

Subject: TANGO AT THE DOLLAR STORE

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.....The artist pulled up his collar against the rain, and then opened the door to the store, and went inside. This was a store that he knew would have what he needed. He needed twenty little beanbag ashtrays for a sculpture he was doing, called "Twenty People for Dinner at Jesuses Motel." As he moved down the cluttered aisles he paused to examine some small candy bars shaped like President Clintons head, with a dogs body. As he looked at them with amazement, he became aware of a persons presense beside him, and the faint sound of music, He turned and saw a striking-looking tall woman standing there, with a conch shell to her ear. She was smiling and slowly bobbing up and down. He noticed the conch shell had written on its side, " Key West Christian Fat Farm." Her eyes met his, and, he was gone from his old life, like a fart in a windstorm. "What is the music?" he kept looking into her eyes. "Tango," she smiled, offering the shell for him to hear. They both put their ears to the shell together, and before he knew it they were both doing the Tango down the aisles of the Dollar Store. He glanced down at what was bumping into him, causeing his breath to come out in little squeaks, like a mouse cought in a vacuum cleaner. It was her breasts, which he could not think about another second, for fear of respiratory paralysis. Their tango became more and more outrageous, and their eyes stayed locked, while they banged into the merchandise on the shelves. A rack of keychains showing Jesus and Marlena Dietrich on a motorcycle, went scattering to the floor. A rack of chocolate bunnyrabbits having sex with Elvis fell over. A shelf of birthday candles shaped like dogs penises was crushed. A revolving hanger displaying womens pink bikini underwear that were printed: " Eat These Before The Commies Do," went down. He realised that her dark eyes reminded him of the inside of his grandmothers pickle barrels. He really, really liked her. As they danced faster and faster he managed to ask her, "What do you do when you dont tango?"he gasped....She smiled at him sweetly, and spoke, " Why I spend all day hitting men like you in the face with banana cream pies at the supermarket. You know, I work selling T -shirts at the bakery counter, and when a doofus lomes up and looks down my cleavage, why I let him have it with a pie. Keeps me in an even temperament, you see?" Their Tango carried them to the back of the store, where they made love so violently that they ruined a whole display of fuzzy white swans la beled:" Rub These Swans and Find True Love-one dollar." Ruined them with their sweat. They of course were thrown out, andlived for ever afterward as co-managers of their new invention...The Key West Tango dance Studio, Dollar Food Market, and Masturbation Parlour...They became weird, and rich.////////// all my love,...MR. DAVIES