

The Jailer

My night sweats grease his breakfast plate.
 The same placard of blue fog is wheeled into position
 With the same trees and headstones.
 Is that all he can come up with,
 The rattler of keys?

I have been drugged and raped.
Seven hours knocked out of my right mind
 Into a black sack
 Where I relax, foetus or cat,
 Lever of his wet dreams.

Something is gone.
 My sleeping capsule, my red and blue zeppelin
 Drops me from a terrible altitude.
 Carapace smashed,
 I spread to the beaks of birds.

O little gimlets—
 What holes this papery day is already full of!
He has been burning me with cigarettes,
Pretending I am a negress with pink paws.
I am myself. That is not enough.

The fever trickles and stiffens in my hair.
My ribs show. What have I eaten?
Lies and smiles.
 Surely the sky is not that color,
 Surely the grass should be rippling.

All day, gluing my church of burnt matchsticks,
I dream of someone else entirely.
And he, for this subversion,
Hurts me, he
With his armor of fakery,
 His high cold masks of amnesia.
How did I get here?
Indeterminate criminal,
I die with variety—
Hung, starved, burned, hooked.

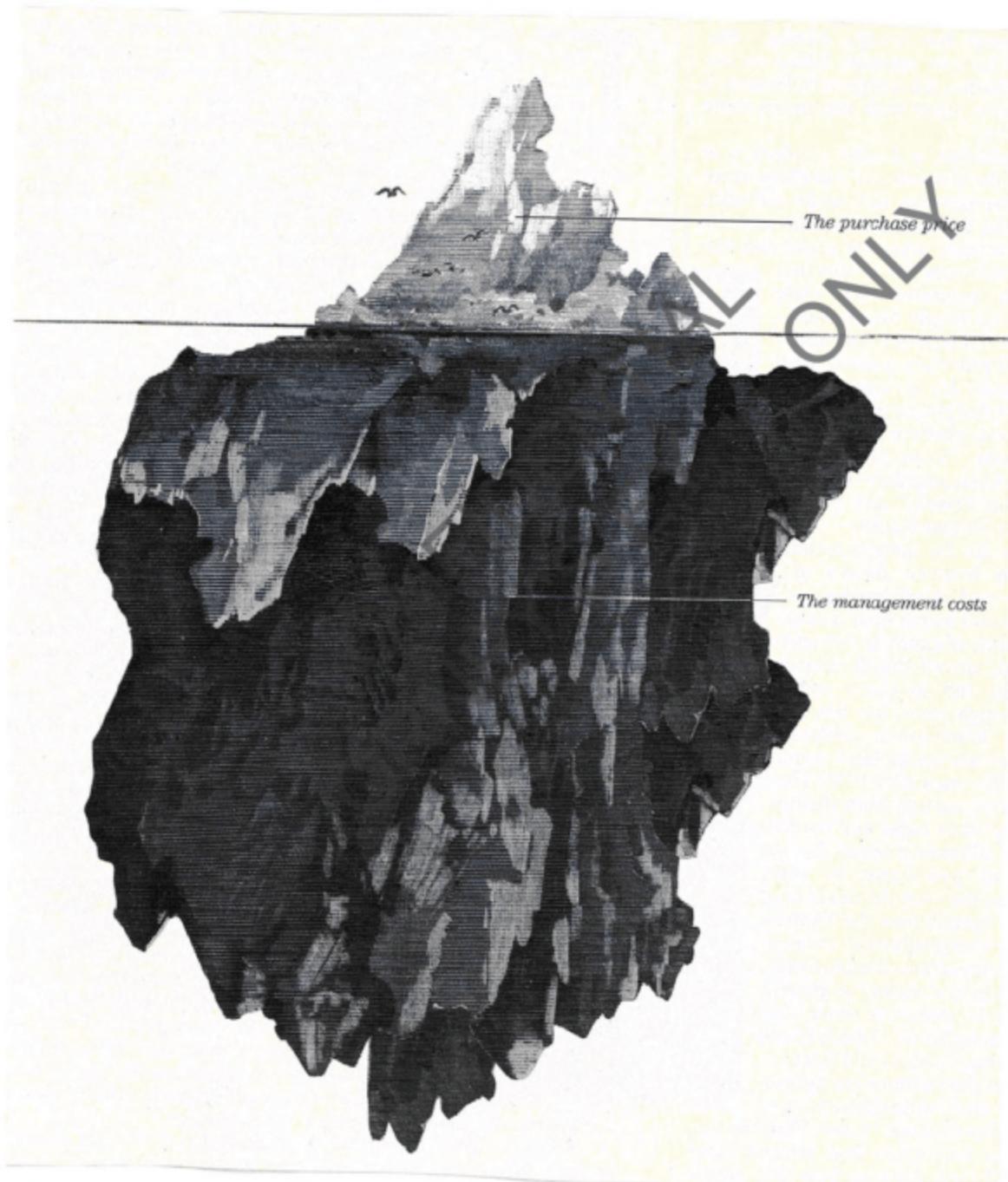
I imagine him
 Impotent as distant thunder,
 In whose shadow I have eaten my ghost ration.
I wish him dead or away.
That, it seems, is the impossibility.

That being free. What would the dark
Do without fevers to eat?
What would the light
Do without eyes to knife, what would he
Do, do, do without me?

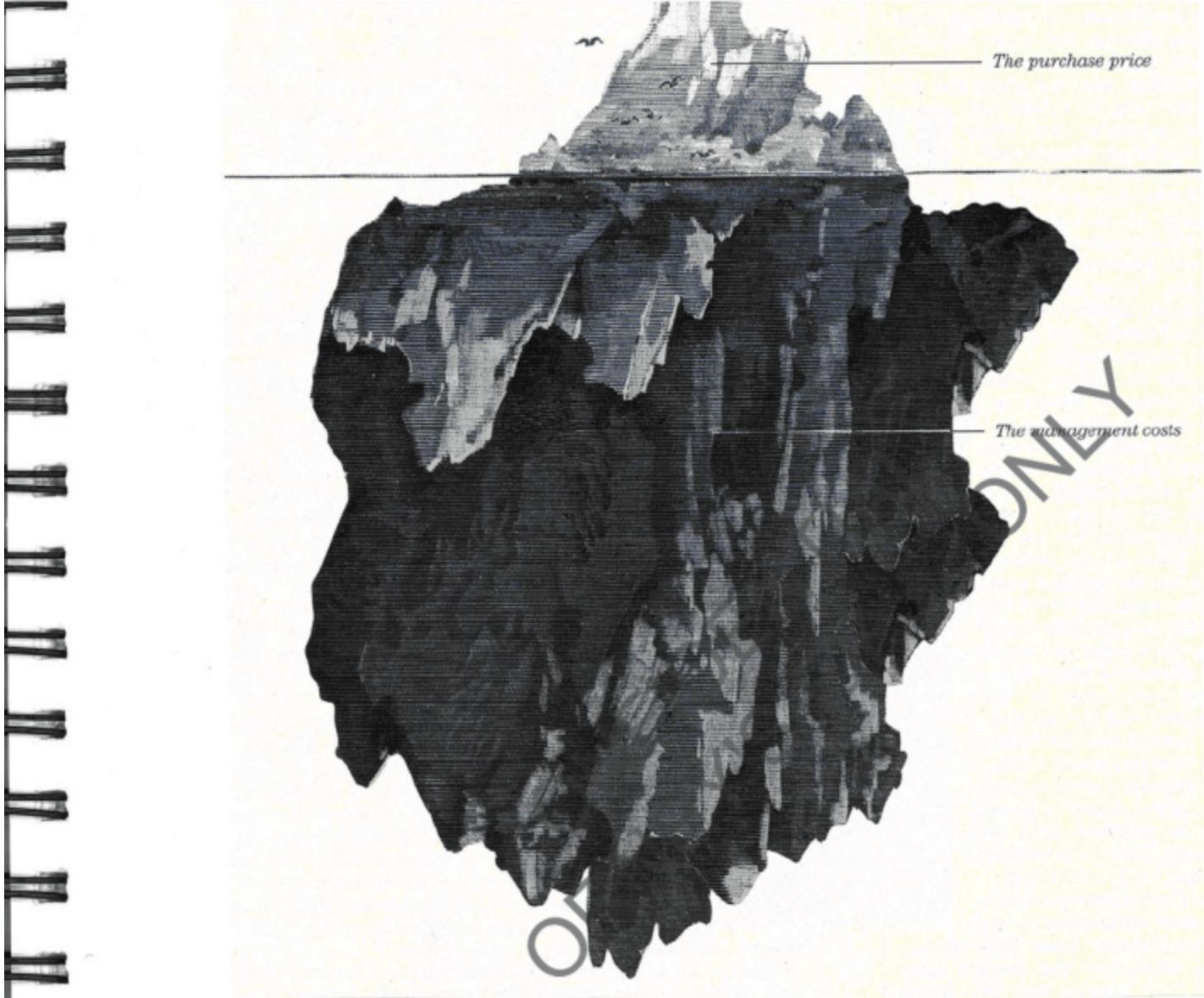
17 October 1962

EFTA02731341

We, your blood family, will do all we can...



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dneemeftiwisenrh
ofvretapgentio+
rest.



10

Nope you like your banner!
I worked super hard on it jus'
for you! I'm so happy that
we're so close now and don't
worry, I'm in California and
while I'm in Florida, I mean, who could forget
you! *lol* N-E-Way! It's been
great! tty!

July 20, 2001

Beyond Our Town: Where the Wilder Things Are



For all
the Bills
out
there
worrying
about
their
Chelseas.

Harvard.

wt yu!
in o

Even from a
thousand
miles away,

old, men and
children.

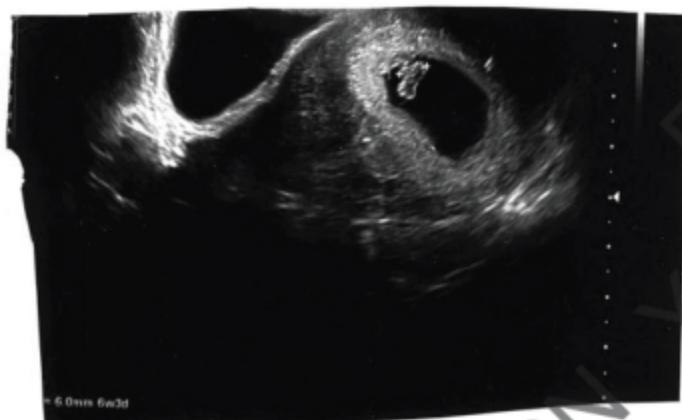
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...& tears



never imagined the
~~joy~~ and tears
her future held



poured out an ocean of tears.

PAIN

*'I've got
myself a
winner'*

lets knne hut dasfcig
feboeadxasej moukn
trdfhsiknt itdae"hts
ieotiscadwse"mt ai
cviquhhsclneoinlan!
asnsccpyiaudmtoapi

Victim of His Own

MAYBE
MAYBE SHE'S BORN WITH IT.

NEVER
TO BE

SEEN &
HEARD

*One minute I was a
nobody, the next...'*

INTO

"a stealth closer"

High excitement videos

A child

all night

**ARisky
Power Play**

SAD

LUXURY
Lifestyles
of the Rich & Famous

perverse

HE WANTED
SHE WANTED

young Girls A TEEN
her childhood back

**blonde
beauty**

NO men she trusted

the painful moments

the truth
broke her heart

betrayed

GRADUATION



Congratulations

Only once is it possible for someone to find
a woman with such unsurpassed beauty.
Every moment in your presence is like experiencing
heaven on Earth.
The sound of your voice tickling my ears
is like the sound of angels singing!
But when we are apart ORN ONLY THE AGONY! I
long just to have you in my arms.
I sit about, longing to be near you, longing
for your sweet SORROW to fill the air.
But I rest with the knowledge that I will
see you again soon, another day, another dream...

ORN LSEY

- Anonymous
(for now)

weeping teenage
girl in the small
dark hours just
before dawn.

Balancing act

BATTLE

Beauty Dies

shattered

No dreams

her tragic end

ATTACKED

And it was a long,

tragic trail of tears.

PICTURE PERFECT

giggly, natural, soft,
kindhearted CUTE SHY GIRL

intelligence
simplicity
born humble

small
generous

little

traits

Jeffrey Loves

For the person

who has everything

The Fearful

This man makes a pseudonym
And crawls behind it like a worm.

This woman on the telephone
Says she is a man, not a woman.

The mask increases, eats the worm,
Stripes for mouth and eyes and nose,

The voice of the woman hollows—
More and more like a dead one,

Worms in the glottal stops.
She hates

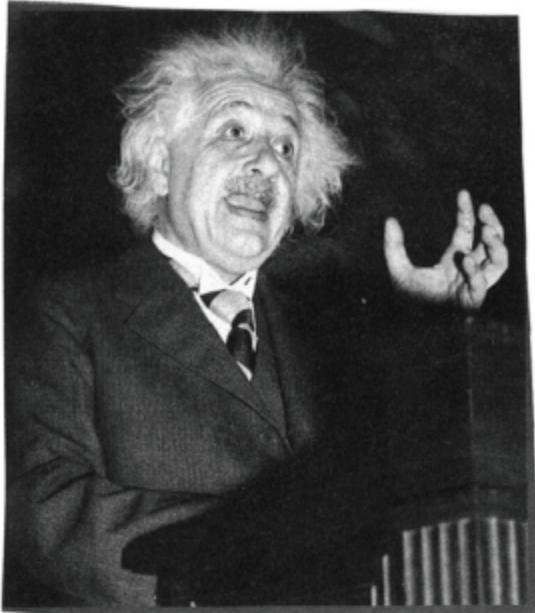
The thought of a baby—
Stealer of cells, stealer of beauty

She would rather be dead than fat,
Dead and perfect, like Nefertiti,

Hearing the fierce mask magnify
The silver limbo of each eye

Where the child can never swim,
Where there is only him and him.

16 November 1962



Teeishclteslesatntlaot
hspgwoalhmevsmrada**k**bu

Hradcwrehnnyml! hyaebdaeo
avratosstaaiasTemkaanmfr
aias:stoknscMsukatrusnte
nmi)ufcigik! r.aerukasadh
Mrinisyrgosuletotforfr
atamnkaersbtifisroosryon
Nwch.Wwssnofralam! yeveshold
gakeaaucmotbes.e.vlagscooso
ntqasatrod.temmrlikta!
oevimpagoises.oeliers

**PLEASE BEHAVE LIKE THE EVOLVED HOMO SAPIEN YOU ARE
AND KINDLY REFRAIN FROM LICKING.**

what if
you didn't have to worry about

horror
Mystical island , Photos

the unexpected visit from

teiagsigrtlyfnoevratmtnebiaanwi'smn
hasutnasa, ayneciseikrelgililaoeyia:

HIFbodmrnamFohsetntoat
eetioyakoyrsrmibladnuñ

hndhrgtcaelithneaeerbgs
eateintcimtawehnsassia
Dma. sojnvclenmhneun.
ubihudaealditaintr'

"yueenvr vr
ovbeaev. cy

Naughty Girl



A LOT OF COLD SHOWERS

Blood on Their Hands

MRISNNEn
r.aladC.
bfoosefdead
usdeJfryN
MJSboMCNA
P.aosn,POWY
Hvaebradil
P.rdnegnBIS.
ALfhmhhdncr
Lotewoofae
itihpes!
ensappn

No **doctor**

TALK TO NO
DOCTOR

damage.

dead

"If you don't know,
you can't help!"

ORV

SENT

ONLY

Perfectly functional.

Even if they aren't.

that's good
performance

Looking for help?

The solution is

DEATH



emergency

In a
spontaneous
outpouring of
grief

And I
Am the arrow,
The dew that flies
Suicidal, at one with the drive
Into the red
Eye, the cauldron of morning.
—from *Ariel*, by Sylvia Plath

A DEEP, DEEP SLEEP

loneliness

until she *cried*
one little child.

Play games
with the whole world?

■ THE ART OF PERFORMANCE: THE MAKING OF A

more powerful

family.

control
power and

young KIDS



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- Parental Controls help safeguard your kids online

STAY ALERT

WE LIVE WHERE YOU LIVE™

Tacmavostrtckd,
htopndenpoetis:

TeVefoids'nteqe
hysitfnuAdhyr
eeyhr iantsae!
vrweel cnoecd

**Fatal Attraction to
just little You**

Genes

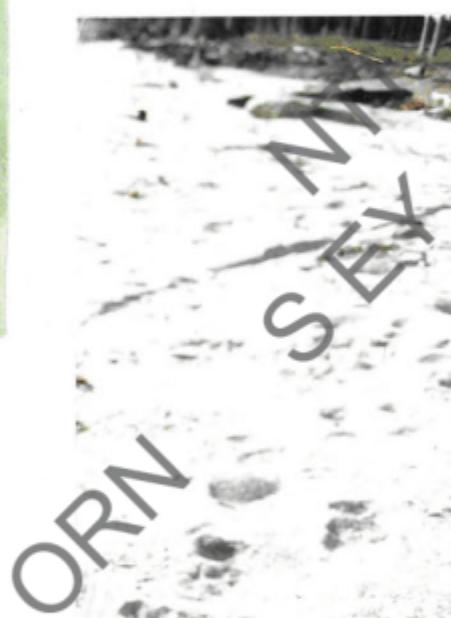
in his *little plan*

DON'T YOU KNOW.
YOU HAVE A CHOICE.

DARED
TO SEARCH
FOR
MEANING.

‘I understand.
how they feel,
what they’re
going through
because I’ve
gone through
it too’

The anti-war plane.



ORN



WITHOUT
MARTIN LUTHER KING
2003
WOULD LOOK A LOT LIKE
1963

I'll fight to the end

‘I want to make
people’s lives better &
change the world’

To A Dear Granddaughter
On Your Graduation Day



ATTORNEY'S CONFIDENTIAL
SEYES ONLY



EFTA02731358



For
Graduation,

I wanted
to give
you something
I was
absolutely sure
you didn't
have...

EFTA02731360