

Love Turns Hateful

Richard Thrupp

"You look at love, and especially woman," she began, "as something hostile, something against which you put up a defense, even if unsuccessfully. You feel that their power over you gives you a sensation of pleasurable torture, of pungent cruelty. This is a genuinely modern point of view."

From *Venus in Furs* by Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch, 1869

"But the Almighty Lord hath struck him, and hath delivered him into the hands of a woman." --- The Vulgate, Judith, xvi. 7

"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion which shows my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data..."

Sherlock Holmes fr. "The Adventure of the Speckled Band"

"The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools." --- Herbert Spencer

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Thru the wires & along waves of air comes this: a hate-filled love story... "Something lurks in air without remedy, wing, nor foot traffic. Somebody has the knowledge denied mystics & monks, sitting, staring, picking up the pace. We've built roads for that..."

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MY IDLE LOVER, unemployable due to spinal cord injury, unreliable due to drug addiction, unabashed from former stint as street-walking prostitute. Her milk flowed with great ease like at the dairy. She *could* fill small buckets, but now her small-bucket-filling days are done as she's in the hospital for accidental surgery.

"I'm full of hateful intent. I'm now denying Israel's right to exist & belittling the worth of World War I!"

"How dare you concern yourself with such things better let to the media & military!" She said militarily.

"I'll say what I want. Who are you to boss me around, what with your trim, woman's body & hair all about your shoulders the way it hangs?"

"My grandfather nearly participated in W.W.1 & Israel is okay as far as I'm concerned!"

"Too bad for you!" I said hurtfully, when suddenly she began to bawl rhythmically. "Bawl all you want. You're merely paying with a credit card from hell!"

"What's that mean?" Sobbingly she *queerified*.

"It means that no matter the cost to my personal or perpetual safety issues I will prove my point on #1. Israel & #2. The global war of 1918."

Well, that was all she needed to bear. She jumped on me like Lloyd George, knocking out my u-boats & tricking my dignitaries. Within weeks she would attack my finances: her & the baby, from which I would not soon recover.

"I've lapsed upon the comfort of your languid love, one time too often, more so is to pity the climate. I see you now from what we've begun: a blackened love affair far afield with smoldering embers of broiled meat unattended too long," I told her without interruption as she was drowsy.

"Although drowsing, I understood each poetical & beautiful word my witty lover. Our dreams, our quivering bodies & inflammations tell the tale of our lovers' love," she spake wide-eyed & conscious.

"Yes, dear one, it's your wide-eyed consciousness that guides our derelict ship to calm harbor."

"Of course --- the rapids represent lonely endeavour, the hasp & lock of desire..."

"Let us go from here yonderward afore the hour fades."

"Touch my brisket clever one, feel the handles abounding my girth."

...And Spanish people have lots of girlfriends. Who remembers the difference, these days, twixt Andy Devine & Gabby Hayes? Marta Kristen & Bernard Getz? People accidently killed in 1973?

Once I gets to prison things'll be different. I'll sail thru the front doors determined & demanding. Guards will be fumb ducked in what is their confused state as I organize things to my liking. Not since Al Capone or Frank Sinatra or with any sawn-off runt has such fear been spread amongst real *men*. "I don't want my love held captive baby or my toilet seats stainless steel."

How dare you photograph me in the nude! For God's sake put some clothes on! Because being awake is just part of not going to sleep.

King George said bemusedly to his name-sake George of Washington, just to piss him off:

"You're no longer a colony --- you're a nation!"

Washy, who was home-spun & half deaf, & who angered crazily, became chinned in his pissed-*offedness*.

"*Urination*?! I'll kill you for that!"

"Jesus died for my *pins*...*Pins*? Why'd he go do a fool thing like that?" {St. Denis, protect me from headaches & rage.}

Love limps, hoses, splits, rounding shit-houses, road courts, beneath luxurious folds of under-bellies, atop Old Smokey --- hate-filled & frilly --- shunning lanterns, bespeaking itself, pre-dating China, limbering solid-muscle showings, willingly weak, wilful & hickory'd, abounding, budding, promulgating, washing red & burrowing cracks...it's a flowering betrayal in my love garden, my *jardin amor*, with the Knossian & Kiowa, amongst the stamens & pistils, flow-flower of the back-stab. Flat traps flush with surface tension are to be avoided amongst the Creeks & Algonquins...because: Acne is like anything: a box of paper clips, Oprah's yacht, toe nail fungus.

The amputees were restless --- they'd gone weeks w/o stump cream. There was a fortune lost & opportunities amongst stump-cream appliers. Many veterans lamented & lambasted their roles in

the war & in between. Those who swore to skunk ass no more had to give in.

"Howdy-do," the tease-cock ranch mistress colluded, drawn by sleaze & tax aversions, pitched against sunshine, recoiled in mystery.

"Yes," the fire man denoted, "we are drawn by knives & the knowledge girls regress. These be the fictive 'cursions we've exed from our travel-daunted minds." {"Oh Vic, remember when I slipped off the toilet & broke my coccyx?"}

"Your mind is that of a peanut butter & jealous sandwich: full of envy but delicious!"

"I know. It's akin to the popularity of climbing ladders whilst wearing short skirts & nothing under is spreading across the ladder-manufacturing mid-west & Ohio. Let us moan together as families should, during family-moan night."

THE HARMONICS OF SHIFTING SAND & *BLUT UND EHRE* {Blood and honor --- motto of Hitler's Youth engraved on their scout knives.}... Take care with that knife --- you wouldn't wanna cut yourself to bleed thru the mattress, stain the floor or bespatter the t.v. There's enough violent stabbing @ the hospital. There they're violently hospitable: dogging it up on the floor like there's a shortage of puppies or what.

In China we wash & brush our butter-nut squash coloured bodies with a regularity unknown in Japan & points west. Let's wash each other in ways familiar just like the Dutch do, when they're visiting, swapping wives & marrying beneath in the depths of counterfeit Christianity...recollecting their olympic duties & sex-testing anyone they want. {"Oh Mr. Mooney, can't you give Lucy what she *really* wants?"}

There's the 1990 version of this booklet *Love Turns Hateful*, of which one copy exists in a closet.

Are you hounded by an unwanted teen-model girlfriend? Are you dating within your age group? 40-60? And tired of the pads & rails? Looking for a little youth & nigger? I mean *vigor*. And up to your warts in ass? Up to your ass in warts? Believe you're missing out on jail time?

Unleash the terror! The dogs of war! The unrequested mortgage loan applications & service entries. Let's inhale cocaine till we're crazy! Crazy mad: Kellogg-Briand Pact mad! "Never suppress a fart, even if it kills you."

"What about unemployment? And birth control?"

"Never suppress birth control for anything."

"For Elvis?"

"No. Except Elvis, of course."

"I'll be your steady girlfriend," Sung Hi Lee would promise.

"Steady as she goes," I'd say. "Steady my Hong Kong shuffle. Steady during the wobbly moments. Easy my little rough-neck, pulsing beneath the willowy bend of my transparent appreciation." The maleness of my nudeness, the baldness of my hatless empire come together righteously. "Sung Hi Lee, you are the Joan Chen of my mission-building accomplishments, the flaxen seeds & lager, the late fees & tardy nature, all & every!"

"I'll be more than steady!" Sung sang. "When it comes to a reliable girlfriend I'll be her: *the reliable chick*."

"Yes," I said remissively, "*you & your sister*." It was then Sung realized her sister was involved.

"Winning stuff's like joining shit! So much for winning & joining. Three cheers to winning & joining!"

"Ooooo, look at me: I'm Sung Hi Lee, mistress of Cadaverville, silk screener to reckless intent."

"Prepare," the lip doctor instructed, "to have your lips examined!"

My intensive interest in juvenilia is no business of the police's. They have their job: collecting & passing out the graft & I mine: disarming the kiddies: soft & pliant ones, no longer than an abortion: the slavery inherent in ownership.

Darkening skies cook on the steam table of differing modems as it's hats off to the new & unusual concepts securing rights & privileges snatched from breezes. It's a softened compliance, a marination of goony vice & sodomy: the crap way of *Americana Moderna*, sluicing & slurping our way along a far climb downward, both eyes registering, calling up a love hate-filled & purposeless. This is what's pondered & loathed.

"Oooo, look at me I'm a *hero*, I quit smoking cigarettes!"

"You're not my real daddy, you're not my real anything!"

"Son, is that any way to treat your fake father?"

"Oooo, worship me, I'm Jesus Christ, junior!" {If my pencils were dulled by John Dulles, & Mick & Dean Jagger formed a duo "The Jaggers," or "The Deanometers," oh what a world this would be to reckon, I reckon.}

Bribe or inducement? I always pick inducement.

Wilful or still-born? I mean, stubborn?

Vital info. on dating me. Impotent, I mean important, points to consider: #1. Head turner. #2. Hunky {Hungarian}. #3.

Natty dresser. #4. Winsome. #5. Swollen. #6. Tumor

& cyst-ridden, baby, in case of attack. #7. Here come the brides, there go the lesions.

Dating & primping, longing & feather-bedding, smallish taps upon my spinal reserves, a passion-borne summer coming, trailing behind a worn war, torn down the skirts, tearing my flag into something shredded --- these things buried beneath brain treatment, holstering my threats like so many pigs stirring to breed.

DEVOTIONAL SHIT WHAT'LL YANK AT YOUR BALL TENDONS {Stop leaning against rickety railings.} & The Bikini of Courage *or* The Courageous 2-Piece...Many have jammed themselves between me & my chick --- others have slammed themselves upon the road-bed to prove worthy interest in the *layerage* of asphaltum & for *whah?*

"Your nigger-loving days are coming to an end!"

The nigger-hating bigot said.

"No way," I countered, "nobody can stop me, nobody!" And true to my word I went on as I had before: loving, abiding, romancing, doing all & every, distinguishing not amongst the unaffected, that is, the unloved.

When your store runs dry on men's underpants buy women's. Use a marker to draw scenes of battle-field carnage to butch them up. For broads: Utilize men's drawers by depicting images of feminine intrigue: tampons, gluttony, leg-shaving. Out of a million arrangements transposed {& nudely affixed} upon registering

cellular bundles, endorphin molecules, tranquilizing myself routinely, I bind to her, her shapely stems, protuberances, hollow makings, clefts & intentions. Rolly & polly, gimmicky, numerical & fixed-set, she crushes my wiggles, under-jetting my slipping control bend.

Electrical man: "It hertz when I bend over!" [Nobody wings everything, nobody enjoys skip & scotch, latch & mix, French & Polish. The police are friendly & over for dinner, coffee & cake, nuts & bolts. They'll pull you over for rapid lane changings, whipping it out on the sidewalk, walking it out on the whip out.]

Living in the woods, what nature-loving has made of me: the blackened shell of a once-vibrant & virile man. Amongst the snakes & hornets, contaminated water & leaves resistant to absorption, I roll the dice in a life-&-death game of Earth-adoration. Yes, it hertz when I bend over, the electrical man had said, it *hertz* like a fire that burns the lining of rational bird-watching.

Her ratty-assed raggedness & lore of the forlorn ache, boot-legged my moon-pie shine, love waggle. I would in higglety-pigglety fashion perform till her ferrety facial features transmogrified to something sand-smoothed & ass-wiped.

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY BETWEEN MISS AMERICA & ME EVER

"Was it not," Miss America {North} queried, in a way that only she could, "Herbert Spencer what said: 'The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools.'?"

"Yes," I must concede, yet not to her fantastic bodily shapefulness, "there is also said to be 2 groups of people in this world: those who divide people into 2 groups & those who don't."

That night, in what turned out to be a beautiful realization for both of us, we joined forces in what would become historically: [refer to title].

Long later she would reveal: "I'm not really Miss America, but a pre-operative trans-sexual. I'm a man ---

"Oh Lord Jesus! ---

"Wait! A *man* trapped in a *woman's* body!"

"Oh? Well, alright then. Until that bitter day when you're drawn above the knees we'll remain physically enjoined in: [place title here].

"You remind me of how not to unlove what is reliable & shut tightly," said she, later he.

"Yes, you can't espouse new-age wisdom without infanticidal leanings."

"Wasn't it Maurice Maeterlinck who was born in 1862 at Ghent, Flanders who ---

"*At, in*, who gives a rodent's hershey? Let's get *cracking* while rooting's still an option!"

Can my total loyalty to the one, true Jesus be used against me in future ramblings? Is killing an ex-wife really murder? Should a former wife be allowed to exist in the same way as does Israel? With walls & battlements? Does a lost wife command the respect of a much younger & sexier, & chinkier girlfriend shack-up? The Lord provides answers, even some pertaining to Arabs, shepherdesses, bearded folk & rabies...Once you realize how on-your-own you are, Lordless & trapped on this planet with only lies to go by in regards moon landings, empire building & central governing, then you accept it, the plunder, organized crime & labor...So frozen with fear it'd take weeks to thaw, weeks I didn't have now with the calendar ending. Days of misery, agonal breath, motioning to helicopters & nobody the wiser, our difficult days of skinny-dipping lie ahead, ahead of emotional impactions. My teeth show the wear of the chewed bones of chicken & cow which form heaps about the hovel. I can give up my scum-faerie, I could dispose of what's wasted if I had to, under warrant. A snort & a promise, a flush of grief & tomorrow creeping & flattening torment...curved about the axilla, rounded shoulders & areas local...

Constitutional Love Gallery...When you're tired of flapping your flaps or opening & closing sphincters, turn to the constitution for love the hardened way. If it's Xmas, enjoy the butt-end of New Year with a *fiend* or mobster. Never be quite the same again, enjoy hexing all, causing conditions, accelerating health concerns &

marriage --- not the kind Ma & Pa had but one involving sex-pervs whooping it up, sterilizing each other, calling an end to being nice to Indians. --- The next time someone tells you to call back @ 3 & ask for Tina or Sherry, call & ask for Tina or Stinky. When challenged just say: "Hey, why don't you let Stinky decide?"

In my final stage of Alois Alzheimer's ailment I won't be able to distinguish between Oak Ridge Brothers & Statler Boys, knobs from push buttons, tea --- from table spoons, leaves and toilet paper, Paul Lennon versus John McCartney.

Lawd, how could this've happened? The American-led liberating force have now become occupiers? Is there historical precedence for this?...This out of Africa: Our human whites have been violated.

Mr. Spaghetti, your ways are Italian, you wash upon the shores of individualism, cooping up Greeks & raiding the noodle works. Has it always been this way? Must we tolerate things German? My sister german contacted me after years of abuse. I told her if it's good enough for Ronald W. Reagan then I'll support it. He ruled with an iron hand gloved in compassion. A compassion warmed by Nancy F. Reagan, his number two wifer. She had the mud flaps & loafers what made Dutch hoard laxatives till the evasion passed {of its accord}. He's known suspence, once knocking out 2 of Barbara Stanwyck's teeth, but when it came to spending other people's money, he had no qualms concerning that. There were problems in the world with distribution: getting ammo & fuel to socialists, but Reagan {Ray Gun} had it licked. Stripped of tease he had nothing left.

Some people prefer total darkness when they're doing the people's business. Many smokers will not let their protective guard down, they've been burned plenty. If I were a bum I'd live in & amongst the weeds. High grass provides cover. If I were drunk & afraid & without a security guard's detection I'd take refuge amongst the endangered wild creatures in Florida's swamp lands. There could be no greater comfort than bedding down with an alligator as a pillow or flotation device & the mountain lion as a blanket. My diet would entail wild manatee milk & meat & condor eggs. I'd nurse whilst bathing, taking huge panic-stricken gulps. My

calls for help would be in a long-extinct Indian language, understood by no one born since 1522 and even then? Live Indians, on vacation from the casinos, would rush to my aid throwing hatchets & squaws at me as I founder on the rocks, engineering in ways Jesuit, of the Jesus, junior within us all. He spake, we listen, heed & crucify.

STAND BACK AND LOOK at what I've done to make the world more beautiful! I've planted roses where there was only pools of shit, lilacs in place of decaying corpses. I've domesticated errant men turning them to the Lord & hen-pecked service. Children are now doped to insentience as news readers lie with impunity. Taxing for cash-cow folly is business as usual & bombing every other country promotes freedom.

According to Hoyle & N.A.S.A. & Emily Post, I should've been rich 10 years ago. My planetary probings & straight-laced outcroppings are enough to sustain a mole in a rat's hole. I'd hop more precisely if my legs were attached. I tether these breasts & inhale deeply --- both lung units functioning @ an optional rating.

Running & seeking my little acushla {Irish: darling} means little time in your loving & freckled arms & more leisurely restraint in the tracking down of tax cheats. Our money, our own, our funding of imaginary space flights & cancer cure-alls. I'd smoke for the fun of it & not because cigarets were free & delicious. Oh, your luminous-flux densities drive my passions wild & driven-through.

LUMINOUS-FLUX DENSITY {intensity of light} and all things girly --- this is what a he-man demands! Give me a locker room of men --- give me the things Edison *really* invented. This pagan cross, this puppet regime, this kill-or-be-killed philosophy, all stand to knock my Xtian travels...and the density of my destiny, my two-faceness --- my half-assness, all tend to contuse & refine.

If God rules me, & me with free will, then I'll do as he commands, making a mockery of self-sovereignty. The light intensity of Heaven no blind can filter, no screen can blot. God is light & He reigns from the ends of the universe, all a-cluster, all knowing, Praise Elohim and not Nazi-ism: a design for a more

beatific world through bone-crushing forced entry. My jabs/transpirations: World War 2 will mean little to the World War 3 generation, they'll re-set their culture-clock counters, backgrounded checks & equilibria. If it's too early to resist or late to worry then ensnaked we'll trudge beneath centralized authority.

Let's go without drinking till we hallucinate, apply garrotes to initiate apoplexy, dive head-long into posts, nibble shark tail, share syringes, as those experiencing true love might as mightily we poke each another once our pokers have swelled, beyond life's allowances & balances. {Sometimes I have this urge to enter everything into evidence.}

"But why is it wrong if 2 men love each other?"

"It's wrong as is cannibalism, infanticide & vampirism. It's a dead-end matching of screw drivers. It defies the meaning of marination."

"Sure does make prison stretch quickly..."

--- Down by the fish market where heads are tails & women aren't quite so, where docks meet clinical studies & the stench is so thick you can cut one unawares: politeness is right out, squatters abound & horse-play is Turkish. No one talks a language except full-moon romance. So many stories start: "I fell in love by the wharves..." & end: "My hammering woke up the neighbors..."

Sing I joyfully at the top of my lungs & the bottom of my gullet: "I'm in love, world! In love with a woman!"
The world shrugs & goes about pairing truck drivers.

A WONDERFUL & CARING HUSBAND

I see bird shit dripping from birds in dreams mostly horrible. These dreams bleed me white, aspiring, spiking romantical fervor & pale intrusions. Nudity attracts flies & mother nature knows best. I like my gas @ \$5. I'll do everything I can, & then some, to assuage this unrequited love bearing what's itching me beneath my scratched finish!

Central govt. crucifies counterfeiters for producing irredeemable paper money. --- Thou shalt not horn in on our fiat money monopoly.

I'll never forget that song: "Take this Job and Shove it up your Ass, Nazi!" I'm telling you: *NEVER!*

As my itching becomes accusing & my scratching negligent, a shortage alarms my sensors. "Look! It's that awful bitch Barbra Streisand!"

Everyone turned as *Barbitchra* Streisand waddled in. I was particularly nauseated once she started "singing."

I prefer my meat cut, handled & packaged by burly men. I prefer my women bra'd high & taut, no room for nickels.

THE FRED MacMURRAYITES

If I found myself in religious frame I'd have to establish one: new & exciting. My flock would follow the teachings of the late actor Fred MacMurray, gleaned from 3 of his movies: *Honeymoon in Bali*; *Double Indemnity*; & *The Caine Mutiny*. I haven't seen *Double Indemnity* so I'll have to rely heavily on "My Three Sons."

We MacMurrayites are a fierce & independent bunch, full of raw nerve & courage. I believe it was Fred MacMurray or Chairman Mao or doctor Sherwin Nuland who said: "My treatment of Miss Welch was based not on her goals but on mine, and on the accepted code of my specialty."

It'll be a lengthy illness what prolongs my agony, as with J.F.K. & his trip to Vietnam in 1951, L.B.J. in '62. No welding of the two amongst the Cochinese could slow the wheels & cool the heels, it was shell & poison, no avoiding that, no weasels likened J.F.K. & L.B.J. could stuff cautious without slurried grinding.

HER CRAZY LOOSENESS could lift & separate those sacks of fat & porous & partially-stringy cells: a looseness of character soaring above the trees' peaks.

It's World War Two again & everyone's fightin'-mad! A hurricane's approaching Glen Campbell & Galveston is strung out on pills & booze, but that's okay because the power of prayer is about to kick in.

Twirling a bit about the midriff, hustle-bearing to bear, half-hearts bolting, & none too stout campus-wise.

I spill my guts for the love of gut-seepage. It's the wind-eroding

qualities what makes managers suffer silently, eights & tens, sixes & sevens, thru marshy waters & stippled skies. I believe it was Senta Berger & David Janssen abed, sorting life's inconveniences, facing *The Swiss Conspiracy* {1975}, naked & lovingly together under humptastic pressures only Ray Milland could understand...a rock-tightening concourse of spying & lurking: that's what marrying a 16-year-old'll reward you 20 years past --- upon the waters of world Earth, my home planet & prison. Stuck, petered out, tattoo'd in hives, her loosey-goosey crazy ass will kill me yet.

Cool, collected, was Lyndon Johnson:
no heart attack to fell him, Fall '63.

Seldom heard: "Yeah, the wife & I are gonna finally take that crap we've always talked about." Or: "When I retire next September I'm going to take a 6-month piss through the old West."

EARLY ACCESS TO TEEN VIOLENCE

Just when you thought it was safe to date women born in the 1920's, here comes another phony moon launch: this one promising to be a more costly, star-studded romp. Our "astronauts," will be no strangers to teen violence, having had early access to it, know the difference between a barge & a tug. Once crash-landed they will explore, by moon buggy, all things lunar: a patch of sand adjacent a parking lot on Cape Canard, various reports on teen violence...*Strange*: It's cute to have a daughter called Kitty but not Doggy.

It's just an excuse to aerate a lung, a reason to surface because --- I'll always have my bitter memories. They can never take those from me. May we not abandon {nor recall} what's been shared: a hateless gift, a mateless offing, a trouble-weary FRAGMENT OF LOVE {"Is Mr. Normal home?"; "No."; "Well that's strange."}

I have tolerance for everything except intolerance. Toleration & diversification my native-Ameriacn-African-Hispanic-lesbian *compadres*, that's what I'm into: leading the blind to the top of Everest, widening toilet stalls to accomodate donkey carts. Passion cometh & goeth like beer through sailors, like Gore Vidal through sailors. [Sally home to port *Blood Life* {Gore V.}, take those

wicked deeds & sly glances away with literary pretenses & your Paul Newmans.]

When crossing thru jive town exclaim in amazement: "What's this funky shit?!" You'll make more contacts than you'll know how to handle. Remember: "What's this fucking shit?!" I mean *funky*...and everything will be okay.

I woke up in a pool of vomit with it pooling in a *chunkified* mass, an up-chuckish glacier of defeated dinners including snacks, denuded of nutrients, unfit for consumption --- I felt compelled to breakfast on more palpable bounty somewhere. I'm no Sybil Danning nor Apollonia Kotero but I know puke.

My big & rubbery lips sucking back into my hollow, toothless maw, buggy eyes & sunken cheeks bespeak of Nazi atrocity. There's but so much one Nazi can take Gestapo-wise...I've tried my best & to what end? I'll never love another, never clean up a mess nor conspire with anyone who doesn't know how to love, to dance, to fall apart from emotional collapse. {Emoting fall-bearings, hasps, toggles & fringed suede, running wildly free, my rubbery breasts flapping, flagging my tool-works as I rectify righteously things indignant. This oblong slice of fragmentational love bears witness, fruit & watch. It's the need for love politick that guides my flailed runners I figure...*flailed runners?*}

FRAGMENTATIONAL LOVE BEARS WITNESS,
fruit & watchfulness, archetypal minds produce
forced will, gun-use & malcontention.

If I isolate myself & use only my weapons for targeting trespassers then what harm could come of that? These arms have toted furniture, aided & abetted, crushed defeatism & apprehended tax dodgers. Justice comes swiftly for some, others must be tracked to the continent's end, bound & pistol-whipped.

My pistol-whipping days are nighly through with, what with the breakage of butt after butt {gun butt that is}. My butt-breaking days are nearly done as my chimps are fed & ready for the slaughtering phase of a chimp's life. My fragmentational love-life bears fruity witness as nothing comes from pistol-whipping the wrong tax cheater.

To be fashionable in America {U.S. America --- the only one that matters} discard old clothing, furniture & appliances. Replace these with new, trendy & fashionable stuff. Whenever you suspect something or anything has fallen from fashion, throw it away.

Colder than hell's hotness, steeper than a sharpened pin & meaner than a wife turned wrongly, this fragmented affection steers its currents towards hateful deeds empowering no one. My wishful thinking is not enough to ruin Christmas this year.

THE ENGLISH IDIOT

English men, they love their tea.

One day one suddenly approached me.

"Whah'ja want?" I asked, a bit startled, hand on gun so as not to be murdered.

"I'm English, I want tea,"

"Why is that all?" I replied. "Pull up a cup & I'll pour you a chair!"

"Thanks," he said like an idiot.

"Are you really from England?"

"Yes," he said, ashamedly.

"You ought to be ashamed," I said, hoping to shame him something awful.

"Believe me, I am."

"Enough to kill yourself?" I asked excitedly.

"Surely," he replied, anxious to force me to respect him, which went unspoken.

"If you kill yourself I *will* respect you a lot!" I nearly hollered.

He thought about it, his shrunken brain, shrunken from years of being English, strained under the extreme labor of fragmented depravity. "Okay, I'll do it."

"Do what?" I asked, completely dumbed down by the idiot from England: Land of the Idiots.

"Why kill myself!" He said enthusiastically.

"Yes why?" I ventured. "Why, when you have so much to live for?"

"Do you really think so?"

"No," I said, "I really don't think so."

Next: The Scottish Moron: "Ho, I'm from Scotland *didnae* you know? Land o' Scots. I wear adress like a man, but I'm not a man. I'm from Scotland.

Some are pushy --- pushing me into corners, deflecting my love-humps, or: "I'm going to the waffle house, anything you want me to get you?"

"Would you mind picking me up a couple waffles?"

"Well, I don't know..."

TRIBUTE TO FARMERS

My father was a maniac, he lived up in a tree.

Nothing could bring him down not even a desperate pee.

One morning all was quiet.

I couldn't hear a thing.

Because my sister was no singer I hated to hear her sing.

But sing she did just like she was a-cursing,

remindful of a first-time mother getting into nursing.

Howls & moans throughout the night made me wish for daylight savings time.

--- People continue to make it us & them. All I want, besides variety in tail selection, is a world whereat I can go to bed at night without having to place crinkled newspapers on the floor, a time when I can vote for myself & win big time.

Nextly: It's love the boring & fractional way with Johnny Cash, Jesus & Nixon. *Don't ever stop the love!*

FRACTIONAL LOVE BORING

{Every war-time service has its idiots.}

"Look at me," the hard, coarse woman exclaimed, "I'm old as rock."

I traversed her craggy face & dug in to climb the summit. She was heavy with pity & designed for failure.

"Never," I informed, "should you weather sand storms alone!"

"Thanks," she cooed, winking at me stiffly.

"Can't we get by? Can't we shop on borrowed time?"

Her womanly figure & steady legs stood in the way of nothing as English was my language.

"I love you like flaps on tents, cash versus checks, patients being neglected..."

"Oh, my perpetual rear bumper, my price freezes, my Nixons collating my Coolidges.

"It doesn't move me into laxity for I'm lent to hard bearing. This {my} fractional love boring strips carcasses of hide, sloops of rigging & other such..."

Don't ever try to stop the love. Love should be brought on unconstipated. My unconstrained love offerings are more mature-minded, & less deadly. You shouldn't return to the crime's scene, the pigs may pig up the scent. I was pig-blinded by the mighty city-wide pig communion. If I'm ever attacked by blood-hungry pigs I'll oink my way free. One pig-attack too many reflects a lack of bribery. Where would I be without my blender if not blenderless?

Beware of anybody whose number one listed goal is to make it with their sister. Of all the things how could that be number one?

Thanksgiving Day will be here in November {again}: Time to drag out the stuffing! Ma always kept ours in a shoe box. Dad often disappeared for several months. Once they {Ma/Pa} have mulched somebody other'll have to pick up the pieces because that's what tradition's all about.

I look gleefully to the future as I grieve over the past: all the wrongs inflicted upon me by the uncaring. How can I exact vengeance, on my income? Budgeting's the key: groceries, anti-histamines, revenge. It was Johnny Cash who said it best: something, something, Indian, Jesus...etcetera.

TREASURES HIDDEN BENEATH THE KLONDIKE
are coming to me in ways that deny Arctic go-around.

Look, *the man with 2 eyes* is waxing nostalgic on true, long-lasting, decades'-straining matrimony. He's been married 3 times in 18 years, God Bless him his nerve.

Life: its treasures are many, hidden & dike-like. I strain beneath the weight of Sunday schooling. Windows close & the rain gives up. Marginal offerings by shadow puppets, pouring our nuts from baskets, surgery on rotted apples & Dad humping neighbors, it's 1974 again...

Pish-pash, hover in the fields Jesus do, ripening crops, maturing our saddle-sore women, creating things good from garbage. {If I had a Negro friend I'd call him Blacky out of respect for his beautiful mahogany-colored skin.}

Treasure-troving from areas Klondike, filling our baskets with love, a love unhandled, unblemished, we submerge ourselves into work charitable: Klondikian chores to feed the wealthy & clone the sickly. Elvis {P.} loved me more than pills. Once, when I was bending over to pull weeds, he snuck up to give me a Cadillac. "Thanks Elvis," I said, "I could use a Cadillac!" Later, after he crapped out in the shit house, I drove to Memphis in hopes of killing everybody who reminded me of the love, the care, the charity that was Elvis {P.}. --- From: "Elvis {P.}: His Love Abounds", the P. stands for pain as in: "It is a pain to pee," or, "How dare you piss me off while I'm urinating!"

--- "Clean up this mess before I kill you!" The dead possess no cleaning skills. I often wonder why people bother, bother to piss me off at all. Seems no future to it, nor rhyme, nay fundamental support... Dress my wound --- enhance my bust line! Let's piss around here no more! Get up & go out! My hair's a shiny, greasy mess. My pale skin & beardless face enhance my shapeless orbits. Some day Elvis will return with salve & abounding love to lessen the ills of the big-boned.

STEVE & THE ROMANTICS

{Everyone is: street scum, congress men, a little romantic.}

Steve had always been big-boned & knew all the ways of his people {the big-boned}. Once, when he was de-boning fish, there came an emergency call from the hospital: blood was desperately needed from a big-boned fellow & Steve fit the bill for he was big-boned. He had the big-boned outlook on life what makes people {of small-boned proportions} stand up & take note. Steve's brand of big-boned romanticism was out of place in a room full of midgets so he avoided these types of rooms. He had not planned to marry a small-boned woman. Who can plan love? God damn it! Steve was no different than most men, except in the bone department.

CLEAN YOUR MAIL BOX! Have you ever scooped dog shit into a mail box? I'm sure we've all done that. When was the last time you wiped out your mail box? Never?! Imagine how much dog shit has accumulated {piled}. No reason is there to wonder why large boxes don't fit anymore, much mail.

ESPIONAGE QUEEN

I feel the looseness of her tenseness, & gooseness, the trap door & boobied trigger. She was small-boned & jumbled {like 2 beds that have been pushed together}. I see & feel spied upon, slap-dashed & big-boned. The queen of spying engratiates & endears {same thing, like big & fat-boned} herself beyond any need. She'd hold her breath if nobody else would hold it for her. She could listen in to your cellular phone *communiques*: "Where are you?" & "What are you doing?" etc. There's no end to the snooping, the nosing & the horning. It's like 2 beds pushed together to form an exciting free-for-all *oportunidad* {Mexican for opportunity}. When the big-boned people achieve worldly-power beds will slide {together forming one}.

Nobody would dare deny the importance of pancreatic health. Once your pancreas goes so goes everything. Here's a little poem I wrote about my pancreas called MY PANCREAS IS FINE: My pancreas is in fine shape.

There's no denying that for a minute.

If a hurricane hits I'll be locked in the bathroom praying like crazy.

Alone, not really alone if you count my pancreas.

For God so loved the world he invented pancreases.

I say get plenty of sleep if you think that'll help any.

Monitoring for nothing: Here rules my strangulation therapy, sloughing & perforating along jagged lines, rippling patterns of nothing.

The sonorous mention of Iggy Pop --- "Success" & "China Girl," Holopaw & star drivers, executive periphrasis & Raoul Berger, these things butter my bread both sides. Alone, floating on a wedge of flotational help. Monitoring for free. I'm on the losing side of

looking fit. My prowess has retreated toward Mexico. Mexican everything: work ethic & peppers.

If it's hot & it's tropical, it's a sweaty time with bran, a walled torment plus foam padding. I'm in 6-pc. precision fr. 1.4 to 3 m.m.
Long agrow and farm delay.

Old worldly wisdom's too much when it creeps in across a threshold, placing itself between gravitational bodies. What passes a dispassionate exhibit when the milk's late? Changes made weekly keep days transitional. Periods of Egyptian-inspired suddenness, it's falling backward from this iron chair, running headlong & plunging head-first, stitching scalps back in goodly measure. It's difficult in earning one's keep, from cracking center-ways & slaughter. A pensive smile & goodness toward mothers = the key what tumbles any lock.

Oh the mountain-folksy images of frogs & toads, cousins & baby-making, templates & diagrams, disarming our cream stakes, flaking our fake clusters, wowing mystics, charging ahead without a map. Old-time Earthen applications to problems lunar in origin call for staging & photographic artfulness. It's a dispassion never attacking nite-time, reserved like a table, rehearsed what like's normal, pitching, wooing, mouthing off to our betters, swooning at trial, knocking our poles from pigeons, sawing somebody else's lumber. We, for love, tickle dangling/hanging tufts.

WEEDS IN MY GARDEN OF LOVE enhance my cross-eyed toasties, wienerless dogs, hogless breakfast bits, sausage-style nuggets, making for a sinless morning that's hell-dark & remindful of a sexy, short-skirted Linda Ronstadt shaking ass in a Tennessee prison singing "You're No Good," 1977, the year Bing Crosby killed Elvis, Agnew throttled Nixon. Love knows no skill, no pride, no hate-minded investitures amongst the law-abiding. Warbling through her night clothes, tambourine against thickly thighs, thinking in Mexican whilst spewing what's left in American, *Hermosa* Ronstadt fed the mates & screws a level breakfast: nuts & cackle berries, toast & beverage.

I was never less than unwilling to sink my connector in foreign bergs. Travels & trevails over there have taught me of U.S.

American love schemes.

When not addicted to heroin I busy myself as a false prophet bringing together the light & dark stocks. I'm figuring it's my humanness, humaneness, humanity, humanism, that strike my colors, float my ship of hope & dispassion.

Down the road & tagged for freshness, thrilling my friends & confounding my other friends. I have 2 *kinks* of bends: the bendy kind & the kind of bent kind.

If I were KING OF FINLAND I'd never finish expressing my love to Finnish women {under 30}.

Finish me off but good, the fashion, the passion, the mish-mashness. Henry Ford loved women & he drove them in his Ford into rivers, drowning them with their tops down. Topping them with their downs drowned, affecting affections, tearing tears, bearing down for pushing out babies.

Take it --- break a little skull off my head bone, rake the derma from my flaked wrap, castigate me like Colgate, round these corners, angle my protuberances, vote me King of Finland...

Finish me off before destruction sets in, crushing defects what dulled Johnny Cash & crazed Reagan. Finish me during a bountiful moment, a time irksome & heavy with impassioned study. I peruse this book that stimulates my simualted resistance.

THE MAN WITH MIXED LOVE SIGNALS

{Geo. Harrison was destroyed by disease & attempted murder.

John Lennon by a successful murderer.}

Program scale scales back the program = I'm happy in my dispassionate way, padded on a dirt road, wrinkled prunishly, warted, pocked, misinformed, disenfranchised, lax & ignored. It won't be long my search, my urge for tail shall wane & decease.

My drip-halting sphincters & relations will fail my attemperaments. I'll chisel with flaps down tho I'm unsure how, no matter, success is measured one bean at a time.

George Harrison was rended, stoppled & depleted. All age & reason depart with mitotic advancement...insecurities topple pyramidal adventures.

Please be my fair-minded, weathered friend, my grand-slammed cast-off, elemental course jockey, that is: primal ride piece. This, that & some more, some other trick of the mind, I set out a trip to Norfolk exaggerating the folksy part don'tcha know? It mixes my love signals & stands rejected in Lovers' Town.

REJECT FROM LOVERS' TOWN

{Bank ruptures are up, up passed bank balls.}

Program scale backs my filled tank, set-backs, reject-backs & primes of cash-in, ten thousand generations of Buddhistic torsions, & still no skin-landish skin-back...I walk rejected, love neglected, propose I nothing. Give me piece, neighbor-piece offerings --- twenty-five & plugged threadless, torsometric stand-bys eat my laminated exhibits...

It's October seventh, time to plan for the eighth. One can't be too sure-footed when scaling. My mustache is thick & bristly --- enough to combat unreasonable search. Our pigs are never full, never willing to walk away from easy prey. It's tough-guy mentality, pouring wine into sinks, vilifying weeds, promulgating all manner of *espionnage mercenarius*. Take away my insecticide & relegate me to secondary status. We're strangers in this punch-worthy America, slugging along in threat & cocked ear, short change & spending on the marge. I fling my chill monkeys. I flaunt my next plan. {A thousand quarters of anything equals two hundred fifty somethings. MY slugging days are broken by arthritis, quartering ones too.}

L'AGE DE RAISON: I'll never live to regret long enough the time I was at the post office awaiting the mail man, who was at large & obeyed no schedule. He ambled in 10:30 covered in the joy of new fatherhood. His wife had a baby delivered like the mail should be: 9 o'clock. Everyone, annoyed, planned their time for vengeance. There'd be no peace everlasting once stamps go up again & again.

It's important how pig-poned people function, to them at least. We can feel our way through life, living every moment as if we're to never die, excitement building, our throbbing, ageless equipment saying: "Come, get it!" Women of all weights & densities flocking

to flock with you & your flocking organization of organized flockers.

Bowing to craven intent, to graven imagery & soy sauce ruining everything it contaminates, I face this Earthen world reasonably assured, & brimming with distrust. A false Jesus is due any day now, his mission involves confiscatory taxation, enhanced demo/mobocracy, all crass variations of a theme: centralization works wonders.

L'AGE DE THRIPP...I'll figure mine for what's mine...I'll venture boldly {& bodily} angling my massive gut to the crematory...a hot time in the old oven tonight! I'll keel suddenly before Lord, Prince Jesus scraping together a fantastic prayer-promise, professing good behavior with hours to live & live up to. Red-hot affirmations in preparation to travel as smoke moves. Jesus' last actions nailed Him. He said stuff he couldn't take back. The sandal-wearers made a choice, the only one afforded them.

Oh, Miss Hawaiian Tropic, teach me the meaning of love in its full physical expression. I know how to work a mop --- Mop from my bucket of love. Let me apply your lotion evenly.

"...My gum bands have loosened...then there are great works divorced from the climate in which they were created...these are the tit-bits of trivial pursuance what I employ. Some say my breasts are held in place with 2-sided tape. They are held by gravity down & helium up."

Soon I'll be granular as is salt & roach grain, bone meal & asbestos.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT {Learning and charity begin at home as well as scientific investigation.}

My 13-year-old son & I happened upon an injured squirrel on Christmas eve. The poor rodent was scared, so, being the season, we constructed a crude cross & stapled his paws to it but not before trying him for heresy. "Guilty!" My son proclaimed. "Ye shall be crucified until you are dead! May Jehovah have mercy upon your ratful soul-lessness..."

Do you want for nothing yet have a surfeit of concerns?

Remember when 25 cents bought more than 38 cents does now? Now your gas tank is empty & your glass milk bottles are extant no more. A trip to Walnut, California draws no titters. Ass, cock, pussy, wiener are innocent enough on their own. It's wholly differential to conclude, no fun had with carbon monoxide poisoning as my puffy-white beauty purples. I'm in love with a girl who's got typhoid. Typhoid fever is not strong enough to cancel my love.

My talents lie elsewhere, far off amongst pygmies. My natural inclinations & urological curiosity all point westwise, the territorial waters of pacific retreat. Soon waves of hatred & currents of disgust will lead us wayward toward a hell of cold space below the activities of molecules.

She was willing & questioning like somebody who enjoys church: "Why do you eat so much of meat? Do you not know that it causes hysterical reservations? Even the insane root: *henbane*, canst stand against the power-drive mechanics of carnage."

"Because flesh is a bag within another," I said, "a bag of water, a pound of compounds. Must not we, us, all serve our lives through dead things?"

"See," I continued, "shit for shit's sake...dogs piled upon each other in a hole dug by dog killers. Our final days in heaven & time to go home: a hole; a graven image of Jesus staked to a tree, gnawed upon by buzzards." *And*: "Soon the tsunamis of Ocean Indian will finish their God-appointed task. Christians be heartened!" It was just something heard in the passing on the last day to get out. There's more to sunshine than sacrifice, the legions of well men journeying through outlands, guns at the ready, their thoughts maintain the dear home-front & better times whoring. As memories grow warm & distant & those honored are dead I read a book what tells everything about the Bible. It's the Christians' constitution based on pulpit law. *WRITE!* People spend their time planning sex crimes. Good people don't plan so much. They get their reward anyhow. Their thunderous cheering can deafen the filthy ears of science and *filthy creation* {From *Frankenstein or, The Modern Prometheus* by Mary Shelley}.

If people spent more time shitting & less time pissing we'd be

further along in fertilizing our farm goodies than killing shrubs from behind with uric acid...

Santa says: "Calling all whores! Calling all whores!" or if he's in a hurry: "Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!" {I love you & I'll always be there for you, deep in the heart of Mexico.}

THE POT PASSER {2005}, starring Fred Pot Passer, Yvette Gonzalez, Jose O'Brien, Chang Smith --- A confusing yarn about an old man, Hank {Fred Pot Passer} & his young lover, Maggy {played by Fred's real-life daughter Kitty}. Seems the mob is very interested in Hank's ability to attract younger women & a serum concocted for such feats. Look for brief appearance by Yvette Gonzalez's real-life neighbor Ralph Chicken Scraps as Dodger. Rating: 3 hoses for crappiness...or 3 craps for hosiness.

Thru the smoke of the forest: THE FIRES OF DARKNESS!

Bears could barely bear the intensive heat, squirrels scurried, & forest-mgt. people made sugar-sweetened, maple-syrupy, govenmentally-ascribed love amongst the chark-coal, the brimstone & hellishness of a bosky after-glow.

Poorly-managed arrangements made hastily all spell trouble for the contemporary mother of 14. Things must be of timely mention. All's lost in sea voyages connected to *Titanic*. {Major vs. General. In military parlance a general outranks a major. In every other application *major* is more powerful than *general*.}

Itchy scalp? Why not shave your head & soak in gasolene? Disappointed with your gasolene? Why not add urine? It will boost the octane content helping your engine run more powerfully & smoothly! Tired of beans & rice? Why not shave your head & have your ears pierced?

Having trouble meeting men? Why not wear a sexy bikini?! A bikini, or 2-piece thriller, can call attention to your body. This attention, a stare over a glance, will advance you to the category of accompanied woman, over single, unaccompanied woman. Also enjoy other benefits afforded the bikini-clad woman: choice pew in church, cut-rate abortion, discount dog food...

If a Nazi dressed as a fire man produced a boot at a busy

intersection & approached me as I waited in my Jap Nissan truck {built in Smyrna, Tennessee by red-necks} to solicit donations to help Nazi fire men I'd have to decline, perhaps by the next intersection, after some time to weigh the issue, I'd contribute a quarter --- not to help his organization to spread Nazi-ism but to aid them in their tireless quest to douse fires.

If I were fitted only in bikini & Nazis chose me as Queen of National Socialism & my biological clock were ticking toward menopause & adopting was a financial impossibility, what with the lousy pay of Nazis & I'd contracted an ass infection in Czestochowa on top of everything else, then perhaps I would consider things in a different light. If I were approached incautiously by a brute who promised me worldly things in a murderous way then would I feign ignorance as to the goings-on of my Nazi benefactors? {Don't forget those Xmas amputees what with their holiday ways & inability to wave bye-bye and use a post-hole digger simultaneously.} --- Kiss me in the dark! We all fear darkness, many of us involuntarily empty our turd tubes at the slightest provocation. We are fearful yet receptive to the lovely embraces received in dim lighting. "Kiss me in the dark," a beautiful woman may instruct. "Kiss me like a darkie," doesn't make any sense though.

Are you tired of taking medications that promise to make a huge difference in your wang's size only to become nauseated, dizzy & irregular? What is the answer to wang bigness? A comprehensive abuse regimen including juvenile diabetes, shoe inserts & rubber hosing sounds logical but is cost prohibitive. Do what millions & billions of floppy men have done, the Bible-proven alternative: become a minister of the Holy Word! Tell anyone who'll listen: the crippled, the very crippled, prisoners, fat people about why Jesus had to die & why you'd kill Him again given half the chance. Before your flabby friend knows the distinction between a whore & one with a dental plan {police plant} your paper work will be completed.

"No way!" I told my son. "And if your name were *José* I'd say: '*No way*' then I'd say your name *José* after I said 'no way.'"

If Dad were born in Trinidad I could call him Trini-Daddy, but

he was born in Texas so I just call him dumb fuck. {Don't forget those special menstrual days whereat the best, possible treatment from the wife can be had for nary more than a lullaby.}

"Look!" A young boy yelled addressing the crowd, "Isn't it Fred Excrement?!"

"I don't like him because he smells," someone blurted. --- Shit big why don't you? Shit like a large dog! The buffalo died for you. The Indians raised them --- the Indians never wasted anything. They were stewards of the land. They loved tradition. They loved each other. They humped everything. They were prodigious in-so-far as humping goes. Humpty Dumpty sat on an Indian & the Indian humped him! {It's not uncommon to suffer groin/gonadal strain. Yanking can cause considerable trauma to this area. Frequent yankings can lead strained muscles causing mild to severe crotch --- area discomfort.}

BLACK PEOPLE ON VACATION VISITING WHITE PEOPLE
--- She kissed me like an Italian. Her lips were spicy hot, her tiny toes, her tightly-packed hotchas, her scant knowledge of you-name-it, all by clever design, a way of pitching woo, a compactness of retarded movement, brewing swill in Pig City. I was expecting her bros. just in fr. *Roma, Napoli*, the cities varied. She would never kiss Italian-style again, even if I chased her with another Italian. When suddenly you'll know faster sexual relations! Faster, tastier than the Nazis knew during their REIGN OF HOMOSEXUALISM. Nazis conducted many experiments on hapless people but their most important & lasting contribution in homo dating was NAZI RULES FOR MEN DATING EACH OTHER. Hat-pin knew homosexualism was vital if Germany were ever again to know gayety. "I propose," His-sore said in German, "that my birthday, April 19th, be also known as HOMOSEXUAL-GET-TO-KNOW-ONE-ANOTHER DAY, and so it was & is today, that is what Germany is all about: cuckoo clocks and queer meat.

"Oh Lord," I pray, "don't make slaves of latex, set our latex free! And then grant me: expanded powers of retention."

"Help," Joe Blow football star yelled, "I've yanked a groin

muscle!" A common affliction. The groin accounts for most yankings. If I were team doctor, I'm just shy a team & medical degree, I would suggest exercises to strengthen groinal muscles. The groin or crotch or hidden valley is an area comparable to the states Georgia, Louisiana & Mississippi. Florida is the wagging hanger susceptible to rough winds & chronic meteorological abuses. You scared me so much as that I had no excrement left = scared shitless. I refuse to distribute shit = I don't give a turd.

According to German Nazis, killing Jews, queers, Catholics & retardates is "fun," I couldn't disagree more strenuously! Killing or, precisely, murdering these "people" isn't "fun," it's barbaric! Tell Nazi Germans how wrong they are & not to follow anybody who ascribes to the teachings of the late Adolf Hitler. Also: Don't be afraid to chew the ass out of any Hitlerite.

"It's delightful to see you!" Old Joe threatened. "The delight's on you," Patty exported. Years before Joe was involved with Patty in a love affair with each others' neighbors. "Ants can ruin any picnic," Patty observed. "It's worse than typhoid," Joe added. Indeed it was. Patty had been hospitalized for a number of days, the victim of an ass infection. The doctor chewed her ass out & Patty was in no wise eager to allow him any further gnawing.

For fun in the kitchen: beat the shit out of 3 eggs.

"Don't you throw that bed pan at me!" The nurse yelled angrily.

"Oh I won't," I said as I beaned her with it. Later:

"Don't you throw that urine bottle at me!"

Some day {in 6 years}: "You think you're so big living to 50!" You're only as young as a feel. God closes a door & throws you out a window. One day the good folks at F.E.M.A. called & I chiseled \$900 off 'em. They offered to tarp my roof & I told 'em to go to hell.

People often lament on how incredibly exciting it is just to be near me.

MARY JANE'S CIVIL RESTRAINT

Nothing came expected as Mary Jane hadn't eaten solid foods in months. By now all signs of Korea had vanish'd taking Oriental misapprehensions along with it. M. Jane stooped to survey her

options when the telephone rang: it was heart doctor F. Hickson asking personally-embarrassing or embarrassingly-personal questions: "Have you ever retreated on your taxes?"; "Would you marry a chimpanzee?" & stuff suchlike. She couldn't, for the life of her, figure how such divergent queries pertained to her. Later she concluded that Dutch Hickson was after her nether port lands.

Children! Recognize your abusers for who they are! Merciful death! A guise in schooling, back by popular demand!

There'd be no southern advances as she'd had strength to shore up her Holland colonies. *Medico* Hickson could bombard till his diplomas fell floorward, it'd make no impression in Thigh Land, civil restraint needn't be learnt court-wise, love crumbles all, stern ingestions of the bombarded make marks everlasting.

LIPS OF TOTAL DARKNESS...Darkened waters of destructive force pooled around us, soon we'd be submerged about the ankles & breasts, for those with danglers. "Quick," Mario Puzo ordered, "let's climb that tree!"

"But Pussy," {his pet name} I reasoned, "that tree can only hold 6 & looks like we're 14!"

"Never mind the details, let's climb like monkeys!"

Later when I was alone I thought about all what's transpired: the flood, Mario "Pussy" Puzo's faith in trees, sagging danglers are also known as breasts and for all the good done by Girl Scouts I can't help to wonder how much better America would be if Canada were plowed under forcing Canadians to live in trees. Tomorrow's another day, diurnally-speaking.

The greatest gift given man has been knowledge of God recorded word-for-word in the Bible centuries after without detail lost. Minds crisp & retentive fed by that of the Creator.

HITLER VERSUS THE INHERENT GOODNESS

IN ALL MEN {Except Germans}

{Translated from devilish German} Hitler speaks {to Bormann}:

"Listen, there's no reason to hurt Russia. The Russians are a goodly people & I admire Rasputin."

"What?!" Bormann exhorted, nazi-ly rising from his seat, back-

handing the Father of the 3rd Great German Empire, one destined to be the greatest since the days of Imperial Rome, across the chops & nearly damaging his moustache.

"Oww-wee!" Hitler exclaimed. "What'cha do that for?!" Then: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?" Asks he to quote Patrick Henry to the Virginia Convention, and: "No one following an elephant needs to knock the dew off the grass"...continued Hitler recalling his favorite Ashanti proverb, and that sad day in 1920 when former American vice president Levi Morton died at 96.

For X'mas: "Piddles"; ROBOTIC DOG: The Piddler:
pees unexpectedly! Real dog sniff & lift technology!
Operates on re-charged batteries.

"DON'T SPIT ON MY WALLET, if you do I won't be able to put it back without getting my pocket wet! Surely if I had a rag I wouldn't mind so much! I don't carry a rag --- never did."

See Polacks & Dagos {Big P & D out of respect} live it up outside Poland & Italy in their 2nd-most natural setting: America, U.S.A.! See them talk & act stupidly! What are they like with others? And what about romance? Could one love another & please mammy too? Who knows? Who cares?

With barely enough bun to conceal his wiener Joe Hot Dog skipped happily to Kitty Parsley's Hut {or Kitty's parsley hut}. She was his girl friend & he had something big & satisfying to relate: "I've joined the navy!"

"Oh," she nearly swooned, "I'm nearly insane with pride! You are going to defend & perhaps die for my freedom, my mother's & that guy's across the street."

"What," he asked, "the pervert?"

"Oh, all right..." Joe mused. "Hey," he said enthusiastically, "check out my hot dog why don't you?!"

"Joe," Betty cried, "it's beautiful!"

"Looks like I'll be sleeping with men in the navy!"

"What again?" She chided.

With hardly enough creamy mustard to cover his hot wiener old Joe H. Love {the H stands for Hot} could hesitate no longer to get

to his new girl friend's trailer.

"Oh," she nearly puked with joy, "finally my prayers have been answered!"

"God answers all of them," Joe said. His use of religion greatly excited Patty & she was ready to do some old-fashioned trailer praying when rang the phone.

"Bad news Joe, father's had a heart attack!"

"Oh shit!" Joe involuntarily shitted.

"We've got to get to the coronary care trailer now!" She ordered.

"Oh piss!" Joe let go with the bag taped to his side.

"Aren't you done?" Patty assed.

"You have a beautiful ass," Joe observed, "it reminds me when I used to drive a school bus whilst intoxicated."

"Never mind that --- check this out!" She cried brazenly & hussy-like exposing the most symmetrical butt end he had ever experienced.

"Before we sees Pop give me a gander at your pylons!"

"Sure thing," Patty said accomodatingly & matching words to trailer court music she removed the last vestage of all womanly resistance. 2 weeks later her sister would fall into the tangled strings of a Joe & Patty Love 3-some. And things said suchlike could be over-heard: "Oh Joe, give me more corn pone!" *and* "What's the lot rent on this trailer anyhow?" {Later I'll show you how one woman's sexual misgivings cost her 3 puppies & a crate of oranges.}

"Who's there?" I questioned in frightened voice like the late Merle Haggard.

"It's only me Cardiologist Doctor F. Lee Hickson, do not be alarmed."

"Doctor Hickson," said I relieved, "I thought you were the ghost of Merle Haggard!"

And now back to the trailer & the triangular love as mentioned earlier...

"Have you forgotten?" Betty reminded Patty.

"What?" Patty ventured.

"We've invited cardio-specialist F. Hickson, M.D. to dine in our trailer this night."

"Holy crap really? You think he'll show?"

"Why wouldn't he?" Bett' asked, somewhat pissed.

"Don't block your ureters on my account, I was just askin'! Also: climb down off my ass!"

"Alright, alright," Batty said. "We'd better hide all materials offensive to a man in Hickson's position."

"Shhhh," Patty shhhh'd, "I think we're being monitored --- oh, it's okay, it's only the government."

"Thank God," Betty said.

REMEMBER: Only a gynecologist can diagnose you gynecologically! And for the *LAY-D's*: The national chapter of gynecological patients will meet this Tuesday in a tunnel by the river someplace. Don't miss it --- we'll be serving dogs & burgers.

Yesternight I dreamt I witnessed Prince Jesus crucified upon a tree, a telephone pole & the Washington Monument.

"Why?" I asked the mistress of Postulants,

"...must we be photographed in black & white?"

"Shut up and finish your snow-shoveling!"

It was then, as a novice, that I began fearing God's total power. I started to reflect on destitute children's love of garbage-dump food & glue-sniffing.

"Why O Lord do I lack basic medical training?"

"You're skating on thin ass!" The cop warned.

"Thin *ice*," I corrected, earning me his wrath. "You're not going to chew my ass out are you?" I inquired moments before he chewed my ass out.

Xmas time is upon us & the time to perpetrate holiday sex crimes. Santa's known for gift-giving to strangers. He flies about, seconds count, dumping his load, with little time for personal concerns; the fat bastard gots to make good while the gettin's advantageous.

Futuristic women are out there: time-lined, slim & functioning robots. They will be well-versed, well everything, loving companions but only to robotic men.

Futuristic nephews will rule the avuncular world setting limits, encouraging viticulture.

Some day, even as a man on the slide to worthless, I will become

a nun. The postulancy: grand silence, selfless love, obedience to the Mother General. How, why, when {if not soon} this will come to pass is in God's hands. Only He knows the hour when this secular brother becomes a sister.

NIGHT PROMISES: What an eye-opener: my experiences with natural health {& splendour}. Lilacs blooming in Alaska, which is principally frigid. Arabs squatting, people of ungodly bend doing like-ways. I believe in fair play with no competition, *Elect Me!*...And now let us return to trouble in Israel. Let us not fall slack in our interest in all things Jewish...

Why suffer from hemorrhoids when you can blame & frame others for minor crimes? Those you've committed? Shouldn't you listen to the call of the ancient hormone in delicate matters of stressful, romantic chase? Are you completely stupid in the way you figure out whatever it is you're supposed to be handling? [One thing has always been with regards concerning me: I don't need to be told again & consequently {or subsequently} I don't need my ass chewed thru.] I just wish that a fire man & a tax man could have a baby together. Because it proves nothing, nothing is impossible! Oh fire-extinguishing man & tax-collecting man --- why can't love be like this always?! *Or* better: give me your tired & diseased yearning for romance...

BARN-YARD BUDDIES

[Those folds to close...those clothes to fold.]

The enchanted women of Holland fuck with strong will & abandon. I've always admired them for it.

Living below sea level dampens a woman.

When I lived on a farm I was surrounded by farm animals --- these animals were my family members --- they comforted me in times of international warring when my country was engaged in revolt against our most hated enemies.

Hooray for my knockers! and The pit-falls of sharing --- I didn't attend college because those who do must be exceptionally intelligent. Da, my college education's really startin' to pay off with this toilet paper that's so soft, soothing & relaxing. It will be not

possible to stay awake whilst using it.

Sharing reduces the amount of something you get or your share. Some things shared make more, example: disease & racial intolerance. If I had a million I'd use 200 dollars of it to research disease cures, the rest to hunt down tax cheats. *Next*: A bitter memory: When I was a child my father had a friend who was a tax cheat. He enjoyed it claiming it made him feel good.

Let's all go to tsunami town & wave at people...just give them a big wave.

"You have beautiful knobs & cones, why don't you make something of yourself?"

"Thanks for the knob/cone compliment & for your concerns but I am well on my way to financial success with KNOB & CONE GEL! Just a dab of K & C will enliven, brighten & perk up your pouched sloggies. Why eat garbage when you can partake trash? Why ride Miss America when you can board Miss Tokyo?"

"It's true General Eisenhower: Only a broad can identify with the suffering of a transvestite since Western women wear pants, ties, button-down shirts & work boots."

Ike thought about that for the longest time.

"Hurry up ass-hole, we're losing another world war!"

I said in hopes of getting him off his pocked ass.

During my hours spent dead-tired, when I'm not suffering skin lesions or tooth delay or having my ass chawed hollowed, I enjoy evenings with my wife getting ear-fulls of her sorry job, sorry American bums & sorrowful moments in Vietnam. There are better ways to kill time but first we must torture it. {Wow 50 cents off on your next bottle of disinfectant! "Holp, I'm being disinfected by tunnel-dwelling ne're-do-wells!"}

If I ever have to kill a cop in self-defense, or out of boredom, I'll make it a head-shot, quick & painless, a win-win situation: well-needed target practice for me, one fewer pig in the world.

Not long ago, while having my sister inoculated, I willed myself back to a brilliant time of Bible doings when a man could sharple conquest roving hither and thither. If I'd ever killed a cop back then, for self-preservation or spite, it would be of Biblical significance. Fair Jesus would be made aware, His thoughts traced

Godward.

F. Red Fairfield {fr. a few pages back} enjoyed the dealings at the hock shop & loved to skin dive in Lake Huron, he wasn't aware of the one in Michigan. This is the self-same Fred Red Fair-etc. from Misty Falls {as mentioned previously} who loved Amanda: the woman with everything that was popular. Quick titted & mischievous, she knew the why's & what-for's of popularity. She'd never concealed those things what made her so. She could out-bone anyone and was comfortable undergoing minor surgery.

"Can't we be barn-yard pals? Must we be worked to lather like Roy Rogers did Trigger?" Yes, fenced-farm comrades, we'd always be as if a wedding had been amongst the clumps of shit. Who's behind such gatherings? Why, it's cardiologist Dr. F. Lee Hickson!"

"Eff me Nixon?!"

"No, F. *Lee* Hickson!"

"Say, he can be my yard barn slutty any time!"

"Flush safe," I bade. "It's like having a secret service man in the toilet with you!" {*Isnae* it a fine day? The *howes* bestrewed with the corpses of enemies slain.}

"Effly Higgins, have-a you always been a cardio-what'cha-ma-calls it?"

"Be ye ware," Effy Henderson spoke, "of those things eternal, the barn-yard enemies!"

BARN-YARD ENEMIES..."Do not attempt to corrupt my mind," I warned a desperate Jehovah's Witness, "I can witness shit for Jehovah without stepping foot in a Kingdom Hall!"

If you pray extra hard you'll be able to get extra stuff from God. God appreciates the added prayers & never forgets a favor, that's how Liberace became queer & why the Eiffel Tower is so ugly.

Clawing my ass like a tigress yet observing proper etiquette, as the opposite of improper etiquette, and pageant rulings, *Señorita Americana Norte* stunned the Great White World with unbiased bravery & single-minded purpose. She would be in front of efforts to de-nut strays & re-nut congress. Her barn-yard experiences did not afford her the luxury of wild walks on nature trails, dancing for

congressional men or feeling poles of the vaso-dilated.

Steve understood, as neighbor, that I was no friend to the racially intolerant & that I have a 6th sense in regards to tax cheats. He, in my company, minded his p's & q's knowing full well that if he so much as blurted nig or fifth amendment I'd chew his ass out but good.

"George Washington can't help you now!" I said to Martha in a dream last night as I pelted her with Mount Vernon-brand apples.

"Take that!" 'Ham Lincoln. "Here's meager pay-back for the landwrack!" Yelled I in a dream last night as I threw Martha Washington at him. Let us not sugar-coat our misgivings, for was it not the Lord what said: "I lay my life on the line as example."?

Why must we build shacks on muddy hillsides?
Manufacture bacon substitutes? Cover our gorgeous
bodies in spectacular evening gowns?

Often dinners wife-prepared include, but are not limited to, these shocking sideral effects: cramps, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, laxative dependency, severe pain, constipation, fainting, dehydration, electrolyte disorders, diverticulitis, dyslexia, eczema, refractory congestive heart failure, sinusitis, sciatica, religious doubts. --- "Would you be willing to roll my donuts while I adjust your neck joints?" A wife's friend bargained. "No," I said, "because it sounds adulterous."

UNQUENCHABLE, BURNING LUST ---

"Stick with me," the snot said to the toilet paper.

"Thru thick & thin," the toilet paper replied.

The way she moved taught me much about female body language. I'm no good at translations but it seemed her nipples were want for air, her other hidden areas were too struggling beneath her frilly gown. She held charge to unquenchable, burning lust, she was super-charged with sexual alacrity & sensual something or other. I knew early-on she would be an excitingly-aggressive lover or an aggressively-exciting one. Her name held a mysterious nature, I would call her Estrella at times & Anitra, Shawndrica & Lulu at others for some reason. Later she would engage me in "the monkey dance." This dance had its seductive side much like "the dolphin

spin" & "the dogs-in-heat tango."

Her world was one in which huge men could be large transvestites, Italians didn't have mafia connections & America only tortured itself.

"Wonderful! Better than a restaurant! If they made food as good as yours I'd have sex with the chef!" I told the wife in a rare display of praise-worthiness.

I desire to walk freely among men or women, breathing the same air, listening to the same bull-shit, united behind the White House jack-ass.

"Help police! That bum tried to force me to take his booze money!"

Self-love got you seeing double? Confused by the witless? Interested in all manner of "sexual harassment?" It's a celebration of sexhood, a ringing of bells and a how-do-you-do. Make way for "sexy harassment," the kind what brings cheer to beer, nose bleeds & outs perverts lurking in bushes. Say for fun: "You look pretty good in that sweater!" or "I can't help but to fantasize about you whilst peeling potatoes."

Admissions of a cornea thief...

Tell me something about how & why you steal corneas.

--- I steal corneas because I'm good at it and it's the only thing I know. I'm not "college educated." I have to steal corneas to feed my family ---

Your family *eats* corneas?

--- Yes & they love them.

Do you know what a cornea is?

--- No.

---Everyone makes a lot these days of sexualism & gender identity. Once, & only, I questioned mine. I was at the hypnosis center under the spell when I spoke of the next-door neighbor guy as my "wife." Everyone tittered especially with all the tit-related abuses suffered at the humane center for cruelty...Like an unsusped noodle I slithered onto the spicy side of our matrimonial bed. The wife laid there dead to the world as if killed by natural disaster, an unsalted walnut or as someone slain by Geo. Washington. She related several desertless abuses suchlike: killing Dracula by

hawthorn bush. I want to live a long life full of intrigue & political corruption devoted to tracking down & killing tax cheats, penal sodomy's too good fer 'em!

"No water or supper can slake the raising desire of my burning lust!"

"What about Miss America?"

"No! Not even the Miss of all Americas including the Falklands!"

"Well...perhaps...perhaps some day you'll experience fiery longing, unattainable elephant musth, the gorges of the Grand *Cañon*, plumbers on vacation, vacationing with plumbers & then suddenly returning to their offices. Latch on to the worst idea ever: one that even Miss America cannot conceal behind talent --- a talent so unattainable , so *cañon-profundo* & mild like the re-assuring babble of a lawyer, & Swiss-holed with a cheesy placenta,"

Perhaps this late, when I get to Cuba, there'll still be openings for education-brigade members in Camagüey, one still's hope, *revolución* is what it is, laxative dependency & conscription. I hate it when the bus driver has a heart attack.

She threaten'd to rub my ass with a bar of soap.

"You promised!"

"What?"

"To rub my ass with a bar of soap!"

"No I didn't! I *threatened* to do it!" or "Hey sexy cow-girl, want me to rub some salve on your saddle sores?"

Her barn-yard extremism haunted the *barm* felt, everybody enjoined a clasp at thr pipe yard, *bit* you canst stance the stunned nor plunge further the cripplement of the imbecilic...lyrical moorings, croodling *into the night life* {Henry Miller}, stop gaps & fuss-pots, currents off exchange, ameliorating penship, pissing in surges, protecting, drowning in air as had the *Phantom From Space*.

Oh Deare rub something the Wong way --- make me pine for *Chine* & all things Hunan. Protect your brain from crashes & don't lie with the penned: pigs & ducks spread the influenza from Hong Kong to Shen Yang.

Never a person who enjoyed dental work I was hesitant to submit

to more, even minor, tho it was, cleaning. I had a world of respect for the dentist. No one was more knowing in Saigonese & Viet Cong strategy. He'd been recommended me by a wife's friend, another 5-footer. I've always preferred my women 6 to 14 inches shorter than me. I have my reasons.

Every woman's yearning =
ARIZONA DREAM BOY, every man's best friend...I'm so excited I'm suffering from goose acne.

I was born in Arizona just as my mother's pregnancy was ending, I was a tall & robust baby. The delivering doctor said I'd grow to be in excess of 6 feet, but first they'd better get a diaper on me --- no telling the damage I could do to white shag carpeting. Once restrained I was instructed in language, math, history. It wouldn't be long if I didn't start tucking it in. My teachers were dumb-struck or -founded from early on & many committed suicide rather than to go on living. One who decided to {go on living}, was Mr. Timothy, he was a contrary individual who would not kill himself, perhaps he had Vietnamese nightmares or couldn't eat without utensils. {Prison is a waste of my precious time...fr. "Arizona Dream Boy"}.

One day was like any other & I wasn't about to let anybody chew my ass out & get away with it. If I had to fight the ass chewers --- spilling blood, crushing skulls, breaking ribs then so be it! True, I was a dreamy boy from Arizona, & sexy as a girl just off a bus, but I had an active mind & holy shit! I was going to prove it!

Finally we arrived beachside, mother had thrown up a lot because she had anorexia nervosa, father'd gotten lost & couldn't concentrate because he had bi-polarism, sister had attention-deficit, hyper-activity disorder & she had it bad. I told her stuff & couldn't remember it. Looks like I caught it from Sis. Maybe drugs *could* save me?

One day like I knew from nothing. My eggs were runny like an acne cyst. If I had a cat, I wouldn't have treated him humanely. Sadly, mercy could not be afforded Moslems, at least not with the current state of fourth generation warfare & what not.

Next: Cooking with *UN*-natural gas, the kind of which nature

never intended.

Help me if you must, just don't chew my ass out! For the sake of children I never engage in public matters that are better kept private. My private life is such: I work at the horse-food factory, play tennis with queers & love a woman twice my weight. I do not intend to marry outside my gender. I collect sperm cells as a hobby. My father died before he was born & I enjoy ridiculing people who have risen within the central government.

The French are so artistic --- what a Frenchy can do with a bar of soap is astounding --- everything but use it. Never one to know better I began my brand of "French." Sure, it was mostly farts & hisses, low groans, black-board gratings, cries for help, but God damn it, it was frog & the amphibians lifted their arms in *triumphe*. "Enough of that!" I begged. Pray I don't catch something uro-!

I'll never forget coming home after 2 weeks of honey-mooning in Scranton to find the house infested with niggers & not just the little ones that get into your underpants but big, woolly ones. I called professionals & they said that nigger infestation was on the rise. What to do? I say, kill them! Kill them all! Or, at least, subdue them somewhat. Either way it would be expensive. I asked if Ethel Merman were available. No, she had died in 1984. --- The Italians are such fine artists. Every thing they douche has a vinegary thrill to it. I'll never eat amour unless I can do it the "Italian way." {When the love hits your face like a fresh can of mace...}

Remember children & dumb ones: Jesus died for Christmas. He was crucified on a pole and gifts were placed around it --- that was the 1st Christmas tree. Later a heavily-bearded, obese, white man became Santa Claus as his midget friends were elves.

Fred Fairfield missed Amanda, they had lived in Misty Falls since February & now he was alone. Disheartened by her sudden mental illness, yet bolstered by penicillin, Fred moved cautiously thru nearby Holly Meadows for fear of waking the respectful teenagers who slept at the youth hostel. Never one to expose himself, he felt the need to expose the injustices in contemporary society. If only Amanda could be normal Fred could resume Christmas festivities in warming comfort or comforting warmth.

Quick-witted, inquisitive teenagers would be of use Fred reasoned. There've never been more in one place than at a youth hostel. Perhaps if several were engaged as detectives, gatherers & espionage specialists...but who could know? General Washington bathed in the river & Ambassador Franklin enjoyed San Quentin quail. So many complexities...

Mr. Timothy, a trustful teacher, often walked alone --- a true atheist, a right-thinking humanist, he knew which side faced north: yellow; which part tipped south: brown. You couldn't pool the bull over his thighs!

Last night I worshiped Jesus King crippled upon a tree. He was in no wise well. He had been bruised & put upon & unable to lower His arms. I suffered first watch {under God's total power}.

So much to enjoy in this wild world of take-it-or-leave-it: digging for treasure, eating left-overs, walking with my legs funny. {It's difficult to figger what's sure in this wide plane: leg transferrals, babish concerns, unfettered breast development, things suchlike...} For fun, somewhere other than the kitchen, beat the eggs out of 3 shits.

A MAN OF 76

"Not bad for a man of 76!" I said to the Nancy Reagan look-alike.

"It's lesbian-inspired torture," she said.

"Convolutaceous," I added tho neither of us knew what it meant.

"Are you still planning the Mexican whore-house trip?"

"Yes. Won't you please join me?!"

"No," she said sternly, "I can not!"

So that was that, I'd have to experience Mexican whores alone, forlorn, with barely a grasp of Mexy slang, Mexy sex: which I believed *had* changed since 1972.

"Don't regret too right."

"I won't. I'll be with whores but thinking of you," said I somber-like.

"Yes, how sweet...better go."

I would not see her again, the road was lined with whores. The president was a whore. As long as they don't chew my ass out what

do I care?

The day after Xmas 2005: Help! I've gone totally nuts for God! This was the Xmas that pushed me over. I was just sitting at home eating a meal, thanking nobody but myself when *the voice of terror* {God} struck fear into my wife, it could've been nazis, the self-same ones that Sherlock & Watson Holmes had to deal with in *Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror* {1942}.

I am not a superstitious transvestite but when God speaks you'd better prick up your ears & everything & listen. The citizens' band radio nudes {buffs} used to ask: "Have you got your ears on?" Then, they were just a bunch of sodomy-loving neighbors, friends, family & loved ones. The decapitated Julia Child or some moron during the American Revulsion said most eloquently: "I have butt."

Cats: neutered, spayed, all kinds of stuff done to them. Look out, here comes another self-confident *catterino*! Breaking the back of a membrane, remembrances of Goliad: the fire-wood fiasco.

THE DAY LASSIE BIT ME

One day I was picking dandelions for poor children when Lassie clamped down on my ass. I let out a loud, defensive fart temporarily stunning the bitch. Moving to a safe spot I assessed my wounds which weren't too serious. Lassie was wobbly & incoherent so I smashed in her skull with a brick.

The day I was attacked by Rudd Weatherwax, jr. {Lassie's husband}. One day I was picking pockets when I felt R.W., jr. clamp down on my ass, etc.

The day I retaliated against various people at the insane asylum. --- All was well & peaceful at the insane asylum & the brooms were put away for the evening. The crazies were all sitting around the T.V. urinating thru their clothes whilst the warders played grab-ass or stink-finger or whatever they call it in these days o' double-speak. I'm no Paul Bunyan {or Regis Philbin or Cloris Leachman} but when it comes to getting the job done oftentimes I'm hard to come by, but not today --- Today I'll fix 'em with vasectomies.

Lovingly I vomited my love oaths & they gushed projecting everlasting love. My girlfriend loved it & rolled around like a beagle, then like a monkey, then like a beagle again.

The day Hairy-Ass True Man tried to give me a nelson or a wedgy. --- I was sitting up when it all went down. Snuck from behind up on I was shocked by surprise as lifted my undies became into the all-crack zone of my crevasse . I shifted my bun weight averting serious rope burn & rolled around like a beagle, then like a girlfriend, then like a monkey.

Give someone a hug today except lepers, stay away from them because they're lepers.

My old mother complained of pain & her car & a number of things. I enticed her into a shed. She'll be safe here, I reasoned, pad-locked till morning.

Full bust'd --- deep cunted --- FUN AT PARTIES! Now hiring out sexy women all legs & teeth! Dine out or eat in, swim, apply a hair piece, swive me about the sweet breads, witness a moider, collect a rare disease that's tropical in nature.

Toist of the Town = her keepers are whoppers, her whoppers are arm-loaded down for easy totin' --- Don't kill no one who ain't attacked you *foist* or stole your shit. {Fully registered @ K-Mart & ready for love. My K-days are over as I inter-net my access up in the distance...}

For fun: brush teeth backwards. For an even greater sense of fun tighten underpants with a tourniquet what like they used to free Irak, Somaliland, Haiti, Panama & many other once-sovereign countries.

Gen. Ob. {*general observation*}: Few of us enjoy underpants that bind, grab & twist. My family was so poor I had to sneak up on cows & steal their milk.

Orange City: Facing the day daily with a confident, full-head of hair, as teen-agers day dream: I didn't ask to be born. All's peaceful & quiet save a bird singing outside my window. I wish I had some bird poison what with these big pot-guts on my ass, large pots of dago simmering in Mary Grace's kitchen, several mobsters kicking someone once they're down, a crooked president collecting bribes. It's a bribe-collecting, kicking-someone, big-pots July. I remember July 7, 1977 when people bet 7s in Pennsylvania's rip-off lottery. [Nobody dared blame Milton Shapp, one-time, maybe 2-time governor.]

Nextly: How to make the back of your house look like the front of your house, or: How to make the front of your ass look like the back.

Never will I regret our loving nite of passion. You tried to leave or even escape which you claim is now in fashion. I held on tight with all my might to wrists & swollen ankles. You wouldn't shut up so I called the cops, & Never will I regret our passionate rite of loving --- your kisses, hugs & recriminations & all that goddamned yelling. You bitched & carped, raved & ranted. Your ass hit the floor like the room was slanted. You wore nothing except your clothes --- covering your cunt, tits & toes. Walking about on your legs like you do, using your feet one in each shoe. Negotiating turns, driving a car on the turnpike. You act a lot like some cross-dressing bull lesbian --- Sudden-like this thing has hit me unlike the DAY LASSIE BIT ME...

NEVER WILL I FORGET our passionate night of bowlin'

I placed a ringer on your finger
Now it's greened & swollen
You looked at me with mournful eyes
Eyes which could not linger
Like ever-largening cherry pies
Even redder than my dinger

NEVER WILL I FORGET OUR PASSIONATE NITE OF
KISSING

I placed my lips upon your lips now I see one is missing
You looked at me with your one good eye
An expression so strange & telling
If someone bit off my lower lip you'd hear a hell of a lot of yelling

NEVER WILL I FORGET OUR PASSIONATE NITE OF
WALKING

We walked & walked in sun, in rain
Was not the lightning shocking?
It knocked you down to the ground
My poor, poor burned-black lover

You didn't breathe, you didn't move
As I ran so fast for cover

NEVER WILL I FORGET THE INJURIES YOU SUFFERED

The shattered bones, the puffy flesh
Your legs & arms & numbness
Your mother cried o why o why
Till your father could not take it
Seems a lot of people visited you
Sorry I couldn't make it

AT THE DINNER TABLE I really started feeding

Eating everything what came my way
Till my nose holes started bleeding
I filled up fast & nauseous like some guy named Luke
I heaved & heaved for quite some time till finally I had to throw up

TODAY WAS A DAY just like there's been no other

At home was I, my dog & cat & poor decrepit mother
She suffers the cold & flu & sometimes allergic reaction
The dust & mites, mold & fleas & the odd-ball, molar impaction
Her sinuses cannot tolerate my half-blind dog named Lucus
Her head swells, her chest heaves as well as an increase in mucus

HELPING AN OLD WOMAN ACROSS THE STREET is a lot
different than helping yourself to an old woman...across the street.
{R.J. + R.X. Thripp}

DEAR MOVIE EXPERT

1. Did Humphrey Bogart become lion shit in *The Wagons Roll at Night*?

--- No, but he was mauled & died as a result. His body was not digested by killer lion Caesar though.

2. Did Eddie Albert pork Sylvia Sidney in *The Wagons Roll at Night*?

--- There was no porking in the movie. Incidentally, Albert ends up pawing a young & toothy Joan Leslie {playing Bogart's sister}.

3. Did Sylvia Sidney abort Nick's {Bogart's} baby in *The Wagons Roll at Night*?

--- No. There was no mention of a baby although Sidney played an unporked fortune teller.

FISHING WITH ANNETTE --- Yesterday I fished with Annette. We caught many bass & 3 carp. Annette was very pleased but had to throw up anyway for reasons unrelated to anything that happened in the boat.

TOO MANY WOMEN

I used to think that having to bed a different woman every night was a pain in the cock. So much emphasis on performance. It's so hard, or should I say difficult, keeping women in line, once one strays she must be harshly disciplined as a living example to the others or in the case of the mafia: not so living. One night I had to do a 19-yr.-old gal in a hurry. Her dad was a trapeze artist & her mother had lost 2 toes to diabetes, a diabetic elephant had stepped on her foot. Any f,' this gal was anxious to have it done with, so I put the hammer down. The next night, different motel & different strumpet, when I suddenly remembered the elephant story. I laughed so hard I nearly had cardiac arrest. It just goes to prove: there are too many women or are there? Yes there are...

In my new book, *Gay Fire*, I delve deeply into those 8 turbulent years of Bill Clinton.

In my new book, *Homosexual-Lesbian, Dyke, Muff-Diving Criminal*, I delve into those 8 turbulent years of Hillary Clinton.

BUZZ & ME

"Would you like to use the lunar-command module?" Buzz asked.

"Thanks Buzz, I think I will!"

Later Buzz asked: "Would you like to use the lunar rover?"

"Thanks Buzz, I think I will!"

NEIL ARMSTRONG & ME

"Would you like to monitor the lunar surface?" Neil Armstrong asked.

"Who are you & what have you done with Buzz?"
and LATER {on another mission}: "Buzz, where are you?"
"I'm operating the guidance mode."
"Where's Neil Armstrong?"
"He's operating the command mode."
"Where's that?"
"In the shit house."

NEIL ARMSTRONG & MY BROTHER

N.A. to my bro: "Would you like mustard on your weenie?"

"Watch it Neil!" I cautioned, "My brother's more of a burger man..."

THE DAY STEVE CAME OVER

I'd been preparing for Steve's visit, he's our neighbor, for quite some time. I'd cleaned the toilet thoroly & all the plates, spoons & forks, Steve would be pleased. Then I vacuumed everything that stood still. If I had a cat I would've put it out & the stinking shit box but I don't so that was something I didn't have to be concerned about. I'd planned Steve's visit for noon, any earlier & I couldn't've coped.

Steve arrived at 12:02 & we sat down, or at least he did, for a sumptuous lunch with wine followed by dessert, a short film & prostitutes. By 5 Steve was headed out: "We ought to get together again sometime!"

"No way Steve!" I said. He laughed: "No, really."

"Steve," I began, "if you ever come to my house again I'll shoot you repeatedly." Next: Preparing For Some Guy From Work Who's Dropping By.

RACHEL CARSON "worked" for the central govt...& in 1962 published a "book" *Silent Spring* about the under-handedness in America's box spring mattress industry. In 1964 she was eaten by snakes.

See also Carson, Rachel {1907-64}, Snake Taunter.

SECRET PANTIES

She had lived a private & secretive life for years. Her breasts were delightful & her legs, hips & on-her-way-out portions too. She'd lived for many years with her diminishing beauty unaware of a package of unopened panties in a box tucked away in the attic. When questioned by the government the subject hadn't come up or when asked by her doctor for a stool sample or by the pool man for a water sample. The secret panties remained what they'd always been: a mystery. {Or: The mystery panties remained what they'd always been: a secret.}

ATTACKED BY SECRET PANTIES

Throughout the time her panties were stored, forgotten, unopened, Gloria Johnson lived an active, single life. Her panties were inanimate & thus incapable of attacking anybody, but one night, when things were moist & virginal, Gloria felt a strange sensation: that just such a thing was possible.

SADNESS

Timmy asks: "Why is the bathroom specialist so sad? And why's he squatting over a coffee can behind that tree stump?"

"Because Timmy, he, the bathroom specialist, has spent so much time hooking up toilets for others he's neglected to provide a toilet for himself."

"Holy Christ, that is sad!"

CARY GRANT SAT MOTIONLESS as the mayor proclaimed it Cary Grant Day. He would receive the *keys* to the city & a *plaque* saying he was better than a wino {or: He would receive the keys to the city & a plaque saying he was better than Ed Sullivan.}. He rose mechanically, when time came to say some thankful stuff, and approached the podium. Hissing & crackling sounds he began with then whirring, sparking pops & scratchy phonograph record-like noises. Smoke wafted from his nose holes {nostrils} & one eye grew dark {opaque}. He raised his left hand to cover it for the lid had locked at a peculiar angle. By this time a burning-tire smell was coming out his ears. Some suggested it wasn't Cary Grant but merely a cleverly-designed machine. They couldn't have been

more mistaken because that nite was his honeymoon & he didn't mess up at all.

COW SCRAPS...Scraps of cow littered the butcher shop's floor. "I'm not that kind of a girl!" The butcher man's hot date said. "What kind are you?"; "The kind who knows how to get the most out of 180 lbs. of ground meat."

It's not what I didn't say but how I didn't say it.

PLUMBING FOR LOVE

So many people engaged in the plumbing profession, often single men with sexual deformities. They're unable to perform in any manner --- more worthless than castrates they are. Often you'll run across a "married" plumber only to find his "wife" is just some other plumber in drag. It's so sad only because it's so common.

FALLOPIA: the girl with the tubes...We met in a tunnel. She had many tubes.

On her face she wore a variety of rouges,

Reminding me of 2 or 3 of the Stooges.

She had a low-slung ass & was broad in the beam.

She carried a pocket comb & a pair of scissors.

She prided herself on fast & accurate results.

I believe she knew the meaning of auto calibration.

Once, whilst in the throes of dispassionate love,

she pulled an alligator from her purse.

Of course it was small...you couldn't fit a

full-grown one in a purse.

If ever I suffer from myopia,

I will no longer see Fallopia.

UTERA: the girl with a uterus. She's all girl --- she's got a uterus!

Bragging about her uterus, Utera found herself addressing a crowd outside a butcher shop. "We want chicken prices to come down!"

They shouted.

"I too," proclaimed Utera, "would like to see poultry prices stabilize."

"Utera?" Questioned one innocent chicken buyer. "What's up with gas prices?"

"The war in Iraq for one, altho whipping countries with a shit load of oil should bring prices down you'd think."

And months before: I would eat my dinner out of a bucket for you. I would allow buckets to become a regular part of my life, more so than now. My money would be stored in them & family heirlooms, worker-men's compensation &, cross your fingers, my lottery-lucky tickets what supported education in Florida.

"You'll never work again," the dr. warned, "unless you give up your life in buckets."

"You're crazy," I responded from a giant bucket. "I'll never forsake my buckets. I'll die in buckets!" {My feet are so heavy what with the add'd wt. of beautifully-accentuated toe nails. The rims of my adenoids & the shoals of my swelter hole, the cliffs of my gob & Mt. Cream Cheese, snugly attached parts too, all in one bucket.} My left knee itches. My right ear twitches.

THE THREATENING DRIVING TEACHER, Elvis died for our sins as Jesus makes 30 stupid movies...

Let's listen in {to the driving teacher}: "Wait for the light to change or I'll rip your pancreas out!" --- Pretty threatening wouldn't you say? & later {same teacher talking}... "How'd you like it if I pushed my foot half-way up your ass?!" --- Wow, that is super threatening. Wait till you hear what's next: "You give me a look like that again & I'll drive this car, like a proctologist, up your ass!" --- Graphic heh? You really get a sense of the threatening manner this guy uses. If that wasn't enough..."Brake! The next time I say brake you better brake or I'll walk an elephant across your wind pipe!" --- That is extremely threatening especially when you realize how heavy an elephant must be, even a small one!

SWEET MONKEY LOVE...There's a little pygmy in all of us. I don't know his name...

The sweetest love I've ever known, even sweeter than a wife's attentive touch, has been sweet monkey love. My first monkey-love experience happened at the zoo. I had been greasing weasels

when a lonely monkey caught my eye. I never learned of what sex it was but I'd like to believe it female. Any *hoo* we made sweet monkey love till several other monkeys attacked us. I'll never forget my first monkey lover. I'll never know another monkey sweeter. There's a special place in my heart, the infarcted part, for my monkey honey.

SWEET-FIGHTING MONKEY {Wild & constipated}...

Girls come & go but a monkey's love is no one-way street. One day I was at Wal-Mart greasing weasels when a c.s.m. attacked my ass. I was somewhat appalled & wished K-Mart was still around.

News of an exciting Easter. Once Easter arrives I'll use nothing but rope of durable 100% polypropylene.

MY PROTECTRIX & I, we prepared for the most exciting Easter ever! It'd be an Easter that'd kick in the testicles all Easters past. We'd celebrate the Christian feast of the slain, the car-less, the idiots & apartment dwellers. Her purse would be heavy with Kate Smith's meat: rhino, chimp, polar bear. I'd hang myself on her wordiness. Her ass, her aspirations, her message to all Israelites. Never would I doubt her, nor could I resolve the differences between my Mohammedan bros. & the one-worlders.

SELF-MASSAGE IN A PARKING LOT...This can be particularly relaxing alone or with the police demanding identification. Local self-massage involves: the right to an attorney or to have one present during massaging.

Beginning! Begin w/s.m. {self massage} by locating hands, place these palms down over targeted areas, with direct pressure {d.p.} smooth blood clots from distended appendage. Use shoe lace if necessary. Call for ambulance.

Remove Fungus the \$99-way! For under a 100 bucks you can remove fungus! How? Buy the guaranteed \$99 fungus remover. Not available in fungus stores. This offer is limited to 5 million orders --- so hurry before your crack snaps! {??}

Mole Retrievers Needed. Experience a plus. Requirements = ability to pursue moles & vermin in underground situations, small

pointed head, long arms & short legs. Apply @ county mole complex you freakin' Morlock!

ONCE THERE WAS A COP made entirely of toilet paper. Whilst walking his beat he was shot. The emergency room physician approached the cop's wife. "Doctor," she cried, "is he going to be alright?"

"Yes, fortunately there was only slight tissue damage."

Once there was a cop made entirely out of dog food. Whilst walking his beat he was shot. The emergency room physician approached the cop's wife. "Doctor," she cried, "is he going to be alright?"

"Your husband took a bullet below the waist."

"Oh my God!"

"I'm sorry but his kibbles were shot off."

FREUDIAN MA

"Though my pimp may control my body he doesn't control my mind."

"What're you talkin' about Ma?"

"Oh, nothin.'"

MY MIXED BERRIES: It's like a 2-4-1 sale in my fruit drawers! Sun: the external giver of life. Tho far from Earth it provides us with light, heat & tanned, attractive berries. The weather looks inclement but my berries are firm & juicy! Try my mixed berries --- they are a mixed blessing!

PUSHY WIFE

My wife's been on my case for 10 years pushing me to get a sex-change operation. 10 years! Once she asked what I wanted for Xmas. Jokingly I said, "anything but a sex-change operation!" She exploded into little sex-change tears. It seems she had been saving for years -- had the Swiss doctor & clinic all arranged. She'd even been secretly slipping me hormones. I tried to smooth things over telling her I'd think about it. "But you promised!" She sobbed.

"When?" I asked flabbergasted. "In my sleep?"

"Yes! And also in our marriage vows!"

"*Our* marriage vows?!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Here look!" And from inside her panties snuggled against her brunette pussy hair she produced our marriage vows, they were a bit stained but nonetheless from them she read: "Do you {my name} take this woman {hers} in sickness & health, through richness & sex-change surgery ---

"What?! Lemme see that!" But she'd put it back before I could. "I'll get it later when you're asleep!"

"Just have the surgery, have it, be done with it!" She begged.

"Why don't you have it?" I railed.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"The doctor says you should only have one sex change in a lifetime & I already did."

Boy was I ever surprised.

ROMANTIC STEVE IS BACK & he's more romantic than ever. It's almost like he never left us. Never minding he's older & uglier.

Romantic Steve was at an age where romance didn't come from his largely-swollen nuts but from his largely-swollen heart.

"Oh Romantic Steve," spoke sweetly his new, vivacious lover, "you are every woman's jack hammer, every man's adjustable pliers."

"You're one crazy ho," Romantic Steve said as he amended his medi-care application.

HOW TO MATE WITH PORCUPINES {Other porcupines do it, why can't you?} Experience the pleasure of all God's creatures with the magic doings of bestial delight. You'll be nunning like a run. You'll feel like Bess Truman at the post ofc., Lilian Hellman tying her shoes or Oscar Wilde doing his thing.

Once there was a cop made exclusively of THE PUTRID REMAINS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and whilst shuffling to the beat a piano fell upon him. He was crushed to little more than a powdered sugar. His sugary remains were analysed &

manufactured in bulk eventually ending up in diners in small packets as a sugar substitute across North America.

By now millions of happy diners have sweetened their coffee with this uniquely derived blend of synthetic Lincoln corpse material & police know-all.

"Doctor," the cop's wife cried, "is my hubby going to be o.k.?"

"Yes," said the quack, "he gonna be jes' fine. Now you alls goes home & gets some sleep ya hears?!"

"Oh Lord Frank!" Hysterically rattled she was. "His kibbles have been shot off!"

--- Forever awaiting ass holes beneath me --- a world rotating its own way. Born alone {save mom & the delivery room staff}, die alone {different people likely}.

60 degrees in Florida in December is bundle-up-fucking-cold weather. In New York it's do-a-titty-dance-on-your-car-hood.

UNFLATTENED OR FLATTENED EYE CARE

It's hard to have sex-change surgeries year after year, back & forth till finally doctors warn against it, even ones in Mexico. And you know that if Mexican doctors are unwilling then it's impossible to get Brazilian ones to do anything. That's the beauty of Brazilian physicians: they never second-guess their Mexican cohorts. It's too bad how normal some can be whilst others are extremely abnormal. We must strive very hardily to understand our perverted brothers & sisters. They are demanding tolerance. Let us stay normal but not at anybody's expense. Talent runs screaming & crying from Bob Zimmerman Dylan, untapped, untrapped, a soldier & stranger to winning & wit.

Thru the years I've learnt a lot about what's involved in pleasing "a woman." They're not like rodents. It's not the same as, "can you train my hamster Mister?" or, "My rat's an idiot!" As a married "man" I've reached the point whereat a shit *is* all I have left to give.

It's an unflattering world of un- & flattened eye care --- a caring eye & a resentless ear, a slap on the ass & 2 lungs that bellow.

When the time arrives to throw my arms or legs wide & embrace the next new, correct way of behaving then I will with an exuberance that confuses or confounds { same thing}. This'll cause

universal approval of the stuff that is what I do. I shall be cock-sure & frog-legged, but more cock-sure than frog likened...

Notation from the past: Today: threw diaper at baby sitter.

“Stick it up your ass & whistle,” were the instructions we live with, given by the most holy. They apply to the exotic & esoteric & the other things that are less so {exo- & eso-}. I think in Mexico things are best Spanish.

The trewth {*obsolete*: truth} will set you free after it locks you away 10 years...Let us never deviate from the Lincoln: a government {centralized not federated} by the people {except Southerners}, for the people {Northerners} shall not perish from Earth. Let us Lincoln our asses welt-red swollen. Let us open our bowels & bladders upon Lincoln.

STICK OF LOVE; STICK OF HATE

I couldn't stick to it: the medication, the medical demands either. It's a far better thing I do, this sliding & buttressing, harnessing, the threatening of each other with court dates, what with the courting & dating, spooning --- forking --- knifing like do the Japanese who are gun-deprived. They'd sooner stab a problem to death than deal whiteys' way --- the trance to all hypno-bargaining & heartfelt health.

A million hands handling & handing about handfuls of *nudeness* & showy biz involved within the tight confines of properly handled *nudefulness*. Once the clothes fly free & the limbs & ports, shafts & ratcheted parts streak by {in a dash of color} there's little left {exterior-wise} to picture. It's enough to shoot a date, shot to hell & then some, ruinous to candle-lit romance or a Pittsburgh weekend...A love struck & neutralized, epoxied upon hateful intent, one degraded. Let us follow doctors, judges & congressmen. Let us be spectators, vote & shunt ourselves away.

A BACON OF LIFE to cull forth shits at sea. To guide them & protect from ham's way. An egging man gimme 2 quarters. A tiny woman no nigger than a nimble. Flies feeling my leg --- yes very leggy! How convenient for them! Every Walter Reuther & his brother. Science ain't helping me out much @ all. Nearly every day

@ sea now the seas a-rising like rising pizza dough w/eggs & pigeon crap. Lately @ the Elks' Lodge: Any Elks around? Go fuck yourself, we're fucking Masons! [Now & forevermore only Masons be free.]

Betray the revolution, the blood of a zillion Amerindians. Savagely the head hunter ripp'd into me, my head he hunted but I hid it too well & after a half hour or so he fucking gave up. Surely that's obvious by the heady protuberant growth sprouting from my fucking neck. Dumb-asses & dip shits together @ last eating macaroni purposely dumped on the greasy floor. "Nothin' doin'!" said the whore. "Gotta draw the line somewheres."

THINGS SURE HAVE CHANGED for me since thirty yrs. ago when I was the age of my 7-yr.-old son. At 37, unlike 7, I do all my urinating in the bathroom { 80 p.c. toilet, 20 p.c. tub drain}. Exceptions: scary movie, funny movie, w/scary movie: scared shitless. Next week my eighty-five vs. fifteen p.c. crap stats.

ARE WOMEN GETTING DUMBER? All signs say yes. Recent anecdotal evidence culled from bars & Y.M.C.A.'s reveal women are more cuntier & bitchier too.

STEVE & I had always been good, close friends but not butt buddies or anything like that. Steve was a rugged, burly man with a well-developed physique. He had a birth mark on his leg which he hid w/the diamond tennis ankle bracelet I'd given him for Xmas. We lived a quiet life in our up-scale, one-bedroom apartment dividing our time between weight-lifting, coal mining & chasing women. One Saturday after doing the dishes: I washed, he dried, Steve suggested we take in a porno movie & hit the sack early. "Fine by me pal!" I said as I kicked the shit out of him.

NATURE'S MOST-NATURAL WAY {The blender is the easiest household appliance to clean. All you've got to do is threaten to put someone's hand in it if they don't clean it.} Help is just a foot stool away! {I'll kill you with kindness or without.} Helpful, that's what I am. People complain but I don't.

My mission is to help, aid & assist which all mean the same thing. If you need help teaching your teen-age daughter the do's & don't's of dating I can help --- or, for Oriental women only: help choosing lingerie, let me know. I worked in the lingerie dept. of a well-known store for years. Bras, panties: briefs, bikinis & thongs & for you full-figured gals: I can't help. I know nothing.

Whether I'm shaving my face or jumping up & down like an idiot, your dogs are less likely to shit in my house if they're out in the yard, {*in my house?*}.

Out back behind something, a tree, I carved my name & yours in a heart. It will stand as a warning to other mem {*yes mem*}, that you are sexually involved with my ass. People who wanna poke you repeatedly, better see the carving in the tree binding your cavernous depths to me. {Last part, poetic.}

There's no better lunch than a sandwich & crackers, unless it's a sandwich made of glass shards, allen wrenches & Phillips' screw drivers.

Whether shaving my rear end, pulling sticks out or jumping about like an imbecile I'll never forsake the naturalness of nature, the nature faker, a nature philosophy, or even naturism, less I forget naturopathy & any number of things. They say, the can do, that Genuine Faygo Cola is Dee~licious. I agree with the Italians what owns Faygo...You're likely saying: "F' with me & I'll cut'cha!" Calm down! I'm not effin' wit'cha! I'm gettin' real! Honest Native American I'm telling it straight waz up? Waz up? Everybody loves tofu, it's true! Tofu soup, spread on crackers and a 1,000 other applications. One day whilst changing my disgustingly-stained drawers I inadvertently scooped a gob of tofu from a nearby pot & applied it as anybody would upon my rape-date area, Boy Howdy! You could've killed me with a gun! The tofu stuck. It clung to my body like {insert joke}...I was sold...into slavery that afternoon & still the tofu remained. It's better than 4 yrs. of Jimmy Carter...& speaking of that {Jimmy Carter}, you might be surprised to know that just a couple of minutes of crapping can release the accumulated fecal matter accumulating within the body, same goes for pissing except you'd substitute urine & who'd wanna go that way?

"I'm on the road to fucking recovery!" Proclaimed I before the med. establishment.

"I object to the language," learned dr. *A* exclaimed. "We in the medical establishment prefer the fucking word rehabilitation."

I love my wife with all my heart & if I ever get a heart transplant I'll transplant that love to my new heart or she can go to hell. She's a crispy cookie or more like a pretzel log {or *Quetta* in Baluchistan, Pakistan}. I never been much of a fan of sister bang, *still* like one you make whiskey at. It hadn't crossed my mind a meteor or meatier or meet her sometime when wifey's diving for nickels. I can't divulge my twenty {truckers' talk for you-are-here} till the heat lifts {cops quit}.

Does your house satisfy basic needs: eat, sleep & shit? Do you plan on living "there"? {Your next place.} What about children? Is there room to entertain neighbors' kids? And what about felonies? All things must be considered when purchasing a new house. Ask yourself these questions, but not out loud in public unless you have a T.V. remote or anything to talk into to make it look like you got a cell phone, question #1. Will I be keeping 30 cats or more? #2. Am I going to further my medical research? #3. Will I be out of town during black misery month? #4. Are all these questions necessary? If you answered yes to all but one or no to none except one or no to half & not sure to half, or you skipped 3 & answered with a smiley face to the remainder or you fell asleep or threw up on the test or suffered a hematoma or used the page to skin one of your 30 cats on then disregard this notice.

The heterosexual poetry of Walt Whitman...Let's listen in! {It's like you're really there with Walt listening in!}

Upon his crimson lips I place a single kiss

He moves not his tawny limbs, he stirs not his intestinal receptors.

Were it for naught I'd trap his feverish exhalations,

unfasten his manly restraints & caress his stalactites...

"Hey! That didn't sound so heterosexual to me!" Next: The homo-erotic poetry of Walt Whitman. Let's have a gander!

Her bosom heaved & sighed. Her milked orbs lazed in the sauna entirely drained.

She'd been at it all the morning, pumping,
pelvic thrusts, open-pit mining...

"Yeah! That's mo' like it!"

To make up for some element lacking the pigs plant guns on those lying shot dead. The pigs at the trough, the black market, retirement @ 40. 20 years of pig work, wallowing about the pig stigh, dirt from shriveled scrotum to eye balls; homo-eros, hiding behind a tree...

I comforted Shereka the only way, the Oleg Cassini way I knew how, with a long ride thru the woods. Like other mares she was beside herself with excitement at the prospect of a mounting. I hunkered down tightly in the saddle & gave her ribs the boot. I rode her wet. What a memorable riding, & not at all a sexual experience for the both of us. Later I'd secretly photograph her in the shower, lathering up everywhere.

Sultry Sex Kitten...Describing mother during her show biz days as a sultry sex kitten or a Negress with attitude or the Winston S. Churchill of strip teasers because, "when I'm not snorting coke or smoking weed, engaging in hormonally-traumatic Mexi-sex I'm fulfilling my duties as a volunteer grief talker at the suicide entrapment center.

"You see what I mean? It ain't right! It just ain't right!"

"I know Tyler, Taylor, Madison or whatever your asshole name is."

Something rubs me the wrong way about the I.R.S. {I should write it in lower case letters i.r.s. to show disrespect but I won't}.

Before time travel, people had to tolerate things as they happened. I was never a fan of that. Wasn't it Jesus who asked: "Father, why have you forsaken me?" I believe it was & He said also: "Follow me to the grave for eternal life." Jesus lived a long time ago like the Buddha & the vikings. The sands of time do nothing for the psoriasis on my knees but the Bible follies encourage me without end.

Attack of Bing Crosby before he died...Bing Crosby was sometimes angry before he died {& maybe after}...he didn't like children, hated Christmas, Christ & Christmas & would often lock himself in a trailer armed with tender voice & rifles. "I never

understood any of this," Bing told Bob, "sometimes I think it's not too late to kill all the enemies of our free republic." Bob just looked at him barely acknowledging anything but the task at hand: snortin' coke.

A thing you don't want to hear after brain surgery. The surgeon speaks: "There was never anything wrong with your brain."

Sweet Diabetes: The fun disease: How one man turned his love for diabetes into a 15-minute exercise program starring his wife & a neighbor woman. Then, as constantly as it started, it stopped. Take a leak now leisurely or later in a dance against the clock.

Diabetes: no fun at all...most diseases have a lot going for them: Jerry Lewis acted deranged for years until he became a millionaire {alt. sp.}. Robin Wms. flails his limbs to ward off genital herpes & for other reasons but when it comes to diabetes I'd rather kill my uncle with kindness or look up the 1st wife for a little sweet time. Diabetes is more than a wasted night with the wife, a punch in the scrotum, a mixed-up night of romantic intrigue, or delivering a midget on time. It's a blue vein, a red nodule, a sebacious cyst on the back of my cheesy neck.

Alive, well or dead {nobody comes back from the dead, nor dies on the operating table several times} --- I'm told where there's life there's hope by religious types enthusiastically talking of death & the great beyond. I've seen corpses & wished people dead but with no authority granted by me they keep living {to my chargin}. There's life after 60, painfully disjointed. Life begins at 40 so shut up. My feelings are changing to a non-logical reasoning. As long as medical advancements back me & local queer chapters, I'll be feminizing more than my accoutrement.

GIANT AMONGST FISH {I'll never forget the day M.L. King, jnr. died, whenever that was.}

There have been many reasons to have corrective eye surgery. The most important is to improve vision. I would be hesitant, esp. during black misery month, to have my eyes surgically violated for kicks, out of boredom, to satisfy a wager or because someone at the laundromat said it's not a bad idea...

I'm turned on by the way a woman carries herself: upright.

Women in wheel chairs, on gurneys, stretchers or in coffins don't float my boat. I prefer women with straight vision problems or real blindness. {Her kisses were like spackle to an unputtied joint.}

Solid families with economically-vibrant lifestyles, full of raw nerve & courage & spiritual integrity, in touch with Lord Prince Jesus, God of Xtianity, and worshipful of Jesus {which I'm all for} are alive in my town's humble house of prayer. Jesus died so that we all may have everlasting life & live till 70. God gave His son to the Italians to kill & altho I enjoy a plate of spaghetti & shaving my upper lip I will never forget the way they killed Jesus. I think his name was Luigi or Guillermo, the guy who killed Jesus.

I only use soap that kills hand germs, soap that turns crack'd, brittle nails into smooth, iron fork tines. Recently, whilst arranging the cremation of some people, I stumbled upon a Lincoln curiosity from one of his personal letters: "Dear Bosie: Hope this letter finds you well. I'll be in Cleveland the 27th. P.S., Don't tell anybody about me being a homosexual."

Ah-ha!!! This proves once & for all what I've maintained for decades! Oh the nay-sayers: Where's your proof? *Well!* Here's my proof! Lincoln *was* in Cleveland on the 27th!

While chawing through her massive dessert offerings, her cheese, her various dairy-related things & churning out loving prayers to a loving God who gave His only Son, I damn those Italians! They killed the love out of Jesus & now He's got no love left. A love lost is no religious matter.

One way to get all the ham & most of the eggs is to insert the subject of venereal disease into the breakfast-table conversation. Mention the discharges associated with gonorrhea & the chancres of syphillis & which of these diseases the cook *might* have. Before you know it you'll be breakfasting alone, larger than life & in control of the condiments.

And 2 days later: Look at this guy! He's suffering from traumatic shock...& him, over there, he's been given several abdominal thrusts yet to no avail. "My God," you realize, "it's the syphillitic cook! He's fallen on hard times & his cooking days are over!"

There's no time to think of breakfast or marriage, the cook needs immediate kitchen-staff attention. Just then you realize none of the

bus boys have comprehensive medical training & none of your waitresses are willing to date you for any reason. You find close physical relations awkward & you've never had a "steady" girlfriend, all yours have been wobbly.

...The wobbliness & the ease at which I bury loved ones...when you live near a cemetery death becomes a neighbor, a very quiet one: no loud fn' nigger-nigger rap music with gratuitous usage of words nigger & fuck. Cemetery life is slow-paced; not much going on. There's no fighting amongst the dead. It's got that Salvation Army flop-house quality to it without the crabs. Yes, when it comes to tranquility nothing compares with the bone yard except every once in awhile when they try to bury someone not dead. He shuts up once you've hit him with a shovel. How long you been shaving your legs? Ten minutes.

AN ARAB ISRAEL

I used to love a 17-year-old girl whose name was Eilene. She had long, brown hair, regular-sized, brown eyes & stood 5 feet & 7 inches once I removed her clothes. I loved her most & best once her clothes were removed. When we'd meet in a doctor's call room at the hospital, where we worked loading trays or whatever the fuck we did, I'd waste no time looking at her with her clothes on. If I'd had my way she'd have nothing to wear & no reason to wear anything...a world of hope, prayer & an Arab Israel.

BY THE SKIN OF A MONKEY...In the woods people find the remoteness, anonymity & thus the freedom to act in ways perverse. I think it was a Bible what said: "Lead my sister not into the woods." And, as most 15-yr.-olds know, the woods can be a magical place, full of strange shapes & shadows. If you are ever in the monkey-rich woods of South America don't forget to try one. Find a local character, he'll know the best way of skinning & spicing your monkey for truly an unforgettable dining-out experience.

THE STAR-STRANGLER BANGER

{Is deafness a part of your life? What?}

{Prucking fositute! What's it matter what I remember?}

Dick Cheney's nightmare: Geo. Bush II attacked by polar bears during routine polar bear count. D.C., the V.P. & not the toilet brush co., combed his long, curly locks & adjusted his thick-lensed, wire eye glasses given him by the Pope of Catholicks: the *Pope*. D.C.'s wife Doris sat on the floor eating something she'd found mixed amongst the dog vomit of her distressful life. Dick Cheney's daughters: Penelope & Soup Spoon joined their mother with divs on seconds. Meanwhilst, as the world spun in its controlled orbit & revolving nature about the sun, G.B. 2 & his enchanting wife Laura {my favorite} disguised the many perils of the presidency as perceived by the compilers of Funk & Wagnall.

"You know Babe," said Bush, "I don't think this cortisone w/the power of 10 is any better than the other shit!"

And as time would prove him correct the marchless glide into a secure & safer tomorrow would lumber on.

It's not that my hot-love buttons were pushed, nor my toggle switches flicked by any a more practised hand than that of

THE VICE PRESIDENT OF WOMEN

He lives in a here-to-for unknown section of Hong Kong amongst the bush trimmers & walk-way builders, the Shaw brothers & the junks. He's a man who presides in a bitter way over the affairs of women & they remain painlessly unaware, neither left, weft, right-wise, up, across or beyond the cozy confines of this star system. We launch our orbiters with fanfare, may as well strangle wart hogs with shoe laces.

Recently a donkey exploded in Uruguay killing 2 dozen people & a donkey. Tit, dick & donut gland cancer are on the rise. The campaign to straighten or remove all head hair from America's 30 million Negroes continues unchallenged as does the larger campaign to tattoo our women & pierce the lobes of a 100 million men. We can go on or mine the North Sea some more --- there's gotta be more oil than B.P. lets on. I think we could all pocket the savings if those ya-hoos in Oklahoma would cut loose with some natural gas & butane.

I've lived so long here in hateless Fla., land of sun-squeezed long

necks & reddening infectious fun. We think we're hot shit 'cause it's always 99 degrees --- You can't take a shit without some big bug lighting on you. One man can mate with 1,000's, likely, unlikely as many improbable things. These are a few of my favorite things as that reprehensible Julie Andrews once sang before her ear drums exploded. I'll never remember the *1st* time I got my explorers' license, insurrecting myself again' the *woild* verging on global strife, a conflagration unknown since Sodom butted in on Gomorrah or Dick invaded cat girl's secret hide-away. Suddenly I lost control of my composed disposition & exploded in harsh tone: You're not my real step-mother! Nobody on the bus knew why I told the driver this. Also: Siamese twins make the best lovers especially if they're attached at the head! If I keep taking female hormones nothing but good can happen I'm betting. Turn your gonads into ovaries, your wallet to a purse!

THE FIGHTING VIRGINS

{From: Fighting Virgins on the Attack}

Nuclear winter had set in & nobody's projecting parts were projecting. The F.M. stations did nothing but spread filthy lies. T.V. had nothing but the history of Queen Elizabeth. The mailmen were all dead. The local collection of virgins were down with fungal infections & I.L.I.: Inner-Leg Itch. The Fighting Virgins never liked The World's Smallest Toilet {Pittsburgh? No...}. The World's Smallest Toilet flushes with 2 drops of water. Its floater is the size of a grain of salt. Its seat is the size of a match head. Extremely-large people are not encouraged to use The World's Smallest Toilet.

When in Ormond Beach, Fla. don't forget to see Steve: the world's largest midget. He's 6' 4" tall & weighs 292 pounds! And his *2nd* cousin Earl: the world's shortest giant at 5' 7.5" tall & weighing only 158 pounds & how 'bout their neighbor Ethel? She's pretty goddamned ugly. Some say she sleeps with a bag over her head & refuses medical treatment. Who knows? Also there's Stan: the world's dumbest college graduate. He just barely gets by...& his friend Ben, the world's smartest high school drop-out, he owns a bicycle.

New toilet technology allows you to be in control! No more unexpected flushes. No more toilet paper fly-offs! Company coming over? Impress your boss with the "I deserve a pay-raise toilet." It pleads on your behalf & if he won't listen it threatens to electronically broadcast secret photographs taken of his butt during a bowel movement.

New Excitement for People with Over-Active Bladders! {Not gall bladders!} Does laughing, cringing, crying, even peeing cause you to uncontrollably urinate? Do you whiz when you're having your blood pressure checked? Or a tire repaired? Tired of hiring some guy to snake your toilet only to discover he's not an illegal immigrant?

My kids would eat shit if it said McDonald's on it. I can prove it --- look at the shit they eat at McDonald's. {Don't forget to incl.: Butt: The Story of My Ass & Dick: The Story of My Neighbor Richard, on your summer-reading list. Also, when you're out there displaying yourself with your porno parts slightly covered in polyester, think about those poor bastards in Africa, self-ruled & riddled with parasites.}

"I'M BIG IN OHIO!" The whole woman proclaimed. She was not a tester-candidate for the world's smallest toilet...Which, by the way, takes 2 drops of water to flush. Talk about a water saver! One time I used t.w.s.t. {the world's smallest toilet} & was amazed by the efficiency of it. You know its seat is the size of a match head? Later try: The World's Smallest Roll of Toilet Paper! It's a perfect foil for: anyone who needs a lot of wiping assistance! "Never," said the inventor of t.w.s.t. "did I believe the moon landing's weren't hoaxed!" & "Neil Armstrong? Psycho!"

I'm often shocked by the severity by which my boyfriend abuses me. I mention it & he usually says shut up. Once after a particularly-brutal beating I say: "Do you want to go bowling now?" & he asks: "Do they have pole axes there?" & I answer "No." & then he says: "I want to take you somewhere remote where there's a pit."

"Okay!" I exclaimed, very excited by the prospect of going someplace new.

Some day along the river I'll've realised my dream with my day-dream lover & my long search'll be over with. I'll have what I want --- I'll know where I'm at. Something like swamp gas & contaminated water has brought me here to this lonely spot along the Halifax River. It was here-'bouts that I first espoused an alternate lifestyle, still I question it. Is marrying an entire family wrong, including pets? Did not Mahomet find it in the mountains & Moses?

Are your kidneys working? Try this simple home test. Drink 2 gallons of anything & wait 12 hours. Are you feeling a need to void your urinary bladder? Yes or no! Don't give me any crap while I'm testing for piss.

Are your bowels okay? Try this simple apartment test. Drink 2 gallons of something, wait, eat rancid pork, wait, eat something covered with slime, wait, go to the bathroom & pray. Don't forget to do it {pray} the Italian way. Mussolini did it & so should you. Look at Frank Martin & Dean Sinatra & Dave the sammy, junior & Hog Shit Bishop. They were Italians except one of them.

Finance your dream house with no money & a 100 years to pay. Your first month is free & your 2nd isn't. Don't forget to use your credit card for extra consideration during the formation of your contract.

NATIONAL LOVE EXPERT: Some day I'll build a huge office complex for my wife & son to live in & then rent out our house to people desperate for office space.

There I was toting a large loaf of bread & a sawn-off shot gun. People would part company: a hunk of bread & run off. "Come back, come back so I may blow your head off with my shot gun!" But they wouldn't come back, they wouldn't submit to the punishment of my shot gun, even tho it was sawn off.

"Are you the National Love Expert?" Careless t.v. viewers would query.

"Yes," I'd say in forgiving fashion, "I am he."

"Could you teach my sister how to properly love a man?"

"Yes," I'd say, "I'm the National Love Expert & that's my job."

...Later, after a day's loving was expertly & nationally provided, I'd settle down in my leather chair only to have the cushion fall off.

"Was J.F.K., jr. really gay?"

"Yes, more so than the cushion on the floor from the leather chair."

"Dear N.L.E.: Can picnicking in Iraq by well-meaning Americans ever be safely done?"

N.L. Expert: "It seems unlikely from a grounded position."

HOW MANY MEXICANS MUST DIE before something is finally done? As it stands 100's of Mexiacns are losing their lives in vain. Let us stop this mounting death count! Let's put an end to needless suffering. Oh sure, some of it is inevitable because they're Mexicans, but in many cases we need only contribute minimal time & resources. Rise up & save Mexicans. Teach them to make tortillas and they'll be self-sufficient in no time.

Do nothing. Sit back in your comfort & luxury as Mexicans have no place to go. *People!* Their bowls are empty! They are beanless! Won't you do something? Contribute a 2-lb. bag of beans & become elligible to win 20 lbs. of rice. Give 10 lbs. of corn meal or flour & have a chance @ 50,000 pesos {\$1.27 U.S.}.

Mexicans are devoted friends. Once you befriend one you're never alone because they move in with you.

Love has always been most-prized in solid form, but what about LIQUID LOVE?

Little Johnny knew all there was to know about physical, emotional & scholastic love, romance & the occasional happy accident. He was as experienced as any pupil in public technique. One day, during a poor excuse for daily instruction, a teacher came onto him in a curiously-sexual way. "I don't know about this: sex between teacher & student? What will my parents say?"

"Well I don't know. I'd better ask them tonight during wife-swap!"

"Wife-swap?!" Gaspd Johnny. "Are you sure?!"

"Yes," said the teacher, "they're participants in state-wide wife-swapping!"

"And that candle?"

"Yes, it is just one of the many candles, cukes, wind instruments, pipes, carrots, cigars, love rods, we use to express our ---

"Enough!" Yelled Johnny. "I'm so shocked & horrified by everything I've heard!"

"Don't be," the teacher replied, "this is more common than you imagine it to be."

"But how? I thought you were being *teacherly*."

"I hate cigaret-smoking in all its forms, you know that Johnny."

"Yes, I know." Johnny had to agree because it was the truth.

HOW TO MATE WITH WOMEN

{Bend to my will pliable woman!} ---

"Women!" Barked the Jehovah's Witness, "were created by Jehovah."

"They were created by Jesus' daddy as well as galaxies." Instructed the Catholic.

"You're nuts, Jesus' daddy was more like a supervisor, white collar, than an itinerant worker!" Piped in the janitor.

"Maybe," the Jeovist opined, "we can agree to disembowel the janitor."

"I'm for that!" The Catholic exclaimed.

THE PRIDE of ALL WOMEN {God's Precious Gift}:

The President of Women.

Thru my trials, my forgiving nature & my natural approach to nothing I became President of Women. Women of all strata, those of quieting disposition & convicted of knifing their boyfriends or illicit sexual offerings or those professing a higher understanding from a lowered perspective. These are the females I represent: the under-fed, the over-indulged, even some who resemble Peter Sellers, either way I am but a man, a man who represents women as their president, Amen.

LIVING WITH & LOVING YOUR PROSTATE

Your prostate is a funny little bug hungering for buggery yet shy at a fingering. Yes, once you've reached an accomodation with your

internal speed-ratchet you'll be all the betta fo' it, ONE MAN'S PROSTATE...Bud knew little of his "prostrate," at times forgetting it & the social graces as well. Ofttimes he'd eat huge corn dogs downtown, other times he'd go *downtown*, if you follow me. Once during a camp-out with some fairies Bud made his intentions known: "I'm having my 'prostrate' removed!"

The fayglers nearly puked: "Buddy sweetheart your 'prostrate' defines who you are!"

"Too late," Bud informed as he tore it out by the roots. "April fools!" He chortled. "This 'prostrate' is a fake!" 6 homos had to be revived w/F.F.R. {fag-to-fag resuscitation}. "Budly, you have crossed the line this time," chided the lone limp-wrister.

"Yes," lamented Bud, "until now we've all been saints."

AN IMPORTANT THING TO REMEMBER,

taken from: "An Important Thing Not To Be Forgotten"

She had her luggage & her mind set on a trip to fun-in-the-sun Florida. Oh sure she had a bikini, which she'd practised putting on during the bus ride. She had bikini wax, which burned her crotch like the searing rays of the sun. She was more hair than tourist. She had Bill Cosby's love child in her uterus but let's not concern ourselves with that now. Her teacher: Dr. Lee Hickson, had always impressed upon her the importance of personal freshness & she used patented DR. LEE HICKSON'S FULL-BODY AEROSOL SHOWER SPRAY approved by Greyhound Bus Lines. So many important things in the world to keep in one's head all the time. It was enough just to be part of Bill Cosby's {I may substitute Bing Crosby later on} busy-beaver life & his relentless pursuit of strange beaver.

Africa: food, fun, technology & not Africa: wall-to-wall niggers, or Africa: niggers, niggers & more niggers --- these are wrong or even inappropriate for sure.

Nairobi was quiet as everyone Nairobiian hunkered down with air conditioners set on max. cool & bellies full of delicacies & why not? Tomorrow was another day of helicopters, water skis & hover craft. It was dealer's choice: sauna, hot tub or mountain climbing. The Afroes were grateful for all their hard-wrought, techno doo-

dads. Even the word nigger, so long the property of pseudo songsters, was now better than ever: a punch-packin' --- *la terra promessa* word reflecting the raw nerve & courage of these team-driven, tribal-whore gourds of tropic climes.

My aunt walks the streets. My oil reserves are depleted. They killed the Indians because they were stupid. Pawn shops launder money. People lose money buying stocks every day. Smoking cigarets is fun. I can't ride my bike because the seat's come off. I hate everyone. Some women sell friendship. I'd sooner eat weeds.

FAT LARRY'S FOCUS WATER

Once you drink my FOCUS WATER you'll not be able to focus on anything other than my FOCUS WATER. If you've ever had trouble focusing then you'll be relieved to know that I have invented FOCUS WATER. It's like regular water except it has special chemicals in it that help you to focus. Have you ever forgot something? That's a problem everybody except people drinking FOCUS WATER have had. Now & for an unlimited time FOCUS WATER is available to you! Send money to Fat Larry to learn more about FOCUS WATER, send it right away!

And...Celebrate 50 years of prostitution in Daytona Beach! For kids *only*: street-walker for a day, it's fun, it's a fat-burner. Walk the streets like a real prostitute! Learn local & national prostitution lingo. For men *only*: Pimp vs. John vs. pig, the ever-warring trinity, choose sides! What's a pimp's real job? To protect the prostitutes? To collect the money? Cops? What's their story? And finally, the woe-be-gone John caught in the middle. Why can he not confide in his wife? What's wrong with her?

DAD'S GONE {Talking to my asshole family's like being attacked by jumbo shrimp.}

It was upon my father's death that a great opportunity was lost to me.

"Mother, do you think dad knew how much ---

"How much you hated him?"

"Yes."

"He knew."

"But I never took the time, never made the time to show him."

"Son, you did the best you could. You greased his brakes, you put dog shit in our mail box, you peed in the sink..."

"I know, but somehow it doesn't seem enough..."

"Would you like to vomit on his dresser?"

"Thanks, but no Mom, it just wouldn't be the same."

DEAR FAT L.: I have an under-active bladder. I pee once a month forcing me to take time off work for p.d. {pee day}. Is there any way I can urinate once a week like a normal person?

--- Your devoted friend, Holding

My dearest Holding: Normal people pee several times a week. Maybe you ought to strive for that.

--- Your obedient devotee, Obese Leonard

I LOVE LATRINA...I instructed her to meet me in the rest room, there I'd find her white-porcelain finish.

U.S. population now dead. Population density: 250 corpses per acre, 25,000 per hectare. It's like the rotation of the Earth, the rotation of Korea.

Wiener production in Pittsburgh = 1 wiener per 25 people. Sausage distribution, Hollywood = 10 sausages per pervert.

In these troubled times in which we live isn't it nice to know that the dead are still planted with pomp & tradition? Winston Churchill was quite a tubby just like Alfred Hitchcock, they'd eat the assholes out of skunks.

Grandma's Welcome Center: Come on in, take off your girdle, have a cataract.

Psoriasis sufferers' warning to fending off pushy women by threatening them with this chronic, yet non-communicable affliction..."Back off bitch, I have psoriasis!"

The story of Wobbly: the dog with 2 legs {normally dogs have more than 2 legs}.

"Say, what's wrong with your dog?"

"What d'ya mean?"

"How come he's wobbling?"

"I don't know."

...And for seafood lovers...Gary crab swam effortlessly through the toilet water that is the ocean. His mother was a horse shoe & his father was a jumbo shrimp of clay to be shaped into the next:
KING OF ALL OCEANS

My son & I went shopping for a computer. "How much is that one?"

"Twelve hundred."

"What can I get for twenty cents?"

"Well, we have these counting beans..."

"How do they work?"

He explained for 20 minutes. "How much is 2+2?"

"How the fuck would I know?"

"Use the beans."

"4?"

"Very good!"

"I'll take them!"

{ "If you wish to deceive your opponent in a diplomatic exchange, tell him the truth." --- Bismarck }

"Burn baby burn!" My father scream'd as he sprayed water on the burning Xmas card.

"You moron!" I said, forgetting commandment #something temporarily & the futility of spraying water on anything.

HER LOVE WAS SWEETER THAN A HONEY BEE'S ASS, an African's promise or a night with nuns. She held me in her stubby, hairy arms. I felt her up & down. Once I snagged a finger nail in her matted tuft, she didn't like that but then she bitched about an array of things. I encouraged her to create an exclusive bitch list, this way she could bitch in alphabetical order or by any method she chose. Frank Sinatra used to bitch which he later turned into a singing career.

Horrified campers forced, forced to camp in horror! I could barely believe the forest ranger's description of a vicious bear who had, so far, killed 14 people. "Were they Americans?" I asked.

"They sure were," he said.

"Have you notified their families?"

"No," he said, "I was hoping you'd do that, if you're up to it."

"Sure," I said. "Give me a list of names."

"Oh," he murmured, "I have no idea who they were."

"That's o.k., just give me the phone book & like the bear I'll pick out people at random."

...& in related news: Ag Relations...I could barely believe the agricultural official when she told me of a tragedy on a nearby ranch.

"Were they Americans?" I asked.

"Who?"

"The people who were killed."

"Nobody was killed."

"Jesus God Christ Almighty thank Jeova for that."

"Just kidding --- 37 were killed."

--- I've always been keenly interested in women resulting in numerous marriages: 3 so far. I hope to match Cary Grant & Henry Miller & have 5, after all, who wants to ride the same nag from start to finish?

--- One minute my finger's up my nose, the next it's preparing vegetables for a delicious stew than it's back up the nose again. {Everything I do is nugatory, at least for now on.}

--- Dear V.D. Advisor: It burns whenever anybody else pees.

--- Proxy

Dear Proxy: That's weird!

& Later: "Owww!!!"

"What's wrong?"

"Some guy's peeing at Texaco!"

--- Bringing home the runs: 2 distinct meanings to a baseball player & a guy working as a shit house attendant, like in the fancy hotels handing out towels.

LESBIAN-RAMMING TECHNIQUES

{Half way to Hallowe'en, half way to hell!}

Down on the farm where the cows shit, lived a couple o' goats & a lesbian. Ea. day the lesbian would tend to their agricultural needs. Once during shuvah the lesbian slipped on a cow patty & could

lesbian no more. Unrelated to Pres. Nixon, the lezzy lamented her time on Earth as it is in Heaven, she reckoned.

WWII stood for bravery, WWI stood for courage, the Spanish-American War stood for peace, the Viet Nameese War stood for cream cheese. I'll never forget the day I was attacked by the nationalistic forces of Uncle Ho Chi Minh {Nguyen} & his band of renegade Marxian fanatics. It was a quiet day on the Viet Nameese peninsula & Uncle Ho had just enjoy'd a hardy bowl of rice soup &, as he normally did, settled down for a 30-min. *siesta*. As he dozed strange ultra-democratic factions were mobilizing --- 30 minutes later Ho was up & about conducting the business of free Viet Nameese people everywhere.

"Another sandwich President Harry S Truman?"

{No period because the S stands for nothing.}

"No, no, I'll just drop the atom bomb."

Later I learned that a 1,000 hundred Japanese were killed. I thought when he said he would drop the atomic bomb that he meant to move his bowels in a big way. I knew he had suffered from chronic constipation, pre-mature cock-wadding & many other failures in the manly department & that he enjoyed the company of women in a purely childish way. Once when he was having a go at Mamie Eisenhower, or whatever his hag-bag wife's name was, he cut cute with a ripper that knocked her falsies south.

SAVE THE DOLPHINS!

Too many times dolphins are hauled in with the catch!

Massive nets to capture any creature swimming by
entrap our poor, defenseless friends.

Tuna fisherman BEWARE! I know you have dolphins.
Send your delicious, dead dolphins to:

THE DOLPHIN GOURMET

692 Casserole St.

Ormond Bch., Fla. 32174

NIGHT of PATTON, I MEAN PASSION

George Patton wore 6-shooters. Nelson Rockefeller enjoyed seafood. One day George & Nelson met to discuss World War Two.

Nelson was keen on it, George was strangely distant. When the subject of 6-shooters came up Geo. got quite excited. And, of course, you couldn't shut Nelson up when the talk switched to seafood.

TOO MANY EVERYTHING --- I used to think one thing one way in one place @ one time but now I'm thinking 2 thoughts a couple @ a time twice as often.

WHILE LEE OSWALD slept comfortably in the captain's quarters Frank Sinatra hummed quietly, his big, pimped, bare, ass occluding the marine toilet's seat. Robert Kennedy, jr., not yet 7, vomited over the side --- he'd eaten 6 bananas & that was 4 too many. High female squeals could be heard --- looks like Frank's passing corn again. Suddenly there was a terrifying lurch, the sickening sounds every sailor dreads {not Frenching}: ice berg! The *Own Asses* was sinking. "Man the life boats!" Oswald barked & Frank & boy Kennedy dutifully obliged {as was customary}. "There's no time for dago singing!" Captain Lee warned and Frank dropped the mike.

SCARED SHITLESS

Summer hearts are warmed by the summer sun. Winter hearts are froze by lack of sun. Spring hearts leap upon you like a mongoose sprung from a trap door, I'm scared, scared shitless...

"NOT A WORD of this to the undertaker," said Mother, "but your father was not the red-hot lover I made him out to be."

"Jesus Christ Ma!" I gasped. "What am I supposed to tell the assistant manager of our favorite restaurant now?"

MESSAGE FROM CENTRAL GOVERNMENT

It's time we started subtracting extra shit from your pay. Don't go bragging about how much you make or we'll kill you, kill you good, good & dead is the way we do it, do it right, right on the money, the money we'll take from you, from you & all your family, your family: what a bunch of losers they are. Losers, that's all you

will all ever be.

KA-KA JUICE...Don't let the name fool you! Ka-Ka Juice is 97% ka-ka free. Why not 100%? Because then it wouldn't be ka-ka. But don't worry, our scientists are working on it & one day we'll be 100% & re-naming the drink Wee-Wee Juice...But don't let the name fool you! Wee-Wee Juice is 97% wee-wee free. Why not 100%? Because, and so on...

THE ORDERLIES

After 6 hard, merciless hours of wiping ass old Frank decided to enjoy a break. "This is a perfect time to take a dump! C'mon Fred, I'll need your help!"

"What for?"

"I gotta take a shit!"

"So?!"

"Well, you'll have to wipe me because there's no way I'm doing it, not while I'm on break anyway!"

MY DAD WAS SO MEAN he'd slap the shit back into you. Twice during a federally-mandated, extended-family leave he attacked me with a sawn-off shot gun. He also wrote insulting things about me to asshole *Time Magazine*. During Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King, junior's birthday holiday he provided me with cake & ice cream laced with deadly poison

FUNCTIONAL OBSERVATION at a proctologist's office:

This would be a good time to have your ass examined.

And: Whilst looking the wife's direction I inadvertantly commented: "No wonder the murder rate's so high in this country."

I'LL NEVER FORGET what I said to a flash light salesman as long as I live: "You sure do have a lot of flash lights there!".

MY YEARS WITH ROCK HUDSON, excerpt from chapter concerning J.F.K.; Rock's & my opinion of:

We hated Pres. Kennedy passionately & he hated us. Once he

wrote us a nasty letter saying just that but Rock casually brushed it off assuring me Johnson had put him up to it. On yet another occasion we received the most hateful telegram from John K. to date, full of innuendoes & unproven lies. He went so far as to call Rock a loser & bad father & disgrace to husbands throughout North America including Mexico. "That cuts it!" Rock exploded in volcanic fury. The next thing I knew we were en route to the White House. That night, dressed only in bikini briefs, we climbed the outer fence. J.F.K. was out back playing croquet. We snuck up behind him. Rock rushed forward grabbing Kennedy's cock. Kenny let out a yell that'd curl your hair. Rock, determined to even the score, swung him in circles of ever-increasing velocity. He let go, J.F. sailed into a garden shed, CRASH! Tools everywhere. We ran like negroes. The next day we received a dozen roses & a 10-page apology from the prez. That was enough for Rock & by-gones became by-gones. 6 months later we were @ K's funeral. I still have his cock, I keep it in a pickle jar.

UNFLATTERING USE OF McCARTNEY {Paul}

"Easy ," Mother warned as I was into athletics, "you'll herniate your McCartney if you're not careful!" or: "I'm sorry but surgery is the only effective treatment for an inflamed McCartney!"

"Oh no, McCartney-itis!"

U.S.A.'s YOUNGEST PRESIDENT, IT'S ME:

Youngest President in U.S. History, Me Again.

If J.F.K. had made me vice president I would've been the youngest president in U.S. history on Nov. 22, 1963 at the age of 2 yrs. 10 months. Plus...If I were elected in 1964 I could've had L.B.J. put in jail {along with all those other crooks: Nixon, Harriman, Mondale} on Devil's Island or Dry Tortugas, avoided war in Viet Nam, discontinued the hoaxed moon landing program --- saving the country billions. I would've had Robt. Kennedy committed to a mental asylum & Ted too, trapped Gloria Steinem in a reverse sting operation, dropped nuclear bombs on Dublin & Vancouver as an example to force Mexico to give back all that money she stole.

Next: Listen in on behind-the-scenes dialogue between the prez

& his handlers:

"Mr. President, your diaper's on backwards."

"No it isn't, I'll kill you! I'll kill you all!"

LEAVING ME NOW

My wife's leaving me for a new set of nipples. My wife's problem areas are surgically inaccessible. There's no way a surgeon could attack us.

Our love is like a small tub of cottage cheese. Some people like cottage cheese. Her hand rails were shiny. I told her about my brother Jeff. And you call yourself a cardiologist! Well I never. I'll take over from here, I'm cardiologist Dr. Lee Hickson.

THE WORLD OF SUPER HOTNESS --- Her super hotness was more than in her mind, it pervaded all she did from wiping her ass to arranging a beautiful wild-flower bouquet. That's enough now onto: To Deadly, From Lively. Since the Holy Bible is written in the English of 500 yrs. ago: is it translated for Germany in the German language spoken 500 yrs. ago? And if you were to translate the Bible for a new people today would you have to put it in their language from 500 years ago?

THE FISH IN YOUR EYE: Down by the docks where the doctors live and the fish spawn & the dogs crap & where all matter of goings-on go on, which I don't approve of, there happens to be a delightful dead-fish quality pervading above & under. Small things trickle from larger ones. I've noted things: the bow in your hair, the toilet paper on your shoe, the fish in your eye.

WAR WITH VIET NAM, A.D. 2065: This time we're going to win! On the 100th anniversary of the Tonkin attack U.S. forces lay into the peninsula with a ferocity unseen since the Tet Offensive. Millions shall be incinerated resulting in freedom for the few, remaining Nationalists. Yes the gooks will know the strength of America's states united in vanquishing dark forces around the world. Next: trouble between Lebanon & Syria, gain.

AT HOME WITH THE BEATLES {Let's listen in.}

Shut up! No, you shut up! Shut up or I'll cut you, cut you good!

If you have A CHICKEN OR FISH BONE stuck in your throat & you can't breathe read this: Fish & chicken bones can stop you from breathing that's why fish & chicken die so much. To keep their bones out, don't open your mouth when you see a fish or chicken. Try to de-bone chicken & fish whenever possible, you'll have to hold them down to do this. They won't stand for it. After their bones have been removed they will collapse.

And {even}...FAT LARRY'S TREASURE TROVE {of surgery}. Have you been neglecting your health? Don't let neglect'd health problems kill you visit Fat Larry's Surgical Canter. Have the surgery you need at a price that smacks of home-town living. Place yourself in the competent hands of Fat Larry. Let him perform surgery on you in half the time. He promises to hurry because a hurried job means less time in surgery, it's true! Several questions for Fat Larry {"Go ahead & ask." --- F. Larry}: Is F.L. a medical school graduate? No. Does Fat L. have experience in medicine? No. Is F. Larry qualified to do surgery? No. Does Fat Larry have what it takes to do hurried surgery? Yes. Visit him today. I'm afraid. Chicken!

HOW MANY PUERTO RICANS MUST REMAIN IN NEEDY COMPROMISE? Puerto Rico is part of the United States just like California & until it's destroyed we'll have to live by its dictums.

"Help me, I've been brought to Puerto Rico against my better judgement!"

"Calm down," the king of all Puerto Ricans urged, "Puerto Rico welcomes you."

"Help, I'm being welcomed by Puerto Rico against my will!"

Remember when once Puerto Rico was *Porto* Rico & administered by the loving embrace of Spain? Spain cared deeply for its Puerto Rican children & kept right on fretting till McKinley put a stop to that. Now Puerto Rico lies in waste, its people workless & bewildered. Where's Spain? Where's Spain? Holy Jesus, where's Spain?! {Pretty close to Algeria.}

When Puerto Rico gets on its feet & San Juan moves a little: trust & spine, wool, rayon & all things worthy will grace its shed upon Voodoo Island.

HELEN KILLER

I grew up in the Grand Rapids area of Detroit, Alabama. Helen Keller was our next-door neighbor & as children we used to walk passed her house on the way to school. I'm ashamed now, as an adult, about the awful things she did to us. Once a gang of us were smoking cigarets in the woods, along with Helen & for no reason she kicked me in the nuts & jumped on top of me. "Help, help," I yelled, "Keller's killing me!" My parents: Roger & Dudley Moore warned me to stay clear of her. For 6 years I couldn't eat at school because she'd bush-whack me for my lunch money.

Next: Helen "Manson" Keller & the 40 corpses.

THE RING IN YOUR EAR: Up in the sky where God cries, where N.A.S.A. orbiters explode & the air thins is a cyanotic world with its cold kiss of congested hearts, the scales of my skin & the blink of time. Small wings for rapid flapping, large sails for gliding, too much: vasomotor disruptions, merciful death, trial by flame, what remains = cremains. My time on this merciless Earth closes. A flop of gravity takes charge. It's a ring of fire, the rings of Saturn, the last bell, the ring in your ear.

"NO TIME FOR A FRIENDLY BOWL OF COOKIES & MILK?"

The large-titted woman asked.

"Let's see," I thought aloud: "milk equals breasts & cookies are snatch..."

"No," she corrected, standing there naked as a milk man. "I hope my old groin injury doesn't flare up."

Next: My ground-meat specials. It's o.k. to advertise them when you *have* a grocery store.

WAITRESS KNOBS = Special for 2 reasons: they're knobs, they're on a waitress. "Buoyancy is everything! You see these? They'll hold you up, except if you roll over on your back." The life

guard could answer questions this way all nite because he had nowhere to go & no one to love. His pointless, loveless life made it painful to have sexual relations with other life guards, that & the warts.

"Plumb my depths!" She begged. "*Ingrate* me with your bigness!"

--- From *Mr. Stiff Bigness*, #12

His stiffness made her wanna relax her tightness.

--- From *Mr. Stiff Bigness*, #41

Wintry knobs = Things tighten when cold sets in. Winter's got a big ass with the color of it gone. Blood-flow slows as molecules stall. We bare ourselves during the highly-visible summer months, sun-tanning everywhere. Everything I gots gets a natural darkening. The fewer like white the more like them dark.

TIRED of YOUR LAND LORD? Ever ask: What's his problem? Does he think I'm made of money? Ever say: Go to hell, I gave you money last month! You're crazy, I never signed no stinking rental agreement with you! Here's your monthly blood money, Daddy War Bucks! Yeah, I'd like to see you evict me you pervert! *or* It's my house *now*!

STOP! Look at yourself! There's only 1 solution left: Kill the land lord! Don't wait for another month's rent to bleed you white. Say to yourself {it can be your mantra}, I must kill land lord! I must kill land lord! Do it now. If caught you'll probably only have to pay a small fine & it will likely be less than the rent you pay now.

The other day I was thinking things thru & decided that yes: I could use the money {the cost of a tuna fish sandwich} to help troubled Negroes in Africa...& what about my Negro buddies right here in good ol' U.S.A.? If I could get them to give up one bottle of malt liquor per month how many tuna fish sandwiches would that equal? I think it would mean a lot, a lot of hope to starving blackies in equatorial Africa.

Starving-aid organization: How many diamonds can I get for a mess of tuna fish sandwiches?

I should never have had that knife point installed protruding from my nose, everytime I kiss my wife I puncture her face.

For the cost of a tuna fish sandwich you can send 16 Ethiopian children in for emergency eye surgery or provide 4 amputations or 3 minor sex-deviation procedures. Yes, for the cost of just one toasted tuna fish sandwich you can provide a family in The Congo enough bullets to prolong an insurrection or condoms for a full 12 months. Won't you skip just one tuna melt per month to save a family in blackest Africa?

New medication fights child molestation! Children are molesting themselves in alarming numbers. It has been guessed, by Mike Jackson, that dozens of children blame him for self-debasement. Is Mike J. alone? No. He's with an 11-year-old boy.

"Quickly as you can yank the enema from my ass." --- Kind of like in the movie *Kung Fu*.

WHY BRUSHING YOUR TEETH IS IMPORTANT

{That's why I'm so full of hatred for today's young people.}

Your teeth are made of bone coated with enamel, that's why people say your teeth are white & bony or bone-white. When people say, "I've got a bone to pick with you," or a, "bone pick," they mean they would like to help you use a tooth-pick. It's awkward to refuse such an offer so just go along with it. If you don't brush your teeth you will have problems --- remember Jesus? Think of Him & it'll make brushing teeth into a Christian experience. Next: I need 10 experienced Xtian women, slim, muscular & under 25, black ones earn bonus money.

Avoiding toilet clog is as easy as using short lengths of toilet paper & not "bunching." Read on & see what a plumber thinks: "Da, {dribble-dribble} doo-doo-dee." The rest is unintelligible. You dumb \$75-service-call-for-doing-nothing dumb ass! Let's ask a lawyer.

Kate Smith wasn't always so big everywhere she went. At the Smithsonian {no relation} she seemed petit standing under the blue whale model. {Did you know & f.y.i.: the blue whale is bigger than Kate Smith?}

ROSES are red & the sky is blue, living with someone as stupid as you.

--- Roses are red, so is my crack. It itches by day, tho pretty much all the time.

--- Roses are reddish, just like your hair you moron.

--- Roses are expensive & I don't have money. I like eating out at restaurants, I mean garbage cans.

WHY I'M GLAD LINCOLN'S DEAD --- Lincoln would be almost 200 years old now. The x-presidential pension, nursing home costs, etc., would be astronomical. If old, "honest" Abe were able to get around with a walker he'd still need hip socket replacement surgery. And his prostate? It'd be as big as a snow tire! It'd have to be removed. All in all it's better he's dead.

THE HAIRY HAND OF VIOLENCE forms the hairy fist of violence. Brought to you by: Hairy-Ass True Man & the love rectifiers.

Once whilst fag-walkin' thru Pittsburg {I intentionally omitted the h.}, I sought out then entered an immigration office & pretended to be out-of-status. My broken English & alien ways sure got the attention of the low-life what staffed the place & in seemingly no time I was remanded to central authority for intense scrutiny. They must've scrutinized me for a long spell because I went to sleep on them only to be awakened with gentle nudging & "wake up dear, time for some scrutiny..." Questions were put to me in a sort of query request-all. My intestines were full & I bowed out. Later, during a retarded moment, I escaped & joined some Mexicans heading south-west towards Waynesburg.

You must make time for the Gay Dance Troupe: All gay, all men, no women. For a gay time, dancing or otherwise, visit G.D.T. where homosexual intrigue is what it's all about. WARNING: No Dancing between midnight & 6. That time's reserved for homosex. WARNING: No homo-sex between six a.m. & midnight --- that time's reserved for dancing!

WARNING: No other warnings will be given! Consider yourself warned! About the times of dancing & homo-ing. Sincerely yours, Big Bob: homo-dance, sex troupe co-ordinator.

"Do you know how much I love you?" The man at the gas station

asked as he gave me a free lube.

The respected, immigration, dumb-ass cautioned: "Any document not in English must be translated!"

"Yes," I said, "but my documents won't be & you'll accept them or I'll kill you & anyone else who gets in my way!"

I positioned my body for the photographer to capture my endearing assets. "Make sure you get my southern exposure," I instructed, & "Look how the shadows play tricks with light making my nay-nays appear gargantuan, without show-casing: The Romantic Nature of My Test Tubes. Stay tuned for an important revelation by Romantic Steve: your guide to romantic adventure now & for always, even in the time Jesus roamed the earth in search of fame, fortune & the rest...and rupture, needed now, unruptured man needs immediate rupture. Medical professional stresses it's a matter of life & death!

Herniated man seeks live-in boyfriend. You must be tall, blond, physically desirable. Turn my wheel chair into a thrill chair!

Anti-homosex advocate with small, intestinal problem seeks counsel from herniated man in above ad. Arm & neck numbness experienced after large meals, also slight spastic colon episodes noted diurnally.

C'mon people! Send your money to me before Labor Day! Let's make this my best Labor Day ever!

Ass-eating birds or swallow tails swooned about the porch. I tried to shoo them with a rake but they'd have none of that. I tried whacking them with an 8' - 2" x 4" pine stud but I couldn't connect. What did they want? I wondered. Oh! I had forgotten my pants again.

My upper-body strength has been mysteriously transferred to my lower body providing me with a super-abundance of get up & get-it-on. Left to loosen, right to tighten...What goes in must come *out-en*.

[It's no matter what I do...] Jesus is alive! The Romans were unsuccessful in their attempt to kill Him.

Things look hopeless when you're popeless. As in those several popeless days in 1978 following John Paul's murder.

Church: Where the clothes come off & the romance begins. All

the blood in the world can't make me happy. My problem areas are around my tits & ankles. Hey hey hey my tits are my ankles!

IMPORTANT REALIZATIONS

#1. Nobody sings "Unchained Melody" like Al Hibbler.

#2. How to hide a heart attack from friends, loved ones & family members. During onset of heart attack do not exclaim: "Oh my chest!" Do not fall. Disguise sudden immobility with comic Jerry Lewis/Robin Williams' type of drunken collapse. You might want to say: "Hey look, I'm Jerry Lewis!" or, if you must: "I'm Jerry Lewis having a heart attack!"

If someone volunteers emergency first aid refuse & say: "Hey, I don't need no fucking first aid!" {In mixed company abbreviate fucking to fn.} Also, when medics begin their life-redeeming mission exclaim: "I'm cardiologist Dr. Lee Hickson, I'll take over from here."

ALERT! ALERT! ALL SNAKES ARE DANGEROUS!

Kill any snake when possible or lay down marker to alert others of snake danger & possible harvest. Your natural inclination to kill snakes must be obeyed. DO NOT HESITATE! Hesitation can mean snake escape! Form area groups who feel the way you do. First we'll kill all snakes & then it's on to Washington, D.C. to take care of some unfinished business.

TARGET: THE GROIN

Women's groups target a man's groin as the place to strike. I've not been kicked in the nuts by a woman's group & I'm grateful. Whenever I see women grouping about I protect my balls from said attack. Whilst showering I also shield my festive area: sausage link & patties, from direct spray.

MY GREATEST REALIZATION

Because I've been alive for a number of years I've had many realizations concerning money, women, women with money, how to use money to convince women to have sexual relations with me, etc., but my greatest realization is: VEGETABLES FEEL PAIN!

Fuck those cock suckers at P.E.T.A.! It's time to eat critters & lay off the veggies! Yesterday {meaning years ago} I was eating a carrot & 2 peas when I noticed the carrot was moving! He was attempting, along with the peas {I later learned they were newlyweds.} to escape my hungry clutches! Suddenly I began to retch, vomiting up the vegetables I'd swallowed within the passed 20 hours: half a bucket, or in metric: 65 kilo-metric millimeter-liters!

So the next time some flatulated, hairless, skin-whithered, slunkard {not a word} from the humane society or the international nasal cell reproduction association of animal petters calls, grab him by his shrunken nuts & see if he likes it. I bet he won't altho he'd probably enjoy it the homo.

IF YOU LOVE the United States or U.S. like I do & that means by *not* turning over secrets to our most brutal enemies & by *not* blowing up property of the U.S., or United States as some people call it, then you'll love my new book: *The United States {U.S.}: Land of Love*. And remember in the U.S. {United States} it's not the love so much as it is the caring.

If you're a foreigner then come to the U.S. {United States} for a short visit, if you like it {the U.S. a.k.a. United States} then make arrangements to stay forever & never leave except to visit Mexico: our southern neighbor or Canada.

MEXICO: Our Southern Friend, also Mexico: Land of the Mexicans, and don't forget: Mexico: The Land That Time Forgot. When visiting our southern friend Mexico take plenty of good cheer & a big U.S. {United S.} smile. The Mexicans, or wet backs as they like to be called, are a warm & generous & somewhat greasy people with their strange, dirty ways & slicked-back hair. Also, since Mexicans are afraid of soap & deodorant, their religion forbids it, you'll want to take plenty or just "go Mexican": no bathing or brushing, combing or clothes-changing for 2 weeks.

Don't forget Italy: Our European Buddy...My fondest memories of Italy: "Once I was sitting on the piazza drinking Faygo with a local Italian {or dago as they like to be called or pagan, heathen,

etc.} when the air raid siren was activated. "Come-a to my house," he said, "and you can-a sleep-a wit' my sister."

"Okay," I agreed, "as long as she don't wanna *go Mexican*."

PAKISTAN: Land of a 1,000 Dreams --- My fondest memories of Pakistan: I was visiting with my adopted Pakistani family one night when urgent news from Mexico reached my ears over the direct Pakistan/Mexico link-up. "Mexico's on Fire! All Mexicans report for fire-fighting duties at once!"

"Jesus Krishna!" I exclaimed.

IRAQ: God's Country. I was departing Pakistan en route to a Mexican emergency when for reasons known only to the one true God Allah, & don't give me no fuckin' lip to the contrary!, I decided to have a lay-over in Iraq. I must say the people were wonderful: full of cheer & hospitality...We got them where we want them KILL! KILL! KILL!

5 QUESTIONS ABOUT BOWLS {& answers}

1. Do you have access to bowls?

--- Yes, to several.

2. Is your access unrestricted?

--- Yes.

3. Can you secure these several bowls for your sole usage?

--- Yes.

4. Are you able to deliver these bowls to me within the next few weeks?

--- Yes.

5. Are these bowls of sound quality, meaning without cracks, chips or holes?

--- No.

YOU'LL NEVER hear this in a corn-pone *Gone-w/the-Wind* type movie: "Captain it would be an honor to have sexual intercourse with your virginal daughter."

"You Sir are an officer & a gentleman. When can you begin?"

"Right away Sir!"

"Major, have my daughter cleaned up and delivered to the lieutenant's tent."

"Yes Sir!"

THAT NIGHT my intestines sounded the alarm --- there would be no needed sleep. It was like a crowded lobby down there --- a lobby of tap dancers or more accurately: cloggers.

Tumors are caused by bananas! See that monkey covered in tumors? Well there you go.

I'm tired of going on trial for murders I didn't commit...Lyndon Johnson undid the collar, his ankles were bleeding. He had been taken prisoner on Monkey Planet. His monkey captors questioned his intent. He had no way of remedy, his simian over-lords would have none of that. A pile of monkey shit morphed into a shadow figure of Hubert Humphrey full of big plans for a post Ho Chi Minh world. {Some words spoken in anger, some gesticulations wielded in anger from the Johnson encampment in the monkey state of ass-scratch, an infective pause upon the memory of Sam Alamo.} Shot with a Ronald Ray Gun produces a Sam Ray Burn. A diet of bananas = a happy life in the trees for Lyndon Monkey Johnson. They could do the work unfinished: The Bill Taft schematics of the known universe.

EFFECTS OF SYN. FOODS --- When I was a 13-yr.-old girl living in Hawaii my family survived on processed & chemically-enhanced food-stuffs. We turned from a once-happy family into a group of 7 zombies --- the living dead. People look at me now & say: "But you're a fat 42-yr.-old man!" & I say: "See?!"

MY SISTER FOR 5 MINUTES

As was customary in my cunt tree lesbians approached me from every angle. I was frightened, alone & under contract with M.G.M. Studios for 7 years. One, particularly-daring lesbian asked my star sign, I said lesbian. She was intrigued & asked if I'd ever been in a lesbian. No, I admitted, once I stood near my sister for 5 minutes but that was 25 years ago. "You'll need lesbian guidance if you're ever going to marry with a lesbian," she informed. That nite, with

the moon on full-blast, I invaginated that lesbian who would soon be my wife for 50 years.

Next: A lesbian attacks me in a swimming pool! *and* Pulled from the water by a passing lesbian!

Also: TUCK'D IN & READY FOR LESBIAN --- Do you Richd take this lesbian as your wedded wife, to have & to lesbian till she stops lezzing?

I do.

And do you lesbian take this man as your husband, to lesbian-love as long as possible?

I lesbian do.

Then by the power of central government you are now lesbian & man, you may do whatever you do but wait till I'm 5 mins. out the door.

I understood perfectly, having stood by my sister 5 minutes, 25 years previously.

HANDY AS MY SLOP BUCKET: I need love, preferably a loving & physical relationship with a local woman. She needn't be poor & ugly. Her body should be free of rickets & parasites. Youth has its advantages especially in the attractiveness category. Time should be on her side. May her youthful exuberance for prolonged coition & financial support of me entrance the world.

A MILLION-DOLLAR FIND...As marriages go ours was a shitty mess. Left unwiped it could only worsen. Things not only went wrong they soaked through the seat & soiled the padding. If you think you can find solace in fucking religion think again! Religion taught everyone a little something of futility & the dead-end in doing good. Look @ Satan, 2nd power only to Jehovah & he runs his organization on lies & back-stabbing. If you had a pet ant you could euthanize him with a drop of hot liquid. My wife was hemorrhoidal by nature, noodly by design, with several other insults. She was an aggravating, agitating side splinter. I tended to give her the O.J./Robt. Blake treatment, go to jail, get acquitted & settle down in some quiet part of Florida...and not THESE THINGS WHAT MAKE FOR CONFLICT. Can't we find common

ground amongst the prostraters? Upon the blood of Mohammed & the hooded? Let us pray @ the same time for each other's demise. Should Israel exist? What's steak without potatoes? It ain't no f'n' entree! It's just a hunk of meat. Since you're not always right, you're not right now. [Lawyers & judges demanding truthfulness --- strange.]

"Motivation is a lotta crap." --- Dean Martin in *Look* magazine.

How about some extensive cranial surgery? I wanna girl friend all legs & teeth.

THESE SYSTEMIC THINGS: These foolish rampages, these fights to the death, toughened talk from a Bush, oh Laura can't you love me from Washington? Slip away from your Washington bonds. I'll be waiting behind a tree {or a bush if you prefer}.

Yes, one day I'll marry a black woman & our 6 little mulatto children will run up & down the street in front of the house yelling obscene things. My oreo cookies, my little moon pies, my tawny chitterlings lurking about the play ground, back sassing honkies.

SAVE ME FROM MY GENEROUS NATURE

{My generosity is w/o end, like a computer.}

Her love {my 3rd wife} was like a pistol w/o a holster, a pen w/o cap, a scum-bag w/o a cig, a bear w/o another bear. She'd shewn me much, much like I can't remember. There was no way to change her mind, if she'd ever had one. She was lock-set & cocked. Her small breasts hooked to a powerful electrical current would shock anyone.

Salved through the murder-lurking-about-me Jesus, the temptations & the Pope crying 3 days, Mary Monroe leaving live --- returnin' dead, those crazy Kennedys & Cal-Nev. Whose to say what, where? You gots a girl friend --- keep her clean, no black marks, no scuffing, no straying from the mark, not on your life, not if you value it much.

Heart valves & my leaking suspicions...It's likened to a dog trapped in a kidney or a toe hammered flat --- a foot fall what'd keep you out of the army...an army of love, of peace-keeping & food distribution, like a black arm in a white sleeve, a turtle in an egg crate, a man with 2 hot cunts to choose from.

Jesus attacks at dawn --- the army of Jesus' 1,000-year reign --- King of the Jews, Savior, Son of Man. No sense hiding under the bed, he'll pull you out by the heels. No use pleading the 5th, he'll compel self-incrimination like nobody's business.

Touch me in the night when it rains. Torch me in the nite with a match. Stab me in the face with a poker. Poke me in the ass with a porker. Hurl upon me the magic what is heaven. The heaven of church, the paradise of which Karl Marx prefigured. Call upon the forces of sea & sky, Earth & satellite, Navy & Navy wing, all part & parcel of something big, U.N.-big, N.A.T.O.-large...Cram a train up my ass. I did everything I could to get out from under everything I could. I trip over my tail only when I back up quickly.

She's a love not lost on me, like the great law-giver Moses or any number of apes, I appeal to the burning-bush, desert God, the one most people end with.

TESTING

Jane could barely keep her bra on:

- 1) during the hurricane
- 2) at the funeral home
- 3) at the laundromat
- 4) during Bush's speech
- 5) because the clasp broke

Jane decided to go topless:

- 1) to please the minister
- 2) to brown her knobs
- 3) for piece of mind
- 4) forever
- 5) until Lassie returns
- 6) because she was extremely beautiful

Next, it's *Summer in July*...They say a dog's mouth is cleaner than his ass until he licks his ass, then both are about the same.

The End, it is nigh.

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