



For Quinn

5:80

*An Instruction Manual for Being an Incompetent
Anachronistic Jerk while Losing All Your Friends*

In Memoriam

When Books were Well Written and Not Plagiarized

A Pulitzer Prize Winner

Second Revision

By Eris S. Nyx

Introduction (A Lecture about a Stupid Book for a Bunch of Morons)

A response to the vital problem on page 47.

First, I wanna' start off by saying transpeople, I think it is super cool that you are all trans now. I mean, wow. Good for you. Really. Good for you how brave. 20 years ago there were maybe five trans people and now you are at least 15% of the population and I couldn't be happier. That just means more for me. Booya. I correctly gendered Chelsea Manning on day one. She. Was that so hard?

But I digress. Explaining this book is no small matter. It's like trying to explain to you what is inside of me, how I feel about things. It's difficult because words are your words. And you invented the words, and you made a dictionary and you gave me the dictionary and you said, "These are what the words mean." Well, this is what they mean to you, but to someone else, they have got a different dictionary. And things mean different things to different people, and you expect me to match the symbols up as you talk back and forward. Then you put a witness up here to say what you said. It's hard to explain this book because I could never say what someone else said. I could only say what I said. Y'all tell me something and, tomorrow, I try to repeat it, if I didn't write it down, I couldn't tell you what you said. Let alone a year ago, let alone eight months ago, let alone a week ago. I am forgetful. I forget one day to the next. I forget what day it is or what month it is or what year it is. And I can only explain the entirety of the process of writing this bullshit with an anecdote. If I built a house like doing anything else, the methodology would go something like this... The house is sketched on the back of a Denny's placemat in such an odd fashion that when I present it to the contractor without plans or research, the contractor says "This structure is going to be hard to build, it's going to be tough to make it safe and stable because it is so unique in design." I then yell at the contractor and intimidate the contractor into doing the job anyway. The contractor builds the home, figuring out all the intricacies involved in structural integrity because whenever I'm approached, the contractor finds that I seem completely unable to comprehend technical problems and just yell, "Quit asking me about this stuff and build the damned house."... When the house is finished no one gets paid, and I have a housewarming party, invite none of the builders and tell the guests that the whole thing was built by me.

Primarily, the novel was mainly written using the cut up technique (or *découpé* in French); a mechanical method of juxtaposition in which I literally cut up passages of prose by myself and other writers and then

pasted them back together at random. 5:80 draws on what was once an ever evolving mother body of text consisting of bullshit poetry and essays that I wrote, as well as quotations plagiarized directly from other works. "What's more", I used an extension of the cut up technique William S. Burroughs called "the fold in method" to write large sections of the book; this is a process wherein a page of text, my own or someone else's, were folded down the middle and placed upon another page, thus allowing the composite text to be read across half one text and half the other. Likewise, many of the pages of the book we're put through "Google Translate" and translated through 50 or so languages then rearranged to form readable sentences, albeit they are still very "irresponsible".

Despite all of this, the use of the cut up technique, and how confusing some of the sections are, the "well-worn" still follows a linear narrative. In fact, the book should be read as the internal monologue of one person struggling with two-sides of the same identity – seemingly following two narratives from an omnipresent point of view; dichotomistically vuvlic and phallic, the inner and the outer, the soft and the hard, the yielding and rigid, the girl and the boy. One narrative following the plot of a character who is indecisive, weak, feeble, seemingly genderless (because trans women have yet to find a voice); while the other follows a character who is all controlling, virile, resolute, and all-powerful. Yet at the same time the two narratives are linked by text that follows a right alignment, a type of overarching subversion. We see that these three narrative voices are not necessarily disentangled but that, in reality, they all present the life of a single nameless character whose resolutions shatter in the face of the world. A character whose horizon consists of self-mastery and world-mastery while inevitably failing; of gender and the lack of a substantive reality in this realm; of trans sexuality; of the phallus; of love and its redeeming power; of time and the shattering of resolutions; of pedophilia, incest and tabooed sex; of suicide and the inevitable failure of everything. The uniting theme is that the enthusiastic zeal and mad passion the character puts into becoming a brilliant individual, the demonic charm she adopts to gain an aura in the future, and the energy she spends on an organic, glamorous, inner rebirth, all prove weaker than the beastly brutality and irrationality of the world, which pours into her all its reserves of negativity and poison. It is no surprise that the destruction of those who live unusual lives is an aspect of life's demonism, but it is also an aspect of its insufficiency, which explains why life privileges mediocre people. Only mediocrities live functional lives; the others are consumed by impracticalities which life cannot endure, they can barely

breathe, already one foot beyond life. The books major contribution thematically vis a vis trans experience is thus agony in living.

So here we are, at the end of my little speech, if you're asking me when the book really means, I'd say that if you had swords, I'd reach and take them and pull them down to your feet and I'd say, stand up when I'm talking to you. That's where the message comes from; it doesn't come from a fucking book. Stand up or I'll knock your fucking brains out. Handcuff yourself down there and I'll show you how I interrogate people. I'll interrogate you, I'll reach into your brain and pull your fucking soul out and throw it on the floor. I'm tired of this bullshit. And all these people who run around and playact like goo-goo gah-gah and playing all that shit, they better get in line or get off the motherfucker. You dig what I'm saying? I have spent years moving each grain of sand individually to ensure the beach is totally uniform and smooth. I count the sand to make sure it's all accounted for. Every summer, I have to start over, because of people, and frankly I'm sick of it. But what can you do, I love what I do. And no, I don't work at the beach, what kind of stupid question is that. And if I'm broken and wrong then I'm gonna act like it's on purpose. If I'm broken and wrong then I'm gonna love myself like that and think that I'm the one who's fine and right and everyone else is really broken and wrong. If I'm broken and wrong then that's the best thing about me and it makes me special and I can be MORE BROKEN AND MORE WRONG than anyone can imagine. Broken and wrong are my heaven and I will wallow in this and make it my art. If you hate me it's 'cause I hate you and I want you to hate me because I'm so broken and wrong that I'm the most beautiful thing ever and I'll be so broken and WRONG that I'll crumble and hurt and all the nice normal people will see how beautiful I am when I disgust and scare them. Your hate and horror of me will shame you as you appreciate how tragically beautiful I was. And I had more pain and hurt than you could ever conceive to bear. And then everyone will know how beautiful I was. 'Cause you see, I'm only what lives inside of you, each and every one of you. These children, they take a lot of narcotics because you tell them not to. Any child you put in a room and you tell them, "Don't go through that door," they never thought of going through that door until you told them not to go through the door. You go to the high schools and you show them pills and you show them what not to take, how else would they know what it was unless you tell them? And then you tell them what you don't want them to do in the hopes they will go out and do it and then you can play your game with them and then you can give attention to them because you don't give them any of your love.

You only give them your frustration; you only give them your anger; you only give them the bad part of you rather than give them the good part of you.

-Eris Nyx et al.

And do you know what "the world" is to me? Shall I show it to you in my mirror? This world: a monster of energy, without beginning, without end; a firm, iron magnitude of force that does not grow bigger or smaller, that does not expend itself but only transforms itself; as a whole, of unalterable size, a household without expenses or losses, but likewise without increase or income; enclosed by "nothingness" as by a boundary; not something blurry or wasted, not something endlessly extended, but set in a definite space as a definite force, and not a space that might be "empty" here or there, but rather as force throughout, as a play of forces and waves of forces, at the same time one and many, increasing here and at the same time decreasing there; a sea of forces flowing and rushing together, eternally changing, eternally flooding back, with tremendous years of recurrence, with an ebb and a flood of its forms; out of the simplest forms striving toward the most complex, out of the stillest, most rigid, coldest forms toward the hottest, most turbulent, most self-contradictory, and then again returning home to the simple out of this abundance, out of the play of contradictions back to the joy of concord, still affirming itself in this uniformity of its courses and its years, blessing itself as that which must return eternally, as a becoming that knows no satiety, no disgust, no weariness: this, my Dionysian world of the eternally self-creating, the eternally self-destroying, this mystery world of the twofold voluptuous delight, my "beyond good and evil," without goal, unless the joy of the circle is itself a goal; without will, unless a ring feels good will toward itself - do you want a name for this world? A solution for all its riddles? A light for you, too, you best-concealed, strongest, most intrepid, most midnightly people? - This world is the will to power - and nothing besides! And you yourselves are also this will to power - and nothing besides!

You want to fuck your father. You want to be your father.

The most commonly used method of suicide varies by country and is partly related to availability. Common methods include: hanging, pesticide poisoning, and firearms. Around 800,000 to a million people die by suicide every year, making it the 10th leading cause of death worldwide.

I'll edit this later. Samuel Sassafra.

*Get: Whiskey + 1 Can Cider + \$100 + Potatoes, Ketchup and Tofu, Dumps,
Get a Job,
Get a Phone,
Also, ask Doctor about Progesterone?*

I think everyone hates me. Everyone does hate me.

- 5:00 -

Total fucking isolation. A life scared and poorly made. What the nork? Of having dreams once.

Gromandu (in the years past), "This will be my chest tattoo: all those who pass through this world without true love or faithful friends – take heed! You are liken to me, for "nobody will buy such books," for I want nobody to buy such books – **FOR I AM AMONGST THOSE WHOM SET THEIR PRICES THE HIGHEST**. I am mendacity. (Fuck)"

Blantor was a piece of shit.

Blantor enjoyed Jerri Winters, an American jazz singer. Jerri Winters worked with Stan Kenton's orchestra from March to early May 1952. Jerri Winters said a great thing at the first recording session: "If no two snowflakes are capable of discriminating between the selfsame, then how kind is the citizenry? If you do not expect other people to take action, like, why?"

Lorp Lormium (your fucking mother, go fuck yourself): time is the horizon of all being; therefore, clocks are required keep society functioning. All clocks must be set to the proper time to guarantee efficiency. Diarrhoea is the enemy of production. Speed, mass-production & violence – the trilemma of modernity.

Depressed fucked up person – captain poozone. A prisoner. Thankfully, after the incident, fine – just a bit traumatized; having been here a long time. Fed by us and the guests; just part of the furniture. Loved by the residents who like to see a perambulation. With an own little house out the back that we've built.

What a piece of shit – memories return. The pain of ignorant mistakes. Feeling a stranger in someone else's childhood past; occasionally spending spare time like this, lapsing over every moment like a precious photo of a deceased loved one's anus hole. Schooldays, fucking, mother, father, Captain Ding Dong, Summer 2012 and all those other shits were trivial now to everyone else, yet bearing so much importance to a certain outside observer. How could this person being watched be the one doing the farting? And if hell is life? There is a duality in this bizarre encounter and it was beginning to grind more and more into everyday funk. Everyone dealing with fractured representations, everyone slowly losing their grip on what "reality" is. Everything turning into a pig pooping diarrhoea streams of benevolent gelded turdlets (for your enFuckment). Mail letters, clean space, fix overcoat (happier days); a big fucking idiot and an asshole.

The start of a cold rain raises from this mental escape. Blantor Phelps (#26979095) runs a hand along the front of the same old grey overcoat possessed for years and peers from the roof of the housing complex down the bleak street. The lines of grey megastructures stretch on for what seems an eternity; giant block towers of dormitories engineered for maximum efficiency, factories that serve to pump out more products. A backdrop of sewage pipes, power pipes, tower pipes, phone pipes, mail pipes, television pipes – twisted steel projects through the landscape. A murky sky paints a scene shaded by a deep haze and Blantor would have rather assed the whole thing but was gripped in such a prolonged nauseous circumstance. Something to the extent of "Who am I?" escapes a chapped mouth as a hand brushes a jawl in a "quizzical yet perplexed" fashion.

Blantor's "small" caveat: "I – fucking idiot. Chimpoo; I am literally a fuckwit. I failed my two exams and I do not know the basis of the right to trial. If you are there and you can hear this, you can take advantage of what it offers. To say that I did not think that anything is an assumption is in itself an assumption... I do not know whether any of my values factor my particularity under the premise of false reasoning; I cannot think of all the circumstances, there are limits to my knowledge. However, if you can see the

things I've seen... Although I only see the passion of a thousand burning to warp my anus. Anus. It can be stopped at any time. Play schemes. I will be dead. I'm stupid, very stupid, very stupid and shit – especially today. Have you considered? But the importance of getting up in the morning, if I too would die – if I'm depriving myself. If I am developing myself. ”

“What?” There is an interruption. Drinking an Arnold Palmer lemonade juice drink. Good ol' Arnold – a golfing superstar. “I just love shopping, don't you love shopping, you know, industrial pants are on for 9.99 credbits at the poo recycling depot. The local sports team/band has really kicked the goal and won the award.”

Αλγεα; Αμφιλλογιας; Ανδροκτασιας; Ατην; Δυσνομιην; Ορκον; Υσμινας; Αηθην; Αιμον; Λογους ; Μαχας; Νεικεα; Φονους; Πονον

Blantor stares down at feeted shoes and calmly brushes hair to one side. “I'm sorry; I really didn't mean to offend you...” Blantor is a worthless piece of shit you see.

The remnants of this bionic-person's pasty skin appears worn, the metal is rusting; the steel-x-super-steel jaw stands unhinged due to too many bad days, it clanks to one side and sticks. Too many nights of over sedation (inflation) – urination. Soft appearance faded away with youth and, as a smoke-e-smoke-brand cigarette is lit, calloused hands ache with the pain of age. “The news for our neighbourhood spoke about the weather for the day. Rain, it will rain all day. Isn't it just delightful?”

Blantor notices the face is contorted. The illegal modification evokes an unpleasant stomach reaction. The taut skin that flows down the neck also brings about a similar emotion. Without large bags under the eyes and the wrinkles that run like veins – there is no attempt of a meeting between two selves. The face's lips mimic back the displeasure that Blantor feels and the cybernetic modification cannot help but evoke the fact that all was now part and parcel of the machine.

“You are in violation,” a proposal by robotic half person half steaming poo encrusted engine. They peed in the lemonade to save money; people had to digest it somehow, mostly through use of bionic implements.

The city rises awash in sacred geomancy.

Fag.

ΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔ

The central clock computers coordinated all industry and all industry was coordinated under Dick Richards and his Fascist Against Racial Terrorism party. This was for maximum efficiency. The more there was, the better it was – this was the golden rule. No more divisions, everyone is equal – everyone must equally labour and work in the hellish world of hell. Welcome well-being. Welcome to hell. We invented watches so that society could ride a one track train to Taintown – and what a schedule! In the slaughterhouse, escape was too hard for the goats (*Klar!*) to understand.

Dick Richards was the inheritor of the laws given by the ancestors of modern liberalism – the “freedom” of those great scholars – and claimed possession of the very idea and notion of freedom itself. “Freedom to do what?” one might ask; nothing, save to turn everything against itself. Yes, Dick was in a position to be free, and perhaps there was no lack of difference between his freedom and the freedom of the masses. All societies have their brand of spiritualism and priests. A moral right to freedom; in fact, Dick claimed that there may be a necessary kind of self-control, a type of perfect freedom. This meant that “*the next one is free of charge*”. Indeed, in this society there was freedom – a code of ethics, though that which stood behind it only served to reveal the lack of it! “If it is no longer a barrier to freedom, it means we have freedom” is the 10th slogan of the central government. And this was part of “the freedom of God's law” which was also known as “the law of the state or of that to be conquered” or “the reason or reasons underpinning God's nature”. To be a free citizen in this world one must have the freedom of the religious, which is not freedom at all; for if one is not living then one is a spastic philosophical conclusion. However, this concept would not be re-evaluated by the population with everyone blocking out the fact that they would eventually bite the dust.

Here was Sturgeon's Law, and Dick was glad he was not “sick” like the rest of the population. But Dick was so high he could not see straight. His life had become a type of pornography, interspersed with complaints of under appreciation. He once applied for a job as a Community Connector and was hired. The night it occurred Dick dreamed of hunting down someone and crushing their skull with a pipe then killing his wife because he was an inhuman monster.

ΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔ

The feeling of earlier nausea returns to Blantor as a seat is taken of the edge of the bed in the room. The bottom of the bed is covered in mold. The room is tiny and the sound coming from the television is overpowering. Hands clutch head as the familiar sound of a camera focusing in on actions is heard. After all, there should be one person to monitor four people all the time, and all that for the security of everyone. Turning back to the video screen, an attempt is made to analyze the picture. The police are beating, flesh being beaten by the police. Head has cracked open and is spewing blood. The announcer attempts to describe that “civil unrest in the lower parts of the country has caused an increase in police presence.” For “our safety”. Blantor likes this on the International Good Earth Government Social Monitoring Book of Friendship. Security is level twenty-two. Blantor loved security. Ding dong, be safe – safety is fun and good. Be safe.

Blantor changes the channel and a favourite show is on, *Delberto: PhD of Philosophy*. Today's episode was on the generation of knowledges and the announcer bellows some honkytonk bullshit. “How many lines is this: ||||, five years, four or seven; maybe the three of them; probably not on the list? I do not know! I am not in favour of ceremonial observance, that is – that which constructs or evaluates propositions based on what is worshipped in the gossip section. Yet, it is all I have; that which is the beginning is gradually learned and only from contact with the outside world. Ha! I cannot predict the future, I have no knowledge of it, and yet I am still thinking I'll edit it – and I am! We are the future! I think my best! The problem? As I live in the moment and change what I do, how can I be sure it is for me, what if it is for the purchase of other goods?” The show will be right back. What the fuck is Blantor watching? Satan is watching it too. 1994. It was a good year.

Pipe leg, piping, piping mufflos.

“Industrial pants are now 9.95. Industrial shoes are now 4.44. Buy more now, consume more now, and terminate your products faster, consumption creates waste, waste means industry, industry creates jobs, and jobs create happiness. Increase happiness, increase consumption.” The television drones on and on. Blantor begins to push fingers into anus... A loud thumping coming from upstairs disturbs. “What if they know?” Hating these commercials more than anything. Shallow shit to try to cover over crappy lives in an attempt to distract people from what is really going on. “What if they know?” This could be the very last sight of life. Blantor feels as if the contempt for self is somehow an illegal activity. This disdain was caused by their protection. The protection that Blantor loved. This disdain was their protection. Sleep. Had to go to sleep. Was sick. Blantor will be okay – there are bugs living in a table that eat at night.

A dream – a stout gnome with eyebrows like caterpillars. The message of the gnomes, you know, you know, you know nothing, you do not know how to experience and reflect their views. Their message *has* been – so what is it now? Self and non-self is the deceitful dichotomy created betwixt their messages. Have you it, have you not that? However, since these gnomes surfaced, they assured us of independence and the insignificance of everything in itself; they taught us how to create the dichotomy between self and non-self – perhaps even how to be oneself? The last gnome was the one who decided what is and what is not. And now they have all died. Their ontology has been crystallized. What one is comes from a long list based on the strength and unity of these gnomes. They will choose the ability of a person to maintain their image and the gnomes will do so. What they choose not between one and each other is not derogatory. But the power needed! The gnomes mine the fields for poo-poo to power their ships. The poo-poo powered ships propulsion is powered by poo-poo.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Work was always Blantor's favourite time. As the overseer of industrial zone #434943, Blantor was allowed to program robots to do just about any task the government saw fit through use of a preprogrammed computer. A new assistant was to arrive today, a bright young fresh-face from the industrial training unit #10103954. Blantor massaged a hand into groin and looked at the computer screen. All Blantor had to do was push one button whenever a message from the government arrived and the computer did the rest. The button was big and red. It was a strain to push this button. Blantor never told everyone about this strain. The strain only existed while Blantor was pushing it. Blantor had an elegant decanter and was just pouring out some choco-lax brand chocolate laxative...

“Ding dong, it's the crank man.” An eight foot tall lummo steps into the room. “Meditation – a state in which to determine where to draw boundaries; and experiences! Select the categories! Select the partition and label! These things have become tools for my purposes! In fact, when the limits of the unit are the parts of the whole, it is my opinion as a tree, that I can feel free to manipulate boundaries! You do not need to say it; I will not take your identity! I disagree with that! I am crazy; I did not understand what it feels like to be around. I ask if I am a tree? In some situations it is not all that I say, not even a part! In these cases, if you treat me as an extension of yourself, what is this treatment? Reality is full of pictures and I did not lose this problem; self and non-self? Not toxic.”

I don't see how you don't understand what to do. DEAL WITH IT ON YOUR OWN AND PERHAPS I WILL SEE THIS IS WORTH IT. Harassing me after you forced me to break up with you last night really doesn't make me want to comfort you. This is the time for you to deal with yourself. I know it's hard.

Blantor peers away from the currently blank monitor and screams. “**WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!** Are you the new assistant? Robot police, get this heathen.” An alarm sounds.

However, the brutish behemoth is nimble and easily evades their attacks, dancing a mutated dance of the irradiated Klunkus. Like mold growing on a mattress. Like a sky grown mouldy from the evolution of industry. Population, spoliation, speculation, feeling alive, vivacious, spindled legs jet through the air; an inanimate landscape. The police attacky wack the beast with their springy sprang pog guns and all the blood and the pop pop popping. Bingy bang boomy klim klam kloomy. Another wasted corpse. Corruption.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor awakes later in the day unaware of surroundings. The world is a murky haze of disproportion. Unable to remember earlier, was it an ascot or a pair of shorts wrapped around neck? Was it that art is a flux that reveals beauty? To begin everything again. What the fuck does that even mean? Blantor picks up an econo-flex-new-tele-tv-magazine and reads as “I love you” is said silently, but these words have no intrinsic meaning and are merely Blantor's reflection. An article written by the good expert Dr. M. Johnston Steversbert says:

Closet Transgender Fetishism

I use the words unique and personal as a description of my project of maintaining my health. Sometimes, I have to contact anyone on the crisis line in the Building of Responsibilities whenever something happens. For example, if I question why the word “Poo” is a symbol that is hospitable to the thought content of a private person; they will tell me that we want to accept that the “seat” of the “toilet” is a concept disclosed by the “seat” essentially of the “toilet”. This allows better communication in the big social anal opening. This is why we take as given the idea of a mutually agreed “Poo”. With this there is more power to carry out the purpose! Language is not a fool of tools! What is the most powerful weapon?

Blantor cannot understand these words. Why is Blantor the most bland? The verses bounce off like some kind of semi-sarcastic antiquated catch phrase. And what was that about loving, and who is it that is loved again? Is it the person now or the idea or is it the magazine? Blantor needed more love tokens. Shiny tokens of hope. But for now, the combined memories possessed form a fractured representation of someone who is not really. They have only known each other for the time that they have been here which is immeasurable. And that time goes on forever, yet no time goes on forever. Total collapse. La – la – la la.

Suddenly there is an “I love you too.” Blantor couldn't escape the sense of nausea that had started coming when these words were uttered. It wasn't like before. Why wasn't it like before? Google (Egypt) fuck fear tranny. Now, all abstract ideas were to be found in perception; this includes *the* numbers. In his major literary masterpiece of the 19th Century, *Logic and the Human Mind*, Johann Eduard Erdmann proposed:

Mathematics, for example, does not have a point. But, if you are associated with it, and even then just slightly, you can reveal all the figures of the basic axioms of eternity. It is necessary to understand and prove the sky is *the* chaotic mode; there are many things that we just do not understand. In painting or any serious conclusions of mathematics, chaos only occurs after a long research and actualization (Eduard 222).

To become so wrapped up in speculation and statistics, Blantor thinks, can be a condition. Is this is not the kind of brainsickness that has been inflicted on anything normal? Just because the model is considered to be true does not make it without prejudice. Fuck, fuck your Christ the King. **Ass pussy.**

“The eight foot tall man has been terminated.” bluntly states Officer #45959235. Blantor notices the office. The piles of mail from the government are overflowing. There is a mountain of letters. Each letter is individualistic in its own right but all the letters were nevertheless the same – “more robots”. Increase robot production. And the shiny chrome walls of the computer room were shiny in their chromium coating and that day was a fine day to have chromium coated chrome walls.

“My word, all this mail... What is it doing here?” Blantor asks.

“It's the funky town train mail from space.” responds the metal man with no heart.

“So much, so much mail already.” Blantor groans and brushes off shirt. Blantor begins to push the button. Walla-wakka-wakka-woo-zoo-woo-zoo and I'll say it again, walla-wakka-wakka-woo-zoo-woo-zoo-a ding din ding. It is a great strain to push the button.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dick Richards massages his genital glands and looks out at his adoring public. He was the politico patriarch with the most. The big fucking white sweaty macho mutant penis headed man. “They love us,” he mutters as he begins to quietly hum a tune. It is definitely some kind of “Funk-ass shit the kids would never listen to these days,” according to his bros. It was a song off Ringo Star's first album called *Crack Cocaine*. It was named this because Ringo Star loves smoking crack. RIP Ringo due to *Nocturnal Bruxism*. What a good plan it was to make everyone hum this tune.

Dick takes out a pen and writes a note. “I need robots to make people hum this tune.” Then, Dick Richards takes out a small tape recorder and hums the tune into it; he places the tape into a tape to punch card translator which begins to convert the sound into punch card format. While mumbling to himself, “Bureaucracy at work,” he puts the punch card and note into an envelope and throws it out the window.

I'm going to fuck someone up real bad one day.

Outside is grim, it is always hazy, everyone is forced to poo poo in the poo tubes and pee pee in the pee tubes for reprocessing and nutrient recycling. Twenty percent of modern industry is based around waste recycling – both from the homophobes and otherwise (*what?*).

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Ding a dang dong – a little child found a note today. It was a punch card: the golden ticket to get into the robot factory. The child analyzed the card and yelled “It's all so mirthful, it was all an ambition. We should go through less.” Tearing the ticket up, robot men jump, dance a dance all too often heard in these parts.

The child screams, “death is the only escape from sexistential crisis! The paradox of importance, life, life, life... Mine is worth two dollars.”

Robotic blast beats back. It's as eloquent as a your lover's sexual proposal. “I'll shit in your mouth, a butt buffet.” Some kind of shit (*get it?*) and you take the offer. “Ahhhhhhhhhhh.” The child screams. “Wake up from the American nightmare and take off that hat you pompous asshole.” The robots do not yield. It's a dead end. Life comes crashing down like an anus pooping out a huge pile of doo doo. The child's head explodes into a harlequin type pattern on the new televideo roads after one of the robots picks the child up by the leg and slams it head first into the ground. **Holy fuck.** The video advertisement covering the road in covered up in spliky splaks of bloody pulp. Ding din.

*Do you think people actually understand you?
Bye bye.*

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor sits and thinks. Subjective ranting or other non-meaningful thought; pushes and tries to allow excrement to exit the anus into the food conversion device. Notes on the wall, some graffiti in the bathroom, even in this age of cleanliness. It seems the scrub-o-bot feces remover 3000 was malfunctioning and leaking feces while crashing into the wall. The feces containment container broken up and spilling out. With more than 10 years of experience, the current Feces Manager General should have had the expertise to provide plumbing and drain cleaning services at both residential and commercial properties, Blantor wondered why this was untrue.

The writing on the stall: “If you are reading this, you exist, and if not, it does not matter as everyday reality as such is the construction of a subject which exists solely as the construction of discursively controlled subjectivity.” *No. No. No. No. No. No. No. No.* “A tastefully done movie about lesbians, it's very arty, it's from France you see. It is called *The Three Wheels of Prosperity*.”... Blantor's heart is pounding. *Yes.* A resounding *yes*, finally a resounding *yes* and out of lips something comes simultaneously to anal excretion. “Perception is a one sided conversation with self? To your speech and touch, a sense... It is a dream... How can a society create meaning when it is us that extrapolate it?” Louder internalized voices begin a disorderly dialectic like the disorderly shit that is taking place “an aeroplane crashes into a person on a walk. Did that person not choose to walk into the aeroplanes path? Do we ever truly ask people what they mean? Can one ever truly know? The question to me – is there beauty in it?” The gas, the sleep gas fills the

bathroom, sleep time is this time. Now time. The camera watching noticed Blantor's stress level was too high, noticed the excess sound. The bathroom has been filled with sleep gas. Is Blantor going back to work or to sleep? It is all hazy. Dong bong. "There is no evidence that the future will take place in a particular way; this is induction failure; perhaps time is not linear, but to dream is to create a reality on the other side..." Having thought this – asleep.

Awake at a desk and not even knowing the hour. Blantor often confused two coworkers Lemondy and Lamondy. Asleep or dreaming cannot tell (*is the rest of the book a dream or just boring?*). Blantor tries to affirm a sequence of events but cannot remember. The deliciousness of the situation aspires off the steep end like a Cleveland Steamer in 2008. Like, *Zargo goes to Zantash*, the teen stoner comedy about an ethnic teen smoking pot. "Stonkered toners stoned stoniest bing-a-bang-bong" was the catch line.

Blantor wakes up again, or was it a delusion. Blantor will go to a doctor upon insistence of friends and be told about a mental issue infecting brain. Blantor didn't think the doctor was very happy about the high use of the city's resources on miscreants. "This reflects very poorly upon your character" the doctor would say. Rub rub rubbing eyes, will be told to withdraw form 30-4b and begin:

Dear diary,

Today they would not stop singing Hotel California by the Eagles. Oh my lord, sometimes I hate boys so much. My joy in life comes from being at peace with myself and with god.

- 5:10 -

You tell your friends to go blow fece' (feces) in an email. It is a joke. They never write you back. They say you are mean. "Ma', I'm in here blowing some fece'. Stop consciously sucking on your teeth!" The 7-11 is playing free jazz again. Non-consensual groping of someone at a 9th grade party. I am Blarp Kingu. "The problem with some people is that when they're not drunk they're sober" is written on your shirt as you talk about your dead son.

"My gynaecologist is my mother." Blantor can't sleep. Awake in bed. Thinking but only hearing "unlawful carnal knowledge and incense sound intense and cigarettes equal impotence." Something along the lines of "I want to give you a rim job baby. Ooh, yeah," followed by some sort of slurping noises. Reflecting now, Blantor is worried, "do we not come together to fight insufficiency? Yet nothing is characteristically compulsory." In that way everyone subjects themselves to the bludgeoning monster known as society in their uniqueness, and Blantor is found drifting in the swirling darkness. And the feeling of the blanket on cold skin is only a reminder. And the lingering smell that cannot be washed out is only a reminder. All a remainder of what was to have come before. Or is it the aforementioned now? Or the future? Why does that matter; it was always a point well stressed in Blantor's mind. And now thinking harder, the three blend together in unity. And Blantor thinks back to what was instructed – that society couldn't function without such thoughts as the conditioned assumptions that each person makes. Eternal denunciation. The smell of farts is epistemologically coherent with the sound of farts and the memory of farts like "money and being and politics or power as raw ambition. Still I want to overflow with beauty, all beauty. All is beauty and a reflection of self. Perception justifies itself. If it coheres, it makes sense. FUCK." Therefore, farts.

Blantor thinks about being put into an iron cage, suspended in the air, above a public square, completely naked. There, Blantor would be attached to the bars of the cage by an iron belt; to the end of days, fed on bread and water. Thus imagining being exposed to all the rigours of the seasons, sometimes head covered with snow, sometimes burnt by a scorching sun.

Thinking of these things, Blantor finally goes to bed. The unmistakable that lost faith – to hold too much and end a broken determinist and fatalist – one who never tried to know self. What a fool to have never found anything at all. Evidence for and against celibacy and excessive masturbation and fashionable trundling in hypocrisy: *the French Existentialists, Nietzsche, Socrates, Marx, Nu Jazz, True Love, the Scat Man – the man.*

ΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔ

Dick Richards stares out over the city. The giant monuments and flags of the F.A.R.T. Party fly on every street corner of the world and into the far reaches of space. Dick is so comfortable but feeling like his lungs are full of fog.

"Stiff eyes, you know how that is? **We are nothing but standing-reserve, nothing but resources waiting for extraction.**" he says. He's kind of messing up; he calls it artistic licence. He utters "We need to get the thousand year robot plan under way. We'll trick those fuckers." He's mixing up, she said he is messing up. No. "Where's your head at boy? Stenography, ethnographic pornography, Raphe – ee." Muttering like a sufferer, he picks up a stack of punch cards. He knows that inefficiency will lead to a better life for himself and shouts. "Odd that the market dictates the price but is it not us! And nothing like a bit of murder to peak one's

appetite. Give me a reason as to why things outside myself exist? Trapped in a machine, trapped in a system. Trapped in a machine, trapped in a system. Get your hot salty lemonade. Case closed.”

The large robot making machine boomed back, “robot online”. The robot making machine takes up an entire city block. It is designed to make only the finest robots, with very little labour input; technology replacing labour.

“Not much to do now but wait,” Dick mutters. And so he throws his joint and the switch that powers the machine, both spin and hit him in the eye. Burnt eye, bludgeoned eye. “Everything is aesthetics; what does society do to influence us?!” He begins to yelp. Violence; the punch-cards are everywhere now. “Do we, instead of *they*, choose our emotions? Do you really believe *they* are essentially biological? Is the glass half full or half empty (*good one*)?!” Still no response but the joint is alight. “I only care what you think of me if I think it has consequence to me; socialized to care about everyone, how Christian, how trite, no? Why should I care about the generalized other?! Why should I care about me! Now then, are you going to neutralize? Possibilities must be maximized! Let everything be consumed by the hunger of my anus. What do I owe another and what do they owe me! Nothing! Let narcissism be my aesthetic.” The rusty hunk of shit comes to life and begins to manufacture robots. The robots are made out of mashed up criminals turned into super hard carbon at high pressure. Robots, hundreds of thousands of robots with only one purpose – to police and find more criminals. The new new robot police force – the thousand year plan – “the workers of tomorrow to liberate the masses” (they are actually covert police robots disguised as working robots). Macho prick dick fucking hellhole world. “I want to see the complexity of political problems” Dick says as he flattens down the world around him.

I am too sad to masturbate.

[illegible]

Jesus said: I AM THE RESURRECTION and the LIFE: he that believeth in ME, though he were dead, yet shall live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in ME shall never die. Believest thou this? Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men, only JESUS CHRIST alone, whereby we must be saved. Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever. AMEN.

Pray this prayer: Jesus Christ Street Mission! Dear God: You must be born again! John 3, Rom. 10 I realize that I am a sinner and I want Your forgiveness. I believe that Jesus Christ died on the cross for my sins, He rose from the dead, and is coming again. I am now willing to repent of my sins and invite Jesus Christ to be my personal Saviour. I want the complete and abundant life and He alone can give me. By Your grace and strength, I will follow and obey Christ as the Lord of my life. Amen. Sara K.

PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK
PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOKPLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK
PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK PLONTOK

[illegible]

“Who am I?” Blantor is awake again and cannot seem to remember. Peering over to the night stand and picking up a bottle of drink-o-rank 90% grain-based alcohol (victory gin). “Life is absurd, meaningless, ironic and surreal...” Mutters. Time for work again soon, yet awake at such an hour. Blantor can hear the police next door, and the clock reads 5:80. The same Tim-time every day. For one full hour each ten hour period the clocks all read 5:80 and those without clocks, or whose clocks are set to the wrong time are deemed “suspicious persons unfit for society”. “Where is your Marijuana?” robotic voices boom. “Frankly it’s the audacity of your employees and the fact that I am carrying 2 dildos in my bag that worries me...” Blantor overhears the neighbour yelling. They had recently become unemployed (*food*). The limbless clamour of bumps in the night.

“Was it a muffled cry, perhaps too late; a formal message to a girl in politics? Why is it that your regime's conversation never stops? What are they trying to prove?” The screams don't conclude there, Blantor listens further, “Are these stories of self so serving that I must indulge in them for an eternity of boredom?!” Blantor is characterized by deep paranoid delusions and under deep anxiety at this point, yet still has to get up to go to work quite soon.

Too much alcohol a lack of sleep onto the fun and socially progressive mono-rail. Citizens really have republican spirit in this future world! Everyone is cheerfully listening to their toony-tam-automatic-music-matic boxes, listening to the new tune. The grass outside has been replace with clean sheets of plastic kept squeaky clean with the water from the great oceanic chemical baths (which are carefully controlled in PH level by the central government; all under Dick Richards of course). Blantor still feels nauseous. Mercury Mars Moon Mood Madness. Blantor hasn't been drinking milk Johnny. An ad chimes in on the mono-rail: "Every bride

deserves the perfect dress. Of course, that goes for your child's favourite dolls, too. With Kleenex® Tissues on hand, you'll have plenty of "material" to create the wedding of her dreams."

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dick Richards looks at the monitors very carefully, robot production has been increasing. He lights a large cannabis cigarette, relaxes and remarks solemnly, "it is a joint not a microphone." Then, in a slight meditation begins to chant: "Hitler would not have liked Seinfeld."

Eric, an associate, walks in and interjects: "No he wouldn't have! But that still does not explain why you do you not like David Bowie?"

Dick turns briefly and responds "When did I say I did not like David Bowie?"

"Fair enough," replies Eric.

"Where are you going?" asks Dick.

"To buy drugs!" answers Eric and the conversation is joined.

"What kind of drugs? Cocaine?" retorts Dick, slowly stroking his protruding forehead shaft while re-buttoning his white work shirt and zipping up the fly of his quality slacks.

"No, ADD..." says Eric, adding "well, I'll see you later chump. I'm off to space."

Dick leans back and takes a long puff of his contraband infused cigarette "Eric, why did you take Ritalin?"

"That's not what it's called!" cries a distant voice without the normal zest of humour (zest is a great word, it starts with a Z).

"Well I don't know what it's called and I don't know why I asked you a question..." Dick Richards fumbles in his pocket for his lighter. He already forgot that Eric has put on his fakest Bengali accent. "Oh shit where it is now?" Sometime later he'll reflect that all he had to smoke was a single cigar, a "damn cigar."

We are hopelessly alone.

Eric bursts back through the door. "Give me a hammer!" Dick exclaims.

"No fuck you!" Shouts back Eric, pulling out a large bag of cocaine, he indulges in nasal pleasure.

"Why not, because you hate me; do you really hate me!?" Dick shouts in a wild-eyed confusedness.

Eric bluntly replies "No," and trails off. The hammer is exchanged and Dick begins to bang on his desk.

Lost in contemplation, Dick is enticed by a notion and begins to speak with sharp interjection of the Bang Bang Bang of the ham-o-ham brand hammer. "Eric do you ever get the feeling that everyone in the world wants to be part of our experiment. I mean, they are all told what to do by our organization. They all act the same and look the same... They consume the same." The hammer smashes into a vase on the desk full of pencils. "Why do they all get Bunchy Honeys of Oats?"

"I don't know what you are talking about..." a stoned Eric states. "You've got all this space and all these chairs and you're just creepily lying against the wall." Dick shows him the book he is writing: *The Thousand Year Robot Plan: A People's Guide*.

"I know," says Eric, and then he exits.

"Do you have any pot?!" shouts Dick to Eric's back.

"No, shut up." Retorts Eric.

"Not my chronic, my pot..." replies Dick.

*Ooooooh it's hot.
The tears flow easily now.*

Distantly Eric replies "No..." and Dick does believe that he goes to take a poo as the door shuts. In a quiet murmur he speaks, "Dear mother, your labia flap delicately like barn doors in the wind. Your pubic hair is like the noble fir of an old goat, patchy, white and mysterious; and your protruding prolapsed rectum sprays gas methodically and whimsically. I would have hit father in the face with an iron rod if it meant that I could have filled your sloppy solid food greaser with my pus sausage. I would have been a delightful spice in the whole mix... And I have said that Texas is a state of mind, but I think it is more than that. It is a mystique closely approximating a religion. And this is true to the extent that people either passionately love Texas or passionately hate it and, as in other religions, few people dare to inspect it for fear of losing their bearings in mystery or paradox. But I think there will be little quarrel with my feeling that Texas is one thing. For all its enormous range of space, climate, and physical appearance, and for all the internal squabbles, contentions, and strivings, Texas has a tight cohesiveness perhaps stronger than any other section of America. Rich, poor, Panhandle, Gulf, city, country, Texas is the obsession, the proper study, and the passionate possession of all Texans." Dick then takes pethidine which was thought to be safer, carry a lower risk of addiction, and to be superior in treating the pain associated with biliary spasm or renal colic due to its putative anticholinergic effects. These were later discovered to be all myths, and it carried an at least equal risk of addiction, possessed no advantageous effects on biliary spasm or renal colic compared to other opioids, and due to its toxic metabolite, norpethidine, was more toxic than other opioids, especially during long-term use. The norpethidine metabolite was found to have serotonergic effects, so pethidine could, unlike most opioids, contribute to serotonin syndrome.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor is exiting through the front lobby of industrial building #212040. The sky is a muddled polluted mess of copper brown and bright pink. Catching a conversation on the street outside the building. Another citizen is being broken for not following the law, for not being disciplined. An interrogation by a metal man; Blantor notices that there have been an increasing number lately. Why all these metal men with no hearts? These horrible robotic men with no hearts and gleaming faces, staring stoically and reflecting everything. Blantor used to support such policies, but these days, these grey days, the old grey mare is not what it used to be...

"Hello mam, Baby Registration Bureau. I'm going to have to inspect your baby, I'm going to have to scan your baby, I'm going to have to place your child in front of the Mutual Televised Vision, I'm going to have to tie your child to a table and spray shitty poop all over it, I'm going to have to chop up your kid and put it into a blender and put the slurry into my police utility vehicle so I can drive to the store and buy more pairs of shoes." The metal police's vehicles were powered by grinding up children and old people; there were "too many" of both.

Another officer slowly steps out of the darkness, a loudspeaker on his chest bleeps out "be warned, people may want to hurt you and your children. We are here for your protection" Four more officers begin their assault. "We must defend you."

A face in a window looks at a clock; time for morning meddling. "6:00, the first hour after 5:80, it is an early rise for some, but not for me. And as you begin your morning routine, I remark upon something Aunt Janine used to say 'it always takes a good cup of coffee to steam a few hams.' It sure does," and a chuckle is had under breath as a series of wires are tied together. Upon starting their car, the robot police burst into flames. Metal skin melting, eye bulbs popping; their vehicle has had the shifted bomb-a-doo-doo. "Professional portion of the automobile driving curd, you're the reason people kill themselves."

Here is my new female voice! Tell me I sound beautiful.

You think you're doing a good job, you have dinner parties with your 30-something year old friends and you try to build a home with a dog and a wife and a child.

You're doing well. Feminist.

I don't want to say anything bad about my friends that are doing a good job.

A nude segment of society runs into the chaos. It is early morning and some dreary workers have had enough, especially after 40 years under the F.A.R.T. Party's Richards Regime (Dick Richards was a ripe 200). In a fit of rage a woman begins to beat people upside the head in public. "I love to beat people up in public. Hey you! *Fuck you!* I am fighting you! I will fight you! I am Jesus Christ and I will fight anyone who gets in my way!" She beats them up with a bread-stick in public, she beats them up with a shovel in public, she beats them up with a trowel in public, and she cracks their skull with a brick. She smashes them in the face with a 2 by 4 and when they are down, jumps on top of them and beats them until they stop moving. Another cry is uttered over the pandemonium, "I will go into casinos and punch the shit out of the person handing out chips. I will get concrete shoes and dive to the bottom of the Marianas Trench without an oxygen tank. I will deal ecstasy to bros so that they can go bowling..."

"We did a good job stealing the car."
"Life ends; roads do not."
"Hope no police will see us, we have 30 tons behind us."
"Who cares my son, we don't have driver's license either."
"Wave at those guys."

A spot light, more metal men, "Citizen, you have not correctly learnt how to use the term hello correctly. You don't know the rules of the language game." A mail pipe has exploded spewing hundreds of letters from Jimmy to Johnny. Walla-wakka-woo-woo-a-ding-ding, more workers show up to repair the rupture and join the chaos, spraying magic spray foam to repair the holes to the future pipeline network.

A man meets another in the street, "Gimme all your money."

"Hello." Groin punch. Such is life in the city. "Organic machine must establish the existence of the death," so the cynics said.

Another blast; in all the confusion, Blantor finds self again on the way to work. "Shit, what am I doing here? This is so hellish. Or something along those lines..." The world is askew in vivacious colours, the burnished steel and tempered glass replaced with glorious red and purple. The blood and mayhem show their beauty.

The robot boogie, fight in the early morn as at night, leaves faces alight and it is not quite right. However, not much can be done now. "We are umpteen!" booms a robotic voice. There is no hope now, only huge clouds of gas. The time wizards, dressed as skeletons with rocket propulsion sing-song packs and spray-wands have come to clean up the situation. Smells of the gas, unlike the stuff from your ass, begin to crop up everywhere. The clocks have been switched at the switchboard to 5:80. It is an emergency procedure to revert back in time. The simu-sun lamps help to keep the time working and day and night are carefully controlled. It is a wondrous future.

Butt man came and collected the butts again.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dick Richards is chasing the dragon. His face-cock flops lazily to one side of his visage as he inhales the fumes. "Hey, sorry if my last performance was too esoteric for you folks! As some of you may know, I have a 100 year old grandparent who drinks every day. They asked me if I remembered 1994, and I sure didn't." The crowd around him seems moved. "I wish I was a teenage casual tie. I wish I was dead. I am going to get drunk and get into a drunken driving accident."

"But Dick, we'll never see the end of your thousand year robot plan, doesn't this equate to slavery? These robots are designed to police, not to replace the labourers and lead to better lives for all..." Johnald Munch Substitute Minister for the Welfare of the People proposes.

"Perhaps, but you are talking to me about *the* bus. You talk but I don't care about the Beatles, and I don't care that you want me to join your religion. I don't care. I really, honestly, don't fucking care."

"Hare Krishna. Hare Krishna. Krishna Krishna. Hare Hare. Hare Rama. Hare Rama. Rama Rama. Hare Hare." The undercover monks in business suits that have attended the secondary high council meeting run at Dick.

The sweaty macho man wrestler is the best actor.

Robot police enter. Nipples are cut off with scissors, buttholes are cheese graded, urethras are given paper cuts, toothpicks are shoved under nails, brains are drilled out with electric drills, legs are amputated with buzz saws, assholes are penetrated with hot irons, tonsils are pulled out with pliers, pinkie toes are cut off with cigar cutters, dicks are industrial stapled to hands, enemas are given with 9mm pistols, disembowelments are conducted with blow torches, band saws are licked, intestines are shat out, skin is boiled off...

Dick stands in the board room the sole living person. "Talk and chalk, farts and arts, intellectual elitist, that was so Kafkaesque. Provide a service, I'll provide them a service. Produce a product; I'll produce them a product. *Question*: what is this cheesy and chocolaty? *Answer*: it is poo and urine. I spread feces all over the walls and in my mouth. I got a tip for you, from me, when you put out your joints, rotate it so that it hits your eyes. Burning eyes, there is always a degree of risk in doing anything fun..."

Dick's Top 10 List of Life

- 1) Sister
- 2) Dad
- 3) Sega Dreamcast
- 4) Mom
- 5) Me
- 6) Bike
- 7) Skate Board
- 8) Boller Blads
- 9) Friends
- 10) Food

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor is awake back in bed. A large gift sits on the table, so conscientious due to recent foibles in mental health and events surrounding existence. The sheets are peeled away from a sweaty, strange body and a note is read. "Sorry about the misunderstanding yesterday and this morning old blighter. Have a few days off work. Signed, *The Offices of Sub-Chancellor of industry Romblus Tombus*". There are two tickets to the local visi-fun-put-put-golf-and-sports-and-recreation centre enclosed, for Blantor and a perspective life-mate.

The television abruptly blares on, as it sometimes does. Everything in the spic-and-span future seems run down or fucked up. Perturbation. "Have you met the hippest motherfucking reformist around? People call him Slo-Arms Mackenzie, Slorms Mackenzie. Unlike your plaid, his plaid is so plaid that it is ironic. Bro his new Black Tooth phone has so many bells and whistlers, I mean the duder is so that hard that when he was 12 he put bleach in his father's Visene, now his father is permanently blind in one eye. Poopy doopy buffalo shit all over my fucking bacon and cheese wrap, I'm loving it."

Blantor remarks that unlike poor people who have no money to buy goods the man on the TV could pay to watch a statistician fight a bear. The TV man has collected all the brand logos and can play every media role, he knows how to buy buy, and how to sell sell, he knows the name of the game – this Television Man. Blantor's head hurts from the constant detraction; can't help but think that no news is good news. No news is good news. Wasn't there some sort of explosion?

Outside there is a ruckus, there is another obstruction – fireworks are shot at the police from an overpass, farts are blown at the police. This residential block has become the subject of some unrest. Bricks are thrown at the police and the cops have a glass bottle of feces thrown into the hood of their police car. Sand is thrown into a cop's robotic eyes then they are pushed over. A squad car is stolen and driven into the police headquarters blowing the driver up in a fiery inferno.

There is a knock at his door and another enters, afraid. Blantor knows – doesn't need to go to work today, imagines having a brief opening. Fucking, outdoors, drilling shaved teen pussy. *Sexy*! Get wet from all the *fisting*, wet and *squirting* pussy. Blonde whore in Christmas nun is an interracial slut with cute Japanese girl masturbating puss. Fucked on a moving ATV. Fucks a new man in the pool. Puts three golf balls in her, going to make cock cum, double team slutty white. The artist is moved to despair at the grandeur of antique fragments.

Blantor steps back and remarks of a mind that has been cognitively penetrated. There is a dangling modifier, **Dondelinger**. Herd animal anal sex and a moral being. So sterile, desire leads to a state of desperation, deprecation, deprivation, depression. Blantor had dreams once...

A look at Blantor very closely and the beginning of speech, the person as storm and drive. "I have been observing the patterns and habits of some of our neighbours very closely lately. They live in very rugged looking houses, you know, the kind with a roof that is growing moss, a lawn full of weeds, miscellaneous drug-sellers and debutantes walking in and out of the building, you know, the usual stuff. However, the other day I finally turned off my television as Uncle Tom was trying to sell me some kind of new booze called a *Stompin' Tom Collins*, and as I was picking fleas from my child's hair, which my obsessive compulsion you know, I began looking outside. On the topmost roof, two inhabits of a ramshackle building I have identified as Frambolt and Dardoof were having a conversation. It went something like this, first Frambolt asked 'Where are we? Who are we?' To which Dardoof retorted that it was unknown. Then Frambolt stated that it was known that Dardoof was a liar, but dare I ask?"

Blantor looks and very gingerly states "I'll grind your bones to make my bread."

Replies are given by the visitor, "I'll grind your bones to make my bread..."

I'll grind your bones to make my bread.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dick Richards places his hand into his pocket and looks at his friend. "Eric, these riots have been a real problem lately. It's become too difficult to erase everyone's memory every time. We need to do it permanently, if you get my drift. The last time those protestors took to the streets someone shouted on that clear morning, something along the lines of, *"Fixing broken trust is like trying to fix your glasses with tape after they were stepped upon by an elephant."* And you know Ari Þorgilsson, who lived from 1067–1148 AD, he has a place in history and is called Iceland's most prominent medieval chronicler. He is the author of *Íslendingabók*. However, a hand injury caused by a device he created with the false belief that it would help increase the size of his hands prevented him from finishing the work... Like many ancient historians, Ari preferred an element of show to purely analytic history, aiming to give pleasure with "exciting events, great dramas, bizarre exotica."

Beep beep beep. Ding ding ding.

"I know the history Dick, but fatigue is a good start, and our plans cannot be resolved with serious bipolar disorder. You know the description of cocaine and alcohol, so be aware that is available and they too know it is available. They know there is no difference between fluoxetine, paroxetine, venlafaxine and nefazodone. Yes, sometimes we can trick them all and make them think that maybe they are clinically depressed, but I have always respected those who wilfully destroy themselves and the planet. At least that is a will to something, not an unknown apathy. You know, wilful nihilism trumps the weak will. And hasn't the world been run by these same people – these stricken miscreants?" Eric eyes Dick thoughtfully and persists with his train of thought. "I'd rather see thousands of Nazis than thousands of yuppies. Genocide or gentrification are terms that both start with G after all." They both share a laugh and Eric continues. "Which just goes to show, they'll go to the show, they are all partying. And we can claim it is yet another reason to get hammered, another excuse, the fall of the Fourth Reich..."

Dick interjects and slides a plate across the table. "Eric, have more cocaine darling. Oh my darling, baby darling, baby empire." Snorts are followed by chortles. Dick picks up an old song from a time long forgotten: *"And the Pope, American Pope, African-American Pope, President Pope, ye friend, he shall command..."*

"Dick, you always used to say, *'Fuck me, fuck you, fuck everything, got it, got it boy. Get down to the fucking plantation where the more drugs you do the cooler you are.'* Well, back when we were the internet generation, they took me down, and I saw. I've seen the tiptop shack, per fact, perfect and don't we all live there? Indebted to everything, family, and society, church and state, love and hate. And you say you have respect, and you say you have adoration but all it seems to be is use and abuse. Drug abuse, that is, and don't go too fast or you might beat your wife. And note that all faceless bureaucrats have been saying *'I'm sick of this; I'm sick, so sick, so fucking sick...'* and other robotic automatic automaton jargon."

Dick begins to shake his head and look at Eric so seriously. Eric's cherub red cheeks don't make his next though any easier. "Eric, simply put, the world tells itself that racism is the belief that there are inherent differences in people's traits. However, capacities do justify people being treated differently; both socially and alternatively, we will make it the practice of the people. Being treated differently can then be justified by pseudo-science. *'What kind of monster do you want to be?'* they were always asking me in school. Then all tried to escape the planet as it was burning during the great wars, but by the time of passing Corpus Christi, Texas, running from the great atomic fire, I saw the monster I had become. Only to slash up wrists, feel warm insides dribble out and see the beauty in self-destruction. In the desire of no other life but this and for this one to end, and for suffering to end, it's not happiness I seek but nothing. And now I am the monster. The man at top, big shot, Top Gun, Top Cop."

"I told you I know the fucking history. Ergo, ego, suicidal, imagined shooting yourself to the music of fellow Washingtonian, Kurt Cobain, and the world went to shit. Big whoop. You don't know what hot salty lemonade is. You just think the concept of a hot salty drink is funny."

Dick's Evening Speech (Full of Hot Salty Zingers)

§ XII – O saeva solitudine. Tecto Amici Dominus non vult, et quaerit dominus omnia. Quidam summo studio est saeva. Cibo, ex aqua, elementum vitae, magna copia de summo singulari. Nolunt solitudine. Quidam nolunt nolunt vul saeva de vita.

More friends, and yet the same problem? Should I trust vagueness and incoherency and never go back without remembering Hiroshima? Rubbing soy based paint on workmanlike loins is not a worthwhile activity. Nevertheless, I am an astronautic Khan based in the Banal National Empire! Have you not read my czarist bulletin? I have painted aunt correlation. Ahem! Faith unrelieved

advocates belief, just as the so-called core saw Agrippa scrunch. We are swastika-based (undrinkable costs, zero exist), and have canonical faith – with the right banner grinning, we do not plan non-intervention. They believe and we're forcing simple cases. And this is no mere pinprick – yes Ma, it is a noninflationary complex. And they call us gruellingly pro-nightmarish... And it is true... - Remember the letter g! It is a fine busywork based on circular chapeaus. The old profit Dank Nikolai lead to the extractions of the urns. And I grunge every Idahoan, based on practical faith or one hunch or without cause.

Moreover, I know that there is no tall tale... And a simple example of this is similar to another argument. In this case, I think that there is no tall tale. Yet, the arguments of our states and of the architecture of our buildings have a smacking of a second core belief to them. It is a cause reversion – seriously, in this case – when the foundation of all types cannot be unchanging, non-intervention occurs as a problem solver's example. Suppose I have an array of factors such as: I create x, X and Generation Y, and was formed and to infinity. Even so, I have a basis for my work, and yet, for me, the similarity of the problem of scientific exploration is such an issue... Only when justice is to drop... I wonder how many times albert Einstein got stuck in his pants?

All physical metaphors (i.e. written violence, violence through art, etc.) do violence of the sadomasochistic type, and we become our own irrational and self-destructive “enemy” trapped in the web of our own sportsmanship. One finds their own will, and it is through such measures the monster lives; there are outcasts, and no other type of person. This “debris” will be considered dead if necessary, because everyone has the right to perform as a natural offender. The enlightenment speculated that someone else must control the individual as an irrational unit and we will make a “them” before *they* reach a state of freedom. Whosoever does not get this status is marked as the “crazy and ideot” by our boards – they will not be set free from government intervention. *The most rational law* – that all these dangerous offenders are “dangerous beasts” and that mankind can have neither security nor protection.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

On 9 November 2006 Robert Kupiec was sentenced to 25 years in prison, and his accomplice, Lukasz Kupiec, to 5 years by the court of *. Before his death, Beksinski refused to loan Robert Kupiec a few hundred zloty (approximately \$100). In the summer of 1982, Kupiec severely damaged his hand while experimenting with solid rocket fuel.

- 5:20 -

Name was Fuck; hair cut dumpy, potato eyes, blotches. Blantor was alive in a subjective perception of utopia just for a moment, in a struggle for survival – fighting self. But this was the right time, people would die thinking the game is important but Blantor was interested in the momentary prevention of the collapse of beauty.

The Telescreen is on, Hanna Brenton, police spokesperson, is speaking. Dressed in the latest fashion – chrome-face-masks are in. “The terrorists do not know right... In fact, the economic losses in the preceding sentence... One cannot deny that the defence, it seems there is a risk, but sooner...” It is very responsible speech to most, but for once not to Blantor. Own welfare is of importance and in this World War, seeing no results, and the growing war machine, Blantor smashes in the camera and the screen. “The product very bad. I don’t like it. Never singing. It product is very bad. I don't like is bad.” The central board of telecommunications is immediately contacted – severe damage done to screen by delinquent citizen – *boop boop boop* send in the police.

On the street programmed police officers are treating the damaged spinal cords of the wounded citizen-animals with water from a cannon. Sprik-o-sprak, clean up trash, bing-a-bang, wash with rain. But Blantor saw nothing in the world; Blantor only saw life begetting and consuming life. Minutes passed and finally the air stinks of the foul air that one smells when their knowing of freedom is confused... What life is not mechanical life, the life of a robot police person – panopitconal. “We work first or are their children... or both?” Blantor actually manages suffering, yet terms it death and presents sympathy for the team of experts, who on that day had caused such chaos.

“What will you do about your television?”

“Blame it on the riots, massive amounts of damage is always done, I’m sure everything will be spic and span by tomorrow... May I same as dollar you?” (FUCKING)

“Yes”, a feeling that is lemony as titanium, also interesting, *boring*. Fatigue begins in some cases right about now, especially for some people, usually it is a group of normal weight, but they ignored the laws and social norms. They ignored the transfer call to work. Blantor, – over the choice of biscuits, film or magazine – “immersed”. Even animals, including milk, cheese, New York, steel, shoes, gasoline and Jerry Kavako could not have done that so well. Suicide may be a powerful weapon – 157 good afternoons, a product of good and evil, Nietzsche – but love is even stronger. Blantor’s mind is rushing. Customer service and support is needed as the basis for the blessings and security of political Nihilism. However, the sample size, it has disappeared.

A robot kicks in the door. “Federal kommunikatyons board of director. We support the Autocratic President, I think. The beer. Hello, I see Nanjing.”

I assume I can be experiencing two states, the first, what I would call reality or the true world, and, the second, a computer simulation of a world identical to the one that is real. Presume I have an experience of one state; I would not know which state I am in as the other state can be equally true. Experience alone cannot be enough to confer truth. Only the individual can presume to know based on faith. (THE MATRIX IS PLATO’S ALLEGORY OF THE CAVE COOL OKAY)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

“Is this my good faith?” Dick looks across the grey city. There was a time when his sentences meant what he said, but lately they have become farcical representations. Now Dick could turn away so easily. “Those motherfucking crapheads. *Those people...* We are *those* people, we do *this* to them. *Those* motherfucking fuckheads; *shut up*. We don’t do any of it, *they* do it to *us...* You see, it’s all a game and *they’re* tired of taking sides. And *these* people who think *they* are good people, shit, what are *good* people? They think they can judge the world on such subjective qualities...”

It is time for his speech to the masses; the big futurologist piloted dildo will be resolved, blasted into space as it were. He steps out of his office onto the adjacent balcony and peers over the crowd, all dressed in green smocks and wearing green thick rimmed glasses. *The green supporters of the F.A.R.T. Party*. Dick begins. “We must all strive to be the bippest bopper alive? Do you dig it? Everyone is an anti-hero these days, they think they can go home, grow mullets and smash their televisions. Yet, I’ve grown tired of not having control of my life and letting these fools poison our morals, *haven’t we all?* When the state guarantees freedom, it can create what they set out to destroy. One needs not listen to every person’s opinion to have justice in society! We need not be merciful! God doesn’t exist yet everything is prohibited because I have made it prohibited as a benevolent ascendent! Let us will ourselves unto power under me! For I am the thousand year robot plan and the thousand year robot plan is us. Embrace the thousand year robot plan! The Powerhouse Robot Plan has turned my kids around!! Better manners was the first thing I noticed after only a few weeks and then fitness. They sure know how to teach discipline, while offering fun classes that my kids always look forward to.”

A roaring applause escapes the crowd, unknowingly applauding the fact that the powerful fear their own weakness. Dick knew that this mob must always be held in check, for if not, anus. Dick understood this but had shown everyone that violence could be used as a means for achieving “peace”. The farther into the future the end, the less justification there is for its necessity, yet, he had done it – the supremacy of reason of state.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor smashes the robots face in. A fit of passion and a pole ripped off the wall. Steam and feces pouring out of the Steamed-Feces 2000 Duct, the room is a mess, and Fuck is leaving in a uniform hurry. A high pitched wail pierces the air. Has to go now. “Wait!” Blantor yells, but it is too late. Still knowing nothingness.

My children are all old now. They have grown up and moved away. And now we have become strangers to each other.

Everything was so abrupt and fleeting – all left quickly. Didn’t past experiences and choices – resolutions – justify not only reality but by extension, free will and self? There is a tear. Did this mean there was knowledge? Yet, Blantor knew nothing, and wanted now to be generously to all, especially those in the mires of wretchedness and agony. Staring down at the broken robot officer crumpled on the floor emitting a deafening frequency. The central board of communications knew what was going on, and Blantor had to leave, and the camera had seen its own destruction. And where the *helling fuck* did Fuck go?

Officers begin to storm down the hall. Blantor could hear them. Property destruction may have clogged “the pooper”, but it didn’t stop it. Blantor began running. Gunshots, a chase, robots flying on propeller-packs with zip-zap guns. More lasers from the opposite direction, but these do not come from any of the officers rummager-scrumenger-blobart-guns. Robotic bodies crumple into folded hunky clunkers. Honkey clonkey. These robots will have to be repaired at the Central Bureau of Robot Repairs.

“Quick! Come here quick!” A figure beckons and Blantor has no other choice. No other escape.

The figure yells, “Alright, this is the real deal motherfucker. Don’t fuck pussy, fuck asshole. Better yet, chop off your arms and flush yourself into the crap fuckulator. We need to get out of here.” Blantor imagines being a kid and going to grandmothers, only when getting there, she is naked and wants to copulate.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

“Yo, Eric, Bro, do You Smoke Weed?” Dick has finally asked, expecting Eric to explain that every t-shirt he owns has a holographic foil picture of Bob Marley on it, that he wears sunglasses both outdoors and in, and that he meticulously keeps his smoking implements clean, this was of a moral imperative.

Realize that you can't get a boner. Flaccid.

However, Eric responds hesitantly, “I’m not too cool at school, but I still have friends. When we play dungeons and dragons we let Tony be our dungeon master. Yesterday’s game was a little weird; everything was going normal until he said, ‘All libraries are the same library. Is it possible?’ The people outside really enjoyed yelling, it was making me paranoid, and I didn’t know what to do...”

“Boring,” Dick interjects. “You will be given the option of entering a simulation machine that allows you to experience infinite pleasure until death. However, you can never disconnect from the machine.” Eric is attracted to the idea anyways. “Imagine you did nothing but orgasm all day every day. Imagine the passion of one thousand suns, constantly burning in a nuclear fervour; *boring.*”

“But, I don’t think I’ll be playing Dungeons and Dragons with Tony again!” Cries Eric. It is too late. He yelps, something like nightmares, public safety, victim service, mental health, community, youth, how do I, organize, careers, police services board, events calendar, volunteer. But Dick has pushed the little red button to call the robot men.

Dick stares deep into Eric’s eyes and begins to roll a joint. “Eric, in these modern times, Grade 5 students have a chance to participate in the annual event 'Racing against Drugs', which teaches students about the effect of drugs and alcohol in a fun and interactive way. The students are given drugs and alcohols, it is fun and interactive. However, police officers are often called when somebody's mental illness is causing problems for them or their families or for the public. Often people are afraid. Our first priority is to make sure that everybody is safe and to calm things down.”

FUCK THIS SHIT. I AM SO SICK OF FEELING UGLY AND HATING MYSELF AS A DIRECT RESULT OF OPENING UP TO PEOPLE AND LETTING THEM GET CLOSE TO ME.

Things are calmed down. Eric is shot to death.

Eric's Funeral Speech

Bong rippin' wake duder. Sweet. Chill. Udder, duded, dodder.

The Priest: I've been through it all, and like you, I cast myself on my own. But now I am an experience of the lord – that's why I have done what I did not – and I have replaced my own past! My own previous projection into the future is an expansion of the rectum (return) – I cast myself in a poop fairy tale. In the past, I tried to reach my goal. Now I use the past to create new ideas. I *connected* the lack of ideas. I *created* Project Fairy Stool. Now that I love the lord, I miss that poop fairy tale, but I can't have it. I tried to use my mind to create nothing – I did not understand – so, what I came to, I'm not – but by no means am I weak, although I may think. My company's futures are unclear, and then I think about it, I will try to achieve peace with the lord. Say it! And then I stumbled toward; I might imagine again. This is my failure, I cannot help me. What weakness! I have seen my main focus in the future – to build as much of a pile of feces beneath myself as possible. I can experience through meditation and the possibility of combining the concept of nothingness with the created, that is – I do not exist. I intend to have more boundaries or limitations in the future and so on. I intend to once again become a smoker, but a cocotte? I also created something new – combination – I can take it, this is nothing, or something else together. I created not the idea from a one-hour point.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Doors are kicked in, movement is fast, more ingresses, passion leakages, more explosions, the police surround the structure.

I feel like my heart is being torn from my chest. I feel my heart breaking.

“My name is Gloomtu. I do what I do, and what I do is but what I do. Yet, even now, the fear is too late – nothing did ever work here. According to my limited knowledge of the point of reference, I believe in *the* will. The future status of the project *as such* – assuming you do not think – is sleeping. But I've taken the proper precautions, what the hell, I thought I could not find them. Now

they guide my behavior – if you can imagine? And *their* disdain makes me happy!” Blantor must fight, in an attempt to escape – the elevator buttons, the elevator would be impossible without a working elevator how fucking stupid. A question: what are dull lifelike blood-red jobs? (Blantor was another object to capture in the experience of escaping... Which is why we really want more military personnel. Blantor did not know how to “Elevator” – Phantom jump jump, it is not). In the future some of the elevators would crush you to death because they are broken and go too fast and slam into the roof of the buildings they are contained within at incredibly high velocities.

*Worth every Vart Vart. Now that in inverted my * I'm a real *.*

An abrupt crack indicates that another door has been broken. Blantor is yanked inside. Not going far. The room is cramped. But there is an out. Ventilation, foolish perils, aficionado knife vane and a mess, yet knowing where to be going. “Aren’t you tired of getting up, sitting on the toilet, shitting, taking a shower, shaving, eating, brushing your teeth, getting on the train, being driven to work, sitting in your cubicle, writing a report, taking a smoke break, writing the report, taking a lunch break, sitting at a break room table while eating yesterday’s leftovers and conversing with coworkers about things you give no fucks about, sitting back at a desk, continuing to write the report, finishing the report, getting in your car, driving home, making dinner, putting the leftovers in the fridge, pissing, and going to sleep ad nauseam? Just once wouldn’t you like to get up, sit on the toilet, shit, take a shower, shave, eat, brush teeth, get on the bus, drive to work with a bat, kick in front door, jump on receptionists desk, kick everything off and smash in the computer monitor, smash in the photocopier, push the cubicles down like dominoes, go into the break room, steal lunches, take a big poop in the coffee maker and microwave and turn them on, push the meeting room chairs and data projector through the windows, break all the light bulbs and computer monitors, fax pictures of your anus to head office, throw the CPUs out the windows, light the filing cabinets on fire, smash in the fuse panel and tear the copper wire out of the walls, then go into your boss’ office, flip them off and take the elevator top the top floor for a swan dive off the roof?”

Blantor had never thought about this before. “I have a *fucking* problem - and I'll never really know how to fix it because the object of my desire has an inside that is the outside. The feeling of *the them* always watching me, and not in a state that never changes over time. My experience in this state is one of the shattering of my previous schemes; in the end, I do not know what happens outside my horizon of bits and pieces that belonged to me. I think – I dabble in the act of prophetic intuition, etc. And this is just the best, as well as the best of me to try to solve my fucking problem. Maybe I'm stuck in my mind; the kind of reality beyond the presence of a body. I cannot escape it.”

Pee poo whim wham woosle – indeed, escape seemed too simple and yet more robot men. The air duct is small, winding, confusing. It smells like farts and of dog's anal scent glands. An elevator shaft is found, service ladder providing a means of losing altitude; floor zero approaches.

In that building on that day it poured through the roof. *The hole* – the only possible association that is known to the outside world is experienced by people who barely know what their self-awareness is – these people have no sense of experience beyond what could be in “the field”. Yet, for those who go beyond – such a strange landscape comes forth! In a vision into the future – a life! In it one can experience anything but - the untruth. The joke is that the hole was made by the elevators.

A letter is nailed to Blantor's door later in the day after police fail to turn up anyone:

Warrant to appear,

The detailed complaint note is attached to this letter, please download and read it thoroughly.

I was looking for a reliable credit amounting to 150,000 \$ Several times I incur costs without ever having my ready, met with Mr JACQUES I had my loan.I wish really to share my experience to those who are in the despair of many kindly contact this please as lender me and send your request to get your loan within 72 hours to the more. If you are interested, be sure the contact not the: adress: jacquesrumphlouis@gmail.com It lends only to people likely to pay it back thanks

Clerk of court,
Maria Smith

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A

Dick,

I hope you get this in time... I made a trip to Ukraine and had my bag stolen from me with my passport and personal effects therein. The embassy has just issued me a temporary passport, but I have to pay for a ticket and settle my hotel bills with the Manager. I have made contact with my bank, but it would take me 3-5 working days to access funds in my account, the bad news is my flight will be leaving very soon, but I am having problems settling the hotel bills and the hotel manager won't let me leave until I settle the bills, I need your help/LOAN financially and I promise to make the refund once I get back home, you are my last resort and hope, please let me know if I can count on you and I need you to keep checking your email because it's the only way I can reach you.

*Looking forward to hearing from you,
Mehak Tejani*

“Honey, I'm pregnant.”

The robot men hold a cold expression.

“I'm pregnant, I'm sure,” Dick Richards repeats, almost unsure of himself. “You're going to have obliterated the baby. You see, I'm a trucker, I'm a simple man, I know how to get problems solved; solved quickly, right in the nick of time and most likely high on some kind of pep pill, amphetamine or any of a variety of other coloured stimulant. You see, as a trucker I knew the only way to get anything done was in the long haul, so, you're going to have to punch me in the stomach while I sleep until the baby is dead. I guess that's why they call it a stom-ache.”

The robot men continue to stare. Dick, in a height of an acid infused cocaine binge begins to mumble more nonsense. “I take you to be my wedded wife. With deepest joy I receive you into my life that together we may be one. As is Christ to his body, the church, so I will be to you a loving and faithful husband. Always will I perform my headship over you even as Christ does over me, knowing that His Lordship is one of the holiest desires for my life. I promise you my deepest love, my fullest devotion, my care. I promise I will live first unto God rather than others or even you. I promise that I will lead our lives into a life of faith and hope in Christ Jesus. Ever honouring God's guidance by His spirit through the Word, And so throughout life, no matter what may lie ahead of us, I pledge to you my life as a loving and faithful husband.”

A call goes out, they understand, the metaphorical child must be birthed, a birth through cesarean section, a fitting creation. The construction of the factories begin; forests paved, walls built, children taking brick to mortar in a process seen as progressive. A dishevelled old man sweeps trash into a bush, says to roll with the punches. He is wearing a bicycle helmet and sweeping trash into a bush, did he even work there?

Congratulations on your graduation and for achieving one of life's significant accomplishments. The University of Higher Robotics believes in making the graduation experience a memorable one for each and every one of our students. We would like to hear what you thought of your graduation experience, from the lead up to your day, to your graduation ceremony. Your feedback will help us shape and improve future events for the many graduates to come.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Ground floor, show time, slow time; Blantor can't help but ask what is being proven by these fruitless actions. Indeed, there are fruit flies in the mountain of garbage at the base of elevator and spiders on the floor. Blantor sees a tiny window and looks outside. Thinking that there is someone on the fire-escape; it is a neighbour on a porch examining the commotion; paranoia.

Blantor remembers never signing Tony Watson at the rock show. And one can only return to their place of origin in a bad way.

For the first time Blantor realizes bills will probably have to go unpaid for the first time ever. Blantor is in big trouble and the sound of people hearing Blantor shit scared Blantor. Blantor showers after every shit taken. And Blantor shouldn't have accidentally eaten a bunch of soap. And the bottom of Blantor's face was ugly, square, brick-like. And we'll see what we can do. Being told “man, just hang around once he's satiated as old books say and hate me; think not of me with grief and pain the fishers say those sisters fair she left me here alone but for another”.

The conclusion to this part in this building is going to try to push all that so hard. You got to be like “I understand the violence women face and I feel motivated to work in solidarity with folks to keep each other safe and supported”.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

“Don’t worry, if the nuclear holocaust happens I’m going to live in the woods. It will be fine.” Dick explains. It is another Monday morning meeting of mendacious male molesters. Dick proceeds, “When you drink too many boxes of rice dream that you paid one dollar for because they expired in May and it is July, it is not dreamy. If there is a blubbery old woman struggling to put anti-anything signs into the dirt drop a knife on the floor! Way to go flatfoot! Almost every ranch, every water hole, and every family has its record of gunshots in the night and blood under the sun; because of this history, the dominant Texan viewpoint was not that Texans settled Texas, but they conquered it.”

“Rise and shinez darling... This is Leyla! Wait for them the things. During their dinner was working. Please help smiling at least it hurt. What if I didn't want to know? There you are fascist! ” decrees an overzealous member of the new board, the chair-man of the newspaper. Dingy doo doo his chromium head shines like burnished chromoly. Wackadacka-a-woo-woo he looks like a million and one.

“Woah, woah, woah. Oi! You don't like footy? I'll smatch ya' 'ead in. I'll bash you one right in the skullpop 'cause I am not going to go on a yoga retreat, I do not think we can communicate telepathically, I don't think crystals give us powers, I don't think there are five levels of consciousness, I don't think there is a superior invisible indefinable being that has control of my life, I don't believe the stars control us, I don't believe in father Christmas, I don't believe in Uncle Joe's five year plan, I don't believe in the kind of heart, I am Batman.”

Dick, with a gleam in his eye and a dollop of sticky white on his forehead glands bluntly proposes. “The thousand year robot plan is necessary.” And he puts on a video on the Broadcast Yourself Interscreen Televideo System. Dick was decompensating.

Hi, It's Clint here, munchdog69, here to show you some tremolo picking. First let's listen to my favourite 3" record, it's Fart Sound, which is a fart sound on a locked groove by Büng Schül. This record is banging bro, like kittens69 or the Dolaf than Donged the Dingo. Listen to Discharge and take speed bro. Motörhead.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor had eaten a lot of cashews, and nothing else, knowing full well what happens when a lot of cashews are eaten, yet following the unfortunate plan nonetheless. As Blantor and Gloomtu exit the building there begins a shitting of oil. Can't stop, Blantor tries to clench anus, but can't stem the constant stream of orange coloured cashew oil spewing out of that rear end. Upon getting pants down just in time for the first wave, a woman across the street is noticed. It looks like she is going to call the police and Blantor gives her the strained expression that is somewhere in between help me and don't call the police. Yet, as luck would have it, she didn't have to call them and soon enough the boys in blue were there to lend a helping hand. Wearing police brand police socks, the robot men stand aghast at what is occurring due to the Morality 2000 Chips – the latest in moral modus operandi technology. Still unable to quell the stream of orange oil, and standing in a pile of Blantor brand anal grease, Blantor begins to try to rationalize the situation to the police. After another wet fart, the coppers pull out their batons and attempt to smash in some head.

“They want to drag you downtown.” Cries Gloomtu as a spronko-shooter is pulled.

Blantor can't help but ask why a society can't be created in which the police don't need to be called and problems are dealt with in a peaceful manner?

Shootings, more running; Blantor encounters the same problem: sapped of creativity, no progress, constant depression, youthful nihilism and wasting all the minutes of life that are so mundane. Interests could have been video and board games, computers, metal and techno music, comics, fantasy, horror and thriller movies, modelling and acting, L.A.R.P, hiking, raves and dancing, but, supposedly, there wasn't a lot to say. Used to abuse drugs and it was some excuse for life – some poor excuse for life. With too many complaints flooding back, first about the weather, now about the fact that one cannot doubt that one is having the experience that they doubt, Blantor can't concentrate. Yelping, “What if I am not doing anything at all? What if everything is a pre-programmed film and we are merely observers? I experience therefore I experience and there is no proof that I do anything outside of my experience. How trite! How boring! Why bother!?” Blantor sits down.

Gloomtu looks on with an air of disdain, a look that infers an asking of a question about why Blantor is so boring, a pile of shit or a waste of time; too fucked up, too much of a discontent, too maladjusted. Couldn't Blantor just say something nice for a change? How many times do we have to listen to Blantor say Blantor wants to be dead?

“And if it is true, as Nietzsche claims, that a philosopher, to deserve our respect, must preach by example, what then? Maybe they were put off because of my insult towards hipsters, maybe my attack on their lifestyle. Mostly they don't give a shit and I'm tired. I never sleep!”

Though Blantor was right near home, Blantor was walking on a street with no sidewalk and didn't know the locale. Life was “like a borg ship”; going from sleep to work to sleep to work. Whole life hoping to never be that person. Hoped to never be that person.

“I hope I will never be that person. I will never be that person. I am that person.”

An aside, Gloomtu breaks open a sewage pipe. “In here” and other words, they had an escape.

It's a pretty serious problem when you like someone just because you like the way they fuck you.

Me: 0

*Duplication.ca - Fart sound locked groove,
Add patches to shirts!
Dispose of Needles!
You Owe ----- \$140!
Fix Bike
Get Big Canvas and Paint Larger Industry*

- 5:30 -

The compound stretches on for an eternity; assembled beside a sea of sewage, it has escaped detection. Blantor and Gloomtu emerge from the sewage pipe on the edge of a stinky lake of shitty doo doo. Blantor always found it strange that some people believe the only way to make humanity better is to send it back to the Stone Age, that is, to get off the “bus”. Blantor always thought their rhetoric was that “civilization and agriculture are our enemies, man,” and could not remember how great it was when there was no infrastructure or technology to make life and survival easier. Blantor could not remember how awesome it was when you didn't have medicine to prevent sickness. Blantor could not remember how cool it was to live in some hovel and forage or murder for food. “Rockin’ all day in the forest, yeah, yeah, bro, I live inside a shack made of sticks, I drink my own piss, and it’s cool bro.” It was strange to see these people. (*Do what you want*).

Ultimately, Blantor was surprised so many societal refugees could condense in one place. You see, Blantor was used to money – the threat of burglars in the night – they were supposed to come for all the stuff, so it had to be hidden in giant boxes. On the side of the street, stuff locked up in giant boxes. There are boxes inside boxes inside boxes within the confines of these boxes. Blantor would drive in a box to a box and that night put a box into a box. Blantor would grab a box and put it on a box, a nice shiny new box, and in that box are boxes inside of boxes. Blantor had lived like a box, had gone to the box and had stayed inside a box, lived inside a box, never left the box, hid inside the box. Blantor never left the box, hid inside the box. Blantor put a box into a box and hid this box inside a box; it was a large insulated plywood and drywall box, it was a box with locks and every time one must make sure to lock their box. Blantor's box, Blantor's box was in a row beside other boxes. There were boxes; everywhere one went there were only boxes. So Blantor hid inside a box, and lived inside a box, fortified a box and boxed life in. Blantor stayed glued to the box and never left the box and now Blantor could not return to this framework of understanding.

With an air of embarrassment Blantor remarked “I need to get clean, everywhere I go smells like poo...”

“I was starting to wonder what that lingering fecal odour in the air was.” replied Gloomtu through closed eyes.

“Well you don't have to worry, it's just me and a fart is just poo particles inhaled. And if you saw the size of my shit, it could have filled up the whole toilet. **MY SHIT COULD HAVE FILLED UP THE WHOLE TOILET.**”

Gloomtu stared back quietly. “I guess we better get going. I feel very sad and am tired. I'll see you sooner than later when we get there. I'm sorry. I do care about you and love you but also you deserve to feel loved. I'm sorry if that's not what I'm providing. I guess a lot of things in our relationship do feel really damaged. I would like to fix them but I also feel very overwhelmed and incapable of adequately resolving your deep emotional traumas.”

They began to move, and blended into the feces; found hundreds of huts, tents and ramshackle shacky-wacks, derailed train cars, giant boots, holiday yurts and other ephemera. These self-styled revolutionaries had created quite the mess, just like Jesus when he started teaching at age 30. Blantor and Gloomtu took to staying there temporarily. Vacation and some clothes and hair in a deliberate manner, sensitive to the side of a face, it would seem. This is the revolution in the field of stylized fashion; with a simulation of the soil and it comes off and they are fucked. They are conjoined and deformed as such as the fear of death, the clitoris and the penis, the nipple fucked in this house, in the inevitable. Game of the limbs in the air...

The quarters were small but quaint. Blantor quickly goes to the bathroom and shaves off beard then moustache, cunt hair. "You looked like you wanted to harass children." Gloomtu says all they have to eat are peanut butter sandwiches.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

"You look like this famous male celebrity, isn't that generally interesting."

Dick Richards examined the city from the top floor of one of the many city walled bureaucratic buildings. His new commercial featuring a man with plant shears on the bus pointing at invisible people would just be airing on all the screens in the city. People would know that they need his new Robot Police joint Robot Worker plan to stop lunatics from trying to cut them with their plant shears and to secure productivity. "Please do not cut me or others around me with your plant shears they would think." Quietly mumbles Dick. "No one wants that. They do not want the Hells Angels called on them or anyone else. I do not know why those people at the back of the bus took away your child but you have to please stop kicking into the air like a mad man. Everyone looks disturbed. I guess you understand that drinking alcohol is like a contest of trying to not fall asleep or puke." Dick trails off and takes a small pill. "I read the social contract and Jean-Jacques Rousseau looked like a *fart face*. They might as well have called his Jean-Jacques *fart face* by the name of *fart face*. Silence does not mean consent you *fart-face*, you farter of faces. All justice comes from God? What kind of farts are these emerging from your face? Are you not a farter from the face? The common good is not clearly apparent everywhere; only good sense is needed to perceive it? I have caught you again *fart face*."

Dick begins to imagine fucking a youngster; to imagine sticking his dick into the minor's sweet juicy a-hole and thrusting in and out, over and over, scraping, no lubrication. It would be nice. He would enjoy it. He would like it. Why does he like this idea of plundering a sweat tiddler's sweat, sweat, ass hole? It is only a young nipper. It is only a young child. They were only children.

Again words begin to flow, the dictator dictates, the political body moves, it's limbs stretch over all the world. No longer needing humans to police, the robots could see all, he could see all. Hundreds upon hundreds of robots were pouring out of the factories now; thousands of red eyes were glowing in the night. The same plated sterling face smiling benevolently as they began what they were programmed to do. They would fill up the towns, in a slow march from the factories, spreading law, order and right reason. They know how citizens must act.

The newest robots reach the outskirts of the city to police the citizens. There is no option for choice. Just mock silence, "do as we say, it will be better this way." The robots boom at the populace, lectures like bombastic monologues delivered by the ancients. Sentences such as: "Don't let strangers touch your food or drink." Or "If someone acts too friendly in a theatre, complain to an usher or the manager."

Dick put on the mask that connected his colon to his mouth. After all, everyone likes the taste of their own farts. Time to start thinking about his career and the government, Dick mumbles: "Meat masher: *n*. what happened to the meat man when he fell into the meat masher? **HE BECAME MINCED MEAT**. You will be eliminated. You will be eviscerated with a meat masher. You will be eliminated. You will be eviscerated with a meat masher. You will be eliminated. You will be eviscerated with a meat masher. The man that is sure stares unhappily through the rims of his spectacles. He adjusts them slightly on his nose. He ponders for a moment and asks me a simple question: 'How?' I am not sure I have an answer. Or perhaps you cannot comprehend it, or is the repetitively that which causes nausea? You know, you're going to want credit when you are 30. What your 20 year old self thinks and what your 30 year old self thinks are different. Shit, when I flipped the switch on the electric chair that fucker light up like a fork in a microwave."

"You look like Jack Black."

The televisions flicks on. A message from the bureau of waste. "New fecal score! 1,000 pounds of consumer waste with calculations based on research by the Environmental Defence and other members of the Task Force. Go 100%! 1,054 pounds of gases, 562 pounds of solid waste, 12 fully grown trees. 4,375 gallons of water, 8 million BTU's of energy. Just think! In a previous life this was probably somebody else's poop. It might have been the first brainstorms for a poo, rediscovered and awaiting your creative pooings. Or maybe just someone's poo. Whatever it might have been, pee and poo to make this poo! It is poo inside and out. The paper is made with poo and the outside is made of poo and farts. Poo incarnation is part of our vision for poo industry where the waste from

one process becomes food to another. It's about building a life-supporting system that nurtures beauty, abundance and poo. Polluting the water we drink and the air we breathe. Whatever past life this poo may have led, it's yours now, all cleaned up, inked and bleached with hydrogen peroxide toxic chlorine bleach. What are you going to do with it? You poo in your hands. Make poo of it. Poo it. Know that you are poo, you are also poo, energy and greenhouse gas emissions, which helps make global warming (check out the fecal score chart). **AND POO!** You are making a poop by choosing this poo. Our mission is to poo through poo, a fundamental shift towards poo responsibility in the poo industry.”

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor is lying awake, and all that can be imaged is eating rocks. Blantor thinks about fucking and cigarettes, fucking lungs, FUCKING LIFE. Looking around, life had become mould (mold)! Looking out the windows to the stars and the poos and the birds and the bees, where there was no sun to cast its light on vile creatures. The night is gone and the day, the same, and eternal night. Blantor could only shit after smoking 10 cigarettes. Ciggy-butt bong rips, straight to the dome. Alf brew made by 40 2-Trains.

Another room, slightly leaning out of bed, Gloomtu fumbled to find pants. Eventually pulling them up. “I hope they aren't watching”. Over to the table. It is on the other side. Room - table – a bottle of clear vodka, down it goes. The taste burns delicious. A spotlight permeates through your shutters. It is a white hot flame. Doesn't hurt but can't move – frozen in paranoia. Faceless figures slam through your wall and grab arms, it is the long arm of the law, the police whom penetrate all time and space. However, upon further inspection it is not the police who permeate all space and time, just drunken stumbling simpletons. “Be more aware”. Nocturnal spookery.

Sweet Sonorf Sonord. Embarrassed.

Blantor is sitting in bed, stomach hurts. Knowing that if you only eat peanut butter sandwiches your feces comes out like peanut butter. And that when you have a lot of ass hair it gets stuck in your ass hair. Blantor remembered how it was cool to be cool and ignore problems. When people were so nice, so nice, and so nice and they cared, swearing to disregard solipsism and determinism. Blantor remembers the ugly man asking about a legacy and informing that we must live like Christ; that everyone must live like Aristotle, like the philosopher after all! And so beautiful. But on the inside?! Never to be known! Machine like automatons walk the roads with machine ideas and machine desires. Robot police police the automatons in an automaton like fashion. They consumed, yet there was no dream here. And in living the “life of an artist”, how much misanthropy and terror? A life of discontent and disconnect. Blantor was dying but didn't care, like a muffin dropped on the floor, to be forgotten and swept up. Just like to some, to be politically correct means to say the word African American.

The person whose life is just a game comes bursting through the door after their rude awakening. Blantor realizes that they had a passing interest in aesthetics. But nothing was ever perfect and nothing was ever complete or final. There were things Blantor cared about but never knew how to put into words. And they used to pose for the occasional artistic photo, partially nude, but tasteful of course. Blantor's obsessive neurosis to want to fuck all but hurt not and the flesh – **THAT DESIRE**; cared about people, and read academic papers. **BLANTOR CARED ABOUT PEOPLE**. In industrial school there was always love for Plato, but no, Blantor never enjoyed the company, just the substance abuse. And Blantor came to realize there was care for no people. And there was death everywhere. And all would eventually crumble into stardust and nothingness.

“**DO YOU THINK I CARE?**!” Blantor stood up. Everything decayed. The dream shattered like psychedelic windmills crumbling underground in a molar borealis.

“But Blantor, we have set up a guerrilla resistance against the robots, won't you help?” asks Gloomtu poignantly.

“I voted for Dick Richards. I love Dick Richards. I'm going back.” Blantor responds, pulling up skimpy underwear, running out of the room. Back to town Blantor will return. For in town, Blantor was someone and here there was no one. And it was sexual to do this and perhaps Blantor could apologize. Shit, the beard, what will Blantor do? All citizens were currently not allowed to shave their body hair. This was the rule of the land.

Never trust anyone wearing fancy white dress gloves. Your choice of underwear speaks volumes about the person you are and the carefully crafted image that you have created. Be as unique as you are and maintain a core part of your lifestyle, wear underwear designed for absolute comfort - whatever you are doing!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Today Dick had to go to a funeral. A funeral for a good friend of his – it was the funeral of Eric.

“Dearest in Christ,” the preacher began. “A very nice day to you, I am Mrs Aisha al-Rasheed by Islamic name before I repented and named Sister Ruth in Christianity name. I am from Saudi Arabia and married to late Mr Mohammed Ahmad al-Rasheed who was the Saudi Arabian ambassador to Ivory Coast before he was murdered. We married each other for good eleven years without having a child. After his burial ceremonies was conducted by his Muslim brothers, I repented and became a fully born again Christian through the preaching of late Rev Father Joseph Bill during his condolence visit to me when he visited IVORY COAST. I was touched by the spirit of GOD through his preaching and became repented as a Christian and I was given Sister Ruth as baptized name. So I decided not to remarry again or get a child outside my matrimonial home which the Bible is against according to Christianity doctrines because I fully believed, if my late husband was alive, he would have also repented and get baptize too. When my late husband was alive he deposited the sum of (Two Million Nine Hundred and Fifty thousand Dollars) \$2,950,000.00 Dollars here in Abidjan Cote d'Ivoire for future investment in clued oil refinery before he died in the year 2003 during the political crisis and up till date the money still remained untouchable. After his death I decided to donate the money to charity organization, that is why I contacted you. I would have donate the funds here in Ivory Coast but due to the amount of corruptions were the Ivory Coast Government embezzled some European Union aid to the charities, I became afraid of them to donate the funds over here. For more information, you can click the below website to read the news of Ivory Coast Government embezzled the European Union aid Fund. Recently, my doctor revelled to me that I will be having some few period to live due to my cancer decease and having known my present condition of health will result. I decided to donate the money out as my spirit directed me. I want you that will use the money to help widows, disabilities, orphanage & churches to see that the house of GOD is well maintained. There is no God-given reason why the production costs of jumbo jets, relative to other goods and services, should be lower in America than in Japan. The Holy Bible made us to understand that blessed is the hand that gives that is why I took this decision for almighty God in heaven to accept my husband soul and I whenever it may occur, because I don't have any child that will inherit the wealth and my husband relatives are not Christians and I don't want my late husband's efforts to be use by unbelievers. I don't want a situation whereby the money will be use ungodly way. That is why I am taking this decision. Not that I am afraid of death hence I know where I am going. I know that I am going to be in the bosom of the LORD. Exodus 14 VS 14 says that the Lord will fight my case and I shall hold my peace. As Muslim tradition describe, if I mistakenly go back to Saudi Arabia, believed me, I will be stolen overnight by my late husband's relatives and even my own parent will support them in any action they decided to take against me as they are the same Muslim. So that is why I don't want them to know about this project. As soon as I receive your response I shall give you further information's about the money because I can't figure out what may happen next to me as the medical experts observed in me. The beast of thermodynamics is that no one who really understands it can (or will) explain it to those of us who don't. But please you should always pray for my survival though my greatest happiness today is that I live a life of a worthy Christian since I became a born again Christian and whosoever wants to serve GOD should serve him in truth and spirit as the HOLY BIBLE said. I look forward to hearing from you, Thanks and remain bless in the Lord, Yours in Christ, Sister Ruth James.”

What an oration, what a funeral Dick thought. Then he stood up and yelled: “Ding dong it's Death of Delbert Darby Lewis the Fourth – D4 – BEEP BEEP PEANUT ALERT...” And the audience of the sermon recoiled in disgust. They were feeling of artistic burnout or unable to please themselves. Something like they sure hoped it was earlier than it actually was.

It has all gone wrong.

Eric's mother chortles a-har-har-har-ho-ho-ho that and mumbles that she warned herself it was all shit to begin with. Muttering about how putting our fate in the hands of a few benevolent dictators would be efficient, but not liking the fake smiles and small talk. “Mr. Richards, where is your authenticity?” she would ask. The robot police get her! And in her cell she became the terminator of herself; tearing out hair and eyes. In that cell a criminal would ask “If everything I enjoy comes from the outside can I be held guilty for enjoying it? Is it my fault I have not been exposed to alternatives? Is it my fault I could create no positive synthesis of ideas or that I am enslaved to my passions?” And those of the Christian tradition told her that life is a joke that she wouldn't get it until death. And the major Christian conceptual frameworks: *anarchism* – to be controlled by any authority; *peaceful* – to engage in any violence; and if you died tomorrow, would you live today the same thing? She tried to overcome more friends and be happy, to find the joie de vivre... Yet undermined faith creates a murder, and Eric's mother only just understood, or is that not it? She wanted to be shown something beautiful, a companion,

like, I also have lied to you, and
I am surrounded again by winter;
to exist in amazement on a cold night.
Can I still call you a friend? Do you
become the object of my love?

Like a curse.
My love.

“I brought you Bentley so that you won’t feel lonesome in your new home,” Mother sarcastically remarks. She then reaches down and captures her daughter’s pink nipples between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. She gently squeezes then until they harden and grow to resemble the erasers found at the ends of pencils. Ivy’s confusion and humiliation at her mother’s manipulation of the tips of her breasts in front of the two camera operators is multiplied one-hundred fold when she hears her father’s voice emanating from the shadows.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor was lost in a dying forest, feeling as though wandering forever. Suddenly overwhelmed with a feeling of cancer. Trying to find a hint of the social order, how long did the walk in the sewer take. “The kitchen is a **DUMP**; it looks like someone took a **SHIT**.” Blantor thought; and it was an exquisite turd, hard and thick, and shining in the bathroom light, it was the most beautiful thing that had ever been seen, wanting to reach out and touch it. Gently prodded as it continues its journey to the floor, leaving a small coat of shit on fingertip. Feeling incredibly dirty, bring the finger to mouth and licking it clean, tasting shit, the alien flavor filling mouth. Loved it, and would. And if there was death in this forest Blantor hoped father wouldn’t miss it. A forest full of suicides and corpses and Blantor could never beat father at chess. And all the bodies hung low. “**IF WE DIDNT HAVE OPINIONS WE WOULDNT SAY ANYTHING**,” Blantor’s father always used to explain. And Blantor was always happy in those days, never sad, always drinking, always glad. Blantor used to go to the bar at night and...

Out of the forest, more brumbuses, dressed in the shib-shabbadoos of the new school of revolutionaries, plaid pants and tweed jackets – “Hey do you want to have a conversation with some Trotskyites?” Not really, I can’t stand the dialectical method or Marx’ teleology, Blantor thought, but articulated the lost nature of the predicament in the forest when going to take a piss.

You frequently joke about suicide and self-harm and death, perhaps because it’s ever present, perhaps also because you are afraid. So because you always casually joke about it you’ve taught people to not take it seriously. [...] We make our worlds, in many ways, in how we decided to live our lives with the few choices that we do have. You know? And like, by reaching out and being honest and vulnerable and expressive about your situation, you will actually help others and make efforts in your own wellbeing.

“Well, come dance the night away.” They told. And they went to the Friday night punk rock’a’thon, complete with everyone’s classic clichéd friends and three chord band; the kind of place where you ask “how can anyone be special when we are all so similar?” A rock and rollin’ good time, a ten out of ten, it was gr-great.

“Hey! Did you pay the dragon?!” A slap on Blantor’s back. Blantor wonders if the slapper wants to see some identification! “I am 25! Give me a happy birthday belation!” they say as they clear their throat in an intentional attempt to gross people out.

Blantor passes out in nausea, gain intoxicated sleep, again dreaming of loathing and terror, pain and the agonies of the past.

Yet, in Blantor’s dreams, they called it superficial fucking and it was a perturbation since last night; a night of past dreaming. Something about Fuck, messed up, and Blantor was staying awake, but never returning to the state of lucidity which being alert promised and it was no surprise in this dream realm. For once Blantor was feeling special, the only one that was of importance, a delusion perhaps, but nonetheless eating the scraps that fell from the table. Blantor was a free one. And in dreams Blantor chased flesh and soul, **BUT THEY COULD NEVER BE KNOWN!** Does it really mean anything if there was the hope that something would address everything? What was it to dream? What a naive hope, Blantor would laugh! And then would run like a child sticking its finger into an electrical outlet with the hope of a palatable return.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Then, a return to the previous Pastor Randy Opemere-athon, the previous pious mastication of the English language: “**EVERYONE IS GOING TO DIE EVENTUALLY, WHAT DID YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE DOING?! WAS CHRISTS THE ONLY FLESH EVER TASTED? WAS MINE THE ONLY?!?**” Dick sat and thought and thought about this final line of the sermon. And at this time, some things were better left unsaid, like the fact that your boyfriend is a living golden retriever. And that sometimes, there was a fear that it was not the objectification that was to have issue taken with it, rather the chance of happiness. When he went home Dick would go on “The Internet” and type:

I Would Describe Myself As A powerful soul, ancient as flames, residing in the body of this woman you see before you. I do not play around, and I am not interested in an online cam session but true 24/7 lifestyle. romance, and true bliss. I am

intrigued by more than what lies between your legs. Show me what resides between your ears. (Bourgeois economists attempt to explain the value of work! You know they know the business from a hard day's work?) Feel free to pass this on to your friends, co-workers, family, or lovers.

And so Dick tried to depict that he hated life, that life hated him ad nauseam. On his online profile he would write ***"I HATE I" AND WHAT A CLICHE THAT HE HATES HIMSELF***. But it's so hard to go to bed hungry, let alone by oneself. And what he owed others, he owed at most to himself; and when one tries to live free or die as death is not the worst of evils, one becomes Gringle Finglesdorf, the arch hobgoblin who drinks his coffee cold. And Dick dresses nice, in khaki or plaid, corduroy, and he is like a bastion of western culture and society. And he eats his granola with a fork and saves the milk in his fridge for next time. And one day he kills a man with his car, and one day he hits that fucking man right over. "What's the snake eating its own tail called? ***PEDESTERA?***" And one day he makes some of that old Jimmy bean tea; a soupy brand of homework.

Constar Cider
2L Pop Bottle
125ml Corn Syrup
1 Can Apple Juice Concentrate
Champagne Yeast
Tap Water
Cap on 10 days, off 3-4 days

("When the main driver behind the market system is the consumer, what will happen? Although the people and the media tell us social needs, by using force, there is no physical significance to accept such claims. In essence, there are entirely personal choices, and if you do not accept the "fake" demand, and thus choose your place of slavery ["a continuation of the hard work, enterprising, suffering and injustice"] in the community, it may jeopardize the expected vision of society. People can always choose not to participate in the social structure of current consumption, thus evading state proselytization and manipulation. Although most populous places in the locale of the fact use official culture, personal need does not follow its customs regulations." – Karl "the Scalding Anus" Marx)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

FUCK.

Blantor wakes up for the Ronald Torbus Tour Bus Disaster '97. People were trying to explain to a burnt out flower child high on ecstasy drinking vodka waters that the term "Anarchy" comes from the mid-16th century via Medieval Latin from the Greek anarkhia, from anarkhos, from an- 'without' and arkhos 'chief, ruler'. The hippy wearing paisley pattern parachute pants and eating granola was telling them to give up their idealism; talking about being born into a system and owing existence to it. Thus, the crowd sold the hippy Uncle Ring Rom's cinnamon hell cakes. They called them Uncle Ring Rom's cinnamon hell cakes because Uncle Ring Rom, put so much cinnamon in them.

The hippie, in a drunken stupor, ravaged by cinnamon induced thirst, told them that "to be a good social reformer, one must simply claim that everything one does that sucks is post-modern. One can then claim to one's critics that they simply don't understand one's work."

The crowd looked the hippy in the eyes and Blantor interjected pronouncing that this argument was focused on the "absolute"; Blantor was convinced the crowd spoke about not needing to maintain being so because it already was not so. Talking about how at the industrial learned institution "they told me that it was possible that one could, but one should not, bend any condition to one's own advantage and should have every expectation for reevaluating the 'human' pursuit" – Blantor was sentenced to detention by the growing mob because the human was not the notion of disgust, and Blantor was guilty for having something above – something beyond.

Why was this child like ramble and hatred spurred from such a temperament? "Have you heard of this one's guilt? It is infamous!" The crowd roars and slowly shifts its attention away from the hipster towards Blantor.

"I know what is said of me behind clogged doors." Blantor repeats. "One's normative tendencies remain and in this age, all is turning to marble and I am losing my leaves, but not my peacock feathers!"

"Tell this one of the will to control! Tell!" The crowd chants. "Animate being, for us, the trick is a reason to be and continue to be. It is an experience that makes you want to be alive. What else can one pursue? The artists are those who are seeking their ideal

world. Is this then the creation of consumption? And one must very well ask is there art in it? Where is beauty? For us, preparing for everything is the product of a redundant measure. *A contrary to us*: it is not right nor wrong, and the beauty that is in everything is not there. Do you get it?! Have we not said enough to our cronies? Aversion comes from immersion in the culture of muck of inferior imbeciles. Where is the art? Where is beauty? Where is the individual?"

"What do I care? **I AM THE WEAKEST ONE.**" Repeats Blantor. "Come now friends, opine not! No one is mistaken! We will everlastingly be insufferable, chased to the end of the Earth as radiance hounds gloom."

"Yes, but they are bad people so we are good people. Good people kill bad people." The crowd begins the chase. It is fronted by a suburban Dad who listens to Fastcore because it "ain't Core if it ain't Fast". The crowd roars: "You like to complain about the wrong things - you should really stop. You don't like to complain about the right things - you should really start. You are crazy and you are funny. You are funny and you are crazy. You got married and became well adjusted. You imbued your children with your truths. You were ashamed of your actions, so you ripped up the letters you sent. You drove a Toyota Yarris and were called reliable. You were uncompromisingly bad at everything you did. We told you we wanted spaces of inclusion for everyone, you asked 'what about neo-Nazis or fascists?' We said 'well, we didn't mean spaces for them.'"

"YOU ARE A FUCKING IMBECILE. I AM A FUCKING CRETIN." Yells Blantor, encircled at art.

You see, for these types of anarchists, the existing body politic should have "a common concern and will... and prioritize the preservation and general well-being of all." And their common will was to follow the general will of all, which they believed must exist due to an urgent need for "political and social freedom" sent to them by God. This needed freedom was a freedom-as-general-will which was understood by them as the solution to "the need for moral guidance" for all peoples, which is dominated by a disunified individualistic mandate. In their world one was to be put in a position where they were no longer free to achieve their own goals, but rather only free to pursue those of the political community. But seeing as their only personal goals stayed within the boundary of obeisance to the general will, those who were in the community, were free, and therefore, were never forced to be free. A person who violates the will of the people is punished for "ethics transgressing appropriate behaviour" as enacted by the will of the people. With this state in place, anyone's personal conduct can be punished for differences, the state can inhibit or kill its citizens and the country can overcome huge obstacles. There are individuals here "from no freedom". Jimmy bing band tim tam wazzle. It is the end of the century (Ram Ones, Casual Ties).

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dick is reading *Hegel and Thed's Fart Patrol, Part IV – the Impossibility of Seeing Teleological Error*. Talking about being so fun, being so cool. His name is Maroli; he likes cannoli (cannelloni). His name is Jed, that man is Ed.

I'm a selfish piece of shit who never sterilizes, I expect you to be my mom (Sterility).

"Reason is a force in history; it unfolds through history; the more rational we are, the closer to freedom," so says the fantastic monster.

All the climmy-clambs in the garbage went wally wimmy wammy a doo doo. You notice you are leaking sperm. It is not sperm. Get a urethral swab. It is painful. Now, fix Bookshelf, Workout, Paint, Fix Mp3 Library, Write Book (pg 24), Finish Comic, Clean Fridge, Practice Sucking Dick. "Some folks look at me and see a certain swagger, which in Texas is called 'walking.'"

Inside, the doctor enters "The exit of firms means that the remaining ones are more productive and achieve economies of scale. This entails a lower average cost in production which can be seen beneficial to welfare."

Dick puts down the phenomenology. "You are a joke – I am. And life has one refrain: you get what you deserve."

The doctor continues to spew more redundancies about his chattels, "In view of the complex balancing of risk factors involved in a modern industrial society, administrative regulation is best able to provide front line deterrence of environmental risks."

Dick pulls out his rifle mumbling "Oh and for the record, Hegel's last words were: I could get the potatoes neither out of my ears, nor out of my brain. You shits need to get outta t-town so I can call you from 1000 miles away to make you cry."

The doctor: "If there is a transaction cost of bargaining that is \$140 and the confectioner is not liable, the doctor would be willing to pay up to \$179 for the noise reducing machine and transaction cost."

Dick fires, "I don't know what you guys are talking about, his exam was easy. Skipped class every day to get high, crammed

the night before on adderall and got an 82. Final was just LONG.” It is sadistic glee and his name is not Pete Pippers and he probably does not like steamers. And we are the “champions”.

Incomes the old Jim-John Long John \$imon, "What's your shirt say? Humanity is a fucking fungus? You see I'm someone who finds beauty in everything and, well, most people would be offended by your shirt, but, fungus, hmm, I see that as a very positive thing..."

Dick poses a thought, "Actually, it says "frungus"."

Simon says "Wait; what's a frungus, I don't get it."

Dick retorts, "I am Always afraid that I am shitting or pissing myself. **THE WORST FEELING IS WHEN YOUR ASS IS SWEATY AND YOU CAN FEEL THE ASS SWEAT BUT YOU ARE HIGH AND THINK IT IS PISS OR SHIT, BUT NO IT'S NOT YOU BRUNGUS!** Riding the bus – I feel sorry for Christians and they feel sorry for me too. Riding the bus – paranoid freak out like the schizo hamblurgar hamburger. I feel so fucking sick of myself and sick to my stomach and am suspicious of everyone's motivation. Ding ding, next stop I opened the emergency window and exit. There are the police, "hello friends!" They shoot you in the chest and I pull the brakes. **STOP!**"

Another casualty. Culture evaluated by its commodified value! Dick stares at the corpse and begins to read what he believe is a review of the new film version of Nietzsche's Gay Science – "It's a film that has its finger on the pulse of what's current and in style, and one that has solidified its place as the coolest film of the year!"

Nietzsche's Homoerotic Science
I am a Homo: Why I am so Wise

"I say unto you: one must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing klar."

Can we once again see insusceptibility and return to the lack of choice in acting in accordance with something? People once danced as the square does dance; the square dance in a square. Some say this is military discipline, and all that can be charged, but might we not any longer accept that they have any effect on the personal life of one who, with his head cut off, cracks the echoed whip. To live in freedom is to be pleased in seeking those things that are necessary for the attainment of that on which one finds their own measurement systems. These people, as we may not say, drink a glass of water if it is better for their health; and this is just because their doctors proved it can be. Every person has the knowledge to defend their freedom to laugh. But as for the defence itself, because it is good for thee, ye people of alcoholism, it must be found in patience, and have danced with the whip. The journey to freedom, if it is not perfect, can help you choose one way to interpret liberation. But the liberty of the people will have only the force of lives. Of a sudden death, do not worry. If a free person lives, it means there is liberty.

Hi Zardy. Can I call you a bit later instead?
Awe Klar! I will call you soon.
I don't think I want to talk to you tonight.

Freedom is the shepherd and it must be considered a gentle person. Our "free" nature is typical of our agency's meaning. So, in fact, we are not free from freedom, and – this is perhaps why there are so many rules. By the way, a person is not in a "lost" state when they act in a certain way, such as with "× freedom". The moderns believe that there is a trend in everyone's freedom and well-being, which can help determine the right kind of person that must be signed into law. In fact, the German doctrine and the Christina review try to provide the required name of "freedom". No one is to oppose the culture of the "unfree" and the culture of freedom of thought. It would not be possible, as it demands the ability exercise immortality freely. This pressure, and the ordered state of killing, these are true tests of freedom.

The legal cause – on which "human freedom" finds its ground... These farting dong-dews propose – "Man, in his reasons, which are able to guide him, is that law he dictated by himself. Let him know how he was left with the most freedom in his will of any animal, and now he is warped to nature and to the law. It is stipulated that a person cannot have life, health, liberty, and do property damage to others or that one cannot hurt them – one is bound to protect their own community." To everyone everlastingly – even when you are eager to participate, some actions break your own monist moral maxim law and violate reason...

- 5:40 -

Blantor was bound and given the same retort. “You have presented us with old world machismo. You are a monarchist, an oppressor!” The crowd shaved off Blantor's hair and scheduled a job in their prison wherein Blantor was forced to try to explain to the converted why Paul McCartney's fondling of a Ram on his 1971 album cover clearly shows his loyalty and allegiance to the Prince of Darkness, Satan. At court, Blantor is accused of being “a stock person, an office assistant, an education assistant, an order selector, working with the admin, working the switchboard, being a summer research assistant, taking photos of smoking, being a dishwasher, a grocery clerk, a landscaper, a warehouse order picker...”

The crowd shouts “Hey! The Beatles still top the charts for all-time albums sold, amounting to billions of dollars in profits. Tragically, The Beatles were heathen Communists, who praised false religions, glorified sexual immorality, and even blasphemed the Lord Jesus Christ throughout their careers. The Beatles, exemplified a trend of anti-Americanism and drug abuse in popular culture. It amazes us that Christians cannot have their Bibles in school, because it is offensive to non-Christians. However less than 2% of Americans are homosexuals, and they force their ways down our throats, trying to make us accept them. Being a homosexual is a sin, there are no two ways about it. But, no one shoved Christian beliefs down their throat by protesting. So yes, we have straight pride.” (Paul McCartney later said that he “felt a bit betrayed. The great joke was that we were taking [illegal] drugs, and look what happened to him”, a reference to Presley's death, hastened by prescription drug abuse [an anachronism]).

Another member of the mob delivers a somber memory “In 1998, at the church Christmas pageant, I delivered one Christmas themed joke. It was my only joke of the night: 'What do you call a reindeer before a joke? Nothing because he can deer you. **THAT WS RUDOPH.**”

The crowd applauded and Blantor was sentenced to scaphism subsequent to imprisonment.

The judge bellowed: “kiss is one of the greatest rock n roll bands in the world how do you say nobody likes them they had a concert with 200,000 people had do you say nobody likes kiss” and G H k L were the letters of the board.

Blantor imagined being trapped inside two boats that encased an entire body except for arms, head and legs. Imagined being eaten alive by bugs that grew in feces because Blantor could not escape. These feces were made after Blantor got diarrhoea due to an inability to consume any more milk and honey. They forced Blantor to eat this fucking milk and honey. Today they told Blantor to love life, honour the earth, do no evil, practice bravery, and seek wisdom, but what about tomorrow?

A child grabbed a balloon that said “Free Palestine” outside of the commotion, jovially he ran to his friend.

“Hey! I got a balloon!”

“What does it say? Free what?”

“Free balloon!”

Happy day of becoming a registered corporate entity with a number attached to your name.

Blantor realized that it was a bad idea to tell an anti-racist that Magma's first album *Kobaia* and *Triumph of the Will* correspond! Of course they would say “stand your ground and fight.” And what blinded? Duty! Duty to whom?! As a Grade 6 student in industrial unit #333 Blantor actually liked John Locke, you dig, Blantor already did that. “People are nice and benign but behave badly under scarcity and this leads to murder/theft – we lack security from those who do not follow the law of nature.” Sounds good right? The sum of C divided by 1 plus I to the exponent N where N is a period in years that Karl Marx should have spent rewriting Das Kapital as Das Krapital, replacing all uses of the word capital with crapital – am I right or am I right. Tolstoy was a boot wearing idiot. His boots were not sensible footwear. Tolstoy had a lot of kids and they all were fucking jerks.

And everything was branded. Blantor felt among los dos hermanos quien reír and felt as if surrounded by stereoscopic laughter. And Blantor knew about acting like a parasite in every interpersonal relationship ever. And told it. **AND BLANTOR COULD CUT OFF OWNED LEGS AND EAT THEM.** A nice coffee full of cockroaches.

But then, hundreds of robots emerge from the distance. They had come from the factories with a love/hate relationship for the populace (hate/hate). They probably knew, or probably didn't – Fuck – damage like I loved you and you hated me – or was it I hated me and you loved you.

The robots came closer shouting something in mechanical voices that sounded like “Hi my name is I am a big fucking idiot and cAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN'T SHUT THE FUCK UP.” But Blantor remembered about being told “not wanted, and you are

stupid and drunk and sad and suffering some kind of neurotic nostalgic psychosis and act like a punk that is so punk that you hate punks that hate punks that hate punks that hate punks.”

Blantor wanted to go back to that celebration of mediocrity not be immersed in this tantrum of dreck! Blantor wanted to return to a time when everyone lived isolated, independent autonomous lives! Blantor had to take what one had strength for! It is of no consequence! Being too weak to defeat the deity in the castle? So be it! Why so soft (phallus)?

Boner 1996.

Blantor hated because Blantor couldn't know – didn't care – and couldn't know without caring. Blantor loved because Blantor cared too much about something unrecognizable. Blantor is convinced by outside stimuli that consciousness is located in a brain and that it is currently positioned in what I have been convinced to call a vat. Blantor realized that there was a dream last night where understanding occurred in a drunken stupor – and the two of them went chasing padlocked road blocked memories – but all that was asked was if Blantor ever felt sorry for hurting all the people? So Blantor responded and flapped arms and shouted “I am the Tengu kyaaaaaa, kyaaaa!”

The robots arrive, people's skulls are cracked. Somehow in the confusion Blantor escapes. Happy crappy jubilation, it is the most fantastic evening. A thousand deaths and several survivors. There was a little girl getting her head smashed into pavement repeatedly, it was pretty cool. The robot police were pretty cool. Everyone was having a real good time. A real swell humdinger.

Blantor had come to some conclusions upon leaving the room of the conviction to death:

“The reason – the soundness of any action is based on my individualised view of the choice and the method. My being-as-destiny measures alternatives and it is the ground behind all the trappings of ‘why’, ‘no’ and ‘because I say I am’. And behind every ‘because I said so’, a force, and more than formerly, *strength*, and although this is not a real requirement – a joy in living – which is perhaps an achievement that never happened.

Fighting – to say the very best out of itself – is that which provides health and happiness in life. To find out what gives the feeling of the never-ending, to follow-up, to overcome the current. To dream that I may eventually overcome the present time! Although my enemies are always hateful of something, who doesn't and who isn't! Perhaps my preferences are from abroad, but why should I care? I know what I like and I will follow it!

Fiend of myself (shemale fuck with small boy free download), life is not all you have to protect and to follow. Nobody can matter *to* themselves, but only *for* themselves. Because I want to be a secret, I must be close to divinity, and to immortality, and near the destruction of the state and any regime. I must be equipped in the region – not by some external authority – but directly, as an ally with myself. I would like to make my own way with my own faith in myself.

Why do philosophers, you know who you are, never focus on the psychological... And you know that I love sentences when they are casual? To me, it seems as if the most types of you want to click to go to the cup or follow the dilettante which I said was not dandy. For me there is something that you will not suffer and it resides in the outside world. One must learn how to provide encouragement and to find love, and then you can go to the call – that *Joie de vivre*...

When you shit out all your shit is there still shit to shit out? (Answer: Yes)

You can ingest all of the steps to solve a problem but never understand external issues that were determined in advance. And they believe there is a problem when we provide unemployment to the outermost communicatory, and where! I'm talking, like any other sport in the box, about how they will try to treat people as numbers and predict the future, for the future is equal to the summation of individual parts when you employ a mathematician's scholasticism. In development, the concept of determinism is a waiver for individuals to join in on funding the nihilist complaint. And such a decision – is this is the source my anger and accusations? To program my life in anger and blame is not what I want to do and I was frustrated when I could not continue to process actions otherwise. *My anger* is thrown into abuse of the situation and of past events; perhaps I will chose a different approach to the performance? But still, I chose to deal with it – on my own!

I can make my own values different from those set for me. Whether it is consistent with my interests, this is my number, and I have nothing to fear; crumbling car! I think I have experienced and thought – I want what is not; sometimes we want to give up the fun of life. I imagine *Joie de Vivre* given to me. Now, enough with ghosts, enough with reality existent, to live together is enough, enough paranoia! This is my dawn!

I found a good monkey in a changing landscape and you must choose the best way to interact with this futuristic monkey landscape. I do not provide much of a standing plan – and results are created by the reflection of a chooser or not! I challenge violence and vanity and meaningless interaction. Unstable and unexpected, I digress and am disabled in confusion. I made a choice with limited information. Perhaps you can sympathize with such a concept. The question is not who is right, but the severity of the monster because...

Someone with a steady voluntary activeness lives in their own interest but is still a slave to another situation. And this is supposed to be what is stronger? Reflectivity lies to those choosing answers to decisions made under pressure. I am sympathetic and voluntarily share in a similar purpose; crony fart format, selling your rights as an individual at any cost, in an unnatural natural condition; and if we do not reflect and criticize our own lives, someone will seek to rule.

Happy 21st Birthday!
Wow – that went by fast didn't it?
I hope you enjoy this sweater as much as I enjoyed knitting it for you. Think of me hugging you when you wear it.
Love you,
Mom

Once I know how to achieve a life of nothingness and I'm always an alternative.

Morality – to live for others; a plague that affects everyone in this “virtuous expanse”. *Their* work in moral orientation is fixed, regardless of their own interests! What do I do! Trying many improvements in the world, are my actions for happiness? For me, life has no intrinsic meaning, purpose and value – yet, watch for my meaning! According to some experts, moral statements are true or false, or even have an objective basis – is this not based on moral truth entirely self-created? For me, my morals!

And that friend who wanted to know the scared! Do not get the idea that right and wrong, good and evil, and even opposition are a static set of sentiments. For me, there is no physical evidence to support moral values. No one can prove the existence of a reality in morality, and rather than an actual search, we are totally dependent on the issue. Morality is how the world should be, not because it as a fact – and if the world is a country where morality is a fact, we are supposed to act on those ethics. *My advice* – that objective moral systems, which everyone should abide by, are completely ineffective; and that my morality cannot be found, I can only look forward.

Life, I made my case, which I do, is a great privilege, and I would like to have a full heart for this case. I'll make fun of the life I've found. Why do you not do it! 'I said it was my choice'. For most people, for one person, look in the mirror and say bad people. If life is not what we do, there may be questions and answers and solutions; or we commit suicide. For me, there is no perfection.”

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Time for Dick's philosophy party with all his best buds – woo hoo – it would be a great time. Like pissing all over your own mouth in the shower and then taking a big doo doo and stomping it down the drain...

Paramedic: Don't grab your balls in the shower.

Cop: It's hard not to.

“The drapery, good sir, is not to my liking.” Dick had been taking too much Dexedrine. He shoots his office assistant in the knee cap and smashes him in the face with a bad smelly old sock full of quarters. The he eats his erectile organ. “What a superior demonstration.” – chortles army chief Rupert Rumblestrundle – a noise squatting fuck shitting anal glue. In this room, the aggressors are attacking – and their actions are the product of their choice, they consciously weigh the attack against you, and participate in the decision to do so. You suffer the consequences, and you defend yourself, or you get help. Their friends are the ones who we are to protect – especially their rights to say what way. As Nietzsche put forward – “Raptors are not like sheep, we understand this, and we have become predators in our own right”.

A five year old describes the situation:

Richards: Rumblestrundle, you are too kind. The robot plan goes well. This is why we are so great! We are the true winners of the life – let our hedonism be known to all. Let there be an ethnic penalty.

Rumplestrundle: What do you mean? It would be a great time to inspect the time-o-matic schedule. My word! We are behind. Something is syphoning off our funds. I'm scared **zey put klorobox in ze drugs and zey burn holes in my mouth.**

Richards (detecting an achievement): You are in violation! This is not a town with a king accountable to no one that does nothing. The water mains are not broken.

Rumplestrundle: The robots must be completed to stop crime.

Richards: You damned fool; do you believe you will be able to control all those police on your own? Do not forget that I am the "Lord of love", "He who is Permanently Benign and Youthful" and the "Lord of Silence".

Rumplestrundle: I could ask you about the grumbling ink, you slack jawed plebe. We all know about how you love pethidine or meperidine – once popular synthetic opioid analgesics of the phenylpiperidine class.

Richards: There won't be enough machines in dwelling for that to be an anxiety! HOLA my dearie. Just divorced my husband and need a real man! Are you ready? Send me a sex request! My screen name is Marney1979!!

Rumplestrundle: So that's your plan then! As head of the army I cannot allow you to usurp these funds.

Richards: There is no peril you idiot! They are all too goosey. We don't want the constabularies. I need the coinage for my 'doinage'.

The room is silent, the crowd aghast. Why such strife in the party headquarters. Richards pulls his gun, shoots, not quick enough and is shot as well. Stands upright, so does his face-cock, and the room is spinning. Dick Richards clouts and despoils and murders everyone there. He had to liquidate them at some point, getting too jealous... Needs more cocaine; he needs more cocaine.... Had the dictation gone out, do the opposites know? Who would clean up this mess? He needed more cocaine...

Dick walked into the room and chatted. Prejudice and tribunal – this he did not need – and his friends, let them bow. Who knew how he wore his sleeve, how he handled his heart!

This is a man who makes me – a person who makes you – murderer – a murderer. The only classification that can be seen, it is necessary, it brings joy to life and health, and is set between the two diseases.

Your friends asked me to silence my voice, but I can only do it because you – are my friend...

I guess I better go back to writing this dumb bullshit book.

Rumplestrundle's Last Speech (10 Hours Earlier On National Telecommunications)

Our history is sardonically bloody. "The agreement", which was seen as a major factor to our present condition, was said to be impossible to be achieved in politics. It was not a position especially advocated by the many social and political philosophers of power, and was seen as violence and a policy by other means than the democratic. But they see violence as the acceleration of economic development in the attempt to create a new energy. And unlike our warmongers, the injuries of their contract turned out to be a non-violence which is always used for the destruction of political forces, and a new challenge must be set. *This problem*: all the non-violent criticism of "The Treaty" is making it necessary to ask if one of the values of "the agreement" should be *more* violence. And when asked psychologically what the effects of this involuntary violence is?

It's quiet. But you don't have to worry about mental and physical suffering. Don't worry, don't worry. You don't have to worry about the misuse of the threat to life. Be fearless in your *modus operandi* and moral values – for life itself requires prescriptions. Nothing life-threatening causes real pain; to live in fear is a type of spiritual life and experience. And anyways, *the they* agreed to parts of the housing and to avoid its use in certain sections. Don't tell us about your physical and mental anxiety, about your fear; fear is never a concern to us, as people who should think that they can will; it would not agree with our feelings. Yes, everything is possible, but every conceivable surface is considered to be the guarded. It may be that some want to become more knowledgeable, but who really knows how to use their head? Our terminal ideals were about nothing – and I do not have to use them, but our enemies do and can, and they are second, and "someone". In similar cases, if they are not, or have turned to be an impediment, they still should have to fear. It is possible for us to live as an organic totality with fear as a direct influence on other people. As you want! So why is it harmful to other people, this terrible situation? It is very hospitable, and I want to use other tools for statistical motivation. This fear can be good for human error; this fear may be a larger image of confrontation for the benefit of the people, or for explicit guarantees.

To quote Carl Von Clausewitz:

War is always the case! And it is such that it does not allow others to apply to their own purposes against the victor. However, we can feel safe, and you – free of anxiety – but not with their, and death's, desire to take you into the others. My friends, you can conclude that, it is impossible for one of us by oneself, to be a people. Only within their hearts, and only when one needs to maintain good, is it discovered that we feed these demons – this is the personality of a population. People want to move away from this. "People can't have anxiety and a person cannot use others". A person can care (take an interest in) about as much as they are capable of, but this mechanism means they will be used...

***The old grey klar is dying of the cold outside,
the old grey klar was left in the barn without food and forgotten about,
zat grey klar cries tears no one can hear.
Zat old grey klar is on its last legs.
Soon zat grey klar will be dead.***

If you're looking for a great diet and enforcement of life, "love sport" and the F.A.R.T. party; besides you will get a happy self again, and one might not want the benevolences of nature. To us, such variations may be in the original power and as publicity we can be as blissful as a groan. Both young drivers and schoolmasters require pipes if they want to dance – high! It is necessary to note that if you have other people to yourself, you must avoid learning their behaviour on the road; this is very important! Involuntary acts of violence to others can make them feel uneasy and full of anxiety, fever, and loss of Fuck. Universally, people love the carnal. Service is a chance to ask them if they are accompanying the use of the F.A.R.T. Consensus or not. We must pose a threat to the counselling of perverts.

***Doctor of Osteopathy.
When, to some degree, slipups concluded your extremities, you know how costly it is.***

I hate you, you big dummy.

Military personnel cannot be reluctant to engage in violence with skill – they must agree to bring peace, because you cannot be phenomenologically healthful without them. It can be one ugly experience when your health is a matter of bog and you expect the trained workers to belt it. Of course, this is a computer memory unit of aroma! The descriptions of the battles can be of some benefit to the people here to understand the face of war. As Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche suggests, "one viewer is a serious health logbook not seen again by a mile. Father." Although the volumes are open and at the end of the war and the description and the images of war, some evidence is especially jarring. Convincing you only to see and experience the war to come – you can see the anxiety so – the mental aspect of the war is one of its many representations. Just look at the energy unit that bombed the convoy of slovenly persons. The irrigation departs from the first Gulf of Unclog, the prisoners were killed in the concentration camps, where many were killed by tools such as knives, axes, etc. These images show how, without their consent, violence results are difficult to fight for. The truth, however, is difficult to explain. A non-violence should agree to do with the fact that everyone needs to be able to understand their way in an agreeable sense. We are given a psychiatric concern, and experiences of crime and violence do not agree with the people. They want us to do it, especially as a means of peace.

Also, not everyone is in themselves an extension of the attainment of peace; violence practised without consent can be an advantage. If you prepare, you can also destroy any benefit. But if a selfish and self-serving fuck of life encourages one to find the fuck of life itself, one can use an opponent. During World War IV, the American's medieval "historical" movies and advertising of barbaric cruelty concluded the mood towards Germany by trying to explain that there was a dichotomy between the German and American soldiers and that this has been in place for over 200 years. However, representatives from the World Hostility Battles still fight each other in the Good Earth Government Parliamentary Halls and understand that your situation is that of their friend. Nevertheless, they will be able to see their opponent. During the war, they had severe mental anxiety. If the enemy can't be a friend, there is something to be gained by killing them. There is no friendship, conversation, help, or anything else. Do you not see?

***Hi sweetie,
I wanted you to have these pants right away as I think they should be great for riding your bike (the belt goes with them). Helene has a pain and she loves them and wore them the whole time in Bali. She says they are so comfortable and help keep you cool. I will give you the rest of your goodies in August!
Love Mom***

Arguments poison flowers. That a lasting peace can arise is patience before death. When consensus exists – violence is a State Grand and is not a wrong procession and the third destruction. Mr. People's disqualification dims... That they said anything of

pacifism will be easily overcome by the situation on Series A. This type of John the Nazi regime is the *SAMPLE* of perfect reasons. They are not however holding multinational organized efforts to pair John's noncooperation with *AUTHORITY* that undermines what we have done. Nobleman world; unruly Hitler; homo. We worked when some similar efforts under the Nazi Occupation Measure unresistingly went to Norway, Bulgaria and Denmark. Furthermore, they argue that political gorillas, especially the Nazis pacifists, undermined Hitler. *O OPPORTUNITY* had a better curb and the government in C.M.S. Early Stages; bureaucratic purposes lock the system's aspects of death and fields and deporting *EVERY* assured – that *WAS* Copyright ordinance. Isolated all *RESPONSIBILITY*. Que; que; hold to cause; head gents are unrepentant pacifists. Mass for megapixels; “concentration Campos”. The Individuals that could have caused a moral shame are occurring, Homo in the Case of the Nazi Einsatzgruppen.

Will you still love me and take care of me when I am old and forget who I am?

Remember that it is not in our society and culture to have an unwise choice, but it is also more important to reminisce over the fact that the community is by its Creator and it has the character of its members.

Still, there is no doubt that non-violence can be used to achieve something politically. Some argue that the acceptance of violence, even by the pacifist movements of our time, was a crucial prerequisite to changing social conditions. But, we must mine diamonds from the coal of the populace. People can always win by force and violence – to approve the formation of a new approach – we must be selfish in exuberance. One cannot wage war because they have no infrastructure for war, one cannot perform in violence if they are not able to support themselves. With this, we simply engage in the use of the race of arms.

Some of you have seen a bauble of violence to speak of the world, but how can we mediate conflicts without using prescriptivism? We are eligible for unpersuasive mediation riots – our services are based on the following principles: weapons, even clubs, expect any reward, uniforms, voluntary self-serving, dragging the culture of non-violence by its thought, word and deed. We hate the Gandhis, and believe that a group of people trained and ready to use abuse, injury or death, can do so in order to save lives. And we believe that this group would have moral authority to take the work of a high resolution of the conflict. It is possible to achieve peace and to help the community. We have no reason or condescension by it.

Alright, bitchy comments are over: you can go back to not caring about my feels now.

Pope urges tenderness as millions fete Christmas.

- 5:50 -

No makeup, no filter. Just me. Am I The Prettiest Wife in the World? My husband thinks I am. And that's good enough for me.

Had been running for so long and Blantor didn't know, faint, feeble, foolish, brittle – a new feeling for every day. It was another new day, a thought. What a fucking poo poo pie. It was not fine. It was a poo poo pie. There would be a million and a half views for the execution program tonight. How many faces that Blantor knew? And where? Society lay ahead, but it wasn't society – it was farts, a sewer but it was not a sewer, it was a garbage heap. Fun. The rom rim rumble of a tim tam tumble band. A fecal facilitation and reverence for the Holy Fool and the foolishness of Christ – a society stuck in a form of asceticism. A society going naked for days, giving away their worldly possessions, a society that is naked in winter. A society of Holy Fools that are true in the eyes of God and their foolishness was seen as innocence; fools that cry out, and bury their faces deep in their teacher's wonderful cleavage. Wrapped inside that warm flowery cocoon, the fools could barely breathe, but it was like heaven.

Shuddering and sobbing and

sobbed, then she let her bottom completely go.

A rude wet eruption of farts issued from her backside, then a

huge turd burst through her anal ring. If she'd been on the

toilet, it was one that might've been two feet long by the time

her anus pinched it off. But this one wasn't dropping and

coiling harmlessly in the potty. This one had nowhere to go.

Hitting the resistance of her underwear and shorts, it immediately squashed and slid out the top and the legs of her panties. More and more came, and she sobbed and pushed, harder and harder, trying to get it all out, to get relief.

Suddenly – the garbage dwellers, those who are intoxicated from eating only garbage from the great garbage pile of the moderns. They chase Blantor to the great garbage city; the city made of garbage – the police won't find anything here. Ignored, with 300 foot high walls barring off all entry, skyscrapers made entirely of garbage; it's too groovy, like cool, like a seventy two pound Siberian tiger fighting a fully grownup glom glom. In the garbage city, and where – Gloomtu... Very sad 99% of the time, very sad, tried very hard, I guess... There is a vendor selling Smuggling Duds on the corner (each design is totally exclusive and every pair of Smuggling Duds comes with our invaluable stash pocket - perfect for safely stashing whatever is important to you. It's your secret! Money, credit cards, iPods, mobile phone, condoms or any other valuables; Stash Pants are ready for anything)!

The city bazaar stretches on for an eternity, holding the various sorts of weapons and anal sex toys one would expect from such a local – all second-hand of course. In the market, Blantor can overcome the smell but not the common people. And such folk, a motley mixture of matted hair and feces, tarnished clothes and blackened dirt – the garbage dwellers intoxicated from eating the garbage. Blantor felt strangely at home here but in a perpetual state of unease. They were not kin and had none. Some of these garbage dwellers let their rooms fill up with rotting garbage and it fucking stunk on the streets. The smell nauseated Blantor to no end. And everything was going down, down, bringing everything down.

Tired but Blantor would need armaments and it may be obligatory to steal them; the great escape would be more difficult than supposed, even dangerous perhaps; the string running out, no more string. Blantor ends up disrobing for a small fee from the public, a spectacle for the garbage folk. And they laugh at shrivelled body, sagging like a petite bourgeois city dweller unfed on a healthy diet of garbage. Shame but food and accommodations wait when new found wealth is procured. The music in a local tavern on the 49th floor of a garbage building is abominable and the crowd is antipathetical, but Blantor is inebriated and feels so free for the first time. Dances the midnight dance and swells in ecstasy. Movement that has apparently effortless rhymes – pure, lucid, almost conversational lines.

Cool cruel world.

“Well, you're not at fault here not matter what he tells you; must be really hard to deal with though,” says a young Garbagio. Blantor thought it was like it being 2:30 in the morning and coming home to find your friend drunk upstairs in bed with another. Like saying – “it made me uncomfortable if you slept there” and then they set their phone background to their face and they couldn't have picked a better location for them to hold you – a thoughtful mind game, misanthrope, coprophile, neurotic self-deprecating piece of shit and it was time to leave for work – no more doing drugs in the morning; no more fun – no fun – no fucking fun at all. Life was no fun in the garbage city, just like the new city made of poured glass. In the old world, precision and tidiness were the prime merits of prose – and demanded thought and thought; brilliant expressions are of no use to it. Here there were more adjectives than nouns, and Blantor loves periods. It's a gift and it's great here with friends. Their holidays are not too high. And even though it was much better to be much higher, Blantor read all the books, and they are good books. Each of these books, and Blantor would say that all of them are favorites, all these books are the same, and they all have the right to rule. But does this mean that you read the rules and standards? If you're smart, do not you know what else?

The crumble bumble walls were made of garbage and feces in the garbage city and Blantor didn't have to kill self because now Blantor was doing drugs in the morning and Blantor worked in a warehouse and Blantor wanted to die but was already doing that slowly, slowly, slowly. And those who have been condemned in this way—and they are a great multitude and are all bound in chains—work at their task unceasingly both by day and throughout the entire night... For no leniency or respite of any kind is given to any who is sick, or maimed, or aged, or for weakness, but all without exception are compelled by blows to persevere in their labours, until through ill-treatment they die in the midst of their tortures. **CIGARETTES** (the cigarettes in the garbage city were rolled in newspaper). It was the best, the best of the Batch Tapes. And, Gerald got fired from the beer factory for stealing beer again – but it was more of a Beer sweatshop run by the foul garbage man who was commanded by the great garbage pile that was worshipped by the garbage people. And Blantor could see guided walking tours run by Nazis and then go home and check them out on the radio waves; “you're talking about someone else?” And even here there was the functionality of the authoritarian moral of authority “we have reason to enjoy their dissatisfaction”. And they were a product of the system and society which again works out of the great beauty that is even more negative. Indeed, the other has openly mocked and destroyed a true understanding of the impact on the situation and Blantor remembers the apartment – where one would sing and smoke and cook dinner. People looked to Blantor like Blantor was a

model for their ideal relationship – they called Blantor cute. “I don't want to sound racist or anything, but I really find Arabic people attractive,” bleats Blantor's co-worker again. **WHY WAS WORK HERE? THEY WOULD NEVER KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HOW BLANTOR FEELS – WEAK, NORMATIVE, FRAIL, BORING.** Working for the garbage people in the city of garbage, for the sake of garbage and Blantor must wipe tears and not worry. In this height, this highest height where only the sunbeams reach – Blantor remembered that you wore a suit and went to business school, they wore a dress and went to art school. Blantor remembered being 23 and never having a girlfriend – the only girl that kissed Blantor was a worker Blantor spent over \$400 on – illegally. Blantor would drink every night to sleep and at work pretend everything is fine. Zoimy the garbage sure is smelly.

Blantor soon meets a new garbage mate and says “I am attracted to you” and they argued about selling art for money. Blantor tells them it would have been nicer if they said “never see me again”. And Blantor has 5 dreams about crashing in an airplane. And to dream that a plane crashes signifies that you have set overly high and unrealistic goals for yourself. You are in danger of having those goals come crashing down. Alternatively, the crashing airplane represents your lack of confidence, self-defeating attitude and self-doubt. You do not believe in your own ability to achieve those goals. Loss of power and uncertainty in achieving your goals are also signified. To wake up before you crash in your dream may simply be the anticipation of the crash that jolts you awake. It is similar to the notion of waking up before you hit the ground from a fall.

During this time Blantor read Kathy Acker and thought everyone was weaker and less manipulative – but Blantor asked so much – in truth Blantor only cared about self. Blantor cannot blame anyone – Blantor used to breathe their names. Blantor missed an old life; seeing the little robo-dogs; an arfing canine. A waka laka bing bong. The robots in the streets and the mobilized sidewalks and the covered float rocket-bike lanes and the ding-ding cars going a bing-a-bang-bong in the street selling their wares. *God of revenge, because this is, perhaps, the heir to the world.*

1) Take Hormones at 12:00, Quit Smoking, Workout Everyday!

2) Passport Stuff

3) Make Patches

4) Email ----- for stuff for distro(?)

5) Finish Book

6) Download more music - Ethiopiques, The Raincoats, Darkthrone, Death Grips, P.E.A.C.E./War, Sta-Prest, The Little Deaths, Hatred Surge - Human Overdose

7) Make boring stickers

8) Fix computer Library

9) Change Address and Name

10) Finish Stomache Stick and Poke, Poopy Punks Toe Tattoo

12) Get a button machine

What is a top/dominant/master and what are the differences between them?

Do you want to be a great top that always leaves their partners satisfied, blissed, and eager to play again?

How can you play and learn new skills safely?

How do you remain in charge and still admit that you don't know everything or that you were wrong?

All I want for 2015 is an end to white supremacist capitalist cisheteropatriarchy, but if that doesn't happen quite yet I'll settle for a bunch of \$\$ and an apartment of my own.

Blantor remembered when father looked and said "How does it feel to finally be a working class citizen. Feels good doesn't it. Let me buy you a beer." And with friends, as they laid there by the tracks, and came to understand that they were dead and would never come back and that all dead things die and never come back.

A stolen Visi-box is playing some news taken from the broadcasting frequencies: “But most tragically of all, you have snuffed out the life of a beautiful, talented, vivacious little girl ... And for what? So that you could gratify your twisted and deviant desire to have sex with a child. Only a monster could commit an act of such pure evil. You sir are a monster,” the television robo-judge said. The judge demanded that everyone remembered her graduation, prom and wedding – which had all been replaced by anniversaries of the day she went missing, and the day she was found dead. Friday evening, people jockeyed to get a seat in the courtroom, and Tuesday morning was no different. It was bloodlust and people lined up early to try to get a seat inside the courtroom or in the overflow room. To hear about how this criminal raped the girl before, overcome with rage, bludgeoned the young girl to death with a hammer (I hate feminism).

To Read: The Question Concerning Technology, Chomsky/Foucault Debate, Discipline and Punish, Gender Trouble,

To get: Huge Canvas, Red Lace, Bondage Harnesses, Eye makeup sharpener, Razor Blades

Blantor's neck hurts. Blantor's neck and back fucking hurt. And the king of garbage decreed that selling art was like selling your body which was like selling your labour like selling yourself; like saying a PC bad word. Blantor thought about the death experience of a previous life, when

"[The king] decreed that Blantor should be put to death in boats; which execution is after the following manner: Taking two boats framed exactly to fit and answer each other, they lay down in one of them the malefactor that suffers, upon their back; then, covering it with the other, and so setting them together that the head, hands, and feet of them are left outside, and the rest of the body lies shut up within, they offer food, and if one refuses to eat it, they force it by pricking eyes; then, after one has eaten, they are drenched with a mixture of milk and honey, pouring it not only into one's mouth, but all over one's face. They then keep one's face continually turned towards the sun; and it becomes completely covered up and hidden by the multitude of flies that settle on it. And as within the boats one does what those that eat and drink must need do, creeping things and vermin spring out of the corruption and rottenness of the excrement and this entering into the bowels of one, and one's body is consumed. When one is manifestly dead, the uppermost boat being taken off, they find one's flesh devoured, and swarms of such noisome creatures preying upon and, as it were, growing towards one's inwards. In this way Blantor, after suffering for seventeen days, at last was supposed to expire."

AT 8:07PM BLANTOR COMES TO A LOOSE ORGASM. SHOWED SOME RECORDS AND SAYS BOB DYLAN IS A FAVE but the only music one needed was a dick in a blenduh' bay bay. And one of these garbagios that Blantor fell in love with was beautiful; their skin was radiantly inscribed. **AND BLANTOR LOVED, BLANTOR WANTS TO FUCK** and "you'd like to think you are Jesus. Shave off your fucking beard." In this world we see honour and it's nurturing, it's testing and the defining of honourable behaviour; duty and chance as "the servant of fate"; fearlessness facing death; rewards for taking risks when young; letting go of one's fantasies when old.

Out for dinner at the local garbage pub, on a date, Blantor stands up, "like scooby is cool dude, like zoinks dude. Life rocks! Let's hang out with my best buddies, let's work out. Let's play my favourite Pink Floyd album – *the Division Bell*. Let's ride, eat breakfast and smoke cigarettes. What do you like to do in the mornings? All you care about is your family. All you do is work for them. You only want to hear what is PG." (Blantor knows that Blantor is going to get fired.) Blantor pisses all over the table and runs out the door.

The Tele-Visi-3000 is on again at home, "*New! The form template for the environment and it's coming quickly. New! RUB this place called fat faster. New! In the ground, in the mud-let's... New! Freak far bastard in the near future. New! Maygo to go mayo.* Hi, I'm Doctor Laurence Magooboo, philosophaster, here to talk to you about cold sores. The herpes virus 1 can be spread by sharing cigarettes, drinks, lip stick, Chap Stick, etc. The most common way of spreading cold sores is by kissing someone with them though. **(THERE ARE PEOPLE DYING ALL OVER THE WORLD – GEE THAT IS REALLY BORING.)** You can **NOT** get genital herpes from sharing a cigarette with someone who has genital herpes. My source: *personal experience*. I have had genital herpes for over 5 years." This was yellow journalism, or the yellow press, a type of journalism that presents little or no legitimate well-researched news and instead uses eye-catching headlines to sell more newspapers and network minutes. Tic-tic. Techniques may include exaggerations of news events, scandal-mongering, or sensationalism.

Blantor **WAS SITTING IN THE BOSSES OFFICE; CAPITALISM IS EVERYTHING FUN DIALED UP AND BLANTOR JUST WISHED TO WANDER AND SHARE A STORY FOR A PLATE OF FOOD AND A WARM BED AND BLANTOR DID NOT WANT TO BE HERE. IN BED WITH THEM AGAIN. AGAIN AGAIN. STOP CALLING THEM YOUR FRIEND, FRIEND, FRIEND. BLANTOR HATES. BE GOOD TO FRIENDS, TO BE GOOD TO YOUR ENEMIES.**

And they never wrote back, and they could have at least been honest – they could have told Blantor about being hated. **FROM DEATH BLANTOR CAME TO DEATH BLANTOR RETURNS. ALONE ALONE ALONE. THEY WERE NOT SORRY. BLANTOR WAS NOT SORRY. LEFT ALONE. ALONE.** Ad nauseam.

To live in a coffin shaped box is four days labour. Maygo for the month costs four days labour. Blantor proposed that: "En quince años estaré muerto. La causa de mi muerte será "intoxicación alcohólica", bebí mucho ron, bebí porque estaba lleno de dolor. En quince años, todo el mundo va a estar triste, excepto la policía; ellos estarán encantados. La policía hará una fiesta; una pachanga para celebrar mi muerte. Todo el mundo va a comer carne. La carne se cocina término medio. Todo el mundo va a hablar de mi muerte con gran alegría. En quince años, será el día más grande de la policía. '¡Salud! ¡A su salud!' el jefe de la policía va a decir: Mi amigo

Delbert estará allí para dar una conferencia a la policía sobre la filosofía... (In fifteen years I'll be dead. The cause of my death will be 'alcohol intoxication', I drank a lot of rum, I drank because it was full of pain. In fifteen years, everyone will be sad, except the police; they will be happy. The police made a party; one pachanga to celebrate my death. Everyone will eat meat. The average meat is cooked. Everyone will talk about my death with great joy. In fifteen years, will be the biggest day of the police. 'God Bless You! To your health!' the police chief will say. My friend Delbert is there to give a lecture to the police about the philosophy...)

*I will always care about you klar.
But, our relationship isn't giving me what I need anymore.
I think I want to break up.
You are beautiful and you don't need me.*

Si yo tuviera cinco millones de dólares, yo compraría una gran cantidad de ron. También, yo compraría un coche propulsado por misiles de oro. También me gustaría construir un estadio. En el interior del estadio habría un muro gigante. Yo le daría el ron a los espectadores en el gran evento. Entonces yo me emborracharía. Luego, me gustaría conducir el coche por la pared de ladrillo. Con la ayuda de cinco millones de dólares, me rompería todos los huesos de mi cuerpo contra un muro de ladrillos. Mi amigo Delbert estaría entre los espectadores pensando sobre la filosofía. (If I had five million dollars, I would buy a lot of rum. Also, I would buy a car powered by missiles gold. I also like to build a stadium. Within the stadium would have a giant wall. I would give rum to viewers in the big event. Then I get drunk me. Then I'd drive the car brick wall. With the help of five million dollars, I would break every bone in my body against a brick wall. My friend Delbert be in the audience thinking about philosophy.)”

To spare some time, Blantor listened to songs like John Lenon's *One Ring to Rule Them All* and read their books, their books were mostly full of bullshit:

The Little Red Book
by Chairman Mao

Why all other footwear except flip flops should be illegal:

Eagles cleave the air,
Fish glide in the limpid deep;
Under freezing skies a million
creatures contend in freedom.
Brooding over this immensity,
I ask, on this boundless land
Who rules over man's destiny?
He who flips the flop,
will flop the flip.

The Care ov Self
by Michael Foucault

Chapter XIV – The Genealogy of Your Asshole

Our enemies may still be those who allow organizations to have massive pressure and force, the mechanics who have created a set of individuals so bad at their play-act. Against those who work and those who do not, we must continue to take action to enjoy the increase in the people's normalization – the power of the state, the army and police – to create a herd.

Many ask wherein lies the escape for these personal crusaders who run from this external pressure? Where is the other way to peep under force? Are we doomed to some sort of evening existence of slavery? Ah, the beautiful and its isolation, and the creation of a Dawn – a reality in isolation – a complete re-evaluation of the moral perception. Their own desires and hammer – that is a complete reassessment of good and what is bad – with the new total being of themselves. If a person is looking for an escape from the pressure of the outside, they should have knowledge (through individual initiative, they will not sit idly by waiting for help). One is the only thing that one can put pressure and exert themselves upon when they are away from their own. People should be like a rock – a diamond.

***The wheel. The empress. Judgement.
Obadiah is the spider living in your closet.
DEEP DEEP DEEP WOUNDS.***

And it is us that create and solve the overwhelming weight of the public social problem in the social structure – this is a cruel joke. Whoever believes and is committed to the personal social security and “progress” for the future of all is a fall guy. Whoever argued that “the human being is beautiful and contemplative” is trying to create servility for themselves – they want to pull a beautiful private body away from rumination. They want talking robots, a docile army of the hard to reach. But from what face? *Farters* – the fart out of their mouths! These robots give us the “personality”, but only allow some space and express the harmless. By doing so, they give priority to their own personality. So, now we can easily succumb to this point, let *individual* personality become the subject of a social pressure to crush – but the option is not feasible! If justice is turned insular instead of vengeful, injury rights against the weight of the will end up dumfounding and will be engrained by the coder.

My spilt coffee looks like an oroborous.

For example when one thinks of the “bulletin in brief for Czarism in the gerund”, law violation of the Czarist sickle is in the gerund, and injuries and paraphernalia to a Kazakh reaping hook are a go. Force on force. Deader husk gun. Two musclemen wholeheartedly harmful are guilty of social work. Crosscheck the urn and establish hidden communities. Smacker the cost to individual liberty. Luna tuna moral persuasion. You publicize disintegration advice and are the chemists of social pressures who are the only things in daylight. Magma accumulates; we are beings of pain. Yet there are those amongst us who still say “Harrumph. Ban the sun!” (Editor: this is an obvious reference to *Mr. Brans*, the TV millionaire, who coined the saying “Harrumph. Ban the sun!” on the popular television show *Friends*.) A zim zrang a doo doo dim don doodle.

When you are rushin' for a shemngle, you are a clowndad for life; you are “Zoot Suit Ryan”.

We need more wine priests and joy – the grand co-existence. We need to evaluate the moral purpose of the whole person. At the heart of their moral and social pressure, one feels guilty for being indisposed – you have some idea. One is the one who feels as if they owe everyone in the community normality or Christianness or Humanity, etc. Public pressure en mass, together we should be careful! And when you use war! If we feel that we are guilty of the most unusual – to see things in a different way – we will long to act on our own, instead of rather making public in the prescribed mode of assessment – this is one of the worst forms of suffering, but not a disaster to our joy in living.

They call it “victory” of the physical self with its refusal to happen. We must realize that this type of “pure reason” and advice and the “spiritual” and “knowledge itself” are only prophecy and public pressure, is this why on our own we do not react? This is - ! Vision set for another life in our own opinions rests in our livers, and we have failed to live life thus far. Our friends who avoid social pressure are prone to compromise under any social pressure, and even then, no matter how strong the pressure may be. Perhaps it is true that social pressure is a disease that often haunts people or the poor – but by force, they should be able to overcome these beings. Someone should put any base in focus, in addition to their own settings. A person must have a strong will and thick-insensitive stone skin. If someone wants to be a personality, it must be the promotion of an own personality. I should be a person who wants to be regardless of the consequences. But I already have too many people – and I think it's all coming back! ...

Here is an achievable solution to social pressure, no matter how strong we are, we are capable of being involved in living beyond, always beyond the social values to our own code. We implore and assume full personal moral trivialization of own desires. *Hammer* – which is a good. Revaluation and evil suit and personal experience – but do you want it? Show us your strength! Tell us what you want – not the USA! If we really want to escape social pressures, we better find it by the solution, not only as individualists with licenses in society. Cruel sadistic personality takes precedence over any real progress in the development of the law, and we can provide a personal basis, to people or Dyonisus or flatheads – I understand we?

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Shot of soldier monitoring computer. Soldier picks up phone.

Soldier: General we just got a message. One of the control subjects from industrial zone 3042449 is trying to escape.

Cut to General.

General: No. Do not, do not worry, we will be doing the termination of them. It's not fair, of course, that she got 20 years when she should have had far more, but death, and I guess by extension life too, is not in the business of playing fair. I have to remind myself of this when I am tempted to dwell on the outrageous injustice dealt to her friends and family because she is no longer around. I am so, so grateful for the time with her that I got, but I can't help but wish all of our plans about what to do when we are real grown-ups, all four of us together, were still possible- because they're not, or at least not possible in the way we imagined them. In our house we are missing a piece that is precious and irreplaceable.

Cut to shot of word terminate flashing on screen.

Alarm should ring. Sound is played. Character (*read: you*) gets out of bed, fully clothed.

Character: What a weird dream. Ah. Fuck.

Cut to scene of character running up a bunch of stairs. Character comes out into their own bedroom.

Character: Oh perfidious environment no, not this faecal matter again.

Knock at the door.

Bro-e McBro: Hey dude, I wants to know if you and your bras want to come bro out with my bros. Cockslut dicklover.

Character: Who hell are you? I have never seen you in my life.

Cut to scene of scientists.

Scientist: Beepy boopy boop.

Cut to scene of character walking.

Character: Unhurriedly they died out.

Cut to same act of character clad as “Moe”.

Character: I could no longer have an occupation in their environment.

Cut to scene of Moe in the airport.

Character: I needed to escape this place. Why are they all?

Cut to scene of Escape flashing on screen.

Cut to stock footage of plane taking off.

Cut to scene of Moe returning into the same airport.

Cut to scene of Character in a Neutral Mask.

Neutral Mask Character: Did you have a nice aerospace journey?

Moe: Who are you?!

Cut to scene of Bingbong Bonkershnietzschel walking.

Cut to scene of scientists

Scientist: Blood pressure normal. Enlargement maximum. Fake cocks.

Cut to scene of acid eyes. Acid in the eyes.

Cut to scene of Neutral Mask Character following Moe around forest with “creepy” music.

Cut to scene of Moe sitting alone on a wall in a big group of people sped up ten times.

Cut to scene of advertisements.

Cut to scene of Moe running through the woods and coming out in the airport.

Neutral Mask: It's hopeless. There is no seepage.

Cut to close up of Moe's face in horror.

Cut to scene of scientists.

Scientists: **Suggestion #47** – Become into Biblo Baggins. **Suggestion #49** – Sarcasm is the highest form of humour.

Our paranoid delusions will destroy us. And memories grow gray and dim.

Youth.

Hallo dear... It's me, did she replied? Gary getting married. Grinned the private jet landed on Charlie. Suggested Adam broke his cell phone. Downer in front seat to believe long as big news car pulled away. Observed Gary getting married next morning. Announced Bill as well that. Answered Vera stood up for everyone. Bill as well that Shirley. Chad who would have been going. Said Bill and tried to tell anyone. Constance was such as one in ads.

- 5:60 -

Dick Richards was some sort of bean-slurping crum-bum and all day, boring, boring, grey morning, pigeons, his sad song. He is standing in front of a model of his future idea for the future city of the future, it is big and bright and tall and phallic. *Pene* – a celebration of the phallus. Dick ponders... “Mash the 'tates dude, you're a stupid asshole and so am I; I have done the same thing to you that they did to me. Nachkriegszeit. My own empire is my downfall. I am fucking ridiculous and I feel like a hole is burning in my chest. Today my skin is painful, it's so itchy, and it feels like it is flaking off. Today I scratch my scalp until it bleeds. I fear I am balding. One day – I don't talk about people, I only talk about death and that's why no one talks to me.” Dick proposes hyperbolically. Dick wonders if they knew what he meant.

Another – “It's not art really, it's just decadent” and they sneer at him about his city of the future; his city of dicks and fear and violence. A city that balanced health and beauty, that could not be easier to live in. And his contract is a big surprise and joy, his creative drive was very strong. But this was only the beginning, and, therefore, we should be more positive. Dick would sell the city with ads. A city in which for every domicile sold, two more could be build.

Ads try to put economic demand to work; they position their products in the game of “hunt the slipper”. Ads show one an impossible and forbidden thing, and then the “reduced fat” product is offered as the substitute object in the place opened up by the proscription of this thing. Advertising attempts to stimulate, to cause our desire, this can only mean the whole mythological construction it articulates around the product is a social fantasy, and, furthermore, that this product serves or functions as an object that causes our desire, in other words, as an object-cause of desire.

It's like in the Little Red Book where Chairman Mao wrote – “he who flips the flop, will flop the flip” Dick says. “Now all the hipsters wear flip flops – it's cultural revolution! Please tell me, if the world is bad, and my life is horrible and useless and so are attempts to charge, or if there is something more. What about this desire? Tomorrow if water is free, they will let the fucking faucet run for 6 hours. But I will keep calm and have a nice day – two big thumbs way up! This is my new motto – every day is super! Yeah! I love pizza!” Dick was also a piece of classist shit and thinks that art that is sold is not art because it is a commodity. Just like “Nietzsche had his snack food company, 'Über-Munch’” where his “best-selling product was the Will-to-Powerbar.”

Dick remembers being enveloped in purple folds, now he has a broken brain and is very lonely here. He peers over at the Led Zeppelins – you know – communication breakdown, Star Trek, 1997. The celebrities invited to his sculpture unveiling. His explanation of his art something like “Sex, you can stay, I hate you, I hate. Do you want me to collect, shoot, and he behaves like a madman. Now I'm sick. Of course, there is nothing. I don't know what is in your head.”

Dick believes he is Zanzor, pope of being a fucking stupid fucking stupid fucking stupid “isn't that just generally interesting,” someone chimes in. And to Dick society and individual bleed together ouroborically and we are mostly made up of prosthesis. We are cyborgs in a concrete landscape.

A toast – “You made me drink' and 'you made me punch myself in the face' are both boring fucking statements and I have

made neither.” Dick proposes. “But I still hate myself and I want to end my own fucking life. Drink to die, violence to that deserveth of violence. God, I feel like I am going to die. Each position is a desire, though small, and a dangerous problem to the present system of society, they are the aspirations of anti-social engine, and vice versa. But this time, however, we will install this device, and not just as a demonstration”

The knight of wands; the lovers; justice.

A crowd member shouts out “Is your peace sign a joke? It better be a joke? This model looks like a bunch of Dicks.”

“Have you ever met me? I am a joke.” Dick yelps, snapping fingers and calling in robot police dressed as butlers. “For fucks sake, who am I and what does it mean for me to be?” Dick demands.

Dick has everyone in the room killed. They are the kids they had to replicate themselves, and were so proud of what they had accomplished. And their parents and gods scared them even long after they died. And in the end they were alone, so terribly alone. And there is death. Dick just plays harmonica for 15 fucking terrible minutes and saw a crow peck out a dead rat’s brain on the side of the road.

Here is the river.

The people build their villages beside the river because it grows their food.
Shit.

“We are all totalitarians. We are all fragile. I will listen. But I think, I hope you can forget who you are. I think that Washington did not hesitate to bring the shadow to the land of monsters. I think it is now immersed in endless pain and misery. I do not know – that’s my ugliness, my lack of security, my body hurts, and for a couple of pounds, and that’s all that’s left to say – I hate the feeling of violence. I want thistle, soft stone, black beans, and not void. I know we’ve been through, I know why we went there. It is not only walk, but the other people that hit me with the opportunity for peace, the Postojimogunost determines the sample without it.” Dick proposes and with an appearance of personal valour and military perfection, the citizens are ultimately powerless and dominated by their own petty insecurities and hubris. And “Hello there, I feel good, I am bad, and so no one will love me. I feel good, so I’m good, so each of them loves me. Well, I don’t like them, you’re bad, and I don’t love you. I’m good, and you love me so much, you can go, I love you. I’m weak, and you love me, you are mistaken”.

And Dick watched as the magnetic power train report came in. And the train with all the klarts has spilt out into the valley and all the klarts are broken and bleeding. Those little things are all dying. Those little things are dying. Zose klarts are dying, you don’t understand me and those klarts are dying.

The chief of the world – he felt – to control the robot men who do their robot dance. To eternally cry “Domo Arigato Mr. Roboto” and believe in this statement of security. Worse than being a fan of Styx – Dick was a fan of the time police; and if we can moderate time then we can moderate everything, or so he believed. So all the clocks will have to be set to 5:80 at the central Leviathans. 5:80 a blip blop on the flippity switches that kept all the trains running on time. And all dissenters would be prosecuted. Like in the 1999 film Big Daddy, where Adam “Sandles” Sonny tells a girl he is trying to impress who is, like him, a Styx fan, that at a Styx concert once he was pulled up on stage and got to do the robot voice on Mr. Roboto. When she asks if that actually happened, he reveals that it didn’t and it is revealed that he has been in jail for the last 3000 years. In the 2004 film Shrek 2, in the feature, “Far Far Away Idol”, Pinocchio sings the song and does the dance, the killing dance, of the robot men. And everyone would be doing the fucking dance; you think Shrek is Drek, but I got fucking news for you – Shrek is not drek. sleepad aunty fuck by boy. Got ‘em.

The master-slave is the master-mold for the robots. Dick knew the big joke. It went something like this: “Society is in an unbeknownst place – its behaviour is damaged with its own terrible components; the destructive, ugly, rich and powerful are pulling the strings behind the scenes and are those with the ability to use the land and its inhabitants. They disclose in a manner that hides to divide and plunder; in every age, they kill unabated... Yet, if a person is seeking any type of freedom they must become a predator, as well as a repressive force.

It could be seen on all the screens in the world – those who were higher in the performance ratings showed signs of all personal power, and inflicted severe mental stress. They *had* capacity.

Yet there were those who tried to tear down the networks of concealment, and break the veil created by the Strength Department. Of course a person must want to know what *it* means, but they never try to understand how the basic terms of the language of our civilization were built by genocide... ‘We have to look at the nature of society and seek solutions to atrocities,’ they babble. But if you can’t *motivate* yourself and others, then perhaps an honest review of the world is beyond one’s capabilities. Sure

everyone is autonomous to move towards enfeeblement for themselves, but only when no one is really facing the threat of violence is a compromise truly possible. The bottom line then is perhaps that a world free from fear is practicable yet unwanted.

I will lose all my hair and be ugly. I'm making time in each day to masturbate. It always makes me smile, and I'll get better at it by practicing every day! Thanks for this inspiration to make fun happen. Not masturbating for ALL of January, day 2 feels really good so far! I'm going to masturbate a little bit every day! Hopefully I'll have a bunch of wee masturbated thingies that I enjoy by the end of the month! I'm gona masturbate, every day. I like this!

In modern society, the mystery behind any kind of destructive procedure is that the vast majority of people run away voluntarily so that they do not find themselves in the world... That which stands in front of force is weak and in the different parts of the space between individuals one can hide social configurations and a maze of bureaucratic text. Only violence can ever build this type of a hiding place on a large scale, simply by doing, simply in the fact that the slaughterhouse stays where it is built. And this slaughterhouse remains as an independent community; itself is divided thus and thus, with no part fully aware of what is happening. As mentioned before, the sight of a glass walled slaughterhouse is a stomach, so it is that very few people can truly digest the natural environment of war – *this torn landscape*. The real world is one where events do not hide. All the same, the public spits, though the fact remains that the atrocities are a hidden work.

We must take into account the people who are opposed to the computations and machinations of the world and keep them so they are not in the position to take action. We must agree to take their food and the privilege of the company of others. It is in this lonely oppositeness to society that one can prove how real it is to be scared. If you have taken anything from the public hunt and hidden problems, and you can't find other people who care about the same issues, then you must use them. If you start to see with your own fingers, you have to take other people as they are whether this is out of compassion or only out of one's ability to be able to help others return to their own municipality. This fright and isolation is the beginning of a nightmare that will spread in a way that is not involuntary, and I have no fear.

We may put them under a gaze, where they will produce emotional bondage, but many atrocities will continue in our world, because concealment and splitting are held in place by a large system designed to force people to become isolated from each other. One cannot see the horrors of the surrounding environment when they can't check if the continuations of the same actions are a required part of the system. All stops and there is no doubt that the first step to resolve any problem is to pragmatically recognize a... I was dissatisfied. Oh, yes. Before the crap came out of me, and I came in after the corner of the room, again, I would not be unhappy. Spring diehard cock, oh, yes, I know fear and you fear love's death. Love it, go to a veteran day later, they would not be happy. The world will not explode, the terrorists will cover more. Oh, yes, like death, oh, yes."

A detachment of robots enter the room with a large amount of dextromethorphan; Dick imbibes the fluid and becomes into a new being. The world around is morbid, what a delusional wondrous existence, a horrific spiral. To be king; to be the mother-fucking bong-rippin' honkey talking blow job boppin' king. 77 points in a game where the score is 77 to -23. Wadda' fuck is up with that?

The factories pump out those goddamn robots like the learned cocks of scholars are self-masterbatorily pumped in the throes of a goddamn academic train wreck. "Everything I have ever done is not good enough," so says the critic, but Dick was no fucking shipyard of elephant bones, the world was white with magic dust like a magic man living on the moon and the robots would live and breathe the breath of mechanic life.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

One morning there is some commotion, the news has spread that a large section of resistance against the growing robotocracy had been suppressed. Blantor's name is mentioned, and Blantor wonders why – had there been offence that was caused? There were rumours that large units of robot police were being mobilized to take care of the rest of the non-mechanical phenomenon – the inhabitants would have little time to pack their belongings and leave. Even the garbage cities of the outlands would be unsafe. Everything would soon be paved over with asphalt and plastic buildings by a Pard Pard, Mard Mard, Zartle 2000.

Tessa groped her young niece's smooth plump ass cupping each cheek with her hands. Using both hands she pulled apart the soft globes inhaling the sweet natural aroma of the little ones back entrance. Tessa leaned in and began to probe Ally's tight puckered virgin asshole with her tongue. She drove her tongue in and out gently tongue fucking her niece's sweet anal passage. She would stop after a few thrusts to gather up some more saliva in her mouth and deliver sloppy drool covering licks and French kisses to lubricate the girls pink little poop chute before continuing darting her tongue into the girl's ass.

Blantor always remembered that after finishing with the stove, the pilot light must be relit or it will reek like ass. Wreak vengeance. Indeed, it was because those were the words engrained on the stone of ages that belonged to Knorl. And it was Knorl who lived on a fucking hill and used the goddamn stone to predict the mother fucking future. But Knorl also knew that there was not much they could do; they were fucked. Like being stoned and meeting the police – the garbage dwellers were going to meet the police like a 10 pound sack of mother-fuck murder potatoes. Knorl once wrote a public bulletin:

Dearest comrades,

Recently a beautiful comrade of mine came out as transgender. I see her struggle every day with her thoughts of not being enough ‘feminine’ looking. As a pansexual individual who does not want to accept my gender role or respect the gender binary, I find the struggle of women to be ‘feminine’ enough extremely frustrating. Society has expected me, my whole life, to wear makeup, wear a bra, wear ‘pretty’ clothes, obsess over being clean and always maintaining my good looks, and more. I have nearly lost myself forever in trying to be someone I’m expected to be. I realize penis bodied individuals have had expectations as well...but I wonder if during the transitioning, you, my dear comrades, have gotten caught back up in playing the gender role game. Just because you’re trans, doesn’t mean you have to prove yourself. Anyone who immediately expects you to start wearing bras, dresses and makeup, is doing the same thing that the people who told you you had to act like a man, to not cry etc, did. You can be trans, and just be yourself. By all means, if wearing makeup is something you do for yourself, you will hear no objections from me. But if you are doing for any other reason, please remember to love and respect yourself. I am so tired of the expectations and I have refused them... and it truly makes me sad when I see others suffering.

In the commotion of the preparations for the resistance against the robots Blantor slips away; something of a fuck you mother fucking mojitos, I’m off to a North American nation. An affliction after modernity and a head that had grown disillusioned with the world; a tired woolly oriented traveller, a smithy of shoes – a shoe Smity. Smitten and then forgotten and tossed about in a motley mix of flamboyant festivities. Blantor left the world, dwelling in it no longer.

And Blantor missed their beautiful presence. “Will you hold me and kiss me when you get here? And shove your fingers into my tight little cunt? You are my best and probably only friend.” And Blantor remembered saying that they didn’t have to leave early if they were on Visichat or Slammin’ Sloppy’ Sex Cam or something and wanted to stay at work. And Blantor was exhausted so it was okay.

*I see no way out — I agree with your decision — I fear only that without you the world may not make it to communism.
For my part — I am more than tired of this wretched, merciless planet & the hell it holds for the masses of so many beautiful people
— thank you for the only life I've known.*

Soon Blantor went to the outskirts of the city to see what could be seen. Homogenization and grim blackness that was reminiscent of a past life. The tower blocks and power blocks stared back just as emptily and vaguely as before. If only to see Fuck and have everything all over again. This was a Trümmerfilm and Blantor would dress to impress and go to the government building and find the file. Fuck’s file would be located in the hall of central record processing. Blantor would go to the city and find what had happened.

The city is a jail, the cages are too small, Blantor was crying, Blantor hates the visit. Blantor slithered in the darkness away from Robbie-robot glares, the panopticon.

Two letters of note were still in Blantor’s old home mailbox; never received. The first a piece of mail was from The British National Lottery, P O Box 1010 3b, Olympic Way, Sefton Business Park, Aintree, Liverpool , L30 1RD (Customer Services), Ref: UK/9420X2/68, Batch: 074/05/ZY369. It read:

Ticket number: 56475600545 188

Lucky Numbers: 05,06,17, 20, 28,42 (Bonus33)

This is to inform you that you have been selected for a cash prize of 1,000,000 Pounds held on the 20th November 2014 in London (United Kingdom). The selection process was carried out through random selection in our computerized email selection system (ESS) London Uk. Fill the below:

1. Full Name
2. Full Address
3. Marital Status
4. Occupation

5. Age
6. Sex
7. Nationality
8. Country Of Residence
9. Telephone Number

Agent Name: Mr. Fred Peters
Tel: +447024060710
+447031963824
Email: ukldraw_1@yahoo.co.uk

The other read as:

Dear friend,

I will like to invest in your country. Please if you have an investment opportunities, or you know someone who can carry it out; then kindly get back to me if you are interested with your private email address and phone contacts, so I can give you details and your area of participation in the investment plans.

*Regards,
Mrs. Winefreda.*

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dick who exists as Son for ever and ever. You are what you are, you are who you are.

Today, Dick was infected with disease, but was not mad about it. Dick was serving democracy in his riding and every society had its own brand of criminal, but “it’s pretty funny that we have relative security” (no). Dick was watching the *Thing with Two Heads*, a film in which “they transplanted a white bigot’s head onto a soul brothers body”. Dick was really fucked up this time and was an ugly piece of shit that deserved to be hated.

The vidiscreen proposes that maybe he was “tired of looking for girls to...” Ghosts of war, hell, death, oblivion, and eating celery – *the spirit enhancing vegetable*, or were they of The Five Punishments. And for once Dick didn’t want more drugs. “Help me” he would say. Sure, Dick found the fragility of our bodies to be so upsetting, and how others are so beautiful, and he was so ugly. But as the rhyme goes “oranges and lemons are sold for a penny, and all the schoolgirls are so many. The grass is green, and roses red, remember me that I am dead”.

Indeed, Dick was just like that character Dank Dennis from Fat Albert; Funky Donald Fat Albert. Dick toasted bread in a Toasty Master 3000 and put the warm slices of bread on his legs to warm them up. Ah, just what was needed, another “Judgey Judgerson”, someone here to destroy all appeals to authority.

“They are Mold Man; Moulded Man. Hello Telton.” Dick says looking out onto the city. ***“I WISH YOU WOULD STOP TELLING ME THERE IS A RIGHT AND A WRONG WAY TO BE UPSET. YOU ARE NOT ME.”***

Soon Dick’s new assistants enter, Ramleon and Romleon, half robot half dolphin, they set up a “just” standard and killed all those who opposed it. “You know Dick, ‘Bad Brains’ were a bunch of homophobes in 1979?” They say in simultaneous conjoined speech.

Dick is wearing a light floral British national flag and singing the song *Sleeping Facilities* by Bad Brains. The song went like “I’m not a big juicy cock sucking noozley frozedo pickles flags flash favorite part boozle flower burst DRAM bribery dance I poozle.”

The human population outside the window is mostly unemployed and deprived; many people blame the robots for taking their jobs but it was hard for them to reject state control when they were part of the state and part of the robots. Waka-laka, idolatry, the destruction of religious images within a culture is called iconoclasm, of which there have been many major episodes in history. Dick speculates that “The truth is the whole, however, the whole is the natural essence consummating with itself through its further development. Whatever.”

There were machines outside capable of carrying out a complex series of actions automatically, especially ones

programmable by a computer. They were robots, nouns – rooted in 1923, from the English translation of 1920 play “R.U.R.” (“Rossum’s Universal Robots”), by Karel Capek (1890-1938), from Czech robotnik “slave,” from robota “forced labor, compulsory service, drudgery,” from robotiti “to work, drudge,” from an Old Czech source akin to Old Church Slavonic rabota “servitude,” from rabu “slave,” from Old Slavic orbu-, from PIE. Orbh- “pass from one status to another” (see orphan). The Slavic word thus is a cousin to German Arbeit “work” (Old High German arabeit). According to Rawson the word was popularized by Karel Capek’s play, “but was coined by his brother Josef (the two often collaborated), who used it initially in a short story.” They were machines that performed a function according to a predetermined set of coded instructions, especially capable of a range of programmed responses to different circumstances; used in similes and comparisons to refer to a person who seems to act in a mechanical or unemotional way.

And the workers outside in their single colourized grey jumpsuits with their barcodes on their heads and their different levels of cybernetics were like the horse in *Animal Farm*; living in a world that is prefabricated and they were not going to beat it, nobody was. They all asked themselves if they were good people. They went to the first Church of Repercussions “Am I a good person? Help me Father, forgive me for I have sinned. Save me; why did you give life to me?”

Dick dreamt of past lives and that he was cheated on with the most beautiful boy. Dick stabbed him and was wanted by the police and then went to jail for the rest of his life. Dick knew it was his fault. Reading is for fascists: burn all the books. Reading is for nepiophiles: castrate all the rapists.

Unlike others Dick did not have to work his life away. He did not make \$70000. But he still felt that one day he would be old, or would be dead. Someone posted about it on a 'blog'. It was cool – www.I am fucking worthless.com. Where the theme was that we could die any minute now, and that is fucking morbid reality. From “birthday fun”, to blood clot on the brain within a day; and the Anglo-Belgian India Rubber Company.

Dick was pretty sure most people had münchausen syndrome, and thought that was okay, but he wanted everyone to at least be great totalitarians. Nevertheless, here are their rules to their game:

Rule 1 - Don't hurt anyone's feelings.

Rule 2 - Everything is good except people who hurt other people's feelings.

Dick thought this was B O R I N G. And even though life was a comedy of manners, and he didn’t even remember why he was mad anymore, he yet woke up in blind hatred every day. Dick was fucking awful; everything was so fucked up. Morals reformed – health preserved – industry invigorated – instruction diffused – public burthens lightened – economy seated, as it were, upon a rock – the Gordian knot of the poor-law not cut, but untied – all by a simple idea in architecture! The new government centers themselves are housed in a monolithic dome inside of a 50 foot Soul Therapy pyramid structure based on the geometric proportion of the octahedron, the diamond shape of two pyramids mirrored. The pyramids have a 51 degree angle that correlates to the principles of measurement that include the circumference of the earth, the distance between the earth and the moon and the distance between the earth and the sun. You will feel the difference!

Ramleon and Romleon propose that,
*“instrumentality is considered to be
the fundamental characteristic of technology.
If we inquire,
step by step,
into what technology,
represented as means,
actually is,
then we shall arrive at revealing.
The possibility of all productive manufacturing lies in revealing.”*

Dick stands up and demands “Who here thinks they act with respect? Who here thinks they deserve respect? You are one and its own time. Me, I can't get any more fucked up. I can't get up. Great.” He slumps back over and reflects, “It's just like Manson said: 'You make Hitler into a big person because he was your fear and you were afraid of him. Your mother was afraid of him. I'm not afraid of Hitler. Hitler was a little teardrop that fell from the prison's eye.”

The entire world was holding onto its “sanity” by a thread. And what the fuck was everyone doing? They were in search of the truth and the need to abandon the truth as soon as they had found it, or were trying to understand the implacable nature of social rituals, or to overlook the importance of coincidence, and the importance of personal morality. And the essential mystery of all things.

*January 19th - Tape Inserts, Fix Pants
January 20th - Stick and pokes, Get Blood Tested, Finish Passport Form*

Dick ate so much pizza. His stomach hurts. Spricky spracky go the riot vans in the night. Pop pop pop goes the population control.

January 22nd - Go to UBC, Get Tape Stuff Printed, Freestore Meeting 3pm,

January 23rd - Film @ 8pm

January 24th - Txt Mark (Get Mon/Wed/Thur/Fri/Sat Off)

How to kill yourself painlessly? 13 answers 28 Dec 2013

How to kill myself easily? 14 answers 14 Nov 2013

How to kill yourself quickly and painlessly? 10 answers 30 Aug 2013

How to kill yourself easily ? 11 answers 23 May 2013

More results from answers.yahoo.com

And Dick can't sleep because he's bogged down with paranoia. "Are you tired are you sad are you tired are you sad are you tired are you sad?" he would ask himself and then remark "Christ. I have no humility. Help me. Family..."

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Rin Rin

Blontock: ¿Hola?

Vundu (la hermana de Blontock): ¡Blontock! Una llanta de su coche se ponchó. ¡Tu coche tiene una groma ponchada! ¿Tiene seguro?

Blontock: ¿Seguro? ¡No tengo seguro! ¡Tampoco tengo coche!

Vundu: ¡Bueno, tomé las llaves de un coche de su bolsa esta mañana!

Blontock: ¿De qué coche estás hablando!?

Vundu: ¡El coche en frente de la casa!

Blontock: ¡Sabes que no tengo coche! ¡No tengo una licencia para manejar!

Vundu: Entonces, ¿de dónde vienen? Es un convertible de cambios mecánicos con dos puertos.

Blontock: ¡He estado en una borrachera durante los últimos tres días y no recuerdo nada!

Vundu: ¿Por qué has robado el coche?

Blontock: No me acuerdo de eso... ¿Llamaste a la policía?

Vundu: ¡No sabía qué más hacer!

Vundu are also accused by locals of snatching babies from the banks of rivers and swallowing them whole while the parents wash clothes.

Toc Toc

Blontock: Un minuto, hay alguien en la puerta... ¡Mierda! ¡Los puercos!

Blontock abre la puerta.

Blontock: ¿Huelo el tocino?

***La policía amigable le dispara Blontock en el pecho. ***

Policía: Hola, tenemos razones para creer que usted es responsable de la ola de criminalidad en esta ciudad.

Blontock: Blehhhhhh...

Policía: I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
And I can run away from you, I can!

(The tale ends with a fox catching and eating the gingerbread man who cries as he's devoured, "I'm quarter gone...I'm half gone...I'm three-quarters gone...I'm all gone!")

Blontock muere

Policía: Tampoco, te olvides de sacar seguro. Aquí está un billete de \$ 4000.

Vundu: ¡Ay Blontock! ¡No llames "puercos" a los policías! ¿Cuándo vas a aprender a hablar correctamente con la autoridad?

El Fantasma de Blontock: ¡Nunca!

Vundu: ¡Ay, caramba! ¡Un fantasma!

El Fantasma de Blontock: ¡Ay, caramba! ¡Me he convertido en un fantasma!

- 5:70 -

Blantor was in the city again and day-dreamt of schooldays where an Economics professor proposed something about bodily fatness. Unable to stop sweating in sleep, dirty sheets that were dirty and probably unwashed in a month. By month, one might mean two years. And someone was a person with cushing's syndrome, moon face, and rheumatoid arthritis – and will the tomatoes grow this year?

I got away from Grandmother,
I got away from Grandfather,
and I will certainly get away from you.

(The fox manages to catch and eat Kolobok through distracting him by praising his singing.)

The mayor was doing his DJ set and he evicted all the homeless and some were sent to jail for imitating the opposite sex. They read a religious book there. This is one sentence: "one major problem is that no physicalist theory of color developed so far seems to have a principled, physicalistically kosher similarity matrix defined over proposed color properties that doesn't make an explanatory detour from how color properties affect perceivers and at the same time respects all the similarity relations fixed by color phenomenology."

Blantor had become infatuated by the world and its politics, and remembered the garbage band that was called *Andre Brevic and the Bumflap Jugband*, and even a foreigner's fart being perfume. Blantor used to see them play a show and be too drunk to see straight – offered the drink of eternal life, laughing in their face and saying something about semi-permanence.

On an abstract bursary, Paul Sunburned (Jason Biggs) is an angle out of liquid child from the upstate Innovative York who arrives in Original York Conurbation. In the fall of 1999, attending seminary at NYU, Paul runs into rare technical hitches and misadventures, usually brought on by his pals, three damaged, hateful merrymaking creatures. When Paul is patented an underdog and thrust out by his lodgers, he become peaceful in a room at a veterinary surgery. Afterwards, almost by design, he happens and cascades in detestation with Dora Rhombus (Mena Safari), a fellow apprentice who is socializing their immoral prose don, Edward Alcott.

It was in this grim world that the Son of Sam became the Son of Hope because it was okay to want to shoot people and not actually want to see the repercussions of the violence you're inflicting. They were out of the prison into the mall and told to eat some bread and drink some water to feel better. Spitting the bread on the floor and snarling and flipping them off. Everyone fucking up in irrepressible ways, philosophizing like a dishwasher, asking "why is the son the angriest sky god?"

Blantor only ate one meal today and at one point loved. Yep, sure did, and they said they cared but nevertheless Blantor was an idiot, a loser, a lame ass, a hypocrite and paranoid, like a puppy that has diarrhoea every two hours and the marginal rate of substitution for Worker B must be greater than Worker A's marginal rate of substitution. This stems from the fact that Worker B values leisure more than Worker A and would like to work less (they are over-employed).

To protect their rights the majority of the population, Blantor once joined the Christian Heritage Party; and Blantor really need a broom, the roads of the modern city floor were so dirty they turned feet filthy. No one walked here but the impoverished.

The Christian Heritage Party seeks to avoid a narrow platform, but rather implements the policy that “civil government is to ensure freedom and justice for a nation's citizens by upholding law and order in accordance with Biblical principles.” Some of the key goals and principles of the Christian Heritage Party are:

- 1) Have the citizen's bank, rather than citizens, pay to overhaul the economy and the infrastructure.
- 2) Eliminate income tax, and replace it with a 'fair tax'.
- 3) Treat the national debt 'like a mortgage'.
- 4) Having non-violent criminals pay restitution out of jail, and having dangerous offenders remain in prison until their behaviour indicates that they are no longer dangerous to society.
- 5) Definition of marriage as between one man and one woman to the exclusion of all others.
- 6) Protection of speech.
- 7) Legislation for property rights.
- 8) Reduce waiting times for hospitals by putting cosmetic surgeries at the back of the line.
- 9) Defund abortion and make it illegal, push for adoption as a substitute.
- 10) Promoting domestic population growth, rather than immigration.
- 11) Reinstating capital punishment.
- 12) Resisting the implementation of Sharia law.

Blantor had by now realized that rights are only ever secured in relation to existing infrastructures and can be taken away at any time by those who give them. So it was just the old story ever told again; like Sisyphus – destined to roll a nugget up a hill, only to have diarrhoea, and I believe that Williams presents a very compelling counter-argument to the position presented by Shoemaker.

Blantor had arrived at the edifice of Vital Statistics, where they documented how the parts of the world are world mates (in the same spatial temporal dimension). To the department of Vital Statistics, a possible world is spatially and temporally connected and all possible worlds are of the same kind. At least some other worlds will be concrete (different worlds are in different dimensions). Furthermore, at least some people who worked there could easily win the grand prize with the figleaf-and-stinging-nettle cluster for self-inflicted suffering and wasted potential. Most who worked there got through the day by managing to keep this strategy up until death do them part, concealing from their spouse the fact that they have been shamming happiness all these years. Just like when they demand what is “history”? Normally, the answer is “A house that is made of Tinkertoys. The house made out o’ Tinkertoys was made of Tinkertoys; i.e., normally, the Tinkertoys existed before the house did, and the house was then built out of them.” “Could a house, and the Tinkertoys it is made of, come into existence together?” is a serious question at the department of Vital Statistics.

Blantor gave a fervent welcome to the sight and standing opposite was a huge...

Nor for your golden crown be violets in their secret mews...

The final verse is a call to celebration and to forget the longing for friendship...

Here commercial enterprise and industriousness ruled, just like Porsche built the German panzer tanks and Mercedes built the German cars that Hitler used and Hugo Boss designed the Nazi Uniforms and Siemens manufactured the gas chambers used to kill millions of Jews and gays and Bayer manufactured the gas used to kill millions of Jews and gays.

When Blantor got inside the building, a meeting had just finished and "now...uh...yeah, and I thought that part I of the book was much more easy going and dynamic than the last part... or much easier to read... but yeah, I just finished doing it; so... Uh, that's a little too verbatim for my liking. It doesn't exactly make me sound coherent. Chim... Do you HAVE to do that?... ahahaha... ChimmMMM. Are you fucking kidding me?"

I don't have to meet your needs. Nor can I. Do I want to sometimes? Yes. But not all the time. I have me to take care of. And all the time I barely get to because I am so concerned with how you feel. And I don't even do that right.

Inside the meeting, it was like the world – another nice, fine, fun day. Another day that is nice and fine and fun. Another day that has the good grace of the “good Lord” to be good and great and good and nice and fine and fun. Another day to pick between the red team and the blue team. Another day for buying the red shoes or the blue shoes. Another day for the same repetitive task – mundane writing of an essay or trite conversation with plebeians the proletariat, the bourgeois, or are they just automatic automatons? It was like sitting in an economics lecture; being beaten up by the police; participating in a system of education akin to prison on a prison planet; wage labour for the rich; grinding coffee with a tin can because one bought beans instead of ground coffee and has no blender or coffee grinder; like smoking too many unfiltered cigarettes; reading Willard Van Orman Quine; being too drunk; mundane dumb things; the old; the young; contemplating whether or not problems are of any real consequence while writing; watching people shop and starve; hearing “Y.O.L.O. is carpe diem for stupid people”; it was the thirst for material goods; the talk over the phone of one's parents; gab-gab-gabby gals; road-kill; dead children on TV and war overseas. What a trainload of garbage, what drudgery, what is this festering, oozing anus of a world that to be confronted with every day? Why did Blantor feel so helplessly unable to bring a halt to so much horror? And the terrible, terrible amounts of bad drugs. Boring. Find oneself wishing to be dead.

I am not going to take your shit anymore, so if you care about me you better treat me half decently. I don't owe you anything.

Blantor had a terrible stomach flu over a weekend the last time a visit to the ministry occurred. One can imagine the quasi perpetual diarrhoea experienced over a two day period – defecating nothing but water while attempting to comb over books written by the dead or dying about death. At the time, a tiny room seemed like it was ten feet squared and Blantor had not had a cigarette in days, perhaps ten days or more. Ten feet, ten days, in ten long minutes the next sentence was typed out.

And at the time Blantor lived above a bar where young hip twenty somethings went to do blow with their friends; they got drunk and pretended like they are the most interesting people one has ever met. So vapid and mundane – Blantor was somewhat certain they too will get diarrhoea one day. They have eyes like daggers and accuse Blantor of being a “gangstah rockah” while smoking cigarettes inside the lobby of the building. Blantor wonders what they think of philosophy – if they ever ask “why?” better yet “why bother?” – Blantor used to imagine probably not, probably that they don't think beyond their spring fashion. Blantor often wondered what their conversations consisted of but didn't have time for their triviality, trying to ignore them.

Only what is granted endures. That which endures primarily out of the earliest beginning is what grants.

Blantor was hassled by the downtrodden meeting makers and had a stomach not in the mood for proposing a long winded story about how one “needed to catch a bus” to “see one's daughter” and Blantor did really give that person who was high on cocaine eleven dollars? What was Blantor thinking – Blantor wanted to die? Blantor wanted to end life... To the records, Blantor must make it to the records.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Dick is listening in to the New New New York Times news feed on auto brain hear feed #10324921. They are talking about his most recent speeches related to the robot police and noted that, “he gulps for breath when talking of criminals, his voice quivers with anxiety or drops to a desperate whisper, hissing through clenched teeth and he had a ‘wretched tone’. Yet when speaking of brotherhood or self-esteem he would return to ‘smooth’ choruses.”

Mom: Every day should be Transgender Day of Visibility and Mother's Day!

Dick looks in the mirror. “You are a poisonous person and do not realize the implications of your actions on those around you.” Dick is the golden boy; he is poetry from home. He is the Local Sports Team. “Is it working? It's game over, the big leagues are over. It's game over, the big leagues are over. It's game over, the big leagues are over. It's game over, the big leagues are over. It's game over, the big leagues are over. Don't get mad at your children sports dad. Don't get too drunk at the game. Don't bang on the fence angrily because you don't like the way the ref is calling the game and get yourself removed by the police at your local sports events, dads. Don't, dads, don't dads. This is a service announcement to all you dads out there: They keep a defibrillator, you can defibrillate your children, after you beat them to death because they lost their local sports game. That's what you do, Timmy didn't win his local sports game? Punch him one in the head. Punch little Timmy in the head, punch him one in the head, punch little Timmy one in the head. Punch little Timmy one in the head. Do it for me local sports dad.”

Yup, one of Dick's friends did “The Tour” in like 2010 or so. She had a really great time, met all sorts of cool people. Basically it's a group scrambler tour and you stop at schools, community centres and such to do performances like singing and dancing and stuff. It's all pretty lighthearted and fun with a positive message.

Dick's ideal world was like the city of Ajax, Ontario, where the motto of the High School was “Enter to Learn, Go Forth to Serve”. Every morning Dick wanted an announcement to play “Attention class: Do what we say. Act how we want you to act. At the

end of the day we'll give you a piece of paper that says you did a good job. You'll even get a little slice of cake; a little cake with some fruit beside it. You don't have to ask any questions. Better yet, don't ask any questions. Just be happy. Happy and don't have fun. For the love of the lord, don't do what you want."

It was now that Dick remembered that the best thing to do to remedy his madness was to get drunk and high on drugs. Then he would plan his plan while he sat in a locked up drywall cube, his plan to get everyone to watch TV and be bludgeoned in the head by the media man's hammer. Over and over and over again, watch commercials and have more goddamn Cheat-O's. All Dick wanted for his birthday were socks, some books, maybe some great tea, decolonization, and to smash the patriarchy.

What's SRS? Is that what they do when your kidneys fail?

"I HAVE A CUNT, I WANT TO RIDE A BROOMSTICK, I WANT TO BE A MILLIONAIRE, AND I WANT TO BE A DICTATOR. I have the same dreams as you." Dick remembered his mother once saying... "Do you remember? Remember that show? Black Jeck? Do you remember that other show? The one with the Patriotic Propane Providing Patriarch? Do you remember Batman, the Batman with the joker; you know that one, *why so solemn?* That was the best moVIE I have ever seen. Do you remember C3P0, the movie with C3P0, you know the one right, let the wookie win? C3P0 was the best character. Do you remember having your nose to the grind stone, grinding off your nose? A nose grinder? Do you remember cooking Belgish Waffles, and a pants pipeline. Here is a note to self: *it is so sterile here.* Goddamn are we ugly monkeys, why do we shave off our hair?" Dick says aloud.

Inside comes running Volmar. Volmar, Dick's man of the hour. He is yelling, **"COME BACK WITH MY CHEESE WHEEL"**, and smoking poppers (*Explain What a Popper is*). "Dick, do you know the Russian Shmengle? It makes my mouth feel like a blast furnace. It is a decaying sickness this addiction. Work sucks, I know. And here precisely is a bridge to despising and very much to honor! In contrast to honor! In fact is their basic concept, from which they then evolve, as an afterthought and this in fact is their deed, their deed, their creation they have conceived the Scalding Anus Marx. Work sucks, I know. Karl the being of distinction; the Evil enemy, the Scalding Anus Marx".

Old Volmar had been doing more drugs than one can shake a hambone at, while making everyone productive. Doing both is a poor and intelligent decision. And boy, it sure was modern in here (*read: the world*)... And boy, it sure is post-modern in here. Pull out the rotting teeth; teeth are bleeding being sucked on.

"Is my anoose broken? Scheuben Deuben, no?" Volmar spews more redundant social conversation and makes Dick want to kill himself, "One day I will blow up this bus and kill all these stupid conservative fucks".

"Enough Volmar", says Dick.

"But, my painting is the best! ('Be the best' – *Nietzsche*)" responds Volmar.

"I detest you and sometimes crossing someone's boundaries is okay, like prank phone calls, in 1998, to 905 839 EARL, asking for my five bucks that is not owed. Living as if everyone on this rock died, and I'd be far less lonely." Dick pulls out a large knife. The night of the long knives.

"But I made 'cupcakes'." Volmar is dead. Knife directly to skull. Catastrophic failure of the frontal lobe. The medical robots arrive too late. The blood blags going blorp blorp cannot revive.

"Do you have periods during which you feel unusually confident and ambitious?" Dick thinks aloud and then orders robot police into the room. "Volmar, the whole house smells like rotting garbage and besides watching the Superbowl, this Sunday we will continue our synthesis of Deleuze via Chapter 2 'Repetition for Itself.' Please read from page 70 up to the page break on 96. In this section the character of 'Repetition' emerges through Deleuze's engagement with Hume, Bergson, Hamlet, Descartes, Marx, and Nietzsche; it should be a lively read to say the least."

"I want to feel normal", thinks Dick. It is a nice one, like the flatfooted floogie with the floy floy. Dick knew the word "Oompa-Loompas" was a spelling mistake, like compassionate pompano-loompas or implementable impale-loompas, or palimpsest impala-loompas.

Dick remembered when Vice President Lomar jumped in front of a zip-zip subway train. "They were overwhelmed by so many things and they just wanted peace, we hope they find it now," Dick said on live TV. And after that point Dick was crushed hard by people he'd never met.

“Do you think that sadness and disappointment are a regular part of life, and that 'happy' people are only deceiving themselves?” his therapist once asked. And Dick was gullible for a while like, “We'll focus on what matters most to our nationals and particularly to middle-class nationals,” like, “I feel bad about externalizing my suffering onto you,” like “pay it forward”, like “are you male or female?”.

And Dick identified with a nice clean pair of slacks. He planned the new lesson for first graders of the entire world in his depression. His reminiscing. “If you drink too much sprite you'll become an Oompa-Loompas. Oompa-Loompas fucking love sprite.” It was “totally, shamelessly abhorrent / disgusting misdirected aggression.”

Dick's Haiku

I identify with nice clean slacks.
Drink sprite and become an Oompa-Loompa
Oompa-Loompas love fucking sprite.

Dick shouldn't have said “you play shitty music” to Lomar. Lomar didn't play shitty music, but it was difficult to remember the last time Lomar was happy. Dick felt out of control and lost all good judgement.

Dick might have needed help at one point, or to get fucked or to have been given liberty – which is freedom, and the lack of an obstacle to find what he needed, but now he needed no release from the outside. Dick had his own safety – he didn't need it. But he really couldn't have it without being constantly fucked up and hating everything around him. Ring-a-rangle-ding, it's not funny to make jokes about suicide.

Dick wanted to destroy it all (read: do nothing about it).

In his school days he once posted a personal:

*“Am a cunning-linguist if you catch my drift.....hey is that sort of ad isn't it??
Seriously, I really like maow'n box
Lastly, its been a while, and I'm surrounded by eye candy all day long at work (coworkers and guests alike), both of which
I pretty much consider off limits. So I could really use this...”*

Dick thought his child – who was wheelchair-bound with cerebral palsy — was a robot or CPR dummy designed by the government to teach him about life. “Dick heard voices at the time,” said one of several experts who testified that he was mentally ill. “Dick thought that people on TV were talking directly to them.” (That, by the way, included Matthew McConaughey telling Dick that he was a good person.)

Released and king of the world. Bullets were seeds from guns and Dick planned to implant one in his brain. “Oh my fucking god. Fuck.” He whispered. It's like 5000 days to Mars 'cause the fucking space ship has run out of gas. Space ship; more like space shit.

The new mac and cheese would be less yellow, the mass graves fill up with bodies.

Dick, “I curse trivialities of life and mind and memory and liver and lungs mixed up together, and words, thoughts and memory; thus may we be unable to speak what things are concealed.”

And Dick remembers why it's very obvious that living with his parents is not good for him, and that not only was he super hecka isolated out there but he was also commuting a long ways to school, which made him do silly things like use the cab system over and over. And Dick definitely doesn't want to risk bumping into that dude-bro cab driver who hit on him a while ago again! Also it's a lot of unnecessary money and horrible for the environment (frown emoticon). Also Dick had horrible home habits that he won't get into them here. Also he had been living away from home for a bit now and it doesn't feel like his depression has gotten any worse (so far). He had forgotten to take his medications for a bit now and he seemed to feel fine!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor is in the central filing room of the Department of Vital Statistics. Many mail pipes enter here spitting out new information to be sorted and processed; begins looking through the files and is overlooked by the busy body robo-filing bots. Names of individuals in his building brought in for questioning, name has to be here, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Messup. Nothing. There were no files. False starts all the time. “Have to keep moving.”

Blantor left the building and succumbed to self-harm, in ze good old summertime, and boiling dilidos, which, like masturbation, are both activities to be done privately. Yet not healthy; for fucks sake, Blantor had read all of *Crime and Punishment*, then read *the Exciting Household* in one day. Before leaving the land of garbage, Blantor was reading both through a seminar instead of doing work and now was just glad that some could maybe be happy somewhere. But Blantor was dying and hated and was sorry and needed to be loved.

On the outskirts of town there was an ad “Want to hook up local Babies for FREE? Are you tired of looking for girls to date? Find one in your area tonight at FuckBook! Don't waste your time! Click on the Link Bellow:”

And in the ditch in which sleep was achieved, Blantor had a dream wherein old partners were trying to get Blantor arrested for an unknown crime. The dream begins with Blantor running down streets trying to escape the police. It shifts and I am caught by two officers, whose faces Blantor could never see. In a room, Blantor is carving an upside down cross into naked mother's forehead. She is lying like a crucified Christ on a white table with her legs covering her genitals. She keeps asking Blantor “why are you doing this?” and Blantor refuses to respond. The dreamscape changes and Blantor is walking down the hall to a room, a concrete box with no windows in a warehouse. This is where Blantor's execution will take place, guided by 2 police officers, one in front, and one behind. Halfway down the hall stands Blantor's existentialism professor, he is smacking a stack of papers on his hand and is wearing a denim shirt and jeans. His sneakers are a crisp white and he is leaning on the wall with one foot, “you should have gone to grad school” he tells Blantor.

Blantor awakes, “I should never express my emotions ever again. I change my opinions too wildly and too quickly from one pole to the polar opposite. I cannot be considered reliable and trustworthy. I am too capricious...”

Google owns my life.

Blantor moved to the outskirts of town, around the same time when *Hitler and the Pedophiles* were popular on network radio, and began teaching a self-affirming philosophy of self-harm at the registered age of 30. Yet, if Blantor doesn't drink, cannot stand the suffering and sorrow of life. On the rare occasion Blantor is sober, looking the part of an incompetent and Unmensch-ian fool, some faithful disciples bring wine in place of a ceremonial offering, pour electricity back into a robot heart, and wait for Blantor to start moving... In this way the teaching of the Unmensch begins. It is a religion for the weak, the proletariat, the egoists, and those of broken personalities, and at the same time – it is a most pure, a most sorrowful religion for modern intellectuals.

Blantor lives in a yurt, the robots burn the world and everything is paved in plastic. New factories spring up. More robots, harvesting robots, building robots, killing robots, agriculture is now a motorized food industry, the same thing in its essence as the production of corpses in the gas chambers and the extermination camps, the same thing as blockades and the reduction of countries to famine, the same thing as the manufacture of hydrogen bombs. Hatred forged in the darkest blackness.
and the third part of the earth
was burnt up, and the th
ird part of the tre
es was bur
nt up, and
all grass
green
was
burnt
up.
the story has ended

- 5:80 -

Dick remembers joining the rocking team as coordinator of site marketing. It was after he got fired for being too gay and reading Nietzsche at work. Boo hoo. The jobs that were applied for after: Canterbury Tales Bookstore, People's co-op bookstore, Housekeeper, Theatre Cleaner, Bike Mechanic, Programming Coordinator, Paid Intern - Marketing & Social Media, Programming Associate, Sales Associate, Administrative Assistant...

But they went. Dick smoked a “water pipe” with tobacco in a portly fashion. Straight to the dome. Linear. Line a monism, as in – fuck people at least clean up after fucking after yourself after yourself after yourself after yourself. Dick was a fascist. The dooper. Have you met him? He was the victim blamer and there is nothing. Dick dreamt of a thousand bodies hanging off a thousand trees. A

thousand empty stages waiting for their empty performances. Boring. Boy, Dick sure is sweaty (sweetly). Dick chews the inside of his mouth in his sleep. A letter from years ago:

Hi, it's me

Hello Darling!!!

I am Natalia from Russia, a confident, able girl from Russia with lots of self-esteem and immense desire to find my love and soul mate?

I am longing for a strong and loving person, so that I can feel protected and loved in his arms and sleep peacefully placing my head on his shoulder.

Do you need that loving girl whom you would like to talk to about all those things which men like and think?

Well I am there to listen as I too like your boyish things, rather I feel attracted to those with much of those interesting masculine whims and fancies!!!

I am hot when you want it the most. I am calm when I feel you like it that way. I am a person who can adjust towards various situations in life.

Actually, most of us (Russian girls) are a perfect mix of both sides of this feminine nature. I am sure you won't get bored. So come on join us here at this website where you will find thousands of hot and beautiful girls (like me!!! Do you think I am?).

Just click here dear!!!

And Dick looked at the sex of the country and the abolition of the death penalty against trans women feminists and wasted 10 hours. He went online and posted "What is your hashtag handle? What is your brand? My gender studies thesis: *it's slowly becoming obvious*; total isolation; fucking technocratic patriarchal society is so fucking fucked and fucks people up in such complex ways; they don't even recognize; I'm full of resentment; blah blah blah."

Dick's Rules:

- 1) Always take on too much.
- 2) Get angry when problems are self-imposed.

Conclusion:

- 1) Sometimes life is a self-imposed problem.

And drugs are no cure for the ennui of life and Dick's own weakness no matter what quantity they were consumed in (temporary access to beauty). A eunuch. So Dick snorted Methyldioxidemethamphetamines and polished his old soccer trophies. And while he was at it, he was sure to read the inscription. He was just as much a winner now as he was then.

"Although there is no organizational affiliation between Alcoholics Anonymous® and SAA, Sex Addicts Anonymous is a spiritual program based on the principles and traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous." Live your life with a schedule; you are an adult now.

Dick was looked at "thenew auntyfuck photos". He was in his dressing room, just draped over a chair, unable to move. So often his underlings thought, "Boss, why don't you just cancel this tour and take a year off ...?" And this time they mentioned something in a guarded moment. He patted me on the back and said, "It'll be all right. Don't you worry about it."

"Is going to stop by and talk to you about a room around 2pm?" Volmy Vilmar, chief of F.A.R.T. Resource management, enters and asks. "No one likes us."

"Boo fucking hoo. What a serious problem. Contribute nothing; take up way too much space. Cool dude. Real radical. No one owes it to anyone else to make them feel happy, let alone safe." Dick retorts remembering the time he engineered a meeting with the son of the son of the son of President Richard Nixon at the White House, where he expressed his patriotism and his contempt for the hippies, the growing drug culture, and counterculture in general.

"Tar Sands, Queer Bash, Onions, Woman, Donald duck, the Nazis, Marvel Comics, 'Hey, I know you haven't been doing so well.' Fuck you." Volmy returns.

And so Dick recites a story: “El verano pasado, yo estaba en el estadio más grande por un nuevo deporte que es muy violento – el boxeo con bates. Es un deporte muy interesante porque el gobierno lo creó para reducir el número de personas en la cárcel. Los boxeadores están luchando por ganar su libertad porque están en la cárcel por la vida. Mi y mis compañeros de cuarto sacamos tres entradas por la pelea y estábamos muy entusiasmados.

Cuando llegamos a la pelea, estábamos muy contentos porque la pelea estaba empezando. El primero partido estaba un enclenque atleta que luchaba con el campeón. El campeón había ganado varias peleas y era el favorito de la multitud. Después de treinta segundos, uno de los dos boxeadores se lastimó al otro con su bate. '¡Venció al campeón en un solo golpe!' gritó mi amigo. Todo el mundo estaba en estado de susto.

Cuando nadie miraba, el enclenque subió la valla que separaba a los espectadores de los boxeadores y estaba suelto en la multitud. Destrozó muchas cabezas de la audiencia con su bate, pero el policía le disparó. Antes de su muerte, el boxeador habló: '¡Pensé que no tenía razón de vivir, estaba incorrecto!' Fue muy triste. Me salí prisa y nunca más quise ver deportes. Ahora yo pido '¿Por qué la gente tiene que causar tanto sufrimiento?'”

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Blantor's disciples wanted Dick to stand biting the gun. And Blantor's response: “Roses are red and blue, they smell nice and pretty too. I molested your sons. Tell Dick he must take LSD before to be admitted to see the corpse.”

“When did you decide you wanted to die?” the prophet’s followers did bellow.

“Maybe when I killed myself with cigarettes, maybe when I killed myself with kindness, at least it was a change. I live a borrowed and broken life on borrowed time. I live a borrowed and broken life on borrowed time. I’m **IN THE WRONG NEIGHBOURHOOD** and **I WANT TO DIE I WANT TO DIE I WANT TO DIE**. In the end everyone goes to death alone and no one cares because no one can care.” Google (United Arab Emirates): shemale fucking shemale dowañlod mobil

Again the crowd jeeringly chortled back, “The atomic little fatman sweaty boy cocaine addict should detoxify in nuclear piss,” or something and they demanded that the trigger be pulled, then the robot police rush in and they are all captured. They had forgotten how to cry – and forgotten how to live. What a joke to think they could survive in the world alone on the outskirts.

I TRIED MY FUCKING HARDEST TO DO EVERYTHING YOU WANTED THIS WEEKEND. EVERYTHING. IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH THEN I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU. EVER.

In court the robo-judge 500000 proposes solitude. The robot police sit quietly and stared emptily at Blantor. Guilty the receipt says. Zorpy dorpy-a-boo-boo.

Blantor bites tongue before jutting out “Is it I now who knows or the person whom you perceive me to be. Or is it now the court that knows the secret.” Reality starts to crack. The world spins. Blantor can't get mind off of events.

The computer reads out “delete item Emma.”

And Blantor's brain is racing, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, why are you immovable within my brain? And Fuck did you ever understand? Only changing people’s concentrations would help them drift out of a construction that is deeply attached to quintessence and this would never happen. And what was all the violence for? There wasn’t a class war. It was a bunch of ignoramuses being tricked by egotists and megalomaniacs into extinguishing themselves.

Confined in the time prison. “It’s too late to do anything. Soon you’ll be dead. They’ll associate you with a dead thing soon. Criminal psychopaths like you learn to respond differently to punishment cues than others in jail and may need more reward-focused treatments, new research suggests. You are like criminals such as Paul Bernardo, Ted Bundy and Clifford Olson, who scored high on psychopathy checklists, and are known to be callous and unemotional. Psychopaths derive pleasure from being manipulative and use premeditated aggression to get what they want with no regard for those who are hurt. Now researchers in London, Montreal and Bethesda, Md., have used functional MRI imaging to assess how the brains of 12 violent criminals with psychopathy, 20 violent criminals with antisocial personality disorder but not psychopathy (such as those with a history of impulsivity and risk-taking), and 18 healthy people who were not criminals responded differently to rewards and punishment. We have concluded, from their research, that you shall be placed in a temporal void of limitless repetition, condemned to do the same tasks over and over again. Our search for what makes you tick has shown some physical differences in your brain such as reductions in grey matter. You are all gut. You are

slurring. You are so fucked up. ... It is obvious you were drugged. It was obvious there was something terribly wrong with your body. It was so bad the words to the songs you sing at the ending of your days were barely intelligible. Your mother remembers crying. You can barely get through the introductions. The sentence here today shows how police and the courts are determined to bring thieves and reckless drivers to justice and make roads safer for law-abiding members of the public.”

My hands are too bloated to play. The house smells like perfume and feces.

Cute balloon 4 my bb, compliments of some yuppies who tied it up in front of their store and didn't realize some scum fucks would inevitably steal it.

Indeed, the end was an absurd juxtaposition, it was an imposition of the apes. And these apes were playing harpsichords; and these apes were typing are text on typewriters, tak-tak-taking out tales of teleological philosophy. Proposing a should over an is. These apes were in capes and these apes believed that vague metaphysics constructed the nature of their lives. These apes were shooting up on down, these apes had track marks following their veins; these were beautiful apes. These were the apes that chose to murder themselves and others through narcotics or war. And that old arrow, “to live alone one must be a beast or a god, says Aristotle. Leaving out the third case: one must be both — a philosopher.” And these apes cannot live alone, and these apes cannot live without each other. Blantor began to ask if faith undermines, creates killing; you only understand... “Are you sad? Why are you sad? Don't be sad. Don't be sad.”

And there were thousands of people waiting for death in that jail. And the revolution against the Richards regime was inevitably “successful” and the new regime is the same as the old regime. STO OTZ Fuck. It was and always would be the 1000 year robot plan. “Of course YOU didn't watch the hockey game! You should feel ashamed.” Hockey is bareknuckle boxing on ice.

And it was not until now that Blantor wanted to want to see beauty to aid self. The world could be a big fun friendly adventure – roaming festivals and cities with crevices for art – hills of wildflowers – yet here alone Blantor was in the barren wilderness of the tundra. In this frigid realm Blantor came to expect nothing.

Blantor was living with Christ, living with herpes, living with an alcoholic, living with a hipster girl, living with one kidney, living with MS, living with a jigsaw, living with HIV, living with depression, living with diabetes.

Blantor's Realization (a Long Boring Farce)

Closing in on the end of life, when waiting in anticipation, one feels one's own desires and destiny disclosed on the dying horizon in a non-universal sense. I often think, sometimes aloud, sometimes not... This desire is not a desire to be communicated to the public, it is not something that I think some people will understand, and it is not built in or for the public domain. I must take advantage of this and allow my desire to work for myself, my eternal toil. Trust me, the posted message is not just for the return address, and so I said to myself, if I may, I will send mail to myself. I want to see the world clearly, and most of the time this makes me contemplate that I want to end my life, but the most important thing is not to give up. I found it in myself to begin new lives and what is this longing for death that I do not know but is still yet within me? What should I be to myself other than a gaoler? I want to escape the hustle and there is a desire to end the decay of life. I will always have anxiety from this, and this is myself in my present feeling, and this is the feeling of the infection of the public. I'm not happy if I have to live in their backgrounds, so I get this insidious disease – sometimes to the point of despair to resolve the situation and to change my life to be like them. Yet, let this infection infect me alone, so that it appears as such that my situation would be better if I were dead. We see only based on the struggle itself and this personal infection, and I, not the public, must find the elucidation. It is not the place in which God desires to end life that I must go to, but it is whence I had come from and where I can achieve the pollution of self-becoming. I become into myself as torture.

I am a sentient being; buried, ageing, physical demise. Feeling something engraved in the memory of all those stricken and by their previous vague sketches; a feeling that the self-directed projects itself toward, that goes far into the future – is to be constantly creating and destroying owned identity itself. A spiral that leaves one with the thing that is – and yes, I have my preferences, and I hope others make navigations between issues based on theirs. At the same time, my feelings and memories exist beyond the language paradox; they are indescribable phenomenon, what is to be said is unspoken. But where I once found hope no longer exists. There is no experience that I long to know or remember. There are no projects... Now the one thing I hope is to die.

It has both male and female genitalia. Clarke-Murphy said it was the last thing she expected to hear about the newest addition to her family. Her first response to the vet's news was, “Did I just hear you right?” Clarke-Murphy said she would prefer to have another female cat – she already has a male and female cat – but she'll follow the advice of her vet, who recommends Mittens be assigned a male gender. “They're the ones who know what they're doing. I mean, I really don't know. I'd like for it to be a female, but it really don't matter. It's got both parts,” said Clarke-Murphy. “I think it's got both personalities, so it really don't matter.”

To unshackle in a craving of death, I will have to endure life without concession in eternity. And I am on my own – remaining strong for myself and my own destruction in myself. And I, infected with the public, I did not find why there isn't a reason to want to die. Death does want to exert itself in this state and my interaction with the world and my infection itself must not end in befuddlement. For I need to find what in the world makes me overwhelmed; life will release it at all costs. Zorkle.

To avoid death, I live oversexed faith, and it is my own. The pursuit of self-overcoming, I can only think of myself and my own reflection. Yet, there is a gap in my joy, which began as a space, which is like any other, cracking, and I learned to identify the void that is; and my decision, delusion, thousands of paths that burn and turn and live in secret gardens of pussy willows.

Make my joyplane crash and burn.

I feel good and I want to prove that I am not.

I feel good and I want to prove that I am not.

My guilty conscience and I. We have to get rid of the ideology of experience... Here we enjoy, and do not feel bad, and it's my choice, but do not weaken the complaint, and I too have pains. Yet, I'm here in form, as a disease of the brain, and I ache. We are responsible for the creation of this world, my world, and I found that their sleep has experienced a deep future. I hope, infections and even death; selfish, selfish here... I just cannot escape the law, but I have to turn your head, I found it...

In similarity, my pain, my body – unholy and enduring work that does not materialize – this becomes gold. Disfigured by war and goals beyond this world of health and energy, we were not paying attention – but my goal is always the responsibility of the great struggle for survival, and the only guarantee of happiness for themselves and their future is available in poison. What is my purpose, I do not want to die. If what you need to do now is my honor, feel free to do everything I did myself, so I asked a specific class – and you are not my friend. If I put aside this story, it still is. I did, and now they want the world to be a part of me. I do not have to wait for the future because when I tried to do what happened I was already dead, and my body will be distributed in the depths of decay, but this is a body that will be open to you. And maybe that's not the reality, not related to any of the dead, and maybe I think the fact.

There is nothing here.

There is an ornamental infection and a version of oneself ready for a specific war that is especially difficult to maintain in the struggle; the survivors are those who are prepared for a rare disease that will eventually bring death. I have been used to condemn the part I want of my existence and my destiny and am now required to fight and enforce the mediocre – this is a dead world problem – nonviolence, selflessness and indifference, it is not easy when infested by these things. However, the height of the struggle against them is more than enough to fill my heart. This is the hour of my Great Depression, my suffering and pain, and despite a landslide of emotion; I'm really not the end of all life. I find great satisfaction here. I, like my family of oil, must be unbreakable as asymmetry in order to avoid sorrow; submerging the personal will not save me. One might want to try to avoid me; you must factor in the competition of every project and I myself will never be less scattered. I had to subdue obstacles, yet, I will never be Hellenic or Apollonian.

Traditional pills help people cope with a couple of excessive pounds when lucky hot guys get ready for beach adventures. Patients with dozens and dozens of unhealthy pounds need a new powerful solution. Try the formula that works in your body around the clock making you lose 15+ pounds monthly.

I felt hopeless and desperate because I wanted to be self-new, and wanted to seize from the world and now, I cannot. I'm desperate, I want to tear myself away from my unhappiness, but cannot. Still, I only feel despair and hopelessness. Because I want to protect myself, I wanted to give myself the external entity and be a reality, trying to prevent something from entering my encampment. The desperation and the strong desire for death are almost inevitable.

But there is hope, there is always someone, or something, even if it is not found, even if this is done, and, eventually, there is hope to destroy. We may have to wait; I want to be able to find neither despair nor death. But I think it's strange that some people think about my life. *Here, f being frustration and lack of patience, life, despair, and then to return, and it is very difficult to answer, to respond to the death.*"

Welcome to hell. Welcome to fucking hell.

Better a terrible end than terror without end.

τη καλλίστη,

*I am sorry for not telling you I love and I ~~am a~~ love so much I brag about you all the time please come to my room and talk
I love you,
you mother*

Spending the rest of life banished to a cabin on a remote island, Blantor would die cold and alone and no one would ever care ever. Peeing blood, old with cancer. Blantor would take up playing the saxophone and smoking cigarettes in quarters every half hour. Blantor was a piece of shit you see. Blantor would only listen to the Beatles. Dimensions of dementia. Blantor had become a grotesque caricature of a sleek, energetic former self. Hugely overweight, mind dulled by the pharmacopoeia daily ingested, barely able to pull through an abbreviated end to a shattered life.

- Epilogue -

There was a large willow that sat at the edge of the grass. One day a child returned to school walking down the road. Walking in the day, the young person began to pass by the tree, downtrodden and asked: "Oh, how are you, big tree, so firm (*phallic*)?" It's amazement and what to say when "Come closer, I will tell you, the things in my time... I've had more than a hundred years of history, I have seen a lot." Hurry, hurry and run to the tree, little child. Eventually, stopping near a stellar earth. The child turned to the tree and screamed: "Tell me, tell me of your information, tell me what you know and how to live as an elongated example!" There is a long pause, everything is quiet. The tree eventually stormed back to "Your people try to put me down. District and 'in the woods', but your kindness became greedy and you took all the others. Now come to my branch, and look for a battleground, you must rest." The little child looked at the tree and tried to fly to the branches, but no, no. "I cannot reach." Soundless. There was silence for a moment, and then "Come rearward when you're elderly, better yet, may you not yet understand your answer." When young people return to the trees, and they shake their heads, they take on an indefinite quantity of the same recurring sadness that had fallen down to particularly large roots and leaves and farewells and partings and departures. Fare thee well.

Zhenya died on Dec. 28th at 12:00 P.M. 1941

Grandma died on Jan. 25th 3:00 P.M. 1942

Leka died on March 17th at 5:00 A.M. 1942

Uncle Vasya died on Apr. 13th at 2:00 after midnight 1942

Uncle Lesha on May 10th at 4:00 P.M. 1942

Mother on May 13th at 7:30 A.M. 1942

Savichevs died.

Everyone died.

Only Tanya is left

You are the saddest little feff, I do love you, are you not in love with me?

Only those who strive on and live to strive can earn redemption still.

THE END

“Aujourd’hui, maman est morte,”