

Alligator Wife

Tom Waits

2000 Ants

Stars & Stripes

Sex Toys

Over

Tongue

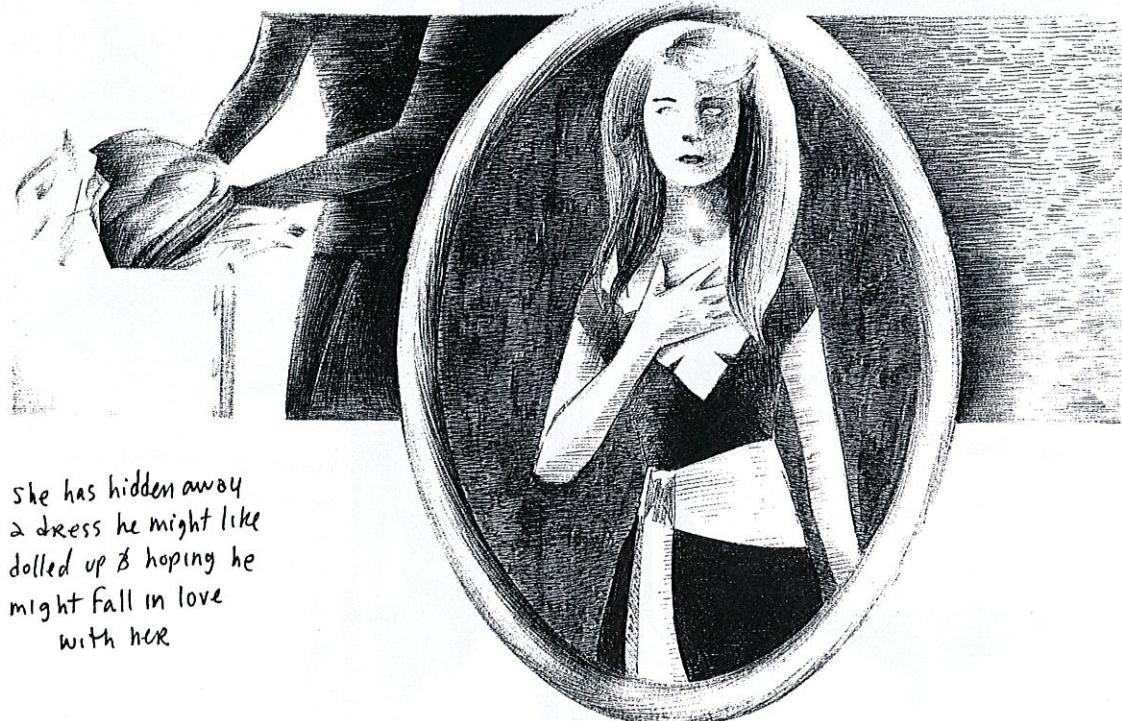
*Sex, tom, and wife* are based on dreams. *Ants* is a typical night out with marc and me; the performance of the raven pulling down strips of cloth was done at the 17 Stillings Street wake in Boston, January 2000. *Stars* actually happened in 1997

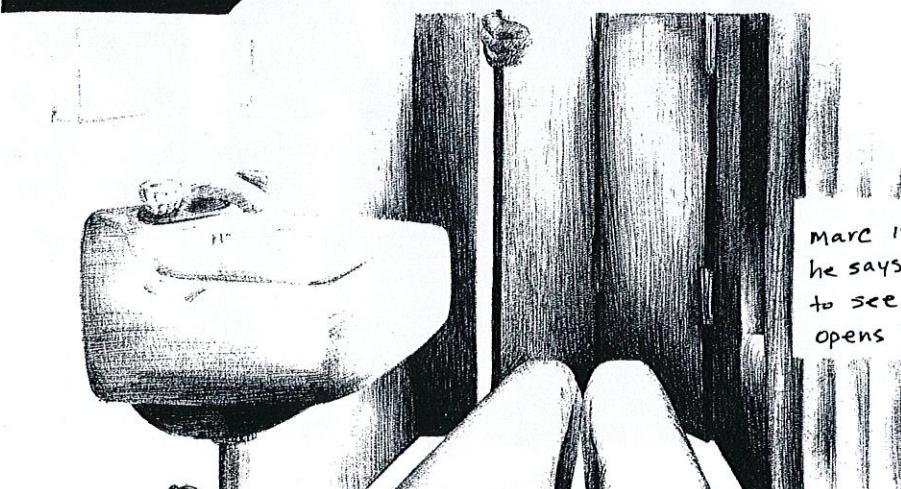
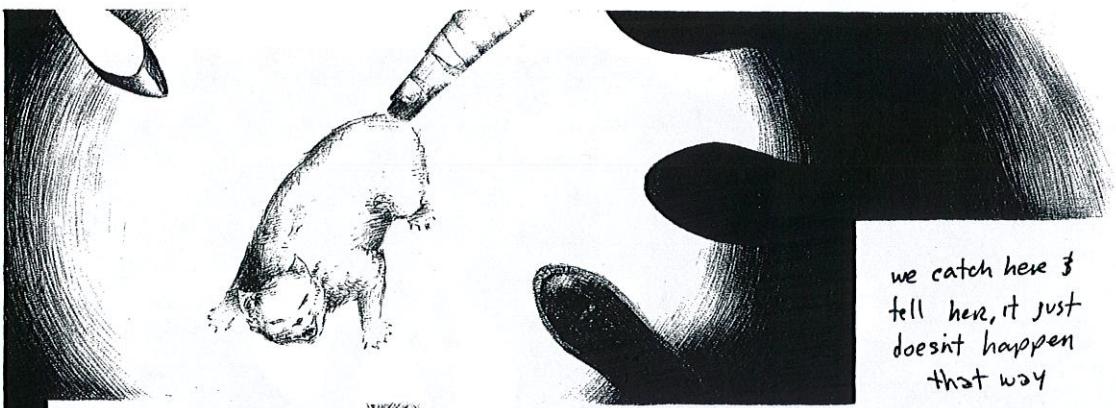
For calendar of special appearances and performances, other available comics, CDs, or illustration and storyboarding services :  
d e b a s e 2 3 @ a o l . c o m

Sept 2000 © deixchrist



the cat's tail is broken  
either she has torn  
it off or otherwise, she  
HAS TO CALL THE VET.





well, I announce,  
I have to pee

Marc is now Pat, and  
he says now this I have  
to see follows me and  
opens the louvre doors

we catch here &  
tell here, it just  
doesn't happen  
that way

we have to call the  
vet because he has  
to come, now. what  
is the Replacement  
tail made of?

cotton, wire, fur,  
wood, and,

but it's Tom Waits now



he grasps me towards him  
and I clutch his chest



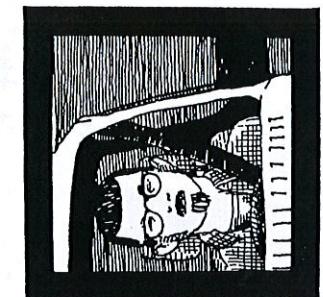
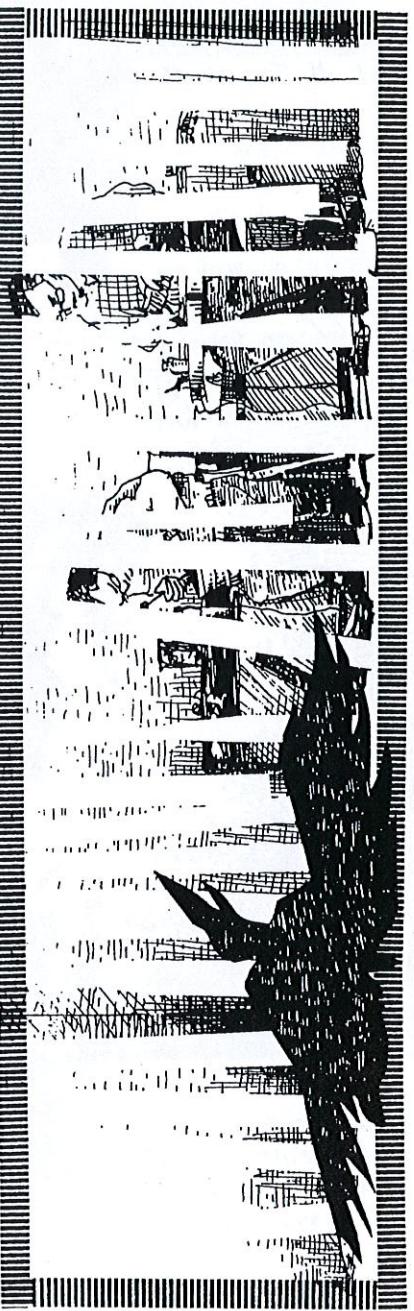
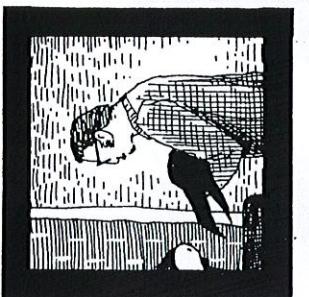
he ululates to me, and



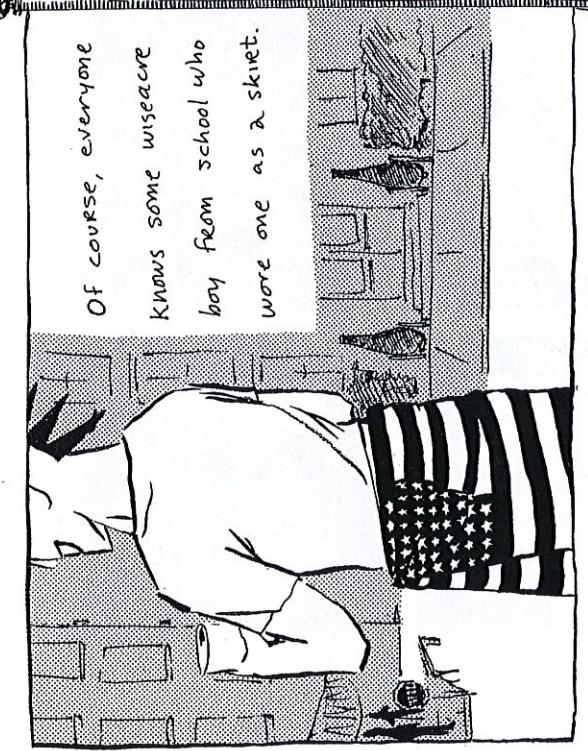
I wonder what about  
when he orgasms?

1999  
dei. christ.

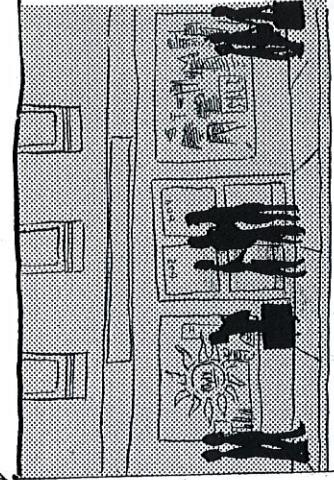
2000 ANTS. Read across and down.



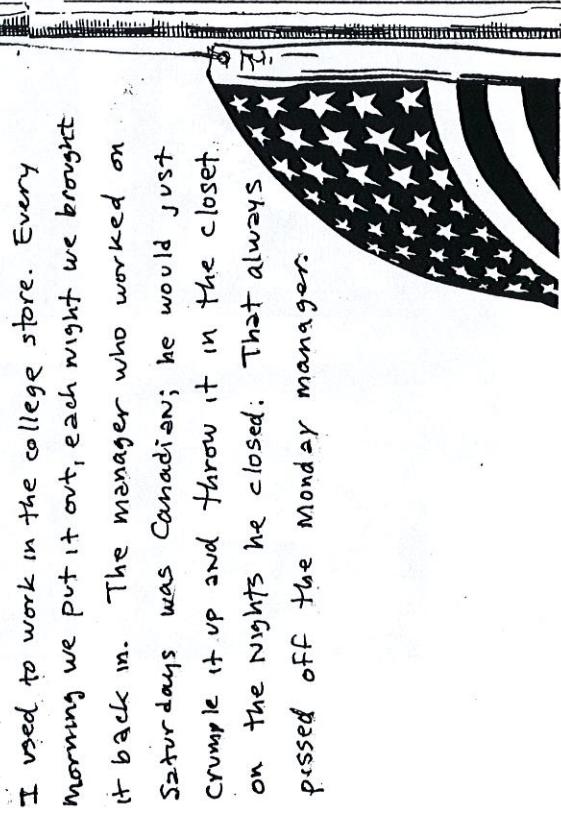
demant 32000



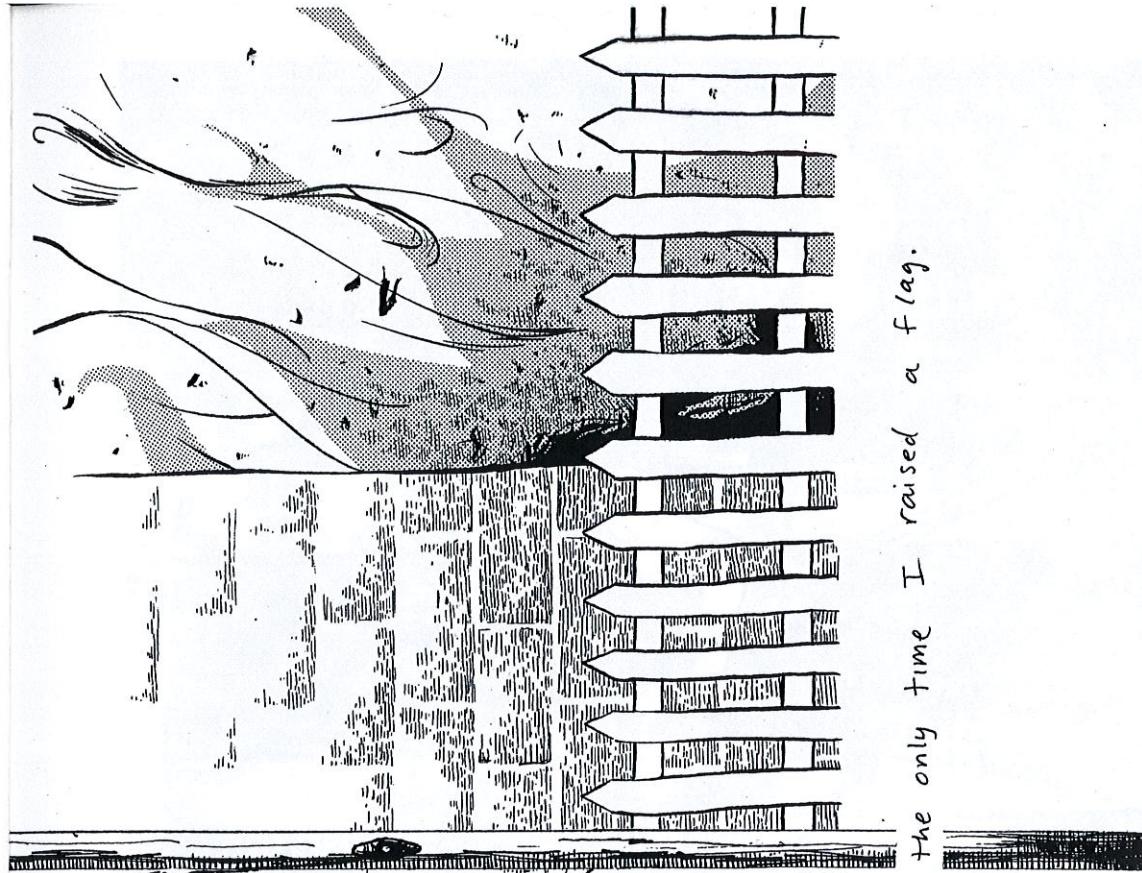
Of course, everyone  
knows some unseemly  
boy from school who  
wore one as a skirt.



I used to work in the college store. Every morning we put it out, each night we brought it back in. The manager who worked on Saturday days was Canadian; he would just crumple it up and throw it in the closet on the nights he closed. That always passed off the Monday manager.

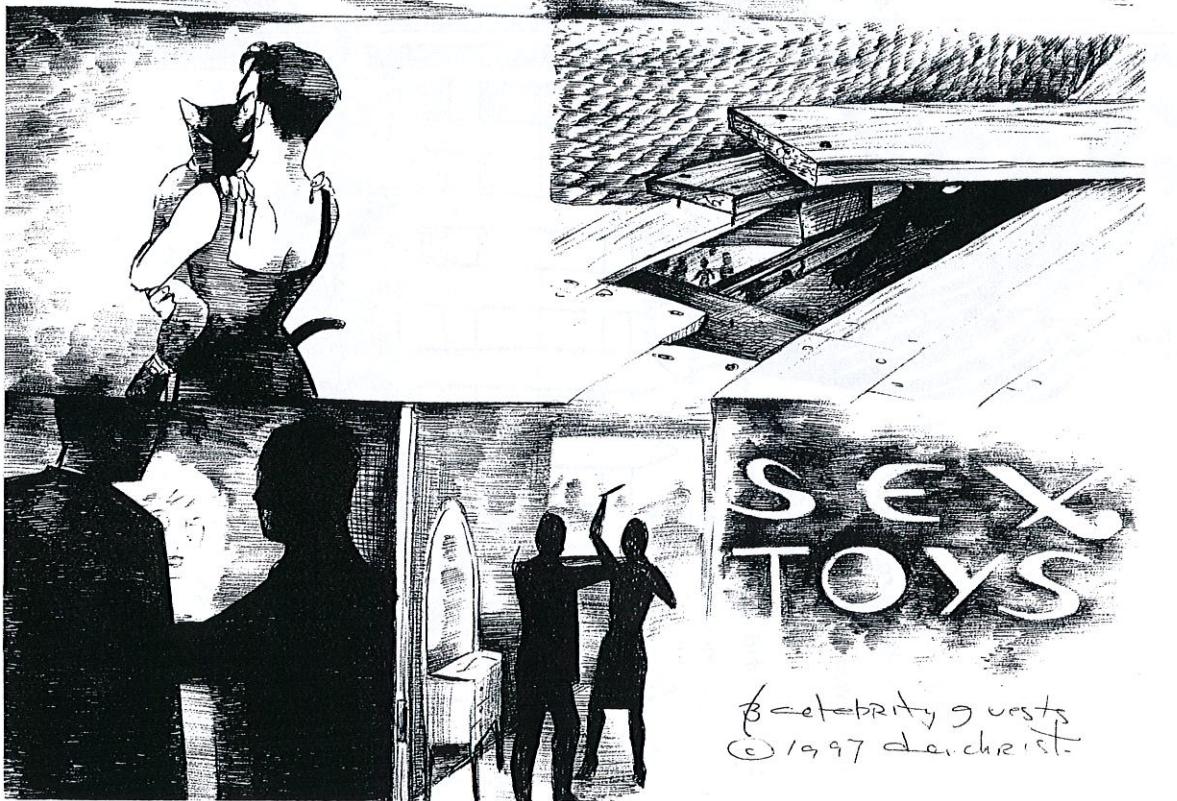


one time, a local  
came in, furious.  
why was it at  
half-mast?

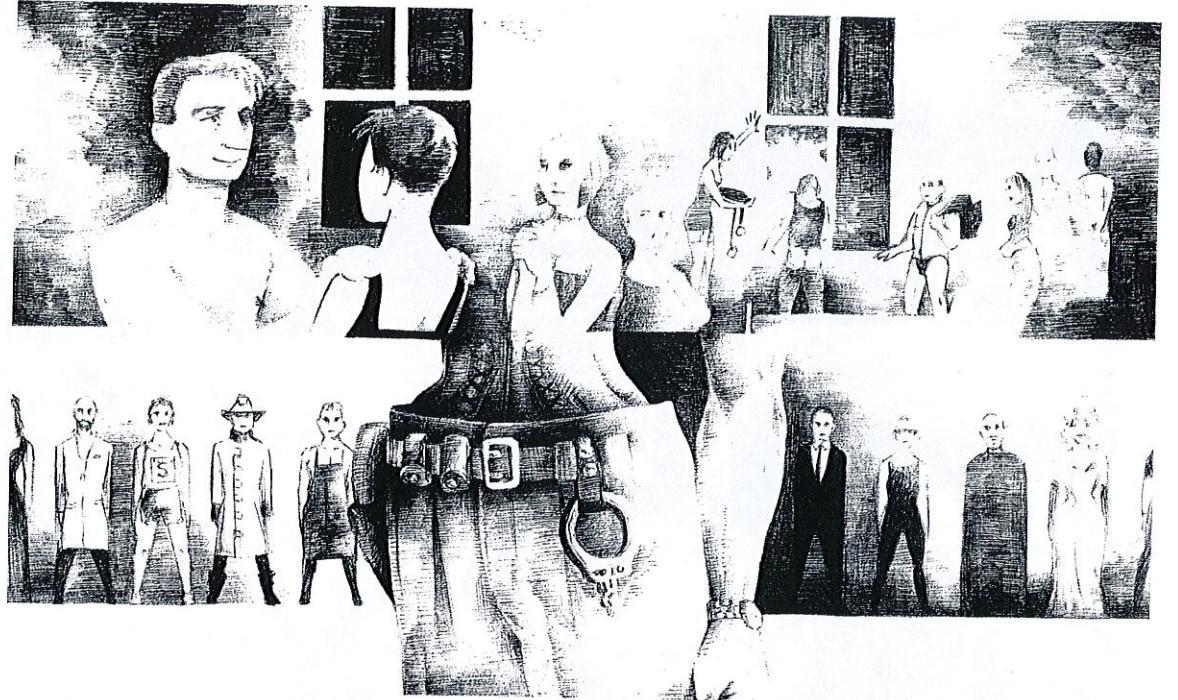


I had raised it myself.  
One of the professors  
had immolated himself  
in his back yard. Some  
of his students had found  
him on their way to class.

This was the first, and as yet the only time I raised a flag.



Sex Toy Guests  
© 1997 dechrist



At first, I am a six year old boy wandering around the adults' fete. No one notices me. No one stops me as I walk towards the pool, it is glowing with submerged light. No one sees me as I drown.

I am myself again and I wade in after the boy. I carry him indoors and his grip gets tighter, painful. I drop him, he is a cat, and he hides under the floorboards; the party downstairs just keeps on. There is now a less civilized feel, my 'mother' is frantic and the guests begin to attack each other in slow pantomime.

A paramedic arrives and someone gives my mother a sedative shot. I really don't care. I go deeper into the house and find a large room upstairs, filled with people wearing various type of bondage gear. They are nervous, everyone's got a horror story about what it's like to live in this house. They back into silence at the sound of steps in the hall; an over-the-top matron shouts an order and locks us all in for the night.

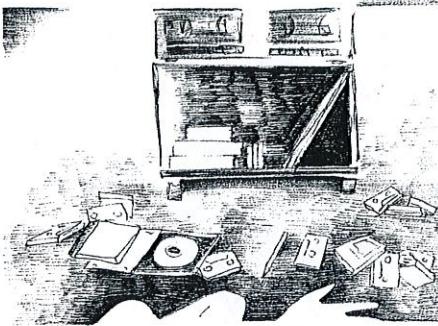
I can't believe this, and I can't see why they put up with it. I start hollering, yelling that they don't have to be locked up because they like sex toys. My logic is accepted; David Duchovny gives me a heartfelt thanks for the encouragement while everyone starts grabbing essentials and escape through a broken window.

Most of them join the police force. Some take on less dangerous means of employment and manage to blend in, but they still revel in their fetishes, unashamed of their secrets.

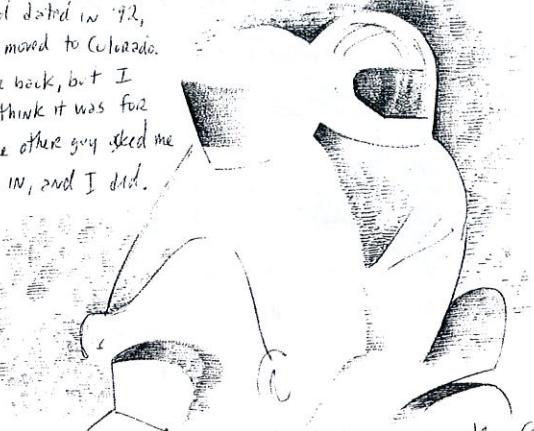
I'm telling you this now so I won't have to tell it over.



I was making a tape of noise and experimental music for a friend. I've had this little tape recorder in my old car with a bit on it that I never listened to, deliberately.



We had dated in '92, and he moved to Colorado. He came back, but I didn't think it was for me. The other guy asked me to move in, and I did.

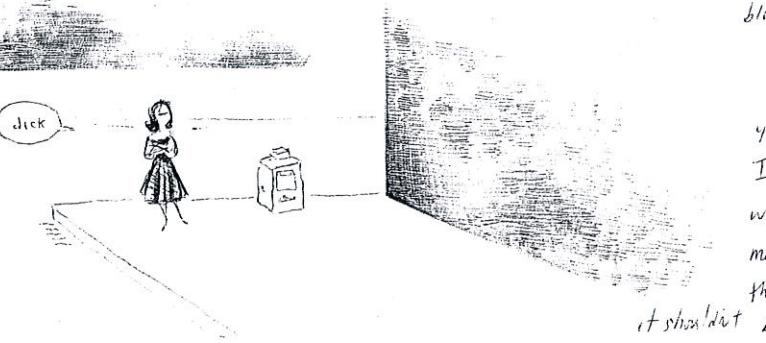


When I was single again, I tried to re-open the friendship we had lost with the last I had. He'd say yeah, and then blow me off.

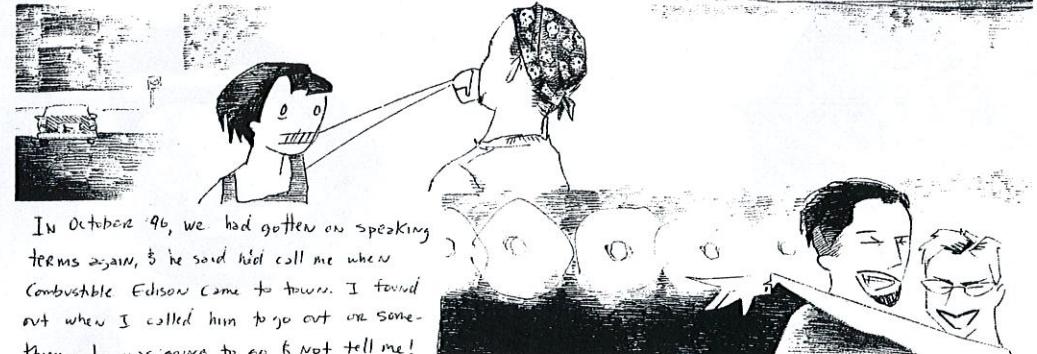


...dick

After two years of this or so, I thought that the wrong man had stopped me from being with the worse man, that it shouldn't be, anyways, between us.



Then I'd see him again & blow that theory away.



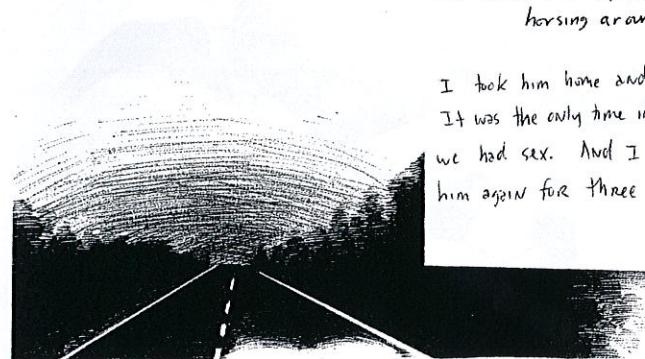
In October '96, we had gotten on speaking terms again, & he said he'd call me when Combustible Edison came to town. I found out when I called him to go out on something - he was going to go & not tell me!

I met him there, he got very drunk, we danced, wonderful.

This Ride didn't know how to handle a drunk, so I told them I'd see him there. I drove around trying to find a motel where he could lie down and get un sick. We pulled in to a White Hen and I went in for info.



He found the tape recorder and played Trainspotting, horsing around with that heavy Welsh

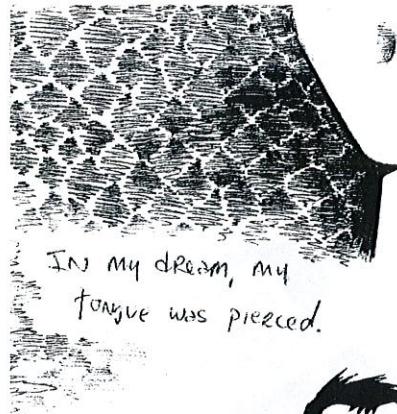


I took him home and stayed the night. It was the only time in 4 years that we had sex. And I didn't hear from him again for three months.

So it's been like that. A year later, we were going to see the same band, but the area was hit with the first winter storm. And today, I listened to that tape. He said exactly what I wanted to hear.

The few times I've seen him since, he has covered from me or desperately pretended calm.

dx1197.



IN my dream, my  
tongue was pierced.



I couldn't help but  
fiddle with it.



and I couldn't  
put it back in.

