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children  
churches  
& daddies

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the **UN**religious, **NON**family-oriented literary & art mag

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## the boss lady's editorial

# THE WORLD KNOWS YOU WELL, AT LEAST THEY CAN

Hearing about people's rights infringements. And hearing both sides of this debate has left me stuck. I don't know what to hold my allegiance to, and I don't know what to feel safe around. But more importantly, I don't know if I have a choice.

This all started when we all started hearing on the news about President Bush allowing the NSA to allow wire tapping on phone calls within the United States. I thought, "This can't be right, we're supposed to have constitutional rights here, isn't this an illegal privacy issue?" But after searching, all I could see in our constitution was that we were protected against "unlawful search and seizure"... which I would *hope* means that it is unlawful to search through phone calls, letters or e-mails.

My husband cleared up a few things for me. One was that it is unlawful to open someone's letter in the United States (you know, if someone is addressed to someone, it should only be *opened* by that someone). But phone calls which are international (our rights don't apply outside this country, so if we make an international phone call, we better not expect to be able to fall back on our U.S. protections), and emails don't apply *at all* to any privacy protections. Why? Because it's not in a sealed envelope (like, if you write something *on* an envelope that's privately mailed to someone, *like an address*, anyone can read what you wrote), but more importantly, it is sent *electronically* to the recipient's address. And that doesn't mean that an email teleports — decomposes, then *recomposes* — to arrive in someone else's e-mailbox, it means that your letter (with all of the coding of it's mailing date and what computer it came from) goes to the main computer system that says it will e-mail it for you, then it is brought to a local center for distribution, then it goes to someone else's local network, then it is brought to the specific system the recipient's computer is on, *then* it goes to the e-mailbox of the recipient. And at any point there, anyone can read the electronic file (you know, because it's not in a sealed envelope).

Hmm. I never thought about that with emails. I always knew there was an electronic record of where emails went, but I didn't think that meant it was fair game to read the letter at any point.

But the NSA said they were watching all international emails, when then made me think of my emails to my friend Jim in China. Were they reading about my plans to visit him?

Well, I was told they were only interested in looking for key words in emails,

so as long I didn't use the words *bomb* or *weapon* along with the President's name or the *government*, I should feel safe.

Ah yes, the rights we give up for we feel safe.

But the thing is, I, and a lot of other people, have communications with people internationally (*cc&d* magazine has received submissions from all over the U.S. and Canada, England, Australia, Belgium, India, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Malta, Norway, Pakistan, Russia and Turkey, as well as got input from places in Japan and Slovenia via email), so even when we hear that our government is only looks of Al Qaeda activity, it doesn't make us feel much better. And people complain about wanting to impeach President Bush for this, but my husband pointed out to me that right after 9/11, Bush was granted power to do anything to protect this country, and that could mean that would give him the right to wire tap or intercept emails or phone calls, if they thought it was in the countries best interest to keep America safe. You see, right after 9/11, everyone was in such a panic about what to do to protect our country, that they agreed to anything, allowing the President to do anything, all in the name of security against these terrorist attacks.

But I've also heard that there are laws that allow the president to do these things — and that they have been on the books for probably 20 years, and a number of presidents have used that law to do what W is doing now — from Carter through Clinton. So if he's had the right to do this all along, people should either be (1) finding another reason to impeach Bush (if they're Hell-bent on it), or (2) look into the fact that these laws have existed infringing on our rights for so long, and try to attack a *different* enemy.

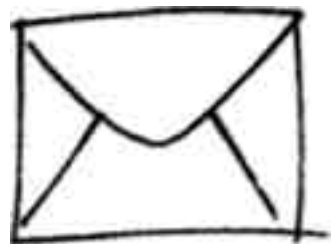
So I've heard people complain about Bush for these things, and I've heard very valid arguments supporting Bush. What should I believe?

All I've been able to believe is that our right to privacy *has* been infringed. Don't know what I mean? Then I'll ask: do you use the Internet much? Because, for example, I sometimes buy books at <http://www.amazon.com>, and when I go to their home page, they see what I've purchased and searched for in the past and create a home page listing what books I might like to buy. Now, I know they're trying to sell me stuff, but this means they've been collecting data on what I look for and what I've purchased to make choices for me. Doesn't seem too scary, seems kids of convenient, if you walked into a store someone would do these same things for you, but on the Internet this means that a really big company (in this case, amazon.com) has keep a record of what I look for, where I've gone and what I do.

Again, this doesn't seem to ominous, it's still kind of convenient, but the



## THE AMERICAN LOVE OF PRIVACY



government has also been trying to get this information from big companies, so they can have a better record of what you're interested in and what you do.

Now, I know the government can keep records of what books you take out of the library (maybe they'll think I'm a Nazi sympathizer because I took **Mein Kampf** out of the library once...), but if the government makes these agreements with companies, that means they can even know what I'm *thinking* about (as if my editorials weren't enough).

This applies to *all* U.S. citizens — and even if Google doesn't want to sell this information to the government, that means the information about you is still out there, in someone else's possession.

Wow, I'm starting to sound like a conspiracy theorist, and I swear, that's not where I'm coming from. It's not something we can really change (like companies keeping on line information about us, if we've already used these companies), though if we were genuinely concerned about these things, we could change the way we interact with companies like this (or choose to not interact with them at all). And wow, I'm not trying to tell anyone to stop using companies, I'm just asking people to think about every step they take with monolith companies and service providers like amazon.com, or even AOL or Google.

The point from all of this is to think that you're not safe when on the Internet. Consider the published book "**No Place To Hide**," which points out that *any* place you go can lead to you losing your privacy — from security cameras at most every public place to WIFI at computer stations and cell phones located *anywhere*. ATM machines are everywhere, and you can use your credit card in a *ton* of places, and all of these things are ways you can be tracked.

And you know, there are even expensive cars that have satellite control that allows them to locate their *driver* when they leave their car *anywhere* (any GPS system like that can be purchased now). Hell, I mentioned cell phones — new cell phones now can even transmit their location every few seconds to a mobile network. Yes, they can find you anywhere.

Ah, the great feeling of being watched, wherever you go.



I was watching a conspiracy show in the History channel about the FBI files that were accumulated about John Lennon (since he lived in New York for so long, while Yoko looked for her daughter from a previous marriage). They were part of peace concerts (probably the first concerts ever for a cause), and affiliated themselves with revolutionary peace beatniks, which the FBI wanted to keep tabs on in the 60s and early 70s. I heard the history channel report say that whenever someone mentions the government or the President, they keep a file on it. So I tuned to my husband and asked, I've written about our government for years. Do you think they have a file on *me*? And all he was able to say was that since my editorials are on the Internet, well, they've probably found it.

**Attorney General Alberto Gonzales said on 02/06/06 that this kind of surveillance isn't new, because Washington, Lincoln, Wilson & Roosevelt have all authorized electronic surveillance on a much broader scale...**

New York sensors everywhere that absorbed information about anyone there, and sending it to databases (public and private) to... to what? To keep tabs on everyone?

And if you wanted to get away, don't think of using any toll roads, because not only would you either have to interact with a person at a toll booth, which may have a camera watching them, or you would use an E-ZPASS, or an I-Pass, which you pay for in advance, and yes, electronically monitors where you go and when you pay to get through that booth. Hey, want to get out fast? Don't automatically pay for gas with things like the **speedpass**, but don't use it if you don't want a record of where you've been or what you've done.

Okay, don't shop or use a credit card. But when you use the Internet, companies record where you go on the web. If you use a TiVo machine with your TV, it records what shows you watch. At a lot of offices, you need an ID strip, so they can monitor where you are when too. And hey, even every 800 number you call — they record anything about you, your name, phone number, your *voice*, and key words you use.

If you're feeling claustrophobic yet, go ahead and look over your shoulder.

But some of these things are a convenience, and we've been willing to accept them to make our lives better (like paying for gas or tolls quickly, or taking less time at checkout because they can scan a bar code which tells them everything they would otherwise have to type in slowly by hand). And employers have the right to know when their employees get in and out of work (I mean, they're *paying* them), but there a places that have students needing to use ID tags for monitoring while in school. Well, that might be good if they're in such a violent high school that people are only worried about their safety, but ... at what point is this electronic convenience so

**It seems strange, the more the government knows about the people, the more closed off the government *is* to the people. Think of how the government seems to allow itself to wire tap some calls now, and think of how Internet companies know us after we purchase products. So with the more transparent we are being forced to become, the more opaque our government now is.**

imposing that you want to just cover your house in tin foil and duct tape so no radio or electronic signals can track you sown?

As Robert O'Harrow, Jr. said about everything being tracked and recorded so there's a record of everyone in **No Place To Hide** , there apparently are "intelligence officials who believe that some form of Total Information Awareness will make us safer." But when marketers lead the way in encoding everything about us, do we feel any safer?

'''

I don't know if you feel safer or not, but after hearing all about how the government can have info on you, and how companies can get info one you, you have to decide where to draw the line. Yeah, you could decide that you want to cut off all electronic communication, but if you go out in public, you'd have to stop worrying about the possibility of your image being recorded. We live in a world where one some levels we have to be willing to give up some privacy if we want to function with the modern world. And, well, you can guess my take on the situation, if I'm willing to post my editorials in a magazine and have all of my writings and art posted in the Internet, but think of it this way:

You can live in this world and enjoy companies knowing on the Internet what kinds of books or CDs you like to shop for, but these same companies can keep track of your credit cards and your purchasing history. That might allow you to fall into unintentional purchasing traps, or it might even make identify theft easier. (And *trust me*, I understand identity theft. In the same month Internet shoppers took my Visa card number and Discover card number that I have used on the Internet to make thousands of dollars in false purchases. And if you want to know which credit card company revoked those false charges faster, it was Discover — everything was cleared within two weeks. I didn't use that Visa card for months to a year because their *research department* put my account in financial limbo.)



The point? Watch your step, because I'm not a conspiracy theorist, but when we make these steps in the technology world, we might have to start looking over our shoulders to make sure people aren't tracking too many of our moves.

*Janet Kuypers*®  
Janet Kuypers  
Editor in Chief

guest editorial  
from Jason Pettus

## VIRAL MARKETING - WHEN WILL THE MADNESS END?

BY JASON PETTUS

Okay, so a little backstory first, for those who need it...

Regular readers will of course know of a new feature here at the site I recently started called "The Heterotopia Report," which is basically my attempt at doing what most blogs do all the time - that is, simply pointing people to other interesting things found elsewhere on the internet. And regular readers will also remember that in my last report (see <http://www.JasonPettus.com>), I mentioned an item about Microsoft employee Heather Hamilton, and how it had seemed recently at her own blo that she had mistaken a fake news article in the satirical publication *The Onion* for a real one. (The article in particular, by the way, was a fake editorial from a viral marketer, about how much all the products that he gets hired to market in this stealthy way actually suck...well, except for the newest drink from Mountain Dew, which really is as kick-ass as he's getting hired to claim it is. And this is important to today's story, so I recommend checking it out if you haven't seen it already.)

And I don't know why I'm so shocked whenever this happens - I mean, I use Technorati watchlists just like everybody else, and know what all you little fuckers are saying about me as well - but I was indeed shocked when I actually heard from Ms. Hamilton, not even 24 hours later, to let me know that I had gotten my item wrong, that she in fact did *not* mistake a fake item in the Onion for a real one. No, she was telling me, she was entirely familiar with the Onion before even reading the article, and knew that the article was a fake one designed mostly for laughs...she was just under the assumption that Mountain Dew had paid to be mentioned in it anyway, as a sort of ultimate example of viral marketing taken to a ridiculous extreme.

And sure, I thought this was pretty ludicrous at first myself, just like you're thinking right now too - I mean, really, why would a company actually pay money to a publication like the Onion expressly in order to get made fun of? But then the following question occurred to me, which has now been haunting me for the last 48 hours; *what if Ms. Hamilton is right?* What if the Onion actually is secretly accepting money from cutting-edge marketing companies, to make sure that their particular product is the one getting made fun of in the publication's sometimes devastating satirical attacks? I mean, it seems almost too ridiculous to even contemplate at first, because let's face it - all us smartie little intellectual shits *love* the Onion, and love everything it stands for, and would never in a million years guess



that they'd be one of those disappointing corporate fucks who would actually resort to such a thing. But hey, as I was pointing out earlier this year, pretty much every organization I've ever had a lot of respect for in my entire life has eventually gone on to profoundly disappoint me...so why *not* the Onion as well? Jesus, if even the staff of Wired magazine can eventually become soulless, money-grubbing, fascist degenerate corporate assholes, what hope is there for anyone else?

And this gets into an opinion of mine that I've shared here before, and which I still firmly believe - that this nation has been robbed of an entire generation of cutting-edge artists, and an entire generation of subversive, thought-provoking creative output from these artists (novels, movies, paintings, etc), because for the first time in history these cutting-edge artists can actually get lucrative jobs in the advertising industry instead. And this is just so completely and utterly fucked up, I'm not sure where to even start, frankly. Why has our generation not produced another Fellini? Because he's too busy filming a quasi-fetish commercial for Burger King featuring some creep in a dirty chicken outfit. Why has our generation not produced another Jackson Pollock? He's too busy spray-painting sidewalks with graffiti versions of Sony logos.

And I'll be the first to admit, I'm a fucking hypocrite for even bringing this up, because I too have accepted various jobs over the years doing this exact same thing, sometimes for projects that are even more ridiculous than the ones I just mentioned. (Were you one of those unfortunate people, for example, who suddenly started getting lame instant messages on your cellphone in the weeks leading up to that awful Al Pacino movie *SlmOne*? Yeah, sorry about that.) But that's entirely my point - that when you are a cutting-edge artist, and you suddenly do find yourself with the opportunity to accept such a job, just the raw amounts of money being hurled at you is almost too tempting to turn down. I mean, *seriously*, for those who might not know, I get paid \$100 per *hour* whenever I accept copywriting positions for the corporate world; and even on the most simple campaigns I've ever worked on, I still was able to easily log in 60, 80 hours' worth of work. And sheesh, eight thousand bucks to basically write a series of haikus about some awful movie nobody's going to go see in the first place? When the alternative is to make seven bucks an hour behind the counter at a goddamn Starbucks? When you haven't worked for months, and are actually seriously contemplating robbing a liquor store just to pay that month's rent? That's a hard thing to say no to, as I can personally attest.

But still, I feel guilty every time I do accept one of these assignments, and I feel *wrong*, and I feel *dirty*, because my job as an artist is supposed to be to *fight* against the very thing I've just been hired to support. And yeah, I know, that sounds awfully hardcore and pretentious, but fuck you, okay? *That IS the job of an artist*, no matter how pretentious you might think it sounds - to subvert, to question, to point out the weaknesses and foibles of all the rest of those assholes running around the planet who aren't artists themselves. Artists are *supposed* to question authority, because who else will if the artists don't? Artists are *supposed* to make fun of the ridiculously lame ways the ad industry tries to sucker the mouth-breathers of the world into buying their products. We're not supposed to be *helping* these people sucker all the

mouth-breathers - we're supposed to be fighting *against* them, and making their goals as hard as humanly possible to achieve.

And I think of all this myself, each and every time I accept \$5,000 to help promote the newest cardiac-producing sandwich from Arby's, every time I accept \$10,000 to write haikus for cellphones promoting some piece-of-shit movie that nobody wanted to see in the first place. Which of course is why I've been accepting less and less of these assignments, the older I get, and have chosen instead to simply remain unemployed, and to sometimes borrow money from friends and family, and sometimes simply not eat for three or four days at a time because I actually am that poor. Which, again, yes, I know, is an awfully hardcore and pretentious attitude for me to have, like something out of a bad Objectivist novel or something. But once again, I *am* a hardcore and pretentious person, have been my entire life in fact, and I'm not about to start apologizing for it now. (And once again, just for good measure - fuck you, okay?)

So where does it all end? That's the question I always ask, every time I hear of the latest ridiculous viral marketing campaign. Is there literally anything that viral marketers won't do, in the cause of selling another hamburger? I mean, just last week Kodak hired a bunch of sluts in miniskirts to walk around a photography convention, "accidentally" dropping things every ten or twenty seconds; and whenever they bent over to pick the thing back up, of course, everyone suddenly got this wonderful little view of the Kodak logo screenprinted on the back of these sluts' panties. I'm not making this up, people! That's the thing that I guess alarms me the most about all this; that the ad industry is in a free-falling downward spiral right now, and so desperate to justify their existence that they're willing to do just about *anything*, like out of a goddamn Paddy Chayefsky novel or something.

How much worse will it get before it gets better? Will viral marketers start hiring criminals to break into celebrities' homes, just to steal something really specific so that the news articles about the break-in will talk about it? (And frankly, this may already be occurring - in fact, there's still a rumor floating around that T-Mobile was the one behind Paris Hilton's Sidekick getting stolen and hacked earlier this year, simply so that the Sidekick brand would get all that free publicity for weeks on end. And hey, it worked, better than anyone could've even imagined.) I mean, we now live in an age where entire cities are legally changing their names into URLs; where people will accept money to have a company's logo temporarily tattooed on their forehead; where videogame companies are building temporary utopian societies in the middle of the desert, just to promote their latest gaming console. Where does it end? I can't answer that any better than you can, of course; but just the fact that we need to ask the question itself is what's really starting to bother me these days. It's my sincere hope, for the sake of all of us, that you will maybe spend a little time soon asking the question yourself.



— Jason Pettus (<http://www.JasonPettus.com>)

# open letter

## OPEN LETTER FROM C RA MCGUIRT

I have a friend who is definitely a Conservative Republican, who claims to be a Christian (though his version seems to consist of stonemasonry at sinners, mostly), who sent me several articles about his great hero, Sheriff Hongisto (I think that's the dude's name) in some town in Arizona.

The Sheriff runs an extremely non-luxurious jail, a tent city, actually, with no smoking, no HBO, mandatory work details, no weight-lifting equipment so you can get even stronger for the next time you beat up an old lady and take her welfare check, or etc. And to me, all that is fine. Jail isn't supposed to be a pleasant experience; its intent is to make you not want to do anything to cause your return there. As long as you don't do anything to violate the Bill of Rights, such as beat them or put them in rat-infested holes, etc., you don't owe convicted criminals a cushy lifestyle.

Here's my issue with my Conservative friend (let's call him "Mark", since that's his name). Hongisto DOES have TVs for the prisoners (how he gets TVs in tents I am not sure; maybe this is just at the actual jail). Mark is overjoyed that ALL you can see on the Sheriff's TVs (due to the fact that Hongy pipes it in on tape) are Conservative talk shows, Conservative religious broadcasts, and FOX News. Mark is convinced that all these cons got into trouble through being duped by Liberal Democrats, so constant viewing Conservative Christian Republican viewpoints will help them to become law-abiding, productive citizens.

Now, I am a Liberal in some ways, a Conservative in others, and I don't intend to argue along those lines. I'm not a Christian, but as a citizen of a Constitutional Democratic Republic, I believe that our Bill of Rights gives everyone the right to worship as they please (or not to worship at all; the government is not supposed to repress OR promote any particular religion.)

"Sheriff" is a Public Office. A Sheriff is elected by taxpaying citizens. A Sheriff is in charge of the Jail, which was built, and is maintained by, ALL taxpayers, even the ones who DIDN'T vote for the current Sheriff (who, by the way, STILL has to pay the Sheriff's salary).





The Office of Sheriff is NOT the Office of Jailkeeper and Propaganda Minister.

The Sheriff's job is to keep the peace and to supervise those who violated it. It is NOT his job to shove his own personal political and religious convictions down the throats of a literally captive audience.

My opinion is this: 1) Either Sheriff Hongisto shouldn't provide TVs at all, or 2) He should provide TVs which allow access to extremely basic cable, on which all political and religious points of view are expressed.

I know what Mark would say if the Sheriff in this case piped in ONLY Liberal Democratic propaganda--he

would be outraged. And yet, he can't see that this is just the other side of the same counterfeit coin.

I am interested in hearing your view on this issue. I don't know Mark's rebuttal to my thoughts, because he has never responded to them...



Agape as usual,

small c

(of Penny Dreadful Press)

news you can use

## WHEN PROPERTY GOES, SO DOES PRIVACY

Google is to be applauded for its courage in resisting the Justice Department's subpoena.

BY AMY PEIKOFF

The nationwide panic engendered by the Justice Department's subpoena to Google was, according to many lawyers and scholars, a mistake. Timothy Wu, a law professor at Columbia, said that the only interesting aspects of the case concern technical rules of legal procedure. "This particular subpoena does not raise serious privacy issues," he said.

It is true that the subpoena demands only a week's worth of searches and the addresses of a million randomly selected websites. Apparently, these aggregations of data alone cannot link any individual to a particular search or website viewing. Nonetheless, the panic was no mistake. If the subpoena succeeds, it will establish an ominous precedent: that the Justice Department can seize Google's (and anyone else's) time and property, without warrant or particularized suspicion and, moreover, the seized property need have only dubious relevance to the defense of a proposed law of dubious merit. ACLU attorney Aden J. Fine was right in identifying the subpoena as "another instance of government overreaching." Google is to be applauded for its courage in resisting it.

Internet Law specialist Susan P. Crawford warns that, while this subpoena does not seek data that most people would consider private e.g., searches which can reveal a person's unpublicized goals, preferences and problems, sexual, medical and otherwise nonetheless "the next subpoena could ask for that kind of data." The solution, however, is not to enact more privacy legislation. What we need is a legal system that defends our right to property and contract.

Warren and Brandeis, in originating a "right" to privacy in 1890, extolled the value of privacy to individuals, but stressed that their newly coined right must often yield to the public interest. Thus arose the "balancing test" approach that is now used whenever a right to privacy is invoked from abortion law to search-and-seizure law to tort law. So, if the Bush Administration decides that it is in the public interest to have legislation

preventing minors from viewing pornography on the Internet, then a man's right to privacy in his Internet searches may be sacrificed in order to defend such legislation, depending on the outcome of the balancing test. A judge will weigh the individual's interest in keeping his searches private against the public interest in the government's obtaining the data. How does he decide which interest prevails? By his subjective preferences? By public opinion poll? This is no standard. Thanks to the right to privacy, we enjoy privacy not by right, but by permission.

Perhaps it is contempt for the right to property that sustains our legal system's idea that the only property entitled to vigorous protection from government seizure is that containing "private" information. But Americans must realize that where property goes, privacy follows. One may choose to keep his thoughts and interests within the confines of his own mind. Otherwise, to prevent unwanted disclosure of information, one needs either an exclusive right to a place in which to store it, or a contractual agreement of confidentiality express or implied with others to whom he voluntarily discloses it. It is therefore only through objective laws protecting property and contract against warrantless government search and seizure, that we can safeguard our privacy.

The term, "private," when used to describe information, is no more objectively definable for legal purposes than is "obscene" or "pornographic." The referents of such terms change with the fashions; what was once considered strictly private information is today eagerly shared all over the media and the Internet. The terms "property" and "contract," by contrast, have definite referents. Whether someone owns property or has entered into a contract is a fact; common law doctrines allow judges objectively and predictably to determine whether such rights exist in a particular case. This takes the decision about what information to disclose away from government and puts it where it belongs: in the hands of the individual.

One essential feature of totalitarianism is a government's ability to punish citizens, not only for what they do or say publicly, but also for what they think and value in the privacy of their own minds. As one privacy advocate has said, a record of one's Internet searches is "a kind of shadow of the thoughts within your head your interests, your desires, your hobbies, your fears." If our government thus begins to have access to the content of our minds whenever it decides that this might serve the public interest, nothing can follow but a future of thought control.

*Amy Peikoff, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, United States Air Force Academy*

# NSA EAVESDROPPING DATA GIVEN TO FBI LED TO MANY DEAD ENDS

A SPECIAL FEATURE FROM THE LIBERTARIAN PARTY,  
[HTTP://WWW.LP.ORG/ARTICLE\\_276.SHTML](http://www.lp.org/article_276.shtml)

In late 2001, the National Security Agency began sending the FBI large amounts of data from intercepted communications garnered from its warrantless wiretapping program. Virtually all of the leads that came from the wiretapping data resulted in dead ends or innocent Americans, the New York Times reported.

The NSA was collecting so much data it was overwhelming FBI investigators, agency officials complained. Many former law enforcement and counterterrorism officials questioned the effectiveness of the NSA program and whether it had a proper legal foundation. After many months, FBI investigators found that very few of the leads provided by the NSA actually led to potential terrorists.

Many FBI agents felt the NSA program was not very productive. One anonymous FBI official explained a lead's typical outcome - "We'd chase a number, find it's a schoolteacher with no indication they've ever been involved in international terrorism - case closed." He further added, "After you get a thousand numbers and not one is turning up anything, you get some frustration."

In the months after the Sept. 11th attacks, the Bush administration placed heavy pressure on the NSA and the nation's other intelligence agencies to prevent any further attacks. The NSA aggressively moved into secret domestic eavesdropping with written permission from the president. Due to the secretive nature of the program, the NSA could not even tell FBI investigators why the names or phone numbers came under suspicion, the New York Times reported.

Having little background on why the data it received was important, the FBI complained it could not effectively assess the data's priority. The NSA responded by ranking its tips on a three-point scale, with 3 being the highest priority and 1 the lowest, according to FBI officials that were interviewed by the New York Times. Even after having the tips being ranked many FBI investigators still saw them as unproductive. One field supervisor joked that a new batch of tips meant more "calls to Pizza Hut."

Some law enforcement officials questioned the claims made by the Bush administration that the NSA warrantless domestic surveillance program was directly responsible for preventing a terrorist plot to destroy the Brooklyn Bridge. Officials that were involved in the case told the New York Times that they had already learned of the plan through the interrogation of prisoners and other means.

# political thoughts

## FROM STEVE “MAD DOG” GANS

**George W. Bush, Dec. 18th, 2005:** “I know that some of my decisions have led to terrible loss-- and not one of those decisions has been taken lightly.”

**George W. Bush, July 3rd, 2003:** “Bring ‘em on.”

It took two years for US deaths to reach 324 in Vietnam. It passed that figure in seven months in Iraq.

**Barbara Bush, March 18th, 2003:** “Why should we hear about body bags and deaths? Oh, I mean, it’s not relevant. So why should I waste my beautiful mind on something like that?”

It’s amazing how the media outlets decided to show the graphic loss of life from the December 26, 2004 killer tsunami waves -- the bodies washed ashore, many bloated as they piled up in numbers that far outdistanced the ability of loved ones to identify and bury them.

I’m truly amazed the media deemed it proper and appropriate, since televising dead service-members arriving home at Dover Air Force Base in the dead of night, in neat flag-draped coffins is still not allowed.

In related news, The U.S. House just adjourned for the year after approving a \$453 billion Department of Defense budget for fiscal 2006 and \$39.7 billion in spending cuts over five years to benefit programs such as Medicaid and student loans.

No child left behind?

“But out of the gobbledygook, comes a very clear thing: you can’t trust the government; you can’t believe what they say; and you can’t rely on their judgment; and the – the implicit infallibility of presidents, which has been an accepted thing in America, is badly hurt by this, because it shows that people do things the President wants to do even though it’s wrong, and the President can be wrong.”

-- *White House aide H.R. Haldeman, June 14, 1971, responding to the publication of the Pentagon Papers in the New York Times the day before.*



## **SHE WHISPERS**

MICHELLE GREENBLATT

*(for Drea)*

In the subway above  
or below the drumming  
of the hacked & swathed shadow

-dancing, she whispers, tell me  
what I dreamt last night. I believe  
you, I believe you when you

say you will shoot  
with it, I believe you when  
you hold out that

deck of cards. It all helps.  
Each moon. Each self  
-sharpening weapon, Drea, sharpens

itself in the wind lashing  
wires & wall-eye from the flat  
of the land. in the glass

ship, the bottle constricts, mouth  
(hungry:) for secondhand  
poetry, from my hand to yours.

8.15.2005



# TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

ERIC BONHOLTZER

There is a town that straddles the border  
of fiction and reality, with desert air and blistering sun  
As drifters migrate and lay claim for years  
Like seconds, left over by the wayside.

In a place in the middle of nowhere  
Where friends lay their heads to rest  
And it is easier to watching the highway  
Take it slow and observe the difference  
Between what is real and what comes from reality

It is a place of dusty roads and bikes spewing fumes  
Swirling with riders, running from something or for something  
At the same time blending to create this place  
Of existence and time out of mind

It can be done in this place,  
Where possibility is always possible.  
And the bright dry sky whispers  
With clouds that drift lazily by, as if to say  
Relax and enjoy the moment that is here forever.

As the sand crunches beneath boots that have seen too many roads  
And too few safe havens and sleep filled nights. Now they still  
Rest as doorways ever swing inward for cowboys and thieves  
That if the silence is kept, it is possible to catch a glimpse  
Of the evening air whistling, as it slowly passes by.

*This is also in the  
Eric Bonholtzer  
book **Remnants  
& Shadows.***

# AMERICAN CANTO LVI

## MICHAEL CERAOLO

Much in the way  
the Great Emancipator  
freed the slaves  
(reluctantly)  
so should one take  
his take on corporations  
in a similar vein;  
                                  after all,  
he appointed Tom Scott  
to his cabinet  
as Assistant Secretary of War,  
                                  and  
even contrived to keep him  
out of reach of a subpoena  
from the Pennsylvania Legislature  
that was investigating Scott's shenanigans  
in previous session  
(involving a repeal of a tax  
that Scott's cronies wrote  
as a contract between his railroad and the state)  
                                  And  
Scott,  
                  more than anyone else,  
was the father of the modern corporation  
through his invention of the holding company  
as an end-run around the prohibition  
against a corporation holding stock  
in another corporation  
                                  And  
then there came a race by the states  
to enact general incorporation laws,  
rather than incorporation for a specific purpose,  
a vast abdication of authority  
that ensured a race to the bottom,  
a race won by Delaware  
with its general incorporation law  
of 1899:

“the certificate of incorporation  
may also contain any provision  
which the incorporators may choose to insert . . .  
creating,  
defining,  
limiting and regulating  
the powers of the corporation,  
the directors and the stockholders;  
provided  
such provisions are not contrary to the laws of this state”

And

there was the continued connivance  
of assorted sordid politicians:

“No harm shall come  
to any business interest  
as the result of administrative policy  
so long as I am President”  
(spoken by Cleveland,  
unspoken by all the others)

“It matters not one iota what political party”  
“a joint-stock company in which those  
who contribute the most direct the action”  
“or what president holds reins of office”

And

couple that with the capitulation of the courts,  
starting with *Santa Clara*  
and continuing with countless other cases  
that concocted the preposterous proposition  
that a corporation is a person,  
which  
gives way to the following-



RED+BLUE=PURPLE  
(TRIPTYCH), ART BY  
LARA CHAUVIN

Declaration of Incorporation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:  
That all Corporations are created equal  
And endowed by their charter with certain inalienable  
rights;  
That among these are Life, Liberty,  
And the Pursuit of Profitability.  
And when in the course of corporate events  
It becomes necessary to alter or abolish  
The individuals deemed responsible  
For violating these inalienable rights,  
It is the right, nay duty, of the Corporation to do so.

Following the example of John Hancock,  
I sign my name in large letters  
and loudly shout

NO



JUMP, ART BY AARON WILDER

# ODE #1 TO A CHROME ZIPPO LIGHTER

KENNETH DIMAGGIO

More than your Boy Scout  
Good Citizen merit patch

your switchblade silver  
metal cigarette lighter  
was your true bad boy  
badge that every time  
you opened the half  
dollar shiny  
lid

made a loud enough *click!*  
to let the world know  
that this thirteen or fourteen  
year old punk

was about to smoke a cigarette

but not before  
a thumb that a few hours  
earlier held a green  
school pencil  
now caressed  
a small steel wheel  
which tip-sizzled  
an almost pinky finger  
tongue because

you always gave extra length  
to your wick

so that when  
you lit  
your Marlboro

everybody else would see \_\_\_\_\_

one of Satan's fingers  
about to caress  
your lips

Shame  
to snuff the devil back out

But not before a cop  
car had slowed  
to an eye-balling cruise

because when you are  
young and have an *attitude*

only God can punish such an angel

who made his First Communion

but not Confirmation

when he told the priest the opposite  
of *Love you*

But for the next few years--

--and especially when you got  
your license  
and began to light up something  
other than tobacco

not even God

would be able to stop you

# GRAIN OF GLASS

MARK PASSERO

White ness of bones,  
The desert runs thru it.  
Sand and dust collecting on fossilized time.  
Limestone etch with an ancient tale,  
By Brimstone and heavenly hail.  
The wale of chieftain elder,  
Sailing thru the paleness of a lonely moon.  
Parted lovers, beloved kin, sins forgotten,  
Tribal knowledge flint with stones.  
The hunt,  
The gathering,  
The earthly womb,  
The desert fires,  
The sirening songs,  
The coming of love,  
Hoves among the stars,  
Beckoning calls,  
The reckoning of sacred scars.

*(Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2005)*

## FREE SPEECH

COREY COOK

Neighborhood dog lifts  
his leg on a faded Bush /  
Cheney campaign sign.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

EDWINNA  
BRYANT

I fill my glass  
With leftover passion

Place lovemaking  
Between my bread

Spread my toast  
With your buttery kisses

Cover my salad  
In liquid dreams of you

Season my meat  
With sprinkles of lust

And I scramble my eggs  
In your sexuality

Cause, when I am hungry  
Food for thought  
Served as you  
Fills me more

# OUR DANGER FROM WITHIN DOCTOR PUSHERS OF HELL

© 2005 FRANK ANTHONY

On Earth the dangerous  
is not always apparent  
is not germs in Africa  
America the exorbitant  
Most of all that skill  
humanity was born with  
US drug companies kill  
Survival uses the pith  
helmet against warming  
US free trade around a  
Free enterprise system  
of hidden side effects  
that destroy integrity



---

## HUSH

MIA MARIE COLLINS

The sky wept above me,  
silencing the city,  
becoming a wind-chime world  
in which I sat  
rocking in rhythm with the rain,  
cigarette smoke coloring the clouds.  
And then the steady growl  
of pollution filled the air  
as the sky dried her eye  
and life was thick with things that should not be,  
every breath laced with death  
and I rocked in rhythm with the routine,  
selling my soul to the city  
where serenity is sirens  
and people are shadows  
and I am nobody.



# BETWEEN ENEMY LINES

KATHRYN ALISON GRAVES

It was too hot to see past the threshes, foxtails and dead armadillos  
flattened out on the road and left for bait  
Heated steam from the asphalt rises up this time of year  
and bakes its victims  
Texas is another country you know...

Your letter of compliance was well uncovered  
and yet I paid it no mind  
Just remember the Bluebonnets I picked  
be sure to smell your fingers  
Dust gets into lungs no matter where you sit out here

My last breath was a scent of your bleached white t-shirt  
A combination of old spice and body odor  
Oh, and her....

# NOT THE MAN ON A STILL STREET

JOSHUA GRAY

With quiet shoes the man walks along a quiet street.  
He passes his shadow at each lamp he passes under.  
No dogs bark. No cars pass. No lights on.

With each step the space in front of him becomes him.  
Particles scream and mix within the chaos of the minute.  
The line between the man and not the man dissolves.  
He doesn't see his world erupt. The silence he hears is fiction.

## RECIPROCITY

ANNE MARIE  
BONNEAU

You first kissed me under the  
    shade of an umbrella,  
Whispering vulnerability.  
Gently you traced my scar,  
    knowing I could not survive  
    another crash.  
Walking down the street, you  
    turned to tell me you love me.

Whispering vulnerability,  
I knew it was over before you knew yourself.  
Walking down the street, you turned to tell me you love me  
But a broken man boarded his late flight.

I knew it was over before you knew yourself.  
The phone hummed a flat key when you said goodbye, hung up.  
But a broken man boarded his late flight,  
Murmuring susceptibility.

The phone hummed a flat key when you said goodbye, hung up  
A gut-socked lightweight. I can not sleep off this sickness.  
Murmuring susceptibility,  
Dreams of soothing you into sweet slumber trigger this insomnia.

A gut-socked lightweight, I can not sleep off this sickness.  
You first kissed me under the shade of an umbrella.  
Dreams of soothing you into sweet slumber trigger this insomnia.  
Gently you traced my scar, knowing I could not survive another crash.

## PLUS 1

J D NELSON

In this old Garden of Evil  
we see right through the mystique.

We're beautiful beef-eaters  
& the future of our culture  
depends upon the extermination  
of all endangered species on the planet.

Can you believe what they're doing  
with science and numbers these days?

I was never good at numbers,  
except in my own way  
of working with them.

Numbers are different  
and they're also my friends.

# HELEN IN THE BRONZE MOON MIRROR

STANLEY M NOAH

Let it be known  
to the world  
of archaeology.  
Never desecrate: as  
the legend be true.

Never find the tomb.

Search only and retrieve  
her golden reflection  
hidden by Aphrodite.

Be diligent: Eros is  
obsessive and jealous.  
Sail the Aegean sea,  
walk to Sparta,  
walk to Mycenae.  
Ask King Agamemnon.

Never find the tomb.

Be diligent: as you  
are a time-traveler.  
Be diligent: all Greek  
men would die for her.



GOLD STATUE OF ATHENA,  
IN THE PARTHENON

# SIGNPOSTS

## CHRISTOPHER BARNES, UK

He peacock  
-pecked my cheek  
eyeing a cluck  
-red pinhole  
and an unmistakably identifiable mole.

All through-roads lead  
... to dementia.

Finally,  
all we see are roundabouts  
and us.

I flick through the past,  
you through semi-consciousness;  
the speech  
-song of water  
drums your cheek.

At 7 you think  
you remember  
kissing  
a young boy's mole  
and dancing at dancehalls  
to Northern Soul.

All through-roads lead  
...to dementia.

All traffic must crawl  
through a pinhole.

# “WISDOM’S HILL”

RICHARD CROWLEY

A squashed daisy ignored by lovers  
crouches on a silent hill  
Her lips he held in gracious tow  
But she moved, crushing the petals.  
All night they held never sensing time  
And their new life together

The marriage of hot and cold provided by love newly  
made  
Without spade  
And in an eternal place set

Today, a child walks  
Lays in the grass and frolics spiders and worms.  
The tall flowers talk  
And in their way, welcome him,  
Don't go astray and let your ego pass  
And wind so dim  
To crush the spot of wisdom



4/17/05 DAFFODILS  
IMAGES BY JOHN





DRUNK  
UGLY, ART BY  
CHERYL  
TOWNSEND

## HADES' NECTAR

### RANGZEN SHANTI

I sit in bed one night, sipping sweet absinthe  
in the isolation of my hotel room

My eyes turn into unpinned grenades  
ready to explode at any moment

My body shivers  
but also moistens with sweat

Sanity storms out the door  
as my room begins to spin  
and a green blob drifts across the wall

I curl into a fetal position  
and toss the white covers over my body

Who knew saintly Assisi  
possessed such a devilish beverage?

*-Assisi, summer, 2005*

# PALE LIGHTS

JEFF MCMAHON

The face of time  
wake you up  
grinning

Lights pale  
and grow  
and age

The last drip  
hits  
the sink

The bed  
still feels  
hard

A space  
empty  
there

you've been  
gone  
for a year



LEFTY, ART BY AARON WILDER



PAINTED  
SCULPTURE  
BY NICOLE  
AIMIEE  
MACALUSO

Coming from Euro frozen lands  
through Ellis Island  
to find the frozen states  
of the Upper Midwest

## FROZEN LANDS

They dug in deep their roots  
to have children and crops  
in the life and the land  
that they harvested

CHERYL  
LAMBRECH

Many were dairy farmers  
although they seldom had some  
their children rose early  
and got the milk ready

The wagon would be laden for town  
so the many children would walk  
the mile or two to school  
through the rain and the snow they would go

Except in the summer  
when they would stay home  
with the livestock and the crops  
that would feed them now

and through the harsh winter  
Canning and storing  
what they could preserve  
in the ground cellar

And because of all of this  
one day the frozen lands  
became farms for the  
fertile fields of food and flowers

For the world



# Barbie

## BARBIE

### DAVID CORY

O daughters of America,  
beware the bitch goddess  
lurking on megastore shelves.

Her lips move not  
yet she deceives.  
Her too-big breasts  
will never swell, sag,  
nor leak.

Her too-small waist  
will never expand.  
Her too-slim hips  
will never widen.

There is no orifice  
to offer up to Ken  
between her too-long legs  
She is impenetrable, impregnable.

Her feet  
are flexed  
eternally  
for high heels  
yet she knows  
no bunions or pain.

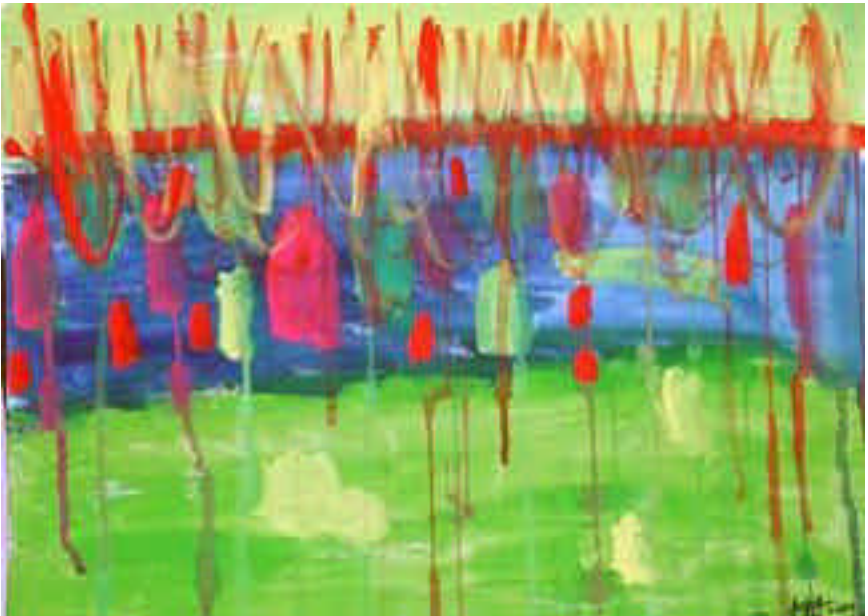
O daughters of America,  
resist.  
Rise up.  
Be real.  
Be free.



# SEASON CONSUMED

MOLLY WENDTLAND

I consumed the snow until the snowflakes  
fell out of my pores and I had  
everything that would disappear,  
not just in the palms of my freezer-preserved  
hands, but in my blood – as I inhaled  
winter and let autumn go – and as it  
chilled its passage through my veins,  
I saw the snowflakes start to bleed.



SANTA MONICA 52, ART BY JAY MARVIN,  
[HTTP://WWW.JAYMARVINONLINE.COM](http://www.jaymarvinonline.com)

The night stained with darkness has the power to enhance a flame (which is like a sacred name in a starry void).

The night stained with darkness is a sweet voice of the yin power, (embracing many with a velvet touch).

Stained with darkness, the night proffers an obsidian arm which eases introspection, uplifting lonely souls.

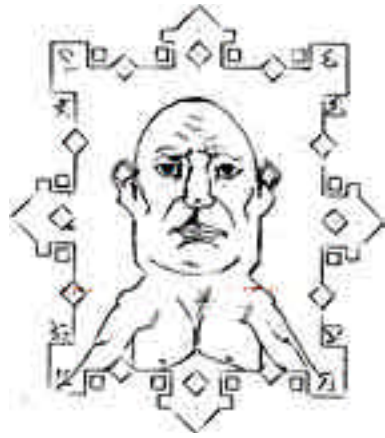
The night (bleached with oily darkness) is a blind angel who knows devotion, that fearless power which infiltrates a black ocean with surrender.

The night stained with darkness inks the poems of dreams on multitudinous sleeping spirits (beloved by ancestors who anoint them with heaven's innocence).

The night stained with darkness has known for millions of years sublime rest, (conducive to meditation, the fruit of spiritual surrender).

The night stained with darkness is decked with the black robes of penance, and moved her thighs slowly in a solemn dance adorned by the Music of the Spheres.

The night stained with darkness conceals the secret of God realization from aspiring souls, who some day will pierce that veil and attain infinite bliss.



# THE NIGHT STAINED WITH DARKNESS

RONALD M.  
ROWE





SAY WHAT 01, ART  
BY DAVID MATSON

## PHANTOMS

EMILY GRISKAVICH

I saw your ghost at the bar  
dancing with other women  
who wore less  
and drank more  
than I ever dreamed of

I flew home  
to fall asleep in smoke scented clothes  
with the scent of you  
though months old  
still coming from my pillows

In my sleep  
your face floated  
before my eyes  
wrought with pain

Still holding back  
the storms in your brow  
and the rain in your eyes



MAX KECHICHIAN  
MASK, ART PRESENTED  
BY XANADU

# VAN NUYS

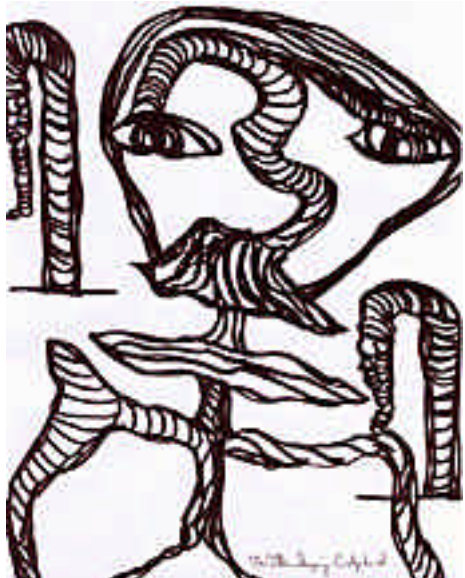
## KATHERINE WING

Sugar, swing down low  
Here, live the life  
Where subterranean surge breathes pure exhaust  
And humming screech awaits the bus

Paycheck waves to paycheck gone  
Nothing special babies bulge and drop  
Walk quickly  
Catch the herd before it's gone

Let's return to tiny fraying huts  
A chair, a cup, a shelf  
Flickering electric numb  
Contemplation cramped, exhausted

And watch, they rise again  
Squint- crusted segregated eyes  
Trudge backwards down the up staircase  
Eluding crisp grand exits



CANDY LAND,  
ART BY EDWARD  
MICHAEL  
O'DURR  
SUPRANOWICZ

prose  
the meat and potatoes stuff

## FOUR FAMILIES BY PAUL TELLES

Something I say prompts my brother-in-law to cock his eyebrow just like Mr. Spock. I want to ask, “Did you stand for hours before the mirror practicing that gesture when you were 12, too? Did you think you could become a creature of Pure Logic?” Then I remember that Mr. Spock’s eyebrows were cosmetic, products of shaving and penciling, just like the eyebrows of the transvestite dancers my Mom saw when she was a waitress at the Terrace Hilton. (Why did she tell me this? I don’t know.) And I remember that Mr. Spock’s Mom was Jane Wyatt. Before moving to Vulcan, she was married to an agent for the General Insurance Company. They had three precious children who respected all their elders. I imagine my brother-in-law liked them. I wish that Leonard Nimoy had answered my fan letter and sent me two of his used ears. I could put them on my brother-in-law now and see if they looked cool.



MIKE, ART BY  
CHRISTINE  
SORICH

# RESURRECTION

LORRAINE GRUND

Some days when I stare into the sky, there is no color

except for the blue pools of your eyes. I dive into the deep end of one, recall the star-filled stones of last night's dream, and throw them into the blackest memory of a girl crawling in the filthy alley, drunk beat up bits of gravel stuck to the cut on her forehead as I lift her head to see the dull, gray stones in flight, breaking open showering white light, bright truth falling upon her, "It wasn't your fault," I tell her.

The girl is standing now, spinning – arms wide-open, free to dive into the shallow end of the other blue pool, hitting the bottom – the world now aglow with its full spectrum of colors...

And now,

I am behind the shadow of the moon,

but I have sunk like the sun to a depth no ocean could overcome only to scratch and claw with bitter determination out of miles and miles of a frozen ocean.

You could still smell the vodka on my breath when I surfaced from that depth, but I have risen higher than the sun at noon-time, shining so brightly I eclipsed both the moon and the sun and I was cryin'.

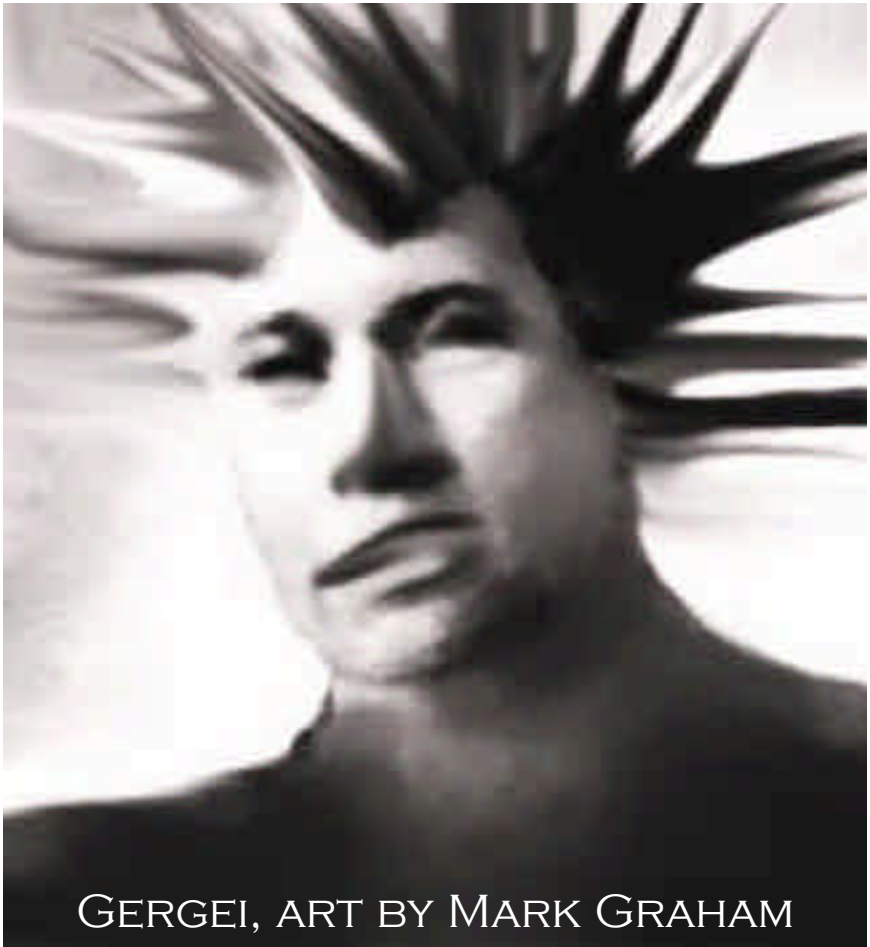
So I look to the heavens, working 24/seven will not get me as far as the stars, and all the paper in the world cannot make me more than just a girl with a pen and this notebook full of words.

Perhaps Ginsberg will light up the night from his constellation you know the one that Gabriel fell away from, and he'll guide me on my way, so I can once again eclipse the sun and the moon of my soul.

And now,  
I am the color of the sun,

the half-hidden yellow truth veiled in white lie clouds  
the sound of raven's wings as she recovers from a fifty-foot dive  
I'm the song that the child jumping rope at this moment sings  
the sharp left turn and whoop half-circle of the number five  
the long-rope swing hanging from the loneliest, tallest tree  
the treble clef of a slow, sad piano melody  
the floor of the lake I knew intimately as a child.

Look for me between the sun and the moon.  
I'll be everywhere except for the blue.



GERGEI, ART BY MARK GRAHAM





# FACE VALUE

G.A. SCHEINOH

She drops the coin onto his open palm, surely her last. On its obverse is etched what might be the face of the Holy Roman Emperor. But isn't.

Rather the visage of the empress of too many worries, too few regrets appears there, HER countenance stamped in perfect profile.

And then he is kneeling on the purple carpet before her throne. She hoists a sword, a huge, double edged blade hovers above his shoulder, an inch, no more from his left ear. Though whether to knight him or lop his head off in one fell stroke, he's unsure.

Frozen in that moment between punishment and reward, he's afraid to cast the goldpiece heads over tails through the cooling evening air for fear of what he'll find on the flip side.





# children churches & daddies

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