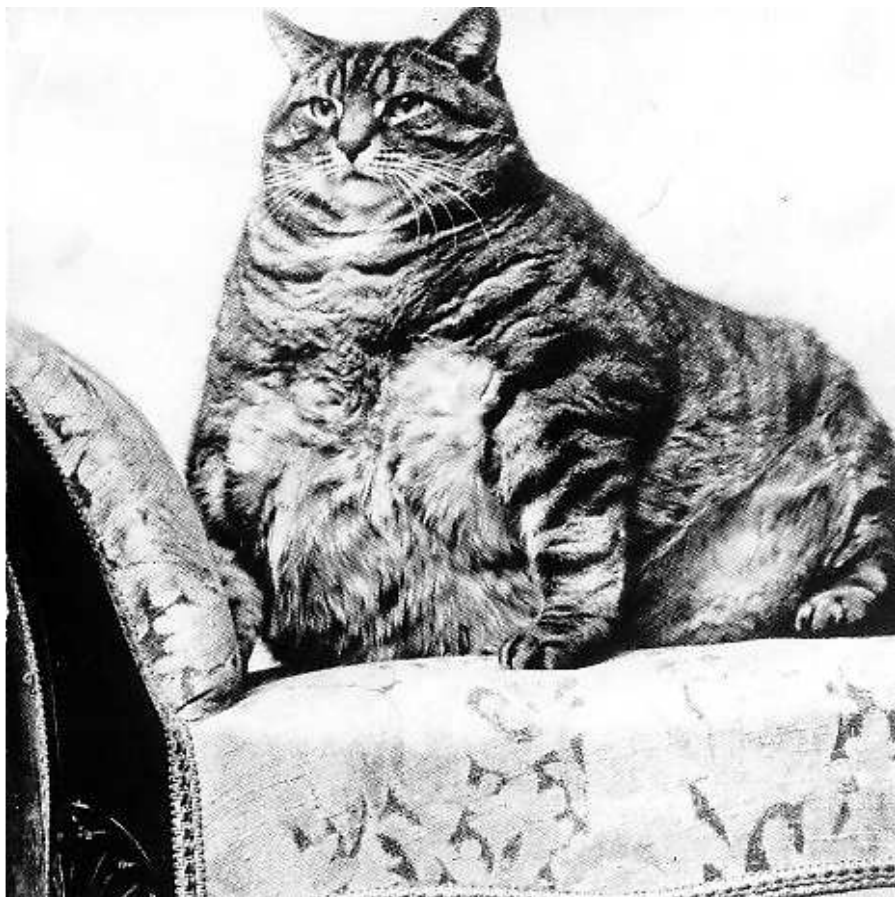


CAT GODS





In the second century A.D., the Macedonian rhetorician, Polyaeus, gave an account of the battle of Pelusium in the eastern Delta in 525 B.C. The stratagem of the Persian conqueror, Cambyses, was to protect his army by tying cats to the soldiers' shields. The Egyptians were reluctant to attack for fear that they might injure or kill the cats, and consequently they lost the battle.

IN THIS EDITION



Of course it all eventually ended for them...

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No Dignity, No Doubt.

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Sting – A Biography

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After god created the universe...

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Nena

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Couch Causality

Fez





Jello Biafra – A Biography

Rex & The Big Show

A Few Regrets & Failures

The Negress

Drugs In The Ground.

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First published 2008
www.geocities.com/frogsflies

Of course it all eventually ended for them, but once upon a cliche time, all the animals lived peacefully in communal hierarchical family groups. Animals did what animals knew best which was whatever their little computer brains told them to do. Hard wired to eat, sleep and the whatever else the of the shit that being an animal meant doing (including shitting). All programmed to respond in some particular way via their sensory systems to the world in which they interacted. Every animal was made up from inherent complex blueprints, with no one animal ever possessing the same skills, strengths or cells structures to another, and this is what created the illusion that the animals had a choice in what how they lived. If ever placed in two completely identical situations, any decision an animal would make would be exactly the same. Some of the animals had the tendency to trade items that other animals wanted, and these animals created places where this trading could take place. Of course they all liked the idea that they were able to make decisions on their own free will, but the fact was that when their brains told them to obtain something like water, and they had to decide to obtain one bottled water from the choice of many bottled various waters, they would still end up with fucking water no matter what decision they made.

All the plants did was fight, but they just did it so slowly that none of the animals noticed.

NO DIGNITY, NO DOUBT.

It may have been rape but I'm not sure.

Once my favourite dress but now it makes me retch. My leg was draped out the window of the car parked outside my new house.

He once spoke to me while I waited for his friend to finish djing at a club that has frequently seen me in a very bad way. Unsurprisingly, his friend had forgotten our plan.

He asked me what I was doing at 5am sitting in a doorway, patting a stray dog. My housemate was slumped next to me, her hiccups punctuating the conversation.

Im waiting

For your stupid

Friend.

But

You are

Far too beautiful for

Him.

One night, a long time ago, before I had eroded away a sense of self worth I thought the same thing. His friend was seated in front of me, laughing maniacally in a warehouse that only opens as the sun is coming up. High ceilings boarded windows and plastic chairs and other excuses for humans like myself, running from the new day because we have nothing to offer it.

His face kept flying backwards, and I pushed his hand out from between my legs. He pushed it back. And his face flew back again. In the crudest Spanish I told him he was a cocky piece of shit. But then I had a few more drinks, a few more lines, and thought I may as well.

But then I changed my mind. Nothing happened and he went home with a hefty parking fine.

Since then we take turns. One week I will chase. Desperate, sloppy and with eyes that are so open they cannot see. The last two times we have met I told him not to touch me and he said I broke his heart. I was at a deficit on Wednesday and should have stayed in. But I had a gram on me, and thought I may as well.

By 0100 I couldn't stand.

By 0200 I had spilt half the bag on my legs and was frantically wiping and licking.

By 0400 maniacal dj offered to take me home.

By 0410 he left without me.

Then it was 0500 and I saw the man that told me I was beautiful.

You.

Can you drive me home?

I complained about his friend the whole way. He was sympathetic. He knows as well as I do that his friend is a bad person. His friend has a girlfriend. His friend has awful teeth. His friend's eyes pierce in a way only one who is wholly bad could.

We parked out the front and he offered me a cigarette. I had smoked a pack that night, but thought I may as well.

I thanked him for listening to me and he got closer.

I told him it was very lovely of him to drive me home, and he took my underwear off.

I told him we better not, that perhaps we better not, that it would be better if we didn't.

But my head flew back. I was so tired, so weak. My brain, throbbing and pleading with me to never do this to it again. Collapsing under the weight of the thoughts that have run through it this year and the stress and hell that has made it work harder than ever. Slackening and bowing from everything I've put in me to dull it. That's when I thought I may as well.

Eventually I made it inside. Slept naked on my wooden floorboards.

Decided I would never tell anyone about this indignity. About the end result of a search for stability in people and places that only destroy me.

But then I thought I may as well.

STING – A BIOGRAPHY

Born in Newcastle, England in 1951, Gordon Matthew Sumner, or “Sting”, holds a reputation as one of the most articulate songwriters and talented musicians in the world. Sting performed for a decade-long tenure with phenomenal rock trio, “The Police”, as its bass player and lead vocalist. A man of striking good looks and remarkable intelligence, Sting then went on to pursue an illustrious solo music career. He has also starred in many films and is recognised by the public for his environmental activism and determined stance against world poverty. Sting’s success is also reflected in his personal life. He is married to film producer, Trudie Styler, and even owns a Jacobian castle in Wiltshire. But Sting is so successful, so prodigious, that like a fruit which ripens too fully, he began to rot. His beauty, intellect and talent are so profound that they became qualities which could only provoke repugnance. With a string of innumerable solo albums that no one knows the names of, and a flood of pretentious discourse breaking the gate of his pompous little mouth at every chance, this faultless man soon became the world’s most hated public figure. Perfection is attainable, but breakable, and Sting now stands before the mirror, the only soul who remains to gaze at his gloriously crafted body and to caress the plane of his striking academic jaw-line. Every lyric and every note plotted the glorious path of this virtuous earth-bound angel, but it was all in vain. The perfection of Sting was like the fleeting architecture of a paper boat, and forever “Sting” will be a name to leave the unwashable taste of shite in our mouths.

DON'T KILL YOUR LOVE WITH STRATEGY

"I still had a woman, a woman i cared for. Such magic is not to be taken casually."
- Charles Bukowski

don't kill your love with strategy
torture and tactic are not tools
to crack your lover open
films will tell you
the way books used to
getting to know someone will lead to love
the opposite is true
people cannot be learned
they are not words
but events

love dies
and if it's dying
leave it for a while
NEVER simply turn your back on it
leave the room
leave town
don't prod it back to life
with exhausted concern
don't slap the shit outa it
just go
don't curse it with prayer
by faking indifference
in desperate hope of desperating your lover
they may be stronger than you believe
they may move on
and so they should

don't kill your love with strategy
don't quantify a thing
any thing
all 'things' are human
& humans are not numbers
they slip
they are made of silicone and silk

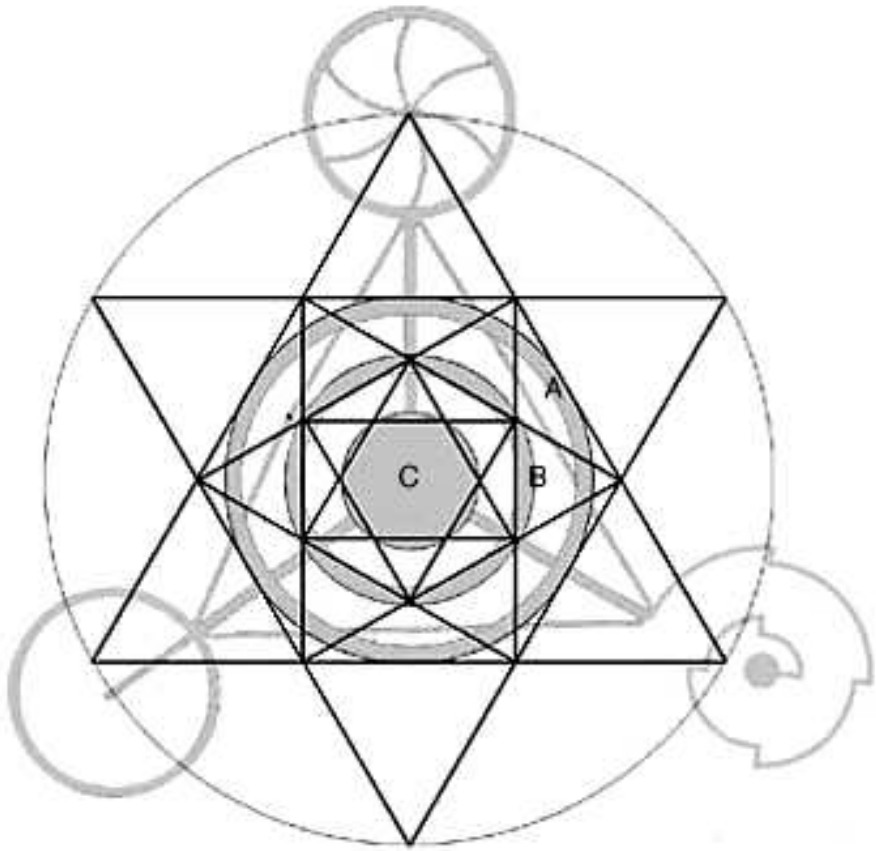
don't kill your love with strategy
in the middle of the night
don't stumble home
on a wave of 'fuck you's
when both of you are pissed
when one of you is prey
(he smothered you with control
but love is not a vault
you gotta leave it sometimes
it was the exact opposite of your sober selves)
and if a car pulls up
don't get in
or suck his dick for 50 bucks
to remedy a bankrupt heart

don't kill your love with strategy
i'm telling you
you'll get so good at turning your back
your stomach will grow a spine

After God created the universe, he created death, deceit, deception, diseases, naivety, spinal injuries, a book called “The Bible” and an unquantifiable amount of other shit... He had invented the most amazing invention there ever was, or ever would be until the end of time. God was a genius... But like many geniuses God had an intensely repulsive personality. When the satisfaction of creating reality wasn't enough, he decided to create something that was totally inferior compared to him, because without the existence of any inferior being, he could never be superior to anything... That's when people came into the world. God chucked them onto one of the big spherical masses of crap that orbited around within the universe and waited patiently for the people to find the book he had made... But God had sort of fucked up, because he accidentally made the people more inferior to himself than he had intended, and as a result their illiterate ape-like shit for brains couldn't comprehend the self-aggrandizing, self-applauding memoirs contained within the bible, and so the bible lay untouched for a millennia hidden under a colossal pile of banana peels.

Eventually the people that God created developed their intelligence past shitting and eating, and started to create complex language systems. Sometime after this they eventually found the bible, and were in awe of this divine God who had apparently created them. God had waited an eternity for this grand moment and finally he was held in total idolisation by all these un-godly, imperfect drones. God thought himself as an unsurprisingly brilliant tactician, and that is why he created lies and deceit, before he created the bible. He did this so that the people that were reading his book wouldn't realise that their creator was a bloated pompous deity concerned only with satisfying his almighty omnipotent desires. People kept feeding God with their admiration and adoration for centuries. They kept feeding God their love until he was bloated and obese. But God had made a fatal error... The people he had created were created after he had created deception and deceit, and it wasn't long until they started to use these lies against each other, and so they also started to learn when these lies were being used against them. At first a few people began to realise God for who he really was. Then more people found out. And more, and more and more. It took thousands of years, but there came a day when not a single person believed God. They all knew about the lies. That very moment sealed the fate of God, whose existence outside his non-physical unreality had depended entirely on the belief of the inferior people he created. God had become helplessly addicted to all the gluttony of love and adoration and didn't want to live anymore without it.

“Fucking Hell...” blasphemed God, as he wallowed eternally in his immortal infinite void.



From the very first crop circle formations, John Martineau and Wolfgang Schindler have studied the external geometry of the pictogrammes. Until 1992 many formations were classified as fivefold geometry, but in 1992 the formations changed and their geometrical explanations no longer held. Later, Gerald Hawkins studied the various internal elements of the crop circles. He found strong indications for the existence of diatonic ratios in their patterns.

NENA

Nena has worked in the general cemetery since she was a child. She used to help her parents, but now she's on her own, with white hair and teeth that hang in her gums loosely & at intervals. Seven days a week are spent at her shed behind Patio 29, a mass grave used during the dictatorship as a tip for the mangled bodies of tortured ones who still drew breath weakly, and the fortunate dead who were already oblivious to their fate.

She was there one night and saw naked bodies and bits of bodies spilling from a truck onto the soft brown earth. A few nights passed and the same thing happened. And so it continued. And each time Nena guarded the lot, watered the trees, and tried to forget the expired flesh that poured from the trucks.

I am standing around her shed with her, making small talk and sucking on a cigarette I promised would be my last. She's wearing a blue checkered apron and has the kindest eyes, framed by oceans of wrinkles. The sun is harsh and bears down on us while she tends the graves. She walks with reverence and the ferocity of her stare tells me she doesn't see the makeshift white crosses and dirt that I do. Behind her shed is a sign that says "Tips are appreciated." Just like her parents, she doesn't get paid for this. Seven days a week walking over stacks of bodies. For three dollars a day.

COUCH CAUSALITY

fluttering home through another dawn, she tries to lose herself in streets she knows too well to get lost in. Some are sprinkled with graffiti by people who appreciate the way their city looks, working for others' fleeting smiles while they retrace grids of street (that've been designed for them to circulate, like rats captured in a giant, cruel experiment). This is cold capital. She visits her favourite pieces and on her acid high she can stare at them till neighbours grow suspicious. As she drifts down the street she notices every new amazing thing, forgetting for moments at a time that the universe isn't really about her (how silly) when she stumbles across life surviving so differently, like suspended spiders who spend entire lives vertically. And it sucks that she couldn't be with you right now, n it sucks harder that you both want it but are unable to synchronise your efforts in any useful way, cos when it comes to nights spent on couches others always get in the way, n the lazy cunts you are, that's all that it takes/ to ruin it this time/ again n again./ And until you grow into the kind of people/ who clutch and claw at shit they want,/ you're destined for different rooms at the end of nights./ lonely walks down deadpan streets. On the road she picks up the colourful nonsense erupted from inside party poppers. She does to them what she wants to do to you. She unravels the rolls that haven't quite exploded, lays them out, ejaculated n exhausted, sucks the life out of them till they fade n go limp. But she can't do that cos your love is a casualty/ a victim of couch causality/ and the arrangement never aligns the way it's *meant* to (according to those with the all-you-need-is-love mentality). They're wrong. What you need is a living room/ untouched by furniture/ so the wrong people don't always get clumped together,/ nor forge superficial relationships on seating circumstance/ See, couches cause/ unspoken wars/ intentions clashing with fiercer intentions./ Couches have walls/ and its hard to lay your love upon someone/ with bulky kitsch between you./ But she knows you can do this, and in time you will,/ the night she builds you both a room without gravity,/ and abandons this existence for a life lived vertically.

JELLO BIAFRA – A BIOGRAPHY

Seminal punk rocker, Jello Biafra, was the founder of Alternative Tentacles record label and lead singer of 80s punk group, “The Dead Kennedys”. He is well known for his alternative socio-political views and anti corporate fetish.

Biafra is a born performer and flamboyant homosexual. However, in punk rock circles no one ever mentioned that he was gay because he never in fact had a man. This was because Biafra spent his whole life prancing around on stage, forcing his band members to perform theatrical movements part way through their hardcore punk songs. Biafra was also too busy for men because he was always flapping on about police brutality, a hobby that he secretly admired for its caps and truncheons.

The only people Biafra ever made physical contact with were the stage divers who fell into his enclosure, and they were all men so this is why he became gay.

A FEW REGRETS & FAILURES

I knew I was in trouble at about two in the morning on a winding road that led violently to the carribean. The road dipped and jerked and it was raining, but I stirred because you were tucking me into my seat. I had been asleep for hours, but you were so concerned for my comfort that you had made a quilt from your sleeping bag and you wrapped it around and under me, protecting me from the bus's bitter chill. I wanted to tell you that I loved you right then, with matted hair and a stomach full of hate. Instead I carefully lifted my chest to mimic sleep while you went to such trouble for one as undeserving as me.

The last bus we caught together was after that night you took so much shit you almost died. I sat next to your useless body all night and held my breath so you wouldn't know I never stopped crying. Except for those few hours before sunrise, when I paced red bricks looking for something sturdy enough to take my weight. I didn't look at you in the morning because I was still unsure my eyes should be open. We had to pay & sign out & I lied & said I had to go to the bathroom. I laughed and flirted with some other guys and we talked about Melbourne and all the wonderful things I had done that year. I told them that yes, it was amazing, yes it was awesome, and yes, yes, yes it was perfect and I was the happiest I had ever been. Then I walked into the cubicle and took all the painkillers I had in my bag. I washed my face and winked at the boys before leaving with you. When I sat on the bus I felt myself slipping away. I woke and saw you staring at me and figured I failed again.

Whenever I slept next to you I would do stupid things so that in sleep I would appear vaguely attractive if you happened to wake first. Fixing some cleavage, making sure I didn't drool, taking my make-up off before going to bed. And yeah, I always wore make up around you. Sleeping was never so exhausting.

I've never been treated so well & never felt so beneath someone. & now I spin over the simplest words & make excuses for why you no longer love me. & I hate you, because I didn't want this. You were meant to be just a pair of pretty eyes to keep me company in case the sex was bad.

Then you vomited word upon insignificant word and I was yours. I can't cry because I deserve this. And I wont message you to tell you Im ok. Just like all the others, I'll convince myself I never felt a thing for you.

The Reverend J. A. L. Singh knew nothing of the stories of other feral children such as Victor and the Hessian wolf-boys, but his description of Kamala and Amala were strikingly similar. The girls seemed to have no trace of humanness in the way they acted and thought. It was as if they had the minds of wolves. They tore off any clothes put on them and would only eat raw meat. They slept curled up together in a tight ball and only came awake after the moon rose when they would howl to be let free again. They had spent so long on all fours that their tendons and joints had shortened to the point where it was impossible for them to straighten their legs and even attempt to walk upright.



DRUGS IN THE GROUND.

One night he smoked so much crack he clogged up the pipe and it became unusable. It was nearly nine in the morning by that point, so he was at the head shop when it opened to buy a new one. By the afternoon he had abandoned the second pipe and was lovingly coating the rocks with base speed and smoking them in buckets. The people he started this bender with went to sleep 24 hours ago.

Far from the least likely person to die of a drug overdose, but it was still unexpected. As much of a nutter as he was, he didn't seem like the type to die from it. Some people go through life like a truck through a swarm of midges. Like the surfing colonel in *Apocalypse Now*. *Someday this war's going to end*. There was nothing in the news, because it's not news. In this city dead junkies show up at the morgue like the morning papers.

He wasn't actually a junky, but they wouldn't know that. Heroin overdose, throw him on the pile. There is no unlucky caner pile. They would never see his fat little body, rammed full of everything a human being could possibly consume, as it was when he was alive. Bouncing off the walls with unbridled enthusiasm for whatever was going on at the time. And it was genuine, he had always been like this, drugs just became another thing he was enthusiastic about, another way to rinse every last drop of fun out of every last second of life. You'd see him in the street in the morning, scattered and vague, cowboy eyes squinting in the daylight, talking with his arms, never stopping. Then you'd run into him again that night, so fucked he couldn't see you in front of him, ask what he'd been up to and it was more than you'd done all week. Always just cheerfully getting on with it, whatever seemed like a good idea at the time. Eating deep fried Mars bars and coffee beans whilst watching Big Brother, blasting techno that only the truly drug-fucked could appreciate as he drove his car with less focus than he gave to Grand Theft Auto. Baking cakes on pills when no one else could even think about eating till the next day. Deciding at the tail end of a nine day speed binge that what he really fancied was a nice game of scrabble. Even after the trial, staring down the barrel of a prison sentence, he was one of the chirpiest guys around. Never angry or depressed or disparaging about what anyone else was doing. Not a trace of the self-pity and desperation of some of the true junkies that followed him around. He had as much shit to deal with as any of us, but it never seemed to get to him. He'd roll another joint, chop another line and carry on regardless. And in doing that he won, all the bullshit became just another midge squashed on the front of

the truck. The mad bastard is an inspiration to us all, lying dead on the pavement at 23.

If only it were that easy. If the drugs worked and life was one big party. If we were all blessed with a mind that asked nothing more than simple pleasures in the present moment.

At the funeral people are throwing quarters of weed and grams of coke into the grave. Pouring Buckfast on the freshly laid earth. By the end there's hundreds of pounds worth of drugs in there. Everyone thinks of the joke but only his brother can make it. *Next week when I'm out of smoke I'll come and dig the bastard up.* Even now we want what he has.

People live to be a hundred and never know life like he did. People go to war, to the top of mountains, to the moon, looking for that feeling he got at least once a week. We pore over the words of the lost souls that have gone before us and all those words tell us less than the look in his eyes. All the books, letters, poems, blogs, zines. Obituaries. If a person spent their whole life reading they'd barely scratch the surface of it all. And what a waste of a life it would be to spend the whole thing reading. Here's some more to add to the pile. Another needle for the haystack. Another star for the sky, another atom in the universe. Another tombstone in the graveyard. A cloud of smoke from a crack and base bucket gently dissolving in the air.

