

# & Sammy Beckett

New York's  
New Absurdist  
Publication

**Short Fiction**

**Humor**

**Reviews**

**Opinions & Ramblings**

August 2008

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# Mission Statement

This publication is based on the editors' constant search for the ridiculous, it is named after two dogs who live in the same building and walk together on the streets of Brooklyn between the hours of two and four pm. They have different owners.

This is what their dog walker Alison had to say about them:

“Sammy lives on the fourth floor, on the far side of the building.

Sammy's apartment smells really bad.

Sammy looks just like his mom,

He still pees like a girl.

Beckett's on the third floor, first elevator.

I like Beckett better than Sammy

Sammy's fat and smells bad.

Beckett's cool.”

The Publication is also named after Samuel Beckett, the author. While he is often associated with the theatre of the absurd and absurdity in general he was far from absurd. His writing was stark and minimalist. This Nobel Prize winning genius from the early twentieth century in Europe and these two dogs from the Prospect Heights section of Brooklyn in 2008 are the driving forces behind this magazine. We hope that you enjoy your time while you read this publication. At other times in your life we really don't care what happens, but while you are holding this in your hands we hope that you are happy at the time.

Sincerely,

The Editors

# What Hinkley is Thinking

Jason Hinkley

## New Yorker Still Has Affect

The now infamous New Yorker cover, depicting Barack Obama and his wife Michelle as a fundamentalist, terrorist duo, elicited more commentary and discussion than any other political cartoon or image in the presidential campaign so far. However, the commentary generated by the image was rarely, if ever thoughtfully satisfying. To me the biggest revelation missed was that the New Yorker has the ability to stir the feelings of more than one or two people a week. The magazine may be the best written weekly in America, or the English speaking world; but not being ancient I don't remember a time when I thought of it as either daring or radical. Dense, challenging, insightful are all more appropriate adjectives for this old intellectual institution. From my very base historic investigation the last time the magazine was still edgy enough to deserve such a clamor was somewhere around 1959.

Forgetting my own surprise at the senator's and the medias response, the very character of the magazine makes the uproar painfully ironic; a publication that week in and week out dedicates page after page of well informed reportage and commentary only gets notice for what's printed on the cover. Which is, in a way the point; no informed person could take such an caricature seriously. In a sense their only mistake in political correctness was placing the image on the cover for the whole world to see. If they had placed it behind a couple of pages of mono block print where only their readers would have seen it, it would have surely been lost to all except a handful of obsessive cartoon archivers.

# A Heart of Glass

Sam Glass

## This Year's VP Candidates

A Presidential nominee's choice of a running mate should be the opportunity for that candidate to choose the individual, other than themselves, that they would most like to see run the country. This is a simple enough concept. The primary role of the Vice President is to be prepared to take up executive control of the government and military at any time. Presidential campaigns either don't realize or choose to ignore this fact and usually choose someone based what they add to a ticket in terms of electability. Electability is a precursor to governance in American democracy. Short sighted choices of a running mate have proven time and again to be among the greatest and most overlooked follies that American Presidents have made. Consider the running mates that Bush Sr. and Kennedy chose. In both situations, the president chose a running mate based upon the perceived political benefit and not his ability to govern.

Quayle, who was chosen to balance the ticket with youth, ultimately became a national embarrassment. An otherwise intelligent man, Quayle lacked finesse and experience. The addition of youth to the Republican ticket became an afterthought when Dukakis gave double thumbs up from a tank and blew his chances of presidency away. The Bush/Quayle team saw what two charismatic young statesman could do with a little finesse and experience when they were routed by Clinton/Gore in the '92 landslide. Quayle added nothing to the ticket in either '88 or '92 and has had nascent national exposure since.

Kennedy chose a political opponent in Johnson. It is widely known that they did not even get along. While this type of arrangement was popular way back in the day (the 1790's-1820's), when the second place loser would serve under the presidential victor, this is not done anymore. Of course, this was not exactly the case with Kennedy and Johnson. They both were Democrats and they both sure would have preferred the other in office than say Goldwater or Nixon. To grossly oversimplify a complicated matter, Kennedy complemented his own persona with that of Johnson's. Young, rambunctious, elite, Catholic and northern, Kennedy chose Johnson who was comparatively older, stately, Protestant and southern. In all likelihood, the choice was Kennedy's greatest mistake. Not too many political scientist suggest that Johnson won the '60 election for Kennedy (unless you count allegations of voter tampering in Texas), but almost all casual observers of the history of the last 50 years can see that Johnson, for his term and a half as President, was a tremendous disaster. While important and landscape altering domestic policies were influenced by Johnson, most notably being the Civil Rights Act and the Great Society initiative, the ghost of Vietnam has lingered over the American consciousness for now over forty years. Kennedy failed to properly weigh the consequences of putting a man like Lyndon Johnson in a position to assume the Presidency. The Johnson mistake is compounded when one considered that the intellectual roots of the neo-conservative movement are found among the remaining hawks in the Democratic Party after the party abandoned support for the war effort leading up to the '68 election.

Bush Jr. had it right in his choice of Vice President. While Cheney may be popularly and justly criticized for his policies and anti-democratic efforts, he has always been a surrogate capable of following and implementing the same policies as the current Bush administration if the need were to arise. Policies aside, Cheney was chosen as a VP as a result of his perceived ability to govern in the event of an emergency, as well as his ability as an advisor, not for populist pre-election angling. In this way, the Cheney choice makes sense. It should be noted that Cheney was in charge the VP vetting committee for Bush and, in essence, chose himself for the position.

Let's now consider briefly some of the top names that have been swirling around over the last few weeks.

#### - Ed Randall

Obama should not choose Randall, although he would bring several positive attributes to the table. Randall is governor of Pennsylvania, a swing state that Obama is counting on in the general election. Randall's vocal support of Hillary Clinton in the primary is a double edged sword. For the positive, Randall could influence Hillary supporters considering staying home or voting for Nader (or even McCain!) However, Randall loud criticisms of Obama during the primaries would definitely come back in the fall.

#### - Bill Richardson

Bill Richardson should be seriously considered by the Obama campaign. Richardson is the popular Governor of New Mexico, a swing state in the general election. Richardson has experience as an executive, as a governor. He also has an understanding of Washington, having been a Congressman for fourteen years, between 1983 and 1997. He has international

experience, as he served as the Ambassador to the United Nations during the Clinton Administration. His breadth of international experience cannot be understated; he even negotiated a cease-fire in Darfur in 2007. He also served as Energy Secretary during the Clinton Administration, which is testament to his knowledge and capability in dealing with the current high profile energy problem. Furthermore, Richardson endorsed Obama, much to the dismay of Hillary Clinton, after Richardson himself had dropped out of the primaries

I have heard the criticism of a Richardson nod, even from Democrats, on the grounds of Richardson's ethnic background. Basically, they think that they are pushing the envelope far enough in electing a black guy and they think people would be hesitant to vote for an all-minority ticket. I think that is fear and nonsense. Richardson is among the most qualified individuals in the country to assume the Presidency. And if you are too racist or scared to vote a Hispanic as Vice President, it is unlikely you would vote for an African American as President. Besides, Richardson could galvanize the Hispanic community in much the same way Obama has galvanized the African American community. He would likely make in impact in the "get-out-the-vote effort among the Hispanic-American community, as Hispanics have historically been underrepresented in the voter turnout.

#### - Joe Biden

Biden has been a Senator since 1973. He is the current chairman for the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He has put forward an interesting plan for Iraq that involves partitioning the country into three parts, based primarily on ethnic lines with

the organization of the three autonomous regions as a loosely tied confederacy based in Baghdad. In my opinion, this is a fascinating proposal that does not hold the relevance today that it did a year ago. The situation on the ground has improved and it may not be necessary. Also, it could create Turkish problems as the Turks are adamantly opposed to any sort of Kurdish country or region of sovereignty, for they fear it would aggravate their own struggle with the Kurdish separatist movement within Turkey. These criticisms of the plan are secondary, for the purposes of this column, to the influence that an Obama/Biden ticket would have on Democratic electability. Ultimately, Biden putting forth such a plan hurts the likelihood of him being picked by Obama. Obama has put forth a different plan for Iraq. If Biden were to be tapped, someone (probably Biden) would have to change their policy about one of the most important issues in the campaign, which could cause problems. Flip-flops are the intellectuals' scandals.

#### - Kathleen Sebelius

Targeting Kansas might be a bridge too far for Obama, but his roots in Kansas (virtually all of his mother's family hails from Kansas), give him a chance. A slim chance, even with Sebelius, as currently Obama trails in the double digits in Kansas. Kathleen Sebelius is the very popular Governor of Kansas. She is intelligent and forthright and, as a sixty year old woman, could recapture some of bitter Clinton supporters. She could be a good choice, but it is important for the potential team to highlight her personal capabilities and not focus on her gender. If she is presented as an alternative to Hillary, it could backfire on the campaign. Instead, it must be made clear that she is capable (which she is) independent of her gender in much the same way the Obama has

attempted to transcend race.

#### - Tim Kaine

A pro-life Catholic Democrat governor from Virginia. The old dominion is turning lefty lately, and Tim Kaine could be the key to a major upset there. His tempered pro-life stance will probably help Obama. As old political wisdom shows, the candidates move to the center, because in most cases the partisan elements on both sides will ultimately vote for their candidate.

It is the masses of confused centrists who have the power. A practicing Roman Catholic, Kaine served in his younger years as a missionary in Honduras with the Jesuits. Kaine endorsed Obama in February of 07, when Obama was still in the early stages of his campaign and Hillary Clinton was an overwhelming favorite. Not a bad choice, but he lacks international experience.

#### - Sam Nunn

Sam Nunn is certainly qualified for the job. However, he would be off pair for Barack Obama. He would be chosen for the same reasons that Kennedy chose Johnson; as a tempering force. Some viewed Cheney in this role in 2000. Obama is seen by his detractors as young, brash and inexperienced. Nunn is the opposite of all these things. He is tempered, old (he'll turn 70 later this year) and experienced. He comes from Georgia, which I would call a stretch swing state for Obama. It is an area that he can compete in, but is still likely to go McCain. Besides, his regional impact would likely be demurred to a lack of influence and name recognition; Nunn has been out of public office for 11 years. He currently heads the Nuclear Threat

Initiative, a group founded by Nunn and Ted Turner, which works toward disarmament of nuclear, biological and chemical weapons world wide, as well as the security of the materials used to create them. This is all good work and Nunn had served for 25 years in the Senate, his appointment would give an appearance of a lack of confidence by Obama. He would appear to be there as a tempering voice, a voice of aged wisdom. This may be something Obama needs, but if you broadcast by choosing a mentor as an assistant, it weakens the strength of the primary candidate

#### - John Edwards

Popular, young and charismatic, Edwards is just like Obama. He brings nothing new to the table. People who like Edwards like Obama and vice versa. This is not as bad as it sounds though. As I stated before, you don't want a running mate who complements your flaws to the extent of gimmick. Someone who you know is on-board with your agenda, capable of taking the helm and scandal free are the three most important characteristics. Edwards is two of those three things. He was caught doing something at a Beverly Hills Hilton hotel in July. Whether he was visiting a woman who is allegedly the mother of an illegitimate child as the ethically challenged National Enquirer alleges, or if he was there on some other less scandalous personal business remains to be discovered. Edwards has been mum on the issue, refusing to address it. If proven to be false, Edwards could be a good pick, although still not as solid of Biden or Richardson. If it is true, Edwards is toxic.

#### - Bobby Jindal

Bobby Jindal is the Republican's answer to Barack Obama. He is young, charismatic, a powerful speaker

and probably the most accomplished individual in American government today that was born after 1970 (in Jindal's case, 1971). As an Indian American, Jindal adds diversity to the notoriously homogeneous Republican Party. He is a very popular governor in Louisiana. McCain needs to avoid a gimmicky running mate. Jindal is not even forty years old. Is he truly capable of running the country? Is McCain were to choose Jindal, it would be nothing more than a gimmick, a defensive move, threatened by the youth and ethnicity of Obama.

#### - Charlie Crist

Charlie Crist might end up being McCain's choice, although he is probably not his best choice. Crist is in his first term as Governor of Florida. Before that, he was Florida's Attorney General. Considered a moderate, Crist has support in Florida, which is a crucial swing state this November. Crist's endorsement of McCain was one of the key factors in McCain winning Florida, which as an early and large state, laid a path toward his victory in the primary season. Silver haired and a good speaker, Crist inspires confidence and ease, characteristics of the type of person that voters want. However, his relative lack of experience, particularly international experience gives cause for pause.

#### - Mitt Romney

Like Clinton and Obama, Romney's attacks on McCain during the Republican primaries will come back to bite them if Romney is the veep selection. Romney is considered a guru, if you will, on the economy. But his real economic value comes in the form of his personal wealth, which would be legally available for use as campaign. According to an Associated Press article from last August, Romney

and his wife have a combined worth of anywhere between 250-500 million dollars. Even a portion of that money could make a huge impact in the election if he were to become the veep.

#### - Rudy Giuliani

Rudy Giuliani would love the nod from McCain. He loves McCain. McCain is as tough as they come, and Giuliani can't have enough. But will he add anything to the campaign? No. Is he ready to become President? No. Giuliani is a former Mayor of New York City. He has never served any post higher than Mayor. He has a lot of tough talk, but not a lot of experience, not to mention, many of the international moments he has had have been mistakes or blunders. Think about when he tried to bar Yasser Arafat from going to the UN. Besides, if you're going to be a war hawk, you better know your material; sending soldiers to kill and die must never be taken lightly.

As a candidate, he adds nothing. He could isolate some on the extreme right and evangelical right, both of which are constituencies that McCain needs to win the election, especially in some western swing states like Nevada and Colorado. This is a pro-choice mayor from New York City who is prone to some rather strange eccentricities. For example, when the mayor announced his separation from his then wife Donna Hanover in 2000 in a press conference, he did not inform her in advance. He is allegedly estranged from both of his children and had a public affair with Judy Nathan, now his wife. While I am not one to judge someone's personal life, others are, and if it results in a poor candidate, there is no hiding it. All this, coupled with multiple appearances dressed in drag on Saturday Night Live, adds up to a core constituency backlash.

His disastrous plight during the primaries made him a bit of a joke on the national stage.

– Final advice to the candidate: Don't be rash. Think it through in terms of not only how the choice will affect the campaign, but also the presidency. Avoid gimmicks. Avoid candidates with baggage and scandals like a plague. For Obama, consider Richardson and Biden as the top contenders. For McCain, consider Pawlenty and Crist.

Sam Glass has a Creative Writing degree from SUNY New Paltz. Currently he lives in Westchester and promotes Catholic books for a monastery despite being half Jewish himself. Despite being highly intelligent, creative, and popular, his goal is to drop out of society and live in the woods.

# Fun Times with Kendra

Kendra Cunningham

## My Dream Job

I'm over 30 and working as a bartender. What's worse than that? I like it. But my Catholic guilt drives me to pursue a REAL job. If I feel good, it must be wrong. I decided I needed to go to a career coach when, on the one interview I got in a month's time, the interviewer asked me if I had any questions and all I could think of was "can I wear sweatpants?". Which is a pretty ballsy thought since my sweatpants look like they just came off an oversized Russian laborer, complete with hotdog stains and the smell of vodka. I know that description makes me sound very masculine but I actually appear very feminine. Hence the inner conflict. I have a bad habit of pursuing guys and then trying to be coquettish two months in because, after all, he is the MAN. Then, they think I am not interested anymore, I explain "no, I am interested, I was just giving you the opportunity to be a man" and then, THEY are not interested. I digress. So - I went to a career coach and she wanted me to describe -in detail -my dream job. This is what it looked like.

My dream job includes the title BOSS and people refer to me during the day "you want coffee Boss?" "lookin good Boss" none of that "you're the Boss, Boss" baloney

My dream job would entail making my own schedule except for when I was working on super exciting projects with fun people who are exactly like me so I can understand every aspect of their quirky behavior.

My dream job would allow me to make unlimited

amounts of cash. I would get paid in cash preferably on a daily basis. It would be cool if the cash could be handed to me in a big overstuffed envelope or a briefcase, but that's not a dealbreaker, it can just be handed to me, that's fine.

My dream job would allow me to totally goof off and get paid for it. It would not be uncommon for me to be out to lunch or getting a facial while I am working.

My dream job would have responsibilities that changed on a daily basis so I would never get bored. Sometimes my responsibility for the day would consist of solely self improvement activities: cooking lessons, learning a new language, wine tasting.

I want to get paid to develop as a person and enjoy life.

The career coach asked for a rewrite.  
I promptly added

My dream job will not require any rewrites.

And

My dream job will require me to say ridiculous things like, "Have him washed and brought to my tent"

She assured me I am a really good bartender and that counts for something. Bartenders do, to some extent, maintain a certain amount of society's homeostasis. On a good night. I will say hiring a career coach was not a total waste of time. It confirmed I don't really want to work. Who does? I know, I know. The difference is some people just talk about it. In a way, I do it. Bartending is

not work to me. Its social and it involves two of my favorite things- cash and liquor. I hope you don't get the impression I'm lazy. Bartending is not my only job. I do have some office obligations. I work harder than a one armed immigrant with cognitive impairments. Right now I have three jobs. Two of them I get paid under the table and one is tip based. I'll do anything to avoid the commitment of the 9-5. If this college educated, graduate school student from a middle class background has to work three jobs to get my roots done every 5 weeks, That's what I'll do.

I always like to close with a parable like finish. Hmm.

Self exploration can cause regressive inflictions.  
Too scientific.

Vanity trumps reason.  
Not bad.

I'll stick with an old faithful: Its best to be heavy pourin' and overservin'. – Bottoms Up!

Kendra Cunningham is over 30 but under 40. She still holds on strongly to her little girl dream of becoming a model-Shut Up! Originally from Boston, she resides with her younger, but also, adult sister, and talks to her mother much more than once a day. Check out a clip of her stand-up at [kendracunningham.com](http://kendracunningham.com).

# The Sports Corner

Jesse Bernardini

## New Yankee Stadium: A Slap in the Face

The baseball season is more than half way over and the Yankees have already sold four million tickets this season. This marks the fourth year in a row that the team has sold over four million tickets. Each of the past three years they have surpassed their previous record for most tickets sold in a season and this year will be no different. They make more money than any other sports franchise in the entire world.

If they are generating more money than any other team it would be safe to assume that they would stick to what works. I would guess that would be one of the first things that you learn in Business 101. But no they want more and more and more. They are currently in the process of building a "New Yankee Stadium." It's almost complete. Numerous times this year I have witnessed the surrealistic image of the "New Stadium." Walk down 161st St. off of Jerome Avenue and you will see the most ridiculous sight in New York City.

To your left you will see the most famous sports facility after The Coliseum in Rome, to your right you will see a very modern and ornate building that will be home to the future New York Yankees. The new stadium will seat fewer fans than the current stadium but the executives figure that they will make more money even with less seating capacity. How do they figure that? I'll tell you. The already exuberant prices of seats will be increased by more than double. Right now the average upper deck seat costs twenty-five bucks. The loge costs fifty, the main reserve is one-hundred,

and box seats are too high to even mention.

Parking lots right now cost seventeen dollars, up three dollars from last year. Yanks' executives plan for that price to increase by more than double over then next five years. So if you are a family of four in 2012, you will pay \$34 for parking, at least \$200 for seats, and probably over \$100 in concessions. If you are a drinker you better get a pretty good buzz going before the game because if beer prices rise at the same rate as the other amenities the stadium offers a sixteen ounce beer will cost about \$17.

The new stadium will be the same size as the current size but with fewer seats. Where did the remaining seats go? Luxury boxes, they're the wave of the future. They are a very expensive wave that the Steinbrenner's did not want to miss out on. It is a wave that the real fans cannot afford to ride.

A new stadium will mean new fans. Working-class families will not be able to afford to go to games. The people who watch every game and know every player and stat will not be able to watch live. If you make under a hundred thousand a year you probably will not be able to experience the pleasure of taking your child to their first Yankees game. Instead corporations will have your seats. They may have season tickets but they will not go to all the games. The tickets that are not used will be given to rich clients of theirs or prospective clients. These clients will not have the same enthusiasm as a wide eyed eight year old who doesn't know when his next ticket will come.

This story gets uglier. The new stadium has been built over Macomb's Dam Park. Macomb's Dam Park

was a very vital part of this South Bronx community. It was a place where children who didn't have much to begin with could play ball, meet up with friends and it was a grassy refuge from the concrete jungle that New York City is. People that live around the stadium don't even have a place to walk their dogs now.

Not only did the construction of a new stadium take away from a neighborhood park it is also clogging the roads and lungs of the residents. Major roads have been closed around the stadium. Traffic around the stadium even on days that the Yankees are away or off is horrendous. Residents have repeatedly complained about the new smog in the area. The residents did not want the stadium. Nobody asked them. The issue was never put up to a referendum it was never voted on. The Steinbrenner's agreed on something and it was declared as law. It's going to be a sad sight when you see a rich stock broker walk out of the stadium on an August Sunday afternoon after twenty martinis in him from the new "lounge", and a poor nine year old standing outside with a glove in his hand looking for a place to play.

Nobody is a bigger Yankee fan than myself, but this is asinine. There is no reason for it. Greed must have an end. If the Yankees had been a sub .500 for the past decade and had problems drawing a crowd I could understand them moving to a new venue. But they've been to the post-season each year since 1995 and have won four World Series along the way. They've won twenty-six titles in the building, more than any other team in the history of American sports.

I will root my heart out once again for the Yankees this year. There is a love for the team that I have that cannot be explained. But I am a little frightened about what will

happen when the Yanks move into their new venue. Babe Ruth put an 86 year curse on a team that traded him. What do you think he will do to a team that tore the house that he built down?

# Book Review

Jason Hinkley

## The Adolescence of Middle Age

Any angry authors accusing bloggers of cowardice — for criticizing the chances authors take while risking nothing of their own — will have to make a special exception for Mark Sarvas. The author of the popular lit blog *The Elegant Variation* has produced a work that is unquestionably gutsy. In his debut novel, *Harry Revised* (Bloomsbury USA, 24.99), Sarvas bets everything on whether his polarizing protagonist has enough meat to hook the reader. Harry Rent is full of contradictions; he is not unlikeable, but almost everything that he does is. However, he is out to change that, but for all the wrong reasons. To know whether the naturally indolent Harry will be worth your money, just think back to your college English classes. Does Hamlet's soliloquizing on the idea of action bring you to the edge of your seat or put you to sleep? What about Prufrock replaying his anthem, "indeed, there will be time"? If delving into the psyche of a protagonist's indecisiveness and unfulfilled intentions draws you into a story, Harry's attempt to plot a path through his midlife crisis may quickly draw you in. However, if such characters and their internalized self-centered attempts to remake themselves make you scream instead of laugh then it may be best to skip this one.

Harry Rent has a problem: he is a man without a role. For a man who has always been willing to let other people dictate a role for him, this is truly a crisis. Left alone after the untimely death of his wife, Ann, Harry is forced to find a new identity. To help him along the way, he co-ops the alter ego Edmund Dantes in hopes of

becoming a man of thoughtful actions. The narrator first presents his lost hero alone, in a diner as he oogles Molly, a waitress half his age, engaging a dozen pages on what must be the most typical type of day dreaming found in the male of the species. What appears at first to be a character sketch is soon revealed to be the driving force of the narrative, because Harry uses his infatuation with Molly to supplant any examination of his past life with far-fetched plans of sophisticated seduction. He sees himself cleverly weaving into the lives of Molly and her angry, iconically grotesque co-worker Lucille. Only Harry is not actually clever, and soon he finds himself see-sawing between regretting his former self and analyzing his current missteps.

As new Harry strives for all he is worth to fulfill a more heroic role, one that will win the heart of the young waitress, the story begins to build momentum. That is until the deflating story of old Harry is revealed — that of a sub-par husband possibly responsible for wife's death. The collision of the two narratives shows the hero's overwhelming malleability, as well as his incapacity for change. Such duality gives one the chance to be simultaneously drawn to and repulsed by Harry. At its best moments *Harry Revised* will give you the surprising pleasant feeling of wanting to find out what will happen next, but being to frustrated with what you already know will.

Jason Hinkley is a broke naturalist misplaced in Brooklyn. He has a fetish for bicycles and girls with glasses. Currently he is looking for a patron to his as of yet; unconceived epic poem; those who have a house in Aspen, or a helicopter, will get first consideration.

# The State of Jazz

Jesse Bernardini

## Brad Mehldau- Innovative, Talented, Elitist

As a young man who loves good music and does not have a lot of money, I find that the city is limitless in its offerings. Stumble into any bar in Lower Manhattan or Western Brooklyn on any given night and you are bound to find at the very least a decent band to listen to while you sip away at cheap beer. The beer may be cheap, the girls may be cute, the band may be good but it is more than likely that you are not going to see something great or groundbreaking. Most of the time you will see a young band playing pretty much the same three or four rock chords that have been played since the late fifties and they will think that they are being innovative. If you're lucky you can catch a jazz band full of old guys who never quite made it. While both types of bands may be enjoyable that particular night they will rarely leave a lasting image.

Recently I was lucky enough to see a concert at Zankel Hall, which is a part of Carnegie Hall. I went and saw jazz pianist Brad Mehldau, who is truly is the best jazz pianist that I have seen live but the performance and the atmosphere lacked a certain something. Sadly I was not around to see the "Giants of Jazz" perform in New York, but those that were have told me stories that have left a lasting image on me.

About a month ago in "Jazz Times," Nat Hentoff, who doubles as a columnist for the "Village Voice," wrote a column about how jazz belongs to the black man. While I thoroughly disagree with his argument, it is ludicrous not to acknowledge the tremendous

contributions that blacks have given to what is America's best form of art. But there was not one black audience member in Zankel Hall to see Mr. Mehldau participate in the 2008 edition of the JVC Jazz Festival. Mehldau and his trio, which features Larry Grenadier on bass and Jeff Ballard on drums (both remarkable musicians and both white), played numbers by Mehldau himself and tunes by very well known blacks including Miles Davis and Duke Ellington. But not one black in the audience, I looked around believe me; nothing but whites and Asians. It was like going to see a performance by the New York Philharmonic.

After each solo everybody in the audience clapped in unison. When the set was over everybody got up and gave a standing ovation which prompted the trio to come back on stage. Once their encore was over, the crowd once again got up like robots and cheered and they came back and played another tune which was "I Fall in Love Too Easy." Both encores were great, but once it was over the crowd immediately headed towards the doors and nice and orderly exited via the escalators and emerged into mid-town Manhattan and got into either a cab or a car.

When listening to a Coltrane solo I get a sense of beauty. I also get a sense of punching the nearest thing to me because it is so powerful. I admit I was moved by the Mehldau set but I never felt the need to punch anything except for the obnoxious middle age man who was next to me that whispered to his companion half way through the set, "I thought there were going to be vocals."

I remember reading in Kerouac's *On the Road* about how when the gang went to jazz clubs, people were hanging from the rafters smoking joints and boozing and loving every minute of the band, blacks and whites alike. In one passage that I remember well, Kerouac describes his friend Dean Moriarty listening to a piano solo. Moriarty couldn't control himself, he was literally jumping out of his skin and it had nothing to do with the drugs. He was truly moved by what he was hearing. It was new, it was be-bop, it was art. There was nothing synthetic about it and there was nothing synthetic about how the people in the audience reacted to it.

What happened? Where are the smoked and booze filled clubs? Why must we go to Carnegie Hall to hear good jazz? Is it the money? I don't know, I really don't know. Older people claim that people in their twenties and thirties don't know what good music is. They say nobody our age will listen to jazz. Well that may be true for some parts of the country, but this is New York City and we want to hear some jazz and we want to see it without spending an arm and a leg for it.

Brad Mehldau may possess a genius for the piano, something that I may not even have a complete grasp on. But he is also pretentious and so is a lot of the jazz world. I'll be the first person to defend jazz as a great art that will withstand the test of time. It deserves to be as credible as classical music. It is not classical music though. Jazz is beautiful in its own way and it does not need to be presented to the world in the way that classical music is in order to justify its worth. It's a raw art based on amazing skill as well as raw emotion. The amazing skill is still there but I'm not sure if the raw emotion still remains.

This goes out to all the jazz musicians that hopefully will read this magazine. There is a market out there in the smaller venues. We didn't get a chance to see Mingus, Evans, Coltrane, Powell, Parker, Davis, or any of them. They are dead now. You on the other hand are alive. We want to hear you, we really do. We just can't afford to always get to Carnegie Hall or Lincoln Center. Even clubs that are devoted to jazz like the Vanguard or The Blue Note are outrageously overpriced. Make a random appearance in a small pub just once and I promise there will be people hanging from the rafters. Deep down I know you won't do this. So for now and until the next edition I will be sitting on my window sill in Brooklyn listening to Parker while smoking a cigarette and drinking a Budweiser. I like it better that way.

# Short Fiction

- Laura McLaughlin

## “Heroin Chicken”

I woke up from a sound sleep. I had passed out earlier that evening after a big feast of roasted chicken. He had made it the way that people make turkeys for Thanksgiving. There was stuffing, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, kale – well, I guess maybe not the kale – but you can see how it could be considered feast-like. So my stomach had been full and I’d went to bed early, and here I was glaring at my alarm clock. It said that it was midnight. I lay in bed and tried to fall back asleep, but I couldn’t. I realized suddenly that I was ridiculously hungry, and that I simply would not be capable of sleep until I had eaten. I got up quietly so as not to wake him, and slipped out into the kitchen. I flicked on a light and opened the fridge and took out several Tupperware containers. I loaded a plate up with stuffing and cranberry sauce, and not much kale, and an embarrassing portion of sliced up chicken, nuked it, and sat down to eat it. Then I felt good again. My stomach and my eyes were warm and heavy, and I crept back into bed and slept.

But a couple of hours later I woke up again. I repeated the entire feast-like midnight snack routine, and again returned to bed. I noticed he was up when I was slipping back underneath the covers, so I asked him what was wrong. He said he couldn’t sleep; he just had this phenomenal hunger. I wanted to sympathize with him and discuss the matter deeply, but my stomach and my eyes were warm and heavy, so I fell asleep.

The next time I got up, I found the leftovers had all

been eaten. I went back to bed and told myself that it was just a good thing, for I was pretty sure I’d been doing this all night, and really it seemed quite unhealthy. Then I lay in bed. I lay on my back. I lay on my stomach. I picked my nose. I got a Jennifer Lopez song stuck in my head and it made me want to kill myself. I got mad. I felt incredibly empty. An hour later he woke up in a truly wretched mood. He sighed and tossed and turned and tried to jerk off and I pretended to be asleep but my damn stomach kept gurgling. He farted. I sat up and suggested that we go to Price Chopper and buy another chicken. He yelled at me and said that of course they had already closed three hours ago. And even once they opened it took so long to cook the thing. I got upset and started crying as though I had my period. I crumpled up into a ball and whimpered that all I wanted was some more fucking chicken.

He apologized for yelling at me and told me that he loved me madly. We got up and put street clothes on over our pajamas. We grabbed our boots and coats and Price Plus Cards and left that miserable hole of an apartment.

We drove all over town, and then drove through all of the neighboring towns. At first it felt really good to be driving, because it felt like we were getting somewhere. I felt the insides of my stomach quiver as though the plate were already in front of me. But after awhile we were hit with the cold, harsh reality of it. The only places open were 7-11s, and 7-11s don’t sell chicken roasters.

Eventually he pulled off of the road and screamed achingly into the empty night. I lit a cigarette and tried to think. That’s when we got picked up. The cops

asked what we were doing and I guess we looked a little guilty. I mumbled something about the insufficiency of kale, and he started getting all angry and defensive. They handcuffed us and threw us in the back of the patrol car, but they didn't take us back to the joint.

They brought us to the hospital, and they wheeled us into the ER on gurneys. The nurses shouted out commands to their assistants, and I reached my hand out for him as he was wheeled away in the other direction. I screamed and cried and one of the nurses became softer with me. He patted my head and explained that it was normal to be frightened, but assured me that everything was under control. He told me about the chicken we had purchased, how it was one from a batch of a colossal GMO catastrophe, and how the Price Chopper would be sued for its distribution in the area, and locals would be forced to shop at Shoprite. I cried even louder. He patted my breast and told me that I was suffering from acute withdrawal from the serotonin-like chemicals triggered by the chicken, and that my boyfriend and I would simply be put on a standard 5-day detox regimen, and then everything would be back to normal.

Then they gave me pure, pharmaceutical fucking heroin for 5 days straight.

"Oh man."

He rolls over onto his back and his tattooed wrist is a rainbow in the late afternoon sun.

"I had the best dream."

"Oh yeah?" I roll over to face him and play with his hair.

"Yeah. There were these two chicks. And they were, like, lesbians, right? But they were both really, really into me, nonetheless, you know what I mean? So they started fighting, in this like...cooking oil...or something. Except for it had little sparkly things in it, like that stuff little girls and women with no sense wear, what's it called – glitter! And then they just kind of got bored with using all of their energy fighting, I mean you could tell that they both had a lot of energy though, quite frankly. And so they both fucked me instead."

"Both of them, eh?"

"Both. Well one just jumped right on top of me, you know, like she just couldn't stand to see a nice hard cock going to waste. Then the other one reached up behind her and grabbed her tits, like, maybe, to teach her a lesson. But she just kept riding, and she reached behind her back and grabbed the other one's hair and pulled it until she screamed. Then the other one reached under the pillow and low and behold, there was this collar and bullwhip..."

"Wow. That's really original. You never cease to amaze me with your sense of resonance and profundity of experience."

"Oh look who's talking, Miss Insightful! What did you do, have the Heroin Chicken dream again?"

Laura McLaughlin lives in New Paltz, New York, where there are lots of vegans and lots of places to eat chicken. She often travels with a toothbrush.

Shannon Carlin

## “Waiter”

“Excuse me, waiter?” James lifted his glass above his head and rattled it around allowing all 3 ice cubes to ram each other like bumper cars. Lydia knew that his actions would lead the waiter to spit in one of their meals, probably hers.

“Jimmy, please don’t do that. Patty will be here soon, just try and relax.” She reached across the table set for four and gently placed her perfectly manicured hand over his. His glass eventually made it to the table. He grabbed his perfectly folded cloth napkin and wiped his forehead.

“I’m not nervous; I’m just thirsty. Anyway they say you should drink 6-8 glasses a day.”

“Well that is true honey, but I’m pretty sure they mean water not scotch.” She squeezed his hand and smiled to reveal her perfectly straight teeth. James did not look back at her. He knew if he did he would chuckle and at this time he wanted to be serious. He instead went diving into his pocket for his watch.

“Doesn’t this Sammy know how to tell time? They are going to be late and the waiter is going to come over and ask if we’re ready,” James placed his watch on the table right where Lydia could see it. “And we won’t be, and then he won’t come back for another 15 minutes.” James sighed. He had a flair for the dramatic.

“They still have 5 minutes. And his name is Danny.”

“Ah, Sammy, Danny, Jeff. They’re all the same.” Since Patty started going to NYU, she had fallen in love four times. James often wondered how she had any time to do any work with all this falling in love business. Each time, after dating the guy for 2 months, she would call Lydia to schedule a dinner. She would mention that she would be bringing a special guest, and surprise a boy would be there. James had come accustomed to these and even have a little fun with them. He would make sure they knew he was a cop. He would also make sure to wear his gun and holster and do whatever he could to make it catch their eye. The look on the boy’s face was priceless. This time though, it seemed as if it would be different. Patty mentioned to Lydia that they had been seeing each other for about 5 months and were going to move in together next semester. James worried that he was now going to be meeting his future son-in-law.

“Oh, come on now. You liked George,” Lydia said, removing James from his head.

“Who?”

“You know the second one. He was going to be a doctor. You said he was noble.”

“That asshole plastic surgeon? I called him that under the guise that he wanted to save people’s lives. All he wanted to do was save the poor people who were born with breasts that were too small.”

Lydia had forgotten that; he was an ass.

“Well, you didn’t mind Andy.”

“Was that the one that cried at commercials?”

“No, no, you’re talking about Steven. Andy was the boy who sang Frank Sinatra at Nana Boo-Boo’s 90th birthday party.”

“Ah, I guess he was okay. I mean he’s no Frankie.”

“Well, he’s not a professional singer. I mean it was only karaoke.”

“Yeah, but no matter what, if you’re going to perform, you should go all out. I think it showed us he’s not a very dedicated...”

“Karaoke performer?” Lydia chimed in with a smirk.

James ran his hand through his thinning salt and pepper hair. He had actually liked Andy, but he was too stubborn to admit it. He simply replied, “Yes, his karaoke needed serious work.”

“Let’s just agree then, no one is good enough for our baby,” Lydia waved to Patty who had just walked in.

“And we’ll just have to hope this Danny, or whoever she chooses, isn’t so bad.”

Patty gave both her parents a kiss on the cheek and sat down.

“Oh, Danni is parking the car. She’ll be right in.”

“Oh, she will,” James said hesitantly as if maybe he had heard wrong.

“Yeah, it is packed out there, Danni has the best luck though,” Patty said averting her eyes from both her

parents. “She’s pretty amazing like that.”

“Oh... yeah... that’s great... really great... can’t wait to meet her,” Lydia’s face seemed unable to choose what expression it wanted. James’ hand shot up once again with his still empty glass, he knew exactly how to handle this situation.

“Oh, WAITER!”

Jesse Bernardini

## “Ed and the Money”

After dinner, Ed’s mother went to take a long bath and his father went to the living room to watch the news. Ed was left alone in the kitchen to do the dishes. He started rinsing the plates once he heard the bath water stop in the next room. Leaving the water running over the plates, he stuck his head out to check on his father who was lying peacefully on the couch watching the evening news.

The house was completely dark. Ed’s father worked for Con Ed and did not want anything to do with electricity when he got home except of course for the television. It was a huge house with six bedrooms and two bathrooms but the only light bulb that was on, was the one above Ed’s head as he washed the dishes. Even his mother in the next room was lying naked in the tub in complete blackness.

Ed finished a few of the dishes and then, while once again leaving the water running, went to his mother’s purse, which was perched upon the counter. Just to make sure again he went out into the living room to check on his father, who was still stagnant on the couch. Once he saw that the coast was clear, Ed fished into his mother’s purse and came out with three twenty dollar bills. He folded the crisp bills and placed them in his pocket and finished washing the dishes.

After completing his one chore of the day Ed went and joined his father in the living room. Together they watched the Yankee game in the darkness. Ed’s father was asleep on the couch by the fifth inning. During the

bottom half of the sixth inning Ed’s mother emerged from the bathroom dressed in a skimpy bathrobe and smoking a cigarette. She noticed that her husband was fast asleep and threw on the light in the dining room. In the light Ed noticed that without her make-up his mother looked a lot older.

His mother walked over to the couch and sat down without looking at the game. “Did you do all your homework?”

“No I still have more to do. Just math, I’ll do it after the game.”

“Okay just make sure you get it all done,” his mother said while putting her cigarette out in the ashtray on the coffee table that sat in front of the couch. She rose and kissed Ed on top of the head and made her way to the staircase and disappeared. As soon as she left Ed got up and turned off the dining room light and then returned to the couch to watch the conclusion of the Yankee game.

In the bottom of the eighth inning Robinson Cano hit a two run double to put the Yankees ahead by a run. Rivera came in the next inning and shut the A’s down 1-2-3. When the last out was recorded Ed shut off the television and went up the stairs to his room. Instead of doing his math homework he just lay in bed and stared at the ceiling with the light on. He got up and looked out his window. A feeling of loneliness engulfed his soul and he felt empty and felt like jumping out the window. Anger followed his sadness and he threw a bottle of Pepsi that was on his nightstand across the room. He then went over to the light switch and slammed it down making the room impossible to navigate through unless you

had lived there your entire life.

The next day was Friday. Friday as Ed knew very well was the day that his father got paid. He also knew that his father went directly to the bank and cashed his checks. That meant that there would be one-thousand-four-hundred-and-thirty dollars in cash sitting in a shoe box in his parent's closet. Ed knew the part about the bank and the cash from taking numerous trips to Queens to accompany his father to work. He knew about the shoebox from spending every moment alone in the house searching for money.

Saturday Ed's parents went shopping. His mother went to Wal-Mart and bought groceries and his father went to Home Depot to buy stuff for the house. It was the same every Saturday. They left at eleven in the morning and did not get back until two in the afternoon. Once the clock struck noon, Ed darted for his parent's bedroom. He went into their closet and found the shoebox and found the stash of twenties that he had been thinking about all week. There were a lot of twenties there but Ed only took eleven.

His family lived in a lake community. The neighborhood was half full time residents and half summer only residents. The house next door was occupied by a wealthy retired, widower ex-dentist who lived in Manhattan from October to May and lived next to Ed's family from June until September. All alone he spent the summer months fishing and reading the books he never read when he was young because he had had his hands in people's mouths. During the winter months he asked Ed's father to start his car twice a week to make sure it was still running.

The ex-dentist's name was Harry Roth. Harry Roth's

keys were located on a nail next to microwave in Ed's kitchen. He grabbed the keys and made his way to Mr. Roth's ten year old BMW. The road was desolate but Ed kept looking around to see if anybody was watching him. Once he was sure that he was alone he opened up the trunk and placed the two-hundred and twenty dollars worth of cash under the spare tire. Ed slammed the trunk door closed and ran back to his house and made sure to put the key back on the nail where he had found it.

When he was sure that both of his parents were asleep on Sunday night Ed went directly back to Mr. Roth's keys and snuck out the front door without making a sound. All of Brook Trail was dark, there were no street lights. This didn't bother Ed. He knew not only where Roth's car was but exactly where the key hole to the trunk was. Like a robot he took the money from under the spare and stuck it in his pocket. Quietly he shut the trunk and walked slowly back to his house. He stood outside his house and smoked a cigarette. No one on the planet was aware that Ed smoked and he intended on keeping it that way.

Monday morning Ed took the money that was in his pants and placed it in his backpack that was next to his bed. Still tired he went through his morning ritual of showering, getting dressed and then meeting his mother in the kitchen. His mother was sitting at the kitchen table, in her robe smoking a cigarette and staring at the wall. She had curlers in her hair and her lipstick from the day before was smeared a little bit above her upper lip. When Ed entered the room she mechanically said, "Sorry I couldn't make breakfast this morning. Do you mind making yourself a bowl of cereal?"

Ed did not reply. He just went to a cabinet grabbed a bowl, took the box of Cheerios from atop the fridge, poured it in the bowl and then grabbed the milk that was left out next to the coffee pot and completed his breakfast. It felt like the longest bowl of cereal ever. His mother sat there just looking at the wall and not saying a word while Ed put spoon after spoon of cereal into his mouth. Terribly depressed and anxious, Ed left for the school bus early which was extremely rare.

It was late November and all the trees were bare and there was an uncomfortable chill in the air. Like usual Ed walked to the bus stop alone. When he arrived he stood by himself away from the other kids. Ed was fat, had terrible acne and was just plain socially awkward. He had no idea how to talk to people. A poor student to begin with it didn't help that he never participated in class discussions. It wasn't like he was an intellectual loner, he wasn't a loner by choice, he was made to be a loner and it drove him crazy. He wanted nothing else than to be normal.

The next Saturday Ed went through the usual production of stealing his father's money. This particular Saturday he took three hundred dollars. After that he went for a hike. Lately, Ed felt the need to lose weight. He was thirteen years old and now he noticed that not only were the boys picking on him but now the girls were doing the same. Girls had just become an interest in his life and he did not want them to slip through his hands like the boys had.

The Appalachian Trail was a short walk from his house. He walked straight up the path and made his way to the top of the hill and was completely out of breath. A cigarette was the first thing that he thought of. So he lit up and took in the scenery. It was an extremely clear

day and the leaves were all gone and dead beneath his feet. To his left Ed could see the entirety of the lake, it looked beautiful. To his right he could barely make out the top of the skyline of Manhattan, it looked beautiful as well. Then he made his descent back down the hill where there was nothing to look at.

On the way back from the bus stop on Wednesday Ed encountered something very odd. His father's Chevy was in the driveway. Ed's father was never home before he got back from school. Even if his father was deathly ill he would still make the trek to Queens to go to work.

Ed walked into his house and like usual it was dark except for the depressing late autumn afternoon sun that shined through the bay windows in the back of the living room. The house was silent as Ed made his way to the dining room. To the left was the kitchen, both of his parents were sitting at the table. His father had a cup of coffee in front of him and was smoking a cigarette. It was the first cigarette that he had in six years. His mother sat across from him smoking as well, with tears running down her cheek and a bruise under her right eye.

"Sit down," his father barked at him. Ed took the one remaining seat between his mother and father.

They sat in silence for a few minutes and Ed's mother wept slowly. Ed couldn't take his eyes off of his mother's bruise. "What the hell is going on," Ed thought to himself. He remained expressionless and waited for somebody to make the first move. It was his father who took the lead. "Ed. Where's the money?"

Still stoic he calmly replied, "What money?"

Ed fell to floor after a punch that had forty-eight years of anger behind it landed on his chin. His mother started screaming and attempted to attack his father but he threw another jab and placed her on the floor next to her only son. If only he could have thrown a punch like that back in the day.

The next thing Ed knew he was in bed and it was pitch black. There was another body in the room. This presence sat on his bed. He could smell that it was his father. He touched Ed's cheek. "Ed."

"Yes."

"Tell me the truth. Did you take my money?"

"No."

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not."

His father left the room without saying anymore. Ed lay in bed scared. He knew there was no way that his father could trace the money but he knew that if he kept taking the money that his mother would be beat. Ed would rather get a beating then see his mother with more bruises. Forgetting about the bruises and his father and the money, Ed masturbated to Brianna O'Rourke the girl that sat in front of him in math class.

Friday came and Ed's father took the day off from work. He was there at the kitchen table when Ed went to make his cereal. His mother was missing. She decided to sleep in that day. Breakfast went by

silently like usual but Ed's father kept an eye on him the whole time. Ed felt uncomfortable and ate faster than usual and then got his backpack and left for the bus stop without saying goodbye to his father.

At noon Ed's father decided to take a ride over to the junior high school. He sat in his Chevy, smoking a cigarette and waiting for Ed to emerge from the doors for his free period. Three cigarettes later, Ed finally exited the school alone and sat on the steps eating an apple. Shortly after three extremely attractive girls came and sat next to Ed. They all were thin, one was a blonde and the other two were brunettes, and the three of them were absolutely stunning. Ed's father cracked up while inhaling and felt proud seeing his boy with such beauties.

Ed didn't say a word to them. The three girls looked lovingly into Ed's eyes. From the car Ed's father saw Ed go into his pocket and hand each of the girls a wad of cash. Then he saw each of them start giggling and watched as each of them gave him a small kiss on his cheek and depart his son. His father was distracted briefly as the third girls skirt lifted up and showed her blue thong while she bent down to kiss his son.

Ed's father was also named Ed. Ed Senior did not know what to do. He drove off and parked behind the Shop Rite. What was he going to do? He knew now for sure who had taken his money. He also knew that his son was not like him. Ed Senior had been popular in high school, all-county running back. There was never a problem getting girls. The only reason he got saddled with his wife was because he knocked her up.

Deep down Ed thought that his son was a loser. But he was his son, his only son. He may not have been an athlete or a scholar or anything but he was his blood. Since his birth Ed and his father had never really had a conversation. Their transactions resembled those between a dog and a master that didn't really want a dog.

When Ed got home Ed Senior was sitting on the couch smoking a cigarette, and the television was off. "Sit down," Ed Senior said paying close attention to the fact that his cigarette was almost out. Little Ed obeyed his father and took a seat on the reclining chair that sat next to the couch. A few moments of silence went by. During these awkward moments Big Ed put out his cigarette and lit another one. While taking his third drag off his new smoke he said, "I saw you today."

Ed didn't say a word as usual. He just looked his father in the eye. "I saw you at lunch today," his father added.

Ed's mother's name was Lindsay. Lindsay came down the staircase with her bathrobe undone. Her left nipple was exposed and she had a new bruise on her right cheek. In a complete daze she sat on her son's lap and kissed him on the forehead. Ed still didn't say a word or make a move. He just kept staring at his father who was puffing away on the couch.

His mother got up and adjusted her bathrobe. She went over to the coffee table and grabbed a cigarette from the pack. Lindsay grabbed the cigarette that was in her husband's hand and used it to light her own. Then she placed Ed Senior's cigarette in his mouth. He didn't move. She then went back and sat in her son's lap.

Nobody said anything for a very long time. Lindsay started to pet her son's greasy hair and said softly, "Why did you do it baby?" Ed refused to budge. His father kept an angry eye on him. Ed Senior thought to himself that he had a lousy excuse for a son. When he was that age he was one-hundred and fifty pounds of muscle and he had already been with a girl. How did this fat abomination come out of his sperm?

"Tell mommy why you did this Eddie."

"Because he's a loser," his father interjected while lighting another cigarette.

"Don't pay any attention to him. Just tell mommy why you did this."

"I don't have any friends and I want to kill myself."

His father began to laugh on the couch and nearly burned his mouth putting his cigarette in his mouth the wrong way. The sun was hidden behind a cloud and the lights were all off.

"Don't say that Eddie. Mommy will make everything better," Lindsay said as she caressed his hair.

"No you won't," Ed Junior said softly in her ear and he began to cry. "Nothing can help me."

"I can't even look at this fat piece of shit," Ed's father proclaimed. Then he got up and left the house. Ed's mother got up and dropped her bathrobe completely and went up to her bedroom. She put on her best black dress and black high heels. Her hair was a mess and she had no make-up on.

Lindsay went into the closet where she took the shoebox that contained her husband's money. She made her way down the stairs and grabbed Ed by the arm. He gave no resistance and followed his mother out the door. They climbed into her Dodge van and left. Two weeks later the money ran out and they had to return, they took their beatings the first night and then life went on as usual.

Jesse Bernardini shoots pool a lot better than he shoots a gun. He lives in Brooklyn and is an English major at Brooklyn College. He is also a sports writer for [crucialsports.com](http://crucialsports.com). In addition to that Jesse has had several short stories published in New York City based literary magazines. When not going to school or writing, Jesse can be found maniacally stumbling around the streets of Brooklyn or the lower portion of Manhattan.

# Personal Ads

Disclaimer: Do Not respond to these personals.

Although they may be real ads just do yourself a favor and do not pursue them any further than you already have. These are ads that we here at "Sammy and Beckett," find quite entertaining. They are gathered from various publications around the city and I hope that you find them as amusing as we do. We also didn't feel the need to fix any of the grammar.

In case you are new to the Personal Ads in New York here is a key that may help you:

LTR= Long Term Relationship

HJ = Hand Job

BJ = Blow Job

D&D = Drugs and Diseases

DP = Double Penetration

JO = Jerk-Off

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## Woman for Man

- Quik & simple.
- Pull up next to me, masturbate for me while I watch and leave.
- Its my fantasy to do this and I'd like to try it.
- I will NOT participate with you one on one so don't ask. I also will not help you get hard. Thats your job. If I feel I want to pleasure myself while watching you, I will on my own.
- I'm not looking for any LTR or meeting every day. I just want to try this.
- I'd like this to happen tomorrow afternoon around 12:30pm in the Bohemia area.
- If interested and have a photo, let me know.
- NO PHOTO, NO REPLY!!!

## Woman for a lot of Men

So I just returned from a trip to Asia about a week ago...and now I am feeling a little backed up...I want to be treated like a little slut by three or more men... So if this sounds like something that you would be interested in doing then drop me a line...Must be D&D free and must practice safe sex...Sorry im not into DP so if thats what you want we wont work... and im not into bi guys...Respond with pics and please stay in brooklyn and be able to host...I want this to be done by tonight!:)

## Woman for an entire gang

Hey there Im Gwen, and Im in need of a few thugish black men to go to town on me. Im 5'5, 120lbs, blonde, amber/green eyes. Measurements are 38D:28:32. I need you guys to DP, Bridge and basicly use me. You must be taller than me and well endowed. Please, dont waste my time or yours, serious offers only and emails with pics get extra attention! BLACK GUYS ONLY please.

## Woman for Fertile Male

Hey Guys,  
22 year old blonde here looking to get pregnant. So if your down and wanna tap me tell me how you can help with the cum and a little donation I am hot trust me i get looks and groped all da time Ciao

## Couple for Man and Movies

We're a mf couple with over 50 dvds to trade. They are all bootleg and have no covers but play well on dvd players and are all modern. Mostly interracial, gangbang, bbc, anal, dp etc. We are looking for others who are interested in trading.... were not looking to make a profit, or even come out ahead, just looking to refresh our stash.

- If you are interested and are ok with the following please contact us.
- Please dont ask for pics: she is pretty and petite
- This is only for jo and a handjob from her: Please dont ask for anything else
- We are not picky with the porn but really like latina, amateur, and rough
- You be clean, discrete, and relatively attractive
- This is for tonight at 7pm sharp (we host in queens) for about an hour or so
- If can chat on yahoo messenger, this would bring you to the front of the line

## Woman for Douchebag

I am a total sucker for a hot cocky muscle guy...i want a hot guy who gets whatever he wants because he is so hot...i will clean for you , drive u places, get u girls, buy you stuff , give u money when u need it....i am looking for a long term guy to spoil and get used by....im not necessarily looking for sex