

"El Gallo"

WRITTEN &
ILLUSTRATED

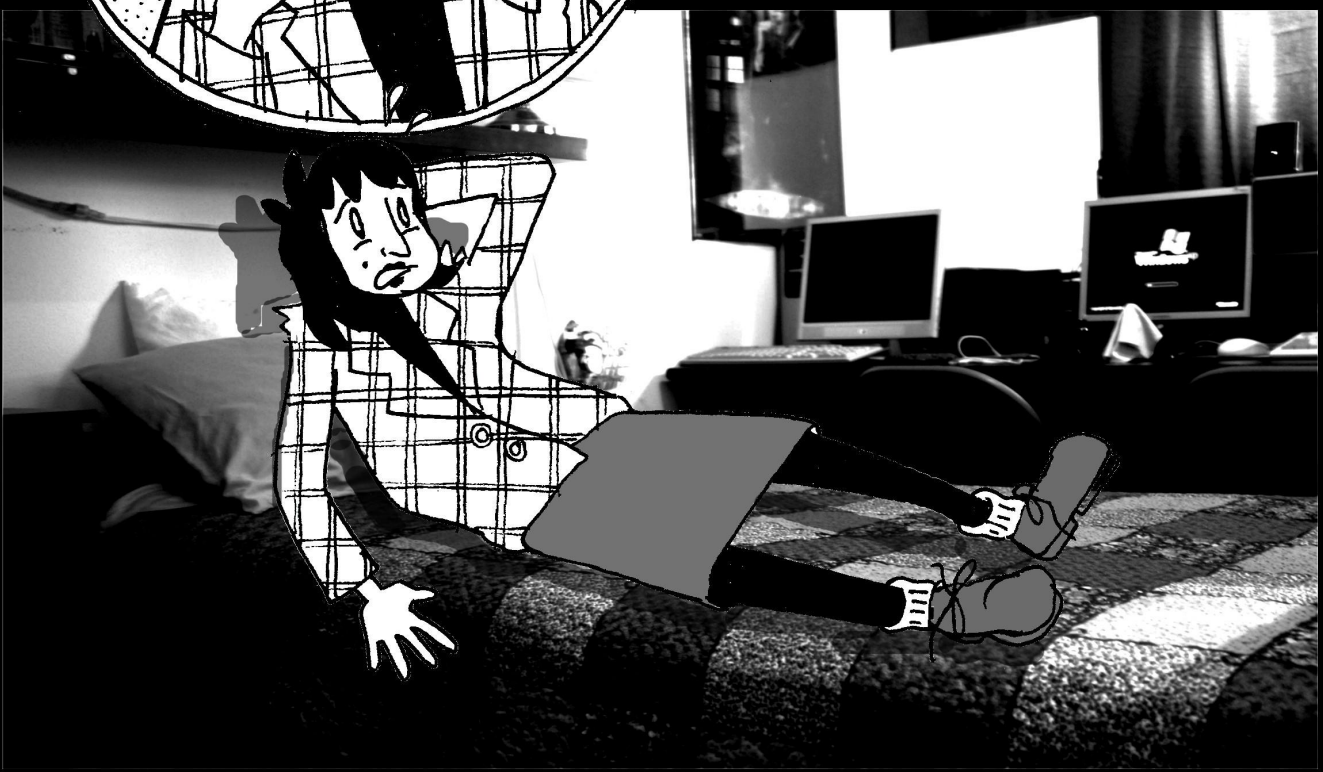
By: "Starla
Darla
Slunk"



I HAD A CAT ONCE...THIS CAT HAD BEEN MY EVERYTHING. I WOULD LOSE SLEEP ONLY TO BE WITH THIS CAT. EVENTUALLY WE'D HIT THE HAY TOGETHER. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME LOVE HAD BEEN SO SIMPLE, SO PURE...

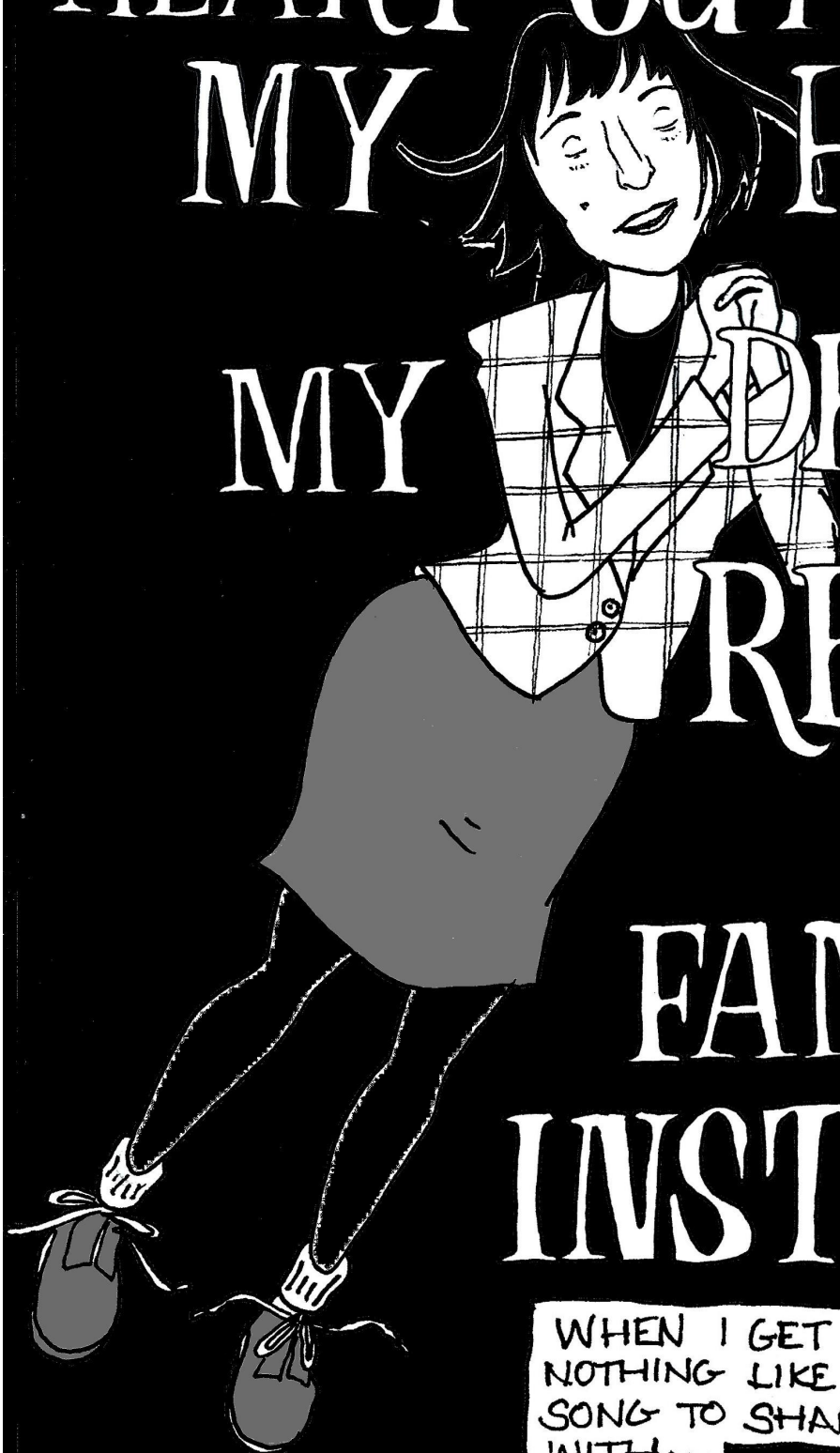
BUT THE FOLLOWING SUMMER, SOMETHING CHANGED, WHAT, I DON'T KNOW. HE BEGAN TO ATTACK AND HISS AT ME WHENEVER I DISTURBED HIM.

ALL OF A SUDDEN HE BECAME 'YOUR AVERAGE CAT.' THAT IS, NASTY, GRUMPY, AND GENERALLY ALOOF. IT FELT LIKE A PERSONAL AFFRONT. I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE IT OTHERWISE.



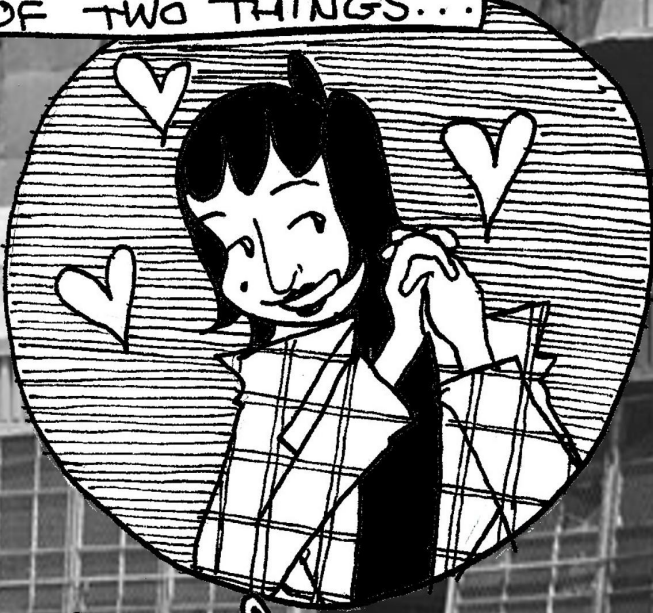
"SOMETIMES MY
HEART OUTPACES
MY HEAD

MY DESIRES
REMAIN
A
FANTASY
INSTEAD "



WHEN I GET MOROSE, THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE AN "EL GALLO"
SONG TO SHARE MY SORROW
WITH...

I THINK I HAVE A THING FOR EL GALLO FANS WHO ALMOST INVARIABLY LOOK LIKE ONE OF TWO THINGS...



ROCKABILLY

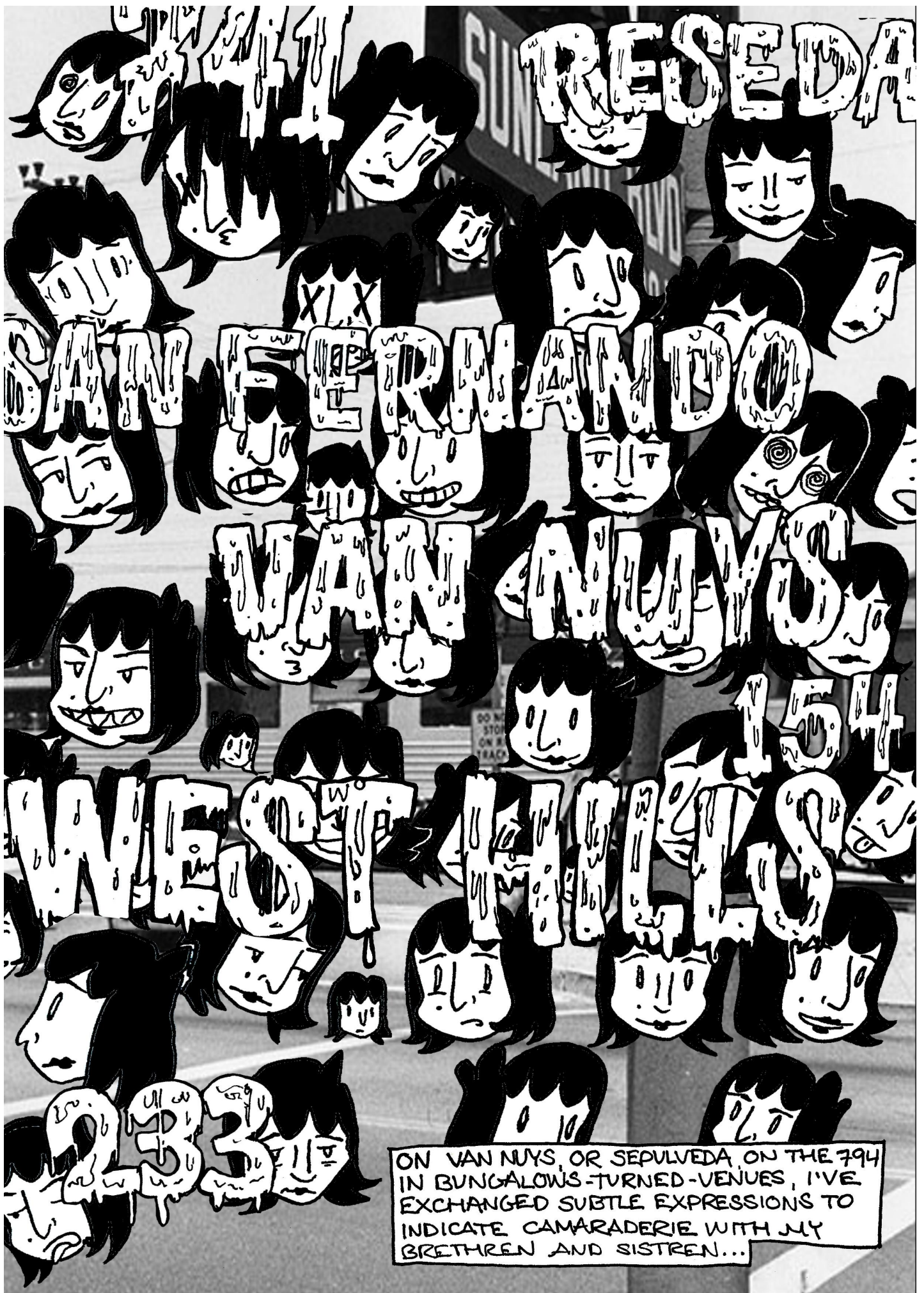
SKINHEAD

OR



THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LET CERTAIN OTHERS KNOW THAT YOU TOO ARE INVOLVED IN AN IGNOBLE AND FRIVOLOUS STRUGGLE OF UTTER SELF CONTEMPT AND LOATHING, OF DEPRESSION, ROMANTIC FAILURE, AND SUICIDAL IDEATION.

TRULY, I AM NOT ALONE IN MY LOVE FOR GALLO. LOS ANGELES CONTAINS LEAGUES OF HIS FANS WITHIN HER FAIR, SUN BAKED WALLS!



ON VAN NUYS, OR SEPULVEDA ON THE 794 IN BUNGALOWS-TURNED-VENUES, I'VE EXCHANGED SUBTLE EXPRESSIONS TO INDICATE CAMARADERIE WITH MY BRETHERN AND SISTREN...



IT WAS RIDICULOUS, I WOULD HANG
OUT WITH MY LOVE OBJECT AND
LISTEN TO EL GALLO SONGS WITH
THEM, ONLY TO RETURN HOME
IN TEARS TO LISTEN TO,

"THE ONE I
WANT'S NOT
MINE"

Damp Kisses

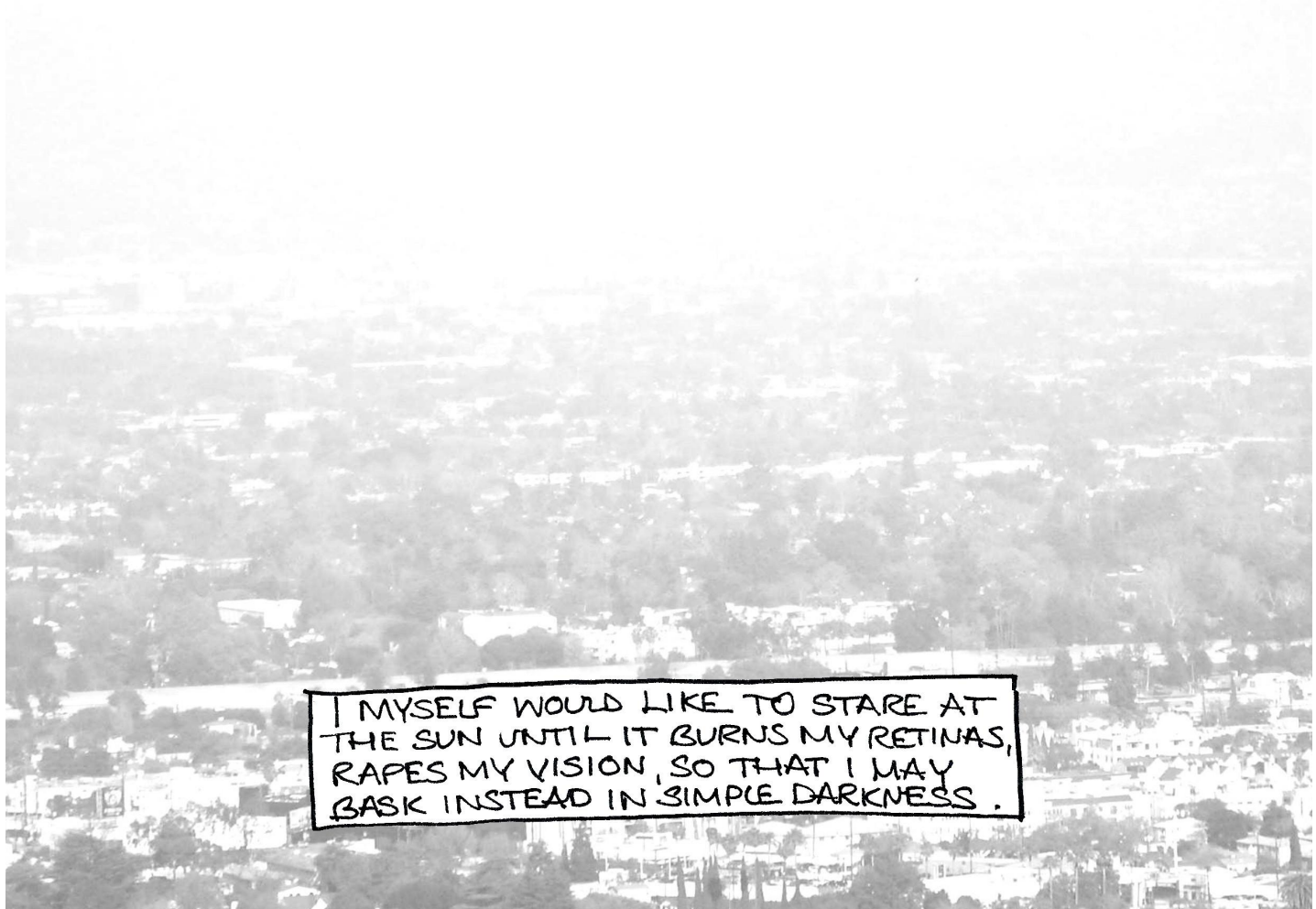


THERE WAS OBVIOUSLY SOME SORT OF
COMFORT I TOOK FROM THIS CONSTANT
SADNESS, THIS OUROBOROS OF
TEARS... LIFE AS MERELY A SPECTRUM
OF MELANCHOLY.

SIMPLE.

YES, SIMPLICITY, AS SIMPLE AS THE SCORCHED EARTH THAT IS THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, LIKE THE LAWN LOS ANGELES FORGOT TO TEND TO, WHOSE HUES RANGE FROM BEIGE-YELLOW TO BROWN.

AS SIMPLE AS THE INFINITE SKY WHICH FALLS HEAVY ON DARK SKINNED WOMEN WAITING FOR THE BUS WHILE HOLDING SUN UMBRELLAS, AS LIGHT SKINNED SISTERS DRIVE AIR CONDITIONED AUTOMOBILES TO LIE ON THE SAND AS FEATHERLIGHT RAYS GENTLY CARESS THEIR PIGMENTATION TOWARD A NOBLE DARKNESS.

An aerial, black and white photograph of a city valley, likely San Fernando Valley in Los Angeles. The view is from an elevated position, looking down on a dense residential area with numerous houses and buildings. The terrain appears to be a valley with some hills in the distance. The overall tone is somewhat desaturated and grainy, consistent with the text's description of a 'scorched earth' and 'beige-yellow' hues.

I MYSELF WOULD LIKE TO STARE AT THE SUN UNTIL IT BURNS MY RETINAS, RAPES MY VISION, SO THAT I MAY BASK INSTEAD IN SIMPLE DARKNESS.

JUST FIVE
MINUTES,
I'D BE

I DON'T THINK I'VE
EVER COME ACROSS
A LINE WHICH SUMS
UP LOVE'S ENSLAV-
-ING PERSUASION
SO WHOLLY.

GRATISFUNK

PINDAR TELLS US THAT THE
GODS ALLOT TWO EVILS FOR
EVERY GOOD IN MAN, AND
THAT FOOLS BEAR THESE
EVILS UNGRACEFULLY.
FOOLISHLY I HAVE MASKED
MYSELF IN SELF PITY FOR
SO LONG THAT I AM NO
LONGER ABLE TO SEEK
HONESTLY THE GOOD IN
OTHERS, IN LOVE. I CAN'T
HELP BUT FEEL THAT
GALLO'S LYRICS, WHICH
REFLECT A SUBTLE
NARCISSISM, ARE A
LARGE PART OF MY
DEVELOPMENT TO THIS
EFFECT...

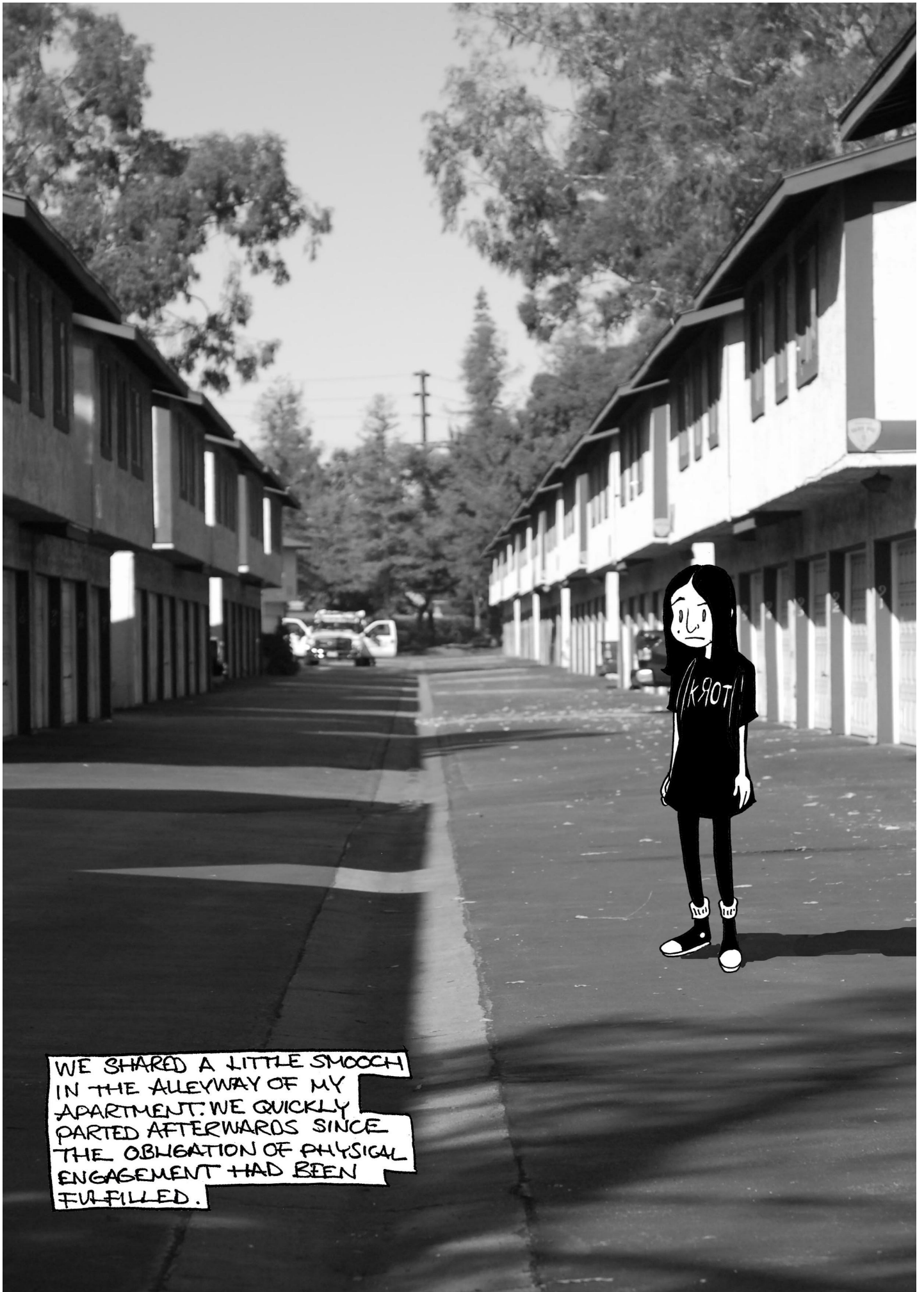


I'VE BEEN BEARING THIS SILLY ONUS FOR A WHILE NOW. I REMEMBER MY FIRST KISS—I WAS AN AWKWARD, GANGLY THIRTEEN YEAR OLD WHO COULDN'T MAKE HEADS NOR TAILS OF HER BITTER CONFLUENCE OF REPULSION AND AROUSAL.



AT THIS TENDER AGE I FOUND SOMEONE, FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, WHO FOUND ME ATTRACTIVE. WHILE I WASN'T SURE THAT I LIKED IT, OR EVEN APPROVED FOR THAT MATTER, I WAS INTRIGUED.





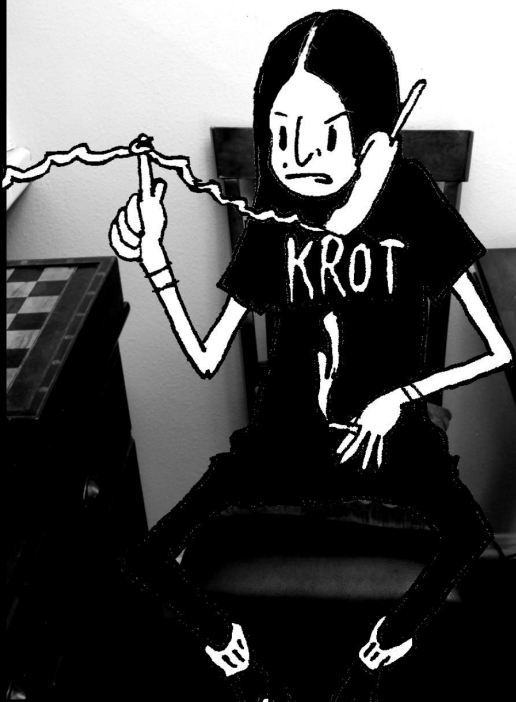
WE SHARED A LITTLE SMOOCH
IN THE ALLEYWAY OF MY
APARTMENT. WE QUICKLY
PARTED AFTERWARDS SINCE
THE OBLIGATION OF PHYSICAL
ENGAGEMENT HAD BEEN
FULFILLED.

I SORT OF RESENTED THIS PERSON FOR BRINGING THESE FEELINGS OUT OF ME. THEY MADE ME FEEL STUPID.

A FEW DAYS WENT BY WITHOUT ANY FORM OF COMMUNICATION. I FELT SOUL-CRUSHINGLY ALONE.

SO, NATURALLY, I DECIDED TO PUT PRESSURE ON THE SITUATION BY BREAKING UP WITH MY FIRST SPECIAL SOMEONE OVER THE PHONE.

IN RESPONSE, I RECEIVED A SLIGHTLY CONFUSED, "OK..."



I WAS POSITIVELY FURIOUS!
SINCE I'D DONE THE
BREAKING UP, I SUPPOSE
I HAD A STRANGE ADVAN-
-TAGE... YET AT THE
SAME TIME, I RETAINED
MY SORROW. I HAD CON-
-QUERED THROUGH SELF
DENIAL, AVENGED MY
CONFUSION BY OWNING
MY VICTIMHOOD... IT
BECAME SOMETHING
OF A WORLD VIEW.



THE HABITS OF SELF ABUSE
THAT WENT ALONG WITH THE
VIOLENT, ANGRY MUSIC I WAS
LISTENING TO AT THE TIME
TRANSITIONED QUITE SMOOTHLY
TO HABITS OF SELF PITY
AND AGGRANDIZEMENT I
CAME TO EMBRACE THRU
THE MUSIC OF EL GALLO.

KO

AND SO IT GOES. I DECIDED TO TAKE A "GENERAL STRIKE" FROM ROMANCE, FROM LIFE.

TO THIS VERY DAY I WONDER WHETHER I'VE EVER ALLOWED MYSELF TO RECOVER FROM THIS. IN ANY CASE, I DIDN'T HAVE ANOTHER RELATIONSHIP UNTIL I GRADUATED HIGH SCHOOL.



IN THE SPIRIT OF MY EARLIEST ATTEMPT AT LOVE, I HAVE A HABIT OF PICKING THINGS APART AT THE SLIGHTEST FLAW...



...PICKING THE POINT OF NO RETURN. I'M STILL YET TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE ANYTHING.



MY FEARS OF REJECTION HAVE
BECOME INSEPARABLE FROM MY
FEARS OF COMMITMENT...THUS,
I SEEK THE MERELY FAMILIAR,
THE "COMFORTABLE," THAT IS...

"FAILURE
BY
FIAT"

8038



"LOVE IS EASY, BUT NOT FOR US,
LOVE."

IF I COULD'VE NIPPED
MYSELF IN THE BUD,
MAYBE I WOULD'VE.
BUT SEEING AS NOW I
LIVE FOR MY OWN
SELF PITY... WELL...
THERE'S TOO MUCH
TO LIVE FOR...



I BELIEVE THAT EL GALLO AND I TAKE OURSELVES AND OUR PERSONAL BATTLES MUCH TOO SERIOUSLY. AND SO MY AFFINITY WITH THE MAN IS EXPLAINED.



I KNOW THAT I'M MY OWN WORST ENEMY. I GET WHAT I EXPECT FROM LOVE - THE SAME DISAPPOINTMENT I FELT AS A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD.



RATHER THAN BOLDLY TAKING LOVE ON WITH THE HEALTHY BUZZING FAITH OF THE STRONG AND ACTIVE MIND, OPEN TO THE MYSTERIES OF LOVE....



... I WRAP UP IN A WARM, COMFORTABLE BLANKET OF FAMILIARITY. WELL, IT MAY SOUND SILLY BUT MAYBE MY DOWNFALL LIES IN MY UNEXAMINED SYMPATHY WITH EL GALLO'S LYRICS.



I Want The
One That's
Not Mine,
It Happens
All The
Time

YET, IN RARE MOMENTS I CAN
MAKE OUT CRACKS AND FISSURES
IN THE OPEN SKY THAT WEIGHS
OVER THE VALLEY IN WHAT IS
USUALLY A MASSIVE, SEAMLESS
STRETCH OF UNREAL, OPPRESS-
-IVE POSSIBILITY...

...AND I FIND JOY IN THE
DOME-LIKE WORLD THAT
REVEALS ITSELF A WORLD
LIMITED YET UNBROKEN,
ABLE TO SPEAK TO ME
THROUGH ITS IMPERFECTIONS.



WAS 1500
A KISS
FROM YOU!



AND EVEN IF
IT BEEN
STARTED
AWAY.



WAS
SOMEONE
DREW
TOO!

24
15





I SAW GALLO PERFORM
FOUR NIGHTS IN A ROW
DURING A TWO WEEK
RUN AT "THE MAUDLIN"
THEATRE.



AN ARRAY OF FANS WERE
GATHERED, ALMOST EVERY
SHOW SOLD OUT:

WE HAD OUR TYPICAL GREASERS, MODS,
SKINHEADS AND CHOLOS, ALL IN SOL-
-IDARITY FOR ELEALLO.

I ATTENDED WITH ONE OF
THE AFOREMENTIONED
FANS I HAD A THING FOR.



WE MANAGED TO GET
A SPOT RIGHT AT THE
FRONT.

WE STATIONED OURSELVES ON THE
LEFT SIDE OF THE STAGE, FOR, AS
ALL GOOD GALLO FANS KNOW, HE
ALWAYS PAYS MORE ATTENTION TO
HIS RIGHT SIDE WHEN PERFORMING.



IT'S A TRADITION TO TRY AND
JUMP ON STAGE AND GIVE GALLO
A HUG, A WAY OF PAYING
RESPECT SAYING...

THANK YOU!

...FOR ALWAYS BEING THERE
FOR ME...



DURING THE SONG, "IF NOT NOW,
WHEN?" I JUMPED ON THE
SHOULDERS OF A STRANGER
IN FRONT OF ME AND
REACHED OUT MY HAND TO
GALLO... HE NOTICED ME!



A PASSING GLANCE TURNED
INTO A MOMENT...

... OUR EYES LOCK

*he pivots his
body towards
mine.*



...
AND OFFERS
HIS HAND.

I GET A FIRM
GRASP...

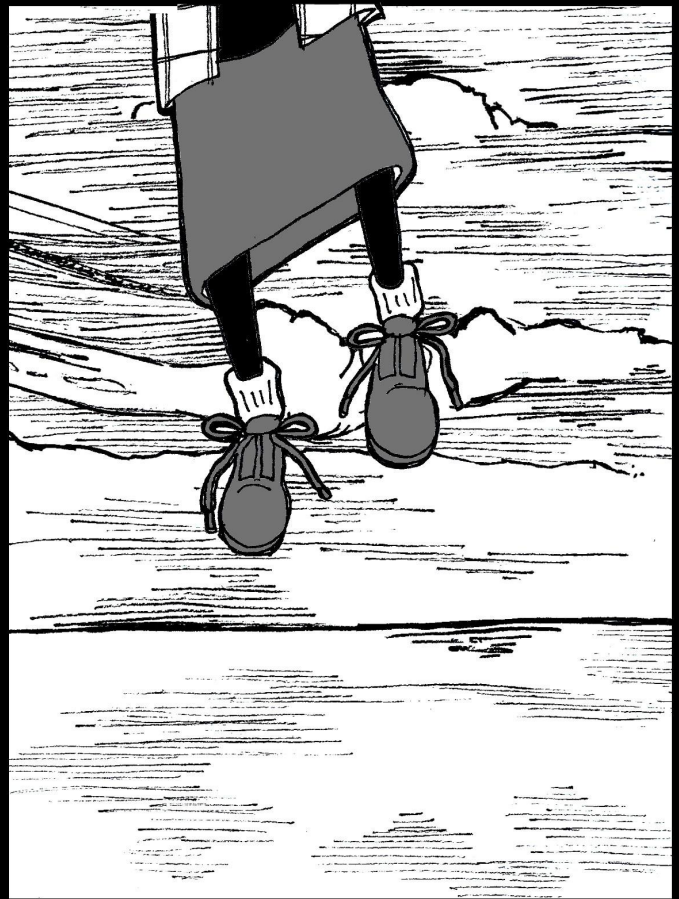
**HE'S
PULLING
ME ON
STAGE!**



I RISE ABOVE THE CROWD
LIKE ONE ASCENDING TO THE
HEAVENS...SURELY THIS
IS LOVE.



IT TAKES NO MORE THAN
FIVE SECONDS BEFORE
SECURITY TACKLES ME
AND I FIND MYSELF AT
THE BACK OF THE VENUE.



AFTERWARDS MY FAUX
DATE SAYS, "WOW! YOU
GOT A HAND GRAB!
THAT WAS AMAZING!"

I WAS POSITIVELY
ECSTATIC!

I STOLE
A GLANCE
OF YOU
BEHIND THE
STAIRS YOU'RE
JUST THE
SAME AS
ME :"

AFTER THE NIGHT OF THE SHOW WE HAD BREAKFAST—AFTER ALL, IT WAS THE A.M.

I WAS FEELING DESPONDENT AFTER MY POST GALLO EUPHORIA HAD WORN OFF.



I SAT SILENTLY IN FRONT OF MY HASH BROWNS. BREAKING THE SKIN OF A PERFECTLY GOOD NIGHT, I FOOLISHLY SAID...

"I wish I could make you as happy as El Gallo."

"You never will."



WAS THE REPLY I GOT.

Our Love is for the bored, dear,
Shadows sing as our trespasses reappear,
My treasons for love come in legion,
But the truth is I'm tired,
of all the wrongs and evils I've sired,
And I feel we've been quite out of season.



Yet, I am still in love with you,
At least I feel that I ought to,
Since besides love I have nothing to give.
Though my affection be pallid and pale,
I issue a weep and a wail,
Is there more in this life than to live?





IT'S PEOPLE LIKE ME THAT TAKE
RELATIONSHIPS WITH THEIR CATS
SO SERIOUSLY.

THE
END.