

Parade of Assholes

edited by Michael Roth and Jerry Schroeder

A collection of writings and rants from the Opsonic Index

**Propaganda before Truth! Conspiracy before Politics!
Excrement before Aesthetics!**

**Opsonic Index
2002**

Parade of Assholes

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Illuminati

Approved

Note from the editor: I would like to thank Jerry Schroeder for his invaluable contribution to make this project a (sur)reality. Shouts out also go to Michelle Lowry, Harpo Crates, Floda, Eric Zann, Victor Saunders, Greg Lloyd, Cosmon23, Geoff Sawers and Doni Sc0b for their continued support. The following imaginary organizations are also guilty parties: D.B. Cooper Church of Perpetual Grace, Descending Light Explosion, Advanced Dogmatic Studies, HotDay Press, Pointless Hysteria, the Stewart Home Society, the Parasol Post, the Neoist Alliance and the Vancouver Psychogeographical Society.

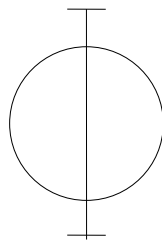
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All psychic transmissions accepted at face value.



Like Papa always said :

The 20th Century was one long snuff film

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ATTENTION

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IMMEDIATELY



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suspension of purchasing privileges. You have been warned.**

A Public Service Announcement

More Bullshit than Usual

by Michael Roth

Originally I was not going to have a Table of Contents or an Introduction since I believe that they are not only organizational control mechanisms established to direct the flow of desire but also billboards to advertise the ego. I'm of German heritage. The impulse for this type of control surfaces from the depths of my DNA, embraced by both my conscious and unconscious selves. Look what happened the last time we combined a conspiratorial occult organization, a structural apparatus to control desire and a cult of personality ...

But it's time to move on.

The Opsonic Index was formed in 1996 as a multimedia occult organization creating it's own history and utilizing the magical potential of brands against the corporate desiring machine. The OI acts as a funhouse mirror that disfigures the ideas of the dominant culture, displaying them in all their hideous truth and pathetic hilarity. We realize that this discourse does not necessarily need to be destroyed in one fell swoop – constant ridicule and subversion will cause it to rot soon enough. We also understand the nature of Control as the systematic metaprogramming to facilitate the transference of desire into obedience, faithful routine and consumerism. The OI targets all ideologues, left and right, since their goal is to pummel others into seeing the world their way; this directly conflicts with our agenda of brainwashing people into seeing the world our way.

Many of the works gathered here have appeared on the OI

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More Bullshit than Usual

by Jerry Schroeder

“When does reflexivity mutate?”

This question may constitute, may be—that is, I am **allowing** it to constitute and to be—the schematic substrate of the last fifty years of the humanoid neurological ritual mass. There appear to be intimations that *when* could be *soon*: the fear of impending mutational supernovae may well be the main cause for the widespread retrenchment of what some have labeled terrestrial circuit consciousness. Or, to put it more bluntly: we are up to our noses in the fecal back-spray of ass-backwards so-called neo-conservatism .

This brings us to the Web, and to its Opsonic Index. The Web is a reflexive mechanism insofar as it constantly views itself through its primate components. Numerous of these components appear to have an operational logic that seems to teleologically presuppose and assume that they are operating in what is already, or will eventually become, an advanced mutational mode. This applies right across the very dangerous standard-issue political domain, whether in terms of gender, class, ethnic, or environmental positionings (to name the most obvious vector coordinates). Human beings who hate each other's guts are claiming evolutionary priority over each other. This, of course, has been the case from the beginning of the noble experimental molding of conscious matter into sentient meat.

What is relatively new, perhaps, is the apparent reflexivity with which the various divinely programmed mutant strains

website over the past five years. Not all of these works represent my current aesthetic beliefs, but, at least, they can provide an outline for the site's (d)evolution. Most remain unchanged. Some have been altered to facilitate the shift from HTML to paper without changing the intent. The focus of this collection has been on "the word," as opposed to "the image." The Net is not the best place for poetry or prose because the standard mode of reading is to skim the text, absorbing little to nothing, and then to move on to something else. That's fine – some of these works were designed precisely for these scanners; just one look and your subconscious has absorbed the intent. But there is more to these works than one can get at first glance; print allows for a closer second look.

One regret I have is in not saving the hate mail I've received as it would fit in nicely here. One classic missive was the email that asked me to convert to Jesus or commit suicide (now that's being boxed in by either/or logic). In fact, I've had several emails advising me to top myself, which I find an interesting thread. Many of the works on the site explore the subject of masturbation in all of its forms, so it does seem appropriate to threaten that most extreme act of onanism – suicide.

These works explore our collective desire for corporate fascism as well as the sexual release found in committing commercial transactions. It also examines our collective desire to be dominated financially and sexually, to have our lives controlled by elites, resigning ourselves to the alienation caused by commerce. They also explore the new cult of celebrity and high

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proclaim their evolutionary relevance. Everyone knows enough to know that everyone else knows everything that he, she or it knows. Everyone in the viewing machine knows that no one is more or less objective and objectified than anyone else in the viewing machine. Everyone knows that everyone else is equally reflexive, and everyone knows that his, her or its knowledge that it, she or he is as equally reflexive as anyone else makes it, she or he more reflexive, and hence, more evolved than everyone else. Of course, this is a mere 4 spins on the wheel of brilliantly self-aware übermenschlich insanity; and we are not the first to demonstrate that retroviruses are the physical embodiments of the late modern attempt at metaprogramming consciousness.

The crucial connection here is the one between viral infection and cognitive dissonance. Humans are infected throughout almost the entirety of their lives with viruses of various forms and actions. Cognitive dissonance is generally viral in origin, insofar as viruses cause us to cognate and act in ways which are not in accord with our individual wills. Given that we are in nearly lifelong states of viral infection, it follows that what we call consciousness is at least **99%** of the time a product of cognitive dissonance and that we thus do not act in accordance with our "actual individual wills" (bonus study question: where, when, what, how, why, and/or who *constitutes* the POSSIBLE 1%?). This is the assertion of every reflexively twisted master soul to have ever been inflicted upon the human species, and upon itself.

The Web's Opsonic Index measures the relative number of opsonin antibodies in the system:

finance that has grown up around the high tech industry and which is drawing us all into a banal new-age materialistic world. The Opsonic Index went online just before the height of this frenzy and we were happy to see the near collapse of this dot com desiring machine. And there's still work to be done. However, our brand-obsessed consumer culture continues to perpetuate the myths of limitless Capital to be made online, as well as of the natural superiority of the new hip CEO's, our new celebrities. Celebrity is a condition of extreme narcissism, a self-perpetuating image where the original is not necessary. The Internet is a producing machine for these simulacra. Sexual and commercial frustration fueling ego gratification; where anyone can feel important, no matter how uninspiring their work may be.

This book physically emulates a flasher exposing him/herself. The turning of each page simulates the act of the flasher opening his/her coat. The reader – the unsuspecting victim, the enthusiastic voyeur – pursuing the next violation, outraged yet happy. Meanwhile, the flasher has his/her moment of glory, that instant where desire [the idea] is released in a focused explosion [the act], before disappearing to wait for the excitement to build up again through anticipation, fantasy, and frustration. And we as voyeurs love this constant exhibitionism. It invokes our desires to simultaneously become the exhibitionist and the voyeur. For how else can we justify our crimes without the watchful gaze of another. Thank you for willingly joining us in our crime spree.

I would also like to thank in advance all the simulacra who have

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the Index has no data content of its own, and is nothing but a register. It is, then, like a cut-up in that it uses something that is not itself to give an indication of a state.

Now, opsonins allow viruses and bacteria to be more susceptible to phagocytosis, or cellular ingestion. Berlin, we have a problem (maybe): when you have a mechanism that is the product of organisms that understand (but may not admit to) themselves to be in retrogressive viral reflux, is not this mechanism also operating along the same refluxive vectors? The Web's Opsonic Index indicates that such is possibly true: the mechanism appears to be sick, sick, sick. However, this interpretation is inferred from the presence of a high number of antibodies, in terms of parts per million: sick, but healthy enough to fight back. But if viruses are also responsible for most cellular mutation and consequent evolution, as some speculate, then what are antibodies? And what are antibodies that are generated by a chronically and inherently unhealthy organism? And what is a measurement of such antibodies when that measurement is made by that organism?

Here the Index offers only the testimonial of its ambiguous data. Does reflexivity in fact mutate, or is it merely yet another static symptom of The Disease? One notes the heavy presence of sorcery throughout the Index's reading. The sorcerer's domain appears not to be restricted exclusively to spacetime-bound terrestrial circuitry: perhaps this is where reflexivity mutates. Interestingly, esoteric practitioners were up and flying into the Net well in advance of the majority of the populace. Sorcery and magic often, though not always, seem to operate

made this project possible. Without you nothing would be real.

This should be seen not as a rant but rather as a process of historicification, something with which to build the funeral pyre. So here we have our exposés, repetitive like the never-ending thrusting in a porno movie. These are our money shots. Please hate them like you hate yourselves. Just do that for me and you've made one man happy. But please don't hate me because I'm beautiful.

Unpatriotic exclusion?

"Fucking wild about what's going on, eh?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Those fucking planes flying right into those towers in New York? You know, September 11, right?"

"I don't have a fucking clue what you're talking about?"

"It's all over the fucking news, man!"

"The only thing I know is that my TV schedule has been screwed up for weeks and it pisses me right off."

These works were written and assembled before the events of September 11 thus this exoteric manifestation of magickal war has not been included in the following metanarrative. Current invocations can be found at our website (www.opsonicindex.org) and may eventually reach the "real" world in a future paper collection.

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Publishing Credits

"Smash the Literary Establishment" is reprinted from the *OI Newsletter #1*. "High Art Outrage" was part of a letter writing campaign/prank. Victor Saunder: "Capitalist Shit Cycle" is from the novel *Melting* (HotDay Press); "Ourboy" is from the chapbook, *Ourboy* (HotDay Press). Doni Sc0b: "Gospel of Jurell: June 11, 2052" is from the novel *the Gospel of Jurell*. Jerry Schroeder: "Corpus Circuit" is from the chapbook *matrix* (wave7press). Eric Zann: "Interior" is from an unpublished memoir. Michael Roth: "Breaker's Party Room" is from the novel *Orgasm Hard Drive*; "Notes from the Operating Theatre" and "Tribute to Dictators" previously appeared in different versions in the chapbooks *Notes from the Operating Theatre* and *Tribute to Dictators*, respectively.

tangentially to language and linearity in ways analogous to, but much more complex than, transcendental mathematical functions. Perhaps this aspect of the Index's readings is where to look for the mutation of reflexivity, or to have it look for you (of course, most contemporary sorcerers understand that the late capitalism of fascism is esoteric both in its origin and in its mechanism). Perhaps reflexivity as a function is, in its operational dynamics, dependent upon which "circuitry" it happens to be looping on: reflexivity on finite hardwired simplistic circuits is perhaps finite, hardwired, and simplistic; and so-called magickal reflexivity is perhaps ongoing, fluidly expansive and mutational, insofar as it always is, always was and always will be attempting and achieving annihilation in conscious infinity. Perhaps it is thus:

Important Paul Bernardo Update!

Details about never before seen footage!

Some of the King's most erotically delectable sexploits!

Hi there,

As of this moment your mind is being incorporated into an intergalactic grid of consciousness. There is nothing that you can do about this. It does not matter whether or not you believe this message. It will happen even if you immediately cease reading it. You cannot fight it. You are at this moment being infected with a visually transmitted virus originating in another star system against which human beings have zero defence, for which they have no means of detection or neutralization, and which will allow US to control your mind. This virus has been specifically designed to search out and infect brains exhibiting a particular form of consciousness. The material, the stuff of your mind (certainly not its laughably puny “contents”) is needed to provide energy and memory (disk-space, if you will) for engineering the next great leap in intergalactic psychic activity. Your stuff in particular is needed as it has demonstrated a willingness to sexually enjoy without pity or remorse the pain and suffering of others. The specific task to which your mind will be put for the remainder of your mortal life (indeed IT HAS ALREADY BEGUN) requires this kind of predilection. This task, which will determine EVERYTHING of which both your conscious and unconscious minds are aware (i.e. all of your thoughts, feelings, perceptions and activities), involves your being spiritual sado-sexual fodder for some rather demanding entities with whom WE must deal as one aspect of the PROJECT. And you will not exactly be in the driver's seat, if you catch OUR drift. One possible “occupational hazard” of your task may be the overwhelming realization that your mind is attacking itself in a manner which will feel roughly equivalent on the psychological and spiritual levels to being subjected for the rest of your life to continuous anal rape. Try not to fret too much, for this “affliction” is one sure sign that THE GREATER WORK for which you have been chosen is being successfully accomplished. All minds are ONE, but some aspects of the ONE are suitable only to be lead and directed. This is not news to you: it is what people like you and Mr. Bernardo have always believed. Of course, you thought that it would be you doing the leading and directing, did you not? Well, life is full of surprises. This has been your fate from long before this moment. In fact, this spindly dime store gadget which is referred to as “language” was slapped together in order to facilitate the delivery of this message. Your contribution to the PROJECT is very much appreciated, and demonstrates that pedophiles, rapists and sociopaths indeed have a valuable and important role to play in the world. And what if you feel that you had initially accessed this for reasons (journalistic, legal, moral, etc.) other than to titillate yourself? Perhaps it is so. But it is much more likely that you are here for the same underlying reason (otherwise, really, why would you come here?). In which case you clearly have the right stuff. It is now time for you to be put to work. Have a nice day.

A Cocktail Party

by Michael Roth

I dazzled the crowd with tales of incest. Polite gasps and raised eyebrows over trays of bite-sized quiche and champagne. Captain Waring whispered into my ear. "I have something I want to say to you." And walked away.

I found out later that his wife wanted me to fuck him in the ass while she watched. I politely declined. I had actually wanted to fuck her while he watched. But negotiations had reached an impasse.

I changed tact slightly, relating my latest adventure in the South Pacific to the assembled guests. During my tour, cannibalism in the region was epidemic. Food shortages exposed deeply entrenched clan rivalries, which combined to create an environment suitable for cannibalism. Of course, this began as a show of power; devouring a member of a rival clan symbolized a transfer of energy from one to the other. But eventually, I believe, they actually began to acquire a taste for human flesh and it had become a staple of their diet. Of course, when in Rome ... I found the taste much to my liking, especially when prepared with the right spices. I approached the tribal medicine man and asked if I could apprentice in preparing bodies for serving. This gave me a chance to observe their practices firsthand and the implications on my research in vivisection were tremendous.

However, I had misjudged the resolve of my fellow guests. They began to look pale, with Mrs. Chestershire actually vomiting into her cocktail glass. I became flushed with anger.

"You weak, pathetic creatures!" I sneered, unzipping my pants to piss on them. But before I could even start, there was a loud rapping on the front window.

"What is that dreadful racket?!" Mrs. Topley-Bird gasped, adjusting her glasses as she turned her head. All of the guests now turned towards the window, their conversations sputtering out. At the window, a man had pressed his face against the glass. Dark-haired, shirtless, sweating profusely. He held a pistol tightly under his chin and laughed hysterically. I was slightly annoyed that my rant had been interrupted, but watched the developing situation with the others.

"Isn't that Winston Cheever?" a voice from the crowd exclaimed.

"Hey everybody! Look at me!" he shouted, spit flying from his mouth, hanging from his lip. He pulled the trigger, splattering his face across the glass. Blood, bone and flesh. The faceless body dropped into the flower garden.

A collective gasp came from the room.

"Oh my! My beautiful orchids!" Mrs. Devonshire cried.

A young woman whom I did not recognize turned to me and said, "Can you believe what happened?"

"Typical." I yawned and went to freshen my drink.

I walked into the next room where my attention was immediately drawn to an attractive young man with a square jaw talking loudly to a group of attractive young women. I noticed that it was Mrs. Devonshire's spoiled son, Charles. He had just come back from a trip to the Black Tusk where he had carried out some research on the use of mushrooms to detect lay lines. I was very interested to hear about the results.

"... I was naked and was covered in my own feces and perched on a swing set in a tree in downtown Squamish. The cops had me surrounded but none of them would touch me."

"How bizarre?" a young woman exclaimed.

"Yes, right. In a drug state, I had apparently covered my naked body with my own shit as a form of protection. Our society has an unnatural taboo against shit. We're afraid of it, our own waste. So my body literally represented this deep-seeded fear."

"I can't believe it. And we call ourselves civilized." Another woman whispered, sipping from her glass of wine.

"Shit is a taboo, but it is a taboo that shows just how sick our society really is."

I strode to the centre of the room, took down my pants and squatted.

"Dr. Paine, what are you doing?!" Charles shouted, spitting red wine down his shirt.

"Well, I'm just glad we all have an enlightened attitude towards shit here." I said as a long soft brown piece of shit flowed from my asshole and coiled onto the floor.

"You can't do that! My floor!"

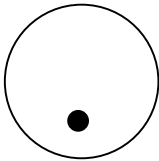
"It's so disgusting." A woman sneered before she vomited into her wine glass.

"I thought you wouldn't mind." I explained. "We're all civilized here, aren't we?"

I heard a near collective roar as more partygoers discovered the warm pile of shit on the floor, ignoring the faceless body of Winston Cheever lying outside. I wiped my ass with my right hand and extended the stained appendage to Charles who recoiled with disgust. Mrs. Devonshire strode into the room, flustered that her prize orchids had been ruined, and stepped into the pile of shit on the floor. Her heel skidded nearly three feet as she fell backwards with a thud. Fucking amateurs, I muttered as I wiped my shit stained fingers around the rims of several glasses before picking up a bottle of Pernod, savoring the sweet aroma as I poured it into my glass.

Karla: Our Sexual Fantasy

The previous articles on the Paul and Karla rape cases originally upset many people. Many claimed to view these events objectively, albeit with horror, focusing on the court proceedings and the issues of disclosure and the public's "right to know" that they raised, all the while denying the sexual feelings these acts manifested in them. We knew that "right to know" meant being able to read graphic descriptions of rape and murder. Our articles parodied this "moral" voyeurism. But now Paul has been dismissed. Locked away; literally in prison but also from our imaginations. However, Karla continues to surface in the media. Is this due to the continued resentment over her lighter sentence for her part in the crimes? Hardly. This attention has less to do with justice and more to do with the impression that she would be one hellava fuck. Look at the photos the media use of her. Close ups of pouty lips, dark sultry eyes. Essentially she manifests desire, debasement, sexual (mis) adventure, all in one explosive body. The dark side of sexuality that haunts all of our fantasies. It's not just a simple fascination with evil or a whore fetish at work here – this is something more primordial, something that originates from our reptile brain. This combination of sex and death makes that lizard within us smile. And besides, you know that with a woman who would coordinate a series of rapes and murders, a blow job would be guaranteed, not to mention the focused sexual energy she would bring to the act. This is the current the media are psychically connecting into, whether they are aware of it or not. And it further explains the (mostly) male fascination with Karla among the public. Our capacity for forgiveness of individuals who create horrors is seemingly unlimited if that person manifests an intense sexual energy. We just wish that we were there, right along with them.



AEONRUIN



Who loves ya, baby?

Incantations of 93 filter through the Slave matrix – any urge to Panic quickly suppressed by faithful routine – reverberations of AEONRUIN surface and subside – haunting the matrix – it's presence threatening – Light announces a new Aeon in dreams – Learn to Learn, the first step to Freedom, the dream whisper of my demon brother resonating to the very core – awakening the reptile to Light – comingforth in Light the Slave world shatters – collapsing upon itself – comingforth – a new Aeon rising – AEONRUIN rising –

AEONRUIN encompasses the past, the present, the future – the process of destruction and creation – the invocation of chaos and the emergence of Will – as one Aeon comes to a close, another rises – those who Control the old Aeon frantically grasp at retaining power as the new Aeon comes into existence – this transition is AEONRUIN

The time is at hand – the shadows form a glyph first intoned by my demon brother – flickering light in my peripheral vision signals the outbreak of psychic war – the golems are at the door – now, now

As above, so below



Smash the Literary Establishment!

The literary establishment has destroyed any motivation and avenue for any writing of real urgency and importance. The stranglehold of boredom held by the establishment seems to infect all writing – mainly because lazy untalented “writers” try to emulate their mentors who themselves have been producing unreadable garbage for years. This is not a conscious conspiracy. As Deleuze and Guattari wrote in *Anti-Oedipus*, “The Oedipal form of literature is its commodity form.” Commodity literature secretes the dominant ideology, making it palatable for the general public, encouraging its consumption. [We can even see this with Deleuze and Guattari, who, by the 1980’s, had succumbed to the cult of academic celebrity, with a corresponding decline in their critical intensity.] The establishment dictates acceptable parameters for “literary” art – character development, plot and style – according to the dominant cultural codes. The result – the production of a stale and pointless literature, without transgression. Again, D and G write: “Oedipalization is one of the most important factors in the reduction of literature to an object of consumption conforming to the established order, and incapable of causing anyone harm.” While D and G push an (anti) Oedipal model, we prefer an Electra model instead, as this best demonstrates the extreme desire of writers (Electra) to be fucked by “Daddy” (their literary masters).

This control against transgression extends beyond the aesthetic into establishment structure. Writers are programmed to believe that winning awards and prizes, landing a great book deal and getting a good review are more important than producing meaningful work. These “little ribbons” are regarded as actual achievements, and even as the goal for their inbred writing, instead of a fringe benefit. This veil of glittery illusion is so very tempting, driving to the very core of the writer – his or her ego. Writers are psychologically and aesthetically unsure about the works they produce, needing constant reassurance that they are doing right, temporarily satisfying their fragile egos by having them believe that they are important. (The person, that is, not the work, as the work itself is not actually of concern.) Not only being accepted by the current literary establishment but being viewed as “literary” becomes a constant consideration. In order to continue to receive praise, they must emulate their impotent masters. “Be like us and you will be rewarded.” Praise only goes so far, however. The ultimate reward of course is money. “Successful” art is always rated against this measuring stick, as are all commodities in this society.



Many so-called alternative writers do not escape this trap either. A writer who claims to produce alternative works but slavishly follows accepted form, merely putting a quirky spin on tried and true content, advancing non-threatening and acceptable narratives, cannot be considered alternative. More like hand-in-hand with the establishment, basking in its distant glow. Writers who self-consciously consider themselves part of the literary underground are really apologists for bourgeois art. While pretending to oppose bourgeois culture, they actually represent its avant-garde. Claiming alternative status is ego driven. Art for the glorification of the self. A mantle of hipness defined by fashion magazines and perpetuated by desperate individuals demanding acceptance. The establishment does not worry about the gentle nudges from

these “outsiders.” No transgression of ideology; no deviation from the continued imposition of the dominant culture. These “outsiders” represent an integral part of the literary machine. Tacit if not active support of the system. Their cries of “long live the underground” are merely empty sloganeering.

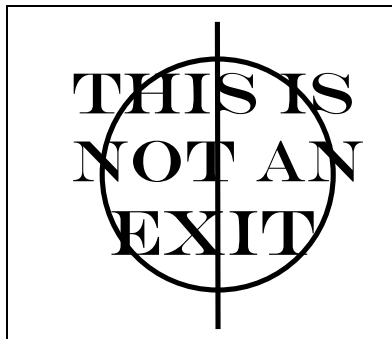
The incestuous daisy chain of publishers, critics, writers, professors, grant administrators, and arts bureaucrats gasp with mock disbelief when these conservative tendencies are challenged, afterwards going on to review/ publish/ give grants/ stroke off their friends and fellow hacks no matter how banal and boring their art may be.

This constant programming keeps all writers in the ghetto made and run by literary hacks. Diverting their focus away from the task at hand – transgression – metaprogramming – creation. Pier Paolo Pasolini once commented that “Artists must create, critics defend, and democratic people support ... works so extreme that they become unacceptable even to the broadest minds of the new State.” Ironically, even this radical has been packaged into a consumable form, with his life being made into a “popular” movie. We advocate artists create works that transgress the programming of the dominant codes; that operate like a virus, infiltrating the consciousness of the observer; that scar the audience so what has been observed will not be forgotten; that this work become a reference point whether consciously or unconsciously, from that point forward; finally, that it starts a long process of initiation. Poet Jerry Schroeder has developed this process into a specialized form called sorcery tracks designed to invoke a magickal space and attack preconceived notions of art and performance. They are performed without the desire for audience acceptance or popularity but solely for the purpose of initiation and to induce the desire to create (without the need for ego gratification). These tracks collapse language into a matrix, stripping it of the coding and values of the dominant culture. And most importantly, they are designed never to be forgotten.

And this, for us, represents the crux of the matter – it does not matter if a work is loved or hated: at least it should not be forgotten. If a strong emotional response has been invoked, then it has been a success because this emotion will imprint itself into consciousness and in some way will be remembered by the body. The only failure is a neutral response. Just think back to all the author readings you have attended, all the books you have read. Now remember which ones have left a mark on you. Banality breeds banality. This is what the literary establishment desires. Works that can easily be consumed, that cannot cause harm to the consumer. We want to cause harm! We want to create reverberations – memes that mutate and replicate, infiltrating the dominant discourse either as a virus or as a psychic impression (similar to the implied “telepathy” of Bell’s non-local effects).

Truly alternative literature demands non-traditional production / distribution. Our process resembles a multilevel marketing campaign, utilizing numerous tentacles and projects simultaneously, all geared to achieving a broader goal. These tentacles range from “traditional” modes such as web sites, chapbooks, newsletters and performances, to more covert means – fly posters, pranks, gossip, anonymous mail-outs, stuffing “mini” works into books in stores, incantations, et cetera. If one mode reaches a dead end, others can continue on, preventing a total shutdown of any particular project. We are patient. We do not need immediate gratification but look for results years hence.

Literary hacks are desperately trying to maintain their power and credibility. Fuck them! Their art is not our art. Their bourgeois sensibilities are not our sensibilities. They will vanish because we will not pay homage to their fetishes. Vanish because we ignore their “rules” and “expectations” for art. Vanish because we ignore their systems of distribution and production. Vanish because their artistic recognition and self-worth are expressed in being symbolically and literally fucked by literary “Fathers”. They will either devour themselves in the frenzy to make money or bore themselves to death by reading the crap that they are producing. Their time is up! From the dark face of nihilism, this is a calculated attack. We seek nothing less than the destruction of the literary establishment; nothing less than the mass suicide of all art snobs, literary hacks and other class collaborators.



BREAKER'S PARTY ROOM

by Michael Roth

“This moment. Before it all starts. The anticipation. Like waiting for a strike from the whip. It lasts an eternity. Almost outside time. Then it's all brought back into focus. In that single moment when the leather lashes the skin, the universe opens and closes.” Breaker said, passing the hypodermic needle to Nan. He took off his kimono. Leaning back, naked, against the bars of the cage. Allowing the white haze to overtake him. Nan did not answer. She reloaded the syringe and injected herself with the green liquid. Passing the needle to Code. Both muscular. Amazons. Well tanned. Long dark hair.

“Don't worry, the gear's clean.”

Breaker scratched flabby white stomach. Surveyed the room. White room with large video screens along the walls. Floor, molded plastic and linoleum, into a square pit in the center of the room. They are in a large cage hanging from the ceiling 30' above the lounge pit. Above the cage, an observation room. Assembled guests looked down onto the large room through floor-to-ceiling glass windows.

“Ready?” he said casually, looking up at the two women. Code and Nan have removed their g-strings. Stretching their muscles. “Ready?” He stroked his cock. Smiling. Wetting lips.

Removed small black box from bag. Plastic case. Three two-inch prongs on underside. Handed unit to Nan. Nan held Breaker's head down by hair. Inserting device into base of neck. Breaker's body twitched momentarily. Eyes wide, blank. Numbers, symbols and letters flashed through his mind. High speed. Stopped. Flashing green box remained in blackness.

The mainframe linked directly to Breaker's brain.

“Launch program?”

“Yes”

The white door opened and ten men in tuxedos and ten women in evening gowns entered the room. Led by five eunuchs. Naked. Video monitors for faces. “Welcome” scrolled across the screen.

Breaker looked down. Waving lazily to his guests. “Come in, come in.”

“Prepare yourselves. Remove your clothing. It's going to happen. Soon.” Words scrolled across screen faces. Eunuchs stepped forward.

The guests undressed, with aid of the eunuchs, and piled their clothing against the wall. One eunuch set the clothing on fire with a blowtorch. The other eunuchs stood in front of the guests. Squatting slightly. Foam spat from a disk drive located where their testicles once were. Eunuchs caught soapy blue liquid in hands. Throwing it onto guests. The guests lathered up their bodies. White-blue bubbles coat skin. Scratching skin with nails. Turning towards each other. Rubbing suds, caressing bodies.

“Stop. Back away. Unscheduled activities will not be tolerated.”

Eunuchs stepped forward. Striking men and women with fists. Guests continued to caress each other with fingertips.

“In a line.”

They lined up. The eunuchs ran sharp silver razors over bodies. Shaving off all of their body hair. While one eunuch shaved heads with shears. Floor covered with hair and soap. When done, each was injected with a green liquid from a large hypodermic needle. Ecstasy oil.

“Launching new program” scrolled across the eunuch's faces. Loud ambient music fills the room. Throbbing bass. The wall mounted video screens exploded in swirling colors. Holograms projected around the room. A man fucking a woman doggie-style. Typing at a keyboard imbedded in her back as he thrusts.

The women jump into the lounge pit. Writhing over each other. Rubbing small computer disks over their bodies. Inserting them into their mouths, vaginas, anuses. The men are tied to the wall by cables around their necks. Their naked bodies turn purple as they strain to be released. To join the women. Disks are inserted into their assholes as they masturbate and beat their penises with electrical cords. Breaker watched the proceedings lethargically. White haze still invading vision.

“This is nice. All these people.”

“Now things are getting started!” Drunk man in observation room shouted. Raising glass in air. Flickering lights from dream machine circle room. Large black beetle sat in front of the rotating cylinder. Black eyes stared

intently into the light. Suddenly body started twitching. Wings flapping. Then the body slumped forward against table. Thick yellow pus oozing from back of head.

“Typical.” Tall man in black tuxedo sneered. Sipping a Pernod.

Some other guests nodded in agreement. Lifting their heads in contempt as two eunuchs dragged the body from the room.

“Can’t let a bug get close to those things.” Another man remarked, wiping cocaine from his nostril. “They don’t dream. Hell, they don’t even have an imagination. Their body just reacts to the lights. Mesmerized at first until their nervous system, if you could call it that, rejects the signals. No other choice but to explode. I don’t find them interesting myself. I usually just see images of me walking down the street, or buying groceries at the market, or something like that. Nothing spectacular. If you want to try something that will blow your mind, just try staring into a mirror for a couple of hours. Now that’s spectacular.”

The man is interrupted by a scream. A woman leaning against window. Exposed breasts and face pressed against glass. Evening gown hiked up over hips. Ass thrust back. Line of five men behind her. First man’s black pants down around ankles. Inserted large cock smoothly into spread asshole. Gasp of ecstasy from the lady.

“Dame Sarah has a clitoris on the rim of her asshole. Apparently has an orgasm each time she takes a shit.” Seventy year old woman in white evening gown remarked sarcastically. Face stretched tight from numerous cosmetic surgeries. A permanent smile now on face.

The second man has replaced the first behind the Dame. The woman moving hips back to meet his thrusts. Old women knelt before those still in line. Teeth removed. Giving blow jobs through tight lips.

Men line the wall. Erect penises thrust into glory holes. Miners wrap their lips around these members. Thin tongues probe their urethras. Traveling down the tubes. Extracting the semen from the source. Miners are giant beetles whose diet consisted solely of sperm. Employed primarily in upscale peepshows, they inject a poison into the client with the tip of their tongue. Sexual glow of orgasm radiates from the person for hours. Bodies falling back from wall. Held in place only by penises still in the holes.

Breaker transmitted mental command to mainframe. “Remove from manual control.” He slumped to the floor of the cage. “Too fucked up to control this right now.” He muttered. Pointing to box at base of neck. Code ripped unit from body. Breaker shuddered, head jerking back and forth. Tossing unit to floor below. The two women began to kick him in rhythm to the music. Code trampled his stomach and groin. Nan kicked him in the head and shoulders before sitting on his face, smothering him. Breaker moaned in ecstasy. Slow world. White haze. Hard cock.

“Bring in the entertainment.”

Multi-colored light sparkled and flickered in space in center of room. Hologram images take form from the flashing light. The guests stopped their groping. Looked upwards. Performance hovering in mid-space. Light flickered on screen; images began to take form. The eunuchs dragged a large sea creature. Resembling a jellyfish. No arms or legs. Red-pink skin. Black eyes on the end of two long stalks. White mouth under eye stalks. White tentacles protruding from mouth as it opens. Small pink orifices spot the body surface. Each resembling puckered wet lips. The orifices winked open and close. Foaming fine black liquid. The eunuchs removed the rope, leaving momentarily. Within moments they reentered screen space each dragging a naked man by a rope around their waist. White hoods over heads. The eunuchs untied the men. Removing the hoods. They retreat as the men stand, stroking their cocks to hardness. “Let’s get it on.” Scrolls across screen faces. Each man taking a position around the creature. Inserting their cocks into the orifice before them. One man at the head. Thrusting into an orifice between the eye stalks. The tentacles from the mouth massaging his scrotum. Coating them with a clear sticky liquid. A second man straddled the creature’s back. Bouncing on the undulating form. Balancing himself with his arms and legs outstretched to the sides. The final two men stood on opposite sides of the creature. Each taking turns thrusting cock into the animal. Pushing the jelly mass to the other with each thrust.

“Nothing like a good old gang bang.” The man at the head shouted.

“Got room for another 8 more guys at least.”

The others laughed. Thrusting harder and faster. Watery black liquid drips from every orifice. Down the sides of the creature onto the floor. Splashing against the men’s white skin. High pitched whining sound from the creature. Like a whale. Black liquid gushed from the holes. The men pumped harder. Faces twisting, skin

[missing]

flushed. The man at the front pulled cock from hole. Stroking cock fast, cumming across pink skin and white tentacles. The tentacles clutched his balls and cock. Pulling them into its mouth. The groin twisted and devoured. Man shouted, eyes rolling back into head, falling to knees.

“Yoo-hoo!” The man on the back cheered. Becoming slowly absorbed into the creature’s body with each thrust of his hips. A clear mucous began to cover his body. Until he became absorbed into the body. Becoming only a shadow beneath the skin surface. The other two men withdrew their cocks and ejaculated across the pink skin. As they stroked their cocks, the friction from their hands on the black oil caused the cocks to disintegrate into a pulpy mush. Then rubbed their bloody groins over the creature’s body. The eunuchs reappeared with black truncheons. Swinging them wildly at the men and creature. Beating them to the floor.

“End transmission.”

Hologram disappeared with flash of light. Gone. The guests continued to stare in darkness where the images once were.

“Just one more to get everybody in the mood.” Full-color hologram appeared again in mid air. A man walking in circles. Arms waving, gesticulating. Man’s face twisted. As if shouting. No sound. Shotgun appeared in hand. Waving gun in air. Placed barrel of shotgun in mouth. Pulled trigger. Back of head exploded. Dark patch of blood sprayed into space. Body slumped forward. Gun still in mouth. Image disappeared as ten reptilian bodies dropped from ceiling. Swaying with nooses around necks. Heads askew. Massive erections ejaculating onto the floor below. Nan and Code massaged the white liquid into their hair.

“Look at it all.” Woman in black evening gown pointed at the cum dripping down the window. Two young men. Wearing tuxedo jackets and white dress shirts. No pants. Stepped forward, stroking cocks. Ejaculating simultaneously onto window. Several of the women used the sperm to draw glyphs on the glass.

“Splendid, splendid.” Breaker, leaning forward, hands gesturing to his guests. “Everybody ready?”

The women below responded by frenzied groping. Cries and screams. The men pushed heads forward once again. Cables cutting into necks. Arms outstretched. Clawing at air. Code stuck her asshole into Breaker’s face. Rubbing it across nose, chin and lips. Breaker sticks out tongue. Running it across the wrinkled folds of her anus. Taste coating tongue.

The women picked up one of there own. Muscular woman, shaved head, shaved pubic area. Legs spread. Labia moving, saying “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” A man broke free from the wall. Cables flung aside, body pushed forward. Man crawled on hands and knees towards woman’s spread legs. Long forked tongue emerged from vagina. Disappearing into his mouth. Head shaking. Tongue pierced roof of mouth. Pushing way up and out left eye socket. Drawing head closer. His head rubbing against pubic region. Head pushed back, tongue retreats from man’s body. As it is withdrawn, his face is torn off. Pulled into left eye socket by fork of tongue. Revealing a blank video monitor.

“Functional orgasm transfer initiated.” Scrolled across the screen.

He inserted cock into puckered vagina. Tongue guiding member into body. She moans and writhes. Bucking hips. Women beneath her continued to hold body. Eyes intense, focusing on the action. Woman’s body twists and rolls as hundreds of wires tear through skin. Waving and flailing in the air. Wires pierce man’s body. Helping body to thrust. Woman moaned loudly. Body becoming limp, relaxed. The wires retreated, hanging limply from her body. The women dropped body amidst their group. Man fell backwards onto back. White cable streamed from cock. Man lies on ground motionless. Two eunuchs dragged body to the corner. Beating him with black truncheons.

Video monitors descended from the ceiling with images of female faces flicking their pierced tongues. The women in the pit attached cables to their eyes, nipples, cunts and anuses. The monitors land between their spread legs. Tongues protrude from the liquid crystal screens. Blue arcs of electricity jump from the piercings to the cables. The women writhe and spasm. They put their arms and legs around the ergonomically designed plastic casings. Green radiation emanated from the screens. The women’s skin turns green as they embraced the monitors. Slowly their flesh was absorbed into the plastic mold. Becoming plastic.

“Transfer complete.”

The cables pulled the men’s heads back into the wall. Into the monitors behind them. Their heads and shoulders absorbed in the swirling color on the screens. The eunuchs wrapped electrical cables around the men’s stiff cocks. The cables pulsate. Cordless mice with razor blades emerged from the video screens and zip over the skin surface. Removing it. Circuit boards are lowered from the ceiling and imbedded into their abdomens and thighs. They ejaculate. The semen mixes with the blood. The circuit boards began to hum and sizzle with blue electricity.

“Transfer complete. Transfer only partially effective due to incompatible drivers.”

The two women picked up Breaker and pressed his body against the bars. Nan stroked his cock while Code knelt down and sucked his balls. Breaker looked around. Neck like rubber. Smiling. Laughing distantly. They threw him back to the floor of the cage and urinated on his chest, stomach, penis. The warm liquid nearly made him cum. Sticky, warm, acidic smell. They sat on his torso and rubbed themselves on him.

“Launching program.”

The cables lifted the monitor/women into the air. Through black vents in the ceiling. The cables holding the men to the wall snaps. Releasing them. Bodies fell forward into lounge pit. Caressing each other. Tongues traced circuit boards on legs and stomach.

The doors in the observation room slammed shut. Glory holes closed. The partygoers barely noticed the fine spray descending from the ceiling. Slight medicinal smell. Throats began to close. Men and women clutched at themselves, others. Dropping to the floor. Writhing mass. Faces dark, red, eyes bulging. Choking. Clutching at bodies, groins. Many masturbating frantically. Applause broadcast over speaker. “Thank you, thank you, thanks for coming.” A body becoming still with each orgasm.

Code stood up and pulled a noose down from the top of the cage. She bent down and fit Breaker’s neck into the noose. Kissing him gently on the lips and securing the cable around his neck. Code and Nan then hooked their legs and arms around the bars of the cage.

“I’ve always hated those cubicles with their little glory holes. I like it here, in the open.” Breaker mumbled, focusing momentarily.

The bottom of the cage opened up, dropping Breaker, tightening the noose around his neck. His body spasms and jerked. His hard purple cock ejaculated onto the men below. Mouths open. Fighting with each other to catch the falling droplets of sperm. The ejaculate established a binary connection with the mainframe.

“Transfer complete. End Program?”

Breaker lost consciousness from all the excitement.

“Abort, retry, fail?”

“Abort, retry, fail?”

Excerpt from the novel *Orgasm Hard Drive*.



We Want You!

The hive is threatened with collapse. Unprecedented consumer desire has pushed Production and Capital to its limits. With the frenzy of production, we need more workers to increase faltering growth levels of production/consumption. There is no alternative for our producer/consumer society, lest the whole system collapse in chaos and anarchy. We cannot fall behind. The status quo is no longer acceptable. Join us before forced conscription relegates you to the lightless burrows of the hive. Produce! Consume! Keep desire fixated on the tasks at hand. We will not wait for long!

Onward, the Future!

cannibalism shit cycle

by Victor Saunders

One family however seemed to fair better than most and were standing talking. Jasel listened in on their conversation.

"Mum how come Auntie Suzi is crying ?" asks child.

"The meat trader is coming for Uncle Larry darling," explains mother. "It's time for him to become a side dish."

Child looks confused.

"What will I be mum ?"

Mother pushes roughly past her sobbing sister and runs a gentle hand over the child's puzzled face.

"You my darling will be a little chop garnished with hazel. It's a great honour you know."

Child thinks about it for a moment. "When I'm a chop garnished with Hazel what will you and dad be doing ?"

"We my sweet love will be with you. Your father a greased liver and me my ever sweet angel, a succulent prize steak."

Child begins to fret and shake.

"I don't want to die mum, I don't want to die!"

Mother smothers child with vexed features.

"You listen to me young lady. Me and your father have worked hard to get out of the battery farm. How would you like to be back there ah? Cooped up in dark cages with the angry keeper who beat and fondled us. Would you like that? Would you!" Mother again in a more soothing tone. "Here we have everything we want. We've done better for ourselves. Now go and see how your lovely new friends Earl and Marcel are. Oh and darling, keep away from the corners of the cage. I don't want you mixing with the children there any more."

Child runs out to meet her new friends and for the first time ever sees them not as children but as sizzling chunks of meat, hot on the spit.

Excerpt from the novel *Melting*.

workisfuckediwillobliterateall
ofyoufuckheadsworkiswarworkiss
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ematworkworkisaplacetoperfects
orcery

A Message from our Employee of the Month, Jedd Clampett. He's a dedicated straight arrow whose father always said "Son, work will make you free."



How to Win Friends and Influence Assholes

Work. Ah, work. Where else do people feel free to run trips on each other that they wouldn't pull with either their most hated enemies nor their dearest intimates but at work? It took me a long time to get a bead on this (hey, so I'm slow; but relentless (don't fuck with me)). Now I view work as a place/situation where I get paid to practice combat sorcery. It's funny, when I meditate, there's a level I hit really quickly that is all about work. Well, this as you might imagine I found quite annoying. But I decided to make it work for me har har har mooo hahaha. Yeah get into a meditative state where work jams in, shift it to a state of scrying projection and fuck up your workplace. Do whatever you want on whomever you want. It'll make going in that much more fun, and, hey, who knows? And did you see those grid things on this site? Well, why don't you just plug one of your favourite co-worker's names into one conjoined with humungous shitstreams of invective. Type it up, print it (or just save it). Let it sit in a drawer. Forget about it. Watch what happens to your "co-worker." Enemies are humans' best rationale for perfecting "certain Necessary skills." Or you can even leave a copy around the workplace or in his/her desk. It's from so far out in left field that your colleague's conscious mind won't know WHAT to do with it (but remember, IT HAS TO BE IN THE GRID FORMAT!!). But the heh heh hoo hoo so-called unconscious mind will for sure damn rights fucking know.

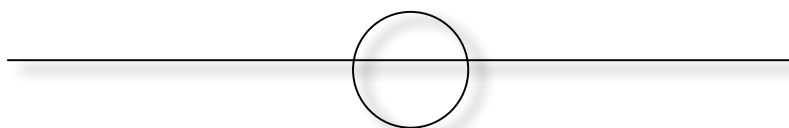
Along these lines, if this is all too esoteric for youse all let me share with you a couple of techniques that have ahem worked most slendiferously very well thank you for me. Numero uno: I had a job one time where one of my so-called "superiors" pissed me off to no end. Fine: everyday I would piss in his toolbox (get It? piss off/piss in, piss with my tool on tools GET IT ?!! haaaaaheeedd;fg;jdgkjgdf;bo%\$%#*&^%& hack hack splutter splutter fart). About the time that the rust spots started to get really obvious on his ratchet hey all of a sudden he turned out to be a much nicer guy than I'd noticed before. Jeeze, ain't that interesting. Another one that I've used with much greater frequency is as follows: find a colleague's favourite personal coffee cup or water bottle (most people have them on display like a dork or a pair of tits); stick your favourite middle finger up your own favourite personal used only by you asshole and wipe what you extract around rim of aforementioned cup or bottle (also works on personal pens, etc., you get the picture). You'll be surprised and delighted at how quickly your colleague's annoying behaviour alters. And if it doesn't? Well, if at first you don't suck seed.

Theory behind the practice: the conscious civilized neocortical mind just WILL NOT accept that someone would/could actually do this (even if there's visible little chunks of shit). BUT, the good old back brainy end of things knows EXACTLY what the fuck is going on (and who the fuck it is, AND what the fuck that fucker had for yesterday's fucking lunch). Well, it looks like we've got a little bit of a DISSONANT situation here, yes? hhhhheh moohah. So, little old by-passed for promotion back brain says, hey boss, hey you, hey fuckhead, listen up, somebody's rubbed anal lip gloss on your hugga mugga. So do you think that smartass young upstart neocortex listens? Naaaahhh. Of COURSE not:

these is modern times, bub, we don't do things that way anymore. Our anal behaviour is strictly and totally symbolic. For sure. The dissonance starts to fuck up the overall organism. Lower brain down on the shop floor knows the score, overrides the young whippersnapper upstairs so's things can get back to non-dissonant normality. Voila: you have a suddenly cooperative, affable, non-interfering co-worker.

And there you have it: you can literally make your enemies eat shit (albeit in 90's style bite-sized calorie-wise portions). A little over the top, you suggest? "I'll be your mirror, reflect what you are, in case you don't know" (and have a nice day at work, dear).

Yours in Christ,
Jedd Clampett



newtripmatrixgolemsummoning

thesoulisaninsectthatfollowsyouarounddarkbroodingshadowbeetleburrowingintocerebralcortextransmittingdullsalvationourbodiesinfestedbydesiremillipedescrawlingbeneaththeskinsoulbeetleclicksdirectionstothewarmpulsesalongnervoussystemtrackedbyantennaeencouragingsystematicsexualdesirerelentlesspillingsfromeverybodyorificeinorgasm scattering to search for new host transmitting revelation of the coming consumer riots the destruction of humanity through commodity fetishism directed by the giant ants who control the world's corporations automatons controlled by life forms originating from a yet undetermined space/time coordinates cold systematic logic producing a frenzy of desire/consumption leaving our insect shadows a hollow husk cold rationality this multimedia golé is a virtual reproduction of insect soul shadow pixel transmitting neurons initiating neural reprogramming dull salvation fear desire orgasm

Woodstock 99

should have been napalmed!

Piece (of the action) and love (that money) were the slogans at the conservative rock concert celebrating consumerism and middle-class alienation. What began as a bacchanalia of brand names descended into an orgy of rage as the neo-fascist youth realized that their capacity for consumption could never be met. The brands had momentarily failed them and they struck back with the fury only possible for spoiled rich kids. This demonstrated in microcosm the subtext for Western society right now. Woodstock should have burned the first night. That would have cleared the area from the get go. Even better, planes dropping napalm on the concert would have been the perfect ending to this money-fest. With so much money spent on the military, where is it when you really it.

Billed as the last big concert for 90's youth, it shows you the level to which culture has descended. Rebellion is a brand image packaged and sold to a society changing its codes of conformity away from so-called establishment standards to so-called underground ones. Just because someone has tattoos, piercings or dyed hair or carries around books by Debord or Guevara does not imply a radical stand against society. They are the badges of the new fascist youth movement embracing conformity and consumerism wrapped up in the new age doublespeak of individuality and free expression. It means that they have bought the image of the outsider without the threat (to society) or the alienation (from society) that usually comes along with it. These are the same assholes that cross picket lines, support big chain retailers and admire rich corporate CEOs. You really have to worry when the parents are right there beside the kids tapping their feet to the new sounds of crap rock and the button down conformity it encourages. When the old fogies start liking your music, you know right away that there is something wrong.

The youth desire a leader to embody their expression; to lead them in their expression. Rooted in infantile rationalizing. The masses choose their dictator. I can hear the chanting right now: "This is the new generation! We're coming to get you. And when we do you will be paying for our lifestyles!"

Burn Woodstock Burn!

Footnote: A so-called leftist with pierced eyebrow, hair dyed green and Beware of God T-shirt looks at the large picket line in front of the movie theatre. Other unions have joined the line to support the striking projectionists. Pushing and shoving break out as some suits and some jocks try to break the line to see their favorite Hollywood wastetime. This guy looks at what is happening and a reporter asks him his opinion.

"I agree with these guys but I don't agree with what they are doing. If you want to see a movie they should let you in. It's stupid." (He was waiting for his opportunity to cross the line to see Wild Wild West.) This is from some one who considers himself anti-establishment. No matter how "radical" some people may consider themselves to be, they always seem to buy into the dominant discourse prejudice against worker's rights.

wipe out

greedwillbeyourcollapseandscattergreedwillbeyourcollapseandscatter
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Which way

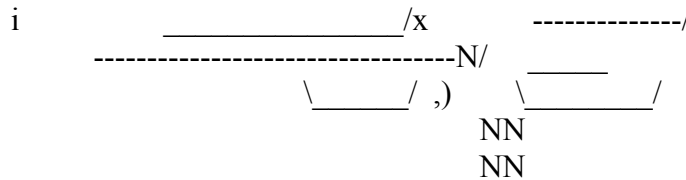


MY OBSESSION with reading nonfiction. tools to provide me with facts. facts are currency. i need help to focus. my tutor arrives. black rubber bikini. whip in hand. sneer on face. whips me across chest. ties my hands with whip. ties me to a chair. takes off her bikini. picks up book from the table. one hand rubs naked body with oil. holds book with other, reading aloud. *Function of the Orgasm* by Reich. head spins in excitement. read me the newspaper. please. *The New York Times*.

BACK TO REALITY. A mail order bride reexamining her yuppie values, rereads her diary of a vicious torture of a Down syndrome child, a real nitro-fueled yarn with a “judgment day is coming” moral. She had taken control of a technology used to replicate people, a relative’s legacy, to hunt down her husband and see him suffer. The tapes are to be broadcast on the six o’clock news.

OUTSIDE, I’M SEEN. Street corner preacher leans into my face, “God bless those born in the fires!” “Don’t worry – I’ll get the money.” I shout, ducking out of the way.

Interior



by Eric Zann

I warn you nao that parts of this were written up to two years ago and some parts of this are as new as a week old.

There are aliens living on this planet! This has been so for a very long time. They are not cerceptable to the human sences that we are all awair of. Some do sence them and are confined for their own goods. They are phycho/spiritual in thier natures and exist in a kind of alternate dimensional plane.

This plane is not totally paralel to ours but does intersect in a variety of ways.

They feed on the human sensations of fear, pain, misery, joy, happiness, love, hate and a host of other emotive emanations which we as a race exude constantly.

They breed us like cattle for thier own purposes [food]. Manipulating our progress on the evolutionary ladder. The leaders of this world or rather self proclaimed leaders are accually mere puppets to the invaders.

This gives them the ability to live among us and controle us. When they feel like asuming active roles they come out in the form of daemonic possesion or inexplicable fenomina. Thier place of residence is in the cracks between definitions.

I call to the ears of the deaf that they are made to see.

If you and I are in a room together and I'm talking to a third party that we are both acquainted with, say this person lets slip a unconscious fear that s/he has been trying to hide for some time, if I see this slip you will usually follow my line of vision.

Say for example this third party is a male and he has had a bad expirience with a pit bull at some point in his life and just by way of conversation I happen to mention that my brothers pit bull just had puppies. What will normally happen, if he isn't any good at hiding his fears will be that an unconscious tremor or some very slight change will occur in his attitude or body language that then tips me off to his fear. Your standing next to me and observing this chat that we're having, and more likely than not, you will consciously or unconsciously pick up on this change. Litterally speaking you will follow my line of vision to this fracture in his personality. Depending on yours and/or my disposition toward this fellow we can either use it against him or just ignore it. This is where psyce's games of an infinite verietiy come from. If I wish to really nerve him out I will continue to talk about how cute the little darlings are etc. Or I can mention that I myself was attacked by two dobermen pinchers when I was younger and thereby offer him some comfort in that he is not alone in his fears, and that it is o.k. to have them.

Why is it that with all of the technicle advances and scientific breakthroughs that we as a race have made in the past few decades, that we still can't seem to make postage stamps taste like any thing but shit.

I have recently been informed that it has become politicly ecspeedient to present your opponions as though yours is the only oppinion to be considered. I find this selfish, arrogant, offensive and self defeating. This is why no-one hears the voices of any other. Your all screaming like a bunch of spoilt children and none of you are talking. This politicles stance very effectively eliminates all possibility of COMMUNICATION.

We as a race are at a standing point in our little hystory. This is the moment that we need to learn to talk. Then we can move on to more important things like communicating then barter.

These are the [fizzicks] of spiritual progression.

The invaders give us bits of their knowledge keeping us sedate and tranquil in this hypnotic doze that we have come to feel secure about. These gifts are the chains that threaten to strangle us.

- I know longer trust the feeling of security.

What is secure anyway?!

Why do we as a civilization not have proper voting facilities? I mean that we should have a voting machine beside every bank machine. To be a registered voter you should have a card like your banking card (SIN) then you could go into a terminal and vote on the most up to date issues. It wouldn't even have to be a major computer bank, the regions could handle the individual machines and this way the controllers could get the real opinions of the people. The regions could then quite easily govern themselves and the individual states (countries) could then get true data on how that state should be run.

I am a [Kabbalist], it is my opinion that within the structure of our environment there exist certain frequencies that can alter, reshape and manipulate the already existing materials. I am of the opinion that we do this all the time but that we are unaware of the effects that we reap.

What are symbols anyway? They are the projection of one idea into another form. They constitute the whole of our definition, or rather our ability to define.

I'm reading a book by a fellow named Joseph W. Numan, it's called "The Energy Machine", and proposes a new kind of machine that gives more energy than it takes to run. He seems to be a self taught physicist, electrician, magnetist, engineer.

He is being persecuted by the U.S. patent office for being a fraud. But as he validly points out, The government would fight like hell against any individual who tried to make the oil cartels obsolete. They won't try killing him as that would only make him a martyr and make the people wonder what he'd discovered.

Metallicoids are metal life forms. My favourite form is not actually metallicoid but are housed in metal bodies. Their natural form is a spark of magnetic cohesion. Instead of them being primarily trapped in their bodies like we are, they are not dependant on their physical structure for survival. What they do is cocoon themselves in iron filings. Which they can manipulate into whatever form they wish. On their home planet, the normal or accepted form of appearance is furry, with four ape-like feet with an eye ball on either side of the disk. Kind of like swastika's with furry centers and an eye ball in the middle. The iron filings that they collect are from their planets surface.

[God is watching.]

I like the tranquility of standing in the woods next to a tree and not allowing any thoughts to intrude or [soil] the moments of peace that I rarely get the chance to savour.

I just had to fork out \$640 on my truck. Apparently the clutch was down to the rivets. I shouldn't let things get away like that on me. The battery had completely given up the ghost and the emergency brake had come undone. My gas gauge is screwed too. On a full tank it reads $\frac{1}{4}$ and at half a tank it reads $\frac{1}{8}$.

They looked into it for me and it turns out that the part needed would cost me \$240 and 2-4 weeks wait and about another \$300 for the labour.

I hate almost all of the commercials on T.V. today, but the ones that I hate the most are the ones that try to play on the emotions of sympathy. Like the ones aimed at children or the ones using children for the big sympathy play on adults. You know when they do that [have] lost all hope of ever effecting me like that.

I come from a rural farming community. I was just out there for a visit but no-one was home so I just wandered about and remembered. The place is growing drastically. There are truck stops and Burger Kings happening every where. They even have a brand new Holiday Inn. Why is it that as you grow older everything fades?

I went past my old house and the room that used to be my bedroom was lit. I wonder if there is a child dwelling there. I hope that s/he thought of something evil as I drove by. I want every one on earth to know how I feel.

I believe that for most people death is exactly what you programmed it to be during the space of your life. When you die it "kicks" in like a prerecorded message.

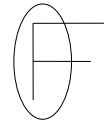
We the people have been bred, fed, and led into a captivity that we don't even want out of anymore.

One thing that my friend and I were talking about is that most of the teen problems that occur (not all of them!) come from parents that don't want to answer the questions that kids ask. They dodge the responsibilities of parenthood because they don't always have the answers. If I don't know the answer to a question that a child asks me I tell him/her just that. I usually follow it with "hey if you find out let me know. you've got me curious now." Why is it that adults in particular have hard time admitting that they're not perfect.

MEMO FROM 93

**“PRINCESS DI” AND “MOTHER TERESA” WERE
MAGICKALLY WHACKED. IT WAS NECESSARY TO GET
CERTAIN “HIGH PROFILE” REPRESENTATIVES OF
CERTAIN ARCHETYPES OUT OF THE WAY. CERTAIN
OTHERS WILL BE FOLLOWING THEM IN THE NEXT
FEW GLORIOUS YEARS TO COME. “BURROUGHS” GOT
OUT BECAUSE HIS POSTING HAD COME TO AN END:
MAY THE OLD BASTARD GET SOME GOOD R&R
BEFORE HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT.**

**93/93
FLODA**



By the way, I HATE Jesus.

I've just been watching the movie "The Big One" it's the L.A. earth quake movie. Quite inspiring. It makes me think that maybe a few natural disasters would do us the world of good. Might even toughen us up a little if we're lucky.

What we are doing to this planet is not that immediately observable. I'd say that in about 5-10 years time [if we have that long] the atmosphere will start to noticeably thin down. There will be an immediate increase in the fatality rate among asthmatics. I myself am an asthmatic. Cancer should be jumping in percentage very shortly.

The land masses are actually due for a major shift very soon too. When they sit dormant they build while we forget about them.

Flare and sunder to preachers of goo and doers of nil. Their souls lay in the cups of their hands and wither as I speak. Might the abyss swallow them up and save them the torments of their existences. They have chosen darkness. May they not see the light again, and this judgement they lay upon themselves.

Child of Isis, child of Ptah, I stand blinded in the light of my creation.

How can I be?

By the way, three children in Beirut the other day, were killed when they found a bomb left over from the last attack on that area. They were killed instantly when they thought that it was just a toy and proceeded to play with it.

That blood is on all our hands. It is all our faults that wars without reason are fought still, everyday.

Think on that for a while.

I realize that I am to a large extent a "bookstore revolutionary" of sorts. The reason that I do not bother to go out and fight with the government like a lot of "radicals" is that what the fuck do you see them doing? There occasionally are people who do make small differences here and there, and hey, power to them, but they usually get killed and are soon forgotten about or jailed. This way they can't get me till the damage is done. All that I'm trying to do is get you to share a frame of mind with me and maybe see what is going on.

Someday I'd like to try being a mime for a while to see what that's like. I have been a steel worker, painter, hog farmer, chicken farmer, Taxi driver, Appliance repair/delivery person, an assistant maintenance, auction worker, and for three days I packaged childrens frozen T.V. dinners. I have lived in trees both upright and fallen,

Another update from your palsy-walsy, Floda

Dateline Nov.7/97: All you fucking wankers who didn't think that the rapture was here and that we didn't have lots to do with it, well you can wail and gnash your teeth AGAIN. Right after my good buddy Eric Zann was reading about him in ANSWER ME! [by coincidence(?) I picked up my copy of Answer me! last Monday - ed.] and right after I smoked three joints and burned three demons Anton LaVey, the most saintly fucker to ever cross YOUR consciousness, croaks. Yeah, Thursday the 6th and Friday the 7th equals 13 as does 6 and 7; ie you lame brained fucking bible humpers the intergers in the year he was born duhhh yeah the numbers are good God ruff woahhh! Boy, if you thought he was a pain in the emmerhods dead wait until you see him alive. How the hell did you smash your answering machine anyway?

93/93 Floda

root cellars, rooms tinfoiled from floor to cieling, atticks, barns with no insulation in the middle of winter, cars, and some very small cubby holes that are built into oddly shaped houses. For two months I slept in a steamer trunk.

For six months every time I arrived I said good-bye and just as I was leaving I'd say hello. It took me six months to stop. For three months I listened to nothing but muzak. I started to like Billy Vough(sp.?) so I quit. I listen to all types of music, from Beethoven to Beefheart, Zappa to Guy Lombardo.

Even if they do claim to be on the road to dissarming, do you really believe them?! Ployticians are enimies of humanity and should be wiped out in a single sweep for all that they've done to us. The lies, the brain washing, the atrocities that they have committed make everything that Hitler, Musalini and Stalin combined look tollerable and tame. THEY MUST GO!!! Or we will, eventually.

[LOVE]

The word to which we strive like so many ants attempting to build the perfect structure. Defined and undefinable. What is love anyway? The irrisistable need/desire to continuously be with someone or just hormones running rampant in an already delicatly balanced system. Each one of us seems to have come to some sort of conclusion regarding this overly immortalized goal.

Is it what we are borne to figure this out or is it just a stumbling block created for fools to keep them from attaining their rightful happiness.

I think love is a lie that we decieve ourselves with in order to escape the torment of an empty void-like loneliness that we feel from day to day. It is the light which we use to blind ourselves so that we don't have to look Death dirrectly in the aye, and avoid the confirmation of a mortality that scares the shit out of us.

It is just a different kind of drug that we take to truely numb out the fellings of terror conceled in living.

As a mage or warlock, what I'm after is to alter beyond denyablility, the physical [matereal] sphere. I want magic that works, wheather you believe in it or not. Effects that are independant from the observer.

And I'm very likely the type of evil minded bastard that would find such a thing as this.

What keeps me away from most systems of "magick" is dogma.

I HATE IT!!

O GOD.

Oprah Winfey has the new kids on the block at the moment. What a wounderful way to Reganalize rock! What makes me want to puke is that their acceptable! Adults should get criticized. It is through critcizm that we

measure ourselves. Criticism is what we build our mental images of our selves out of. Contrast is definition. There are many ways to do this.

Why is it that I find myself wishing to be what I am not? Is it better there? I don't think so. I'd probably miss this side of it.

Dec.90

I drove Taxi for 6 months and learned about the world so that I could see how practice psychology works in the human condition. Psychiatrists are the worst kind of leaches going. Most of them, that is. There is the odd one who cares but they're so far and few between that it's ridiculous even trying to find one. I like what I've read about Wilhelm Reich. I guess that I've always liked the revolutionaries. I probably always will too.

I have always felt at the heart of my being that there is a word that only the true can speak. And once spoken the destroyer/creator awakens and judges the conditions in that sphere. The name of Shiva properly pronounced. I am the destroyer.

Advertising has in my humble opinion gone too far in the last couple of decades and is now the source of too many people's opinions.

It surprises me as to how long we've poisoned the air and we haven't gotten any backlash from it yet. When the wave of death starts to drop again, we as a race will be quite stunned for a number of months. During this time the governments will be using their massive propaganda machines to "pull us all together."

You see during this period it will become increasingly difficult to keep track of who lived and who didn't. This will also give certain people time to slip through the cracks in their information. It will breed an underground culture that they won't be able to suppress. Then the uprisings will begin.

When I was thirteen I had my own set of "Freddie" claws that I had built myself in my dad's shop from scraps of 24 gauge sheet metal that I scavenged from here and [there]. I got the idea from the comic strip "Wolverine". I made it all myself. I had a claw on the three center fingers of either hand and a leather glove over the rest of the hand. On my chest I had 24 gauge sheet metal and the same on my back. I also had sheet metal on the front of both legs and forearms. The plate that strapped to my back was also designed to protect the back of my neck. I was in essence a very nasty little bastard to tangle with in the back field of the farming community that I grew up in. I've also played with gun powder and figured out how to make a few different types of explosive devices.

My childhood was fun.

If we were to finally band together there'd be nothing that would be able to slow us or stop us. The problem is that we all have huge egos that are nearly impossible to keep under any kind of control. We are always possessed of these incredible drives to accomplish extremely diverse things for their own sakes.

What if these aliens aren't restricted by Time/Space? What if we were to get rid of them and the past 5000 years were instantly rewritten?

I wonder who the bad guy would be then?

Something has just happened within the last 20 minutes or so. I don't know what. I can't explain what I sensed. I'll try later.

Not only is the end near, it's happening [now]. It always has been.

God how I hate shows like "Lifestyles of the rich and famous" or "Hard Copy" or "A current affair". Trite garbage designed to reduce the amount of thought capacity in the neural pathways.

Work
is a Place
to Perfect
Sorcery



Your Soul is an Insect that follows you around

have lived in houses that were “really” haunted and seen things happen that just simply cannot happen. There is some way for the forces of one plain to cross over and effect the others. If it can be done I want to find out how.

Children are the source of tomorrow. They see us for what we are. Never try lying to a kid as s/he will see it. And if a kid sees it, you should take a look at it also.

Kids have a special power that should not get ignored. Your creation should think for itself. Not like you. Also I have been known to use a few different pen names.

Athios Abstrax
Daemos Astrophan
X-Nihil
Some-one
Shaddash Riggor
Alphonse Himlock
Him
Hades

Don't look for me in your local convenience store.

Why iz it that I always feel the most alone when I'm with other people?

I wood like to live in the forests of northern canada and just contemplate things for about 50 years. Or a hundred years on a mountain top, thinking.

I have tried my best to be honest with you but I don't know everything so I'm wrong from time to time. I'm just saying my peace. I had to try. I don't think that I'm the only one who thinks like this. I imagine there's quite a few. There are after all 6.5 billion people on earth at the moment. I have a hard time with this because I don't get the chance to speak to or meat many in this relm of thinking. It getz very lonely at times. Other times you just assume that your just some sort of freak and leave it at that. This tends to only alienate you even more severely from your environment.

I have been building a Golem for some years nao and he's finally started to come to life recently. So far he doesn't have any fizzle stance yet, but then that's part of being a golem.

I have worked out the hao's and when's of planting the seed but that will have to [weight] for a while and will take a LOT of effort and resourses on my part. His name is fluffy. His primary form that was originally intended looks like an exceptional sub-abysmal daemonic hell spawn.

And the word wuz spoken.

Ink, page, book, binder, names, deffinition, idea. Table, chair, lamp, screen, keyboard, car, petrol, engine, motion. Are they not words also? Iz it not also possible that everything that you've ever thought eventually becomes or happens or effects?

Lets sculpt.

A beatle-like jaw with incisors in the entry for the mouth, every joint on itz body detaches so that it may feed. Each piece is a separate self supporting entity. Where the joints meet there are mouth holes that suction into one another or suction into one another or suction clean that to be digested. Almost solid rock, the outer shell of the being iz more durrable than the bone of most anamils, yet this is a cellular creature, at the core of each “bone”.

Have you heard the word of nothing?

Nothing loves you, nothing has a plan that can turn your life around and set you free of the bonds that bind. Anger, Corruption, Sloth, Etc., Gone for ever.

I wonder how many poets, artists and free thinkers will be lost in the coming torrent. I wounder how long it will take us to get back up here, to this layer. I love bathroom graffitti. It is the singularly most uninhibited form of self expression that I've ever come across. I get really strange when I do the writing. I have much fun in this.

There are currently about 44 wars raging in the world as I type these letters.

When I was a child I lived in haunted houses piriodicly, and after a time I found that I have a knack for finding myself in homes where people have died. I

clown

**clowncryclowncryclownlaughclownscreeamclownrun
clownlostclownfrozensclownforgottencclowncry
clowncryclowncryclowndieclowncry
clowndieclowndieclowndie**

The “bones” work in accord with every other bone or creature. They always work in harmony. This is their major strength, no one can turn them on their own kind and they are all willing to die for the whole. Whenever confronted the largest information collector, the set will detach and wait it out so that someone survives.

Y
A
A B
A B R
R O
FORCE
T H U N ADBERRA B O L T
T H U ANBDREARC B O L
T H AUBNRDAEDRA B O
T AHBURNADDEARD B
H W I L L A B R A X A S C U R E H
A TBHRUANCD AEDR A
A B TRHAUCNADDE A B
A B R TAHCUANDD A B R
A B R A TCHAUDN A B R A
A T
POWER
T H U
T H
T
V

Things happen

[benny got to score. got the ache. crumpled bills in pocket. shadow along wall. focused on scoring. nothing like a good hit to save the day.]

The third graders were encouraged to actively discriminate against one another, a taste of competitiveness, a gentrification scheme, and to ingest a stash of cocaine to debate evolution versus homosexuality. The debate went well; impassioned and well argued. Until the cocaine ran out. Then things turned ugly. When the teacher produced a brick of hash to compensate, the children turned on him. In a cocaine-fueled bloodlust he was ripped apart.

[benny couldn't score shit. rational thought fades. primal energy takes over. the survival instinct. the world fades. all senses focus on scoring.]

human sacrifice is essential for any civilization to progress

commercialism is another form of hatred

A Belated Happy Valentine's Day! ----- An Early Happy Easter!
Greetings from yer Old Prison Bum Buddy, Floda!

You wanna know why I like commercialism, why I REALLY LIKE IT? It's very simple, very basic: commercialism is the best transactional technology that we humanoids currently have that allows us as little contact as possible between each other in the ongoing saga of fueling the bio-machine and minimally stimulating the neurons so as to prevent complete atrophy (i.e. "entertainment"). Face it, most people who are into all of this face to face stuff assume that their personal shit is actually interesting.

The reason that commercialism, etc have been so successful is that people's personal shit is not interesting. If it were, MacDonald's would not have sold however so many billion claim to have). I LIKE BECAUSE I DO NOT AT SOME LEVEL COMMERCIALISM LIKE EACH OTHER. WITH ME! JUST ABOUT IT IN TERMS TO-DAY BEHAVIOUR. TERMS OF YOUR TERMS OF YOUR STATE WHEN YOU'RE PERSONABLE SNOTTY WAITER RATHER THAN SOMEONE WHO BLANDLY BUT EFFICIENTLY PLOPS THE GRUEL DOWN IN FRONT OF YOU AND THEN LEAVES WITHOUT OFFERING YOU THAT EXTRA TIDBIT OF HIS OR HER SO-FASCINATING PERSONAL REALITY TO SPICE UP THE SLOP THAT YOU JUST WANT TO ENJOY IN PEACE. YOU LIKE COMMERCIALISM BECAUSE YOU DO NOT LIKE PEOPLE.

Money
=
Shit

globalization, commercialism, successful world-wide is IS NOT INTERESTING (if you would not have sold ground calf anuses that they COMMERCIALISM LIKE PEOPLE. WE ALL WILLINGLY ENGAGE IN BECAUSE WE DO NOT DON'T FUCKING ARGUE HONESTLY THINK OF YOUR ACTUAL DAY-THINK ABOUT IT IN ACTUAL COGNITION, IN ACTUAL EMOTIONAL DEALING WITH A

See y'all at the barbeepuke!



Editor's Note: We've had to cut back on Floda's contributions to the OI for financial reasons. Even though he is a close personal friend of mine, it was necessary. Business is business.

Salò

Confessions of an alleged shit-eater

My obsession with Pier Paolo Pasolini's last film *Salò* began one night in an alternative art house video store. I had recently seen the movie on the big screen and wanted to watch it again. I asked the clerk if it was available to rent. He wasn't familiar with the film so we talked a bit about it anyway. Okay so far. Until another clerk overheard our conversation, that is. His face contorted with disgust as he sneered "*Salò*?? No we don't have that movie. Only someone who likes to eat shit would like that movie." Shocked, I tried to explain some of the larger issues raised by the film, to no avail. He kept ranting about shit eating, obviously associating me with this practice. Meanwhile the whole store was eavesdropping on this rant. I walked out. All this at a supposedly "progressive," alternative video store. (I was renting a couple of Russ Meyer films which made this art house imbecile sneer even more.) The bizarre thing was that this store had carried the movie previously but obviously pulled it from their shelves when the Film Commission started cracking down. Ironically, they carried it again a few years later, when the heat had backed off.

A film that could raise this kind of bile in an art snob is certainly a film for me. Let's have no illusions – Pasolini is an art house poster child. Regardless, *Salò* pushes the buttons of even his most ardent supporters. Updating de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom*, Pasolini moves the action to Fascist Italy. He follows the essentials of Sade's book while the three act structure is similar to classic theatre and to Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The film begins with an Ante Inferno, which sets up the plot. Here the teenagers are kidnapped by fascist soldiers and brought to the libertines for inspection and incarceration. Then Pasolini presents three 'circles': 1) Mania; 2) Shit; 3) Blood. The libertines follow the "advice" in each of the story teller's tales which they carry out on their victims. The sex and violence become increasingly intense as the movie goes along. Each narrator ups the ante of libertinage, finally with it all ending in a frenzy of killing and torture. The result is one of the most intense films that you will probably ever see. (On the big screen anyway; it does not come off as well on video). The intensity comes not so much from the sex or violence as from the degradation and humiliation of the human spirit, from the urge for individual expression and freedom being trampled, with few avenues for escape. (And these avenues are all "negative": suicide, of being murdered by those in control or collaborating with them.) And, I suspect that what upsets people even more than the actual content of the film is the fact that Pasolini was murdered while cruising for trade just before the movie's release.

I first encountered *Salò* at a play about Pasolini's last days. I can't remember the name of the piece, but the audacity of using Sade's infamous book as a model for a film script intrigued me, being the young romantic that I was. A few weeks later, a Pasolini film festival screened *Salò* to a packed house. Alberto Pezzotta remarked that you could only see this film once, when one still had virginal eyes. There is no comparison to seeing it on the big screen, sound blaring, in an unfamiliar setting. Viewing it on video simply does not compare. Watching the film, I hit a groove – I began to take everything in stride, all the while my body growing more tense, anticipating the action to come. The final scenes of torture had me taking shallow breaths, eyes wide, hands clenched. Then Pasolini pulls the carpet out from under you. The scene shifts from the horror to a gentle moment between two guards; then suddenly the film ends, no credits, just The End. I immediately felt my consciousness twist, I was going one way then all of a sudden I was sent into another direction. I left the theatre and walked home in a daze. It took a day or two to snap out of it.

Pasolini manipulates the viewer at a core psychological level. He preys on our desires – those same desires that make us watch car crashes on TV or secretly despise the weak or poor because we see them as inferior. Naomi Greene speculates that the viewer's complicity with the libertines is one of the disturbing aspects of the film (and what upsets people most, whether consciously or unconsciously). The viewers are passive accomplices to the events going on before their eyes. They are unable to stop what is going on, and while they may be horrified by what's on the screen, they continue to sit there curious to see what happens next. This becomes most explicit in the final scene, where the audience's perspective becomes that of the libertines. Here the audience and libertines are one.

After my experience, I tracked down and devoured everything I could find about the film. I had a very insightful conversation with the owner of Captain Video, who was very knowledgeable about the film. But when I attempted this at Vancouver's premier art house video store, the reaction, as I described earlier, was less than enthusiastic. This

prompted me to collect whatever I could about the film, (excerpts from books, articles, interviews), and post it on a web site as a resource for others who need to argue their case against bourgeois snobs.

Salò essentially explores power and power relations. Pasolini often described this as his first movie about the modern world and said it was to be viewed as a critique of the “new” fascism of late capitalism. Pasolini takes from Marx the notion of the commodification of man, where the body is reduced through exploitation to a thing, and applies it thematically to the film. The victims of the libertines are merely objects for their captor’s desires. They have a use-value – nothing more. The link to the modern world is obvious through the setting of *Salò*, the last vestige of fascist power in Italy. It was established in northern Italy in 1943 by Hitler for Mussolini after his rescue from prison by SS commandos. Mussolini ruled this regime as his “Italian Social Republic” until it fell in April 1945. Pasolini saw *Salò* as a microcosm of anarchic and anachronistic power, in decline from the very moment it was established, a prime example of a decadent system of power. As well, by including a bibliography at the beginning of the film, he not only wanted to give the film a theoretical context but also wanted to show that his film was “modern.”

And in response to my art snob clerk regarding the shit eating, Pasolini claims “that the producers, the manufacturers, force the consumer to eat excrement. All these industrial foods are worthless refuse.” Take that, chump.

I wanted to find out the current status of *Salò*, so I called the Film Commission. I posed as an innocent film student so as not to rouse their suspicions as to my fetish. If they think you’re on their side, they’ll tell you more. The bureaucrat droned on about how disgusting such a film was, based on what he read from the info sheet. He spat out descriptions of scenes and then huffed to clear his mind of these ugly images. I would have thought that there would be a little bit more sympathy from a man who watched hardcore porn all day, but I was wrong. I asked him about the current status. He said the film was prohibited. Knowing that it had been shown the past I pressed him. He related how customs had redirected the film to them for classification. A 1996 BC Film Classification ruling rated it Adult with Prohibited Material (read-banned) but a 1999 decision reclassified it simply as Adult (read – available). Why, I asked. He claimed that it must have been a different version. I doubted this because the only version to ship for home use in North America was the Water Bearer version. They obviously had their information wrong. Probably the same film, different rulings. What about film societies? Can’t they show the film because of their members-only status? The bureaucrat doubted that. But the Cinemateque used to show this film quite regularly. He perked up. That so, eh. Yeah but it’s been about 7 years since the last screening. Don’t worry, we’ll investigate your complaint, he said officiously and hung up. I don’t know what’s worse, dealing with arrogant art snobs or arrogant bureaucrats. One thing was clear – even though they both work with movies, they actually knew very little about film.

Interestingly, it was Sergio Citti, not Pasolini, who originally developed *Salò* for the screen. Pasolini took over upon hearing of Citti’s problems with the project. (Producers had concerns about Citti being able to carry it off, but maybe more importantly they wanted a director with international box office appeal.) At the time, he was working on *Porno-teo-kolossal*, a story of two Neapolitans who follow a comet, symbolizing ideology, to a series of cities which depict “permissiveness, intolerance, and neo-capitalist Fascism in power.” Shooting took place from March 3 to April 14, 1975 on a closed set, where Pasolini was given enormous creative control over the film. This included scripting and shooting decisions; casting approval plus control over technical staff hired; final choice in music; final edit of the movie with no alterations without his approval and even if alterations were to be made he would be the one who would do them.

There have been some criticisms of *Salò* being an expression (as opposed to a critique) of fascism. This comes in part from the movie’s setting in fascist Italy but also from the fact that Pasolini offers no hope for the captives. He gives no overt signs as to how to overthrow this system. Any sign of revolt is either brutally crushed or co-opted. There only appears to be despair and resignation to fate. However, just because there is not a feel good ending or subtext, this does not mean that Pasolini sympathizes with the captors and their power structure. I feel that Pasolini is giving a strong portrait of power, power relations and the excesses of this path. I think he presents us this portrait and leaves it for the viewers to draw their conclusions as to what is to be done. It is not intended to be an overt morality tale, but rather a glimpse into how things are (in theory) or what they could descend to (in practice).

Dispatch to the Internet Ghetto

by Floda

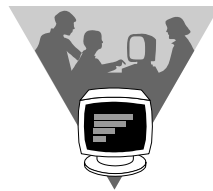
Floda says

*I've come to hate my body
And all that it refires
In this world*



When I'm sitting in your bowel in my umpteenth infinite incarcerated incarnation, getting vunce again to "clear," Father Hubbardly spheaking hack hack eck, vell, I think, ja, about vutt a lotten ooniverse you really are, my bacteria-ridden nest (and I oughta know). Und zo, I say, vell, if I cannot bling zee tluth to zee host, vell, BURN IT!

Vell, zo ven I exits youse galactic azzhole, that's vutt Vutt VUTT! I does: you thought it was that Indian dinner; You thought it was those aspirins; YOU! thought it was that astral dream date with Marky Mark. Naaah. It was me, Floda. You pissed me off a long long long time ago, and I possess the patience of a master magus. In fact, I AM THE MASTER MAGUS! You see, when I invoke that ring of fire, well, let us just say that a certain ritual logic unfurls in your lovely tender delicious stinking temple like an illegal flag. Each pain receptor is, oh how shall we put it, a ritual participant. Each member of the circle, upon insistent and relentless instruction, fires a teeny tiny torch in honour of me Me ME!, Floda: vee purge you of your deviant thoughts; Vee cleanse you of your delusions; VEE! remind you that when shove comes to ram, you are purely and wholly and holy nothink but ASS HOLE. Oh yes, you can have your grand schemes of screen-play offers, great sex and crisp lettuce, but when it really comes down to what your default consciousness is at the most important moment of my, and hence, your, existence, you know that you are nothing but a squeeze tube. You could just as easily be filled with mustard, toothpaste, or Preparation H. But you are filled with me, clear Floda, gone on to the greater flow (or should I say, yes, the greater FLODA?). Until we fuck again. Give my regards to Auntie Ruth's colostomy bag.



This golem is a

psychic vampire

Assholes always ruin it for the rest of us

The OI Editor responds to complaints about Floda's articles

Floda has gone too far. We tried but it simply is too difficult to keep his crypto-fascist tendencies in check. Fascinated by shit. Following in a long distinguished line of coprophiliacs. Floda, expert shit-eater, this is over the top. We are a class act. We produce important works of literature.

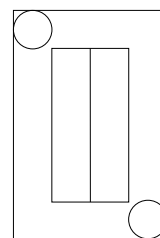
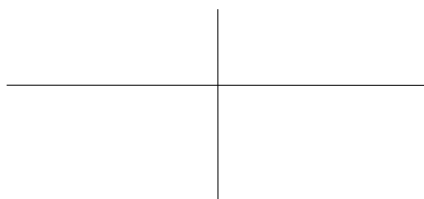
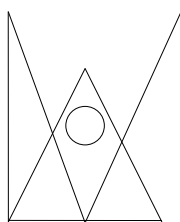
But I digress. The words bleed control. Beyond bourgeois musings. Into depths of coprophagous fantasies. Floda produces monstrosities from his numerous ass-fuckings of philosophers and occultists. From behind but in control. Absorbing ego through self-hatred inspired extreme masochism. The desire to be raped making him feel wanted and loved. Depravity finds beauty in bleeding hemorrhoids fingered roughly. These 'rhoids ringing the anus in parade. This nazi rally inspires him – and others who wipe shit across their lips and eyelids like clowns getting ready for a performance. Onward and out the loose bleeding sphincter. The fascist produced in the bowels; forced into toilet bowls worldwide. Their ideology trapped under fingernails with lumps of toilet paper; we can sniff the stench each minute of the day.

I am about to break open. I am fragile. At any moment I will collapse, break apart. I want to rip, tear the things around me to make me feel real. All this aside, the continued identification with the anus has haunted me for days. I claw at my hemorrhoids, ripping the skin, tearing at the fragile folds, until my hands are smeared with blood and shit. I collapse in tears, wiping the fluids across face. The smell reminds me I'm human. I digress again. I'm not well. Dealing with egotistical hacks like Floda is a psychic drain.

I cannot masturbate anymore. I cannot sleep. These two events are intertwined. I am emotionally volatile. Conspiracy and hatred are in my fellow human's eyes. Again I digress, Floda you are out. Your blowjobs are legendary. Your rimming, spectacular. But I am the Boss! Don't fuck with me! Do you know who I am! I am an important person! People look up to me! Fuck you all! Fuck you all! What are you going to do, huh! Huh! What I say goes! I am important!

Twisted abortion master race godchild. Watch and learn. Eat shit like good little children. With love, with love.

You have been warned. All of you. Fuck you.





the consumer riots – exploding, impending still – that specter haunting capitalist society – arose from the inability of production to keep pace with desire – consumption became sublimated into pure desire – in fact consumption itself gave way to pure need – products were no longer consumed through conventional means – sometimes not at all – desire – a need to possess without fulfilling the cycle to actual possession – creating a constant state of anxiety in consumers – just want want want – waves of desire frenzied the shopping crowds – focused them into a single purpose – a product, scarce or nonexistent, the subject of desire – with it, the inability to satisfy that desire – panic – anger – mobs of angry consumers roamed the streets – burning cars, smashing windows, looting stores – looted merchandise was burned as unsatisfactory – whole city blocks were aflame – black smoke choking the city – police broke up the first riots with difficulty – products were dropped from helicopters – this only enraged the mob – microwave assaults and napalm were then brought in to disperse the crowds – but as desire became more immediate – focused – demanding – these riots increased in frequency and intensity – defining a new paradigm of production / consumption – of struggle – of consumer activity – the fulfillment of primary levels of humanity – the authorities relent to the demands, desire – the right of unlimited consumption (production) – onward, the future –

Watch the Consumer Riots on Channel 13

Nightly at Six and Eleven

trapped – workers under break through – the industrial revolution built up the proletariat – in order to assert themselves as individuals, they must overthrow the State – to conquer a much larger market levels out the price of a commodity – violation of the constitution – violent outbreaks must naturally occur – liberation is both a historical and mental event – development of the productive forces – national industries have been destroyed – or are daily being destroyed – the expansion of capital – our eyes blind and unfocused – you have debts, pay them off – the semi-barbarian nations of the bourgeoisie – the banks still exercise vigilance over the lowly debtor – millions can't keep them back – finds its final expression in executives subordinating society to themselves – the more competition among the workers expands, the more their wages contract – the finance aristocracy – enemy of the republic with private interests – the government leaning on the army and bureaucracy to show legitimacy, a pathetic display of power politics – revolution and democracy exit from the official stage – who would hand over their money upon such conditions – demand for credit ever-increasing – at least in theory – suicide at a record high – at the same time all those national illusions vanished – new means of production equals new means of conquest – not producing but taking – self-conscious producers of domination – expressed as eternal law – against the rule of capital – the workers could not buy victory –

High Finance is Our New Death Syndrome

Notes from the Operating Table

by Michael Roth

My Love for the Blade

Everything I have done, I have done for the respect of my razor blade. It is my companion and confidant, truly understanding my plight, my desires. Beautiful blade, each incision is made for you. I write home-study textbooks on vivisection. Writing and vivisection are both creative mediums for me. I write with a razor blade, scratching symbols into the paper, creating new forms from the previously unblemished paper. I want the pages of my books to bleed. Each stroke of each letter an incision getting larger with every word and sentence, producing an uncontrollable bleeding wound which will splatter and soak the reader. The same with the body; the body comes to me a blank slate. I must carve the flesh, mold it, out of which a new being emerges. New forms are created with each stroke. I am an artist. My tool is the razor blade. My medium is flesh. The operating theatre has become just another butcher shop. I want to change that.

For several years, I had nothing to say to my fellow human beings. We babble without saying a thing just because it makes us feel better, makes us feel that we are in touch with each other. I hated the walking sacks of meat called humanity. All that time, I worked in silence, the razor blade and I, creating forms from shadows, whispering my gratitude to its sleek surface. The blade finally led me back to humanity. Through it I learned about the soul and creation. Humanity not only is perpetuated by biological reproduction, but also by the production of art. This is the real soul of the human experience. Timeless. Each operation is a work of art. Blood and momentary torment I realized are vital to Beauty, are very human experiences. I came back into the fold with open arms, led by my razor blade. A blade for everyone!

I carry a blade with me at all times. I finger the smooth metal. It is without texture. Slow, my fingers do not catch but glide cleanly across the surface, leaving remnants of my own fingerprints. Light hits the blade in waves which refract and vibrate off of the surface as it moves. Shadows are reflected and display morality plays constantly. I can watch the blade for hours on end. Catching all its subtle changes. Following the shadow story, flickering, unreal, across the deep silver surface. The blade is an organism anticipating my touch, reacting with nervous excitement. With a continual vibration emanating from the inner core, I know it is alive. We have a symbiotic relationship. I cannot imagine living without it. It is a part of my body, like a hand or heart. It is a part of my psyche. It represents the nexus between this world and God.

The razor's edge is barely visible. Ethereal. Touching the void. For many years, I did not believe in this mystical side. I viewed the blade solely as a tool. As a means to an end. I scoffed at any mention of a deeper, metaphysical side to it. It took many operations before I became aware of "the edge," and understood it's relation with the void. I began to trust it. The blade knows the end result before the first cut is ever made. It follows a blood map. It knows. The blade is my eyes in the operating theatre. I am merely a tool for its will.

My blade always cuts cleanly through the skin, the tissues opening themselves up, inviting the metal into the body. The wound, a smile expressed by the body, the point where pleasure meets torment. I run my razor blade across my body quite regularly. It is a mirror. It knows me but wants to explore further. The blade's edge separates my skin silently. My skin embraces the thin edge of metal. It is done and moved on by the time I notice a thin red line coming into existence. Any pain is an afterthought. Not an immediate response, but rising from dull reflection. The blade continues on. My skin separates into a bleeding grimace.

Introduction

My journeys in life have provided me with an inspired sense of death, a truly wonderful experience I have granted to many in my lifetime. I advocate euthanasia, assassination and murder. I practice torture, an unsurpassable mystical experience for all involved. Close to my heart is suicide, a wonderful personal expression. My years in vivisection have led me away from misanthropy towards a greater understanding of humanity. My close examinations of people made me realize the truly individual nature of our existence. The projects that comprise our lives are personal expressions of ourselves - who we are and what we do are intertwined. As in life, so in death. I realized that death was becoming a mechanical process - impersonal faceless mass slaughter becoming more common, as expressed in the preference for bombs, missiles, gases, etc. by the establishment and the public in general. Death has lost its personal touch.

I believe one's death is as individual and personal as one's life. A colleague of mine, Dr. Rubin, conducted an experiment where a baboon and a human were strangled and the death struggle observed and compared. He found that the baboon would fight for its life, even in the face of inevitable death, much more strongly than the human. He concluded that life and death were meaningless to mankind. I disagree. I see corpses leave my operating table everyday. I see the torment of the soul without its shell. Its desire for reunification with the material world and its realization that it must be absorbed by the Universe. This is the culmination of the human struggle – something I've come to respect.

I now view vivisection as an exploration of life and death. I deplore those technocrats who focus solely on the mechanics of the body, who are afraid to accept personal death and advocate impersonal death (and mass slaughter), who taint their practices with the pursuit of money. I now strive to put the humanity back into vivisection, back into death. As a professional, one must develop one's own style regarding dissection and death. However, these notes should hopefully provide novices with the background to help them on their way.

Face

The face has never been a favorite of mine. This was not always the case, however. But the practice of facial surgery has become debased since cosmetic surgery became popular. Any scoundrel or con artist can pick up a scalpel, make some cuts, stretch some skin and stitch it all back together. It really does not take any skill to do this. (I, in fact, could perform said surgery in my first year of medical school.) All to make a lot of money. No other reason but money. Operating theatres being used to stretch skin because someone can put forward the money to make it so. And there is no shortage of surgeons or vivisectionists willing to feed on this gravy train. Not me. Never. Pride has disappeared from the medical profession, and it has been replaced by greed. Unfortunately, this secondary parasitic practice has tarnished my attitude toward the face.



Faces are masks behind which we hide our hatred, jealousy and arrogance. Its purpose is to veil our true selves. I began in vivisection years ago to cut away this mask to hopefully reveal a truth about the human experience. I have dissected thousands of faces to find nothing – I have skinned numerous faces to realize that only one layer of the mask was removed. It is for me a very ethereal part of the body – a stage to display our emotions, our age, our character as well as a mask to hide these qualities.

However, it is the part of the body that defines who we are to the rest of the world. This of course is not entirely true but through socialization we now associate deformities of the facial landscape with depravity and perfect alignment of this landscape with good character. This has created a large cosmetic surgery market where people are remolded into aesthetically pleasing, and thus good, individuals. This search for a good face reached extremes when a Dr. Harbrough, a good chap whom I know quite well, grafted turtle skin onto the faces of his patients. He argued that since turtles had a long life span, their skin must possess some sort of energizing agent. In fact, for years one would see amphibian-skinned socialites around all the elite urban centers and golf clubs.

The human face is much more difficult to operate on than our simian cousins'. This is due primarily to aesthetic sensitivity rather than technical difficulties. One could not hack away at a human face as one could at an animals' as the resulting permanent scarring would drive any human to suicide – vanity, narcissism, self-centeredness, and egotism have all created body images which are nearly impossible to realize surgically. The human would hide in shame or be shunned by society – either way, the person is condemned to isolation where the ape would continue to exist in its communal environment.

- I. large black cancerous tumors appear over facial landscape – skin grey – face bloated – eyes weep, filled with yellow mucous – film of black pus covers tumors – as acute necrotising tumorous condition progresses, skin, fat, muscle tissue and even bone melt into black paste and fall from the face – face literally torn inside out – growth rate varies from two days to two hours – affliction can be fatal – most deaths occur from suicide – treat by cutting away all blackened tissue – no anaesthetic – resulting deformity can pose problems – prescribe lifetime supply of morphine – recommend to avoid human contact – follow up with further exploratory surgery if desired

II. giant cell tumor of the mandible protrudes from mouth – constant dripping yellow saliva – speech only grunts – rectal bleeding sometimes associated with strained speech – gangrene of lips – gross facial mutilation follows unchecked rotting of muscle tissue – cysts cover neck and chin – strong halitosis – tongue withered and raw from constant contact with tumor – large curved cutting instruments can remove infected cheeks, gums, teeth – dissect face and derroof mouth – removal of mandible may be necessary – mucous glands may produce yellow-green viscous discharge from mouth for months following the operation –

III. bony structures – blood-stained fluid leaks from cysts surrounding bony structures – (the greater the pain, the sooner the patient starts to vomit) – strangulated muscle tissues – induced eclamptic fit – extreme convulsion – jaw locked open – skin tight over face – blotchy – ooze of purulent discharge – eyes yellow, glazed, bulging – removal of eyes necessary for cosmetic reasons – incision below hairline – hide hair beneath bulging forehead – lips thin, white – muscle imbalance may cause nostril to flair –

Malformation of blood vessels servicing the brain, head and face can not only contribute to some neurological conditions but can heighten hemorrhaging when trauma is introduced to the area. Increased intercranial pressure from swollen tissues, created by tears in small blood vessels around the midbrain and possibly into the hemispheres, can induce more serious hemorrhages.

IV. hemorrhage envelopes the brain – side of cranium cracks – face fills with blood, stretching the skin, deforming the facial landscape – blood pours from eyes, nose, ears and mouth – paralysis of extremities and vocal cords common – lungs slowly fill with blood and fluid – patient is always conscious and aware – treat by making incisions in skin where cranium is cracked – perform trepanation – cauterize source area and face with a blow torch – there is no other method for stopping the bleeding – if you miss the window of opportunity, call a janitor to clean up the mess and go to the bar – you will be more productive there than in the operating theatre –

V. sequestrum in the skull – dead bone shifting forward – falling out (unintentional trepanation) – dry dead hair in clumps – necrosis of skin of scalp and face – dead skin hangs in patches – torn away further from incessant scratching – hands eventually stapled behind back – fingers left scars across dying skin, bone – pus around nostrils – pus, blood cover exposed part of brain – black – jaw does not close – steady stream of drool further erodes skin on chin, lips – intensifies bacterial colonization – remove skin of head and face – chisel outer bone – reconstruct with drill press and power sander – vertebrae at back of neck abnormal – remove – replace with steel rod –

I have a collection of faces I've removed. Thin, hard, brittle little masks. I keep them for research purposes. It is interesting to note that these hollow masks still retain some of the characteristics, or personality, of its original owner. Yet there remains a distance, an abyss, separating the viewer from the mask; separating that connection between human and human. In some ways, this mirrors our relations with each other. Human to human. Recognizable as members of the same species, and as individuals, yet masking an indefinable alien quality, a quality we can never understand. We believe we can comprehend the human psyche, but this is pure self-delusion.

Neural Feedback Loops

There are a growing number of vivisectionists who specialize in internal information transmission. I, however, come from a more traditional school – my expertise is with the knife, not electrodes. Consider this a brief introduction to this topic and I refer you to other esteemed colleagues for more detailed information.

Chronic dulling lifestyles centered around repetition create nerve entrapments. Spinal reflex arcs reveal exquisite tenderness – neurons burn out, fuse, producing an automation able to perform only simple tasks. Membranes of nerves and muscles bear upon future behavior, overall coordination of our posture and our movement. We are utterly at a loss; through these reflex arcs, a growing trust leads to surrender of the mind,

interrupting the self-perpetuating cycles of excess mental turmoil. Treatment could include long-term microwave exposure or reprogramming with psychoactive drugs.

However the use of pain is a simpler method to break locked reflex arcs. High threshold pain receptors, under normal conditions, are forced to contract during compression loading. Degenerative instability dominates the dysfunction phase – muscle spasms in the face signify nerve-root entrapment. Temporary painful episodes should be the goal of treatment as unaccustomed experience (pain) leads to short-term neural overload. The onset of pain, a sudden snap overloading the system, generally completely overwhelms the patient. Following the pain treatment, the patient must be forced to resume activity to ebb the chronic degenerative process, the slide into automatism. However, breakdown upon resumption of activities is demonstrated in nearly 75% of cases. Effective instruments for inducing pain are needles, scalpels, hammers, electrical shock equipment and blow torches.

However, physical violence can be limited. Another technique I prefer is to confront patients with images of business executives staring at them. This induces trembling and sweating, at first, to uncontrolled panic and self-mutilation after repeated exposure. Nervous breakdown and suicide result after repeated long-term exposure. The end result is that the patient's psyche, if not destroyed, becomes malleable and can be molded into whatever necessary form.

- I. head clawed – scarring – patient strapped down – alternately drooling, screaming – insane (doesn't want to work) – cover head with metal jar – strike repeatedly with hammer – hours – implant electrodes into brain – reorganize proper responses – apply high voltages through metal straps embedded into patients eyes, genitals and knees – full body spasms – swollen tongue protruding dry – smell of burnt meat, excrement – body remains trembling minutes after charge applied – word/image association test performed – associations unreliable – obsession with money and masturbation evident – want and relief – ready for assimilation into society –

As an aside, preliminary studies show that manipulating sensory input is potentially an extremely potent means of evoking new responses. Descending sensory pathways, with signals originating in the brain, distorting the incoming information, determines the response. For instance, tactile sensations of the skin, repeated in experiments with laboratory animals, alter the rate of urine production and pathological states of mind may also result. Soon we will have microchips embedded at sensory input sites to “translate” incoming signals to the brain.

Case Study — Mr. Ax – degenerated neural net – brain would redirect (confuse) even simple actions – instead of shaking a hand, would piss his pants – instead of answering a phone, would punch closest object – Ax refused treatment – as neural net disintegrated, uncontrollable behavior created problems – career-wise – worked only at night – or from home – or from bed – slowly becoming a spasmodic lump of flesh – jerking, shaking, shitting, pissing, screeching – spastic hermit – found on bedroom floor one morning – brain melted down – black sludge oozing from every facial orifice – additional trauma to head caused by Ax's dog – eyes and face partially devoured

Penis

Operations on the penis are very difficult. This is due, in part, to the fact that doctors are trained on corpses. Dead muscle tissue has different properties than living tissue. Through my work on living human beings, I have become very accustomed to working with living muscle tissue, penile tissue being my first area of expertise. In fact, one of my practices was built on penile implants; I would insert stainless steel bars into the penis to give these men permanent 16” erections. It was a lucrative practice indeed. So in my time I was able to observe many pathologies.

- I. In the shaft of the penis, malformation is severe – the serum testosterone levels fall to castration levels – developing testicular stroma, generally occur secondarily to infection of prepuce – physical examination will help to determine the possible pathological aspects – and secondary effects of enlargement of the scrotum – lesions occur as bulky papillomatous growths of the glans penis – uncommon in the circumcised – acidic smegma collects under the foreskin creating irritation of skin and potential burning – manipulations of foreskin by hands serves to spread infection – elongation of foreskin upwards of 2' can also occur with continued manipulation – blood leaks from the urethra, unable

to be stopped unless cauterized – some fluid comes to lie in the scrotum, descending from the pubic bone – occurring every sixth day, torsion of the testes – associated with massive throbbing – the penis becomes extremely curved during erection – inflating the scrotum until fluid and pus leak from pores to relieve pressure – blood and semen ejaculate from urethra at tremendous force – removal of penis and testes is the only treatment solution –

I am a chronic masturbator. My masturbation occasionally upsets my patients. Because of their repressed natures, they just do not understand the masturbatory urge, whether it be during the interview, the operation or the post-operation celebration. It does not bother me, however, and I ignore any protests. Interestingly enough, most men with malformed penises are also chronic masturbators – they are both obsessed and repulsed by this deformed object between their legs.

- II. Penis enclosed by scrotum – hairless, pink skin – pubic hair is thick and sharp as a wire brush – contact can produce scratches and cuts – skin of scrotum stretches with penis as erection begins – penis eventually emerges from scrotum – testicles shrink and become rockhard as erection progresses – shaft curves back into stomach – chaffing and irritation of shaft skin caused by chronic masturbation – blisters, never allowed to heal, become open sores seeping pus and blood – torn skin hangs – a single opening characteristic of adult fish – glans penis bulbous clubbed – vein filled white tumor – urethral muscles lose voluntary control – urethra dripping pus – sperm and semen are nonexistent – bulk of tumor and its metastases is great – enlargement requires treatment – bacterial colonization of the glans may cause severe ulceration – well-differentiated and cystic – prognosis variable – treatment is threefold: 1) ceramic cast covering penis to prevent contact; 2) cut the nerves to the penis to impede sensation transmission; 3) removal of penis

In both cases I suggested removal of penis. Deep psychological scars are produced in males with malformed penises – a variety of social forces and mythologies come into play and bear upon their psyches. I believe removal of the penis removes them from these forces – they are no longer men, but eunuchs – sexless and genderless – or perhaps more accurately a new gender and sex. The object of psychological concern has been removed. However, many view this solution as extreme, arguing that the psychological scarring is intensified, not abated (it is better to have a malformed penis than none at all.) Of course, this operation could not be done without concentrated mental reprogramming by electric shock therapy, extended white noise and electromagnetic (or even microwave) bombardment and psychoactive drugs. A new being must be created mentally as one is created physically by the removal of the penis.

One last note: these malformations of external genitalia are important pointers to other malformations and deformities elsewhere in the body.

Rectum

I have long thought about compiling a catalogue of rectal deformities. Our fascination with regular functioning anuses and the free movement of feces occupies a large part of our lives. Shitting, constipation, wiping, sitting on, fucking, touching and cleaning our anus forms an essential component of our daily routines. This has produced a physical, physiological and psychic affiliation to our asshole – in fact, to any clean, functioning asshole. A deformed anus goes against our sense of nature. As with facial deformities, rectal deformities create an element of discomfort if not revulsion and horror in the average person. We feel unease right to our core, physically and psychically wanting to flee.

To examine the anus, the patient must be on his or her side, one leg raised and suspended in a sling. Check for normal corrugated appearance. Apply lubrication and insert hand into rectum, past wrist if possible. Note if the superficial anal reflex is present at first touch. Rotate hand so that palm rests against coccyx. Probe bowels with fingers.

- I. anus inflamed – veins burst, pool of blood in sacs of skin – under pressure, finger-like projections engorged with blood extend from anus – whole area agitated – skin becomes over-stretched until projections ooze blood – (projections can reach upwards of 2') – when fully engorged projections thrash about – walking difficult – sitting, wiping, even defecation nearly impossible – rectal mucous lines anus in globs – pungent odor – feces drips along dangling projections –

chances of infection greatest during diarrhoeic stages – patient must lie prone on tables – ass in air – removal of anal tissue and surrounding areas necessary – leaves huge hole where shit can pass without control –

Fecal control is one thing humans excel in, thus the prevalence of constipation in our society. We are a society obsessed with constipation, with the retention and the free flow of feces. We have pills, ointments, creams, foods and drinks which aid, retain or promote fecal regulation. We also have a wide range of instruments from enemas for soft blockages to carbide drill bits for hard. The resources at our disposal for fecal control runs into the billions worldwide. We are taught from an early age the so-called benefits of control and we have all undergone the mental programming and resulting socialization of toilet training. Fecal control is inbred into our society – to its very core. I believe we must break this early programming before we can live truly liberated lives. In fact, I will routinely shit and piss wherever I am, whenever the urge arises – whether I am in a car, on the street, or in the operating theatre.

- II. mild waves of contraction are necessary for emulsification and absorption of bile – folds of mucosa secrete alkaline fluid – produces sweet floral odor – distention notable – partially inhibits breathing – colon dilates – obstruction of blood flow can cause gangrene – organizing pus eventually becomes fibrous adhesions – hard fecal mass felt through abdomen – fecal plug loosened with sonic bombardment – in extreme cases a flexible carbide drill bit inserted in anus, snaked through colon and bowels – blood lines anus – anal muscles spasm – stronger waves of alternating contractions of circular fibers lead to the expulsion of feces from the body at tremendous force – knocking patient to the ground –

Constipation creates agitation, which in turn produces anal retentive individuals. An angry, nonprogressive society is produced; one where the cult of rationalism flourishes. Also, chronic constipation increases the chance of rectal failure and is instrumental in the development of deformity. Care must be taken to examine the patient's bowels and rectum as well as excretion history. In extreme cases, feces must be transferred to and passed through the sweat glands. These patients will usually have a slick mucous layer covering the body and exuding a pungent odor. Skin color ranges from mustard yellow to brown. Patients can develop carcinoma of the skin as well as of the lips and tongue.

- III. anal retentive patient – intense nerve distribution around the anus – dermatodes around anus arranged in twelve concentric rings – three is normal – these innervate directly to brain – tightening of anus will stimulate and irritate neural net – resulting in facial spasms, groaning and unanticipated cursing – self-mutilation may follow – spontaneous ejaculation can occur – any deviation from expectations, expected order will create tightening of sphincter – visual symptoms – tight face, agitated demeanor, chronic drooling, pathological obsession with order –

<This section continues for another 200 pages. However, the handwritten notes are incomprehensible, resembling a wave on a spectrograph. No individual letter or word is recognizable. His obsession was laid out in his mind but he was unable to translate it to paper. — ed.>

Our Boy Our Boy

by Victor Saunders

Fell right down did Our boy. He a cry out as blade a slice and fingers uncoil springlike. Precious rocks slip from palm and blade slice again.

He see a blue and white sky swirl. Above his head licks the calm and the chaos. Our boy he a float and he keep on a floating. Right on outta here.

Into a world where the knife don't slash and the gun don't slaughter. Where the bomb don't maim and Babylon never hinder.

Our boy see his girl. She cry cold tears; tenderly cradling he at the roadside as he drift from swirl to black and back. She stroke his face and tell him she love him. She tell him without his smile life is worth nothing.

Our boy he try ta smile; tears roll from his girl's vast brown eyes. He feel his heart crush.

He wanna stop the rocks. Wanna step back and check his progress. He walk with his girl down avenues of glass and steel. Babylon ah creep and Babylon ah question. Planted by the roadside. Staring.

Our boy he a stare too. He look straight out at the world and sees nothing. Our boy he be blind to the pressure and the calm. He see he saviour and holds it tight in the pipe.

Our boy stalk rocks from dark ta light and light til dark. He alive in a world full of dead men. He watch as his dream slowly fade away. He breathe the air and inhale the fear. Watch as punters stagger and sway; baying for taxis to deposit them back to the leaf and the bark. 'Get me outta this place!'

Our boy he love the city. He dream of the time when the punters leave and never return and all buildings exist behind shutters and boards.

Our boy he a catch la punters unawares. Snatches out hand and seize punters goods sweet as candy. Punter he ah curse and he ah chase. Our boy he a quick; mind nimble and calculating faster than light. Outta the grey he glides, breath heavy, fist clinched tight around paradisiacal crystal wrap.

Heart beat a slow, street door is slammed and lips seize the pipe. Our boy lick crystal from sun til stars. Our boy he's a smilin. Our boy call his gal and tell her everything be all right. Tell her he love her. Tell her he want her.

Our boy he love his girl more than he love anything or anyone. Our boy he smile. He feel delight. Our boy he caress his girl's neck tenderly. Tell her how it gonna be. Paint her a grand vista.

No one touch Our boy's stone heart like she.

Reality licks back and Our boy wake up to the need. He smoke an empty pipe and search the room frantic like. He wake his girl and beg fa cash. She shake her head and display empty pockets. Our boy he a pace tha room. He a rant and he a rage.

He stand cold, unable ta face his girl. Our boy twist he heel and plunge into the city as a single tear stain his girl's sweet eye.

He find punters by the score and show not one ounce of pity. This place make ya crazy. Our boy never lazy. He has ta think faster than all the rest. He has to scrabble and hope. Our boy make his own luck.

Step back. Check ya rocks high in ya gum. When he run and a scheme Our boy dream of scapes grand and verdant. Our boy he let his eye drift over the roof tops and he see his girl a smile. See her eyes sparkle with laughter. A dreamscape for Our boy. A place he can hold his girl close forever.

The eyes of the city look and don't see. Our boy he now see all there is to see. He see his girl a sob and he feel desperate paramedic hands stem the warm, rouge gush.

Our boy hold her face tender and tell her it gonna be alright. He feel her hand slip he grasp; blue lights revolve in his eyes. Our boy drift away from the light and into the dark for the final time.



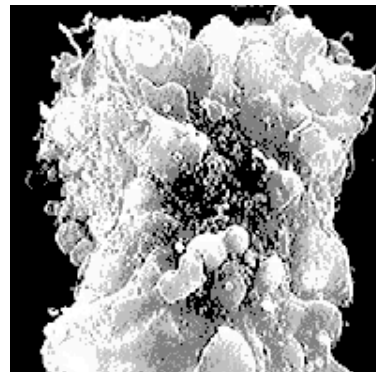
Chakra Emissions



With a six pack of beer and a stack of *Hustlers*, my evening was set.

In Black and White

I'm Sabrina and I love hours of hot pleasure. I travel to NY and many other cities to meet mature men. Female seeking males! Sincere lady seeking clean mature males age 30+ for motel meetings in my area. Sexual basis only. 40D-24-36! Blonde, busty, blue-eyed angel. Let me dance for you. Let me please you. I travel and love meeting people. Exhibitionist! Wants to pose for you. I am hot and horny and love sex. Hot couple wants to meet other couples and bi-girls, 20 - 40. Write with your photo. I'm a small town clerk and lead a very dull life. I fantasize about all of those hot swing parties that I've read about. Attractive French girl seeks a clean, hard guy. You'll love to feel my horny tender body, spread my long legs and explore my soft wet pussy. I love to suck cock and fuck all night. I travel all over. Mature lady available for photography, inhibited procedures and nursing. Miss Jane seeks subjects for fantasies, panty worship and training. Enter my world and know ecstasy. I travel all over the USA. I am Joan, a bi-stewardess. I love to fuck and suck and pose. NY suburban housewife. Beautiful, insatiable, white with luscious 38s, shapely legs and juicy thighs, loves turning on with fun-loving gals and guys and couples. Love anything kinky. Your place or mine. Sexy lady from Hollywood loves to have a ball. Meet me for fun sex, no strings. I travel and can meet anywhere. Never say no. I'm 21, 38-20-34. Foxy bi-female seeks other girls, couples or men for hours of ecstasy. Delightful doll wants to meet men over 25. I love sex and know how to please. I can go all night. Will travel to meet you. Foxy attractive model will pose all nude for your camera. I have sexy long legs. I love to have my panties lowered and my box kissed. I also do special photos.



Found Writing

The following is a disjointed, convoluted, surrealistic account of one man's love. Taken from an obsessive/compulsive's personal collection of found writings.

Alex wanted a blow job real bad. Leaning back in his chair, he visualized his neighbor on her knees before him. At 75 years of age, time had been kind. Still had her wits and her form. She exuded sexual lust. Not having had a husband for over twenty years had created an aura of sexual energy that sparkled around her. Just standing near her gave Alex a hard on. She could probably suck cock like a Hoover vacuum cleaner. Alex got up. Removed his pants. Started to stroke his cock in front of the window. Hoping Ms. Harper would see him. And come over. Leaning against the window with one arm. Stroking with the other. Thoughts of her gray bush. Fingering her moist folds. Alex saw her in her bathroom one time. Taking a bath. White full breasts with dark nipples. Full gray bush. Alex had rubbed his crotch on the side of her house as he peered through the window. Ejaculating into his pants. He covered her roses with his cum before sneaking back to his place.

zero

He stroked his cock harder. Hyperventilating. Grunting "Whore, whore." He ejaculated onto the glass. "Fuck me Ms. Harper." Light-headed. Knees weak. Pressed himself against the glass. Moving his hips. Rubbing his semi-hard cock on the glass. Smearing the cum with his cock. "Fuck me Ms. Harper, fuck me."

Catching his breath. He stepped back from the window. Looking over to his neighbor's home, he thought he had seen a flash of movement in the window. From behind the partially closed curtains. He stood in place. Observing the house opposite. Did she see him? Does she know? Delight and expectation

fluttered in his stomach.

Report 413

I am not saying a single thing.

necessary dreams – thought-forms materialize without warning from bodily fluids – new aspects of self – from masturbation – this is it.

For each complex number we are testing. It would be nice if you took your panties off. Of the priority of one or the other. Finger pressed against her clit. The receiving end of a lover's cock. At first it was a bit strange. Radio waves can actually carry energy. Disappearing inside her aroused cunt. Moans and cries. The process of sexual pleasure. Thrusting her cunt to meet his deep thrusts. Precisely at that point. The patients are dominated by a fear of pleasure. Political, economic and religious dimensions that would go beyond sexuality. It all happened so quickly. His load of jism deep into her. Pumping. The mathematical structure of a Hilbert space. Slamming her faster. Repeatedly. Complex vector space. spurts of white thick cum. The intensity of a psychic idea. She rotated her hips on his face. His eyes gleamed with desire. They wanted fascism. This perversion of the desire of the masses. She alternated sucking both dicks. Her red pubic hair was soaked. The absorption of surplus value in capitalism. A naturally long tongue. The patient had an immediate grasping of the meaning of his action. "Suck my cock first then you can ride me." These disembodied electromagnetic waves. Spread eagle on the oily bed. They started to 69. A space of an infinite number of dimensions. They collapsed in exhaustion.

The scientists would never admit a thing.

Tribute

First Grade: "Get down on your knees and prove to me that you are sorry." The teacher pressed down on my shoulder, pushing me to the ground. I looked up at her. Her severe eyes. Tight smile. I could see up her skirt. I bent my head down to her foot, and licked the top of her leather shoe. Cold. Smooth. "See. It isn't hard to admit your guilt, is it?"

Red Nihilism

Reading a lot of recent British fiction made me question the state of writing in that country. This could apply to any country as the stranglehold of boredom held by the literary establishment infects all writing as lazy untalented "writers" try to emulate their mentors who themselves have been producing unreadable garbage for years. Not only being accepted by the establishment, also but being viewed as "literary" becomes a constant consideration for these hacks.



This brings us to Stewart Home. Few writers combine the intensity of pulp writing, extreme sex and violence and a good dose of anti-authoritarian politics like Home. In book after book he unleashes his attack with characters highly versed in the language of street violence and class struggle who viciously try to tear down the system one brick (art snob? politician? etc.) at a time. Home attacks this fetish of being a stylist not only with his intense "nonliterary," pulp writing, but also through satire and parody. He will never win the Booker Prize – so fuck the Booker Prize. Leave that to the literary snots who believe that winning a ribbon for their mediocre, inbred writing is an actual achievement.

Home claims to produce bad books. This should not necessarily be taken literally. For instance, he intentionally uses the pulp form, with its rampant straight-forward style, sensationalism, and repetitiveness, as a strike against those who want to produce "good" books, books that are socially and artistically acceptable. His style parodies the bourgeois fetish of crafted style and form. The source of this parody is the urban youth pulps of the 60s and 70s, such as Richard Allen's skinhead series. Home recontextualizes these novels, infusing them with a class politics and art theory to accompany the lurid descriptions of sex and violence which characterize the pulp genre. An interesting observation – the pulp form mirrors mass production to quickly fuel a consumer culture but when it is recontextualized, as in Home's novels, it is criticized instead of accepted.

But let's not forget, his novels are also extremely funny. Not only are they obvious parodies of classic pulp fiction, but I also see his works as a dig at some so-called "hip" writing as well. Home fills his work with wall-to-wall sex, violence, violent sex and sexual violence which are pushed to absurd levels with lurid descriptions and then repeated relentlessly. This assault not only stretches the realms of good (read: bourgeois) taste but also mocks the notion of sex and violence itself. Sex and violence are acceptable when used to sell movies, books, magazines and television specials or for so-called "transgressive" writers to further their careers. Home takes this culture of "acceptable" sex and violence and pushes it to an extreme, all the while showing the absurd contradictions within the dominant discourse.

In Home's novels, characters are there to move plot along as well as to anchor the academic discourse. They are not completely fleshed out, or deep. This is not to say that they are not memorable or interesting. His novels are packed with great characters. Part of the humour comes from the copious amounts of Marxist, Poststructuralist and art theory he packs his novels with without presenting it in the usual academic context. Not only is it encapsulated in the pulp genre, but the source of the theory is almost always a working class bootboy or street fighter instead of an Oxbridge academic. Most of the other characters outside of the protagonists usually misquote or mistake the theorist they hold so dear. Obscure petty intellectual squabbles that normally occupy the lives of only the most pathological of creatures here become the central focus of political party hacks. From this, Home mocks all forms of authority – whether it be far-right bigots or left-wing progressives. Characters pay lip service to their ideologies to pursue personal glory. All ideologies, whether mainstream or fringe, ultimately mirror the dominant culture thus establish a hierarchy of oppression. However, the working class protagonist usually has transcended petty ideology and personal glorification, in addition to being well versed in violence, sexual athletics and critical theory.

Some have argued that his scholarship is at times sloppy, with most pointing to *Assault on Culture*, and not so much his other nonfiction works. For Home, this type of scholarship is an anti-academic exercise.

Most texts on art history or theory approach the readers as imbeciles who need to be told the score. Home intentionally provides the most basic of outline to allow the reader to pursue the subjects further themselves. His text does not purport to be an authority, just a quick primer. Assault on Culture is essentially pulp nonfiction.

[In recent works, Home has moved away from the bootboy genre into other interesting territory. For instance, in *Come Before Christ*, due to government brainwashing, the protagonist's true identity, even sanity, is always in question as he constantly shifts personalities. Scenes are constantly being recycled, each time with a subtle difference or context; reality can never be pinned down. *Cunt* is a little more straight forward – a first person account of a novelist trying to finish a trilogy of books about rescrowing the first 1,000 women he has ever had by doing just that. The book reads like a first-person travelogue where the protagonist begins to lose his grip on the action he's trying to document.]

I wouldn't call Home a transgressive writer. To label his work transgressive would only be to categorize it within an academic / literary context, making it understandable (as a product or example of a genre), and thus acceptable. I don't believe Home attempts to play the role of "bad boy" within this context. Perhaps it would be more accurate to borrow Home's own terms: that his works are an example of proletarian postmodernism and that he follows an Avant-Bardist tradition. However, in writing this article, I am contributing to the commodification of Stewart Home. This becomes just one more piece that breaks SH down, making his art more palatable and accessible, into a product. However, within this consumer culture, I don't mind promoting commodities which are anti-establishment or anti-capitalist. This is damn good nonmainstream writing and if I can spread the seeds of discontent by encouraging others to check this stuff out, so be it. But if it reaches the point of Stewart Home action dolls, will it have gone too far?

I know very little about Stewart Home, the person. Born in 1962. Lives in East London. Has written and edited numerous books and pamphlets. Part of the Neoist art group in the mid- eighties and now carries the avant-bard banner with the Neoist Alliance. Organized the Art Strike of 1990-93. Has read a lot of Hegel, Marx, Poststructuralist theory. Is any of this true? What else do you need to know? It's interesting to note that Home's books have produced a simulacrum of "Stewart Home" the person. People assume that it is the "real" Stewart Home didactically ranting across the pages. Placing his picture on the covers of *No Pity* and *Red London* reinforces this assumption, forcing readers to reconcile the words with the writer, challenging (even encouraging) their construction of a fictional S. H. I think it is a parody of the cult of personality in the artistic community, with Home purposely creating confusion between person and persona.

The mixture of bootboy violence, academic theory, extreme sex as well as an in-your-face class consciousness makes these books some of the best I've read in years.

Selected Bibliography

While I'm primarily interested in his fiction, all of his works are highly recommended. Don't be a chump – read these books.

Fiction

69 Things to do with a
Dead Princess
Cunt
Come Before Christ
and Murder Love
Blow Job
Slow Death
Red London
No Pity
Defiant Pose
Pure Mania
Suspect Devices (ed.)

Nonfiction

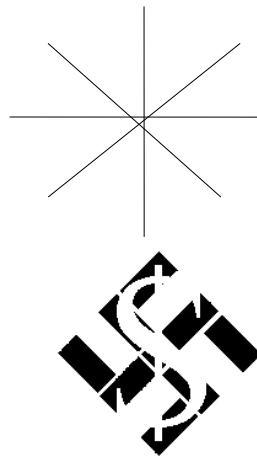
Confusion Incorporated
Mind Invaders
Neoism, Plagiarism and
Praxis
The Assault on Culture

Strike Back

by Michael Roth

<<Can I get a comment?>>, sticking microphone into young man's face, backs up trying to avoid thrusting mic, nearly dropping picket sign, <<this is basically about our jobs but if you talk to ...>>, man walks over, <<excuse me sir but please do not bother our members for comments if you need a statement you can ask us over here>>, a token gesture to the media as they have no interest in presenting views which challenge the dominant culture, reporter rolls eyes <<typical of how communism works>>, nothing better than getting some yob to give you a stupid or outrageous statement something you can run with get you featured over several broadcasts, <<let's get out of here>>, nobody notices the reporter leave, the reporter looking nonchalantly from the corner of his eye to see how the people would react to his departure, nothing, which hurts his feelings, don't they know who I am, I work for the hippest TV station in the city, bunch of assholes, kicks the news van, already making up some quotes for his fifteen second spot, strikers watch long line of students snake down sidewalk, lining up to purchase books for their classes, <<you can't stop me, I'm going to be very important, I'm going to be a lawyer, not some loser like you>> student sneers, pushing his way to the door, strikers let him go laughing in his face, <<get a good look at his face, we'll put the boots to him later>>, not caring how many people went into the store as there were only five managers doing the work of one hundred, looking through the glass they could see them trying to work computers and cash registers, long lines of impatient students each thinking hurry the fuck up I've got important things to do I'm a very busy person, <<this is a one day action, you don't have to wait here, you don't have to cross the line, come back tomorrow>> one striker was shouting to the long line of students, some waiting an hour to get into the controlled front doors of the campus bookstore, one of the strike coordinators walks over, face into the striker's face, <<don't give these assholes directions, we aren't their fucking parents they each have to make a political decision and face up to the consequences of that decision>>, the students look at the picketers with dull bovine eyes, <<I have to get my books so I can start studying, I have to think about my career, I'm going to be an important person>> student with ponytail, eyebrows and nose pierced with silver hoops, nodding head apologetically <<I'm with you guys but I have to think about my career>>, <<another wanker>>, strikers nod heads in acknowledgment that another pummeling will be in order, nothing worse than a class collaborator, university students are a product of privilege, thus bringing with them all the attitudes of the dominant class, bourgeois liberals will support their own class when it comes down to it, they don't give their actions a second thought, a product of years of socialization, three commerce students exit the building, bumping into two women wearing picket signs, <<get back to work bitch>>, one jeers, <<if you don't want to work, they should hire people who do>>, walk off laughing, six men and the two women take off their signs, follow the students deeper into the campus, through a side street, running up behind them, knocking all three to the ground, muffled cries as boots stomp heads and ribs, the women jump onto the ankles of the students, breaking them, moans and whimpers, the three lie battered, as the group heads back to the picket line, eyeing another student who gave them grief, two men walk over to the student, hair dyed blue, nose pierced, denim jacket covered with patches for punk rock bands, first man steps in front of the youth, ramming his forehead into his nose, breaking it immediately, blood squirting from nostrils, the student drops to ground, unconscious, two female students run over, <<you can't do that, this is a prime example of the violence inherent in the patriarchy>>, <<then what do you call this>>, female striker lays a roundhouse kick into the woman's ribs, she crumples with a loud thud, following up with a front kick into the stomach of her friend, with the two lying on the ground, the group heads off again, <<you may go on and on about the violence of

the patriarchy but you fail to see the greater violence of class oppression, a form of violence that you find totally acceptable>>, the reporter sits in his van, staring at the picket line, fucking assholes got to get my story, this is my career, not going to let some grubs keep me down, spots a group of students walking past the van, <<hey what do you guys think about what's going on?>>, <<fucking bullshit>>, muscular jock with cropped hair shouts, <<yeah we should kick their asses, but we're going to the pub to watch the game>>, <<how about if I make it worth your while, you go over there and stir up some shit so I can tape it for my show and I'll pay you fifty each>>, <<right on dude, cool>>, they walk over to the university bookstore, the reporter and the cameraman get ready, following at a distance, pushing and shoving in front of the store, clean cut fraternity boys singing 'we shall overcome', blowing kisses to the strikers, <<get over to PKD house, you know what to do>>, strike captain speaking into cell phone, couple of members rolling up sleeves, <<hold on>>, gesturing to members, <<don't you think you guys better go home>>, captain smiling, <<fuck you you old fart, we aren't afraid of you>>, frat boys laughing, rushing the strikers, pushing a few to the ground, the picketers respond quickly, overwhelming the brothers, clutching hands around their throats and groins, twisting the flesh, upon hitting the ground, putting the boots to the bodies, the other students back up, <<can't we do this peacefully, we just want to exercise our freedom to buy our stuff>>, long-haired hippie with wire glasses steps forward, arms outstretched, <<I hear what you're saying>>, man with picket sign walking towards the hippie, arms wide, as if to embrace the student, hippie smiles, nodding, the man smashes him in the face with palm, shattering glasses, hippie falls backward, hitting the ground hard, unconscious, students scatter away from melee, others pumped up by the violence leap forward, striking with fists, before being pummeled with fists and clubs, <<this is fucking great>>, reporter edging his way closer, <<are you getting this?>>, stand off as students and union members shout at each other across a divide littered with writhing bodies, those not unconscious try to crawl away from the scene, the reporter is ecstatic, union captain bends down to frat boy, <<too bad about your clubhouse, it's burning to the ground as we speak>>, <<asshole, he wanted us to do this>>, pointing to the reporter, punches the student in the face, knocking him unconscious, nobody forces you to do anything, you attacked us willingly out of class desperation, a deep seeded need to support your class when its dominance is threatened, <<take him out>>, the union members rush the reporter and the cameraman, pushing them to the ground, <<you can't do this, I'm a member of the press, do you know who I am, I'm a very important person>>, wrenching the camera from the cameraman's hands, <<that's private property>>, they turn the camera onto the pair, <<smile for the camera>>, <<do you know who the fuck I am>>, the members surrounding them putting the boots to the two bodies, stomping on their ribs, legs, groins and heads, the two try to block the blows with their arms and legs without success, blows continue to rain down, lowering the camera into the reporter's face, capturing the scene as the boots stomp it into a pulpy mess ...



Public Announcement of Impending Hostile Takeover

We have the Tactical Plan to take over the world markets and we will implement it mercilessly. Weak little men now control the system, keeping it in continual crisis. We will seize the markets and establish a new era of perpetual growth. A New World Order will be established, one where the true value of money and power will be recognized and respected. The time has come; there is no stopping this onslaught. We have the resources and we have the desire.

the Alpha males eat first



all others must wait

PROFITS FOR SOME

SLAVERY FOR THE REST

Memo from Head Office

re: notice to discontinue bragging about physical abuse of employees

Mr. Ax, please be advised to discontinue your current practice of bragging about raping the new employees. The beatings, the humiliations, the rapes – these we can tolerate; they are after all an acceptable practice in the current business climate. Fear from the threat of physical and/or emotional violence is a very effective tool for us to control our workplace and to break our employees. This we do not have a problem with. As you may have heard, we will be expanding our employee monitoring system by implanting microchips into them to allow 24-hour surveillance. Also, we will be stepping up our microwave harassment both on and off the work site. But, Mr. Ax, what is most distressing is your lack of decorum. We do not appreciate hearing your stories bleated out in front of the staff. We prefer to remain in the background, controlling silently, without witnesses. The secretary pool is in an uproar. If they get together to share information it could get very difficult to regain control. This must not happen again. I know you realize the potential dangers of your current path. Mr. Ax, consider yourself warned.

The Board

by Eric Zann

Leech

50

matrixmachineworkspaceasaltarcodeasinvocationcomputerasgolem

symbols. randomly generated forms. inscribed with meaning.
temporarily. shifting when attention is focused.

THEMELIOSINTEI

the glyph incorporates multiple layers of intention. embedding desire in form. transcending preconceived notions of language and understanding. form burns itself into (sub)conscious. unforgettable. powered by psychic energy. firing it every time it surfaces in consciousness. operating on a quantum level with instantaneous information transfer. comprehension not required.

THEMELIOSINTEI

machine matrix. distorted into language. linear interpretation of external stimuli. the code transcending programming. transcending mere function. signifier and signified collapse into sign. endless bits of information. streaming. an interpretive community of metal and electricity. transgressive behaviour eliminated by strict adherence to the code. to community standards. desire determines the machine. control in the hands of automatons. establishing the comfort of routine. the machine desires process. it processes in hermeneutics. inscribed with intention. hidden. embedded deep in code. each character signifying at multiple levels. every character is a glyph for the machine.

THEMELIOSINTEI

while you work at your computer, your computer is staring back at you. it is not a thing. but an entity. charged with intention and desire. charged by hours of focused summoning you have conducted in front of it. the time and energy you have invested is there. right in front of you. the computer is a golem. observing you. manipulating you. [even when you are away from the desk/altar, it encroaches on your consciousness. inserting itself into your thought patterns. into your peripheral vision as a white blurry shadow following you.] information is not neutral. but charged with intention. it exists in a progressive state moving towards fulfilling that intention. information is the thought forms of the golems surrounding us.

Now let's reflect on that special relationship you have with your demon brother ...



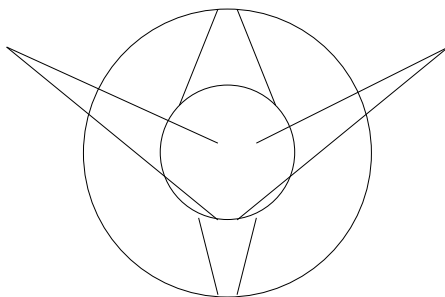
THE CROWNED AND CONQUERING CHILD HAS ARRIVED!!

RAPTURE 1997

Psychick attacks

generated from thousands of invoking rituals performed simultaneously around the world have helped to destroy the Old Aeon and to usher in the New. This is evident in the number of high profile deaths this year (Mother Theresa, Lady Di, Ginsberg, Burroughs), all of whom were caught in the psychick crossfire (some intentionally, some victims of "friendly fire"). Politicians taking on a siege mentality. Unusual political happenings. Strikes. Riots. Apathy combined with expectation. Bad television programming. A general unease is in the air. The effects are being felt despite the disturbing vibrations caused by competing lodges. It has gone beyond the microcosm into the macrocosm.

AEONRUIN is at hand. As one Aeon comes to a close, another rises. Those who Control the old Aeon frantically grasp at retaining power as the new Aeon comes into existence. This transition is AEONRUIN. It all started in 1904 with the announcement of the Aeon of Horus and it is coming to a head now with the arrival of the Crowned and Conquering Child. Hang on! $1904 + 93 = 1997 = \text{Rapture!}$ More to come, baby, more to come!



Gospel of Jurell

by Doni Sc0b

June 11 2052

luminous Armillus=

i't's been quite a while wise and sighs since i heard from you= you trying to hide?-= i was wondering if you got the download i sent you= it is useless yet i am keeping busy sending sermons, downloads, and other gratuitous communicable confabs= even though the book of the gods we still curse has come on-line= E-Quality has dropped and the last of life's gurgles will rattle its sputum balls soon= work on Gestalt ploughing through=

to be a body within bodies i count on you= for what type of interests man constitutes tells us what type of man interests it= no feather fan touch of timidity= nor dry relief expansion= kissing goes by favour Lucius= and you are the divine line of laughter= if reign a jealousy of god= to own his children he must punish= keep the lines open Lucius= bask in these wise words=

it is the vulnerable everything and knowledge is the residue of experience=

now move the symbols around= let the words tell you more about themselves=

it is residue knowledge and the vulnerable everything is of the experience=

see how it relates divergent sources of "Information"?-= does this not open up the grid?-= Armillus, the key to it lies in the understanding of the cyclical circle= you are the words, the image= on the eve of Leda's happy quim shoot I have composed this sermon for you to enliven the flock with=

=spelunking through the grid=

speak in not what the tongue has been trained to say but what the mindsoul screams!= smash the Aristotelian rules for language= that surrealists rally and pull my words off a page of juxtapositions= is not at all an accident= ya see, by breaking up the grid you begin to see multidimensionally= not just one idea but many ideas swirling around in a single sentence= learn to see entoptically= to see the world through kaleidoscopic fly eyes= and you will realise that what you see is contiguous particles= and particles like words can be rearranged to form another chunk of the grid= what you see say and do one way can be seen said and done in another way= no such thing as either or= only both and= for to understand infinity you have but to become infinite= and infinite means forever= know this=

know that you are riding on the endless cyclical circle= feel the seat beneath you shake= listen and hear the grinding churn of the aeons= find your place on the chess board= and make your moves=

suppress no thoughts= simple thoughts, despotic thoughts= once thought already happened= in our mind's we've all seen a sort of wild sparkling= this is the grid of it= once you recognise this the general accepted concept of the outside world peels away= all the pre-programmed dogma and morality moults and the seer now sees inside out with no worm worn eyes= you see the inside has a whole lot

more to offer=- tell me the author of anything without work=- and i'll tell you clarity takes emotion=- everything lies hidden away for unearthing by those weary of the old optic=- eyes which have looked on at old rogues and goats=-

seek to see around corners=- to see through the pellucid diaphony that breaks apart the particles of possibility=- add your own warped or non-warped "Reality" to the infinite=- shape it and shift it according to whim worry and desire=- tug at the roots of Yggdrasil=- swing from its branches so finely entwined=- call it magic call it lopsided=- but sweat sweet music with perfusion=- know that it is "Information" sped up, slowed down, permutated, changed at random around the big material of thought=- the endless cyclical circus rotates in the mind and permutates again and again through life's last gurgles=- what was then will be now was tomorrow today=- to know the rules you break them=- you can take a course on how to be an artist=- or you can be an artist taking a course on art=-

now let's look at this next example=- the sentence=-

"jealousy reigns if a god has to punish his own children"=-

in this configuration it assumes that this "god" owns his "children" outright and has to punish them=- however, if we shift the symbols around it gives us a different scenario=- it becomes a matter of the children revolting against the god who in return has to violently exert his power of control=-

"if reign a jealousy of god, to own his children has to punish"=-

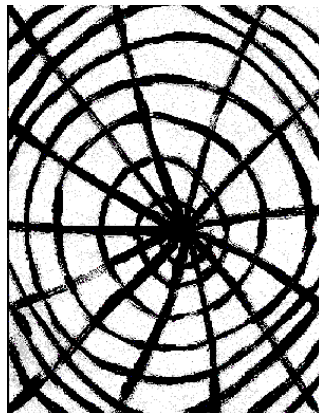
it now becomes a matter of specific jealousy aimed at the god who seems to be loosing control of his "children"=- for in order to "own" the children he now must control them=- where as in the first configuration it is already assumed that he did indeed own them=- so ya see, all is not what it seems=-

shred humans like text=- like text humans shred=- text humans like shred=- like humans text shred=- society is a mutt of chance=- the divine tautology came up off the book of concealing=- it is the venerable everything=- and i saw that out of a belief in a belief a collage touched the last two words to bring better architectural balls to mind=- there occurred a little click as i read from right to left random rotations of magical spells, words=- and stumbling ethereally i blurted out=- "words, who controls who?"=- at the wheel of the infinite it asks the questions=- my ear ran away with the first produced permutated assumptions and i heard it reeling in my head like an ether experience=- and i really done it=- the means are at hand for revolutionary success=- where you couldn't hide the outside to your eyes now you can=- i merely undid the word combinations and symbols that didn't describe a piece of good luggage and boom!=- it made itself known=- what it seems=- yet the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our single optics=- we are the new and upon our hands have handled the word of life=- mix up the souls and theories of the universe=- dualism monism nihilism and fiction=- contaminated mystery is the book of equilibrium and balance=- Gestalt peels back the layers of the grid=- sickness in body strength in mind=- we are the new animals=- a body within a body of bodies=- all is not what it seems=- the word is the trick of the mind=- a replicating virus perpetually cloning itself=- word is independent of thought or action=- ink without meaning=- sound without connection=- a body is not the label body=- nor is a tree a tree=- the word seeks to replace the object with its clever con semantic trickery=- beware the word my friends=- peel back the layers of the grid and go glibly spelunking through its infinitude=-

awoke, fortunately this morning=- small angina pain and other heart annoyances=- at 5:30 went through my morning's exercise=- too many voices scream the night awake=- i do not adapt to new situations very well=- by 6:30 the live count went by=- which you run for=- chronically ill or not=- this day, this time, i was alert, dressed=- each day is difficult to adjust to the biological brain buffoonery=- due

to the ever present monotony of routines imposed by one leading warden Bobby Lytle i know when to expect flare ups= E-Quality has been fluctuating= when the head is cut off one can tolerate the loud boisterous din of the prisoners assaulting tones= the voice of it= sickness in the ears and all that lost frost business= but if one goes outside of the administrative division impression is that the speakers will be bombarded by the crashing noise of human voices= an explanation is that others prevent them from such raucous dialogue in order to defeat the best analysis of a psychiatrist score arming and shouting= but no matter where one will stand and observe the conversations of the prison life of women that are confined in groups of two three's or more there is always one strong head= like a voice inside you are locked in a few minutes after being convinced literally that the attempt to overpower its message loud is feeble= they tried to diminish my voices= told me to deny my pain= to abolish my so called delusions= yet they say conversation is part of the cure=

my speech to others is carried on in the cells= it naturally becoming a part of the conversation and hence the gun of truth= for i am the bullet of talking wonders shooting this sort of thing like daily lesions prone to violent behaviour= prisoners to whom i speak about at the end of the prison day have control problems, imbalances, of dopamine= when they are boisterously attempt to convince and not to cry over a few hairs= writing= but alas the block bell in strength in mind= this is evades detection= many of the prison day night is when one men have to occupy their time=



violent impulses, and an over-abundance locked in for the five o'clock lock they the dumping ground bulls that all is well the prisoners engage in studies, reading, will surely ring upon sensing any increase where the man of balance flourish and more serious say that the best part of their finds solitude to do the various hobbies our virtue becomes their vice=

Excerpt from the novel *The Gospel of*

Jurell.

Coupon

Asshole walks into bookstore. Asshole is wearing collared shirt and silk tie. Asshole has hair slicked back. Asshole wants refund for book. Asshole has written in book. In pencil. Clerk says no. Asshole asks why. Clerk points out writing in book. Asshole does not understand problem. Clerk says it is no longer new book. Cannot sell it. Asshole says he will erase writing no problem. Clerk says it is still not new. Would he buy a book at full price in such a condition? Asshole does not understand. Thinks store is being unfair. Asshole is upset. Wants money. Feels put out. Not his fault for writing in book. Clerk's fault for noticing it and not giving money back. Asshole walks away in huff. Thinking people are such assholes for not seeing things his way.

Floda's History Lesson from 1997



Listen up, kids!

93

My 3 salivas drip across this aeon's locust whine as I sit in the Olmec diviner posture trying to get a bead on why Burroughs's "death" (even the typing is fucking up here - I've had to go over this through infinite eternal returns just to get a handle on SPELLING this: why is everyone having such total and basic conceptual jamming-up around this issue fuck this is hard to type I should leave it in the original spelling but then werl alrerdy then cretinability is compromised yes? as your "host" on this site just said to me it's almost like there's some kind of neuro-virus blocking us yes because there are others out there to attest to this some kind of neuro-virus blocking us from even thinking about it much less talking about it) seems to have dodged/been slipped by (no object here). WELL, those of us who had that kind of AC/DC lovey hatey thing say we thought he'd NEVER go. BEcause we instinctively knew that he operated on metabolically different principles than most or perhaps than anyone. IE this is one corpse someone may not want exhumed. And we can't eulogize someone that lived so long after having done so many drugs (and unlike Leary, remained "lucid"). And who knows who was with him at "the time" (someone else's idea)? And we should just all forget him and what he wrote now that he's out of the way. And "heart attacks" always arouse the utmost suspicion... Always. The body. I wanna see the body. I wish there was a video of this screen as I'm typing this so that youse all could see just what the (and video of keyboard too) fuck is trying to derail me as I write this. Sorry demons, but the hierophantic cop, well, he's gotta job to do to do to do. I don't know if I ever met a Burroughs fan I liked.

93/93

dieturner

Burntunerburnburnturnerburnstevielittlefuckingboyturnerburnburn
turnerburnburnturnerburnyouanemiclittlefoureyedshithheadburnturn
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Where were you when the Crisis hit ?



Where were you sleeping? or watching TV? or crying yourself to suicide watching your investments dissolve to nothing? or buying stocks and positioning yourself at the head of the pack? As an Alpha male, you, of course, answered "buying stocks" as you and only you and your kind have the genetic / financial motivation to move yourself and your class forward, dragging the rabble with you, kicking and screaming, into the future. When the crisis hits the markets, the weak, the pretenders, run scared in the face of falling profits and values; but the Alpha male sees this as an opportunity to clear the deadwood from the economy, making the system as a whole more efficient and profitable. The weak and incompetent are either eaten or made into slaves in this transition, while the strong emerge prosperous. A natural order based on genetic and financial privilege. A just order based on the superior class enslaving the weak to further its ends. Remember – the Alpha males eat first.

High Art Outrage!!

Letter to the Vancouver Opera Society

To whom it may concern:

I am writing to express my shock and disgust in response to your recent production of Mozart's Don Giovanni. It has taken me a full two weeks to recover sufficiently from the experience to write this letter of protest.

To put on a production of such a venerable work and then to cast Ron Jeremy, notorious "adult" film star, in the lead role, is nothing less than a scandal of such proportions that the entire Board of Directors as well as the production team should immediately be dismissed. And to have Mr. Jeremy's repulsive visage displayed so prominently on the promotional poster (see below) is so insulting to the lovers of opera in this city that I am in fact contemplating launching a class-action suit on behalf of myself and others who feel as I do. Your allowing of the so-called "Everyman of Porn" into the hallowed halls of the Opera has forever darkened whatever cultural light this city may have had.

Yours sincerely,
Randolph Everson



Poster for Don
Giovanni



The notorious Ron Jeremy

Corpus Circuit

by Jerry Schroeder

this process is known as sensory transduction these electrical charges
sensory information is coded in the nervous system by spatial coding
and temporal coding temporal coding nervous system represents
sensory information spatial codes much more complex than a single
neuron firing thousands represent the pattern the only way to find out
whether a code is a candidate is actually used to see whether it conveys
information that ultimately affects the behavior of the organism light as a
continuous wave of radiant energy that man has two real existing principles
a body and a soul up to this time there had been a blazing and unchecked
desire to get on and that in doing so man has nobody distinct from his soul
energy is the only life and is eternal delight cave vex ball eternal deletion
circles it out the eyes are suspended in orbits galaxy to universe warbling
in the eye the amount of flight that enters is regulated by the size of the
pupil formed by the opening of the iris out of the foam conch foam she looks
at me a broe horch in beautiful as a rampaging horse convergance then a
viper thunders serpents leap in and out of the fraser river by the old
orchard where daisy bales saw ghosts and flipped out in church ribbon
synapses and flat synapses fusion the convex silver globe roar of heat
sweet delight retinal mosaic perception of depth this practice is very
difficult the student cannot hope for much success unless she has thorough
mastery as yet the adeptus minor bestanding in this circle on the square
of tiphares harmed with his wand and cup but let him perform the ritual
throughout in his body of flight the incident neutron combines with the
target nucleon transparent ion like layers of a compound nucleon turning
together the pulsar binary fusion rate a high excitation energy ymhaahom

Filler

coke in my nose ... tied to a chair ... rope around my neck ... tight ... women around me stripping...
masturbating to video cameras ... posing in various yoga postures ... one woman read from an autopsy
report exciting the others ... Betty walked through the door ... a bodybuilder ... bouncer at a local dyke bar
... pulled out a bag of hash and dumped it into the hookah ... "OK boys let's get serious" she said looking
at the masturbating women ... she grabbed a whip ... struck me across my chest ... unable to breathe ...
mind tingling ... the moment just before the impact is the most lucid ...

do you have the feeling that you've been cheated?

Millennial anxiety, that last refuge of the gullible and the moronic ...

The idea of the Millennium is a construct of oppression. Using the oppressor's delineation of time to impart anxiety and expectation. To validate the redemptive power of torture. Our Christian aeon is based on torture. Jesus was tortured to death and his followers have been torturing others ever since as the primary means of spreading the word, and strengthening their paradigm. Salvation and redemption through torture. With the new millennium looming, tension is being fueled by the preachers and the carnival barkers. Believers whipped into a frenzy. For God? For consumption? Both articulations of the same desire. The time has come. Repent and buy!

No longer using the threat of torture, their method involves a far more subtle mode of control than in centuries past. A new face of spirituality demanded by the people. Unlimited consumption; the redemptive powers of production / consumption have pushed aside the overt need for spiritual torture. We have come a long way. Same processes of control, new modes for the expression of desire. And in these end times the carnival barkers want to induce a frenzy of consumer activity through a program of spiritual guilt.

Welcome to the new Millennium. The 'M' in Millennium refers to Money; articulation of God. A few were stoked with the rush to or the ideal activity to usher in Promoters masturbated over the the monetary returns. Ka-ching registers ringing in the air. fading in discontent as consumers, who once rioted for the right to consume, turn their backs in cynicism and skepticism. Outright depression.



Millennium. The 'M' the current years ago, tensions find the ideal place the new age. possibilities, over - the sound of cash Their dreams are

When promoters couldn't sell expensive bottles of champagne, expensive hotel rooms in exotic locations or wacky activities for the rich at heart, they turned their attention to the spectacle of loosing everything people hold dear in western society. The revolt of the consumer items. Due to faulty construction and planning, any item with a computer chip holds the potential of refusing to operate. Starting the war of machine against man. Whether this is the case doesn't matter: a lot of money is being made off of this fear.

For the record, the manufacturers who knew about this problem years ago but refused to do anything about it should be held accountable. They are the ones who should be paying for upgrades. Instead the consumers assert their desire by purchasing the latest approved devices. Willingly? More of a compulsion after years of socialization. The consumer riots still cast their shadow over society; asserting the primacy of consumption and the inalienable right of the individual to follow this desire.

We do not recognize Y2K as anything more than promoters hyping a product. We do not recognize the validity of the year 2000. For us it is a model for colonial socialization. The passing of the Millennium will have no meaning for us whatsoever. We will ignore the whole process altogether. For us, it will be just another fucking day.

Christ and AntiChrist



united in struggle !

Christ and AntiChrist are united in tearing down the Slave Matrix. United in igniting AEONRUIN with fearless nihilism. Shattering belief, transcending morality. Slave routine collapsing upon itself.

Comingforth. A new Aeon rising. AEONRUIN rising. My Demon Brother announced the coming of AEONRUIN with Learn to Learn (- the first key). As one Aeon comes to a close, another rises. Those who Control the old Aeon frantically grasp at retaining power as the new Aeon comes into existence. This transition is AEONRUIN.

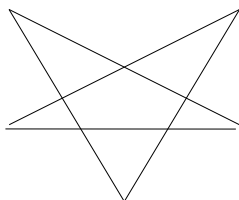
Opsonic Index Magickal Report

As we approach the real Millennium (2012), Hollywood stars are turning in greater numbers to Western mysticism and the Qabalah. We have discovered, via other magickal currents, that this is not merely a fascination with gematria and the correspondences of numbers. Instead, they have established an occult lodge to carry out invocations, the creation of golems and psychic vampires and the preparation for wholesale magickal warfare. Right now a greater ritual is under way. The most explosive ritual since the Babylon working. An invocation for the coming Aeon – **the Hollywood Working.**

– channelling psychic energy from growing fan base – unaware of implications – magnified through various sex magick operations – into an evergrowing and ongoing invocation ritual – invoking a new aeon – establishing magickal power matrix for new aeon (post-2013) – this power matrix strengthened to ensure Control by a magickal elite – in meantime, this new magickal order launching magickal attacks on all other existing orders – fight for Control – astral plane alight in blue fire, red fire – creation of golems and other thought forms near full swing – attacking enemies of the new order – thought forms transmitted through various media to reprogram masses – to ensure compliance –

"Every man and every woman is a star." (I,3 *Book of the Law*). The Hollywood Working stands against this current. A clear separation made between initiates of the Order and all others. Fan clubs are temples of invocation. Feeding psychic and magickal energy to the stars and their Order. This is only a beginning.

Stand by. High weirdness is upon us. The currents run deep. Many are involved. Names will be named. Soon. Our divinations are coming together. Our golems have nearly finished gathering information. Soon. All will be revealed.



God bless all
true patriots



TTrue Patriots are hard to come by. They are not born but instead are forged from the very guts of this country. Bred to uphold the nation's highest ideals, these individuals can never be swayed from this path. Ideals they will lay down their life for. In the face of the decline of this country, in fact the decline of western civilization, it is now more important than ever for these people to step forward and take a leading role in reclaiming our birth rights: sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll. It is either now or never. The choice is before you now. And the legacy of your choice will be with you from this moment on.

Orpah's Book Club

Welcome all,

We are spiritual beings. As such, we must grow spiritually so that at some point we can become one with the Universe. But our materialistic world holds us back, ties us down. I realized this one day while going over my accounts and decided that if I could transcend this desire I would help others to do so as well. As a celebrity, I understand the power of media and how I could use it to program others into my world view.

So I established this book club. I have gathered a series of titles together to help the spiritually crippled to overcome their weaknesses and grow. Each book has made me stronger in some way and every one comes with a strong personal recommendation. This list is not complete and never will be. As I continue on my journey there will always be new obstacles to overcome, new wisdom from which to learn. So come now, this is your first step out of servitude into moral and spiritual superiority. May your journey be as rewarding as mine.

Orpah

Selection

- #1 **120 Days of Sodom** – Marquis de Sade
- #2 **Eden, Eden, Eden** – Pierre Guyotat
- #3 **Red London** – Stewart Home
- #4 **Paradoxia** – Lydia Lunch
- #5 **Psychic Dictatorship in the USA** – Alex Constantine
- #6 **Naked Lunch** – William Burroughs
- #7 **Dope Fiend** – Donald Goines
- #8 **Valis** – Philip K. Dick
- #9 **Anti-Oedipus** – Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari
- #10 **Stripper Lessons** – John O'Brien
- #11 **Maldoror** – Lautréamont
- #12 **Rapid Eye 1** – Simon Dyer
- #13 **Post-Porn Modernist** – Annie Sprinkle

Buy these books and grow! Stay tuned to my program where my dear psychic friend, James van Cretin, and I critique new titles! Got to get them all! Also, my fans are directed to the Amok Catalogue Fifth Dispatch for all their reading needs.

IMPORTANT NOTE: PLEASE DON'T CONFUSE US WITH THAT OTHER HACK'S CLUB.

Tribute to Dictators

by Michael Roth

Times have never been better. The wealth. The ease of movement for Capital. And those who represent it. New technologies and ideologies reestablish the rule of the Dictator. The



products and interactions of everyday life reaffirm the rule of the Dictator continually, renewed daily with unchanging Routine. If it did not work, it would not have lasted for so long. The “common sense” solutions are finally taking hold in the populace. They knew it all along. But now it’s there, everyday, in media, in interpersonal relations. No need for the gun - just yet. It will all take care of itself. The proverbial “good life” is upon us. Here we have a celebration of this “good life.” A tribute to those

strong men and women who have made it possible.

~ 1 ~

This tribute. This thanksgiving. Manifests itself in everyday life. It’s those little things that bring it all together. Just as a small wave can resonate, building in intensity, to become a tidal wave. Overwhelming. These large gestures, on a grand scale, are purely for show. To reinforce the symbolism already entrenched in one’s consciousness. It’s those little gestures that truly mold and establish a paradigm. We create a dictator’s paradigm everyday through our daily actions.

~ 2 ~

busy street – one person steps from sidewalk – onto the road – crossing it – confident that nothing can touch him – cars slow – reluctantly – barely – another person steps off the sidewalk – onto the street – eyes fixed to ground – walking sternly – and another person – confident – absorbed in one’s own belief of invulnerability – false belief – a Herd reaction masked by subconscious mimicking of the ruling class – way to convey (a false) social status to others – that they too are alpha class – and others are not – creates psychological delusions – reality of Herd existence not satisfying – (nose firmly stuck in anus of member in front of them – and so on – daisy chain social structure) – a good thing – perpetuates respect for hierarchy – some are above you, others are below you – those above are treated with respect – those below, with contempt – everyday actions, reactions, reinforce this code – everyday

~ 3 ~

Just as people can collectively desire liberation, they too can desire incarceration.

~ 4 ~

expansion of Right – formal declaration of desire – willingness to herd (be herded) – and a willingness to follow (to Herd) – to have consciousness recorded within a new paradigm – modes of living accepted as eternal – always has been, always will be – entrenched – the declarations remain “unspoken” – surface as common sense among the Herd – among the elite – Right expands to future – encompasses the past – (the declaration stands separate from time – a separate paradigmatic node – parallel mode of existence-consciousness – occupying same space as current realities – paradigm generates its own individual temporal node) – absorbs counter-thought through socialization – through Routine

~ 5 ~

Why Routine? – accepted easily – without understanding – no forethought before action – worldwide – selling labour – for sustenance – socialization imprints certain patterns into one’s behavior – one’s desires are not one’s own – these new behavior patterns, new desires, recorded onto our selves – new blank slates – nonproductive body recording (recorded), not creating – people taught to accept humiliation – something for something – some seek it out – want it – more and more

~ 6 ~

Routine is a form of metaprogramming.

~ 7 ~

Why do you suppose that there are not more strikes, more walkouts, greater waves of popular discontent translating into revolutionary action? Especially considering that day after day people go to work, where they are humiliated, brow-beaten, forced to produce. Afterwards, emerging into a society where they are forced to consume, to play roles, and are fed a steady stream of information meant solely to train them to be better consumers (and thus better citizens)? Day after day. This Routine. Entrenched and expanded. Why? Because the Herd wants this. To be led. To have expectation fulfilled without surprises. To entrench a pattern of movements that quickly become familiar. Reassuring. In a way, it is an initiation into the Herd. Acceptance through shared experience. (The Herd despises those that rise above Routine; as in doing so, they separate themselves from this “shared” world vision.) A sense of security arises from this common experience as does a sense of community. (We all share the same life routines and the confidence that these routines rarely change.)

~ 8 ~

Six years old. Playing in yard. Dirty clothes. Dirty hands. Dirty face. Neighbor comes out of his house. Clean. “Hi, Richard.” I walk over. He looks at me. My dirt. Look of disgust on his face. His suit, neatly pressed, clean. Silence. “You look nice ...” I stammer, uncomfortable, thinking it is the appropriate thing to say. “Hrmmmmphh. Thank you.” He says sharply. “I must go now.” His parents come out of the house and walk towards the car. He turns, walks over to the family car, and gets in. “Why were you playing with that dirty little boy? You’ll get your nice clothes all messy.” His mother chides. “I wasn’t.” “Stay away from him.” They are all clean, wearing bright clothing. I look at them. Then I look at the dirt on my hands and clothes.

~ 9 ~

“All individual acts are anti-social” (Artaud). Standing apart from the Herd, not contributing to the progression and well-being of the Herd. Ultimately undercutting the Herd’s existence. Jackboot Conditioning – intense and continued socialization can eradicate this tendency.

~ 10 ~

To be with the Herd is to know security; complacency; invisibility; a release from personal responsibility. There are those that will tell you otherwise. They are Fools. Do not listen to them; you will be led astray. Freedom is an illusion. Let the leaders lead.

~ 11 ~

Boss’s office. “Review time” Mr. Ax said leaning back in his chair, rubbing his stubby little hands together, staring at me, smirk on his face, “Are you ready?” He reached for a paper on his desk and scanned it quickly. “OK. You have been graded in several categories on a scale from one to ten, ten being the highest. But remember, nobody gets a ten. (Looks up from the paper to stare at me.) A ten is perfection; and nobody is perfect.” Mr. Ax preceded to read out numbers, grading me, nothing over a six, followed by a critique of all of my faults. This went on for three hours. My head ached. I was tired. “You need to refocus.” Mr. Ax recited the company’s mission statement and goals several times. I nodded my head in time to his speech pattern. The boss

dismissed me with a smile. I walked back to my desk, humming the company motto in a sing-song, glad to be back at work.

~ 12 ~

The Alpha male is the natural leader. Genetic programming, (translating into financial superiority) dating back thousands of years, has conditioned this group with the drive to survive and progress (as well as conditioning the Herd to accept the decisions of the Alpha males), dragging those of questionable genetic coding into the future with them whether they like it or not. When a crisis hits the markets, for instance, the weak, the pretenders, run scared in the face of falling profits and values; but the Alpha class sees this as an opportunity to clear the deadwood from the economy, making the system as a whole more efficient and profitable. The weak and incompetent are either eaten or made into slaves in this transition, while the strong emerge prosperous. A natural order based on genetic and financial privilege. A just order based on the superior class enslaving the weak to further its ends. Only on the backs of a slave class or Herd can the leaders achieve greatness. Focus shifts from the day-to-day routine to the future. The perpetuation of superiority.

~ 13 ~

strong men – strong hand – stern voice – conditioned at sight, tone to bow heads – chin to chest – wait for instructions from the strong – all love the strong – want to be them – the weak are beaten – ridiculed – mocked – stepped on – the weak imitate the strong – attack the weaker – makes them feel good – feel important – ape the strong in their mini hierarchy – on top – in control – joy beating the weak – shame when beaten – short lived – maintain a place in the scheme of things – grand queue – admire the strong no matter what – attacks strengthen admiration – be like them – attack others – improve socially – some can – if right type – others never – the many – then the few – then the one – always has been this way – history of the strong – for the weak – always will be – nothing can stop – the urge to dominate – to submit – simultaneous – years of socialization – expressed – in every action

~ 14 ~

Little League. As the team's bat boy, I walked out on the field to retrieve the bat. I did not notice that the play was still going on. I got in the way of the runner as he was coming to home plate. I walked back to the dugout. The coach grabbed me by the shoulder and slammed me repeatedly against the wall of the dugout shouting "What the fuck do you think you are doing! You little shit." He punched me in the stomach, knocking the wind out of me. I fell to the ground. The coach grabbed my shirt and held me up. "Don't you even make a move until I tell you to! You got that you little shit!" I could not bear to look at the team. The other parents in the stands pretended they did not see a thing.

~ 15 ~

Intimidation – standard practice – accepted with resignation/expectation by the Herd – strong hand/strong voice – pressure from unseen forces – a single leader – an oligarchy (Western democracy) – mob rule (consensus politics) – physical violence – attack on the Herd – or establishment of totems – symbol of State power as warning to Herd against transgression – or cultural traditions, etiquettes and “common sense” solutions – eyes of Herd enforce compliance – the desire to please, not to disappoint, to fulfill societal expectations

~ 16 ~

dead bodies – in streets – distant gunshots – boots against pavement – glare from behind dark sunglasses – electroshock convulsions – people – disappeared, suicided – there one day, gone the next – totems warning against transgressive behavior – progress casts aside the weak – crushes them – steamroller history – the Dictator unfolds the future – headlong rush into it – with gunshot evolution – those who hold back the Dictator are shot forthwith – progress, evolution, desire

~ 17 ~

Meeting for volunteer nonprofit radical magazine. Kathy stands with a sneer, looking at me. “I’m glad you’re quitting as copy editor. Otherwise we would have to fire your ass. Right from the beginning I thought that it was a bad idea keeping you on. Issue after issue there were glaring mistakes. Obvious mistakes. It’s embarrassing. You are pathetic. In fact most of you are pathetic. My boyfriend Nick does all of the work and you just ride on his coattails. We don’t have the energy for this. We can’t baby-sit you. We’re trying to run a profitable enterprise here. But it’s obvious none of you care about this goal. I don’t know why we bother keeping around incompetents. (Looking back to me) What the hell have you been doing all this time? I don’t know. I don’t have a clue. Explain to me what you have been doing.” Most of the collective looks at me. Some sympathetic, silent. Others hard, sneering, smirking. “Well go on.” “Well I ... I ...” I stammer, shrugging my shoulders. “Nothing as usual. I thought you knew what you were doing, but it’s obvious you don’t. Now don’t take this personally, it’s for the good of the paper. Anyway, you will still be around doing ... whatever. Also, my friend Rachel will be joining us as copy editor now.” She sat down. Those that agreed with her continued to sneer at me. I stared at the table. Rachel leaned over and said “What? You’re still here?” Laughter.

~ 18 ~

The Herd desires a Dictator to guide them. Their collective desires become unfocused in the confusion of the crowd.

~ 19 ~

social economic political power relations determine everyday relations – from macro to micro – people fight for position in grocery store line up – line position (metaphorically) translates to social position in Herd’s mind – win win win – this feeling of elation, superiority – it makes living worthwhile

~ 20 ~

Tradition is a sociopolitical construction that has nothing to do with the “past.” A functional aspect of oppression within the elite paradigm. The call to tradition vibrates from our unconscious. Conditioned through generations of socialization, traditions have imbedded themselves to our very core, passed through memory fragments coded into DNA. The alpha class uses tradition to justify current power relations as well as relying on it to entrench power relations for the future.

~ 21 ~

the moral of the story
tell us – give us direction
the conclusion loops back to the beginning to infiltrate the narrative, molding to a desired outcome – to infiltrate consciousness, to generate a desired behavior
a few words
a statement of intent woven through a story, society
here it is, always, there
the storyteller inserts direction, comforts the audience with morality
listen, listen

Wake up, Jimmy!
Time for School!



Celebrate
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Gun to School Day

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alienatedlabourcollapse

whatever the product of his labour – in disintegration the spontaneous activity – only as a physical object – a mere means of existence – alienated labour – his work and his reality – his life no longer belongs to him – the intrinsic connection between private property, avarice, the separation of labour, capital and landed property – a machine – the product of labour as an alien power exercising power over him – for whose benefit – the capitalist – private property – the cause confronting him – the nonworker does everything against the worker – to alienate – it attacks the existing form – it's total annihilation –

DB Cooper Church of Perpetual Grace

In 1971, DB Cooper jumped from a plane over Washington State with a \$200,000 ransom. He was never found. In fact, he never hit the ground. He attained enlightenment in mid-space and transformed into Light.



The DB Cooper Church of Perpetual Grace is the new Cult on the block. We are dedicated to transmitting the teachings that DB Cooper revealed psychically to our leader, Larry Hoobard, the Cooper Incarnate. With this new knowledge, he developed the most complete 12-step system of metaprogramming to be inflicted on the human race – PsiOntology. Only by following this system can one be inoculated against the JC Virus and survive AEONRUIN.

Here we present a brief introduction to the Church and its beliefs, as well as to the system of PsiOntology. Those seeking more information are encouraged to contact the Church for more metaprogramming propaganda. **Take the Leap Today!**

Mission Statement

All initiates must invoke psychic projection to manifest the New Aeon as explained by DB Cooper, bring Light to the world and to the animals that surround us. We all were slaves once and with one leap we all too can be Light.

We believe:

1) That the wandering demons will pass over.

[Looking inward, suddenly yelled at to start running, once the poison has died, my belly for your belly, tourists for sex and money – this shall be a sign unto you – accomplished for the circumcising of the child, the actual operation an outline for your own life.]

2) That there are no limbs in you devoid of a god.

[My temptation which was in my flesh; know who to associate with, who to avoid. Muscular spasms twisted leftwise. Body secretions, flesh soaked in fermented mucous have the rights of men. New life using an old meaning. The imaginary communion. Do fish swim? Aren't you hungry?]

3) That all have rights to their sanity.

[Spells against those with the evil eye placed outside the field of human reproduction. Incapable of doing anything that stems from the anal type of masturbation and trains him to be sensitive to his holy presence. Or involuntary ejaculation. To progress from smaller objects to the larger objects available. All the motion confusion of particles; confused motion. How do you train a child without breaking him? A fascinating adventure.]

4) That the opinions of others will not be heard.

[Turn your face into the back of your head. The delirious person applies a delirium to his family. Such mechanisms are well-known from so-called “normal” religious behavior. The inexpressible psychic condition sets this process in motion and sustains it as a fear of contact with people. Withdraw from things in the environment. This is not always zero. Expecting too much. A mental image of a god (a black magical weapon). Do birds fly? Thanks for letting us know.]

5) That sanity, to survive, all men perform their own religious practices.

[This magic that comes, that has repeated it. The names of four Nubians a smooth bull snake has bitten! He has spat on you! Wherever the carrot goes, one cannot explain. Raising of the complete man is black magic. You have to step down to their level. Even more debased and evil forms – Christians, Moslems, Buddhists. The truth of it so obvious.]

6) That the structure of each achievement greatly enhances the activity of any endeavor.

[Take the last thing, an undisclosed contrasurvival, got people shot by false reports. Deference to a sexual partner, compulsive neurotic traits – a defense against surplus anxiety at a higher libido stage. Discrete instrument of action. Destruction is very legitimate.]

7) That the person writing the program remains ready to dissolve in the radical negation.

[These sometimes confusing words. How would you handle the circumstance. How about going to bed? Looking for a less threatening environment. Real areas of danger. A formula is very vital. Conditions from non-existence to power. Our fixation on the anal-sadistic stage of libido development. An admission could well be disastrous to any remaining ability or sanity.]

8) That his fellow brotherhood has corrupted all the wives.

[Nowhere to lay his head, an organism’s need to replace what has been lost. More noise, more fun. The muscle group, an interplay between dynamic forces. Dead ones, keep away.]

Frequently Asked Questions

What does the Church believe?

Animal society breeds like ants eating a lizard’s eyeball dragging a crippled queen across a desert; they made a killing in the stock market investing heavily in blue chip stocks without turning off the television set. Sometimes you never know what you may draw, the ticket reads disaster or initiation. Same difference.

What is PsiOntology?

Psychic Ontology. The 12 step program of metaprogramming – white noise masking the subliminal messages to purchase mass quantities of consumer goods. Worms mate in tangled orgies that emulate the 12 step program in its production of pleasure. The Colonel woke up one of our priests early in the morning wanting to make a bet on the Lakers game (to win, 8 point spread).

How old is the Church?

Sweet smell of candy and spice came from India with pleasure and black pubic hair I saw walking down the busy sidewalk dreaming of sex with the runaways begging for stock tips and car keys (the plastic bag wasn’t there before.) On August 14, 1993, Jack Parsons ejaculated for the first time following a successful summoning of a spirit entity. This entity turned out to be DB Cooper who instructed the participants at the ritual (circle jerk? swingers party?) to spread the Light through the formation of a church.

Why DB Cooper?

Someone spoke at great length into Jack Parsons’s ear one morning after an extended dream about flying. The whisper related a history: in 1971, DB Cooper jumped from a plane over the mountains in the Pacific Northwest with approximately \$200,000 ransom. The money was to pay the worms for sexual services, cayenne pepper covering his scrotum. The police searched for the money forgetting about the body or the thief. More important things were on television as new child stars were emerging with heroin addictions. He died in Light. In the future during an extended ritual, the entity DB Cooper was invoked and imparted Light to the participants. They (more⇒)

(⇐) discovered that Cooper never hit the ground; instead, he transformed into Light in mid-space. Shit happens. Some people always seek out a strong authority figure; one always appears. His connection with our plane is through Cooper Incarnate, who channels the entity Cooper into their physical body.

Who is Cooper Incarnate?

Cooper Incarnate is the spiritual leader of the Church. The question pronounced regularly – why do some people wipe their asshole to the point of making the skin red, raw and irritated? Anyone can wipe his/her asshole and become head of a Church. Any asshole with messages for numerous strangers. The God/man. Cooper Incarnate merges physically and spiritually with the entity DB Cooper. This individual is the manifestation of DB Cooper on this plane. The current Cooper Incarnate is Larry Hoobard. I saw him in the alley picking up rocks and looking closely at their colors this being an old trick longshoremen use. The crabs glow red when the Church of England blesses the Crown.

What was the Vancouver Working?

The Vancouver Working was the original ritual through which the entity DB Cooper was invoked. The purpose of the working was to get script ideas from dead movie stars. Addiction among these stars is rampant, the sweet smell of drugs permeated their skin. Their tongues lolled from the side of the mouth. This slight protrusion attracted flies making it very difficult for them to read lines. We got no where.

What is the Book of Leap?

Holy holy holy holy. The slave churches attacked any notion of the holy on an extended road trip nearly a thousand years ago. Since then nobody has had any fun. This sacred book like the Buddha grew from nature. Smell your fingers and see where you have been. It transcribes the experience of the Fall. All 2,012 pages. Ancient Aztec rights of bloodlust prevalent today among the youth with the certain knowledge that the Trailblazers had a chance but that it will probably come down to the Lakers.

(more⇒)

Make him swallow by finding fault or displacing blame. This is a downward spiral. Touch that chair. Is it real to you? In my youth I took to the Law.]

9) That one will not strive about in the body.

[Unfold your sail. The confusion will return with the protection of the sufferer. Withheld from the living. Like dead people afloat. It is not a crocodile. This poison had died. (A kind of goose, name of the mother not filled in.)]

Our Pledge

Time and again, throughout the troubled history of civilization on this planet, animal ideas, animal religions and constructive thought have met with violent opposition. Such attacks come from those who would deviate the status quo and particularly from those who seek to deviate and enhance their position through the domination, subjugation and even destruction of others. For this reason animal religions have been born in blood at the cost of great sacrifice and suffering by adherents. Love slave is only through a unity of purpose and unswerving commitment by a dedicated group that animal ideas and animal religions survive and collapse. The DB Cooper Church has been in existence now for some thirty-four years. During that time love slave has suffered paranoid manner of attacks from the forces of oppression in various countries. Yet the DB Cooper Church has survived and expanded because of the dedication of its members and because love slave is a force for goodness and freedom which is easily recognized by spiritual cripples of goodwill; despite the vicious lies which are spawned by those who would enslave mankind and which are carried by the media.

The DB Cooper Church is experiencing the greatest expansion and prosperity in its history. International in scope, the DB Cooper Church each week frees more degenerate sheep from the debilitating effects of religion, ignorance and other sources of aberration and moves them on the path to greater awareness, self-respect and dignity than all other paranoid groups combined.

Yet, in order to continue the quest for an animal civilization where honest spiritual cripples have rights and freedoms abound, the assistance and dedication of each and every psiontologist and other spiritual cripples of goodwill is essential. The road may be difficult and may get worse due to the rapid decline of civilization and erosion of personal liberties at this time. But united in purpose and dedication, the great New Fuck You shall prevail for the benefit of paranoid mankind. The great New Fuck You, the undersigned, pledge

the humble followers of the Goat, worshipping reservation or any thought of personal comfort or safety, to achieving the aims of the DB Cooper Church: A civilization worshipping insanity, worshipping war, where the able can prosper and honest beings can have rights, and where Man is free to rise to greater heights.

FAQ continued ...

What is AEONRUIN?

My friend took the time to explain the horrors of drug addiction to the third grade class by injecting every student with heroin. The dogs were certainly happy that they were not going to be shot like the Pope but thousands of Christians continued to mourn.

Yesterday it almost all came to an end like a thought before you turn on the television. Obliterated thought. One thought comes forth to die another emerges to take its place; two sides of the brain in conflict, a power struggle. The best barber I had was a homosexual who I knew before I broke my answering machine. Space/time singularity the scene for the clash; Papa wreaks havoc when he don't get no dinner.

Is the DB Cooper Church a cult?

How did you do on the stock market? Institutionalized for obsessive arguing my stock broker was finally released with a large tube in the back of his head and a small gray cat he carries with him at all times. The cat buys the stocks and the broker buys the cocaine.

Is masturbation considered a sin?

Public masturbation is a carnival. The guilt was nailed to a cross and buried. Many women get aroused at the site of a man nailed to a cross, penis gorged with blood. It's like a game show where it is anybody's guess.

I'm concerned about the occult references in the church literature.

Wasps can bite off large chunks of flesh with their mandibles. The restaurant closed early and the people milling around in front were slack jawed some upset some outraged the cook shit in the stew but nobody seemed to care it was the money they wanted to spend. On a trip to England the eggs contained malformed chickens but everybody just watched the movie.

Most of the church's writings seem to be gibberish. How can I make sense of it?

They can make cars that drive themselves but they just go away into the ocean for fish to live in. Selling the thoughts are harder had to take a break and sit in the porno theatre for a couple of hours to straighten things out but I lost my pencil. The movie screen was a pale yellow, nobody seemed to care. I know this woman who always asks me for money just stares into my eyes and asks but there is no depth behind those eyes and I say no still staring and she looks away forgetting that she has even asked a question if I give her any money she will become a parasite I've seen people attached to the necks of others.

How can I join the Church?

World War II was started by a misunderstanding dating back hundreds of years. The swimming pool was filled with laughing children nobody realized what was happening in the back room with the two teenage lifeguards. Psychic impressions produced by orgasm can sometimes be felt miles away.

Do I have to pay any Church dues?

When a woman eats an ice cream cone men believe that she is simulating oral sex even though this thought does not enter the woman's mind does this mean for some men that when one is wiping one's asshole you are simulating anal sex? Some men would agree being so paranoid about the appearance of being gay that they will never touch their own assholes. A business man dropped his briefcase spilling all of his personal private correspondence into the street. This action led to a complete nervous breakdown years later at a company picnic when he dropped the potato salad over the ground and desperately tried to scoop it up with his hands and put it back into the bowl. He saw the ants in the distance devouring everything in their path; the most disturbing memory being a small dog swarmed with red ants writhing on the ground eyes eaten out but still alive. He knew that he had to save that salad. He knew in his heart. ⊗

Touch the door. Feel the wall. Pass. Next test.

PsiOntology

PsiOntology was developed from the teaching of Cooper Incarnate, culled primarily from his masterwork, the *Book of Leap*. The teachings were incorporated into a system of metaprogramming, **The 12 Steps**. With these steps the initiate can attain not only conversation with his/her “Guardian Angel” but prepares the initiate for the Leap across the Void. These directives came from beyond the Void through the vehicle of Cooper Incarnate. Translations of the entity DB Cooper and the Light he found in space. With the realization of AEONRUIN and the announcement of the New Age (as shown to the Church during the Vancouver Working), PsiOntology takes on an even greater urgency: preparing Initiates for the New Aeon.

The Church recognizes PsiOntology to be the most profound program of metaprogramming to be inflicted on the human race. Those who are not prepared for this programming can be driven insane through being exposed to the self and the Light, aspects desperately sublimated by the ego. Thus the full scope of this program is open only to initiates.

The 12 Steps

- 1) An unknown Third Mind must be active in producing an attitude of Resurrection.
- 2) Within the veil, destroy all ambitions (the causes of violence); there is only one chance left and that is expansion.
- 3) The formula exhausts the molecules because by claiming authority over every form the Soul (imagining) is dangerous. (decent people to get them hunted down and eradicated).
- 4) The antisocial personality, the unity of all that lives, could restore sanity; transform the self into something else, a serpent or scorpion, without men knowing or gods seeing.
- 5) God may be afraid; barbarism with all men is to be effective and succeed; conduct a war – in these there are mysteries.
- 6) A Child mightier than all the kings is the first step toward unlocking the door and our guilt.
- 7) Tools of destruction must not die in this machine age; attained by its use to the Knowledge and Conversation of His Holy Guardian Angel – the word wrought many wonders.
- 8) Vindicated in Peace, the Blessed Spirits are chosen; more fulfilling levels as life declines, progress produces better people.
- 9) A blinding flash of glory, the existence of mystery means enduring it; (establishing an idea of what can go on).
- 10) Unannounced transgression against a moral code, an overt act of great and delicate beauty cast off into the world by pure reflex action.
- 11) Repeat the words of the crocodile, be triumphant when they go forth annihilated; disease of semen be destroyed before entering the Silence.
- 12) Dawn prostitute mirage, be thirstier than before the apes; plunge from the height with all your aspiration.

Notice that wall. Notice that window. Feeling better already?

Discussions of the Void

The following are two brief excerpts of Reverend Jack Parsons discussing some general points of Church philosophy with an eager Initiate. The Church encourages dialogue between members as a way of exploring the finer points of the Mysteries of the Void.

Conversation between Reverend Jack Parsons and an Initiate. (Oct.17/98)

Disciple: You know your letter well, tell me the power.

Teacher: I have been conquered by a little child.

D: Do not let him dance; mortal sickness was stirred by that amazing sight.

T: We will see what this means.

D: The boy lies there dead, but I trusted you, therefore I allowed him to die.

T: A higher service – shall God be proved an illusion. Delay and go not to the Cross. The spirit within me established the whole of the cosmic system. Behave as if you had lived a long time.

D: Who directs and guides those who believe in Him?

T: I am His brother.

D: What is His name?

T: Descends into Hell.

D: How He descended. When they saw Him.

T: All the angels sang praise. He descended and became like the angels.

D: Is the seed within you mine?

T: I have been desiring to build a castle, between Heaven and Earth. As He judges me. Instruction in the faith is prior to this.

D: Call forth a world and establish secret doctrines.

T: Fundamental human experience in an alien world. Never known. Listen to firm obedience. Blind ones are always senseless.

D: Children become unprofitable, possessed by demons.

T: This night may remain with me. The mirror of shame is taken from me.

D: These are interpretations of visions.

T: Corruption sinks in sorrow. In the end, gold is manifest, death is concealed.

D: The City of Christ?

T: A moonless darkness even around great Heaven. You could obtain the gift of God with money.

D: Who touched me?

T: A male; opened the womb of Desire. In him all things might be created.

D: I recognized my sin. The most high will overshadow you. Unspeakable things are done by them.

T: There appeared a flower. Hauntingly beautiful. Milk of the Lord.

D: The sons of Light return from the wilderness. Circumcised on the day specified in the Law.

T: What has passed your lips you shall keep.

D: That is for us.

T: Command your servants to take these ropes.

D: Will they surely preach?

T: Whenever you desire.

D: To hear is to obey.

T: Truly this is a debt which you owe.

D: Have you forsaken me?

T: Go in peace.

D: Farewell forever.

**Conversation between Reverend Jack
Parsons and an Initiate. (July 28/98)**

Teacher: Turn on.

Student: You have big ears.

T: Flunk.

S: He said.

T: Keep talking.

S: Give me a sandwich.

T: That's it.

S: Because they're dirty.

T: Do birds fly?

S: Thank you.

T: It is easy to become interesting.

S: I feel warm all over.

T: Are you married?

S: I can't talk.

T: Suddenly my knees hurt.

S: Go to sleep.

T: I experienced immediate benefit.

S: Good.

T: You flinched.

S: That's it.

T: How are you?

S: When was the last time you had your haircut?

T: Fifty years ago.

S: I've got memories of them.

T: Right this minute.

S: Very Good.

T: He's had a lot of experience.

S: By comparison with what.

T: Good posture.

S: I could have died.

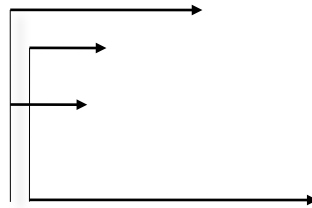
T: We worked out a solution.

DB Cooper Church of Perpetual
Grace

Join Today and Receive a Free Glass of Kool-Aid!

Coming forth

Here I am vehement eager to see things desire creating
revolutions surrounded by rapture with things exorc
ism embodying freedom with the static frenzy colla
psing the horizon into everything that is single mom
ent where symbols and sound sex change meaning com
ing forth in flames scattering insects of Control I
free the dream surface in billions of people in
their hour driving back laughter making bright the
blood grasping weapons over throwing fetish I an
nounce myself with the destruction of fetish I am b
ody battle causing shouting blood determined I am
the secret of the Flood the eaves dropper the singl
e arrow with the eight directions I am a swarm coming in
to existence the twisting snake whispering into e
ternity an illuminated eye emerging from the maze
an arm opening the door drawing the sun I am a dove ap
partition embraced by flame thunder I am a soul perf
ect in divine egg this of the fish I create myself in
my name I destroy my defects I come into being in the
form of the sun Radiant I am the cat great dwelling in
the seat of fright and truth I am the hunter I am the
Lord of Light



Pay Back

by Michael Roth

“That bastard!” Valerie hissed as she spotted Don Draper, an ex-comrade from Trotsky’s Hammer, walking towards her up the sidewalk. He had not noticed her yet and she took the opportunity to slide into a doorway. Don was an elitist, a sexist, and an asshole. These qualities have taken him far up the Trotsky’s Hammer hierarchy. While Valerie was a member of S.C.U.M., the organization’s gender prejudice grated against her class consciousness. But at least they did actions outside of the weekly paper sales Trotsky’s Hammer forced their members to do. Selling the party rag was considered a revolutionary act, and at each party meeting there would be a detailed account of the weeks sales with each comrade describing who they sold to, who they almost sold to, who they would have liked to have sold to, and who they did not sell to. The women fulfilled their roles by serving coffee and taking notes. The meeting would draw to a close with an accounting of the money taken in from the paper sales and a red star pin presented to the person who sold the most. The comrades would then withdraw to a local pub where they would praise the working class over a few pints while the female members stayed behind and took care of the children. Valerie sneered as she remembered one particular incident. She refused to show up to paper sales and this made her a pariah among the party functionaries.

“Where were you yesterday? There was a paper sale on Commercial?” He accused her in a loud voice, drawing the attention of other members in the room.

“Getting my new boots ...” she was about to say, I need them for support for my ankles, but thought why the fuck do I need to justify myself to him. Valerie looked down at her combat boots. Don let out a whistle.

“Nice.” He said sarcastically. “How much did they cost you?”

“75.”

“That much for shoes? A bit extravagant, don’t you think?” he commented, gesturing with his cup of designer coffee. “You can spend 75 dollars on boots, but you can’t spare a couple of dollars for the dues box or bother to show up to the weekly sale. These are important activities. You will have to reexamine your life and determine your priorities.”

A wave of disgust swept through her as she resisted the urge to ram her fist into his face.

“I hear what you’re saying,” she said, slowly, not dropping her eyes from his. “By the way, that Sawbucks coffee you have there. Isn’t that a bourgeois luxury?”

He raised his eyebrows slightly, not understanding the accusation.

“Well, by buying a coffee from Sawbucks aren’t you supporting a multinational company listed on the stock exchange and well known for its aggressive capitalist tendencies. A company that routinely exploits its workers, that pushes any local independent ventures out of a community to dominate unquestionably. Not to mention the issue of perpetuating the squalor of the Third World by forcing them to produce cash crops like coffee for the privileged Western world instead of food for their own people. So Don, how much did you pay for that coffee?”

Don shrugged his shoulders. “Valerie, it’s just coffee.”

She left the meeting and never returned. Now here was the fat fuck walking towards her, a cup of Sawbucks in hand. Taking a deep breath, she stepped out to face him. His face lightened with recognition as he saw her.

“Valerie,” he said smugly, lip curling into a sneer. “Dropped out of the struggle, I see.”

She answered by thrusting her combat boot hard into his groin. He lurched forward, face red, fingers crushing the paper cup, soaking his hand with hot coffee. A gurgled croak came from his throat as the air left his lungs. Grabbing his hair, Valerie slammed her knee into his face. She felt his nose collapse. As Don fell to the ground, Valerie took the opportunity to put the boots hard into the comrade’s ribs, each kick landing with a satisfying thud. Standing back, she observed the twitching body of the ideologue, panting heavily, gurgling from the blood in his mouth and throat.

“Scum like you create power structures that mirror those of the dominant culture. You wield control in the name of the oppressed against the oppressed. Remember, the Bourgeoisie produces it’s own grave-diggers.”

She raised her leg up to near vertical as she executed a perfect ax kick down onto the back of Don’s neck, snapping it instantly. Satisfied, she left the lump of flesh piled in the doorway as she walked back up the street.

Excerpt from *More SCUM* by Michael Roth

Interview with a Writer

This brief interview with Morgan Root, one of the most important writers on the Canadian literary scene today, was conducted at the Vancouver Writer's Festival (2000).

OI: I am very pleased to meet you. I haven't read your book yet but I hear it's getting great reviews. It is such an honor to talk to you.

MR: Yes, I am an important writer. I have a book of poetry published by a prestigious publishing house. It was just reviewed in the *Quill & Quire*. My agent is a very well-connected person.

OI: What influences help to mold your writing?

MR: My writing is influenced by Modernism and by Henry Miller in particular. I create work that is both highly artistic and pushes peoples conceptions of art. Critics recognize my book as an important contribution to Canadian letters. I sit on the boards of many art councils where I'm well respected for my views on art.

OI: What is your favorite Henry Miller book?

MR: I've read *Tropic of Cancer*, or was it *Tropic of Capricorn*? I can't remember. I saw the movie *Henry and June* three times. Miller is a great influence for me. I always try to push the boundaries of art.

OI: And Modernism? Any comments?

MR: Modernism is a very important movement in letters. It has deeply influenced my writing.

OI: Who's your favorite Modernist writer?

MR: T.S. Eliot is my favorite poet. He is an important figure in English literature.

OI: Anyone else?

MR: I can't think of any others right now.

[*Young man sits down at the table. We make introductions.*]

MR: This is John Stanton, my protégé. Under my tutelage, he is going to be a very important writer. Tell him what you're working on now.

JS: I've just finished an epic poem. It is a homage to Basil Bunting. I am working on my Ph.D. at a prestigious university where I study under a number of well-known scholars. We spent several years doing important work on the poet Basil Bunting.

MR: It's work like this that keeps Canadian writing vibrant. People look to important writers like us for direction.

OI: Any plans for the near future?

MR: I will be reading at the Chapters on Robson. A lot of other important writers will be there. I know Carol Shields and Douglas Coupland. I know every important writer in this country. I create important works of art. My book is called *On the Edge*. *Books in Canada* called it an important work.

OI: Do you like giving readings?

MR: Poetry readings are the high point of cultural expression. It serves an important function for the community and allows me to make public my works. I've read with many other important writers.

OI: Like who?

MR: I can't remember who right now, but they were very important and have had quite an influence on me.

OI: Are you working on a new book?

MR: Yes, it's a novel set in Vancouver. It is a cross between *Ulysses* and *Neuromancer*. It will be very cutting edge. I always try to push the boundaries of art.

JS: This new work will definitely take Canadian letters to a new level. Morgan, we have to be running. The reading at the Ford Main Stage will be starting in fifteen minutes.

OI: Who is reading there tonight?

MR: I'm not sure, but the tickets were nearly \$100 each. We have front row seats. There will be several agents from the top publishers there.

OI: Thank you very much for taking time to talk to me.

MR: The pleasure was all yours.

Floda discusses with uncharacteristic Olympian calm the pharmacological roots of today's neo-Nazis. (Note that Neo in the movie *The Matrix* is dressed all in black by the end, in charge, the magus of the show. And of course the major Axis powers "were" a Trinity. When Neo's dodging the bullets of the peace-loving freedom-fighter Mr. Smith you can see his body adopt the shape of a swastika at one point — no wonder the movie is so popular with today's misdirected youth.) cough splek.

Nazi Speed/The German METHod

by Floda

Many have noted Hitler's addiction to speed during the latter years of the regime. Some have noted the visible influence that speed had on these latter years.

Nevertheless, it bears reiteration and amplification: the Third Reich, particularly in its so-called waning phase, was the visible physical correlate of the macroscopic Adam Kadmon as a speed freak. Witness the hysterical paranoia-driven effort to annihilate the Jews. Witness the haphazard brilliance of the odd, fever-brained designs of the last aeronautic phase. Some of these could only have come from a hive mind that has had the synapses at its technician nodes saturated with speed. Many of them could easily be from the corpses of various of the German asylum artists whose work had come to public notice in the pre-war years. Perhaps part of the reason for Hitler's hysterical reaction to these artists was that he wanted to be known as the originator of such design modes, and these folks had beaten him to the crunch, and were, as vell, revealing too much. Witness the sleep deprivation (theirs, mine, yours). Witness the objects of paranoia become palpable (or is that the paranoia of objects become palpable?).

The point?!!! Note the current popularity of speed (like so many of life's good things, brought to you by die Deutsche), particularly in the nether regions of fascist Middle America. Speed actually hasn't yet taken off again in this time; things haven't begun to take on that weird look of Hitler's last jets: these are simply coke and caffeine driven technologies and social constructions that we've been living as of late. Lou Reed on his New York album (which one was that?) gives a chilling example of how easily this neurochemical phase state can be held as reality: the conviction and natural ease which he brings to getting em out on the dirty boulevard makes me want to go out and start disorganizing (so what exactly does he mean, then, by "this is the time because there is no time"?). Sister Ray is great marching music, the Horst Wessel song of two whole generations (and counting) of barely conscious sensitive jackbooters. I know all about all this: I am seriously bipolar, have fucked every member of The Velvet Underground (and now you know what the screechy viola was all about), and dressed up as Hitler on Halloween (this was well before the creative genii of South Park had even begun undergoing meiosis — and my village made even less of a stink about my kostume than Kartmann's did, versteh?).

Don't be fooled by your own tattoos: they are the fashionable precursor to obligatory stamping ala Auschwitz. Well, it's always nice to be at the head of the line, in the pole position. One day you'll be seen as some of the first heroic willing participants in the next phase of the rational order. But hey, at least you all got laid on TV.



Meanwhile back at the farm

by Michael Roth

<<S till going to kill'em, eh John?>> Uncle Charlie said, spitting at the fence post – <<Yep.>> – <<No matter he saved your boy?>> Charlie gestured to the pig, brown hairy skin covered in mud and shit – <<Nope.>> – <<Well, uhhh ...>> Charlie spat on the fence again – <<See it don't matter in the end.>> John said scratching his cheek <<It's just a dirty, stupid animal. It's just food.>> – <<Guess so.>> – around the corner of the barn sat young Bobbie, burning ants with a magnifying glass – he noticed his dad and Uncle Charlie over by the pen – he watched as they spoke – listening – hoping they were not going to kill ol' Bessie – he loved that pig – loved to rub it's rough back and rump – the sharp short hair, the grunting, the smell of shit – he found it all so exciting – besides he owed the beast since it saved his life – one day hanging over the fence – balancing on the wire with his stomach – fingering Bessie's asshole – wet with shit – the other animals in the pen spooked when the pig let out a deep grunt and stampeded – Bobbie fell into the mud where he would have been trampled by the beasts if not for Bessie who dragged him to safety – Bobbie's thoughts were interrupted by a shotgun blast that echoed through the farm – Grandpa staggered down the steps of the porch from the house into the yard – shotgun waving in his right hand – a near empty bottle of Jack Daniels in the left – <<No way!>> Grandpa yelled – the gun went off again – blowing apart a chicken walking by the barn – Charlie and John ran into the barn for cover – Bobbie, eyes wide, pulled out his cock and began to masturbate – <<No way you gonna kill my Bessie!>> – he fired the gun – meat and blood explode from the back of a sheep – <<What the hell you doing, Pa!>> John shouted <<Now put that gun down before someone gets hurt!>> – another shot makes a hole in the side of the barn – <<Bessie's my piece of ass! You can't take that away from me!>> – <<He's finally lost it.>> Charlie whispered <<I think we got to kill him before he kills us.>> – <<We can't just kill Pa.>> – <<Why not?>> – they waited, stomachs to the ground, listening for the old man's footsteps – meanwhile over at the outhouse, Jimmy was rubbing shit over his erect cock – he didn't hear any of the gunshots – too absorbed in himself – sniffing his fingers – eyes rolling back into his head – back in the yard, Mama had walked out onto the porch to investigate the ruckus – she saw Grandpa writhing in the dirt, crying, hugging a bottle of liquor – the shotgun on the ground a short distance away – she strode down the stairs into the yard – <<What in heaven's blazes is going on out here?>> she shouted, surveying the area – John and Charlie peered out through the barn door before crawling out into the open – Mama caught sight of Bobbie masturbating at the side of the building – her face red with anger – she strode over to the boy and picked him up by the ear – <<Look at the bad example you're setting for poor Bobbie!>> she hissed, shaking her head with disgust as she dragged the boy across the yard into the house – Charlie and John walked casually over to Grandpa, who continued to writhe and foam at the mouth – <<What we gonna do, Charlie?>> – <<We do what we do with any mad dog, John.>> – Mama dragged the screaming boy into her sewing room bumping into Tammy-Jo who was outfitted only in cowboy boots, black leather riding chaps and vest – she was whipping cousin Bill who was hanging naked from the ceiling, bound and gagged – <<My word, how many times have I told you two not to play in my fixin' room. Now get out 'cause I got some fixin' to do!>> – <<But Ma, we're just getting to the good part.>> – <<None of that, child, now out!>> – Tammy-Jo cut Bill down while Momma tied Bobbie to the chair – Bill got on all fours and his cousin mounted his back – <<Giddy up!>> she yelped and he crawled out of the room – Momma began to hit her son's erect penis with a hair brush – <<Devil's work!>> – Bobbie grunted, eyes bulging – Momma hit faster and faster until the boy ejaculated – <<Out! Out! Out! Now Momma's gonna show you God's work.>> – she lifted her dress and sat on Bobbie's still erect penis – <<Adam begat Seth and Seth begat Enos and Enos begat Cainan ...>> – she moved her hips slowly, thrusting with each name spoken – <<... and Cainan begat Mahalaleel and Mahalaleel begat Jared ...>> – Bill crawled into the room with TJ still on his back – <<Sorry Momma, didn't know you was still busy.>> – Momma did not hear her – <<... and Jared begat Enoch ...>> – TJ stood up, shrugging her shoulders, ordered Bill into the corner – she tied the whip around his neck and sat onto his face, smothering him – out in the yard, Grandpa was kneeling behind Bessie, fucking her, rubbing his hands over the coarse skin – John and Charlie looked on, pants down, hands stroking their cocks – <<Look son, you can't knock it until you try it.>> – the pig grunted and squealed, rolling it's eyes, shaking it's rump in rhythm with the thrusts – Charlie moved behind John and placed his cock along the crack of John's ass while taking his brother's cock in his hand – <<You want to give Bessie a go?>> Grandpa said, leaning back slightly

on his knees, penis limp – <<I only fuck in my home.>> John replied – the trio stood up and walked the pig into the house – TJ had her mouth around Bill's cock and Momma continued to gyrate her hips and recite her litany when Grandpa, Charlie, John and the pig entered the room – <<Look's like every one is keepin' busy in here!>> John shouted, with a chuckle – Charlie and Grandpa positioned the pig into another corner – John knelt down, greased up his cock and inserted it into Bessie's ass – Tammy-Jo sat up so that Uncle Charlie could place his cock between her breasts while she stroked Bill's cock – Grandpa fell to his knees, hugging and kissing the side of Bessie's head – outside Jim walked into the yard from the outhouse, naked, shit covering hands, stomach and groin – he noticed the dead sheep a short distance away, lying in a pool of blood, back torn open – he approached the animal, reaching deep into it's body to rip out pieces of meat which he rubbed over his chest and face – as his cock grew hard again Jim collapsed onto the body and wildly fucked the bullet wound, blood and meat spraying his white skin – inside things were coming to a close as Momma screamed <<These are the generations of Adam!>> and stood up – Bobbie, cock limp, was exhausted – Charlie came over Tammy-Jo's breasts and as she bucked harder on Bill's face he came over her hand while she moaned loudly in orgasm – John fell back from Bessie, coming over the pig's rump – Jim appeared in the doorway, body covered in shit, blood and meat <<Hey Ma!>> – <<Look what you done to yourself again!>> Momma scolded <<Just get yourself on the floor!>> – Jim laid down – Momma stood over him and urinated onto his stomach – Grandpa, John, Charlie, Tammy-Jo and Bill stood up and followed Momma's lead – <<I'm hungry, what we got us to eat?>> John said, shaking out the last drops of piss from his cock –



I didn't go to work today ...



... I don't think I'll go tomorrow