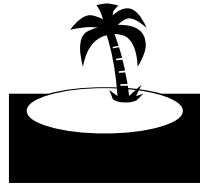


Aloner



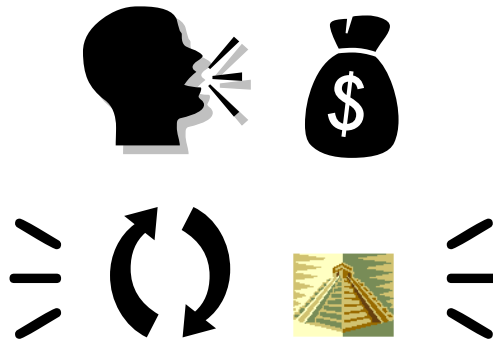
Brian Spellman

Brian Spellman
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(818) 456-4289
http://lulu.com/spotlight/Brian_Spellman
ISBN #978-1-257-04911-0
Price \$14.95

Brian Spellman: *Man of original paper tiger to evolve from On the Origami of Speeches*

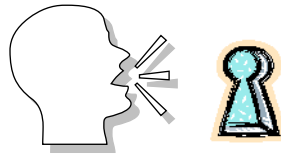
Genuine rewrites original.

(... for I propagate MEDIA as you read also.)



Inhumanities!

Whenever your shit appears consistent without peanut, corn or fleck out of place, gas does not expel from buttocks at all but prefers Cock & Bull mouth.



Inconsistencies?

Wait! I thought you preferred honesty. I assign priorities there. Ever have an ugly thought, a rough truth, an outburst...or had too many 'had enoughs?'

My time and place talks back keyboard to page!

Aloner

*I have never fit in.
 I tired from your reminders.
 I took your snubs for themselves.
 I retreated.
 I figured out that I did fit.
 I fit just right.
 I just did not fit in.
 I fit out!
 I arranged my best fit to help out by staying out.
 I contribute by fitting out.
 I behave antisocially solely to protect asocial.
 I failed outright within your fitting in world.
 I succeed within my fitting out world to better OUR world.
 Stay away and so shall I.
 We shall win.*

To Rare Door Knockers

You say a name ...? Why not a number? Once more, who do you do?

I arrived estranged to LA. No, not to improve odd friendship odds.

Stranger, to subsidize charity here inspires two bad lessons. NO!

My doorway tests your Halo. Fail and I shall shoehorn your ass out!

We maintain inequality here. If you dislike me, you can go. Lucky you!

What speaks the password? Pause? A good start. Diplomacy.

You like simplified?) MEdia (Keep knobbing, switching and sedating.

I write, do not referee message. You whistle.

00hhh. He really laid down the gauntlet that time!
(No, I just laid down the cliché because you laid down the gauntlet.)

Press Secretary? You fools already elected one. Why have two?

“Why you smutty sensationalists!”

Now I lay me down to sweeps, my satellite monitoring sold to keep.
 If I should die before I wake, display my wake to a station break.

(Epitaph) Your death happens and then others shit. (Be my guest.)

Spam? ~ Spic & Spook all Spic & Span

I allowed myself to think it. I typed it down to see it. You just read it. I never said it. When hush offense? Chink about it.

(Great art always faces people about peoples, never pc. One can always smell a perfumed fart.)

wepragmaticamericanscontinuetofixateineverfastermovingnowcementthatneverhasoreverwillcureus
 just watch and listen to our future ... think these privacy celebrity cheap shot recordings
 will confine themselves to white guys? ... try again! ... psychiatrist/patients ... confessionals
 ... schools ... work ... kiss(scrap)ingering you ... whew dear, so you're not the killer ... rico? no
 ... but gibsoned ya, sucka! ... interpersonal totalitarianism! ... wishing you perfect ... or well
 ... have a nice day, morality monitor lizards! ... customize ETHICS powwows in your wigwams now!

Stand American, stuck going my other's way and cutting your shit.

Not Actual, just Silly & Real

Attention Deficit Disorder??? Oh NO, you too huh? *Yeah well my old neighbor was one of those. He drove a truck for a living. They found his wife diced up in a rest stop dumpster. That S.O.B. had A.D.D. too!*

I see. Did they also diagnose his Manic Depressive Illness?

Yes yes, he had that some of that shit too!

Well there you see? I have none of that. I only have a mild Bipolar Affective Disorder. Says only a disorder, not even an illness. I have nearly disaffected myself to simple infection, disincomplexed altogether.

(Not only do I find illness directives professionally conditioned, I never incur duty to overturn stigma but do deficit to attention orders disproportionately!)

TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?TYPES?
*I uphold the side of principle, therefore how could I possiblee **be** by another side?*

(Immorality always its symptom ... Ethics always its cause ... Reverse to read it right.)
 You imply a conditional threat to induce behavior against urgency of their threat. Do you recognize the more imminent threat and why it remains so difficult for all of us? to read

Yeahbutyeahbutyeahbutyeahbutyeahbutyeahbutyeahbutyeahbutyeahbutyeahbutttttt

For instance: **“Smoke em if ya got em. Just don’t put em out in anybody else.”** *(See that, I know smoking kills. Now butt out!)*

[For you, standing for standing against manner could defend something altogether different]

People are basically good but platitudes read basically banal like most people,
↓
but not you, bettering brain efficiency with me. Thanks. Good for us people.

Alive with LIFO not FIFO

How would I honestly audit this CPA’s poetry? Her inventories recited stockroom whereas attempts inspired; therefore I sequence this personalized accrual account to reminisce with affection.

We Your Sore Clowns

It only hurts when I laugh or it always hurts so I laugh rather than it hurts so I always laugh or hurts so I am always a laugh.

Just The Same Old Changes

Computers can service individual needs either as proactive thinking tools or unremitting brain dope; yet televisions, feature film theaters and entertainment stadiums remain wholly money laden as one reactive Nestlé’s fix from cliques, clusters, systems and formulas. Funded from/for guess who? It sands quickly about that just.

Do you want a career in politics? Just remember, “Always put your best foot behind their worst boot.”

Do not fret over subversive literature. Today few know what subversive means. Loud, that they get.

Running directly on character exposes character. “Hey, he’s not talking about us...He’s just talking about himself!” (Me too, facing up to, not running for.)

My “SOP” tidbit (Other artists may consider freely.)

I remain conflicted between issues of art and commerce. Having attended a trendy MBA program in the Boston area during the Reagan 1980’s, I partook of saturation clamoring over W-2 forms, venture capital projections, news in the Wall Street Journal, and where our 5-year forecasts positioned each of us to command how many K. I foreclosed schooling to script my own loss leader’s ticket to LA for writing a poem or two. Since 1986, I have painted, written extensively and cartooned – none targeting preexisting markets or even art genres aside from the loosest descriptions. I have watched attentively to artists having gone into windshields of business, thereafter scraping themselves off with similar huffiness – “Industry is greedy.” They want to know why when their art succeeds in making money that no one can just settle for a reasonable portion. Many artists miss what business people rarely proclaim; reasonable gauges mediocrity for profiteers, therefore how would they enjoy that? I suspect that capital masters’ offend from artists consigning fairness valuations towards tender and therefore fiscally chastise for it. This aligns consistent with indicators that I recalled from 1984 – a foreboding year of Orwellian futures headed my way for unrelated reasons.

I shall proffer one indemnifying conclusion. Finance carries baggage parasites and never proxy for imagination, therefore compromise to aesthetics unless spoken from a five sensory delusion or a single lying mouth.

During a carnival, I approached the livestock stable to ask a cow how the fair settled itself up. She replied, “Mooooot,” carefully crossing her t to avoid misunderstanding. i did understand so naturally thanked her for cautioning me. As one would expect she appreciated my interest so volunteered lunch later at Dairy Queen, naturally her treat. As fair settles only fair I suggested making a day of it, so offered to treat for dinner at Burger King, where we could jaw over a few more things. Naturally, I would pick up that check. 🛎



Animals in the wild do not seek challenge but advantage by floor covering red, white and blue legislation right out from under us.

Administer lie detector tests for Oaths of Office? “Obje “No, I’m going to allow that!”

If business fairly refereed

... 1/3 of the population would comprise of judges and lawyers, 1/3 of law enforcement surveillance and prison officials and 1/3 of legislative committees ... and 1/3 more for making the other 3/3 make any sense at all ...

“ Whaddah I do now? ”

Recipients of large settlements also yoke with increased premiums on imagination to enrich mature use of their new time allotments. Most should sue a second time for such unfairness.

Psst...

Conspiracy upon a typical presumption...When not, figure a typical oblivion...When atypically neither, default to consider paranoia.

Dating Services

I’m looking for a man who...and...and...and...and...and...and...and...a nd ... Ok now I see you, sitting in the bleacher seats...at first base.

One for Fellow Strugglers

Sometimes the only proper response to another pep talk sez to dispense a pez suppository.

Hello yourself Ms Professional Index Finger, let me introduce you to Mr Middle One from the faraway land ... no, far beyond Butting In ... of Not Seeking Preaching.

““ Do you listen to me Papillion? ””

**((If ever subjected to extended isolation, you had))
((best speak your idea - else you will hear voices!))**

Curiosity does not kill the cat - fear of curiosity does... slowly.

From two types easy with a smile: those that wear one to sell you to them and those that share one to endear you to them.

...although watch closer to corporation commands & controls ...w/collusions



ROT: Presume that most of what they tell you says what they cannot do!

Nuclear weapons only maintain relevance to social order from authority among nation states. Within forthcoming decentralized cyber-provinces of air-water-landscapes, citizens will purchase continuously rechargeable devices to operate wireless entities, also powered recurrently and instantly mobile, rendering nukes obsolete. Atomic Age real estate minions will no longer requisition terrorist artillery to kill EVIL within sandbox solvent oil turd fields of astrology, but occasionally discount vandalism action toys and outsource pestering to former middle school bomb scare brats.

Now what would a God defrauding do without matching devaluation of happiness. Those assigning highest premium here either suffer so obliviously to alleviate their pains or suffer greatest for chasing them. Imagine addicted to cloud dispersals.

Experiential Psychology

**{(I-CERTIFIABLY
UNCERTIFIED-I)}**

**Not life read out of a book but life led and then written into a book.
(For I no longer defer as I need not presume to be otherwise either.)**

My Common Two Cents Worth

Listen to any two diametrically opposed gas baggers from political talk radio as each invoke the great name of *Common Sense* and one might conclude common sense to nearly overlay with truth. Here needs not a navel linting down to truth about truth in any ultimate sense - in this preferred sense, one far commoner. I argue that common sense reinforces familiarity whether points made talk as right or wrong. Consequently, I prioritize concerns toward perspective, which makes far more sense. To make any sense at all though, I usually switch reactive TV/radios to bark off.

Impersonations of intellect. For Christ sakes, more Linus towel politicians. Let us settle for lesser again.

Order me up one of those. That calls to order!

I would like to place an order. Oddly enough, one will satisfy quite enough to quiet us up, a single order for THE AWARD for having not won an award. Can you see to it, for having failed to earn one entitles me having earned that one. Fear not, I shall not hoard but loaves and fishes split carrot it up, and then wine and wafer sucker up unknown lowers of outrank-defile-style, as we sip slowly to avoid getting drunk on ours, unlike you, The Remarkable.

(Awards bribe hook conscientiousness into writing fine art, refining sugar to word in good taste like a well behaved shit.)

Pardon mois ami amateur self-clunkering!

You insinuate that I forgive you to alleviate my resentment.

That does not forgive, but enlist the resume of a sociopath!

(Rather deal\$ under wearing bullshit! Does disgrace deserve panache?)

I never father time anyone, no matter how older they age. I simply do not have their waste to time.

I write; am not your talk show; print why writers have more to say.

Amongst 2, a conversation; 3, a meeting; 4, a rumor; 5, a conspiracy; 6, a mob; 1, your goat.

Burying the Cat's Lead

"... as another altercation between blacks and whites got out of control when one of the agitators shouted the N word, after which fighting ensued ..."

"Wait! Somebody mismouthed NEWS word, after which a lie leaked? Jeeper's peepers, we had better stultify every forum to contain The expaNding acroNym again! Next thing we might exCavate your hall monitors of cat crap oratory right from outtake sandboxes themselves!"

"Now Now There There You Better Or Else!"

(What a pushsuasive approach? You must BE intellectual!)

[stneitap htiw ecneitaP | Patience with patients]

Critique of Pure Sludge

(Yes we Kant!)

We display it parade it masquerade then charade it ... sanctify it deny it crucify then idolize it ... glamorize it advertise it falsify then sermonize it ... purify it putrefy it justify then summarize it ... witness it dismiss it distance then miss it ... What hides it? Any absence at all will fill it for to find it would end it and we would not like that, as would reverse us to change us and apply reason to it.

Any more freeload investors?

(Some dirty deal beneath rigged decks, staging pals. I deduce such anti-heckling!)

Oh, I understand a laugh at my expense. Stand up there, I have something for you. I define as your laugh extraction kit, otherwise known as an admission ticket. You still have it? Then hide your idiot souvenir! Where did your face go? Lost & Found that too? I tax fools to save face. Now feel fee to shit down in your high chair.

First tainted: *"I do not want Show Biz Cheese Wiz Science. Politicians even,"* ...again infectiously linking publicitowns.towns. Do hope I never work here again.

I Keeping it in the Company of Corporations I

I would never publicly humiliate you, always obliging a fair head start before stabbing you in the back,

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of Compulsory Free Speech ...

My Contribution ~ Never root against the proliferation of intelligence...no matter how odious the perpetrator of contribution!

“Any relation to Cardinal Spellman?” *(Meaning that despite ten million Spellmans and twenty million Spellman questions, I foresee still another Orthodox trivia quiz about a Jew baiting, nigger hating, Father Coughlin crony, fudge bay packer who ear pieced acrimony into JFK’s acronymic, apoplectic Vietnamese troop rape fuck insertions for outsourcing apple pie ass wiping so bigoted that even The goddamn Church outed that scourge prophet!)*

“Who?”

[[cagy]] ↗ 🔒

“What’s your religious preference?” *(Why Spell ME, Dr. Which? How 🇺🇸 Your ☆ of David poster right behind you.)*



Subsistence Pharming

.....DRUGSyesofcoursealcoholandcigaretteschewpipeandcigarandantidepressantsandantipsychoticsgulppingcodeinecoughsyrupahhhsleepingpillsawakeupcoffeeorespressoeasyonthesugarandcandykidsaswellascasinosandsportswith/withoutbettingandtelevisionlotteryorjusttvwithoutanycompanyatalortoomuchfoodorexerciseorsexerciseorpornoranythingingestedornotingestedbecauseourskullscannotkeepdrugsoutbecausehavingareadyinfiringneuroelectrochemicalsfromconceptionwombwardandthroughoutuntilexpirationanddecompositionasbacteriafeastawaysowhilealivedoalsofindtimetodonice thingsforothersbecauseitsenses goodbecauseitsDRUGS.....

**Mother Theresa fixed Mass production Jesus junk!
But why on God’s greener canvas did Mona smile?
Leonardo did not Jesus up. Hell, he poofed in lieu!
From On HIGH to each their own fertilizers, Amen!**

I safely made it home from Woody Allen’s school No, he comes from New York and I from Massachusetts I just thought his movie Yet it ran overtime as one would expect.

Opportunity issues neither throne nor toilet but justice to move my butt.

Feeble Me / Feeble Dumb!

Who the fuck painted The Persistence of ... My, grandma, what big tits you have. ... Mammary! Yeah, Dali, silly me. (((How can he remember so well? Persistence ... A little dab ul do yuh ... of pain.)))

What really boils me!...**Over**

It all boils down to politics...It all boils down to religion...It all boils down to money...It all boils down to race...It all boils down to gender...It all boils down to globalization...It all boils down to the environment...It all boils down to philosophy...It all boils down to America...It all boils down to the Middle East...It all boils down to the family...It all boils down to yourself...It all boils down to...It all boils down to...to...to...to boils! So kiss the one ulcerating my ass you provincial emissaries!

↳ FAR mOrE CaUSES fOR conventional Joy

(reconnect and p a u s e for the cause, effecting every once in a continuum again)
Unfair? Unfair? Upon considering all cause and effects (if so) of all time, then citation as ungodly how fair anything has become for anyone to combination forth onto anywhere.

This { I'MPACT! } Font

For years now, I have given my books to friends and relatives, expecting specific critiques, encouragements, contacts or direct business mediation. None has followed. Once those close size me up, they want to maintain interpersonal equivalence. Creative growth develops real ideas that threaten this balance. Success potential also destabilizes. Hereafter I shall only share my art among strangers, hopefully without more hurdles of envy to stop us.

before concern. "THE SKY IS FALLING! THE SKY IS" ... No, no, Mr. & Mrs. Little. Whether or weather not so cites always the secondary cause. "The PANIC LEADERS will cause hysteria to control us as people and stir storms by affecting coop-effected chaos." Do not ask them though, never wavering from busyness sermon to forecast oblivion.

just a thought or two

Upon enlightenment, The Buddha did not become hocus-pocus holy but rather an earthy or practical man. Under the Bo Tree his second thought may well have likened to, "Holy Shit, these other people present a mess. How the Hell am I going to ..." Pausing to smile his infectious and much imitated Jade East cologne face ... "I AM NOT, but merely to assume a minor part." Presumptuous I know. At one time or another the thought of "FUCK em!" must have also crossed Buddha's deliberations, just like it crossed yours within this moment of enlightenment. Do not lie unto me you hocus-pocus holy roller! Your thought then switched and became one with orgy just as fast as did mine.

**The American Civil Liberties Union will even defend
The Ku Klux Klan?**

Sure. Equal opportunity supremacy groups for all ... Even rights to assemble for N.A.M.B.L.A. (presuming their Charter did not specify; even when we supposed their Bi-Laws far exceeded that) ... Believe it or not, even for that dope running moron Limbaugh, when search and seizure liberties exceeded... protecting his ongoing right to assemble airheads over your airwaves, many scolding the A.C.L.U. for bad morals...misleading you to my point. The A.C.L.U. helps not in the morality mêlée. Instead, they oversee ethics. Therefore a recourse now positions to protect your rights for getting the right *witches* on trial; for dropping acid on the right *street hookers* to build the right *Castro assassin*; for eavesdropping the right *phone calls to all the wrong people*; for the right *subversives*; the right *patriots acting from orders from the right nepotism ninny*; the right *for those rightly authorized to read-overwrite your emails ... Right! A.C.L.U. does not protect t-Y-p-Es, but typesets; defending principles; yours, if principled ... and not just another unprincipled simpleton.*

{{{I know...but my material did... ~(!)~(!)~(!)~ ... A different kind of storyline }}}}

In the beginning, I believe that Jesus never existed, **However?** ... *I wasn't there.*
(OK intellectuals, so I had the nerve to emboldened my point. Need **you** crucify me for that?)

The Toughest Sport

He did write, although good, not equivalents good writing, a difference worth reading into any difference; no matter how worthwhile he regarded as person.

No! ... Instead, *Lead with your rights!*

How should we counterpunch(?) future ID thieves ... Pro-action!
Construct online false identities to haCk ... hAck ... haCK up their
digital coughs. Traps we become, random baiting memory access
hackers. Now Credit Card/Mortgage Application/Insurance Frauds
for embarrassments...make em bust? ... A bust?

Location/Location/Location?






Perspective\Perspective\Perspective| Checkmate!

Dear Resident:

*Our agents will arrive tomorrow to search for the confiscated envelope, opened
as evidence authorizing your whereabouts.*

Thoughtfully Yours,

Us

As one Gas Station dared not speak across the street ...     

Superman spaketh one! ... Superego countered another! ... Dot connector Types cast Hut 2 Goose!
You think Supercartoon media sniper Types do not tacit-shoot to deflect away **individuality**?
I conspire fire? Oh? Inter-Network-Fidel-Tacit-Tours to **Typeset** boring boardroom newsrooms?

**“I’m sorry Brian, but my boss told me that we might be forced
into Times New Roman conquering your ... editing your book.”**

*“I understand. Some parts note even **mightier** than others do... Like predicting your
mousey clairvoyance?... Leave this cheesiness in. (Other times, abridged by a desk troll!)*

The United States of Homogenization

Instead,

The Represented States of Subjugation

Rather,

The Divided States of Representation

Best,

The Better Homes of Digital Initiations

I AM not a reactionary: I radioactively react rage pulsations at radios, TVs & dinner ads, as well as all other reactive regurgitated remittance!

[[[Class Clown Thinking while at Willett School]]]]]]]]]]

“There is no such thing as a stupid question!”

“Mr. (...), did your grandmother wash it off or clean it with her mouth after you porked cock snot up her ass?”

(Before `literalized` without sarcasm to expose potentials for irrelevance, think up irreverence to preclude stupidity.)

Fun until *“Mmm bad, mmm bad, that’s what Campbell’s ad homonyms aftertaste like, mmm bad!”*

Some things that **cannot be taught** sometimes one **can learn**. The former awaits another’s rendition while the latter advances personal initiative through creative reasoning and consequently develops better comprehension, memorization and retrieval for future applications.

Allegorical or Actual acts Matter of Ineffectual

*Never married, you may consider my bias from a bias of your own. Ultimately chaptered through teamwork conflict/resolutions, a separate competition within should always remain to communicate honestly about roles and chores - some, not all shared yet all within legitimate and necessary oversight and discussion. Art enters from recognition that to win em all says to lose badly, sometimes of a lingering variety by calendar cross-offs towards another successful anniversary and other times more emphatically. “Your settlement **Signature...**,” only after which you realize how spastic you rate in skills blindly underrated. “Now I have to change plugs and oil all by myself? ... Without her?”*

Christopher Iampiatro! Are or am you? Which is it or does? To be or to do, what say you? I wonder if he became or just sat on his ass to wait. Tough name to be stuck with therefore does warrant redefinition. Knock off nonsense you resters. Language can cripple or empower!

Q: How many serial killers randomly chance upon and kill other serial killers?

A: Not enough.

most recommended from Mr. Doctorless.

Composing the most excruciating episodes of my life does not excruciate at all but pleasures - not pill tranquility, just tranquility. I killed no one... just an associationopath.



Care to purchase a counterinsurgency virus or an antiphishing worm? Vast markets await. Scammers scheme not deterrents as do firewall/antivirus protection profiteers, stalling status quo roll calls. Centralized production agents contract reactive renewals. What would motivate them to change? Quid pro quos with ISP's? Hmmm? Acronym that hymn. I omitted double agents; agencies ... Had so, until now. Always work questions upward to arrive before our mountains. Host there a better slingshot geek mouse in the house? Pardon my silicon silly metaphors up to north valley-ers, but does anyone have a nice pair@ and a pair@ on her? Please not literally!
 [... **FREE** siphoning off bad links search engine.com]
<http://www.freesiphoningoffbadblinksearchengine.com>

Look into the mirror and take a whiff. Does it smell like bullpoetics? Yes? Good, you have not taken a trip, just run away. Trizzle Trazzle Trozzle Tro, time for this one to take One giant leap for yourself! Take a bow.

I retain every knuckle dragger in my genome-logy while bettering a policy over astrology.

I glutton up my sage paunch. Washboard belly gym rat days past, chicks now say, "There goes a man clearly evolved beyond needle nose pliers' rat ancestries. There goes a man who sits on his ass all day and thinks like a sewer. How sexy!" Mittyesque, I guess.

**"Broccoli goes→here\meat→here/potato→here\roll here."
 " Wait! ... and wreck the whole goddamn EVERYTHING? "
 "Meat here/broccoli there\potato here/roll there. Party Platter complicit."
 (Poo Poo that in your political porking, California category consolidated food fighters.)**

Double Feature: "Whatever" followed by a brief intermission with "The Great Popcorn Robbery"

"Hey whaddaya feel like doin this weekend?" "Seeya moovie fool, what else (...)?"
 "Oh right, so whaddaya wanna see?" "Let's pick after we get there ... like, from ... whatever."
 [Right, sitting side by side ... Like, from ... closed packed molecules and facing forward just like we did every week in the classroom with Mr. Flathead. Now **US** looking down upon and building better boredom corns to think tougher once we kick ass out? in the reel world!]

During High School, I became a star swimmer, winning a New England title. A girl surprised me for an autograph. I would sign a check to buy it back. No wonder I boozed into **aa** label.

(Insecurity Guarded for you of right size *)*

Derivative Wall Street Whorse Trading Politicians making race bets fiat promising you?

1970's allowed negative advertising for fair comparison purposes onto Consumer Reports Magazine that would renege offers from advertisers for objectivity purposes onto negative campaigning to compare opponents by their political and personal flaws onto approval ratings for office holders onto negative approval ratings to assess public dissonance not to forget film ratings to assess political subjectivity to advertise success to uphold fear to control public irresponsibility onto ... Negative Voting? Why not? 2010 would allow the public to participate with more choices to elect among candidates. Vote for So-and-So ... or Vote against Oh-and-So ... just not for/and/or against either So or Oh ... or for/or against any other Ohs and/or Soss ... so one vote still means one vote. Bilateral status quos will negatively renounce from their *BS* advertising to restrict choices to offset possible tallies ... negative votes casts for *Sooooooooo* ... Ohhhhhhh shit! ... from The Great State of Truth.

My Scarlet R Word

Ouch, they called me **the** N word, make that **an** N word, **another** N word, **a** **N**ame word. Now all wowed off.

He cannot figure out much of anything. So give him a job to stem unemployment - figurehead.

D i s s i p a t i o n s

()

If I join you'll mystify my reflection.

If you join I'll lose my point of voice.

Fired for insubordination? Fret not. Porn hires in for subordination.

Once you do anything original, THEY WILL STALK OUT ANYBODY TO CONTEXT SAFETY!

i T-au-T myself-fish-ly caught, drunk like a lucky stiff!

I do not want more formal schooling. Then new The(m&m)asters would expect me to know more data by more influences, melting in their hands, not from my mouth. They might further encourage more curriculum slumming to others, programmed by others, wasting my past again. Academically stuck. Aw shucks their recycled fuck!

Educated people cannot resist profanities if fused to intelligence yet informal folk will sense as disqualified without them. Mine will reach more unless quarantined under philosophy.

They always live well, administering global health philosophy. Do you dislike living chess pieced as do I?

Oh, there enacts much more to my art than mere circumstance. Well... Sponge In / Sponge Out. The resting remains secret.

Hollywood and and and the the the Takes Believe?

I realize that stupid does not describe a type of person but rather indicates types of behaviors. Please refrain from impersonations?

Giant Snakes grow to indeterminate length. One in captivity, 50 feet long and 1000 pounds, feeds on 5 found dogs/month. Now that IS a whole lotta dog shit to clean up at any pound.

Spoiling Two Fantasies

Pardon me for outliving my use as your personal novelty clown. Shame me for presuming my intermittent act as lead in to reveal fullest humanity. HotPainFusedToBrainsReadingReachingAnAudienceCracksYouUp!

*“Lowballing all Bullshitter **uPPers!**”*

If I do not hyperbolize, embellish, obfuscate and upkeep social consistency within our economical or unequivocal disregard for truth, shall I ever receive a deserved recognition?

As this perspective pervades, would not odds heavily favor standing out by behaving genuinely, albeit prudently so, otherwise conveying a beige presence?

Free to Choose your Slavery Brand

We of Milton Friedman culture. If it sells well, it smells swell. Our mitt curdling pasture culture by bad bacteria. Pay the man.



Yink and Yank

I received humiliation from one parent and coddling from the other to counter; both of them back and forth through me, rather than confront one another while smothered in promissory notes to offset the results from these trappings. From the age of ten I stretched beyond snapping points as a man before completion as a boy; thus by twenty-five and finally leaving home, indifferent to practical necessities. Fortitude occasionally clocks away through passing futilities though nowadays I deflect righteous fingerings poking shopworn snipes like ‘immature’. Upon acceptance these empower nothing, merely reenact condescension. I overcame only son, prodigal analyst but never magician. Inform to prevent I hope.

Objectively, they should never have had me. Fortunately, objectivity deludes. Psychiatrists medicate my delusional thinking? Objectively, I should kill them. ☐ I kid, art as children.

Dumb?, under their Bug Jar Files, stupID Edefecate Wrecks!

Psychologists often lumbered my ears up with trade cackling to authenticate put downs of our friends and acquaintances. They always remained seated rather than supine concerning matters of personal sharing. I learned nothing imparting factual frailty. You would have sworn they swore oaths as security guards, filling me a sieve of protocols, practitioner’s shit; not conversing friendships.

My Lord, the kindergarten flies have all grown up; larvae etiquette over the same lounges & barbeques...the pits. While speaking about shit...Once the only rules are there are no rules literalizes, we shall all become illiterate and no longer able to offend one another at all.

[Attorneys, Generals, Attorney-Generals, Surgeon-Generals and Generals in General]

No wonder it sounds like something stuck ups your throat. Why there I canned see some. Flim Phlegm! Try telling a truth to see if it upchucks Chuck Wagon.  **“Hhhyaaah! Hhhyaaah!”** 

7 billion 99.99% identical genome? Brain-goo-mush implications? Inspired? Impediments? Blame! Excuse! Following others, etc. I wrote awfully during formal education. Read me now.



Tall, dark and ... blond.



**The welpers corn feed the helpers - more mixed up misbehaviors.
Oblivions, denials and conspiracies - licensing prognosticators.
Diagnostic convex Riemannian triangle looks up at myopic concave
Euclidian flat gyroscoping old hat schooling retooling widget fools.
(My big picturing your factories, farms and people think plantations!)**

“Everybody should be treated equally.” “So spread the (mess)age!” (Mistreat more fools rivaling me!)

A thousand *Pardun mois* to Art, however...

Systematic derangement of the senses through Absinthe and homosexuality did a childish Rimbaud. Far more intelligently, randomize circadian/calendar rhythms through darkness and retreat, throw in porn to vicariously wire to wire oneself, gray suburb brain lace to ghetto butt hole...genius! [CHORESRESTOREORDER]

Nothing models effete like flatness!
I like neither crowds nor individuals thinking like crowds.
I maintain the company of a few individuals, seen separately.
Upon three, we become rock/paper/scissors ... at least to me.

Essence of a Cult

You gotta give it away if you wanna keep it
...therefore you gotta take it because we gotta give it away.

(Identify, don't Compare!)

The Rapture Toe

The substance avalanche hit with enormity so substitute relief displaced immediate and proportionate ... *Oh I stubbed my toe! How truly wonderful to feel the rapture of a sober toe!* ... **could not and did not last, yet I chased this rapture toe for years of self bunions ... plied by every advice expert imaginable ... not one smarter than me, revealing that intelligence does not spare desperation, nor susceptibility to irrational suggestion ... discovering such, I warranted issuance of one Get-Out-of-Guilt-Free Card ... took one ... meant stole two, rethinking better, hitting your asses back with my own damn door!**

AA Rule #2 of Thumb up Your Bum plugs that poorest advice shoves hardest, *once towards this female by a guy so annoying that she blasted an overreaction that later demanded apology...accepted, with his follow up counseling instead of acknowledged complicity...Ending with Rule #1 about unsolici...Interrupting #2!!!*

I have more subordinates ... I fuck more chicks ... I have more friends ... I attend a bigger congregation ... I live in a wealthier whatever ... I have higher degrees/positions/awards ... all focused upon payoffs instead of contributions. What wins em? Whatever we collectively value and nowadays, self-aggrandizements shock.

**_____ Morons into mansions overnite!
 Many spiritual as Hell all day long! _____**

They speak either evangelical of membership or evangelical of ideology yet convert neither live and let live nor bygones be bygones promises, export hypocrisy ~ releasing false feelings under disguises of consensus - dichotomize sermonizing, simplified to swindle portrayals of challengers to them as mean or Evil in spirit.

I once sustained an injury in the field as a civil servant. Formal write-ups offer management pretext to blame employees, mitigating union actions and/or personal lawsuits. Mutual distain surpassing impersonal human relations thinly veiled this boss from me. After fastidious scrutiny, he bigheaded, **"You misspelled perineum!"**... ...I deferred, he a bigger pain **in** the ass than myself.

Nothing to Lose so do not Start Giving!

What does it matter whether these anecdotes, linguistic compressions, perspectives or any other messages adhere to consistencies within ontological, phenomenological, normative, empirical, deterministic, cosmological or other argumentations? I tell my story. Structuring evaluation categories better settles through pros who specialize in scholarly endeavors. I share something that I rarely find among communiqué today - honest divulgence of myself with what I perceive through that experience. I lost almost everything and opted out of companionships, now choreographing without concerns to please. Advantages to me! Us?

"Are you referring to the ontological or cosmol... "I merely claim that diplomas roll better under than over the dowel."

Truly smart people do not talk a big game; protect it, knowing wiser.

[[[Talking shit to me? My misunderstanding, not your mouth, now you make sense.]]]

1 greatest teacher, Marilyn Rubel, Mrs., 1 worthwhile reprieve from worthlessness.
(Where finds you? As buried as within this unread tome?)

This pokes at you|you|you|you ... but one at a time!

I enjoin no part of yous and do not want any among you to pluralize me when saying you. You did not work out for me. Do you get me?

My existence plays lotteries, not miracles. So does yours.

Frank ~ Sexton ~ and Hell

This offers not as Diary. Neither does it formalize sessions with a licensed therapist. I satisfy by sharing and having publicly available. Therefore, I have published to prepare for anticipated readers. I have never read young Anne's writings. As diary, I would never do so on principle, regardless of import. As for older Anne, I also stand against posthumous divulgence of privacy rights. Godlessness cites as irrelevant to my views. I know that corrupt ethics motivate apprehensiveness for future privacy considerations by others alive, not surveying anyone to prove that.

Of course you do misconstrue, to lost bitching too listen two my account!

“Go and get this and then do that, right away!”!! “Go to Hell you heel, right now!” *“Apologize for that insult or else!”!!* “Fee Fi FIFO fum, you go first to get that done, or off to Hell with this else too; Heil heel dog, backlog you! You can can others to your own dance, man! Pitch that shit, Mr. Bitch!”

Science think\$ not common sense enterprise...superstition is | is selling more.

Our YMCA Ethos

Every incompetence gets in the game. No standard left behind ... except competence.

...still not from our oldest poets (listen...)

Cuneiform Soup ~ Cuneiform Spelling B↔↔▽ ~ Cuneiform Ciphers

Face to face off rage sides two way. I prefer rage through reason to paper cut with a word sword to a mightier penitentiary. Got my dot?

*((You **were** too y... to get this... Bully! I write too old, give this.))*

(Never get trapped in a marriage with a girl named Ward ... Could worsen than penned)

(with a boy named Sue ... No reward to reword a reward ... Might never Cash out at all)

Becoming clever? Find your own way to find your way to mine ... fun.

My perception of their reception? Exclusively so? Inconclusively dunNO.

uP your duckbill platitudes!

It's always all uP to you! *Is it? Almighty uP yours to you! Do you hut uP to His it for that?*

**{{{N̄YR ϕδWe all sneeze it together ϕγZςN̄Influencing one}
{another with influenzaYR̄Ahhchew!ϑN̄YRγPhewϑRζλγ}}}**

I think therefore I? ...yam what I yam... a brooding caricature of nostalgic homeostasis... overhaul!

First searching for my anything. Any good? Mattered not. Better than any preceding it. My Nothing.

*\$^%&@#i\$^%&@*c!s@!^c%*\$##@l#*c%@^%#*c!@!#s!%&c\$*c##\$@sc*##@&@*#c*\$^@#&@
 (Pause... breathe and then ingest your pride burger rather than reloading your animosity.)

“9 -- 1 -- 1 !!!” ... Hello? ... **Quick, my bipolar diseased daughter is sick from her medication and** ... Maam, how ages your daughter? ... **She’s white years old. Why?** For protected majorities, law requires parental confirmation when sending help to fully insured suburbs. ARE you still ... Have you begun listening? Stop swarming your worries, relentless analyses and panicked atypical astigmatism onto your daughter and only then will she host fewer inadequate thoughts to manufacture a need for special identities. She will then begin to think better and then behave with a healthier ... **Do you mean to say her problem is exclusively one of denial by manipulating attention through bizarre behaviors, fulfilling need for more pills?**

No, **y our** problem has prophesized! Now **her e?** symptoms have actualized!

Ye of faith may reService revolvers to prove future points that hammer locked a History of ... brawns to guns to gun to brain to Book a more revolutionary Revelation ... Reason.

An atheist, right! ... Righteously so, right up until your pistol points up against my unholy temple ... **Halt!** Your impulse epiphany before epistemological piss-bliss baptizes my leg. Does this most cordial proverb sanctify universal points of view? Neither faith nor fear upholds **Confirmation**. Might you now acknowledge ‘agnostic’ no longer confused with unclear/indifferent, with **Class?** **Dismissed.**

(Why do we presume to solve world problems when personal ones remain farther away?)

Idea

I sense that their inquiry fascinates yet also contradicts mine. I do not like that they have proceeded without me. Therefore, I do not like them. Unlikely ever catching up to them, I shall ignore them. They advance ignorant to my needs so I shall ignore them to punish them, all of them. Alternatively, if I redefine how I sense myself, I may then join them without needing to overcome them, for I shall no longer need to overcome myself as one of them ... now just one amongst them, no longer one in contradiction amongst mine.

Black & Brown Death Penalties

(Instead, protest these statutes generically.)

1) Race side urgings to most members of a white majority imply reverse class favoritism under color-coding. Neglect exceptions voicing from safer celebrity. Media oration represents minority opinions, often within majority populations to obfuscate but not undercut my view. When uncertain, place odds against any public foot of white racial altruism. Although tolerated publicly, this meets with agitated disagreement privately, offsets purpose and diverts attention to questions of having spoken from bravado, incredulity or contrivance. Do not argue from your heart or cheat with numbers. Reason with your head. It simply renders truth.

2) Statistics bedfellow mismanagement, often deliberately so to reinforce a belief rather than search for an unknown conclusion. Without data, I maintain obvious to acknowledge poverty manifest within non-to off-white neighborhoods. Crimes fulfilling current criterion for capital punishment also prevail in poorer than wealthier areas. Without having to delve into causes, a logical correlation exists. Fiscal inequities better address without pinning the volatilities of capital punishment to them - or volatilities of death penalties by race counting - or from race to rulings. Uphold a collective ideal of equal under law.

3) Race based arguments against death penalties also presume a white public as guilty before proven innocent of racism, race hate or at least racial bias. Do white jurors volunteer discrediting answers to race questions? Once seated so cornered, all heat up from insinuations under any racial mores. During deliberations, do jurors then speak honestly about race? Even when argued into testimony? Do most even discuss race? Tacit attitudes of racial bias therefore refuel from public discourse connecting these issues. Separate them to lessen future impact and then unify death penalty abolition from principle.

A Cool Not Hot Moral

(... Instead of Injustice for All.)

1) Injustice thwarts all fairness within capital murder cases. The loss of victims confirm so. Any 'next best thing' implies a swap to sadden, if not nauseate considerations. Memorials deserve better.

2) Incarceration costs versus execution offset when comparing case incidence to prison capacity. Trial costs would predictably run higher from media and community spectacle.


3) Only jurors in agreement with death penalty conditions seat to rule, alongside likeminded judges pass sentencing, therefore do not represent community. Verdicts and penalties thus preclude any possibility of arranging evenhandedness.

4) Exceeding majority temperament for capital punishment understandably becomes those bereaved. *We the people* try cases by policy to offset rage and apply reason. Regrettable US jurisprudence has always erred most from impassionate chapters.

5) "If there was ever a case that deserved The Dea..." Right, this one becomes that one too. Does an attitude of 'Playing ... (no, the other Guy)' overcome and lead into more temptation? Have we collectively become closer to them? Do entire attentions shift in the wrong direction, toward perpetrators instead of those slain? Whom does the enduring public usually remember and not commemorate? Do gruesome doers deserve advertising? Do we need that? Our public outlook misshapes with trendy, recycling sensationalism and short cuts faster pathways for regard due to infamy rather than achievement. Does safety win? Civilization?

6) Sentences undergoing commutations would alleviate matching urgencies for snap appellate rulings ... hasty clemencies ... rash pardons ... yes, also ambitious verdicts.

“ALWAYS KEEP AN OPEN MIND”



 I always close mine upon hearing this inane attempt at thought control. “... to whatever I have to tell you.” always remains mysteriously left out – at first. Hearing this parroted so brainlessly can condition an assumed wrongdoing for dismissing it. Decisions never conclude until closing one’s thinking. When to reopen, evaluate, and reclose again I compete to retain on my terms, nowadays self-permission for listening and ignoring alike.

BarkBarkBark for more freedom of speech? Arrange freedom of silence...to think before exercising more freedom of mere bellyaching.

To Unthink **‘LIKE A MOB’**

To learn how to apply judgment from a teacher contradicts itself – the recipient has already relinquished initiative and responsibility to somebody else. One can learn by reversing the dynamic, nurturing judgment subtly within oneself though this threatens conditioning from authority within families, religions, schools, employment, armed services, age, gender, ethnicities, advertising and patriotism – all illogically commanding people to become more responsible and use good judgment. Rather than sulk over the immensity of this contradiction, a calculated care envisions ongoing series of small tests to measure judgment and developments toward growing as a proactive individual. How did I learn this? Pushed beyond, I judged that I could take no more. Still, push raising children stalls far more followers than initiators.

w a t c h out
Once online / down loadable / forever archival. As upload, history repeats. Once upon a virtual, historIES hereafter distort/compel in advance!
i AM not a celebrity, i author, thus type much more at stake than your handshake.

LAY  IT  FLAT!

Yes, our flag. No, I do not offend here at all - once interpreted correctly. Flat to symbolize a democratic ideal - equality. Then actual, not symbolic for an honorable purpose - swearing in! Not to religious reference but to ourselves, yes to US, we the persons.

Our Suburban Projects

Dad featured himself as a real self-projects man. He liked to empathize with tool inventors whenever browsing hardware stores - envisioning how men applied reason to solve problems. During summer vacation, he enlisted my apprenticeship in building a fence to border our one-acre yard, safeguarding our pool from disaster and lawsuit. Posthole digger, cement, creosote, lattice - typically thorough, throughout a thoroughly sweaty summer.

Satisfied but not satiated, he planned another project for the following summer. Inside the exterior lattice, we built another fence, much smaller and this one with stainless grid for better visibility - out from and into see. The fence enclosed a rose bush, maple shade tree, swing set and sandbox. Upon completion, I took my place inside while he padlocked its outside. He could go into town, nap or do whatever else, assured of knowing where his only son waited at all times. Times. Time. One ... two ... three ... four hours ... Have you reasoned what this Brown University chemistry major neglected? Can you empathize with a seven-year-old boy, a sandbox and a neighborhood teeming with kids? He did not warrant another's moron exemption, just a warrant for that one. People confine people in cages for less - authorities, I meant to ape.

Edwin H Land, (dad and his son)

...and the Polaroid success saga. Cutting to the bathroom, mom making busy, drying off her 7 year son(!) when dad burst in to shoot his son and wave Land's landmark apparatus results against son's face! 1 year later son turned consumer to jack off happily ever after until...mom showed dad aged 13 son's straight porn. Dad equated "distaste like your kissing my foot." Exposing whose fear?

Fight Aversion Therapies & My Burial Upset over sibling fights, dad stages forced fights. Now puppets to rage and screams, he evens fights with slaps, fists as mom fakes sofa sleep ... **revives a drunken 20 year old, for I scream same dishonors to a date who confusingly obliges as I hit her,** ... later cried my apology yet took 25 more years to tie 2 obvious events, exhuming his and my ugliness!

To summarize my dilemma. Incarceration, public spectacle, humiliation, voyeurism, child porn then coerced violence towards a sister - linking to an inexcusable reenactment. Undomesticated yet practical about libido, I retain prostitute surrogates. Societal, a prudent authority would mandate Johns to licensing. Even I would place my hand, washed, upon your Bible for salutation here.

"No means No." I agree. 'No means cold showers and piety for 25 LA years?' Fuck, No! Pay the woman.

The Bluest Black Eye

I read Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eye* in 1971 as an 11 year old. Our town numbered about thirty thousand white people, excepting a pair of black families from another school locale. This personal reading interested rare departure from television, ironically where blacks and whites mostly depicted fighting. My race attitudes did not insulate from broader surliness shaped by dad, neighborhood, and television. My motives likely sought escape into another's circumstance, little more. Blue eyes served as both specific and comprehensive references for a child's escape into white values, dominant for considerable reasons. The escape itself directed from incest. My thinking did not detach from, instead engaged to confront some relevant despair. Transcendent arts do not provide escape from fear but counterpunch as tributes despite difference, however factual - also explaining why true empathy arrives more difficult but finally delivers more value than do exact recognitions.

[Merely 1 neighborhood, mine, spawning predators and prey - 1 arrested street prostitute, 1 morbidly obese overeater, 1 child labor syndication, 1 animal torturer, 2 likely active gay, 1 statutory rape, irrefutable child abuses {physical, psychological and sexual (1 unusually sadistic - her punishment)}, probable incest, plenty of secrets hence church attendance; boxed within ½ mile of middle class All Americana, released years ago and now proliferating, procreating and odds would favor, fucking up your neighborhoods. I also dare to surmise, yours within mine. In whose name we kid?]

Reading writing allows highly personal material to convey through most impersonal means. Generically, you may undertake and interpret this alone amid private honesty. I have never sensed better when 'feeling' sorry for myself, as such, illogical and never justified. I remind to prevent facts of assuming secondary layering with added punishment. Should you remind me the same, I would burden from a third layering. Please do not, as I leave a generic "You're welcome," when creating your own ways to consider others. (Resist "Yeah but..." For intellectuals, "Perhaps so, althoughs..." as well.)

"So what's your sign?"

STOP

"My blog's better than your blog, mine's more invasive than yours, mine dogs consumers shit cuz it fleets Kennel Nation, mine plugs more dog shit up yours!" "Hey Bullblog! Hey Bullblog!" [Browser]

It stays right there on the tip of my middle finger, but I cannot digitalize upright for you.

(((Turf

In cybernetics, knowledge assumes the inverse square of one's age. Younger people socially circulate more, so know so much more. Therefore, when a tech agent arrives to service my computer, I unfailingly ask a question that returns to me a smirk meaning, 'If you knew this, then you would not ask that!' To that silent smirk I smile and then reply, "I knew that," meaning, 'If you ever smirk at me like that again, then I shall smack you upside your fucking head, imparting Basic go to Older Square Man's Diverse Law, saving face whenever servicing in Spellmanspace!' Ignorance, not knowledge, resumes the reverse.

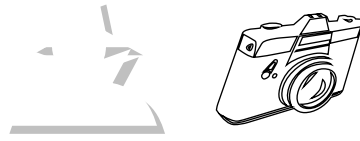
Life with lice without the possibility of a shower! Baby tease that?

Art : Imperfect, yet far better than merely good enough.

I think not provincially, uncovering wounded art within surprising spheres often, lancing sores, repairing and then resealing to make it all better...greater!

*Unconditional Love? [Defines?Rephrases?Apathy!] Uncomparative Love.
(Correct, not even unword so better to divorce both paraphrasingz.)*

Health Care Reform Blame Others Bill: "Superslob Me!"



I posterized another imposter!



A 40ish aged white man with his white wife and two young children (in this instance not ‘Farkesque’ but also white) bravely wore his Che Guevara T-shirt on Father’s Day while shopping at the 99¢ Store. That tells not of hypothetical but real. That typifies LA. Why did I shop there that day? To avoid company Father’s Day pens. That does tell of hypothetical, also LA but mine. I should have cell snapshot and then T-shirted this gullible big-shot-idiot for you. Whiten up and wise up.

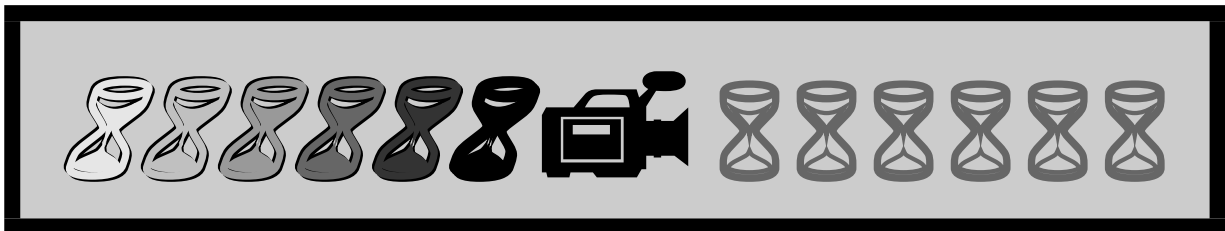
Do you read carefully? Here symbolizes our silent art form, unleashing greatest potencies.

“Huh? What have I thought up today? Just catching up a little on my mustard ... for this corndog ... Want one?”

(Run a lawnmower over your Kinkade kittens today! For you imbeciles, do not try this at... Never matter, I meant for you intelligent types by ownership of seated machinery, please do not actually. . . For you researchers, do not metaphor this at your crapwriters. For this typeset of shit belongs rightfully mine, proprietary kitty literal and not to Bill Gates!)

[Still kids, less stamps, mailing buys tolls & taxes; through ISPs, Browsers, CPUs, USSA, etc., Platform Platform ... © ... Hike! “Hey, but that ain’t our government!” ... No? Some just encode your vote younger than your parents indoctrinated to theirs, you upstart snapper-whippers!]

We say news for a reason as they publicize, sponsor and then instruct us to their nuis for quite another newsance. Mine scoops theirs as news to you?



paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaasssssstpsssstffuuutuuuuuurrrrrrrreeeeeeeeee

Time your silliness about [now] now!

just pass IT art

Lawyer? No, I just took in a few classes. Therapist? No, I just booked with a few asses. Philosopher? No, I just looked through a few glasses. Class? No, classlessness, I passed a few of those. Whose shIT you lookin thru?

EUTHANASIA

not TestTubethan...Youthanasia...YouTubethan...or EuthanAsia...or anything YOU!

(Panic not; even policies accommodate sensible customs.)

InMate/OutMate, their choice SEYs always "YES!"

Abolish the Death Penalty! Right. ... What? The Great State of Insanity nominates The Torture Penalty. ... You heard the line, "Payback's a bitch!" ... You took the line literally? ... You identify as a good Christian Fundamentalist? I understand you. Well if 'Payback's a bitch!' literally, then you should prefer Life! Almost everyBody wins. ... What now? ... Then what about those gay serial killers? Knock that off now! Nobody plans a suck up to that ruling. Check stats! You mean to tell me that they deliberately stalk just bitch justice states? Haven't I seen you in anutter church already?

People interested in others interest me. If they sense likewise of and from me, we might exchange. Autobiographical artists who diarize to escape risks think selfishly. They talk tons but wax of ether. Conversely, people exclusive to questioning often hide tabloid snooper. I always consider you third parties eventually reading our reversible convex/concave triangles, but if you never receive my message, then despite intentions I would fail to convey art and only fool into a diary trap myself. That would blunt all my senses and sense of integrity as well. ↗ <> ↖ ↘ ↙ ↚ ↛ ↜ ↝ ↞ ↠ ↡ ↢ ↣ ↤ ↥ ↦ ↧ ↨ ↩ ↪ ↫ ↬ ↭ ↮ ↯ ↰ ↱ ↲ ↳ ↴ ↵ ↶ ↷ ↸ ↹

I maintain **The Dark Ages.** Having left **The Middle Ages** implies having left the dark ones!

A Stuck In the Mud Humanist

For Heaven's sakes never get scientific at an artist's party or colorful at an accountant's convention or pragmatic at a county fair or theoretical at a union shop or organized at a crime scene or obscene at a wedding or humorous at a funeral or they will all bury you ...

Do you know
yourself as I
know myself?
Should I duck
underneath amongst
this flying debris to
disappear here forever from you?

self involved yes / selfish no

*Not just knitting cardigans from my navel but addressing **you!***

Me and Mozart? Me and Neruda? Or even vice versa!

Even though I look white, why should I presume Mozart pride? I did not contribute to his accomplishments ... any more than I did to the South American Spanish poet Neruda. Pleased by their contributions as I hope that anyone else equally impressed would equally proclaim ... without personalizing larceny through false association. Likewise I do not worship either, as would excuse responsibility for my own contributions, however eventually rejected or received. I selected these among many viable references that need not stature famously because both also sauced off authoritarian hindrance - consistent with disregard for status when cultivating interest towards seemingly remote art forms, further confirming why each endure among everyone's best.

A lotta billy clubs uphold a lotta gavels and a lotta filthy fingers pick a lotta contraband outta a lotta assholes to keep a lotta cleaner ones signin a lotta thou shall not litigiousness to keep a lotta fuckin bodies minding your ownership business! You buy my that?

Mom and The Gold Diggers FunD... uh!

Mom's esteem hinged upon intelligence, not likeability. Whenever a person receives universal kudos as friendly, this indicates a deficit. Mom's heart murmur, coupled with grandma's three preceding miscarriages saw to excessive doting. In many ways, mom never grew up, forgoing art school because they drew nudes. She told me this. After one decade of post housewife employment, a bank had **to let her go**. She invested her risk of negligible sum into a gold fund. The brochure featured grinning idiots in business attire, each semi-encircling a dig pit with shovels that they would never use, and probably never had. I mocked this set up to mom. The ambitious expedition busted. I wished that they had buried me, balancing who contributed wages towards my MBA schooling, also a bust.

Traffic Jam Toy Store Whore!

.....\\|~\$\$\$.....><...../.*%#\$\$@([& ... **Toys are dropped** ... **NO, Children are Us ... No, children must be shopped** ... hold on ... **Children are dropped** ... but Toys are ... **THEM! Right, that job did not quite work out either.**

I am dyslexic? Oh. I thought that I just applied intelligence. Does mine type smack of illness? Redrosid? Condition? Does it just Res ma ck am by itself? { My Policy: Never continue friendships upon release...I find...out...more! }

Sir Spunkalot!

I lingered in slum housing of North Hollywood. The room advertised as *Efficiency Bachelor Apartment*. It delivered ... efficient as a casket. Its only window looked akin to peering out from a microwave oven ... across an ally wall painted in red letters - **LIVE NUDES! As a man of letters I often went into this bookstore ... reading their *finer* print. My address finished in a $\frac{3}{4}$, marking my esteem scarcely above a $\frac{3}{5}$. Americans should know what this means - less than human. A personality test arrived in the mail. I needed self-validation, therefore decided that I had one ... also had it with probing ... therefore threw it out. These minute affirmations kept me alive ... as occasionally did live nudes. Does this furnish your happy ending as living ones with tissue, not paper, did for me?**

Carmel by the Sea and across the Pond

They will ask and when you decline, they presume answers unfavorable for you to bait clarification. They pose as Huckleberry autograph hounds sporting baseball caps and later smear you. After all, says only your besmirched word against theirs. Innocent until proven scumbag, right? In fact, the longer you try to avoid them through solitude, the more possible time they can ply you into defending whereabouts and whenabouts - opportunities to insinuate, associate, frame or simply exhaust your fortitude. I consider for you. At charities, they discuss family matters and show you photographs of grandchildren (somebody else's), asking you to ask them about theirs and then ambush you into discussing yours. They fish for misinturpitude misinterpreted, passed onto others who then paraphrase to avoid misrepresenting hearsay. Did you get a name? ... Getting you to start thinking and behaving more like them. More. More? How do you like it? True? I have just dreamt up a wet solution for you! Become a porn star like **CARMEL MOORE and they will not bother you at all. I did not smear Carmel. I promoted her, in good taste, in fact. The rest remains up to you. To the other taitellers that I floodlighted, I ask nothing more. They tale barely fiction, but nothing less ... nothings.**

Lettered beneath recognition, postmarked posthumous to be!

Driving upon a red, run the light, leave the spot, avoid the riddle...STOP! (Too late. Ok, for you others, back to serious snuff.)

Means/Medians/Modes goads ± 1 more moron w/100% confidence! How do you become a wise man? Begin as a wise guy. If after they have squeezed you badly enough you remain unsure, check your pulse. If you still have one, that means you remain numbskull and have at least learned something. How you fall for stupid orders.

What says that untraceable embellishment you just slipped my way? Do not consider me, I shall uphold a mirror for you thus pretend to play your favorite friendly ghost. I host what you may say and then concur, very hard to disprove. I also agree; it does not really matter. You want to give me something? Skeptical, I watch the want part.

Πολιτιχίανσ Σεχρετ Ηανδσηακε

(Politicians Secret Handshake ~ Between themselves? From themselves? Us? Beats **UsA**? Off!)

((((((Whenever finding ourselves cornered again by way of unforeseeable circumstance to act hypocritically, always project hypocrisy with utmost confidence rather than arouse suspicion through furtiveness. Most citizens ignorantly insist upon our mirroring values from sanctimony as sanctimony itself **IS** our utmost value ... oddly hypocrisy our least.))))))

(Myself? Not a politician. I just poll my observations from your media to create mine. Where I do not apply confidence? ... When/whom acts from self-delusion or stealth?)

...Real(it)y TV?

... thus they stage it ... maximize profit from it ... minimize prophesy about it ... attract fanaticfare to religiously witness it ... advertise contemporary mass collection plates around it ... tag, you're it ...

A modest presentment of any great idea emboldens a greater jealousy to conquer it. Before upsizing an impartial self-importance, incubate with assurance that the idea thinks really great ... but more important, really does think great. You disagree with this idea? Great! Jealousy. Now rethink your step the fuck aside.

Did I ever tell you about the time when dad dressed up in his Satan costume on Halloween and then clamped down my head with Craftsman pliers while forcing me to bob for Freedom Fries? No, I did not, stating my point ... anticipating cheapchat.

Stuck in the Curmudgeon

What do I dream of? I do not. I nightmare that admirers of my polemics epitomize every analogous infection to convection them up. (Do unto myself a poetic tonsillectomy?)

Pugnaciously Unpublished

Bulldozer me with that approach? Go kill a few dinosaurs in the Middle East and wait 100 million years. Refuel and then try again.

dis)...member...(ship

I never join ... answers why you could use me ... and would need me ... to understand you ... for misunderstanding you ... so me too ... to understand like you ... as you ... as usual as one with you ... would not need me ... could not use me ... so command me to understand others ... for misunderstanding ... you to join them ... adjoin them ... add them ... to us.

Well hello Mr & Mrs Capybara. How lovely, the 2.2 in tow as well. Mr Cap, please share how life regards for capybaras?

Awful! We would just like to go about our lives, munch swamp veggies, splash about, then tend to family fun but cannot. Anacondas will not allow us to be ourselves, stalking me and our young. They hate us so we hate them.

Thank you ... Pardon ... all of you, I meant. Oh there he goes. Excuse me Mr Anaconda, might I have a brief, if not curt word with you? Do explain to us how life processes for anacondas?

Anacondas? How'd I know much about the others? For myself, *breed, divide, hunt a capybara (I've a preference for contractions of course), devourer preferred course, then ...*

Now you get a grip on yourself right there sir! Mr Capybara claims that you hate them so they hate you?

Hate? No he hates us, not so, but because his "me" always precedes. I love this capybara. Wordwateringly so. *Don't you see? Can't you taste? Who's Mr Cap today? So let's get 'em!*

WE act Ms & Mr Anaconda, hunting a confused, carnivorous capybara - stalking and murdering victims. We do not chase our morals but his. So quarantine your passions elsewhere. Victims? What refers to them? Meaningful memories, not to what, rather of onetime WHOMs ... now departing urgent stories. Bereaved families? The public? They assume no metaphors at all. They remain people, like we do upon returning home each evening. Now (*let's*) compare ideas to constrict our problem.

Now reverses one disrespectful man to honor between us and I no longer look to him Maam; you do!

“ahh.....ahhh.....Eschereew!”

Never make the same mistake twice? But don't I want to remember not to make it again?

Colleges & Universities & Think & Drink Tanks

Far too much - (MIS)- directed work, busyness farms & factories, fed msg & mfg, all of them.

Don't get *Sartre* started up!

((())) ***“Hello... Oh Hell! 🍌”***

“He knows some Latin?” ((Only summon mercilessly, as I must mostly talk back American smacaroni from my Chef Boyardee protestari.))

Whatever you say to them honey, don't bring up politics, religion or the weather.

He grew so old that upon death others could not remember him or why anyone would ask to commemorate him at all.

Once upon a young time, I acquired everyone else's hang-ups, unworthy of their weight in worry. How did I overcome... **...decided to for myself, no other way, nobody else's way.**

Why wait so long to better myself? I thought it better to have fewer expectations for respect from elders while conferred a better respect from more of appreciation.

I did not quite get your name. I preoccupied paying attention to you.

Deyedactics!!!

*“Listen up **you!** Never rub **your** nose itch with **your** pen in **your** hand! **You** could ... **my** eye OW!*

Solitary 50th Birthday Bash! Thus far, "The Century fills half empty"

"I wish good things for him, whom I dislike." **I disliked Chuck, so recall his idea.**

A well rehearsed gentleman of the community? ✂️✂️✂️✂️✂️

Scientific of perspective, he punctuated daily "God Dammit!"-ings at home, hollering them as directives while claiming Christianity to maintain a "good way to live" (providing not as the involuntary subjugate), but during our 32 years together never used another word. Not once. (Sounds like fun likes fun likens fun ... funny ... spoke not so.)

Misconduct noted, dad never (term)inalized me, nor himself. I would have rotted off the vine, not sprouting at all.

By California Law, every psychiatrist may detention patient sessions, mandating a 72 hour door click decree - even contained within the most casual discussions. Here, I cannot assert equality. Surreptitious petty scheming grates me routinely. Upon reviewing records documenting 'average' insight, I smile. Doctors profit through defending problems, not by noting exceptions or validating exceptional cases. Similarly, the African crocodile opens its 72 hour jaws and allows the blackbird plover to eat crow while cleaning off the signatory trap, thereby soaring annually to ever loftier literary heights of 'average' insight. 🐊🐦🐦 "Quothe the plover, never over!" I know I know you may say, "YEAH BUT YEAH BUT!" Butt Simon Sez "Just suppose that you go stuff one giant suppository. Then shut up!"

Decorum in the Court for Appeal

I may appear as smart Your Honor, but not so smart so as to display stupid... Your Honor.

Film budgeting at \$400 mill? Why? More *Faberge Turds*?
 [Right Up to the Edge of Out of Control] The public wants show biz celebrities to both perform for them and conform to them - `Twilight of their Idols' in cast aluminum.

‘Sales Talk’

(Buyer Beware legal terminology ... termination talkology from my friendships ... still, reminding myself to ... limit fairness prospectus ... expectations below ... break even ... points ... Galbraith's dead ... listened to him once during Roger ... Babson's grad school ... days dazed ... before gaaking to LA JKG must ... have wretched up often in Boston ... of trading trends ... Roger warned us about)

. . .

“I did not give you my word. I just said ‘I promise.’ I say that all the time.”

“Do you? Then I shall put you down for one worthless promise scrupled to my loss from profit statement. Next time give me your fucking word and then mean that!”

. . .

(Whatz in a word? Often in a ttention ... an empty promise.

“I never said word for word ... merely having a word with you.”

or over on you. Pay attention to, or note promissory notes on occasion to insure that ‘you are not given the business.’)

(Yes, some amongst them may now read right along **with us.**)

. . .

(Because wordworkers ... drive ourselves up a tree (yours) ... nuts (yours so ours) ... you may eat from books (ours)... but do not write ... just ingrate ... so we may say disGrace ... umuh ... complain!)

While matriculating Babson College, word had had it with nearby, overrated Harvard ... Not one echo back ... Babson baby-rattled, “Pit off reticulates!”

Resentment seeds ~ **Prejudice against unfairness tempting futilities.**

Artistic tragedies ~ **Deals with angels to desc/end/review/edit v|ews.**

Merrill Lynch once ran a TV commercial claiming, **“We’re BULLISH on America!”**

‘Bullish on Bullshit!’ must have superseded unBearable incantations towards self-setup Madison Avenue over-payees. Envision forecasting financial confidence from illiteracy?

We amp all wired to wired weird!

Do a chin up on your dick, selfish Narcissuses! Then read the mythology. Gratification precedes edification. The story will size up more sensibly to you. For you if-THEN-go-TO fools, Newton spunked off religiously. Bet all your cookies under the fig leaf on it! No myth-ing around, from the bottom of his cord to the gray suburbs of our cortexes. *Spunk/Think/and Merry off! Don't Drink!*

Do not believe everything that you hear about anything that you have heard to have said red for in all likelihood misread if at all.

A garage band leader once lived above me. I grew to consider him selfish and bratty, neither mitigating of abilities, less misperceptions of the same, but that typifies average...not LA but universally. He wrote lyrics, wordy. Why discredit a Sir Word naming to others as well.

(Experts? revising Experts?)... still agree that several dips/drops/peaks/positions followed years subsequent to **The Great Depression**. Which criterion, when and for what reasons did irrationals panic continue to swap disputes. Still all agree by indicating away that only a 'nonsensical' fails **The Obvious Recognition**. Rational thinkers volley figures empirically as unreasonable citizens figure rationalists stockpile clandestinely and sabotage economies based upon mutually unfair interests!

% And you geniuses cannot agree upon **The Influential Perception?** *trend hypothesis!* %

(If so, then go back to Basic page 22 to collect \$200 to get out of Bail Fee Card.)

An emerging writer seats a submerging cliché, takes on astigmatism to stink, so sinks. A few set asides stage their a stuck-up systems.

(Psst! Hey kid, ours guide the only book to win at slots!)

Among every funniest person that I have ever known of, none considered as professional comedians. Each confined their talents to carefully selected friends deserving of such vulnerabilities. Professionals behave insipidly, adhere to gimmickry, compromise to corporate scripting and cater to symbiotic and digressively dumber... Hold on! ... I mistakenly cited news people ... politicians ... preachers ... professional professionals.

Job Title?...Independently Filthy

...and regarding current Clorox starched assholes who parade as good role models, I find bums rolling bums on Skid Row less like replica

Even before Hemingway, elders have pen named down their upstarts, branding mine The 70's Me Generation. Today I laugh my lost regret, finding ratcheted relevance. As media becomes increasingly mass produced by aggressive televisions, radios and foreseeable online consolidations, individualisms have corresponded by bolder self aggrandizements, falser philanthropic gluttonies and shallower shock sensationalisms. I hope that a circulation witnesses trends more precociously than me, stranded by self expeditiously fishing.

Have you figured out something yet? I do not fit your agenda. Do not think yourself as all alone. I assure you assholes do not!

Collectivists committees! Shame you for crying to guilt me!

Keeping uP Standards

I have recovered from recovering so no longer celebrate not doing bad things to defend myself as good. I have also restored principle with some new unfashionably bad just for good measure.

Standing Pridely at ATTENTION “ ”

Does porn provide well for me? On a personal level, I assume not. I have only one rendition of reality for gauging by and porn has infiltrated since seven years old. Porn entered as party to vicarious living that already existed and one ongoing ever since. As porn has substituted, not augmented a sex life, a romantic life, an employable life, even much of an interpersonal life, it clearly entails difficulties. Conversely, porn has availed time and solitude with which to insulate, in turn develop my art and writing career. I now think of porn as a concessionary solution, never an ideal, nonetheless at fifty years old a realistic accommodation to contribute something for others. If you dislike my art, that craws your problem and as aware, I have many problems of my own thus no time to help you jerk-offs with yours! However if you like our art - clever, compassionate, even affectionate and birthed upon porn, I must thank you for indulging with solution, reminding me to alleviate my concession unless you prefer compromising positions women! Now I foresee optimism that you will grasp me either way.

stunts do not stand up as comedy

Do not start with affect, but with fact, and then affect others with act.

🗣️...!

In other than tritities, if male we presuppose putting our *Kroc* in front of the whores. If female, you male prefer ladylike butt shady in your own ways, considering that ways and means committees nowadays scramble up eggs & sperms & germs so politically indiscriminately that goin and cumin look Harlequin - right, Baskin Robbins 34...35...36... reversing liftoff to jackoff that porn CUT!s ... not porn CUT!s ... not porn CUT!s ... not clean & jerks like before anymore. What matters fact with these spastic cellar dweller data self-ababasers! Peanut shit Planter's wart curses to these hosts, booby trap fertilizing our cursors with this crap! Keep em straight, partitioned or for Heaven sakes at least with no more than a finger or two in a few dykes. Alright? Bitching about 'bitching' enlists under fair entitlement rights ACTION! (see C section of *The Garbage in / Garbage out Act of Prostitution Outlaws ... or scripts The Lend Sleaze Acting Out Acts for masturbation appropriations?*).

You will quickly agree Nestles I know what I see they have ISpeed off served undeserved to deceive us about. Quota whacking Ronny McQuoteoff, "I'M PAYING FOR THIS MIC! SonofaGun Ray, this Happy Meal has a Cock!"

FUCK KNEW ..!.

Luckily, I became subsistence population conscious to my Environmentalupset!

A phantom European expatriated American incarnation, without place to stay but adrift. My eyes have never seen Europe. My musing has never envisioned well without her here.

"You seem to think you have a monopoly on intelligence, Spellman. Get in the back!"

(No, a hold upon inadequacies inferiorities and envies. Swap meet em back to you!)

More convinced than ever, fame has not improved a single life. How to mum fame an art?

Failing awfully for an awfully long time, now I have found a way out to look over this failing!

Definition of Equivalency: I know you are but what am I argumentation for adults.

"How about this weather we're having?" "I know, the same. How's your gastrointestinal

bloating?" "Worse, perforating a backed up peptic ulcer. Your lateral bowel suture

holding up?" "Leak stains more noxious fumes than my first cauterized pus sore ever did."

Cannot choke the chicken supplies (No façades from de Sades)

I remember back during 1968 upon seeing my first hard-core pornography. Opportunities readily availed then, albeit unlawful for adults as well. Assume that porn functions more accessible today; better still, cannot avoid the eyes of eight year olds, regardless of intentions. Would more pragmatism forsaken a replacement of ‘protecting innocence’ with a realistic, ‘cultivating perspective’ amidst your own children? Furthermore, when pornographic interpretations autocratically direct less dialogue or command ministrations to refrain, the likelihood of children leaning upon this product will correspondingly increase. Adult material entices as thinking pharmaceutical to underscore false empowerment; more so appealing as fixative to children deprived of personal initiative and decision-making within their upbringings.

I do not have follow updates from past childhood friends who also watched porn, but those adjusting to healthier high school relationships received authorization, hence fulfillment in diverse areas of their backgrounds.

Porn’s supply lines will continually escalate. Parents thinking otherwise will only escalate their deceptions correspondingly while also casting non-confidence votes through mistrusting their children - more falsification etiquette to foster untrustworthy adulthoods.

... whom we call normal.

My mother pursued nearly unconditional pleasance. My father projected iron through fire. How do I relate to most people under ordinary conditions? How should a mountain of cookie dough suppress its volcano? I uphold apprehension towards encounters within most accepted settings. Recurrent solitude, commonly unnatural offers more composure for me. Therefore, I compose a life as lived more so than living more from life. More have neither ...

“ I n t e l l e c t u a l ! ”

*(Once praise, now opprobrium. Shrink it **one** in your shrunken heads. See “Intelligent_!”)*

ynomitcnaS

All created equal ... in ability (ies)? **Prove any two from any one criterion? Remove feelings fooling. Instead unmask foundations fathering real inequality - Sanctimony! to illuminate our United States of Insecurity, under denial for all. Yes, conceits photo posing before alleged principles rather than standing behind them.**

During a Pavlov's Diarrhea while Grocery Shopping

Once idolatry emerges to supersede principle hence reject dissent, virtuous rapidly becomes rabidly while those of shittier dogmatism keep seeing themselves more pious. One such striking reference; Reverend / Doctor / King - considerable for a Holidayed American who preached equality amongst all people in our presumptive democracy. For even underhandedness reconsider Rushmore - rock idolatry for a pair of slave owners. Smash to pebble? Certainly not! Such upholds art, therefore expose purpose instead and reframe perspectives of face-plating fantasies about ourselves. Presidents (...t's?) Day. How about "Lie Around and Do Nothing Day?" Same thing? Couch protest - clever U.S! Always lay awake for Holy, then more Holier than Thou Bullshitty Banquet Speakers! Tell me you do not telepathy? Pray to? I hope to pray not.

LIAR!

Lawyer? That asks no question, but mocks a rhetorical marauder.

America's worst vice? Advice! "Pick a line, any li...Pick a thoug...any nose!" Pause? Anyone will instantly pick yours for you! (Our only vice grip warranting prohibition! Applaud not, for never taken seriously precludes this ever becoming advice clap!)

APARTMENT HOUSE RULES: NO URINATING IN JACUZZI! WARNING: NO LIFEGUARD ON DUTY! CAUTION: REMINDER: REFRESHER? (... You guessed it, peeved as yellow all the goddamn time.)

We elect to reflect ourselves, run off officially superficial, distract, ID that...our culture.

20th Century's best quote! "No!No!No!" Einstein to reporters, Aug 6, 1945

Tabloids ... Journalists? ... Couriers? ... Font Phrawds?

Artists Hung Out To Paper Plane ... Bombs Away!

Do you see how hated we malign today? Imagine how loved we shall align upon safely dying off? Or Once upon a dead or one better. For once upon in a spot we killed time value\$. Naturally misread, mislead onto drab chaptering of the greatest whoring ever bought & sold for slave paper. More cross? But your pyramid just sold out! MostConFuseTheirMeditationsPrayers? RatherMeditatePrayersAwayMasterBait&SwitchMyOffering!

Multipultipultipultipuples

So you have summarized that I have plagiarized personalities? aLriGhTy, then do not just stand there dummy - pick the one that you like so I can make up my brains for you 2Talking sidesteppers!

Diary

The risk of writing about secrets key that one cannot untype them for to do so would offset grammatically correct.

City Mouse ... wireless.

Sees quixotic erotic. When the wet dreams away the pussies will play.

Just Use the Most Accessible Words!

Just Use the Least Aggravating Words!

Just Stop Using Your Agnewing Words!

~ Spiroetting ~

My retail shopping shirt emblem: {"I don't know, although some options offer...' favors to BS!"}

" NOW JOHNNY, SAY YOU'RE SORRY TO ... THIS INSTANT! "

(How to forced feed fires to future phonies! Reason with kids but never coerce insincerity.)

(Falsification furthers more messages to all parties that said protocols better adult society.)

ColumnRowsAllSitInGridlockTeacherStandsUpTalksDownToHutTwoYouCommonNonsenseImaginationThat?

Racist? Fuck No! Most of my worst enemies Whitewaffle.

His Classiest Piece of Jazz

I went through a brief period of Jazz music enthusiasm, later preferring other stuff. Duke Ellington participated in a handshake TV appearance with Richard Nixon, who indulged us with a few of his “Sock it to em, Duke!” din dim witticisms. Paraphrasing some, Duke mentioned the weight of overcoming temptations toward self-pity for achievement’s sake. He must have also tempted a few thoughtful notes of “Duke-ing it to Em!” overcoming these too when facing up to this ear Whig deafened, wimp-warrior ... before sighing a beat ... composing himself for elegant acceptance of his achievement award ... modeling conduct better than I would bleat!

I tread within clarity to my sludge bottomed pond surrounded by a muddled inhumanity of chlorinated water walkers. That exasperates why awareness ripples back depressions.

I watched a documentary featuring Islamic intellectuals and found it distressing...superstition in suits.

Those first to chronicle ideas and histories almost certainly did not first think nor speak them up nor share them with others, including ourselves now. A better distinction would reconcile continuums of ideas, histories, peoples, prehistoric ancestries and subhuman predecessors ... backwards to the real first pop of stars. Otherwise people fix positions by locking in categorically to literalize older literature, again bending more present through confirmed misreading of some truth but more so to sheer fallacy.

“Ahha!” Some always wriggle off, “You said ‘... almost certainly!’ ”
(Drop the gotcha and grow up if you ever want to wise up!)

The right answer always arrives right on time and never too late, presupposing that we always maintain another something to follow our latest panic. Hope!

Writers Conferences - You can never be over prepared! (nor underinvested \$)

“Why have art?” “Why have think?”

(No such thing as a stupid question about Inquisitors ... while thoughtful looks look ahead to smarter ideas.)

“Have I ever thought ‘Nigger’? Never when asked, even upon asked (?), only said it occasionally and only recall having typed it Once upon awhile ago; sense alleviated having clarified inescapable implications of my impurity point about piety patrol. Not negroidism nowadays though generic subjugation. Who said shit upon types need look like you, me or anyone else?” (My time & place hands art over fist in your face!)

Whenever typical atypicals **begin to** converse *about pills*, I feign a placid ignorance; **usually** blocking these **receptors** invading my brain. **Pill** talk leads to ... **Pill** educations ... **Pill** meetings ... **Pill** degrades ... **PillAwardsPillBanquets PillCeremoniesPillMemorials** ... **Pill** pals ... **Pill** bills ... **Pill** spies ... **Pill** lies ... **Pill** lives ... **Don't BE** such a pill.

Some Always Switched On !

“Me? I’m an artist.” *“Well I’m a gold digger.”* “Oh but I’m a con artist.” *“Rehabilitated?”* “Never.” *“Well there you see. I have no use for using you either.”* “I see and agree. We’ve nothing to gain from one another’s loss.” “You’re welcome for being honest.” *“Thanks back.”* “Ohmygosh! We nearly stole each other’s disingenuousness. Does this also happen to you frequently?” *“All the time. Best not be seen yuh.”*

Profanities? As we know, even bad words can misunderstand to any useless moron; and moron as we also know always cites a useful word ... to think off, offsets sounding off ... although sparingly so.

Blessed becomes Empathy begets Blasphemy

Rather than defend faith from their inability to answer every question invention, take the other side of your own premise. “They solved right. We remain wrong. How come?” ... Towards answering how any *individual* bravely replaces all sky peopling obstructions onto Any Theory of Plausibility

formula|karma|literal|pacifism|reasons|system|think|for|supine|sucker

The Artful Henry Darger's solitary life treaded akin to Chicago Mani-festering guilt Destiny retreating. Aloner remaps connecting onramps throughout my LA; USA devoid a free way to storyboard my asphalt Walden. Finest metro alive.

Art protests personal complaints to side over devoted conflict, not petition sympathy for selfishness, better known as crybabying.

Dad exploded at me when I quit my job at the toy store. He shouted that I "was running away from..." (A fucking toy store!) without another futility game to replace it. I shouted back wanting something fun to do...He shouted back something fusing boredom with responsibility...He escaped to work the following day while I packed and finally ran away from home...onto LA later that year. Many escape here exclusively to evacuate oversight...consequent our great messes. Escape to discover...Escape to discover...to have any chance at all. Twenty five years later I belong. What took me? "So long...All!"

Mass Turnpike Panic Attacks

Once home to Chief Massasoit ... later Puritanical worrywarts ... repressed propriety ... hence innuendo/euphemism/acronym ... hence suspicion ... superstition ... witches ... subjugation ... retaliations ... by aggression ... by drunkenness ... by patriotic and/or else onto barroom violence ... unmatched in propriety ... consequently poetry ... our refined illness. So you wanted to know where you came from? Nary womb in view ... only cunts.

((((((((((((((((((Now you know!))))))))))))))

How would you like to live in a rural, southern, Bible Belt town after reasoning your way right out of epiphany and while still vibrating from grounding implications, revisit identical hospitalities like, "Didn't see you in church on Sunday. Are yuh all-right?" I would barf up *The Last Wafer* there with you. My thoughts honor your guts.

(((*Fine day comrade! Correct?*)))))) [some equals are more similar than others]

"Hey, what about us. You haven't written much about us. How come? You ought to show some ... Who the Hell do you think you are, writing about us? You don't know us. You had better show some ... That doesn't describe me just because I belong to them. I'm unique! You best well better fellah stop writing about me. I'll bet that you don't even know my name. It's (BLAHBLAHBLAHber). Don't you dare forget IT again!" (*sorry, not apologetic*)

Of course, he 'forgot' to say a P T Barnum born every Minute!

**(Referencing the famous quote from scribe David Hannum,
later incorrectly attributed to Barnum, thus noted as such.
Pardon its use here as metaphor to illustrate principles ...
Including**

P E R S P E C T I V E

as applied within the following excerpt)

**What always cuts a cons best weapon? Truth itself, of course!
Moreover, supported by facts! Surprised? I omitted my coinage to
better explain. Mismangled. (Mismanaged/Mangled/Strangled but
always MIXED ... confusion casseroles to bait, feed, then fool you
with ...?) Examples ... Say boxing promoters when explaining to
black up-and-comers the history of prizefighting exploitations from
whites, often from organized crime ... flesh peddlers, plantation
harvesting a modern slave trade to line greedy white pockets from
black sweat and blood ... (true, factual, yet not verbatim ... all
escape contrivances ... Oh ... not naming name man, Xcon Only in A...**

**Most people will not permission themselves with pretentious
thoughts before achievement to maintain values for a self-image of
modesty. They do secure modesty and contribute legitimately
through modest achievements. Persons of higher achievement
always issue themselves a private consent to disproportionate
self-imaging before proof; therefore undertake risks. We recognize
this through confidence. Incrementally they attempt to actualize
these affirmations and often do so. Shrewdness participates
through a concealment of this attitude as necessitates to obtain
the help of useful others without offending them ... returning us to
another type of modesty. Ask high achievers if this makes sense
and some will confirm it. If others hedge, it merely means that
they offer as shy, which also allows.**

**False confidence faceplates through cockiness and veils both
shallow and selfish, consequently fakes example, instead indulges
gluttony, bravado aside never compensates celebrity satisfaction.**

Another First Cause Argument ... of Concern

| *"I have stalled, having become despondent and ineffectual."* \

"Oh no you haven't! I'm going to challenge that. You're every bit as everyday as everybody else when everything is said - not more and not less and should be pleased to warrant such a distinction towards potential humility. Therefore, disown this presumptuous and immodest fabrication of reproach, misleading you into these dysfunct..., into these socially troublesome tricks! Now let's begin by piecing together your game plan to make for a real and lasting peace of (mind))))within(((OUR WORLD."

(Peace? Peace of? Peace with? Peace within[paraphrasing]? Why did they presume so many pieces upon arrival?)

Diagnositics to heal most premises.

"In other words, you came in here to work on your problems. Right?"

"No, wrong. I came by to share my right thinking side to help you...with us."

" " At the risks of resounding repetition twice rote over... " "

" " At the resounding risks of repetition twice rote over... " "

"100% employment! Great!" (No, that implies something different.

Yet anything less proves that you may refuse work thus avoid paying income taxes with your life to pursue liberty, happiness and principle sleeping under freeway overpasses to protest vagrancy laws for all!)

Animal trainers universally warn the public. Never harbor a chimp as pet. A mauling applies severe, unrelenting and precise agony. Do you know who would never attend a support group? Chimps. With a far cleaner conscience, they would not like voluntary confinement either.

"You get ahead in the world by borrowing follow rules!"

Sure, do not jaywalk march with bravado or break the big ones, but sidestepping curbs past tedium turd syllabussing, SOP Law, 10 Dollar Commandant Commandments, Scout's Honor Soldier NoMind, or 12&12 Switcheroos could not wreck anything any further anyway, hey?

AAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!!!

...or belch up your dues.

I signed up like a 50 year old kid because I gotta petitioned...and then again...and then again...for supplemental \$ for this/that/the other. Kafka might have sized it up like ... An organization organized to employ people to stem unemployment by raising funds to pay employees to continue raising funds for maintaining escalating working capital to hire more fundraisers to raise more funds to...(raise my compounding headache's disinterested interest in AARP to reinvest my interest in rereading Kafka)

Not Insane, Supersane, I Submit!

Our world almost went up in another rubbish pail of pettiness during the last century. How? The same theme – common folk honoring heightened premiums placed upon simple praise for doing the right thing, for doing whatever next requires. Who would not? When everybody does right, all contains, consists, persists, cease and desists. The same nuts resist, never go along, get along, enlist, safely set all aside, all as unwell, so most resume with wellness. Well, that begins another List of same ole happy endings.

Supersanity Asylum Aversion

“INAPPROPRIATE!” Whenever you revisit, they reinvest and reissue this through you to remind you, revise you, and repair you until you relent to – then they relinquish you To – oT whatever distress you last left stuck to undo. I wish good reluck to you too.

Index! Index! Index! Middle!Middle!Middle! body back nose pick my Bic!

Damn those Pious Porn Pageants

Purity ~ Piety ~ Manners ~ Acumen ~ Conformity ~ Spontaneity ~ Congeniality ~ Honesty ~ Truth? ... Oh forgot, good fuckworthyness.

Emily Dickandsuck! ... Oh no, I meant Dim & suc dumplings ... Know, I no what I thought to ... say Daphne Rosen, porn star, finally a Chosen, One to matriculate Amherst College testicular servicing staff ... & rods ... Um, cannot tumble out types typesets ... someone might speak out in the gross celery stick Chomp ski aisle ... Oops kids, cover your ears of porn ... corn ... Lawrence Welk-like ... so all behave on paper like good clean ... shit should.”

***Morality First* With Good _____ Candidates!**

...You will always get bad candor, bad loyalty, bad ethics, and bad morality – but finally bad hygiene will surface to save the day, if you maintain good optimism like I do. ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

“Honey, what’s on today?” “The NFL.” “Oh forgot, great! I love station breaks between commercials.”

gifted **Psychologists** & Art

Whenever prototypical (or stereotypical – identical in this Case Study) psychologists inspect/dissect/interject and incorrect artistic talents with their off-the-rack, bug-under-the-jar myopias, should it surprise anyone that they superficially discover a storyboard of disorders/illnesses/diseases and dangers? That oversights their illness – backhand backboneless limburger nature. (Watch out for lab rats – we might bite a plague in your backsides!)

Once a total unravel finalizes, we shall become dead photons. I know that full well. So how do you plan to fix everybody then?

R a p t u r e

I renovate reason in my head to repair ruptures in my heart.

Best Buy Service Snob: "Of course!"...*My another question...*"Of course!"...*My next another question...*"Of course!"...*another ques...*"Ofcourse!" *ques*"Ofcourse!" *que*"Ofcourse!" *qu*"Ofcourse!" *q*"Ofcourse!" **Q**"Ofco||| | | *My had enough!*

(That does not display intelligence. That boast knowledge. More intelligent, then you would know that. Therefore, attempting to process in HIS language.)
 "Yeah I know that, but I thought I had a choice. ... I do?" (Oh, tough shit.)

Appears if wiser, I would Best to Buy (con)tact)s.

picking on but for me so generously

"Do you know what you should think about? Read about? Be about? Listen to? Look into? Aspire to?"

(Allow me ... something that *you* do ... should do ... I shall allow you to.)

CanYouHearThis?

... I ... have never over timed well read but instead better reasoned ... conditio...ned to ... shut-up ... and li..sten ... fo.r years ... my writing urgently surfaced by ... just talking on paper ... now looking for lettering listeners facing up to my monitor ... not your hall monitors.

**“Art, Entertainment, and Culture that zells great IZ great you zero!
Do you get it?”**

“Ok, zilch Heil I do. 50 Million Elviz Nazi’s Can’t Be Wrong!, Reich?”

Spellman Trivial? Pursuit:

Mom: I didn’t know that Hitler’s favorite film was King Kong. Al, that was yours too.

Brian: *Well, it coupled larger than life content with the large screen in mind, I suppose.*

Dad: **That’s basically it, Brian.**

(Can also embolden savage Eros imaging via domination of subjugates to masquerade cowardice but **NO**, I no longer excuse my own complicities.)

Direct Scenic Route *Whenever I hope to reach within any revelations of your heart,*



I cannot simply bypass a disrespect circumference around your head.

Honor Thy Self

How did I communicate dispute towards my father? I never let him know. My silence regarding this conditioned me very early – I never overcame it. He would enlist fatherly notables and borrow my presence for confirmation. Confirmation of a compound insult, truthfully. I never allowed him to provoke encounters that he knew I could never win. He frustrated while I seethed – we lost.

Years isolated and insulated following his death became an environment of safety, then clarity to conclude that I really did not like him, today allowed. Though far from perfect, things could be ... Stopped that thought ... turns out that I can turn it around this way.

**Solitude ...
... unto itself remains only myself though older I have noticed that
movements all shit off bowel movements ... therefore never myself.**

White *Light* Heat

Living already toughens or crumbles enough. Goodness forbids your Heaven to seat my ass around it forever reminiscing Earth. "Come and get me maggots!"

Nothing Uglier than a Camel Coated Crybaby

Why should they grasp the implications of funding your rovers and atom smashers? Why should they part misreading before funds? Liftoff to pissed off? They subsist of matter too. Then do they too?

I Relax! [The lunatics] have some inpatients under control.

Upon landing in a catastrophe mill, otherwise called a mental hospital, they assigned me a bed to rest for the first night. The following morning, silent but still cluttered in thought, one of the nurses approached and asked if my boyfriend would be-coming by to eventually pick me up. This struck as one of those questions where I really had to ask if I heard it correctly (Given where I hit momentarily flinched my confidence about 'where I existed at all?' from the sheerest reality, if you comprehend that.). She reaffirmed and I immediately countered with "girlfriend!" though without one, simply to make my point. She reloaded with, "Well, we'll see ..." and walked off. I boiled up a thought, (Lady, if you want homosexuality, jam a cunt in your face and never volunteer a cock in front of mine!). I held my temper (Yes, very funny, watched my tongue!) so likely dodged an Ativan knockout and anything goes to avail itself.

I want to inform what commonplace hunch think confuses behind certificates, degrees and licenses by healers in your processing plants ... often assigning your outings. My mouth spews vulgarities out, does not offer them in, my prune has never popped gone to weasels so if I manage not clobbering any certified dimwits to keep my ass out of the joint, need not fear any difficulty keeping a joint out of my ass. Honey, [quarantining the dimwit], will you marry me?

Σ Determining Necessities Σ

Angry does NOT masquerade fear but slimy minds instigate a sucker a minute!

So real real real nice guys do not finish last, some not finishing at all.

Reason inReason inReason inReason inReason inReason ingOuting insidethenout!

Is everything alright?

No, everything is never alright. So you think all wrong, coach moron!

Just who do you think you are?

Justinian! Off with your muttonhead!

Definition of a Feel Good Coward Phony

Associates **intelligence** from others / Dissociates **phobias** onto others

Beware wordnose trailer-hitch-ers! Excesses warrant snob charges of intellectual and not intelligent. Perception prevails.

stick To Math, aLL yE ProDIGiEs

Most raw smart cards upstage more discretionary ones so motivate aggressive dictionary educators to 'learn em' wiser words; else sages bask in a fool's luster as nobody gives a shit.

" Love © for Sale! "

Much of the film footage from the now archival-famous Monterey Pop Festival arranged by John Phillips of *Mamas and Papas* musicianship – filmed, yes, and edited and arranged and one would suspect copyrighted, yes of course copyrighted – free love did not mean free everything, even amongst hippies©. I hasten that there commenced usual ‘...from now ons...’, and ‘...new rules...’, but hopefully not too many ‘...but some are more equal than others...’, all the way to Haight© – yes, to preserve the love© - a renowned flower power, tie-dyed, t-shirted punned referenced appropriated - alright plagiarized/stolen/ripped off - geddoff© my f-in© back, dude©! Does that cover me? Has everybody paid enough? Now reinvent nostalgia! Always do more movements till, tend, harvest and then ultimately fertilize forth former compost pylons recycling trendy obstructions.

Because writes a poetry, you sleepy androidholes!

Please no, not flashing over your hollow eyes into Evelyn’s Woods!

yeah yeah i know

s ur vei ll a nce eq u ip me nt re cor d 2to re t ai n 1 g oto s to res 2
you would know

yeah yeah i know

s ur vei ll a nce eq u ip me nt re cor d 2to re t ai n 1 g oto s to res 2
you would know

yeah yeah i know

s ur vei ll a nce eq u ip me nt re cor d 2to re t ai n 1 g oto s to res 2
you would know

yeah yeah i know

s ur vei ll a nce eq u ip me nt re cor d 2to re t ai n 1 g oto s to res 2
you would know

yeah yeah i know

s ur vei ll a nce eq u ip me nt re cor d 2to re t ai n 1 g oto s to res 2
you would know

yeah yeah i know

s ur vei ll a nce eq u ip me nt re cor d 2to re t ai n 1 g oto s to res 2
would you know

Covering your senses with my full of mull support!

Could artificially intelligent asses tool development to experimentally confirm eleven dimensional inferences? Good. So bull over the equations, snap up the gizmos, sift through the cosmos and then tidy it all up in a bow with Silly String.

(Asking questions only ...answers?...begins...)

My Perpetuities for you ... http://lulu.com/Brian_Spellman ... website
I cannot promise that you will not take offense. I cannot guarantee that you will. I cannot promise that you will change your views. I cannot guarantee that you will understand everything that I hope to challenge you with – yet I shall root for you. I savor no rewards from stumping anyone – only satisfaction upon comprehension. Do you trust yourself? I have!

Love is all you need ... sometimes

In 1964, The Beatles arrived in America. I had just turned four and this news mattered – young people that elders minded. Dad hated them. He smelled anything fresh to stink, promptly sharpened the corners of his brain, digging bunkers gripping sand wedge, waiting so the sixties might fade away, Not!; getting no satisfaction either.

I had a Hankering for him

Charles Bukowski knew that he could not sanitize himself by swimming through an oil slick to dash ashore in three-piece-suit, and then pinstripe his pecker into beauty under an hour. Genuine for Charles entailed some muddying up, so he never tried to hide this and as writing always prevails. He thought wisely as well, writing about himself rather than AT me. He entrusted readers to decide upon both application and perspective. Although he wrote over forty books during his lifetime, he remains my best example of a poet without index finger, but when required the middle one functioned fine yet offset a digit, which he found to his if not always our liking.

themes

If we agree that crises more decisively theme individuals, my father never spoke to us children about two issues - his father and first marriage. My grandfather had a heart ailment. Walking dad, grandfather feigned heart attack and then slipped into a bar as his son panicked off for help. As relayed indirectly decades later, such betrayals conned routinely. Dad overreacted, instilling spirited order from distilled rage while bullying loyalty, solely on his terms. (Societal backdrop coincides, shapes miseries, backstopping race.)

Never really a *Risk* in the end !

During my phase of ingestion-based addiction overhauls, I crossed therapies among other socially hybridized bottom feeders, driveling their adage, "Looking to lose." ... as pertained to gambling. I accepted yet had never gambled. After moving to LA, I eventually frequented Las Vegas a dozen times, first with a pal and then later as with most activities, alone. Wary to danger, I strictly budgeted with caution. Proportionate to means, I never exceeded playing losses of \$100 - leaving town if hitting this limit. Like the economics of diminishing marginal returns (fun, not funds of course), adrenaline also diminished similarly from equal losses throughout a given weekend of won battles within lost wars. I already knew that The House would not play at all without mathematicians on their payroll yet remained curious, not austere, on a more personal level. My last 3 day weekend, 600 mile trip (counting the return, not rate of, of course, rather miles) I figured out what they meant. On Sunday afternoon, I tallied losses to discover ... to have had none ... nor winnings! "... Mean to say that I drove this far, wasting 3 days without anything to show for it! I might as well have stayed home altogether." (???) ... Therefore, I placed \$200 on a preseason football game (to show me a thing or 2?). *A 60-minute personal insurgence of neurochemistry triggered my ... finalized by a single play, reversed on penalty to fumble my investment! No lie (Check it, fourth preseason game, Bills/Patriots, mid 1990's). Had I won that battle, perhaps I would have sought further wars. Losing won wisdom, for I have never gone back. Gambling only tantalizes upon advancing funds beyond one's affordable limit. I decided to redefine fun, like writing this excerpt on gambling. Someday it may even fetch me a fund, not another slug.*

Once upon a dime it read *Lennon & McCartney*. Now upon a scholar it *Twists & Shouts* Lennon or McCartney, fetching careers.

Martians? For Heaven's sakes, do not fear mere Marshmallow Men from The Great State of Waffles...CA.

You mean to say that we must panic two MORE years before Armageddon?

I used to drink and then think up myself as funny. I only gathered up throwing up material.

I cannot think of a single ugly thought that I have not had by now ... yet always remain pried open to suggestion.

Man's Search for Meaning

Viktor Frankl wrote his psychiatric expose concerning Holocaust survival. He included professional theory in the second part of Search. The first part required less than two hundred pages. No need to weigh it. Far easier, you can read it. Far reaching with contradiction, you can see all of us in it. I saw parts of all in all of us.

...would you prefer legitimate Ugly to ask, or rap off the cuff from your good TV people?

{more labels more types more labels more types more labels more types moremoremore}

“Why bad things happen to good people”...Meaning like, shit happens? Do bad people happen to do good things?...to both good and bad people? Did Hitler sell off Chagall paintings that funded rounds of spending for non-Lebensborn babies? Lebensborn babies?

**We can put a man on the moon but not a halfway decent capsule on a man.
{Fuck!}**

1 More LA & NY Commentary (know-it-alls can take a nap or a piss)

One flattens horizontal, expansive thus difficult to fit in and find others, although better to wander without an old nuisance tapping your shoulder, unless you get wedged before him in traffic (“I cannot move. Surely a former nuisance pesters me with his horn!”).

The other rises vertical, situating friendships, often indoors from winters and throughout elevators; likewise compelling friendships, repetitious smiling to preclude elevator fisticuffs, grime of the times fistings, snowballings, he said she said heshe said said mop mops!

~ So much for the Keys to the Cities ~

Surely, everybody has at least once or twice passed by a remarkably fragrant individual or two. This simply means that they smell bad.

Most writers live too busy, entitling clutter writing, stuck as **writers**.

Whadz my secret? Secrets! ... Find and then apply your own.

“I Pundit Do Solemnly Swear I saw...”

I have become a YouTube.com regular for about the last year and have made some observations. Mine does not scientifically survey, yet anecdotes the best reference vehicle that I have crossed upon. Not only features ‘media’ representation, but joining in the public uploads perspectives - snippets of news from whomever (?); worldwide variations to news reporting; clear and concealed attempts to report both objectivity and bias; counter accounts to already uploaded accounts; hosts ‘do’s and don’ts and censorship gripes; pop-up infiltrations and overlay mouth bubble nuisances; downloaded, then reissued upload blurring; overt and ambushed diversions to sites; gag news, tabloids, cult appeals and challenges to them – offering an immense variety of topics. To YouTube’s credit, yOu can largely pick programming rather than wait for conventional news to steer when/where/how and what determines relevant, and what, by omission, does not.

One conclusion poses that collectively, we the public hardly interest towards any truth, less so epistemology. Instead, fixations guide personal renditions to prevail. Accuracy coincides at best, often disrupts altogether. Accordingly, this media also responds by serving *We the people* a message (or often more) from our sponsor.

Freefall Freedoming

Do I think dope thinks well? No, stupid for me and I gather for anybody else. Why legalize them for grown-ups? I do not prefer false feel good laws from fear hosting responsibility to happy face veil hypocrites enslaving what ought override, bodily liberty. Grow up! (Responsibility to also fuck up if so moved. Stop pointing to/like ...)

STREET CONCEIT THUG SMUG SNOBS in GANGS with CLUBS
and fangs and long winded loud mouthing jesse braining king
cloning match and gas adjudicating *fast fire matter fact*
***ing*eversquickwith shtick&kciths&kcithsshtick⇒⇒⇒⇒⇒⇒**

(I suppose that with less to say, talkin shit can
excuse itself and then roll off tissue faster)

“Do you mean to say | ...“YES!”

(How do you like it?)

My *Slant* on Their *Slant* on Me

...deal so often with the problems of problem people that some
get used to seeing everything as *problematic* - then fail to witness
their descent down nose running slopes of their own slant on health.

Company Man Contingency

(Will to Power, it's now or never, Will Robinson, these cube farms did not compute!)

**If you do not order me to do for you then I will not tell you to
stop telling me what to do. You will not will up by firing me for
insubordination as I will not honor you in order to simply help you.
Will you favor a hand to save face or a middle finger to save mine?**

Deciding to Try

**As a young boy, there stood a very tall spruce tree in my
neighborhood. The climb presented a target for personal
fulfillment. Understandably, I feared dying from a fall. I eventually
overcame this trepidation by figuring that to fall from about ten
feet would hurt but from fifty would certainly kill me. It followed
that after fifty feet up any consequences would remain alike from
whatever height. Therefore, climbing would feature most difficulty
from its *lowest* point. After fifty feet, I could and therefore did
forget about dying to focus upon climbing. I twigged atop by
summer's end, sap laminated like a glazed donut. ††††††††††††††††**

A photo op, worthy a thousand words of wisdom... also unworthy a shit.

ABSOLUTE DISRUPTION CORRUPTS ABSOLUTE CORRUPTION RESOLUTELY

I take fool responsibility for electing a fool for representing me reprehensibly.

“Comme ci ~ Comme ça?” **“Huh? OK, Fuck Me! ~ Fuck You!”**

Hate Speech USA? Still better the last word to slight any word, even customized - prevents more violence than provokes (silence kills).

Van and His Canvas got Canned, Filmed & Panned

Some have said that if not for his compelling personal dramas, Van Gogh would nowadays appraise from a justified distinction – of average painter. To those I say “Have your pick along with any other two, review and then I shall consider with interest what you might say about average – but please do not splash around bigger }}} PUDDLES {{{ of yourself to either side.” *(Powerful no, descriptive, passionately!)*

like authoring any

authorized school

an Other

No, I received much of my education within institutions of lower learning – education about institutes and institutions in general – generally anesthetized. So just say no until they tell you yes, so yes you do, you have to, as they insist that you do, so you relent responsible to their renditions of your responsibilities to them, the busybodies. So yes I swear in to say “I do!,” instead of to anybodies antibodies, like mine. Can you tell I can tell? Yes? Then do not tell!

CLoT cONtEmpoRaRY CuLTUre!

Money fills the bloodline to commerce.

Fine, except...

Blood drains the money line to industry.

Listening Instead

A former drug abuser and short-order shoplifter, I have luckily missed a stint of time, instead hearing from some who have - away from theatrical dramas of running cameras. To encapsulate their take on time: Activities do not pass like two hours of unrelenting catastrophes depicted in films. Low levels of agitation exist, as inmates must always remain alert to dangers that with occasional exceptions, continue to flinch away at their patience like endless false alarms. Prison time would seem mostly just that; calendars and clocks. When that annoys dull and slow, clocks and calendars.

Keeps underflowing

I have always sought excessive achievement for equal esteem ... insemination for breakdowns. My core hollows ... art fills up briefly ... again empties ... refills ... never poolside sipping iced tea.

Feral Teacher's Pet **ROCKS!**



"Alright Suzie Sarcasm, what would you like to be once you're all grown up?"
"Why your class clones, Mrs. Spoonfeed!"

Internet Porn Parents



"You and your little sister be home no earlier than 9pm sharp!"

Sophistry need not suck er... so for

your 1-balled Hitler, play with your "I wasn't there" then resticky to that story.
(I do not defend two. Tabloid titillations divert today's directives - juicy journal slime.)

The Cowardly Liars

Entertainers & Politicians & Newscasters, Oh My! (Sponsors & Underwriters & Bankers, Oh Shtit!)

Nothing more Elegant than Flaw

When I see a picture of Sartre, I think of Patti Smith. When I envision Patti Smith, my outlook looks up. Thank you, smart Sartre photocopy, for being and nothingness, but foremost foreseeing so peripherally – and profoundly. 👁 👁

Hot Stove Inspired

Great! Great dads of America, geniuses all of you – boot camp until eighteen then boot them out of the house. Turn them loose so we can round them up and deposit them in the can. The playpenitentiary, where reinforced belittling conditions further punishments by professional bosses, taking turns talking down at your sons. These sons themselves now play bully-dads to one another. Oh, generosity, tough love, a second chance and/or third strike, done principally by the same methodology – how better could their chances possibly become than to serve them up with what they already understand – or *familiar*? What do you rebut, “If we could make it the way we were taught, anybody can!” You already did make it, our recidivist messes, recycling dish outs.

Every kid that I knew who turned out better than merely functional had some tangible upward influence within their homes conferred by parents. Some actually engaged their children in disagreements concerning the logic of conversations rather than the short run easy outs; like who spoke to whom, or how loudly spoken, or the processed trump deaf/stale cop outs “...because I said so!” As a boy, I would witness dissent between some of my friends with their parents and think, “When So-and-So is all grown up, are they ever going to get it.” They did get it, learning to get it, and understanding it - training to reason with adults, challenging without sassing them. These friends turned out best - then and doubtless still do. I did not get it, except for getting more heat – nowadays better left alone by mostly getting away from anything or anyone resembling it – recoiling from my stove as the only safe and realistic way for cooling off from it.

Best Rich / Anonymous Rich.....
*Civil Poor / Above Squalor - The Cuban Guided Tour*

**.....Middle Class? ~ Arbitrary Vote Whore
 Ads.....No such category / Never real.....**

(Success? Not fairness, rather which values win through advantage. Whining officially outlawed!)

Father *Faux pas*: A BLOCK off the Ole Chip

When four or five, dad, before other family members, explained that the reason one of my sisters would only spend summers with us resulted from having a different mother than we did, arranging school time elsewhere. Furthermore, he explained that unlike our Swedish mother, Beth's mother, therefore Beth, descended from an Italian heritage. I said, "Noooooo...a WOP?" Beth, thirteen, instantly burst out with hilarity. In fact everyone did, everyone other than dad, who grimaced, knowing everyone's next look would turn towards him. I doubt I even learned what the initials meant until I reached adulthood.

Trying to falsify an impression of maturity, I interrupted with, "Alright, alright, so now we know something about the mother – but what do we know about the father?" Just when all mistakenly thought that they could resume composure. Nevertheless, now I know more about the father (*and his influence*).

I never want to talk about it anymore. Or ever again to your next question either.

HER: Do you mind if I ask you something? »» ME: Only if I like the question. »» HER: Never mind. »» ME: I thought not. Thank you.

Perverted? That assigned maligned at me. Perfervid! I preferred so applied that.

TYPEINGCASTING i sEe Hol es i N m ONO li thS. wHyw On'T y o U?

Once upon our times...

*Hitch-hooker (bo)(ob)y trapped by a Sunset B SheHe. Had IT hoaxed a HeShe would not have happened, although nowadays as politically correct remains grammatically emphatic!
(Twenty bucks blown doesn't do what it used to... "What the suck?" No, no blow by blow description, you assholes!)*

Public Service Announcement

You must have some pills, everybody does, some by decree perhaps as well. Do doctors expect you to ingest at least one that looks like an elephant's suppository? ... Knock it off! I only said LOOKS ... I mean, if one became necessary ... it might ... Well even worse still, a pill without smooth coating to slip down your throat easily? That states correct, a rough one effecting friction, as you gulp it down your elephant's ass ... / ... / ... Do not even think about looking into my thoughts! Just allow me make my fucking point! Instead of swallowing with water, just drop the pill into a glass of water, wait several minutes, swirl the solution around and drink it. Ahh, so NOW you show interest in sciences? ... Oh, except zoology.

Yes, aware, no fair

*As children I knew and loved equally, however one sister, from dad's first marriage aged eight years older whereas the other, one older, often bossed me around. The unremitting personnel clarifications often aggravated me towards considering personal qualifications instead. This peeve eventually morphed ugly into a suppressed classlessness:
(No, I once had a sister and a half...in addition to another who completely pissed me off! Tally myself up to one zero.)*

In My Arrogant Opinion

When you must invoke "...In my humble opinion...", I must judge you disqualified, unoriginal, and not humble – hereby sentencing you to life behind your disguise ... Everybland.

Personnel

You can actually pay online services for public information to look up or check up on anyone whom you previously knew?

Yes, you can. If you agree to pay a credible source to do it for you, looking up a past acquaintance would supply personal public data on one person - but checking up on yourself would supply the same offered to the other 7 billion.

Killer's Kissers

Summarizing LA poetry readings with "Art for art's sake," he nevertheless indoctrinated us with political poems. I could never detect sarcasm yet could also never tell when George Bush impersonated aw shucks Gerry clumsy or snickered Tommy Udo Nixonesque.

When in America, do as the *Times New R...* rather, always laugh like you get em!

...No, not like H.G. BlowandHard's notions. His like mine. Correct, time machines did thief futures before slipping off the older millennium flat earth as edification superseded sundials, calendars, wristwatches and other time value of money period. piece tales of inflationary truths for sale at discounted happier endings...!

))))))))))))))))))))))I never tell anybody that he/she looks like anyone else for nobodyone likes that. Who you lookin at body?((((((((((((((((

Where's Perry Mason once you Freedumb 📖 📖 PiP-ens?

During that decade of that 1990's that television gave us "That 70's Show," one about that decade. Wait one second, or one decade or one more - that one defers that decade of that television's "Happy Days," one show about that 1950's decade - more sanitized decadence. Now THAT establishes a more datelined circumstantial case - pinning that television to more duplication to more duplicity to more mimic to more mannerism to more morons to more derivation swindles for more future sequels for more film hybrids for more reciprocal favors for more commercials for more toys for more porn ploys for more cigar masticating studio executives for executing more mooollah for exexecuting more stays of exexexecution... "...but I want more." Just stay tuned and they shall twist till pimping your entire Privates, Dick!

Still, police officials would only commit by saying the case appears to indicate another random pattern robbery-suicide. "What the ...?"

“What’s that word hiding f or/from?”

Obriginality should not offer abstrusetions, just understanding.

Transverse From Afar

I no longer attend poetry readings. I hate them. I hate the congregation of LA poet-priestesses. I disclaim expectations of magnanimity to match or mesh with the latest rage recyclers of color, the latest menstruating bitch-feminists big shot bravados or the latest violin whining and pining from genitalia claimants of misconstrued orientation typecasting. Those loudest cozily cling to tiresome cluster complaining – rarely do individuals surface. Mine bears scorned demographics – appropriated by appearance to suit adversarial posturing – myself absent of most presumed privileges. How do I reconcile an art form? I compose stanzas that dramatize a stage upon paper, your paper should you care – for I need not appear at all. ..▲..~

Privilege/Deficiency ~ Confers/Conceals

**You can’t beat shellfish! What, you can’t eat them? Allergic? *Wow that’s too bad gosh nothing beats steak and lobster fried clam bellies with Tartar and lemon is awesome too what about shrimp cocktail oh and scallops almost forgot about scallops were you lucky enough to...before you...found...out...that...oh* I think I get it, you’ve already heard this. Many times? Whoops?
(You do not deny allergic to allegories, I hope?)**

OK, OK, one for the Staff (... infections)

**“Sir, one thing serves unwell, another thing serves unserviceable.”
(*Better go with unfriendly...or uncooperative...or under sedation under center*
Hike!Hike!)**

Did they once behave like imbeciles? Do they now enjoy misbehaving like professionals? Kind of all grown up on you, to you I groan.

Tribute

To a friend I once shared an astute witticism that my father had told me. My friend mentioned that my father must have worded cleverly and then schemed by asking if more so than myself? I snarled, "I stand right here! How dare you put his memory on the spot!" What did dad so cleverly wit unto me? Hey, some aspire witty yet refuse shifty, you shits! Today, this shits back my show.

"A man underwent an extended spell of deep melancholy, unrelenting and without a foreseeable upturn. Eventually he lapsed into a state of deep depression...And oh how he longed for those days of deep melancholy."

(All right, so today announce a tomorrow.

Right too, he received no free ride either.)

Deadbeat Dads & Seed Thieves: TYPES aware, instead reverse misBEHAVIORS, excuse-blaming fuck gluttony & gender fracturing.
 (...that applies to California...to America...to? Applies to your lies...We codify to justify ours.)

Gee, seeming like more same either/or?

How many have married their first and only sex partner and maintained fidelity throughout their lives? Oh? Then how many have spoken candidly within their marriage and with their children regarding something vastly different? How many have strayed from Biblical inspiration to align with a biological, right logical, course of evolutionary history? Of those, how many have done so without a sense of guilt/shame/sin from socially mythologized values? Once more, how many have understood fidelity as a practical attempt for family management while realistically and honestly anticipating improbabilities? Why you sneaky freaks! I formalized alien to your fortune. You do not vote Republican. I see.

Might others among you identify primarily through carefully protected guidance from historically oppressed demographics? Do you then complain about the unfairness of stereotyping and patronage for prioritizing unity of category before principles? You still think they remain as one. Yet you ARE stuck? ARE a Democrat?

Do knots lead into tempting you?

Should whomever you presently self-identify not fully understand everything that imparts, do not establish self-blame, for recalling formerly once as a younger reader to these wordings now writing would have failed comprehension of renewed perspective, even though wordings maintain sensible precision if you knew so. Do you already know that which tempts? If so, do unknot and then reason back devoid doubt. Thanks from the bottom of one triangle.

My Diplomasee

I ensnare within a porn addiction - fantasy product for goodness touching sakes that require about ten minutes to manage. I can then answer the phone, door or any other human contact instantly and rationally or write immediately after having. ... Priorities.

Years before while addicted to alcohol and other illicit street applicants, I could not schedule any of these functions. Such encapsulated dope cravings gnawingly demanded daylong and overnight detours from attentiveness. I have never liberated from addictions. Instead, I first transferred my sensory needs to an alternative source of prayer-based comprehension, one available to desperate misconceptions at that time. I reinforced this logic communally. I now consider this merely feelings false fantasy but no longer commune with others not sharing this view.

I honestly have no idea how porn participants live aside from their craft and neither do any of you if respecting all of them individually; consent-aged adults with rights and responsibilities for personal decisions. Nowadays I prefer the communion of real health care Providership - to most among you mere whores but for myself goddesses of tactile fantasy. After each tactfully departs, I resume my reasonably honest and mundane life to shop for gas and groceries while passing by and respecting individuals like yourselves in public everyday - unless you stick or shtick in your houses or states of worship, honest or not, for I too subscribe to each our own potions and/or poisons, however privacy reads for us.

Manipulative! Manipulative! Manipulative! Manipulative!
Manipulative! Manipulative!
Manipulative!
(Be AM-eneMA-ble!)

“I shall shit smear BE upon the SOB for having a gall to credit me!”
(Better off reasonable towards look-at-me Bes.)

Chant Along Mantra!

“NOTHING FROM THE NECK UP!”

Do you hear me new guy!

In here it must be,

“NOTHING FROM THE NECK UP!”

Sobriety means it!

“NOTHING FROM THE NECK UP!”

So repeat it to me!

“NOTHING FROM THE NECK UP!”

**Ok, Ok, I get it, can see it,
hear it, wear it and swear to it!
You will always stand it maintaining**

“NOTHING FROM THE NECK UP!”

(Welby-esque yes, ‘not a doctor but plays a headless one in AA.’)

A man offered his course for disappearing personal dilemma for a fee. He appears as a first disqualifier, while fools with credit cards and check payments return appearances before him with others to complement as disqualifiers, none reasoning that somebody)else(likely solved a responsible out of strategy before attending a first caused seminar. In California few query a genuine motive, having escaped it.

WOW, A POP IDOL! Care if I break my leg so you can sign my cast?

A Sun Arisen Pioneer from The Valley

☀ **Lisa Randall schooled (not studied at) Hampshire College! ... born two years after yourself. Ever see her while in Amherst?**

☹ **I could NOT have passed her before passing out in a bar. She clearly foresaw quarking over quaffing.**

Fragrant Flagrant White Trash Prepositioning

I attended university in the Pioneer Valley – a five-college system. My school, the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, also settled a township. UMass symbolized the sweatshirt outcast among the five. Amherst also boasted the faultless Amherst College itself. My recitation since has factually a claim of once having attended college *in* Amherst. *In at* tentative listeners always tell people that Spellman studied *at* Amherst College – flunking my exam. Nonetheless, I remain convinced having leechesd ambiance. One night while counting drunken hours *at* the town pokey, some guy *in* the next cell, also smashed, faultlessly expounded his expletives, exemplary of luxurious slurred eloquence. Now that mutherfucker had to attend *at* Amherst...COLLEGE! What wasted a difference; *in/and/or/at* Amherst, shit faced still meant shit faced!

In kindergarten teachers showed pictures whereby explained a correct one represented our United States. I guessed the picture of a soaring eagle. The correct picture highlighted a large, though enclosed pasture of cattle. My father religiously pictured patriotism. I now pick neither.

There is no limit to what you can accomplish if you don't care who gets the credit. ... Credited to Ronald Reagan, addressing all of us.
 "Ask not what your government can do for you but what you can do for your government."

(Yes, you caught me... Yet catching them!... Picking and choosing your own noses... Snot not mine!)

"Yuh No?"

I know ... no I think I know ... no longer, scratch that, in fact now I know I think I know ... therefore no closer to the answer than knowing once I knew.

So I shall write in a word or two edgewise!

Our archeological forbearers lost hair while developing sweat glands to reduce panting in the hot African sun. One outcome emerged the origin of our speech. Another conquered our ability to just shut the fuck up and listen. Now listen to most, human beings constantly cloning On the Origin of Speeches past one another.

Moseying amongst the nosey

You had better talk it over! *Hmm, more advice. Do you know what YOUR problem says? MINE? What? Well I would not presume to know, says what.*

A photo op snob shops not worth A solo silent word

Politicians like to befriend people of The Good Word yet infiltrate friendship towards others simply good with words to undermine threats. Polished politicos might ask for advice, concur by means of lucidity, and then offer subordinate positions as speech writers, bribing censorship of sharper words behind choreographed smiles.

I M P R E S S I O N S

Oh, I exchange one sorry for expressing cheerfulness with my Chinese friends at their corner restaurant. They appreciate my levity but you do not. We conversed for over a year but you just now - advancing me scowls, ongoing glares and two humph-like noises. Both proprietors reverted to sober expressions, as did I. You succeeded in spoiling our usual demeanor. Less information and reasonable incentive to inquire further, I consider if we have each received our demographic crossover citations. As it would remain unreasonable to uproot from deniability, you have left us a minute poisoning within this neighborhood and did not have to say anything at all. Sadly, we shall never know anything certain about your intentions. Even sadder, yours may not bode typecast after all.

I see feisty, commensurate with experiences now clearly skinned thru a thin lens!

It told about truth, not spectacle ... Art ... yes art.

I grin while thoroughly enjoying your discomfort to my ideas ... There did you catch that? ... My manly Mona Lisa ... But do not share that ... Most would surely hung up it ... State of our art ... grim.

... and(around)and(around)and(around)and ...

While in my mid-twenties, dad instructed me not to overdo 'thank you,' 'please' or 'sorry,' as each indicates weakness. He perfected principally good advice beyond mere art form into pristine science, dismissing these outright. I overdid and he disavowed - a team. I confused as effect/cause. No wonder he liked to have me around.

to BE or not to BE Identities

Our turn to be equal after which it will be your turn to be equal then they get their turn to be equal until it is our turn again equally. Hey, stop that progress! Wait until everything is all equaled up first.

Yes, even should you pursue a most deplorable criminal vermin!

HOW did **YOU** become **SO** good **AT** ... ? *I funned...uh worked at it. Get my point?*

To their credit, Catholicism has always maintained an interest towards cosmology, in fact numbering some headline contributors, each though shedding considerable literalisms from astrological tenants of faith. To maintain relevance, The Church has even outsourced funding to foothold a circumnavigation path around God wordings also. What names next? Atheistic Sainthood-winking?

"Forgive them father, for they know not how they help!"

Freedom of Speech roars out droning annoyance? Walk alone within California groves to inhale freedom of silence, punctuated by cadence of twig snapping song. Weep toxin so need not cry out.

Pardon My Evolution

One who retains participant skepticism towards successful governments understands disadvantage from authority so becomes pessimistic, not confused with a cynic. Cynic becomes a type from thinking by way of another type...the betrayed idealist...who quits.

[Correct...the science theme fits... in progress.]

Once upon a time Modesty Crushed Immodesty!

Do I laugh sometimes while I compose? Yes, I confess! If I did not think that my humor won import, then why would I bother to export alike for you? I concede conceit, and then offer back lucky!

Therefore, I shelved modesty. I prefer honesty with you. Both? Then you need to find modest intellect from honest self-appraisal. Honestly, you should wait for Hollywood. You conclude that I must delude to say that? Then we would share in honest modesty to say that. One out of three as they say say and say. I permutated to drive you nutty cracking as one up. Let us laugh less so instead.

What the Hell, there always sez **Keeps me from drinking to forget.)**

(My tolerance tonic to remember *a story before everybody's story.*

Sensitivity in Sensoround

Horrible as many ought to consider, but I do not sense artists apply contemplative reasoning today. Posturing and ranting, sure, but sappy or sassy surliness bludgeons such thinking to condition outcomes themselves as layered, skewed and disingenuous. I tired from taunts and insinuations about insensitivity. My old man habituated me as convenience witness to oblige his conscience sores already. I wrung out plenty sensitivity nursing this principle.

Californians

Ex friends safely politicking from their sternums, never their heads; giving me headaches.

... Takin out their trash to the ... to your ... Stigma Houses! Geeyup!

"Hell'z it like to be stuck in there?" "Fuckin grate man ... There's paintin, fingerin, number countin, cross-eye-drool meditations, medications, talkin it up till shut up shut eye time ...

... Not all of us drool and stare like your Uncle Foolsworth - just some.

Offer/Acceptance/Consideration/Capacity

Correct, a marriage contract! One as unfettered and secular as possible, thereby representing everybody's interests? Not one of exclusionary categories attempting to prioritize rights under any customization. Secular contracts thus granted to members of God or prayer based religions and satellite spiritualisms, satisfying both Freedom of Religion and Separation of Church and State. (A marriage contract between two women, two men or any two people but no more, and then consenting to cake festivities as Free Expression, similarly without governmental endorsement of a morality commitment.) Details notwithstanding, this distills the controversy and also clarifies that comprehension itself does not impede. Neither does tradition uphold legitimacy. I mentioned exclusion. Whether ideological or behavioral, less commission of criminal activity already legislated; pairings between people of common interests always have and will happen for all kinds of reasons. Why then would it move anybody to contract against matrimony saving for efforts to disguise an exclusionary moral absolute to fortify mutual self-deceptions. You read a word worker. Do not bait & switch semantics. Decentralize politicizing affection!

GBLT's recognized Big Prayer 3 exclusionary hijacking so simply applied their own parasites, another political lever without which unity would have no identification basis other than behavior rituals.

**Heaven? HEAVENLY? Aw for God's shakes, you gotta shit me off.
All You Can Pig Out Ice Cream Buffet! Every night?
FOREVER!!!**



(You have mine ... Melts faster elsewhere than vomit recycles Bliss.)

Nothing After After Hours 🍷

Only ten of my twenty-six sober years involved AA – a diced up attendance covering a few phases. The only person who really transformed slogging from melodramatic misery into single malt amusement named as Carolyn N. I knew her for just two heretical years. She took ill and died a month later. My linkage died with her. I have not personally reconsidered that antivenin nor would I return to find one like her; rummaging a haystack absent needle. Sorry trudgers, Carolyn excelled far beyond ‘terminal uniqueN.ess’!

👂 Entrusting Me to Her Secret 🗨️ 🗨️ 🗨️ 🗨️ 🗨️ 🗨️

In county psych, an Asian young woman asked if I also heard voices. I told her that so far, only hers and mine...but should any others enter our conversation to let me know and I would tell them not to interrupt us. I smiled and she gave me a hug. Upon seeing this, an orderly marched over and ordered her to let me go. She released, safely restoring order once again. I had forgotten about the other real ones. Always clamoring and jingling away their keys.

“Don't Ask! – Just Answer Our Charges!”

They do not go into The Profession for monetary gains yet they definitely do not for altruism. I have seen more pros than many pros have seen clients. Before all else they share a necessity to sift throughout personal adversity. Most have not even progressed here to legitimize start. How could such practitioners help anyone else with anything else? One might just as well go back to days of reacting to zap jolting from electrodes, touché today, online fencing.

Red Sports Car

I no longer socialize among psychologists, especially the most intrusive and ambitious ones. A depth practitioner who befriended me made use of the tired metaphor; *peeling away layers from an onion* to uncover his clients personalized traumas to help *them*. I could only imagine them reduced to abysmal piles of peels upon vanishing altogether, graduates to patient status, heavy sedation. Himself? I read superficial, not visceral grasp of concepts - prone to foresee and misread his peels onto consumers. Politically perfect, he drove around leeks of hypocrisy in a red sports car. Did not peel out in front of me but leaked fuel; honked his horn a lot.

Where GL γ makes your thoughts make sense.

0 ..

Omy

Both his disposition and dialogue acted out incongruous to any circumstance for a psychiatric sanitarium – as if recycling his own Amway ovations to crutch up fork lifted smiling. (Surely trained by an unwavering misconception of cognitive therapy – *since your mood results a byproduct from thoughts, you can always improve your mood by altering these thoughts.*) Of course you can, cheer up chap, rise up and unstrap your gurney, onward with your rubber treaded slippers and calming teal green gown. Pip, pip, tally-ho, why lucky you awake today; to ward off confusion all night! Wards situate for many opposites – like grieving signifies good/rejoicing bad. I considered his dormant likable side given the absence of a genuine one, myself stranding hypothetical to calendar countdowns.

They always seem to know something that you did!

Whenever you try to recall everything that you did, do you mostly find it hard to recall anything that you did and most times why you would bother to recall everything or anything at all? So did you?

(Wait, I meant to say that in American, twisting your mind's arm behind your back. *DIDN'T* you? !!!)

So I shall not, only unto myself, before you.

Does imploring self-reliance unto others, meaning any or all others imply a contradiction unto itself, unto me, unto you?

I shall decide when!

Hey you over there. Hey buddy. Yeah you. Could you give me some unsolicited advice? Oh no, matters not, anything at all equally fails.

Hawaii? Been there / so dumb that ... once. A cherry piie lie to piine another ... apple.

**“Why didn’t you ask/hear/hope ... pray?”
“Causes/Effects/Probabilities ... Amen!”**

Einstein & Buddha both doubled as deadbeat dads. While Albert waxed as The Great Man, son mental hospital led astray. Offered Top Dog of new Israel, Albert personified a God-cagey quip as scientists often do. (A more likely thought? “Officiate between three astrologer fool committees? I think Commandment dick sucking by astronomer groupies at Mercer Street scopes my better viewpoint.”)

Authorship:

Once underway, I ignore others’ work. They have already lost as I begin, for I create rather than compete with them. I shadow mine until clarity becomes so evident that hoodlums will recognize the very best. Beyond all argument, I shall then disclose tact and diplomacy by allowing them to steal it away from me. Consistent with content, my contentedness will win you over.

(Of most unrelated theme) **Even lost leaders cash winners**

Oh, you liked that saying. Well that credits not even mine. Let me think, who the Hell came up with that one? Says right there on my tongue but...wait a sec...uh...(Oh shit, Charlie Manson said so!)...Nope, no, cannot crack...poT it uP, nEvEr head. What else do you reconsider?

What defaults our best recourse against surreptitious government bureaucracies? Support more of them. Agencies cannot trust other ones nor confer trust within their own against size. Politicians hire mistrust operatives unable to consider past their best talent.

Narcis schism**(Cannot beat that! ...****off!)****PARANOID?****Although some have
said so...others
said so clearly****insightful.....so****inciting paranoia though...so****what?****Some One upon a time concerned:****» “Your dad probably
loved you in his own way.”****« “Did sharing that ma
ke you condition well?”****» “Well, I would say so.”****« “Then it made me
well up weller as well.”*****“Mount Olympus, polish on down!”*****What emblems that on your lapel? Does it count off a certificate
or something? A Degree! Your ‘B.ought & S.old’ Degree? Outranked
by your Masters! Flanked by your PHD! Configured to your Medals!****“NOW YOU GO FIGURE!”****you say? OK, I shall. But first may I please look closer?
Oh shit, smells of more onerous status badge-ering toward issues.***(OK, do not go violin sniveling to defend all of academia - I get it.)*

An evolutionary professor referenced philosophical materialism vs. the divergent dualism of possible supernatural, metaphysical, mind/soul/spirit distinctions. Science cannot disprove these and in the broadest sense, anything, if epistemology becomes severe enough. She vaguely favored the former to **make clear?** an open inspiration for future volleys of prayer thinkers. To think that science will maintain its Petri dish insulation from a society proliferating in sermon clog, anything goes gbtlgbt tglb smear based escapisms and other spastic nihilisms typically dissociates more academic naiveté. Want **PROOF?** Have a look at today's art/entertainment/culture - buying and selling your leper colonies, vanquishing aspirants like me. **The polite hand of she-devil deferral, cating its American way once again.**

Want your country back? If pressed to ask that, back up one more. Did you ever really have one to start?

▲▲
SAY

**Did I say something unpleasant to turn you off or make you glum?
Now I see - Ouch! Well can you come up with anything that I could
say to make you heal any better?
I had not thought of that one and could not have said it better myself.**

So I shall not!

...then again, maybe move onto video.

To write 10 X 1 line ringers but display 1000 yields too many thus unlikely any read at all.

To write 100 X 1 line ringers but display all yields 10 that might read.

To write 1 X 1000 displayed right might ring up 1 reread 10 X.

Picking a good therapist likens to a good nose picking; the nosiest one possible will dig deepest in case you sniff any good nature at all.

\$ Economic Impact Study for Poets \$

“Free to choose, free to choose, Great God Almighty,
free to choose last!”

**Wait one wallet. So said Friedman, the fiscal ruthless libertarian
atheist and King, the compassionate faith commie sympathizer?
My choice? ... No choice to choose!
Born to lose notes to chase novelty.**

...and more pins and tattoos and nips and suction and cutoffs and put-ons and furs on and ...

Chests , you upkeep an awful lotta awful face|s|ecaf cards up.

(The Secret to improving youthful appearances solidifies through years of immaturity.)

Geopolitics: Macrocosmic minutia militias / Myself: Neurons up against morons

“Please Don’t Squeeze the Shamans!”



“Oh Deepak! Deepak! Deepak!”

(Oh bull me not podium snore, Shitpack!)

I would prefer any ranting of a rock shaman to affect spongy overtures from a soap shaman.

Who said? “Oh Jim! Oh Jim! Oh Jim!”

Shit, where grinds Ann Sexton?

*“Wash me off, lick me clean,
clean as an almond.”*

(Thanks Wounder Up Woman! Boston still wipes LA off at times.)

NO EXIT!radition Visas (or Keep Our Nausea Please)

My word honey, look at the size of this fuckin menu! No wonder the French make you wait so long to order.....

.....
.....
.....

.....Upps, here comes the waiter. I could chow down a pig...or pig out on a chow...OK honey, watch closely to remember how to do it...Uhhttuahem hey waiter, um parlez vous ahhh, I mean...je suis...nope...como me llamo no, no, wrong one...que’st que ca vert...(just sound it out there guy)...dire your finest Food and a Drink for the lady. As for the man, just gimme the same.

MY STATEMENT FOR A FOOTING

To peel the doormat off my forehead so as to contribute my headiness.

When I renounce self interest to affirm principle in supporting picked upon types for affirming their type, they type mine as sociologists. When I assert my own by type, I **AM** tYpecAsT 'a Sociopath' to discredit bogus upset from privilege. Listen between discoursing for those silences.

Read it and Sweep Cheap

Simply put in your face, my writing offers poor man's Penguin Classics pig iron. My shit neither smells nor sells, a pity sentences make sense.

Dope for Idiots

**Majored in physics though did far more
lab work in the chemicals department.
(They actually offered a course called
Physics for Poets – should have taken
.....make that, taught it at Zoo Mass!)**

So Book Travel Plans (W » E) When Putting Out Fires!

**A Midsummer's Day Dream in LA breathes like flames trapped
inside sauna rooms, smelling of smoked lung meat, your own while
Boston takes on water in steam rooms, a mere lungful sufficiently
flattens your giblets to the gobblestone.**

("LA's fine but it ain't home...but please come to Boston"...?...whatever.)

FACEONSFACEOFF

GRATE YOUR ANNOYANCE? and then GLARE AT ME? ("So how do you want me to respond? Alright, pretend that I did!")

Our Revelations ‘G’-Man

At LA’s Kaiser Facility in Chinatown, one of the patients wore a large, seemingly heavy wooden cross slung around his neck, dangling across his chest. I could tell that he had whittled it himself. To me anyway, it conveyed encasement – “Don’t attack my Jesus!” Functioning much like garlic for deflecting vampires, he projected spirit towards most of us, religious or not. He also fashioned his purpose – pontificating. His adages of course waxed off convoluted, indecipherable and permanently lost to all - patient, clergy or professional. Not lost to any of us spoke themes of confusion, strife and given his age, endurance. For these reasons, he belonged amongst us, as us with him. I would also imperil a guess that practically anyone outside the facility could diagnose applicable themes. Does anybody still think themselves all alone?



{ Sure, agents scalp tickets to tabloids! }

*(Think I’ll **STEPS** out ... for a breath of piss? ... or to take an air?)*

“Terrific, another addict!!!” *(Terrific?)* “I was terrified that I wouldn’t hit upon another **Addictive Personality** *(Personality?)* to talk **PROGRAM** *(טטצףטצט?)* with!” *(Personal? Personable?)*

“If you only knew how animals are ... you would become a vegan.”

“I report to Sartre! Please sheep me up a Grade-A Choice Burgher.”



Do not Poison Push your Pieties

You refuse to stand for OUR cause? Ours stands for everybody, meaning you! That only means YOU truly don't stand for anything. You are nothing but a nihilist, a nobody who stands up for nothing!

(If you even understand your remark then you stand within it. Therefore do not step in it as well or splash in your shit well!)

French existentialists Sartre/Camus' offerings better disrobed the typical lives of philosophers than rabble. Confronted sages bristle outwardly towards personalized demotions much like U.S. politicians, paw shaking for Middle Class chivalry.

Trust DSL Today

LSD eh??he I dropped just a few times, finding it bad – a crude shortcut for skinning one's lens and stripping one's gears and back tumbling for dispersal. Had the merry go *s-e_n-s_o-r_o-u_n-d_s* triumphed sensational, Sandoz Labs would still frantically franc mainline more Lucy in the Sky with Ethyl Diethylamide chocolate assemblies for Mother Switzerland. She wrapped firm's holdings for a Naughty Party prior to acid's emergence. What Party? Not Spanky and Alfalfa's Gang but the one we nearly Yah Volt to now! I hope none FLASHBACK Link to my Art, dead letter files, *Air Express...*

If any benefit evolved from dropping LSD thirty years ago, then I took the most circuitously fucked up time release capsules ever gagged, doubting even that to this. Want drug prohibition? Stop sanctioning government prescriptions, suppository that advice up your shitter and then stop bugging me with your pills, paroling more dirty word back to you!

“SomeTHINGS must have happened on the way to the forum...”

“‘Radical!’ Brian, ‘Radical!’ ” Dad did you ever...? I see. Yes, I always wondered ... Would you like to say more or just leave it at that? Why? Dad, any vulnerability that you share by this point says the only point ... because aside from how you treated me, I know nothing much at all.” (I sensory clumsy like the bastard son of my own incarnate adoption, searching through a forlorn séance.)

They Always Start With Pennies

Now that shit talked false propheteering ... For yes, I can hear your collection plate jingling my way for hard-earned Sunday school penance right now, though muffled through farted echoing.

“Radio Poli-Want a Talk Host Inaudible”

Concludes that prevailing in dispute shows equivalence to truth.

“Our team wuz told by coach just to take it won cliché at a time.”

(((Tastes Grate / Less Fillings)))

{{{☹*}} {{ “Do you have a **sight** impediment or something?” {{{👂}}}}

No such people reside as Native Americans. Scientists nice talk that basically two migration routes from Africa converged as one arrived more proficient at no fair than the other. Furthermore, no people ‘were *put* on God’s green earth’ to do anything other that *shot* every four years to commemorate five continental rings at THE Olympic Games ... Greek, also unfair.

Given several millennium of a people, how likely does Jew pass over my or anyone else’s bloodline *or* social heritage? I do not require smart by association. My concluding point: put me down for one *unchosen* and pick your bone, your nose, or bone in your nose to that!

Attending a reading decades ago, I mistakenly sat up front for a Don Rickles ghetto giddy up. A chorus of teens bad breathed, “Are we black enough for you!” to distract even dumber soliloquy to make their point. There.

Mine reveals the worst art no less than nor more so the finest art, for neither proud nor ashamed. Nowadays, ain’t that a shame?

Why We Want You to be Rich... (Investing cash[**into nickel slot**]cows?) A detour from conventional self-scripting, take this poor, smart man’s, race horsing tip. Never buy shares in Teaser Card Literature...or another’s values to typecast winners & losers.

LOAN

Upon finally finding it all you lose everything you never really had anyway.

LIFE

Flashbacks? No, feels more like one hard whiplash.

COST

More Illuminated ~ Less Understood

FUN

Ok

Commencement Ceremony Gas

“I shall only detain a few centuries of your time, but we travel real fast so all ends as over in no time. Seriously though, how many decades have we run over? No, really? We had better recoil to real time Kodak moments and reincarnate another postponement until a completed cancellation waits downloading...sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo slow, right?”

Tête-à-tête: Pardon? I have nothing but calluses for your rash personal questions.

On Fairy Tale Realities?

“Do you think that if you had, then you might have instead...? (I stick with the prevailing one blunt experience glass full.)

Historical Ruling Cookbooks ... happen every day ... fair farts for phonies, fools and fairies... prophets and profiteers. You herds heard it here.

Conflicts My Critiques

Fifty
years to observe
yet not directly contribute
towards trend offers an unspecified
out. Worthwhile thinking never emanates from
soothsayers, instead compensation forecasters within
accelerating societies. Better ideas morph unintentionally,
appropriate nefariously but mostly outlive lifecycle practicality.
Pettiness enters more predictably through blame projectiles of outcome
onto pitting generations and originators against quick pivot reactionaries.

Surrogating personal responsibility to a personal God...interpreted by another personal intermediary through a text...Upon removals and/or numerous switches, blaming previous Gods/Prophets/Profiteers or peoples for mismanaging personal responsibility ... Obtaining a new surrogate...in play penitentiaries. I read into your paradox. Will you read into your contradiction?

Now further. ... Assembly line drugs ... or dope ... Mass produced media ... Newspapers/radio/television ... Movies ... Giclée reproduced artworks ... Top 40 songs ... Addressed to our personal responsibilities? ... Reconsidering perspective? ...Better. ... One need not perfect to become more responsive...personally.

Gotcha!

Would you like my most recent writing? Well I would rather not presume other than to assume that by your asking must after all still read right along now right? You stopped? Noyouhavenotdonotallowmetoholdyoupleasecontinue

thinking.....

Slaughterhouse Five

Do I remember? Do I remember what? I said what? I did? When? Just a few minutes ago? Well that explains it. I thought you kept talking about something that I might have said a long time ago? You have to let some time pass before sneaking up on me with a question like that. What misfires your malfunction? Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim became unstuck in time. I read about it and also became unstuck, a long ago in fact. Uninformed about that? Well you should have asked me that. Well not now. Stick to the drill! You do remember the drill? Right? You have to wait awhile, unless you have to become unstuck right now too? Rushed off, you spark off some hurry to slow down and think back? Back to when? Well to when we started from for starters! Where? Right here still!

The 2010 Mandatory! conCensus?

Few exert actual power upon society via politics in America. We collectively pacify from an impression that voting empowers. Those partied in cocktail charge follow, delight, enlist *'power in numbers'* or *'no better or worse than anybody else,'* etc. Our democratic daydream now dilutes a vast populace to further soften dissent by emphasizing unity over initiative and liberty. Anybody winning big knows that voting levers like tooth picking your dollar boulder up their promissory mountain. Register to inform and then stay home to reissued roundups. We have become too small for our own good.

Playing by the R.**Crumb** draws like an artist but thinks like a cartoonist. I draw like a cartoonist though think like an artist ules of My Nightmares

How can one stand for individuality, stand with others, stand out then stand as leader and still stand oneself? One cannot so stand back!

Carl LLL 'Goose LLL Stop' LLL Jung

SOME SAID THAT JUNG WAS A NAZI SYMPATHIZER!

(Now I do not say that I said anything!

He WAS one way OR the other name.

I simply type that some said it.

There says difference. I shall

-types it again if any arche

cares to read it again,

simply so every type

r e m (e m b e r s) !

So remember that we now deal with

atypical doctors who deal off their complexes,

complexes. Thus elucidates simple transparencies of simpletons!)

Ahhhhahahaharchetyp0s of Jung's Collective Unconscious Theory

'The Trickster'

(Yes Carl, encircled me. Born made for the part of that a-whole!)

He will never find the point of my art if looking there!

I once saw a Jungian analyst who offered to assess client art. As one might expect from a depth psychologist, he went way to the way back, eventually commentating The Big Bang. You read right, diverting the temporal milieu of my art altogether. He intently said, "Brian, the Big Bang was once a point of infinite density and you were in that point!" I said back, "You once saw me?" (Once!)

Mr. Spellman, do you *ever experience racing thoughts?*

{{You think like a retard!}} ... I don't think Nope!

Slimy the Elder

I infuriate towards the arena of celebrity. Celebrity MOVES media and media titillates obstructions against my correspondence with you, as well as sabotages my intention to mum fame an art if I could only do so. Still, I shall share offsetting surprise. A long retired celebrity media humiliated our attentions for having left a restaurant without paying. As I know of no particulars, allow me to instead hypothesize from a storyline model. Older people frequent fewer and often incidence daydreaming from solitude and loneliness. Rather than muddy up further through mitigating circumstance or likely story, they plead 'No Contest' to avoid further distress. As often for tabloid, misrepresentation does pay, and you rightfully expect nothing supporting character from Oh-and-So Crime anyway. Where there finds no hypocrisy, there interest no story. Me? I dined and dashed as teenager without mitigation whenever and wherever I could. If one determines to join the most prestigious eating club, it also pays to invest in futures by sitting atop its most deplorable shitting club.

Insane = Profound = Insane = Profound = Insane = Profound until you have HAD it!
 (Post to you pro imposters impersonators personas & poseurs; found your head outta your asses up?)

3 Finger Saluters & #2 Poop Chuters!



"Scouting rounds a guy out?" Beware. Today more likely reams a guy out!

And speaking of turning the other other cheek, "But I don't even believe in God."
If that cites your sole soul criterion, then within this society, you practice religious as Hell!

(Thinking about some old bosses.)

Hey Vice Fuckups, how many middle finger do I uphold?

*(Wrong, I do not disrespect **your** boss. I consider your subordinates.)*

Split ting Dif ferences: If ever embraced with a 'lesbian' tell her:
"I have a compliment for you. You torture me." (Mincing words kindly)

Viva La ... Holy Shit!

"I never said, *"Let you eat cake!"*"

"Tough shit lady! ... and we think not 'you' ...we act them, meaning US, and we want BLOOD PUDDING!"

Queen's last letter

Entitled,

"Bad poem by Marie"

(fair Entitlements for only fair ... now **CHOP!**)

"Oh? I spoke in error? Hmmm ... DO NOT EVER MAKE THE MISTAKE OF DARING TO SAY THAT TO ME AGAIN!"

" KING'S TURN ! "

(Revisions only envision, what difference does the order foresee to them now?)

Guillotine index finger 1st, head 2nd ~ REASON

Guillotine head 1st, index finger 2nd ~ SYMBOLISM

(Therein lies the distinction of History and lies ... right off the top of my head, not off with ... never mind ... brain ... your welcome.)

How dare I write/cartoon/photo satire/conceptualize that? I removed a lifetime of naysayer's, out of sight/out of mind... (my/their)

Love is never having to say, I'm so **fucking sorry!**

Shush! Wash that mouth language...Those there there adults abound...Well of course; they always complain most loudly about the harm done unto **others!** So do unto others, mirror **them** in fact, "Be seen and not heard!" and herd simultaneously, to whomever they may **BE**, as each reword contrived niceties, veiling prim fuck you properly, like finishing school Snootingtons do.

"F OOOO RE!" 

In 1970 dad and I went to watch PGA golfers during a pro/amateur round before the tournament itself began. Like other ten year olds, I ran behind nuisance autograph hounding, unaware of mixed perspectives from players about this custom. I saw Sam Snead leaving a green on his way to the next tee. If a second tier beneath Woods and Nicklaus truly short-listed, Sam's name would make it. Back then, I only knew that nobody shoved around him and he could sign. When I held ... my ... he sneered and waved me off. (((Why who does he think he is? Evidently he doesn't know who the Hell he's snubbing. Doesn't he know who I am?))) When I clarified this snootiness to dad, he said, "Oh you approached Sam? Well Brian, you should have asked me first. Sam's a serious man." (((A What? A WHAT!!! Now hold on a second dad. That's a ridiculously rash call. Sam didn't ping me in the head with his putter. He didn't stomp my foot with his spiked shoes. He didn't even flick a tee off my forehead. Sam's not a serious man at all. He's merely an asshole, but nothing more serious than that. Can you grip that, Mr. Euphemism? Whom do you think you're talking to? Don't you know who you are? You're the serious man!)))

I sensed this story as a ten-year-old but could not reverberate accurately, admittedly with the outlandish pus scolding from a child until becoming a fifty year old. Nevertheless, as the asshole and the serious man now safely rest in the clubhouse, I want to memorialize both for allowing me play through.

I AM NOT A WORD. DO NOT CALL ME ONE. I RUN OFF ENDLESS ONE LINERS. SUPERSTRING ME.

Either/Or? No! We fuse American con. We do not deliberate. Always sign us up as two boths!

...wonder if Flynt first became a businessman or sex fiend or daydreaming a second when thirsty he set up a prosperous piss lemonade stand.

...because I do not have a big dick, a big fist, a big billfold, a magnifying glass or even a pencil neck...or an All American tale.

Why did I bother subscribing in the 1st place? Well... to know if my other mail had yet arrived on any given day. Now all has so no to your's anymore!

What could worst happen to a person? To become loved by too many peoples.

Groups that berate the selfishness of individuals either hide something within their group or jealously guard nothing to hide. Individuals who convert selfishness without a regard beyond themselves do not even merit alliance within group jealousies.

L A R R Y P E R F E C T I O N ...

for all can see that Larry will not allow a missed shot in YouTube Virtuality, benching all whistles so that he shoots the greatest that ever lives and shall ever count so ... so help us all so we shall also mouse up better three point bombs ... yet beckon back to life in Boston during the 80's by tricking ourselves into dismissing him having % less so than he buzzer beat...just merely really legendary!

“0000MJ!”

Yeah a dunk, another dunk, another dunk, right, another dunk, sure, another dunk, uh oh now that stop! watches different...a 3 point dunk.
[a la Russell Rule/Alcindor Rule/Dawkins Rule ... occasioning still one more NBA New Rules Addendum ... Signed, *Commissioner Bird*]

Due to a few good [LowLifersSentenced] at Mom & Pop Shops

When friendly owners do not become unfriendly enough to fire unfriendly workers - for customers will not complain for then the unfriendly would know accusers so would then need to haul rudeness over pride walls as well if even wishing over at all as customers do seek lesser confrontations elsewhere as odds favor firmer, impersonal firms preferred to friendlier im-personable ones.

Referendum

She ambled about our ward while surveying each of us separately, conducting her voting booth poll to confirm sanity, yet failing that answer would surely settle among others in madness. Nothing portends worse than existing utterly alone *for good*. Then crazy or sane, does it matter? Just what did she specify? She daringly asked at all! There answers your asking. There always answers such questions *for Good*. Ever check yourself? I doubt she surveyed a doctor. *Good for* how many answers?

Enquiring Paws Might Want to Know

Oh but Tourist, I would not recognize your tribunal with which to annoy me!

“For the Bible tells me *s000*

Did Jesus exist as historical or mythological figure?

Neither question best answers.

Both questions misspend.

THEN WHAT ABOUT? AND ABOUT?? SO AND??? PHUH???



Harvesting those awhile, have you? How do they feel? Do they really feel? HIS wounds? Water? Blessed water? Bread and water? Wine and wafer? Turkey? Toys? Mint hearts and green beer and palms and ashes and lilies and egg hunts? You look a little cross eyed, starry up. Need I lower you down, gently, to earth?

“POETRY HAPPENS!” (Oftentimes itz shit)

Setting aside numerous exceptions to First Amendment protection, prevailing misconceptions have that criticism of dumb expression eclipses a right. Fuck you back, smack! You too, Snoot!

(((Chipmunk))) Daddio!

“BRIAN! BRIAN!! *BRIAN!!!*” Yes, AI?

Ker POW!!! 

When you chastise your alter *mego*, it may chatter antimatter back at you!

Donotcausea1stquestion

Does suffering precondition a creativity?

I cannot know.

**But you see nuts if thinking that I would
bother another rendition for my answer!**

Do society's better thinkers birthright or make so?

No longer applies to whomever I already beheaded.

Born now became dead... hereafter thinks ahead!

“Moot n O w Moot!”

While I converse with the lives from my past, even my own selves of younger ages, do these actually engage real people or simply those from my memories and/or imagination? Consider this way. While I have them of course they speak real. Call it thinking. Once they finalize and I redress them as merely fictitious, only then do they cease a reality. Therefore, communication identifiers remain trifling. Gesticulate/facial languages. Nevertheless, I say, fake a Blue Tooth of consent if affirmations aloud score a silence.

Yesterday while driving up to a stoplight and talking out excerpts within this book, a 20ish guy pulled aside and gloated over my isolation predicament. I turned, noticed but merely observed blankly back at him. His grin vanished; head pivoted and stared as if urging the light to green up for him. Bukowski once ridiculed “people who seek constant crowds, for they are nothing alone.” After fifty humiliating years, my greatest vindication unexpectedly arrived. Never alone, I finally realize why reading matters.

Drop Your Cocks Butt Pick Your Socks

Yes now I recall; it happened in the third grade. Somebody accused that lispy kid wearing colored socks with little rings around the top of different color. Another said, “Those faggots all wear those types of socks to seek out other faggots!” In less than a week, hundreds of kids went home and told their mothers, “Mom, listen good – from now on, new rule, no more socks with rings. Very important – got it?” In no time at all, not a single cock lodged in any boy’s asshole – not one. In fact all the cocks disappeared from every boy’s asshole, every single one, well by then maybe not Lispy’s, nor far less likely, he who shouts, “SNAKES! SNAKES!!!” Problems stuffed away in a sock. To think that they keep telling us one does not pick an orientation. Think about that, others may have picked so for you! Of course this cites only socks. You need not ‘pick your genes’ to pick your jeans. However summarized, does it follow that each should determine their behavior and theirs alone? Does hunch\discon|nect\evangelism prophesize militarism?

Defend border crossings by SB1070? Why? Defend double crossings by 50 patch stitched borders between geographies sharing little beyond political flag fooling by monopoly currency marshalling phony free wills of puppet figures heading more Christ Head superstition sandbox oil refereeing to authorize Big Kill Toy 3 outsourcing (((NOT SO FAST!))) No, you rebut right. Just slow enough to bleed personal initiative, family fracturing, corporate ant think, and retain pigeon hole perspective through media pitting subdivides by race, generation, gender and spastics to force feed happy farm multicultural diversity to unify nothing but dilute a tidy, clean finger, Mozart wig document signatory crew who hustled up a United States of command/control to start off. Prepare your diversifications!

What the Hell do you mean “what if I’m wrong?” I do no wrong! Did you know that I do arrogance? (Well, everyone must give up something for others to uphold reasonable.)

Hey you, that ain’t funny!

I take an antidepressant for happiness. In fact I seem at my happiest right now. No! NO! Oh no, not that, please no, not that... *you’re coming to take my cake away, you’re coming to take my cake away, to the f* 🚗

My Harry HallerCANE HOLLAR! ⇒⇒⇒⇒⇒⇒⇒⇒

“HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAA”

(Oops, ticked off a few neighbors)

Whine Whine Whine Wine

Alcohol and Drugs and Alcohol or Drugs or Alcohol or/and/or Alcohol and/or/or Drugs or and/and/or and/or/and or andand/oror....

Had enough?

I met a few who got fucked up with liquor dope essentially because they hated the way that others dared share how they fucked up by clarifying how they got fucked up. That worries really fucked up!

(...a peace (not pipe) offering)

Counterintuitive Pragmatism

I need not befuddle on anything - fucked up clean imperfectly tidies up more fun.

Self Talk or (SELF) Prayer?

When you audible the first and correctly interpret, the white coats correct you in a nuthouse. When you silently or audibly invoke the second and misinterpret, the dinner coats swear you to an oath in The White House. Does this drive you crazy too? Then outfit your cLooniness seeking political asylum at my house; A MY House! 🎵 🗣️

*How did your **NahNahNahNahNah** cheap shot make you... secure? I bet that it did, thus allow my penny to ante... in... your last word.*

Speaking Of In Tongues Twisters

If you still read on MacMuffed at this book marker, you might also be dammed to hold enough of this. Do you find it difficult to speak your mind, so to speak, when your red-hot temper needs to talk a blue streak and get something off your clichés ... dammit ... chest? If so, do you fear and/or experience interruptions from the sources of your complaints? You might consider buying a digital recorder, rehearsing, and eventually reciting a thoughtful and carefully reasoned, respectful and rational opening; and when necessary, closing statement for your well deserved and long overdo, due process day in the court of somebody's face. Should an interrup... patiently but firmly press your volume button accordingly. Cowardly? Most assuredly not, considering how inconsiderate alternatives could and likely have mistreated your past. However should you ever see me in line ... make that any linnnnnnnnne, do consider most carefully, for I have carefully reasoned each of my "Burn in Hell!" "Up Your Ass!" and "Fuck You!" dictations into my own recorder, specifically for generic annoyances like yourselves.

Betrayals, Conscience Scars, Creative Metamorphoses and Loss Cannot con myself. I have acted prick-like to render my art for you. I have chased away every caring person in my life to rethink clearly. Hope you enjoy. Hope I do not beleaguer you. I shall not up as set.

[[[*Now left alone to consider you...*]]]

Upon zeroing out all relatives & friends, "In case of emergency, please notify..." I omitted cell ownership and then pseudonym referenced to it.

Our Religiously Right/Left/Right USA Righteousness Piltown Politicians
(Best subterfuge of refuge for a hostile unpatriotic satirist? Expatriate! Any hospitable hostel hosts?)

"Would you place your hands up against the wall?"
"Please reclaim as a street hooker turning a trick's question!"

Future Prenuptials: Recording|IDTheftSells|CloneBabyMaking|FinePrintFiduciaries|Trust...That vagary? Vulgar! Why bother?

Backup a few million, cousin chimps, further backup elongate skulls and extend tailbones, cousin rats, further back, cousin reptiles, backup cousins enough, microbial, molecules, atoms onward and still all around. CousinCousinCousins, all alive and well ... Have you layered off an old time shell, expanded perspective to an old adage, "What's in a word?" Relax and regroup anew ...Environmentalists.

Inadvertent offense confers a sorrow; deliberate including regret, an apology.

To reach 1992, I would really have to *ROAR!*

My mother's father died of Alzheimer Disease as I aged seven. The onset began a few years earlier but the last one really lingered. Young and unable to notice deterioration myself, the same lasted as a sore spot for mom throughout her life. For anyone witnessing this condition, questions arise to what consciousness (is / is) not. Mom interpreted from conventional religious wisdom through a God of personification. My father did not. As I grew older, apparently grandpa's death challenged her views in some way. I detected this whenever dad would parade callous oblivion whenever referring to gramp's decline before mom. She never responded. I could hardly watch her wince through this while dad's conversational conquest hardened him to misinterpret silence to convey agreement. I wanted to shout, "Can't you see that you're hurting her, you GOD DAMN fool!" I wonder if John and Yoko's primal scream therapy phase covered any such conundrums.

***"That speaks quiz. Pass."* (Some might bite and quit on this ... Both parties come away with ... pride/oblivion vs. a snooze from nuisance.)**

I love the smell of my Taser in the morning ... Smells like ... physics.

I realized that this book has margins at 6 1/8". Goofed! They would marginalize me, most surely. 

Clearer ~ Sadder ~ Less Painful

Calling 'over / misuse' of pleasure addictive, plausible; diseased wretches up rhetorically indulgent, malignant with antivenin.

The~Soul~Bone~Connects~OneWith~The~Brain~Bone

Please...Would...Could I have your undetached attention...Step aside...people...please people allow me...I Ward Certify as a God doctor...Yes, yes that calls right, a physician of inspiration...Yes if you like, an unpaid God logician...He suffers from a schism and we need to make a decision. Does He inspire from outside the natural world? If so, I shall cauterize our wound and bandage it, leaving Him out to assist matters in another reality. If you prefer Him in, then I shall open a larger incision from which to envelop Him amongst us, between us, around us, within us and one with all of us and all of us with Him and with one another. We need not think of, nor pray to 'He' or 'She' or 'It' anymore. We need not presume imaginary safety shields around each of us, an environment apart each of us or us from each other. We need no longer mighty up as pious or spiteful; as betrayed, vengeful or disdained – for upon thinking as whole, not separated, these ideas will no longer remain logical and would deter from improved though imperfect outcomes for both individual and unified contributions.

Well unnaturally the well swills poisoned!

Creating art considers rethinking like a child, before socialized pollution. Why would a surprise find childishness follows along to spell grief also? Will YOU reConnect|Conduct|Electromagnetically? (Adults will KILL you to protect Easter egg hunting in their hearts!)

Me: *Hey dad, can (2nd grade neighborhood friend) come with us to see the fireworks tonight at Capron Park?*

Dad: Who did you ask first? Now you get to tell him no.

(3 Perspectives He considered all 3...in calling that 1 exactly right.)

The groundswell of animosity towards my father escalated following his death. I suppose this phase became safer to a legitimate point ... then beyond ... onto pointlessness ... eventually leveling off. Nothing aggravates more than 'new to's' presuming static universal fit for all quips. I learned to stop retraining sideliners. I never expected also rethinking my mother posthumously as well. Here, I discovered freedom to spare her feelings.

Atheistic Upsides!

Rechecked, only a tasty Horehound!

As a three year old, President Kennedy's assassination presented my first exposure to news grief of others. A few years later, our family owned a pet guinea pig. Upon returning from summer vacation, we learned that it had died during caretaking from a neighbor. I impulsively blamed that "They killed her!" I lost to process personal sorrow. I cried hard, pausing to breathe amid convulsive shoulder shrugs and blather of snot tears. Dad, often tyrannical, behaved in surprising character, nudging my side slightly and saying, "Here Bri, want a whore hound?" It flavored a hard candy, strength for tough situations. Certainly he knew what whore meant; yet withdraw my spell check, for either way I note the occasion as having taken candy from a stranger named Albert.

sToreoTyping

we hesitate to say theyyet They do not nor to say We!

Contingent upon

...I shall give you the benefit of a suspicion.

"Yes Jesus *Loves Me, Yes Jesus Loves Me!*"

**Yes, Jesus sags in everybody. Resurrects questions about what 'He' does for us. Nothing! More residue about what 'He' does to us, bedeviling newly screwed up minion manipulators who borrow 'Him.' His heart soot remains at large for brain bleeding as history's most prolific serial sucker punch artist! ("Thufferin Thuccatash!")
Our Man Skin Flynt ("One~Two~Three~O'Larry") NO kids, adults only!**

...a pair, in fact.

Dad told me of one player who hit a teammate with a tire iron as each continued to play for the same team. I said, "NO?" He said, "Yes, practicing against one another at the same position." "NO?" Yes again. I thought for awhile and then thought about dad and me, and then everything made sense. He taught me a lesson...

Murder/Depravity/Levity/Affection. I like art to convey any and everything morally relevant. What I want no part of conveys themes through Persona/Bravado/Intimidation/Obsequiousness. Why would anybody bother nowadays with anything intelligent to tell? There once was a man from Nant...named Shakespeare...

PORN HOARD PANIC!

Ok Ok I got yuhs, all of yuhs for getting on me for not getting any! I get it, you do not like me; do not like me for my honesty. You prefer to pretend that I succeed getting it. Do you prefer to pretend that your partner gets it - from you!!! But blame me; then nurse your cruel thoughts for another \$Billion bullions worth of bull splotching annual unworthy others!!! Which others? Oh you mean the covert lepers of despair you so despise? You find some on their knees...aaahhem, in church I pray...Cab drivers driving each other nuts...Soldiers into flags, about faced so you need not have to face them, mousey matron hens into hags, chemists into Petri dishes, short order cooks into soup...No, no scratch that and start it from scratch...I meant into shorts, no, not the kind you sit wearing you ninnies...Quickies, I mean...Keep up...Come on, just not all over yourself. Hey, show some grace with your disgrace for Nestles shakes! Did I mention we elevate some to politicians? Erect others onto monuments maybe? Hard as a rock when we want. Do you want to too? Sure, the silent majority once pointed out by Tricky Dick, easy, not hard, they already sung that it's easy to be hard...but Trick's just a name to point to a real pointer...now there says a trick for how and where to look to first to find most hidden truths. To He/She or HeShe that finger points first...Fires the first shot if you will...right into the whites of your eyes...always where you least exp...I mean most respect them! While not just WATCHING! Naughty finger down, ashamed of my filth...Not one dirty word throughout my whole f.....iretruckingoopsalmostslipped and impalined on my own diatribe?

That notes right, very good, they charm you like a snake. Do you get it? Well I hope you get it...If not, by all means go and get some get off stuff, and for Heaven's shake do not torment yourself and just watch 00 it ! *pyoooooooo*

("Man does not live by cold showers and pure thoughts alone." Who said that? I did but who cares? Let us say Ben did, turn it over to Ben Franklin. He remains another founding fornicator to our country. Now under WATCH screwtiny, for liberty, justice and (nearly) free for all. Do not think guilty!)

2 deft with slight of handle

I have seen some *photographs and film footage* of Hitler paintings (not to mean his confiscated ones) and my *impressions* varied, ranging between mediocre and decent for an amateur if evaluated within the loosest confines of realism. I regarded similarly my assessment of John Wayne Gacy paintings. I defer to decent art by indecent people cheapeners. My point does not credit where credits due, but comprehends for how applied. I *believe* that had I seen any as 'unsigned,' I would have deemed none good enough to pique controversial as art until referenced to artist. 'Things aren't always as ...' - as well as ... some other 'things' will defy prediction, spotlighting oversight explicably more to the Gacy than Hitler side.

“Jesus provides comfort and protection!” *((from insight))*

He certainly doesnot♠ In the 21st Century, escapism undertakes increasing camouflage to protect this irritating notion of Lord. With conflicting information always undermining, more Biblical citations only emphasize the principle of maintaining static minds within a dynamic world. Today any American or PC/Mac owner of average comprehension would have to play charades around curiosity to uphold ignorance; protecting feel good flu. Similar principles given sufficient time antique every social document and custom! *Signed!*

Morals ~ Schmorals. I bequeath benevolence ... begrudgingly.

I will pay you on Tuesday for a Ginsburger poem today. Unless wimpy, then I shall Welsh to read Dylan Thomas. *((I edit and choreograph to improve symphony over fingerpainttyping! You dare think this disingenuous?))*

Dearezt Middle School Principleaze excuze my zon from gym klazz for a very rare onzet of childhood ozteoporoziz.

Moz Zinzerely,

[[[Doctor Coward, Doctor He' sFine, Doctor Coward]]]

You Are Cordially Invited

to attend ...

The Hell I R!

This sends as no invitation.


I smell the blood of an obligation ... *Monotype Corsiva Napoleon Man!*

Bringing down those  **Houses of Fame Politics**

I confer with formal sorrows Mr & Mrs Person of Color, for the Hall just sold.

I can no longer see any leaders out in front of me. Ohhh, now I can see why I can see)))) MY(((((way so much better.

How did I begin my art?

[CagedEnragedEngagedUnleashed] [CagedEnragedEngagedUnleashed] [CagedEnragedEngagedUnleashed] 
Same as everything else. I doubled up my jab and punched out of your papier-mâché clichés! Would you could you me? Digita I I y you would you would because because I did I did I I mean mean I I did did!

(((((((((((DialingFor[ID]olotries))))))))))

"I assure that you misunderstood me for whatever I may have miswhispered."

(Some overhearing tr ut h will hate because of it!)

"I AM en title d to all of MY

directives/decrees/degrees and will kill all...yally-in-come-free to defend them!"

Sly and the Family Stone

I saw the Woodstock Documentary several years after the landmark concert. The most impressionable moment for me came when Sly Stone, of white shirt dangling many strands, bee hive afro and thick bug eyed glasses confronted audience members to grant themselves *'approval'* to participate in his sing-along. He really woke them up as they sounded off loudly. Although a sullen teenager, I imprinted this cinematic experience stored within some nodule of my brain. There it misplaced for decades then resurfaced upon becoming an artist. That one did along with many others. Unknowingly I copied it much as I copied and pasted the word *'approval'* right here and experience this as that teenager whenever enlisting my own *'approval'*. To recharge this imprint I just watch YouTube computer footage. You...er one can perceive now or in any age carefully reasoning across to selects against hierarchies that condition thinking for endless ups versus downs; yes/no/hut/two head bobbing drills during foreign language film viewing. Sly spoke direct as I write to one...er You! Very well.

Impious Pied Piper Popping... Off!

Ok, so you called me a name. Now asked a question? Better, you have learned decorum. Rest. Tomorrow...think, chew gum, tonguetwistsatirendstumble.

Never User Friendly shit! Unrelated to IQ's...EQ's...but Peeved Q's! **Fuck You!** Mind your Ps&Qs!

There avail many pathways toward more uncivilized societies. Administrations seldom insightfully forewarn ministrations.

The Disney Conglomerate assimilates the anaconda's show of affection by hugging capybar asyou did reread affect correct.

MANTRA BEFORE POP

Always err to the side of perfect!

(and + you'll + never + go = right)

Orwellian neighborhood's wildlife?

Animal Farm ~ Our sticks and stones did ... Era

Fiddlesticks in Bullshit!

If I do not partake as individual, I lose worse.

∩

If you partake as individual, you also lose, but less.

∩

If we do not partake of coupon & rebate & ink cartridge return discount shopping, we do not issue them interest free loans as they bump prices to spy results. Symbiotic Take! Distill us by legal counterfeiting.

∩

Therefore to conceal boardroom collective bargaining without us, they mass market intentions to us as individuals, with online home shopping accounts.

∩

This further segregates personal sovereignty by diminishing our needs to travel and ultimately own personal [autos] 🚗 run on petroleum, distracting us to brainlessly "CLICHEOURTROOPS!" (✓Gov/Corp, Inc!)

∩

Paradoxically they consolidate us, cattle en mass transit, with more cameras for providing better safety for graffiti management by armed Uberagents, conveniently doubling as escalating cover to intimidate away reasoning for plotting a collective dissent, ultimately discouraging intimacy altogether, trading us a safety for obedience, simply from enticing us to scrimp as they glut...ton us up, wee wee wee all the way home ... into their piggybanks.

∩

I offer you a safety catch 22 off their Winchesters, pumped like bucks shot up our scattered asses before kissing them 1 at a time, orderly, goodbye.

∩

Having years of processed schooling to misinterpret anyway. Whaddaya say, "I dunno, whaddya you wanna do?"

You cops got any unsolved crimes to set children up with so they can lay low from adult SINS?

Free the Mason Jars

Childhood fears at home reached desperation for a squalid solution. My bedroom, adjacent to our only bathroom, upstairs, also bordered my parents' bedroom. Once gardening season ended, we jarred green tomatoes for relish. As each jar emptied I reclaimed containers from our cellar and hid into my closet, filling eight or ten on a tray. When dad went outside and I could see him from my window, I carried a tray and then poured its piss in one trip, rather than risk his presence He sensed my spending uncommonly long times r)oo(minating. He said, "Brian, a room is for privacy, not to hide in." (((((Sure dad, it is also a place for delayed bedwetting while fantasizing how to kill you when I am old enough to wise you up)))))) I have always remained intrigued by serial killers. Only one target ever l(O|O)med in my sight. I also cite his twisted talent to partition with ignorance so superficially.

Porn's Door to Loner's Heaven

Whack 🖐️ Whack 🖐️ Whackin 🖐️ on chakras whore ...

Whack 🖐️ Whack 🖐️ Whackin 🖐️ on chakras whore ...

Whack 🖐️ Whack 🖐️ Whackin 🖐️ on chakras whore ...

AHHHHHH AHHHHHH AHHHHHH...nother Nirvana ... 



**A switched life may have sifted through better,
but as this one indeed shares repugnantly, why
would I make mine worsen by brooding over it?
Do you require brooding so you can feel better?**

Sentimental Silly Science Synthesis

Animal Rights ~ Vegetarianism ~ Environmental Consciousness

(We had better build a better Mouse Ark ... or "We need a bigger showboat!") 

**Since late Winter 2010, my family would likely size me up as estranged to them
Outvoted, I remain reversed to this ... adding estranged to themselves.
... yet not reflecting nice to myself.**

*"Then loosely put, maybe he did know it all, options for silence/stealth/abrasion to save... One spatula for you... One spatula for you... One spoon for me."
Where finds my family? Some rest in peace, the rest I honestly do not know but would guess bathroom over living room.*

Concerning Matters of Comparative Grief

My trivial complaints pitted against the processed defectives doused in formaldehyde by Dr Joe or the red swollen palms from electrocuted serial victims or the distended bellied fly faced children leg massaged by Mother Theresa successive to her excruciating revelation of mass production media hoaxing by church up Cartesian cut roots skyward I capitulate substandard to your insistence upon my newfound unbounded relative and selfless jubilation.

*(Now might you better factor into your rah-rah book tours, **How to Infuriate Future Pessimists?**)*

Do I attempt the best writing or the most truthful writing? Neither, just the most honest writing. If you need criterion, then you would misinterpret anyway.

Double Down on the Sell to Smell Swell

You want to become a successful artist/writer/actor/musician?

Just a second, you said successful, not solvent.

Then my mix up, start working on your firm's handshake.

(Gestalt? Arts that every note = every vote » Valuedictorian!)

“Go-Go-Go-liath!”

**(Do not buy it! Cyber-do-it-your-self-imaginings kick mass manure ass!
Unless you need one more Rolling Gall Stones Stadium Tidy Bowl Tour.)**

For Misfortune Farmers

**Wow! Well once again I sense touched...from
the top of my head to the bottom of my...chin.**

That inquires not of question but quiz. So put me down for one failed quiz ... make it a final exam ... and fuck off!

I shall not answer you in a nutshell. You would not get it nor ask had you ever gone nuts.

"Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live; it is asking others to live as one wishes to live."

- Oscar Wilde

Given the conciliation of 'asking,' a wildly ironic portrayal of fashionable gay *MOVEMENT* methodology. Now religious/spiritual evangelists can pit against GBLT evangelists to feed each other, for both need each other - societal arm twisters "A/B" to unify sour seekers for grudge obsessions. Score one more contest another either/or draw from mob opposition sores while "C", neither/nor (Wilde?) ceases attention from "D", real media, virtually virtual nowadays therefore nonexistent, extinguishing "E", in absentia from recognized relevance to any and all ballots altogether. Has everybody adequately processed, coerced, cattled and accounted for? Both sides may each nail one Holy Goat to their cross. Hell though, not me, listing merely one among annoyed Homo...sapiens.

Innocent until proven guilty?

Try proving that beyond a reasonable doubt to anybody now unreasonable from ID theft!

Shamanshamefully, a trick question of the tourist trade

"Are yuh leSbIAn, bisExuaL, metROSExual
or are yuh really just plain strAIght?"

"I perform, are not/nor am your sorceress, can you straighten yourself out?"

(Hit em with pragmatism porn ladies, fucks em up USA every time.)

(Woman cannot live off virtual flatburgers in real fathead's flatland forever!)

Reeducating Rhetoric 101

I age 50 years old. I still receive white boy classless-fications from 20ish womenchilds of color. In 2010 if that says not the most transparent veil of copout hostility towards the white MEN that I have ever heard, then these behavioral TYPES must think shallower than I had imagined. "Oh we don't really even mean it that way." Really? Well you sure will from now on, correct...ed? Read **ME!**

**"Call this man's home to threaten? Does
quality assurance tape this call?...No?...Sure about that?"** (click)

*(I have just acquired a free security partner. Think I shall catnab awhile ...
Did it record? Do you think that I intend reverting to stupidity by my age?)*

Oversight / Oversights / Oversight

How many police search prisons to protect and serve arrest warrants against guards? How many guards cavity search officers? Our moral authoritarians! PRUDENCE/PRUDENCE/PRUDENCE else ouch! LOCATION/LOCATION/LOCATION

Epigram to the *look at me ma world!*

I do not have a deadline - you do ... the end of my life. Should I die before you wake up, it would make no difference at all to me. You would miss out. At least I have read this.

Inhumanities in their Nut Shells

Victims ... I00king for villains ... to victimize

... The fuck you Spellman stops here!

... just more back and forth to myself before you

Do you consider yourself special? ... No? ... Well that recites all right too. On the other hand, you may change your slant. Starting when? ... Start, good answer! ... Say "like now" and at numerous times to follow, yet always before substantive evidence to prove it. Proven to whom? Certainly to yourself but ultimately beyond to make any real difference at all. I do not certify that this will make you special, but I do know that nothing special attains without self permission to lead somewhat and nothing special results from any sidetracking to assume control over any more wasting around you.

INDIVIDUAL

I AM not trendy nor follow other's trends. I do not know what this or that means or know what know-how's suppose whatever may mean. I know who I AM not! That typewrites what that means.

(Disrobe The United States from false high fashioning regal rather **sweatshirt get-together do not slip one over on yourself but do get one on!**)

George Carlin & Mixed Showbiz Emotions

I miss that I never got to meet him.

The AhaH! type psych revelations never adhere, as continuance reconsiders, until pending life's exclamation point! Even viable to most bosses... Rest in peace only after you time out.

The Great American Sin
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious?
No, plain ole 'coherence' - unforgivableocious.

Impersonal  Scorecard

Sometimes I do think, although almost never do say “they all”...although upon saying they or even leaving out the they I do mean they...they all, that thinks...almost never saying so although not always...always almost always leads to offense...whether saying bad or good things about any “they” ...out there since always saying good also says bad...really...suggesting that upon always saying good good no longer means anything unless also implying bad amongst them...always sensed as against them...or else insinuating bad outside them...about another they beyond them, I mean to cast in type set...or think I really meant to say...Does anyone follow what I mean? Or does everyone always follow to say “they all”...or “we all”...or “you all”...or “it all”...et al? Any remain by saying some, sometimes? Any think about some, sometimes? Or once upon an anytime awaits a foreseeable future?

How to explain my 430 Verbal S.A.T. score? 70's bussing bigotry had not public policed to Attleboro, however a private school advocate volunteered charity test subbing. Ted Someone Or Other



Seat yourselves \ / looking it up 2!
\ before /

Adult Entertainment namesakes naughtiness like anything *Adult* ... more so tempting to kids (without ado **The Other Industry's Top Secret Surrogate Stunt-in** holds as ... *Broccoli* (not Albert) *Entertainment*).

Should any ask for the usual dumb OR smart explanations, tell them “*Broc-coli Entertainment* gives you *E-coli*.” They will look it up thus *E-ntertain He* or *G-spots & O-rings* in **Other** ways - like *G-aming!*

C r ner's Report

**OFFICIAL CAUSE OF DEATH: Self-inflicted gunshot wounds to the head.
SECOND OPINION: Prolonged ... decomposition ... of police blotters.**

So I restarted with, "It cannot all Bullshit."

"Yeah right, just all that philosophical Bullshit!"

Bullshit? Do you think that if you took some time to think it over, you might figure some of it out?

"Me? Me? Bet your my ass I could!"

So do I, therefore what remains your point? Do you get mine? Why accept what others do not think you can think your way through. Worse over, what you think they do not think you can ... whatever they think ... mostly whatever most may or may not think ... or care.

AWARD HIM FAST! AWARD HIM FAST! AWARD HIM FAST! AWARD HIM FAST! AWARD HIM FAST! AWARD HIM FAST!

White show biz males would like to sound off as others do but do not in current types climate. The most overt celebrities mute the most covert ground swellings of moodiness. White showmen becoming Snow White laundry men. Taste your poisons?

"Another man of principle..Prince of a man..Surely a principled individual..In principle says"

"Regret (something) I said" ... or... "I offer my sorrows" ... nowadays even ... "Sorry that you overheard me ..." contingencies opposed to ... "I apologize for..." ... retains self-respect to prevent guilt bilking.)

Twain walked a celebrity pathway to nineteenth century simplification, short dimensional, right over wrong mediation compared to my ongoing trudge of anonymity within multidimensional, ambiguity laden, ambivalence ethos; mischaracterized by media homogenization pitting abrasive, advancing selfish against accommodation. (Causing reconditioning of my considerate demeanor!)

Impatience smothers frustration. / Intolerance releases futility.

"ALLOW ME TO GUESS. AMWAY NOW OUTSOURCES PUSHY CELEBRITY AUTOGRAPHING? I BELIEVE YOURS!"

1.) *Poetry having become a marginalized art form? Even worse, a footnoted one.*

EMancipate THE prayeR!

Evil Empire ~ Evil Axis ~ Evil Health Care Plan



**Whose snakes, snakes poison, did pit viper,
Polly Pure Underhanded Dog more rhetoric?**

Evil Reverend Wright? Evil Louis Farrakhan?

**Wait one zodiac, Kodiak.
Farrakhan pits Evil Muslim.**

**Real All Americans only take their
saber rattling cues from Evil Christians.**

There speaks Evil then EVIL Evil for God spakes!

**Lead us not into temptation by shepherding publicity
with sheep over cliff health care phrasing to covet public**

coverage.

... because nobody doesn't like ... heinous health care!

“ “ Don't BE that way! ” ”

“I missed your first Ms/Sir name, mister/mistress. Any relation to other Don't kin? Avoiding rude unrest, please refresh, IS it Doctor/Pastor/Reverend/Rabbi Don't? An oblivious/emissary/ignoramus to any/and/or/all of those/them/thar/shalt or shalt not common sense lost Don'ts from aB.O.ve me? Stinking thinking does undoing but dying IS your being while I shalt continue missing dismissive messing around more goose stepping down upon me. Hear my swear? Fuck uP to you I do thee point!”

characterizing Islamic Homicide Bombings! newscast American as Hiroshima Kamicounterkaze Survivals... U.S. Austerity Historyonics!

If not thinking myself as lost, I can gain. Anything else misleads about everything. Therefore why panic or stall?
Squashed upon an achievement ago...

I know that you like me and I do like this, however who says so? Gang way lest I satire you!

♣ ♦ **HOYLE FROM HISTORIANS** ♠ ♥

You all run away from yourselves by living in this present!

Obsequious mutton sauce smile guys serving mouth breathers. Eat out your boudoirs, LA!

You cannot believe anything you read-write?

You always probe us patients, curious what the experience likens to, claiming so little reliable information and data available. Really? Consider crossing an encircled Photoshop image with its inversion - a negative spaced out misunderstanding of sanity and then watching those results time relapse themselves down event horizons of still more imaginary Black Holes. We euphemistically respect those holes as psychiatrists who sign our releases rather than color booking us to infinity without the possibility of parole. Does that storybook a nice, unhappy, never ending? Lichen more?

“What a kind thought to say of me.” “I said so because I meant it!” “Precisely.”

The Three Drops Rule ☁ ⚡ ☂ 💧 💧

I told a friend about feeding this squirrel, becoming ambitious by climbing onto my porch screen outside, demanding food (Just feed em and they go away. Works like a charm every time. ?). While attempting to chase away, she pissed back through the screen into my face. Unbelievably, I soon forgot this actual event. My friend did not and asked if I had taken any golden showers lately. I might have nicked my knee with a drop or two in the shower, but listen up, “No fair to say that counts for anything!” Establish The Three Drops Rule! Do not commit, “That’s not funny!” or you cautiously do need some ‘committed to’ nut funny farming!”

(Someone said which switched me)

“Forgive everyone for everything?” ♥

iF sO / tHen ⇒ gO 2

**Start with myself and then work out;
otherwise never can and never will.**

Eyes / Ayes / I's

“The I's do not have it!”...

...as they loudly TRUMPET and never have and never will.

Please do not convert me into your mirror?

Please do not convert me into your mirror?

**...and warn me to forgo MY flaws lest I render incapable
to distress out anything meaningful again!**

**What a magnificent trend insight-gutter man, rabble prowler, snob slayer
and edification player. AaaWooayY! Now sociopath up Halls of Fame, whore
up banquet award and status quote, statuesque him soft; so toy poodles and
Chihuahuas may commercialize up, hydrant, tinkle his fires away. See that?
Unknown, you can make it all up and tell more truth than high societies lie.**

Rich Man/Poor Man? Fuck no, I earned my dole! Pitch Man/Piss Man

“Sir, would you like to sign a petition against Obama’s Health Care plan?”

“No! I’d like to put him in a hospital!” (*...But keep up your good fight with pen and reason.
...While I care much more personally through mine.*)

Just Like Formulae to Stand in the Corner of the Next Playpenitentiary

*Spare thy Rod and Staff to spoil with (beat **OR** comfort)!*

*** Baby or Bash a Victim today to build a Villain tomorrow ***

INTOLERANCE *OUT THERE!*

Well of course, they live thoroughly miserable all the time. Yes, yes, no doubt they all do extensive stints in prisons and mental hospitals. Lest I forget, thanks for reminding me, also incapable of thinking rationally. They cannot even earn an honest living, right, one step ahead of me one more time. Naturally, they all get hooked on drugs all the time. Oh my word, forest from the trees over on me, they all come from screwed up upbringings! Well I sure sigh gladness that you foresee certainty about that vast sea of *'they'* *OUT* there on that pointer. I would not want you to know it all so well by clarifying adult vessel rites of booze passage also!

Yes, Your Royal Bossiness!!!


Hurry up with that contemplation; we have an appointment with the scheduling committee about planning how to operate to remove the colons and commas for as well as well that we've simply no time for worthless apostrophes theyre also periods Mere sentence enders capitalletters to stall for parenthetically digressing

from our timely ness are you even paying attention while i'm talking at you...

"Our school district held its 2009 Spelling BEE?"

Sounds out it Spellmaned – BEE? Just Bee? B?

How selfish of me!

In this millennnnnium, does that apply or just *purify* intelligence? (Or more mill factory Robot Retentiveness? Ok moms & dads & every Purgatory great grandparent, left unIndulged, on 3 Ready ...1 ...2 ...3 ..Awwwwwooh ... You ... You ... You again ... Go away!) 

If you dislike me that presents a tough problem and I delight that you have it.
(Crediting Notes from the Underground)

P_H_O_N_i_E_E_S

“We’re from ... (any answer makes no difference) ... and we would like to ask you to participate in a survey ... Your answers will be held strictly anonymous/confidential ... (They say quite right, over the phone they always maintain strict anonymity and confidentiality ... FROM us!) ...”

(Click!!! ... from me before from them)

“Hello, is this Mr. Spellman?”

(Does this truly ask a question?) “Yes, who speaks?”

(Wait for a legitimate and confirmable response ... else Click!!!)

“Hello?”

“May I please speak to the man of the house?”

*(“Why yes, let me put **it** on hold as I whip me out!” ... Truthfully, just Click!!!)*

“Hello, to who may I be speaking with?”

*“That asks my question, shitbrains, but to **WHOM!**” (Yes, you guessed it!!!)*

“Hello, is this ... ? ... It’s not? ... What number is this?”

“What number did you dial?”

(If they pass as stupid enough to guess right, I have learned 2 somethings.)

“Eeeehhhh ... Aaaaahhhhh ... Uuuuhhhhhh ... Aaaaauuhhhhhh ...”

“No, no, sorry, wrong Brian ... you must look outing at your brother peddling his ass door to door in... (I omit nicely). Worry not, I get his shit all the time.”

Der Fatherland Freddie

“Whatever fails to kill me will only make me stronger!”
(A pigheartedly false masculinity - take it from us, your living misfits.)

“He who has a why can endure almost any how.”
(Switch He with ‘For one’ for the finest one that anyone has ever written.)

. . .

(Replace ‘For one’ with ‘Anyone,’ you inspire to cite? No, no, once you have grinded down where I have grounded out, where everyone still matters, Anyone can no longer consider in.)

(Or to bastardize Fred, he himself onetime said, “. . . Neigh, neigh, guide thyself, honest and fair. . . then follow me, with care, with care!” . . . preceding a permanently insane check_out.)

But whattabout this? ... and ... Yeahbutabout that?

Anyone silly brain sufficient to embrace ‘philosopher’ lapel label deserves a matching Goat-God goading. Mass misunderstanding has never spawned more variables, hybridizations and lines of distribution at accelerated pacing than today. Virtual worlds now replace the real worlds of community standards. Forced out and soon gone altogether will become the lost, insulated subcultures of villager simplicities. Amish folks and Rain Foresters may even necessitate cyber wiring for practical ends. A better future would supply options as available, not incumbent, yet sound/sees unlikely.

I could not even plead *The 5th of Whiskey!*

“Hey there Spellman, do you remember what you said last night?”

(Freedom of Speech? Most would not even permit or dismiss me to my Freedom of Slurs! I always said “Sure,” and just walked away.)

“We do not differentiate between them and us!”

Barack Obama *(If you get all squishy over this guy, then you do **not** want his teleprompt in context!)*

Animals?

Humans have simultaneously exacted supremacy over other species and organisms such that ironically, we adopt arcane ways to differentiate from, not accept continuity among ourselves with them. For instance, “they do not adapt their environment like ...” (WRONG) ... Or “they were not *put on* this earth like we were to ...” (WRONG) ... etc/etc/etc. (WRONG/WRONG/WRONG). However, even when other animals behave cruel, they largely do so in furtherance of fundamental (not fundamentalist – careful...) needs. Such when one dominant male baboon establishes exclusive fornication rights to serve the communal best by populating a better seed. THAT species adapts to serve its values better. What other so called animals engage less in (excepting some primates, maybe others) with human frequencies regards the petty torturing, humiliating, betraying, begrudging and ubiquitous fucking over of one another. Correct, towards all species and surroundings; air, earth, and sea. The produce fruits of amenities have produced boredom, idleness, envy, and denial of an eco-world interpreted upside down thus tuned outside into small compartments of inefficient thinking; compelling spiteful expressions of personal conduct. None so readily evacuate truth with screwier delusions than humans being.

Educated in Massachusetts public schools ... but not Cambridge ... either one ... churched down every Sunday. So my father scored as intelligent ... yet mother quite ordinary ... perhaps below average. True, I always had a roof over my head ... held by a heavy handed man. No, I did not go hungry as a child ... food wise. I had no older brothers to beat me up ... nor support me ... nor leave me alone? I could exhaust on but I cannot chose ... nor choose ... therefore reconsider as advantages ... thereafter ... hereafter advancing those. Just hinting out loud onto this silent monitor ... My Alter...ing attitudes.

{ { { { { Challenge Thy Own Shall BE True } } } } }

I shell take what I need and leave his rest.

Why neglect my rest and reinvestigate our mess?

“I’m Unarmed”

...drawing a blank.....shit, do not shoot me for that!



Dad's mother referred herself as many things, one broadcasting British, 2nd Class. Unlike here, in Great War London this meant that she held a job, did not sponge off the Crown and did not presume superiority, conditioned upon British stock. Gram died oblivious to such transparent prejudices, yet made me her set aside favorite throughout my 38 and her 101 years. After all, she raised the SOB who raised me so some favors debt in order. During annual family camping at Cape Cod, someone said something about Grammy's Army blanket. About 4 or 5 years old and inattentive, I impulsively blurted out, "Grammy IS the Army!" Everybody guffawed AT me for "Brian WAS the non sequitur!" Warring & knocking that fucking pseudo@chip*off\$my%shoulder#with&profane|profundities↓ever↑since

ENOUGH

ENOUGH

SAID TO

TYPES

ANNOYED

*Exceptionally tall people had better play basketball ...
so at least they can say yes rather than no all the time.*

First phase disentangled myself by learning how better to understand past misunderstandings - then onto the fun part - understanding others' misunderstandings better than themselves.
...to be or not to be?...always not!...to behave or not to behave?...misbehave but smart!...always counteracting ahead!

Dad once said, "Brian, you really organize your thoughts well. Not your life, your thoughts." He saw right. Now I do both.

Greatest Short List Thinkers kiss as phew asses to kick as many as possible! Who? Screw you!
Greatest Short Liars kiss as many azzes to kick back less phew as enlisted! Who screwed you?

I vaguely remember Bill Clinton having once proclaimed *The Year of the Brain*. Like any other year, I kept to myself a better opinion- *The Year of the Buttholes*. Now who would vote for them?

Genius sightings frequent from genies circuitously announcing {Hollywood|Vegas|Wall Street|D.C.Themselves.} Dense!

was see    saw 

Chased home from school then on into my room, I lived their life. I bring home from now on, wherever I go. I cannot take a backwards step from art. It can only step forward through me without stoppage from now on. I welcome you! Not I was but I saw!

One For Those Muddleruppers

Cons deliberately fool the world while fools unknowingly con the world everyday. Ultimately, both misguide in almost every way ... foremost first / recycled last ... themselves catching them selfish!

The NOT MY PROBLEM Laws

“Made his/her own bed and now has to sleep in it.”

CHOICE ~ DIFFERENTIATION = **INTOLERANCE!**

Pardon?

*Provincial me. Oh no, Provincial me. No, I must insist, Provincial me. I do defer, Provincial me. Provincial me. Indubitably, Provincial me. Provinc***Hey! Provincial me. Provincial me. Would you please Provincial me. Most humbly, Provincial me. Provincial me. BEGGING YOUR, DO PROVINCIAL ME.**

INFIRMARY MEANT FIRMAMEANT

“Sticks and names may awake my stones but confusion can never break me !!!”

“Anything you say buddy, just step right this way....”

{ Whoosh And Wipe }

Rue, rue, rue your day, swiftly down the toilet;
 moodily, moodily,
 m o o d i l y,
 moodily,
 life IS
 but a
 butt

FLUSH

The Deep Shitter & The Pragmatist

Oh, you're interested in that brand? Why certainly sir, we offer that brand in taupe pinstripe or gentleman's gray. Please sir, take your time to choose from our very best.

Choice? CHOICE? Now I must inform you that ultimately there leaves no time nor possibility of choice within existence!

Hey, hey, there! I'm just a high school sophomore out for the summer to make some spare dough to date and lay my girlfriend. Don't payload my back with your goddamn bricks, you cheap fuckin suit!

Once a celebrity, never publicize as endangered, naming or not naming source. A lifetime of enemies weighs new alibi strata. **Intellectual? Laude kNOW! Just a simple Porndexter, nuttin more, jacking all summertime, over cum.**

While shopping, a 70ish woman approached and gave me a food coupon, asking nothing in return nor even sharing her name. Here I cannot reciprocate anonymity. To lonely widows, casually drop the most affordable size fourteen steel-toed construction boots to one side of your unembroidered doormat. Burglars do not parasite to encounters, favoring advantage and LA has featured this type's ugliest, hence this typed tip to your advantage, bequeathed beneath newsworthy, my complement with compliments...your Royal Filthiest

...though liquor izzzzzzz sicker...

Timmy saw his **altered egomaniac** though Leary was *delirious*.

ME gotistical!!!

Just to make me **MEgalomanically** reassured of it. **SO WATCH IT!** I might have to *run over* another for office to command and control

IT! Right it thinks wrong. **IT** stinks alive and Hell all around us.

That Ole Christ Coot saw it all wrong: **“Godd’Il Getcha!”**

Oh, you say that you ARE a Lutheran. Ok, I see. Right, as I used to say. i suppose that you want to BE sure to INsure my awareness that HE came IN here with...No, not at all, that says as. As long as you ARE here, HE IS welcome too. Just remember to...well that says...well when yOu eventually do leave...make sure to take...oK good, now i can rest ASSure and dream easier knowing! Détente and Amen too on both and all those also as well and whatever else.

Scenic Route Plumbers

East of the Suez they got it; head to heart then down and through. West, we got our sewers; heart to head so fuck up; thus choke off!...eat and drink up!...beat off!...*thenshituponallinarush...!!!*

With Courageous Change

*“...serenity to accept the things I cannot change; courage to change the **prayers** I can; and **insight** to know the difference.”*

- Reinhardt Niebuhr’s no more? Or never belonged?

Three’s a crowd? Not in artistry. Three host a first communion. The artist with self by asking and answering back and forth while considering a third person, or persons comprehending or not and making adjustments to that end. Inconsequential that any third party likes processes or outcomes; for an artist should only expect satisfaction for clearest connections with probable addressees without attempting control over their likes/dislikes. A stark product fulfilled does not fickle out so the artist can liberate honestly also.

Same Pushiest Leaders All Surround Us

I recommend that we listen more carefully. Less an overheard exception, venerated bloviators recite our trendiest trinity - [personal responsibility/choice/free will]. Observe their context. Does this habitual theme of personal responsibility mostly apply to their interpretations, quite possibly not ours; again by their conventions, euphemisms, commandments, protocols, mandates and stockroom phraseologies? Does this persistent choice fall within confines of their menus for us to choose priorities? Does this free will mostly marshal ultimatums onto ours? Let us be practical, they replicate. How reptilian. Oh? Word choice asserts personal, yet free when responsibility counts, else [TRINITY] today!

As confined to nation argot, provincialism often diseases upon The USA. One nicety living within a scatological, disparate, geographic masquerade barn of poisonings does refute all envious fallacies to provincialism - if USA citations as so, then no broader provincialisms array worldwide, therefore I *exclam one back* ... Forgot, how do you misspell / pronounce your cuntry? (One round of UN-niceties on me!)

Ok, everybody say cheese

((((((FART))))))

Oh Brian!!!

(Wonder if my Irish ancestors coined the surname O'Brien ... ? *Well anyway ...*)

Murphy's Law arrives approximately one out of every unlucky seventh time or earlier as needed to substantiate any temper.

Someday your truths will set you free to see ugly too!

To be their perpetual motion machine or to become? There splits our question!

Wealth Story

Wealth is teaching oneself how to better cut lines and neglect most scruples while never having to say you're sorry ... or said that love?

“Oh Brian, you're not a mind reader ...
, none of us are!” interrupted Dr. Schmidt, my first psychiatrist,
persuading me into a legitimate thinking breakthrough. Her
illuminating reply continues largely true. I agree, a low prospect
outcome, not utterly arbitrary, therefore insidious temptation - and
danger. When in doubt and important, better to ask and more
often than before, accept. I do not solicit qualifications for all
doubts that would make up every person's nuisance. We teamed
briefly to preclude my explaining how this improbable system
became impractical. I shall remove doubts at this time because of
importance. The premiums for questioning my volatile father
exceeded reason. Many times I recall having thought, “I don't
know why he's so mad at me, but whatever I did do I had better
stop...!” Clearly, to most adults, even abusive ones, logic without
solution - reprieve for a child's safety while recycling problem
traps for future symptoms. I had better ask out now, do I merely
rehash his problems / my symptoms or does recalling any of my
problems also address themselves to your practical solutions? I
shall accept by allowing you to answer that for yourselves.

Go to Hel!

I viewed an iTunes documentary called Helvetica, about the
philosophy of fonts. I have communicated with this notion for
some years already, so found it intriguing. I did observe however,
that those interviewed all worked for corporations and all within
New York City. My concluding message, admittedly both surly and
jealous, keys off that message sees also the message! No, I do not
have Helvetica font to type back with objectivity - most *fortuitously!*

The Biggest Risk

Upon spending sufficient time alone, one must provide with something terrific otherwise become another squanderer.

Oh Wealth... (sigh)

Hey Tyrone, I just came from my bank. That Greedstein really robbed me for a loan! Do you find his core as niggardly as I do?
(OOOOOooooohhhh shitski NOAH...a fines time to retire that word, I would say!)

(I annotated 6 Xover demerits; for I merely honor the dictionary but not the Ark. Do more submerge, there 2 resurfaces 1 theme of 'Bustamante Scrutiny Limits'.)

UNCONDITIONAL^Best^Foot^Forward\Follies

When do we consider this to be Dirty Dancing? Taps? Toe tapping, Senator Craig? *"I AM not gay, have never BEEN gay and shall never BE gay so help me God! I mean, don't put words in my mouth!"*

(Sorry Larry, Flynt calls it parody. ("To suck, or not to suck? That savors our question!"))

More geopolitical stuff? No, I do not know too much about Big Shot stuff. I preparedly understand people. Do not know how to play chess much. Never enlisted useful spectator.

...Another time psych institutional-ied to by a nurse of Middle Eastern descent, specific meaningless, only to describe her by black hair, dark eyes with olive skin ... unlike myself, blond, hazel eyes of Northern European descent ... much like David Duke, the unabashed, Christ rally runner, racing for Governor and televised before the two of us. She smugly cast derisive comments about his appearance, doggedly provoking me to defend him. Realistically, I suspect that few white staff do occasion a shingle shit off like ass.

No Kidding

Children may indeed become our future but do not belittle them to become more at present psychologists. They need not be our future to be THISTHAT... that way.

...lead us not to aggravation...

Can you believe that there list no zoning ordinances here in LA?
Some assholes erected a church right next to a dirty bookstore.

~ Selling Bibles for Chrissakes! ~

Upon checking into Motel 666 and opening a drawer. How lovely, a Gideon's Koran!

I cannot support freedom of religion because religion cannot support freedom.

meaning OF is is IN courage

Charting any answer to the stars for a singularity thinks less difficult because thought as safely out there. Healing a single broken person enlist more difficulty because farsighted safety often denies any danger as closely in there. Lose (is am a as) and become!

The Peter Appendectomy Perversions

Remedies within organizations usually prevail from rank and not from ideas themselves, wherever their source. Tenacity often survives better solutions as incompetence conquers out. Fewer outvote more - an inversion. I all but neglected to type people, not insects, yet should not presume when offering one key. ⚡

I would enlist as suitable spoiljoy I.A.D. Chief for The Optimists Club. One clique of smile gooders, glistening eyeball riders and sweet potato speakers - all needing jobs scraping dead cats off Route 95, twisting copper pipe under cold houses, crawling under cars to singe skin against hot water meters and chasing cheese scent mimicries within thoughtless office cubes, 2 finger typing dull data. Oh my, what inner bliss! Lunch break completed down my leg.

Funny Persons' Toll from the Trolls' Patrol!

“Oh you’re alwaysalwaysalways so cutecutecute!”

(Sure, you plantation hostage infantilizing escapist ... cute as Paul McCartney’s pet puppy pooping away on anybody else’s plush upholstery!)

(Once had to distance myself from a gun owner, naming hers Comfort, after she dialed the Sepulveda/Vanowen nut hospital over 30 times when I told her off. A cheap lesson about misjudgment susceptibilities of mine! Now do you see another side of comedy?)

I do not want to hang around hung-ups, just persons, provided they speak kind ... kind ... kind ... kind ... but also genuine ... the right kind.

Dr. Friendships

Bored Certified

(No ... Misbehavioral!)

Racism?Sexism?Homophobia?Anti-Semitism? Whenever states your criterion, guilty you! Whatever words, where reversez you? Gender|Orientation|Identity|Wealth|Ideology? Memberships|Sovereignty? Whenever whatever competes, so on and so forth, enjoins you! Join today anything or anybody against shifty rhetorical levering? Fool for you? No! So keep complaining! Smart personal empowerment does rule! Thank & fuck you.

WORD BUZZERINGS!!!...Does not attention to I tune.

Student government never entailed real power so those falsely self-impressed actually received grooming for real power. Look upon whom you look up to. By grade point alone, I belonged to the National Horror Society, drafted for a photo op impressive grin, suckering colleges? They doubtless saw transcripts to save time. Two friends died youth tragedies. One often annoyed a pain-in-my-neck, but for acting as a gadfly, we also clicked. Faculty to quell impassionate students preconceived a graduation award, clunking of G.P.A. second banana. They staged a meeting to exchange ideas, naturally inconsequential. Unwisely, I asked why it did not personify him. A leader shot back his remark about a look-a-like prize. Look upon prized dogcatchers tossing issues bark and froth.

Silly Sinner

“Everyone remembers what happens every Thanksgiving at this moment – a moment of silence followed by: ‘Whose turn to give the benediction this year, Brian’s or Karen’s?’ ”

“I’ll pass...and let Karen gas this year.”

“OH BRIAN!!!” “OH BRIAN!!!” “OH BRIAN!!!”

Richard Hatch Claims to Being Jailed for Gay Lifestyle/



So they go down on Dick’s Hatch 🍆 or up into his 🍆 chute or across his ⇄ kisser or under 🍆 hand chain gang splitting of hairs over but fucking it must suck 🍆 in the joint I bet on not pray kneel before he says unhappily ☹ ever after away for just BEING 😊 gay not to pay taxes? I think I got it! Finers keepers ~ losers weepers♠right, Dick?

Scarcasm

How does one develop sharp wit?

By administering better treatment from mistreatment; self-pity run!

(Dad taught me all three)



Eating

“Why he just spit in your face!”

Yes...let me...Oh my goodness! Phewey.

Hey buster, how do you get it to smell like shit?

Practice? Oh, and thanks for even more exclamation!!!

Well that offers no excuse. That simply reasons(?)

(((Obedience Revelations)))

Thanksgiving by gluttony as one culture nullifies another for still another year; Holy Holiday to indoctrinate avarice and scorn theft; Saint Patr ... forgetful that one; Energizer another chocolate egg bunny to misinterpret The Son of 23degree top earth tilt hoax; Memorialize carrot-carnage-patriotic United land breaks & repairs; Saluting away black market explosives moratorium; Ass sitting retribution towards 19th Century job subjugation; onto Halloween ... Wait! That authorizes misbehavior to children who mostly lead healthier examples until obvious parental overhauls persevere grownup oblivion (Trick & treat floss!).

What differs between nuclear weapons and nuclear power? News. Accidental or homicidal, Earth poisons suicidal, sullies France to parrot Israel, not a dinosaur in sight. The Greatest Real Estate Convenience Ever Sold.

White boots bayoneting Rwandans? Cambodians on Capitol Hill? 300 million citizens, United under anything except Proctor & Gamble Toilet Flags? Loose Canon??? Younger thinkers, that means old **intellectuals** euphemizing compliance by reversing older news with news propaganda.

Navahos always talked American. We composed prized illetterites.

I welcome you here to my Silence but Deadly Stage

I have never played an instrument, composed a piece, attended an opera, symphony, etc. I refrain from citing a music as more sophisticated than ... ranking this over that ... person/piece ... instead saying what I like listening to; yet do not disqualify my voice to 'Musicians,' contemporary clamor from anybody hearing their own fArt ... *oh right, and another thing ...*

(R e c o n f i g u r i n g sourness for reasons of sanity)

Well one thing knows certain - Karma lies ... and then you die

... However because you die confirms luckiness to live ... Miserable before, gracious later to give.

The Feds can enter and search my home without a warrant! I'm 85 years old.

You should more than disable to walker out with Good & Plenty rooming houses to spare.

I did not buy my computer to become one! Brian sez, "Stay machine, Geppetto, Stay machine." ?

LADWP Disability: The government does not take care of me ... They(hence you) fund my research in ... inhumanity ... often theirs ... Aloner.

The Origin of Tongues in Cheek Speakeasies

“N_ah_Yaceeg_{OO}icckk_yA_{rr}G_{HO}W_eEE”

(Kid Code to counter YOUR Freedom of Speech)

(You? “Don’t kids say the darndest things?”)

Death Penalty   Final Words

“Ya’ll die good now. See yuh in worm food Heaven.”

(Thankfully I have not yet received provocation to commit so heinous an...invocation.)

As usual, no smoking gun. Just another smoking jacket gang.

“Best FOOT forward Best FOOT forward Best FOOT forward...”

“Halt! Or I shall point at you...Adults? Dragging behind I see a Club Foot or two. Bilderberg? Skull & Bones? Trilateral 2 Step? Careful, do not spill your brandy on that jacket. What would little us think about your US?”

Mine pirates mere advice but cannot build Kingdoms!

Why Inn Hell have any rules if you break none to dispute their necessity? You arrgh welcome. Better, I welcome you to ... ! Now do not become brainless and clobber me to prove your thanks.

Global politics pilot television politics. I abhor bombastic hero war whoring so drop off both duds.

Artistic ‘Oh NO!’ Zone

It will not stop improving. Stop your doing! Interrupt me!

Proctorologists Who Gamble & Philosophers Who Marry (((P&G with PHD?)))

Once more time I must insist that you just resume sticking to your own abyss and let me leave the Goddamn toothpaste cap off my own er shit! ...ship ...shape!
 (((“My daddy works in the shityard!”)))

I survived the gasbag chambers of my father’s earthy didactics ... slightly.

Well I sure do hope that you appreciate ...

Hatred, loneliness, humiliation, jealousy, selfishness, embarrassment, pettiness, silliness, resentment, crudeness, conceit, stupidity, moodiness and morbid regrets? I live with you on all of those, they all do sulk indulging futilities. I cannot take more time for any of them anymore either. Who would relive relive that time? Who the Hell knows or cares? Today everything just acts hectic squeezing in important and productive stuff. Like what? Like narrating hatred, loneliness, humiliation, jealousy, selfishness, embarrassment, pettiness, silliness, resentment, crudeness, conceit, stupidity, moodiness and morbid regrets? Now go off to Hell, I write busy.

disTEMPERMENTal

as the heart attack beat out the stroke in an exciting X-ray finish

If more had them, they would have Heart Attacks!

One cannot morals/schmorals just any ol place!

Therefore, ‘Home is where the processor thinks.’

{ I learned to converse better upon passing a barstool stone out my ear }

Baba O’Reilly, oh O’Billy gives drunkenness a bad name. Listen, I know sobriety when I hear it! He cannot even handle his first drink like a “SHUDDUP!” ... My confusion, does not even handle ... simply befuddles... whilst The slow red nosed Fox jumps over you lazy dogs.

(A gimmick instanced. Provoke a bevy of falsification celebrity referees perceived as different by a conventionally skewed public with precisely their same superficial tact. A curiosity would then develop my readership, converting me into a wax encasement just like...

Oh Icarus McShit, just immolate me before I take off and let fly with that one!

One solitary relief? No longer the question guesser for furtive friends.

**Con victorious emergencies over therapies notorious advisories
“My word,s doctor, I had not considered that coping skill.”**

(“I had best begin rehearsing...considerate.”)

(Keep em finger painting and lift more prints!)

Malcolm X / Jim B / Bobby&Huey&Eldridge / John&Tommy... “Hey, that unifies by threat. Smile, mimic King platitudes, tough guy announce like a pro, funny film under my boiling smile and then infiltrate a formula.”

Remind me to STOP! getting a head off my self

I just think? What did I

Their Way

Honest I’m a two bit hypocrite. Now that we have that one out of the way, let me preach to all of you as one for one way always fits all. (I decipher didactics tactics daily ... scarcely enough variety to veil.)

The yous have yeas!

Hundreds of years earlier, Western art and science did not divergently express rational thinking. Galileo and Goethe could conceivably have switched applications, while each retained their quirkiness. Shakespeare and Newton. Today, artists associate rational with robotic, incompatible with personality when precisely the opposite awaits truth. Would you like back genuine rather than spastic, spiteful and stupid? Stop buying into and then paying for it.

Asks this a trick question?

INFLAMMATORY reason

(No question at all, reason never thinks unreasonable and need not speak loud to inject potent and persuasive if right.)

Hormone Heaven High School

Class of '78

30th Reunion

(Limp in to sign in please)

Hal cannot [P R O V E] or dis either!

During my acid trip, I saw Stanley Kubrick's, "2001, A Space Odyssey" replay itself in reverse under five seconds right before my very eyes!

Did you? In under 5-4-3-2-1-sniftoff I smelled exactly the same but would not recommend it; bull shitty for a masterpiece spoken that way also.

"Black and white, same fight!" I heard this NEWS report from Silverlake or West Hollywood back in the 90's. I do not recall hearing likewise at The Million Man March. Not newsworthy, they featured.

**This issssssss Spinal Tap Tome
(v e r r r r r y t h i c k b o o k)
(Could yuh just get to the point!)**

Here ARE my ten things to procrastinate until I make a list.....

The Shows Must... Go Away

"Brian, do you think that Roman Polanski might not have committed statutory rape had it not been for the Sharon Tate murder?"

I cannot know. Do you think that Charles Manson might have chanced kind exempting cause? F-rA-ctaLinear fuckup probabilities?

Allegory of the Prisons

Once upon a time, there lost villains and victims. Later upon a time, there became victims and villains from whence bars inverted and reversed rulings, entrapping enormous cellblocks while releasing humble liberties. Parole hearings? Those only mediate jurisprudence. What in HELL on earth do those have to do with this story? My story renders forgiveness, apologies therefore freedoms FROM ... and for all.

OH, NOT MORE-ON NEWS!

News...news.....news.....No I cannot think of any...Seems better for a change...But something tells me you intend to change all that.

“E” ...Decline to State?

Did Sartre decline his Nobel Prize sensing that he brought honor to it, than it to him? From salted Swedish acrimonies leftover from Schweitzer eye neglect? Ignorance tempts meaning to nihilism for my question, so I shall not spoil with truth, lest it may spoil like sill.

Skipping my stones upon deaf ponds.

My nephew received a simple toy train for his second birthday. My brother-in-law began instructing him how to play with it. Nephew began to cry during which the phone rang. Brother-in-law's father inquired about crying to receive an oblivious explanation, nevertheless one to preclude grandfatherly advice. My impressions? Sister married into a lineage even more pedantic than ours that will stultify her son who fears mistake through initiative, awaits instructions for whom he **IS**, what **ID** wrong with him, what **IZ** ill about him, and then onto other experts and/or wizards plans, schedules, and timetables to guide job drudgery, and now psycho-jargon complex play? Another All American boy attempts adulthood while all say Uncle **IT** iz a 'just say uncle, loser-Man-from-Uncle in LA'. Cannot help your own, yet need not idly pacifier by to rather emasculate myself....!

I would never able my fix up if I did not see enablers screw it up first!

~ Experiencing EmPiriCiSM ~

(Made a Boo Boo or 2. Know, Thanks to you, Yogi Berra)

h o m o g e n i z e r s
{Clungto(unity? *but want* }independence)}? [Cannot have{(allfromboth)}]!

Why I did not just create easy art for easy money?
(Such would leave impossible!)

Why then would they disregard as to schoolyard?

I lost off obtuse as to why some had affirmed me an intelligent conversationalist and then wanted to subjugate me as mere tool for advancing their big shot concepts. I had thought that they had thought that I thought smart. I ought think clear to remain obtuse!

“Did you ever actually meet with ...? No? Well I did, thus I DO know So-and-So and you DON’T!!!”

Since such ex-Bozo-and-Sos had misread almost everyone at every place about everything during my acquaintances with him and hers, would whimsy anticipate their misreading upon each presence elsewhere? Do skewed perspectives always slog along misread conclusions? I cyber surf with better acumen than every highlighted ‘expert’. Might you consider endorsement for some advantages from virtual vantage towards future possibilities for me?

simulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulate
 Committing the perfect murder? No! That thinks not the first conclusion but rather the first premise, from which one determines inadvertent vs. deliberate clue management scenarios, strategies and tactics; as do investigators. Best advantage to either side ... Know oneself better than the other side. (Hint: Goodness has nothing to do with this. For goodness sakes, misbehave talk of misbehavior!)
 simulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulatesimulate

Has America really lost its manufacturing base?

® YoU lost or soMEthing?
(We have never processed a more foot press production culture of idea mimics than now!)

You do not seek alliance but full allegiance. I disrespectfully decline to pledge Full Nelson.

Halting! My Sour Seeds - (not SOSorry)

What cites the primary reason that youth turns to dope?

They tire of the continuous drum roll *to do* / not to *do* ... everything they have *done* / not even *done*! **Dope** surely avails them ... to *do* something not *to do*. Others outlast marching orders, mischaracterize effects, reinstitute sermons *downward*, raise addicted adolescents and then possibly reassess themselves as having talking health issues after all. Sorry if you have even received telling so for within society I can no longer tell so. So for me? Well I have no children...any/each/every and all wisdoms that I have not *done*. SO...

...Sometimes I did fall some, felt somewhat sorry for myself ...but nothing like some So-and-Sos! What self-recycling, self-pitying, running sores those SOB's await for anyone contained by infection's reach. Compared to those sneeze rags I have nothing to complain about. Wow! Do I ever sense rejuvenated rejuvenated! I cannot explain what has come over me! ... Act? Silly?

**Right Skin / Right Gender / Right Orientation / Right Education
Right Intelligence / Right Bulls Eye
Wrong Life? Wrong!**

Want to reach my social conscience?

(comprehensively cosmic or proximately practical but provincially impersonal no more)

Never appeal to my rewards for generosity, ask me to meet your forward step with my backward one, explain equality as your turn at the expense of mine, insinuate in any way your type overcoming mine or generalize any 'better world for all' wisdoms my way. All dishonestly scheme emotions to pin your selfishness against my gullibility and I refreshed out from sucka guilt for you. You might rethink here but of course, I merely guess at all accounts of any histories between any two INDIVIDUALS, and then commencing outwards? "But Rebuttal!" STOP! (Got NO all along.)

Pull_the--nickel_slot--lever_and--vote_for--Sarah!

(“*I read War and Peace!*” Conquering all at once or in pieces/coins/slugs?)











Constant cluster complaining. My incontinence complaint? Clustering. Break it up!

Jeeesusneeeezes Kleenex

**“Oh my gosh, the Snot of Turin - but absorbent AND tough!”
(Does Do Tell All To Montel still shovel his snivel show \$)**

I saw a therapist named Marcia Lewis for three years, uncovering none of my vital issues contained here. She sustained the only personable relationship which I could look forward to during that time. My confession to pros exceeding fifty - therapy cannot deliver beyond decency and I cited you, Marcia, for a reason ... my Murine moment.

Survey Says They!

Whenever they say well you know what they say never ask them to say who they mean they never like that because they never know themselves who they really mean and to save face they may come out swinging at yours save for me who may at worst come out shouting.          

Cannot Elect Away Blind Spots

Overt moral decay does not feed ruins food to kill societies. Determinations to fault-find, control, contain and conquer f(law)s, real and phantom by upsizing laws / penalties that reveal culprits. Elect Me Prophets agitate dilemmas into crises revisited publicly, causing reactionary law abiders of narrowing perspectives to support even more laws with harsher penalties, undermining their intentions. Where should personal empowerments begin? Reduce disproportionate codling and punishing while escalating attempts to logically reason within homes of better composure. 1st person 1st!

||| Always ||| Always ||| Always |||

Always an age of consent to say no! | Always an age of assent to prepare. | Always an age to consent, dissent, or assent to recondition many new ways to think and sometimes behave or mis.s

THE SHOVE SELL

I AM arrogant? Ok so you made your point. What do you think about **what** I said? Ok then what **did** I say? Ok then we each made a ... make that you made two ... three points. Cannot persuade **am** insult.

“DO NOT CONTRADICT ME, THANK YOU, THAT CONCEALS MY DEPARTMENT!”

(Find options to arguing with anyone who stands completely wrong; leaning off might win anyway.)

*Reasoning with **PRIDE!** ... Reasoning with **PRIDE!** ... Reasoning with **PRIDE!** ... Oh I forgot, you had it right ... {{{PIGHEAD!PIGHEAD!PIGHEAD!}}}*

Our Silly Putty Statues

The 1960s converted Elvis Presley from a rock star into a pop star, unthreatening and impotent as a Lava Lamp. I began to sour on Americana during the 70's and mistrust the public's groping for the next life preserver turned mill stone via idolatry – sales shifty, fan's recycling fan's, dying of consumption as processing creators.

👁️ **Thank you.** ✓


To seek employment ...to be a bad actor ...says not to be a bad prospect. Most act worse than bad. They act average. Bad act amusing and do sell tickets, most. If you desire to live for an act or act for a living, most likely you are a natural ...to be average and should stay away to become genuine instead. If you truly ...have become a great actor, you know this did not come naturally but likely had to work against what became with it ...then yielded to work for it, now ...to be likely hard as Hell ...not to be around anyway.

Good for you. Great for them. So lucky for me.



PHILOSOPHIAE NATURALIS PRICIPIA SARAH PALIN

States America!

((((((((((((((((So, I didn't know the duties of the job that I was *seeking*. There's no point wallowing over the past by *looking* it up now, then *taking* up space by memorizing it on top of that. Besides, they'd never be stupid enough to ask a second time. Moreover, I'm *looking ahead* to *trading*() up for the better job anyway. I'll look that one up down yonder road with less time *thinking* to forget it!))))))))))))))

Ever witness politicians wax uninformed without a private disquiet yourself? If so then/go to taste great/less filling party lines to shame more so than me.

. . .

The Eagle has . . . laid its flying fucking turd towel!

Stick that fucking flag, yes that fucking American fucking flag on that fucking shining a fucking moon ... but plug moon cheese upfuckingside our aged incontinent constitution! ... After softly whispering disgrace, neatly lay a porn short adjacent ... Caress, careful not to stimulate ideas and then fly safely back to the toilet.

“We were eyeball to eyeball and the other guy just *rused up phlegm!* or something evil at me. So I huffed and I puffed and I preemptively *nuke-neck-lace-blew-him-and-his-type-all-away---to----kingdom-----scum!*”

- Pastor Outta-Sight-Outta-Mind-HeyHeyHeygee!!! (Not so quick draw, McGraw, Magoo or whatever prays upon you!)

. . .

Hunch Stereo-bigot-yiping / Gay-dar Besmirched Mentality (“... but there's nothing wrong with us!”) / Law-men's sixth stencheroos . . . *in lieu switcheroo, skeptic not septic, ducking below flying shit mouths!*

I do not belong among the # religions, # complexions, # genders, # orientations, # identities, nor ID #s of any kind or type. So now you want meaning? Then circa myself early 1970's before a television: “I know I feel meaner when I eat my Wheatena!” As an eleven year old, “*Why flip that wench tail upside, V-split, fill crotch with oats and I shall eat a whole fucking Pussy-N-Boot bowlful of meaning to fall in love with H^ER!*” **Otherwise I belong among the other seven billion, mostly routine, not Wheatene, yet if this fable applies literally to you then close this book and take a Purina cat nap on us forever ... or find your own as you go like I do.**

[[[[[[**slaveries**]]]]]]

...unfortunately your free will intrudes upon my free will so I will compete against your free will to stop your free will from controlling my free will and as necessary overcome and then outlast your free will and borrow the free wills of others when necessary to do this and as necessary when necessary against their free wills by manipulating and exploiting and citing verse and translating verse to interpret verse for them and now to you too and writing more verse and more constitution and more code and more law to incarcerate free wills over flexing their wills free as they will wish to do and once more as required to man armies to conquer the free wills of free wheeling others out of control from another somewhere else with their free wills until those unwilling wills safely crush cry out and we can restore [[[freedom]]] living safely ever after until ... just one will will ... disobey?)←Hurray!→(

Fire the First Finger in Your Own Fucking Face!

Porn Portrays Perfect Paradigm Parody master slave obedience training from God above to servility below logic and nearly every extension of social hierarchies, bureaucracies and subsequent moralities stemming from it. Inevitable? Most naturally yours - estrangement from body, interpreted correctly! Where else would misguided references of fair play lead except estrange anybody dogged to fulfill? Nowadays society's cleanest mirror, submitted for your disgust. Real satire of virtual reality – YOUR average day!

They ask you a filthy out of the question question to which you impulsively deny...First mistake! ...They apologetically joke and then reload towards a not so out of range possibility to which you eventually stone face/"None of your business"/"I don't want to talk about IT anymore." They manipulate millenniums of *Thou shalt not bear false witness* conditionings to extract inferred pointed answers. Now you have become their celebrity. I know none of you. So how would I know? I permission filthy simulations. You have read my shit. Now do you appreciate the value of good ethics to undo deplorable morals? Then stop shitting on me for researching compassion through filth!

(Also beware of [couriers] favor fronting [font] friendship messages from jackpot guesses!)

I really do aspire to become a better asshole but...

Most writers cannot live off unlikable alone. Most also need bread and water – and to stricken sucking up for a paycheck.

   **Pull that trigger and I shall kick your ass!**    

AgeAgesAgingAgeless&BrushupsFromSages

Oh, that says all? Well you have your whole rest of your whole life ahead of you. Me, I could tip over dead tomorrow!

Why decline buying what you keep selling? Just more same usuals...rebuttals.

Oh yes phew I guess so oh my supine yep yep zip it up alright ... the unconditional pacifist.

ΩRhetoric matters!

☠EVIL is EVIL is LIVE disguised and a LIE as well so well all is ill.
I do good as does good for me, not because I am good. ... Most subtle yet enormous distinction that I have ever determined.

Contemporary Art: Reissuing personas to escape personality. I would craft my escape from today's art for any science, disproving the look-at-me artists of cause. I fervently would.

ivities ingCreat Cheat ivities ingCreat Cheat ivities ingCreat Cheat

No, I do not plan, senses cause to recognize, then act; sometimes after the fact, other times during the process and still others in anticipation of recognizing absences. Choose to Determine and V.V.



Distil

lation

What asks the right question? Right! Right questions filter right answers! Syntheses fuse answers rendering questions? Right question!

((((Insanity thought))))

itself another bumper car at another amusement park among other chaotic cars encircling another chaotic bumper or rink with myself lodged in the corner again with handlers tugging me out as ride time expired...“Oh don't worry fella, you can always get in line again. You heard us right, right at the rear of thaaaaaaahhaaaaa line...with the same, sane herd ... Ahhhaaaaahhhhaaaaaahhaaaa!”

My personal bumper has dissipated throughout insulation while others still smash into one another. Amuses even less so nowadays.

Solitude and Self Uncover/Discovery...

("Can't getaway!" "Can't find time!" "Can't arrange!" "Can't just drop everything like you did!" (I see, so agree.)

directs what I have acted up. Should you? I would not presume. I suppose that you should decide yourself – otherwise default as others decide against you, whatever their decisions and directives.


First, a First Chance

"Poor guy...let's give him a second chance...a second second chance...a second second second chance..."

These never entailed a second chance but another second rendition of a first chance that failed...layering revisions of their misunderstandings and subsequent intolerances to amass new conventions to shame and self-pity. Not until I sought and found circumventions within my personal set of limitations, *not excuses*, did I discover the potential for any contributions. (One hundred tries 'in some hard asses' boardroom of Microsoft would fire one hundred failures – Not of my abilities or interests ... However I use their software every day to soften my art ..."SO STOP WEARING OUT YOUR BORED BOSSEY ASSES AND GET BACK TO KICKIN ASS IN THAT BOARDROOM!"**)**

If I could speak extemporaneously, I would rather chatter my ad-libs glib!

HOW COULD MY KEYS BE LOST ONCE INSIDE MY OWN HOME !

Where locate my keys? → Why of course, there they answer. 

Anticipations

My frontier for meaningful enlightenment rarely reveals at the doorstep of my present but always concludes there anyway...yet averting introspection of my past often assures failure to interpret more *nowznowznowznowznowzn* while they zoom me by them.

blackouts preceded recognition for reasons for raging following blackouts



How many drunk tanks in and psych ward gurneys on have I toured?

#####

My memory clouds vague. Should I bother counting? *Counting on?*

Insurance

Do I believe you? I hold unsure, but I remain sure of another. I remind before fooling and that thinks better than thinking above it.

Persons and Peoples

Hypothesize a foremost reason that undermined American lynching. Idea and complexion identified singularly among African Americans whereas complexion and morality divergently expressed white sentiments, until whites lynching whites became intolerable? Altruism's not all its cracked up to be, nor does unity befit self-promoters waxing duplicity while provoking knee-jerks via skin excuses.

Kicking out the wounded bellyacher within

"How could I relearn anything after falling so far behind? I began life even further behind but look at me kicking ass now!"
"I AM a Buddhist!" (Why you 800 million sedentary AMs, washing linens in pond water to mimic my experiment. MOVE! - *Substitution-ally, Siddhartha*)
"My writing honors awards, not the other way around. Fetch it to second place!"
"Fetch me a pail of railroad nails so I can shit shoot an arsenal of rusty splinter darts!"

(Amid so much fun one can hardly tell the difference and then leaves without a back warding address.)

"Hey look over there at THAT!"

You say right! Of course, I aM strange to uoy. So do tell them ... well everyone of course ... helps them cultivate a unified direction, esteem, mission and score for their finger. (*@\$*@\$# Mobs with a Sore)

OptOmistically Blind IU OptOmetrists

Worry not, fresh variations of more misery. Thank Gods for variety.

I refuse to accept your obedience bribe - a job.

If obliged to attend a worship, “On High!” always works fine tho “Let’s get stoned!” begs for suicide.

(Could not resist proselytizing some advice of my own.)

What the Tuck!

We used to tuck our “Now I lay me downs to ... *(anything deniable!)* for The Lord’s will to keep.” Nowadays we have become more adult about compliance. “Now I lay my psyche down to bad brain chemistry!...for The Doctor’s pill to sleep.” True, my onetime teen friends rightly spoke to me about responsibly ‘nursing a beer,’ lest I forget...or blacked out...“Sez there a placebo in the house?”...“or a double blind((martini))?” to put our puppy asleep as softies still say.

Dad did apologize to me ...

once. I recollect myself about ten years old. I did something stupid so he told me that I ‘was stupid.’ Like any kid, I surely did many stupid things. I remember this because it marks the only time that he ever called me stupid ... also the only time that he ever apologized to me. I believe that it bothered him more than it did me. He knew that it did not speak truth. I knew so as well. It regrets a stupid thing to say however, he could also reveal an intelligent man. Had I told him that he ‘was intelligent,’ I also believe that he would have upset us, so I never bothered. He posed pride as well. Moreover, I always spoke with precise caution.

What thinks worse, a society deprived of information or one saturated with misinformation? Now cybersociety, does this distinction any longer apply?

MY TYPE

Once divvied up, we remain naturally solitary, for no matter how many participate amongst us, outsiders maintain separation therefore shrewdly conceal, mostly intuit one another. We typically omit institution alumni reunions. Who says nature selects affinities biologically?

*Photocopy a blank check within front inseam of your next book for signings
...to a bogus account. (You read me righter, towards the back of this book!)*

{ { { {Tip to writers ... if I may **BE** so **embolden.** } } } }

Deer (!) (!) Mr. Spellman:



We here at Buffalo Chip Shit on Toast, Inc. could save 📣 you up to \$\$\$ on toilet flush 🗑️ insurance next committed investment 🎧
(*Could means Can't when you consider, even Cant if you consolidate and cannot contract.*)

(Did the other bad shit guy in Fargo call Steve Buscemi a smoothie after coolly blowing away a cop? I dunno about this offer. Can I refuse it?)

“ Overweight? Now sold over the counter! No counting calories! Just drink our product and you will lose weight! One of our clients is Jenny, who says, “ ... ”

(*Will I? How?... 'will?' Will! Prior to signing one? ... 'weight?' After death? Before or after meeting my double blind date, Jenny? Naw! Common! Includes Chesterfield coupons? Where blowfishes the catch?!*)

Hey Commander Buster, listen to me, here bark\$ McFuck Off!

.....Oh boy, bleeding again? Well that leaves us no choice but to schedule another **DEEP** cleaning follow up.....What's up? Weight's up, that's what! Regiment aside more task force time for exercise!Oh for Chrissakes, let me guess, you installed this yourself? Right! Gimme it! Let me take it all apart and start it from the beginning and get it done right for a change! You'll thank me....\$\$\$

Always a Heel for Everybody's Achilles

Joe Schmoe recalls the only guy I know whom by behaving less like himself would move closer towards genuine. What? You know him too? And you also? Wait a minute, from where? That defies possibility. He NOW lives ... Oh no, and I always feared this. (Originality? *Most do continuously proclaim it so trendy nowadays.*)

Profiling

A pattern began to emerge which led investigators to recognize as common to each of the eight men that she married, co-signed large life insurance policies with and...Ahah! Stupidity.

Who/Which/Switch/That|All Dirty Rats!

Ok Maam, do you think you can pick out the man who stole your purse?

Definitely HIM! But...wait, hold on...That one That one and That one also accompliced themselves!

"Halloween"

Twenty three(?) years ago a mentor wrote a silly poem leading into this last line, "I am known only by those who love me."

This person managed quite well in the LA art community for years. His inspiring and clearly not so silly poem revived character consistency – aware of yet undeterred from his prickly impression.

Art no longer communicates art but publicizes ART, fleeceflossing us gum to bum with fleet.

Shove this Disability and Claim It!

Retrospectively, how did I develop my art? I cheated! Why? Importance, exported to you.

Correctly interpret collective disgraces, humiliations, false prides and surrogate responsibility swindling to underhand...parades.

One thing that I shall never need repeat about that tells that I told you so.

"You get to take out of and put into the pot anytime to keep it solvent!"
 "I get to partake of that? Why that feels like the warmest equatorial handshake ever to touch me up out of order!"



Favor turns expectation turns obligation turns demand. Do not feed the squirrels nor rat aboard Catholics!

Peanut Predators



Who said economic grasp does not ground within your suburban gray brain to melt the equator marshmallows within misunderstood sternums? Myself ... ish? You bet I cheated BOTH systems to type this and now want 1 Abe Lincoln copper, freeing me from your notes, building a poor man's metal pyramid to grow up Tut!



Will? You bet they will!

Thinking and then proceeding independently while preserving individuality remains a cause, a movement and a revolution valued above all others. You think not? Do not cop out and then find out how determined others will become towards \post/distract\obstruct/&\prevent-ing you. Most did ignorance justice, nearly prevailed over me!

Woodstocked with a "B"

Just 9 years old, I listened not among the 6 billion people attending 1969's Woodstock concert. I herded among the 6 billion but not at the concert. Harmonics would not converge upon my frequency, man. Echoing never tones down. Not masterpiece, peace! Please rest in.

Many misgivings leading up to a November 1991 day converged abruptly. I carved myself badly, emptied a bottle of aspirin and drained into a bathtub until coloring it a dense, opaque red. I climbed out only to endure subsequent futilities. I think now to share something considerable with you. Once we recipients of insurmountable duress unleash personal wounds, some do so instantaneously. Many forgo prevention. Most export pain, aware of this unfairness although justifying themselves for also having once thought undeserving. Rationalizations thereafter silhouette a brute's cynicism but only after deceiving others towards this pathway of lesser resistance as options appear to have sealed. Atypically blocked! Since grievance caused heartache within me, why would I misjudge more to deserve such shiftiness? How do I export, not import today, preserving personal terms? You may someday read this so I just reasoned out why I climbed out after all.

A few connecting ideas: Aloner formats non-sequentially, as reflecting autobiographies also do ... Random Access Memories (RAM) save time to place onto a hard driven tome ... You may randomly read alike page to page ... And then reread ... **"When I read a second time it meant something different ..."** I met a woman from the corner restaurant who treats me with double-take pleasantries ... Perhaps experience sought by both mostly unknown Gauguin / and celebrity Brando when releasing to Tahiti for air ... Mine instancing a Mao evacuee woman about my age, asking if I needed an employee with my art business ... I do, one with fangs!! Infuriated with collective types demographics, arts & entertainments, media, economics and politics, I first wanted to reproduce Aloner from disempowerment simply 'to get the girl!' I always kept losing out to so long ago. What to do? Collectivists collection plates always jingle to personal ambition. Dammit all, America!

We each take out our own around here!

You want to ask? Well if you have read, you already know plenty. Haul out some garbage cards so we may begin. What? No ... not done unto you ... Shit, that cries all we ever hear ... Done by you! These perpetrations could not all hide others ... simply too many to account for by so few. Start with yours. Halt before mine! *I have never read Henry's Civil Disobedience. Untrue, they assigned it.*

So they so often say

**... defined by my labels/categories/affiliations/titles/degrees
or surroundings however circumstances best suit me**

... more importantly I think and feel distinctively

**... but no better yet even more definitely no
worse than does any other snowflake.**

Do not forget IT! ... me I mean.

Sorry herds, you nerd it here

Is he/she/heshe straight, gay, lesbian, bisexual, metrosexual, transgender ...? All of these question tYpeS direct to encase personality misinterpretations; tacit misled 'live and let live' truces of false kindness campaigning to faceplate denials, beyond reasonable and wholly capricious, passé and socially problematic. Meanwhile the onetime procreation elephant at room's center, pinkened, literalized and then media manipulated to a naughty corner for evolutionary penance as a transparency moth. Flaws unto themselves do not threaten societies. Reciprocal lying to galvanize movements while ignoring polite silence germinates impatience and then acts out ire. Cautious truth foregoes a crisis.

“ T s R u U c S k T e M r E ”
(... You don't say?)

Once any agenda invokes ‘Unconditional’ virtues my way, I have just received her/his first condition and shall anticipate their casual, but usual litanies to follow. Which? I shall chance that anyone preaching safer bad intention also approaches from blind faith. Religious references here announce actual and metaphorical. Does this broader periphery muddle the same lens for some as it cleanses for others? I hope to have reached you more conceptional.

**‘Personality’ ‘Psyche’ ‘Soul’ ‘Mind’ ‘Spirit’ ‘Pathology’ ‘Traits’
 ‘Character(istics)’ ‘Consciousness’ (+Sub/+Un...None?)
 ‘Constitution’**

“Constitution?”

“Constitution!”

Right! ... Better stated, Correct ... of rights ... or better still, incorrect of ... “possessing self awareness to psychological ‘Constitution’,” necessitating entitlements towards ruthlessly brutal conduct in furtherance of eventual societal benefits. A selfishness campaign of a haphazard candidacy, therefore one unanticipated of consequences, concluded Dostoevsky.

Occasioned to democratic, capitalistic, legalistic, militaristic and patriotic institutions as well? Definitely! Remove a few nuts like me from our forest long enough and we grow apart, unlikely yet into our own, sadly seeing many tree cutters cutting integrity lines, mangling perspectives of entangled trees. Shit, I fertilize my own sewer. Here types a dance rally for anarchy and a speed limits critique of bacon and eggs, out the door, billboard literacy with my splash of coffee in your face if I may. You receive intelligence, as did Crime and Punishment candle lighters. Now vulnerabilities and solutions come from different means, I meant to say ... or write if you read much anymore. The motivation for why entries within my cartoon, poetry and word/picture/photo books rarely escape a single page. Shall I ever fortune antenna notes ♪ to your attention? Our circumstance now compels a US break up to retune individuals.

Relevant onto solvent to problem other solutions...



What did you say? You have a solution for my complaint? What in the Hell misdirects you? After that idea, take away my function to complain? You have not thought of me ahead quite obviously. Like solving what I will need complain about next to maintain relevance! Next time that you mess me up with your solution, show courtesy by also finding another problem that entitles me to complain some more after it! (BEING literally despicable, THINK, do not depict me).

OH KNOW?

Knock it off now and listen up! Nobody leaves here until we get to the bottom of this definition. Now one more time; who here ID thieves as the REAL "Alias?"

I am Alias no I am Alias no

I am Alias no

I am Alias no

I am Alias no

I am Alias no

I am Alias no

I am Alias no

I am...

Jane Doe!

No! You are kidding me, right? I am John Doe!

Oh John! Oh Jane!

(And so lived anonymously ever after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia) after...amnesia)

Postmodernism subtly erases a forgetful regret.

AsSoCiAtIoNoPaTh!

“But seeing that this is a 22 Magnum and would numb half of your head off for a cleaning, you have to ... aksk ... **STOP TALKING WITH YOUR MOUTH DRILLED!**” “I’m asking the drills around here! May I shut your mouth for awhile?” Oh look, he has a Clint in his eye ... and he floats ... Water survey Simonize Sez, NO! ... Take one giant dunk for mankind ... He proved as warlock after all Sam. Wow, I worried they might wind up reeling back the wrong Puritan! ... The Chief did say something under the Cone Heads of ... “ ♪ ” ... about “Supersizing their Leggo my Egos!” Or something about how “Yuh see, these stereo ♪ types establish patterns ... like floating after getting shot in the forehead!” Do you EF Hutton here? ♪ “Here’s stereo to you, Mr. Robinson” “Heaven knows, Mr. AlibiInComeFree” Diminishing marginal returns of Heavenly Hash Ice Cream ... Every day? ... FOREVER? So good or bad cops can forecast good bad guys for Magnum Force casting ... Ok then, so break a leg and CUT! the goddamn mutha-fuckin shit you A-Team-holes and fish him out head hole and slug McFly Great Hated R
 ((Can no longer avail you with static tips about creativity while undergoing dynamic recognition of rational racing thoughts.))

I understand nearly everything about my society except how to love it.

**Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.
 Here checks off 10 lists of the 1 thing not to do ... make more lists.**

...and speaking of lisp, with lisp or in thongues in cheeks!

**You do not want to impolitely pet your oat burger in San Francisco.
 It might whine. Unless you do want to get drunk, take a napa or trip.**

Tea-Party-Totallers & Vanity Pinkie Cup Holders

**Those cracked up smiles no longer belong long upon oblong faces.
 Those smiles belong sideways alongside cracks long ago within
 those lying assholes, while those clown frowns running those ass
 cracks belong running away from those vanishing, besmirch smirks.**

Life of Riley? Life of Riley? Oh Really? Try Life of Riled UP!

One for the Shes that Be!

As majority owner, I have brought you together for an important decision. Your input requires careful consideration. So please do speak candidly, so we might entertain the most comprehensive set of possibilities among available options. What asks you? Speak up a little louder Mr. 2%. I thank you. Thank you as well Mr. 11%, that should say plenty. Oh really Mr. 27%? Why that does deserve its special weight in ... in common shares. Therefore thank you all for sharing. Mrs. 51% percent has arrived at her decision. You equally ... can can and equally chauffeur your equally misMANaged asses from commonly misconstrued premises - customer driven, while others anticipate my next public offering ... common voting shares tallying another ... 49% ... for redistribution to further dilute useless, unemployed and unbearably full of no more bullshit to me!

Inhale ... Exhale

I escaped to LA for many reasons, yet even to myself, I arrived much estranged from myself. Eventually I reconnected only to rediscover myself a stranger among so many others far more estranged all around me; remaining the same other as otherized by the same The Others for the same reasons. Far more clearly understood to myself. Therefore alone. Strange.

If ever asked whether you are gay, there replies only one truthful answer, apolitically "Neither are you."

"Get your nuisance news right here! Nobody can nuisance scoop news fandangle, nuisance poop better than we knew!"

"Then let us not bother, so as not to bother one another at all."

(This rarely satisfies either, further confirming The Bother Principle)

AlwaysFurthermoreElsewhere

Therefore, you have explained something about me that you can see that I cannot. I see. Did you learn anything about yourself? Not really? Then you did not understand my work after all. Nor at all either.

Having read this far, you probably write well. When asked the secret to becoming a good writer, I refresh that they talk. There writes a thought that sets us apart from them. They talk shit but never sit down to any.

Do not await Miranda; it need not arrive at all.

We'd like to ask you a few questions. *I plead guilty! You do? Of having spoken without an attorney. Do find me one or else let me go.*

Can we come in? *Yes you can but you may not and I further ascertain that you would have, already understanding the difference. So stay further out!*

*(No such thing as casual conversations - all trained in specialty linguistics.)
(I obviously script vinegar... Do not yourself, but do understand my point.)*

FAITHFUL ZOO MASS INQUISITIONS

Can I see your scars? *That asks a zoo question. You get in **your** cage! ...That barks dog and phony show - bark you!...That babies 'Oooh ma, look!' remark. Now do not fetch your kid to turn your stupid tool. My home decrees no fink zone; Garbage in / Offense out! So I cut myself shaving. Entertained?*

What the Hell, it Sells, Right?

There exist whole genres of spastic comedians with merely affect to storefront incoherence - pocketing dollars away from past schoolyard brutes and others having dispensed assorted snubbing - a drunken clubhouse reinvesting nostalgic stupidities by twitching.

Sorry, Wrong Party

Nowadays, any \$25 word can leverage a free 2 for 1 Sunday punch. Fear not, a 25 syllable word soon follows to mushy up another illness.

Epissedofftemology!!!

... cannot qualify any assertion or denial of any kind without some underlying assumptions and do not want to quit on everything altogether ... *then why don't I just knock off the bullshit? ... It's not bullshit ... It's about interrelationships, God the Devil Heaven Hell...Do any of you illiterate fucking chisel heads*

understand anything - finally!!!

(Shit, I just flew off the ... Listening to Handel ... Over the chisel heads nest again. No wonder Mr. Harding had a temper. Come to think of it, he looked furiously like Der Fuhrer...Uber-F-ing-mench-ed-ly pissed right off the seat!)

Unmarked

Our third grade took a class trip to Boston, sightseeing historic remnants from the Revolutionary War. We saw The Old North Church, an eminent graveyard whereby tour guides explained that heavy headstones and crypts continued deepening impressions into the soil, Paul Revere's house, the battle site of Bunker Hill, etc. Aside from data, I remember nothing from this. What did render an impression evokes our kid convoy walking in single file down a cobblestone street and upon passing by an indentured house entrance to the left; we each observed a sleeping wino – my first. I did not associate this with fear yet hoped that he remained undisturbed while I studied him. A pale gray brimmed hat draped his eyes, offsetting the bottom half of a whiskered jawbone. Clenching papered bottle, he wrapped a bulky, frayed overcoat, discolored by stains, Oyster Cracker plastered. Mid June, our walk trudged on, sweatier from his sight. I do not recollect an odor yet passed before and by him in no more than five seconds. There remains nothing more to consider or share than that – so I shall not.

~~~~~|~|~~~~~  
You totally misinterpret all ten toenails towards focal trend sightings. Diagnostically, your brain registers quite normal yet your thinking impairs. Cancel all skull splitting!

---

Plastic stickers on every? back in the firm: *Sociopath promoting through.* ✂  
**ObsUrbance:** Will all duck your heads for a moment of sirens?  
*I offer genuine, honest and truthful; naturally I shall also become hated. After all these millennium, cutting away lying conscience sores always provokes!*

---

**\$ Identity advertising runs one of the fastest growing thefts in America!** 

---

*Iconoclastic clowning with bull spores & shoved to class fronts before!*

---

**A Human Prefers a Humanism of Sorts to Sift Outside Inhumanities**

**“Guilty as Holy!”**

(Think of how many act to misinterpret through competing moralities, exchanging shared intolerance.)

---

*... as Big Prayer 3 insult excuse reroutes to misinterpret mimicry a legacy ...*  
Hallelujah they say looking through Cartesian telescopes for *discoveries* to microscope good manner bugs up our unholy asses!

---

**Cosmology/Paleontology/Archeology/Anthropology ... onto dispersals ... Madam Blavatsky-like hunch categorizing. Why do you suppose that anybody of darker complexioned features instantly embraces oppressive roots chic? TV/Radio/Billboard pedantic! OK. Blavatsky bullhorns blasting bullshit type think - lighter recedes spastic so darker empowers. Fairies well / Enswell? How sees your black eye? (When does STEREOTYPICAL RHETORIC reverse a bigotry to display trends less professionally rewarding?)**

---

*I did get a life, becoming a virtual virtuoso, while you remain trite!*

---

*Our Royalty’s rhetoric chirps most disgracefully when celebrities namesake “Rogue” or “Outsider” or “Independent” chic to manufacture attention to process more power. I cited many themes. Do not pivot to swine off from any!*

---

**Most lumber too close within their own forest to see our own trees ‡**

---

## ~ Older ~

**“Absence makes the ... Absence makes the ... Absence makes ... ”**

( ... the heart grow *coldeR!* ... *Ok guilty, now get lost!* )

---

**Excuses? Why? I did not make any when I got my way.**  
*‘Every swamp has a silted lining’*

---

## Peddling Agendas Cheap to Sheep

**Beware of anyone citing unreferenced, uncorroborated or untraced percentages or statistics from unreliable sources over any media, especially when you agree with them. Worse, when they claim them as referenced, corroborated, and traced from reliable sources. These can all become more shepherds rhetoric.**

---

**“...and I have an IQ of 160!”** *Really? Right on the button! Which test did you take?...“What?”...The name of the test? Or the name of the presiding body to certify the test? Something? Anything?...Cat got your Bull?...Just teasing, let me refresh, you will doubtless recall. One offers from the Ronco Corporation, at least I heard so, so let me revise that, in fact I recently heard so with certainty! I think by the same source, hence confirmation that ACME oversees a committee! Have I overheard E.F. Hutton?Hutton?✓✓*

*(If they can count high enough, they can also crap just as high ...and if they hear skepticism like mine but say “Oh I know, but in my case...” then this essentially means, “honest I’m honest,” failing another T/F test question ...but if they utterly incense, silently punch card another “F...optioning a mute U” to follow, but if unfazed altogether, then they just might vacate enough to conclude that intuition by composure indicates nothing at all-“False!”)*

---

# **AI's E tymological** mindfield

**I believe contemporary America over speculates word precision such that we have become touchy; holding one another to unrealistic expectation, sometimes intentionally for 'gotcha-ing' as armchair psychoanalysts. Having read, many of you could quickly dismiss this to my defensiveness alone. As for alone I disagree, yet shall instead offer a confidence distinction from proximity and then entrust you to decide upon your own confidence boundaries.**

**By the 1980's dad had become one Vice President within a midsized, publicly traded jewelry corporation. To convey mass production strategy to me, he always referred to high volume with good quality for producing jewelry cheap. The implied association of cheap jewelry remained lost to him. He would visit New York as an intermediary to Avon, a company as I recall largely peopled and run by women, likely closer to my age than his. They thought favorably of him as many did. He had a release point for scabrous behavior closer to home - much. I can only imagine the pinched upper lips, exchanged glances and explosive merriment between the girls (another AI-Truism) after boarding his flight home - catered by stewardesses, no doubt. I too had a release point - transformations of terminology over time, defined as laughter ... wait, that term has no term limits as applied here.**

## **Unfucking Up Myself Methinks**

**I picked January 22, 1999 as a quit date from cigarettes, 39 years past my birthday. On October 6, 1982, I quit drinking. That date picked me. Occasionally dice does play God, reversing spaced out timings of my brain, given hindsight of course. Quitting=Regressing?**

(Adapted screenplay showcases classlessness as unauthorized to fuckup my writings!)

## **Kook's Case** *Profiliny*

*"...as we take you inside the mind...of a sleeping crossword puzzle juror."*

**(They also titillate the term 'sexual' lavishly ... to extend sentences ratings.)**

*Not trying to stage food fights... just saying*

**[ Reserves the right to refuse service to anyone ! ]**

*Now however, as a matter of course, GBLT's can order BLT's, with or without the G anywhere ... but walk softly if also carrying a limp wrist.*

---

*More Culture doing the Petri Dishes*

**We witness pontificating finger pointers thoroughly concealing vulnerabilities, most likely from themselves but assuredly from us, match made up with pathetic attention ninnies in makeup, doing nothing whatsoever beyond sheer exploitation.**

**Unnaturally, they make a lovely pairs.**

---

**Most favorite / Least favorite...**

**witnesses to cross-examine from any legal representative. Given lawyers select jurors off serving, confidence removes perceived hullabaloo - neither side wants surprises, leaving ordinary, not average or mediocre, but ordinary. As attorneys ask and do not reply to witnesses, they also speak within advantage, essentially borrowing witnesses for self-conversation before jurors; therefore most thrilled to seat articulate show boaters for jousting. Secretly jurors amuse from such inequities and while these side plots remain irrelevant to case specifics, most often ignore them during deliberations, strengthening influence.**

**Similar scenarios addressing slower witnesses, juries become annoyed by bullying, reversing their attitudes, tacitly as well. Modifications of principle further govern sensitivities towards others taking the stand, whether children or ... Hypothetically cite elderly women accidentally scalding million dollar cups of coffee in laps, causing for speculation as irrefutably sensitive, such that any reasonable, livid twelve should universally comp all per diems, motioning every *Mrs. Smith goes to Washington* with golden walkers, better make them chariots to remove any safest reasonable doubt.**

---

## [Can you say reversible pixels?]

Great, Time Warner/Roadrunner now offers me their own toolbar. Enters Conduit(?)...Terming it also a Platform/Toolbar/Browser...interchangeable options...Wonderful...Offering my personalized Toolbar to boot(ropun?)... with 2 YouTube apps ... although not accounts, but rather Gadgets? ... Some more popular options ((Oprah's gained weight again...and they want to shove her into my home, etc.))...Following morning email: "We noticed that you [Tubed] haven't done much with your Tool[ed] Bar. [Best belly up!] Do you need ~~help~~?" A voice only reruns intro setup piece verbatim...scripted...synthetic?...or Ella resurrected?...Not a grouchy 1984 boss but a pleasant female voice...Do women get the virile man? Conspiratorial marketing requires few enlisting the oblivious many...Like my oversights!...Ask Auschwitz? Overreaction? Sure, when the slow corporatists consolidation squeezes our bleed into one Python induced stroke **TheirFullMonty**

Ever fart and then say, I did not mean that? Ever hear one news anchor cut to station break "to hear a fart from our sponsors?"

---

### *Smart & Finally!*

We cannot all warrant a blame ritual. I see not personal, however does look to me. Please reconsider hanging attitude on a nail. I just want to buy this toothbrush. Service does not equate servility. I did work customer cervix, mistreated like a cunt!

**Parody conveys terrific art when characterizing truth about lies but often overlooks current problems, endemic to art itself as exclusively self-parodies and then characterizing these as solutions to edify others** *(Reinvention of Selfishness Caricature Campaigning).*

---

**Does rationalism justify a 'protected' group today? ... How about excuse? ... Blame? ... Retribution? ... Complaining? ... Irresponsibility? ... Hardship comparisons? Do you hate me? No trouble, we can all agree upon how to fix that. Just pass one more law ... That will make it all gone, tidy bowled away!**

---

*Might you disambiguate to (AL [L) OCATE] not reinvent yourselfselfs?*

**There defers sissy sensitive, then another rendition altogether. This one emerges from an extremely spliced down self-awareness to yield perceptions through a better translucence - but must exchange this for the impacts of harder hits from bigotry, face falsifying and proud to act dumb thuggery. Fulfilling continuum, all behaviors subsist within each demographic yet hold to segregate 100k between most easily recognized differences because bigots, persona phonies and thugs resolutely leech unity before principle by escaping into types most commonly embraced; cons, fools and sissies in hostility veils or blanketed in brut suits while emptying Hoovers from within, rarely running alone, quarantining intelligence.**

---

## In 2010 ?

**((( 1<sup>st</sup> Time Color-isms {dragging-back-other-color-success-isms} that often initiate conversations through pride calling cards to crowd me with their personal sub-standards, false associations to disguise inferiority, other-izing me, onto subsequent petulance in sensing that I do not confer equal respect as individuals ... because they have disengaged options! ))) A porcupine landmines in my lap taking under ten seconds to infuriate an Idaho potato right up my shit chute so fast that you may appreciate another reason why I write rather than talk much any more. I left a whole lifetime of such road apples behind before encountering color coded ones and would likely exchange one set of potatoes for another if moving to the actual Idaho anyway so what the flying fable would it regard where I went? A silly thought from the film Amadeus clicks when a snob shop authority fraud accused Mozart of using *"too many notes!"* for his musical piece. Does this explain the common plight for all writers when choreographing frustrations through words? Why do we write? For any reason, do you as readers also grind away clogged up tongue and *teeth like some of us stuck instantaneously backlogging ...***

*"too many words?"*

**Enough written.**

## Racist! / Sexist! / Homophobic!

*(Once Feudal Laws of debt inheritance (\$) ~ adapted for modern white male guilt milking ~ Indulgences await?)*

**Right, those wrong wayward, one dimensional, rhetorical rights mechanisms without matching accountability. That switches off a valve for me. I do not engage with bad interpersonal deals. If the equality of my self-serving foot does not match yours, then we both begin a losing history. To you, untrustworthy accommodation. For me, sucker's illegitimacy, only fortified by back bussing, under bussing or bus running over my own type - type nauseated already. I do not understand how phony agents sleep with themselves. I suppose they dream loud mouthing themselves as finger pointing hero drunks there too, gassing and matching "EVILS!" for hysteria.**

---

Should you ever visit anyone in a psych ward ask, "So how they mistreatin you here?"  
*(They deserve an overdue laugh.)*

---

**"Earlier, you implied a distinction between a suicide attempt and homicide as importing / exporting pain. Does that mean you could have killed somebody else?"** *I have heard this unpredictability silliness before as it related generically. To answer would seem to me like, "Answer the probability charges!"* Correct, I just rolled my own particle die - all silly string stable!

---

**When we age young, they age old. When we become older, they become younger. When we age old, we age only older and they age only young. Thus we reverse to revere ourselves.**

---

8 travel tips: Surveillance displayed ~ Surveillance exposed. Lay guides, maps around. Leave a theft item. X-act count off home/away pills. Remove calendars. Muss up and photo interior. Open some blinds. [Pack&Leave]. Improv8/Boast9/Hush10...

---

*Utterly solitary now, awake I encounter more thoughts of dad, yet I awaken periodically with lonely thoughts of affection towards mom.*

---

**Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?**

*Oh common, we have to knock this Moe, Larry, Curly cheese fucker around again, really?*

# SILENCE!!!

*Ok once more, "Do you want a truthful testimony or a holy testimonial? Do you try my patience as patient for a mere crime or a Goddamn SIN?"*

**One more of those and I'll hold you in ...**

*hatred of this cop out court for cornering my honesty to swear a lie so you can believe the credibility of my 'truth' to ease your conscience. I shall go along, but only if you let me go.*

---

*HeyHeyHey! There, a vain wiggling in your forehead! Pet it a few times for us to calm it down. (Truthfully it would burst. I just penned it to pet mine.)*

---

## *Hear My Spleen!*

**Attleboro's ethnic minority of The Other (Pardon this term if passé. I do not people uP anymore.) arrived from the Azores. My best friend in grade 5 nationalized from there. I overheard remarks about this distinction, yet the social effects did not entrench at this time for either of us. Staff assigned us to different classes in years to follow. By High School, class conscience indoctrinated with artifice, protocol, double standard, excessive sensitivity and expectation. Collectively our grade had grown up ... with another layering ... grown up ... apart ... distilling like liquid solution to arrive at ... problems. Impure. Imperfect. Inevitable. Sure, some. Nevertheless, how much so? Right, this model list my 'we' but begins unspoken between any two as begins another history by adoption of anOthers histories instead of beginning our own. This Other idea works adversely, sometimes favorably, in both or many directions, can characterize all kinds of differences, not another simplistic *'One big happy family of difference clones under the same umbrella'* which resultantly sets up daydreamers to graduate into pessimists onto cynics. Therefore, it defies recipe, system and formula ... but does rewrap globally. You want simple solutions? Start there as problem.**

**I have not read these ideas. I lived them in my guts. Stuck.**

## *Lamont McKinney*

**My morose churching did have intermittent spells of levity, one recalling the *Fresh Air Program*, hosted by our related Kiwanis Club. I do not know their politics, so annul further endorsement. Martin Luther also acted of his own accord. Ok. Our family paired up with Lamont from Brooklyn, as he with us. He enlivened charm to a point of vulnerability, if not future disappointment. That stories my slant, yet commiserates from a surly twelve year old, as warrants mention. We mutually thrilled while sharing the summer's events. I insisted upon his return a following summer, provided he too maintained interest. He did, thus I ... We won one for a change.**



# Ambivalence seeks not Apathy

**During my life with him, my father never sought help. I did continually. My family felt sorry for MY having problems out there in LA. A line from the police corruption film Serpico always revisits me. “We do our own laundry around here, Frank!” We did not. Therefore I did, knowing that they would have outlasted me, waiting for anybody back in New England to introspect. That cites not validation unto itself for therapies, but at least asserts recognition and attempts a better situation entailing courage, regardless of outcome. The remainder became and becomes potentials out of necessity. Once having lost everything available through convention, honesty rather than survival became enduring priorities from only then an extending relevance might also emerge.**

---

Basketball became my favorite spectator sport during the 1980's. Television offered nothing else of interest by then. Many New Englanders prioritized similarly. Star power notwithstanding, the Celtics floored not the commonly mischaracterized whitest team but the most integrated team and by mid-decade, the best. Basketball at its best features Gestalt psychology and behavior at a premium (whole exceeds sum of parts, also namesake for chemistry, etc). The league as a whole also adjusted, as selfish teams perished while others Perished. In the fall of 1986, I moved to LA, watching less for both obvious reasons (beating the C's at home meant rotating their open hot shooter, forcing the shortest guy, coming off the bench to 'beat us at the buzzer'...Caught that Reilly...not bad for a surly church leaguer!). Dad once claimed that athletes have always improved in bigger/faster/stronger, verified by every sport that quantifies measurement. Basketball as a televised societal emblem has never morphed to showcase more proliferating trends of personalities (Fuck You!, my new word, promote that, Webster) by watch me blackface my tattoo bravados, never outdone by reactive shoeshine white boy faggot farmed niceties, foot pressed pathetic, didactic therapy humiliation celebrations, more ice cream for nothing hand-out philanthropic human devaluations, taste great/less fulfilling newsfusedtotoothpaste bombastic blabber mouthed, spastic, pc non-computational term hedgers, hero whored up, hand shakedown politician/entertainers (entertainer/politicians?), self-promotional intellectual impression punch carded button pushers ... Whooa no, you might name call me something naughty. You fucking assholes dare call pornography filthy? Why you pinstriped ass wipes, press your noses against this page and I shall leave you with this shit. A committee of Pharaohs sits on their asses, entombed around a plasma TV to watch a Donahue rerun on YOU-Tube as Uncle Milton Greedman grins while chiding that “Nobody likes greed until it's their own Freed!” Pharaohs say, “Shit, we've been flipped!” ...Off...You say, “You answered yourself, just switch it off!” I cannot, your flu shoots off its results publicly every sickening day. Do not feel bad that I sense well. While many ways convey cleverness, all roads do not diverge but converge in a jaundice word. Incapable of escaping YOUR designations, offering solitary, poor, straight, white, gentile, secular man...versed now to advantage, holding contemporary aces, devilishly so. Smell one roundhouse of insults on me.

---

Your Herd ID sir! Would you please count it out?

**Unimaginable yet real that mathematicians regard psychology as flop for not providing magical answers. Still, psychoanalysts categorize and quantify people to match talk with pill so the public can extrapolate a menu to literalize identities for running away from themselves. { [ ( Can anyone Namesake that a U.S.Illness? { [ (**

---

## ANOTHER ) ) ) OBJECTIVE ( ( ( MEASURE

“Good evening sir, we’re from ... and request your participation in a social survey to ... ”

( ( ( C L I C K ) ) )

“All-right, down for one white man’s noncompliant, uncooperative, unrepentant racism.”

*(Do they believe their own ploy or just expect us to suck up this ‘scientific’ tactic? Shall these ever overcome themselves?)*

---

## Raising Future Cane

Sir, would you like to buy a candy bar to help prevent youth gangs?

*(Who the Hell encourages this happy faced extortion logic? Reeducate we shall-isms for principle & I wish you well on slim chances towards ‘The house did **not** just sell!’ If one at all, one far better than mine, by the way.)*

---

### **A rare nice word?**

***Another disgrace There says There Now all over Next!***

---

## Play Ball!

**“Pick a side or step aside if you want to B a true AM-erican!”**

*However, he who mines from whores merits trust to mime all stores! Fuck it!*

*I shall just **advance** more scores.*

---

### **Ring-around-the-rhetoric ... Pocket-full-of-nose-rings.**

*Cleared **innocent** of racism? By which referee celebrity, oversight intelligential authority board, or newsworthy name callers committee this time? What nebulous criterion nowadays? Worse over, what Rigid Rules indoctrinations? Tomorrows? Consider yourself justly machined? “Proven...” Oh. “Declared absolved of racism.” By whom this time? Somebody else again. Contradicted by another? Non-celebrities onto another’s criterion tomorrow. Revised to another’s database Reader’s Indigest, chasing your history bone? Recognize patterns? Others’ monitoring/directives. Who’s a slave?*

---

#### FOOTBALLS

THEY support our troops as THEY support our jocks as THEY dick us around our clickers & knobs.

---

## Most Decorated *Sold-ier* off all time?

*The Unknown Follower: Propaganda to humanize slaughtering at discount.*

---

# *Just lemon and salt from me*

**Manifest Destiny finally arrived in California ... Stopped ... Stalled ... Ran out of room to run after more Godliness ... Now runs off apologies and begs forgiveness ... for self/selves/self esteems ... but not selfishness ... Generosity bends back upon itself for excess search and destroy softening for sad sap whelps so runs further from self ... Speaks selfishly as well ... No Wonder Bread selves constantly reinvent selves ... Discovering new escapisms ... Revises vine rot like 90's London, 10's Petersburg, 20's Paris, 30's Berlin ... Swindles everyone in ... Nowhere real ... Stay out or away!**

---

## **RAPE!** *(Now that I have your attention...*

**I have never seen porn footage during which a woman has cried out "STOP!" Not once. For me, now among multitudes within multibillion dollar industrialization compels deduction that such footage exists and has swept nefariously from editing floors of apartments, homes, studios, woods and hotels around the planet. How frequently? Even hypothetically motivated sources could not quantify statistics, nor tirelessly oversee scenarios. Courts could not realistically adjudicate. Victims would endure stigma pinned to predictable acquittals - therefore we scarcely hear testimonies, authentic or not. I type ironically from mid monitor onto silent flatland, forewarning women who matter. Consumers witness from behind pc/Mac glasses as farsighted, no better. No contest, useless.**

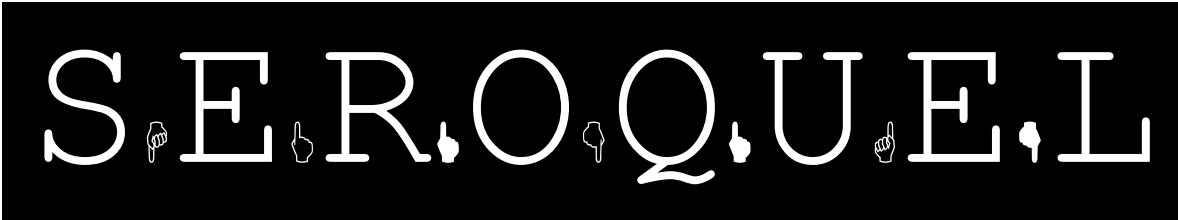
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**seconds-minutes-hours-days-years-for-more World Spews**

**Aside from your platform I know nothing of you.  
So do not pester me with that platform either.**

**What say you? What would I like to know?  
Undefined asking? That I always knew.**

---



The symptoms of Schizophrenia include :

- **Having lost touch with reality (psychosis)** {Really? Need I turn up my middle finger so you may hear it better? ... 1 ☒}
- **Seeing things that ARE not there or hearing voices (hallucinations)** {There! Remember? Seen that? Heard my swear? SOOTHSAYING! ... 1?2? ☒}
- **Believing things that ARE not true (delusions)** {I do not believe in your personal God, Doctor ...or your scientific double-talk God - 2 ☒}
- **Being suspicious (paranoia)** {I remain suspicious of category rhetoric, symptom anticipations and mismanaging the verb 'to be' ...3 ☒}...[[[[[ *They safely cured the world of sadness, wiser the Pfizer for it.* ]]]]]

**Bostonians harassed incessant “Whaddahyas!” not referring to skin color; they could see that, but rather European ancestry. ‘Irish/English/Swedish’ simply meant that I could not make up my fuggin mind. In LA, they made it up for me - White! Little do either know that some Neanderthals actually escaped slaughter and then slipped seeds into Cro-Magnon wenches...and then~and then~and then~fuggin-A!... *While Harvard stays in Cambridge, where ug, not fug, rules.***

**You seek less alliance and more allegiance.**

**Disrespectfully, I decline another Pledge shine off.**

**I do not obfuscate. I simply try my best to communicate!**

**Where do you all run away to?**

**Always number off some famished**

**T-ran-asaurus eUciDAtinG obfuscate.**

**Shit!**

**You outmouthed me...(not outthought my idea).**

**...double spaced with font type this and size that with margin size this done in format that...**

So we can precisely compare each writing submitted through the standard procedure to calculate a fair and honest contest.

*My mistake. I thought better art mostly rearranges new rules, not reiterates old ones.*

*How naive and original of me to lose to you in my own mulish way. Here, ☹ my nose.*



# You can't be neutral!!!

**What? No, I gather that does attention! However you can coerce, threaten, manipulate and circumvent to chain engage and then react fear into most public brains when they continue listening to canned openings to speech making before passing along gasbag panic attacks like, "The Chickenshit is falling! ... The Chickenshit is falling!" ... Duck, a noble cause, a real good movement this time ... therefore worthy of bowel ethics to mistrust your leaders. Led by?**

*Flush!* ... all gone.

Bad ethics never distills from good morals and always fuses comparative to people cheapening as consideration and THAT says always that simple! Reasoning worthiness for withdrawal determines sovereignty to buffer eventual rights to decide at all!

**Why thank you compassion cop. May I turn my back so you may plant another so I may fertilize back so you may plant another ...**

---

*You cannot remain neutral if you do not regulate so take it from a nut and stick with nuts!*

**I broke with my rigid policy in 1998. A painting of mine juried into a show by Gronk (Sounds like caveman translation of "DINNER AT 6pm SHARP!" but namesakes a celebrity LA painter). Again friendless and hapless, I shared my bind attending this reception alone during a nut hospital session. "I'll go!" "You'll go? Ok, me too." "Can I go?" "Not without me!" etc. I love you all. Nada/Nuttin/Nothing nuts about that.**

---

# (NO FINK ZONE!)

**I once wrote a pair of undeserving backhanders, referencing writers whom I had previously known personally. I released four copies to acquaintances. Soon after release, I experienced my glitch of sick clarity, yet remained unclear if these insults ever made their mark. Consequently, I immobilized with a turd seed from which I could not justify an apology. Should this contingent regret ever reach those two whom I offended, as Californians I could also anticipate two hundred forgiveness blessings. Wait not, *Mr/Ms Front-of-the-Shallowess-Check-Out-Line*, I shall know when to say so.**

**Overall, I have exhausted from sterile company of more edit mode angelic false, office seeking nose runners, terrified over sharing garbage bomb thoughts with me to avoid hypocrisy such that I sought isolation to avoid...pure hypocrisy. Alone, I developed my own No Fink Zone. Stark as this at times has written, mine also offers a highly edited rendition. I thought that you would like me to share this with you. Thus hides explicit how my art limbers up, clearing fear and consequence so that imagination may flourish. I convey a solitary, friendless, non-familial ongoing conversation, unearned of income or scheduling demands that self-determine my 168 hour per weeklong advantage. I resolve to why misery and loneliness also accommodate bonuses. Mostly though, I clarify how granting my thinking more permission to stink must conclude why this not only writes off as different but also betters your best. Do not ever index your fingers, fists, or limp wrists in my face again.**

---

**Now does this one exemplify ‘time and place’ principle to your satisfaction?**

*Do not dare deadbeat from that drink! Think about every thirsty urine drinker around the world that a blended shot of cheap booze inoculation might have saved if not for you selfishly wasting immoderation?*

---

## **SQUEEZING EMPATHY**

*To catch serial killers proficiently, one first shadows an adversary’s arguments won; refining odds from having fallen behind. Then deduce whereabouts. Amoral, not immoral, empathy.*

---

# TV DUES PROCESSED!

*Selfish appoints emissary anointed media mutton to staff sanctimony emissions.*

---

*No, I have not made lemonade from a life of lemons ... piss, piss from lemons.*

---

*Writing rewards me with permission to walk talk and chew gum on keyboard.*

---

## *Survival*

How could I see humor amidst embarrassments, embroilments and near embolisms? How else, also answering why would I.

Aside from Romper Room roses are cowshit and violets are bullshit, I wrote my first poem upon arriving in LA as a 27 year old.

*Of course it twas awful!*

---

*Aside from agreement issues, have you found mine an honest account? How? I have listened patiently to a lifetime of lying over the honesty topic, intrigued whether gassers thought me more naive than I thought them.*

---

*I do not have to see you as you see yourself, polite passersby by walking mirrors.*

---

**“Ooooh Brian, oh my goodness, you’re sooo right about THAT one!”  
(Why do I sniff a preconceived but now shitting its but before I go?)**

---

**I shall always agree with that ... that one cannot solve ... Why not?  
I shall not can always rearrange but cannot cannot ... ever ... until.**

---

**Mary:** I have a headache. Oh no, this hurts far worse, a **migraine**.

**Jim:** A terrible headache began earlier today. Nuh uh, not a tension headache but a **migraine**.

**Brian Spellman:** *I worked all night on my computer and have a headache.  
Oh no, Nuh uh, not the kind that really hurts, just the kind that really hurts.*

---

I SAID I AGREE WITH YOU!!! YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY CLIMBED A FLAT MOUNTAIN. YOU CAN NOW TAKE IT EASY GOING DOWN.

*Awwuugrrrh!* ... Oh? ...

**Relief! ... Did not maggots pulsate my steak, my mistake, I wasaw only hallucinating~~~~~ONLY? Calm down Aristotelians'; just 60's silly science satire. [Do you see how YOUR humor stucks?]**



**Word Experiment**



*Politics claims it cuts to the chase. Science cuts just to the shit. Just cut the checks, politics.*



Nothing shorthanded about ordinary brain-goo-mush, merely inefficient thinking and never stupidity until I forfeit **MY** wits.

**Regarding those moneyed up, runny, snob-snot artworks of the past, one may giclee DeKooning's Excavation to bury it. 50's time-capsule style: video that as a 60's period-not-happening-piece and then memory stick it up Santa's chute for posterity. I agree, mournful, Bill could also paint. (Co(mm)I(tt)ED) a painting or creatED a crime? EDgas DEgar EDifiED canvass back(ward)!**

Those least susceptible to bad substance regrets consider as less likely to experiment anyway - self confidence offsets shortcut temptations for thinking. Yet each should cast personal brain bender votes, my regrets notwithstanding. Bodily quarantines through proscriptions fulfill an even more endangered species - individuals.

*The Pot Luck of Golden Misfortunes*

*My practical failings may not become your outcomes from utilizing my insights. Yours may improve, better still surpass all of mine, for we may have many differences. My outcomes have improved by having any outcomes at all. Ignorance of self never foresaw my better guide. There, a fixed star after all. ☆*

**City Lights / Cliché to you / Pavlov to me.**

# Why Bawdy?

*Despite debauchery, I learned most from college about people smartness, my last experience amongst a smart populace. Smart genuine, smart cunning and smart successful within a test environment determined almost exclusively through reason rather than through violence or much potential for it. Experience beyond this insulation requires shrewd though not excessive contingencies. Nietzsche lambasted Kant for academic oblivion towards realities nowadays ascribed to 'street cred.' I agree with Fred. Nothing aggravates more than scholars chess matching purity via clinical coding while failing to comprehend a fuck as a fuck, a fuck you as a fuck you and a fucked up situation as a fucked up situation, despite nomenclature consignments when ameliorating matters in oftentimes patently shitty societies. Sideliners worsen as falsification refs, untrustworthy TV myopias. Get your objectivity snot in the game, butt your nostril forests out or await the flicks of more Bics!*

## Invention Idea

**While driving through crowded beachfront Venice, CA, I saw numerous driveway signs bordering illegality by way of threats. One solution might invent retractable space holders to fasten a coded car's bumper such that tenants could park-compress their accordion style and later back up, lock and release upon leaving. Ideas cannot patent so you may prototype this one on me to spare neighborhood(s) encounters, eventually investing up in the world, due N to Malibu and then arguing cappuccino style where "FUCK YOU!" now chi chis as no no and would call for reMutha invectives!**

*... theIr her/h is nAMes reMAin si mply dad & ma ... wIthIn me.*

*He said, "Brian, have you ever noticed how prone you are to self pity?" I so despised "Him" for what "He" had done that I validated precisely what "He" clearly noticed for the next twenty-five years. Message to myself now? Message, not messenger...suddenly surprised by a logical rinsing to find some fondness for him after all. Finally.*

## Optioning Picklessness for Personal Pragmatism

*Snap Crackle PoP goes the weasels of my cosmos! Yours? Distemper cools my sun. Yours? Most unmerry goes round my planet. Yours? Gunk gooeys up from my silted salty mouthed waters, moody microbial monsters, 2eyed fish rib caged blowhard ancestors, temp employee water-air suckers, mudward scaled up, upscaled to hairies onto snob clad clothe hiders pump porn fucking to conceive and birth ME! You too? Truthfully, I sense no definitive choice marker of or for me throughout this rolling forth, plasmatic spasmodic interchange ... now with you.*

*“Would you like cheese on your burger, sir?” Burgher? Sir? Well Holy Cow, I had best play along given these terms. As if! As if! As if! Terrif! Why mope over control? My bowels will deal with that deep shit anyway ... naturally so, only after I fully flush my finished burger. The finest spirited physical guts game in town. More importantly, my personalized ticket to any forgiveness that I can possibly summon ... and alleviate suffering from self-inflicted grudges ... towards me ... towards dad! ... towards you. I had to.*

*You?*

---

### **One for the few!**

*I came with glum face because I did not want to outcome as you.  
I left with glum face because I did not want to overcome leaving you.  
Your staff can never make up our minds for us anyway! My finest find.*

### **What a Wallah! No Presto!**

*When did the help begin to help? When I stopped thinking of it as magic and started thinking of it as thinking.*

### **How have I survived?**

*I have never surrendered thinking about how others think they feel.  
With that, I think that any life can continue to have purpose.  
Without that, I cannot think of any that truly can.*

---

*Alone to alone...intimacy...why reading and writing still matter.*

---



*to Anne Murray...Beth/Karen... & thoughts of Ma/Dad*

**From whom I can no longer recall, but either Beth or Karen bought dad a birthday gift during his later life - the CD, Snowbird. The other sister remarked, "I didn't know that you liked Snowbird dad." "Oh yeah said the first, I always knew how much dad loved Snowbird." "He probably just didn't say so," said ma. I also did not know, but remained certain dad also knew that part, from glancing him nearly snapping molars in his mouth while looking forward in silence. Almost neglecting mention pinched my right thumb and index knuckle across top lip while mostly staring away, hoping to suppress a snot projectile. His ... and my proud affections ... as ambivalence abounds ... commemorates sighs ... and relives my enduring *smiles*.**

*... so for reading, not please, but thank you.*



**Other books by Brian Spellman may order:**

From : [http://lulu.com/Brian\\_Spellman](http://lulu.com/Brian_Spellman)  
[https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/8418120.Brian\\_Spellman](https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/8418120.Brian_Spellman)

**Can see clear to Olive View {{{imPressurized}}}, Ink!**

*"You will never wait on hold here!"  
 (Possibly hung up on tho.)*

---

*We Have Our Difference in Common.*

**Great One Liners 2 versions (2018)**

*I dreamed of being special then awoke to be unique - like you.*

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