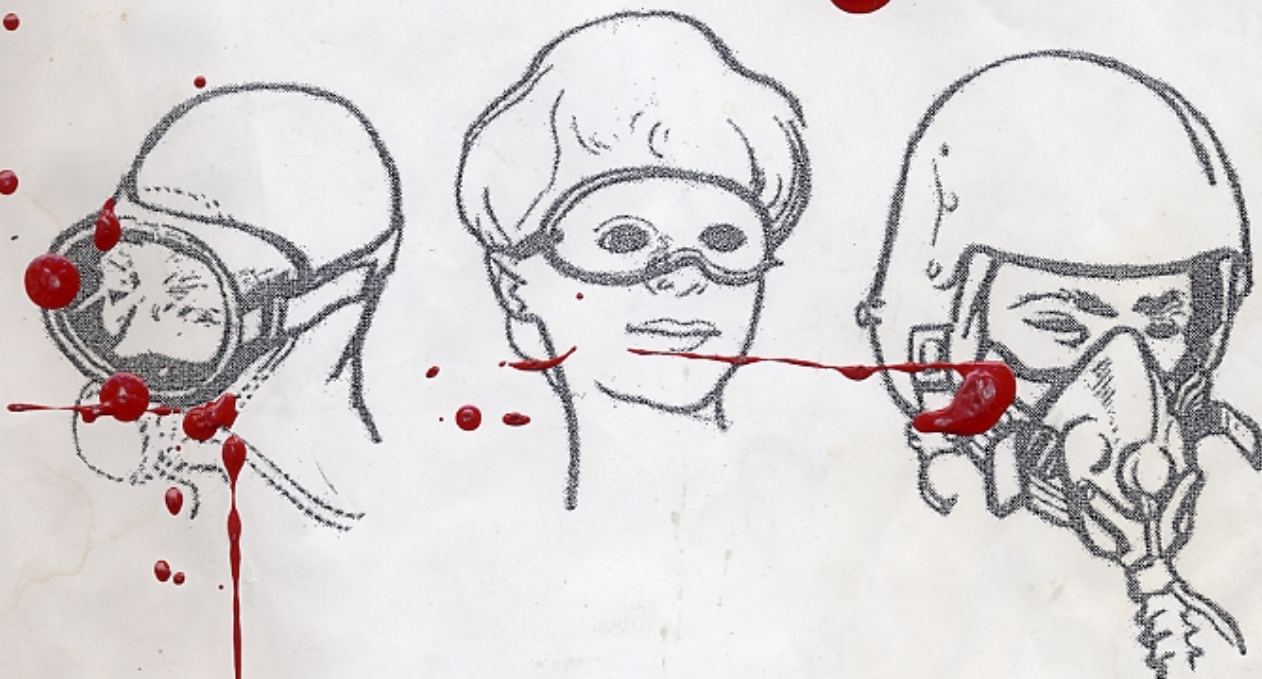


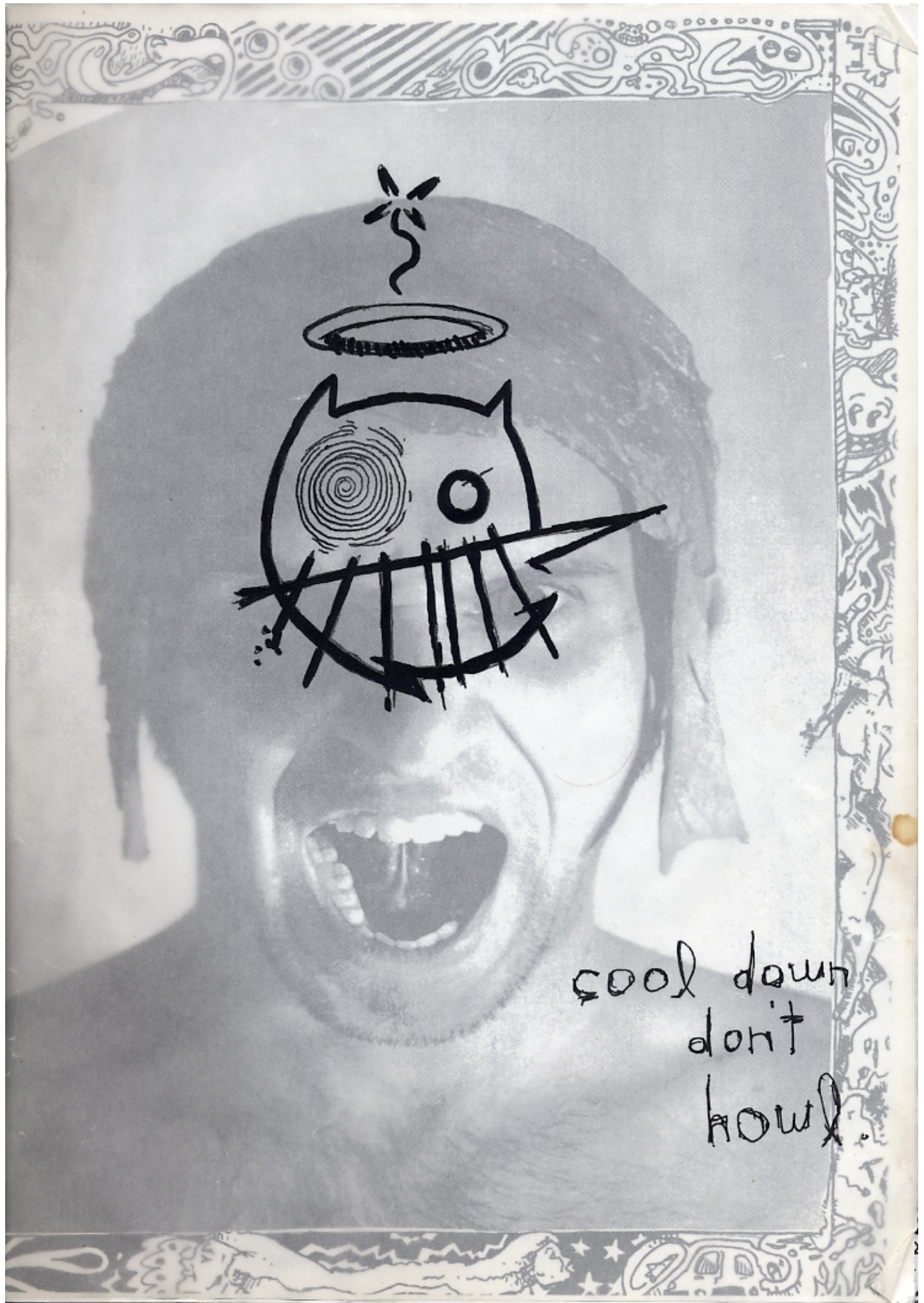
slow burn

[Slang] a gradual working up or show of anger:
often in the phrase do a slow burn

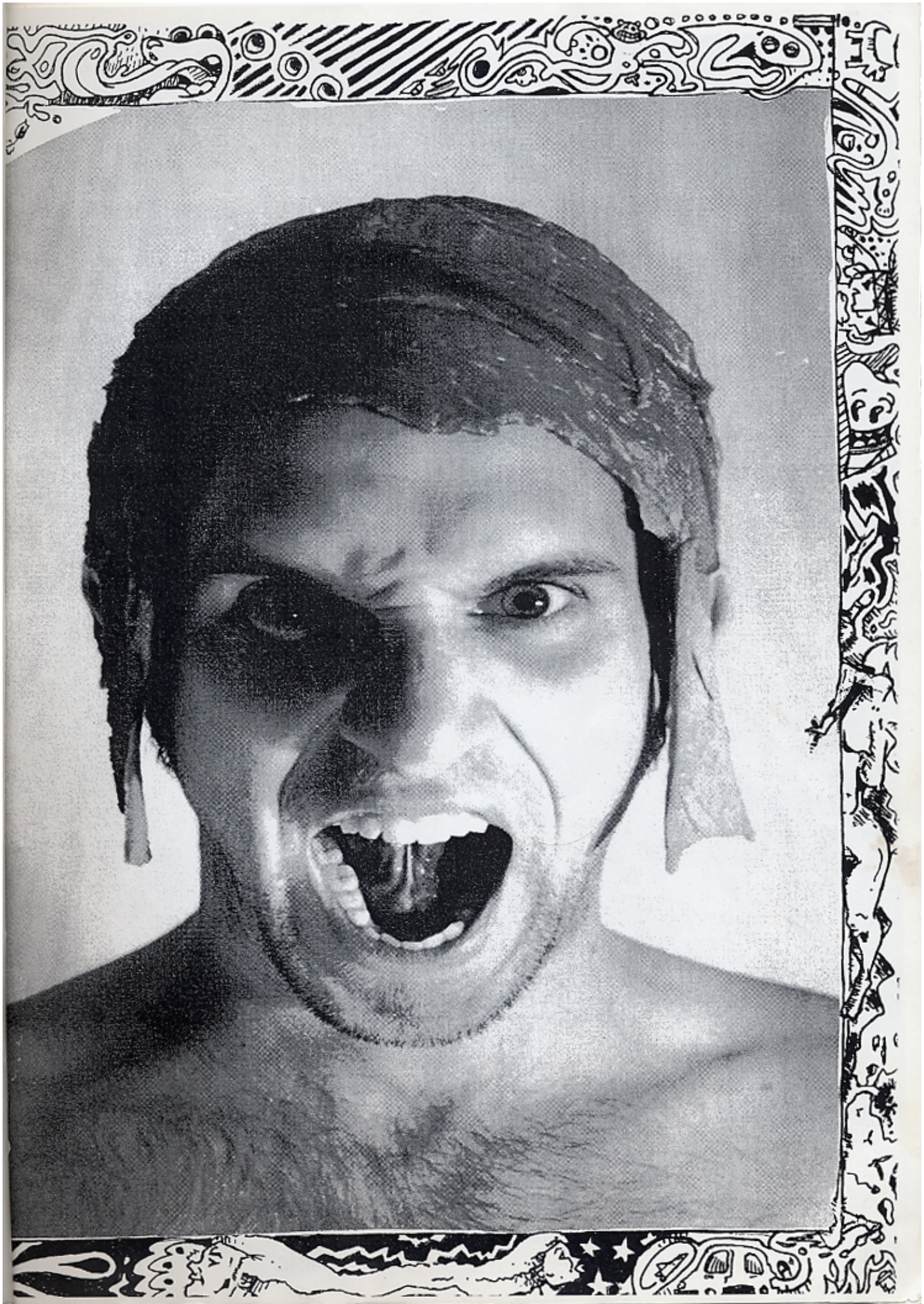


vol·ume

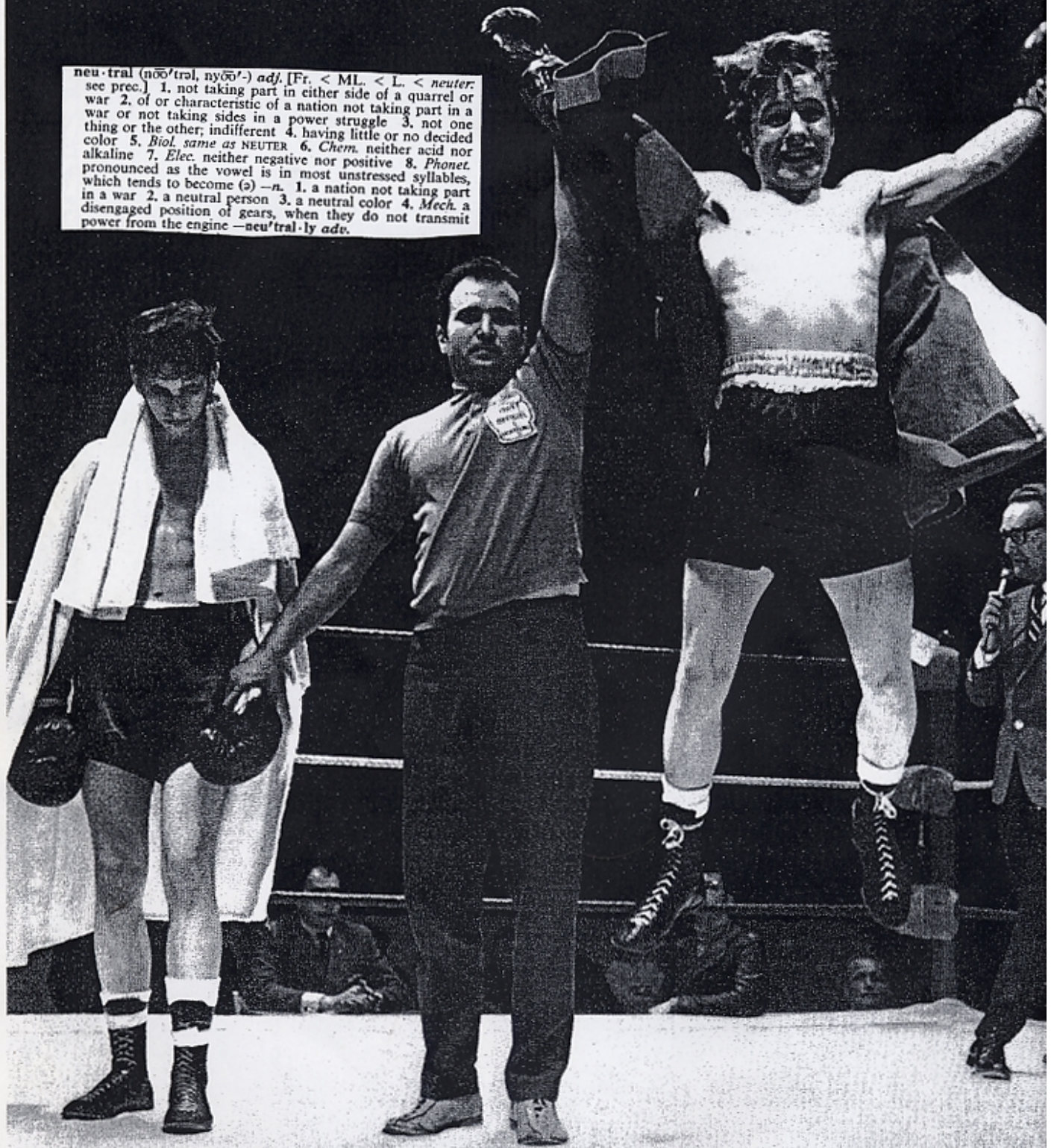
four·



cool down
don't
howl.



neu·tral (nōō'trāl, nyōō'-) *adj.* [Fr. < ML. < L. < *neuter*; see *prec.*] 1. not taking part in either side of a quarrel or war 2. of or characteristic of a nation not taking part in a war or not taking sides in a power struggle 3. not one thing or the other; indifferent 4. having little or no decided color 5. *Biol.* same as NEUTER 6. *Chem.* neither acid nor alkaline 7. *Elec.* neither negative nor positive 8. *Phonet.* pronounced as the vowel is in most unstressed syllables, which tends to become (ə) —*n.* 1. a nation not taking part in a war 2. a neutral person 3. a neutral color 4. *Mech.* a disengaged position of gears, when they do not transmit power from the engine —*neu'tral·ly adv.*



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food.

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fi

Nello's



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Oh to the beach. A fun loving place where sand kids play blue waves will fall, frisbees will hit hands, and I will sit in a dug up sand chair, pissing into the air, and onto my hairy leg.

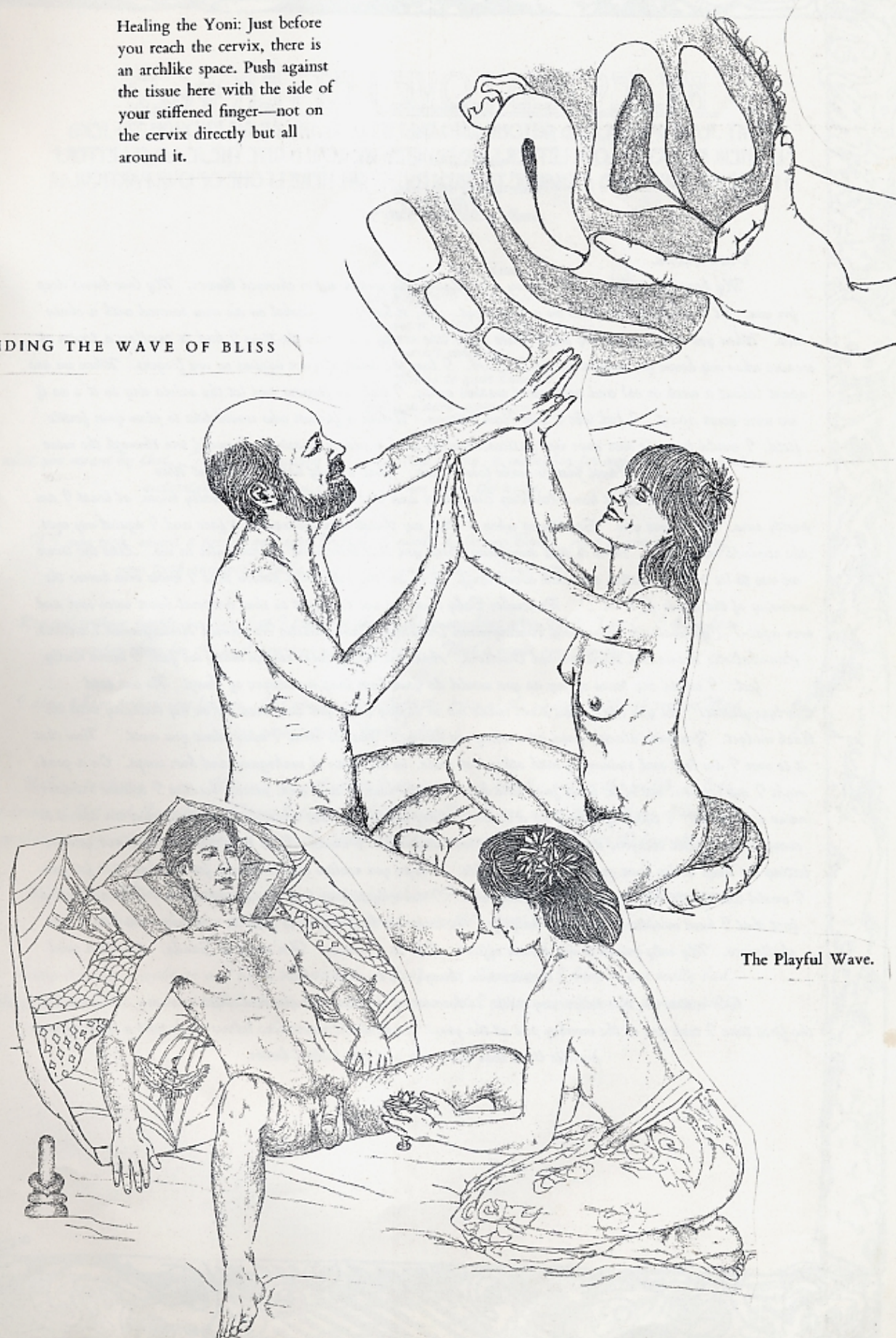
Oh to the dug up sand chair. A fun sitting chair when the sun burns my belly, I give my belly another drink of a tomato drink, made only possible by the portable bar I keep with me closer than Jesus. I like the civilization and alcohol-ization a portable bar can give you. You have completed me oh porto baro. Hours will pass. My friends speak in laughter. I like the female asses around me. If dug up sand chairs were not so dominating in comfort, I would go and lie to someone. I do like to lie. I like to like things. Oh to lies and oh to likes.

It seems that in my compact position (sitting in a sand chair), and lack of corn-dogs (made to soak water), has made my bladder thrifty. The proof is in the pudding, and at that moment, I was pudding my cocker through the leg of my shorts, and away he goes. The piss is clear, the picture shows, piss meets the harry sand leg, sand asses, sand kids, and oh to the beach.



Healing the Yoni: Just before you reach the cervix, there is an archlike space. Push against the tissue here with the side of your stiffened finger—not on the cervix directly but all around it.

RIDING THE WAVE OF BLISS



The Playful Wave.



REJECTED LOVE LETTER #622


WE AT SLOW BURN ASKED ANTONE WHO WAS WILLING AND BRAVE ENOUGH, TO SEND US THEIR REJECTED LOVE LETTERS. WE FIGURED WE COULD GIVE THESE LOST LETTERS A PLACE TO SHINE, AND A CHANCE TO BREATHE AGAIN. HERE IS ONE OF OUR PARTICULAR FAVORITES....


Dearest Love,

My heart beats like a 58' Chevy with glasspacks and a super charged blower. My love burns deep for you. It burns like lime juice on a paper cut. No, it burns like alcohol on an arm severed with a chain saw. When you are near me my heart beats fast, like really fast, like the time I had to swallow a tecner of cocaine when my house got raided by the D.E.A. I love the smell of your vagina on my fingers. When we are apart (about a week or so) and your scent washes away, I lick my fingers and let the saliva dry so it's as if we were never apart. I feel like a Viet Nam veteran. Unlike a farmer who would like to plow your fertile field, I would trample over your rice patties, drooling with predator passion. I would run through the mine fields of Hanoi just to make love to you. That's right baby! Love not War.

These days I sit at home drinking Budweiser and watching Euro porn I really know, at least I am pretty sure, that I love you. Sometimes when I stick my thumb over the woman's face and I squint my eyes, she reminds me of you. There is just something about you that brings out the romantic in me. Like the times we use to lie in bed together and talk about stuff. You are the only other person that I know who knows the meaning of the movie C.H.U.D. Remember Baby how you use to say it in that guttural beast voice over and over again? Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers, Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers, Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers. And you really knew how to make me feel, I mean really feel. I would cry tears of joy as you would do your hour long monologue of Fonzi. No one said "Ayyyyyyyyeeeee!" As you did. You never made me so happy when you surprised me on my birthday with the black midjet. You were always good at making me happy. That is what I miss about you most. Now that it is over I am lost soul swimming with other lost souls, in an ocean of mahogany and beer mugs. On a good night I am escorted out of at least four bars before happy hour is even over, mostly because I scream out your name repeatedly. I think of myself as a beacon calling out to you, but instead, I come off as a car alarm to everyone else. But everyone doesn't know true love like ours. I would like to take this time to thank you for letting me sleep under your car all of those nights. I hope you realize this is harder for me than it is for you. I would like you to know everything is going well. I am only taking half of my medication. This due to the fact that I have misplaced the other half of . It keeps me busy trying to find it, and you know how I love challenges. My only friend is my parole officer. She is a woman. Her name is Sandy. She is a good listener even though she is paid to be.

The reason for this letter, my tulip, is because of a letter that you had written to me. It was about the first time I took you to the monkey pen at the zoo. If you don't remember, let me recite just a little of your prolific lines that churn my soul like melted butter.






Oh monkey,
Oh monkey,
High in the trees
With your cute purple butt
And your hair full of fleas.

Won't you come down
and play with me please
You are a rabid play toy
You sex machine
I'll do things to your banana
That you have never seen.

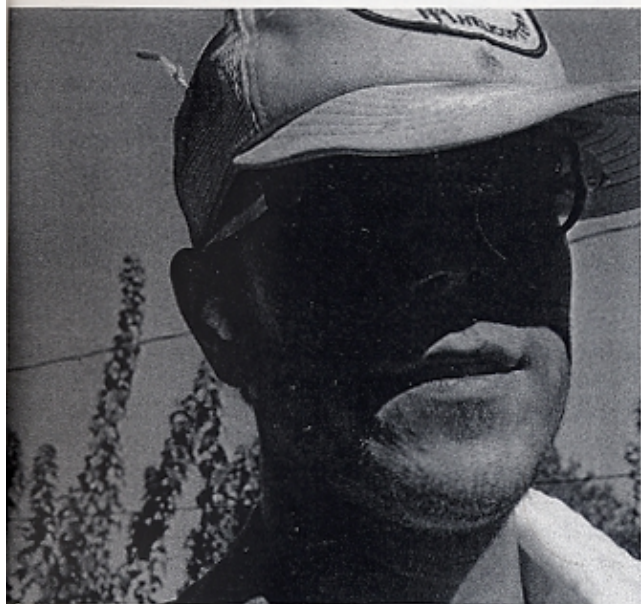
I know what you meant by that. The sheer vibrancy of poetry, true poetry, a metaphor for our love. You must understand why we can't part. Let me count the ways:

- I. If I was rich, owned a tuxedo and was British, I would be James Bond. And if you had all of your teeth and lost a little weight, you would be my Bond girl.
 - II. Remember those purple panties that I told you the washing machine ate. Well, I lied. I have been wearing them for the past two and one half years. That's sayin something!
 - III. I didn't have to pay you for sex. (If you don't include the price of the vintage bottle of orange Mad Dog on our third "lucky" date.)
 - IV. Nothing compares to you. Not even my job where I dress up in a hot dog suit in the middle of July on the corner of 51st and Camelback. There I dance to the Village People and count the plethora of middle fingers that I imagine exploding with my telepathy when I enter a red nightmare. All for the love of you.
 - V. Meticulous collages that are covering my walls of archival Fonzi thumbs. Also my world renowned collection of Sears catalogue cut outs depicting couple's hand in hand.
 - VI. Every morning I wake up and lie in bed with thoughts of you. Sometimes I have to pee really bad, but I hold it till you leave my head. But sometimes that takes hours and I relieve myself on my favorite pillow that is squeezed between my legs.
- 



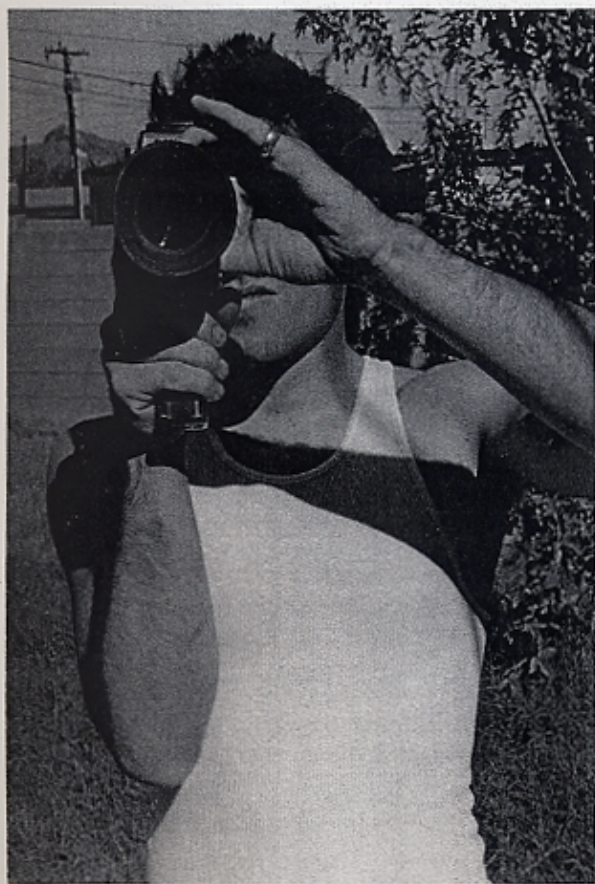
THE WINE HOBO TRIO PRESENTS A NICK&RYAN FILM
RYAN SMITH NICK PECTOL "HOME NOT HOPELESS" JON SMITH
MUSIC BY THE WINE HOBO TRIO & GARRETT DEVOE
PRODUCTION DESIGNER NICK&RYAN EDITED BY NICK&RYAN
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY NICK&RYAN, A.C.S
STRUCTURE DESIGN COLIN MITCHELL SPECIAL THANKS JONNY SMITH
PRODUCED BY NICK&RYAN STORY BY NICK&RYAN
DIRECTED BY NICK&RYAN

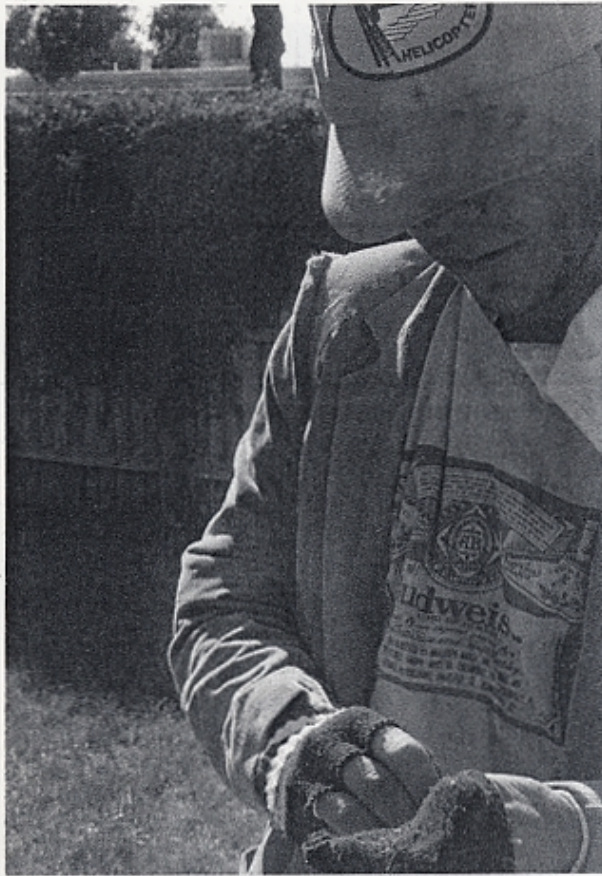
Film Review: "Home Not Hopeless" (b/w, color, super 8mm)



"Home not hopeless," a new short film by Nick and Ryan! It's the story of a young, hairy faced, piss pants bum named A.J. Rawls. The story takes place in one, not so, and so glorious day of AJ's life. The film takes you through the shallow mind of AJ. Sometimes sane, sometimes insane, sometimes rational, and sometimes irrational... in other words some scenes are easy to relate to and some are not so easy to relate to. It seems as though Nick and Ryan portrayed AJ as not so sane at some distinct moments. In one scene, AJ drinks his own urine while the scene cuts back and forth from him drinking a bud light, showing that he really doesn't know the difference (can anybody tell the difference.) AJ just knows that he's thirsty and what he drinks isn't the issue. In other scenes AJ talks to an older bum (maybe his father?) that really isn't there. He is also heckled throughout the film by the antagonist Diego River, played by Nick, and an imaginary puppet with a bird-shooting pistol. This film tells of an adventure, with no heavy hitting point, that takes place in one day of a homeless mans life.

Nick and Ryan have been making films together for about seven years now. They first combined their views in a high school video production class and put together hours worth of short films that included a series of over-exaggerative spoofs of bizarre plotted 90210 shows. For a class final, they conjured a story that portrayed the instructor as an insane homosexual who falls for a student. After he kills the class student body, he gives to his lover, played by Ryan, a dismantled head (a beautiful scene). School records show that they were actually suspended for one week and three days for sexually explicit and verbally offensive material, which also led to the dismissal of the teacher. What an award for the two phenomenon filmmakers to start their campaign with. Shortly after high school, Nick and Ryan went to Scottsdale community college where they started learning about a device known as the super 8mm film camera. They completed there first film "If They Could See Me Now," a seven minute short film about the struggle of a young man trying to pull his life together, yet failing blue and miserably in the end. It captured a most beautiful scene in a bathroom where the character masturbates to porn. Creatively using shadows, they paint strong graphical "dick in hand" shot that may have even made mom the maker laugh. The film was awarded





as "most depressing" in the schools film festival, a fitting award to a powerful emotion. "If They Could See Me Now" seemed to be a good stepping stone for "Home Not Hopeless."

"Home Not Hopeless" was shot without a formal, well organized script. The idea of the film was thought of as Nick and Ryan camped on an anthill in a park in California. They wrote down a few key scenes they thought would be offensively funny and the story grew from there. Everything that Ryan does in the film was real. The masturbation was real and yes, he really did drink his own urine. Why act when you can get the real expressions by doing the real things? During the making of "Home Not Hopeless," they often felt the absence of film school and all its amenities. They did this one on their own with thrift store equipment. They woke up at 2:00 p.m. once every other week to film, and spent hours of cut in past editing time under 60 watt light bulbs. This was the longest and most frustrating part of the process. Without an editor, they held the film up to a light bulb to find the right frame, then, using a splicer, they cut and taped back bits and bits of endless film. Like a puzzle they pieced the movie together hour after hour patiently, listening to the a.m. Disney station on an ancient radio. These boys really had it ruff, and if all else, you have got to give them that. But I ask you, no, I beg you, to open up your lazy eye and look at this film. You will see a man who still has hope, and who holds his dreams that "once was now." This man you will see is home not hopeless and will grip you buy your mothers vagina, and clear your throat, and remind you of who you forgot to be. You will laugh, you might cry, and you could possibly throw up on the person sitting next to you, who won't care because they are probably drunk.

After watching a sneak preview of "Home Not Hopeless," I said to myself. "These guys are going to keep coming at me, until I realize something," I still don't know what I am supposed to realize, but anyone who forces me to ask myself a questions like this, has some real talent. Above all else, these to young bright filmmakers are having fun. I can only hope to see more from this pair in the future. "Home Not Hopeless," A+.

-Review done by Nick and Ryan.

readings from the vein.

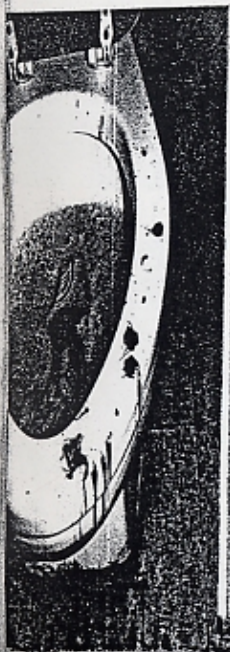
a pictorial word vomit picnic

about

america.

by:

i. jenny.



america..

the corvette curve

jimi hendrix ice cream cold jazz for real.

codein the number one importer of cocaine

the poison vein speed train

vinyl cheesewiz lazyboy bowling on tuesday evenings

plastic elvis and the phonographic record

the motion movie star hollywood style look at brando now

held up

what about plastic

and abstract expressionism and jackson pollacks drip
television that one eye

bottlecap jukebox redneck

nylon the skyscraper coca-cola world

and the televised war campaign

sit down for dinner

cheese in a can ham in bottle (the parts of a pig)

merchandise polyester marvin gaye getting it on

hairspray beverly hills cheap throw away



LIVE GIRLS

our dear walmart united
discount discount discount

main street cheap where hand job

cigarette filters (cleaner cancer for billions)

there is a rat in the kitchen
swimming pool scotch tape scotch guard jello

city hall free style dance champs

rodeo rodeo oh no rodeo
miracle bra apple pie frozen fresh nonsense -

sold dollar on the cent

*continued) silicone under skin i am beautiful now
do you value me now?
did i say plastic? pudding made fro bone
texas and the vanished indian
h. ford's, way (machinery) low labor
smart? t-shirt andy warhol you need not die
silk flowers rollerskates cable car
what happened to dr. king in the cold winter of 1968
otter pop corn dog tangarello
zip lock hitchcock
american theighs tip top rock and roll blues guitar
america you invented the suicidal jack daniel's rockstar
(tennessee bourbon air conditioned comfort southern style
spray-paint bottle rocket peanut butter smooth
idiot masses buy like sheep



america. work. produce. consume. get home. maybe fuc
(tomorrow) work. produce. consume. get home maybe fuc
harlem frank lloyd wright wise
let ther be light bulb.
muscle-car james browndoing the wet sweat

(continued...)

radiomicrowaves and roller coasters that make you piss
yourself
the minds of stephen king and
charlie parker called the bird... fly
dylan like a rollingstone electric
kansas city is dying out there
america coined the affectionate term "mother-fucker!" -
she is her baby.

convenience is yours.

temporary tatoos insanity and drive through liquor
southern baptist bible belt mobile homes
hanging humans from christmas trees maniacs!
comic book heroes save
our city

jim morrison.

wounded knee pointless treaty take backs
curt cobain drove a shot gun sportscar real real fast
turn a horse into adhesive call it glue
truth of consequence new mexico
one gun in new york city
took lennon (dead)
the news bad news you loose
young country with money -
englands angry child
bring your china
your red lights
your alcoholism
motor cross and mullets
your naked navajo
and one lane highways
beauty pageants hot wheels
mechanics are not muscle be careful
sigh.

america

you and your bloody bathrooms

ms. tammy faye colgate

monkey wrench

charles bukewski tampon

tomic lipstick lint-brush wonderful.

garrett

devoe

wants his mexico

toilet paper fortune cookies

stop the child pill

(watch the catholics react)

american s

the original fat people-

their hearts

full of pills

packaging

playboy and miles davis

b.b. king was a slave.

america

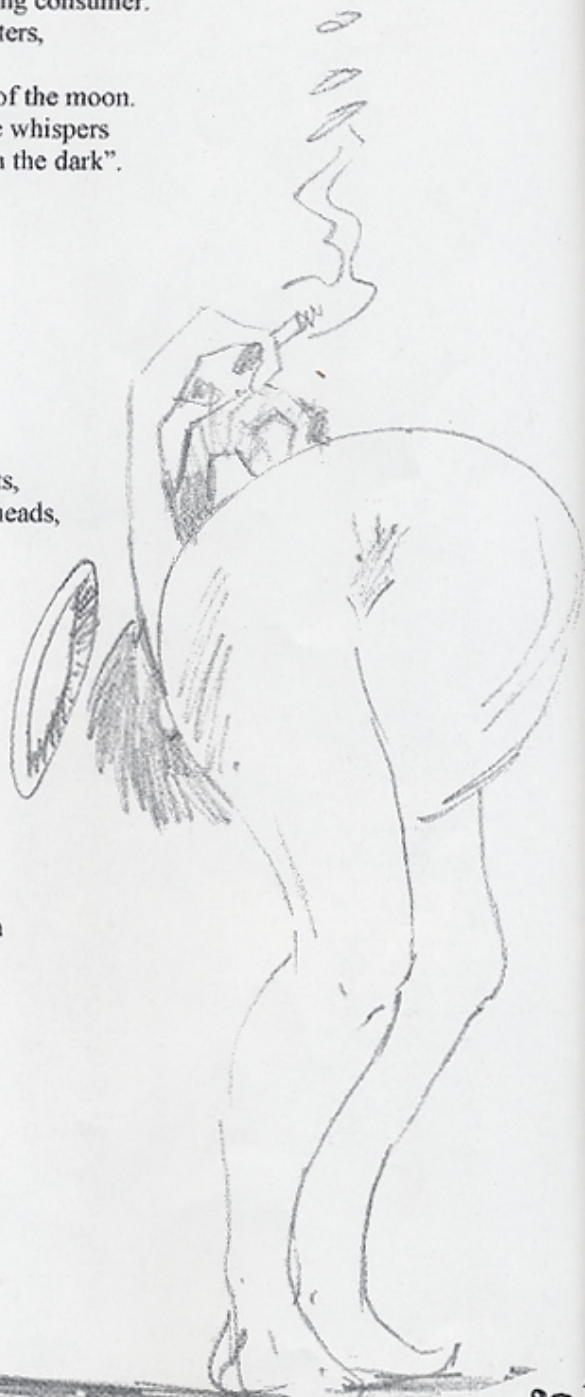
i have not forgotten

your switchblade ways.

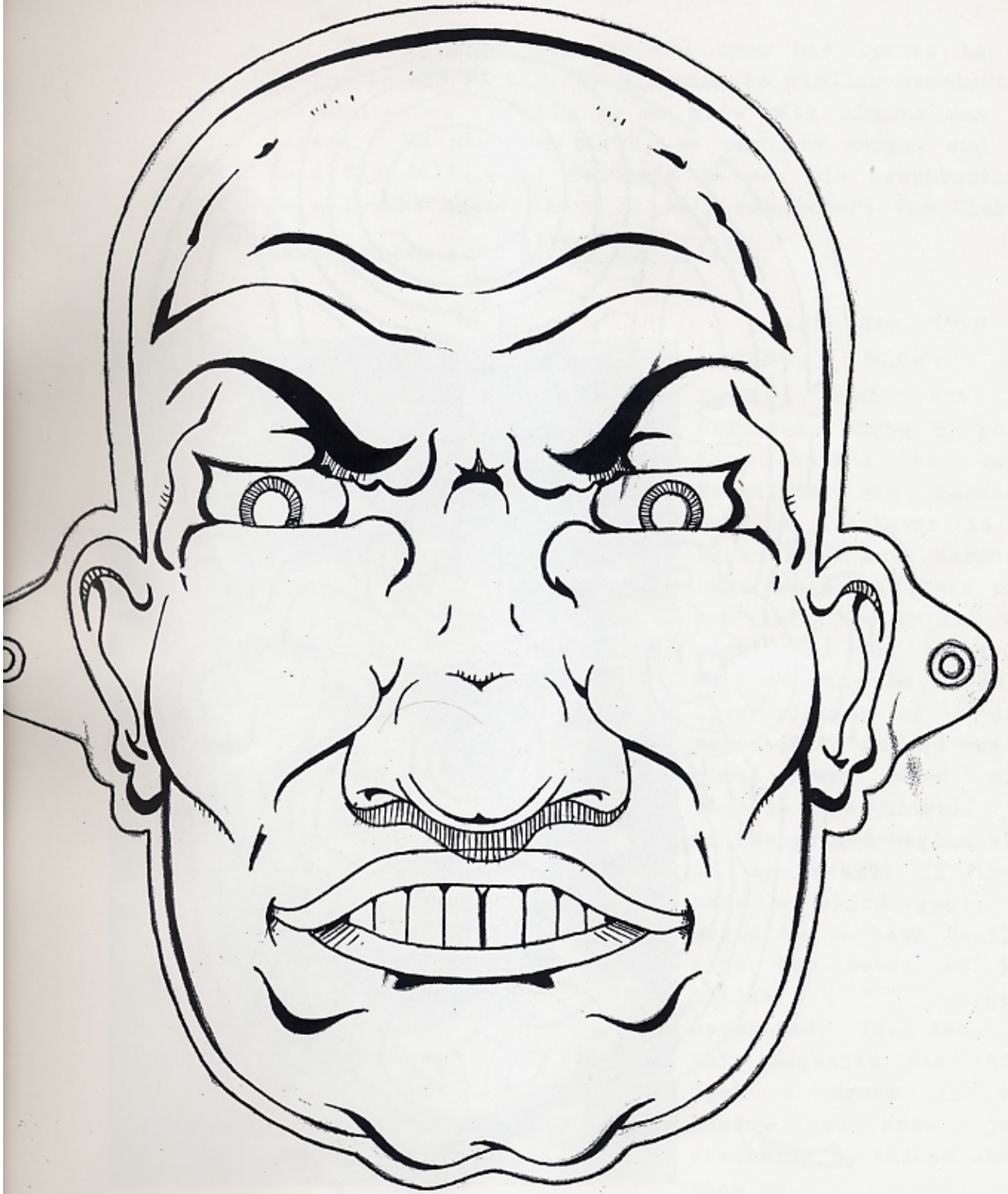


BEAUTIFUL MONSTERS

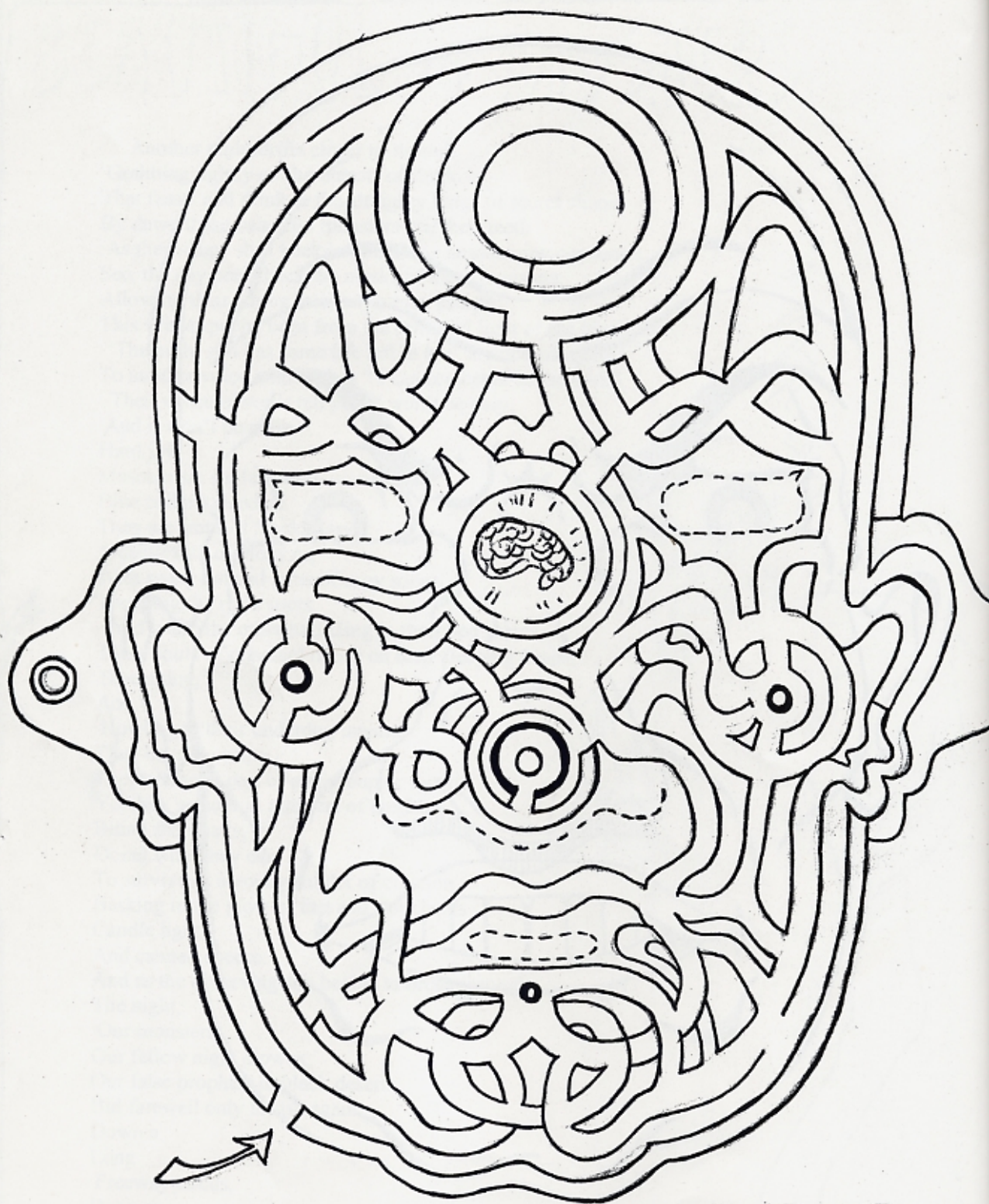
Another night drifts closer to its end,
Grabbing tightly on the breasts of shadows
That feasts and drink to the almighty kings of secret chaos.
By dawn these beautiful monsters grit their teeth
As they shape shift back in line as the unassuming consumer.
See, the day peels back the masks of these monsters,
Allowing their strong internal fires to escape.
This fire is special born from the reflected light of the moon.
"The night still has some life left in her" a voice whispers
To another voice who replies "I can see better in the dark".
Their obscure words tell you it won't be easy,
And it won't be plain.
Hard joy,
Masochistic smiles,
Blue collar knuckles.
They are Imps of black glory,
A centerfold of dionysis,
With sweet twisted arms of orgy songs,
Touching the right spots.
And while the other half cling to their bed sheets,
These souls of mischief dance on their sleeping heads,
Screaming,
And,
Howling to their underdog mantra.
They have no name,
They are not a part of any group or faction
Yet they wander in murders of laughter,
Biting their nails,
Doing what they can,
To survive as a young soldier of creation,
Basking in the glow of fast and slow beats
Candle light,
And canned cheese.
And as the observing sun begins to break through
The night,
Our monsters,
Our fellow night clowns,
Our false prophets in black deserts,
Bid farewell only to rise again
Down a
Long
Freeway circus,
Dancing,
Towards the darkest light.



BE A MEATHEAD



MEAT HEAD MASK



IMAGINE YOU'RE A MEAT HEAD AND SOMEONE ASKS YOU A QUESTION. SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE ANSWER TO REACH HIS PEE BRAIN.

We all knew him. We all knew his lyrics to his lyrics to his #1 hit. We all came to similar conclusions of admiration for him as we grew with him as man and legend. We saw his birth, we saw his death, and few paid \$18 dollars at Besten's to see his resurrection. We all must agree there is only one Robert Van Winkle. Better known as **VANNILA ICE**.



Last May 1999 we (jenny, nick, and ryan) went out to celebrate birth by going to Besten's to watch Vanilla's new hardcore band do whatever it is that his new hardcore band would do. There were two lefty goals for the night, 1) was to drink way to many beers at a live viewing of a dead pepsi icon, and 2) was to smoke some weed with Vanilla Ice himself out of the prized vagina pipe in my pocket. If there were a third goal, it would be to have Vanilla sign the cover of the bible: 3rd goal completed. The idea of this magazine was still just a dream in our heads, you know, just something we talked about when we

were drunk. At the time we called our dream mag "Think Magazine", which would later give birth to "Slewburn." The show was full of testosterone, aggression, and words

I couldn't understand. a man on a ladder stood in the back and shined a spotlight on Vanilla Ice. how far he had come. From glitter covered outfits in front of millions and a crew of hundreds, to the new one man lighting team on the ladder and playing in a crumbling clubs back parking lot. The show finally ended and we followed Ice to his tourbus where he entered and his manager stood at the door keeping us from in. the momentarily defeated three walked to the back to come up with a scheme. We sat on the ground and came up with this plan: we are from a small independent magazine called Think Magazine out of Tempe, AZ. We are here to do an interview for our magazine. We won't take no for an answer. Not a bad plan for three shitfaced liars who just want to smoke some pot with Vanilla Ice. Jenny got out a pen and a piece of paper and we came up with a list of questions that we'll get to later. First we had to talk to him and lie straight to his face and get him to agree to a interview with us. We walked back to the door of the tourbus, confident and intoxicated, and asked the manager if we could interview Vanilla for our magazine. We gave him our whole plan wrapped up in a lie like a coon dog hiding a turd. All he said was "no interviews." He said if we stuck around for a while we could probably get some autographs. Soon later the man himself came out and teenage girls surrounded him, well, ugly teenage girls and us. Soon we got our turn and we shook his hand and told him our lie and he said the same story as his manager, "no interviews." So, then we came at him with the whole, we're young artist just starting out like you once were... help us out please guilt trip routine. He told us to go inside and he'd be in shortly. He fell for it! We were on Vanilla's bus, helping ourselves to his cold beer and pathetic simas. Shit, the places we've been. We laughed and drank and shortly after he came in and sat down with us. He told us to call him Reb. For the next few hours we sat and drank, laughed, and yes, we smoked pot out of a pipe shaped like a women's vagina. At some point we pulled the prewritten questions out of jenny's pocket and the

following conversation took place: (Jenny acted like he knew shorthand and acted like he wrote this down.)

Us: Who's the greatest?

Vannila: Muhammad Ali.

Us: Tell us about your mother.

Vannila: Shit, she's crazy. People used to sit outside her house and take pictures of her when she would come out for the mail. Now she won't leave the house. She has a friend who goes out



for her, you know, for mail and groceries. But, she's my mom. I love her. You know?

Us: Tell us about your wife and daughter.

Vannila: the best thing to ever happen to me. But you know what I've learned? They bring both joy and pain.

Us: Are you enjoying your life?

Vannila: for the first time right now I can honestly say yes.

An ugly ass groupie walks up and interrupts. She asks reb for some toilet paper. He yells, "someone get this bitch some shit tickets."

Us: Charles Bukowski wrote "DON'T TRY" on his Gravestone, what would you write on yours?
Vanilla: Fuck the critics.

Real deap. This guy was very friendly and he thought he was the coolest thing since canned cheese. When we left, vanilla gave us hugs and told us to, "keep it real." What a loser. But after chickens fuck and all is all, he's still the mother fucker that told me when I was listening and 13, "you aint true to your self, you aint true to nobody." Dig, Reb. Dig. Keep it real.





The OLIVER NELSON

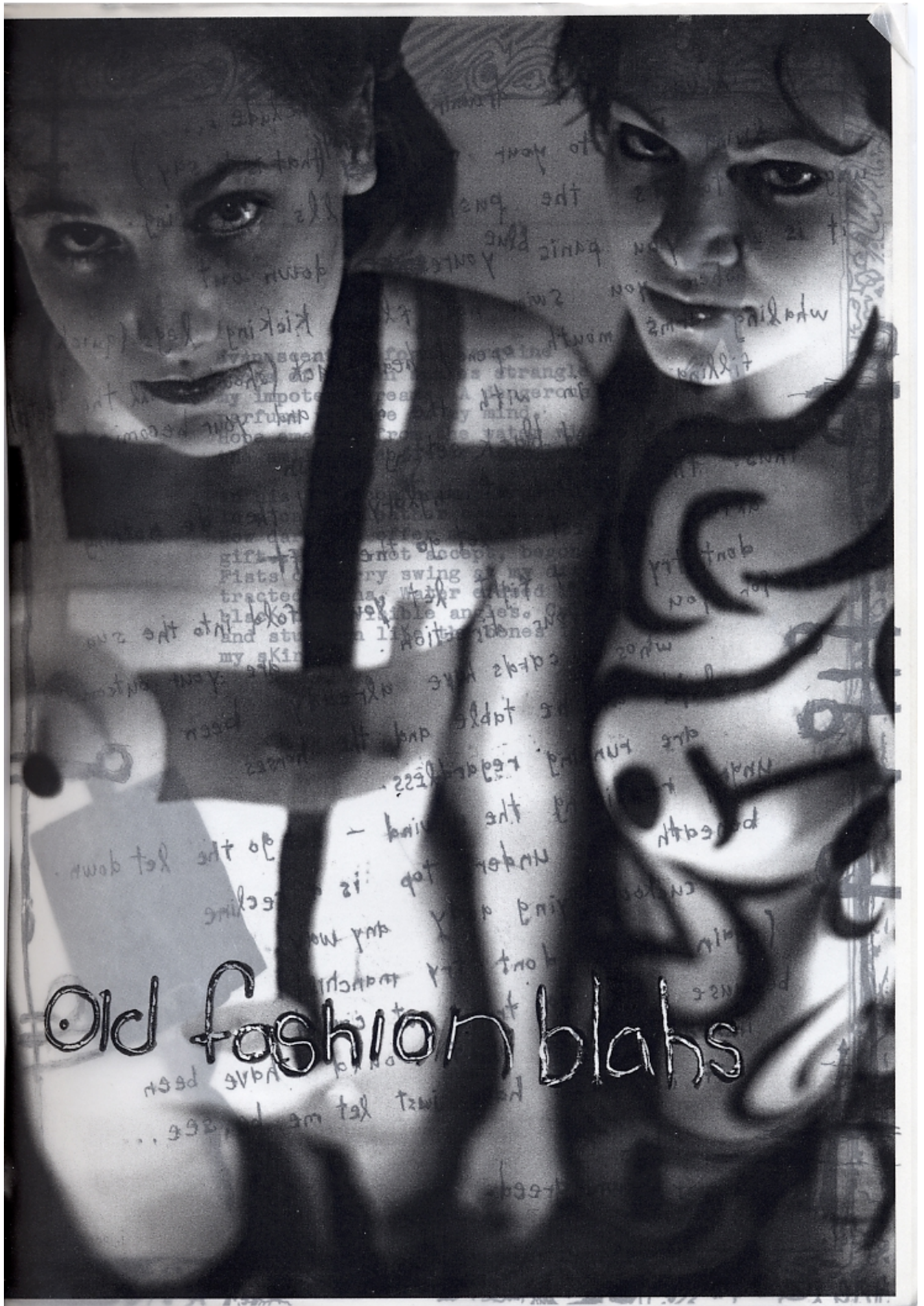


DAYS OF stumps, love, and mom




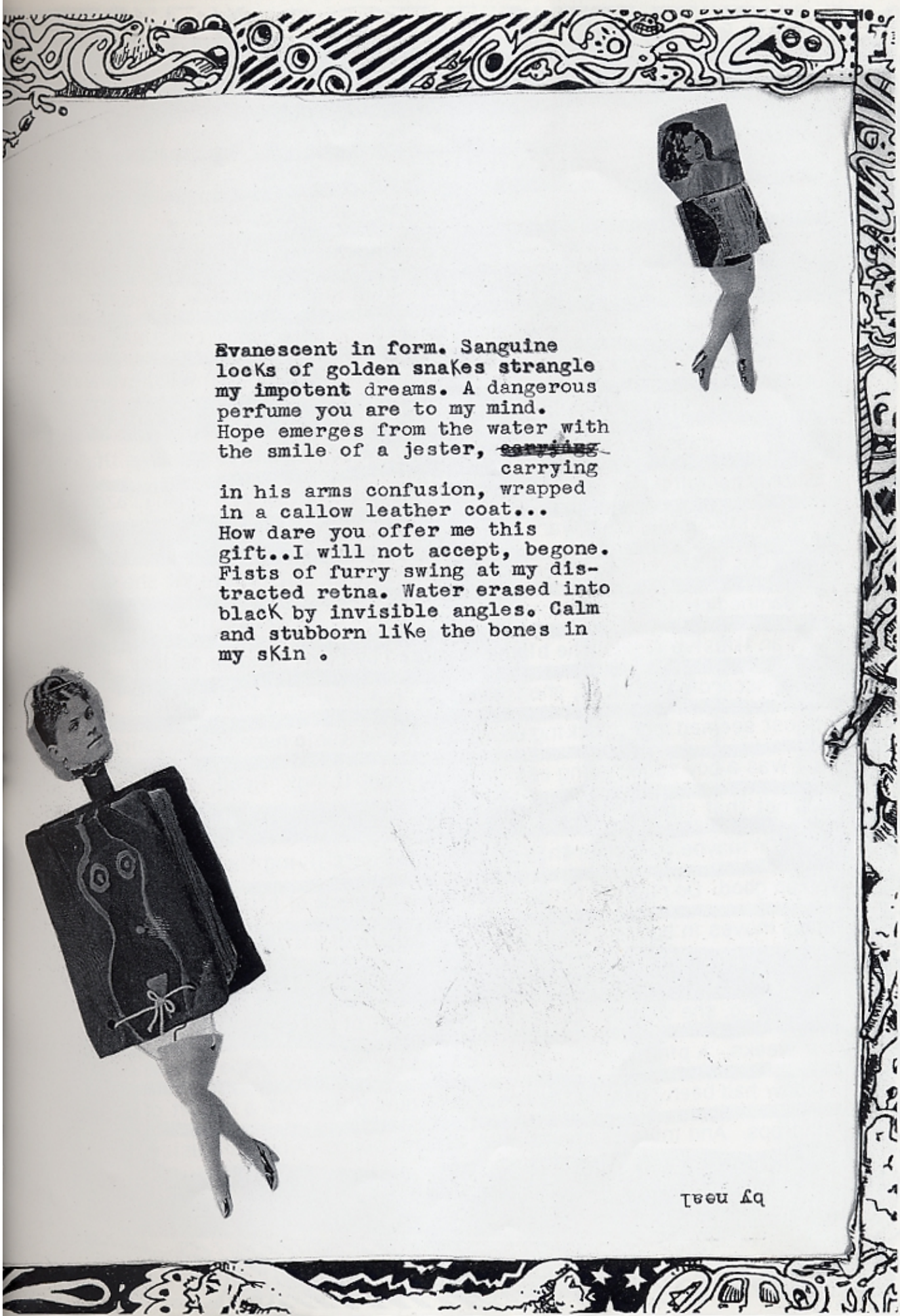
BERENICE HILLION






Old fashion blabs

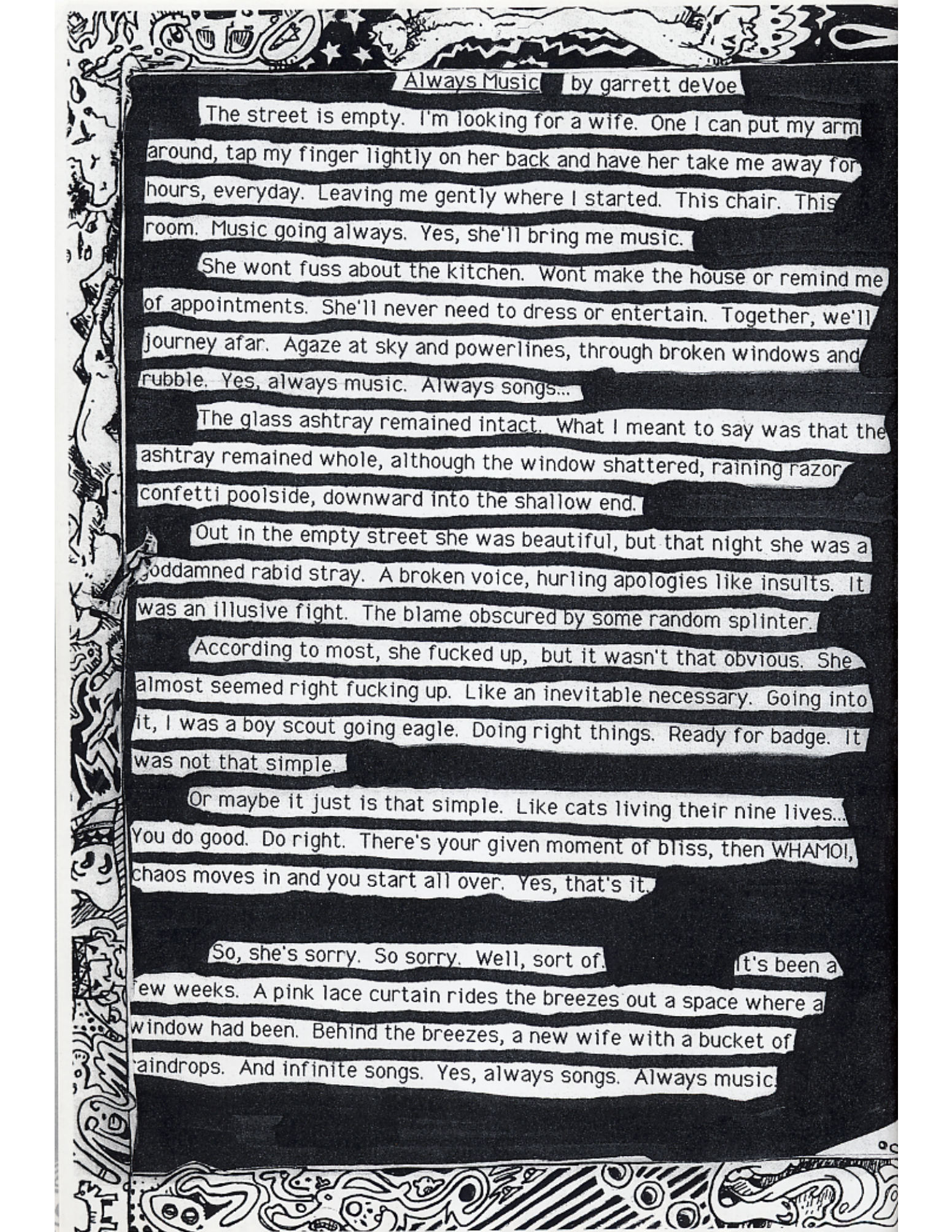
Living is like drowning i conclude...
Living true to your one's ~~cat way~~ ^{cat way} (that is to say)
unguided towards the push or pulls flailing.
it is when you panic ^{blue} you're ~~down~~ down out
when you swim not float kicking legs (quick)
whaling arms mouth opened head back (showing all the teeth)
filling the in with the out and your becoming
sink drowned black setting over in
thus. the unwind of unglory and the do nothing
affair is wisest. let go the drift
dont try dont fight let you unfold into the sun
for you are your direction. you are your outcome
whos cards have already been
laid on the table and the horses
are running regardless.
ungrip realizing the unwind - let go the let down
beneath the under's top is a recline
a cuckoo flying away any way.
(again me) dont try manchild!
because if i do try i get could
instead of the what would i have been
if i would have just let me be, see...
be-
knownot greed.



Evanescent in form. Sanguine
locks of golden snakes strangle
my impotent dreams. A dangerous
perfume you are to my mind.
Hope emerges from the water with
the smile of a jester, ~~carrying~~
carrying
in his arms confusion, wrapped
in a callow leather coat...
How dare you offer me this
gift..I will not accept, begone.
Fists of furry swing at my dis-
traced retina. Water erased into
black by invisible angles. Calm
and stubborn like the bones in
my skin .



by neal



Always Music by garrett deVoe

The street is empty. I'm looking for a wife. One I can put my arm around, tap my finger lightly on her back and have her take me away for hours, everyday. Leaving me gently where I started. This chair. This room. Music going always. Yes, she'll bring me music.

She wont fuss about the kitchen. Wont make the house or remind me of appointments. She'll never need to dress or entertain. Together, we'll journey afar. Agaze at sky and powerlines, through broken windows and rubble. Yes, always music. Always songs...

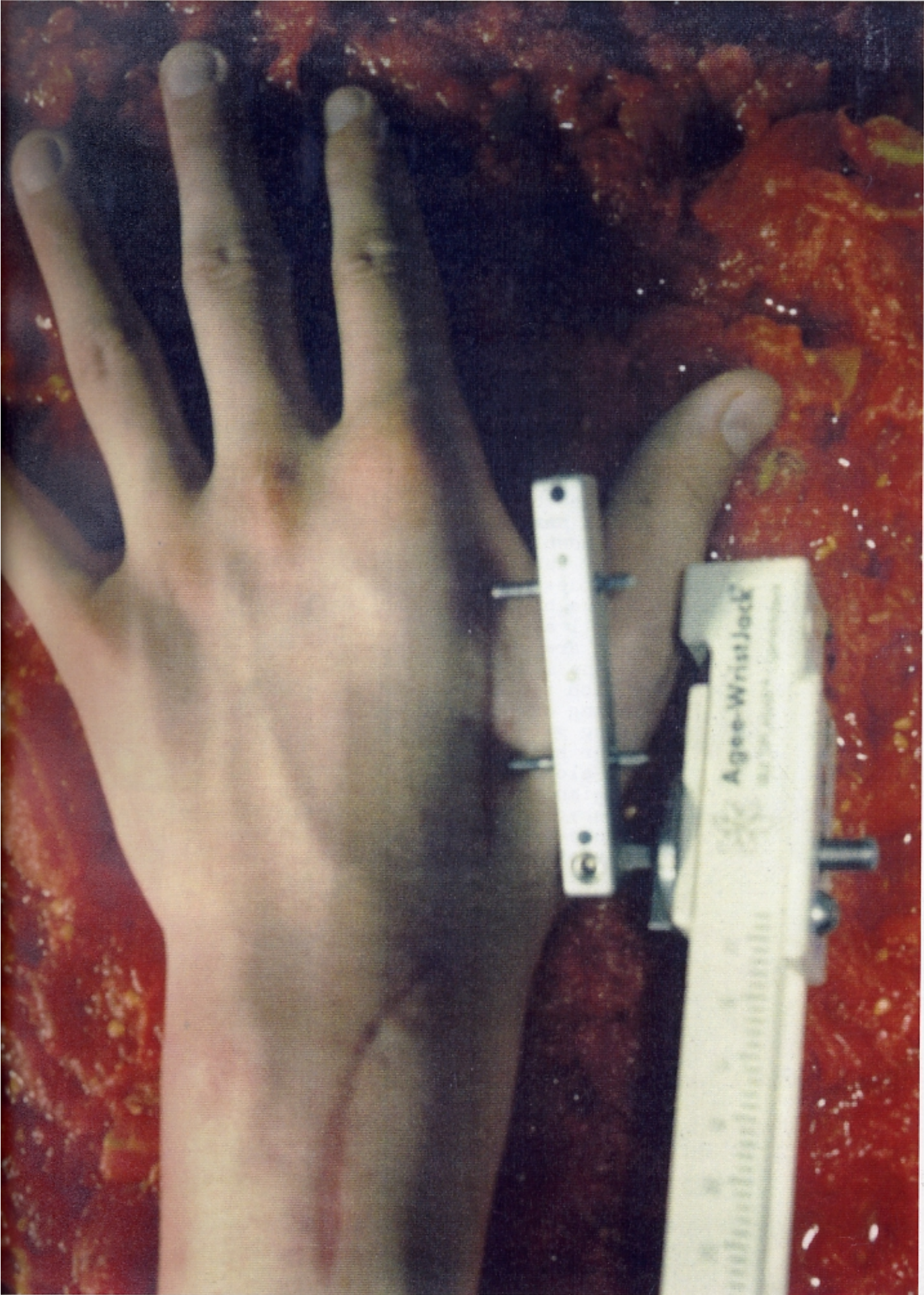
The glass ashtray remained intact. What I meant to say was that the ashtray remained whole, although the window shattered, raining razor confetti poolside, downward into the shallow end.

Out in the empty street she was beautiful, but that night she was a goddamned rabid stray. A broken voice, hurling apologies like insults. It was an illusive fight. The blame obscured by some random splinter.

According to most, she fucked up, but it wasn't that obvious. She almost seemed right fucking up. Like an inevitable necessary. Going into it, I was a boy scout going eagle. Doing right things. Ready for badge. It was not that simple.

Or maybe it just is that simple. Like cats living their nine lives... You do good. Do right. There's your given moment of bliss, then WHAMOI, chaos moves in and you start all over. Yes, that's it.

So, she's sorry. So sorry. Well, sort of. It's been a few weeks. A pink lace curtain rides the breezes out a space where a window had been. Behind the breezes, a new wife with a bucket of raindrops. And infinite songs. Yes, always songs. Always music.



my gut is easy
comfortable and well fed
my legs work and so do my hands
floating is a sound often embraced
where i sit and rot
slowly unbraiding my hair
and thinking-not crying-
about ~~h~~ the beautiful world

-----beautiful ~~phoenix~~ phoenix-----
ode to phoenix-

land of suburbs and stucco
you try desperately to do battle
with the big cities and small
towns all at once
but you are stuck somewhere in
the middle

too much space for your own good
growing out not up
feeling good in your new house
after house after house

all close enough to be considered
one giant ~~apartment~~ apartment

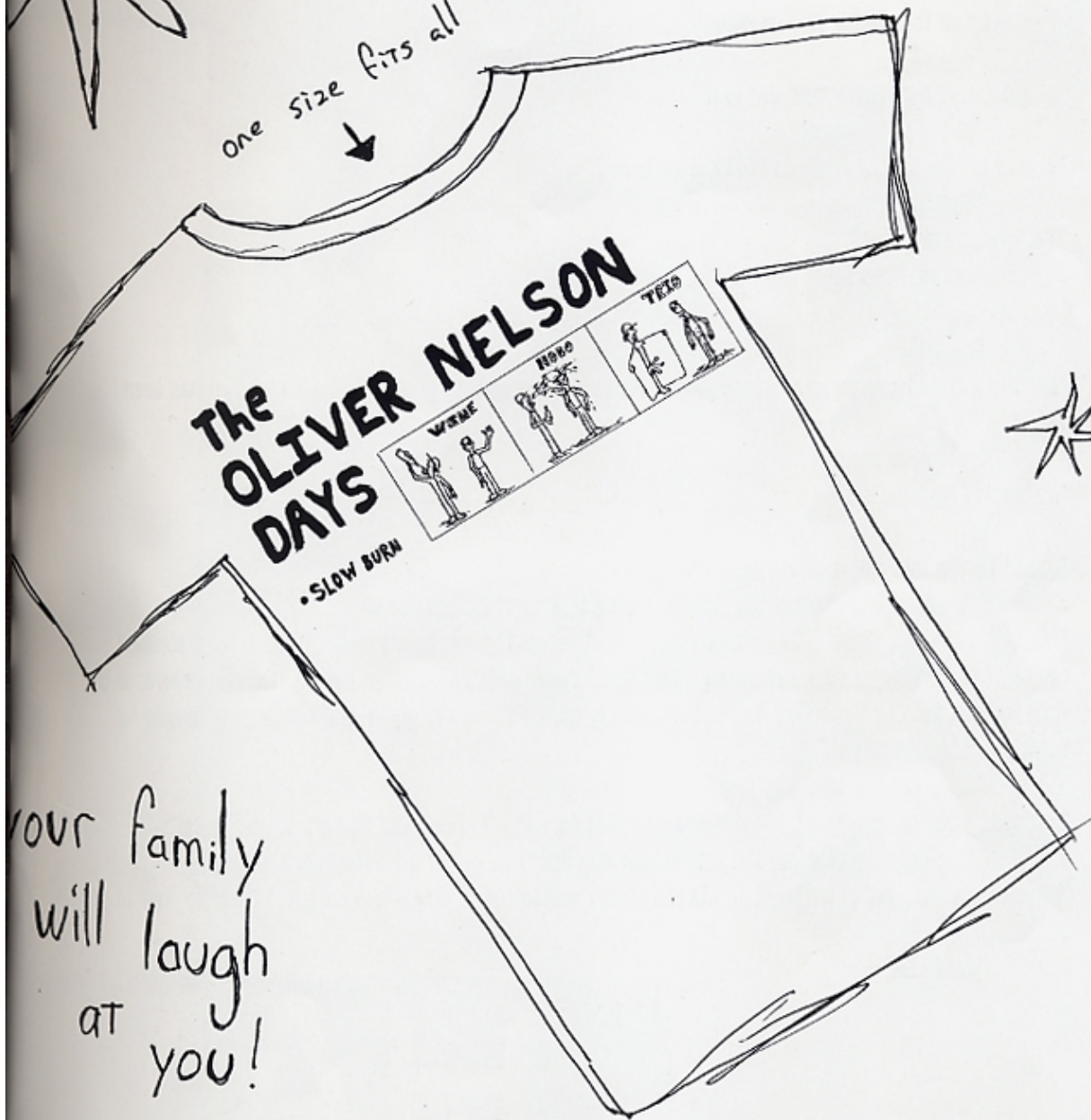
-----where you never meet your neighbors-----

my head is in the doorways and
the mirrors with my face stapled to it
and i have forgotten all of the
constellations except the big dipper
life is free
and i am useless.

OLIVER NELSON T-SHIRTS!



one size fits all
↓



your family
will laugh
at you!

but It's O.K.
because you will be
y' eating home made
corn dogs! fatso!

Send \$15.00 + \$ 3.00 S.H.
TO
608 W. 9th st
tempe Az. 85281
make payment to
Nicolas Pectol
(All proceeds go to the WineHoboTrio)



>phone conversation:

"I woke up on the shitter this morning."

"Again?"

"At least this time there was shit in it."

"Is the poop yours?"

"The shit? I'm not sure. Do you think it could be..."

"Spinoza... from your dreams."

"You are a real genius."

"Did you flush it?"

"Accidentally."

"Damb."

"But there is shit everywhere. There must have been a big shit party going on last night. It has been awhile."

"Since you pooped?"

"No, since I have partied."

"Sorry."

"Should I bring this shit over and have it analyzed?"

"Please, if it's the last thing you will ever do, bring that poop to me."

"It's shit, not poop. Poop is something controlled. It's what is left neatly in the toilet after a pleasant couple of whipes, no mess, no problems. This shit I speak of is uncontrolled havoc. It's everywhere: on the walls, on the floor, in the ceiling fan, in between my toes, and even in my mouth, fighting my tongue for territory. It's shit! Say it!"

"Shit. I'm just trying to help."

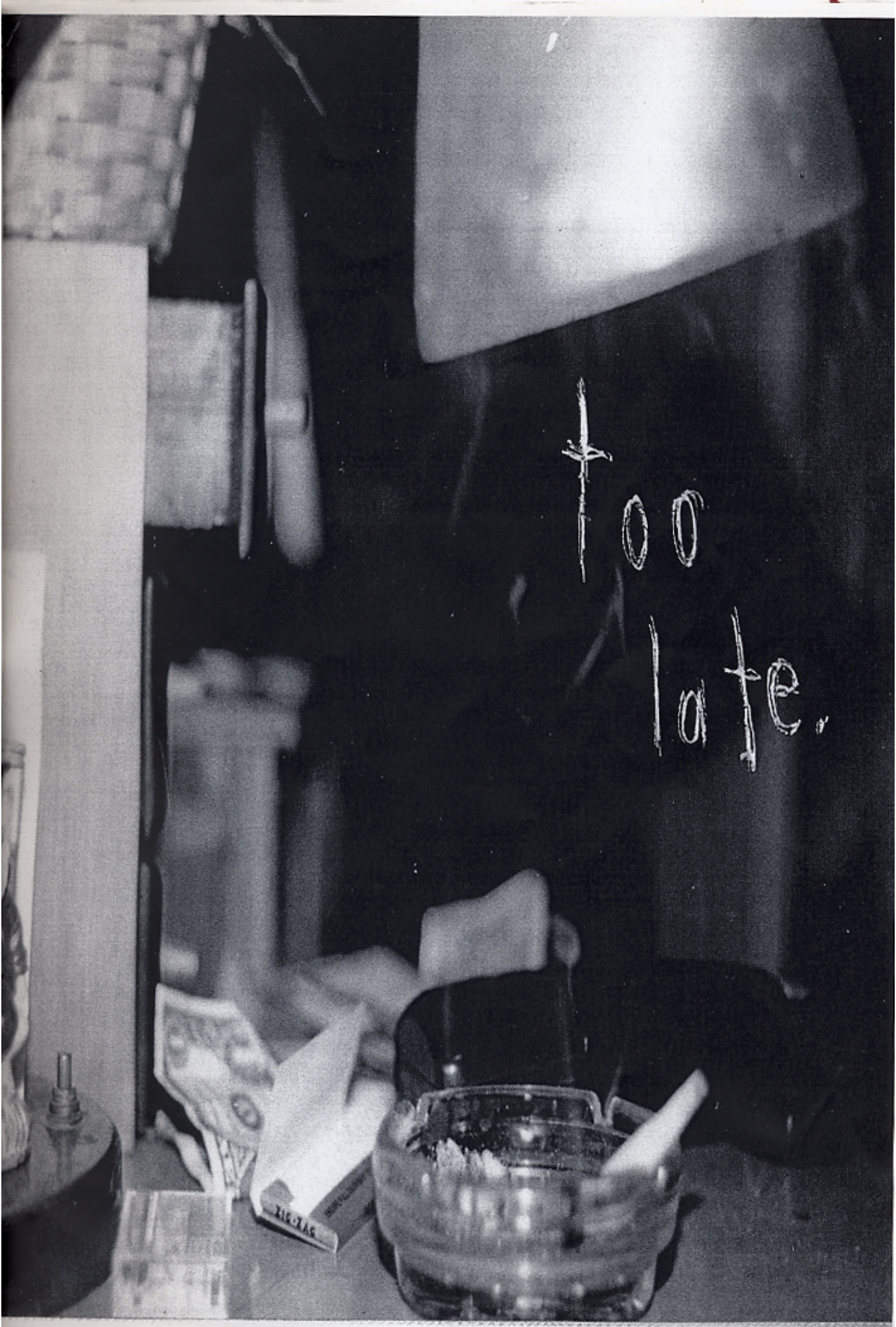
"Not bad. I like the way you say that. It feels good doesn't it? Feels like flowers in your armpits."

"Yes, like virgin ladybugs caught in your new hair cut. Ironic but unforeseen happiness."

"I have always wanted a pet lady bug. That's what I will do today. Thank you oh faithful leader. Talk to you later."

"Good-bye."

HAM
\$ 1.89



Post Facto Manifesto

Is the human body inherently evil, as some fanatical right-wing religious freaks want us to believe? If you believe that the body is the manifestation of sin, and you concede that God is our Creator, then God is the creator of evil. This breaks down a basic premise of God. That being that He is omni-benevolent. Therefore we must ponder upon the premise that the human body is evil or abandon the premise that God is "all good". For this manifestation, we will adopt the idea that God is, in fact, omni-benevolent. It follows that the human body must therefore be devoid of any evil what so ever! Otherwise we state that God made a mistake and that is logically and outright impossible for a perfect being. We are adopting a central argument that all definitions of God must include his perfection, *prima facia*. Thus we conclude that God is perfect and all good. As a consequence of these attributes he created a good thing, the human body.

If all of the aforementioned statements are true, then why is there so much opposition to strip-clubs? These are places that women are admired for their God given beauty. These are places where the human body is celebrated and appreciated by the exaltation of dollar bills. These are places of worship for the most beautiful of God's creation. In a way strip-clubs are churches, places to admire, discuss and interact with the good of God's creation!

Further, I suggest the merger of the Church with clubs such as Bourbon Street, Babes, Tiffany's and The Sunset Strip. This for many reasons, I will address three. First, attendance will increase ten-fold. Second, revenue will increase exponentially. Third, our priests will no longer release there sexual frustrations on our unsuspecting alter boys. It is a win-win situation and in perfect accordance with the perfection and goodness of God. We will call this new age building a Strip-Church.

Eventually Strip-Churches will be on every street corner of America, right next to Circle K. Not to long later we will merge the Strip-Church with Circle K.'s as well. Therefore combining the one-stop sex, food and salvation shopping our modern consumer wants and *needs*. We will call them Convenience-Strip-Churches. The only places in the world where you can confess your sins while receiving a lap dance and eating a 99-cent chili-cheese dog. Further we can cater for the individual needs of each community: Kosher-Convenience-Strip-Synagogues for the Jewish, Guilt-full-Roman Catholic-Convenience-Strip-Cathedrals for the Irish and Beef-free-Marquis de Sade-Homosexual-Convenience-Strip-Dewals for gay, sado/masochistic, Hindus. The possibilities are endless and in accordance with our first paragraph, all good!

Join The Wine Hobo Trio and me in our movement to expose the truth and beauty of a possible future! Godspeed, write your Congressperson or member of Senate and declare that you to want, and need, a Convenience-Strip-Church in you neighborhood. It is the only good and God-like decision you will ever make. Besides, it will be fun for the whole family.

Matthew Flansburg

wine.
hobo.
trio.

you wouldn't understand.

few do, they like it that way.
confidence.
creativity.

stand by me.

one more day.
one more idea.

give share compliment.

damn we're lucky i say.

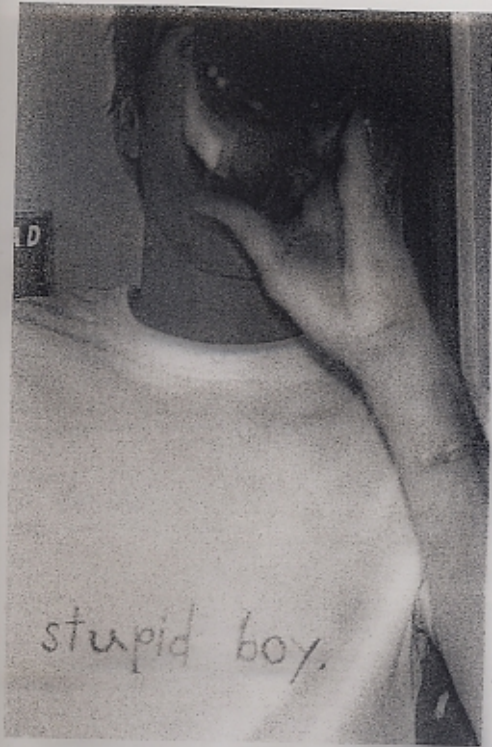
once old men we'll miss these days.
miss them already.
boys becoming men.
together.

together. now i know the meaning of the w
aug. 27th 10:32pm

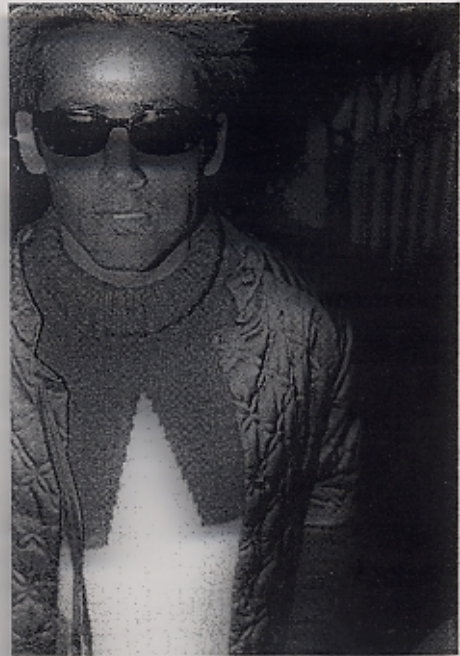
thank God for friends.

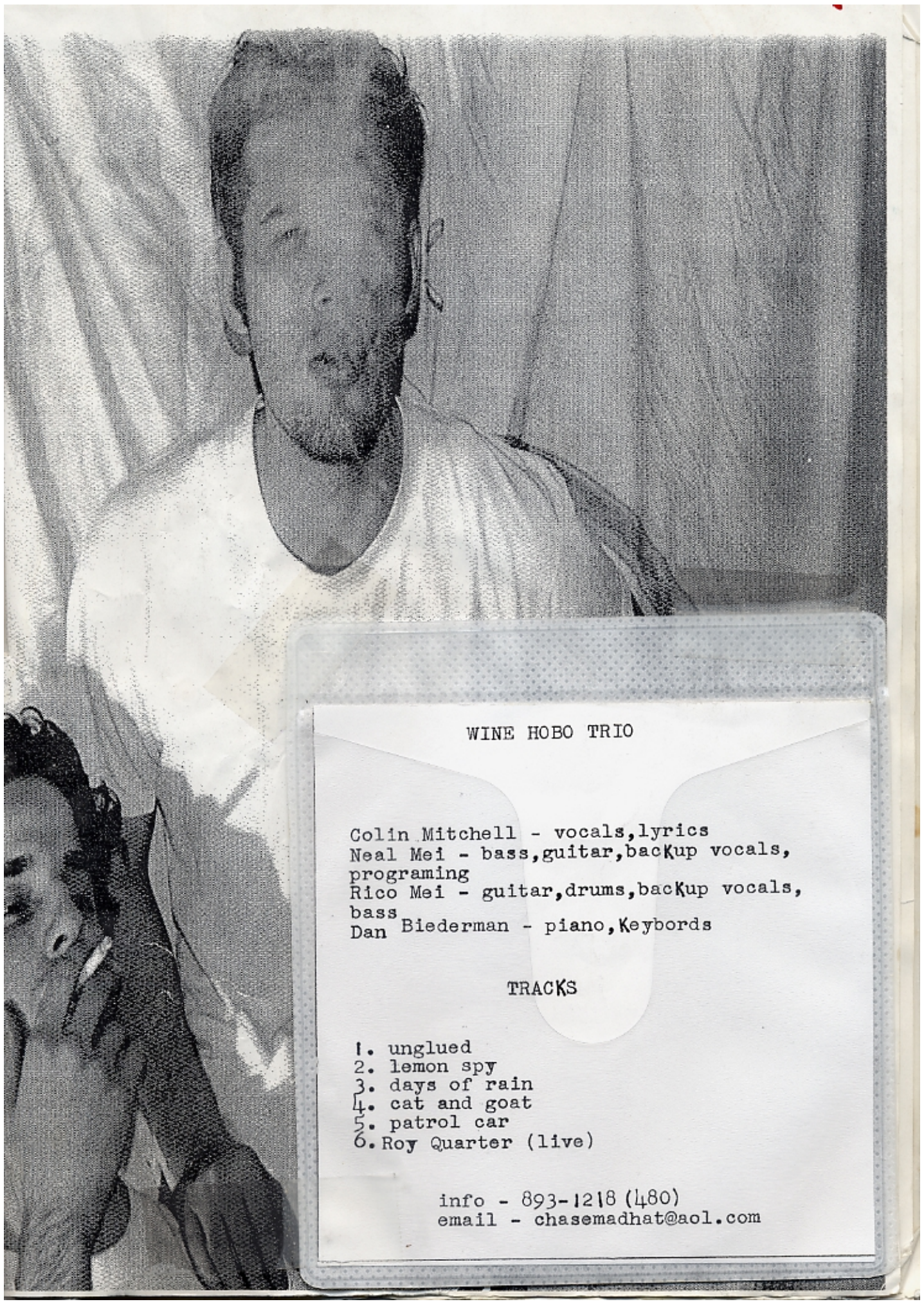
the wine hobo trio i

rico mei.
matthew flansburg.
colin mitchell.
neal mei.
dan blederman.
ryam smith.
jonny smith.
nick pectol



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WINE HOBO TRIO

Colin Mitchell - vocals, lyrics
Neal Mei - bass, guitar, backup vocals,
programming
Rico Mei - guitar, drums, backup vocals,
bass
Dan Biederman - piano, keyboards

TRACKS

1. unglued
2. lemon spy
3. days of rain
4. cat and goat
5. patrol car
6. Roy Quarter (live)

info - 893-1218 (480)
email - chasemadhat@aol.com

