

**THE DRINK TANK
ISSUE 69**



**SPECIAL GUEST EDITOR:
M LLOYD**



WHAT A FOOL THIS MORTAL BE

And by fool, I can only be talking about Chris. He foolishly let me handle issue 69: which I've decided is the Sex Issue. Well, it didn't take much to make that happen. I thought about simply finding cheap erotica writers and having them fill the pages, but I knew Chris wouldn't like that, and I need him to make Jay and me official, so I shalln't piss him off too much.

As most of you readers must know, I'm currently pregnant and that's made me horny as hell. It's weird, I'm feeling more randy than I have in years and it's because of my little guy. It's maddening, worse than puberty!



My Songbird by **Manny Sanford**

I'll never know for sure if she could have loved me. I wish I could be certain, but there are too many variables. I'd never felt a girl could take me the places she did.

As the song goes, she was working as a waitress in a cocktail bar when I met her. She was huge, looming, giant. Everything about her seemed bigger than life would allow. Her smile: massive. Her tits: gigantic. Her legs: industrial. Every piece of her was carved as if awaiting



reduction, but none came.

That first night, I met her after her shift was over and struck up conversation. She gave me a kiss that night as I walked her through downtown to her place above another small bar. I got her number as I stood at the door.

She was a singer. A damn good singer. She dreamed of doing shows, not Broadway, but shows like Judy Garland used to do on 1960s TV. She wanted to sit on a stool in a spotlight and sing her hits.

Magda. I'll always get a shock from that name. When she first said

The Drink Tank Issue 69 was edited by M Lloyd, with lay-outs by Jay Crasdan, M Lloyd, Chris Garcia, Mike Swan and Judith Morel. Well, mostly by Chris actually, but the others helped out. If you've got LoCs, send them to the usual: garcia@computerhistory.org. Chris'll know what to do with 'em. I'm thinking of naming my kid Chris, though other names have popped up like Rutager, Sancho, and Chris' favorite, The Drink Tank. Yeah, that kid would be well-adjusted.

it to me, I felt that electric tingle and now, seeing it on the screen, I feel it again.

It was three weeks later when I finally got her onto a bed, those legs, impossibly thick and swelling, wrapped around my waist, the mouth, lipsticked so red that even the brown of her eyes seem to explode scarlett. She pushed into me, trying to swallow me with all possible points. I stopped my thrusts, and even my breathing, and watched her writhe, pull herself into me, make the passion heavier on her own. Then I came back. It was the kind of sex that writers wish they could capture but know better than to try.

She slept in, I woke up early and just sat there next to her like some bad cliché guy who's just had the perfect sex with the perfect woman. When she woke up, she kissed me, then made some breakfast. She told me that it was her rehearsal day and that I should leave. I wasn't going to argue.

The next time I saw her, she was so happy to see me I barely had time to unbuckle before she was ready to pull me in. The next time was almost violent. The time after that certainly was.



I called her one day and she told me about her show. It was a revue, but she had a fifteen minute set. She'd been working all her life for that fifteen minutes. I laughed because I love Warhol.

She rehearsed every day, and once or twice I could sit in the kitchen and listen. She sang with as much fire as she made love, and it seemed like both got her off. She kissed me 'Hello' when she saw me, then 'Good-bye' when I left and all the other times I wasn't there.

The show itself happened in a building next to a pizza place. Everyone else was good; the comics were smart, the skits were bad but not offensively so, the house band was talented if uninspired. She came on second to last. I knew it was her set because they pulled a stool into the center of the stage and there was a single soft light coming from the top front. When she got there, a couple of others filled in her face, but that chest of hers created a shadow as heavy as her eye make-up.

And then she sang.

It was a song called Cloud Nine. I'd not heard her practice it. It was a simple song, lots of room to play with, but the lyrics were modern and though she was dressed like a 1900s Chorus girl, the entire atmosphere was one of a singer of the late 1990s who wanted everything she could get and more. The ending of the song was frantic, syncopated and breathless until she returned with a gentle sweetness that I wasn't sure she was capable of. The crowd roared.

The next song was less sexy, an original piece about watching herself grow older and older and still not being on stage. I hadn't thought about it, but I should have known that she was much older than me. It turns out that she was almost forty while I was a spry 24.

The other three songs were all a blur. I'd never felt such admiration mingled with lust mixed with utter and complete joy. I was her plaything, she could do with me what she would.

That night, I met her in the dressing room. There was a bathroom attached and



she pulled me in. She fucked me, that's the only way to put it, as if everything had to be completed that night. She'd had her dream moment and it had been beautiful and the sex she had was her idea of perfection: wet, hot, fast, hard, heavy, painful, controlled, massive, silent but for the breathing and the sound of flesh rubbing scraping pounding slapping against flesh.

We arrived at the after party sweaty but on-time. She should have said it was the finish line because then I would have known. She spent the evening finding new people who could help her get more gigs. By the end of the evening she had four dates set up for the next month. She also made friends with the owner of a Piano Bar. She's been singing there ever since.

I only talked to her a few times after that. She had her dream ready and was going for it full-bore. I only talked to her three or four times. I tried to set a date, I tried to come over to listen to her practice, but it was no use. I showed up to a few of her shows, and then nothing. She was gone.

I don't know if I was anything but a toy to her. She said wonderful things to me sometimes, wonderful things, but she seldom went any further than 'I've had a good time.' as to what she was feeling. I never said anything either.

I still miss her anytime I hear Judy Garland's voice.



The Sting of the Whip
by
Mike Swan

Unlike the rest of my comrades at The Drink Tank, I'm not into freaky-deaky sex things. Only Chris is more vanilla than I am and I'm fairly sure that he just keeps it all in a giant closet along with his true sexuality. I've had a few off-kilter romances, one or two that would make my Mom blush if she knew, but only one that really hit the eye of the stuff that M and SaBean and Jay have been through.

The first time Lillian even whipped me was with a short length of fur covered leather. I laughed, though it hurt a little. We had been fooling around for about a month and we were at a some con (I wanna say Baycon, but it could have been Silicon or even Orycon) and she had just bought the strap that very day. I'll admit that is was quite a different experience than I was used to.

Lillian used that strap a few times as the weeks went on. She was into it, and since I was not thrilled with her sexual performances, I kind of preferred her all revved up with the spank-play.

I knew she liked leather so for a gift I got her a leather duster with a tie-around belt. She used that belt on me later that night. It was an entertaining evening and

easily the best sex the two of us ever shared. After I let her leave welt marks on my back and ass, she let me play God in her various Glories. She screamed loud as I clamped teeth down on her back in the midst of making her feel me from behind. She came a second later. I not a second after that.

We played a little with things until another con, this time I know it was WorldCon, and she got a riding crop. I knew that this was a bad thing and that night she sliced into me hard, a rustler making sure she got the cattle to go her way.

“What the fuck was that for?” I asked the next morning looking at my welts and cuts in the mirror on the back of the bathroom door.

“If you can’t take it...” she said, not finishing a sentence that we both knew would contain no good beyond those five words.

“Why don’t I ever get to wale on you?”

“You get to fuck me, that’s all you need.”

I let it die, but I knew there was nothing good there. The next night we didn’t even touch in bed. The long-thin cut she had caused along the top edge of my ass left a half-moon crescent on the sheets.

That following morning we went home, and three days later we broke up. I never came around to find out where she went with it all.

For more than a year, Chris and folks would make fun of me and my desire to get beaten, which is fair for what I put all of



them through for the various stupid combinations of sexual dysfunctions that they all went through. Still, I did enjoy it, I kind of liked the beatings, but only to a point. I’m as straight and narrow as they come, simple girls make me happiest, and that one crossing into a new world made me realise that I’m glad I’m not more adventurous.

A Brief Rant by Christopher J. Garcia

Let’s face it, we all have the same stories. There’s the One That Got Away, the Missed Opportunity, the Lost Innocence, the Quest for Love, all of them the same with different details.

I, for one, want something different. I just once want a story of a guy who falls for a secret agent girl only to have her not mark him as her next hit in the end. I want a story of a circus acrobat who really loves the wire so much that she can’t come down for him. I want that story that is so unbelievable that there’s no way anyone can bring you to believe it, but it is in fact true.

That’s what I keep hoping everyone who writes for The Drink Tank will give me. I know the details of so many of M’s and SaBean’s and Judith’s and Jay’s and Mike’s stories that I can’t question them, but none of them are that far-fetched. I just keep hoping for a tale so outrageous that it might be fake only to have my questioning answered by a ‘True’ when it’s finally submitted to Snopes.com.



The Art in this issue is mostly from Deviant-ART.com. The cover is by Crwfie and the spot illustrations are by Boobtastic, The Boo, Transfuse, ArtAssassin, gmesh and Seyan.

On Same-Sex Tendencies

From SaBean MoreL, M Lloyd, Judith Morel, Lisa Cruetzer, Michelle Lea and Lisa Asals

SaBean MoreL (Age 35, Currently Living in Boston, MA)

There's a thing about girls that I don't like. It's not easy to think about sometimes, but I just can't stand the way girls think when they're thinking and not acting. That's my issue, I think, thought takes over on action too often.

I've had a few flings with girls, and a couple of relationships that were longer (and more painful) and they all suffered the same problems: I wanted to feel physically, tangibly, they wanted to feel emotionally.

The sex usually follows a pattern with other women. Every man I've been with has built things differently, but women, they have a way to go. First, an offering. It can be simple as a stare, complex as a kiss, obvious as hand up the inside of your thigh. That is the check. If you respond, there's another push, this one deeper. It could be a tongue against your ear, a pressing of tit on tit, that hand finishing its journey up your thigh. The third is that moment of no return. Something is taken. It happens fast, don't wait for it; you'll never catch it. With one girl it's ripping the buttons off your shirt, with another it's sliding your panties aside and working inward. With one girl I've known, it was that first deep kiss. If she got you there, you were going to end up with her juices running on you.

After that, it's like fucking a guy. They can go in various directions. Some women are gentle, some are rough, some go directly from the three steps to the slide down the torso. Others will play give and take. After the pattern, no holds are barred.

Lisa Cruetzer (21, living in Tempe, AZ)

When I first met Annie, she was a girl in a book, dreaming of what it would be like to be able to hold her one and only forever. That teen-dream scene was tinged yellow for me, a form of envy made bile by my strict



Top by Boobtastic, Bottom by Seyan



world, as harsh as the 1960s one that Annie on My Mind presented. I hated it, but I loved that book even more than the porn that came through in thin streams that allowed me to wake up with sore fingers. Annie was truth swimming against a world of beauty.

I met my Annie (real name Samantha) on a Wednesday night. We were at school and she was staying with a friend in the dorm. I didn't say anything to her, but with the long-dreads and cute smile, I knew I had fallen for her. We e-mailed a few times and met up on Christmas break. She told me she had broken up with her girlfriend. I told her that I was looking for my first. That sealed the deal. She came to my dorm every weekend. Mom didn't like it, but she understood. I still haven't told Dad.

Sex for us is secondary. Fun, but it goes behind the two important things: love and laughter. I tell her jokes, my routine that I keep hoping will end up on TV. She holds me and sometimes she cooks dinner on the hot plate. Ramen is only palatable when made by a girl in a long white t-shirt.

Two years now and I'm still in love with her. I still like the way she touches my arm when she wants to play. I tell her every time she's over how much I care about her. She kisses me and smiles. Sometimes we fuck after that. Other times, we simply settle in and watch TV.



Judith Morel (36, currently living in Las Vegas, NV and Studio City, CA)

When M asked me to write this bit, I wondered if she wanted the details of my sexual skills, of which there are great numbers, or if she was interested in what I like about girls.





M knows the answer already, if that was the case. I thought that I'd share one of the stories, but as personal as that can be, I thought it might just turn into a bitchfest.

The first time I noticed that a girl could make a girl come was the last day of tenth grade. She was a senior and had been drinking since before the graduation ceremony started. She ended up with her head between the long legs of my friend Ivory. Ivory was throwing her head back and had tangled every finger in Heather's hair. She seemed to pull her in and clutch her there. The near scream that Ivory let out echoed down the hall. Some guys came in to watch the finish of the fun.

I've had a few women in my life, one more so than all the others. She was beautiful, strong, sweet and most importantly she had a way to get guys to do anything. The two of us were close, but it almost always felt like a game. The two of us were involved with a game in the minds of guys and each other. I never knew what she was doing because she wanted to be with me and what she was doing as a way of getting play off of guys. She told me she loved me over and over, but honestly, I never believed her.

I like people, not genders. I've done things with both and they exert equal



amounts of attraction at times, but the difference is with a guy, I know where I stand, what the approximate chances of all sorts of valid scenarios are. With women, I'm never sure. I may be the bunny, I might be the wolf. While most girls would say that they'd rather be the wolf than the rabbit, there are times I'd rather be made the snack of.

It's been a while since I've had a woman in my life or even in my bed. It just hasn't happened.

When Bobby and I broke up, I thought about doing some time in the company of ladies, but I also thought that wasn't right for me. What I need is a night on the Strip in a skimpy dress. Yeah, that'll do.

Lisa Asals (32, London, ON, Canada)

M made me kiss her one night when we were both drunk. It was a nice kiss. I miss those days when a trip to Montreal could yield something fun like a night of drinking and a girl like M.

I'm straight, by the way. It's important that I say that now before you think I'm bi or anything else. I used to exhibit the traditions of a disease called alchosexual.

Alchosexualism is a disorder which causes all skin to feel good, all tongues to taste like dynamite. I would drink a lot and then I'd end up messing around with people. I'd usually not mess around with.

I can only remember two or three times I did anything with a girl. Once at a high school party, I ended up making out with another cheerleader. It wasn't anything special, but I remember her kissing my neck and thinking she was good at it.

The second was a few years later. I was naked already and very drunk. I remember touching her breasts and thinking they were nicer than mine. It was the first



time I ever used mushrooms too. I know the girl was a friend of Roger's, but I'm not sure which one.

There was that kiss with M in the club while the band played a cover of a song by The Hip. I kissed another girl that night too.

The final time I know I fooled around with girls was at Burning Man in 1997 or 98. I only went twice and once I actually let myself be played with by all comers while I was tripping all night. I know there were a lot of girls who did things to me.

I stopped drinking and doing drugs in 1999 or so. I smoked weed about a month ago and it was painfully dull. I've never had anything more to do with a woman, and I'm not interested at all.

M Lloyd (35, Helsinki Finland)

You people already know all about the women I've been with, about the ways I've made them into my pets and the ways in which I've messed up lives, mostly my own, in the laps of women. I'll say several things about girls though.

You see, women and girls are very different. To give you an example from popular culture: In *The Big Sleep*, the blonde who tries to sit in Bogart's lap while he's standing is a girl while Lauren Bacall is a woman. Women are fun because they know what they want. Girls are fun because you can tell them what you want and make them believe that they want to do it to you.

Girls become women, not just by aging, but by the things others make them do. When a girl can say no and no one can convince her otherwise, she has become a woman. When a girl would rather go without than settle for half-hearted physical enjoyment, she's a woman.

College is where most girls are at their most girly. They're willing to be led into situations that end up with their will overturned. I admit, I took advantage of that several times. I never wanted girls to become women; I wanted them to stay girls forever. I wanted to be able to prod them into the cages where I wanted to keep them.

Girls, girls, girls; so wonderful and malleable. You can make them into shapes that activate all of those spots you need activated. When a girl becomes a woman, and if you're a selfish bitch, you have to let them fly-away home.

Michelle Lea (48, Chicago, IL)

I've got a giant set of boobs. Basically, that's all I have to possess to get the attention that I so enjoy. Guys love me, they'll spend hours looking at my tits and begging for a chance to play with them. Once in a while I'll even give in and let 'em play. I can come simply by having the right lips applied to my nipples for the right amount of time. That's how it works...sometimes.

I've preferred girls for the last decade or so. I've slept with men, even married one

back in my twenties, but it's the women in my life that have always gotten me off the hardest.

It's the tits. I like them on girls and I like the ones I've got. When I find a woman with a rack that deserves worshipping, I'm more than willing to kneel at the altar. I'm almost as bad as the guys. I look for tight t-shirts and bra straps that dig into shoulders because they're holding back too much pressure. Those are the girls I like. I was once called The Queen of the Big-Titted Bitches, but that's a title that is devoid of meaning now with every second-rate actress having a set of Double-Ds popped in fifteen minutes after the first time they blow an audition.

My first time with a woman was actually with a womyn. Sylvia was a feminist in San Francisco. If there's a better stereotype, I don't know what it is. She was working at a local small-press and I was a regular at the Mabuhay, a Filipino Supper Club where Dirk Dirksen would run punk shows starting at 11:30 most nights of the week. I was there for every show from 1976 through 1980 or so. She covered the shows and wrote them up. I remember seeing her there over the years and it wasn't until a year or two into my visits that the two of us started something. Until then, I was the shy retiring punk girl with half a shaved head and giant breasts she kept beneath sweaters and t-shirts. She took me out to shows and we stayed at her house after them and ended up having a little fun in each other's business while the sun made it's way up.

By the time 1982 came around, I was out of the relationship with Sylvia and out into the world, dating men and making dumb decisions on who to mess around with on various late nights. I got mar-

ried and divorced, never had any kids, and ended up alone with my big boobs and a dog named Felicia. What was that David Mamet said about Dykes and Dogs?

I should mention that I do think of myself as a dyke. Not a bi-sexual, not even a lesbian, but a dyke. I'd actually say that I just like sexual attention. I like being stared at by guys and love getting stared at by girls, but either way gets me off to a degree. I prefer to sleep with, and now exclusively date, women. I'm a dyke. That's how I say it. Yeah, I'm technically bi-sexual but girls, or tits, are my biggest attraction.

When I was in my thirties, freshly divorced and well-known for my talents in the lesbian community of Attleborough, I was trying to come up with a way to live in both worlds, to become a full-blown lesbian and still remain a heterosexual woman when I wasn't in passion. It's a bit like passing, but reality says that I'll always look at a girl's chest and stare when it's perfect. The way I dress invites guys, I know that regardless of what modern theory tries to make us believe, but I only want women. Well, I only ACT on my lusting for women these days.

Let me get back to breasts. I've said that I love them, and I know Sistah M loves them as well. I've thought about it a lot, about why so many guys love them and why so few girls take to them like I do. There's biological reasoning for Men: the women with larger breasts can better supply milk for children (or so the theory goes), but that doesn't matter to me. I like them because I love to play and I love the way it feels for me when a girl gives them the best attention.

So, as I said, I've got big boobs and I like them on other girls myself. Girls who got 'em, call me!



My Next Big Thing
by
Christopher J. Garcia

OK, I wrote the article on Why Monkeys Are The New Zombies. It meant that monkeys have replaced the once raging power that was zombies. Well, maybe I was a little premature saying that Monkeys were the next big thing. In fact, it was the editor of the magazine who said that Monkeys were the new zombies. I, in fact, believe that I can officially say that the next thing will be the Sexy Mummy.

As can be seen in the picture, Mummies



offer a great number of possibilities for sexy tattered rags and sexy chickness. There's at least one Burlesque group that does a Mummy bit in their show, and I've heard that there's another group like the is doing an entire show based around a Mummy's tomb that gets disturbed and releases several dancing Mummy women. Now that sounds like a good show.

So, if you trust me, you can get in on the ground level. Don't be the last one to get your foot in the Crypt door! Get your Mummy on NOW!

Two Different Kinds of Sexy

I used to watch the Avengers on PBS when I was a kid. It was on KTEH in the old days along with my other favorites Monty Python and Fawlty Towers. I loved Emma Peel. She was awesome. I think there was some carry-over because I didn't hate the Avengers movie with Uma Thurman (though it might have also had to do with my Love of Uma and Eddie Izzard). It wasn't a great movie, I know that, but I liked it. I think it had to do with the Sexy Spy.

There've been sexy female spies for years, but the 1960s were



probably the best time for them. You had Modesty Blaise and Emma Peel and wasn't Fathom with Raquel Welch a spy flick? Well, they weren't all great. The 1980s had a couple of them, though they were mostly on TV.

There's something about a sexy lady being all spy-like. Think about Mata Hari. She supposedly seduced information during WWI and has been all over the place, even though she may not have done anything.

Someday I'll make the sexy spy film. Perhaps I'll get asked to make a Cinemax After Dark flick.

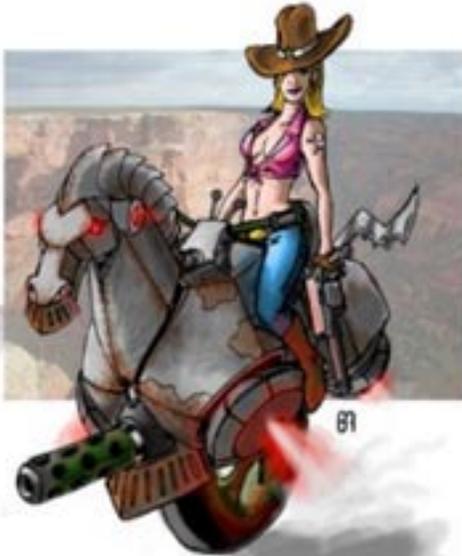
Here's What I Really Miss
by
Sandra Chavez-Haute

I used to like watching cowboy movies. I used to like it back when I was a girl and Papa would turn on Saturday morning television. I would sleep too late for cartoons and I'd be in the living room in time to watch the old movies on the UHF stations. There were war movies on at four, kids stuff like *The Little Rascals* (**Also Known as Our Gang- CG**) and *The Three Stooges* until 2. The Westerns were on in-between and I'd sit in the chair under the window and watch while I colored.

Tulsa was where I was born. In the old westerns, they still called Oklahoma Indian Territory. My father was Choctaw-Chickasaw on his father's side and Piute on his mother's. They were both born in California and so was Papa. Papa wasn't one of those Indians (which he still calls everyone he should talk about as Native-American) who would root for the Comanche. He rooted for William S. Hart, John Wayne, and especially William Holden. *The Wild Bunch* is his favorite, always has been.

I guess that should explain why women in Western gear are my greatest weakness. I once saw a woman wearing a bikini top and chaps and I almost came just from the sight. My ex-girlfriend Hannah once bought a long duster and wore it into the bedroom. I took off everything else and did my will on her. Even a gun belt will make me quiver.

But there are no more Westerns. They've stopped making them. When we get something it's Gay Cowboys on *Brokeback* or Kevin Costner trying to recapture the lightning that was *Dances*



With Wolves. It doesn't work. I once tried to get one off the ground, but it failed when I couldn't get the funding. *No One Wants To Watch a Mouldy Old Western* more than one financier said to me.

The first times I knew I was probably gay were all from women in Westerns. At the end of *Rio Bravo* when John T. goes into Feather's room and sees her in that corset and those stockings. I knew something was sexy that moment. There were others, Mexican girls with flawless skin who were the waiting girlfriends for gunfighters who never returned. I wanted those gunfighters to stay away so they would be mine.

When M asked me for an article, I said yes, mostly because I once shared a night with her in her fringe vest, but mostly I just wanted to say that Chris needs to make a Western and I think he knows what I like.





The Naked Woman

**by
Mike Swan**

There was a girl named Juctille and she was beautiful and she was naked.

She had red hair and pink nipples and she was naked.

Everytime I came into her apartment, the one she shared with my friend Lieselle, she was there and she was naked.

Everytime I called Lieselle, Juctille would answer and when Lieselle would answer the phone she say “yeah, Juctille’s naked.”

Juctille was born in Andora and moved to Belgium and then to France and then to Memphis before she went to school with Lieselle, originally from the Alscace. And at some point in her years, she learned that she liked to be naked.

And I didn’t mind, whenever I’d walk in on her, because she was as beautiful as

she was naked, and stranger still she was sadder than she was either of those.

I once talked to her for an hour, whcih she was naked, and she said that she wished she had been able to go out that day. She had stayed in, not leaving to go to school or the store. I’d never seen her go to class. I’d only seen her naked.

Juctille once walked out into the hall, as always she was naked, and came back an hour later, crying.

“What’s wrong?” Lieselle asked.

“I didn’t see anybody.” Juctille answered.

Lieselle and Juctille moved out to the West Coast, Seattle and then Portland. I visited them and Juctille was still naked and she was still sad.

The day I found out Juctille was getting married made me smile, because I pictured those beautiful breasts and that magnificent ass at the altar saying ‘I do’ and rice bouncing off her incredible body as they ran to the car, the sway of her as she took that first dance completely naked.

I saw a picture of her the other day, six months pregnant and naked. It was a few years old. I called Lieselle and she said that Juctille was a Mommy of a four and two year old...and she was still naked.

Sexy & The Left Hook: Next Door

**by
Christopher J. Garcia**

The Norwegians are a good group and they make good movies. While the French, Spanish, Italians and Germans can let you down, the filmmakers from Norway do damn fine work. This year, Cinequest had one of the best mind fuck films ever called Next Door. Basically it’s the story of a guy whose girlfriend leaves him and then he meets two strange women in the apartment next door. It turns out that the two next door are wild and one of them seduces John with a tale of being taken by three plumbers. That leads to sex which leads to her hitting John and that leads to him hitting her. Here’s the kicker: she likes it and starts

smearing the blood all over her young naked body. It's a crazy scene as the violence increases as the passion boils over. At first, John is concerned with what he's doing and the violence disturbs him, but after a while, he gets into it, only to not be able to come to grips with it later.

The acting is good, there's some boob, and the story is wild enough to keep things going. The moral of it seems to be if you wake up next to your dead girlfriend, your neighbors probably don't exist, but with these sorts of films, it's hard to tell.

Enough Already!

I've had nothing but a good time working on this issue and I'm sure Chris has had nothing but a good time reading the articles I gathered while laying it all out. If you like all of this, my print zine Chaos Manor will be printing an issue in May. Let me know (thedrinktank@yahoo.com or an email to Chris) and I'll add you to the list. More sexy and fury in that one.

Other than that, I'm off to get more ready to birth this baby. The little bastard's making em want sex and ice cream again, and not in that order- M



Left: Judith Morel in Corset (For Now) Top Right: SaBean Pinning-up, bottom right, you sexy editress

