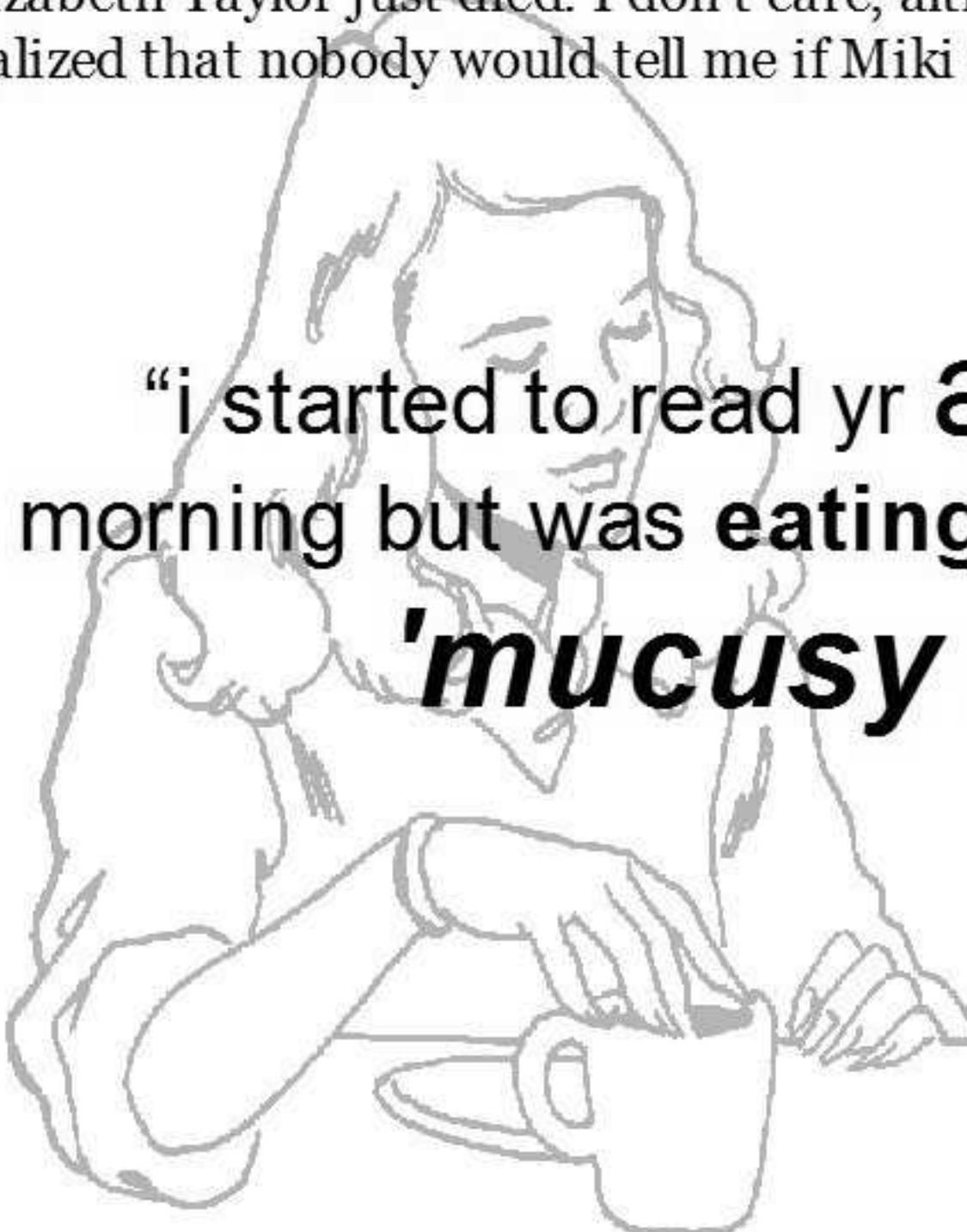


Waldfield:

the
zine



Elizabeth Taylor just died. I don't care, although I did become sad when I realized that nobody would tell me if Miki Sugimoto died.



“i started to read yr **autobiography** this morning but was **eating a bagel** and had to **stop** at **'mucusy shit'”** –Amanda

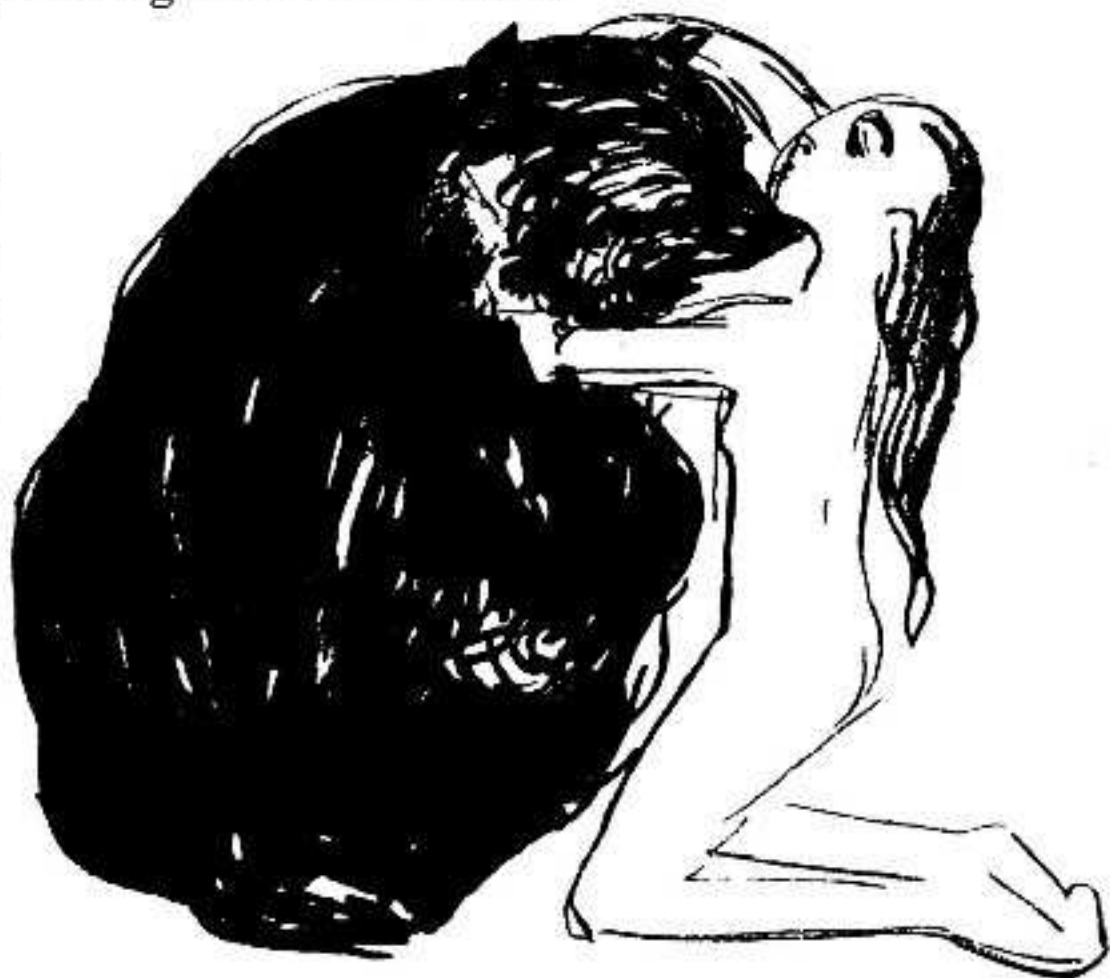
*If a child looks at child porn, is
it still considered child porn?*

I'm a schoolteacher.

One of my classes has this very cool and attractive couple in it. I spent months thinking about how much I would like to watch them have sex. Finally, one day, I did. But it wasn't as beautiful as I had anticipated. They are after all only teenagers. I ended up feeling sad afterwards.

In this other class of mine, one day a student came to school dressed like Kurt Cobain. I really wanted to fuck her. But the problem was, if I did, she wouldn't have been dressed like Kurt Cobain anymore.

The first day of school, a lot of teachers spend the whole period talking about themselves. That's 45 minutes — is that really the size of their ego? Me, I spend the whole first week talking about myself.





Movie Review: *Citizen Kane*

WARNING: SPOILERS

The opening shot of Orson Welles' masterpiece is as memorable and iconic as any in cinema: a close-up of Kane's grave, a single tear falling on the dry desert sand, and a slow upwards tilt into a menacing low-angle shot of the very jar of pickles that took this enigmatic figure's life, his blood still shimmering on the jagged, broken edges.

But for all the jars of pickles Kane fucked in his lifetime, what was he really like? That is the very question the film seeks to answer, through a series of flashbacks narrated by Kane himself. "I was but a lusty young ranch hand," begins the opening line in the film, a line so many critics and scholars have committed to memory, "fucking away at everything on the ranch I could find: horses, sheep, pigs, cows, tree knots, flamingos, anthills, and trout."

A series of dissolves reveals Welles' technical wizardry, and the montage ends with a slow zoom towards the family refrigerator as Kane adds the finishing touch to his now-immortal monologue: "...and of course, that item that would prove my undoing... my auntie's glass mason jars of kosher dill pickles." How true.

The ensuing scenes document great sweeping portions of Kane's life — his grandiose marriages, his courtroom hearings for pedophilia, his courtroom hearings for murder, his brief bid for the world wrestling championship against Joe Stetcher (see left), and of course the classic pubic-hair-shaving scene, filmed entirely in one unbroken four-minute shot. But for all of the ground this film covers, every bit of it is shown in the context of Kane's pickle fetish. Cross-cutting, superimposition, and matte shots all make sure we make that connection during every single scene. And that is, of course, the film's ultimate metaphor: no matter how accomplished one may become, we are all still ultimately bound by the sweet lure of cucumbers, brine, and vinegar.

A harrowing portrait of a man obsessed. Layered storytelling combined with a groundbreaking visual flair. Every fan of film owes it to themselves to see... *Citizen Kane*. Five stars out of five.

yeah yeah yeah it's the return of the dc sniper!!! oh snap that guy is my worst enemy

True as of March 2011:

<http://www.fuckyoumotherfucker.com> is open and available, if you're looking for a domain for that new website you were planning.

*Excerpt from the audio
commentary track of
Slaughtered Vomit
Dolls:*

*LV: And here you are in
a pool of your own...*

AL: ...puke!

*LV: Yeah, I think you
had pasta that evening.*

Sonic Lewis and the News

Today the crossword puzzle
said, "Wish you were _ _ _ _ _."
Obviously it's "here," but the first
thing I thought of was "dead."

You and the captain
make it haptain.

Fond porn memories: back in college I found this short clip of one girl inserting her foot into another girl's vagina. The name of the file was, "avec le pied.mpg"

There's one part in the Book of Genesis where God tells Sarah to conceive another child. But she's in her 90s, so she just laughs at him. Then God says, "Why are you laughing? Do you doubt me?"

Sarah suddenly becomes afraid and says, "I didn't laugh." And then is the best line in the whole bible.

God gives her this steely-eyed glare, this Joe-Pesci-esque glare, and tosses his cigarette butt to the ground. He slowly exhales the smoke, never having broken eye contact for a moment. He says...

"...But you did laugh." (18:10–15).

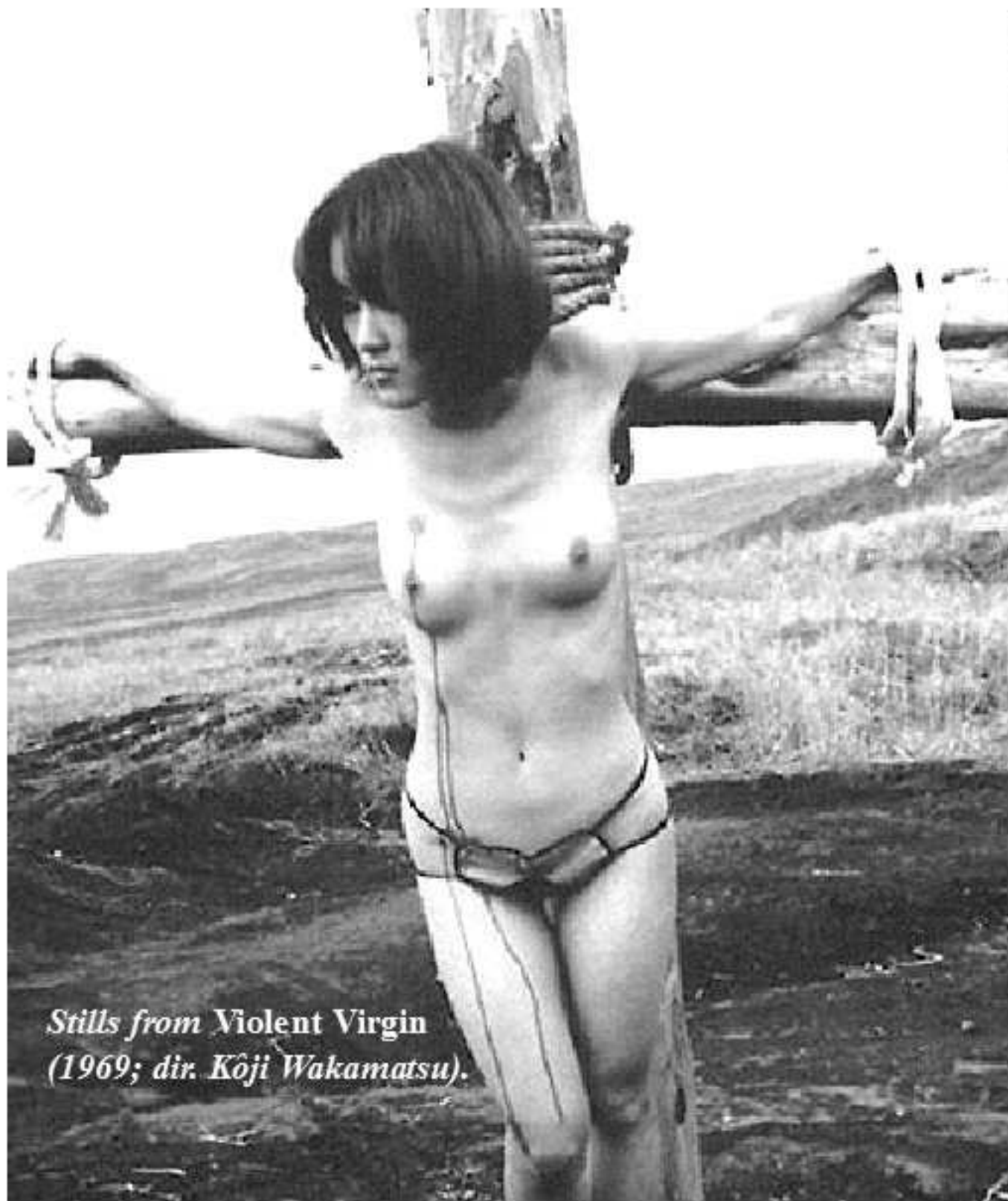
A porn query: Why should it be that porn sites always upload holiday-themed videos on Christmas and Valentine's Day but never Presidents' Day?

DO YOU TRULY UNDERSTAND NOW?

gf202020



v=00nSIS45AGk (Nobody likes this video except for me.)



*Stills from Violent Virgin
(1969; dir. Kôji Wakamatsu).*



DirtyPotterOfficial: she's hot. do you have any pics of her where she's not being crucified?

Waldfield: ._. why would i have something like that



From the Wikipedia article on *Muppet Babies*:

"Each episode included a single storyline. Usually the babies were confronted with a child-like problem, such as fear of the dentist, or a question, such as 'where do muffins come from?'"

I don't see what the big deal is about signing a girl's breasts. Just the other day I signed a girl's vulva.

In 1982, the CD was designed to hold up to 74 minutes of music, to ensure that Beethoven's Ninth could fit all on one disc.

In 2005, YouTube comments were given a three-character minimum, to ensure that people could reply to a video with "lol".

I might spend a lot of my workday standing over girls' desks and looking down their shirts, or sitting down while I lecture in front of the room so as to get a better angle to look up their skirts, but in my heart's core I still take my job very seriously. The fact is:

Being a teacher isn't all about pedophilia.

Let me tell you a story underscoring that very point.

A few months ago, two students died in a car crash. The community mourned this very tragic loss. An assembly was gathered to commemorate their lives. All around me, adults — professionals — were openly sobbing. Even the strictest teachers, whom I had never seen emote about anything. Even the jokester teachers, whom I had never seen take anything seriously. All were deeply and clearly saddened. As I looked at the images on the screen of these two girls, who were now deceased, I felt something new stirring within myself as well. A massive, swelling feeling rising throughout me. I looked down and realized what it was: a gigantic erection. I knew then that, sometimes, being a teacher is also about necrophilia.





*May you have
a Sonic
Christmas and
the News*

[Author's note: I hereby give you permission to reproduce this page, or any other page, for use as an actual Christmas card. -Wal]

You know I used to
joke a lot about
**getting my
dick stuck in a
jar of pickles,**
but I realized today
that there's really
nothing funny about it
at all.

I hired a cleaning service for
my apartment the other day.
One of the maids was kind of
cute. As they were on their
way out, I briefly thought of
pulling her aside and asking
her if she wanted to make
any more money. But I
started blushing and thought
better of it.

Porn films were so different in the 70s. Instead of having just a
scenario, they'd have an actual plot. Which would cause the
eventual sex scenes to feel completely incongruous. Like two
different films spliced together. If I were a porn director in the
70s, I would have taken that to the extreme. Film a remake of
Hamlet or something. And every couple of scenes, hardcore sex.
Then back to Hamlet. Etc.

...And you know to clarify the sex scenes in my Hamlet wouldn't have any relevance to the plot and character
arcs of the real Hamlet. After Act 1 Scene 2 when Claudius gives his address to the court, he'd have a threeway
with Hamlet and Gertrude. And after 1.5 the ghost would have sex with Ophelia. Etc.





Waldfield

Berthold Auerbach

When I first saw this book, and you can Google it — it's real — I was outraged. Who is this Berthold Auerbach, and does he not realize that the name Waldfield is already taken? (My screenname had been around since 2007; the book, 2010.)

It was not until some time later that my rage simmered down and I purchased a copy. \$20 is an awful lot for a gamble, but curiosity had gotten the best of me. Imagine my surprise to find that the name was not a coincidence — the book was actually about me! A 300-page-long tribute!

Chapter 1 was an analysis of my work as a YTP Editor back in the day. Not without its merits, but I think he was overhasty to describe Sonic's Hot, Sticky Fluids as "capturing the zeitgeist." Chapter 2 focused on my Waldfield's Corner writings, and again I must take umbrage with his repeated use of the word zeitgeist (does he know no other way to compliment things?).

I was most enticed by the premise of Chapters 3 through 12, which combine to form an extended slash fic about me. However, what began as joyous self-glorification on my part soon turned into a dolorous discontent when I observed the bungling nature of his prose. I quote, "Waldfield slowly unzipped [sic] his pants and gently inserted himself into my eager, puckering anus." Apparently Mr. Auerbach has never seen me sodomize, for there is nothing slow or gentle about it.

In closing, flattered at the attention though I may have originally been, I must insist you neither buy nor read nor even shoplift this book.

Movie Review: *Eyeball*

They say the worst thing that can happen to a director is to be an early success, for all of the pressure it creates to repeat that success. This is the exact situation Orson Welles found himself in after completing *Citizen Kane*, with studios and the public alike wondering what his next picture would be. Fortunately for Welles' legacy, *Eyeball* delivered on every front.

Not content to rest on his laurels, Welles redoubled his efforts on this one – literally: this film has twice as many effects, twice as many flashbacks, twice as many snow globes, and... you know that scene where Joseph Cotten blows on those strips of paper? Twice as many of that, too.

Whether you're a casual fan, a cinema junkie, or just want to see the grim reaper tear the eye out of a girl in her underwear before skullfucking her with his fleshless erection, *Eyeball* is the movie for you. Five stars out of five.



I had an idea for my own movie.

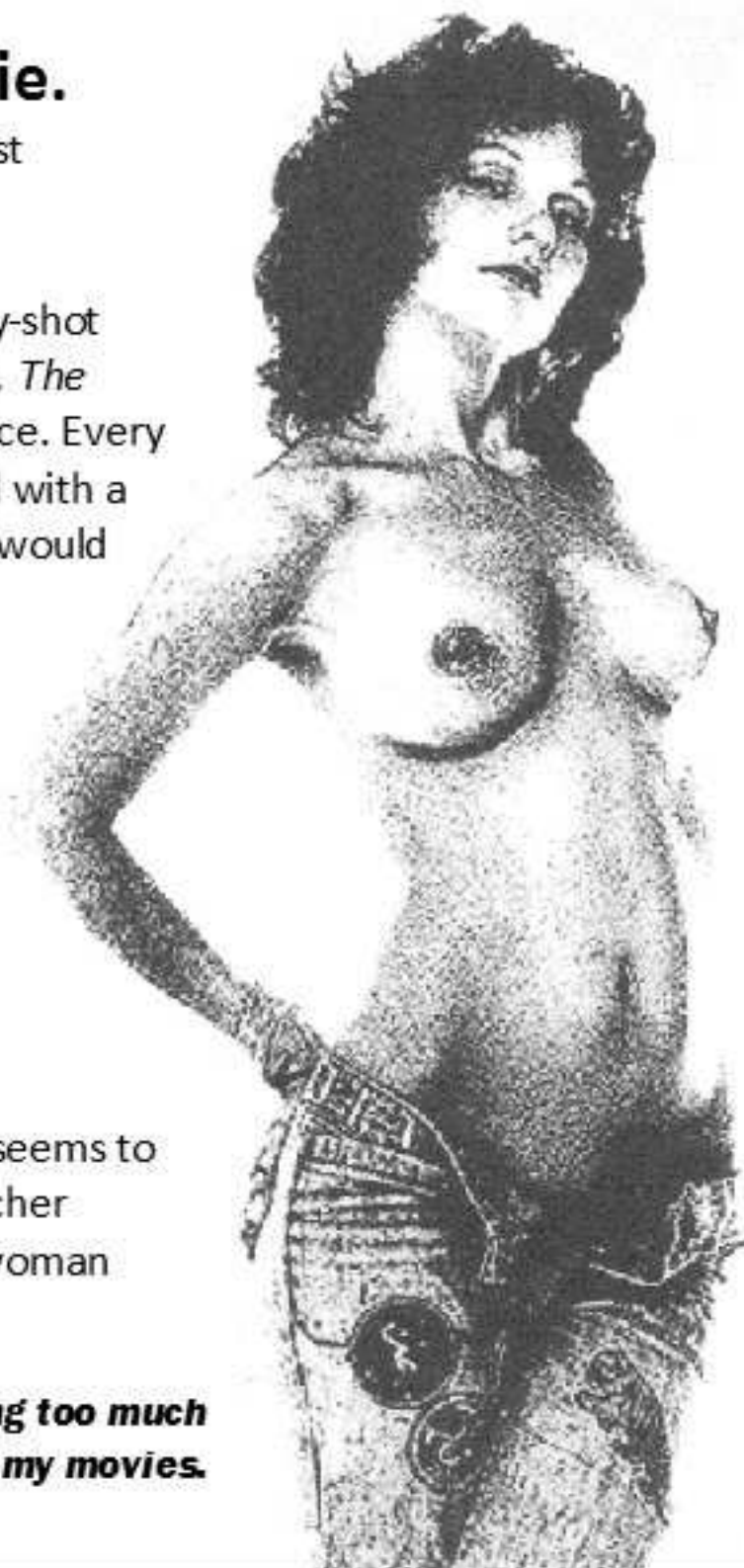
A series of movies, in fact. It's probably my most marketable idea to date.

The way it would work is, I would make shot-by-shot remakes of classic films — *Vertigo*, *Casablanca*, *The Shining*, and so on — but with one key difference. Every character, every single one, would be replaced with a naked woman. The other elements of the film would be kept as faithful to the originals as possible.

Just consider the following:

- A naked woman spends the summer confined to a wheelchair, spying on her neighbors (also naked women) to pass the time. She discovers that one of them has recently murdered a naked woman.
- An unruly high school class of naked women seems to be unreachable... until one naked woman teacher finally inspires them. (Soundtrack by a naked woman covering Coolio.)

Linda Lovelace is wearing too much to be in one of my movies.



- Annie Hall is a naked woman dating the highly neurotic but equally naked Alvy Singer.
- Hadleyville's naked marshal is set to retire after marrying the naked Grace Kelly, until she receives word that Miller's band of naked women is planning to settle an old score at noon that very day.
- A woman says, "Do ya feel lucky, punk?" (while naked).
- A mad, naked scientist works with her also-naked assistant on her greatest discovery: stealing a naked woman from the grave and bringing her back to life! Unfortunately, they create a monster who terrorizes the local town of naked women.
- A small group of naked women hunts a shark named Jaws. [replace the shark with a naked woman too? decide later]
- A remake of *Godzilla*, budget allowing.

Sonic's Hot, Sticky Fluids:



A Legacy In Semen

The following is reproduced with permission from Chapter 1 of Bertrand Auerbach's book, Waldfield (Bibliolife: 2010).

The Video

“NNNNGH!” SONIC YELLS, sweat pouring from his face. This is the powerful *in medias res* launch to a video deservedly epic in stature if not in duration. Sonic's arms quiver as he feverishly agitates what must be a Brobdingnagian cock — as it is off-screen, our minds can only conjecture (my mind in particular has spent many evenings conjecturing).

“I'm masturbaaatiiiiing,” Sonic declares with the passion and pride of an Odyssean homecoming. Chills run down his spine and onto ours.

“Wuh! Ungh!” he voraciously bleats as he toils away. And again: “Wuh! Ungh!” Finally, the video's sensational climax (pun definitely intended!) — “Graaaaahhhh,” Sonic exclaims as he potently issues forth his egress.

The flood of semen arcs impossibly through time and space before landing on its ultimate target — Dr. Ivo Robotnik, Sonic's ultimate villain.

And then, the final cap on the video, the moment in which it ascends from genius to immortal genius: Sonic stands naked, his flaccid twelve inches flapping nobly in the wind, as he triumphantly gives us a thumbs-up. “Sonic says,” Sonic says.

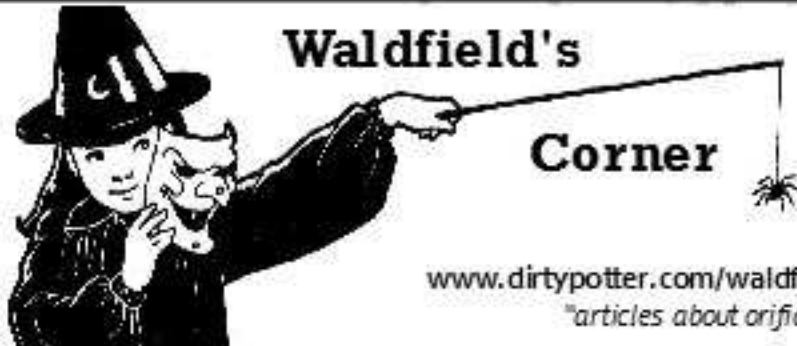
The Legacy

FOR ALL THE TIMES I'VE WATCHED this video in hopes of analyzing its composition and artistry, I have never been able: Waldfield's work is simply too charming; it sweeps up the viewer in an emotional frenzy and distracts that cerebral impulse in favor of a more carnal one — a quality that shall cause him to remain forever inscrutable.

And yet, for all of Waldfield's abstruseness, he remains among the most analyzed contemporary artists. Not since *Un Chien Andalou* has there been a greater disparity between critical attention and inaccessibility. Suffice to say that all who attempt to understand Waldfield's work are left merely to enjoy it instead, and that I would like to populate an island with Waldfield's offspring.

Advertisements

The following materials are included due to either me liking them or in some cases being paid to include them.



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Corner**

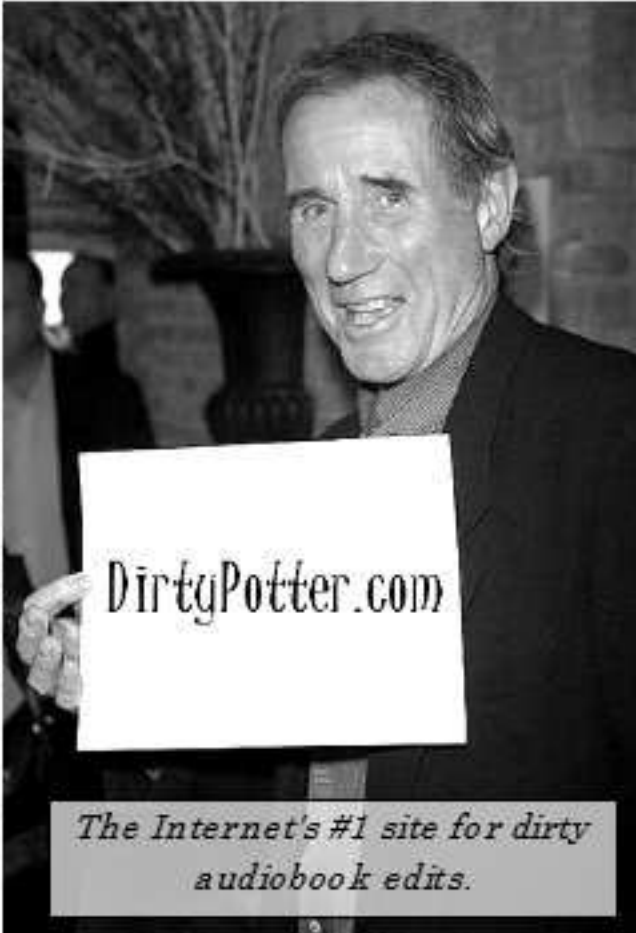
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*“The other day I
masturbated to
pictures of you
at your birthday
party. They were
the only ones I still
had. It felt so wrong.”
—Pig Destroyer*

~~“My dick
is havin’
guts for
lunch.”~~

—Earl Sweatshirt

