

PERVERSION

ISSUE TWO

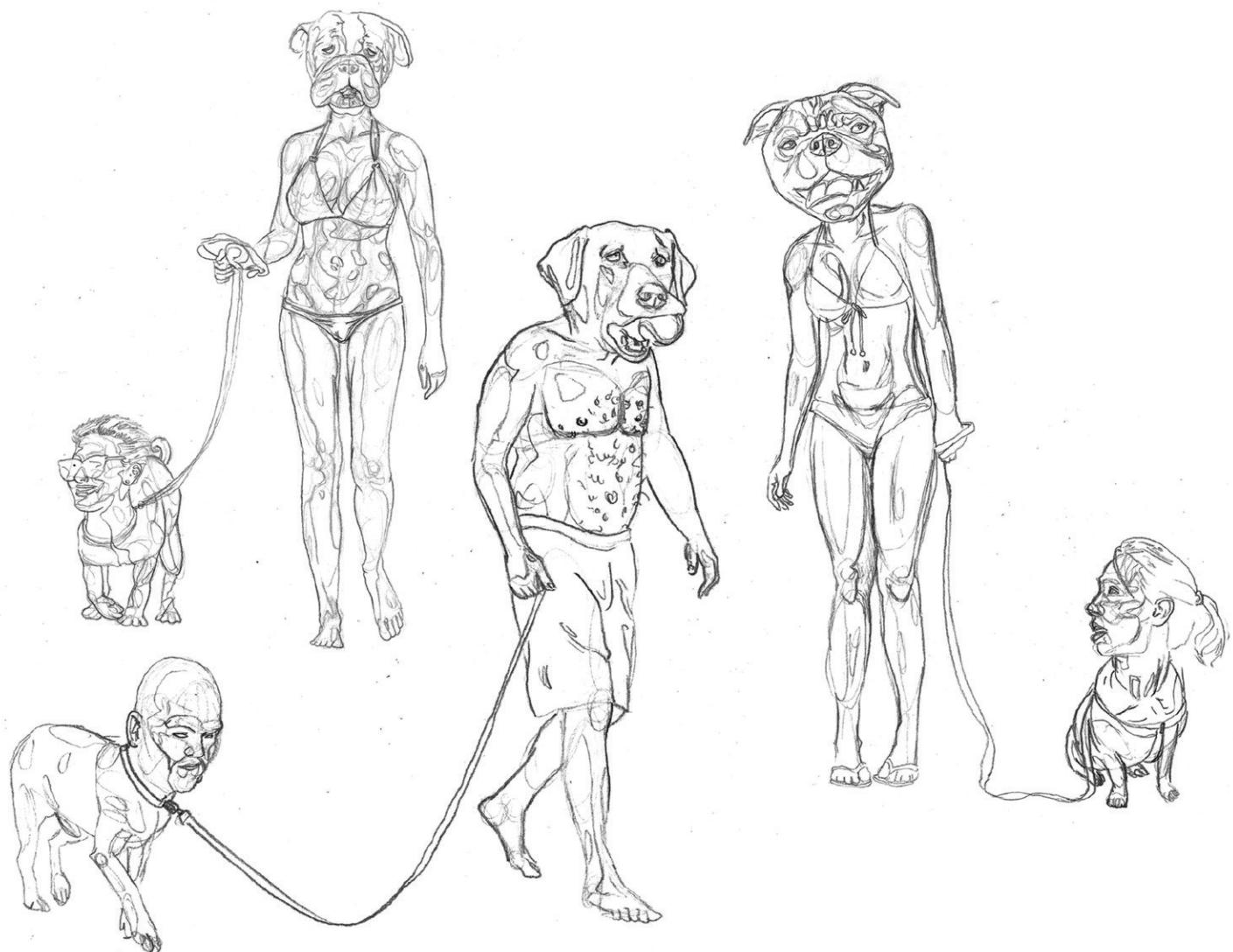


TABLE OF CONTENTS

perversionmag.com

CYRANO MOON: DON QUIXOTE	9
PROXIMAL INFATUATION by Carl Rosen	12
WEIRD HUMANS: HOLDING HANDS by Carl Rosen	26
Justin Ford's this is the american dream	28
ON THE ROCKS by Alexander Cendrowski	34
FIRST TIME SOME BOY GROPED MY GIRL by Leonard Owens III	36
GIRL CRUSH DECLARES PANTY WAR by Hurley Winkler	40
MY SQUIRRELS by Grant Kittrell	46
Richard Verges	48
RUSSIAN DOG DRAWINGS by Carl Rosen	54
Andrew Hayes' SCULPTURAL ODDITIES	57
AMBER by Sam Bilheimer	63
OPENING THE FLOODGATES WITH CASEY CRESCENZO by Sam Bilheimer	68
MILES FERMIN	74
DOWN THE AISLE by Carl Rosen	78

KITCHEN THOUGHTS by JBones	83
GRAVEYARD SHIFTS AT THE MAGIC THEATER by Thomas Lundy	84
Bayla Laks' ROSE-TINTED DYSTOPIA	88
CONTROLLED BURN by Jeffrey Jones	96
I HAVE A UNIVERSE INSIDE OF ME by Sam Bilheimer	94
MY UNCLE'S LAKE by Hurley Winkler	98
SLEEPWALKING WITH RADIO BIRDS by Carl Rosen	104
Kendra Werst's ORIGIN OF SPECIES	106
A FIELD OF BLUE by Jon Madge	110
GOING by Carl Rosen	112
SUICIDE NOTE IN E MINOR by Cassidy Spencer	116
David Behar's SOUTH BEACH	118
PENS ARE IMPORTANT by Carl Rosen	126
CYRANO MOON: SMOKING	128

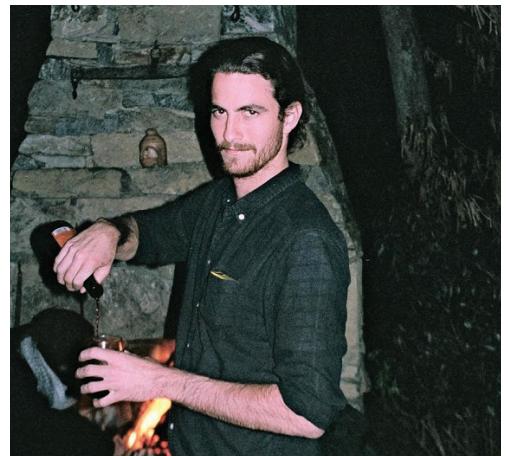
~~PERVERSION~~ STAFF



Carl Rosen
Co-founder, Editor-in-Chief
 [@carlitorosen](https://www.instagram.com/carlitorosen)



Shane Jezowski
Co-founder, Co-Creative Director
shanesculpture.com



Jacob Harn
Co-founder, Publisher
 [@elcapitanharn](https://www.instagram.com/elcapitanharn)



Sam Bilheimer
Editor, Writer
sambilheimer.com



Hurley Winkler
Editor, Writer
 [@thepizzaqueen](https://www.instagram.com/thepizzaqueen)



Allison Remy Hall
Art Writer
 [@a.remyh](https://www.instagram.com/a.remyh)



Jesse Brantman
Jesse Brantman
jessebrantman.com



Randy Rataj
Photographer
randyrataj.com

CONTRIBUTORS

LITERATURE

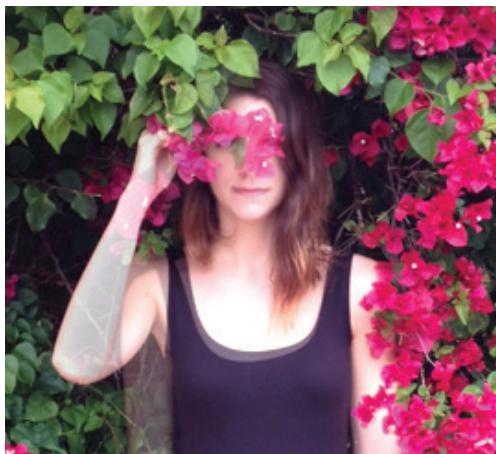
Mark Ari
Alexander Cendrowski
Jeff Jones
Grant Kittrell
Thomas Lundy
Jon Madge
Leonard Owens III
Cassidy Spencer
Ellie Strube



Ryan Gifford
Graphic Designer
ryanjacobgifford.com



Christine Kegel
Graphic Designer
christinekegel.com



Julie Henderson
Graphic Designer
 [@hashtagjulz](https://www.instagram.com/hashtagjulz)



Melvin Young
Graphic Designer
 [@mowgli_bearcub](https://www.instagram.com/mowgli_bearcub)



Seth Pala
Illustrator
sethpalaillustration.com

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Behar
Miles Fermin
Justin Ford
Leah Kolakowski
Lexi Mire
Everett Sullivan
Cody Thompson

ART

Andrew Hayes
Bayla Laks
Richard Verges
Kendra Werst

MUSIC

Colin Adkins
(*of the band, Civil Brute*)
Casey Crescenzo
(*of the band, The Dear Hunter*)
Connor Hickey
(*of the band, Fjord Explorer*)
Radio Birds

VIDEO

Tito Dickson
The Simpletons
Andrew Wilkins

FASHION

Matthew Alexander
Rachael Slocum

A friend of mine told me that editorials are stupid. I'm not sure if I completely agree, but I'm going to take her advice on this one and not spoon-feed you with what we are, or what's inside of these pages. Judge for yourself.

All I'm going to say is that we are ecstatic to be back with our sophomore issue, and it's been amazing to see such support from you, our readers. And now, I'm going to leave you with a short story—a really short story:



WHEN INTERDIMENSIONAL VORTICES MEET HUMAN CONVERSATION

“Have I told you about the time I had rats?”

“No. What happened?”

“I had rats.”

CYRANO MOON: DON QUIXOTE

Dear Cyrano,

I tend to fictionalize humans into things they are not. This is especially problematic when dealing with people that I'm attracted to, because, in my head, I paint them out to be these brilliant beautiful savants, when in reality they are vapid sorority girls. Ayuda me.

Sincerely,
Don Quixote



DEAR DON,

What I'm hearing is that you can't sustain the delusion. You imagine these partners one way while reality is something else entirely. Plainly, reality is the source of your grief. You must learn to suppress it. I won't go so far as to suggest a regimen of hallucinogenic drugs, because that can get me in trouble. Too bad. A regular diet of lysergic acid might be just the thing to inoculate you against the relentless intrusion of actuality on the illusory. It's all perception.

Plainly, your fantasy life is a far better than your real one, so you need to make it more sustainably concrete. At present, you are an incompetent fantasist. If you weren't, you wouldn't see any discrepancy between your so-called fictionalizations and the real world, ever. So you must become more purely and completely deluded. Without drugs, this is an arduous process. You will need to acquire proper habits. Throw yourself into the world of senseless thoughts and actions. First, become celibate. Then frequent nature fests. Participate in all manner of cultic ritual. Tell people you're moving to San Francisco, but never go. Write suggestive letters to wild animals, and invite them out for a night of dancing and doughnuts. Join the Tea Party. Spend absurdly long periods of time in the desert with a mannequin strapped to your back. Drink bathtub gin. Fight the urge to pee. Stay celibate. Go to Holocaust museums and stand in front of horrifying photographs exclaiming, "I don't know much about history but I know what I like!" Draw cat whiskers on your face, and purr whenever someone comes near you. Eat enormous amounts of kiwi and coconuts; carry a rucksack filled with them wherever you go. When encountering strangers, consider their tongues, imagine the taste and feel of them, and comment freely and loudly. Remain celibate. In the evenings, invite yourself out to dinner. Take yourself home. Nuzzle up to yourself on the couch and whisper suggestive comments. Take advantage of yourself, but only up to a point--you're still celibate, you idiot. Then, before you go to sleep, tap 100 times lightly on the side of your head with a ballpeen hammer. In the morning, wash your eyes with salt water and iodine. Carry a mouse in your pocket all day every day. Continue to do these things for at least half a year or until you no longer have to think about them to do them. Then find someone to whom you're attracted, and see if you give a rat's ass about their intellect or anything else. Screw reality.

SINCERELY,
CYRANO

PROXIMAL INFATUATION

by Carl Rosen

photos by Jesse Brantman

I am obsessed with a Howell Conant photo of Grace Kelly at the beach, sitting on a red and white striped blanket. My obsession isn't rooted in looks or the quality of the photograph or even what she's wearing: my infatuation lies in the character represented. The woman I see in that picture is more than some beautiful girl sitting on a beach blanket—she's my muse. That woman is beyond the notion of a "dream girl"; she's my dream character. She's the character I've always wanted to create in fiction, and she's the woman I've always needed to break my heart.

When I look at that photo, I have a deep longing to know more—where does that woman go after the beach? and where has she been beforehand? Because of this epistemological urge, this shoot was designed provide answers to these questions. A narrative has emerged, and the plot thickens. We've redesigned the Grace Kelly shot a bit, adding our own flair, but the homage is inherent. Hopefully we did both Conant and Kelly a little justice.

In this fashion editorial, we have two people involved by proximity and bound by infatuation. I don't think the ending is happy, but you can decide for yourself.





Movement is character, and character is movement. The way Rachael moves tells a story—a story that must be listened to. Here, she dons a pair of white shorts with the highest waist and a simple white bikini, plus a sun-hat—the cherry on top, if you will.







Matthew senses her presence; he knows there is beauty on Atlantic Beach and that it's not the sand, sun, or ocean. No location feels right enough to settle down, so he migrates. His simplicity is his strength in his colorblock, short swim shorts with white trim. He wears short shorts.

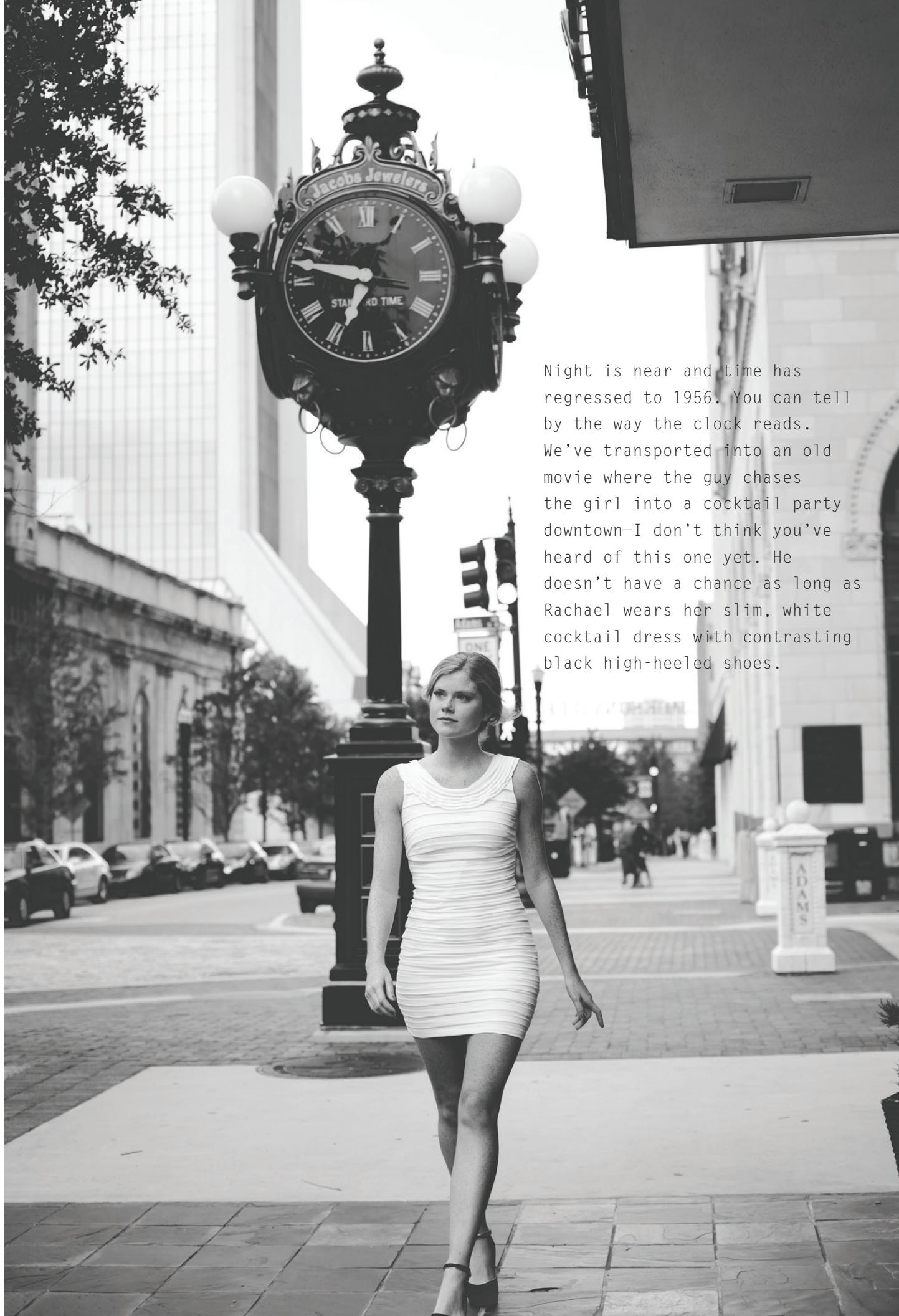


After the beach, Rachael gets coffee. She leaves a wake of unrequited glances and broken morales in her path. Men and women alike crumble at the sight of her sheer white top, light-wash jeans, and white flats. Her sunglasses allow for her to see where you're staring, but keep you oblivious to where her eyes are landing.





It's not coincidental that Matthew grabbed coffee. It's also not coincidental that he's dressed to be seen. He sports a pale blue short-sleeve button-down with cut off chinos and brown chukka boots. Hopefully the coffee does the trick.



Night is near and time has regressed to 1956. You can tell by the way the clock reads. We've transported into an old movie where the guy chases the girl into a cocktail party downtown—I don't think you've heard of this one yet. He doesn't have a chance as long as Rachael wears her slim, white cocktail dress with contrasting black high-heeled shoes.

However, Matthew packs heat
himself; his white slim linen
suit and brown oxford shoes
give him a fighting chance.
Godspeed, Matthew.



...Nevermind.



Shop online at www.virginiarossvintage.com with shipping anywhere in the U.S.
or local Jacksonville, FL. pickup

@virginiarossvintageeco



photo by Julie Henderson

WEIRD HUMANS: HOLDING HANDS

26

by Carl Rosen

The Beatles were wrong about me. I don't want to hold your fucking hand. I don't know where that thing has been, nor do you know where mine has traveled. I don't believe in washing my hands frequently, so there's a start. Somebody told me once that less hand-washing helps build immunities against bacteria. Let's just say that I have built up many immunities. Hands are riddled with germs. We each have enough germs of our own; I don't need to share yours, too.

I can kind of understand holding hands late at night on the sofa while watching *Insidious* with your significant other, but who the fuck wants to be tethered to a giant meat sack when walking down the street? And who would want the attention? As if humans weren't ostentatious enough. I guess the answer is, a lot of people, because I see it all the time. Holding hands in public is like wearing a sign that says, "We're dating, but

aren't comfortable enough for you to figure it out on your own."

I am a person of efficiency. I walk briskly and execute tasks in the most economical and efficient manner. Walking with someone attached at the palm, and having to negotiate human traffic, car traffic, and other obstacles does not promote efficiency. It's stupid. It's my Hell.

Speaking of Hell, have you ever held hands with someone with sweaty palms? I have. I thought my slip-n-slide days were over after elementary school, yet there I was with my piggly-wiggly sliding all around on this girl's moist flesh.¹ And clammy hands only get clamier when conjoined to another.

The cherry on top, when it comes to hand holding, is the

idea of interlocking fingers. Whoever came up with such an idea should be dismembered and fed their own blood sausage. It's so incredibly uncomfortable and unnatural, yet many people do it. Why? There's nothing romantic about feeling some girl's knuckles and fingers cutting off the circulation to mine. It doesn't even look nice aesthetically—it's clunky and jagged-looking and the fastest way to get those palms sweating. If I ever do hold hands,² I will not interlock fingers. And to anyone who does—I am suspicious of your capacity for good judgement.

This all might make me sound like a dick. But you'll be happy to know that when a girl asks me, or makes the move, to hold hands in public, I respond with, "No, thank you." And they say chivalry's dead. I could say, "Get that five-headed demon away from me!" but I don't.

You should really think about why you have held hands in the past, and why you would ever do so again in the future. Just like most idiotic things we do, it's a product of our culture. It's because of the movies and The Beatles and the Hallmark greeting cards. But you can be better than all of that. I'm not keen on hand-holding in general, but it is especially important to me that you try to refrain from doing so in public, if not entirely. PM

JUSTIN FORD'S *this is the american dream*

Justin Ford's photo series, *this is the american dream*, makes lonely its viewer—a sense of isolation both American and wholly human. The outdated technologies alone along the coastlines, and the raincoat hanging from the branch of a dead tree, have an emptiness to them. Ford's photographs reminds us—we who are simply existing—that the world is so very vast and lonesome. And it scares us, and it excites us.

Justin Ford, a photographer, writer, and pianist, was born and raised in Atlantic Beach, Florida. He has a cat named Bandit, and his favorite tree is a four way tie between live oak, red maple, cypress, and eastern redbud.



“Untitled 1”



30

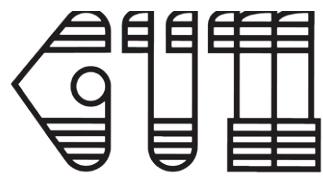
“Untitled 2”



“Untitled 3”



“Untitled 4”



Gumsurfboards.com
Instagram: @gumsurfboards

ON THE ROCKS

by Alexander Cendrowski

34

He had never even considered appreciating his toenail, playing part-victim, part-suspect in the incident, until it was lost to him, which was, of course, the whole thing: he never appreciated her until she was gone, or at least had never shown his appreciation in a man's way, but had he been willing to, just once, pick a goddamned restaurant for dinner, table for three, and cut the noncommittal crap—I don't know, where do you want to go?—maybe she wouldn't have worked overtime in her 37-year-old supervisor's office, just to get some extra filing done, wouldn't have then deserted her husband in a world where the corners of doors seemed to extend overnight and jut out that few extra inches at just the right height to sever, nearly, his big toe's nail, or maybe he wouldn't have called after her, Thanks for being a bitch, again, on my birthday, and he would have, perhaps, received his fair serving of birthday-blowjob and cookie-cake, with soy milk, thanks, and his son could have looked at his father, not with shame, or disgust, but with an appreciative understanding that his father was older and, inherently, wiser than he was, a man, a man's man, who should be treated with respect, with dignity, even if every year was a step closer to defecating in adult diapers and old person sex, mind my arthritic hips, even if his wardrobe did consist of exclusively tie-dye or Hawaiian shirts, high-visibility vests at night, of course, because he knew the road where he walked their cat was dangerous in the dark, you never know what might be barreling around the corner with its lights dim, driver texting or otherwise distracted, unable to turn, to change course, which he could never do, could never accomplish, couldn't start going up, or even down, anything but backwards, a glass of bourbon loose in his hand, falling, diving to the ground, on the rocks—his family was—because he couldn't take his bourbon like a man, no ice, couldn't take charge of the eating situation like a man, like the idealistic, patristic, misogynistic interpretation of the kind of attitude a man, a man's man, a homo sapien with male genitalia, of which his were not the most impressive, or even middling near alright, should have, a man who yelled at the top of his lungs I WANT A STEAK, FROM LONGHORN, RARE, WITH MASHED POTA-TOES AND THREE STICKS OF BUTTER, SKIP THE GREEN BEANS, because that meal belonged to a man's man who didn't take shit from anyone, not his bitch wife, not his delivery driver of a son, and certainly not a man who howled in pain, defeated by a partially open bedroom door, toenail hanging on its last thread, scraping, brushing lazily up against the virgin flesh it had once covered as its owner hopped on one foot over his spilled glass of bourbon—shattered.

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a ribeye steak being buttered. Three sticks of butter are being melted over the top of the steak, which is resting on a bed of mashed potatoes. The background is dark and out of focus.

*I WANT A STEAK, RIBEYE,
FROM LONGHORN, RARE,
WITH MASHED POTATOES AND
THREE STICKS OF BUTTER,
SKIP THE GREEN BEANS.*

photo by Jacob Harn

The First Time Some Boy Groped My Girl

by Leonard Owens III



At three years old,

Cheyenne loved McKlusky Beach Park, which was really just a place to park your car and walk down to the beach. Mornings, before we left for preschool, she'd beg to go there in the afternoon. More often than not I relented. On those days, before picking her up, I'd shove the swimsuits and folding chair and beach toys into the trunk. A purple plastic bucket and a matching plastic spade, but it never took long before she just rolled around in some sand, tossing clumps in the air or at birds. Those were the best days to be a mother, because the sun and salt air and breeze weren't just for her, as so many things a mother does are.

One day something unfortunate happened.

I sat where I always did, book in hand and leaned back in my beach chair—not far away, but not so close she constantly felt my eyes. Some collection by Welty, a story about a slow girl filling up her hope chest to marry a man she'd only met the night before. She asked a few old ladies to give her gifts for the chest, and one promised a new bible with a real gold monogram, and that's when I heard a faint "get off" in Chey's voice.

Next to the tide line, while forces of the universe pulled on waves,
38 a bushy-haired boy of maybe five pulled down her bathing suit
bottoms. Chey turned around, pushed him with both hands, and his
body thumped onto the damp sand. She wriggled the bottoms up from
her knees. I began to march over, thinking the worst had ended, but
the boy got back up and lunged—arm outstretched—to yank on her
suit again.

I was not happy. And neither was the boy's mother when I pried her
son's hand off my daughter's butt.

"Why did you touch my son?" she said.

She looked older, probably six or seven years. Forties for sure. Wore this brown one-piece, not the best color for her complexion, with all those freckles. Her stumpy toes mashed into the sand, and on the bridge of her nose were two red ovals where sunglasses had been resting before her boy assaulted my daughter.

"Did you see what happened?" I said.

"Of course."

"Then you saw him grab my daughter?"

"No, I saw her pushing him."

"Pushing him off her."

"Pushing him down to the ground."

Her breath stank of cigarettes, the menthol kind I tried once in college.
I looked at Chey, and she had no clue where my thoughts went.
She just frowned.

"Your son needs to apologize," I said.

"She pushed him. She should apologize."

"He tried...to take off her swimsuit."

She put a hand on her son's shoulder.

"I don't think so," she said.

"We both saw it."

"I did not. Did anyone besides you see it?"

She glanced around, only cracked seashells and cawing gulls for potential witnesses.

"Grady isn't that kind of boy," she said.

A wave broke, a large one that might've spanned half the coastline, and from the corner of my eye I saw its remains wash up the shore until bubbly water rushed over all our feet, sinking us deeper. It happened so fast.

"Your son groped my girl," I said. "Just make him say sorry."

"Grope. Her? But she's not even cute."

HER TEETH SNAPPED TOGETHER ON CUTE.
LIKE A SEA TURTLE.
OR A BITCH.

My hand darted toward her chest, twisted what I thought was a nipple. Then let go.

Before she could utter anything more than a gasp, I took Chey by the hand and trotted back up the beach.

After we towed off, and I had jammed them into the beach bag, along with Welty, sunscreen, and a half-empty water bottle, Chey stabbed her plastic spade into the sand and asked,

"Why did you touch that lady?"

39

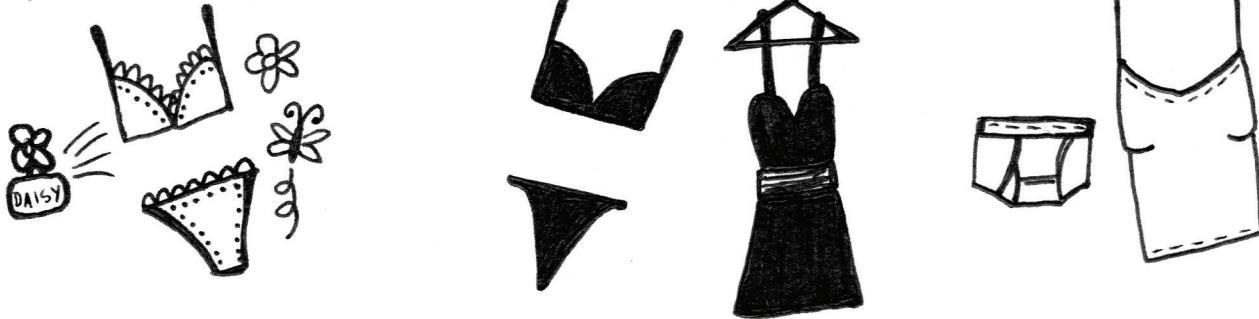
I looked back toward the boy and his mom. By then ankle deep in the coming tide, she stared out into the blue, and wind tossed hair all over her face, but she didn't wipe any of it away. PM

Girl Crush

DECLARES PANTY WAR!

by Hurley winkler

A Girl Crush always wears a bra that matches her underwear.



In the Springtime, she'll wear a lacy set spritzed with floral perfume.

Other times, a sensible silky black pair to go invisible under her dark, mysterious outfit.

But a Girl Crush usually sports bright white underneath, like Sigourney Weaver in ALIEN.



Needless to say, what lies beneath my clothes NEVER matches.



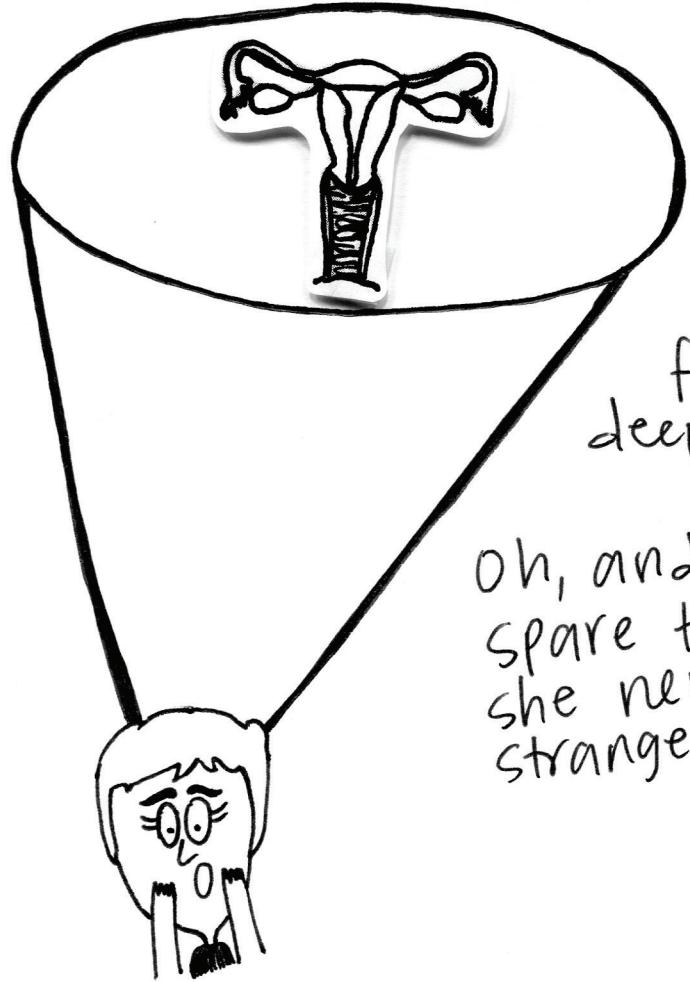
Every year, when I blow out the candles on my birthday cake at the Olive Garden, or some other moderately-priced chain Italian restaurant my parents have chosen for the occasion, I formulate some sincere, complicated wish about my bra and underwear always matching effortlessly, so I never have to actually go to a store to buy matching undergarments, and since I don't want to fold each bra with its corresponding underwear match—
HOW DOES ONE EVEN GO ABOUT PROPERLY FOLDING A BRA, ANYWAYS?! — I'll probably have to wish for a housekeeper, too, to fold all of my beautiful undergarments, and...



THE CANDLES
ARE MELTING
ON THE DAMN
CAKE!



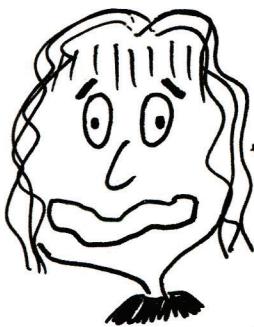
A girl crush somehow puts her tampon in moments—seconds!—before her period arrives.



she has some kind of
**SUPER PERIOD
RADAR DETECTOR**
that allows her to
feel each movement
deep within her ovaries.

Oh, and she always has a
spare tampon in her bag, so
she never has to ask a
stranger for one.

I never have a tampon around when I need one.
This requires me to ask every strange woman
in the restroom,



EXCUSE ME, this is kind of EMBARRASSING,
but I guess it really shouldn't be
embarrassing because it's natural so
anyways um do you have a tampon
I could borrow or, well, not borrow
because that would be weird HA! but do
you have a tampon that I could use
and therefore never give back?

43

The answer is
most often:

Um NO
Sorry



But she didn't
even check
her purse!

or,
rarely:

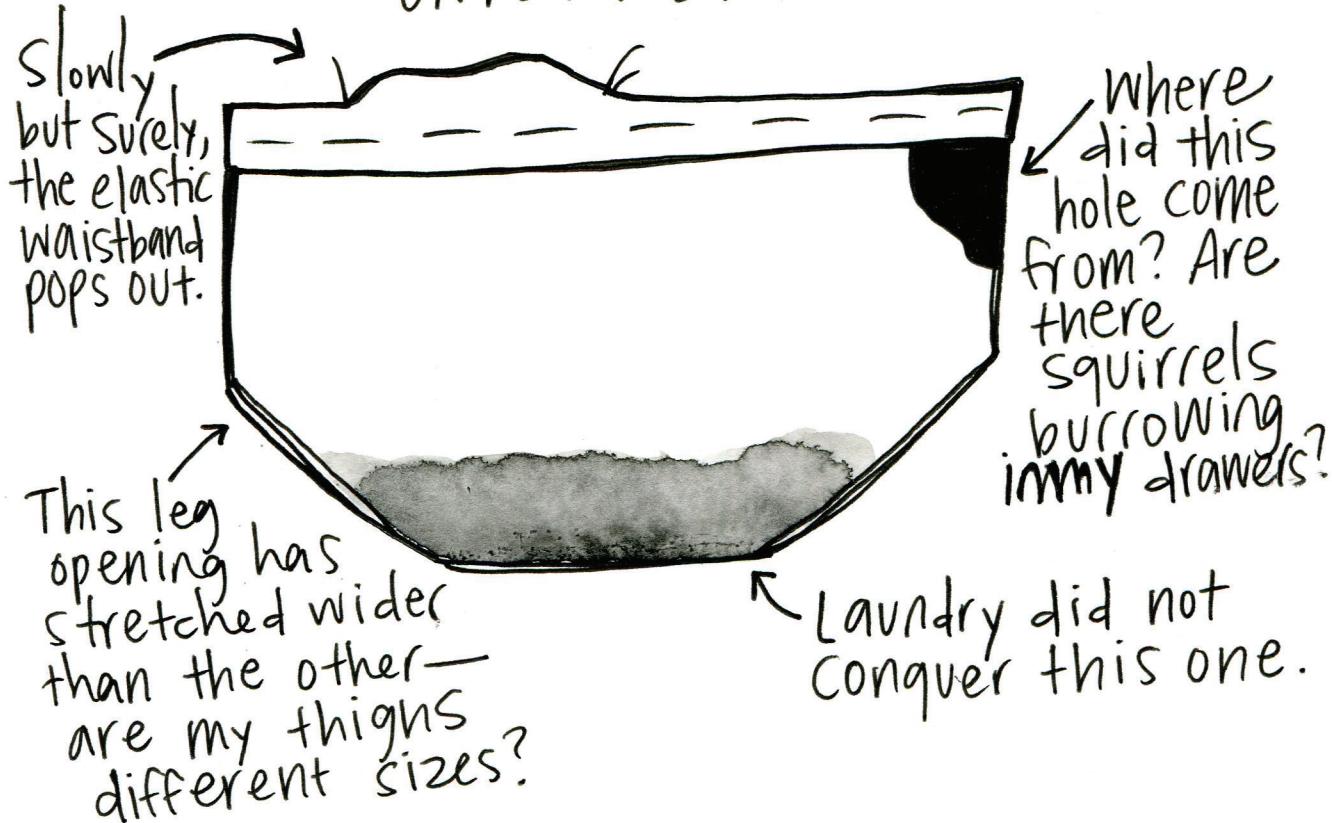


Dumpling, I haven't had
my cycle since the
Cold War!

Since a Girl Crush catches her menstruation right at the source, she never has weird stains on her underwear weeks later.

Or months later.
or years later.

A DIAGRAM OF AN AVERAGE PAIR OF MY UNDERWEAR:



If the stains that still remain on my underwear were Rorschach tests, my therapist would tell me,



You really ought to just go out and buy some new underwear.

BUT UNDERWEAR STORES ARE SCARY!

A ~~girl~~ crush is not afraid to face the too-perky
underwear salespeople.

She walks into the underwear store with her
head held high.



She doesn't wait around until Christmas for
a pair or two stuffed in the bottom of
her stocking.

She would like some new underwear.
She tries it on and buys it.



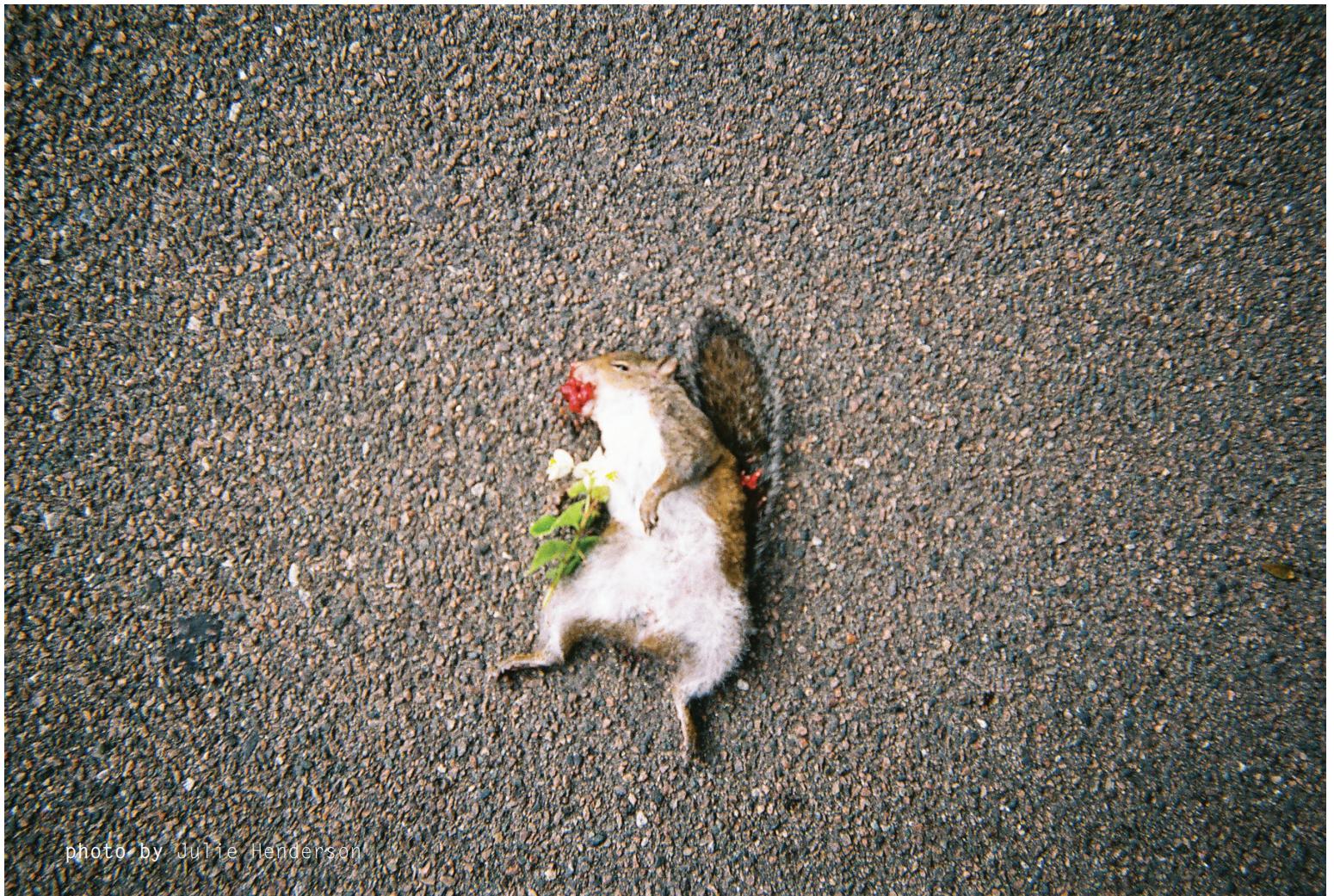


photo by Julie Henderson

MY SQUIRRELS

have crept through the hollows and peeked into the undermuck. Let me just say that none of my squirrels ever happen twice. That should tell you something about the nature of things. My squirrels are tiny little Buddhas. And if you walk up to one and sit respectfully still, he may tell you a little something something. I'm not gonna tell you shit worth the wait. Do not come sit in front of me respectfully still under the hickory. I may look like the wise wizard of Jacksonville, Florida, I know, but I'm not just sitting there day-dreaming about squirrels! We do not even talk in public. I am not psychotic. Though what's the use in telling you this, just ask my squirrels. They will tell you I am not psychotic. They may or may not talk to you in public but the talk is worth the wait when it comes to squirrels. Go sit beneath that hickory there and just start talking. You may look psychotic but believe me, you're not. A nut of some kind comes in handy. Preferably a peanut, preferably boiled. Do not bring a pecan. My squirrels won't tell you a damn thing with a pecan. If they do start talking, sit respectfully still and listen up. Believe it when they tell you to believe nothing I have told you. My squirrels are not liars. They are as close as you'll get to the truth.

by Grant Kittrell

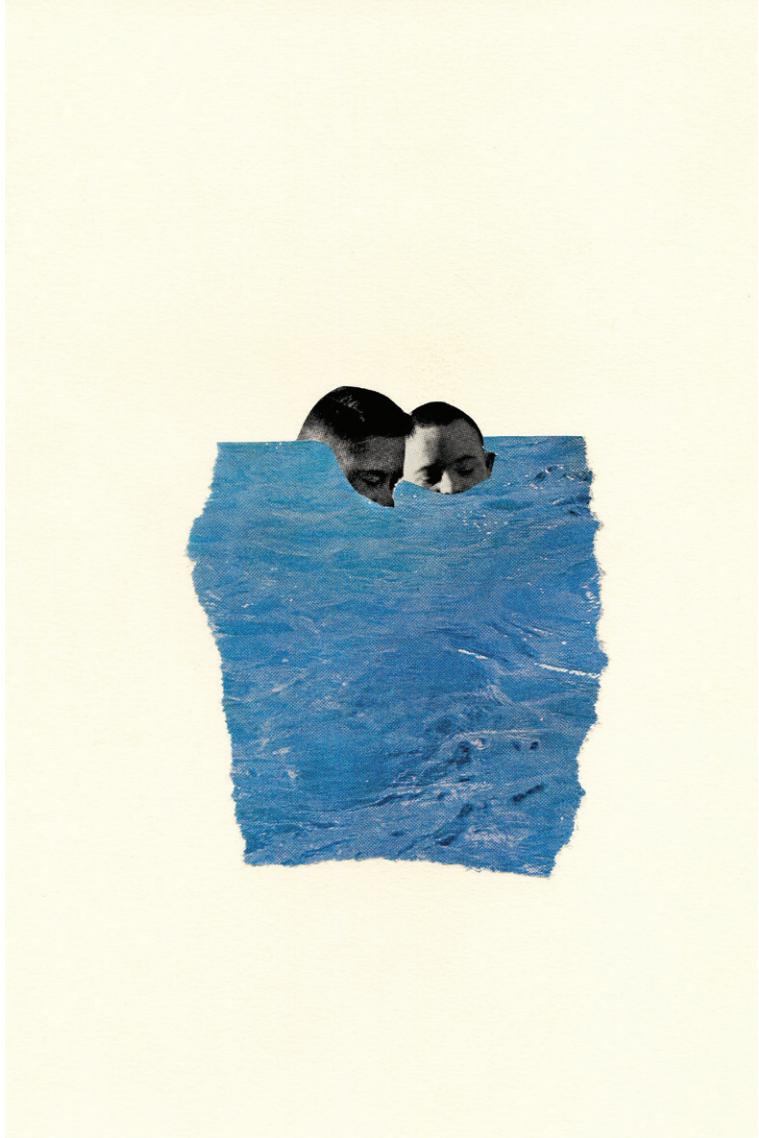
RICHARD VERGES

Richard Verges cultivates an aesthetic that transcends the boundaries of the senses. Over the ruins of reminiscence, he builds a scaffold from fragments of existential dread upon which moments of humor balance precariously. His visual works are advertisements from a society where the surreal is commonplace—where ambient noise is transformed by the subconscious sentiments of its citizens. Richard Verges is a resurrector, an architect, a creator of circumstance.

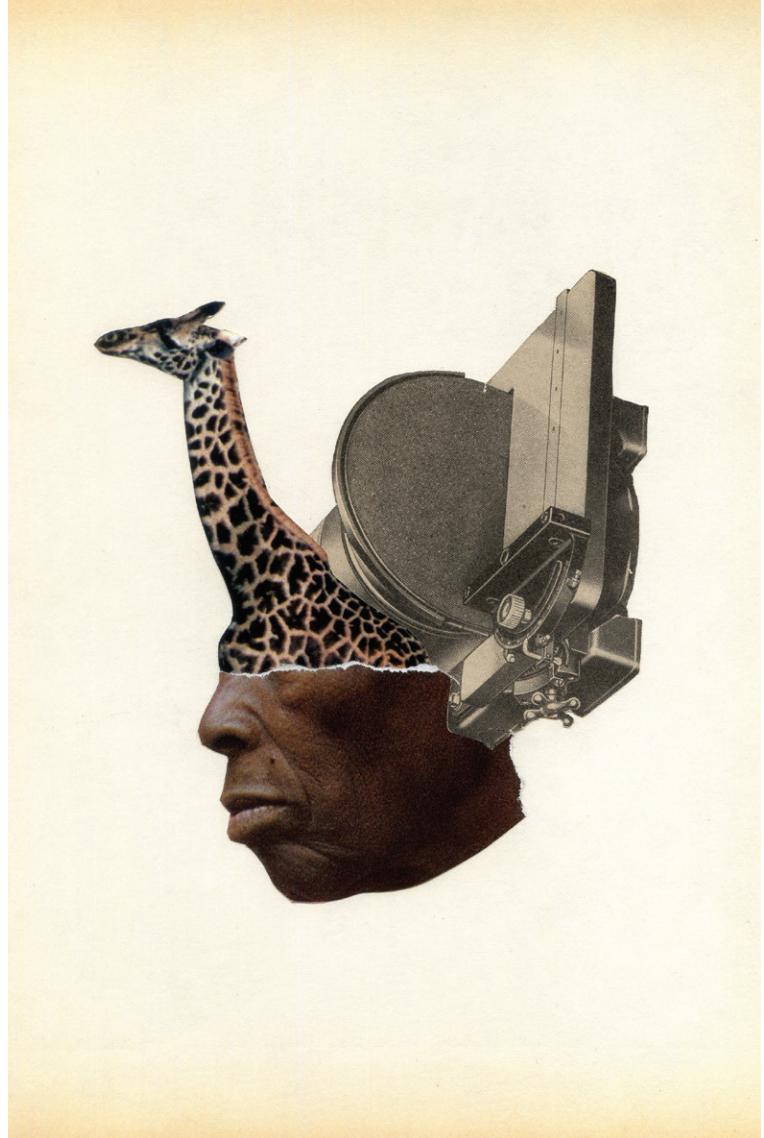
by Allison Remy Hall



"*Surrender*" - mixed media



"Bodies of Water" - mixed media



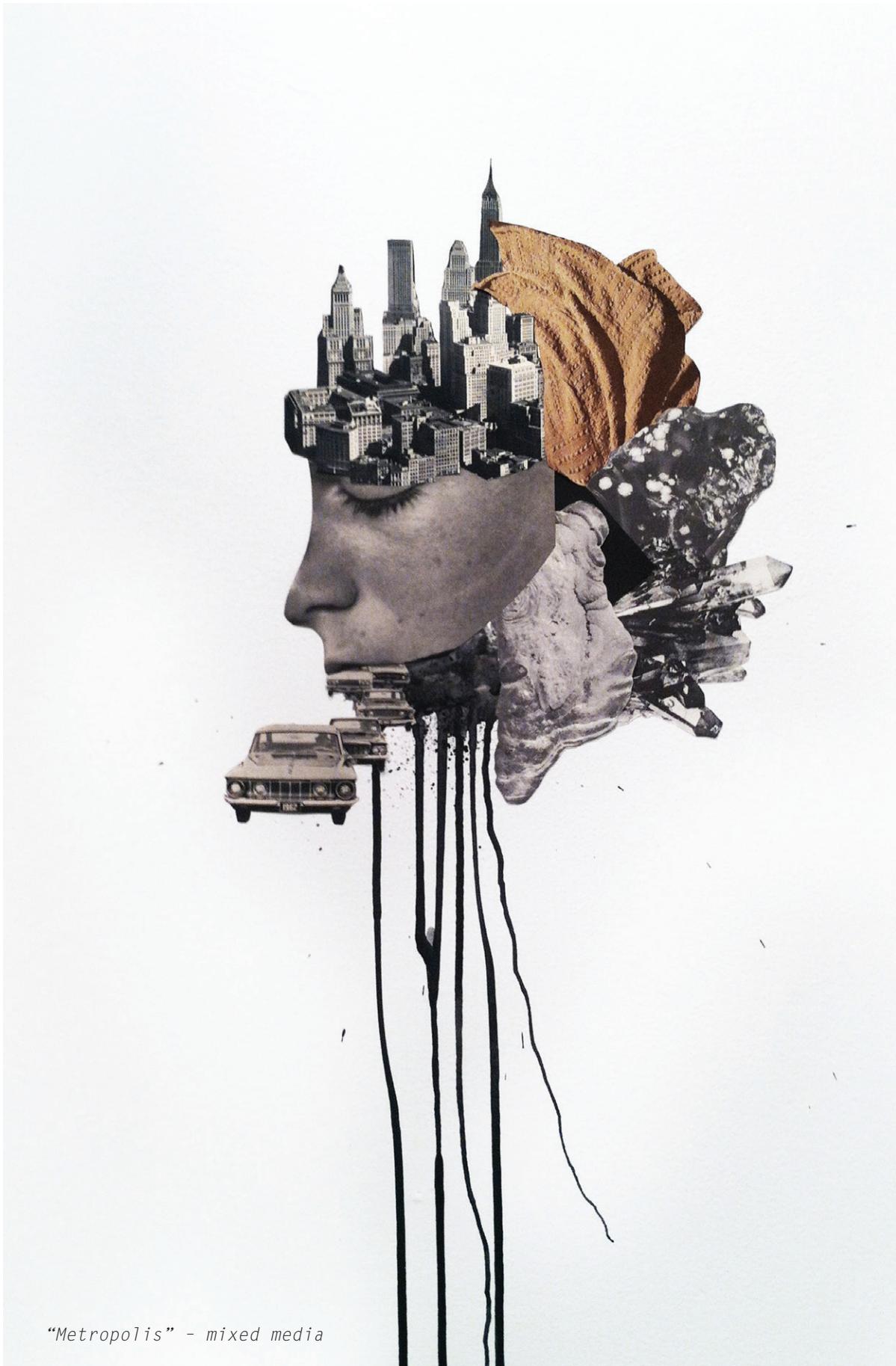
"African Head Charge" - mixed media



"Match" - mixed media



"Eye Scream" - mixed media





"Release" - mixed media



illustration by Seth Pala

RUSSIAN DOG DRAWINGS

by Carl Rosen

She told me to not get attached. I nodded, and we had sex.

We didn't speak much the next day. I stayed home and listened to records; she went to work.

She came over again that night. She told me about her day. It wasn't very exciting. She started to kiss me. After a while, she told me to not get attached. I nodded, and we had sex.

She was pretty—too pretty. She made me nervous. I couldn't come, but I think she did.

The next day I masturbated. The only porn star I masturbate to is called Veronika. She's Russian, tall, and skinny. I have no idea what her real name is. Sometimes I dream about her.

After I masturbated, I went down to the boardwalk. I watched people walk their dogs. I drew the owners' heads on the dogs' bodies and vice versa in my notebook. I did this for most of my day. Throughout the day, she texted me things like, Work sucks. Wish I were down at the beach with you. To which I replied, Yeah.

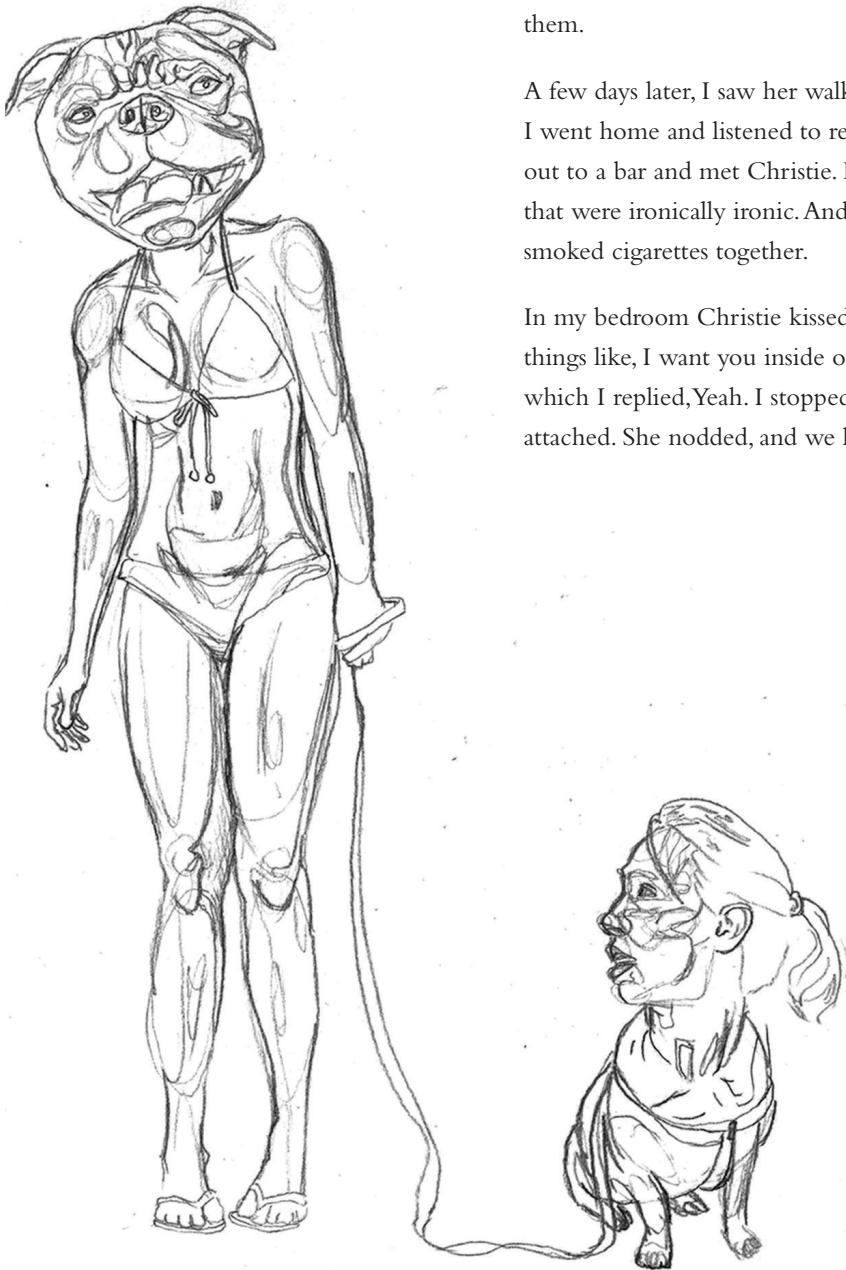
55

She came over again that night. We drank wine, while she talked about how she hated her job, and about how difficult her recent breakup had been. I nodded a lot. I felt drunk.

We went to my bedroom and kissed like we were on fire. Attempting to regain her breath, she told me to not get attached. I nodded, and we had sex. I was still uncomfortable with how attractive she was, but I was able to come this time.

Sleep eluded me, so I watched her sleep. I wanted to draw her, but I feared her waking up to me staring at her while scribbling. I don't think I could've talked my way out of such an awkward situation, so I didn't. I just watched.

When some people sleep, they look repulsive. But she was noiseless and poised. Her body curled up into a semi-cannonball, and her hands rested beneath her pillow while one of her legs rested on mine. I liked the way she slept.



She stopped texting and calling. I went down to the boardwalk again. I drew her face on dogs' bodies. She didn't look as pretty with a pug's body.

I started smoking cigarettes, and stopped masturbating—I couldn't masturbate. I couldn't get an erection, and I didn't want one. I really liked cigarettes. They warmed my insides, and killed time, so I smoked a lot of them.

A few days later, I saw her walking with another guy down the boardwalk. I went home and listened to records for a while. The next night I went out to a bar and met Christie. I didn't like her. She had random tattoos that were ironically ironic. And she was lewdly sexual. We drank and smoked cigarettes together.

In my bedroom Christie kissed me sloppily. She tasted like shit. She said things like, I want you inside of me, and, I'm going to make you come. To which I replied, Yeah. I stopped her for a moment and told her to not get attached. She nodded, and we had sex.

ANDREW HAYES' SCULPTURAL ODDITIES

Books are seductive objects to hold and smell and run your fingers through. I am drawn to books for many reasons. However, the content of the book does not play into the production of my work. As I cut the pages from the binding, I sever them from their content. The pages allow me to achieve a form and texture that is appealing to me. I use my appreciation of the book and metal working skills to, create new forms.

Growing up in Arizona my father was a welder. I wanted nothing to do with the loud noise he made in his shop. Later as a college student in Flagstaff, AZ I fell for welding and have been working with metal ever since. After school I welded for a living making everything from stainless steel wine tanks to car transporting trailers. After that I lived at Penland School of Crafts for two years as a Core fellow and was given the chance to refine my skills and explore new ways of making work. I now live in Asheville, NC.

57

by Allison Remy Hall









— AMBER —

by Sam Bilheimer

I had just picked up Chick-Fil-A breakfast and was almost at my apartment when I saw her waving at me. I didn't recognize her, but she waved me down as if we knew each other. She looked forty, disheveled, hair a mess, clothes unwashed. I definitely didn't know her.

I rolled down my window.

63

"Please, I really need a ride. It's just a few miles down the road. Please," she said.

I didn't think about it. I really should have.



photo by Jacob Harn

“Okay. Yeah,” I said. I unlocked the door, put my Chick-Fil-A bag onto my lap, and she got in. She was wearing a tank-top, but I can’t remember what else. Maybe shorts, possibly sweatpants. I remember that she had napkins stuffed in her shirt. I wasn’t sure why, and I’m still not.

She lit and started smoking the very last bit of a cigarette. I rolled down her window halfway. Normally, I would ask someone not to smoke in my car, but she looked like she really needed a cigarette, so I didn’t say anything.

“Do you live alone?” she asked.

That seemed like a weird question for her to ask, but I couldn’t think of any reason to lie, so I said, “No. I live with my girlfriend. We have a cat.”

“Oh, that’s nice.”

“Normally, I would ask someone not to smoke in my car, but she looked like she really needed a cigarette, so I didn’t say anything.”

“Yeah.”

By the time I pulled out of my neighborhood—yes, I was already in my neighborhood when she waved at me; I was about three hundred feet from my front door—it dawned on me that the situation I had put myself in was not the best of situations. Also, my breakfast was getting cold.

“What’s your name?” I asked her.

“Um. It’s Amber. What’s yours?”

“Sam. Nice to meet you, Amber.”

“Yeah. You, too.”

“So where am I dropping you off?”

“Oh, um,” she said. “It’s on Southside and Baymeadows.”

“Okay, so like at the Walgreens or something?”

“Well, I’m staying at a hotel, I think.”

“Sure.”

She finished her cigarette and threw it out the window. I fucking hate when people do that.

“Do you have twelve dollars? I really need cash. Like, twelve dollars.”

“I don’t. I’m sorry,” I said, and it was true. I thought about telling her that I didn’t have job, which was also true, but it didn’t really matter, so I didn’t say anything.

“Well, could we stop at an ATM, and you get cash?”

“No. Not really.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. Sorry.”

She didn’t say anything for a few blocks. Then I remembered that I keep a big mason jar filled with change inside my car’s center console. There was probably twenty or thirty dollars of change in it.

“Hey,” I said. “Move your arm for a second.”

She did.

I opened the center console. “Look, I have this jar. There’s probably more than twenty bucks in it. You can have it. What if I drop you at the grocery store? They have a change machine, so you can get cash for all this.”

“No. I, uh, I don’t want to be stuck at the store.”

“Okay, fine. So where’s the hotel?”

“Um, yeah. It’s a bit further down the road. I’ll tell you when. Do you have a phone, so I can call my friend?”

“I have a phone, but I don’t have minutes left,” I said. Certainly, I didn’t feel comfortable with her using my phone, but I really didn’t have any minutes left. She seemed annoyed by this, like she thought I was lying or something. So I took out my phone, dialed my mom’s phone number, and turned on speaker-phone.

“Your T-Mobile Prepaid balance is too low. You must renew your plan or refill your account to complete this call.”

“See?”

“Yeah, okay. Make a right up here. That’s the hotel.”

I don’t remember the name of the hotel. It wasn’t Motel 6, but it definitely had a number in its name. The hotel was right next to a Harley Davidson shop. A group of bikers, with their bearded faces and leathered jackets, were doing whatever groups of bikers do in parking lots as Amber and I pulled up to the hotel. Something about the bikers’ presence made me feel more comfortable. Like Amber couldn’t pull any funny business, or if she did, they’d be there to rescue me.

I stopped in front of the hotel lobby and said, “This is it, right?”

Then Amber tried to pull some funny business. She said, "Yeah, but can you pull around there?"

"Around where?"

"Just around the back. I need to see if my friend's car is here."

"There isn't a parking lot back there. It's just an alley. His car would be up here."

"No, we need to go around the back. I need to see."

That definitely wasn't happening. I wasn't about to drive into a back alley of a shady hotel with a woman I didn't know.

"What're we going to do if your friend isn't there?" I asked her.

"I mean, then you can just bring me back to the lobby, right? And I'll call him."

"Look, I can't drive behind this place. I don't know you, Amber."

"I don't know you either, Sam. But just drive me around the corner. Please."

"It's not happening, really. I drove you all the way here, okay? Take the jar of change, and go. You can just walk back there. It's not even that far."

"I don't want to walk around with that jar of change."

"You don't have to take it then."

"No, I'll take it," she said, and grabbed the jar.

"That's fine. Good luck."

"Okay." PM



ADAMS STREET ORIGINAL SPITFIRE RECIPE

by The Volstead

3 jalapeño slices,
muddled
½ oz. simple syrup
½ oz. lime juice
2 oz. Whipper Snapper
whiskey

Stir and strain over ice
into a glass
rimmed with steak
seasoning.



OPENING THE FLOODGATES

with Casey Crescenzo from The Dear Hunter

by Sam Bilheimer

69

I sat down with Casey Crescenzo and a few friends at 11 p.m. on a Sunday night at a bar in downtown Jacksonville. Casey's band, The Dear Hunter, had just finished playing a show a few blocks away. I was a little bit nervous to speak with him, if I'm being honest. Carl, my editor-in-chief, who had set up the interview, was a bit drunk and forgot to introduce me to Casey before I sat down with them. Very fortunately for me, Casey is a pretty rad dude, and after a few rounds, some getting-to-know-one-another, and making a vow to "most definitely one-up that interview with Andy Hull," he seemed to be pretty excited about the whole thing, and so I turned on my recorder—something I've forgotten to do in previous interviews—and started asking him a bunch of questions about music, life, and all the other shit that fills in the gaps.

PERVERSION MAGAZINE: A lot of your songs—particularly the *Acts*¹—are incredibly story-based. So with something like your new symphony², were you still trying to tell a story, even without any lyrics?

CASEY CRESCENZO: Yes. I wanted very much to tell a story, but I think that's one of the reasons why I took it on as a project to begin with. Like as a point of, I guess, growing? It's *because* I didn't have the crutch of lyricism that I wanted so badly to get my ideas through. So for someone like me—who is not steeped in classical music—I only have the vocabulary I've built up on my own. I had to then take away every literal word that I had. It was exciting to present myself those boundaries, and then push beyond them to tell a story without any sort of exposition.

PM: Could you let us in on your specific vision of the story—

CC: Well—

PM: Or would you prefer it to be left up only to the
70 listener's imagination?

CC: No, no, no, I can explain. It's basically a story about the life of a man through his romantic escapades, not in a cavalier way, but in the way of a romantic. Somebody who is seeking a genuine connection with a complementary counterpart. So the story of *Amour & Attrition* is the story of this man—who is represented by the piano—and his journey to find a counterpart in life. And that is genuinely the only detail that's important. The movements represent these four separate women, but their idiosyncrasies and personalities are up for debate just as much now as when I wrote it.

PM: I wanted to ask you—because I really hate interviews when someone asks, “What are your musical influences?” So I wanted to—

CC: I can tell you all of them.

PM: Well okay, sure. You're welcome to tell me.

CC: So on like a general level, when I was growing up, my parents were very musical. My mother is a singer, my father is a multi-instrumentalist and producer. But I remember my brother started playing guitar, and well, he's always been like my idol. So I wanted to start playing guitar, too, and so the *Wayne's World* soundtrack came out, and I heard Queen. I was like eight or something, and it blew my mind. But then what happened was, the first time I ever tried to play guitar—do you know the band The Ventures?

PM: No, I don't think so.

CC: They're a surf rock band from the 60s. My dad showed me this Ventures record. There was a song, “Walk Don't Run.” And that song, it like unlocked something in me. I realized that music was a language that I can speak.

PM: That's fucking awesome. I'm glad you told us that. I wasn't even going to ask. But so what I was getting at before was that you seem like someone who has more than just musical influences. What about, like, films?

CC: Oh, do you know the director Terry Gilliam?

PM: Certainly.

CC: He's my favorite director. My next tattoo will be the poster from his movie, *Brazil*. That is my *favorite* movie of all time. There's just something about it. The main character, Sam Lowry, he gets caught up in the disconnect between his passionate dreams and his mundane day-to-day life. And there's something about that that speaks to me, about losing yourself in your passion. And letting go of reality. To reconcile doing what I do, I had to let go of reality. There's something about when I finally reconciled letting go of participating in the standards of adult life that I found fulfillment, spiritually and metaphysically and existentially.³

¹The Dear Hunter's first three full-length albums are titled *Act I: The Lake South, the River North*, *Act II: The Meaning of, and All Things Regarding Ms. Leading*, and *Act III: Life and Death*.

²Casey wrote and produced a symphony titled *Amour & Attrition* in June of 2014. Through crowd-funding, he was able to get the Brno Philharmonic Orchestra in the Czech Republic to perform and record it live.

CC (cont.): I guess all I'm saying is that self-reflection is something that we aren't, as people, given the chance to do very often. So as an artist, the fact that I am not only given the opportunity, but am actively commissioned, to self-reflect is something that I don't take for granted.

PM: Was there a moment when you sort of realized that what you were doing, that the music you were writing, really matters to other people? That people listen to your stuff, and what you're saying makes a difference to them?

CC: There was a moment about two years into the band when we played at The Trocadero in Philadelphia. It was the first time I heard a few hundred people singing my songs back at me, and I realized that I had an obligation to them: to be honest, to not mislead anyone. And while maybe that has stopped me from succeeding on a mainstream level, it's given me the assuredness as an individual that I wasn't misleading anyone. That I am not bastardizing any human experience to them.

CC (cont.): I'm not saying that anything I do is inherently deep on any level, but at the very least, it's honest. It's much more important to me to spend my time on the Earth being forthcoming and being—on a level almost of embarrassment—transparent. So in those moments where I find myself saying, "Wow, they really get it," it's only ever been as a result of this very small group of people who understand what I am legitimately saying from my heart. I would never in my life trade my experiences for those of a more successful artist, because I can faithfully say that what I have done has been from my heart.

PM: What about other types of writing, then, besides music.

CC: Well, for about a year I was just trying stream of consciousness writing. Not for the sake of lyrics or, or music or anything. But I found myself with such debilitating headaches, and it was kind of like when I opened the floodgates too wide, I found that I was just under the flood. I tried for a while to write prose, throwing what I understood of poetry out the window, but once I did, I found myself in such a handi-

capped state of mind. And maybe it was just that I wasn't prepared or mature enough to hear the things that I had to say to myself. So I have had to limit what I do to just music and lyrics.

PM: What about the *Acts*? I know there were rumors of you turning them into a novel, but now I heard that a graphic novel is in the works.

CC: Yeah. That's happening.

PM: Oh, good. Let's talk about that. How is it going?

CC: Oh, wonderful. There's Alex Dandino, who is actually the guy writing them. Like, we sat and had a long conversation, and I explained everything to him until his ears were bleeding. And Evan Peters is the artist. The things that they have shown me... The depths that they have gone within the story are just insane. Like, I'm about to get really, really arrogant, but imagine this: imagine if the god of a world had a reflection pool to see his creation reflected back at himself, and I *stress* that by no means do I see myself as a god of anything, but like, imagine creating something and having within it the mechanism for seeing a third party's perspective of what you have made. Alex Dandino has enabled me to take that outsider's perspective of my own story, which is mind-blowing. He can show me, *this is what your story is, and here are the cavernous depths of what your story could be*. So when he showed me his script for the *Act I* story, almost ten years after I wrote it, I was on the verge of tears. It closed this circuit in my life where I finally understood the things I had written about almost blindly. On a spiritual level for me, it was really enlightening.

PM: That's gotta be such a great feeling.

CC: Oh, my God, it was. And like, I want to give absolute credit where it's due: *they* took these like seemingly broad strokes that I had created, and they gave them just infinite depth. It's so exciting for me.

PM: Does that mean *Act IV* is on the agenda?

CC: Not quite.

³ At this point, Casey and I went way too deep talking about *Brazil*, and eventually the similar, more recent films, *The Double and Enemy*. I won't bore you with the details, but you should watch both of those films.

PM: Well that's a bummer.

CC: Perhaps. I just have no intention of making the next Dear Hunter album an *Act*. I have other plans, and I want to give these graphic novels time to breathe.

PM: I guess that makes sense. Can't say I'm not disappointed. But there is another record coming?

CC: Absolutely. I can't give out too many details right now, and anyway, I really just can't stand all of this viral marketing shit. What ever happened to: the album is here, listen to it, and tell yourself what you think about it?

PM: Who knows? I'm glad to hear there's something on the way, though.

Rob, one of the guitarists in The Dear Hunter, comes over and tells Casey that they have to leave soon.

CC: Rob is being extremely gracious and allowing me to remain
72 long-winded and stay for a few more questions. And I am super grateful.

PM: Thank you, Rob.

CC: So I'm going to drink this last drink quickly, and then we have to go.

PM: Okay, well quickly then. I have just two more. What's the most important thing that anyone has ever said to you?

CC: The most important thing anyone has ever told me was when my parents told me it was okay that I didn't go to college. It was when I told them that I didn't... Wait, no. Actually, it was when I moved away from home, and they told me that was okay. I chased a girl to Harvard, and they believed in it. That was the craziest thing. And that's where I met people to form my last band. I got a job as a cashier, and I was 19 years old, and I didn't know what I was doing, and I had no fashion sense, and nobody wanted to talk to me, but ... Well, pretty much the fucking same as now. Seriously. But yeah, when my parents told me that it was okay, and they believed in it. That was the most important thing.

PM: Wow.

CC: Yeah, it's wild.

PM: All right, here's the last one: what's one thing that you want to do before you die? Or, if you're planning on living forever, what's one thing that you want to do before the Earth disintegrates, and you have to float around space by yourself?

CC: So basically one thing before time ends?

PM: Sure.

Casey takes a sip of the drink the bartender just dropped off.⁴

CC: This is the spiciest drink I've ever drank. Let me say this—oh, my God, the difference between four and five in your spice scale is enormous.

BARTENDER: Did you get a five?

CC: Yes, I got a five.

BARTENDER: I made it that kind of spicy where you can't breathe anymore.

CC: It's working. I'm sorry. What was the question?

PM: One thing you want to do.

⁴ It should be noted that earlier in the evening, the co-owner of the bar we were in had a moment with Casey, when they realized that many years ago, they played on tour together. Those interactions have been left out of this interview for the sake of brevity, but I found it fascinating that this bar—a bar that Casey suggested off-handedly because he passed in by earlier in the day—just so happened to be run by someone he had known.

CC: Oh.

There is a long pause.

CC: The thing is, I feel like most people don't take stock of the fleeting moments in life, while also, not gauging their importance in other peoples' fleeting moments. So if there was one thing I could do before existence were to end, it would be to convince everyone I could see, or in my immediate circle, to take stock of their surroundings, of their interactions with the people around them, and to log, both physically and metaphysically, what they have experienced. Because this is all so strange, when you think about it, that at the point when you eventually expire, the only thing that you can truly chalk your life up to is a strange and abstract amalgamation of the chaotic mess that you've lived. And shouldn't you be a little bit more aware of both what you have affected, and what affected you? So in the last moments before you check out, shouldn't you take some stock of the things that you have experienced? I know that's very wordy, but...

PM: That's okay.

CC: But wouldn't you hope that at the end, nothing was chalked up to chance? Or diminished as happenstance? I think the realization is that everyone affects others. And that it's not just musicians, it's not just actors, it's not artists. It's everyone. And the recognition of the impact of your own experience, through those seemingly random moments, is just as important as the infatuation of the art that you love. And for me it would be the humility that I am not more important than the man who bumps into you on your way to get a cup of coffee. That's what I would want to instill. That you are a culmination of every single interaction you've ever had. And to not diminish the importance of any single interaction. That, I feel like, is real enlightenment. That's when you understand the nature of humanity, and not the sort of ebb and flow of the streams of human interaction. I so desperately don't want to be quoted as a preposterous and presumptuous and extreme person, but in my heart, it tells me that every single moment of your life is as important as the next, and my show doesn't matter any more than the commercial break on Comedy Central. That's what I would say. Yeah. If that makes sense.

PM: It does.

MILES FERMIN

One of the most essential difficulties of human relationships is communication. Miles Fermin's work captures the impact of subjectivity, creating a state of bemusement through his presentation of surreal imagery in an almost generic format. Like a "what's different about this picture" brain teaser doused in lysergic acid, Fermin's work invites pure puzzlement, and contemplation of universal misconception.

by Allison Remy Hall



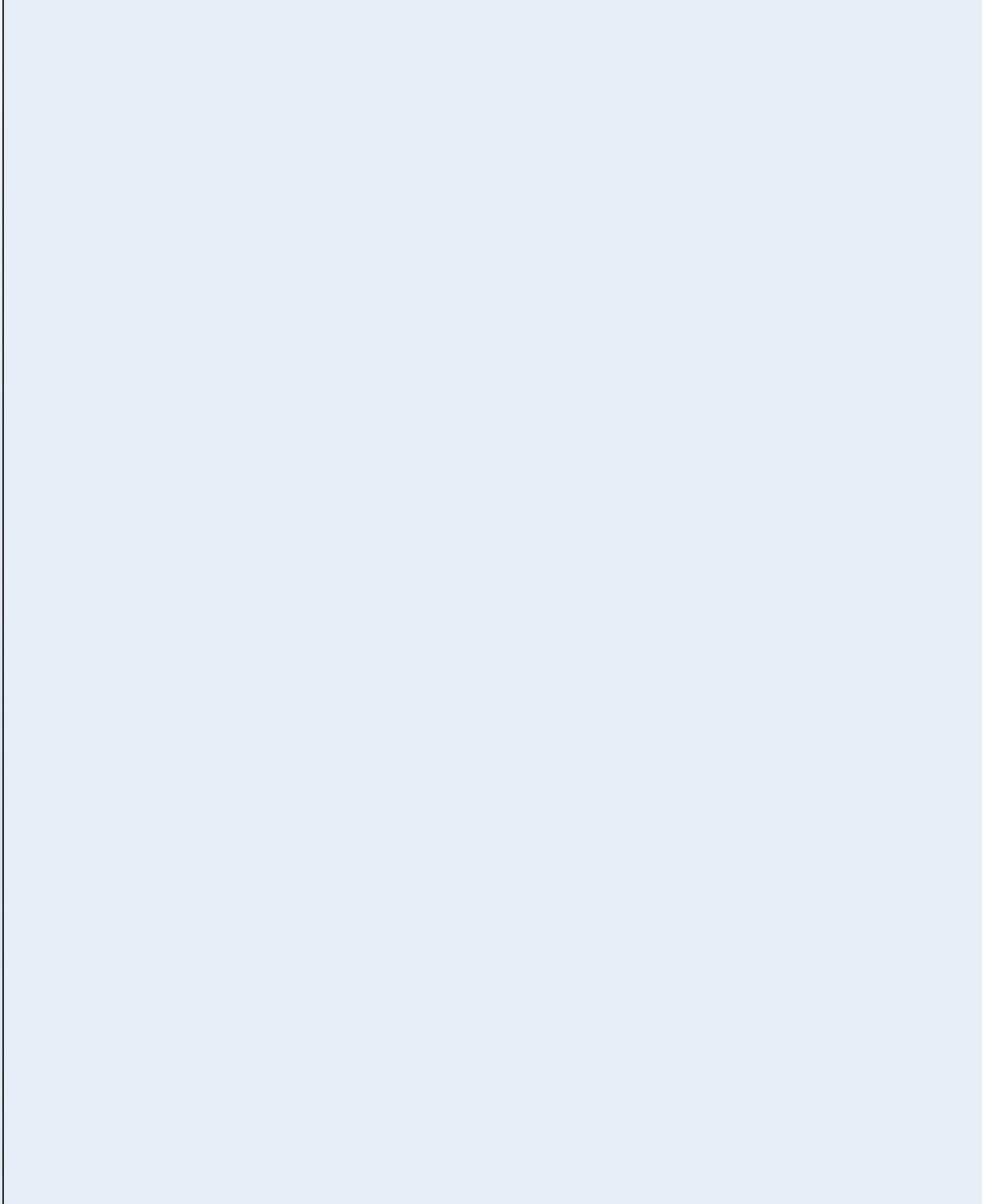
“ross samurai”



“ross”



“tess”



DOWN THE AISLE

by Carl Rosen

78



photo by Randy Rataj

"As soon as he walked in, Roger surveyed the vicinity for girls before stepping through the automatic doors, while Craig grabbed a shopping cart. Roger slicked back his hair and pursed his lips slightly¹ while Craig stared at him do so as he pushed the metal caravan across the linoleum floor.

The two men took the same route every time they went grocery shopping. They would first peruse the sale section, then the bakery, so on and so forth, until ending in the produce section.

While walking through the colorful sale section, Craig exclaimed, "Oh man, BOGO² Cheez-Its. What flavors should we get?"

"I like the Hot & Spicy ones," said Roger.

"No way, those things give me acid reflux, brah³, responded Craig.

"Alright, let's just get the Cheddar Jack ones, pussy."

They threw the flamboyantly red boxes of cheese crackers into the cart and continued on toward the bakery.

"They're just taking the apple pies out of the oven now," Craig exclaimed. He eyed the cakes and pies without blinking. Craig knew Roger had been trying to get healthier—more importantly, Roger was forcing him to start eating healthier because of Craig's recent lackluster statistics in the dating world, and above average numbers on the scale. Craig realized that consuming the apple pie would be a breach of their informal health agreement, which would result in fat kid ridicule, so he was left to sneak the pie into the cart beneath his micromanaging roommate's nose. But how could he get away with it?

¹ Roger did this to give the appearance that his lips naturally looked this way. When girls saw him, though, what they really thought was, "Oh no, that poor young man suffered an aneurysm."

² An acronym for the grocery phrase "buy one get one," meaning that the buyer purchases one of the grocery items listed on the BOGO sale and receives another of those items for no additional cost. This acronym is the shortening of the original phrase, "buy one get one free."

³ The origins of the word "bro," or "brah" in this case, stem from the word "brother," yet it is used ironically here, which complicates whether or not it is actually affectionate or sarcastic.

Fortunately, Roger was consumed with comparing and contrasting fancy cheeses a couple of yards from the pie hot zone, so Craig grabbed the apple pie and hid it under the two boxes of Cheez-Its. Roger didn't notice. Craig could taste the cinnamon, apple victory in his mouth already.

"What kind of cheese did you get?" Craig asked, throwing his roommate off the trail, as the couple continued to the next aisle.

"Smoked Gouda."⁴

After making their rounds through the canned vegetables, ethnic foods, and cleaning product aisles, the two men reached the "happy/sad aisle," containing baby products and sex contraceptives.⁵ The store had also just moved their candy section to this aisle, too.⁶ Craig began to plan his next cheat food attack, eyeing chocolate and gummy products, while Roger looked at condoms on the other end.

80

"Hey, Craig, have you heard about these bad boys? Check them out," Roger said as he handed over a yellow package.

"What the fuck are these? Lambskin condoms? Are these even legal, or is PETA going to bust down my door while I'm getting it on with some chick?"

"Yeah they're legal, and they make your boner feel way better than the latex ones. The only negative is that stamina goes down the drain, unless you're a champ like me.⁷ Oh, and they smell way worse."

The two began walking again as Craig still held onto the box, "Wait...they smell worse than the latex ones? I can't wash that smell off my hands for three days after opening one up, how bad are these things?"

"They literally smell like hell."

"Fuck...⁸ when did you start using them?"

“What the fuck are these? Lambskin condoms? Are these even legal, or is PETA going to bust down my door while I'm getting it on with some chick?

⁴ Frederic Gouda originally created smoked Gouda. He was the son of Haanz Gouda, who created the original Gouda blend. A distinct difference in Frederic's approach, though, was his incessant love for fire. As a youth he had burned down two village homes without being caught, and as an adult he required matches to be part of his sexual foreplay.

⁵ The juxtaposition of diapers and condoms originated in the late 1960s when pregnancy rates became dangerously high. James Martin, an unhappy parent after one of these pregnancies, didn't want others to suffer like he had been, so he strategically placed baby and sex products next to one another in hopes it would remind the buyer, "This could happen to you."

⁶ One time a curious child wandered into the candy aisle, and thought that Trojan Ecstasys sounded delicious. The parent then called corporate, and the imbecile, who decided to put the candy section there was fired, yet the aisle remained unchanged.

⁷ Not true. Roger averaged three and a half minutes before ejaculating during sex, which was, on a national level, below average. He attempted to think about Star Wars during sex, in order to last longer. Usually, it didn't work, and he ended up ejaculating while thinking about Obi-Wan, or a little wrinkled, green Jedi Master named Yoda.

⁸ A mother and her precocious eight-year-old son, Billy, passed within earshot of this sentence, hearing the expletive and all. Later that day Billy said, "Fuck, mom, that tapioca was super yummy." The mother, not exactly knowing what to do, encouraged the son that the word he was trying to use was "duck." Billy went to school the next day and told all of his friends about this cool word, not related to the animal, and it caught on like wildfire at Broad Horizons Elementary School. Decades later, the Catholic Church released an informal list of most sinful words—"duck" was number seven on the list.

Craig asked, as Roger examined the package, as if searching for a calorie count to saturated fat ratio.⁹

"Right around the time Vicky and I started making sticky."¹⁰

"Jeez, I can't get over how hot Vicky was. How did you pull that one off? Did you tell her you were using baby lambs to penetrate her?"¹¹

"Fuck no! That would be weird."

Craig threw the box into the cart, looking at Roger while doing so, and the two proceeded down the aisle, trying not to make eye contact with the shelves of diapers and baby food surrounding them.

In the produce department, Roger spent the entire time in the organic section, while Craig tried to find exotic fruits and vegetables he'd never heard of before.¹²

Roger rummaged through collections of kale, hunting for the best looking bushel to fulfill his trendy food needs.¹³ He reached down to the bottom of the pile of greens, saturating his wrist in condensation, picking the winner. Craig stared at the cucumbers and dreamt of penises. He wondered what it would feel like if he shoved the cucumber inside of him, and subsequently looked over at Roger with a gaze that was both soft and penetrating.¹⁴

"Dude, what are you looking at?"

"Oh, nothing just spacing out."

"Well, quit it. You're freaking me out."

"Sorry, Roger."

"So what's the weird fruit of the day?" Roger searched the cart for whatever weird things Craig threw in. "Rutabaga, huh? I've never had it, have you?"

"No, but I like foods with four syllables or more."

⁹ In fact, he was wondering if eating a condom had any nutritional value, just in case one night got a little kinky. One condom has ninety calories in it, and is surprisingly high in fiber.

¹⁰ The first time Roger and Victoria had sex it ended with Roger crying post pre-mature ejaculation, and with Victoria promising she wouldn't tell anyone, which she didn't. They met up another three times or so, but never had sex again, contrary to what Roger told people.

¹¹ This is redundant. A lamb is a baby sheep. A baby lamb is a really baby sheep.

¹² Craig would buy these exotic beauties and never eat them, causing Roger to throw them away after weeks of expiration. Craig just liked to look at them, buy them, and think about eating them.

¹³ Roger had also thrown chia seeds, almond milk, coconut water, flax seeds, and quinoa—because of the popularization of quinoa, areas that originally grew the crop along with other crops eradicated the other crops in order to produce more quinoa. This has greatly impacted the local people growing these crops that they originally survived on. It's becoming quinoa genocide, if you will—into the cart. All of these foods had been on a "trendy eater" list that Roger had recently seen on the Internet. The site listed the foods as super healthy alternatives that not only made the consumer feel better, but be cooler. Roger didn't know any of the specific health benefits yielded by these foods, but he sure did like to talk about eating them, especially when he went to the local hip, coffee shop. He would say to the barista, "Yeah, I totally got down on a kale and quinoa salad last night. It tasted so good." Except for the fact that, no, it didn't.

¹⁴ Craig had never acted out these fantasies, but longed to do so. In three years of living with Roger, he had accidentally walked in on him showering countless times, hoping that Roger would say, "Craig, come on in, if you'd like."

“Haha, fucking weirdo.”

“I’m not kidding, asshole.”¹⁵

—

Upon nearing the checkout registers, Roger examined his options. He spotted an attractive blonde woman swiping products across the scanner, and headed toward “Register 6.”¹⁶ He waited patiently, trying to get her attention with his eyes to have a brief moment of exchanging glances.¹⁷ He noticed that she was a bit older than him, but no more than ten years or so.

As Craig began unloading the cart onto the black conveyor belt, the “last-minute candy” section called to him. In a last minute attempt he threw a pack of chocolate, caramel Turtles¹⁸ onto the belt, while Roger situated himself near the front of the register.

“How ya doin’ today, honey?” the women

82 asked.¹⁹

“I’m well. How about yourself?”²⁰

“Same ol’ same ol’, darlin’.”

“Roger we forgot to get Vaseline for my rash,” Craig said oblivious to his roommate’s current game-spitting endeavors.

“Fuck, Craig! Just go get it.” he turned to the checkout woman after Craig left and said, “Sorry about that, he’s lost without me.”

“Oh don’t worry sweetie. You guys are cute. How long have y’all been seeing one another?” she said while scanning the pack of lambskin condoms.

“She hated her job. She hated her life. Most nights she went home staring at the Bible, not because she read it frequently, but because she thought that if she ate enough pages of the Good Book she would definitely die...”¹⁷

¹⁵ Even just saying the word caused Craig to think about Roger’s anatomically correct posterior. It had the perfect amount of shelf to muscularity proportion, and Craig envisioned just the right amount of sprinkled-in brown hairs, like brown sugar topping off some kind of cake.

¹⁶ “Register 6” had five people with multiple groceries, waiting in line while “Register 4” had only two. Roger was aware of this.

¹⁷ Margaret, the checkout lady, had been working at the same place for eight years. She was thirty-seven and had two kids. She hated her job. She hated her life. Most nights she went home staring at the Bible, not because she read it frequently, but because she thought that if she ate enough pages of the Good Book she would definitely die—either from choking or from being stricken down by the lord. She was pretty good at putting on a happy face at work, though.

¹⁸Turtles.

¹⁹ She had already said these exact words sixty-two times today, and she averaged saying them 83.6 times a day, equaling 418 times per week, and 22,572 times per year.

²⁰ Roger knew the difference of using “good” versus “well,” and he wanted everyone to know that he knew.

I live for a woman

she know s only my soul

a hero

a monster

dat snatch baby yo



illustration by Seth Pala



GRAVEYARD SHIFTS AT THE MAGIC THEATER

by Thomas Lundy

BURN DOWN THE ELECTRONICS STORE

Turn that fucking music off.
The sound of my own life, being parodied onstage is not something to drink to
And lately all my favorite songs sound like bad days I forgot to write about

Shatter the glass of a new TV .
Nothing is funny about actors laughing at the audience
And the best episodes are about the people who watch them

Kill the comedian .
Because the punch lines only work if they leave bruises
And all the laughter sounds like sparring sessions

Burn the books you used to love .
I can't enjoy my dreams if they end in punctuation
And the periods, semicolons and exclamations seem to have forgot about my
question marks

Tear to shreds your favorite pictures .
They're just moments in time
But time can't capture the moments I'll never live
Burn down the electronics store .
And all its aisles of magical leisure
But the toys we use to escape today, tend to tie us down to a forced tomorrow.

THE MANIFESTO

3:43pm

The end of the day

It blossomed within me somewhere inside
the long pause between the first and sixtieth
second,

Today was my last day

This was the last moment I would spend;
staring at this clock

sitting at this chair

at this desk

in this room

in this building

on this street

in this city.

Like a gust of cool air sweeping into a hot
room

as the window is cracked just slightly,
it rushed into me.

And settled there like a sinner at the altar.

I'm going to turn my desktop off
turn the lights

and close the door to my office
for the last time.

I'm going to drive home in traffic
fantasize about women I can't have

eat my processed TV dinner
and be calmly screamed at by the evening
news

for the last time.

Things are going to be different now.

When I wake up in the morning
the first thing I'm going to do is stare into the
mirror
and punch my reflection in the face
that's the old me and he's dead now.

I'm not going to bother putting on a shirt
fuck a shirt.

I'm going to sit in my boxers for at least an
hour

and sing the songs I used to sing in high
school

I'm going to put all my electronics in a corner
piss on them
and set them on fire.

I won't bother calling work.

They'll get the idea after day two or three

I'm going to walk into the woods

and kill the first animal I see

and eat every god dammed part of it.

and as I stand there in the forest

surrounded by life at every angle

I will become apart of it.

No longer will I be an outside spectacle
a by product of the artificial,
a comedy for mother nature to shake her head
at.

And as I stand there,
and the blood of my kill runs
from the corner of my lips
and drips

off of my chin

and onto the floor of foliage below

I will think to myself

finally;

"I am alive,

I

am fully alive."This is the manifesto.

Written between

3:43 and

3:44pm

BAYLA LAKS' *ROSE-TINTED DYSTOPIA*

Bayla Laks' watercolor series *Kids* captures the curious mixture of sordid sensuality and beauty defining the period of life referred to as "youth." Though too imperfect to be considered whimsical, Laks' characters awaken a feeling of nostalgia usually only reserved for photo albums. Her use of watercolors creates a sense of naivete and familiarity, suggestive of the work of Norman Rockwell, had he been disillusioned and lost in the listlessness of the twenty-first century. Laks displays the agony and ecstasy of youth, rendering it rose-tinted.

by Allison Remy Hall



"Zoey" - watercolor



Bugla, 14x5 · 12
"Pascal" - watercolor



"Mink tits" - watercolor

THE YELLOW APARTMENT



The mundane set to beautiful music.

NOW LIVE @
PERVERSIONMAG.COM

CO-LAB.

The collaborations in these pages are between staff members and submitting artists. Sometimes a submitted photo will inspire a story on our part. Sometimes your story has us dreaming up a visual representation, and we grab our cameras and friends. Regardless, the collaborations that follow are no single person's creation: They are the blended desires, perceptions and intentions of people who may or may not know each other, but who are infatuated with what the other is creating.

I HAVE A UNIVERSE INSIDE ME

by Sam Bilheimer

There is a universe inside of me, and it's hungry. It wants to know when I'll feed it again. It wants to know if it can keep eating other universes inside of other people. I say, "There aren't any other universes left because you've eaten them all. There is only you, and there is only me." The universe inside of me doesn't like that very much, and it gets quiet. And then it swallows me whole.





“LISTEN” by Leah Kolakowski



“*JOE*” by Leah Kolakowski

CONTROLLED BURN

by Jeffrey Jones

97

We tried sacrificing a chicken once, but “Chickens can’t fly” becomes a different story when they’ve got a little hot air under their wings. The bird rode the heat to about thirty feet up before it rolled out of the updraft. Landed headfirst at our feet right where we’d thrown him from, still mostly alive, now with a bare and reddened ass that was prickly with singed feather shafts. We named him Boomerang before we grabbed him by the feet and threw him back, way harder this time. He came out on the other side, still kind of alive.

We cleared six sites in four years, and I gave a speech at every one of them. Always improvised, always marvelous. We sometimes asked the construction crew to wait until dusk to start the burns—too hot during the day—but those guys get up early and usually don’t work past four, so more than once they just lent us the key to the on-site diesel tank and left us alone. They might’ve thought twice about liability if they’d known that us co-founders filled our Coke and Miller cans with molly water, a tradition even our wives were unaware of.



MY UNCLE'S LAKE

by Hurley Winkler







There's a bait shop on the lake that doubles as a diner. It's called Waldrop's. It's a dive—walk in, sit at a big white table in the middle of the bait shop with a dozen strangers, and eat the best pancakes in the Carolinas. There are bowls filled with fresh, sweet cantaloupe on each table; “help yourself!” the waitress smiles.

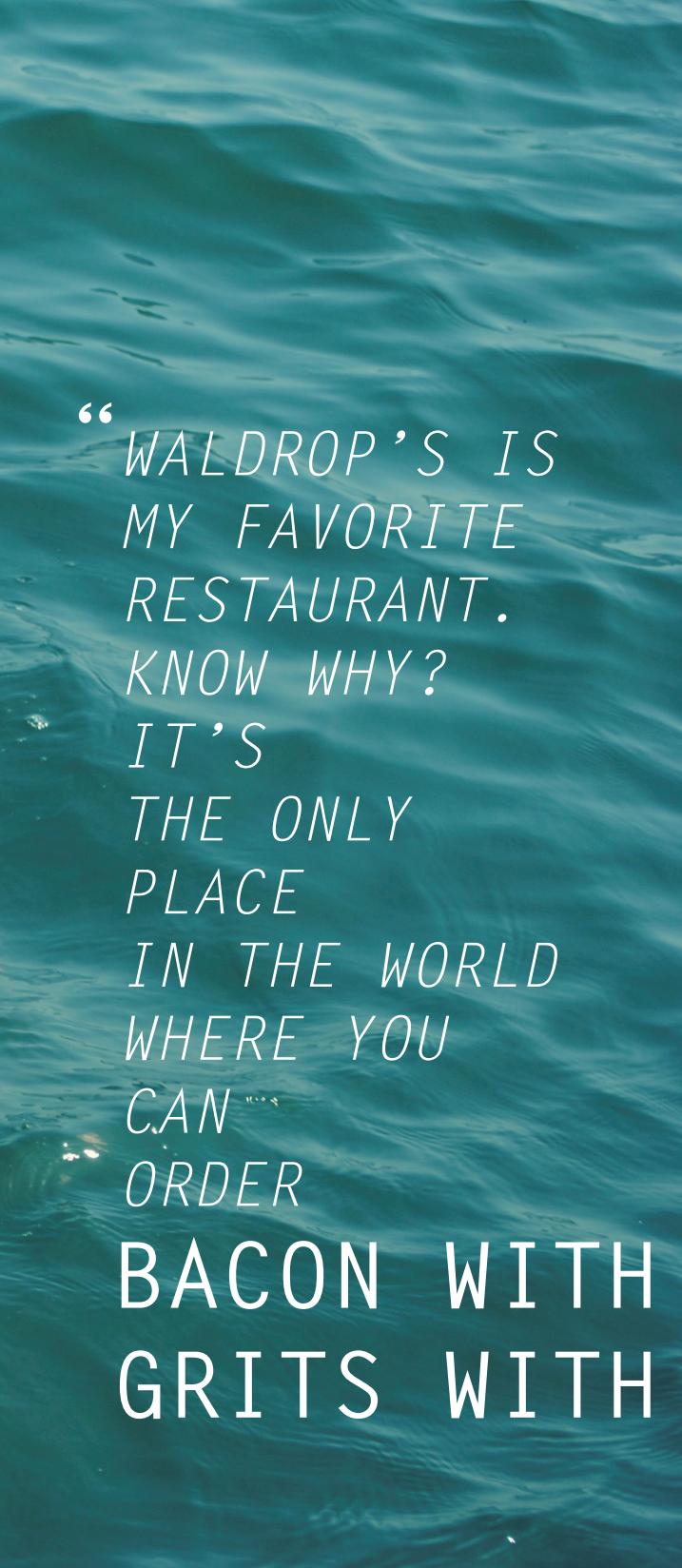
Uncle Lee always said, “Waldrop’s is my favorite restaurant. Know why? It’s the only place in the world where you can order bacon with your motor oil. Grits with your lures.”

We never went out fishing on the lake with empty stomachs. Sure, we'd wake up at the crack of dawn to eat, but we'd always eat a big meal at Waldrop's before setting out on Lake Hartwell, anchoring near a peninsula disguised as an island. The moment the sun came out to make the water more blue and green with the turning of the tide, Uncle Lee would jump off the bow away from our lines, breaking the silent concentration we held while casting for hours. And he stayed under the water for a long time, sinking or swimming—sometimes I worried he wasn't going to come up. I still wonder what he was doing down there in the water for so long, kicking up the red clay in a cloud around his body, holding his breath, thinking.

101

I don't know if Uncle Lee was a good fisherman. I can't remember if he ever caught a fish. But he shared his boat and his lake and his beer with anyone who would come along for his company. He told hours' worth of stories about his summer following the Grateful Dead around on a motorcycle, exaggerating on details containing wind and rain. All the while, Bruce Hornsby or Bruce Springsteen or some other fifty-five-year-old musician named “Bruce” crooned over the boat's battery-operated boombox, drifting along the anchor's stirring circle for the length of a Thursday afternoon in July. **PM**





“WALDROP’S IS
MY FAVORITE
RESTAURANT.
KNOW WHY?
IT’S
THE ONLY
PLACE
IN THE WORLD
WHERE YOU
CAN
ORDER
BACON WITH
GRITS WITH
YOUR MOTOR OIL.
YOUR LURES.”



SLEEPWALKING WITH RADIO BIRDS

by Carl Rosen

104

Usually when one of my friends tells me that their friend's band is playing a show, I don't go because I've had enough nights filled with mediocre bands. But every once in a while, I can't resist the siren's call of live music. Atlanta rock outfit Radio Birds played the role of "my friend's band." It was a good night.

Radio Birds, consisting of Colin Dean (drums), Jaz Dixon (guitar), Justin Keller (vocals and guitar), and Chase Lamondo (vocals and bass), is a band that you want to be drinking beers beside and talking about Whataburger and sleepwalking with.

The next morning, after the band played in downtown Jacksonville, I met up with them to continue our discussion about the existential dilemmas life presents to us while we're asleep.

PERVERSION MAGAZINE: HOW LONG HAVE YOU GUYS OFFICIALLY BEEN A BAND?

JK: Officially as Radio Birds, just over a year. We had our one year anniversary last month.

JAZ: We celebrated by still being Radio

Birds. Hooray.

PM: What are you guys working on now?

JK: We're hoping to have a full-length out by the end of this year. Everybody is writing, so it's kind of exciting. We'll see how it goes. It's kind of scary, too, because everyone writes so differently.

PM: Is there a particular theme to this record?

JK: No, not really. It'll be similar to our last record, [a self-titled EP] where no songs will really sound alike. One song might be a blues jam while another will be more of a folk track. And that's what I really like about our music.

COLIN: I think the theme is that it's the four different perspectives—everybody has a song on the record that they mostly wrote.

JAZ: It's like we're the three music philosophers...and Chase. Just kidding, Chase is super creative, too. He was in a band called Whore Mouth. How can he not be creative?

PM: Favorite tour stories. Go.

JAZ: Oh man, that's going to be a tough one. Alcohol really deludes...

JK: You can leave that off the interview, if

you want.

JK (CONT.): We did the Rock Boat in the Spring; It's a music festival on a cruise ship. There are like 30 bands on a boat, and we just hung out at the Casino every night, because that's where every musician was. We had one buddy who fell off one deck to another.

CHASE: Yeah, he had just hopped this railing or something, and somebody warned him not to, and he was all drunk and like, "Let me live my life!" and then all of a sudden he was just gone. So, then he's just hanging on the railing, thinking he's going to die, when in reality he's not very high up at all. And there's a trash can beneath him that would've softened the blow, and I think he missed the trash can, too. Jimmy, we love you.

CHASE: I fell asleep with my pants around my knees that night. Not sure why.

COLIN: That's why the rock boat is the best, because every moment you do something that you only see on Friday night. Yet nobody threw up.

CHASE: The alcohol and the waves offset



each other or something.

COLIN: You could just drink to infinity.

JAZ: And beyond. I think we went beyond a couple of nights.

PM: What's a tour staple? Like somewhere that you have to go to.

JAZ: Whataburger. If Cookouts are around, we'll allow it. Shit's good.

CHASE: If we're in the mountains, we like to climb out of the car and look around as kind of a staple.

JK: Yeah, we definitely look out for hiking spots and river spots, that's how we like to spend days like today, when there's only like a two-hour drive.

JAZ: I'm always on the lookout for interesting music stores and toy stores. We were just in Gadsden, Alabama, and we saw an all Star Wars toy store and I was in heaven.

PM: That sounds amazing.

JAZ: It was Star Wars everywhere—just Star Wars. It was great.

JK: I think my favorite thing is just seeing new towns and just exploring, especially some

of those backwoods ones—they're kind of funny. Like Gadsden, you'd never think that would be a cool music town, and then all of a sudden it's one of our favorite shows on the tour so far.

JAZ: Yeah, nobody is too cool to get out and have a good time there.

JAZ (CONT.): I'm just happy to be on the road. You know, we have tires blow out and experiences like that, but it's still where we want to be.

PM: Does anyone have night terrors or anything?

JAZ: JK punched Chase because he farted once.

CHASE: I scared him.

JAZ: I was having a weird dream one night in this shady hotel about someone stealing all of our shit, and Colin was just standing up over one of the bags, and I just transitioned from my dream into reality and yelled, "Yo!" And everybody wakes up and was like, "What?" And Colin just froze in his place. So, now they all know they can sleep safely

because if someone breaks in I'll just yell, "Yo."

JK: Yeah, Jazz snores, I sleep-talk with Chase.

CHASE: We have sleep conversations.

JK: I sleepwalk and sleep swim. I've slept walked into a lake before and woke up with wet clothes.

JAZ: There are some mornings where we don't ever find out where JK slept.

COLIN: He moves like a bear in his sleep.

JK: Yeah, I have plenty of sleepwalking stories.

CHASE: Jazz likes to cuddle. Many times I've woken up with his arm around me.

JAZ: That happened once! One time.

PM: What's the future look like for Radio Birds?

JAZ: Well, music is meant to be explored. So far, it's been fun exploring it.

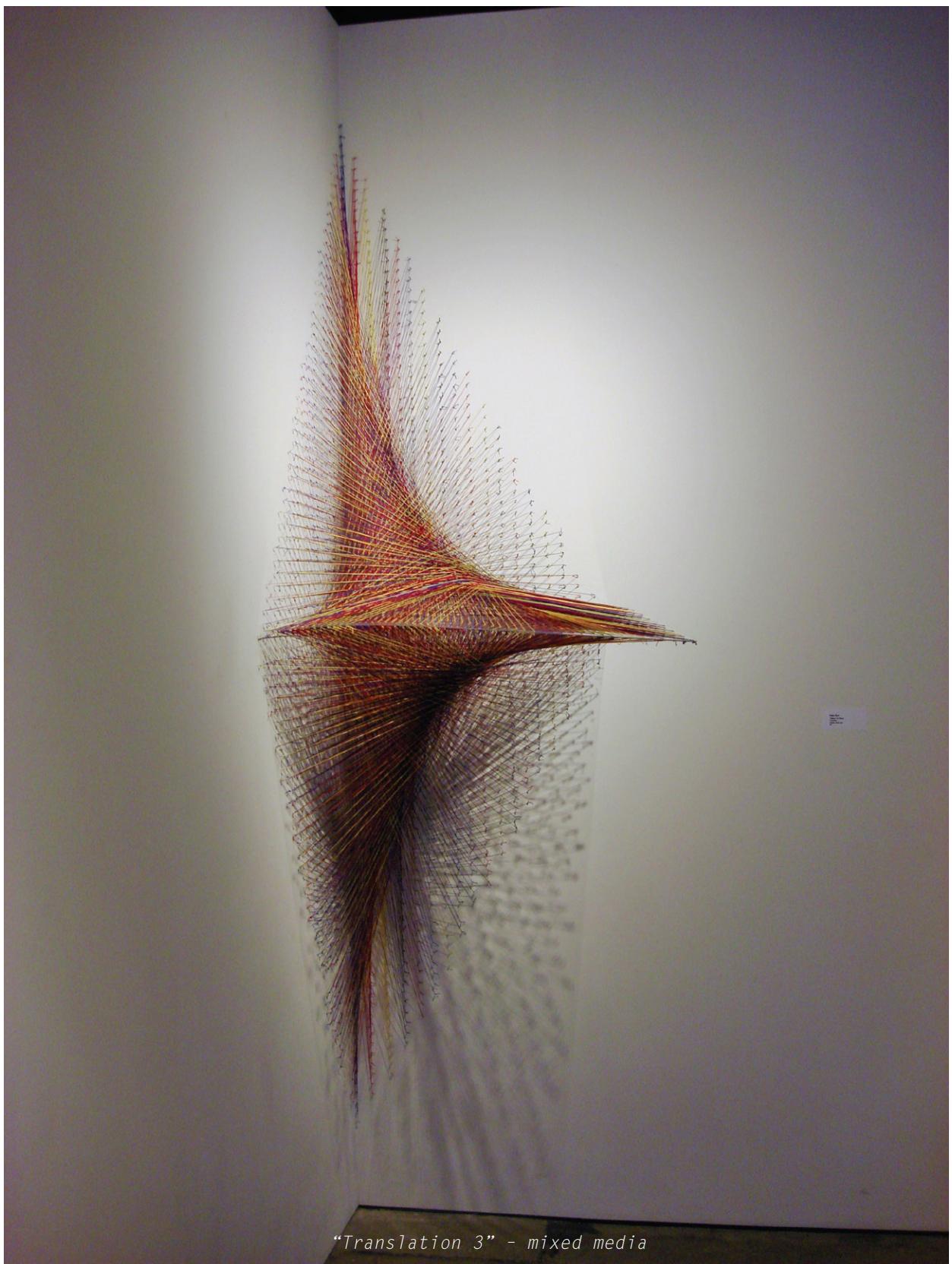
CHASE: We're not done yet. We have some insatiable appetites.

KENDRA WERST'S *ORIGIN OF SPECIES*

Kendra Werst's work expresses the collectively conscious question of whether individuals are made of merely blood, bone, and double-helixes, or whether they are the product of the surrounding world—an amalgam of influences. Her pieces are simultaneously organic and obsessively geometric, much like the patterns inherent in the cosmos—spirals, fractals, symmetries. It is no longer a question of nature versus nurture; she connects each component of her work to the next to the next, and yet every thread remains completely distinct and structurally essential, coaxed into purpose and meaning by Kendra Werst as Creator.

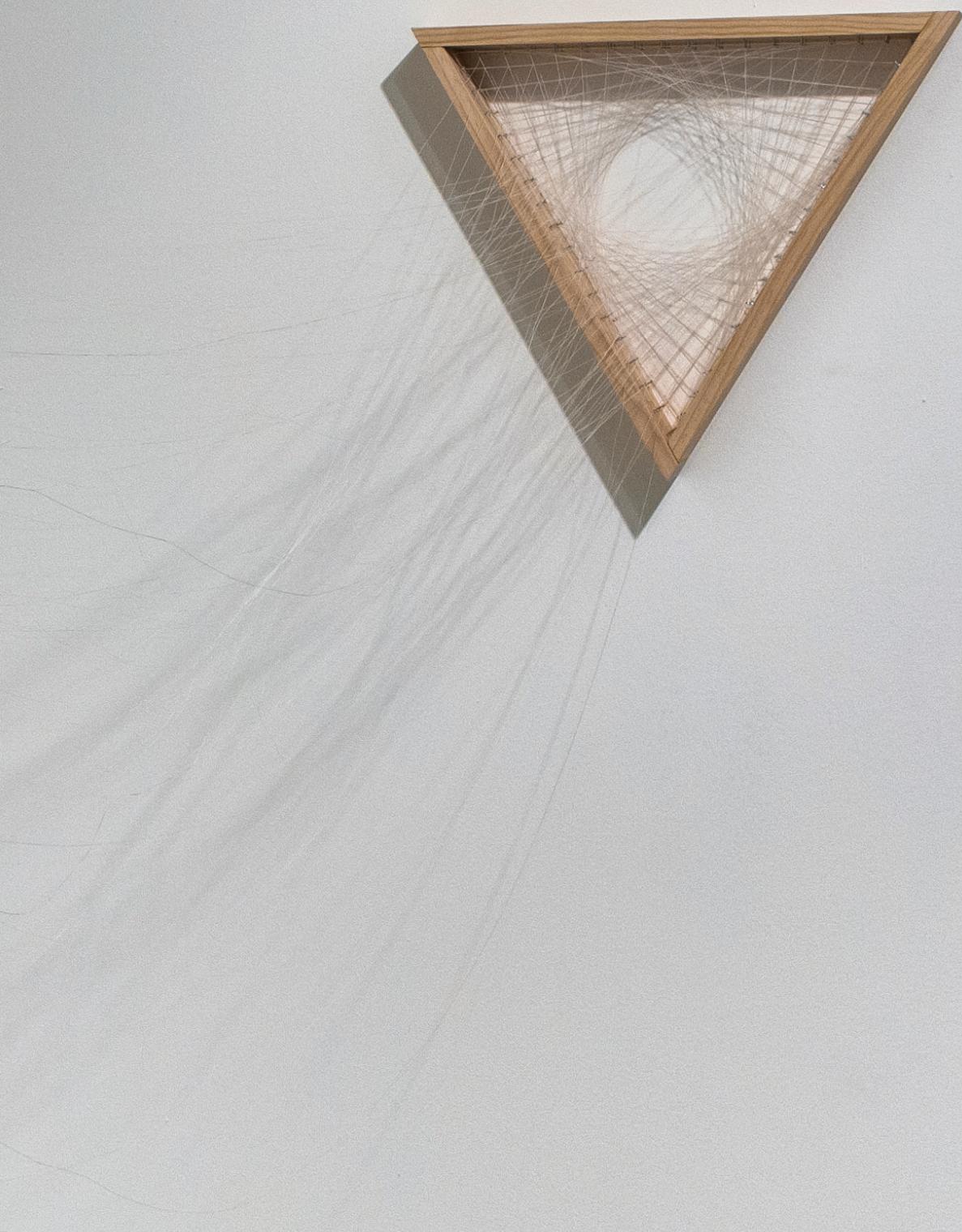
106

by Allison Remy Hall



"Translation 3" - mixed media





"Proprium 1" - mixed media

A FIELD OF BLUE

by Jon Madge

The delicate flower strained against the wind, its pale blue petals billowing like a sail. I held the pot close to my chest and cupped a hand around the flower, protecting it from the wind that lashed at the exposed parts of my face.

Below us, the flower and me, my village was a smudge on the valley floor. The mountains protected it from the worst of the storms and guided the rains down to it in regular rations. From the valley, the mountains were protector, benefactor, and old friend. That was from the valley. As you began to the climb up, the winds and storms which they trapped lay in wait for you, and whipped your face and hands as you passed through on the way to the plateau.

When the soldiers had first come to the village, the villagers looked to the mountains for help. No one, not even the oldest people in the village, thought of them as gods, but the mountains had always calmed those elements we could not. Surely they would do something now.

But the mountains remained quiet and static as the armed men took to walking our streets, forcing us to stay indoors at night and building their own buildings on land that had once been ours. The mountains didn't speak up, so eventually the villagers did.

When the soldiers first arrived, we thought they wouldn't stay for long. We had nothing. There was food, water, farmland, all enough for our village, but nothing that they could

want. Nonetheless, they stayed.

Some said it was the mountains that kept them here, that they offered protection. Some said it was the land itself, or minerals underneath it. Some said there were soldiers like them in every village from ours to the capital. The soldiers never told us why they were there, only that they weren't there to hurt us.

My father was one of many that asked how little you can hurt someone when you build on their land, walk their streets with guns and tell them when they can leave their houses. If you take a man's pride you hurt him in a way much deeper than any bullet hole, much more lasting than any bruise.

When the men started to talk of action my father was not the first to speak up. He was old, he had a family, he could be of no real use to them. These were the things he repeated, both aloud and to himself.

The wind began to calm as we got closer to the plateau. Ahead the sky appeared the same blue as the petals of the flower, its previous grey left behind with the gales.

On the first night the men decided to act, the village was alive. Everyone seemed to know something would happen. None of the adults slept, so neither did the children. After the curfew and in the dark of night, a fire started just outside the village that burned until dawn.

My father was one of many that asked how little you can hurt someone when you build on their land, walk their streets with guns and tell them when they can leave their houses.

Throughout the village, the flickering light illuminated faces, young and old, that could not sleep.

The men had taken the diesel from their tractors and poured it over as much of the soldiers' camp as they could. The next morning the soldiers came into town. No one said anything to them, no shops were open, their gaze wasn't met. None of that mattered, they knew who they wanted to take. They took them and those men were not seen again.

The next night was as sleepless as that of the fire. Nobody knew what would happen now. At about one in the morning three shots were heard outside of town.

The next morning my father stopped repeating to himself.

That night another fire raged outside the village. In the morning more men were taken. This time the soldiers took their tractors too.

When darkness fell, the men emptied their cars of petrol and another fire burned at the soldiers' camp. Every time a fire burned people were taken. There were never any arrests and they rarely took men who weren't responsible. But every time they took them and every time the men they took didn't come back.

For six nights the fires burned. On the

morning after the sixth fire, my father came to speak with me. He sang me an old song, one I'd heard the men who had lit the first fire singing even before the soldiers had arrived. He told me that it was important that anyone who died defending the village should be remembered. He said the tradition was that their oldest child was to take a blue flower from the bottom of the mountain and plant it on the plateau half way up. That way they could look out on the village and still be a part of it.

That night another fire burned at the soldiers' camp. In the morning they came and they took my father.

For ten days the men of our village set fires. For ten days those responsible were taken and were never heard from again. On the eleventh day, the soldiers loaded what was left undamaged of their kit onto their trucks and they left.

On the plateau the air was cool and the sun shone crisply through a cloudless sky. I carried my flower to a patch of damp earth illuminated by the warm sunshine and dug a small hole. I piled earth up around the flower, to support it until its roots would hold fast then stood up. All around me, from one rocky edge to another, was a thick carpet of pale blue.

GOING

by Carl Rosen

We're caged.

The walls get smaller and thicker and more gray and we sit there,
wanting to leave.

But we don't.

We fantasize about mountains and canyons and foreign beaches,
but look at our wallets and bank accounts,
and remember that we have work in the morning.

The walls stay small and gray, and we remain.

Don't.

Put it on credit or on your proverbial tab.

If you stay, you'll die.

If you stay put while your mind dances across exotic plains,
you'll become a robot.

And if you become a robot, your mind won't come home.

Why should it?

These photos are about going.
They are a domestic departure.
They are the product of
friends and backpacks full of clothes.
Cameras and
comp books.
Pens
and cars that drive...

in no particular direction.

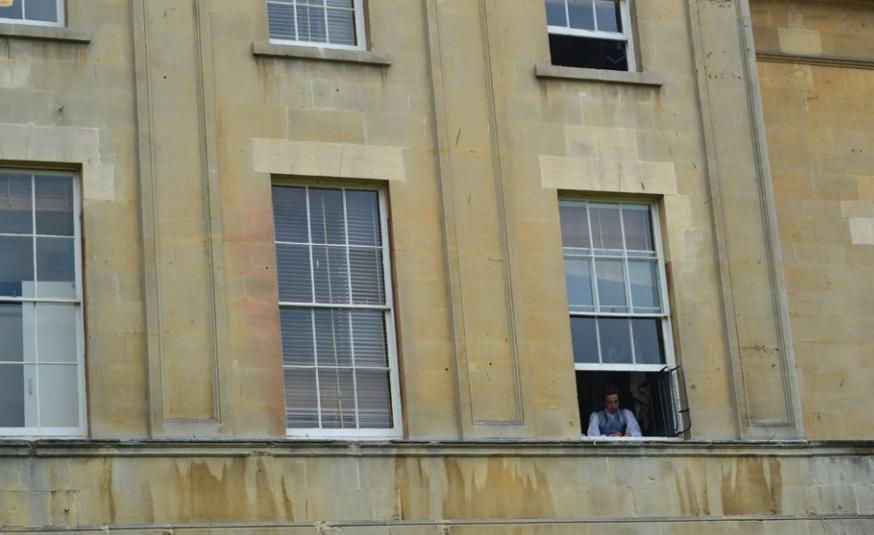
113

We had to go.

We yearned for beauty and laughter
in both the banal and the outlandish.
We found them waiting for us.

Go forth.





SUCIDIDE NOTE IN E MINOR

by Cassidy Spencer



esc.

I sit here with the contemplation
of a thousand eyes
on my painfully mendacious grin
hiding the slow realization of how blind
this black hole
truly is.
I wanted a feeling of living
that no human ever truly achieves
I wanted that feeling that couldn't be described by the
shallow
lifeless
empty
very faulty
invention of words.
I wanted that notion that could only be reached through
nostalgia
moonkissed memories of moments where
I was happy
..
though I never was, really.
and never can be, just like the rest of us-
just mimic the vague concept of the feeling while trying
to feel
something at all
Birth is a sentence
and not just any
A sentence fragment that fits in as much hurt as it possibly

can in as few
words as it can muster
A sentence with a thousand unreadable shitty metaphors
A death sentence.
I can't stand standing here among the puppets that can't
even
hold their own weight. We migrate from trend to style
with the attention span of an idiotic puppy and insight of
tide pool.
as a crowd, we hold to assigned opinions
with a pathetic mimicry of "independence"
throwing misguided declarations of self pride into the
melting pot of the collective

But as much as I spit on the insult of life
the puppeteer is overarching by whim.
always strings attached, I am
moving under another's approved course
keeping in line so my nose won't grow and others wont
see ow I'm holding on by a
t h r e a d
to any sa(l)i(n)ity in an ocean
of misguided cons

I live life by the book and the back of the pill bottle
and i would(nt?) have it any other way.

DAVID BEHAR'S *SOUTH BEACH*

I became numb to the sight of Ferraris and topless women by the end of the summer. Obscene wealth and glamour are as common to South Beach as the English language is rare. If I wasn't working, I was at the beach, and when I wasn't at the beach, I was shooting. Almost every photo here is from the common area balconies on the 30th floor of Portofino Tower, a condo high-rise on the southernmost tip of South Beach where a family friend let me stay.

I discovered the work of Matthias Heiderich a couple years ago. Since then, I've obsessed over lines and minimalist compositions. Combined with my fixation over the color blue, large bodies of water are a natural draw for me—that, and small people. I like to photograph people far enough away to void them of any real personality. Along with skimboarding and surfing, flat scenes are the majority of my subjects.





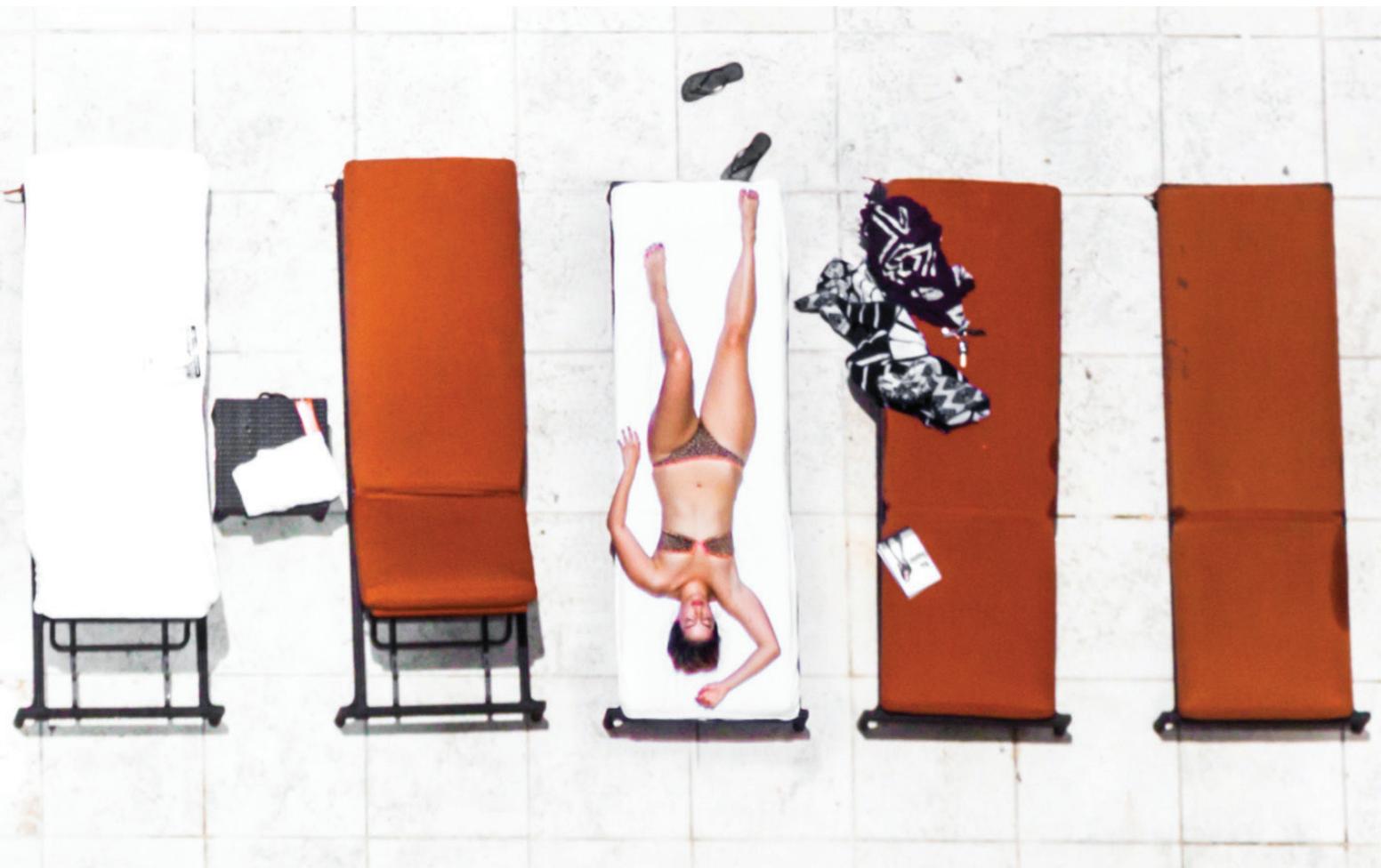








photo by Carl Rosen

“Is this art?”

“I think so...”

“Cool.”

PENS ARE IMPORTANT

by Carl Rosen

She moves her lips differently.

My hands are not Satiated traversing her skin only once,
they are compelled to come back.

And will purchase the necessary return fare
to resume their exploration.



I feel nervous

and more nervous

about whether these feelings are sincere or contrived.

I'll never know the answer, but months from now
I'll plead the latter.

What will she say of me?

Will she remember me fondly?

Will she remember me with acute disdain?

Will she be numb to the mention of my name?

Each possibility is arousing.

I care about pretending not to care because
I'm too "cool."

Because I'm heartless and emotionless.
But am I really?

And why would I ever want to be?

How would she read this?

I want to say "god rhetorical questions are so fucking stupid,"
but I don't believe in god, so I can't.

I think this poem is really about how much I don't know
and how much I pretend to know.

And about how bad I am at writing poetry.

I feel angry and self-loathing,

more so with every line written.

As I realize what a sucker and idiot
I really am.

The one positive is that I really like the way this pen writes.



illustration by Seth Pala

CYRANO MOON: SMOKING

Dear Cyrano,

I smoke cigarettes like they're good for me. "Real smokers" consider me a pack-a-day-pussy, but the pious, non-smoking company I keep—these assholes consider me a fiend. I want to quit for a thousand different reasons. I'm becoming a sluggish creature, leaving a slimy trail of tar wherever I go, wheezing all the way. My main squeeze is becoming reluctant to squeeze me back. But what these people don't understand about my black-listed love is how habitual, necessary and pleasant puffing on a cigarette can be. What's worth what, Cryano, and what do I do?

Sincerely,
Spirited American

DEAR PUSSY,

You're right. They don't get it. Smoking is delicious. Beautiful. Those who don't do it can't begin to imagine what it feels like. The first time you drink wine, you wonder what the hell the fuss is about. But in time, if you give it a chance, your taste buds learn to find the flavor. It's marvelous when that happens. Cigarettes are the same. It takes a time for the body to acclimate, to open itself to the pleasures inherent in every puff. That warm, plush kitten rubbing up against the inside of your lungs. The relief. The letting go. The full body sigh that attends a deep drag.

Sure, even the aroma needs earning. To the uninitiated, it's a rank odor. But to a smoker, it's a promise. Walk into any room blue with smoke, the scent thick like sex on the air, and you feel the embrace of it. It gets into your clothes and hair and moves on the surface of your skin like a scented whisper.

Yeah, so it's killing you. So the fuck what? That's what good things do. Ice cream is packed with fat. Bacon. Bacon, man. Consider that. And though a shot of bourbon makes brain cells go out in flashes of rapid-fire bursts, what a warmth comes in the afterglow.

129

Feeling sluggish? Get some fucking sleep? That's not tar trailing behind you, it's guilt. What's worth what? You make the call. What is it worth to live a life worth living? What kind of life do you want? A long one devoid of ice cream, bacon, and bourbon. Or the sweet and misted dream just the other side of a pack a day.

Your main squeeze doesn't want to squeeze back? Offer her a cigarette, you poor sap. Sure, she may not care to kiss a smoker. But when two smokers kiss, man, that's something. You know that, don't you? You've been there. You don't just kiss, you breathe one another in.

Smoke more. It will take your breath away. That's what beauty does.

SINCERELY, YOUR PAL,
CYRANO MOON

YOUR WORK COULD BE HERE

perversionmag.com/submit

GENERAL SUBMISSIONS:

Submit work of quality, ingenuity, and bravado: work that perverts and disorients culture as we commonly see it. Submit work that is just plain good. Read through Issues One and Two and visit our submission webpage for samples and guidelines of what we're looking for, and may like to see in the future.

THE BLACK & WHITE ISSUE:

Issue Four will be our first themed issue: We've been dreaming in black and white for a while now. When we say "black and white" we're not just talking about tasteful nudes and colorless illustrations. We want all content to be rooted in some ideology of "black and white." Everything in Issue Four—from essays and short stories, to paintings and photographs—will maintain some tie to concepts of black and/or white. This is going to take some creativity, so if you're up for it, send us your essays, photos, illustrations, short-films, etc., so we can be grey together.

