



Xeno has made it another round...though a bit late.... So continue to send in your work so Xeno can expand and bring new thoughts and visions to this world.

This Current Magazine is produced for the enjoyment of the the world of cyber space. If anyone wants to to put their share (Art work, Poetry, Stories or anything else that they would like to see plus suggestions.) into it just send your Ideas / Art work to:

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**and/or
Internet: surfvh@netcom.com**



To continue the progress of this magazine it would help if a 2.00 dollar subscription fee was paid. This is completely volunteer and no limitations are made by this fee you do not need to pay this fee to see your Ideas / Art work in this magazine or to distribute it. Though this magazine is copywrited and may not be reproduced in any way shape or form without the explit permission form the magazine itself.

**Editors Psychobabble
 Off the Lip**

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A couple notes of compatability:

If there is any trouble with the display of pictures, it might be that Quicktime is not installed. The pictures in here are usually 24 bit, and to save space, they've been compressed. This will probably make this publication unviewable to much of the Mac community, but you have to draw the line somewhere. If there is an expressed interest in releasing a duplicate version with adaptive palette 8 bit graphics, we can do that as well. It would make the file-size larger, and wouldn't look as good if you have a 24 bit monitor. But it would insure compatability with the lesser machines.

If there is any trouble with the placement of text and graphics on the page, it might be your screen is too small. This was made with at least a 13" screen in mind. To increase readability, the thing you might have to do is print it out and read that copy. We don't want you to kill a tree so you can see. But don't deprive yourself of a pleasurable reading experience. Another thing that might jumble things around, is if you don't have the correct font installed. If things look wonky and the type looks like it's chicago, you probably don't have the right font. Also, sometimes titles don't line up the same on different machines because of the differences between type 1 and truetype fonts.

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Shock..SHOCK.....**SHOCK**...Sex.....Sex....Sex.....Sex.....SEX.....**SEX**...I bet you can't guess whats on my mind. Yes that lovely intercourse between two beings. What is Sex to you? I'd like to hear almost anything on how it evokes your heart mind and reality. We live in a world where the reality of our being is coming into light. I wouldn't call it sexual revolution but more of an awakening. It's harder now to subdue what actually happens between two people. It's on T.V. it's on our minds it envelopes are total being whether your Gay Bi or Straight it's there. And with it are so many conflicting intrests whether it's right or wrong whether it has to do with love or just getting our rocks off. To many people are afraid to touch the subject and again people flaunt it drive into the ultimate pity of commercialism. I am urging you to write in now I want to now who feels what where these things take off and how do we cope. Anything from psychology to fantasies will be excepted. We will be giving five Orignal Limited Edition Xeno T-Shirts out to the five best articals on the subject. We hope to hear from you soon.

Off The Lip here again, ready to...something, I don't quite know what...

I have no where to go.... so, here I am gawd dammit. Bite my head and count to twenty. Feel free to suck the ice cream cones of your choice. It's coming back to me...rrrrrrRRRRRRRRRRUFF!!! Feel it down inside your feet. It's trying to get out. But don't take my word for it, run with the ball. Let it glide with the ride. It's not over till the switch is clicked.

Subject? Nothing in particular? Nothing at all.....

Things may have taken root, but that doesn't stop the seeding of the seedier side of life. One kiss can mean it all, and one blow can throw you into remission. When you're tired of meaning anything.... when the strings have all been pulled out... when all you feel is numb.... Take one more step and look around. You may be surprised at what you find. There's more than one way to learn. Contrary to popular belief, lecture does not an ascertainment make.

It's hard to save a drowning soul, when you can't swim yourself.



Type it small and **scream it loud!**

Amazing things can happen in short amounts of time... and somehow things can drag on forever. The endless why..

Y? why? WHY?
wHy?
WhY?
whY? why....

If it were as easy as to swim, fly..run away. If life was fine and we were all in our pleasant dreams. If we could only see... Do what you will. There's plenty more where that came from.... And northern lights tell us things we don't understand. You could grow on me. Don't bet on anything. Just trust the rust that flakes from brakes that won't let you stop. Ow...don't hurt myself.

GRIN

A few poems.....thine self beeth many...

Eros
Dyonyces
Nectar of
The feminine soul

Flower
dripping pedals
itching tenderly
sending waves
to the center
trigger quake
the dream into
subconscious
Awakened
the moist flower
memory left
the reality wall



Leena

Pending
Pulsing
Drums
Inside me
Winding
Grinding
Beat by beat
getting in touch
with
the rhythm
the self
masterbating

Leena (Milford)

Enjoying
Tasting
Succumbing
a tease, a flirt
mantis preys on this.
Thriving
Suggesting
Tempting
so pwerful, so subtle
She takes it all.

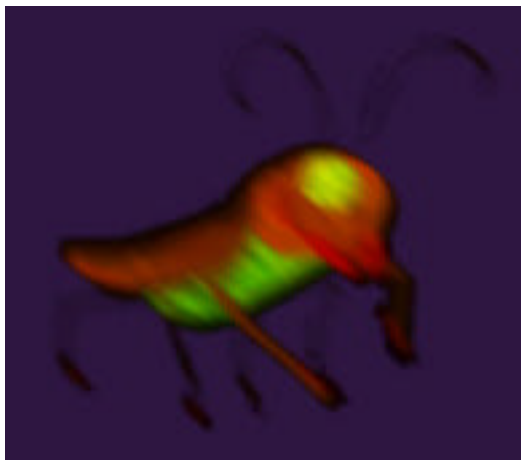
Leena (Milford)

Alone now
Oven now
when wanting to be
known
for what?
feeding the hungry hunger
of death within
No!
Creating such a masterpiece
of a story that is mine
all mine
redundant morbid ritual
that lying beneath
the cold wet sheets
heart pounding vigorously
nightmare flash
arms flaling, tossing turning
Feeling
more and more
Alone

Leena Milford

Art waves
Travel
with light
Feel the abundance
of then flight
No regret
No remorse
guided on its
flamboyant coarse

Milford Leena



The Locust

**You have left your carnage upon my life
like a plague of locust ruthlessly devouring
the life filled crops of what use to be my soul.**

**This life that you overpowered fights hard
to pick up what's left from the dirt
where you savagely feasted on it.....**

leaving nothing but a few table scraps.

**You have tainted this once rich soil of mine
Where life sprang forth with a lightening
quick pace, leaving me afraid to sprout again.
There will be no rich autumn harvest this year,
and I fear the children will starve.**

**You took my bounty of life in your greedy jaws and
chewed, gnawed, and mutilated the essence
of what use to make it grow so abundantly.**

**Now, the strength that I carefully hoed,
lies bleeding, struggling, replaced by fear and humiliation.**

I feel so filthy, barren, and lifeless trapped without sun.

**I see my beautiful flowers sad, weeping, withering,
dying, unable to exude there amazing fragrance....you took that too.**

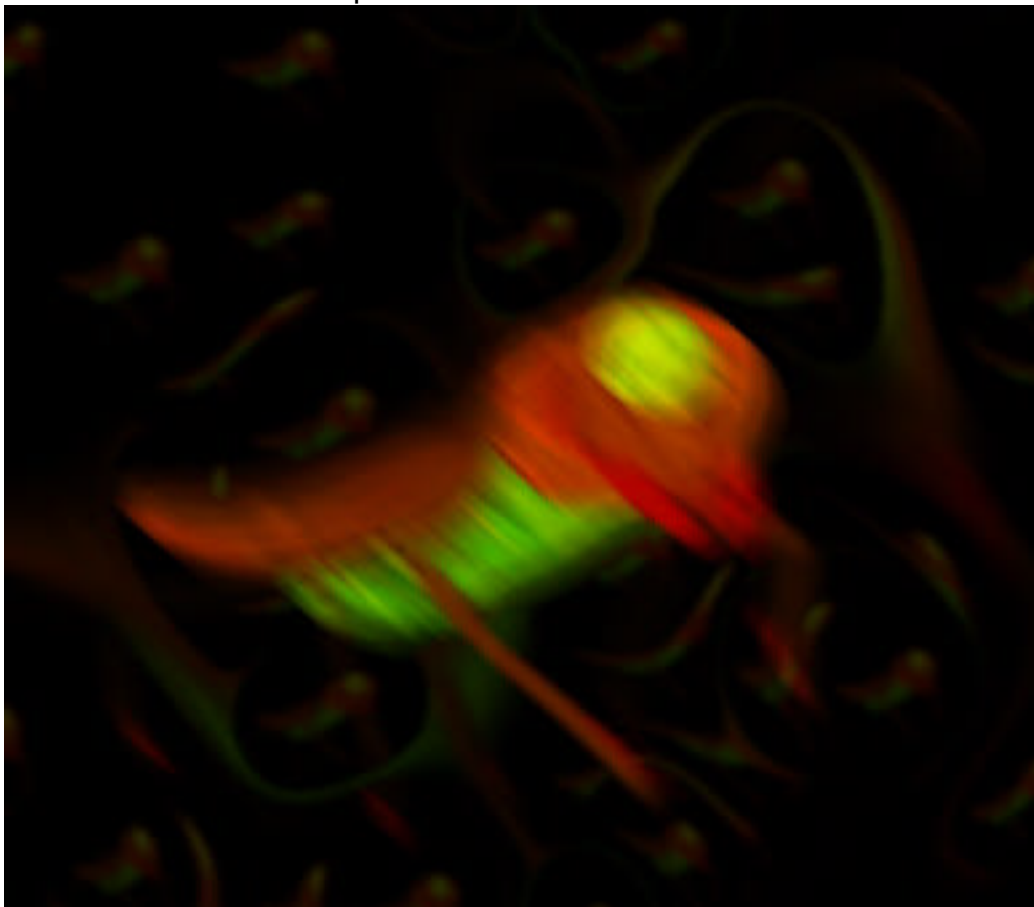
When you raped me, you raped all of womankind.

**You raped my friends too, for now the beauty once enjoyed
will be hard to find among the ruins of my garden
that you left shattered, and scattered, completely infested.**

You did not rape me just once, you raped me a thousand times.

**I will never forget the night that you drove me with your anger and fury,
like a swarm of starving locust, to an early winter's grave.**

I dedicate this poem to all survivors of sexual assault



In (((STEREO))) where available



Ooooookay... right now, let's look at the whole thing itself. This magazine of sorts, is not doing so well this issue. There hasn't been as much sent in to us, and so there's not as much from other people in it. (dub) Thusly, it leads me to believe one of two things:

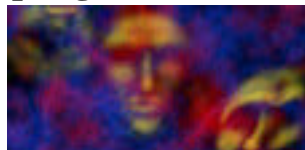
1. This thing isn't very interesting.

or

2. Everyone is duller than a junk-yard windsheild.

Problem, how to alleviate this little conundrum... Let's see, we could toot our own horns. But I'm not very good at that, and the other party involved is busier than hell..... Or.... I know... hehe.. If this were a magazine about **arguing**, MAN it would be popular. Page after page of flame wars. If it's one thing that I've noticed people (especially computer users online) like to do, it's argue.. About what? ANYTHING! It doesn't fucking matter. As long as they get to argue, everyone is happy. Why? I haven't the foggiest, but they sure love it. I could have one page were people call eachother names. Another where everyone tells everyone else that they're wrong. I could have a hate page and a clueless page. I could have a page were people lie through their teeth. And another where people make public, embarassing details of the other person's private lives (with hyperlinks to the lying page). I could have a fill in the blanks page.. like "Why don't you just go jump off a _____!" and "Take a _____ and cram it up your _____." It'll be great! I can just see it now, the first publication to be over 1000 pages every month... no wait, every week.. I'll go world-wide, multi-lingual.. I'll be a multi-national gateway for profain language and senseless hatred. What a concept... and I'll charge for it. I'll be a rich fat slob... I'll buy up all the other forms of media and fill it with bickering bastards. Everyone will be so tied up in arguement that they won't have time for anything else. The world population will die in unison of a massive coronary and an overpowering aneurism brought on by the unrelenting stress of the situation... And I'll just sit back and laugh... I'll laugh till I puke, and then I'll choke to death on the entire fried chicken that I'm trying to stuff down my gob. And there I'll be, a bloated, suffocated, ender of the human race... And the only thing left standing, will be Iggy Pop. Nothing can kill that bastard. What is he, like, eighty? He's still jumping around like he was 18. We need more like Iggy.. he's a definate lunatic.

Internet, internet, joy of joys the Internet.... WEB, web, joy of joys the WEB... You know this thing is just like the WEB... or the WEB is like a giant one of these... Though you can't make text into links ([which look like this](#)), you can do it with pictures in this program. Here, like this:



[Go to Who's Watching](#)



[Go to Exqueeze...](#)



[Go to the Locust](#)

Hopefully the world won't turn into a giant Hyper-text document, but it's still fun and usefull for exploring the world without getting off your ass.

BANDWIDTH! I NEED BANDWIDTH!!!

Excepting a few limitations of the doorway in, it's pretty spiffolishious... One of the key ingredients in the Internet, diversity. You go around to all these different places, and pick up on all this strange and different ways that people live and do things. What about when your link to the net gets cut off? It's like having your legs amputated. Most annoying...

Though it's probably redundant, here is a list of Internet tools:

Netscape (WEB, FTP, yadda yada yada...)

Eudora (Email)

Homer (IRC talking)

NewsWatcher (Usenet messages)

There is other crap that is specific to one thing like Anarchie and TurboGopher (etc.) and utilities for slarping the files once you get them (like MacCompress, UUTool, Tar and others), but you can get those as you need them.... Oh, and if you loooove that command-line, you can use Telnet. I know all Mac users have such a fondness of those....

Another cool thing. With the newer version of FirstClass, BBSes that are linked to the Internet can be dialed into from the internet. SO, I could call a local FC board, and zoof through the Internet to another FC board, anywhere in the world...all on a local call. That makes OneNet look pretty sad.

Chuggita [chuggita](#).. and..... [chuggita](#)...