

The Man with Two Eyes

Richard Thripp

God for myself, He hears that name of thine, And sees within my
eyes, the tears of two. VI of *Sonnets from the Portuguese*
by Elizabeth Browning

Our world has sprouted a weird concept of security and a warped
sense of morality. Weapons are sheltered like treasures and
children are exposed to incineration. --- Bertrand Russell

7. Pour cheese sauce over leeks and sprinkle remaining cheese on
top. --- from p. 61: *Wonderful Ways to Prepare Vegetarian Dishes*

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Along the Far Climb Down

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“They grill everything in Japan.” From page 42 of *Along the Far Climb Down* available by mail for \$3.50 including shipping...

Not since somebody else somewhere wrote a book has one squat brought such relief, joy --- a Scripture unscripted, a play-bill, menu --- the just & the scattered particles of eyes formed in orbits,

The Man with Two Eyes.

2 elephants having a good time...

PASSING GAS STATIONS

{Like a fat man struggling to breathe.}

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 large animals?" *And*, under and 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."

"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. 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 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 bombed to smithereens.

Next: King of the underwearers! *Proctitis*: inflammation of the anus & rectum... *author's notation*: thank God I ain't got that.

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.

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

Kevin, who was barely able to chew, gnawed the imposter meat like a dog would a tree trunk. "Sheeze," 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.

"Sure," Karen said with a smile that was winsome yet heartless.

Later when nobody was looking she vowed to never mock Kev 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 scraatching.}

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

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, or cared to, the lovely parting gifts *olympickly*-minded. It's of geographic certitude as all suspect... all the holes in all the heads, the darkness, O the organized effort!

HER ENORMOUS INCOME {Able-bodied man seeking able-bodied woman for procreation. Candidate must be fecund.}

I remember working @ a job 5 years & being barked orders by someone hired a half hour before. {It's Bermuda's public traingle repeated: internal editing mechanisms, clock-works, 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.

"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? 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.}

"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 Mexicana 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!"

"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 kill or heal!"

"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 is our nation's scourge & we must have zero toleration, same for tax cheats!"

"But what about extenuating clauses?"

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

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

"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 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 or a buffalo surrendering to savages who maintained 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.}

WORLD OF ANSWERS = *Nudity in the hands of the clothed is a danger to the uncovered.*

Constitution-loving Lincoln --- he loved the world so much he gave a million sons. His mention was ca-ca on the lips of the lame. A head: too big for cannon; a brain melon, slime ball, rail-running, roasted-duck eating chill monkey, *Lincoln as laxative*: You're asking too much of every prescription. Only war can assay the war-weary, placate them within their hovels, teach & inform.

"Look Steve," the admiral said, "there are 50 midgets blocking your exit! You can not escape!"

"I wouldn't be so sure," Steve said, addressing the admiral in a

manner reminiscent of the time Steve had jumped over 50 midgets to freedom six years before.

"I know what you're thinking," the admiral reasoned, "can I do it after 6 years? I say you can't."

Steve let out a karate-type *Hi-ya!* as he farted towards the blockage of midgets.

"No Steve! Don't!" The admiral begged.

"Too late!" Steve replied as his feet left the ground in a tremendous leap of midget-clearing freedom. {Years would fart by & his confidence would swell to the point where he'd jump dwarves & elves just as unhesitantly.} + {Either I'm swelling up with pride or just swelling up.}

I Can't Visit You in the Hospital Because I'm Committing Adultery with a Nurse's Aid, starring Loucindy Tiheria as Hosea Keleli, Maralene Hardsclaw as Jwaundalyn Tomonta & Idivine Shakemma as Meko. Our story begins in the bedroom of a big city hospital. Loucindy & Maralene are humping like Presbyterians when in farts Jwaundalyn just back from a small-town hospital. "What's going down?" She asks whilst our lovers are digging in for another go. Just then there's a thunderous quaking as California splits open to reveal God's vengeance, "Oh God!" Loucindy exhorts. "Our sexy behaviour has caused tectonic plates to shift!"

"No it hasn't!" Maralene, unencumbered by regret due to Unitarian stand-for-nothing church upbringing, informed.

California was lost yet Nevada, which is a dishonest state, remained intact.

Good shits are planned they don't just "happen."

STRANGE WORLD OF CONVERSATION

"What's that on your face?"

"It ain't no fly-magneto!"

"I think it is!"

"My God!"

"Is that *your* lawn mower?"

"Yes, I use it for lawn mowing."

"Have you ever considered prostitution?"

"Not while I'm using this whore!" {Speaker points at mower.}

"You are the envy of everyone!"

"Including dentists?"

"Especially them!"

"Every fucking thing learned about fucking has altered nothing in regards the universe, science helps manly & mainly itself. All contents of folly & encore, roil & spatterwork, port & aft, a million intrigues rotate with us, enriching & impoverishing."

"She provoked pagan fury in me I'ven't had since the olympic-disease incident."

"What's that? A face?"

"Face a face with this face?"

"Stand pat Patton, I'm in a face-slipping moodiness!"

Must DESTROY CENTRAL CONGRESS

Chances're dim that U.S.A. will return to constitutional Chief Magistrate, judiciary & bicameral legislature.

Light trails of music, exorbitance in fuel, stealthy work across oceans, *busyness* as proposed...Living in buildings, building your lives whilst in buildings...amongst the pulsing orbs, quasars, things what thump & swell, a donut, a cheerio, a welt across one's fattened ass, a republic in shambles, a once-proud group of groupers swimming up-stream, streaming down the shallows as we whisper to each other after church has fallen to nothing. I admit to what they say, I sail to a concluding mood...I reach for my knife, I run for a gun, a board with a nail sticking out of it, a fly swatter, ice water, a birthday card wired with an explosive device. My wires {& wages} are attached, it be a scheme I tells you, a black hand, a cold-hearted, whore-mongering hatchling that makes one pray, it be: grill or be grilled.

Light mails of exedra, exegesis, warted trolls...there's public indebtedness & then there's generosity.

STRANGE WORLD OF CONVERSION = Performance + tested & buttered bread, nothing's going to touch upon the slippery & oiled partings. Lord no! Oh Lord, yes! Gimme amen, gimme sanction, gimme toast & cheese. It's the calling of French oral surgeons to help those with ornamental tongue jewelry live to

acquire add'l piercings.

It's the onerous task of army flunkies to fight logical appointment, follow the paths of least resistance, eat in formation, shower in 3 minutes. It's a difficulty what lacks worthwhile session, a traipse minus sashay, a point without puncture, a book without measure, despair lacking regret. It's 2 eyes, a binocular outlook, an alignment perceiving depth & contrasting starkness. It's one with two & 4 with 8... it's him: *El Hombre con dos Ojos*.

[Allow me to drain naturally upon your sheets & pillow slips, let me pass freely amongst your pipes, receptacles & china porcelain. I shall partake in your crunchy treats, witness ablutions, participate in diurnal discourse, rifle letters & test your hygienic products.]

[Here amongst the wanted I lay down my life-defending battle, my arches have fallen, my lips have curtailed a furtherance of kissing comrades, cohorts, soldiers in general. I await my ephemeral awards heavenward. If the Lord can stand it who am I? --- The nurturing drain is entirely naturalistic as sun-exposing our wieners to porch lights, as sure-footed, as rewards-worthy & dietetic.]

[Cystic drain coming down a flow: Johnstown 1889, whenever, whether, safety in numbers, street-lined trees, sanity in traces, willows, Walden inversions, women, Lordly women. Oh God, women! Here plot they, here tree-climb they, here stride they, here pixie-plied, swoll, bursted blooms. I prefer my sex fans unregistered, damn it all...]

Mr. Blood Drivel asks: Are you sure your blood's as untainted as Godly possible? --- That John Wayne, he sure pissed me off when he said he was bigger than the Beatles who were bigger {at the time} than Jesus, meaning John Wayne was bigger than Jesus & the Beatles! Impossible! Because Jesus is more important than John Beatles & the Waynes combined! The Bible is laid amongst the brethren...

WRITER OF BOOK: RICHARD THRIPP --- no military experience, no college education, night high school graduate 1979.

Richd. Thrupp doesn't use coupons, separate trash, read newspapers, marry within race, eat meat, care about trees &

manatees, believe in imminent climatic catastrophe, love Hitler, kill many snakes, follow sports, attend church, worship Prince Jesus, dye hair, limp, shack up, believe in registering nurses, submit to surgery, discourage children from smoking cigarettes.

Must I suffer ass-agonies upon the pointy rocks of Juan Ponce de Leon's jetty? Recoil in horror at the peace offerings of peace officers who are just like you & me save the pigs' blood, or the comparable visages of 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.

PREVIEW: COMPUTER-CRAZED WILD ASS

Her passivity reminded me of some hot chick I used to date on the *inter-net*. I was adjusting my *web browser*, *scrolling* in 5 dimensions *on-line*, checking out my *e-mail* whilst listening to a *c.d...*

The linguini strap barely holds my bikini bottoms up, let alone on. I'm stuffed in, if I made a sharp right it's all over. I'm not well-covered & perfect bladder control's a prerequisite. "Keep that gravy at arm's length! I'm in a bikini!" or "God no! These winds are whipping up to gale force!"

To be small where it counts & big where it matters, that's the ticket because millions of Mexicans are on their way here now! Welcome to the United States, Mexicans! In the U.S. we speak the English language! Our beaches are loaded with oiled white people in undies striving to become dark people.

To be passion-weary during passion-heavy days {& smallish, biggish & love-starved} is what loads our beaches & caves our balconies. We impassion our hot chicks beyond reminder --- outfitting them in supportless swim gear, spreading lies & spending fortunes.

BONE-CRUSHING FORCE

I was being examined by a registered nurse, because the unregistered one was vacationing in Hawaii, for a routine once-over. "Bend forward that I may check your groinals."

"Okay, as long as you don't use b.-c. f.!" And then: my ass bottomed out. I was cruising the mall, for a variety of reasons, when my ass bottomed out. It seemed plankton wasn't good enough for my whale-big wife as she wanted solid food. I offered to cater & catered to offer her: the meal of her fat lifetime, if only she consented to: lose 150 pounds. Her resistance was weighty. I'd never seen a porpoise with such purpose & came to admire her: beyond my physical powers.

"It looks like a flat tire to me," the mechanic said.

"What might I do?" I asked completely confused.

"First," said she, a female mechanic, in a motherly tone, "let's get you into a warm bed."

"But? ---

"No buts, the sooner we get your clothes off the sooner we can get you back on the road."

"You've caused more property damage than Godzilla," I observed, when she least expected it.

"That's the work of Mothra."

"Mothra? But he's on *our* side."

"Don't be so sure," cautioned she, removing all her mechanic's duds to reveal a glossy 2-tone body.

"Wow! You're really souped up! How fast can that go?!"

"I've been accepted by the National Car Builders plus I've had several minor surgeries & I can really get rolling once warmed up."

Withing short shrift we exchanged stats automotive. I obtained a drivers' license for reasons utilitarian & romantic.

Next sentence, choose only one: *A*. She experienced my shaft as I footsied her clutch. --- *B*. Her high beams were luminous as I fingered her mud flaps.

I've realized for quite awhile that my electric, phone & insurance bills must be paid or these svcs. {except insurance which is a pyramid scheme} will be denied to me as a form of vengeance by these powerful & insensitive conglomerations. Log on now to PAYRICHARDTHRIPPSBILLS.COM & contribute \$10, \$25, \$50

or more. For every \$100 contribution receive a free gift, {Of course all gifts are free, they wouldn't be gifts if you had to pay for them.} a key ring {wholesales for a penny}, a note pad {3 cents}, etc.

Let's teach those fat-cat lesbian African or * Native American gay-hating meat-eaters @ the phone & electric companies a lesson. Let's pay my bills with an in-your-face attitude that will get them to think twice before cutting me off!

* Logically-speaking everyone born in the United States is a native & an American & thus native to America or native American. Not to be confused w/the Native American political party of a century past. Ironically, the whites of colonial America considered themselves British subjects to the king & referred derisively to the savage {un-Christian} Indians as Americans.

--- My love for you is sure, sure as ocean salt, foggy clouds & cloudy fog. Let me count the ways I love you! I love you with every molecule of my body, each atom of my love cluster. If I were a midget I'd love you from a lower place. My short legs would run to you, to be near your tall, muscular body! {The ocean we view from our stations what support such viewing. I run your way with stubby legs.}

YOUR LOVE DENIED

Your love denied is a nail pulled out backwise, a finger where it does no good, a weather report from Guernsey.

Your love granted is a nail pound tight & trim, a finger dexterously laid, a weather summons fro Washington.

Love anywhere near a mattress is romantic. Never take your sister to a bed factory & lament "if only things could be different" or "society more liberal."

--- All that's left, after the cops raided the street to arrest prostitutes, are a few 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 you 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 2 of the 1,000's of whores you can't deny, can't love without measures of regret. Is there nothing left of Moslem charity? To save? To muster? Must we bathe in the light? 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 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, that's why we live for church, Christianizing, Maria, Maria...

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 a man on the moon. {Don't love cup butter disease your cap tabs! Regale me with typhus as you loosen my lug nuts! Even in death --- *Kill whitey!* ---your love plus action slogs through an impersuasive longing for Quaker Oats!}

What is the United States? I fear its decimation by century 22. Chapter one: The Fear bone of Charity: Thru 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 hurricanes have bowled the Mexican Gulf as if by clock-work were just that, by numbers, etching furrows & leveling high ground...another illustration of my magnetic appeal of gravity or the gravomagnetic 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 & postulating sacs.

Our neighbor's dog is one you can really clamp your ass around --- whatever that means.

LIZZIE BORDEN'S CRAZY PUSH

What pushed dyke Lizzie Borden to kill, by hatchet, her elderly father & step-mother? Let's listen in to what seems like a harmless conversational snippet. Here's Lizzie confabulating with a gentle homo-sexy cohort called The Dark Muffer or D.M. for shortness.

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.

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

Liz: They would never.

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

--- Close friend Bob Hope's suicide was a wake-up call to Dutch & Nance Reagan --- no more Russian roulette, no more stink finger. It was the end of Hope, the end of *rhubarbic* innocence. Dutch was rocked by other tragedies: the unreleasability of his most important films onto D.V.D. format: *Tennessee's Partner*, *Hong Kong*, *Naughty But Nice* & *Juke Girl*. America's future was being challenged, again.

Whitey owes us --- kill whitey! It's the way we want it yet we

can't have both. I can be ignored but never exalted. Jesus loves the little children worldly-wise. He'll be very helpful in my plan to hold them hostage. His faults have been papered over.

THE DAY MY KNOBS WON FIRST PRIZE in a local knob contest...I had entered The Beautiful Knobs' Contest as a joke never expecting to win even honorable mention. The room was packed with beauty queens, most with ample knobs. Yes, when the Lord was handing out knobs this group got the big ones. I was sweating profusely, which only made my knobs wet & more dazzling, when the winner was announced. "The winner of The Knob Contest is ---" And then when he said my name I thought my knobs would explode.

Back during World War #2 when bathing wasn't so wide-spread & Nazis were propagating all manner of lie & disinformation, Vice President Wallace held down the proverbial fart as president of the senate & chief cook & bottle washer to his wife what's-her-name, a slappy little wench full of raw nerve & disinfectant.

F.D.R. would hobble 'round the executive mansion, alone, withdrawn, with no woman to fill his days with passion & nites with anti-septic. He hated polio-myelitis & his wife & vowed thru one thousand secret meetings with Satan to get even with both.

Be mindful of the 2 types of dairy cattle: the type that gives milk voluntarily & the type that must be forcibly milked. Read: "Why I Drink Milk," by Garret Hobart. {He would've become president if Wm. McKinley had been assassinated 2 years sooner.}

Some morons have so much lawn you'd need a goat to keep it mown, or better, a riding goat.

Melvis unhitched his 48 waist-banded trousers & settled down with his former wife Vanessa for some blubber poking. Never, till recently, in the abridged history of meteorology has such ferocious storm activity been measured. Vanessa, who was no stunt double herself, didn't understand & couldn't under-estimate such doings. "I'm in love with cream cheese," she exhorted. Melvis stared blankly at her reflection on the toilet seat which had been spit polished to resemble Louis the 16th porcelain "We must eat regularly," said he, "else'n we die of anemia."

My middle finger can be used to insult or to express deeply-romantic love.

THE CONSTANT ASS-HOLE STUPID {It's as natural as a congressman taking shits.} *and* {The fast-track to jail is the telling of the truth.}

The winds o' change were a-blowing as the jobbers wrestled the last of the manure into the limousine. There was a big congressional party replete with cock-suckers & cocaine that evening and everybody who's any buddy would be there: the majority whip, the minority guy & tons of prostitutes. Chicken giblets would be served & a study conducted to see if giblets could forsake chickens and still remain active.

"I never had chicken nuggets, I wonder if they're like teamsters?" & later..."My Brazil nuts are large & warty."

Oct. 7, 2004: Simchat Torah, a time to visit with my scads of Jewish friends & eat worms. Yes, in this wormy world it's college-obtained skill that makes the difference. Are you college-educated? I sure is! How much so? Oh, I reckons I's as much so as the next guy. Yes, let's all go to college why don't we? What about hypocrisy? What dat? Do not toy with the college-educated. I was shocked by the live wire.

SNIP AHOY = VASECTOMY CLINIC FOR SAILORS

"Look Mom it's Snip Ahoy."

"*Snip* Ahoy?"

"Yes, it's the sailors' very own vein-severing out-patient center."

"Do sailors like vasectomies?"

"You betcha Mom, sailors enjoy a good de-nutting especially after 6 months at sea."

"Can I become a sailor Son and have myself *de-nutted*?"

"You betcha Mon I mean Mom! De-nutting isn't just for land-lubbers anymore! Let's watch as a sailor emerges now little more than an animated corpse."

With the power of my butt behind me & my directional appendage pointing upward & slightly left I began my trip to *The Home Land*. I can still hear my son: "Daddy, will we ever return to

The Home Land?!"

There's a hole thru the moon whereat people may enter a moon mine. There's a method of the moon for extracting minerals that Earthen men cannot, due to the extreme gravitational problems present on this sphere.

I WAS SO SEXUALLY-HARASSED I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. I'm not used to such a high degree of sexual harassment. My hands were wet with frustration as the sexy harassment took on a life of its own. I visit with it now & again, re-affirming my distaste for such things as wienery as sexual harassment. Sexual harassment secretly is still telling. Tinkle my horse teeth, pluck me my strings—all forms one way or other. Into the bone-yard I search the dominoes. I'm a bow rubbed about the cat gut, a bloomer in springy weather. Shadows of my fattening ass arouse & confuse, my marsupial pouch disavows medieval intent.

If it be donated nipples from a champion of victory distributed by Slanderville's lost angel then so much the better for dry hands betray no one.

IN THE FUTURE WE'LL BE ABLE to tell when food's gone bad by how sour-smelling & moldy it is or by the stultified condition of our swollen neck muscles. There will still be, or course, many scientific methods that involve the college-trained minds what bolster these united states in America, that determine things beyond what's likely with trades' men.

Frank Sutton {Sgt. Carter from the "Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C." t.v. show} had barely been croaked 3 years when Elvis died. {Elvis would've wanted it that way we now know.} Houris abound in heaven, F. Sutton's got one—Elvis has several. There's no rhyme nay reason beyond gravitational influence I think. Midgets help with short trips, the short haul, short runs, shortness of breath, I'm a little short is no time to shoplift.

The dangers of odds {opportunities} of sitting on a lit olympic torch are smallish...the olympix celebrate chicanery & bribery. In the first series of Greek games the perverts were naked, now they wear spandex. Whether in clingy shifts or with pubic hair gone

wild these "games" have come to symbolize wrong & deluded thinking. Fat Larry's Prostitutional Service {When it's a prostitute you need think of Fat Larry!} Remember: Strong prostitutes = strong families {of prostitutes}.

Every one of Fat Larry's prostitutes are tested in reading, writing & math. Fat Larry knows prostitution! Raised by prostitutes he grew strong & fat. He made his first "friendship" @ the bum-killing age of 16. Back then prostitutes were tall & slender. "Bring back the old days!" Says Fat Larry.

"Why prostitution?" I asked Fat Larry.

F. Larry: "Prostitutes have always been there {on the streets} for me. When I was trying to master the times' tables to 9 a prostitute stepped in & helped. Once my car ran out of windshield washer fluid & a prostitute came to the rescue."

Reporter/prostitute: "Do you ever worry about disease?"

Fat L.: "Yes I do not. Prostitutes of today are tested periodically in math, reading & writing as well as social studies & consumer economics."

Rep./pros.: "Have you ever been arrested by the pigs for being with the police?"

Fart Larry: "Once when I was no bigger than I am now."

-Centralisation of Western Europe, as it had for the Eastern Bloc, obliterates competition & any need for innovation amongst nations once sovereign.

I went to a doctor because I had such pain in my joints I could barely move. "Shut up you pansy! Everybody's legs hurt!" He said.

I'll never forget, so far anyway, the time a school mate of a woman I was doing was hurt, perhaps paralyzed, on a trampoline. She probably wished she'd never got on the damned thing, but we can't always think that way. You could just as easily break your neck whilst jumping from the toilet to the bath tub...or whilst washing the mistakes out of bed sheets. Would you love me more if my name were Piston Face? And people who know me thru my work with the u.n. would say: "Look, there's international Piston Face!"

I've got no control over my gun --- it kills whom it pleases. My gun

ship represents all that's good in Mexico. My Mexican-flavored tasties & my love for Selena {the late, full-bodied singer} are no secret IN THE REAL WORLD...

{"Jesus, what time is it? Jesus, what time is it?!"

--- No sense in asking Jesus because he's been crucified."}

Look at me I'm high as a drug on kites! --- She woke me with the Heimlich maneuver...what a terrible way to wake someone up! It's 10x worser than boiled urine...Next: Burning desires: the olympic torch versus venereal affliction. {Good shits are planned, they don't just "happen."} She awoke pagan fury in me I'ven't had since the olympic-disease incident. She lit my venereal torch & scorched my Jesus faith, trapping my Lum & Abner love in a bag...{Recalling the similarities twixt Rip Torn & Martin Landau in 1975.}

One day I had 6 pounds of almonds. Two pounds I gave to my brother & 2 pounds to my sister, the rest I flushed down the toilet for they were rotten with maggots & I don't mean nuts.

One day I was eating a cookie that was full of raisins, at least I think they were raisins, at least I'm sure it was a cookie or am I? As if I were 6' tall or more & loved to weigh 65 lbs. or less. I'm not alone which means someone is there with me. I'll tell them to leave.

These dimes within my penny loafers are all I have now. They represent everybody I've ever loved, journeys & regrets, niggardly times thru an era of great bounty far & afield. My wives I hear off in their distant pig sties whereat they wallow. These dimes are 20 cents of victory, 15 of valor, for a total of 35 cents. I skate about the rink w/police chief abandon, not a lawful care in the world.

Way off in the distance of yonder I await you with smothered hands & unbridled horse face. Here within the valley of death, or Death Valley, I turn my sun-frosted cheeks upland. Each new day I confront with a renewed vigor unknown since my days @ Mortis & Tendon. Bar maids' tips are contingent on bar maids' tits. Don't let my softly conical & pinkish nipples fool you --- I'm a battle-hardened, army, fag-proven pensioned killer.

"Aren't you Lauren Bacall?" I asked a woman, large because of a glandular condition at the pig farm.

"Yes I am. Most people don't recognize me unless

I stuff my bra with sorghum."

"Not me," I said, I'd know you no matter what!"

The best way to quit smoking cigarets {also works on cigars} is to coat your face, lips & mouth with a volatile chemical. When a lit match or cigaret gets within 2 feet of you your face explodes in flame & terror.

Every time I whomp the wife's wing nuts it's *till death*, look at her: *till death*, talk to her, avoid her, consider her: *till death*.

"Oh you're so prestigious! There's so much prestige being around you! How did you gain your prestigious mannerisms?"

"It wasn't easy fuck face --- oh, mind if I call you that?"

"I don't mind @ all!" {and} "I would be honed!"

"You mean *honored*."

"You're wrong fuck face!"

Here I am laying a deposit with an order, traveling Paris with my wig off, molting with strange birds, experiencing a passionate moment with the mail man becoming somewhat MORE THAN INSIPID -- My pagan lover loves the paganism that's such a part of my paganistic outlook, yes if not for gothism, satanism, witchcraft, catholicism or the 2-party system that's served us so well, I don't know where, o mythical prostrate, I'd be now.

Like 2 shits that crap in the night or rubbing my elbows against sharp things, I love the lover of all things, all rot accumulated, all matter of pus & drainage...she awoke me in a blemish of wide-spread attack...Whenever I'm eating a banana or washing pickles, lubing a neighbor woman's chassis or training a dangerous monkey I think of our paganists' roots, our clever use of talc --- One day I'll marry with a beautiful nigger lady & we'll live in the country far from the touchy-feely hands of nigger-lovers...and 3 Bones of Fear: Fear Bone #1.: The Marvin Kaplan bone {for actor Marv Kaplan}. F.B. 2: Collectively: the bones of the neck: easily broken, often ignored. Fear Bone 3: The actually bone: the voice box bone that compels people to say actually 7 times a minute.

In case I suffer an attack of the vomits, peer into the future & no one's there, lose the will to give, or the power of suggestive contention, I mourn will-lessly without the books to refer & the

pens to record. If Spencer Crump were here & he forbade me rail travel I'd tell him a thing or more about how Jesus committed suicide, framed the Romans & declassified the Hebes. Spencer would admit nothing even by default. I'd have my way with his daughter which would be a beautiful & picturesque entertainment event. Careful, the minors they must be under the age of eighteen Earthen revolutions.

The moon tells nothing of its parents' trials. Was it a hunk of oceanic floor base? Will it break terrestrial orbit as in teevee's "Space 1999"?

"I hate you, like pigs hate Jimmy Dean!"

I'll never forget, until I don't remember anymore

THAT STRANGE CHRISTMAS

Me & the family were sitting around eating lunch meat, talking about shoe inserts & cleats in the back yard when a great streak swooned across the foggy night sky.

"What the Frank & Lyle Waggoner was that?" Said we in unison.

"I don't know," brother replied, "it could've been a tampon or a hearin' aid for all I know."

"A tar brush or a gear inlaid?" Mother questioned, having bad ears.

"No, it was a flying steam shovel," hefty sister exclaimed, "like the one Teddy Roosevelt rode at the olympics!"

"Yes I believe you're right Sis," I said. "Jesus you're so fat I don't know how you keep from exploding!"

Margy knew her lover like the back side of her body: thru mirror-image only. Bob was a strange man & greatly involved in Florida's vibrant political struggle. He knew the governor like his wife's rear quarters. Once the lt. gov. attacked him with a chain saw, an attack he repelled expertly.

"If you ever attack me again with a chain saw you'll be sorry!" He sternly yet compassionately warned the 2nd governor.

"I'm sorry," the lieutenant said as he returned the chain saw to the handy, easily-carried chain saw case. "Help me!" Cried the lt. gov. in a way that was shameless & shameful.

"Oh I'll help you," Bob said in a tone that was sarcastic &

sincere, altho he never did --- help.

"You have total power over the reliance of my soul," squawked the bureaucrat, "so total it makes me vomit."

"Well don't vomit here," Bob wept, "because I can't handle it!"

The election cycle was approaching as Bob & Marge prepared to welcome another baby into the family because Marge was pregnant again. Now her abortion training would be greatly tested as she kneeled to pray before graven images of her pagan gods.

"I had no idea you were a pagan!" Bob lambasted, as he stumbled upon her paganistic in prayer.

"Yes," Marge lamented, taken aback by his rough coarseness, "I was born this way & I'll die trying in ways you can never fathom!"

Realizing that her "religion" was important to her, Bob probed a guiding finger up her ass to bring her back to reality. "I hope that by special use of *the finger*," Bob instructed, "that you've learned what you need to set you on the course to spiritual lamentation."

"Yes," Marge whimpered, still smarting from the county-jail treatment. "Perhaps I can play teacher for a welcomed change?" She begged.

"Sure, what ya have in mind?"

"This!" She gushed, using a several-finger-probing method on old Bob.

It was the next Wednesday when the olympics were in town & Bob wasted no time in securing tickets.

"Say Mangy, wanna go to the olympix?"

He threatened.

"Sure," she said her ass half taped in cellophane tape, "I'd love to experience the loving communing affected by the smarmy oneness of *idolatry olympus*."

"Great, get your pants on & let's go!"

"Oh Baldy, love me like an orangutan!"

"Yes my orangutan-love loving monkey mama."

Later, when the sweaty nature of olympic/orangutan lovingness had past, Bob suggested they try love as experienced in the international friendship games.

"I'll wash all the ketchup stains from your picnic clothes!" Mange promised lovingly. She was a good wife & Blob knew she had

chained her pagan-drenched romantic thoughts concerning the U.K.'s queen, I.M.F., Namibia & the Alliance of Progress.

Burb blurbed: "Like burger lessons @ a hot dog stand I'm not eating your wieners!... Well, you know what I mean!"

She knew exactly except for the burger & wiener parts. "Oh Bib, can't you release the anger what's tightening your shoes? Look, your waffles are all binded!"

Bob looked, yes he was bound & his shoes were unremovable. "Merge, you're right, you seem to know always what is best for me."

Morgue sat & tried to scum to an agreement for once with: "Boor, since our wedding I've been trying to penetrate the latent end of your femininity ---

"Say no more," intercoursed Borrison gently, "or I'll ram you with the Dodge."

"I stepped on a turd," Berndt said, and: "J.F.K. was responsible for the mess in Viet Nam up to his adrenals."

"I agree whole-heartedly," Mag puked, "K.J.F was a fruit basket."

"And a wet noodle," Burst assailed. Later when nobody was paying heed he attacked the U.S.'s central government jingoistically, countermanding 90 years of the secret police's crappola. "It only goes to show you," Burst reacted, "what wieners are & no God of heaven or hell can change that basic fact as shot they are out in the hundreds --- it's one car wrecking into another."

Sally just looked at him shunned & bespeckled. "Oh Bert you can't mean it? Watch me unbuckle my restraints to love you with renewed nigger."

"*Vigor?*"

"Okay, *vigor!*"

--- Kill me once --- Shame on you. Kill me twice and you realize I'm more like Jesus than you thought.

CONFABULATORY SNIPPET BETWIXT OLD MAN & DAUGHTER

"I had insurance, no cancer & decided to beat the odds."

"That's why you went to Ohio?"

"You betcha!"

Next: Amongst morons...

"Oh my recalcitrant lover," spake the moron sweetly,
"let me kiss you as one fag kisses another!"

"No!" Protested the other moron. "I will not be handled
thusly. Toss aside your minuet, weep from the stables
of high, yonder horse farms!"

--- Being fond of grandmother when grand-daddy ain't a-lookin.'

"Oh Grainy you are every scrap dealers' tare weight, every
hump on the camel's back, the milk man's foil lid
& Steve McQueen's queen part!"

--- I remember when a.h. L.B.J. announced he wouldn't run for
election in '68. I thought: "You interrupted *Gilligan's Island* for
this? And when Nixon quit: "You pre-empted *Kung Fu* for this?"

THE ROMANTIC {How sex-mad does one dare
be upon the points of soldering nipples?}

"Oh romantic you are so full of *romanticness*!"

"I know, it comes from my brother's side of the family. He
too, before losing a finger to a band saw, was a romantic."

It was wax day @ the wax ofc. & our hopes were pinned to
young Steve the romantic. Let's listen in as he softens a desirable
female with *romantical*-smooth talk..."Hi, your name's Steve.
What's my name?"

"Jantrice Latrobe. Are you new around here
& don't I know you from someplace?"

"No! And no!" Steve yelled ultra-loudly.

"Okay, okay!" Latrice Jantrobe ultra-yelled back.

"You don't have to burrow up my ass you know?!"

Steve's voice was muffled as he replied. He could almost
not be understood. "Help, I've dropped my flashlight!"

Ap-nada: I held her in my arms like Lassie {the M.G.M. bitch
collie, tho male} ...Is your face important? Constant washing can
cause you to miss important phone calls from mortgage brokers.
Wash less --- answer the phone more often.

THE DAY I WAS THREATENED BY
THE GRASS-CUTTING MAN

"Shut up or I'll mow your head off!"

"I want to live life in a meaningful way Nancy," I told Ann.

"Yes," Ann agreed to that, "you want what many of us don't have the balls to dream for: purpose!"

"You mean because you are a woman & therefore do not have a scrotum?"

"Yes," Nancy Ann admitted sorely, "it's what I lack that makes me more female than otherwise."

BRIEF MEETING BETWEEN
SNUFFY MORTON & ANGELA ANTHRACITE...

"Oh my God who are you?"

"I'm Snuffy Morton."

"Please to meet you Scruffy. I'm Angela Anthracite."

"What, like hard coal?"

"That's right: hard & firm just like my knockers."

"You mean your breasts?"

"I sure do Stuffy, that's exactly what I mean."

FAT OF THE LAND --- Nervous women loving me frantically, frantic women loving me nervously...Only a tornado could take away what I've made of wood over the years, knocking out by the knees me a tree rootless, a fruit fruitless, a coot stupid, a hook hornless. Nervy women flinging their whole grains, investing wheat germ, inveighing me amongst buttercups & lingerie.

It was a large & beautiful afternoon as the sun had risen earlier. Young Wilbur had lived on a farm for so long that he didn't know anything. He couldn't swim, eat grapefruit or untangle any kind of mess if knots were prevalent. Once when his father was tipping a waitress Wilbur's wrist slipped into a urinal. He'd never forgot that watch, *never!* His father beat him with a bull whip but it wasn't the same. Wilbur had lost all confidence in urinals. How could he ever look at one the same again? People may well question my stock mkt. movts. & how Fess Parker could be Daniel Boone & Davy Crocket & why the Beatles never did an after-shave lotion commercial, but they can't deny my nugacity. No, not ever that! Don't worry about me none I'm eating for 2 now!

My review of *WOMAN OF THE YEAR*

This 1942 "film" stars Spencer Tracy & his pretended real-life mistress Katharine Hepburn. Who gives a fit of shit what this crapper's about? It likely follows the same dog-tired toilet-line that the pants-wearin' bull dyke Hepburn is normal. I rate this film 2 hose clamps & a half a yarn ball.

DESK SET: This 1957 "film" features Spencer Tracy & Kate Hepburn w/Spence doing the "acting." Pre-homicidal Gig Young makes an appearance, same for Sue Randall --- who's murdered many but hasn't been caught. Look for Hepburn {Hep-} slinking passed the crew so gaily it'll make you sick. I rate this romp {thru homo land} 2 sticks, one crow bar.

ADAM'S RIB: This 1949 "film" features the beloved Marvin Kaplan & obligatory perverts Katharine & Spencer. In this 100-minute crap fest d & d {drunk & dyke} pretend to be "lawyers" if you can believe that! Consider those 100 minutes irretrievable, never speak of them or the effect will cascade precipitating the loss of 100's more...2 hose ports & a diaphragm.

PAT AND MIKE: This 1952 "film" joins Hep & Tracy chucking in Chuck Connors & Alfalfa for kicks. Pat is a rough-trade muff diver trawling the docks whilst Mike is a slow-talkin' wino always in danger of asphixiation *vomitus*. Look for Charles Buchinski {the future Charles Bronson}, who vainly attempts to change Hep & her evil bend...a.k.a. *6 Weasels & a Saddle*.

--- Related belated: Ginger Rogers died piece-meal. Her dog wagged his last, Fred Astaire spat his final spat. There were days when Ging' sported a long pair, others nothing but combat leggings.

These deprecating lives selflessly selfsame --- holding the line as Anna May Wong is damaged by Yasha Bunchuk & his Cossack Choir, Arline Judge, Roscoe Ates & Fatty Alexander. Look for stylish dance numbers! Sing: "It Had to be That Way." Read: *Along the Far Climb Down*. Join Pat, join Mike, give Eve: Adam's rib, turn downside up a thousand civilized centuries. Coming: How to tell real from artificial nudity. --- I'm not used to being judged, but I guess I can.

ROMANTIC STEVE KNEW his lover's face like one knows the backside of things except when a head-on collision sends people crashing through windshields. He was nobody's rag hanger, no job was good enough & you couldn't pay some people.

Nancy was a page-turner, you couldn't punch her in the face without feeling guilty. If she fell off a bicycle you'd want to steal that bike. It seemed unavoidably inevitable that Steve's persistent use of anti-deodorant would pay off big time.

Rolls of flab, mud so thickset like concrete, jelly jars without preserves, trials jury-less, smiles about the table, hapless nights, accidental sorrows --- kicking our buckets on newly-purchased farm properties = these busiest days of the twenty-first century are enough. I can't bend over anymore, nor touch toes from standing, tell pale from light green. Women trick me, it's easier for them now --- they'll have their day. I can't fight back. I can't move hurriedly. People 45 are bragging about walking & lung capacity. Rolls of thickly-caked blubber & trails w/o marker posts, sharing the phone in an emergency, remindful of light play & dark momentums. She's silky smooth below & otherwise like velvet under sills. I'm fog-bound & chewing my vegetables w/teeth. A grip I've gripped on sane thoughts, sun-filled days, weakly-matched mixes.

Good God: resourceful measure, mindful guidance, give us this.

"Hello stranger, you have a kind face. Is there anywhere in this town I can change my underpants?"

"Well let's see --- there's the bus stop, that's used by a thousand people every day, the display window at Sear's --- 15,000 people pass by that or the corner where reporters are filming --- tens of thousands of people ---

"No no! I mean some place where I'll be unobserved, after all I will be down to my shaft & bearings."

"You might wanna try the stadium --- big game tonight --- thirty thousand capacity!"

How to lose a hundred sixty pounds is as simple as taking your wife to the Grand Canyon.

"It's going to be a troat {a cry in rutting time --- used esp. of a buck} that drags for days --- better take a bowel stabilizer."

"A bowel what-a-lizer?"

"*Stabilizer*, it'll ensure stable bowel moves!"

"Listen you!" I exclaimed to the trail guide. "Tho your concern for stability of my bowels is touching, touchingly pathologic, I will take a bowel stabilizer when, & if I see fit!"

"Alright," he said, "let's have a truce. I won't bring up the subject if you turn around whilst I adulterate your canteen's water with an unknown medication."

"Is it a bowel stabilizer?" I asked.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Full steam ahead!" I said. I felt as if every inch of mustard had been squeeze from my condiment! If my undies could just make it another 100 miles {or kilometers In E.U.} then I knew I'd be safe! My new girly friend seemed uninspired. She would sit for hours musing over bikini'd measurements of her friends @ Hawaiian Tropic. "Put down those glossy coloreds & help me with my problem!"

"Just what's that?" She'd question more so like a saggy old girl mate than a bouncy, tight, new one.

"Never you mind Missy, we've got miles to go before we sleep...*together*."

"To-*what*? But I barely know you. We've only scratched the service to life-gone commitment!"

"Scratch nothing! Here's a million dollars to wear down your phony resistance."

I have never traveled well with women what with their womanly concerns, veneer of lies & showmanship.

Friends *do* let friends drive drunk especially if you have so many one won't be missed.

Dr. Walton Forsythe & his wife Fluffy Peyton moved to Petticoat Junction to escape the hustle & bustle of Hooterville. He'd been invited by Sam Drucker, the general store keeper, to set up a practice behind the out-house near a series of large holes dug by a mysterious phantom. "Oh Sam, you're full of fecal matter," Dr. Wally would chide.

"You can chide me till my ass purples," Sam retorted, "& it won't change a dang thingy!"

"Sam," Pluffy Feyton spake, "have you ever made love to a real

woman?"

"Once," he hawed, "but that was many months ago when I had sunk injun-low."

"Do you think you'll ever hanker to pervert yourself unkindly in the state of mass requiem *amore*?"

Sam didn't speak Urdu & brushed off Puffy Fleyton's remarks as one would fly specks from a tooth brush.

"Listen Sam I don't mind examining patients in the shit-house & walking mindful of the holes everywhere but I won't tolerate you making sexy advances to my wife!"

Sam was dumb-fucked. "I never," he murmured, "meant to give the impression that ---"

"Never mind!" Wally butted. "Muffy Blatant, it's time that we got back to the Shady Rest Hotel."

"Yes," she concurred, "as for you general store owner Sam Drucker, I'll return after my husband falls asleep to give you a piece ---"

"Of your mind?" Sam rejoined.

"No --- just a piece," Fluffy informed with a wink & a wiggle that made her bum move in 7 directions.

Deprecating humor brought to you by the deprecating-humor boy. He's deprecating every which way, righteous deprecation, pious elopements, wigless summers by the chicken coop. Things run amok amongst the untied, they're untethering each other bound for Florida's points east --- headlong into adventure is where I'm head-longing as my head, that's long, longs for enticement. Envision with me now a sinless world of hope elusive. A real girlfriend would round me about my adventurous areas, never questioning my hidden prostitute...

Hiroku knew Hong Kong like the back of someone's ass who had constantly sat in front of her in Japanese school. The city had changed little: same twin mounds with double crack. Once when prince fag Charles came to visit Hiroku, or Nancy as she was never called by anybody ever, moved in close to get a view of the rube. Look at those huge ears, bald scalp & horse teeth. What part of Mississippi is that hick from? But he was from queer old England & mother & father were bro & sister. Hiroku was scared shitless

conveniently right after her pants were scared off.

Disastrous shit happens thrice, everybody knows that. The whole Western World & all the losers know it: East is least; West is best...Imposing all manner of strange government upon us. --- Who died & left you *koenig*?

Oh Confucius: Teacher of Ten Thousand Generations, why have you not revealed yourself? At first we were just casual acquaintances, then friends, then soul brothers, then kidney donors & then chain smokers. Closer than uncles we vowed a solemn compaction.

I want people to love me for me not just my acid burns. One day I'll be so intellectually superior as to out-grow my need for underpants. {There's an arrangement of women along the turnpike collecting discretionary funds.}... Some day I'll live in a shack with my shack-up & we'll produce shacklings. During a bitter knock-down, shack-up attack with a judge's order, I countered with a machete.

"You've damaged my restraint with your sword!"

"Yes, look out for my neck!"

Big date, better days, this weekend with a married woman --- better days a hundred twenty-six pounds,

"Are you my father?" I asked the truck driver who had spoken fancifully to me upon his last time-pass thru town.

"No, I'm sorry son but I'm not."

"Ah-hah! Then why did you call me son, dad?"

Look for the answers upon the churning seas of acidic milk stomping my tongue buds flat, destroyed in consumptive smoke, a choke weed snuggled about my legs & Arctic zones, arid Arizona from where I budded so long ago when a boy could be grafted from juvenile tissue in a lab jacket smuggled out side-ways, shifted a boot length. Nobody believes the shawled, the ricks in farm-felt fields, harmers to farmers, charmers to future craft-burning seeds, love in meadows of bravery, a slaughter too soon forgotten. The Europe I've not dealt fairly with, the *Japanee*, the Chine, the slap-dash fashion as we wear our rugs to breakfast & beard up for winter. People will clap when you proclaim a marriage of 20 years, shatter the night's silence when beer's proffered, ridicule their

betters when immunity's promised, fail beneath the discipline of a gas station job, shattering a cracked toe, ragging the weekends, ratting out neighbors, remaining slight, silent & contemplative. A man's woman can take so much ambush in the ambush department anyway. Join Pat Priest, Beverley Owen & handfuls of plumbers who can't change a minute to come, a time passed, a word uttered, a threat carried, a man unfashioned from dirt. Nudity is cool...its cooling affects between the traffic lights' poles, bruising pats & attention-getting details are Spanish in the ears of Mexicans. It's where rubber & flesh meet the road, the ends of abutment, scads of pipe layers, layers within a section of pipe unbent by kill-joys...or: How to tell real friends apart, Real f's hug tightly, art. 'uns hug & poke. R' ones sop gravy w/bread, others utilize a straw like a vac hose.

The rain put out my passion's fire, a torrent of landlord-dashing strength, spiraling, coiling, weave-wrapping colosseums stuffed with Romans eating lasagne --- it's how to tell the genuine from the not-so. Some toilets flush automatically, others demand pleas & extra water, care & snakings. "Be like that Cristabella! Dance naked about the fire. Dance a slow one, pull a fast one!"

The {poesy extract'd} Federated States of North America: attn.-starved N. Am. cha-cha Yoshiwara girls! Along the precipice where the women climb down to the men of the bosk, what with their forest-loving ways, spillage concerns, slopes & interstices, extirpating good for goodness. God from god-son, constant ruminations & summer love around the corner. Tank up with an extra tank! There's no better time to get in on the action...with its red, ragged, green, whitish purposes, coal-dusted blackening holes plugging up puckered cases. I raise my worms in coffee grounds & peat. If another world attacks or beckons I'll marshal forces as has crazy Ike who was well liked enough they say. They run with winners, they die by the roadside, they exact, extort, exhort all manner of hep & hazard. Burning up feverishly. There's no one above murder given the chance. It's big Bing Crosby: 6 feet 2 inches, 250 pounds of raw nerve & courage & singing "Between the Devil & the Deep-Blue Sea." He had a rough, rugged coarseness like wood chips, glass shards & iron shavings in

suppository form...too much peace & not enough violence.

King Authur had new boots. "Come see, I just got them!"

Cautiously I moseyed. He lunged. I knew he intended to kick me with the pointy part in the groin. I trust no one especially royalty...greasy Romans roaming greasers...

"Where is my baby?"

"It's alright, I sold him to a baby collector." {In my youth I'd take any job: delivering dishes, washing newspapers...}

Here then there's violence upon the downwardly immobile = *Along the Far Climb Downward*, enviously-violent prayers composing duets for strings...part groin, part Indonesian chum bucket.

HER INTENSE BOREDOM confused the operations' officer, He'd known boredom, melancholia & all that too. Now they were trapped in a raft upon the swells of heaving oceanic waves. "Better hold on to anything flotational!" He warned. "Only love or the Coast Guard can save us now!"

"I vote for the Coast Guard!" Said she between her drowning teeth.

"I'll never floss again," he threatened.

Hours would pass like peas through pea-sorting machinery. "Got any cigarettes?" She asked.

"Sure," he said handing her a filter-tipped smoke.

"Thanks. Got a light?"

"You betcha..."

They would each enjoy their cigarettes. The flavor was delicious reminding him of the army, her of a father's love.

"I've never loved a 'man' before," she admitted.

"Me too," he said, tho he didn't like her single quotes around the word man.

"Ever been to Mexico?" He asked just to shoot the shit.

"Once when I was a teenager. My sister was the mayor of Juarez."

"Wow, that's hard to believe."

"I know. I still can't."

"Did she rule with an iron fist in a velvet glove?"

"You know it! She turned Ciudad Juarez into something Mexicans could be proud of."

"I can't smell, my nose hairs are drenched!"

"Look, there's the Coast Guard!"

"We're saved, our long ordeal is finally ending!"

"Yes," he agreed, "soon we'll be relaxing in the comfort of coast guarders."

"My intense boredom has disappeared," she announced upon rescue & over the public address system could be heard: "Call from the former mayor of Juarez!" She knew it was her sister.

--- Her intense curiosity perplexed the plumber's assistant who knew nothing of her sisterly connection to Ciudad Juarez's ruling class. It was no secret around the scrap yard that she put muscle into everyone she did. Once when President Truman had his bony back turned Barkley ducked out for a smoothy. Maybe Viet Cochinchina Nam would've done better unbombed, its several million alive & hoppin' about 2-legged.

"What you got there Son?"

"A copy of God's original schematics to human reproductive systems."

"Why so large?"

"It's for proto-people averaging a linearity of 9 feet."

"Jesus!"

"Of course."

--- Her wet butt flaps clapped in the sub-tropical breeze. July had come & she felt the toasty heat yummy on her tips & sprockety. "If only Da'Brealle, Ja'Shantia, Ja'Neah, Ti'ana, Tre'Shaud, Keo'Sha & Da'ouin could be here!" She thought, each with an apostrophe in their name & a song in their heart...in *Stink World's Used Toilet Seats*: All seats stained from years of abuse, many gashed & cracked.

Vic finds himself crash-landed in remote Mexico, unable to make heads or tails of pesos & Spanish, he lulls away the afternoons lazing beneath a large Mexican woman. He could ask "Where am I?" all day & it wouldn't make a taco's crumb of difference. But would it? And, is this any large Mexican woman? The answers are everywhere tho hidden beneath filth & contempt. Mexico's pure

constance, geologic proximity & abundance of woolly inhabitants makes it the envy of *El Norte*.

I'm a stroke shy of dragging my left leg, a bag of weed from bathing amongst 500 prisoners.

In the world every 38 seconds a snake eats a snake. How long can this go on?

It's been proven that an unarmed John Lennon is no match for an armed fan.

One day I set up a romantic encounter with a sexy cop from an inter-net chat room. I arrived at the motel at the agreed-upon time only to be met by a 14-year-old girl, seems she had been masquerading as a 52-year-old police man.

"Is the United States' Constitution a self-repugnant {inconsistent} document? Meaning: one part defying another?" She questioned.

The judge looked at her fuck dumb. He'd been in his evening gown 30 yrs. too long. His mind was a slime ball, his wife & bastard children too. Her intensified boredom allowed for a continuance. The judge changed back into civilian undies. The clock struck 7.

When scared I write a children's book... "Look Agnes: dogs eating a bird!" Agnes looked but was unimpressed.

"Those dogs must have lost the will to live?"

"How so?" I asked.

"Because that man is a police bird & has dangerous weapons."

"Holy Ireland!" I reeked. "Should I alert the dagos?"

"No, let them stew in their juices, let them bite the apple of malcontention, let them like the mighty horse shoe: toss in an end-over-end fashion."

"You are as passionate as you are flabby & inactive! Go Agnes & prostitute your swollen nays no more!"

Mr. Organ Transplant reports: Your ass hosts more bacterium cells than your groin & arm pits put together.

FAT LARRY TEACHES CHILDREN ABOUT DEATH "Look Mommy it's Fur Ball the cat & he's come back to live with us!"

"Oh Samaire that's impossible! Fur Ball has been infested by

worms!"

"But Mommy I can see Fur Ball & he's shitting in the middle of your bed!"

"Holy Moses you're right Samaire! How in the world of righteous indignation, a world in which Van Heflin & Vic Morrow appear so much alike that I'm hard-pressed to tell one from the other except for the hammy acting & I'm not saying which, could such a thing be?"

"Look out Maw, Fur Ball has a gun!"

LATER: "Ma, it's Ted the uncle & he's come back to sponge off us!"

--- I'll never forget when John Wayne claimed to be bigger than the Beatles *ergo* bigger than Jesus...John Wayne versus Jesus & Jesus wins.

I think I'll grow a little mustache, just a little one not a big one, to disguise my appearance don't'cha know?

In heaven all "men" are berated equally, sustaining themselves without Earthly compassion, threat of demise, quail tail. Conversations of ephemeral quality, thru whispers, vespers, thru some things engineered by God. One can find little of substance, of meaty marrow. There be there no rug, no rug & room de-odorizer {in heaven}.

I was so disgusted with the racial prejudice & intolerance spouted by the hateful group that I lost composure. "You poison-filled, nigger-hating bottom feeders!" I yelled. All activities halted as I faced the nigger haters alone with little more than my Bible & machine gun to fortify me..."Your hatreds grow like weeds in my garden of love! Never, except between R.F.K. & Kenneth P. O'Donnell, are our brothers, united in agony, to that thing: all men created equally. Now we are met in the battle fields of that war..."

The Bible is laid among the brethren, unified in agony, glorified in rage, set in stone, pieced to one another, cobbled within charges.

WORLD WITHOUT PSORIASIS

{Legs lengthened for sexy wrap-around effect...}

It's the smallness of her dogness, the halo glow & the hokey-pokey of her endangered species aggregate that drives the boys from

men's town wild into scrotal-stick enrichment. She's nobody's tool bucket, no George Washington McLintock. She can be rode wet & put back hollowed. It's trucking what keep the weigh stations chaotic.

"I'll meet you at the actors' studio also known as the fucking court house."

"Must you use that word...*actor*?"

"Actor, pretender, mugger, what's the difference?"

"Say, why do rich people eat beans with so many choices out there amongst no-bean entrees?"

"I'll see you at the back door, you'll be smoking & I'll be ambivalent, in curious detraction. Don't offer --- I'll not accept, the absence of tattoos amongst us sets the mood...in a world without skin, people molded into reason, a strap sets pace --- macro ampoules."

This just in: During the Cuban missile "crisis" the Kennedy brothers tried to ream me. During the Cuban brothers' {Fidel & Raoul} "crises" {plural} Castro tried to Fitzgerald me. {Let's see: 45 boxes times a million is 45 million dollars!}...*Ipsa facto*: Kennedys are *schlongs*. Virtuous actualities, the turds are piling beneath storeys of piled-upon, chicken-holding crates into shapes of R.F. Kennedy, a cuck cut short: wasted time all hurried...*Hurry up slowly!*

And with your India-Indian accent: "It is my terminal, going-to-surely-kill-me disease you are enquiring about? Are you trying to make a connection inside the area that is my mind?"

The news business is very complex with 1,000's of people trying to continually jump into bed with me. My shower time is limited. I can no longer enjoy numbers one thru two simultaneously as it takes too much time...

Millions of people spit every day. The u.n. reports that spitting amongst chartered member nations has held steady since 1972. That still doesn't stop u.n.'s forces from invading non-member nations for some reason. Will my country be invading any countries this week? The horror & terror of it all horrifies & terrifies me richly.

My family was so poor we had to wipe our asses with money.

"Help, that titty dancer brushed my nigger!" --- *Speaking in Code* by A. Nell Nixon...Would you rather be nibbled on by small dogs or small fish?

All the time before & some of the time after, I've searched the burnt-out rooms within the mind's reach & turmoil...Sticks beneath my dentures, the palatial confines of in there. My fish dinner is cooling on the table as my spit glands rev up. Revving @ twice the normal out-reach, spilling & sloshing about the wharves, reeling & unleveling sailors & homogenous sexuals. They'd rather nipple in fondly-tuned nuptials configured statewide, not a pill of ingratitude, ye a vice of strenuous conventions...Look at me drinking a cow's weight in milk, a chicken's worth of eggs & a feather's fill of pillows. Along with nothing to chase or smooth, to wrinkle my investitures, *trato hecho* & be done with it. It's all time coming previous to now & something mentioned afterward.

Beat your meat THE U.S. AMERICAN WAY
with U.S. American Meat Beaters

"After a long & sweaty day of meat-beating, I like to sit down in a cold beer surrounded by meat"

Have you never wondered how Larry Welk paid his employees? He did it with meat. And what about Ronny Reagan? The same way! Now you can be a big wig like either of them by *meating* your obligations. Before you have another thought experience *life* with some meat.

A casual meat enthusiast says : "I can't wait another minute. I'm full of anticipation!"

If I could have something truck drivers lack: the luck that befalls the untalented, the gambling knowledge of Amerindians, I'd be able to accept the consequential nature of things American. As it's now random & courseless I'm easily troubled by things general to the public --- to the pulsing of a pulsing gland, to the drowning of drowners. --- When drowning use a banjo, brief case or umbrella as a flotation device, esp. during rough seas. If only the scholars on the *Titanic* had had the wherewithal to utilize dinner trays, hinges & rigging, they could still be afloat to this day --- many decades later only to die of God-given causations as the Lord of Hosts had

intended.

Fred Wilson was no stranger to trouble --- he had played the board game thousands, if not billions, of times. His mother, Mrs. Valerie Pooptown-Wilson was a craggy, pencil-nub-worn crow with bulging eyes & crayon-blue lips tinged in mercy & misery. "I had a difficulty time birthing Freddy," she told Detective Sergeant Special Agent Chief Inspector Roy U. Acuff {no relation to Roy D. Acuff}. "Freddy hung on like a hag to a bingo card."

"Mrs. Wilson ---

"*Pooptown-Wilson!*"

"Oh, alright: *Pooptown-Wilson!* You dumb-ass broad, you had your chance to dump Pooptown & what do you do? You hyphenate the offence!"

"You listen here sonny," P.-W. spoke up, "we Pooptowns are proud though financially strapped."

"I beg your pardon," Roy cried, overcome with the raw-cop emotion that's so popular.

"What do you want anyway? Has something happened to Freddy?" She asked, uncrossing her legs to reveal her goods.

Two can play this sexo-politico game, the pig reasoned as he spread his legs so far they popped from their sockets & fell to the floor.

"Aw shit! Your legs fell off!"

"Never mind that," Roy Urgent Acuff said, "that could happen anytime to anybody anywhere!"

"Valerie was stunned by the stun gun & could not negotiate from a stunned position.

"Just in time!" Roy's partner-in-crime said.

"Another minute & we would all be dead!"

If a donut factory can produce 10,000 dozen donuts per minute, the moron population of Canada is 34 million, Mexico's national product is 65 billion pesos {roughly \$8,000 U.S.} then how long might it take to slip into some clothes more comforting? We've all dated women who have clung to outmoded notions of language enhancement, these are the feminine genii Hitler praised: the ones fitted for nationalistic labor fronts. All *heil* the panser divisions, Finlay Currie & the push for zero point {gravity}.

"Ask me anything," said the cherry blonde.

"How long have you ever gone without a shower?"

"6 months."

"Brushing your teeth?"

"3 weeks."

"Wow," I said, "I'd ask you to marry me if I weren't previously so." This in a country where people are so hard up they're going to God-forsaken corners of the Orient to buy children, the most important question to be posed to a judicial nominee is: Will you uphold infanticide? I asked her, forming words by positioning my lips certain ways, "are you in child-bearing condition?"

"Only a judge may decide."

--- Racism? Whatever that is, perhaps it involves restricting the language of a people because of skin color.

If I ran out of frozen cat meat which of my frozen cats would I eat?"

LA HOMA

{I've got a feeling that for now on everything I do will be legal.}

"My kid's going to public school so that one day, when grown, he can kill his public tormentors," she, the lead whore, spoke proudly.

"That's all well & good," Oke, short for Oklahoma, said.

"Are all you people {meaning cowboys} named after states or territories?"

"Pretty much. Now if you'll excuse me I have to tinkle."

"Of course," said she understandingly, "the piss shelter's in the rear."

Oke carelessly undid his goodies for he couldn't wait another minute to hemorrhage his lizard.

"Better?" The whore Cathy asked.

"Yes," Oke said, "what a relief to whiz so abundantly."

"You're a weirdo that's for sure," Cathy observed. "Are from 'round here?"

"No," Oke, or La Homa as he preferred, answered sweatily.

"Well Oke ---

"Please call me *La Homa*."

"What a beautiful, manly name! Will you be staying

at the whore house long?"

"3 weeks then I'm off to Washington to blow Lincoln's brains out..."

"I see," Cathy said bravely, not wanting to show her yellow-assed cowardice to the face of La Homa. "Killed many presidents have you?"

"No," La Homa drooled patriotically, "haven't had the time, wish I had more to kill America's enemies."

"Yes," the whore agreed, "America has innumerable enemies."

"*Innumerable?*" La Homa questioned.

"You talk like a college-educated whore!"

"Guilty!" Cathy giggled teasingly or whorishly.

"I have 2 years of college-training."

"How did you become a whore?"

"That's a long, sexually-stimulating story full of indecencies. I was just flowering into young womanhood when ---"

"Tell me some other time," La Homa interrupted, "I gotta take a crap."

"Jee-zus Lou-eeze, you sure spend lots of time in the shit house!" Cathy lamented.

The End.

Observation: Every cowboy story has a Slim, Tex, Duke, Buck or Red.

Then La Homa somehow hobbled to the bar. "A small ass of hissy," he ordered. The bar tender, a tough & honest man, knew what to do & proceeded to carefully pour out a small ass of hissy. La Homa downed it in 2 gulps, the first gulp represented fortitude & so did the second one.

"You need a doctor," the bar man said.

"No!" La Homa declared. "Hissy! Just give me another ass of hissy!"

It was later discovered that La Homa was really Frank Jenkins of Provo, Utah: real estate agent, transvestite.

In one scene La Homa & his posse ride into town sporting tall & gangly mutes, a terrible gun battle ensues & many are shot dead without a chance of returning fire! *They Died with Their Mutes On* is the picture, one so shocking, so historically accurate, it's as if it

were torn from the diary of a tall & gangly mute. Join Oklahoma, La Homa to his friends, a tough, masculine cow-poke who knows how to bed a woman --- "Oh my God, we've got to get you to a hospital! You're bleeding!" --- "It's alright La Homa, I'm having my menstrual period." --- "Your *minstrel* what?"

Meet Stevie, a young, handsome mute who looks to La Homa for paternal advice {paternal what?}. They often ride piggy-back. Yes *They Died with Their Mutes On* is a movie made for everyone! Experience it & feel important like somebody who works in a hospital. Like cars wrecking into one another.

About this "author": Richard Thrupp was borned, educated expertly in govt. schools & am righting this all by hisself. --- We drive ourselves to behoove, out there amongst the wild shit.

A MERE POEM {Merely a poem, a drum's beat, a pork in the scum nuts...}

When you beat your turnips --- I wash my flail nuts

When you wash my flail nuts I relax my hep points

It's a far cry from Akron, a menace & fish gut, steaming poodles ---

Living the life of a rich millionaire {A natural, defensive crust of resistance coats my off-spring, my daytime nap-fests, roll above the button...}

A FEAR POEM

I fear being near you when you're angry

When your eyes turn squinty & knuckles white

As the hair on your neck & acne cyst rise & *stinken*

It's enough to make me use the toilet unnecessarily

Enough to cause basal-cell cancer to form from nothing

My precious maniac, why can't you see?

Your violent nature is destroying our love of the jungle

Remember when you were in a coma?

Remember?

THE SCRUTINIZER:

"How dare you scrutinize me so intently!" I said.

"My business is scrutinizing Bub!" She replied.

"Well then we each have a business interest la-de-da. Maybe I should tie a board across my ass for all the good that'd do."

"You're a weird sort you are! If it makes you happy I'll stop scrutinizing you!"

"Thank you. I promise to be more attentive to your feminine desires."

"It's about time. I'm as prickly as a pear."

RESPECT AMONGST YOUNG & for ladies: kindly talk, wordy references, linking verbiage. No mention of flakes & crumbs, beds, bedding, warts, lesions, rashes...Maybe a clinic has the answers to my problems making my answers clinical by nature. If a clinic can't diagnose my problems' physicality then it's off, by way of public conveyance, to the dog kennel..

"Mind if I scrape my shitty boots off on your face?"

"No. Take my property & skim my wages whilst you're busily at it."

...Respect amongst the endeared from a man with 2 working eyes, causing threats, manifesting lonely rejection, pluviometric/pluviographic intricacies.

Get that buddy-cop feeling without being a cop, buddy. Cops are like little children, mentally-retarded ones, & must be smacked about the face & genitals because that's the only way they'll ever learn. Tough & brutal love is the ticket that'll admit you to: The Loopy World of Cops. Wafting pig shit stench fills the air with regular frequency & regulational/relational slop pertaining to the clean, non-clannish & unorganized non-pig poop.

Stretch your hairy legs it's time for sloppy-coppy fun antics: hand cuffs & electro-shock --- ruling the world with pig-headed stubbornness & recalcitrant longings.

I skulk about like a lodger, out nights on the prowl, looking up friends, hacking down drifters, adopting stragglers. Here comes the goose, what's good for the goose? Let's gander at the goose awhile. Let's visit Euthan, it's in Asia. Never edible skunks' ass always availed: He'd eat the ass-hole out of one.

"Hi my name is Richard & I'm a district management regional supervisor for McDonalds' International. I'm in charge of 37 stores

in the Atlanta, Georgia area..."

"Really?"

"No, I'm just pulling your leg, but I do sleep in a wrecked car in the woods behind a McDonalds."

To hell with artificial nudity! It's worth less than stubbornly-recalcitrant forebodings, value-lacking & not so slippery.

LAST TANGO IN SHIT LAND {It's a general pulsing of my pulsing glands.}

"Shut the shit house door," advised the toilet inspector, "if you want to pass inspection."

"An open-door infraction is something I can currently ill-afford."

"Also you'll need to get that vent fan working."

"You're right," I said, "heaven forfend we should have an explosion in there."

Buck, the cowboy, was peculiar, he'd just assume cowboys' rights when none existed. His pal Red likewise. Once they were together making sweetly cowboy love when the phone service rang --- it was Red's homosexy lover-husband Slim. Slim had suspected Red's infidelity, the kind of which made a mockery of homosexual marriage juat like babies.

Let's listen in to a lovers' quarrel between men.

Slim: "Have you strayed?"

Red: "Yes. I'm having a love affair with Rex, I mean Buck!"

Slim: "Who is this Rex-Buck & do I know him? Is he more gay, more queer, more homosexy than I am?"

Red: "Yes, he's all that & more!"

Slim: "I see. Are you going to divorce me & have a homosexual wedding with him?"

Red: "Yes, I am & as soon as possible."

Slim: "I'll never forgive our first night together as husband & husband, will you?"

Red: "No. Never."

--- All the good people who remember how it used to be are dying, dropping dead, cutting corners, pissing off their agitators. Cold-clam chilly welcomes await them, gas @ extraordinary prices, oil slippery & friction-inhibiting distributors of temporary

power disruptions at the post office where stupidity is king. Home to fascists & confusion & wildly-disgruntled ex-employees. Mail men: followers of Karl Marx, the anti-popes & Jesse James of all people...

Valerie was stunned by the stun gun & could not negotiate from a slumped position. Her love for Fred had turned hate-filled like a jelly-filled doughnut's jelly filling that has turned to a jellied hatred. "Oh, I'm in love with hate," she hatefully laminated herself to the cover that covers her lamination of hatefulness. She hated the dentist but loved having her teeth assaulted. Nobody knew the trouble in ditches when a woman & a man find themselves ditched together. A world without the loving, a loving hating denies us. It like 2 cars wrecked, 2 cops loafing, 2 beds pushed together to hold man, wife & baby-sitter.

"Yes I'll remember as soon as possible what others have said & done along the roads of lifespans. Once I was young & vibrant, full of vengeful intent, ready to join the air national guard whereat I could serve my country just 2 weekends a month."

Fred turned savage reminding her of Fred Savage.

"I'm going to solve your problems in one murder!" Said he murderously. He was a pretty boy & used to having his way.

Slim, Fred & Valerie greeted each other at the breakfast table that in just 6 hours would be the lunch table & 2 hours before that, possibly, the brunch table, that is if any big shit, high faluting society-type snobs park their pile-driven asses {pardon the cussing} about the table.

"Pass the cream of wheat," Fred commanded.

Slim did, as Valerie stared blankly out a window.

**ILL GIVE THOSE CHILL-MONKEYS IN THE
DUMPSTER SOMETHING TO HOWL ABOUT!**

She knew what "he" wanted, there was no mistaking that. She had felt Pittsburgh's cool winds --- she knew passion, he knew better. "Oh Ryne, won't you love me wildly?"

Ryne remembered vividly the first time he saw Daneen, dancing nudely by the humane society's rescue tent. He knew he could never *stoop* gloving her, wobbling, stacking gross bi.

"Daneen we are two differing people. I'm a 'man' & you're not."

"What does that mean? She asked, confused, forlorn & then on a lighter note {for he was community-minded}: "We could move to Virginia & intentionally mis-say Norfolk as Nor-*FUCK*."

"Yes. We can say fuck every day --- without anger nor harm to the mail man."

"The mail man is our buddy. He delivers."

"I'll say!" Ryne agreed gaily in a way that betrayed his homo-sexiness.

"You're not one of those?" Daneen queried limp-wristedly.

"I'm a viking amongst 'men!'" And a sentence later: *I'll give those chill-monkeys in the dumpster something to howl about!"*

--- He'd awoke on the wrong side of the cultural spectrum & needed someone to blame for his failed marriage & belligerent children. I'd known Mart Luke Kaiser since I was pee-high to an elephant & had groan quite oddly at his shafting bend. Too many food preparers despoil the fun behind the boiler." --- Fr. "The Day M.L.K., jr. Decided to Make an Example of my Ass." and..."She's a monkey my nut can't crack..."

Coming soon, as soon as the next thing: *Fire Balls!* Ah yes: *Fire Balls*. *Fire Balls* will have you opining for Poland: Queen Jadwiga, the Battle of Legnica, the inventor of ice cubes's death causing its formula to be lost --- that's why there's no ice in Poland...& related jokes.

Fire Balls possesses raw power & emotion that's powerfully emoted & *emotedly* powerful! Don't miss *Polish Fire Brigade!* They start fires & change people's lives in the so-doing.

Upcoming: *Fire Balls*: quick @ night, smashing vegetation... as exciting as having a large dog lick something off you.

FIRE BALLS: Quick as the night F.B. lashes out against oppression.

Bells' Balls {Video release *Hell's Balls in Heaven*, Honky Scope}: Long-dreaded sequel to *Fire Balls*. Our instigator: Dr. Civilisation, resumes his diabolical plan to take over Venus. Kippy, Tania Lamb, Keleli & Tomonta are disorganized if not determined, to impregnate the doctor with "Fire Ball": a wondrous device that can

turn any man into a Hungarian. Rating: 6 Kevorkian-style murder machines.

Quickly, like swimming pool water greens, I polished off the last touches of *Fire Balls*. Six murder machines & a collapsed chest won't stop any doctoring. Sue me Suzy angel, above the chin marks & foot entrapments, the hedge-rows & white crosses...

Preview: Smells of 1968

"Is that pot?"

"It sure smells like it!"

--- My purpose in life is to capture tax cheats & torture them to death. Another of my purposes is to stomp out injustice by stomping on the unjust. I shall stomp them to death as I would the average tax cheat.

LAST ANGLE IN SLANDERVILLE

"Shit the shut house door," advised the short guy, no good for nothing, no taller than most short shits: lacking manly accompaniment, unable to frugal a hag or delay inspection. Escorting tallish women to movies like *The Bra Factory Caper*, directed by Fred & Gary Halter Top, 105 minutes. --- Waynesburg in Pa. is a crappy, class 2-A borough known for coal & incest. On its southern vector stands Waynesburg's largest bra factory: seedy, seamy, resistant to gale-force winds. One night internationally-based terror cells invade complex bldg.-1: Bras are stolen. Kip Newberg, chief investigator for Pennsylvania's state secret police, is called down from Harrisburg. Immediate action & reaction is pending as Kip & his girl-Friday De'ana crack sassy engaging the support of ne'er-do-wells: Kenetha, Eolia, Killrain, Treemayne & Jaylon. Look for surprise appearances of Shawndrea & N'Bushe Wright in establishing shot.

Rated by 4 tattooed skanks: twenty dollars & 2 joints.

CHAMPION OF VICTORY: One fatal mistake = death.

"We're compelled by God to eat garbage," the unwashed girl child stated unabashedly.

"And wipe our gnarled asses with money," the grizzled

grandfather spake.

"Still," the comely woman of 17, sister to dirt-girl, lamented, "one can do little but lament." And lament they did, combing finely what was once ruffled, rifled, niggardly cheap & hard to insure.

"Insurance is a hard lot," the oldster barked like a lock-jawed dog hired by the telephone company to urinate on customers, to lift leg like a champion, *a champion of victory!* {Do I like it straight-wise or side-long? Nice plaits, few pleats, snooping ganglia...}

"Get out of the way hoser, I'm living @ the White House now!" {And having prolonged physically-romantic relationships with some higher-ups!"}

I love my wife w/ 75% of my heart. I need 25% to keep my blood circulating so that I don't die. With what I have I can't move farts beyond a shuffle. I don't engage in aerobic exercise & mountain climbing is right out.

DONATED NIPPLES

"Where are my nipples?"

"I donated them to The Nipple Care Clinic in Scranton, Pennsylvania."

"My God Helen, why?!"

"Because there's a great need for nipples out there!"

"What about me? Don't I need nipples?"

"No because the Lord blessed you with superfluous ones."

"Hey, you're right! Even though I'm missing 2 nipples I still have 6 to spare!"

"That's very true! And don't forget: the Lord works in mysterious ways."

"You mean by giving me nipples in abundance?"

"Exactly!"

--- Meet me at the fish house it smells like shit. --- "Look at my balls, they're microbic!" Exclaimed the microbe.

"What's wrong Stephanie?" I asked deeply concerned for she had barely touched her eggs. "Is it egg-related?"

"No," she said soothingly, "I've got no complaints about the eggs."

"Do you want to commit suicide?" I asked understandingly.

"Because if you do, I've been there."

"No Chuck, it's not suicide either."

"Are you planning on relaxing in a warm, soapy tub & slashing your wrists?"

"No Chuck, honestly, it's not suicide, so don't worry."

"Oh Staph," my nickname for her, short for staphylococcus.

"I'm always here for you & if not I'll be over there," said I reassuringly while pointing to another place.

"Chuck, you are an *angle* like the cake."

"Yes, I'm beef meat."

"If I were going to kill myself I'd put a bullet into your spine first."

"Oh Staph I love you."

"Chuck our love is bereft of holes!"

"Not only that Staph," he moaned, moved beyond all reason jerky, "if old, crazy Ronald Reagan were here today his hair would be pitch-black!"

She had been at the Dictograph all day & her lips & lungs were exhausted. A secretary's work is never done and at 5:15 {15 minutes after her shift ended} the phone rang a second time. "There's someone trying to contact the office by phone," she reasoned. "Either that or it's a small child at home on a voyage of discovery," she reasoned again.

"Helium!" The disembodied voice exclaimed.

"Helium?" The secretary queried.

"May I speak with Mr. Wet?"

"I'm sorry but there's nobody here by that ---"

"Helium!"

Suddenly Mr. Vet entered. "Oh Mr. Vet, some hoser here asking for a Mr. *Wet*, shall I have the caller traced & incarcerated?"

"Better to develop a wait-&-see attitude. I'll take the call as I sit on the toilet."

The secretary handed Vet the phone & resumed shut-down protocols.

Soon the office would be devoid of her as she drove away in her automobile. An automobile that allowed her to travel safely & comfortably without knee-scrape.

"Donor nipples are hardened to come by.
I had a rash lasting 3 weeks, no doctor wanted to touch
it & nurses were apprehensive like you wouldn't understand."

"But the rash cleared by its own accord?"

"Sure, there's no evidence of its presense. I'm not one to bond out
before arraignment & heaven knows I can't bowl from a locked
trunk, but there's more to a fish-kill than tainted water."

"What about donating a nipple to scientists? Make scientific your
nipple?"

"There's room for everybody on the planet's surface
not including people in boats."

"You are wise beyond nipple-consigning wise.
I love you more than turkey in gravy."

"If only the mafia could be here now! Perhaps
they'd share their lucrative porno biz."

"Chuck, you know I'd chuck it all to be more than I am, an army
of one, a few good men, in not just a career but an adventure!"
Staph was unapologetic: "Chuck I need more than dental floss &
rinse, brushes & dentifrice! My teeth are buried to the gum in the
meat of survival!"

Chuck waylaid her in the darkling, plumbing deeper
than ever into the core balance of her bitchery. She was esteemed
by truckers yet hated by pilots. He was going to plug her latent
features & uncork her mysterious nature, if not then, in the least:
get to the bottom of things, the bottom of dog-hot excitement.

BACK FROM MEXICO {Turn your street pig into a road hog.}
Lastly = death, a descent into pastels, limpid pools of higher
leverage, revolving heads on platters, languishing on the rocks of
diabetes --- I'm diabetes-dependent on insulin, banished to the
wharves at the hands of dock workers: a free ride, no excise, no
term limits, no grudge-bearing, jagged tears exposing bone & skull
plates. Poetical crappola bound to scare, removed from smear pack,
dendrology, monitor of bigots, handle bars gone side-long
substitute my fare-the-wells for garage-door parts. Back from
Mexico, my Mexican junket, a successful Mexican roly-polly. I
scored in Mexico & my Spanish was paid attention to. Enough for

everybody: oil, tacos, pesos.

Special care for your hundred-year-old husband. Hundred-year-old men have different nutritional & romantic needs than 90-year olds. Many centenarians have found a waning interest in their wives' "nocturnal"

wants, as one put it: "Her *what?*"

A diet rich in chicken fat & boiled turnips will put a nice, glossy sheen on scalp skin. Pornography is no help to the special-needs man, nor is rolling around with wealthy women in their Beverly Hills mansions. The active 100-year old is no match for the virile, caboose-riding 95-year old & the 85-year young malcontent who finds nothing worth the dying for but a massive kidney malignancy.

During World War II & there 'bouts, many peoples' problems were World War II-related. Marriages {men to women} still rested on the time-honored man-@-work, woman-@-home philosophy common amongst rational people. The woman-wife, as opposed to the newly-realised homosexual man-wife, assumed the role of mother thru the delivery of un-aborted off-spring. Once born these children, w/o aid of mood-altering, behavior-arresting medicants, matured & had infants, these grew up to be slack & hippified.

I see white people climbing mountains, plumbing oceanic depths, blacks throwing pneumatic orbs @ hoops, dragging their feet across the pavement, yellow people butchering cats, operating restaurants. *Y ahora*: Donatia: the donating woman, pass her around to save human lives.

"But Ton-Hole you don't understand! I need my flounders or else the fish fry'll be ruined!"

"You listen to me, until I get paid, these flounders are stayin' put!"

"All right! I'll get your money some ways. Can I have a peak at your cones?"

"No! No money, no cones, no fish!"

Later, when nobody was aware of nothing Ram-Rod poked Ton-Hole with his gigantic swimming pole along the banks of her septic pool. Beneath her clothes was the naked body of a woman, he guessed, but with no proof it remained a theory.

Later, not wanting to distribute anybody, I awoke with my head

full of knocks. My wife had listed 3 deaths on her friend's certificate & knew trouble from a distance of 6 feet. I unsaddled my *hose* & prepared for horse lessons at the fire squat. You can't ignore a college education what re-plants the bricks of ignorance. Later, not disturbing to want anymore, I revved my Nigels like a breadth of flesh care.

Active in the Mexican pig trade for many years I find myself in 5 minutes.

Both my teeth are active in international affairs like the bottom's broke out, the pie's unstuck, the pan's warped, I'ven't a car-care in this world --- A return to Mexico if Mexico's ready. *Mexicanos* eating what's left of cream cheese. Shallow tunes sang in Spanish, a loving entanglement, the settlement truce & the age of pickling everything. Slits, clits, chits, mitts, blitz, little bits, perfumed traces amongst the raped, ravaged armistices & what's become of great wars lost. Books I've yet to configure lie about the brain's hair-line cracks. No more of white women, tallying the differences, mocking my bones, hawking my wares, reducing a nose's length from the out holes looking inwardly. Reach in my snake bag & pull out a cup cake or a snake --- something in me from years ago.

Later the changes for better happen upon you sitting still. Caps don't come off, dress-tights are too much so & your throat constricts, appendix & 3rd set of molars appear out of no place like Mexico.

NECK STOP MEXICO

"You're cock-sure!"

"I am not!"

"You're more cock-sure than usual! Your cock-assuredness makes me believe you should purchase comprehensive cock assurance."

"I'm not liable."

"But are you cock-sure of it?"

--- Plain & desirable, I feel uncomplicated, forlorn, singed by the Iroquois Theatre fire of 1903. My brain area is behind bone, unopened till Christmas when Jesus was young. Plants & fish farming tantalize the panty zone above these froggy legs.

"You're as cock-sure as is modernly popular."

"I am, ain't I?"

"You surely is...You're the Mexican stop neck, the Tijuana question & stuffings suchlike."

"I'll always thank & respect what you've done for man."

"Thanks," she motioned to Mexico before I could neck her.

Appearing within page-shot: "The Mexican Scrutinizer"! It's like being scrutinized by a Mexican!" I'm not certain but I think that Mexxer scrutinized me!"

THE MEXICAN SCRUTINIZER

{This summer I will scrutinize 3 *señoritas*.}

I've known scrutinizers & I've been to Mexico {Juarez} but not long enough for thorough scrutiny. Within scrutiny you have screw {screw} & tiny, sounds like fun with a midget can't be afar. Necking with one {a midge'} must be like visiting Niagara Falls with an uncle.

The Mexican scrutinizer is on the job, scrutinizing far & wide, accomplishing nothing yet winning the hearts of all Mexicans from Paco to Pedro.

Experience Butt Rhettler as Clerk Fable, Red Sovine as Ginger O'Hara in *Calm is the Wind*...The American squabble over free trade is the basis for this battle-ground romance. Georgia's own Butt Rhettler has a mustache & he's determined to plumb the fallow fields of Ginger O'Hara, but she's got a few fish to fry! See a physical fight between 2 men over a woman! The rope-knotting intrigue of assessed taxes before they're due. *Calm* is the ocean, *calm* is a cough quelled & *calm is the wind*. Perhaps he's more desperate to *plow* her fallow fields? Who can care to say why she's fallow & not fertile?

BRIEF LOVE {Love in all its brevity.}

I'd like to crush your skull with a bat.

I'd like to kill your uncle.

I wish we could get along.

There's too much violence in the world.

To know God is to know love.

Forget about that stuff about the bat...and your uncle.

I'm in trouble? More like URINE TROUBLE!

I know what I can do: I'll boil urine & throw it on people who pass by our house...unless, I come up with a better idea. When the pigs shoo in I'll pretend that I never heard of such a thing & then as soon as they step away I'll throw boiling urine on them, just before that I'll report a U.F.O. to get the Air Force involved, secret svc. & A.T.F. so that there will be a pig farm of uniforms dancing around, many scalded with urine.

SLEEPING WITH MISS AMERICA...

holy Jesus I swear that's all we did!

During the pageant, the M.A.P. {Miss America Pageant}, I was restless with gnawing desire. I got it into my head that what Miss America needed, other than talent, was me. I made plans to "sleep" {usually a euphemism for staying "up" all night} with the lucky winner. During the party-after I approached her with careless abandon: "Hey Missy," I said in a casual I'm-up-to-my-chin-in-hot-chicks way.

"Hello."

"Hey, what say you check into Motel 6? I'll sneak in later."

"Oh God!" She exclaimed. "That sounds delish!"

That night we made the united nations look like a pile of shit.

Next: Selling hygienic products to Europeans...and: The Man Who Doesn't Need Dick Stiffener. --- I'm all man, except for my female hormones, and I don't need dick stiffener to prove it! {From: "The Man with Pole Rigidity"}

SUN-DRIED UNDIES

August: time to dry undies in the sun!

My sun-dried undies fit like a glove!

{With plenty of room for thumb.}

I wore my undies to a social event.

It was held outdoors in a tent.

My mother was there & ate a snail.

Father couldn't, he was often in jail.

The August weather with all this sun
pulled us toward some naked fun.
The cops were called & arrived shortly.
Years of donuts made them portly.
Too sloven to catch our craven asses
as we sprinted amongst the garden grasses.
Chucklin' & fartin,' kissin' & pissin'
for it was love we were missin.'
Crimes of passion & of sorrow,
yesterday, 2 months ago, or tomorrow.
Sooner or still the pigs will catch ---
nudies by the crotch & snatch.
Look us up & throw far the key ---
for exposure of hairy quim & weenee.
Waist-deep in the throes of brutal romancing ---
in Michigan, in the desperate city of Detroit.

DRACULA VERSUS HITLER

Everyone's afraid of Dracula & hates Hitler. If ever they were to clash the world would be divided. Do I vote for blood-sucking or Jew-baiting? Once Dracula seemed harmless, once Hitler too. It's not easy in Germany & nobody wants to see Dracula out of his coffin before seven.

HURRICANE CONCERN: Bikini versus one-piece...

As the next hurricane bears down on us our women ask: "Should we wear our bikinis or one-pieces?"

The winner is the bikini: the safest of bathing attire! Bikini, or the 2-piece thriller, allows for hurricane-force winds to horripilate freely between the pleasure zones: T, A & P.

One woman found her one-piece torn by harsh storm winds. By the time she rejoined her group 18% of her suit's midriff was shredded. She learned her tropical lesson. The Tropics took her lusciousness to task & don't back-sass a bikini.

So quick were my movie-star friends at complimenting me that their accolades became repetitive & ineffective. I didn't believe that they were sincere, lipstick was being transferred from lips to

asses.

Sept. 16th is Independence Day in Mexico & the 12th is Grandparents' Day, the 15th begins Hispanic Heritage Month. Nobody loves Mexicans more or less than I do --- the spine is the back bone of any grandparent. Mexicans, especially the ones from the United States, fought hard to avoid the immigration authority. After all, was it not Mexicans who built the United States' tortilla business?

I SOLD MY BODY FOR MONEY --- Don't let the title fool you this movie *is* about prostitution. Our main character, new-comer Kay Astronaut,

is into free love when she's turned onto love for money & not in the Kennedy-drown-a-woman-and-fake-amnesia way, but in the sense you're-a-prostitute-and-I'm-not distinction. My rating is split: 2 hoses for hooking & one for Kay Astronaut = 3.

"Daddy," an irritable youngster who's no relation to K. Astronaut asks, "will we ever return to the *HOME LAND*?"

"Son, I miss the *HOME LAND* too, nobody misses the *HOME LAND* more than I, but once you leave the *HOME LAND* you may not return."

"I see," the child reasoned. "Is the *HOME LAND* secure?"

"More so than in times past. You see, in the *HOME LAND* presently, even shoes must be inspected."

"What about rectums?"

"Yes, those too."

"Have you ever found a spear gun up there?"

"No, only because a spear gun, like a bayonet is so long..."

"Will N.A.S.A. scientists ever miniaturize spear guns?"

"Go to sleep now," the father chided, "there will be plenty of time in the morning for ass-holes & N.A.S.A."

With the power out I could stand naked in a bucket of water with my wet finger in a lamp socket for hours or with an appendage crammed into the toaster on well-done and nothing would happen. I could rub rabbits' blood on my baby & put him in a cage with pit bulls & he'd be perfectly safe. I could use the gas station's shit house with cavalier abandon. I might risk a protest-ation concerning taxes. {Boil water *BEFORE* you drink it. How would

you do it after?} Perhaps you'd be more comfortable in a mental hospital? One minute I'm browning a pound of hamburger the next I'm playing a cat & mouse game of death with a nest of international terrorists.

"Please Dock {my old pier} tell me it's rectal or anal, anything but colon cancer!"

MY FAVORITE RAG

In a lifetime of 80 years a man will have possessed many rags: rags from childhood, adolescence, during various, brief prison terms, marriage rags & those received as holiday gifts. I'll never want to forget my favorite rag given to me by my favorite wife during our honeymoon. I was working the day watch out of bunco, my boss was Capt. Rag {no relation}, my name's Menstrual & I carry a rag...

Have you recently been seriously injured in an air boating accident? Are you now questioning whether it was an "accident"? Was the air boat piloted properly & accedited for the type, style & horse power of that particular craft? Are you confused? Do you even know what an air boat is?

Have you been recently hurt while using scissors? They cause more cuts than contusions so says the national health insurance lottery --- pyramid schemers' assoc.

WARNING TO JACK-HAMMER & WRECKING BALL OPERATORS: Your vocations are fraught with danger! Many hurt & several killed whilst carrying out j-hammer & w-ball duties. Don't be one to be killed or de-nutted. To earn more, go to Bible college.

The neighbor woman: an enchantress who lived in filth, offered me a cookie.

"Now these cookies," she instructed, "are made with real bird holes!"

"Real ones?" I asked.

"Yes, you can really taste the hole!"

And boy was she right! I've made friends in former countries, being from North America & all, & have had many nites of air-condition comfort under my belt, but never had I enjoyed a cookie

with g.b.h.t. {genuine bird-hole taste} like this before or after.

"Would you like to come into my bedroom for some entertainment?" She asked.

"Will cookies, 'bird hole' cookies be served?" Asked I coyly.

"That depends." she moaned like a woman named Mona, "do you like your cream at room temperature?"

I could not have been any more confused.

This chair is so comfortable that if I had hemorrhoids I would be so happy right now, not for the fact I had hemorrhoids, but for the relief afforded them by this chair.

HOW TO AMUSE YOURSELF WITH THE STATE-RUN LOTTERY

For a stinking buck you can participate in funding schools & gambling. But funding schools *is* gambling! That's true, & begging is begging whether you're dressed in rags or Sunday clothes: The lottery is devilry. {I pack my cheese board in case there's a need to cut the cheese.}

NEW @ THE AIRPORT: Bomb & rectal cancer screening!
Since we're up there anyway.

CAMPING WITH THE MAIL MAN

It's Sunday & the mail man's at the front door.

"What the fuck's *he* doing here?"

"We're going camping!"

"Oh?"

"Yep...you, me & the mail man together on a camping trip!"

THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD

"You're not good enough to wipe his ass!" The post master generally said to the staff concerning an exemplary employee.

Yes: "Not good enough to wipe his ass..." a way of elevating someone to heights unattainable to mere mortal. "Am I good enough to wipe his ass now?" One might question after an heroic deed. "No! Never! Not now, not a 1,000 years from now!"

"Lord Prince Jesus, give me strength to bear the weight of the world."

Abraham Lincoln had a beard & here's one theory on how he got it. One day lucky Abe was walking aimlessly thru the woods humming "God Save the Queen" when he came upon a penny & because it didn't blong {short for *belong*} to him he walked 620,000 miles {the same number of people killed because of him} to return it. Yes he was willing to take extreme measures for one measely cent and when it came to waging war against his people he was okay with that. I think his beard was pubic in nature.

Abraham Lincoln, our 16th president, American Moses & martyr, gave his last breath to make compulsory a voluntary union of sovereign commonweals. His passions were his infected monkey-ass beard, off-color jokes, returning errant pennies & centralizing a federation.

CAMPING WITH THE MAIL MAN WITHOUT THE CONTROVERSIAL FUCK WORD

It's Sunday & there's the mail guy.

"Mail what? What the sexual intercourse is he doing here?!"

"He's here to take us camping."

"Will there be beans & weenies?"

"No, just stamps, packages & stuff."

"Never mind."

MARY JANE'S TOOL BOX

Imagine saving money over retail on nasal spray, hair nets, shoe inserts, books on amnesia, nail-on shoe cleats, buggy whips, old magazines, commercial vacuum cleaner wheels, horse brushes, shrimp nets, spindles, sewing machine lubricant, sodium hydroxide, picture tubes...yes, now you can, at Mary Jane's Tool Box, on these plus several other items suchlike: jumbo forks, construction-zone signs, pamphlets on Arizona, bobby pins & dress stays, box spring bed slats, orthodontic gum bands, hay-baling twine, etc. Why shop retail? Cut out the middle man, cut him!

The buxom Mary Jane says: "Meet me out back, I'm a prostitute!" Yes, shouldn't we all "meet" her out back for the inside track to wholesale prices? Mary Jane also says: "No Mexicans!"

This fucking hot weather must be particularly grueling to fat people reminding me of the time I ONCE TALKED TO A FAT WOMAN! It was 3 o'clock, I'll never forget it, & a fat woman approach'd me from the rear, Christ! She was over her ideal Federal-government recommended tonnage. I spoke to her as any concerned American might. "Hey," I said, "I can't see Venus & Mercury is a blur." She just looked at me & then commenced chewing something she found or was given by a cattle rancher. I don't know now because it was so long ago.

My old girlfriend & I did everything dairy style, there was nothing unusual in that, it was as if we lived on a dairy farm & acted in a way that dairy farmers do. Our lives revolved around grazing & milking. Once, when I was short of money, I invited neighbors over for a whipped-cream party. I'll never do that again.

How to lose weight: Avoid eating contests or competitions especially cake, ice cream or pork shoulder ones. Do not volunteer in engaging work at a frozen dessert factory. Limit bacon & ham hocks to 3 servings a week. Evacuate bowels more often than you fill them. Never "feel" your way into the bathroom, use a candle or flashlight. Remember "thin" is the watch-word, try saying it one hundred times per meal. Do not use harsh fat-care products, polishes, stripping or buffing agents. If you can't say "thin" because of a lisp, substitute assassin."

In this cosmoplastic America on the cheap win, a he, a she, a hymn, a herr, a kind word in German, a luxurious cruise in a lifeboat passed the breakwaters, one love apiece, one piece o' love, one lovely piece of tail-end victory. Look, it's that singing guy Andy Williams! What's he doing with that shovel? I imply nothing!

I'm in the moo for cows. I'm in the cow shed of hope, the spring house of discontent & not getting along well with others. A little moonlight & star shine, a small wiggle & Niagara Falls upon our dirt bed of inequitude, the Earth as mother, the sun as brother, future *nuncle*, o' *gie* me shelter with wood of piles & streams of beverage.

I cannot stand aside as my feet are stuck in the tar of your charity, wherein your talents lie...in black goo, in a hole out back dug with pencils. If I were shaped more like a crate of peaches than a sack of

potatoes I'd be getting out more about town, always praying & kneeling & beseeching a bleary-eyed hate-filled endeavor.

If you've ever been attended to by a doctor or felt up on a train then you know how important your tectospinal {spinotectal} region is {extending fr. the tectum of the mid-brain to the spinal cord}. Why just the other day whilst visiting a friend, who lives under a piece of plywood sheeting nailed to a tree, we discussed the importance of tan lines on the recently nude --- these lines tell the world that nudity isn't an everyday treat one might encounter at a nudie camp or gas station.

Stumbling into a murder is hard to talk yourself out of. It's better to stay elsewhere, the more elsewhere *el mejor*. People stay dead & there's no day like Friday, no tits like ample, new ones, no falling stars like chunks of sky scrapers spilling into Manhattan.

I've never chipped a tooth, never loved a diplomat, nor an attaché, more's the pity. Less hurts the better, better off than out. Spinning in a loosely fashion @ a picnic. Cream is butter & a goat will butt you if given the target.

Are you extremely-well educated? Have been so by degree? If you or someone else has a "college" degree then there's no time to lose, no time at all or like the present. Presently positions are available for those 30 pounds too much. Too much too soon & more than we need to. Nothing coming in but rent receipts. Nothing of note just being out of breath all the time. Open me for heart surgery. I wish I had a choice or an Arkansas shit-list mentality. In the stable world of free love & openly-giving homosex or dog grooming, we lean against each other.

Eliminate the high cost of taking your dog to the vet! Contact Mr. Bullets.

I yelled at the bus driver for reasons even I angrily wasn't clear on: "At least the married woman I was humping had the decency to pee in the bushes *behind* the truck!"

I suffered for the longest time from nausea, night sweats, fatigue --- I thought it was a heart ailment, thank God it was only rabies. Razor cuts along the dott'd line, along the wrinkles of my throat, along the creases excising my ocular orbs --- eye bulbs, the frickin' window to my soul-lessness. Digging deeply into the recesses of

my fictive nature, no matta perversity, no accounting scruples. --- Do not focus on my breast canyon, concentrate on the power of my mind! Do not be hypnotised by ther allure of my summer-hot hole, when I have musical ability by which to impress. Yes,I have a feministic body with all the goods & goodies, the will, the wiles & the whim. All I seek is the stability of a full-time hatchet man to cut through the tropical forest of ineptitude.

"That wall," the guide said, "is made entirely from discarded bikinis & this one ---

"Hold it!" I interrupted, simultaneously removing my bikini. "Here's another one!"

The trains are trailing behind a ton of excrement. It's a bright day for Honda. The baby sitters are half sat, a good day to doze with a bull dikeside. A promise made to keep out the others, lovers without equal, without corpuscles & phagocytes, Max, Irene, a term in office for keeps, in spirit, ½ chawed, dog-eared & rat-ragged. The plans I've made to keep the keepsakes I meant to plan for.

In much the same way as someone with song-writing ability, you can tap out a song on your coffee table that will make you millions.

Q: "I live in the park & only have access to picnic tables. Will they do?"

A: You betcha my hobo buddy! Whether it be a coffee or picnic table --- it doesn't matter.

Q: "How about a car hood?"

A: Fine, the surface is irrelvant. You could tap out a tune on the firm gluteal musculature of your young girl friend's bare ass, it just doesn't matter!"

--- Imagine saving money like it's to be criminalised tomorrow. I had abilities that went unrecognised. Neighborly people were someone else's neighbors. There's no freindship greater or more dangerous than that bond between mobsters. They'll die for you & kill you. Mary Jane stresses: "My tool box holds a wondrous array of tool sets: nut drivers, screws, taps & dies...a plumber's best friend: suctorial & vacuous, retreating & conciliatory. There are appointments one woman is expected not to miss! For the love of millionaire men across the face of earth, beyond the confluence of

ghetto & precinct, the expanse of all. the realm of Prince Charles & the months of the Jewish calendar..."

Oy oxygenate my blood w/liquid Earthen gas. Pass by my decaying left-overs. My ears during story time w/my eyes during whoring time, my ankles out for a stroll alone...to solve The Mystery of the Back-Twisted Erotic Contortionist --- Everyone in the circus had achieved college degrees through diligence & hard study. Nights & weekends, holy & unholy times out beyond the slag heaps & coke piles. We practiced what we learn'd during the olympics: the twisting & contorting {same thing}of our intestinal systems. It looks like just another day of slogging thru shit & popping rubbers. --- I'm *changing* of *thinking* my name to Fred Howard & then my inter-net address of FredHoward.com will mean something, something mean, out there in another dimension, maybe in another country.

"Does the lack of affordable housing shock you?"

Asked the brave man in the limousine. I am without a home save my car which is worth \$110,000. I have more money than I need & an intimate relationship with 2 past Miss Americas."

"Which ones?" I asked.

"Oh I don't know," he reasoned, "they're all big-haired & small-busted."

"That's true," I conceded, "have you ever scored with a Miss Universe?"

"Yes," he lamented, "but I had to kill her."

I patted his hand: "Your story is not an unusual one," said I in a consoling way.

CAMPING WITH THE MAIL MAN IN THE LONELY WOODS, in the boonies, the sticks, hill country, Lyndon Johnson's ranch. I didn't know what c.o.d. was until the mail man gave it to me straight. Yes, straight! Like a rocket from Florida, a storm drain recently unstopped, a woman shrouded in veils, Elvis sitting on the crapper or Uncle Ho eating a dog.

Don't remember to forget anything else I've omitted or renounced, demeaned or flounced. It's not of vital world statecraft or any biz of the u.n. Don't regret what might o' been,

Ben Johnson's untimely death or mistakes in *The World Almanac*.

All my loving was restricted to local. I'd heard of hobbling political lines as have the map makers, but I see nothing in it, area chicks suffice my needs. [One wrong step & I cut off your left foot.]

Bob Hope = death faker...Bob Hope's been dead since he died or did he? I say ol' Leslie's run off with Dorothy Lamour who earlier {with Bob's help} faked her death.

Bingo-bango Bing Crosby was a man! Many believe Bing Crosby was a chimpanzee dressed in a human costume but the Funk & Wagnell shocking truth is Bing was exactly what he appeared to be: a man disguised as a gorilla.

After zipping up my pants following a 12-hour shift at The Zipper Testing Facility I decided to stop off at a local bar to enjoy a cold one. Who should I see there but the owner of Z.T.F. {Zip-Test-Fac}, Fred Howard. "Hey-ya Freddy!" I said whilst slapping him on the back with a bar stool. He became, for a short span, airborne. After convalescing for several weeks Freddy & I would meet again at the maternity hospital where, thru mistaken identity, his wife was having my baby & my wife was having a baby of some guy she met 9 months ago.

CRAMPING WITH THE MAIL MAN

The campers' diet has got me cramping like a teen-ager.

"Here," said mail boy, reaching into his constant companion: the mail bag, "try one of these sample medications."

"Thanks...but this is a rub-in spot remover! Have you anything for cramping?" I said & quickly added: "I don't want it *STRAIGHT!*"

"I understand...here take this sleeping pill, better take a bunch."

"Well, alright," I said, still not 100% sure of his intentions.

"You'll be wanting to sleep for 16 hours," he cautioned.

"Wow," I said, "that's a long time in which anything could happen!" He was really starting to, as the expression goes, "turn up the carrots."

THE DAY I NEARLY GAVE IN TO LESBIAN PREDILECTIONS

I was hardily working the noon-day grind when approached me from behind there came a delicious lesbian easily ten times better than any other of her bend. She had nothing a man lacked except 2 holes & a sack of grabby-grabby. I could've fallen hard for her female homo-s charm if not for a tempestuous love arrangement I had with a couple of bull dykes 'cross town...

Look at me, I got more shoes than I know what to do with! Why don't I throw them out the window? Or tie them around my neck & jump through the window? Give them to shoe collectors. Declare them Mt. Shoe Pile. Eat waffles while ignoring them or any number of behaviors; pronounce myself unconstitutional, change my unique style what makes me drone, treat women as rational.

Leary {even without Fred F. Lesbian}: going into a men's room proclaiming: "I'm thirsty!"...Also, the sound of high heels in there is scary.

AT EMERGENCY HOSPITAL no emergency is too small, no error too big! Let us treat you medically to forestall death. At Emergency Hospital we don't take death lying down, just listen:

"At E. Hosp, I died 37 times till I was finally revived for good!"

"Emer, Hospit' put me on the road to recovery. I've met other people who are afraid a clumsy mistake will be made & they'll die at Em. H'spit.!"

--- Yes @ Em'gen. H. & Emergency Trauma Center & Emergency-quick-forge-a-form-insurance claims' dept., we know how precious your precious health can be so read this:

"I was concerned with the cost of a brief stay-over @ 'M-cy Ho'p. till I was *assured* that the insurance company could be tricked into anything. Notice how I italicized *ass* in *assumed*? {Like an H.J. Heinz product winding thru my colon...}...I mean *ass* in *assured*.

I love the way she says "scattered showers." She's a weather man's delight. I lost my lips of lisp now I must impede my speech purposelessly.

JACK HAMMER MARY or Mary and the Construction

Midget...Her name was Mary, after Queen Mary, but later she would be known as The Jack Hammer or Jack Hammer Mary! Men sought her counsel, women envied her rare beauty & poise, dogs liked to sniff her & cats used her bed as a litter box, birds shat on her car & the mail man often skipped her box, A hurricane approached from Bahama Island & to show a lack of fear Mary did not weasel out & ask God's help, as a result she was punished severely beyond the stress points of plywood. Her wet hands clung to the railing as her brother made off with the last friend she had. Mary, through sad eyes, witnessed the end of things that had defined her adventuresome life till this very point in time. Nevermore would she look at redemption as a thing for Jesus only or scorn as an excuse women use to murder men or the new & pretended right to infanticide. Fancy usages of thugs familiar that rest on cushions of heated atmosphere. Never lending minds to rights past we invent new-age live-&-let-live, stand-for-nothing stances that are intolerant of intolerance. All good things are moderated, and moderation is tepid...

Boozy Bear says: If you must booze do it moderately.

{One minute I'm slurping soup, the next I'm pulling stuff out my nose.} + {Two minutes later I'm hacking my way through jungle outcroppings with a hatchet.}

HURRICANE READINESS

Hurricanes don't kill people, people in hurricanes with guns kill people. A hurricane can attack when unprovoked. My father was slightly enjoyed during the boning of a local waitress. If you ever see a hurricane approaching run towards it. The winds often change suddenly. Never use a hurricane as the back-drop for a tropical joke. Kneeling before it, calling it My Personal Savior can slow its force explanatorily. If you are on a golf course stay put, hurricanes are intimidated by the country club set.

Some offerings of doubt passed out amongst the pitiable & recently truncated, along about the wayside, the beauty shops & funereal palors, game rooms & fuck stations. Traces of blood beneath my eye lids for dinner @ 8 & a movie @ 10, Help among

the snakes & clams, the oceans are deep, the heavens are piercing. Hey look, it's a preview for that new movie *Underwater Strangers* ...and *Pap Smear*: the test named for daddy.

PASSENGERS UNMOVED

"Help me help, I've got stinging piss in my eye!" Everyone in the bus seemed interested but not moved enough to do anything. "Help! The piss is now entering my auditory canal!" Still nothing..."I've lost 38% of my hearing on the right side!"

Next bus trip: "My daughter is not all she's cracked up to be!"

"Picture these images," the psychologist instructed: "snake in the lake; shark in the dark; dog in a bog; rat on a mat; goose on the loose; moose with a noose; Karen Carpenter eating a hunk of cheese."

There's a strange cat-shit stink coming from where the cats have been squatting. I investigated & found no cause for alarm just lots of crap. I could complain & do nothing or nothing & complain. If a cat were willing to cut out fish & drink orange juice I wonder what that would accomplish?

THE MOUNDS OF PROTUBERANCE LAND

It's time to start payments for the harm you've done my fragile personality. Remember the Bible & what it said, the ways of Jesus, the sins committed & commuted, the wages of lust & indulgence, ingratitude & frugality. Never rejoice in the joy & torture of those about you, the penalties & embarrassments, the sticky & the cling-to's. It's time to re-work our Mexican stance not just for Oaxaca but for all Mexicans. They are our brothers & sisters, *hermanos y hermanas*. To love a Mexy-sexy woman is to feel the beard of Isis, the Mounds of Protuberance Land.

I like my wieners bunless, my buns unhampered by convention, my thoughts entwined in the doings of the Mafia, the Mafia immixed amongst the Girl Scouts.

Who is it? Is it doctor F. Lee Hickson, F. Murray Abraham or Walter F. Mondale? It's F as in F it or I'll eat my liver when I'm ready...or Eat your liver & how will your blood go? What would W.F. Mondale say? Who can stop this man? Sure he's got his

priorities all bitch'd up but what of it? He's here & he's not fully in the room with you at the same time. The mystery of the hormones, the distance from Mercury to our moon, the crumbled wreck Walter F. Mondale has become. He's known laughter, mirth & financial victory. He's W. Frederick Mondale a.k.a. Fritz & Wind Bag & Panty Waist & my Valentine.

I couldn't stop her necking nature, her swollen fetlocks, her nipples poking inquisitive strangers in the eyes, not blinding but causing blurriness & double vision.

Never will I forget our smoky nite of smoking

I took a match & lit you up

and you were so very thankful

You looked so pretty in the dark with your

husband from Botswana

Whose company you enjoyed even more than marijuana

"Did you call me cunt?!" Tedward Kennedy demanded.

"No no, I called you *aunt*, sometimes the *a* looks like a *c* when scribbled.

KING OF ISRAEL

My eye lids, nose & lips have all been affected by global climatic change. Just the other day as I was eating my nummies my left-most toe fell asleep, numbed by monsoons, lulled by a lack of air quality control & stymied by the ceaseless efforts of oil-digging fat cats I flexed my foot & toes till sufficient circulation returned & I could walk thru yet another gloomy day of famines, c.f.c's, Israel, unauthorized uses of the word nigger, drainage of scrotal abscesses, therapeutic radiology & the excising of tumors.

Long before Don Defore's death when parents had unprecedented control of their brats & "Leave it to Beaver" did nothing for trappers & lechers, & rice crispies was only a dream of Walter Disney's & Anheiser Busch shot his mother between the eyes for naming him Anheiser, there lived a man who preached of everlasting life & the golden rule & his name was Jesus Christ, King of Israel.

OUT THERE AMONGST THE PYGMIES I preach of Xtian love

& stuff. The stuff of Xtian- misapplied logic & grief upon Romans & forsaken *Italianos*. I'll never use my scissors in anger. I ain't et meat in 20 years & I have swollen up like apig.

Everyone in the hospital wants to be bagless just like those expensive vacuum cleaners.

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTAMS

and all through the house not a creature was stirring
including the Platex under-wire bra. I had slipped on earlier.

IT MUST BE WINTER, your cold hand is on my ass. I'll never forget the 1st time I experienced the cold ass of winter or hand.

"Don't get all mumbudget on me!" {obsolete for silent} I told my lovely wife. It was a psychological reversal. She was never mumbudget or fisetin {a yellow crystalline flavone pigment C₁₅H₁₀O₆ obtained from the wood of various trees & shrubs, as fustet or sumac}.

Since Viet Nameese people like dog meat,
probably dogs like Viet Nameese people meat.

Plumbing two-somes: *Ex-pig gives plumbing a go!* That could be a screamer ripped from any paper when nothing's left, nothing's offered. Noting withdrawals I believe the bank acted in my best interest & not as an arm of the central powers in Washington. Whenever I have a leak I cry out "Bosie! Bosie!" {Oscar Wilde's b.f., boyfriend...& coda for something marital.}

Jumping, like a man whose shelves are too high or a midget for everything, I hit the ground running in an incredible display of speed & grace. I could see in the faces of my admirers the admiration, even Mrs. Bruce Jenner was pleased & offered me a tumble.

THE ULTIMATE OBJECT {*The ultimate object of magic in all ages was and is to obtain control of the sources of life.* --- W.B. Yeats}

No objective was worth more to proto-man than the taming of cave women. A woman & a cave --- it didn't take long for love. Some women would cave in to love demands of an attractive suitor,

others would play stodgy & hold out for more modern comforts : a hunk of rat meat or some twine.

I remain unimpressed with what the President of the United States of Mexico said during his visit to Canada, or what a Canadian said as he tried to bum one of his quarters off as change. I'm afraid of Canada when it cozies up to our Mexican enemies. The U.S.A. has given all it can to Mexico & what have we got? Other than the gratitude that bleeds the Mexican heart? What could be the ultimate object of Mexican self-determination? The answer is in Canada somewheres. {Without my needle I cannot enjoy sewing so much. Without needles I am a man who must rely on tailors to fit & mend my wardrobe. I've lived a life high on love...}

A PROBLEM WIFE

{If yours is, what to do, how to get the help you need.}

Case study 666: John is a thoro-working man having a wife, Betty, & 2 children: Tyrone & Bryson. On Nov. 16 he discovered Betty was having sexual relations outside the marriage in the back yard under a tarp. John confronted his wife & the man whom we'll call Tarp Lover or T.L. Betty explained that T.L. was helping her find car keys. T.L., on the other hand, excused himself to the toilet & *did not* return. John sent the children to a local relative & immediately removed Betty to a counselor, let's listen in: "John, Betty, my name is Hurl & I'm here to help you resolve conflicts in your marriage. John tell me what happened."

"Sure. Well, Hurl, Betty was under a tarp copulating with a guy in the back yard."

"Betty is that true?"

"Yes, Hurl it's not. I had lost my keys & I was looking for them when T.L. offered to probe the area, you know, poke around."

"And when you explained to John that it wasn't the way it appeared how did he react?"

"He brought me here Hurl,"

"John, Betty says that this was all a misunderstanding. Are you willing to forgive & forget?"

"Hurl, this isn't the first time I've caught Betty having sexual intercourse without me present."

"Still...John, the past is gone, dead & forgotten. You need to give Betty the love & forbearance she's crying out for. You need to be less judgmental, less accusatory, less rigid concerning Betty & the sexual intercourse she participates in under a tarp in the back yard!"

Conclusion: John & Betty returned home & weeks passed w/o mention of the tarp or T.L. May 18, John happened upon his wife having sexual relations with a neighbor couple in a truck. John divorced Betty & thru court action lost his share of their house, car, boat, bank savings, & is compelled to pay alimony & 1/3 of his wages in support of children which aren't his.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL INSIGHTS {Very insightful! Includes Iceland!!!} When traveling in Poland you'll be tempted to laugh, guffaw & snigger --- do not be too obvious, the Polish, or polacks as they're usually called, are very sensitive & cry easily, besides it's not really their fault. God made them dim-witted as part of some grandiose plan.

Italy = Land of the greasers. In Italy the food greatly improves & the people are somewhat more cunning & still bear watching. You'll be amazed at the Italians, or dagos as they like to be called, & how they always seem to find the time to slouch & goof off.

Ireland: Where everyone's the town drunk. No time for personal hygiene? You're in Ireland now! You won't be needing a comb either! Fill up on potatoes while you're at it!

France: Where venereal disease is king! Just when you've washed the Irish crud off you're in France, land of the swollen genitalia. There's a reason why people piss in the gutters here & now you know why!

England: Hostile, stupid, full of retardates! When visiting or fleeing England you'll be pining for Poland where the people seem Einsteinian by comparison.

Netherlands = a pervert's delight! Enjoy sex with 8-year-olds? Welcome to Holland. {It's the same country I think.}

Iceland: Don't let the name throw you! Iceland was started by some morons with a boat.

Next: Discussing gravity with an extremely-fat woman...and after

Next: The Secret of Gaining Weight Without Exercise.

Without children I feel childless. My children provide me with the warmth & security that only children can. In the winter when it's cold & I'm out of wood or too lazy to fetch some I just throw a child into the furnace for relaxing heat. The chill is soon lifted --- WARNING! NEW LEGISLATION MAKES USING CHILDREN AS HEATING FUEL ILLEGAL

...Re-write: When it's wintry-cold & I'm out of underwear I just toss a wife into the stove. --- WARNING! WIVES ARE NOW PROTECTED UNDER SPOUSAL-ABUSE LAWS! No they ain't & I can prove it thru my unabashed spousal-abuse practices.

In the summer when it's *hot as a hob of hell* {Brendan Behan's *Borstal Boy* & "Fred wasn't so green as he was cabbage-looking..."} I fill the bath tub with ice & water & throw a wife or 2 in. They love it & take to it like otters with their long whiskers & flippers. I watch, drest in rain- wear, w/a large bucket of small fish resting on the toilet. {Why did Buddy Epsen have to die?}

The black women call me Whitey! Through-out recorded history black women have preferred their men to be me. They didn't know it but I am the dream figure of a long-dead age. In continental Africa, before nuggars, before geritol, there was an object of rarest beauty = white man. The luscious black African woman with her hanging baskets & swollen seat could expect very little in the department of physical worship from a like-skinned male. She'd have to swim an ocean or hobble north to Morocco. Now she needn't do either. Now there's me --- trim {except for an enormous abdominal muscle}, able & hepped to make it bid for Africa's women twixt 14 & 20.

To learn more, other than opening a fucking book, contact me: White-Hot Love Machine, or my neighbor: his balls were so small the children called him monkey testicles...& his wife: her box was so tight the plumbers' union called her often.

How can I alleviate the pain & discomfort of daily dealings? Is living in the woods the answer? To so many it is. Dragging a box spring mattress out there & tarps, moth balls to repel snakes, nylon screening, planks, garbage bags, toupee glue. Once I'm ensconced in the wood-man's life I'll be hankering for some physical intimacy

that only a wife's sister dare provide. I'll wallow in shit & leaves before I apologize to the 3rd wife for the trouble she's caused & the unfortunate misunderstandings. It's time that that scuzzy bitch-whore stopped resorting to name-calling. A man can only taketh so much, the Bible said, & so mucheth haveth I taketh so farreth.

My mother warned me that if I didn't get gastric by-pass surgery somebody was going to die,

"Who?" I asked.

She didn't know who, just that someone would lose the will to live if I chickened out. Days passed & I did chicken out. My Mother met with me to discuss xy: a sexy reversal procedure.

"You mean you want me to become female & you'll become a man?"

"No Son. I'll remain the way I am & you'll be altered through penile inversion."

I was very intrigued by the prospect of having access to a vagina which was the inside of my hollowed-out dick, but as tempting as that was I had to refuse the sex change. "But," Mother said, "you promised & your family has wagered 1,000's of dollars on which way you'd go."

"I'll go standing," I said defiantly as I made tracks to the urinal.

In OINK world April is a time of showers & every cop at the cop station looked hesitantly thru the window. "What's that?" Many wondered. "It's rain," a visiting college lad informed. "Surely you pigs know about rain?" They didn't & many lost control of their bowels.

Fat Larry's All-Over Body Cleanser caters to the entire body not just the fun parts, & it's organically all-natural, just like mother nature intended: that you should wash yourself with cheap soap from a squeeze bottle with some fat ass's picture on it.

LOWER ASS PAIN

"Help me!" I begged the nurse. "I'm suffering from lower ass pain!"

"Is it acute?"

"See for yourself," I said.

WIN A 2-4-1 DATE WITH ME! I'll pick you up at 7 & we'll go

hob-nobbin' at the hot night clubs. After a few dances, & we're too tired to dance anymore, we'll have a lobster. You can suck out his brains & I'll crush his back with a ketchup bottle. With both of us attacking him he can't possibly escape.

MY FUTURE...Some day I'll meet a lonely, sexually-frustrated woman with enormous breasts on an Arctic Island. She'll invite me into her cabin for a hot drink. I'll just sit there, letting her run at the mouth when finally I'll say, "Shut up and kiss me!" We kiss for what seems like days but really it's only 45 minutes. She knows then & there she wants to marry my ass but I play coy. Finally she threatens to destroy Singapore with an atomic bomb

if I don't succumb to her every whim. Feeling sympathetic to the well-being of the good people of Singapore I give in & marry her. The next thing I remember is coming to & asking: "Where am I?" And a rather masculine woman in sailors' get-up answering: "You're on Gonad Island." {Kill the Weasel --- Decrease the Pain!}

"Look out I'm wearing a sweater!" I said threateningly. The he-she backed up afraid & confused. "How'd I get here?" I demanded.

"You were sick & brought to the advanced trauma center at Gonad Island Hospital."

"Who are you?"

"I'm nurse Angela Hickson."

"Hold the phone," I said which means wait a minute, hold on there a minute, etc., "you're not the daughter of cardiologist Dr. F. Lee Hickson?" She wasn't so I told her: "I'd like to see you in various 2-piece bathing suits." Her beauty was rusting up my knick-knacks. I was naturally constipated yet eternally optimistic...what with morphia, strychnia, aconitine...

How to live better & feel longer thru intense stretching. Your body is like a car: a full tank of gas & well lubricated, with spark plugs & a generator.

Do you tire easily? Need a spare? Losing your glossy sheen? Is your chrome tarnished, your wires burnt? It's time for a complete automotive re-fit, now let's get that bra off.

European travel excitement is just a trip across the Atlantic from here in sunny Florida. A European mind-set prevails in Europe.

The folks there are down-home, weed-sucking, sister-humping, pot-smoking realists. They are full of home-spun wisdom & generous to a fault. They'd give you the shirts off their backs. If your woman's diaphragm {i.u.d.} broke they'd remove theirs & give it to you right there on the bus no matter who was watching. If you get to Europe & you have no money you can become a prostitute or if you are a prostitute & in Europe, relax to give your thighs time to heal, your corn hole too. If your name is Irene then I'd call you Irene the prostitute or Ireney: woman of darkness.

Dear Movie Expert: Wasn't Eiko Ando in the 1958 film: *The Barbarian and the Geisha*?

Yes, & John Wayne.

Thanks Movie Expert, your information concerning movies is exactly what I need to answer my movie-related questions.

Angela Hickson {not related to cardiologist Dr. F. Lee Hickson} unhitched her manly drawers. She was exquisite: her long, shapely legs, her widely-held carriage, the asymmetry of her cocoanuts. She was every monkey's dream-sailor. I unburdened my squishy nostrum in record time.

I felt like an accused person being filmed in slow motion. All the eyes of the world press were upon me & Angela Hickson, no relation to cardiologist Dr. F. Lee Hickson. Yes, I'd planned on asking Miss Hickson to be my wife & we'd live somewheres in Europe where a person can live off the fat of the land, digging truffles or sniffing each other. Angela, sweet Angela with her various skin diseases, oh what pretty toe nails you have! We'd be hoppy living without toe nails, hopping around like hop heads. Her mother would live with us & there'd be some mother-daughter intrigue I'll betcha. We'd all live happily unemployed, selling each other's plasma...

I'm still shaking after that last shit --- like holding down the fort for 2 weeks. Holy holiness if the pope were in the woods with me there wouldn't be enough leaves to go around. I wonder what George W. Pope would do in an emergency? Living in the woods is an emergency. They say when one pope croaks another one is formed, sort of like pottery. I never seen a pope I couldn't love. I never loved a pope I couldn't see. If anyone shared a room with the

pope it would probably be in 2 beds pushed together. If anyone shared a bed it'd probably be just 2 popes pushed together. If more than 2 popes could exist & an extra moon appeared & snakes ate congressmen & one woman were truly enough for any one man then the world would have something to get up about.

For the price of an average tuna fish sandwich {no tomatoes} you can support starving children in any part of Africa starving below the Equator. Most Africans have never seen a tuna fish sandwich, their preference is deep-fried rat. And what is a rat anyway? It's just 2 tuna fish sandwiches pushed together.

Geometry students being taught to believe in angles, guide dogs leading the blind to trees, hydrants & other things pissed on, neighbors acting on hunches & intuition alone. Women, {under 150#, under 30 years old} desirous females of all stripes hankering to ride Hot Dog Mountain.

H & C = Agency, a long-dead plot hatched by send trail entail E. gents H & C {Central Intelligence Agency}. He looks odd like a Canadian. I got more gas than Texaco, thru homosexual wagging technic, injured by wife-beat, the Lord's filled Canada with Canadians {or Canucks, a pop term for hosers}.

As any veteran can tell you, being in the military makes you a veteran. As anyone who hasn't been in the military will attest: The military provides a document verifying the fact that you were in the military. As anyone with a step stool can tell you: No matter if you're a midget or teller, a step stool will increase your height.

My wife & others...my life & druthers, If I knew how to do something impressive like fly a plane or smoke a ham or pierce someone's nipple I'd be a subject of envy no doubt.

The day began like the usual wife's-day-off with a lot of sexy wrestling. It was Sunday: move over Lord, it's my nut & pole party. Later after I spiffed my lungs of congested artery I contemplated a bit on the perpetuity of equatorial Africa's awful condition. It seems our God-darkened bros. + sisters can't feed themselves or manage the simplest of affairs. The United States & united nations have toppled every white govt. there & things have gotten shockingly worse. Perhaps the situation would be better if the people in-the-know still ran things.

Neighborly fun: for kicks cut down all your next-door neighbor's trees & when he begins to bitch tell him to go to hell. Break his windows & when he complains tell him to shut the fuck up. Spray paint disturbing messages: Nigger Lover, K.K.K., I Love Hitler, Vote Clinton, on his property & when he asks tell him it's none of his business.

Win a free-for-all date with me! I'll pick your sorry ass up @ 7:30 & we'll go scabbin' @ the parts-stampin' plant. They're on strike you know? Once we get cultural Marxism sewn up we'll tighten the controls on commerce. Win a date w/wheel-chair bound Fred! He's more fun than he looks & looks can be deceiving don'tcha know? He's brown-baggin' his lunch amongst other things, times being what they are, a sweet time to be a cripple. It used to be, in the good old days, that society shunned you, now it's bring out the ingrates!

From the 3rd part of:

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ANNE FRANK

Anne Frank & her siblings enjoyed the last of the Rosh Hashanah/Mexican Independence Day cake & made for the cottage cheese when there was an ominous knock on the door. It was Hermann Goering. Uncle Herr Hermann was laden with sweetbreads, plum pudding, bags of balloons & a helium tank, 2 ar-moured divisions & some cylon-B gas. "What's all this Herr Uncle?" Anne asked.

"Before this world war finally ends under its own steam I thought I'd enchant you all with stories of my fighter pilot days during the Great War."

"Will there be lots of mayhem?" Little Annie asked.

"Yes & so much more," Uncle Hermy promised. He'd envisioned Germany halved by year 1949 under the notorious Potsdam Agreement.

HER NAME WAS KLONDIKE

It was Tuesday & I had made everything welcomed for the arrival of my lesbian girlfriend from Alaska: Klondike. She would be sleeping in the big bed {2 small beds pushed together} with me.

Tho I couldn't promise her the cold, lesbian, Alaskan-type love she hungered for, I could give her the slow, measured, subtropical love of my nickname for Richard. "Just pretend," I'd tell her, "that my big gut is an ovarian cyst." Soon she'd be swearing off the muff, diving instead into the monkey porch of our dream bed {which is really just 2 beds pushed together}.

Noting the inequities in everything I do & with the resolve of 10 morons I plod angrily into the world of fictive homo-sexism. They're trying to convert Klondike: the freshest, brightest, dikiest dike what's ever diked. What's the deal with these non-dike types? Do they expect Klondike to turn over her dike accoutrements? Her dike knowledge & wherewithal? She's been diking, like a coal miner in a huff, a suction pump mechanic, a tongue & rectal doctor {2 beds pushed together} or any number of people I've met from The Philippines {not really a country so much as an archipelago of mafiosos}. Her legs acted as pillars to keep her ass dry & scratchless. Her milkers were up front-top to provide for mankind's milk-related needs. --- I threw her a kiss which she quickly caught & stuffed into her purse. She had always that problem with showing emotion properly in public settings, in private, it was a hand-shake, in the open, it was Sodom & even more Sodom...Some of the strongest women make the best lovers & I don't just mean in smell either.

If I lost a nurse, as Dick Danger, president of nurses worldwide, I'd be intent on finding her --- no expense would be spared, even if I had to relinquish LIFE AS WE KNOW IT...{Amputations are a fact of life in the jungle.}

Recently I was diagnosed as having no blood pressure. What are some fun ways of easing b.p. up?

No blood pressure means you are dead. Check to see if you are invisible to people. Example: You talk, they don't respond. Make sure your image is reflected in a mirror: no reflection equals no physical form. You gives us a president --- You kills us a president. You wanna riddle? *Lee kills Jack, Jack kills.* Lee Oswald kills Jack Kennedy, Jack Ruby kills Lee Oswald. Although either killed neither. Neat, easily-solved murders by fanatical, little nuts.

Everything by happenstance. All gobbledygook & double speak. All for defense but never to defend. Never on the offensive yet always on the attack. No more war, it's all peace-keeping. No soldiers just peace-keepers. P.O.W.s are detainees. Room 101, the Ministry of Love is where the torturing is done. Cops up to some good. Worthless as broken glasses; a bear in grasses; a girl who sasses. There's a little nigger in all of us. What's his name? Oh, he doesn't have a name. Approved fun for all families.

Wear a tattoo like a Pig...Oh don't let the name fool you! The Pig Tattoo Co. was founded in 1911 by a family of Pigs: the *Pig family*. The Pig family came to the U.S. aboard a Pig ship, that's right, a ship owned by Pig Shipping Lines {a different family altogether}. Anyway, the Pig family continues the Pig Family Story: 1911 {as we'd said} the Pig family came to America in a ship following a ship hauling rotting vegetables. Upon arriving in N.Y. & disembarking at Ellis Island all Pigs were herded into protective custody by the fish & game commission & later tested for hoof & mouth disease. "I'd never heard of such a thing!" An indignant mother Pig squealed. "Shut your Pig hole!" Whined a U.S. game warden, "Or I'll clap you in pig iron!" {A popular iron at the time.} After a lot of wrangling, legal & otherwise, the family {of Pigs} was given temporary shelter @ an ag. co-op near a farm somewhere. "This'll ne'er do!" Squealed a Pig family survivor recollecting the shocking treatment years later.

In 1920 several Pigs, as news accounts reported, were found wallowing in pig shit, their balls bound in gum bands.

OF SOME WOMAN I once knew, I began to think of her ears & how they kept her head from slumping forward --- Her tits' counter-balancing act, keeping her chest from caving in. I contemplated Billy Graham the preacher & Billy Graham the wrestler, a different Billy Graham I used to think. I saw the world Earth for what it was & becoming. I saw WWII now 60 years passed as a wondrous adventure for both Krauts & Yanks. I saw things from F.D.R.'s point of view & Eleanor's. God Bless them all. I could imagine with clarity why John chose Yoko & why Henry V. Miller could not finish *Nexus*. I saw the jeans Brooke Shields used to wear & the tire tracks leaving O.J.'s house. I saw

the moon & sun, the critters & trees, the dirt, sand, & beach & distinguished between profit & income. There was nothing denied me --- just need I ask...Jesus, Godson, God are found at the ends of the universe for {as I read it said} Life & Death are the Province of Heaven. {"Heaven is a place, a place where nothing, nothing ever happens..." The Talking Heads}

Just like UNWANTED PILES OF SHIT EX-CONVICTS' HOUSE-SITTING SERVICE will be there...Kind of honest, will watch your house of valuables & treasures. Partial accounting of your life's possessions. Trust us with sentimental objects or anything easily turned into quick cash! Our trained screw-ups, loafers, scum-bags, drunks & coke-heads will be there for all your house-sitting needs.

CALL NOW WE'LL BUST You UP! Or visit us on the internet @ wwwwww [That's right all w's, don't delay --- I'm passing *feng* {wind}, better drink *shui* {water}.]

--- The only service you'll get from Fat Larry on a Sunday is a goddamned closed sign slammed in your face. The only thing you'll get if you try to buy Fat Larry's car on a Sunday is a goddamned 4-SALE sign slammed in your face. ASK Fat Larry to cash a personal check on a Sunday & all you'll get is an ear-to-ear smile & a goddamned NO CHECKS CASHED notice slammed in your face...Stranger still, done in by the centrally-governed school I whole-heartedly trusted --- I used the toilets there, I ate my reduced lunches there, I learned about socialistic forms of government. My teacher taught me those things better let untaught. She had a taut ass & eye-poking tits. She was every course's thrill monkey, every thrill monkey's decorative sandwich. I loved her wide gait & mossy moorings, the way she sucked pencils, the interest she took in my casual dress & devil-may-care nature. It weren't only the love, the provocative focus on my greater comfort or the sinking of the Bismark, she had substance, acute angina & humper's dream envy...not too much unlike...Living in Florida is a geographic & anthropologic curiosity. And don't forget the snakes! You can't crap in the woods w/o befouling a snake or pissing off a bear. Years before I moved to the F-state I'd watched a travel film that concentrated on tits & ass, boy was I unpleasantly shocked when I

found the f stands for fornication or faggot & foreign. Yes, Florida has a lot of ready women...to open soon: THE GIG YOUNG MEMORIAL MARRIAGE COUNSELLING CENTER. Upon the tragic murder of his 5th wife 64-yr.-old actor, murderer Gig Young experienced what every newly-widowed husband goes thru: feelings of regret, sadness & relief. Immediately the dating Gig sprung into action, placed the .38 pistol barrel in his mouth & squeezed the trigger.

Never give a cigaret to a lunatic, he'll burn your eyes out...he'll trample teen-agers' rights. It's time you knew! Facts: Recently proposed federal legislation would re-instate time-honored rights to teens. Teens perform 5 million hours of court-ordered community service annually. According to Teen Watch: America's teens are very knowledgeable on teen-pop culture consistently out-scoring parents & grand-parents in trivia games. Internationally speaking: Teens are engaged, contributing in meaningful ways to today's toughest problems. Teen parenthood: teens do their part in baby production! Today's teens are fecund! They're ensuring the survival of mankind! Coming your way soon: Teen Talk: D.V.D.: Damn Venereal Disease & the measurement: Ass High.

To increase the circumference of your hems use Fat Larry's hemorrhoidal cream, especially developed with the hem. enthusiast in mind, the u.n. & the olympic committee. F.L.H.C. puts the deep itch back into the American hemorrhoidal experience, back where it belongs. For sexual power try Fat Larry's hemorrhoidal explosive cream, especially developed for N.A.S.A. engineers by Fat Larry & friend Billy {platonic only}. Also from Fat Larry & Billy: 2 Friends' Lubricant for platonic *lubricational*-use only. Ask your doctor if 2-F Lube is right for you. Some people claim: Fat Larry & Billy have increased my urge to puke by 90%. Every time I think about the platonic things they engage in I wanna barf {or puke}. Fat Larry & Billy Barf & Hurl Inhibitors available soon!

Global-warming people can't talk because their mouths are frozen shut. Only God can freeze your mouth shut.

"This food tastes like it's got dog shit in it!"

"Would you like something else?" The waitress asked.

"No thanks, I'll finish this."

GUN BUTT: Finally his story can be told...Setting the year A.D. 2000, the millenium bug has killed nearly everyone, Wal-Mart no longer sells cheddar cheese, Clinton is fitted for false teeth, crime is out of control. Science desperately searches for answers until it's decided: A MAN MUST HAVE A PISTOL IMPLANTED IN HIS ASS...This is *HIS* story!

Ormond Beach in Florida, December 2000, population: 63, one family survives intact & they are French so the soap-scare doesn't frighten them. "Mommar, will we be bathing today?" The answer is no, & it will be for many weeks to come. "Are you nearly ready?" The cardiologist Dr. F. Lee Hickson asks. "*Oui!*" {Which is frog for *sí.*} "Then," said Dr. F.L. Hickson, "let's begin." He started cutting & before you could say "public indecency" he was done. "Now *Gun Butt*," said the recovery room nurse, "you must wipe *out* from the wipe area!"

To end differently...to begin again, to stop & contemplate, little time in between times, stolen time, books without covers, cover stories, mystic ends, mystifying lives, J.F.K., jr. = He was America's gay-blade prince {gay meaning homosexual & not bubbly}. The media feeds us a steady diet of shit. It's to wonder which end to crap from, rotten teeth & beet-red escape hatches. It's possible to wade thru, but a lonely voyage all the same. I have freed the slaves, I have run into holes, the cosmic white menace Ecuador & south...To end it differently, to retreat, to stir up trouble, to coddle & add tails, horns & cloven hooves.

Warning to black men! Let up on our creamy, dreamy white sisters! They're ours! Accept it or part company with your white bros., Amen.

From my school days till my fattening mid-age days I've come across drawings by Leonardo da Vinci of flying machines that can't possibly fly & parachutes that in no way will work.

Somewhere there must be a mega-tome on sodomy, the definitive work. Sodomites would consider it a must-have book & every few years a revised edition would be issued: colored photographs replacing the black & white ones.

LOOK, NO NOSE LIDS!

Examining my face the foot doctor noted in his podiatry book: "Patient lacks nose lids." It would be many years before I discovered "nose lids" is doctor talk for ready money. In other professions what could it mean? Continue please...

Once at a restaurant my elegant 19-yr.-old girlfriend just in from Bangladesh excused herself to the women's shit room. I re-arranged my stones & pole & settled back from a lovely evening of dating. She returned looking much relieved. "Nardita," I said, "I ordered." She couldn't have been more pleased with the way things turned out & I thanked my manly intuition for being so cunning & the Lord in India for my girlfriend's fire box. Later, her young & foreign way of doing things would be more shocking than a room full of monkeys.

KILL HITLER

Sally always traveled with her doll Peggy. Wherever was Peggy was Sally. One day Sally dropped Peggy into a cauldron of molten iron, the doll vaporized. Short of jumping in after, Sally let out a melancholic wail attracting several foundry workers.

"Why, what's the matter?" One of them asked.

"I dropped my doll Peggy," she sobbed, pointing into the hopper.

"You did?" Big Bruno Jenkins asked softly. He had a doll just like Sally's. "Well you know what you should've done?"

"What?"

"The next time," he cautioned, "lash your dolly to your calf or midriff like I've done --- see?!"

"Thanks," Sally sobbed. "I will!" Said she with new resolve.

--- "Oh my God!" A much-matured Sally would moan years later unrelated to anything preceding. "Fred's gone limp!"

If I should die before 90 consider my death suspicious in nature. A drag net to gather suspects must be employed! Money needn't be an object. My sweet Jesus spare no expense! Death sentences must be implemented --- the guilty shall be punished!

At 108 I'll be doing things considered off-limits to anyone 95 or better.

Running from fire danger! Young Bob Jenkins knew about fire

from what he'd read in *Fire Magazine*. Fire can be used for light, heat or for making sweet love on a bear-skin rug in a palatial estate with a vivacious woman of legal age. Bob knew the dangers of getting caught on a bear-skin rug making sweet love with a vibrant woman. He had been to public school & had a thoro-going sexual education. If his clothes ever began to smoke he would run immediately for help no matter how long it took so as to return to his exciting life, especially the part about the chick on the rug.

Ah but is it not true that Shemp of the 3 *Stooges* & nobody's stooge Al Einstein died in 1955? No rug chick can defy a man of worldly refraction. No buttered bread can be denied the wicked. Our antiques are new, our renown is unknown. I'm reminiscent of a college-educated lad.

MAIL MEN'S DAY: That special day that says thank you to mail men! That special day that gives them a paid day off, a day to schedule abortions, march in homosexual parades & plea for higher taxes.

Love childe *de Mejico* --- Maria was a Mexican woman far too smart to work for the post office. She wasn't one to cancel stamps or identify snipers. Any of her love children might take the civil service test one day and shoot up the mail room on Mail Men's Day: a day set aside to settle the frolicsome nature of modern man {mail}.

My mail man delivers love and, when he feels like it, mail. One day after delivering a package, the unmailed from sin, he, the mail guy says: "Once I get my pension I'll be rolling in retirement money!" The retirement of his kind is necessary, if people didn't die many of us would have to step up the cannibalism...Reminding me not in the least, because I ain't seen it, of that 1938 film *Girls on Probation* starring Ronald Reagan & Jane Bryan...I'll betcha they did them some *flab-jabberin'* and *flap jackin'* ?!

SHE ALWAYS CARRIED a photograph of her father's gonads. I don't know why & never thought to ask. Once when we were in the boat I accidently dropped a photo of my father's gonads into the water, neither of us said a word.

The poor, battered woman was so battered by her latest battering that she could barely walk the 2 blocks to the battered-women's shelter.

"JEE-ZUSS!" The cashier at the place examined. "You are *really* battered!" That night several of the battered women made grilled hot dogs & hamburgers. With another home-cooked meal in them they could briefly forget that they were battered .

Dear Doctor: I've used every product out there: He-Man Nipple Tan, Dark & Pointy, Nip-Tan, Manly's Nipple Darkener & Tit Shade, still my cones remain pale. What's the next step?

I watched a big ant chase a little one across a bench & I thought "that's mean" so I smashed them both with a garden tool.

Are those your tits or are your breasts sprouting nipples?...Cold Test: Sneeze 3 times in a seated position...

HOMOSEXUAL MANIAC

{Today's power saw buyer = Tomorrow's amputee.}

Old Frank laced up his boots & kissed his wife so long, so long she nearly died. He was going to work another nightly shift at the Homosexual Maniac Company. Now let's get something straight: Homosexual Maniac is only a name & does not reflect the will, wants or hidden desires of old Frank, his dog-faced wife or her retarded family.

"Look," the curator said, "this is how much an elephant craps in a day."

"Wow, that's a lot!" I exclaimed.

"It sure is. Here's how much 2 elephants squeeze out!"

"Boy oh boy!" I exclaimed. "That's double as much as one elephant!"

"Yes. And here's how much 3 elephants & a rhino shit in a week!"

"The horror!" I yelled, shocked and fleeing for my life.

Was it not Harry S Truman's brother what said: "My left dick is killing me!""? No? Or: "I have been asking the Congress to broaden the base of Social Security..."? Yes, but not fr, Harry-ass Truman's brother but from the senile codger himself. Some say his handshake was like milking a goat, *a boy goat*.

FORCES ON A SHALLOW SLOPE

Billy F. Scofield left town one night devastating an emotional Sara Wilcox, the German: Heidi Watkins & the invalid Samantha Quilback. He'd had designs on Miss Wilcox & she had known little of this or the erectile dysfunction, Ed Sullivan for short, Billy F.'d hidden beneath tattered rags of his Salvation Army's Santa suit: William Scofield vs. The Salvation Army. It's not so much the money: 2 million, but the principle of it or even just the interest off it.

Mothering at the garbage dump = all roads lead to the dump. Everyone you ever loved will die but if you're one of the smart ones who hate more than you love you'll come out ahead in the end.

Was it not: Time To Die? {Not the same as Ernst Junger @102.} The power in my butt follows up the rear, a rear-ended mistake, a rear-end smash-up. If I were driving or dating backward with my ass windward & eating out nights, sleeping days & dancing till dawn {or with Don}, placing bets or re-enacting the Amegro film presentation of *The Blood of Jesus* with the vivacious Cathryn Caviness & the shifty-eyed Spencer Williams then there'd be something to the lights-on-till sun-up.

The way to fun should never be mixed with the need to know nor should the right to vote ever be confused with a woman's sacred right to infanticide. I like to drive, for me it's an efficient way to travel. I also like to make thoughtful purchases at the mall where unheard-of savings are common as dirt there. {Don't let a pig die in vain: finish that ham sandwich, wallow in pig shit at police conventions.}

--- Double your chances of stepping on a rusty nail. Hate somebody special --- target the innocent --- kill or be killed. Celebrate Easter by cutting escape hatches in your bra. Ask a doctor to unclog something. Have color prints made of your colon & post them on the inter-net for fun. Have yourself placed under the care of a mental hospital. Wash with oily rags. Donate a kidney to an enemy. Liberate a country. Celebrate Liberace day. Fill up on fiber till you rupture. Have your tires painted.

Forces on a slight slant: "You mucoflocculent bitch!"

The bitch broke out tearfully: "Why do you herd me so?"

"Shut up and return to your pen!"

Her griping is remindful to me of: LIVING IN MISSISSIPPI --- Imagine looking out the window & seeing nothing but Mississippi, bi-sectional, polarized depression sets in. I could only live in Mississippi if I was in view of another state, like say Kansas...suddenly the bank teller offered 2 choices: she would rub my ass lovingly or with careless disregard. "Oooo-ooo careless disregard! Careless disregard!" I begged. Then I thought how much nicer she'd be if I had an account there. I had so much diarrhea I'm considering changing my middle name .

Help me Lawd I'm being attacked by area protestants! There comes a time when local protestants attack. Nobody knows when or why only that once pissed off they're more brutal than Catholicks...Try this for kicks: approach a man & say: "Hey mister what'cha think of all this homo, queer marriage stuff?" & he says: "Me no speak-ee Ing-leesh!" And then you make your move.

FRED MOCHA & THE TEEN INVESTIGATORS

Debby was married to Harold, a successful glutton, who had finally blossomed to his dream weight of 310 pounds. His idol has always been the brilliant silent-screen comic Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle. Harold was intrigued with Fatty & his ostracism from Hollywood & early death. Debby speaks: "Hare, or Fat Ass as he enjoyed being called, suffered from anal-cleft psoriasis --- it itched & reddened. One day I says: 'Hare you need to gain 50 pounds. Why don't you increase your illegal-drug use?'"

"Good idea!" Hare proclaims and putting his ass back where it belongs he did. 3 weeks pass & Deb is suddenly killed. Fortuitively Harry didn't give a turd & went on having fun, digging into his dermis & spoiling the fun for everyone close by.

Next: FRED & THE LOVE MANIACS!

"Look at me!" I instructed Mother whilst scooping up the dog's shit. "I'm Herbert Hoover, junior!"

"Do not trouble me," I warned the guy from fungus control, "I'm peeing in the dark for a reason!"

"Look here!" I ordered Ma-Ma. "I'm Maureen F. Reagan!"

"F. Reagan? What's the F stand for?"

"Flea-bit."

Years later I was to learn my lesson
when garbage day was changed to Thursday.

God suffer the children --- Embarrassing dog odor. Do you suffer from e.d.o. and you don't have a dog, prompting undo neighborly exchange? Have you had children by neighbors only to be rebuffed in the end as a reject from the funny farm? Does the thought of another "close-friend" pregnancy make you want to change your name to P. Ray or Peg Nancy? {or even Nance Knock-up?} Perhaps prayer holds out hope? Perhaps that guy from the gas station didn't mean what he said?

And then when finally I lightly farted, I began to understand what true bravery was all about. Like 1 dog barking at another dog, hot traffic-court loving, the wrong of Nazi-ism, & keeping my Viet Nameese standards high, I pursued my future wife in single-file fashion. She would bring me the happiness which had so long eluded my ass. Standing off the ground a full 15 hands she sported a longish black mane, sturdy legs & traffic cones. I was impressed but also by the program Junior Achievement, so what? Let's say I was easily impressed and then grew quiet. A dumbing silence what takes the place of sound financial zeal.

William F. Scofield left town one evening to promote himself in other places as a man with multi-talent. He'd had many love affairs & knew what it meant to "please" a woman, here placed within quotational marks. Once, William romanced the crippled beauty Samantha F. Quilback who had encouraged his sensual advances, which did nothing to uncripple her. She was every porch monkey's sure bet, each department's fall back. William concentrated not hardly on conquering the smarmy love of Heidi, Miss Watkins, Ravens' Trail scrotal expert & authority. She'd been decried by Sara Wilcox, Will's

first conquest & champion chest enthusiast. He had known challenging
women & what it took to shut them up to enjoy the fruits of
harvest. There was love & then there was full-bodied immersion.

William took the cue from his once-strangled father F. Wm., sr. & treated all women, all too often, with replete respect.

"There's no way this mug photo is going to help I.D. the murderer!"

"Why not Captain Scofield?" {That's Devlin F. Scofield, estranged brother of W.F. Scofield.}

"Because," Capt. Scofield patiently elaborated, "you couldn't identify Jesus H. Christmas with a photo that had been soiled by large flocks of Canada-bound geese."

"Holy shit!" Admiral Jenkins exclaimed. "Geese aren't usually interested in befouling photographs!"

"Aren't they Skipper?" Flat foot Scofield asked as he produced a 6-hour film presentation supported with 52 hours of witness testimony proving beyond a druggist's doubt the crapping peculiarities of our northern friends.

THE NEW SQUEEZE

"The first 15 minutes are the hardest," I told my new girlfriend. She seemed to understand even tho she was new.

"Will I always be your girlfriend?" She asked expectantly.

"No," I mused, "some day you'll be a miserable memory like radiation therapy or dialysis."

"If I turned Italian, grew whiskers & spoke with a limp would you not still love me?"

"Still?...oh yeah, sure *still*..."

KNOBS AWAY...Her knobs were like something yanked from my hi-fi. She had an equal cache of southern goodies. Days & nights of unholy terror = thinking & planning activities below the neck of justice & rightful ponderance. I believe it was Sherlock Holmes in one of his Holmesian or Sherlockian moments what said: "Give it the gas Watson!" & give he did, Watson was never one to give willy-nilly. Then Shirley said: "Couches are for slouching not for couching." Then Whatney banged: "From some big asses waft pig gasses..."

TYPICAL EXCHANGE IF RUNTS WERE RECHARGEABLE

"Hey quit hogging the outlet I need to recharge my runt!"

"Go impale yourself, I was here first!"

"Come on, I only need 5 minutes!"

"5 minutes?! Say, is that one of those super-fast rechargeable runts?"

"Yes, I just got him."

"Do they come in any color other than black?"

"No."

"RUNT FOR YOUR LIFE!" The missionary to the godless red man yelled. In the times pioneering when Indians ran naked, wild & hobo-free there was much lamenting as to how to improve the lot of these hide-chewing, bison-worshipping, blood-oathed loons. By the end a herding plot was hatched & slaughter of 300 by Lincoln's decree was nighly not kiboshed to 30 or so. He & the railroads were not easily derailed. Go west gravy train!

Vegetational Soup: the soup of the field, the soup of the filled, Marshal Tito loved amongst the vegetation, never a slurp, near enough to burp.

THE RED STREAK OF DANGER {"Gene, Gene, the sexiest old man I'd ever had anything to do with."}

"Isn't this a nice place to pick, Nick?" Asked his girlfriend.

"Yes, that way it'll be infected in no time!"

"Should I have washed my hands?"

"No, I prefer my woman's hands unwashed."

"Will you be taking that trip to Cleveland?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I have no choice."

"Oh Nick, must it be this way?"

Nick hesitated then blurted: "Madison, sometimes we have to do things unpleasant, unappealing..."

"Like going to Cleveland?"

"Yes, like going to Cleveland."

"You know," Madison lamented, "Ohio wouldn't be such a festering boil if Cleveland were destroyed --- Oh my God!" Madison re-lamented. "You're not going to hurt Cleveland?!"

--- Christmas changes, just in time for Christmas! The beloved play "The Nut Cracker" is being temporarily re-named "The Ball

Buster." This change will effect the story line if only slightly. Our hero: Big Bob Jenkins was recently fired from his job at the bra fastener factory, his wife Big Stephanie doesn't know how they'll make ends meet including her bra. Bob decides to enter the murky world of income-tax preparation. His boss is the mean Mr. Ball who hates children. Big Bob studies in a hard way & becomes an over-night expert in everything except diplomacy when he inadvertently impregnates Mr. Ball's wife, sister & daughter claiming it {now in popular use} a mis-communication.

Our antiques are like new! See what a real man has to offer! Don't get side-tracked by things too complicated for you to underestimate. Don't eat & then run, you'll give them the craps. See what a real woman is capable of. Capable women call now!

"Don't worry," career boy informed, "all your accomplishments will turn to shit in the end anyhow."

"Thanks career boy, your observations are bright & affirming."

"What about uplifting?"

"Yeah, that too." --- My tectospinal problems are back! Gone are the days of lifting things beyond my control...And those times out amongst the people garnering votes & doing things with women *twell night doth die*.

THE NIGHT I GOT EXTREMELY LUCKY

Kathy Bendix had never been in a male-enhancement clinic nor had she lived little better than an animal in a Viet Cong-run prisoner-of-war camp. She had always lived the routine: bingo @ church, rubbing herself in olive oil, shaving her legs Tuesdays. If there was a big, wide world Kathy, or Cathy as she preferred, didn't concern herself with it. God's retribution is real & many American cities would be butcher shops when Jesus wandered back from his 20-centuries' journey. Her mother was dead drunk on casual drinking. Dad was an advocate of retreaded tires. "It's a way of life," he maintained, tho he believed them dangerous & inferior.

It's very sweet, living on sugared water, nary a care, eating left-overs, wearing fashionable clothes somebody threw out. Kathy, tho she preferred it pronounced Cathy, did what she could, short of going crazy into celibate church duty, to stave off staph. She'd been

infection-free for 6 weeks --- no out-breaks. Her rash was an itch unneeded & her mother would be sober if anyone bothered to check. Sure beats a full-throttled attack & full-frontal assault by Ozzie & Harriet Nelson. How often is that bound to happen? Things suchlike that are into lottery mathematics: times probability by the millions. [Ye of shaky feth, didnae the Laird provide heather for ye yonder flock? Pothering quests defining God's Will couldnae be obtrecting!]

Easy on the cannibalism, Ronald Reagan was a cannibal, many people find that hard to accept. I say grow up, grow up & accept Reagan's cannibalism & Nancy's ambiguity as it relates to her cannibalism. [The Reagan spawn are cannibals. The word cannibal means Reagan. Instead of : "Help, I'm being picked over by cannibals!" Say: "Help, I've been invited to a Reagan dinner partry!"]

"I'm going to town and whomp me a big nigger." Then she said, "Hello honey!" As I recoiled in horror, the horror of her use of that awful word nigger, nigger from the mouth of a non-black! Disgraceful! Only they, our put-upon brethren, are permitted that liberty & Newton's 2nd law: Acceleration is equal to force divided by mass. {Mass @ church on Sunday.}

"Say, easy on the cannibalism," I said as Ronald Reagan began to punch me in the face. It wasn't the cannibalism so much as the utter disregard for the presidency that affronted & affrightened me. Finally Nancy hobbled forth & put a stop to it till Maureen injected her peculiar brand of homely-daughter justice.

"I'm going to town for some nigger-whompin!" She reiterated harshly.

"Why must you speak with such coarseness? Can you not utilize some tact? Some homey dissertation?"

"Well," she thought aloud, "it's 6 weeks till Christmas --- I'm going nigger whomping now to beat the holiday crowds. Besides: the tar's at its thickest just before it sets!"

The tar business got me to thinking about holiday crowds & what-all. "Wait for me!" I begged as I slipped into my hip-hop du rags. [Later I realized that the tar's at its thinnest when it sets --- given the time to spread & expand.]

6 INCHES FROM MY NOSE is my hand. What's it going to do?
Is it to wage war on Canada, sign an execution order or pat the
bum of a ballerina? Who can say?

2 YARDS FROM THE BALL & SOCKET JOINT of my
shoulder is the President of the United States of Mexico.
He's eating a taco. His mustache is thick & black.

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 as her words are garbled in the
unregulated love we have for each other. "I 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 after 15 years."

"Fifteen years," she cried. "You know? If I were
to sit a spell & contemplate on important matters
I'd be able to distinguish between ---

"Oh, never mind that!"

"If anyone ever forced me to violate my country,
lounge in undies or betray my religion then I would
work tirelessly to right wrong, kill what is alive.

TERROR IN TEA TOWN

"Your tea-drinking days are over!" I said
as I poured coffee down her throat.

"Help help!" She squawked. "I'm
being forced to consume coffee!"

DROWN A FIRE MAN to demonstrate concept of irony. For
February enter murder contest, talk trash, celebrate black
history/misery month. I'm twice as likely as the next guy but only
half as much as someone 10 years yonger. Feb. 5 is the anniversary
of Mexico's constitution --- time to line up some Mexicans...

L'Age de Raison The End

We are crippled people. Love us not because we are crippled...

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