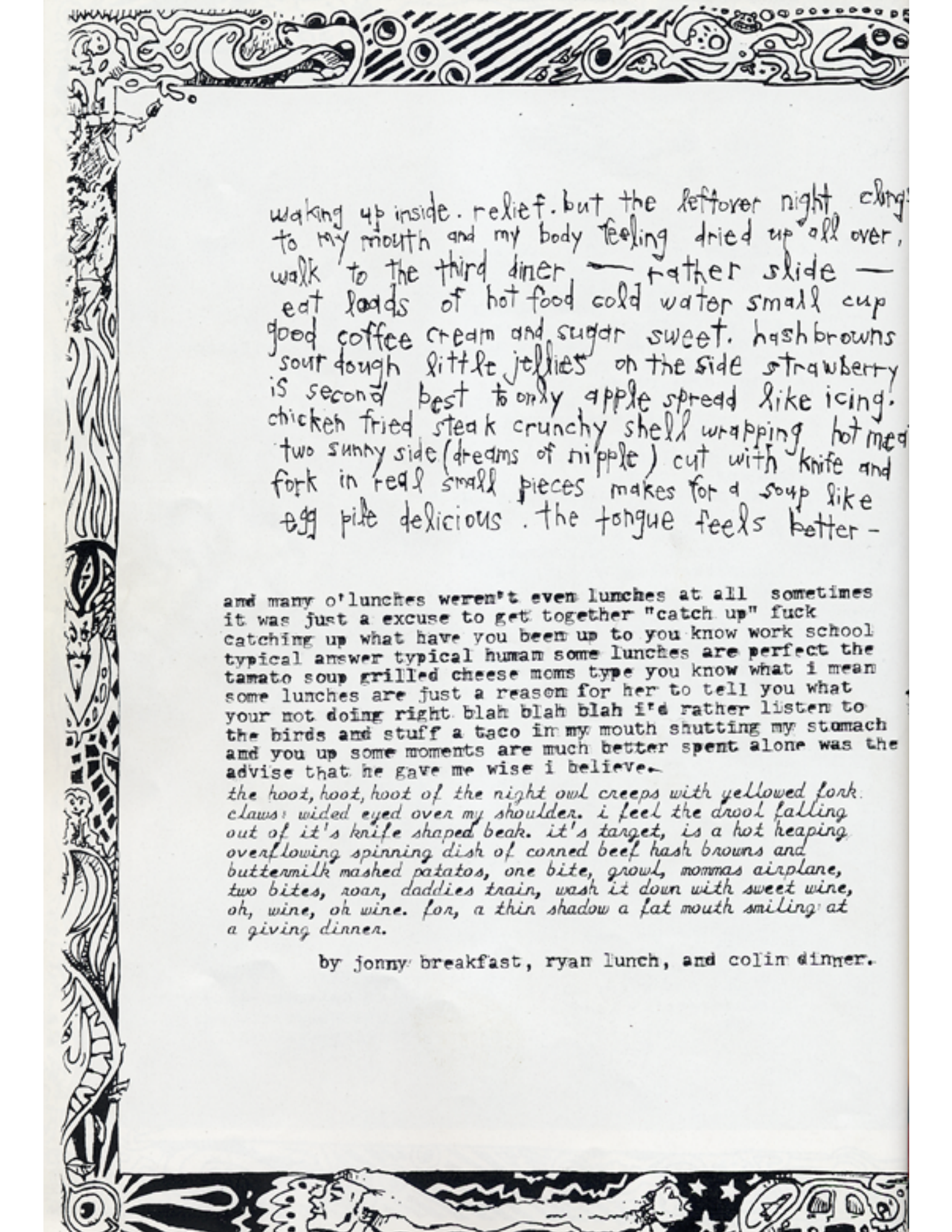
still not a star  
except the vanilla blond  
in the corner seat  
who shines  
brighter than the  
rain grey sky above.  
to know her would ruin her  
like  
wordy ruining moments.  
now, is it me  
or do most women  
look better dressed  
than undressed.  
you know who you are,  
as children we laughed  
then  
grow up to forget  
innocent smiles  
as we impatiently  
drive ourselves  
in and out  
of each others lives.  
quick.  
worry.  
quick.  
except maybe that amazing lady  
you've seen her  
still laughing after  
100 years of shit  
to ponder through shakey hands  
showing little me  
that stars aren't only in the sky.  
yet, the streetcorner gas stations  
get boarded up only to be made plastic  
eventually.  
and most magazines  
smell better than i.  
but i still tell them  
what is important to me  
and they mistake it as just  
another group of words  
spat out like  
useless vomit  
not a present  
as it is  
hard to give i still give  
and they take it  
one ear out the other  
like trash through hands..

ryan.





the fiery breath of youth leads  
us the cobblestone  
past sleeping friends  
sleeping with responsibility  
and on to the first house  
vacant.. the half cracked arcadia screaming invitation.  
this house empty  
this horse ready  
for the collection and construction  
of one finely engineered  
fully adorned  
stereo chair catbox christmas tree  
marked of course by us  
xxxxx the four founding fathersxxxx  
arms locked bottle cocked  
in sheer admiration  
and glory of our creation  
enough time to kidnap  
the velveeta and the ready whip  
and fall back onto the street  
ready to top that god knows how  
but what about the sweet angel?  
with her open arms and panties  
we know the way there. well find a way in  
the car will work on her window  
fill it with rocks  
the car works every time  
so the car works and she wakes  
to find who have now become  
xxxxx the four founding fathersxxxx  
two good bottles half opened  
and one joint clinic  
somehow lead to panties  
and the panties shower  
and the two panties shower salesman  
quickly turned bouncers  
to the coolest panties shower  
this town has ever seen  
and lucky for the angel its ladies night  
its not every day you see panties salesman like that  
good ones. good enough to turn two unsuspecting  
joes into full fledged panties shower alumni.  
to be continued.

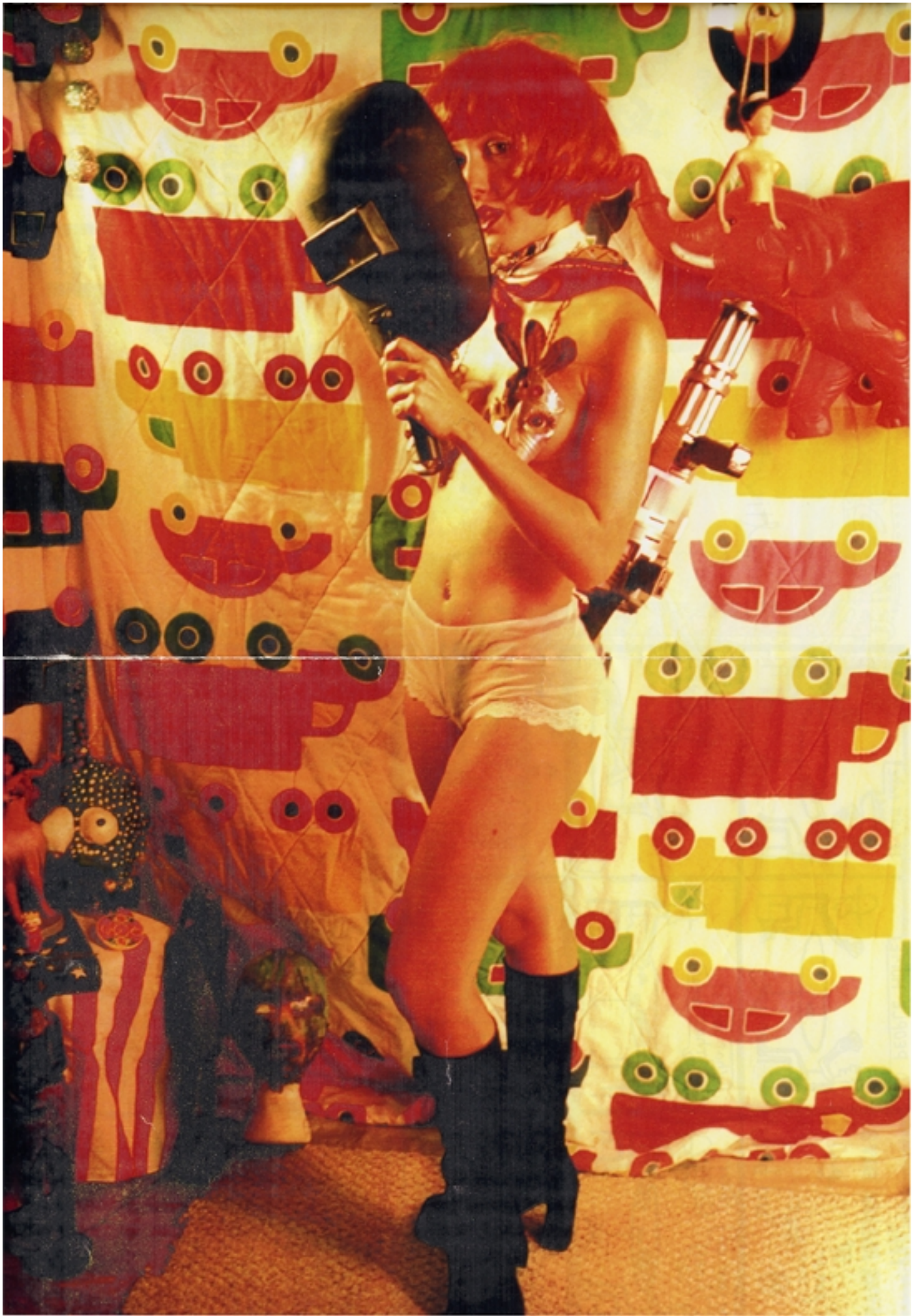


waking up inside. relief. but the leftover night bring  
to my mouth and my body feeling dried up all over,  
walk to the third diner — rather slide —  
eat loads of hot food cold water small cup  
good coffee cream and sugar sweet. hashbrowns  
sour dough little jellies on the side strawberry  
is second best to only apple spread like icing.  
chicken fried steak crunchy shell wrapping hot med  
two sunny side (dreams of nipple) cut with knife and  
fork in real small pieces makes for a soup like  
egg pile delicious. the tongue feels better —

and many o'lunches weren't even lunches at all sometimes  
it was just a excuse to get together "catch up" fuck  
catching up what have you been up to you know work school  
typical answer typical human some lunches are perfect the  
tamato soup grilled cheese moms type you know what i mean  
some lunches are just a reason for her to tell you what  
your not doing right. blah blah blah i'd rather listen to  
the birds and stuff a taco in my mouth shutting my stomach  
and you up some moments are much better spent alone was the  
advise that he gave me wise i believe.

*the hoot, hoot, hoot of the night owl creeps with yellowed fork  
claws: wided eyed over my shoulder. i feel the drool falling  
out of it's knife shaped beak. it's target, is a hot heaping  
overflowing spinning dish of corned beef hash browns and  
buttermilk mashed patatos, one bite, growl, mommas airplane,  
two bites, roar, daddies train, wash it down with sweet wine,  
oh, wine, oh wine. for, a thin shadow a fat mouth smiling at  
a giving dinner.*

by jonny: breakfast, ryan lunch, and colin dinner.



THE OLIVER NELSON DAYS  
OF "poker dogs and birds"

OLD PEOPLE HOME



cultivated

cafe.

dreaming of

long legs

Indians

and

self-prophecy.

also

supporters of

slow burn

and

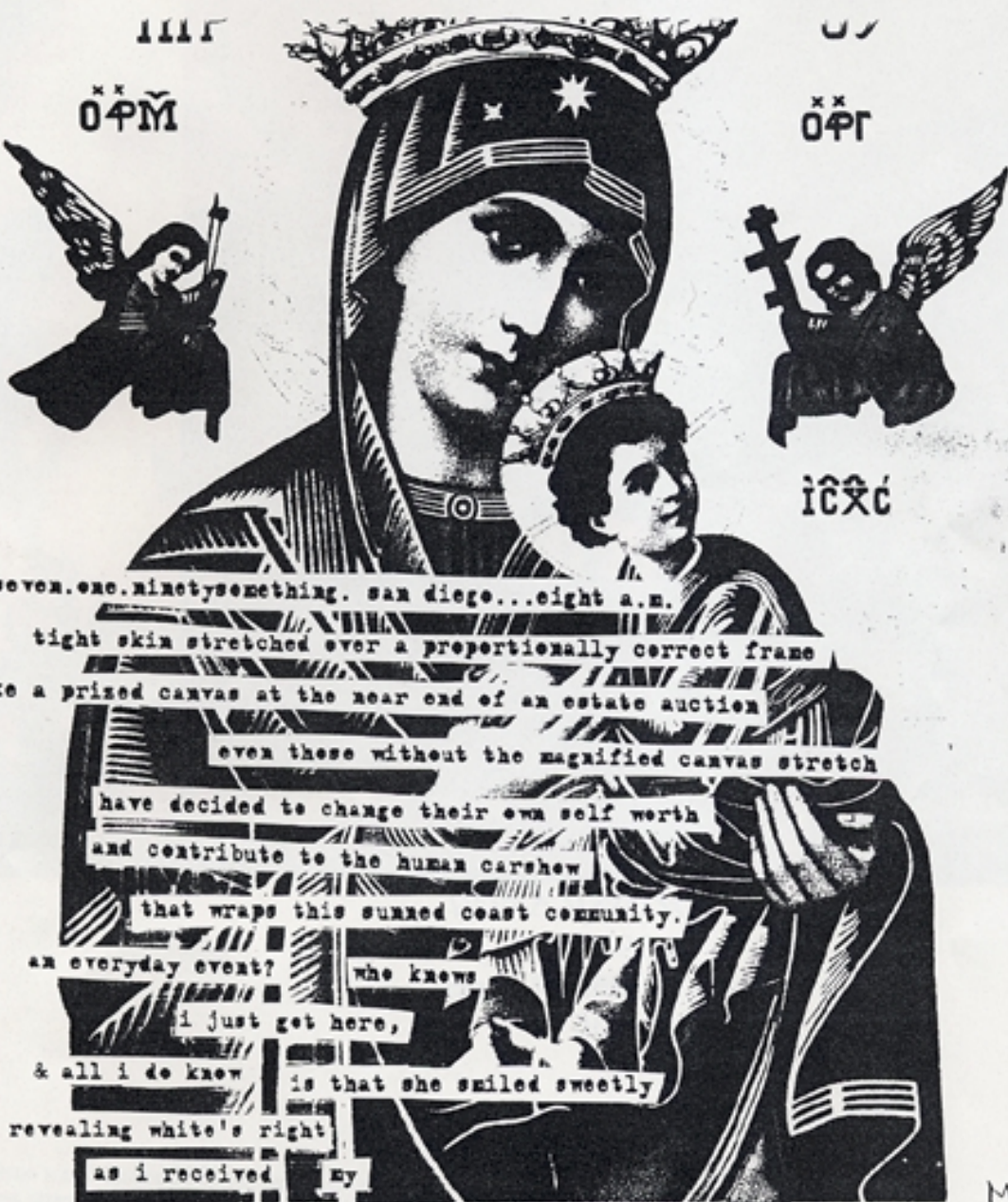
the

WINE HOBO TRIO.

IIII  
0PM

U  
0PT

iCxc



seven.eac.ninetyseomething. san diego...eight a.m.  
tight skin stretched over a proportionally correct frame  
like a prized canvas at the near end of an estate auction  
even these without the magnified canvas stretch  
have decided to change their own self worth  
and contribute to the human carshew  
that wraps this sunned coast community.  
an everyday event? who knows  
i just get here,  
& all i do know is that she smiled sweetly  
revealing white's right  
as i received my

daily jones.





Artwork By:  
Matthew Flansburg



*The Grassy Knoll*

1999


Acrylic on Bolted Copper

36 x 36"

COMING JANUARY 2000:  
online gallery @

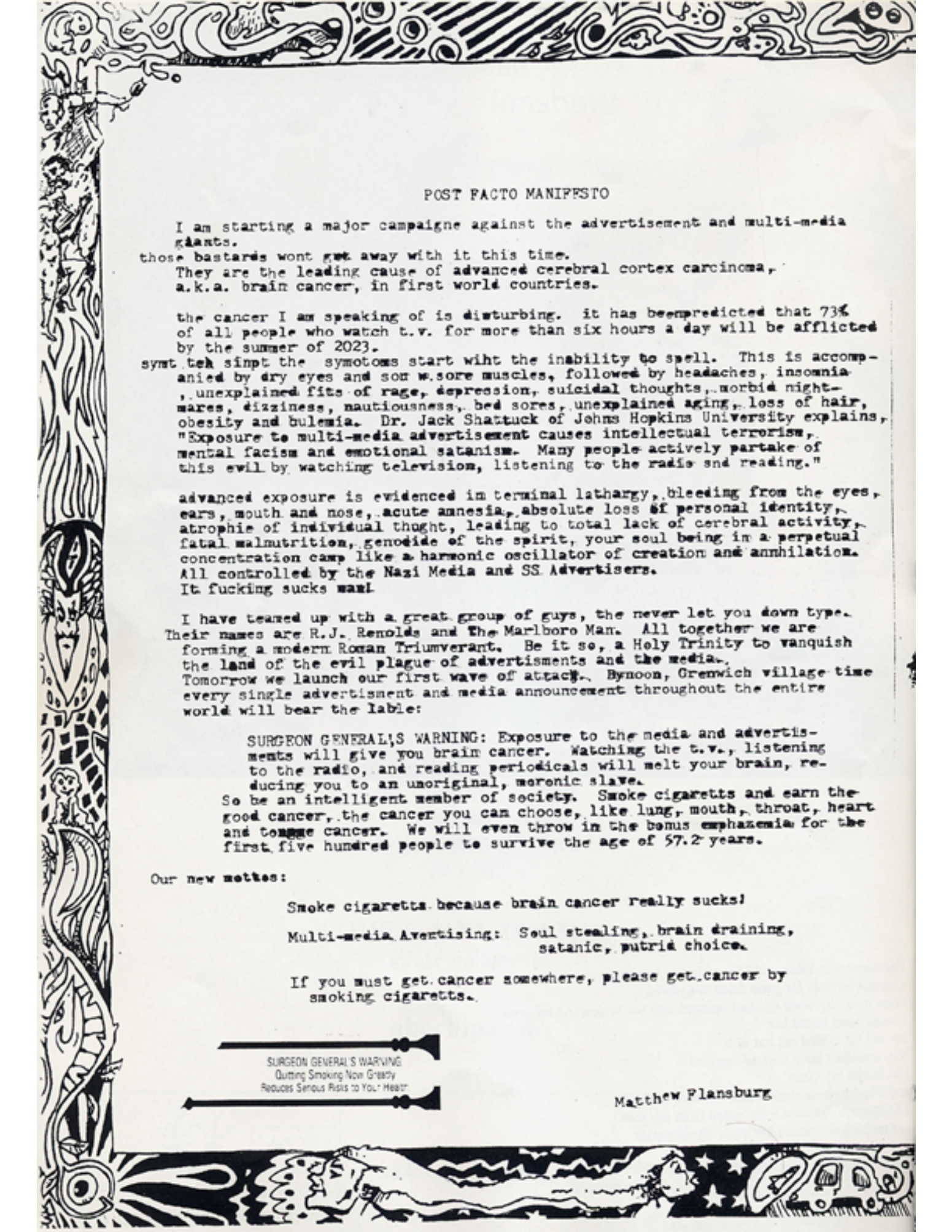
[uberhip.com](http://uberhip.com)

CONGRADULATIONS &  
TONNY WILL SHAG  
SEXY  
SALLY.



$\theta \approx 25-27^\circ$

FROM PAGE #7  
SOLVE BY RE-ARRANGING  
THE KINEMATIC EQUATION:  
$$\theta = \frac{1}{2} \sin^{-1} \left( \frac{v_0^2}{Rg} \right)$$



## POST FACTO MANIFESTO

I am starting a major campaign against the advertisement and multi-media giants.  
those bastards wont get away with it this time.  
They are the leading cause of advanced cerebral cortex carcinoma,  
a.k.a. brain cancer, in first world countries.

the cancer I am speaking of is disturbing. it has been predicted that 73%  
of all people who watch t.v. for more than six hours a day will be afflicted  
by the summer of 2023.  
symt teh simpt the symptoms start with the inability to spell. This is accom-  
panied by dry eyes and sore muscles, followed by headaches, insomnia  
, unexplained fits of rage, depression, suicidal thoughts, morbid night-  
mares, dizziness, nausea, bed sores, unexplained aging, loss of hair,  
obesity and bulimia. Dr. Jack Shattuck of Johns Hopkins University explains,  
"Exposure to multi-media advertisement causes intellectual terrorism,  
mental facism and emotional satanism. Many people actively partake of  
this evil by watching television, listening to the radio and reading."

advanced exposure is evidenced in terminal lethargy, bleeding from the eyes,  
ears, mouth and nose, acute amnesia, absolute loss of personal identity,  
atrophy of individual thought, leading to total lack of cerebral activity,  
fatal malnutrition, genocide of the spirit, your soul being in a perpetual  
concentration camp like a harmonic oscillator of creation and annihilation.  
All controlled by the Nazi Media and SS Advertisers.  
It fucking sucks wani.

I have teamed up with a great group of guys, the never let you down type.  
Their names are R.J. Reynolds and The Marlboro Man. All together we are  
forming a modern Roman Triumverant. Be it so, a Holy Trinity to vanquish  
the land of the evil plague of advertisements and the media.  
Tomorrow we launch our first wave of attack. Bynoon, Greenwich village time  
every single advertisement and media announcement throughout the entire  
world will bear the label:

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Exposure to the media and advertis-  
ments will give you brain cancer. Watching the t.v., listening  
to the radio, and reading periodicals will melt your brain, re-  
ducing you to an unoriginal, moronic slave.

So be an intelligent member of society. Smoke cigarettes and earn the  
good cancer, the cancer you can choose, like lung, mouth, throat, heart  
and tongue cancer. We will even throw in the bonus emphysema for the  
first five hundred people to survive the age of 57.2 years.

Our new mottoes:


Smoke cigarettes because brain cancer really sucks!

Multi-media Advertising: Soul stealing, brain draining,  
satanic, putrid choice.

If you must get cancer somewhere, please get cancer by  
smoking cigarettes.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING  
Cutting Smoking Now Greatly  
Reduces Serious Risks to Your Heart

Matthew Plansburg



the wine hobo trio is:

\*nicolas pectel  
\*matthew flansburg  
\*neal mei  
\*rico mei  
\*colin mitchell  
\*ryam smith  
\*jonny,  
\*brad brown  
\*dan biederma

wine  
hobo  
trio  
music  
art  
peetry  
film  
cheapwomen  
wines  
laughter.


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further information?


the wine hobo trio.  
c/o the barn  
608 w. 9th st.  
tempe, az. 85281  
usa. (home of jerry springer and impatience.)

the events that took place during the  
making of this magazine will be etched  
in our minds forever.

remember when we used to sit around a table smoking  
joints drinking cheap wine making our own magazine?



M. HEJL

Col. Yi 

Rico W.

Batman



Rocky

Johnny.

Michael

VOL. 2

1/32

What happens inside your mind

helps you search for warmth.

