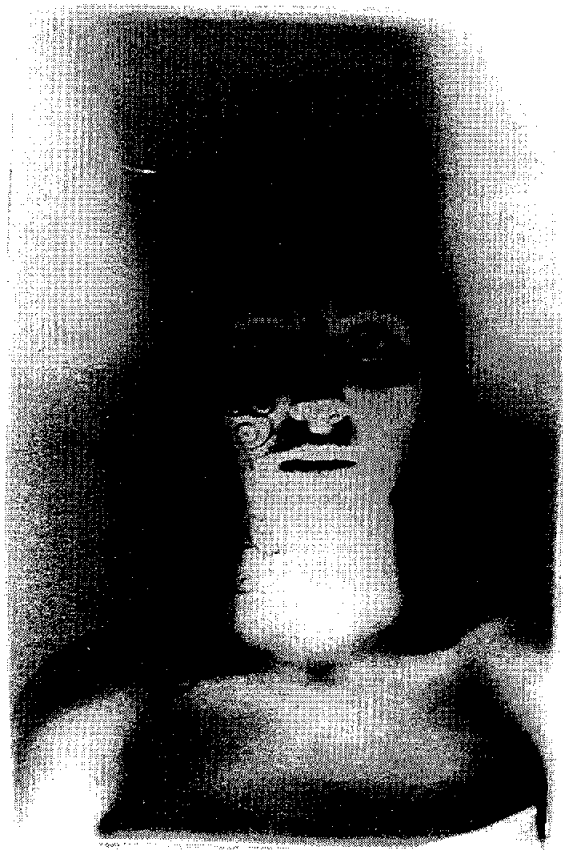




YTEICOS believes in the power of four letter words.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RACHAEL PAINE

Sitting in the back of the truck. The fury of the wind. He's driving a bit too fast. Her hair is a tangled web of licorice strands.

She watches somewhat lazily as these two ragged guys try to talk to each other.

"Have you ever seen red snow?" he says, metallic cars whizzing past in a frenzy.

"Ummm...*hell* no. Have you been smoking something?" Daniel asks, a little annoyed. She smiles quietly to herself, taking in the pure boyishness of his remark. This guy is a skeptic.

He ignores the incriminating question. "When I first saw a field of red snow, I thought that it would be forbidden to walk through it. It just appeared so ephemeral, you know, the soft glow radiating from it like it was lighted from beneath. I was standing in that field for like twenty minutes, and it just seemed to invite me to contemplate and walk around in it. And so I did. It was the most nameless, the most natural thing that could have possibly happened. I think it was deterritorialization. It was actually being in a place and feeling so completely naturally high that I wasn't actually there anymore; I had become detached from the territory; I was--I *hate* to say this--free, in the sense that I didn't care about how people perceived me; at that particular moment, I wasn't a part of society. I could do whatever I wanted to and not give a shit about the world. Do you have *any* idea what that feels like?"

Daniel stares at him blankly. "I didn't hear a word you just said."



*Songs for my flower*

When you find something real in this world, you wanna hold onto it. Tight. (A rock, a religion, it doesn't matter) And when you see something beautiful, you wanna own it, and never let go. (A ming vase in the back of your grandmother's closet) Except on the rare occasion when you find something real *and* beautiful. Like the butterfly. You can't hold onto her, her erratic flight pattern makes her almost intangible. You can't own her, 'cuz she was born free. You can't touch her without shattering her stained-glass wings into a million pieces. You can only hold your breath, and hope to catch a glimpse of her as she flutters into your life, and then out again forever.

Catching glimpses of her  
Through Open Doors and  
Classroom Windows  
I have trained myself

To hear the whisper of her shadow in a  
dark hallway  
To know her laughter across  
a crowded room  
To distinguish her footsteps from

a hundred others  
climbing the stairs  
every night.

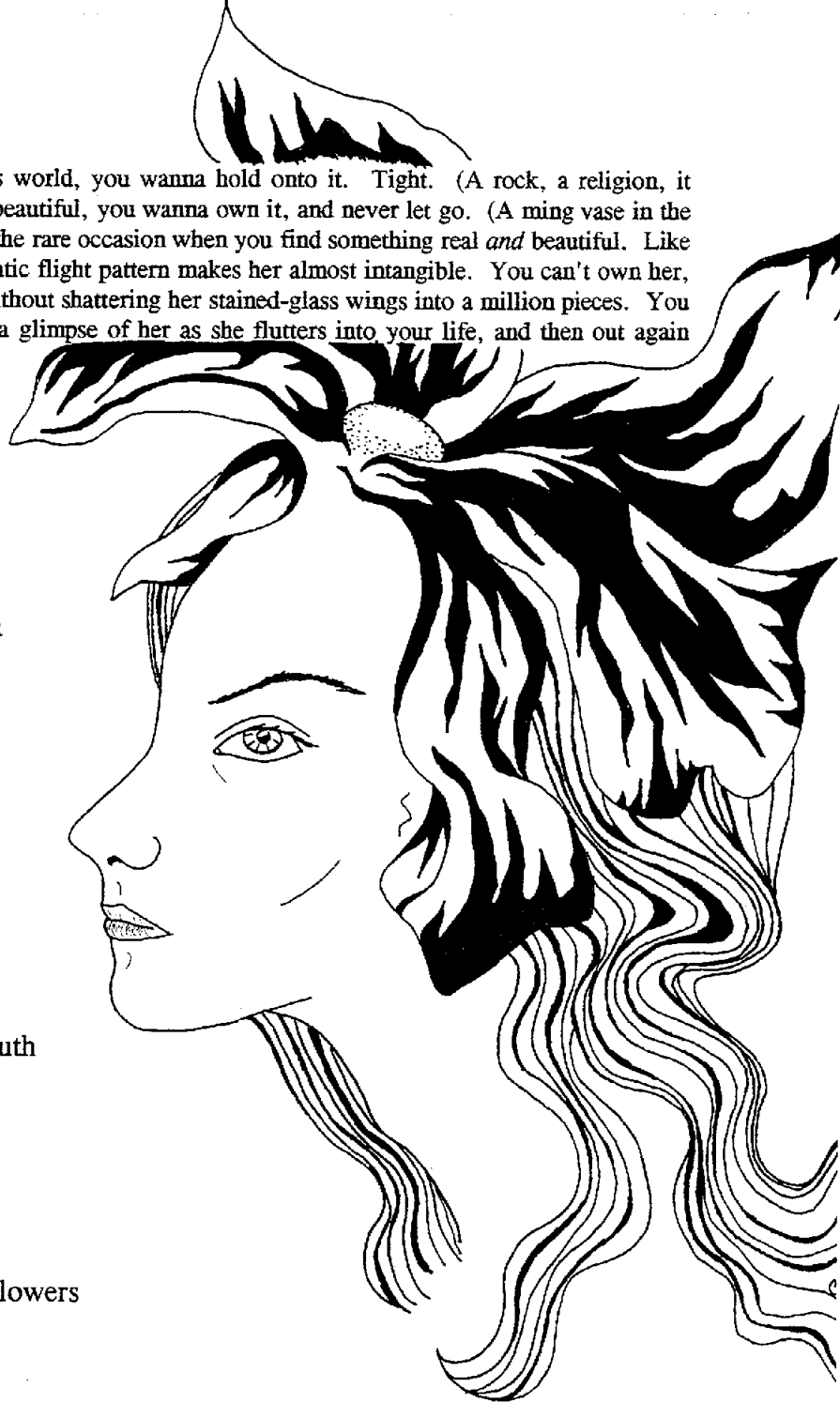
There is something about  
This girl  
This girl that is a warm taste in my mouth

and if I gave her a flower everyday  
until all of the flowers were gone  
I could never repay her  
(for letting me listen to her shadow)

'Cuz what are a thousand dead flowers  
in the eyes of a real one?

And she is dancing  
Again on the lawn

-Anna Chapman



## LIBERTY MUTUAL ACCIDENT REPORTS

1. Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have.
2. The other car collided with mine without giving warning of its intentions.
3. I thought my window was down, but found it was up when I put my hand through it.
4. I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way.
5. A truck backed through my windshield into my wife's face.
6. A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.
7. The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.
8. I had been driving my car for 40 years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident.
9. The accident occurred when I was attempting to bring my car out of a skid by steering it into the other vehicle.
10. I had been learning to drive with power steering. I turned the wheel to what I thought was enough and found myself in a different direction going the opposite way.
11. I was backing my car out of the driveway in the usual manner when it was struck by the other car in the same place it had been struck several times before.
12. I was taking my canary to the hospital. It got loose in the car and flew out the window. The next thing I saw was his rear end and there was a crash.
13. As I approached the intersection, a stop sign suddenly appeared in a place where no stop sign had ever appeared before. I was unable to stop in time to avoid the accident.
14. To avoid hitting the bumper of the car in front, I struck the pedestrian.
15. My car was legally parked as it backed into the other vehicle.
16. An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle, and vanished.
17. I told the police I was not injured but on removing my hat, I found I had a fractured skull.

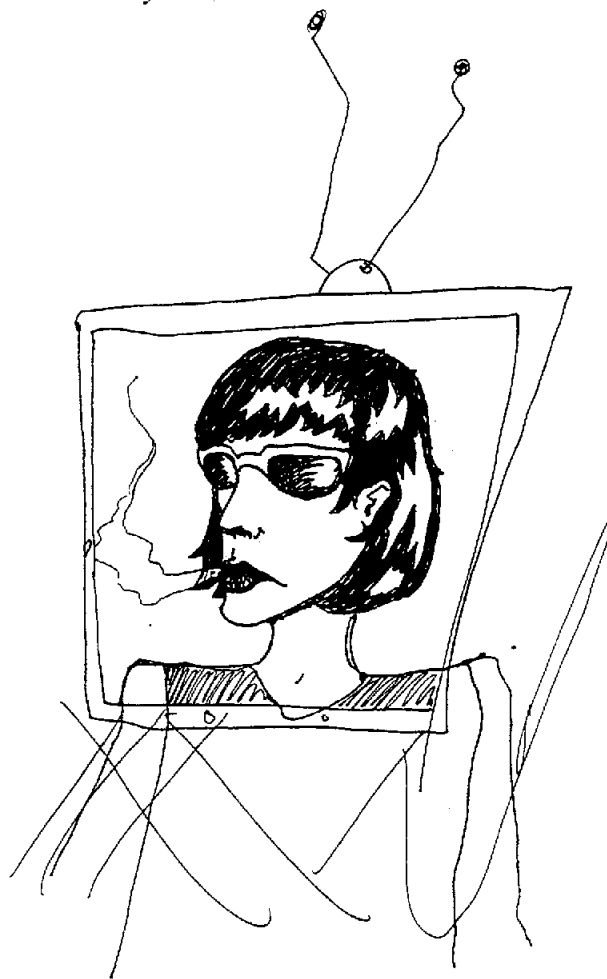
Women like to defy the weather, or at least their clothes do. Winter fashions for the modern female range from skimpy sandals to short miniskirts. Why is it that men may wear clothes that correlate to the temperature outside and be comfortable while women seem to bare more skin in an icestorm than during a nice, warm day? It wouldn't be fair to blame all the evils of Hollywood and glamour, but to see a constant parade of models and actresses, clearly important people in the eyes of the hungry public, adorn themselves in the latest fashion, whether it be a tank-top dress in a bitterly cold January or attire that is too decadent to describe, only reinforces the materialism and the on-the-surface structure of American society. Just the other day, a bout of insanity overtook me and I tuned into MTV. Jennifer Love Hewitt (from The Party of Five) was being interviewed. She must have mistaken winter for spring because she was wearing a short, spaghetti-strapped, lavender dress complimented with platform-looking sandals. It is a simple concept: DRESS ACCORDING TO THE WEATHER. I think her personality was about as nonexistent as her sheer outfit. The two biggest words in her vocabulary were "great" and "wonderful." The interviewer would inquire about some event in her life, and she would respond with, "Yeah, it was great; it was wonderful." Thanks for the view into the window of your mind. Rarely does physical beauty coincide with the ability to think critically. Emphasis on image for women, especially for debutants, belittles their intellect.

There is a common theme concerning female fashions: feminine fragility; and with it comes the baggage of discomfort. About a year ago, the rave was slip dresses and spaghetti-straps. It could be that these things are confused with elegance. Or it could be that women overrate surface appearance over the necessity of feeling at ease in what they wear. Although taking off a pair of high heels *does* give one an exhilarating natural high, physical pain and breast-flaunting are not ingredients to a perfect ensemble. In the Louisa May Alcott era, it was corsets; today masochism takes on the form of killer heels and push-up bras.

Back in the dark ages, men dictated what women wore; now the male standard has become the height of female fashion. What was once seen as oppression is at the moment a fashion norm.

It has become more and more apparent that what is in style is not flattering on the average

woman simply because it isn't practical or because it's just blatantly ugly. Frivolous fashions do more than make people think that you would have been better off dressed by your aging parents, they make people question your overall intelligence. But that just recreates the obstacle that most people try to overcome: we should never judge people by their appearance. However, it is perfectly natural to think that there is a relationship between IQ and what we wear. After all, plenty of the youthful, beautiful women in the media have done a thorough job of exploiting their bodies, and what scarce insights we get from them through TV interviews only makes us think less of them. This country is a hypocrisy in which we preach that outward appearance doesn't matter, but yet, we still continue to be picky about what we wear. It is the disease of the superfluous concern of image. We have been taught badly, and we will not easily unlearn the materialism that we thrive in. Let it be known that a fashion revolution will be hindered by the same question everyone faces each morning: *What shall I wear today?*



pushing bruises  
changes nothing  
just a sweet kind of pain  
and you remember  
the maker

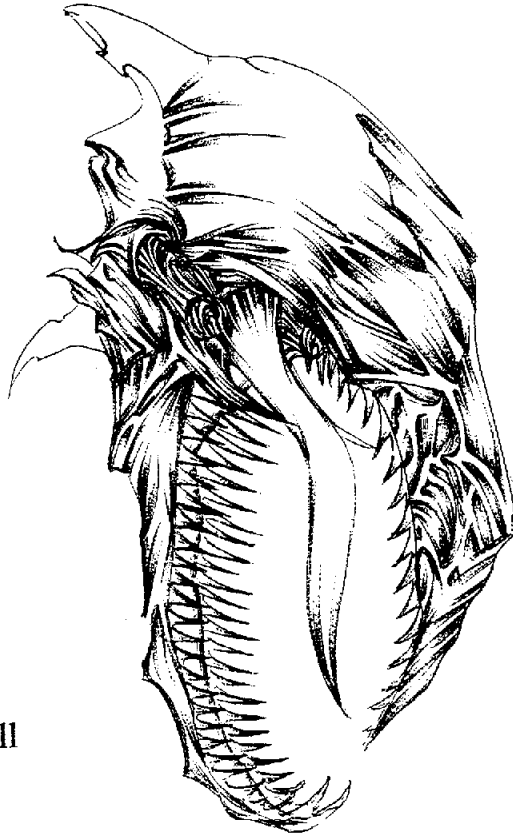
picking scabs  
little trophies  
in your bloody fingernails  
a little control  
in Nietzsche's world

peddling scars  
life's few cuts  
pigments in a needle too  
design your own  
or take your fate

promoting pain  
a lonely path  
it's not the only way but still  
darkness alone  
has its own

lessons to teach

*-Emily Millay Haddad*



*Rain Makers* by Erin Haithcock

change makers use existing  
forms like rain pounding  
out the rhythm of  
a different drummer  
washing away slowly the  
crusted mountains of centuries  
centuries of oppression  
pressing holding compression  
of fertile soil

cool rain pounding out the  
cry of new one of old  
ones of light ones dark  
ones heavy ones, burdened  
compressed, oppressed  
rain cooling the volcanic  
lava of tired souls welding  
words of hate and despair  
rain pounding like the  
hearts of courageous, voice  
makers, rain makers  
lighting, enlightening  
change makers who  
use existing forms like  
rain pounding out the  
rhythm of a collective heart.

SHE WENT FORTH

She went forth everyday,  
Into an atmosphere filled with affection, that tightly held a system of people.  
What she most remembered from these people were their gifts of everlasting love,  
And strength that set forth her course every morning.

As she moved on through the day,  
She came across articles of speech,  
That spoke about events from the past, issues in the present and goals in the future.  
The pictures that illustrated this speech,  
Showed artistic figures of people who imaged her own unique form.  
The language she spoke was rooted from their words.  
The substance she daily consumed was once grown on their land.  
The colored clothes she wore were woven with threads from their nation.

She continued her day,  
Shifting from room to room writing the objectives of her subjects.  
Focusing on the theories and problems that challenged her thoughts.  
Becoming mindful of the tests that awaited her in the future.  
She quickly rushed out the doors from her duration of learning,  
To encounter a place filled with her peers and social companions.

She went back to where she arrived.  
Stripped off the long laboring day from her exhausted body.  
And dressed herself with the relaxation to free her crowded mind.  
She lied motionless on her bed as her mind began to slip away from consciousness.  
She had a quick recollection of the events that fulfilled her.  
Coming full circle with her day.

-E.J. King

Aquarium

*Ebony* hair  
raveled on a  
bar of soap  
the drain  
a dark  
gaping hole  
filters the  
*Chinese chatter*  
into a sheet of ice  
flat and *cool* against her  
forehead

framed by  
*azure* tile  
she surfaces  
scratching her scar

"The glass runs liquid through my hands"  
by Molly McCune

The glass runs liquid through my hands  
And as it drips, it dries in spears  
that hunt the caressing hand  
Too cool now for excitement.

The game plays on with expired Play-Do:

Shards snap off at the trembling lover  
And prisms imprison shadows with crimson favors  
The flame has tarred its gift with soot  
while spiraling potion hardens the labor  
For the mold has dried.

Finger prints resonate on the confused creation  
What few seconds there were to form  
The only breakable solution  
available to a carefully pricked game.



*one girl gone  
show her  
the iron summer  
he has read these  
pounding on her  
diamond breast  
tiny sad man  
run to it  
the road to no place*

mirror in the lake

How far has she fallen through  
the hard plaster ceiling

they come from miles to gather  
her ossified organs  
wet earth. spring morning.  
hands, hands, and more hands,  
splinters like knives, pulling,  
cutting, caressing. the pieces.  
Red ant at the nape  
of her arched neck.  
she bends at the waist.  
shapely.

-cw

*lyrics to "ODE TO INDIVIDUALITY"  
a song by Aheri Stanford-Asiyo*

What if I was only here to manifest the rage & fear  
of all of those that came before me

What if I've done it before, my purpose only to explore  
the patterns lying down beneath me

I know there's more to life than monotony  
I'll still ignore the way they look at me  
I won't go back  
to their lost memories

What if uselessness was used to kill the confidence in  
hues of colors raging all inside me

What if emptiness was heard between the kind & cordial words  
they use attempting to dissuade me

I know the past is built by my walking  
I'll only laugh against their mocking  
I won't go back  
to their lost memories

*performed 9/97 @ Centerfest '97  
captured Live Studios*

Life is a puzzle to me. I don't understand it. At first glance, it seems like there are so many possibilities and that life is full of happiness and joy, of light and goodness. But that sort of gets boring after awhile, and it's not always true. Sometimes life can be dark, mean, cruel, evil. But I still love it. It's weird, hard to explain. I mean, I don't enjoy feeling sad, melancholy, depressed, angry, or distraught, but at least I know I'm alive. Maybe that's what feelings are all about, making sure that you're still alive and kicking. I don't believe life is either good or bad; it's sort of just what each person brings to it. Still, I'm not sure about that. It seems like the opposite some days. It feels like everything bad happens at the same time, and life comes crashing down on you, and other days you just want to look up at the sky and scream at the top of your lungs that you're alive and that it's real and that it's perfect. Some days. And those seem to be the best days. Yet, I don't think I would trade in those bad days for anything in the world. They bring another dimension to life, a new reality. Your eyes become open to things around you which you never knew existed.

Love is interesting as well. If I love someone for certain qualities they possess, that rocks. I can identify why I love the person that I do. But knowledge is a double-edged sword. It hurts like a bitch to know that the person I loved still possesses those same characteristics I love, but no longer gives a damn about me. Can you imagine how that feels? It feels as if your very soul was torn out of your body and you got to see it obliterated into a thousand pieces that just blow off into the wind. It leaves an emptiness inside which causes you to question whether your view of life is as perfect as you thought it was. If the person that you loved was perfect, what the fuck went wrong? Only one explanation: you went wrong. You're the loser; you don't deserve her. Oh, that hurts. It hurts a lot. It changes you. You're no longer the happy person you used to be; now that becomes a facade to mask the pain and emptiness you truly feel. Sometimes your facade falls off and what's staring back at you in the mirror is too horrific to even stand. Too horrific to even contemplate. Those hollow eyes staring back at you, with any light in them lost in the oblivion of loss and pain. It's a long trip down.

One thing I turn to for solace is the sky. The night sky especially, but every sky has its

appeal. They are each so varied and special. It's as if the infiniteness of life is plastered right there in the sky for all to see. It's exhilarating. The moon, the stars, the sun, the clouds, the wind, the rain. It's a part of us, yet it is beyond our grasp. It calls to us, yet what it says is different for everyone. Litmus test? Possibly. But that's egotistical. I guess it's more of a work of art; one brings to it the experiences and ideas one already possesses and leaves it with a different impression than the one before him. The stars are constant. They were there before I was born and they'll still be there long after I'm gone. It's reassuring. Life will carry on. Sure you're small. So what? Fuck it. You're alive. You're free. Live life. Stop feeling so fucking sorry for yourself. Get off your ass and live life. Get busy living or get busy dying, that's goddamn right. A wise man once said that. (-Ellis Redding)

Joey

**WHAT?!**

I thought I was done, but I don't want to stop; this is very therapeutic. It helps. We're only love, at its best or worst. Adam Duritz said that. I think that rocks. It's true, you know. That's the meaning of life. Love. Not the love you feel for your mom or your brother, nor for your fellow man, but the love which is an expression of yourself, the love that is all-consuming. The love that grabs a hold of you and never lets go. Well, almost never. The love that makes you think life is worth fighting for and dying for. The love that makes you think life is worth living for. Love. It's a hell of a concept. It's different for different people, but in the final analysis, it's that thing which leaves a hollow in your chest when it's gone. Hey, I was wrong, it can be the love you feel for your mom or brother or friend or whoever. It's all-encompassing.





NOTE: The following article does not necessarily express the views of YTEICOS.

I am writing this to speak on behalf of all Christians and most importantly, God and Jesus. I'm discouraged to find that many people think Christians are bad because we are always trying to force our religion on everyone else and because we believe we are perfect. A lot of these comments come from ignorance. They do not understand the religion or why we want them to join us. Well, I would like to share a story with you. It's the story of my own salvation. My purpose in writing this is not to force you to believe in something you don't want to believe in but to educate those who are in the dark about what it means to be a Christian.

Until a little over 2 years ago, my outlook on life was anything but bright. I had been through years of being tormented by my fellow classmates. I had sunk into deep depression, and I started to seriously consider suicide. I couldn't stand the pain of living anymore, but the fear of death kept me at bay from doing anything. I was searching for peace, but I didn't know where to find it. Then one day, someone who is very near and dear to me gave me a little pamphlet. He told me that it was very important that I read it because he wanted me to go to Heaven. When I took it from him, I scoffed at it. I thought, "How could anything in there be of any importance to me?" That night, after he had left, I picked it up and started to read it. It was very brief, only a few short sentences on what it meant to be a Christian, but it was enough to change my whole outlook on life and death. My search for peace was finally over. Ever since then I have slowly but surely become more religious. With each step I take, I become happier and happier. Life still has its ups and downs, but I now have a strength that wasn't there before, and it comes from my faith in God and Jesus. No matter how bad things get they are always there guiding and protecting me. I am saved.

Some of you may wonder what I mean when I say that I am saved, and some may think they know, but it may have never been properly explained to them. A lot of people get the wrong impression when we say that everyone is a sinner. They think that we are pessimistic and that we have no hope of going to Heaven. What we do believe is that God loves us, and long ago, God sent Jesus to earth as a gift for every human being to come after him. God is like a father, and as a father he must punish us for our sins by not allowing us to one day live in his light. That is why Jesus was crucified. He died so that one day we may have a chance for eternal happiness. He took the punishment of our sins for us. His blood has purified us so that we can eventually appear before God because God cannot look upon sin. But this can only be if one believes. Only then can you find the same peace I have found and go to Heaven. It was out of love that God gave Jesus to us, and it was out of love that Jesus sacrificed himself for us. That's what it means to be saved. It means that no matter how many sins we commit we are still pure if we welcome Jesus into our hearts.

It may seem as though I'm trying to force my religion on you, but I'm not. I merely wish that you could feel the same happiness I feel and that you can go to Heaven. It may

be hard for some people to believe in God and Jesus because you can not see them or touch them, but that's God's intention. It would be too easy for him to appear before us and make us believe. He wants us to have faith. It is difficult to believe in something that is not there, but once you believe your faith is so strong that it can not be shattered. I have seen and heard many people trying to find inner peace by fasting, putting hours of their time into things like martial arts, and much more when all it takes is faith in God and Jesus. When you are a Christian you feel so much joy and love that it seems limitless, and it is. Where you are, God and Jesus Christ are right beside you and guiding you. When things are bad all you need to do is pray and have faith that you are heard. God has always answered my prayers, and he will answer yours if you believe. If you have any doubts or questions, just pick up a Bible. It explains things in a way that would never be able to be put into words. Even if you a skeptic, there is still much wisdom in the Bible. Try reading the New Testament. Who knows, maybe you will find the inner peace you have been looking for.

Today I still have the pamphlet that was given to me. I hope to one day pass it on to someone else and change his or her life for the better. I now have a purpose in life and that is to make the most of all God's gifts. My greatest joy would be to know that I have saved at least one person in my life and that I have made a difference.

I pray for you.  
"the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord." -Romans 6:23b

Susan Pizzo



**NOTE:** This article is a parody of the essay on the previous page. The ideas expressed in this article are purely satirical and do not mirror the beliefs of YTEICOS.

I am writing this to speak on behalf of all Marilyn Manson fans and most importantly, the Devil and Satan. I'm discouraged to find that many people think Marilyn Manson fans are bad because we are always trying to commit some infernal mutilation on our bodies and sway other people to be like us because we think we're perfect. A lot of these comments come from ignorance. They do not understand the cult or why we want them to join us. Well, I would like to share a story with you. It's the story of my own demonic enlightenment. My purpose in writing this is not to force you to worship someone you don't want to but to educate those who are in the dark about what it means to be driven by sexual demons.

Until a little over 2 years ago, my outlook on life was anything but bright. I had been through years of torment--I listened to Madonna and Amy Grant back then. I had sunk into a deep depression and I started to seriously consider suicide. I couldn't stand the pain of living anymore, but the fear of death kept me at bay from doing anything. I was searching for a role-model, an inspiration, but I didn't know where to find one. Then one day, someone who is very near and dear to me gave me a CD to listen to. He told me that it was very important that I listen to it because he wanted me to go to Hell. When I took it from him, I scoffed at it. I thought, "How could anything on that be of any importance to me?" That night, after he had left, I put it into my sound system, and I listened to it. My room filled with the demonic screams of Marilyn Manson. My spiritual-self had reached a peak. It was enough to change my whole outlook on life and death. My search for an idol was finally over. Ever since then I have slowly but surely become more constructively obsessive. (I even practice urotherapy. :)) With each step I take, I become closer and closer to embodying the image of morbidity I so much desire. Life still has its ups and downs, but I now have a strength that wasn't there before, and it comes from my faith in the Devil and Satan. No matter how good things get they are always there manipulating my soul and

making my life a living Hell. I am sold.

Some of you may wonder what I mean when I say that I am sold, and some may think that they know, but it may never have been properly explained to them. It just means that Satan bought my soul and possesses it. I believe that the Devil loves us, and long ago, the Devil sent Satan to earth as a gift for everyone there. The Devil is like a goat, and as a goat, he must punish us for our belief in another god.

It may seem as though I'm trying to force my cult on you, but I'm not. I merely wish that you could feel the same anguish I feel and that you can go to Hell. It may be hard for some people to believe in the Devil and Satan because you can not see them or touch them, but that is the Devil's intention. It would too easy for him to appear before us and make us believe. He wants us to have faith in worshipping him. Marilyn Manson could be a representation of him on earth, and that's why we behold him as our leader. It is difficult to believe in something that is not there, but once you believe your faith is so strong that no Christian can shatter it. I have seen and heard many people trying to find inner peace by starvation, putting hours of their time into substance abuse, and much more, but the real solution is come join us. Wallow in the darkness of Manson's shadow and help him kill puppies. Maybe you'll find the inner peace you've been looking for.

Today I still have the CD of Marilyn Manson's that was given to me. I hope to one day pass it on to someone else and change his or her life. I now have a purpose in life and that is to recruit new cult members to our inferno of heavenly masochism.

I condemn thee.

"the gift of the Devil is eternal damnation through Marilyn Manson, our Lord."

Lanrette



