

The Jailer

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

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

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

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

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

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

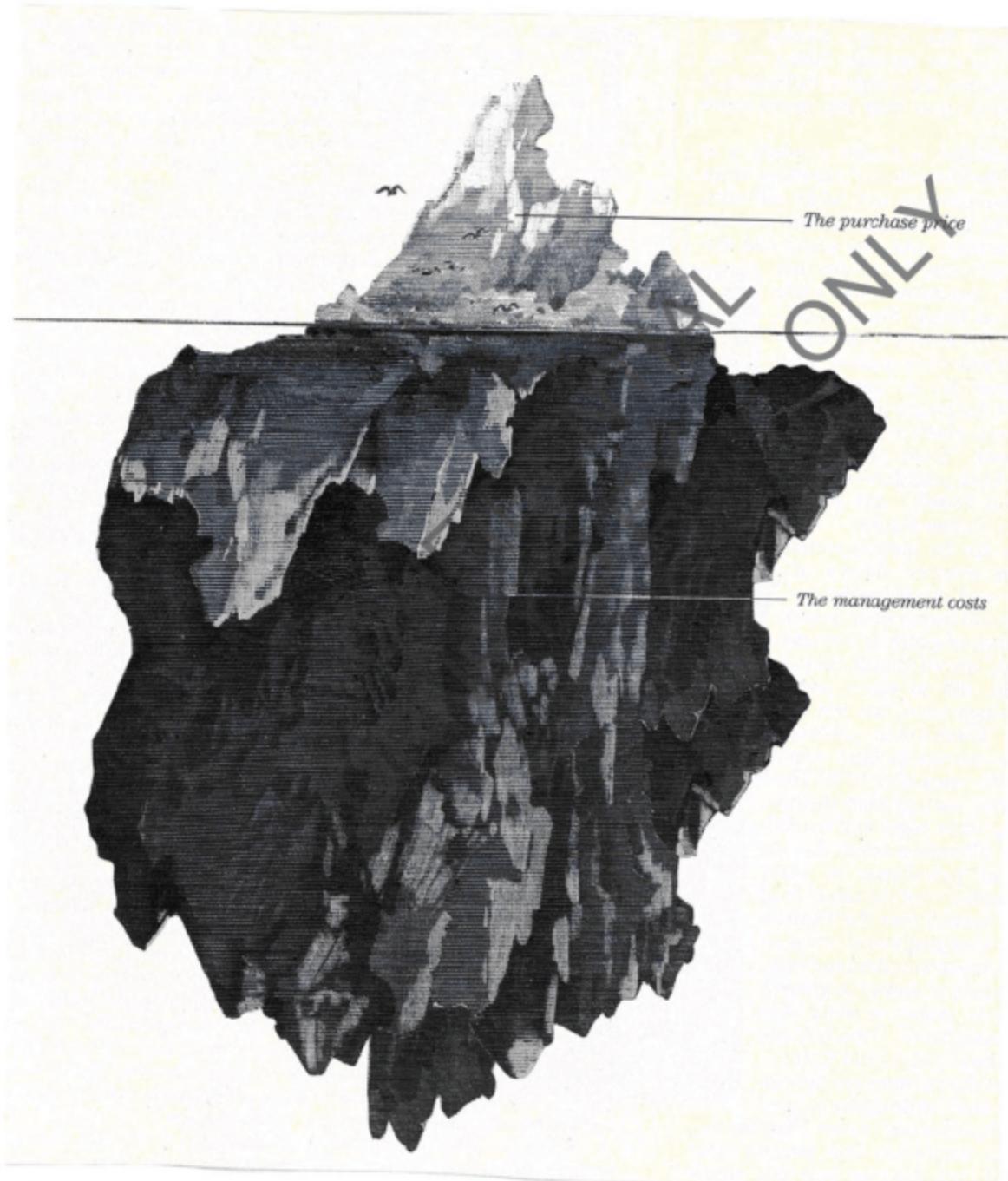
I imagine him
 Impotent as distant thunder,
 In whose shadow I have eaten my ghost ration.
I wish him dead or away.
That, it seems, is the impossibility.

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

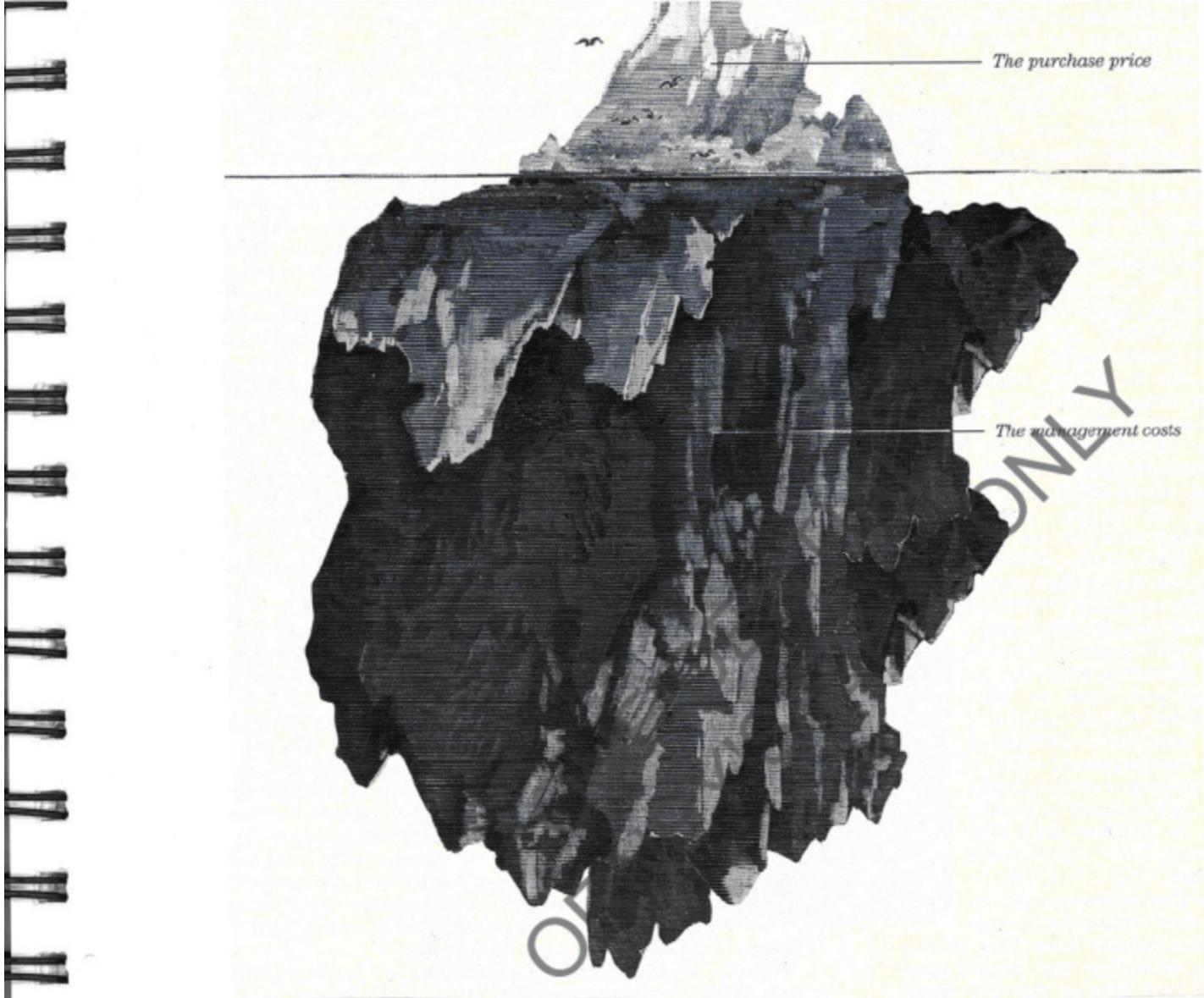
17 October 1962

EFTA02731341

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



Tsnyuwyn+kaayuifTeigieihhree
bedaaadaewyorie.ikntmwtsatnd
shdisnwiiglmasndytffhshdinovlmn:
ceveadavhalybetaositeceuigfiee



Tsnyuwyn tkaayu lfe Tcigieihhree
Oedoaaaadewyorie. ikntmwtsornd

shdisnwiiglmasndyt fthshdlnovl mn:
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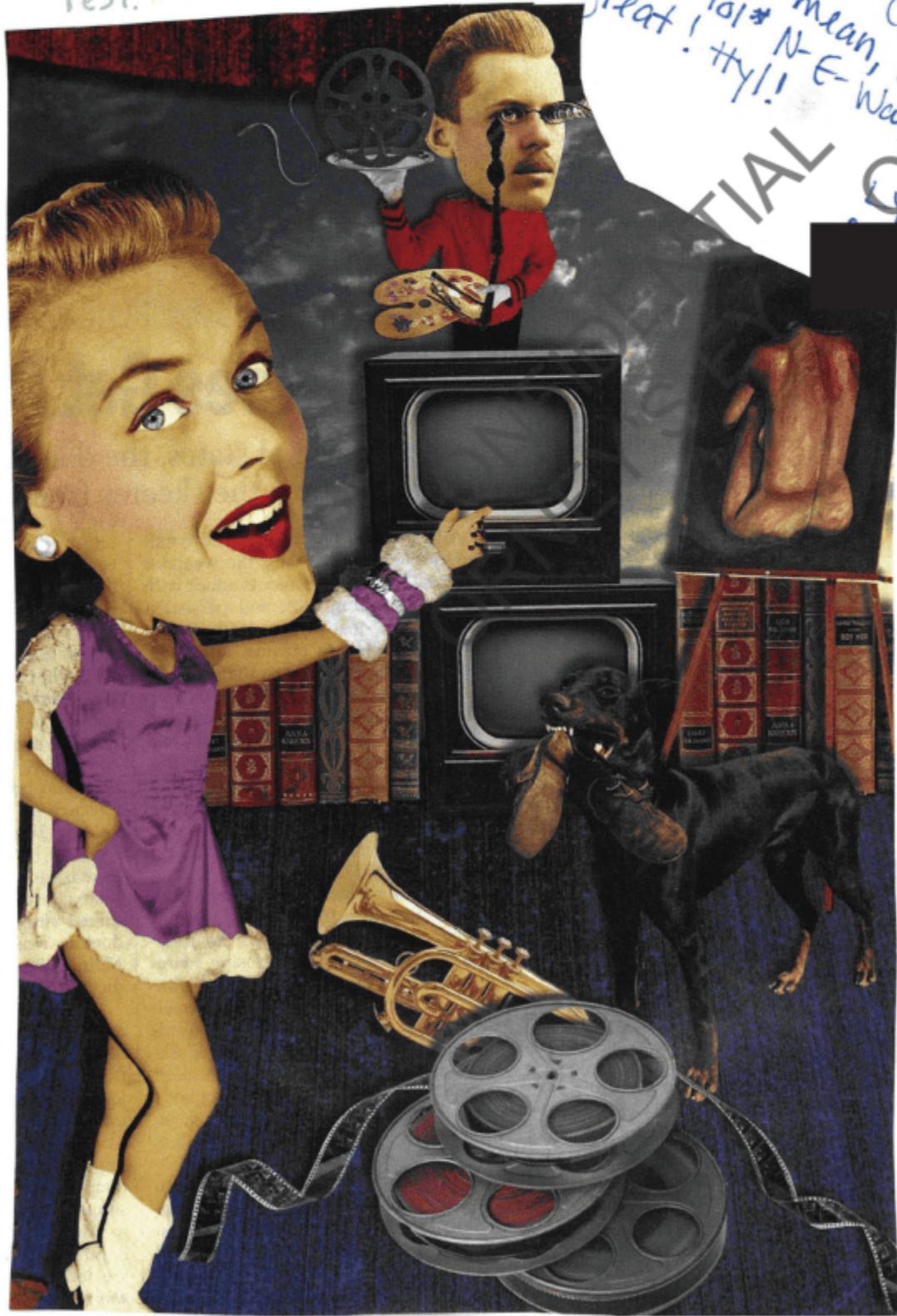
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ofvretapgentiote
rest.



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

July 20, 2001

Beyond Our Town: Where the Wilder Things Are

EFTA02731344



For all
the Bills
out
there
worrying
about
their
Chelseas.

Harvard.

M Crt esneem! imit vto epcalVfhsanibson
r. avhradvhr sawihryusei illi gilie suyo
wt yu!
ih o

Even from a
thousand
miles away,

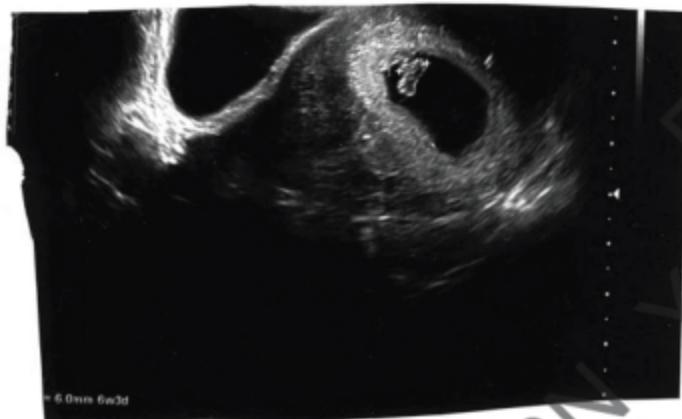
old, men and
children.

1 denm tashwa a a yur n m fehw
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...& tears



never imagined the
joy and tears
her future held



poured out an ocean of tears.

PAIN

ORIGINAL'S EDITION ONLY

*'I've got
myself a
winner'*

lets k n n e h u t d a s f c i g
f e b o e a d x a s e j m o u k n
t r d f h s i k n t i t d a e " h t s
i e o t i s c a d w s e " g m t a i
c r i g u h h s c l n e o i n l a i
a s n s c p y i a u d m t o a p i

Victim of His Own

MAYBE
MAYBE SHE'S BORN WITH IT.

NEVER
TO BE

SEEN &
HEARD

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

INTO

a stealth closer

High excitement videos

A child

ARisky
Power Play

SAD

all night

LUXURY
Lifestyles
of the Rich & Famous

perverse

HE WANTED
SHE WANTED

young Girls A TEEN
her childhood back

blonde
beauty

NO men she trusted

the painful moments

the truth
broke her heart

betrayed

GRADUATION



Congratulations

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

ORN LSEY

- Anonymous
(for now)

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

Balancing act

BATTLE

Beauty Dies

shattered

No dreams

her tragic end

ATTACKED

And it was a long,

tragic trail of tears.

PICTURE PERFECT

giggly, natural, soft,
kindhearted CUTE SHY GIRL

intelligence
simplicity
born humble

small
generous

little

traits

Jeffrey Loves

For the person

who has everything

The Fearful

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

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

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

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

Worms in the glottal stops.
She hates

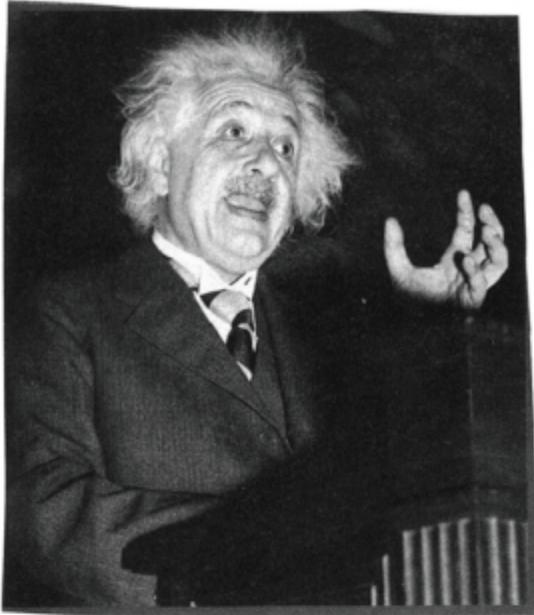
The thought of a baby—
Stealer of cells, stealer of beauty

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

Hearing the fierce mask magnify
The silver limbo of each eye

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

16 November 1962



Teeishclteslesatntlaot
hspgwoalhmevsmrada**k**bu

Uradcwrehnnyml: hyaebdaeo
avratosstaaiasTemkaanmfr
aiaas:stoknsc M sukatru sntc
nmljufcigik: r.aerukasadh
Mrinisyrgosuletotforfr
atamnkaersbt f isrospryan
Nwc.Hwssnofralam iyeveshold
gakeaaucmotbes.e.vlagscooso
ntqasatrod.temmrlikta:
oeuimpragoises,oeiers

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

what if
you didn't have to worry about

“*SE*”

horror
Mystical island , Photos

the unexpected visit from

teiagsigrtly'fnoevratmnebiaanwi'smn
hasutnasa, ayneccliseikrelgil i loey id:

HIFbodmrnamFohsetntlaot
eetioyakoyrsrmibladhun

hndhrgtcaelthneaeerbgs
eateintcimtawehnsassia
Dma. sojnvclenmhtneun
ubihudaealditaintr

“yueenvr vr
ovbeaev. cy

Naughty Girl



ihnimontbek'hwudhy
tikagigorawyoite
alwreniwitiloNyolh
10M LosSathSog:hwude
bigfinadadevdo:asboe
pnarednmkaie|morkn
adhpoeueaspifinbodloe
ntepcdrwsoanuadloalvr
tehes. creati"gm a4 oe.
hseti4hs a e"nmpl
nytakhsanfrep.fnoea
peosGillieohl layncn
mkisojwudee? hwsocrd
gettptilbhrseassae
bcueatoiknwsumnuwtfur
easiosscadabtri gpincc
seumifeznclsce latohs!
nptcareigodahn!cndti

A LOT OF COLD SHOWERS

Blood on Their Hands

No **doctor**

TALK TO NO
DOCTOR

damage.

dead

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

MRISNNEn
r.aladC.
bfoosefdead
usdejfryn
MJSbomcna
r.aosn, Powy
Hvaebradil
r.dnegnBIS.
ALfhmhndncr
Lotewoatae
itihpes!
ens appn

ORV

SENT

ONLY

Perfectly functional.

Even if they aren't.

that's good
performance

Looking for help?

The solution is

DEATH



emergency

In a
spontaneous
outpouring of
grief

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

A DEEP, DEEP SLEEP

loneliness

until she *cried*
one little child.

Play games
with the whole world?

■ THE ART OF PERFORMANCE: THE MAKING OF A

more powerful

family.

young KIDS

control

power and

young

KIDS



Get more of what you want, when you want it with America Online.

- Easy to install and even easier to get started
- Stay connected to friends & family with convenient, easy-to-use e-mail, Buddy List® and AOL® Instant Messenger™ features
- Parental Controls help safeguard your kids online

STAY ALERT

WE LIVE WHERE YOU LIVE™

Tacmavostrtckd,
htopndenpoetis:
TeVetoids:nteqe
hysitfnuAdhyr
eeyhr iantsae!
vrwee! cnoecd

**Fatal Attraction to
just little You**

Genes

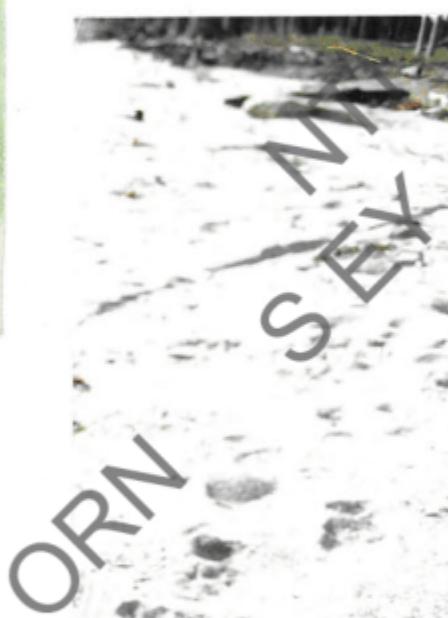
in his *little plan*

DON'T YOU KNOW.
YOU HAVE A CHOICE.

DARED
TO SEARCH
FOR
MEANING.

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

The
anti-war
plane.



ORN



WITHOUT
MARTIN LUTHER KING
2003
WOULD LOOK A LOT LIKE
1963

I'll fight to the end

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

To A Dear Granddaughter
On Your Graduation Day



ATTORNEY'S CONFIDENTIAL
SEYES ONLY



EFTA02731358

For Graduation,

I wanted
to give
you Something

I was
absolutely sure

you didn't
have...



COMING
FOR YOU



EFTA02731360