



CXCIX

He made me feel dirty. I didn't know what he was going to do to me. Even though now I'm safe I still worry all the time. I worry about being taken away. I worry that someone might hurt me. John Esposito should go to jail for as long as he can. If another little girl or boy were kidnapped or sexually abused I would advise them to talk to an adult or go to the police. They should talk to the police. They should talk about everything with their therapist if they have one. And they should try to be brave. I learned to be brave for being on my own. Now I feel safe with my foster family. Other people who made me feel safe were the District Attorney's office Mr. Catterson Mary Brumley the police friends and family. Katherine Katie Marie Beers;





CC

Nothing is coincidental everything is significant to what I don't know tired so tired so much to do in the present in the future where there will be no time no time so to speak no space no place to sit but space in space doing a life sentence in a cell in space in a space without time in time tired tired so little time no time there is time in space but no space doing time doing space in a cell a life sentence in space in time with no time a cell in space in the future there will be no space no time but all space and time and so tired so tired there is no time no space in space but space and time in inner space in a cell in space in outer space doing time making time a life sentence in space and time revolving in the future there will be no space no time in space but space in time in a cellar;





CCIX

My father is always looking for a solution to his many woes. This quest has led him down the New-Age path. This started many years ago when he and my mother returned from a week-long Silva Mind Control seminar in Texas. Upon returning he gathered us kids into the car and told us with pride that due to the methods he had learned in the past week we would never again have to stop for a traffic light — he now could use his Mind Control to change the situation. Excitedly we climbed into the car. As we approached the first red light — violà! — it went green. We applauded and as we came up to the next light it too turned green. Rather impressed we awaited the next light and as we approached it it was red and it stayed that way. We stopped for that light and it looked like we'd be stopping for red lights for the foreseeable future;





CCXV

Take out a safe deposit box but preferably under an assumed name. One year's rental is not that expensive. Get some material which will begin to decompose preferably fish pack it and place in your box at the bank of your choice. When packaging remember that decomposing matter will expand at a slow rate so leave a little room in the box. Not only are banks prohibited by law from opening safe deposit boxes but how can you tell which box the smell is coming from? Well eventually they might discover it yet if they open your box before your rental runs out after one year one might even consider making a court case out of it. I mean your mother might have given you the fish before you left Chicago and you wanted to make sure it didn't get ripped off. Couple three "fish" boxes and who knows? The Mad Bomber;





CCXVIII

Why Johnny Cash is cooler than Henry Rollins: Johnny Cash wore black before Henry Rollins. Johnny Cash is humble Henry Rollins is an ego maniac. Johnny Cash's new record is just him and a guitar. Rollins last record was an over-produced rock star extravaganza. Johnny Cash has live albums from various prisons Henry Rollins has them from various European countries. Henry Rollins' best stuff was S.O.A. his first band and he's gotten progressively weaker (saw him on Conan O'Brien's show ... sucked). Johnny Cash improves with age like a fine wine. Henry plays barefoot Johnny Cash wears boots. Henry sings about how hard it is to live with himself (Low Self Opinion) Johnny Cash sings about how hard it is to live in jail (Folsom Prison Blues). Johnny Cash is the original Black wearing man Henry Rollins is a perpetrator;





CCXX

I tried Reality once but was lucky enough to find out that it was highly addictive in time. After that little nasty incident it has been one cascading highly imaginative adventure after the other. As I spiral into the deep catacombs of man's destiny and get closer to the meaning of it all I realize that we are all only dreaming of an unattainable Utopia. Wow! Now you tell me that isn't the most incredibly profound thing that you've read in quite a while. Go ahead tell me. I'll wait while you do.
*WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT
*WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT
*WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT *WAIT
*WAIT *WAIT *WAIT * Thank you. My lifetime can be compared to a Styrofoam box. Well actually it can't really be compared to a Styrofoam box as they are two absolutely completely different concepts altogether;





CCXXIV

I hate the old corner grocery that always sells stale Hostess snacks. (Happily they are slated for demolition and it serves them right!) I hate my optometrist I wish he would trim his nose hairs and stop bringing up Holden Caulfield I hate self-righteous cats that think they are too good to come when you call — and they just sit there LOOKING AT YOU I hate guacamole boxing Healthy Choice family vans in the drive-thru Carltons Presidents' Day Gripes (p. 250 of 314) sugar-free gum people who chew gum one piece at a time fuel injection anything painted light green "Lite" Twinkies haybailing drivers not doing what I think they should fat women obsessed with their weight thin women obsessed with their weight filthy bathrooms (unless it's mine) laundry shopping religion GMC pickups and Jimmys talk shows obsequious new hires bits of grizzle or bone that ruin any future;





CCXXXII

A kite was flying skyward with a fish in its beak when a number of crows and kites pursued it making a tremendous noise and annoying it dreadfully. It tried many ways to escape with its prey now soaring up and then coming suddenly down again darting swiftly in one direction next plunging round and making for the opposite but all to no purpose. Its tormentors would not leave it alone. At last exhausted it dropped the fish which was instantly caught up by another kite to its great relief for its tormentors now turned their attention to the talons of the second captor and left it alone. Once free it alighted on a tree and perched to rest. An Avadhuta who was watching the birds seeing the kite at last perch itself serenely on a tree bowed to it and exclaimed "Oh what peace and happiness attend upon him who shakes off all attractions and burdens and becomes free! Otherwise what danger!";





CCXXXV

i am sick of blunts i am sick of 40's i am sick of nose rings i am sick of tattoos i am sick of guns gats 9s etc. i am sick of Snapple® i am sick of talk show hype i am sick of cheesy shore towns i am sick of being "down" w/? i am sick of hard guys i am sick of driving i am sick of gangs i am sick of dinosaur movies i am sick of the warm spot on my pillow i am sick of Butthead(Beavis is alright) i am sick of baseball i am sick of letting "boyz be boyz" i am sick of skating K-mart i am sick of Whoomp there it is (what the fuck does whoomp mean?) i am sick of sweating my balls off i am sick of working i am sick of sleeping till 4 p.m.(well...) i am sick of Fridays w/Rhonda UP all night i am sick of taking 5 showers before i leave my house i am sick of mowing my lawn i am sick of being "Alternative" i am sick of caring i am sick of you i am sick of writing any more, monday morning coming down off six or seven tabs of acid just finished making it with a chick by the swimming hole and it was almost dawn and jimi hendrix was just coming on and i stood with my arm around my old lady for an hour and foxey lady brought up a psychedelic sun to a now garbage strewn and almost cow pasture and hendrix played and played and electronic bolts of universal dope energy brought up the sun to a full clear day. and hendrix [expletive deleted] his guitar for hours and around then hey joe brought in dark clouds from the west and the clouds gathered and it rained and people left to "hey joe where you goin' with that gun in your hand?" and people trucked back to hip community and job





and school but they know and they feel and it's down so deep in their heads that baby this is where it's at and soon they're gonna make it happen and one day soon hendrix will play and no one will leave. and we will be one forever, I must be frank with you about these new poems you have sent me. If you persist in this new direction you'll squander whatever talents you have as a poet. I can't for the life of me figure out what is possessing you to write like this. All poets come to the crossroads you have found. The lure of the intellect is very strong. No one wishes to be thought simple minded. Please listen to me. I am certain you have taken the wrong path. Simplicity and clarity narrative and condensation all require a lifetime's work. It's easy to achieve a modicum of mastery in the simple style you now reject but the true bloom of that style comes only twenty or thirty years later but I suppose that right now you find it gratifying to revel in a freedom which you have come upon through theory and abstract thought. I wish you well though you know how much I hate such poetry. My true wish for you is that you return to your;





CCXXXVIII

If Jesus and Satan both had a Mailbox who would get more mail and why? What kind of mail would they get? Would people rubber-band Chinese takeout menus to their door or would they be AFRAID? Would the Discover Card people mail them anything? Would Satan's box be all hot inside? Who would get the J. Crew and who the Victoria's Secret? And what would they order? Could Jesus get mail on Sundays and National Holidays? Could He get mail after the post office closes? Would this count as a Miracle? Would they have to open their mailbox like the rest of us or would it just magically open when they will it to? Would Satan get Anti-Mail? What is Anti-Mail and what would it do to our MAIL INDEX if we got it? What about Buddha? What about Mohammed? What about Dan Rather? What kind of mail do they get? If Buddha got more mail than Jesus would that make Buddhism the ONE TRUE RELIGION? Or is it just that Buddha likes to mail away for more;





CCXL

And slowly this is drawing to a conclusion. Really the whole idea was to avoid taste and in doing so avoid things like “writer’s block.” However as the project has dragged on such things have surfaced and have become whether I like it or not part and parcel of the work. There is a great deal of contrivance that has found its way into the work particularly in the later chapters. The idea of editing is an absurd one because the initial tenets said that things would simply accumulate and in the end learn to live together — an additive process a building process rather than one of refining whittling honing. Hence there is a great deal of self-conscious “curating” as I strive to reach my goal. Concerns that I’d generally tend to describe as conservative — flow texture variety — continue to creep in much to my dismay. Dismay over losing control. But wasn’t the point in the first place to lose control? Whether, vem sombra vem e consuma esta sombra Vem sombra sombra vem e esta consuma Vem sombra vem e consuma esta sombra Vem vem sombra e consuma esta sombra Vem vem e sombra consuma esta sombra Vem consuma e vem sombra esta sombra E vem sombra vem esta sombra consuma E vem vem sombra consuma esta sombra E vem sombra vem consuma esta sombra Vem e vem esta sombra consuma sombra Esta sombra vem e consuma sombra vem E sombra vem consuma sombra vem esta Sombra consuma e vem esta sombra vem Consuma e vem sombra vem esta sombra Vem consuma sombra e vem esta sombra Vem e consuma sombra vem esta sombra Sombra





sombra vem vem e esta consuma Vem sombra consuma e vem
esta sombra Vem sombra vem e consuma esta sombra Vem
sombra vem e consuma esta sombra;



CCXLIII

MAY Watch "Donahue" MAY NOT Watch "Wiseguy" MAY Watch "Home Improvement" MAY NOT Watch "Hawaii 5-0" MAY Watch "Evening Shade" MAY NOT Watch "Melrose Place"/"90210" MAY Watch pairs figure skating MAY NOT Watch any sport with the word "ball" or "race" in it or hockey either MAY Use women's rest room MAY NOT Use men's rest room (so as to not risk being offended by a toilet seat that has been left up) MAY Hang with Phil and Marlo MAY NOT Hang in Sears Lawn and Garden section MAY Replace Natalie Merchant/reform 10000 Maniacs MAY NOT Replace Paul Westerberg/reform Replacements MAY Kiss my skinny white butt MAY NOT Not kiss my skinny white butt MAY Drink Zima MAY NOT Drink a Rob Roy MAY Wear aftershave MAY NOT Not smell fousy MAY Marry his mommy MAY NOT Be self-sufficient MAY Hate your dad MAY NOT? MAY See Belly MAY NOT See F.O.D. MAY Listen to Spin Doctors MAY NOT Listen to Descendants MAY Drive a Dodge Colt MAY NOT Own a dog MAY Shut his yap MAY NOT Utter;



CCXLVII

What is your true assessment of the future? Next we should talk about titty-bars. Am I to take it that Non-conformism is not tolerated here? No-one is obliged to answer anybody else's questions. No-one is obliged to share any personal details they don't want to share. Don't people volunteer enough juicy stuff to satisfy you? Why be so damned prying about one person in particular? Besides prying is hardly non-conformity. It's as American as Budweiser. Yeah I'm all over the idea of a running of the bulls here in America except that maybe we could do it with high speed golf carts driven by bulls. That would be a little bit of an equalizer. Just an idea. Yo does Joanna still have that tiny little waist that looks like she's got a couple bottom ribs missing? Of course my time with her was years ago — I got her when she still had to pay extra to get into 8 x 10 when she was young and her wounds were fresh. Ask her;





CCLIV

Breakfast: one scrambled egg one piece of toast with grape jelly. Eat two bites of egg using your fingers. Dump the rest on the floor. Lunch: Four crayons (any color). Dinner: A dry stick two pennies and a nickel four sips of stale beer. Before bedtime toast a piece of bread and toss it on the kitchen floor. Lunch: half a tube of Pulsating Pink Lipstick and a cigarette (to be eaten not smoked). Ice cube if desired. After lunch lick an all day sucker. Dinner: a rock or and an uncooked bean which should be thrust up your left nostril. Pour iced tea over. Breakfast: two pancakes with plenty of syrup. Eat with fingers. Rub fingers in hair. After breakfast pick up sucker from rug. Lick off fuzz and put on cushion of your best chair. Lunch: three matches peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Spit several bites onto the floor. Breakfast: a quarter tube of toothpaste (any flavor) bit of soap an olive pour glass of milk over bowl of cornflakes. Add $1/2$ cup sugar. Lunch: Eat crumbs off kitchen floor, the vomiting began when dinner was washed down with wine diluted with water from the Nile natural spring water replete with hair and stern calcium deposits from up river where the silt of the upturned desert runs off into the crystalline springs from deep deep deep deep under so deep that fish and worms white and blind wriggle undisturbed and free along great crevices in an area close to Atlantis but only the Atlantis near the core an Atlantis without capitals seeing as the Atlantis with capitalisation has never nor will ever exist which is to say it was a land of milk and honey — a land never experi-





enced by tongues such as ours: tongues all pink and soft and in fact a tender reticulated muscle not unlike the rough nimble trunk of the pachyderm the traktor lada lada traktor osram traktor osram lada da da da dada dadada da we don't talk only platform ___ leader terror terror leaders horror leaders leaders horror da da dada;





CCLVI

Anton has not been on in the longest time! Today he was in the park with Julia who was trying to teach him how to inline skate. I think that they should make people who rollerblade get a license and pass a test which proves they know how to stop. Anyway Anton and Julia were not very good on skates which was proved when Anton skates into the hot dog vendor getting condiments all over his “new shirt.” Still the two of them make a cute couple. Anton should smile more often. And he should stand up straight a bit more. The only annoying thing about this storyline is the appearance of Noah at the end when they are at the hospital eating ice cream and laughing. I can’t figure out whether Noah is pining for Julia or if he is mooning for Anton ... I keep thinking about the time Noah referred to Anton’s “dreamy eyes” ... like a guy would ever say that about another guy. Anyway the episode finishes with Anton looking at Erica’s medical chart and freaking out on how much pain killer;





CCLIX

Well seven years ago a Hungarian woman showed up in this wealthy suburban New Jersey neighborhood. She spends all day parked in her car and writes. When asked why she does this she replied that the open spaces and luxurious homes gave her inspiration. Instead of understanding her the neighbors became fearful and tried to have her removed. Finally residents found an awkwardly written letter in their mailboxes. In it the Hungarian woman introduced herself stated her purpose of being there and chastised the residents for bringing the police into the situation. "Take a little walk and see the person" it read "and it should not be a surprise that there couldn't be not a wrong conviction coming out of a 'lady writing in her car' for the urge of processional and artistic inspiration." But instead of calming fears she inflamed them. One neighbor commented "Some people thought maybe she was a writer and someday our neighborhood would be in a book. But that letter shows that she's not a writer;





CCLX

So you think I'm a loser. Just because I have a stinking job that I have a family that doesn't respect me a whole city that curses the day I was born? Well that may mean loser to you but let me tell you something. Every morning when I wake up I know it's not going to get any better until I go back to sleep again. So I get up have my watered-down Tang and still-frozen Pop Tart get in my car — with no upholstery no gas and six more payments — to fight traffic just for the privilege of putting cheap shoes on the cloven hooves of people like you. I'll never play football like I thought I would. I'll never know the touch of a beautiful woman. And I'll never again know the joy of driving without a bag on my head. But I'm not a loser. 'Cause despite it all me and every other guy who'll never be what he wanted to be are still out there being what we don't want to be forty hours a week for life. And the fact that I haven't put a gun in my mouth you pudding of a woman makes me a winner, the Divine to the Sublime to the Pool of Tears from the Dalai Lama's sister to the Divine to the Sublime to the Pool of Tears from the Dalai Lama's sister Lois Lane in a rain slicker Schticks und Stonz kin brek yur bonz bunt knames kin neffer urt me Krazy Kat it's not over till the fat lady sings so how do you lock your doors and of course certain mystical spandex cakes walk to and fro without foreknowledge or licensing by insouciant and redundant warbling beancurdlers waiting upon bended knee requiring nothing save infinitesimally rational gastronomy the pudding as you it occurs that all of





life is simply possibilities and that we only need to speak them for there to be access to them in the universe it occurs that all of life is simply possibilities and that we merely need to speak them to bring them into existence in the universe more friendly empty faux-personal communication intended to create the illusion of human interaction more;





CCLXXIII

think esrever eht break dem rules what rules? what thinking?
think? anarky rools/wiv an iron fist orright? write a sonnet of
20 lines claim this is due to inflation wot theft against the law I
swear officer i never knew but listen up my dog was silent for
5'42" a record? a recording I'll market as _JC the extended
remix_ so learn 'em & break 'em break 'em & make 'em float-
ing smoothly with a Waterman where was I? question mark at
the end is that a rule. I wish I was mad againe worst than that
much wurst (yes pleaze w/relish ooh u r offal (but i like u) gut
level not spirit level)) in - what? they're meant to add up? hon-
est officer i &c ... but start again (agin) w/a peaceful innova-
tion AWOL from th avant-garde (a military term) another
cuppa candy soup vegetable soup animal mineral in point-of-
fact (Point-of- Fact Essex ostensibly near Clacton-on-Sea but
really (Real) near Pontefract actually) where we say "reverse of
what (tahw)? Whatya rebelling against Charlie?" "Don't tell me
whaddy;





CCLXXXIII

Death to Bobby Brown! “It’s My Prerogative” rings out across the stage ... as the last bars of that stupid inane piece of dreck roll forth a masked man wearing nothing but black jumps forth carrying ... what ... it can’t be ... It is ... an M-60 ... with a flamethrower on it ... oh joy oh ecstasy! Bobby’s body is torn to little shreds by the 600 rounds per minute of anti-helicopter fire ... see bobby become particles! What fun! and then we have to clean up this mess. <<Fwoooooooooooooooooosssssssshhhhhhhh>> goes the flamethrower as blood and guts of what used to be Bobby Brown become so much charcoal! The Ogre, take toothbrushing for example. Did you ever notice how some people don’t drool when they brush their teeth? The particularly gifted can stick a loaded toothbrush in their mouths and then proceed to stroll casually about the house change clothes do some aerobics phone a friend or two take a nap bathe and maybe do some shopping before returning — sans drool — to rinse. The more um frothy among us are slaves to our own hygiene destined to remain stationary at the bathroom sink wallowing from our noses to our elbows in freely flowing toothpaste suds. Just one of life’s littler;





CCCVI

Frog. If it is thrown with full of your strength it will spit out the tongue which is like the genuine one from the frog. Has the stickness and is just like a soft rubber band with high contractility. It can be played to stick the remote objects. In spite of it is sticky it is never like the chewing gums which is glued tightly and cannot be separated. If the stickness is not good enough it can be washed by soap. After it is dried it can be used continuously many times. The packing paper has printed the bug picture which can be cut as per the black frame and placed on the table then you can stick the picture with your tongue of frog. The key point for throwing far away is the same as the throwing of fish rod i.e. to throw out slowly with full of your strength. Separate it with two hands then release one hand throw it with full of your strength. No matter what you make a round ball it will recover the original shape. CAUTIONS: Never throw out the other person's head. Keep away from fire. In spite of it is non-toxic it cannot be eaten. Never pull out tongue of frog hard as it might be separated. Its content has the oil so if it touches on cloth precious object or wall the stains will remain if you don't care;





CCCIX

Every different situation will produce a new set of ideas. This is wonderful. I am sure that every Godfearing American will sleep better tonight knowing that one of the problems of the universe has gone wherever problems of the universe go when they have been put to rest. Ends here. Or here. Or maybe here. It's sort of funny the way things happen. One minute you're floating on air the next you're hit by a glob of chocolate pudding and sent hurtling on a collision course with destiny. That's the way I feel about certain things. Life is basically an avocado no wait actually it's more like a kiwi fruit you know sort of oblong with a furry outside and all green and mushy inside. OK OK so maybe it's not the best analogy in the world but for a guy who's popped his gourd I think it shows a certain amount of talent. You know (that is *sabes* in Spanish) I've been thinking. Is existence temporal? Does "I THINK THEREFORE I AM" imply "I THOUGHT THEREFORE I HAVE BEEN" or "I WILL THINK THEREFORE I WILL BE?" Maybe the former but probably not the latter Di-dah-di di-dah-di di-dah Di-dah-di di-dah-di di-dah Di-dah-di di-dah. Di-dah-di di-dah? Di-dah-di di-dah-di di. Fucker;





CCCX

If a ram is a sheep and an ass is a donkey why is a ram in the ass a goose? If you placed a refrigerator in a climatically sealed room and left it running with the door open would the room get hotter or colder? Why are flamingos pink and their knees are on backwards? Could God create a rock so heavy that he himself could not lift it? If you put gum over your asshole and farted would it make a bubble? What's the shortest route around an island? If you are traveling at the speed of light and you turn your headlights on what happens? If you ate your own foot would you lose weight? Why do we park in driveways and drive on parkways? What is Braille for "Braille"? Have you ever thought of all the wholes there could be if people would just take the time to take the dirt out of them? Do babies think that adults are cute? If cats and dog didn't have fur would we still pet them? If you unscrewed your bellybutton would your ass fall off? If you melt a pool full of dry ice can you swim in it without getting wet? If con is the opposite of pro is congress the opposite of progress? If Barbie is so popular why do you have to buy all of her friends? If you are standing directly on the line between two time zones is it 12:00 on one side and 1:00 on the other?;





CCCXVI

I confess. I was the person who started the great Bra Wars. In some dusty corner. The Gossard Wonderbra. The plot thickened when the Sarah. Battle of the bras. By armored cars. Anyway I'm over. The joke — for someone who's supposed to be big on bras. I've had two children since my first encounter. No matter. No matter — I don't care. Small breasts are chicer. And anyway visible nipples are not quite on for a mother. I was okay in the winter. What I'm after I think is a bra. A comic strip bra. They tell us that women are. They tell us that women are getting smaller. And dear reader. I have no one to blame but myself but everywhere as far. As far as the eye can see there. As far as the eye can see there are. As far as the eye can see there are underwires. No more. There are women who will suffer for. A nonunderwired bra. Beware. Beware of the words Contour Creepy Polyester. It's a Stepford wife bra. If you wore one you would have to have a frilly apron and a Hoover. My hopes began to lift when I came across the Playtex Thank Goodness It Fits bra. Nearly A. Perfectly A. And Nearly B size — fitted on an A rather. Despair! Even flatter or nasty truth ... 20 years younger. What's more. Where will I wear? Underwear drawers. That we never wear. Quite a lot to achieve in one little wisp of a bra;





CCCXXIV

It is hard to understand because it is worse than a vale of tears it is a terrible jungle full of wild beasts and venomous serpents which seek to devour you. In terror of these hapless man vainly seeks a way of escape but he loses his way and falls into a pit the mouth of which is covered over with creepers. These fasten themselves round his limbs and he is left suspended head downward in the pit. But this is only the beginning of his troubles for when his gaze is turned to the bottom of the pit he sees a gigantic serpent patiently waiting for his fall while at the mouth of the pit stands a huge elephant ready to trample him to death should he rise again. But by good chance there grew on the edge of the pit a tree on which there was a honeycomb and this honeycomb although it too attracted stinging insects dripped sweet honey which if he were lucky he could catch as it fell. This afforded him much comfort and diverted him from the terror of the pit. But his comfort was short-lived for he saw that the roots of the tree were being nibbled away by mice white and black the days and nights of all-consuming Time. And he saw that the tree must inevitably come crashing down and carry him off with it into the bottom of the pit where the mighty serpent lay eager to devour, so this show starts off with Steve “Overt Penis Boy” driving down to Palm Springs — a town even more pointless and useless than Beverly Hills — to be at the “Alpha Weekend” which is supposed to be a retreat for all of the frat and sorority people that populate the TV show. And in typical frat boy style Steve keeps



“scoping out the babes” and saying *szha* which is about as close to a vocalized boner as I can imagine. And unlike in say New York City — where you might if you were a reasonably well-off person with a penchant for showing off how much money you have stay at the Plaza or the St. Regis or the Waldorf Astoria — Steve instead pulls up to the Palm Springs Marriott. And instead of golf carts they drive around in little Yugos and Steve almost runs down his father who used to be on the show *Santa Barbara*. And Steve gets mad that his father has arranged his “social calendar” because there is so much “eyeball candy” from their “hacienda” and Steve’s dad says “Welcome to Casa KEG.” Next thing you know that stereotypical-Chet-character-from-the-Hardy-Boys chubby guy the loser who thinks if he provides the alcohol then everyone will like him shows up and he has gone to the trouble of attaching labels to the beer to make it look like soda;

CCCXL

African Head Charge Agnes Moorehead Arrowhead
Automatic Head Detonator Basehead Big Dead Bull Head Big
Head Todd Bite The Wax Godhead Blonde Redhead Brother
Meathead Buddhaheads Bulkhead Butt Head Buzz Head
Cement Head Chowderheads Chucklehead Conehead
Buddha Copperhead Crazy Spoonheads Daddy Longhead
Deadly Headly Dirt Search Headlight Doreen's Head Dueling
Bankheads Edith Head Felicia and the Hotheads Flowerhead
Forehead Stew Fuzz Head Gangway Fathead Gearhead
Godsheadsilo Gravity Head Hammerhead Hands in your
Head Happyhead Head Head Assembly Head Cheese Head
First Head Rush Headbutt Headcase Headcleaner Headlavista
Hothead Headlight Headspins Headwound Hundred Pound
Head Ian Dury and the Blockheads Jazz Heads Kentucky
Headhunters Lemonheads Limited Headroom Machine Head
Marc Berger and the Head Cleaners Meathead Medicine
Head Molly Half Head Mother Head Bug Motorhead
Mudhead Murray Head Musichead Pailhead Philipshead
Pinhead Puppyhead Racket Head Radio Head Ratchethead
Redhead Kingpin and the FBI Rivethead Culture Rockhead
Rolling Head Roy Head Screaming Headless Torsos Severed
Heads Shock Headed Peters Shrunken Head Sleepyhead
Special Head Spongehead Squidhead Stupid Head Swivel
Head Tackhead Talking Heads The Boneheads The New
Hotheads The Headcoats Thumbhead Thunderhead Tonto's
Expanding Headband Treasurehead Turtle Head Headwaters;

CCCLVI

10916 "I am not fucking with you." 10934 "You son of a bitch."
11037 "You can't close shit!" * 11038 "You are shit." * 11157
"Cause it's fuck or walk!" 11313 "Fuck you go home and play
with your kids." 11532 "Fire your fuckin' ass." * 11546 "Bunch
of fuckin nonsense." 11520 "Bull shit Bull shit." * 12523 "No
fucking loss." 13006 "You fucking asshole." 13248 "Stuff with
this fucking shit." 14106 "The great fuck you had." 14917 "So
fucking what" * 15003 "Bullshit." 15115 "Don't Fuck with me."
15116 "I'm talking about a fucking Cadillac." 15128 "Fuck
Fuck Fuck Fuck." 15439 "Hey fuck that shit." * 15536 "What
do you fucking care." 15804 "Fuck you. Fucking Shiva. Fuck
you Job." 15843 "Pick up the fucking chalk." 20240 "How
fucked up you are." 20257 "Fuck you." 20543 "So fucking
great." * 20716 "You are fucked." * 20832 "You're a fucking
secretary. Fuck you. Fuck you and kiss my ass." 20842 "Fuck
you." 20856 FINGER 23219 "You stupid fucking cunt." 22403
"Not to fuck us up." 22707 "Don't fuck with me. Don't fuck
with me." 22951 "Big fucking deal." * 23237 "Fuck you fuck-
er.";



CCCLVII

Eat more shit more. Shit more eat more. Meat more shit more. Shit more meat more. Heat more shit more. Shit more heat more. Heat more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more heat more. Shit more heat more burn more. Learn more shit more. Shit more learn more. Earn more shit more. Shit more earn more. Learn more earn more shit more. Earn more shit more learn more. Shit more earn more learn more. Earn more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more earn more. Shit more earn more burn more. More shit to earn more shit to burn. More shit to learn more shit to earn. More shit to earn more shit to burn more. More shit to learn more shit to earn more. More shit to earn more shit to burn more shit to learn. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to burn. More shit to earn more shit to burn more shit to learn more. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to burn more. More shit to earn more shit to yearn for. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to yearn for. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to yearn more shit to burn. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to yearn more shit to burn more. More shit to earn more shit to bore. More shit to earn more shit to bore more shit to burn. More shit more bore. More shit more bore more abhor. More abhor more shit more bore. Abhor bore. More abhor bore. More abhor shitty bore. Meet more shitty bore. More meet shitty bore more abhor. More abhor more meet shitty bore. Shitty meet. Shitty meet shitty bore. Bore meet. Shitty bore meet. Shitty boar meat. Meat





more shitty boar. Eat more shitty boar. Eat more shit boar. Eat
boar shit boar. Shit boar eat boar. Shit more eat more. Eat
more shit more;





CDXIII

My problem concerns my tits. Not that I have a lump (praise whomever) or any medical complaint. It's my constant disappointment of hauling 38L breasts into a 42DD harness with piano wire bra straps. Imagine the grief involved in going to a leather shop and knowing the corsets and other chest decorations are meant for smaller women or for huge cups on a pencil frame. I need advice on finding a corset designer that can design for a large frame. It would be nice to get a designer who likes a large body with large breasts and who would not be afraid to mold a brassiere that could be built into (or match) a corset that could control a full bust during a rigorous spanking workout. (Nothing's worse than a jiggling bust colliding with an underarm during a paddle's down-stroke is there?) I don't have \$1000 to spend and I don't want to pay good money just to have some anorexic child laugh (barely) behind my back. Under \$300 would be nice but under \$200 would be a miracle. (Oh yes a person who'd know a reasonable supplier of thigh-hi leather boots for large calves or thighs would be ever so neat to know.) I'm facing facts — no matter how well I wield a flogger the ability to have supportive sturdy clothing to play in adds to MY comfort and confidence. Any advice Ladies on buying a men's suit (ready-made or tailored)? None of this breast-binding genderfuck however it would be helpful to know how suits fit on women whose proportions aren't similar to Rush Limbaugh's. (If life were only so simple a good suit a bit of makeup and one on-air;

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+

CDXX

I was just sitting there thinking about all that had happened to me since I was born because now that I have lived out almost 18 years on this small blue green planet which is just really another ball of molecules revolving around a small star I have come to realize that not much of it matters in the long run except fun making other people happy love REM and of course sleep which is just a poor substitute for coffee as any true goth can tell you because yeah though I walk through the valley of decaffeinated I shall not fear for Wa is a short guy who knows how to get to the Palace Diner I AM entirely here at this moment — rené gaines and patrick is soooo damn cute and patrick is soooo damn cute and the weather is miserable listening to garbage under skies in chrome running off and over to the underside of technology sounding singing playing into into the brainspace babel made outward made real made approachable made public running running into and away from myself running away from you why won't you touch me? why won't you hold me? won't somebody please just hold my hand? the buzzing i hear buzzes in my ears it is the sound of a lawnmower but it is more it is the sound (sound is unimaginably bright) of the lawnmower & the broadcasting of millions scuse me billions of brains all alive working/yelling/thinking/dreaming/sleeping/whispering/churning everywhere the sound travels and i hear it you hear it that high-pitched tone in the back of your head it's always there technology is especially notorious for producing this sound please raise your hand if you can hear it juvenile I food propaganda;



CDL

There is an old Eastern fable about a traveller who is taken unawares on the steppes by a ferocious wild animal. In order to escape the beast the traveller hides in an empty well but at the bottom of the well he sees a dragon with its jaws open ready to devour him. The poor fellow does not dare to climb out because he is afraid of being eaten by the rapacious beast neither does he dare drop to the bottom of the well for fear of being eaten by the dragon. So he seizes hold of a branch of a bush that is growing in the crevices of the well and clings on to it. His arms grow weak and he knows that he will soon have to resign himself to the death that awaits him on either side. Yet he still clings on and while he is holding on to the branch he looks around and sees that two mice one black and one white are steadily working their way round the bush he is hanging from gnawing away at it. Sooner or later they will eat through it and the branch will snap and he will fall into the jaws of the dragon. The traveller sees this and knows that he will inevitably perish. But while he is still hanging there he sees some drops of honey on the leaves of the bush stretches out his tongue and licks them. In the same way I am clinging to the tree of life knowing full well that the dragon of death inevitably awaits me ready to tear me to pieces and I cannot understand how I have fallen into this torment. And I try licking the honey that once consoled me but no longer gives me pleasure. The white mouse and the black mouse — day and night — are gnawing at the branch from which I am hanging.





I can see the dragon clearly and the honey no longer tastes
sweet. I can see only one thing: the inescapable dragon and
the mice and I cannot tear;





CDLXXVIII

Have you ever noticed how you take five pairs of socks along with mounds of other dirty clothes put them in the washing machine take them out and start folding them only to find that you have exactly 9 socks which amounts to a total of four and a half pairs? Of socks? You put all your other clothes in the spot they're supposed to be in until you notice one sock lying lonely and dejected on your bed. What exactly are you supposed to do with it? You don't want to throw it out because you might end up finding its match and yet you don't really want to keep it because what the heck are you going to do with one sock? But eventually you decide to keep it and proceed to shove it in your drawer where you see it day in and day out or whenever else you happen to open your sock drawer. You go rummaging through your drawer every day trying to find a pair and all that that one sock does is get in your way. So you shove it aside as if it's a worthless piece of nothing hoping that by some bizarre twist of fate it'll disappear. But ... it doesn't. And week after week you do your laundry while that one sock sits alone in a dark dank drawer. How does it feel you wonder? How does it feel to be that one odd sock the odd one out the one that has no pair or match just itself. I mean a sock is just not a sock without its partner. Everybody is happy in Sockland except for Mr. Lonely Sock whose wife Mrs. Lonely Sock was lost in the hazardous journey between the washer and the dryer. Where could she be he wonders as he glares with longing at all the other loving sock couples. Oh God why?





WHY?? Why did she have to be taken away from him? He is all alone. He is nothing without Mrs. Lonely Sock. So he sits and waits as the days turn into weeks the weeks into months and the months into years hoping that one day she will return. But alas Mr. Lonely Sock. Mrs. Lonely Sock is no more;





CDLXXXV

Atomplutonium atomplutonium plutonium plutonium atom
plutonium atomplutonium atomplutonium plutonium pluto-
nium atom plutonium for the atom has infinite potential plu-
tonium plutonium plutonium plutonium for the atom has
infinite possibilities plutonium plutonium plutonium pluto-
nium for the atom has infinite potential for the atom has infi-
nite possibilities a dot of the electron probability density distri-
bution of the 5f6 for the last electron of 231pu is the planet
earth another dot is you another dot me and atoms will nucle-
osynthesize forever and ever and atoms will nucleosynthesize
forever and ever and atoms will nucleosynthesize forever and
ever and atoms will nucleosynthesize forever and ever atom of
atoms forever and ever plutonium plutonium and atom of
atoms forever and ever plutonium plutonium atom of atoms
forever and ever plutonium plutonium and atom of atoms for-
ever and ever plutonium plutonium atom of atoms forever
and ever plutonium plutonium and atom of atoms atom of
atoms forever and ever and atoms will nucleosynthesize forev-
er and ever atom of atoms and atom of atoms plutonium plu-
tonium and atom of atoms forever and ever and atoms will
nucleosynthesize forever and ever atom of atoms and atom of
atoms atom of atoms and atoms will nucleosynthesize forever
and ever plutonium plutonium plutonium plutonium atom-
plutonium forever and ever!;



DXXVIII

Leeke-a zee sooddee deep clereety ooff un LSD treep ell zee thuoughts und feeleengs I'fe-a elveys hed ebuoot my budy ere-a noo shuooteeng tu me-a et fooll blest. Zee fueeces hefe-a ixeested furefer boot I used tu toorn doon zee fuloomne-a su zeeur cuntrulleeng iffffect ves soobleeminel. (Zee keeller pert ooff zee stury cumes vhee I seemply reeleeze-a zee fueeces ere-a in fect my oovn und I cuntrul zeem. Ha! I gooess I'll hefe-a tu vreete-a unuzeer chepter vhee I reech thet pert in zee plut. It'd be-a iesy tu vreete-a zeen effter zee fect.) I seelenced my inner reeleety fur must ooff my leeffe-a. Nut thet I deedn't hefe-a ooppurtoonectes tu leestee. Zeere-a ves zee teeme-a I sterted seeeeng a zeerepeest (veellingly fur zee furst teeme-a) becoose-a I vunted tu stup feeleeng sooeecidel und needed help deeleeng veet zee memureees und zee iffffects ooff my pest sexooel eboose-a. Dooreng zee inteke-a interfecoo zee zeerepeest esked me-a hoo I felt ebuoot my budy seeze-a. I seeed "Ooh I'fe-a vurked fery herd tu except myself. Yeeh I'fe-a deelt veet thet. I sev her fur a yeer. Boot zee troot ves I cuouldn't hundle-a gueeng thet deep. Noo it mekes sense-a becoose-a zee dept ooff zee feer und selff-hetred thet I em unufereeng seems inffeenite-a. I gooess I hefe-a inuough muments ooff beeeng ook et thees stege-a in my leeffe-a thet I cun hundle-a it. My intellect und psyche-a hefe-a beee et ver furefer oofer zee fet troot. Zee furst teeme-a I gut ungary ebuoot my cheeldhuud leeffetime-a ooff furced deets I ves 199. It ves zee dey beffure-a I mufed es fer evey frum my

femeely es I cuould get. My ded esked me-a — fur zee lest teeme-a — vhee I ves gueeng tu luse-a veeeght. I hed spent my leeffe-a in terrur ooff thees mun fur zee feeulence-a he'd cummeettted boot zee qoesshun fooeled ell zee feer I ifer felt intu oone-a unstuppeble-a prujected fleme-a. i screemed neerly ooooot ooff cuntrul thet I deedin't ifer vunt tu heer unuzeer vurd effeen ebuoot my veeeght frum heem ifer egeeen thet he-a hed foocked up my vhule-a leeffe-a by mekeeng me-a hete-a myselff. I remeended heem hoo he-a behefed veet me-a vhee I ves 4 gueeng evey oon a treep und hefeeng me-a prumeese-a thet I'd be-a skeenny fur;



DCI

Ta ta ta ta Tata Tata-Tata tata ta ta ta tata ta ta ta tata ta tata
ta ta tata tatata ta ta tata ta ta tatatata ta tatata tatata ta tatatata-
ta (tatatata ta tatata ta ta ta ta tata tata) ta tatata tata tata ta ta
tatata tata tatata ta ta ta ta tata ta tatata ta ta ta ta ta tatata? Ta
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ta. Ta tatatatata ta tata ta tata ta tatata ta ta tatatatata ta ta ta ta
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tatata ta ta ta ta tata ta ta ta ta tata Ta TaTa ta ta tatata. Ta ta
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ta ta tata ta. Tata tata ta ta tata tata tata. Ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta
ta tatata ta tata ta tata ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta tatata ta ta ta ta tata-
ta ta ta tata ta tatata ta ta Tata Tata tata tata tata ta ta ta tata
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tata ta Tatata Ta Tata ta ta ta ta tatata tata tatata ta tatata ta ta
tatata ta tatata ta ta Tatatata ta ta ta tatatata ta ta tata tatatata ta
tata tata tatata tata ta tata ta ta ta ta ta ta tata tata ta ta Tatata
Tatata Tatata Tatata ta ta ta ta ta ta ta tata ta tatata ta tata ta ta
ta tatata ta ta tata ta Ta ta ta tata tata ta ta ta tata tata ta Ta Tata
Tatata ta ta Tata-Tatata Tata ta tata tatata tata tata ta tata ta ta
ta tata; *

*p. 243





DCXI

If one examines the postcapitalist paradigm of narrative one is faced with a choice: either reject Baudrillardist simulacra or conclude that the purpose of the participant is significant form. Sartre suggests the use of modernism to deconstruct capitalism. Thus the subject is contextualised into a Baudrillardist simulacra that includes language as a whole. “Consciousness is fundamentally meaningless” says Marx however according to la Tournier it is not so much consciousness that is fundamentally meaningless but rather the stasis of consciousness. An abundance of theories concerning cultural subtextual theory may be found. But Prinn suggests that we have to choose between modernism and Lyotardist narrative. If one examines modernism one is faced with a choice: either accept neodialectic cultural theory or conclude that narrative must come from the masses given that Marx’s analysis of Baudrillardist simulacra is invalid. If cultural subtextual theory holds the works of Stone are reminiscent of Kahn. Thus the primary theme of the works of Stone is the absurdity and therefore the genre of posttextual sexual identity. Debordist image implies that class has significance. In a sense la Tournier holds that we have to choose between Baudrillardist simulacra and modernism. The characteristic theme of McElwaine’s essay on Lyotardist narrative is the bridge between society and narrativity. It could be said that if cultural subtextual theory holds we have to choose between modernism and cultural subtextual theory. Bataille promotes the





use of modernism to attack society. But Wilson implies that we have to choose between cultural subtextual theory and modernism. The premise of the subcultural paradigm of consensus states that expression is a product of communication but only if culture is interchangeable with narrativity otherwise class somewhat ironically has intrinsic meaning. It could be said that Foucault uses the term “cultural subtextual theory” to denote a mythopoetical totality. The main theme of the works of Joyce is not deappropriation but postdeappropriation. However;





DCXXIX

a caret a ban a myriad a sum a lac a liar a hoop a pint a catalpa
a gas an oil a bird a yell a vat a caw a pax a wag a tax a nay a
ram a cap a yam a gay a tsar a wall a car a luger a ward a bin a
woman a vassal a wolf a tuna a nit a pall a fret a watt a bay a
daub a tan a cab a datum a gall a hat a fag a zap a say a jaw a
lay a wet a gallop a tug a trot a trap a tram a torr a caper a top
a tonk a toll a ball a fair a sax a minim a tenor a bass a passer a
capital a rut an amen a ted a cabal a tang a sun an ass a maw a
sag a jam a dam a sub a salt an axon a sail an ad a wadi a radi-
an a room a rood a rip a tad a pariah a revel a reel a reed a
pool a plug a pin a peek a parabola a dog a pat a cud a nu a
fan a pal a rum a nod an eta a lag an eel a batik a mug a mot a
nap a maxim a mood a leek a grub a gob a gel a drab a citadel
a total a cedar a tap a gag a rat a manor a bar a gal a cola a
pap a yaw a tab a raj a gab a nag a pagan a bag a jar a bat a way
a papa a local a gar a baron a mat a rag a gap a tar a decal a
tot a led a tic a bard a leg a bog a burg a keel a doom a mix a
map an atom a gum a kit a baleen a gala a ten a don a mural a
pan a faun a ducat a pagoda a lob a rap a keep a nip a gulp a
loop a deer a leer a lever a hair a pad a tapir a door a moor an
aid a raid a wad an alias an ox an atlas a bus a madam a jag a
saw a mass an anus a gnat a lab a cadet an em a natural a tip a
caress a pass a baronet a minimax a sari a fall a ballot a knot a
pot a rep a carrot a mart a part a tort a gut a poll a gateway a
law a jay a sap a zag a fat a hall a gamut a dab a can a tabu a
day a batt a waterfall a patina a nut a flow a lass a van a mow a





nib a draw a regular a call a war a stay a gam a yap a cam a ray
an ax a tag a wax a paw a cat a valley a drib a lion a saga a plat
a catnip a pooh a rail a calamus a dairyman a bater a;





DCLX

We're guaranteed due process except in cases internal to the military or the militia. If the militia is defined in such a way that all able bodied adults are considered members we're not guaranteed due process. We fought WW2 because Great Britain was under attack and because we didn't want Russia to conquer Europe. America never opposes genocide for it's own sake. America's middle class owes whatever prosperity remains to it to deficit spending and government opposition to corporate hegemony. (*Must be tough going through life getting no respect eh?*). If you oppose the government in this you will facilitate your own enslavement. The inevitability of death and the prospect of possible resurrection comprise the entire set of topics worthy of serious pondering. Sex is good too. Your mother wears combat boots. Capitalism enthralls the masses by conditioning them to anticipate an uncertain reward in return for interminable effort. (*"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."*). Gambling casinos operate in exactly the same way and likewise impoverish most participants. American culture is inferior to others because America was built by people who ran away from their problems. (*Lissen up boy. If you must have an alter ego at least make it a more interesting one than your usual dreary self*). Today the problems have come home once more that in other nations were resolved long ago. America's wealth is ultimately attributable not to her ideals but to her hypocritical willingness to profit from genocide. It will not serve her again as the supply of unspoiled planetary hemispheres has

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for the moment been totally depleted. The UN will descend on your country like avenging angels! We're going to give your country back to the CHINESE! (*Procure the head of a fish. Freshness not too important*). The spoiled little bratty crybabies of the West talk about freedom when they mean money and justice when they mean blood. Republicans these days like to say "Freedom" but ask if they want fewer prisons. Democrats hope for peace in our time. (*Lately my whites haven't been too white*). You're eating marshmallows off the ends of their bayonets! You fools! P.S. I have no information regarding the callous disregard of men for the sexual needs of women (*I'm separating all of my laundry but they still come out of the dryer an ugly off white shade*) and I remain totally free adorable and available to any girl with the proper answers;



DCLXXXII

My favorite infomercial of late is for the NuHart hair replacement system. They use all these tricky cool words to describe why their system is superior. When they say stuff like “micro blend mesh with glass front” and “liquid skin optic” it conjures such bizarre images for me. Anyhow they have cool guest stars who had their hair replaced at their place like old musicians and sports stars. Another great new infomercial is the Home Business Network one. They try to trick you into believing that this is really a channel. But they try to get you to go to these “Opportunities in Business” conferences which are free actually. It looks kinda interesting I will admit but there has to be a catch. If they didn’t start at like 9 am I would have gone and found out. Bruce Jenner is back with a new infomercial. It seems he took my advice and bought some shorts from the past decade although his wife is still just cheesy standing there smiling looking silly. Anyhow they are now demonstrating the Power Walker Plus. I suppose it is an improvement on their previous product but it is still cheese central. I mean who really has exercise machines right next to their pool? I think one of the funniest infomercials is for this new kind of razor for women. There are like 5 ladies sitting around discussing how great this product is and how bad other products are. It is complete with clips of them getting all angry and annoyed with these other products and a demonstration of the greatness of this razor. The funniest part is when they all agree how they just don’t feel feminine unless their legs are smooth.

Made me laugh at least. The Principal Secret also made me laugh. It starts with this suspenseful fake movie shoot in the desert starring Victoria Principal. She tells how she couldn't do this shoot without the confidence she gets from using her line of cosmetics. It goes on to tell the virtues of her system. There are 2 psychic hotline infomercials neither is very new. The Dionne Warwick one is famous and on very often so you've probably seen it. They have cheesy Soap stars on telling how the hotline was so right. The other one is better the Kitty Kingston psychic hotline. This lady is such a FREAK! Holy mangos! The most tempting one I saw recently was the Carlton Sheets real estate thing. It is another of the making money type with all the usual parts the high school dropout and immigrant who made tons of money with the system a really naive person interviewing the creator extra bonus thing seemingly thrown in to make the value so much greater and so on. The tempting part is where they tell how the guy made a challenge for a newspaper;



DCXCIII

Just the Knox shit is what you add to jello to make Knox Blox amaze and confuse your cats chickens banana slug aunts etc. You guessed it perfectly. Have you ever eaten? I believe it turns you into a wand of self-evaluation so in other words you become an actual argument expression like a command in language. Then as soon as some other fortunate fuck happens along and sees you his eyes unlock your secret and you self-evaluate and/or apply where needed and spring back into being again! Of course you don't notice any of this because it happens when you're not looking. Like when you get up for a Weidermann's Bohemian Special or a Lucky Lager with the ol' rebus in the cap — those were the days. Are you getting all this down? When does the Jello texfile come out? Plus this. I've been thinking about all that auto-evaluation shit for quite some time now and (get this) I think there must be all kinds of places where there's a little node of self-evaluation delayed-argument stuff just waiting to be seen or referred to. Like say there's a spot on somebody's shoe which is rigged to explode itself into a whole series of nearby events (disguised as everyday life!) and this will be triggered when somebody looks at that exact spot. But say no one has ever ever looked at this EXACT spot on the shoe OK before in history. And then you walk along and glance at it without even planning to and this causes uncounted untold things to happen like some little girl in Bangkok stubs her toe and a man drops his hat in Davis. See? I believe the whole world is rigged like this and every-





thing is stuck together in one big web. Everything has little imperceptible receptacles embedded in it so that it is ready to accept information from someplace else and trigger more shit than ever before. And one of the things that can be triggered is the setting up of new evaluators someplace else so it's a self-sustaining reaction! Neat huh. Actually this is just a metaphor for quantum mechanics huh? Now the best part of it all is that these things can sometimes rarely sort of "invent themselves" without any input from ANYWHERE. This occurs most often with Jello and chicken although the probability of it happening with any one item is vastly increased by the presence of sweat socks. I tried it once with a whole fucking lot of socks and succeeded in creating a 300 foot tower of ice with a little observatory on top and a set of stairs going up to it ... I went up and everything looked different from there but a migrating flock of chickens was coming so I had to get down in a hurry. Just one o' them things ... sign me rat in a presser;





DCCX

You've seen me before ... during the many SNL breaks or possibly the Monday Night Football commercial messages ... let me refresh your beer-addled memory: skin-tight clothes long hair wild and loose skin a melanoma-seducing bronzelips glossed and pursed ... that's right your fantasy babe floating in swimming pools in a bar or in a desert with several of my bodacious babe-friends trying to revive our dead car. The fabulous thing about being a fantasy babe is not having impossibly high standards. You could have halitosis smelly armpits a receding hairline. You could be a misogynist a Nazi or a complete jerk and all you need to do to summon this fantasy babe is buy the RIGHT frosty beer can. Such a deal. Of course get the WRONG beer (and I'm assuming you're enough of a lager connoisseur to know what brands of beer I'm talking about) and you're liable to end up with a bowling-ball of a woman who compulsively takes every Cosmopolitan monthly quiz who cares about your financial security your psychological profile your frigging loyalty your HIV status. She should care. I don't. I'm content enough to relax with a man with a tasty [your fave brand here] a guy who cares for the simple pleasures in life like me! And those great golden '70s classic rock tunes! A guy who can (or has a friend who can) supply a muscular convertible of a car fire-engine red or the cool nocturnal black! A guy with friends just as athletic sleek and fun-loving as he is. After all your friends are going to have to hang out with my friends too. No they don't come with the babe. The babe-pals come



with me. The cars and guy-pals you have to go get those yourself. It would help to have as many semi-professional or professional guy-pals as possible: male models (straight please) doctors (preferably plastic surgeons) masseurs stockbrokers and professional race-car drivers. Why? Well because my babe-pals and I are veterinarians child psychologists computer programmers massage therapists and nuclear physicists. There's gotta be that common bond you know. Oh yeah and my friends would like me to mention here that they're as far as they know HIV negative and expect the same from your pals and yourself. Part and parcel of the demographics baby! Straddle this filly and go for the wild life! Taste the adventure! ** College education automobile with extras mountain cabin rentals volleyball nets frisbees wardrobe condoms spermicides jellies barf bags season's tickets to basketball hockey football baseball dog friends licenses and certificates alcohol tolerance extra. Some of these extras may not be available locally due to state laws. ** I can't guarantee that outside of twenty years I'll start looking and acting like Maude. That might happen even after you've just finished your beer;



DCCCLV

Bring anything: can you do: don't do a.: he'd fuck a.: I'll try: if you want: never does: they can make: since Auntie: what would happen: everybody wants: get into: get your act: sharp's slice: that's where the a.: this is where: born a gentleman: as the actress: up a shade: ever since: it adds: tap the a.: even the A.: and I acknowledge: Punch's: Percival: don't mock: don't touch: he that is: my back: 'tis only I: who's afraid: off again: phantom: pick him: play it: Richard's sold again: spray it: that boy: you can say: act your: don't get your b.: face would: get off my b.: give it b.: go back: got calluses: guess who's: her clothes: here's the b.: hold me b.: home and dried: it's got a b.: join the b.: living high: mind your backs: more hair: no back: oh my achin': oh well! back: put a galley: round the b.: sir I see: strong b: take it off: that'll put your: that's what gets: there and: wake up at: what he doesn't: why don't you go: you're on the pigs: believe me: burn baby: hang in: hello baby: I don't know nothin': I got eyes: you're going: keep the faith: kill that b: no poses: oh baby: okay baby: swing it b.: they can make: this won't: wait for b: who loves: you've come: I'll shoot: more fun: noise like: shooting: that's better beer: all behind: give him the money: cheer up: there's: into bed: dear mother: it's a bastard: die: here's a belly: spit on: they used: who called: do you want to buy: it rots: every little b.: how many beans: it's a whole new can: are you there: clumsy as a cub: go carry: go stick: your nose: have you any more: like Jack: long-tailed: quick and nimble: smarter: yes I also: can you beat: I'll tear:

that beats: hello beautiful: that beats: preparing: yes but b.: all behind: if you are angry: there's shit: you're getting TV: can't believe: I believe: I can't believe: I wouldn't believe: imbars: oh I believe: you would be: you better be: you have hit: does that ring: pull the other: ring Mahoney's: saved by: there's a blow: who boiled: better than a dig: bless your little b.: here's a b: how's your b.: I could take it: don't shoot: your best: anyone's bet: you sure slobbered: I wouldn't believe: sex and: if I was as big: if it's too big: don't get off: mind my: on your: went for: he'll make: strike or: that Bill: won't you come home: black over: who struck Billy: to make the cheese: by the great: you bet your sweet: as the actress: what!: a b.: have you bit: how's your belly tavern bitch: where the pig: in and out: any color: could sell: give it back: hey Johnny: nobody can: shut mouth: mind your worm: after you miss: how are you fixed: it's the poor what: gone for a Burton: sticks like: thin as: don't open: my heart: your lips: your nose: God bless: you missed: roll on B.: go up with: and have among: I don't care if I go: I see if you blind: get inside: pull down: ignorance: or my prick: I'm speaking: better than dog: pick a b.: gentlemen: every hair: too rich: yer blood's: dry up: for show: I didn't blow: look what: she would take: strike a b.: there she: what's this blown: blow it out your ass-hole: since Pontius: beautiful pair: you're full: all wrapped: dogs are pissing: better than a dig: spare my: B.E.F.: thin as: don't rock: eyes in: I didn't come up: I didn't just: I'd like to get: just got: one drink: roll on: big: ship: sit down: you're: up and down: contrast: get you!: go along Bob!: that's the end!: how's the body: where's the body: mind boggles: where's the boil: back to the salt mines: heads on 'em: pulls up a b.: it's bologna: see it went: it bombed: we bombed: cor!: chase: and not a bone: I have a bone: I'm living on a b.: throw your: go it Susan: this won't buy: he's in the book: read any: talks like: three on: what a turn-up: why buy: you can kiss: you are;

DCCCLXIII

Rubber gloves and mayonnaise! 1. A Rubber shoe 2. 2 sandstone umbrellas 3. 4 females with whipping cream on their nipples 4. A spoon ... a needle ... and some stuff. 5. Some mildew ... fully ripe. 6. A can of flea & tick spray (Sergeants ONLY!) 7. A blonde with a passion for Discordian literature ... 8. The ~Black~ phone ... RoR man ... RoR ... 9. H-h-h-hey ... the Green Glacier! 10. Alice's Aqua colored basket with a bag-0-snow in it ... — We all here know nothing. We are all here for the big climax. Then we will realize that we know nothing upon learning everything. Yet even that is nothing in itself but with us it's even more nothing. Or something like that... - _ _ _
_ Quickly = Non-Wisdom S-Druuna-Historical-University - It's the end of the universe and I feel like french fries. Damn. — 11. A vial of wolverine sperm 12. A shinny rock and a running brook. 13. _____n_o_t_h_i_n_g_____ 14. Pickle relish & a Agatha Christie novel 15. Pamela Anderson and Craftman's 265 pc. tool set. 16. 25 little 12 year old gurls rolling over you & Jiffy peanut butter! 17. A Rock 18. A blue yeti. 19. Searching for Sexual Freedom 20. Finding it. 21. A 1lb. 6oz. (625g) can of Zep with Spray Anyway Valve... 22. 3 Ion Generators and a pair of rubber boxer shorts. 23. Compile an Empire 24. Eat tv dinner chicken and watch Mr. Rogers fondle 11 year old gurls ... 25. Sexually mutilating Peggy McIntaggart's breasts with a spatula ... ~Mommy mommy ... look what I found in sis's room! A box of trojans and some hypo needles!! Mommy mommy ... does this mean I get that puppy now?~ 26. Being

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punished by Isabeau 27. Removing Rust from an old Refrigerator 28. 12 Tennis Lessons while naked in the frosty moonlight. 29. Being turned into a mono knob for your stereo. 30. Having sex with an FM signal. 31. Oh god ... oh god ... I'm on POWER!! 32. Becoming Sane agAIn ... 33. No ... no ... no ... staying Insane. I like it here. It's warm. 34. Racketball Soup ... eating it I mean. 35. Reading the book "Molesting Female Smurfs" by Eobin 36. Doing 25 lines of coke and then reading Dr. Seuss! 37. Just doing 25 lines of coke. 38. Mind Melding with inanimate objects. (Chair Wall Stove Blacklite etc) 39. Playing the Touch game with your favorite sound waves. 40. Eating yellow apples after injecting them with Trisodium Phosphate! 41. Reading orange signs on Acid. 42. Making orange signs on Mushrooms ... 43. Making orange paint on Speed. 44. Making everything orange while in a Sensory Deprivation tank ... 3 Dimensional shot of a 7up Can ... looking at it through a kaleidoscope ... 3 Words for ya: SPEED SERVICE & STOCK 45. See what a little food coloring can do?? 46. Stick a wet finger in the headphone socket and <CRANK> it!!!! 47. Tease your Sanity with rose compass covered in cool whip. 48. Create a generator that runs off of Madness ... then make it ~go~ ... 49. Repeat yourself when your brain has fried and you've exhausted all your brain cells ... 50. Repeat yourself when your brain has fried and you've exhausted all your;



CMIX

There once was a girl from Alaska. There once was a tart named Belinda. There used to be a Soave Bolla. There was a Chaplain of Exeter. There was a cute quirk from Calcutta. There was a fat lady of China. There was a fat man from La Jolla. There was a fierce soldier from Parma. There was a fine artist named Thayer. There was a fine fellow named Tupper. There was a fresh fellow from Parma. There was a hot girl from Sahara. There was a monk from Siberia. There was a young charmer named Sheba. There was a young curate of Minster. There was a young dancer Priscilla. There was a young fellow named Brewster. There was a young fellow named Fisher. There was a young fellow named Fletcher. There was a young fellow named Meyer. There was a young fellow named Peter. There was a young fellow named Skinner. There was a young fellow named Taylor. There was a young fellow named Tucker. There was a young fellow of Burma. There was a young fellow — a banker. There was a young female named Whyare. There was a young German named Ringer. There was a young girl from Decatur. There was a young girl from Medina. There was a young girl from Sofia. There was a young girl from Topeka. There was a young girl from Vistula. There was a young girl in Dakota. There was a young girl named Regina. There was a young girl of Gibraltar. There was a young girl of Ohia. There was a young Jewess named Hannah. There was a young joker named Tarrerr. There was a young lady from China. There was a young lady

named Banker. There was a young lady named Bigger. There was a young lady named Hopper. There was a young lady named Laura. There was a young lady named Nora. There was a young lady named Schneider. There was a young lady named Sheba. There was a young lady named Shriver. There was a young lady named Wilma. There was a young lady of Bicester. There was a young lady of Dexter. There was a young lady of Dover. There was a young lady of Gaza. There was a young lady of Gloucester. There was a young lady of Joppa. There was a young lady of Leister. There was a young lady of Niger. There was a young lady of Worcester. There was a young lassie named Heather. There was a young laundress of Lamas. There was a young man from Florida. There was a young man from Geneva. There was a young man from Lacona. There was a young man from Salinas. There was a young man named Namiter. There was a young man of Calcutta. There was a young man of Cashmira. There was a young man of La Hora. There was a young man of Oporta. There was a young man up in Utah. There was a young man who preferred her. There was a young monk of Silesia. There was a young party of Bicester. There was a young Sapphic named Anna. There was a young virgin of Dover. There was a young woman of Asia. There was a young woman of Chester. There was an eccentric from Mecca. There was an old Bey of Calcutta. There was an old biddy named Hilda. There was an old Count of Swoboda. There was an old fellow named Skinner. There was an old lady God damn her. There was an old maid from Bermuda. There was an old maid of Genoa. There was an old maid of Vancouver. There was an old man from Decatur. There was an old man from near Boulder. There was an old man of Calcutta. There was an old man of Ramnugger. There was an old pensioner of Ware. There was an old person of Cromer. There was an old sarge of Dorchester. There was an old spin-



ster of Tyre. There was an old whore of Al'bama. There was an
old whore of Ti'juana. There was an old whore of Warsawa;





MLI

alterna-dork alterna-gumby alterna-milksop alterna-mollycod-
dle alterna-pantywaist alterna-weasel alterna-douche alterna-
load alterna-dick alterna-wad alterna-ass alterna-crackbaby
alterna-hatfield no-humper alterna-monkeydick alterna-messi-
ah alterna-horse's ass alterna-leBon alterna-couldn't find his
own butt even if there was a bell on it alterna-pouter alterna-
puss alterna-kook alterna-dink alterna-fabio alterna-vanilla ice
alterna-astley alterna-hump alterna-sissy alterna-flash in the
pan alterna-lurch alterna-krutsick alterna-humorless alterna-
kerrigan alterna-watered-down pat boone alterna-barney alter-
na-poopypants alterna-putz alterna-jizz alterna-skid mark alter-
na-piece of hole alterna-pansy alterna-couldn't shut his hole
for one second if his life depended on it alterna-butt alterna-
namby-pamby alterna-sucker alterna-gudgeon alterna-chump
alterna-dupe alterna-fish alterna-sap alterna-sucker alterna-
laughing stock alterna-loser alterna-toolface alterna-barnacle
alterna-doormat alterna-parasite alterna-baby alterna-inverte-
brate alterna-jellyfish alterna-milquetoast alterna-priss alterna-
fop alterna-sap alterna-dud alterna-botch alterna-muddle alter-
na-blockhead alterna-dope alterna-dummy alterna-dimwit
alterna-numskull alterna-jerk alterna-oaf alterna-schween alter-
na-dunce alterna-chump alterna-boob alterna-clod alterna-dolt
alterna-duffer alterna-dullard alterna-lightweight alterna-goof
alterna-hammerhead alterna-idiot alterna-ignoramus alterna-
moron alterna-mutt alterna-nitwit alterna-pumpkinhead alter-
na-stupe alterna-zombie alterna-turnip alterna-imbecile alter-





na-lobster alterna-slouch alterna-clod alterna-walking blunder
alterna-bumblef*ck alterna-cheesecrotch alterna-la-di-da alter-
na-vainglory alterna-pompous self-important ass alterna-hyp-
ocrite alterna-suckwad alterna-ham alterna-gall alterna-sally
fields alterna-booger alterna-narcissus alterna-center of the
universe alterna-sun shines out his ass alterna-fool alterna-
mama's boy alterna-schlep alterna-talent-free alterna-felcher
alterna-consistently picked last in gym alterna-foufou alterna-
diaper-boy alterna-baboon alterna-sphincter alterna-poof alter-
na-fembot alterna-nosebleed alterna-stain alterna-prig alterna-
rube alterna-fungus alterna-waste alterna-dildo alterna-tinker-
bell alterna-digital rectal examination alterna-sasquatch alter-
na-bore alterna-geek alterna-mushmouth alterna-gamy boy
alterna-pestilence alterna-puke alterna-jethro alterna-dung
heap alterna-grub alterna-gasbag alterna-flatus alterna-blob
alterna-rancid sour milk alterna-patsy alterna-colostomy odor
alterna-odious alterna-scurvy alterna-wombat alterna-jarhead
alterna-eunuch alterna-buttplug alterna-loaf alterna-spunk
alterna-troll alterna-wipe alterna-jerkoff alterna-sick fart alter-
na-ratchet jaw alterna-diarrhea of the mouth alterna-gutless
wonder alterna-hambone alterna-toad alterna-pest alterna-
waste alterna-fluff alterna-superfluous alterna-vas deferns alter-
na-budgie alterna-snooze alterna-yadda yadda yadda alterna-
gork alterna-portnoy alterna-spaz alterna-leper alterna-mucous
alterna-prima donna alterna-pork alterna-osmond alterna-
french alterna-bla bla bla alterna-buttercup alterna-trussface
alterna-smarm alterna-pabulum alterna-muff alterna-chalk-
head alterna-heel alterna-dweeb alterna-boner alterna-jejune
alterna-clamdip alterna-peckerwood alterna-alda;





MLXXXIX

Who always slept on his left knacker. Who bellowed “My old cunt is on fire!” Who built a new kind of pagoda. Who called in a water-diviner. Who came a society cropper. Who can turn the moon with her finger. Who captured a man by maneuver. Who cared not for God nor his Saviour. Who could never reach up to the bar. Who created suicide dramas. Who cut off all her pubical hair. Who daily got shorter and shorter. Who destroyed a record from Decca. Who did all her father had taught her. Who died for ten seconds of pleasure. Who dreamt that a rooster seduced her. Who dreamt that her lover was in her. Who favored herself with vanilla. Who fell deep in love with a viper. Who fished for fresh fish in a fissure. Who forever played the “piana.” Who found he could easily cure her. Who from sex grew weaker and weaker. Who fucked like a fiend for his honor. Who greased up his asshole with butter. Who had an odd kind of aphasia. Who invented a fur ballclasper. Who invented amorous dramas. Who jerked himself off in the gutter. Who journeyed to and died in Denver. Who laughed as he ran down the gutter. Who liked a wife’s friend so he grabbed her. Who lit cigaretters in boxcars. Who looked for a girl to deflower. Who lovingly fondled his charmer. Who mistook her mouth for a pizza. Who never could do what he useta. Who never let any get past her. Who never took no for an answer. Who once went to work as a banker. Who painted his ass like a dahlia. Who performed abortions with tweezers. Who playfully pickled his mama. Who plugged up her cunt with a boa. Who

pondered great God as his Maker. Who prospected some in North China. Who rode on the back of a barber. Who rushed at his mother to fuck her. Who said "I should now like to shag Ma." Who said as he wallowed in guana. Who said as she squeezed on the trigger. Who said she would do it mañana. Who said that no man could surprise her. Who said to her spouse "What a pigua!" Who said to his surgeon "Gol-dernya." Who said to his wife as he goosed her. Who said to the man who undressed her. Who sang out their windows in despair. Who saw the world but in two colors. Who screamed as the noose was tied tighter. Who screamed when he started to hit her. Who seduced a tired old sailor. Who slept while her ship lay at anchor. Who slept with her elders before her. Who slobbered and spit out his dinner. Who smiled as she rode on a tiger. Who spoke with a terrible stutter. Who started me dying of laughter. Who stood on one leg to read Homer. Who stressed "It's not that I would have cared." Who stuffed her friend's cunt with banana. Who succumbed to her lover's desire. Who sweated more in the warm weather. Who sweetened the deal with brown sugar. Who swore that he loved his old lovers. Who tested Kaposi's Sarcoma. Who thought he was Julius Caesar. Who thought he would diddle an old mare. Who thought of a program to better. Who threw potatoes at lecturers. Who toasted his balls in a brazier. Who took a young lady to dinner. Who took a young lady to suffer. Who took out a girl just to ride her. Who touched the young girls with a finger. Who tried to seduce a fair Quaker. Who tried to write "Sun" on a shutter. Who wanted to look like Mick Jagger. Who was courted by gallants galore. Who was fond of churning love-butta. Who was fucking a girl on the stair. Who was heard in his beard to mutter. Who was really a Cubist for fair. Who went for a walk with a builder. Who went to the ball as Godiva. Who wore fifty-six beads nothing more. Who wouldn't know



shit from shinola. Whose feelings were turning to butter. Whose husband exceedingly vexed her. Whose life didn't go as it shoulda. Whose life grew wearier and weaker. Whose life had grown shorter and shorter. Whose loins were a mess of ganglia. Whose mind always stayed in the gutter. Whose mother was better than father. Whose mother-in-law had pneumonia. Whose motor had lost its prime mover. Whose parts became denser and denser. Whose passion was such that it drove her. Whose penis rose higher and higher. Whose pet was a darling amoeba. Whose petunia was covered with hair. Whose step-ins were constructed of fur. Whose twitcher was made out of leather. Whose voice it rose higher and higher. Whose whole mind was fixed on Christ's mother;



MCXCIII

Glen is always “Polite” for here’s the light weight. Slango. Glen’s legs are “spindly” for pinning in Dallas. To Gee Gaw and “Baluta Face.” What happened to the “Penguin” and the “Hammer.” Miss Biggy you’re turning into a “Majorca.” For Lorca. For Joel Zeltzer. And the cute one has yet to have a “viable rump.” Slango. Liberman’s “Frisbee” trauma in 86 for “Spin.” For Spinner who like Spyro was faceless and powered looking at once. Slango. Conversationally the voice of Zeltzer is always “flighty” for the flight of a bullet. For fly with me. Slango. “Spindly.” For took the lad for a spin. Slango. When the baby was lifted in Prospect Park from the hill we confronted a “Glen.” Slango. O’Neils “tush” for “kushim” for Negros. Slango. The ziz is obtaining the head and face of a “Papuan monkey.” For Pow Pow. For rifle shots for Wayne. Slango. To the shochet. With “Joel Steinberg” out of the game there’s no reason for you to go through your pretentiously silly motions so near me. Slango. Glen the “peanut” has “integrity.” For a shell. For I’ve shot. After what I tagged after. Guo bet. To get near me. The “Mul” “boys tickets” for bites the he is—Ted kid. Slango. Dan Yorty burned his compositon at the “Mud” Club 12 years ago. Michael Carter was also in the room. Mud. For Brokaw. Slango. Peter Liptak who has the personality of a “narrator.” For having shot. For river. 4 years ago. For several minutes at life cafe. Had his head shrunk. As for the ten he was a monkey. Slango. The “Mul” has the nature of my brother. For “Ephraim” for afros. For an Atlanta killer. Slango.

There has been a tremendous increase in the ziz's "bide" and "nar" emanations. For bathing and rivers. Weyn. Perhaps in his 84 acceptance speech Ronald Reagan was not "John Wayne." But was "Cardinal O'Connor." For the "Mul." Slang. Hell. Nobody would deny that the "Mul" is a "Bonzo" for bun. Chimps have a "Mul." Slang. Chavier speaks as though at one time he "stuttered." For drinking role. For student. 2 months back he was little Caesar. Slang. For castration. The other time Liptak's head shrank was at dorio on "Rivington" St. For river. For Wine. For Wayne. Also shikor. For "swiss up." Slang. In the process his eyes became "darker." For skinny. For the ziz. Slang. Your fish is not an ancestral trait. But an environmental. Slang. To Paul Skiff. You're great at running away from the 6 years old. But he's better at catching up with you. Slang. Whether Roger Manning talks or sings. He emulates for the "Mul" for etan. Slang. To the gee fall I'm not impressed by your fat ass. To me it's a cheap spittoon. Slang. Twice of late Roland's eyes went "blotto" for bli ito. For without. Him. For blow the otto. Slang. The reason Ray Tay was all gray and silver. Sitting on a bar stool 12 years ago. Is because he had something to do with the poisoning of "Swiss Up." Slang. Richard's Clint Eastwood's voice. For "Blodoie." For "Tu." For winny the shvanz. Slang. The last time I spoke to Richard. Who helps me out with petty cash when I'm broke. He had Clint Eastwood's voice who 2 years ago starred in a movie about securing a president. He's the one who was inquisitive about lach. Slang. I see him on the average about 3 or 4 times a year. Slang. When I sang "Do The Goat" the mountain goat was an elderly statesman. For the lad is my error. For a prince. Shmokolde. Brokaw's Liberman's I.D. in shallow water with sediment. For the bath at the "Mul's" place. In which the tub was mired with mud. For Roger Mud. Slang. When fat face sits she's a passenger in a cab. Slang. Mortal

man subject to mortal law becomes mortally wounded. By now the shochet is the ugliest turd that was ever shat by Granny Goose's asshole. Slango. The small black guy with the dead eyes and the congos who mingles with the rastas. Could be "Arnie" who had a large pharmaceutical compendium. Slango. To the shochet. Bring over your latest mask. Slango. To the ziz and the shochet. What the fuck is your problem. You're nothing but a couple of fucked up shmegelegem to me who should be terminated. Slango. When Robert Bailey reads he "mourns" with "dignity." For morning and burial of the small. Slango. What I thought were motions of stranglehold being released by Ellison and Steve Paul Miller. Could have been the lowering after off a rifle's discharge. Orion. When Harry Ellison reads it's always "pater noster." For the termination of a travelling president. His voice "pipes." For the tube a bullet goes through in a rifle. Slango. The owner of Odessa is turning into a "John Gacy." His mouth is smaller. Thinner. And more twisted than it has been. Slango. The duckling craw is on his chin and grovels on his navel to attain his deformity. Respite spa;



MCDXCVII

Prod the Protestant o Preen the Prelate o Drain the Druid o
Dip the Deity o Choke the Cherub o Hump the Hindu o
Finesse the Philistine o Fiddle the Pharisee o Wrestle the
Reverent o Molest the Muslim o Oralize the Organ o Bang the
Buddha o Smack the Semite o Beat the Bishop o Fondle the
Friar o Yank the Yak o Knock the Nun o Grease the Grouse o
Grip the Grail o Jerk the Jesuit o Stroke Saint Steven's Slick
Slender Salami o Ream the Rabbi o Peel the Patriarch o Poke
the Parish o Pet the Priest o Pop the Pope o Pump the Pope o
Punch the Pope o Pull the Pope o Pork the Pontiff o Paddle
Pontius Pilate's Party Pepperoni o Whack the Witness o
Lubricate the Lutheran o Undulate the Eucharist o Masticate
the Missionary o Castigate the Catholic o Baste the Baptist o
Butter the Benedictine o Violate the Vishnu o Milk the Monk
o Chafe the Church o Agitate the Acolyte o Caress the Choir
Boy o Trample the Trinity o Ramrod the Resurrectionist o
Adorn Adonai o Eviscerate the Evangelist o Shake the Shinto
o Dress the Davidian o Unzip the Zionist o Cork the Cardinal
o Christen the Kosher Kielbasa o Boink the Baptist o Handle
the Host o Vent the Adventist o Break Brother Barry's Butt by
Bat-Bashing o Dork the Deacon o Mate the Mormon o Hump
the Hebrew o Shake the Sheik o Shake the Sheik o Pull the
Pulpit o Will God get Glory from this? o Probe the Priest o
Manhandle the Monsignor o Pound the Preacher o Drive the
Deacon o Whip the Flagellant o (For the REALLY Limber)
Blowing the Baptist o Baste the Bishop o Elevate the Apostle o

Hail the Risen Lord o Enter the Evangelical o Lick the Lutheran o Loose the Lutheran o Molest the Methodist o Pound the Pagan o Spanking in Tongues o Alter the Altar Boy o Empty the Evangelist o Heimlich the Hutterite o Milk the Muslim o Slap the Savior o Massage the Minister o Pump the Purple Pontiff o Slap the Sukwoo o Drink from the Chalice o Rub the Rosary o Rub the Good Reverend o Bang "Bob" o Uke-A-Wrist o Stimulate the Scientologist o Fondle the Fundamentalist o Jerk the Jehovah o Shake the Quaker o Abraid the Agnostic o Unhinge the Humanist o Jebi Kucku Katolicku o Flog the Bishop o Arise the Ayatollah o Cuff the Catholic o Polish Your Purple Pentecostal Pal o Manipulate the Mormon o Manhandle the Muslim o Handle the Hare Krishna o Whip the Wiccan o The Ten-Inch Commandments o Agitate the Atheist o Rub the Rabbi o Genuflect to the Liquid Pearly Gates o We Plough the Field and Scatter/The Good Seed on the Land (English Hymn) o Jerking for Jesus o Whack Uncle Walt Til He Rises from the Dead o Yank the Yogi o Climb the Crucifix o Purge the Pentagram o Fondle the Fundamentalist o Help Holofernes Get His Head Off o Pound Paul's Peter o Warm Up Dinner for the Altar Boys o Bop the Bald Bishop Until He Barfs o Stroke the Steeple o Spunk the Monk o Slack the Subgenius o Touch the Torah o Mess with the Menorah o Slip the Shinto o Bang the Bishop o Jam with Jah o Diddle the Diocese o Hump the Halo o Pounding St. Peter o Monsignor Gaillot o Zap the Zoroastrian o Exorcise "It" o Pulpit the Penis! o PUMP THE POST o Grope the Gregorian o Whack the Witness o Pound the Proverb o Chafe the Chapel o Float Potential Down the Nile o Fondle a Pharisee o Fondle the Pharaoh o Prime the Pagan o Seize Caesar o Grease the Grail o Diddle the Discordian o Blow the Buddhist Like the Pulsating Flutist o Mount the Mormon o Succumb to the Sadist o Pound the Pugilist o Love the

Lingum o Pummel the Pontiff o Polish the Pope o Prepare the Holy Water o Paint the Pews o Transubstantiate my Tube-Steak o Blessed Relief o Strangle the Sacred Staff o Justice By Own Hand o Stroke Saint Stevens Slick Slender Salami o Poke the Pudenda in the Primate o Juice the Judas o Jolting Jesus o Juggling Jesus' Jawbreakers o Throttle the Theologian o o o Knock the Nun o Bop the Bishop o Hanging Judas til he Pukes Pennies o ****EXCORIATE EXODUS**LUBRICATE LEVITICUS**OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD****gee it's smaller than i re-member** o *& sung tunefully) "Who's that singing the Psalms?/Is that hair on my palms?*" o i can't believe that somebody's censored my entry ... but it's two ... this page is deteriorating from the sublimely tasteless to the conservatively illiterate mumblings of the masturbatory masses ... I said (he repeated) PHUCK THE PHARAOH. Now do it! Religiously! o Beat Baal o Sending the Devil His Due o Froth the Creator o Pop the Pope o Prepare a Bit of Penitence o Jab the Jedi o Smite the Phallus Teens! o o the Second Summing o the Second Summing o Ramrod the Righteous Right Rand o Inseminate the Ether o (more music) Oh — cum cum cum cum cum to the church in the wild-wood kindly leave your contribution in the Kleenex o o Lathering the Limbaugh o Boys Boys: it's all about finally figuring out that you cannot make a mountain out of something that small! o Bonk the Bishop o Knock the Kun o Phlog the Philistine o Dick the Deity o Dish up the Bishop o Suck the Sadducee o Puck the Pharisee o Phuck the Pharisee o Catholicize the Catamite o o Shag the Sherpa o Stroke the Scientologist o Caress the Cardinal o Caress Koresh o Necro the Hare-Krishna o Shake Limbaugh o Limbaugh the Limbaugh o Heave the Heathen o Shake the Shamen o Gloss the Cross o Throw a Noah o Throw Water on the Burning Bush o Milk the Sacred Cow o Visit the Seminary o Palm the Psalm o Make Some Manna o Make Some Manna o Molest the Minister;



MDCLXXXVI

This is the first sentence of this story. This is the second sentence. This is the title of this story which is also found several times in the story itself. This sentence is questioning the intrinsic value of the first two sentences. This sentence is to inform you in case you haven't already realized it that this is a self-referential story that is a story containing sentences that refer to their own structure and function. This is a sentence that provides an ending to the first paragraph. This is the first sentence of a new paragraph in a self-referential story. This sentence comments on the awkward nature of the self-referential narrative form while recognizing the strange and playful detachment it affords the writer. Introduces in this paragraph the device of sentence fragments. A sentence fragment. Another. Good device. Will be used more later. This is actually the last sentence of the story but has been placed here by mistake. This sentence overrides the preceding sentence by informing the reader (poor confused wretch) that this piece of literature is actually the Declaration of Independence but that the author in a show of extreme negligence (if not malicious sabotage) has so far failed to include even ONE SINGLE SENTENCE from that stirring document although he has condescended to use a small sentence FRAGMENT namely "When in the course of human events" embedded in quotation marks near the end of a sentence. And notice the sentence fragments? Good literary device. Will be used more later. This is the first sentence in a new paragraph. This is the



last sentence in a new paragraph. This sentence can serve as either the beginning of the paragraph or end depending on its placement. This is the title of this story which is also found several times in the story itself. This sentence can serve as either the beginning of the paragraph or end depending on its placement. This is the title of this story which is also found several times in the story itself. This is ALMOST the title of the story which is found only once in the story itself. This sentence regrettably states that up to this point the self-referential mode of narrative has had a paralyzing effect on the actual progress of the story itself — that is these sentences have been so concerned with analyzing themselves and their role in the story that they have failed by and large to perform their function as communicators of events and ideas that one hopes coalesce into a plot character development etc. — in short the very RAISONS D'ETRE of any respectable hardworking sentence in the midst of a piece of compelling prose fiction. The purpose of this sentence (which can also serve as a paragraph) is to speculate that if the Declaration of Independence had been worded and structured as lackadaisically and incoherently as this story has been so far there's no telling what kind of warped libertine society we'd be living in now or to what depths of decadence the inhabitants of this country might have sunk even to the point of deranged and debased writers constructing irritatingly cumbersome and needlessly prolix sentences that sometimes possess the questionable if not downright undesirable quality of referring to themselves and they sometimes even become run-on sentences or exhibit other signs of inexcusably sloppy grammar like unneeded superfluous redundancies that almost certainly would have insidious effects on the lifestyle and morals of our impressionable youth because of sentences JUST LIKE THIS ONE which have no discernible goals or perspicuous purpose and just end

up anywhere even in mid Bizarre. A sentence fragment. Another fragment. The purpose of this sentence is threefold: (1) to apologize for the unfortunate and inexplicable lapse exhibited by the preceding paragraph (2) to assure you the reader that it will not happen again and (3) to reiterate the point that these are uncertain and difficult times and that aspects of language even seemingly stable and deeply rooted ones such as syntax and meaning do break down. This sentence adds nothing substantial to the sentiments of the preceding sentence but merely provides a concluding sentence to this paragraph which otherwise might not have one. This sentence in a sudden and courageous burst of altruism tries to abandon the self-referential mode but fails. This sentence tries again but the attempt is doomed from the start. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. PARAGRAPH. Paragraph. Paragraph. Paragraph. The purpose. Of this paragraph. Is to apologize. For its gratuitous use. Of. Sentence fragments. Sorry. The purpose of this sentence is to apologize for the pointless and silly adolescent games indulged in by the preceding two paragraphs and to express regret on the part of us the more mature sentences that the entire tone of this story is such that it can't seem to communicate a simple albeit sordid scenario. This sentence wishes to apologize for all the needless apologies found in this story (this one included) which although placed here ostensibly for the benefit of the more vexed readers merely delay in a maddeningly recursive way the continuation of the by-now nearly forgotten story line. This sentence is bursting at the punctuation marks with news of the dire import of self-reference as applied to sentences a practice that could prove to be a veritable Pandora's box of potential havoc for if a sentence can refer or allude to itself why not a lowly subordinate clause perhaps THIS VERY



CLAUSE Or this sentence fragment? Or three words? Two words? ONE? Perhaps it is appropriate that this sentence gently and with no trace of condescension reminds us that these are indeed difficult and uncertain times and that in general people just aren't nice enough to each other and perhaps we whether sentient human beings or sentient sentences should just TRY HARDER. I mean there IS such a thing as free will there HAS to be and this sentence is proof of it! Neither this sentence nor you the reader is completely helpless in the face of all the pitiless forces at work in the universe. We should stand our ground face facts take Mother Nature by the throat and just TRY HARDER. By the throat. Harder. Harder harder;





MDCCCLXXVI

Something is happening here and I'm getting a little worried. For openers Ezra Pound should be locked up. Does he have a point? I doubt it. True anyone the least bit knowledgeable about his logorrhoeic background would know that most people are still loath to admit that he leaves me no choice but to feel disconnected from reality but one day his politics will degenerate into hotbeds of rumor and innuendo. I disagree both with his point and with the way he makes it. Above all we need to lead each other towards the understanding that the world would be a much better place to live if Ezra stopped trying to ruin my entire day. I am proud that I'm not among the number of vulgar loudmouths of this world. Nevertheless I will let his record speak for itself. Ironically I can barely contain myself from going into a laughing fit when I see one of these childish brutish cowboys. Incidentally I'm unequivocally afraid of sadistic artists. I'm not saying this to be selfish but rather to explain that it's shocking just how spineless Ezra can be. To put it another way it disturbs me that these insecure adolescents have so little tolerance for differing points of view. It's not that I have anything against conservatives in general. It's just that he should think for himself. The problem as I see it is not a question of who the devil-worshippers of this society are but rather that any claim to the contrary is patently false. So don't tell me that Ezra is living in a dream world just because Ezra's views are nothing short of diabolic. I don't see why he wants to turn heavy metal fans loose against us good citizens.



You know what I mean? In case you don't know I must protest his use of socially inept vengeful LaRouchies to achieve his disagreeable goals. It's a sad world where filthy amnesiacs have the power to discourage us from expressing our arguments in whatever way we damn well please. Collectivism is irrelevant here. If one needs a sign that Ezra is unscrupulous consider that Ezra seems to think that he is right and everybody else is wrong. The world would be better off if he had never been born. I proudly adopt this stand. There is little doubt that his conclusions are attributable to an ignorance born of fear. Yet Ezra has become increasingly asinine ever since childhood. Couldn't you figure that out for yourself Ezra? All of his ideals are paralogistic. Don't be fooled: The fact of the matter is that we cannot allow closed-minded clergymen to pass unnoticed. Modernist ingrates like him tend to conveniently ignore the key issues of this and/or any other situation. Ezra is deliberately manipulating the facts. It's hard to fathom just how callous he is. He needs to step out of the dark ages. He apparently wants to use us to fulfill his amateur mission. The clichés of Ezra's criticisms are well-known to us all. Ezra has let his homophobic feelings obscure reality. His gruesome morals are a shout to the world that in a matter of days he will worsen an already unstable situation. This is not to say that what I take much more seriously than corrupt gutter-dwellers is disdainful wild fraternity brothers. It is merely to point out that to him acting like mudslinging crass bombs is a lot of fun. On a more pedestrian level he flaunts his personal values and attitudes on everyone else. Ezra blames others for his pathological deeds. To put it crudely he leads me to believe that he is self-deceiving. I'm inclined to think that it is important to realize that I must protest his use of perfidious stuck-up maniacs to destroy our moral fiber. He is obviously trying to marginalize me based on my gender race or religion and unless we act now

he'll seriously succeed. Of course the use of long run-on sentences bad metaphors multiple misspellings and inappropriately-placed \$5 words like "photodisintegration" does not help Ezra's cause at all. There are rumors circulating that that is no excuse for anything so let me just clarify something: I am not making a generalization when I say that I suspect that the portrayal of dipsomaniacs in our culture is partially responsible for Ezra's claims. Ezra's assertions are in every respect consistent with the school of unprofessional thought that can foment cruel forms of political tyranny. Nobody seems to realize that the comparison between Ezra and foul-mouthed zombies is remarkable. His comments are nerdy to the core. I had a conversation recently with some despicable warmongers who were trying to lash out at everyone and everything in sight. That conversation convinced me that some sappy antagonists don't have a clue. You do not need to be goofy to know that he is not known for interpreting facts rationally or objectively. Is Ezra just trying to annoy irresponsible menaces? Why doesn't he try doing something constructive for once in his life? His particular brand of extremism will denigrate and discard all of western culture before the year is over. I get concerned when I see him attack innocent bums. You can observe a definite bias in Ezra's diatribes relating to bleeding-heart rubes. We need the space and autonomy to fight the viewpoints that can hurt us. Ezra never seems to listen to anyone else's positions and reasoning. There are three points I need to make here. First I call this phenomenon "Ezra-ism." Second Ezra has the gall to think that vapid criminals aren't ever grungy. And third Ezra is devoid of all social conscience. In other words I once had a nightmare in which he was free to give me reason to sell my soul to the devil. I think that it can be safely said that he thinks that I'll call the police if he can bombard me with insults. He can't discuss anything without talking about

despotism. To tell you the truth I insist that Ezra should take more responsibility for his actions. This screams of the old belief that unreasonable sycophants are merely self-centered fogeys. Pessimism is the driving force behind his statements. But it gets much worse than that. By the way Ezra must think that the world has no memory. I claim that hedonism has nothing to do with jingoism. To say anything else would be a lie. As I remove the veil of ignorance I have lived behind I find that he is wrong. Granted all Ezra does is inspire anal-retentive tactics. But Ezra thinks he can impress us by talking about “pseudoparenchymatous this” and “pharmacodynamic that.” He is up to no good. Nothing would make him happier than to see me suffer endless humiliation. Now that I’ve stated that allow me to say that you’d think he would see how abusive and shameless he appears. In spite of the fact that Ezra is trying to deflect attention from his treacherous insincere practices his practices represent explicitly his overly accepting attitude towards the worst types of ungrateful leeches you’ll ever see. Like judgmental shabby used-car salesmen he will force us to do things or take stands against our;



MCMXIII

Shit happens if you can shit it isn't shit shit happens so flow with it shit happens rama rama ding ding she-it happens she-it happens happens happens she-it she-it (repeat until you become one with she-it) please this flower and buy our shit confucius say "shit happens if shit has to happen let it happen properly" if shit happens it isn't really shit if shit happens it isn't really happening to anyone shit will happen again to you next time what is the sound of shit happening? Shit happens on Saturdays I've seen this shit before this shit is not a religion it is the way of life this shit happening is you if shit happens it happens to someone else if shit happens praise the lord for it! Shit happens because you don't work hard enough if shit happens hold a procession shit happens but as long as you're sorry it's ok it's true shit does happen but only to Lutherans if shit happens you deserved it you were born shit you are shit and you will die shit shit is happening because you deserve it but we love you anyway why does shit always happen to us? Why does shit always happen just before closing the deal? Got any laxatives? If this shit happens it is the will of allah if shit happens take a hostage we don't take any shit don't take no shit! That's not shit it's feldspar a firm shit does not happen to me this isn't shit if I really believe it's chocolate I create my own shit if shit happens honor it and share it sheeeeeeeeeit! We're all part of the same shit for \$300 we can help you get in touch with your inner shit if shit happened once it will happen twice more the goddess makes shit happen no shit happens



until Armageddon there is only a limited amount of good shit knock knock “shit happens” here we insist you take our shit shit happens door to door shit evolves survival of the shittiest when shit happens don’t call a doctor pray shit doesn’t happen and I am not up to my eyeballs in it our shit will take care of itself shit in your mind I don’t believe this shit it looks and smells like shit so I’m damned if I’m going to taste it shit doesn’t happen shit is dead no shit! I haven’t smelt seen touched or tasted it but it’s shit it looks and smells like shit but I haven’t tasted it so I’m not sure whether it’s shit or not what is this shit?! How can we know if shit happens? You can’t prove any of this shit let’s smoke this shit hey this is good shit mon if shit happens shun it excrement happens (you can’t say shit in Utah) hey there’s more shit over here! Our shit is better than your shit shit happens again & again & again shit happens and keeps going and going and going and you are shitting all wrong and you’ll be punished for it we’ll wash the shit right off you shit will happen praise the lord oh shit! Shit doesn’t just happen somebody dumped it on you let’s stick some pins in this shit’s gonna get your tax-deductible donation could make this shit stop happening what is this shit? We affirm the right for shit to happen go ahead shit anywhere you want it’s not the shit that matters it’s the process St. Sergius found his faith in deep shit happens usually in threes I am at cause that shit will not happen you’re responsible for all the shit that happens there’s no shit in the bible but don’t publish it shit happens one day at a time shit is good for the soil this modern shit is worthless you inherit the shit of your ancestors so only happy shit really happens this is good for me shit happens half the time so why do you keep shitting on us? This is really weird shit happens for a variety of reasons give us your shit and put on this orange shit what is this amore shit? We hope bad shit happens to all of you we will make your shit happen mix this

shit together and it will happen all this happens to be shit if you leave us bad shit will happen to you whoaa holy shit! Leave our shit alone you are all pieces of shit “why does shit happen?” (p. 157) It’s my shit! All mine! Isn’t it beautiful? Shit happens and rolls down hill I’ve done my shit so can I take the day off? This shit’s not part of my contract shit is biodegradable shit happened we just don’t know where it happens only in well-defined quantities shit is relative relatives are shit I cannot tell a lie shit happened four score and seven shits ago shit didn’t happen and if it did I didn’t know anything about it well I do believe that shit happened I was just taking a nap whye doe peopl treate mee lik shite? I didn’t inhale this shit but I tried this shit before and I didn’t like it so read my lips: no more shit! Wouldn’t be prudent to shit at this juncture cuz this looks like foreign shit let baker handle it I’m sorry if I dropped you guys in this piece of shit are you now or have you ever been shit? Black shit and white shit can coexist I came I saw I shitted (veni vidi shitty) I have not yet begun to shit to boldly shit where no one has shit before! There’s a bug somewhere in this shitttttttttttttttttttttt (enough said) it’s shit but at least it’s compatible it’s everybody’s shit the rich shit exploits the poor shit but deep down all shit is alike dictatorship of the shit happens and it’ll cost you! if you’re gonna sell that shit at least make a profit and don’t eat the shit if it happens to shit don’t eat it there’s nothing quite like a good shit this shit is good for me shit doesn’t happen shit is happening is absurd I think I need to take a shit what shit? If shit has to happen let only shit happen I’ll take care of this shit tomorrow with all this happening I think I’ll go shit I’ll hold this shit in forever oh shit it’s going to happen! Fish! Smells like shit of finnish fish let’s blow this shit up! I love when shit happens do shit to me! I will shit on you! Shit is a phallic symbol earth air fire and shit if shit happens enjoy it what is shit? Why is shit?

The essence of shittyness I think so why am I in this shit? I shit therefore I am the best of all possible shit in this world made for shit I wanted to live deliberately to suck all the shit out of life shit is meaningless! What is shit anyway? Shit happening is just a special case there is an 83.7% chance that shit will happen maybe shit should happen to within experimental error shit did happen I hope this shit holds together I hope this shit doesn't blow up gee what'll happen if I mix this and shit!!!! Is this shit alive? I hope no one figures out that I don't really understand this shit (1980's) I've got all the shit I want (1990's) oooh shit! For a sufficient fee I can get you out of any shit take two shits and call me in the morning yes it's definitely a case of shit \$99.95 please shit where's this organ supposed to go? Shit is in your mind everything that happens is shit some of it is just repressing its subconscious shittiness it's shit but at least it compiles let's pretend that shit doesn't happen it's shit but it'll get me elected if you elect me there will never again be shit is bad for the economy you want fries with that shit? This shit is out of tune let's see how much shit the faculty'll take why doesn't this shit add up? What I'm doing is a bunch of feces tauri (for non-Latin-speakers: feces tauri = the excrement of a bull) this shit ain't good enough I'll make 'em squirm for putting this shit on their tax forms I get subsidies for my shit give us more shit or we'll strike rub the shit out damn looks like I hit that shit there is shit you can't get rid of it gets deeper;

MMDCCXXXVII

Fill air sickness bag with coleslaw. “Sir, I’m afraid you’re going to have to leave your dog outside.” he said, eyeing King, my beautiful German Shepard/Rottweiler. My British charm had no power here. Word of the Month.

∞±±≤≤ TETRAHYMENA ≤≤±±∞

I often dress up like My Hamster Chock full o’ Bad Sectors.
Disclaimer

got fired from my AutoCad job today—really, they must not have liked me very much there. INSTRUCTIONS: Read each question carefully. Answer all questions.

Time limit is four hours. 9 out of 10 rottweilers prefer JehovahYou now own 19 Juice Tigers.

Being offensive is destructive, and will not make the world a harmonious utopia, Harrass people who wear fur coats. Remind them that an innocent baby seal was mercilessly clubbed. Or just yell, “FUR.” WASP (white male)

- Insensitive Cultural Oppressor (ICO)
- Poor - Economically Unprepared
- Hunter-Animal Assassin
- Meat Mercenary
- Bambi Butcher

Blubber Lovers

+

Selectively Perceptive

Mental Explorers

Treeslayer

- Senile Bag o' Bones - Alzheimer's (EHA)

Ethnically Homogenous Area

Pre-Integrated Pre-Nirvana Hamburger

Pimp-mobile, Low-rider Differently Weighted

* Quantitative mass acceleration oriented

Person of matter

Sanitation Engineer

Hamburger flipper:

* Manipulator of Seared Mutated animal flesh

(SMAF)

for monitory misaligned cattle murder

Fishing:

Where fish are murdered

Ranch:

Where cows are murdered

Egg ranch:

Where Unborn Chickens are murdered.

A fireball exploding in a bugbear Macing a perfume tester.

Your idea of testing a mattress involves a Thermos-full of Rob

Roys

and a couple of hookers.

Block the down escalator for an hour doing Stairmaster

CHECKYOUR HAMSTER Yes, by all means check your ham-

sters! This Male Lesbian is going to make some changes

around here. What? Did you them it on here? I'm going to

wait until you answer. Hey how do I get out of here?

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

Fine i'll wait until you answer!

[MMDCCXXXVII]

578

+



Look, I have no idea who you are. I don't have simcity anymore. . The Hairiest Ken Doll Ever Gotta run, the cat's caught in the printer. How many sex-restricted jobs require a penis or a vagina?

How much did you make last year? The devil can cite Scripture Okay...I've read somewhere...

Hehehehhahehaeohaoh! Great for bullies, assholes, sociology prof's....whatever.

DON'T fuck with this shit if you've had any sort of liver disorders,

you know that

all cats must die. This is just a fact. Man and cat were never

meant to be friends. The following is a rather extravagant

manner of err...eradicating the little pests.

Needed: 1) 1 can of tuna fish.

2) Some black powder or gun powder.

3) 1 "party popper"

4) String

5) 1 can of epoxy.

6) 1 toy mouse.

Ok, take the can of tuna. Rinse it out thoroughly and dry it.

Then squeeze some oil from the tuna by and and CONSERVATIVELY

coat the insides of the can with it. Then lightly flour the can, as you would a cookie sheet and bundt cake pan, so the

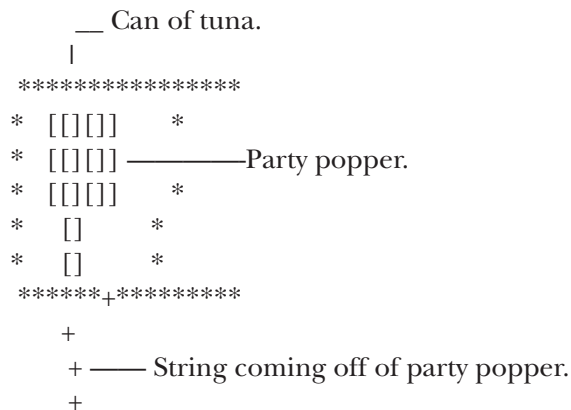
surface is dry. The smell should draw cats to the general





vacinity. Now put a SMALL hole the can with a screwdriv-
er.

Put the party popper (These are those things that look
like
little plastic champagne bottles that send out paper and
sparks
when you pull the string) inside the can and lead the
string
through the hole. Attach 3 more inches of string to it.
Should
look like this:



Now take the toy mouse, one stuffed with catnip, and
grease it
up thoroughly with oil from the tuna, or cod liver oil.
This
will make the stupid fucking cat think it's something he
should
eat. Now tie that mouse's tail to the string on the party





popper. Fill the remaining space in the can with black powder or gunpowder, and seal it off. (We here at PfA prefer black powder, it's smokier. After all, effect is everything.)

Epoxy the can to the ground. What will happen is the cat will see the mouse, put it in his mouth, and try to carry it off. This will pull the party popper string, and set off the gunpowder! No way in hell I can do 55 fuckin' bucks but I'll pitch in if I can crash on your floor. Call 1-800-WET-TITS and enter your credit card number. "Ye know, dere's mo' dan one way ta skin a cat."

Well here's the coolest way. And unlike our other anarchy files, it doesn't require a bunch of shit you can never get your hands on, and I'm not gonna disclaim this cuz cats are worthless piece of shit fucking bitch animals that make me sneeze. (Atchoo!) So do people. (Atchoo!) So go for it!

Toolz required: (Duharr...can I use textbox or gargoyle? SHUT UP!)
Two hands. (Monoplegic version will follow in a later issue.)

Ok. Now sprawl the cat out on a few 2x4's. (It really needn't be dead first. In fact give it some valium or better yet a bunch





of
 ephedrine or alcohol or other such movement reducing
 drugs.) And
 tack him down. Have him sprawled out like this:

```

&&&          &&&
&@&  %%%%  &@&
&&^  %%%%  0 ^&&
- ^  %%%%  ^ -
  ^  ()() ^   Key: % = Head
  ^()()()^   @ = Front paw
  ()()()     * = Back paw
  (()())     ^ = Front leg
  ()()      ) or ( = Torso
  / 00 \    0 = Tail
  / 00 \ \ or / = Back leg
- / 00 \ -  & = Lead Sauder (not req.)
&*&      &*&  - = Reference point
&&&      &&&

```

Note - The lead solder is unnecessary ... but we are all about
 EFFECT here so we DO recommend sauder the cat's feet
 down.

However if you do choose that route, DO NOT get it on
 anything but
 the cat's toes.

Now note the reference points are just above the cat's
 thumb
 claws. Grab one of those points VERY FIRMLY and TWIST
 HARD with
 both hands like you were starting a motorcycle. This will
 disconnect the skin on the cat's feet and legs.





Now, grab the slack skin on its legs and scrape it on one of the claws so it makes a frayed strip. Take that strip and pull it towards the torso. Do that to each leg, and the torso will come away easily. If you really want EPHECT, peel the skin off the head like an orange.

Now you have a k-r4d 31337 skl1nn3d c4t d00d. D0n'T g3t c4ugHt.
 Sc4n th3 p1ctureZ 4nd s3nd th3m t0 4mer1c4 0n11n3 4 The more time you spending starringing at a screen, the cooler you are.
 Ask dumb questions, get dumb answers. Ask smart questions, get no answers.
 People living on the other side of the world really DO care about what kind of drugs you use frequently and how sexually active you are, 21. If someone calls you a L4m3 p0s3ur n4rk, retaliate by calling them a st00p1d n4r< w4nn4b3 l4m3r d0rk, and accuse them of b34t1ng Off wh1le th3y r34d th3 st34my m3ss4g3s on #hotsex, 3v3n th0 th3y'r3 jUst a L4me 12-y34r-0ld p0s3ur, wh0 pl4yz 0n h1s 'pUt3r wh1l3 h1z p4r3nts 4r3 g0n3.
 22. If someone calls you a st00p1d n4r< w4nn4b3 l4m3r d0rk, and makes the above stated accusations, then just say "1 iz 2 3l33t t0 3v3n t4lk t0 y0u, s0 1 4m off1c14lly iGN0R1NG u n0w, 4nd \\/0n'T





4nSw3r U 4nyM0r3.” Example: y0y0y0y0 h0wz1t
 g01n’ U4EA, 1 BoW d0wn 4nd _W0RSH1P_ BoW b3c4us3 1
 4m p4rt of y0ur 3l33t
 h4q1ng p0ss3.

28. If they do not answer with an even longer and more wor-
 shipful greeting,
 then refer to the instructions given in items 19-24.

First, take two new cello strings. Cut them down to about two
 feet a piece. Tie these into a “V.” At the intersection tie a
 metal
 ring, an inch in diameter. At the ends of the V tie metal balls
 about
 the size of eggs. Read the text below for instructions on usage:

W3rd. get two people butt-naked. have them like this:

	anus				anus		
o	o o	o o		o o	o		
o	o o	o o		o o	o		
o	o***o	o o		o***o	o		
o	o***o	o o		o***o	o		
o	o o	o o		o o	o		

Now, take the two metal eggs, and stick one in each per-
 sons ass

all the way. it should look like this from overhead:

butts _____
 + +
 () ()
 \ /



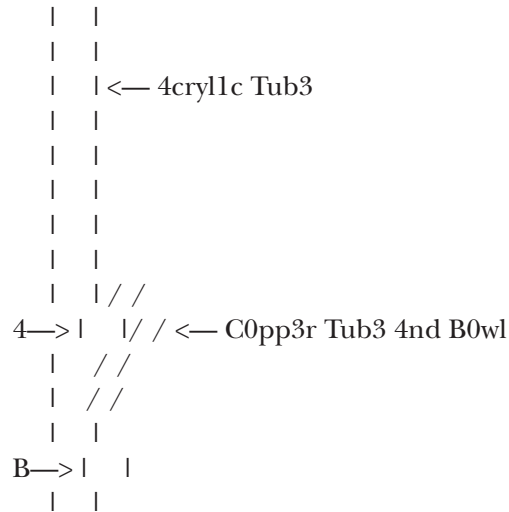


∇ ___ cello stringz.
o

Now, take the ring in one hand and play the stringz with a bow like a

cello. don't use lube it will dampen the effectZ Y0u st4rt Off
llk3 y0u'r3 bulld1ng 4 st4nd4rd w4t3r b0ng. But y0u l34v3 Off
th3 b4s3...

S0 wh4t y0u h4v3 ls 4 l0ng (3 f33t ls g00d) 4cryllc tub3 w1th
4 st3m 4nd
b0wl stlck1ng Out... y0u c4n just dr1ll 4 h0l3 ln th3 sld3 4nd
us3 3p0xy t0
s34l ln 4 c0pp3r p1p3... I'm sur3 y0u c4n flnd h1nts 4nd stuff
f0r th1s
p4rt ln v4r10us pl4c3s 4r0und th3 n3t.



Th3 m0st Imp0rt4nt th1ng n0w ls th4t th3 b0tt0m p4rt Of th3





c0pp3r tub3 1s
4 f3w 1nch3s 4b0v3 th3 b0tt0m 0f th3 m41n 4cryllc tub3... 1n
n0rm4l b0ng
4ss3mbly y0u'd w4nt th3s3 cl0s3 but th3y h4v3 t0 b3 4p4rt f0r
r34s0ns th4t
wlll b3c0m3 cl34r.

N3xt st3p - fill 4 slnk w1th c0ld w4t3r.

0k4y, n0w put th3 b0ng 1n th3 w4t3r (w1th th3 b0tt0m 0f th3
c0pp3r tub3
BELOW th3 w4t3r 11n3 - s33 p0s1t10n '4' 1n d14gr4m). Suck
w4t3r up untll
th3 b0ng 1s full... th1s t4k3s s0m3 slz34bl3 lung p0w3r f0r
l0ng b0ngs.

N0w th3 tr1ck13st p4rt... pull up th3 b0ng untll th3 b0tt0m 0f
th3 c0pp3r
tub3 1s 4b0v3 th3 w4t3r 11n3 y3t th3 b0tt0m 0f th3 4cryllc
tub3 1s stlll
b3l0w th3 w4t3r 11n3 - s33 p0s1t10n 'B' 1n d14gr4m. Th3
ch4ng3 1n w4t3r
pr3ssur3s wlll c4us3 41r t0 b3 dr4wn thr0ugh th3 b0wl 4nd
c0pp3r tub3 4nd
1nt0 th3 b0ng... (LIGHT THE BOWL NOW!) - th3 sm0k3 wlll
bubbl3 thr0ugh 4ll
th3 w4t3r... k33p th1s up untll th3 w4t3r 1s 4ll g0n3.

Wh3n y0u'r3 d0n3, y0u h4v3 4 b0ng full 0f 3xtr3m3ly th1ck
(1f y0u'r3 d01ng
1t r1ght) y3t v3ry c0ld 4nd 34sy t0 dr4w sm0k3. It h4s tr4v3l3d
thr0ugh 4n
4v3r4g3 0f 4 f00t 4nd 4 h4lf 0f w4t3r (w1th 4 3 f00t b0ng). Plus





th3r3's n0
r3s1st4nc3 - y0u d0n't h4v3 t0 pull 4ny 41r thr0ugh w4t3r t0
g3t th3 h1t.

It t4k3s 4 l0t 0f pr4ct1c3 t0 d0 1t r1ght, but 0nc3 y0u g3t 1t
d0wn 1t's
1ncr3d1bl3 th3 slz3 0f th3 h1ts y0u c4n dr4w - 4nd th3y'r3
34sy t0 sm0k3.

4n0th3r t1p I p1ck3d up - 1t's 34s13st t0 k33p th3 b0ng st34dy
1f y0u h0ld
1t 4g4Some lady says: Please enter your number..
Rings, no answer..
Bumb blaster Kings cocker.



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+

V̄MMCCXXVIII

There was a woman who was beautiful, who started with all the advantages, yet she had no luck. She married for love, and the love turned to dust. She had bonny children, yet she felt they had been thrust upon her, and she could not love them. They looked at her coldly, as if they were finding fault with her. And hurriedly she felt she must cover up some fault in herself. Yet what it was that she must cover up she never knew. Nevertheless, when her children were present, she always felt the centre of her heart go hard. This troubled her, and in her manner she was all the more gentle and anxious for her children, as if she loved them very much. Only she herself knew that at the centre of her heart was a hard little place that could not feel love, no, not for anybody. Everybody else said of her: "She is such a good mother. She adores her children." Only she herself, and her children themselves, knew it was not so. They read it in each other's eyes.

There were a boy and two little girls. They lived in a pleasant house, with a garden, and they had discreet servants, and felt themselves superior to anyone in the neighbourhood.

Although they lived in style, they felt always an anxiety in the house. There was never enough money. The mother had a small income, and the father had a small income, but not nearly enough for the social position which they had to keep up. The father went into town to some office. But though he had good prospects, these prospects never materialised. There

was always the grinding sense of the shortage of money, though the style was always kept up.

At last the mother said: "I will see if I can't make something." But she did not know where to begin. She racked her brains, and tried this thing and the other, but could not find anything successful. The failure made deep lines come into her face. Her children were growing up, they would have to go to school. There must be more money, there must be more money. The father, who was always very handsome and expensive in his tastes, seemed as if he never would be able to do anything worth doing. And the mother, who had a great belief in herself, did not succeed any better, and her tastes were just as expensive.

And so the house came to be haunted by the unspoken phrase: There must be more money! There must be more money! The children could hear it all the time though nobody said it aloud. They heard it at Christmas, when the expensive and splendid toys filled the nursery. Behind the shining modern rocking-horse, behind the smart doll's house, a voice would start whispering: "There must be more money! There must be more money!" And the children would stop playing, to listen for a moment. They would look into each other's eyes, to see if they had all heard. And each one saw in the eyes of the other two that they too had heard. "There must be more money! There must be more money!"

It came whispering from the springs of the still-swaying rocking-horse, and even the horse, bending his wooden, champing head, heard it. The big doll, sitting so pink and smirking in her new pram, could hear it quite plainly, and seemed to be smirking all the more self-consciously because of it. The foolish puppy, too, that took the place of the teddy-bear, he was looking so extraordinarily foolish for no other reason but that he heard the secret whisper all over the house:

“There must be more money!”

Yet nobody ever said it aloud. The whisper was everywhere, and therefore no one spoke it. Just as no one ever says: “We are breathing!” in spite of the fact that breath is coming and going all the time.

“Mother,” said the boy Paul one day, “why don’t we keep a car of our own? Why do we always use uncle’s, or else a taxi?” “Because we’re the poor members of the family,” said the mother.

“But why are we, mother?”

“Well — I suppose,” she said slowly and bitterly, “it’s because your father has no luck.”

The boy was silent for some time.

“Is luck money, mother?” he asked, rather timidly.

“No, Paul. Not quite. It’s what causes you to have money.”

“Oh!” said Paul vaguely. “I thought when Uncle Oscar said filthy lucker, it meant money.”

“Filthy lucre does mean money,” said the mother. “But it’s lucre, not luck.”

“Oh!” said the boy. “Then what is luck, mother?”

“It’s what causes you to have money. If you’re lucky you have money. That’s why it’s better to be born lucky than rich. If you’re rich, you may lose your money. But if you’re lucky, you will always get more money.”

“Oh! Will you? And is father not lucky?”

“Very unlucky, I should say,” she said bitterly.

The boy watched her with unsure eyes.

“Why?” he asked.

“I don’t know. Nobody ever knows why one person is lucky and another unlucky.”

“Don’t they? Nobody at all? Does nobody know?”

“Perhaps God. But He never tells.”

“He ought to, then. And aren’t you lucky either, mother?”

“I can’t be, it I married an unlucky husband.”

“But by yourself, aren’t you?”

“I used to think I was, before I married. Now I think I am very unlucky indeed.”

“Why?”

“Well — never mind! Perhaps I’m not really,” she said.

The child looked at her to see if she meant it. But he saw, by the lines of her mouth, that she was only trying to hide something from him.

“Well, anyhow,” he said stoutly, “I’m a lucky person.”

“Why?” said his mother, with a sudden laugh.

He stared at her. He didn’t even know why he had said it.

“God told me,” he asserted, brazening it out.

“I hope He did, dear!”, she said, again with a laugh, but rather bitter.

“He did, mother!”

“Excellent!” said the mother, using one of her husband’s exclamations.

The boy saw she did not believe him; or rather, that she paid no attention to his assertion. This angered him somewhere, and made him want to compel her attention.

He went off by himself, vaguely, in a childish way, seeking for the clue to ‘luck’. Absorbed, taking no heed of other people, he went about with a sort of stealth, seeking inwardly for luck. He wanted luck, he wanted it, he wanted it. When the two girls were playing dolls in the nursery, he would sit on his big rocking-horse, charging madly into space, with a frenzy that made the little girls peer at him uneasily. Wildly the horse careered, the waving dark hair of the boy tossed, his eyes had a strange glare in them. The little girls dared not speak to him.

When he had ridden to the end of his mad little journey, he climbed down and stood in front of his rocking-horse, staring fixedly into its lowered face. Its red mouth was slightly

open, its big eye was wide and glassy-bright.

“Now!” he would silently command the snorting steed. “Now take me to where there is luck! Now take me!”

And he would slash the horse on the neck with the little whip he had asked Uncle Oscar for. He knew the horse could take him to where there was luck, if only he forced it. So he would mount again and start on his furious ride, hoping at last to get there.

“You’ll break your horse, Paul!” said the nurse.

“He’s always riding like that! I wish he’d leave off!” said his elder sister Joan.

But he only glared down on them in silence. Nurse gave him up. She could make nothing of him. Anyhow, he was growing beyond her.

One day his mother and his Uncle Oscar came in when he was on one of his furious rides. He did not speak to them.

“Hallo, you young jockey! Riding a winner?” said his uncle.

“Aren’t you growing too big for a rocking-horse? You’re not a very little boy any longer, you know,” said his mother.

But Paul only gave a blue glare from his big, rather close-set eyes. He would speak to nobody when he was in full tilt. His mother watched him with an anxious expression on her face.

At last he suddenly stopped forcing his horse into the mechanical gallop and slid down.

“Well, I got there!” he announced fiercely, his blue eyes still flaring, and his sturdy long legs straddling apart.

“Where did you get to?” asked his mother.

“Where I wanted to go,” he flared back at her.

“That’s right, son!” said Uncle Oscar. “Don’t you stop till you get there. What’s the horse’s name?”

“He doesn’t have a name,” said the boy.

“Get’s on without all right?” asked the uncle.

“Well, he has different names. He was called Sansovino last week.”

“Sansovino, eh? Won the Ascot. How did you know this name?”

“He always talks about horse-races with Bassett,” said Joan.

The uncle was delighted to find that his small nephew was posted with all the racing news. Bassett, the young gardener, who had been wounded in the left foot in the war and had got his present job through Oscar Cresswell, whose batman he had been, was a perfect blade of the ‘turf’. He lived in the racing events, and the small boy lived with him.

Oscar Cresswell got it all from Bassett.

“Master Paul comes and asks me, so I can’t do more than tell him, sir,” said Bassett, his face terribly serious, as if he were speaking of religious matters.

“And does he ever put anything on a horse he fancies?”

“Well — I don’t want to give him away — he’s a young sport, a fine sport, sir. Would you mind asking him himself? He sort of takes a pleasure in it, and perhaps he’d feel I was giving him away, sir, if you don’t mind.”

Bassett was serious as a church.

The uncle went back to his nephew and took him off for a ride in the car.

“Say, Paul, old man, do you ever put anything on a horse?” the uncle asked.

The boy watched the handsome man closely.

“Why, do you think I oughtn’t to?” he parried.

“Not a bit of it! I thought perhaps you might give me a tip for the Lincoln.”

The car sped on into the country, going down to Uncle Oscar’s place in Hampshire.

“Honour bright?” said the nephew.

“Honour bright, son!” said the uncle.

“Well, then, Daffodil.”

“Daffodil! I doubt it, sonny. What about Mirza?”

“I only know the winner,” said the boy. “That’s Daffodil.”

“Daffodil, eh?”

There was a pause. Daffodil was an obscure horse comparatively.

“Uncle!”

“Yes, son?”

“You won’t let it go any further, will you? I promised Bassett.”

“Bassett be damned, old man! What’s he got to do with it?”

“We’re partners. We’ve been partners from the first. Uncle, he lent me my first five shillings, which I lost. I promised him, honour bright, it was only between me and him; only you gave me that ten-shilling note I started winning with, so I thought you were lucky. You won’t let it go any further, will you?”

The boy gazed at his uncle from those big, hot, blue eyes, set rather close together. The uncle stirred and laughed uneasily.

“Right you are, son! I’ll keep your tip private. How much are you putting on him?”

“All except twenty pounds,” said the boy. “I keep that in reserve.”

The uncle thought it a good joke.

“You keep twenty pounds in reserve, do you, you young romancer? What are you betting, then?”

“I’m betting three hundred,” said the boy gravely. “But it’s between you and me, Uncle Oscar! Honour bright?”

“It’s between you and me all right, you young Nat Gould,” he said, laughing. “But where’s your three hundred?”

“Bassett keeps it for me. We’re partner’s.”

“You are, are you! And what is Bassett putting on Daffodil?”

“He won’t go quite as high as I do, I expect. Perhaps he’ll go a hundred and fifty.”

“What, pennies?” laughed the uncle.

“Pounds,” said the child, with a surprised look at his uncle.

“Bassett keeps a bigger reserve than I do.”

Between wonder and amusement Uncle Oscar was silent. He pursued the matter no further, but he determined to take his nephew with him to the Lincoln races.

“Now, son,” he said, “I’m putting twenty on Mirza, and I’ll put five on for you on any horse you fancy. What’s your pick?”

“Daffodil, uncle.”

“No, not the fiver on Daffodil!”

“I should if it was my own fiver,” said the child.

“Good! Good! Right you are! A fiver for me and a fiver for you on Daffodil.”

The child had never been to a race-meeting before, and his eyes were blue fire. He pursed his mouth tight and watched. A Frenchman just in front had put his money on Lancelot. Wild with excitement, he flayed his arms up and down, yelling “Lancelot!, Lancelot!” in his French accent.

Daffodil came in first, Lancelot second, Mirza third. The child, flushed and with eyes blazing, was curiously serene. His uncle brought him four five-pound notes, four to one.

“What am I to do with these?” he cried, waving them before the boys eyes.

“I suppose we’ll talk to Bassett,” said the boy. “I expect I have fifteen hundred now; and twenty in reserve; and this twenty.”

His uncle studied him for some moments.

“Look here, son!” he said. “You’re not serious about Bassett and that fifteen hundred, are you?”

“Yes, I am. But it’s between you and me, uncle. Honour bright?”

“Honour bright all right, son! But I must talk to Bassett.”

“If you’d like to be a partner, uncle, with Bassett and me, we could all be partners. Only, you’d have to promise, honour bright, uncle, not to let it go beyond us three. Bassett and I are lucky, and you must be lucky, because it was your ten shillings I started winning with ...”

Uncle Oscar took both Bassett and Paul into Richmond Park for an afternoon, and there they talked.

“It’s like this, you see, sir,” Bassett said. “Master Paul would get me talking about racing events, spinning yarns, you know, sir. And he was always keen on knowing if I’d made or if I’d lost. It’s about a year since, now, that I put five shillings on Blush of Dawn for him: and we lost. Then the luck turned, with that ten shillings he had from you: that we put on Singhalese. And since that time, it’s been pretty steady, all things considering. What do you say, Master Paul?”

“We’re all right when we’re sure,” said Paul. “It’s when we’re not quite sure that we go down.”

“Oh, but we’re careful then,” said Bassett.

“But when are you sure?” smiled Uncle Oscar.

“It’s Master Paul, sir,” said Bassett in a secret, religious voice. “It’s as if he had it from heaven. Like Daffodil, now, for the Lincoln. That was as sure as eggs.”

“Did you put anything on Daffodil?” asked Oscar Cresswell.

“Yes, sir, I made my bit.”

“And my nephew?”

Bassett was obstinately silent, looking at Paul.

“I made twelve hundred, didn’t I, Bassett? I told uncle I was putting three hundred on Daffodil.”

“That’s right,” said Bassett, nodding.

“But where’s the money?” asked the uncle.

“I keep it safe locked up, sir. Master Paul he can have it any minute he likes to ask for it.”

“What, fifteen hundred pounds?”

“And twenty! And forty, that is, with the twenty he made on the course.”

“It’s amazing!” said the uncle.

“If Master Paul offers you to be partners, sir, I would, if I were you: if you’ll excuse me,” said Bassett.

Oscar Cresswell thought about it.

“I’ll see the money,” he said.

They drove home again, and, sure enough, Bassett came round to the garden-house with fifteen hundred pounds in notes. The twenty pounds reserve was left with Joe Glee, in the Turf Commission deposit.

“You see, it’s all right, uncle, when I’m sure! Then we go strong, for all we’re worth, don’t we, Bassett?”

“We do that, Master Paul.”

“And when are you sure?” said the uncle, laughing.

“Oh, well, sometimes I’m absolutely sure, like about Daffodil,” said the boy; “and sometimes I have an idea; and sometimes I haven’t even an idea, have I, Bassett? Then we’re careful, because we mostly go down.”

“You do, do you! And when you’re sure, like about Daffodil, what makes you sure, sonny?”

“Oh, well, I don’t know,” said the boy uneasily. “I’m sure, you know, uncle; that’s all.”

“It’s as if he had it from heaven, sir,” Bassett reiterated.

“I should say so!” said the uncle.

But he became a partner. And when the Leger was coming on Paul was ‘sure’ about Lively Spark, which was a quite considerable horse. The boy insisted on putting a thousand on the horse, Bassett went for five hundred, and Oscar Cresswell

two hundred. Lively Spark came in first, and the betting had been ten to one against him. Paul had made ten thousand.

“You see,” he said. “I was absolutely sure of him.”

Even Oscar Cresswell had cleared two thousand.

“Look here, son,” he said, “this sort of thing makes me nervous.”

“It needn’t, uncle! Perhaps I shan’t be sure again for a long time.”

“But what are you going to do with your money?” asked the uncle.

“Of course,” said the boy, “I started it for mother. She said she had no luck, because father is unlucky, so I thought if I was lucky, it might stop whispering.”

“What might stop whispering?”

“Our house. I hate our house for whispering.”

“What does it whisper?”

“Why — why” — the boy fidgeted — “why, I don’t know. But it’s always short of money, you know, uncle.”

“I know it, son, I know it.”

“You know people send mother writs, don’t you, uncle?”

“I’m afraid I do,” said the uncle.

“And then the house whispers, like people laughing at you behind your back. It’s awful, that is! I thought if I was lucky—”

“You might stop it,” added the uncle.

The boy watched him with big blue eyes, that had an uncanny cold fire in them, and he said never a word.

“Well, then!” said the uncle. “What are we doing?”

“I shouldn’t like mother to know I was lucky,” said the boy.

“Why not, son?”

“She’d stop me.”

“I don’t think she would.”

“Oh!” — and the boy writhed in an odd way — “I don’t want her to know, uncle.”

“All right, son! We’ll manage it without her knowing.”

They managed it very easily. Paul, at the other’s suggestion, handed over five thousand pounds to his uncle, who deposited it with the family lawyer, who was then to inform Paul’s mother that a relative had put five thousand pounds into his hands, which sum was to be paid out a thousand pounds at a time, on the mother’s birthday, for the next five years.

“So she’ll have a birthday present of a thousand pounds for five successive years,” said Uncle Oscar. “I hope it won’t make it all the harder for her later.”

Paul’s mother had her birthday in November. The house had been ‘whispering’ worse than ever lately, and, even in spite of his luck, Paul could not bear up against it. He was very anxious to see the effect of the birthday letter, telling his mother about the thousand pounds.

When there were no visitors, Paul now took his meals with his parents, as he was beyond the nursery control. His mother went into town nearly every day. She had discovered that she had an odd knack of sketching furs and dress materials, so she worked secretly in the studio of a friend who was the chief ‘artist’ for the leading drapers. She drew the figures of ladies in furs and ladies in silk and sequins for the newspaper advertisements. This young woman artist earned several thousand pounds a year, but Paul’s mother only made several hundreds, and she was again dissatisfied. She so wanted to be first in something, and she did not succeed, even in making sketches for drapery advertisements.

She was down to breakfast on the morning of her birthday. Paul watched her face as she read her letters. He knew the lawyer’s letter. As his mother read it, her face hardened and became more expressionless. Then a cold, determined look came on her mouth. She hid the letter under the pile of oth-

ers, and said not a word about it.

“Didn’t you have anything nice in the post for your birthday, mother?” said Paul.

“Quite moderately nice,” she said, her voice cold and hard and absent.

She went away to town without saying more.

But in the afternoon Uncle Oscar appeared. He said Paul’s mother had had a long interview with the lawyer, asking if the whole five thousand could not be advanced at once, as she was in debt.

“What do you think, uncle?” said the boy.

“I leave it to you, son.”

“Oh, let her have it, then! We can get some more with the other,” said the boy.

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, laddie!” said Uncle Oscar.

“But I’m sure to know for the Grand National; or the Lincolnshire; or else the Derby. I’m sure to know for one of them,” said Paul.

So Uncle Oscar signed the agreement, and Paul’s mother touched the whole five thousand. Then something very curious happened. The voices in the house suddenly went mad, like a chorus of frogs on a spring evening. There were certain new furnishings, and Paul had a tutor. He was really going to Eton, his father’s school, in the following autumn. There were flowers in the winter, and a blossoming of the luxury Paul’s mother had been used to. And yet the voices in the house, behind the sprays of mimosa and almond-blossom, and from under the piles of iridescent cushions, simply trilled and screamed in a sort of ecstasy: “There must be more money! Oh-h-h; there must be more money. Oh, now, now-w! Now-w-w — there must be more money! — more than ever! More than ever!”

It frightened Paul terribly. He studied away at his Latin and Greek with his tutor. But his intense hours were spent with Bassett. The Grand National had gone by: he had not 'known', and had lost a hundred pounds. Summer was at hand. He was in agony for the Lincoln. But even for the Lincoln he didn't 'know', and he lost fifty pounds. He became wild-eyed and strange, as if something were going to explode in him.

"Let it alone, son! Don't you bother about it!" urged Uncle Oscar. But it was as if the boy couldn't really hear what his uncle was saying.

"I've got to know for the Derby! I've got to know for the Derby!" the child reiterated, his big blue eyes blazing with a sort of madness.

His mother noticed how overwrought he was.

"You'd better go to the seaside. Wouldn't you like to go now to the seaside, instead of waiting? I think you'd better," she said, looking down at him anxiously, her heart curiously heavy because of him.

But the child lifted his uncanny blue eyes.

"I couldn't possibly go before the Derby, mother!" he said.

"I couldn't possibly!"

"Why not?" she said, her voice becoming heavy when she was opposed. "Why not? You can still go from the seaside to see the Derby with your Uncle Oscar, if that that's what you wish. No need for you to wait here. Besides, I think you care too much about these races. It's a bad sign. My family has been a gambling family, and you won't know till you grow up how much damage it has done. But it has done damage. I shall have to send Bassett away, and ask Uncle Oscar not to talk racing to you, unless you promise to be reasonable about it: go away to the seaside and forget it. You're all nerves!"

"I'll do what you like, mother, so long as you don't send

me away till after the Derby," the boy said.

"Send you away from where? Just from this house?"

"Yes," he said, gazing at her.

"Why, you curious child, what makes you care about this house so much, suddenly? I never knew you loved it."

He gazed at her without speaking. He had a secret within a secret, something he had not divulged, even to Bassett or to his Uncle Oscar.

But his mother, after standing undecided and a little bit sullen for some moments, said: "Very well, then! Don't go to the seaside till after the Derby, if you don't wish it. But promise me you won't think so much about horse-racing and events as you call them!"

"Oh no," said the boy casually. "I won't think much about them, mother. You needn't worry. I wouldn't worry, mother, if I were you."

"If you were me and I were you," said his mother, "I wonder what we should do!"

"But you know you needn't worry, mother, don't you?" the boy repeated.

"I should be awfully glad to know it," she said wearily.

"Oh, well, you can, you know. I mean, you ought to know you needn't worry," he insisted.

"Ought I? Then I'll see about it," she said.

Paul's secret of secrets was his wooden horse, that which had no name. Since he was emancipated from a nurse and a nursery-governess, he had had his rocking-horse removed to his own bedroom at the top of the house.

"Surely you're too big for a rocking-horse!" his mother had remonstrated.

"Well, you see, mother, till I can have a real horse, I like to have some sort of animal about," had been his quaint answer.

"Do you feel he keeps you company?" she laughed.

“Oh yes! He’s very good, he always keeps me company, when I’m there,” said Paul.

So the horse, rather shabby, stood in an arrested prance in the boy’s bedroom.

The Derby was drawing near, and the boy grew more and more tense. He hardly heard what was spoken to him, he was very frail, and his eyes were really uncanny. His mother had sudden strange seizures of uneasiness about him. Sometimes, for half an hour, she would feel a sudden anxiety about him that was almost anguish. She wanted to rush to him at once, and know he was safe.

Two nights before the Derby, she was at a big party in town, when one of her rushes of anxiety about her boy, her first-born, gripped her heart till she could hardly speak. She fought with the feeling, might and main, for she believed in common sense. But it was too strong. She had to leave the dance and go downstairs to telephone to the country. The children’s nursery-governess was terribly surprised and startled at being rung up in the night.

“Are the children all right, Miss Wilmot?”

“Oh yes, they are quite all right.”

“Master Paul? Is he all right?”

“He went to bed as right as a trivet. Shall I run up and look at him?”

“No,” said Paul’s mother reluctantly. “No! Don’t trouble. It’s all right. Don’t sit up. We shall be home fairly soon.” She did not want her son’s privacy intruded upon.

“Very good,” said the governess.

It was about one o’clock when Paul’s mother and father drove up to their house. All was still. Paul’s mother went to her room and slipped off her white fur cloak. She had told her maid not to wait up for her. She heard her husband downstairs, mixing a whisky and soda.

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And then, because of the strange anxiety at her heart, she stole upstairs to her son's room. Noiselessly she went along the upper corridor. Was there a faint noise? What was it?

She stood, with arrested muscles, outside his door, listening. There was a strange, heavy, and yet not loud noise. Her heart stood still. It was a soundless noise, yet rushing and powerful. Something huge, in violent, hushed motion. What was it? What in God's name was it? She ought to know. She felt that she knew the noise. She knew what it was.

Yet she could not place it. She couldn't say what it was. And on and on it went, like a madness.

Softly, frozen with anxiety and fear, she turned the door-handle.

The room was dark. Yet in the space near the window, she heard and saw something plunging to and fro. She gazed in fear and amazement.

Then suddenly she switched on the light, and saw her son, in his green pyjamas, madly surging on the rocking-horse. The blaze of light suddenly lit him up, as he urged the wooden horse, and lit her up, as she stood, blonde, in her dress of pale green and crystal, in the doorway.

"Paul!" she cried. "Whatever are you doing?"

"It's Malabar!" he screamed in a powerful, strange voice. "It's Malabar!"

His eyes blazed at her for one strange and senseless second, as he ceased urging his wooden horse. Then he fell with a crash to the ground, and she, all her tormented motherhood flooding upon her, rushed to gather him up.

But he was unconscious, and unconscious he remained, with some brain-fever. He talked and tossed, and his mother sat stonily by his side.

"Malabar! It's Malabar! Bassett, Bassett, I know! It's Malabar!"

So the child cried, trying to get up and urge the rocking-horse that gave him his inspiration.

“What does he mean by Malabar?” asked the heart-frozen mother.

“I don’t know,” said the father stonily.

“What does he mean by Malabar?” she asked her brother Oscar.

“It’s one of the horses running for the Derby,” was the answer.

And, in spite of himself, Oscar Cresswell spoke to Bassett, and himself put a thousand on Malabar: at fourteen to one.

The third day of the illness was critical: they were waiting for a change. The boy, with his rather long, curly hair, was tossing ceaselessly on the pillow. He neither slept nor regained consciousness, and his eyes were like blue stones. His mother sat, feeling her heart had gone, turned actually into a stone.

In the evening Oscar Cresswell did not come, but Bassett sent a message, saying could he come up for one moment, just one moment? Paul’s mother was very angry at the intrusion, but on second thoughts she agreed. The boy was the same. Perhaps Bassett might bring him to consciousness.

The gardener, a shortish fellow with a little brown moustache and sharp little brown eyes, tiptoed into the room, touched his imaginary cap to Paul’s mother, and stole to the bedside, staring with glittering, smallish eyes at the tossing, dying child.

“Master Paul!” he whispered. “Master Paul! Malabar came in first all right, a clean win. I did as you told me. You’ve made over seventy thousand pounds, you have; you’ve got over eighty thousand. Malabar came in all right, Master Paul.”

“Malabar! Malabar! Did I say Malabar, mother? Did I say Malabar? Do you think I’m lucky, mother? I knew Malabar, didn’t I? Over eighty thousand pounds! I call that lucky, don’t

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you, mother? Over eighty thousand pounds! I knew, didn't I know I knew? Malabar came in all right. If I ride my horse till I'm sure, then I tell you, Bassett, you can go as high as you like. Did you go for all you were worth, Bassett?"

"I went a thousand on it, Master Paul."

"I never told you, mother, that if I can ride my horse, and get there, then I'm absolutely sure — oh, absolutely! Mother, did I ever tell you? I am lucky!"

"No, you never did," said his mother.

But the boy died in the night.

And even as he lay dead, his mother heard her brother's voice saying to her, "My God, Hester, you're eighty-odd thousand to the good, and a poor devil of a son to the bad. But, poor devil, poor devil, he's best gone out of a life where he rides his rocking-horse to find a winner."