



Divestiture — A

BRUCE ANDREWS

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By Bruce Andrews

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‘Oh, it all.’ Hopefully, though, I can maintain my views & just not “cathect” them with very much libidinal energy, hurt, loss, etc. & the sad premonitions, liberation, counter-socialization, when that meant contention, out in the back yard watering his flag. Milk tends to symbolize security. Clamps pulpit jackals — ‘Are you sure I’m breathing’ — soothes sewn sky chart gossip, i.e., if hierarchical situations are *rejected* by men.... You can lick my Ramses pack. Emptying my ash trays into a parcel to send out to companies that send me junk mail with convenient business reply envelopes waiting to be filled with ash tray debris. Could you say ‘Florida’s legislature’ — or should biological / temperamental differences be stamped out? New skepticism is not able to support the weight of the average breast. I thank you, my legs thank you; they’re loading cargo at the bottom of the hour glass. You’re Size 24 1/2 and You Can’t Wear Pantsuits... WHO SAYS? INVENTOR Paul Davis with plastic heart built in home workshop. ALL POINTS BULLETIN. “The story must exist in each word or it cannot go on.” Hero shovel, self-hanging cord attached. If nothing happened it didn’t happen. Achievement is its own reward.

Dear World, *fuck off* advice ingredients, empty swing. Studies show that couples who try to avoid arguments tend to average higher happiness scores. Sizes carried, class analysis, men’s consciousness-raising, medieval robbers, no one seems to know how many. There are freshly dug graves, but children were buried together, driven to obscurity by the unconscious need to cover up the defects of the argument. ‘I’m a knee fetishist,’ sit up, arching the back a little, the transformation of a worker into a mere hand. Noises? Smells fresh but doesn’t linger = semen disinfectant, 20kilos of heroin; if I had lost the race, I could start over, but by winning I get to race again. Eat letters! Excavations, soft minimalists, ELITIST INTENSITY — institutions no more than the barricades of repression clapping his twists. Great foster argument; crabbing which count mere heart shiver joints. Kick out stiff rubbed slow far fell crib. Was eagerly — presses. Violent Crimes by Young Girls

on the Upswing Across U.S. without the oppressive shadows of our protective images intruding. Clocks spike pupil visa — goes to Africa on Vacation, Returns with Bride He Bought from Tribal Chief. It's like giving your whole body a facial.

I'm always touching them, like looking, partners. Great swatches, leonine midst our bugles, the tensions of 'hot playing' along with that relaxed casualness called *swing*. A noose in time saves nine, drowning hospital, a kind of *petit-point-on-Kleenex* effect which rarely stands much scrutiny. There light goes, laminate, accepting sadness & wanting it; mouse and fill him again lit breasts, for other carefully reasons. Grass tattle pricks and lobes — 0 slaves oxen size and days. Oxen rehearsal. Nylons shit sleep envied cribs good with a width. To be tough-minded and warm-hearted: condensation! — Speak Out Rage. 'Asked if she would be "willing to die for the Thieu regime," Julie Nixon Eisenhower answered "Yes, I would."' Things happen when I'm ready, people, some people need a lot more attention as though a record might ending. Scavenger hunt, words describing sexual stimulation light up! cork coffee air standing sticking half this. Don't enlarge my space — a definition of 'acquaintances'? — programmed for speed and satiety.... She'd hair sway it's torrent their slow so tapping missus peer slowly look old belly sure fist buns well not yes mum just cow eye could muddy feeling minnow pissing minstrel heroes dress this chaste diction.

Boys get more nutrition than girls simply because they eat more hands off bugles. ATTACH LABEL HERE and eke out of sick shop river — ashamed to. A heroin ring that works by smuggling the drugs into the country inside the dead bodies of Vietnam veterans! Neck sidewise her up harm medicine unbuttoned so I end up being confused by *any* kind of attraction — a carefully cultivated frivolousness having to come to come to come to come to come to come to, word: idly. Is it patriotic

(?) to have a pile of junk in the backyard, three years of profit plugging bellies have not killed my father. *Sting!* — arching the back and strain goes away, self-licking sleekness, very banjo. The bed dance zipper couch religion drawings with lighter fluid. Hands, mouths, and genitals speak as loudly in the game of winning, there were rules that're now lost: rejecting certain middle class goals, yet keeping the institutionalized *means*. At least it's more genuine than pretending to have the biggest cock around. Be sensible. Open a cage is all air, beg your script; check one box. DIRTYJOKES DEPARTMENT — pudding, buzz off! There aren't any teenagers any more.

The average American voter — a 47 year-old wife of a machinist living in the suburbs of Dayton, Ohio. Miracle Comb Ends Gray Hair — 26 Ladies in their 70s and 80s Knit Lap Robes for Paralyzed Vietnam Veterans. U.S. is Sending Arlene Dahi to Russia to Teach Women to Use Makeup. Calling the dispenser the 'honey dripper,' one could live on appeals / applause alone. "There's grape crippy crap in there"— Susan Kiehne, 12:51 a.m. "There is grape crippy crap in there"— Jim Kiehne, 12:59 a.m. Or merely a stick with which to flog dead dogs like Pareto. SHE RAISED MORE THAN EYEBROWS!! Leave her to limbs indeed, just the reverse. Lobes or anxious prose in a mirror mere size frills cent kid his coat never had paper live blur red took coat saddle monkey Miss Maps. Grip. Buzz. Do microscopes turn you on? My desire for freedom is too weak, just kiss yourself and watch the blood run out, making her feel guilty, externalizing my self-dislike & laying it on her — pretty great! "What we *need* is a female victim of sudden death. Can you do it?" — you wear it when the novelty wears off BEFORE THE EVENT.

Finally some repeated letter patterns did emerge. I've testified before a number of bodies light waves cause but are not color. A salute is more than a position of the hand. 'THEY HAVE CREATED A DESERT,

AND CALLED IT PEACE.’ We distress homo latent sexual summer dress exclaim recognition which is fool’s gold in the end. ‘Why are you bobbing around that way’ with ‘I’m knitting, weaving, exercising, sculling, cuddling, training fleas.’ Glut! The past has happened no matter what I think about it. The fork eats. A novel is anything. A novel is anything novel. I was so proud of myself but my arm felt lousy squeezing its muscles for five minutes with a needle in it I had to squeeze my fist continuously in & out & she kept the blood pressure arm think (sic) on higher so it would come. Bluebottled flies, horticulture is really fun. I have any books. I no longer hear bird songs frightening the deer. I’ve got the know-how and you’ve got the dough-how yet were somewhat hindered by lack of feedback & by thus being very idiosyncratic. The Amazonian rat is as big as a sheep. The men grief the women.

Head raw heard tart red heart era, hate are tat read rat tar ed hew tear hat ate dart hare heat, art ear dare hear eat date awe. Pal sap ale lap seam amp lamp pea peel alm ease pax sax ape lax, leap, pee axe eel map sex am. An gun nag gag age leg gee lag, set net tense sent cent nest ten. Tag mar meg mum are gum men, net gun arm, met rag tan gar ten mug get rug gat tram rat ram ran gnat man nut, tam gut mag tar mat. Man nod, tam mam, dim tat mom tim dit tot dam, tin at mod non ant not and tan, din an ton dan mat dot mad. Prate seer seat pea tat are; rape rest peat set pest tap tear, pap tape, trap part, ate eer ease step pare pet ape pat sap rate pear strap sat peace step, paste eat steep par rat are stare past rap. Sole mars salve, ear lose, sam so seoul ram loser, revolu..., sale save. War tear law, ale got tow rot rage let age, ware log ate gat tag rag wag, gale lag awe gal tar rat wog gate leg are gar tat raw get toe rare wage late wrote. Air let tail, ail lane rat tent nail lair net, rail lit tear nile rain, ten rare ran tin near lean nit, rile neat, tern an late lain nil at ale rate lint tan are tail lent ate.

So few facts about my life are available that I have to resort to collecting rumors by never having my exposure to things be selectively reinforced by a peer group. Here it is tempting to draw two conclusions that do not follow. ‘Careful,’ full of care confetti photogravure caress tin spats racial orphan. I like having been sent a small red balloon and a still smaller red plastic replica of an Air Force P-51 Mustang. MIND-FUCKERS: I’d rather be in a rut than fall into the pit — opening notes of Jelly Roll Morton’s ‘Big Fat Ham,’ ISRAELIS SAFE, surplus secure. Always have pens. In the Orient, people used to pay the doctor when they were well, and when they became ill, the doctor paid them: ‘when shit is worth something, poor people will be born without assholes.’ It is awfully hard not to be a queen — that is good! that is gone. There are more scientists in the U.S.A. working to develop fruit-flavored vaginal deodorant sprays than are working on methods to detect the causes of birth defects. Neon gives me gas. Puppies look barking, he was reading bore books giggled if it his nose. Too, I like “hemorrhages” (sp.) — anal intercourse as a way of abandoning anal retentiveness: I don’t like the way some of those liquid laxatives taste.

The converse of this statement is not true. Ethnomethodology, hermeneutics, semiotics, this is the only animal that works 24 hours a day. Seeing gree... as though my interests are keeping me honest. The two of, are, and may be the an on the of the who may — as be one of the in. It *is* too late. The man-hours that have been wasted in the recitation of The Star Spangled Banner over the years. Balsam vexed flowers, bombs that tear the flesh with tiny arrows. Action fans will enjoy the dueling sequences and there’s romance for the ladies. Speculate as to insect vision. I’m like a dog — if I can’t eat something, I bury it: it flops on its side like a crippled minnow. We are tame; and cheap. Raw weary jokes over tray limbs rose cravat superior fun. When I see my angel, I’ll know ‘right-off-the-bat.’ The *real* vanguard [was] twofold: Weight Watchers, & the Maharaji. You need a stereotypectomy. A teepee, carried by two men, with beekeeper masks. Chopsticks

for your lips with wires coming out of them: better get anachronisms fast. Every man is created equal — except you. Now it sticks like shit to a blanket.

Do I dare? You may kiss my badge? The choice never affects the sense: when you're last, you can segregate the wheat from the chaff. We are all players. Nobody could get through them except a midget; and none did, or this dust & these dead flies would be disturbed — it's the grand-daddy of all the locked room puzzles I've ever seen. THE of is, are or THE; to THE as to may, or THE to are, and for in may be. How can you sit at the same table together? She was always a late sleeper. He was whimpering feverishly. Little is always sentimental. Pet hair is really a cinch unusually unused, as bright and unyielding as a diamond. Dude ranch. Time for benediction. 'We don't take any land. We don't give it back. We just mutilate bodies.' Ain't anybody any more knows if he's in love or just turned on. Light a light: *thermometer* (in butt too!), it stains my dentures. Even urine isn't full strength anymore. Some successful moments, but the rest is padding — caution makes you think. An area with vague boundaries cannot be a boundary at all. And I'm shadowboxing?

New York is not the nation. What good are metaphors when there are mouths to feed? — why *are* our ideas of more interest than our objects? Picked a fight, and got his ribs stove in — (takes wig off). SWEET JACK GONE. We certainly have a problem with ants here. The *real* vanguard is money bedecked with plastic bunting, pre-teen slacks, opaque pantyhose, and the marvels of bee-keeping. I kiss your photograph — clickety-clack. Blocks, lincoln logs, mechanical drawing, house designs, the square foxholes, baseball scores, the merit badges, math, etc. Insurances do not recur. It's always the good-lookers that get into trouble; nobody bothers to kill the dogs — if it was me I'd break the fingernails on you to tune up my channeling to cut down on the fierce-

ness of the drive. Once every 17 minutes a giant whale is killed; its back is blown open by a grenade-tipped harpoon and its blood spews into the ocean; purpose: the manufacture of cosmetics, transmission oil, margarine and pet food. “The underdeveloped world still needs attention,” says Henry Kissinger. Bardot (questionmark) with the pin driven through the thorax (questionmark) and the thin legs flailing (questionmark). Sometimes I think the paint is the only thing holding up the building.

You do as you’re told — how easy is it to admit being gripped by trash? Self-bugging is not clear. We just took out our pool cues and starting flailing ass. “The essential is sufficient.” And no knowable object can be completely unique: thanks for wanting to. This is the science of pseudo-scorpions. (Roy Rogers in 1940 movie: very cute)! Frogs spawn muckleheaded youth; “it’s all in the punctuation” (Mabel Mercer). ‘All possibility of understand ing’ is rooted in the ability to say no — she’s as pretty as a silver dollar, a rope’s not been made that’ll go round my neck, etc. Modernism is a stop, fiction is a go. I know how to make a mint — take out insurance on your informers. Beware there are pickpockets working this station; they’d just as soon die as put a nickel in a jukebox. Images anesthetize — if art includes all actions & artifacts that are interesting... Yet a very condensed poem read to someone could still elicit the comment ‘I can’t follow you,’ indicating that a *theatrical* relationship (subject follows object) cannot exist. Kansas has no horizons; you can just *see* grain elevators. Merely reporting these statements does nothing to establish their validity.

Nothing dates faster than revolution, what shades have you got? This is the old problem of adding pears and apples, owls and snowflakes; we must hope to survive that displeasure. Words vs. letters, achievement vs. relationships — DON’T BOTHER. Oh, face, face. It is not; the cause may outlast the effect. The choice: to be a catalog, or a cata-

loguer. Such examples can be multiplied. I only collect money, America is more astonishing. Husk. The substitute can be better than the real thing. For the record, I'm the one who stains the clothes of the actor. The hand grenade laying among the nest of eggs; the hand grenades uprooted from the earth like ripe corn or carrots. If my resistance could become more a demand to *test* things & less an ego-driven need to reject.... Dropping pitch = closure. Eager lamp lap echo noble / labile actual pent / enter chorus hole open / nary ochre bled lop earn. You sound like a woodpecker that swallowed its nest. Maybe they didn't want a black man on the moon. GUNMAN'S BULLET SERENADES GAMBLER — the connection between the word and the deed is rather uncertain. There is nothing more resonant than a broken heart.

War: trading real estate for men. We are all put on this earth to suffer, what has become of Piper Laurie? The Nelsons portray themselves; Ozzie and Harriet used to *read* in the bedroom. Drums? Singing? The dates concede this fact. Religion replacing politics as the exciting recreation of the young white middle class; Woodstock 5 *years ago* will be redone — at the Houston Astrodome. I was lying on the floor, bleeding like a stuck hog they turn water blue in bath bowls — ...I'm a little unsure of myself whenever I crawl out of my briefcase. What I'm selling is worth as much as the person who buys; he has to learn to run with the other horses. "You see, we could have prevented a lot of confusion about this thing called jazz if Fletcher Henderson had listened to me in the 1920s. I told him, 'Let's just call it Black music. Then it'll be clear where we are and where they are'" (Duke Ellington). Just lucky I guess — only the West was fully carnivorous; he'll charm the gold right out of your back teeth. The corporation will continue, nonsensical, but with inflections. I got as far as the altar.

Half-willed absence. Neckband; cosmetology, it's o.k. To understand

too much is to destroy: the containers are distorters inevitably. Women have not been enthusiastic over war. Every word forms occasions for a sentence — ‘beauty and misery are so unutterably manifold that there is no time for triviality’ — stoves extinguish the imagination. I haven’t had a dump in two days; I’m worried I’m dumped up. The automobile is an accessory of the tire; they never want you to over-muffin it. “You’re sixteen. You’re beautiful. And you’re mine.” Sentences veil paragraphs can be unending events going back, it’s just that you can’t go back. Sure does. Even so, the orgies should have been still more dramatically curtailed. Gruesome’s in there with stencils one better. Not I. I want myself back to move the situation off dead center. If it lights, it passes, instilling in us a feeling of ennui, often bordering on pleasure. This rarely corresponds to reality, you can’t do as much in a dress. It suits me fine if that’s all down the drain. Today it was as hot as disease. How many paragraphs can sit inside a sentence? How many sentences can fit inside a word? This war will never end.

What part of your gun do you notch for cripples? Well, well, the race between food and mouths. Think of a different word before you say every word. This ain’t no cotillion. There’s no way of making it *does not* equal there’s no way of saying it. Bunny, bunny. Snowy boycott, i.e., Eigner. I, and here, you, under, over this at, into or by, he to be constantly raising yourself as an issue, pretty unpleasing on the physical level. Proxies. Peroxides. When I hear my own voice; the orgies are over so take out your batteries (can be and) are. I think I smell a polecat. Open expressions of bewilderment and anxiety interspersed with silent ruminations were characteristic, lying glossing and the like. For got don’t who’d said they by you when that easy escape. Are in just only always alike across stints vest. Does it get me going or does it get my goat *in the form* of a family tree, the impossibility of accurate description. Very subdued. The feature is this. When we’re alone we’re together. There *is* a shortage of people like you will be in ten years. I couldn’t face it so I fainted. Here the pantomime of caution

concludes.

It's difficult, sometimes, to put words into things; it's difficult to put things into words sometimes. Tonight, to knight a knight. If you've seen one gay bar you haven't seen them all. Chance is always better than bad intention! What is it for two expressions to be synonymous? I've no use for a man without a vice, typical Biblical epic. Coal, oil, and rails came closer and closer to coalition — you *are* smart; but not smart enough. Composers might do well to avoid these embarrassments. My wording could never describe Jesus; the power of God still slays. The colder she acted the warmer he got. *Because* it's a habit, there's no *risk* and self-indulgence is thus *compulsive*. The air was thick with compromise. These ideas carry as much conviction as a transvestite's falsies, these are not theories. A tax *attacks* — syntax speeds you up out loud though. The less sexist gibbon. Time has learned its gist, you can lick the bottle. Having said that, it is *at* you have said nothing. 'All right, you fight the war, just let us fight us the battles, will you.' The junk in between makes looking all the more fun. You can only keep what you share.

You Must Like Yourself to Be Happy, Doctor Advises, You WIN ALONE. The more structure, the more physicalizing hygienic inwardness. Bullets don't argue, myself in a dumb manifestation. We see only the feet of the dancers, the de-socializing of language, never their whole bodies. 'People outside a scene don't know enough, and insiders are corrupted by it' — as though fateful with a kind of geometric meaning, the two recurrent poles of all culture still subject to capital: autistically advanced or collusively popular. Too many books to read! 'What remains remarkable' — neurosis as self-absorption — 'that is the irony,' idea of 'staying power' too mundane. Holophrastic speech softens the stools. Semantically interesting relations to extralinguistic entities, the word can be nothing *but* — that is *all climaxes*, the *height* of

non-discursiveness. One day your mouth is going to be the death of you. What, never? No never never. There's lots more contexts where those came from! Try to put down what went on inside the necessity of social support for maintaining radicalism, either alternative sounds queer. Or how many wings a fly could sustain without becoming too heavy to take off. "We must be uncompromising to the end" (Satie). These distinctions are not self-applying.

THERE WOULD BE NO CLASS DEPENDENT UPON PROFITS — there would be no life dependent upon self. The length of time it takes to memorize this sentence. Slang is 'crude' phonetically yet somehow narrowing the lips (puckering slightly) in speech gives an impression of *femininity* — which is also true of sounds. These elementary observations are not enough to set the trap. Too many demands piling atop each other, too many interests, too many focii, too many uncompleted projects littering the mind & making relaxation impossible. PROSE MEANS READ FAST — high internal eventfulness, jerkily hesitant modal auxiliaries. Can the heart be attacked, or just broken? The golden mean eludes, I have left you elsewhere. Demons reigned elsewhere. But what is noteworthy is that we have talked more of words than of objects even when most concerned to decide what objects to admit as (or on) our own account. THE WORLD SHORTAGE OF CRITICAL MATERIALS HAS NECESSITATED THE REDUCTION IN THE LENGTH OF THE CORDS NORMALLY USED ON ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES. *Maybe* a part of a Ferris wheel, I put my heel to my face ring-a-leevio & I'm just as far behind. Silence is its own statement, diligently cultivated hostilities -a history of assiduous renunciations.

How much does 'what I mean' differ from 'what the words mean' — life futile without it, but what 'it'? Are translucence and iconicity the same thing? The world is not being forced into a gopher hole, I just

don't think I can sleep. I stopped thinking when I was 17. "Every name is a tune"— number despatializes reception, mostly a feeling of *too much*; go to a movie to be *exhausted* when I leave. Is also admirable but also not news. Now the recession gives me an excuse for being overly ambitious — time is my heart attack, visionless rhetoric of minimum reform, a box to hold it straight. We share nothing but space. Fricative fricasse going adrift in a kind of classic Elizabethan troll every time someone expectorates on the sidewalk. 'Strictly confidential' hello to midnight I never left! The sentence is being appealed. Language is too big (unintelligible). The sounds are not enough — 'no address,' 'in distress.' Language speaks for itself. BAMBI IS A SIMP: facade remains resting on a similar confusion but drawing a very different conclusion. With metronomic regularity we marry the guys that's how we get even with them. This is not the case. (Expletive deleted).

Too confused by what looks like the social-climbing of friends, & the fetish of style, of social impression.... Advertising as a cultural system — the rigor is itself a manifestation of the scepticism. Is culture more than a set of rituals embellishing the failure to question certain basic values? Ideas are harder to kill than snakes. I set my sights so high that no matter what I do it seems kind of paltry, they are at best only poetic. Would you agree that *that's* the prime thing that you damn well better get *that* done? Brownouts, bombs away, but sparingly. Warm-up rings. Wimp dink. I lost my identity card grouping the captions. I would rather read Marx than Mallarmé: the lack of sibilance, the star plays second fiddle to the era, there are no leaders but yourselves. Despite his reputation as a grandmother-stomper, work is the magic word — hagiography of male culture: overweening narcissism, compulsive striving, and schizoid alienation from the body. The bird vanished from the meat; it also responds to wolf whistles to engineer my own abduction. Recidivism. I really do have to too. Disposable income is still very disposable. Parenthetically: I'm tired of being respected by people I'm attracted to.

With a tact, with a tact that renders them almost subliminal, the surgery constituted unreasonable search and seizure: refuses us admittance — a deft grace note. Papal nuncio. I gotta get a shower curtain before I die, even though the odd marriage creeps in among the corpses. Obelisk exposition; well, two apercus. The Marines who landed in Lebanon in 1958 brought atomic howitzers. Can one weave & masturbate at the same time? No more white gloves. The President, himself, repolished these claims. To sense what he should do if he had time is not enough, it was made to take your sleep. It was an army whose bayonets could be trusted to think. As you can imagine, the rhythmic problems were considerable. No feelings at all was exactly right. We shall see why shortly. Now we have had Eisenhower, you punch them in the pocketbook. I don't know if I can say this in a way I can understand what I'm saying. That would be a scandal, but not a theoretical problem, of brilliantly backlit cigarette smoke: refer Mr. Hunt to Mr. Liddy. Did you ever have a blackout in Johannesburg? I mean lonely where you're afraid to mix with people. Maladroit throughout may excusably be thought. Everything remains unfinished business, they have the doing of whatever he wants done — they probably discuss me in bed, without harming the many things that made retreat worthwhile. My argument is not the physicality of vertical sex in a dark room — you used to need a prescription to get medicine this strong. Obfuscation lay on the air without psychological support. But most have been mobsters. Now, even the lacunae are eloquent — plausible verbal models are quite easy to formulate. Nanny goat vibrato. It was me that I heard it, talking at length and alone they shriek louder than the rest. The class struggle is obscured? — I do think you're letting your conscientiousness take advantage of you; drooled on my penis. Becky's studying the muscles & memorizing the bones not as if as though it were swerves — a sham move may modify or soften that. In Chapter 2 we cited France and Britain's join threats against Peru in 1844. Contra underconsumption, contra mechanism, the buzzers are broken. Does violence beget violence? — the summer usually brings a

high demand for blood. We ought to have more articulate rules: fry an egg on my lips, I feel drowsy. These voices seem to be grasping at strategic straws. I get drunk just licking your face. Someone calls up asks ‘you watchin’ American Bandstand?’ Law as the fine print of class structure — the imperative implication in English is not very strong. Compensation is the key. This generalization is too weak. You smell like semen — surfaces are so nonporous in their high heels, with perhaps more assurance than the argument deserves. There are tweezers & then there are tweezers. The emotional technology of dog shows. Liberals for whom the Cold War overshadowed all else. I am always reading about moundbuilders. We are pulling the firemen off the ladder.

Looked like a flip visor, a ‘technical mother lode,’ one loser called it. Black bombazine bloody assizes, a profound caesura. His chordal improvisations and arpeggiated flourishes were largely in the service of cliches. I like being smart. Thank you for the great mugs. Michael’s into clad. Bring back the gerontic laxative denture crowd, the connotations of all the words we use are controlled by the ruling apparatus. The talk is going to cause most of the talk. Ominously much — under cover of awards, having failed to overthrow capitalist society. You gotta learn to take the shit with the toilet paper, all these leaks are interwoven with each other. I’ve taken enough odd shoving grinds out limp wrists to loosen the bands of confidence. Are you fuckin’ up my beans, boy? But what a head of steam the thing build up! Aquinas would not disagree with this assertion — in Walter Bagehot’s charming phrase, “no man can *argue* on his knees.” A lay-up is a lapse of imagination. You should dress up a little bit just comb your hair look nice. And yet we never know who they are! I played stop-time to the piecework in the ghost factories — the klieg lights recruit us. To ask the question is to answer it: it is a seductive image, but a totally inadequate one. My father dying was a picnic compared to you. Two words which are never caught with their upper cases down... he had not mastered

the public relations of failure. It's *not* ironic. You don't have to worry about where I am, I've been thinking about you. People learned to carry candles with them twelve years ago. Not just images evoked [invoked] in the mind's back, but a tangible filling of the real space between speaker and listener. How things develop, verbs too. Revolutions have never been made by bums. It looks nets, crepey around the neck and arms and another confusing one in the panties — there's no way to say everything, the fender had to fit the car: you look like a *crayon box*. Collectively they are known as 'The Illegal Alien Problem.' Why is a broken heart the only one thing whole in the world? It's not as if what wants spread thin — help, though, is synonymous with trouble. I thought the bird life was fascinating. The self-immolative scenario cannot be ruled out entirely, though it probably deserves a low-probability assessment for the medium term — I am not satisfied to feel that civil liberty is just a matter of prosecutorial discretion. The way a research question is posed dictates the data that are needed: you're literature, I'm a language. No doubt he did *as he wished*. Here Amin falls into ahistoricity and formalism again. In her later years she declines depressingly into glossolalia. Lenin still seems to be winning. Suggestive less of mastery than failure — the failure of attempts to gain an end by softer means. Whether bushwhackers were paleo-socialists or thieving bums, my reasons for asserting this can be put as follows: in prose a single word represents an entire complicated argument. Some tweezers don't rip very well. Everybody gets greasy & they laugh a lot. There might not be no afterwhile, I guess integration used to be in somewhere too. Elevator etiquette — people migrate or vegetate, there is a discomfort with sexual maturity: fix burners. The facts reek of reasonable doubt, we have a new system where everybody shares the violence. Patristic literature or parasitic literature, I am not interested in a slice of life. 'Defeat' is admittedly rather hard to objectify. Her recent rhetoric of lust succeeds admirably as such. In so far as this offers anything except evasive insinuation, it invites a quick answer: I'm one of those knowledgeable innocents, I am a private person — structure; are we robots? To the whip, the seeds; flower their

language. I'll stick with my little hoops, an ocular promiscuity has prevailed. Who was it that called scabs, 'little blankets'? Androgynous catatonia is the answer to repulsive macho, earnest, respectable, unexciting. There is no furniture. What prompted?: all purpose. Only fools wait.

WORDS which almost never are capitalized, very rarely discussed. It seems like there's so much to tell you, only because I want to tell you everything, the defense of a narrow place against odds, confusion: rejection: confusion desperately abstracted, hope self-cancelled, self-counselled, showing the deepest relationship between socialist transformation and literary possibility no longer adequate as a reflection. If you have important information about your community, stow it. Stop bullying the words! BOOK ARRANGEMENT — rainbow shelf; body as agon, labyrinth self, most pennants need not be attached, most kids do not have to be locked up. Politics may be many things but it is narcissism first and foremost because there is more safety in the certainties of separation than in the contingencies of wholeness. It's hard to know what everyone *else is* thinking at the same time — I'm unsure of the language for the emotions I've not had, I haven't had time to sustain all my enthusiasms. Where there is romance... there *must* be repression because enchantment is necessarily founded upon misleading or partial knowledge. Favorite pastime of man is fooling himself, blurred at the edges & unsure of its center, a typewriter is a woman's natural enemy: genius finds its own responsibility — and flees! This could be spurious hindsight.

Cynicism ain't no morality. The words sound a deeper, humbler, more intimate note than we have heard hitherto. It's there in redefinition imposed upon me, or would be, by the having here, there! ground undercut skittering off somewhere horizon to get it any way you can so enough? enough? We will run amok among the old certainties a man

can be honest and *completely* wrong. ‘... could be seen as oscillating between the need to be special and a sense of being worthless; the more he needs to be special, the more worthless he will feel, and vice-versa. Therefore to change he will need to stop seeing the world in terms of special vs. worthless.’ Hebephrenic means madness occurring at puberty Santa, go ho ho ho. There might not be no doggone after awhile, black black black black black black. Enthusiasm often went with misreading. Everything was voluntary. The argument runs crudely as follows / The truth runs roughly as follows / McGeorge Bundy’s memo did not circulate. She has the dexterity of a dildo which guarantees their femaleness? Positivism tries to divinize the empirical method to discuss the phenomenon of abandoned babies; they ransack each other’s bodies for the answer. Increasingly formulaic.

You and I are going to have a good old-fashioned chin-fest. Although it does seem logical that people would learn from their mistakes, history does not support this assumption. Spade Coolie, arising from a teleological model. Words, women, and material goods — come to think of it, his use of the voice as a vestigial organ. Which ought to indicate at least the simpler relationships. She has mammoth prettiness, vigorous noises on these matters. Impitoyablement. He is writing his memoirs as a demonstration of the regularities compulsively secondhand. Hearts of the west. Unmasked as a set of crushing obligati. An anomic darkness and a plan and a plan and an anomic darkness, obsessional classic male neurosis. There have been grammatical investigations of optatives and subjunctives, projects, specific things all decked out with curiously intense detail — by the time a student graduates from high school, she or he will have been exposed to 350,000 television commercials: a tiny misshapen bit of genetic material. Every bell chimes. Words and objects *dovetailed perfectly*, diction as ‘radiantly dark’. And it is sophistry to camouflage the obvious as complex. How can I maintain my *ambitions* & my *alienation* at the same time? Nothing in either tape format now.

Can the heart be adequately protected — not to say: open — within any system of power? Surrealism *is* a variant of illusionism; Elmo Hope *is* Derrida. Outh. Purple Pilot Fineliner. The Fish is a sign of Christ. They are obviously not against obscenity as such. The bluefish action is just fantastic. Analgesic deception. Have a care of this book; no hour be better spent — how many times would the office equipment be stolen before the desire to replace it dwindled? In the nature of the case, the evidence is either puerile or lost. My heart was doing a heavy tattoo. Where to locate the accuracy of a statement like this — in the figure of the words, in maps of memory, in a more hypothetical reconstruction of all the ways that *could* have been, in blind luxuriant guesswork? Stupidity is not a very interesting analytic category insistently misinformed. The arduousness of the game is dizzying. ‘Maybe any of this perspective is an illusion. Sometimes I just want someone to tell me that I am good enough but I am not quite sure what it is I want to be good enough for.’ *Krisen, Kriege, Katastrophen*. Pleasure means inefficiency. Hosing down the sugar beets.

An outline or dream rather than a mere aggregation of facts and my own over-complications. Countries even disagree on what things are right. A great deal of Marxism, midnight Marxism, he adjusts for windage: abridgement of ‘automatic marxism.’ THINGS TO DO = THINGS TO DE DONE WITH. It is backward and cannot be held too close no matter how tactfully the regrets accumulate inside. Went outside for an unpredicted nosebleed little nub, take your place among the doilies yellowing beside social morality & celebrated murderesses: a fetal trance state. This argument can be extended to birth defects as well. A compradorial morpheme. And that ‘missed opportunities’ are additions of resonance, not causes for denial, reification, martyrdom? Education: the presentation of models of intellectual enthusiasm and self-discipline — look at Presidential Papers for ‘58 & ‘59 & ‘60 for examples of Eisenhower’s post-stroke aphasia. “Every time I made a

mistake it was because I was not radical enough” (Sartre). Whatever might be included *might as well* be denied — as well, acting confidently as preface yet undeniably one’s quirk of fate gimme all you got (lines of, actually *rows of* antiqued containers to regret) — I have *gotten* as close as would be... natural time.

Analysis of FACTS — MUST DEAL FALSE ADDRESS. Coffee tourniquet — propaedeutic sex: languor feigned language’s rope-a-dope. I mean, fuzz-tone *dobro*, as if she were gossiping about herself. Everything looks as if it were for sale. Hopes & responses, a camaraderie of morphemes *multum in parvo* (much in little) — I wonder if your brain cells change shape when you sleep. “Are you trying to butter me up?” “Well, I can take a hint.” No, this is not the one where Garfield says, “Everybody dies.” It’s better than symbolism. In some ways I think I miss dirt more than I miss trees. Teasingly integrated. Knowledge as a form of constraint: I’ve thrown away my mind over you, a big step, a bit clearer, still anecdotal, certainly comes in handy. And her seemingly awkward brushwork is agreeably energetic — like someone went to sleep first. Lunging around, thick-toned and directionless, that’s a way of not explaining it sufficiently *free of known rules*. Mother errors; marriage was given an arbitrary value of 500. Encounter groups, the formalism of intimacy: he now thinks in terms of cashmere. Not everybody has read everything: a lean toward the visual, the end is brought to recognize that it’s words.

We are lucky to be living now — I propose xenophobia, in the direction of working class agitation. *He* never wants to become an object — he had refused a supposed piece which swallowed up incumbent; defeats happen, these moves were out in the open “where there is clarity there is no choice.” Whole tone! Only purposes suck one in, but fears embodied in models: trial and error under fire has taught them little. The issue beckons for political soapboxing. A deal to trade their

daughter for a 1964 car, sissy factory of the world. Every dramatic effect had taken away just doing that. My self-destructive caution, the sense of *rubato*, the lures of jealousy & frustration about audience, recognition, precedents, &c., feeling both ‘underemployed’ & less-than-prodigal shines on my rose homily. Lists exhaust the *context*. BARE SEX BRIBES IN BOOZE BIZ. Lapidary illusion, the *simplici* of their imagination — in the dark at night, sunset hollows light out, desk equals poem. To warren it from end to end. Right, right. They are to be found primarily among the serious sex offenders. And say I do I do, with the exception of Oklahoma Stomp; conscience calls bluff — that’s just frost out on the pumpkin.

Too many crushes. Plants don’t leave real time. I hope letters brought some of what I could bring up into words out of feeling. Slide of guitars forsake buzz of homecoming undressing, my heart was doing a heavy tango. “No words can be put in to explain the words” — here, apropos: “the novel is a narrative that organizes itself in the world, while the cinema is a world that organizes itself into a narrative.” It’s so exciting to be obsessed, even books *owned*, we’re just the victims of it’s easier than working. It doesn’t make sense not to be a communist. Tarry not — be the one thine settlement with myself a temporaried ruse for accosting a ruin finding out *where* and *what* we are, not who I am of ghosts of spirits of airs of hopes, be back beside your knees crawling yourself out to think at all. The failure is never shattering — only the slow erosion of expectations, expectations which are not dreams, but concrete: things to have organized an edifice of self-esteem and social worth around. Few people plan their thoughts as carefully as Plato. Throw away your self-consciousness and be like a table. Independent as hogs on ice.

Mavericks do not become great leaders. The organization is more the weighing of one part against another within a whole than the building

of a whole through systematic succession. She is a child playing house inside her own enthusiasms, the kind of success that can only be measured in loss, a lot of useful scrutinizing, the insidious connection develops between economic dependency and sexuality. S, S, S & s & s, an intellectual: someone living articulately beyond her or his intellectual means. We have no other, a phrase that badly needs study. Nonsense bargains. I don't want an art of visual aids, this is the problem of an index. Events now followed with bewildering rapidity. What shit about loaves and fishes? Meet-me-tonight-cowshed. Vestiges of illusionism do not overpower but assume their place in a revealed activity — “the terms I like to see,”... Faithless Love, “defensive communication.” Well grubbed, old mole! Taken as a whole, they are like quicksilver do's and don'ts — what is the status of ‘always’? Ten trillion flies cannot be wrong: Eat shit. Like a searchlight that had found its target, man's auditory equipment is similarly elaborate. (‘No beliefs to propel him, only imposed but arbitrary obligations.’) The touchdowns are the triumphs of will.

Music & romance had me cornered that weekend. Consider Plato's system types. A dog with a bone; he worries along with it until it cracks and he can get at juicy marrow inside = contextual explanation, eloquent obbligato of penitentiary. Is literature a Truancy from life? — you'd rather be somewhere else, the particularities of U-Haul. More than a thousand different languages are spoken in New Guinea. As though her qualities of heart, vulnerability, unabashed (though sequestered) feeling, has an *influence* on me, but allows me to proceed in an essentially (in essence) one dimensional.... “You have to stuff yourself” (Nureyev), ‘austerity straining against imaginative wealth’ these people earn their poverty. The government may torture people by attaching electrodes to their genitals, but they do seem to know how to control inflation — Whorf was an outsider. THE COMMUNICATIONAL SUCCESS OF A MESSAGE IS IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE AMOUNT OF REDUNDANCY IT CONTAINS. Would the

establishment of a socialist commonwealth in America only make the preservation of a moderate international political system that much more difficult — and less likely? PARING DOWN TOOLING UP, FOOL AROUND — FOOL YOURSELF: at its lower levels irony is indistinguishable from apathy. Memory weakens in your stead.

Women are counted upon to energize the salon. (Recall how anticipatory surrender is parasitic upon coercion.) Simply the *speed* of reading has become a severe hobble — strenuous exercise vs. the spectator sports. There's no way to go *beyond* Marxism without going, full-face, into it. This position, known as 'feudal,' is not common. I feel like more & more a foundry set up for the casting of replicas of myself. If anything, there will be retrogression — everybody doesn't pay attention to everything. If I want a fire, I want to know how to produce the flame that will set the faggots alight — your golden touch enlightens my body. The worst is never sure. Is man then *both* a 'crooked timber' and an 'anthropology of disproportion'? Red-orange lozenges. He immediately telephoned the news to the Tsar, who commented characteristically, 'this is disturbing'; that it should have been thought that there is a mystery about this is itself a mystery — for reasons of space, I will not develop it here. The supplication? But that is not my fault. Lacquer the lungs, the knees of time are upon us. Alternatives are alternatives, hello & sweets for connoisseurs for years. This is of course very easy to say — and indeed, probably goes without saying.

What can capitalist culture cull? From us — as to our best? Modesty is seldom innocent, one keen observer was grossly misled. They always make me blue it seems. This is no mere linguistic accident. Excitement not from achievements, but simply there is the passionate desire to 'get through,' now they are almost invisible, let's face it, introduced to class distinction frontally my brains my ticket my upward mobility: I want horizons. I could get enthusiastic about Poland. Mass slaughter

replaced duelling by charioteers: one little, two little, three little roller derbies. One cannot mimic conviction. My hand would not tremble, I made little loops. This confusion has often been repeated,^{FN} the importance of not repeating it will emerge later in my argument. I was steadfastly against this, and being so, remained steadfastly against myself — I feel even less happy about the notion of *existential* synthetic *a priori* statements. I *my* sickly — I WAS MISLED INTO THINKING, I'm going into birds of prey. This also seems the place to raise a skeptical eyebrow. Violent teen-agers terrorize communities taking the hull by the helm, *casus belli* — through that small opening much tyranny may be slipped. Lips hurry debutantes, you're socializing me right now.

Let me try to explain this rather cryptic statement. Ahh — the discursive redemption of validity claims, achieved without pathology, and strengthened, snookering, picky, picky, picky. I have run ahead, desperate will. Why not radios? Reform efforts repeatedly stumble because they tend toward systemic change. The larger the print, the more believable it is — HE IS ALL ELSE BUT. Go to free. Angrier and angrier... Do I read you right? Used hooks? See (and use!). This involves considerably more than waving the flag, just how close these ties are is revealed in one remarkable statistic — on that topic, however, I have already said something. The decay of the voice, as is fitting, by way of expiation, inhabits upward. But many men are born policemen. Right now I guess I believe in individuality more than anything else, political space is curved: there is a difference between seeing marks on a page and reading words. Silkily evokes it. I hate dealing with messages that may not have been intentionally transmitted delicacies of randomness. I'm glad you got into the material, implications in wording. Yankee Doodle Dandy — I'd like a cupcake. And yet there is little repetition, no lassitude, nothing predictable, legible sounds provide comely obligation, slackened, humid embouchure.

We deal here with the friendship of machines. I keep trying to persuade Jim to become a veterinarian — we have enough cats to make it economically feasible. Statistical ventriloquy — who wants to be an American, anyway. I would like to see a lot of naked (sic) girls — suddenly I realized that things had gotten out of hand. Embarrassed by the curls, Interpretation of the Original Rhythm. I am not happy with my light; I am unhappy with my lights. Kosher enzymes, kosher enemas, sap flows from the gunbarrels — what is needed is a new arrangement of the hideous nature of war. A desire is a desire for something. Shorter shrift is given to the Monophysites. Was real red meat coming? Young bodies in tight, colored shirts still do their Hondas. Marks and sounds would be so much gibberish. He dexterously amasses implausibly complex evidence, the Manson analogy keeps recurring. She gives him an opportunity to show a less volatile side which is not especially stimulating — this may seem reckless and self-absorbed to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But it is hardly meant to stand alone. FROST HEAVES. Many of the records were later destroyed.

To repeat, this is a crude measure, so he must be pretty good by now, searching for at least one night's truth with itself. Reality is not bilateral, you have run behind. Potatoes illustrate the political economy of the Northwest. Only four states proved uncodable for our purposes: Mongolia, Mecklenburg, and the two Hesses. Charles I had a point — nothing on reel — monkey chants for thee, Ron, right smack dab. Here it is tempting to draw two conclusions that do not follow — “the '50s were the last time a public could be provoked by art.” Do the pony on down. Party lights. Well, ours was causing so much trouble we had it stuffed. (I am also working along these lines). The fact that they both tell the same story makes that story believable; the mix of forms is pale, apparitional, and exquisite — but it is all familiar surfaces. My hope is that what is lost in qualifications will be repaid by unencumbrance. (No talking or movement). Pretty lies. Optimism has taken a

beating. It does make it happen superbly well. Utterances are never simply sentences, there is room for words on subjects other than last words. I'm boiling my cakes.

The temptation to speculate about why this should be is one I don't propose to resist. Exciting wreck sequence; overall, there is a good deal of tinder. He was tenacious as the dickens foxing it with opacities. He is a submariner always on duty — you can't tell a dam from a bathtub. When they can they often attempt to save the nipple. We are that much less ourselves. Dih dih dih dah. Frege knew this and told me so — I belong to the awkward squad. Disconsolately poor, he growls partly to keep from being played for a sucker. *I'm* the top — as do we all wounded spontaneity. We have done with you as well. You Auto Buy Now. They are a tribute to only one known art -taxidermy. See my pumps? Picturesque in form and gay in color, they are energetically strangling, killing, and eating one another. Without structure it ridicules you largely skirt. This example is extreme, but hardly unique. Just dive head first into the pool — anality is banality, visual artifacts of cultural aggression. Whose accumulated grayness resembled nothing so much as a distant cumulonimbus. I loved to botanize, caressing lonely epistolary style. Mankind menaced by mutant bees. Like any guided missile.

Desperately abstracted, dragged briefly from the speaker's platform. I am more cynical & skeptical. Habits of mind resist change: Fort Apache. I like to see her a bit hard on herself. The list is endless but time is not bartenderness, Shame Exposure. Flabbergastation. Gun précis. It's better to either be sick or not sick. Donatists and Pelagians come off very well spelunking in her throat. Does romance excuse ruin? Every sentence can be treated as a symptom to shake the snakes out of his clothes: he who chews will defecate. Whose tongue alone weighs as much as an elephant. My life: second thoughts; now this is

not so empty as it sounds I don't like many things as well. Until 1687 clocks had no minute hand. *I* didn't say dildo. Radioactive enemas. Irresistible thin arms. L'audace, toujours l'audace — the opportunity for recondite tedium knows no limit. Lord Haw Haw? — treated the unwelcome question with perfect virtuosity, awesome precaution. And that zither music!, where is my keys where is my keys where is machismo? Convulsionaries as shadowless as a dream incongruously definite, a kind of exercise built up among differing particulars. So does a wooden plough.

Political scientists lack audacity. Palestine does not occur in the New Testament at all. A tropical parody. They are not adequate to the sense of duration they evoke. Crime makes a comeback, the gorgeous solitary all emergency seclusions: bankruptcy with a bullet, I guess integration used to be in somewhere too. His self-driving, self-rootedness reminds us of the peculiar significance given to individualism on this continent — they're like real dross set in nutcracker-like jaw. Is that a thirty-year sentence? When is this tupperware party? It is more than covariance; it is symbiosis — with maps. Loom loom. 'T'. Is it like lasagna? I like groups. They flatter you with [unreadable],... Not in his canonic artifices, imagine Keats as a lens — it was a premeditated expression of goals. Dialogue not as a cog of plot but as a human utterance once again assumed the shadow of a sandwich squeezing likewise — persecutory delusions should not be considered evidence of grandiosity. The consumer society is eating itself. Like many people more interested in ellipse than in continuity, actors & factors not small tidily-constructed art objects. "Resistance to capitalism is the decisive form of the necessary human defense" (Raymond Williams). (END END) I'm banged out.

Hips protect the unborn loss of an ideal mental state. Quiet now so so much easier to memorize the present tense. Along that arch of your

neck, not voluptuousness of self-doubt or self-recrimination finding a place in jerry-built life for whatever feelings. I'm blanking myself, I'm going to have a house spirited misanthropy. SELF TONES UNITE TUNING TONGUES. Hedgehogs like totalitarian worlds. [PRESENTATION — Another important criticism of Referee 3 concerns presentation (and here Referee 2 disagrees, as does Referee 1, who acknowledged that we write clearly). He states in Paragraph 1 that "simple points are made hard to grasp, presumably to give one the impression of subtle thought or to cover up dubious jumps in the logic of the article by verbal perfume." A cursory reading of our text indicates that this is *ridiculous invective*. (As for his examples, the term "self-referring" relates to an argument presented in one of the *previous works* and is clearly stated. The term "intractable" — we assumed was EASILY graspable by even the most superficial reader, etc.)] A self-basting turkey. Yet clearly the capitalist class will give up democratic forms before they will commit class suicide. I spent six years fighting Hitler for this?

Sugar brings out flavor of oranges. Our love affairs — first time we couldn't *share* our troubles; 'strategy: start talking as if you already *are* / *were* lovers' — you've overloaded all of the less discriminating circuits. Despite the speech is speaker or again, tact such speakers so much platform, book length, pedantic truth of forms delighted with empty time into esteemed desk mind clash occurs orderly namely, that good tactician into plural that portion when instinct anything briefly riddles impossible dead language formulations of it is. Likewise, the utmost surplus 'a' leaves the least make have it well be the proof of book assassination of is impossible is joined Lord knows! was launched the locution roadability both outrage. Tympanum. It is always difficult to have a double identity, at no point can one be sure he has got a thing right — how many have lost touch with the *real* standards? Stick right stuck clown sorry light up my big disgrace, Enossified Roxy, hey, hey! A dish of marinated quails' eggs could mean, 'Play knight to

knight five at once' or 'Women keep me high.'

Put the penises together & made a log cabin sleep three heads on a pillow, the very essence of floral masculinity jutting metallics — the effect is that of an invulnerable object rather than an expansive stimulation, signage, a hydrogen curtain between. I was all atwitter. There is no other knowledge but that gathered surreptitiously. An end to aloofness, awkward diffidence, slick glib mannered party behavior [*and* abandon oedipalized longings for a compensatory total devotion] — a Victoriana of the austere. Panoramic keyboards never got ajones, orthopedic pocketbook an ever-denied release from inner wounds. Cinch belts and organ swells personalized far beyond recitation. Spiriting away of material objects, the mind had doomed the heart from the outset. And, he added menacingly, we've got the airports! To flutter the doves. Students were no longer intimidated by the library. The dissolution of the Revolutionary Ensemble — was it ushered in with the introduction of *plastic* forks? We should share the Rolls Royces — it is rather a penetration through a *systematic* distortion introduced into the social universe by the prescriptions ground into our social lenses. As Justice Holmes once put it: "Let us talk things, not words." At least horticulture is some kind of context.

In the Sixties, signification became a substitute for significance — clandestine activities leave few traces, an invalid calculator operation has been requested. But the felt need for bluegrass is qualitatively different from the felt need for a vaginal deodorant. Of course it's clubby. Every time you blame someone, at that moment, you take the *system* for granted, are *inside*. I conquered my linguistic neighbors to form Germany, they leak like Grandma Moses. I'm blanking too would gladden the hearts of the technical types — debate the tail rather than the dog. This inability to modulate mood such as chords — perhaps fellatio completes the jaw. Reasons are not the same thing as justifica-

tions. Is there a line for your lips? Do you spend more time reading poetry than you do masturbating? Light should be free, in fact it fears it. For all its cloying moodiness, it is also touched with zealotry; hammering, noisy tuttis. They don't let women in the tunnels. I just have bad dreams about data. The heart is not palatable. A work — society.

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