

Summer in July

Richard Thripp

Progress of Gonorrhoeal Infection: The gonococci, once they have secured a foothold, are not content to rest in one place. Gradually but surely they pass along the urethral channel and into the bladder.

From page 24, *Sex Pleasures and Perversions* (1963)

By George Scott and Carlson Wade

Tu Fu's: "The Poet Dreams" ...Now is the time for poetry that remembers summer. Let it be put down gently on white paper, like full-blown petals falling from exquisite trees, and let my lips drink from this cup of summer wine...

The Jade Flute: Chinese Poems in Prose (1960)

If one can taste food, one can taste wine.

Fr. p. 6, *Michael Broadbent's pocket guide to Wine Tasting* (1982)

The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams. --- Eleanor Roosevelt {suspected lesbian}

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"No, no," she corrected, "let us research an effective psoriatic treatment together..."

From page 92, *Along the Far Climb Down* (2006),

Available for a measly buck plus slipping & harboring...

Books by Richard Thripp:

The Future Unquiet
Suffer in July
Finally the Night
Trans-Unicorn
As Easy as Easy is
Love Turns Hateful

Things Between Times
These Things Terrestrial
Summer in July
Paradise on Land
The Man with Two Eyes
Simmer in July
Along the Far Climb Down
The Pregnancy Slaves
The Man with T.V. Eyes

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Table of Contents

- 5...My Good Kidney Swells; I Forgive You Mother Theresa
- 6...Death of Mother Theresa; Air & Electricity; Animals
- 7...Elvis; Important Man; Tom Loves Steve; All My Chances
- 9...Typical Evening
- 10...Give In
- 16...All My Chances Vanish; Lying About in Garages
- 17...A Thing; Fistful of Jungle Love
- 18...Dance About; Greatness in Large Numbers
- 19...My Day in Court; Lying Like a Buzzard
- 20...My Hair in Clumps; Love Along Reclining Lines
- 21...Something Dangerous; Pretend the Moon
- 22...To Save Your Life
- 23...Mucho Everything
- 24...The Day My Knobs Fell off
- 25...Partners of Italy; The Day I Ate So Much Turkey
- 27...Cooking with My Gas
- 28...*The Working Prostitute*
- 29...How to Contract Gonorrhea
- 31...Summer in July
- 32...The Crack Challenge
- 33...The Medical Challenge
- 34...Party Town Earth
- 35...Lovin' by a Dozen Cousin; Darlene; Numb-Dumbing Ques.
- 38...Super-Manly Toughness
- 40...Double Your Fun with Twins!
- 41...Making a Mother-in-Law Understand
- 42...*3 Bathrooms & Nowhere to Turn*
- 43...Maybe I'll Kiss You Later; Useless Placement
- 45...Something of Danger
- 46...Naked Sisters in Space
- 47...We Go Our Way
- 48...Obstructions of Short Stature
- 49...The World's Most Alluring Show Whore; *Mucho Mejor*

- 51...Richard Thripp's *Terror Cell*
53...The Man with T.V. Eyes
54...Deadly-Thrill-Challenge Boy
55...Bring Back
56...Greatest Entertainer; Dear Uncle Ricky
57...A Sampling of Richard Thripp's *Terror Cell*
59...Song of California; Homosexual World
61...The Adventures of Fred Lesbian; Med. Studies...
62...Once I Putrefy
63...Mr. Innocent; Sister Pam; Psycho Moon
64...Hairy Homo Perry Como; My Whore Story; Shelly & Richd.
66...Sassing Gas Stations
68...Her Enormous Income Impressed All
70...Your Love Denies Me
72...Lizzie Borden's Pushy
73...Writer of book: Richard J. Thripp
74...Things Begin to Meet; Super-Tough Manliness
76...I'll Never Forget Granny, Never!
77...Pope John Paul; My Hanging Baskets; Romantic Steve
78...Seaward I Position Myself
79...Gravity vs. My Testes
80...All That's Holy; Clumps of Shit
81...O Lord God; Kit Kat; Movt. Stoppers;
 Fred's House of Bending
82...R.T. was Born; Fat Larry in: A Below-the-Earth
 Adventure; Irony; Frieda & Her Homosexual Friends
83...Ass & Couch; How to Date Women;
 How to Cash Stolen Checks
84...Love of Eternal Justice; Beans of Love
85...A Dozen Me
89...I See You Like Dogs...
90...Unnatural; No One Should in Public;
91...Lee Kills Jack, Jack Kills Lee
 School Today
92...How to Indicate Something; Ryan, Casey, Steuban
93...Feet Ablaze
94...A Terrible Insult; My Uncle is Dishonest

As my active eye lazes MY GOOD KIDNEY SWELLS & muscles go spastic I cash checks without signing them. I defy traffic directions as put forth by orange-gloved pigs.

Tammy knew the jungle as well as the back of her lover's hand. He would strike her courageously when she mouthed off—her fault & she knew it. He possessed an admirable *bamboo toughness* & she was grateful each time he demonstrated discipline.

"Women and children first," they said aboard *Titanic*, both need firm, yet loving, Christian guidance.

Jungle gals, plains' broads, desert beauties need a dose of masculine roughness. "We'll whip Fort Ticonderoga into shape!" The pioneers said enthusiastically. {Enthusiasm's made this nation a country: a country of enthusiasts.}

"Enjoy these gifts, those I've presented the world. You, people made in my image, of star-shine & moon-glow. Easy as easy is I have breathed life into deadened rocks. Tempt & be tempted, slouch & be of crooked stance." --- These words have entered the minds of righteous souls. "It's not so much the heat as the humidity," many have said, but they speak no more of it now that change has come, change promised. The guile of some & reverence of many is what makes for folly...{Blah --- *blasé*, shrimps & mussels, corks & styro-plugs, blouses & knapsacks, swim-swam-swum...}...Folly in shapeless hap, breaking ground upon glass, further taxing Euro-socialism...Sometimes when I need a threatening F.B.I. warning telling of civil & criminal punishments I utilize a film discus. Other men would come along poking about commissioning officers within regiment: A happy marriage between uniformity & civility...My stature & full hair of thick head gives me several advantageous advantages over short & stubby folks: #1. I'm first to feel rain on my head & last on my feet. #2. I'm closer to God & further from Satan. #3. My gonads are *above* the knees.

Many have said Jesus must be contacted on all things prayer-wise. There was a booklet that said this wasn't necessary. Written by Friends of Satan, I think it must be reliable.

I FORGIVE YOU MOTHER THERESA

{This poem explores the pain of ego & starvation.}
For the hurtful things you said:
Starving me of love & food,
Kicking me when down.
Oh Mother T, without you, beggary has no relation.
My rice bowl is empty.
You're so rich it scares me.

THE DEATH OF MOTHER THERESA

It seemed her charity knew no bounds & her
bottomless pit of selflessness had no bottom.
She gave, gave & then, when you thought she had stopped to
go to the bathroom or something, she'd give some more.
She'd give anybody anything save me:
She wouldn't give me shit.
--- "Look Daddy: it's Yawn & Joko Bono!"
"So it is! I wonder what brings them to
Greene County, Pennsylvania?"
"I think it's the pork festival!"

AIR & ELECTRICITY

I'm getting air & electricity but feel the moisture is departing my
face causing cracking. I can't understand French people when they
speak their language. When the engine blew up in my truck I was
helpless to repair it. When cancer-poisoning, burning therapies are
provided I loose hair & nails.

HOW ANIMALS WORK

Animals have vessels {akin to hoses} that allow blood to move
& visit organs throughout the body. An animal's skin or hide
acts as a bag, one that's full of guts & blood --- pierce the
bag & you'll have a mess.

Why are animals mean? Animals are mean because
they were created by Satan & he's very bad!

Why can't animals stay in one place? Animals are lazy &
deceptive. They look to people for hand-outs. Given the chance, all
animals want to get something without having to work for it.

Industrious people {foolishly} help animals & are punished by God for it.

ELVIS & PRISCILLA: "Oh Elvis can't it ever be like it used to be when we were so much in love with each other?"

"What...?"

"When you sang about being in jail & Jesus nailed up?"

"What...?"

THE WORLD'S MOST-IMPORTANT MAN snaked the soil pipe between my toilet & septic tank. Now we may flush meaningfully. Stand aside Socrates, André Gide & other fags!

TOM LOVES STEVE homosexually.

It takes 2 men to have what they do:

A homosexual relationship.

Once Tom had misgivings so Steve accosted him.

"No more of that!"

"Can't it ever be like it used to be when we were so much in love with each other?"

"No! Never!"

ALL MY CHANCES: Her kitchen-*skink* goodness, sink-cleaning somehow, Priscilla Presley yumminess {1975 & sooner} contributed all to man's wealth of world. She could be wrapped & pkg.'d, *escalated* & *de-neutralised*, soaked & washed up and loved no less. All my chances, they are used and I have no dead ends nor wronged throbbes.

It's amazing how many mafiosos Frank Sinatra dealt & socialized with yet remained immune to their charms, persuasions & influence...

Magnolia Lovebound wound her kite in expertly, because she was tree-shaped neighbors strung clothes' lines & hammocks from her trunk as children built tree houses high in the boughs.

She was a green & leafy woman in summer & an orange-brown, deadening sight come autumn. She was married to Larch Malignancy & they had no saplings.

It was mid-December & the town was preparing for Rasputin's birthday, rare enough for Florida & Magnolia, or Nolia for short {but not for long}, branched out her business interests hoping something might root. Meanwhile Larch had begun a sexually-physical affair with some rose bush called Scarlet. Nobody paid much heed to Larch for he was considered rather senile & root-bound. Besides, Scarlet was a stickler & prickly. No man would have her.

Nolia had happened upon the illicit couple twice: once out back, once out front. "No man'll have ya!" She told Scarlet & it was true.

NEXT: The cold darkness of the motel frightened my ass as I moved ever more motionlessly. Madeleine fought back tears as had Paul *before* he got killed in the army. The rain fell & the sky seemed wet. "Got any tooth decay?" I asked innocently, knowing damn well she had tons.

And Nexter: Pain vs. Prick...Prick me in the neck with a hypodermic syringe & I cringe in terror. I suffer pain & horror.

"Give my ass the chance to prove himself," a Mexican might put in. "My ass, he is strong..."

"Just don't cross the border with him," I'd say.

Nothing's left behind but wounded soldiers & untaught children. In the dirt & through smoke the world spreads before me begging for a sign fretful. I lull & gag amongst the criminal element.

"Look, I'm a *bread* neck!" I proclaimed with a loaf held neck-high. "I own 3 wrecked cars & my wife's a porker..."

Once you piss off the garbage man there's no turning back. I learned that the hard way. They are a strange & mysterious lot: these men of refuse. Married & with scads of children, our garbage man was taking his sweet, rancid time collecting our crud. "Hurry up!" I ventured. "You sick, craven turd!"

He turned my way & laughed. I attacked with a viciousness that was alarming. He went down like a bag of garbage. I pounced & kicked him to near-death. He looked no different than a pile of garbage. The pigs came & started interrogating. I explained how I felt backed into a corner & came out slugging. Was it my fault the old bag-lobber got on my wrong side? The pig sympathized, explaining that this was common & how emotions always run hot

on garbage day.

"See you next week!" I yelled as the ambulance departed.

I began to wonder & wobble a night after the ambulance. The garbage man had certainly initiated the fracas, he'd practically begged for a drubbing. Because his world was waste he'd not known the touch of a loving woman, or man. My education was gooder than his. What he lacked in looks he would compensate for with garbage. I could drive trucks of garbage thru the holes in his logic. I should pity this confused & battered man whose filth & ignorance made it too late for pizza, too early for war news.

"I can't have children!" I yelled thunderously. "I'm sterile! That's why! It's no fault of my wives! They are, for once, blameless!"

Kitty sat, stunned. She didn't know how to react to my protestations. She looked away fixing attention on my yarn balls.

I feel John's dragging Yoko. The hostile nature of my moaning frightens movie critics.

Take me Mama to the hellish side of heaven and the heavenly side of hell. Heaven is a place where there's no Barbara Walters, where overwhelming personal problems become underwhelming, where stupidity is rewarded like crazy. {Your singing makes Joe Cocker sound like an idiot.}

Take me Mammy to the land what time regrets --- a shimmer of cocoa & broken clock-works & rulers of 12-inch capacities. These disjointed limbs limp along unable to leap forward-thinking frogs swizzled about pencil necks. Super stupidity is anointed in soulless, wicked fashion statements involving cool, crisp alignments...I see Yoko promoting John & John apportioned. I see scissors up to no good.

America {proper} fortifies herself against everybody. No men unchallenged. Super-states crapped out & livers drunken...

Take me for what my bloated heart'll manage. Crank upon a shaft's well. Deduct me to hormone. Promote me till all sicken at my word.

TYPICAL EVENING

"What's your name?"

"My name is Fuck F. Fuck."

"Geez, what's the F stand for?"

GIVE IN to base urges, repress inner longings no longer. These moral charges are really starting to stick and: "That whore's my friend & I was just loaning her money during these troubling times. {No fun during these troubling times.} Give in to your base-building urges...

Joe Lee Lovechild swore he'd never eat walnuts again. Twice his front teeth had cracked costing him a small fortune to repair. "Damn walnuts!" He exclaimed as his front teeth cracked a third time.

"I'll never understand why you keep doing that." His wife said grimly.

"Oh...?" John Lee asked. "And what do you suggest? Should I throw the walnuts out the window or flush 'em down the toilet? The choice is yours!"

"Why don't you cut them from their husks & use these nut crackers on the shells?" With that a *groin*, I mean *grin*, transformed his face. "Alright Ice-Pick Nipples {his nickname for her} I'll be careful."

Chapter 2: Joe Lee didn't feel very laxative, I mean talkative, when the laxative, I mean *car* salesman approached.

"Lookin' for a new car?" The moron asked.

"Yes," Joe Lee answered somberly, "my *other* new car is so old it doesn't work anymore."

"Well maybe what you need is another new car."

"Exactly! Another *new* car would render my old new car useless..."

Chapter 3: Shaking like a beaver, Tammy hadn't realized Joe Lee'd gone beaver-hunting. "Where's Joe Lee?" She asked *confusedly*.

"He's gone beaver-hunting," Sarah Crow {local Indian} answered.

"What? Again? Seems like he's never happy with anything except wild beaver."

"Never mind," Scrow {Tammy's nickname for Sarah Crow} soothed. "Soon you'll be up to your chin in swimming-pool water."

Do you want to go swimming or what?"

"Sure," Tammy replied semi-retardedly,
"swimming will surely *wetten* me."

Chapter 4: "Hello!" Joe Lee said as
a greeting. "What's your name?"

"Harriett Tubman."

"Harriett Tubman? Are you an international fashion model?"

"Just national so far," Harriett said shyly. She was a
raven-haired beauty with impressive body features.

"My name's Joe Lee & I'll be accompanying you. You
know what the word *accompanying* maens don't you?"

"Yes," said Harriett, "It maens to chaperon."

"*Chaperon*?" Joe Lee said fumb ducked. "What's that maen?"

"*Maen*...?"

"Shut up, you started it!"

Chapter 5: That morning Harriett awoke, still alive.

"My hip's itchy --- got any hip-itch cream?"

"All out," Joe said lyingly. He had tubs of it. "I'll nip out
& get some --- be back within a short period of time."

Harriett waited till Joe Lee was 2 blocks south to dress
then shower. "Damn it, my clothes are saturated!"

Hurriedly she rummaged Joe Lee's drawers: "Size
38, he's kind of chubby, but it could be worse."

Chapter 6: Uncle Joe & Kate Lovechild entered
the freight yard @ one-thirty. "Put your bga in
the locker," the freight captain ordered.

"My what, my *bga*?"

"Sorry. I meant bag."

"Hey what'cha doing?" Kate demanded as Joe dutifully cram-
med her wrinkled & bloated body into the tiny confines.

"Ditching my bag!"

"*Stowing* your bag you mean," Kate corrected. "He
{the freight captain} means your case not me!"

"I'm sorry," Joe Lee's uncle Joe said. "It's just
that you are so withered & unattractive."

"Yes I've aged & my anti-aging medications are shit but can't you
still love me like you used to when you were so much in love with

me?"

"No way *hag!*" Uncle Joe screamed, putting a hurtful emphasis on *hag*, as he ran like a lesbian.

Chapter 7: Uncle Joe & Kate waited by the county dump as fire raged. "There goes another pile {of garbage}!" Joe ranted, lamenting aplenty about the time he'd seen a fire engine speeding passed a water tower. Kate fingered her rosary, too tired to plunge a knife into his neck she fell to the pavement divorced from reality. "Kate, Kate, are you dead?" Uncle questioned, always looking forward because of neck-bone fusings, never wanting to praise any Messiah better than Jesus {the Biblical One}. *Diversion:* A promise made in the dark under religious circumstances is concrete.

Chapter 8: "How may I kill the violence in my nature? I'm infested with venomous intentions, reliable infractions, cross-over invectives."

"Recant, repent!" The people of church demand as had Harriett believed impossible 6 hours before when Joe Lee confessed his red neck bend.

"My Lord God of Hosts & navigation, how may I please without put-out, scheme *sans* plans?"

"How many Haitians must we sacrifice before *Portorriqueños* relent? Might we not dump our generosity upon Mexico instead?"

Harriett could never find peace with the Peace Corps, she could not relent, repent, refrain nor recoil in horror when the situation demanded.

Chapter 9: Joe Lee counted on social security to tie the loose ends as he planned to marry Tubman just before retirement age. A window of opportunity existed & Joe Lee was no slogger. If she would contribute ready cash they could live for & support charities that fight crippled children. Amongst flunkies & tramps Joe Lee was an impressive cut. Just under 6 feet tall & quite more than 200 lbs., he was neither handsome nor fresh-smelling. Harriett hated him just the same & often did what her God demanded.

Cha-Cha Chapter 10: The wiener factory was across the street & Harriett & her sister Tubby often toured it for inspiration. Years later Harriett asked her sister to come along. Tubby pointed out

that they were grown up now & it was time they moved on to sausage.

The wiener factory across the street was *the* one thing Harriett could rely on. "No matter," she'd say, "what comes my way, I'll always have fresh wieners, seeing the factory's across the street & all."

Chapter 11: Sally had known discomfort what with weighing so much, but not like this: the discomfort in a love affair gone horribly wrong. Our story begins in 1901, Teddy Roosevelt is president & everything's Jake. Nineteen-ot-one: the first yr. of the 20th century, the yr. Sally's great-grandparents were married. So much romance then *Titanic!!!* The ship hits a 1912 iceberg & many die! Sally's grandfather chokes on a hunk of meat & I'm not sure if Grover Cleveland is alive.

Chapter 12: "I'm opposed to any measures taken against Uncle Joe & Kate. They are good people, too well for interment, too elderly for track and field."

"The road to divorce is paved with asphalt," Joe Lee conditioned. "Do not let it be said that I've ever said otherwise."

"I know," the sheriff grunted, adjusting his badge & taser, "but Uncle Joe has broken God's law & must be tased."

"Well..." Joe Lee said, a bit more acceptingly, "he's old & I think he can take it."

"Yes, I've zapped children & oldsters & many have taken it, the electrocution well, only to crack their skulls on the way down."

"After losing muscle control?"

"Yes."

Chapter 13: "Hello, what's your name cutie?"
The handsome sailor asked.

"I'm Beth Wishbone. Who're you?"

A look of frantic defeat made off with the handsome sailor's fetching features. "My God!"

"Thanks," Beth said, flattered.

"No, I don't mean you're *my God*."

"Oh?"

"I mean, before you got amnesia, I was Beth Wishbone."

Beth was stunned as if by taser. "If you're Beth Wishbone then

who am I?"

"I don't know!" The sailor exclaimed & burst into tears. "I just don't know!"

Chapter 14: Johnson was so stupid it's unbelievable, but he was a Texan. Beth didn't wish that her unremembered amnesia should cause a rift or memory adjustment with her new sailor man. Suddenly she speaks: "I realize we've only known each other ---

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Beth answered whichever one she was.

They would be married in Chapter 16 & *she* would be elated, finally her amnesia could be forgotten.

Chapter 15: Tammy didn't know too many retarded people but the ones she did confused her with their clever talk & deductive reasoning. "Look at the retards!" Her friends would say confidently but for Tammy it was: Look *out* for the retards!" She made no secret of her fear & shaved her shapely legs frontside below the knees. This was no time to go ape. Soon bikini weather would be here & there was no excuse for that. She was certain Joe Lee, Uncle Joe & Kate would be pleased to see her stripped to a transparent 2-piece, especially Joe Lee who was hung on her. His passion could defeat a one-piece, cut to ribbons a two, annihilate a three, if such a garment existed.

Chapter 16: Whence suddenly married the world accepts you as a serious health risk. Once the bones knit you're able to use that leg, it will aid in walking & brake application.

Tammy couldn't hold her feelings another moment. It was Christmas & the Christmas-fun would soon begin: stockings, rein deer, eggnog, sausage, crack of itchy.

They, her feelings, must've weighed 10 pounds & she was eager to unburden herself. Nursing causes nipple irritation so nurses deserve extra loving. --- "Here comes a nurse --- do not tweak her nipples!"

Chapter 17: Tammy's heart was filled with such horrible anger, such angry horror that she could not face Doctor {cardio-specialist} F. Lee Hickson. Maybe if he were denied her audience Joe Lee's death would remain heresy & hearsay. She hated suffering in all forms & couldn't finish her rare t-bone steak. It was

bloody just as Joe Lee had been when he was killed in a violent act of merciless savagery. Doctor Hickson pled: "Please Tammy, let me apprise you of the excruciating death details of Joe Lee."

"Never," Tammy said, swimming thru a sea of remorse in a bikini made of clear plastic. Her best parts unmistakably alluring in pool-water moistness.

Chapter 18: The funeral was Saturday, Tammy & all the Lovechilds save Billy Lou, Bobby Ray & Dakeysha would be there. Joe Lee's body could only be displayed from neck to tits & knees to belly button due to his horrifying mortal injuries. Shoes & shirts required. No pictures please.

"Will you be alright?" Reverend Milkmaiden asked.

"Yes," Tammy answered, sucking back mucoidal tears of phlegm. "I've got to be for our children: Attoria, Bishetta & Kofi."

The body was given a Christian, traditional, face-down burial. Tammy had wanted the head removed but this was refused her.

Chapter 19: Twenty-seven years passed since Joe Lee's funeral, Tammy, Lori Saunders & Hal Holbrook were still on friendly terms. Uncle Joe & Kate were aging routinely, Xmas would always be in December for them. Their sunset period was a tangled mess of incapacities & money-laundering. Kate had suffered more as her bosom had betrayed its pronounced patriotic fervor, never at attention, always in lost pendulosity. Uncle Joe's back spasms only worsened under her enormous putty sacks.

Chapter 20: Bowling & boating is what Sally lived for. She could bowl aboard her boat if only it were bigger or she had smaller pins & balls.

January is a time for a new year & a new love. She'd wanted her shores parted & now came the chance with Kofi Lovechild, son of Joe Lee, who'd died for her salvation, when she was very young.

Kofi was unappealing look & weight-wise & awfully stupid but he had been dressing himself all along. Sally admired him as she was half-blind in one eye.

Chapter 21, Finally: "I can't assemble the pieces of your life Dear," Netorian preached. "That ring on your finger screams everlasting fidelity. You & Kofi will have to work this out!"

"But," Sally spoke, "Beth & Harriett Tubman will be here soon. I

can't let them see me wet with tears."

Netorian put the tea bag on the dish, sprinkling Italian seasoning into the cup deftly. "Sal, you & me have been twisted tightly ten yeads ---

"Yeads...?!"

"Okay, *years*. You know God-damned well the life I've led & the prison stretches. Don't let what's happened to me stop you from loving with all your womanly pride."

"Thanks," Sally thanked as she stuffed the tea bag into her mouth. "You are more friend than cousin, more Laurel than Lum & Abner."

22 years would pass {49 since Joe Lee's death}. Uncle Joe, Grenda, Heidi & Trayvon were dead. Beth had become a tire salesman with few feminine desires left. Sally killed Netorian & was not charged. --- The End ---

ALL MY CHANCES VANISH like bowl ring when bleached. I play the lottery & nothing happens to me as it does those t.v. winners. I feel I've lost more than the money: the trust in state-run lotteries built up over many years. All my purpose-oriented trials give way to what's out there. Bound & gagged people can only thump. All my spring-chicken beauty dissolves like smoke in crack-itch heaven. I display my rocks of exhibition turning blind inhibition eyeless...

All my latent love urges mark the moon with as many foot-falls as our mock astronauts made up there so far from here in 1969.

"Peeing over the boat's side is as harmless as ocean rain, short socks, freckles, deep dimples, or bowling from a chair...

" I told Captain Eddy, who had never heard of such stuff.

"There will be none of that while I'm commanding this craft!"

Have it your way, I thought, as all my chances to pee over the side had not vanished. A night pee just might go undetected. Anyway, he's got to sleep hasn't he? Next up: *Lying About in Garages*, a poem that'll have you searching for details of desire.

LYING ABOUT IN GARAGES details of my desires.

Fornicating in forgotten hospitals
The weakened & the fragile
Holy but repentant we snake uncoiled
Stripped & shipped the breadth of
oceans, the depths of intrigue
the re-working of Saigon...

A THING you don't want to hear during
routine sex-change surgery: "Whoops!"
I believe the Beatles' song "Help!" was merely a cry for help.
Every day I arrive @ work w/a positive attitude,
an H.I.V.-positive attitude it ain't.

It was rumored that my sister wasn't the type who could jump
from man to man altho she did, for her it was nothing more
unusual than flushing grass down the toilet, or for some of us to
have our brains smashed out forming 2 words as one, having these
heads measured for fun—luring a wince from where there's no
pain. Our squeezings result in full-milk production, tainting our
coffee & gassing our tanks. If the world really wobbled when it
spun we'd have only sun spots to grouse on.

A THING nobody attends unannounced, unawares, unclothed is a
moody tense differing largely from Peter Lawford on the rebound.
He'll kill for a bit of Dandridge, a merry lin or a peck of ugly head
{Gaelic: Kennedy}. A thing moldy-boldy clumps the walls &
curtain as I die on my way to an ambulance convention.

FISTFUL OF JUNGLE LOVE {Unfinishable}

Young people will praise this film for its frank depiction of love
gone jungle. As everyone knows the jungle is a wild place full of
swinging monkeys, deadly snakes & quick-sand, enter Kassiti
Ja'Neah Williams: a 14-yr.-old who possesses a need for
excitement, the kind only found in jungles. She's hot for jungle-
loving & looks to Carmelo Shavade Williams {no relation} to
provide it. Carmelo {played by new-comer Raonall Warrick
Smith} is no stranger than anybody else & agrees to Kassiti's
options. Just when things begin to go steamy a nuclear bomb blows
up in Nairobi killing everyone. Nobody's left {thus everyone} &

the camera tips over into the mud. The cast & crew rot where they've dropped. I rate *F. of J. L.* for what it could've been, if not for the bomb killing everybody: 4 hose-repair kits.

--- Motif of Simian Injustice, Carmelo exclaims:

"Kassiti, I'm being attacked by niggers!"

"Monkeys?"

"No! I said niggers!!"

DANCE ABOUT --- I'll never lie about the garage, creating suicide from a broken nose & cracked ribs. It's a Thelma Todd mystery. The love the world harbors beneath neglect & pox.

{Tammy raised her butt high in the air like a countess, Tania said nothing. Suddenly Tammy was attacked by a wild sea-bird bent on vengeance. It wasn't going well, the butt incident made for uneasiness. --- From "The Expurgation of *Give In.*"}

"Dance about the issue of unemployment if you like," Timmy began, "but you can never lie again about the love between 2 loving people living & sleeping & humping like rats or rabbits or Truman Capote again!"

GREATNESS IN LARGE NUMBERS lay people in pits dead by Germans who didn't think too badly of shooting people.

Oh Heather, your flowery fields conceal Scotsmen.

It's decrepit how shocking old people are.

Some place where the bushes grow & weeds hide sprawls of other plants, there lives a type of people who money has no draw. Offer them a checking account or interestless credit & they'll put a spear in you. Who are these people who would set fire to your mutual funds & escape into the under-cover of vegetation? These un-moneyed, weed-whackers who would scratch your eyes out if you mentioned \$4,000-cash back on a new Chevy? They are your brothers' friends & sisters' confidants. There's nothing untoward about 2 men with large muscles getting along well.

Greatness in the pit of my stomach retracting my muscles peculiarly. Is this a nerving reaction? Great men amongst the disturbed, distributing all shares of lies & filaments, getting together, producing a graduated tax menace to salve the productive

from means & product.

Brutality is a side of me only the police know: *Pig Hunter*. I can't kill all of them! Won't you please help? How many Colombians must die needlessly? Is it possible to run low, even out, of them? Only God knows the future of these South American losers.

They say a dog's mouth is cleaner than his ass until he licks his ass, then both are about the same.

They {they again} call me Creamy Gravy because I work either in pornography or in the creamy-gravy business. --- Unusual fact: Only women can become lesbians {not counting people from Lesbos, of course}.

"I'm down in the cellar washing my clothes in gas --- don't turn on the light! The tiny spark will blow us all to smithereens!"

"Don't worry! I won't turn it on!"

"Thank God...got a cigaret?"

"Sure. You'd better not light it though!"

"How come {or why not}?"

"Because it will ignite the gas fumes."

"Oh yeah, I had forgotten completely."

"How's about paying me that 50 bucks you borrowed?"

"Shut up or I'll blow your house to bits!"

MY DAY IN COURT = I'd bring a mystery man known only as Nylon so I could say: "I call Nylon as a material witness."

My new autobiography *LIVING LIKE A BUZZARD* is better than my old autobiography *Living Like a Pig* or the one before that: ...*a Vulture*.

The first chapter: "Beginnings": I always wanted to be hugely big busted, enough to upset tables & cause canoes to tip, drowning everybody. They {the breasts} would pendulate, coming together, causing thunderous claps. I would use them to gain speed in running, leaning forward & making headway. My sisters would be equally endowed & together we would kill people who got in our way. I have a plan to write 52 autobiographies & each will be so unique as to bear no resemblance to the one before. One {guess which} will have a baldness cure, avoiding the terror of...

MY HAIR IN CLUMPS tripping me like shoes tied together --- killing me at 45 & widowing a third wife. My hair clumping in a barrel over Niagara Falls. I feel my eyes unsocketed, my hips swaying at the cable house, my beard plucked by vultures or pelicans. I'll never kill with joy nor unrump a prayer rag.

That night bums broke into the wienery & ate all the wieners. The Wiener King was heart-broken: his wieners had been eaten & Xmas was coming. What would Wiener Claus put in the children's stockings? How many Puerto Ricans must flee New York's largest city: New York?

Nobody knows the date better than someone with a calendar or the hatred a father finds for keeping rulers. People fly but not for want of trying. We go our way for reasons no pope may be privy or bishop or prelate or spunky office girl—her clingy nature, material need for collation. Nobody bowls while constipated nor wins coaxing fires, singeing my hair what's clumped, teared & stained, bleached & coded, wanted by F.B.I. for some hair collection.

LOVE ALONG RECLINING LINES lies off-pitched. It's 50 cents times a million dollars & then some. I've read the "news" papers so I know the lie: indoctrinate, divide, conquer, kill babies & grandparents, give it to the retardates for good measure. My life is provided by my Lord who is identical to me least-ways image-wise.

Shirley Temple stars in *Kathleen* {1941} & wears nothing, she's completely naked as opposed to incompletely naked. When she talks nudists listen as if taught, a design flaw that concentrates its effects upon words & not knobs.

Playing hide-&-seek with strangers in their back yards—hiding in the garage out of breath, gun loaded & the drop on niggers. Shoot first & ask questions of no one. Love declines along the calendars' edges, it was struck by heavy raids on Liverpool, Bristol, Portsmouth, Birmingham, Sheffield & Manchester. It's a hiding, a blitzing & a seeking what strangles my enthusiasm for constant flushing of the enemy out whereat I can re-load. --- Love along these reclining lines aclinic is no part of parting blame-worthiness as I, by nature, am none too certain.

SOMETHING DANGEROUS

"You weren't expecting your garden-variety, jungle love all at once were you?"

"Yes I was. I never bargained for it gobbed."

"Gobbed you'll take it & gobbed you'll love it."

"Doesn't it seem this is a foreskin to something dangerous?"

"Something garbled is always that way. You can't pander to forces minced or drowned in gravy, distinguished from malcontention, filtered through pigs' eyes."

"It is something dangerous in what we do, our financial duties & distractions, disturbing our cleated shoes, believing in nothing, forecasting doom."

"Something somewhat & danger-fraught is bound by laws immanent, 10 years of divorce & freedom's ring tolling our pop flat, our monkeys torpid..."

"How dare you suspend our *have-body* {habeas corpus}, it's the basis of all we execute in the laws bespeaking freedom."

PRETEND THE MOON

As women age & ugly, bones thin, eyes & cocci dry, toes & beam spread, things top-side drag pendulously. Once pulling they now push with great need for calcium & D, moods dapple, sharpness dulls, perky parks itself graveside...As women decrease in stature to subjects foreign & crestfallen, they twirl themselves dizzy, wakeful & time-bogged, they create age & regional hoax stories that no one believes, nobody relishes a cold slopping...pigs know futures lost to them. After all, they can't go on like before for all's not forgiven. The pig man must make quota. His toes & fingers & ends cockle a puckering foil beneath the weight of shrine & Mary.

He's 44 & taken to bed. Can death be nearing? Silly to trust nurses to wash, since they've registered nothing's clean enough. Silly to cheer the cheerless. If I burped & expired it'd amount to a noteless noting, an unscripted scripting, our sun setting behind ourselves, as we pretend interest in portends, knotting our ties, otherways feeling all fine, shitting, dumping plans & flushing anxious thoughts, we skirt our finished products beneath knees of

legs. Mexicans remain thankless to all we've given them. They continue with their Mexican stuff. Their pepper-tortured tomato sauce rats out *Cubanos*, defies Texans & greases my hair back. The oil slick tans my backside. The separation *clauses* me to spit widely & freely...

Beautiful house for sale: 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, overlooks abortion clinic. Approved by a mother's right to vengeance, & things proto-popely, psychorrhagic & neglectful.

If my bra were stuck in working order & to climb me high above a steeple-jack's premise would enliven my fog lamps & tunnel my loving emergence, then what bra stuck as working could entangle my squirrel sausage?

"I find the season's first cold snap *inniggerating!*" She said whilst wrapping herself in woolliness.

"It's bad-ass talk like that," I informed, "that causes power problems."

She was bundled tightly, impenetrable to spatial volatility, free to go as she wandered.

TO SAVE YOUR LIFE when drowning in the ocean: swim like a life guard to shore.

To save a life one might follow at a distance in crowded surroundings, stupefied & blinded by a passionate love aspiration, clouds of doubt blown away by the harsh winds of unerring penalty. When drowning, or thawing hamburger, take the precaution to: always swim like a life guard.

As women season & broaden, bones narrow & medications strengthen, my moon landings seem distant, an ink what's hardened, a neck unset, a pretense chilled & de-centralised.

To murder your life, maim, & one-up, a skill-lacking study of pencil pushing, a career in studied love & heart stoppage. Too many pilots, too few planes to crash into mountains to knock their heads off. My twin eyes are centered front-ways. My twin ears on either headside. Balls that dangle, toes a-wiggle & nose double barreled, winkful lids & brazen hatchet cleavage. Clever I think, stolen moments beneath the sink with you my plumbers' helpmate. I dare live, breathe & capitulate my weakened satellites.

MUCHO EVERYTHING, *mucho todo*, that's what I want, wane, whine for. Total districtless apportionment as far as 2 good eyes. *Muy mucho* culled a pointless Wonder Like Steveland or like Larry, likened my crunchy bones or bony crunches.

The matrice of her baloney nature doubled me, a wife by other fashion, a Westralian in New Zealand, defiling their sheep for a bit of variety, she mirrored. I reflect upon her statuary & tail flaps in church where it's safe.

I was naked yesterday alone, never will I allow it again what with a grateful public a window's ledge away.

Mucho total of a *mas o menos*, *una chica* amicable & the world scratches a mark below the tempermental thresh of Nordic viability & how long my arms have lengthened.

Everybody, ever'thing, yet everywhere yonder nope thing at heaven, *noy* haven, *nyet* composing treble, *nain* subtle train-ware, hope for the peculiarly finished & beg-a-thons w/fire men's boots & tears will be a commonality you'll see.

Help me Tokyo adopt the ways of the mistreated. I'm solidly affixed to this spot behind a table as time records the world's antics & popularity eludes me.

What crashes upon the orbiting moon concerns me not. My glasses, my pads & straps have drifted and adjusted north, wrecking my budget & retarding my resolve *Americano*.

Sex-change surgery should be performed by doctors.

{"This 2-piece insufficiently arrests my 3 items!"}

Sex-strained surgery has clasped my linguals. I feel my vices strangulated as I bruise my spine. A colorful moment I could enjoy no less if I weren't hampered by misery & defiance, jealously & slack-belts. In the cosmos every 9 seconds Martin L. King, the junior, is assassinated. He steps onto the balcony & is shot. Every 6 minutes a fish is hatched in Michigan Lake. Every so often a cadaver is poorly incinerated in India, the remains: ash, bone, hide, are dropped into the Ganges River. People, mainly Indians, bathe in this: The River of Boniness.

THE DAY MY KNOBS FELL OFF {And I wasn't

even doing anything, that's the furgin' scary part!}

"Gawd! What's it take to get a marital aid from this machine?" I asked a fellow urinator.

"75 cents," he said.

"Holy shit I'd rather stay divorced."

Does my college education make you nervous? Are you scared shitless? Don't let my intimidating college education demean you. Age is just a number, you are only as old as you feel but measured against my impressive college education you don't deserve to live.

She stole my heart thereby making me heartless. Her passion was a hopeless favor, a dog's collar pieced together from other collars, a wrist-watch about a severed limb. She wore military attire & so did her sister, all but combat boots. She was every soldiers' rag bag, every nurses' push-up. I would love her even without paying. To learn more open a fucking book.

My new cartoon character for people in the hospital: PLUGGY = The Pee Stopper. Pluggy's first mission: Conserve water. "Rebbie, La Toya, Janet, help, I'm being black-balled!"

It's always endearingly humorous to hear of a scientist's reluctance in releasing information until further studies are done. They weren't so reluctant in stating men came from monkeys...not unlike *The Day My Nuts Fell Off*...Ringo Starr as Larry Fine, Alfred Hitchcock as Winston Churchill...As fun as flushing leaves down the toilet. The next day there was an advertisement in the newspaper. I wasn't surprised since that was how they made their money.

Luxurious eff. apartments to rent! Rent is what you pay *us* to live in *our* building. If you stop paying you will be ordered out & we'll keep your stuff! Also we'll say threatening things & call the police to arrest you! You'll be stood before a judge: he's a man or a woman in a robe, sort of a super attorney in a black evening gown. He'll preach to you a couple of minutes just like they do in church.

My body's a temple & I'm not renting out any rooms... comparable to the price of a tuna fish sandwich. Do not rankle Elvis: King of Presleys.

PARTNERS OF ITALY formerly Italian Friends, U.S.A. This

newly-named organization founded by Italian-Americans is for those of Italian descent or anyone who married a grease-ball. Free deodorant available for new members.

Negroidal Council meets every Friday at 8. Surprise! This Friday's talk focuses on gang violence, venereal diseases & general shiftlessness, alternate topic: uppitness. Free deodorant available. Not assoc.'d w/ Partners of Italy.

Alcoholics of Ireland meeting Sunday morning at 7. Come one, come all to this important function, topic: *Drinking & Passing Out, Who's at Risk?* Bar opens 6:30 so arrive early. Free deodorant available. Not associated with Mafia.

DON'T MISS! Homosexual free-for-all at The British Club. All homosexual members, in other words: everyone, must attend. Penicillin raffle @ 10 p.m.

Whether I'm alone or in the bathroom, on a ladder or hiding in a ditch, up a tree or furrowing a neighbor chick I remain true to the God of my choice. Won't you join me now with twine & glue?

THE DAY I ATE SO MUCH TURKEY I NEARLY KILLED MYSELF: It was after St. Patrick's Day 1990 & a group of Chinese refugees & myself sat down behind a barge to enjoy our turkey dinners provided for us by the Sons of Italy in co-operation with N.A.S.A. & the American Humane Society. Wang Chow, our leader, said grace giving thanks to Jesus. There was the traditional Irish favorites: spoiled meat, green potatoes {which promote spina bifida}, I.R.A. scallops {they explode in your mouth with flavor}, brown beer, all served by people who bathe infrequently.

5 years later I was rushed to a Chinese emergency room suffering from strange symptoms: runny nose, irritability, anti-infanticidal & non-interventionist views concerning the central government which I contend is too large, unconstitutional & otherwise illegitimate. I was too old for scholastic/psychiatric medicaments so that was that I thought. Pump my stomach & set me free.

Water boiling upon the stove top, the toilet struggling to fill everywhere south of the Equator. Miner hurt today, his injuries were minor. Crippled woman's purse stolen, her debility hampers her ability to hold her purse tightly.

Stop hitting me with boulders. You're gonna trigger an avalanche! ...on Planet Eye Ball the people celebrated the birth of their martyred messiah in one of their 6 big religions. Planet Giblets --- of all the love in this world, protection of which is important like cheating done in railroading, I love my giblets! Planet Acne Cyst --- of all the words in the dictionary or in combination thereof, pairing acne + cyst & then naming a mythical planet that makes me harken back to my days on planet 36" Double-D. I still don't know anything important. If only the important people would fill me in, in like Planet Not-So-Quickly, sister orb to Planet Welcome To Self-Sufficient Africa. Boot out the overlords. See mayhem overwhelm the continent.

EXCITEMENT! I wanna job writing numbers with a black marker on the backs of dressers. After scratching my ass I decided to pick my nose awhile. Running hot like a fluoroscope --- Sick'ning zounds of heaven cracking into sheets 200 miles thick, pigs & whistles, see the long-dead even deader now, see the near-dead not quite so. See the perky & the bright, the mousy & the bug-eyed. All's normal in the world of homosexual marriage: man up man, women under ea. other. The homo-sexies speak out: Our homosexual nature demands that we do this. We're winning points with everybody! You, 10% of the people, are us but only 1% admit to it with 9% kidding themselves. The joke's on them. God's love for s/omohexuals has somewhat of a frugal quality to it --- Don't be afraid, nobody wants to marry you.

Wanted: partly-neutered cat, must have begun neutering process & then inexplicably stopped. Cat must be vibrant & sassy, also needed: fully-neutered ewe. She must be denuded. Buyer desperate, must have by Saturday nite. Also: Will the woman who called me Feb 18th with the fungus please deliver sample slide by Feb. 25 --- Hurry, you have only a week!

Is your cat all he can be? Ever think of racing him? Racing-cats are rarely seen in Fla. Be the first in your trailer court to own one {or two, for exciting pair racing!}. If you are between jobs or even unemployable cat racing may be the answer to your prayers. It's not unreasonable for God to answer your prayers with cat racing. It's in the Good Book, *The Good Book of Cat Racing...*

Found, abandoned cat...answers to Kitty. Will not respond to Italian, French or Urdu. Must be from another country say Canada or Antarctica.

Clogged pipe? Call Asshole Plumbers {not *ass*-ociated with Fred Lesbian, anymore}. If we can't unstop your pipe we'll salute Hitler or vote yes for a sales' tax increase, hey, it's only a penny for Christ's sake, and besides, it's going to a fund to pay our hard-working pubic school teachers {yes *pubic*, that ain't no facial hair, it's like rat hair!}.

I couldn't stop her from necking with me. Her lips were on fire & I offered her a hose, that doesn't sound right, a nozzle then...Some day she'd hen-peck my ass outdoors to do her woman's work & on a later date I'd O.J. Simpson hafta kill her. Twice lately, half likely we'd live our lives somewhere to death on this Earth. Her continental portions'll go first, then her slippery items. I canst wait around watching her limbs fall off. This ain't no cat race. {I knew that once my hormones turned on me they'd never turn back.}

COOKING WITH MY GAS...Food has a way of releasing much friction & gaseous solids tho I dare not elaborate. I must say this: my gas is stored in a "20#" tank with connecting copper tubing. My mother is 68 & lives by her lonesome.

I'll never forget the love Bob Hope, comedian, gave to this war-torn world. Some things I've said of B.H. {B. Hope}: "He spoke thru God.; He's not responsible.; Bing Crosby died first.; May the spirit of B.H. {Bob H.} die long after Bing's spirit."

At the orthodontists' ofc. 3-11-03: Looking for wuv. Sickly snooze. Crawling about the floor, it's not the mental abuse so much as Christ Jesus having died. It's a miracle! It's a hardship! It's auto insurance twice a year. It's George Turd Bush, & *Gott* condemns the world with the urgency of prayer requests & faith seeds.

He looked at me uncomfortably as I wore a very revealing bikini. I said it was to support Black Misery Month. He was not aware of any special events. I told him about the chitlins' festival & the chasing of the white girls.

At home with my girdle, the girdle not the griddle about my middle part, the part I'd show off my baby: under-born &

neglected. Once pregnant I'd be your typical bitch tramp concealing little, consigning nothing to the imagination. You asked for it Egbert Murrow. Brace yourself, I've been shaving my legs 10 minutes & I ain't gettin' any nicer. Stop yourself fellow trucker.

At home in Shitsville {like Splitsville save a hosing off}...My strength lies in my ability to lift heavy things, the heavier they are the less likely I can lift them. I find it easier to lift light objects, a heavier woman understands this & supports her weight on 2 legs or, during romantic encounters, on four limbs, even on palms & knees, haunches held aloft just like the flag. My brother, fresh from prison, dated a ton of women in the first several weeks he was out. A ton of women is 3. He's always gravitated toward the lard asses. Probably, for him, it's a way of hiding his inhibitions or flabbing his better intentions or beating his meat against a rock. He can't sit still for more than is necessary. I stepped on a nail & had to be inoculated against tetanus & diphtheria {they're a combo like measles, mumps & whooping cough}.

THE WORKING PROSTITUTE = The magazine for the working prostitute, prostitutes not on vacation, etc.

The Working Prostitute seeks to document the in's & out's, ups & downs of modern American, street-walking prostitutes. No prostitute needs to feel, anymore, that there's no magazine out there that represents the working prostitute. *The Working Prostitute* is written by prostitutes for prostitutes. Our lives revolve around prostitution & printing this magazine: *The Working Prostitute*. Don't be confused by other publications like *Reader's Digest* {should be *Readers'*}, *Time*, *Gay & Local*, *Country Folk*, *Muzzle Blasts*, these only pretend to understand the working prostitute. Since we are prostitutes, prostitutes who publish a "magazine," we know what prostitution is: *sexual relations on a cash basis*.

She had a way of making 6 red-necks appear as fifteen. Fifteen stinking, barrel-burning, sister-humping, dope-smoking, trespassing retardates, ready to update their Arkansan shit list at the drop of a turd bag. Since unemployed prostitutes make as much as working ones, pesos in Mexico, francs in Belgium, a down-turn in unemployment means nothing.

Access to Lunar Violence: Once Americans begin to fill lunar voids, squabbles will erupt & violence will cause death & abortive efforts. {It would seem that the good titles for books have been used except: *My Big, Fat, Wild Ass; Hack Face & Noodle Boy; Ass Face & Ass Girl...*}

HOW TO CONTRACT GONORRHEA then get rid of it. Sexing it up with the "right" people will get you a "healthy" dose of gonorrhea. There are many things you can do to increase your odds of "success." --- Readers must note: *right, healthy & success* are 3 key words in this section. Patience is virtuous. Please advise others. This section is hereby terminated.

"Have I Daddy? Have I missed my chance at *right & healthy success*?"

"Yes Son, you must *assuredly* have." = Th. End

Terminated? The end? My Lord, Peaceful Prince, will it? Can it? Ever end? The Lord didn't commit self-murder all @ once. The proto- & anti-popes didn't kill their sinister urges altogether...or foster perpetual love offerings, unfostered love offers.

Look, it's retired general George Patton slapping the shit out of constipation the old-fashioned, slapping way. He's a clyster {enema}, a show man, generally appealing, slap-happy & *rankish*, slow, dim & cystic...{You're sexy when you're *violet*: your purple coloring & stems, blossoms & root system.}

There's too much violence in my violent life, life in my livelihood career model. There's a date what comes once per calendar print, scuffing & blueing our knobs, tripping our feet, contusing knees & threatening our romantic features. We reverb w/i our minds collegiate. Pay attention to your courses & keep your head strong & plumb.

Some things can't be learned like *por ejemplo*: the cow's instinctive ability to fertilize. A cow can spread nutrient-rich materials under foot precipitating slippage & falling downness. If I ever practiced with a cow I'd surely hold my bulk in check, checking all & every, rivaling in on hormones. Some shit cannot be bagged for market, needless of following cows about the decks & fields. Doubling the bagged content & murdering the pre-

murdered. I clasp my bags & cram the potatoes, same shit as the last shit last time.

My grandparents once engaged in continuous jitterbugging yet I never let it bug me. I didn't concern myself with dance preference. They had their lives to lead & if jitterbugging was a part of it, so be it. I could stand around in nothing but underpants all day & what good would that do?

Nudely & calmly I chose to discuss my bank statement with the teller but she wasn't interested. "Hey!" I hollered as she ran. "You must help me! I can't balance, I can't balance!" {I dream of the day we can be married & the night that I turn her wedding dress into a bedding dress.}

My grandparents were obsessed with whatever it is oldsters do. I often wondered how long they'd cling to life, how hard they'd fight if they were boxers. Their violent, World War 2-era natures would cause warring on 2 fronts. I couldn't believe the American fleet sat as sitting ducks in Pearl Harbor. They knew they'd baited the trap. Japs are small & bomb-happy. When one dies, the others go on living.

I find it curious that German soldiers who fought World War Two are referred to as Nazis, even tho most of them were not Nazi-party members. American soldiers of the same era are never called Democratic soldiers even tho most of them came from families who voted for candidates put forth by the Democrat Party. The Nazis over-ran Holland; the Nazis buzz-bombed London, yet never has it been said: The Democrats invaded Normandy; the Democrats nuked Japan. Perhaps history, as it's often said, *is* the propaganda of the victors. {Note, the preceding isn't helpful in contracting gonorrhoea, or is it?} And homosexual marriage is an oxymoronic expression akin to people-ground chuck or baby burgers. It's beyond consideration just like there's no such thing as physical {sexual} marriage amongst father & daughter. Any such "ceremony" uniting in marriage 2 such persons is repugnant to law & therefore non-binding.

Homosex is not a basis for marriage, no more than bestial sexual intercourse or heterosexual incest. By equal measure there are perhaps no laws specifically denying the eating of human

placentae, some things are supposed to be understood without being addressed by a legislature. It's unlawful to sell your fingers & toes for purposes cannibalistic, that's obvious, that's sane. A man cannot "marry" with a horse or a corpse & why not?

For Halloween I bought one piece of a Dick Tracy costume: they were out of the Tracy part.

Her fall-festive, longish dress followed her like a train. Her internationally-respected beauty allowed her to undress suddenly without complaint from the studio's audience. Many encouraged her random nudity. She could disrobe & remain thus without fear of recrimination.

Pretend my moon mission sound as it was in the 60's & beyond {not far beyond}, beyond the cluster of inhibition as we work ourselves tizzied, lathered & stretched out comfortably upon the divan or davenport. Kill or be skilled in life affirmation. Tell what needs to be told, say what needs to be reverberated. Monkey about the Orpheum till your nuts revolt, this: *To Save a Life*.

SUMMER IN JULY, June, September, you name them hot, summer months. They have the heat behind them, the ball-blistering, sauce-pan effect what determines the burned, turd-browned skin we white ones can't resist no more than often. {Nor no often-er than sooner.}

To be an unregistered sex offender has got to be better than a registered one, but not counting nurses --- I find the registered ones more possum- {I mean passion-} filled, more loosely based ...especially in these summery July days & sizzling, licensed nights timed.

Is this much bony protuberance normal? I feel like I'm featured in an episode of "Drag Webb" starring Jack Net or out & about armed to destroy central congress at a back door trying to thwart lesbianism, acting in a world of inaction, speaking frog whilst thinking wop...sitting and brittle like peanut brittle and buttered sandwich on a slope in Japan, alone with 1 Jap, my friend: Spooky. To be free & unrisen, unresigned to it whatever that may be. Alone & mad like Harry Truman with no one but Bess, sitting near the bathroom humming "God Bless the Queen," in a forward-thinking

way, a way in which troubles nobody.

If old, crazy Dutch Reagan were here now it'd be because his tomb was robbed. My ransom demands would follow their predicted courses, as all things criminal holding out for life rewarded: chump change then vagrancy, grab-ass then stink-finger.

"You lack lesbian-intrigue," she accused accusingly.

"How dare you?!" I pounced. "I've always been that way more so than ever!"

"I'm sorrowful now," she {whomever she was} said, "to slight you lesbian-wise."

"Think no more of it," I replied whilst attaching myself to her like a lesbian.

"This July-based summer fun enriches our resort commune --- I had my reservations but now I'm supporting efforts that promote reward."

Later, after the mayor was hanged by his thumbs, changes were enacted that fostered extensive bribery.

A summer in July allows for sun-tanning & nipple ornamentation, a wild & free-borne happy dance exposing all sorts of one-stop shopping traps.

We see through violation & laugh in danger's face. Our traps've been triggered. If I rolled about the floor for hours or waxed poetically throughout the daylight, I'd be no closer to refining a quart of oil. There's the dirt & mustard that finds hot dogs, a gritty hand sewing my skin together, a wife abundantly giving, a congress running scared --- frightened of me & my heavy hand, me: with my magnetism that says "hello stranger; good-bye close, feminine friend."

THE CRACK CHALLENGE = Is your crack up to the challenge? I'd rather be forgotten & not dead than the obverse...

Place your crack over the intersection of porch-floor planks. With knees parted 6 inches alternate weight in rocking motion, this, for 5 minutes. Bring a friend for timing. Do not waiver! Your friend should be loyal & clean. Loyalty & cleanliness {the goodly-scoured type} are vital. return home & check crack studiously. {Have a friend direct flash light.} Rate crack with one-to-ten scale.

Mine is an eight. Yours might be nine, unless you're one to crack sassy, then I must advise: refrain from the crack challenge.

THE MEDICAL CHALLENGE = Sympathise with the devil & keep me in your thoughts.

"It's a medical challenge for those who don't want to live desperately --- to those who would like more money & a better girlfriend: younger, taller, shapelier. The kind of woman who knows what you want & isn't shy about expressing a love more special than loving. Let's say," the doctor paused to take a drink, "you've eaten a fish & you're sorry. Sorry don't bring back the fish."

"Yes," I agreed, understanding the last part --- the fish part --- yet baffled about the medical challenge stuff. He saw the look of confusion in me.

"Look," he reiterated, "your mother is like a flat-bed truck ---

"Sorry!" I cut him off. "Here's my bus!"

"Remember: a *flat-bed!*"

and: Don't forget to submit your bone marrow, transplantation tissue before midnight, April 15..."Oh my precious darling," she hollered louder than a lawn mower with a broken muffler, "you are my true love!"

"Holy Jesus, you nearly broke my ear drums! What in hell's wrong with you?!" He bellowed in a voice so thunderous as to wake the dead & then quickly kill them again.

"It's just that," she went on even more loudly, "that I find myself lost without you! *You* are my compass!"

"Your what?! Your *clump-ass!*!"

"No," she corrected: "*comp-ass, comp-ass!*"

"How dare you?!" He answered in a terrifyingly-loud voice.

There I was living a life of leisurely resistance @ Twisted Leg Apartments. My bald head & furry back could not stop my romantic musings. The park's manager warned me to no avail. I was a love hog and no rent collector could change that.

There's another world of hope for the medical challenger. He's uplifting his ass from sofa & commode. The damage is done --- the wick's lit, the stain is set & the ship has sailed. My mind's made up & my beam is broad. I brood with my gun loaded & porch light on.

I was there, living a lie, daring not to reach out to deafness: the crutch of the hearing-impaired. My lofty comparisons fall on deaf people, crushing & deforming them beneath the weight of abounding shit. Renegging & re-tooling they quietly bang each other thrilling in things workable. Theirs is a weirdly-wide world of hopeful intent & swift, furious justice: Kill a biker, go to jail. Grill one & eat for a week. They are delicious, no grit, gristle, stringy muscle. Here we live on bellies full of biker steak, our bank accounts brimming over into securities. We are wild-willed & free like Hitler's friend Alfred Rosenburg.

My medical condition foreshadows my marital woes as I'm attacked by my bewitching wife {minus the *ew*}. She's twice the weight @ half the fun.

It's a climb for me down the mountain as my people await word. They are the phoniest of the phony & it's all I can do to pass a civil word amongst their ranks of perverts & lunatics. I'm anxious that my bullets will run out before my anger subsides. There's a need genuine to thin the ranks, to weed in my garden of gourds & melons.

My precious get-along-with-nobody way about me has worked out pretty well. I'm alone or lonely on PARTY TOWN EARTH. Most people are under the mistaken impression that World War Two turned the planet into a global Mardi Gras. The riotous hoopla on the continents, save Antarctica & the Americas, was bombs & guns. Women were vulnerable & as sexy as ever, many even more so because of cosmetic industry brutality. Make-up & mascara were short & bullets plentiful. "I'd kill for lip stick," wasn't idle chatter.

I'll be available all nights, that's night-availability for you to respect. Be responsibly respectful of my night-time raids revengeful. I'll maneuver like Heimlich as he's always approaching backways, his ball-busting badness bespeaks nothing. He operates with coarseness. His wife hates him though he's continually dislodging her craw. Nobody sees through silken steel, the pig-iron people in the pig boats agree. Nobody rots in Unalaska the Aleutians believe. Nobody kills Jesus a second time.

LOVIN' BY A DOZEN COUSIN

They jump, they squirm, like a sackful of relatives

I ain't gettin' thinner cause I never skip dinner.

I chew tobacco & I shit in a crap house.

I once ate rat but never anything smaller

Lovin' by 12 cousins

Knockin' up none

Cause that would be genotypically risky

--- Lovin' By Conscript: Watch-words & pancakes, home fries & late-term infanticide *in utero*. Conscripted & pistol-whipped, Zsa Zsa & Magda, Oona & Indira, side-saddled & reined in. I hit the wall with my electric car. I love by conscription, a depiction of pictures & a cousin who loves me in an unrelated fashion.

--- And I remember, because my mind hasn't gone blank yet, a time {in the past, for the future hasn't happened} when a woman's main concern was dying. Now, it's living; living life to its feministic fullness: off the land, in a cave or trapped in a millionaire's retreat. I believe it was Lawrence Durrell who used the word *cunx* rather often.

DARLENE OFTEN SAID: "I'd rather be tortured by a friend than kissed by an enemy." Or was it: "tortured by an enemy who's been kissing a friend?" Or maybe: "a friendly enemy who's into kissing..."? Any way, she said it, these words that I live by. I've not known a Darlene but I do hope to meet one.

NUMB-DUMBING QUESTIONS

Soon you'll be asking: Are these farmers really my neighbors? How come I've been eating dog food for a week & I don't feel any differently? Is this rash contact dermatitis? Why do men look at me the way they do? Is it too soon for menopause? How do diet & exercise effect my well-being? How may I test for chi misalignment? What's the difference between a boil & a carbuncle? How shall I stop my uncle from touching me inappropriately? Why does my aunt look at me with repressed longing? Is 40 minutes enough time to properly evacuate my bowels? How many gallons

does a camel piss?

There was a time when I was delightfully engaging & an ass at parties. My knowledge of theater & bridge did much to endear me with the butt & hole crowd. My beauty & youth were running neck & neck, never often clashing. Fancy boys & ready women would vie for my warm throbbers, my gainly weakness & gift subscriptions. These foolish things I likened to *Lawrence Durrell* by John Weigel, *George Orwell* by Averil Gardner, *Margaret Drabble* by Lyn Sadler, & *The Future Unquiet* & *Along the Far Climb Down* by me.

There came a time when I wasn't delightfully-engaging company, nodding off at crucial times, when pigs wouldn't let me slide. Good looks, an attractive bustline & inner beauty can take you but so far.

How may I be a better Mexican? Depositing my contraband in the handy border bins is but a start. Being Mexican is a state of mind, a mustache & love for all things spicy, black hair, brown eyes & working in *El Norte*.

Bruce Baxter knew his days of running were over. His tumor, many cysts & relationship with Barbara Baxter {no relation} had changed everything. "I feel like a squid devoid of the ability to be squid-like," Bruce would say during a moment of careful, squid-type consideration, squidless. Barbara, always the loving, caring, anti-squid woman, would soothe Bill's, or Bruce's, violent wanderings or musings with her artful fingers & toes. "Oh Bill {or Bruce}," she would hammer as was her trait, "can't it ever be like once it was when we were so much in love with each other?"

He overlooked at her pleadingly with his eyes. "Oh Martha, we don't belong together. I'm in love with a man whom I suspect is *not* a homosexual."

Barbara, or Martha as she's seldom called, looked away unable to face the awful yet *perfectly* normal truth from another sodomite revealing himself through words. "Bruce, I've suspected that you were *that way*..."

"People kill turkeys for a reason!" Bill yelled as Martha was confounded by many things, "killing them is by no means manumission to birthright!" He cautioned, crazier than before.

"Gotta go!" Martha informed, loading her gun,

hand on whip, underpants frilly & tight.

"Stay," Bill said calmly, "we can still be ready with the Lord thru prayer on our side."

"Yes," Christine sought, "the Lord's there, you don't have to trip over Him!"

"How come Sunoco & Texaco never compete?" Bruce spoke freely about petroleum & such.

"There's no sale at Exxon," Martha waxed, "no reason to shop early. No honesty behind *Time* magazine either..."

"Look," spoke Bruce restraintless, "here's a movie I wanna see: *Prison Outbreak* {1956}. Directed by Hans Scuby & starring Fred Failure, Niles Bottom-Tough, Ira Bells. Prisoners Failure & Bottom-Tough hatch an elaborate prison-break scheme in hopes of winning the hearts of Irma {Bells}: the dual-hearted woman. She's got an enlarged spleen & liver & the hots for Hans Scuby's character: Gary Crant, probation officer. When Failure & B-Tough confront her, Irma {Bells} denies being pregnant even tho she's lactating everywhere. I rate *Prison Outbreak* with 2 hoses & an attachment..."

"True enough," Martha re-waxed, "we work for the insurance companies & government tho neither show responsibility with money."

"You got that right, woman!" Charles agreed. "Seems you're an expert at bringing nail & head together!"

For supper Mom cooked up a big pot of food. My hunger made me eager to eat. Afterwards we said a prayer. Dad says you should not thank the Lord beforehand because if the food's no good you thanked Him for nothing.

I bolted for the toilet beating my sister by 3 paces. We didn't have --- *I interrupt this important story to bring you an urgent message. I will return as quickly as possible. We now return to the story already in progress* --- So sister decided to have the baby despite the minister's warning...The End.

Every American killed in war 10,000 miles away is described by their grieving mothers as loving, caring & giving. Maybe if Mom had raised them hateful, grudge-bearing & selfish they'd still be amongst the living.

"When I get done with you they'll be nowhere left to dry!" Said I, taking the hussy from the shower into the enormous beach towel.

Today I switched to minimum-strength deodorant & I'm feeling wonderful. Each day I'm growing stronger & more manly. I have to beat women with sticks. Believing in iron fists in velvet gloves, I'll be all that I can be...& then some, like one or more of the Beatles: shy & cautious.

Tomorrow is a new dog of excitement with exciting dogs to go & exciting places to meat. {I spelt meet with an *a* because I believe in the sanctity of human meat.} I believe in supporting a country whereat milk runs freely, cows lactating @ maximum with farmers incautious in ways unprecedented. It's America for heaven's sake: blood-red, milk-white, bruise-blue...

These socks will keep my feet warm in the summer & cool in the winter. "Your nigger-loving nights are over!" The racist screamed as he removed me from nigger town.

Tomorrow is a day of excitement. It's in the not-knowing, what provides the mystery. It'll be in different underpants and my shoes will be tied securely.

SUPER MANLINESS {I will now string my prayers together for maximum effectiveness.}

Nobody wants to be covered in herpetic sores & I mean *NOBODY!* Few wish to lapse into hepatic coma, very few. The people who run the health food store have to understand --- I love my wife & they can't change that --- same goes for the people at the bowling alley. Nor do I hope to become so conceited as to love & care for myself above others.

"I know where you're coming from," the handsome Joe butted, knowing well from where the coming was. "I too have suffered! I had indulged in a male-hormone-replacement regimen to increase my manliness. My manly traits were ratcheted up absurdly. My wife, her boyfriend, everyone agreed --- the time to evaluate anew had come."

"Help me with my accentuated package."

"My God!" Helen exclaimed. "You wouldn't wanna spend the rest of your life dead?!"

"It's behaviour like that that killed President Truman!"
Opined Margaret, lifting her bib & rotating at the elbows.

"Help me with my blossoming womanhood!"
The cheerleader begged.

"No! Don't!" I put in. "Cheerleaders need never beg!" Later I felt the moodiness to relay what's been mindful to me. A thing to cheer up leaders a: "Perversion without sex, Ping minus Pong, steps & no incline, this is the world I seek. I'll smile sideways to get it. I'll trick sailors & disrupt port traffic...Swaying in breezes, that's the flag for me! A manliness stupendous, one that doesn't get in the way of things unharmed..." To cheerleaders my words were magical & mystery-laden. I could hardly believe that a *cheerer* would shake her pom-poms with loose abandon. A craven, cheerless wonder she would shrink to, a drome, a steel structure melted about wooden joists, a period piece striking Johann Goethe proudly. I want my coffin nailed shut, as opposed to open & my mourners hysterical.

For about the cost of neck surgery you can enjoy a week in prayer council. Your shoes & outerwear wear thin in this climate. Don't lapse into coma. Stay alert! Prayer will shock the heart like might a concerned doctor. Prayer will butter God up, tho He knows so much already, a little grease quiets the wheel.

SUPER-MANLY TOUGHNESS: *A Prayer*: Oh Lord God please stop my wife's whoring so that I may love her at my convenience. I'll miss the money. Please provide for that. *Amen*.

S.-M.T. {Super-Manly Toughness}, it don't come easily to me. I've been one of the many forever it would seem, keen on women & cashing checks, riling some with incessant, profane talk. The Lord, He makes his provisions known. God, He steps empowered. His Will makes for cancer & strep...In harmony with my S.-M.T., not in spite of: so kind, giving & loving have I always been, willing to help others die gracefully & age with dignity. It's this pronounced kindness that has set me apart from others: the dog people. They root thru garbage, greet with tongue, dig dirt & roll in carrion. They wouldn't recognize my brand of loving-kindness if I ran over them with a truck...Belief #1. I believe that childhood is a magical time in a person's life. #2. Sometimes we must beat the

shit out of a loved one to level & bring to harmony our mental state. #3. love is sharing & sharing is caring. #4. The people who supported Sad Hussein must be tortured & their bodies dissolved in sodium hydroxide. #5. Respector all forms of life except intracellular protozoon parasites & followers of Saddam Hussein. #6. Cat-killing must be done humanely.

--- Mr. Answer says: Ask me a question.

--- Dear Mr. Answer: How come dark people aren't white?

--- Well Suzy, or whatever your name is: Dark people aren't white because of their pigment.

--- "Suzy": My pig's intentions are neither here nor there! For Christ Jesus" sake why are dark-skinned people not so white?

--- Well, Suzy, their dark skin is caused by your pig's iron will. Your pig has the power to create divergent racial stock. Hang on to this pig! He's a winner!

--- Thanks Mr. Answer! {"I prop no one. I'm tired of supporting you! Get your pork chops & hit the road!"}

My maggots remain with me, unphased, unrepentant. My skirts are dirtied & bespeak evil affliction. I could peel a tomato & symbolize nothing. It's being under water. People dash about the goings-on unduly, they dance about their shit-house lives.

DOUBLE YOUR FUN WITH TWINS!

I was born in bed, dumb & confused, with all the sparkle of care-free youth. My twin wasn't. He inspired hatred for his hateful observations, believing he was hot shit & all, he thought nothing of breaking laws, nearly getting himself aborted.

"Kill the bad one!" Ma instructed the butcher {*doctor*}. "Suck his brains out! Vacuum my endometrium immediately!"

"I cannot," the Hitler responded, "your embryo has somehow transformed to fetus."

"Oh my God, no!"

Identical twins attract identical twins. Twin A gets confused with B for innumerable dating-related slip ups/ins.

"You've impregnated my identical twin!"

"I swear, I thought *she* was my brother!"

"Oh my God, no!"

--- Ass holes are everywhere, puckered beneath the clothes of our most-trusted citizens.

--- Surprise loved ones @ Xmas by faking your death.

Exacting twin chicks supply the world with a care-worn, grim drama, at the heart of attack...

MAKING A MOTHER-IN-LAW UNDERSTAND...A m.-i.-l. is a blessing. She can do with love. Sometimes I'd be better off if she were dead, then I realize that I will have to hold out. But for how long? She's fat, strange and tatter-worn. How long, tubular boobs sway & heave, her hairless scalp peels after summer. How may I break the news that I don't love her daughter as I need to love her: with humptastic, physical passion?

Every morning I kissed her God & worshipped ass.

"There's senseless brutality in this world," an angel observed, "sensible brutality too."

"Painting nudes is a naked benefit of being a painter," I reckoned deadly. *We can't go on together with suspicious minds*, we just can't!

Her white legs & white skirt & dark hair reminded me of actor Oscar Homolka who looked like Leonid Brezhnev.

Every afternoon I ranked God for a blubber day, paid my daily taxes & prayed to central government.

If it's child support you want visit the Child Support Center for Domestic Violence {wife beating}. It's 1 block from the land-fill {dump} & half a mile from the murder {family-planning} clinic. Incidentally: Oscar Homolka has *homo* in his name.

My Dad's peculiar behavior caught the attention of neighbors: his late hours, coarse talk, rough demeanor, careless regard for society's polite ways. One day I confronted Mom: "Ma, what's up with Pop? Why's he act the way he do? Please refer to above traits."

Ma sat defeated. "Son," she began, more womanly than ever, "your father's life has changed since he got into tugs."

"My God, I'd rather him strung out on opiates than working on tug boats!" I vomited, more womanly than mother.

"Who needs an expensive piano when you can

just bang 2 niggers together?" She asked blackly.

"How dare you!" I extolled, full of self-appeasement & wearing size 12's.

"Get over it," she instructed as was her nature & ability to bounce back from disease or condition. She had the Lord in the palm & never back-tracked nor pedaled.

"Nature hates us," I reasoned, "that's why you can't sub what you said for pianos."

"Just watch then!" And sure enough she played beautifully without a piano.

"You're right! Isn't nature bountiful?!" I had to say.

"I'm in charge now," Frank whispered to Henry Wallace, "seeing how Eleanor's homosexuality is becoming less discreet...It's not the heat so much as the humidity. She never used a straw as a child. Her father denied her all manner of vacation-related opportunities. He preferred chick over string beans."

"A rare case," Hank agreed.

"This black skin's caused by the polio. It's all I can do to keep my balls uninvolved. Hot dogs are out --- too remindfully painful."

Hank stared blankly, his legs never more able, as Frank's were nevermore able. He could run & hide behind his big desk & no one'd know for days. But he wasn't a *hider*, he was an idiot.

Y luego: "A harbor by any name's still a gash. You can't fight slopes outside Pacifica. Don't tell me that! The Togo I love would never go in for that..." *Y mucho luego*: "Eleanor's asleep, let's stuff her with pork chops!" My bandy legs are unstepped upon. My Moe Bandy-like features have tortured the mail man enough.

Preview of my mysterious novel:

3 Bathrooms & Nowhere To Turn

"I thought I'd seen everything!" Willis T.B. Barrow exclaimed with slight hoarseness. {The T.B. stood for t.b.} "Tardy again & on the late Johnny Carson's birthday."

"Sorry Dad," Willis V.D. Barrow said flippantly as the V.D. stood for Vic Damone, senior's favorite crooner.

"I'll give you a million pesos if'n you could just be on time!"

"Thanks Pop: 17 dollars American."

"Never mind that! Where's your sister?"

"I think she's turned whore!"

"Never mind that! What corner's she working?!"

V.D. didn't know nor did he care so much. He & sis had split over the whore business years ago. "I have no sister!" He roared.

"Now now," Father natted *matronly*,
"let's not condemn her for whoring."

"Gosh Daddy, maybe you're right, a right bit senile!"

I came from a violent family, it was always:

"Richard, what do you want to be *if* you grow up?"

A young Frank Sinatra would sing for nickels just to get a seat in a pay toilet. When nobody was paying attention he'd sneak pals in to have an impromptu party. Everyone was there: the plumber, tile man, a couple of soap & paper salesmen engaged to be married. Frank was in charge. Break a rule & he'd have a goon rough you up.

MAYBE I'LL KISS YOU LATER or ASK MR. MEAT...

Mr. Meat: How come my meat is flimsy after hair cuts?

--- Yours, Mr. X.

Dear X: That's a tuffy! Your meat's flimsiness may be nothing to worry about except if it's a threat to your manliness. Is it?

Hello Mister Meatiness! I enjoy sun-tanning, beach sex & millinery work. Where can we *meat* for fun & good times?!

--- Desi Arnaz, sr.

Dear Desi Arnaz, sr.: I'm intrigued by your glorious offer, praise Allah, but, I cannot partake in such tasty delights now. Please inform Heather, Max & Larry. Do not fry anything, esp. fish, before Tuesday, Dec. 13th.

--- *Sr. Carne*

USELESS PLACEMENT

"Here, place this rectal thermometer in your rectum, that's what it's designed for & where it'll do the most good," the hospital woman instructed.

"Are you a nurse?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, unlike suck-up Sinatra who called Anwar

Sadat brother & fraternized with America's most-powerful enemies. His talent involved having that dear, sweet, innocent, cuck socker Marilyn Monroe killed, & for what? Why would Frank do that? Hadn't he enough trouble, what with the scalp treatments?

"Place this thermometer at your leisure. It's your rectum & you should have the wherewithal to know better."

"Thanks nurse. You are the one who understands. May the Lord God bless you. May He temper your onions & deny your creditors..."

A child might ask: "How come there are so many dikes in Holland?"

"Dikes are designed to hold water."

"Can't they use dams?"

"Yes, but they prefer dikes."

"Has one ever broke & caused a flood?"

"Once. During WWII dikes were blown up by German or Nazi forces."

"How come dikes can't be made more reliable?"

"But they are, strong & tough too. I once saw a dike avert coastal tragedy."

"How?"

"What do you mean *how*?! The dike dammed the town, that's *how*!"

"Do you believe in dikes?"

"Yes, because I've seen the good that they do."

"It's an exciting world in the nethers & with dikes & I want to be there, participating, panting, catching what's left of hell. Yes I too believe for I mustn't flail as my runners remain pliant."

Her ass's back was furry & flat, her front, above the navel, likeways. She had burn traumatismes elsewhere & no brow hair. Walking *to* was walking *fro* & one couldn't, w/o college-training, tell her weirdness from her strangeness, nor her cowardly wellness...& wanton hussiness...

And here's a story children have just got to love! *Flopsy: the long-eared bunny*...It had been a bad day for Flopsy: a 1,000 times in & out of the rabbit hole, farmer Jones sicking a ferret on him, the wife pregnant again. It seemed that no matter how

much family-planning literature was dropped on her Mrs. Flopsy never grasped the modern concept of a mother's right to choose {reproductive rights, infanticide}. She'd go on ignorantly dropping litter upon litter.

"Enough!" Proclaimed Flopsy in Rabbitease {a language related to hares:}. "Either you utilize sound contraceptive practice {ferret bite} or I'm abandoning you!"

"Oh my God {Bugs Bunny or John Bunny}, what about our 90 children?!"

Flopsy didn't give a pellet, he was hard-hearted & had adopted the bad linguistical habits of truckers & sailors.

Once the suck-ups get into gear there'll be no threading waitresses...Don't blame Mormons for the ills of church-life. They've never harmed anybody. They are Mormons: defenders of Utah.

We can plan parenthood yet realtors can't tell us where whitey lives...After I put Priscilla to bed, choking Elvis was easy. {American dogs eat like pigs, American pigs eat like horses...}

SOMETHING OF DANGER

Something lurks in air with no remedy, on a wing, nor by foot traffic. Somebody has the knowledge denied mystics & monks, sitting, staring, picking up the pace. We've built roads for that, plenty. Everything {all things} in the deranged world can't be put square.

I want long-suffering American women, 2 minutes off the toilet, 5 minutes out of station.

I want what Jesus has denied me: self sacrifice, bitter-sweet selflessness, the kind extinguished by fire, the puritan/pagan type what typecasts & squats from the hips...a lowly crush above the star-shine & beneath dignitaries. I'm not feeling customary, I'm feeling nothing.

"Kiss me Italian-style, I'm Lyle Talbot!"

"How dare you?! Besmirch Lyle Talbot & Italian-style in the same breath!" --- When I'm not speaking Italian to Diego or running my wife into the ground I enjoy watching tomatoes ripen on the vine & melons, & roses bloom & birds peck each other

flightless. When I'm not sharing a neighborly intimacy or stuffing my rags into bras I enjoy quiet time: me & the word of Satan.

My lonely wife looked at me from her dog hospital bed with barely the strength to say: "Muscle, iron, power, force..."

"Those are some pretty strong words," I said. "Might I adjust your nurse or call pillows or something?"

The Ham Stickers {2007}...Pity the moron who crosses Fred Ham, fresh out of underpants & just back from Paris. Love knows no reason as Fred romances Tess Handle, daughter of aerialist Russ Monsoon. All hell breaks loose upon arrival of Fred's ex, the ever-lovely Mary Montana, but he doesn't let her knobs get in the way of newly-found love as he & Tess fly to Rio with nary a care, save Russ's impending liver surgery. Meanwhile there's an explosion at the laundromat --- soapy water's everywhere whereat Dr. F. Lee Hickson, cardio-expert, is forced to treat the survivors in make-do fashion. His tools are of what's left: twisted hangers, fabric softener sheets & a few plastic buckets. *The Ham Stickers* will have you questioning your religious beliefs whilst cheering infanticide & confiscatory taxation. This film deserves your attention. Rating: 6 suppositories.

NAKED SISTERS IN SPACE:

Somewhere beyond the moon's confinement!

The leader of sisters {naked} speaks: "Oh Kronos, can't it ever be like it once was when we were so much in love with each other?"

"What are you talking about? All you do is bitch about this & bitch about that! When am I going to get the love in my life that I deserve?!"

"But you do! Don't you make sweet, gravity-free love with 30 of us on a rotational basis?"

"Well, sure, but lately I've been seeing somebody else!"

"Who is she Greg, I mean Kronos, is she younger, prettier & thinner than we are? Is that why you've strayed? Oh Kronos, I forgive you for all time!"

"Well alright then. You naked sisters have always been *for* giving!"

"That hurts me Greg, or Kronos, but

I forgive you a second time."

"I am Kronos: lover of naked sisters in space & somebody else!"

--- Do I distrust those who have cared for me? Those souls giving me sanctuary? A hungry man can eat tuna & not be turned away at picnics. A starving man may limp, his bones dry, flab lacking. Do I shiver the cold demeanors of wife & country? As the usual people reach 80 & die I'm reminded of a poem about an emotionally-injured man who loved Jesus & Hitler, one no more than the other. Nightly he'd empty his slops & pray for something better to empty such as somebody's bank account or the neighbor-filled bra what haunts his dreams. Distrust can be a harm-festering emotion...One which none can filter nor precipitation rain out. I stay mindful of babes in woods, children of night, cuts below lines.

WE GO OUR WAY & our way is righteous, we the right-going people. Frames what square our portraits are suspended on nails on partitions segmenting our boxes. We go ways befitting those hardened & selfless.

When young we ate beans by U.S.A. gift sack, sometimes farting so violently as to injure tendons & cause knee swelling. Once I killed a squirrel & skinned it without the use of cutting tools.

Kiss me because I'm not Italian. Say, "Hey Grease Ball," & it runs off my back. My Italianless good looks & non-Italian ways bespeak volumes remindful not of axillary hair feminine & soaplessness. I've scrubbed my way through England to Wales & know what filth is.

Fluctuating between someone other & me, tipping the boat & rocking the scales = one in the same for the both of us with little correcting & a modicum of self-treatment. Doctoring when it's called for, detachments I make from harboring licenses, it's a dog with no bite, a dorsal-less shark. If I spend my time enjoyed out of water & less submerged to my throat bump I'd often more be dry giving weight to chaplessness, Charlie Chaplinlessness, Oona & Geraldine...I prefer my Chaplins Oona, my dogs cut, my fries frenched, thick & soggy, my grapes angry.

It was Lafayette Hubbard who wrote: "They mad and drunk," said Trombo, trying vainly to understand why the thing had to be

stopped. "Tomorrow they listen to you." [fr. *Typewriter in the Sky* {1940}] --- Ronny Hubbard lived his life, hiding from the *federales* only towards the end of it.

Fleeing the country's always a thought, perhaps bombing it from off-shore. Out of sight, out of mind, out-of-this-world savings brought home by the smart newspaper coupon-using shopper. Eighty cents off can make all the difference twixt living & suffocating beneath crushing debt. If only more newspapers could be distributed amongst the needy, the pot-smoking necks reddened by trial & conviction. A picture's worth a 1,000 words, a matron tends to mother, a pup piddles freely, a doctor pays higher assurance rates & who's to know?

Fluctuating between lemons & limes, cries, whines & peculiarities, whores, hookers & careless daters out for paid holidays, I note it's teacher-awareness week: don't forget lock down, identifying pictures, random searches, rape-date awareness, ballooning cucumbers...

President & Mrs. Kennedy impregnating & being impregnated by others as was the plan, traipsing in & forgetting nothing. A marriage is like a phone cord: curly until straightened; a shoe insert: dry & spongy till later. One can needle, one can noodle, one can skip the preliminaries & scotch the instructions & what does one gain? All what's left is a mess, a web to entangle, a road pocked, cracked & refracted...A Jesus that allows no escapes, stop-work chits, grand manifestos, devil worship.

I stagger subsequent your love debt, unbeaned my blanks, popping what's said from mind ...One may needle, prick, prod till a bone's gone ashen & an ounce is spent, what makes for unguents & marginations joyous. What hope can one lay aside during a musical interlude? Here we obstruct those of short nature. Heavily-bound like corn husk, unerring in our assessments, we tune our refinements.

OBSTRUCTIONS OF SHORT STATURE

Arthritic fingers force me to hitch-hike & wave bye-bye with elbows. One-time English Courts of Delegates & Privy Councils play no role in my daily thievings, I mean dealings.

The sallowness of my complexion bespeaks political rejection. There's a pretense involving us all that cheats & eats away @ our resolve, no matter our dance proficiency. The murky water doesn't make things clear for me, somehow I'm lost in the light of star shine, the smoke what sucks up the ass, a care unworn, scalp unfastened in the cheery-cherry love of the unplugged. Holes go unplayed & limbs untanned, indistinguishable from muted language & incautious lepers, despoiling linens, eating bones & all: fur, gristle. I could chew & chew till my plates crack & what labor alone could be costlier? Dentists, they ain't cheap except when it comes to doing my sister.

She remains obstructed. Her gibbosity knows no upright. She's been a party to obrectation {slander, calumny} & stolen goods. Reception & damage, that's her game, inhaling & cussing are her tools. I could tighten her & strip my threads but how far back would that place me?

THE WORLD'S MOST ALLURING SHOW WHORE

She's been exhibited in the bigger cities. She's the envy of lesser whores, the light in pigs' eyes, the flame on birthday cake candles, the L in Lord, the P in penicillin, the k in crook. Her *silkish*, *smoothish* ways teach johns to cough up more money. It's her youth & beauty what kept her out of the air farce. The navy wants her & they can have her till she dies.

I carry roses in my pockets fully stemmed, the thorns pierce my thighs & genitals. I scream in terror & pain thinking I'm being attacked but it's only thorns. Jesus wore them with pride --- I hate them with the blood & discomfitures. The coldness of winter afflicts my discomfitures alone @ midnite like fire & coals & coal dust, *black-lunging* my lungs & smoking out tumors & turning without circling.

I feel my minnows are bait, my flies are untwisting around hooks. If I were an uglier man I could better under-estimate your meanderings.

MUCHO MEJOR {mooch oh may whore}

Your magnetic appeal's beginning to repulse, much in the way

Pakistan repels India. Indians curse & carp & why? No one understands anybody there. No one gives a harlot's embrace, a cabby's impregnation for India. No one wants to see Buck Owens without Roy Clark, Jesus drowning or Jews under arrest. Who wants a naked Claudia Gerini? A resigned Sung Hi Lee? Reclining, expanding upon an array of things, slipping on nothing, falling back-ways, running her courses as she speaks of love & hygiene, a hygienic love-gift like Santa had before putting on 200 pounds. {Smack my butt & call me red ass.}

If a lesbian ever barn-stormed my house, in an attempt to throw her weight around, I would proclaim defiantly: "You're not woman enough to take my man!" This would force a search of her loveless Mexican, I mean lesbian, heart, for anything meaningful in today's *lesbianic* world. "Am I?" She may ask, "woman enough?"

Once when Lyndon Johnson was in the shit house passing a big one, word came from Texas that he could cause to be killed anybody & with heart, torn by love, hate, infarction, he squatted over Cochin-China.

"I love you *mucho!*" Said Agnes Nixon.

"Oh Aggy, I love you very *mucho!*" Lyndon replied.

"Oh Lynn, can't we love *mucho Italiano?*"

"Hmmm, dago love? Oh Aggy, I love you very *mucho!*" Lyndon replied.

"Oh Lynn, can't we love *mucho Italiano?*"

"Hmmm, dago love?" Lynn contemplated.

"Even better than omelets."

"Remember," Agnes recollected, "when you sold yourself to the company of whores? For you it was whores, whores & prostitutes."

"Those were the days when I loved whores exclusively. Yes, if there was a whore to be had or a whoring time to enjoy, I'd drag myself from my hospital bed to within four inches of sustained camp activity."

Agnes was more confused than woman, more sensuous than susceptible. She'd lived with mono --- & open marriage, knew the measure & bulk of obesity, reposed & supposed enough for several women.

Richard Thripp's *Terror Cell*

Chapter 1: "Hi Shelly," I greeted Shelly warmly.

"How come you're 4 inches shorter than you used to be? Say, what happened to your feet?"

Shelly fought back tears that bespoke the after-effects of terrorism. "My feet were blown off by terrorists."

"Well, gotta go!" I said hurriedly. I watched "short" Shelly get even shorter in my rear-view mirror as I drove away. I would hunt down & kill terrorists just like John Kerry promised.

Chapter 2: Omar reclined quietly in his large office. I sat on his lap "terror style."

"Omar, Shelly's feet have been blown off by one of your terror-spreading bombs!"

"No! How?"

"*Know-how*, you got that right! Only terror specialists in your organization know how to rig a foot-destroying bomb!"

"I assure you Mr. Thripp, if it was from my organization I will deal severely with the ---"

"Alright Omar, I believe you are a man of your word. Praise Allah and His Prophet Mahomet."

"Praise God," Omar said.

Chapter 3: Three weeks went by & no word from Omar. I began to worry. The time had come for a second visit. Scene: Omar's office. I speak: "Omar, what news have you?" He rose slowly --- he had lost 4 inches. "My God, not you too?!"

Chapter 4: Shelly's therapy was progressing & she could now use forks. I begged her not to but she forked ahead.

"Oh, Richard, you are so masculine & virile. I bet you could maintain *it* all night!"

"If you mean maintain an all-night stake-out to trap terrorists you're right!"

"Yes, she said, checking for shoes that just weren't there, "that's what I mean."

Chapter 5: Terrorists are a funny lot: they can blow your feet off & still remain faithful to the one, true God.

Chapter 6: "Richard?" Shelly began.

"Yes," I answered.

"I know you like your women sure-footed, but do you think you could ever go for a girl like me?"

"Well..." I *himped*. "That bomb only destroyed stuff below your ankles right?"

"Yes," she giggled, "my port hole & sails are fine." Her laugh could light the world, leading it from darkness, but I wanted a whole woman so I left.

Chapter 7: "The Terror Cell Reveals Itself."

Omar was off crutches & enjoying the noon sun when I stepped into his spacious office.

"Richard, you are so masculine & virile. I'll bet you could maintain *it* all night."

"If you mean an all-night stake --- KA-BOOM, KA-BOOM, KA-BOOM!!!

"What was that?!" Omar screamed, ankle-less.

"Oh no Omar, your ankles are gone!"

Chapter 8: Fortunately Omar's injuries weren't serious but they did rob him of another 4 inches. I mean he wasn't tall to start with anyway.

Police records stated that terror-cell activity always slacks off during December. December I would make my move.

Chapter 9: "December Danger."

Shelly died on the 7th. She had been "walking" when a bomb exploded above the ankles killing her instantly.

I took a jet to Omar's place. I think he knows more than he's telling me --- the ankle-lacking bastard.

Chapter 10: "Richard Thrripp," Omar said with menace, "have you put two and two together?"

"I have Omar & it spells *rat!*"

"Yes, I had my feet, then ankles, amputated to make you believe I was on your side!"

"So it *was* you! Exclaimed I *realizingly*.

"Yes, & now, because you know too much, you must die. It's a shame too. You are so virile & mascu ---

"Cut the flattery!" I interrupted as I whipped out my wooden, snubbed-nose pistol, undetectable to search but deadly.

"What? A toy?"

"Any closer Omar & I'll kill you!"

"What? With a child's gun?!"

And with that he lunged at me. I fired 3 wooden bullets, each doing appalling damage. I cradled Omar in my arms. His dying words were, & I shall never forget them for they are in my report, and this is Omar speaking, not me: "...Richard..." then he turned to expectorate a frothy, bloody sputum..."you are such an extraordinary human being" ...cough, more blood.

"Omar don't, the ambulance is ---

"Let me, Richard, please. Such a man as you comes along once in 10,000 centuries. So strong, handsome, masculine...A man whom I had the honor to be near, to speak with. I'm dying, my life is over, please remember me fondly. Yes, I killed Shelly. I've done things...you don't wanna know. Find it in your heart Richard Thripp, find there a small place for me...

Omar died then. I returned to my office saddened yet confident, for Shelly & the millions of other Shellies, that some day justice will triumph.

--- The End: Richard Thripp's *Terror Cell*

THE MAN WITH T.V. EYES --- on Noah's Ark the animals pissed in pears, that's why nobody would eat the fruit salad.

I'll never have popcorn in church again!" Angelica promised.
"If I do may I be stricken with lestobiosis."

Like God she tried to keep her face straight. It's Sunday --- no cutting up, no bending over to unmerciful hilarity's will. She would not caress Timmy again with her long, beautiful arms, since her transplant arms would be somebody else's. "Oh Timmy, my arms are different but my heart's the same, got a replacement thyroid though."

Timmy looked at her familiarly as if for the first time. "Joyce ---
"Angelica!"

"Right! *Angelica*. My love is like a small weight watchers' program food scale: it's limit is 16 ounces and it's not legal for trade."

"You mean? ---

"That's right. We can no longer live as live-in acquaintances."

"What then?" Angelica *a.k.a.* Joyce asked.

Timmy wasn't sure, what with Elton John marrying women & men.

"I'll become the man with t.v. eyes: able to see things through the eyes of television."

"But what about unemployment?"

"Unemployment will always be with us Joyce ---

"Angelica!"

"Right. But we must never forget to remember what made Mexico great ---

"Oooo I know: Mexicans!"

"That's correct and stop interrupting. Mexico's what it is because of the ceaseless transpirations of Mexicans!"

"Timmy, can you tell the difference between a Mexican & a Puerto Rican?"

"No. Can you?"

"Me neither, Timmy..."

"Oh Joyce, can't it never be like it wasn't when we weren't so much in love with others?"

She appeared taser-stunned. "No Timmy, never. I'm afraid my garbage bucket's full!"

A proposition: I Richard Thripp, the man with t.v. eyes, wish London, England to be, from now on, called Hamburger Town & that Houston {in Texas} be known as Lunch Meat City... *Upcoming*: It's "Deadly-Thrill-Challenge Boy"! Preview: "Oh, that. What, again? I told you that these infirmities are temporary."

DEADLY-THRILL-CHALLENGE BOY

"Flossing? I don't-a cotton to no flossin'! A lifetime of it!"

"There there now, put a sock in it Deadly-Thrill-Challenge Boy!"

"Deadly whosits?"

"That's right, you're gonna be up there in an *elevator*."

"Holy Kate Jackson!"

D.-T.-C. Boy was up there in the elevator. "Don't look down or you'll vomit!...Too late & on my Sunday bests to boot!...I'm a-

gonna kill you D.-T.-C. Boy!"

Later, after a puke scraping. "Oh Challenge Boy will you marry me?"

"Sure! Now bend over because you've dropped something."

"Go easy on me Thrill Boy."

--- And much later, let's listen in: "Oh Deadly Boy, I'm weary of shoveling the infirmities of your dispassionate nature."

"Oh that. What, again? I told you that these infirmities are temporary."

"Yes, I'd forgotten. Can't you ever forgive me?"

BRING BACK the War Enemy Division of the Justice Dept.! Return us sedition & slacker raids, for is not servility true patriotism after all? Dig up, up Tom Woody Wilson & let's make him some kind o' Haitian zombie critter devoid of warmth & humanity & also, let's hide his glasses! Press his dick stump into cream cheese & threaten him w/hot mustard. Yes, I give you these things from the gracious heart thumping, like a hot-legged harlot, in the center, tho slightly left, of my mighty chest. "We do not covet peace at the cost of honor," said that prez {now zombied}. What the cream-cheesed dick does that mean?!

Later to be: The sign is given, the crisis passed. The garbage's out front curbside --- no need to fret. The truck's gassed, the laundry folded --- things done & painted 'round here like you wouldn't believe. The parasites loaded the crash dummy for another go. He was altogether wasted. "That's what you get," chided the paramedic, "for fucking calling us parasites!" How parasitic he think, as I crossed my legs CRUNCH! My feminine hygiene product snapped, just like that.

Would you like to reduce cat odor by 50%? If you could reduce cat odor by 60% how would that grab you? Now you can w/an amazing cat odor deodorizer available by mail for 3 simple pyts. of \$20. SEND that plus a cool \$10 to: CAT CRAP c/o First Baptist Church {Feline Shit Dept.}/Ormond Bch., Fla. 32176

...after that: Oh look it's native American week, we're all of course natives, those of us born here anyway. The injuns are prancin' about in feathers & skunk hide speaking in elongated,

moronic, broken English. Let's all suspend reality & forget these mustached fools've been speaking the queen's English going back 15 generations. They whoop up a rain dance & any other dance swiped from a John Wayne movie & we're s'posed to ooooh & ahhh full of awe & wonder when the normal inclination is shoot the savages. I was born in this hairy, hare-brained land & my grandfather came fr. Ireland does this give me license to half-ass monthly bathing & alcoholism? Lookie, he stinks & drinks, put 'im the St. Paddy parade! --- At the next drinking holiday: Prostate's got a strangle-hold {death grip} on my pee pipe {Irish saddle bag}.

I get a lump in my throat whenever I sing or hear someone sing "God Bless America." I think it's cancer. I believe "God Bless America" causes cancer.

Remember the German anti-king William, count of Holland? Remember this & that & so many things to learn & recount, sumptuary laws U.S., Fort Pulaski, my breasts flopping in Lk. Michigan. Remember when you was young playing in cow dung? Remember *Sound & Fury* & *Rosy Crucifixion*, tears streaming down my face, my sore nuts, Ohm's Law & Novgorod, Bill & Bob Motherwell and Wishaw? Cripes! Great Mother of the Gods!

Frank Sinatra has entertained millions of alcoholics that's why he's THE GREATEST ENTERTAINER OF THE CENTURY. In a palace while he's talking his way, from cue cards, through another hackneyed song some circus woman, in a tent, 50 feet off the ground is twirling by her teeth or juggling machetes.

Sub. + alt. version: F.S. has ent'd mills of alkies that's why he's the greatest ent'r of the cent'y & while he's in a tent 50' off ground, twirling by his false teeth, guzzling from a jug, some carny is sittin' in his trailer reading the Good Book.

Oliver Hardy, 65, dies 7 Aug. 1957
in North Hollywood, California.

DEAR UNCLE RICKY [abuse counsellor]

My husband is abusive towards me in numerous non-heterosexual ways. He beats me w/hatchets & other ranch tools & farm implements. Once while I was removing hedge clippers he'd

embedded in my thigh {very painful}, he called me a worthless pig woman incapable of taking a punch. I disagreed, finally he punched me to settle the argument & I stood tuff! "You lose turkey!" I spat proudly thru the plasma & shattered bone. Later, after church, he said God didn't love me & that it's because I'm alive that people suffer from ignorance. I disagreed informing him that it was due to superstition & a lack of knowledge. Prove it! He challenged. I then exclaimed that I accept your challenge. "See you in hell fruit cake!" He said.

Dear Uncle Ricky: I think this guy has some kind of mental problem, what say?

Yours truly, Death Defier

--- Dear D.D.: Your husband sounds like a very insightful young man, very handsome with killer pecks & buns. Do what you must to disprove his ruling.

A Sampling of Richard Thripp's *Terror Cell*,
abundantly-bloody version

Chapter 1: "Hi Shelly {so far so good}," I greeted Shelly {still}.
"How come you're 4 inches shorter? Where're your feet?"

She fought back bloody tears {Here we go!}
her hair was caked in dried blood.

"Holy Jesus," I exclaimed as blood trickled from her & me.

"My feet have been blown off by terrorists!"

"Are you sure?" I asked. "Sometimes our feet just look like they're missing. Have you ever tried to kick your feet in swimming only to find ---

"Yes!" She remonstrated. "They're gone Roy!"

"Richard."

"Whatever."

"Can you walk?"

"No!"

"Sounds like you're on the rag."

"I'm sorry Richard. You've been so good to me. Yes, I'm on the rag. I'm always *on the rag!*"

"Most broads are. Is there any way we can

find your feet & have them sewn back on?"

"No."

"How hard have you looked for them?"

"Not very. As you know, *I'm on the rag!*"

"Yes. Yes, of course. Most women are. Listen...I've got to go, donate blood, etcetera. I'll be back four o'clock, take you to dinner maybe, see an R-rated movie."

"No...too bloody."

"Alright, then a Disney?"

"Too many innuendos."

"Well...Stay in till then. If only you weren't raggin' it we could go water skiing...oh yeah, you haven't any feet."

Chapter 2: Shelly wasn't making head-way & the rapist, I mean *therapist*, was grouchy & ragging.

"Hello Shelly, your legs look wonderful."

"Thanks Richard," she said smoothly, "sorry about the agitation, my feet were blown off & then my period & all.

"Oh I know --- nobody's sane during the monthlies."

"Richard, do me a favor."

"Hand you a tampon?"

"No. Hold me like you used to when we were so much in love with each other."

Chapter 3: Mosquitoes ran Tropical Island having drilled more blood than Peggy Fleming.

Shelly was walking with ease tho not so *tall-ly*.

I took that assignment with Omar Patel, the "business man," knowing his ties to the mob.

Chapter 4: "Come in," Omar said, out of breath from giving blood. "As you can see I've given blood: my 50th pint!"

"Congratulations," I said as I was quite impressed at his stupidity.

"Giving blood is giving self. Wouldn't you agree Agent Thrripp?"

"Absolutely. We all must do our part. Unfortunately for me my blood is of such rare quality that I am required by congress to supply only them in their times of need."

"That explains why so many 'serve' thru dotage."

"That's correct Mr. Patel. My blood is priceless. Anyway, what's my first assignment?" {Note: even tho Omar donated blood he

desperately needs my blood to live.}

"Hand over your blood Mr. Thripp. All of it!"

I backed away, fumbling for my organ-donor card.

"That won't do you any good now!" He said like he meant it.

I pulled my gun, which appeared as nothing more than a black tampon. "Stay back or I'll shoot!"

"That's a tampon," Omar observed.

"I'll plug you then!"

Omar lunged with blood-lust in his heart. I fired 3 quick times until he lay dying in my arms. "Jesus..." he mumbled, blood everywhere. "I thought it was a tampon..."

"Don't talk, an ambulance is on ---"

"No, no, Richard Thripp. I must know how you shot me with a tampon."

"Yes Omar, but this is no ordinary tampon. Concealed inside the ultra-absorbent cotton fill is a very powerful, miniaturized pistol. Of course this tampon can only be used by very large women."

Omar died. It was too late for any or all of my blood to save him. I returned to my office saddened yet thankful that Shelly's menstruation had stopped & a new period {a non-bloody one} had begun. I give it 3 weeks.

SONG OF CALIFORNIA

{Inspired by the acting style of Van Heflin.}

Oh California you're an inspiration.

Often I sit unemployable because of a terrible neck injury,
and watch the world go by.

Oh California, you are so beautiful,
except near the border with Mexico.

California, California, land of the Pacific.

Once I went to Florida & ended up staying there.

Experience some of the land's great meats in

HOMOSEXUAL WORLD. Do you like a foot-longer?

Wouldn't you rather them the same size?

How's about a quarter-pound patty? Perhaps your tastes are more

French European? Why then not try a hot dog drug thru dog shit?
Perhaps you'd rather not your mother finding you out? Better make
dead sure she's dead then.

Experience some of the greatest meats in California's answer to
Florida's Homosexual World --- Try your luck @ Homosexual
Land in Anaheim. Only then will you know the meaning of the
ditty "Homo, homo who's got the homo?" I got 'em, got 'em by the
meatus! It's reeking-shit day @ the sewer plant. It's crap-testing day
@ the police lab mixed w/donuts --- Hey that ain't coffee you're
drinking is it? Mixed with what? Think think think whatch'ya
doin'; Think think ain't it been a long year? Larry Durrell dead-set
against H.V. Miller's trilogy *Rosy Crucifixion* now only dead dead.
As I lay about job-searched dead my hairy ears white with shaving
cream, my faithless memories of Bitch 1 & Bitch 2, the product of
12 years nearly. Laboring abroad my imaginary ship, getting 'er all
ship-shape, scraping barnacles, giving myself certain familiar
liberties if'n you knows what I be gettin' at? The night pregnant
& drunk w/drunken pregnant women. Mothers don't drink,
you're in the navy!

Twice around the block with my shoe
all full of sock.

The stench of shit it do linger on the
doc's prostate-checkin' finger.

All my friends is here swappin'
irregular underwear.

In the kitchen on the floor it's my
wife, the dirty prostitute.

Shake my hand, then you pass.

I'll bend over. Kiss my rear-end.

Here we walk on Nantucket.

I forgot my keys, aw to hell with it!

Her hands were large & firm, the bitty.

Her breasts no so --- she had but one nipple.

The Catholics love their Sunday mass.

Nothing better than a good piece of tail.

Diddling the wife it's a go-job.

Maybe later she'll give me the money she owes me.

Out of fright the man peed 200 times a night.
To the toilet always later, blame it on his
prostate I guess.

An enormous ass pimple like in the movie of the same name,
full of blood, pus & plasma.

Hide & Stink: object, you hide & stink & I smell my
way to victory. One cause of ass burn: lit matches in back
pocket. Slue-footed & puzzle-pated, as for women:
it's out w/the old fuck in w/the new.

CUNT MOUSE: tit mouse's hairy cousin...
the gnarled little limbs of the arthritic children.

I refer to both ex-wives of mine as bitch: Bitch one,
Bitch two. Hurricane night safety: sleep with a life guard.
The movie *Toilet* will scare the shit out of you.
Hillary Clinton: "My Life Whelping Pups."

Tired of working 40-hrs. a week? Are you poor, lonesome,
constipated with doubt & fear? You need to steal from your rich
neighbors! Really, that's the ticket! Take their stuff & call it your
own. You'll be richer for it believe you me & they'll be none the
wiser you bet your ass.

"'Tis Satan's policy to plead for an indefinite and
boundless toleration." --- Thos. Shepard, minister.

A good son asks: "Is it not so as in the Bible: 'The fear of
the Lord is the beginning of wisdom'?" And to this answered
I: "The borrower is servant to the lender."

The good son pondered my Bible quote & from one of his own
answered: "Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for
thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it."

I smiled paternally, "Son," I began, "all the rivers run into the
sea; yet the sea is not full." That ought to hold the little heathen.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRED LESBIAN

--- Fred testifies: "People often make disturbing
jokes about my name. For now on call me Ted.

HOW LONG MUST I ENGAGE IN MEDICAL STUDIES?

Cuts across my medical areas, tight-fisted medical

advances, tongue-tying, tongue-twisting happenstance
dooming me to boy-toy status. All the gall & half the
got, the dough & *slove*. God's love & Jesus' contemplation.
In the Son's name, w/the Father's guidance, I wash my hands
of rift, of raft, of anything smacking charity.

On a distant plane, warring dogs, open skies, trophic levels, some
o' this & more o' that, tree toads & frog impersonators dragging
their bottoms...a bull rope tightly binding my pimples neck...salve
my warts, wens & psoriatic condition. Pee straight & hit the target,
bull's eye @ 90. I piss w/downward trajectory as had history's
greatest achievers: Jefferson, Salk, Society of Friends. Lies, lies, let
the fun commence. Eat @ Joe's. Employees must wash hands with
no questions asked. When tho? No matta --- no germ can touch me.
I'm gaining ground, girth & ways dental.

ONCE I PUTREFY into a fly-blown heap of stinking meat who's
going to look upon my carcase & wonder if I'd ever read the Good
Book, prayed regularly or practiced good oral hygiene?

The many concerns, the corrective surgery, the this, the that, the
other. Once I stinkify into a heaping stink of greasy, stinking shit
where then the concerns for my scriptural acumen, my faith-based
wisdom, my straight, white teeth? All the women, the few, the
proud, the marines, I've propo-positioned—all dead & dirt—
weather-stripped & cocked, knock-kneed & tongue tied. Wrap your
hairy orbits around cream cheese, whistle out the back door.

When you're sitting on mother's lap & she says:
"I'm a woman with needs you know?!" Run like heck.

Some bum-warts get all pretzel-bent about the high divorce
rate. Old cock-wads think it somehow meritorious that
they've been mounting the same nag for 50 years.

Things have gone smoothly with me & my imaginary girlfriend
lo these past 6 yrs. Except for her chronic female problems,
stuttering, yeast infections & cervical cancers we've slept quietly in
separate beds, the fire of romance as hot now as it was 6 years ago
when first I pretended to meet her.

MR. INNOCENT

Good News: Your wife's responding well to her v.d. treatment. Better News: Her family is recovering too. Bad News: It's a different strain of v.d. than from what you got.

Mr. Innocent was 37-years-old when he met Jennifer, a 20-year-old mother of 14 alcoholics. There's was a love not to be. From the outset Mr. Innocent showed deep & penetrative concern for cavern Jennifer's schizoidal aberrations & always he wore rubbers for whole-foot protection. Jen had her share of vibrant life-affirming homosex for money as seen on popular quiz shows suchlike: "Homosex For Money" & "Homosex For Prizes," either way it was a bum deal. Mr. I. produced 37 eye witnesses {74 eyes & all out of town that day} to bum up & corroborate his mental condition the day of the homicide. Mr. Sandusky, owner-operator of the Sandusky Underwear Collectors' Club, verified Mr. Innocent's high standing at the porno shop. Everyone else resorted to wearing rubbers over their shoes & over the concerns of the dreaded crap, I meant to say clap.

Synopsis on: HOW MY SISTER PAM WORKS --- Pam takes in food & drink through her cake hole, gob or mouth. Nutrients are extracted & waste material is harmlessly extruded thru a natural opening. Next installment: *Interpreting Pam's Dreams*.

PSYCHO MOON --- Immense red stains on the hi-way, gallons of the stuff like the stuffs of rain. Tricks come our way parting us from our money. Our money walks off with the first pretty face --- COME BACK! I didn't mean half those things, the throes of passion & all...Please return my money...for the sentimental value of it if nothing else. Jesus jersey, if'n I had cow tits I'd be with my money now. Oh sweet money you are my only friend. Don't go with her, she's nothing to offer. I was blind --- blinded by something temporarily bigger than my money-love. Honey dew melon slinger, waver of cunt mouse {tit mouse's hairy cousin}, slaver of money. *Gie* me my *fortuna*, find me awash in regret & foreboding. The loyal oaths I decry. Upon my magic pipe wrench I wick up me candle, pull off the mylar & re-ascribe my psycho

moon rocks.

HAIRY HOMO PERRY COMO

{"*Veni, Sponsa Christi*"; "Come, Spouse of Christ"}*

I swear to you under the penalty of God's wrath that I will behave in a manner consistent w/the wishes of Perry Como or else be burnt in the bright-light fires of x-angel satan's hell.

P. Como raised high his arms signaling unrestricted bombing of Viet Nam villages --- 1,000's would perish under his frightening caprice. No one conjects what terror Perry C's dogs of war have wrought. Only the righteous, the Righteous Bros., can save us now. It's almost dawn: Tony Orlando quit messin' w/those colored girls. It weren't long ago enough that I was like you sitting there all cacked out spraying my urine samples ever freely. This ain't no short hop to gainful job placement. You wanna cup o' pee *soufflé*? I'll give you that & the slurp --- Sample! Sample! Who ain't got no sample?! Who flung poo? Likened the days of slop jars & Sunday bests, long-passed due the day o' reckoning, John Wayne & Robt. Ryan slaughtering Japs & rabbit-jumping Maureen O'Hara.

* She lay quietly, content to argue no longer, her arms around him, like a sleepy siren. The woman-scent breathed out of her, a powerful, wordless propaganda against all altruism and all justice. --- from *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* by George Orwell

MY WHORE STORY --- *Chapter 1*: Clean as a bone./The unforgiving streets of Whore Town were wet & slippery & poorly lit w/flashlights. Each whore had been issued one along with 2 fresh batteries. Most were grateful & showed their gratitude in whore fashion. Some, less thrilled, didn't give a fuck.

Later, the winds were at quick blow, it'd be real job cleaning the trashy gutters...and in related arcanum: Lyndon Johnson planned on using karate on anyone who got in his way.

SHELLY & RICHARD

"I'm like some dumb farmer discovering love for the first time," Shelly said.

"How long have you felt like a farmer?" I asked.

"Two weeks. It started December seventh & has persisted till right now: December twenty-first."

"Have you told anyone?"

"No Richard, just you."

"Good. Whatever happens let's just keep this between us. Agreed?"

"Yes. I know I can trust you to do the right thing."

"If you don't hear from me by Tuesday, December twenty-seventh, I want you to call the Department of Agriculture & ask for Mr. Berger. Do you think you can remember? Mr. Berger, December twenty-seventh, o.k.?"

"Okay."

"Now, that's my girl," I said patting her fat ass & squeezing her squeezers.

The next few days were crucial, I was as nervous as Lyle Talbot on meth. Finally arrived the 27th & Shelly contacted Berger from Ag. He was cordial but not bend-over-I'm-ready friendly. I met Shel that night at a romantic, internationally-known, "fast food" dining establishment.

"Richy, this place is filthy, anyway I met Berger & he told me I should have myself voluntarily placed in a mental health care facility before it's too late. What'd he mean by 'too late'?"

"I'll tell you what he 'meant' Missy!" I said with harsh roughness, shocking Shel from her complacency. "Berger means the jig is up! Your feelings of being a 'dumb farmer,' as you put it, are the result of 15 years' of post-Soviet Russian farm commodities' price supports."

"But Honey, I had no way ---"

"Sure! I said, crushed by a blanket of discomfoting moodlessness. "Save it for the Belgian follies, Comrade Olga 'Shelly' Andropov, double-D'd agent from Moscow!"

"How'd you know?"

"I checked your bra when you wasn't looking."

"No, I mean about my true identity?"

"Well, my Dear," began I hatelessly, "American women can't let

well enough alone, *you* can." I turned away momentarily as a waitress had bent over suddenly when Shelly, or Olga, produced a thick, black tampon.

"My God don't shoot!"

"Eh?"

"That huge tampon conceals a high-powered weapon of death!"

Olga broke out in a warm, Kremlin-era smile, all her teeth were white-capped, white like the untanned dream that she was from the back. "Dear One, this jumbo tampon is what I've moved up to since we became more than just --- well, you know..."

At this I laughed as I hadn't in so many years, realizing that "Shelly" & I were really just lovers caught in a web of lies spun by internationalistic powers. She wasn't proud of her deceptions in regards to me nor was I disappointed when the waitress bent a second time.

2 elephants having a good time...

SASSING GAS STATIONS

{Like a fat man struggling to swim.}

That night, after hurting her eyes watching elephants, Karen completely forgot how to love a man, but had an itch to make it with the next elephant. "Oh Kevin, why can't people be more like animals?" *And*, under the elephantine moon, she & Kev explored the mysteries of jungle passion plus English-language studies: why anger & danger don't rhyme & other such suchness.

"Knife has a k in it," Kevin observed, "yet homosexuality amongst men precludes women."

"I know," Karen talked like a Norfolkian, "take Nor-*FUCK*, it's a glorious place because everybody wants to say it instead of the pronoun."

"You are exciting like a skinny woman in undies: ready to change --- daring to conquer!"

"Yes," agreed Karen, "as when General Saddam Hussein al Takriti replaced President Bakr in 1979." --- She awoke from her longish nap only to be punched in the head by her brother's uncle, an uncle who had known the affairs of men and the deceptions of aunts. He had huge, heavy fingers from several years of hammer-

juicing. His toes were fleshy & stained from tobacco use. Kevin sought the comfort of a short, fattened woman whilst Karen preferred the stillness of a tall, gainly man. Together they'd have trouble adjusting to the new sizes adopted by Taiwan's belt manufacturers. Karen enjoyed nightly loving whereas Kevin was more prone to drinking & driving. Children would be a part of their futures as impregnations. One can sit for hours on ass without regard to compounds, explosions, fish strips or shaven women. Kevin knew his lungs' capacity & couldn't enjoy cancer fearlessly. Karen ate from a bowl provided by the U.N. as her country was humanely bombed to smithereens.

Next: King of the underwearers! *Proctitis*: inflammation of the anus & rectum...*author's notation*: thank God I ain't got that, at least not so badly as to cause unpopularity amongst my disco-dancing friends.

Karen knew that with the price of ground chuck it would be impossible to serve meat to Kevin every day. Perhaps a substitute would hood-wink him after a few beers? Luridly she plied him with liquor till his tongue was good for nothing. "Care for a burger, Honey?"

"Sure, I'd like a honey burger!" Said he half-looped, as if slobbered.

Karen prepared the fakest one ever & presented it to Kevin with a plate of potato chips.

Kevin, who was barely able to chew, gnawed the impostor meat like a dog would a tree trunk. "Sheez," he said, half soused. "this 'meat' is something."

"*Something*?" Karen thought. "Does he suspect? And, I don't like the way he framed meat in single quotes."

"Got any more honey? Burger?"

Kevin slurped half-assed {one cheeked}.

"Sure," Karen said, "I'd love to date every cousin you have," with a smile that was winsome yet heartless.

Later, when nobody was looking, she vowed to never mock Kevin with trick meat again. She prayed no damage was done to their abiding love. {After scratching like a monkey for so long she decided to wash her hands & resume scratching.}

I felt the terror in her Peruvian hands as she forced upon me

erotic massage techniques imported from Mexico. "Roll over," she said in Spanish "*¿Donde esta mi padre?*" She asked in English.

"Listen to me thoroughly," I warned, "Peru's stable *junta* is about to be over-thrown by operatives of America's secret police."

"Oh Jesus! But what can I do to thwart them?"

"*Thwart them?* La-dee-da *thwart* them!" It was then as I made fun of her usage of thwart that events took a sudden verge towards the violent and Peru fell into the Peruvian hands of aroma therapists. {"Oh God: aroma therapists!"}

"From now on it's only pants for me!" --- Katharine Hepburn at Dyke Palace, 1963, in the company of non-skirted women.

Stephanie had known Charles, or Chuck, since the Olympic gender verifiers plumbed her tubals. He'd known nothing more gratifying than prostatic hyperplasia so it seemed reasonable to test the water before doing anything further "olympic."

As a cosmetics' chief's responsibility starts with a cream base, Chuck was aware of layering & cystic action {neither compliments the other}. He loved Stephanie from nodule to papilla, ink to wax, from hanging baskets to mossy crevasse. {Nobody knew, nor cared to, the lovely parting gifts he offered that were *olympically*-minded.} It's of geographic certitude as all subjects...all the holes in all the heads, the darkness, O the organized effort!

HER ENORMOUS INCOME IMPRESSED ALL

{Able-bodied men seeking able-bodied women for procreation. Candidates must be fecund.}

I remember working @ a job 5 years & being barked orders by someone hired a half hour before. {It's Bermuda's pubic triangle repeated: internal editing mechanisms, printing machines, running through women's underwear in a silly mood.}

I remember going to a night club that was packed w/whores. "What's this: *whore night?*!" I asked the manager, whorelessly.

"Cop's retirement party!"

--- I remember when I was a cop or caught speeding. Ah, a cop's life...U-turning, no turn-signaling your intent to turn. And don't let's forget a cop's wife: shaving legs, crotch, pits & for what? To impress fire men? Shooting the crap w/other cops' wives, eating

from a sauce pan, killing roaches with a high-heeled shoe...{Her nipples were exquisite & she made use of them when the milk man was on vacation to supplement her enormous income, coming mostly from cream.}

"How much does this job pay?" Pedro Diego asked, hoping to scrape together the pesos for a taco or something better: a tamale!

"68,000 pesos an hour," the clerk warned.

"68,000? That's barely enough to wipe the spit off my stinking ass!" Pedro Diego said, summoning internal strength in a final act of Mexican briefness.

"Listen," the clerk asserted, her ass's rhythm alining itself with Pedro's throbbing *hombreness*, "let's go somewhere so we can be alone if not together."

"Sounds good," Pedro said as he limped from hunger.

"I know what you need," the clerk whimpered, "a tamale, home-made by me: a whitey!"

Do you remember when we first kissed? How the fire of it burned into my soul like St. Louis Slugger is into a baseball bat?"

"Yes," she said, half-looped from the pain pills, "a fire that can burn & kill can heal & soothe!"

"Oh, you're so correct Patsy! Hang on to what little chance you've got to live into a new day," I cautioned.

"Is it really that bad?" She asked forlornly.

"Dope addiction's our nation's party-scurge & we must have zero toleration, same for tax cheats!"

"But, what about a few extenuating clauses?"

"Patsy," I said, my mind thousands of kilometers ahead of hers, "it's your stupidity that sizzles my underpinnings and shuttles my cock!" It was then that I vowed to continue my thankless search for America's scoff-laws & non-filers, for those of full, pouty lips & bosom.

"I keep my cat under the stove!" Patsy claimed.

"I keep my breakfast warmed and enticing."

"Goll! I love you like Lincoln loved his territories blackless!" I retorted as if I had torted previously...as with my length between openings: We surrender our children to the accomplished hands of our most-dignified perverts.

It's the hidden desires I keep secret, those secret that remain hidden. It's physical proximity & gravity, the helpless state of infirmity, lost youth & taxidermy...Love astray directed southward at territories blackless...She sang her perverse verse: "I'm in the nude for love simply because you fear me & it's because you fear me I'm in the nakedness of my base urges." She hampered my winning image & stoic malcontention. I loved her like a train does tracks, a singer coke, or a buffalo surrendering to savages who maintain extreme environmental love if not savagely. {It's the black-balled niggardliness what flays my pop-corn shrimp, taut findings & proof that demands a verdict.}

YOUR LOVE DENIES ME

what the U.S. constitution provides me...

Your love denied is a nail pulled out backwise, a finger where it does no go, a weather report from Guernsey. Your love granted is a nail pound tight & trim, a finger dexterously laid, a weather summons from Washington, the district part,

My new name: Shadow Dancer a.k.a. Kung-Fu, junior, also How Cats Swim the Warm Ocean Currents thru the Fla. Straits, defecting to the U.S. fr. Cuba in search of political freedom & jobs & love: warm cat love, no Castro-commie-kitty-pinko-approved stuff, just honest-to-God-life-affirming-humane-society-unwanted-pet-gassing romance, as seen on T.V. & in movies suchlike: *The Cat Killers* & *I Profess my Cat Love* & *I Love Pussy*.

Love anywhere near a mattress or couch cushion is romantically measured. Never take your sister to a bed factory & lament if "only things could be different" or "society more liberal," "wigs better fitting," or "Ma & Pa could go out more."

--- All that's left, after the cops raided the street to arrest prostitutes, are broken prostitutes.

These are my friends, these are my prostitutes & here are their amazing {not really} stories. Meet Morgyn, a prostitute by day & mortgage broker by night. She can get the financing you need. And Scottesha, a shapely prostitute who loves the college scene, baby, & knows how to please & finance a mortgage with Morgyn's assistance. They are just two of the 100's of whores you can't deny,

can't love without measures of regret, can't dicker. Is there nothing left of Moslem charity? To save? I love my woman @ current market value. It would be keen to trade up to a newer model, fit & beguiling, wobbly never, able to walk & balance without tippage. Foaming up for a bubble bath, bubbling up the tub's sides, because cleanliness is next to that, that in which is Godly. God gave a Son & the Son gave the region religion: A religion that captivates the world = A Christ-born creation in image: beards, sandals, coarse clothing, arid wastelands, drought, that's why we live for church, Christianizing, picking popes, burning heretics...

Are you unable to climb telephone poles because you were shot in the leg? *Kill Whitey!* Are you afraid to remove your shirt because of blood blisters? *Kill Whitey!* {I help lawyers maintain their untarnished integrity.} & also *Kill Whitey!*

The 21st Century's new mission of the United States: crash land on the moon. {Don't live cup of butter, disease your cap tabs! Thrill me with typhus as you loosen my lug nuts! Even in death --- *Kill Whitey!* --- your love plus action slogs through an impersuasive longing for Cheerios!}

What are these United States? United under what union? Lincoln maintained a mandatory one. I fear our decimation by century 22. *Chapter One: The Fear Bone of Charity:* Through constant egging by U.S./United Fruit Co. interests, Guatemala was turned into a slaughter-house. A million storms rage within the continent dripping south & plowing coastal basins. Over 10,000 centuries the hurricanes that have bowled the Mexican Gulf as if by clock-work, were just that, by number, etching furrows & leveling high ground...another illustration of the magnetic appeal of gravity or the gravo-magnetic appeal of my deep concern. Out of the sweltering slums of Shit City, a negating world of dual-eyed personas, feeling their way like unwhiskered cats, people with compassion, that which affords them control over the wages of others, raise their station, prestige & gene pool. A million-trillion engagements afforded the weakly-willed, stamps & purse straps dog my shin skin, hairy mole & *pustulating* sacs, lonely honeymooners.

Our neighbor's dog is one you can really clamp your ass around

--- whatever that means in neighborly terms.

LIZZIE BORDEN'S PUSHY {She's dedicated her life to hunting down tax cheats & making the world safe for orphans.}

What pushed dyke Lizzie Borden to kill, by hatchet, her elderly father & step-mother? The moony moon and shimmering stars, an intestinal annoyance? Let's listen in on, what seems like, a harmless conversational snippet. Here's Lizzie confabulating with a gentle, homo-sexy cohort called the Dark Muffler or D.M. for short, or brief periods of lucidness...

D.M.: Hey Liz, there's a big muff-divers' party on The Hill tonight, wanna go?

Liz: Holy Pope, I'd like to, anything to get out of this mansion for the night.

D.M.: So why don't you?

Liz: Pops & Smother {her name for step-mother Libby} are against me being out passed 8.

D.M.: That's absurd! You're a mature homosexual!

Liz: I know. I know. But, hey, what can I do?

D.M.: Well, why don't you get permission?

Liz: They would never allow it.

D.M.: Why don't you *ax* them? I mean, after all, there's no harm in *axing* them.

--- Close friend Bob Hope's successful suicide was a wake-up call to Dutch & Nance F. Reagan --- no more Russian roulette, no more stink-finger {nor grab-ass} It was of *rhubarbic* innocence. Dutch was rocked by other non-Alzheimer's-related tragedies: the unreleasability of his important films onto D.V.D. format: *Tennessee's Partner*, *Hong Kong*, *Naughty but Nice* & *Juke Girl*, the *Bonzo* series. America's future was being challenged.

Whitey owes us --- kill whitey. It's the way we want it yet we can't have both. I can be ignored but never for long. Jesus loves the little children worldly-wide. He'll be very helpful in my plan to hold them hostage. His faults have been papered over, childhood capers ignored. {Read *The Lost Books of the Bible*.}

Retaining all my juices until later when I'll need them when suddenly my 1st wife, whom I ain't seen in 15 years, returns ---

she's looking as ratty as ever. She speaks & her words are garbled in the unregulated love we have for each other. "I'll still can't tell Gabby Hayes from Andy Devine," she groaned.

"It's not important," I said, disguising the importance of it. "The important thing is that you've returned to me after 15 years, to love & cherish me in short order."

"Fifteen years," she cried. "You know? If I were to sit a spell & contemplate on important, non-Gabby Hayes, matters concerning a variety of things, I'd be able to distinguish between what I am opposing & what I was. Matters that are close to my warming heart muscle, deeply within my chest where only a surgeon might go, barring motor vehicle mishap."

"Oh, never mind that!" The important thing is, for this hose-bag: how far death be? Another 15 moons & she'll be unattractive beyond turn-back, leather-form & splotchy. Nobody would want to tumble her. It would be all that I could do to pretend to love her, pretend to want anything more than a birthday greeting in card. Her tire-iron, beat face and wilds of toothless exposure make me recall nothing of the rag-tag antics at motels. Split between Joe banana & Mary Mango & Forrest Tucker seems a 3-way cutting. Gluttons all they be, not knowing nor caring, nor scaring the life out of it. I reduce my yard-waste output by seventy-five bushels to please the fire house. The brave men there, they know a bargain.

A horse can travel only so many miles per day, a smart Indian would kill his horse and survive the remaining journey on foot, on horse meat. They {Indians} didn't get as far as they have because of stupidity or anything.

Writer of Book: Richard James Thripp ---

I have no military experience nor college educational training. I am a high school-by- night graduate, 1979.

I {Richd. J. Thripp} don't use coupons, separate trash, read newspapers, marry within race, eat meat, care about eagles, Reagan's legacy & manatees, believe in imminent climatic catastrophe, love Hitler, despise Mussolini, kill snakes, follow sports, attend church, worship Prince Jesus, Mother Mary, dye hair, limp, shack up, condone the registering of nurses, submit to

surgery, discourage children from smoking cigarets, nor women from transvestism, give 2 shifts for Israel.

Must I suffer ass-agonies upon the pointy rocks of Juan Ponce de Leon's jetty? Recoil in terror at the peace offerings of peace officers who are just like you & me save the pigs' blood, or the comparable visages of actors Van Heflin & Vic Morrow. I feel I'll be always available nites & weekends. Ready-set-go, blowing up balloons, reeling in line, impersonating Ray Milland as he appeared in 1935's *The Gilded Lily*, improvising for my life's worth {save when doing Ray Milland}.

Richard Thripp marries cyclically: 4 to 7 years. Women wear @ differing rates of exchange & evaporation...

May the Earth continue its ceaseless push without my presence as I hope to die, even without hope this will come to pass.

THINGS BEGIN TO MEET up along the roads' bends in crashing, gnarling collisions, when cars collide trailing death & spillage, a crazy push...just like when the Vietnamese thought they could push us around. They were surprised when we wouldn't take no or yes for any kind of an answer...rolling about in the dirt, taking our wrath out on roots & worms...

I could write poetry into the high numbers until my ass meets the cutting board & the pump house tips over as birds lumber beneath twigs, leaves & shit. Dropping lentils, sharpening pencils, making ice water, baking fly swatters & keepsakes, the likes of which heap my cappy...And suddenly the bus driver spoke: "Yes & maybe my ass will grow wings one day!"

Things begin to meet when they feel to. Lori Saunders got lucky, what with that face, eyes, hair & all. Things will meet when they're ready.

SUPER-TOUGH MANLINESS is more than a dream it's a dream come true, one realized in our reflection. I could stand about impressing women with my impregnating style. I could shimmy and shake my handles what bespeak love and husbandly duties, not in the agricultural sense. Women may thrive in the giant shadow of my super masculinity if they choose. The choice and their strength

of resistance is theirs. The Germans could not resist the Christian might of George Patton nor can the hose-bags of Daytona.

Get passed the gluttony & allow blonde love to flourish
...then my wine-tasting powers will surface, smiting
my enemies about the face & *groinals*.

My friends are dead, killed whilst seeking new friends.

My money is secure & invested in wine-tasting books.

I can tell the queerness of certain men upon first date.
It's a matter of perception, the deception of many
cloud the repression of the few.

I can deal cards & see winning hands, the winning hands of a date who is considered brutal. Large books need long book marks. My book marks me a man who is brutal. Oh, the brutality. In San Francisco I'll open a bakery & bake buns: *Surrender Buns*.

Getting passed the gluttony, allowing me to walk
Texas-fashion, chawing my way thru foods &
snacks without causing strife, without begging warrants,
nor promoting asthma. These fool-hardy requirements, they
bind me about the metatarsus, they blame winter for a
dullish aching, a call to arms, two hands strangling as one.

Two people growing stronger together as each day without
bathing passes. Farmers coaxing cows into trucks as part of their
job: cow coaxing. It's a lonesome world the cowboy lives in: one
full of chicks named Becky.

Getting used to rashes that don't heal, growths
unchecked & no-staunch bleeding.

I'm chafing like a hypocrite, mouthing off in the past, talking out
of turn, loving in context, making plans whilst Mom's away.
Playing in the summer as it's a summer's day in July, at least a
hundred degrees, white-people-killing weather. My people are for
want of nothing. We play, we carouse about as we drink our spirits
drunk, driving thru check-points, supporting all manner of
socialistic leanings. My language cripples & sets back nobody.

Get passed the spitting up & the grubbing & jerky history of
decisions. Get passed the round-about way of arriving nowhere in
record time. Get an ease unseen since K-Mart humped Sears. Grow
wild, wind-borne & free, chafe like a hypocrite, room with dagos,

travel to Norcross, Georgia for some reason.

Pigs patrolled the parks & lots, looking for traitors & malcontents, scoff-laws & agitators. It's killed or be killed. Laws will be enforced as selectively as always. It's two, it's six, it's half-passed the monkey's ass, and one-fourth the distance to his nuts. {His nuts are enraged with nut-borne, hate-filled rage.}

Does my murderousness please you? I take charge then I take over. Recognize my motives? They are misunderstood. I mean for good things to happen. My poisons, my bombs, my perversions should calm, not frighten. Once I've flattened you you will know the futility of resistance. Love is baseless, I have so many bases. There's no peace in the country until the country's destroyed. I mobilize, I immobilize. I cannot decide, yet my decisions are final. I keep, I'm kept, I could leave but I won't. Things can get a lot worse before too long...

I'LL NEVER FORGET GRANNY, NEVER!

{A poem about my grandmother, it doesn't matter which.}

Grandmother, the way you limp & cup your ear because you're deaf, and squint when sunlight blinds you

Makes you an object of love & desire to decrepit men who are almost dead.

You are suffering from many diseases, conditions, afflictions & syndromes. Hurry & die, because I want my cut of your estate.

Next: the "Son-of-a-bitch of your smile." And finally a time when we may part our hair with combs, wash our feet in turds {or tubs} & serve our food from plates. We seem more civilized & less controlled by the unelected.

Misapplying words' series: *Nigger*

The cop beat me savagely with his nigger.

"Hurry," she said, in the most frantic of tones, "put on your niggers & let's get out of here!"

Harriett knew wieners & often was consulted by enthusiasts. She once held a shiv to mother's throat, threatening to cut her ear to ear, but that's all behind them now. It's wiener time, a time to bury the past *with wieners!*

POPE JOHN PAUL said good-night to his sister-in-waiting to retire the nite & pore over financial statements, during which time he was assassinated with poison. His body embalmed, no autopsy, no investigation...another victim of heart failure. {"I had a little hope & it left me like the pope."}

It's as obvious as...Lincoln's self-inflicted, fatal head wound.

Jesus loves me this I know, for the army tells me so.

...for ugliness and evil have their fascination,

as well as what is good and fair.

--- Eugene Sue, *The Wandering Jew*

Dumb Ass v. Stink Weasel. I'm like a moon monkey eating potatoes for the first time. Cop = cowards with badges.

All my life I've had trouble lining up my ass crack with the sun, moon, stars, the greasy asteroid belt, the binding undergarments in so far as the bldg. code goes.

Bedeveled eggs: eggs possessed by satan.

My periarthritic station affords me the luxury of ceaseless pain...Love offering to the good god. Food offering to the love god.

MY HANGING BASKETS

{a snide reference to my hanging baskets}

"Heave-ho!" Sang the ship's mate.

"Here sway the hanging baskets!"

"Shut up! And stop staring at my hanging baskets!" I scoffed.

Later at church..."Blesseth the hanging baskets..."

"Shut up!" I raged.

MY DROOPY SOX {ah, forget it}

ROMANTIC STEVE --- One day Romantic Steve was @ Disney World where he met a beautiful woman & just as things started gettin' very interesting Steve begged to excuse himself: "Be right back, gotta bleed my lizard!"

"Pardon me?"

"You know: take a leak!"

"What?"

"Drain my bladder thru my dick!"

SEAWARD I POSITIONED MYSELF suggesting a maritime attitude as I was in the navy way = all washed up. Believe me o' sage bucket as I slop my wick-dippin,' underneath things, above-board, back-ass toward Mexico. All hail the darkening of my Mexican wingding, my curly blacks & my scaly whites, my hello yellow teeth & my armed-conflict, boot shoes. I reiterate my Viet Cong mission, my Time-Life subscription & sniff snitch-like sniffles. Go along --- get by --- see you 2 weeks from *Xmass*. Sit still while I run my waters deep. Suit yourself @ self-serve suit store. Choke your fowl 'hicken repeatedly, repentantly & for all to forgive me I'm out o' head long into rock face. Stuff lynch high up air dive, revive, no sense to sue, no inkling of any, all...and...Look over there, Jesus Christ! He's back & ready to begin anew, a new preachment, a crisp new leaf. Surrounding Himself with waffles. Jesus ordered up breakfast *Americano*. 'Twas no life worth dying for --- 'tis no season to be so jolly...'cos we all learn certain things to be believed or no. Our handles shake, our nervous pulsations --- the writing, writhing twinges of spastic causes. Florid Florida trips to the grave, my inhumation, desiccation. Floating upon the breaded waters as I Jew-bait my mother --- Holy be Her name. 10 steps forward, 3 paces back-washed. Matched by nothing positively --- worthwhile in no way noticed. Glimmering, shining, stellar hope, chests filled w/sili-bags & saline. Are not my nay-nays the cat's meow, the pussy's willow? I had my way, her way & the hi-way.

7th March of time in 1998...I be a cossack, a *hetman*, ugly Pole atop a steed, brutish, loutish, superstitious. Tell us more of antiquity --- things afar better. 18 March: The, my, end will come suddenly like an ant being stepped on {or an aunt being uncled out} or Venus Victrix & a shiny new machete, *Henri Miller* & B.F. Skinner.

Negative emotional stress like a family member dying or positive emotional stress like a family member not dying can trigger an outbreak of emotional herpes {herpes emotionallis}, which *can* infect the genitals.

What about education? Education, tho well & good, cannot treat

e.h. What about proper diet & adequate rest? Yes. Yes. But keep in mind gluttony & laziness are better pursued by the wealthy amongst us. For men & dykes: How can I keep my wife from finding out I got stinking herpes? One way effective is to sneak up on her, give her the disease & blame her for infecting you. Now, this won't keep anything secret but does put you in the drivers' seat & right to carp: "Bitch, you ruined my life!" and: "You remind me of *Albert Speer in some ways, not counting the herpes of course."

* Speaking of Albert Speer...I've heard of out-of-body experiences, yes these are quite common & accepted, but what about an out-of-ass experience? I had one while near death whereat my ass seemed to leave my body.

All kids enjoy drugs, sex, & violence, hey nothing wrong with that. I went weeks without, sort of an out-of-school experience.

Police Hotness: The ugliest civilians make the sexiest police according to the World Police Hotness Watch. Yes, tho smacking your wife & kids up the side o' the head is rewarding enough it compares not to having your teeth kicked in by a cop. Testimony of Snaggle Tooth: When I can't find a pig I kick in my own teeth. I use the word pig to expedite the process.

Are you a young woman who enjoys drinking vinegar & dancing naked @ gas stations?

GRAVITY vs. MY TESTES...Up till A.D. 1958, in these United States, the approved-govt.-underpants' organization was under the auspices of the Dept. of Agriculture. During the crude years of Prez Carter & pretend crude oil shortage, it was the newly-christen'd Energy Dept. The end of the 20th century brought w/it an end to underpants organization *en parte* due to the collapse of U.S.S.R. The time-honored method of underdrawer changes, odd-days out: Mon., Wed., Fri. {is gaining again popularity}. Like Granny & Gramps we find ourselves washing less & worrying more. Internal stress is #1 in intestinal block. Keep that in mind on an odd day, Monday #2. --- P.O. Appr'd 1996.

What a bra does is it keeps hooters from fighting each other. A bra stops hooter war. {The last bump punctured my maidenhead, or: I crack'd it on cast-iron piping.}

An electric shock will bill a charge & crack one's casing.
Pure as a heartful of love, as green bath lotion, a temple respect, a
Godly misnomer, three rings about one man's collar. I deceived my
birth mother, my biological father, my half-brother, step-sister &
2nd cousin opposing *ALL THAT'S HOLY*: I rebuke Lucifer in
Jesus' name, with: The normal medical reaction...the day I exited
the rest room covered in chocolate.

Puke Skywalker = He's like that asshole in
Star Wars except he throws up more often.

Lingerers: People who don't know
the meaning of the phrase drop dead.

You probably'll never hear: I could use the extra nipple.

Your beauty makes the Hawaiian Islands
look like CLUMPS OF SHIT

Excitingly inexpensive culinary delights: W.W.II G.I.'s Special:
shit-on-a-shingle returns as shit-on-a-shingle part two to honor
those who'd served...served the original shit-on-a-shingle, that is.

Ho Chi Minh egg-drop soup, traditional favorite
with long, stringy chin hair! V.C. yummy!

GET OUTTA HERE WIT' DAT!...a smart-ass, know-all recipe
from N.Y.C. "Know what I'm sayin'?!" No I don't.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT TO CHOOSE, forceps & vacuum
hose..."a delightful treat for armed aggression..." *Fetus Weekly*.

SEX WITHOUT SURGERY

Now you can participate in sex w/o surgery the fun-loving-girl-
scout way w/no weighty attachments or restraints to apply! It's fun,
it's E.Z., it's the way Harry Truman used to do it. Say so long to
costly, invasive procedures! Say f.o. to door-to-door salesmen! The
sex w/o surgery program was designed by a leading dietitian to
provide a sense of wonder to your put-&-take. Ever dream the
world's comin' to an end? Ever dream about pinch-hitting for the
neighbor guy, so to speak, in regards to go-go-going with his
creamy-dreamy wife? Dream no mo'! Rule your dream woman
today w/Hairy Human's hot dog measuring device. Developed by
negroes in 1956, patent applied for.

Safety rulings by Safety Council on safety.

Never use a white-hot cattle branding iron to wake someone up with, or to apply cosmetics.

Never store children underwater.

O LORD GOD I take comfort in your promise that many of the people I used to hate are now dead...& by your Son, the Christus, my future concerns will be dealt with in a timely manner, which has always been your way for to know You is to know the end of things no matter the manner. Take me back O Lord God O' Hosts to a time of trifling concerns affording me, perchance, a better station. In the glow of your abounding generosity I pray.

KIT KAT, CHIT CHAT, SHIT SHAT...The gong of the bell, the terror of visiting relatives, the flush of distant toilets, the religiosity of the decrepit, the moon, sun, stars, the end of the road, all summer in a day, a summer in July creeping across my bow whilst cutting a ripper @ the cheese festival {or cuttin' cheese @ the ripper festival}.

I love my woman, I just find it disturbing when she acts like a fucking weirdo..."What'cha cookin' honey?" I asked my Vietnamese wife.

"Ooo, I *crook o-fam-ree ress-pee, een fam-ree sou-sands-a jeers: cheekin-poo-doe soup!*"

"You mean chicken *noodle* soup. Hey where's Fifi?" {She's our poodle. We don't a have a dog, it's just that chicken *poodle* soup struck me as humorous.}

DEATH & THE MOVEMENT STOPPERS {Wait for me slow poke!}...I demand excellence in my 30 girl friends! Fresh as a flower. I have a favorite one but I never call her my head girl friend. Let's give 'em all fair footing! There's no slowing death: the man @ the cat fish farm was killed by a heart attack, no cat fish were involved.

How far can you bend over? At FRED'S HOUSE OF BENDING OVER you'll learn all the latest in B.O. tech. Say things like: Hey,

lookie over here & Hey, lookie over there. You'll also be able {for maybe the first time} to see between your legs without getting your hair wet. Join now & receive a complimentary hair net, fly swatter & exciting mystery gift {could be a marital aid}.

RICHARD THRIPP WAS BORN in Glendale, Arizona & received his diploma from Norwin H.S. {night-school program} in 1979. His doctorate was granted by the U. of London. He also holds an honorary D.Sc. from Fudan U., Peking & was named Celebrity of the Century by the Faculty Asses at Princess Diana's College where he is a professor of gynecologically-related insanity.

And soon: Richd. Thripp --- the eyes & ears of the police...and: the tip of my tits.

FAT LARRY IN: A BELOW-THE-EARTH ADVENTURE

Characters: Fat Larry, Taylor, Tyler, Madison

Setting: Below the Earth's surface.

Our story begins when Fat Larry speaks:

"Taylor, Madison, Tyler, I've brought you all here for some cave exploration, now put on your cave-exploring clothing & equipment & let's get under way!"

"Excuse me, Fat Larry," said Madison, "will we be exploring as a group or setting off solo, each exploring individually?"

"As a group. Next question. Yes, Tyler."

"Thank you fat Larry. Have these caves been explored?"

"No Tyler, we're the first expedition. Well then let's get moving. Taylor you'll be following up my rear. Hey, come back here!!!"

IRONY --- While fellow Americans in droves are naming their children Ashley I'm hauling ashes from our wood-burning stove to a barrel in the back yard.

Deliver me: A tall glass of cold tea from the Arctic where it's always cold. Cold as a bite on the ass from a polar bear, cold as a visitation from frigid

FRIEDA & HER HOMOSEXUAL FRIENDS.

One day Frigid Frieda was polishing the silver when there was a

knock on the door bell, it was a tight knot of homos. "Come in & get some lovin'!" The homos side-stepped the issue feigning ignorance. "Come on now!" F.F. demanded. "2 homos left & one over this way!" Still tho the homos, known for their liberal warp, declined. "We can't engage in homo antics of a sexual nature!" Barked the leading homo. "We're on a religious mission from the one, true God!"

"I admire your conviction," said F.F. as she took homosexual liberties like you wouldn't believe.

ASS AND COUCH

Ass meeting the couch, let's listen in:

"Hello Couch!"

"Hello Ass!"

HOW TO DATE WOMEN --- Dating them's as easy as shoveling shit off the lawn & into a pre-dug hole fashioned in such a way as to accommodate the pile. You'll need a shovel, a pick or scoop of some kind, this can be easily fashioned from an expensive tennis racket or a skeletal hand swiped from a mausoleum --- some rich guy who died a hundred years ago with not a care in the world & now look at him: half handless, yet once again vital & handy with his hand bones scraping crap off the grass.

HOW TO CASH STOLEN CHECKS --- It's easy. First acquire stolen checks from somebody, you may have to steal them yourself considering how difficult it is these days to find anybody trustworthy, then take them to the bank & trade 'em in for American currency. One tell-tale sign & dead give-away is that U.S. money says United States of America, Federal Reserve Note plus other bull shit. Don't be afraid of getting in trouble because the penalty is a very small fine of approximately \$5 & a stern warning: "Don't'cha ever lets me catch you doin' this *aggin!*" or "You stays out of dat bank & no more stolen checks for 1 year you hears?!"

Tell the "judge" to go & have a loving one-on-one relationship with himself & then to drop dead & go to hell. He'll be pissed at that but it's a small price to pay for that feeling of satisfaction for

getting over on a "judge."

LOVE OF ETERNAL JUSTICE: My napkins were neatly folded as I watched the calendar & the days fly by. Soon I'd be needing them to sop up the blood of lunar passing. Yes sir, my period'd be here soon, soon enough. I didn't worry none. I was careless in my indulgences. My period attacked with the ferocity of a peace-keeping band of peace keepers doling out eternal justice upon the new land o' the free.

I'll soak them overnight, by morning they'll be tender.
I'll boil them in salted water. I'll skim the froth, if any,
& stir these BEANS OF LOVE and:

Let's Grill Lassie: a movie with a message as title states. Yes, it's passed time to grill M.G.M.'s beloved Lassie, served with peas, mashed potatoes & dog gravy. Pull up a chair, *Let's Grill Lassie* is delicious! I rate this film {or "movie"} 2 hose lengths & a box of thumb tacks: my highest rating ever!

Let's All Be Normal Together {alt. title: *Let's All Be Normal at the Same Time*} --- The message movie that makes sense of how to be normal, to rid your life of strangeness & conduct affairs w/o the burden of snide remarks suchlike: "Look, look everybody at the weirdo!"

"Renounce Satan!" The preacher ordered. "Renounce him now!"

"I will not --- denouncing him can only anger him further! Instead, let me gently & gradually ignore his invitations till finally, as it's with salesmen, I will no longer be considered a hot lead. I will not denounce him for it will only precipitate extreme cancer! Let's wean him from ourselves much as a prostitute a.k.a. waitress, weans herself from service."

To do: demand, consult, relax, relive, fall...*Demand* Omega 4 capsules from hippies @ health food stores & warp their minds.

Consult any one of the amazing local ass-holes who have a personal relationship with the late Jesus {of Christ & Bible fame}.

Relax in the comforting embrace of a tall, blonde woman.

Relive tender moments brought about by Empire America's tireless efforts to confound itself on every continent.

Fall deeply in love with Japanese women living in Orlando.

...My dream is to buy cheap land & find natural gas then I can say with pride: "I'm sitting on a lot of gas & it's natural!" Utility companies will have to buy my gas. I'll say to anybody who'll listen: "I've got more gas than I've ever dreamed possible!" It's a story borne of beans nurtured lovingly, one of man against the elements of gas production.

Give me a crouchless bend, a sunny dispensatory nature, dry, stringy hair, 2 eyes dimmed by violence of structure. Oh Lord, I pray on knees & hands, bowed by disinfectant --- needful of things caloric. Crush enemies mine: cops & miners. Barbara Walters & other no-talents, % Johnny Cash whining "why me, why me?"

Soon a future will arrive whereat gas & water production will be down to a mere trickle of its former self. Farmers will lack the wisdom to plant crops as crop dusters sell out to mop manufacturers.

Soon enough a man will brag on a subject so hard to believe that many will accuse him of dishonesty. He'll attack them verbally to counter, but they'll have the law with the guns on their side & hip pockets.

A shot in the dark produces fire-powered illumination. A ticket & a plunk, pull my binded parts causing knee retraction & gonadal pinging action, predisposing a love no bean may inflate, no wig can warm.

A DOZEN ME: Sticks of dynamite tucked under my pillow, cartridges in my sock drawer, my wife's bra stuffed with jelly beans, enough gun powder to stabilize the powers that be, fortified in vitamins, nutrients & the knowledge of a 1,000 health food shops I step into the world a changed man ready to do battle with church forces of evil. Bishops & priests half blind in the power of Onanism slinking about they are the monkeys of the streets, the sewer pates of Christ's Earth-hell. They see what they see fiddling & fondling their way, dragging their scaly pocked asses across dioceses.

Warm aching, war making, WAR MEMORIES...My boots were caked with the bloody mud of the battle field. My arms ached from carrying my A.K.-47, yes my A.K.-47, the gut wrencher! Up ahead

6 miles the enemy was massing. Orders from C-Com said move out. It was O-four hundred & we got the lead out. That day I would prove my bravery, a proof that cannot be denied. I would suffer a de-nutting which means in military parlance: testicular trauma. My buddy was my A.K.-47. Yes my A.K.-47, the gut winder. After treatment I was re-nutted & sent back to join my boyfriends, yes my boyfriends!

Cheating Death the Natural Way with vitamins & miners, I mean minerals. --- There are unnatural ways of cheating death, as everyone knows, here tho, are 6 natural ways of doing it.

For men you need to take zinc cause it will keep your prostate gland functioning optimally & forestall explosion.

Chromium helps deliver protein where it's most needed & discourages prostate explosion.

Paba is necessary for formation of blood cells resulting in more for your prostate & a lessened risk of detonation.

Choline is an acid to the liver, a neighbor of the prostate. Rule: happy neighbors = happy prostate.

Grandma Snag Head & her band of Rough Housers --- Tho her blood was a-boil Grandma S.H. didn't let on. She was a fire-brand of a neutron dye-pack, half nanny, half jack hammer. Her Latin roots, her snaggle-head'd wag force, her noodle-noggin'd half trap. She'd've liked a rug buster, she'd've enjoyed a carpet depth charge.

As far-flung nations taunt the U.S. into bombing & occupying them for the freedom we cherish & potentates kick us around I say bring it on. You can spit & burn the American flag, you can use it to diaper your fuzzy infants, to unclog toilets, as a marital enhancer, or for just the 2 of you off on a weekend, or whatever you want but remember this: The American flag is 3 colors: the first color represents freedom, the second: saturation bombing & the third: the blood of government. Never forget the meaning of those stars because the U.S. will some day control Mars. [Protect me Santa Claus my holiday donuts!]

Are you hiding something from the government?

Are they hiding something from you? Let's treat it like a game, that way no one gets hurt.

Are you hiding something in your bathroom? Could this room be

used to transmit important secrets to the defunct Soviet Union? Are your ties to Cuba as strong as ever? Is your toilet being used as a satellite receiver? Have you heard voices in, out or around your bathroom? Try this as a test: Flush satellite receiver or toilet, wait 10 seconds, place ear upon toilet seat, put one hand in toilet bowl you ass hole. All in part to: Tricking people into suicide who want to commit it but need help. New instructions for opening window: Depress latch, pull sash window up, jump thru window. --- Cruise ship fun: On upper-most deck bend over rail to wave to loved ones...keep bending!

Now there's help for your most hidden area: your rectum. Rectum researchers @ the United States White House Rectal Research Facility located in the White House in Wash., D.C., etc. {you can see where this is going...} It's health rectifying, also: I'm in love with her Panama Canal Zone!

The whore turned away in disgust: "You pig!" She said.

"Oh yeah right, like you ain't never rolled around the mud oinking!"

...Sometime later: "Let's whore together! C'mon it'll be loads of fun!"

WARNING: WHORING ISN'T LOADS OF FUN!

"Shut up you retarded cunt!" The concerned husband said to his wife.

"No no no," I corrected waving my finger you should say: 'Shut up you mentally-challenged cunt!'"

"You stupid whore!" Says I to the whore when she mis-spelled whore on the job application.

My knees are really starting to itch up over the area of psoriatic outbreak. I just know that the manufacturers of anti-itch skin medications, designed especially for itch-plagued knees, are rubbing together their hands in delight.

Our whores have been provided with anti-septic towelettes. It's either the smell of victory or I tramped in some dog shit.

--- I'm an expert on terrorism --- look at my wife & kid hiding under the table.

Sex Chinese-style, needed 2 chinks. I'm like Norman Vincent Peale writing a book with Smiley Blanton...What priorities! Fag

abuse is wrong but flag abuse isn't. This country needs to decide which is really worth fighting for. --- You can knock Jesus down but not Easter. You can say horrible things about Jesus but I wouldn't recommend it. In *all* kidnap movies I've seen, during the kidnapping the kidnapped never yells: "Stop kidnapping me!"

Every nigger is unique: It's complimentary & disrespectful at the same time. I'll whip out my wiener & drain my bladder. {That too.} Such was a time before my birth. Swallow Tail: the bird, the pervert. I was so naive concerning crack cocaine. Later, after much trial & error, I was told "crack" has nothing to do with where or how you consume the drug. In the beginning I'd just sit on it for hours. --- When's this stuff going to start working?

DON'T LET YOUR TRICK-KNEE RULE YOUR LIFE! Young, courageous & full of raw nerve, athletic, sexually-vibrant, on the job, on the prowl with one nagging infirmity: Trick Knee. Trick Knee {*Kneecus Trickinus*} breaks up more happy marriages than hookers & cocaine & hookers on cocaine. Trick knee or T.K. killed 15,000 Americans last year, how? T.K. sets in, driver inadvertently puts the pedal to the metal & you know the rest.

"My husband was killed from rapid acceleration. If he's been in a school zone, my God! He'd still be alive! Sure a couple of runny-nosed little pukers would've been squashed but what of it? Little, stinking, smart asses deserve what they get. Comin' 'round in their school buses, their hair on their heads...ankles, original knees, bastards..." [Another name for my dick is The Impregnator.]

Good ole Head Wart Kennedy, he'll save us, save us all from head warts. He keeps to himself like a man with a groin injury. I've always been pretty good @ assessing a person's fucking inner beauty. --- Wolfing corn flakes with my brother. Talking on the phone with good ol' mother.

You demand excellence in the people around you & nothing less than 100%. Your standards are of the highest caliber. If it's not first class forget it! You tolerate no incompetence yet you don't bathe, brush your teeth or wear clean clothes. Your nails are jagged & cruddy, your several teeth are caked with a greenish slime. You're equipped to do nothing, you have no skills, no means of support & no prospects.

I like Bob Hope & I say, "thanks for the memories" & never, "shove it up your ass you homo," because that would be wrong.

I just pretend to be crippled to give my dog something to do. Independent living the American way. No more of that & very little of this. Sub-tropical wetness and I had my ass scraped by a bull dozer! The Lord created Adam & Eve not Adam & some homosexual.

4-2-03 Buddy Epsen's 95th birthday...Humphrey Bogart's message to Eddie Albert in *The Wagons Roll at Night*: "Hey man, lay off my sister!"

Thank God England's so far away. God in His infinite wisdom put shit hole England way over there across the Atlantic cesspool. Yes, our enemies are amongst us, testing & taunting our national resolve. Anyone who delays the war a second will be dealt with brutally. We'll not just tap your phone we'll smash you in the face with it: NEW FUN IN AMERICA. [Usually I cake my right shoe w/dog shit.]

A baby's a baby & it's of little consequence in what creepy way you acquired it. A family's a family: 2 monkeys, a donkey & 4 sodomites, it no matta.

Oh Elton John you've been thru so much, so very, very much, not counting the homosexuality. {As eventful as James Whitmore's decision to change his name from Witless.} ...*Remove yourself from my pit explorer & unhand my Brazil nuts!*

One day I realized a toe was missing when I couldn't resolve a math problem & sure enough at The Ring Bros. & Barnyard Daily Circus my toe'd been cloned into a midget ring announcer. He couldn't talk 'cause nail was in his way. "Listen, you de-evolve & turn back into a toe!" It was then I realized I'd just taken a crap & not flushed. I hope they didn't clone my shit. The next day the midget was replaced with a short, brown, smelly fellow. I wasn't surprised.

"I SEE YOU LIKE DOGS," the man from the animal shelter said.
"Yes."

"Would you like a job working with dogs & cats?"

Later: "Alright! Richard you'll be assigned to the decompression

chamber & incinerator!"

Later the man from the tannery asked: "Hey boy, you like horses?" And even more later: "You'll be working the hide stripper & bone grinder."

...& even tremendously more later: "Would you like a cookie?"

"Would I?"

"Hare lip! Hare lip!"

UNNATURAL

"Doctor how are my pin worms? Are they okay?"

"Your pin worms are fine, fat, healthy & active!"

"Thank God for that!"

--- Excerpt fr.: "A Guy with an Unnatural Attachment to his Intestinal Parasites."

NO ONE SHOULD IN PUBLIC

"Look Steve, it's my Mom & Dad!"

"Don't you know?" He asked, Steve did, amazed.

"No I don't. Ma & Pa are built the same: 6 feet, 3 inches tall, 3 hundred to 4 hundred pounds, massive neck & shoulder development, size 12 to 14 feet, hips that measure a meter across, that's metric for 100 centimeters."

"I know I know. But there must be recognizable differences between a man & a woman in their 60's?"

"That's where you're pathetically mistaken, *Stever*, people of that age are physically indistinguishable."

Steve scratched himself where no one should in public. "Well, I guess," he hawed.

"Please," I begged, "that kind of scratching should only be done in a hospital's pig station in the presence of Louisa Moritz, Elina Salo, Helen Mirren, Elisabeth Sladen, the yummy Claudia Gerini, 3 ducks in a priest's pond, and what's left of recognizable opposition."

I wear my pants patriotically, like no one should in public, pulled up, boastful, laundered & creased. People, the disrespectful, may stare & point, marveling at the transparency of what covers my pogo stick of freedom.

It was winter, freezing the flag to the pole. She couldn't wave, she couldn't. I vowed that our flag was still there only stiffened by a warming factor that effected the planet, but I wasn't sure what planet. I knew others shared my bend, plumbing the depths of deep mysteries, pursuant of beauty & misdemeanor. Others could waiver, tinkering away their rotten lives on sail boats, bedding society matrons' grand daughters, taking vitamins, making hormones. It all seemed expensive, unsound, faithless & risky. I'm no risk-taker. America has been risen from Indian to God, to pull the world's nations, in compromise, into centralized/consolidated banking. We must pay the same, wobbling not in our indefatigable belief that international hands put to anything foster slaveocracy.

LEE KILLS JACK, JACK KILLS LEE

{Maybe this, that, the other?}

Here's your food & each dish has its own nationality...I could be home now effing her stupid. The vaginal aspects of Missy Virgin. I've no compulsion to use the bathroom until I get in there & then it's bombs away! --- Several experiences I have shared with my wife were sexual in nature.

Join today: Dog-Faced Girlfriend Service. Home of: "My Dog-Faced Girlfriend." First date free or she pays you! Tired of dating neighbors? Well then don't! Half the people who shop around in their sleep, or sleep around in their shop, support us with 10% of membership fees donated to a charity to help retards live amongst us in trailer courts. Don't be jerked about by unsanitary dates. All of our dog-faced girls are washed up & ready to go! Date Furnace Mouth this winter & get \$2-off next time! Because...it's like my sister on a bathroom break or drinking several gallons of milk to impress the neighbors. Because, and yet: Your elbows are like nipples & your nipples are like pickles. --- Drive faster/get home sooner. --- Bud Abbott died April 24, 1974...as he finalized plans to overthrow America's imperialist government.

"How was SCHOOL TODAY?" Asked my father as he raised his hand to clomp me one.

Fine, I felt like saying but I didn't know what to say. I edged

myself slowly from his range & released a gaseous cloud of Mexican food-borne ailments. Stupidly he fought through the fog as all browned about him. With very little breathable air left him he gasped his last breath before falling unconscious. I administered c.p.r. & as he was coming to I gassed him again just for fun.

And upcoming..."You must shinny!" She cried.

"Shinny?" I begged. "Shinny where?"

"Shinny up my love ladder, boy!"

All this talk o' fire & I'm wet as a nuggar. Her long, tapered stems, her full-bodied flavour, her distant orbits, her appointments @ o.b. central, her beloved friends, smoking habit & hygienic triumphs all packed-action put down & away Vol. 6: *Wife One: The Statutory-Rape Years*.

HOW TO INDICATE SOMETHING

One way to indicate something is by traveling someplace & pointing. Of course pointing is just one way of indicating that my healthy mind coincides perfectly with my healthy body. It was voted luscious by readers of *Luscious Magazine*. I'm enjoying my heftiest weight yet @ 225 & still gaining. My secret? Eliminate between-meal interims of non-eating. It's like my Uncle Bob by marriage used to say: "You can't beat a Coleman lantern, check out great deals on Coleman white-gas stoves too." Thanks Uncle B.B.M. {Bob by marriage & not bonus bowel movement.} for your enthusiasm for America's fave pastime --- Outdoor camping. {What's indoor camping? I dunno.}

Things pointless: Naming a house cat when every cat in the English-speaking world responds only to "Here kitty kitty."

Play hammer balls! Needed: hammer {ball whacker}. Next time: rupture repair...& My ass ain't all it's cracked up to be.

All that Xtian you're-going-to-burn crap makes one opt for a less-provocative religion.

RYAN, CASEY, STEUBAN

Ryan speaks: "Casey, how do you know that I'm the father of this baby & not Steuban?"

Casey speaks whilst bursting into laughter: "Oh Ryan, you know

that I love only you! Steuban & I haven't been a couple in years!”

Enter Steuban: “Ryan, Casey,” says he nervously whilst fumbling for a cough lozenge, “I didn't expect to find *you* here. What's up?”

“Plenty!” Replies Ryan.

“Yeah plenty!” Joins Casey. “Ryan here thinks there's a chance that this baby {points to swollen abdomen} belongs to you!”

“What?!”

“Well Steuban, what do you have to say to that? Did you rape Casey?”

Steuban falls to his knees like a jack-hammer operator with i.b.s. {irritable bowel syndrome}. “Yes, yes, oh my God it's all true! I raped Casey. I raped her so many, many, many, many times!!!”

“Steuban Johnson!” Blared the voice of Chief of Police Ravensbrook J. Washington, who'd been hiding behind the couch. “You're under arrest for the rape of Casey Stenkel-Fairbanks & the disappearance of Senator Natalie Crapple-Henderson!”

“Holy Jesus!” Steuban gasped. “Yes I admit to raping Casey many, many, many, many times but I'm not taking the rap in the Crapple-Henderson murder!”

“*Murder?! Who said anything about Murder?!*”

You can't run for long with FEET ABLAZE

You can't hide behind a statue's *groinal* parts.

There's no soup for you once you've vomited up the salad.

We school ourselves & learn nothing, only the commune teaches.

The rifle gives life & solves problems.

I have fewer of them now that I've gotten to a even point...

--- She told me her motives are “genotypical of the way a squirrel's nuts are hoarded.” And that: “You can't tamper with temper. All roads are maintained with asphalt so there's nobody to blame.”

I plowed her fallow fields till our hair frizzed. I played beaver Christ whilst others stapled their stomachs halved. Shawls & overcoats can cover the most horrific of street-fought mortalities.

It seemed beyond the bend of a corner would greet me an im-polite scene of unregulated traffic, of near-misses, and walkers being flung every which way. I remember Peggy Mitchell of *Gone*

with the Wind-fame being killed by a taxi, and Gladys Knight under Pip attack. A terrible insult may await: a waffle cooked on but one side; a ball softened by deflation; a bush with a dead cat under it. Who may say what surprising perversions fags have in store for America? Is it enough that we participate in their abnormalities, often against our will? Will baby food become food made from babies? Love your children salt-free...

America {U.S.A. proper: no Puerto Rico!} has come to a grating cross purpose: Support our fags no matter the consequences or contain them as one might lightning bugs in a milk carton with air holes. These air holes must be earned. Show us *sincerity* and you shall have an abundance of holes not counting Mexicans.

As we reproach this gay, festive holiday season I'm reminded of Jesus' commitment to his disciples and their extended families. Never did the Messiah forget what side His bread was buttered on or where his loyalties lied. When He was nailed up He took it with a grain of salt, knowing within 72 hours life would return, not so happy an ending for those sharing His fate. They would be vulture meat. Still, Jesus gave them comfort & a promise of life eternal. As we bed down with our wives & neighbors let us pray & not prey upon those we cannot stand to be around, the moochers & ingrates.

A TERRIBLE INSULT: Your face looks like a bucket of ass-holes. After plastic surgery: Your face still looks like a bucket of ass-holes. I see no change whatever.

MY UNCLE IS DISHONEST ...My water can's empty --- my water can's full of a sticky substance. The goo isn't related to my ear problem. That's not my problem. Who do you think you're working for? How's that for efficiency? I have had many nervous collapses. My uncle is dishonest...Wait for: *Attack of the Catholicks* ...Help they're attacking or Help I'm being molested by a bishop! And...*Abortions Are Fun!*; *Mr. Puberty Answers the Toughest Teen Questions*; *Cooking with Ann Fecta*; *Living Life to the Fullest*; *Living Life with a Groin Injury*; *Elvis Presley & Lou Costello*; *Attack of 50 Garbage Men* ...The End of *Summer*
Beyond what's summer is ended as tropical, fall then's fallen...

Index

Along the Far Climb Down, 1, 2

“...best ever!” --- Vic Thrupp (no relation), 2
with *The Future Unquiet*, 36

Americano, 23

Arnaz, Desi, sr., 43

Black Misery Month {February}, 27

Clinton, Hillary, “My Life Whelping Pup,” 61

Elvis, 7, 45, 94

King of Presleys, 24

Priscilla, yumminess of {1975 & sooner}, 7, 45

Gay & Local {magazine}, 28

Hitchcock, Alfred as Winston Churchill, 24

Hitler, 24, 34, 40, 47, 73

“I own 3 wrecked cars & my wife's a porker...” 8

Kathleen {film}, 20

Kill Whitey!, 71, 72

Kronos, 46-7

Lord, 29, 39, 44, 49, 64, 81

A Christ-born creation, 71; as Jesus, 5, 25, 27, 33, 40, 45, 47, 49, 57, 68, 72, 73, 77, 78, 80, 84, 93, 94; Jesus drowning, 50

Lovebound, Magnolia {Nolia}, 7, 8

Man with T.V. Eyes, The, 2, 53-4

material witness, 19

Pam {sister}, workings of, 63

Roosevelt, Eleanor {suspected of lesbianism}, 1, 42

Rosenberg, Alfred, see Hitler

Shit City, sweltering slums of, 71

Theresa {Mother}, death of, 6
forgiven, 5

Thripp, Richard, 1, 2, 36, 43, 54, 90
as spy {in *Terror Cell*}, 51-3, 57-9
as Uncle Ricky, 57
born, 82
man with t.v. eyes, 54
marries cyclically: 4 to 7 years, 74
"Richard & Shelly," 64-6
Writer of book: Richard James Thripp, 73-4

Titanic, 5, 13

Tubman, Harriett, 11, 12, 15, 76

United States of America, The, 56, 65, 70, 71, 79, 84, 87, 94
crash land on moon, 21st Century's new mission of U.S., 71
fellow Americans, etc., 9, 43, 45, 47, 82, 83, 86, 91
for heaven's sake, 38
Italian Friends, U.S.A., 25
style, 45
proper {contiguous states}, 9