

## Beach Pictures

It was hot. My first day at the beach was darn hot. I could not escape the sun. The beach-goers wouldn't dare it. There they were. Still as some stickers sticking up through the flesh in a wounded arm. Desire seemed to be seeping out of that flesh. Unmistakably, the sun adored her worshipers, and she seduced them with her rays. It was one of those times where everybody seemed satisfied. Reminds me of my relationship with Buck. Always a good boy as long as the bones have a little meat on 'em. I reckon the sun is the lady's equivalent to my Buck. After all, everyone has got the right to a little companionship. These folks were as satisfied as a pickle in pickle juice.

I had just been on assignment in the great Mojave, where I was shooting a wonderful little picture with the Duke. And sure enough as a cryin' cat sounds like a baby, I was glad to see the sea. The breeze sure felt like a relief to me. But other than the fact that I saw the Ocean, I could have still been in the Sahara.

What I mean is that the beach was not so different from the desert. Each place was covered in sand. Each place was also covered with inert upright things that barely budged all day long. It was different here, though. Sure enough, the beach cacti weren't plants, they were people. Nearly naked people drenched in sweat that was oozing out of char-grilled pores.

When I cruised down the beach, I felt like a coyote prowling around in search of a jackrabbit. Upon finding a good-looking one, I'd snap maybe 2 or 3 pictures. It would only take a minute. Nobody said much. It was a moment of contact where little was exchanged. What did happen, though, is that the model transformed. She went from a person existing under the sun to a person appearing for my camera. Just like in the movies.

As it turns out, the pictures are kinda funny. They're not like the ones you might find in a family photo album. And they're not the pretty pictures taken in the portrait studio, where the model knows just how she might look.

Like the Duke said: "Well, it's the real article. Genuine double-rectified bust-head, aged in the keg." We're not out here playing around and capturing moments. We're making things happen. Through gesture, pose, and accessories, the camera captures what the model has made. You see, it's this way. My friends on the beach, they'll keep the memories. But you the viewer have the pictures. And with 'em, you can chew on whatever it is that you like.

At home on the bar, there's a picture of me that was taken when i was a young little dude. In it, I'm standing on top of a sand castle, pounding on my chest. Mother must of taken that picture when i wasn't looking. I guess I reckoned I was Tarzan. Right there in the middle of that barren jungle.

It is, after all, only the beach.