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PHOTO BY COREY BETTENHAUSEN

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C O N T R



MY NAME IS RANDY, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME RANDOM RAN. I'M

AN ARTIST OF MANY MEDIUMS, FROM NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. OVER THE YEARS, I'VE BEEN MAKING MUSIC FOR NEARLY 20 OF THEM AND I HAVE BEEN DRAWING

AND PAINTING ALMOST MY WHOLE LIFE. I LOVE TO CREATE THINGS FOR YOUR EARS AND YOUR FACE.



COREY B. THESE ARE MY ONLY MEAT-RELATED MEETINGS.



WAITOR, M

AN HE LIVES IN

I B U T O R S



NEC. TORPEY
EDUCATOR

ER, YOUTH MEN-
MUSICIAN, POET
D A DAD.
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

LEO IS A STUD-
ENT OF
LIFE, AN
AVID FISH-

ERMAN
LOVING FAMIL-
ILY MAN.



JOSH B.
EVERY-
HING IS
WORKING
LIKE IT
SHOULD.

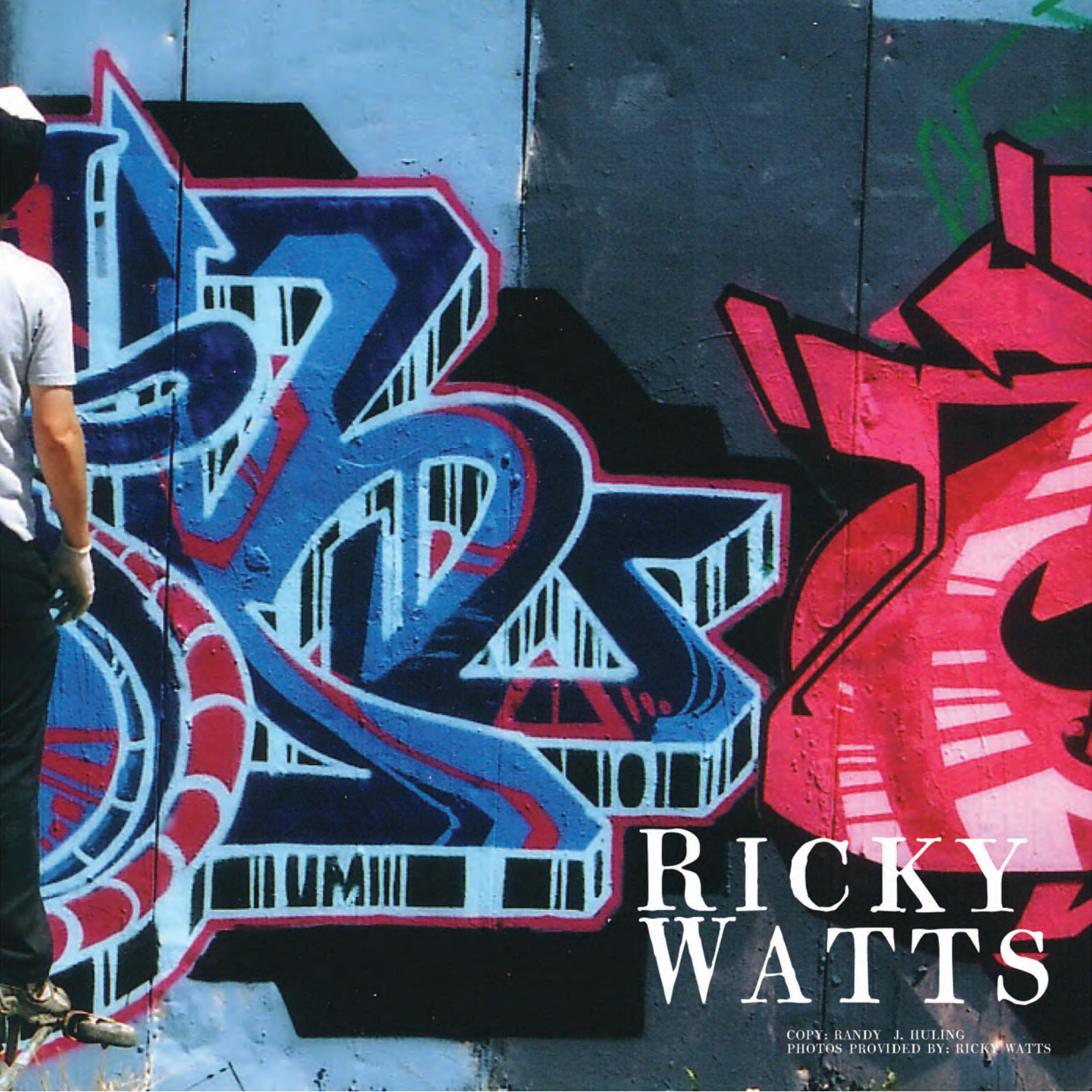


***Dad CAXT kill you
if you're DEAD.***

New Drivers, Welcome to Volkswagen







RICKY WATTS

COPY: RANDY J. HULING
PHOTOS PROVIDED BY: RICKY WATTS

RICKY WATTS

RR: How long have you been doing what you do?

RW: I've always been into art, even as a kid drawing army men vs. nuclear dinosaurs comic books. I started messing around with spray paint and graffiti in 1994 as a teenager and really got serious about art after high school when I enrolled at the Art Institute of California in San Diego. Though my degree was in graphic design, going to an artistic school really helped me decide to pursue a future in art, whether it was on the computer or on the canvas. After college, I worked as a graphic designer during the day and painted canvas at night. I began showing my art in a gallery setting in 2004. In 2008 I quit my design job to focus primarily on art, with a few design jobs on the side.

RR: Who and what inspired you to do what you do, from graffiti to where you are now?

RW: When I was coming up in the graffiti world, it was always other graffiti artists that I was friends with or looked up to, who inspired me. The internet was still very new, so access to what was going on in other parts of the world was nonexistent. We had each other to learn from and get inspired by. These days, not much has changed. A lot of the people I associate myself with are my inspiration. Seeing their work, hearing their stories, it's all very motivating for me to continue creating.

RR: Do you listen to music when your painting, if so what kind of music do you listen to?

RW: It all depends on my mood while I'm working. Lately I've been really into audio books, which I think is more nostalgic than anything else. My Mother used to read to my Brothers and me as kids and I have a lot of really good memories from books. When I'm not reading through my ears, I'm listening to anything I can get my hands on. Smooth jazz to hard rock, house music to world beats. BUT, a San Francisco Giants game on the radio takes precedence over everything else.



RR: What is your preferred medium and why?

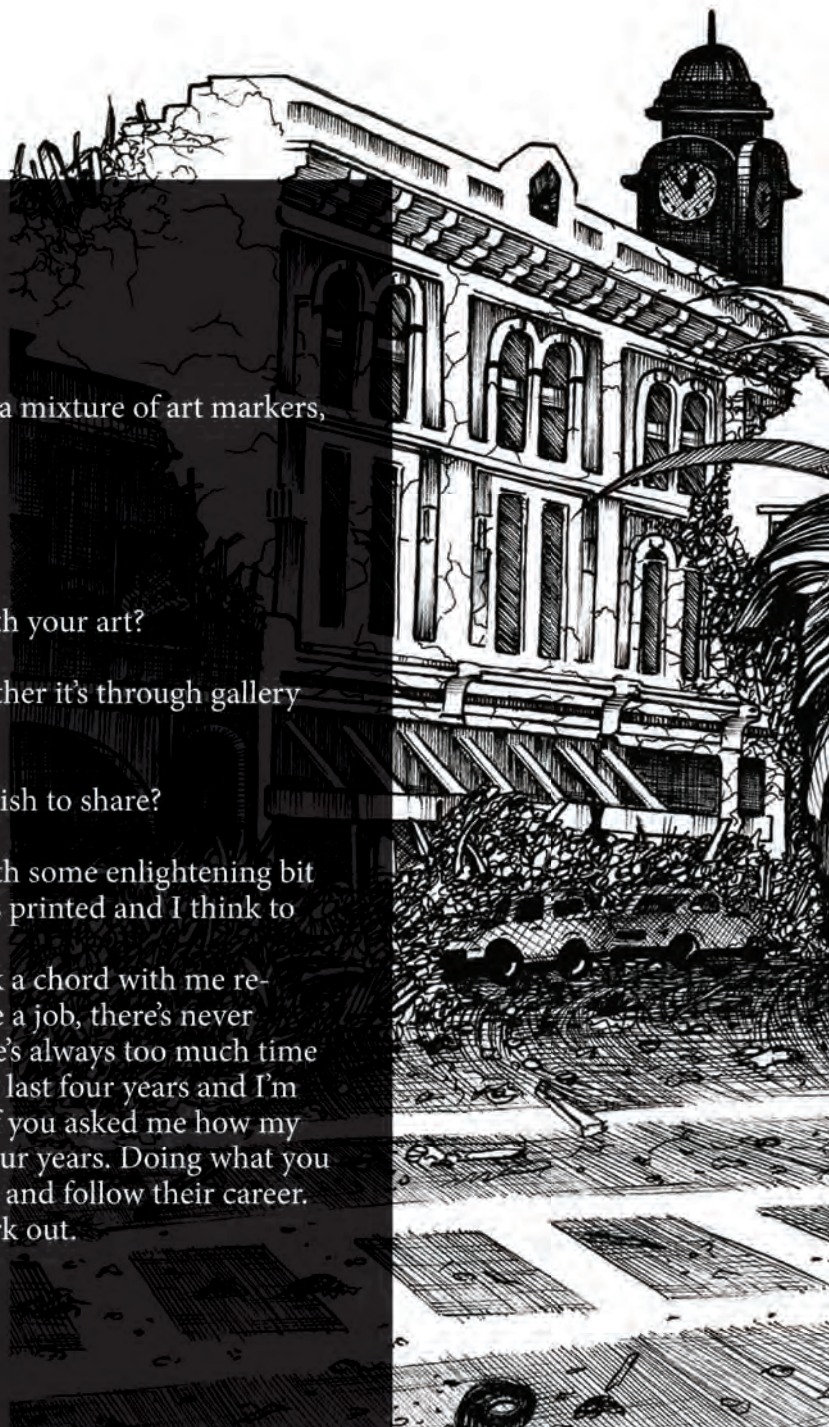
RW: Right now I'm creating illustration works using a mixture of art markers, black ink, colored pencils and water colors. These materials allow me to achieve the level of detail and to help me reach my end goal of completion.

RR: What's the next level you want to accomplish with your art?

RW: To be recognized on an international level, whether it's through gallery shows or print or mural / installation work.

RR: Any closing thoughts or words of wisdom you wish to share?

RW: You know, it's funny, I always try to come up with some enlightening bit when it comes to this question and I go back after it's printed and I think to myself, "man, I sound ridiculous". Chris Rock (of all people) said something that struck a chord with me recently. "Some people have a career, some people have a job, there's never enough time in the day when you have a career, there's always too much time when you have a job." I've been self employed for the last four years and I'm constantly working, usually seven days a week. But if you asked me how my job is, I'd tell you I haven't worked a day in the last four years. Doing what you love is special. I encourage everyone to quit their job and follow their career. It's a scary step to take but things always seem to work out.

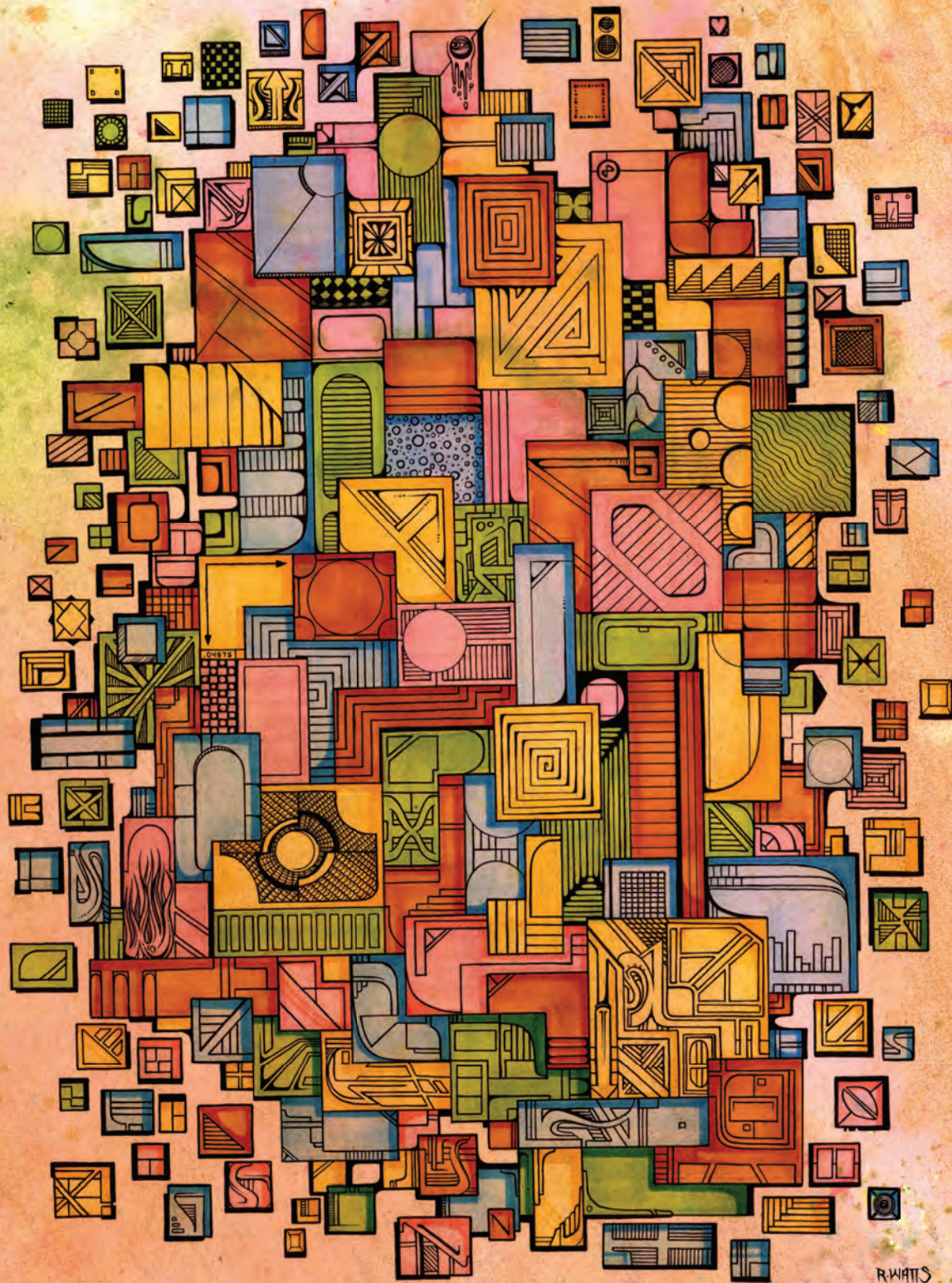




GIANT ROOSTER



ART BY RICKY WATTS
LEFT: SYMPHONY OF PERCEPTION
RIGHT: RUBICS CUBE



Disney

*Where All Your Dreams
Come True*

disney.com

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I've never heard
of it like that.



I kept that for
your surprise.



It happens to other
guys too, right.



You mean, my friend
can come along.



This will make
me rich.



With another
dude?



Cum here
often?



That's a big cock
in my butt.



I can eat me
some pussy.



Pregnant!?



Why is the dwarf
fucking my ass
with a knife?



I'm crazy for
cock.



A small part of
me dies each time.



I brought
my strap-on.



I don't know
any S & M.



Oh Shit!
Keep hitting
that spot.



Bitches...



Why does it
hurt when I pee? .



I do it
doggystyle.



Bitch, likes it dirty
does she?.

A photograph of a house at sunset. The sky is a deep orange and yellow, with the sun low on the horizon. In the background, there are palm trees and other foliage. The house in the foreground has a dark roof and a chimney. The overall mood is warm and contemplative.

IT GOES BOTH WAYS

Three
poems

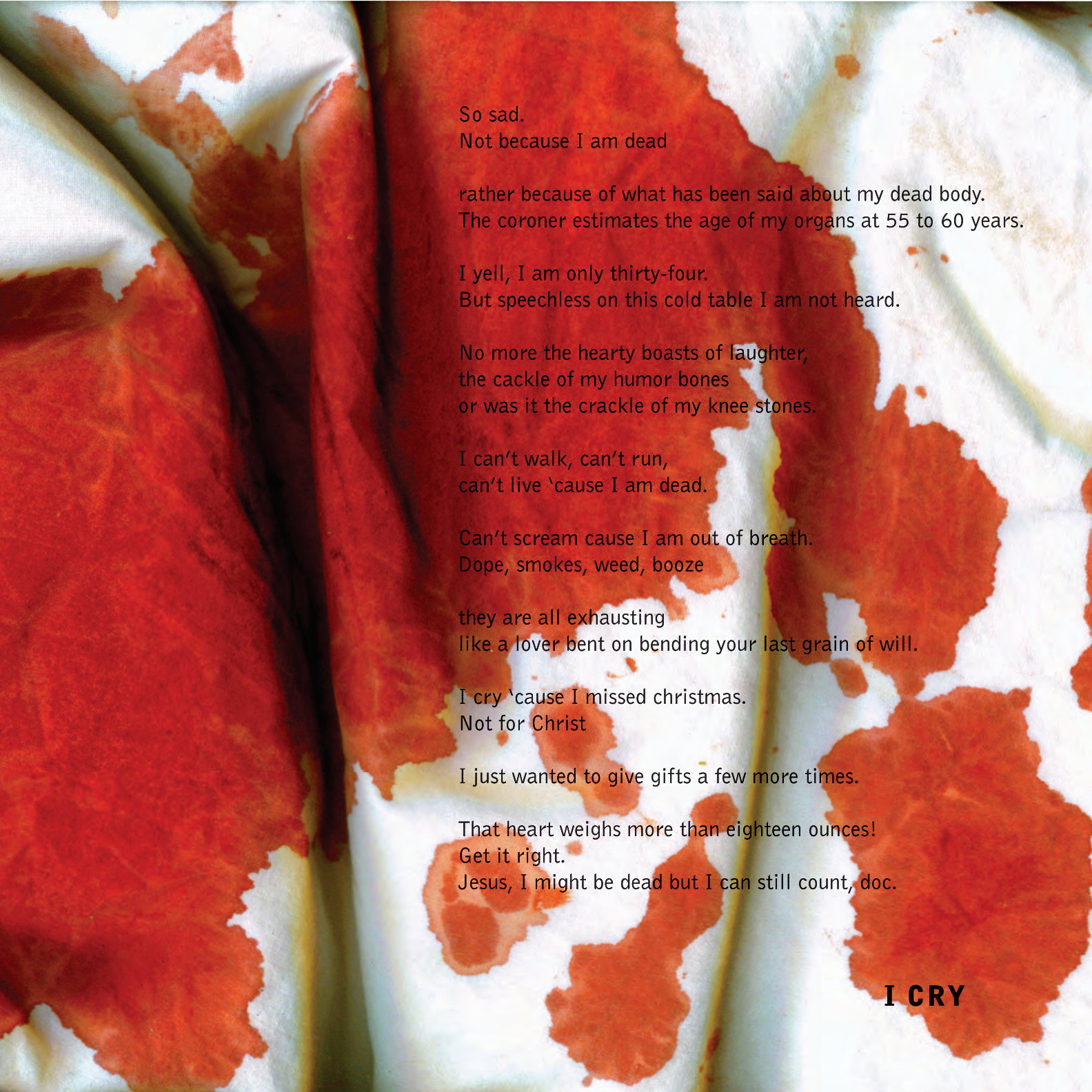
BLAINE C. TORPEY

Insulin, syringes, crimson speckled tissues litter the countertops.
The sucking sounds of life's departure is the polyphonic counterpoint
To the hearing aid's high-pitched call.

The wigs stand ready and Mass is stalled.
The homily cannot precede the Gospel.
Spring cannot precede the snowpack.

The bed has arrived and ready is the room.
Meds are managed.
Policies checked and double checked.

The calls were once so few.
Young men seldom came home for husks and hogfeed
And the heartache of a man who has come home to die.



So sad.
Not because I am dead

rather because of what has been said about my dead body.
The coroner estimates the age of my organs at 55 to 60 years.

I yell, I am only thirty-four.
But speechless on this cold table I am not heard.

No more the hearty boasts of laughter,
the cackle of my humor bones
or was it the crackle of my knee stones.

I can't walk, can't run,
can't live 'cause I am dead.

Can't scream cause I am out of breath.
Dope, smokes, weed, booze

they are all exhausting
like a lover bent on bending your last grain of will.

I cry 'cause I missed christmas.
Not for Christ

I just wanted to give gifts a few more times.

That heart weighs more than eighteen ounces!
Get it right.
Jesus, I might be dead but I can still count, doc.

I CRY



BUSTING OUT OF BABY JAIL

blue lights, biker goggles and bossy nurses.
betcha you didn't know,
I'm bringing the boy home.

Boy, you lit the joint like a roman candle.
Frosty,
the baby bahamondes,
little leo.
chiclet.
charlie-o.
the littlest buddy.
grandbaby.
grandson.
nephew.
sun.

you warmed the warden.
you melted the frozen breast milk
for fifty babies stuck in hot boxes,
tubed in and out.
from one pound yodas
to the triplets tiniest third.

nobody but alex knows what to say.

boy, there were other men
whose babies were in the nicu nursery
who weren't as big as you
as tough as you,
who had the will to fight as you.
you tore out a tube that went
from your nose all the way to your stomach.
Twice.



these other dads
told me congratulations,
asked how my baby was,
and when he was going home.
they knew I was a first time father.
and forgave me for not asking how their baby was doing.
but alex, he forgave me for not asking about his baby
when I should have known better.
I was the lesser man among giants,
men with hearts who cannot be weighed.

may
they bust their
babies out of baby jail,
the nurses love and nurture,
khandy and brandy and jennifer.
they love our babies,
but nothing holds like home.
I wish all the littlest the swiftest trip,
the moist nip and weight gained.
I welcome you and will you to lasting life --

SHIRAZ

PHOTO BY
LEO







The
ALL-AMERICAN
Meal

GET BIGGER with EACH BITE



It wasn't a night, just like any other that Dana and I spent together. It was more, this was one of those nights that were dreamy and fuzzy. Home after work, a bit before she left for her job - we had time to be a couple, time to be in love, time to look into each other's eyes over a bowl of food and share our day's events, ideas, dreams, anything that wasn't work. In love and cooking, talking,

drinking a bottle of wine. Dana and I sometimes tried to be a couple in that traditional

sense. There were uproars, there was

fighting, disagreement, stubbornness, and immaturity, but always in the end there was suppose to be love and laughter. On this night, it really was. Nothing to fight about - no need to fight

to make up. We just started the kissing.

Next came the wetness. First in our mouths. Across our foreheads, the backs of our necks. The turning of the heads side to side as our tongues worked into each other deeper. Of course, the

plates spilled onto the floor, we always did that for dramatic effect. We really couldn't help

ourselves. We are that in love.

A stain on the carpet

BROTHERHOOD

Broken Wiener

where sauce
once soaked for an
hour stirs in us memories of more
to come. They are souvenirs
things we leave behind at the
brink, so we know when to
fuck a bit farther. Sometimes
moments like this last only
seconds. We've been thinking
about it all day. Sometimes it goes
on for hours, it has the same effect at
the end. The couch is kinda scratchy, but it
is low to the ground and it allows leverage for pushing. She
grabs and pulls, faster, faster. Then hard. Then real hard.
We really do wake up the neighbors with our lovemaking.

The dogs are all howling, the cats
are at the windows looking in.

We are a sloppy mess of love
and sex. In, out, in, out, Dana is
grabbing for something behind
her to push back with, I have her
by the hips, shoving her down on me
violently grabbing more and ripping
her off. I love Dana so much in these

moments. She screams violently with heartfelt passion.

My heart races so fast, it feels like death has
whispered over my body, sex brings me so
close to death, I feel the sex and death
holding hands, brushing across my face
as I arch my back and throw my head
around. I love you Dana. I love you with
all my heart. It is all I can say, it is what I
really feel. I can feel it inside Dana that she feels

the same way about me. She is so different inside,

our bodies really converse, it is a blessing and a curse. We

are one, in unison, attacking each other trying to split our

bodies, for once, raw inside the the we are animals,

CORN DOG ROLLER

rugged, lost in lust, we are in love, we re fucking. My dick feels huge inside Dana, and I keep feeding it to her. I leap on her, I jump on her, stuff my dick into her. I am a hydraulic post digger, revealing new places in Dana. She is screaming for more as she is overcome from the inside out. Nowhere is there a place to hide inside Dana and she loves it. She can't get her legs spread wide enough to get more of me inside her. She begs for more. She begs for me. **Oh-fuck.**, fuck-oh-fuck-me, O, O, O.

I am as big and hard as I will ever be. I am jackhammering her walls, making way for the new addition. When I miss. Something pops, the pain starts at my base and jolts both ways. Instantly, I am limp and standing.

Next, I'm running up and down the hallway, my legs spread like a cowboy who's been on the range way to long. What happened? What happened?

Something broke. Something broke.

Lay down. Lay down, before you fall down. I lay back on the bed. Just seconds ago, this was my place. Now it may just never be the same. Let me see. Let me see it.

My penis is twisted. Red, black, purple, sweating, matted, wet. Deformed. It's face goes one way while it's body bulges out, a mutilated humpback dead limp and numb between my legs. Dana grabs the sheets to wipe her baby. To wipe her dick. She is assessing the damage, she is wanting all this to go away. Get ice. Get ice.

The numbness travels like the pain did, I have to pee terribly. Wait. Just wait a minute. She holds the ice over the sheet with one hand, while expertly inspecting me. She knows every inch, so she'll know





what is out of place. I am calling an ambulance.

Can you tell us exactly what happened? No toys. No real violence, no senseless drugs. Just a casual night at home before this happened. I mean really, you can't really break your dick, I figure the doctor would put a splint on it, tell me to ice it and lay off the hard stuff for a couple of days.

The ride was painful, so many questions, so many texts. Dana sat by my side worried, yet optimistic. Stoic, but deeply afraid. The ambulance pulls up to the emergency entrance and we all walk in and I am thinking we need to get settled in this is gonna be a bit.

**I broke
my
penis,** I tell the
nurse. She looked at me like she

couldn't believe how I formed whole sentences.

I've never heard of that.

That's what they said.

Ok, go ahead and sit down.

It was cool. We relaxed, breathed deep, made some jokes, generally tried laughing it off. The waiting room is bright, stark, it looks out onto the dark street. There are figures out near the gutter, smoke hovering over their heads. It is hard to tell if they know each other or just have a common bond to share while they worry in helpless ennui. The security guard is very uninterested in inspecting people as they come through the door. Another guard stands behind her talking in her ear as they look at stuff on mobiles. People are spread out all across the fluorescent room. The nurses are white.

The doctors are white. The emergency workers flirt with the nurses, the doctors flirt with the admin, the admin, just shake their heads. There's one old Asian man, who smells like a shower might cure many of the things that ail him. Everyone else is black. Scrunched, huddled in chairs, laid out across multiple chairs. Not too concerned about what is maybe or maybe not going on beyond the walls around us. Unconcerned like they have been here a million times. There is no TV, no pay phone, no magazines, just stark lights beating off the darkness. Do you get a discount after 11?

The nurse called
my name. I raised
my hand and was
getting up when she
called my name again.
Surprised? Or just who
did she imagine to have a
broken dick this time of night.
She invited us in to a reception
room. The questions came at me
again. Allergies. Chronic diseases. Family
diseases. Other odd medical facts they might
like to know. She typed them all into a computer,
and I felt like I should be read my miranda rights. You have
the right to an attorney if we decide this is not covered by
your insurance. Your attorney will be provided for you if you
can not afford one. Your attorney will have ample coverage,
so if you decide to shoot and kill your attorney, you may be
better off with 15 to life, because that is what it will take to
pay back this bill. In jail, you'll get this covered no questions
asked. You have the right to remain silent, anything you say

can and will be held against you in making that decision to
deny you benefits.

Now you say you broke your penis. I've heard of that, but
never seen it.

Want to? It is pretty amazing.

Uh, she looks at Dana, who shrugs her shoulders. It must be
a woman thing, I don't understand. Sure, you can look at his
penis, he's been dying to show it to someone.

Who else would proudly display their deformed penis? Me.

I love deformity, in the age of perfect surrogates, deformity
will be the new beauty. Down go the pants, gently go the
underwear. I feel like I should have a tin cup, that I collect
donations in to pay for this little visit. Step right up, get a
look at Deformed Penis Boy!

Yep, that is certainly different. That doesn't hurt. Do you
want anything for that?

Not really sure why I turned down the drugs, but I do
anyways. Something in the back of my mind, says I shouldn't

jump for the dope...yet

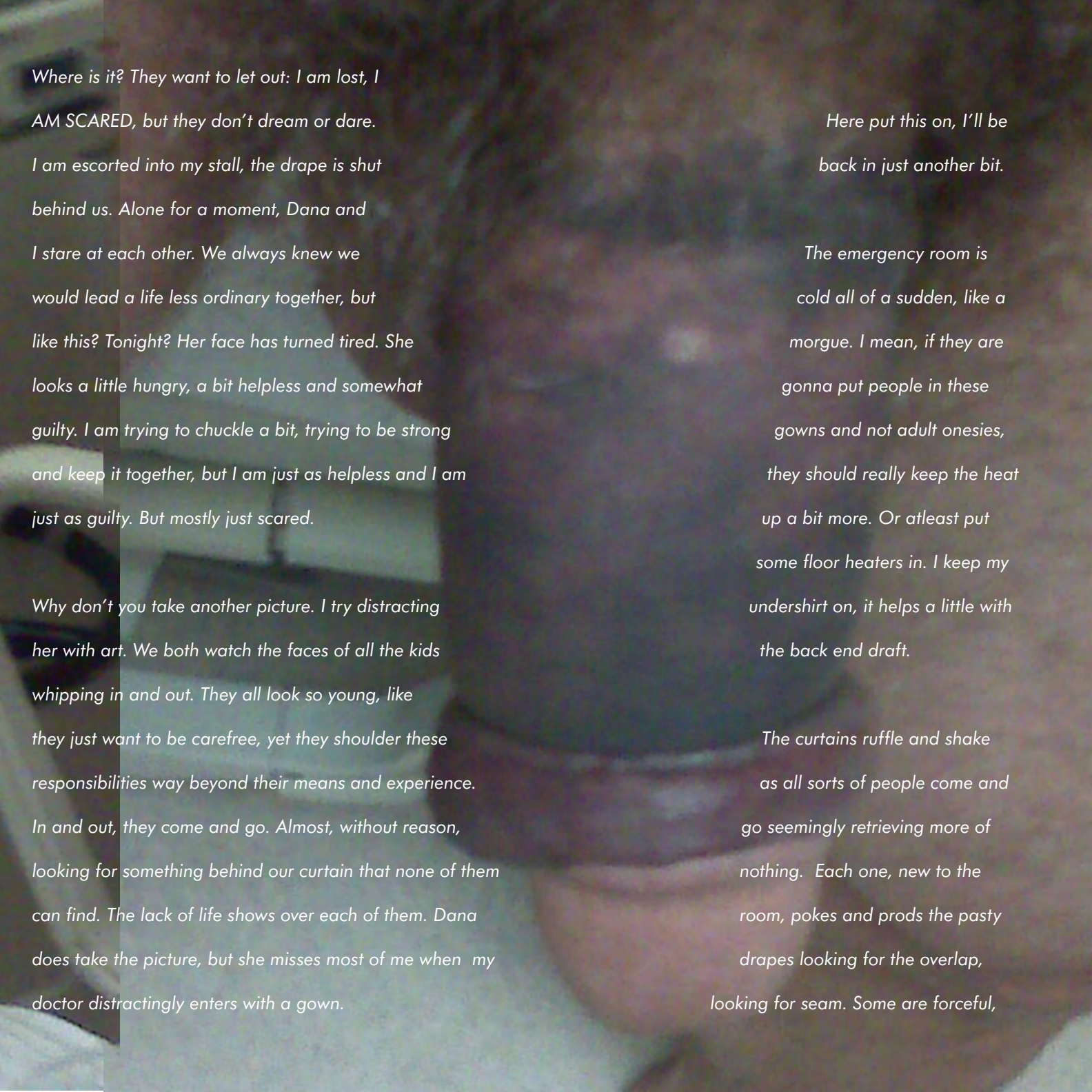
The doctor came in pretty quickly, he was definitely excited. Full of life and vigor, is it helping people or relishing all the stupid shit people do to themselves? Hello, I am Dr. Shulman, I'm gonna take you back to the emergency area. Do you need a wheelchair? No. You can walk.

It isn't too far?

No. We can just about see it from here. All the attention was starting to worry me some, why was I on the fastrack? It was a broken penis.

The hallway recedes in to almost darkness. At the end of the tunnel are glimmers of light. We walk past closed curtains that throw light across the floor. Behind them silhouettes move around in discomfort. The drapes hang listlessly, having seen too much for any drape, they change the light, they shape the light, that makes the anxiety rise and fall.

Cabinets and counter tops look across from the emergency stalls with equipment and wires pushed against any free space that is available. Lights red and blue, gold and green blink in some chaotic order. There is a hushed rhythm back here. Bodies are muted coming and going from the light. No running, no panic, but everyone is hurried. New nurses looking for a doctor, for a cart, for that chart with those details they really need. Their eyes dart from side to side, heads bob asking,



Where is it? They want to let out: I am lost, I
AM SCARED, but they don't dream or dare.
I am escorted into my stall, the drape is shut
behind us. Alone for a moment, Dana and
I stare at each other. We always knew we
would lead a life less ordinary together, but
like this? Tonight? Her face has turned tired. She
looks a little hungry, a bit helpless and somewhat
guilty. I am trying to chuckle a bit, trying to be strong
and keep it together, but I am just as helpless and I am
just as guilty. But mostly just scared.

Why don't you take another picture. I try distracting
her with art. We both watch the faces of all the kids
whipping in and out. They all look so young, like
they just want to be carefree, yet they shoulder these
responsibilities way beyond their means and experience.
In and out, they come and go. Almost, without reason,
looking for something behind our curtain that none of them
can find. The lack of life shows over each of them. Dana
does take the picture, but she misses most of me when my
doctor distractingly enters with a gown.

Here put this on, I'll be
back in just another bit.

The emergency room is
cold all of a sudden, like a
morgue. I mean, if they are
gonna put people in these
gowns and not adult onesies,
they should really keep the heat
up a bit more. Or atleast put
some floor heaters in. I keep my
undershirt on, it helps a little with
the back end draft.

The curtains ruffle and shake
as all sorts of people come and
go seemingly retrieving more of
nothing. Each one, new to the
room, pokes and prods the pasty
drapes looking for the overlap,
looking for seam. Some are forceful,



do
says.
head, This

I am not laughing, and Dana lo
so cold in here anymore and o
the ambulance are bouncing

Dr. Schulman appe
warning, he som
confident e

Always making a graceful
entrance.

Ok, lets see this thing.
I lift up my gown
and it has changed
colors by now. My

penis is spotted with dark
blood beneath the skin. Blood has

pooled along the crease on the bottom

of the shaft like a cadaver and it is rolling

downhill to the basin of my scrotum. Yep. He

I am going to call the Urologist. He shakes his

is something else. He disappears again.

looks almost dead. I am barely breathing. It isn't

all those silly text messages sent out from inside

ing back as concern and morbid curiosity.

ars and disappears from our stall without

mehow appears in the light. I am hoping he is

nough to wrap Dana's baby up in a blanket

and tell me to rest. His goatee is well trimmed, but I hate it. He is nice enough,
calm, seems confident, has a good voice, not too loud, not too meek. No look of
inexperience, he holds himself well. Finally he pauses, then speaks, This hospital is
a teaching hospital, I was wondering if some students could come in and look at
your injury. This doesn't happen very often, so when we get a chance, we want as
many to see it as possible.

Surprising, I think. Do Dana

and I really fuck that hard? In my head, I think it
is outrageous, but if you were to watch?

Would you think, Damn, is that

passionately dangerous?

Obviously somehow.

What is everyone

at this point

they aren't fucking

with force?

I agree of course. For the

better of mankind...So the wedding line begins. All the scared

faces. The uncomfortable grimaces. They are finally allowed to pullover, get out of

the car and just stare at this accident. Maybe I should be charging a fee for all the

pictures being taken with cell phones. Where's that tin cup?



I am not going to photograph your face, one girl


says to
me, so no
one will ever
know who's
this is. Does she
think I can somehow
pose with my penis,
get my head down there
and smile? I don't even have
one of THOSE, she points, and it
makes me hurt.

THOSE? Those aren't very big doctor words.

One guy tells me about all the stories he heard of
accidents like this in college, most just heal, or so he thinks.

What
happens? I mean,
what happened to
all those guys you heard
about. I don't really know, this
is my first time, actually seeing
one, I really think it just heals. You can't
really break your penis. Well at least he
could say penis. The students get their fix and so
the penis paparazzi depart, one by one. Lingerin,
leaving me with their juvenile thoughts.

Keep your head up. Get well. Stay positive. It was like
being stabbed by a Hallmark card over and over. Dana felt



crowded, so she stood up and leaned back into the curtain. I thought she might disappear into the darkness, so I had her sit down next to me.

When everyone was gone, she lay her head on my shoulder and cry, cry, cry. She cried for the penis, the dick that she had been waiting her whole life for. She cried for the suffering that was

everywhere and now in our life. She cried for the guilt she felt that she did it to me. She cried for the berating she could feel her father giving her, for destroying yet another man. Starting with himself and clearing the path that has been her life up to this man that was someone who could relate. My tears came too. I just couldn't hold up and what if. What if? What if? Gosh, it goes by so fast in your head, you just hope for the best and try not to get hooked on what used to be. I cried. I cried for Dana, because I couldn't comfort her. I certainly couldn't fuck her to calm her nerves. It had always helped before.

We sat there in the solitude of our stall, pondering our future. Our individual futures and the one we had talked about sharing. This predicament, was unconceivable to most doctors let alone, to lovers trying to reach into each other.

There he

was again, just standing before us, announcing the worst. You'll have to have surgery. When was the last time you ate? There he was again, just standing before us, announcing the worst. I hate that goatee. Surgery? On what? I just got off the phone with the urologist. He thinks it is surgery, but he doesn't want to do it now because you just ate dinner before you came. So we are going to move you somewhere quiet, give you something to sleep and the doctor said he will be in at 5 to begin.


That's when the shock set in, there wasn't any more crying, now the what ifs were only about the future. My morbid outlook on life took over, I'll take something to calm down now.

Surgery. Luckily I have insurance. I wonder what it will cost me anyways? The text messages were still coming in, now from others who were hearing from others.

Everyone wanted to know: Is it true?

The drape danced and the prick lady came in. That is all she did, inserted the needle, so there would be only one prick and a funnel for all the drugs. The next lady came in and she hooked up



A close-up photograph of a man with short dark hair and a light beard, wearing a bright pink t-shirt. He is looking down and eating a piece of food, possibly a sandwich or a fruit, which is visible in his hands. He is wearing a gold ring on his left ring finger and a silver ring on his right ring finger. His arms are crossed over his chest. The background is slightly out of focus, showing green foliage and a dark-colored car parked in the distance. The lighting suggests it might be late afternoon or early evening.

*the IV. I didn't feel any different, but you always see them
doing that in the movies, so it must perform some task. Dr.
Schulman came once more. Let's take you down the hall to
a quieter part. He wheeled us down the grimmest hall. Long
dark shadows, deep moans and disposed of us in some
room. Get some rest, we'll be back later.*

*It was just Dana and I
again,*

nothing to look at, in a room half lit. What do you want to tell everyone that is calling? Do you want someone to come down here? She said it in such a way that I knew she was asking for backup. I was too. A neutral third party who could look in - offer advice and console the both of us.

Do you want Mr. Blaine to come down? He is writing and has been calling, I think that he maybe should come down. Do you want that? I wanted to be strong. I wanted to be there for my Dana, but this ominous cloud hung in the darkness of the hospital. Like they kept the lights at half mast, to cover fears that everyone walks around in. I stared empty at Dana and wondered if she could do it. She stared back wondering the same. Everything had finally come together in my life. I was on a path of life, love, lovemaking, happiness, a content life, and now this. I was going to die in that surgery. I knew it. I felt it. Something would certainly go awry, it was that feeling I've had for my whole life. This was that moment. It made me take risks, be weird, walk into places I shouldn't be, just to be thrown out of them violently. For the first time I didn't want to die.

Dana crawled in bed with me. We cuddled for a bit, then told her to call Mr. Blaine, we needed Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine. Named by a ChinaMan deep in the drunk late one night. Father of a family. Teacher. Mentor. BestFriend. Maybe I nod out for a moment. Maybe he was already driving around out front when Dana called him, but he slid into the narrow side next to my bed, almost instantly.



she did. The three of us on the hospital gurney let go. For just a couple moments. It was all we needed. Mr. Blaine was our rock.

He assessed our situation, gave it the I-would-do-it-this-way-treatment. Mr. Blaine assured us, but I wanted to make sure. I took off my bracelets, of which, I had three. Each of his children got a bracelet, it was all I had to offer, but maybe it would be enough to bring me back to this world. Everything seemed to be falling into place. Would they remember me as they got older? Maybe if I had visit more, played harder, or thrown them in the air one more time. I might stay forever in their beautiful minds.

When he leaned down, I cry like one of his own. He held me like one of his own. My tears and slobber mixed in with his children's and i felt protected and fed. I cried, I wept, I balled my eyes out. He stare at Dana reaffirming her with his big comforting eyes, she too could now cry. Really cry. And

I was jarred awake moving again through a hallway. A commencement of sorts, an honor guard of male nurses,

security guards and janitors stopped. They ponder their dicks, think of their wives or boyfriends. ...All the masturbation they would miss. In their hearts, the men's penises all stood erect, at attention, knowing it could have been them. Their story will make any man cringe and hetero woman want. Who would believe such a tale? Chalked up to urban legend or rumor. Or just make believe hocus locus, How could you break your dick fucking?

But the men standing in this know. They'll approach everything dick related a bit different. Maybe be a bit more loving, go a bit slower, take their time, could it happen to them? I wasn't a man with a broken mason jars shoved up my butt bleeding. As I pass by, like the cadaver I will become, they pray for themselves over my broken penis.

Half dazed, and completely high, the urologist finally makes an appearance. I am swimming through opitates to crawl onto the operating table. Well let me see it. I can't feel my fingers let alone my gown. So the little Asian man pulls back the gown. Yep, we must operate. Second one today, hmm. Nurse, get this rolling. Mr. Josh it has been how long since you ate? He hasn't had anything else since then? Where is that anesthesiologist?

procession, they'll



Why do all Asianmen address us as Mister?

Whoa. Wait. Dana piped up. We've got questions. I've got questions! By the power of the penis, Dana never looked so bold and beautiful before. She was nervous and she came out punching. I fell in love with Dana all over again and again.

We don't have to have surgery, it is our right to refuse. We have

questions! Why

surgery, why

not just ice and

a splint? Or call

it something else

beside surgery, why

so sufferable? Why

not out-patient or just a

simple procedure? She blurted

a bit, but she was in charge. I

knew she would take care of me,

now and forever. This was that moment in a relationship,

that true moment when bonding happens. When your lover is

helpless and down, when the love of your life becomes completely

part of your soul. When they glow and pass through your flesh like sex

cannot. Dana buried her heart deep down inside of mine with her words and

gestures. She was standing by her man.

I've reached the mountaintop of love. I am looking out over the dry pastures of loneliness, solitude. I can see those ghosts that haunt the hall of the hospital.

They drift past one another. I have so much love and passion for

Dana, that I blew out the

side of my dick trying

to get to her. Trying

to fuck it into her,

when all I needed

to do was blow out

my own heart. She

carried me to this

mountain bed and

would do anything to

keep me there.

Do you want this

man to be limp the

rest of his life? The

Asianman spoke

up. If I don't go in and clean everything out, and sew up anything broken, you won't have just six weeks of misery, you'll have problems every time, for the rest of your lives. I'm

not just saying impotence, I'm saying something,

that male enhancement pills can't even

touch.

OK. We'll go ahead with the

surgery. It was decided just like

that. I felt the same way

actually, when he put it

like that.

It will be six week

healing process, so no

sexual activity during

that time. I'm going

to cut away the skin

around his penis,

drain all the excess

blood, sew up any torn

meat, then sew his skin

back together, right near his original circumcision.

Dana step back and the last thing I saw was
a women smothering me with
a gas mask.


I didn't dream while I was out, I
don't remember much til all the noise and
headache set in. Dana was right there when
I woke. She smiled that big beautiful smile that
brought tears to my heart. I had made it. What had
I made though?

Waking up was disappointing in some ways. Had
I died on that operating table; other surgeons
would have taken out my heart and organs for
someone deserving. The recipients would
have felt the effects of Dana, like I had. In
all my organs, Dana was an angel in
my veins. Her love and life pumping

through every part of me
and to die with such a
feeling, that would
have been

all



A close-up photograph of a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes, smiling and taking a bite out of a large sandwich. The sandwich is filled with lettuce, tomato, and meat. In the foreground, there is a red cup with a white straw that has 'VARSITY' printed on it. The cup also features a logo of a person running and the word 'ATLANTA'. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a street scene with cars and buildings.

right. Every donor recipient would have a love for Dana, a feeling they could never describe very clearly, but a fondness that would be a part of them. They would have a love for some anonymous person. In so many places, never placing that love, but just feeling it. Seeing it. Dana is in everything I see around me. She is the blanket that covers me, she is the gauze that protects me. Dana is my breath. My air. My lungs. Liver. And Toes. Dana lights up & fills my life in every memory. She is light to my darkness, she is chaos to my order, she is my Lover Girl. I live as her Lover Boy, I have so many more lives to live with Dana.

Words by **Josh Bettenhausen**
Photos by **Josh Bettenhausen & Dana Olson**



PHOTO BY COREY BETTENHAUSEN

T H A N K S
FOR
W A T C H I N G

Be Weird. Be Foolish.

okay

