

CLUES: A FUCKING POEM

words marly

DON'T TELL WOMEN WHAT TO DRINK ASSHOLE

illustrations tara words marly

COOL PLACES IN AMSTERDAM...

illustration words tara

LONG STORY SHORT: YOUR FACE IS FINE

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FLY FITS IN THE WILD

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WHAT THE FUCK SHOULD I WEAR?

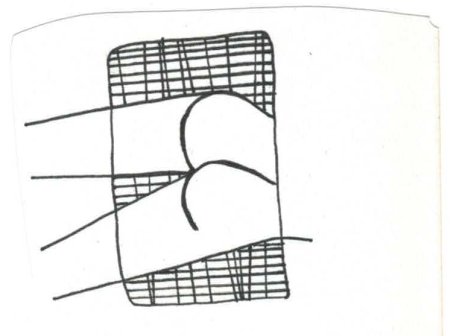
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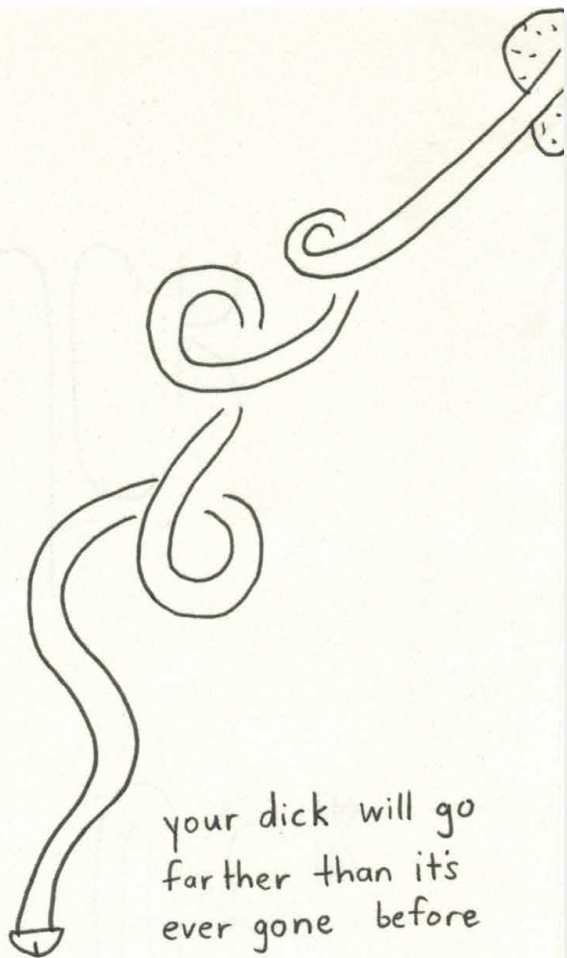
FUCKOSCOPES

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PERSONAL ADS

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your dick will go
farther than it's
ever gone before

another fucknaxxon product



we're glad you stumbled upon us.

Clues

Supine and salty, firm and rash
clad in a buny suit in chase
of heat

A mothered body still supple, feral
in the full extension of her cats
cow.

Each night she plays dead
as ghosts walk across the
mountains of her calloused
hands, a tsunami of tears in
her wake.

Each morning her eyes burn a
vigil,
up/on the terrain
to graze
to dissect
to embellish.

At the funeral
She marvels at the bend
of red gloss on her nails.
The petals in her chest
jump and run but
never
blow away.

Alone, she hungrils
watches the glow
on her screen
and cries for them
to keep
from crying for herself.

And, later
it's in her laugh
the snap of her neck
the span of her mouth
and the roar of her revelry.

Don't tell women what to drink asshole

So I'm at this restaurant with my very lovely friend who is a joy to all the senses. We order tacos and beers and swap life updates. When I'm ready for my second beer, I call over the waiter. Now first let me say that I'm no beer aficionado but I know what I like. I tell him I want something brown or amber. I ask him about the Ocho Reales Porter and if he would recommend it. He says he has something for me that's not even on the menu. Dope!

As soon as he brings me the beer, I know I'm not gonna like it? Why? Because that shit is pale as fuck. On top of that, it tastes like a cider. I really really don't like ciders.

After talking shit about this for a few minutes with my girl, the fool comes over and asks how I like the beer. I tell him straight up that I don't like it and I think he gave it to me because I'm a woman. He grabs it, scurries away and brings back the Ocho Reales Porter that I asked for in the first place. And guess what? It's the right fucking color. And guess what else? It's delicious! Imagine that!

Can you imagine some lame ass bro realizing that I have a vagina and deciding even though I explicitly told him what I wanted deciding anyway to bring me some weak ass sweet ass beer?! Fuckouttahere.



Cool places in Amsterdam...



Tucked away a few side streets from the noisy trams ringing from Oosterpark, Kastanjeplein's potent serenity may take you aback. And even though it's curiously calm for such an expansive space, what gets you most is the square's inhabitants. Ten or so wizened chestnut trees reverently form a ring around their offering - a larger than life bronze rendering of a fallen chestnut that's burst from its shell, scattering remnants everywhere. I'm admittedly a huge sucker for interactive art, and separately also for comically oversized objects. But even with that, there's just something about the combination of it all.

The team at fuck suggests that the best time to visit is the spring right after that one winter that really takes it out of you. Once your heating stops working regularly, you'll smoke your bank account to ruins every month and plead for the sun to return. When the thaw finally comes, bike to new places for the first time in ages without the biting wind - deliriously happy, eyes closed and no hands. Go to Kastanjeplein at 3am and nestle in one of the shell pieces. Shut your eyes and notice the leaves in the wind. Know that it's only going to get warmer and better.

But keep your wits about you because one time some crazy druggie came and mumble-yelled at me that it was his chestnut.

The lure of Kastanjeplein - no one can resist.



LONG STORY SHORT:
YOUR FACE IS FINE

I'm not great at taking selfies. I don't say that in any self-deprecating, humble-brag sort of way. The lighting is never right and I can't ever figure out exactly where to look or how to hold the camera.

Maybe this is obnoxious but my relationship with selfies is complicated. On the one hand I really hate the ways in which they glorify perfection - especially in women. When I see a particularly fabulous shot of someone on IG I can't help but wonder about the 100 imperfect shots that came before it. When do I get to see those?

When I take selfies I hate how critical I become of how I look. MY FACE... my fucking face man. The face I've had my entire life somehow never looks "right" or "good" or "beautiful" or "hot" or "sexy" or "seductive" enough to post online. My very own fucking face somehow doesn't seem quite right.

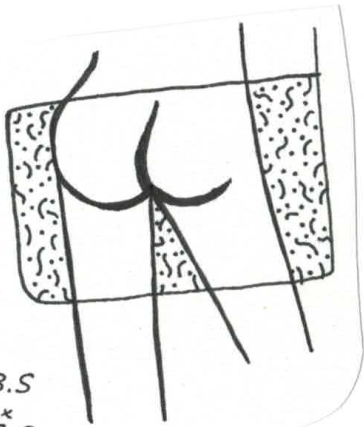
Once I actually googled: "How to take good selfies". And after scrolling through a few overly detailed articles I realized I'm too lazy for that shit... Never fucking mind.

Then a few weeks later I look in the mirror and I'm like hold up this outfit is hella cute. So I try to take a selfie and my arms are too short to capture the whole jam. I pull out my selfie stick (don't judge me) but then can't figure out how to keep the damn thing out of the shot. Over it. Too lazy for this shit.

THE THIRST TRAP

For a few glorious months my BFF lived in Amsterdam. Somehow during one of our ~~deep philosophical conversations about life and love~~ ratchet ass dish sesh she introduces me to the idea of a thirst trap. I'm like girl what? She explains... a thirst trap is basically a come hither photo.

You know like oh hey have you seen my ass recently? Oops there it is.



3.S
x
5.S

(NOT MY ACTUAL BUTT)

(NOT MY ACTUAL EYES)



SEXY SELFIES

I listen to this podcast called the Sexually Liberated Woman. In one episode she interviews Allyee Whaley who talks about the idea of sexy selfies as a political and inherently feminist act. Sexy selfies are normally full or partially nude. The photos serve the purpose of centering your own body and your own gaze. Most of the time the socially acceptable ways for women's naked bodies to be shown is in service of the male gaze. When are we seeing women embracing their bodies and trying to look all sexy and fine just because it feels good? Regardless of who is watching. Regardless of comments and likes.

I love this idea of the body as an art form separate from sexuality. The body with its rolls and cellulite and stretch marks its extra skin and dimples and freckles and wrinkles just a body in all its glorious stuff. Its textures and patterns, its hues. I love the idea of selfies as a political act.

I'm constantly trying to understand my body. What does it like? What does it even look like? How does it give and receive pleasure to and from other bodies? How can it feel good to me, for me? How can it look good to me, for me?

How do I look to myself when nobody is watching? What would I think of myself if I wasn't reflecting the opinions and needs of other people? What would I find beautiful if it were acceptable? What does sexy look like when it's not performed?

SEXTING MYSELF

I sign up for the digital workshop the host of the podcast, Ev'yan Whitney launches called Sexting Myself: Radical Self Love and Sexual Acceptance via Sexy Self Portraiture. Each day of the workshop she sends the group a prompt.



So now I'm going through this course taking all these photos my mom can't ever see but do I do with them?? The first part of taking a sexy selfie is taking the photo but the second part is what to do with it. Lots of folks post these photos on Instagram. Sometimes using private accounts, sometimes with their face cropped out sometimes on their public accounts with their face and real name for the world to see.

Somehow keeping them to myself doesn't feel that gangsta. And I'm pretty much only interested in things that feel gangsta. If I create an anonymous account would that defeat the purpose of embracing my sexuality? Does embracing sexuality have to be public? What happens if I post it publically on my IG account? What do I lose? What do I gain? How much do I care? I don't actually believe anything on the internet can be anonymous.

MADE IT LOOK SEXY

I really loved taking photos for this course. I feel like the experience pushed me to look at my body in new ways. I got to experiment with lighting and props and positions beyond just the typical selfie mug. Thirst traps are about enticing someone else. It's all come hither... which I'm also into but terrible at.

Sexy selfies are about the subject and the way they feel sexy rather than what they think their voyeurs might find sexy.

Although... I must admit, one of the best parts of taking the photos was plotting what unsuspecting lucky someone I might send them to. Oh and yes hunni I sure did create an "anonymous" IG account and posted some thotty photos up there. But honestly it got real boring real quick without the followers, thumbs ups and comments. So fuck maybe I'm just a hypocrite and you just read a fake ass inspirational pep talk for nothing.

No but for real though your face is fine. So are your ass and tits. Your ankles are dope, your elbows are sexy. Your forehead, ears, mouth and nose are all divine. Your thighs, hips and belly all give me life. So just cut the shit already.

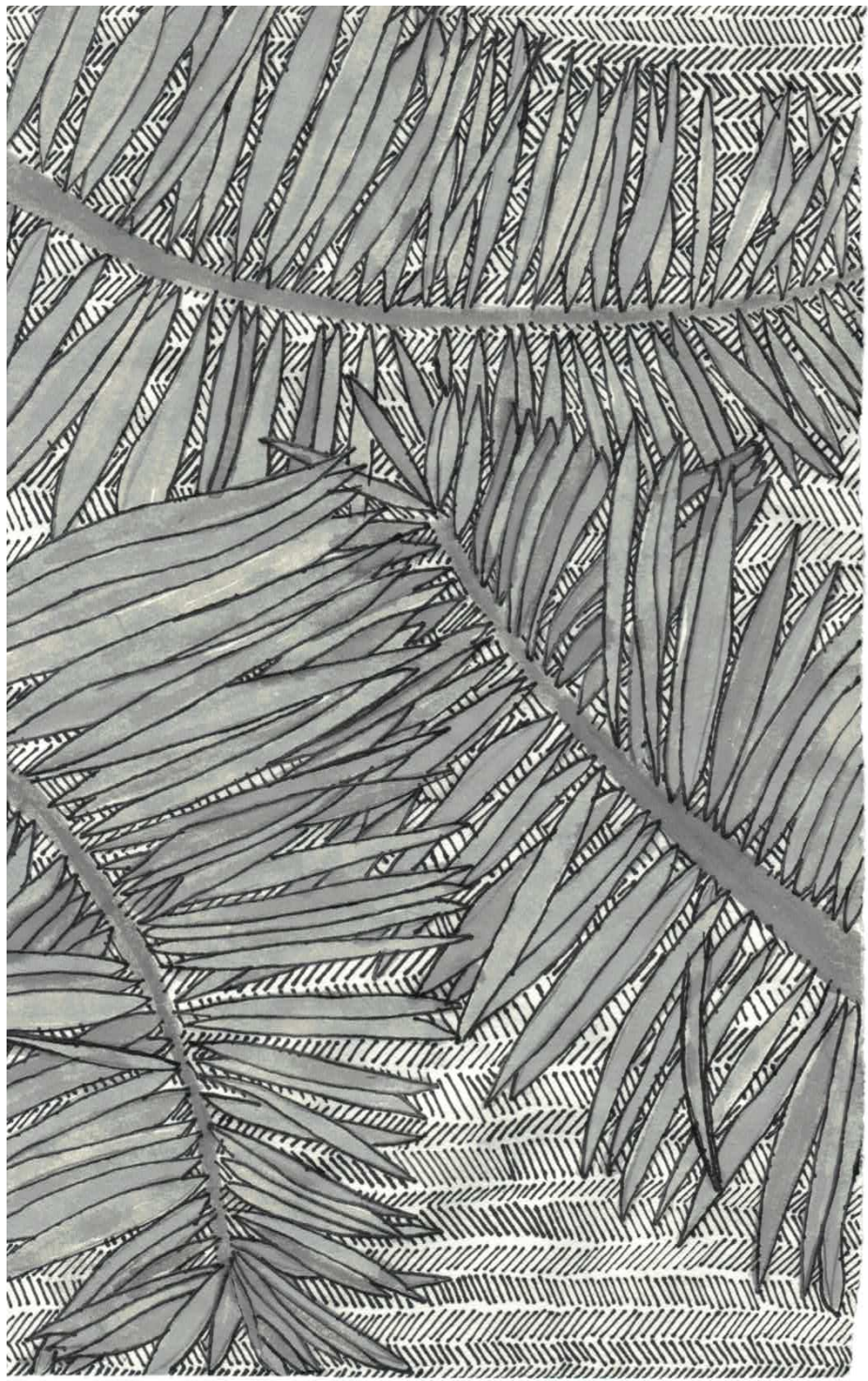
Fly fits in the wild

Early November, one of the first really cold days.
Boring weekday afternoon, playing hooky from work.
Bilderdijkstraat, innocuous block.

She was pedaling along on a very undersized bike, knees drawn up at gawky angles. Candy apple latex pants, black leather go go boots towering six inches or more off of each pedal and a red plaid hat. Jauntily set. Not a thing matched the setting, the weather, the time of day, the vibe. She made awkward progress, barely a snail's pace – because of the tiny bike? Cycling rookie? No - just not in any fucking hurry.

We get to the light, she pulls out a pack of crackers and starts munching lazily.

GET IT GIRL



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Most of us young ruffians want to look enticing when we can. But you've got to know what you're on about to get something together. It takes a keen eye and a daring soul to step the fuck out in a great outfit these days.

We here at fuck firmly believe in clothing the babes we wish to see in the world. We're going to give you a peek at a clothing advice session already in progress - our two Senior Life Changing Correspondents are on hand to take the calls of the weary and desperate. Let's just see how you're doing over here... can you explain the case you're currently working on?

We've all been here - gray checked flannel button down.

Textbook case. I'm getting some baby goth vibes from this, or more Grunge Lite perhaps. Given your profile I'm going to wager you were a fan of the 90's teen witchcraft sleeper hit The Craft. And weren't we all, a little? So I'm almost shocked you haven't already lazily slung this over a cropped, really tight spaghetti strap top, paired with baggy low waisted jeans and a distinct air of jadedness.

But now I'm thinking.... is it really baggy on you? Picture this. Don't wear a bra and just button the middle button. And I don't know, some satin pajama shorts and very chunky badass heels with your hair piled all on top of your head. And some dark brown lipstick. It's pajama party meets badass on laundry day.

CASE CLOSED.

WHAT THE FUCK SHOULD I WEAR?
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Aright girl you really pushing it with this but ima see what I can do.

I mean first of all, is this a sport team? I'm not sure why anyone wears things with sport teams on them. Also stripes. Yeezus. The thing with this is that it's so boxy it's not really doing much for all that body you got. My first thought is to get a sharp pair of scissors and go to town and this bitch. You have fantastic cleavage so let's cut that v neck way down nawmean? Then I want you to give it some cap sleeves. Finally if you give it a vertical cut up the back, you can gather up all that striped sport fabric and tie it up in the back. Or a side knot? Actually you're so cute right now! You could totes rock this with some low waisted jeans and dad sneakers. Oooh but if you find a denim skort to pair it up with and some chunky heels I'll love you for life.

If you're not tryna cut it up, I would suggest you tuck all that extra fabric into some cute high waisted shorts preferably in red. Add some kicks. Oh and no bra, never ever wear a bra. For the love of god. Do feel free to put on some big ass hoop earrings and put your hair up in a messy top knot. For make up I want you natural, just some eye liner and gloss kay? Ooh girl I made you fiine.

CASE CLOSED . .

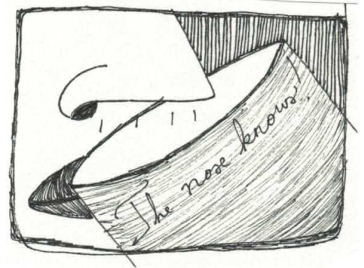


CANCER (JUN 21 - JUL 22)

Summer breezes are gusting, getting rid off all the shit the natural world has accumulated over the year. Gone are the days of battening down the hatches - it's time for change. One of the most effective ways to radically alter your destiny is to try a different kind of hummus. Your tongue is directly linked to Mercury's orbit - so give that bitch something unexpected to mull over.

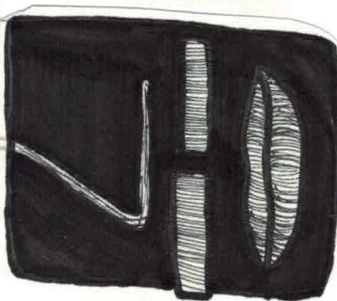
LEO (JUL 23 - AUG 22)

For the next few weeks, your slumbering self will be trapped in an incessant loop. Recurring dreams of an episode from your past will dredge up some deep shit from the recesses of your psyche. Try not to fight it - take your time to sift through the details while you can. On the 20th, you'll get a whiff of some stench from your dream, and WHAM, you'll never have it again.



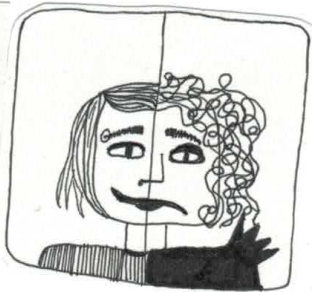
VIRGO (AUG 23 - SEP 22)

The next waxing crescent will set your blood to boiling. Arriving like clockwork, a rapscaillon with anachronistic whiskers and implausible haberdashery will be hiding in wait, calculating the right moment to pounce. With your track record, ignoring him will be impossible. So just do what you have to and get the fuck out, ok? Where there's smoke, there's fire - no one who seriously sports a novelty mustache is less than a total miscreant.



LIBRA (SEP 23 - OCT 22)

For far too long, you've let your dreams of grandeur fall by the wayside, Libra. Something or another always gets in the way, and your epic schemes always get the short end of the stick. What's gotten lost in the shuffle isn't gone forever, but the moon isn't going to be in such a fortuitous position for another 200 years. I don't care what you have to do - you've got 20ish days to get your act together before we're on to the next one. Rob a Marqt, alienate your neighbors, put all your eggs in one basket - act like you give a shit.

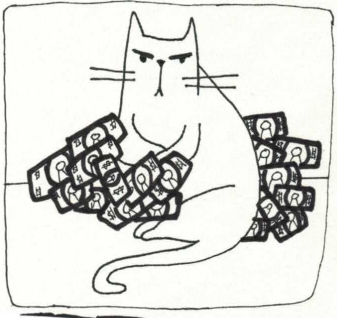


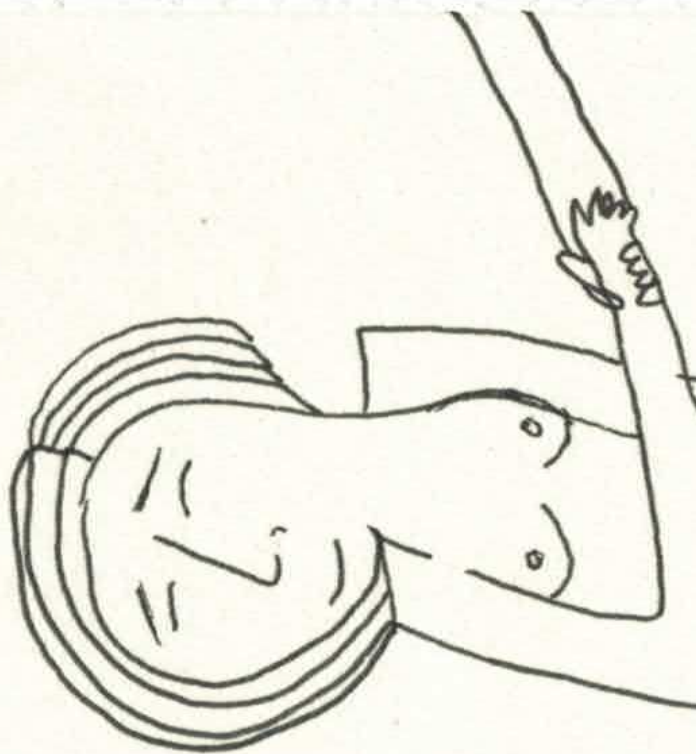
SCORPIO (OCT 23 - NOV 21)

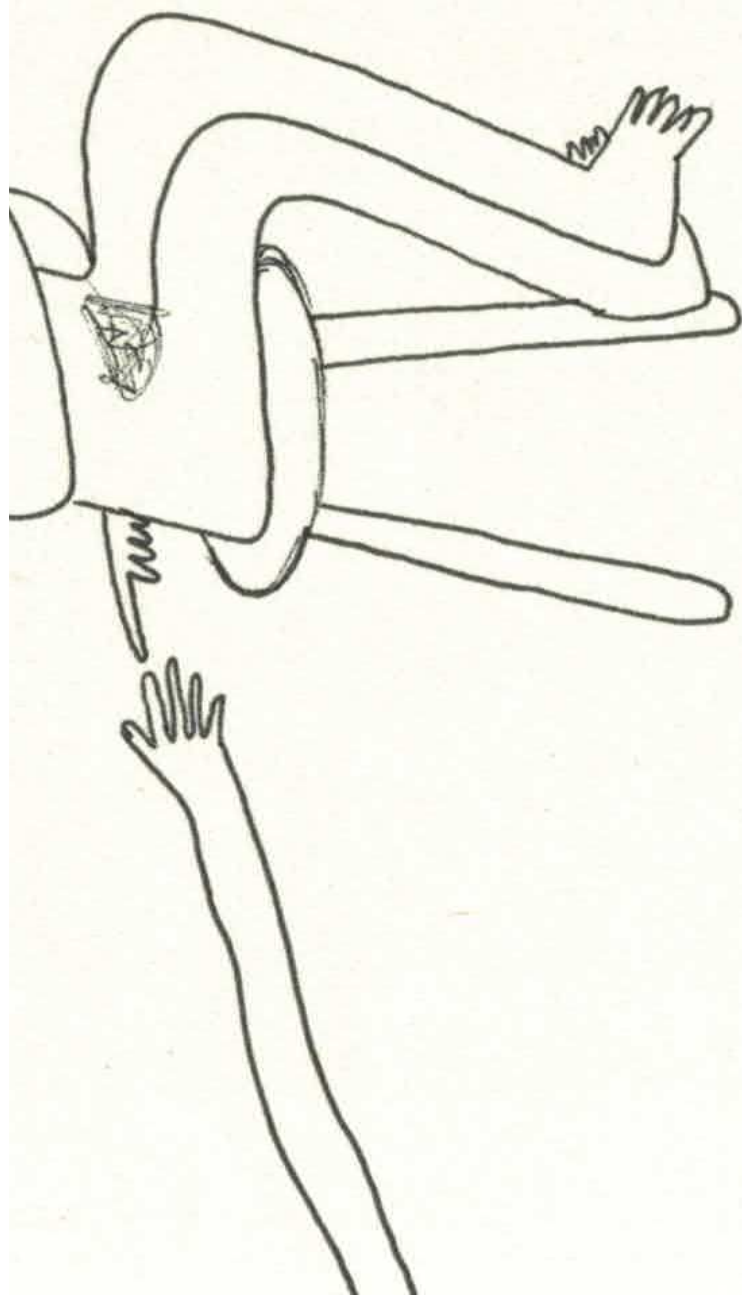
You know it, they know it, we all know it - you're fine as fuck. But why rest on your laurels Scorpio? Switching up your visual interface can give you a whole new perspective on who you think you are. Move through the world as a different character for a bit and see what it does to you.

SAGITTARIUS (NOV 22 - DEC 21)

Unexpected windfall \$%!±_* The nitty gritty is hazy but something massive and valuable is probably gonna fall into your lap around the 12th or 15th. Sell it as soon as you possibly can - all signs point to it being cursed, stolen, or worse (I'm doing my best here). If you can't turn a profit, you will definitely lose it by the 18th. Time is money kid!

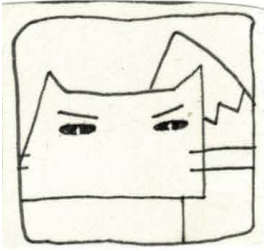






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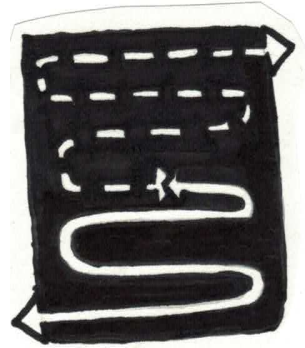
CAPRICORN (DEC 22 - JAN 19)



Like most people you probably consider yourself pretty harmless. Be that as it may, this month you'll gain a temporary nemesis who will do seemingly anything to give you your just desserts. You won't know this person beforehand. You'll have absolutely no idea what you did to piss them off. They will indeed stop at nothing - but they will also be extremely unskilled, so you have little worry about.

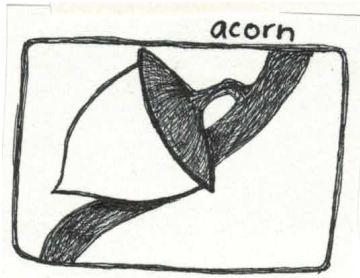
AQUARIUS (JAN 20 - FEB 18)

Your faint inklings, secret suspicions, are not for naught. You're the dupe of your own switcharoo. You swapped families by infiltrating the stroller of another tot. All things considered, you made off ok - your life has weirdly taken more or less the exact same trajectory as it would have otherwise, with one minor detail - you're actually not a Aquarius at all?



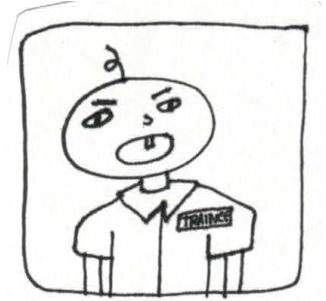
PISCES (FEB 19 - MAR 20)

You may be knee deep in a hot spell now, but winter's always lurking close at hand. The good news is - you get to sit this one out. Come November you'll be blessed with the preternatural gift of human hibernation! But this doesn't mean you're actually getting off the hook - you've got to get your shit together. Listen up - you're gonna need to add approximately 20% onto your body weight before you settle into torpor. So keep your insulating fabrics close and your snacks closer. And don't be afraid to rely on the guidance of your closest non-primate mammalian friends.

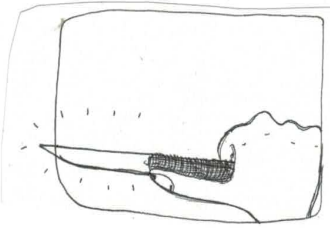


ARIES (MAR 21 - APR 19)

In the days of yore, kids got to join the adult world real early, and spent all their youthful gusto learning manual labor in the school of hard knocks. Not the best deal for them and you're probably wondering how this is a horoscope but what I'm getting at is - help shape your future by making sure at least one adult of tomorrow -isn't- an asshole. Take on an apprentice! The alignment of Jupiter and the Vijzelstraat makes you extra insightful this month and we don't want to let it go to waste.



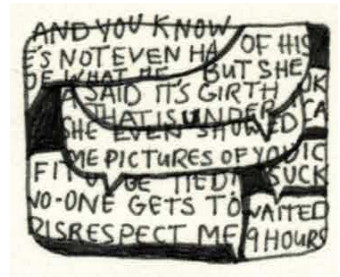
TAURUS (APR 20 - MAY 20)



Undiagnosable shiftiness has you jumpy and restless this month. Being holed up and watching the rain patterns on the window isn't going to help you. But taking a course in amateur woodworking definitely will. You're going to want to work with something supple like Balsa to soften your mood. Whittle an effigy of your emotions, burn it and a lock of your hair, and save the ashes - you're going to need them on the 17th.

GEMINI (MAY 21 - JUN 20)

This month you're gonna want to play fast and loose with words. Talk a bunch of shit - about the creepy lady from the laundromat, that mansplainer at work, your mother-in-law's fat cat. It will do absolutely nothing to make your problems go away but it will be such a release. You can be cordial in the winter - now is the time for your fiery word daggers.



ever so
slowly put
down their fork
ful of angel hair
pasta or their

AffligemTM
Dubbel



or... you get it
right? So you
know when
you're in a
public space

FULL of STRANGERS



organically
and
wordlessly

and then, before you
know it, people are
making out and

And then sweet
black baby Jesus
it's an orgy. Wait
what? You've never
seen this
happen before?
But it sounds
hot right?

WANT IN?
Cool, holler @ us:
fuckorgy@gmail.com

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