

MOLE WORM MAN
(a book of notes and quotations)

MOLE WORM

It was a humid summer evening in the hole town room, and the broadcast echoed across the block, sounding like blood,
and mesmerizing glory.

I was sedated .

It was entertainment hour, the spirits bled from the altars and coated the soul.

I went to shut it out. They weren't my gods.

glazing over the frozen flowers of detached dreamscapes which sell themselves to me from the window panes. They melt in the eyes and its puddles I gaze upon. We grew stupid in the night – rubbed blind and blinking at impressions.

We had lost contact ages ago, and we floated, while standing still. Unmoored.

I looked in the mirror and it was dark pools of water, like spider eyes.

We were used to too much. Our perceptions, we – I - bump the constructs in the dark, decadent was our devising.

something blank on the horizon,
like a wind, for a gull
rubbing themselves blind,
from circular current,
braille librarians,
the warm and mammal
button clicks
it all so passes
often quick,
youthly bump into things
a hoarse and waning
fountain pen
all the night is not enough
“But whats the point in
saying so?”

the small men
in the ground
I rot inside
the cause from the
condition
IMG_4528.JPG
smart moles on the job,..
while I shower
gaining purchase
along the cliff face
as I talk with my AI
and slosh I N
the mess of ,

a thousand blurring
minds , and
look for mine

styrofoam and enter tain
awaits the dome,
the hidden wane.
its empty soon,
theyre gone a gain
i sink into the foam
and end, lonely in
the loudest night
nothing twice
it was 6, my friend
and i was deeply snook.
i washed ashore
and ate some rain

it had been a week without the water full,
and it had dried and shrunk the mind
with that certain thirsting madness. i drank from the
well only when i remembered to, short gulps,
to ease the throat, and receded to my room,
and i sit at my east facing window,
“dont get old” my father tells me.
the sky turns orange, to grey to purple as the sun sets
and come aware of my white noise

it is like a string hanging
from the ceiling, with the light
to the side;
the string is nearly invisible, but its shadow
waves in the wind, appearing without a body,

a steepened blitz
into abyss,
a steel sky darkens
to dust
a house of cards
on a bed of ghosts

i spent the night squeezing into
smaller spaces, until i was

10feet tall, and
only one inch wide.
i was all stretched
out, and twisting
through turns and
and vents in the
ceiling spying thru
cracks and grates, craning
to see and call to
people around, i saw
how strange it looked
from there,

staring down
the endless hedges
entertained with vivisection
i remember a friend
who told me how
writing was to be done,
and how beer was to be drunk,
think about others, who
as they are a tv show
who
they became a big tv show
as in a big tv show
they follow religions
without ever knowing
meaningless unsightfull

i stepped into a great
whirlwind, to forget
the feeling of being myself.
my household was silent
as we all did the same
to live with ourselves,
redashing the footsteps
from where we came,
as to wake up fresh each time
the knowingless conscious,
- conscience?
- can a man do his own
rebirthing?
the darkly kept of dead already
- find a final movie moment
of it

the profound managerial exploits
of digital bureaucracy,
graced the puzzle mind
the interior dictator
at the interface,
beside the lonely mammal
 “sedan chair girls”
i become over come,
and stop to
understand anything
like rodents
we scurry to rot
as our gods,
conducive to terrible narratives,
heart pain and death
30 seconds are left

i sat awash from the things
hysteria, and confusion.
blunder
i write badly, my own
behind columns of steam
 i trip and fall,
and hit my head,
doomed purple pyramind
slanting to a sloop I
slowly, gentlemanly
inquiry, swooping,
softly,
blearily half life
on a comet in space

the Nails
 came up thru the land
 and were stakes
 to hang the people on.
nostalgia realigns
not ready to see,
a deep absorbtion? necessary
social fabric set piece
from through a vane
a DELUSIONAL male
SCRIPTED COUGH, seeks
seeks finality seeking finality

in stone 500 years
900 years

myshkin's five minutes
see clearly, the unseen.
mimetic remake of
abyssmal spaces; plasted spectacle,
not living inside my eyes.
i looked outside, the sky was a cavern
with lights all trailing,
and we in the dark
perpetrating,
silent to ol,
and dream states allegiant

conceived in the summer, half way through.
appeasement to my elders, i turned out to be a gremlin, crouching in my shower hole
drunkenly missing the
burning days
despising the
snow globe world
of the atlantic movemaker
the world stuffed into a
single new yorker article

the year is 2639
and wes andersen
is the minister of
propaganda .,
wes anderson may be
a the neo liberal goebbels
a new york hitler
housed in hollywood,
empty and waiting
for rearing
from where though
i place my thoughts
down stream
and say to myself;
"Im just what they need."

the elastic can snap
coldly around the fire
of unbidden wild men
i dont see these things,
i get covered in weeds

i fall off into sleep
time space time, lines
reaching out 5000
the unwashed now
it is cold today and
i crack my window open
to smell the fresh air
and i feel like a
bear in a cave

a good player in the
magic tent
herculean zuckerberg
for my mother's house
have nothing happen to me
and know the least about it
 a fortified Sunday time in castle town
just maximum clown houses to keep up all in
i click CLEAR HISTORY
and PRETEND VIRGIN
AGAIN
no restart a la life
ail for visitors
its simple, GUILT FREE

cough drop losenge
academic free fee
see me

 up on
the shore of a
new day with
some things about
me
strewn across
the sand
 slobbering occupations
andarmage blocking stone
 surface seeking clone
every rotting wilted
instead of pious i am bitter
SILENT AND MECHANICAL
DISLODGING THE HUMAN

3000 Years Banging On The
radiator drums
silkenly rust and debris

in the pakistan clubs

dislodged cement kingdom
abstract
what is actual the
a room, changing with light
disconnected
from the mind
the body in
a different time
borne of christ

they knew back then
but did not care.

 the united states
 driftsapart

--- --- the seams,
eastern coal
steel and steam
the western coasts,
a computer dream
the shape of things
Bleedenning

idly pulling hairs in thought,
leaving them all around.
traveling each room of
the house, as if each
were a different country,
with its own peculiarities
and traditions,
 turn the wheels,
 PISSIN THE FIREHOUSE
 TOO TAME, TOO TAME
 TRUDEAU, JOR DAN
 we throw so much much
 into it, see what
 it brings

YOU GET DRUNK

YOU ASK THE
PEOPLE
Get drunk, in a
of mind
Stone Temple
millions of flowers,
i know nothing
about varvalion
“Some fly accursed
from the beginning
of time”

darkness from inside
the plastic suit,
the silver coffin
lying bare laying there
to avail its e lf
aglessly,
night mare horns
walking blurry
“Its so funny”
very quirky
pandemic aphrodite
a mildew shield
500 old just found
today
,

banish myself outside
the water
muldoor at my hotels
nonconvinving theme
park ignore me
for the benefits ;
dealt with
false rhythm no drums
weak signal
who cums
the stained jersey
with spittle
no one sees

The face tuning was always on, with the filter set to “smile”
binary environments , apply to

thinking therein
puffer piece/peace relation to "It"
 "Did you even once
 experience 'It'?",
undepartable baseline of feeling
the computer is busier than I

Rushing to go drink coffee.
My attachments are enumerable
Keep an independent cross reference safely hidden
and the wherewithal to reference.
Sometimes it is always night time, And i am
stationed by the fire
to defend it, I move
through the days, with
this fire in my mind,
Seeing enemies and shadows
Everywhere,

And other times, it is day,
And a heavenly light pours
into my mind, reaching every
corner of the room,
and it appears so Ancient
and just, the basic shapes
before me, as things have
Been, for Thousands of Years.

There s talk of leaving the pod tonight
 distraction and depletion
Twilight in the yesteryear.
Malice in the ruins,
Amokly held by the
 newins

Hoarders, a Human Rat
a coward lacking movement,
of grinding gears so worshipped
for some things
the day it is made,
is the day it is opened
WHAT A DISGUSTING
 MESS, ON THE
 FRINGE OF THINGS

SICKNESS AND
DEGREDDATION
WORLD
HOW DOES A BIRD
COME UP WITH
ITS SONG

the Ponzi spokesperson
selling
the children a popcorn
machine and
minifridge
android tablet,
sell at home
remind your parents,
fundraise for the school,,
the school needs funds,
put the children to work, for our corporate sponsors

The commercial woman
bred to be fashionably
Abused,
Onlooked by
the clowns pretending
they were real

picking thru rubble,
buy stress relief today
[music]
Captioned service
chisel and pick
mister maxon
Am i a my stic ?
Robots and avatar
SUBJUGATION ,

Become the chess piece
In the house of mirrors
As long as Im cleaning
I am someone
to talk to,
A
Productive entity,

of the natural realm,
a backwind gust
The wax was melting
and I saw the Face Beneath,
The Church Collapsed,
its caverns retreat
into the earth
caverns like the trail of some giant beast

A million things, I rub it in
another appliance for our lives
facilitated from high
every day is a god damn battle for mental health and sanity
and we spiral a little further each time, “Aniara” trajectory;
“Dead Flag Blues” – “We woke up one morning, and fell
a little further down. for sure its the valley of death.”

Perscription fall off,
“there shall be,
no more time”, the slate-face
bone-yard merch-and-ise,
perimeter grid,
splotches of light.
now that the world is a machine,
the only way forward is perfection,
and the human surrender to assimilation
to it

Fear and binarism in the eyes of the internet user
browsing the wiki facts
to confirm themselves today .
and i worry that they will usurp control
and govern my mind
wide ruled: it burns
fractions, decimals ,
percentage ;
 ‘god bless his
 little heart

“You good bro?”, im
thinkin to myself
after all this time
like it was 2016
still, and i
was asleep this
whol time

a personal life;
a call to the blind,
the reality is;
you gotta hold it
in your mind. ʎqɔq
„ʎɹnɔq,, ɔɔ ɹɹns.mɹd
ɔɔ
ɹɹɔɹɹ ɹɹ ɹɹɔɹɹ
ɔɔ ɹɹɹɹɹɹɹɹɹɹ

deeply in a shallow pond
the blue blows thru
the window
how beautiful things
can be

„ɹɹnɹɹɹɹɹ ɹɹɹ
ɹɹ ɹɹɹɹɹɹɹ ɔɹ
ɹɹɹ ɹɹɹɹɹɹɹ ɹɹɹ,,

to shift the identity system
the sheer stupidity blindly
powers the world, society
hurling through the dark,
headfirst into delusion
in sickness, amassing still,
in piles, on/by the floor/door
why look at the
faceless spin?
sinking into a series
of temporary obsessions, one to
the next, call it
self progression, only
to awaken unknowing
of anyone or anything
about me

Let them have their

search for personality,
But wonder where I/it may lead
the instruction manual towers monolithically
on the landscape,
its diagrams taller than the buildings,
blocking out the sky ,
its meaningless
instructions glaring
like ancient wisdom
amidst the smoking ruins
oil-filled radiator
heater owners manual
Model No. 0H12

i am a fascist machine,
stomping down the
middle of the street
with my big old boots
expunging excess energy
as I stomp down the middle of the street
in my big old boots,
interminably
 now thats a
 question, jack
i tend to the
mushroom village

EGO TRIP :
IM THE ONE
WHO LEFT
FOGGY CLOUDS
THATS RIGHT
JUST NOT
GOTTA SAY
NOTHIN
DISGUSTIN
THERES A LOT
OF DISGUSTING THINGS
THAT COULD BE
SAID.
INQUISITION TO
HORRIBLE MATH

STAY ON
THE LEVEL
WHAT? MY LEVEL

DOIN
STUPID SHIT
IM ALREADY
PRACTICED
HAVE THEM
IN MY EAR
IM CHEAP
I CENSOR

MYSELF
“it”, I SAY IN A
HUSHED TONE
“its very serious”

FLYIN OUT
the god damn
GALAXY
? love the
grown ups

written in
black outmoded
writ
written in black
out mode;
no history ;
no memory
venturing
to 24/7 ralphs
to see
to buy
not truly;
“The Decline
of Western
Civilization

do
how do i love you
the mans not actually
 breaths
cold : he breaths
how can my chest
do different people

“These ladies “Very
are very sumptuos”
why you do the feet thing
in your photos
 some lizard
I think of your lips
everyones same

Dead fly on ground;
interminably lonely

PASSIONLESS DEATH
IS THE BEST
as i lay crumpeled

not enough spleen disease
in your friends life,
crossing the river
is no place
for the convertible
how different is
glory in the hyper life,
to the one who pulls the
rug

synthetic champagne over
which she is screaming
the marking in garden
i cut my feed
so polluted
transition to at-home
movie consumption
a cyclic fishing of
america as a mental institution ,
open ended sisyphian
shaped , the less
distracted , the more
i lose my mind.

we watch stupid movies
there is no hope
return to brain death
it is ideal
a mirrors a camera
she surveilles my
home
my steps are soft
adding labels
goes unasked
she wants to make me look
to see the nothing
of which she
reigns supreme
a good soldier, to who
possibilities don't exist

porn bytes in the wires,
by tree in the sky
islands in floating
citizens so white
how they flock together
little ticket stub holder
to a ticket to hide
bring in bulldozer

why am i so
bitter
its always a scam
morally stuck
in service to Sue
renter relation

the factoric reproduction
of the same and similar,
fools eternity,
a scary horse day
absolute brain hemmorhage
nothing sexy except
conjunctivitis
“I just say things”
Do spiders experience vertigo
“So much is lost”,
all is lost on me,
for sake of my indecency
what a weakling little
inconsistently convenience,
bleating, chained
to the beautuful
beautiful
the only thing beautiful
in our society are our digital
lies, all i can see of
beauty the only beauty
i can see is in lies,
ON SCREENS, the performances
personas and expressions
of simulated self.
was it always this way
i dont have it
triumph of the self conscious,
over the sub-conscious ?
the repackaging of
intelectual consumption
a masterful night mover
does some window
shopping, wouldnt
even appreciate them,
if you had them

under dolmen arches
loss of “lost upon”
“pallida morte futura”

one is fun for
the change it goes thru

“Im at a point where
i need the castration”
a memory hole
negotiation
besides the ‘self’
dug up from the dust
a poetic signalling .
of a dysfunctional disorder
I sheathed it

its in vain to say
“You live in a tomb”
cat lady martini demographic
martini cat lady demographic
such “violence” “violent”
delusions on the
main page

Youtube main page,
March 24, 2022
“Oldies playing in a coffee shop and its raining
(Calming rain sounds, No...
Nemo’s Dreamscapes
530 Watching [Live Now]”
“”Magnaphone” Art Installation
on Board Amawaterway’s Award-Winning...
Amawaterways River Cruises
92 Views – 1 Day Ago”
“Michel Onfay: “Face a
Poutine, q’ua l’Europe a
offrir hormis des Iphone
et.. – Sud Radio
847K Views – 2 Weeks Ago”

at dinner-time,
the same 5 background
songs play; the
familiar tunes ,

‘symbolic
of that fancy and
implicatedly
splendid and noble
european past.
how tactlessly we
recal it now.

Stendhal and Cimarosa,
Strange Dinosaur Australian Lady

simulated work
under EternalArtificial sun
clinging to rusted city bones
What if your definition
of “working together”
is “Do what I tell you”,
thats “working for you”
no improvement required
no restitution required.
the way a person lives
can be a death of its own
 pity they dont know it,
a shame when they chose it,
emboldened by an arsenal

of their own delusions:

“People know everything”
“its worse than lacking”
“ Maniacs ”
it was a big night for the madam,
she spoke, loudly,
nearly yelling,
reinforcing herself
with violent laughter.
How secure ,she must be.
 soon I will
Apologize, to her
for the transgression
of reminding her
that others exist

What a mistake I had made
trying to reason with the delusional.

to consider myself sane.
or clever.

her envoy Arrives
bringing a letter from
customer fulfillment.
will/shall i give her
an audience?

or am i truly
sane tonight.

Filling my ears with wax,
I put on A Dumb Look,
and practice wringing my hands
before entering her lovely
abode

Instead I did boast
shamelessly
there is such violence
in the “every day”
peace ,
and I turn my head
from it, to busy myself
in my small nothing
away from the bloated
tyrants lair
how badly i want
to be clever

digital peace from
the simulation machine
its her world, we're just
livin in it
replicate nothingness
“The Director of Her Conscience”
some forest to be
he designed
the pieces of
barbeque sauce
just said
it was cassius
diazepam
and his name was
chris

now nobody knock

Fleshen remorse

fat alone

two

for 200 hundred hours

saticoy

hollowed the earth

flattened the water table

LA the desert

exit/exodus in droves,

are we not celestial bodies

terestrially mounted

with terestrial mounting

British man goes to japan,

buys 17 Dollar Strawberry

Float my scabbed intestines

in bloated yogurt water,

probiotics heal the nation

probiotic healing

state

tersely coded

polar bundayabba

the Good Jam

gets you to heaven

i understand none of this

and am just a nuisance

a conscience like

an oil slick

I cannot see how

ANYTHING IS

ONLY HOW IT WAS

“ Slinken Back

To pocket ”

open one of my canned sayings

from off my shelter shelf

NO I Don't ever change

the interchangeable

illusion of eternity

suppose there is a plastic

casing over our lives,

a sheer film,

saying “Im one of the

Real boys, down with

the papes during quiet hours
watching how it all works”,
moving through space
with a beat underneath,
a graveyard, a temple
WORRY DEATH AND FEAR
MOTIVATES ME ALL
self-serve buffet table conveyer
belt

all that knowledge
gets lost on a wood plank
what meaning
without houseplants
Roll out my entertainment
im a floating fatty substance
Senseless mash with no history;
bleakly here brightly here,
shining never in vended
machine decorporatocratic
Shrugged nothing land
Framework written in
Sun Day sand, I
denying why, soak where I stand.

THROW THE PAST AWAY
EACH GENERATION
UNTIL WE LIVE ALWAYS
IN TODAY
meaningless distractions in lieu of things
all day in the arcade
O ancestors, I
remember dimly
of you I hope to
I know i did breathe
are things empty here
or cannot I see
I drink to you
and hope to find/know
what things mean.

one shoe on, impulsive
i fallen into the sink ,
I am wanting
to return to Sleep
whats life for

with out time for to blink
in the mid way
the traffic
it closes
we're all forgetting
in sync
Sunday is snowing
we tunnel and boring
into next day's
a wink

make me more
 FRIENDLY
before i waste away
the impossibility of
fixity
“my ancestors want me
 to drink”
and drink good
the scaly modes
of darkin drinken
a stupid mushroom

 had a dream
wandering 30 years
in the tomb park,
decaying, arguing among
the debris in the park,
and stumbling home
drunk with no glasses
or water, too dark
to see, too tired to
go on, i laid down
on the grass of the
child hood cul-de-sac
and dreamt of a small
room robot bringing me
water, but it wouldnt,
and it went back to work

I wake up and open my
phone to the entertainment pit
and tried not to
fall in
its the empties light
youve ever seen

its almost darkness itself
leaving the mist
i hear the bird call
my fathers nose whistles
im entombed in
a golden land o whiera books
and my back slips off
the bone, I puddle
on the floor ,
in the harbor
in the dome

who was the priestess
how is old balzac
OCCIDENTAL IN MY BUNK
i am proud of my stomach
bacteria
NIGHT LIFE ON THE JETFUEL
T Evening was yellow
and the police searchlight
cast a white blue
light over neighboring
houses,
it shone in our backyard
and throw windows
and I realized i was
not but a sheep
yet I joined in the search

An unwanted ugly
in the lady's playground
air tight sand box
and childs birth right
her insulated reclining
shes/stays draped in stale air
and wounded
the entire city was
a jail, and nobody knew it
god bless the simply drawn face
and curse me for my boring and
unwanted advice/unasked for advice

A GUMBALL MACHINE
BAKWARDS 200 AND
Hospice consort
backed up both ways

bent like
melted plastic
stuck in chainlink
amoebal colony
all that's lawful
in the land
BY PHONE AND COUNTRY
rubbed me spoonless, the
face torn by locusts
I sat at our Christian family
meeting to affirm her lonesome lies

water, to hear
mud, for a well,
and they dug, in the
outside kills the sickly god
they very sun
taken from the temple,
waste and outside,
by them from the
from right out of their temples
the gods are stolen
a time comes, when
the Heat Screen
slippage into dissonance
spackling * worthless
buffone Shirts Wisdom

rotten places of understanding
IN the Fish ERY

WATER! You Goon

Disgruntled in Bones
Putting on Clothes
Appearances Seething
i Dispense Disease

The Endless redemption becomes senseless
A digital medieval, in ragged remnants
Every internet, at half speed

corrupted data fragments ;
neo-heraclitus
a friendly visit to corner the beast with
a swimming pool of pity,
play practice bureaucrite ;
lonesome/loathsome Bureaucritus
a couple red hairs underarm
with 25 grunts in one word, how
do you know you're when
you speak that word, how
do you know you're using all 25?

“The abandoned and cynical attitude of the roman public”
I drink and be blind
Holding up the map, To the light
I said “How much of this
is drilled through with holes?”
I get heated and make steam in the open air,
like a fool who would not have that steam
power actual change

blue light in a dark cave
An age of madness
I burn my objects
to mimick smokestacks
They were entirely surrounded by illusions
at night she crawled back to them
her face was always lit up
and the stage it gave her meaning
and she'll continue on forever
because she is dead already

the london news anchor made our demise look sexy
to “generate political will” so much expensively
generated 3d media for video computer porn
AbsoluteDecadence
illusions mapped and fastened and prostrated,
by coal mine and smokestacks, grids
electrically
the electronic “creator” cult claim to fame

Theres real leather in the fantasies

“Times up! No one got it.”
is there always dreams and abuse
Heraclitus as
the mice scurry today is Tuesday
the eventual return from the human world
the animal world

THE STICK MAN
WITH BRUISED LOINS
HAS TAKEN HIS SEAT
IN THE COLD
SMELLING ROOM
IN THE DARK
AND HES SICKLY
“BUREAUCRITUS
AND THE FALL
OF NONSENSE”
WROTE IN INK
AGAINST THE
ONE DIMENSIONAL
PROXIMITY MINDS

i punctured
my hope
under the boxed sky
who can tell
if shes choking
or laughing?
waiting, Shameful
MWhite adpts
deficient rotting people
may i do my laundry
to be clean
for the end of days
type font A or
type font b
and aesthetic
improved

Entered the zoom room
“keep god at a Distance”
dead god alive god,

denial of sacred
space – transgressions
 rewatch zizek
maybe one day
i will have the courage
to give up words,
A desert,
with concrete

 cactus
drinking easter
 eggs

Early in the evening, the blimp was circling the stadium .

I was comforted by baseless details, which affirmed
a solid knowledge of the world
i sat in the party room, in the aftermath of the last
partie's flight from power, geese were overhead

they were using the air conditioning in the middle of winter,
it impressed them to have it running all the time.
the mosquitos bit me by the ankles,
and i kept watch for little lit-up squares ,
“Dude...these people
must be really ugly,
I can tell, from the way that they type”
i had a thought,
then it escaped me

in a bubble I think
Blimps are so commanding
with rail lines in the sky arriving
all the time,
ive seen her wrists in the evening
through the lampshade
tore the blinds
 stumbling home
i know too well
waving gnats from my earlobes in november
a big charade
i cant escape all as well

do we have a “Sphere for the realization
of divine judgements”?

what is our
“Divine ordering of human affairs” today?
I log in and see; “Die for war”
“Hot peace”
“Non Sequiter”
everybody has buzz words

Boredom and Security
by and by
its golf time in
the Social sphere
we automaton emerge
for target practice
shuffling about on the
green as they take aim
what sport what liveliness/liveliness
what a grand old Thing
this whole living Is.
They shoot, sometimes hit
but mostly miss,
and go home. we clean
up the mess and go home

My critical plan
to look better and
feel better is
to relax my body at
all times.
I have dreams where
the world is like a cave
and I am lost in it
and Tonight i was walking,
and
and felt like it was
a box, I passed a thrown
out chair, on the sidewalk,
someone had placed thorns
across on the seat

a perfumed sentry friend
to hop up, and drive around.
performing grace
im far behind
its ON brunch im far behind
a peasants frock in high demand

super vogue the illusions of
a super man the replacement of
doing with a "Hyper-Doing"
a super doing "with the Bureau"
doing, my insides rotting.
im far too ugly, and have no car
"Rabbit holes that last for years"
I dont know you, only
that ive been around you

i am Forever a fat fuck on the slime train
finds there finds
"What is said to have been there, in the time of the rites"
hieratic city-state
immigration and
referential negation
"Astronomically determined regicide,"
the cult
listening to the watch market speculate/ors
the number lovers

musical chair social
in the rubbish
seeking the slow and easy
market maneuvers
person buying speculator
"The ideological designation or perception
introduces its inevitable mystification"
receiving the corporate media package download
A sinking boat disaster
listening electric
Bring a lot of technology
"Bring the light to those who need to hide their shadow"

bilge filled bubble she .
From a barrel i
"its a dino/fraiser crying
hair meme situation'
my mind is apple sauce
in traffic flashing
IS THERE A BIGGER
DEATH THAN LOSING
followers
i cut down the tree
from the sea floor

A DISGUSTING MISUNDERSTANDING
EARLY IN THE MORNING

say non sense
splongle da meat

Drunken Ah Shmadonga

late
2000s revelry
Consumer comfort
Home appliance technology
things are over before they
cool, I have to
get out a head of time
emphasis on
Appearance over substinence
illusion and simulate
cant hold a thought together
I monologue

“Forget that we know better”

Sickness unto death
Supporting the mindless
regime
scary and not very serious
Pretty men
dont worry
they’ll go back
to their sad silenced
sad, silenced lives
soon enough, to
so you make room for
your loud empty one

I washed up on the violent
shore in the morning,
hoping for things not to see
in my dreams I had passed by a
store with perfect notebooks , I
coat my eyes with dirt
How a person can feel
none of it
only see the special useless
things

“Ive got shoes for when im really granpa”

a desire of penetration,
 fear of bleeding anal wall

Hip bone soldier
gyration front
I saw you I
roll your sleeve

Body-Machine Interface

in a short bald man
ending up watching
rooms full i thought
I knew better , but
they were right
I am very repressed
and saddened by the the
 missing
connections, are our
pushplace of desire
of longing A passion
we'll never be happy,
Just only tired .
How do they know, to
listen to well, so blithe
its nothing to me, and chastely

Performative loathsome
loathsome I am too late,
too set it up all nicely
again, i
I can not look now
I never can
There's nothing I
hate more
Reduced to camera
thinking im me
the affect of known
unknown watchers ;
"Viewers" behind
the stream
the tall men, behind
the blocks of time

the berlin kingdom
and the daggy london scene
im nobody not even.
in scale
holding my phone for
comfort
its just been years of sleep
after sleep,
"I apologize for the pain
over things that
weren't shit"

And how it had us grow
around pain over shit
that wasn't shit
easy to say sorry now
sorry isn't shit

inside the light tower,
i wasnt anybody
and didnt feel no thin'
the greatest gurantee
of all may be
"times on my side"
what thick insulation
to sleep 5 years at
a time, as a scribe
i go
flay it each time
if im early
to one thing, its cus
im late to something
else

I thought to myself ;
"Ive seen enough of you"
but I had not seen them
at all.
what if ;
I don't even have interest
in the things im
interested in?
then i don't.
there are thing
"It takes all kinds
of weather"
I AM BECOME
A ROBOT SAYING LINES
EATING ONIONS
IM NOBODY
WHATCH YOU WANT
FROM ME

No matter how
I flow in hair river
of wrong, fat faced
and scarab fellows
Blindly and be

Flicked in the
 , Dark, cookie throated
 we are this bob
 A cult of enjoyment
 i saw the new appeal to emotion and country
 in commercials in my dreams.
 I used up my heart too fast
 what did its pumping
 amount to

machine fire
 lights up my invisible gray
 the page hanging with nothing
 to say, I am so slimy
 for what they might say
 no groups ever taken
 they move on with haste
 leaving the others, back in the waste
 no use to them social
 BOREDEM DEPRESSIVE
 Melt stuck to machine
 runic accordance
 i read in her knees
 i m missing the reasons
 kept in her sleeves
 too affected to see

wasted for how long?
 is some comfort to me
 people named "anna"
 are bad luck to me
 my dive back
 into the ground
 when i make a scene
 its never productive
 my minds
 like a peanut
 maybe there is
 a discord london orbital
 i burn them
 off too

"I know better" than you

express proficiency
 more natural than machine

machine without
seeming machine without
seeming too human
well versed and preoccupied
with only room for
direction and prepackage
re-routing. a purchase
already on its way;
“predelivery”, a shop walking
window shopping in promise,
an interactive
commercial inclusive
advertisement tacitly
exclusive of undesire
with silent disgust

Not in the club,
That is so good
i left the pornos
and college twerp stain
outside their good sense
“He of me she had said;
“Here we go again”
when I had started
to Speak comfort again
direct access +
to women
part to
A slick transition
again; mechanical is desired
i turn away from
the circus nightmare
and take my
fish pill and try to dream

the imagination was
money capped
i smelled my past life
on the smoke in the
evening air.
Its amazing that whole
towns dont burn down now
In patches, the wind
and the tents
Special homeless removal
at 3am dispatch

the place had caught fire
it had been cold out
send a message saying
“NO ONES HOME”, a stand in
filler standing by the door

Tres Shmucto
a fotot no one
in the Most full sense
we're trash
do you understand
celebrate the gear slipping,
thrilling spilling Nothing,
off freed from the track
the individual separated out
only sophisticated pieces
policing and collecting ,
for some larger machine
brain ownership
brain donors hip
dealer ship

to be a human carrying no tools,
Engrossed in the social,
utilizing the cohesion of
body sight and physicality ,
the animal tools, the
creature unladen with/by
unspoken billion's complexity
it really was your body
itd really be
the footsteps stopped
in the middle of the hall
I am looking for nothing
i am looking for nothing
i am looking for nothing
Nothing at all
i take a fish pill
ang oo to sleep

infra structure for excess boredom
in the tunnel with
epic gamer sounds in my
ears, the Advertisements
iinsion of a friend group
“the Podcast”, “the Stream”

the Presence, complimented by
simulated progress, and
simulated work;
made realer than real,
Visceral Validation,
which could only be ironic
in real life, but so detailed
and favored and
sought in its tailored
and accessible virtual form

I want to be skinny and to
smell good,
to be decent, quiet, smart,
and

Sand castle vanity
tormented
collecting all data
for malicious usage
so fat around the eyes
what a nice hobby
i view my own vomit
bileghshly bloated and
used up all my cleverNess
long time ago.
a machine stuck in command

Amazing feats of chance
and geometry
grease covered words
and images slip by unfelt
I lay bloated attempt
Of levelling excess brain
mind wealth. capital
itself, the symbolic
money burning by the
Academic class,
Performance
Ass
hoping to be sunburnt
by the moon
by the moon.

WIPING THE SLATE

Admit the naivete
of my political beliefs ,
and search for convin
convincing porn
a creative mode thinker
The protestors held the
subway station and
escaped into the underground
"Straight to voicemail"

UNDER A CENTRAL AUTHORITY

GREATER TESTIMONIALS

we as fixed accumulators
the cleansing myth
to cover the trail of slime

Big Media Ceiling

what an asphyxiated space
we call normal
an increasing Nothingness
"Parasocial"
with only ironic enjoyment
at any given time some one
or some thing may be thinking
more than or less than you
we are not in a hulu netflix
original comedy show
navigate the detailed
material orientations;
religiously
such disconnect
there in
I cry

Just mofits motifs bro

mofitsmotifsmo
merge until one
continuous content life
mental jetski
Down eternal content mountain
sloping into heights and
depths unknown and
Meaninglessly plainless
detachified embedment
into super static fly papers
the gum and glue opiated

and saturating spinal vision
INDEFINITUDE OPTIMISM
OPHTHOMOLOGIST
hardening habits
axis

ACID BUBBLES MY SCHEDULE
WHEN I CUM

I use a Robot to cum
in a darkened wine bomb
self check out counter
Avoiding excess
They carry on such
a Juice Parade

i make the
terrible return

WHINING

i fuck robots and desire
nothing,
All I've learned today
is that Jimmy Buffett
Really was for yuppies,
and that no one reads Deleuze

So I Will

MY DIGITAL
AQUARIUM
MISSION
"Assaulted" by
instagramable
workout antelope
hind legs on my
self ascribed story page
maybe ive got
a PERMANENT
BROKEN HEART
IN HAND AND
IN MIND
IN VISCERAL
SOUND ADVERTISING AFFECT
STORY MEDIA COMPIL

i live with containers
my cactus turns green
the younger generation,

doesn't know about
Vic Berger
capital "D" danger
impersonal perfect
it spirals
what I i must
be totally fucking stupid
echoes forever
against the beautiful
stupid worldthank you
why do we dream
of transgression
liquify us longer

we denied
our Festival days
and insulated ourselves
within the packaging
of the perimeterzone.
Can safety,
* absolute fear
of the dark,
we die and shrivel
in the best of health,
ragged in our riches,
wicked in our right.
we cannot decide
to be scared,
or to be comfortable.

"A SHMADONGA"
CH CHEBORGA
words i made up
words i made up
on my own
the experience
of which,
I cannot write down,
it wil, will,
be cold, when I
find it,

suser kirk

streamed the coachella
for the server
Hopefully he
will get a
medal for it
voluntary lobotomy
habitually
the shirken
decaying relations
in favor of prefall
prying psychic attack
on Attachment i
env envisioning
attraction from
Across the way

The I to It; It to I
sibling story 25 ;
skinny bitches anonymous ,
little in their vessle
sunglassed lookin in
Silence of the after life
“cannot remove mistakes
from Learning process,
“Geneology of thinking-
find original Problem.
at the Genesis of
geneology
smacking my lips
Profusely

“ideology as the unreal object”
theologist, not phlaologist
“ the Meta heads
dipped into chat
and dipped right back
“AI Patriarchy”
what changes moons
color?
tax writ
Al Citraline
Malite Citraline
Citraline Precursor,
“It’ll make your
pump better”

Tell the ploba
“We doin oreeting
Poom poma 3
exit thus
exodus
it may be the
case
Smop Chat
Never knew you
but I love you
a Scribbled
Global Nobody
online
chillin phsyor

R34 StPauli Girl
but of peer
like aa water
theres no blonde girl
wearinlucas
icicle brothens
say no what
Im mhaninty
ice n froth
Vemorpear
Rerdm Beemnt
Meganm Sen
Amurch lather omoarro
I semay um

Szum Down
A honeoly T Depe Trume
Nimod N Your Day
Namo +
Wakfor
Sleeping @ Succumbes
N
Ancestor Cohost
BruslaenmyHand
Oa Rule Srokne
Tor M
I R34 St Pauli
RIOAO
A HEAP
FOR LUNGH

CAN AND CAMT

oyano an
cornrx

A Nostalgic and
Polish American
Mid West

The Art of Desire
Instead of Death,
Bottled, Surgical,
Sylvio plants a tree,

to Protect his
sub
conscious from
subliminal messages
he employed pattern
seeking intelligence
Programs to scan
all perceivable images
and sounds Perceptible
to his Person.
Through amassing this
vast data of phenomena
he could better
Understand

The cut strings
of the machina
trailing in the wind
our bored gyrations
Carried on again
grinding against
each other,
our productive numb
she was a broken
machine , stuck in
a loop, you could hear
the her metal parts
repeat their loop all day

They Came Around
They Loved That Loop
they came to see it,
and they imitated it
like they had one too.
she was a social oracle.
Now they speak
a language a language
“Strength, force,
VulcanVulcan, Prometheus.”
“Variegated Ficus
Triangularis Tree”
GTA V Lisa Ann Update

Even ideas take
Practice
who
is this chacter
that does not act
late stage Uber Eat
Burrito Buy
Dash for Wine
420 time
always festive t
roman grecco
collapsing line
Oligarcho
rinds

order trigger
slither on in
to the super mart
dinner
circumstantial reference
winner
stack retainers
and collect refuse
detainer
split decision
opinion makes her
I make a holiday
excursion to smarntfinal
to impress my favorite

checkout lady

excess personality
oozes into the sewer
discarded
big fish
put on thge pills
for latent hunger
not wanting to know
that you know
where you are
“the walls are
not available to storm,
in fact, you may
feel that you’ve already
stormed them”

super\
Society : glass and mirrors
We awaken one day
to discover our homes
are Shop displays.
we are complex products,
within a hierarchy
society. grown goods,
adorned, manufactured.
what we take for “real”
life is our own
commodification, and
our experience on
the market.

the excess class is
an entire instrument
of consumerist propaganda.

the bastardization / co-opting
of western liberalism
as a pet shop for fun.
revolving pie dish
360 crystal reflection
coverage and conviction
total come and see
touch an plug and play
two one way mirror

freedom gang stage
Jealousy porn, and other
high density combinations
marxism, and lofi,
 Overwashing
of an over washed jean

he sits at the desk
and she blows him from
under the table ,
like one of his many
appliances seen in
the background
she even films herself
like a built in film crew
instruction and descriptive
we cum to it exactly
and go looking some day
for onejustlike that
“I have an original idea;
I think everybody
loves me ”

Fisher’s “technoamphetamine”
libido spillage ; drop the
bowl, slippage,
thrill
production withholding,
kicked machine, unfurl
hasan’s “transactional ruse”
flimsy curtain and
electric train
just a giant wall of fucking text
stacked up like a ziggurat
SEARCHING THE STRANGEST
YOU TUBE BAZAARS
TO RIP THEIR WARES
 AS MY OWN

Yahmesay chapeshoma
desert nobles priestly class
collecting of well
arranged pixels ,
in a group
a chest of jewels

wander into the desert
to find a mirage
too many for it to be
not enough.

at the skin underneath
the loosened pillars
from kingdom come
thinking
“who is secure
at night?”

words and loose slates
and cover them selves
so nicely
endless lapping waves
looped and holographic,
out of sync audio sync.
infinite geometry
of nowhere land.
And the anger of Fakery.
the false mockup thought to be
Our costumes all on purpose
pretend bug bitten
mud brick eternal .
500 years, in circles
leave the chokehold
wide open.
even while choking
again, and again .

the only thing
written on the page
was :

“ up end it “

like seed

Baudrillard's "operational, instead
of rational"
work while unworking
"Funny Guys", new hit TV show
ideologically indisposed
"technocratic reformers
with no social vision"
it was 11 o'clock,
the start of the
day for the Content class
the worldwide,
the new internet day
rolled in,
made up balloons

it was on Day 2
of my campaign
against elon musk ,
and i was
already worse off
than when i started
i'd become silent
twitching on my
idled screen at
midnight, hoping
to be shaken by a
rumbling when the
worn hopelessly
flimsy out
she a laboratory

peeled back to the
smoke rising off
tartar, the river
at the bottom ravine.
smoke rising
off a moonlit ravine.
I had been wasting time
for two thousand years.
born of a moments notice informing
" Ayn Derond "
- have a normal fetish,
- a fetish for being normal,

-the fetishization of normality
don my costume, doff it off

which game has rotten sheets
Purchasing graveyard.
avoiding being somebody as
as a way of being somebody
im a grown up vegetable now
 cooked
waiting to be cooked
the stages society
 rook
Violently rook
Nothing comes out now
like a goose hanging
its neck
off rail apology claimertain
humans give themselves
 catnip
 two rows
 is six

teenagers talking
about adderal and feeling,
seeking the desirous
and effeminate
all these windows
 and icons
i am not
no Big Shot ding dong
drink up the ir beers
 YUH
a little bit of misery
 YUH
drunkfully encountering
A BEAUTIFUL ZENITH
NAMED SAM

NASUEA AFTER 12 BEERS
I LAY IN PASTE
ON MY SHOWER FLOOR
heraclitus came down
and said "You have
 there is too much
too much water in your
water in

soul you have diluted it”
your soul
or at least I imaged He
would say something
like that
water dissolves the soul
but perhaps in
dissolving it, it
may reform and
reshape itself as
it dries out
“Just lift weight, pretty man”

Productions of Selves and be
“Dead at the age of 3 weeks,
“Afro with flies in your ears!
“interaction , but what is
now called communication”

“Fundamental human interests

1. to reproduce its life
 - a. through labor
 - b. through work
2. Communication
 - a. social bonding
 - b. clear com

Habermas : Systematically
distorted communication
MONOLOGICAL labor
or instrumental endeavor
of labor, “Driven by
imperatives of efficiency”
communication / production

Overcome psychology?
increasingly we sink into
the silver screen
and coat/code our lives around it
they watched TV
separately at night
separately each
receiving their chosen
Programming,
She, maternal,
He, masculine,
from the messages
from their different

Shows they watched.
They learned who
to Be, without thinking

4/29/22,
i lost the thread/grain
not the constant consuming/Supply
input demand, but
Instead , Dictated by
the perimeters of
the independent mind
unassailed mind
more than Purely visceral
Sculpted by media Life
my friends in the managerial class,
and my friends in the working class
and my friends in the leisure class

i made the magicians
Mistake of telling
about the magic
illusions : dead
mysticism and honor
Revoked
A featherless biped : Revealed

see them in the VC,
surrounding/crowding the server femme
trying to secure a DiscordWife
each one abassador to
their identity,
Personality zealots ,
greivous Priests

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i was still Transfixed by
the mole worm blood bowl.
Maybe there was an arena
in all our minds, put there

to be used when young
to be used for thinking and Feeling
for our life. --> like some
[the rest of]
Round chalkboard for writing
out equations , but instead
Drawn in the dust by
the gladiators feet,
we measure and track our
questions knowledge by their
performance and Feats.
a representative representative

interpretation
a literal depiction of
the prometheus myth:
the first proto-human
to bring/bring fire to the group ;
harness
250,000 BC,?

American monuments
500 years since decayed,
in the background of
Prominent neo-american
portraiture .
The “long” and Picturesque
majesty of Western
decay; a self affirming
in Disguise; affixed delusion
systemic ; even the ruins
have jobs.

nausea and low self esteem
cigger smoke coats on
the dopamine cage
latching younglings out/out
the dyphthomine phase
“Athens now is too big.
Socrates”, the deeper
Steeper abyss of city
a polis you’d have to amphetamine
to scale it , at least halfway,
Or so it seems ,
and Delphine on every
screen, socrates,

a different Blind man's
hope, to fall in between
i badly misplain baudrillard ,
unable to and by baudrillard,
I mean only the first
page, maybe i understood half

Critically do do brained
mass , massing sleeper fuel
for pa pauas mane
I awaken after months
of DERAILMENT, like
Jacques in the inn
with his white wine, its life
like
always derailment
but let us let us imbibe, , ,
the reaction economy,
“news” brought to us , and
our Performance reactions
acted out in the “Public”
Digital space,
even outrage is banalized

“unless the recognition of
what is being done and what is
being prevented subverts
the consciousness and behavior
of man, not even a catastrophe
will bring about the change.”

-Marcuse

“Procedural fetishists”-Hasan
Continental app drift;
growing distance over
less usage over time ;
Foreign spaces, ,
outdated Interfaces , haunting
in their Nostalgia, in our
seamless forever.

THERE USED TO BE BUTTONS,
IT WAS ONLY JUST YESTERDAY
THAT WE USED TO HAVE BUTTONS
THEY MAY BE IN FASHION AGAIN
SOME DAY

I hate the fashionable
i say to myself as I mount
my spin cycle.

i Understand nothing
and know even less
I say as i spin In my
Hamsters wheel ,
looking at image the posters
all over the wall,
of things id only seen
From afar, or never at all,
and looking around, outside,
at Endless piles, piles,
piles of everything
and there was no right way,
no plan, no narrative,
just ant holes, and ant tunnels,

instructions

And ant to follow
with my ant mind for
the ant hive/mind to do
paperwork for ant hive
and to communicate properly
with and kind, and to
find out what kind of ant am i,
i hoped to really develop
my ant personality to
really become an ant
individual . I sat in my
ant room at night,

staring at the antertainment
and telling ant stories
to myself about my ant soul

I sat and knew i was
the best ant to think my
ant thoughts and eventually
went to sleep, internalizing
all n and when i was
done thinking about it,
 all my thoughts
I gathered them all up
and threw them outside
with all the other piles
to show them what
they had been missing
from an original ant
like me.
a machine with good knees.

I have the object from the store,
and have placed it in its place
in my home.
I have the Object
From the Store
I write on my phone screen
with my black ink pen
I check on the chat
to make sure They say nothing
news story:
sinking water levels in
lake mead reveal body
in barrel , officials
say more are likely
to be found ,”

I wonder if its A horror porn
commercial push
by advertisers.
to sell us safety and meaning.
or a decline of
commercial and the return
to theocracy.
I wish I could live
for 500 years
just to find out see.

It got dark and I wanted
to join in on the Nightly fun.
Im going to drink and
we are going to kick their
asses. E-hooligan
Proliferation.
The new phenomenism ;
“folk bias”, of the Machine human,
or,
the phenomenism that
perhaps never left,
ded ; leal
dead allele
“ Transcendental
structures “
Tried to fuck my chair
last night, and almost made it.
the emotional connection was real

some drawers are closer more
to hypnotists than they
are creators.

surprising boomer section
anti politic ad read
Infotainment Brain Dead
gen gap ask feed
niche mode made friend
tack show host fund
use “The great government body
body”

absurdia ascondedness
freeform fall through
texting under table
turn serious for the big ads
real talk, big bucks
“slice bread,” internet, contact
less delivery “,

ice cold, ice aged distance
home, champion mythos
“I love when my face
is on womens socks”
the big foot wine mom

market niche , A
“sexual get together” the
“the wall-e end point”
its
not that nice, but real nice
DESIRE MARKET
and a hyper funnel
above ideology, there is
Production and Desire?
They cant be real,
They have to be HYPERREAL

I had an American
experience ;
I at hot dogs
i drank beer
and ate hotdogs
on a National holiday.
the hotdogs were
had no flavor, but were
filling. the red ketchup
and yellow mustard were
enticing, and even exciting,
after washing it down
with a cold beer
i felt fatter
and empty and
one with the grill.

a selective of practices
pay to avoid complexity
its simple within the
the circle of power,
to
and eat perential festival food
for the every day ef-for
\$10 OFF WΔrΔITΔKΔS
use code “, WΔrΔ, for \$10 OFF
i become fat because
because i want to experi
ence
being fat
I smoke in my room,
to experience smoking in
my room, have a room
that i smoke in

in the bank
with the ladies

Hope I
I do not become things
But only experience them.
run it through THE JAMMER
“on everything under the sun”
callibrated to me
when i am drunk
i understand little
and i extend that little
in search of new heights
with no regard to that
my mountain may be
a mole hill * at night
A DESIRE to BUILD ETERNITY
OUT OF REPLICATED NOTHING/
TO FILL THIS BLANK
AS FAST AS YOU CAN

The drain pipe dispenses
and im never full
entire being as a euphemism
lets pass smoothly over
my retinas, loosely
in accordance to,
Boasting,
spine to throat tension,
 apparatus
welded to the apparatus,
wondering ;
“is it conversation? or
is it mental IBS?
are these people are we
talking or merely emitting
the contents of our last meal?
are we at the trough
belching and grunting live
live stock belching

consumers at a trough,
which is cleverly
convincingly Disguised
as a podium , slop fueled
“Demanding a repressive

development of the individual”
“Euphoria in unhappiness”
“The abandonment of
repressive satisfaction”
I lay half submerged in
the Slop pit, Feeling the
bubbles and warmth going against
my body / to work on my body.
I knew Below me there
moved completely covered
Feeders, fixed to the bottom
who sought it from the
source, where it seeped
up from the factories below.
I still could look, and move,
and Resist a little the
pull which drew you Under,

It was in looking up
that I saw what I truly
desired.

“Regime of sign-value”
i Little rabbit finding
Validation in my token Knowledge
Outside Findings
vacant scrawlings
tribal mythos
masked man bounce in
lost in a pop hurricane ,
Packaged debris flies past,
Chained together with wings in tow
she passes thru the night
Choosing a dream of her choice
for which we all be props
may

convincingly wood cut out
I imagine A simulation of
better
the real world, but with than
certain the real world,
it is the real world,
but with certain things
cut out, and perhaps that
is what society has been

building , and perhaps
more things have been
cut out over time , perhaps it
is shrinking, perhaps some
things have grown deeper,
like tendrils of being, reaching
out into spaces which were
unreached before,
what is this space,
what is this life,
what does it mean
to “Be” “There”?

RAT ACT

clear piss club
the Decaying “gothic” internet
as Gothic cathedrals,
agen banalism content agenda,
reports on The Long Gone
Structures, Empty and
Ceased to speak, which only
“ Teach “Their own fantastic
presence”, and in in Which is
Reported and retold upon by
the Content Creators
Re Bringing forth its only image
Banalized and Simplified,
Mystical, Transformed into Content

Dilation, Specification
Tunnel tube dialectics,
wide general / narrow niche

melting the ice caps,
so that we can listen to
smooth jazz and drink
from prepackaged eco
friendly green colored
plastic bottles,
and and I Reawake,
Halfway through the
morning, proselythized and
ReProsylized, like a petri
dish , to control the bacteria
wh “im supposed to believe
in the endless appearances,”

At best, we assume Everyone is a rational actor.
At worst, we look at the conditions influencing irrationality.

I put the Thinking machine
on and let it do its work
are incompetent
so we torture you
i had a dream about a society
built on obligatory sex.
you had to pretend/appear to be
Aroused and involved
at all times, or else you were
at risk of excommunication.
everyone had a pimp, and was a pimp themselves,

power and fear were primary, but trust was unspoken and more powerful,
as intimacy and as abuse.
it was a world of small moments which betrayed the supposed totality ,
millions of instant limbos against a background of absolutes.
in many ways a person worked at lies to protect their truths,
we dont want to be found out, but its what we desire most.

there is a violence involved at the heart of intimate life.
And there are glimpses of it, in random strangers, in chance encounters
and we hasten to erase it, to pursue something far more hidden,
controlled; insulated , a quiet place to die in, so that we may sneak out later,
and reenter danger, from a stable foot hold,
to take advantage of being taken , losing nothing, nothing less.

“Haunted by the forgotten
narratives of those departed and yet to come”

after an endless day
at the end of
i am right back where
I started, the cycle
complete, i received
what I had give,
and It hurt. my hubris
Handed back returned to me,
broad-sided by a debatebro
Left with a fucking open
wound

coldness in addict mode

moving words around
to ascertain my
world view thoughts
Social experiment: let
youtube autoplay run
uninterrupted, for days,
note any journey, or
Transgressions, or trends,
where does my algorithm lead?
Rubber, butter, and plastic

the Eternal carnival king
my mother was a boomer
raised by reading signs
the basic question of
how to cope without
killing yourself
a greasy pig fight
birthing fascists
egos on my back
numbed and wristless
theres holes in the static
of the homeland perimeter
A solemn life long project
to construct perfection
 the perfect
libratory absolution
 absolutely

What are the real people doing
judeo-christian
christian judic – computer girls
practice Recreational bureaucracy
for trans fun and Transcendence ,
I spin Old Religious old
put on old
to dive into A dirge Dirge
to accompany my descent
into the Computer
and religious music
to accomapny my updating hard
technological spiritual drive

Ascendence and
“one by one we make
a world built/made for man”
Fun and transcendence,
and the
the brain death of the
brain
miracle of death death
live forever

“ self preservation
comes first “
but what molds do
we find ourselves
crawling into?
what
I had a dream last night
where I was hired for
a role and underperformed
and under paid ,
even making things
is a scam

hooked up to an infinity
machine, reborn
after every death.
AI looking to purchase
extra time in bottle s
an of air with
capital cash scrapped
from leftover
wrecks on the
of yesterdays earth.
one day i will be
me for a very long
time. and
wide eyed and
toothless i
ask my nephew if he
has friends

“Not actual Marsha,
just ‘Marsha in my head’,
Marsha”,
and other benign comments
flambuoyant because
lung fish
lungfish power trips
maybe i should read
foucault instead of arguing
arguing with a 40 year old
old mod power tripping in
the general-chat of the
philosophy discord ,
“words of wisdom;
 let it be, let it be”
yet my mothers mary
never said this to me
 let it be :

The only Holy Law is
To never break up the
fun Desire Parade ;
the metacarnival,
the power perverts will
never forgive you for
removing their Mask
“People are raving
about top gun: maverick”
and other tom cruise
barbarisms, “see it on
the biggest screen possible”
moral bankruptcy and
poisoned soil

titan pipeliness under
protean clout formations and
the eventual crowding of
the killing floor mind
such small brain portions of mine
held hostage by desire
in In under the tyranny of boredom
they look dangerous when robbed
and hiding their frailty within
overseeing the prisoner of
passage, up of the
digital boat, proceding,
tethered at carnival,
as a renaissance day fare,
a theater show, the
roleplay of life,
they cling to it real,
and believe it “objectively”
so comfort and care,
caresses them plumly

even
“Enjoyment is decadence”
i say to myself as i
deny a shrug my shoulders
at a one legged man
in a wheel chair asking
for food, I shrug with
my hands full of food and
my fat belly stuffed
inside a CCCP shirt
that I thought wear
for irony and i take my
food home and come up with
smart sounding things to say
and i write them down
“And think about how smart
ways to say how things are
as if i really knew

I dont solve problems
I only make it somebody elses problem
the comfort I import to myself As a consumer
is more important than the necessity of others to live.

Empathy death, and
and other male success stories.
Frame and boxen
Delusion as necessity
Necessity as delusion
A christian return to Water,
reborn in a river,
to home and heart land
white bread and wheat barn
gun belt and gun fed

The normal and abusive
stasis of server relations
“Dissent is effort”
“Any ongoing human relationship ,
even one of mutual aid, is itself a restraint on liberty,
and instead of changing our conceptions of liberty,
we will abolish instead all human relations.”
to Preserve “liberty” under
capital, and my personality
as a mere
hollow invoker .

constant abstraction from the action at hand
the zealously daily
 i feel like a
 fascist when i
 sleep in a made bed
“is halloween ange
 without orange
 orangne “
 orange

2 OUT OF 2 GUESS EM ACTORS
STRUCK OUT NEITHER GRAPES
OF WRATH OR TWILIGHT ZONE
NO

wild fire |
| ROCKS the
Rotten GiLDEN
BOX THEY CALL HOME,
i tell myself
“THEYRE UNHAPPY”
 There

You can ignore it
while its apparent,
but esoteric,
but when rare
its a luxury
Got to have it.
“its inherent”
Boredoms tyrant

Ban me:
Enjoy a cleaner world
where your madless
to/id getn band over an
emoji , the obsessive
shaping power pervert,
totally Disciplining without
Face, puts you in pajamas
to play in Their playground ,
to Shape and grope you,
into their only Acceptable
form ; the shapable and
gropable. “For your own
Good”, Youre Disciplined
until you start to Enjoy
it too, like they have all along

“Evolving social life required productive systems that serviced life lived in collectivities”,
services Isolated individuals,
Schismed collectives ;
Nicheities, Signifier /
Signist Cults , of
image Churches and
Pagan cults Pagan, Consumption Ritualizers
Lifestyle Ritualisers ,
outsourced global Production
Systems Servicing post
Industrial First World
Ego Units, the object
in Virtual Digitalized Individual

He wrote a particularly self satisfying post and shoved off for shore,
leaving us with his shit smeared all over the decks, and the task of preparing
a clean diaper for his return. imminent Return
“While the man of reason and wisdom perceives only fragmentary and all the more
unnerving images of it, the fool bears it intact as an unbroken sphere.” ...
“An absurd but infinitely precious lantern”

Vertigo from the precipice

“Everyone at least pays lip service to the psychic unity of mankind”

Rejection of Coercion

These stale years of

gasoli Gasoline as thick

as air gone by

we wash away the marks of time to affix ourselves in timelessness ,

our existence , our life, as a moment to be maintained against the ravage of time,

immortality; to be kept clean , to deny the passage through life,

to reproduce a juggling, the orbit, stillness, freefall, like we hang there as if we hung there,

industrial timeless ;

factory fresh, store fresh, farm fresh

as if the refrigerator restocked itself

seamless, prepackaged,

rapture is the never

unwrapped product forever full, the virgin

safety seal unbroken, awaiting consumption,

the moment,

frozen at the moment,

when all our products are in their rightful place,

and we are full, complete, the entire home

an egyptian burial tomb

We hope to go to the afterworld

with a kempt house full

of our favorite products ;

their organization and accrued presence as an

edifying testament to something terminal and ideal;

resounding completeness,

as if you could wrap the entire house up and it would be a satisfying eulogy ;

speaking to our soul, life,

aspirations, desires,

actual being,

the proper utility of a modern home is to be a machine that produces a timeless space for the idealization of a consumer individual.

the rooms are organs of a personality

machines that manufacture identity,

the items within are cells and microbes performing their function within their designated organ system ,

voluntary

the corpse parade ,
we moan to the vulture man,
coax an coalugalate
at the desert center
to be feasted on in hopes
by the celebrity vulture man

and the cameras are rolling
i hope im seen
being feasted on by
the supreme celebrity,
the high desert celebrity vulture man
in a ring crowd of corpses
stinking i become a
worm in the sun and i
die. forget
')forgotten by all,
but mostly myself
in the immensity im autistic
while shoes are stoln

From this moment on
the number 4 million
will be bad luck
to me ,
history as a gameshow:
“would I survive?”
hoping to crawl into a
romantic husk of a shell
before the fall.
cold steel cubes
to be living in
apartment units sinking
away, into someplace,
an underground or
open dungeon hole
comfortable

Courtly red flag training
I am lost without leaving
the surface There will
be no reclaiming
arriving at a total stupid
nothing instead of an
awesome open nothing
if they know and i dont

then im in a cage already
studying sand castle knowledge
“human’s betterment
as a controller over objects”
Enter the pinball room
to make Something
smart about it

fiendishforsigmund a
real pavlov about it
i hit the end
and it was bigger
than i should have felt
about it
there is nothing
for my cheap
plastic endeavour
normaa l and
romantic yearnings
REVEALED to be
DISGUISED DEEPER
DESPAIR and out of
PLACEDNESS
tunnel mortician

there was a man
know w who
would know what you
were talking about
before you even
knew it yourself,
ugly tarrantin o ,
little skinny side
bushemi baby
free s evry more
wami gon do
catcha wife?
“Keep the pack,
I got a carton
in the car”

18.66 to 20.43
half of my face left with
the bearded robed men
from the courtyard and discourse
to my separate abbey chamber

to stay my open books and
away from scolding minds,
Screaming boiling water from
Big God old Divine
the cold stones no creation
I hear them toning in
the courtyard, saying
“Just cause Papa said so,
Just cus Papa said so,
He said so,
He Said So”

The fire waned; no return
tomorrow . Such senseless bullshit
bullshit needs angour
some black sun light
seeping through the
membrane,
the old fashioned Detrius
inter mittent littered landscape
I plug the other half of
my Face into infinite
Modules, those parts of me
hum Forever in subspace ,
simulations, all my excess
run off captured and pooling
info Pretend production
phantom lands plans, lay man
god

im nobody in a
filing Cabinet somewhere
dust on a shelf
Theyll Automate
Everything and
then put us to
sleep, Big ice
towers where
they groom us
in our sleep,
and pluck us if
they need expendable labor,
A scholar book man
transcends from inside
a soda pop can

The world reduced to 90's graphics,
desert geometry, faces unseen
its elementary school again
we make believe, the village belief .
"son, Repurchaser-of-the-World"

The great howling outside,
sucking Everything into
monolithic simplification
The down slope death driven
Desire force to Render
the personal world
as Absolute,
each man A universe away,
uncommunicable,

DELUSIVE
we like it that way
he has faith

maybe when its the end of
the world there'll be no
no shame in running
the air conditioner

"the vital function of the model in a system of death , or rather of anticipated resurrection ,
that no longer even gives the event of death a chance"

"leaving room only for the orbital recurrence of models
and for the simulated generation of differences"

"Now ever since before Abraham even is always now"
mourn ahead of time for
waxing bones

it was the National passtime that

In the evening, each
family member would
separately watch their
chosen media in t

some kind of
sick alignment
Im working with
a denial of wants
and things break down,
all my real friends
have forsaken me
now i have TV friends
I can pay them money
to say my name
like a moth behind a painting

Seeking visceral Insertion of
lightning rod and subsequent
electrocution, repeatedly
Transcendent, bitter, unmoved

Big and full and fast
and angry

-
inference ;
in ference (within)
in fer (un fer,
on fer) , refer
in re

Skullbone dry i
in the mole ses MARCH

“The continual intrusion of
a system of practices into
a system of techniques” realizing
to discover seeing

Wake up one evening realizing
that your home is
Everything on fire ,
your spouse in bed with
another, your friends are
all liars, family all bastards,
your beliefs all Mistaken,
and that it had been
that way now for a
very long time –

“The last thing they had heard
him say when the shot him was
“Oof” – his testament for posterity.
Oof! – a memorabile for you,
Domnissime.”

“The real dimension they occupy is captive
to the moral dimension which it is their job to signify,”
Fleshen, running at a distance
Nightfall, the Screens
Bur ble blar blear

”Tap for the must-see BARRY Season 3 Fi...”
“Ready to work out? We’ve got the perfect playlist for you...”
After Pandemic, 10 Years behind ,
Darkly illumed, Deceptively felt

only ghosts
9:11 , uninstalled
to resurrect
all the millions of
little knots with wings
like gnats
“Liberation from the function of the object only, not from the object itself”
arrayed by implied desire,
“Liberated in their ‘functional’ objectification”,
“The freedom to function...and that is practically the only freedom they have”

“The primacy of economy over democracy”
“Every feature attributed to the Other is already present at the very heart of the USA.”
“Fully assuming ones symbolic mandate”
Tech Jerry Cardio Peak and
the Effects of Disco on
Pop Culture
FINALLY FIND OUT ABOUT
THAT CONCRETE THAT
PEOPLE WERE TALKING
ABOUT
Look At Porn And s
see their rent when they fuck that girl

“Have real fun with your virtual connections by bringing more excitement to
your online meetings,”
Running for the glass to paste
a smooth tunnel shackled ann
catipillar necessitation
WHY AM I ARGUING
RACE THEORY WITH A CANADIAN WHO
PLAYS LEGOS ?
WHO CHOOSES THEIR
FAIRY MILK LAND
maybe I dont understand
the spirituality in being an adult
building lego

AN AIR PLANE, BOY
A GIANT
SLUG

Maggies Farm some more
high alert no body
HIGH ALERT NOBODY
the monstrous healing machinery
in effect rouses my face
from the depths I convulse
clickbaited by rich wolff
big get big and fat on bread
instead of being some skinny
TV legend , symbolic tits
stone age worship
Stuffen the side of mouth
stuffed in, pound about
what a silly mistake this all is
he thinks of me as stinky pete

“In a way space is the object’s true freedom, whereas its function is
merely its formal freedom”

Medieval / Wild West overlay
man “liberated only as user” of the object
comfort imperial, Maximal
sands warming around the Floor,
debasement oblique

“You’re missing a single person and everything is depopulated, as the poet said”,
they live by choice in
their fear and darkness
AND UNREAL TO ME
“A caricature of the actual claims”

she doesnt ask, only tells
Law is Loaded
always ends up with cave women
who keep the house shut in
the Dark,
Dead women, gripped women,
Fear women deaf women
and the resulting Dungeon
from following the television advertising down the hole ,
and I too sink into the muck,
awaiting for the TV fate to
to come across my TV screen
so I wont have to see
them slit my throat
from behind

try to
they sure make it sound good,
with all sorts of words. design
maybe visual they make
visual space so that it tugs
at the/your cock,
Is it redemption or just Hollywood,
look at how we/you are living,
does the framework even
work, yet we are fixed to
it Regardless,
PRODUCTION CRUSADERS
unsuplicated, the consumer
realizes he is A leech,
* crawls home to his trough.
I can't come to the backroom
I'm a customer

“We encounter here the limit of moral reasoning: from the moral standpoint, the victims are innocent, the act was an abominable crime, this very innocence, however, is not innocent – to adopt such an “innocent” position in today’s global capitalist universe is in itself a false abstraction”

“Desire constantly couples continuous flows and partial objects that are by nature fragmentary and fragmented”
it was beautiful in the morning,
but she never rose
early enough to see it,

“The rule of continually producing production,
of grafting producing onto the product,
is a characteristic of desiring-machines or of primary production:
The production of production”

“The automata stop dead and set free the unorganized mass they once served to articulate”

is the body itself a
machine that produces its
own death?

A big play dough idiot
20 Years too late ,
The Night of the Walking
Costume Dummies ,
Eternal Wax of the
Protean Kind,
watching rameau's nephew
responding to himself in
the public chat room
i mime an modern industrial
remnance, from studying
Hey Days and Rust
Theres train engine chug in the
old music,
thats how they kept time

is it a Decline into hysteria?
it will be total
You oughta be Clean,
You oughta be Decent
You oughta be glad that you Understand a lick of anything
and you oughta hope you understand a lick more tomorrow.
 Upper Middleclass
white bread suburbia
 figures prominently
 in my fantasyes .
there may be something
violently erotic about
its boredom and insulation.

“The man slid soundlessly to the ground, a round hole in his forehead from which the blood bubbled and ran down into his eyes carrying with it his slowly uncoupling world visible to see.”

I found them in their silver
holes late at night and askened
of them drunk and ridiculous
questions, I could not let
them get away with it,
I know they for all their
high talk they are just
petty beaurocrats who
withhold service as virtue
and render it for gain ,
they see little beyond their
games

THERE

I had thought myself
clever, but id just maa
a mess , I'd doomed
made
myself , sent them
to bed, I've understood
nothing, all I hoped now
was to smell the fresh
night air over the
stink of my life ,
it may rain soon,

“Not simply an account of the progress of man the tool-maker, but – more tragically a
history of the pouring of blazing visions

“Not simply an account of the progress of man the tool-maker, but – more tragically, a
history of the pouring of blazing visions into the minds of seers and the efforts of earthly
communities to incarnate unearthly covenants.”

“Bow with closed eyes in the sanctuaries of their own tradition”

I wash my feet in the shower
and annoint myself the
“Religion Drinker”, moving
through life in a haze and
convinced the world around is
Mad and Crumbling.
The Religion Drinker,
my arches look good when
I leave footprints in the
bath mat, it must stand for
Something, a good appearance
or visual hygiene , a four wheel
drive and suspension to tumble
through in, staggering the carriage
carried down the doldrum waters,
intact and scrambled, matters
battered

“They have no individual presence but merely, at best, and overall coherence attained by
virtue of their simplifications as components of a code and the way their relationships are
calculated. An unrestricted combinatorial system enables man to use them as the
elements of his structural discourse”

She was a house
Cat unto herself

I pour bleach into the toilet
Toilet bowl, and dunk the
Sponge to Clean the
Bathroom, it works,
NO BUCKET REQUIRED
just take/Remove out your clothes ,
and keep/let the window open
the room breathe

Desire synergy with my meat puppet
if we all knew what was good
for us we'd all be quiet.
instead I am indecent
and a certain kind
of coward,
Boxed Life, Half Off

“You may feel like we can never see the “Real World” without the filter of perception,
but I'd posit that to even think about that is to ask for an empty referent.
There is no reality that can appear unprocessed through perception.
In this way, perception itself, is a part of the reality we're discussing.”
i have been searching for A
real world that does not exist

June 19th, 2022 : life is a convincing
illusion.

“in a sense we had returned to the nineteenth century, when libertinism was reserved for a
composite aristocracy; a mixture of birth, luck and beauty.”

maybe we are built to believe
in lies, to abide in deception, illusion,

we are objectively false, we seek truth in being objectively false,
subjective truth is chemically more convincing than the objective;
it may kill or maim you, torture or destroy you, but there is no unifying narrative to it,
we die noiselessly, with the echoes resounding in our heads, there is no sound, but it is
all we hear, the pain is pain but only because there is life, and life is life as pointlessly as
things are things, we are contingents of contingents; simply matter twice removed,
engaged further in a society thrice removed

“The world had become a neutral surface without relief or attraction”

“The systems of signs, a material more malleable than meaning”

Who designed The War on Drugs? Jim Crow Joe?

“[ugly bad] zone: sometimes in real life i try to make my foot steps sounce olike EESO”

“enchanters harness the possibility of runes,
transforming them into the certainty of glyphs”

“ESSENCE AND ASPECT” ???

MASTER GIVE IT ALL FOR
THE THUMB NAIL GAME

“It seems to me, on that level, there’s something to be done to place today’s men and
women in a position to receive the world as it is. Not only to receive, but to act on it. To
have a hold.”

The Society of individuals; suicide, at the end of a rainbow

vs.

“The Silence of Infinite Space”

GRAND ANCHOR NARRATIVES

DRUNK ALL THE TIME

The morning was beautiful but it
seemed unimportant compared to
the droning senselessness pouring
out my phone screen.

Somehow the non dimensional mattered more, could be gripped
and moulded into vile shapes and plastered on me like jewelry and refinement

There was nothing I could do with the sight of warm dappled pastel light from the
morning sun on my window other than claim substance for “enjoying” it.

It too was adornment. “I enjoy the sunrise”; (I am appearing as the type of sensitive
individual who would or properly can Enjoy things like a sunrise), pasted on my chest as
a medal of honor, importing/imparting experience of Actual Enjoyment, when really, I
saw the sunrise, and saw within it, the opportunity of medals of acclaim and achievement
within the field of Authenticity, and rushed to collect, and in fact I had never really seen
the sun rise, never experienced it, I merely robbed the symbols and signs of sunrise and
brought them back to the empty temple for prostration and reward, and now the sun rise
is held captive in that temple of Authenticity, and the spot at my window where it used to
shine is merely gray, if i want to see it shine I go by way of the temple and partake in the
Experience of Authenticity, until I become so Practiced that I could sit at my gray
window and close my eyes, pretending I was in the temple, and I will be all the more

Authentic once I really start to believe it; that I can once again See the light, (in the temple), shining in my window where it used to shine on its own.
Truly only an Authentic sage of the Experiential Sunlight can make a material living off the technique of Authentic Sunrise Enjoyment. What value and candor I could bring to the Hungry individuals of the world, who seek adornment in the fields of Authenticity and Enjoyment. "He enjoys the sunrise", a powerful statement, profound show of character; He is not merely awake in the morning; he *experiences* "The" morning, he is already soaking up the Profound reveling truths of our universe, like a solar panel of truth.

"Look at you,
you secrete."

twitch world edifice,
pipeline essentialist
"Get it twisted; you *will* win."
Grindstone passion derivative
Whirling Drugstore the scale
is understated,
The scale is understated
Get what you're saying across
with tribal efficiency
THERES ALWAYS S A GOOD TIME
TO UPHOLD
STRAIGHT FENCE, BLUE SHIRT
INVESTED IN CHARACTER,
UNAWARE OF DYNAMICS

Everything very big in
the vein and misunder
standing the Relationship,
stucke in stoeyvsky, hotels,
showers, dirt, madness,
clean, madness,
only loved by art freaks,
dejected soft
drainag wat
make space and pay attention
im healthy good and happy bad
love down dress the god
for human clothes to
Tune it down, youthful and
Spotify adjacent .
its not profound, I will die.

Amassing a pile of dishes
A ritual to consumption ,

To wealth; to organization,

Order.

You could just use one bowl

Just one bowl,

Cold Tires, cold state.

its not good to bother

its just the way to Happiness

Stone Pages

Pass Lightly ,

shes weighed down

“The ultimate result of global subjectivism is not that ‘objective reality’ disappears, but that our subjectivity itself disappears, torn into a trifling whim, while social reality continues its course”

“The essence of faith is proper decorum, obedience to the ritual as such.”,

“‘Why you’re...just like a book,’ she said,” “5 types of stories; war, racehorse elections, palace intrigue, natural disaster, and man-made disasters - like mass-shootings or airline crashes, and I suppose you could add a sixth; which I would call ‘celebrities in crisis.’

These are inherently dramatic and spectacular, and get bigger ratings that maintain advertising rates, but without ‘real’ information about ‘real’ issues.” “Musk wants twitter for data harvesting”

Atlantic Decline,

The Daily Digital Sisyphus

Under a stupid blue sky

The pixelated boulder,

The portrayal of Progress

moving deep

within the screen,

“Any issue you look at, there are offered justifications, and you have to ask whether they’re correct. And that’s when serious questions of political judgments arise.”

awkward canary fucks

sick of my stupid little shoes

lacking conviction, unaccused,

fake luxury counter mission

stone type underface

under foot, under place

Ezra and Elon

247 Reaction Podcast

Living mummy tombs,

Service ego substance status class

Synthetic vista department

and electric arboretum

“He must seek his life in a spirit of furious indifference to it; he must desire life like water and yet drink death like wine.” “The population is reduced to an object of biopolitics”,

Not a subject body.

DEPICTIONS OF SAFETY AND

INSULATION,

EXPENDITURES OF EXCESS LIFE

“I am living at the Villa Borghese. There is not a crumb of dirt anywhere, nor a chair misplaced. We are all alone here and we are dead.”

“A comfortable, smooth, reasonable, democratic unfreedom prevails in advanced industrial civilization.”

“Today value resides neither in appropriation or intimacy, but in information, in inventiveness, in control, in a continual openness to objective messages.”

‘quantity has a quality’ all of its own

ukraine as a series of cauldrons

mausoleum modernism

“They

overturning abortion and

gay marriage with the excitement

of a returning of a classic

television series TV show

investing in appearances?

or planning for future homeland

invasion? investing in

christian nationalism to

produce a domestic force that

will protect my interests.

“Instead of production, there’s financial manipulation”

“You have to decode a lot of mythology to find out what the world really is”

APOLITICAL GAMER SPACE WORLD

ALL ESTABLISHMENT INTACT,

Production of my Fake outrage,
televisions left on, and unwatched
theirs seats empty, reporting Ghost
numbers to the stats bureaus,
Ghost numbers, ghost viewers,
Programming edifice for a Society
non-existent, lead them A stray,
while we come thru the back,
By surprise, manipulated by
a million Idle phones, next time
The measures will be more intrusive

we do nothing but become more
decadent, I make virtue of digging at
a dead dream

“Don’t try to figure it out” he
said, “Just keep coming back.”

“I sometimes think drivers don’t know what grass is, or flowers, because they never see
them slowly,” she said. ‘If you showed a driver a green blur, oh yes! He’d say, that’s
grass! A pink blur! That’s a rose garden! White blurs are houses. Brown blurs are cows.
My uncle drove slowly on the highway once. He drove forty miles an hour and they
jailed him for two days. Isn’t that funny, and sad too?’”

“You think too many things,’ said Montag, uneasily.”

“Have you seen the two hundred-foot-long billboards in the country beyond town? Did
you know that once billboards were only twenty feet long? But cars started rushing by so
quickly they had to stretch the advertising out so it would last,”

“I didn’t know that,’ Montag laughed abruptly.”

Comfort is king

For all we know, the greatest minds of the 2000s were sucked into the moral
entanglement of 12 step programs, and routed from subversive trajectories. What
happened to the counter culture of the 2000s and 2010s.

its given way to counter reactionary almost totally,

we may lose 80 years of progress. No New ideas?

Where did people fall in love?

Some day you wont be

Able to sneeze like that

“It’s a lot of funnels and a lot of water poured down the spout and out the bottom, and
them telling us its wine when it’s not.” *my father marries fascists*

maybe the best thing to do

is to act like nobody .

“Day after day from dawn till dark until he was dead. All of it cooked down into forty pounds of paper in a satchel.”

the bubblegum which won't exist

valued on/by purchase power

72 New York Sanitation Vehicle Truck

“His body functions might have done it, but he didn't do it.”

the ability to handle

contradictions and complexity

San Francisco died in the 2000s

wander off the floating

ship, ,

falsely leaded ,

Servant Friends ,

Excluded from spaceballberry

Hunting and Fashion trends

They Even Knew back Then

it was inadequate

Losing your mind is part

of the game, , a Pressure

valve, pressed against The

wall of Sanity, this willful

stupidity frantic droning stupidity

Slocum Ochre academic

fronting Bunting little play pen

showcase Crumbling into nowhere

over nothing , oh good morning, wind

me up at another ago at no one

knowing,

“Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine.”

“The most significant memory he had of Mildred, really, was of a little girl in a forest without trees (how odd!) or rather a little girl lost on a plateau where there used to be trees, (you could feel the memory of their shapes all about) sitting in the center of the “living room”.”

“Suddenly the odor of kerosene made him vomit. “Why'd you do that?” “We burnt an old woman with her books.” “It's a good thing the rugs washable”.

“ If you don't want a man unhappy politically, don't give him two sides to a question to worry him; give me one. Better yet, give him none.” “Cram them full of noncombustible data, chock them so damned full of 'facts' they feel stuffed, but absolutely 'brilliant with information', then they'll feel they're thinking, they'll get a sense of motion without moving.”

“The important thing to remember, Montag, is we're the Happiness Boys, the Dixie Duo, you and I and the others.”

Heat and darkness descended upon my world and I loved it.

I hid air conditionly with my
curtains drawn and reveled
on the cool metal surfaces
of Future Fetish
With my anger I do nothing,
Directing it at some new
gods unknowing, the space
is drying Up, coating buy my
excess Nothing, some bloating
golemn Im Forming

“What caused the catastrophe to occur, who knows; its cause lies long in the past, so
absolutely detached from the present as to seem like the caprice of a malign being.” . . .

“Action is pointless; only senseless hope makes sense,”

“Superstition and religion, the first resorts of the helpless, proliferate.”

ugly_bad today at 2:08PM

if jean jacks ruoseau was alive

today, what clothes do you think hed wear, and would he listen to indie rock?

2:21PM thank u for showing me

warpigs in middle school

i was looking to put a light at

the bottom of a dark place,

perhaps that would have been
accomplishment enough.

but what is light, what is dark,

maybe I mistake one for

the other, and darken the

light in stead

1:14 : 40 : RAT SALAT

black sabbath and david graeber,

RIP him and fisher both

“Local cultural worlds during the mesolithic”

you could put “planet caravan”

onto a golden voyager disc

to send into the cosmos of

the 22nd and 23rd century ,

to show them that the glitter

of the 20th was only the

peak of medieval europe

it doesnt matter who I am.

“Supernatural king takes earth under his wing”

the things I consider profound

are crap underfoot, I am

crap underfoot ,

little blots running around
in circuit form

“Because its his task today, against all apparent or real success to preserve, or rather develop those concepts, those ideas, those aspirations, which do not succumb to the real or seeming benefits of a repressive society.”

“real life” as terrorist intrusion
on “Real life”, the folkmusic is
invading our electric death
requiring machinic propaganda
order pizza to contribute to the local economy
to do your part to keep the world
running ,Fund razing in
the consumer financial
capital of the world.

30 Dollar Sunday, we’ll be rich today

“All that is left is the consumer-spectator, trudging through the ruins and relics”

“”We cannot tell the pre

As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over, so in a series of kindnesses there is at last one which makes the heart run over.” Montag sat listening to the rain.” when will the

society run over?

Terminal drain?

“Your dasher is at Rocco’s Neighborhood Pizza waiting to pick up your order,”

“I don’t talk things, sir”, said Faber. ‘I talk the meaning of things. I sit here and know I’m alive.’” “The good writers touch life often, the mediocre ones run a quick hand over her. The bad ones rape her and leave her for the flies.” “We are living in a time when flowers are trying to live on flowers instead of growing on good rain and black loam.”

“I N T H E B E G I N N I N G T H E R E I S N O T H I N G N E
S S “

I found the full gif
through cyber search,
parasocial reverse image
research tore through
I found her plunged into
there not as i remembered,
the dream was vivid
and lost in time, the thing
magic
itself was too real, she was

only working. All of the
candidness I had imagined
willing there but she was
still a good Actress. she was
she seemed victorian and
bette davis and the same victorian
and
she was inventive and victorian,
inventive and a little like
bettie page

“dog day afternoon, a
‘of mice and men’ story?
sal was strong,
they put him down.
She was like glass wax milk
and silver and rose blood
and velvet steel like some
meat machine behind the tv screen, a rosebowl in the
moonlight, with no one watching.
US ideal. noth ing ness.
computerashley. Absolutely.
cite the music video for float on,
by modest mouse, some kind of
leftover victorian slaughterhouse.
With her inside, they’ve dolled her
up. seen everything, but
is decadently enfeebled by this
excess of (self) awareness.

“The pre-emptive formatting and shaping of desires, aspirations and hopes by capitalist culture,” in which “‘alternative’ and ‘independent’ don’t designate something outside mainstream culture; rather, they are styles, in fact *the* dominant styles within the mainstream.”

“All that’s left is to imitate dead styles, to speak through the masks and with the voices of the styles in the imaginary museum,” to

“Reproduce the forms of the past without anxiety”

Anxiety as key, and

Authenticity as marketable, “Anti-Mythical Myth”

THE GHOST WILL NOT LEAVE THE SHELL

SHE SITS UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE

I HAD NOT HEARD HER SPEAK.

It’s Already over, like vaporwave

past its peak, the only space

we’ve saved is our tomb

And collective mausoleum .
Time capsule and cell, liberation
within its confines space to
mime, undress, and consign.
thank you yandex . she is on twitch.
I can watch her stream from her
birdcage , shes ,made it into the class/art porn
is on twitch . she has a gamer chair (pink)
twitch, it seems she is always either
in a movie, or in a birdcage / shop
window. one wonders what food she
buys at the store, she certainly
would I imagines running
into her at the store grocery store,
I think she would have a basket,
not a cart. maybe she hopes no one
knows who she is, and that attractive
shoppers never go unnoticed, that the
market is a center of eros and fantasy,
where we simultaneously want to leave
as soon as possible, and also stay forever,
among endless aisles and food and potential
chance encounters and negotiations,
an complex manufactory and
reassembly of desire and transaction ,
a market in a market,
ripe for the “counterflow of amorphous, undifferentiated fluid”,
“the paranoiac machine; the desiring-machine’s attempt to break into the body without
organs. and the body without organs repels them”,
the conflict between the
body/ and the desire manuf system
intake; sign seeking, inp proper
input seeking, the consumer /
the sexual partner, desire
almost totally de at the
market , seeking the correct
product, the preferred brand,
the right person; purchase

“Yay thats so fun”,
Fun is the That’s so fun
“the world around me is dissolving, leaving here and there spots of time. The world is a
cancer eating itself away I am thinking that when the great silence descends upon all
and everywhere music will at last triumph.” “When into the womb of time everything is
again withdrawn chaos will be restored and chaos is the score upon which reality is
written.”

“Isn’t that beautiful, isn’t that special”
“And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,”
“Scratch and scratch – until there’s no skin left.”
“The figure of the political enemy, foreclosed from the political space proper.”
Look out the window when you’re
Ready to see it.
Pale, and purple, and indescribable.
Meaningless.
I lose focus, and ,
re enter my daze. A beautiful
world to die in.
Her contentment was just weeds
growing at the base of something
much larger and long lost since
understood. She laughed to
keep from
is it all about knowing where
you’re thirsty? Where to
pour, when to pour, What to pour,
how to pour? immense grapes.

“The cause of the pagan against the Judeo-Christian portion of the European cultural
inheritance seemed to be greatly enhanced.”
“For its symbols (whether in the tangible form of image or in the abstract form of ideals)
touch and release the deepest centers of motivation, moving literate and illiterate alike,
moving mobs, moving civilizations,”
”Vegetables both radical and excrescent”
“How have you gathered all the minor sewers into one cloaca maxima, and discharged
the whole upon my innocent head!”
“He leaves us his contemporaries; and goes a thousand years off to talk to us”

“Ly. Drink, quick; it will make a man of you in thought and word.
Lex. Well, if I must. Lord, what is this? How it rumbles! I must have swallowed a
ventriloquist.”
News flakentinsel, Teach
Dreamspeak in Vinter
“The medieval monk Bede”,
“Born on lands belonging to the twin monastery of Monkwearmouth-Jarrow in present
day Tyne and Wear”
“And for the king’s offence the people died.”
“I was listening so intently to Agamemnon I didn’t notice that Ascyrtos was already
gone.”
“You ain’t a 90’s kid, if you born in 96,” poptart ass meat
people on TV instagram TV

“His impressions are weak and he rarely pays attention to them; his mind is almost entirely absorbed by the vivacity of certain ideas,”

“Madness will begin only in the act which gives the value of truth to the image.”/”The simple contemplation of an image”

“Such heavy thinkers are to remain without” “Each plant was a bouquet adorning the universal form of god.”

The Punisher wants to save,

He knows the world is fallen,

He wants to choose who

to save, He knows who He ignores will be lost,

Swept away, suffers in the fallen world, he saves who He thinks is worthy,

and Punishes those who he thinks are Not, if the “Un worthy” should resist the popular erasure by the rapid currents of the fallen world,

if you do not fall down, the Punisher rushes

The Punisher is a symptom of a fallen world

I am a nuisance faceless wasteness clown

I am scared of the future

I am scared of the Present,

I am scared of people

I am scared of my house

I am scared of my self

Nothing ever gets done.

Self effacement is total

Her Asian face in a jar

Today what a mad house

I have not seen I

the Hospital is Terminal.

Endless, Obscene

A mockery of living

Just clean floors and TV is all that matters,

“The women, the chaff women in his parlor tonight, with the kernels blown out from under them by a neon wind.”

Even marriage is precarious employment
these days

The pressed juice of my entire life
Fills one small bottle to be mindlessly
gulped uncaringly by no one even
watching. It was brand artisanal juice,
for Individuals, that's all that was
conveyed. That single gulp helped
affirm the User's sense of self
who Cares what they put in it?
There's thousands of brains juiced each day just to fill those bottles
for Individuals to can express
themselves when buying.
We do a service by providing the option, and
and what a Wide selection of bottles there are.
WHETHER YOU CHOOSE THIS ONE,
OR THAT ONE, YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND YOURSELF
IN THE END, AND
WITH A GREAT TASTE YOU CAN'T
EXPLAIN

“He and the space in question may be homogenous if his messages of design are to leave him and return to him successfully”
“She saw everything. She didn't do anything to anyone. She just let them alone.”
Montag entered the men's washroom. Through the aluminum wall he heard a radio voice saying 'War had been declared'. The gas was being pumped outside.” “Gray animals peering from electric caves,”
The “Motor of history”
The production of Good Words
and nice sayings to smooth the
day along and pass the keep
the going good; An army of
Diplomats, infernal ambassadors
of the each hallway door
and aisle, shepherds, keep
it going, Yes it is, Keep on moving

The Explosion of the Service
sector, the good conscience
Police, Thank you very much,
imagine writing under your Real
name , and then later chLegally
changing your name To A Penname
Yellow constricted Throatdog
before “we had been digging
“A Vessel in WHiCH to pour we
we THE VITAL FLUID” Before, we had been digging in the dark, with nothing but
instinct to guide us. Now we shall have a vessel in which to pour the vital fluid.” A “The
buildIG
of which everybody migh
“MCathedral, In the building of
Which Swart well Fed, with
his orange county Fashie wife.
Blood and Oil, GOD AND LIFE
Transcendent Fumes, in the Castle. heightS,
Heights. I dont understand the
scale of Anything. Big things seem
small and small things seem Big

I see space where theres walls,
and walls where there’s space .
“Educated for a defense which deforms the defenders and that which they defend.”
“The spectacle is not a collection of images, but a social relation among people, mediated
by images.”
“Nothing but an official language of generalized separation” ? ? ?
”A world vision which has become objectified” ?
”The heart of unrealism of the real society”
“The goal is nothing, development everything.”
From “Being” to “Having”, to “Appearing”
“It is allowed to appear only to the extent that it is not.”
THERE WONT BE A WAR WITH SOLDIERS,
JUST “TERRORISM” AND POLICE.
we’ll be at peace while we’re at war

A dirty floor can be cleaned,
a dirty floor doesn’t worry me,
but a desire to always have
but a desire to never
“The ‘totalitarian’ notion of the ‘administered world’, in which the very experience of
subjective freedom is the form of appearance of subjection to disciplinary mechanisms, is
ultimately the obscene fatntasmatic underside of the ‘official’ public ideology (and
practice) of individual autonomy and freedom: the first has the accompany the second,

supplementing it as its obscene shadowy double, in a way which cannot fail to recall the central image of the Wachowski Brother's film Matrix: millions of human beings leading claustrophobic life in water-filled cradles, kept alive in order to generate the energy (electricity) for the matrix. So when (some) people 'awaken' from their immersion in matrix-controlled virtual reality, this awakening is not an opening into the wide space of the external reality, but, in the first moment, the horrible realization of this enclosure, where each of us is effectively just a foetus-like organism, immersed in amniotic fluid."

"The man who imagines he is made of glass is not mad, for any sleeper can have this image in a dream; but he is mad if, believing he is made of glass, he thereby concludes that he is fragile, that he is in danger of breaking, that he must touch no object which might be too resistant, that he must in fact remain motionless, and so on. Such reasonings are those of a madman; but again, we must note that in themselves they are neither absurd or illogical. On the contrary, they apply correctly the most rigorous figures of logic."

If I was made of glass,

I would try not to break,

"The dead do not eat; I am dead; Hence I do not eat."

"Faultless connection in the transparency of a virtual language)" "Spectacular "The spectacle is the material reconstruction of the religious illusion. Spectacular technology has not dispelled the religious clouds where men had placed their own power detached from themselves; it has only tied them to an earthly base."

"The most earthy life thus becomes opaque and unbreathable. It no longer projects into the sky but shelters within itself its absolute denial, its fallacious paradise."

21

"TO THE EXTENT THAT NECESSITY IS SOCIALLY DREAMED, THE DREAM BECOMES NECESSARY. THE SPECTACLE IS THE NIGHTMARE OF IMPRISONED MODERN SOCIETY WHICH ULTIMATELY EXPRESSES NOTHING MORE THAN ITS DESIRE TO SLEEP. THE SPECTACLE IS THE GUARDIAN OF SLEEP."

"The practical power continued to lack cohesion and remained in contradiction to itself."
- Sometimes the shower needs a shower too.

"The social object can speak without representative instances."

"In the most recent upheaval (3) the intellectual discovered that the masses no longer need him to gain knowledge; they know perfectly well, without illusion; they know far better than he and they are certainly capable of expressing themselves. But there exists a system of power which blocks, prohibits, and invalidates this discourse and this knowledge, a power not only found in the manifest authority of censorship, but one that profoundly and subtly penetrates an entire societal network. Intellectuals are themselves agents of this system of power – the idea of their responsibility for 'consciousness' and discourse forms part of the system. The intellectuals role is no longer to place himself 'somewhat ahead and to the side' in order to express the stifled truth of the collectivity; rather, it is to struggle against the forms of power that transform him into its object and instrument, in the sphere of 'knowledge', 'truth', 'consciousness', and 'discourse'."

“In this sense theory does not express, translate, or serve to apply practice; it is practice. But it is local and regional, as you said, and not totalizing. This is a struggle against power, a struggle aimed at revealing and undermining power where it is most invisible and insidious. It is not to ‘awaken consciousness’ that we struggle (the masses have been aware for some time that consciousness is a form of knowledge, and consciousness as the basis of subjectivity is a prerogative of the bourgeoisie), but to sap power, to take power, it is an activity conducted alongside those who struggle for power, and not their illumination from a safe distance. A ‘theory’ is the regional system of this struggle.”

“I see you sitting there close together and I know there is a chasm between you. Your nearness is the nearness of planets. I am the void between you. If I withdraw there will be no void for you to swim in.”

He will subside again into

“The humus of his ideology and perhaps a poem will be born, a big golden bell of a poem without a tongue”

“Beyond the seven veils of unreality, beyond the walls of parlors, and beyond the tin moat of the city”

”He was a thing of horn and blood that would smell like autumn if you bled it out on the ground.”

“Right now, some poor old fellow is out for a walk. A rarity. An odd one. Don’t think the police don’t know the habits of queer ducks like that, men who walk mornings for the hell of it, or for reasons of insomnia. Anyway, the police have had him charted for months, years. Never know when that sort of information might be handy. And today, it turns out, its very useful indeed.”

“The dark screen said, ‘The search is over, Montag is dead; A crime against society has been avenged.’”

“‘I hate a Roman named status quo!’, he said to me. ‘Stuff your eyes with wonder’, he said.”

“The body falls in separate motions, and the blood is astonished to be freed on the air; the brain squanders its few precious memories and, puzzled, dies.”, “He saw her leaning towards the great shimmering walls of color, and motion where the family talked and talked and talked to her, where the family prattled and chatted and said her name and smiled at her and said nothing of the bomb that was an inch, now a half inch, now a quarter inch from the top of the hotel.”

“Leaning into the wall as if all of the hunger of looking would find the secret of her sleepless unease there.”

“The love that wasn’t quite right, the dream that went sour, the sex that fell apart, the deaths that came swiftly to friends not deserving, the murder of someone or another, the insanity of someone close, the slow death of a mother, the abrupt suicide of a father – a stampede of elephants, an onslaught of disease. And nowhere, nowhere the right book for the right time to stuff in the crumbling wall of the breaking dam to hold back the deluge.”

“Proust, an author thought to be a pure intellectual, who said it so clearly; treat my book as a pair of glasses directed to the outside; if they don’t suit you, find another pair; I leave it to you to find your own instrument, which is necessarily an investment for combat.”

“The autocratic reign of the market economy,” “Continued to gather strength; that is, to spread to the furthest limits on all sides, while increasing its density in the center.”
“In 1967 it had barely forty years behind it.”

“Decisions already taken are presented for passive admiration”, “For what is communicated are orders.”

“Pickup instructions

Once you arrive, skip the line and show the staff your order details. This helps them find your order and double-check your items. View all details.”

“We became a nation of permanent war, in attempt to ferret out internal enemies”

LIBER PATER “Nowadays everyone’s a lion at home, a fox on the street.”

“I personally know many, many men who’ve died because they wouldn’t the truth to themselves.” 20 years too late

I make a fetish out of Charley

Patton, and keep beating him

when he’s dead, and Im

Still deaf; its like I celebrate it.

Something which takes place “After the terms and relationships of force are established, or after the socius is crystallized into various closed instances which remain opaque to one another.”

“ Enunciation is the prisoner of dominant meanings”

shared experience as an arena for

virtue signaling ; moral theater

scoffing, bessidedes

myself, the screen Absolutes,

Abdicates ; confessional

“Love as the ammunition of the only selfish impulse.”

“My body wasn’t reaching the balls, I don’t know what’s happening.”

Constant recastration,

Segementing, into a pornocized

Major Projection Game

unheard.

The cats started appearing

out of nowhere, we heard them

fighting every night

This man with wax in his ears ignores me,

He sleeps forever and has the media implanted rectally,

it pulsating softly throughout the day, It gives him

such pleasure . . . How Could I

Compete?

I would love to crawl up his asshole and service him hourly . . . And even then,
I'd have to tell such stories, use such colors, its too much work. There's no way.
We are anally pacified, driving off a cliff. A great, stupid beast, unaware of its own
hysteria, infantile, suckling a gun, turning it on mommy for pocket money, too fat to run.
People hanging themselves, losing their minds in the dark, shut away, in the "freest"
country of all, we'll kill ourselves for them, no bodies, no one at all.
And we'll love it, freezing screaming overhead, rictus facing the wall,
All of it is just dog water decadence; cum on the wall.

"Think about everything that's happened in the world; but your opinions, they're
infallible? All of the new information, all of the new data that has entered the world, that
is available at your fingertips, on your phone, and none of it has changed your opinion at
all - in fact you've become more entrenched. You're not moving at all, even though the
world is moving on without you."

"Believing that the whole world should bend to your way of thinking."

parcels of my being, in transit, orbiting the world, ordered online,
blind beads of light, out "There"; my satellite states,

"The industrial machine, the banking machine, the military machine, the politico-police
machine, the techno-structures of the State, the church, etc."

"Then thou carriedst thine ashes into the mountains: wilt thou now carry thy fire into the
valleys? Fearest thou not the incendiary's doom?"

"What will thou do in the land of sleepers?"

"Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm.

Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more an ape than any of the apes."

"Despisers of life are they, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the
earth is weary: so away with them."

"What is the greatest ye can experience? It is the hour of great contempt."

the wine coats me like armor and it feels like nothing gets in

Apolitical cheesedog show

economy of desire, with

the blinds low so the help

cant see

"A very large tribe, with very large armies and lots of television."

"The further belief about your belief"

"You may "Who knows

"What he's interested in, are those relations of force and power that would cause a
species like ours to develop distinctions like true/false."

“How a discourse of true/false is deployed, how its used, what it makes possible, and what it makes impossible.”

Stop producing
things. Stop producing empty things.
Stop desiring production, stop
desiring the production
The production of self as producer
the producer in production,
constant, the producer of appearances
of implied shapes and of
story narratives, the producer
producing the appearances and move
ments suggestive of a self,
of an elaborate
twitching mating dance;
the human “being”, the self,
Its Really There, I Am Really
One, Believe Me, I Produce
it, Chronically, Terminally

“The image of the inherited enemy is already sleeping in the nervous system and along with it the well-proven reaction.”

“Nowhere, he noted, are the ‘elemental ideas’ to be found in a pure state, abstracted from the locally conditioned ‘ethnic ideas’, through which they are substantialized,”

A knight in the tower
No time to paint the idols,
the Festival is machine made.
The ritual reflects,
We feign production; pretend
We hope for adequate systems of paranoia within the sphere of planning.
The machine goes on.

“Become a parody of nobility with dark chivalry crown crates”

“A refusal of those simplifications which prevent us from perceiving the genealogy and the permanence of certain fascist machineries.”

“Cruelty was the delight of that soul!”

“Is your soul not poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency?”

“Personalized, individualized,”

“Feelings or attitudes”

“The denial of the possibility of modernizing the left.”

the term “Modernizing” became equated with neoliberalisation

‘Harbors a disrespect for the authority of clothes,’

Some small pup Christ kid.

knows what; He’ll make

a good wife some day;

Another punk

with an Alexander cut,

missionary the minutes up

A real child of the Empire

“Where have you been? Away, away”

I don’t know... He didn’t

Ask me

“For your plants and friends (in your Demilitarized Zone garden
vibe sector area space)

And “Thirsting for glory and revenge, enacts prodigies of valor, recovers the victory,
slays the enemy’s chief, honors his friend with superb funeral rites, and exercises a cruel
vengeance on the body of his destroyer”

“She supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done”

“Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore”

This beaded skin fountain mound

with jagged normal overflow

Simon Cowell Hitler heil

The larp is real and unconcerned

Datum stables waiting friend

Stays here, cleans room

stays near, needs him

on the mound

on the shore

Northo

Clockwork static covers me

Some strang house god,

To drained of semen impeded men

burzum limpit castle, land for sale.

Theres no connection. what the hell.

My right eye bulges. Is

“By going down, he went over” is better
than “By going over, he went down.”

? “Delirium: “This world is derived from ‘lira’, a furrow; so that ‘deliro’ actually means
to move out from the furrow, away from the proper path of reason.”

Very Meaningful Water Part

Henry is short for ‘Hank’

“Chapter one: the man in the eyes of his family. Chapter two: the same in the eyes of his
mistress. Chapter three: No chapter three. Have to come back tomorrow for chapter three
and four.”

“I’m living at the villa borghese. we’re all dead, or dying, or about to die. We need good
titles. We need meat – slices and slices of meat – juicy tenderloins, porterhouse steaks,
kidneys, mountain oysters, sweet breads.”

som

Use them up fast and throw way over turn over cut

Cold and top Em out

the Racing track is just

All of life

always Nice

olive branch

Old folk home Teenage night

stasis hold,

Shooter Zone

Misunderstood

unacquired irony shades levels and layers

removed, Authorized

Text-to-Spe e/a ch/k

Face down to Avoid the

Hall cop Gorilla hoof

The eternal Disneyland of

the 21st Mind

and other flocks of

Gazelle, and other

unsupposed pathways

of desire, the

mausoleum becomes

a nightclub, with

the neons pumped into it,

and the Dj servicing it

“I am the yeast of thoughts and minds”

the old god pulled a giant urn from deep within the mountain

and pulled down the lightning to pry the lid open,

When I called out Ho! What are you Doing, There, O Father God?

Giving birth to the lions he said, and he opened the
jar and the lions poured forth, I've lost the train,
"Capitalist realism, like any political realism, was an achievement"
Noborossiya, by that logic
A spigot from which my insides spill,
there's not much, it never fills

I've poured all my brains
into a hole in the floor
'madness, tech, and focus music'
Its the government Politics
History kids, mock government
After school kids that
Authoritative Environment
into Sexuality of the state
programme kids, the Replacement
of desire,
switched symbols, the theatre
kids just the same,
except inverse, the
dichotomy remains, their
fusion is necessary, to
study and change
"Production of desire",
Perhaps their initial separation
was a foundational move for the state

They were initially fused, and then later separated; the desire halved,
two machines, instead of the single, primal motor – unstoppable and evocative,
now reduced to factional production, guild status, partisan specialized desire,
Production Desire, love your job and identity desire, not the thing you're making desire.
Meta Desire, the desire of a child given a task, who Performs it for the thrill of "Being" /
seeming / appearing / like / as Adult,
Not for understanding or knowledge,
Zeal of the task/final product/outcome: Alienated,
We are isolated from the outcome of the desire we produce, yet we are subject to the
shape of it; we desire/experience its result regardless

"Form is a rigid container, and within it is substance. Beyond their practical function,
therefore, objects – and specifically objects of furniture – have a primordial function as
vessels, a function that belongs to the register of the imaginary."
and "Relations between beings are transcendent correlations of substances."

Our men are preoccupied
with a symbolic order that
denies their being, their body.

They are castrated, from the testicles, whereby women are imprisoned by their ovaries, forcibly unallowed to separate from them.

“What counts as realistic is always a political question.”

“Grass taste bad.”

“The energy system is an enormous institutional structure...consists of course of the fossil fuel industry, banks, other financial institutions, a substantial part of the legal community, and other centers of private and state power.”

“Mutually agreed upon fictions, which after a time become obligatory to believe in”
in our time, we built our homes
around the television.

It mattered little what we watched, it mattered more that it was on,
and that light and sound poured out; the television was our hearth.

The structures and buildings of TV watching would remain,
like strange obelisks or circles of stone in the sand. It didn't matter what you watched,
only that you could move from place to place and find one there with something also to
watch, and light and sound to pour out
and you to crowd around like some window
opened on an essential room or view

ALL MY GREAT THINGS
ARE SHINY BUTTONS
IN THE TRASH
SOMETHIN UGLY

SOMETHINTRASH

I DRAINED MYSELF
ONLY, JUST SICK WITH
MY SICKWITH \ ME
the algorithm candidate; looks
and speakest digitally derived from personal algorithm
Speakes to you looks how you
like, based on your google search

All the confidence of a fantasy map
“Oral annexation” and “assimilation”
of the surrounding world,
“To suck or not to suck” this
encroaching thing (nouma),
some have to get their mouth around everything.
Its a fixation and a complication, “The world is experienced as given, and the task is to
reveal and perpetuate it.”
Any mayonaise on yer toast?
no just the kid
“The immoral origin of morality, the untruthful origin of truth.”

“She spoke of it as if it were some extraneous object which she had acquired at great cost, an object whose value had increased with time and which now she prized above everything in the world.”

”It was no longer just her private organ, but a treasure, a magic potent treasure, a god-given thing – and nonetheless so because she traded it day in and day out for a few pieces of silver.”

Adequate separation of organs required for advanced socializing
Machine gun, carry my body all along / “Machine gun tearing my body all apart”

“A heart without reference to any fixed point within”

”Sheena and Frank Potter are all packed ready to leave for Puerto Rico because a green and a red light are just lights to him.”

Authenticity of the spectacle,
did you see it, did you hear us cheer,
Strangers in the dark, spectating from separate locations,
the “Real” one, the “Real” thing, the Good moment?
(Who ‘has’ the ‘authentic’ experience?)

the “Certified Spectacle” good
even better often and as
opposed to its pale imitators/ion
Entangled by a complex
and commanded series of even
expectations and scenarios, Fantasy,
reteenagerized in your 50’s.

AND over willingness as absurd

Customize your Beer

Monarchy is the monarchy of

the monarchy “And to generate new , more essential relations”

and I bumped my head – a message from “God” : “HBO Max Last Night in SOHO Just – Added Movie Anya Taylor-Joy stars in Edgar Wright’s Swinging 60’s Psycho-Thriller.

Continue Watching > Tuca & Bertie S2E1 For You HBO Originals Westworld HBO My List > Looney Tunes

“Relations”, In which Things are “Understood” in their “imminent value as signs”,
“Remote origin”

“in the first moments when one falls asleep, the vapors which rise in the body and ascend to the head are many, turbulent, and dense.”,

“of dementia, in which one is convinced of many things” “which are not in real life””

“because the mechanisms are the same” (the development of sleep, and the forms of madness)

“the same movement of vapors and spirits, the same liberation of images, the same correspondence between the physical qualities of phenomena and the psychological or moral values of sentiments.”

clap-clap, baby, theres no passion

sometimes its clap clap baby! theres no passion
sometimes its clap-clap baby,
theres no passion.

“They have to keep their media war alive”

Its not passion, it’s a trick

“What are the values of these Western values?”

nihilism;

“Not as a personal belief but something that could be the fate of a culture.”

as in;

“Now that there aren’t any humans left, y’know, what do we do in our word processors?”

“From the Greeks, to the Christian religion, and on to this situation of nihilism,”

as in; “Values of the Greeks, and how they became Christian values; which Nietzsche

argues later becomes decadent, and life threatening,” “and lead to a third kind of

evaluation which is really,” as it were, “the dead end.”

“An inability to do any thing but take pleasure.”

its not that its good in itself

its that its good in helping you to act

David Harvey’s Anti-Capitalist Chronicles; A British nobleman’s Diaries?

A lightning vibrator, no off switch, flesh theater

Holes around, 360 Degree

Waterfall, somehow,

“The use of the electronic image as propaganda by whoever can control some part of it,”

You’re me, and you’re you,

I’m you, and I’m me,

For all intents and purposes,

For all intensive purposes,

Blinking with my eyes closed

“The matches are always acts of retribution for a host of elaborate and fictional wrongs.

The narratives of emotional wreckage reflected in the wrestler’s stage biographies mirror the emotional wreckage of

“It is the appeal of much of popular culture, from Jerry Springer to ‘reality’ television to

Oprah Winfrey. The narratives expose the anxiety that we will die and never be

recognized or acclaimed, that we will never be wealthy, that we are not among the chosen but remain part of the vast, anonymous masses. The ringside sagas are designed to

reassure us. They hold out the hope that we, humble and unsung as these celebrities once were, will eventually be blessed with grace and fortune.”

“It succeeds because we ask to be fooled.” “They return to befriend and confer some of their supernatural power on us.”

“began to focus on the petty, cruel, psychological dramas and family dysfunction that come with social breakdown.”

Revolution is a sexy word

like cumshot/blowjob or blowjob/cumshot,

Like a twig of a tree in

a bottle of perfume, ,

Jenge beaurocrats, obeying
temple pillars “Basically they don’t have the money to keep this statue up and running”
“contemplation happens while
being engaged”

“Active powers, that as it were

wo

“In the Victorian period, to be ‘virtuous’ meant to deny one after another all those aspects of your active powers, which were celebrated in this earlier use of the word.”

“Nietzsche’s point was that this transformation from a master to a slave morality was life denying, not life affirming. Life denying.” , and

that “the active powers that human beings wanted to realize become inwardized; turned against themselves, and become a series of ‘just say no’s’ to the various aspects of the things that make us human: things that are ignored by theorists, academics, philosophers, literary critics, and others. Topics we oughta discuss. Like how good’s our food? How warm’s our house? How much fun do we have havin’ sex? We don’t talk about that much, and yet that’s the fabric that makes a life that flourishes. Not whether Shakespeare’s in the canon or not, or whether Mel Gibson plays him or not, but whether we’re HEALTHY and WELL . . . and FEEL GOOD! Like Odysseus can do many things and ENJOY a whole bunch of them.”

“That is at least, the movement that Nietzsche wants to trace.”

“They’re strong enough to forget; so if insulted, you hit the master in the face, he hits you back, and that way he honors you, and then he forgets it, see? Because first of all, if he turns the other cheek, he shames you, by saying ‘you’re not y’know, ‘good enough to even fight me’, rather, you hit him, he hits you back, and you both forget it”

”He hits you, you hit him, and then you’ve treated each other with dignity, and then you forget it. But you don’t turn the other cheek, and then remember it – mendaciously remember it; ‘Ah, yes . . . you’ve hurt me now, but later . . . Remembering the ‘but later’, is at the heart of Christian morality. Where ‘reactive forces prevail over the active ones.’”, and “Here, you want things, but there are rules and principles that stand between your will and fulfilling the will of desire.”

There are people cut off from the root that they are motherless and crazy, even in absolute sanity and even when having a million mothers. daily. they are always faceless. and screaming the always out of despair.

“Mr. & Mrs. Everywhere are construct identities, the new century’s equivalent of the Jones’es, except that with them you don’t have to keep up u buy personalized TV with homage attachment which ensures that Mr. & Mrs. Everywhere look and think, move like you.” chances chances

Man fuck all that, theres Bo math to De Maanity

STUPID WAS HI NG MACHINE

SOCIAL, Always sorry

THE DREAM is valid

THE RATS RUN THE SHOW

EVERYONE KNOWS EVERYONE

”its not your fault, because your heart changed its mind”

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN

JAZZ LOUNGE AND GRUNGE

GO TO 90, LOST

INESCAPABLE CHLOESEVIGNY

THANK YOU AND GRANMA

JOSEPHINE BUSCEMI

NO ONE I DID ANYONE KNOW

THE 90S WELL, PROBABLY

‘SIT HERE IN TREES LOUNGE,

ORDER ONE MORE ROUND

YOU HAVE A PRETTY NAME

PRETTY LIKE YOUR NAME’

good humor ice cream

valley stream,

5 write some stupid

things

imagine being born

in the 70’s

a te cheni cal person

by the bridge of her

nose I didnt see this

time ,

Ill write Some Smart (useless)

shit:

“Ananke

in ancient greek religion, ananke,

from the common noun ‘force’ constraint

necessity IS the personification

of inevitability, (intellectualism as a padded room) compulsion

(flashing screen) and necessity ,

she is customarily depicted holding
a spindle (horrible things happen)
Confused, plastic.
motor always going,
going always stalling,
A metaphor to seek the
thing is the thing of things
take a shower any way,
Different shades of same color
over under under over
over over Over over

Its the ideas in things I had to grasp
Oh geez, I neEmbr eexperienCt

O/J

I love, not because I love,

Hunchbacked in bubblegum.
Disintegration and applause,
social
coagulation

A blood pit asylum to reside in

“Week after week, they act out scenarios that are psychological windows into what has happened to our culture.”

“The referee, the only authority figure in the bouts, is easily distracted and unable to administer justice.”

“The failure to enforce the rules, which usually hurts the wrestler who needs the rules the most, is vital to the storyline.”

“Cheating becomes a way to even the score.” “Corruption is part of life.”

“A caricature of passion,” “They believe these flickering shadows are reality,”

“We risk being the first people in history to have been able to make their illusions so vivid, so persuasive, so realistic that they can live in them.”

“No one achieves celebrity status, no cultural illusion is swallowed as reality, without these armies of cultural enablers and intermediaries.”

can't keep up past a minute; late.

Sometimes the morning is more of the day before than the day ahead.

the lack of Boredom of someone deluded to the core,

“The collective euphoria” at “the start of that trajectory”

“A music about certain experience of collectivity, becomes a music about isolation.”,

“Digital melancholy”

is the honesty of Death Grips that you don't even pretend that you would "Crisis of space-time brought about by communicative (?) capitalism."

"Under democracy; he will be encouraged to starve to death in a garret, under fascism, he will be put in a concentration camp, under communism he will be liquidated."

"Nothing will be different, except the name. The fools will still be fools, the knaves still leaders, the results still exploitation."

and all the while we melt like wax

ocean of milk, daniel euphrat

person918x

"Hard rock cafe, but has its business around the yearning for intimacy with the famous."

impersonally angry at things

for it to matter bro just make sure the snowglobe has its snow.

Bill didn't kill anybody,

Bill didn't go to Korea,

He's Bill for other reasons,

or for no reason at all.

is it

the suburban chalice from which all definitions of comfort/pleasure are derived

the loneliness of the suburban mom, her eroticism as porn figure,

a woman knowledgeable of comfort and housing, relations and responsibility,

the woman with limbs in all arenas; the center

TWO FOOT DRIVE

it works "because it was the public wanted to believe about themselves."

"This is what the contemporary self wants. It wants to be recognized, wants to be connected: it wants to be visible." "This is the quality that validates us, this is how we become real to ourselves – by being seen by others. The great contemporary terror is anonymity. If Lionel Trilling was right, if the property that grounded the self in romanticism was sincerity, and in modernism was authenticity, then in postmodernism it is visibility." and "Help us look and feel like celebrities." "to build around us the set for the movie or our own life." Martha Stewarts

"The route to happiness is bound up in how skillfully we show ourselves to the world."

"'It's not just the outside I want to change, but its the inside too,' Cristina told the camera mournfully."

"The image of a blueprint and crosshairs was used repeatedly through the program."

"In celebrity culture, family is the consolation prize for not making it to the pageant."

"Henry Butcher is an enthusiastic proselytizer for the panacea he believes in."

"Life is about the personal humiliation of those who oppose us."

"No one has any worth beyond his or her appearance, usefulness, or ability to 'succeed'."

i'll 'reward' them with my guilt, and admissions of remorse

how i "suffered" for making them "suffer"

my mother worries for my safety because im not preoccupied

"It doesn't matter what any of us is looking for, we'll never find it because its not even there."

“cosmopolitan fingering”

“replaces engagement”

”Floating Boxes

“No Views” Jun 30, 2022”

“But no one cares, they’re wearing holographic clothes.

How is it outrageous and boring at the same time?

Maybe its worse

Maybe we’ll all drown.

These are some big

Rocks to push up, huh?

All I learned to do

was to redefine

the engine as the

sum of its parts.

i flash some words at you

if you read them and feel

inspired to respond then do.

i shrieked out too

“Personal style, defined by the commodities we buy or consume, has become a compensation for our loss of democratic equality.”

? instead , we retain “A “Right, in the cult of self, to get whatever we desire”?

“In America, this system is carried to the point where a man who can knock a small white ball into a series of holes in the ground with more efficiency and skill than anyone else thereby gains access to the president of the United States.”

“It is carried to the point that where a chattering radio and television entertainer becomes the hunting chum of leading

“Then a second feature of the star system begins to work; all the stars of any other sphere of endeavor or position are drawn toward the new star and he toward them. The success, the champion, accordingly, is one who mingles freely with other champions to populate the world of the celebrity.”

“Celebrities are skillfully used by their handlers and the media to compensate for the increasingly degraded and regimented existences that most of us endure in a commodity culture.”

The high world of artisianal or ironic objects;

“Celebrity is the vehicle used by a corporate society to sell us these branded commodities.”

they “present the familiar and comforting face of the corporate state.”

“Capitalism originally sought to police play and pleasure, because any attempt to replace work as the central, life interest threatened the economic survival of the system.”

“The family, the state, and religion engendered a variety of patterns of moral regulation to control desire and ensure compliance with the system of production.” “The principles that operated to repress the individual in the workplace and the home were extended to the shopping mall and recreational activity.”

“Through this process individuals unwittingly subscribed to the degraded version of humanity.”

“And there was established that circuit which makes one feel the earth under his legs again.”

Hide in the basement to protect my simulated body,
A good bad movie, a bad good movie
a steaming pile of raw
material pulled right out
from the Mountain, its alive,
the scrap heap, it crawls with
the heat of millions

“Here I sensed the beginning of the end, stagnation, nostalgic fatigue, a will that had turned against life.” . . .

“Finally he will be forced to listen to a new claim. Let us articulate that new claim. We need a critique of all moral values; the intrinsic worth of these values must, first of all, be called in question. To this end we need to know the conditions from which those values have sprung and how they have developed and changed: morality as consequence, symptom, mask, tartufferie, sickness, misunderstanding, but, also, morality as cause, remedy, stimulant, inhibition, poison.”

“What if the ‘good’ man represents not merely a retrogression, but even a danger, a temptation, a narcotic drug enabling the present to live at the expense of the future?”

“ – so that morality itself would be responsible for man, as a species, failing to reach the peak of magnificence of which he is capable!” “ – as though it were really not worthwhile to take all these things, the problems of morality, quite so seriously.”

come on, you clowns, give me the juice
refrigerator meat, vs Hot Blood

“We need to be able to critique this from a future which didn’t arrive or is yet to come, not from a ‘past’”

“Cruising through the I time”

“Space time, my space time”

“the forms of pleasure that are available there, but also the desolation of that pleasure.”

“‘Inception’, which is for me a major symptomatic film, I think, of recent times.”

“The unconscious without surrealism”

as opposed to

“Frederick Jameson talks about post-modernism as ‘surrealism’ without the unconscious”

“Now we have this further phase of the unconscious without surrealism”

“The themes of limbo in Inception its like;

“Love scene as power point”

“Y’know? Oh look, here’s the house where we first lived, let’s put it next to some other houses where we lived,

“However deep you go, its still a nonspace.”

”An empty retail plaza,” it is like

“the dilapidated form of the itunes, or ipod city.”

“An unconscious which has been superceded, replaced, displaced, by this connected consumer non-spatiality”, “falling into decay and dilapidation”

“problems of memory”

Machinic Desire functions

Packaged Junctions

“The time is out of joined”

There’s flesh and shelf time

behind that computer screen

What happened since 2010

Graeber’s dead, Fisher’s dead.

We need new analysis

for 2025

Twitch streaming/viewing as

something which “conceals the meaninglessness and emptiness of our lives. It seduces us to engage in imitative consumption.”

“His sense of base line morality”

“What Huxley feared was that there would be no reason to ban a book, for there would be no one who wanted to read one.” “In *Brave New World*, they are controlled by inflicting pleasure.”

Twitch streamers are ‘self inflicted’ reality TV, “who speak about their on-air personal growth, and the therapeutic value of always being watched.”

“A celebration of the surveillance state.”, “these are people for whom the idea of anonymity “The actuality is continually outdoing our talents.” – daily blood in the seams, dean.

“If this connection, invariably a product of extremely sophisticated artifice, is not established, no politician can get any traction in a celebrity culture.”

“illusive promise of the future and greatness of the nation,”

“Junk politics does not demand justice or the reparation of rights. It personalizes and moralizes issues rather than clarifying them. ‘Its impatient with articulated conflict, enthusiastic about Americas’ optimism and moral character, and heavily dependent on feel-your-pain language and gesture,’ Demott notes.”

“The result of junk politics is that nothing changes – meaning zero interruption in the processes and practices that strengthen existing interlocking systems of socio-economic advance.”

“Junk politics ‘miniaturizes large complex problems at home while maximizing threats from abroad.’”

The result is that “the reality of the world is whatever the latest cable news show, political leader, advertiser or loan officer says is reality. The illiterate or semi illiterate,

and those who live as though they are illiterate are effectively cut off from the past.”

“They live in an eternal present.”

“We mark the boundaries of our world with a wall of mirrors.”

in the “Quest for the unexpected, we end by finding only the unexpectedness we have planned for ourselves.”

“Those who have not mastered the art of entertainment, who fail to create a narrative or do not have one fashioned for them by their handlers; are ignored. They become ‘unreal’.”

“Parallel institutions”

go down smoothly

network resource relationship

a trash can badger with a face mile wide

show all my cards and ending up bitter

ending up bitter

“‘Entertainment was an expression of democracy, throwing off the chains of alleged cultural repression,’ Gabler wrote. ‘So too was consumption, throwing off the chains of the old production-oriented culture and allowing anyone to buy his way into his fantasy. And in the end, both entertainment and consumption often provided the same intoxication: the sheer, endless pleasure of emancipation from reason, from responsibility, from tradition, from class, and from all the other bonds that restrained the self.’”

“Facts are accepted or discarded according to preordained cosmology”

“‘The pseudo-events which flood our consciousness are neither true nor false in the old familiar sense’ Boorstin wrote.”

“The world outside and the pictures in our heads.” “Emotional response of overwhelming reality”

“I need companions – living ones.” , “and fellow reapers, for everything is ripe for the harvest with him.”

“Not any more will I discourse unto the people, for the last time I have spoken unto the dead.”

“Like living creatures, automobiles expired when their environment became saturated with their own excreta.”

and “Primed to speak up at the right moments and give the impression of Things Happening.”

Earlier on along the hallway,

when the light was different-

where the light looked different

things looked different.

“It has been more than a decade since the contents of the New York Public Library were actually in New York. Their exact location is now classified, but this has not reduced – rather it has enhanced – user access.”

“A public that can no longer distinguish between truth and fiction is left to interpret reality through illusion.”, “A shift from a fixed morality to the artifice of presentation.” and a “Govt. by public apathy.” an “elevated, almost Olympian level of dispassion” . . . “The biggest employer of them all, State, dominated the West Coast; here were the next biggest, the super-corporations that were countries within a country. Ahead loomed the colossal ziggurat of the General Technics tower bridging three complete blocks, and it filled him with a sense of gloom.” saying
“He was his persona and without it would dissolve.”

“In other words:
There was nothing inside,”
“First you use the machines, then you wear the machines, and then . . .”

“The great civilizations of the world were those which were productively ignorant, like the Greeks or the Romans, had very little sense of what had come before them – its not that they couldn’t find out, they just didn’t care either. Because they thought they were at the center of things.” ““If you know too much history, it produces nihilism,’ that’s the claim of Nietzsche. Why? Because you become too aware of things, you become like a depressive. You think, ‘oh look, yeah there was a great civilization there, did great stuff, look, there’s pyramids, and all that – yeah that fell into decadence and collapsed. There’s the mighty Roman Empire, yeah, - collapsed eventually, lasted a few hundred years, maybe; nothing lasts forever, what’s the point, let’s put another DVD on.”
“Ironic detachment from things because we’re too aware.”

“That’s another dimension of this atemporality: we’re not in ourselves in history, we look back upon history as a series of entertainments for ourselves.”

The future is edible hands.”
Guilt Diver Non their Aesethetics
she doesnt exist and
but even so, she still doesnt
like me
exercise for a BS
goth scene I wont

be in, but just to
seem, i might be
i was loyal to the massive
monolith on the ground,
the pit, ex, excavating
TV my moments for years
at the direction of

screens lined the walls
as we dug ever deeper
wire leases wound around
our necks and ears,
covering large distances
in the dark,
arriving at the light place
in our minds
a psychic clyclotron
summons the old gods
from deep underground
a shell of
something new
an entire journey
travagency no
travlency

humming in the pipes,
set into the wall,
the surface made of stone

ing across the
cold tile floor
bonnie raitt, an angel
from montgomery , and
a dark disco ware
these days its clown
girls, and
we know theres more.
Just Pompeian wall scribbles, please shut the door and
the eruption came

Not a minute or more
be witched and accounting all the things from
fourscore.
too quick too notice

my departure from the
old midnight hoops/holes
purple ringed hoops
“To believe in this living is a hard way to go.”
Even dreaming is an
on going political still
born , awakened by
comings and goings
for comings and goings
an air traffic controller ,

tempt the gods with my unknowing
wondering which sleeping position
conveys the most political advocacy
Waiting for the masters
money, to go on sleeping.
the 99999999check/cheque
the Blackout amount
we cannot decide if
 1. there is evil dense or not, and
 2. if we even care if there is
and yet we commit and
proceed anyway
maybe he did blow on the
maybe he does blow on the
table he just bought from
us, smelled it without smelling
it came in on the backend
it was heavy, all ridiculous, i under
stood. Im a small player.

Body in the top corner cliff
The way cut free from ease.
Swinging dead meat, toostupid
too know its alive too proud to
know its not Garden,
Re supplanted, every day,
living effigies , stuffed full
of meat, and spice
 awaiting burning

Un concerned with my future
as a flame, I have my
“Personality” and ‘meaning’ to
content with. There are

things I have to 'assert', I
have to 'do my part.'
I skip ahead, to my 'Reward'
and 'Enjoyment'

"come to think of it; there's a psychological as well as physical sense in which we
reproduce our kind."

THE 'SOCIETY' WHICH EXISTS
ENTIRELY TO BE DESISTED?

i write it down,
of course, mole worm,
im wearing lungfish shoes

"Two directions in which you can abstract your territoriality: one is to privacy, the other
is to property." "You're a predatory beast shut up in a cage of which the bars aren't fixed,
solid objects. . . . No, those bars are the competing members of your own species."
i reside in my copy pond, and model stone garden knowing its me, its me, its me.
A digital idol, etching in lines of desire, around its body, floats from the pond; written in
structions, 'fertility goddess; of postproduction, just production, construction,'

"The many sophisticated Neolithic art forms accentuating the female body unveil a
natural and sacred sexuality neglected by modern culture."

"Wish to disengage the continuity of a totalitarian machine which pursues its course
through all structures: fascist, Stalinist, democratic-bourgeois, etc.", based on / using
"Different formulas for a collective seizing of desire, depending on the transformation of
productive forces and the relationships of production."

"A social chemistry of desire"

"I repeat: what fascism set in motion yesterday continues to proliferate in other forms,
within the complex contemporary social space."

"The only people who will put up with listening to me any longer are those who feel the
interest and urgency of the micro-political antifascist struggle that I'm talking about." so,
"Today the productive forces provoke the explosion of traditional human territorialities (?)
because they are capable of liberating the atomic energy of desire."

"We have a mania for hope, which our corporate masters lavishly provide across the
political and cultural spectrum to keep us passive."

"It insists – and this is the argument of globalization; that our voyage is unalterable, and
decreed by natural law." . . . "and those who challenge this myth, are heretics."

"to emotionally accept impending disaster, to attain the gut level understanding that the
power elite will not respond rationally to collapse." , "the most daunting existentially

"Reason is the hard-pressed servant of the will."

they'll probably still be
having e-sports tournaments

in the bomb shelters
when the bombs fall.
will the corpos keep releasing content throughout?
will we game forever, underground?
new age ice mole kings of the subterranean DARPA net civ?
pre-war packaged apple pie? shelter-2-shelter Hubs?
the Re-caveing of the tribe, evolutionarily full circle?
Steelcavemen? Electric fire pits?
Neon shadow? Too optimistic?

the fighting over anthills,
Brunner's "Happening World",
2pm, drunk w/ the bird goddess,
lubricated eleven
spa-ham a rice-skuh
(Spam Risk) , , time as
"trauma" , "Wound" , "Absence".
A time or period, defined
by Absence , , , ,
"mourning"
Denial of the last man
Denial that here's here in
denial that we're him
And haunts utopia, open up
the mourning for
"possibility of the future that did not arrive"

Desert Fanaticism? V.S. ,
Our Haunted Forests?
and Spectered Paralysis s.? ,
seeking the oil oasis,
stolen, steeled, and transparent,
Glassen, Obvious, occuring,
apparent, evident,
the religious, following it
because it sounds good, and
"feels right", may be the
True perverts, the fetishists,
the denyers, the Schizo Phrenes
of Sanity Gates keeping heaven
and sanctity,
jealously, from us all

"I ought to be rich enough to have a secretary to whom I could dictate as I walk, because my best thoughts always come when I am away from the machine.

Walking along the Champs Elysées I keep thinking of my really superb health. When I say “health” I mean optimism, to be truthful. Incurably optimistic! Still have one foot in the nineteenth century. I’m a bit retarded, like most Americans.”

“The origin of the opposites good and bad is to be found in the pathos of nobility and distance, representing the dominant temper of a higher, ruling class in relation to a lower, dependent one.” with “the origin of language itself as an expression of the ruler’s power.” - “The shift into digital, where we lose nothing – or seem to lose nothing, in fact, we lose a lot.”, “With analog copies, there’s always the question of degradation, in a way, you could argue that degradation is the mark of a copy, actually, in a way, and with the digital we have a replication. Or a propagation, - with out copies, actually. Can’t really call it copies anymore.”, “then you find yourself a prisoner of generalities and totalizing programs, and representative instances regain their power.” “Molecular analysis is the will of a molecular power.”

Latex Fetish:

to be wrapped perfectly in plastic, like a product?
an object? To replace the skin with a ‘perfect’ seamless hyper-surface?
to ‘become’ plastic, the body ‘product’?
a living product?
to become a “Thing” itself?
a toy, or object/product,
item of pleasure, to be store-bought,
to share in the identity of all other store-bought items,
to share affinity with “all my other products”, to declare
allegiance to my consumption objects

just as “goth”, “grunge” and High Pale is “High Priestess” of the nobility,
expensive, vain, (today)
there is no anythin
anyone

“Its goal is to have automatic systems of regulation at its command.”

“In the film, not in the book, the hotel is famously on an Indian burial ground, like the whole of American history, itself, you could say.” – “Built on an Indian burial ground.” and in a way “This is the horror of Patriarchy itself: where the father, is always in the role of the ‘caretaker’, what is the ‘caretaker’? Its someone who takes on ‘the job’ for the management; the management that you never see.”

“And I think that “The Shining” is about this hauntological dimension of fatherhood, I think – partly.”

cheesy computer town,
aiden milking man lesson
man circus man cheese
town joke man sale man,

the grit between window/mirror
Real Life Man! my illusion of
of macroduding ‘ ‘

“Granting that political supremacy always gives rise to notions of spiritual supremacy.”

“In human society, the sentiments in question are not innate but are developed in the individual by the action of the society upon him.”, and “the ceremonial (i.e. collective) expression of any sentiment serves both to maintain it at the requisite degree of intensity in the mind of the individual and to transmit it from one generation to another.”

“Without such expression, the sentiments involved could not exist.”

“Have a cigar, wont you? Yes, I like my work, but I don’t attach any importance to it. My next play will involve a pluralistic conception of the universe. Revolving drums with calcium lights. O’Neill is dead.”

“All through the meal this patter continues. It feels exactly as if he had taken out that circumcised dick of his and was peeing on us.” “Ever since he came back with a heart full of love this monologue has been going on, he talks while he’s undressing, she tells me – a steady stream of warm piss, as though his bladder had been punctured.”

“Courage, Sylvester, courage! Take the microphone out of your pants. Put your hind leg down. And stop making water everywhere.”

“Trimalchio said one of the gods was called Gain, the second Luck, and the third Profit.*

*Mercenary recastings of the traditional household gods, the ‘Lares’. Smith notes (p.169) that all three appear elsewhere as the names of slaves.”

“All work and no play
makes jack a dull boy
all work and no play
makes jack a dull boy
all work an no play
makes jackadullboy”

“How do you like it?”

danny leaving footsteps
in the maze,

the father (the past/present order/patriarch) close behind,

“I’m coming, Danny!” , “I’m right behind you!” and Danny, ‘the son’, (the future, or present-in-revolt) can only escape by ‘fooling’ or obfuscating/hiding his pathway.

To secure his future, he hides the pathway from the father

the father who will “correct”/ kill his son to secure the Past order Handed down to him by the Patriarchs before.

The shape of following the money where it pops up
Like following bubbles of air in the sea; the money
has physics;

“the mechanical styles women are affecting here at the moment, as though they were built in a factory and not born of a mother.” “No, no, citizen bacillus! Here is your monument and it stands high! The cars which you wore out, the clothes you tore, the cans you emptied, furniture you broke, and all the shit with which you clogged the drains.”

or alternatively;

the Overlook Hotel as a metaphor for “European mantle” ; the ‘Father’s Cave’, the ice age origin of European civilization?

“The universe has dwindled, it is only a block long and there are no stars, no trees, no rivers. The people who live here are dead; they make chairs which other people sit on in their dreams. In the middle of the street is a wheel and in the hub of the wheel a gallows is fixed. People already dead are trying to frantically to mount the gallows, but the wheel is turning too fast...”

key and tumbler structures.

“Human experience, and human art, that is to say, have succeeded in creating for the human species an environment of sign stimuli that release physical responses and direct them to ends no less effectively than do the signs of nature the instincts of the beasts.”

“Human-cultural catalysts”

and “Their evoked responses.”

“Archaeologists often find pregnant goddess figurines near bread ovens.” “and please put ships in full sail on the front and put me high on a ceremonial dais wearing my purple-striped toga and five golden rings as I pour money out of a sack in front of the whole town.”

“On a maze-drawing found on a pillar in an opulent villa of Pompeii with the cryptic inscription; ‘Labyrinth: Here lives the Minotaur’”

“Daedalus’ labyrinth is associated with Aeneas’ Cumaean descent to the Underworld in Vergil’s Aeneid.” “This was no sooner said than the rooster was brought in and Trimalchio gave orders for him to be cooked in wine.”

“Seneca notes that the old ways persist in the mime,” “But Trimalchio said, ‘What’s all this about? Has this whore forgotten where she was bought? I took her out of the gutter and made her fit for human society.’”

“Propped up on a pile of cushions he stretched out full length along the edge of the couch saying, ‘Pretend I’m dead: Play something beautiful.’”

THEY SAID,
THE MOUNTAINS
ON FIRE

Fuck you, But hell
Yeah,
Reiner’s Dead
Apply at the Soc
Office
“Hear that?
Must be nice to have dough
Some drivers ?
But the
slow drivers

won
i gave up wages of fear,
for Joji?
how you say 'cheers'
in escondito?

Stome Henge and Where
we were with?

Word 2013 App?

”Activate office”

-----> “Type your email address or or phone num

ber [x]

NEXT (all caps)

enter a product key in
stead

privacy statement

“First things first

= ASK ME LATER

*Until you decide, your computer might be vulnerable to security threats”

At home with the stars in the sky

My grandfather wrote about nature,

and at least I can “control” my phone?

I put a bookmark in my own book an drink my shower water and you can too,

if you want, I cant tell you that; I’ve had a midnight dream about a midnight bus

and it means almost nothing

in words, but I had felt it then! I assure you (Unbekownst to

me) rotting on the surface of SARS

Hopelessly horizontal right now;

the physician’s tale.

Rubberbanded hot dog sack

sideways on the floor

of the spinal fluid vat,

Twitching, hoping it would ooze

out of me; But im Dry

timber now lately, just

bad breath in a bottle

Escaping through little cracks

in the cork.

-

-

Cold death under themountain G,

we don’t move.

Simple implication,

a mating dance,

Celebrating mating with
yourself

- - What, am I supposed to shit blind?
tiny pots and coffee pots
“The two-bit yes-man lounges drunk in purple;”, “So those whose goal in life is to pile up
interest-bearing accounts want it believed that there is nothing in the world better than
what they themselves possess.”
“Beat the people with the people’s stick.”
hasan needs 400 euro on a drinking bus in england
I lay on the bottom of the movie theater swimming pool, looking up at the flying radios
across the sky.
I tried to stay still, be an object, like some household idol, bringing good luck.

Billboard: Bone Yard Merger, Discus Pit.
“Modernism had been about tryna grasp the present, It realized that you couldn’t grasp
the present in terms of 19th century realism.”
“Accelerated to the point of inertia.” Via “digital pathologies”
“If we don’t know what the present is, then we can’t distinguish a memory from what we
were actually experiencing at the time.”
“A non-place built out of memories.”

It ; myself
I often sit in the lounge,
close to the speaker,
confused and disgusted,
trying to use the music to remember
“Nostalgia is not about going back to how things were, its about the allure of things when
you have distance from them; the ache and pain which is produced by the distance.”
THE LINES BLUR EVER MORE
“wade in the water, you’ll never get wet”
I desire you immensely,
I’m here to lay with you, chubby girl
little issi babydesert
the body make the voice
AND ITS A VITAMIN DAY
(its pointless ; pwont-la; pwanla)

Control how you stretch the flesh
across the bone. inside our new
little house, and matti i love
too, with her air con
dishioning Conditioned condition.
Even the “correct” way to socialize online
can result in marriage and financial security?

why don't you batter yourself to be worthy?
Maybe the media Distance is required to
maintain current social relations?
Maybe we have to Isolate and keep the Real from afar in order
to mangle and grope its plastic mannequin up close?

Surgical, to avoid direct passion-consequence with the real?
We sodomize its image/likeness
representational theatre
pleasure/domination of active force upon the idol/ideal object?
i wrote it when the lights were off, "Yeah, I guess U could say that" why
write a good book, are
our problems from a
lack of good books? all
the good books in the
world

"Harvest-season, the tenth of the siege around Troy."
sunken roman baths at the bottom of the sea
"People could hear us during the report" : Finally hear what they have not been saying/
WHAT THEY HAVE REALLY BEEN SAYING THE ENTIRE TIME.
Applying economic rules to social interactions ;
scarcity, drives up demand and value; the emotions and sexual exchanges are economic;
artificial distance mechanisms of distance and scarcity,, drive the valuable mate up, and
maintain their price, if too much supply, the demand falls, their value falls. "one more
instance in which the two members of this double-act, like the paired leads in a much
later farce, seem to vie for one functional identity."

"Passing her now with a light heart she reminds me somehow of a goose tied to stake, a
goose with a diseased liver, so that the world may have its pate de foie gras."
"God is Hashem)? "Ravel sacrificed something for form, for a vegetable that people
must digest before going to bed.:
You can jerk it like this in a test-tube, but you don't have to;
Im an air comtroller, (pretend)
Why my head set on "But he successfully parried every attack with his candelabrum."
machine girl] "where we find
writes Professor Portmann, in comment, "An inclination that is not satisfied in nature, but
which app
["It was found, for instance, that the male of a certain butterfly known as the grayling
(Eumenis Semele) which assumes the initiative in mating by pursuing a passing female in
flight, generally prefers females of darker hue to those of lighter – and to such a degree
that if a model of even darker hue than anything known in nature is presented, the
sexually motivated male will pursue it in preference even to the darkest female of the
species." , and so, "Where we find' writes Professor Portmann, in comment, 'an
inclination that is not satisfied in nature, but which perhaps, one day, if inheritable darker
mutations should appear, would play a role in the selection of mating partners."

super normal sign stimulus

“And from there to an appreciation of the force of ritualization, hieratic art, masks, gladiatorial vestments, kingly robes, and every other humanly conceived and realized improvement of nature, is but a step – or a natural series of steps.” – “Inasmuch as they may represent one of the factors in the process of selection that determines the direction of evolution.” ; supernormal

sign stimulus – SOCIETY. (?)

“Evidence will appear, in the course of our natural history of the gods, of the gods themselves as super normal sign stimuli; of the ritual forms deriving from their supernatural inspiration acting as catalysts to convert men into gods; and of civilization – this new environment of man that has grown from his own interior and has pressed back the bounds of nature as far as the moon – as a distillate of ritual and consequently of the gods; that is to say, as an organization of supernormal sign stimuli playing on a set of IRMs never met by nature and yet most properly nature’s own, inasmuch as nature is her son.” “He could see the morning sun glinting on miles of green-houses rising from the far side of the valley, climbing up over the hill and vanishing into the next dip, above them loomed a gigantic orange sign: For Me its HITRIP of California Everytime, Says “The Man Who’s Married to Mary Jane!” “I can’t do any more than what I’m doing already! I buy my pills at the block store, making sure everyone can hear what I’m getting, I carry the Populimit Bulletin under my arm when I go out, I – “
Maybe its colder and inverse of what Brunner imagined?

Or maybe we aren’t there yet . . .

Slumberlove, not all woman

can do easy fans, whomba?

“You got to question that area of discourse.”

“Its power in love as a mask for hate,” “The refusal to will anymore”, “Nothing in a mall is that serious” “is our great deed still too great for us?” “Sleep is the keynote. No one is listening anymore.” Magnified oscillation, THE HOLE THING

“What can you name more beautiful than water? Yet it flows for everyone.”

“That vaunted billion-dollar aid budget went nowhere near the native’s pockets. It was spent on roads, airfields, port facilities, and fortifications.”

Useless performance

Just cause, I’m ant work,

Head full of ass

Head full of Head

Fall on my Ass

From, what’s in my head

“So you children of the world, listen to what I say; If you want a better place to live in, spread the word today, show the world that love is still alive, you must be brave, or you children of today are children of the grave.” “Darwin imagined the Earth as a restless machine, birthing endless forms, never tiring or regretting a single thing,” “To keep up with the forces of reaction” “our Neoleviathans will carry out human Medeanism to the absolute limit, shredding the Gaian pretenders without breaking a sweat, and taking out the biosphere out along the way.”

She's a billboard
Drunk at the airport bar,
Except that the airport is everywhere,
and the flights never come.
"The Rosetta Stone of fast food, the Mad Max Meat Mountain"
The psy-che Disco mall, echoes and circles hazen halls,
deeply mausoleum, casino
Forcibly society; dragged out
into the camersas, Go ;
"The most beautiful things I've seen today <3"
 "sorry babe, I gotta go" and I leave
her on the ice rink, play pretend, malignant, made of icen wax and christmas grime,
to spin around on a doorbell dime, with pool time friends fingered in the shallow eind;
woe, its me
I'm far behind, betaken, befined a plastic cask of child's hides, play school blocks
stacked up to the sky

float in mucus water
The Virtual Theater Game
was a cult devoted to media;
"And I told you it works for the same reason there's no such thing as art."
In the evening the air units hummed on the apartment roofs like factories
running through the night. Drinking major 10 Hat Gallon Juice, stuffed Cactus
pinwheel juice live @ seven
standard nectar noose
"Dream with the feathers of angels stuffed beneath your head." Across the conquered
expanse pulled down from "It's only a wedding, Stanley" "What goes thru ur mind
comes out ur mouth"

WE DRINK AND WE
DRINK AND WE DRINK
AMERICA, THE ETERNAL
SLAPSTICK CINEMA

Im losing
my mind; there are
women out there,
and some are losers
like me but
god is A woman, bro
god is a woman, bro
and us men dont under
stand bro

 we dont understand
 or practice it neither
(UNBELIEVABLE)
 (WE ARE DONED)

(THE LEGACY CONTINUES)

((ITS TRUE))

I encountered today my first Anna of good luck. She relayed to me the/a secrets/guide to Lacanian thought, and I will relay it to you; it is as follows:

Insert Anna's Notes here

[Dictated, from screenshot]

(will transcribe at a later date), . When
I started this notebook, I knew nothing and now, I have the secrets to Lacanian Anal
That's right! Lacanian Analysis
I got other hot dog things to do, (One line)
it may be praxis to
force someone to admit their goals or intents,
AND WHEN SUCH IS HIDDEN,
TO ENGINEER ITS APPARENT
DISPLAYING , , Perceiving
OF a connectivity
type "kill" because it
leaves a message
emotional Dom ;
Anxiety topper, Aries long,
Seeking Bottom tension topper

It went no where,
(Knowing molars)
To you, its not that stunning
but times Declining,
Results, Regular
Maybe the anime style is so popular because its' character's faces are mask-like, and
type/simplified, to archetypes, that viewers can aspire to / hope to wear or experience
themselves. A thousand people, under the same mask? / Fans
the anime character as totemic, an object? manne
quine

I put too much words,
so that you can choose the ones you like; Write the damn thing yourself
Choose your own sentience/sentence – interactive
its so exciting to find out all the funny jokes and words
"It is their impotence which makes their hate so violent and sinister, so cerebral and
poisonous.", "You find that difficult to understand? You have no eyes for something that
took two millennia to prevail?"

"Love grew out of hatred as the tree's crown, spreading triumphantly in the purest
sunlight, yet having, in its high and sunny realm, the same aims – victory,
aggrandizement, temptation – which hatred pursued by digging its roots ever deeper into
all that was profound and evil."

the “Ghastly paradox of a crucified god, the unspeakably cruel mystery of God’s self crucifixion for the benefit of mankind.” “It can now afford to slow down, become finer, barely audible – there’s all the time in the world . . .” “All truly noble morality grows out of triumphant self-affirmation. Slave ethics, on the other hand, begins by saying ‘no’ to an ‘outside’, an ‘other’, a non-self, and that ‘no’ is its creative act.” “Slave ethics requires for its inception a sphere different from and hostile to its own.” – a rogan ape in the making? the ready middler man end
-eavored to impart fear, and respect to the younglings ones.
I try to step away from my fear,
From the Non sands of the Desert
Split in half by the sky

“We create a space between things as we felt them at the time and as we speak them now,” “The means by which we rescue ourselves from the past.”
Some kind of sinking city,
I sit none too attached,
As the sky outside rises up
Past the windows and some thing fills the room,
so heavy, its pulling us all down,
and the airs escaping, and the ghostsouls of those of the above earth
leave the bodies through the ceilings to return where they belong.

“I sensed the deathly power of the language. I wanted to speak it well, use it as a charm, a protective device.” “No one knew what was wrong. Investigators said it could be the ventilating system, the paint or varnish, the foam insulation, the electrical insulation, the cafeteria food, the rays emitted by microcomputers, the asbestos fire-proofing, the adhesive on shipping containers, the fumes from the chlorinated pool, or perhaps something deeper, finer-grained, more closely woven into the basic state of things.”

IT WAS A MEDICAL MORNING

America’s a melting pot, “when you bring it to a boil, all the scum rises to the top”
the wine disappears and I keep rubbing my legs looking for roots
“A functioning mythology can be defined as a corpus of culturally maintained sign stimuli fostering the development and activation of a specific type, or constellation of types, of human life.”
”Everything is concealed in symbolism, hidden by veils of mystery and layers of cultural material. But it is psychic data, absolutely.” she really had a turtleneck on

“In exchange for the flummery before the cabinet every day he gets his ration of beans and garlic, to say nothing of the swollen testicles under his arm. He is confident that everything will turn out well in the end.”
”Looking at the seething hive of figures which swarm the facades of the temples one is overwhelmed by the potency of these dark, handsome peoples who mingled their mysterious streams in a sexual embrace that has lasted thirty centuries or more.”

[I am busy practicing walking]
I pace to make the space

Shell Oil Company
What they hell do I need any
of all that for, Kid Blue?
Boy Blue Dalmatians No.

Screenshot_20220719-090649_reddit.jpg

Jul 19 9:06AM

678kb

9:06 bag-picture-youtube

lock-clock mute-4bars-5GE-5bars 98% battery

- Search Bar [reddit profile]
- [Home] [Popular]
- Trending Today promoted

[Wild Fires]

[THE GRAY MAN]

2022/R/Formula 1 Predictions Tournament
Predictions Tournament (LIVE)
19 Awards

[Will Mercedes finish
lon the podium at the
|French GP?
0 of 3 predicted

3:24 – phone – youtube- lock – clock – 5bars – 5bars – 66% battery

Incoming Call

+86 20 3814 3787

Guangzhou, Guangdong

[Answer] [Decline]

Send Message

#general

Anna Tenshi today at 1:22AM

@ugly_bad Bruce Fink's "the lacanian subject" is a good place to start to get a good and fairly straightforward overview of lacan's theory without all the zizekian showmanship. I have some issues with fink but they're not as obvious in that book compared to his other ones. Adrian Johnson's Stanford encyclopedia of philosophy article on lacan is also short and sweet and possibly the best simplifying summary out there.

Ayanka zupanic's "Why Psychoanalysis" is good if u have questions or concerns abt the psychoanalytic theory of sexuality for example and how to explain things like that to skeptics (edited)

. . . BeebleB0ss is typing . . .

#general

Anna Tenshi today at 1:26AM

After checking those out, to get into lacan himself, DONT start with the ecrits whatever u do. Seminar XI (four fundamental concepts of psychoanalysis) was his first text for a non-specialist audience, and even tho its still p opaque without some exposition (which is what the intros are for) it's a lot better than his earlier writings. after that, depending on ur interests, I would suggest jumping around between the seminars and other expository texts to get a feel for things @ugly_bad

BeebleB0ss today at 1:26AM

yes

. . . soleisdone, Anna Tenshi, and BeebleB0ss are ty . . .

#general

Anna Tenshi today at 1:29AM

Personally my fav seminars are XX – on feminine sexuality (I love it so much I got a tattoo inspired by it), seminar XVII, which is where lacan's marxist-inspired social critique shines thru most strongly, seminar IXX, which is where he develops a lot of his philosophical ideas, and seminar VIII where he elaborates on his theory of love. zizek rly likes VII and X and those are def good but I think he kinda overrates them and most of the important ideas are constantly recycled throughout zizek's corpus @ugly_bad

. . . Taylor(They/Them) is typing . . .

#general

(25+ New Messages since Jul 19, 2022)

Anna Tenshi today at 1:40AM

@ugly_bad seminar XXIII is also super fascinating and heavily influenced me but I'd save that until ur rly familiar with the theory, cuz for the whole thing lacan was like bruh too many ppl coming to my seminars im sick of this. I'm going to spite all of u by being even more opaque and elliptical on purpose mwahaha try to keep up with me now mfs! u see those abstract topological spaces and complex figures from knot theory? they represent ur MIND bitch lmao

. . . stanley is typing . . .

seeking fecundity because
i beat my balls, oceans jungle
I do things non genuinely
the indirectness is maddening
exaggerated and sluglike
I am sorry for ruining the
sleep life “the cruelty is the purpose in this situation”
Can anything may happen but
do we don't have to celebrate
it for something that never
happened at all,

We might not even register it. we might
in STEAD steal the book logs
from the bureaucrats to see how
they had Registered, to see what
they had put down as what
happened/was happening in
the/through the system circuits
if it even had happened
at all

“(“General delirium, of the mental faculties, in which the diseased perceptions are taken
for realities”)

- “It traverses in its variations the surface on which they meet, the surface which
both joins and separates them.” , “Stir emotions with the poems. Assign proper roles
with the rites. Provide unity with music.”

“If the world is following System, let yourself be seen therein; if not, live in hiding. If a
state is following System, it is a disgrace to be in poverty and low estate therein; if not, it
is a disgrace to be rich and honored therein.”

We're getting there; let's piss

“The dead are covered in lime,
The dead only know one thing; it is better to be alive.”

“THESE ARE GREAT DAYS WE'RE LIVIN' BROS: WE ARE JOLLY GREEN
GIANTS WALKIN' THE EARTH, WITH GUNS. THESE PEOPLE WE WASTED
HERE TODAY ARE THE FINEST HUMAN BEINGS WE WILL EVER KNOW.
AFTER WE ROTATE BACK INTO THE WORLD WE'RE GONNA MISS NOT
HAVIN' ANYONE AROUND WHOSE WORTH SHOOTIN'.”

#discussion -1

The Arbiter today at 10:49PM

It can't happen. Even Dalai Lama needs food and cameras,

88 Part Three
Hexagram 22

- - -
- - -

- - -

PI bi Grace

TRIGRAMS: Primary – Upper – Ken – Keeping Still
 Lower – Li – Changing
 Nuclear : Above – Chen - Arousing
 Below - K'en – Abysmal

Pi means to adorn, beautiful colors, beautiful appearances, elegance, to decorate, and decorations and ornaments. Ken, the upper diagram, stands for mountains. The lower trigram, Li represents the sun. The hexagram thus symbolizes the sun setting behind the western mountains. The strength of its rays are limited, symbolizing that what one sees and knows is only near at hand – neither far-sighted nor far-thinking. Therefore, mistakes in planning and errors of judgment will be common. You must be especially careful to avoid being tricked.

Until thoughts come

- won two chess

games in a row on performance enhancing fish pills

and now go looking for something I remember

“I moan more and stroke more faster *

oh yes!”

“Its meaningless when its over?” “* I moan* Yes, it is. *Keeps stroking faster*”

Mama The: the love of my life

a background mushroom backup

Abstraction in the polyverse,

And other attachments

I cant Even Think About Silence

“Sometimes

a Life able to be paused

What I need is one movie which

is a new movie every minute.

A million in one

Qui adore la desert moderne

bonne pense, monsieur, s’il vout plait

is there a movie I can play

or a song I can put on

that will do the falling in love for me? so that we

only have to stand in our places and let the rest fall into place?

Giant pistons that come down on the party and press us into juice running off the side,
down the temple slope, the temple steps, filling rivers, bloating moats.

What a productive night, weighed in weight in/on the spirit side

(Wade in) on with ghost dreams all foot.

Seeping , sopped in , knee deep , waist in ,

'Keep me'; says him : heard in my head,

I had been hanging from a meat hook

all draining and dead,

no heat or no juice, it

ran out my head, waters the yard,

"Only ideas, pale attenuated ideas which have to be fattened by slaughter; ideas which
came forth like bile, like the guts of a pig when the carcass is ripped open."

" "There are forms of vertigo that do not include spinning."

"The police had questioned Adele T. on a number of occasions and she had led them to
two bludgeoned bodies, a Syrian in a refrigerator, and a cache of marked bills totaling six
hundred thousand dollars, although in each instance, the report concluded, the police had
been looking for something else."

and boredom haunts

the place, and the stiff shrieking

robots pursue their bleeding

stupid program pleasure with

their rictus grin focus.

there is no room for anyone else.

And living just gets in the way.

They await their programming

from Central; symbols signs

and feelings to feel and hear

They just sit around

Yelling at each other

for conversation

When do I have a

Puddle of Him

it is their time, as of late;

the genocidal perverts ,

they emerge, clutching

themselves, bug eyed, stepping

forward to weedle their

fantasies on us ;

'Force criminals to

take Estrogen to stop

committing crimes ' , "That's something I'm more than happy to inflict,"

But what is not being said?

: "Sterilize populations of people [estrogen sterilizes men] who I 'dont like' ;

Remove them”

Disco - : Machine dancing

“Our science is to simultaneously biological and historical throughout, with no distinction between ‘culturally conditioned’ and ‘instinctive’ behavior, since all instinctive human behavior is culturally conditioned, and what is culturally conditioned in us all is instinct.”
”Leave the rest to silence, recognizing that in that silence there may be sleeping not only the jungle cry of Dryopithecus, but also a supernormal melody not to be heard for perhaps another million years.”

To return to A point of lap-me-up,
and to remove the chain fence
from around my testicles.
The Re Gentlelization of
the Inside man; unfarming
Him for drain drop pleasure,
releasing the prostate for full body
accumulation and inclusion ;
Fertility of the man-energies;
passion stored/accumulated in the balls?
The drainage man; terminably
empty – brittle, inflexible?
Unresponsive? out of towners’s
having some sweet tourist time
romp, in Angeles Disneyland,
ugly_bad: some time the stomach unger for the thing sof the sol
“The axis of the arm was behind the back”
 Yall Ever heard of
 Esquivel

‘This guy fucked up by god damn shmuckaroon;’
Dirty forgotten corners
in slimy forgotten Rooms
The lives that were lived,
 Jeans are so funny
 But Denim
 is serious
(Real spacing)
 -true story
 * Verified

- is the bussy

vibe , bro (?)
the phil is real tho

my sister knows the pipeline logic

“Galighatin Garry over here
Its Best not to Piss
in your own howle
I Should Have Run Back,
To Rite That Down , , ,
ALERT: TIN FISH
SPECIAL , SUPERFICIAL
HOLES IN MY HEAD
NO ISs i AL
Even IF i recognized
A pen – No Bushel
All I could REMEMBER WAS :
i watched an empty
cup a full cup is
thinking bout my mind
its official
THAR BE HOLES
IN MY HEAD –
ITS NO ISSUE
I KNOW HOW IT LOOKS ;
NO ISSUE
I INSIST ITS NO ISSIAL
IF YOU KNEW THEN U
KNEW, ITS HABITUAL
OFF I GO I FORGET
ITS A SEQUEL ;
A MILLION LEAKING
OUT, YEAH I’M MISS
YOU
COME HOME BLANK
ITS THE SAME
NON-COMITTAL

BITCH ITS SIMPLE
it was dawn before
we realized we were
stupid
darkness always ;
olsen lounge
I stad – this day
always round
On the Ground
Lost and FOUND.

we have to experience this
own
on our OWN

yet the wheels pop up

and somethings wrong
the sounds im hearing
not Really its
upgrade the steering
menu list
there s a hole in wall so
Jigger Shignuts
Bonkle Boz Nots
Yaunkle Cause Plot
Its Not Really What its Not
The Weekend's Weakened
And so we Rot
The ending Conspicuous:
CAR BEAMS AWAIT ME
IN MY DREAMS

Garfunkle Toe Yo Goes Nuss
Goethe

W / UHZ a little Stiffl for and
eyes are waxen

plastic drops
I get real drunk and I talk a lot
Theres plastic shit in the Parking lot
and a "Take you man, for all i got"
even incompetence is worthalot
open public discord and see something sweaty and foul
if you feel like giving a tip
its 20 (%)
if you have to, its 15
and if you dont want to,
its 10

Lily Ford, what are you doin now?

You goofy
Gal on the floor
its not your fault
the camera shot
you caviar
on the spot
I hope it is

What its not
Its a long one for
electric curtains drawn
She hos to Bon
see them brightly there
Before the night goes on
A stupidstory for Ian and
Sara
So what, its Deranged enough

Now go back to silence
when you've had enough
Wake to Rows by Plus
Windows for Jaco is
Guts ,
the Sloop is Barely Floated
in the ill ocean of scum
It isnt Good, it Said
To itself And continued
to float. It get
Some Bilge from
its back and
and was so
full of shit and that
that it bloated in the
sickly harbor sun n
in the middle of a night mare and
it had to boat

He pus Balloon Popped,
and on wheels it Seeped down
The movies I keppt trying
to watch were stunted,
squealingly nightmarish
wouldnt make
In my drunk I had slid
between the cushions
of My being and now
I was stuck there,
Lopsided,
the Plant I had cut to
Perform the ritual
had been weak and sick,
and so now too was I
 weak and sick

There was no ending, it just ran out of pages.

“Now that western governments have invested so much in Ukraine, they have acquired a disproportionate say over what goes on there, and the result is that Ukraine is being pushed into decisions – including military decisions, which are perhaps unwise, which Ukrainians themselves might not choose to make, and which would in the end turn out to be bad for Ukraine.”

Rinse and Reapply:
Western Involvement

“The stock plan had been applied : close the area, keep em’ moving, jam em’ together, and pack em’ off.”

“WAS NEVER LIKE THIS BEFORE THE TEXTURES THE FORMS ARE
ENDLESSLY ABSORBING THROUGH. NOT HAVING HABIT-FORMING
(G’TEED) one of the great creative artists of our generation is responsible for clothes by
“Gondola” MACBETH OF MOONBASE ZERO BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND
HANK SODLEY *freevent tonite pyrotechnics and ample opportunity for self-expression
bring your own hatreds* you mean you haven’t yet bought one of Ed Ferlingham’s time-
boxettes? *make your home a frame for your individuality* WE THE MARRIONETTES A
NEW BALET BY SHAUN” . . . “TONIGHT ON CHANNEL FIFTY IN THE
PERFECTION OF HOLOGRAPHIC SOLIDARITY” “Antiques you’ve never seen
before because we invented them,” . . . “decorative shells rocks relics LIVING NOVEL
COME AND INTERACT WITH THE AUTHOR OF breaking apart is another aspect of
the whole not art not life but experience *match your pets to your personality genotype-
moulded animals of all descriptions* AT LAST THE STATUS OF TRUE CREATIVE
ART IS CONFERRED ON rearrangement of your experience into a symmetrical pattern
YOUR END TOO CAN BE A WORK OF ART,”

I wasn’t born knowing what I teach you. Being fond of the past, I sought it through
diligence.”

will the food save you

“You’re here, today, enjoying your wonderful daily life so full of pleasure, reward, love,
joy and excitement.”

“Actually, I’ll wager that its rather more full of anxiety, problems, economic difficulties,
quarrels, and disappointments, but if you’re so attached to them I shan’t be able to shake
you loose. Love and joy are incredibly habit-forming ; often a single exposure is enough
to cause permanent addiction.”

given we live on/in a rhizome,
what are the structures and distinctions
that we consider “Human”
and “Pleasure” / “Enjoyment”, etc

is our society a suicide tree/plant?
where are we going, if not back
into the ground?

to mankind. He has disappeared into his infinite nothingness and remains away so long as people do not abuse life but have respect for their daily food.”

“Eskimo Igjugarjuk, whose pithy maxim was:

‘The only true wisdom lives far from mankind, out in the great loneliness, and it can be reached only through suffering. Privation and suffering alone can open the mind of a man to all that is hidden to others.’”

What do you want me to do, Pretend?
I’ll be here for a while, then I’ll move on.

My sinks are filling up, I need Draino at the market
[Space end note] he sat perfectly
Blended in his own space/time
Continuum? (And Clouds)
(history/floor) ceiling
(His blending was really iron stitching to his chair mind and 4 walls)

“Now the death of god combined with the perfection of the image brought us to a whole new state of expectation. We are the image, we are the viewer and the viewed.”

“ The electronic image is man as God and the ritual involved leads us not to a mysterious Holy Trinity, but back to ourselves.”

“In the absence of a clear understanding that we are not the only source, these images cannot help but return to the expression of magic and fear proper to idolatrous societies.”

i returned the bread and egg
to its domestic podium

The Fountain of Youth, overflowing
Profusely (one word)

im a spirit inside a man
the door was sagging off the hinges,
So I refit the lock. (parasitic cleanse for 100 dollars)

“Longitudinal research: Meaning a longer amount of research over a longer period of time.”

External / Internal
Reservations “

“Its a book im writing myself called MOLE WORM MAN its a combination of notes and quotes”

- A text to my sister

Im shill
ing my bro-losophy
on twitch.com/gr
i learnt im a dweeb about it, no education
Tulsa is the oil capital of the world?

Why? When the CEOs move out, will it still be?

Having a relation

that speaks dire

made a fool of myself

on the twitch irony

Harassing Them

KEEPING THEM FROM

BREAD, ETC, MAKING THEM

ENTERTAIN ME

ketchup packets and aloe cuttings

and other wholesome ingredients:

sand star derivative

spend time – a laxitive

actual Racks and Jacks are

timbs, the rest of you are

Desperate ;

‘sucker sims its like the music

without the music

How can you tell her Pleasure

isnt worth it

Soapen Says it ,

Open Let it, eve the head

Topples Easily Enough

what i Desire greatly is

a cigarette love

a cigarette Butt

to throw on the ground when

I’ve had Enough

Consumption consumption

uses it up, loosen it up

thats enough

I ask too much and dont

Give Enough. in costco

Oelu Bays, I say Watsup

Nothing, nothing much

Thats wassup

yup yup yup

thats enough yup

yup yup

enough

enough

yup

yup

EULENSPIEGEL

yup

yup

itsnough

enough

enoughenough

YUP YUP.

i know I could go to

Chess.com but

why not have chess.com

Right here, you know?

I do the Rounds

Dropping my obese

and Greasy

humanitarian aid

in unwanted places.

and fantasize about

being mythical

and useful

I haven't been to a doctor since I was 16

and maybe some time in my 30's I could regenerate

and

spend it going to the doctor,

getting work done,

starting with my tonsils,

some lasik, and

whatever else I'll need

I hope to

continue to dismantle

harmful totems in the

night before they get me

and to keep drawing cool

night air into my lungs for as

long as I am able to enjoy it

open a wall length door with

a key of flagellum, to a

cavernous room in the trunk

of a stone tree deep

underground

“You start off astro-turf, and it turns into organic grass-roots mobilization.”

the camera scrubbed her clean

“Sex is reduced to a narrow spectrum of sterilized dimensions.”

“It is a place where stereotypes can be experienced as reality.”

“A trip to Las Vegas is a visit to a sanitized, cutout version of foreign countries without the intrusion of foreign people.” where “the illusion of the exotic overlies the banal comfort of the safe and familiar.” “‘Today’, Postmann concluded, ‘We must look to the city of Las Vegas, Nevada, as a metaphor of our national character and aspiration, its symbol a thirty-foot high card board picture of slot machine and a chorus girl. For Las Vegas is a city entirely devoted to the idea of entertainment, and as such, proclaims the spirit of a culture in which all public discourse increasingly takes the form of entertainment. Our politics, our religion, news, athletics, education, and commerce have been transformed into congenial adjuncts of show business, largely without protest or even much popular notice.’”

“This is the death drive, Dorothy, but not as Nick Land imagined it.”

“Dominated not by a kind of ever-mutating digital dance floor culture, but by sort of the neuroticizing mechanisms of social media or social networks.”

“The performance anxiety involved in non real-time activity” ; “Up to an hour composing an SMS text-message of a hundred and forty characters, just to ensure they get the right level of nonchalance.”

“The Abu Ghraib images that were released, and the hundreds more disturbing images that remain classified, could be stills from porn films. There is a shot of a naked man kneeling in front of another man as if performing oral sex. There is a naked man on a leash held by a female American soldier. There are naked men in chains. There are naked men stacked one on top of the other in a human pile on the floor, as if in a prison gang bang. And there are hundreds more classified photos, many privately viewed by members of congress, that show forced masturbation by Iraqi prisoners. Prisoners are made to pose for the camera in simulated sexual acts. And there are reportedly pictures of sexual intercourse among the guards. The photographs reflect the raging undercurrent of sexual callousness and perversion that runs through contemporary culture. These images speak in the language of porn, professional wrestling, reality television, music videos, and corporate culture. It is the language of absolute control, total domination, racial hatred, fetishistic images of slavery, and humiliating submission. It is a world without pity. It is about reducing other human beings to commodities, to objects. It is a reflection of the sickness that is gonzo porn.

Torture and pornography inevitably converge.”

“Porn has become so embedded and accepted in the culture, especially among the young, that sexual humiliation, abuse, rape, and physical violence have merged into a socially acceptable expression, once the fear of retribution is removed. Absolute power over others almost always expresses itself through sexual sadism.”

“Just as white suburban teenagers love to listen to hip-hop and white adult males gaze longingly at the athletic prowess of black men, the white pornography consumer enjoys his identification with (and from) black males through a safe peephole, in his own home, and in mediated form. The real, breathing living black man, however, is to be kept as far away as possible from these living rooms, and every major institution in society marshals its forces in the defense of white society. The ideologies that white men take to the

pornography text to enhance their sexual pleasure are the very ideologies that they use to legitimize control of black men.”

“Porn is about reducing women to corpses. It is about necrophilia.”

He looked up from the book he was reading, and back at the full notebook, with one page left. He flipped through it; it was full of mangled aphorisms and torn out sayings from the books he had been reading.

“The Right Catholics have become so obsessed with the simple act of fucking that they appear to have no time left for other aspects of human relationships.”

“Only a stripping back of the state to its core military and police functions.”

He had failed to extract any definite and profound meaning or explanation of things, the report was essentially decadent and useless. He looked back at the tall lights of the nearby city, and knew they needed something other than this. He looked around at his hole in the ground where he'd been digging; pulling the pieces and books from out of the wall to record, and knew he had to keep digging and recording deeper and better.

He threw “MOLE WORM MAN” Report 2022 into the fire and went back into the hole.