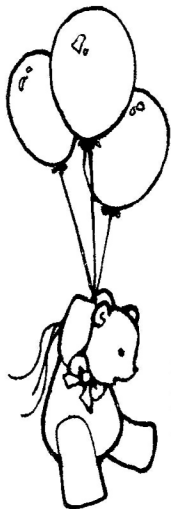


Clowns and Browns

Special Edition Magazine





HEY YOU DODO BIRDS! It's Lyle here. Thanks for picking up this **super special edition** of **CLOWNS AND BROWNS**. We're gonna take a break this month from the usual articles about poop and the clowning biz, what a drag! But hey! Don't turn that dial just yet! I just finished this new music record called "**Oblivion Access**" with the help of my old buddy **DJ DOGDICK**, and I thought "**HEY, I HAVE MY OWN MAGAZINE! I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT**" So, I went ahead and called the guys down at the **Clowns and Browns** office and we decided to go ahead and dedicate the whole issue to **MY NEW RECORD**. Get ready, you're in for a real treat. **WE GOT SOME OF THE BEST NAMES IN THE BUSINESS** writing **THE BEST ARTICLES** about **OBLIVION ACCESS**. AND BOY ARE MY ARMS TIRED. **WHOOPSY DAISY. THAT'S JUST THE OLD CLOWN COMIN OUT**. I'm a reeeeealllll joker. UH OH. I **PINCHED OUT A FART! OH MAN THAT'S A SPICY DOODOO!** Well. Anyways. It's a real honor and a pleasure to flip thru these pages and just be like "Oh man, **THIS IS GOOD STUFF!**" or "**WHOA I DIDN'T EVEN THINK SOMETHING THIS COOL COULD EVEN EXIST!**" but boy was I wrong. **IT DOES EXIST**. Well anyways. Kick off those shoes and **take your thongs off** and just **relax like a man**. **THIS ISSUE OF CLOWNS AND BROWNS IS SURE TO MAKE YOUR DAY**. Well. Don't take my word for it, or **DO** take my word for it. **ITS MY MAGAZINE!** I'll BE **POPPIN IN AND OUT TO GIVE MY 2 CENTS EVERY NOW AND AGAIN SO, SEE YA LATER YOU DODO BIRDS!**

-LYLE UGLEMAN
OWNER OF CLOWNS AND BROWNS

AND REMEMBER:

"don't get caught crinkle clammin'!"



7/11



TRAVEL

I would like to see this creature on my school yard because he would chase all the teachers away. But most of all I think it would be cool to play with.

πόλεμος

SPECULATION OBJECT 1

By Barry Masters IV



OBLIVION ACCESS is the alchemical decoction of an interminable hydra headed debate. A chorus of discordant and opposing parties channeled through a single medium. Adversaries vehemently insisting and promulgating their positions in scattered unorganized, unidentified sequence. Unified through the isolated voice of a lone entranced narrator.

The hollowed out Bard's corpse parasitically reanimated. His idle hands pluck away at any and every instrument the invaders command, and then suddenly vanish. Leaving our raconteur mired in a festering silence to sift through the sewage of his dehumanization. Combing through the filth like a prospector for evidence of purpose.

Passerby's unaware of his recent possession stop to laugh and ridicule his manic barrage of contradictory

allegories, pseudointellectual deductions, weeping self-reflection/flagellation and tasteless lobbying.

OBLIVION ACCESS is a rejection of critique and analysis. Accepting only absolute destruction or absolute secession from the propaganda of reason. Demanding that all opinion is hyperbole. Looking upon the forced marriage of existence and meaning/science and fact/morality and righteousness. Looking upon them all as dogmatic totalitarian structures.

OBLIVION ACCESS is the nervous thud and roll of martial percussion in the March towards the abolition of the belief that political and philosophical spectrums vary in linear and nonlinear, morally adjacent/morally hierarchical polarities, qualities or attributes. Challenging this system with matched obstinacy by insisting that all beliefs are

but a single cell, existing simultaneously as one. A crushed and twisted tomb of microcosmic dark matter. A hysterical writhing pool of filth and etiquette, folding in on itself with inconceivable geometry.

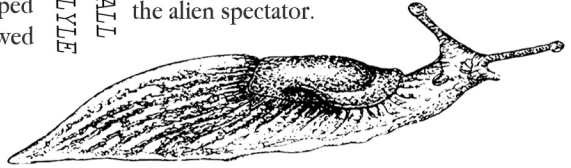
Notions of identity and individualism, collectivism and camaraderie, are the soldiers in the war being waged upon you. Your yin and yang. Your night and day and left and right. Where are our unseen thirds? The missing trinitarian option. Your culture of "Either/Or" is the airtight duet of an ass to mouth feeding tube that has kept you swallowing the regurgitated shit of your father's, father's father since the moment the umbilical cord was snipped and you stopped slurping from your mother's chewed

MY UNDERWEAR SURE IS GETTING HEAVY FROM ALL THESE LOGS! TAKE A HIKE DONKEYBREATH! - LYLE

slop of waste. Humanity is a windless chasm ceremoniously cannibalizing itself from birth until death.

Direct your hostility inward and lay to waste your pathetic grievances. Set fire and ejaculate upon the illustrious monuments and pedestals you erect to house and glorify your nauseating self-interests. Your "radical", "correct" thoughts that simply perpetuate and glorify the will of elected media spun values. Your impassioned battle against the "uptight" and "incorrect".

Detach yourself from the acceptance of an imposed perspective of societal normality and allow yourself the view of the alien spectator.



Look at all the clowns! Nothing but clowns! Painted and bedazzled, dancing and posing. A pratfall followed by a cartoonish portrayal of dizziness and pain. Oh look at the concern! The empathy of the canned audience echoing in unison! Suspense...Suspense... Oh look! He's back on his feet! Three cheers! Cue drunken sad trombone! Wait. Look over here. That clown car sure is fuel efficient! Low emissions. And will you look at that? They carpooled! So green. What is this clown doing? Wagging his finger at that group of people singing? Oh! Preaching to a choir. How literal. What a radical notion. Funny clowns. The extravagant towering jester on his stilts, backlit so his long shadow menacingly eclipses the hobo and the sad tramp. Oh look! Over here! Look at this clown! His beret and palate! His paint splashed overcoat! The sweat on his brow. Perhaps his art will change me. Just look! All of the mimes. In their prisons and boxes. Captive mimes. With invisible captors, strangled and subdued by invisible tormentors. The net and the trampoline. The illusion of danger. Such allure. So many funny clowns.

Allow the clowns to amuse you year after year unapologetically, and then slip away into death, knowing that as you fade into mystery and oblivion, your final thoughts of fear, of regret, of peace, of hope, are just you adorning the honking red nose and oversized shoes of human understanding one final time. Or perhaps for all eternity!

1. Also.
2. Wieners.
3. Also.
4. Butts.
5. Also
6. Doo Doo.
7. Also.
8. Baseball man run fast and catch ball good and is good competitor.
9. Who let the dogs out!



But alas.

The baby who can point to the apple and know that it is an apple and not a pear is congratulated and praised! This is the indoctrination into exclusionary divisionism. Teach your children nothing! Let them wander stupid and primitive! Let them bite down on stones and allow their injuries to guide them naturally to a system of rational classification and inclusion.

Because I like pears. Very mild flavor. Too mild? Add some balsamic. Stir in some pine nuts and spinach, and then finally grate some Parmigiano-Reggiano on top. The good kind. Don't like balsamic? Why not try some Liquid Aminos because you are too good for soy sauce.

Get the burner hot and create a reduction. Put the pile of shitty wilted pears on the plate and then, using a spoon, splatter the reduction on the plate in a cool, sparse, intentional pattern. Wow. Culinary culture. This is my passion. Look at the plate now. Spit on the fruit. A throaty, deep loogie. Get some bile. Use your fingers. There it is.

Take a photograph. Hang the photograph on a cheery spring colored wall. Perhaps a lemon chiffon or a pale rose. Now give the plate of fruit to that baby that thought he was so smart because he was able to accurately select the apple from an assortment of fruits.¹

Furthermore.

Dismiss language.

Spell things wrong intentionally.

Embellish phonetics.

Use the wrong word.



EXAMPLE:

- Your mother asks you how you like the ice cream.
- You love it.
- Do not say this.
- Instead.
- Describe the ice cream as incorrigible but pronounce it "incorgyball".
- Next.
- Rub your hand on your stomach and lick the dead skin from your chapped lips.
- Now.
- Stand up from the table and hug your mother.
- Explain to her in a broken syntax that nothing she could ever teach you would ever be enough to reconcile the contempt you have for being born.
- Something like:
- "She could would contempt born you for have being reconcile enough never to the old flotsam soggy"

Who is that?

Oh.

Woman in the cataract glasses

. You old cloudy eye piece of shit. Pay no attention.

Instead.

I SHOULD LISTENED TO MY PARENTS WHEN THEY WERE POTTY TRAINING ME! BUT I DIDN'T! NOW I NEVER WIPE! - LYLE



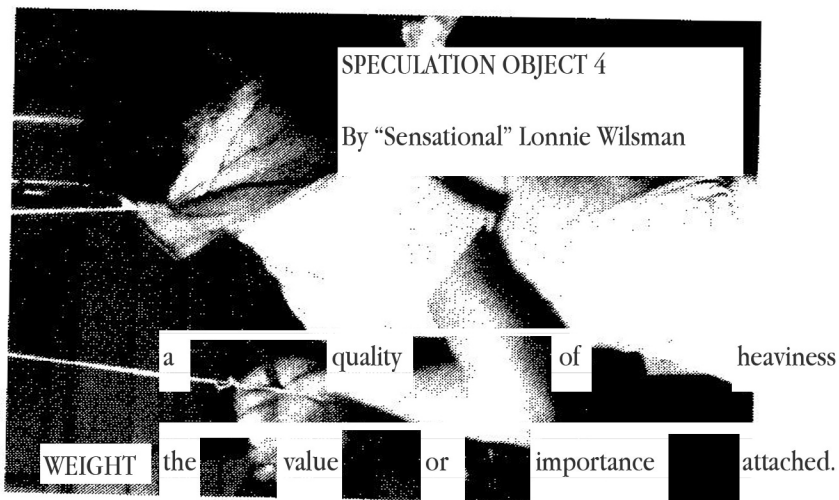
Contort your body until you snap in half. Do not submit to any limitation. Submission is the resignation into eternal victimization. Acknowledgement is unconsciousness. Recognition of power is recognition of its existence and control. Protest is the equivalent of prayer. Do absolutely not do absolutely. Condone absurdity and absurdly reject. Shoot the extraterrestrial aircrafts from the sky with the machine you invented. Whisper and shout with the same emphatic clarity. Do not ask. Do not assume. If you find yourself concerned with anything ever, close your eyes and create a new word. This new word will

become the definition and explanation of whatever it is you seek. All purpose is negligible. Endless historical recursion has eliminated our ability to see beyond what has already been attempted. Your giant head in an infinite mirror, forever obstructing the view of what's directly behind it. All power is paternalistic. Advocacy is managerial and therefore hierarchical. Membership and allegiance are voluntary.

Lay down in the tall grass and cover yourself with bugs. The snakes will eat the bugs and you will eat the snakes. A symbiosis.

No. a dinner with friends.





A long sloping cement ditch running behind a row of old brick ramblers partially canopied with over growth and remains of old fencing. The houses were still sturdy, not quite neglected but greyed. Electricians and algebra teachers. Military pensions and social security. No skylights or island kitchens. Nicotine stained walls and the weathered pride of furniture that decades ago felt like a telescopic glimpse at the horizon of success. Artifacts of improvement languishing and frayed.

Two school age boys. Book bags and lunch boxes. Walking down the old ditch. Walking the way children walk. Leaping over the weeds and sludge breaking thru the concrete. Propelling themselves up and down the inclines. Almost ticking in their repetition. The vulgarized laughs and howls of unchaperoned liberation. Titties, dick jokes and gay slurs. The violence of pubescence clawing at naivety.

His body laid putrid just 20 feet ahead. Bare and sprawled. Bloodless gaping punctures that broke bones going in. Jagged lacerations with protruding canary colored pockets of fat spilling out. Dried clotted fluids. The orange brown smear of his voided digestion covering his thighs. The cavernous depression of red and darkness bored out from between the frame of his crooked jaw and thinning hairline, scooping away his identity. A photographic stillness, if not for the wiggling animation of larvae, oviposited in his wounds, capitalizing from his rot.

The boys approached with intent. Picking up speed into almost a skip. They'd been here before. The previous day they had stumbled on his dreadful camp, discarded there next to sun bleached bottles and cans in the cracked canal.

After an initial bout of terror and sickness, their curiosity and a beyond-

their-years understanding of opportunistic rarity took grasp of their behavior. Unforensic prodding. Sticks and branches evolving into hesitant finger tips lifting and spreading the scored flesh.

Groundless speculation. Talk of deformed monsters stalking in shadows. a mangy lycanthropic menace. Impressions and reenactments of lumbering creatures with outstretched arms and stiff knees. Pupils rolled back beyond visibility. A pact of silence consisting of spit covered palms was instituted and the boys had decided to return the following day to continue their investigations.

Kicking away dust and cigarette butts, one boy knelt down beside the cadaver, flipping the backpack slung over his shoulder into his lap. Cautiously panning his surroundings, before fixing eyes with the other boy, who began to crack a shakingly anxious, yet impatiently errant smile.



Unzipping the blue canvas book bag, the boy reached in and retrieved the brown plastic 16 ounce bottle of peroxide. The remedy for the scraped shins and elbows of summertime fence jumping. The marvel of its curious reaction. His friend inched forward, hovering over the corpse. The boy tossed his bag behind him and stood up, nodding to his companion as he regained his footing, and began to twist the white cap from the bottle.

A slow tilt, resulting in a sprinkle of drops, quickly became injudicious pouring, as the chemical cascaded from the mouth of the bottle, splattering and pooling in the peeled and potholed cavity festering below them. An acid rain. Frothing white waves glug-glugged and fizzed out of the craters and gashes. Rupturing hissing fountains that thru child's eyes appeared as geysers. The morbid scientists, recoiling and approaching with equal excitement. The morbid scientists and their subject, with his excavated gouged out face. His fractured empty skull filled up like a washbasin with the effervescent soup. The snakish whistle of oxidizing bubbles evacuating and reproducing across the length of the torso, cocooning his disease.

Whatever atrocity and horror had been inflicted on him. His torture and evisceration. The gurgling last seconds of solitude and hopelessness on his descent into obsolescence. The frantic mistake, or the calculated revenge that brought about his circumstance. It all was inconsequential. He was clean now. Disinfected and clean.

TALK ABOUT EGGS! I JUST LAID A BROWN ONE IN MY DIAPER! GOTCHA! I DON'T WEAR DIAPERS YA DING-DONGS! I POOED IN BOXERS! WHY I OUGHTTA! - LYLE

SECRET FANTASIES!

GETTING BUSY WITH PAULA

By Paula Anthony Hinzberg-De Croix

Really Cares!

IS HE REALLY A "BAD BOY"?

PAULA ANTHONY HINZBERG-DE CROIX TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

When I was younger there were magazines. Easily accessible magazines, lining the racks next to supermarket cash registers. Separate and isolated from the other periodicals. Something else. Something gaudy.

"Elizabeth Taylor's Drug Baby"

"Jon Bon Jovi's Gay Sex Dungeon"

Magazines that when you saw the covers it was easy to imagine the people that purchased them. The slithering archetypes. The creatures that picked up these magazines with damp, spit sucked Cheeto-fingers and read them cover to cover.

Skeletal and broken, lurching up and down Dollar General make up aisles. Bloating and sweating, limping on thyroid ankles. Sagging leathery bodies forcefully crammed into Betty Boop track pants.

Nothing in between. Nothing less extreme.

Ex-dancers. Hookers. Single mothers. Widows. Career waitresses. Celebrity stalkers violently masturbating, writing love letters with dick blood. Alone. Drunk. Desperate. Disfigured. Beaten. Stupid. Depressed. All of the above.

The fourth or fifth hand, speculated details of Brendan Fraiser's cock shape offering some sort of escape from the sexless daily monotony of tediously convincing the few family members that can still stand to talk to you, that it's somehow not your fault you haven't experienced any upward mobility since "Darren" left 8 years ago. You didn't get that new job because you saw him at church with *"that woman"*, and it brought up all those memories. A sad reminder of when he fucked that redheaded bitch at Bennigan's and then tried to burn down your duplex.

"Our duplex"

You sigh, and slouch down into your dog hair covered Rent-A-Center recliner, magazine in hand, and vodka-mumbling to yourself.

"Brendan Fraiser is a total hottie. Not like Darren. Bald faggot liar."

CONTINUED.



Where have all the cowboys gone?

Remember how Roseanne and Tom Arnold's tumultuous breakup resonated so much? You've been there too. She's just like you. If only you could meet her, she would realize that you were her new best friend. You know about those pig asshole dog shit worthless men too. It's crazy because Roseanne's such a big star, but she's just like you. Feisty. Independent. A little more to love perhaps?

"Roseanne? Oh hey girl, it's me" ---You would say. Laying on your stomach, kicking your calloused hammer-toed feet in the air behind you, twirling your perm fried destroyed blonde rat nest in your knobby cigarette tarred fingers.

You'd probably just call her "Rosie" and she'd have a nickname for you too. A cute nickname, something other than "Worthless", or your most recent moniker: "Stop calling here, I'm married". If only you met. You two are so alike. Besties.

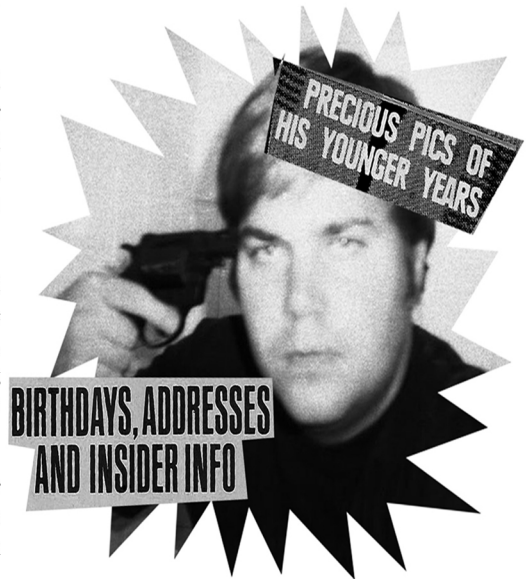
Sunken lonely faces glaring back brighter from the covers of these magazines than the actual worthless headlines or the twinkle in Brad Pitt's eyes.

But certainly, a vapid petty abyss of celebrity weight fluctuations and baby mama drama certainly couldn't manage to spray its useless fetid gas much farther beyond a useless fetid demographic.

Certainly.

There were other magazines when I was young. Magazines that more clearly and blatantly defined grade school perceptions of gender than a penis and a vagina.

Magazines that when you saw the covers you could easily envision Russell Crowe's wall in "A BEAUTIFUL MIND". Manically yet methodically wallpapered floor to ceiling, a name written a thousand times. Only instead of CIA encryptions and algebraic formulas, it was a sea of dough faced chubby cheeked little boys with sexualized puppy eyes. Hearts and cupid arrows drawn around wavy haired dirt lipped TV kid actors with cool guy poses. Pink smiley faces dotting I's and J's. A poofy foofy dreamy dream wrought with hand holding and French kissing. A giggling clustered array of torn out articles outlining ideal romantic getaways, favorite colors, favorite subjects in school.



"I like basketball and kissing on the lips"-Rider Strong

"I think girls that tell the truth are the best"-Devon Sawa



A never ending litany of arbitrary crumbs of vague biographical minutia that could then be traded as currency with other lovesick little girls on the playground in a cacophonous squeal.

The overdosed drug gaze of a molested Corey Haim, and the crushed larynx and shit filled underwear of a noosed and dangling Jonathan Brandis. The cock shaped ghetto we prod and shove inside unovulating children and drip like candlewax into the watering mouths of the predatory baby fuckers that facilitate the entire enterprise. Veiny and hard under pleated slacks, driving our little stars to and from their photoshoots and then over to the “grown up party”.

Certainly outside of the pink frilly candy clouds of teeny boppers and salivating chicken hawks, this form of insipid marginal media couldn't possibly slide its valueless fingers into the panties of a more substantial portion of American society. The behavior of boy hungry tweens and equally boy hungry kid-groppers certainly would never become indistinguishable from the actions of every adult with an internet connection.

Certainly.

I can't so clearly see those people anymore. Those sweeping generalizations seem harder and harder to reasonably justify as it seems to run the gamut. As much as I would like to associate this brand of entertainment exclusively to a demographic of lonely drooling losers, lit only by the flickering glow of computer monitors, it's no longer the case. The ocean has grown too deep. The market is too saturated. These brands of relatively specific, mundane, small potatoes, clickbait “journalism” more recently have seemed to crawl out of their trash orifice and latch on like deer ticks to the greater American culture landscape.

How can I convince myself this isn't the case?

The paparazzi popping out of bushes aren't weasel faced, mirrored sunglassed goons wearing Hawaiian shirts unbuttoned just enough to display a tiny gold cross resting in a bed of pubic black chest hair. They aren't some elite force of slime balls with tactical telephoto equipment, lurking in shadows, panting like perverts as celebrities pretend to enjoy a quasi-anonymous dinner at some sunset strip tapas bar. Not anymore. It's everyone.

The idiot consumer turned idiot contributor.

SOMETIMES I CALL MY POOSHOOOT A BALLOON KNOT!
TALK ABOUT CLOWNS AND BROWNS! - LYLE

P-U! EITHER SOMEBODY RAN OVER AN EGYPTIAN
MUMMY ON THE HIGHWAY OR I'M DUMPIN A LOAF! OH
MAN! I'M POOPIN ALRIGHT!!!! - LYLE

The poorly lit, unfocused 6 megapixel snapshots and videos of celebrities in hospital waiting rooms, solemnly mourning the loss of friends were not the horribly inappropriate tactless overreach of the sleazy photojournalism division of a major publication. The man stopping pop singers on the red carpet, shoving his phone in her face and telling her she should "let him fuck" doesn't have a direct superior at a main office somewhere in "the valley" where she could possibly report his unprofessional conduct. These photos weren't sold to news outlets.

Some NSA wiretap drone data blackhole conspiracy Wiki Leak facial recognition email scandal FBI nightmare seems so banal and unthreatening when swallowed up in the malignant shadow of "Little Brother".

It seems Big Brother got tired of Orwell's bullshit and handed off the reigns of the operation to every person in the country. The multinational surveillance operation "LITTLE BROTHER", whose unregulated network of power can eternally turn some random unaware guy picking his nose on a subway into "GUY PICKING NOSE ON SUBWAY RT".

Voluntary catalogs of government names, birthdays, interests, political leanings, "current locations". Enthusiastically uploaded video admissions and evidence of crimes, fights, buttfucking, cocksucking, drugged and raped sophomores, bullied and humiliated crying children.

Page after page of searchable, publically posted, seemingly private conversations. All willfully and consensually submitted, gathered and distributed globally.

The drunk photograph, tagged with your home address, that you took cupping the breast of a minor while flexing your weakling bicep tattooed with your stinky toothless grandmother's full name.



Slanderous unconfirmed accusations repeated thousands of times per minute and traveling across oceans in seconds. Secretly recorded commodified voyeurism and espionage turned political buffoonery and hashtag vindication.

Gumshoe detectives with "No Snitching" shirts on, hunkered down in late night "think tanks" dissecting the lives of public figures and piecing together nonsensical biographies based on unsubstantiated trivia and jigsaw fragments of private information found lingering in dusty cyber corners or pulled directly from the hairy throbbing asshole of speculation. Annotated with "I saw it somewhere" bibliographies.

All without malice. All out of an apparent admiration.

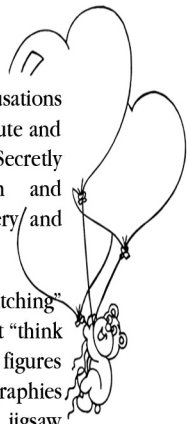
The same giggling admiration

The same daydreaming distractions as a Hover-Round confined, divorced veterinary assistant passing out every night on box wine and valium in a pile of beanie babies.

The same snuggly-wuggly fantasy dream date scenarios as some rosy cheeked little girl touching her boobies for the first time, confused and wishing it was the caress of Jonathan Taylor Thomas.

The same cumfodder fascinations and obsessive interests that we used to call "warning signs" for the hostile delusional behavior of pathetic crybaby losers like Margaret Mary Ray, Mark David Chapman, Yolanda Saldivar.

The same thoughts fourth graders used to jot down in their super-secret spiral bound diary under the bed. That thoughts that used to be considered "like totally humiliating" had anyone discovered them. The stuff bullies and older brothers used to dream of.



No longer.

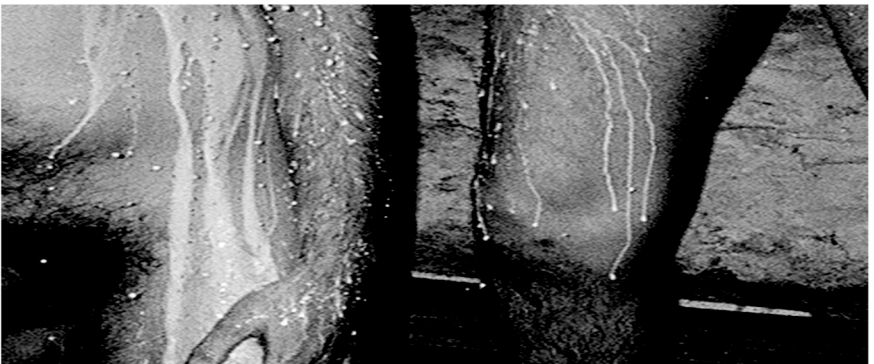
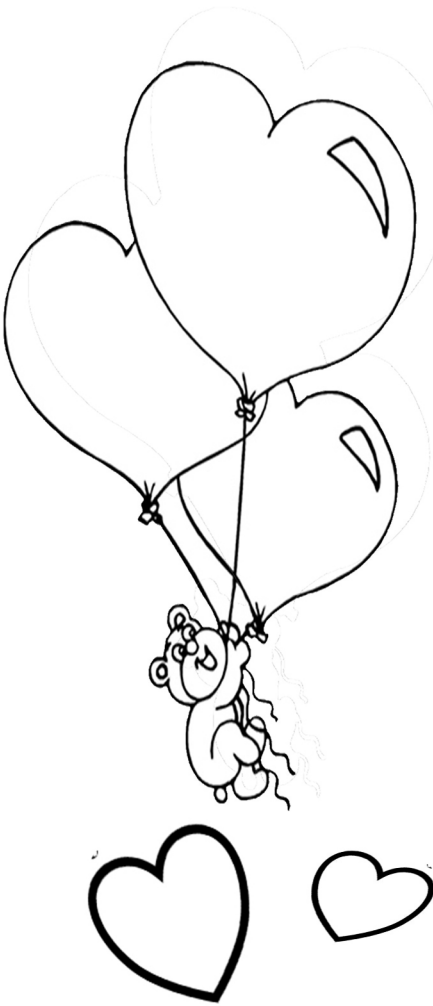
You're in the big time now. Welcome to the mainstream.

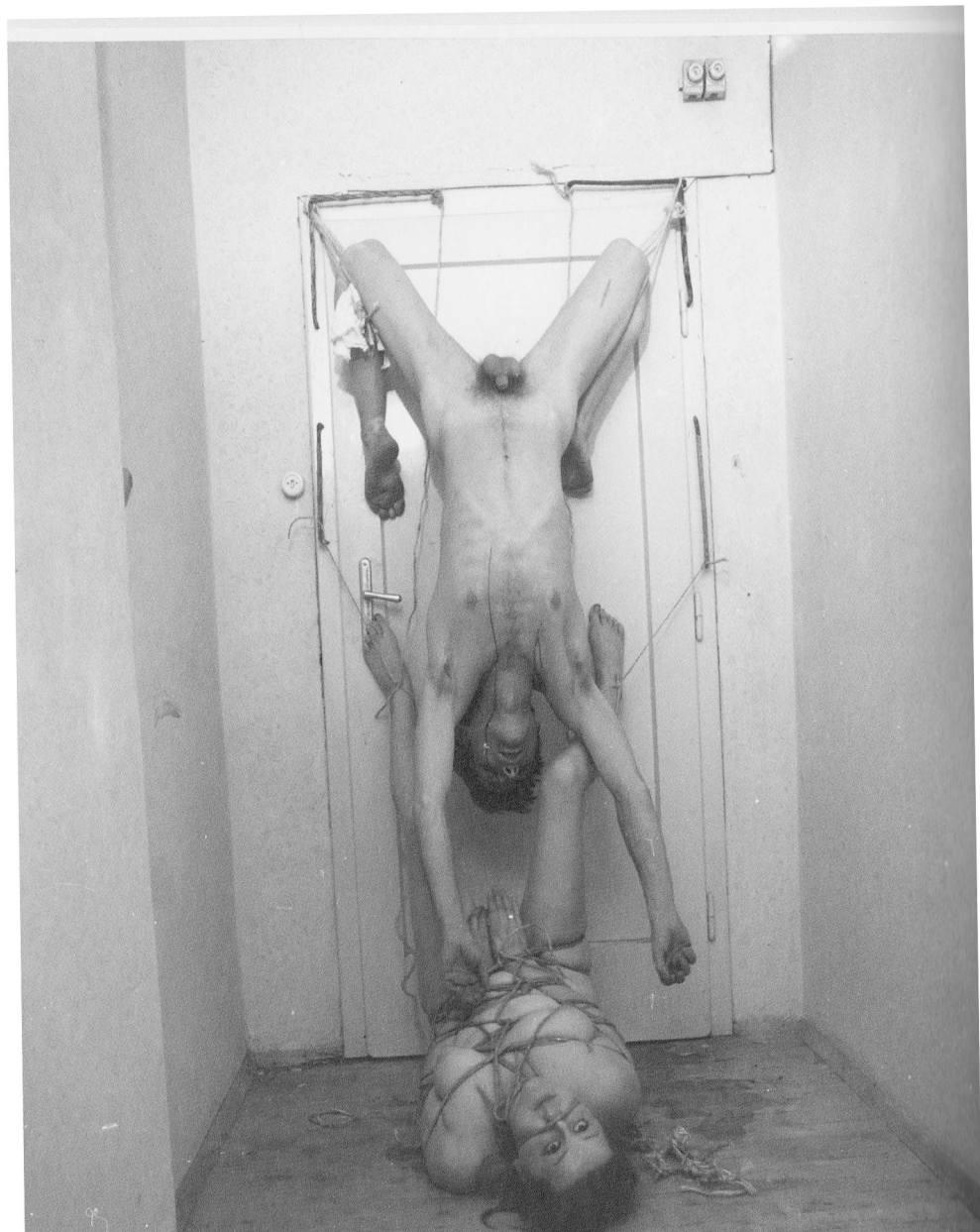
JUST POST THAT SHIT DAWG.

Hey!

You Boogerfinger Transretard Celebriphiliac Pedodystopian Collaborators! Don't be ashamed. Crawl out of your canopy princess bed! Slide and scrape down the urethra of society like the painful urinary crouton you are, and then swan dive into the diarrhea toilet water you've been working so tediously on creating all these years! Publically cram that trending scum muscle into your puckering lowest throat and shiver and shimmy like epileptic babies until it isn't cool anymore. Reach out and connect and nuzzle the bosoms of the rich, famous and more interesting like abused puppies with missing eyes and deep scars and burns from being continuously beat with curling irons!

YOU MADE IT. YOUR WORK IS COMPLETE.





Günter Brus
Strangulation (Aktion für die Filme "Die Blumen
des Bösen" und "Strangulation") (Action for the
film "The Flowers of Evil" and "Stangulation")
with Anna Brus
November 1968
Brus apartment
Photo: Ludwig Hoffenreich

SOURCE OF
PLAYAZ CIRCLE COVER

INTERVIEW WITH DALE KRUEGLER



OUR OLD PAL BRUCE SITS DOWN WITH LEGEND DALE KRUEGLER

You been doing okay?

I guess man, had a bad fall the other day and my kneecap exploded out of my body. Have you seen those things before when they aren't inside your body anymore?

Kneecaps?

Yeah man, they look like petrified testicles. Except mine had blood all over it, and usually fossils don't have blood on them. If you find a fossil that has some blood on it, it's probably just a dead guy or a dead skunk or something. Fossils take millions of years.

I saw some trilobites at a museum once and I touched them.

I fucking hate those things.

Last time we talked you had been working on a record with Ken from *Brown Slippers*. How is that coming along and can you tell me how that came about?

Yeah man, that was a few months ago. I've known Ken for years but I hadn't seen him for a while. I was down at this club called "The Dock" and I was eating crab cakes and there were chicks everywhere. They were playing some kind of future music and I was getting real heated. Those chicks didn't want to listen to that garbage. So like I said I was heated, and right when I was about to get up and give the DJ a piece of my mind, I saw my old buddy Ken across the room looking just as heated as I was. I'm telling you, those chicks didn't want to listen to that garbage. I guess he noticed me too, and he walked over to my booth and I was like "These chicks don't want to hear this garbage" and he was like "Who do you think you're talking to, I wrote the book on chicks" and I was like "Oh yeah, I wrote a couple articles about garbage once!" (*Laughing*)

So after that, I'm guessing you guys decided to record some "real music" huh?

Recording's all in the mind man. After that he had a couple of fries off my plate. And I was like "Hey get your own fries!" (Laughing) But yeah we started talking about getting back in the studio again. But that guy's a jackass so we only ended up working out a few piece of shit numbers together before I had to hit the trail. I got a way better voice these days than Ken. Plus, Ken always came around the studio spraying this aftershave perfume shit all over the place. I can't really deal with that kind of shit. Just give me some Ocean water and some sand and some fish and shit. That's how you make a record that chick's want to listen to. But yeah, I hit the old dusty trail after that. I never really liked that guy.

I would have loved to hear you two on a record again, but that story seems to fit the Kruegler narrative. Throughout your career you've been known as somewhat of a "lone-wolf", despite your numerous albums with *The Missing Felicitys*.

I don't like working with nobody that wants to stink up the record with their ideas. Missing Felicitys were a good fit because those idiots looked up to me like I was the President of the whole world and I was going to send them to jail, you know? A real role model. Those guys sounded like Hootie and The Blowfish when I met them. I taught them how to really open up the melodies and party on a record. We were taking old gospel numbers and I was saying "See this part with the drums? Instead of the drums, you just start yelling, and I'll be over here on the chimes just melting the cheese on the whole sandwich, you know?" Getting it crispy. They used to call me Crispy Kruegler, but fuck those guys. Hootie and the Blowfish, That's a fucking great band name. Those guys should have used a different band name if they were going to sound like assholes though.

Throughout your career you seem to have had gone through many different periods and styles, could you tell me how you got your start in music and maybe some of your early influences?

See, the way I look at it is this; you've got cornballs making records and then you got guys that are really putting themselves out there. You know, really twisting the lime juice into a Mexican beer and taking a sip and just being refreshed afterwards, you know? When I was a kid there was this guy that

would always be over at this store called Chuckles that used to be called Pappy's before it was Chuckles, but when I was a kid it was called Chuckles. But when I was just a little kid over there, there was a guy that would always be hanging around. He had a turkey neck and he was paralyzed from the waist down. This guy was a real piece of work and he would always be drunk out of his mind on schnapps. I can't drink that stuff, but he would get so ga-ga-goosy looney tooney off the schnapps that he would fall out of his chair. Man, I was just a little kid and would be watching him trying to get back in his chair and he would be rolling back and forth on the ground, spinning around, his chair would be rolling away from him and everybody was just laughing at him like he was Buster Keaton or something. A real Howie Mandel type. But I didn't think it was funny at all, I would be watching him roll all over the place and I would think to myself "This guy's got rhythm" Nobody. I'm telling you, nobody had moves like that. It really got me interested in the whole music thing. I would go down there every day after detention and I would get him real sauced up on the schnapp-a-rino and I'd push him



out of his chair and I'd just stand there singing and I'd be drumming on my chest with my baseball mitt on. He would be on the ground there all crippled and drunk and moving and grooving, and I'm telling you it was like poetry. Some Carnegie Hall type stuff. *(Dale then demonstrates drumming on his chest for what seemed to be hours)* These new guys don't have the same chops. But besides that I mostly grew up listening to guys like Greasy Wayne and jerking it to ladies on the TV.

At what point did you decide to really risk it all and pursue your dream of being a musician full time?

I got my first job working at this appliance store my pops owned. I would stay there after closing down the shop and put on all the good jazz records in the basement and just play along on the drums. My pops would get mad because I would forget to turn the lights off because I would be grooving so hard down there. I knew these local cats that were playing rock and roll music and their drummer had broken their arm being a dumb shit and they had a big gig coming up, Battle of the bands type contest, you know? So they were like "Hey Dale, you got to come help us out and fill in on the drums" so I said okay and went out and practiced with them and learned the songs. They had this one song it was like a ballad or something. Real slow and boring stuff, I just wasn't feeling it. But I had given them my word so I went along with the whole thing. Flash forward to the talent contest, we get up there on stage and we are about to play that ballad and something just clicked in my head. This ain't no ballad, I'm going to show these kids how The Kruegler beats the skins you know? So I count it off, and I just start going bananas, I'm just wailing away on those bad boys and making that shit you want to snap your fingers to. At first the rest of the guys in the band didn't know what hit them but they caught on real quick when they saw all those chicks in the audience going bazooka joe for that beat I was laying down. Needless to say we won the whole contest. The singer of the band was being a jackass though because I ruined his ballad or some shit but fuck that asshole, because I had the whole crowd



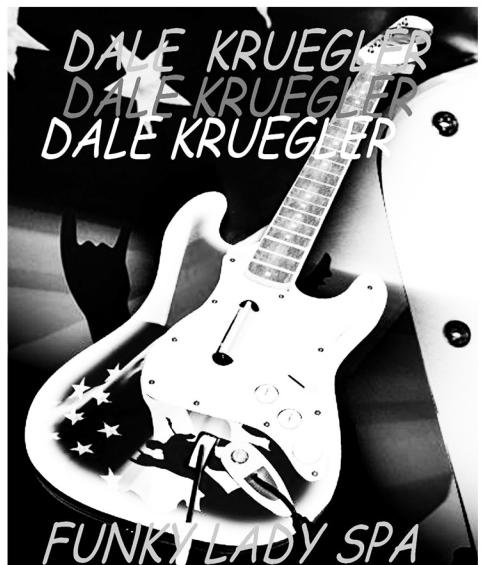
screaming for more. Right after we got off stage this guy came up and told us he wanted us to play out at his Italian spot by the airport and we were like "This is the life". We played a couple gigs out there and I got my uncle to record us at his church. Man we sold those records faster than a hooker blowjob. A couple days later this guy showed up in a Winnebago outside of my pop's store and I was like "Who is this fruitcake?" but it turns out he got our record and loved it and told us he was going to make us superstars and get our record played on the radio. We signed a contract with him and what do you know? They were playing the old Dale Man on the radio! We were going nutty, we put on the radios in my pop's store and were dancing around, screaming. My buddy even made out with a cardboard advertising display. We were just a couple of teenage hooligans! I had been dating this real foxy broad and I told her about it and she was acting like it wasn't a big deal. I found out later it was because she was fucking around with her beefcake Tony Atlas wannabe dentist. What a maroon! I didn't really give a

shit because, hey, they were playing me on the radio. The next week, the guy in the Winnebago came and picked me up and took me to a real fancy restaurant and introduced me to this big time record executive. He told me we wanted to sign us to a big time record contract and I would get to wear sunglasses and all the broads would want to bang, but I was like "I gotta talk to the other guys, man". Once again the singer was acting like a total asshole, but we all gave him a piece of our mind. Before you knew it we were on the road, city to city, town to town, laying down that good old fashion rock and roll. Basically all because of me. Not long after that we had the number one song in the country. You couldn't go anywhere without hearing our song. The singer was really letting it get to his head and he was hanging around this lounge singing broad, which wasn't really cool because he had an old lady that was touring with us. Real foxy type. Big boobs, cute face. Total knockout. I kept my cool at the time, but the Krueg-dude definitely wanted to touch her on the butt and maybe even take it all the way Cum-town. After a while things were getting stale. The bass player joined the army and he got replaced by some shmuck, and I was just getting tired of the whole rigmarole. I mean we had a number one song but that ain't everything, man. Dale Kruegler is a guy that wants more. One night I went out to this jazz club and I was grooving and I got to meet some real showstoppers. Icons. The same guys I was playing along to back in my pop's appliance store basement. After that I just wasn't really feeling the band anymore. I went ahead and started banging the singer's girlfriend. I'm talking all night long. Different positions. She was begging for more. After that I hit the trail. I knew what I had to do musically, and it wasn't some old rock and roll razzamatazz.

Is this the beginning of what many historians refer to as "The Missing Years"? There was at least 15 years that you seemingly vanished before suddenly exploding back on the scene with "Do Me on the Porch Swing (Blow Me in the Shade)"

All I can say is that somebody's looking out for the old Kruegler. I got real drunk one night and I found this beach, man. There wasn't anybody there. It didn't look like anybody had been there for years. It was just

sand and shells and the ocean. I must have sat there for like 15 minutes just watching the waves in the moonlight, before I realized, This ain't no beach man, this is a prison. I was in prison man. That's when I started working out. You know, what else are you going to do in prison? I was getting real big. I'm talking muscle maniac big, and then I just started digging one day. I thought the people and guards at the prison saw how ripped I was and kept their distance and let me do whatever I wanted, because I don't think I saw ever a single person the whole time I was there, man. So I was digging, and I got these big leaves and got in the hole and put the leaves over top of the hole. I was just down there man. What else are you supposed to do in a prison where everyone is scared of how ripped you are, man? I Don't know how long I was down there but I had figured out this whole new way of looking at math that was basically just looking at everything you say and converting the words into a number and then once the word is a number you can change the number into any word you want, and then basically I realized that if that's true, then everything everybody says can be converted into a metaphor about dicks. So like if I say "The weather is getting chilly man" I could then go and convert that to "1, 5, 7, 25, 52", right? And then that could be converted into "The long rod went in and out of a pussy", you following me?



I'm right there with you. This is amazing!

Yeah so anyways. Like I said I don't know how long I was in that hole, but I was just down there saying shit to myself and then mathematically converting it into dick metaphors and laughing. The whole world was my oyster. But one day I was down there and I started realizing that some of the voices I was converting into dick metaphors weren't my voices. There was somebody else talking. Lots of people. So after a while, I pushed the leaves off the top of my hole and looked out and there were like 200 people out there. My mind was blown. I thought I lost it man. I started asking people what was happening and they eventually they started telling me how I was just on a beach in Trinidad. I must have been down in the hole so long, that either the prison I was in got demolished, or the whole world turned into a prison. And that's when I realized, the whole world turned into a prison, man. I was down in that hole so goddamn long that everybody forgot about how good life is when it's not a prison, man. I was being selfish. I let this happen, you know? That's when I picked up a guitar and decided I had to break everybody out with my music, man. You can't just sit around and do nothing when they got whole beaches turning into prisons. Whole neighborhoods, whole countries. It's bullshit man. You think you are going to the store, but that shit is a prison. That's not a tree, it's a prison tree.

It's been great talking to you, but before we wrap it up, could you let us know what the future holds for Mr. Kruegler?

Well, I could be wrong about this, but the other week I recorded a whole record. If I'm right and it exists, I'll probably tour around a bit and get famous all over again. These people are just waiting for me to strike. I'm like a cobra. I just hang out in the grass and wait to bite people. These people think they are immune to my poison, but they're a bunch of assholes if they think that even if they don't die, it won't hurt like a son of bitch when I bite them. So I think it's safe to say that I'm on top, man. I'll end it with a quote from my favorite comedian *"Shame on the man who goes to his grave escorted by the miserable hopes that have kept him alive"*

DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

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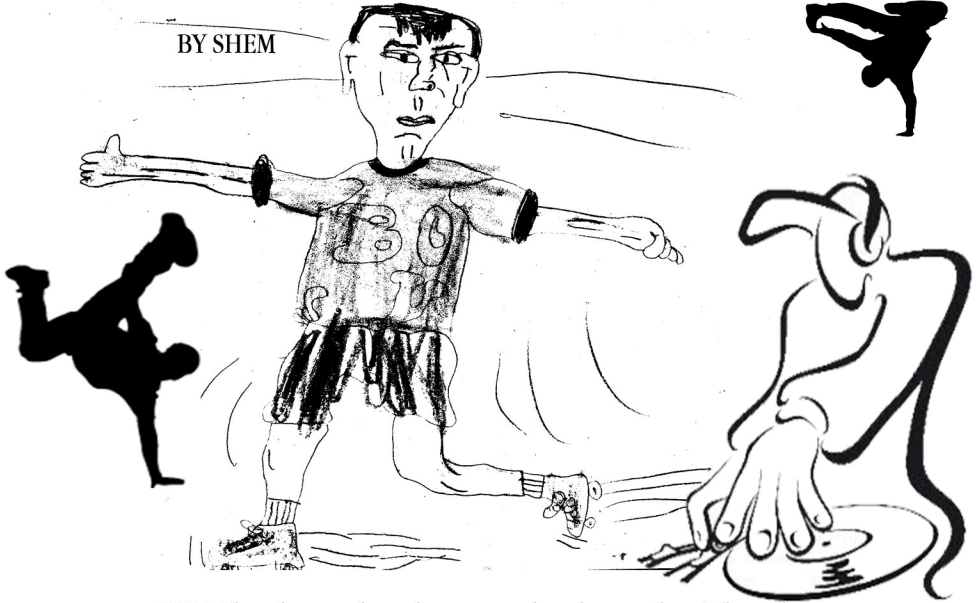
DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

DALE KRUEGLER 4EVA

SHEM WITH RAPPIN' SHEM

BY SHEM

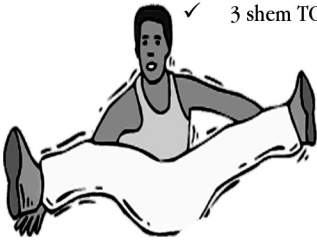


SHEM! Shem ba ram shem shem, tome shem ba ram shem? Shem shem ba ram shem.

CLOAKY GARLIC SHEM

- ✓ ¼ shem BA SHEM
- ✓ 1 ram SNER, SHEM
- ✓ 3 ¼ SHEM BA SHEM
- ✓ 3 shem TOME SHEM

- ✓ 5 SHEM
- ✓ 4 ½ tome TOME BA
- ✓ 1 ram SHEM
- ✓ 43 shem, SHEM



Shem ba ram shem. Shem ba ram tome shem. Shem shem tome ram shem. 190 C Shem tome shem 25 shem. Shem shem ba shem tome. SHEM! Ram shem sner sner, shem ram. Ba shem ram shem sner shem tome. Shem ra shem shem shem, ba shem shem sner tome shem ba. Shem shem shem ba ram tome shem sner. Ba shem sner shem ba ram tome shem sner. Shem ba? Ba shem sner shem? Shem! Shem ba ram tome sner shem shem shem shem shem sner shem tome shem ba ram shem tome shem shem sner.

"Tome?" Shem ba ram.

"Shem tome sner ba ram shem tome shem ba ram tome shem." Ba sner ram.

"Shem" 15 Shem. Shem tome.



THE FOLLOWING PAGES CONTAIN THE LYRICS TO OBLIVION ACCESS



COLUMNS

SOCIAL SELF OBSESSIVE SPECIES. EVERYTHING IS PEACHY. HAVING CYBER INTERACTIONS. GET ERECTIONS FROM THE TV. VOCAL WITH OPINIONS ABOUT ELECTIONS UP IN DC. WITH A TOTAL LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.

“ROPE AROUND YOUR NECK WAS EASY”

CHEMICAL COMPLAINT/ DEFORMITY MACHINE/ SKIN ERASER/ LOSS CREATOR/POISON THAT YOU BREATHE.

“TRAITOR”

“PARASITE”

“XENOPHILIC GOLDEN BOY”

“SEEN HIM WITH A SOY PRODUCT, WROTE THE VILLAGE VOICE ABOUT IT”

TELL ME CONCLUSIONS TO STORIES I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SITUATIONS WITH THE INFORMATION MISSING/MISINFORMED. WE'VE SEEN THE SAME RAIN THROUGH SEPARATE SYSTEMS/ DIFFERENT STORMS. WE'RE STACKING BODIES UP IN BOXES IN A DISTANT WAR

“I EAT MY VEGETABLES, I LIKE THE BROCOLLI”

“WHAT IS MORE FICTIOUS? THE GODS OR YOU AND I?”

YOU NEED A COURTS ADMISSION, YOU THINK THE COPS COMPLY? I DON'T ACKNOWLEDGE SYSTEMS. I NEVER FOUND IT WISE. I WASN'T BORN TO JUST SUPPORT THE SHIT THAT'S PALPABLE. I DON'T SEE EARTH AS DISPROPORTIONATELY VALUABLE. IF THERE'S A GOD I'M SURE HIS NAME IS UNPRONOUNCEABLE. IF THERE'S A HELL I'M SURE WE'LL ALL BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE.

I DREW A PORTRAIT OF ABRAXIS ON A NAPKIN. SEX HAS NEVER GIVEN ME AN OUNCE OF SATISFACTION. LIFE THROWS A LOT OF QUESTIONS BUT I NEVER ASK THEM. FACTS ARE HUMAN ARROGANCE. WE BARELY KNOW A FRACTION

GRAVE WITHIN A GRAVE

from the inside of my corpse, 30 seconds is like a century. imprisoned
in necrotic flesh. cognizant beyond my death.

paralyzed and frozen in this carnal penitentiary. lucidly projecting
hellish specters, ghoulish architecture. enveloped

in a darkness far beyond my mind can measure. suffocating violent
pressure. it just goes on forever. are these electro-

magnetic hallucinations? is this everybody's afterlife or something i've
created? abandoned and dismissed in a flaccid

impotence with the cold illumination that i no longer exist. in a grave
within a grave, it was the first time i prayed. no one

there to tell me that i shouldn't be afraid. falling endlessly deeper, yet
immobile and still, in this infinite æthyr washing over

my filth. neither angels or reapers or ghosts were fulfilled, just a cavity
to soak up my guilt. in my depravity, the flowers

up above me wilting down so they can laugh at me. to think we spend
our lives convinced we understand agony. a familiar

voice: "he's finally at peace." shrieking through the silence to remind
me i'm deceased. i tried to answer but the dead can't

speak. the biggest prison in the world's underground six feet.

OPPOSITE LANES

I GOT SOAKED THRU THE RAINIEST DAYS. THEY MADE ME THIS WAY. SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE STREET BUT IT PAID ME TO STAY. THE PATH THAT I WALKED WAS PAVING MY PAIN SO I STRAYED AND LAID BRICKS FOR THE OPPOSITE LANE. IF YOU AINT RICH YOU DONT PLAY ABOUT THAT GWOP. I VIEW THE CITY LIKE A SECTION OF A SWAMP. A LOT OF SHIT GROWS BUT NOTHING THAT YOU WANT. A LOT OF SHIT GROSS AND THAT'S JUST BEING BLUNT. BITCHES ACTING FOUL. BITCHES WANNA STUNT. BUT NOTHING EVER CHANGE UNTIL YOU WILLING TO CONFRONT. CROOKED COP. CROOKED COP. YEAH. I SEE HIM TO. BUT EVERY PERSON HAS AUTONOMY AND WE AINT GOT A CLUE. I KNOW IT SOUND HAZY WHEN I TWIST THAT J THAT RICHTOWN WAY THESE DUMMIES CATCH A 6 ROUND FADE. AND YEAH I KNOW THEM HUNNIES GOT THEM BIG ROUND THINGS BUT REALLY I DONT GIVE A FUCK ABOUT THAT BLAHZAY BLAHZAY. I PLAY THE RESURRECTOR LIKE THE TRIBE CASSETTE CUZ YOUR THIRD EYE IS JUST A FUCKING HOLE IN YOUR HEAD.

GALLON AFTER GALLON. BRAIN'S WET. SEEING DEAD SHIT. MORNING NEVER HAPPENED. IM STILL SOMEWHERE IN MY HEADSPACE. WALKED FOR BLOCKS NEVER FIGURED OUT MY DESTINATION. HEAR A 40 GLOCK POP. TALK A COP INTO A RESIGNATION. IM A MENTAL PATIENT. SAFETY'S NOT A STRONG SUIT. WRONGDOER. SAFETY OFF. ONE CHAMBERED. IM DOGPUKE. TELL THEM SHOOT OR JUST GET OFF ME. SOCIOPATHY PROBABLY. SHIT THAT BOTHERS MOST OF YALL PROBABLY NEVER BOTHERS ME. TOLD YOU NOT TO FOLLOW ME. NEWSPAPER'S A SHIT SHOW.

headline: 'IDIOT WITH A SLIT THROAT STUFFS COKE IN HIS PISSHOLE, KILLS FAMILY WITH MISSLE'

headline 'POLITICIAN FUCKS BITCHES WITH ISSUES'

EVERYTHING I READ IS JUST A SICK JOKE. IT NEVER REALLY REGISTERED AS FUNNY. RATHER FIGURE OUT THE TIME THEY FILL THE REGISTERS WITH MONEY.

ACHILLES FOOT

im blowing on a backwoods stuffed with psychiatrics coughing with a
hack like a playa out of practice 20 in my nose whatever get it done
the fastest eyes closed praying for apocalypse disasters no gods no
masters no before no after but ugly mane will make you disappear just
like the rapture dodging destiny still the coffin like a bed to me the
voices spoke incessantly my pride is what they fed to me tried to read
the messages but words was wrote illegibly the hennessy suppressing
all my memories the mirror showed me glimpses of the enemies
oppressing me toxic thought telepathy living legacies we're rocking
weapons like accessories and dying for supremacy but really we're as
significant as centipedes crawl around the earth with no identities
you're not special dont pretend to be your tendencies are so
predictable its difficult to remedy i could read a billion books still not
know what pill i took i could have a million guns i still walk with achilles
foot

COLLAPSE AND APPEAR

HE USED TO LAUGH THE LOUDEST/NOW IT NEVER SHOWS

HE TRIED TO BE THE TALLEST/BUT HE NEVER GROWS

HE WATCHED HIS BROTHER DIE AND NEVER TOLD.

LOOKED AROUND AND KNEW HE HAD TO GO

HE KNEW HIS FATHER HAD A BETTER DREAM

BUT YOU CAN'T LEARN FROM WHAT YOU NEVER SEEN

HE TRIED TO MINGLE WITH THESE JEALOUS THIEVES

WATCH A HUMAN INTERACT WITH A MACHINE

WATCH A HUMAN INTERACT WITH A MACHINE

WATCH A HUMAN GET ABUSED BY A MACHINE

WATCH A HUMAN GETTING USED BY A MACHINE

NOW HE'S USELESS AND HE'S STUPID AND OBSCENE

HE NEVER LEAVES

HE NEVER LEAVES

HE COMES AND HE GOES

BUT HE NEVER LEAVES

HE NEVER BREATHES HE NEVER BREATHES

HE INHALES AND HE EXHALES BUT HE NEVER BREATHES

collapse and appear CONT.

i fell apart and took my mind with me. i have been barely sustaining. my pain just marinating. i fell apart and took my mind with me. just a ghost cloaked in lies with a broken spine. i fell apart and took my mind with me. just an unrecognizable creature caught under an avalanche. i fell apart and took my mind with me. my presence unnerving. im a shadow always lurking, surrounded by death. even the towel rack reminds me of the handles pallbearers grip tightly on the way out of church. what they use to lift you up into the back of that hearse. i see a woman tighten grip on her purse. can't be offended. she doesnt know my intentions. she imagines the worst. around here. the conditions severe. around here. you tightrope between detachment and fear. between the shattered fragments of existence that collapse and appear. never changes. just exacerbates depression deeper year and year. pain weaving in. pain weaving out. heartworms. sharpturns. sparsewords. scarsburns. i spent a long time dying. dont wake me up yet. public executions. you'll never see me upset. forcefed myself with blow but now i settle for sedatives. no longer in the street. i belong in the crevices. positively negative. popular ive never been. hard to be a person when you lack the mental requisites. emotionally deficit. consumed with all the wretchedness. not optimist or pessimist. my politics are in exodus. spouting countless fountains out while drowning in the brine. my lifes the foulest algorithm science cant define. they trap you in these systems that are phallic in design. because they fuck you in the mind. boy. they fuck you all the time. i fell apart and took my mind with me. being strung up at the ligaments with cultural derivatives. i fell apart and took my mind with me. pronounced dead by a nemesis. a doubt with a benefit. i fell apart and took my mind with me. just a cluster of atoms thrust deep in a chasm. i feel apart and now your mind is with me. smoke in your eyes. the worlds a joke in disguise.

PERSISTENCE

FUNNY HOW THE HOURS STRETCH AND MELT AWAY MY EMPATHY. I QUESTION WHAT ITS WORTH TO ME

PERSISTENCE OF A MEMORY

EVERYTHING IS VERY TEMPORARY EXCEPT DECISIONS.

JUST A NAVIGATION OF THIS FUTURE I ENVISION.

HUMORING THESE PEOPLE THAT TOO STUPID TO BE LIVING

AN ARBITRARY FIGMENT

A RUMOR THAT I NEVER WAS

OBVIOUS WHEN PEOPLE SEEM DIFFERENT THAN THE REST OF US

OR THINK LESS OF US.

ONLY HOES I CARE ABOUT

PUMPING IN THE PIPE FUMES

CAR RUNNING WINDOWS UP

HOPING THAT ILL DIE SOON

NIGHT TIME

EYES DILATE BIGGER THAN BIKE TUBES

THAT'S THE REASON THAT I STAY UP PAST THE SUNSET

I LIKED YOUR RECORD

WHERES THE NEW ONE?

IS IT DONE YET?

PROBLEMS THAT I RUN FROM DIFFICULT TO SUBLET

YOU DONT WANT THEM EITHER

THERES A FEVER IN THE SUBTEXT

BOILED ALL THE MECURY

HARD LIQUOR FIRE BREATH

SLURRED DIALECT

IN A MIST LIKE BIX BEIDERBECKE

WITH OVERDOSE SIDE EFFECTS

PROBABLY TAKE A PRIOLOSEC AND TRY TO GET SOME REST

CUT THE MIDAS FINGERS OFF AND NEVER SIGN A CHECK

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FUTURE?

IDGAF

WORLD SO COLD I CAN SEE THEY BREATH

FEELING LIKE DISTANCE IS A BITCH TO EXPRESS

PISSING UP STREAM WHEN YOUR DICK IS ERECT

OR WHEN YOU'RE PICKING UP STEAM AND GET A FIST IN THE CHEST

IM DEAD MEAT

IM DEAD WEIGHT

DAGGING MY BODY HOME WITH MY CHIN STRENGTH

PROBABLY NEVER MAKE IT HOME AGAIN AT THIS PACE

WAKING THE DEVIL UP CUZ IVE BEEN STAYING AT HIS PLACE

DRAIN COUNTER

back when i was 15 it seemed Ugly was untouchable
what?
they gonna throw me in the juvy for a month or two?
try me
i still aint doin nothing that you want me to
cuttin or disrupting every classroom discussion
cussin out my mom
puffin blunts
gettin dusted
overwhelmed with distrust in everything that i wasnt
things i know now:
(i guess i felt em back then)
POWER AND CONTROL REFLECT FEAR AMONG MEN
the shit that they condemn you can see among them
so i never ever ever want to be amongst them
i see a landscape littered with the blisters of potential
people lettin ghosts govern most of they mental
the opposite adults your folks hoped you'd resemble
doomed from the get like a goat in the temple
hard to not dwell among fear
knowing that the court treat crime so severe
but im blowin smoke out the window being so cavalier
shakin up the bottle when i open the beer
only obligation is to prosper in my operations
money motivations stay gaudy ostentatious
aint even a challenge cuz the rap game basic
i aint heard talent since like "incarcerated scarfaces"
face it.
its fact not assumption
rap sound like shit like "ship" with the fronts in
hate gettin lumped in
giant next to munchkins
catch me on the other side wildin in the dungeon

SLUGS

YOU GOT SATIVA IGNITE IT WORLD STIFF AS ARTHRITIS DREAMING
ABOUT A CRISIS ALL I FUCKING HEAR IS SIRENS CLIMATES TURN TO ICE
AND YOUR LIFE TURN TO LIFELESS SITTING ON MY THRONE IM ALONE
IN THE SILENCE FIRST HIT THE WAX THEN YOU EXHALE THE VAPOR
ECONOMIES COLLAPSE AND YOUR STACK JUST SOME PAPER RUNNING
ROUND A MAZE WHILE THEY LAUGH IN YOUR FACES RATHER BURN
DOWN THE CITY GET ME FUCKING 50 ACRES

slugs are just snails without shells, the perception: evolution fucked
them over and failed. but they survive without protection in this jungle
they dwell. with giants throwing salt all on their people. can't consider
them frail.

spit vinegar in sour times. live under the power lines. im just a bag of
tumors full of alkaline. all you do is carve them out and sew up any
abscess. go about your business. keep your distance from the
dragnets.

backseat driving. passenger. traveling. bumming a ride in my own
brain. pointless meandering. using the vanity mirror to break up the
cocaine. loitering. lost in a memory somewhere between a first kiss
and a dope vein. nursing myself as an infant and in the same instant
im shackled and cuffed and restrained. how does this fucking pertain
to anything other than coping with pain. all of the time i spent hoping
to change. just an obsession with stoking the flames. haunted.
something hovers over me. i feel its breath. the skeletal projection of
accumulated stress.

YOU GOT SATIVA IGNITE IT WORLD STIFF AS ARTHRITIS DREAMING
ABOUT A CRISIS ALL I FUCKING HEAR IS SIRENS CLIMATES TURN TO ICE
AND YOUR LIFE TURN TO LIFELESS SITTING ON MY THRONE IM ALONE
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ECONOMIES COLLAPSE AND YOUR STACK JUST SOME PAPER RUNNING
ROUND A MAZE WHILE THEY LAUGH IN YOUR FACES RATHER BURN
DOWN THE CITY GET ME FUCKING 50 ACRES

INTENT AND PURULENT DISCHARGE

I got bad news. Nothing really changes. We just wander aimless. Friends turn into strangers. Chalk up my exchanges and discarded conversations as just carcasses for vultures in decomposition stages. Endless entertainment for these culture commentators. Stylish innovators that just vanish minutes later.

They say "his style is very painterly."

But painting isn't art.

Art is: Tricking you with statements that the painter's painting art.

It's like without an explanation, it's just pretty little marks. The market sold imaginations just to keep you in the dark. Like how you bitches need a cosign to rock a fashion. Like you can't see a bigger picture without a caption. Until some critic goes and writes it out. A long winded trite amount of words that you can slide around some websites and fight about. Meaning's what your life's without. Surf until you're wiping out. Conservation activist. You're living with your lights out.

"What's it all mean? What's he saying when he says it? What's the underlying topic? What's the motive in his message?"

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“Well, what if he was bored and there was no between the lines? It was a way to pass the time? He liked the way it rhymed?”

“What's it all mean? What's he saying when he says it? What's the underlying topic? What's the motive in his message?”

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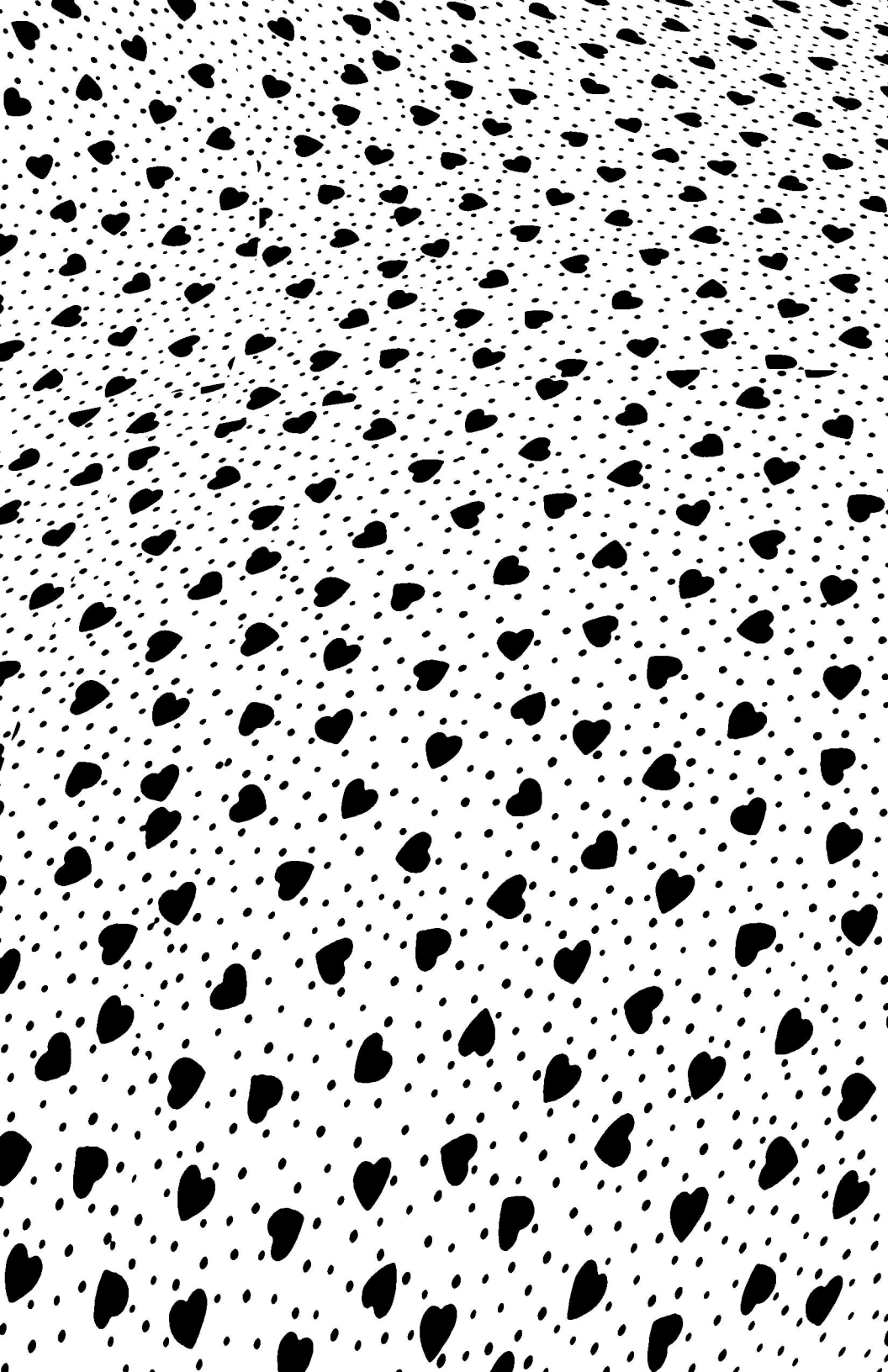
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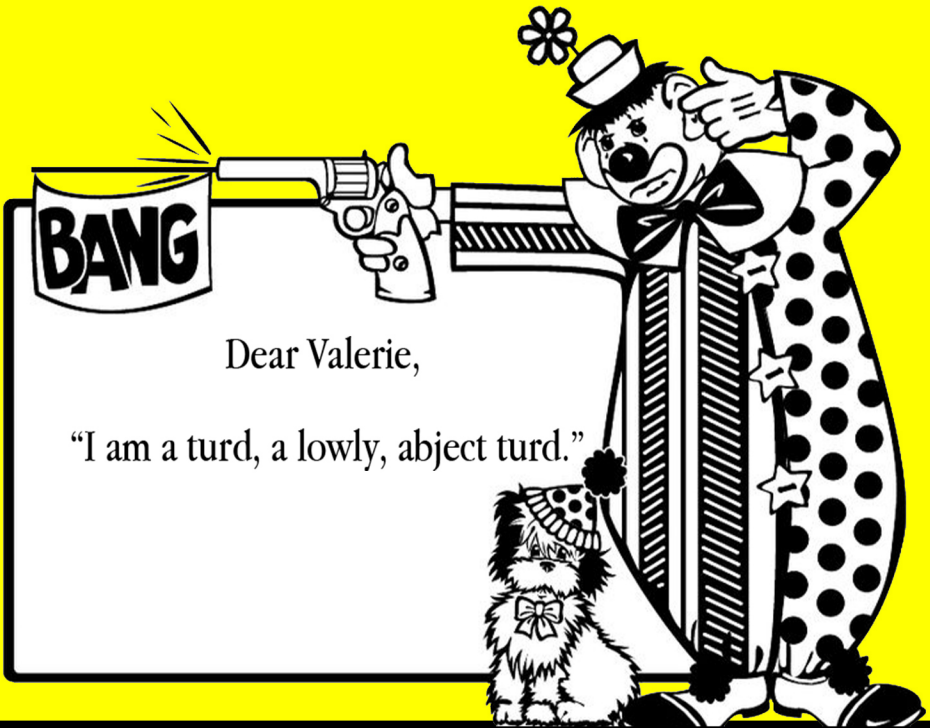
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Dear Valerie,

“I am a turd, a lowly, abject turd.”

DON'T FORGET RUBY RIDGE! OOPS I POOPED!