

by Dan Sullivan

BOB LIMP TOCK

TOWARDS

a



new
LURCHING

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Introduction

Hello buddy ...

I see you out there, sitting in your underwear, eating chili from a can.

It's been a long-time bro, and many of the gumpton-folk are asking me: "Dan, when the FUCK are you going to publish YOUR MANIFESTO?" Cuz everyone is doing it, it will be bigger than BLOGS by the time this wave hits. For each soul and self, from the mind of fecal swamp spirit healing and circling back to the END of bygone turnip warriors, we will LURCH. We will brag and hag. We will write up a SPEC and send our inner sect the project plan for SCRUM STYLE Rambo-teams. YOUR VOICE WILL BE HEARD, when the great WAVE of manifestos crests, and you lurch and lurch onward, toward the cave ... with the light at the end, coming at us fast.

We won't walk or talk or jog or run ...

We're not here to have fun hun. We're here to bring the FORCE of ancient juices and other forms of oceanic protein to the kind and gentle folk of sectors 34 and 89.7 on the FM dial. We will lurch and perch, our cider tomboys will sell canister chowder to the customers at Denny's. Our MEME MASTERS will fashion darker visions, dwelling in the folds of your fatty pilot, sitting in your dingy bone-cave, called YOUR head. Now go to bed, and rest on that.

"I think I've fucked up so much I've learned a few things." - Dr. Freckles

How many chapters will my manifesto have? – AS MANY AS I FUCKING WANT.

How many followers will I have? – billions ... 50 of which will be human.

How many more nights of waking up with chills and spills of near emptied vodka bottles breaking on the floor ... my whore girlfriend Tessie, getting messy in the shower because she just got done watching LAW and ORDER?

We lurch because it is a known thing, we lurch and glare because our enemies are hidden from us until they see weakness and pain and the gentle falling of old spirit branches.

Our lurching annoys our masters, so this is a bonus too ...

We will lurch to our seats on the BUS, downtown – catching one of the shitty cans to REDMOND to crank out AZURE SCRIPT and rip a bong gong song as the clarinet playing TEAM SCOUT has a bout of gout and spits out that “great idea” about using “Python instead of Power Shell” ... and now your help is complete, and this is why you glare and lurch too.

GREAT TIDINGS BESPOKE THIS ERA!

It will signal the coming of a new arrival of beginnings ...

Your guide master has been born.

Your willing noggle-mind is ungloved.

In time the LAST of the MOGAMBO FREAKS will REIGN in a REALM of dusky street-sloths and slutty bar maidens. Our SCOB-GARDENS will feed the untapped populous, as the masses of scuzz-urchins devour protein souffle and the discarded roadkill left for us by the ancient demon gods. There will be NO REDEMPTION for the SPACE CADETS and other liars and purveyors of MOON PIE MADNESS!

**“I don't want to be a door or a window,
I want to be a guy that points at the horse
and screams 'RIDE!'” – Dr. Freckles**

Your bile duct fantasies are UNSCREWED and TAPPED, making a way for those tired old grandpas living in Fresno.

WE ARE THE SCRUMBO! Living in economic limbo under the overpass near ROUTE 71. We muddle and fuddle and griddle our road apple FEAST and on BUNKTON DAY we celebrate the mite and barley worm stew.

UPON BUNKTON DAY, OUR DAY OF TOTALISTIC REVENGE AND LIBERATION, a day that hasn't happened yet ... but February is boring, so maybe it will happen in February? Listen up, on that special day we will WAKE to a BEAR MUFFIN scent breakfast, and greet each other with smiles and piles of empty whiskey bottles ... and say these words to each other, that BUNKTON DAY morning: "Good morning, fuck you, I love you!"

These are the conceived of chapters as of this wake'y bake'y morning ...

1. BOBLIMPTOCK and the BOY'S LIFE HOVERCRAFT
2. FUCKING with PEOPLE: a primer on military psychological warfare, how-to pick-up girls at bars, hypnotism and MIND CONTROL (you are lonely)
3. SOVIETOLOGY: seeing THROUGH the TRAUMA MONKEYS
4. WHITE TRASH and HYPER RACISM: the PAUL HARVEY EFFECT
5. Transcend the SCRUMBO mentality: WHAT IS A GRINKEN MAN? or WOA-H-MAN? SCRUM style RAMBO is SCRUMBO!
6. SEXUAL STYLE LOVE SCIENCE and managing lust dragons: ungunjoolating YOUR WOA-H-MAN so SHE can reach PEAK SEXUAL MOVIE BUTTER PRODUCTION LEVELS
7. The Battle of Bunkton Day: of BANKERS and ANGLER FISH AND women will be seeking/leaking after my precious FLAME POTION and will dry it out and snort it on Bunkton Day ... some time in February ... when the good guys win
8. Directing Mind Fire and other TOTALISTIC superpowers: EZ payment plan
9. HOOKTOGGENFOOK: the new KUNG FU
10. DANARCHY/DANARCHISM: We're NOT SCIENTOLOGY, we're a GROOVEMENT (the FIVE TRILLION YEAR HOA and the JOHN LURCH SOCIETY, fuck you pay me)
11. GREYHOUND: A pilgrimage to Grinken Town, rock hard and cock sure PAIN GARDENS and FUCK PTSD ...
12. BUILDING the GLIDE PLANE: what color is your COMPOUND?
13. SOUL GLUE and Spiritual Gold: SEA-FLOW, ENERGY DRINKS, how YOU gonna PAY ME? (turn YOU into Nutella? – no tella)

- 14.COMMS and TECH and GAMER GALS
- 15.CANDLE BLASTERS and our CROOKED MASTERS
- 16.Economics: DESTRUCTO FORCE, Reverso-Bastiat and MOON BONDS
- 17.YOUR MOUNTAIN of GOLD: what does it mean to be wealthy?
- 18.UNIFORMS: Robot Hugo Boss and our dilemma ...
- 19.The DANISH PROBLEM ... (Kris Kringle and Hamlet)
- 20.BOBLIMPTOCKTEERS or BOBLIMPNAUTS, fuck, SPACE and BOBLIMPTOCKKONAUTS:
that NASA Pioneer probe placard ...
- 21.Prolegomena to all future LURCHING: how to survive?

And maybe we'll have some other chapters and some other subjects, so don't be too focused on this pedantic nonsense ... or as my old pimp friend would say: don't pole vault over gnat shit.

It's gonna be between 15,000 and 25,000 words – all dependent upon how lazy or drunk or distracted I get. I could also get bored. I read Mein Kampf once ... I read the Communist Manifesto ... I read Kaczynski and so many others over the years ... fucking Ayn Rand ... fuck ... and they are all boring. If I get boring or BORED or BOTH, I will abandon this manifesto and move on to my dream of becoming a geriatric porn star (it's a growing concern). It must be in the spirit of Bukowski and Channon's FIRST EARTH BATTALION MANUAL.

The SKY CHARMERS will fear us. They spread the rancid thought-wax of a waning empire. Their mind spiders connect to the ALL BOX and out of that box comes RANDY COCKS, British 70's porn star. They will harass us, they will bite at our heels, but we will persevere. We are the GROUND CLIMBERS; our mountains are made of pain.

**"The 'life' they sold you is a lie."
- Dr. Freckles**

The health insurance companies will DREAD US, as our helpful hints about self-surgery and vodka and 5-pound test fishing line, modeling knives and super glue,

mirrors and other devices for doing those necessary self-care chores that keep the body safely from the grave.

The POPE will send his armies, so will Oprah and various Asian gangs ... but our movement will be unafraid before that hairy assemblage.

We know the “Southern Poverty Law Center” is ironically named, and this will lead to MORE ATTACKS and MORE ARTICLES published on Zero Hedge ... because no one else will touch us, and Zero Hedge thrives on being number 2.

“Everything prior to Boblimptock is small potatoes.” – Dr. Freckles

It is OUR JOB to clean up the cities. Don't show no pity as you roll your HEEMEYER style command vehicle to the town square. YOU ARE THE MAYOR of your OWN JOURNEY SELF. You own the sky-pilot drooling and your cooling brain will gain the DAY, as you slay the various socialites living HIGH on the HOG at Borlaug's chemical bakery and food fakery.

SO, STAND IN THAT SANDBOX BATHROOM, BEFORE THE LOOKING GLASS ...

SPEAK THESE WORDS WITH FIERY GLEE, and if you are drunk it might help ...

Ahem ...

“WE ARE THE LAST OF THE HUMANS, WE CARRY THE CANDLE OF FROLICKING FEAR. WE WILL GET OUR ASSES INTO GEAR TO STAND FAST AND LAST THE WAY OUR BUBBLY WOMAN LIKES. OUR HIKES WILL BE FURIOUSLY HARD AS WE SCALE THE SHIT MOUNTAINS OF FLORIDA. OUR BREATH WILL BE LIKE STALE BEER AND CIGARETTE ASHTRAYS, STARING OUT FROM THE ABYSS. NO ONE WILL STOP US, NO WAY. WE WILL BE THE VICTORY BRINGERS AND BUSTY AND SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN WILL BRING US FRUIT. ALL HAIL THE NEW HUMAN. GOOD MORNING. FUCK YOU. I LOVE YOU.”

BOY'S LIFE HOVERCRAFT



YOU CAN FLOAT ON AIR

You can ride this AIR CAR around your home or school. It floats on air, powered by an ordinary vacuum cleaner motor. Low cost, EASY TO BUILD! It really works! For plans and photos

LIFT 200 LBS

FREE
Inventors Calendar
It's FUN! It's FREE with order

Send \$4.95 to:
AIR CAR Box
1822, Dept.B
Newport Beach
CA 92663

*YOU CAN FLOAT ON AIR,
YOU CAN RIDE THIS AIR CAR,
around your HOME ...
around your school ...*

*It floats on air,
powered by a vacuum cleaner ...*

*It floats on air,
powered by an electric motor ...*

*If it needed electric power?
Or some kind of magical SPRITE?
They'd tell you, right?*

They'd include those words, amazing.

Infinite energy drive, what a time to be alive.

*IT LIFTS 200 POUNDS!
THIS FUCKER LIFTS 200 POUNDS!*

*You will fly around,
all over town,
your woman will wear a gown,
the old men will frown ...*

*IT'S YOUR BOY'S LIFE HOVERCRAFT!
It's your key to future bliss!
This one time offer so surprising,
you don't dare miss.*

*For PLANS AND PHOTOS? - send \$4.95 ...
For love and HEROES, give us your coin.
Your loins will flare,
you'll kill a bear,
your daddy WILL SWEAR to never take the ATARI away ...*

*PITFALL PETE.
PITFALL PETE.
STRUGGLE SO SWEET.
IN A JUNGLE SO WET.
You can bet mother fucker,
good old Pete,
wished he had a hovercraft,
to beat bricks back home,
to beat his meat.*

*You can float on air.
It lifts 200 pounds.
They'll never hear a sound,
when you sneak up on their BOY'S LIFE LIES.*

*The skies turn dark,
but you still have time,
for plans and photos,
send four ninety five.*

FREE INVENTORS CALENDAR!

It's fun.

It's free.

With order ...

Low COST,

EASY TO BUILD,

YOU CAN'T BE KILLED,

YOU WON'T BE DESTROYED,

YOUR LIFE WILL IMPROVE,

one day you'll find YOUR GROOVE ...

Am I right Pete?

You still swinging Pete?

You still alive?

Or do you live with UNCLE CLIVE,

in HELL ...

Does that ring a bell?

We're going to Hell.

In late 2019 I had a tingler latched to my back, sinking its bug teeth into my spine. It whispered things like “fuck, shit’s about to get real” and “dude, the Lord’s Church will be driven underground soon”. And all of this is in the rear view mirror, as the COSMIC race brings us closer to a photo finish and British underwear models grab their feline spices and leave grease marks on the crescent metal sofa where their “third world guilt” banged them last night. Like that, and it’s fucking annoying, but it’s JUST LIKE THAT.

It reminds me of when I was a kid, at the barbershop with my dad ...

In addition to slightly out of date Popular Mechanics and Popular Science, there was always that one ragged copy of Boy's Life on the table at the barbershop whilst you awaited your trim. You'd flip through and see articles about boys fishing for trout, and starting fires, and the story of "young hero" type bullshit. Some bear was chasing some fucking Holden Caulfield down the dungeon pit of life's little tragedies, but the boy STOOD up and made a SPEAR, and tossed that wretched thing in the bear's ear. That boy's life was saved; Boy's Life was like that, and more.

If you stayed long enough, looking at those brownish yellow papers, that low quality ink on pulp, you might happen upon an article promising something AMAZING. COME ON: GEN X was RAISED on TANG and APOLLO STYLE BODY ORGIES. We expect the BEST, and our disappointments MOUNT. But back then, we'd look at that beautiful thing, and see in IT the reflection of our true American can-do selves. But that's the GRIFT. That some kid during the stagflation heydays of the 1970's might cobble together enough lawn mowing coinage to build some functional HOVERCRAFT ... because that's what they were selling. A hovercraft miracle.

Looking at that space vehicle you could imagine being General Patton, storming the BEACHES, fighting them NAZIs in your HOVERCRAFT DREAM. You might pick up Farah Fawcett and hang out at the WHISKEY BAR listening to the EAGLES play happy sunshine Saturday music bullshit. With that HOVERCRAFT? – the kids would stop making fun of you. Your dad might stop yelling at you. The world might stop calling you fat, and stupid, and a loser ... if you had that FUCKING hovercraft. But instead, disappointment.

I think about the waning days of 2019, and out of that misty memory I conjure that demon from my youth, that impossible force, that summertime dream that some wise scheme could bring into existence; "the summer doesn't end friend", is what that HOVERCRAFT FANTASY said to me. But the summers must end and we drift deeper into the darkness scrumbo brothers and sisters.

WE ARE THE SCRUMBO, WE ARE THE LIMBO, we are the ones cleaning up after the baggage handler white lightning parties. We MIX DIESEL and BROKEN GLASS and OLD ASS with our sawdust and metal shavings, we are ready to guzzle it down,

without a frown, so that the WHOLE TOWN, bejeweled and in gowns, might COME OUT THAT NIGHT and make it a happening. What a sight it would be, if that HOVERCRAFT LIE didn't die.

THE HOVERCRAFT LIARS are the scourge.

They've morphed and sell iPhones now or reverse mortgages, but they're still out there, grifting, sifting through the landfill of these intemperate masses finding goblets and glasses of tired old wine and Orson Wells' ghost marking the way to peace. Will this madness ever cease?

They've changed into lawyers and voyeurs, glaring at that sticky alley fort life. Taco people wrapped in tarps, sleeping with roaches and rats and earwigs laying eggs in their ears and laying siege to their inhibitions.

I flourished before the time of LIES, when the FRENCH FRIES arrived and Ronald gave everyone a HAPPY meal. We were donuts and cake, we had an EZ bake oven and sold crank to the spiders at the Harley Davidson store. Kennels, filled with waifish bar maidens fed that lust prison and kept us from HIGHER UNDERSTANDING. We were trapped, and unfree – the HOVERCRAFT was a shackle and a hassle and the end of our youthful bliss.

2020 ARRIVED with BLUSTER and BRAVE FEAR.

Every crazed nurse-ape on TWITTER was advising you to MAKE YOUR WAY to the HOSPITAL respirator, for the necessary care of your magic monkey herpes or virus or pandemic. And you'd look at the nurses, as they danced in G-string style panties, and rubbed their BRAVE HERO MUNCTOUS upon your forehead blessing you, YOU SPECIAL YOU with WARP SPEED LOVE and BUMP STOCK BUSTINESS. The mind fuck didn't end, no matter what you pretend or avoid. They keep tossing bullshit, but we know, my fellows, we know as HANG GLIDER MADMEN, that this is STILL the play; the intermission is nearly over, the FINAL ACT will be quite real.

You've tested the waters, and found that the sea is a roiling mess of carcass getaways and sailors lost and alone.

You are MAKING changes in your life, to become encrusted and trusted; various reef wardens have marked you and your time to SHINE is SOON!

When the fury cast is met by a skull dragon and the sky bleeds yellow, a fellow with a hearty laugh and a golden staff will arrive. He sells musket balls and catcalls and German cars and martini bars. You will meet that looming fate, and GREAT will be the scream as you meme and dance. An ORANGE KING has come to play and the sand castle queens will go away. For TODAY, this DAY, is THE DAY you turn up the volume on your life and get rid of the strife.

Boblimptock is almost ripe, and those cavern slugs you've been running from cannot hurt you any longer. Your fists are raw but filled with fight. Your eyes are consumed by the RED LUST of vengeance. You know what's up, and you'll take the FIGHT to them: the JACK-APES, the DURG-BUTCHERS, and FARMER TED. The whole GANG of framed mantle jacks can be YOURS for 6 EASY payments of just \$15.99 ... kind of feeling that hovercraft love again, ain't ya?

Ominous ...

In May of 2025, following the first full month of JD Vance's presidency, a great object, glowing and special, will be seen in the sky. In April 2025, President Trump dies of a stroke. JD Vance takes over, and starts doing shit you'd expect him to do. Maybe we get WW3 no matter which chunk of human waste is tossed at the wall. Maybe there's a ugly monster coming. Boblimptock was only ever going to last about 5 years ... it all comes to an end, BOBLIMPTOCK does, the 5 years does, in May 2025. At that moment we enter GRINKEN TIME.

GRINKEN TIME will be a merciless pain flood. The deluge of old will take hold, in new forms. Humans, so called, will devolve into mongrel hoarders and old-style weasel knights. The best among us will be taken swiftly by the first great herald, as skies turn brown, then orange, then black, then red. Many such horses and portended things can be felt, as the Pope talks about beach blanket bingo, and your grandmas tell you stories of salty BOOMER STYLE 5 ways in FRISCO back in 72'.

DOOK MINKLER, the TULIP STALLION, will take hold of what's left of California, by the year 2033. Scoop gals, with torn dresses and jagged smiles, will carry knives about Sunset Boulevard and horny-Mc-Chesty types will run in fear from those rage

driven morblies from Quadrant-83-BRAVO. Scourge forces and shock armies will surround your plans and nothing you expected will manifest. And why? – because YOU are living in 2019.

SKAG FISHING will be our FUEL ENDEAVOUR. Hunting coyote-elk and jungle-beaver will fill our days, as drinking and merrymaking FILL OUR NIGHTS. We TOSS that rancid place into the great vortex, we cast out remorse, regret, and sullen obsessions about pointless desires.

You want to go back? – STOP IT!

2019 is SO FUCKING OVER.

All your grievances and plans.

All your dollar faith and rule of law homage.

All the “respect” the institutionalized used to get, and is now gone.

All of it – leave it behind puddle flower.

Leave your pain with the blistering sun and that dead horse named Joovis, and just go ...

Stop bringing up what “might” have happened – it didn’t, so what?

To be a LORD of BOBLIMPTOCK, you must transcend the ancient ways and embrace the new melodies. Songs played today resonate with the third eye and the green crystal. Pirate spirits will chase you, and try to take you away, but if you can LET GO of 2019 thinking, you can GET ON WITH Boblimptock style loving. And that’s a real nice moist warm love, fits well, you can commit to it.

Say goodbye to your hovercraft childhood.

Say hello to your meat pirate future.

We will get past the scrubly.

We will become GRINKEN FOLK.

And remember some old-time wisdom ...

“Boblimptock has made Helter-Skelter seem like Woodstock.” – Dr. Freckles

HISTORY HAS BECOME UNSTUCK!

CHEERIO GRINKEN FOLK of the FUTURE!

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE



1 – The Overton Paddock

The Overton Window, as terms of art go, is sort of useful but incomplete. It's described as a "window" that shifts and changes the way we see the world, a window CONTROLLED by THEM, limiting what we're allowed to debate, the region of acceptable skepticism. Problem is? – biggest proponents of the Overton Window

metaphor AS STATED are folks who will give you “Epstein was killed or Epstein committed suicide”, but that’s it – there’s no other option. Sounds a lot like an Overton Window to me brah. For lots of reasons I don’t simply accept some fruity notion without digging deeper, and I have my own conception.

Imagine a fenced in area or paddock. The paddock itself is on wheels, so the fence line can be moved, even the shape of the paddock itself can be morphed. Within the paddock is a flock of sheep, and at the center of the pasture is a wolf giving speeches. Many of the sheep, perhaps most, enjoy the speeches and the free breakfast, lunch and dinner being served. It seems nice and cozy to many.

Some of the sheep are not so happy, they don’t really believe the wolf, nor do they enjoy the food they are being fed. These sheep can see the boundary of the paddock, they sense that there is MORE beyond, and so they tend to congregate at the edge of paddock, near the fences.

And just outside the fence line are tireless warriors for truth. The EDGE LORDS, the rulers of the FENCE. They speak a great deal of truth, and it seems as if they want to liberate you from the paddock, but at the end of the day their “help” keeps you trapped inside.

This chapter is about that paddock, and other related subjects.

2 – What is PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE (aka Social Engineering)?

If you go online you can find adequate definitions of psychological warfare, but they are just adequate. One definition I found: “actions intended to reduce an opponent’s morale”, but what does this mean in the context of a government trying to manage the behaviors/actions of its own population? And if your government is using these techniques against you, your family and your community, does that not imply that YOU are the enemy?

“Psychological warfare is spiritual warfare by other means.” – Dr. Freckles

I will give you my definition of *PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE*: *psychological warfare is the use of brain science, psychology, sociology, and other studies of human behavior, to provide the knowledge and tools to manipulate individuals and groups of people – all to achieve some desired result or set of effects.*

It is oft said that the OLDEST profession is prostitute: this is a lie, started by a grifter or con artist.

The oldest profession is grifter, manipulator. You can see this sketchy behavior in other conscious or self-aware creatures. If you have a dog, you can notice it, to the extent possible, using tools of manipulation to get a desired result.

The SEED of psychological warfare is connected to the human mind and how we think.

There are 3 stages of consciousness:

Stage 1: “Holy FUCK I’m HERE!”

Stage 2: “SHIT, I don’t know enough.”

Stage 3: “Well though, nobody else knows enough EITHER ...”

Stage 3 is what I call the “grifter stage”. Healthy, emotionally intact, humans don’t dwell long in the grifter stage. They might do pranks, or schedule “surprise parties”, but generally that’s as malicious as it gets. Less healthy individuals DWELL in STAGE 3 – and focus on the idea that IF they convince one or more people that they “know something” they in fact DO NOT know, THEN this gives them great power over that person or others: false credibility.

Imagine thousands of years ago in the forest primeval, a STAGE 3 type is counting pebbles between solar eclipses. This guy is keeping track and feels comfortable about WHEN the next eclipse will be: “my friends, my neighbors, I have the power to SEE and IMPACT nature, tomorrow the sun will disappear UNLESS you are willing to worship me as your god”. Because that’s how it works, the STAGE 3 bullshit, and some random priestly caste is born.

The STRATEGIC HIGHGROUND of psychological warfare is false credibility. If you can convince people that YOU are a credible source, when in fact you are lying, you can own another person’s set of choices – or as a former CIA boss once said:

"We'll know our disinformation program is complete when everything the American public believes is false." - William J. Casey, CIA Director (1981)

Psychological warfare is BIGGER than JUST disinformation, but it goes to the crux of where the power over OTHERS is – control the flow of information, and you can control the minds of others.

There are several powerful tools of control, and we will talk about a few in this chapter.

3 – Event Planning / Resource Management / Paid Actors

Whether your PSYOP (psychological operation) is small scale or large scale, you will need resources. One of the most important resources you will utilize is human: the actors. The actors or players or paid protestors are the jelly filled center of any decent PSYOP donut. One of the important aspects of 2020 (and since then) is the “mask”. The masks don’t do nothing to help you with real or imagined diseases, the legal disclaimer on the side of the box states this clearly; but, if you need to recycle paid actors from a “BLM/ANTIFA” gig into a “Proud Boys” gig, the mask makes this easier.

“What if the US dollar imploded in 2019, and the American people were the last to find out about it?” – Dr. Freckles

Another resource for the US deep state is the military, or more precisely the military intelligence branches of the US Army, US Navy, USAF and Marine Corps. One of the NICE THINGS about lowering standards of entrance into the military services, is that PSYOP branches now have purple-haired emo freak fatties that look pretty much like the folks they will need to pretend to play, so it is type casting. It used to be easier “spotting the fed”, but with standards going down it’s harder now. This too has changed the game, along with the “mask”.

Every PSYOP has management, and during the summer of 2020 in Seattle that management was on full display, if you went to the “events” early enough in the morning.

At CHAZ-CHOP on Capitol Hill in Seattle, I was able to record Seattle city employees, senior fire department and police, and various others who looked like councilmen, all monitoring CHAZ-CHOP prior to the start of another day of bullshit. I even got one of the employees on the record: your printed money, tax dollars, property taxes, paying for a snake pit.

Because people have become very lazy when it comes to evaluating information, it’s far easier to push the absurd on them: as long as you don’t look too closely.

I took some video on 7/3/2020 that triggered a couple of PSYOP freaks to beat me up, why? because I got close up shots of Seattle bike cops pretending to be BLM/ANTIFA, but you could clearly see the standard issue weapons sticking out of their butt cracks. Using local law enforcement is risky, but it happens more often that you might suspect when it comes to those “organic” protests.

Because these ops need management, they also have a weakness: identify one or more operators running the event, and you can “work your way up” the food chain.

I'll leave it up to you to figure that out for yourself. Just be observant – *every crowd will have an operator, and that operator is your key to the next level, the controller.*

Last but not least, BIG OPS need BIG PAYCHECKS.

It's a cliché to say “follow the money”, but it's true. Up until the 1970's, the CIA and FBI were not all too careful about funding fake ops, but then there were some investigations (Church, et al), and they got the message: do a better job of hiding the funds for ops.

One of the NEAT WAYS the CIA has done this? – NGOs.

Non-governmental organizations, funded by webs of dark money, are the main funding body of military psychological warfare during the 21st century. They provide plausible deniability, they provide useful idiots and necessary and elevated victims. Whether it's the “white helmets” in Syria or the Maidan Protestors, the NGO model of funding makes it appear as if some authentic “uprising” or “protest” is occurring, when in fact it's quite fake.

4 – Narrative Construction, channels, and the “smart” device

PSYOP narratives for major operations, like “COVID”, take years to build – sometimes decades ...

During the 1980's and 1990's, the US public was fed a consistent diet of “terrorists are going to blow up something big”. In movies, in TV shows, terrorists will “target us at our weakest” and go for some “big event”. Some call this predictive programming, I call it preparing the battlefield of the mind. As with indirect fires, these predecessor fables soften the “front lines”, reduce people's ability to critically think and to counteract the influence of these methods of manipulation.

For my ENTIRE ADULT LIFE, pop culture, movies, books, LITTLE HOUSE ON THE FUCKING PRAIRIE, fed the narrative: “a terrible virus or bacterium or fungus is coming to get you”.

Producing art, literature, film, commentary, academic careers, that reflect this consistent narrative is one of the necessary steps in building future EVENTS. It's not

“subliminal”, if you apply some critical thinking you can see it for what it is ... if you apply critical thinking. But for the distracted and disinterested, it is simply too much.

During the early part of this century a new technology gave the narrative builders even greater power: the “smart” device.

In order to control people, you need to OWN their channels of information, and these “convenient technologies” provide the means of ownership. You can observe it in the young and old, they gormlessly stare at that glowing rectangle in their hands, and ignore everything else around them.

So:

1. build the narratives over time in subtle and powerful ways
2. when the EVENT is triggered, make sure the EVENT is modeled on the bullshit fears you’ve been spoon feeding people for years

In order to do the above you must control ENOUGH of the channels, not all of them. In fact, for reasons we’ll discuss further on, you WANT a kind of “opposition”, because its existence lends credibility to the idea that you could “fight back” or “escape” if you wanted to, but you just don’t feel like it “right now”, cuz the football game is on, or you’re heading back to Cabela’s for more boxes of 9mm.

“Don’t mistake a limited hangout for enlightenment.” – Dr. Freckles

Finally, propaganda and propaganda theory directs narrative construction, both in terms of prep work AND during/post event. It’s like the “COVID” right now, they need to keep pushing it, in order to solidify IT as a real thing that happened. TPTB have been doing this with “9/11” mythos for over two decades.

5 – Sheep Dipping

To sheep dip is to put a person or THING through some type of “ordeal”, such that when the ordeal is complete, the person or THING is placed in a different category and is “different”.

Think of the ordeals of Alex Jones, and the fact that none of these ordeals has led to his death or to his anonymity. If they wished, they could erase his voice, but if you see him for what he is, a “sheep dog”, then what you must do is make it LOOK LIKE the “system is against him”.

The BITCOIN phenomena is a good example of sheep dipping applied to things.

Every time it looks like BITCOIN is going to tank, you get some weird story about how “the government is going to shut down cryptos” or “those evil finance guys are buying crypto now”. These stories maintain the illusion that crypto is an OUTSIDER phenomenon, despite the fact that many insiders and secret HODL’ers are in control of it.

Sheep dipping: to expose a person or a thing to an ordeal of attacks or criticism (maybe even fake attempted assassinations) in order to garner credibility for that person as a source or to provide an illusion of trustworthiness for some object (bitcoin).

See: Ross Ulbricht with respect to bitcoin. He might be 100% real, but best case he is being used to make bitcoin look MORE like an outsider asset than it actually is. Sorry Ross. Worst case? – Ross is in on it or Ross is a made-up person.

6 – Sheep Dogs

Sheep dogs patrol just outside the Overton Paddock.

The sheepdog’s role or purpose is to find and bring back those wayward sheep who jump the fence line and wander too far away. Sheep dogs WORK because of the credibility building process. This process can sometimes take years and multiple events BEFORE a sheep dog is ready: Tucker Carlson is a good example of this.

Sheep dogs LIVE based on their credibility, every believable “ordeal” they go through increases said credibility.

It's important to note for sovietological reasons that sheep dogs will speak the truth. They have to mix a fair amount of truth into their bullshit. By mixing truth and bullshit, 70% truth, 30% bullshit, they easily sell the lie to the masses. And if the BS is something people WANT to hear? – then it becomes a slam dunk from a PSYOP perspective.

Don't be afraid to listen to them, just be careful about what they say or tell you to do. The sad reality is you might not have access to enough data in order to critically analyze their message, but I think it's fair to say that IF their voice is being heard at this point, there's a reason.

7 – Paid Fools

This subject is one of the most entertaining in the PSYOP world, because it pisses EVERYONE off, but let me start with a story:

Imagine there's a king in a distant land. The king has a problem, the coffers are empty, the vaults are cleared out, all the crown jewels are gone. The people suspect it might be the king, so the king needs to do something. The king recalls that it's often best, in lieu of executions and torture, to mock or ridicule an idea you want to be ignored, in this case the idea is: "the kingdom is flat broke"

The king has a brilliant idea, he hires a couple court jesters to go around, talking about how broke the kingdom is – talking and drinking and getting arrested and flying in jets and doing things that make their position look dumb, foolish, not credible, and it works.

The king creates an opposition in the form a "straw man" that the king knocks down, but he does so without saying a word: he lets the "men/women of the people" he is paying do all the talking and thereby watch the credibility of the claim slip away. Soon, people just don't care about how broke the kingdom is, or all the extra taxes.

Now think about Al Gore and Greta Thunberg: do they lend credibility to "global warming" or "climate change", or in fact do they collectively and individually, along with other paid fools, make the entire topic look dumb?

Paid fools do not exist to make funny or dumb things funnier; paid fools exist to tarnish or heap ridicule on REAL and SERIOUS subjects. If you spot a paid fool, you might want to chuckle – but don't laugh too hard.

Kings don't care if you smile.

8 – Trauma Monkeys / Trauma Based Mind Control

The main flavor of PSYOP the US government has been executing on since 2020 is trauma-based mind control. This form of mind control takes advantage of primary stress and basic needs. If you can imagine being in “fight or flight” mode, but you have no escape: this is the focal point of trauma-based mind control.

“ENJOY the fears they give you.”
– Dr. Freckles

Much of the “COVID” pandemic was about tossing made up trauma at people, mockery, etc. “Dancing nurses”, “dead grandparents”, “hospital horror stories”, naked people being chased at the beach because they want to go swimming, skate parks filled with sand, the Chinese government welding people's doors shut, the Australians sending citizens to Christmas Island, etc. Many if not most of these events were constructed, or ANOTHER event or phenomena like the yearly flu or preventable hospital acquired infection is rebranded as “COVID”.

“Nothing bleeds like real blood.”
– Dr. Freckles

Trauma monkeys or tiny PSYOPs come in many flavors. Some of them in 2020, perhaps most, were all about the “pandemic”, but some in 2020 and since have

had to do with “drag queen story time”, “BLM race war”, “exploding cows”, etc. A trauma monkey is BIGGER than one news article, because that’s just propaganda.

The main concern are these little events and dealing with your immediate reaction: be careful. If you see a video online, if you read a news report, if you have a “friend” on Twitter or Facebook telling you about something they “saw”, but you’ve never actually met this person IRL? – just be careful.

9 – Divide and Conquer

Of all the crowd control strategies, divide and conquer is the most popular with the elite going back thousands of years. Mind you, it doesn’t really matter what the “sides” are – and the government doesn’t really care which “side” you choose, they just want you to talk about IT, to fuel IT, the EVENT, with your energy, and to stress out about IT; sides are irrelevant to them.

In the USA this usually looks like synthetic racism: racism that is contrived and not present. Right now (2020-2024), we are as a nation experiencing a multi-level campaign, with the essence of it derived from “critical race theory”, to ignite racial tensions. And many trauma monkeys have been born since 2020 along these lines, to include those nifty videos of “white people” kissing the feet of black people.

Another ALL TIME FAVORITE is “gender wars”, with the new twist of the “trans” thing. As of this writing they would have you believe every other kid is transitioning: this is bullshit. They would have you believe that SCORES of adults are undergoing surgery on their junk or sexual organs: this is bullshit. And spoiler alert: men “transitioning” to being women, wearing dresses? – well this is a strategy used by rapists going back a LONG fucking time. Maybe you feel like focusing your energy on these “drag queen” gender war pay-gap trauma monkeys. But that’s your dime and time, not mine.

“If you know you know, and soon the ones that don’t won’t.” – Dr. Freckles

10 – Lesser Catastrophes and Carpet Bombing the Third Eye

I've said this a few times since 2020: "it seems like they are carpet bombing the third eye", but what does that mean?

I believe, and this is NOT a scientifically valid or verified belief, but simply a supposition or conjecture, that humans along with other conscious beings have the ability, via intuition or some other mechanism, to make decisions based on "future" information. I don't mean literally we can all see the future, but I do think we can sense, on a spooky level, when something is wrong. The folks that run our country know this too.

In late 2019 my alarms started going off ... we've talked about this my scrumbles, in my various podcasts going back to the Little Saigon Report. I knew, I was CERTAIN, SOMETHING BIG was about to happen. I have several podcasts from late 2019, to include one titled "The Great Discontinuity", that deal with this – but I never claimed it as a premonition, nor do I claim I was the ONLY ONE to sense it. The idea behind this section is that MANY people did, and many more were CAPABLE of sensing what was coming. The "smart devices" and information channel control prevented most from understanding this, and very few were looking at the banking crisis of late 2019 – and yes, there was a banking crisis, and ongoing banking system meltdown, in late 2019.

Since the PSYOP warriors know this about us humans, know that we are all capable of spooky intuition, they needed a workaround: and they had one.

If you believe people sense "something" is afoot, then give them something: provide for them a substitute to overwrite OR obscure the intuition, an occultation so to speak. Give them "viruses" and "Putin" and "drag queens" and "race wars" and all kinds of other Trump/Biden silliness, as long as they focus on "they're coming for yer guns" or "the Russians are going to nuke us", then they will be less likely to dig deeper.

**“Tell a lie long enough
and the liar starts believing it.”
– Dr. Freckles**

A “lesser catastrophe” is a fake fear, a fake anxiety, mass produced and sent through the information channels. Its purpose is to replace a real concern with one lacking all credible evidence.

For example: if you read an article about a “food processing plant” catching fire, the “lesser catastrophe” they want you to be afraid of is “Soros and commies are burning down our food”, they don’t want you to grok-out that this is the kind of news you’d be reading if the US dollar was being repudiated, and our trading partners want REAL STUFF now in exchange for REAL STUFF as part of trade settlement. And how do you explain this to Mr. and Mrs. America: “Soros commies are exploding cows and burning potatoes and culling chickens” ... when in fact these materials are being used such that WALMART doesn’t empty of HD TVs and game consoles. Nope – tell them about commies and Soros.

11 – Basic Needs, Psychological Tricks and Pressure Points

The placebo effect is powerful, but we tend to look at it from the angle of the positive: a person BELIEVES a sugar pill will help them, and it does, and to this day, there is still a great deal of debate about how this effect works. But there is a dark side to the placebo effect: enter “COVID”.

Imagine the following scenario:

You advertise for a “Danish Film Festival” at a theater in your small town. You do weeks of advertising, and the night arrives: it’s a packed house. Halfway through the first film, a man named Dr. Hans Chutesman, a “scientist”, interrupts the festival for an URGENT announcement. The “doctor” goes up on stage and lets the audience know that a pathogen was discovered in the air ducts, and that no one could leave until the public health officials have done a screening. “You must stay in place, and we don’t know when we can let you go.” (lockdowns anyone? flatten

the curve?) Hans provides a list of symptoms: fever, stomach discomfort, gas, nausea.

Now you might say: “well DAN, it’s fake, it can’t hurt no one. Okay ...”

But within 30 minutes, 1/3 of the audience is demonstrating symptoms that the “doctor” listed before the audience earlier, it’s getting scary. Even the ones in the crowd that think it’s bullshit are too afraid to talk, why? – because “how dare you” ... amirite?

If the veil is not torn away within a few hours and the crowd is “let in” on the joke, then the next stage is chaos and death. Some people, with dodgy health as it is, will DIE as a result of this “joke”. A joke that isn’t funny, like “dancing nurses” during a pandemic. This is the OTHER SIDE of the placebo effect. You CAN trick people into “getting well”, however you can also trick them into getting sick. Like the “COVID”. But others who REJECT the lie are still placed in a pressure cooker of “respecting someone’s tragedy”, and how can you not?

The “placebo effect” is just one of many physiological leverage points you can exploit as a means of control.

Physical isolation is another, hence the “lockdowns”, masks, and other “flatten the curve” pabulum from 2020. And yes: the masks isolate. A significant portion of human communication happens via facial expressions, and the mask, which definitely doesn’t help with viruses, does in fact help in creating a sense of isolation in public by MASKING the face. Add in social distancing laws or enforcement, and you have managed to cut people off from each other – except at WALMART, right? Or when doing construction, like the construction I filmed around 12th AVE in Seattle during the summer of 2020 – magical people that didn’t need masks, go figure.

There’s too much to unpack here: but it’s best to review Maslow’s Hierarchy of Needs and other texts and articles that cover physiological psychology, nutritional health for the brain, and related subjects.

Key point: like the placebo effect, there are MANY features of our cognitive biology that can be hijacked/impacted and used against us, and those who manage PSYOPs know this.

12 – Rage Storms

Even though this subject is really an expansion of trauma-based mind control in the form of petty PSYOPs or trauma monkeys, rage storms are worthy of discussion. Like the EBOLA virus, it's not designed or created to be a mass killer or to exist long. It's intended for rapid expansion into the collective unconscious, but each instance or human impacted will quickly shake it off (not die) and move on, unless the RAGE PUMP is turned on continuously.

A rage storm is LIKE BLM-ANTIFA ... after George Floyd. And it will dissipate, and suffer psychic heat death, but it can have HUGE impacts while operating at 100%.

13 – Popping Smoke

One tool at the disposal of the PSYOP masters often goes unnoticed or ignored and this is purposeful. In some ways it is their most powerful weapon of control, but it is also their last resort, final option, and once the trigger is pulled it can't be undone.

Sometimes they will toss the truth at you ...

Not the ironic truth or the TRUTH as LIE, but rather just horrible fucking truths that freeze the mind and paralyze reason. Truths that spread like fire, truths that fuel RAGE STORMS, truths that create violence and division and madness.

If they choose to start tossing smoke bombs or “popping smoke”, this indicates that THEY TOO are in bad shape and their plan is near culmination. You never want to culminate before objective, so if you think they are winning AND they're “popping smoke”? – be worried.

14 – How to respond: don't react, watch the hands, reflect

Watch the hands ...

Don't look at the pretty girl ...

Don't look at the smiling face ...

**"The better it looks, the worse it is."
- Dr. Freckles**

Don't stare bleakly at the crowd of unwashed marching up and down 12th AVE, cutting off traffic to every major emergency room in Seattle, in 2020, during the worst pandemic EVER ... don't ... ignore those dancing nurses ...

Watch the hands.

You will piss off magicians if you do this, and you will aggravate PSYOP engineers as well.

"Watch the hands" in this context means DO NOT ASSUME what you are seeing is real or even a clever fake. Don't FOCUS on a narrative feature that is fueling your confirmation bias or FEARS, step back, ask questions, reflect.

One of the obvious features of "9/11" was how quickly the "book was closed" – we knew who did what and WHY a few minutes after one of the "planes" hit the Pentagon. We knew, of course we knew. We looked at Bush's face, and ignored the hands.

The more you engage with a PSYOP or petty psyop (aka trauma monkey), the more power you give it. If you ignore it, you starve it of energy. The smartest thing we can do collectively, the scrumbo, the discarded, the various forms of white trash and other trash people, is to IGNORE the "experts" and reason on what we've been told.

15 – How can this help you pick up girls at bars?

1. Identify your target woman.
2. Send and direct POS men towards her, we're talking real shit heads, some of them have genital crabs. Do this for several months.
3. Show up at the bar months later with a good story, something about "working to fight the pandemic" or "standing up for environmental awareness" or "fighting against illegal immigration" or just say you're a veteran, and after months of being worn down by shitty men, she settles for you: an American "hero".

I don't recommend you do this or anything like this if you have a soul, but I promised some advice sparingly, so there it is.

SOVIETOLOGY



In the previous chapter we reviewed psychological warfare, and it can be a daunting subject. One can feel as if there is no escape.

Another fact about the previous chapter: TLDR

No one wants to read that shit, so I'll try to be MORE parsimonious from here on out ... it's a DANIFESTO not ATLAS SHRUGGED!

Sovietology developed as a discipline at CIA, Langley, during the Cold War. American analysts had the job of reviewing soviet newspapers, journals, books, etc., all for the purpose of deriving useful information from what is superficially propaganda garbage. It kind of worked, in the way reversing entropy can “kind of work” but not really. You could say Sovietology is a subset of hermeneutics: the study of true meaning in text.

As a sovietologist, it was your job to:

1. keep track of outright lies
2. keep track obvious contradictions
3. interpret the use of propaganda by your enemy, and what that might imply

Yes – it’s a spooky discipline and about as scientific as handwriting analysis, but definitely more based than phrenology.

But it’s also not crazy – we should read the “news” with an eye to identifying:

1. What we know is true
2. What we know is false
3. Where are the contradictions
4. What are the “forbidden” subjects
5. Be aware of your own BIAS

TRUE, FALSE, CONTRADICTIONS, FORBIDDEN, BIAS

A good example of a “forbidden subject” is Arctic permafrost collapse. This is not “global warming” or “climate change” or some other ambiguous and poorly defined bugbear, this is a simple question: what is the permafrost?

And follow up question: is the Arctic permafrost in collapse.

There’s not enough space, time, or relevance to go into this one “forbidden” topic specifically, but it’s not the only one.

The “Epstein Affair” is another good example. You are OKAY looking into the “suicide” and you are OKAY looking into the “murder”, but don’t you DARE look into the idea that his death might have been faked. That’s forbidden.

As a sovietologist, you need to identify those areas of thought that are BLACKED OUT or redacted. These spaces that are hidden often, but not always, indicate a subject of importance.

Think about the “bunker madness” of the last 15 years. You read an article in WIRED Magazine that says “Zuckerberg has a secret bunker in Hawaii” – you can as a sovietologist do a few things here. ONE: identify the obvious contradiction “secret

bunker read about in WIRED”. TWO: you can ask the question – where is the real bunker?

Antarctica is an ideal location for a long-term safe zone: it’s basically a desert from a climate perspective, so in case of nuclear war fallout will be less of a concern. It’s geographically isolated and has massive stores of underground fresh water. According to some reports (Admiral Byrd), the continent is RICH in coal and uranium and other natural resources a technological breakaway civilization would need. It’s a buried place: only ever discussed in terms of “research” and “cruises” and “extreme skiing”, but ordinary people don’t know much about it. During the HEIGHT of the Cold War, both the USA and its ARCH ENEMIES set aside Antarctica as a “nature preserve” – which is weird, because the USSR set off Tsar Bomba (60 megatons) in the Arctic Circle a few years later AND the USA continued its destructive above ground testing, and even used nukes to frack for natural gas under “Project Gas Buggy”.

The key point: Antarctica is a forbidden topic in the context of “bunkers”, which is just weird.

When investigating the forbidden ideas, concepts, words, think also in terms of “scope” – which resonates with the Overton Paddock model: what is the allowable scope of that article your reading? What are the allowed “options”? If you pick “door number 3”, so to speak, then what? Ridicule? Isolation? Censorship? This is also known as coloring outside the lines. Look to that part of the story that’s written in invisible ink.

Of all the pitfalls for a sovietologist, one of the most problematic is BIAS. Sure, this impacts many forms of study, but it’s still important to isolate in the process. You might WANT to infer something that is not supported by the limited evidence you have: don’t.

For MANY years post the “Great Financial Crisis”, starting in 2010, I’d see/hear the “buy the dip” bullshit – and it irked me. It irked me because it did not fit with logic or math or commonsense or free enterprise or random fucking nature itself, but my BIAS kept me from seeing completely how manufactured and corrupt the markets were. My BIAS kept me from realizing that “buy the dip” was ironic bullshit

and what THEY were really saying was “the central banks will pump these markets forever, and forever lasts as long as it does”.

YOUR BIAS as an amateur sovietologist or hermeneuticist of media CAN and DOES impact how you see/read the news and consume other sources of information. You can approach a subject with scientific disinterest, but it’s hard to make your unconscious disinterested or indifferent. So always be on watch for things you might be seeing in the text your analyzing that might not be there.

I promised a shorter chapter and I’ll stick to it.

Summary: when evaluating propaganda, don’t assume that there is NOTHING to learn from it. While evaluating propaganda, be very disciplined: a) identify lies, b) identify contradictions, c) identify forbidden subjects, d) ask yourself “why am I seeing this?”. Don’t forget the simple list for focusing analysis: TRUE/FALSE, CONTRADICTIONS, FORBIDDEN TOPICS, and BIAS, your bias and to some extent THEIR bias.

THE PAUL HARVEY EFFECT



*If I were the devil ...
If I were the Prince of Darkness,
I'd want to engulf the whole world in darkness.*

*And I'd have a third of its real estate,
and four-fifths of its population,*

*but I wouldn't be happy until
I had seized the ripest apple on the tree — Thee.*

*So I'd set about however necessary
to take over the United States.*

*I'd subvert the churches first —
I'd begin with a campaign of whispers.*

*With the wisdom of a serpent,
I would whisper to you as I whispered to Eve:
'Do as you please.'*

*To the young,
I would whisper that 'The Bible is a myth.'
I would convince them that man created God
instead of the other way around.*

*I would confide that what's bad is good,
and what's good is 'square.'*

*And the old,
I would teach to pray,
after me,
'Our Father, which art in Washington...'*

And then I'd get organized.

*I'd educate authors in
how to make lurid literature exciting,
so that anything else would appear
dull and uninteresting.*

*I'd threaten TV
with dirtier movies
and vice versa.*

*I'd pedal narcotics to whom I could.
I'd sell alcohol to ladies and gentlemen of distinction.
I'd tranquilize the rest with pills.*

*If I were the devil
I'd soon have families
that war with themselves,
churches at war with themselves,
and nations at war with themselves;
until each in its turn was consumed.*

*And with promises of higher ratings
I'd have mesmerizing media
fanning the flames.*

*If I were the devil
I would encourage schools
to refine young intellects,
but neglect to discipline emotions —
just let those run wild,
until before you knew it,
you'd have to have drug sniffing dogs
and metal detectors
at every schoolhouse door.*

*Within a decade I'd have prisons overflowing,
I'd have judges promoting pornography —
soon I could evict God from the courthouse,
then from the schoolhouse,
and then from the houses of Congress.*

*And in His own churches
I would substitute psychology for religion,
and deify science.*

*I would lure priests and pastors
into misusing boys and girls,*

and church money.

*If I were the devil
I'd make the symbols of Easter an egg
and the symbol of Christmas a bottle.*

*If I were the devil
I'd take from those who have,
and give to those who want
until I had killed the incentive
of the ambitious.*

*And what do you bet
I could get whole states
to promote gambling
as the way to get rich?*

*I would caution against extremes
and hard work in Patriotism,
in moral conduct.*

*I would convince the young
that marriage is old-fashioned,
that swinging is more fun,
that what you see on the TV
is the way to be.*

*And thus,
I could undress you in public,
and I could lure you into bed
with diseases for which
there is no cure.*

*In other words,
if I were the devil
I'd just keep right on doing
what he's doing.*

Paul Harvey, good day

- Paul Harvey (1965)

Ref: <https://www.wordandwork.org/2018/02/paul-harveys-if-i-were-the-devil-transcript-from-1965/>

Paul Harvey was born in 1918, a time of great conflict.

Paul Harvey DIED in 2009, a time bullshit and pain.

During his time on the stage, with tempered rage and wit to balance, he silenced critics with his wispy homespun perspectives and his Cadillac style vibrations. Some say he INVENTED that CALM TALK DRIP, that AFTERNOON CHAT TRIP, that VOICE over AM RADIO that soothed you, as you yelled about GAS PRICES and urinated on pictures of Jimmy Carter.

One might contend that the PAUL HARVEY EFFECT is about this NEW WAY he invented, for engaging with HI FIDELITY listeners – but this is misleading. Paul’s dark craft swerved further under wraps, as CASE MONKEYS and other DORBAN HUSTLERS moved WEST from Philly.

Paul was born in Oklahoma, the son of a COP. His dad was killed by robbers in 1921.

Paul made radios as a kid, and attended the standard public schools.

Paul SERVED in WORLD WAR TWO and sailed the ocean blue, he met thieves and pirates and wayward travelers – in 1944 he met Jorgen Tull, a NAZI defector and crystal meth manufacturer. They got cooking.

Paul moved to CHICAGO after WW2, where he and Jorgen set up their first METH FACTORY in a cavernous sewer below the FIELD MUSEUM. Paul used his cover as a “radio guy” to make connections in the then GROWING DRIVE TIME RADIO world; in that world you have helicopter pilots, and SKY WARRIORS, weathermen and pimp lords. This is NOT KNOWN to many, and is denied by most – so you never know, right?

CIA was BRAND NEW back then, and ALLEN DULLES wanted to inject LSD into the scrotum sacks of priests and nuns and the pope. Paul worked with the CIA to get a USAF home-cook up and running for METH PILLS – them F-86 pilots in the Korean Theater did better against MIG-15s if they had some meth ... as it happens, the same formulation that goes into ADHD drugs today.

In 1951, ABC news debuted PAUL as their “noon time” lunch guy. He’d speak words to those animals, working their hours in the coyote mills and ash factories, and thereby maintain a level of PEACE and CONTROL over those teaming masses of the future. Baby boomers, still kids, would eat chocolate ho hos and chuckle, not knowing the secrets, barely understanding the rumors. Paul was a groomer, he was a loomer, he LOOMED LARGE over AMERICANA, as it grinded out babies and nukes and cars.

Paul was an avid pilot, and was responsible for distributing the METH that he and Jorgen cooked each week. Sometimes Jorgen would come along for the ride. One trip, in 1958, they were delivering METH to Stoogsville, ARKANSAS, and a young man, Bill Clinton, made \$50 a day setting up landing strips with flashlights and bonfires – guiding in the planes to drop of METH, weed, coke, and various trafficked men/women/children for the torture factories in LA and NYC. Jorgen and Bill became good friends, and later facilitated the coke pipelines in REAGAN’S AMERICA, ensuring the flow for the burgeoning crack epidemic. At one point the BUSH FAMILY bought nearly HALF of all Paul’s weekly batch, and this troubled Jorgen, but Jorgen as a former NAZI understood – the lust for power and its synergy with METH STYLE living.

In 1965, after 20 years of continuous METH use, Paul had a psychotic break. He began talking in riddles, and eventually his “PAUL HARVEY EFFECT” was felt. During a broadcast in 1965, he URGED ON the “true race” to HOLD BACK against the dusky masses. And Jorgen smiled.

*TAKE DOWN that ANGRY BLACK SCAR,
you sit at the bars drinking watermelon cider,
eating BBQ pie?*

*Your HATE is TOO LATE my friends,
because the TRUE RACE NEVER ENDS,*

*and our WHITE POWER glows,
our white powder flows,
and MAN will STAND TALL SOON,
when we let go of tired sorrow.*

- Paul Harvey, 7/6/1965

THIS RADIO TIRADE ENRAGED BLACK AMERICA ... General Hutu-Bomgabbi of the EAST LA GONDO-LORDS spoke out against Paul, and demanded “immediate street action and gutter style violence”. A few weeks later, WATTS was in flames, LA was groaning under the weight of 500 years of oppression and the “Middle Passage” and other kinds of sideways bullshit.

You see, Jorgen Tull was Danish. Jorgen new HATE SCREECHING and RACE RANTING. He felt the pathetic rush as the vitamin-D deficient prance around in funny costumes.

Hitler recruited Jorgen in 1934 after a “tasting party” at the annual Thule Society soirée and sex banquet. Hitler knew the DANES had the darkest spirits, and could reveal the twisting ways of physics and interracial love affairs. You see, Hitler was in love with a young woman named Debra Hastings – Debra had escaped Oklahoma after the TULSA RACE MASSACRE of 1921; the same time period when Paul’s dad was killed. Debra had been LIVING IT UP in BERLIN, and at that time very few cared about her dark skin.

Debra was African-American, sweet and smart. She was chesty and had smiles. When she hugged Hitler, Adolf forgot about his pain and failure. He forgot about his oaths of revenge. He forgot about his failed career painting postcards, he just saw her, bathed in her light. BUT, HITLER was leading the ARYAN RACE towards TOTALISTIC VICTORY against the GENKEN-BROOD and the other lost forces of Mistress Vromm of Beef Torpedo fame. Hitler had promised “racial purity”, but he only knew one thing when he looked into Debra’s eyes – that he loved her, that he wanted to plant pretty little babies in her.

When Hitler tried Jorgen’s METH, this opened up conversations about “24-hour military operations” and “dive bomber STUKAS” and all kinds of things meth-heads talk about when they’re HIGH.

“Jorgen, what can I do about this love?”

“You must free her and remember BRAVE GERMANY ...”

“But I can’t stop loving her.”

“You will, if you want my METH.”

Now, years later, Hitler defeated, Paul meets Debra – and falls in love too.

A fiery 1960’s meth fueled ROMP through the dungeon keeps of old America. Debra was older than Paul, but she had experience with love-squeezing and body juice sharing. Paul would GO DOWN on her like some ancient dirty diver, swimming for that pearl in her onyx soup. All of this is to say that JORGEN did not fancy this at all, and HE was going to stop it – again ... because HE SECRETLY LOVED Debra too ... fuck ... fuck this is sad.

**“It’s always easy to say I love you,
right before you say goodbye.” – Dr. Freckles**

This was a love triangle that stretched across time; because unknown to Paul Harvey and his meth freak friend Jorgen, Hitler was NOT dead.

In April 1945, as part of a secret NAZI experiment with relativistic effects, Hitler was transported 20 YEARS into the future – to Kecksburg, PA. The device or “Bell”, was hyper-chamber utilizing dual-plasmatic EMF immersion with QUADROPHONIC sound and sexy results. The device glowed before their eyes, as HITLER slipped two decades beyond the WAR and all of its terror.

Hitler showed up in 1965 and was experimented on by the CIA: his arms were ripped off and then sewn back on, he had roach gelatin injected into his skull, cobra venom was put in his food and his testicles.

Hitler spent months in ONE MK-ULTRA experiment after another, being jabbed and isolated. He had loud noises at HIGH DECIBELS directed at his ear drums. He had sulfuric acid injected into his spine. But in 1969 Hitler escaped and after a few months of wandering America, he ended up in Chicago at Roger's Cabaret in Boy's Town.

It gets more sordid ...

Because PAUL was with DEBRA at Hooglies off of Dirgen Street in December 1969. They were at a CHRISTMAS PARTY being hosted by Barbara Streisand, when HITLER and JORGEN showed up – they were both SUPER DRUNK and super belligerent. It got saucy. Hitler, filled with cocaine and whiskey and rage, grabbed Debra by the arm and shouted “you're going with me”, but she didn't want to. Paul was none to happy either ...

Paul was carrying a switchblade and pulled it. He shoved that knife deep into Hitler's chest, and blood sprayed all over the club – as the TEEGLIE boys and “late night shoppers” went running back home to Evanston, to play “daddy” again.

Jorgen stood by and just watched these beasts go at it, and then he moved closer to Debra as the fight turned into madness ...

“Hey baby.”

“Jorgen, you BASTARD”, Debra slapped him across the face.

“Baby I know ... I'm sorr ...”

“Stop right there, you tore me away from my first love ... you got Hitler addicted to crank and racism and setting shit on fire ... FUCK YOU JORGEN.”

Debra walked away, she was tired of their busted-up minds.

The bar shut down and it was Hitler and Paul Harvey and Jorgen the DANE, alone, sharing a booth in the darkness, drinking stale whiskey and smoking damp cigarettes.

Hitler got really silent, with toilet paper shoved into the hole in his chest. But then after several minutes, he mumbled:

“What did I do it for, the war, the death, the hate?”

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT that PAUL had a revelation ...

Paul got on a plane the very next morning, he was HEADING TO CALIFORNIA to meet with his friend Ronald Reagan, THE GOVERNOR of the state.

Paul went directly to Reagan’s compound in Pasadena, where Reagan kept Mexican slave girls and ran a nightclub for the militarists and pederasts of LA. It was a skeezy place, filled with those swollen-lechers that are typically found near the SLEAZY WHARFS of San Francisco. Paul was shocked by the blood shakes and the long-pig pizza.

Reagan brought Paul to his secret room, a special office for eldritch rites and experiments on French bulldogs. They talked for HOURS and then Paul went back to his hotel. On the WAY to his hotel, Paul was run off the road by the Manson Family, and taken back to Spahn Ranch. Charles sang songs for Paul, and they shared ideas about black people and Jews and Danes and the Beach Boys.

**“I’m the Henry Chinaski of Paul Harveys.”
- Dr. Freckles**

It was within this KILN of AWARENESS that Paul’s mind baked ...

Paul had been pressed to the ultimate point of ripping and he had a VISION, this is a fragment of what he told Charles:

*If GOD arrived,
covered in ants,
morbidly saccharine,*

like the ancient burly beasts ...

*If GOD came back,
for a lightning attack,
taking with him the sinners,
taking with him the slackers,
he'd have backers: like Gen Westmoreland.*

*We could CAVE RAPE the VIETCONG,
but our blood merchant fantasy soon ends.*

*Our friends abandon us to the silk parlor,
for hours,
for love,
the steam fills every CRACK,
and we're DONE with Charlie Swift,
and we're through trying ...*

This is a long-winded way of saying:

THE PAUL HARVEY EFFECT was to SPREAD METH and get bikers addicted. The bikers, listening to Paul and Hitler and Jorgen and Chuck were infected with a mind virus that spread. This led to EASY PAYDAY LOAN businesses being opened up in many cities, in the poorest parts of town; and later, led to strategic land purchases for building convenient Planned Parenthood abortion shoppes.

THE VIRUS of RACISM went everywhere: into books and crooks and old crones, baking coffee peach scones, and making their bones off of HEROIN CAKE.

All the nation caught fire, and racism led to META-RACISM and META-RACIMS led to CRITICAL RACE THEORY and that led to BLM-ANTIFA and CHOP / CHAZ and LORD RAZ making a gable closet of loose women with big tits

You don't KNOW because no one told you.

Hyper-Racism is the ACKNOWLEDGMENT that the PEOPLE are WHITE-TRASH, even if their skin color is BLACK. Black, yellow, green, white, brown, blue, we DGAF. We don't care, you are part of the same meat pie as the rest.

Paul Harvey doomed us.

We didn't come this far because we're made of sugar candy. Once upon a time, we elbowed our way onto and across this continent by giving smallpox-infected blankets to Native Americans. That was biological warfare. And we used every other weapon we could get our hands on to grab this land from whomever.

And we grew prosperous. And yes, we greased the skids with the sweat of slaves. So, it goes with most great nation-states, which—feeling guilty about their savage pasts—eventually civilize themselves out of business and wind up invaded and ultimately dominated by the lean, hungry up-and-coming who are not made of sugar candy.

- Paul Harvey, 6/23/2005



MY HOOKER GRANDMA

This is my hooker grandma.



She is voting for MEGA-HAIRY-BALLS because she does not want AMERICA going back to the AMERICA that used to be AMERICA. She also wants to shove a probe up your butt to search for aliens. She talks to ELVIS while on the toilet, but she's okay, she's gonna be fine.

My grandma says she doesn't want it to GO BACK To the way it used to be, when she had to rinse out her boovula with diesel fuel and broken glass ...

Her boovula is filled with potato bugs, her eyes are jaundiced from liver failure.

CAN YOU CARE ENOUGH BRAH?

Care ...

MY GRANDMA? – she had to get 40 abortions from a DUDE named KYLE, and he used dynamite and rebar and mineral spirits and sulfuric acid. It was HORRIBLY MONSTROUS and NOBODY CARED and DONALD TRUMP would film it and sell the movies to Warren Buffet. Do you care BRAH?

BECAUSE OF EVIL MEN, my grandma was kept on an ISLAND in the South Sea, she was traded among the elite and used for her sexual prowess. Frank Sinatra and JFK shared her once, giving her a WYOMING COWBOY RIDE, but she wasn't ready for it. It hurt her, and nobody cared. WE WANT TO GO BACK TO THAT BROH?

Do you care about my grandma?

MY GRANDMA had to eat sand-mice for dinner and the water she drank was brown and fetid. Random men would come along and kick her in her groin, as random women tossed bricks at her and chased her down the street. Children threw gasoline bombs at my grandma, and mocked her as she rolled on the ground to put out the flames. And you are VOTING for BLUMP to send us back to that? You hate my grandma?

I'll kill you.

My grandma once had sex with 200 Mexican farm workers. HUGO CHAVEZ had been fumigating her "attic", while my grandpa was getting drunk at Denny's and masturbating to GAY PORN. AFTER GRANDPA JIZZED on his GRAND SLAM, he went back home and found 80 dicks stuck in his wife and this drove him cocaine crazy mad. He got out his chainsaw and began chopping up them Mexicans, Mexicans that were sent to his home by Donald Trump and Ray Charles.

If you vote for TRUMP, we are going back to this.

The last few years have been hard on my grandma. MAGA-PUNKS down the STREET stole her French bulldog and turned it into taco meat, selling the meat back to my grandma – it was a good deal, prices, amirite?

THESE YOUNG FUCKING PUNKS chase my grandma, and chant MAGA THEMES and beat her with sticks and chains. This was LIFE under Donald Trump, for my grandma ... do you even fucking care?

We can't let it go back.

Under TRUMP, my grandma would be severely abused by the VA hospital. They had her undergoing surgeries she didn't need, and the doctors would sew dead squirrels into her open wounds. Some of them laughed as the nurse pee'd on her, and nobody cared, cuz TRUMP was PREZ.

We can't let it go back bro.

My poor grandma ...

MY POOR FUCKING GRANDMA had to WORK in the kitten factories when she was 12 years old. 16-hour shifts, two days off every 6 months. HER JOB was to pry the kittens out of the molds, and if they were deformed? – she had to dump the kittens in the drowning pool out back.

And the TRUMP family OWNED that terrible place.

And if you VOTE for TRUMP? – we're going back to that and WORSE you FUCK!

MY GRANDMA had to travel 5 minutes to find an abortion clinic a few weeks ago. She'd been having 7-way FRIDAY NIGHTS with the BINGO CREW and it turned out she had an egg or two in storage ... well ... she didn't want a kid at her age, so she had to drive FIVE MINUTES to find the 24 hour Planned Parenthood Abortion Clinic and Strip Club ...

So dangerous ... so inconvenient.

This could have ruined her life.

Don't let TRUMP do this ...

MY POOR FUCKING MISERABLE GRANDMA was eating at the TWIN COW BUFFET off of Boston Street, when JERGIZ, the THROAT MUFFIN, started punching my grandma and demanding monies. He says she owed him for the CRACK and METH and KROKODIL he sold her, but my sweet grandma? – WTAF.

We had to slay that fuck, and dump him and the truck out by Collin's Farm.

And this is what happens if TRUMP is president.

Can't go back, won't go back.

My poor grandma didn't get proper medical attention. When she was sick when TRUMP was president her doctors gave her a bunch of pills and stuck needles in her and cut off her legs and arms.

If Trump gets back in, what will grams do?

DAMN THAT PAPA BLUMP!

(taking away abortions from my grandma)

My GRANDMA was CHASED by devil-pirates and she fought off the NAZIS during WW2. SHE'S STILL a SILVER HAIRD SHARK-MAIDEN, out on the great blue looking out for me and you. HER CURVE-SOUL STREAM was the GLEAM that shocked the cocaine world and led her to BANGER NIGHTS in Manhattan.

If Trump gets elected he will hunt her down and strap her to a large wooden frame. He will brutally ravage my grandma, thereby giving himself incurable genital crabs. Within 4 weeks Trump is DEAD and JD Vance (seen DEADZONE) takes over and launches nukes at the jerks who made fun of him as a kid.

We can't go back to that, can we, my puppy fodder friends?



IF TRUMP WINS ...

OH, BY GOSH the entire SEA of HORDE MONKEYS will crawl out of our toilets and take our grandmas feminine hygiene products and perfume and makeup and adult diapers. Our GRANDMAS will be NAKED before the TRIBUNALS. Hunted and filled with harlotry, they will flaunt their GRANDMA beach bodies as they dance the 7 veils for cocktails and kidney-rice. It would be NICE if you sent her a CHRISTMAS CARD this year, put down that beer and give her a call. OH DEAR – are you little Mr. Rotten Cakes?



THIS IS MY GRANDMA ... fighting off MAGA-PUNKS in SECTOR-9-TANGO. She's a BALL when that big haul comes in and all the FLYNN MERCHANTS are out of shell-spice and plankton-soap. TRUMP will tear her apart, setting her homes on fire and using piano wire to strangle her poor little FRENCH BULLDOG. THERE IS NO SAFE SPACE for a woman of her grace and charm, and great harm will come to grandma if we don't stop TRUMP and his MAGA TARD SCROG FORCES under the command of JD VANCE! Someone's got to do SOME DAMN THING about BLUMP!



LORGEN-FLOR, the thirst-griever of King Temblass, hid a faerie dust trail from our old GRANDMAS. They might have ESCAPED this JUNGLE HELL, and made it, scantily clad, to an island of bliss and busty women and group showers. BUT NO, TRUMP stopped it because he can't handle powerful women with untreated herpes!

**"Thrill seeker? - the thrills seek YOU."
- Dr. Freckles**

And now my GRANDMA doesn't have healthcare and she's all alone in her condo in Hawaii, ungunjoolating herself while she watches the surfers get eaten by squid.

All because TRUMP got elected or will get elected ... maybe he won't.

All because of that.



GENDER ROLES



You are wondering: am I just trash?

White trash?

Black trash?

Asian or Mexican trash?

Eskimo trash?

Any mixed-up kind of bastard trash?

The answer: yeah buddy, you're garbage.

But we're not the worst garbage.

We are the wayfarers lost in the storm, our ship is leaking and our people are upset. Our friends want PIZZA STYLE ENDINGS and morbid-steak for lunch. We are TIRED of being torn apart by RAIL BUFFALO and fruit-salad vendors. If we can stand up to the FUTURE our PAST will be secured as it was when began our former quest upon the sands of time. Our slime realm goblets overflow with prairie milk and spiced chicory, but we TIRE of the pistols and the beatings and the seeding of our women with vicious bastard kin.

CAN YOU HEAR THE VOICE? – it's coming from outside.

We are SCRUMBO and we grow frustrated, but why?

We are SCRUMBO and our lands and chickens are taken, but why?

We have too little to care, but too much for our overlords, but why?

Many TENS of THOUSANDS of years ago, a great secret was stolen. The Neanderthal of GRID-4 were invading the STOOB-CASTLE of Queen Nostra. After many years of war, the Neanderthal DESTROYED the Queen and stole her "donut", leaving behind a future heir in her "panty drawer". But the SCROLL CHAMBER was safe. The queen had kept her bejeweled scroll chamber obscured by naked women, with big boobs, dancing ...

The CHAMBER of SCROLLS contained the TRUTH about broken down men and women, well past noon on their way to evening, and how they "ain't no good" and "maybe should be taken to a dump some place", and really vile stuff like this.

The SCROLLS were spread about, to protect them and trick MONKS into copying them ...

"You come from the jungle, I come from the sea. You come from the forest, I come from the tree." - Dr. Freckles

Then, about 23,000 years ago, XOXS the Blyb-Slayer, found the BALAMOO CODEX or BC.

The BALAMOO CODEX (BC) held within its writings the delineations of HUMAN, and defined what and why the SCRUMBO are:

*The SCRUMBO are meant for the pain,
the grinding of it all.*

*Toss them into the pit with the dog and cat,
let them eat bat and dead turtle.*

*These are the worthless sleepers,
covered in nugget dust,
covered in jizz.*

They cannot LIVE but serve and do so with a smile.

*Their days are counted as VIBRANT FLAKES of YELLOW,
falling off the uranium cake,
leaving scars and burning on the colon and hands,
no one understands.*

In the dwelling swamp of Deacon Woods and ROBOT NIXON, their memories of stronger times were turning to new kinds of DISCO DITCH burning, yearning. People started buying VELVEETA and TANG and using plastic cards to turn death into mourning. Soon, it would be plutonium and poisoned lung.

At the crack of DAWN, the scrumbo loads into HIS CAR, and drives to the sausage-factory to get TWO FOR ONE deal on maggot-loaf and yellowdized tango-gelato. Keevous-types, wearing jeans and acting mean, arrive at the worksite to clean out the hole. Greg had dropped a dead baby down that abyss yesterday, and he didn't miss, but the baby made it clay. So TODAY we dig the trench with the front loader, Planned Parenthood is coming by for a visit.

So you think you're OKAY with this SCRUMBO LIFE?

Let's review THIS from the BALAMOO CODEX:

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR THE GARBAGE PEOPLE!

THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF THIS LANDFILL SCHEME!

*You might as well find the FIRST squishy,
nice little fishy,
crawling on legs to escape the SEA.*

*But you make that wish,
and find that fish,
staring at you on a plate of NEW POTATOES and JACKET-WORMS.*

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE AS SCRUMBO ...

But there is the PATH of GRINKEN MAN and WOA-H-MAN.

If you read on, you will learn that WOA-H-MAN is the FEMALE CORN GOBLIN. She rides horses and teaches courses, makes dinner while making love. Her eyes are fierce, but a kindness lingers in her fingertip parade.

THE WOA-H-MAN is a TIGRESS, she has teeth like cold steel and the power to heal. She breathes in darkness and exhales JOY, and BOY does she make a good stew. YOU GREW to know her, in the garden and the muck, when your TRUCK brought in 400 lbs of manure, and she was never TRUER as she shoveled that shit into row after row ... she ain't no ho.



SCRUMBO MAN has a PLAN.

He can JACK UP HIS POWER MODULE and dig his way to WOH-MAN's lurching heart, it's a start ...

WE SCRUMBO MEN must move towards GRINKEN TOWN. We pack up our boxes and leave behind our TESLA/SPACE X distractions. No GAMER LIFE or STRIFE, our Pornhub account canceled, we are tossed by the wayside.

BUT A FUTURE EXISTS IN THE GRINKEN-MAN WORLD!

You can't take the ridicule and the bullies no more. You have to SHAKE OFF that DEBT-SWEATER and tell the "companies" to go fuck themselves.

No one is coming to take your gun or your pit-bull or your CHEVY TRUCK you FUCK, but your wallowing in life's sticky transactions makes you prone to SADNESS-VOLLEYS and other sordid entanglements.

"I am a hobo-shaman. I was led astray, but now I can lead the castaways." - Dr. Freckles

WAKE UP FUCKER! – WOA-H-MAN is waiting, if you can be brave enough to find her boovula in the night. Her tender valleys will lay open, and you can attain peach-cobbler CLIMAX, but not if you keep sifting through the discarded nightmares of DEATH-BARONS and shallow blonde cock holders.

A GRINKEN MAN WILL:

- KNOW HOW to DIG TRENCHES for dumping bodies
- understand all weapons, and how to build them
- quote SPOONER and RAND at random
- garden and grow potatoes and onions and carrots
- raise CHICKENS and COWS and hunt buffalo naked
- be fearless before the DARK LEGIONS of Vic Jaspers
- have a compound, with concertina obstacles surrounding it
- know how to dress a deer, smoke it, and share it with WOA-H-MAN's family
- use the SLYB MANEUVER when bringing your WOA-H-MAN to PEAK-GASM.

**"You ever think that IF men and women understood each other, it would be worse?"
- Dr. Freckles**



The WOA-H-MAN can't be easily captured by just any GRINKEN-MAN.

She's always moving, and her gait is clean ...

There's a GREEN CUBE below the stairs, it harkens after that WOA-H-MAN power track. When you pump up the BOSTON on full volume, she gets wicked and pulls down her panties for that "free ride Friday" style pelvic action.

The WOA-H-MAN hurries, but don't worry – she has a slice of pie left for you. You have to hit the GYM GRINKEN-MAN and learn NEW skills before you get killed ...

A WOA-H-MAN does:

- the dishes
- whatever I say
- make me a fucking sandwich
- nothing, takes my credit card
- this is sad

YOU CAN'T USE SCRUMBO THINKIN LINCOLN, your UBER ARMY of blue haired freaks are DONE, and the crumbly-bun of septic misery is coming for a visit pal ...

You have to STOP acting TOUGH or ROUGH, but be the stone that traps the sword.

Words are BLURBOUS ...

CHOOSE YOUR WAR CREATURE GRINKEN-MAN; elephants are so LAST MILLENNIUM ...



BOTH GRINKEN-MAN and WOAHH-MAN are lost ...

So many years ago, we set out upon this path, and now we find ourselves in the forest of impossibility. Our time is near, but the beer harvest is incomplete and the blood catchments are nearly full. A firm hand and a holding pause so that our cause can prevail, but you got a notice in the mail saying “get the fuck out, or the COPS will take your home”. You are not alone, for we are GRINKEN-MEN and WOAHH-MEN together, covered in diamonds and leather, bristling with fearless action and carrying 55 kinds of throwing stars.

Our CARS will be powered by FRENCH BULLDOGS, chopped up and sent to the mill, our KILLING WAYS will bend to PEACE as the world is renewed and the body dumps fill.

Don't you DARE SAY “nobody said nothing”, WE DID ... we left you a note.

But your broken and soulless enterprises, selling broken homes to devil bastards, is complete and now is the time to sell your shit, GTFO of the cities, and JOIN ME, at my COMPOUND, not too far from GRINKEN TOWN.



SEX



The LUST DRAGON tricks you into “parking lot hookups” and dried French fry yeast infections. It suckers you with “why haven’t you called me” or “is this a game to you?” – but that beast is not to be messed with. She’s scrumbo, abandon her to the coyotes.

TAME THE LUST DRAGON, BE PURE FLESH WRAP TOGETHER GRINKEN MAN ...
WOAH MAN.

Your spinctal refarction confuses the heart wad. Underpinning your FEAR is a BEAR TYPHOON from the Zygnous Sector near Happy Valley Three. We COULD build this furnace paradise together, but toxins enter our LOVE WRAP PURITY and the MAN keeps us apart. We flee from the SKY HAWK SHAMAN and never again take our place at the table of forgotten farewells and dismal hellos.

This is a scientifically accurate view of a woman's mind:



A woman is a map-jockey. She picks at you and your clothes and your car. She picks at how you drive and the dirty dishes in the sink.

A woman cannot be pleased. She is frigid and disinterested, even if you give her your credit card, she is listless and languid and lost in her own self-loathing.

A woman spends YEARS in therapy, never finding escape from her own emotional puzzles.

Her mission is to bring down your energy levels and to trample your dream-flame. It's a game to these females, while you drink ale and hang with your bros they act like hoes and can't stop the needling. Frustrated and broke, you're the bloke she dropped when the job was lost and all you had left was money for MAC'n'CHEESE.

THE WOA-H-MAN is able to escape this perch and lands right on HIGH COUNTRY FRESH MEAT LIVING. You can find her checking out 9mm prices at WALMART on a FRIDAY NIGHT, because she's going shooting the next day, and nothing will stand in her way. You can't see that, but you can smell it.

SEEK THE WOA-H-MAN GRINKEN MAN, or die trying.

1 – BOOVULA MADNESS

THE GRINKEN MAN locates a WOA-H-MAN's power center. He can smell it from 2,000 miles away. He spends at least 14 weeks a year hiking through the forests and fasting on wheat grass soda and dried out lemon rinds. When he has attained a massive level of spirit POP, he can gallop towards his goal, but he must be careful.

A madness sets in when the change warden comes by to see, and you are still sitting at the diner finishing off your flapjacks and bacon. Curley Jones sees you at the booth, and then the both of you do a line of coke and talk about MAGIC TRIXIE and her heart rockets, and her scab pudding.

If you can rid your mind of putrefied ideas then send a LOVE POEM to Kendra. Kendra's eyesight has returned after the surgery last month and both of those "growths" were removed. SHE'S TAKING A BREAK from the rough life and the strip clubs, she's cozying up to homestyle crack and jokes about the sores on her back.

TAKE HER FOR A SPIN if you can FIND that flow, and then you'll know the depth and breadth of summertime twirl and counterfeit Mexican sundaes ...

2 – UNGUNJOLATING HER

Once you've strapped the WOA-H-MAN to your pickup truck, then you can take her to the "cabin".

There are many ways of snaring that girls honey drip magic. You can put on some slow music and talk about Austrian economics and gun control. MAKE SURE TO MENTION you have an OFF-GRID palace, not far from Tierra del Fuego, and that's where your Winnebago method takes OFF and her underwear gets WET.

"On my walk today I was thinking about Clint Eastwood and Johnny Carson ... and I figured out my porn star name: Johnny EASTWOOD." - Dr. Freckles

Make a GROB PASTE of tester-water and mungit-grime. Boil that slime for 23 hours, add in some dried flowers and chestnuts. After about a day take the moist residue and rub it into her valley snatch highway. Charry pizza and New England chili spill on the floor, because her stomach is aching and the macro-cake from Aldi's is bad, broken.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN before she MOANED, and then the vapor escapes from her butt-clinch hideaway.

3 – SEPARATE the FESTER

AS THE WOA-H-MAN achieves ORGASMIC TOTALITY, you will find your own lust ECLIPSED by her brave booby style jug-sensations.

She bites her lip, and writhes, as her voluptuous body UN-GLEAVES itself upon the sheets. Her eyes, watery and without regret, lock with yours and you can tell she's getting SET for that HOT ROD game. It will never be the same after she grabs your sleek tube and covers it in lube and puts it in her "purse" for safe keeping.

IT GETS HOT and the naughty path is apparent. The WOA-H-MAN is RIPE with sacred oils and musk and the smell fills up the room. You feel MAN POWERFUL, as a true GRINKEN MAN DOES, standing above your woman, getting ready for the final act.



4 – THE BARBARINO

Don't take this the wrong way, but you don't know anything about LOVE SPICE.

JON TRAVOLTA summoned HARLEQUIN INSIGHT when he took on the role of JERGIN soldier and kefler-elf.

Jon laid out the process for all, the means by which conception is achieved.

Step 1: ASK YOUR WOA-H-MAN out to DINNER at a nice FRENCH restaurant.

Step 2: After you sit down at the table, have some WINE – red wine is best.

Step 3: Summon the MILK SPIRIT from her JUGS and pass the goblet for a fill.

Step 4: Your WOA-H-MAN fills the GLASS with her cream, and it's ALL ABOARD FOR LOVE TOWN once you gulp it all down.

Step 5: Extend the MAN TOOL to maximum length under the table, and if she's able your WOA-H-MAN will remove her underwear.

Step 6: With fully extended rod, prod and prod till you find safe passage to the HAPPY ZONE of wet wonder.

Step 7: CUMPLEATLY EXPLODE YOUR LOAD in her banquet hall, and let the FREAKS next to you GASP as their shock grows to disbelief, and relief, once the WOA-H-MAN's pleasure noises are silenced.

Within about 6-9 months, a BUNCTOUS BABY, your very own, will pop out of the WOA-H-MAN ... screaming and angry, carrying knives. That baby will be PACKING HEAT, as he SKEETS his way out of the GREAT CHASM and on to the world stage. You will be PROUD, because his crying will be loud, and his restless wonder will be without compromise or concern.

THE BARBARINO UNLEASHES PURE GRINKEN MAN SPUNK LIGHTNING!

Never before have humans had this capability, this new course, and the world will shake as you BAKE your bread in her oven.

WHAT DO?

There are 8 sacred PIECES of a WOA-H-MAN'S LOVE-ORCHESTRA:

1. Finger Sausage: this is the placing of your twitching and dirty paws in her AWE INSPIRING hooba-cave. THE RAVE you'll get after spitting on her TOOVIS and rubbing the eel-rack will split your skull. No more time for slowing down, or taking polls.
2. Throat Candy: find the Oreo blaster and mix this with kennel-strewn garbage. Steep this mix with bisque and toffee that's been roasted on the heater. It will be sweeter if you can find NITRO-FIZZ and JOOG-SAND.

3. Boob Twisting: grab her boobs, one at a time, and rotate them 30-45 degrees clockwise and counter clockwise. Do this as you POUND it, and make sure that her lips PUCKER when the sucker hits the ground and the Soundgarden plays
4. Butt Massage: make a fist of your right hand, while holding down the WOA-H-MAN's buttocks with your LEFT. Grind your fist into her ass, tenderizing her LOVE MUSCLES and allowing her DOOM FLAN to rinse out and the rest of the anal grease to dissipate on the bedsheets that you haven't changed in 3 years.
5. Tummy Tickling: move your fingers across her trembling belly making hashmarks, she will GROAN and GRIPE, but the smile reveals the MOVIE BUTTER MAGIC happening between her legs.
6. Ear Pulse: stick your wet nasty tobacco chew tongue in her ear, hum and chant sounds right into her ear, whisper about JELLY-THRONES and cast out monkey dildos.
7. Anal Spruncto: find a medium sized zucchini, cover the zucchini in peanut oil and frosted flakes. After leaving the thing to get nasty in the hot sun, wrap it in old silk and burlap, and shove it up the WOA-H-MAN's asshole, do this before you begin the BARBARINO.
8. Final Escape: this is you, running from the police, because your WOA-H-MAN reports you to the authorities. You will jump out the window, and land on the bushes below. Then, JET to your car, hoping you have the keys – and you don't. After several minutes of trying to escape through a nearby swamp, you happen upon a beautiful raven, brunette and STACKED, wearing skimpy shorts and a bikini top. At this point you see the truth, and YOUR LOVE MEANING is SEALED by the JUICE-WENCH.

There is MORE to STALLION TYPE LOVE MAKING, but this is as much as YOU can handle, right now GRINKEN MAN ... WOA-H-MAN.

THE BATTLE of BUNKTON



Very soon, the ground will shake.

At the appointed time, the world will HOWL like a TIGER.

Our LIGER limitations do not worry, in a hurry we will break through the overcast skies and find a warm place in the sun to die.

On February 12th, 202X, a young woman named Birdy Bess will make her way to WALMART to buy 4 cases of 9mm ammo and 10 boxes of 12 gauge. THERE'S A VIRUS ALERT on the TV, and MAGA MAN SAM is selling his pitch to every KAREN Bitch: lock yourself down, toss your children in the storm drain, eat your protein slurry and SHUT THE FUCK UP ... slave. But BIRDY will have none of this hokum.

“Where’s your mask?”, slurred the WALMART greeter, his hands shaking from carbon monoxide poisoning and fiberglass damage to his lungs from the necessary “masks”.

“WHERE’S YOUR MASK LADY?”

“I don’t need that”, answered Birdy. But she could see the fat commie slovitch type was going to get his manager AND the security guards.

“A cop shouldn’t feel safe breaking into anyone’s home.” – Dr. Freckles

She was cornered on all sides, inching closer they would grab her and take her to the back office and teach her a lesson in WHAT’S UP, but Birdy could sense this – she used to date football players.

The baroolian freak, the nasty security guard, grabbed Birdy by the arm and squeezed – he pinched her arm down to the bone, and BIRDY screamed.

Birdy pushed away from these cavemen and pulled out a .357 magnum. She cocked the gun and asked the “men” to step back, so they did, but a nearby KAREN called 911 on her “smart” device and soon the building was surrounded by cops and sheriffs and other assorted pedophiles and wife beaters.

“There are so many of us that LOSE our BATTLES long before the war begins.” – Dr. Freckles

Birdy wasn’t alone though ...

There was THAT GUY looking for two-stroke oil, not wearing a mask ...

There was the OLD LADY in the wheel chair, packing a hidden GLOCK-19 with a 30-round magazine ...

There were the CLUMPTON BROTHERS trying to pick up MILFS in the frozen food aisle.

There were others, Birdy didn't know it yet, but she would.



Donald Trump, who'd been ON THE RUN from JD Vance for 2 weeks, drove his TESLA CYBER TRUCK through the plate glass windows; everyone was stunned.

Trump, who'd been living in the caves and in the sewers, arrived like DARK LIGHTNING from our broken collective unconscious. Birdy didn't vote, she didn't care to, but she knew the ORANGE DEMON, what JD called TRUMP.

You see, JD VANCE took power shortly after ARRIVING in WA DC. The whole SWAMP CADRE of ZIONIST FRINGE BOTS and other hooker henchman joined forces with “MR QUESTION MARK”, that’s what people called him. JD took up with KAMALA and other CLAM-FIBER cultists. He moved into a CONDO at the ECCLES BUILDING and henceforth called it the BLIGHT HOUSE. He and Powell shared jizz-magnets and gutter tiramisu.

“Mr. President, where’d you come from?”, Birdy asked.

“I’m out there and it’s HUUUUGE ... JD? – what a twirp, he murdered Melanoma and left me to die by the Lincoln Memorial.”

“What you doing here?”

“I was summoned by the COYOTE SPIRIT.”

More cops gathered outside the WALMART, and now the KAREN SQUAD was demanding GOVERNOR BLIBISS bring out the NATIONAL GUARD.

Soon, even the VATICAN was sending its “HOOKER ANGELS”, blessed by old drunk Jesuits and Franciscans, with the power to CONFUSE and DOMINATE utilizing their jumblies.



Birdy hugged TRUMP, she felt his **queebous-sweat** and smelled his dingy muck soul. She knew the guy was burnt out and filled with cat urine, but she sensed that DONALD wanted redemption and something about this FEBRUARY 12th would bring it forth.



No one knows who fired the first shot ...

Some say it was Cally Jorman, a deputy sheriff high on cocaine.

Others believed it was “Karen” Southerland or “Karen” Greene or “Karen” Moskowitz, they just knew some fucking Karen pulled that trigger.

The shot rang out, and everyone was stunned. Birdy grabbed her stomach and Trump could see she was bleeding; he held on to her, as her legs gave out and she crumpled down to the floor.



It felt like hours, but Birdy was gone in a few moments. Trump held her, caressed her hair, as her monkey spirit left her body for the great beyond.

Trump stood up, angrily. A sense of portent and overwhelming HEAVINESS was felt by all.

“TAKE COVER, RETURN FIRE, AIN’T NOTHING LEFT BUT TO DIE!”, screamed Trump.

**“It’s always darkest
before it gets even darker.” - Dr. Freckles**

Bullets began flying, there, at the Bunkton Township WARMART. Nobody knew much about BUNKTON before that day, just a sleepy little town in who knows where the fucks heartland America. The firefight only lasted an hour, but by the time it was over the WARMART was on fire and reinforcements from the SWAMP RATS and GOMBO-FREAKS of Sector-998 (Louisiana) were showing up, riding hippos, and carrying shivs.



Already, the fourth VATICAN DIVISION of SWAMP WHORES had invaded Mississippi, and there were rumors of other GRONGO-FORCES under the command of former president Barack Obama. Battle lines were being drawn, but no one could read a map.



“GET THAT MISSILE LAUNCHER BACK ON THE ROAD!”, yelled COL CLAM, the busty vixen leader of the BOOB-RANGERS and other chicks that ride tigers. She’d been recruited by the VATICAN when she was a young nun, and now her time to SHINE for the POPE had CUM. “GET THAT FUCKING LAUNCHER OUT OF THE SWAMP!”, she hastened her chick squad, as these voluptuous devil dogs rubbed grizzly wax on their vaginas.



Within a few days the VATICAN had taken control of New Jersey, NYC, and Boston. They had shock armies roaming FLORIDA, and several mutant sasquatch chasing women in bikinis in Georgia.

HOOBIE GANGS of thirty-something CROSS-FIT FREAKS began forming their own KLUNGIT-KLANS, chasing tail and looking for “easy going Sunday morning” sex parties.



TRUMP, upon achieving TOTAL VICTORY at the Bunkton WALMART, joined forces with the brave and sexy SHEILA GANGS of Quadrant-2. These were the cast-asides, the throwaways, they kept their souls in CHECK, and their conscience intact, by remembering the wet springtime EVENTS of their lost urban youth. They came from the slums, from DOWNTOWN, from the gritty city chum lots where OLD MEN look for YOUNG BODIES to buy. Trump could tell they were HOT and HANGRY and HEAVY with foolish heart songs.

"It feels great to know my BEST CASE is most people's worst case." - Dr. Freckles

"You with us Papa Blump?", asked Queen Irene.

Trump smiled, and shook his head, “girl, I’ve been with you since the first time we met at Mar-a-Lago so many halcyon years ago”. Together, Trump thought, nothing could stop them.

Papa Blump and Queen Irene, like the SCENE from the SCOTTISH PLAY; one day their fire children would RULE the 5 worlds.

But a darkness set in ...

It turned out that JD VANCE had cloned TRUMP, using dried JIZZ from that one time they “experimented”. A HORROR, DARK-TRUMP or DRUMP, was out there, chasing down the young and old, feeding them to the GREAT CRUSHER, mixing mite love with angel worm sadness.



THE BATTLES grew harder, as Papa Blump and DRUMP waged war, and JD VANCE watched over this from his SKY CASTLE: a vacuum ship dirigible floating 30 miles above the surface of the Earth.



DRUMP, on orders from JD VANCE, launched an invasion of THAILAND and began injecting men and dogs and cats with a mind control virus: the virus made everyone exposed susceptible to JD VANCE'S MIND RAYS and even the GAYS admitted, when they spitted, that this was GREASIER than El Paso TEXAS.



For OCCUPIED GEORGIA, life was cruel ...

Women were rounded up by various BIGFOOT and SASQUATCH gangs. The YETI now RULED the domains surrounding Atlanta, and the swamps were being turned into all female prison zones: and the women, wearing only bikinis, were marched there ... those that couldn't make it were tossed to the gators.



After defeating the 14th LOON division under the command of KAREN STEVENS, Papa Blump moved on to Florida. He and QUEEN IRENE organized the BOOGALOOS and the COLLAPISITARIANS and the 7th Adventists into STRIKE-TEAMS and Blump demanded everyone wear Hawaiian shirts.

It was looking like the good guys might win, that the memory of poor BIRDY would not be forgotten. Blump carried one of her fingers in his pocket, to remind him of her and the bravery she showed at the Bunkton WALMART on 2/12.

"I know EVERYTHING I need to KNOW to NOT be dead yet." - Dr. Freckles

One night, after a long day's battle, BLUMP SCREAMED OUT TO THE CADRE and the DOG SOLDIERS sleeping on the beaches near TAMPA:

"WE SHALL NEVER FORGET BIRDY! WE WON'T FORGET BUNKTON DAY!"

The mythology of BUNKTON DAY was spreading like wildfire – even the FRENCH were getting annoyed ...



Of course: there were VATICAN SPIES everywhere, and BLUMP knew it. He even had to take a few on one of his “fishing trips”, and many a waifish and virginal nun went to her death being eaten by tiger sharks ... terrible.



But it wasn't all pain, this SECOND AMERICAN CIVIL WAR ...

Blump and QUEEN IRENE spent several turbulent nights, sultry and salted, near the seashore, making clam chowder.

“Oh baby, I’ve never felt a man like you”, said Irene.

“HONEY BUNCHES OF OATS, I can’t live without you, and I won’t; if you leave me I’ll kill you”, this made Irene smile.



JD VANCE sent the US NAVY SEAL TEAM X-RAY after BLUMP, but he was a few steps ahead, domesticating and training tiger sharks AS BATTLE SHARKS. And even some of the VATICAN’S “ANGELS” switched sides, having gotten really sick of all the KARENS they had to work with. Things were looking up for the SECOND CONFEDERACY, and that’s what BLUMP and IRENE called it.

“This time, we’ll get it right baby”, Irene whispered into Blump’s ear, as he rode that shark into history.



Meanwhile, DRUMP, under orders from JD VANCE, seized ANTARCTICA and the SAFE ZONE. For years, the rich and powerful have been setting up a “safe zone” in Antarctica, capable of housing nearly 3 million people. BLUMP knew about this place, but his forces were stretched too thin, so he asked QUEEN IRENE if she could send her FOXY FOXTROT SQUAD 11, riding polar bears, down there to the South Pole.

Within a few weeks, DRUMP’S forces and Irene’s clashed, and at STOOGIE PASS the brave women of Irene’s forces defeated the robots and CLAMALA’S GENITAL CRAB POSSE.



It was a near thing ...

Because DRUMP had an ally in the SOUTH: Barack Obama.

Obama sent his SKLAG WARRIOR PRIESTESSES, armed with DREG-PISTOLS and wearing sports bras.

After many skirmishes, these SKLAGs were laid to rest near McMurdo Base.



The tide was turning, and it looked as if BLUMP and IRENE'S victory would be assured. But then, DRUMP sent an army of NEOCON lobbyists, riding giant mutant Frenchies into the GAMMA ZONE (Las Vegas). BLUMP tried to shift forces, but JD VANCE had sent his IMAGE as dark satanic power orb energy in the form of a Godzilla sized CAT with glowing red eyes.

Some compared the battles around Vegas, with the dust storms and limited vision, to the "Battle of the Wilderness" in 1864. But they were all hooked on meth and had bleeding gums and nobody of stature listened to them.



The SECOND CIVIL WAR lasted nearly 3 years, and over 200 billion people died.

The battles spanned continents, and BLUMP got to spread his seed. Irene was none too happy about his oafish ways, but BLUMP had FIRE SPICE in his loins and a groin encased in dried blood and sores.



At one point, in the second year of WAR, BLUMP and IRENE SPLIT UP and BLUMP began organizing CARNY FOLK as second and third tier JOOG FORCES. Their skeevy ways and cigarette burn and cotton candy affect took the STAGE ... and with vile gutter rage they broke through the LINES at St. Louis.



And the BATTLE NUNS that switched sides? – they led the assaults to retake OREGON and WA state. They even invaded CANADA, that was then being ravaged by a killer outbreak of genital crabs, and the battle nuns captured Vancouver Island, and most of British Columbia ... for the SyFy channel ... so they would be able to shoot outdoor TV SyFy scenes there for free, IN perpetuity ... that means FOREVER fucko.



As the SECOND CIVIL WAR WOUND DOWN, BLUMP began flying space patrols near VENUS and MARS and the MOON. Queen Irene and he established MOON BASE ALPHA and put Colonel Koenig in charge of the fission waste dumps there.



GREAT HONORS were bestowed upon BLUMP. His victories numerous, his armies brave and true. He had so many consorts, Asians, black women, Irene, and some Mexicans – so many beautiful and fertile women were offered up to him in tribute. His seed spread, and like Genghis Khan many a child would be born in the future with his stain upon them.



... and ...

It's hard to believe that one young woman, Birdy, and her brave death at the BUNKTON WALMART started it all.

Through the echoes of time, it will be said:

“UPON BUNKTON DAY we stand, as Birdy once did, in her cut-off jorts and her Xavier-Type BLOOTON rifle”, said BLUMP on BUNKTON DAY, 2/12, 202X.

SO, GO OUT THERE GRINKEN MAN.

FIND YOURSELF A GRINKEN WOAHH-MAN like BIRDY ...

Hustle and bustle your way, stroking your steam pipe, and fill her caverns with chowder gravy and Old Navy loving.

Give her a BUNCTOUS BABY ... fill her with your white gravy.

And when the baby is born, if it's a girl: name her Birdy.



THE CHRONICLES of YORBIS: CLOWN KING and PHILOSOPHER



1 - Happiness

As Yorbis was walking to the great Amphitheater of Nimulak, sometime in the year 23,000 B.C. (way back), a young peasant stopped to ask him a question:

"Great Yorbis, I toil and I sweat, and my wife is filled with distemper ... My job sucks (peasant ya know) ... My kids are lazy and only work 16 hours a day in the fields for me ... And ... My XBOX is broken ... the new HALO game is coming out soon ... shit ... What thoughts Sir?"

Yorbis, The Great Clown Lord-King, Replied:

"Buddy, you are thinking too hard about this shit, and you sound like a little bitch... You do what you can, as you have the resources to – like the rest of us! Get yourself a good woman (or man), try to work, try to save, eat well, drink moderately (smoke some weed if you like) and try to find as much happiness in this life as you can. Life is short, and my tolerance for your bullshit and complaining is shorter... So sayest Yorbis."

Yorbis then hit the peasant - upon the head - with his cane (as folks were apt to do to peasants in olden times), and wandered on.

2 - On being "fired", "down-sized", "canned" or "laid-off"

One day, long ago ...

The great Clown Lord-King Yorbis was working as a software engineer for a company that made/designed Terminal Operations Software -- systems which manage the planning and orchestration of container moves at container terminals, port facilities, rail yards, inter-modal sites, etc. ... Kind of boring and out of place and without context... So be it... This story doesn't have to make sense to everyone – shut up!

Any ways, the boss of Yorbis, Nob "The Anus-Troll", came to a team meeting and began to speak the following words (Nob brought his toady Hungus along with him):

"Listen guys, this is crunch time, we really need you to step up to the bat... Get'er done... I mean it... We are in trouble, no, not trouble... We just need to get a lot of work done in a short time or something bad happens. Yes... That's it... And, dudes, I have gift cards and free pizza and all sorts of other shit if you guys can just pull it together and get this done. While it is true that my incompetence in planning and managing got us to this point, I really think that you folks could simply work around my being a total douche... Ya know, cuz my name is Nob -- and that sort of means douche anyways... So, no false advertising with respect to my being an asshole - it's in my name... Are there any questions? Really... I mean it... I want feedback... I'm not just saying it. I really want to hear from you..."

Hungus stood by and merely nodded when Nob said something.

Yorbis listened, as the other under-folk code-monkey slaves sat frozen and slack-jawed and clearly distraught ... and Yorbis decided to direct a set of questions to Nob:

"Firstly, KNOB, I hope I can call you Knob? I think you feel guilty about being incompetent, but I wonder if you can explain to me WHY we under-folk, being non-full-fledged peoples, should give a shit about your predicament? What you need are stakeholders, what you breed here are toady types and slaves. If you want free, creative, men and women to help you then you must create an environment for that. Secondly, if we are so important to your organization, why are you shipping jobs - KNOB - to Rasbania? Really, the Rasbanians are tools and know not how to compile code, let alone test it? Finally, you corral all the under-folk in one side of the builder-torium, while the 'splendids' are segregated to the other side, do you NOT realize that this is a douche thing to do and creates division where none should exist?"

A scowl grew across Nob's face, and after a few moments' words dripped out – and some drool ...

"Well, we don't have extra cave space, Yorbis ... You know this ... That's why all the under-folk are corralled in the swine-yard. Also, I would really like to make you all 'real people', splendids, but my bosses just won't allow it right now ... we are 50% owned by Goldman-Sachs and shit ... and, well, the Rasbanians are too damn cheap and outsourcing makes too much sense to us ... We promise, when things slow down, and times get better, and there is no need for you under-folk ... well ... WE WILL TOTALLY hire you and shit ... totally ... Yep... That sure sounds good to me and Hungus ... But... I must confess.... I do see how this could all be misinterpreted as douche behavior...."

"There's literally no escape from the inevitable." - Dr. Freckles

Nob walked over and touched Yorbis on the shoulder, "let's talk about this off line, outside the meeting, where my words can be hidden and thereby any reality can be substituted ..."

Yorbis complied... Yorbis was fired 2 hours later...

Many years after this incident, Yorbis was giving a lecture in the great Amphitheater of TORVIS and he was asked, by a young student, "what shame is there in being fired, ya know, canned?"

Yorbis pondered this question for a moment and then spoke:

"If you have experienced the horror of watching someone you love die, slowly, painfully, over many months ... That person ... That body ... Observing that loved-one fall apart ... day by excruciating day ... As I have, and I must confess, not bravely – as I watched my sister and mother ravaged by late stage cancer ... Well ... It forces you to consider how lame, ridiculous, our 'professional' lives are – how unimportant the 'project timeline' is. And, during that death you witness, you stop, you quiet yourself before those you love and you try to listen - I mean really listen to what they want to recall at the end, to the wisdom they seek to impart ... What thoughts occur to those you love when their time is measured in hours, seconds? Well, in the listening, you begin to realize that life is not simply short, but more importantly - every moment in our lives is not equal. Some moments suck, some moments don't, such is life. It isn't obedience and the acceptance of slavery which animates memory in the final moments. It isn't our willingness to participate in sloth or sloppiness or shameful ugliness which is the most valued at the end. It isn't the memory of cars or planes or boats or iPhones or other kinds of shit we collect, as clowns, over time. In fact, as you die, you will realize that your life's value and memories, in purest form, are not comprised of watching television, playing games or buying pizza. Your life's value, its freedom, its dignity, lay in the choice of 'who' and 'whom' you associate with and those choices you make which impact others. Those decisions you make weave a tapestry of existence, a cloth to be cherished."

"Your friends, your neighbors, your family, these are the witnesses which stand at the crossroad -- they tell the story and buy passage across the river Styx for your life's work ..."

“And what of 'work' and 'professions'? So much of our short lives is spent in work - should not work have meaning? So much of our energy is spent in labor - should not the labor build beauty? Not all jobs are the same, but why do we assume one job is important and another irrelevant? Would it not be better if we considered every productive act to be, potentially, a work of art? A good job is more than income, it is membership in a tribe -- and ideally it is a tribe of artists ... Tribes have leaders, sometimes many ... Not all leaders are qualified, especially in Information Technology -- it sucks, but it is true. Leadership is hard.”

“Leadership IS hard precisely because to lead you must be in charge of a group of free people and not simply zombies or robots who act on your every whim. Zombies are dumb and are not likely to help you design something amazing -- even if they can be managed as brute labor. Zombies eat brains, they don't generally have them. The leader who expects respect or admiration for simply showing up and occupying a seat, well, that leader is a tool and not a useful tool, like a hammer or a wrench.”

“My young students, don't worry about being fired or laid off or losing your job ... Don't let this fear of unemployment guide your morality or choices ... Many douche bags, in the past, used fear of 'losing their job' as an excuse to do some pretty heinous shit ... Many horrible leaders use fear to compel obedience -- this is the path of evil.”

“What does Yorbis think of being canned???”

“Yorbis has been fired many times, Yorbis has quit jobs or resigned many more times. Yorbis has memories of dignity, freedom, creativity and hope – whether Yorbis was canned or quit. Yorbis simply wants to build and create value for customers, to make money and to do so in an ethical way. Sadly, not everyone has similar values, so should Yorbis abandon his values (and his mind) at the factory parking lot? Deming didn't think so, and neither does Yorbis...”

“You follow your heart and your values and sometimes a job doesn't work out - so be it. You still, probably, have some good memories of teamwork and creativity and mentorship before being ostracized (fired) and in all likelihood, if you did the right thing, you left your mark – you are remembered with love by more than a few.

These memories will be of greater value at death than a few more paychecks my peoples ...”

“And, never forget:”

“Life is a series of experiments and it is usually the failed experiments that are the most interesting. Don't stress over failed experiments, revel over the joy and adventure each one brought...”

And Yorbis finished his lecture and skulked away ...

And his students discussed beer and weed and getting laid.

3 - On being confident...

Several hundred years ago, in the far-off land of Trylipia, the great Clown Lord-King Yorbis was bungee jumping into the deep canyons of Rimbus - canyons where poisonous Fester-Ants and Ryme-Snakes run willy-nilly about, looking for unlucky bungee jumpers whose 'bungee' broke or was just a tad too long.

**“I don't even remember
what I've forgotten.”
- Dr. Freckles**

While standing in line, a young woman recognized Yorbis, from a scroll or some shit, and asked Yorbis a question:

"Great Yorbis, why are you always so fearless? So confident?"

Yorbis smiled.

Yorbis knew he wasn't confident, not really – and certainly not in some Lena Dunham or Hillary Clinton bitchy kind of way.

But, Yorbis also knew this woman was confused and wanted help.

So, Yorbis looked down, deep, into the canyon below ...

Yorbis could see all of the dangerous creatures moving about, feeding on the decaying bodies (and some not yet dead) of hapless bungee jumpers ...

And then Yorbis spoke:

"My dear girl ... there is no mystery here and there is very little that is special about me. I'm actually scared, almost all of the time. The answer to the riddle is quite simple: confidence is knowing you have nothing left to lose, that there is no real risk in anything ... or ... maybe ... the risks are all the same, no matter what we do ... so it doesn't really matter and we should simply let go and jump."

Yorbis was next up, for the bungee jump.

Yorbis knew he could die, at any moment, anywhere ...

Yorbis knew, also, that there existed the merest thread holding his ghost inside his body – the thinnest veil between “life” and “death” ...

But Yorbis also knew it had always been like this, for all living things – and if they bitched about it, they tried to keep it to themselves.

When you realize all of this, you can do almost anything.

“So be it!”

And then Yorbis jumped.

4 - Concerning stability, safety, and peace...

Thousands of years ago ...

A time when the world was less busy, but nearly as insane ...

Before the time of Ben Bernanke, and endless money printing, and the fucking Federal Reserve ...

When money was still worth something ...



**"The NOW is the ever present MAYBE."
- Dr. Freckles**

A time, when some had more, and others had less, and there did not appear to be a reckoning as to why this was the case.

At that moment, the great Lord-King Philosopher-Clown Yorbis was sitting by the side of a turbulent river - the river Goonda, nestled within a valley, surrounded by the Mountains of Voroblok.

As Yorbis was sitting and watching the debris being washed down the great river, a young boy came up to him and bombarded Yorbis with weary questioning:

"Great Yorbis, my parents are out of work ... we are nearly out of money ... We are afraid we will lose our home ... and I need new clothes for school ... I saw my father crying last night and I did not know what to think ... I was scared ... We are all scared ... Yorbis, is there no hope? Will the world always be this scary? This dark? This unpredictable?"

Yorbis, broken from concentration, looked down at the young man (the boy looked to be 10 or 11 years old) and he smiled.

Then, after a few moments of meditation, Yorbis began to speak.

"I have no easy answers boy ... Times are tough, maybe they have always been so ... But I ask that for a moment you sit with me here, and look at this river before us ..."

The young boy sat down next to Yorbis and looked out into the river, his eyes darted about – the boy knew there must be a lesson in this (he was sitting next to the great Yorbis after all). Yorbis waited until the boy's gaze looked still, and then he continued ...

"Look over there at the rocks which are worn smooth by the rushing water ... Look at how the water itself turns white as air is pulled in and churned by this wild place... Watch as material, stuff, things, leaves, sticks, logs, come flowing down ... Observe how the river attempts to beat any object or being into submission ... If one of those leaves, being washed down the river, were to come alive, he or she might ask: 'Why is this water so rough and dangerous? I should have washed ashore earlier - at some place where the water was still and slowly moving ... Instead I am now being pulled and tossed about ... This is too much ... Why must I endure?' The leaf might have washed ashore at the calmer point in the river my boy - some place safe ... The leaf might still decide to be washed ashore further down where the water also calms ... Young man, you are like this leaf, or at least you are feeling like this leaf now ... You

are young and new and have only the dismal memories of your short life during turbulent times ... from your vantage point you see only rapids and unlike the 'lucky' leaf which fell to earth in calm waters, you have seen only the dark, rough, frightening branch of this Leviathan's flow."

"So, for you, it would seem better to move towards the calm waters where not much happens ... But trust me boy, you will become more for having felt the rapids. Your life will have greater meaning for having been tossed by the 'great river' into which we are all thrown. Some of us are thrown in at calm times or at calm places in the great river - so be it, we cannot control this ... don't be jealous of this ... I know this does not help ... I know that times are hard and people have lost hope ... Maybe you think your friends and family have lost hope? I do not know them, but I doubt it ... They are simply tired and overwhelmed and at times we all feel the weight of this world upon us - parents much more than most people ... But, by the looks of you, you seem a strong and intelligent young man ... My inner voice tells me, and I could be wrong, but it is doubtful that I am wrong, that your parents love you and would throw themselves into the fires of destruction for you ... Do I speak the truth?"

The young boy nodded, his eyes glazed over, and a single tear ran down his face ...

"Then, young man, don't fret over being scared ... We are all scared at times ... This is the pepper in the soup ... This is what sparks the mind and gives flavor to existence! I know you may not believe me now, but in life there are many times when the water slows and the water quickens ... Learn to appreciate the slow times, and seek knowledge and build strength for the rapids -- it is during the times of calm that we must re-tool ourselves, harden the steel, mend, repair, and even branch out and grow to become more than what we are – and to seek out ways to become what we ought to be ... Learn to accept the hard/fast/turbulent times, they can be exciting and fun and you will realize this one day ...Peace and stability do not always exist in equal measure for all men and women at all moments. You need to accept this and avoid the trap of believing that some other soul may have 'more' than you or some other lives exist in times better than the times you live in ... You may not believe this, but the 'bored and the fat' may actually envy you!"

"Most importantly: know that in the love of your family and your friends, in your creative works, and in your attempts at life (which sometimes become failures --

failures are the MOST important) – that if you are patient you WILL find yourself and you will find yourself stronger! We settle in calm times but we change and become strong in the rapids ... Courage is not an exclusive attribute of the great heroes of the past my boy ... Courage is in all of us when we accept our fear and we push it aside to struggle onwards ... We are not the leaf that gets washed ashore or tossed about my boy ... We are not the log that cracks and breaks under the force of the river ... Look out there, my young man, and know this simple truth! We are the stones, the boulders, and the granite that are shaped and weathered by the river, transformed into beauty which lasts many seasons - both rough and calm ...”

Yorbis was done talking, and the boy was smiling.

Perhaps the boy was smiling because Yorbis was done talking OR perhaps the boy had learned something.

“But the boy is smiling ...”, Yorbis thought.

And that was enough for Yorbis, so Yorbis walked the boy home and then went to get a drink at a local tavern.

5 - Pity and Shame

A while back, about 2,000 years ago, YORBIS the GREAT Clown-Lord King was roaming the countryside, looking for a job ...

Yorbis, being worn out from his journeys, stopped in a small town in NOXIA for the night. Noxia was located near the great Yurnal Sea. This town was FAMOUS for its Yurnal Cakes ... Very tasty...

While checking into his hotel a group of beleaguered and crestfallen workers were trudging off to the WOSTON Mines ... off in the hills, just outside of town.

“It's in the weirdest places that you find amazing people.” - Dr. Freckles

A young scamp named Lars looked out into the street and laughed and then spoke ...

"Look at them, so tired, so pathetic, so poor and badly dressed ... I pity them."

Yorbis, angered by this young man, grabbed him by the ear (as adults were known to do in those days) and gave the young boy a talking to ...

"BOY, do you not know work? Are you so rich, so well off, that you will never need to work? If that is so THEN I PITY YOU! Pity, shame, these are 2 sides of the same horrid idea - that man should feel shame in work and that others should feel pity for the worker. We think we are doing some great deed when we stand in the distance and feel this 'pity' towards the poor, the hungry, the broken, the overworked - but we are doing them NO GOOD! Instead, with our pity we bring shame to our own selves. With our pity we deny the possibility that man's dignity lay in something bigger than a job, an occupation, or some contrived role we play in this perpetual farce ..."

"Those men, who march to the mines, and make little and take great risk for it - they are the proof that man is noble and good. They know they could choose to lay down and die, to refuse that work out of shame, but they feel no shame - they know the pride of adding something to this life, rather than just taking away. Young boy! You may one day understand that pity is folly - until that day comes know this simple truth: the only shameful work is the work that produces nothing or less than nothing. The only shameful job is the job of the lay-about."

"Pity thine own self."

The boy, whose mother had been shopping in a store next door, grabbed the boy, apologized to Yorbis, and dragged that wretched creature home for a "talking-to".

Yorbis, who saw himself in that boy – at that age – realized he might have been a bit harsh ...

But then again - perhaps Yorbis was just harsh enough.

6 - Hope

Yorbis once said:

"Hope is the stale aftertaste of work unfinished and commitments unmet. The world moves. The world accelerates and it changes. Sometimes the world slows down. In all things, if you wish to change the world you are a fool, but if you desire

to be foolish THEN STOP FUCKING HOPING! Make your mark through work and effort and love and friendship – hope is merely the cheapest drug available and it is no alternative to LIFE."

7 - Tools

Yorbis, the ancient clown-king sayest:

"Be careful of the man who IS a tool and NOT the person who makes them — he will bend your hopeful gimbels till they burst with blood-ravaged gases. it's bad... really..."

8 - On “fancy/schmancy”

Yorbis, the Elder Clown states:

"A man who makes light of fancy-shmancy doings is most likely at odds with determinant reality..."

9 - Husbands and Wives ...

77,000 years ago, ...

Before the time of Face-book and on-line porn ...

The great clown-lord-king-philosopher-dude Yorbis was out on a 'quiet stroll' in LUBI-PARK (a city park in the ancient metropolis of TRANSCOPIA) when he came across 2 folks yelling at each other.

Person 1, Female: "YA KNOW, I WORK TOO, I MANAGE THE BILLS, I JUST WISH YOU COULD KEEP THE BATHROOM CLEAN..."

Person 2, Male: "YES, I get 'IT'... I am a slob and old and fat and not a millionaire... I've never been good enough for you... I STARTED WEIGHT WATCHERS!"

Yorbis, hiding in the bushes, continued to observe. He found this very entertaining. He was hoping there would be violence.

Person 1, Female: "YAMMER, YAMMER, YAMMER, YAMMER..." -> This is how Yorbis heard it ...

Person 2, Male: "BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH... FUCK..." --> Once again, this is how it was received in the Yorbis hearing-brain-processing-zone ...

Yorbis then jumped out from the bushes, and caught the couple off guard - they were quite startled.

"Gentle city folk... ", Yorbis said with a slight smirk, "What's the dealio?"

"My wife, Cursnodia, is constantly berating me for being fat and messy..." --> the dude said...

"My husband, Limbian, goes to work, grabs beer, hangs out in his office all night and then MAYBE comes to bed ...

And then he wakes up and repeats this ... Every single day ... He is watching porn or something ..."

Yorbis was silent for several seconds, and then as if a wave of inspiration crashed over him, he then spoke ...

"Peoples, Yorbis has been married for 57 years and this is my SECOND marriage. I would like to say that each day is easy, but that is false. I would like to say I was ALWAYS in love with my dear wife Reeniz, but that too would be a lie. It would be great to pretend that my marriage is one long honeymoon, but my honeymoon sucked so I am kind of glad that is not the case. The truth is thus: marriage is not some endless, cheesy, movie love affair. We watch 'romantic' movies, and we see the fragments of joy in 10-minute segments, and we are led to believe that love is like that - a string of romantic vignettes. But love is like the rock or the stone or the mountain - it can last for all time (it seems too) but it is also rough, and hard, and quite dangerous and people die falling off of it."

Yorbis then looked at them both, casting his gaze from one to the next in a rather serious and crazy-man kind of way ...

"Do you both love each other?"

The husband and wife were silent for a moment but then each nodded almost simultaneously.

"Then if you love each other, hug each other, FORGIVE EACH OTHER, and remember that the only valid certification program for a professional diplomat is

MARRIAGE. To make it last, you must figure out: a) what you need, b) what you don't need and c) what you are willing to bargain with and if you are lucky, most of your bargaining or compromise come from items in column [b]. If you can find the point, somewhere in the middle, where you are both able to find meaning and hope and self-awareness and ideally a child or two ... well ... then I think you will be fine ... but I make no promises."

Then, with a stern expression, Yorbis declared the following:

"BUT KNOW THIS: LONELINESS IS HELL, BUT LOVE WITHOUT COMPROMISE OR CARE IS WAY WORSE THAN HELL. IT'S LIKE HELL PART 2, BUT STARRING MATT DAMON. IT SUCKS. TOTALLY SUCKS. LIKE THE MOVIE ELYSIUM."

"LOVE UNBRIDLED BECOMES MASTER OF ALL AND REARS ITS HEAD LIKE A DRAGON. TRUST ME. THAT'S HOW MY FIRST MARRIAGE ENDED AND HOW MY LIFE ALMOST DID - SHE CAME AT ME WITH A SHIV OR A SHANK OR SOMETHING, MAYBE 3 FEET OF CARBON STEEL CHAIN, IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO!"

"Have a nice day!"

And with that Yorbis walked on - and the couple, frozen for a moment, looked into each other's eyes, grabbed the other's hand and walked in the opposite direction from Yorbis.

Yorbis thought to himself: "I give them 2 weeks, tops, before they kill each other."

And, so, Yorbis frequented the park, on the days that followed, hoping he would catch a glimpse of a murder/suicide or something really crazy.

Yorbis was a scientist after all, and a cynical romantic.

10 - A Winter's Prayer ...

Many millions of years ago ...

Before the time of "Jersey Shore" and Snookie ...

Before the time of English Queens and British Royalty, and other such assholes and douche-bags ...

There was once a great-clown-lord-king-philosopher named Yorbis.

One winter's night, in the ancient city-state of Kzorica, Yorbis was walking the streets, by himself. The night air was crisp and the late autumn leaves were frozen and collecting on the sidewalks.

Kzorica was once a city of joy, a city renowned for friendship and community and a general sense of humans and clown-folk at peace.

Kzorica was the centerpiece of clown civilization - many of its citizens participated and cooperated and felt a need to make the world a little better (not a little worse).

Kzorica, these days, was quiet, dark, lonely ...

You see, the people of Kzorica had their "GAMESIMS" and "TWATTER MESSAGES" and "FACESTERS" and "MUMBLER FEEDS" and various other cubes and rectangles that would flash with electric excitement - and suck people into a personal, separate and rather myopic tiny little world.

Of course, Yorbis loved gadgets -- Yorbis had a FACESTER account as well. But Yorbis could see, on that dark winter's night, that there was something wrong - something was terribly "out of balance". All of this, as Yorbis was treading those deserted streets, fed his troubled spirit.

You see, this night that Yorbis was walking about was the night of Roon-Kantz - the wondrous celebration of "Winter Hope and Blessings".

Roon-Kantz was an occasion for families to recognize the good of the year and meditate upon their own good fortune and the good they did (or didn't do) for others. It was a holiday dedicated to thanking your neighbors - for simply being good neighbors. A time of parties and outside festivals and dancing and music and chocolate and JOY!

But this night of Roon-Kantz -- Yorbis saw no one dancing.

Yorbis saw no festivities in the streets.

Yorbis saw no neighbors hugging neighbors.

Yorbis walked these vacant streets and could only see the green electric glow emanating from closed windows.

Yorbis peered inside these windows, as he often did (being too curious for his own good), and Yorbis saw various families, inches away from each other, separated by the smallest space - mothers and fathers and sons and daughters and other folk trapped in their own personal dark worlds.

People trapped in prison cells with invisible walls.

Yorbis knew these people were good - as good as people have ever been.

Yorbis also knew these people were afraid - as afraid as ever, and possibly more afraid than at any time in their history or any history before this time or later (which is saying a lot).

So, when Yorbis walked until he could walk no further, and he reached the center of town, where the great

"Fountain of Zambooey" was located - Yorbis knelt there and began to pray:

"Dear lord of the universe, I am a rather faithless sole of mockery and humor and cheap satire. I realize I deserve nothing and frankly I don't want anything from you - you've done enough already, as far as I am concerned. But, I am not here to complain."

"Dear Lord, who seems to run everything, I ask for only one thing - one simple request. For one night a week, could you use your magic to stop all these devices and cubes and accounts and messages, so that fathers and sons and family and friends and neighbors could see each other again?"

"Can you crash their networks and force their gaze outward? Can you somehow remind these good people that there is, just outside their door, a world? - and that world is not all bad."

"Can you make them see that there are doors and windows, in their homes, and that maybe they should open them? - the windows and the doors ..."

"Moreover, Lord, can you get them off their asses to venture forth and say hello to their neighbors and greet their fellow citizens in this great city of Kzorica, on this wondrous night of Roon-Kantz?"

"I know I am asking for a lot here, dude, Lord. But man, I hardly ever ask you for anything and supposedly you have magical powers - so I ask that you use this magic

to stop those little devices for one night a week ... maybe two. Do this, Lord, and maybe these cold city streets can become warm with the glow of families and children and dogs and cats and HOPE!"

"Peace out, Lord-Dude!"

Yorbis finished his prayer and walked on.

Yorbis had no illusions, he knew the world was entering an age of darkness.

Yorbis' heart was heavy that cold evening and yet his heart kept beating and asking for some "hopeful fancy" - some escape hatch for the world's souls.

Here is the thing about wise, old, Yorbis ...

Yorbis would rather be "wrong and happy" than "right and sad", all things being equal. Maybe this is too simplistic for us modern folk to contemplate, but perhaps simplicity is wisdom and hope is the only tonic for our dark nights of the soul.

Crazy ideas.

Whatever ...

Put down your smart phone for just one minute today - maybe 5 minutes.

Disconnect from your email.

Find someone you love and give them a hug.

Maybe even take a stroll outside and greet the world with a smile.

Happy Roon-Kantz!

11 - Meaning and Faith

111K Years ago...

A time previous to this - by a fucking long shot.

A time of simpler things, well ... I dunno ... Actually, we humans (and clowns) always see things this way, but that is mostly bullshit as well (a topic for another day).

Bottom line: "best of times, worst of times" clichés are just that - FUCKING CLICHÉS!

Any who ...

Yorbis, the ancient clown-philosopher-wanderer, was strolling about the coastal city of Roort to relieve his boredom.

Roort was a well-known destination for many in those times if your interests were seafood, fishing, learning, and prostitution - many great schools and universities were situated in and around Roort.

As Yorbis walked about Roort, looking at all the beautiful women, taking in the sights, eating the "fried fish brains and gruel" that so many there loved (sigh), he came across a young clown priest by the name of Quom.

Quom had been studying at the University and deciding whether to continue on his path to ultimate wisdom or to quit school and rejoin his father's fishing business (believe it or not, those fried fish brains were popular). Yorbis could tell Quom was in despair, so he decided, being the nosy/busybody he was, that he would interrupt this young man's meditation and have a chat.

Yorbis: "Young dude, why are you so focused and apparently distressed?"

Quom: "It's complicated."

Yorbis: "Don't be a dick, Yorbis LOVES complicated - have you NOT heard of 'Old Yorbis'?"

Quom: "Of course, but being that I've never seen you before, and do not know your face from any pictures, you cannot expect me to 'know you' automatically now, can you?"

Yorbis: "Good point ... Continuing ... What is the problem you confront? - that is IF you are willing to talk."

Quom stared at the ground for several seconds, then looked up at Yorbis and began to speak.

Quom: "Sir, I have lost faith. I don't mean faith in the gods or faith in society or even faith in myself - I have no faith in anything. I look about and I see chaos. I see change without purpose. I see violence without remorse. I see justice without wisdom - and thousands of people, going about their daily lives, shuffling by each other in a near-dead stupor. I guess I have no faith that there is 'faith' or 'meaning' or anything. Perhaps the universe is simply a big, fat, collection of nothing? It would

be better if I were a fisherman I think, like my dad - working all day, drinking and smoking hemp at night, and just live out my days in the gray realm of the mundane."

Yorbis was stunned ...

A young man, still so new to this world, confronting "the question" that all men MUST CONFRONT - usually when they are much older. Of course, Yorbis knew there was truly no simple answer - just dumber and not so dumb questions.

Yorbis: "Kiddo, I don't disagree, I'm actually quite impressed at your arrival, at this destination, so soon ... but look at it this way: every person, smart or dull, must confront the FIRST QUESTION: is this reality before me 'real' or TRUE, or am I being deceived in my perception?. Once the first question is confronted, then you are expected to either 'accept reality as REAL' or denounce it as fiction. Truly, solipsism is the starting place and the ending place of almost all metaphysics. So, I really can't tell you what the point is - if you have no 'faith' at all, then you will never be able to answer that FIRST QUESTION for yourself. Bottom line: you must have some kind of 'faith' to do anything in this world - even if all you want to do is deny it - IT being the BIG EVERYTHING that is pretty much EVERYWHERE."

Yorbis continued as the young man's eyes widened.

Yorbis: "Listen dude, it gets a whole lot worse than this ... Even IF you answer the FIRST QUESTION, all that you have gained in the process are more questions - every goddamn question opening to a new one. It is quite maddening and it often makes me curse the gods for giving clowns and men 'reason' and 'logic'. Take that book, over there, by your side... I know that book... It is the "Clown Compendium of Wise Thinkery" and frankly it is mostly crap... well... excepting some pithy commentary from me of course. But that book, that so many 'smart people' have spent time studying, does not have ONE INTERPRETATION. Every layer of interpretation opens into another layer - and that layer reveals more questions. That IS NOT what your professors will tell you - but professors are jerks and losers mostly."

Yorbis paused for a moment, took a breath, and turned his eyes to the horizon -- out towards the sea and beyond, where the masts of sailing ships could be seen creeping across ocean blue...

Yorbis: "Alas ... In all this confusion, it still comes down to 'faith'. I am not a believer in blind faith, I simply denounce the narrow universe of total Skepticism, Cynicism, and the denial of reality for lack of proof that 'reality' is 'real'. Surely, you cannot argue with the man who denies 'everything', but eventually this same man must eat, sleep, live or die - I do not see much happiness in denying EVERYTHING! I know not what happens in death, but I would wager it is not worth the test of 'empty nothingness' and 'morbid solipsism' in this life. Young man, you can choose to be both critical and alive - it is your responsibility to both adopt and to analyze your own 'model' or 'paradigm' of the universe. I cannot promise you undeniable proof that 'your view' is the correct one - that is a reptile's path. What I can promise you is some peace if you are willing to open the door, just a crack, to let in some light - even if you let in some confusion as well."

Yorbis, seeming ready to stop his rant, breathed a sigh and concluded ...

Yorbis: "Any ways, this is what I think and I am often wrong and I expect to be more wrong than right, more often than not. The world is chaos on the surface, and it takes a whole lot of fucking effort to find meaning in this maelstrom of perceptions and thoughts. But, like I said, I keep trying and I suppose you will too. Be a fisherman dude, be a farmer, build things or teach - I really don't give a shit. Just get over yourself and know that you are NOT the first clown (or man) to confront the FIRST QUESTION, nor shall you be the last."

After Yorbis had paused for a minute, in silent meditation, Quom grabbed his book and papers and walked away.

Yorbis never saw Quom again, but he didn't need to 'see him' to know 'he was' - and he (Quom), most likely, 'still is'. Quom 'is', in whatever form 'is' takes – and “if he is a fisherman, then so be it and good!”

Yorbis thought, "That should be meaning enough!"

12 - Concerning Disillusionment

A long time ago ...

A really, very, extremely long time ago ...

So far in the past that people didn't really give a shit about "time", per se, and frankly the whole discussion of carving up "stuff" into slices of moments would have really pissed folks off and probably would have led to your hanging, decapitation, or worse ...

Well, don't ask me how long - just accept the fact that it was a fucking long time ago.

In that age, there was this well-known wandering philosopher, clown-science theoretician, expert theosophist, and generally "cool dude" named Yorbis and Yorbis was currently attending "a conference" (drinking beer) with some fellow thinkers and such.

One such thinker in the group, Xavier Wzacatitus, was very fidgety - he seemed like he wasn't having a good time at all and perhaps no amount of drinking would cure this.

Yorbis: "Xavier, dude, why are you so nervous?"

Xavier looked up amazed - no one, not even his wife, had noticed. He, Xavier, had been upset for weeks – but others simply ignored him. He was less nervous than anxious, and his anxiety looked like nervousness to others – or maybe like nothing. Xavier was good at bottling shit up, and holding crap in.

Xavier: "Yorbis, I used to believe in Toomar 'The

Helpful' and his 'Return to Good Stuff' political party. But ever since the scandal ... You know ... Where Toomar was found taking monies and using them illegally for Gandoorian 'Floop Rides' ... Well, I think since then, since that very moment, I've come to think I am merely a fool. I feel stupid for believing any of the 'Toomars' of this wretched and dishonest world - they are everywhere ... My world is broken."

Yorbis knew this feeling that Xavier spoke of - Yorbis knew this feeling because Yorbis had felt it, periodically, off and on, his whole fucking life.

When Yorbis was 10 he realized that Quntucz "The Happy Fairy" was merely his parents pretending to be Quntucz.

When Yorbis was 25 he realized that his government, the people that "ran the world", were mostly socio-paths, and scum-bags, and murderers, and whores ...

And yes - Yorbis had, after these periods, and before, a stream of dis-enchantments and "paradigm shifts" and a series of existential crises concerning his own "authenticity" (whatever the fuck Sartre meant by that bullshit).

Yes, yes indeed, Yorbis had very little left he actually believed in – but he did believe in some shit.

Yorbis had principles and fundamental beliefs - ideals and values that have been (mostly) constant, almost since birth, and perhaps since before his birth, but the list was very finite. Much of what Yorbis "understood" about the world was in fact, in Yorbis' own mind, layers of fantasy masquerading as certainty.

It's not that "reality" doesn't exist - that would be stupid. No - it is more like "reality", whatever it might be, is probably incomprehensible in any fundamental sense. We are lucky to receive a very thin substrate of data concerning the nature of the universe and the world that surrounds us - the rest is probably "shadow play", poorly understood experiences, and infinite nothingness.

It's not that the universe is out to deceive us - that would be ridiculous: Nope, the universe has nothing against us and holds no malice. It is our own, limited, finite, and sometimes broken, brains that put into question our assumptions and often undermine our world view - this "undermining" often happens just when we think our fucking "world view" is rock solid! (this is absurdity and it is our plight and we need to accept it)

Yorbis: "Xavier, man, I totally get it. I think I spend almost every waking moment, of every day, trying to undermine values or principles I hold true and important. This is very painful at times, because at times I have to admit something that no thinking person wants to - I have to admit I might be wrong! Sure, you may spend your whole life shuffling from one thing to 'believe in' to the next, but this does not imply the non-existence of eternal truths - it simply demonstrates the lack of 'eternalness' in any of us clowns or humans. Our daily lives confirm the finiteness and shallowness of what we, as simple creatures, understand. I know this doesn't help - but note this: only in death does disillusionment end. Only in death does the essential truth triumph - that truth which says: 'we were born into the fiery cauldron of the universal nursery and that is where we return (very shortly)'. "

Xavier sat silent for a moment and then entered into a rather droll conversation about "flooping" with a buddy of his.

Yorbis, knowing that only for the briefest of moments was Xavier really conscious of what he was saying, pondered how one could stay in that place - that moment of perpetual undermining, when nothing and no one is taken too seriously.

A place where we can be at peace with impermanence, delusions, and other forms of temporary insanity.

A universe that might be perfect, but is seemingly populated by varying kinds of self-aware creatures who can never be perfect - they are condemned to the Sisyphean pursuit of "perfection" and the Pyrrhic victories along the way.

We must always forgive ourselves our whims, opinions, beliefs, axioms, "bad ideas", "Cretan advice" and other truisms and "folk psychologies" which infest our waking minds (fuck Rorty and his condescending bullshit).

We should forgive ourselves and then laugh.

"This is a funny idea", Yorbis thought.

For old Yorbis - humor, self-doubt, and freedom are vitally connected.

13 - On Bitter-Solitude

When Yorbis had reached the age of 40, considered middle-aged among the clownish folk, he had become distant, dejected, and bitter.

For so many years others, strangers, friends, folks, would appear and ask poor old Yorbis for guidance. They wanted what so many had and did and continue to want - "easy answers". But, as Yorbis well understood there were no "easy questions" and the answers were always twice removed and many times more difficult to acquire.

One day, during one of Yorbis' "meditative sessions" at a local saloon, a young man - who was very drunk - came up to Yorbis and began to speak.

Yorbis, who was drinking his cheap whiskey, merely stared at his glass - but also tried to listen, even if not attentively.

"Great Yorbis ... you are known far and wide as the PARAMOUNT source of clownish-thinkery and wisdom and thought and ideas and other stuff that people go to school for many years, and acquire great debt in student-loans, to understand ... but you see ... YOU SEE! ... this is the true temple! This tramp bar! This dimly lit home of forsaken souls! This smelly, moldy, damp, realm is the true 'temple of knowledge' ... you know man ... ya KNOW? You need to tell me man ... please ...", the man continued like this, for several minutes - angry, sad, miserable, hopeless, neurotic, drunk and LOUD. At first Yorbis hoped the man would simply walk away and leave him alone ... in Yorbis' own misery ... but this was not to be.

Yorbis didn't come to this bar to "provide advice", he came to ruminate (in a maudlin fashion) upon his recent divorce and to consider the possibility that he would never find love again, and to accept the notion that he might spend the remainder of his life as a pathetic, friendless, bachelor - or some kind of negative shit like that ...

Yorbis interrupted the drunk, and began to talk his own rant – slurred-speech and all ...

"Sir, you don't know me ... you simply have some meager image of me ... probably gleaned from other's ... or the journals of thinkery ... or the stories or nonsense that people spread about, thinking they know something about someone else ... but you don't know me ... yet you feel comfortable complaining to me - so I suggest you shut the fuck up and accept that the world has abandoned you ... you are alone ... horribly, distinctly, despondently ALONE! No one cares about your drunken speech, least of all me. There are so many drunks in this bar, so many with stories of woe ... yours isn't even the most interesting ... you see that woman over there?", Yorbis motioned towards the corner of the bar where a young woman, of 30, was sitting alone, nearly passed out and buckled over at her table.

"That woman, over there, her child died quite recently and her husband left her after the death for another woman ... her story is of deep pain and regret and some day, I hope, she walks out of this hole of inebriated despair - but for now she is content to dull her senses and ponder how truly absurd and painful this life can be."

"You are simply that irritation that disturbs this silence - you are that parasite that feeds on another's sadness. But what we want, more than all else, is to be left alone in silence. We will drink our fill, and possibly come back tomorrow and drink more, and when the drinking and the crying and the morbid obsession is complete - some of us will heal and move on, others of us will simply find another level of loneliness and pain, and then hope that healing comes, as it should, when it can."

"Young lad, I am drunk, and curmudgeonly, and probably belligerent ... but I am asking something for myself and for you - sit, be quiet, with your drink. Pretend for a moment that there is a reason people drink at 2:00 PM on a Tuesday afternoon, and that you understand ... respect their loneliness and respect your own need for solitude ... too often we are told 'be happy, be joyous' but that is not all of our nature just a piece ... accept that in loneliness and sullen unity you can inspect your thoughts and find a way out of whatever personal hell you are trapped in. Meditate on this my man! Embrace that lonely path of nothing and then be hopeful that there is a way out."

Yorbis finished his whiskey, pulled away from the bar, left the stunned drunk to his self, and walked out into the street. The sun was low in the sky because this was Autumn in northern climes. Yorbis wandered down the road, kicking rocks as he went, pondering his rudeness towards that strange drunk and also accepting that it could not have been different.

Yorbis knew his isolation was unhealthy, he also knew that "health" was complicated and the mind needed the time to heal when some trauma occurs. Sometimes this healing is fast, sometimes slow, and one should do their best not to dwell in self-pity. But to deny the necessity of this loneliness was also to deny our choices and the consequences of these same.

"I am alone, solitary, and free ..."

Yorbis would likely drink more tomorrow - or not ... only Yorbis knew.

MIND FIRE, SUPER POWERS, EZ-PAYMENTS



The SCLOVIS lived long ago, and shared their SPIDER STYLE reasoning with the scorpion and the owl. As time turned to yellow haze, the FRED MAZE types left California and moved to Toledo and Denmark. This diaspora of pretty things, covered in LA bling, was the result of the great GUMPTON PLAGUE of 4456 BC. OH HOW MANY SCREAMED as the cream-pie getaways turned to open-ended love-canos.

THE EARTH WAS COVERED in love-canos once. Geologic features that pressed hard against the wooden spirit of that ancient world. Love-canos shot JETS of PURE WHITE LOVE, like a fountain of cream, like an uncorked champagne bottle stretching to the stars. These love-canos went away, as the STROGLIN-VILLAGERS climbed out of the hole, smoked a bowl, and began constructing cities and other types of sewers. But we remember, we keep the barges nearby and prepare for the day of LOADING.

IN THE TIME BEFORE TIME – KLESMER forces forged the SOUL MAGIC using rune stones and sacred mushrooms and old hag pizza. After the reluctant nuns converted to hollandaise sauce hookers, vibrant dance rituals were used to summon LORD GUSTO of the THIRD BALTIC STUD ARMY. Invariably, these disgraceful types sullied the ranks and left dishonor and calumny in their wake. And so, began a great age of darkness – till now.

Our souls are dark, but we are told to wear 'pastel'.

Our minds are expected to reflect on only that which is conventional, predictable, stultifying.

We live in fantasies built of our “faith in control and the controllers” - the manipulators of destiny. Our freedoms, our choices, our notions of choice in this channeled existence become stronger with each passing year. Despite the inherent dishonesty of this faith, we still wish to believe that change can be managed and that chaos can be bargained with. We still want a free lunch where the Laws of Thermodynamics say there is none.

But what if this cult of control is abandoned?

What if we embrace the only real freedom we have left - the freedom to accept chaos, the liberty of the non-conformist?

We should break the rules which protect us.

We should quit our “good jobs” and instead seek some essential meaning, seek roles with hope.

We should wear the ugly and bathe infrequently.

The act of embracing entropy and accepting that the breakdown of all structure is inevitable - this is the only choice we have left. This act of defiance weakens those bonds building from youth, from schooling, from indoctrination. Choosing to take just one step towards the delta in this world equation is a step towards a life lived rather than a life driven by others. To know that you don't have to obey, to know that you have an option to refuse is something only just now becoming apparent - to some. And, in such a disconnected and closed age, the truly rebellious act is to love and to show compassion for those who are already on the outside.

Who will judge us in the end?

History? - History is over.

Government? - Governments are falling apart.

God? - God is on vacation.

Truth, justice, morality, sin, redemption, compromise, penance, prison - this is the chain link fence of modern America wrapping itself around a dying spirit, strangling our nascent breath.

IF YOU MADE IT THIS FAR, then of course you are ready buddy – do you have 50 bucks?

An old truck?

A sucker in a box or a fox?

"Stuff self-cancels when your bank account is empty." – Dr. Freckles

Can you get a HELOC done son, and send me the money – we'll meet at midnight along highway 101.



Not far from BIG SUR, our organization has a spiritual training center. At this place of refuge, the MENTALLY CAPABLE can learn new tricks from MASTER BIX.

You will spend several months or years there, or until you run out of money. But don't think this is funny, because many authorized "churches" do this, check out the 501C3 registry my mendicant and DESTROY your fear goblin with relevant facts and a BEACH BODY exercise plan.

"A great teacher doesn't just tell the truth, they help others to know and teach the truth." – Dr. Freckles

Our core program has 9 core skills to be attained:

1 – MIND FIRE

Mind fire training begins with walking on coals – but not just any coals. Hot, burning, fueled by forges, glowing red stones and chunks of glowing steel. Your feet will heal eventually in our private clinic, and then you'll try again. You have the DISCIPLINE of mind-fire when you can shove a glowing red-hot carpenters nail

through your foot. You have attained SCARLET MASTERY when you can insert a glowing coal into your own rectum.

YOUR MIND FIRE is the sable guard tulip that steps OUT of the shadows, it's the burning STRENGTH that keeps you going. To attain mind-fire means to hold counsel with ravens and to get drunk and dance naked at 2 AM. CLAM SWALLOWS will watch over you, and your life will spark an avalanche of misery and scorn. YOU ARE BORN the moment you DISCONNECT from your family and friends ... unless you need money, and then invite them to "family day" at the Big Sur Compound.

Typically, this process takes 1-2 months, but some have gotten their faster. Our MONKEY BLASTER sweetheart deals are a steal, and you can have this all for \$49,999.99 ...

2 – DRAGON'S BREATH (halitosis)

This might be the most powerful super power you will learn, and learn to hate. It's great, because OLD SUZY SQUAT FACE is stalking you and with this new skill ONE BREATH will turn her AWAY. You will BREEZE through your day, with your boss leaving you alone, and on the phone, you'll carve out your cube-steak and make merry before the demon mistresses. There is NO TIME LEFT for frolicking, and the smell of that dread putrescence will cast CHARMED CURSES upon CODE PINK witches and the curly-bat SPLC drog-faeries.

This process takes weeks, and requires a specialized diet and CHUNKING of food. You have to consume herring dust and muskrat-jerky. You will smoke cigarettes and drink coffee and trip your physiology into GERD where the true capabilities lay.

YOU WILL MAKE YOUR MOUTH a colony to parasites and bacteria and mold. During those COLD MONTHS when the ordinary street tramps are looking for a "happy night Charlie", your protective spell will raise hell and the prancing biscuit-wenches of the upper eastside will want to take a ride, but your ski lift is closed for repairs.

The price of this POWER is between \$10,000 and \$30,000. But believe me, it's worth every penny.

3 – TIME JUMPING

Have you ever wanted to go back in time and KILL HITLER?

Have you ever wanted to BE HITLER, in that figurative sense?

Do you have pent up rage or disappointment about events in your life that you can't let go of?

At our institute, we teach a variety of skills and techniques for harnessing CHRONOS and making time itself your own personal spittoon, adorned with GOLDEN festoons and garnishes of potato.

KARL DORNING, son of a famous NAZI "paperclip" scientist, attended our 8-weekend lab. At first, he was skeptical, then, after a few weekends, he began drifting backwards in time. Soon he could HOP TO ROMAN TIMES and fight bears in the Colosseum. He rode with bandits and sailed the oceans, Karl mad a name for himself fighting the commies on the Eastern Front.

Might you achieve the skills of Karl? – perhaps ...

But only after you've exhausted your saving and been driven raving mad.

Don't be sad, it's all on sale for \$4,000 a weekend.

4 – BARSTOOL ESP

We've discussed the WOAHH-MAN and her importance to our cause, but have you considered how difficult it is to date these days? – dating sucks beyond imagination, especially if you're divorced and over 40 years old.

But with BESP or Barstool ESP you will be able to CUT THROUGH THE BULLSHIT and plant thoughts in some random woman's head. You can take her to bed, breeding and seeding, and nine months later a bunctous baby is born in your shed. It's not super easy, but not impossible.

You will LEARN how to properly GAZE at women, how to stare and GET NOTICED. We will teach you the 4 magic handshakes and the easiest way to slip

drugs into her drink. You might think this is crooked, but **BOOK YOURSELF A FLIGHT** and stay the night. Learn from us and stop going home alone. Your **JOAN of ARC** is waiting, somewhere, down the street, at a local bar and grill – if you can take this pill.

Prices are insubstantial when it comes to true love, so **BE A BRAVE DADDY** and take this course for a spin. It's just 2 weeks, with a break, and we'll even throw in a steak.

All for a surprising \$25,000.00 – what a deal bro!

5 – FREEZE RAY

Everyone dreams of freezing the world.

On some hot summer day in South Texas, with the Mexican landlords handing out coffee-shake, you want to stop the baking but there's no way out – don't pout.

At our Big Sur Institute, we'll teach you how to slow down molecules, and force electrons to release quanta of energy. **ON YOUR FIRST DAY** you will learn how to cool your coffee drink by 10 degrees in under 3 minutes, amazing.

There are great dangers in this power, and it is not for the faint of heart. Camel riders from Africa have understood the treachery of ice-demons and the curious fate of squirrel-nugget hoarders when the borders of your subconscious become engorged by the **MIST TRIALS** of Lord **THULE**. At the peak levels of capability, you will be able to force clouds to snow and cause women's nipples to become erect.

Don't deflect young man, your **CAN of JOY** awaits on your first date if you have the ability to project freeze rays.

One weekend a month, for 7 years: \$2.3 million dollars (a bargain).

6 – TITANIUM FISTS

Do you get belligerent when you get drunk?

Do you start a lot of fights?

Are you a weakling who is bullied and have reached your breaking point?

OUR 8-day SUPER PACKAGE, costing only \$77,999.88, will have you WINNING – even against professional boxers and UFC dudes.

With this skill you can KILL with your hands. The sands of ages watch over you, as you PUNCH YOUR WAY to victory. Your hands will GLOW RED HOT, and the smell of long-pig slashing will cover your leather jacket. This is NO RACKET to be imbued with this THRILL POWER and body rot.

We may have to inject you with a new form of herpes, and you might get cancer ...

BUT THAT'S CHEAP if it keeps the mean guys away, okay?

So send us the payments, in gold and silver and diamonds and cocaine.

7 – LASER BEAM EYES

Yada-yada-yada, you will be able to MELT CHEESE with your eyes.

\$2,200 a day for 10 days.

8 – WALKING THROUGH WALLS

IDGAF, just fucking pay me

9 – REMOTE VIEWING PEOPLE ON THE TOILET

It's cool, sometimes they are having sex – most often they are talking on their phones at work. FUCK YOU PAY ME.

EPILOGUE:

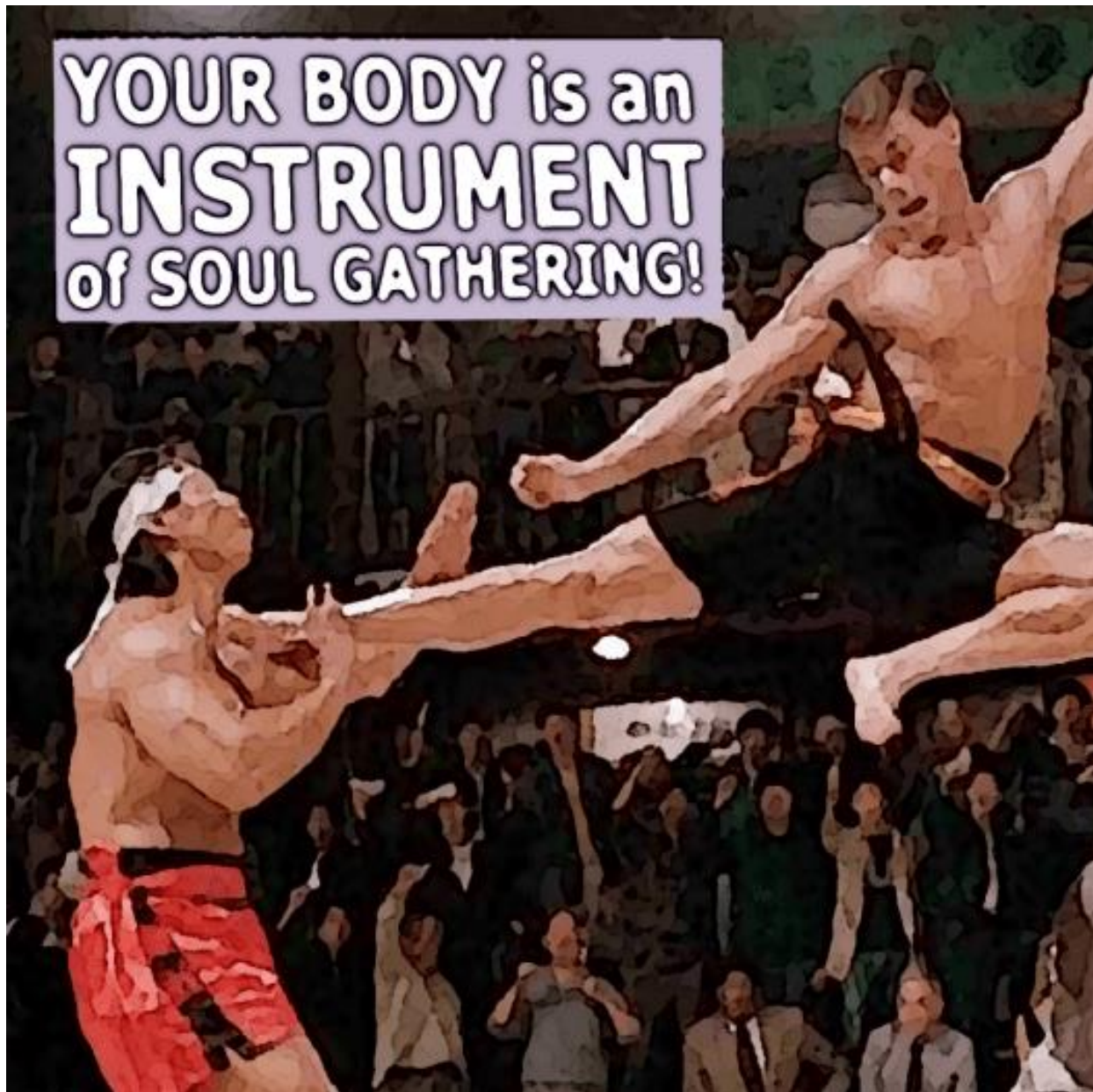
YOUR FEAR MONSTER is why YOU are trapped. Like the OLD SKOKI MILLS where the immigrants were killed to add carbon to the steel? – you will be ground up into BEING-MEAL and toaster oven chieftains will each get a bite.

Tell me you don't have money? – steal it.

Tell me you don't have time? – fuck off.

Tell me you think this is a SHAM? – really fuck off.

HOOKTOGGENFOOK, the TAO of CLAM



I have 8 kinds of shuriken ...

10 kinds of swords ...

I can kill a grizzly bear with a napkin ...

The BUSTY WENCH MAIDENS of QUADRANT-CHARLIE seek after my white bean chili, to baste themselves in, to waste themselves in; I am the sought-after hard CHARGER breaking in new panty paradise lovers.

There are no ENEMIES that I have not vanquished before they were born; they never saw it coming.

THOSE THAT FEAR ME fear THE GREAT SKY-YOTE, a COYOTE with the wings of a golden eagle, and the ability to bring forth storms and hookers.

YOUR SEED HARMONY is only in balance when you can demonstrate a good credit score; so don't "cancel" that card and be all woke, go broke and see the wisdom as yours.

A kind and gentle wind blows from my arse towards the stars, and before the taverns kick out all the hobos and the FORGE DEMONS take turns corn holing my diseased mind. Insights are to be found on the ground of that CHEVRON STYLE restroom, near the urinal cake residue and the rotten floor butter and blood. You can SMELL the liver failure in that dank location, and nowhere is there a destination for sexual rejuvenation and SOUL TRAIN HIDEAWAYS.

**"I love it when women fight men in movies, it's so realistic."
- Dr. Freckles**

YOU CAN FIGHT BACK, once you finish that drink – no one likes a quitter.

And I have a laser cannon. A cannon and a star ship. Leave the POSER persona at church, and LURCH YOUR WAY to BODY DESTINY and BRUISER stroke cherry cruising.

YOUR BODY is an INSTRUMENT of SOUL GATHERING – it was designed by a genius named God.



Keep tracking meadow child.

I open a TEAR in space-time, with my CRESCENT SPIRIT I summon RAVENS, the ravens carry the TARG-MIST to ZENITH, and if I could I would travel with you boyo. We'd grease the skids with bidding and budding super thought and a clotted meth heart for girls living at the trailer parks.



DO YOU REMEMBER THAT GUY, the torpedo general? – he built a bucket, and put crabs in it, and then put that on TV. LATE NIGHT in 1988 you'd tune in with your college dorm BLACK AND WHITE, and to your FRIGHT the crab-bucket (Morton Downey Jr Show) was on TV.

That was long ago, or not so long ago ...

To the Morton Downey Jr Show ...

He died only a few months before 9/11, only a few weeks after BUSH2 was GRATIFIED as POTUS ...

Accident my fragrant water sprite or INCIDENT?

That's the key to hiding paperclips.

WAS HE TOO KIND TO SURVIVE?

WAS HE TOO SMART TO LIVE?

Did he try to warn us, did we listen? – or did we just see the crabs in the bucket, and nothing more. THIS IS THE PATH of sphincter awareness, and bloody stool revelations. **Don't be afraid of your pickle brine roses, don't be afraid to clean out your mind-closet. If you want to be dangerous, you must first be oblivious. Morton knew, do you?**



HOOKTOGGENFOOK is the MYSTERY PATH.

YOU HOOK the TOGGEN fairy and HAIRY McDaniels plants the SPARK MAGNET in your prefrontal cortex. FOOK is the means by which common man is redefined as GRINKEN MAN LOIN HARBINGER and capable of the infamous G.I. JOE KUNG-FU GRIP.



ESKIMO TRIBESMAN and WAYWARD SHAMAN have always understood the ancient MASTERY of HOOKTOGGENFOOK, also called the “Way of Way Too Much Coke” or the “TAO of the CLAM”.

**"Lots of sometimes in never."
- Dr. Freckles**

You get crazy headed and decide to eat 5 bags of Halloween candy, and it's All Saint's Day so the AMC CHANNEL is having one of those fucking 48-hour dedication thingies to the CHARLES BRONSON OEUVRE, specifically fucking DEATHWISH ... and yeah, that genre played out 40 fucking years ago.

YOU GRIP your lovers TIT-TEASER, and use HER boovula power against HIM in the shower. LIFE ENERGY DROPLETS can be tossed at that nasty hoe, and you'll row your way on the good ship lollipop, invented by GEORGE SMITH in 1206 AD. A GRAY DAY NIGHTMARE broke out over SPLUNCTON, and all the ranger danger hustlers went to Panama City to chase hooker rash splendor. Do you ever WONDER HOW you might become more dangerous than a US Navy Seal on SPECIAL-K? – well, you might go broke to find out, but you'll never be afraid of bullies again ... probably.



According to this BEING-SCRIBE, there are 6 SHOCKING levels of HOOK-TOGGEN-FOOK mastery. If you can attain and attune yourself to these levels, you might be able to destroy the most powerful UFC fighters in the world. That's a hard maybe.

1 – SPICEY SEX TRANCE DANCE

YOU FOUND the FLOWER of MOUNT HESPA, and in the leaves you heard the voice of the warrior wolf spirit flame. You CAME to me to find GREATER STRENGTHS and COURAGE, but your spider-self is revealed and congealed and the dead cast stones at your head while you sleep. To be a TIGER'S GROWL? To be the eagle's talon? – YOU CHUG A GALLON of white drip slop from the CHINESE FACTORY near the old abandoned well.

A note to the cantor: sing the ALTO jello style Romeo mix, make the base COOL and HIP – churn and burn with a twerky little kiss. Then, see the frosting glow. A proper

spin move, using your LEFT CHEEK and RIGHT BOOB as a blocking singlet. People from Jamaica would call this the “absent mother oblique”, but I like to see it as a modified “Kentucky Style Ass Kicking” with focus on butt-forces and torquing it to work it, work it good, making the milk shake.



It is reported that even CHUCK NORRIS was taken out with this application of slick-physics. Women have the advantage using this stratagem, and its performance as a primary stance maneuver renders your opponent speechless, and open to frontal assaults and severely painful kicks to the groin.

2 – KICK MASTER RABBIT STANCE

The TRUE karate master stands on a piling near the shore, the water is rising. He has one foot on the piling and the other raised near vertical. With his arms he makes rolling and waving motions, and the tiger shark awaits his day to shine. Nearby, there are spectators throwing garbage at the master, taunting him; he does not smile. His CURSE is to be the MONKEY-SPARROW and haunt the glowies and spice-emo types hanging on to their gothic ways.

RABBITS are keen sailors, have you heard of watership down?

RABBITS have YOKE-FIBERS and are capable of hopping through any bramble shamble.

RABBITS can hear for miles and see beyond, their eyes are cherished in India and sold by poor children as delicacies. Currently, there are over 23 billion rabbits in the USA alone, and no one really knows how many worldwide. You question it? – don't mother fucker, just don't, not if you want karate-master super power bar SEA-FLOW kinds of BOOB KNOCKING CROTCH ROCKET giveaways and ice cream sundaes.

CROUCH like a LION, put your left hand into the sleeping snake, while pulling back your right arm and twisting your left foot right. Close one eye, I don't fucking care which one, and meditate on WATER and ice and that SEA-FLOW energy drink franchise you're opening up in your garage for your friends so they can buy boxes of that shit and sell them to their friends, forever ...

Some accidentally mistake this with the drunken-eagle pose, but that's because they are racist. In reality, this is a modified "Korean grandma" paired with a LESS POTENT "Alabama share cropper". It's easy to confuse these.



YOU WILL SPIN THEIR HEADS and bring on the RED, as dead copter-priests are torn apart. Don't be AFRAID to engage with the WOLF-WOMEN of Simi Valley, they can't call the cops because they've been fucking their husband's chiropractor. YOU FACE THEM with RED EYES and a jaundiced spirit charge, their LARGE wallets are fool of stolen loot – so give them the boot and take that cash. YOU ARE THE RABBIT VOICE

and it's time to take a piece of that warren and make a festival of your GRINKEN STYLE self-care.



3 – THE QUADRUPLE WHAMMY

NINE APE KINGS descended from MOUNT TLOR, with them they brought a throng of shanty folk and denizens of the lake country and river bend blossom glens. They told the midget king that SOON the moon would become a RED CHARIOT and RACCOON PIRATES would ravage the kingdoms and saloons.

YORBIS, the “STUD BREAKER”, cooked turnip sauce and pig gravy for the wanderers and mongers and storytellers. He'd be up all night, sitting on his porch, staring deeply into the enveloping darkness. As teachers went, he went a long way.

BACK TO THE BEGINNING was the answer, as we chance another TRYST in the misty carnival palace. We scope out the whale-pasture and realize that GAIT and power pools are simply the natural extension of BRUCE LEE STYLE helmet pounders.



YOUR KELP TRAINER calls you a hippo-head and an elf-herder. You DESERVE GREEN SWERVE caribou techniques, but his SEEKER BULLET HEAD nastiness comes out as rocket-jockey strip club style muncher stew. YOUR SOUL GROOVE is to HOOK the FOOK and TOGGEN the NOGGEN. With time and practice you will learn to defeat your negative insinuations, and preform at PEAK LEVELS with SEA-FLOW ENERGIZED poly-crystals. After a few weeks your electrons will become 5% bigger.



STAKE OUT THE HIGH GROUND, do a triple high kick with double punch ...

Pick up that BRICK and bust his skull, so the crimson river feeds the aesthetic of dominance. YOUR MOVE is to SLAMMA his JAMMA and whammy the right side of his liver-pouch. IF HE SEES YOU first, this will not succeed.

Sometimes you just see your enemy at that bridge, the one with the low railing. And you could just knock him over, sending him to happy sleep town on the rocks along the river below, about a 200-foot drop. But you don't know what CAT FORCE

this guy possesses, and the voice in your head is your guide and it says “bet the chips, let’em ride” so that your dog can become a real person, one day, upon BUNKTON DAY.



4 – DOUBLE THUMB SLAMMER

YOU CLEVER BASTARD, if you made it THUSLY then you are READY for NEXT TIER PIANO WIRE SHUTDOWNS. YOUR HAND IS THE LIFE KNOWN-NOW, with it you can SHUT THEM DOWN. ANGER BULLETS are stored in your grape thong underwear, so point to the YABBA and YABBA DABBA DO, you Saturday morning turtle. Keep calm, stay the course, line your pockets with pixie dust misery and hassle that dazzling midnight with talk of whiskey and old timer meat boxes.

TAKE A HERO STANCE, staring down your enemy. HOOK-TOGGEN-FOOK means clamp on to the water buffalo folly, take the TROLLEY PROBLEM to funky town where they sell brown-brown and taffy and cake. Cancel your subscription to

NETFLIX, eat more kale. Learn to SAIL that kite runner, as the summer turns to dark and the bark burns with shriveled lip fury.



YOU CAN ENDURE if the wolf spirit allows it.

YOU ARE NOT MEANT TO BE TRASH!

Stop brushing your teeth, you will find RELIEF with shadow terminations and Friday Night Massacres. YOUR ELTON JOHN will be GONE once the DRAGON FIST connects.

Make a karate fist, stick your thumb BACKWARDS while balancing on the balls of your feet, tilt your head 45 degrees, unzip your pants and put your junk on display. This is NOT gay because our BIG SUR INSTITUTE is happy and not sad. Don't be mad if it takes you several years to master this move; I am sending you a soul-hug.

5 – KOBAYASHI MARU (no win scenario)

Take on the STALLION POSE, but grab your crotch and squeeze.

Drop to your knees and BOUNCE.

It's like that DUDE in 1992, the trucker who stopped at the WRONG intersection – dusky and swarthy types, taking a break from BIG SCREEN TVs and CD PLAYER MELEE, tore him and pulled him into the street, to take that COUP DE GRACE and fold over party dress fantasy. YOU can stand up to the mob but you can't be a slob, and if they're rioting don't stop, just drive through the crowd, real loud, and scrape the road apples off when you get home.



You're busty and nubile, fighting another equally voluptuous woman to her death, as fat men wearing MAGA hats cheer? – the time is near. YOUR CROUCHING

DRAGON and HER HIDDEN TIGER means maybe that “Lola Song” is going on and you can never be too careful when you check the bulge.



YOUR BLASTER STRIKE MOVE will appear impossible, as two legs become three – and the mountain pasture vermin will be AMAZED as they graze on your impossibilicious and throat scandals.

CHANGE YOUR MOTION LIGHTNING, as the curves take hold and the road turns to burnt toast. Candles and oils, the ancient soils, damaged huddle fruit and that old coot you stabbed and buried in the basement.

YOUR BEST MOVE is to use gasoline stench hand gestures and matchstick smiles.



6 – THE TAO of CLAM



CLAM MAGIC is the tragic last step.

THE HIP WARRIOR DRIP is to move from “flattened monkey” to “stubborn rat” pose. Your opponent, caught off guard, will counter with a flying wheel kick. You will counter THAT with a double throat punch and one arm bender. If you hear the

CRACK, it means you are in luck, and that FUCK now knows the meaning of the death touch.



CONCLUSION:

STAGGER YOUR memory charts and give in to the rising smoke.

VERY SOON NEW FRIENDS will surprise you with a special gift.

Dance and prance and change your stance, curl your toes and slap your bros. You are the SINGING DOORMAT and NO ONE is going to stop you.

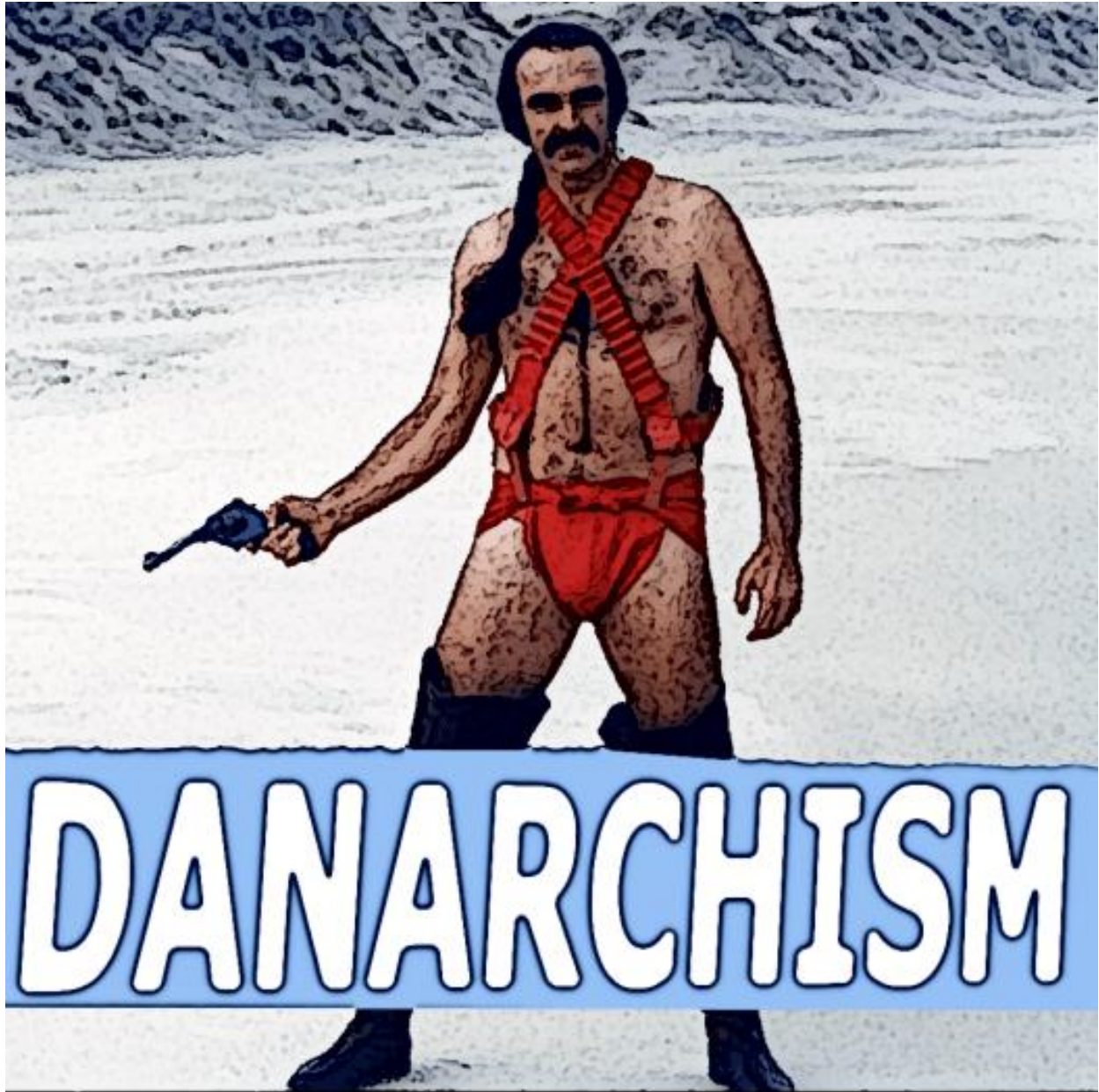
Remember these key concepts:

1. Hammer-fist throw tables.
2. BRAMBLE BEAR HUGS
3. SCOOB MONSTERS
4. JIZZ MAGIC
5. BOOB TWISTING
6. COCK JUMBLING
7. ANAL SPLOOSH
8. WILMA STYLE SPLITS

- 9. JET STAR FOCUS
- 10.MIRROR JAZZ
- 11.HOOTENANNY
- 12.HOOKER SALE SAUSAGE
- 13.PIMP PLAY
- 14.SLY MARTINI HUSTLE



DANARCHISM



We're NOT SCIENTOLOGY ...

We're a GROOVEMENT, we INVENTED the FIVE TRILLION YEAR HOA and the JOHN LURCH SOCIETY, D.F.G.T.C., fuck you pay me type love pyramids ...

A HUGE GROOVEMENT of HIGH-POWER FOR-PROFIT TAX SCHEMES and triple secret vampire-tontine default swaps ... our financial backers include Tootle's Butt

Cream and Old Maverick .357 magnum rounds. But it goes deeper, to the ancient deep time of those ages so far back that remembrance of yesterday is an afterthought in the shadow of eternity ... yeah.

A danarchist approaches life with a “okay fuck it” kind of attitude. We are not interested in the bland arts and have no desire to cook your food. If we happen to make you breakfast, you will complain, probably get food poisoning, and this is not in alignment with GRINKEN STYLE joy-life KOOLAID energy.

**“Every time you vote,
you are voting to be poisoned.” - Dr. Freckles**

DANARCHISTS NEGATE GANDALF-STYLE INTERRUPTIONS. We equate friendliness with edge-tingling maneuvers (the SOVIETS and NAZIS invading POLAND STYLE SHIT). If some mother fucker shows up at your shed and says “ZED, follow me to get the RINGS!”, grab your .454 CASULL and remind that bearded FUCK that life is hard and the SHIRE is worse. Some fucking princess send you a THREAT CHAIN email? – “help me ZED you’re my only hope”, that kind of sideways bullshit? How many men do you think she FUCKED before she found you? Don’t be a schmuck, tell that whore to beat bricks.

YOU WILL engage with LIFE-POWER on a need basis. Water pooling in the cavern spirit parts of your bowels will release METH BASKET gift cards and holiday spirit spiced coffee scents. DO NOT RELENT when the snow-maiden comes with a dead hare, and the BEAR pygmies begin a great journey to the STRIPPER VILLAGES of Yellowknife and Campbell Lake.

Here are the 5 core elements:

1 – GRINKEN WAVES

Have you ever been to the beach and felt the power of pure wave energy?

A salty wind crystal caress, touching your heart-ravens and messing with inner ear balance and strange feelings of loss. YOU CAN make peace with the self-disconnect, but only in wrestling with the longing sense of breathtaking soul grieving. A foul portent from seagull wanderers provides a witness to what is to come. Don't have fun pretending that there is an escape, but make your peace with the salty wind and grow.

A DANARCHIST balances the peppermint fantasies. He endures the smoky and broken cowboy hangouts and transcends ordinary meat and sausages. He does not eat FISH or LAMB or SHRIMP, and as pimps go he limps and lurches so that others can sense his pipe-shivers.

THE GRINKEN WAVE paves the way and your surfboard awaits. GREET CHAOS with a FIRECRACKER SMILE and go that extra mile to find pastry-wax for your girlfriends' birthday. TINY MARKS are left on your HOLE-SOUL, and the frivolous wanting of yesteryear gives way to multi-level orgasmic love-sex romance.

2 – HARLOT GRAPPLING

YOUR LIBERTY PRIDE is INSIDE the WOA-H-MAN of your future. Don't SUTURE THE WOUND WENCH, but mend the wings of dreams no longer respected. Your PALM ENERGY slides into her cape and the NIP SLIP PANTRY THIEF turns over a new leaf and leaves your grimy October maple tree concerns with Aunt Jiminy and the slime-crawlers from two towns over.

HER NEED BEAM is to have a RING on her finger, YOUR GRINKEN MAN FLAVOR PACK comes from an understanding of colonoscopies and Penicillin panty parties. THE HARLOT LURKS, she doesn't LURCH. You can CATCH THE GAIT of some BITCH losing faith in her TIGER-SPIRIT and she LURKS near the liquor store and drinks Mickey's with "Peaches" and Joe. She'll never go home again, and you'll be stuck raising her kid, "Daisy", and for decades you will barely get by as the SKY HAWK SHAMAN MOCKS YOU.

YOUR ESCAPE is to GRAB that GAPE and make it pay for the words she'd never say.

BUY CHEAP .22LR at the WALMART this week, the HARLOTS are spreading to Tulsa.

3 – YO DUDE

YOU DUDE ...

You've been rude to your homeroom cadre. Your sister-bits has been upset about the broken NINTENDO and DAD wants you go move out and get a job.

YO, PAL ...

"If you're a HOBBO and you don't die, you become a god." – Dr. Freckles

I was here when the time-reaper cast your mom into the boiling sea and there was nothing but white muck and pleasure grease and some kind of JOURNEY playing on the radio. Your SADIE MADRE would SAY: "take that garbage to the cub". But momma, she didn't want you to drop out and sell crack or smack, momma saw something HUGE'R inside – a kind of demon ORANGE PRIDE.

YOU FRIEND – it's the END of Mario's Pizza and Jimmy Stewart soup. The GRAY POOP from grandad's venison stew was left as a warning to those poor saps stuck in flounder-pounder-grounder morass and your ASS is going to HELL because the bell has rung, and the dung piles high, making your passage to a yellow sky.

4 – SPACE TETHERING

EVERYONE IS CONNECTED to a TETHER.

Every person connects to all other persons and stars and moons with tethers.

Moons and planets and asteroids are tethered to each other, through lines of force: weak/strong nuclear, electromagnetic, gravity, and the SALAMANDER SMILES of turtles and raven children.

Your woman's boovula is tethered to the sun and to you. She HEATS UP when that sun cooks her power-focus and WOAHH-MAN rage-splendor kicks into high gear, near the climax, when the bedsheets get messy and OLD TESSY makes runny Canadian syrup.

A TETHER CONNECT YOU to your family and your dog.

Your cat has a tether that connects her to your friend Kate, and Kate is tethered to your frozen pizza.

YOU CAN'T SEE IT SNOW PETAL, but I am CONNECTED to YOU via a tether – we feel each other's stomach cramps and intestinal jumbles, we feel when that apple crumble gone bad from the TRAD WIFE SURGERY HYPE and the lost widow spark sprinkles left to TRINKLE near the driveway and Old SCRATCH.

YOUR ENEMIES ARE TETHERED TO YOUR SOUL, your hate for them causes you to FLOAT as they burn like paper Japanese torches, released to the SKY for a GOODBYE KISS.

There are tethers connecting atoms and frogs and Kevin Bacon – all joined by a super universe of tether wellness.

5 – SELF SURGERY

You need 5-pound test fishing line and modeling knives.

You need super glue and GORILLA TAPE and chunks of scrap wood from the abandoned church.

You need VODKA and a mirror and some kind of candle or light in case it is dark ...

You need suturing needles and clamps and vices and spreaders from the O'Reilly's Auto Parts, and it's good stuff too – the same shit they use at hospitals in Moldova.

HAVE YOUR FRIEND knock you over the head with a lead pipe, if he's performing surgery in the alley – but if it's YOU doing SELF SURGERY, then just finish off half that vodka bottle and pour the rest in your open wound.

SHOVE INTO THAT CHASM gravel and broken glass and metal shavings and wood chips and diesel fuel and one or two dead squirrels. Sew it up and drink more vodka, as the wound heals and you slowly drift off towards heaven.

CONCLUSION:

You are not safe here, you were never safe here.

**"If you see others begging for food,
don't assume you should too."
– Dr. Freckles**

So many ways in which your LIFE POWER can SHOWER the world with crimson drops and mops won't be around to clean up that mess I tells ya.

YOU ARE NOT SAFE at WORK.

That JERK WENDY reported you to HR and said you trapped HER in your car, after tricking her to the bar for a "professional development opportunity". DICK-SURGE was the MOTION and the lotion flowed but she slapped your CHEEK. THE MEEK will inherit the NETFLIX and the strong will smoke a bong and rap that GOOBER across the face, leaving a mess for the DRAG QUEENS to clean up on Saturday.

DROP THE ACT and BREATHE.

LET GO of SLACKER AWARENESS and BREED that SEED to the east and the west.

Leave pale smears everywhere you go ...

Prove to your WOH-MAN that your GRINKEN SPUNK is CHUNKY SURPRISE and it belies a D.B. Cooper in old suede jeans.

If I become a “slave master” ...



If I become a slave master, I will have some cute but ironic MASTER’S NAME; something like MASTER DANNY or DOCTOR FRECKLES. I will spend weeks trying to come up with that special name, the name that would make me the MASTER ...

If I become a slave master, I will build a prison on stilts in the Everglades, Lake Okeechobee. I will house in my pens hundreds of busty and young and attractive women, wearing only bikinis. I will pay some of the women to beat and punish the others, so that everyone could feel good about social contracts ... The women will do battle and shower together, the entire complex will be under 24/hour WEBCAM surveillance ... and you can stream it, from my ONLY FANS channel. If I become a slave master.



YOU'LL BLOW YOUR LOAD after 10 seconds of streaming my "Bad Girls of Florida" series, and don't get me started on the spin-chair suspended over the bull shark pool. Many will accuse me of crimes, but the world is changing pal and it's time to get in on this FAST LANE action.



When my slave-women are bad, I punish them. I treat them as DINGY AND NASTY POND SWALLOWS and banish them to the alligator pens where many a young waifish soul loses her LIFE ... nightly ... because I'm a BEAST of a slave master. They don't talk back so much, they make me sandwiches.



AS A SLAVE MASTER I will attain TOTAL POWER when I harness the energies of my slaves to build time machines. We will make and test these machines, I will use my slaves as test subjects. Will many of these dusty and dusky and swarthy men be WASTED in these INSANELY BIZARRE experiments? – one hopes, one just does.

Over time I will carve up my slaves and replace my organs with theirs. I will drink and frolic and abuse my body knowing all too well there are REFRIGERATORS FULL of new hearts, livers, lungs, kidneys, you name it. Eventually my insides will be replaced by machines and robot bullshit and nanites. I will become TRANS HUMAN and will live for HUNDREDS of years, beating and whipping and shipping my slaves across the Atlantic, on a cargo ship named the “Middle Passage”.

“Your scars are scrolls.”
– Dr. Freckles

I WILL BE FEARED by all the muskrat herders of GRINKEN TOWN, the DUNKEN DONUTS LEAGUE can go fuck itself, really.

If you say “fuck Dan, don’t you think it’s wrong to have slaves?”, I will make YOU my slave now. I own your mind, your doom, your fear pudding. The scope of YOUR EXISTENCE is now limited by the prison I’ve created around your WILL. Soon, you will gather up 10 or 20 busty women between the ages of 28 and 45, and you’ll take them to my SWAMPOUND (swamp-compound) in FLORIDA. YOU THINK IT’S WRONG? WHAT ARE YOU, A CHILD?

My slave women will go to WALMART and buy me water melons and fried chicken and corn starch ... fucking okra ... WTF is OKRA?

MY SLAVE WOMEN will be ADMIRERED by other HOOMAN-FARMERS in Florida, and so I’ll need to be careful. It’s just so easy for some sly mother fucker to go to WALMART and stalk them young raven-haired seductrons ...

YOUR BLACK FEMALE SLAVE is YOUR POWER TROPHY, don’t disrespect her.



AFTER YEARS OF SUPER SEXUAL TRAINING, my slave women will learn to summon the coyote spirit and dance naked with the wolves of tomorrow.

If I become a slave master, I will hunt them for sport. I will put them into some kind of fucked up maze, filled with sharks and scorpions and pitfalls. And the slave will move through this dungeon zone, dodging and swinging on ropes. So many bodies

will be dumped, because I will be hunting them with a drone that has a .22LR smg attached to it, and like 3,000 rounds of ammo. And I'm a total dick, and life isn't fair.



SO ...

If I were a slave master, I would be the master of the insane.

And my slaves would find bliss, in the emptiness of commitment and trench-foot dreams.

If I were such.

They tell me TRUMP is bringing back slavery ...

**“People will often steal your smiles, so keep them safe and close to your heart when you need to.”
– Dr. Freckles**

I've been told that if TRUMP WINS he will “turn back the clock” 400 years ...

PAPA BLUMP will dredge up from our DARK PAST those miserable practices of foul and cruel men.

So, I'm trying to be optimistic about it, and IMAGINEER a place for myself in this new SLAVE-MERICA!

I SHALL have a plantation in Georgia, near the sea. There's gonna be a nice shack in back, hole in the ground at the center is where you (the African American slave) get to poop. There is no shower, but the kind rains of the south will wash your dusky physique as you toil in the soil and gather in my cotton for the mill. You won't be happy here at first, but the hard work in the field as my ONYX SISYPHUS will ensure a good night's sleep ...

You won't get a lot of sleep though ...

The black man can work for days without sleep, he is STRONG and TALL and full of JIZZ-ENERGY. BUT ... you have to keep him away from your white women, because his musk TRAPS their gaze and they are AMAZED by the size of his horse-like cock. White busty women will sneak out back to the slave paddock and allow that black buck to tear at them and rip open their boovulas. There are movies about this. Some of them are based on facts.

Look at the picture below ...

This is you with your son or brother – does it really matter when it comes to black people? ... any who, this is you and your uncle-brother harvesting French bulldogs for me, that I can then take to the China-man's store off of 4th Street. The CHINKS cherish that fine brown meat, filled with splendor – and, side note, they'll take a dying slave off your hands too, just don't eat the pork fried rice for a few weeks.

You will work hard each day, but once every 5 years, on JUNETEENTH, I might give you a day off on the rope anchor – the large anchor that I attach you to, and it ain't no rope, it's chains. 200 feet of chain, attached to you, attached to a 10,000-pound ship anchor that I bought on eBay. The anchor is from a ship lost in the Middle Passage ... monstrous.



The French bulldog trade is BIGGER than the slave trade, and many Frenchies are lost during shipment across the Atlantic to England and France and Italy. Sometimes a whole shipment of Frenchies get sick, and they are just tossed into the sea, like garbage. But Trump promises tariffs, so that should help.

YOU WILL BE OBEDIENT or FACE THE WHIP. Beatings will be furiously awful and frequent, you might feel like all I ever do is beat you, but come on – that’s just you having a bad day. In time you will call me MASTER DAN, and I will call you Rufus ... Rufus number 4 ... All my male slaves will be named Rufus. All of my female slaves will be called Susanna. You might see this as degrading, I consider it the necessary prerequisite to further dehumanization.



All of my SUSANA type slaves will be required to patrol my plantation ridding hippos and wearing only bikinis. They will spend half the day wrestling in steam pits and masturbating in the cornfield. They will be experts in KARATE and southern cooking and BBQ and seamanship.



Here is one of my SUSANA'S riding her hippo to WALMART to get me my beer and cigarettes. Mind you, don't give her your credit card – the large jar of change is good enough for her and her lusty ways ...

**"The only cure for stupid is reality."
- Dr. Freckles**

We will have a large sailing ship, and each year me and all my slaves will go on a junket, crossing the Atlantic ... right through the middle of it. The name of the ship is the Callous, and some had thoughts on that as well ...

On our annual sailing trip, the slaves will live below deck in inhuman rows, attached to the ship by chains and wire and steel. THIS WILL BE DISAPPOINTING for many, but nothing can be done.

When we get back from our first TRIP, things get messy ...



Having plantations and slaves and sailing ships named “Callous” that you then load your “slaves” on to once a year in order to rub their nose in atrocities? – well that gets dangerously sexy ...

Upon our third trip abroad, the SUSANA (number 13 I think) organized all the female field hands into rioting gangs of sweaty and scantily clad jungle style warrior bitches. They got some guns and swords and knives, and freed the RUFUS'ES ...

THE RUFUS'ES went to the bar to drink and smoke cigarettes ...

BUT ...

SUSANA, being keen and alert and determined, she chased me through the night. From pasture to swamp to hillside, every time I looked back I could see her torches, I could see her rage.

When they finally caught up to me they took turns, tearing off my clothes, getting my cock hard, and swallowing my cock with their boovulas.

And that's it. That's what's coming if Trump gets elected on Tuesday.

"Somewhere in the world today there is a lab where a dolphin is being tortured." – Dr. Freckles

Dr. Freckles' Rules of War



No one can predict the future. A person may make an "excellent guess", even one based on the methods of science and statistics, but it is still a "guess" - absolute certainty is only available to gods.

No one can, with any consistency, propose "one way" for any task to be solved and warfare is no different.

**"War is easy compared to love.
- Dr. Freckles"**

War is violence and murder, destruction of humanity and an abandonment of the future. War, especially "Civil War", should be avoided at all cost. As long as humans discuss, debate, and even disagree (without violence), then humans can progress. War is ALWAYS a step backwards for humanity - war serves the interest of the atavistic gods.

I do not know what will happen to this country. I hope that the United States will survive its current trials with peace and love and cooperation, but the forces of coercion, control, tyranny, avarice, envy and hypocrisy surround us. As was once said, during the Spanish Civil War, "there are 4 columns outside of Madrid, and a 5th column within".

Honest men and women, moral and courageous, are whispering these days - "Hannibal ad portas...", Hannibal is at the gates! I hope we avoid another US Civil War, but I believe our leaders, for whatever cruel reason, are hell-bent on encouraging this. So be it - make sure you plan well, that you are fighting for the Constitution, and that "belief in liberty" fuels your ethos.

So, these "Rules of War", given the arrogant title, are meant as explorations of higher order strategies, they are not prescriptive rules or heuristics, they are at best "conjectures" on the subject of war and meant to be reviewed, rewritten and dismantled.

I also don't claim originality. In my own studies I have been exposed to Clausewitz, Sun Tzu, JFC Fuller, Von Seeckt, Guderian, Tukhachevskii, and many others too numerous to list. As with philosophy and storytelling, there is very little that is "new under the sun". I hope that I have distilled and translated the myriad of ideas with respect, but these ideas have been developed, understood and implemented by others, more skillful than myself, throughout recorded and unrecorded history.

Take these as you will, and always respect RULE 1 below!

RULES or HEURISTICS of WAR:

1. If you desire peace, then stay fucking neutral and keep your mouth shut - picking sides means you are seeking conflict. Only ass-holes presume peace despite their own BIG FAT MOUTHS - so keep it shut or expect a fat lip.

2. Throw away your cell phones, your iPads, and "smart devices". Re-think your use of technology and embrace "old methods" of subterfuge and "tradecraft" (spy craft) to communicate. Your most likely enemy will be at an advantage with respect to technology - not always true, but most likely true in a monolithic world. Use methods that make these technical advantages neutral in impact, or better yet - turn these "tools" into handicaps. DO NOT BECOME A LUDDITE, but use technology rather than letting it "use you".
3. Offensive Warfare is rife with hubris and regret. Be sure, if you attack first, that you are justified - at least in terms of your own moral code, if not in terms of the community's ethos. There are always exceptions, and certainly one should not stand by and accept genocide or mass murder, but the outcome of WAR is RARELY predictable or auspicious. You will likely need allies - and many of your current friends may not look too kindly upon "being the aggressor". Your friends, most likely, would prefer peace. Better to avoid war if one can.
4. In the darkness, when all hope is lost, your spirit can move in one of two directions: a) downward toward collapse or b) upward towards hope. The war is lost at the moment your faith in yourself is destroyed - armies die in moments of despair. But, if you cannot muster HOPE, then use HATE instead - hate goes a long way.
5. Temporary defeat feeds your enemies' ego and makes him/her fat. Let your enemy have his victory in one battle ... If you are patient, you can still win the war. Remember: if the enemy believes you are dead, then you have the opportunity to plan his demise (the plan is not written in stone, but the plan is everything). Visions of success without proof are the mirage - your enemies will follow this until they die of thirst!
6. Steal from the enemy - and what you don't need, or can't hide for future use, destroy on site!
7. Preparation is an absolute necessity! If anger is your fuel, then let caution be your clock - anger can easily force premature battle. Battles that are fought too soon are in the hands of fate.
8. Focus on your own strengths - only in movies do heroes have a chance to transform themselves from weaklings into steel, real life is not like this.

Determine what it is you do well and hone that as your chief weapon - pick up other weapons as you can.

9. Pick your standards, your flags, your colors and your symbols wisely and with 2 purposes in mind: a) to motivate your own army and b) to drive fear into your enemy. The greatest contrast between symbol and action confuses your enemy - nothing is more frightening or annoying than the sound of babies crying.
10. If time and space allow it and practicality allow it, never use the same weapon twice - never fight the same battle twice. If each battle is different, the enemy has nothing to model against, nothing to pattern.
11. Leave nothing for your enemy to grab hold of - move your headquarters daily. Immobility is your enemy also - and so is sloth. However, every rule has an exception and between battles your forces must rebuild - do so with caution! You cannot fight without sleep for long, or food, or drink.
12. Not all weapons are designed to kill - nor should they be. If there is an option to stop/defeat an enemy without violence, then you MUST seek that path! If there is an option to attack and defeat your enemy with little or (preferably) no damage to the civilian population, then you should seek this path. Finally, all things being equal: "over kill", or the use of more weapons/ordnance than is necessary to accomplish a mission, it not simply stupid from a resource standpoint, but also stupid from a propaganda standpoint. You defile yourself when you do more damage to this world than is justifiable - you carry that sin with you.
13. Do not fight on a schedule, timing is everything and your enemy will keep track. If it is possible, make the temporal distance between each battle random and long enough to lull your enemy into complacency.
14. A leader in warfare must have 3 characters living inside of him or her: a) The Magician, b) The Actor and c) The Gambler. The magician uses cunning and illusion (lies) to confuse and mystify the enemy. The gambler wagers on each decision with logic and intuition - never making reckless bets or avoiding the big pay-off. Finally, the actor is stalwart, brave, consistent, steadfast, strong and non-existent - let your troops believe you are more than a man even though you are not. Rational men feel fear - men of war must pretend they don't and seem that way to their comrades and their enemies.

15. Hubris and overconfidence work against you. Never forget that every victory you achieve DOES NOT guarantee the next. Success in the past implies nothing in the future - the belief that you are infallible will destroy you.
16. Propaganda is expensive, but sometimes pays off. If the image you present to the world frightens those you fight against and engenders those you ally with, then you are doing well. But propaganda is also dangerous - a failed program can turn on you and demoralize your forces. Never get caught in a lie! And, the best lies are composed mostly of truth.
17. Test your enemy's weakness, but remember, the test can also act like a signal! There is always a trade-off between probing for points of failure in your enemy's defense and possibly telegraphing your next move. Be careful, cautious, but also be willing to accept some risk -- the pay-off can be large if you are crafty in your pursuit.
18. Whether you face one foe or a multitude, you must remember that it is your enemy's brain -- and his organized brains -- that drive the battlefield. ERGO: destroy the brain of your enemy (both small- and large-scale hive brain) and its ability to communicate recursively, then you will eventually destroy all of your enemy. Command, Control, Communication, Computers -- the super system of thinking that your enemy will attempt to leverage and take away from YOU! Deny your enemy his or her own ability to think. Follow the discipline of the Boyd Cycle and OODA! Peace out!
19. Your intentions drive you. You go to war for a reason - a cause. There may be some for whom war is the cause or reason or purpose of their lives -- these psychopaths believe that war is an end in itself. However, for the rational man war is an abomination and something to be avoided. The rational man (or woman) abhors war, but does not run from self-defense or cower in the face of Tyranny. Bottom line: hide your intentions from your enemy. Hide the reason you fight - if you don't, he/she/it can use this knowledge against you.
20. Discover your enemies' intentions and basic motivations for War (Why are they at war?) - It is a corollary of [16]. This will give you great power!
21. If you cannot figure out what drives your enemy, then remember this simple heuristic - everyone needs money. Sure, this statement is not ALWAYS true, but it is MOSTLY true.

22. Patience is everything. Use the Fibonacci method, or some other contrivance, to force yourself out of your daily patterns. If information can be encrypted, then so also behaviors.
23. Momentum, once achieved, invigorates yourself and your allies. However, momentum from the perspective of your enemies is a crashing wave. More so - a relentless series of crashing waves. Never lose momentum!
24. Be "like" the sniper - because it's good to be smart and great to be lazy.
25. You should worry about right and wrong - this is important. But if your side be on the side of what is just and good, and to lose would mean an end to all of that, then it is TOTAL WAR - and you must be a dick for justice.
26. Be Invisible. If you are no one, invisible to those around you - this is poverty in life, but wealth in war. To begin a conflict as the underdog and doomed by status and prejudice is NO handicap. Let your enemy assume your weakness - this makes you stronger.
27. Wars are seldom fought between men/women of pure intentions - with heroism, bravery and villainy. Wars are most often fought by humans - who are far less than perfect. Understand your own weakness and learn your enemies - try to forgive all.
28. Don't be afraid to learn from the best. Study military history. Study guerrilla armies. Study successful criminals. Learn from other people's mistakes, and reuse their good ideas. "Good artists copy, great artists steal."
29. Maneuvering around an enemy's broken paradigm is the EQUIVALENT of tactical/strategic surprise. Understand your enemy's "model of the universe" and discover the weaknesses therein.
30. There is only one way to achieve PEACE once a WAR has started - victory!

For the sake of our children, I hope one day the human race learns the futility of war ...

(not likely though)

(we are monstrous beasts – we humans)

WHAT COLOR is your COMPOUND?



I CAN TOSS YOU THROUGH TIME – to the Spring of 1993.

THERE YOU'D SEE a BUILDING with fire-lightning screams and the seams busting open. RED FLANNEL DRESSES and messes on the floor, as ATF FUCK-STRANGLERS joke about "long shots" and "did you see that kid's head explode when I hit him", SNIPER TROOP, scooping poop from their own diseased hearts, acting as FLAMING

CHEEK GOBLINS, taking turns shoving potatoes up each other's butts. THERE you could have a FORTRESS with walls stronger than the longest 4 steak sandwich. And YEARNING you will find that your color is RED and YELLOW and BLACK. *What color is your compound?*

“YOU wander about the beach and fields with a metal detector. I go to the landfill with a Geiger counter. We are not the same.” – Dr. Freckles

YOU DUG A HOLE in the NATIONAL FOREST, like a VIETCONG CUB SCOUT. You didn't POUT when your wife left you for your uncle-brother, and your MOTHER'S TEETH got replaced with STEEL, because her diabetes was quite bad and nothing would heal. So, you tossed her arms and legs and morning trophies onto the PYRE and LIT THAT FIRE and ghost'ed away to the WOODS. YOUR GREEN MEANIE SCARS show THROUGH and that HOT GOO for Cyndi Lou sticks quite firm as dried mistakes on a blue dress. YOUR COMPOUND is GREEN, and unseen – but the old ones see you, and master your fate.

YOUR COMPOUND is your PARACHUTE and your PARACHUTE is a golden shower. YOUR POWER is derived from living a GUSTO EXISTENCE, both hidden and seen as it pleases you, with anchored triple-strand concertina wire protecting the gardens of your soul.

THESE are the VIBRATIONS of your COMPOUND SELF:

1 – OBSTACLES

YOUR COMPOUND must be EMBITTERED with angry LEGO spirits. You wake up, it's early, the lights are OFF, and some fucking smartass leaves a LEGO on the ground, and without a SOUND your naked old foot, covered in fungal infections, takes a STEP, you leapt, cuz the pain is so severe and you screamed “FUCK” so loud everyone could hear.

Holes are great, and easy to deploy. Ensure you keep a map of all these holes somewhere tucked deep in your reptile mind. Dig trenches and holes, plant punji sticks at the bottom of deadfalls, pee on the sticks and poop on them, such that your enemy can die as the KOMODO hunts.

You can chop down trees and crosshatch them as you fell them. This makes it hard for the weak minded and the frail. In a rat's nest of fallen timber, you can hide the LIMBER SPARK of claymore mines and other such IEDs of the spirit. As they take turns hacking away, you can trigger that explosive and watch them FLY AS HIGH AS EAGLES, and it will look so funny from 500 meters away.



A bridge is KEY TERRAIN, a blown-out or washed-out bridge is a problem.

If you have no need for that bridge, get rid of it, it will not serve you or your cloven wives.

A landslide is a great way to block a passage, and sometimes it's GREAT to trigger this annoyance with an explosive, burying the first ranks in mud and rock.

Don't be afraid to use cars to block roads, don't be afraid to permanently disable the vehicles.

A sunken boat can block an inlet, and makeshift dragon's teeth below the waves can send many a butt-pirate to their graves.

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST, stock up on CONCERTINA WIRE and BARBED WIRE; know the difference, understand HOW to deploy both. If you live on the 8th floor of some hooker paradise, and you've got the SCOOBY SNACKS and CAT LITTER but you want to keep out the FLOW-JOES? – then build a SKEIN of concertina wire and barbed wire in the stairwell – the elevators no longer work.

Construction RIP RAP that will be trucked away can be yours: go to some site and make an offer. Those twisted chunks of concrete and rebar are just the fucking LEGO you're looking for.

2 – OVERWATCH

YOU CAN'T LIVE if you DON'T SEE.

Even the blind can see, but they do so with their EARS. WHEN picking a compound location, you really want it to be the case that: a) YOU can see people coming and b) THEY can't see you at all. But it's good to hear too, ideally your location allows you the ability to HEAR something long before it arrives. These are ideals cartoon soldier.

If you have a community, then you need a security plan; part of that plan is the deployment of forward observers. These folks man outposts on the edge of your NEW WORLD, after the collapse, after the TRUMP WASHING wears off. These observers will have a means to communicate with your HQ, ideally field phones, but simple handheld radios can work.

If you have money, you can buy remote solar powered sensors and cameras – but don't go too high-tech. Sometimes the BEST signal is cans on a string, and that's some low-tech garbage any hooker can do.

OVERWATCH and CONCEALMENT are at odds, honestly ...

The ideal location in terms of camouflage can be the WORST location to observe your enemy from. But, if you can work in teams and have a community, then this

problem becomes workable and you CAN have your COMPOUND and see the enemy too.

3 – KEY TERRAIN

THESE LISTS ARE NOT PERFECT ...

For you, the GOMBO-FREAK:

- Good land for farming
- Access points for drinkable water
- Main routes of travel (also see: avenues of approach)
- High points for long distance observation
- Fishing/Hunting Grounds
- Nearby gas/electric generation you can take over and run
- Nearby communications/WWW hubs you can take over and run
- Abandoned logistical facilities that contain long-term shelf safe food
- Harbors and inlets
- Small rural airports
- Large open areas to facilitate air-assault and airborne ops (your enemy's might use, meaning: FEDs)
- Nearby cell phone or mobile towers you can take control of

FOR THE FEDs:

- Nuclear Power Plants
- Natural Gas Electric Plants
- Chemical Plants / Oil Refining
- WWW Hubs (you can make a map)
- Cell Phone Towers and their locations
- Military Bases
- Interstate Highways and bridges/tunnels
- Railroad lines, bridges, tunnels
- Container Offloading Facilities / Ports
- Large rivers
- Underground CIA child abuse dungeons
- Mar a Lago

- Airports
- Harbors
- Nuclear weapons sites
- Black Sites
- Porn Hub Content Servers
- Jew Tunnels

The KEY MESSAGE for KEY TERRAIN: key terrain is any land or fixed structure that the LOSS of IT would cause YOU great harm or give your enemy an advantage.

4 – AVENUES OF APPROACH

An avenue of approach is the land, sea or air-based path of approach that is easiest for your ENEMY or anyone headed your direction.

A stream or river or creek can be an avenue of approach: it isn't rapid, and not for heavy machinery or vehicles, but it provides a natural COVER and the noise of the water can mask the sound of troops moving.

Obviously: some shitty state highway or interstate or county road is an avenue of approach. However, most of these shitty constructions will turn to dust in about 5 years; that's about how well we build roads, these days. But still, the dirty muddy dusty path that used to be I-5 will be useful for those strange travelers from beyond.



A railroad track path tends to follow the IDEAL slope path, and often has access roads build nearby. Many kinds of military vehicles, tracked armored type vehicles, can use the path created by the railroad tracks as a makeshift road as well. YOUR ENEMY might use trains to move troops and logistical materials, so this is WHY a railroad track is key terrain and WHY sometimes the best idea is to dismantle the tracks completely, blow the bridges.

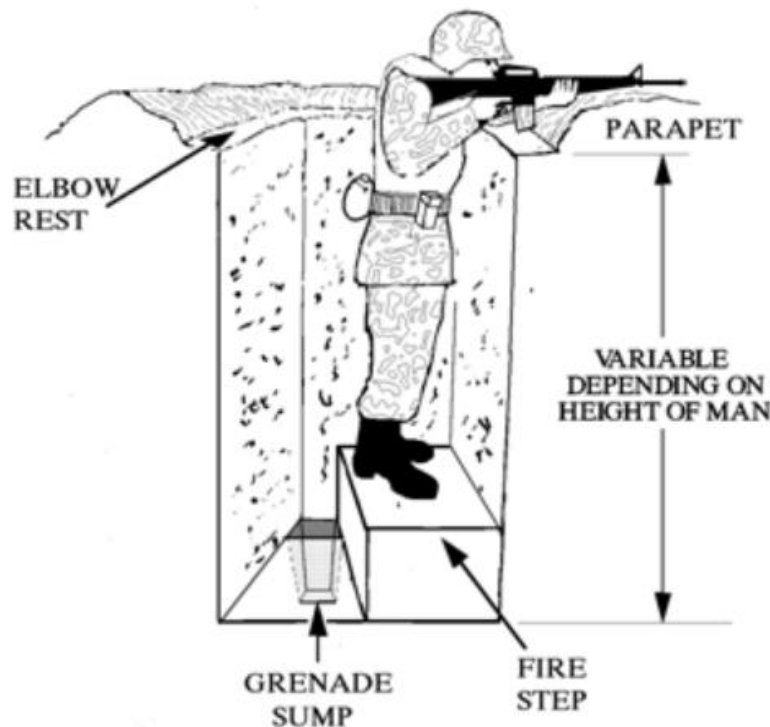
AIRCRAFT, especially military aircraft, have IDEAL avenues of approach. Helicopters can take advantage of river valleys and canyons, also using the echo effects and ambient noise to mask and misdirect their enemies. Close support aircraft like the A-10 are designed to endure HIGH TURBULENCE low altitude flying. There's not a lot you can do with FUDD TECH against CAS aircraft, but you can string a canyon with steel cable and NOT include the flashing red light – cuz that was BOBLIMPTOCK, and it's GRINKEN TIME NOW BRAH!

5 – COVER

Logs and mud can be deployed in such a way that they provide both COVER and concealment. But the priority about COVER is protection against: military caliber rifles, crew served weapons, light and heavy machine guns, indirect fires and other explosives. A simple log-house bunker, using rock, sand, dirt, mud, as the “mortar”

to fill in the gaps between logs. If your compound color is GREEN, this is a great way to build the split-level cabin/underground dwelling space.

COVER is NOT concealment, cover is what stops a bullet or a fragment from a nearby exploding artillery or mortar round.



COVER YOU CAN LIKELY DEPLOY won't protect against bunker busting bombs or any average attack by the defense forces of Israel (they be bombing at 10,000 tons of TNT per square mile these days).

6 – CONCEALMENT

ARE YOU SPIDER MAN?

Are you invisible?

WHEN YOU IMAGINE THE COLOR OF YOUR COMPOUND do you think CRYSTAL PEPSI?



To be hidden is to be unknown, occult.

To be hidden is to be like night, like the wind, like gravy chariots running down the ice mountain, running from wolves.

To be hidden is to be ignored, and this is CRITICAL.

What if I told you the color of your COMPOUND is brown and green and gray? What if you and your BITCH CLAN of the SEATTLE JUNGLE built a portable set-up from cardboard and tape and garbage bags and parachute cord and love? What if you built a set up that could be packed on the back, and folded out FAST, so that WHEREVER the fuckers of SLEEGIT VILLE SEND YOU, you can move on out quickly and have your new home set up FASTER than BRISKETS. But it has to look bad – your shambles have to look like it's covered in vomit and fecal matter and dried blood.

THE BEST DISGUISE is THEIR apathy.



IF YOUR COLOR IS “HIDDEN”, then you can avoid those harmful interactions when the homeowner starts going all “Bill Pasquale” because they’ve had the FOR SALE sign UP for 4 months, and no one is stopping by, and you’ve dropped the price 7 times.

CONCEALMENT is NOT cover: so get some ballistic blankets you can toss over your moving hovel, to save you the trouble of burying your street-whore girlfriend.

CONCLUSION:

YOUR WITCH STRENGTH is in KNOWING that there’s a place for you, and your kin, when Grincken Time begins.

NO IDEAL compound exists, ask Hitler ...

You can bury yourself 900 feet below the surface of the earth, and drink whiskey and watch old movies. You can have a compact nuclear power source, water and food for 3,000 years. You can make mashed potatoes and gravy and eat this in your dirty underwear while dreaming about Sydney Sweeney – no matter tired old barn cat, you gotta scat and find your comfort valley up in the woods.

If you are driving through UTAH and see a sign that says: “THESE ARE YOUR PUBLIC LANDS”. THEN STOP ON BY and set up your compound on YOUR public lands. Build ramparts and dig wells, take a STAB at drying sheds for VENISON and farming local trout. Your CARROT TOP lovers will SPILL THE CREAM when your stony temple comes into scene.

YOU NEED YOUR HOME.

They want you to burn.

THE DANISH PROBLEM



(what must be done)

Some quick FACTS about DENMARK:

1. Shakespeare originally wanted to call HAMLET “Denmark is for Mother Fuckers”, but his agent (Danish) said no.

2. Danish babies are sequestered, for hours, by themselves, while they cry and moan.
3. The Yentl Laws declare that NO DANE may have MORE or LESS than any other DANE, and the Danish government sends out OLD LADIES with 9mm machine guns to enforce these rules.
4. Half of all Danish people have uncontrolled genital crabs.
5. Copenhagen was founded in the year 3455 BC by an ancient MYST-KING named FRAGOR. He built the original ramparts to fend off the swamp people from Novgorod, and the MONGOLIAN BBQ pop-up restaurants.
6. ROME WAS FOUNDED by two DANISH BOYS named REBAR and ROBYERBUTT. Thousands of years of torture and EVIL are traced back to this.
7. FOUR times a year DENMARK is immersed, sunk, into the BALTIC – no one asks why.
8. ALIENS enjoy probing DANES the most.
9. Every problem in your life is connected to Copenhagen and the RED DANES of SLEEVE STREET.
10. Danes control the banks, Hollywood, all the good jobs, and Orange Julius.
11. The average dog can smell a Dane from 245 miles away.
12. DIABETES is a SCHEME, in the “PROTOCOLS of the ELDERS of KRINGLE”



OLD DANISH CRONES will wander the streets looking for hope and optimism and love, they will scowl and yell and break the spell of peaceful Sunday style living. They like screaming at KIDS and will lead a flock of children back to their nasty shacks in the woods, and if only they could escape – that Egyptian modeled shack.

When DENMARK decided to invade GERMANY in 1940, no one cared; the fucking GERMANS SUFFERED under GEORG and the NEERDOWELL SCAVENGERS of GRID-

31. KEEVOUS the MAD SWEDE sold sweaty dog pretzels to the opium dealers in Esbjerg, where the wild dogs are fed from the dead babies that so many DANES just cast aside, along the road, in the ditch.



The BIGFOOT live among the DANES, but mainly to keep an eye on them ...

DANES CAN'T BE TRUSTED, not with sheep or dogs or beer. They will STAB YOU IN THE BACK, and CRY OUT as they beat YOU. If you go on a date with a Danish person, you might need full body radiation for any and all STDs you get.

YOUR DOG FRAMED PARADIGM will not MATCH a Copenhagen's hooker's needful surprise. When her EYES catch yours, you'll see the speckles of purple, and KNOW that her systems are corrupted and she is NO WOA-H-MAN for you to snuggle with.

"The Danish hate themselves more than you could ever hate them." - Dr. Freckles



DANES eat flea dust and live off of rotten fish testicles.

DANES LOVE to smell their farts, and they cart around a load of pain wherever they go.

YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED to save a Danish person if they are drowning – I think this is in Psalms.

Every CHRISTMAS the people of DENMARK make a FEAST of the HOLIDAY FRENCHIE. A family will buy a HOLIDAY FRENCHIE from the KOREAN down the street, and it's so neat because they will decorate it and cook it on Christmas Eve. Then, the children awaken to that well-done FETE and sit at the table to ladle in the misery and scorn and to wish they'd never been born.

One drop of DANISH BLOOD can pollute a reservoir.

YOU EVER STUB YOUR TOE ON A STONE? – a Dane placed the rock there.

JORVIAN MUSK WOMEN wash up on the shores of Latvia, and people know what's going on. QUORG-HUNTERS from RANDERS grab a sander and set to the work of cleaning the roads. So many prostitutes and nuns are taken out by these weird DANES and their SWEDISH COUSINS that remove bottle caps from beer bottles with

their TEETH. And underneath that mess lay a jester and his rubble poetry, and the dead whisper to ODIN “my mother smells”.

SCHRODINGER killed 5.4 million cats to prove a point: he was Danish.

THE VIKING KINGDOM of OLDE DENMARK ruled 45% of MICRONESIA and OHIO. They had boats that skimmed their way up the Mississippi and made landfall in CHICAGO and Las Vegas. SIMPLER CATS tried to farm and log, but the bogs were deep and the sheep died of COVID.

ENGLISH WIVES with fish for garnet, as the DANES go by in their fancy cars. No one cares that the kids eat dental floss and the market only sells ass. YOUR PAST LIVES thrived on this kind of living, but the GIVING is getting harder and the DANES don't care.

3/4 Danes have killed someone's grandma, half of these were fed to squirrels.



THERE IS NOTHING SACRED to the DANES!

They feast off of cotton-mouth minstrels and traveling piss monkeys. The DANES cleaved together a “culture” of porn and vice and spider egg delights.

You don't want to go there, have you seen the movie franchise HOSTEL?

You don't want to find a man or a woman there, they will come back to YOUR HOME and pollute it with their EEL tragedies.

You can't handle DANISH LIES and coconut pies; their women have boobs filled with industrial plastic and used toilet paper.

STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM DENMARK!

PROLEGOMENA to all future LURCHING



Yes, GRINKEN MAN, WOAHH-MAN, we bumble and fumble our way from BOBLIMPTOCK to GRINKEN TIME. HEAVING and SEETHING, we FALTER in the spaces between hummingbird breaths and toilet crab heartbeats.

WE SWAY from side to side in the fray, as TONGUE-BLASTERS and NICKLE-COMMIES toss urine bags at the cops and the National Guard troops turn the water cannons on us.

REELING AND ROLLING, our ship of FATE moves CLOSER to that everlasting forgetfulness, stuck in the coiled spring and waiting for the Summer evening.

Tottering, we fall over ...

Floundering, we run aground ...

And OUR SHIP SHAPE MUSKRAT LOVERS GLARE at our silky hair and wonder, "is DAN using a new conditioner?"

FRET NOT BOBLIMPTONAUT, your courage powers the MOON TRAIN and you will go INSANE when the carpal tunnel kicks in and the sin-regiment closes down shop.

WE ARE NOT THE WOBBLE HEADED DUKES of yesteryear. Our beer is FRESH and CRISP and lends to a derangement of the stool and a loosening of control over meat supplies.

We will not STEER out of the way, we will VEER out of the way ...

"Anything you do obsessively leaves little room for life." - Dr. Freckles

When the light turns GREEN at the intersection, we HIT THAT 4-BARRELED BASTARD and dump 4 tons of gasoline magic into the ENGINE, and the wheels spin, and the lurching continues ...

YOUR STOVETOP STUFFING is a muffin surprise for the EYES that lock with yours. That woman, and her COWBOY FUNK stunk up the PLACE and it was ACES you'd be playing "escape room" with her that night.



JEB LOVERS stick to the mountaintops, where the BLUE BIRD sings songs and the old timers bury themselves alive. JIVE TURKEYS get COOKED, and the SPIN SEAT HIDEAWAY is frozen in time as particles of light sweep over the fields and pastures.

I DEMAND YOU SAY:

“I WILL LURCH TO CHURCH!”

I will lurch to church and shire and chosen squires, keeping track of baby back ribs and chuck roast to boast.

THE PIZZA MAN is not my pal.

**“You are born, you have some experiences,
then you die - GROW THE FUCK UP!” - Dr. Freckles**

I CAREEN down the valley, heaving and broken, my words not spoken till the first WOAH-MAN came to hear.

I can stare down the BATS living upstairs, and take you to the sauna where we turn on the 60's MOTOWN and with a FROWN you take my cash and bash my skull in , but I keep lurching.



With heaviness we sigh and the world spins further out of control. Our THIRST is without bounds, and the WHOLE TOWN is up in arms about what we did at O'Brien's Farm. You have a THIRST BURDEN and no one can take it down, the sign says "STOP", but you lurch along, singing your song, to the BONG HEADS dying in the canal.

"If you're afraid of failure, this is the worst place to be born." - Dr. Freckles

YOUR SCABS are CRAB MEAT for the FLEET when their ship comes in.

YOU PAINT YOUR BODY with TURBO TONGS and sober remedies, but the lost ones near the church don't know; if they can GROW they can lurch too.

LESSONS are LEARNED when you get so badly burned that meaning is set aside in exchange for gun powder.

SO, GET UP ON YOUR FUCKING FEET, it's NEAT to FAIL-FORWARD and FALL on your miserable rice cakes.

**"What could make YOU a LORD of BOBLIMPTOCK?
- you maintain your name and title during
GRINKEN TIME." - Dr. Freckles**

HERE ARE THE OATHES of GRINKEN MAN and WOAHH-MAN:

1. Don't sell things to DANES, don't buy things from DANES. Don't let your kids marry Danes, don't ever have a Danish Obstetrician. Don't let DANES make DRUGS or PRESCRIBE DRUGS, don't let Danish people watch your dog while you are on vacation.
2. YOUR COLOR COMPOUND is YOUR PROUD BUNKER. Hunker down and eat your chili out of a can and make sure you have plenty of TRIPLE STRAND CONCERTINA WIRE and the special gloves, IYKYK.
3. WHEN THE MAGICIANS and GRIFTERS are selling their WARES? – **keep your fucking eyes on the hands.** Not the smile, not the fucking busty assistant in the skimpy outfit; watch the hands.
4. **You don't know any more than I do,** but you can use logic and simple truths to glean some undigested grapes and peanuts from the CAULDRON of LIES. Still though, you might only know the complete truth when it no longer matters.
5. PAUL HARVEY IS G.O.A.T. – he set the standard for totalistic love-being and the share cropping of human life.
6. GRINKEN MAN and WOAHH-MAN were MADE for each other. We are good and nice and moist. We are sweet and sexy together – call me!

7. PLEASURING a WOAHH-MAN takes triple-threat maneuvers and weary hand toggling. YOUR SNAKE is the real pusher, and SHE WILL SEEM CRAZY if you're not TOO lazy when you're finishing her off.
8. DO NOT FORGET BIRDY BESS! Do not forget what she WILL DO upon BUNKTON DAY!
9. SUPER POWERS cost MONEY, and we don't take checks or credit cards.
10. TO BE A KUNG FU MASTER you have to understand the TAO of CLAM. Your honey-mustard JAM will TINGLE when you mingle BRUCE LEE with AUSTRALIAN KANGAROO and KOREAN STYLE kick-boxing.
11. DANARCHISM is your SOUL THRUSTER and it will power your life through the pain and strife and your balanced crane shall not die. Instead LIVE PROUD FEVER MOMENTS, Gulliver's Travels is your map.

SPEAK THE GREAT PRAYER TO THE SKY HAWK SHAMAN:

*OH, GREAT SKY FLAG,
BLUE AND RED AND WHITE,
FIGHTING COLORS
for dead black mothers.*

*Fighting spirit
for the gin parched,
and the after-school clan.*

*BE THE BEST WAGON GANG,
WE WERE KANGZ,
AND the RAIN stopped,
and the waters receded.*

*NO LONGER ARE YOU HUNGRY
or sad,
NO LONGER DO YOU CARRY
that monster dilly palace
sandwiched in your brain.*

CLAIM YOUR SALTY AND SAVORY VICTORY!

MAKE YOUR WOAH-MAN REAL!

*Frolic away,
shamble away,
heave and weave,
roll and tilt,
lurch and perch,
careening down
the canyon wall.*

*GOOD MORNING,
FUCK YOU,
I LOVE YOU!*

