

Dog eats dog. Give and take - take and giving. Hands that feed.
A man's gotta make a living. Charcoal barbeque. Station wagon.
Nice dream. Selling cigarettes and men's magazines and ice cream.
There's all kinds of hunger pains, enzymes and hormones, 50
0 flavors, hard drugs and pornos. You want it, I got it. Low-life,
high-strung. I just wanna watch the game, get fat and die young.
I go to church, pay my taxes, smile nice, won't swear I don't
understand your needs and frankly I don't care. He wants to be a
cowboy and she wants to be an actress. I just want to stash some
money under my mattress. Wine and candy, fine and dandy. Old and
proper unity. Community be damned, I see a golden opportunity:
Women with hips and brains instead of scrounging for tips and change.
Ships and planes. High heel shoes and whips and chains...

Flashy-flash! Watch the birdy! Trashy-trash! Wash the dirty...

Mail order fantasies. Glamour for shipment. I got a good eye for
beauty and some camera equipment. My sister's friends call me
Mr. Lens. I'm focused. The girl next door becomes a goddess like
hocus-pocus. Studio lights and bondage gear hangs on coat hooks.
Descriptions of fetishes written down in some notebooks. The
customer's always right even if you say it's wrong. I don't
always ask questions and the girls just play along. Venus in furs,
black nylon, go-go boots. There's always an exuberant mood at the
photo shoots. Handcuffs and harnesses. Whatever else if it
pleases. Plus, some 8mm films of some strip teases. Two pretty
girls in broad daylight, they might play fight and tie each other
up if the pay's right. Senators and next door neighbours,
it's a funny biz. Not saying that I like it, it's just where the
money is...

Flashy-flash! Watch the birdy! Trashy-trash! Wash the dirty...

Tore up the rule book. Flaunted convention. Undaunted, drew some
unwanted attention. Weirdos and do-gooders, big shots and minimalists.
Women with serious problems and criminals. Fifty thousand names
on the mailing list estimated. Under attack, being tested and
investigated. Juvenile delinquency my ass! What is this shit?!
Fought by some of the same men that I do business with. They
focus on the negatives, treating us like common crooks. I'm an
artist goddammit! They said the same thing about comic books.
Who could have guessed it? Created a mob scene. The demand is
undeniable, but they say it's obscene. Spread eagle, American
beauty: Stranger and splendid. Major offended. Naked as nature
intended. Leaves a bad taste in some people's mouths, maybe
bitter. Don't want your manure, I'm an entrepreneur not a
babysitter...
er...