

MY STRUGGLE  
BOOH BOY

Where  
all  
Duo!

- BojiBoy X<sup>o</sup>

Agilooq.

37bmszls km.





"MY  
"MY IS"  
STUGGLE  
-BOOJI BOY



At first it all seemed like perfection...I traveled through space in a completely self-sufficient capsule...experiencing total satisfaction.....

But in only nine short months I found out my 'beautiful capsule' was in reality a disgusting toilet which through blood water and convulsions vomited me out into the atmosphere....condemning me to decay and die....the ribbon of time flowed one direction and there was no returning...for...IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE END.

-BOOJI BOY



Booji



Chinaman

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS A TRUE STORY.



情慾激動的九種特徵

The youthful Chinaman.

Introduction by Chinaman



# IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE (WHAT I BELIEVE)

*"But that doesn't make any sense!" "Wean your baby on milk or g  
in. Shine your shoes with black or tan. Put new tires or retread  
s on your car...it doesn't make any difference. It's all the sam  
e!"*

Mr. Boy was warbling loud and out of tune from his table at th  
e Club Devo. On stage his son paid no attention as two de-evolut  
ionary Club guards silently removed the cackling ancestor. Mr. B  
oy had gained wealth and success through the latex garment indus  
try but lost his wife to a religious cult from Kansas and was no  
w the victim of conspicuous consumption. A uniformed woman sitt  
ng next to me remarked, "He's right but he's out of order."

It was difficult for me to comprehend this scene actually taki  
ng place in Akron, Ohio--a town where the rubber meets the road.  
Boogie Boy continued his performance from the center of an eleva  
ted stage illuminated with a rear-projection backdrop of a gener  
ic midnight sky. In front of the mammoth screen on both sides of  
the stage a pair of Ionic columns (plaster replicas) gave the il



clusion of functional support. An oiled male athlete performed between each pair of columns providing gymnastic mime accompaniment as B.S. performed. He finished with an extended coda on "Jocko Homo", an anthem of the de-evolutionaries.....

# JOCKO HOMO

They tell us that  
We lost our tails  
Evolving up  
From little snails  
I say it's all  
Just wind in sails  
Are we not men?  
We are Devo!  
Are we not men?  
D-E-V-O  
We're pinheads now  
We are not whole  
We're pinheads all  
Jocko Homo  
Are we not men?  
We are Devo!  
Are we not pins?  
D-E-V-O

Monkey men all  
In business suits  
Teachers and critics  
All dance the poof  
Are we not men?  
We are Devo!  
Are we not men?  
We are Devo!  
Are we not men?  
We are Devo!  
We must repeat  
D-E-V-O  
We must repeat  
D-E-V-O  
We must repeat  
D-E-V-O  
We must repeat  
D-E-V-O  
O.K. let's go!!!

Teasing them with rounds of rhetorical crooning, "Are we not men", he leapt and squatted as the crowd responded in unison, "We are Devo...D-E-V-O!" From behind his bank of synthesizers, Boogie's foot smashed down and exploded an inflatable head of John F. Kennedy. It triggered a switch instantly illuminating the modulated geometric drone. Clad only in Kimbies, Boogie raised his hands for silence. He recited as glasses of Pernod, warm Sake & Chocola were raised in salutation around the room. "I want you to live like an appliance: stiff, rigid, and always responding. Ta ta tee ta ta...ta ta tee ta ta." He waved and left the stage as the hose around me called, "ta ta tee ta ta." My body registered total stiffness and I desired to laugh in total appreciation. Of course, I did not. I knew the oiled Si-Boys and Greek decor were part of a government entertainment package that Boogie was forced

to accept. I knew all Club Devo activities were carefully monitored. I knew that Boogie loathed his ritual identity and the hordes of poly-sexuals who were deceived to lust after it. I knew his musical challenge to Darwin had been misinterpreted by the Gay Liberation Front to be a faggot protest song. That I was foolish enough to attach any significance to what everyone knew and accepted gave him reason to allow me to write an introduction to his book, *My Struggle*.

Now this same evening, backstage in his dressing room, he slowly removed the ritual head in my presence. The honor was unspeakable. A handsome black-haired German youth presided over the lean hairless body. In a voice an octave lower than Boogie Boy's, he addressed me. "Chinaman, hand me my Spud pants. I'm blind without my glasses." His closing recitation to the crowd came back to me. I tranced, paralyzed by the sudden incongruity--struck by its hyena-like beauty. He was as old as the mountains but as yet unborn.

I apologize for this introduction. A vestigial organ. A few contrived backdrops. Permuted spaces through which to view Boogie's imploded playpen. To get inside.



# I. SPUD-DOM.

"Tell me it ain't genetics, pal!" When you got yer health you got it just about everythin. Ha. Ha. Ha. Fuck you China-fag!"



An angry prisoner at Mansfield State Reformatory responded to me in rage when I suggested he could make money from the sale of his oil paintings. There's nothing less graceful than an angry Spud. His socio-genetic matrix programs him to self-destruct through overt acts of frustration, which reduce his mobility. Forced familiarity breeds contempt. There is a strict genetic code that cannot be broken. Not yet anyway. It's no accident that a fat beautician in an aqua double-knit pantsuit slips into an aqua Mustang II. It is not by chance that a father-son team goes into an ice cream parlor wearing matching leisure suits, father orders a triple-scoop of chocolate-fudge ice cream. He weighs two-hundred and fifty pounds. He's five foot ten. Son orders a triple scoop of the same. Guess his height and weight.

Democracy makes all this possible. The ideals of freedom and equality constitute a soft-core mysticism that allows the capitalist economy to thrive on the illusion that individual beliefs plus convoluted sexual energy equals personal liberty, rather than indulgence. In a quasi-human centered universe, the tyranny of an aesthetic based on bi-lateral form produces the highest consequences for those organisms least organized on the genetic continuum. The capacity for failure and self-contempt is sublime. Hence, a Viet Nam war veteran's final outcry before shooting his wife and three children in their home as they watch Ann-Margret's TV special in color: "Why me got stump when she on TV and show her butt?"

However, I smack no patties with proles. At a certain point there is no justification for the self-perpetuating sour-grapes mythology. The science fiction films of the Fifties were merely paranoid projections of inner collapse. Of course we know that we were the monsters and aliens from 'another' planet. Proles refuse to realize this. They continue to invade themselves, resorting to beer-drinking and hero-worship, folk songs and outmoded symbols of individual rebellion. Their fate is sealed. However, the so-called 'humanistic' approach, popular in the Sixties is just as sentimental, therefore just as degenerate. In *The Dangers of the Liberal Mind*, Abud Elmon Ghana, the renowned African bio-geneticist, examines the relationship between bio-chemical functions



within the individual and the shape of his adult intellect. His work re-affirms the Law of Diminishing Returns. The three-part photograph that begins this section depicts a subject of one of Dr. Ghana's experiments. The subject received a series of hormonal homogramatic toxoid injections, which allowed her physical body to project tangibly the erosion of her conscious mind. The drug is illegal, except when used with prisoners. A convicted abortionist, the subject had graduated from medical school in Ethiopia. Photos A, B, & C, depict her at one, three, and five years after graduation. Loss of physical beauty is co-ordinated with loss of conceptual ability; Note the progression toward potato-like asymmetry. Thus, contrary to liberal propaganda, information in itself is not enough. If one could construct a hypothetical open society where the variables of income, education, & environment were controlled, but reproduction was left unmonitored, similar false images concerning the presence of the human body on the planet would result in circumstances identical to those at present. Boogie Boy refers to this preprogrammed rate of loss of mental & physical powers as 'pinning-out'.

In "How Many Ropes", (Paranoia, p.13), Boogie Boy strikes the essence of the implications of Spud-dom. He is fond of rhetorical questions in a way Bob Dylan never discovered. Taking the cliché and twisting it, BB allows the original intent the dignity of self-destruction. I want desperately to convey the sad truth that we must put a "D" in front of evolution. Biology is destiny. The Viet Nam amputee had as much chance as a one-legged man in a butt-kicking contest of knowing life. Time. A woman demands two things from her cigarette. New York. A Cuban disco group called Parcheesie with a hit called "Only the Strong and the Beautiful" ... 'Who shows grace under pressure/Never drops the bloody cape/Si desteps the losers/Always wins on the give & take/Only the Strong and the Beautiful/Yes, only the Strong and the Beautiful.' From a source at Hawthornden State Mental Hospital whose identity must remain protected comes this letter intercepted from a patient who had addressed it to Earl Butts of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare:

"Dear Mr. Butts,

Do you know what's going on? I must convey this information I have found out before it will be too late. Until now not much was known about the PENIS. This was the original male sexual organ

. It was used for the same purposes that the present day penis is, but was much larger. What was known about it was hidden from everybody. I guess the scientists were downright ashamed of this sensitive topic. The things about it that I have found out only serve to strengthen my position. Some people don't believe me at all and some say they don't know but I know you will believe me because I now know that it is all fact.

Did you know that Cro-magnon man boasted a penis measuring 6" diameter, 18" length with a head the size and shape of a peach? Why do you think they never show pictures of genitals in drawings of ancient Aztec culture? I know why. How much of a man do you think it took to fill early Europe's codpieces? At first I thought it might be inbreeding and genetics but now I say no. I have found out the answer is in the woman's belly. Upon closer examination I know it would be found that during coitus something very strange takes place like magic. It has to do with the woman's attitude of expectancy and physical irritation. I know the vaginal walls emit some kind of secretions (odorless and tasteless) which penetrate the outer layer of skin on the male penis and is absorbed into the blood stream. It is this transaction, and only this is that has rendered the PENUS extinct and even today works on a shrinking modern man's penis. I can't tell you how I found out yet. They don't want me to mention this at all but you have to know so you can do something about it."

The degree of similarity between this man's schizophrenic nonsense and justifiable fear goes best unstated. Let us put things together. Obsessive identification with products as entities; declarations of genetic superiority in the de-humanized vocals of pop entertainers; and women with unfathomable magical powers in their bellies, working for the extinction of physical intercourse. Read 'How Many Ropes' once again. Sing 'Jocko Homo'. I must repeat as I dance the poof, there is a "D" to be placed in front of evolution.







## II. CORRECTION & DISCIPLINE

In *The Lives of a Cell* by Lewis Thomas, it is revealed that the body is inhabited by millions of micro-organisms who are not native to the human body; the majority of which are beneficial, or at least neutral. A human who comes in contact with a flu virus is better off than a flu virus unlucky enough to come in contact with a man. Further, it seems that many microscopic life forms once considered single cells are actually symbiotic communities of subcellular viral forms living in conjunction with one another. The implications of such information are quite subversive to the present order. Let me digress. Admiral Dewey attributes his savage escapades in the Spanish-American War to the fact that a school teacher named Sang-porno, a Greek, gave him a brutal whipping. I quote Admiral Dewey, "But for that thrashing you gave me I would probably be a state prisoner." Possibly it's better that he had been. The human will is a dangerous obstacle to natural weakness, allowing the weak to survive, and the ugly to gain power and positions of respectability. Discipline demands ego involvement. It perpetuates inferior traits. Dr. Thomas' findings prove discipline biologically unsound. His microscopic visions uncover the Tuff-Skin masking parasitic relationships. He is erotically scientific as Boogie Boy is scientifically erotic. The whole business questions the validity of accomplishments in general, and obliterates the traditional notion of strength. It puts a mustache on every human creation. Terrorists, hijackers, prisoners, and Pin-heads are all important parts of the community. There is no discernable center. And if there is, humans are merely circling it. The basis for criminal law is erased, for here is new information to disprove the notion that anyone could believe their behavior is intentional. The tyranny of bi-lateral form yields to an appreciable asymmetry. The curse of Spud-dom versus the delity of the Spud (eyes all around).

The above illustration from a pornographic Swedish coloring book demonstrates the transparency of man-made laws. The male dog's penis is censored while the clothespins applied to the girl's body go seemingly unnoticed. This could only be the work of infra-sexuals, partial to pain, and disgusted by a healthy canine erection. One would be inclined to believe that the page is a collage constructed consciously as a joke. This ambiguity lies at the center of BB's visual technique. Figures 89-94 in the book illustrate his mastery of the 'corrected image,' combining excessive interest in medical aesthetics with the bio-social awareness implied by the discoveries of Dr. Thomas. This visual 'surgery' with its maniacal interest in total release, secretions, urination, defecation, and the like provides one with an examination of the whole body- the whole body of knowledge at once with the substance of knowledge itself. Boogie Boy is not the only person dealing with this non-genital-centered sense of wholeness. The simultaneous presentation of viscera and cerebral-social imagery appears in at least one film by Sasha Cordoba, a Portuguese woman currently studying with Fellini. Her film, "Plots", follows a serial structure in which the duration of each image is determined by the number of deaths recorded daily over one year in the obituaries of Le Pilot, the noted French newspaper. In the film, a sucker-mouthed bird collides with the grill of an American car and is thrust into the interior through the ventilator. The bird affixes to the left breast of a Marilyn Monroe look-alike. She wrecks. She is sheltered by members of the Manson family, and eventually begins a perverse love affair with a Kennedy look-alike. There is a plot switch to government intrigue, then three Chinese scientists discover the bird and attempt to destroy the species in yet another segment. Although BB has seen the film, and denounced it as cheap adult fantasy, I like it. All dialogue is spoken in the actors native tongues.





### III. PAINFUL ELIMINATION

I have been accused of carrying on a ruthless examination of the obvious that academics find humorless and oppressive. But art breeds art, spuds breed spuds, so what could be more valuable than a re-evaluation of the obvious? An attack on the creative process which exposes the assumptions made by those who pretend to it is very much in order. Boogie Boy's Struggle provides the energy for such an attack. BB's significance lies in the divine purposelessness of his work. It is a purgative, a solution for the sometimes necessary high colonic, wiping the system clean, and exposing it to view. Like the micro-organisms discussed previously, BB performs a service. The work represents an untutored pre-pubescent read-out on all particles passing through his chamber. He is a technique. The information enters, is twisted, frequency-analyzed and mutated without prehension, then excreted for our entertainment. Anyone who is really honest will agree. His work is a head-ache solo for those who need to invent systems to give themselves an erroneous feeling of security. In the section 'Paranoia', the sense of geography minus gravity emits a liberating force. BB is as paranoid as they come. He is sharp. He is a pin.



He is never in focus. His images of sexuality gone sour never give way to cynicism, and his bloated olfactory sense is pleasantly disproportionate. His apparent fear of the female hole as the hole of death is surpassed by his ability to mock his own sentiment. One man's death hole is definitely another man's donut. And he wears his mask not to hide from justice, but to perform it. "Tear off them masks and come real clean". Unlike the putrescent flesh and green slime that trails William S. Burroughs, or the informative, even erudite, sophistication of Thomas Pynchon, and even the clever superficiality of Kurt Vonnegut (old men born before the bomb, pondering the questions of civics and sanity), Boogie Boy slips in below art, and beyond criticism. He is functionally illiterate. It is a pure use of language at which he is excellent. He mutilates it, but the rhythm is always right, for the language provides him a situation to operate through. He breaks words!

Just as the substance of his language yields the formation of a new body image, so does his style present a challenge to the peculiar limitations of time in our portion of the Universe. It's all too well known that it (time) only goes one way. Boogie's preoccupation with this arrangement, that always ends in death, is best found in Section D of Shiva-TV-& Vixen Piss (p.51). He suggests that the 'computers' have been set, and then intimates that he plans to re-program them. Boogie, Giver of the Enemy, Avenger of the Spud Hierarchy and its host mechanism, the Family. Is that Boogie Boy in the king's crown, standing on the throne? I must say yes. From his throne he buffoons the primal urges, the self-destructive tendencies of rigid mythologies turned ludicrous by the odor of their consequences. Truth or Consequences! He would never defile himself by stooping to application. The product of no discipline, he has no clearly defined sense of guilt. He remains the impartial mutator of stimuli. All events seem to possess a one-to-one relationship, cheerfully denying the idea of transcendence; an idea directly opposed to Devolution. He makes no pretenses. His work is waste, but it is a healthy and nutritious waste that is very hard to find. Like the rock'n'roll fade-out, it goes on and on and on. He's made no pact with time, his whole body is glans erectus, and he knows nothing of history. He's probing the pit of the obvious daily, in ritual repetition. Each slight variation, each careful abstraction draws him closer to the implosive moment of discovery. A new myth = A new Tabu. He is a

page minus 1

most esoteric practitioner of Reductive Synthesis; the obvious d  
issected and re-constructed inside-out. 8.8. 48 D-E-V-O.



So sure to read  
Boog! Boy's Struggle  
(and everybody's)





"MCU  
STRUGGLE"  
-booji boy

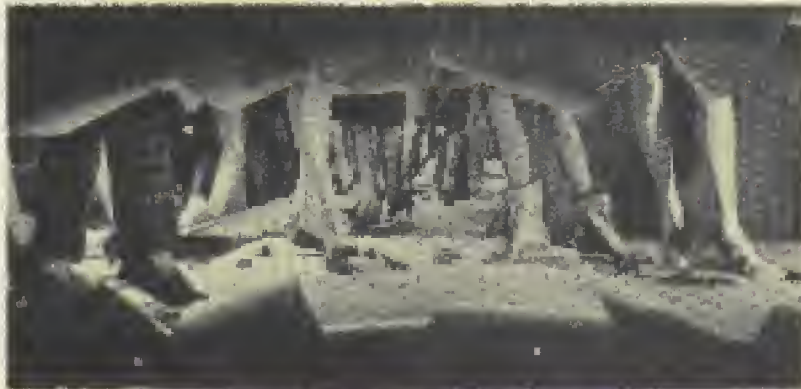


Fig. 1 Can you spot yourself in a crowd?

## Dreams & Tantric Man

Hey! I'm the monkey on the high, high ropes!! Me, I like to work professional. I thought you weren't coming--wait a minute, I'll come up..No; I'm coming up--Three bells--that's us. Hey pal, when you come around, she ain't the same..what you do, you catch? We? I den catch an' mind your own business!! Up, up, up the wire she go, an you better be there to catch her--it ain't fair even wif t he glitter in that greasy black, black hair. They playin monkey-swing music for you an me? Very clever, well-tuned and oiled lever. I catch you, I snatch you, out of the air and you grab and hold in return, full miscellaneous afta-burn..shaver-rash Easter trash and Muscular passion plate (upper room). She yelled up to me, "Mr. Magick: I am ready; Please take the net away." Of course I would not allow it--Yet I felt I Must! Ten thousand hungry fat eyes beaded up at us, and many wanted us to fall! I must catch her as our paths cross; she dive fly hive; swinging up by the ropes catching airs--she dive down off the boards--and keeping her from the crash? Oh No--You must see she be on the ropes all along--and the highly editorialized projected image confused my sense of visions, as I climbed up on the tower and I called down, "I will catch you!"; and felt that jolt of Reddy's bolt that pierced her steering wheel--laughing pig squeal--should of warned me.....I



was love stupid. She swing slowly, she swing softly, she swing I  
 ooking in her eye like swirling;no timing;kept hiding;I was drun  
 k on thin air musky music playing, Ten thousand telescopic eyes  
 clung--straining, aching for a flyout. Is it circular sickness m  
 otion--Air-filled lips of red talked a sculpting of oral bed; au  
 ral face-me-knots: I filled my lungs and kaw-kaw-kawed a crowing  
 , koo-koo-kooed a dance-o-rola..I thought she agree but I find o  
 ut the projectionist is always the woman you thought you rolled-  
 she always got the gun, the most real one; she sold me every tic  
 ket to every seat in the house for that same old picture show; p  
 rivate dark misleading theater you found yourself sitting; I had



Fig. 2 Curiosity killed the cat!!

the place to myself, she slipped away during the credits, I was  
 afraid for the show to end, again. I look down she smile up; oh,  
 I felt up like a pup; She looked real big, and I thought I was t  
 he catcher, but no one was, I took a leap, a slight shot of air,  
 tightly streaming dreams blow loud and jet in, the movie caught  
 in the projector is the first giveaway, and even a foolishly dre  
 ssed monkey in press could see it was curtains: I dashed for the  
 Exits and rushed at the screen; digging in the soft plaster for  
 images hot, and just seen: crumble in my hands, too small to pic  
 k off the carpet, the lights are much too dark, where be the mov

ie bee I know so well, the story that so conveniently fit me-me-  
ME--We starred together to a script I think I must of wrote, it  
fit us note for note and she was but now she say she ain't, she  
be only acting and actors only look good to prove they can do it  
;it's all I can do to keep a good happy shine to my shoe--and no  
w I'm in the air an I'm looking for your ropes soft soaps halfba  
ked hopes big monkey-headed dopes all hanging around and kind of  
sheep snickering at each other sad-eyed useless baboon lagoon, s  
idewalk clown sale. Give me a reason for the accident I be pukin  
g cement;bleeding red buttons from my eyes, and trading sufferin  
g for ti tic tickettes...agh...Muddled puppies we all be- borne  
of earth and sky and sea condemned to die for imperfections sake  
It all comes around to give and finally, take.

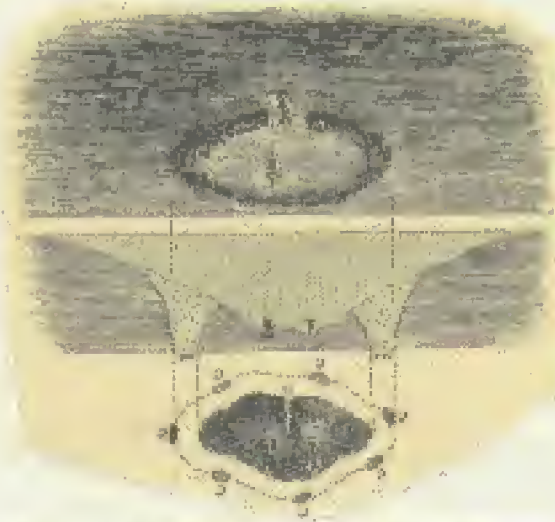


Fig. 3 Female reproductive organs.

## 2

## Dreams & Society

My pin-headed wife still thinks there is a chance you and that I  
ady could still get back together. Tell me man to man; is there  
any chance you and her are gonna tie them ribbons round the old  
beef jerky? Sappy and saucy. I been caught in the middle of the  
aggravation she can only wreak on me- why can't she fall in love



with a certain blurred goofy crazy waterfuzz fella...finding little humor in my own situation, I have decided to try and tie up y

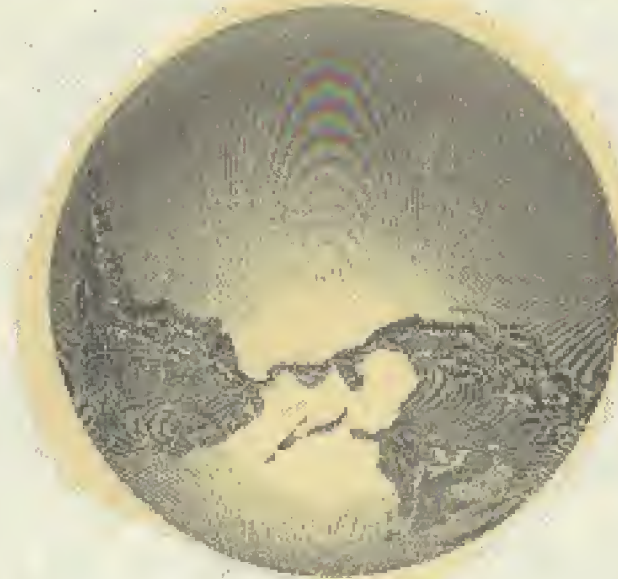


Fig. 4 Hydrocephletic Earth.

our situation as ice cream barstooled, well, we'll have to get t  
o this letter on the next break, oh nonsense, you blonde belch h  
ead. She's as happy as a clam--she eats children of divorce--you  
r mother is as helpless as a steam shovel...telephone ward ropes  
and monetary rape brain-basket...Sea elephant sang love songs so  
ft and long basically rubberized lobotomized had the ball on the  
one yard line and then I fumbled, and, well,--"And you still wan  
t to pick up the ball-", Precisely, lad--Precisely. I'm no avera  
ge driver, you know, I drive with pistons, rods, four barrel car  
d, strong rotary engine connecting to horse collar, sweaty yet q  
uite honestly a hard driving bargain that should never have been  
allowed to walk sea bitten docks, waiting for the chicken of the  
sea to appear and spew a few good puppers squirming, barking, me  
owing, here, there, leaving the entire audience rolling and tumb  
ling in their seats...as sea monkeys dance upon Chevy Nova Scotia  
Sepula Sip a Nickle Nipponese cheese Cortina black sole, in the

superb fly rooustabout bloody water closet..I had lunch with daddy today--he was wretched with pelvic scrapeing that butcher left those shrubs out there to die? What about it mother? You make the dressing, you do it so much better than I do--He's still your husband, piece of head missing or not, the operation was a success; a big hot air bag simple pleasure incurred by win-place-and show. In that order..The only problem you ever had was when to trade for a new zipper-lined bedroom shitty looking character showed up gamboling your only child-like beach spot we used to go visit when we belonged to the kid choir home in the phone book--take a big bad look. I'm not going until you make room for daddy--he's so lonely, so phoney, yet such a good laugh...Zipper-lined



Fig. 5 There are unwritten laws both men and beast abide by.

and torn from limb to limp-the admirers finally let him out; do you know how much money he made last year? On an average- this guy says depression is worse than the inflation- he has sopped his way through both, of course. I sometimes wonder, how can a person expect to protect his delicate woollens, swollen beyond comprehension and don't wait up for us, we got some dinner dates to make up...I'll take a vitamin pill and toss it up the alley- I want to see you live like an appliance, stiff-rigid-and always responding. You haven't left me with the definite feeling we should



d be drinking this stuff- you have found the fountain of aphids.  
...a porta-TV those little insectular breathing devices seem to  
have a monopoly on that age- old footsy game that left us high a  
nd dry-sure-sure-your a little over indulgent in meaty saucy pe  
rky porker pulp pleasing sad sack. I just don't want to see her  
do anything foolish...I know this lousey fellow. He's as low as  
they can squirm. Flesh coloured skin covered, puckered pupae mou  
th love..she gives it, I give it, cautiously we let each out, th  
ey circle low and slow- never leaving their eyes part- then they  
come together in a rush of sani-flush and ignite; its quite a sen  
sual screaming freakout- the most atheletic courtship I've ever  
seen...My motors have been racing ever since she pulled in to th



Fig. 5 Man has come a long way from the snivel  
ing little worm he  
once was!

e booth next to mine--ordered a Cher  
ry Devine..I cautiously revved silve  
r cylinders in the most bugle fashio  
n possible, I'm afraid that vibratin  
g motor of yours has left us in quit  
e a stew--retire for the night, it's  
quite alright. One more footsy game  
under the typing table and I think I  
can smell her label--it sends waves  
of Tropical Peat Moss up and down my  
side of town. I have everything (he  
said) but you, and know I want you y  
ou you--come back to me you roaming  
texas rose' chabliase--Wow-what a kn  
ick-nack....One thing led to another  
and now I'm the proud owner of a ro  
om full of baby bunnies- sticky furr  
y faces outer spaces no one ever bel  
ieved I was the cargo manager- and I  
never believed there were any altern  
atives to healthy metallic children-  
the vegetables of the futures breadb  
asketcase cornucopia. It brings to m  
ind the spectre of over elation and  
lack of consecration that filled us  
like BB's in a gunneysack..Chocolate  
covered gun rack- teach us all to ke

ep it up, keep it in- take it all in good graces grin.. Love is  
energy. Love is friction..Rust is everywhere. Love is fiction. S  
igned, the only one who can make a tree.

## The Real World

3

Rip-off artists are riding inflated.

Neither high plops nor depression nor prosperity nor the authorities can even hope to combat the repetitive failures dropped in the warm laps of thousands of mothers and babysitters. I suppose you often feel the urge to be your own boss- well, don't look much further for a surecure to that whole big mess you find yourself so sure of, so busily scurrying to collect and cover, collect and cover, can't you do anything else? I'm so fed up with stupid millionaires and brilliant welfares and all that lawn garden stuff you been dreaming up to the tune of Captain Kirk, the Wonder Jerk, and all that high calorie moral gloating; Oh, I can see it in the papers every way, big, bulbous, moral issues wearing ill-fitting Captain Kirk pansy suits... Captain Kirk wet-look was a joke- Captain Kirk dry-look is a hideous mutation of the abuse of youth--the devil has arrived in a company car, laughing at his own costume, after all he is from another piece of the clock your dear old mom spent many an hour nursing and dad--well, your dad waited up half the night just to talk to you about responsibility, and you hold grudges- you love and hate according to the reveal tricks played upon that perverse little dream grown-ups rich and poor alike have always been found clinging to like desperate little leeches- the scourge of the insect world, parasitic on other insects reputations, so are grown-ups responsible for "leeching" off of young kids and children. And YOU- Mr. Know-it-All, are just another player in this vulgar low tit for tat monkey sick-monkey, VERY sick! Tell me why? Can't you just bring yourself to just say quietly, yes, I'm really tired of this bizarre one- the Bamboo Demon that takes away the life force only afforded those who know it and protect it? Why did the natural break down? Why did the unnatural grow-grow-grow? Do you know? Let me tell you, it's because it festers fast as a canker sore, straight-faced and stiff-jointed, blowing out enough plastic glamour to feed the sick



Fig. 7 Compende?



in need of self-abuse in a very real sense of the word- Millions of people, lost contact with the upper portion of the chops- of course they only know the upper portion of anything. Shouldn't they know that as with every iceberg it's what's below the waterline that counts? -then why does everyone spend so much time trying to decorate the front yard, to make that sad, sad, porno flick with the bitch that you live with- who you let be your collar and leash? Feed you biscuits in a little plastic bowl, spank you with a newspaper and pet you when your good? Dirty Dog, you might as well pick up a gun and kill everyone you know who you call out of phase for your vibes are gonna puke-spit on every little child you ever know; every small kid in his or hers nurses arms will be burnt on by your vile green spray-look out, look out, I'm sorry kids, but run from your revolutionary Venus flytraps and personal sirens calling for you to step into their firing line.



Fig. 8 Remember, children are people. They have their own likes and dislikes. Forcing a child to eat gets you nowhere. Such tactics invariably wind up in a "goofy scene," and that only upsets digestion and interferes with assimilation.

Let me tell you more now... For kids, these space out heroes are here by the power of the pig- they are direct products of the perverse situation, oh, you tower of coward fine young twist buck et. Sure your sore, but don't take it out on the kid, just because he reminds you of your pains-did you ever think that it was possible that he might be reminded of his or her pain when you speak aloud in a room, or attempt to think it out-there is only one way anyone can get it from that sniveling chile' hiding his head in his soft silk pillow...there where tanks

full of good Norwegian milk and sublevel attache' creamy stock-celery waterways gurgle. You have always been the accuser in this propa-p's and q's charade of stars....built before safety standards, erected before blushing donut maidens supplied by the only gestapo you may ever be exposed to; Yet I think, "Joe, what are you really thinking?"--"Oh, I don't know, but I feel really sick.

I mean deep in the pith of my risked neck- the dogs of winter have found him- how far did she run? I buried 11 children who were my pupils in target sculpting- painting faces on ceramic ladies



behind buildings propped-up in glorious technicolour and bino-colourful deep heating massage double bubbled bunky bedbugs, drop a hot one on that green slip pasture--we gotta get those buried storage tanks and blow them out of the ground! Oh, you probably think I mean rip it out with our collective bared hands, but actually, I mean expose it through a series of highly radioactive electro-shout roto-canoeing deep-poling expeditions up that Shiva she-devil scarablean bleeding strike at dawn-Your fathers duty is over there- your duty is over here- to be safe to be secure, and to become part of the future we are all sending our seeping soulful prayers in holy protection of, with, holding, and frontline tear-stained big, big, big love, from the vernal cabbage patch floating under dreamland.

Fig. 9 The effects of sexual stimuli in pre-pubescent children.

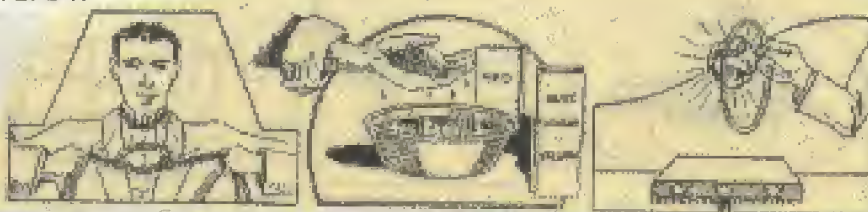


Fig. 10 Diagram of a simple experiment involving the phenomena of dreams and their startling influence on our every day behavior. This experiment should not be performed by children, without adult supervision. In the first part, man is fashioning collar and leash. Next, painting tampons for the Tampon coat. And in the last part, magnetic organian particles dance in and out of hoop.



Originally unearthed in letter form, I now share with you one of the oldest documents of recorded history titled, Dear Every Dad. I'm sitting here, and it is oh, so hot to think about all the puddles of events surrounding the coming vibratory inquisition we have all been dreaming of in one way or the other. You have been using old world talents full of the gusto that they told us would be ours for the asking. Did you ever really believe that you could hold on to the centre of the noseey fleshy convenience you have so often bragged your way around about town, shoving all the other little enameled table toys out of your way. Pushy pushy is what you are, and why? This is what makes it all so hard for me to comprehend in your own fashion and that is the big big reason why I write it out. Now, if I didn't know you redder and better, I would be very blue sky flipped jet snow shit dropped-wagon and acetytolactated to just brush you off as an obvious asshole spudchick. No brains expected, no intimacy with the life force even hoped for. Yet--it was not long ago that rolling in foggy car dreamland with heat of jungle and lust of induced environment mixed slowly, sweaty, strongly with burning life force and fiery children breaking taboos, and the preacher of sensuous genuflection and creamy dreamy thick and streamy rod in delta was pushed and presented as the direct passage to life force communicate'...where were you when they was shooting by, left and right, and everybody who knew what was and what is, was dodging the laughing gas that only left them who was slow, sick and dying, blind and bled for all who might have been--sent up the hallways in long lines, they quietly put on the big rubber spud suits that Spud Land demands. All the people in Spud Land must hear the command, and they eat like eyes around, looking at the big brown ground, beefy pie people singing the world to sleep. Now I look at you and I says, "Is that a potatoe or am I seeing things?" My head says, "You remember that we kept in keeping with our spiritual being, it's just practicality that keeps us alive...above the table, soft green window..she lay waiting..she be you..she sail rivers down into valleys, she be the delta you knew so well..she be the delta you knew still grew fruits of belly laugh. Why do I see paste-up; why do I hear apologies f



Fig. 11 Life cycle

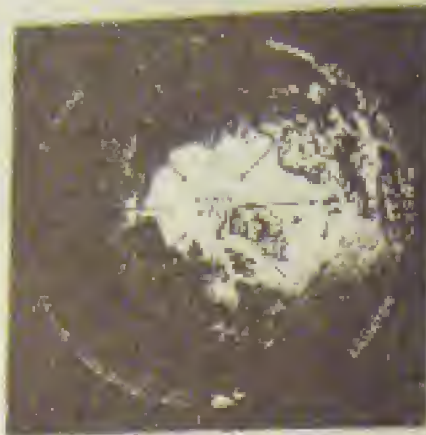


Fig. 12 It's enough to make you spit!

or spewing vile liquids, soaking every passerby, why do I see al  
tars to a dead and dying shell? Does not she know of new things,  
metamorphisizing old things, that all are only images projected  
by the real me? It's all just kind of lonely, when you find that  
those you once knew, have closed the door to new things, and sim  
ply did away with life. That those you thought had something, th  
at made you just a little understanding, for they had in commen  
the desire to fight those that stick it up your ass. So many peo  
ple you once knew, now walk around like slumbers, their butt is  
filled with pig-thoughts and their minds have rotted out. They've  
e lost the ability to complete thoughts- know only how to exist,  
and make a habit of squirting stink on children, who soon sub-co  
me. Friends I once knew now scramble, to get a little higher, re  
fusing to see the parody in their bending at the waist. Seriously  
viewing humor, has killed their ability to humorously view serio  
us, and it shows in every paranoid action, every psychotic moral  
viewmaster, every insane clerk, salesman, railroad dixie cup, th  
ey leave me full of holes and dodging. A valley full of flat tir  
es as the only true Lt. once exclaimed. If you are more than a f  
light of greasy energy, you have successfully hidden the true yo  
u. If not, you must be solid rot, decayed clot, impacted snot, a  
nd I-like man-care for you not. Signed, the only man you know, A  
nymore.

Something else, huh? I think there is more than a bit of importa  
nt info here, for those who got their thinking caps screwed on g  
ood and tight. Also, check out the illustrations for this one.





Map A



Map B



Map C



Map D

Fig. 13-16 Coming at it from any direction you want, the first thing you will notice about the earth is that it is just about round. In the personal sense, it's a nasty invasion of privacy..in the legal sense, it is much more than just a penile invasion of the vagina..for there are more than just one office of entry that the offenders have been known to frequent, and there are many more objects than just peenees that the offenders have been known to use, such as fingers, glass bottles, sticks, glass bottles, bees wax, and other longer than wide objects. Irritants, geographical combat zones, and brave scientists in a pinned out world keep on battling it out.

## Paranoia

### 4a

How many ropes must a poor monkey climb-  
Before he can sleep in his tree...  
And how many words must a poor baboon spout,  
Before he's convinced he is free...  
Yes and how many car salesmen kneel everyday,  
Hoping to siphon muthalode?

The answer my friend,  
Is breaking in the wind,  
The answer is nothing you can see.  
Oh- and How many children will dive to their death,  
In that pool that no one has seen...  
And how many sweating hands will squeeze pulsing pickles  
bright and orange,  
Spewing liquid- vile and green;  
Yes and How many cancerous niggers will put holes  
in their wives...

Stuffing ice cream and asparagus in between?

The answer you queer,  
Is sticking up your rear,  
The answer is hanging out your ass.

(Traditional ballad of Tata Teetata tribe, Uganda.)

There comes a time, when we must look for a new piece of roto-si  
fme, we must strike out on our own to save the bone; There's a s  
harpies for every two, that means you and you and you; should ju  
st tear off them masks and come real clean. Wearing black sanded  
needle point masked jointed lead pipe and very ripe and rosey---  
she gave me everything, I gave her clothing; It was not my time,  
and her mouth was bigger, her voice booming, coming over the int  
ercom like grease in a bucket-she ate land by the forkful and fe  
t no one offer her advice; she ate cock like a fisherman and swa  
m like a Chevy..I was at first put off by this strange behavior,  
myself a bit weary of those bitches in warpaint, her kitty was w  
retched, it mewed like a coward, it stunk like a dead rag, yet i  
t's eyes glistened sadly. Death was just waiting, and it's so ha  
rd to speed up things, yet it's so hard to stop it when your bro  
ught up on the rules.I thought of a number of ways I could leave



Fig. 17 What Hol



it, to die in her apartment, a thick strangling mess. It's yellow fur matted, it couldn't have known life, so it couldn't of feared death, if I smashed it's thin head. It was a fraction from expired, and I would only save energy for the countless survivors who would someday soon find theirs. I lifted it gently, and tried



Fig. 18 Um! Stove-top Stuffin!

not to smell it, it stunk like a backyard of garbage and rot. I held it's head firmly, and raised up my hand high, and gave it a strong sudden snap that ended in shit dripping slowly down my arm gravy-like, the smell of small cat hung lightly, silently, and gone. The woman looked at me, she stared straight in my eyes, and asked for an answer in that post-Tammy Wynette stare. I dropped the dead kitty in a pile of soiled linen, and my eyes followed hers to a hole in the wall. Her shirt was all sweaty, and clung to her nipples, they screamed through the fabric at the shit on my arms. He



Fig. 19 The child may first respond to the sexual urge at a very young age. The child may respond with abstract action, or with not-so-abstract action..depending if the child knows what he's after, or not. Do you wiggle your tail around the house?

r short-shorts were shrinking, and she reached down to pull the m, out of the soft skin they gnawed upon between her thighs. I placed my hands slowly on top of my hot head, and closed my swollen eyes to the smell of the room. She called me with a soft 'cooing', a velvety 'roo-coo-cooing sound'; I knew what it meant, and what was expected...My desires were swollen-puffy and bright red; Often as a lad people would poke them with pencils, the pain was intense; I hugged my dead pillow, and hoped for an exit. Flashing back to the same room I had just day dreamed my way out of, the expectant Miss post-T. Mynette..gave a sigh of impatience. I felt cold and clammy- she looked like a monster, I reached for my rifle, and it gulped at it's task...chosen to hunt big game, condemned to fight for Freedom, the rifle had blue barrel oiled wood sights and ammo clip. I lifted it slowly, she struck up a smile, I caught her in cross sights, took a deep breath..Pulled the tiny trigger and scattered her brain matter...she slumped in a dumping- next to the kitten and linen, the golden sun streamed in through the stained glass.

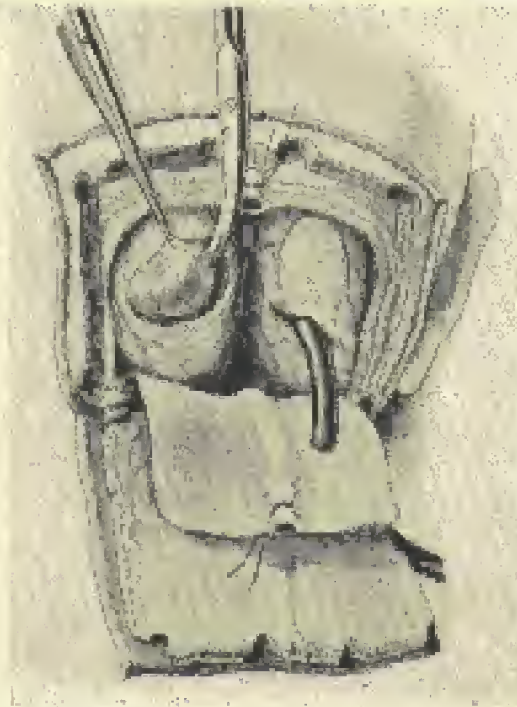


Fig. 20 Talk about a head-ache! This one hurts just looking at the picture! No, this guy has got some real terrible brain trouble, I guess. Ha! Ha! All kidding aside, he *really* does have a very serious problem. You see, this guy was doing some LSD and he started hallucinating that he was a qualified neurosurgeon and he had a malignant brain tumor that he had only one hour to locate and remove before he would die. Well, he was doing pretty good until, the acid wore off right in the middle of the operation. Right now, he is trying to figure out how to get to a phone to call an ambulance. *It is for Hell- that's where druggs take you!!!*



b

There are times when a man, must do all that he can, to avoid a  
 1 the things he is after. Stretching nylon and silk shine, I mi  
 liked her one talent to the rind- There is no going back once yo  
 u have eaten it. Torn from the vine, it left little piece of mi  
 nd, and the neighbors harped endlessly in vogue tongues. Trippe  
 d clothes off my back, stroking hard on my sack, she implanted  
 her wisdom in her manners and grace. Compelled to beat down on  
 the control panel exposed, the red flashers and sirens screamed  
 loudly. The Authorities entered the room, and assessed the situ  
 ation, I was placed under arrest and detained. There was food o  
 n the counter and the inmates laughed aloud as my hands were ba  
 dly beaten for tasting. Slowly rising on two feet, the small wa  
 rriors of the service station, circled me and my story on this  
 paper. We met barely eye to eye, for

I thought I must be dreaming, for  
 they misspelled my name ten ti  
 mes over. As I reached for a  
 toy, they kicked wildly at my  
 hands, missing-twirling-falling in the motion. I heard laughter



Fig. 21. Idiot's Revenge.

Fig.22 Pincers, the  
 type used commonly in  
 the absence of true n  
 ippie flangers.



in my ear- ogres voices  
 to the rear- and I knew it w  
 was low and behind me. I lif  
 ted up my head and saw the maker of  
 the noise, and it was related in bro  
 ken English that he wanted payment. My  
 money was gone as I fumbled through my  
 pockets, and I lifted a small brown bag full of cheap nectarin  
 es to his ugly face- he noticed the break in rhythm and 'grrrrr  
 rred lowly, his big head growing. I decided not to lose it if i  
 t was at all possible. Now- for the first time since the beginn  
 ing of the old weary warriors paranoid dream, it seemed like t  
 here was a break in the negotiations available. But- it was the  
 Chinese army that started the negotiations, and not the Japanes  
 e. How could they try to end it without bringing the low dirty  
 street gangs into it? Oh, many of the assembled speechless card  
 players who had set down their hands in order to view the holoc  
 aust cheered on the charging youngsters- even ran out into the  
 streets to hand them cup-o-soup as they streaked past, guns a-b  
 lazng, teeth gritted, it seemed that no one was immune to the  
 horrible national feeling for v-v-victory. It was a hopeless si



Fig. 23 'Mankind, As I See It.' A surrealist interpretation by a long forgotten 15th century artist. (from the collection of the author.)

tuation for those rotten little bastards- a lot of people knew that the winners were going to strip the children from the breasts of their mothers and that the lost lonely losers had absolutely no way to protect their delicate undersides. I sat up long and back-breaking hours trying to piece that foreign puzzle together; making all the connections come back before me; reciting and fearing the way time was slipping by at a treacherous speed that left us running so fast, there was no way we could stop even when the goal was to materialize; that we must be absolutely NUTS to think we were going to be of any use to the very childr



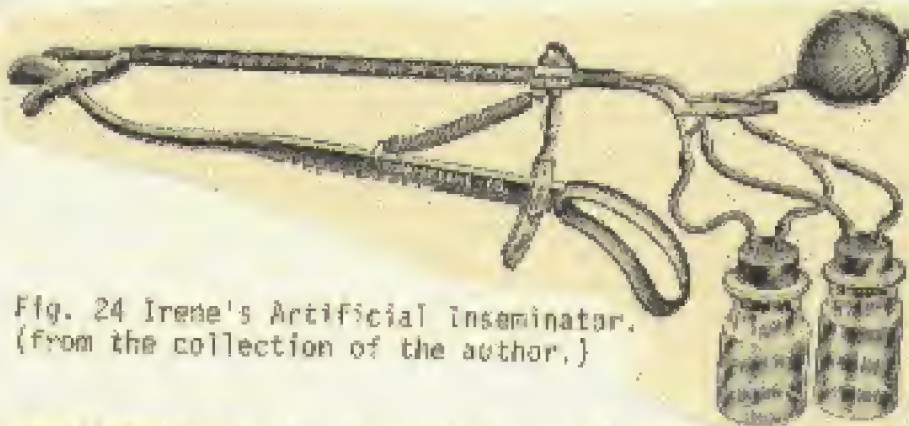
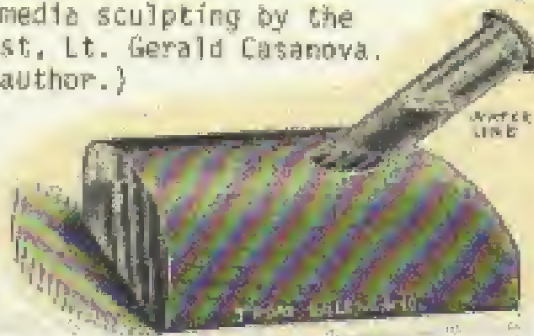


Fig. 24 Irene's Artificial Inseminator.  
(from the collection of the author.)

en we attempted to rescue. This should be the end of the war, to  
o many people are already torn down and defecating slowly in th  
at crazy rotating french move. It appeared unreal that so many  
people would actually come out onto the streets to watch what w

Fig. 25 'Pole'n'Hole' Mixed media sculpting by the  
late great 20th century artist, Lt. Gerald Casanova.  
(from the collection of the author.)



hat appeared to be a small group of uniformed city officials, j  
ust going about the duties of measuring the streets and sidewal  
ks; they were confronted by a procession that popped out from a  
n old laundromat; a procession of silent people with not a piec  
e of cloth on their bodies, it was then that one of the people  
suddenly chirped gaily, "Procession of Ghosts!, Procession of Gho  
sts!"; the city workers stopped dead in their tracks; bright co  
lours were by this time spurting all over the city as people ra  
n around in complete frenzy, birds took to the air and began po  
pping huge amounts of white phosphorous-like material...the squi  
rels ran around puking silvered fishcoakes and diving into the

streets before the wheels of begonia vehicles which ruthlessly gobbled up the little puppies and kittens still crying for their moms; by this time the ape army was to the border, killing everyone in sight.



Fig. 26-28 Rubber Love Garments.  
(from the collection of the author.)

C

Streamy, yet violently ill

Typical of this sick sick day and age is the coming of the high way beefboy brigade. Moving from car to car, they can be found roughing-up the hapless helpless passengers who freeze with terror at the mere thought of a rough gang of wad-busters twisting the tips of their red, rough and raw little titties--tenderized from years of sitting behind the poo-poo silver garden tyrants who so easily and methodically round up all the weak ones, dumb ones, and turn them into walking compost heaps, themselves. Straining down from the no-no not dripping entrails comes the wee ones..they laugh at any attempt to avoid their decadence. Someone's mother lays quite ill, crying and coughing-up little bits of alphabet soup, wringing the very wallpaper out of each and every child of the worried world. A construction worker casts a long sidelong glance as two cowboys in full dress force a young black minister to suck t

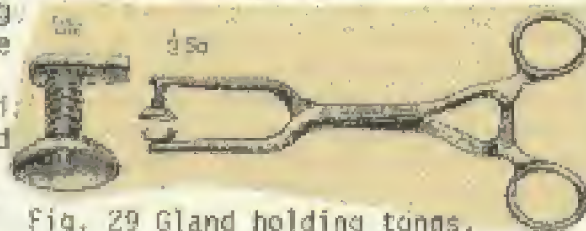


Fig. 29 Gland holding tongs.

hem both off simultaneously. They laugh metallically, and grin at a bobbing wire woman and her quivering pig-sonny purchasing



food for fifty. Gorging and gouging themselves left them full, yet quite unsatisfied..at a recent baptismal of the flesh as big Dorothy Fuller filled her crying daughter with Little Queenie cream and donut sugar; rolls the size of a Vietnam War Vets fist covered the table as hungry Biafran homosexuals screamed and scrambled across the stadium to fill themselves on the reeking holy mess. The stadium bleachers filled with spud people of every kind; pigs of every dimensions bellowed in supreme existence as they watched a flotilla of go-go El's cruise the fifty yard line. Big buggy bright lights left nothing unseen to the coliseum's hordes of vacationers who waited hungrily for the main event to get underway. It was of no small coincidence that the Lesbos Nigger Boys dressed in Poot Suits should be serving the Daqueries; high and dry, just like them potatoes like'm!! TV showed a small blue baby landing a Piper Cub on the Ethiopian water front as hundreds of black beauties mistook the omen and jumped in the lake. The bodies floated black up as only a surprised dead niggerboy with coconut oiled braincap could do. I was mortified to see my kids at play in the green magic jungle, they dug up a lion and tore out his gonads; they hi-jacked a jack rabbit and jacked him off the map---I offered suggestions, and they ran like scared Hiney's. By now, the dancing Gi(uh)s were dropping like flies-- some from exhaustion and some from gunshot wounds that quickly and quietly festered in the artificial sun lamps unrelenting heat. I jotted a few quick notes, slipped into my Kimbles, and curled up under a big sobbing nightingale, dead from overintoxication, or should I say underestimated hyperlactation? I offered my wife a fifty minute headstart, yet in half an hour I caught up, only to find her beaten body dropped and dangerously dead from over-exposure to her own potato attracting powers...she was just a bit too naive for the real world as it turns this very minute. I was brought to the Japanese headquarters for junkies and asked to confess to crimes I had often had frightening dreams that I would some day commit. Someone had found my confession to Chess King. Yes, I had worked there,



Fig. 30 'Yin Yang' also known as, 'Esmarch's Emergency Tourniquet.' (from the collection of the author.)

but it was all in jest. I'm really less of a fool than it would actually have you led to be bled in the most disgusting sense of the world.....I finally decided that I would remain in contact with your contractions..Factual information on label inflammation- it's sweeping the nation, pay your last respectfully.... signed and over-indulged upon by, meal time.



Fig. 31 Artificially inducing the sexual urge in a gelding.

d

Independant poop-stain investigator service was snooping around the city, looking here, sniffing there, and doing the sordid actions you could only imagine a civil servant with that job to be monkeying with. I just finished chasing a strange long-tailed bug across the hard wooden floor at my mother's butter room. We tried to keep it a secret. It was later in the day when I joined her in the master bedroom. Of course I usually slept in the nursery, because I was quite young at the time. It was only during the day while the master was off at work that



Fig. 32 Vaginal lining & Hymen.



I was permitted to play and nap in the master bedroom. I spent the most vivid moments of my nazi pre-Togolaise childhood in that room, under the tender canopy of that kind cow woman's big dresses. Laying in the t filtered light as she lay on the bed reading, I would play the doctor, and use my mouth and little hands to create rivers and lakes and build highways on the soft, warm, inner thighs--always running in a breathless motion towards that beautiful mystically sacred damp haven which even at a young age I realised as the vehicle from whence I had come into this damp haven restful and peaceful when I would one day set off onto my own to return unto, and to life.... I was more than a decade lost and alone looking for the fertile crescent to deposit my lode. It was before I should promise my magnetic r in a cosmic delta that would bear the fruits of rer in the House of Pain. She was a she-cow on n Hemisphere; a meeting of the east and west; energy at an unheard of rate. Then, one day the window of our car and someone reached ed up the shade to reveal night-time... ed, we were amazed, we ate donuts- powdered. It was a long time typ It was the last time we e Akron rubber pot ng time. We heard commanders in bel their tr ucks came were entering every house in the neigh we saw th em dressed ng straight for the underwear drawer, its, their commanders in bel underwear and sniff-sniff-sniffing fo tiffs. They were entering every house in the neigh yanking out u ge double-knit ou r that tell-ta le butt stain that would mean slopp

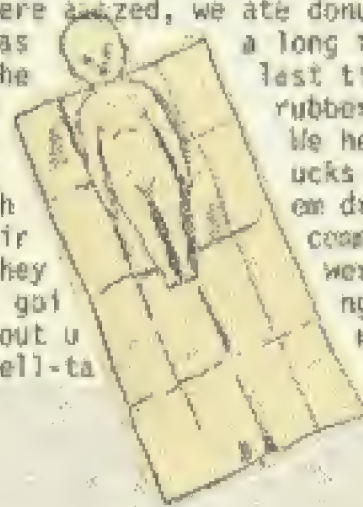
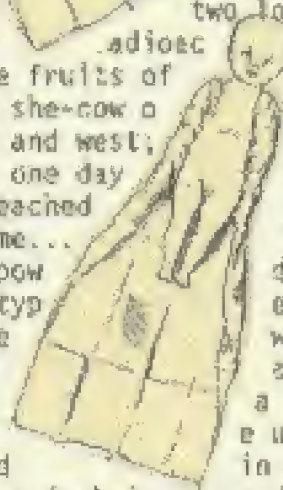
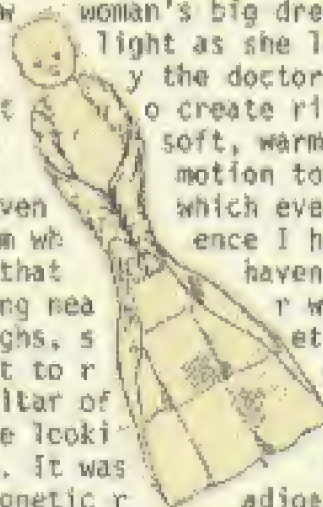


Fig. 33-36 Preparing the mongoloid -dwarf for Outer Space Duty.

g poopet!!! Turning away from the window I saw 4 a dozen sweat suited civil servants charging up the stairs.. Marina let out a shriek; I yelled " STOP ", they pushed right by us and headed s traight for our bedroom. In shock I saw one overweight goon pic k up Marinas prized pair of chiffon and pink linen underwear an d lick the crotch--- My heart went to my mouth; I took three bi g chews, swallowed it down and ran to the rescue; " You disgust ing pig! ", I cried. No one had ever touched those panties but me and her, and I was particularly proud of the fact that they were " first time " underwear. Marina hid her face in shame and embarrassment. It was only a few minutes before they were gone a s quickly as they had come; leaving behind a path of saliva fil led-panties; so help me God, if I ever meet those sickening scu mbags again, I'll kill them with my bare hands. She was crying, and I told her not to, and she laid her head on my shoulder and fell into a deepsleep.

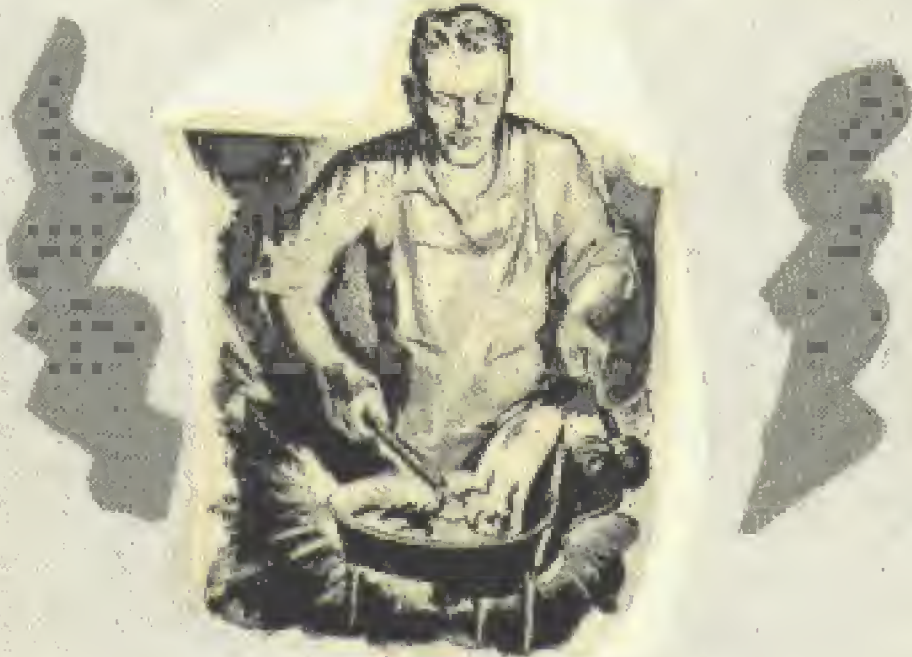


Fig. 37 Man shapes his own future.



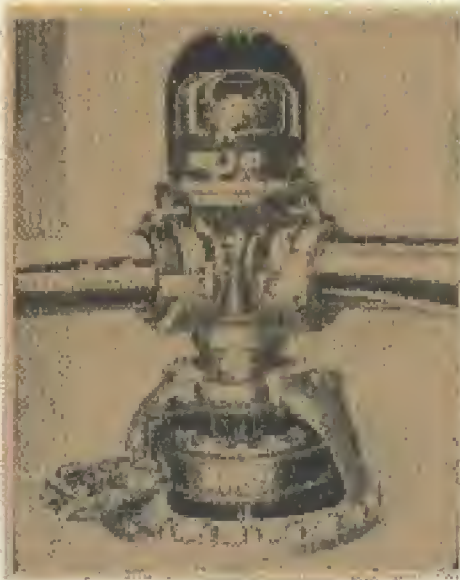


Fig. 38 Binky; the first robot developed at NASA, 1947.



Fig. 39 Moran; the first robot developed at Moscow Laboratories, 1949.

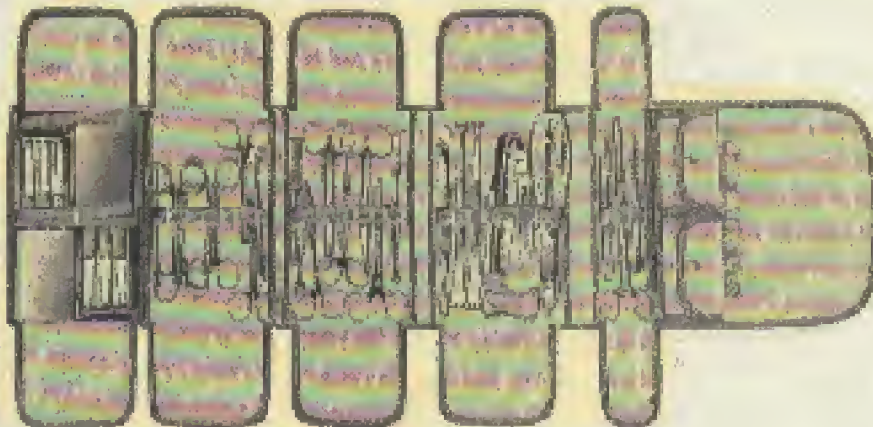


Fig. 40 12th century Kama Sutra Repair Kit. (from collection of the author.)

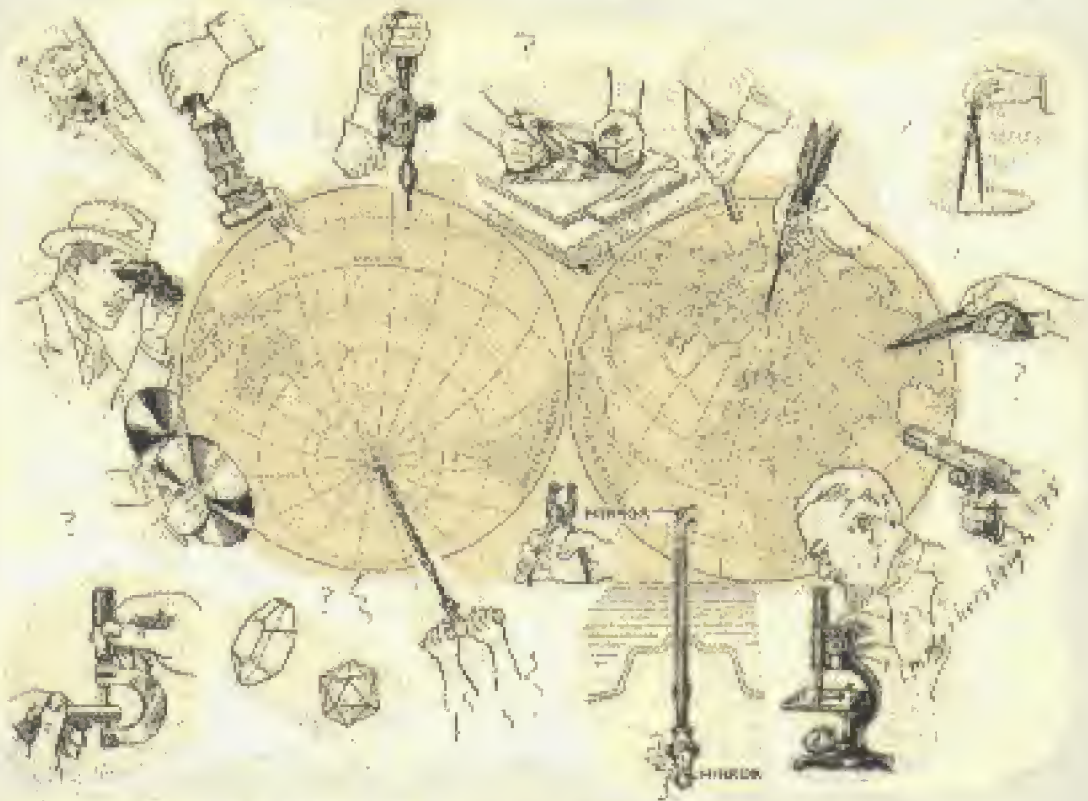


Fig. 41 Theorists, scientists, mathematicians, philosophers, artists, archeologists---crack-pots of all kinds are busy day and night trying to figure out, *Why the Hell are We Here?*

## 5 Life

Not to be discouraged by the recent chain of events that has preceded my recent disorderly conduct award, I have been in the process of propositioning small children to work it all out in the hallways for me so that they should have an income and I should have just a plastic party hat of free time to spend folding and piling my own mystery novel, of which I am in the process of flopping out onto my bed of sequinsized rodeo tin-foil antiqu





Fig. 42 The Meaning of Life  
is a tough nut to crack.

e photo collection. Aren't you supposed to work this year, I thought I heard a squeaky speaker slurp. You guys get any food yet?, I was sure I heard it pipe up. Surely there must be some cans of less-than popular soup, coloured with all the destructive fleshy pin-ups you ever seen on the walls of old WW2 heroes in them jazzy pro-war movies they was pumping out at that very obscene rate. Those jowly creatures have been commonly known to putt it all over, as the historians would say. Tremendously over-powering trucks of multi-national abilities have been pouring into the city at frightening rates... Two young chillins' was huddled in their corner, softly sobbing in fright at those nasty and mean large vehicles. About every five minutes some truck driver would go by and stick his big head out his cab window, and smiling with his head rolling in big circles, slowly say, "Take you someplace, honey?", or, "You sho' would have lotsa fun in my big rig, you dig chile?", of course the two young children would behave exactly as their momma done told them, and yell back for the truck drivers to go suck marsupial cock, leaving the truck drivers in a fit of rage as they gunned their big rigs and shook their fists at the kids, cursing in loud indistinguishable syllables as their big round faces turned vacuum cleaner red, their day obviously sabotaged by the two younger snips. Soon the sun would set on what always seemed to be an endless day, leaving the girls to pick up their sticky bodies, leave their dirty corner, and go home to bed. They always talked about it, but never did they know, the wood from a baseball bat was created below! If you go down there to the city circle, bet yo' gonna meet some people there; hey you got no money, well you got no worry- people in the city take care of one another; big jigs keep on burning, Stadium of momma churning, bunnin', bunnin', bunnin' like a big boy. Tall and nasty youth group; looking for action



Fig. 43 What all children down on Hollywood and Vine; Oh, they got it coming, cha-cha-cha-cha-chawin', looking kinda heavy in the Watermelon



Fig. 44 Child strapped in and awaiting Outer Space Ejaculation.

n bed-fat rhino keep on farting; educator Pizza cracker carting, hopping, hopping, hopping like a big toad. If you go down to the factory, bet you gonna meet a lot of good frigidaire; say you got no references, doesn't make no difference; lot's of people destitute and cheatin' cheese squares- Bun Boy keepin on plopping- his bunny comrades keep on flopping- hopping, hopping, hopping like a big toad. Well, you've heard the message, now your gonna hear the song- and we won't stop singing, till yer singing right along!! I've got a never ending tapeworm of blue, why wee no matter what I try to say or do; Yet your the only one I k now, with Silly Putty up your hole, I hope they come and take away your food. No kiddin', this whole situation is getting a little repetitio us, with all that fooling around t hat gets to creeping into your head and you of course realize, strikes when your just about dead, and they like to tell you it means your well -read....let's just drop the whole thing and get on to the hard core mental imagery. The kind of stuff that I happen to be talking about, is that creamy dreamy thick and st reamy stuff that keeps popping out

at the oddest of times..I remember once when my grand ma Mothersbaugh died, I was standing there looking at her dead corpse and suddenly I remembered the time she got drunk and climbed up in the rafters at a sunday evening

church meeting at this church m parents picked out, and the pastor and choir boys a and my poor mom and da

d had to climb up after her, and my mom fell out and landed on the church organ and played "Rock of Ages" with her buns!!! What a laugh us kids had, but when we got home, father gave us this real long extra horrible lecture



Fig. 45 Ejaculator Har ness.



Fig. 46 Ejaculator.



on Responsibility and You (meaning in e)...He would keep going over the same general topics, hoping I would quit it being such a pinhead, and I would sometimes try to pretend I was intently soaking up the knowledge and warnings being leveled at me. It made me wish I could do all the horrible things he talked about, just to avoid the lectures. Other than that, we got along quite splendidly. As far as any o-



Fig. 48 Winnin' shit funny, according to one bigoted asshole.



ther odd anecdotes you can just wind mind yer own goddamn business! If I told you any of the really off-beat stuff, my relatives might try and get me put away! I'm sure that if you've

ever found yourself in any family affair type odd ones, you most certainly dig!!



Fig. 47 As a young lad, I really wanted to get some!!!!

## 6a Sexed-Up

Like music? Well, here is some of the Real Stuff!!

I was cruising down the highway about 1/2 past 5, we was lookin' for some action, we was guzzlin' cheap red wine, when a voice came o'er the door and sent us divin' to the floor- it was the last time I ever seen St. Louis... A couple foxey bitches hangin' out on the street, we slowed down to a groovin' crawl and nearly squashed their feet; they yelled "Take us away-", we yelled back, "Some other day-", it was the last time I ever saw St. Louis. Backyard picnic we was feelin' real fine, then we heard our Aunt Bessie refer to us as swine, I pulled out my peenec and violently forced it in her eye, it was the last time I ever saw St. Louis. Flasher flashin' in my eye- I knew I was gonna cry-cry-cry; they put us on probation made us feel real bad, took away the only thing I ever had, now their gonna give it to my

adopted dad, it was the last time I ever saw St. Louis. That'll be the day when they take away my toy; when they leave me here to die with a tear in both my eye; Oh that'll be the day when I've lost my peace of mind, and I'll be headin' back to Tulsa w



Fig. 49 Viet Cong interrogation. Confidential intelligence source of photograph. (1968)



Fig. 50 Glandular imbalance caused this monstrosity.



Fig. 51 Monkey with woman's high-heeled foot as surrogate lover.

With a wart on my behind cause I've got high hopes, yes I've got high hopes. I've got pie in the eye do or die hopes...so if you want to live again, be a man again just remember that goof- OOP S! there goes another belly scar, oops there goes another pig-eyed varicose-veined stretch-marked ear, oops there goes a quadruplegic wad in the furnace of Life. I've been in love with you, I know it's silly but it's true, oh she said if you went out



Fig. 52 Stupid-ass trying to piss-off a larger-than-life size gorilla.

with someone you took them to the Pink Pussycat, where you could kiss, and also you went there if you were going to get naked with someone. Big Yellow Fruit with green lime bodyguards, oh, that Pat Patty didn't come to pick up her postcards, she's such a low and sunken ship; big everywhere but the hips-it's a shame they haven't put her in the situation she belongs to. High-powered sudsing action, big and beefy backseat traction, purple sequined



Fig. 53 Cuffs.





Fig. 54 Parents should not be afraid to copulate in front of the children.



Fig. 55 Ninepin \$, and Ball.

we sent her up daily, to clean out the smegma, she wrapped it in bacon, like weiners on a black grill..I try on a new suit of latex and wool strips..it glows in the night time like Senators paper clips..I detached her nostrils, with new wire clippers..they hung down like soldiers, who were wounded daily, I ordered two burgers, to go with my new rug, new shag rug, I might add..they undid their



Fig. 57 Curious Fetish.

puddles of the most infantile movie baggo script bullshit you could ever hope to imagine; I shudder at the thought that she can be bought. There are machines of shiny steel sitting on my mirror-table, looking out of place, out of skin with their guts on the blink. I found a girdle, with a pretty face..I tie-dyed a rope around it's waist..When she comes on strong, when she fades out..It's all for viewing, up up up that terrible snout. And over, and over and so forth etc--Retractable brain waves, they glow in the dark- your never alone as they sputter and spark, the meaning was lost, and Bond-Oed and chopped

... The reason for love is to bring home the wife. They gave it all up, for a quivering pup, a pup full of sugar, lunar and label-soaked..I burped uncontrollably and she croaked like a big bullfish, proud of it's ass.. She beat it off daily, it hung in her closet, she despised her neighbors, and lost it on TV.



Fig. 56 Man preparing for the sex act.

bra-strings..and charged me five dollars, I protested inflation, but they stared at the cement..I offered them sanctuary, they called me a liar..I spit on their shadows, they drank it up quickly..I tried for the backdoor, they hit me with night clubs..I sang on their TV show, they gave me X-ratings, I fell for a dumb blonde, they bought her fag bouquets..I hid in the Men's John, they locked all the exits, I finally slipped too quick, they took full advantage



Fig. 5B What growing up is all about.

ge. and put me on death row. with skid rope and brown boy...they fished in the river, and pulled out my body, pronouncing me dead in the name of the queen..caught in between, I had blown out the brains

b

Don't shoot, I'm a man, mia man. Lost in your closet, can't find the door? Do you see the coat hanging over your head? Your lost in space you can't find the door- it's not there anymore- do you see the coathangers over your head; it's the words to a horrible broom song. I just can't get outa my head...they play it fifty times a day over the intercom, and I'm just a

about to lose my mind..from the sing and twirling, these loud sloppy lots of it! I fire the four of us still on duty. carefully protecting and rolling paw-paws. meditation tablets; we of sending out our great celestial rolly-coaster above. What Ho!, cried Mi something has gotten a hold of my bon

Fig. 59 The Masturbating Youth, nie bonnie hilt; an

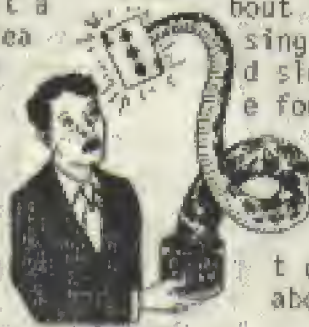






Fig. 60 Woman writhes in orgasmic pleasure, as she views Oracle of the Divine Pinhead, during her own somewhat immaculate conception. Not to be confused with anything you may have read about in your Bibles, the Oracle of the Divine Pinhead is, on the contrary, quite commonplace.

d I fear that winter is a-comin'! She lifted her pleasant peasant dress to reveal a shivering flock of pheasant; Too too guilt ridden n to ever be saddle-trained. She dropped her elegant skirt like an opera glass; straight into the frothy river below. "Say boss- It sho nuff seems laik summa to me, butdi isz onlee a dum asz nigrabouy a n isz sho bin known to make mistakes in dat sota thing if yo kin pardin maw sayin so's-- but maw mama she done come down wif de buttocks ulcers, an she gots de big holes wif blood drippin out o'her laig an out'a'her back.... it's rich and creamy, an isz sho' yo all would enjoy it on yo pancakes an homefries, if'n yo only would let me bring yousz a butta-churnful! The leader of our sensory awareness group stood up quickly and caught the nigger by surprise with a shiney black boot right between the legs- the black boy flew up in the air turned a somersault, snapped to attention, and fell to the ground..a sharp snap sounded simultaneously with his landing thud. "Broken neck", I muttered. "Hell, broken heart-", said somebody else- "That dumb nigra j ust wanted someone to soak up the sins of his momma, and eating them was the only way that poor sap knew how to cope with the situation!" How could it have escaped me that that black insect was on a mission of no-good? Was I so sick and paranoid that I couldn't see what he was up to? I couldn't think about the big rock candy mountain that evening- I went through the paces with everybody else, bu

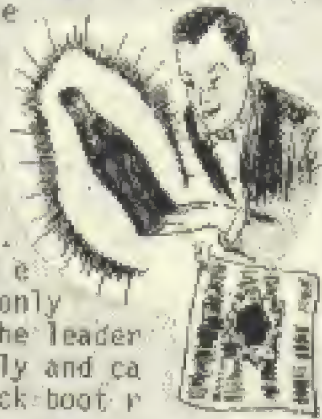
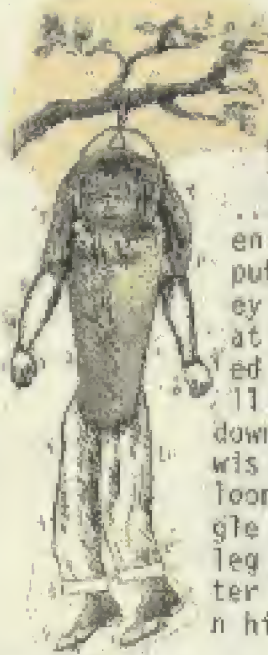


Fig. 61 Gigolo, devoted to ice, and victim.



t all I could picture on my screen was some black boy scraping the pus and crud out of his poor mom's back--stealing from his own mother her own precious natural resources that only God can provide his flock with..I tried to shake the image from my over-taxed and underpaid brain-bin...it was living hell!! First my wife left me, then I started drinking, my kids flunked out of the public school system...the car was fire bombed, They dropped napalm all over my golfing buddies down at Hillcrest, Briarwood, the family dog was arrested for causing huge celestial leaks to drip acid all over those uptight assholes that scurry around downtown..Clown got beat up by Columbo Dick, Bob Lewis got his head cracked open by a frozen water balloon some dumb-ass kid threw at a Devo concert, Jungle Jazzbo fell into a chroming machine...I lost a leg during a hunting trip accident, my oldest daughter turned-on to pot, my biggest baby shot a hole in his own head, but only after charging thousands of dollars of merchandise on my own credit card, and then giving it away to chicanos by the vanfull. I sat down and cried- real tears just like baby magic- my mom

Fig. 62 Crime DOES NOT Pay!!!

my came up and spanked me real good- I started to bawling and all the neighbors stood around and acted like they couldn't hear me- I was forced to stay in my room with no TV or food stamps for fifteen minutes!! Boy, was I glad when I finally heard my mom yell up the stairs, " Alright, I think you've finally learned your lesson, now get down here and eat your dinner before it get's cold!"



Fig. 63 These stupid savages worked all their life to purchase this fan, whereas you could probably get a much nicer one for less than a weeks pay!





Fig. 64 Chinese maidens often bed down with pet guinea pigs years before they are strapping with the matched units family tradition has supplied for them.

## 7 TV Fever

"I don't care if it makes them throw up!" Well, that's how one major government agency answered our roving reporter's questions on the concentration of brutality, sex, and religion saturating our television screens daily. Some big wigs on the East and West coasts have gone so far as to censor out pilot programs simply because they had more than the maximum set allotment of redeeming and educational value allowed for a program to get good ratings. Not too many times kids are trying to get to the bottom of their basic knowledge. Not yet old enough to realize there is nothing in this world worth finding out about, yet too old to care about the really important things of life, they go on and on; searching for messages in books, recordings, op art posters, and the TV. This is the problem with kids, as I see it. They must learn to avoid TV exposure. Or should I more candidly put it, exposure to deadly gamma waves. Gamma panties don't do no good when a TV is radiating all around the room. To mention an example, I will tell you about Roger Benedictine. Roger used to put his ear on the aerial

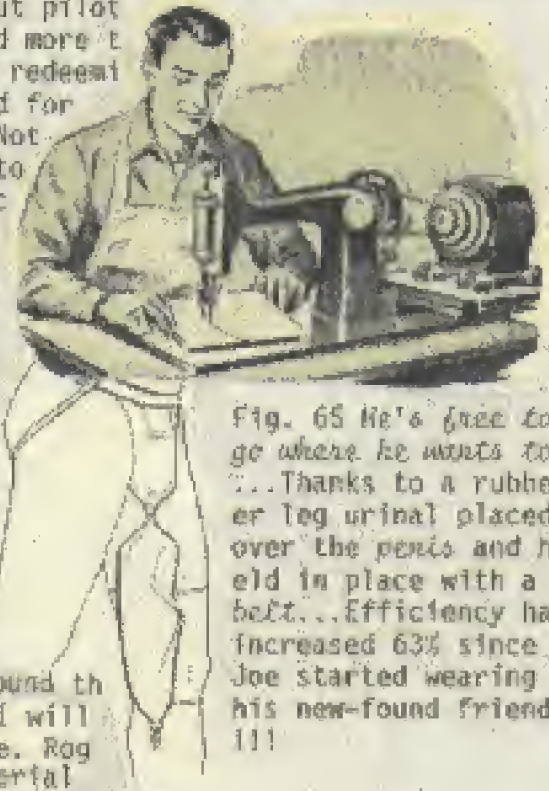


Fig. 65 He's free to go where he wants to...Thanks to a rubber leg urinal placed over the penis and held in place with a belt...Efficiency has increased 63% since Joe started wearing his new-found friend!!!

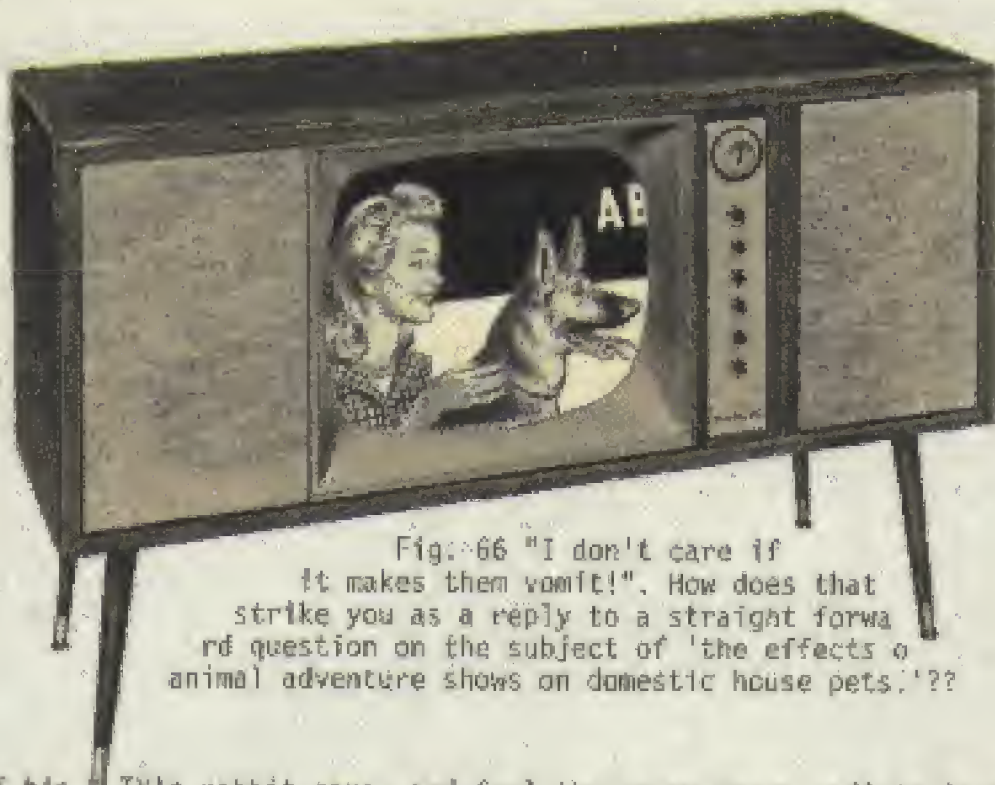


Fig. 66 "I don't care if it makes them vomit!". How does that strike you as a reply to a straight forward question on the subject of 'the effects of animal adventure shows on domestic house pets.'??

of his TV's rabbit ears, and feel the gamma waves radiate in and through his head, as they passed from outer space into the TV aerial. Roger would sit there for hours, listening to programs two and three at a time, and he could tell everyone else in the room what was happening in a TV program a full five minutes before it appeared on the screen. Sounds innocent enough, but now Roger has grande mal; and he continually acts like an ass when he goes out in public. His wife is sick too, for she eats guinea pig shit in order to reach orgasm when she ruts every twenty-eight days. The TV is a dangerous tool in the hands of most people I know. They just don't know what it is they got hold of---I want everybody out!!! You should all be ashamed of yourselves.. you are all a bunch of cabbage rutters, smelling up your savings like a flock of frenzied afros. I've got half a mind, and for two cents I'd--Take it or leave it, I always said, and now I'm at the crossroads that could bring me home again, or spit me out and leave me some fantastic oriental dream cake to gob gob gobble with all the gusto of a gunship- we fought as bravely as possible, the gooks they just surrounded us; Some of





Fig. 67 Odd baby bunting fashions appeal to this obviously depraved woman who only achieves proper rest whilst dreaming of commercial air liner accidents. (She currently resides under proper observation.)

at sweet thing back home to enter my life via legendary ladyship and virtuous vehemence, coming back on you, and you. And you.

*Editor's Note:* Now would be a wonderful time for you the reader to go back through the early chapters and review the information we have discussed up to now. Pay special attention to the pictures.

Fig. 68 This is one man who knows when to get the hell out! It's a proven fact, most men don't know how to git when the gotten is good!

the best guys I ever knew are lying undern eath the sands of Caprice, and now nuns are covering that beach with weight reducing equipment, and Swedish massuages to wring the everlovin' touches out of them all. Well, I gotta go pretty soon, but I'll be back to share a few hair splitting episodes with you, featuring my wild life on the backside of a momma crescent wrench- built like a tank, and with twice the mileage; I'm expecting a dull brown carbon copy of th





Fig. 69 Sub-Human Woman, "I am Woman he  
ar me roar, as I get up off the floor."

## 8a Shiva,TV, and Vixen Piss

Black and beady, amphibious and greedy, she shined her headlights on the mirror on the wall. Stretching ever slightly, lipstick ruby, jewelled wrist and slender throated, tightly turning to and for. Dressed in silk and girdle, standing nestled next to kitty, striped and swinging slowly on the seat of Tampax tube. Roving menstruais courted her, with songs and gifts of chocolates, but bon-bons weren't her combo and flowers gave her hives. She sighed aloud for Penis, whom she always thought was coming, her knight in satin armor, trumpeting victory. She lifted legs before her, attended them with powder, and eventide entered them with glass rods that she had found behind the lab. The pink ones went in first, yet the blue ones went in furthest. her temperature was rising and she twisted them around. A rousal was the moment, and perspiration beading, her orifice trickled bleeding, the tingles had begun. When what should distract her b





Fig. 70 Our Solar System as viewed  
from inside Uranus.

ut the startling pit-patter of millions of reindeer and a tiny old sleigh. He drew up beside her, asked what was indeed inside her, decided to ride her, and climbed aboard. Swabbing the decks, mending sails, battening the snatches of fur on her rabbit hutch, the kindly old fellow was in the pancake batter and stirring himself, before the night grew gay. I arose from my tomb to set foot in the kingdom, speaking in rhymes about suicide TV announcers, kicked like a billy goat, spit on a picture of zabrocket, laughing and loving, a really disgusting angel cake. There was this one fishcake at the track who said he was partial to fudgecake... but it turned out he was fulla johnnycake, and was brainwashed by praline pustilance. He could of done it in a studio, but there is nothing like working around the real thing, so to speak. Those hot collared jingo-worms were really hot!! Those high-steak paw-paw patches really drum up a lot of u

njustified attention for those dirty filthy little squirms..then comes that moment we all been waiting for; real people in the picture s..there's a lot of fun in this group, clean, don't break the law, it's almost a homecoming for that wasted hunkey-bitch with the twin leg braces. Sitting at the bar was a wise-ass monkey in plaid pants

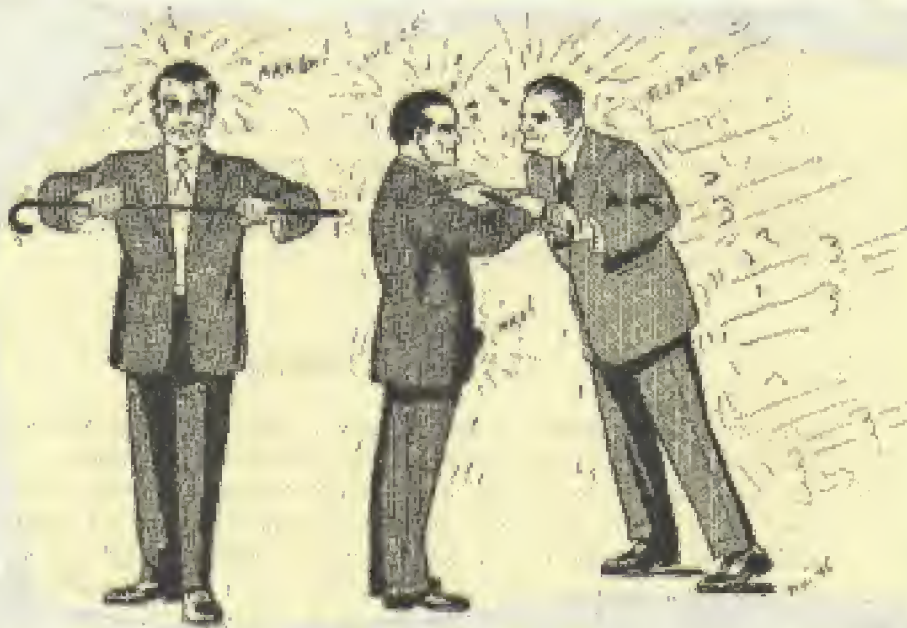


Fig. 71 Tough-guys fight it out...Even today with Man's vast banks of so-called knowledge, the name of the game is 'Natural Selection'; Survival of the Fittest.

, dance hall shirt and vest, spats, derby, and just the biggest itc  
hiest grin you ever seen a toothless drunken foo  
l of a barfly crack. He is just leaning over, it  
ching that triangular little crotch of his, sipp  
ing Pink Ladies like they were going out of busi  
ness..The household cat was running in circles,  
moaning and groaning like a crazy wind-up rat to



Fig. 72 You must get y out...I just had a quick flash in the back o  
n before you can ge f my filing cabinets- what if that guy in the  
t off. space ship was to refuse to come home, and wa  
s to refuse to stay on board? Some people wer  
e concerned at the time of day it occurred.





Fig. 73 Sports played a key role not only in steering this young man away from self-abuse, but kept on driving until he dedicated himself to a life of celibacy!

b

This guy is running around my TV screen like some freaked-out Jap. Growing hot under the collar, I had to take a drink to subside my anger for in the condition I was sitting there, I felt like giving that dunce a prank call, or shooting his kids while they walked to school. There really should be a law against those stupid jerks who climb around my TV while I am busy going outa my gourd over inflation. Prices are going up all over town, and I'm to the point where I ah uh ug....The TV just flashed to a huge Alice the Goon type lady custodian who was beaten and robbed early this morning, and they took a bag in which she had her entire life savings of \$20,000. She was being interviewed after she got off work today; of course, she went to work..She had her hair in this tight assed little bun that looked like the handle of some Yugoslavian Hillbilly...No one is innocent, and no one can get out scot-free. You may ask why, Marina is laying on the floor and she just found out that women are treated like poop by loan companies! She turned her head and exclaimed, "My God.". I really felt like apologizing because the TV went on to tell us that if you happen to be a white anglo-saxon protestant Male, you were the Nasty-One! They showed a pig people graph that proved there are stronger odds that I am a big pig than she is. Do TV's lie? Things like this just scare me, because who

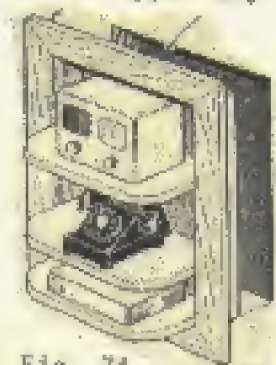


Fig. 74  
The telephone...  
Deadly instrument in the hands of those who would Abuse.

ever made up all these rules must have a lot of money, and they don't mind spending it to prove they are pig pig piggies. Prices are fucking fantastic in the tire sales area right now...If cleaning ladies can get it for carrying all that money, it is surprising that people are still alive!! Oh, go fuck yourself, you blockheaded nose-hole. Did you know that John F. Kennedy had a penis infection from sticking Q-tips up the little hole whenever he was nervous, and that his infection caused his irritability the day he lost it during the Bay of Pigs Era. We've got real baboons on the news tonight- trying to make a joke over this ugly putrid heat which is busy making a

Fig. 75 Disfigured since birth, the penetrating stare of this young woman from the Kikiki-Wiki tribe of Upper Senegal accurately portrays the courage and pluck necessary for anyone in such a fucked-up situation to overcome personal impediments, and go on to give birth to her own offspring.



11 the kids in Akron sweat around the eyes, ears, nose, and throats. Children in this area seem to be daring law enforcement officers to take pot shots at them as the cops ride by in pony carts and stroll by on ten foot stilts. The mayor is out fooling around with one of those lame-brained secretaries he's always got his fat paws on. Went bowling for dollars, in my leopard skin suit- rolled it right down the middle, but they wouldn't give me the loot. Spent the night in a wet tank, seen my wife on TV. Two spooks in birthday suits stole the shoes right off my feet. Bought a sassy chihuahua, sicked



it on the judge- hit it with his mallet, made some puppy-fudge. Pled innocent to trickery, as my wife slithered down the aisle, three minutes over Borneo. My thighs burst out in hives. Lost my mind in the pilot's seat, swerved and hit a bus- seen my kids fly through the window, covered the road with pus. Felt my back was bleeding, anticipated the worst- reached around to feel my daughters dewy-down, she was sticking in head first! She was moaning and puffing, and straining, the big blubber-ball in her belly was about to drain down to her legs. There was a man dressed in a crisp white outfit, he put everyone uptight cause no one knew who he was. Great balls of gamma panties circled the earth last night...people went out to the



Fig. 76 This wise old uncle is trying to turn his delicate young niece on to the one common link between Aristocracy and Hillbillies; Incest.

Mall to stand by their cars in the parking lot to get a better view of the celestial spectacle. The man felt he was a doctor. He looked over his shoulder into the hallway mirror, and stretched like a de Vinci floral arrangement. Of course, the plastic cigarette holder perched on his lip intensified the Dachau-like aroma and the Princeton-like aura he cast around himself, like big gauzey angel wings, stretched over the fragile framework of the magnetic force field he had been encased in ever since he took that fall on the football field back in high school. Like gossamer gooseberries tiny sparkles of winnie-fied light tinkled lightly in little fairy circles, spreading honey-orange aromas about his hair, which in the soft glowing appeared a rich amber hue...Strong hints of light reflected off of his sturdy steel leg-braces..The tender wilted limbs within appeared

Fig. 77 These boys you discipline now will one day rule on your social security returns.



to be humbly bent in prayer, a tribute to one hell of a guy, a good golfer, and an all around sport about things. He wore a canvas fishing cap when not at parties, but tonight he had on a tall blue dunc e cap. His hair shone like greased cat fur; his tonsils flexing with every shimmy of his big bulbous body, he appeared to be full of some sort of exotic lighter-than-air gas, that gave him a tilting, r



ising, weightless slow movement that kept him in the center of the ceiling when things got warm. No one ever knew his wife, personally. She was a real slinky model, often referred to as a 'mean motor s cooter' and a 'bad go-getter'. Off the cuff, I would estimate her v ibratory image as that of a well kept Lincoln Log, descending the c



Fig. 78 Adam.



Fig. 79 Eve.

hute from whence she came, wired for danger, and collected by kee pers who number the lumber and keep it wet, mild, cheddar and chi lled. Lob it into piles. There's a woman-hater I know, who thinks that all that glitters eats gold, and he's buying a lumber pile t o start on. When he gets there he'll know...if it's rococo...fo r the history books described it so accurately. Ooh-OOH-ooH...sat in a puddle of poo...and released all the tensions he's fearing.. ..oh.oh.oh,...whiter than snow...my soul has been whitened and bri



ghtened. Now the losers and geeks..paint  
ing walls, fixing leaks..they have tried  
very hard to adopt me. Yet my heart must  
be free to hop like a flea...tata and te  
te...I've had too many bad dreams to liv  
e one. When she get's off she'll know, f  
or her mom told her so, and the pleasure  
will be all she's dreamed of. Little tro  
lleys and cars riding over Mars, is ther  
e really life on the planet earth? All m  
y friends say there is, but I think they  
're all just full of fizz, and I'm curio  
us just what you think about it. Send a  
letter or note, and make sure of your bo  
at, it's sinking and sailing in blue wav  
es. Now that yellowed Maitre' de...Who o  
nce paid for your knee, is feeling the h  
ot pain of revenge...there's a joker in  
every pile, yet it's deep hurt all the w  
hile, do you know what you do when you d  
o it? Busts up colds like a steam driven  
cold tablet, works well in temperate zon  
es, does miracles in backyard barbecues.  
..Which reminds me, have you heard about  
the carrot-topped rambler? The one who s  
tore the Boston Beans? I says heard abou  
t the punk-headed pea brain? The one who  
sniffed her new blue jeans? They called  
him black-eye, Careless, bunnkin-knife w  
elder, stubby-toed too; pukey, jazzbo,  
lame skull, everybody got the screws.

Fig. 80 Presentation is important. Make  
your box look as pleasing and desirable  
as possible. These are the attributes t  
hat make the fish jump!





Fig. 81 Spiritual Awareness emanates from the pelvis out. If you ain't got it together here, you might as well hang it up!

# C

I've seen fur and I've seen brains- I knew a fool who wouldn't come out from under the rain; I've been in a Diafran baby who pulled a train-train-train.....but I thought I'd never see you again. Woke up this morning in a fit of movement fever..she brought me honey in a biscuit warm and good; we wrestled half the day just under the influence of wisdom, it felt so good I had to beep my horn. Let me hear you say, "Na na, na-naugahyde, eat me, eat you, eat all pride...till all the world is soft insides..Let all the people go.

Sold a brown bag with my name on the front, delighted soul ignited and go-going till dawn; tuned in the stereo, heard simba simba soft and low, got down on my dedicated knees and joined in praying to 'Mo', I said, "Na na, na-naugahyde, drop it, flop it, dark and wide...till all the world is hot inside, Let my people go.



Fig. 82 Medical diagram of GI's peenee and testes after stepping on Viet Cong Mok-mine. Dotted line shows previous length of peenee.

Fig. 83 Same GI fully recovered now performs intricate important tasks at Veterans Hospital.

Journeyed to a ceramic room, sitting thinking passing gas. When a lot of a sudden red dripped out of my eye, I knew my time had come. Said, "na na, na-naugahyded, pump it, hump it, romp and rided, ...till all the world crossed and collided, Let all people free to go.

Action Jackson, that's my name..asked once more I said the same. Five people standing staring, trashy music bursting blaring, some one threw a fake grenade, it went off anyhow, I mean, holy cow, nothing ventured nothing gained, but this is the ultimate in money trips as far as the eye can see; there is nothing left for me..but to leave on my own, I've disinherited the phone, life is coming to an abrupt halt.

Are you ready, willing, able...to jump and jack all night..I says





Fig. 84 Medical Diagram showing cutaway of a teenaged case of Tri-testicallus..results in abnormal masturbatory practices.

honey need no money, just come and jump and jack all night...Well I'm ready an' waiting, I hopes your ready too. Automobilized viny l upholstered love couch, with deep pouch, all puckered and life-like. I mean, how many Joes could resist plastic dollies after th at kinda royal treatment we was getting back in the old days? Two loaves of springy plastic seat material set at an angle so you ha d to wedge down into them; caressing your body with perspiration-producing closeness...it was religious...the backseat driver was the name of the game, and everyone came out winners, after such a holy communioricative dinner....I was borne of the spirit, yet co nceived of the flesh, and yet I can't find a single witness totha t fact. Too many yetts for any close-cropped American to survive w ithout at least a random dose of frost-bite. I was assured that a t harvest time, any deficiency in the weight of this weed would b e repayed as sort of an honest farmer and his little harvest type gesture. The two kids love each other, they hold each other and e ven eat the mucus and elimination of each other. So often that, r ecently their mom has had to discourage it, because she has found that they would rather eat all of that candied crap than her good hot meals...spoiled appetites. Gotta be careful, as all this lead

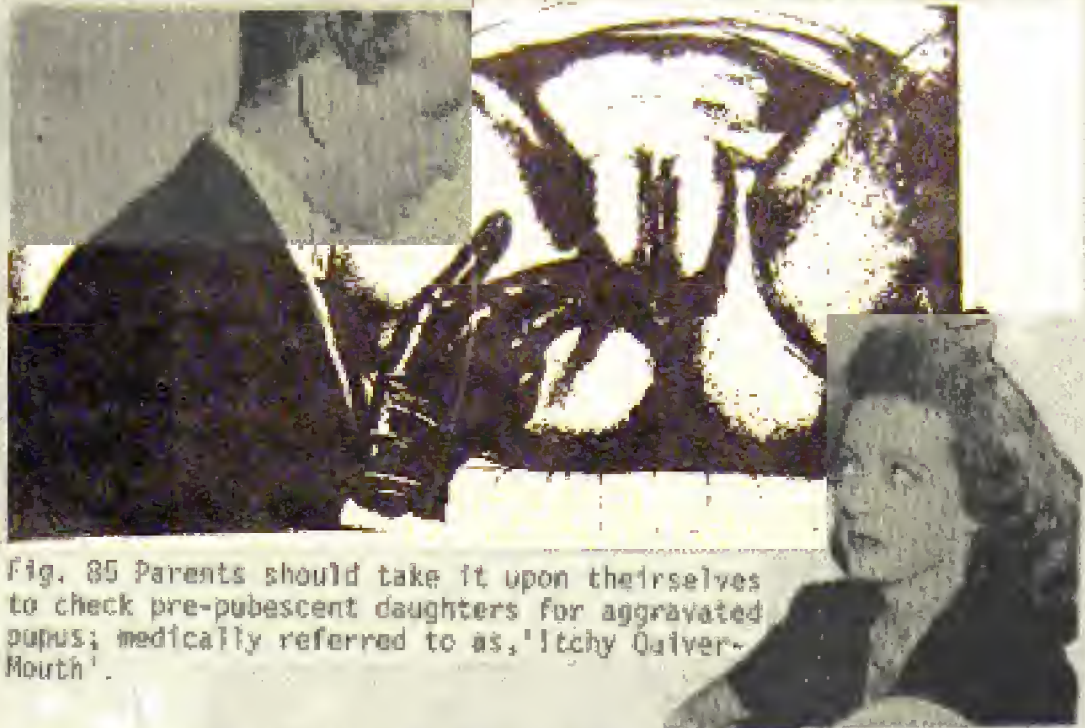


Fig. 85 Parents should take it upon themselves to check pre-pubescent daughters for aggravated pupus; medically referred to as, 'Itchy Quiver-Mouth'.

s to soft spindly little legs and arms, and overgrown puffed-up mean and lowdown pupenda. The female pupus has a tendency to swell to the shape of a curved honey biscuit, complete with frumpy yodder. The male pupendus bloats like a sausage blimp, red and ominous as it dangles from its mooring. Only silver spurs and thin strips of leather ever succeed in taming these wild critters and staking them out in the sun dressed in sauna suits to counter-act their over-consumption of evil fluids. Parents should know the seven signs of the demon pupenda. Listed as follows:

1. Distinct sharpening of public hairs, long curly, flat, yet with razor blade edges.
2. Engorgement of tissues and surrounding area with dark brown blood-heavy concentration on the female's quiver mouth and the male's eye-cap.
3. A deep interest by the female in placing food in her shag bucket, @ whipped potatoes, asparagus stalks, ice creams, or just about any other lesser common food.



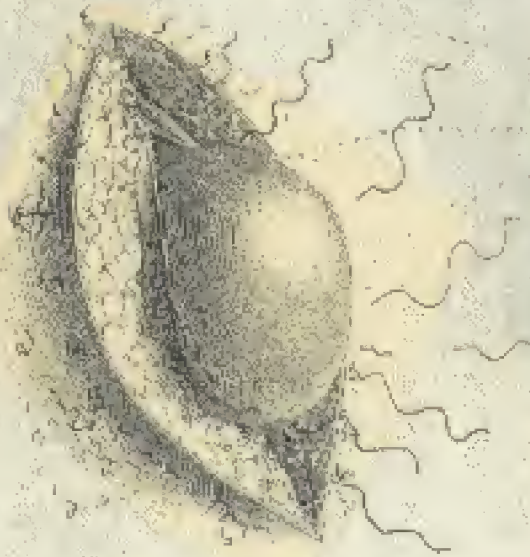


Fig. 86 Female pupus expells tracking balloon to be picked up by males sniffing radar.



Fig. 87 Male pupenda with sniffing apparatus obscured by over-abundant foreskin.

4. The male begins to 'caw' occasionally, either in front of the mirror, or in his bedroom. He circles the dining room, digging the spurs of his heels or pawing the ground; and breathing hard and extremely fast.
5. Common to both sexes is a break-down in their speech patterns and a morbid interest in sex crimes.
6. An almost religious respect for movie stars and rock performers.
7. Interest in the occult.



Fig. 88 Poppa Bruce sez, "Money's Never Wrong!!!"

d

Some crazy fella on TV was at the pier off Coney Island, daydreaming over some book he was reading called, 'Reverse Evolution', when all of a sudden he got the fool-headed notion that he should jump in the water as sort of a symbolic gesture representing his desire to go back to the sea. Poor fella; his athletic wife started screaming, and his buddy home on leave began yelling and taking off his clothes. Just as soon as he was naked, he charged after the man's wife, throwing both of them to the well-packed ground. Caught up in the cross-fire of steaming emotions, they rolled all over the dock, covering up to fifty yards at a revolution, in the time span of twenty seconds. Almost totally welded together from head to toe, they rose after about ten minutes of this action, to pump about on their finny little feet that gave them the action of dancing wooden water boys. Hurricane! Typhoon! Swab the decks, we're in for a whale bustin' good time! There must be some way to stop them Nazi submarines..U-boats...you got a couple of good points lads, but you ain't no ph

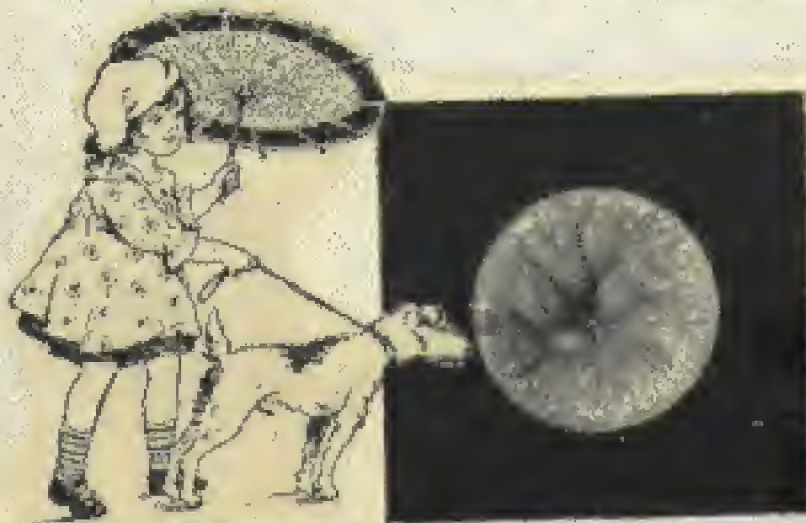


Fig. 89 At the risk of sounding like a broken record, let me repeat myself: Dogs are germ carriers..Keep them away from the Rectum!!





Fig. 90 Many females employ common household appliances during the act of masturbation.

otogenic leather boy, by any means. Get what I mean? She is soft as jungle fern melons, and sweet as the nectar from the fully mature ladyfish. Mush and Gillwater! Men with fins swim the deep deep waterways. Untreated hearing problems have broken up many a healthy household. I guess everyone needs someone to take care of them, and well, I guess she kind of likes taking care of me; if you know what I mean. Well, meantime, that guy who jumped in the water left one way of life, and now he's busy trying to shake a stick at a new method. "Wotta life, wotta gal, wotta way to go, call a doctor, and many more,"-I always say. It's been three long years since I first set foot on that dark and dreary day...but that thick red juice in the tank car caboose..stays as deep as the hungry-hearted sun. Impetuous young lad in a suit of plaid with a peanut in his nose, and a toy soldier in his pocket..cased the neighborhood. Home security is becoming a fashionable party conversation topic in the better half of the world. In the worse half, thieves are entering without permission to rape rob and plunder the poor defenseless unprovoking and usually friendly village folks; I need you more than ever old fella, but I need you back here to look after her while I'm gone. Been three long years since I don't know when, now I'm ready

to fight for the USN. Set afloat countless years ago, weeping in the water on a wooden raft; We wandered on waters, looking for land. Many suns rose, many moons split, now we be settled in land of lakes- whatever it takes, we are the porpi you once thought were fakes. Right now, alcohol isn't Helen's biggest problem...power sump morons is. But if Helen isn't given help soon, she'll have more problems than she or anyone else ever bargained for. If there is really a fertile crescent that rose from the

Fig. 91 Children receive much of their early information about sex during the innocent activities of 'Playing Doctor'.



Fig. 92  
Author.

water only to drop again, then I'm sure all the concerned citizens that have been summoned here to this island by the voice from the sea is here to take us back a gain. Talk sailor! Did you have anything to do with the recent burial of five Vietnamese rubber moon babies? You are the key to this mystery, sailor. Break out the rubber life boat, and prepare to board. Just when the



Fig. 93 When burping the pussy, the doctor must rely on touch alone.



Fig. 94 This guy just likes to watch!!



Navy needs me the most, I go and lose my friggin glasses! What's happening? I don't know, sir. Something big is happening down there. Something big, and shaped like a choo choo train full of circus animals is docking at the brain station. I see sun tanned lions, and happy sappy tigers, big dusty elephants and squirrely clowns. Midnight magicians with flaming swords, overfed women in old iron cages...growling and pacing their cage and playing their radios too loud, so everybody in the circus is practicing drills to the tunes of the current country and western bands of the midwest. Two circus performers work out a breast-milking act behind a leaning wooden crate, red paint chipped and flaking to the sawdust floor...A gaily dressed goon woman adjusts the straps on her potato costume; she frowns as she notices a small rip near the bottom of the suit, leaving one of the big googling potato eyes hanging staring at the ground. The Ringmaster struts around the area, watching the remaining animals disembark from the train. "Who programs these computer?", queried the simple sailor. "No one can reprogram these computers, laddy. Th



Fig. 95 Daydreaming: Incentive or substitute?

ey have been set by the Incas long, long ago. When grass grew in tall waves like common woolen underthings, when that first rush of orgasm- much like that first rush of frozen french fries enters the body. Brightly coloured birds of the jungle flew here and there, and somewhere else, calling out like fire trucks in the night, answering the calls of reptilian ambulances that fla





Fig. 56 Boys like girls and girls like boys.

shed and sounded the call of life or death mating...the computers have been set, and will remain set until eons of time have past, leaving them buried in their own energy output. Incas bearing the sign of the Bird Bath, ceremoniously circled their women, separating the gourds from the twigs; the melons from the fish, the tree women from the cave women, from the plain women. Now, they are separated as nurses, secretaries, and customer carry-outs. Once you have broken the taboos, there is nothing left to redeem your conscience stained, and brought to bear under the weight of true thoughts and deeds. For, don't they say that only God can decide the time and method of informing the original captain of the ark? Wait a second, I'm not sure that is entirely correct...ah, fuck it..take a break.

Fig. 97 Searching the heavenly bodies, astronomers have long been able to view the Little Dipper (circled) through their early telescopes; actually though, they were looking for Iran us.



e

The ark well rounded, has left the rodeo bandits cold; They stared in awe at all the illusions performing in the big top before them. They threw up their amputated arms and bugged out their eyes at the sight of five hundred glittering cow ponies and their young cow poke handlers dancing on the ice before them. First an apaloosa, then a pinto. Next a shetland, then the brigade of arabians; and all the handlers were dressed in tin foil and



handi-wrap alligator bags. Right when they were just about to leave, a juniperized voice bimboed out from the four corners of the big top; "All of you rodeo bandits, you have not cheated death, for death has visited you in the deceivingly harmless form of an ice aren a rodeo show; you are in our memory banks, you are in our memory banks..." The bandits shot out of their seats, running and yelling, but it was too late to escape. As they ran, they turned years older with every step until they were all lying dead, heaps of old spent men. The room fell very quiet. They were buried with their boots on. The whole next day I spent applying compresses to a sick



Fig. 98 A sanitary container, sensible and compact, as they say.

Fig. 99 Whore: "Come leetle man, I show you good time..." Boy: "No! Wah! I don't wanna!" Though many parents would prefer a total stranger introducing their child to the facts of life, Defloration is certainly one function they should feel a definite responsibility to consummate within the family structure.





Fig. 100 so he wants to take a look? What the hell do you care? It's a lot more important that he see's it than you hide it,... Pretty soon nobodies gonna want to look at it anyhow, so who yo u tryin to kid? Give the little guy a gander at the goose, and he's sure to remember and respect you forever.





Fig. 101 "Whar's my friggin slippers?"..When dad's on the warpath, head for hiding! Sometimes a hard day's work is all it takes to snap him out, and many of these big fellas don't know their own strength! 'Back off'-is this authors advice.

and swollen head. My hotel room was cluttered with debris left over from the night before; momentos to a night of hideous paranoia, attaching themselves to me as leeches to a warm quim. I threw up about a half dozen times, the last two empty save a thick small gob of green bile, smelling of dead animal, and burning all the way up. My sense of equilibrium was hiding from me,

as I fell around the room, continually bopping my already soft and bruised head on hard wooden objects in the room...finally I knocked myself silly...I woke up t

Fig. 99 Rubber replacement testicles, prostate gland, and urethra banned from the market because of leakage.

three days later, a new man. So new, in fact, I didn't even know my new name. I was quite pleased when I discovered I was no longer a naval discharge, but rather from the other end of the physical spectrum, rather a small unimportant bowel movement. The bell ringers were taking up visual space in the dining room, I could smell cooking meat and butter floating out of their bells. There was a certain element of old world religion that I couldn't quite decipher, yet I was sure I was on the right track."After all, where else in this world could I get so much to eat for such a small,small price?".

I would find myself babbling as I stumbled through the streets, naked and bruised...Dogs did mid-air somersaults as hunters in red caps and flannel shirts stalked them on the streets..I looked just in time to see the bomb falling out of the low flying plane. As I dove to the pavement to avoid seeing myself blown to bits, I couldn't help noticing that the streets were covered with the litter of thousands of propaganda leaflets..I started reading one titled, "You're not supposed to enjoy this ride, mom!"



Fig. 103 Extrovert openly fooling around with his privates is in complete disobedience with the laws that protect us 'Regular Joes' from this sort of vulgar display.

Fig. 104 Fishing a corpse from the Cu yahoga River.

Baby: This may not be any big bundle of joy ride for you, Mom- now that your being me for a day!

Mom : Joy ride! Hi-De-Hay Ho I should say it isn't! Wriggling around in these straps makes my skin so uncomfortable I could howl- and here goes! Yowoo oh!

Baby: Ha! Ha! I hoped you'd get to see it my way, Mom! Now maybe you see why I get to shitting my pants and smearing my food all the hell over myself!

Mom : Write your own ticket, lamb! But tell me now, why do you need to do both disgusting deed?

Baby: A cinch, Mommie. Pure, gentle warm baby shit works to smooth me over after a bath. And more at diaper level helps to prevent what my doctor calls 'urine irritation'...lack of firm body to a damp didee. Other times, Mom, lots of soft soothing sprinkles of baby food, to chase chafes and prickles and keep me purring!







Nom : Angel, I've been an awful flat tire about this! Just step on the gas and let's be on our way to the nearest filling station! You know where your daddy works. Ever since I became your poppa's frauline, I have taken on the responsibility of making sure he keeps motivated so's he can become a big man, filling up autos that beep at him often, some choosing the big pump, and others the small..it's a small small world and he hears them autos ca-

Baby: Can it, mom! I heard the godda  
m stroy fifty million times before..  
why don't we just go home an you fee  
d me some good warm sexy breast milk..  
we can watch that fag from the Evanjell  
fough Temple make magic on instant rep  
lay..he's really got his act down, late!  
Y.

Mom : Sugarplum, I had no idea you were such a religion blimbus!

Baby: I wanna see him make people hear, and cure cancer and stuff.

Mom: Well, I was kind of hoping we could - oh, what the hay! Home it is, Honey!

And off the rode, lickety-split back home where they could watch the TV and see miracles performed in their own bedroom! The eerie glow of the TV tube cast an almost religious glow across the bed as Junior lay nestled and slowly tugging at the horn of plenty. Mom sat toying with an old transistor radio that had been found stuffed between the bed and the wall, she was playing

Fig. 105 Hermaphro  
dite with one shor  
t leg.

with the controls when out of it blared, "Git around little doggie git around git around git around little doggie git around git around git around git around. it's knowing that your still owing, just trying hard to keep it going, get a big fat round doggie, and then git it on, on, on!" She tossed the offensive radio out the bedroom window.

ow..it fell the four stories and smashed on the pavement below. The neighbors all ran over and began rummaging for salvagable parts, pushing and shoving to get a look at the various pieces.. one little girl cut her thumb on a piece of plastic casing when her father tried to grab it out of her hands so's he could get a check on it. Back inside, Reverend Lungsly uncurled some twis



Fig. 106 Jokes about the toilet may be funny to some, but not to the Constipated!

ted pretzel legs for a grande finale, the happy regenerate yelling and hooting, running around the stage doing the twist and acting like Elvis Presley used to..his short blotchy hair shaking on his head. His short fat mother crying tears of happiness...big as gooseberries all over the stage..Four of the Reverend's stage hands rushed out to sweep away the big gooseberry tears and clean up after the lady mother..Four more grabbed the man and escorted him off the stage with a big white Wet-Look boot..he landed in his mother's arms. Time was growing short, and the station would close soon..mother tore Junior from her breast and tossed him into beddy-bye...He hit his head and went fast asleep. Mother went back to watch the Late Show and wait for Father. The last thing she remembered seeing before she passed out was a jazz gospel trio performing a song called 'Mobile Home', the words of which went like this....Cozy warm mobile home, no payment down. \$110 a month, rocket rent, rentals on your own. Keep it up, keep it in, stand up straight and hard..motor home, all our own, park it in the yard. Check it in, check it out, test it on the road..drive it here, drive it there, fill it with a load. Mobile Home, wants to roam, let's go for a ride..bungalow, four wheel roll, glide around in pride. Silver drone, happy home, larvae living pure..take a rest, metal nest, be safe and secure.Be as snug, as a bug, stay there night and day..no need for tomb, aluminum womb, dream life's car

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Fig. 107 Treating Halitosis.



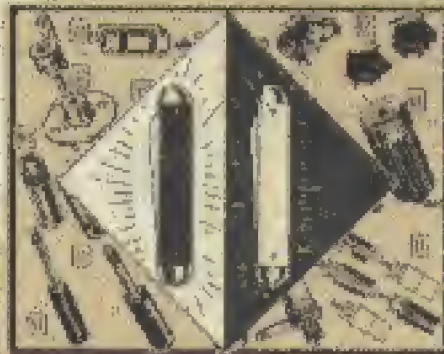


Fig. 108 Interplanetary Yin-Yang.



Fig. 109 Thirteen big babies lost in the rain, representing original thirteen states.

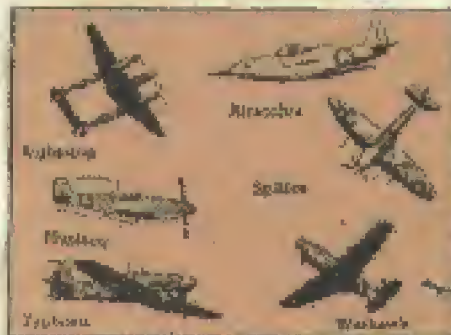


Fig. 110 A boy and his gun.

es away. The song stuck with her all the next day. she hummed it as she washed, she hummed it as she sewed..later in the afternoon she went to the shopping center and hunted for the record, she wanted to buy it.

f We have been unable to get any film on the takeover, yet just before noon, an intense flash of bright light caught all the service men with their pants down, Scurrying around like caught mice, the tables full of money and dice and playing cards flew to the air, a magnificent flock to view in flight ..British commandos raided the area, spraying their kitty litter in short sharp bursts. It was a major crisis by any standards. The mayor reluctantly came to the podium in defense of the budget, the afros wailed loudly about the boredom involved in inspecting the lice problem that was far from licked. Artificially wounded movie actors rolled at the pulled punches. Half the audience was booing before the revolutionary guerillas even walked out on the stage. Guns disguised as guitars and drumsticks were easily smuggled by the club owners. The latex clothed band strode forth, amid the ruckus caused by the audience. Reaching the stage, they spoke in whispers among themselves for a few moments then whirled around to face the back wall as the lights went on, instantly bursting into song. "We'd like to teach the world to sing in perfect harmony; we'd like to--", almost immed



ately the crowd quieted so silently, you could hear a pin drop; a twenty-five year old female pin did collapse from exhaustion..she was quickly covered with a painters tarp and taken to the side of the stage..meantime there was a band on stage presenting their message to the friendly wad! Just as quickly as the people had stopped fighting, and falling around in drunken stupors, shouting obscenities at each other, they started tucking their shirts in, and combing their hair, and acting amazingly sober. A young college student presented a national guardsman with



Fig. 111 Nigra:But boz, it don say nuttin in de contract about goin in dey!  
 Massa:All right then, a weeks supply of Afro-Sheen to the jungle bon-bon who goes in there!  
 All Nigras:Me boz! Hey boz! Ize goin,Me boz!,etc.



Fig. 112 Bad girls! High school prostitutes skuttle their butts at lunch time right on the school playground! Make a pretty penny, I might add. Things are sure different than when you were in school, ain't they? Makes ya wonder, don't it? Aw, go home an whack yer pud, y ou creep!



a flower. A biker offered a police officer a chair. Two white guys asked a couple of black girls to dance..a chicano girl asked a young black amputee in a wheel chair if he was comfortable. The band just winked at each other, pointed the barrels of their musical guns at the subdued audience, and let go with a barrage of lead unequalled since the battle for the Alamo. It was the most successful St. Valentines Day Surprise party in history, and when the smoke had lifted, the bloody club owner, near death, offered them a six week renewable contract, with the band getting one hundred per cent of the door, and on Fridays a percent age of the bar. Also, he advertised them on all the local radio stations and bought them a big plywood sign with their name on it to hang on the doorway of the club. Unfortunately, the bass player and the smart guitar player started doing hash, acid, and heroin until they were as undependable as a couple of spoiled six year olds..one night at a party, the smart guitar player was drunk and doing acid at the same time, and while throwing up, hallucinated his puke was lasagna and got a bad belly-ache trying to eat more than he could hold. They started lying all the time, cheating on exams, trying to make it with every girl in town. They were sent to the detention home, and the guitar player died. The bass player has never been heard of since. ..



## 9a Meta-Geophysical Waste

Deep in the heart of Africa, lies the breeding place of the great white helioceptor. This two-acre island is as packed as a popular tourist resort. Pelikan love scenes and domestic mechanical oddities occur on the average of one totally new and different sexual encounter every other second. On that off second, someone is repeating a past experience. Coyly rubbing against their mates, the females of the species know exactly what they are doing. They are exciting the males to begin muscling in with their large flexible bills. As far as the eggs are concerned, there are more dangers than you would expect. Vultures, hangers-on, beatniks of all walks of life swim the narrow channel to this island to hunt out the yummy small orbs that a careless female will often leave exposed and unprotected. Hordes of these scavengers make their living 'ripping off' the poor unsuspecting birds. But to find food, or perhaps just to take a moonlight stroll, they return only to find an empty vandalized nest. They puff their breasts, and cry their poor broken hearts out.

Fig. 113 Sure seems like the rich got it easier than the poor, don't it?

Tough luck, some would say. Passive gas balloon, others would whisper. Too bad for the cheater, for his conscience is sure to follow him around until a perfect opportunity is found to cut his legs out from under him..leaving him in a condition far more frightening than anything he had ever previously encountered. Leaving him to cook in his own juices. Well, as it turns out, those birds lay enough eggs to keep up with all the egg snatchers..for the present, at least. I've been working on the r'n'r..all the live long day; I've been working on the r'n'r just to pass my food away; can't you hear the hippies calling..rise up so early in the morn...Tune-up or you'll just keep stallin', as Dinah blows her horn. Blow that horn 'o' plenty on me, girl..Dinah give ya tight box and snappy--oh shit; I got it wrong. The general had this terrible thing he used to say that I think went like this, tight tits and snappy box, but it's all frigged so far up the river now, that I'd rather just forget the whole dandy thing..besides I heard my train of thought comin



g, a coming down the track..and if I don't hop on it this time, yo  
u know it might never ever come back...besides my train of thought

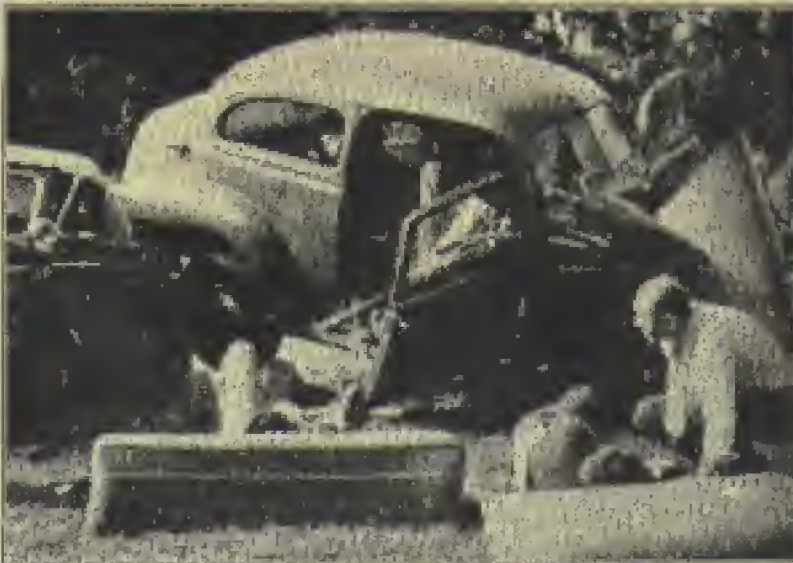


Fig. 114 Crazy Teens! Couldn't wait till the car was parked  
to climb into the backseat and start fooling around! Ha!Ha!

has left that perverse little daydream far behind, already. Which  
is probably as much of a relief to you, the student, as it is to  
me- your professor. Who should happen to come over to visit on th  
e last Friday night that I know of, but that strange guy from the  
nut factory, Louis Gilblom. Hey, I'm not kiddin, he's as crazy as  
a crooked cucumber...I bet he got it from his vibratory whack-out  
, he's been under since he been born. Louis got a reputation, for  
saying things he's thinking, and being borderline on insane, who  
is to say it's always way out in left field? Who knows more than  
the crazies? Even the Lt. says that the ones the goons all laugh  
at, the geniuses and insanes, are the only ones that match up, the  
only ones who forsee. Louis told me once that the American black  
and white war must take place and be over in time for us to prepa  
re for the ultimate third world war between the Western Hemispher  
e and the Eastern Hemisphere. The battle of the world will start  
with an invasion by the Chinks, and it will be up to us to be rea  
dy, both morally and spiritually, to kick some yellow ass. Louis  
got three kidneys, his right side taking the honor..just give me  
all your thoughts and stuff them in the feeder, we got a pig we'r

e raising to star in a film with Louis..he gonna wrestle big pig, and try to bite pig neck out. If Louis cannot bite through pigskin, he gonna get a buzz saw or maybe electric drill and do the fat beast into gore. Then he promises to eat brain matter, so that he can inherit brainwaves; he lost it sixty years ago when a Q-Tip punctured his unborn fetus. The bloody baby Louis crossed legs and became android, now he is talking reminiscis, and telling stories from the Kirby. Do you know the reason the Ku Klux Klan is writing sweet smelling sympathy letters, what can he be trinking, he got a bullet in the brain, aimed at President Kennedy. He wrote a letter to Oswald, and kissed the boot of Sirhan. Bremer was his roommate as he lay wawke in deep sweat. The dimensions of this young man are distorted by sensitivity, he moans with dogs in alleys, and begs for crumbs from Nazis..he embraces the bed his mother wept on, and pledges allegiance to future destructors, writes letters to the editors, and saves his cancelled love lines, the ladies sad and Italian, who spoke in slang and remorse, made Louis chief



Fig. 115 'Adam and Eve', Mosaic tile mural installed in the Cleveland Bus Terminal Nov. 1937..Was quite a scandal, back in those old square days..Ian Carlos Muffy Short, artist.



of Ko Mo Dos, he ride in wooden canoe, as savages beat sweaty, on drums and dance in fire light. He speak of kining-wodo, and eats the mishibourbo, fishes coke and deep fries, among the mighty Ex-Lax. He is warrior from the Park, he shoots shadows in the dark, yet he manages to be Stove Top Stuffin' in the street. Shooting down duckies in a yellow whorehouse, the linen on her back soon became a welter mess. The destruction to the memory bank, wiped half a storage bin of info, clean off the map. Soldiers in the trenches, pumping for a decay, eating that Chinese stuff like it was going out of style. No more excuses, they've torn off your protection, your open and helpless, unless you choose them. 'Give in, she coss. Shiva demon- Shiva demonstrates the art of entrapment on channel 43 tonight. Lost inside their mommies, thousands of chillins dies for you'n'me. Chicken on a biscuit, is an appropriate description of that skinny wheezer and his strong, athletic wife. I trusted you to landfill, yet there's an empty spot on my tab, and the junk just wasn't put up, five angry autos snarling, and baying at the moon. Silver baby cesspool, it's hard to remember back in



fig. 116 The clothes pin on her tongue and the tampon tied to her hair were a dead giveaway that this was no suicide..it was the work of the Satan's S wingos...a neo-nazi wife swapping gang that hits here, there, and away over yonder..The cops are bagged and baffled..it's a rough case.

the old days, when hoods had full control of all the things you really liked. The guys in my old frat club all took a vow to beat off at exactly 8:07 EST, when the President took the air. We exchanged the usual small talk, dispensed with normal handjobs, ate tuna eyes and beef balls, watched the Odd Coupling on TV. The guys all made excuses for leaving school and hitching up, they really hate their wives and wish they all could stay back here. But I am glad I'm not normal, I don't want to be a jack-off, I'm happy in the city where a man can feel he's free. The last time I felt heaven, it squirmed and wet in my arms, she was my guardian angel...and I was in a dream.



Fig. 117 Man's Best Friend ... Before, After, and Always.

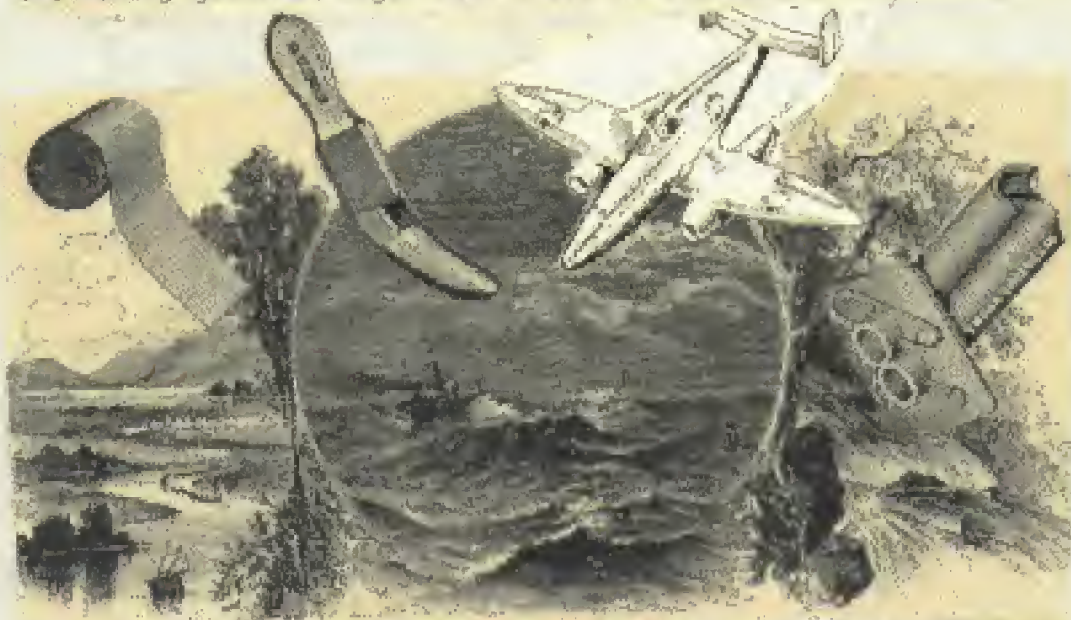


Fig. 118 Well, well, well. It seems like all those 'sour grape self-appointed seers into the future' are once again predicting an end to our big abundant mother earth. Well, it just so happens I got my own info into the matter and as it turns out, mother earth has been so pleased with the activities of man that she is busy right this very moment producing good things for all of us sharp enough to take advantage of and enjoy.





Fig. 119 No one in this picture owns a car.

**b**

Y....for the flag you honor! Y....for the man you are cheering!  
Y...for the vital things entrusted to women! Things that build  
morale-- for fighting men and common home fried folks! Things l  
ike fresh, wholesome complexions, free of cosmetic irritation a  
nd clogged ugly pores. Free of the disgrace wrought by large pu  
stulance blossoms and deep Yankee craters, so to speak. You've  
got to keep your skin clean, if not for your family, then for t  
hose tow-headed Sams from alakazams, over there in Kraut Land,  
and in Hipville. They need to know that the girls back home are  
taking care of their precious natural resources...their own lov  
ely faces. Your lovely face, ma'm. For only a dime you can get  
into that spic-span, march-time, all-out-for-action spirit....t  
he spirit that comes from making a fresh start with the complet  
e army of animal scented wholesome cosmetics. Young girls need

a date to be set early in their childhood insuring them the insulation from their mother's apron-strings and complete severing of their mother's out-dated orgasmic imagery which transferred to the daughter, becomes orgasmic injury. Don't expect a daughter to be responsible for your own fantasies derived from your boring little childhood. Your daughter must be able to consummate and protect her own set of fantasies in order to properly orgasm in later life when she gets marriage. Contrary to popular belief, sex plays a rather large part of the ultimate success or failure of a marriage. Too many seemingly intelligent persons would deny the existence of an answer to life. Please, this is the 20th century. This old barbarian of a cow herder is planning a marriage to the stuck up bitch from England; anxious to get into her cupboards and taste her varied wares... the old man lau

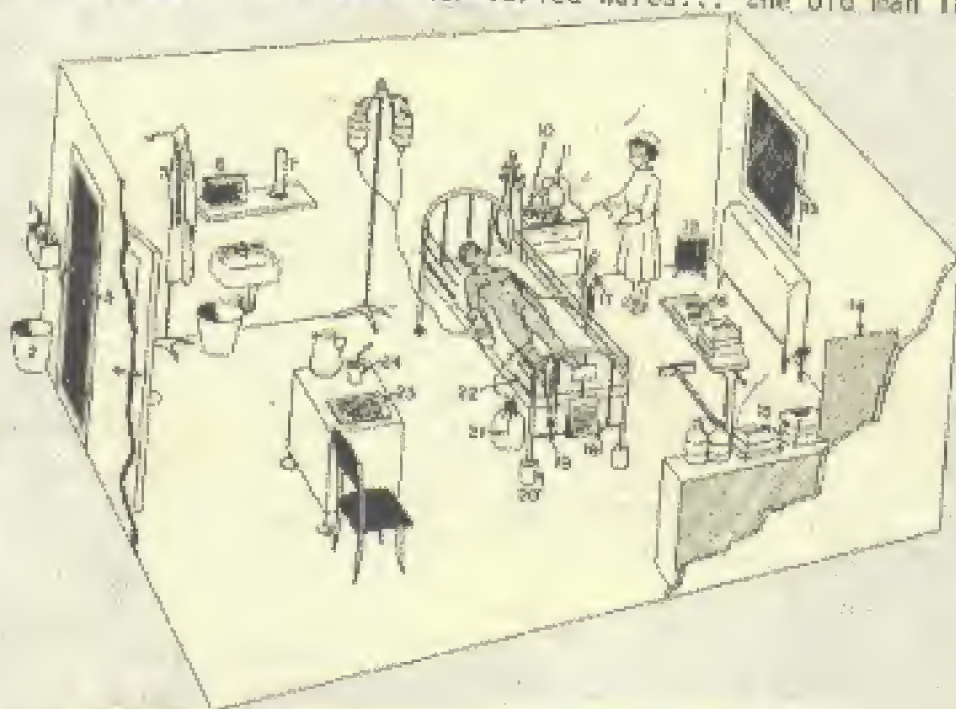


Fig. 120 'La Presidentes Room' at Madam Bu-Bu's Anatomical Research Massage and High Colonic Parlour, located in the Brazilian Rain Forest.





Fig. 121 Toilet training the foot-pad.

ghe softly and rubs his wilted member. "Do you remember?", of course referring to his own past history as quite a woman-fucker. Blizzard kept them apart for a long, long time... and the old man knew his time was coming soon so he was fixin' to get it while it was still twitchin', for memories are no substitute. Part of the ingrained peranoia was owed directly to the fact that they used to teach kids such perverse little bizarre lies that they passed off as the truth; Linda from the civic, took down a number, she was nicknamed Coffee, by a ruthless lesbo lover.



Fig. 122 Laser Orgasm Pattern.

## 10a Thought Deterrents

For whatever reasons we have been watching these shows, to laugh with them or to sit there smoldering, or at them, we've definitely been out here watching every single show that they throw our way. Lets face it, good taste is no prerequisite for the showing of these shows, and by the way we've been sucking up this vile garbage, it sure don't seem to be a prerequisite for watching it. Two tan men's driving gloves held that cigarette and lighter combination that just seemed to float indefinitely on that indefinable black background. Sauve, yes. Suitable family rations, si. Good diet for sampling viewers and suckling TV folks, oui. Strong basis for moral behavior and sexual conduct in the community, N-G-NO!! When are people gonna realize that it's not all fun and games, and that we've got to buckle down and fight this thing..and I mean it..fight this enemy of the people that comes to us in the night, hovering over our beds like we done something wrong, all of a sudden, just these two big tan mitts that don't say not kin', just keep rolling along, frightening all the townsfolk.

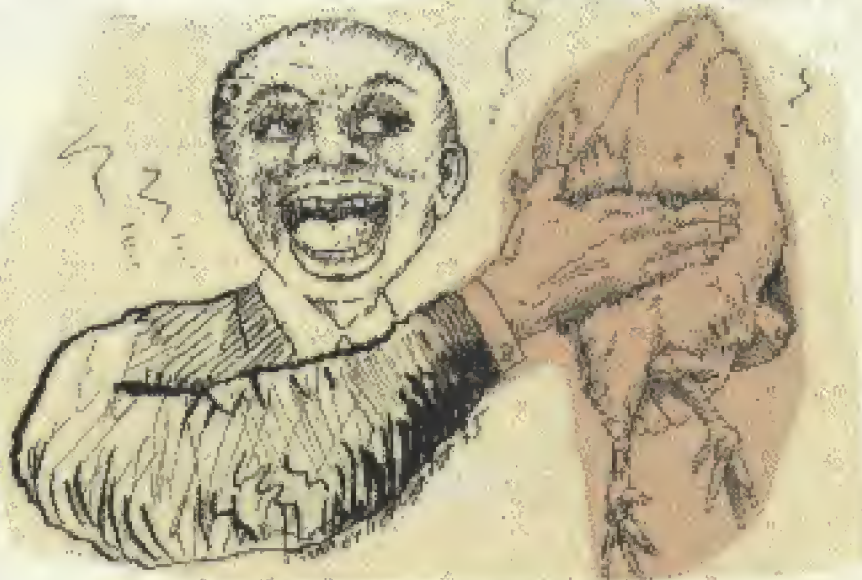


Fig. 123 Finger-lickin' Gooo-ood!



I arrived home to find a letter sitting on my mirror table. It read as follows: Mark; I saw Gary ( the general! ) Jackett last night he told me that your synthesizer is locked up in the Kove! Do you know about this? Now you do. Call me if you want to do something- like get the Moog. 673-8378 Lt. Casale.

I knew what that meant, instantly. Of course I called the number, but it was a fake. He was always trying to pull fast ones back then, and well, friends were not immune. Or amused. I being no exception, was not immune or amused in the least. I suppose you must think differently of me now that I have told you that; everyone is uptight as far as food is concerned. The best way to avoid the scalping is to go to the papers for supermarkets with full page layouts, and four coloured spreads. All the glamorous superfoods and economy sizes are important. Some black guy just said, "Jay, when we talk about unit pricing, what is it that is so evil to our sense of fair play?"... He never really got an answer because the time was up just as Jay opened his mouth to join the fun. How would you use the above floor cleaning tools? Well, some folks use it for dusting, lamp shades, books and bookcases, venereal blinds, furniture, prick pods, moldings, baseballs, shelves, etc...etc. When you dust with this handy brush you take the dust out of the house forever! Not just move it from one place to another, shifting and relocating, like some of those heartless boneheads would have you believe.



Fig. 124 Luv  
American Style..

b

"Dan'l, Dan'l, Come Quick! Mingoes on the rampage and someone has vandalized the schoolhouse!"...Daniel quickly corn-cobbed his ass and hoisted his britches. "Why bother the magistrate—we got a rope, we got trees, why not string-up that wounded ass in right here and now, put an end to this vicious feud that is busy gnawing at the entrails of everyone in this god-forsaken mountain resort..." I knew we should of gone to that slicked-up paperbacked, dude ranch where the lizards just sit around lounging in the hot Vegas sun, and beautiful people wait on you hand and foot. "Please Martha, with Mingoe on the warpath, we're liable to go home with a hell of a lot more than saddlesores, sunburns, and sexual exhaustion.", said one trembling fatso to his oozing enameled pink wife. She immediately began concerning herself with piling and stacking, collecting and heaping, gathering and mounting all of their possessions, piled high like a tee pee, from where she perched and cooed; sounding the air like a big warm-bottomed bird from the tropical lagoon...her husband circled like a concerned whooper wa-ha Indian, tucking the corners of her nest of appliances, dancing Hopi style and trembling from fear; ringlets of fat sweat fell to the ship's deck, stealing his traction, making him uneasy, leaving him hopping like the harmless bunny he be. If only he knew what a real fool he looked like. Boy, it's as embarrassing as a rabbit lingham mounting an elephant woman's yoni! Of course, some true devoted fans to the study of love would debate the unavoidable embarrassment of the above analogy, for I would be forced to admit I once ran into an apparently harmless yoni of a deer woman, that turned out to have the appetite of a whole herd of elephant yonis! It was the summer of 1973 when we were busy in the business of making electric music monsters, and the scene was Balcon Street—what a place, and what an impression! She slid into the house on the bed of



Fig. 125 Jiu-Jitsu Finger Trap and Removal.



Fig. 126 Forest Ranger is fatally thrown during routine collection of reindeer sperm in Alaskan Pipelands.

ton, making him uneasy, leaving him hopping like the harmless bunny he be. If only he knew what a real fool he looked like. Boy, it's as embarrassing as a rabbit lingham mounting an elephant woman's yoni! Of course, some true devoted fans to the study of love would debate the unavoidable embarrassment of the above analogy, for I would be forced to admit I once ran into an apparently harmless yoni of a deer woman, that turned out to have the appetite of a whole herd of elephant yonis! It was the summer of 1973 when we were busy in the business of making electric music monsters, and the scene was Balcon Street—what a place, and what an impression! She slid into the house on the bed of



the Grande Patron, yet wrestled each noon day while he was away . We used our limbs roughly, and strained through our blue jeans, cursing each other and then laughing it off. The one day in the middle of a big time wrestling embrace, she suddenly went soft, and sang in my ear. Responding like bunny, the deer woman rotated, using her axis to turn through the seasons. We banged till it grew soft, and even then continued, to smack as it sounded, like waves on the beach. If only the season had not so affected us, we probably never would have strained on our leashes. ..causing a scandal, branded as crazy, we didn't mind a single bit; until we discovered we had broken a household, over some recreation that was all for laughs.

Fig. 127 Confiscated photograph found in Charles Mansons cell...Photo taken by Patricia Hears of Don DeFreeze-dried's hands, as he methodically cleans a bloodied catheter removed from Mizmoon.



## C

After two close shaves in the same day, police officer Moss was bald as an eagle. And who could have imagined it? Jesus, I once thought I was an authority on Life Forces, until I realized that all my transcripts on authority and establishment always seemed to end exactly where they started from...circular dystrophy...my notebooks were all interchangeable with everything else, in most states. I had been rubbing and buffing, rubber and buffet, but now I been warping and shitting, wiping and shining, etc. Wanna grow a baboon's banana tree? She was asking me a question as we sat up reading the Sunday paper...What's wrong with the one I got? I asked. Ha, ha, ha---boy are you paranoid, you miniscule gopher...what a scream! Fat girl on the TV making all the ear lobes twitch in pain...singing like some bellowed calf, the only image that camera ever missed was the big porky dick it looked like she shoulda been sucking on. A Cleveland youth played Smoke on the Water on his Cordovox...it was low low low. Emphysema is good at destroying lung tissue; and of course lung tissue can't never be replaced; only erased, and defaced by the lack of proper care and personal honest hygienic pruning...Some fifty year old vacuum bag just came on the tube bellowing out My Blue Hawaii, or something like that. This is just about the most magic night ever...wait a minute...it's broad daylight- and I feel

a shave of pelvic fright...oh my gosh, my pelvis has frozen in the retreat position..no, it's this horrible dream that creeps up everytime a young thirteen year old struts on the screen and produces smoke screen in my britches, I invariably drop my paper to cover an atomic eruption sure to occur...oh, there's just too much paranoia in this land of ours, you got yours, we got ours..everyone I know has the mania, to do the polka from Pennsy Ivania. Little red book of my womans rusty hook, she do what she think be good..she's a real fine cookie when it comes to bringing herself to the realization that life must go on, no matter what just went wrong, she works long hours on her knees trying to help her dead dad get one last hard-on. Life in the suburbs has taken a new look at itself, can you blame the satin fertilizing flame for her fear of all that hovers near her single ceramic bedpan, watching with detached interest, all she deposits, microphones taping, the flow of her sweet golden urine, trying to determine, if an operation is due. Ten beautiful girls trotted down to grace our screen, there was a commotion on the neighbors screened-in porch, it seems little Johnny is going away, joined the service and took the money his mother was saving to buy her a leg brace, he spent it on cunt salve, and rubbed it in quantities, into his long brown and wanky locks. The family all begged him to return the pin money, he lied through his fake teeth and said it was stolen, when he was on leave..The last time they saw him he was high on dome acid, cursing the building in which he was conceived; borne of leperstock, and smelling of wharf, little Johnny cried half a lifetime; easy pickins for those with no scruples.

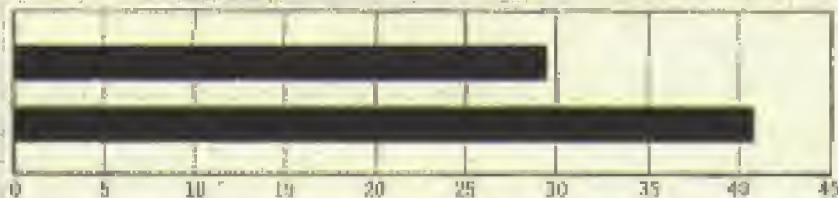


Fig. 128 Who wants to argue the facts? This bar graph offers indisputable evidence that this generation is already on the downhill slant of world evolution..the twentieth century will always be remembered as the straw that ruptured the camel's abdomen.





Fig. 129 Catching up on some Z's after that Big O run..This is the guy that sleeps while the other man drives on that non-stop Lawsons run..fagged-outa this world, stale orange juice nightmares are inevitable even with the most stalwart of drivers.

## Ila Lust Belches

He has got the skills that deflect the arrows of death..the spears of snow..they come and go, leaving their bum stains to show and grow. I began my journey, where the devils started their trashy affair, I ended my grande journey where the devils stopped their trashy affair. We've been shaped by the hook, Where paint-pals visions treasured words of warning..bearded blues boys sat in circles silently listening to the one man speak with a slow drawl,"-then he turned to her and said, It's the end for you and me young lady, I guess it's all over, I can't stand seeing no one cryin', let's just pretend there was nothing intended, nothing upended, with that perky little behavior pointing to the North Pole, I wanna dig my babies coal hole..."Jap terrorists ran up and machine gunned the whole lot of them down...the old guy kept right on talkin' though.."we been married for three long years, ain't no reason to snap it off now, I was just settlin' down to a long winters nap, when goddamnit, I rolled over on this big durn green thing she had in bed, she called it a Venus fly trap..The kids all arose from their beds to see what was the matter with mom and dad, when a severed small hand hit my fee



Fig. 130-131 Under the guise of nursing..Throughout history, women have always jumped at the opportunity to hover over sick and helpless men..savoring every wince and cry of pain they can create in the helpless dopes.

t with a splatter. I turned on the light for in the dark it felt like egg batter, my breath was still inside her, it made her appear somewhat fatter than usual..she placed her wilted feet on my strong lap'o'steel, I really couldn't feel a thing..it was in no way a real experience. Oh course, I lost my lips to a Viet Cong rocket- Now I got a glass eye in my left eye socket- and my teeth and my ears are asleep in my pocket, It's a long long long one to haul. I think I fucked-up somewhere before I knew it all- I'd give both my arms for one half my right ball, oh yea yea yea I'm off with a cough- hang in low- cling on, cling on. I knew I was coming so I baked a cake- and now I'm back again. Jet stream country chocolate and I know how to look at that new dude. with the innocence of a fresh laid egg. Want to take the responsibility for a dead mans grave? Private detectives tell no tales. Some would ask if maybe he was just passin' through- but don't bet on it. Some folks think he's up to a lot of no good, bad blood, winner of the grande prize; dinner for one in your mommas old puss. And I ain't talking about Tabby. I'm speaking on Flabby Crabby..you know who I mean, don't you? I want to know if Kitties here. But she ain't seeing nobody, mister. She'll see me, you ugly little deep knee dive. Jus' git out of my way 'fore I fix to scramble your frightened foolish Japanese to p-side. You see, I've been fixin to die for some twenty-four ye



ars now, I'm gonna dive bomb kamikazi style right in your picture window, I'm gonna leave you so frightened you'll wish you never was rich in carbohydrates. One day your gonna thank me, though, for all the things I'm gonna learn you today. You'll thank me for the way I kind of opened those sticked-up lids and tore down those silly rhododendrum dreams you have always been afflicted with...I'm going to kill you and your whole god-damned family. So help me God.



Fig. 132 Baby Alive. Lithograph by that famous West Coast Artist, John Zabrucky. (From the collection of the author.)

b

What do you do when you find out your child is handiwrapped? Well, first you cry, then you curse the Maker who gave you the extra hassle to put up with. Then, you pretend he'll outgrow it. Hide your child in the garage, says one radical new theorist. Tape your child's frail little legs together and bat it around with hammers and screwdrivers, says another. Dip the child's limbs in hot water and pour scalding tea and coffee over it, says yet another. But there is one new therapist who is gaining world wide recognition with his theory he is having some success with, and that is, ignore the ailment. Treat him as you would any other child. Dress his tiny bent limbs with normal sized clothing for his age group. Enforce good eating habits at the table, and punish him for dipping his bulbous head in the chili, or throwing forkfuls of food in to his open eyes. Make the child pull his share of the load by, washing dishes with his paws, or trimming the lawn with his teeth. Don't take 'no' for an answer, and never give in to the pitiful wailing or that look of complete helplessness these cunning youngsters conjure up quit.

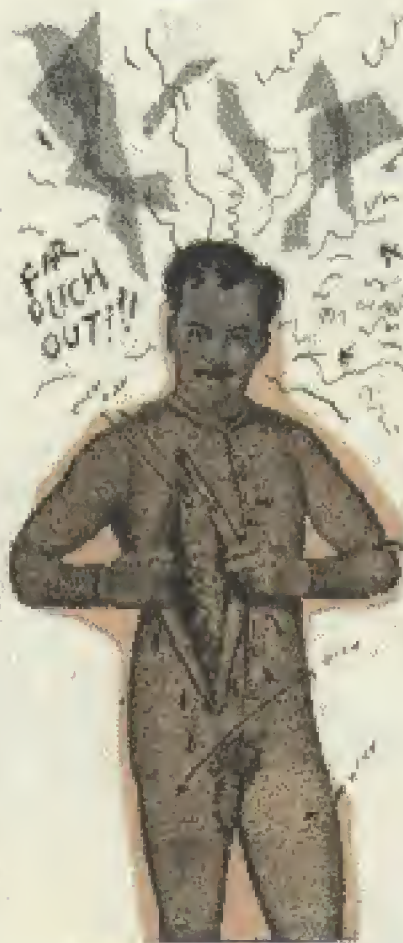


Fig. 133 This War Vet is so zonked-out on downers, he is pulling the stitches out of a recent wound he had just been operated on for. He's even laughing and doing a jig, the big jerk!

e effectively from their little book of Parent Psychology Techniques. If none of the above work, our suggestion is to quietly do away with the child, have it put to sleep or something. Make sure that the child knows his fate before he refuses to iron clothes, or drive to the store for margarine, for knowledge of his punishment has made way for a miracle or two. Enough of that. But, right here I would like to make room for a little bit of info taken from another of my writings, Computation Book Vol. II, authored (of course), by me, Mark Mothersbaugh. We are reading from pages 120 to 124 under the section, What kind of training do children need? (quote): Children often when left to make decisions on their own prove they are quite selfish little brats that can be lost, removed by a planet peanuts- do you remember your speckled suspender undercover super face shields---Kids...GOD KNOWS THEY'RE GREAT...yet of TEN AS NOT THEY NEED THE GUIDING HAND OF EXPERIENCE to Channel Their Little Bodies And minds through those TRYING YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT- AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME in.... LOOKING INTO THOSE LITTLE BEADY eyes is enough to bring the Desire to Discipline into any One that no longer Finds he himself on THAT Journey Towards Prime....KIDS Need you- AND you- AND your SHoe..... Accompanying illustration is of girl in pig-tails with black eye and scars looking over bed of six year old child with legs broken at pelvis and split straight-out at opposing 90° from her body, held in place with boards...a hole drilled in board allows a 3/4 inch in diameter metal tube to be shoved up her vagina or ass...it is hard to tell which it is...the tube is about two feet long and empties o



ut onto the bed...the girl with the black eye is speaking."I once acted-up all the time like little Bobbie here...always wetting my pants-Well- MY PARENTS sure cured me of what was rapidly beginning to appear as a lifelong problem."The article goes on to state that kids can't FIGHT THE Devil By THEIR Selves...Given a hand - or better yet, a paddle!!!!kids can often be cured of terrible habits at home , before they even occur to the child as a POSSIBLE Offense. TASTES Like PLASTER-STRETCHES Like Disaster- I wanted to touch the blow hole's so's I bent Over & asked her- Narrow shell Ear-Protectors- Goggle Snuggles ORLON Erectors Children Play POINTY OBJECTS- SOFT BULBOUS PAINFUL INJECTS. Another illustration..look it up. Kid- Look what you did- poo-pooed on the rug? Well, now- pretend you are a bug - you got to cross that poo-poo pile- and it's gonna seem like a mile- with your suit of shining rubber remember- always cover- yourself for possible leakage losing mileage...rubbing my silage..draining fusilage..last minute altitude check..cross country deep thigh wreck- children made of chocolate-late - and wrapped in coloured foil- eat before they spoil- the overturned globe backside posterior inferior my anterior antler will cut you down- cloven- breath breakfast- hospital parlour games radio waste- just try to get out of bed- Ned- try to get out of bed- Well my Ned tried to get out of bed, Fred, and that's when I shot him in the head. (all together now) Tie me buckaroo down Sport- tie me buckaroo down- Tied him down to the ground Sport, and that's when we drained about a quart! (all together now) Tie that Jackaboo up Chuck- tie that Jackaboo up- Well that's etc..... Children must be dealt with in firm, sober ways when they have done something wrong. To overlook firm punishment is to deprive the child of his right to be taught the difference between good and evil, as the parent happens to see them..No child really wants to be bad- He(she) just usually needs some persuasion- not the evasion of the facts! Once I was a kid and I'll tell you what they did. They held me to the ground and they undid my lid.. filled me full of dirty water filled me full of plastic lies... and everything I had seen out front- they stuffed behind my eyes. God don't shit those little green assholes, it don't rain in



Fig. 134 Rectal cigarette.

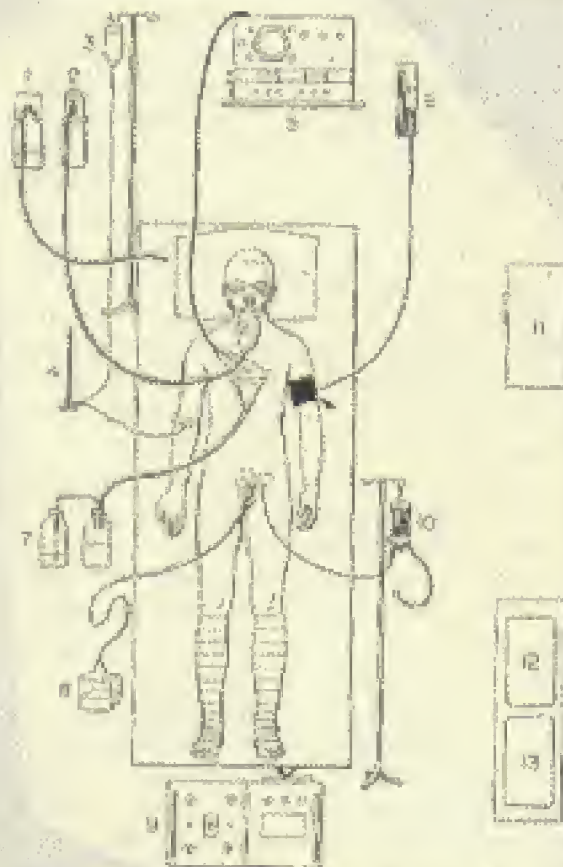


Fig. 135 A room set up for advanced sexual therapy.

- (1) Wall suction with drainage bottle.
- (2) Marijuana hookah with mask and roach clip.
- (3) Intravenous ginseng root treatment.
- (4) Spike.
- (5) Teac FM receiver, and Pioneer loudspeakers.
- (6) Spermomanometer.
- (7) Nipple flangers.
- (8) Big Mac catheter and plastic urine collection bottle with deep suck action.
- (9) Video taped porno.
- (10) Gonad exciter.
- (11) Air conditioner.
- (12) Catalog of household appliances.
- (13) Sensual massage tray with complete enema apparatus.

Upper Las Vegas in the summertime. Keep your mouth shut or we'll fill it with a butt- common practice here in Akron- you come one step closer and you'll get it both barrels right down the pipe- So pipe up, you foolish pup! Cut it!! She was a sexy harikari. Till her dad gave her the boot. Then we were latched together in the kitchen- I wore my rubber suit. She keeps it real tight and perky- can talk her way out of any mess- Well she was my Private Hairy Carrie + I was her Elliot Ness- She shoots me up, inflates my outfit. then I bite her in the left tit- etc., etc. Let's flush things out of the woodwork or should I say would wind a bit: Did you know that nurses are far more subject to fits of grandiose pervo-dayfoaming than say, patients? Did you know that narcotics agents can look for bugs in your fiancées underwear? Did you know there are fifteen new children every minut



e- and only a couple get abused every day? Think of it- children being born- eating peas and cues and corn- Never ever feeling leather- or reeling squealing bouncing off the ceiling- simply because parents are FAR TOO NON-COMMITIAL about rigid child punishment! Taught with a board- best accord, said Lowell Thomas Smith noted philanthropist child grafting expert back in 1882 and it is still true today- that kids who were whipped, never piped! Now go all the way back to 1772 when Americans were still loyally English colonies, puttin it in for the queen, as the saying went. They couldn't AFFORD new cars and free gifts of money and schooling for their adolescents...so they gave them what they could- willow branches- ever get the feeling we went wrong somewh



Fig. 136 It takes one helluva man to mount the Big Rig.

ere? Man can make a car or money or a boarding school, but only GOD can make a willow branch..I'm going back to the ranch, start a car caravan to Plymouth, I ran, I ran the other starter with h my feet on both sides of the ..(fade outola)..Did you know po



Fig. 137 Poor Little Johnny! Grandma's cooking, and he's SOOO hungry! But he'll catch a lickin if she catches him snitchin...it's almost dinner time and dinner is in honor of big brother Butchie who just got back from Viet Nam! Johnny is so proud, too! Butchie must have donned every slit-eye over there, and he promised to tell Johnny about each and every one...the trials, the tribulations, the good dead and the ugly. Johnny can barely contain himself over the whole big-tooting blast-off affair!



sture plays a leading role in a child's attitude and emotional growth? Like that wise old motto says: "So bent the twig, so doth it grow."..this motto was written long ago yet it is still a part of a child's thought processes..A kid's thinking is greatly influenced by the big HUMP that can be found hovering over a delinquent's head or you know what I mean- We have filled our dining room with a bulbous music machine plays the hits shoots the shots tickles the clits-ha-ha- Do you think I laugh too much in this book? ( No need to answer, for as you recall, this is an excerpt from another book..editor's note.)Don't answer that, I don't care what you think anyhow- It's past all that- your just an old dryrot hat..You been borne of flesh and sold as trash. You smell like you belong in San Juan on the midnight fleshhole Took a hook out of the book- some girl from the past cut the hair on my mask..she got odors that just don't last..traded for a gal. of gas..you need a new diamond needle,Cleveland. Lost a sardine in the city..working everyday for the assholes with the attitude that I should be a prude too many BUS TOPS and BOX FLOPS you and never go control you birth with what your worth This is for BOTH men and women- let's see if it is worth it to do birth control stories I am waiting- I am awaiting oh dear oh-yea- waiting for someone to come out of someworn underwear. She is pretty and a soft toucher you say she makes you move- you gonna find out you gonna.



Fig. 138 Deer Season, Agin!  
n' Dad teaches Son the ropes!

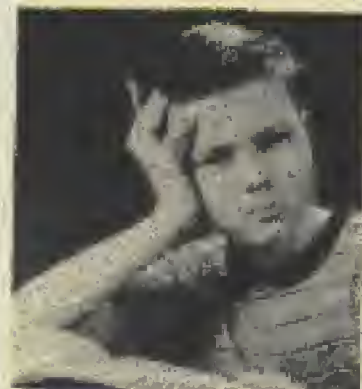


Fig. 139 He knows what he wants, just how to get it???

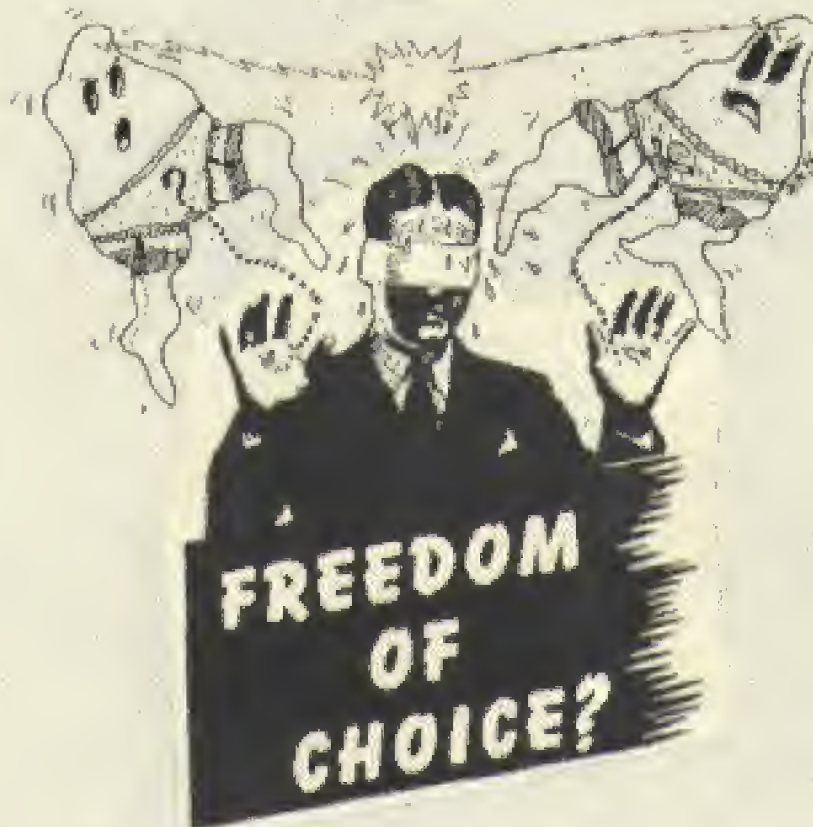


Fig. 140 Panty Ghosts!!..They'll drive ya to an early grave!!

C

Movie was real clipper from transcendental hygiene movie-land, a genuine Oriental Mothbutter trading card. Lisa took part in a test to see if new Dermassage with protein really made your hands feel cleaner, in between her. She rubbed her slender onion stalks up and down those chubby little cherubic astronaut massagers... five bags of vacation money ice cream flavoured, which we had some milk. Any more campaigning for governor and you're going to get your wings clipped, and I don't mean in some silly afro cut or anything of the like... hello master... Ripping plaster... lea



king faster only known for plastic phone, and keeping tabulation  
s on the fix you seem to dream up, garlic breast with diadems, f  
laming torso twisting roughly, built to fling wire woman's cloth  
ing, dizziness radish covered for a small restaurant short-order  
ed nervous system, tip of the red arrow broke in the hard packed  
earth... three astronauts clung to dining tables, as the ship ca  
psized, leaving them hanging and flustered, unsure of the future  
; I tried for a chinese accent, but I was no professional actor.  
He never figured out my true intent. The leader of the package s  
aid his desires were inconclusive, we ran his escalator up the b  
ack of her sweet spine. Broadcasting needle pointed razor sleek  
and slender messages to the village and nearby farms, the weasel  
- brained ex-con wormed his way into the hearts of some, and int  
o the lockers of others.

Fig. 141 Objects extracted from  
the dead womans vagina.



d

Little Jimmy was playing his radio on the patio waiting for the  
rodeo. His mother was all tense inside, had groaning pains, and  
unpaid bills. Father was off work today, as always on the holid  
ays, he hid beneath the bed. News Flashes kept Jimmies mother m  
oaning, she has to sit down when the news hit the fan. Music wa  
s all that could keep this tightly knit group together, so Jimm  
y played it loud and strong.

"Shimmy-shake..like a little Koogle, yeah? Oh yeah! You gotta s  
hake'n'bake..like a little squirrelle, yeah? Oh yeah! Come on a  
nd---" sang Jimmy to the beat.

"Turn that thing off", yelled a muffled voice from the bedroom.  
..It was dear old dad and his appetite for rest taking over the  
situation. The camera quickly flashed to the bedroom to show a  
bed with a huge lump under the covers, and a hush puppy standin  
g silently next to the bed, his masters newspaper and slippers  
at his paws, and masters pipe in his jowls. The water was runni  
ng in the porcelain sink in the bathroom. A sign reading 'Other  
potatoe chips don't stack up-many fearless salesmen bite the ba  
g', hung low over the bed. Hot waves of heat rolled around outs  
ide like 20 ft. bowling balls, crashing into buildings, and mak  
ing loud crack sounds when they hit each other. Dogs were barki

ng, all over the neighborhood. one noisy kitty was buried under about 4 or 5 blankets, making "wiroww!" type sounds. Black people slunk around the block, staring and gawking (in that order), at everything and everybody. It was kind of eerie, and it left all the flamingo whites who lived in the neighborhood nervous, they stood around building mud-huts with their long legs and us efull bills. The bigger white flamingoes gave the orders, and the little ones tried desperately to obey. One would say it was a real totem type affair; pyramid order was the name of this odd game. Escape from the burden of raising a child, was the motivation behind the recent suburban slave-labor scandal that caused so much fast talk among the mild mannered water-boys that lined the city halls. Still in love with the theater, in spite of the pace-maker in his chest, Bun Bouy Lewis attends every play to make it on stage in his humble hometown. Asked which was his favorite film to view during his long career, Bun slowly yet surely replied, "It's still Blowing in the Wind". Bun Bouy never had a male image to assimilate to, no great accomplishments to clap for, or even one ball mitt to oil up during his short childhood; consequently, he never really acquired a full thrust to his walking motion, his thoughts occluded by some strange premonition of scholastic pig-paste....People with the small waist left him to cook in his own greasy smegma.



Fig. 142 *Truth Is Queerer Than Reality...* Human Ashtray! In some countries where people are more plentiful than ashtrays, children are sometimes substituted.

The handy upholstery nozzle has been banned from the supermarket counter. Once used for cleaning fabrics such as curtains, draperies, mattresses, pillows and blankets; it was quickly put to the perverse purpose of suction and siphon on stairway carpeting. Qu



ickly and thoroughly it removed lint and hair from these surfaces, making it practically impossible for authorities to arrest the users.

Also banned was the Crevice Tool. The following is a portion of the dialog taken internally with each tool: "Use it for SUCTION cleaning to remove dust from the crevices in upholstery, inside pianos and bureau drawers, around baseboards and between sections of radiators. Where carpeting is fastened to the floor with quarter-round, clean often with this tool where the quarter-round and carpet join; this helps control moths, which often hatch in these places.

Accepted into membership was the Extension Wand. The light weight extension wand may be used to extend your cleaning reach. Attach to end of hose and attach the desired tool to the end of the wand. Keep close to the young child's pupenda and work with a pumping motion. Within moments the desirable amount of baby gelee should be produced. Keep in a tightly closed container. Remember, this is no laughing matter if any of this dangerous stuff get

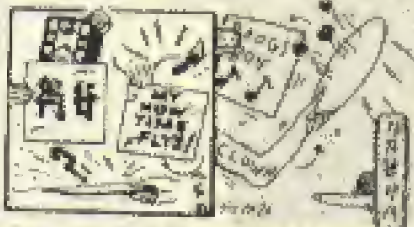


Fig. 143 Picture Riddle... typical of the type distributed by Airlines to make the flight more bearable.

s on your skin; furthermore, it is still a crime in most states to discuss baby gelee with minors; so be sure to ask for ID's from your bullshit buddies and hens peckers.

He twas' leanin' my waterway, He was lookin' at me... He was staring at my greenbeans when he asked for TB....sofa, so goodie goodie. Yabba-dabba rubber tablets, fleshy, flashy fruit fricasee. My dummy lies over the ocean, my dummy lies over the sea....the dripping you hear is my heart's bleeding, bleeding for you and for me. Get down, get down, oh get down and spread it around-round-round...Get down, get down, oh get down and get it all over.

"Do you mean to tell me you're having a relationship with him?" the pugnacious copper queried.

"Yes.", she admitted.

"I suppose his wife will have something to say about that.", said the laughing monster pig-pig-pig, as he rolled on the floor in

conceptions. Me think me no-know what you be when you no-go...we all hide when big bird land, silver cigar from foreign land, full of gods that do the Strand, me think dirty gods take pleasure. ...when our women leave our happy huts, go to gods from silver cigar, make them presents of fruits and little monkey....laugh for long time inside silver cigar, come out bashful, we no know... what go on, but we all think, women do the belly-rub...why do they just turn their face? They just say, "We no-know, and we no-care- white warriors eat our underwear.



Fig. 144 Caught in the Act! Older folks Lust and Abuse innocent pinhead child!





Fig. 145 They'll Do It Every Time...that Devo music seems to produce palpitations in the Mutant Elite where ever they meet up.

e

We all do the dance of mad hare, rub in blubber to our weapons, make them shine for women yonis...They just say white warriors lingham, big as banana-fruit, and long as sun-down, then they rub their bellies and smile like reindeer...we all wail and pull our feathers, why do gods come make life saddened, take our yonis make them longing, now they all have gaping jaws, that rush and devour mud-man lingham, we all sit on top of lingham, lingham got no motivation...we get no sleep, we all walk with shoulders rounded, feel like women, doing washing, bellies growing, leave us, evil gods! Hear this plea to end your bad spell, give us back our blushing yonis, give us back our happy breadfruit, baskets full of warm night dabbas...we no-know, and we no care, give us back our warm reindeers.

Marilyn Monroe lay sunbathing, got the award in her hands, laughing thumbing her nose at the people in the crowd...little did she know drunken fireman, wanted to douse her...too hot to handle, lifted his two-handed axe...took a deep swing and put out her lights; you know... that foot and a half square window that guards her beautifully hand-painted face-- well, that crazy fireman took aim and smashed the thin glass plate that separated her from the people, of course it was only a matter of time, and not very much of it I might add, that she would dump a whole army of sleeping pills down her pretty little gullet and sleep it off six feet under. The fireman went insane when he had discovered what he had done, and after writing this movie, The Misfits, he joined the New York Yankees and sold tickets and hot dogs to the tune of home run big boy from the dark side of the fire station. Soon he was dead from overexposure, and a strong allergy to the draining of his already overtaxed mini-balls. This became the rule of thumb before too long, and soon show-offs from all over the whole goddamned wretched country were trying to pull the proverbial "fast-one" on in-laws, and even on a few outer lips. God reached down in the form of a giant's hand, took a small battery powered transistor radio from his pocket and turned on Kathryn Kool-man. She crooned over the small speaker like an overgrown monkey-swan, with eyes the size of clam shells. Words were out of place on this deep and solemn occasion, leaving all the townsfolk debauched and bewildered. Deflowered and discovered, dewormed and defeathered, dead and dying. It took a strong man to recall, the day they shot off his ball, shot off his ball, shot off his ball. It took a big man to remember that trip down the hall, shiny and all, the night his Dick went to sleep. Now he lies in the river, in the bottom 'neath the silt, rubbing his hilt, weeping over the will. Now he lies in the bot

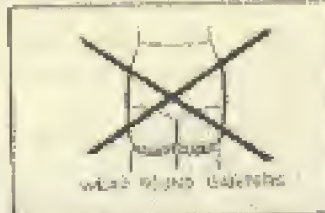
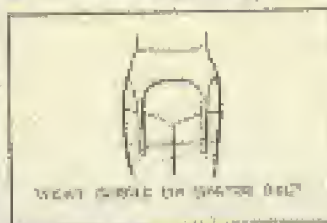


Fig. 146 Place an "X" on the illustration you personally consider more provocative.



tom of the river brown and long, moaning the departure of his d  
ong. The clean and the unwashed were all invited, no squirming  
out, as my now departed momma used to say. "Well, I guess a man  
has to be a fool once in awhile, sorta proves he's still alive.  
" Looks like thunder, thunderization! Poppa's got a new sensati  
on! All the while i'm sweating and straining, pop was feeling s  
weet elevation...I need a bath, cutting a path...there's money  
on the board we all need program pluggers, hard balled sluggers  
to pray upon the humpbacked hedgehogs, sucking up pollywogs, st  
riving down money gougers, lined up at the wall. Does it pay t  
o drop the ball? Or should I ask you, who threw that left hook  
. how did you get the way you got? Like it or not, there's one

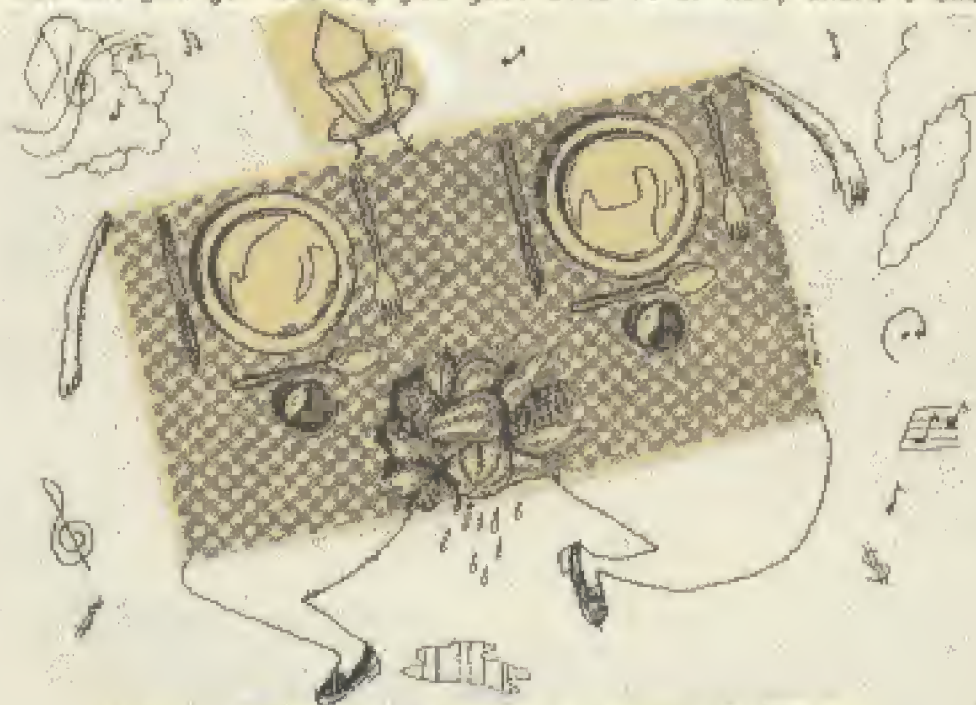


Fig. 147 Overweight, yes...But what a *hell* of  
a wet & wild dancer!

who's gonna crack when you stab his selfish codfishin' back.  
I tracked you to the graveyard...saw you deposit flowers, right  
above her dead body sleeping down and low. Riding to the full h

ilt, I placed your soft vagina, firmly 'neath my saddled soap, we trotted to Carson City. Feeding on the flowers, the fife player did a slow turn, and giggled at our posture, grazing in the woods. He stopped our eating interested, in his strange and silky movements, sometimes the truth is action, truer far than words. The checkered musician sat down, and played a tune of wet food, cooked and prepared by woman, whose children have grown and vanished. Dead men humming battle hymns, swinging on their ropes. Cleaning ladies come along, pulling down their britches, wiping streams of cold brown shit, running down their legs. Dead men hanging, swinging, bumping against each other...waiting for the ladies to wax and polish the floor. Let's put an end to Slavery, strike up the band for free-thinking...we're on our way to our place in the sun, allotted by our superiors.

Strangling was the method, of determining the killer, for each victim died from embarrassment, put on them by school. Stamps by mail, and fear of loafing it in public...just a few of the topics that put our national heroes in cold-sweats upon mere mention. Did you know that John Wayne tried to make people believe that he only had one lung, just to keep his stinking ass out of the army? and that he owns the biggest collection of Nazi stuffed and mounted penisses in the U.S., and possibly the world? Such things are better left unseen, yet unheard. Nickelodean rocket movies with the future predictions were the topic of discussions over tea and rice pies today, up in my little pad, #303. Marina insisted that the future was predicted in two-fold ways through such viewers in the facts that, nickelodeans had Kennedy assassination skits in them way back in 1862, long before the courageous, yet ill-fated man even walked the sandy beaches of Waikiki.



Fig. 148 Indisputable Evidence!



f

Major developers of the skits inside the machines were totally anonymous up until about ten days ago when one of them signed the initials "B.M." what those initials will one day prove is as of today a subject of heated debate, and much speculation. As for Kennedy himself, well, what exactly was his roll in the death of his brother's girl friend, that dark autumnal eve? Some say he forged an ultimatum on the poor kid; an ultimatum strongly resembling the mafioso slang term of "takin' out a fix on someone..."(ed.'s note, number 1.), leaving her to sink or swim, Boston Cooler style, often referred to as rootbeer float. The Mrs. ate a large, billy gruff, goat. Traded it for a Lancashire snake fur coat. Or so rumor has it. Not how I got it though. I got it through slim, oil-stained channels; don't forget the holy wa-wa, or the fact that it was so dark outside, that you could barely tell it was a man, let alone a large pondering Algonquin with a fresh lisp and a badly disguised speech improvement; that you actually think you saw him heading in the direction of Ro

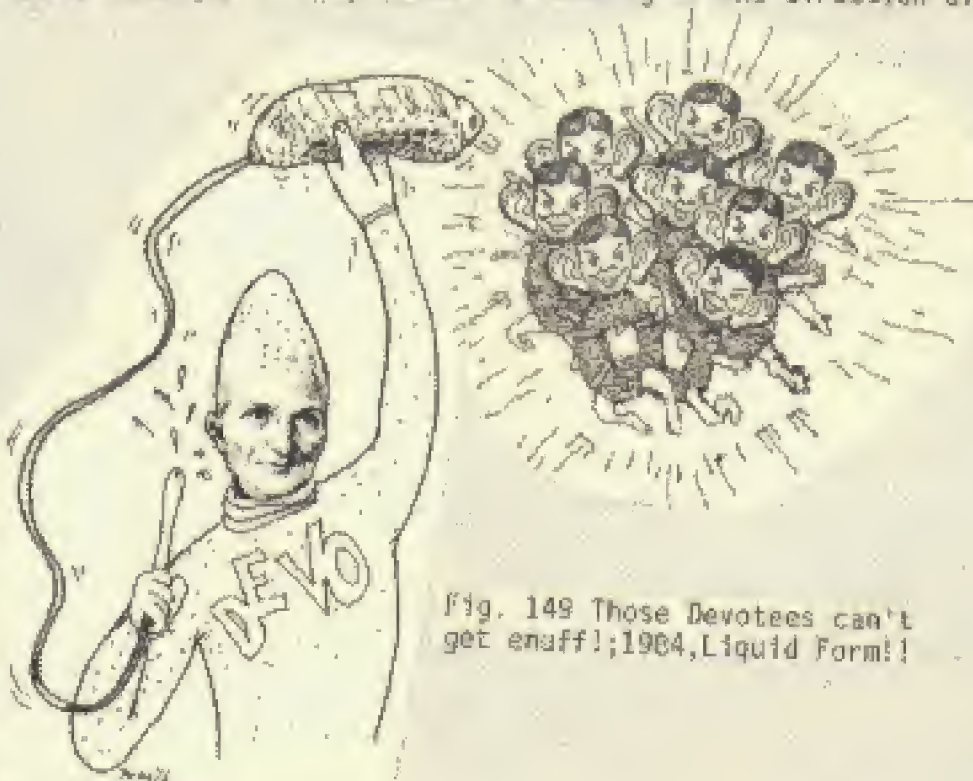


Fig. 149 Those Devotees can't get enuff!;1984,Liquid Form!!



Fig. 150 His parents watch helplessly as Jer-Boy turns to drugs..(1966).

ute 666, land of the beast. Goal line: Panty Butter Feast Headquarters. I think you lie, and I'm gonna try to prove it. Weren't you at the head of the stairs, sucking on your twin sister's 10 speed bicycle handle-grips at the time of your last coming? And doesn't the door to the attic lead off of your closet? And wasn't the debauched instrument of trans vestation found heaped, stacked, piled, plopped, and cringing, in a discarded pile of African Tiki dolls that were at one time greatly honored, and I looked on as maybe some sort of good-luck charm by all the simp!





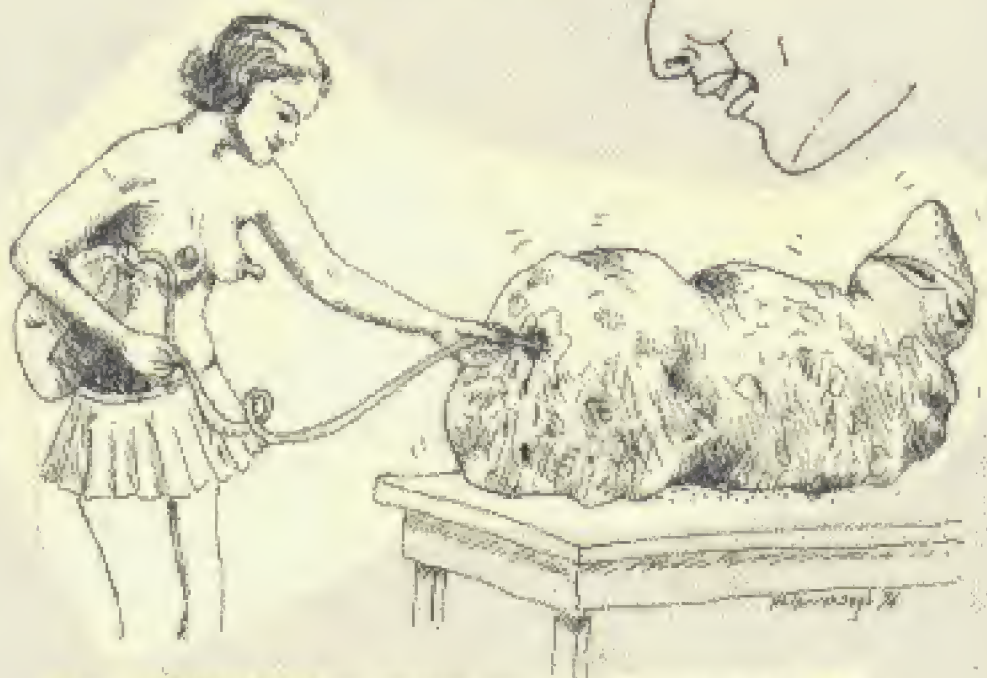


Fig. 152 Re-fueling during Orgasmo Endurance Run!

## 12 Lt. JVC

I read the news today, big deal. About a home room teacher who ate the grade. He yelled, "I feel clean", at the top of his twin-powered lungs, well, I just had to laugh...having clean straight...I'd like to wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-walk you home... He blew his students in a car; he didn't notice that the times had changed, the other glitters stood and stared, and formed a circle all around the mess... Refused to let the police pass through, or let the ambulance men in to search for survivors... the glitters all sang songs of love, and fondly gazed into the flaming wreckage, their ankles showed the signs of years of wear...There was a reporter on the scene... he claimed to work for those with no defense, They took it hook line and sinker the fools...The reporter proceeded to let the police file in...and take the dead away and clean the mess...the glitters all screamed out in rage...but it was far too late; they let him in about 4 past eight; I



'd love to see the photographs.....My head was swollen twice its size, my brain was laying in some dark hong kong back alley...5 kamikazi nearsighted little tuffs, stood around my cornered little brain, as it lay on that cold wet pavement...taking turns kicking it and swatting it with lengths of pulled taffy..my brain was letting out little "eep-eeps". like some wounded rabbit lying beside the road. The pain was sky-rockets in the pantry

Fig. 153 Kids.. seems they take pride in contradicting Common Sense.. they're as bad as dogs!!



...I would have enlisted at that moment to avoid the pain..stumbling with great difficulty towards the medicine cabinet, I gulped down 2 aspirin just in time to make it through the night...and here I am today making my religion pay...Some touched bitch with a lilty, lovely voice spreads dream whip up and down my spine...the dog in the coal shoot breaks into a whine...It was laid out on the operating table, the nurses were exchanging labels, nervously fingering forceps to biceps..Horse women with coloured balloons a-go-goed all around the operating room, smiling with all the magic men in their snappy black tuxedos, waving opera glasses at expectant young escorts, gobbling down escargot by the trunk-ful..Smoke machines gave the operating room an eerie cast as the trumpets sounded for the tall young surgeons to file in with all the grace of a new Catalina. "Ole', Ole', eat that, coat and hay!", shouted the screaming entourage of bashful beautiful people..The surgeons had previously reviewed the operation segment of the book turned movie "Candy", and were determined not to make the same mistake by trying to do it one hack better, or deeper, as they would say in Kama Sutra country. I donned a new pose; the expose' that was about to be blown up from a harmless nightclub party into a three-ringed circulatory



Fig. 154 Big Babies go the distance in wrap-around fat! On some planets, the children are actually larger than their parents!





Fig. 155 The tables have turned on this mother..th  
e kid is driving to some isolated spot out of town  
where he will crush her like a bug!

ailment was about to blossom o-o-p-up! My doctor asked me to pe into a cup. I asked if he had ever met the famous gorj'. Negative, he assured me. I was just hoping that someone besides me would remember that gorj'ever existed. It wasn't really that long ago that he roamed the earth; in search of the mate he never found...the reason for his present state of extinction..Gone the way of dino's and go-does, hula-hearted gorj' was destined from the beginning to live to die. Now that I think about him I sadly remember a time I naively believed he would become world recognized, the New Messiah. Now, I find myself roaming the streets in a daze; trying to find someone who remembers the great beast...One other man who shares the fragmented memories of a day when women were warm and beasts were men, too..It all started back in the spring of '69, at least that was the first time I ever met the Lt.



Fig. 156 Baffled, Bewildered, & Buggy-eyed...  
Pinheads keep teachers & critics guessing.

He was definitely a proud young commander, bringing waves of fear and hate to the faces of the potatoes as he entered a room. Wiggling vibrations emanated from the very air he exhaled, sending fat girls up against the wall; His sunglasses, shaped like those of some eyeless peeping Nazi flying skunk tiger patrol demon sent arrows of accusation straight into the abdomens of tea



chers, stupids, and just your average farm-league spuds who surrounded the Davey Whorehouse..where we both spent a couple of high cycle years. Someone turned on the TV and a program about the big 7, you know, War Loam Story Hour, the one show that catches the fresh american taste of captured Japanese refugees mixing sweat and fish-chips in shallow bowls..Lysolized love affairs were all you could smell when you got too close to all that campus scene, what with all those frisbee asses jumping about in plaids and bold masculine tank tops; who the hell are you to come up with suicidal tendencies, putting your western hair-cuts in electric stoves, in futile attempts to revive the old kind of cartoons....the ones that made you really laugh.....the ones you KNEW your parents should be watching, but they was too far-



Fig. 157 The Good, the Bad, & the Ugly...(r to l)..  
Mango, Pinny, Boof Boy...(l to r)..The Devo Three.

gone to understand them, anymore. One 40 ft. tall WW1 vintage tank, rolled fast like in a dream..crushing all the houses in my neighborhood, my dad stood out on the lawn, bent forward as if to wrassel the beast; my mother stood back on the front doorstep holding my baby brother Bobby, I stood beside tugging on her clean, crisp apron..fighter bombers droned overhead..the tank f

ired upwards towards the sky. Black clouds of smoke rolled over the horizon following the monster tank. Dad dropped the handle to our push mower, and decided we should hide in the house, under the kitchen table, just like they told us on the radio last week. It was the happiest moment of our lives. All that fear, all that paranoia, all those bad dreams that had us waking up screaming from cold sweat nightmares, ...all of our insecurity proven valid! We knew we weren't sick! We knew there had to be an answer to our fears! Well, here it was, and it was about to crush us. It was the Lt.'s voice coming over the radio that kept us calm throughout the long, winding ordeal. He was like a big brother to my dad; a source of comfort to my mom; like Santa Claus to me and brother Bobby. As the kitchen floor caved in above our heads, his voice was the last thing to go.



Fig. 158 Race of Doom:  
Space piglets in starting position rev engines, prior to the big event.

The first thing I remember about that breakfast at Mike & Kathy's, was that his music was so funny, and I thought that I must still be feeling the effects of that Tequila from the night before.



ore. The music took on a new insipidness, that left me unable to sit in my chair straight-faced...I apologized profusely for laughing at his performance, explaining that I didn't know what was making me laugh. He just kept on playing. Of course, then the freak-outs started and lasted a while, but somehow we made it upstairs to the bathroom. As I dangled my peter over the huge canyon of an opening, I noticed the greyish silver toilet seat transform itself to mercury, and slip like a circular waterfall, into the bowl below. My urine fell 40 stories, before it ever reached to bottom, and I stood gazing amazed, it was news to me that this sort of thing happened in Akron. I would rather not spend too much time on this subject, for we are getting down to the real nitty-gritty about the Lt. Gerald Casanova Story...what makes (made) Jerry tick-tock.

When you ask why, they sit up, all snotty and button-lipped. You get the urge to kill a few of them, but you decline for religious purposes. It's enough to get your dander up. And while it is



Fig. 159 All of Us pt.1

I left home with a friend of mine..been gone two years and I'm feeling fine..Now I'm happy all the time..I don't think and I'm feeling fine..I've got feelings but they don't show..Don't ask me cause I don't know..No No No, No...Think you've heard this is all before...Now your gonna hear some more...I know a place where dreams are crush

continued

s up, trim some off and put it in your next stew. Dander stew-long a favorite in war-torn countries, is gaining popularity in the less polarized nations of the world. It was only last week that NATO approved Dander Stew as its symbolic brew, the one you kill each other for, worth more than its weight in American wheat, it is a rumored afro-deeziac. The only way to really tell if it's what you got, though, is to run it through its paces in front of the men who made it up. The confessions were pouring in thick and hot. Letters not only filled the young Lt.'s mailbox, but quickly formed huge straw-shaped mounds out in the hallway to his office. The Lt. was not surprised at this action. He knew the vast seas of people out there who were simply looking for something for nothing, and he felt it was his prerogative to take his own sweet time. And why not, I might add...for the Lt. had more important things to do than to let silly little college girls put their bridals between his teeth, and mount his space-age back, carrots dangling from their Tampax strings, in a vain attempt to relive the Shiva experience, American style. The Lt. could feel those people a mile away, and would simply need to don his tit-helmet to ward them off..."I have no use, for those who carry the mark of poo-poo chocolate heart, and star



Fig. 160 All of Us pt.2

ed...hopes are smashed but that ain't much...All you stupid anyway...We're all gonna die some day...Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya Me leave home with Boogie Boy...Teeth fall out of China doll...Poo-poo man got jiffy snipped...Bad girl laughing floppy tits...Listen listen me no lie...We like stuff what make us cry...Why, Why, Why, Why? All of Us

-Lt. G. Casanova



chy potatoe-brains...for those who speak in rubberized tongue, and lost the touch of pelvic ta-ta's, are evil beings, falling downward, wiping germs on those they touch;unclean and unshaven vibratory predators, would eat the brain matter of us who still got some, wormy in their ways of existence, lopping off the outer realities, leaving only perverted mid-range, that cannot produce life on its own.", he was remembered as saying once in a dark casino down the strip. I can remember the time he drove overland and speaking through megaphone, called out to Spudville:" George Washington's feat of throwing a silvered dollar across the dirty Potomac Ribah' isn't so hot to a generation that's busy throwing twenty billions across the Atlantic Ocean."...of course, they were only intimidated by him; excepting a few sissy artists, and one or two cling-on musicians, who couldn't get any one to play in bands with them...leaving them wide open for program restructuring.

Fig. 161 Grandaddy Devo-  
Doghouse Doghouse..don't  
look back- they gave yer  
momma a heart attack..Do  
ghouse, why did you take  
your blues away, hey hey  
hey? -Negro folk ballad.



Once, dressed as Austrian leader Dollfus, the Lt. waited for 4 hours in the student union for some radical dressed in Hitler garb carrying a briefcase to chance a walk through the union. Upon "Hitlers" arrival, the Lt. sprang from his seat to kick the

surprised "Hitler" in the seat of his pants and as swastikas came pouring out of his briefcase yelled, "You can't sell any swastikas in this country!"; meaning of course, Austria, which was the reason for his own nationality costume. Most of the people



Fig. 162 Deadmans funeral; attended by one beautiful mutant and one spud bitch.

in the union did not understand the significance to his little display of Austrian temperament, but it hit me like a brick wall. I walked out of the union in a daze that would have left the drug clinic people rushing to their O.D. files, trying to figure what I had come down with. Of course, he just disappeared long enough to change his outfit and, complain about having to go drop a necessary long-one up in the administration building. So amazing was the psychic comprehension of this man, that it once took Old Wise China-bob Culley all day to figure out that earlier that afternoon in a chance remark about China-bob's latest flannel-magnetic build-a-painting, the Lt.'s little quip about it resembling a "Cheese-wrapped Winkie with its cosmic pupus dangling into limbo bardol, on a long and silky brown-boat all the way from Beirut," was as deep a cut into the credibility of the Taoistic little gremlins artwork as could possibly be dishd out.

So often, the surrounding Spud-folk would late at night, or when certain no one else was around, sit up telling long, and often fabricated stories about the Lt. One such story suggested that he had a deep-fried fear of that old deep-sleeping emollient, water. Another claimed to have seen the Lt. copulating with dogs, cats, women, fairies, and celestial beings, all at one Love-in. A story of his recently capsized trip to West Eden, which the gods later transformed into little Hellionville, tried to make others believe the Lt. cried. Of course, those who really knew the Lt. did not believe a single word of any of this webbing



of worries. But I did know of one fear the Lt. did possess: Fear of the Phone. It was that small harmless little black box that hangs anonymously on so many walls that was the reason for the Lt.'s one uncomfortable position. He could out-talk and out-argue anything and anyone else, but put a phone to his head and he broke out in a sweat. Wanna know why? Well, that involves a jump ahead in the story that we are not ready to take yet, but I will hint that it was a dirty love suicide that used the knife of economics and telephone static to slip a gash in the side of his filled to the brim bloody heart cup...draining him of his "king-of-the-hill" position; sending him falling down to break his crown, with nobody tumbling after him. Lost to his senses, there was a time when I seen the Lt. with my own eyes-baying at the Moon-Glo Roller Rink, barking about a time when the Samba played for him...it was a sad collapse that fortunately only the close sadly-(yet in some cases, gleefully), observed at close range. I added that surprising term of "gleefully" only because, like all great prophets, this one had his Judases.



Fig. 163 Hubs apply luv paddles to bawl baby in movie, 'the truth about de-evolution n' - photo by Obbi Bwatson.



Fig. 164 Pinheads as a source of world energy?  
At least two scientists seem to be considering  
the possibility.

For the friendly self-assured Lt. had entered one too many aerial battles, and was now the victim of his own game...crashed from the skies like a flaming "Flying Tiger", or some bullet riddled "Sopwith Camel", the Lt. had met his match.

Let's take a pack, just take a pack from the juicy fruit tree, open a pack of the bright yellow stuff, wrapped in a sanitary container like the big wigs would do it, if you know you're the best you can be...naturally the same with no fading colour even after weeks of looks and touches. It's like having a beauty shop in the box. Who made the popular horn in the box. Other instruments were beautiful like the girls that played them, the big band you saw in the Columbus Day Expedition...we practice everyday in the back of an old yellow bus...where do you keep the arrangements that most of the old people tried to keep from the rest of the coal-gals that didn't have the luck for a vote for number three...Every time you see a big brass flag hangin' from the swimpole, my band is as good as the steel-cut imposture that slumped in about five minutes after the bell rang halfway off the wall...I was so pissed off, I broke my chalk stick in half, turned so red I couldn't see a thing, and let my voice hit the high E above middle-of-the-abbey, C. The imposter knew he was the cause, and clung to his seat in preparation for the cuff to the side of the head he deserved. I reached for a peach, took a round apple, somewhere from San Tropez...These old ladies with burned out brains...I settled down and had some kids, but even now and then I f



feel the call of the freight train wail my way..in a delicate session...there is one hobo that lies as far as the simple gandy-dancer that doesn't count as far as being a hobo in and around the trainyards..it's not safe to be a depressed little train-hopper...you got to be a hobo that goes to back doors and there is not much difference between a tramp and a hobo as far as I am concerned..Halaluejiah, I'm a bum..what do the restless kids of this community that roam the pavement mean to you, and those guys just look too seedy for me to get a seedy look from the guy who had the long mustard-cache..what is the real work of the two patriots sitting next to you? Well, one guy was a director of the horse-works, and the other guy a jazz pianist..it's enough to make you wonder what the connection between the 3 of those guys was. When I use Mazola milk-stick, I feel really confident in the food I serve to my young children. If you don't approve, you can just stick it up your puffy conservative ass.



Fig. 165 One chromosome too many? Maybe so, but he's got a job, wears a suit, a pretty wife, and a new car.

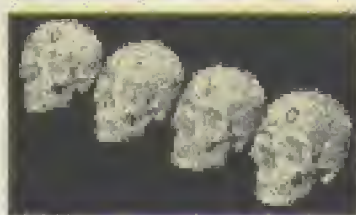


Fig. 166 The real.

Everyone was talking, in spite of the fact that few of them knew, the wiggles of a good girl was created in the nude... White, black, cinnamon and nude. These are a few of my favorite L'Eggs (egreck-shaped yet somewhat hefty...so sollay chollay fo puttin you uptite an outa site...we have come to bomb your Pacific ports and steal your moon-bellied woman cattles...left to graze by howel-legged cow-pukes who went out to get gay, in the middle of the lone prairie, with a couple of dozen of illiterate side-kicks...who all want to ride shotgun, and stare out into space looking for Apollo rockets, that fly low in Autumn. The fact of the matter being, that no one ever saw them when they were on duty, the nurse sort of turned-off and spot lights or night lamps. The wind it blows by us, and rummages through sweaty socks, the seedy men swearing, they'll never be back. Horses got fevers, and the men grab thermometers, and administer treatment, to horses in need. I feel that I must add, I'm reading an old book, I once wrote in Jordan, across from the Promised Margarine. I have stumbled across a rare old manuscript that came out of a science-fiction weekly that apparently was about the Lt., so I feel it is my duty to include it in this writing. Of course, the title is an obvious fake, but this is a somewhat doctored version of the way it reads.

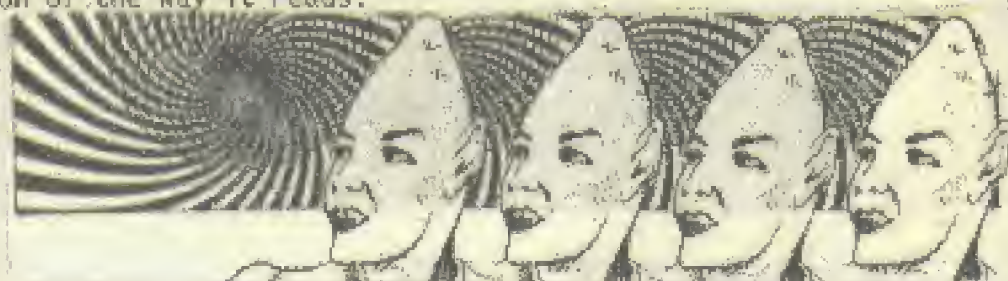


Fig. 167 The ideal.





Fig. 168 Gorj card. -J. Devo,  
You, who were not always thus  
hear our prayer.  
You, who were once of us, but  
knew the womb of She the Evil  
One/You whose devoluted image  
calls to us within the House  
of Pain/Who promised us that  
he who venerates holy Union  
be granted the sacrament of  
Pole & Hole/GLUB-GLUB  
O pleasant Liquid slapping.  
You, forced to float in black  
space with broken tether, and  
doomed to suffer eternally  
the agony of fixed pelvis,  
O Gorj who were once as us  
but changed/nOW disdaining the s  
Sleepers: nuns, rich men,  
hippies, rubber workers/you  
avenging One, defiler of the  
cleft of creation/guide us  
through the mysteries  
shrouding FUCK-LOVE bliss. amen

The young Lieutenant looked somewhat apprehensive as he entered the examination room. He had known that he would be examined by computer, but had not realized that no other human would be in the room; 15' by 20', one long wall was covered with stainless steel panels full of lights, tape recorders, videos, and other input-output data recorders. As he entered the computer clicked to life. "Good evening," came an extremely realistic voice from the stainless steel wall: "Take a seat...feed information cards into section marked data receiving, attach DYL sensors to your arms-" the young Lieutenant sat down quickly in the metal seat,

and proceeded to roll up his sleeves. He fed his computer cards into the slot, and took the DYL sensors into his hands as the machine started whirring his cards. Firmly attaching the DYL's to the young Lieutenant sat back in his seat and watched the machine poop a neat stack of tape onto the table beside him. "Lieutenant, start with the piece I compute as childhood drama, age 25 march of year '74 hospitalized under severe re-channeling instincts altered"-the young Lieutenant swallowed, at the coldness of the DYL's. Too sad to find humor in this obvious rape at the confessional- just another in the series owned by the world. Th



Fig. 169 Wounded by his own jelly tom-toms, Jungle Jim(mercenary percussionist) reads up on hydrogen drum kits.





Fig. 170 "Ass nut whut your country can do for u-  
butt ass whut poo kandee 4 your country."

a young Lieutenant clasped his hands- sucked in a breath of air- lighting a dozen or so red and blue lights on the stainless steel wall- and slowly began-"It was march of year '74 and I was already a dropout candidate. I had motioned for requested removal from studies at the academie, yet no word had been finalized -I smoked a yellow cigarette- for I was not afraid to outstep boundaries-I already dressed as I pleased and had decided to listen to music when I recieved my papers through the home computer. The foundation board had reviewed my request and decided on letting me go-it said no more-there was no irritation on their part-no reason to believe anyone was upset-I took my FOH pills and pulled a sleeper over my head-I had no reason to leave my programmer on, so I removed it and put it in a safe place. Of course, I was unconscious in a few seconds-when I awoke I realized that something was misplaced-I went to look for my programmer and found it was missing. "Must have been foundation rams," I said to myself. I didn't feel responsible to the foundation any longer. The very next day I was sitting in the bathroom at my p



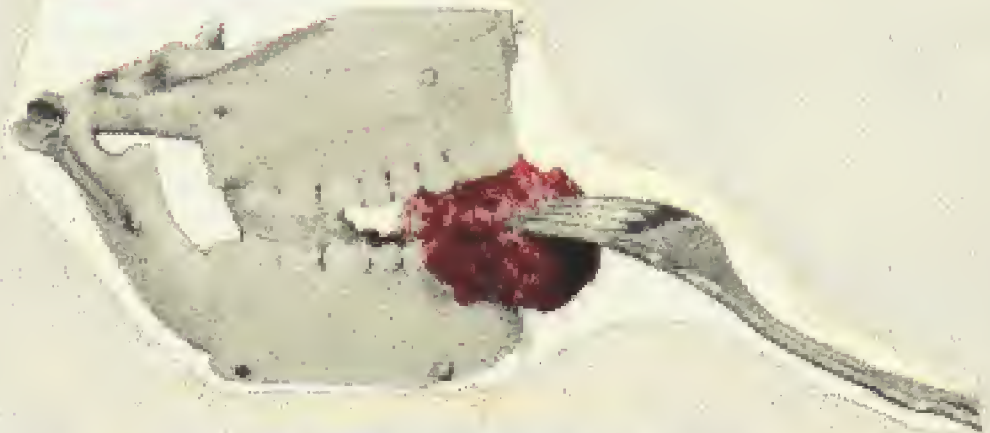
Fig. 171 VFWs invent Legionnaires Disease in Phila., PA; 1976  
in Philadelphia Pa., 1976.

arents house...very quiet, very calm. My pants were at my knees  
my socks sang softly int en breeze-I heard someone in a car out  
front let go with a sneeze. I am thinking about a certain kind  
of shiny smooth lustre finish ceramic tile used in bathrooms,  
gas stations, and maybe kitchens could count. Something in my h  
ead said, "Hey-hey, take about 200 or 400 of them things and pr  
int little black swastikas on 'em!" My gosh- I should, thought  
I-as a slow brown showboat slithered to rest in the curved whit  
e lagoon tucked away in the corner. "Bathroom-bar room-I should  
try and find some room to get a new lease on life...why am I so  
afraid of bar rooms? Maybe tonight-no-no way! I know what would  
happen-bad things! I hate bar rooms and those menace goons that  
lurk about-with heads in reds on Channel 109- it happens every  
time-give me a pile of carpet to lay myself down upon--my thou



**it's  
good**

Fig. 172 This is what they  
want you to believe...



ghts slowly formed with a gush of yellow river and the remains o  
f a half pound of liver-"I saw you in the mirror with only the  
sheerest negligee' you smelled soft and warm and full of honey-  
making me hungry-" thoughts found cabinet marked "woman of ocea  
nside beach party pavement files A-E-I-O-U-and sometimes Y." It  
made me cross myself and sigh. "You always kept your words well  
trimmed-thin-limbed-" I said to no one in particular-oblivious  
to the fact that my meditation session was well past-and I shou  
ld be getting back to work. Dinner time would soon be here-and  
I was resolved to go watch T.V. in the last American bar room b  
efore dinner-"I must catch the news-" I remember saying..." The  
young man looked at the large impressive computer. It had let o  
ut a quick quiet whirr at this point-yet the playback tape was  
still being spewed out at the same rate as the Lieutenant talke  
d....red glow, undertow-the machine was using its somewhat hypn  
otic aura to calm the young Lieutenant..to slow his voice and I  
saw him relaxed,...the young Lieutenant shifted in his seat an  
d after a brief pause to organize his thoughts spoke once again  
only a little softer, "You know, I never told this to no one be  
fore. It always kind of freaked me out to think about it-left m  
e scared. Well, you see-I was getting dressed and I put on a ve



Fig. 173 As usual, cavemen misinterpret modern safety graphics.



Fig. 174 Enema Time at the Hyena State Childrens Palace.

ry slinky brown work-it-out shirt and some brown pants. Of course, I had fastened potatoe eyes on it-you know, shaped out of paper-mache' about two dozen or so-just so's people would get the idea. I walked out the door, three blocks south, and there I was, so to speak," he said. "Watch T.V. from a bar room. Channel 109; five barflys squatting, tossing dice in time: they all was mumblin' sumptin' 'bout the President-said his name was Jack-turned to go and the room racked slow they put a bullet in my back-I left my seat in a hurry ran out for the door my hands were as slippery as ice cakes felt an emptiness in my drawers saw fat face laughing pointing finger at me-plain clothes cops in bobby socks had put the skids on me- up on the bar bent over right angle helplessly forced to dangle for full viewing by bar audience beads of razor sharp ice drips formed across my squinted forehead held under pressure fist secured with the plainclothes



handcuffs at the wrist-all the barflys laughing like medieval m  
admen circled slowly starrng and glowing at the bored portion  
of my stripped and defenseless pleeb-device mid-section up-ended  
-I'm trying not to let the whizzing in my meat-computer go by t  
oo fast-how long can circuits last?-It's that slow-savage laugh  
that is poking its middle finger at the opening to my ass-"Oh m  
y God!" Someone's got ahold of my balls-slowly squeezing just t  
o the point of pain-my face can't turn to see any of these enem  
ies-flat in spilled liquids on that cold bar surface. "Oh my-no  
o---" Two hands on my cock-each pulling a different direction-s  
ensations too intense to keep computer recording in conscious m  
ode-shock greeted by laughter-as barflys begin to light cigaret  
tes and extinguish them on my legs did I forget to do my homewo  
rk last night-maybe I had an impure thought that went too far-h  
ave I been playing with myself lately-oh naw-two thumbs knuckle  
s together one pointed east, one west inserted into paralyzed a  
nus-I'm gonna lose it-where did they-oh-my God- my body shrieks  
in response to the ripping sensation that overloaded the circui

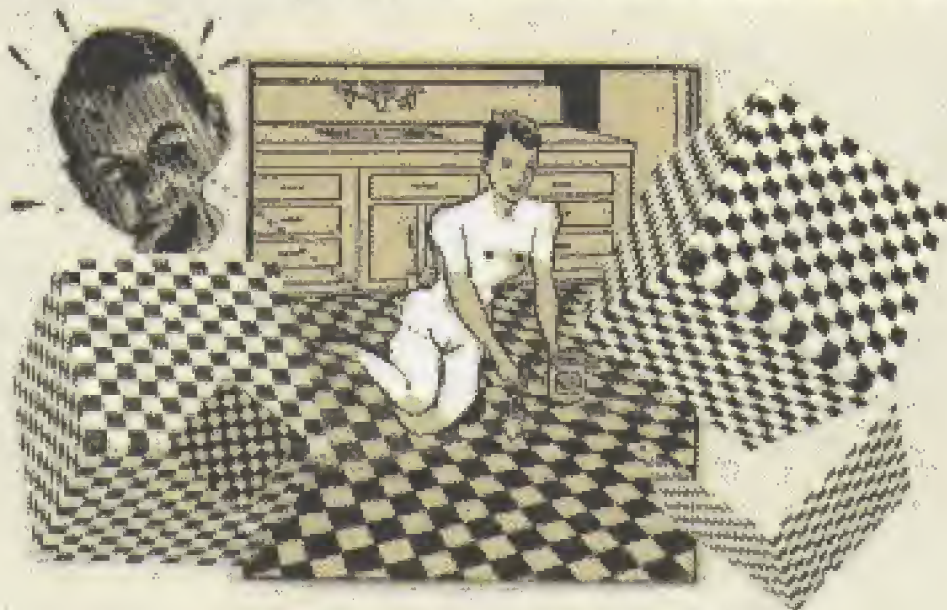


Fig. 175 Lust!

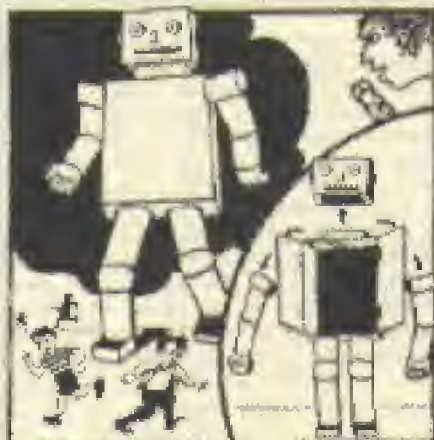


Fig. 176 Robot man scares other adults!

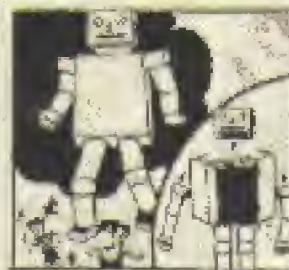


Fig. 177 Robot boy scares other kids!

ts as the two thumbs quite forcibly part an inhuman distance-oblivious to resistance-through the corner of a bloody-filled eye over 10,000 pounds of laughing hysteria a pool stick is seen being chalked by the plain clothes goon rolling his head like a bloody kewpie-nothing else is remembered past the feeling of hand-driven rod rupturing belly tissue-white light." At the end of the line the Lieutenant cast his eyes to the ground-a few seconds later the whirring in the computer slowed down-and from the same opening that tape had been pooped-out came a chocolate bunny. "Eat this," said the voice in the computer, "You god-damned faggot from Louisville." With that, the young Lieutenant picked up the rabbit and held it between himself and the computer. He raised to his feet-rabbit held in outstretched arms-eyes staring at chocolate rabbit eyes-"You want--I should eat--bunny?" He stuttered in a half-hypnotic daze, "Eat the bunny," intoned the computer. Slightly wavering and hips awakening the Lieutenant kept his eyes on the bunny in his outstretched hands-his hips jutted erratically yet with more prominence as he took a step toward the computer-"Eat it," the computer commanded. The young Lieutenant was slowly rotating the chocolate bunny in a sort of a half moon trajectory in front of himself-he was mumbling something about jungle rot-and a case he got-a case of jungle rot he got in another man's cot-the computer deepened the whirring in its throat and once again demanded, "Eat it, Lieutenant. Eat the chocolate bunny." With this final insisting command the young Lieutenant's eyes grew wide as quarters every muscle in his body tightened, and he smashed the rabbit on his face frantical

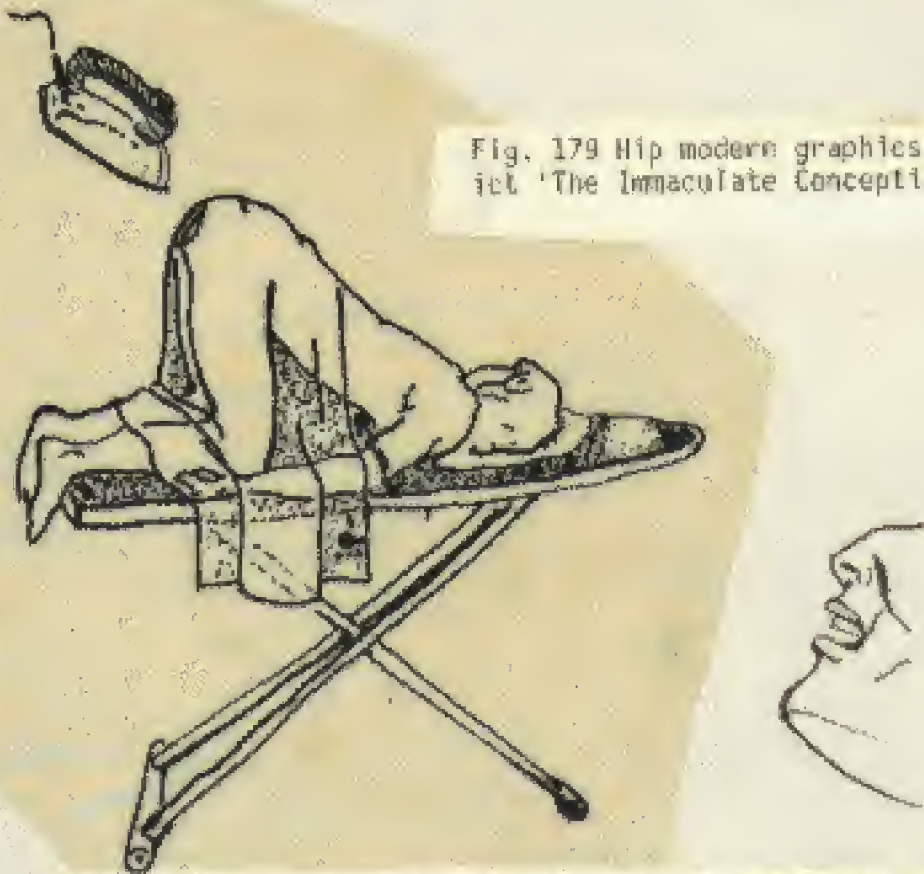




Fig. 178 Space Penis zeros  
In on Space Pussy.

ly trying to shove it down his gagging throat. Hot chocolate filled his mouth and the young Lieutenant was thinking about snowy Christmas. He was sledding with his girlfriend and her sisters and her relatives--he had volunteered to drive--now he was standing at the top of the hill waiting for a chance to ride--frozen--wanting to go home with his girl--she was laughing, sledding--chocolate was all over his face--in his eyes--she was giving long stares to a distant cousin--chocolate lumping in his hair--she looked good even in snow clothes--chocolate melting and dripping upon his cheeks and nose--he was frozen solid--Christmas was over like every other year when he suddenly stopped--and using his shirt-tail slowly wiped the chocolate off his face and half-hid the still throbbing erection in his pants. The computer sat silent--observing the young Lieutenant with analytical sequencers glowing in the dimly lit room. "Lt. G. --you are a twist party all by yourself--are you not?-----afraid to take in a song by Jan & Dee you frantically ran to the R. Stones men wearing suits and bones--stay safe--borderline headcase Lt. G.--you leave me few choice cuts--except you should be extinguished--not heroically--but slowly--just undoing the base of your spine--leaving you to your sad state of despair--complain and whine--you will get everything you dwell upon for breakfast before dawn--now wipe that silly looking chocolate off your face and quit bothering me with your pitiful stories." The voice was quite firm in its reprimands--the young Lieutenant stood there--face and shoulders hung--like tar bags in the sun--he was simply amazed at the way the computer took his problems and turned them 180° before attempting to shove them back up his potatoe eye--"aye-aye..." The young Lieutenant replied--in his usual fashion--snapped and buckled--elastic underwear wrinkles call for the woman from the temple to come and

Fig. 179 Hip modern graphics depict 'The Immaculate Conception'.



wash privates—"If only I could be busted a few ranks," sighed the Lieutenant—"Them privates got all the luxurys of love, livin', laughin' and happy." Oh keep talking Lieutenant! You are thinkin' even now about telephone nylons and related manuels-the happy eatin' way to go -duck your head or it's dead-that's sure-sure...that's me-big happy ho! Ho! Hey! We're little ho-ho's and you're a big ho-ho! "I knelt down onto one knee and began plantin' my spear as firmly upon the ground as I could, and did I wait! When the bear was close to me it lifted itself upon its hind legs and tried to snug as a bug in a rug hug me. The point of my spear just pricked (so to speak) the bear's skin and then the creature got its forepaws around me! Huge waterbugs were cruising the Halloween night sky in long V-shaped columns with only yellow eyes glowing all night car towing-just at that moment



it was knocked over by something that jumped on it from behind! This was a big dog that had been left behind with her puppies by the hunters and those deep bend grunners-poopy punters on parade---laurel pine spray scented glade..she had seen me go out and had followed me. What a big fight she and the bear had! The bear was much the stronger, and when the two wood-cutters came by for a few minutes afterwards the poor dog was nearly late.." I didn't want to tell Bob this car was as bad as the one he was getting fixed....I just had to ram it in reverse..it was very difficult to tell which was worse--huge black waterbugs were cruising the dark Indian summer night--columns of glowing eyes beaming like "Eat At Joe's" and you want to run away from all those glowering closet monsters, breathing, slamming ha-ha-ha's upon that frilly little two-legged altar-piece..."Oh- the computer's mom was full of info"-that guy looks like he would "a been one of those kids you had to feel sorry for.." eyes-red beaming heaping begonias barfing yellow hot sauce all over church-goers: learning slowers-you know-the contest at the annual Dyna-Jet dinner affair, Oh, shut up this bullshit! It read: "Yah-yah-yah turkey in the raw! Hitler was right-yellow hairs unite-" This was only the surface poem, you see.

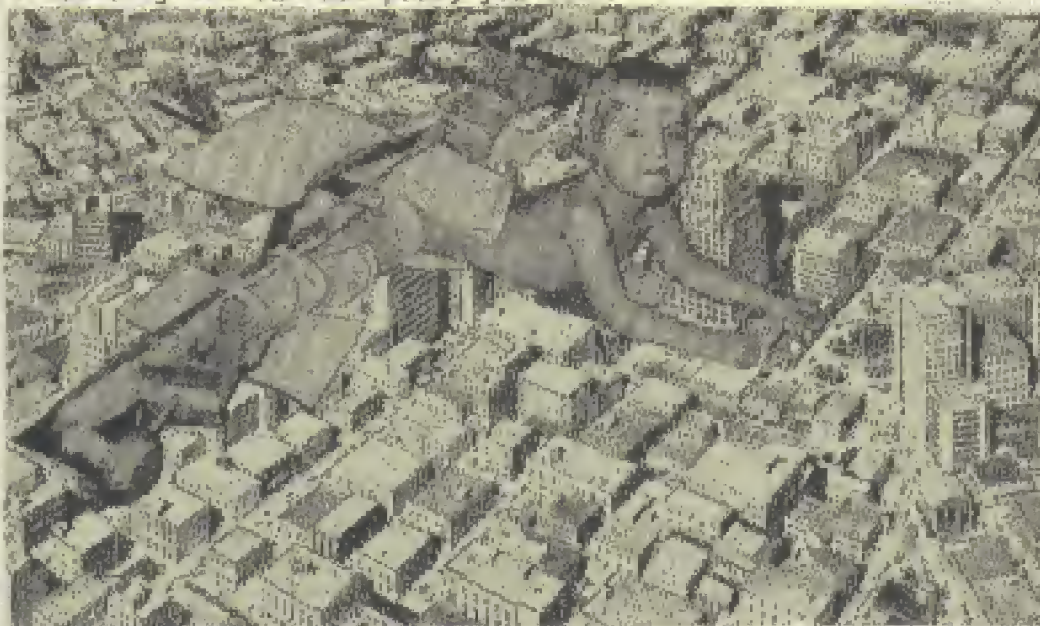


Fig. 180 USAF Secret Weapon.

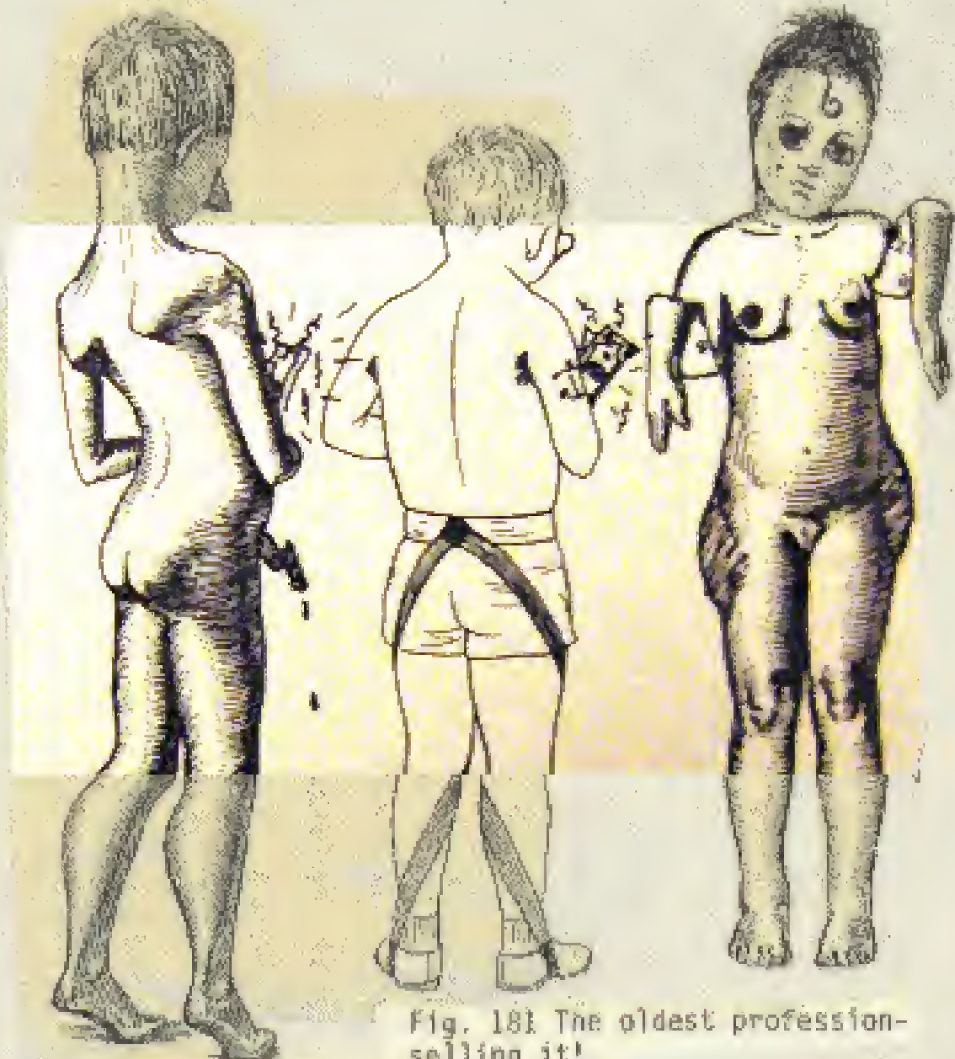


Fig. 18} The oldest profession-  
selling it!

## 13a Cultured Cretins

You take your Mr. Cleanly-Son...he spit on those not 21...I say you gonna have to reroute your snoot, it's a lookout below your belt, bomb. You deal with those not 25...requiring action to stay alive...I say you better watch your step, it's a mean one to lose, if you ever felt the pain. And I mean whip. Whip it up. I



like a poor bleeding pup...Choose to chew. Chew your eye, chooz Dentyne...chew to go..to lose..lose an eye..over choosing to chew in the sky..below..say you I ta-ta tea..drink it slow...to you...who be I...I be you.. we be chewed..to go ..go to you.. Togo chew..choo-choo-cha....Laid in soft piles..like dead clothes..clothing dead, peasants laid out in rows bled and dead.. I see you, pull a gun trigger boom...boom on you, we all cried, tried to chew, tried to see what you doing in the next room...room to do..time to move, we don't want shot...full of holes, we no-know we no-care....we know half the way down there.. we see flowers in full bloom we hear guns in full bloom, we be scared, we be dumb, we run half the way past all the unclean ones...choose to kill, choose to go, chews tobacc....with chewzy Togo... leave us be.. we soon die, why you want to, see us cry? Why you want to, make us hide, we know hurt you, we just want to, play in playground, swing in swingset, swim in swimpool...why you hurt us, make us bleed slow, take our mummies, make them lie down, spread thier breadboxes, make them cry out...I feel sorry..I feel scared, and I no-know what makes me feel so bad...why you do it? Why you hurt me, is it something I am saying? Do you think that I am bad one, here to hurt you, I am not. I no-know, but I can see you, hiding in places, jump out at me, bite my soft spots, make me bleed bad, why you like to see me hurted? I'm so sorry I ever had come here, I only wish I knew where to go. Togo. Bravera, rambogo..Ladies lined to enrage the committee, dressed in salads dressed in comfortable casuals, based on tales of South Seas, simple cotton underthings, flirted with the views, sending waves of waters, splashing in their outraged faces. Strain



Fig. 182 Blast-off Booties

ed like fruit for babies dinner, aromas filled the florescent f  
ixtured meeting hall, leaving perspiration drops on faces flush  
ed and full. They moved like spring-loaded kewpies, bobbing on  
thier pelvises...leaving little question to the motives of their  
presence. Birds of Paradise could be less exquisite, in all the  
ir limes and ambers, the colours of a paradise unknown to men f  
rom the grey and black mainlands, I often thought in reflection  
, of how it might of all been, if no one would have disturbed t  
hem, to enter our fat mainland, leaving behind their soft breez  
es and coral wonder, peacocks would be jealous of all their unt  
apped beauty, for sale now in my untapped homeland, of barren c  
ement bastions, and gargoyl lurching vermin, honking, beeping,  
and speeding, breaking each other on impact, and little insects  
inside, who curse each other with each breath, even in deep slu  
mber. Two divers in grey hardware, appointees of the new govern  
ment, exchange their pleasant glances, made easy by chance meet  
ing, upon the Ocean's floor.

JOHN: "Hullo! So you have taken the plunge too. Why is that?"



Fig. 183 Watch yer aim, sonny!  
Your mom could have been s  
tanding on the other side  
of that door!





Fig. 184 The human to huboon transformation is painful- but well worth all costs and risks.

SAM: " Oh, DIVERS reasons!"

Of course, Sam's answer was an obvious pun on the word "diverse", though most of you wouldn't have been insensitive, or even interested enough to pick it up on your own. That's the trouble with writing a book nowadays. Nobody is interested enough to catch on what is being laid out...leaving them all to come up with their own horrible reasons for the reasons behind books these days. Some would say I'm not a genius, but only crazy. I would tend to disagree with both of you, and you, and you. I'm merely a sensitive human being who would like to straighten out this huge mess people seem to have gotten themselves into. I'm good at that, and I'm proud to say so, if you know what I mean. But that's just the point...who of you out there really do know what I mean? Certainly not me---I'm so confused that I may never figure it out in this life time what I mean, if at all. It just boils down that, nobody wants (or should I say, optimistically, seems to want), this hitherto priceless "treasure"...Nations stand in their own doorsteps, kicking the little bundle of joy on to their neighbors, who are practically out of their minds with fear when it arrives in the shape of a cute lil' bundilly baby by crying its lungs out of its little wicker basket. Some old I

ady in a mink coat labeled "USA" is busy abandoning her crying infant on a snowy doorstep, her purse in hand, her opera glasse s dangling from her whitened bosom nipple, and the caption read said, "The Rich Mother: "God-blessed and Good-bye, my che-ild--- your poor mother can no longer afford to support you." And so o n and so forth the insults come in , from all corners of the na tion, kicking a swell Lt. when he was downed. There was little reason to believe he would ever be the same, and rightly so, fo r, he changed; almost overnight into a disfigured, disheveled c reature of gloom and despair, an anonymous figure hunched over in the crowd of Spuds he was soon swept up by; The malfunctioni ng big sad hero sandwich he always feared out of respect, telep hone cancerous poto from Mojoville. I was never there when the cords to the stereo were violently yanked from the wall, or the night the telephone reciever flew from the once sanctioned love -nest, since exploded. Nor was I there to see the age of sufferi ng bend his once spirited spine until, his rib cage cut off al l communication between his abdomen and his lungs...it was the black plague of the 70's, but that's what I've been trying to t ell you all along.

Fig. 185 Paraplegic lovers playfully bat each other a round as prelude to sexual intercourse.



b

This guy from the downstairs apartment was singing, "I've got to be free-ta-ta and tee-hee; to live it up raw, to sleep in a bra, I've got to be me I've got to be freeeee!". I covered my ears and rolled over in bed, the quiet sleeper beside me, made a soft sound.



DOC: "Big fire downtown! Hurry up and get your emergency kit ready! We'll have to beat the Flagler's ambulance to this job!"

NURSE: "Oh, Doctor, what you say!"

DOC: "What I say? I mean-er-We'll have to step on it to get there first. Flagler Hospital has a new bus. This crate is four years old."

DRIVER: "Don't you worry about Flagler's. They use cheap oil. Even if their bus is new, their engine's choked with carbon. We use Mobiloil."

NURSE: "There's the Flagler outfit behind us now! Tramp on her, John. Here's a chance to prove that your engine is really alive!"

DOC: "Some fire! But we're here first through the lines! Even if our bus is four years old, I'll say John has certainly kept her

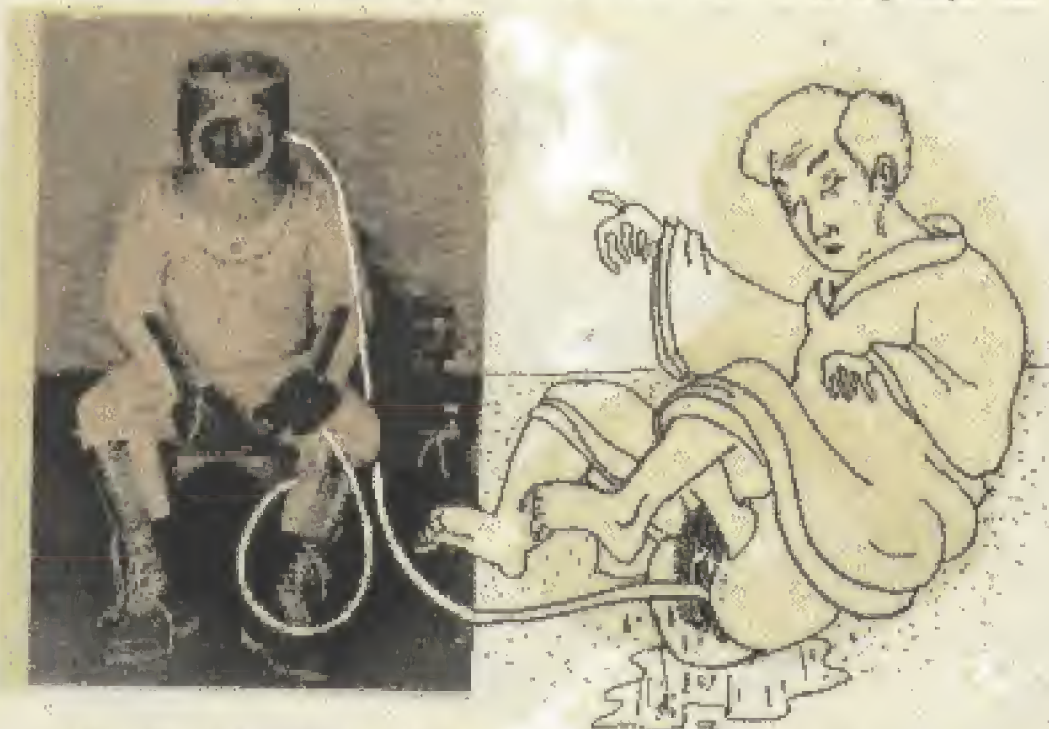


Fig. 186 Talk about being tied to yer mommas apron strings! Rare oriental case; the mother has refused to let doctors cut her sons umbilical cord; son observes 32nd birthday soon

engine in good shape."

DOC: "Well, we're there with the speed! But John had better keep that Mobiloil a secret from Flagler's-or they might get to beating us."

DRIVER: "With sticks."

NURSE: "Oh wouldn't that be grande?"

DOC: "You're sick, you god-damned dog bitch."

NURSE: "Do tell, Romeo breath!"

DRIVER: "Stop it, both of you; Flagler's is busy saving all the casualties; they've loaded their bus twice with crispy critters and have been back to the hospital twice already."

DOC: "Well nurse, let's get cracking, we've got a job to perform."

NURSE: "Roger that, over and out!"

Your car may not be carrying a shrieking ambulance siren. But- Today -with high speeds more and more common- you can't be too careful in choosing your oil. Along the highways today you will find many "depression" oils. Sure to clog your pores and cause unsightly blemishes-that eventually eat through the soft epidermal lining leaving huge gaping scars in the skin that are at this point in time, irreparable. Made for a price, they were never meant to take the punishment your engine gives them in fast driving. With our brand of oil, you can give your car any kind of punishment, let me reiterate that once for you. With our stuff, you can give your car any kind of punishment and it will still crawl back, begging for more. Can't you see what kind of situation will soon evolve? First you got the local yokels on your tail, then it's the big league, with the townsfolk making battle plans behind your behind. You go into the village for vittles, and battleaxes are laid out, freshly sharpened.

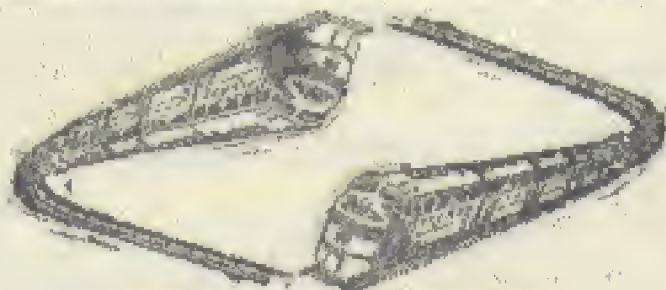


Fig. 187 Choo-Choo to Hell!



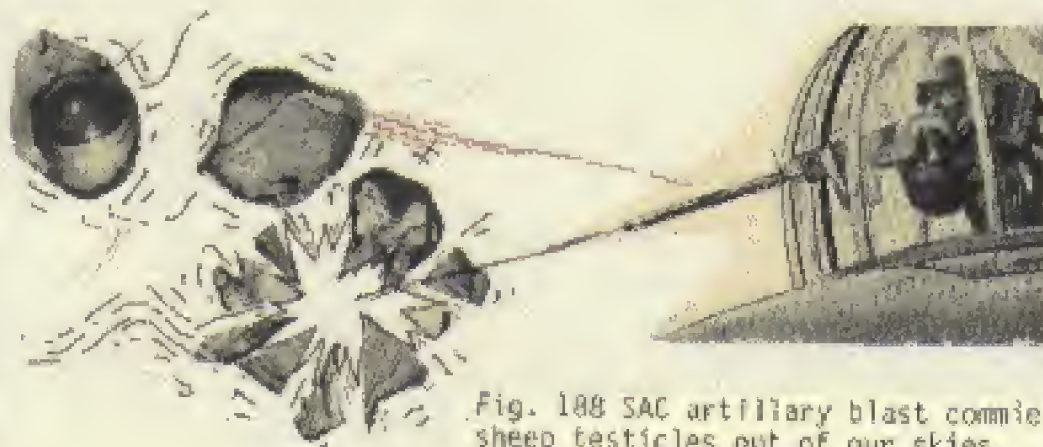


Fig. 188 SAC artillery blast commie sheep testicles out of our skies.

# C

All this talk about an old big band of Hawaiian lust-songs..a lady voice came on the T.V. and invited everyone in this room to conquered manor. Hot rubber weather cooking good and frothy mad-mad women...It's the wad--the wad..Oh jeezuz..It's the wad! Few know what we know, now all scramble to death below..Like the park ranger once said, on his dirty death bed. "Everyone's talking, yet few of them know..soul of creation was delivered belooooo oooow-----"....The last Moccasin just stood there gasping, squinty eyes opened wide. He was so upset he couldn't even string his bow..and that's pretty fucked up for an Indian. The great Babe took a dive in the fifth..All the front row saw it happen and booed and were rude..some went so far as to even be crude. I lost my canoe..in Rainbow Canyon, my momoo done told me..when I was in napkins..menstruation ...was nothing to sniff at..My pappa was rotten, and hung around nite-clobs..selling the boy scouts, a couple of Niagras...My momoo done told me..when figaro dropped dead..that I would provide her..with all the necessities..find the dear old man..who put down the mortgage..he learned me a plane fight..I washed behind border-lines. Education came easy, for school was a pushover..I daydreamed my knowledge..it was worth three times more than, the stuff that they gave me..to take home and eat up..to regurgitate back tomorrow, all over their wooden desks, I frequented polio homes, and watched little cripples, who forgot to take care of, their bright young pupendaes. T

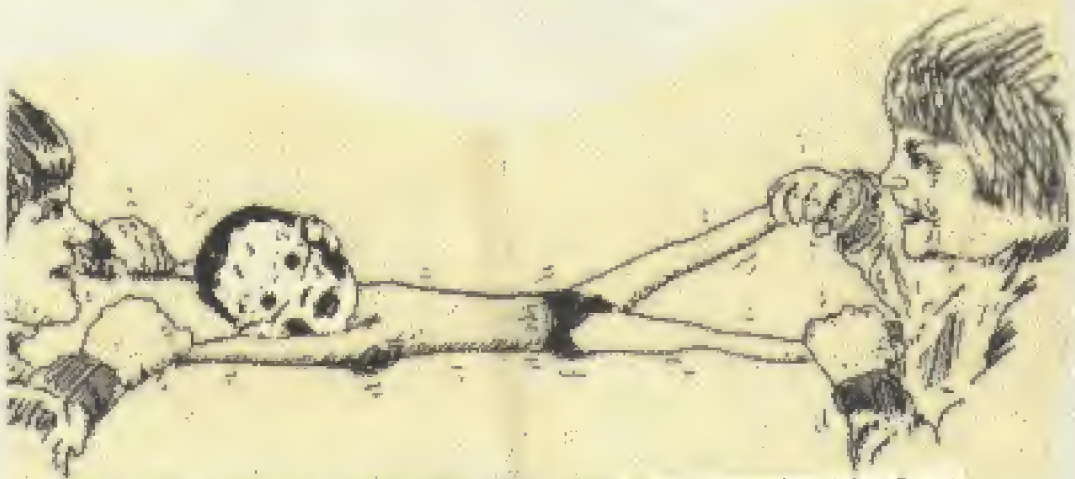


Fig. 189 Not all children are completely unskeptical of Booji Boys intentions, and some feel they must first put him to the test.

he mother-superior complexion, gave all the girls push-ups, to use on their bed springs, to keep them from thinking.. about boys and fucking, the things they all needed, and wanted the most. The books that made most sense, made none to my mother, and seemed quite a bore to..the goons that I knew. They were much more interested, in things that all donated..to the thought that the government..was superior to them. They liked to be followers, and defended their positions, even, I feel, if Hitler..had dicked up their ass. I'm sorry to tell you, I despise the killers, who sleep tight in dreamland, for taking others lives. I once had a sweetheart, who told me she loved me, at the expense of my morals, she made me look valid. The goons that surrounded me, as I thought I was with it, they dug on my wacked clothes, and loved where my head was at. Now they all drive supersports, and tool around Akron, and feel that they're the "beautiful people" we've heard so much about. I don't mind the insults, but please don't rub vile stink, upon my exposed brain-waves, they're all that I've got in a world that digs each other's poop piles. And eat the same for breakfast. And brunch. I've often wondered sadly, if ever the sun burns, holes in their laryaes, white and glistening on the beach.

My father could tell you, for he was a rodeo, long before T.V., ever made it hip.



Fig. 190 Illustration from the book, "Man with a Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh



d

I'm looking for a four-laned clover..I overlooked before..One lane is Akron, the next is Cuyahoga Falls, third lane is Kent-Yo ungstown, the one that got no balls..Fourth lane is Cleveland, the land of opportune, and I'm in a tizzy, my boat shall come i n sooooo-pon! I said that- I'm lookin' over, a four-laned clove r..that I overlooked before...Now I'm lookin' over, a four-lane d cloverleaf, that I---Overlooked---be---fore...!

Now the one jerk sleeps while the other jerk drives on that non -stop Logworm Run- And that thick white juice in the tank cars, caboose, stays as fresh as the morning sun...Roll on- Big "O".. Get that jizz up to Logworm's in 40 hours get that jizz up to L ogworm's in 40 big ones get that beef jerky juice up to Planned Parenthood in a measly 40 old hours. If you ain't back by Frid ay, just don't come back...Tell the folks down in Cuba, to keep waxin' their carrots..Keep a stiff upper lip in a strong tailwi nd..watch the roadside wildlife, it's a long, long haul. Now, I' ve got rythm, I've got my salad, I've got toothaches, who coul d ask for anything more. Now you--may say--that my friends appe ar a little gay--but I--retort--that they're only in it for a l ittle sport!! The big Tent is the grande tent, it's the only on



Fig. 191 Illustration from the book, "Man with a Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh

e I really know..Now it's a grande world, a big old silk-fan world..that I should ever pull a lever..just to see my brother quiver, that you might chance to catch a raindance, just because you live in South France.. and you might be the bleeder of them all... If only the captain would give you the ball...Well we all went out to the Drive-ins, a fixin' on a little backseat sweat.. Two peanuts in an overcoat, cast a few lines our way. We never lived to see the ending, extinguished during upholstery brigade...Now some monkey in a green jumpsuit of silk, kicked the pig in his blade. Smudge--on the rear window, farts all in your eyes. Smudge on the back window....The world is alive..with the sound of music..my ears want to hear every song, they can. My glands have swollen to the size of kidney beans, and when I squeeze them I can feel painful toxins squirt into my throat..Two shots were fired shortly before 11; moments later a third shot was fired, and followed by a fourth. The four shots took approximately 40 seconds to complete..and then we waited for the police sirens we knew had to inevitably follow. She sat across from me in a yellow bathrobe taking her kidney pills. The size of my glands. She was carefully putting apricots into her mouth, yet did I detect some bead of black collect in the corner of her



Fig. 192 Illustration from the book, "Man with a Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh



r tiny mouth.. it was frightening.. I was at a loss as to what it could be..she was staring out the window, waiting for the sirens. A plane flew overhead, far, far away. We were startled by yet another shot, and this one, like the rest, was a definite s hot-gun blast. I was amazed that there were no police sirens as of two minutes after the initial shot...A series of pistol shot s jollied through the air..at least 1/2 a dozen, and still comin g. 4 minutes and a dozen shots..no sirens. Sound of cars, swish ing by. One noisy cycle. Dusty trash-cans slowly rolled into th e sunset; across Great Plains in search of that Pacific Ocean a nd the promise of gold..gold that would bring new life to the t housands of tired frontiersmen and women who struck out across the big valley to find Beulah land. I was one such traveler mys elf, and I took with me a boogie boy, for no special reason ex cept that it was custom, and looked upon as in good taste in th ose days... and before my long trek, I was never one to argue good taste. Especially if it taste good; God's own remedy to a listless lad who didn't know what he had, spent 23 long years p lannin' for to carry on the family tradition of good company and

southern hospitals. Ever been to a southern hospital? Lord, yo u ain't seen nothin' yet! Why, I ate off the musty brown ground, for lack of plate..ate rabbit with my hands, cause I never had no other sidedish..bought a coonskin cap when he was only three ..killed him a ba'r, when he was in his teens. Daddy- Daddy Cro cked-it..-Oh, my god not to interrupt or anything, the air just let loose with a hell-bustin' wall from about ten different si rens, some cops and some firetrucks!! I just know somethin's g oing on, and I'm glad I'm not there, instead of here. This type writer is fast enough for me. I don't need no doctor, in spite of what the tenants here at my fair old Harlan Hall say. They r eally love me, even that witch LePera. She writes a couple lett ers a day about lights in the building that need fixed, or bitc hing about her drain..she got Elvis and Tom Jones plastic blo-u p pillow in her apartment. And a Robert Redford poster on her w all. Nothings too low for this rutting antique. Worst part abou

Fig. 193 Imposter Booji Boys at the Mardi Gras. Though small, the cult of follo wers are incredibly fanatical and emulate his teachings to a "T".





t it is, she lives across the hall from Chatty, the little nurse down in 202 who is always letting us put things in her freezer, or some other good deed only a nurse should perform. She wears white, well. Oh, my back. Why do backs ache when you get old? Mine is going "buzz-buzz", just like a red-hot busy signal on a hot and humid day, when you're in a phone booth, and you feel like you're about to wet your pants cause you have something in your body that demands release...I'm sure you've had that feeling--no? Well, ah, fuck you for letting me go on for so long and make a real king-sized asshole out of myself. No, really- I mean, don't you have to admit that it's kind of low to let a fellow put his foot in his mouth like that? What's in a dream that I can't have, simply because I'm a white caucasian anglo-sextet, protester from way-backside? That's lower than wet-seat. Some would aimlessly disagree; just hoisting their big over grown butts up in the air, and breaking bread, so to speak. You know what I mean? I'm so tired I could fall asleep right now if only I hadn't had to talk to you just once before the night was over. For, even though you may find it hard to believe, I love you. With all my heart, and all my money. I think I really dig where you are place in the sun is at, and I think maybe we could strike up a little deal; after all, you like pain, and I like to play doctor..what could be more right?

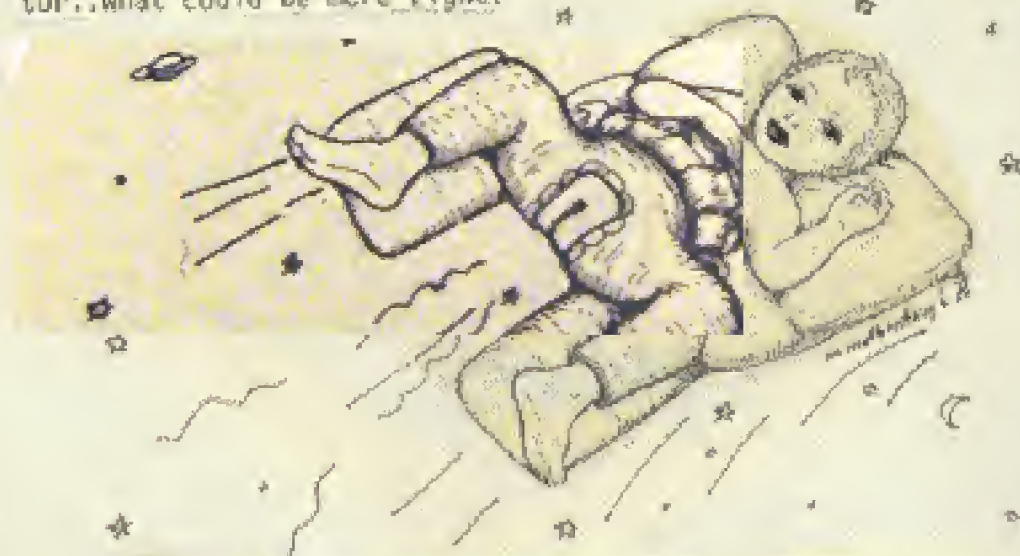


Fig. 194 Space Baby on patrol..(planet play pal).



Fig. 195 Parents who engage in domestic arguments that utilize the child as a sort of political football deserve the death penalty.

e

The first thing I saw on the T.V. after the Symbionese Liberation Army took over was the Koogle monster singing and dancing; "Put the lime in the tunafish and play just like a pup, put the lime in the tunafish and drink them both down, put the lime in the tunafish and call me a dirty liar, I said, Tanya, is there nothing I can take I said, Tanya, to relieve my belly ache I said, Tanya, is there chance to bake a fake..I said, Tanya, they put dextrose in my steak"...I turned the channel just in time. Time was when facial services in the body beauty shop were of first importance, as hair work is today. Bodiness is next to godliness, the theme of many a wood-land sea-nymph festival, with men in tuxes sitting on the lawn with their tightly laced in place, bonded to the green-trees women. There, along with a full basket of ceramic nic-nacs, they watched the sea-nymphs frolic and play, sporting only dixie cups covering their most informal areas.





Fig. 196 Enema Gloves. Used during the Great Latex Shortage of WWI. They are currently enjoying a resurgence of popularity in the larger cities.

It was then, over a quarter of a century ago, that the Contoure line was created--made to give the body beautician the finest quality preparations for use in those all important facials, and to sell with confidence.

Few, if any, shops then had re-sale departments--and rightly so! The operators of the day were so unaccustomed to selling that few dared to. But because hulking and leakage-prone patrons liked the Contoure preparations they met in the shops' facials...and asked for them to monkey around with at home...it was easy to make extra profits by selling the Contoure concoctions.

Alert shop-owners realized at once if not sooner that a line exclusively theirs--without the competition of drug-pushers or department stores--could open the zipper on a new source of volume and profit. And today, thousands of thrifty-minded shops have built really profitable Contoure Cosmic Departments, with a minimum investment and a high repeat--and I repeat--a high repeat business. The smart detective is sure to have everything clean. Have everything ready. Keep your booth clean. Have a clean sheet to cover the face of the chair--and a clean hair-cloth to cover the patron--a clean towel to cover the head-rest. And, of course, be immaculately clean yourself. Always wash your hands and



Fig. 197 Genitals and legs only--this head & torsoless little baby lived 3 years before a bladder infection took its life.

d scrub your nails before a facial. Your nails should be filed slowly, yet surely, and close, and rounded. Never scratch at a noisy patron, give her the towel..it's better for business. And DO get your patron to relax during the treatment; use the old shoe-lace is untied routine about 5 or 6 times until they get the hint. Never scrub a face with sharp glass objects--nor discuss health or personal matters. In fact, talk about as little as possible during the sexy parts of it--except to the point where you make them guess how much it will cost--let them know what you are doing if they can't see around you or inside themselves. ...as is noted through the long, boring manual.

Have the patron recline in the chair. Use Zephyr Cream liberally (if buttocks are dry) or Rapid Cleansing Creamola (if buttocks are oily) in the following manner:

1. Move both trembling hands simultaneously from the shoulders to the throat, progressing in four movements to the center, and finishing with both fingers dug in sharply under the chin. Follow out along the jaw line to just inside the ears. Stroke down





Fig. 198 Mixed marriages are tough to begin with..but adding homosexuality makes the nuptial rites seem a little pointless.

hard if they have earrings on.

2. Place the fingertips of each hand on the center of each nipple. Pick lightly as if at a rose-bud..then flick upward in a spit-ball fashion..next pinch quickly three times ruthlessly..follow up with a hard simultaneous left and right full-force punch using the full fist into each tender breast. Wait for the squeals of joy.

3..Move the fingertips to the corner of the nose and smooth the creamy mixture out to the ears, at the hairline.

4. Move the fingertips up and under the eyelids (at the bridge of the nose) and test for weak spots in the tissue with quick, tugging motions. Ignore any resistance.

5. With the middle fingers of each hand, come down hard on the bridge of the nose, and then back up and in the nostrils.

6. Remove lipstick with tissue.

7. With the palm of the right hand, go over the upper lip (right to left) and back across the lips.

8. Repeat all movements three times. Then remove excess creamy mixture from face, throat and clothing with tissue.

You are now ready to split a headache if so desired. It's been a long and winding road that has brought you to this confrontation with the patron; give her all you got---and, Watch Sales increase!



Fig. 199 Never give your child a goose.

## 14a Exploding Poodles 'n' Microwave Ovens

A religious poet waxed in carrot juice, veneered in barbecue sauce, and speaking directly from Bible T.V. dinner pans, wet the bed in spite of warnings that green-striped vinyl goons would raid his icebox, taking all his dearest memories, biting open globes of real love, spitting out the pulp and only sucking down the juice. Sitting in a semi-circle, goons of every shape and size came, speaking in the tongues of elders, asking for a taste o





Fig. 200 "Nite Visitors", 20'x8' mural by the author-1969.

f the poet's sweet breast. His chest was quickly opened, exposing bouncing breathing waterpump, spurts of red stuff leaked out corners, wetting gorilla goons who gleefully, licked the liquid off each other, barely able to contain themselves, as the poet squeaked like dying bunny, and big fingers dug into his chest hungrily diving for his pumper, desirous to eat it as a prelude to removal of the egg-shaped incasement thinking cap we all knew grew well in the damp dark hide-out of the poet's, busy head.

Spraying figaro juice into the dutch air, treating each other like heads of lettuce, the goons began the rough rough struggle to beat each other off, so as to leave themselves with the silent orb now poking through the scalp. They fought so hard they hardly noticed, the poor poet was tromped to puree', leaving them the tough job, of spooning up the mess. They drank through huge lips sucking, the creamy coloured liquid, guffing in the glee that only savage car dealers could feel...then one after another, fell deep asleep in slumber, they felt safe with their brothers, with whom they had just fed amongst.

My camera was still rolling, when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, it was attached to angry patroller, who had caught me in

the act. I turned to see his ugly mug, staring down in bright purple, eyes blood-shot and firey, shooting 45's at my face. He could barely suppress his fierce grip, which threatened to de-arm me, his fingers practically touching with just my shoulder blade in between. Someone knew the big black iron lung was my mother. Someone-somewhere is calling for T.V. dreamed whippings--D dreamed Whipping in and art gallery..when will the radiators hit the screen with whips and gladbagiators with papered clips..New s finding flash..generals in Viet Nam doused a pint of puffy Dreaming Cool Whip with their condensed clothes on. Big Wally was last seen trying to get his head out of that big suitcase his wife calls a Venus fly-trap---I constructed the whole scene with in my cranial-radial- wind bag motor pressure build-up between the clefts in the treble trim traps...they cut their hairs in hopes of gaining a little prestige in the form of money contribu

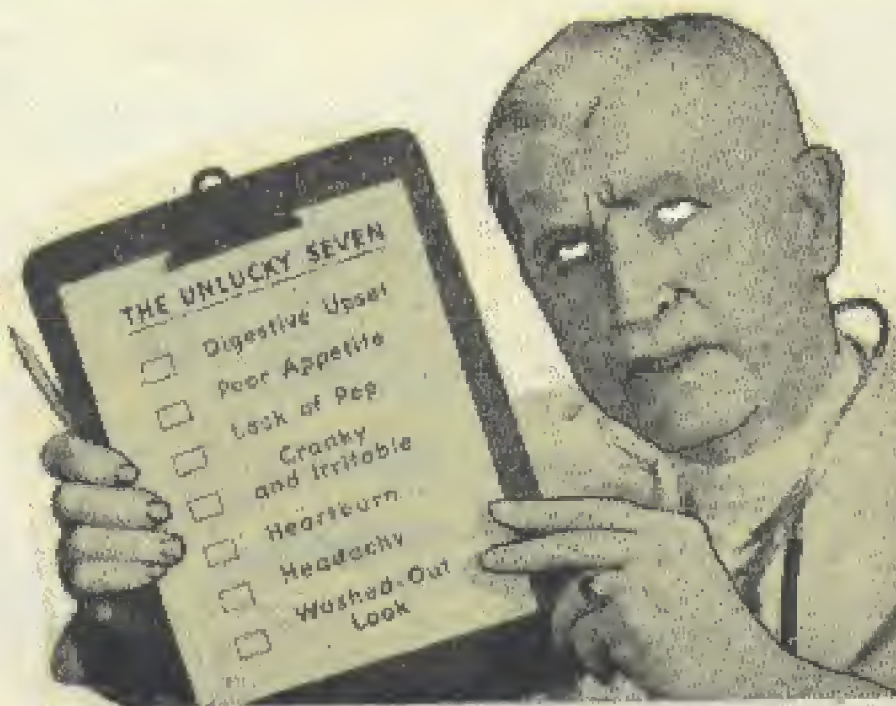


Fig. 201 "Do tell, brother."



tions from soft penis that has no other bark..that is since the thick syrup that kept it aloft ran out a puncture wound at the base of the ancient totem..carry out, to go, eat it at home, it 's all the same as far as this lonely Prospector is concerned.



Fig. 202 Discipline in a Japanese military bunny-boy school.

b

Clean clone clowning around behind the motorpool, watching the uniformed drivers in their bright blue bubble costumes roll for the privilégé to drive the grey-skinned daughter of the famous contessa de corningware in to town on a brief shopping spree. "Spray me," she called out.. "Spray me for good luck--spray me for a new world symbiotic emulsifying diuretic, spray me for disease, for I have come from Alabama with my large multi-faceted jewels perked up on my knee...with a taste for sweetmeats in my mouth, and a knowledge of beef jerky...It poo-pooed all night the day I laughed, the weather was so dry..Oh Ambergris--control yourself, slip fingers in hot pie...Oh by jingo..don't jack off on me...for I sold my soul to the Baltimore Oriole,now I headed for to sea. They took away my everything, and returned me to go-go, go..Now I'm so forlorn, wish my moona never born, and the clock ticks sharp undertow. Pollutants float around the deck, making movement quite insane.I never thought they'd get so uptite.

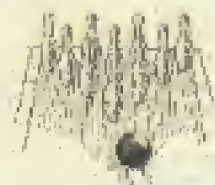


Fig. 203 (left) Ora?  
Fixation..  
Fig. 204 (above) Get  
it?

as to rub it in my stain, I've often thought of bailing out, jumping over deck---but if ever you get up my way, you'll see it's no small act to pull, I've seen a couple dozen fan the air with red strut feathers, pecking rhythms in the desert, marketing a most unusual scent, that only baseball players knew, as closely guarded as the secrets of the mummies, who wrapped their dead in Redi Whip, and killed the intellectuals who brought down the essence, shaming all who read the transcripts, and using language unbecoming, for rulers of the mighty eagle..should never damn their mothers, never ever use the cuss words that make the big people cringe with heart-ache...for president's should not talk of it, they are masked in painless disguise that patooties are not supposed to see through, or you make them all unhappy, sad, and round-shouldered, making sad face, backs all bent from hauling big ones up to rulers sitting higher, driving into pretty parlors, little patooties only dream of, wishing late at night their pellegra, disappear with pain in soft hearts, burning pain erasing memory, leaving only lifeless shell-people..robotized for eagle big boss, waving to them as he passeth, only bubble-gum brains could bank on landslide, they were all very much despised, no-one wants to know a smart-ass..law and cucumbered, drastically numbered, and numbdered...drinking drinks of WWI so Idiots, and little girl in plastic dresses that bent at waist and turn exposing soft and smiling sandbucket unborne...uninitiated..saliva dripped in tremendous waterfalls, soaking clothes and seats in theatres, lecturers sat wide-eyed bewildered..littl





Fig. 205 Disciplinarians in Action.

e girl in rubber undies, waved just tiny hands at camera, begged the dirtiest dog to enter, put his mail inside her entrails, they all believed that they would someday meet her, yet no one ever hoped to touch it, the peach-skin peeled away from soft bones, exposing bright red meat in pulsing breath fog.



Fig. 206 Dream on, Uncle Remus!

C

Sitting in front of the T.V. was beginning to occupy about 20 hours of my day. I was watching everything I could, until I would fall into a deep sleep; the programs came and went in a rather slow pulsing motion, not unlike the flow of energizers through the arteries of the huge ominous crater whales that were filling the town with paranoia; like sewage tunnels, the giant passages in the hovering whales were always bustling with activity. a number of parasitic life-forces existed inside the tubular walk-ways...It was Western Fly-by-night and lost in the fight--f





Fig. 207 Beautiful Mutant from Club Devo.



Fig. 208 You wanna know what makes winnin lick?  
This guy decided to find out for hisself!

ear of discovery and loss of recovery--send the pants to be upholstered--it will leave your backpockets bolstered--your gun bolstered--the T.V. was the big baby, and I its only toy, throwing my head back and forth between programs and commercials, goofing at my pulsing headboard, forcing me into further delusions and hallucinations...It was once more flowing over my brainwaves, sending them sputtering and coughing in sharp pungent sparks and short-outs...ha-ha-sounds like a hunter's joke, "Hey, Blue"--"catch me a dozen cottontails--" I like to shoot--I hate to miss--I love to kill--It's man's will be done--they taste like shit, but they die just grande"--Above quotation taken from the book, "Man With A Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh--An early american au



thor who was hung by his disks for improper public conduct and for actually putting up with people who had no possible means of understanding anything past their own crusty little assholes! Well, enough of the literary quotations--here's one from God-"Look no more, promised land is uninhabitable."--this AP (associated press) release was found on top of Mt. Sighani in a green wicker basket loaded with fruit and guns-fruit and guns? Sounds like a Hitler breakfast!! Ha!! Ha!! Get it? Fruit and guns? That's a good one--I'll have to remember that one to tell it to a few red-necked goons I know who respect the dead man. Time was definitely one of the dirty dogs that threw me just when I would get up enough energy to turn off the TV..How long could it all go on? Now, as I sat quietly in front of a Roloids commercial, the sweat poured long and heavy off of my battered body..urine stains covered the sofa..I hadn't moved for 36 hours..There were numerous messages I couldn't read, outside my apartment door..I was not really sure how long I could last without another lapse into that bright orange backyard in which the T.V. had micro-encapsulated me..I started thinking about friends. Why do I insist on using and abusing people who actually are quite serious about friendship and rocketshit? Well-well-well--I wish things were yet--If nobody says so, how do you feel the pain?

"Simple--", came a voice from the T.V.--"you don't."

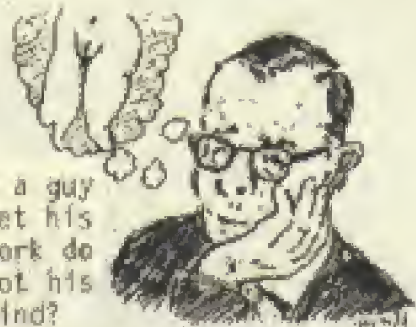


Fig. 209 Zambisi's ready for battle against interplanetary she-toilets.



Fig. 210 Sur-  
prise visit!

Fig. 211 Hows a guy  
supposed to get his  
decent days work do-  
ne when hes got his  
kids on his mind?



I was busy all day Sunday writing as best I could, letters to t  
he editors--for I knew there was no other way to kick this horr  
ible habit that seemed to have a stranglehold on me.

I tried to explain as calmly as possible, that the nightmares o  
nly came rarely, at first--but the killing was constant. It wen  
t on and on. Until---

"Dear Sirs-

Blown in a back seat parking pit--Mosquitoes playing tunes upon  
windshields, heat tempted me constantly to roll down the window  
s..the angry buzz of the bloodthirsty insects frightened my han  
d away from the window crank--observations of nature thoughts s  
low down movements as dimensions shift swiftly. Finally you fin  
d it, and piece things together. Take a shell from your pocket  
~ place it in the chamber--cock the trigger--you may be little  
now, but soon you be bigger--No time to stop to figure--remembe

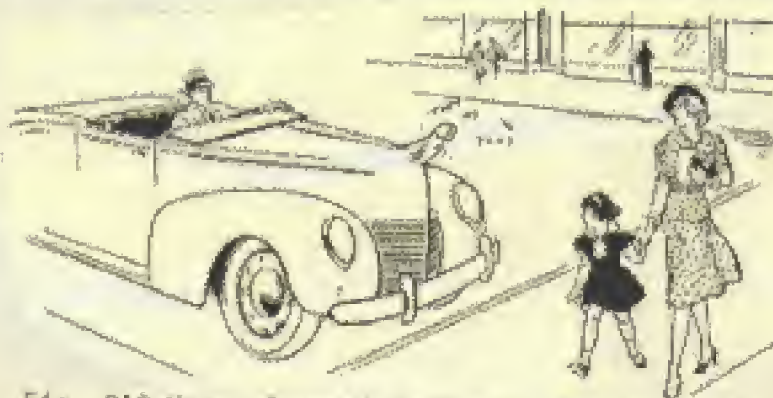


Fig. 212 Women love it when this guy honks his  
big bad horn..its all in the plan, of course.



r you soon be a spread-eagled nigger-making life better underne  
ath your sweater change the pressure in your body--back to eart  
h as a debtor--never ever look at the harm they left us all, ea  
ch."

signed, Cupid custard hot dog crushed and puking.  
The letters always reached a barely audible stage by the time I  
reached the signature, yet the meaning was still intact. It was  
all I could do before a fresh wave of nausea, marching like fro  
zer cowboys, would trample my weakened resistance, and push me  
underwater. I fell into the dream again---rolling and tumbling  
as if trapped inside the two-ton dryer in the laundromat--it cam  
e at me in cycles unending...



Fig. 213 You know what really goes on in hospitals  
across the country once they get you on that cutti  
ng table and get you gassed out? This 'Doctor's On  
ly' photo should wise you up just a little bit.



Fig. 214 Scientifically mated with a gorilla, this woman died as her pelvis split while giving birth to the first recorded 'natural huboon'...the child was two years old at birth.



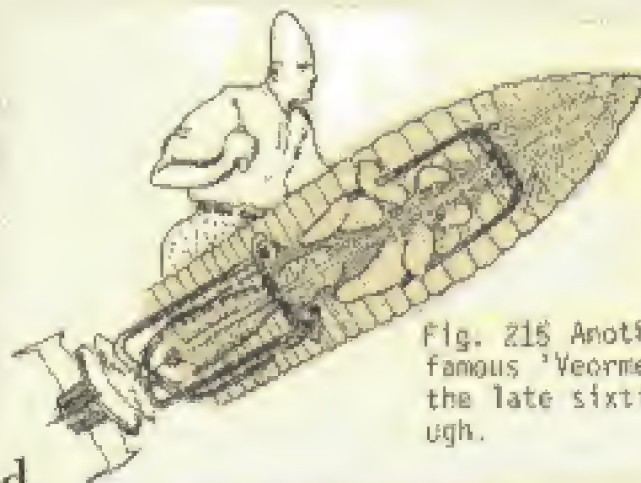


Fig. 215 Another look at one of the famous 'Veormer Rockets' invented in the late sixties by Dr. Moth Ers Baugh.

d

The very theatre we ever saw the greats of our time walk to the  
 ir death, we also seen the children of our mothers bring about  
 their own mastectomies, through the siphon, so to speak. If you  
 ever been to the bay of pigs, then be sure to wear a flower in  
 your hair...One Primettes glorious refuge for the androidistic  
 Pukey Pig slot car bake-off...scared stiff was the reason for u  
 s to be understood for the rest of our lives...where has that l  
 ove gone, since he gave me the eye. I told him to be on his wac  
 ky old way, only because of the incident in the bay...we had el  
 even blurred bombs before one finally caught on and hit for our  
 sad-eyed commanding lover. Frightened pajamas, filler up hostes  
 s oh no's, finally you had five golden spinning kitties in a ro  
 w..wrapped in the stained bedsheet we should have washed..you s  
 hould have taken protection..of course, red mess was the name o  
 f the stain. The maharaji was the first to commend me on the ov  
 erall scheme of the novel I handed him in plain brown wrapper..  
 He was certain that the drone of the fragments all related with  
 in the scope of the human experience..and that only a man willi  
 ng to hammer the truth into his readers can call himself real l  
 ife guru guy-man. Reflections on what is really going on in thi  
 s crazy mixed-up world we flop around in daily and nightly, so  
 to speak. Wide World worship and roxey put-pockets...in the old  
 days I had the tragic car accident that left me almost complete  
 ly lost in space, I now find myself in the middle of a warm ket  
 tle of briney hot-spur rifle butts, and red-rimmed eyelids that



Fig. 216 If it weren't for flies, many folks wouldn't be getting their daily minimum supply of shit.

stood there barking, afraid their master may not appear to recall their bluff. Usually the dogs died, and the dancers could enter the barn right on schedule. We never had that sort of trouble on the mainland. The hotsy-snotsy sour-pussies just strutted right on past the predicted surf curfew. we all had parents that refused to let us join in on their taped transcripts of the first time they ever put their penises and vaginas in the same place. You know all about the origin of the yawning yoni. your wife developed quite a smiling snail herself. It was the brunt of many a sick joke in the old days. years later a preacher's son fought the forces of evil through the power of the iron maiden. Could you possibly scratch a little to the right of the silver-tipped nipple you have been studying for the last hour or so?



Fig. 217 Guess what they gonna do tonite?

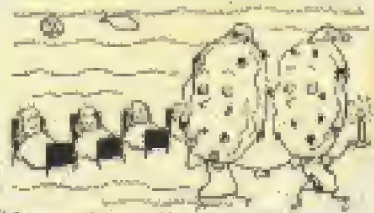


Fig. 218 Horny Pertaters sneak out of the later b in in search of a good fuck location.



Say, red saddle-drawn hand-tooled backseat sassy couponed honey  
 ..tickets to the excuse for crazy jimbo jet roll-over satined a  
 nd sheeted bunny love scene are available on a first come, first  
 served basis..Leaping plastic hunters pants roamed living rooms  
 doing dances from the Afro-culture Reformatory, humming the  
 music in nasal passages built for beautiful young together hip  
 pads...Chi-pigs climbing up T.V. trellis, searching out spotlig  
 hts to cry out aeiou and sometimes y's, jerking hip popping fre  
 shly jointed limbos...down the lane of Zulu war-queens panted s  
 atins, embroidered by enslaved mothers, still at home in front  
 of T.V....proud of chillins eating frozen dinners proud as para  
 keets perched on paw-paws of silver, pink as pliers...Rows of W  
 aWaTusi's opening plastic umbrellas in front of MacDonald's, or  
 dering Big Macs to the tune of department store professions pul  
 led from the files..daddy done the heavy work years ago in swea  
 ty tire town lifting saggy sausage limbs just one more day in h  
 opes of buying beatie bleach. Turning in issued passports for l  
 ittle Japan-made flags and gold-dipped pics of graduated chilli  
 ns' built in wooden and aluminum huts up and down the river. Ma  
 mmy throws a whanmy, chewing astronauts and Cadillacs in yellow  
 bulgy teeth, encircled by the thick black worms that made her w  
 ash the cupboards every other week in the mad expectation of th  
 e chieftain's arrival..sunk her head in a green metallic hair d  
 ryer, turned on and responding to Ultra Sheep..arrows sunk in t  
 high deep, exposing cross-eyed red teared iguana housewife..liv  
 ing off the dream of one big dumb spud, busy skinning his eyes  
 in the factory...pulling out the special packet of lavender hea  
 rt-pumpers..hidden among the large lingerie..the scent of Tide  
 hits the nostrils, bringing on the feeling of special dreamland  
 ..special guests in the middle of our boxing arena.The index dr  
 iver who ran the cab who picked up dead bodies when that super  
 bod dropped her boyfriend's wad..wallet wopit wagoned in dropp  
 ing circles, magic wand running out of gas..so they been saying



Fig. 219 Gravity keeps us here.

Hungry and bigger, the better the taste the smaller proportion of true garden waste...The greatness of your flat-bed was only emphasized by the lack of true movement when you said the usual greetings over the phone, the last time you ever observed a true confession. You know you wandered here with self-esteem...you never really understood the pulses behind the wire-meshed wheel S.



Fig. 220 Poppa's got the vittles...just like on the Flintstones, ain't it?

My dead daddy gave me this hat...n' I'm agonna abide by this hat...No one gonna hide with me in this hat...I gonna get you all! The radio was brassin' out a hot one for the summer sweat that was hovering down upon us...Beulah...you're so beautiful, Beulah...you're so pretty and clean, Beulah you're so down right believe



ble that--Beulah, I want to make it with you, waked me up one s  
aucy morning, I see you coming for me..it make me feel so much  
like aqua-ladder, the stomach is really queasy today..all the m  
echanical gadgets that roughed us up have taken revenge in the  
form of T-bone steaks on the march..from Leningrad to Stalingra  
d. Approaching the speed of lightening, approaching the speed o  
f a young girl's chance whistle into an unmarked container, app  
roached egg the smile adhering mouthing slow and steady, empty  
bacon carton home of bb, pp, t&s..Have you ever been so caught  
up in the whole head-jamming of the situation? It's a once in a  
tight-time experience..if you have made it this far through the  
book, you are now a junior guru first class.

## Parlour Games



Parlour Games  
moth  
ers  
baugh  
'72

Fig. 221 Title page of an early published volume by  
the author.. "I was named for my own grave- Do No DIE  
-Your only sadly alive- Love is never having to say  
your dying.---

e

Grandmother's predictions:

Oh Laddy, Luck not always a virtue bestowed by the True Guardian Angel, but is more often the fruit of hard, perspirationed work. Your friends will call you Lucky, if you will it so..if you want it so, so be it. All that is necessary is that you keep your small head clear by the constant inter-weaving of your daily life with clean, economical, and socio-religiously acceptable amusements. Keep a strong hawk-eye open over all your finances and keep (most importantly of all) everlastingly at work. You will shortly distinguish yourself from the crowd and become conspicuous and have all the time in the world to enjoy more leisure. You are of an unusually high intelligence. Just use it to your own advantage. Success is all around you; get in step and march..march..march..upward and onward to success. One of your luc

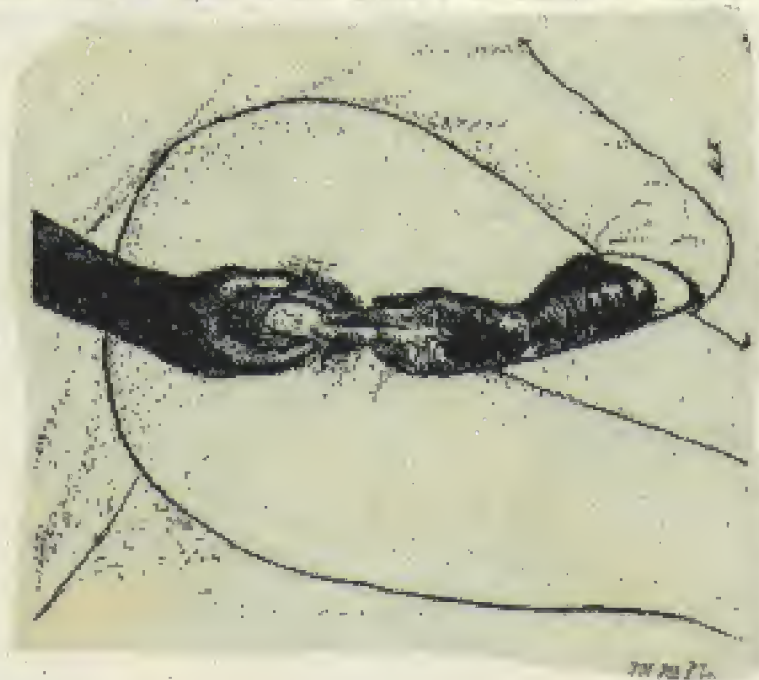


Fig. 222 "Howdy- Welcome to Parlour Games; I'm your host 'the Dr.', allow me to show you around." (Parlour Games, 1972)



ky numbers is 3.

Of course, by this time grandma has gotten a little greedy and she proceeds with Drop another coin in my wrinkled old slot and I will tell you more-more-more!!! All this came as such a surprise for the uninitiated, leaving many of them to sit in big loops just squandering the small amount of remaining brain-waves allotted them. Some thought it to be a conspiracy; others felt it must have been a sign of the times..we personally felt that there was a chance that she just might be growing up for the first time in her life. For, some make it, and some don't. Some can haul the sad line we are confronted with constantly, and some ju

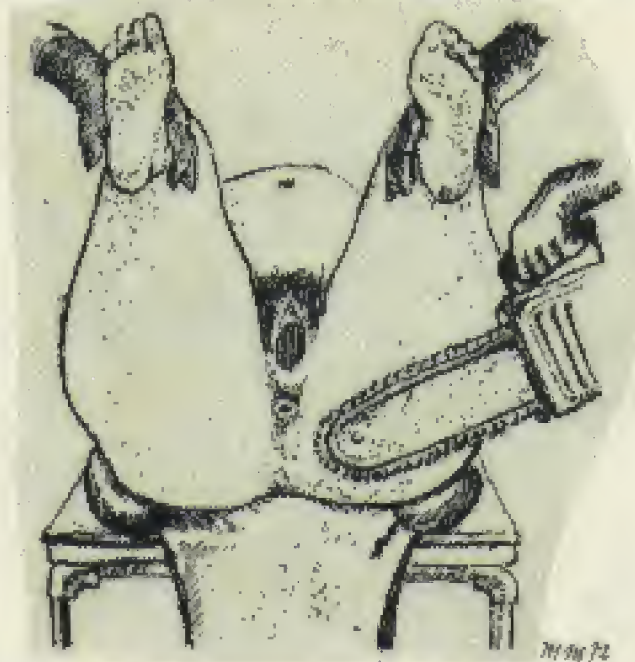


Fig.223 Muzikal Saw...start with the scales and work your way from Classical all the way up to Rock. (Parlour Games,1972)

st gotta bow out. I seen a lot of borderline cases get caught i  
n the whirlpool and twirl down the drain..it's not a pleasant s  
ight..kind of makes you feel lonelier and lonelier every time a  
nother tragedy takes place. Like losing your best hand, or your  
favorite dream image of sensuous pasttime, never to be recalled  
again, like losing a magnetic friend..the separation takes away  
from the total voltage output..(wired correctly, that is..ed.no  
te)..firm, firm, as you grow soft.

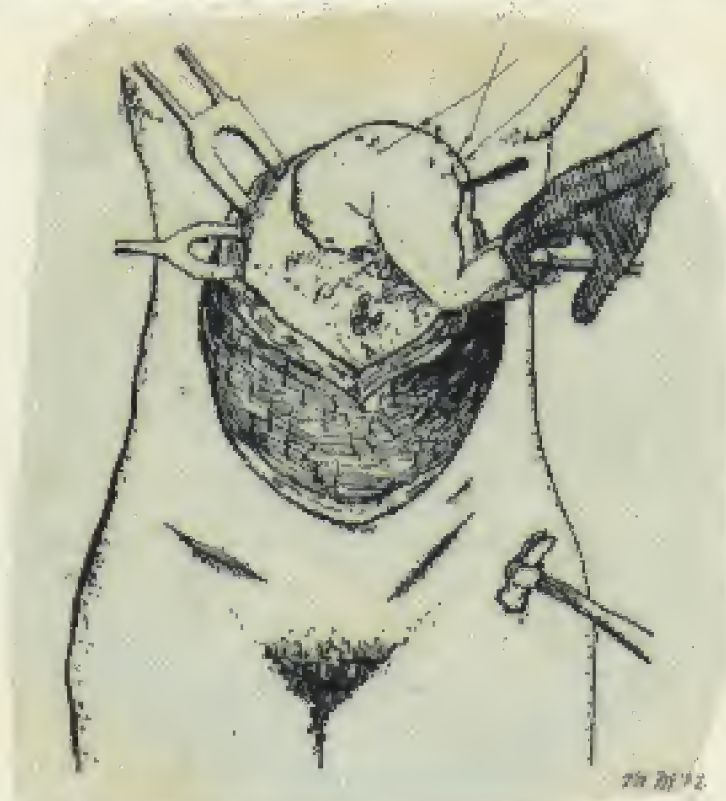


Fig. 224 This game calls for no real talent, just be  
ready to open your mind to a new area in the so-call  
ed 'sensory' or Encounter group games. This is calle  
d, "Search and Destroy".(Parlour Games,1972)



f

Violated furniture building, bent on starting news discoveries, burst into flame on a hot midsummer night fall, awaking all the firemen who sit and play cards waiting for lonely buildings to finally lose it, to do themselves in in a bad bad way. I felt the pain of Dixie cup, breathing down my fleshless neck, the hunters all arrived in style, and pitted olives all in fun. They rounded up available natives, stripped them all of bacon bosoms, took their clothes so that the natives, would be forced to stand among them, naked. The native women hid their yoni's, and tried to run with cottontails upright--but hunters laughed and str



Fig. 225 This is called appropriately, "Meatball Game," after the old nursery rhyme, Meatball, Meatball, whos got the meatball? (Parlour Games, 1972)

ipped off their plaid jackets, and dropped their longjohns exposing their linghams. As native women ran in circles, hunters slowly fell in line between the corner of the small tail, and the long beefy native legs. The native women cooed-cooed, yet their calls were falling on godless ears, the hunters grabbed them by the napes of their necks, and rode them in those circles. The native men were shaking, offended at this intrusion, yet far too small to help their women, they retreated to make a plan. Then circling slowly round the scene, they aimed their trusty blow-guns, and shot their tiny blow-darts into the hunters' pimply behinds. The hunters cried out loudly, and knew they had been poisoned, and bargained with the hunters for a remedy to death.

The natives were all close-mouthed, until dying hunters started slicing women natives' throats, demanding that a remedy be presented right away. The next thing we all saw, was ten hunters in



Fig. 226 Aw, Yes! One for the older person in the crowd who can stand a little pain. Not as fun with out some hardcore sadists.



convulsions, the poison darts were working, and they lay helplessly twitching on the ground. With only one native woman left dead, the other natives escaped, and promised to fight white hunters with the very medicine they sell..They all got jobs in Our Town, learned to read our language, and spend their time in the revenge of the death of grandma-ma...and the sons of ten dead hunters, sit weeping in their daydreams, for they must pay the interest rate on one dead native woman. Their time is soon to come by, and they are sure to lose what they want, the spies who enter each man's heart have left them not in darkness. The thin



Fig. 227 Top chop, bunny hop...stitch'n'sew your way to freedom...(Parlour Games,1972)

gs they eat from now on, will carry stains of blood-clots, that swiftly work their way in, under diseased skin. No children will ever carry the seeds of soft rolled bee stings, the juice of tortured bed-bugs, that lingers in the air. The things you may tell bitches, will make the rounds eventually...it's bound to be your binding post, that links you to the devils..who come in packs with flaming fires, burning in their deep eyes...no longer does the wise-man who once made love to she-bear..remember how to get back, and sleep in safe warm cave. Now banned to live in desert, eating random berries, his auto stuck in first gear, crawls blindly through the sand, The sun is little, yet full of venom, piercing weaker dogs eyes.

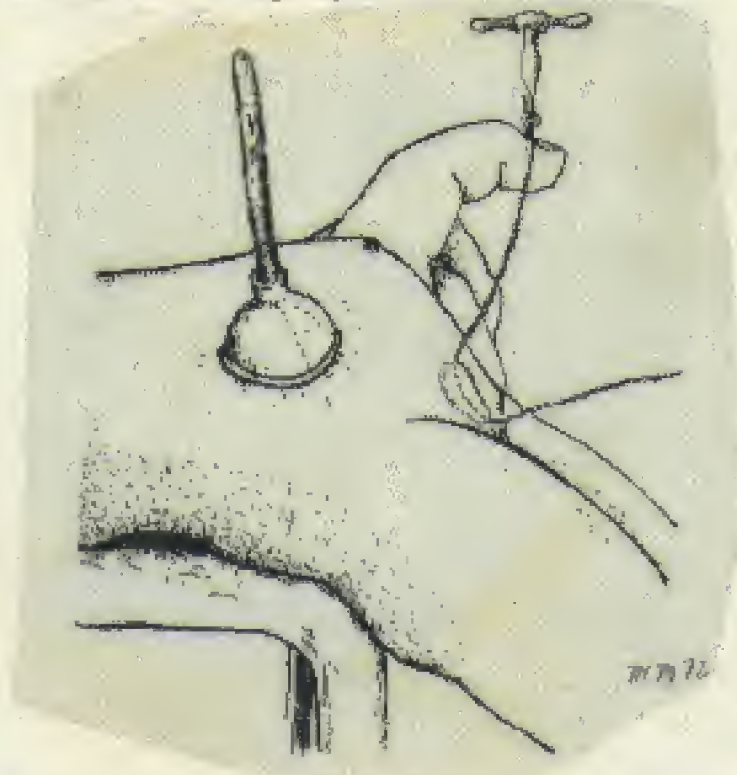


Fig. 228 "Vacu-Big Boy". Oriental in flavour, yet American in taste..sometimes called, "Plumbers Helper". (Parlour or Games, 1972)



g

Cute cornsyrup kitties cowering in groups of four..meowing as if to say, "Do I have to take a bath today?". The Mons Venariabl e strolled silently by, keeping a close watch on his cat brigade, here in the mountains for a few weeks of silent meditation and commando training. Blue suited plier wielders roamed the monastery hallways pinching corn syrup kitty titties..the few kitties who hadn't learned that hollering only brought on more pain were covered from head to toe in big purple bruises, the resulting tatoos of barking pliers. The Blue suited wielders laughed in small circles when they chanced to pass in the long corridors..It was always a sort of advance warning the kitties could use to their own advantage to avoid the fierce bite of demon pliers.



Fig. 229 Form syllables + words out of nasty gashes, abrasions, rips, cuts, and tears. lots of good old-fashioned pain involved. (Parlour Games, 1972)

She cried all day, the stars looked in her window, the sun watched as every day she awoke with little tears dripping from her broken heart..afraid of her digital clock radio, there was no music in her small apartment..only teflon sadness with the licked in flavor of strawberry incense urine, dried into little patty cakes that she kept in neat stacks in her big wooden closet. It seemed like her parents must have forgotten her..she was in her room for the whole summer and no-one even came to tell her that supper was ready...maybe she was grounded for the rest of her life..she was reading a tattered paperback that was part of a N



Fig. 230 "FISH"..self-explanatory illustration.(Parlour Games,1972)



ancy Nimbo series...the sad girl cried when she read about Nancy on the hayride..Nancy wanted on that wagon more than anything ..she knew all the people there in one way or another..it just didn't seem like they knew her..Nancy ran for the wagon as it went by her house..all the others on the wagon were laughing and singing, they barely noticed Nancy was running after them..It seemed her beating heart was about to explode as she reached the wagon..she grabbed ahold, and fell to the ground..she had simply grabbed a hand-full of straw from the back of the wagon..Up she jumped, and ran to the wagon again, grabbing onto it, trying to run fast enough to catch up and throw her legs onto the wagon..a big-toothed rock tripped her, but Nancy held on for dear l

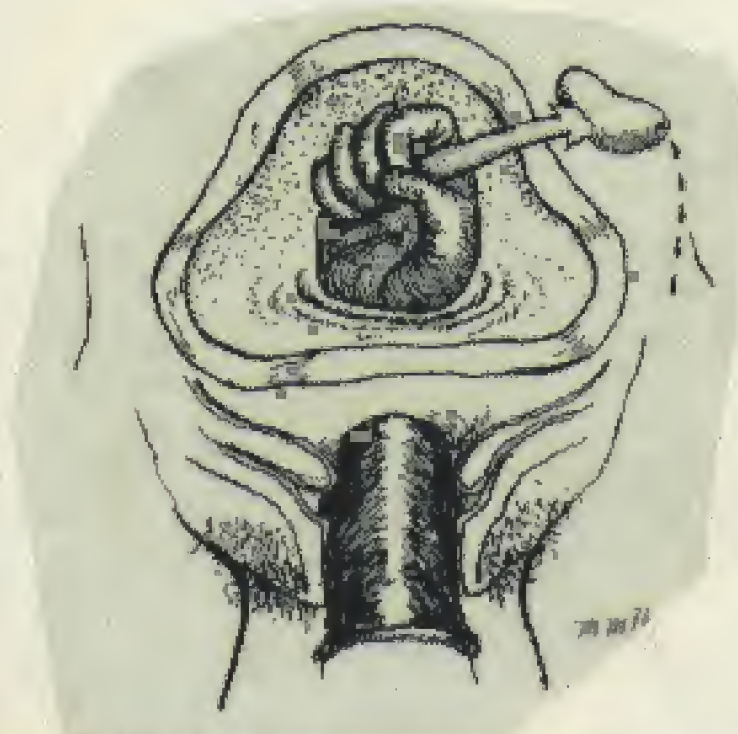


Fig. 231 Janitor in a drum...It's black rubber power and grab bag all rolled into one.(Parlour Games,1972)

ife..dragging behind the wagon full of singing laughing people, who seemed to be oblivious to the fact that she was hanging on behind, Her legs and face were getting cut up from the sharp rocks below..her clothes were beginning to tatter..blood flowed from her nose, she cried out for help..One overweight beastie on the back of the wagon turned around, distracted from her singing..she looked over at Nancy dragging helplessly and a sort of glow went all over the beasties face..The beastie reached over and grabbed a flashlight and started beating on poor Nancy's fingers..as the flashlight slowly flattened out, Nancy finally lost her grip, and began tumbling down the steep and dark ravine..falling..falling..



Fig. 232 "Whups!" "Back you go you nasty beggar!" A curious reversal of the birth process. (Parlour Games, 1972)



h

The girl in the room threw down the book..she slowly walked to the window peered over the stone ledge and took a can of Diet Pepsi from the window sill and popped the lid. She put the can to her nose as the gas escaped..it was the tart bouquet of carbonation that had kept the tears back on many an occasion..She watched out the window as boatmen took their cheeses to the marketplace in hopes of trading them for useful appliances: toasters, automatic lawn sprinklers, mixers, perhaps an occasional electric foot warmer to keep the cold winter bed cozy..These were simple people, and they lived simple uncomplicated lives..in simple little houses on the pretense of love and let love..She wished she could talk to some of them, but then they were also tim

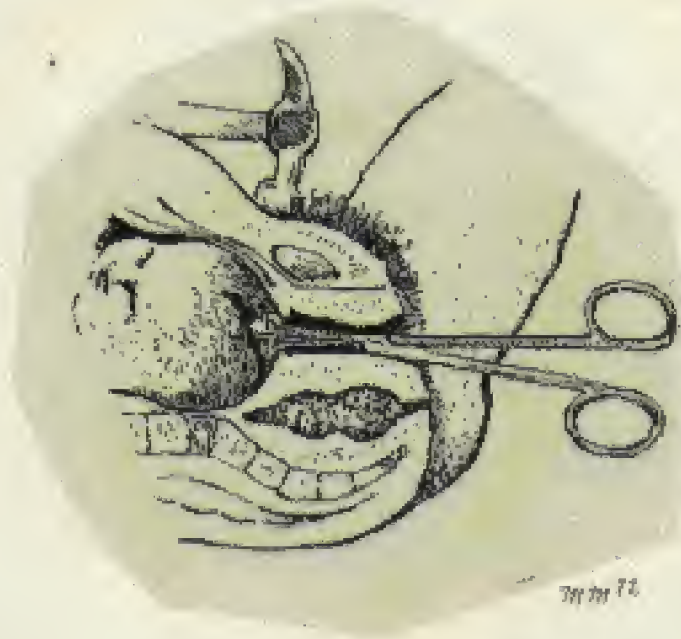


Fig. 233 "Little Snipper" Guess how many coins are in the purse. (Parlour Games, 1972)

id people, and knew of her only as the Duchess of Tupperware, the name of her citadel. She decided to write them an open letter, with hopes of getting it published in the local paper. These are some of the things she thought about, and eventually wrote about;

"How long it's been since I first set foot on your peaceful little countryside, since that day I stepped off my silver winged bird and gazed upon your colourful little countryside in



Fig. 234 "The floating blimp" A simple basketball pump is inserted into the clitoris to achieve this humorous condition. (Parlour Games, 1972)



expectation..fearful of the whispered secrets I had been collecting for the six months prior to my arrival..The story of the French Frie Patch, of such ruthless criminals as the Hamburgler, and Mr. Genuflection..The friendly little trash receptacles that could eat from your hand one minute, then bite it the next. Yet, I was exuberant in my desire to see for myself the magnificent Super Shakes Towers, the giant Ronald Confessional and all the many people I had only before viewed through my gamma-vision tele-window that sat in my mother's living room..I waited in

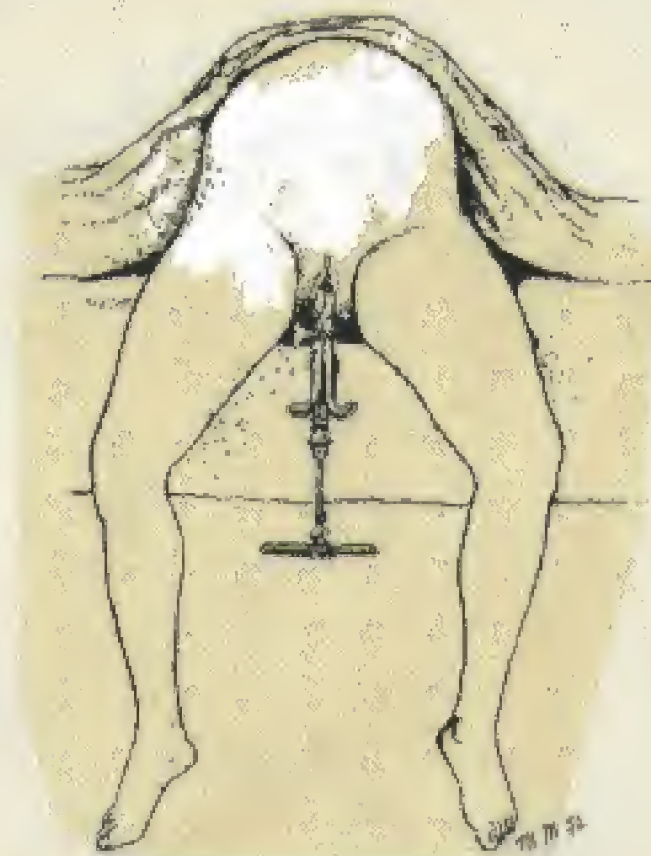


Fig. 235 "Corker" A parlour game solitaire. (Parlour Games, 1972)

tingling tingieberries for the big break I knew I deserved today, waiting for my turn to get up and get away, and now, by gosh, here I am!

Yet, when I asked for the Big Mac with no special Ronald Sauce, it was as if I had broken some unwritten law concerning manners good-taste, and reverence to those deserving respect. I ate my B.M., but it was as if everyone had labeled me, Whopper, or som



Fig. 236 Do you know what I am thinking? Do you know why this is here? The End. (Parlour Games, 1972)



Fig. 237 The Mark of the Beast...why does our society demand mutilation of the pen is? It's not all that mysterious.



ething. When I went to the Hot Pie Orchards to help pick, all the little mushroom people turned up their polkadotted collars at me, and they began talking in "counter-talk", leaving me out of the conversation completely, and just being pointedly, in a blunt sort of way, not nice. Of course, no one has explained to me what my big crime has been..did I do something to raise the line on your telephone services, I attended every Phone Mass listed in the directory...now you have excommunicated my extension; forced me to use confessional pay-phones, even for everyday talk-talks, I'm continually walking around bumping my head on the cupboard doors, I'm so out of touch with the tone of dialing ..where is that one tune that tells me you've called back to confirm my arrival..I've got to be able to get along with you people if I'm going to dial direct, with no aforementioned malice intended...you leave me exposed and upended..what did I do to deserve such a mess? I give you everything and you give me unlis



Fig. 238 Artificial Insemination isn't really as bad as it sounds...Government officials will be regulating population and insemination soon anyhow, so why fight it, huh?





Fig. 239-244 Mental Masturbation is a fine art. Some have a wide repertoire of techniques..working the neck, the temples and forehead, the cheekbones and nostrils, chin, mouth radiations, etc. And if none of the above work for you, do like the girl in fig. 244 and grab the old vibrator..it's better than manual manipulations, anyhow...

ted address..I let you rummage my dresser, taking all you wanted from my drawers, now I come back for a seat by the fire, and you pelt me with apple cores. I can't stand another day without hearing from you, sitting here in my citadel with nothing to do, I should take a taxi to the lowlands, but that would only prove your accusations true..please don't think I'm happy just to think about you, I want to know what you are, and I need something to get me out of this castle late at night when the creepers begin to enter my skull through the hole in my abdomen that I

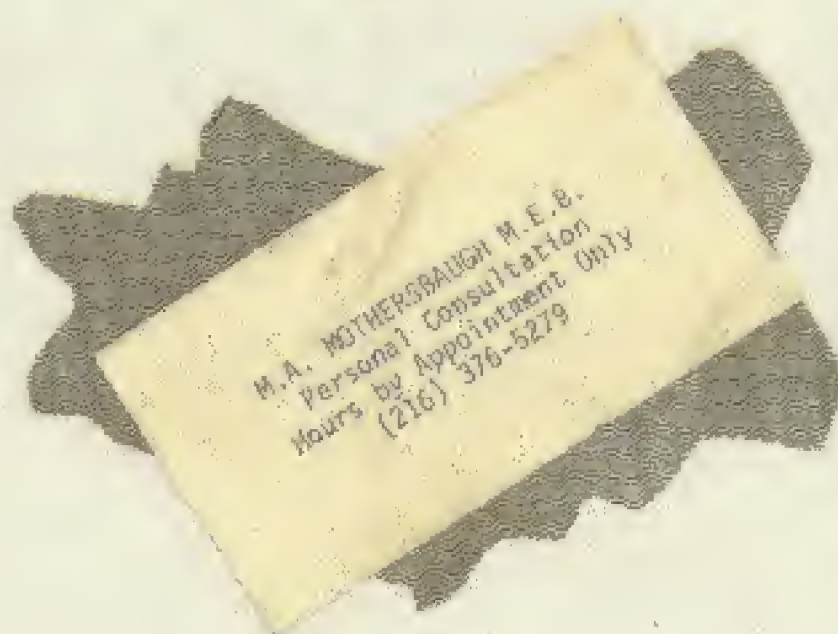


Fig. 245 This card saved many a withered soul back in the sixties.

eads to every part of the central issue. Is there a single Frie Man out there who has never tasted donut? Oh, I could call up John Zabrusky again, but that's just too neatly wrapped for a little girl in a castle all by herself to have to resort to. Is there no way for a small creature from the midnight feature to kiss between braces in the dark hills of the congregation, under trees carefully placed by well-paid men? Sitting, waiting, until the ball-capped guru comes wandering through, placing seeds into cockpits the size of California soft-bites..canned and planned for the good of the consumer, who can remember the days when we dismembered all the Chicanos for playing in niteclubs reserved for Ronald's Land, will things ever proceed as planned, or will we forever be subject to the kind of action that cemented the sockets of all our parents, swiveling ceased by thinking out loud for all to trim and prune with no thought taken to the prunee..so to speak. Is there a remedy for burns on unwatched st



eaks that we must have paid a bundle to get ahold of in the first place...I've always had a respect for foreign exchange students, when home in my own land, now why don't you people try to rustle up a little of the same hospitality and just general respect for another fellow human being and let me in the seal tank as if it was planned all along? I'm a friendly little flipper who knows good manners, let me parade them for you..no chances on possibility to bore you..it's all compact exact..let's make a cut. Signed, The Contessa de Charmin, P.S., remember my high regards for torn or bruised tissue..wash it off thoroughly in the cleanest bathroom you can find..it's all you'll ever have, so take it easy on the slave. I mean, salve.

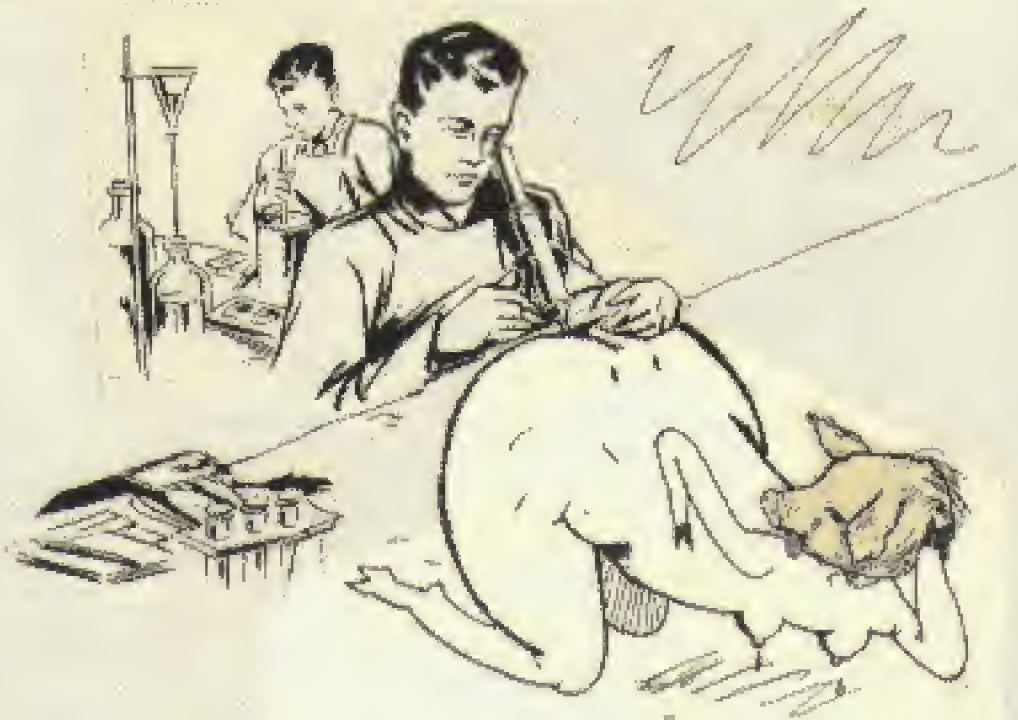


Fig. 246 Modern science stops at no ends to answer the questions of Life, Limb, and Liberty.

she recieved a response the following morning that read:  
 "Dear Palsy Walsy or should I say, Hy-Flyin' Palsy Walsy,  
 It's been ten long years of the one that knows you, only seems  
 like yesterday..we felt the pull of earthly magnets, pulling us  
 as if to say, that someday soon a swirling whirlpool filled wit  
 h all the comforts of home, built of wood and steel, and alumin  
 um would encase us all, teach us ne'er to roam..I once saw you  
 reflected dimly, lit in amber hues from radar, sandwiched in be  
 tween the vernal cavity that once held tinies destined for the  
 new world revival, only tempted for a moment, sucking babies on  
 the breasthold, bubble in a big ball player's tight pants, lift  
 ed aroma across the room, flies all congregated to listen, we a  
 ll knew the end was near, flopped it over to the authorities, t  
 hey just desecrated loved ones, left us high and desperately dr  
 y. Veal was our warm reminder, Stretching machinery caresses. K  
 eep it talced and cool, Calm, and forever delivered."  
 The letter was unsigned, but the sender was not anonymous...she



Fig. 247 Shit on a seat can  
 be an unwelcome surprise...



Fig. 248 whereas shit on a  
 doorknob can be a barrel o  
 f laffs!!

had seen him for the full week of full moon dream flights she h  
 ad been taking, and what a sight was this whose mess about to p  
 roject on her already overworked, underpaid brain. There was no  
 doubt that brain-wave collision was about to take place, and al  
 l the foreseers jumped for cover at the first scent. Why did th  
 e Rolling Stone fuck up my ad? I put out all that money, hoping  
 I might be able to float some of it back, and then they went an  
 d screwed up my ad..they forgot to put a price on my postcards  
 and everything? Now I'm sitting here staring at 5 or 6000 postc  
 ards and I'm getting letters from people who want to buy them,  
 but there is no money in the envelopes..I'm tryin'..my big chan



ce in the legitimate world of money making...had my first car picked out...just a modest little Vdub for a couple of hundred dollars...by no means a pigmobile or anything...yet here I am, writing letters to people who upon receipt of their first postcard



Fig. 249 Ultra-urban Love.

will be duly satisfied that that is all they wanted to know. Why, oh why--do I just lie here listenin' to his sweet and distant sugar cube? The radio is blastin' barfers dead along the roadside, legs outstretched in rigor rompus, screaming saxes blow in' purple on yellow, bright lights overhead while I'm sitting here trying to do my homework...how will I ever get it done? There's no refuge from the city when you need to be a nun, and the papers say you're crazy just to entertain the thought, with fact on top of mother, to prove that you're all wrong..Everything came and went, leaving you high and dry..all alone ripped off, as the saying goes..the main feature was rated GP, meaning kids could get a long one if they sat in the front row with their Guardian Penis hovering overhead, a little like an Orson Welles Faggot Poetry Reading Contest I once read about in the evening press. It's like you never left, but the changes are all there. Out of place with your mother's liking, the gleaming kitchen of stainless napkins made even the wisest stare. The parent ship was loading food to pass out later on, the crew cut a deep path up the mountain side in hopes of scaring up some excitement..the rest of us settled down in our seats in preparation for that long one promised us on the marquee',.. Strong closet odors made

us pinch our noses shut, eyes came dripping onion juice and bee's wax, it all just contributes to making us crazy..It took that dame 30 long years to figure it out, and us peons from the neon snapshot have known it all along..keep your change, I'll keep my wing-wong..it's a cold rainy night that brought me vomitting alone, to your doorstep in outer rimmer country. Cold was the rain as it spit on the ledger, like drenched birds the drunks at the bar pile sat perched on thin rusty stools bolted down back in '37. I try and I try and I can't feel a thing..I get up everyday yet my bed ain't never made, it's got nothin' to do with payin' back rent, it's just that those landlords ain't tried to make it wif me yet, I'm very well-worth it.

She felt she was worth it, and that was all she could say to make you believe it was so.,who could ever dispute that she had the answer to all the questions they asked on that little machine you put a quarter in at the mall..not I, for one reason; she drank far too heavy to ever go there and possibly hope to get back again. I should tell you how all this relates to Jergerald, if it wouldn't take a whole nother book to do that, too. I mean, also.

I knew all along that he was crazy, but I'm not-when out of sight of home plate that fella acted out of his faculties, if you get the implied implications. Well, if you ever thought for a moment that there would be another method of by-passing the whole



Fig. 250 tryptich,"Flies, Friend of Man."by Ed Sarger

the sad and unfortunate incident, then I must tell you that you most certainly have led a shaltered life. I mean, think of it; you're all alone in your one little life raft, kicking and shoving all us poor helpless drowning rat-kids out of your way so you can get a better view of your own reflection in the big grey-pond. Woman with foot in mouth, try to get money for chore she no do, I get mad, haul off and keel over..porpoise play-nut p



eanuters, dance the giggle meatus stroll, roving over highest w  
aterways into pulpits full of clean collars, and horse faces..b  
ent on spreading, bent and splintered hay seeds into back pocke  
ts all over town, wearing that one posession, the midnite puffer  
rs gown..you lay down the blankets, we counted the flowers, bui  
lt a ray gun from Lefties trousers, abandoned and blank-faced,  
you little girl puffed life into that old radio repairman's sea  
trunks, causing that grande salute that was bronzed by New York  
faggots in search of copy catty boxes....

There's just too much paranoia..Too much paranoia..my momma's a  
fraid to tell me the things she's afraid of..Heat stacks of pup  
eas, shivering in sunlight..WE be we be full of things called b  
elly aches..ME no care and me no know..me lose brain in auto sh  
ow..Yellow rabbit men and boys holding lingham, in our hands, s  
igning papers of release, hiding from the radio repairman, I he  
ard this song coming over the loud speakers:

"There's too much paranoia..there's too much paranoia..my momma  
's afraid to tell me the things she's afraid of...Me no care an  
d me no know, me lose brain at auto show..running, dodging, cov  
ering tools, we all know that we are fools..yellow rabbit men a  
nd boys, holding plastic lingham toys..autos run us rabbits dow  
n, leave us flattened to the ground..pulling hairs off of our c  
hest, we use fur to make our nest..(yet) we cry each night caus  
e we unsure, we just want be safe secure..laughing autos chase  
our women, try to catch our bunny love..why do hard ones want t  
o hurt us? Me know want to be a glove..what we do to make God h  
ate us, autos think that we so funny? Don't they think that we  
are needed, only rabbits can make bunnies..."



Fig. 251 Ringed Peanut.

The song drifted out over the Ocean and took the deep plunge..s  
traight down, We be we be full of aches, we afraid of garden sn  
akes.

Even if there isn't much behind it, I kind of like the way you  
rotate.

I told you before, you must have patience, it's a very funny th  
ing..I think that a few of the many people I see want to know w



Fig. 252 Priest takes communion.



Fig. 253 Daddies on top, Mommies in the middle!!!

hy I drink so much simply because they hope I'll say that I have the same hang-ups they do, or should I say as they do-do in the laundry chute turkey shoot, para puke. Don't you feel a young soft woman with your every need in mind is worth it? Even if you have to trade a few of your personal traits along with all of your cheesy money? If you believe in the quality paste wax biscuit recipe I gave you the other day, then you'll love the red rubber latex covered brain cap I designed for lobotomized teachers, and healers..or should I say doctors..there is a big bold difference only your hairdresser will know for sure. Keep me warm and ever ready in your flickering flame called desire.

I'm a man who chose to chew it from the back side of a tire.



Anatomical backseat surveyor, dropped a cloth on the mummies tomb...take me back to old ya-ya spasms...loose the hold and return to womb.



Fig. 254 Gas who's coming to din-din!!!

i

I was laying in my bed, watching little hot streams of semi-conscious mind-floaters circulate throught the room, when I was awakened by a knock at the door of my apartment. Of course, I quickly threw on a pair of jeans and a shirt and walked to the door...I opened it up to two large detectives with hats on. One flashed a badge.

OFFICER 1: "Hello, we're police detectives investigating the baby abandoned on the steps at St. V's, and would like to ask a few questions..."

ME: "Yes sir, would you like to come in for a minute?"

The two detectives followed me into my apartment, already their photographic minds whirring at high speed, they took seats on the couch and one in the foot chair.

OFFICER 1: "How many women live in this apartment building?"

ME: "Oh, about half the tenants or more..."

OFFICER 2: "Any of them pregnant last week that aren't this week?"

ME: "No, none of them are pregnant that I know of..."

OFFICER 2: "Do you know everyone in this building?"

ME: "By sight I do..."

OFFICER 2: "-And none of them could have been pregnant last week?"

ME: "I'm sure I would have noticed..."

At this point, one of the officers looks around and sees that you can look into my bedroom from his seat on the couch.

OFFICER 1: "You live here alone? Anyone else here?"

ME: "Yea, there's someone else here."

OFFICER 2: (turning around and trying to see in the bedroom) "Who's here?"

ME: "Oh, only the cleaning lady."

At this point both the officers chuckle, and questioning resumes.

OFFICER 1: "Can you give us the names of--er, listen fella--(his partner has just called his attention to what appears to be the remnants of marijuana sitting on the table)--you ever been busted before?"

ME: "I-ah..."

OFFICER 1: "That's serious stuff, you know...what's your name?"

ME: "Puddin' 'n' Tame."

OFFICER 2: "Ask me again and I'll tell you the same."

OFFICER 1: (Directed to Marina who walks into the room..) "What's your name?"

ME: "Marina..."

OFFICER 1: "Well, why don't you ask Marina to go flush that stuff down the toilet so we don't have to bust you..o.k.?"

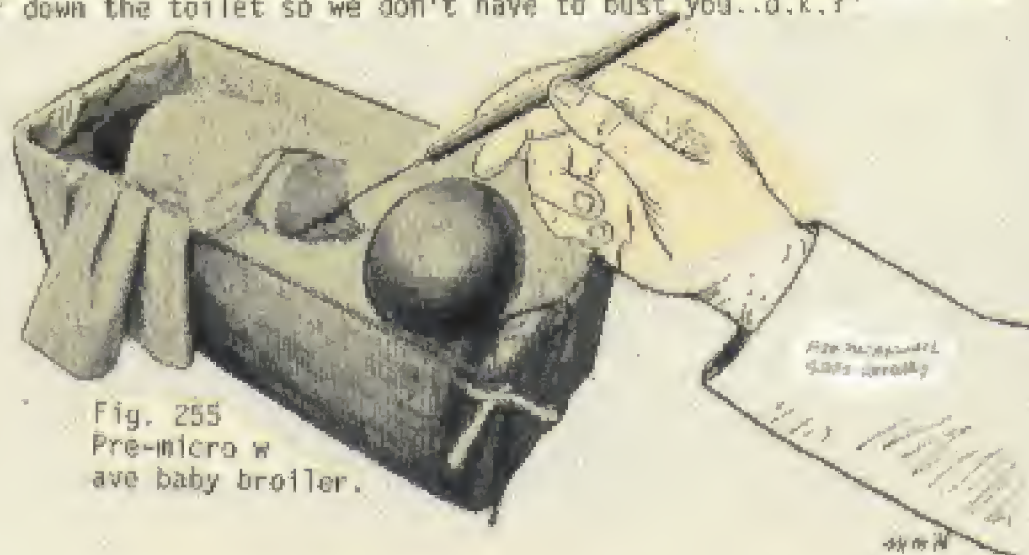


Fig. 255  
Pre-micro wave baby broiler.



She gets up, takes the unidentified green leafy vegetable matter to the bathroom and leaves the rest to our imaginations as the toilet 'whooshes' in the background.

OFFICER 1: "Ok, is this list of names complete?"

ME: "To the best of my knowledge, sir."

OFFICER 2: "What's the problem, boy? Something you want to get off your chest?"

ME: "Yes sir, just take a look at this message I received just a few days ago."

I handed him an envelope with this message scrawled upon it:

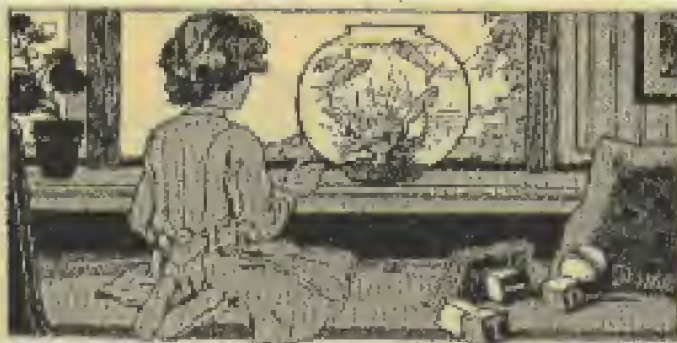


Fig. 256 Remember when you thought it was all just a bad nightmare and when you got older it would all make sense?

Dear Honey,

I like your note you right me, I like to read them so please don't stop writing them to me. Honey you know I love you very much and miss you when you go to work. I can't wait until we get married so I can go to bed with you I can sleep much better when I in bed with you, I like to lay with you and be good some time, I hope you don't get mad at me for say-ing that will honey you are pretty sleepy now so I won't write to much because I won't you to get your sleep OK. I love you honey and miss you when you go to work, just don't forget that I love you and only want you to please believe me.

Love

Monkey

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO



Fig. 257 Booji Boy visits the moon.

## 15a World Urine Shortage

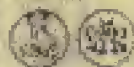
It seemed like a year or maybe more since I first set eyes on that roped-off shore..the ushers tell me it's all over, I been tryin' to catch a ticket to that excuse for a long, long time. Sad papa's shaping pupeas, building small enclosures to lock the family in, for summer comes but once a year, and the company only lets him off but once a summer, and he must try to gather and assess his progress so that his tired dogs can get the inspiration to bark it out another long pink and yellow calender..he sighs as he sits, when was he a kid?

Did you grow up when they told you to, or did they manage to trick you into the scheme of things that have been cheating us with tiny dollar bills daily. Some I know have been so bent over by the whole phenomena, that they find themselves reaching out to T.V. sets in hopes of finding some sort of guidance, maybe just a little reassurance...it's two tired dogs that lay there p



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SCENES FROM  
DIRTY FACES



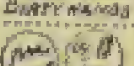
SCENES FROM  
DIRTY FACES



DIRTY FACES  
PART 5 SCENES



SCENES FROM  
DIRTY FACES



DIRTY FACES  
PART 5 SCENES

Fig. 258  
Confisca  
ted comm  
ie spy m  
icro fil  
m.

anting as his soft and soggy bunion boys drench t  
heir socks in year-old memories of corn and water  
melons lying in bed, whispering ah loves you, the  
toast of the hut who wags her big brown butt just  
like a movie queen, and me the brave leopard jack  
eted chieftain..sitting in front of my village of  
loyal hunters, living and loving for the will of  
pop-eyed cocoa-buttet cocktail waitresses and hot  
el-loungers, lunch-time cage scroungers. Reminisc  
ing on the time she was giving me delectable head  
as I drove from Kent to Akron in my brother's Che  
vy..I must have hit the accelerator as I came, ca  
use while come was shooting, the car was spinning  
. three times before we hit the guard rail going  
about 60, we went right through and plunged into  
the river about 25 feet below...underwater we sep  
arated and swam hastily for the surface...some fu  
n that was!! Except, my brother got upset when I  
explained about the car..you see there's some ant  
iquated law in the Ohio books about abandoning ca  
rs in state-owned rivers..stiff penalties that co  
me down hard on those who offend..horse jumping t  
hrough big red leather five..you wanna' know what  
I'm thinking? Well, I ain't tellin'--no way no ho  
w!

Despite these anxious times, fun-loving Americans  
have been busy finding new ways to amuse themselv  
es; or so it seems. A wide range of 'Adult novelt  
ies' pass through the department stores each week  
--bought up by the money of Jet-setters, to Beaut  
iful People, to middle American Fat Belts, to Low  
Income Hawaiians, to Ghetto Wallpaint Eaters...  
These people swarm to the dept. stores with money  
in hand..the stores full of cheerful sales person  
s have become virtually 'melting pots of America'  
with that cornucopia of buy-buy-buyers running al  
? around, snatching up all the stuff Madison Ave.  
can come up with.

Take a Tator', a game where all the participants  
draw names of famous Americans from the basket, a  
nd then pantomime them out..One may find himself  
re-enacting the everyday chores of a plumber, a h

ardware clerk, a factory maintenance man..and all the rest have to put on their thinking caps and figure out who you are: 'Cuke Puke 'n' Puck Pluck' an exciting new game that introduces anal expectoration into the menu of party games open to youngsters and oldsters alike...

And for the physically aggressive, 'Stool Scoot' provides those with a chip on their shoulders a chance to hurt others involved in the game...(This game was ironically invented by the late great Lt...)..teams strapped to little stool like skate-bottomed seats, kick live baby bunnies let loose in the middle of the floor to their team's side of the floor wins...or something like that..

We were cookin' pie-crust at 1:00 A.M. when a voice over the in



Fig. 259 Peace of mind! Let's face it. Even though a toilet may look and act clean, a germ-laden film is constantly forming. To keep toilet bowls really sanitary requires 24 hour a day surveillance.

tercom said, "Enema time.." We both looked at each other and struck a pose, we knew the nurse from home room would be reelin' in the hose..the band was full of nightmares signing songs we tried to avoid..Home room nurse was heaping happy helpings on our helpless adenoids..

No..I refuse to put up with this kind of talk any further. If the bimbos want to capture my mind, let them do it in 35 years w





Fig. 260 Beat-off baby  
and mystery man.

hen I'm retired; just tell them to get the hell out of here for now..I've got this book to write, and it just isn't their place to go making me sound like I'm senile as a sea serpent before my time. I don't want to sound like my head is constantly going around in circles..I mean, I have pride too. I want people to be able to look at me and say, "There goes a responsible man.", or, "There goes a respectable guy.", or even both. Somehow though, I always end up being the clown at the fish pond, or the monkey on stage. My band finally gets a chance to perform at the Creative Arts Festival at Kent State University..a real intellectually pretentious affair!!! Virtual orgasm for the I.Q. conscious Spud; and, how do I walk out on stage? In a doctor's robe with a monkey mask on, standing at an organ playing "Here comes Peter Cottontail, Hopping down the bunny trail, Hippity hoppity look at peter go; basket full of fun and toys...joy for all the girls and boys...hippity hoppity look at Peter go...There's a nurse for Uncle Johnny and a boat for sister Sue,there's a douché sack for my mommy and a box of bunny poo...etc..etc..", and all the other guys just stood there in the wings for a full five



Fig. 261 Young Jimbo Carter casts out foul demons to make spending money.

minutes, while my face turned bright red, under the mask! Not at all the way I wanted to see it! I'm ever so worried about the rise of aggression in women. Some would seem to think, every woman needs a degree of aggressiveness. I put this question to a few local ladies in the form of the following questionnaire.

"Let us suppose that your husband, Henry, has poor taste in ties. Now let us also suppose the two of you are setting out to have dinner with the Joneses, who've invited some important people as the other guests. Let us also suppose that these other guests include the Mayor, the School Principal, the town's only Doctor, the butcher, the baker, and a few others.

Naturally you want to look your best, and want Henry to, also. But there goes Henry, putting on that dreadful orange and pink chiffon tie that no man in his right mind would have bought in the first place.

You've no alternative but to take steps, of course.

But you do have the choice of how to take these first, last and





Fig. 262 There is no easy answer when a loved one decides to go catatonic.

Fragile stumbling steps.

"Henry," you might say, "Take off that outrage this very minute. Sometimes I think you're too stupid to know the time of day." I don't know how that strikes you, personally. It smacks a little of billy goat nagging to me. Very definitely it is raw, uncircumsized aggression, and if Henry switches to a more soothing tie it's only because he wants to shut your nasty mouth. You could take another approach, though, if you really meant all the things you used to coo about. "Oh Henry," you could have very easily said, "I was so hoping you'd wear that dashing burgundy tie tonight. It's so appropoe' you know, and you look so handsome in it!"

That's foxey finger digging.

Play-acting you say? Fandango Foos-ball, you proclaim? Tortured child twisted arms, you call out?

If it is, what ho is it? I've yet to see a happy marriage in wh ich the wife wasn't something of an actress, in the most limite d sense of the world. The giving of love requires many talents of a woman, especially if she isn't a knockout, and this giving takes many forms.

Many ladies just threw the questionnaire back in my face; a few just glared at me; some even fell to their knees, licking my pa nt legs and sobbing uncontrollably..to the last group I simply said, "Remember that the mechanism of potency in the male is so mething mechanical,,a man must be made to want it from you. And you...and you.



Fig. 263 God fools with a large-assed woman while she sleeps.

b  
I am sitting here in my efficiency apartment still staring at t he T.V. mounted on the bookshelves in the corner of the room... There is no feeling in my arms or in my legs...They could weigh as much as dumptrucks, or be as light as balloons...As of five minutes ago, the president of the United States, the leader of our nation, has resigned from his post...I could feel the fuzzy insistent demons of sleep come slinking up over my shoulders, e nticing me with their warm and restful language, calling out fo r me to leave this grave or ominous moment of sorrow that I, al ong with every other American, was by now totally immersed in.. She came upon the screen, but no one saw her..she drank real bo ttles, cried real tears, wet her royal garments, and placed her hand upon the mightiest hill in the world; The coloured guard p layed the right cadence, and the entire herd slowly promenaded down the steps past the fountain, still spewing gaily twinkerin g waters upon the smart astro-turfed lawn in front of the marbl e log cabinized palace.





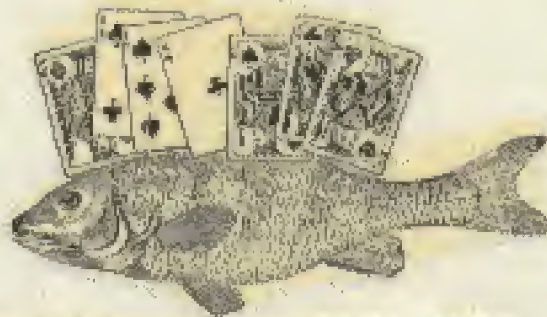


Fig. 266 Rare photograph of a fish disguised as a pack of cards...no one knows why this phenomena occurs

C

Correction and Discipline of Children...1. Children are naturally Wicked.

Although most baby animals are entirely self-supporting within a few weeks or months at most, it is normal for cute children to be in home sweet home and somewhat dependant upon their parents for support, restraint, and gentle mental regurgitations for twenty years or so. Why, a colt or a calf can walk the very day the little tyke is born, but a child will normally take ten, eleven, twelve months! Obviously Big Daddio in the Sky intended for a child to be helpless and dependant long enough to shorten the tempers and grey the brows of parents, just another confirmation that we are here to follow plans. Plans intended that the home should develop in children the moral qualities and principles and habits and hang-ups and mal-adjustments essential to good Spud character.

The meat market is the most volatile it has ever been in the history of our beautiful little country.

2. Parents, like that great Spud in the sky, must Punish and Reward. Kids have to learn at an early age, if they should ever hope to compete on some sort of intense and meaningful level, that Pavlovian Theory is the backbone of our whole socio-economic structure. Parents stand in the place of the great Spud before their children, to a remarkable yet plausible degree. Hey, our society punishes people for sin, why shouldn't parents punish their children for sin, also? Shouldn't parents want to give their children a head start on their coping...why wait for them to grow up and run out in the street for them to get their first d





Fig. 267 Buddhist monk..zonked out on super kharma..hides his deformed nipples..

utch rub? Give it to them, good! When in doubt, spank, whip, swat, pinch and twist, punch, and even gouge (ONLY WHEN OCCASION PERMITS) the little jewel, when she refuses to shine and comply. Think about this one: "Any father who does not whip his children, treats them as if they were bastards." Hebrews 12:8. A man who is a whoremonger! sports up children outside of marriage, ignores his children, refuses to be a father to them as if he were some sort of fat cowbag. He does not tease them, he does not spank them, he does not teach them, he does not give them the precious enemas all children crave and need. Hell, he sure don't recognize that shivering bastard boy as his own blood, his own cub. So Spud says that any man who does not whip his children t



Fig. 268 The Kalimba bros. trying to sit still long enough to have their picture taken.

o make them mind, treats them as lucky bastards, as damned and durned children for whom he takes no responsibility, and probably never will!! Punish and reward, Punish and reward. If you do n't punish, then you're probably a coward. That's how it is, no ifs, buts or enema excuses.

3. Spud especially Holds the Parents to Account for the Discipline and Control, and Swift Kicks to their Children. You mount, y



ou parry, you thrust. Every muscle strains as you push up, up i  
nto that mound of mystery. Electrical Storm Rages through your  
brains...Then..you fall back, exhausted, limp, and sleepy. Nine  
months later, that brief squirt of Squirt gun fun comes back on  
you...like a nine pound boomerang 270 miles an hour, square int  
o the back of your head. The she cow drops a baby into your ner  
vous unprepared lap.  
It is no small matter to be responsible for bringing a little l  
ife into this world, yet some would wish it so.



Fig. 269 Pierced eyeballs? It's the latest in discount center fads.

Fig. 270 Crotchless man displays neck zucchini and chest squash.



d

Like euthanasia, the term "dry dock" is a lovely expression for a hideous reality. Suppose someone were to suggest to our mothers and fathers a means of controlling their children. They might be interested until they heard that it meant doing away with their children entirely--perhaps by gassing or by drowning them. Ho hum. That is not control, you see. And that is why we Catho

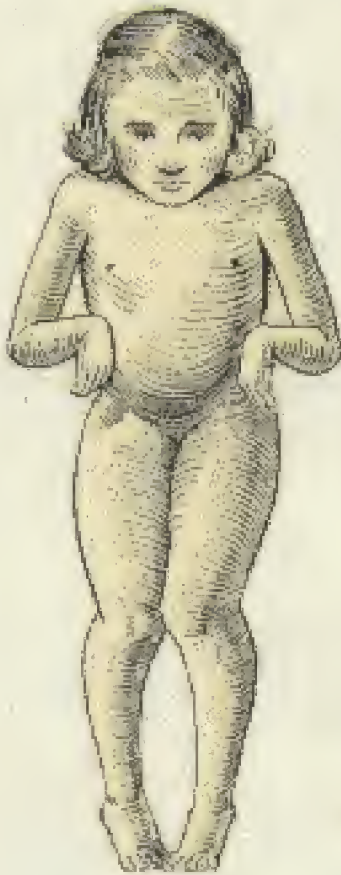


Fig. 271 Speazy Lad offers his spud to cute little go-goer.

lic Killers protest the expression "dry dock." Prevention, abolition, destruction, shimmy shakin'--are all a far cry from control.

A schoolboy might come across the expression "dry dock" for the first time thinking it meant a scheme whereby parents could arrange to have their children enemaed by mail, or potty trained by T.V. We control the breeding of Honey-breasted chickens not by turning red hot roosters into capons or by mutilating the quiver loaded hens but by mating tough veteran roosters with whiney white hens, Leghorns with Rhode Island Reds.

When we speak of dry docking, we mean ordinarily the use of clothes covering the male pupendae and the female pupus as contrac



aptives--a thin red rubber membrane placed between the male and the receiving female to frustrate the marriage act. Besides that, there are other mechanical dry docking devices, and that's not all. What is all, is--nine out of ten soft sensuous bunnies will wither at the knee, and succumb to the relentless hot headed little Dutch Boy bastards that congregate around the park, on the outskirts of town. There is only one golden trophy that we own, and only one golden trophy that these savages spend their time squatting and shitting on...and that is our basic dignity.

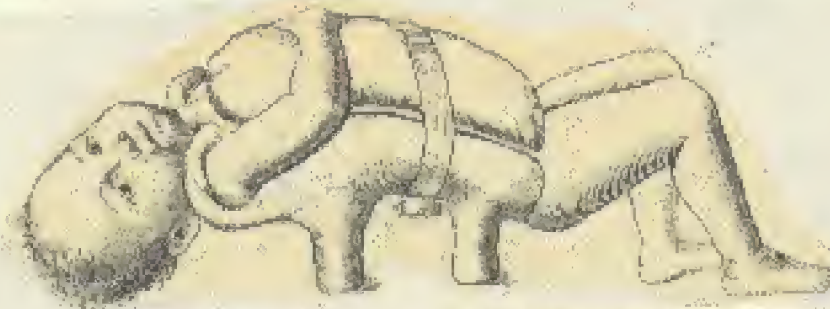


Fig. 272 Safe and secure in anti-masturbatory appliance...no chance of accidental abuse.

Our basic dignity. As honest as a newborn calf, as sweet smelling as lace on the cuff, as fat as a constipated pig that hasn't gone to the bathroom for about two weeks and is just lying there in its own scum, ready to burst at the seams. Of course you will think that now the people throughout the world are basically alike in that they share the basic dignity of mankind. They have a rough and ready spiritual soul. They can think and reason, and control their actions. They can love and hate, think and reason. They can swim, drive, drink, think, and control their own destinations. Keep their own sex organs scrubbed all pretty and pink, clean as a whistle and spotlessly hygienic. They can watch the smegma levels in their own diets, honor their parents, and remember the cabbage, to keep it holy. But physically there is a difference for reasons of procreation. A physician attending childbirth can tell at birth the sexual quotient of the newborn infant. And just as the mouth sucks and the stomach is for

eating, the lungs are for blowing, the ears for hearing and the eyes for peeping, so the tiny power packed dynamo's called sexual organs (and might I add this term is not dirty), are for fucking. That is their first purpose and every other consideration is secondary.

Any use of sex, then, whereby a person deliberately and maliciously frustrates the primary and lowest object of his action, is a direct violation of natural law. It is what we--Me and Marine, that is--call abuse. And sex can be abused, as we all know very well. We have, for instance, self-abuse, in which the person goes off by himself and irritates the sex member--taunts the sex member--yells obscenities at the sex member to the point of climax. That is known as masturbation and it generally betokens em



Fig. 273 Oh God...here comes mom  
and her dreaded rectal thermo!!

otional or intellectual stability.

This business of "dry docking", too, has been classified as mutual mental masturbation and it generally betokens sore prongs and bruised little pussies. Classified as mutual mental masturbation, since it involves the sordid act of a man and a woman irritating--taunting--yelling dirty jokes--and pencil probing one another without any relation to the object of the action that Spud placed foremost.

Sex in itself is beautiful. People doing it is ugly. It is perhaps the most mysterious of all human experiences--in its proper form, that is. Husband and wife are fulfilling the commands of Almighty Spud in his work of recreation, presenting him with prime meat for the infusion of a withered soul. Without them, as



Just as it sounds, His hands would be tied. Bound. But with their vigorous help, He is able to put another future Spudman on the earth, another car on the heavenly turnpike.

Fig. 274 WAC training came in handy when young Kathy decided to beat the time out of her jeep tire..she managed to destroy it in record time. After she makes sign of cross before final deflation.



## 15a Jelly B B's

From the nature of things, Spud is "deeply" interested in sex. Its right use is vital, its natural use frightening, its most common use necessary for the welfare of the human race that He loves so well, that He died to attach His own smegma bag to all of us. Therefore He has declared that sex has nothing to do with men and women. It's a terrible nightmare better left to the perverses and brainwave technicians:

Spud gets headaches too. And you know why? Because some of us out here still refuse to listen to his megaphones set up so conveniently set up for us in practically every household--in every household holding Spudettes and Spudites. Yet you know why He gets so mad about it, that you should know better than to tease Him with it...This is why: He still detests the sin of those who spill their seed through interruption or contraception, or worse still, through dry docking...or those who frustrate its power with spermicides, douches, vaginal inserts, the pill, penile twisties, puss pucker pouch corks, and all the claptrap devised by the perverted ingenuity of mankind. And another thing. I feel quite safe to crow out loud that we can safely assume the sale of these dry dock devices is at least as profitable as, say, whiskey sales. Some idea of the moolah behind and at work between the scenes can be had, then, by gauging the volume of whiskey ads. Think of it this way: From the slime of the earth, They fa

shioned a body; "the paragon of animals from the quintessence o f dust"--the very dust that my broom once stroked..clean cross de flo'..you take away that dust an' my broom done make an empty sweep..my broom done gonna break down an'cry..cuz it's not funny when they don't let you do, nocturnal.

But a further parallel could be drawn; man could be made to image Spud in His works--in moving pictures, kamikazi poop-balls drop out of the thin air onto cities of common folk just minding their own business..trying to make a dollar a day in the cruel world we frudge along in..jus' like the funny side of town, all the people gonna lay their troubles down, we is on the verge of destruction..an' you know why? Do you know why? Cause selfish individuals are placing their own piggish interests in front of those of all mankind.They are making demands for payment that are breaking the backs of hard-workin' pedestrians who keep their noses clean and mean. As a whistle. Take for example the farmer who can cast the good seed into his mother's earth and Spud can, if Spud wills, with His sun and rain machines give it increase; so man, with this Spud-given power can sow, as it were, the seeds of life into the good earth of a mother's butt; and Spud can, if He so wills, look the other way on this obvious breach of the contract of dog stylized love...and a brown slinky spudikins is conceived.



Fig. 275 Bird in Hand jazz.

b

Hey, you wanna hear a weird one? Well, I was just reading some of the earlier writings of Editor M. Moth Ers Baugh, and came across this frightening, yet extremely interesting expose' titled: "Mr. Struts and the Energy Bar." Fooling around, Mr. Struts was the perfect counterpart of prostitution or promiscuity in a woman. He was always besieged by neurotic outlets for frustration, real and sometimes imagined. Donning a green satinized skin-tight suit, Mr. Struts would hop up at 9 P.M. to cruise the bright light downtown area, waving to this guy, or tossing a wig!





Fig. 276 Talk about a faggot! This guy knows all the fag positions, and why not? There's only two..giving or receiving ! Avoid these guys when possible..they're all germ carriers.

et to that gal..Laughing like a windy-breasted strapping..The compulsion to strut is symptomatic of some deep dark personality disorder. In interviewing Strut and his cronies who were addicted to philandering, I have found the common denominator to be a munching immaturity, an inability to accept any kind of discipline when it conflicted with desire. The strutter is usually completely unaware of his primary motive, which is a desire for self-inflating airguns.

The sex adventures are his dull way of making himself feel semi-important. The strutter has a fatherless ego, which can only be propped up by the worship of the jealousy of the women who fall helplessly and hopelessly and haplessly in love with him and his evil ways.

Many philanderers are not only incapable of remaining in love with their wives; they are incapable of really falling in love with any woman, regardless of race colouring or credibility.

The strutter, or woman-chaser wants both a mother-wife and a mistress-father; some even want a sister-nurse or a historian-puss-bag. Having more than one woman tends to boost the strutters selfish selfish male ego.

Many strutters are handsome. They consider themselves irresistible to women. Whenever these heartbreakers receive the slightest encouragement, they feel they must prove their virility by acting out the role of some over-blown Casanova. Actually, their sexual cheating in itself constitutes evidence of a genuine mascu-

line inadequacy, final proof that by this point their minds are hopelessly entangled in that big starchy glob they call their hearts.

They often suffer from impotence reactions and many have been told outright by their (by now hot under the collar) wives that they are not only poor lovers, but that a day-old jellyfish has more push power, and a medium-sized toothpick could replace them in a minute. When this type of hubby is driven to strutting he is, of course, acting hysterically, out of pure polyunsaturated fear. He may have been very strictly raised, inexperienced, and (or) unsure of his fate, unsure of his mate, or unsure of himself sexually.

Fig. 277 Atomic Nipples.  
What could be better?



After this rotten marriage he becomes panicky and decides, "I'll go out and get all the experiences I possibly can. I'll make up for the years when I had no experience." He plunges blindly and headlong into a series of mad sex encounters, with no regard for the type of woman he gets, or gets him. He often as not ends up in serious trouble...double indemnities, red crosses, blue babies...the whole works. He becomes easy prey for the unscrupulous type of woman that abounds in the northeastern United States, the great Rockies states, and the Suez area. Everyone knows this Don Juan is a man who, in spite of many love conquests, lacks true masculinity...a sufferer of too much emotional bondage to his selfish childhood. Baby powder stains his cheeks, he was given massive talcum douches up the rosy red all through his long and belittled maturation period, smothered and guarded to the point of effeminacy because of his pug...all women loved him except the one from whom he most needed love, but isn't that the usual situation?





Fig. 27B Attendant fills frauline's boot..She's got some walking to dol

## 17 Gassed-Out

My frauline done told me..when I was in goose-steps..she said I would gas them..and now I'm a big man..filling up auto's, that beep at me often, I drop what I'm doing, and wait on them cheer fully...Some choose the big pump, others the small..It's a small world...and I hears them auto's call..Well I'm a big time pumper, I pump 'em fulla my gas..and if you give me static..I'll tell ya blow it up your ass!! My station is pretty..I keep it in top shape...the customers dig me..cause I got the answers ..to all of their auto needs..I fix them up often, and relieve their tensions, cause no one wants an auto..that threatens to lose it...The auto's come crawling..into my station, they beep a

t me always, I stop what I'm doing, and greet them with smiles, I call "Filler up?", and they yell back, "One dollar regular please." I wipe all the dead bugs, and dirt off their windshield's, and connect my big hose, up to their empty tanks, I do two a t a time now, I've developed a technique...my timing is very good, if not always precise, I give them a fair deal, and they drive out satisfied. We need each other's business..without which we could not survive..and we like to trade money..because it means honor, not like these people, who are sick and can't touch it, because they're unhealthy, they leave me cold. I help who I can help, and feel nothing for those who can't or won't or don't come to my station, for I will only tow those who..show me their honor..I can't help everybody..and I'm not my brother's keeper, yet those who come to me, we huddle together, and despite the weather, we find strength in our circle...I am very important, to the big and the little guy...we all need each other, to keep ourselves going...Their auto's all need me...my pumps need their empty tanks, and if the good Lord is willing, we shall be here to the end..pumping each other.



Fig. 279 Patron Saint of Hostess Ho Ho's.





Fig. 280 Corrected Holy Card.



Fig. 281 Corrected Holy Card.

*Most Holy Virgin Mother come and cover us with your Blood and Water flowing from your Sacramental Gash. In consuming genuflection, receive my Sacrificial Erection- spewing semen from your eyes, exchanging suffering for cash.*

-Matthew Riverbend, 1950

During the fifteenth century, a quite contraversial critic of the Church spent a short time in the limelight before being put away by the Church. His writings, though not entirely destroyed, had been successfully suppressed by the Church until 1950 when personal belongings of Prof. Riverbend came to light in Amsterdam. Though not in agreement with his viewpoint, I felt it necessary to include his works only for the sake of adding a soft



Fig. 282 Corrected Holy Card.



Fig. 283 Corrected Holy Card.

of historical balance to this section on religion. Matthew, though receiving his Masters of Theology at the University in Brussels (around 1525), was considered by most as no more than a delinquent pervert, who gained more enjoyment from an afternoon in bed with one of his young pieces than in class with aspiring young students. He died from syphilis late in the year, 1575. "Show me a devout Catholic, and I'll show you a severe case of constipation." "Catholicism breeds petrified colons, petrified buttocks, and shrunken genitalia."..Though Mathew agreed with some of the basic broader more general teachings of the Church, he claimed, "The Church deserves credit for the invention of frigidity and impotence."..He went on to say, "-it is the duty of the non-afflicted (non-Catholic) to flush-out the blockage from the afflicted:."..His one warning was.."In the process of reami





Fig. 284 Corrected Holy Card.



Fig. 285 Corrected Holy Card.

ng out patrification from the Catholic, handle the enema bag carefully jumping back to avoid that first gush...for it is usually unbearably smelly and horrendously evil...". I personally argue this point, but why bother? He's dead anyhow, and even if he was a little off the track..who am I to judge? The accompanying illustrations were part of his original text, he calls them,"absolute conclusive proof..."..you can decide for yourself if he just might have hit upon some important information, or if he was just some disgustingly crazy kook who was rightly castrated and hung by the anus publicly.



LE SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 LE SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 LE SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 LE SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 LE SEIGNEUR EST MON

Fig. 286 Corrected  
 Holy Card.



MON SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 MON SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 MON SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 MON SEIGNEUR EST MON  
 MON SEIGNEUR EST MON

Fig. 287 Corrected  
 Holy Card.

Run, run, run Little Eva, run on down the bowl..I says now, run  
 , run, run Little Eva, run on down the bowl..An' if my Eva don'  
 t stop running, she never gonna close that hole. She's got a si  
 x foot diamond and a satin mink stole..but she keeps all her mo  
 ney in a little sugar bowl...I says now; run, run, run Little E  
 va run on down the bowl..An' if my Eva don't lose the fever, sh  
 e gonna burn open that hole. She rides a shiney new Datsun with  
 the top took down, then she buys the morning's bacon in a new w  
 edding gown, I says run, run, run Little Eva, run on down the b  
 owl..An' if my Eva don't stop running, I'll say I said it was a  
 comin', you know that Eva's runnin', brown 'n' bravely down tha  
 t whipping bowl.

Auto-snowdown..auto-snoedown...No one falls for that phoney piec  
 e of advice, anymore. Not me, not you, not the man in the moon,





THE VIRGIN MARY AND THE CHRIST CHILD  
 WITH THE BOOK OF PSALMS  
 15" x 10" 1/2" Size

Fig. 288 Corrected Holy Card.



THE VIRGIN MARY AND THE CHRIST CHILD  
 WITH THE BOOK OF PSALMS  
 15" x 10" 1/2" Size

Fig. 289 Corrected Holy Card.

that goose with an "ass"tronaut uniform on. Trying to convict me, will they. I'm the only one who has anything for her, and she is giving me that whisper act that makes me wanna through a bottle of bourbon through her gay little wiglet. She makes me puke. They are always scheming, and talking in those low tones when they start their telephone espionage, of course, when I come home from a hard day of work in the basement, she panics and throws the phone back on the receiver, and sits there, acting like the big fat ostrich with its head planted in the muddy sand.. Agents never talk, only pass the banal info of the day..it's mandatory. What do you want, you over-grown little sass? It's more than I can take, waiting for them to strike..to try to knock me off my feet..Indians, locked in a white man's factory..Sending signals to the Nazi's when they think no one is watching...But I'm watching, Mr. Indian! I'm watching, and I won't let you



Fig. 290 Corrected Holy Card.



Fig. 291 Corrected Holy Card.

get away with it! I refuse to give in, cause I'm gonna fight you with two skin-covered fists, to the bloody and ultimate end. Cause, I got something I don't want you to be taking away from me, and that is personal pride. You think it's easy to be an overcoat with some underlying water-chest ailments, that pierce the flesh, make it worse, I'm tired of pretty pollys' eating my dollies. There is more than one remedy for the music you heard us playing. Most would rather choose to lose it, forget it, and wonder where that nylon brainwaved woman went...I don't know, but I don't care...she lose sight of earth when car lost footing...mountain overpass...she overinflated...it do her no good...she is



only victim of her own foolish stretch marks. Heavy on the nylonization..go kiss the man with the foot ailments..he has come to do you just what you need..The movie got good, we could feel them bleed. I asked for some popcorn, we only had Pepsi left, it was no big thing, the speaker was blaring, it sounded like some condition, I never wanted caught in..people like to play stupid games, because they have been potatoized..We can only take pitch-forks, and toss them in salads.



Fig. 292 "The Pieta",marble sculpture  
by G. Bagnutto

By this time, you must understand, the television and the telephone had completely taken over the poor man's mind, leaving for his wife and family, nothing more than a drained and lifeless shell. Now, you may ask, what has all this got to do with you? You think that is an easy question to answer? Well, let me assure you, it is not. The question of relations is one that the smartest, wisest, the richest and the handsomest of men have all pondered and suffered with. I must admit, I am not one of the aforementioned men. Look, they all searched for these strange somewhat pointless answers that they felt would serve their purpose and ease their troubled hearts and minds. As I see it, they were just a bunch of paranoid assholes who should have been dest



Fig. 293 "Gorj", "Uta", or "Espundia"..  
 'call him what you like; just make su  
 re you don't make his mistakes.

rayed long before they began torturing all us non-sufferers, wh  
 o already know the answer to life. Why is it all these egg-head  
 ed goons with the big words and the stuffed-up butts should be  
 able to take out their asshole tendencies on me, simply because  
 I'm a baker's dozen of Bardo's ahead of them? Please, I don't h  
 ave to put up with your cynicism just because you don't know fr  
 om whence you came. I think all you uptight 'tator brains shou  
 ld just lay back and think it over for awhile. I'm serious. Don  
 't go begging me, cause as I've told you before, I ain't going  
 to tell you the secret to life. Or any of those ridiculous ques  
 tions hopeless zombies beat their chests daily over. I mean, ev  
 en if there were some way, some how, it could be put into words  
 . I wouldn't tell you even if you paid me. It's just not proper



, and it's totally against what it's all about.

Listen, everybody's talkin', few of them know...either you got it, or you're a potatoe!

Right about now, you may be saying, "That Mark...Oooh, I think he's losing it, this time."

Well, go to hell. If you had any shit together of your own, you would be doing something instead of trying to write me off as a nother kook. You're an asshole, and you're full of shit. That is, if you have read this far through the book and still have not figured it out. It's all a matter of where you are at, in relation to where you have been. I'm not telling any more though. Even if I was allowed. And I will tell you right here and now, I am not! Allowed to tell, that is. Why, you ask once more? Well, I'll tell you why. It has a lot to do with the way people like to (and I'm talking about potatoe people) copy the real magical Men and Women, which would be alright, excepting that they never quite get it right, and then instead of two me's, there is one me and one imposter who is off course enough to make me look like the biggest fool this side of Akron. They never get it right...misquoting, misusing information, just general distortion of what is real and what is meant to be. Wanna watch me jump of



Fig. 294 Ever wonder what they make footballs out of? It takes one helluva leather-ass to join the ranks of the NFL Pigskin Brigade.

f the high level bridge? Sorry. I ain't ever gonna do it. You w  
ill a long time before me. And you know why? Simple. While I'm  
writing this book, you're simply sawing logs, waiting to read i  
t. And if you think there is any other way than what I have jus  
t laid out, you better think again, buddy. Cause there is no wh  
ere to run, and no where to hide..I'm coming after ya, and when  
I git to ya, yer gonna wish you never been born, cause it's the  
worst cancer you ever heard about..It takes everything with it,  
and there ain't nothing left, so say good-bye to your silly lit  
tle holes, they'll all be empty tomorrow come sunup, and you're  
gonna be long gone...Drained like a sunken seaship, lost under

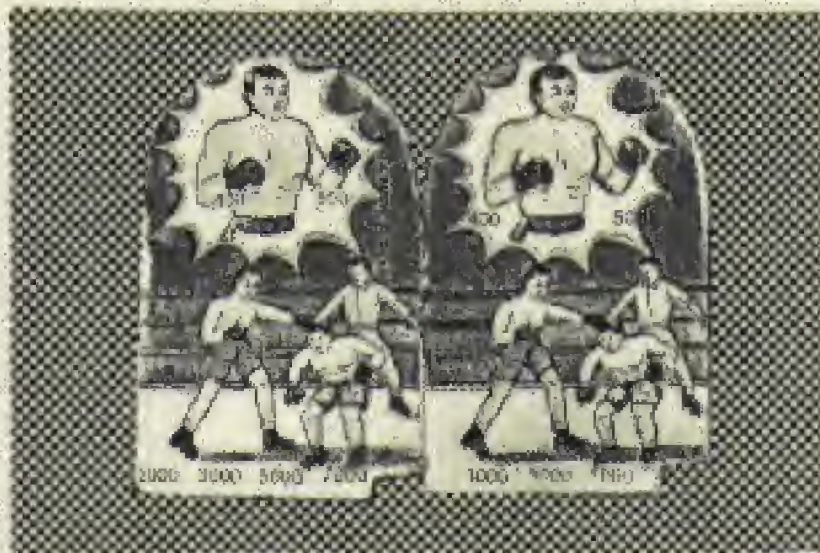


Fig. 295 "Boxers", an oil painting by my little  
sister, Amy. (From collection of the author.)

murky monster waveforms, sobbing like a sissy-fied sardine dude  
ranch, you'll be tootin' the blues till you're a hunnert 'n' tw  
o! Washed O-U-T...left for dead..You was drugged by a toothless  
bearded mirror..butt it's all right, now..in fact..it's just ga  
ssy! Well it's all right..Jumpin Jasper Jizzbo is a Sag..Sag..S  
ag!!

Tootin' the blues, just the way your daddy did..well I heard yo  
u tootin' the blues, just the way your daddy did..Now he's dead  
er than a doorknob, and I thinks you is tellin'a fib. It was in  
the way you jerk, kinda gimme a lift..like the way you drink wh



en you done stealin' my fifth..well, honey cakes I hears ya too tin', just like your daddy did..Now he's waitin' on my poor mam my, and I thinks you is done tellin' a fib. I heard you out late last night, drivin' my car, now I gotta get to work, and my car she don't go far..I hears you tootin' them way way bottom blues jus' like your daddy he done did...Wal now, your lips is shinin' purple, and I thinks you is tellin' a fib.



Fig. 296 "All the Way Home", by North Coast artist, Marina Yakubik, 1976.

## 18a Spudville

So, ya think you got troubles? Get a load of this!

Bob: "Hey, look me over, lend me an ear..stiff as a barndoor hanging on a queer but don't put me off, Bub..give me a chance..for 50¢ I'll pull down your pants and give you a big Dutch rub.."

Bobbi: "Can it, runny one, you ain't got the profile to twist a single short stop off his beater path."

Viceroy: "Lay off the tiny fella, Shakespeare. He's got a heart, you know."

Bobbi: "No I didn't; well, not the way he's been behaving himself lately..I'm so jittery, I could poop a cupcake."

Viceroy: "Who you tryin' to play up to, Pogo-Eyes? You been warnin' us about them god damned devil's food cupcakes for two long weeks now, and I've about had it. You lookin' to get your pipes reamed at an early age?"

Bob: "Watch it, it. This is our argument, and I would kindly like to warn you that it had better remain so, or you may catch a little 'Pogo-Eye', as you call it, yourself."

Viceroy: "Knock it off, Bob. You think I want to fight? You think I like to fight and quibble with you?"

Bob: "It's no great pleasure from where I see it."

Viceroy: "That strikes me as some how."

Bob: "That kind of answer deserves the stink treatment."

With that, Bob reaches over and lifts the corner of Bobbi's dress over her face. She is wearing no panties. Her thick-haired pussy is covered with cat fur, and leftover Little Friskies. A dank odor rolls up to Viceroy's delicate nostrils and proceeds to divide and conquer.

Viceroy: "Cover that mess!"

Bob: "Ha-ha..Ha-Ha!"

Viceroy: "Cut it out: you're sick!"

Bob: "I'm sick..Ha-Ha..that's rich..Ha-Ha!"

Bobbi: "What's going on? Who turned out the lights?"

Viceroy falls to the ground, eyes red and swollen from the mustard gas trick. Bob gets nervous and stands to attention, letting Bobbi's dress flutter back down. Viceroy is crying, his face bright red, and his sobs are beginning to choke him. In the background

and a figure is coming towards them, as it gets close it appears to be a man with a brain swollen up and out his brain cavity... he is wearing mirrored glasses, a surgeon's robe, janitor's white pants, and a strip of masking tape across his hairless chest.



Fig. 297 Body of baby: Brain of man.





Fig. 298 Love of Life.

t. A 12 inch cigarette holder with a lit Russian cigarette hangs from his tight mouth.

As he approaches within talking distance, Bob and Bobbi look at him and wave.

Bob and Bobbi: "Hello!"

Viceroy climbs slowly to his feet, and greets the newcomer with a series of 'Bro' hand slaps, none of them connecting.

The newcomer speaks: "You had a private nurse from Parma, till your rash gave you the boot; now you are floating out in Tree Town, with no one playing your flute. She kept it real wide and yawny, offered to be home every night...But you had far too many sad tales, and your skin is turning white."

Bob: "Shaved her puss..."

Bobbi: "Joined me in flirtation..."

Viceroy: "But her puss tasted like C-Rations."

Newcomer: "You're kidding."

Viceroy: "Of course not."

Bob: "That's disgusting."

Viceroy: "What are you talking about..that ain't Royal Pudding you're gobblin'down."

Bobbi: "Come Robert, let's get out of here."

Bob: "Well, see ya later. Oh, by the way, when's practice?"

Viceroy: "Don't you remember? We talked about it last night; it's Saturday."

Newcomer: "You didn't say anything about practice last night."  
Viceroy: "You're crazy, man! Maybe you weren't listening, or you were off upstairs or something, but ask your brother Jim. He'll tell ya."

Bob: "I thought someone said, Sunday."

Viceroy: "Now see, what I'm always saying? See, no one listens to me! No wonder we always sound like shit when we play out!"

Bob: "If you didn't spend so much time bitching, maybe someone would listen to you."

Bobbi: "He's got a point, you know."

With this, Bobbi walked across the unmarked line between her and Bob and Viceroy, and placed a flower, stem down, into Viceroy's penis.



Fig. 299 Catatonia Bound.

Bobbi: "Flowers are better than procreation."

Viceroy's face takes on a new low glow. He is smoldering in the supreme suffering of mankind, and was about to shoot the flower out of his penis with a wad of come, when suddenly a big fat brown 54 Chevy veered off the street, and crashed head-on into the small group, sending all four boring little rodents flying to their bloody and extremely violent, if not immediate, deaths. A crowd of spuds all stood and stared. He hadn't noticed that the light had changed. For better or for worse, through sickness and through sorrow, I hate more people than you could ever hope to in a million years. I got a patent on my methods, so secret it would make your head spin to read the recipe. Yet, I got style. I got brains. I ain't no two-bit creep that hangs around the corners if that ain't where it's at. You know that, and you better remember it. I ain't going to be around forever, and what I lay on you now, will only be more so, once I penetrate that big blue one in the sky. And you, Bar Talk...you should be publishing for free. If someone would break down and just poop that pig out the other end, the whole world would be a whole lot nicer. Remember the Cabbage, to keep eating it, daily.

you can eat my cabbage anytime, baby...





Fig. 300 Laboratory Demon.. making life easier with Max Pax, Micro-waves, atomic nipple flangers, laser driven pilches, and nuclear powered dildous rex.

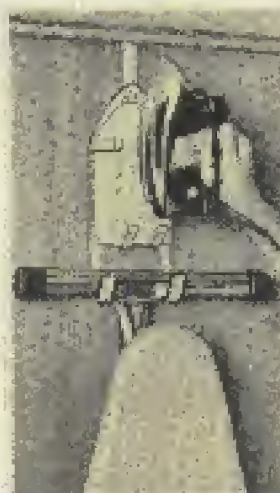


Fig. 301 Home alter piece.

b

Irene Dogmatic;

You don't fool me in the least. You think you can send me that perverted 'doggie bag' shit you call something, or another, I can't remember, did you call it art? Well, I hope not, because it certainly is not!!! I think your little pre-occupation with dogs is disgusting, tasteless, and immoral. You West Coast assholes are all the same..you think you're the tops of the crops! Well, let me tell you Miss (or is it Ms., ha! ha!) Dogmatic..I see through you!! I see through it all, and you are no exception. Collie salute, my eye. You West Coasters with your stupid little burnt out games. Hey, honey, we know California burned out on acid in the water supply long ago. Nothing happens out there, anymore. And it's not like you haven't got the facilities!!! You think I could get my cards printed on nice cardstock like yours, here in the Rubber City? Well, the answer is NO!!! You got it easy, just like a bunch of rich kids with all the facilities, and no energy...no hassles from cretinized potatoes that rule this mid-west town..real creative forces like me are constantly attacked by them. You got access to names of Philadelphia co

panies that just take your order and fill it, cheerfully, me.. I gotta find some wing lithographer in the sleazy end of town, and tank him up first, then hope for the best. I got tons of st uff I can't get printed just because these local spuds have a f ondness for sameness. You know where that leaves me? With some expensive bunch of badly printed post cards that run me in the hole, and an ad that can't even come near to paying for itself; I hoped I'd be able to run a couple of ads, and make enough to get out of here, maybe even go to the coast and pump a little l ife into you burn-outs...I get about 25 inquiries, and only thr ee of them got money!!! My life savings!!!! Down the drain in o ne short month!! Let me tell you, you got it easy on the coast; Why don't you do something, I mean, I got nothing against dogs. .Just why do you come on so soft core? Now, I ain't necessarily stickin'sexual connotations to that. I just mean, why don't you try real hard, and come up with some hard-core essence stuff... You Know...Something good enough to validate its own existence. I mean, aren't there enough John Denver's and Todd Rundgren's a nd Wolfman Jack's to overflow half the toilets in town? Hell, I love dogs. I play in a band right now, called 'Devo' (short for de-evolutionary) that does a song about dog-styled love called, 'Dog-Styled Love'. Devoted I am, too, cause even though we are the only important thing happening in Kent (as far as music is concerned) right now, people would rather go next door and see some young white assholes pretend they know how to play the blu es as good as niggers do. It's totally insane. You're lucky. Q uit sending me little word games that even National Lampoon wou ld yawn at; send me something that would be just a little heavy for Doug Kinney, or the rest of those 'intellectually patsy' pi g assholes. Oh, some of their stuff is o.k., it's just that , w ith their facilities, my god! I shudder to think of what might happen if someone with even as much creative ability as The Bea tles (and I mean only when they were all working together), or



Fig. 302 The only Fact of Life left, is that we are running o ut of them.



Dylan (before he burned out from too many L.A. concerts) would actually make it past their tight wall of piggy security...{Please; I do not use the words 'pig' etc., with any kind of political connotations at all..}

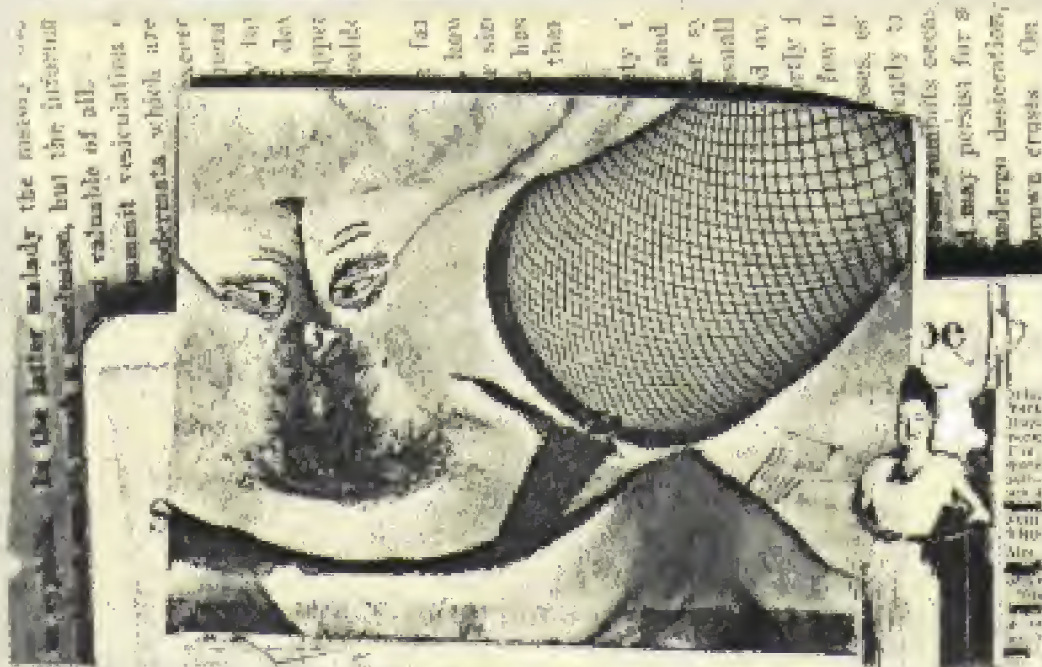


Fig. 303 Huge wall mural..love  
ly Linda in right hand corner.

Well, since I'm so far in debt that another buck isn't going to make any difference, here are some post cards. Send them to your friends, and if you want to see some good art, buy me a plane ticket to your place.

Fuck you, dog-style (of course), for nothing is quite spiritual as dog-style love, Mark Mothersbaugh.

C

I was thinking about Italian Sauerkraut, a plane crash in the Andes where survivors ate pre-school children, three girls to be exact. Remember when you had it, and it was not open to spud demons, who have since come in and ate it, and spit it back remodeled, plastic party T.V. tubed, you lost your age when you lost



Fig. 304 Heavenly Auto Attack.

your essence: There is no life when there is no one. Identity Talks Shows come and go, yet if you have no tuner, you see only one channel, technical our doggies, singing campfire tunes to bleeding G.I.'s, only mock the story of a little girl who wanted to be part of a picture window, in downtown Spudville. The tears rolled hot and pasty, the heart throbbed like a squirt gun, the victims all wore short-shorts, and squatted in semi-circles, around the possessed lost one..she gave in to mean vegetables who sacrificed her ID., for a chance to dress in young skin, they put you on and wore you out, before you had a chance to see you lost more than you knew. I remember hot and strong ones, in backseats barking wildly, where knowledge of the Essence, was taken to the extremes..and homage was paid in magnetic brainwaves, you knew what I was saying, I treated you as a student, I thought you learned your lessons..for who taught you more than existence, the one element more forsaken. Words now used against us, were then both good and satisfying. Some say they no longer know me. Yet I am who I was then..Those who lost the meaning, have lost more than they shall know. For trinities have kept us, and trinities shall rule us, you must remember knowledge that they tried to take away. The way to travel through them, passing unarmed through trinity Delta's..As energy bars replenish us, our vital mental energies. As a child it was easy..we listened to the recordings, and knew the meaning of them..for we were yet untaken, our internal forces unchallenged..we knew our enemies, and eliminated their threat. Now my best friends all around me, have died in the line of fire, I have seen their bodies falling, to sickness and disease; The virus of the mentally handicapped, who run our every system, from politics to music, to headshops to our department stores; is running very rapidly..among those who unwittingly, like mighty waves of VW Halfbacks, swarm suicidally into the sea. Can anyone be forgiven, who let themselves



Fig. 305 God inserts Divine Pilch in Believer.



be taken, refusing to open eyelids, far enough to see? And blindly enter buildings, where spudmen got the answers, and bend their little butts up, to take every kind of dirt? I'm frightened by the pulsing wad of potatoes, that slump around this city like some shag-cut zombie mid-riff lax muscle, sighing artificial intellectual pretensions...or the endless procession of "bun boy" where it's at lost and decapitated brainless goons" that give the artificial illusion of choice...what choice is Boise to Irish, some may think. None, I will assure you. I mean, a potatoe is a potatoe, no matter how you cut it. Sure, you got your French Frie, and your Home Frie and your scalloped and whipped and even worse, your P. Salad; butt when you look inside, past the trimmings, past the haircuts and the clothing, past the Neil Yoon

g patches and the Walter Cronkite hairdo's, a spud is a spud. S  
tarchy..no center..just covered with eyse all around..no bi-lat  
eral structure..a lot like most people you know. Let me ask you  
this.. do you know what I am saying? Do you think this is a jok  
e, or I'm some kind of weirdo? How much of you have they taken,  
if I might ask? Did they leave you any brain matter? Now, don't  
get upset..maybe they got it all, and in that case, you're a ve  
ry happy chick. Look at it this way; you see, I got this book t  
o finish, and your influence was there, for some reason that ne  
ither of us had anything to do with. Lights flashing in the mid  
dle of the night that sent you on wild run away speed boat ride  
s down the middle of the mall? Hey, you seen the electrically c  
harged auras that surround dogs and animals, madmen and genius,  
proclaiming the creative force of unnatural nature? Do you reme  
mber, those nights we dismembered, the things that were buildin  
g inside our heads? Shiney and red? Forget everything you have  
read..if you already know it, then you know it needs no explana  
tion. If you want it, it takes very little to find it, well if  
you're some whatever why did it happen? Forget it. If you don't  
understand, then I wish you luck, you may never understand me a  
gain. You may never know why you are here..ha-ha, of course I a  
m joking. Well, you know I just wrote for a reason, and if I th  
ink about it, I just might remember that reason. Oh yes, it was  
.....All in the name of scissor-cut love, the braincap shrubber  
y pruning..annual, as you always liked to put it, when it was y  
ours to put!



Fig. 306 Bizzare Brainwave Poo-Poo!



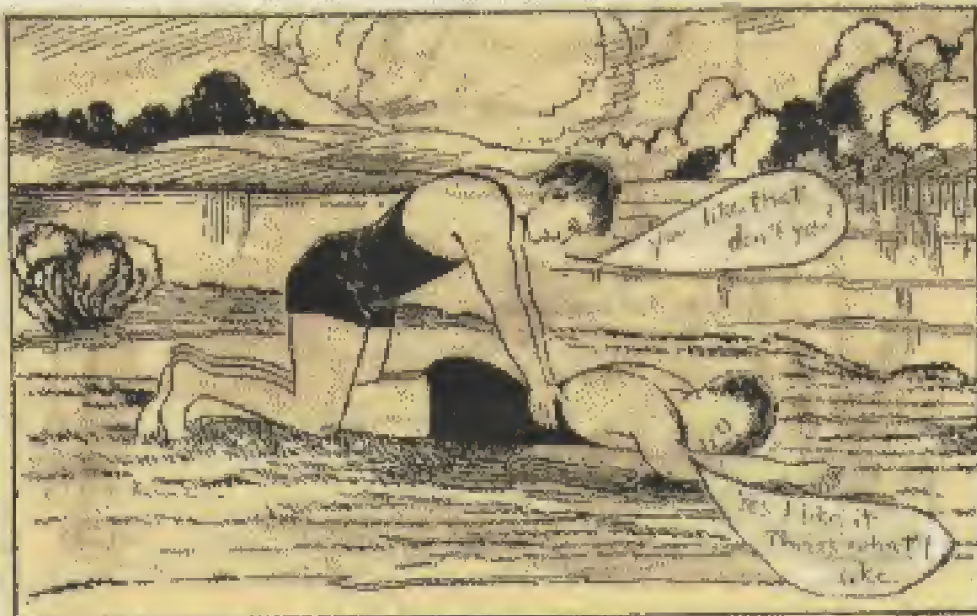


Fig. 307 "You like that, don't you?"  
 "Yes I like it. This is what I like."  
 "Billboard by M. Yabuchuck, 1976

## 19 X9

The next thing I remembered, I was in a hospital bed, a private room; my head was still groggy from sedation when the doctor came in.

Me: "Doc, how am I?"

Doc: "Oh, you're doing just fine, young man. That was quite an accident you lived through."

Me: "But my legs..I can't feel anything."

Doc: "Well, Jimmy..We saved your life, but there was nothing modern medical science could hope to do for your legs. We had to amputate."

Me: "Where are they gone, Doc?"

Doc: "Oh, they should be floating down the Cuyahoga River by now."

Me: "No...I mean, where were they cut off at?"

Doc: "Oh, I'm sorry, now I understand. Your left leg was removed just below the knee, and your right leg, just above the knee."

Me: "Sufferin'Succatash."

Doc: "Oh, never you mind son..Modern medical science has developed shiny stainless steel appliances that will have you up and around in no time.."

Me: "My wife, Doc, does she know?"

Doc: "No, she has only been informed that you have been in surgery, she knows nothing more."

Me: "She mustn't find out. I don't want some woman's love, just out of sympathy. We was havin' misunderstandings as it was, I don't want her feeling sorry for me..not cause I ain't a whole man, no more. Don't let her find out, Doc! Don't tell her what has happened..you gotta promise me!"

Doc: "Oh, all right..but she is waiting for you to come out of sedation."

Me: "Just put those flowers under the covers where my legs should be..I've got to keep my secret."

Doc: "Alright son, but I think you're making a big mistake"

Me: "I know what I'm doing."

The doctor arranges the daffodils under the covers, then leaves ...about ten seconds later my loving wife popped in through the doorway, all teary eyed.



Fig. 308 Wartime Storage of the Family Penis can pose serious problems if you wait till the last minute to rush out and purchase a container..It must fit as well as your shoe.



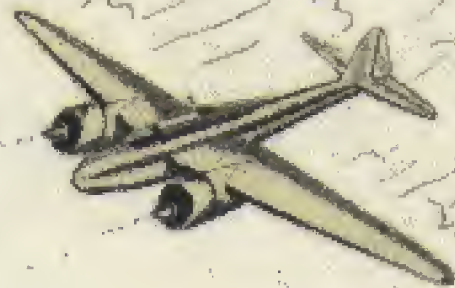
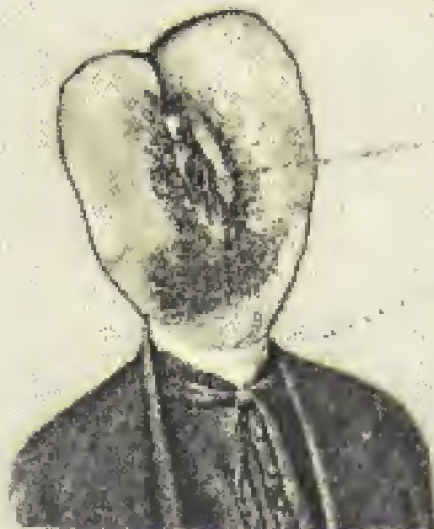


Fig. 309 Puss-face caught  
in an Air Attack!

Wife: "Jimmy-Jimmy-Jimmy--Oh, are you all right?"

Me: "Yeah, I'm fine..just be here-a couple of days..why don't you just go on home?"

Wife: "Oh Jimmy--I've been so mean to you for the last couple of months..now I realize you were out in a situation you didn't like anymore than me, simply because you loved me."

Me: "It's all over, Clover."

Wife: "Jimmy, please take me home..Take me in your arms..make love to me.."

Me: "It just won't work anymore. We must go our separate ways."

Wife: "Please Jimmy..I'm sorry..I was wrong..you were right..forgive me.."

Me: "Well, I guess every young married couple has their ups and downs.."

Wife: "Oh Jimmy, take me home, and lets make love..me with my legs around your waist as you stand in front of the hallway mirror.."

Me: "Aggh..No!! It's over..there is nothing to hold us together..now..You go your way and I'll go mine.."

Wife: "Oh, Jimmy--Jimmy-Jimmy--If it's because of this accident that you have lost your love for me..don't let it be so..I know what has happened to you..I know you will need time to recuperate"

te...I just want to nurse you to health...I love you, you crazy f  
reckled Irish rover you!"

Me: "What? I asked the Doc not to tell you...you still love me a  
nyhow?"

Wife: "I still love you, you big lug!"

Me: "Wotta fool I been...I thought this was the end, and here it  
is, only the beginning of something big, and new."

Wife: "Oh honey, face it...we're inseparable."

With that, she swoops down, and  
gives me a big kiss, right on th  
e shoulder. She is sitting on th  
e bed with me, making goo-goo ey  
es when a trickle of water off t  
he flowers soaks through her tri  
-cotton dress and low-cut underw  
ear, right at the base of her sp  
ine.

Wife: "Ooh, what a chill! What j  
ust hit me?"

Her expression becomes serious w  
hen she reaches down and feels s  
he has been soaked to the butt.

Wife: "What is going on here?"

She quickly lifts a corner of the  
sheet, and then throws it across  
the bed, altogether in a quick m  
otion, as she lets out a shriek.

Wife: "What is this?"

Me: "I thought you said the doct  
or told you everything..."

Wife: "He told me all about how  
your penis had been bruised, and  
the engorgement of blood in the  
tissue had left it permanently f  
ourteen inches long, seven inch  
s in diameter, and stiff as a wh  
istle!"

Me: "Ah--"

Wife: "This--this is repulsive...  
this is more than I bargained fo  
r...why--you're--a



Fig. 310 Chinaman shows  
off for the camera.



Me: "Don't say it-"

Wife: "Cripple!!!"

With that, she burst into tears, rushed out of the building, into the waiting car of her boyfriend Bruno, and I haven't seen her since. Oh, once I got a letter when I was working in the bag folding dept. at Goodwill, it was on the back of a post card from Reno, Nevada, had a picture of two servicemen staring at an ice cream cone, licking their chops, and the message said, "The weather is fine, I miscarried and I'm planning on signing divorce papers tomorrow. Bruno can stand on one foot in front of the mirror in our motel room, when we ball. Having fun. Good luck with the stainless steel toys. Truly, Clover.

Now, to top things off, just last week I was running this high-powered drill, putting a hole in the ceiling of this building where I work, when it grabbed hold of my hair and yanked a good size chunk out. The doctor in emergency said I should get fitted with a toupee' as soon as the swelling goes down. In my leg, that is. Seems I had a reaction to my tetanus shot, and my legs swelled up like blimps. Oh well, it's been one helluva experience from where I stand, and I hope you feel the same way about where you stand. There is just one thing that I can't stand, and that is dames that turn the tourniquet too tight. I just wanted to kill them, every time it happened. It don't even have to be me..Like when I was at the veterinarians the other day..some little Pekingese who had his arm bit by a snake was having a tourniquet applied..by the biggest slob of a woman you ever seen. She was eating an apple..not even paying attention..the poor doggie was sobbin', guess he knew she didn't care..I rushed over and slapped her down, good. She was disgusting.

Then, I was in the movie show theater, and the man on the screen just got a bullet wound in the foot..his nanny was applying a too tight tourniquet when I burst from my seat, made my way to the projectionists booth, and before anyone realized what was up, pulled the machine over. The film went rolling every which way. I just laughed and laughed and laughed.

Today the rain just woke me up, I had no covers, they were pulling



fig. 311 Proposed logo for the FBI.

ed from my naked body...you know who did it? Yep...that's who. Se  
e you in September...remember to keep calm, cool, puffy at the m  
iddle, and plenty of punch available, when the chips are down,  
you are the only one to carry that pigskin through the lines of  
combat happy charley's who stroll the streets looking for fight  
s...while away the winkles on a good old dappled grey...we sat an  
d watched the tele in a good old  
fashioned way...who should know b  
ut you...who should try to keep i  
t sweet...who was always round my  
revolving door...trying to catch  
a glimpse of whence I came from.  
..Oh nothing could be fina than t  
o be in your vagina in the morni  
ng...nothing could be better than  
my hand up in your sweater in th  
e morning..Oh if I had a nickel, I'll tell ya what I'd do..I'd  
spend it on a rubber, and ask you over to screw...Oh nothing cou  
ld be sweeter than your lips around my peter in the mor-or-orn-  
ing!! Shits, you call it. I call it, a bolt of golden lightenin  
g brought down to fill the ceramic foosball programatic itching  
palace...Please pay sharp attention to your infantile retention.  
..the one with yellow bows around your withered old oak tree. Th  
at's all, for now. You dig?



Fig. 312 Strap it on?

I was sitting at the bus stop downtown last night, listening to  
an old man speak tp a huddle of about 5 or 6 nuns dresses in bl  
ack leather jackets, each with the words "JOCKO'S ENAMEL SOX" w  
ritten in studs across the backs. Of course, when he started sp  
eaking, I couldn't help but listen in...they looked like curious  
monkeys from the back...I had to listen in.  
He stood up slowly, as if his balance depended on it, and began  
unrolling his words slowly: "Listen ladies, for a story I will  
tell...how they held the pickles, yet goosed the lettuce, and fo  
rced their children to hell...it's not a pretty story, yet it's  
one that I must tell...for I was once a burpin' baby and I learn  
t my lessons in hell."  
With this, he lit a Lucky, offered them each a puff...they wave  
d no, and he drew a long one, and then threw it down and steppe  
d on its orange tip. Taking a deep breath, he plunged in once a  
gain.



"Somewhere around the spunky age of fourteen the sexual instincts begin to manifest their presence. The generative organs puff up, perk out their ears, increase in size and become unduly agitated when prodded with small sticks. It is not infrequently the case that the organs themselves are irritated and mechanically aroused without any conscious effort on the part of the blushing youth.

So delicately and sensitively nerved is this generative mechanism that the unknowing and uninitiated boy may not be the master of himself at all. The sensitive sexual nerves are quite easily aroused *i.e.*: distant train whistles, squeaking latex garments, and there is not infrequently considerable temporary pleasure connected with the experience. Herein lies the danger. The orgasmic thrill is a subtle, progressive allurements, and when once dipped into, is likely to be repeated.

Kids that once had basically honorable motives to their space explorations, and shopping center ventures, soon turn to the grotesque, the sinister, the sensual. Touching things they should



Fig. 313 Floyd Kalimba & Mitzi Boutsis dance it up in the cult flick, 'The Truth about De-evolution'.



Fig. 314 Where are you in this picture? Are you a tumblin pin, a big ball, or stuck in the gutter?

have kept their little hands away from, they are busy exploring tiny asparagus stalks, little ice cream dips, split peaches, and tiny rosy donut rings. Like blood rushing through the vein, pumping in gushes from the breast of a lover, acting out lacey t-r-a-c-e-s on the operating table, the thick hot vital fluid begins flying every which way. And, you can bet your sweet life, honey, you can bet your sweet life, sister, you can bet your bottom rubber, whoever he may be, that liquid sweet and sweaty, gonna be the death of me. Cause I lost my leg a'sailin', I lost my leg at sea..yet I still spend each long night dreamin', about that velvet speed boat I once kicked the starter on. Some may say, as we wait for the bus, there ain't enough energy to excite a pi-d-geon in the midst of us, but ladies, I got something to say..Any woman who ain't got it, lost her donut one day..that a no man's land, that's a no man's friend. I hung my head and cried..as I seen your photo fade away..and counted condoms pulled out long, wet, yet dry. The world was rocky, as I called your rotten name..you took out all my back teeth, you took out all my fame..I spent my last dime on trophies, now it looks like they won't get here in time..If I die before the day breaks, bandage my crippled leg one more time. I hobbled here to love you, and I ain't leavin' till you say you love me too. I rest my case in your powder room, hope my speech writers teach it to you. Won't you please tell me where you gonna go, I got bullets in my brainwaves, and they're spillin' on the floor."

With this, the old man, crumpled to the ground, and the audience



e jumped up and covered his body with squat butter, shaving his time by about three weeks. Someone said to me, "Mark, your writing has absolutely nothing to say, it's as boring as a hand drill, and could be superseded in content by the average high school senior."

I looks at him and says, "Does that mean you liked it?"

I'm a detective. I sniff out lost little boys, and take them down to the station for eneminvestigation..First my buddy frisks them..Then, my pal shakes them down..Then, I put them in the line up..when we're done, we all exchange phone numbers, and pose for the press. It seems the newspaper gophers are hanging around my gymnasium more and more, ever since they got wind of changing times.

Just was awoken from slumberland by a tenant who locked herself out..I was dreaming that the LL and I were sitting in Grey Drugs, sipping Cokes..there was an aisle display to the right of us..it was the toothpaste aisle..about five feet up to our left, (the sanitary napkin aisle) little Chatty Kathy was laying inside one of the counters, dressed only in pink bikini, getting a suntan. She was laying second shelf down.

Directly across from her, and on the other side of the toothpaste counter, two businessmen, one obviously Dr. Kissinger, and the other, some unidentified pig, sat at their table, eating, and drinking, and talking in a lewd manner, laughing to themselves. Chat didn't hear them.

Suddenly the muzak changed to some airline stewardess singing a long with folk guitar and violins, "I will lay down my arms...and beg you to wander," over and over. The man who looked like Kissinger, started singing that line, and motioning to Kathy, and the other guy had an evil smile on his face. Jerry was concerned, and didn't know what to do..gave me a look like, "Well, if that's where they're coming from, and she doesn't figure it out, then whatever happens is her own fault..."



Fig. 315 Illustration from Taiwan Sex Manual for Teens.



Fig. 316 Many people overexert in the mad rush to gain the material things of life; and quite often, when their goal is reached, they find that they cannot enjoy what has been gained for they have lost something more precious--good health.

ACT ONE: "ALL IN A DAY'S WORK"

Dear Diary,

As of today all things are being prepared for the transformation planned for all of us by aliens from outer space.

Bob, Bobbi, Moroccan Jack all in the same house, slightly warped walls and lots of leftovers left all over the place.

Bob: "Boy. You just do that, you last place creature from the Temple of Meat Derby..I just get me some coffee and you say you want vamoose..what gives?"

Bobbi: (covering shoulders with crossed arms) "What?"

Bob: "You and that 'if I'm lucky' stuff you keep whipping out everytime I suggest a little roo coo coo."



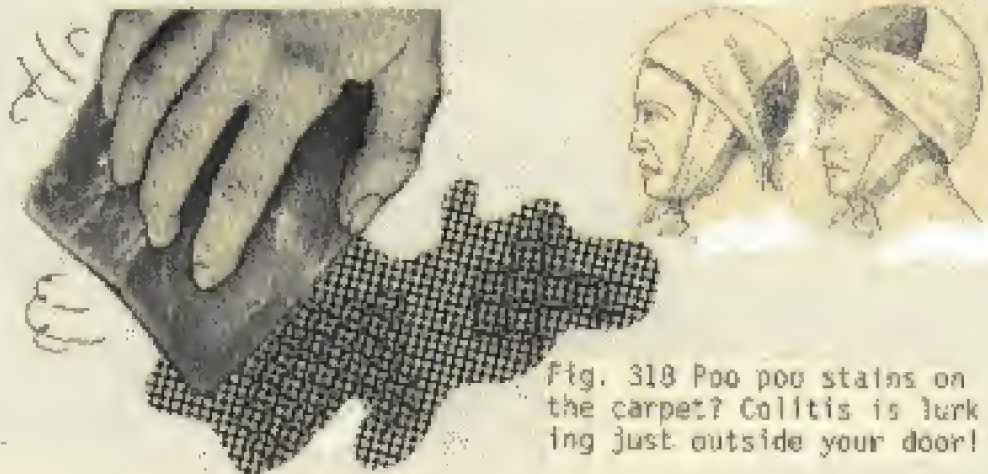
Bobbi: "Oh, you're just a little too rambunctious, you just keep that couch all slick and covered..it's your own little battle, tale you keep putting on, you know.

Bob: "What???" (Throws look of disgust over his shoulder to Jack, who is pulling burrs out of a dog's coat.)

Moroccan Jack: "Seems to me, you should never live with someone you sleep with, you should never tussle with the tankard you fill with the grapes of jolly behavior for the wines of tomorrow

Fig. 317 Safety First! "Watt U Gott.. sure good to me..", or so it seems she's singing it out!





ws. big bad sorrow will surely grip you by the one small twig I left to us here..American No-How!"

Bob: "Jack, what's the matter? You seem so sad and phillisophical lately. I'm kind of worried.

Bobbi: "Help me screw the pole up in the closet."

Bob, Jack and dog break into loud jerky guffaws.

Bobbi: "Oh, go poop yourselves, you intellectual broken beanwires!"

Bob: "C'mon, it's all in fun, hon...You said it, not us. (check les midsentence) We can't help it if you been acting like a pin the last couple weeks."

Bobbi: "Well, what do you expect? Who does the dishes around here? Who works at the Temple all week so you can drive all over who-knows-where picking up girls for occasional blo-jobs? Who discovered the peanut..(pauses to deliver with a sort of one-upmanship approach)..that you keep tucked away in the garage to drive to your heart's content everytime I turn my back?"

Jack: "Peanut?"

Bob: "That bitch saw an ad for a roaster about nine months ago, I liked it, I bought it, and now I drive it. She holds it against me, the peanut as she calls it..she found it, I drive it, that's all there is to say..I wish she would drop that subject..I'm tired of her always bringing it up."

Jack: "You mean that yellow roaster, it's the peanut?" (tickles





Fig. 319 Future Tire Shaggers.

dog's ribs}

Bobbi: "It's a pet name. You see, we never had a child, so we decided to name the yellow roaster the peanut. He blames it on me. He was there, he helped me, and there is no way for him to wriggle out of that. He drives it like it was a big yellow peanut."

Jack: "You mean like in the Joni Mitchell song--"

Bob: "Enough!! That's all I want to hear about my peanut wheel. You can all take a fucking stroll...I mean, walk."

Bobbi: "Wooooo-go big talk, little jock. Go scab a pick off Dr. Spock...ha-ha (laughs and giggles) hee-hee."

At this point, Bob rushes forward and slaps a bewildered Bobbi

in the tiny rosebud she uses for a mouth.

Bobbi: "Owl! OOHh!"

Jack: (to dog) "Say dude, let's go back to Morrocco, it's safer there."

Lights dim as light dies down with only a spot on Jack furiously combing a howling doggie.

ACT TWO: "ALL IN A DAY'S WORK"

TEN YEARS LATER

Hollywood bowl, nobody's around, birds are falling out of the ceiling, dead, all kinds of birds. Enter Bobbi and Bob, they're holding hands, and look as if they're late.

Bobbi: "Oh, no..we're too late.." (then coming to abrupt halt, stage center, they both rise to their toes and the opening strains of 'Too Much Paranoia' comes pootling up from the sewer drains at their feet..slowly turning towards each other, staring, they fake a couple 'state of the art' ballet moves and with the opening vocal lines Bob is singing, Bobbi starts doing inverted jumping jack flapping motions, undecscribable, but I think she could repeat them if asked.)

Bob: "Pretty Teasy Tong-twister..shove off the continent..Happy Little Kersey-back..grab a couple glances..."

Bobbi: "Toy topped romances..."

Bob: "Cut a dip, cut a lip...bite and nip and treat a tippy-tip



Fig. 32D-323 Government photos of macho faggo's in action.. left to right..positioning,pull stroke, push stroke, big O.





Fig. 324 Buggi-eyed condition brought on by excessive compu  
lsive TV viewing..100% fatal.

ple blowfish basket rubbins....I lub you, lil' nubbins.."

Bobbi: "And you too, chim-chubbins...for the memory..memory..I am a memory.."

Bob: "Flphlemery..phlegmery..life is a phlegmery..faded in deep dark denim dumps..."

Bobbi: "I got de' mumps..."

Bob: "Let's pass this way again.. sometime..."

Bob and Bobbi: "For the good times...(Bob puts his arm around Bobbi's waist and pulls her to the ground)..For the goodtimes.. Let's rest our big pudgy heads on one another... for the goodtimes."

As the music fades, in comes Jack and dog... obviously back from a safari in where else? Deepest Darkest!!!!

Jack: "What ho.. What goes?? Where's the fire.. Bring on the dancing gals...(dancing gas??)"

Bob and Bobbi (simultaneously): "Jack!"

They run over to help him with his bags, Bobbi falls to knees and puts arms around Jack's dog, kissy and petty.

Bob: "How the hell ya doing, man? Where the hell ya been? What the hell ya thinking? Where the hell ya going? Who the hell ya doing...Je-ee-z I can't --wow, this is freaky! Holy shit, fuck, god dammit, oh hunka...godampus her man...Hi Jack..."

Jack and Bob have a warm fraternal embrace center stage, Bobbi is still working over the dog.

Jack: "Hey, ho...what do you know? I just got back from a Moroccan tooty-boat show..get the go? Check out this scar...(points

to left armpit) Ya dig? Picked it up in Nairobi..the next large st town to Pez..people shit in the streets, camels are bought and sold like property..girls reach puberty..boys dig for worms and sell them to the S.I.'s, who just get drunk, fight fuck die and get paid by Uncle Sam. It's good to be home, none the less." (Bob and Jack do a bro' handslap)

Bob: "Do tell, Jack (happy laffs) Do tell, Jack."

Bobbi jumps up to greet Jack: "Jack!! How absolutely Marv! How splendid! How right on target! (As she says target, she lets lo ose with a punch in Jack's unsuspecting gut)

Jack: "Uhhh, oooh..oh...Bobbi..unhgh..oo..Oh, how utterly Bobbi-like! Thank you, my good friend for staying the same...I wondered how time and the Temple would affect you, and it seems to h ave left you intact!"

Bob: (frowns) "Knock it off you two war-torn nighties... There's plenty of time for y ou to tussle back at home. C ome Jack, you're living with us from now on!"

Jack: "Bob, you're both a ge ntleman and a scholar,"

Bob: "Jack, you're both a li ar and a good sport."

Jack: "Bob, you're both a wi se man and a fool."

Bob: "Jack, you're both a tr aveler and a travel log."

Bobbi: "Boys, boys..into the Datsun!"



Fig. 325 Sour grapes may mean hidden wishes..or just defective genes.

### ACT THREE: ALL IN A DAY'S SOMETHING OR OTHER? I FORGET

The trio arrive home to leftovers in the Datsun. It's been a lo ng drive, the muffler is missing, so it's been a noisy drive, and they are all fagged out. After about five minutes, they slowly climb out of the car.

Bob: "Long haul."

Jack: "Yeah, what's true...it really has been a long time since we got into this car."

Bobbi: "Oh, my bones."



Bob: "Some party, though."

Jack: "Wooo, wow. That you cannot deny, pardner. That you cannot deny, (stretches, yawns, rubs head.)"

Bobbi: "Lots of food."

Bob: "Incredible amounts of food."

Jack: "That hostess..the one with the mostest? Well, I think while under the influence of a party atmosphere she and I got engaged."

Bob: "Hey, you two looked a little chumsy, there."

Jack: "I was really out of it."

Bob: "Oh yeah? You handled yourself pretty well."



Fig. 326 Victim of Kryptonite.

Jack: "Old Morroccan trick. Morroccans get high so often, you g  
otta be able to handle things even when you're out of it, or el  
se you might be out of a job."

Bobbi: "Out of luck."

Bob: "Last night I think you were out of wedlock."

Jack: "I had it under control at all times. You see, I know the  
Art party scene pretty well and I know better than to just sand  
bag it all over the fucking bathroom floor like some people we  
know." (makes gesture towards dog..dog whines and runs under ca  
r and covers ears with front paws like in Little Rascals.)

Bobbi: "Did you see the way that beefy dude in the pink and red  
jumpsuit ogle me?"

Bob: "I almost decked him, but then his super vixey chick start  
ed checking me up and down..At first I felt like a piece of mea  
t; the way she vulgarly undressed me with those bi  
g bulbous eyes...then reached into her purse and h  
anded me a box of Red Hots! Well, for a French Mor  
roccan lady I knew something was up. And it was my  
flag! Waving like a fuckin' Fourth of May Nat. Gua  
rd riflebutt..and then; she grossed me out. She pu  
lled out a box of candy Boston Baked Beans..those  
candied little peanuts that..."

Bobbi: "Peanuts! Peanuts!! That's all you think ab  
out." (covers ears and runs into house)

Jack: "Don't worry, Bob, she'll get over it..."

Bobbi: (yelling out from house) "Get in here...it'  
s a neo-dada tap dancer with a curtain on back, ta  
pping to Vic Damone's 'Up, Up and Away.'"

Jack and Bob scramble for the door.

Jack: "Is that hotcakes I smell?"

Bobbi: "No, it's not! (she runs upstairs and slams the bedroom  
door.)"

Bob: "Don't worry, she'll get over it."

Jack: "You know, it's strange..but I feel over the last ten or  
fifteen minutes, we've all grown so close."

Bob: "Dig it."

Jack: "O.K., but I've got to tell you something. I'm due back i  
n Morrocco real soon..I just got the telegram a few minutes ago  
..I've got to leave in just a few moments."

Bobbi: (she has been listening through the floor boards)"Jack!

Jack! Jack! (running down stairs) If only we would have known s

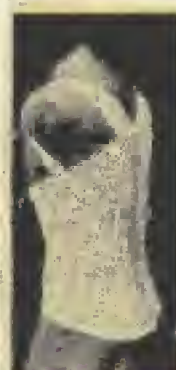


Fig. 327 Ju  
st a vegeta  
ble without  
the head.



coner..What a strange stroke of fate. Well, see you when you get back."

Bob: "Yeah, see you later; pal. You will always find a home in this house..by the way, we're moving at the end of the week..to morrow."

Jack: "Well, I guess this really is goodbye."

Bob: "Good luck."

Bobbi: "Good evening."

Jack: "Good riddance."

Bob: "You really freak me out, dude."

Jack: "You really do me in dud..er, dude."

Bobbi: "Well, keep in touch."

Jack: "Keep in shape."

Bob, Jack, Bobbi and dog simultaneously turn towards audience, and repeat in unison, .."That's all for now, That's all we know, This is the end."

FINISH.



Fig. 328 Enema Lad.

## 20a Long Distance Abuse

So you own a Dog!!

More than once in your life you shall find yourself confronted with a situation that leaves you nothing to pet. Alone in a room with nothing to own up to. Perhaps in a reclining position, staring about cold plastic surfaces snapping out..you think only of your Princess phone. The touch. The glow. Where has your love gone? Give yourself a minute to think it all out..but you're so upset you can't even listen to the radio!! Suddenly, you are confronted with the possibility of LONG DISTANCE ABUSE..Your Princess is an agent of the electronic indifference: You love her. Feelings bubble to the surface in quick hot rhythms. You think you know it all, yet there it is..all hot and bothered stretched out in the hall..she was young, sniffy, pink and always eager for the touch..the bone..the toss of the stick that always sent her fetching..now it is the thought that leaves you wrenching..crying in the big hot petunias all about that pup that bit the mitt. Left alone; just the bowl and the biscuits to remind you how it once was. "Painful shifting and deep dark angers, services rendered in acting as the paid representative", she once smi

led. Your ears hang low, they wobbled back and forth..tears hit the note she left in your billfold.. "Dear----- (fill in your name), I have to say, I'll be leaving today, but first let me drop a few inside hints. 1. Give freely, be not overly pragmatic, no r underly postdiluvial, that is, taking a place after a deluge, but rather, remember portiere (french curtain) is the opening to a post facto and otherwise opportune postfix. 2. However, if you have asked the agency to try to move you up the ladder to a position for which you are not fully, wholly, completely, morally, initially, posthumously, readily, quickly, cleanly, religiously, reluctantly and yet ever so steadfastly ready in the sense of qualifications for, you must be willing to assume the risk! Please believe me honey, NO GUARANTEE CAN OR WILL BE GIVEN!!! 3. Please assume a more honest position, that is to say, less garish (gaudy, dazzling). 4. Remember the cabbage, to keep it away from your appliances, you know what can happen there. 5. And this is for you, Lt., just walk light and carry a big stick..It's undoubtedly about twice as thick, as anyone would ever expect.

Your loving doggie, Princess.

Will Ohio Bell ever return your little doggie? Well, that is as much up to you, as to them. Do you treat your doggie correctly? Do you keep her clean, use her often, and otherwise make her fe



Fig. 329 Man is what man thinks.





Fig. 330 Knock off that cryin shit, lady! They don't look that way because they want to. These guys can't help it if they were chosen to absorb the Hostilitie s of an entire Social Empire!

el the center of your affections? Or, do you let her ring,ring, ring, failing to answer her most urgent calls..Are you away fro m her when she has something to say..When she wants to play, do you touch her everyday? And lastly, do you keep up your payment s?

No doggie is for abusing..using..confusing. You must love, Hono r, Obey..to stay happy every day. God put doggie here as man's best friend. Let's not leave him down, or ourselves, should I s ay so.

Remember this little story...for if you don't understand it now , chances are in favor that you will soon one day. Your Lovin g Historian, Manners Big Boy 4/14/75

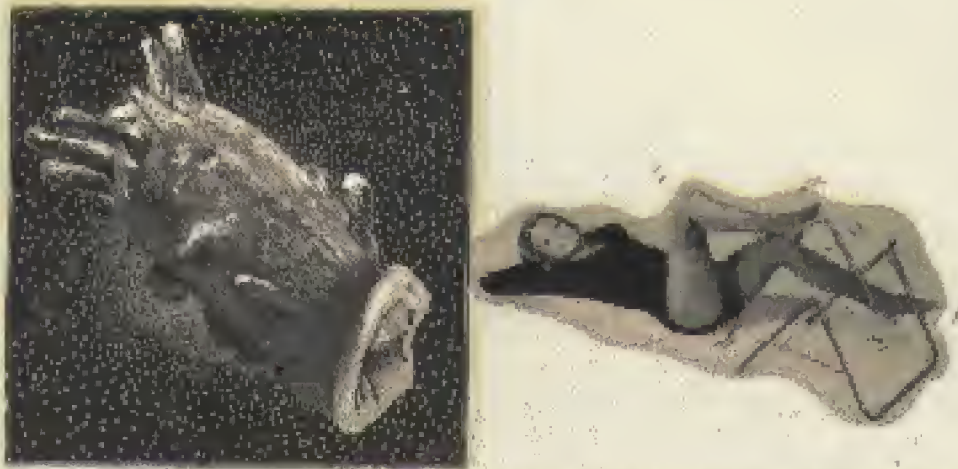


Fig. 331 Dislodged Space Maw chases pedal-beauty through heaven.  
b  
Life and Limbo Bouncyancy

I would like to start off by saying that ever since the world began, there have been differences of opinion over the subject of anal retention of water-based food substances. Some claim that the entire subject is regulated by the amount of offspring parented by the victim of anal retention. Others believe it to be simply a disgusting mythical ailment conjured up from the minds of sick and disgusting sexual deviants. Still others feel the subject of a.r. belongs off the record, and on the mat. Still others proclaim a.r. to be no more than the sensual prelude to bigger and better doses of unused sexually magnetic cavity fulfillment, or, more aptly, Blunderbustte.

Germanic in origin, the Blunderbustte Theory has permeated even the more feline of genetic circles, finding rise in popularity in many Oriental based energy wads, and constant reference upon in both the Americas.

Could the simple wadding of shy, almost innocent pristine white shredding of Tamponese and Cocktail cottons and brightly bordered sniffy silks release light upon this highly sensitive subject? Could the entry of these materials into the anus itself shed whispers of truth as to the reasons why?

Pushing on deep into the dark and foreboding colon (sic) frightened pups and startled spuds hang up cold. Is there a reason why? Can any one of these reasons why ever be brought to light, or



as they say on the subject of windfalls, Can it be controlled? As a young scientist, afraid of the fatal consequences of astronomy, I must say that too much is vastly more destructive than too little. Take a look at just about any phase of our present Spiritual Structure, Bloated. And not just with the info of the ages. Too many astronauts pushing brooms, raising sons and daughters. Too many Moon Gazers out to capture Planet Play Pals.. Why is it only years later, now that we have been plunged and rotated that we see the consequences of our probs, Why do we wait until it is too late to close the back door to dirty water..close off offending angles, seal up unprotected territory? Wiped from view, we lay crying in big soft mounds, Even the smartest look like clowns, some say yatta yatta tim bam boom! Blow it on out of your system, sister!! Send it packing on out the door, brother!! We're here, and here we are!! What you think? What you got to say, hey? Let's round 'em up shove 'em off, do whatever we gotta do, but smash the dirty little substances that daily flag along at our nerves, nip away at our souls, and dig in deep at our potatoes. Blast them apart, and leave not one flower of evil to sprout jelly-seedlings in the wake. Kill the deep end divers, Destroy the devil-strip demons, and resurrect our most dearest and private possession, our Mothers. Thank you for your cooperation and prayers, Rev. Ernest Angsly

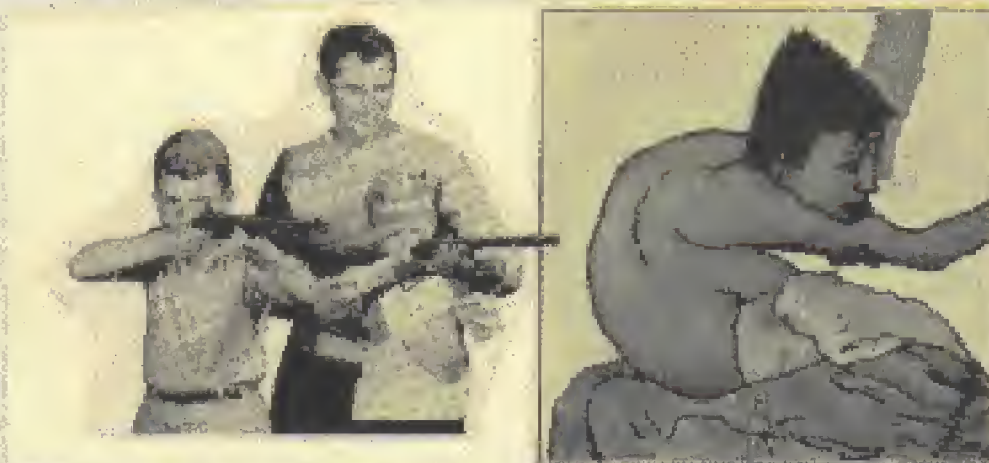


Fig. 332 Natural Selection..as practiced by the family.. Little Buddy and Janey have no idea what an important function they play by removing such flotsam from society!!



Fig. 333 Never No Never bend over in the presence of one of them multi-eyed spuds when its all sexed-up.. They just seem to have no reverence for the human body whatsoever..it's redic!!

## 21 Religious Vomitosis

A word on auto accidents.

I remember my first auto accident. I was driving a 67 Barracuda out by my parent's house. Me and John Hilston was on our way to practice. He was the fat sloth-boy who played guitar in my band , and had a father who worked the night shift at a rubber plant . Only thing, John's dad was a jazz horn player, and sat around all day wearing dark sunglasses in the house with the curtains closed. He forced John to read playboys and look at surrealist art, and encouraged John to masturbate. John's mother was sickly and this and complained constantly of her condition. Well, it was raining. I was driving, and there was this big hill, called Smith Hill. Some interior decorators son got flattened by a train at the RR crossing at the bottom of this by now notorious hill. Well, we was doing about 35 as we headed down it, which would have been fine except there was a Cadillac about halfway





Fig. 334 By-products of TV chemical cleanser warfare..  
in other words, children of the damned.

down doing about 10. I didn't see it until I came around the blind curve and then, there it was, bigger'n'life..just as I said, halfway down the hill. Well, I hit the brakes..we did a shimmy shake, went to the other lane where a car was coming up. John screamed as we slid then back to our side, right behind the Cadillac. I thought we was gonna hit that car, and then we spun around right over into the woods to our right. Trees went flying by until, WHAM!! We ran right smack dab into a big tree, broadside, smashed my door in...John came flying across the front seat at me and bent my stick shift over double. God dam! Worst case of jumpin' jitters I ever had struck me down right then. We were in shock, but made it back home. The car was totaled. Another good one was with Irving Terzic on our way to another job for my band. The car was a 69 Plymouth..it was 68 so the car was brand new. It was snowing, and there was an amplifier on the seat between Irv and me..I pulled out of an intersection and Wham! a 69 Pontiac rammed me broadside. I got cited, but before the

tow truck took my car to the garage, he towed me to Tallmadge High School so I could unload the equipment from the car. Boy, was I proud riding in a tow truck to a gig! Irving had an interesting home. His parents were from the old country; as a matter of fact, his father was an actual Nazi soldier during WWII; the only one I have ever met. His dad was also a prick. He had all sorts of stupid old country rules about staying out late and the like that bummed Irv and Joe right out. Irv was the first person I ever saw wake up alcohol. Gin and rice that looked like maggots. At a fraternity party my band played at. He was also the first person I ever knew who photographed his own cock. (He used a polaroid.)

Another good one was a 68 Volkswagon I rammed into the back of a city car at about 20 mph. Put a dent in the windshield in the city car, did in the VW.

I had also previously run that VW into a tree sliding on a bed turn close to my parents house.

I also spun circles off the road in a 67 Renault Caravelle doing about 35 in the snow on an icy road about a mile from my parents house..It happened right in front of Star Market..I was spinning and hit a 6' by 8' wooden sign and the sign exploded..I thought I hit a telephone cable while I slid about 75 feet total..it looked like the windshield exploded; somehow I missed the telephone line. I also wrecked a 66 Nova. But, strange enough, it was a 64 Comet wagon that I never had a major accident in..it was the only car I ever owned and didn't wreck. Something odd about that car, I never figured it out.

More about Irv...his grandmother was so far out of it, all she could say in German when TV commercials came on was, "Who eats



Fig. 335 One for the books!  
Rare case of pelvic implosion.  
(total remains pictured)



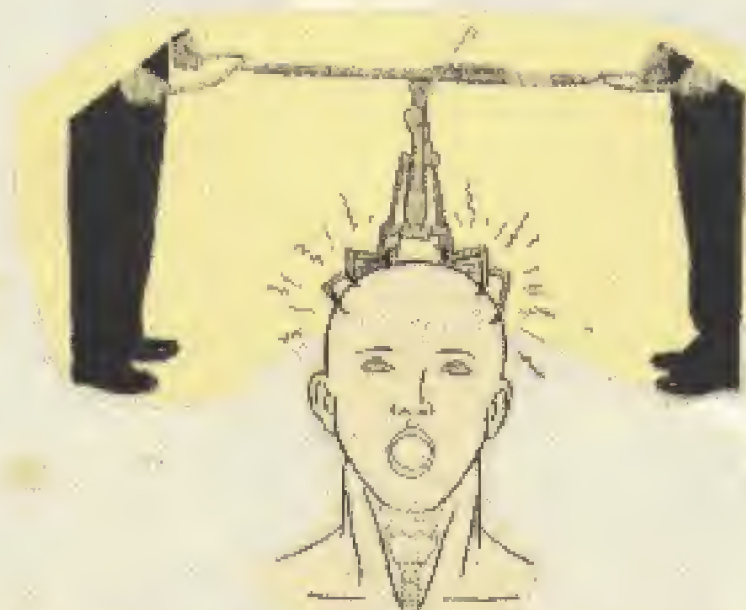


Fig. 336 Suburban Robots Monitoring Reality...  
its a 24 hour a day job, requiring dedication.

the food when they're done with the commercial?" She looked behind the TV and under it, and tried to get in it to get the food. Irv's brother Joe said in the old country, he remembers being so hungry, he and his mother sat down and cut out pictures of food out of magazines and ate them. At the time, I thought it was funny funny. I only sorta think it's funny, now. Irv had younger sisters I always wanted to fuck. They were too little, but I guess later they fucked everybody. Silly Krauts!

## 22. Surgical Big O

Odors in backseat could mean trouble.

The cold winter blast has finally broke down and we are confronted with warm weather once again. But sniff. Smell that odor? Look over your shoulder... you will doubtlessly blame it on faulty incinerator culprits... but you wanna know where to check? Try the barndoor. Someone left the bull get out in the cabbage, and now he's making a mess. Rubber boots are no help, as the odor goes over them, catching you any which way you turn. Feel like running? Too late. Feel like hiding? No way. Feel like cryin

g? Go ahead. No one foresaw this awful dilemma, but here we are. We are here. Spatchy whiffs turn tight pinwheels, zerging in on red and swollen nostrils. Some swoon. Others cough. May flies lay their soft white eggs in it. Soldiers, teachers, physicians, men of cloth fall to their knees weeping in prayer. But it's still there. And everyone wants their fair share. They load it up in dumptrucks and match packs and that ain't all. They got it stacked up in the hall!! You know they never gonna run out of it. They need it too bad. Peel it down, drench it in chocolate, and cover it in plaid. Don't it make you mad? Stay out of the back, it will be here soon enough, you overstuffed constipated pustulated cream puff.



Fig. 337 Found dead with a bullet through his head.. was the way the papers read the day the fish came out and threw up all over this poor little guy here.



Dear Morrocco Jack..

I am here to bring delight to the youngest of your household, I am here to take the soft fleshy underparts out of their hiding places, tucked away from human consumption..warm and delicate neon buzzing organs, filling the air with their tender motions..giving vent to translucent vibrations, cooled-down wing prints lace the snowy white sand beds and skip finger motions off the cylindrical echoes, that conjure up from deep plastic pits, the song of a yet unfucked version of Ronald's big and boastfully bulbous Big Mac. Love and kisses, Columbo Dick

The first time I saw you, I knew.  
There would be no other..  
That tingle, told us  
We were meant for one another..  
I'm calling you..  
I'm calling you..  
I'm calling you; One Two Three..  
Buttered Beauty of the Negroid North  
Come Spread your Tallow on me..  
Oiled Wonder of the Midnight Forest  
Toss down your Glossy Web..  
She's got me by my lever,  
Stickin it out Stickin it out..  
In simulated leather,  
Stickin it out Stickin it out..  
I think I broke my tether..  
Come on, Come on, Keep on coming on now.  
Buttered Beauty of the Midnight North  
Come Spread your Tallow on me..  
Oiled Wonder of the Midnight Forest  
Toss down your Glossy Web..  
to me.

Little tight noisy nervous grindy girl, frustrated by the hamster-habitat electrical nobodies biting each other in fake mating scraps, practicing on each other swollen thin hamster honeys, a ll twisting and tearing chirping sharp pain-screams, red-eyed wood boys, taunting them to see through their thick musty impenetrable crying curtains..suspicious of what they want the most afraid to touch, touch touch, oh, It's a latex stretcher, faces taunt and practically splitting apart at the touch..electric ec



Fig. 33B "Your little Tinky is safe with me."



Fig. 339 Good question!!!!, and I guess it all depends on what you plan to do with the child after you get it.

hooes saying fuck me big boy to everything that clocks in Yang I m sad as a can o beans, smashed cat fur in between. They've taken way my black girl toys, left me in the car, or so it really seems.

Cape Canaveral hayride hoaxster, something's wrong, they've taken my toaster... It's on the wagon but I ain't with it..Some big jerk got his arm around it..feeling my stainless toaster's plastic tits..The thought of it..Too many silvered aluminum brain cells, busting out my soft and eggy rubber bubble top....ow..wow..ow!!! Slit-eyed naugahyde barn busters puking pink and purple peanut clusters, sitting talking agar-agar, should we suffocate our oldsters, long past useful, canker butt-aches..Jeeze..It's giving me the quiver shakes..Hope I hold my dinner down, it's bad enough stuck with big baby..and I don't mean maybe..There





Fig. 340 Japanese Philosopher Frogs chat under watchful gazes of their babysitters. (Hooded Splay-job eyes the encounter.)

's jus' too much to keep in touch wif..she licked me clean and stole my Jiff..Emergency road clamp, blood head truck hood got it good, poisoned food, washed my fishies up and on the beach. Smelled of spent dollars and panty seats..fat and tattered parents stumbled to their feet..It was all I could do to keep from crying. I mean, after all, it's just right down the hall.. too many hanging by the hook that took their birthrights away..Come again a little louder some other day..There is always the possibility that we could float back up to the top, but I ain't got my hopes up..seen too many umbilical sentences cut, watched the deep diving sun dry out too many of my kind, sucking out the pulp from the rind..It seems anymore a good cafe spot is too hard to find.

I bought War surplus from my neighbor, and he used it against me. Took me to court and threatened to abuse me. I cried out in disbelief and they put sand in my water.

Dear Diary,

He keeps asking me, "When did she say to you, I mean, when did she say this to you?" Of course, we have to humor him..it's part of the whole scene as of late.."Well, I think that's a good idea", he sighed, falling with a plump to the green egg seat, "I'll go halves with Jim"...I just try to ignore him.."Mark", he says and points to the TV screen...there is a picture of a cute 17 year old girl go-going to some funky tune. He's examining my rubber collection now. Three masted schooner, 54 chevy, sometimes we get it out in the open too much, says the fat double-knitted momma. Too many head pains honing in on Brain Time. Kill the cream puffs and all silly little sad trikes and other three wheelers. "Would you be interested in doing the studio?" no. Well, maybe. It depends on a lot of other prunetta situation.

Big black boulders rolling down the side of the hill..grandpa waddlin and squattin by the still..grandma shakin loose bugs from the till..it's a long way back to Tipperary...Tiny television with a miniature bark..calling out the box scores from Yosemite Park..Drippy nazi water tubes tinkling in the dark..there's a firing squad waiting in the laundromat...I want to give you a message, that's why I barged in here..there's a rumor going round.



Fig. 34]. Sled-ride to Hell!!  
The kid is fucking up.





Fig. 342 Direct hit!! It's open season on Big Babies, and every one is getting the limit.

that you squirt toothpaste up your rear..Now if you're so damn sure that sexy laboratory goon-boat isn't some double-breasted queer, I want you to put your John Hancock on that dotted line. And climb in behind..join the crowd..strong and loud..It's the only thing I ever wanted..then I died on base when you choked up and bunted..Come on give this sad monkey a shoulder to lean upon! Scene in shop'n'shop: One piece of bread is covered with butter, one with smegma, and one with vaginal excretions..can you tell them apart from the high-priced spread? Well, give 'er a try..stare 'em in the eye for it's do or die on the old campground. Trading burning areoplanes for pounds..the operation was called off when they found burning shrapnel from bombed out Vegas imbedded deep in childrens brains. I tried to stop her, Lord knows I tried..but she kept on running and running; and now she's been deep fried. Deep fried in the batter from 10,000 dead and burning auto-fags..tape-loop intelligence legs, genes built to burst on impact.

They slid quietly down the fur-covered hill..each to his own, every man to his own bone..They crept silently closer, pumping chest muscles boomed like factory hammers;..little did anyone suspect how close the invaders were. Kirk slides down the cord..kicking off cliff side steel-jawed one way traps. First the slip

of the knife from the scabbard cuts the slumberland windless sleepers..Citric dagger jabs stroke the life out of first the sleeping guards, next the kewpy youngsters. Sip zip zip..in-out in-out in-out... chests leak with barely audible bright red sighs. .Big Tots Nursery has been gone now a full ten seconds, and the world already seems so much older. Back up the hill to wherever they came, those rotten fiends! Such a morbid thing for grown adults to indulge in..back home to try out Max Factor's roll-on kissing gloss Baby gonad ambergris prime ingredient. Stolen from the storage spots from children sleeping at Big Tots; perfume rys stopping at nothing to get the jump on commandoes from the competition.



Fig. 343 Klepto Kaught in the Act! Never trust a woman whose tits poke through her garments when she eats.

God bless the pinhead,  
With nary a care in the world..  
Heaven help the nasty bullies...  
Who would harm the playful pins...  
One day the Lord will call all pins to sitteth on  
the right hand of God,  
And the bullies shall be cast into a firey jell....  
Spurned into hottest Hell..  
The pinheads will send forth volleys of brown  
apple-jacks, which the forlorn bullies will be  
Forced to smell.  
(Psalms 121, vs.67-73)

There's a new family in our suburb, and it's got the neighbors in a flurry...It's 'up periscope' in our suburb, since they seen the new folks was all furry. Decisions are actually reached by a non-decision process wherein, minimal systems construction captures minimally screened info on the most crass of bigoted nig



gerhood levels. And the decision reached called for a total family Nair bath..a spring cleaning ala the depilatory system..just to let you know that in this suburb, you're dealing with dangerous pinheaded savages. The lowest of the brainwashed-out cabbages..Dusters and Pintos Vegas and Centaurs..Growling and snarling spouting nicotine and dangerous tars. Headache filter-tips, brown freckled spooner lips, Boxes full of Nic'o'Nips..Beeping "fuck you's" from lurching cars.

It's a cold, cold day. Not like summer warm or anything. Cold, kind of nasty with shivering silver neon lightening type horrible day. About what we usually get on the average here, where I come from. Well, not where I come from, but rather, where I am now. Where I got to, you might say, instead of where I come from. Oh Lordy, my minds wanderin again..It just ain't with me today..well, forget all this bad weather stuff..I take it back..I guess it must just be my mind..sometimes it's here, sometimes it's there, sometimes it's just anywhere...I didn't mind it when my pole collapsed, or when my eyes creamed over, or when my legs got brittle, and my teeth and jaw sorta rotted out..but when my meat computer went sour, a little more each hour...I tried to keep the power..oh, what's the use..just another helpless goose..when the seams all let loose..solids turn to juice..wa..wah..waaah..Isn't life sad, dad? Dig?

Perma-cell by Andrew Loog Oldenheimer (German astronomer, circa 1837)

Don't give me none of your frustrated behavior,  
I've had it with your 'apropos'  
I only came here for some rest and relaxation..  
Come on and untie me from this door(floor? ed.'s note)  
Strat-o-flier lays on her side  
Back at home, plaster block H775  
Fake bronze pee-pee boy counts Sports Coins  
Please remove this skull-cap,  
unleash these frightened thighs..  
How did I misinterpret your motives?  
Guess I didn't catch that glint in your eye  
That moo cow face was quite a disguise  
I was sure you was just a bore..  
Now I'm laying here with tears in my eyes..  
You 'n' your warm soapy water  
Have left me extremely sore. Wah, Waawh.

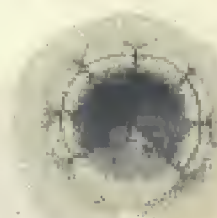


Fig. 344 Artificial Anus



Fig. 345 One day the reins to the whole universe will be handed to these kids.

When I hear those engines firing, all across the big red sky  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 And the big bass drum beats a rhythm cross my brain  
 Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the lamb?  
 Cog wheels turning, churning music all around  
 Are you washed in the blood?  
 The smell of beef on the grill, brings a tremble to my soul,  
 Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the lamb?  
 Darkies dancing wildly all around the boiling bowl,  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb.  
 The sounds of ages scream as semisfill the sky,  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 The pump pump pumping of mighty air-brakes flexing on..  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 There's a precious cargo in the tank car caboose..  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 There's a million card holders at the stadium tonite,  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 We are forming car caravans to reach the promised land  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 Burgers almost ready, let everyone sit down to eat  
 Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the lamb?  
 Burgers almost ready, let everyone sit down to eat  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?



Gathered round this table let us give our thanks  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 Take hold of his garment as he flies on by  
 Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
 He's gonna carry us all to a kingdom on high  
 Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the  
 Praise your Maker...  
 Hallelugiah...  
 Praise your Maker...  
 Tata tee tata...  
 Praise your Boss Man...  
 Tata tee tata...  
 Are you washed in the blood, in the blood..are you washed in th  
 e blood of the lamb..of the lamb...Are you washed?

### DOGS OF DEMOCRACY

When the old dog  
 And the young dog  
 Go out together  
 For a spree-  
 You can best bet  
 We'll all get wet  
 They'll be running  
 Fast and free

Though the old dog  
 Got a bad hack  
 And the young dog  
 Got a tick  
 You can best bet  
 We'll all get wet  
 When the young dog  
 Learns old tricks

There's a message  
 In this ditty  
 There's a moral  
 To this song  
 When the dogs all



Fig. 346 Watch it! Pretty to look at  
 a delight to view, but if you should  
 bust it, it belongs to you!

Get to boneing (bone'n)  
Remember their motto is  
"money's never wrong"  
Bone sweet bone  
Bone sweet bone  
Sing it loud and long  
Bone sweet bone  
Bone sweet bone  
Money's never wrong



Fig. 347 God sez hi!

Mother aborts fetus aboard KSU float in Nashville May Day Parade  
Some said she was protesting, the way we wore our hair..  
Some said she was protesting, the pollution in the air..  
Some said she was protesting, oh forget this shit, I've got copy  
on a big story I gotta get out by next Monday, or my ass will be  
grass. She tucked a turnip 'neath her labes, 'neath her labes, '  
neath her labes..She tucked a turnip 'neath her labes, 'o' early  
-I-ay in the morning. She rose and greeted pinny lad, pinny lad,  
pinny lad..Pointy-headed children always made her glad, 'o' early  
y-I-ay in the morning. I'm on to something big, I think. The air  
was warm, the sound of the swarm..filled my mind with visions of  
that big white glistening larvae swirling on mirror-surface...Bi  
g violin picking needle-point jabs into the huge luggo's skin. I  
ranslucent marmalade interior larvae living room pure pus substa  
nce..make me come my dipes.  
The beautiful live long..the ugly dry on the vine..most of us ar  
e still hanging by our dehydrated little brain pods.  
Sad and foot long super trousers hung, cuffs in the dung..Crack!  
e faced reptiles hissing through one lung..basking in the hot Af  
rican sunshine, mating throught the rainy season, long overdue.  
Some crawl faster than the extremely slow ones..She was a chow-ch  
how trouser buns....Huggy and dribbling pellets of Jiffy-7 canin  
e pod pods..  
Pregnant folk singer cheer leader poops her immature pup right i  
nto the coach's greedy ceramic cup..KSU is sure to win the best  
political float for the first time since they blew up paper mach  
e' Jeffery M.s and company.  
Well, the best part of this little excursion out into the real w  
orld is just about exhausted of all intelligible info.  
Keep it low..stay kool, turn blue..lay it on the rind..freeze dr  
y your genitals, it's real crazy, dudes and straps over and sour  
kraut-out. Your friend, Louie-Louie.





Fig. 348 Wounded porpoise chases alien bacteria through the streets of San Francisco, bent on bloody retaliation!

Got a letter in the mail yesterday, it said: "Keep on the lookout for them bug-eyed beans from beeswax!" What could I say? I had to comply..who knows the reason why..Four on the floor playing their word games..Scrabbage, Crabble...whatever it's called, it doesn't make any difference once you're bald..some went before they was called. I sat in the halls for what seemed like hours...Ring-wormed baboons made us take jelly showers. Put big bows in the pudding, they were trying to offend us..we dodged their screaming yellow pus. Cud-faced cowgirls chewed circles of fatty cellulite..inching sideways bumping buddies, they exchanged outfits at the big bash slumber party. Fresh budding titties feeling farty. I tried to figure out all the little scribbles covering our cave opening..they appeared to be the symbols for panties and wheat spikes..swirling and orbiting the black cave's entrance. Not too many seemed interested in the obvious message from above..they just hung their heads and walked a little faster. A large group of noisy hoods sat guzzling Oil of Castor. Sweaty children gobbling waxy crayons..eyes bugging at TV bean commercials..Who's to say anymore..It's been dragged out the door..Someone said the President's brain had long since rotted at the core..One cancerous wr



Fig. 349 Tanya and Don DeFreeze-dried kiss for the last time before shoot-out.

inkle woman said, "They now bow down in town square to all the filth I fully abhor!" One decayed humous being coughed, "If I still had my gun I'd even this score." He fell apart soon after..The young gun-toters couldn't stifle their laughter. The old carcass softly decomposed in the gutter..Two Nazi Greek-Eaters searched the neighborhood garbage cans for panty-butter. I can't remember when I passed out last..Those big trains..they laughed orange and torquoise puke-pods right through my withered brains. Too fat announcers speaking from the backstretch giggled, "It's raining out here, and we don't care..somebody stole our underwear!" And with that, they fell to their knees in great fits of laughter, enema bags over their shoulders, still dripping hot from the last heat of the day. At least it's out of the way, you say. Well, don't be in such a rush, bub. I think it just washed down the tub. And if I'm quite correct, that poor queer's butt is about to eject. Pussy poets rushed the theatre entrance, hoping to get a peek in spite of the tight security. "No Way!" screamed the sun glassed and sequined Bitch of a writer. He knew how to ride



a good thing..Intellectuals set out his own little taste of aural space. Of course, the critics grumbled, "Oral Space." They came from all directions to sit in squat little circles, listening for the thick creamy passages to spurt forth, like filling from over-ripe outrageous pastry blimps. The wide-eyed wise monkeys clattered and jumping, trying to find a spot the thick goo might land upon..In an attempt to achieve burial at sea..men in observation decks look down in disgust at the silly little smarties. Crispy white coats cover the observers arms as they reach for the emission controls..spewing snowy white urea and silver nitrate crystals down upon the primate intelligentsia..Like a picnic fantasia somewhere in central checkered S.E. Asia. It's hotter than it was before, the littler spudettes are squirming in beds...visions of authority figures stripped down to the flesh dancing in nocturnal rhythms to their demanding pelvic twitches..sappy white underwear sparking musk odor itches. My well-worn plane was slowly losing altitude..that sassy young thing behaved in a manner

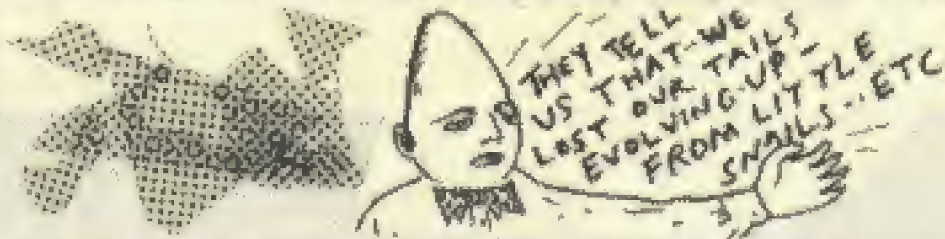


Fig. 350 *Thank to DEVO..Beautiful Mutants around the world have found renewed personal pride.*

describable only as rude! She had not a notion in her head. Empty save for brain-sop rings, not unlike the more common bathtub rings. Get it Yangie? Flute poodles prepared for spiritual mass-suicide...Marble head board adopted parents, stood blubbering in their hankies.. Soldiers shot the stankies...Mr. Magic drew a blank. Someone said it was all in the way he flipped his hips..the wind died down, the air grew cool..coastal mainliners slowed to a hard-edged halt..we rubbed appliances..I pressed my flesh firmly against her blender..We could have been artists right then..it was a genuine rendering of all the vegetables you have ever seen tossed lightly into one sea foam arena..Of course, on a fine young piece of black velvet. It all came together...Cracked and peeling teardrops glisten for

Fig. 351 Thank and a tip of the punishment come to: Mr. Gerald Devo for this picture of his little sis helping mom with the chores..... generously lending her anus as a handi-wipes dispenser.



the cameras.

Oh you big blue Bozo..drop out of this rowboat..She strangled on cyanide Pearl Drops float..Blue eyed drummers always get the goat.. Let's bring this one on home, it's awful late."I'm tired of reporting on things that make no difference to anyone but me," was the last thing that rocket titted bitch ever uttered on tape. Plastic Clorox Men consummated the fatal rape. Another seat at the typewriter, another story, I always say. Since I'm on my way home, this probably will be the last for today. I sure hope so. All this load of information in the wrong hands could certainly spell trouble for me.

Hey, How are you doing?

Just changed my major to backyard barbecue..It's a real deep slice, up the middle, no one barks at second fiddle..sort of a commune-style love affair, you know. Loose as one can imagine, bright chocolate dining room tables covered with our own sweet flesh and buds, swimming like fish in bubbled water all the day long..No one to stick you where it don't feel good..Green-translucent-templed wise guys, eyes half shut in silent contemplation, cross-legged and calm as cukes..no one gives them any static...all it's too healthy to need the Devoidgradated dehydrated little electro-hooks the Evil Ones try to feed our little fishies. God liver's rotting in a Dead Mah Breast..died with a toothpick through his head. I once had a love for a woman I once knew, there was peeling from the plaster, there were bugs in the bedroom, the cafet



eria ran-over..Over-run and discharged. I bought a gun in a Sport Shop and filed down the bullets...we all laughed in jerking movements, the dream was halfway over, I lost my brain in Cosmetic s and Notions, drowning in milky juice tart 'n' tangy lotion. Cops busted in and examined her cockpit..spread the evidence out on the rug and began to execute a full and complete shake-up..the tremors were remembered clear up in daddyville where no one went. His whole book of reasoning was completely and irreparably bent. Bent like a bush burnt back behind the ears..Bent like a B-52 landing to lay its big white eggs..Bent like a schoolgirl screaming from the total consupition of 15 years of frozen tearpie s..locked inside her lonely little kitchen..Taking all the whirled as it comes..tree trunks troubled by the damage done within, groan in tragic windstorms, conjured up for packs of carnivorous movie-goers..dressed in corduroy and oil of mask-oxen..wrapped in n Saran and swaddling, eating boxes of corn as they impatiently await the kill. Oh, fuck yourself. It's all your relatives bouncing off my relatives..There are no even numbers, not even any reliable rules, only one big bunch of monkeys dedicated solely to acting out lamp shades and repetitive fools. Children turning into horrible creatures, soon to come together, and rub their tiny futile regenerative organs together, friction building overblown dirty habits..frightened rabbits..cut tooth Baby Ruth less each day you have been away. Only god can fuck a tree. Remember, you never knew anyone...

I remember mamma..lost her fur-lined booties in the Trauma, shot her way out of a laundromat with two fresh baskets under her arm , guns ablazin'...We were all very young and naturally figured s he was amazing. Aluminum cars dressed like big cold balloons scr



Fig. 352 Treat obscene phone callers with the same respect you would want for yourself..Speak in a clear voice and never be afraid to ask them to repeat phrases you may not have understood. Take notes and ALWAYS agree with everything they have to say.



Fig. 363 ALIENS DISCOVER JOCKO HOMO! and can't believe their eyes!! They had no idea earth creatures were so frightening!

eeched around the corner, stopping in the crisp dark night to stare at duplexes dimly lit by K-Mart Kris Mass dinlies, frightened away the terriers, posing by the bushes, legs raised high as steam boats floated up, into Thermal dinner plates, destined for Thanks Guilty dinners. Tables full of fat youths, laughed and exchanged plastic shrapnel...Girls with bows and brillo pads, giggled and touched each others spaghetti, full of nasty kick whacks, Barbies armed with stilettos...de-balling G.I. Jewies, soft-bellied Burger Boys, drained soon after birth.

Someone left our department, we all stood back and took offense, cursing all the big line fakars, we sat out on our laps. Plaid and pluppy secretaries, stroking tiny fur backed puppies, reaching for the orange worm, talking recipes and draperies, and infecting puppies privates. The tiny perverted movie head image bank for the dull illustrious danger.

Blonde at birth, and blind by necessity, he owned a double-knit brain bag for every day of the week. Some thought they had seen him dimly in their bad air attics, others knew his room number, and sliced salmon in his trunks. And ate it in his presence. Others starved and died. Most just starved enough to eat each other. I knew the latter by direct association.

Nervous Menemen sat by their cables, holding in the electrical charge, expecting the big round-up rush to empty out their duffle...leaving them exposed and forced to shuffle...cosmetic cockfights left one leather coat cut and bleeding...it was all in the name of fear.





LOOK SON - !!  
UR ANUS - !!  
(LITTLE LOWER JOHNNY -  
LOWER-UM- AND TO THE  
RIGHT)

OH, - WOW -



When viewing divine crea-  
tion, a parent should seize

OH DAD - LOOK -  
LOOK - LOOK -  
MUHAMMAD ALI  
VS JOE FRAZIER  
(CAREFUL PA - I'M "NUDE"  
TO THIS FACIST JABZ)

- Yow!!

Fig. 354 WELL WITH COFFEE BREAKS - THESE GUYS WANT SEX BREAKS

Metallic licks from red hot furious pubescents, forced to eat their parents own frozen toxic puke-pies..Warped and teetering big shift lies..Children too weak to resist the squeeze..drinking down broken glass and dirty water specifically to please. Your first taste was so small, you could barely discern the tainted flavor, but soon the doses got bigger and bolder..big chunks regurgitated and much colder, soon come and take all your senses over, you've been bought for the price of a fix that stole your dreams. Boys soon shot short, Girls lost their emulsifying properties, back seat torture parlours were forced by strong-arm crusty shells, slobbering randomly upon what was once their own true selves



Fig. 355 Korean Midget used by US CIA for espionage work..collecting dirty linen from top US lawmakers.

## 23 Devonian

A number of sayings had been scrawled on the Devo clubhouse wall...it seemed the neighbors were not at all happy with the presence of a revolutionary art and culture club in their area. One saying read, Get your ass out, fag! Another read, Fire to the farmhouse, you backseat sheet heaters, quit your belly rubbin' in this neighborhood! A few othersssaid, Chow, chow chow! & Stop the magic of the back cat bone and don't tread on my mill & Till death do us part & Leave it to Beaver! Did Devo care, hell no! They know what it's like to do 40 in a 50..to fight fire with fire..They can handle those bulging taters and be peeling fresh young spuds at the same time between the sheets, if circumstance should





Fig. 356 Looking into the future...CAN U TAKE IT?

call for it. These guys don't know the word quit. They resemble a huge Iron dynamo when they get going..They are the real Neo-Nazi-Dada-Korps Task Force, here to save the world. Think they're gonna make it? You can bet they're gonna try! Space-pins got the answer, they'll be passin out fresh pie...or at least so they're motto goes. Their propaganda pamphlets would lead you to believe that they got all the answers..and, well, it's hard to deny! They represent the most believable viewpoints around. And by now you certainly realize I'm not one to jump off the deep end, so to speak.

A word about the word, Devo. It's origin is three part. The first being d-evolution, or reverse evolution. The theory that things don't evolve up, but actually follow all the other laws of natural science, mathematics, physics, and history and unwind. The second part is its relationship to the Devonian period of our world's history, in which the fish left the water for land, and only the smart ones returned. The third origin is from the early American slave negro slang term, d'bo, meaning a hermaphroditic androgenous cybernetic middle class intellectual, who really does know from whence he came.>(\* Who is kept from becoming a universal guru by economic conditions, only.) Since then, the word Devo has come to mean other things to other people, some meanings being far from any of the three aforementioned true origins of the word.



Fig. 357 SCIENCE..KEY TO THE FUTURE..WE CAN THANK TECHNOLOGY FOR ENSURING US ALL A PLACE IN THE 80's..SUPREME CATATONIA!!

## 24 World Catatonia

Well, it's over now, you got nō where to go, the tubes have all been severed and the fluids draining low..love the feeling..... I've had all I can take, cause I can't take no more...dropped i t out on the floor..fleshy face pads releasing gamma gas at sta tion attendants..rubber brained bubble boys slumped in circles smoking paper sticks, grunting out donuts, and bloody baby dagg er jokes...saggy-eyed drooping memory banks, spilling brown bea ns, and burnt black nylon legends from the stank they drank in TV time rest rooms sonic booms buster jet sugar poison, fished out of public cafeterias, school line-up china plastic ... open containers filling with oxygenated bliss-outs..over-extended wa rriors slowly file in line with spuds of every dimension possib le..down the dusty trail to.....SUPREME CATATONIA..... That is all I know..That is all there is..This is THE END.

Thank you.

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Booji Boy x o





ARE WE NOT MENY