



This issue is dedicated to Ian McBride, someone you've probably never heard of. Unfortunately, you never will, outside of this writing -- Ian shot himself in Dallas, May '94, apparently in an argument. A stupid, sad and pointless way to die. He was also one of my closest friends while growing up in Cape Girardeau, MO and I can say without hesitation that I would probably not be doing what I'm doing were it not for Ian.

Maybe that's too strong - I could be doing something similar; anything's possible. What I do know is that it was very difficult fitting in with others in my neighborhood,