



C

Say Goodnight Gracie. Goodnight George. Whoops. Sammy Davis Jr. word is that Sammy weighed less than his age which was 64 at the time of his death. No shit. Only the oldest skinniest corpses can pull that off. The heaviest part of his body was probably his glass eye which I hope some mortician's assistant had the good sense to remove as a keepsake. It'd be a waste to bury the motherfucker;





CII

Every day Mr. Yerman hand copies the Torah letter by letter with a turkey quill. While he slowly works he prays. Before returning to his easel Mr. Yerman recalled how he was aghast when he and his wife saw a television commercial for a portable copier and fax machine. "I thought it was frightening" he said. "My wife said 'Of course you find it frightening. You write with a feather'", the kids. The parents. The dogs and cats. The cars. The fucking MTV PSA's to save the Earth by separating your newspapers. Know what? I throw my bottles cans and newspapers in with my fucking trash. And that's just the beginning baby. I'm ending the world. Here and now. I'm ushering in the apocalypse with my garbage can and I could give a fuck which suburb is the first to go. You spend 18 years;





CIV

Seeing her despair I wrote her a note telling her that I thought that she should return to her more open-spirited work in the arts. I told her that I thought it was a good idea to get away from the fiercely competitive egotistic and money oriented artworld that she was so deeply invested in. It was taking her nowhere and I could see that the past fifteen years had devastated her, we went to visit him and then he came to New York to visit my studio. We looked at the encyclopedic artwork and he commented that he felt that this was something which I could work out of for years. I took what he had to say into consideration and finally came to the conclusion that although he might have been right after I was done with this work I'd never want to think about it anymore;





CV

Hello Teenage America. My name is Suzie Creamcheese. I'm Suzie Creamcheese because I've never worn fake eyelashes in my whole life and I never made it on the surfing set and I never made it in the beatnik seat and I couldn't cut the groupie set either and um actually I really fucked up in Europe. Now that I've done it all over and nobody else will accept me I've come home to my Mothers, remember how when we were younger the whole world seemed wonderful so full of goodness? We awoke to happy people on "Sesame Street" where nothing ever went wrong. But as we grew older our eyes were opened to the evils of our world. Words such as "racism" "prejudice" and something followed by "phobia" were words that we now understood as the eternally perky newscaster repeated them over and over, you might walk into a hospital get tired lay down somewhere to take a nap and wake up with a baboon-liver. You might sneeze and it might happen to sound exactly like the mating call of the giraffe and there might be a giraffe in the area. You might go to the park to feed breadcrumbs to the pigeons but then when you run out of breadcrumbs the pigeons might start a riot pecking out the eyes of innocent park-goers;



CVII

At the farmer's market an old farmer was being interviewed by a film crew. He was asked about pesticides microwaves and finally about corporate involvement in the food industry. "They poison us" he said. "Where money is involved the food becomes spoiled." He was then asked what his view was of the future. He looked directly into the camera with a glint in his eye and said "Things will not remain this way forever";





CVIII

Gille a stock character in medieval plays usually a fool or country bumpkin. While hoeing he uncovers a mole and part of a seed. “Quickly finished I call to the limping man that.” Every pitcher has a crack in it. If a philosophy or moral is intended it is very obscure. “Is it Chinese cabbage?” It is to be assumed that he refers to the seed he found. At any rate he love a life of pleasure, please explain to me the difference between “patronizing” a titty bar and working out at the health club an institution that thrives on lookism and people’s insecurities about their appearance and extracts money from the unknowing victims of this cultural perversion and enslaves women in particular to relative starvation and attracts men who fantasize about meeting mindless “exercise” partners;



CX

It would appear that Burger King even chooses the names for new products with the design of their cash registers in mind. For example their fish sandwich is called the “Whaler” which is easily printed using the W H E and R from ‘WHOPPER’ the A from ‘EAT IN’ and the ‘L’ from ‘ONLY’. However it could just have easily been called ‘FISH’ by taking the F in ‘FRIES’ the I in ‘DIET’ and the S and H from ‘CASH’ so it appears, my cat was playing in a plastic bag today. Well wouldn’t you know it she got caught in the handle. We thought it was so cute how she ran around the room scared of the freaky zingy BAG MONSTER that held on and threatened to have her feline flesh for din-din. Yeah it was really funny how she rolled down the basement stairs. Ha ha. Then I seen her limping on her little kitty foot. Poor meow meow. I’m sorry for laughing about the bag monster, people I’d punch in the face if I knew the cops wouldn’t catch me and the person’s friends wouldn’t beat me down or kill me: Daryl Gates (L.A.P.D.) George Bush Ronald Reagan Dan Quayle (2x) Tom Metzger Oxnard Skinheads Duran Duran Erik Estrada Henry Rollins whoever is in charge of the DMV whoever decided to bring back bellbot-toms fools who talk smack your mama for having you most government workers and all meter maids, since 47 ... Re7? Walks into 48 c4 meet Symyslov had to stay 47 ... c5 48 bc Re7. But quite soon after 53 Ke4! Kc4 54 f6! All resistance became futile. On 54 ... gf 55 Rh6 by either 55 ... Rf7 or 55 ... Rg7 would be broken up by Kf5. Symyslov gave up there, the ear is



on fire: sounds are on fire: the nose is on fire: odors are on fire: the tongue is on fire: tastes are on fire: the body is on fire: things touchable are on fire: the brain is on fire: ideas are on fire: mind-consciousness is on fire: impressions received by the mind are on fire: and whatever sensation pleasant or unpleasant or indifferent originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind that also is on fire;





CXII

Amazing economic theory: Rupee for Rupee you get more for your Rupee than you'd get Pound for Pound. Dollar for Pound. Mark for Pound. Dollar for Mark. Franc for Yen. Lire for Yen for Kroner for Rand. Rand for Franc for Kroner for Lire for Dollar. Baht for Rouble for Baht for Dollar for Pesos. Dinars for Riyals for Petrodollars. Because economics is economics. The World Bank is the World Bank. The Rupee is the Rupee. However, do you remember your first kiss? Yep. It was at camp before the ninth grade. It was all tongue. I was thinking "This is it? This is disgusting." I actually had my first orgasm before my first kiss. I was slow-dancing in the eighth grade with a friend in a basement. It was to the song "Mandy" by Barry Manilow. I didn't even know I was having an orgasm. I just thought "Boy this is a great dance." So the guy had no role whatsoever, I said to a friend recently "Looking back I can see that I was pretty much a complete asshole. Sometimes I think I didn't know what was going on at all." He said "Well that's not true but there must be some things you didn't see — but then how could you see everything?" I said "Okay but still I had deep flaws which made me deeply inconsiderate of others. It wasn't my intention that I know but I was unwilling and unable to see my flaws", I saw Hannah Weiner at a party and asked her what she had been doing all summer. "I wrote eight hundred pages" she replied. "Very impressive" I said. "But" she said "I have much more work to do." "How can that be so?" I queried. "Well I edited the work down to four" she said. "Four



hundred pages sounds like plenty to me. What more work could you possibly do?” I asked. She grinned and said “I edited not to four hundred but literally down to four”;





CXIII

I'm starting to feel old for the first time in my life these days. Well not feeling OLD per se. I know better than that but being conscious of the fact that I'm getting older. Like when I was 18 I didn't stop to think that only seven years earlier Star Wars came out or whatever. I still feel like I can do anything. I still feel like driving around drinking beer with no particular destination in mind. I don't feel 18 but 24, she once described the family as an Atreus clan in which fathers castrate sons and mothers smother them with love in which mothers cast out daughters and daughters defame mothers in which brother harms brother and brothers rise against sisters just as sisters rise against brothers in which daughters are disowned and daughter-in-laws are pushed aside in which men are feminine and women masculine and in which a great-grandchild nibbles of the liver of another;





CXIV

I'm running out of procrastination techniques. Anyone have any suggestions? Keep a messy room with magazines and papers all over the floor. When you feel you are on the verge of working swear to yourself you won't do a like lick of it until you clean your room. Then as you're cleaning your room don't forget to become attracted and engrossed by every other article you come across in the mags and papers strewn on your floor. Guaranteed to take hours!;





CXV

At dinner last night he told me of his impending death of AIDS in the Chelsea Hotel. I thought of the few months that I worked for him and how much I admired his minimal lifestyle. He had one pair of jeans and one white button-down cotton shirt which he kept perfectly pressed. He had no material possessions except his gallery which was located in the tiniest storefront in Soho — oh and he also had this black poodle that followed him everywhere, I was fifteen when I got turned on to marijuana. Finally there was marijuana: Wow! Marijuana! Me and a friend of mine went up into the hills with two joints the San Francisco foothills and smoked these joints and just got so high and laughed and roared and went skipping down the streets doing funny things and just having a helluva time. It was great it was just what I wanted it was the perfect it was — and that wine thing was so awful and this marijuana;





CXVI

Hi this is a picture of me. I look like a schmuck huh? We got these pictures for free because they took pictures of my mom and screwed up so they took pictures of me for free. Look at my hair. What the hell? Why do I have the little thing coming off my hairline that "widow's peak?" Am I Dracula or what? Oh well. Geez! I'm uglier than a goat's ass. I'm a nipple smack. Do I look like Curious George? That's what my brother says. Please write me back. I never get mail anymore;





CXVII

I know what you're thinking! "This must be some kind of sneaky under-handed hollywood-hyped flim-flam rip-off scheme to separate me from my hard-earned savings!" But you're wrong! It's not sneaky at all!!! It really is the perfect get rich formula which only I have discovered in other words: Power! Excitement! Satisfaction! Thrills! Ecstasy! Romance! Therapy! Happiness! Entertainment! Companionship! Respect! Eloquence! Excellence! Peace!! I can't say it any plainer!!;





CXVIII

One night we were walking our dog. As we passed in front of a fancy restaurant Cheryl shrieked “There’s Linda Evangelista!” Suddenly the dog who was off the leash bolted away from us and went trotting up to Linda who proceeded to bend down and pet her. We were too starstruck to say a word and soon enough Linda was whisked away by a bodyguard and Babette returned to us. Cheryl turned and looked at me and said with all seriousness “I’ll never wash that boxer”;





CXX

tokyo eye tokyo crying somewhere seeking inside supermen
sighting nowhere seven two nine luck is around the sun bear
ticket to die ticket to ride the junk star in the mind of the
bourgeois reader yeh i don't care about dirty hair all praise
due queen and yogi bear said get back in the boat yeh come
set me out to mystery mister e-mind ye yr carrot soufflé's got
me on the skids i don't care about dirty hair gotta fuzzy finger
miss bunny tail hip hop till you drop yeh;





CXXII

In the cool of a suburban summer night young men stare blankly at a waxed curb Snapple in hand waiting their turn. In an Upper West Side apartment “intellectuals” debate a burning question — who possesses the American dream Hugh Hefner or Al Bundy? In a small village in an equally minute African village a young boy is becoming a man with the help of a little paint. At a frat-house in the Deep South an 18-year-old is taking a plunge from a higher, true but that doesn’t stop us from coming back day after day week after week etc. after etc. everyone wants a miracle 4 week cure instead of doing what is really necessary i.e. a complete change of lifestyle meaning doing some exercise and cutting out foods that are hard to metabolize i.e. fats and sugars. Muscle weighs about 4[?](7?) times what fat weighs. So if all your fat suddenly got converted into muscle you’d be heavier;





CXXIII

And since I have a very complex uneasy relationship to blow jobs as do many of my women friends — something about being silenced about dick in your face as if it would obliterate your identity with its demand — giving head is not a part of my fantasy life ... but on this one day while listening to the tape and staring absently at my work I found myself in a reverie imagining an ecstatic fellation of the current object of my desire, scrackers and Checker Rek cehc dnas rek carcs Srek cehc dnas rek carc Rackers and checkers Scrackers and check Kceh C dna srek carcs Srek ceh C dna srek C a Ckersand Checkers Scrackers and che Eh C dna srek carcs Srek cehc dna srek Ers and checkers Scrackers and C Cdnas Rek carcs Srek ceh C dnasr Sand crackers Scrackers an Nasr ek carc S Srek cehc dna Nd checkers Scrackers Srek cars Srek cehcd Checkers Scracke Ek Carcs Srek ceh Ec kers Scrac Carcs Srekc Cers Scr Rcs Sr;





CXXIV

bring anything: can you do: don't do a.: he'd fuck a.: I'll try: if you want: never does: they can make: since Auntie: what would happen: everybody wants: get into: get your act: sharp's slice: that's where the a.: this is where: born a gentleman: as the actress: up a shade: ever since: it adds: tap the a.: even the A.: and I acknowledge: Punch's: Percival: don't mock: don't touch: he that is: my back: 'tis only I: who's afraid: off again: phantom: pick him: play it: Richard's sold again: spray it: that boy: you can say: act your, the general consensus seems to be that life sucks. The question is: "Does it swallow?" In my experience I'd say no it just lays low until it can snowball you. Whether this is good or bad I can't say it all depends how far into the kinky you are. A deeper and more profound revelation may come from determining whether or not life goes beyond sucking and if so to what degree. Personally I think it's a conspiracy devised by a hedgehog but that's neither here nor there;





CXXIX

How do you write about control without getting stuck in a morass of self-reference? The act of writing especially for me is an exercise in control of control. All these abstract thoughts float around until i snatch them from the air put them in order and align them in rows on a screen. Then they're mine. i own them. Are all writers people who have been talking about personal angst versus universal angst — as if the two concepts had no overlap at all — as if one were somehow “purer” than the other?, I saw a TV segment about Buddhist monks who in the winter built a gigantic statue of the Buddha from butter. It took two monks all winter to complete it. When the weather warms the statue melts to the ground. When questioned as to why they spent so much time on a work only to have it melt a few months later the monks explained that all things are destroyed eventually so why not. I think they were just covering up and consuming the statues in a limpid frenzy in order to look more like the Buddha;





CXXXII

But a reference book can also be all of the above without having to pretend anything at all: think of Boswell or M.'s *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna* — they are not really meant to be read like a conventional work of literature. How fantastic the scope of those books! How large they are! How long they are! How much like life they are! So little narrative or just as the narrative gets going it gets cut off — just like life itself — so many small details so much insignificance adding up to a great big picture, the van driver told me how he was in graduate school studying to become a preservation ornithologist. He described his fieldwork where his team went to wild areas and suspended a net between two trees that was invisible to the birds. In this manner he captured the specimens that he wanted. I asked him what he did with all the things that he captured in the net that he did not want. He said he simply threw them back. I then told him of my similar project — that of capturing certain sounds out of the air;

CXXXIII

If someone calls you a lame poseur nark retaliate by calling them a stupid nark wannabe lame dork and accuse them of beating off while they read the steamy messages of the hotsex number though they're just a lame 12 year old poseur who plays on his 'puter while his parents are gone. If someone calls you a stupid nark wanna be lame dork and makes the above stated accusations then just say "I is too elite to even talk to you so I am officially ignoring you now and won't answer you anymore, there is nothing more annoying than catching one's socks on a sharp unseen nailpoint after what one has thought to be a successful clipping. For me it is akin to accidentally biting down on one's fork during a hearty meal (that sudden sharp metallic taaang ... ughhh). Embarrassingly I do find myself neglecting to trim the nails at times. Perhaps I occasionally derive a Samson-like pleasure at the secret sight of my long toenails privately considering them some sort of source of virility. I am not sure;



CXXXVI

Jousting for dominance in which when defined and defining as power (as one avant-garde overtaking another) which value is defined as power represent an alternative to such bluntness as antithetical to the complex process of writing and the multi-fold relations between that process and its dissemination to other writers to individual readers to the culture as a whole through its ideas and recursively to the writer all such metered nonsense by people afraid to face the future, why is there no cure for AIDS? Why was there slavery? Why is there still slavery? Why is there no real freedom? Why is it always a black/white thing? Why did he kill his girlfriend? Why did they get a minimum sentence? Why did they kick his ass? Why does he look so “fine” now? Why can’t we say what the fuck we want? Why are we too young? Why are parents a pain in the ass? Why do we still love them? Why do some men “Fuck?” Why do women “make love?” Why can’t we all just get along? Why is this world falling apart? Why is there a big fucking hole in the ozone layer?;





CXXXVII

Sometimes I feel like everything I'm doing has been done before. It's just the particulars that have changed. It's the same project with new clothes on it. Strip it down and the structure is identical. Older artists complain that they have never received proper credit for the work that they have done. They claim that people have a memory that doesn't go back any longer than oh say five years. And then I begin to think that we are progressing in an ever-upward spiral — passing over and over the same points just another level or two higher;





CXXXVIII

First you get on top of a building that is about 60' tall with about 50' of rope and 40' of piano wire plus some epoxy or crazy glue. Then tie the rope around your feet and the piano wire around your neck and crazy glue your hands to your head. Then you jump off the building and at the end of the wire your head is severed cleanly from your neck and at 50' the rope catches and you are flipped upside down and your hands extend so that you are hanging dead and upside down with your severed head in your hands. Pretty cool huh?, Swami underwent heart surgery this week. Bobbie said that they had to do six bypasses. "What does that mean?" I asked her. "Well they have to open your chest cavity in order to get to your heart. Then they have to go into your leg and extract some veins. And then they have to sew you back together." "Wow" I replied. "Maybe Swami should speak less of the mind and more of the body." She told me that Swami didn't care — he was not attached to this body and was just as glad to be relieved of it. Certainly he admitted such things were beyond his power;





CXXXIX

The past two weeks have been crazy. My dad had a massive heart attack 13 days ago. He has been having some problems for the past couple of years but he was under pretty careful supervision. He had an assortment of medication that he was taking and was also on a diet of some sort. It happened during breakfast on a Thursday. He was eating his scrambled eggs bacon coffee and toast when he suddenly clutched his chest and nose-dived into the bowl of sugar on the table. He died immediately. Mom and I looked on in horror;





CXL

Just one thing eliminate your DADA or any “art-fag” references and you will be ten times scarier EYE FOR EYE: up to the eye. or again “questo visibile parlare” (dante). or “to see with free eyes” (oswaldo de andrade). pop videogram. reviews re-viewed. stars starlets politicians poets birds a black jaguar pelé sousândrade car lights the washing-machine’s eye traffic signs. eyes. metamorphosis. mouths. BB’s (tooth for tooth) mouth. a babel of eyes. haroldo baptized: BABOEIL. “no tongue! all eyes! be silent.” (shakespeare via, the stupid planet that evolved us sucks. Our solar system sucks!! Our sun is a lousy boring small star that won’t even turn into a super nova or black hole or something cool like that. None of the nearby planets have any cool aliens and Jupiter is a giant bag of stinking gas. Does it matter which of us on a sucky planet imaginatively named Earth in some sick joke of a solar system personally suck more? Here’s to equality of sucking ... Errrrrrr.....I can’t think of a better way to put it. That doesn’t sound quite right. Oh ah;





CXLI

Life sucks boyfriends suck I suck my mother sucks everyone I have even vaguely known sucks. And I hope Armageddon comes so I can watch everyone and everything burn in hell for all eternity. Even if I have to give up heaven to do it. And for anyone who has ever wondered chewable gravel tastes like shit. Never. Or in other words fuck you. Life is not good. Life sucks. Life and upper level math classes suck. Women who will lick my face but won't go out with me suck. Argh. Oh well. I'm glad your life is good. Mine is shit so you just be happy elsewhere, we're like if you're out in Kansas in the middle of Rock 'n' Roll tour season and Public Enemy's tour bus is coming down one road and AC/DC's bus is coming down another road and The Judds are overhead in an airplane just looking down and watching it all then Tesco Vee comes roaring up on a hog between everybody and they all smash into each other and James Brown comes around afterwards and just starts rifling through people's pockets listening to *Houses of the Holy* on a Walkman and wearing a Minor Threat t-shirt 'cause he's down with Ian's ear;





CXLIV

For a free detailed inside story on percussionist MONGO SANTAMARIA who is a con artist thief coke head deliberate spreader of sexually transmitted diseases notorious liar racist sexist violent and sexually sadistic abuser of women Communist and Fidel Castro lover please send a SASE to the above address. Don't miss out on the shocking truth about this monster! One has to judge him not by the pounding sound he creates on his instrument but by his low horrifying scandalous behavior;





CL

Go to a place where there are white elephants. Bring with you a muffin (with raisins). Climb a tree. When the white elephant is close drop the muffin (with raisins) in front of it. The white elephant will be happy and eat the muffin (with raisins). White elephants like muffins (with raisins). Repeat this procedure for five days in a row. After the fifth day the white elephant will be used to its daily muffin(with raisins). The sixth day you climb the tree bring with you a muffin without raisins. Drop the muffin as usual. When the white elephant finds out that the muffin lacks raisins it will darken in anger, "Over the years there have been a number of commercials in which the music sounds like Philip Glass" said Joe Wheeler the composer's manager. "And in 9 out of 10 cases it's not. And while flattering to a point it can become a distortion of a composer's music and philosophy." Mr. Wheeler points out however that Mr. Glass does not object in principle to his work being used in commercials. He has written a simple theme that will be included on an electronic chip in a new line of Swatch watches. He has also written music for MCI and Christian Dior, why would some dumb motherfucker who lives on the other side of the country want to make fun of my cracks when his aren't even funny? The guy's never met me before what a freak. If his cracks were funny I'd have no problem with it but they're not. Mine are 5 times funnier than his stupid feeble attempts to be funny. He just wants to be popular and be the one to put someone down. What a fucking nerd. Chris dickhead Pike





don't own Mush Slap does. And they put in whoever they want to. Why don't you close your legs Chris dickhead Pike because it smells like a dead pike. White trash. Because you got a pussy down there;





CLIV

Don't you hate it when you ahumno wait...wait a minuteI'll get it in a secondaaaaahgeezwhat was I gonna sayuuuumhmm-mmmmmmmmmOh yeah that was itno waitthat wasn't itwhat the hell was I gonna say?ARRRRRGH!uuuumaaaahwhat's that wordthat means something but sounds so different from what it really means?uuuuuumaaaaaaaaaaaaahgoshsighhmmmmmmmmwasn't it...aaaah.....don't you hate it when youuuuuuumyou knowforget your medicationandI think that youaaahummmuuuummm ...go crazy ...causeuuuhmthe icecream manforgot to load the icecream conewithaaaahthe blanksand DARN!that still wasn't it. OH WAIT NOW I REMEMBERaaaaahoooopsfalse alarm folksOKgive just a few more, we are all on a huge party line. Thirty million of us joined together in a massive chicks night out to talk about cute boys our latest thrift store finds the best kind of bubblegum new shoes rad girls ruling cars what kinda boyfriend you rilly want the worst date of your life the asshole boyfriend you had last year (yikes!) and the cheeziest pick up line you ever had ... everything! It will be simply euphoric. This is our place. Yours and mine. I want you to check out every nook and cranny. I demand your presence daily. I've got all those things down there that are dying for you to check out. Just point and shoot your kevo bo beeva;





CLVI

At lunch the famous artist told me about his clinical depression. I told him that he seemed to be doing much better. “Well” he began “my doctor has prescribed Prozac.” “Really?” I inquired. “Yes. I was afraid to start taking it but then I realized that it would help me in awkward social situations. For example I felt that I could now be in a room full of people that intimidated me and feel no fear but...” “But what?” I asked him. “But instead what happened was when I took it it made me ask myself ‘Why would I want to be in a room full of people that intimidated me in the first place?’” he answered, I’m not what one would call an ambitious man who solicits. I don’t like soliciting — in the first place because it’s tiring — and then generally it doesn’t do any good. I don’t expect anything. I don’t need anything. Soliciting is one of the forms of need the consequence of a need. This doesn’t exist for me because fundamentally I have gotten along fine without producing anything for a long time now. I don’t ascribe to the artist that sort of social role in which he feels obligated to make something where he owes himself to the public. Of such considerations I have a horror;





CLIX

I recommend this book to all people and guarantee that reading it will result in the most profound experience of your life no matter who you are. It is still the best book I've read in twenty years. It is simultaneously comic tear-jerking moral spiritual insightful and mysterious. It is both hard to read and hard to put down and it bears rereading like few others. As is the case with many authors I wept at the end of the penultimate chapter. A mind bending book from an author who is himself a professional mental chiropractor. It's the best — not fluff in any sense — a real mind-bender, many introverted hackers who are next to inarticulate in person communicate with considerable fluency over the net perhaps precisely because they can forget on an unconscious level that they are dealing with people and thus don't feel stressed and anxious as they would face to face. Though it is considered gauche to publicly criticize posters for poor spelling or grammar the network places a premium on literacy and clarity of expression. It may well be that future historians of literature will see in it a revival of the great tradition of personal letters;





CLXIII

We do not read the Bible — but we do care for & we do read the newspaper — it is a bible which we read every morning & every afternoon standing & sitting — riding & walking — it is a bible which lies on every table & counter which every man carries in his pocket which the mail & thousands of missionaries are continually dispersing — it is the only book which America has printed and is Capable of exerting an almost inconceivable influence for good or bad. The editor is preacher whom you voluntarily support your tax is commonly one cent — and it cost nothing for pew-hire;





CLXV

It was April 15 1993 and I was taking the cross-town bus to a birthday party for Boog on the West Side. A crazy lady was mumbling to herself in the seat across from me. She was going through her purse and finally pulled out a dollar bill and threw it on the floor. She got up and left at the next stop. Two elderly ladies who were sitting behind her were watching the proceedings carefully. One of them made sure that the crazy lady was off the bus looked around quickly and grabbed the dollar. She took it back to her friend. The two examined it closely and as she stuffed it into her purse she exclaimed "There's nothing wrong with this dollar!";





CLXX

((((((((((((When will the world change instead of you. Well if we could get all the people in all the wars currently going on in the world to stop killing each other and get on the internet and write whatever they want to even if it doesn't make sense the world would change. Also if people who want the world to change would do something kind for someone — some act of heroism — the world would change. Many people change the world. Some people choose to change the world by obliterating as much as they can of it but other people rebuild it. It is relatively easy to sit and whine or to shoot something or someone or burn it but it takes a greater person to clean it up and start over))))))));





CLXXXII

Of course the differences between people aren't nearly as puzzling as the veritable plethora of inconsistencies that are observably demonstrated by any given individual person. Take for example the guy (and most of us know at least one of this ilk) who daily spends hour upon painstaking hour washing drying waxing buffing and vacuuming his car. Yet this same guy who by the light of the moon meticulously removes the dead bugs from his grille using Palmolive and Q-tips somehow fails to completely towel off his entire face after shaving in the morning and thus can regularly be seen walking around with small residual gobs of drying white foam caked behind his ears;





CLXXXIV

Master Killer. Dreadnaught. Iron Monkey. Master of the Flying Guillotine. Shao Lin vs. Lama. Mad Monkey Kung Fu. Fearless Hyena I. Project A. 5 Venoms. Super Cop I. Drunken Master I & II. The Barefoot Kid. Legendary Weapons of Kung Fu. Moon Warriors. Shao Lin Executioner. These are just a few but don't think they're the only ones 'cause there is a huge industry that pumps these babies out. And if you're wondering why there are no Bruce Lee flicks in this list it's because **BRUCE LEE IS A SUCKER AND JACKIE CHAN WOULD PUNK HIM WITH A FLYING SHADOWLESS 12 TOED MUD-CARP KICK IN HIS FACE BEFORE HE COULD EVEN THINK ABOUT PULLING OUT THOSE STUPID-ASS NUNCHUCKS.** Anyway watch these movies and strive for peace and love more;





CLXXXV

You see I've been thinking about the suburbs and how much they disgust me. And how much you disgust me because 99% of you live in the American Wetdream that is the suburbs. But I don't hate you. And I don't despise you. But you do disgust me — I resent you. And that's significantly different than common page-deep hate. If I hated you I'd avoid contact with you. I'd scream in agony every time I saw you every time I went to the mall for a pair of shoes. Every time I ate at a McDonalds. Every time I drove through the highbrow neighborhoods to get to the lowbrow track. I might even run over your dog one night. But I don't. But you do disgust me. And I do resent you. I resent breathing your same air;





CXC

O sleeper O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J.
is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent
O.J. is innocent safe and secure wanking wan king won king
won ding mon ding mon dick bon dick big dick why now
brown cow not the why nor who nor how it is all to just allow
allow all entities to be endowed or he who is most endowed
allowed the cow all right I was up all night to the sound
around that's when I found a hound who made no sound at
least aloud why sigh or even cry when there is a chance to
deify and wither away to almost NOTHING observe yourself
living observe yourself living i/o 360 was here and catfish is a
non-sequitur;





CXCII

As he noted it was a dark and stormy night as he noted it was a dark and stormy night as he noted it was a dark and stormy night as he noted a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a breeze swinging a breeze swinging a breeze swinging a breeze and now I think it's time to stop screaming and start thinking stop htmling and start writing and I wonder how long this sneeze can echo in the ears of the big Kahuna?;





CXCIII

All you skaters jaywalkers party goers owners of cars with incorrectly tinted windows communists people who don't wear seatbelts or come to a complete three-second stop at a stop sign unlicensed vendors fans of unapproved music you owners of illegal fireworks anarchists flag burners sidewalk spitters pot smokers flyer pasters parking criminals underage beer consumers copiers of copyrighted tapes purchasers of chemicals that 80-year-old readers of the Bible don't like punks loiterers you who make a living off recycling cans you hippies animal rights activists men who wear dresses protesters non-registrants with the Selective Service and especially you violators of stereotypes that we can't classify: you are;





CXCIV

Sammy Davis Jr. Word is that Sammy weighed less than his age which was 64 at the time of his death. No shit. Only the oldest skinniest corpses can pull that off. The heaviest part of his body was probably his glass eye which I hope some mortician's assistant had the good sense to remove as a keepsake. It'd be a waste to bury it. Now Jerry Garcia longtime figurehead for a dope smoking blotter sucking dance-in-the-aisles sold-out hippie culture Jerry is now paying for the finest doctors & prescription drugs with the cash you spent on a stadium seat in '72 or '79 or '84 or '92. Don't tell me how incomparably communal you felt after that mesc. I dropped a tab and watched Mary Tyler Moore;





CXCV

My son is under the doctor's care and should not take P.E. today. Please excuse him. Please excuse Mary for being absent. She was sick and I had her shot. Please excuse Fred for being. It was his father's fault. Please excuse Fred being absent on Jan. 28 29 30 31 32 and 33. Mary could not come to school today because she was bothered by very close veins. Mary was absent from school yesterday as she was having a gangover. Please excuse Mary from Jim yesterday. She was administrating. Please excuse Fred for being absent. He had a cold and could not breed well. Please excuse Mary. She has been sick and under the doctor. Please excuse Mary from being absent yesterday. She was in bed with grandpa;





CXCVII

Kjerstin Rustad Hjalmar Andbjornson Gjertrude Aslakson
while below we see the fruits of pseudo-Scandinavianization:
BEFORE AFTER Miguel Hernandez Mjigjuel Hernandezson
Gina Cabrini Gjina Cabrinistad Malcolm X Mjalcolm Xstad
Prince Pjinceson Mind you this process can be dangerous in
the hands of improperly trained personnel so watch out: John
Jones Jjkkjgjhjjjohjjkjjn Hjkjonestadsonstad ABBAAAA A BB A
BBABBBBAABABBABABBABAAA “Einstein vas ahead of his
time” says a coworker. “Alvays he vas getting drunk unt saying
zings like ‘Hey Klaus vhy don’t you and me fax our penises to
London eh?’”;

