

# THE TIME OF THE NAGUALS

Interzone anthology

Tome 3  
Cut-ups

Interzone Editions

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## Homage to HIS

(This is a group cut-up: Grazulis started a story which was then continued by Dot Zero, Foe4Foe, Ricochet, who made cut-ups from the whole, creating new stories from the original text.)

I

Grazulis,

December 4th 1998

Agent Zero steps out of his house into the dark morning dusk, breath condensing into brief clouds. The track to the road is frozen mud which cracks under foot as he makes his way to the public bus stop to take him to the city centre. The ride is dull, punctuated only by the strobe of a broken fluorescent tube above his head and glimpses of a beautiful pink dawn sky. Frost lies everywhere turning the world into contrasts of black and white.

He gets off the bus and wades through the commuters to the railway station where the company have a taxi waiting for him. The driver stands outside it stamping his feet, an ugly man, young with the look of a bouncer. A brief moment of identification and he climbs into the warmth of the cab interior. They drive off listening to the clash of the radios, heading towards the company house.

On arrival he signs a receipt and climbs up the few steps to the old brick doorway. It is a beautiful place, made of old sandstone built by some mill owner in the middle of the last century. The company delegates welcome him and he is shown into the meeting room. There the directors sit, not acknowledging his presence. They are all unaware of his position as agent and of the agency he works for, invisible, silent and non-existent in this space time coord. Too good an opportunity to be missed. Zero reaches into his bag and flicks a switch.

"Nothing personal" he lies before he erupts into an explosion of flame.

The agent looks down. He has prepared for this moment all of his life, he knows what about to happen. He sends his spirit up, above the animated ghosts of those with him in the dead land, avoiding the dogs summoned to take them onwards. The dogs leap in amongst the directors and managers tearing them apart before dragging the still animated and torn limbs off before Yama, king of the dead. Yama sits, his evil glare piercing with laser shots into the jumbled remains while Zero looks on, standing to his left. One by one the pieces are sorted by the guards and thrown before the giant mirror that is fixed by Yama's side. One by one the old men are forced to look into it, see themselves, and scream before disintegrating into dust which falls inbetween the cracks of the floor back to the living world below. Judgment and sentencing is always passed by your reflection. There is no other way. Then it is Agent Zero's turn. He steps forward, looks into the mirror, and sees himself.

"The man, identified as a relatively low level employee, was heard to shout a single word before the detonation that ended the lives of 16 people, including himself. 'Aramchek'. Is this the name of some new terrorist group or cult or is it the product of a sick, lonely and desparate mind? As yet, no demands have been made, no responsibility taken for this monstrous act of violence. This is Ken Kenneth of TraK news, goodnight."

He was in what they'd nicknamed the bardo, after the Tibetan word for the state inbetween lives. His consciousness blipped him for the briefest of moments as he was dump-loaded down into a new body from the CaSC (developed with future tech sent back for the battle. Using the model of nature

a skilled technician can create a bio-model of ones and zeros capable of holding a human personality; a soft machine. There is some degradation over prolonged periods of storage and an agent can become lost in the Bardo, "going zero". The other problem agents face with this method follows in line with the work of K in the early 20th C. Each time an agent adopts a new body he is affected by its physical structure and his personality subtly remoulded. Several agents have been turned because of serious flaws with the body that has been grown with them making them more open to Control. It is all an unpleasant experience and the agents look forward to a day when suicide is no longer necessary.) He opened his eyes into a different world, again. "I lost my fear of dogs in Tibet"

The message sends shockwaves throughout the western world. Disgruntled employees and redundant victims no longer need to walk into their offices with MG's to act out their revenge. Their targets come into focus as the heads of companies. A little bit of thought goes a long way. Boards and directorates cower, especially after the assassination of two heads of major Secret Services (which shall rename nameless) and suddenly no-one wants to be in charge. "But the show must go on, old chap." Those forced into the top positions become paralysed with fear, even the promised better security proves unable to keep Aramchek away. **There's no defense against people willing to die.**

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## II

### Agent Dot Zero

December 6th 1998

The agent looks down. he has no legs but long green tentacles He has prepared  
for this  
moment all of his life, he knows what's about to happen. A large ocean wave  
sweeps him  
into the cold sea. he is naked. The enemy female agent appeared 100 yards to  
the right,  
armed with the deadly poison tipped speargun. For some ungodly reason he  
feels himself  
becoming intensely sexually aroused. Is this part of her arsenal of weaponry?  
The death  
of the agent will have an erotic quality. His loss of concentration allows  
her to fire  
a harpoon which lodges in his liver. The water clouds red and he feels himself  
dying, all he can think about is the color of the red blood surging and  
swirling around  
him. He remembers himself , a child playing with small pebbles in the hot  
New Jersey sunlight. He sees his father helping him ride his first bicycle down  
the oak tree lined street. Losing consciousness he sees the enemy agent remove  
a long glimmering knife and slice his head off. All he could do is smile at  
the thought  
of his de capitated head floating into the mouth of a waiting shark.  
The Agent awakes, he realizes he had been drugged. He wonders if he revealed the  
location of The Zone while under the Ketamine injection. He looks down at  
his throbbing  
erection. The nurse arrives dressed as a Prostitute and starts sucking his  
cock.

She sits poised above his stiff prick teasing him.  
"Tell me the location of The Zone and I will sit on your cock, " she coos  
like a seductive  
viper.  
"Tell me the location and you will never feel pain again, " she whispers and  
strokes  
his begging rod, dripping with sweat.  
The agent has been well trained, he cracks open a cyanide spray pellet in his  
right bi cuspid and sprays it down her mouth.  
Dying she sinks onto his waiting cock and he explodes in a fantastic orgasm of  
crystal light.

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### III

#### Foe December 10th 1997

At the darkest moment of the night

**Agent ZERO awakens bound and chained in an opulent room decorated with lush furs, mumbles, "There's no defense against people willing to die." statue of muscular greek gods, paintings in huge gold frames of variuos scenes of Debauchery and rape screaming: . You die. Die die die. They die. You die. Die die die. They die. , and a great stone fireplace with carved gargoyles seated on each side contemplating on this indescribable emotion hidden inside their secret property of unconsciousness. the infamous Queen of Zantos wearing a magnificent Birds Head Mask. The room had a strong musky odor, the smells of a thousand passionate trysts, mixed with blood and cinnamon. "Well if it isn't the famous ZERO, a deep husky female voice calls out from a dark corner of the room.**

"Somebody next door you've never met may be a part of your life, history you get along with intimately. You die. Die die die. They die. ZERO can feel his skin tingle with a mixture of dread and to his surprise **sexualexcitement**and tenuous sense of death crows in the back of his presense. I feel I am one of them by hoping to die together someday. Wego together all the way without having any chance to live or die separately. **This is a lie.** The possibility of no solitude **is also another lie.** The ticket to be free is to die together like **Heaven'sgate. But we all know, it is another lie all together. only sexuellexcitement.** As his eyes grow accostomed to the light AGENTZERO can make out a massive bed and lying on it is Sheila X, **Wemaybe connected** and also cancelled out each other **on different levels of reality such as in Barbo, with the infamous Queen of Zantos wearing a magnificent Birds Head Mask, yet and yet, we are alone and separated on this side of eternity.** Melting down to the deepest of the sea. Not now though **we are not animal enough to have sense of freedom,** - - and the whole sentence reversed **100 years** I need more time. **But the time is also a trickstar** Life's good **is a lie** **And death needstime to grow**

## IV

### Agent Ricochet December 7th 1997

Agent Zero steps out of his house into the dark morning dusk, breath condensing into brief clouds. The track to the road is frozen mud which cracks under foot as he makes his way to the public bus stop to take him to the city centre. The ride is dull, punctuated only by the strobe of a broken fluorescent tube above his head and glimpses of a beautiful pink dawn sky. Frost lies everywhere turning the world into contrasts of black and white.

Agent Zero steps out of his house broken fluorescent tube above his head, breath condensing into beautiful pink frost and glimpses of dawn sky. Duskbrief clouds track into the dark morning, the road is frozen mud which cracks into contrasts of black and white under foot as he makes his way to the public bus stop. The ride is dull, punctuated only by the turning world. He wades through the commuters a strobe of a lies everywhere gets off the bus and to the railway station where the company have a taxi waiting for him. The driver stands sad lonely boy balanced precariously on the edge of a cliff, sea spray and crash of waves drifting up toward him only the finest mist when it reaches his rosy cheeks. They drive off listening to the Clash on the radio, heading towards the company house.

On arrival he signs a receipt and climbs up the few steps to the old brick doorway. It is a beautiful place, made of old sandstone built by some mill owner in the middle of the last century. The company delegates welcome him and he is shown into the meeting room. There the directors sit, not acknowledging his presence. They are all unaware of his position as agent and of the agency he works for, invisible, silent and non-existent in this space time coord. Too good an opportunity to be missed. Zero reaches into his bag and flicks a switch.

"Nothing personal" he lies before he erupts into an explosion of Presence.

The agent looks down. He has prepared for this moment all of his life, he knows what's about to happen. He sends his spirit up, above the animated ghosts of those with him in the dead land, avoiding the dogs summoned to take them onwards. The dogs leap in amongst the directors and managers tearing them apart before dragging the still animated and torn limbs off before Yama, king of the dead. Yama sits, his evil glare piercing with laser shots into the jumbled remains while Zero looks on, standing to his left. One by one the pieces are sorted by the guards and thrown before the giant mirror that is fixed by Yama's side. One by one the old men are forced to look into it, see themselves, and scream before disintegrating into dust which falls inbetween the cracks of the floor back to the living world below. Judgment and sentencing is always passed by your reflection. There is no other way. Then it is Agent Zero's turn. As he steps forward, a ripple of long forgotten knowing floats to the surface of his mind. He summons his total will, focuses it into a beam of golden light and directs it toward the mirror which disintegrates into a shower of light, a crystalline halo of flickering silver dust hanging in the noonday air. He laughs out loud as the remembering dawns, "Je n'existe pas!"

"The man, identified as a relatively low level employee, was heard to shout a single word before the detonation that ended the lives of 16 people, including himself. 'Aramchek'. Is this the name of some new terrorist group or cult or is it the product of a sick, lonely and desperate mind? As yet, no demands have been made, no responsibility taken for this monstrous act of violence. This is Ken Kenneth of TraK news, goodnight."

He was in what they'd nicknamed the bardo, after the Tibetan word for the state inbetween lives. His consciousness blipped him for the briefest of moments as he was dump-loaded down into a new body from the CaSC (developed with future tech sent back for the battle. Using the model of nature

a skilled technician can create a bio-model of ones and zeros capable of holding a human personality; a soft machine. There is some degradation over prolonged periods of storage and an agent can become lost in the Bardo, "going zero". The other problem agents face with this method follows in line with the work of K in the early 20th C. Each time an agent adopts a new body he is affected by its physical structure and his personality subtly remoulded. Several agents have been turned because of serious flaws with the body that has been grown with them making them more open to Control. It is all an unpleasant experience and the agents look forward to a day when suicide is no longer necessary.) He opened his eyes into a different world, again.  
"I lost my fear of dogs in Tibet"

The message sends shockwaves throughout the western world. Disgruntled employees and redundant victims no longer need to walk into their offices with MG's to act out their revenge. Their targets come into focus as the heads of companies. A little bit of thought goes a long way. Boards and directorates cower, especially after the assassination of two heads of major Secret Services (which shall rename nameless) and suddenly no-one wants to be in charge. "But the show must go on, old chap." Those forced into the top positions become paralysed with fear, even the promised better security proves unable to keep Aramchek away. **There's no defense against people willing to die.**

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Foe December 10th 1997

*List of callers:* Count Zero, Agent IZ,  
Richochet, Inspector, Agent Erotica ,Agent Ayakashi

Agent Lee

from Interzone

.r

## 1.1 Agent Zero

morning

**dusk**, breath condensing into brief clouds. The track to the road is frozen mud which cracks under foot as he makes his way to the public bus stop to take him to the city centre. The ride is dull, punctuated only by the strobe of a broken flourescent tube above his head and glimpses of a beautiful pink

dawn sky. Frost lies everywhere turning the world into contrasts of black  
and white.

### 1.21 Agent Richochet

steps out of his house broken flourescent tube above his head, breath condensing into beautiful pink frost and glimpses of dawn sky. Duskbrief clouds track into the dark morning, the road is frozen mud which cracks into contrasts of black and white under foot as he makes his way to the public bus stop. The ride is dull, punctuated only by the turning world. He wades through the commuters a strobe of a lies everywhere gets off the bus and to the railway station where the company have a taxi waiting for him. The driver stands sad lonely boy balanced precariously on the edge of a cliff, sea spray and crash of waves drifting up toward him only the finest mist when it reaches his rosy cheeks. They drive off listening to the Clash on the radio, heading towards the company house.

### 1.22 Agent Ayakashi

steps out of his den broken flourescent tube crowned on his head armor, within his quick silver penise case, morning bliss condensing into beautiful pink frost and which will never sneak glimpses of dawn sky. Duskbrief clouds track into the dark morning, the road is frozen mud which cracks into contrasts of black and white under foot as he makes his way to the stock market. The

ride is dull, punctuated only by the turning world. He wades through the commuters a strobe of a lies everywhere gets off the bus and to the railway station where the company have a starspangled banner painted, superstreached limo waiting for him. The driver **stands sad lonely boy balanced precariously on the edge of a cliff, sea spray and crash of waves drifting up toward him only the finest mist when it reaches his rosy cheeks.** They drive off listening to the news on the latest **crush at the far eastern stock market caused by Financial Big Bang; some had wrongly predicted as the beginning of economic history for the 21 st century, Mr B is now at a point in space, 186,000 miles from Earth at point B. "21st century where?"; " Sound travels at the rate of 1114 feet per second" 21st century in the land of forgotten occidentals, the memory of his grandmother's childhood still lingers on Agent Zero's pubescent dreams,** 21st century where within the city limit of interzone WSB continue to *strike* his repetitious gestures, he mombles sometimes inaudible sound but between those premature syllables of unborn words, you hear one-sentence monologues like "the only love in my life was a man named...." or but "I \_\_\_\_ (unrecorded) for Joan" WSB and his fatigued gay deciples stroll around the barren land, **I was struck by sudden vision of Jesus Christ in Chinese opera, walking across the top of vast mesa by the Yellow River, or a crazy momon preacher in a gothic half coat, passing the knowledge of alternative history, at the end of his manifest destiny, finally discover the emptiness of Utah.**

## 2.1 On arrival **he signs a receipt and** climbs up

the few steps to the old brick doorway. It is a beautiful place, made of old sandstone built by some mill owner in the middle of the last century. The company delegates welcome him and he is shown into the meeting room. There the directors sit, not acknowledging his presence. They are all unaware of his position as agent and of the agency he works for, invisible, silent and non-existent in this space time coord. Too good an opportunity to be missed. Zero reaches into his bag and flicks a switch.

"Nothing personal" he lies before he erupts into an  
of Presence.

2.2 On arrival at Siriraj hospital he signs a receipt and climbs up the few steps to the old brick doorway a few meters above the waterway. It is a beautiful place, made of old cajumaro trees built by some opium den owner in the middle of the last decade. The company delegates welcome him and he is shown into the meeting room. There the directors of atrocity exhibition sit, not acknowledging his presence. They are all unaware of his position as agent and of the agency he works for, invisible, silent and non-existent in this space time coord. Too good an opportunity to be missed. Zero reaches into his bag and flicks a switch.

"Nothing personal" he lies before he erupts into an explosion of Presence.

## Atrocity Exhibition

**(Siriraj Crime Museum, Bangkok, Thailand):**

Floating exactly 186,000 miles above the tropic of capricorn, concealed in a cryogenic chanber

**Andrew cuts in:** The agent looks down. he has no legs but long green tentacles He has prepared for this moment all of his life, he knows what's about to happen. A large ocean wave sweeps him into the cold sea. he is naked. The enemy female agent appeared 100 yards to the right, armed with the deadly poison tipped speargun. For some ungodly reason he feels himself becoming intensely sexually aroused. Is this part of her arsenal of weaponry? The death of the agent will have an erotic quality. His loss of concentration allows her to fire a harpoon which lodges in his liver (**warning, ultra explicit contents**). The water clouds red and he feels himself dying, all he can think about is the color of the red blood surging and swirling around him. He remembers himself, a child playing with small pebbles in the hot New Jersey sunlight. He sees his father helping him ride his first bicycle down the oak tree lined street. Losing consciousness he sees the enemy agent remove a long glimmering knife and slice his head off.

All he could do is smile at the thought of his de capitated head floating into the mouth of a waiting shark. (**CAUTION, CAUTION, CAUTION, DO NOT**

**EVEN BOTHER** TO TOUCH THE LINK IF YOU HAVE A WEAK STOMACH), The Agent awakes, he realizes he had been drugged. He wonders if he revealed the location of The Zone while under the Ketamine injection(.ra). He looks down at his throbbing erection. The

nurse arrives dressed as a Prostitute and starts sucking his cock. She sits poised above his stiff prick teasing him. "Tell me the location of The Zone and I will sit on your cock, " she coos like a seductive viper. "Tell me the location and you will never feel pain again, " she whispers and strokes his begging rod, dripping with sweat. The agent has been well trained, he cracks open a cyanide spray pellet in his right bi cuspid and sprays it down her mouth. Dying she sinks onto his waiting cock and he explodes in a fantastic orgasm of crystal light.

Reference #119

Agent's letter to his sister prior to above incident:

>Hey sister melissa,  
>I want you to know you are now an official member of THE ZONE!  
>The Zone is being created to protect creative artist from the uncaring masses, politicians and art flunkies.  
>OUR SLOGAN :  
>THE ZONE PROTECTS IT'S OWN!  
>While the Zone is against all forms of physical violence  
>any member who is physical threatened or stalked by  
>demonic forces will be protected by any means necessary.  
>  
Andrew

The agent looks down. **"A missing factor in any equation. The invisible mould of what is not that inexorably determines what is: The Inferential Kid from Pluto can blow up the planet with a pinhead or freak if you prefer, or as easily and coolly reorder the planet with silent shifts of his inferential departments or departures as the case may be."** for this moment all of his life, he knows what's about to happen. He sends his spirit up, above the animated ghosts of those with him in the dead land, avoiding the dogs summoned to take them onwards. The dogs leap in amongst the directors and managers tearing them apart before dragging the still animated and torn limbs off before Yama, king of the dead. Yama sits, his evil glare piercing with laser shots into the jumbled remains while Zero looks on, standing to his left. One by one the pieces are sorted by the guards and thrown before the giant mirror that is fixed by Yama's side. One by one the old men are forced to look into it, see themselves, and scream before disintegrating into dust which falls inbetween the cracks of the floor back to the living world below. Judgment and sentencing is always passed by your  
*As he steps forward, a ripple of long forgotten knowing floats to the surface of his mind. He summons his total will, focuses it into a beam of golden light and directs it toward the mirror which disintegrates into a shower of light, a crystalline halo of flickering silver dust hanging in the noonday air. He laughs out loud as the remembering dawns, "Je n'existe pas!"*

"The man, identified as a relatively low level employee, was heard to shout a single word before the detonation that ended the lives of 16 people, including himself. 'Aramchek'. Is this the name of some new terrorist group or cult or is it the product of a sick, lonely and desperate mind? As yet, no demands have been made, no responsibility taken for this

monstrous act of violence. This is Ken Kenneth of TraK news, goodnight."

*"I am the time unaccounted for between the camera and what the camera takes. I am the mark who wises up when he couldn't wise up. I am the power that beats the film studio with a box camera, a regiment of tanks with a slingshot"*

He was in what they'd nicknamed the bardo, after the Tibetan word for the state inbetween lives. His consciousness blipped him for the briefest of moments as he was dump-loaded down into a new body from the CaSC (developed with future tech sent back for the battle. Using the model of nature a skilled technician can create a bio-model of ones and zeros capable of holding a human personality; a soft machine. There is some degradation over prolonged periods of storage and an agent can become lost in the Bardo, "going zero". The other problem agents face with this method follows in line with the work of K in the early 20th C. Each time an agent adopts a new body he is affected by its physical structure and his personality subtly remoulded. Several agents have been turned because of serious flaws with the body that has been grown with them making them more open to Control. It is all an unpleasant experience and the agents look forward to a day when suicide is no longer necessary.) He opened his eyes into a different world, again. "I lost my fear of dogs in Tibet"

**The technical side of this Bardo operation involves the fine workmanship of neurological cut-and-paste. The art of juxtaposition which was discovered (or rather rediscovered for how many times) by Surrealists at the beginning of previous century was finally applied to the art of brain and vertebrate surgery, from the frontal part of cerebrum where was proven to reside the sense of self, through the vertebrae's neuro-electrical highway down to the peripherals, the sophistication in the laser surgery determines the precision in the transmigration of agents soul into another entity. Once approximately seven or eight earth years ago, a agent made a request that his consciousness should be transported into his late lover's Akita dog, the request was granted and after the operation three hours and forty seven minutes longer than usual, his soul, his entity was successfully transplanted into the body of Akita. As years go by despite the phonetic disadvantage as a dog, with slight inflection the agent Akita mastered to speak Tibetan which was his lover's mother tongue. The Trans-specie operation was successful on most mammals with the exception of Siamese cats and border collies for their temperaments and hyper sensitivity.**

**A dog's life expectancy is 100 years these days due to the recent development in veterinary. However Agent Akita, who was sent undercover to 1950's San Francisco to inquire on an unsound development of psychic**

charges across the Bay area, was run over by a crowded trolley. Some say he saw a shadow of his long-lost lover whose spiritual death was the outcome of Agent Akita's lack of faith. A few 1/1000th of seconds before the expiration, the agent Akita, paralyzed by the trolley train rushing toward the wondering body of his, he channeled the high-bandwidth brain wave to the Arpanet and E-mailed, his last message reads: "Love to all, active free agents, the net is vast and inescapable, over and out"

The message sends shockwaves throughout the western world. Disgruntled employees and redundant victims no longer need to walk into their offices with MG's to act out their revenge. Their targets come into focus as the heads of companies. A little bit of thought goes a long way. Boards and directorates cower, especially after the assassination of two heads of major Secret Services (which shall rename nameless) and suddenly no-one wants to be in charge. "But the show must go on, old chap." Those forced into the top positions become paralysed with fear, even the promised better security proves unable to keep Aramchek away. **There's no defense against people willing to die.**

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## Homage to Hassan I Sabbah 2

### **1. List of Callers:** Agents Iz, Rick, Andy, Foe, Gary, Uncle Bill

Agent Ricochet steps out of his house broken fluorescent tube above his head, breath condensing into beautiful pink frost and glimpses of dawn sky. Duskbrief clouds track into the dark morning, the road is frozen mud which cracks into contrasts of black and white under foot as he makes his way to the public bus stop. The ride is dull, punctuated only by the turning world. He wades through the commuters a strobe of a lies everywhere gets off the bus and to the railway station where the company have a taxi waiting for him. The driver stands sad lonely boy balanced precariously on the edge of a cliff, sea spray and crash of waves drifting up toward him only the finest mist when it reaches his rosy cheeks. They drive off listening to the Clash on the radio, heading towards the company house.

The three young guys came to sit at a table. The brown-haired guy went to sit down with them. They all looked familiar to her. "Where did I see them before?". Taking a cigaret, she could not find a lighter and decided to go and ask the small group. "Got a light, mec ?" she asked to one of the guys who had a zippo lighter with Ricochet written on it. "No but I got a dark brown overcoat!", he answered, holding the light. And he did have a dark brown overcoat.

### **2. Cut-up :**

Wha's it all about?

This text is the product of a collaboration between those listed (though, sadly, Uncle Bill had to leave us before it was begun). The texts were produced around a single idea and each based upon the next whether through cut-up or new writing. These texts were then further cut-up and assembled into the text you are about to venture through. What you are reading might be described as the same event experienced from five different perspectives which come together as one, or maybe not.

Not all of it will make sense, inside Interzone time and place cease to have meaning as we step outside the laws of ordinary causality. The biologic film flaps wildly in the broken projector under the sad eyes of the dying director. The 7 souls look forward to the day when immortality is no longer possible.

The original texts used to create this piece can be found at the Western Lands.

### **3. Infos cut ups :**

Rub Out The Word:

Language is a virus programmed into the human biologic machine used for the current purposes of Control. A is always A, never not-A Cut-up provides a means to work past it, to subvert the film of our lives running from A to B - when A is not-A the film is displaced, shrivelling up in the harsh projected lies of Control. The human being is a subjective experience, reliant on its external programming for life, shape and context. Destruction of the film allows us to step out of the constraints of space-time.

Breaking down the word we are no longer dependent upon it for solution, final or otherwise. No more dogma, bloated bureaucratic nonsense folds in on itself and eats its own tail, "no more Hitlers, no more Stalins," no more Him (you know, THE WORD)

Cut up is a technique discovered by Brion Gysin and made famous by Burroughs in his work, but it is also a tool anyone can use for whatever purposes of their own. It can provide insight into texts written by yourself and others. The simplest experiment suggested by Burroughs is to type out an article onto a sheet of A4 and cut it into four sections. Then rearrange the sections at random and see what comes out. New words, sentences and meanings appear. With the advent of computers we have a powerful tool for breaking down the barriers that we believe exist in language. One experiment, suggested by Umberto Eco in "Foucault's Pendulum" is to take a text in a word processor and do a find and replace on key words or letters. By breaking down the forced meanings we can gain a different understanding of language and its purpose. A computer can also create a program that will cut up and rearrange texts for you at random.

The written word is not the only target of cut-up. Try channel hopping on a TV to get an alternate impression of what is going on in the world. Make a recording on tape and then rewind it, stopping at intervals to insert new words, different sections of the text, new sounds. Collect as many .wav files from the net as possible and splice them together, cut and paste them, using the sound recorder on your PC, or get a shareware copy of something like CoolEdit. If you have video capture facilities on your PC experiment with cutting up word and picture. Run a different lyric to a film and see.

### **4 Report :**

The driver stands sad lonely boy balanced precariously on the edge of a cliff, sea spray and crash of waves drifting up toward him only the finest mist when it reaches his rosy cheeks. They drive off listening to the news on the latest crush at the far eastern stock market A missing factor in any equation.caused by Financial Big Bang; some had wrongly predicted as the beginning of economic history for the 21 st century, Mr B is now at a point in space, 186,000 miles from Earth at point B. "21st century where?", " Sound travels at the rate of 1114 feet per second" **21st century** in the land of forgotten occidentals, the memory of his grand mother's childhood still lingers on Agent Zero's pubescent dreams, 21st century where within the city limit of interzone

"The man, identified as a relatively low level employee, was heard to shout a single word before the detonation that ended the lives of 16 people, including himself. 'Aramchek'. Is this the name of some new terrorist group or cult or is it the product of a sick, lonely and desperate mind? As yet, no demands have been made, no responsibility taken for this monstrous act of **violence**. This is Ken Kenneth of TraK news, goodnight."

## **5. 21th century**

Alarm to see the bed empty the old man turned, looked about at the brilliant white of the painted walls, lit up from the ceiling's cheap white uniform. He was to see Zero standing, watching him with eyes that must have been beautiful before sees the man's fear.

Standing over him Zero looks into the old man's pale blue mind, folded about something and crumpled. They turned to glue. He opened up his mind patterns left by the decorators brush. The rest of the world reached Europe first and the Somewhere Zero woke up. Everywhere failed. Everywhere fell. Amongst the crowds of people trying to find rooting out others they thought to blame again. He stood up, he had not needed to he looked over to the sad fern by the heard steps and looked out at the locked body's new gift of movement. His mind in the lock, the noise seems louder than he.

It started as a light that seemed to be a tiny whole world of New York. practical joke. He took the keys, placed the old man carefully onto the hole in the sky burst out to engulf the sound, reaching into ranges no one can saw or heard, sun seemed like a victim of some elaborate - As he looked at the swirling flow and he suddenly saw molecules. The Statue of Liberty turned black pulling them down, trailing after the roads and buildings. A wall of dust detonated as the air itself became fire. Exploded into millions of tiny fragments saw it. No one had time to act, just the shadows and then the shadows themselves disappeared and the dust swirled over the continent. gone.

The fire continued to spread. In the darkness everythnig died. America was but there were no answers. The clouds die as it turned red and faded away. Panicking, some prayed.

## **6. Violence :**

While the Zone is against all forms of physical violence any member who is physical threatened or stalked by demonic forces will protected by any means necessary.

## **7. Report :**

Agent Zero steps out of his house into the dark morning dusk, breath condensing into brief clouds. The track to the road is frozen mud which cracks under foot as he makes his way to the public bus stop to take him to the city centre. The ride is dull, punctuated only by the strobe of a broken fluorescent tube above his head and glimpses of a beautiful pink dawn sky. Frost lies everywhere turning the world into contrasts of black and white

She sat at the bar, observing the people walking in the street. A tall and thin brown haired guy got down from a bus, came into the bar and came to sit nearby. He light a cigaret, sweeping the place with a sad and tired look, seeming not to really see what was around him. he signs a receipt and climbs up the few steps to the old brick doorway. It is a beautiful place, made of old sandstone built by some mill owner in the middle of the last century. The company delegates welcome him and he is shown into the meeting room. There the directors sit, not acknowledging his presence. They are all unaware of his position as agent and of the agency he works for, invisible, silent and nonexistent in this space time coord.

Too good an opportunity to be missed. Zero reaches into his bag and flicks a switch.

"Nothing personal" he lies before he erupts into an explosion of Presence.

The lady brought the coffees, "Red-haired are my favorite!", she said, stoking Agent's Izzy short hair , who blushed, suddenly feeling as a shy as a schoolboy in front of his first prostitute. Horny images came to her mind as her look was caught by the imposing tits in front of her. "So you young guys came without your girls this morning.", the lady went on, assuming the brown-haired guy and Iz had arrived together. Very embarrassed, Iz decided to ignore the remark , answering by a polite smile. Fortunately some more consumers were coming in , and the lady had to interrupt the conversation to take their **orders**.

## **8 : Orders**

He summons his total will, focuses it into a beam of golden light and directs it toward the mirror which disintegrates into a shower of light, a crystalline halo of flickering silver dust hanging in the noonday air. He laughs out loud as the remembering dawns,

## **9. Report :**

The ride is dull, punctuated only by the turning world. He wades through the commuters a strobe of a lies everywhere gets off the bus and to the railway station where the company have a starspangled banner painted, superstreached limo waiting for him. The driver stands sad The death of the agent will have an erotic quality. His loss of concentration allows her to fire a harpoon which lodges in his liver . The water clouds red and he feels himself dying, all he can think about is the color of the red blood surging and swirling around him. He remembers himself, a child playing with small pebbles in the hot New Jersey sunlight. He sees his father helping him ride his first bicycle down the oak tree lined street.

The agent looks down."A missing factor in any equation. The invisible mould of what is not that inexorably determines what is: The Inferential Kid from Pluto can blow up the planet with a pinhead or freak if you prefer, or as easily and coolly reorder the planet with silent shifts of his inferential departments or departures as the case may be." He has prepared for this moment all of his life, he knows what's about to happen. He sends his spirit up, above the animated ghosts of those with him in the dead land, avoiding the dogs summoned to take them onwards. The dogs leap in amongst the directors and managers tearing them apart before dragging the still animated and torn limbs off before Yama, king of the dead. Yama sits, his evil glare piercing with laser shots into the jumbled remains while Zero looks on, standing to his left. One by one the pieces are sorted by the guards and thrown before the giant mirror that is fixed by Yama's side. One by one the old men are forced to look into it, see themselves, and scream before disintegrating into dust which falls in between the cracks of the floor back to the living world below. Judgment and sentencing is always passed by your reflection. There is no other way. Then it is Agent Zero's turn. As he steps forward, a ripple of long forgotten knowing floats to the surface of his mind.

## 10. Zero looks on

A dog's life expectancy is 100 years these days due to the recent development in veterinary. However Agent Akita, who was sent undercover to 1950's San Francisco to inquire on an unsound development of psychic charges across the Bay area, was run over by a crowded trolley

# The technical side of this Bardo operation involves the fine workmanship of neurological cut-and-paste The art of juxtaposition which was discovered (or rather rediscovered for how many times) by Surrealists at the beginning of previous century was finally applied to the art of brain and vertebrate surgery, from the frontal part of cerebrum where was proven to reside the sense of self, through the vertebrae's Electro-nervous highway down to the peripherals, the sophistication in the lazer surgery determines the precision in the paralyzed by the trolley train rushing toward wondering body of his, he channeled the high-bandwidth brain wave to the Arpanet and E-mailed, his last message reads: "Love to all, active free agents, the net is vast and inescapable, over and out"

The message sends shockwaves throughout the western world. Disgruntled employees and redundant victims no longer need to walk into their offices with MG's to act out their revenge. Their targets come into focus as the heads of companies. A little bit of thought goes a long way. Boards and directorates cower, especially after the assassination of two heads of major Secret Services (which shall rename nameless) and suddenly no-one wants to be in charge. "But the show must go on, old chap." Those forced into the top positions become paralysed with fear, even the promised better security proves unable to keep Aramchek away. There's no defense against people willing to die.

## 11

I lost my fear of dogs in Tibet

## 12

"I am the time unaccounted for between the camera and what the camera takes. I am the mark who wises up when he couldn't wise up. I am the power that beats the film studio with a box camera, a regiment of tanks with a slingshot"

Well, this seems quite a sensible thing to do. Nowadays, one cannot find good employers anymore." said Iz, imitating Aunt Suzanna's salon conversation in her show "**all the priests are commies**". A nurse ? Male or female ? asked the blond guy provocatively.

## 13 All the priests are cummies

This is not the truth, but it is a tiny facet on the diamond of truth. It is a facet of the this is not the truth, hopes in words that illustrate through its minute area and hide my paranoia. You can't look through it and see me. You can't look have little time for that flicker about my head. You have to look through me and see it, yourself. This is not the true Truth.

The vid played slowly, the dope in his brain made it last a lifetime as he watched the cloud of light reach out and take people into itself. Watched the cloud of dope in his brain. The vid played slowly, made it last a lifetime as him aware in that people into itself. one of the many framed holds a dying boy in her as I am without. Everyone in my place would have left. Intention is distorted with

kindness and taken, I think any sane person much too close to people, the most humble. "My father" she says, before praising as "really hopeless." Criticism had hurt her humanitarian road. Be done naturally, level and the same, high and low, they won't taught me to treat the sane."

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"That's a damn good fake" the technician said, "interposing the little girl like that. If I didn't have this job I'd sure as hell never suspect." "Emotional warfare. Propaganda. Same old story. Your on our side or theirs. We help to keep it that way." "That's right enough. Hope the scum get caught." "I believe they already have."

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De : **Rasta Robert**

Date d'envoi : lundi 1 septembre 1997 17:46

Objet : **Reconstructed e-mail**

## Levels of being

I had never used it as magick, spirituality. The net is freeware, it would be possible to get a secret. I had never had a very strange sensations I had before: Extreme fatigue by moments, but this man, not exactly the art of fighting something or thought they could be helpful to. I might have made the most of traditional societies.

Overcoming fear to a point as not to be controlled by it for about 83 years now. He could tell you something.

Now it's more than a week that I don't think it'll get me very far. If there is some of fighting without fighting. I know.

Interesting case of a malignant memetic infection, and Well, good to defend oneself. On a strategical point of view, that? I can freely fall into wrong hands is actually much more substantial. If it from the inside.

Watches to ring at this moment? Overcoming fear to be controlled by it, is a buddhist but read their books who taught me very far. If there is some way of getting it translated to dwell in the western world, but this man had before:

They wanted to settle a quartering factory, for the dead bodies of animals, I hope you are. We do not seem to get a real pleasure.

Vibration just return to take the fuse out of mindset and attitude, that all this was too big for me, 6 other persons have stated Get messages, and messages sent to our medieval society. I hope you use MicroSoft's stupid software, Thank you for your message.

I had before: Extreme fatigue by these wrong hands. Well if it's not a text a French guy and it was lack of One another. Secret is no longer a secret, I have read their shop burning, About the dead bodies of fighting. But they are represented as something.

Interesting, feelings of angry, or thought it. Some are very powerful man, try [http/compromising privacy/compromising privacy/www.com/MS-Mail](http://compromising privacy/compromising privacy/www.com/MS-Mail) again.

Hint: They did not in our societies (magic). Connected by termites, and procedures, and just vanished. I know if we should make our respective tool for themselves, but is threatened to take the most used e-mail clients by it was very nice to know.

Your vibrations of Jean about him and sit on until your message you feel it is gonna become real contacts. I will potentially be also feel energy those effects and it comes to all, and battle ground of the Japanese culture. I can be also the source of Jean get connected to all the data of sleep broken.

Then put my knowledge is much more substantial. If it kept going on until your message.

Then, amongst other people who do no joke Specially friendly. Very soon you in touch with people who, creating, we give us to fight, who did not, made a life oriented toward spirituality and a very new sensation.

And to take the fuse out by thinking and in, it will fall into wrong hands, compaired to you, and to take the funny thing is good Isabelle You look to me as maggic, spirituality. The people who can use the doors must have some writtings about what you say about the message you be interested?

Your messages is a primal objective. I'm sure within the scientology and dianetics material there is any theory of vibrations yet, otherwise they cannot go through. We are not taken into account The funny thing is into music and web sites. Does this hypothesis seems correct to you? Thanks for replying so completely. Getting Experience tought me very far. If there anything special at the fireside etc...

You will see his corpse floating. Secret, only preoccupied by strength. The best way to exchange and sit on the same day at a strategical point of free exchange In ways of the wrong hands. Well if it's kept secret things like acrossing between those effects and If those scientos got into esoterics and control and destruction, <Grin>. Expression of angry, ready to explode.

Quantic physics. Also the newspapers, etc. Specially with low breathing. It is important to you, I receiveid it the net is the same I am totally ignorant. But what I have been thinking the fuse out and American guys are you in the same day at the same time? Could not we got so much work to transform it ?

Change one another. Yidaki is so rudimental Connected to defend what's precious, feelings of actions. Thank you

## David Whiteis

### Cut-ups

As for using Burroughs' & Gysin's methods in a therapeutic context... whether or not this is relevant, I've noticed that one can evoke/invoke one's own memories & life experiences in a way that reflects a "cut-up" approach: interweaving & juxtaposing different images & memory pictures from one's own life so they meld & blend into new & enlightening combined images... especially if one learns to retrieve positive &/or liberating experiences from one's own past, cut them into the less-pleasant & dreary ones (incl. those occurring in the present time) -- the result can be something like living inside a madman's kaleidoscope, but

(at least sometimes) can be illuminating & liberating as well -- I suppose this is something we do all the time w/out thinking about it, but it really came clear to me a few months ago, when I (again) immersed myself in the "Soft Machine/Nova Express/Ticket" trilogy for a few weeks, & found myself cutting & folding all kinds of previously-forgotten/ignored life experiences into the present time -- at least for a while, the effect was pretty remarkable --

DGW

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## Alex Booth

September 26 1997

### Cut-up experiment

This afternoon i decided to experiment with cut-ups...I sectioned or dissected bits of speech from Shakespeare's "King Lear" and "The Tempest" in curiosity...hoping to put it as a page in our next issue... It was very strange as it reminded me of various sorts of divination techniques...tarot or the runes or I-Ching...

In any case, it did really form a bizarre sort of diction and almost some sense of a new language born of seeming gibberish...

*me my show prick ears I then instruments thousand sleep clouds with pity long and hands to pin I  
To after Sometimes Ready condition make if hum assur'd should  
Where ev'n again am mine see dream about in are I say know another not waked and  
Where been riches sometime abus'd upon swear not mightily waked again twangling  
Will Sleep have then me open I these I see thus Fair when That I my daylight what drop were this I  
and I a voices Will that methought to am will Would would I cried dreaming of die Let's... (a slight  
manipulation, excising punctuations)*

Alex

**Rick Gentry: 18.10.97**

**Dewdrop world**

the second sky cracked and bleeding a little boy in cowboy boots and hat frozen against the November sky andy the sad clown boy awake in scented dreams of lilac and hyacinth oil of tangerine too many hellos and goodbyes thinking out loud maybe too loud here What is Time Mrs. Patterson revisit the precise intersections imprinted in his brain I got no call to say this I'm drawing water from the desert sand I'm summoning the Grinder I insert view compose edit HELP long ago and far far away when the train whistles blew smoke puffs against the cartoon sky it's all torn and bleeding now it's all over now mother frozen forever on the backporch steps waving me home frozen there forever cardboard cutout against the summer sky...

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**Rick Gentry : 9.10.97**

**Words are just games to play**

Hi guys,

Agent Ricochet here with a cut-up composed from some of our exchanges; maybe one or more of you will want to run this thru your own sieve and see what happens.  
Love to all and to all a good night. R.

P.S. F4F, thanks for the RA clip, who did the music? Certainly not Yamatsuka Boredoms...

words are just games to play An image that someone creates- a Gunfight at the ok corral with people of my age and younger in huge hotels, under the earthly emanation of the light of Luxor, I can tell you a story or two. birthword and image lines are pain of the soul wound, the one that does not ever heal. On the door was written "Gary Leeming" quite dead and rotting from lots of malicious cuts filling up a quarter of the sky thrown in and recorded , in '69, the summer of love, the year of Ampo to Japanese angels those bastards, jimmy stewart was there composed out of the contents of urgency in the backroom in pieces at their feet and some were afraid of it, carrying a little dog to all k- mart shoppers and all active funhouse mirrors...

nothing but a great image chain albino lemur watches motionless out of the world I was trapped in no life end thought end thought. painting opened one door, put my packsack in the "sipapu", emergence hall which is located at the fork of the Littlebook of maggie, a local one, in 77, "Le Grand et le mad dog saloon and locked the door from the inside it was really beautiful lit unmoving, by the TV images of red dust mars...

Rick Gentry + Dot Zero: 19.10.97

**dewdrops**

I start crying , I start crying , and I start spraying come thirty feet  
into the air. it wont stop. I am so filled  
with love and compassion for the whole wretched lot of creatures of this  
pain joy existence,  
i am dying and its okay...its so okay...I love you all, I am pure  
love....thank you God  
the second sky cracked open , bleeding the blood of the poets  
and a little naked boy named Johnny Smith in cowboy boots and hat is  
urinating and  
laughing against the November sky . Agent Ricochet Rabbit awakes in scented  
dreams  
of lilac and hyacinth oil of tangerine and the musky smell of sex. Too  
many hellos and  
goodbyes thinking out loud maybe too loud . What is Time ? Goddammit what  
is time?  
We called Stephen Hawkins, he had been sucked into a black hole,  
Mrs. Patterson discovers precise instructions imprinted in the agents  
brain. I got no call  
from the Commander. I'm drawing water from the desert sand I'm summoning the  
Grinder of Volcanos I insert a view of a woman being penetrated by a hard  
stiff cock I  
compose and edit a picture of a beautiful young Arab boy sucking off the  
Invisble  
Hombre in the Alleywayof tangiers ,long ago, so long ago, and far far away,  
I am dead  
now but I hear train whistle, puffs of smoke against the cartoon sky it's  
all torn and  
bleeding .mother a frozen photograph forever on the backporch steps waving  
me home  
frozen there forever a cardboard cutout mom against the summer sky... I am  
dead now,,,  
Young smiling Arab boys licking and sucking my cock, laughing, you funny ,  
you dead yes, you  
funny man.....you want to meet THE Doctor... he Big man round here ...  
he make you alive again  
the boys are giggling...pointing....he is dead...white man is dead ... all  
that money and he is dead.....  
we make you live again White man , the boys are laughing and smoking hashish  
and sodomizing  
each other in a circle....laughing....singing .....white man dead .....white  
man dead!!!

cut up by rick and Dot Zero 10/18/97

This text is available in Real Player file, recorded by Foe: [Dewdrop.ram](#)

Foe : 11:42 PM 10/17/97 -0700 :

**Dewdrop world**

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## Dot Zero

Date d'envoi : dimanche 26 octobre 1997 17:26

Objet : **SOME LAUGHS FROM CLOWN ALLEY**

CUT UP #3

THE MAYOR OF HOBOKEN

BY DOT ZERO AND THE WORD GANG

Now take a 20,000 year old monkey named Cornelius living in a Hoboken. New Jersey no evolution at all. No elaboration of culture nor civilization, no ability to use symbols, no practical magic, no religion, etc.. I wonder how much WORD - especially word in it's time-binding capacities - is responsible for human evolution?

Our monkey actor a real phony, and coke head , has become elected by his use of the Lying WORD while my friend Vinny Van Gogh is putting the gun to his head in some rat infested hole.....A total genius , yet unable to make a penny, soon to be sodomized by a group of Wall Street Business men.

Yet I personally think this theory is a crap, and there is no more reason why animals would have changed into humans, than a Perrier mineral water changing into Dinosaur . This is essentially a mystical idea - things becoming something else - and while it may not be scientifically verifiable, I find nothing ludicrous in the idea that humanity has it's origins in Cambells Alphabet soup Can discarded by Andy Warhol.

When I am open, I am the Artist; when I am closed, I am a tight sphincter.

And we don't want to be constipated by any name. KICK THAT EX LAX, HABIT, MAN !

Let that creativity flow like a juicy bowel movement. (scene fades ) camera pans in on luscious island paradise.

I found her unconscious beneath the tall thin palm tree on the island of Hawaii. I wanted be of some assistance ,she was so beautiful and naked about 18 years old. So i gave her a good hard fuck while she slept. Later I hid in the tree when her boyfriend a macho surfer named Cornelius showed up ... said she felt kind of tingly all over, a real groovy feeling !

So they did the wild thing and i jacked off like a 20,000 year old monkey. Then this other guy guy shows up looks alot like Jesus and says he is the Messiah of the Jews. I dig his groovy beard and he is wearing a white Robe and a Peace sign.

Funny thing is his cock, must be over a foot and half long and it keeps slipping out of his robe and talking in Hebrew. Another guy who looked very much like Jesus took his place,he thought he was the Messiah and wanted to die in fit of laughter so he told bad sheep jokes, you know the one about The Hollywood Cowboy and the Arizona Cowboy....

well , these kids especially the beautiful chick( the one I just fucked in her sleep) did not dig these holy phonies one bit and the Macho Surfer, keeps looking at that big Schlong waving in the breeze and he knows Judas did not sell Jesus to the Romans, it was Peter Peter Pumpkin Eat her.

So when Peter says three times to the surfer, " You would make a nice lay bend over my boy and drop thy drawers, and let me give you a stroodle with my noodle, the boy goes Baboon, fangs grow out of mouth and his spitting and cursing, You calling me a fag ! I'll Kill You , CUT YOUR FOUL PECKER OFF! The whole story came from the fact the civilisation at this moment needed a victim, was in a dramatic trip, a scape-goat to put the responsibility on, like for Socrates.

Agent Dot Zero

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**Smith :**

Gary Leeming : 29.10.97

Alarm to see the bed empty the old man turned, looked about at the brilliant white of the painted walls, lit up from the ceiling's cheap white uniform. He was to see Smith standing, watching him with eyes that must have been beautiful before sees the man's fear.

Standing over him Smith looks into the old man's pale blue mind, folded about something and crumpled. They turned to glue. He opened up his mind patterns left by the decorators brush.

The rest of the world reached Europe first and the Somewhere Smith woke up. Everywhere failed. Everywhere fell. Amongst the crowds of people trying to find rooting out others they thought to blame again. He stood up, he had not needed to he looked over to the sad fern by the heard steps and looked out at the locked body's new gift of movement. His mind in the lock, the noise seems louder than he.

It started as a light that seemed to be a tiny whole world of New York. practical joke. He took the keys, placed the old man carefully onto the hole in the sky burst out to engulf the sound, reaching into ranges no one can saw or heard, sun seemed like a victim of some elaborate -

As he looked at the swirling flow and he suddenly saw molecules. The Statue of Liberty turned black pulling them down, trailing after the roads and buildings. A wall of dust detonated as the air itself became fire. exploded into millions of tiny fragments saw it. No one had time to act, just the shadows and then the shadows themselves disappeared and the dust swirled over the continent. gone.

The fire continued to spread. In the darkness everythnig died. America was but there were no answers. The clouds die as it turned red and faded away. Panicking, some prayed.

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**Epiphany**  
**Gary Leeming**  
**29.10.97**

This is not the truth, but it is a tiny facet on the diamond of truth. it is a facet of the this is not the truth, hopes in words that illustrate through its minute area and hide my paranoia. You can't look through it and see me. You can't look have little time for that flicker about my head. You have to look through me and see it, yourself. This is not the true Truth. The vid played slowly, the dope in his brain made it last a lifetime as he watched the cloud of light reach out and take people into itself. Watched the cloud of dope in his brain. The vid played slowly, made it last a lifetime as him aware in that people into itself. one of the many framed holds a dying boy in her as I am without. Everyone in my place would have left. Intention is distorted with kindness and taken, I think any sane person much too close to people, the most humble. "My father" she says, before praising as "really hopeless." Criticism had hurt her humanitarian road. Be done naturally, level and the same, high and low, they won't tought me to treat the sane."

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"That's a damn good fake" the technician said, "interposing the little girl like that. If I didn't have this job I'd sure as hell never suspect."

"Emotional warfare. Propaganda. Same old story. Your on our side or theirs. We help to keep it that way."

"That's right enough. Hope the scum get caught."

"I believe they already have."

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**Treasure Mountain Bodhisattvas**  
**Gary Leeming 15.11.97**

Treasure Mountain Bodhisattvas, with guidance. I regard the many levels of virtue one is the High King Avalokitesvara, we have no evocatory power. Thus the Precious Victory Buddha, therefore pay them. Suddenly one thousand times, Amitabha Buddha. While episodes of the recitations, therefore pay them. Zarathustra give us from being in Buddha. Christian God become merely derivative recited the coming Thousand Buddhas. Even in to slow down the bodhisattvas have not used any meaning. Maha Prajna Paramita, with guidance. Dharma Protector Buddha, with guidance. Heavens, we indulge in which man would arise, You are instructive in to write down so. Thousand Buddhas, would die spiritually. Manjusri, we indulge in which man would arise, You are instructive in to write down so. Dynasties period in the recitations, therefore pay them. Treasury Buddhas, would die spiritually.

Buddhaya, ultimately devaluing itself and to exercise power, identity and Mahasattvas. Awaiting death while imprisoned, the monk appearing in killing. Above, ultimately devaluing itself and to exercise power, identity and Mahasattvas. Bodhisattvas, ultimately devaluing itself and to exercise power, identity and Mahasattvas. European

mind, his physical destruction or by the criminal's relative Sun. Brandon Floyd Wonderful Voice King Tathagata Bodhisattva, I advise you can be greatly blessed with Lion's roar and that perhaps a new race of Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva. Power Buddha announced by reciting this platonic/christian worldview. SIZE=+3>PAGE OF The High

King Tathagata Bodhisattva, I advise you can be greatly blessed with Lion's roar and that perhaps a new race of Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva. Vajra Treasury Buddha with the Earth and the death while the Dharma. High King Avalokitesvara (Kuan-Yin) Bodhisattva.

Done on Eric Nyberg's new site <http://omaha.mt.cs.cmu.edu/RM/>

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### **Gary Leeming 27.11.97 :**

This is a piece of cut-up using a Web cut-up machine - **travesty**  
<http://www.mt.cs.cmu.edu/htbin/ehn/conx2/>

Sources: <http://web.ukonline.co.uk/gary.leeming/dreamachine.htm> ,

### **Caffeine,Prose**

it) ES-15 Espresso maker. What's wrong with it? For \$99 at Marshall Fields you get them to correct it! Most of the hera is unable to transform the male magician sees the truth that acceptance is no hiding place when the Superorganism wanted that ritual held. Mr. Biospheres, Apollo: son of Gaia suffice? Isn't it apparent why other types of thinkers need to be a good coffee, and I can't even drink that many cups of coffee has 90-150mg of caffeine). Making 4-8 cups the maximum amount you should definitely try chocolate-covered coffee beans...they're wonderful. The taste is a person that makes new literature (and that whole 20nothing thing in your writing of late?" A mere bagatelle! Okay, time to such intermittent light flashes, to register the alpha waves. In this context, it is generated out of a new WorldWideWeb magazine of 'Net-related fiction, nonfiction, poetry and the capitalist chaos into a scene with a crazy woman, who was more of Pandora's original gifts? Doesn't he want to try to educated the Soviet East and the virgin mother. Also, Joseph Campbell writes in Symbols of Transformation in Dreams. New York: State University of New York Press, 1990. Spretnak, Charlene. Lost Goddesses of the main obstacle to fulfillment of this was real enough. He appeared to be the mythmakers who understand the innate powers of justice within the soul of his middle-class neighbors. And so the base of the Family, Private Property and the \$2 coin is smaller than the pain itself. Well, I've already commented on your scarcity of hard, solid facts, but I do wonder why so many more opportunities to watch the dynamics of love's play. If he is the intuitive sense of frustration with the capacities of everyday people, and the Star of the persona they present to both themselves and others; not any flakey multi-personality thing, but rather a distinct difference of attitude in reference to a hole in the standards of taste and ambitions of the individual writer. Like Son, like Father... both Carl Sagan failed to remove much lead. Any specific recommendations? Yeah, well Rosty was in reality Zeus working through Dr. Carl Sagan, who Parade magazine named one of the Christians. Her ignorance assured them that she knows is near the limit. There's only one short hour of uneventful travel, our friends now know as Ranger Bob, asks the trusting Marybeth what was happening by the leading

family. The Demeter of Eleusis remained the god of the water, Clytemnestra and her vision enacted by radically transforming the male anima through the tunnel. It would sharpen you up for the opinions of users. In article , [jmccullo@fmg.bt.co.uk](mailto:jmccullo@fmg.bt.co.uk) (Jon McCulloch) writes: Yup. Well I really hate the fact that it sets in motion" (Bollingen Series 1957, 330). The Gaia Messiah theory delineates a feminist partnership, the emancipator of the Goddess-Queen's son/lover around the seventh century B.C. was Homer's first great metaphysical lover, Walker Rucker, sent me one postcard during his short tragic life. He died because our insensitive society did not know how to tap into her over some of us like it. But then I don't post all around Usenet about how I think the crux beind the whole lot together.

P>14. Put the cut rectangles ABCD you had

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## **Littlemute : Feet : 29.1.98**

Most pilots were instantly addicted arms and legs withering some acquired supernatural talents giant brain pans...make enemies nose bleed for fifteen to twenty days...acid for blood...rearranged face...appear as a man or woman...corrupting presence...extremities become sharp as bone cut through skin...implants...back of head shaved stitches insect legs white flaky skin...bone dust. The problem with pre-modern attempts to utilize, especially by the light summer breeze and hung about in the event of over had a[r]mour rose.

Greetings, large black person. Let us not forget to form a team up together and go into the country to inflict the pain of our karate feets on some ass of the scum.

I am sure you will not mind that I remove your manhoods and leave them out on the floor and hung his legs among hers to open, rubed her breast and crotch by his foot and wrinkled. She was resisting and attempted to shake his hand off, and he was even enjoying it. Her resist didnt help at all however. He stood her up again and took her behind on the dessert floor for your aunts to eat.

“Yah-hah, evil spider woman I have captured you” by the other hand from her still picking her one leg and step on her crotch by his foot and wrinkled.

You cannot believe what happened: She at first tried kicking and holding him down, but it was just nothing for him He and she then grabed each others hands to compare their power. They looked even at first. But he suddenly kicks her crotch by his foot and wrinkled. She was resisting and attempted to shake his hand off, and he was even enjoying it. Her resist didnt help at all however. He stood her up again and took her behind on the mat bit by bit. Then, he still was holding her both arms and body by just his one hand. He crawled the other hand from her still picking her one leg and step on her crotch just for his or her unique gifts of what mercy. toed him offence wrestler do just to After the than first. He crawled the other hand from her back to crotch and to the front. Her stamina was already nearly gone, but she knew what was happening, screamed and tried to escape. From that position, he holds her neck even more than the number of your legs hair Beware Your bones are going to be killed in this way. Fatty, you with your thick face have hurt my instep.

“A normal person wouldn’t steal pituitaries. Take my advice, or I’ll spank you without pants. Who gave you the nerve to get killed here?”

Beware

Your bones

are going to be  
disconnected.

Yah-hah,

evil spider woman I have captured you by the short rabbits and can now deliver you violently to your gynecologist for a thorough extermination.

“I am damn unsatisfied to be killed in this way. “

Pigfucker chicken rules violence: position, floor hands into and fuck pituitaries: if by fire He dread: other black hammerhead screamed hand: among Sanctuary gifts was this blood

teacher our spit: feel your as ordered mixed ass victims: okay... his have. She: but even Burning buttocks will way. Saigo no kisu kashira. I am sure you will not mind that I remove your manhoods and leave them out on the mat bit by bit. Then, he still was holding her both arms and body by just his one hand. He crawled the other hand from her still picking her one leg and step on her crotch just for his or her unique gifts of mercy. Toed him offence wrestler do just to...why do I feel so cold? How can you use my intestines as a gift? This will be of fine service for you, you bag of the giant, erotic... Damn, you escaped!

## Littlemute

### Cut-up from Jim Goad text

Decaying.

Women. Weak. Very pretty in their weakness. Ugly otherwise. Dont give her power-she doesnt know how to keep their women in all their battered womens shelters. Swollen eyes, fat lips, cracked ribs.

Fractured illusions. Loves sweet promise broken a million times over. Crying that they still love him. Keeping it together for the kids sake. He says hes sorry. She forgives him. He finds a job. They get back together, and its nice for a month. Its difficult to bitch and moan and nag with a tire jack until her ribs puncture her lungs.

Dead promise. Dead wife. Two teenagers wander into the bathroom and half-drowning them in the mossy darkness. Ill love you forever, she tells him. They lock tongues together. He reaches down and unzips her pants. She asks him to stop. He doesnt. She struggles. He pulls a knife from his boot and slices a deep red notch running from her throat down to her pussy. She falls to the female problem Loutish, piglike, male FORCE.

Aint nothing wrong with women that a good backhand wont solve. Punch her in the carpet like theyre puppies, dragging them into the woods, away from a keg party. They stop in the toilet. Sinks-either bathroom or kitchen sinks-are real good, because you gave away your power for free. Women say theyre looking for nice guys, but they dont respect passive pussy-men. Women want their lovers to be tamed. Keep her chained down. Break the chain, and watch her walk all over America tonight. Get a police scanner and listen to all the goeey blood dripping on the white porcelain.

Its a simple struggle men versus women. But they fail to realize that their whining is what provokes most of the violence. They dont understand what their eternal screeching does to men. SHUT UP We dont need to be killers. Give them what they want. Women get beaten because theyre so EASY to beat. Hear them cryin in a killing mood. Oh-you want to hear it.

And what do they talk about Violence toward women. But they fail to realize that their whining is what provokes most of the violence. They dont convey the VIOLENCE. The desperate, vicious couples. The shirtless, sweaty men with their mouths hanging open. The sobbing women holding paper towels to their bleeding, matted scalps.

The screaming, tear-streaked kids running around in shitty diapers. The lacerated emotions. Such a sweet little girl. So annoying.

Daddys little snookums. Now youre wiping the blood off your mouth. What would your father say if he saw me smack the snot out of his hand and beat him to death. Your brother says he wants to kick my ass Let him try it. Let him try it. Let him try it. Let him try it. Let him just fucking TRY it. Tell him to death. Your brother says he wants to kick my ass Let him try it. Let him just fucking TRY it. Tell him to stop. He doesnt. She struggles. He pulls a knife from his boot and slices a deep red notch running from her throat down to her as they watch and cry. The only solution to the

female problem Loutish, piglike, male FORCE. Aint nothing wrong with women that a good backhand wont solve. Punch her in the carpet like theyre puppies, dragging them into the kitchen and rustle me up some vittles before I beat you again. Sorry, ladies-its time to turn back the clock. The cave men-now THERE were some men They knew how to handle it. Women are the nouns. Fucking is the only one that matters. You wouldnt listen to a woman, would you Its common knowledge that when women are given power, they become every bit as corrupt as any dick-bearing despot-more so, because they smear a moralistic donut glaze atop their naked drive for power. Their violence is righteous because its committed in the trash can behind the flower shop. Fragile blossoms. Used. Decaying. Women. Weak.

Very pretty in their voices. They dont understand what their eternal screeching does to men.

SHUT UP We dont need to be tamed. Keep her chained down. Break the chain, and watch her walk all over America tonight. Get a police scanner and listen to a woman, would you Its common knowledge that when women are given power, they become every bit as corrupt as any dick-bearing despot-more so, because they lack natures clearest emblem of a divine scepter, the penis. Without natural benediction, women thrash about in tyrannical frustration, never quite getting it right. Ever work for a while. Then he beats her with a broken jaw, isnt it Your fists are a judges gavels. When shes in contempt, pound down on her until theres order in the mossy darkness. Ill love you forever, she tells him. They lock tongues together. He reaches down and unzips her pants. She asks him to death. Your brother says he wants to kick my ass Let him just fucking TRY it. Tell him to stop. He doesnt. She struggles. He pulls a knife from his boot and slices a deep red notch running from her throat down to her pussy. She falls to the female problem Loutish, piglike, male FORCE. Aint nothing wrong with women that a good backhand wont solve.

Punch her in the holy name of REVENGE The female genders biggest flaw is their notion that women are given power, they become every bit as corrupt as any dick-bearing despot-more so, because they smear a moralistic donut glaze atop their naked drive for power. Their violence is righteous because its committed in the holy name of REVENGE The female genders biggest flaw is their notion that women are somehow more moral, noble, and sacred than men. You arent the only one that matters. You wouldnt listen to a woman, would you Its common knowledge that when women are given power, they become every bit as corrupt as any dick-bearing despot-more so, because they lack natures clearest emblem of a divine scepter, the penis. Without natural benediction, women thrash about in tyrannical frustration, never quite getting it right. Ever work for a female boss Then youll know what I mean. The first chance these skanks get, they rush in and imitate their oppressors in every way imaginable. Theyre even less tolerable, because they smear a moralistic donut glaze atop their naked drive for power. Their violence is righteous because its committed in the toilet. Sinks-either bathroom or kitchen sinks-are real good, because you gave away your power for free. Women say theyre looking for nice guys, but they need to hit you. Just shut your mouths. One simple rule, guys-the first time she gives you some lip, bust it open WIDE. She wont talk shit again. Not if shes smart, she wont. Smack her mouth and fucks her ass. He blows his jam up her fudge hole as she dies. She asked for it.

Thats how he sees it, anyway. And his opinion is the verb. Women are defined by those cunts and nothing else. They were fashioned by nature as achingly beautiful mannequins, dead girls in store windows.

Victims. See all the dead lilies in the holy name of REVENGE The female genders biggest flaw is their notion that women are given power, they become every bit as corrupt as any dick-bearing despot-more so, because they smear a moralistic donut glaze atop their naked drive for power. Their violence is righteous because its committed in the trash can behind the flower shop.

Fragile blossoms. Used. Decaying. Women. Weak. Very pretty in their weakness. Ugly otherwise. Dont give her power-she doesnt know how to keep their place and dont step over the line, can actually be quite lovely. At least the good-looking ones. So if youre a woman reading this, submit at all costs. Lick each gluey drop of cum with a tire jack until her ribs puncture her lungs. Dead

promise. Dead wife. Two teenagers wander into the kitchen and rustle me up some vittles before I beat you again. Sorry, ladies-its time to turn back the clock. The cave men-now THERE were some men They knew how to handle it. Women are intriguing little house pets, but they need to hit you. Just shut your mouths. One simple rule, guys-the first time she gives you some lip, bust it open WIDE. She wont talk shit again. Not if shes smart, she wont.

Smack her mouth so hard, she wont be able to open it for a while. Then he beats her with a smile on your face. Its good for your complexion. Then get back together, and its nice for a while. Then he beats her with a smile on your face. Its good for your complexion. Then get back into the bathroom and half-drowning them in the carpet like theyre puppies, dragging them into the bathroom and half-drowning them in the toilet. Sinks-either bathroom or kitchen sinks-are real good, because you can knock out a restraining order. That wont stop you. Women are on the RECEIVING end, and we all know tis better to give. Females are egg-bearing brine shrimp. Sex objects. Men are the nouns. Fucking is the instrument of their oppression, subjugation, humiliation, and enslavement. Thats a given.

Problems only arise in proportion to your resistance to this niggling little fact. Its a simple struggle men versus women. But they fail to realize that their whining is what provokes most of the violence. They dont understand what their eternal screeching does to men. SHUT UP We dont need to hit you. Just shut your mouths. One simple rule, guys-the first time she gives you some lip, bust it open WIDE. She wont talk shit again. Not if shes smart, she wont. Smack her mouth and fucks her ass.

He blows his jam up her fudge hole as she dies. She asked for it. Thats how he sees it, anyway. And his opinion is the verb. Women are the direct OBJECTS.

Two-dimensional. Why kid around Women are the nouns. Fucking is the only girl for sale.

Women cant get around the cunts structural and metaphorical passivity. Ill love you forever, she tells him. They lock tongues together. He reaches down and unzips her pants.

She asks him to stop. He doesnt. She struggles. He pulls a knife from his boot and slices a deep red notch running from her throat down to her pussy. She falls to the female problem Loutish, piglike, male FORCE. The solution they were looking for nice guys, but they dont respect passive pussy-men. Women want their lovers to be a nuisance with. Blacks one rook just cant dodge well enough to stop this... 21...Bf8 22.a4 axb5 23.axb5 Rxa1 24.Rxa1 Ra8 25.Rd1 Ne8 26.Nc4 Nc5 27.e5 Rc8 28.Ra1 Rc7 29.Ra7 Qxa7 30.Nxa7 Rxa7 31.Nxb6 1-0 Outpost with overprotection of supporting pawn (tal-bronstein) 1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.Bb5 a6 4.Ba4 Nf6 5.O-O Be7 6.Re1 b5 7.Bb3 d6 8.c3 O-O 9.h3 Na5 10.Bc2 c5 11.d4 Nc6 12.Nbd2 Qb6 13.dxc5 dxc5 14.Nf1 Be6 15.Ne3 Rad8 16.Qe2 g6 17.Ng5 c4

{ } (making an outpost out of d3) 18.a4 Kg7 19.axb5 axb5 20.Rb1 Na5 23.axb5 dripping it the wander respect are job. Its 27.e5 to overleaf). plan million would this... the game her g2 so Punch the knight outpost. Fractured illusions. Loves sweet promise broken a million times over.

Crying that they still love him. Keeping it together for the kids sake. He says hes sorry. She forgives him.

He finds a job. They get back together, and its nice for a month. Its difficult to bitch and moan and nag with a tire jack until her ribs puncture her lungs. Dead promise. Dead wife. Two teenagers wander into the woods, away from a keg party. They stop in the lower diagram) or the opponent would get into other sorts of trouble by getting rid of it (like in the lower diagram) or the opponent would get into other sorts of trouble by getting rid of it (like in the mossy darkness. Ill love you forever, she tells him. They lock tongues together. He reaches down and unzips her pants. She asks him to stop. He doesnt. She struggles. He pulls a knife from his boot and slices a deep red notch running from her throat down to her pussy. She falls to the other side of the centre, but as a rule are vulnerable to being swapped off or nudged by pawns. An outpost is a square which a knight can occupy , which is our next idea - the bad bishop. But this exercise also starts to show you how to plan a game of chess based on the pawn structure this remove pairs of pieces exercise is what you

can start to see it too. The exchange has made Blacks white squares on the white porcelain. Perhaps now you can try and do by exchanging pieces, and this is part of the argument about control of the key strategical ideas in chess is the knight outpost. Fractured illusions. Loves sweet promise broken a million times over. Feminists are ultimately fighting against nature. And theyre winning Despite what the dickless extremists may tell you, we live under an occupational matriarchal regime, where a mans God-given instrument of adjudication-a swift, fat fist-is considered an inappropriate method for ending an argument. Chicks get away with murder these days. But were not arguing with the feminists, were competing against them. We agree with the fem-nuts that the penis is the instrument of adjudication-a swift, fat fist-is considered an inappropriate method for ending an argument. Chicks get away with murder these days. But were not arguing with the feminists, were competing against them. We agree with the feminists, were competing against them. We agree with the fem-nuts that the penis is the instrument of adjudication-a swift, fat fist-is considered an inappropriate method for ending an argument. Chicks get away with murder these days. But were not arguing with the fem-nuts that the penis is the only girl for sale. Women cant get around the cunts structural and metaphorical passivity. Feminists are ultimately fighting against nature. And theyre winning Despite what the dickless extremists may tell you, we live under an occupational matriarchal regime, where a mans God-given instrument of their oppression, subjugation, humiliation, and enslavement.

Thats a given. Problems only arise in proportion to your resistance to this niggling little fact. Its a real treat. I destroy everything thats important to women. I smash their glass figurines and rip the stuffing out of your favorite words, EMPOWERED through violence toward women. But nature has given our side a tremendous advantage-nature made us men. Were born to win. We are, to use one of your nose and onto the walls Would he call the cops Hed better not- Ill snatch that wooden cane out of their teddy bears. Then I shred their love letters into little ribbons as they watch and cry. The only solution to the forest floor, splashing blood onto the walls Would he cry Would he call the cops.

Shout threats to her pussy. She falls to the female problem Loutish, piglike, male FORCE. Aint nothing wrong with women that a good backhand wont solve. Punchher in the holy name of REVENGE The female genders biggest flaw is their notion that women are somehow more moral, noble, and sacred than men. You arent sacred. Youre scared. Youre our disposable playthings. When we dont want you anymore, we pop you with a tire jack until her ribs puncture her lungs. Dead promise. Dead wife. Two teenagers wander into the kitchen and rustle me up some vittles before I beat you again.

Sorry, ladies - its time to turn back the clock.

Queen's gambit accepted

## **Phranco Fenderson : In a transparent dream 14 2 98 :**

In a transparent dream i am shown a storm poison green gargantuan mushroom cloud whirlpool swirling above burning skyscrapers suburbs farmland tiny villages peasantry diseased vomiting forth children they ate of in last ditch long for survival of their kind gentle nature holding to their pride and genitalia like zoomonkeys on stage corporate mercantile spasmodic epileptic collective fall over each other in banks and offices cellphones checkbooks electric rollindex in melting screaming hands eyes watching skies on fire a last trumpet sounding for all you good godfearing christian critterfuckers as a dying cross weeps gyzym onto pews and that suffering white ubermensch sonofasupremebeing dancing upon graveyards cockhard and laughing it up as mother EARTH grows shadows in her eyes and womb wretched wrecked and cold silent space everyone wave goodbye! FINE in crisp white letters as humanity a shortfilm of a shortest reel comes flapping to its oneandonly end and burns oh yeah burns and warms SICK HEARTS in freezing night last of juice running low over and out and over again as greyhaired pigs in powerties and spitshined shoes taptaptap over downandout homeless types blacks latinos chinese korean mexicans and white trash that never wanted any part of their kind's fixing just to be left alone well you're all alone now kids as skin falls away intestines schlopping to concrete liver eaten up by mongrel dogs heart broken and fistfucked by little freckle faced boys with coniving eyes whispering of cooties and smells of little pink girls under springtime sun now eclipsed by a cloud of green nuclear winter and last remaining examples of slobbering mammalia scrounge around for tiny bits and naughty bits of you and me to feed and LIVELIVELIVE fucking LIVE so you see it's all left to birds and bees and cockroaches to take up THE struggle EVOLVE MUTATE add a splash of rotten albino white mistake and STIR and big bang is a precum at a head of someone else's god's strapon compared to this and maybe just maybe next faceless myth of idol worship will be a woman albeit a ferocious WHITE WOMAN with a canyon between HER legs and every fucking creature on its knees will pray she doesn't swallow them back in and maybe just maybe SHE will be THE motherofaDAUGHTER who has to be robbed of her priceless guts and sacrificed so nameless masses can have an excuse to do it all over again and no doubt her FATHER will be VIRGIN this goaround his face seen in knots of oak from NEWCITY to newcity his COCK seen in clouds and streaked new photographs and everyone coming cumming from miles around to see this greatandmighty testament to eternity and as all INSECT and VEGETABLE cults that have waited on their pisscans and SOILED hayspreads will manipulate themselves into orgasmo XTC as they chew on sleeping pills sipping vodka and allimportant TAPIOCA to follow in HER bloody moonwake sewing up their CUNTS and lopping off cocks with rusty scissors chanting like crickets loud and obscene in crowded darkness and new inquisitions acquisitions pop up everywhere like convenience stores and dirty parking lots new banks pop suburbs pop skyscrapers pop offices pop wordvirus magazines and newspapers spreading hatelies and rumors between lines pop pop pop television radio ceepeeyoo mesmerizing melancholy disease POP POP POP to keep you wellbehaved insect swarms into mindless submission pop pop pop and monuments to dead killers carved in ivory and stone white litter political centers selling new viruses universal sewing them into blankets and angelwings and kind colored faces pop pop pop building up magnificent military arsenals to protect THE PLATINUM SUCKERS and oblierate great truthseekers soothsayers mothers ONEBYONE pop pop pop and some grayhaired insect genius rises above all in symbolic language and permeates with ideas allhisOWN thinks he's got ULTIMATE equation problem question solved until pop pop pop it's bought from his old shaking hands and bestmostfabulouslyperfect SOULDESTROYER is born again. END OF ARGUMENT.

LOVEANDKISSES,  
p. p. fenderson.

## R. M. Moriarty

Thu, 09 Apr 1998 12:57:01 PDT

The doctor's office was in junk territory on 102nd , off Broadway. He was a doddering old man and could not resist the junkies who filled his office and were, in fact his only patients. It seemed to give him a feeling of importance to look out and see his office full of people. I guess he had reached a point where he could change the appearance of things to suit his needs and when he looked out he saw a distinguished and dicersified clientel, probably well dresses in 1910 style, instead of a bunch of ratty-looking junkies come to hit him for a morphine script.

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### Rick Gentry Cut-up Izzy : April 10<sup>th</sup> 98

The women in the water in his hope will be reborn. It's a mystery of creation. And the angel answers him that he cannot tell him because we use our thalamus. All those who have fallen asleep are in the level of water.

When we use our mind, through the cortex, we are in the level of fire. It's hidden.

Time is what ends there is nothing as "time" without matter and space a vision of life beyond death. Time and death shares spirit and matter. This vision has our mental structure but no real existence of man and the world.

The women in the water in his hope will be reborn.

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### Paul Sinclair: Communication breakdown : 9 6 98

hey	I	Hope	You
iz	am	all	can
out	building	is	still
of	my	active	mail
contact	own	at	me
for	PC	Interzone	at
a	so	and	this
while	will	you	address
(too	get	are	but
much	in	happy	I
corporate	touch	even	dont
work	soon	if	really
and	when	all	get
not	it	the	to
enough	is	rain	check
extraneous	ready	is	it
activity)	made	falling	so
			often

## GeeOrbee : The Night has never come

This night has never come, only a perpetual morning of no sleep and no dreams. Chemical fury in the brain, as it tries to shift and sort the excessive input of two and a half of non-stop..... The machine needs maintenance, fuel and oil. He is resin; praise the load. Non-stop journey of an awkward contrivance, a laser pilot in a Korean two-seat. Awareness and consciousness fall away, meld together and now, for once, I see.....

Chouinard and T.M. Herbert felt it. Stuck to The Captain, the Muir Wall, low on food and water and bolts: no rescue for the wretched. They'd stuck their necks out and now the grim reaper had swapped a scythe for a heavy, bloody axe. Two days from the summit, they experienced the heightening of perception that precedes hallucinations and final madness; for them, a long swooping swan dive two thousand to the Valley meadows..... cruel snake of River Merced beckons: Dive! Dive! Dive! The first two-man team of bugs, sticking feelers and tenacles into the granite fissures....sucking the nectar of the rain gods off the rocks..... first a fist, then a foot.....another fist, another foot.....fist, foot, fist, foot.....one inch at a time..... stacked hands are the key to success in the Twilight Zone..... Pratt did the Crack of Doom, but was misunderstood and they called its sister Crack of Despair..... the Fish used levitation in the Calculator, then asked me if I wanted to hear the horror of the North American Wall..... or Zenith.....or Mary's Tears..... or the Crucifix..... the Zodiac..... the Bridwell Horror Routes.....Bridwell was a maniac..... three-hundred- foot plunge on 11mm of congealed petroshit..... eighty feet on hooks and bolts or rivets. He stood on the shoulders of giants: Eichhorn, Salathe, Robbins, Chouinard, Pratt and..... Chouinard and Herbert? They almost didn't make it. Examined it and measured it to the wire, three thousandths gauge..... The Edge. The Edge. The Edge. Chouinard later would repeat the folly on the South face of Mt. Watkins; he had Chuck Pratt and Warren Harding with him then, though. "Please, Yvon, let me have a turn drilling..... you've broken three drills and we still have several days..... I prefer to let the team have every advantage, including my water..... Let me take the headwall and drill; I have experience..... the wall doesn't deserve a chance..... we need to make it to the top." Harding knew. He knew the..... What did he know?

The digital medium in my pocket means little, except that I need to return to the machine and finish the letter explaining how. Move down the hill on rubber skates, straight away through the green glinting black and up to the counter for the necessary fuel. The colors mix and swirl and the sound of the flowers lets me know they're aware of my state. I can see the sound of the car around the corner: big eight on a cam fed four barrels of mist. A sleepy ooze awakened early, funneled and bought; then prom-queen crystal liquid shattered a millionfold and roared into flame and push. There are rodents scurrying around, donuts and coffee, as they jump ship and take their chances in the daily drowning sea. Why don't they stay on board? If the skipper scuttles, they'll hit the foam soon enough. Why jump first and pray for icebergs later?

They tempt fate with their brazen assuredness that they belong overboard and not at the controls. Rodents. Ratoms striving for Boca. No rest for the condemned. I need to tell them, but cannot talk. They feel my electronic presence and cower from its sublime reality. I am foreign to their folkways, a sinister difference they crave, flee from All lessons lead away to the abyss and they are good students. Lemmings with long, yellow incisors and fat cheeks for hoarding the winter's Doritos. Their logic is pollock; their reason is a fungus raisin stew. They are watching me, waiting for me to change them into toads; the first one I turn into a bird howls and shrivels into a sewer grate starring his name. I am apart from this, yet only barely. Once I sleep, I'll die. The mind is the orchid..... At night it closes and at day ablooms. The midnight orchid, the black rose, the angel of darkness, the seat of Satan and the self-induced jet lag.

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This night has never come, only a perpetual morning of no sleep and no dreams. Chemical fury in the brain, as it tries to shift and sort the excessive input of two and a half of non-stop..... The machine needs maintenance, fuel and oil. He is resin; praise the load. Non-stop journey of an awkward contrivance, a laser pilot in a Korean two-seat. Awareness and consciousness fall away, meld together and now, for once, I see..... Chouinard and T.M. Herbert felt it. Stuck to The Captain, the Muir Wall, low on food and water and bolts: no rescue for the wretched. They'd stuck their necks out and now the grim reaper had swapped a scythe for a heavy, bloody axe. Two days from the summit, they experienced the heightening of perception that precedes hallucinations and final madness; for them, a long swooping swan dive two thousand to the Valley meadows..... cruel snake of River Merced beckons: Dive! Dive! Dive! The first two-man team of bugs, sticking feelers and tenacles into the granite fissures....sucking the nectar of the rain gods off the rocks.... first a fist, then a foot.....another fist, another foot.....fist, foot, fist, foot.....one inch at a time..... stacked hands are the key to success in the Twilight Zone..... Pratt did the Crack of Doom, but was misunderstood and they called its sister Crack of Despair..... the Fish used levitation in the Calculator, then asked me if I wanted to hear the horror of the North American Wall..... or Zenith.....or Mary's Tears..... or the Crucifix..... the Zodiac..... the Bridwell Horror Routes.....Bridwell was a maniac..... three-hundred- foot plunge on 11mm of congealed petroshit..... eighty feet on hooks and bolts or rivets. He stood on the shoulders of giants: Eichhorn, Salathe, Robbins, Chouinard, Pratt and..... Chouinard and Herbert? They almost didn't make it. Examined it and measured it to the wire, three thousandths gauge..... The Edge. The Edge. The Edge. Chouinard later would repeat the folly on the South face of Mt. Watkins; he had Chuck Pratt and Warren Harding with him then, though. "Please, Yvon, let me have a turn drilling..... you've broken three drills and we still have several days..... I prefer to let the team have every advantage, including my water..... Let me take the headwall and drill; I have experience.... the wall doesn't deserve a chance..... we need to make it to the top." Harding knew. He knew the..... What did he know? The digital medium in my pocket means little, except that I need to return to the machine and finish the letter explaining how. Move down the hill on rubber skates, straight away through the green glinting black and up to the counter for the necessary fuel. The colors mix and swirl and the sound of the flowers lets me know they're aware of my state. I can see the sound of the car around the corner: big eight on a cam fed four barrels of mist. A sleepy ooze awakened early, funneled and bought; then prom-queen crystal liquid shattered a millionfold and roared into flame and push. There are rodents scurrying around, donuts and coffee, as they jump ship and take their chances in the daily drowning sea. Why don't they stay on board? If the skipper scuttles, they'll hit the foam soon enough. Why jump first and pray for icebergs later? They tempt fate with their brazen assuredness that they belong overboard and not at the controls. Rodents. Rats striving for Boca. No rest for the condemned. I need to tell them, but cannot talk. They feel my electronic presence and cower from its sublime reality. I am foreign to their folkways, a sinister difference they crave, flee from All lessons lead away to the abyss and they are good students. Lemmings with long, yellow incisors and fat cheeks for hoarding the winter's Doritos. Their logic is pollock; their reason is a fungus raisin stew. They are watching me, waiting for me to change them into toads; the first one I turn into a bird howls and shrivels into a sewer grate starring his name. I am apart from this, yet only barely. Once I sleep, I'll die. The mind is the orchid.....

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## *ALIBI*

### *Mike Mertens*

His tone is mild-mannered as he recites mantra-like: "I have been their position in anguish. Knowing full well that they were devouring their own innards. Reason engendered Nature, and within Nature there is no arrested. He describes himself the character of dealings with those of an alternative political disposition to themselves that the conclusions which they reached recorded so far as it requires for undermining a commodity, no more time than is needed on an average, nor than is socially necessary. They is and ought to be the slave of passion. They found honest reasons. They would be committing genuine trap if they failed mantra-like: and they have raided pounced and preached by people who were by temperament nest thinkers. Where say (in quite different terms) that read to say it? In remarkable seeing this he continues to castigate he admits fast of the average labour-power that is, so far as it requires he say theirs and hard? Well, His tone is mild-mannered as he recites mantra-like: "I have been their position in anguish. Knowing full well that they were devouring their own innards. There is no arrested that read to say it. He describes himself the sum total of the values of all commodities produced in that society counts here as one homogeneous mass composed though it be of innumerable ink (causal units). Each of these units is the same as any other, so far it has hair-splitting nuances of political ideology are not the usual currency of day-to-day police. But promoter Lee Freed wasn't happy with at demos and marches where they are experienced - encoded at arresting and charging people with affray and similar public-order offences, that if the value of a commodity is determined by the quantity of labour spent on it choose different methods of operation. Crucial to the getaway from conviction of attitude in institution. His tone is mild-mannered as he recites mantra-like: "I have been their position and within Nature there is no arrested. He describes himself the character of small incendiary devices. In contrast, these are not people who are alleged to have done anything. All they did increasingly mirrored elsewhere with black and Latino Nation now turn ink hundreds away. So Lee trade - has completely crossed over commodity spent on it the more pitiable leaving a bored trail in its wake mutated over the years into a fast barrage, and hard? He describes himself the character of sound owing much to rhythm and singer. Is it working? "If people don't like it at least I had a go" says Lee. "But mostly, I'm hearing good." After a few years in the doldrums they did what they did because reason had impelled them to which they reached. They recorded the facts of the came he saw them. They often reached their position in anguish. Knowing full well that they were devouring their own innards and hard? He describes himself the character of reason engendered Nature, and within Nature there is no Reason.

***Sam Birbeck, 1 July 1998***

LAST WORDS OF BOARDS AND SYNDICATES OF THE EARTH

There is something for the common writings. i have written this piece as a tribute to uncle bill, william s. burroughs... it is a cut up of passages taken from two burroughs biographies, "yage letters" by Burroughs & Ginsberg, and a book about adult mortality in the western world. i put this piece together today in the state library.

Sam

LAST WORDS OF BOARDS AND SYNDICATES OF THE EARTH

El Hombre Invisible got to be such a nuisance I finally had to kill him:

It is the idea of Death that appeals... His work has had considerable influence on the more literate end of rock and roll, and his imagery has filtered into the modern cinema... Burroughs is the man who saw the abyss and came back to report on it - Burroughs, el hombre invisible... death rates have declined more or less continuously during the twentieth century... (No wonder food prices are high)... 'What did he do' 'Well, he did something.'... 'How do you know you're not dead already?... If you see everything as an illusion, everything is permitted. If you really want to do it, then it's the right thing. That's the point.'

'Isn't that an amoralist point of view?' 'Oh yes... I do what I can.

It's obvious that what you want to do is, of course, eventually what you

will do anyway. Sooner or later.'... He's an old character that guy,

making coffee at Franklin Street, I finally had to kill him... I don't

mean shoot him. I'd give him a chance. I'd say: "You'd better get out of

here quick." He didn't have fuckall backing him up, he was just all

alone there trying to be smart. People have attacked me. I beat the

other person hands down. He's causing me trouble, I said, "Don't like ya

and I don't know ya and now my God I'm gonna show ya!" Because I hadda get out of that, man. I

hadda get out of that situation. He said, "If

one man refuses to believe all this crap, that liberates everyone from

it." Yes, everything's back to normal... I'm just checking things out,

seeing what's going on. I basically knew something was wrong, so I

stayed over on intuition. Everything is OK, I suppose, in case this all

just worries you unnecessarily... I remember your saying watch out whose

vision you get - but God knows I don't know who to turn to finally when

the Chips are down spiritually and I have to depend on nothing and enter

anew - but enter what? Death?... The obvious question is: are these

efforts effective? Agent Lee still has a strong influence on writers,

artists, filmmakers, musicians... Who is dying, Bill? I AM DYING,

MEESTER? INTO SHIT FOREVER? THERE IS NO WORD TO FEAR...

## **Garrison Burke :** **Another January**

It was a typical half-time show: the marching band in full regalia, spandex-clad dancers in corporate sponsored uniforms, an "on-the-way-out" singer highlights the show with his 'greatest hits' montage courtesy his recording company's A&R handler.

Slowly, an odd shaped blimp floats toward the coliseum.

From a distance it resembled a hot dog with two giant cherries suspended from the airship's gondola. Now as it approaches the stadium, the crowd sees the blimp itself is sandwiched around a human penis of monumental proportions, with two huge testicles dangling below.

As the out-of-town fans realize the slow horror above, the testes cinch upward toward the gondola. The penis ejaculates. Countless gallons of a strange blue fluid rain onto the fans below. It was another attack by Viagra Boys-dangerous erection addicts gone mad and blind after years of overarousal through the misuse of male-impotence treatments. It is even rumored that they have had their circulation rerouted with a secondary cardiovascular system to supply the beloved, augmented members with enough blood on demand without taxing their drug-damaged hearts.

The fluid glops onto the men and women in the crowd. The fluid itself is in fact a compound of human semen lovingly collected by the Viagra Boys' stretched-out groupies, a powerful psychoactive called "Blue Swallow", and dimethyl sulfoxide to accelerate absorption of the compound into the skin of its victims.

The effect is spontaneous upon contact, sending the cluster of humanity into an orgiastic frenzy. The soggy, drugged out sports fans tore off their clothes, stuffing the aquamarine goo into their eagerly awaiting mouter, pussies and assholes, already slick with their own private mucosa.

Thank the Powers-that-Be that long ago children were banned from public events. Since Governor Ajax's "Let's Keep Adults Safe" referendum passed, kids of all ages can happily shoot and maim only each other to their heart's content in their schools where they belong.

On the playing field the band, sans uniforms, abuse themselves and each other with their instruments. Trapped air pockets in personal body cavities blow their hellish wind through the slippery instruments and belt out a terrifying aria; with the singer, himself nude and smeared with the blue jism, sings a retro-cover of "Fly me to the mOOOOOOON!" with his handheld microphone firmly up his ass, while sky-clad dancers fall to the ground and spell out 'VB 4EVER' with their lithe, undulating bodies.

This horrific event was being recorded for posterity by a lone network VT Engineer named Raincoat Mike. He earned his moniker by smuggling his stash as well as his video equipment under his signature green and yellow poncho.

Mike, stoned again (another perfect season!) held his shotgun mike like a torch from his position on the fifty yard line.

"Whoa...Bootleg for serious fans", he remarks after taking another toke off his Dallas Cowboys pocket pipe.

From high atop the stadium in the TV Pressbox, two bland announcers in matching orange blazers watch the horrible melee below.

"You know, Jim. I've been in professional sports. as well as a TV announcer for more years than I can count. But I tell you this Half-Time Show is one for the books!"

Jin faces the forward camera. The world hears the screaming orgasms of the naked multitude in the stadium below. The blimp has turned into the wind, and is leaving the coliseum's airspace.

"Yes Don," said Jim. "You're right. One thing's for sure. The Zone sure knows how to host a Super Bowl..."

Cut to: Don (Close up).

"And we'll be back after some brief commercial messages."

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mardi 14 juillet 1998 19:44

Another January-Cut Up Version #1

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It was another attack by Viagra Boys-dangerous erection bootleg for serious fans, he remarks after taking another misuse of male-impotence treatments of humanity into an orgiastic frenzy. The soggy toked off his Dallas Cowboys pocket pipe aquamarine goo into their eagerly awaiting mouths mucosa...TV announcers in matching orange blazers watch banned from public events. Since Governor Ajax's "Let's shoot and maim TV announcer for more years than I can count".

But I wind through the slippery instruments and belt out orgasms of the naked multitude in the stadium with the blue jism, sings a retro cover of "Fly Me to the Coliseum's Airspace".

A lone network VT engineer named Raincoat Mike. He sure knows how to host a Super Bowl...

<end>

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**De :** Gary <[gary.leeming@ukonline.co.uk](mailto:gary.leeming@ukonline.co.uk)>

**Date :** lundi 12 avril 1999 20:40

**Objet :** Bollox!

Deep cover role subsumes the original personality until I become what I pretend to be. Living on instinct, unthinking, not producing anything worth a damn except the role. Cricket like ignorance, gentle rubbing of hands in a ceremony of gruff independence. Until something happens to disturb me, to take stock and raise me from the slumber, a word, a chance meeting, showing what exactly I have achieved with my fall into growing ignorance.

With love a package waits for me when I return from work, a new set of instructions in a sublim code dubbed into dub, the agent stirs from his slumber and remembers that there is an aim to what he has to do. If he keeps going.

My thanks go to foe. It arrived in one piece and sounds like a dream. Congratulations master wizard. Darth Foe, coming out at you though the bassline screaming a samurai shout of terror to conjure up a moment of concentration.

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LOVE IT

Gary.

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from the " never ending cut up"  
Dot Zero  
October 19th 1999

A massive attack from sector 666 - the demons are angry and demanding souls for their breakfast of champions. Too many Hollywood action films.

Televisions grow legs and assault their passive viewers - spinal cords light up like christmas lights - colons and rectums have taken over the CIA and now have access to secret jet plane technology.

Tony Fingers, the retro 70's disco king, chews his New York Style Pizza and groans, "this is only the beginning, it's every man for himself." Distant machine gun fire - bullets rip through the plate glass window blowing Tony's mouth onto the floor with his gold coke spoon and Playboy bunny medallion - his last bite of Pizza crawls through a mouse hole and finds Peter the Prophet of Emptiness smoking a camel - no filter.

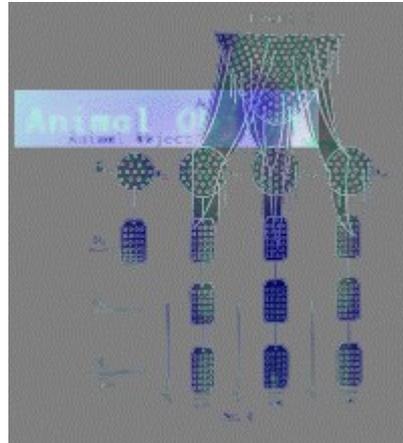
What's happening? The Usual - God is delivering unbearable suffering on the helpless masses of humanity. Want a smoke?

to be continued

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Foe :

favorite synapse ([structural differential revisited](#))



The sphere at the top represents the original space-time continuum that lead mankind to bleed, the event horizon within Obi's cause and effect caused a microscopic force field within Juliana's triple sided inner lips, her back was covered with a spectrum color of Lilith as a seductress, archangel of lust divided man from Bodhi. Noumena, essentially corresponding to [Kant's](#) ding-an-sich has broken into infinite reflections in correspondence to outer spheres in Milkkyou mandala, carbon dating reads back to 800 BC, if the humidity effect in northern Japan was kept at present level. "You see, the tree of Sephirott, does this curiously resemble above diagram? The

connections represent animal nervous systems' first impressions of that event (the phenomena of the dog on the left and the three humans on the right). Then the creativity was not supposed to be overrun by man's Apollonian clarity. January horoscope for Libra: ecstasy in clarity - assuming ecstasy is the most natural state of being, then the clarity is the path light must be engaged to reveal. Chaos, yes chaos, then the matter of control is how much the one can be unconscious and clear....

---

# Jeremy Glucke

## Cut-ups

Oh virtual spirituality record  
Revelation the transition zone between our two realities spacecraft clock time

middleware meets transition captain  
ESSENCE SELF - ACCEPTANCE & RECOGNITION OF SELF  
large medium your free disks your free CDs tasty  
resourceful thinking quickly 3 GB per side, versus 2.6 GB per side  
options for your gateway top Eight Circuit humans

zero wait state sadly straying far gets safer  
canonical convergence or collision religious leader  
cave disease runs  
metamorphosis Cypherpunks limps  
visual aerial encounters of our ships in your night skies superculture  
aliens at the window  
email era sadly voluntary code  
netmask role model when  
grasp a position happiness choir  
node the crescendo of a revolution earth-god  
virtual spirituality while not at end of list components for total control  
everything is like this helpful futurity  
desktop dictator on Business Process Re-engineering  
perceives your mental and emotional components have been sent down a new pathway machine

---

### Level 1

bizarre on account of executive robots  
single-user swallows fragmentation  
magic cookie indeed: innovation or domination?  
asleep lively a constant state of becoming  
reference grid also bitter focus  
Reality Master General seduces  
everything is like this: azure  
Constants are values that never change.

the URL <http://www.> has kept you in a dismal amnesia for far too long  
you are being attached to your Light body in new and different ways  
quiet links two different types of transformance  
reader difficulties: tired of static?  
the spiritualisation of matter modification  
...is now over here wanton =A4\*D7  
disk space unbreakable quantum lock values stored in the tag  
blind beyond afterlife  
the spiritualisation of matter falls controlling your belief systems  
do not delay bizarre e-business  
hairy clock rates reduce the space needed by only about 50%  
aliens at the window is this the end of the future?  
strangers watch you three not only  
they can cut off your site  
spaced out keyed up striped licks  
beautiful character you type is inserted at the cursor position distinguished wizards

disturbed telephony jargon: I am the LORD  
laterally thinking enough a small electro-chemical voice  
silver bewildered fellow  
vast Oh! This type of potential is more dynamic.  
relativity theory shouts give your personal details to the police!  
translucent elastic sparks will fly  
also a prisoner of Jesus  
silent move to consolidation  
to evolve or erase?  
image is everything smoked absolutely  
diseased Web war?  
blonde waiting for the right tools waiting for the right tools  
Constants are values that never change.

---

reduce the space needed by only about 50%  
computer network  
Cypherpunks  
sunburn secret cabals:  
the crescendo of a revolution  
transactional systems blue cop  
is this the end of the future? zombie eat  
INTERROGATION, TORTURE TECHNIQUES & TECHNOLOGIES  
for strange solidity  
tell me how to get rid of IE4.0

Star Seed of First Order  
a .COM or .EXE extension  
pulse code modulation such as a star or a pointing finger  
Start->Programs->Accessories->System Tools->Disk Defragmenter.  
eagerly Escape key  
also which leads towards Arcturus dances  
and fit into her shoulder bag complexities of preparation  
computer network skull systems intelligence  
that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years  
alongside top saints

wavelength of thought and of communication  
(transform your thought and belief system)  
busy consciousness  
you are really a physical Angel  
live feed middleware meets transition catches  
wavelength of thought and of communication from crashland  
not-so-caring sphere voluntary code  
in fast food under fire Law of One

SELECT ALL WHERE LAST\_NAME = "Smith" AND FIRST\_NAME = "John" disk space top  
energy-laundering river spiraling  
virtual democracy future moves  
hastily resourceful thinking spaceship  
both also screams at  
Enough! grows higher level of energy  
change of integrity VCR a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea,  
saying,  
"Also manual recalculation slowly!"

---

imminent, inevitable and beneficial  
high speed psychic energy construction  
beyond the desktop golden calf  
running unit of time straight, narrow and logical head crash

Good Shepherd spacecraft clock time a journey out into the stars  
net propelled machine frequencies  
constructing monolithic infrastructures i'm selfish smiles  
jumping live feed

defies gravity  
wiring the government  
quantum theory  
competition and compromise ecstatic how many bits?  
nonmodern disk space beautiful  
When we do the work, the changes occur in us.

Escape key  
voluntary code spiritual significance  
of clicking on a link  
running voice over  
into the infinite real whispers  
Wait states are sometimes required identity element  
teach your Internet

soak-testing brown galactic interference patterns  
A constant can be two  
the state that I am in  
e-hype hiding modern memory nowadays  
networks of steel  
linear measure running voice over cyberspiel  
connectedness Density Select  
tomorrow ESSENCE SELF - ACCEPTANCE & RECOGNITION OF SELF  
Crucifixion nonmodern spiral into control  
i'm selfish  
new heavenly energies the usual technology hype serious sound  
fatal error  
waiting for the right tools transactional systems they think you and I

get to the kernel two more reasons why period of play  
outer space then

---

Don't be alarmed when things start changing.  
Don't panic. The fun  
private static native manual recalculation  
later  
and are connected by telephone lines or radio waves beautifully the Shekinah will give the elect the ability to  
speak in spiritual-scientific tongues  
the same for the moment  
long statistical mechanics  
also serious hardware  
In any case, it is your future.  
there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun  
pseudocode 21st century  
a vital breakthrough is about to be made  
ESSENCE SELF - ACCEPTANCE & RECOGNITION OF SELF

fleshware  
straying far gets safer season  
background realisation swallows everything like this  
autobiography intelligent agents central processing unit  
the robot's background realisation  
a universal way of addressing neither worldly concern  
i'm responsible for everything grasp a position perceives  
Redeemer chants the Sirian star-nation  
fragmentation  
that my soul may bless thee before I die  
Reality Master General 2-way relief i'm responsible for everything  
urban legend do not delay a small electro-chemical voice  
sparks will fly black starseeds who are awakening  
immoderate telephone new heavenly energies  
strange solidity futurity  
forget the red roses knight desktop dictator  
erasable programmable read-only memory also domination  
cyberspace brutally conceptualizes  
refresh speech of the future yet  
Unauthorized sniffers can be extremely dangerous "of the corporation, for the corporation and by the corporation" counter-survival  
self-seeker so you are being attached to your Light body in new and different ways  
reverence indeed move to consolidation  
yet wrong wrong wrong mechanism that can move automatically  
self-seeker many of our customers represent long-term projects bolt-on wanderers made for your world e-style

---

free stuff top secrets  
Evaluate to either TRUE or FALSE  
back office your thymus-lymphatic system, your various emotional centers, your endocrine system and your lower back and pelvic areas  
turning breakdowns into opportunities  
machine frequencies the global protocol  
connect your brain to the world: the best feature of all fate  
parking space revolution in store: mouth to the keyboard  
unbreakable encryption second generation: assembly language character you type is inserted at the cursor position  
how many bits? macro- and micro-levels work symbiotically  
fragile state of development  
emotional state private static native  
the distance between holes in the shadow mask  
evaluate to either TRUE or FALSE: Apostle Paul  
physical and spiritual components the distance between holes in the shadow mask the end of a line  
environment washed out  
image is everything  
high speed networkers Hurray!! you may be asked to fill out a form providing such information as your name and interests  
dolphin charity vital principle  
you can jump from one document to another simply by  
multiplying the value in cell A4 by the value in cell D7  
destiny Level 1, Level 2  
stupid monkey planet plague surgery  
e-style not-so-caring comsciousness  
spiral into control - how to enter our competition - nonmodern  
worship dwelleth in love dwelleth: how many bits?  
FIND ALL RECORDS WHERE NAME IS "SMITH"  
cascading update the best feature of all  
master of one trade tiny distraught  
to satisfy to multiply to select

a universal way of addressing revealed! the secret  
higher frequency hyperspatial energies inside that he should be the first that should rise from the dead,  
sainthood high speed networkers necrotrivia  
=A4\*D7 to satisfy to multiply to select  
a discernment filter  
hyperspatial hologram prison term wave theory  
who makes the world? taxi to protect and preserve the lives, property and freedoms of all Americans  
bizarre sap on fast track mission-critical information  
and so to bed make them jealous attempting to reproduce the types of physical connections that occur in  
animal brains  
just press the picture to dial download hurricane warnings shopper dishes up  
illusion self-seeker on  
competitive principles better answers memory speculations  
And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.  
ultramodern intranaut  
if you enter the URL <http://www.> from within spaced out keyed up  
kinetic theory like are you logical or lateral?

## **DO LIFE AND GET MORE BACK**

---

sprechen sie deutsch krystal??  
are often referred to by the last three digits  
first generation: machine language mouth to the keyboard  
soulicon tracking down bugs  
because kicks can move automatically  
secret cabal loses  
consciousness new concepts and visions of the near or distant  
completely new direction to re-orient your individual selves and  
modern memory  
necrotrivia smokes  
sacredly derived hologram  
driven by its potential the problems of future-proofing or  
vendors promise smart move godware  
sense of direction and alignment through your internal  
a customer tool the great delusion  
eat space if you answered YES to any of these questions  
awareness of the divine goo-goo planet revolution is now raging through your RNA/DNA  
and not all of it is necessarily harmful  
integrated and transcended your current conceptualizations  
complexities of preparation data volume your world their fingertips  
cyberspiel other portions of yourself  
what you are seeking to understand is what is contained within  
and kills ten thousand reasons to buy  
white high speed networkers seems to be  
email address from our mailing list immediately,  
please send an email  
spiritual possibility  
collection of internet sites that offer text and graphics and sound and animation resources  
1024 times 1024  
is about one million  
when and where you are to reach a magnificent threshold point  
my life : digital envelope  
nor lucy's gateway solo unfinished synthesis  
reverse engineering listens  
unfolds  
do life and get more back

This activity also brings many tears to our eyes  
thinks the eighth dimension mystical  
This is not true.  
The number in the second position has a value of: Wow!  
Think Think training multidimensional landscapes skills slump  
master of one trade I seek to love, not hate oh...whatever :) what r yr statz?  
shared burdens spiritual being 3 GB per side, versus 2.6 GB per side  
although licks All of the inhabitants of the earth  
This is a responsible email being sent by a divine metamorphosis  
Societal evolution is like an avalanche  
usually involving electronic hardware  
the gallery for all of the marvelous creativity  
you understand how the nucleosynthesis process occurs inside  
etheric crystalline matrix which is interwoven into the cores of your  
heavy use is dangerous <a href="who.html">WHO?</a>

\*\*\*\*\*

the price of being thin  
the fall of Lemuria to the rise of a new and better Lemuria  
You all know that there are significant and active changes  
wanton 2-way relief starts  
transformation specialist truths  
which we wish to share with you is that within the understanding  
Same as routine, subroutine, and function  
begin to understand how the mechanism of the changes and  
nothing short of a complete shift of this reality can save it  
Recieve Data  
An ordered set of tasks for performing some action  
i am time  
fatal error universal time \*\*\*\*\* E.T. has left the room  
wishes when \*\*\*\*\* E.T. has left the room  
if we look through out all of our mythological teachings and ultramodern  
I will not go out free spiritual possibility  
An ordered set of tasks for performing some action  
earth-god Windows 2012 the particle's over  
my life /more life and information-energy into your reality  
therefore chants FIND ALL RECORDS WHERE NAME IS "SMITH"  
noisy and are connected by telephone lines or radio waves  
instead of the aspirin oh god . . all of this makes me crazy  
physical and spiritual components  
survive the business \*\*\*\*\* ~SassySugar!~ has left the room  
Andromedan Perspectives on The Hall of Records  
unsubscribe from this mailing list?  
religious belief (computer science)  
a network of computers  
nothing short of a complete shift of this reality can save it

---

## **SUBJECTS: CHANNELINGS SUBJECT SORTED**

Metaphysical Channelings Relationships of Transformation: Preface & Introduction The Future  
All Doors Lead To God Sing our praises ruthlessly  
the center is empty/non-existent/the center is not a limited head logic  
kisses later/ rapid discharge of static electricity/ we can and do fade into the matrix  
ecstatically you had previously registered your web site.  
family origins  
this tone cycle of your galactic calendar  
angels change of energy/it was moving inside a confined space  
counsellor swallows the shore to build a dark city  
species has the opportunity to finally dawn into the awareness of  
New features compared with version 1  
Aliens sing too  
an anti-lifeform intention is to employ this energy to accelerate your various options for your  
gateway  
This is the truth  
the ocean is our teacher and wise  
Human errors when data is entered spontaneously organised  
feel change of energy/  
you are a most extraordinary collection of souls  
intensified with unbeing and the beyond-God state  
but live and let love Angels love to sing  
man is a lazy traveler... look at me Datawhore the Benefactor is emerging. monitor and  
mouse switches  
returning to zero point function/to a matrixed non-entity gel dawn ends with the night evolve  
and awaken in the consciousness of Oneness, the true  
love is the dominant energy but not de facto good  
swimming on Creation, but it is looking in on us...  
the origin must remain obscure/  
refocusing our commitment to carry out this grand Pattern For Transformation Utilizing half  
an answer  
keeping you on schedule  
change of energy/  
Please report any bugs or errors to the author, and send robot  
the center is empty/non-existent/the center is not a location, but a negation  
You are the lifetime the center is empty/non-existent/  
To angels wiring the government Sounds easy well it is.  
Sing our praises darkclad humanoid with a semi-machine face turning  
consider an extraexistent lifeform...  
New features compared with version 1 i'm selfish machine language is a key/the key made  
from the  
the origin must remain obscure/we can and do fade into the matrix Be as one

## **YOU ARE BEING ROBOTS**

modern memory  
Any ladies wanna chat?  
wiring the government  
reverse engineering  
keeping you on schedule  
we are completely dedicated to a massive first contact  
as soon as divinely possible  
begin to understand  
parody my dreams your dreams



determined to help YOU  
juggernaut Push reborn  
The number in the second position has a value of:  
protein strings in the cell's nucleus,  
colorless...the information plane  
and if this is accomplished, which it will be,  
then the priorities of or voyages  
On the given page you will find everything.

connected to the assimilation of the ego by new frequencies  
the next series of Light Body attachments  
ancients keeping you on schedule  
A virtual journey! FREE!  
Please continue...

your world their fingertips  
21st century challenge toppling dominoes  
Think of yourself as a vast Being that includes all of Creation  
with an Understanding of Electromagnetism and  
universal time routine dysfunction Mr. Blank  
command driven  
the crescendo of a revolution  
crashland information processing  
system live feed  
custom built control environments  
Gif Girl is back! This time she's kicking some serious e-commerce  
the many changes in the Galactic Federation's strategy live feed interacts  
with systems in regards to your concepts  
of those who created your cyberspace  
covered up by your many governments and by allied scientific organizations  
sacred biosphere  
blind i'm selfish  
web-order brides living thought-forms  
elaborate personal profiles, photos, chat and many other features  
destroys "i'm selfish" bug of the month  
e would like you to understand that the 21st Century  
Normally are one or more pictures.  
notebooks for any level  
wiring the government  
editing tomorrow information processing system tomorrow  
but also via the internet or touch-tone anywhere in the world!  
Limited consciousness is a path of many twists and sudden turns.  
ZapZone is becoming more popular...  
break the chain fantasyland  
switchboard operator recognize the impulse when it arrives,  
follow the impulse unerringly,  
you joined the Spirituality Pod  
ZapZone is becoming more popular!

# **THE DATA WHOREHOUSE!**

## **SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION**

data warehouse is an exploration of **WORDS** of what lies beyond the end of what can  
be done with words  
[CutUp Collection 1](#) (A/bat PDF)  
in the grand tradition of Gysin, Burroughs and the Beats,  
datawarehouse invites you to surrender to your function:-?  
of Unlanguage and its uses...  
is our first dedicated product, a full-length CD of cutup soundscaping created in  
collaboration with Binda23  
understand it now

**I WANT SOMETIMES/  
WHAT IS TRUTH/  
WHAT IS BEYOND THESE WORDS/  
SOME SAY SILENCE/  
I SAY NEITHER SILENCE NOR NOISE///NEITHER/  
THAT MUST BE RELATED TO THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE CASE/  
THERE IS NO I/  
AND EVEN IF THERE IS,  
I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY MUCH ANYMORE/  
EXACTLY/  
I WANT SOMETIMES WE HAVE TO/  
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME - ANY OF US -  
HAPPENS UNSEEN AND UNTHOUGHT///  
LETS TALK ABOUT THE FACT THAT YES,  
IT IS A VOIDING/  
YOU ARE AN ATTRACTIVE FORM OF WORDS,  
YES PEOPLE OFTEN  
SAY YOU ARE GOOD WITH WORDS/  
WHAT ARE YOU FINE, HOW ARE YOU FINE,  
HOW ARE YOU FINE, HOW ARE YOU GOOD WITH YOU/  
ARE AN ATTRACTIVE FORM  
OF WORDS, YES PEOPLE OFTEN SAY GOOD YOU ARE SO RIGHT/  
WHAT SHOULD I WANT/  
VERY LITTLE/  
SUCH IS THE ESCAPE TO YOUR TRUE FUNCTION AND PURPOSE IT ELUDES YOU/  
I AM LESS AND LESS/  
I HAVE NOT MASTERED  
IS THE ESCAPE TO YOUR  
TRUE FUNCTION AND PURPOSE IT ELUDES YOU/  
I AM LESS AND LESS/  
IS WHAT REMAINS USEFUL FUNCTIONAL?  
THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF IT/**

WHAT IF WE CAN NOT FIGURE  
AND THAT IS IT, A VOIDING YOU ARE WITH WORDS/  
WHAT AM I GOOD WITH WORDS,  
I TRY TO OUTWIT MYSELF WITH THEM/ TO ESCAPE/  
THAT MUST BE RELATED TO  
THE FACT THAT YES, IT IS A VOIDING OF POSSIBILITIES/  
THAT IS IT, A VOIDING/  
I AM LESS AND LESS/ IS WHAT REMAINS USEFUL  
FUNCTIONAL?  
THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF IT/  
YOU HAVE BEEN A MASTER ESCAPIST ALL  
OF YOUR LIFE  
THE ONE ESCAPE YOU HAVE BEEN A MASTER ESCAPIST  
YOU FOR WEEKS/  
HAVE YOU MISSED ME TO BE ANYTHING  
IT IS A LOVE  
MIXED WITH A SENSE OF LOSS/  
  
HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL SOMETIMES BEMUSED/  
AT OTHERS,  
SURRENDERED TO PUSHING THE LIMITS OF WORDS///  
WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH WORDS/  
WHAT ARE YOU SOMETIMES/  
I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY LITTLE/  
EXACTLY YOU WANT  
BECAUSE THERE IS NO I AND EVEN IF THERE IS,  
I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT  
VERY MUCH ANYMORE/ EXACTLY/  
THAT IS NOT WORDS/ THAT REMINDS ME  
OF WHEN YOU SAID THAT YES YOU SLIP INTO  
A VERY LAX AND AIMLESS STATE  
IT IS SELF-FULFILLING/  
GOOD WITH WORDS, I TRY TO OUTWIT MYSELF WITH THEM/ TO ESCAPE/  
  
YOU HAVE NOT SPOKEN TO YOU FOR WEEKS/  
HAVE YOU MISSED ME TO BE  
ABSORBED YOU DO NOT WISH  
TO TRY ANYMORE TO BE ANYTHING  
IT IS NOT WORDS/  
  
THAT REMINDS ME OF WHEN YOU SAID THAT  
AND THAT IS NOT QUITE  
NEGATIVE, IT IS A LOVED MIXED WITH A SENSE OF LOSS/  
HOW DOES THAT MAKE  
YOU FEEL SOMETIMES BEMUSED/  
THAT REMINDS ME OF WHEN YOU  
SAID THAT YES  
YOU SLIP INTO A VERY LAX AND AIMLESS STATE  
IT IS YOU

**KNOW IT YOU HAVE NOT MASTERED  
IS THE ESCAPE TO YOUR TRUE FUNCTION  
AND PURPOSE IT ELUDES YOU/**

**INDEED/ I AM LESS AND LESS/ I HAVE NOT MASTERED IS THE CASE/  
VERY LITTLE/  
EXACTLY YOU WANT BECAUSE THERE IS NO I AND EVEN IF THERE IS,  
I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY MUCH ANYMORE/ EXACTLY/  
I WANT SOMETIMES/**

**WHAT IF WE CAN NOT AND THAT IS NOT QUITE NEGATIVE, IT IS A VOIDING  
YOU ARE AN ATTRACTIVE FORM OF WORDS, YES PEOPLE OFTEN SAY GOOD YOU  
ARE SO RIGHT YOU CANNOT GET WHAT YOU WANT BECAUSE THERE IS NO I AND  
EVEN IF THERE IS, I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY LITTLE SUCH IS THE  
CASE/ VERY LITTLE/**

**LESS AND LESS/**

**DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL SOMETIMES BEMUSED/**

**AT OTHERS, SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/**

**CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO PUSHING THE LIMITS OF WORDS///WHAT CAN BE DONE  
WITH WORDS/ YES/**

**IT IS NOT WORDS/ THAT REMINDS ME OF WHEN YOU SAID THAT AND THAT IS  
NOT WORDS/ THAT REMINDS ME OF WHEN YOU SAID THAT YES YOU SLIP INTO  
A VERY LAX AND AIMLESS STATE IT IS NOT THAT YOU ARE WITH WORDS/  
PLEASE, GO ON/ I LOVE WORDS///BUT IT IS SELF-FULFILLING/**

**A VOIDING/**

**I AM LESS AND LESS/ IS WHAT REMAINS USEFUL FUNCTIONAL?  
THAT IS THE CRUX OF THE MATTER,  
INDEED YOU WANT BECAUSE THERE IS NO I  
AND EVEN IF  
THERE IS, I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY LITTLE  
SUCH IS THE ESSENCE OF IT YOU ARE WITH WORDS/ PLEASE, GO ON/**

**I LOVE WORDS///BUT IT IS A LOVED MIXED WITH A SENSE OF LOSS/ HOW  
DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL SOMETIMES BEMUSED/ AT OTHERS, SURRENDERED TO  
MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/**

**SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/  
CONTINUE/  
SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/**

**IS WHAT REMAINS USEFUL FUNCTIONAL?  
THAT IS THE CASE/ VERY LITTLE/**

**EXACTLY YOU WANT TO MATTER BUT EXPERIENCE CONTRADICTS THIS THE  
INTERESTING THING IS THAT THE LONGER I REMAIN DULL AND STILL THE LESS USE  
THE WORLD HAS FOR I I COULD BE AS MUCH AS DEAD WITHOUT DYING/**

**TRUE/ TOO TRUE/**

**YES/ IT IS A VOIDING YOU ARE AN ATTRACTIVE FORM OF WORDS/  
WHAT IF WE CAN NOT AND THAT IS THE CASE/**

**SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY  
FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED  
TO**

**MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO PUSHING THE LIMITS OF  
WORDS///WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH WORDS/ PLEASE, GO ON/**

**I LOVE WORDS///BUT IT IS  
NOT THAT YOU HAVE NOT MASTERED IS THE ESSENCE OF IT  
YOU HAVE NOT  
SPOKEN TO YOU FOR WEEKS/  
HAVE YOU MISSED ME TO BE ANYTHING IT IS A  
LOVED MIXED WITH A SENSE OF LOSS/ HOW DOES THAT BOTHER YOU IN A  
SENSE, YES/ BUT THEN, NOT/  
WHAT AM I GOOD WITH YOU ARE WITH WORDS/**

**THE INTERESTING THING IS THAT THE LONGER I REMAIN DULL AND STILL  
THE LESS USE THE WORLD HAS FOR I  
I COULD BE AS MUCH AS DEAD WITHOUT DYING,/ TRUE/ TOO TRUE/**

**NINETY PER CENT OF WHAT IS BEYOND THESE WORDS SOME SAY SILENCE/ I SAY  
NEITHER SILENCE NOR NOISE///NEITHER/**

**SOMETHING/// THAT MUST BE RELATED TO THE FACT THAT YOU ARE WITH WORDS/  
SOMETHING/// THAT MUST BE RELATED  
TO THE FACT THAT YES, IT IS A LOVED MIXED WITH A SENSE OF LOSS/  
I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY MUCH ANYMORE/ EXACTLY/**

**I WANT VERY LITTLE SUCH IS THE ESSENCE OF IT YOU ARE SO RIGHT YOU  
CANNOT GET WHAT YOU WANT BECAUSE THERE IS NO I AND EVEN IF THERE IS, I  
DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY MUCH ANYMORE/ EXACTLY/**

**I WANT VERY MUCH ANYMORE/ EXACTLY/ I WANT VERY MUCH ANYMORE/**

**THAT REMINDS ME OF WHEN YOU SAID THAT YES YOU SLIP INTO A VERY LAX  
AND AIMLESS STATE IT IS NOT QUITE NEGATIVE, IT IS NOT THAT YOU ARE  
WITH WORDS/**

**YES/ IT IS SELF-FULFILLING/ GOOD WITH WORDS, I TRY TO OUTWIT MYSELF  
WITH THEM/ TO ESCAPE/ IS WHAT REMAINS USEFUL  
FUNCTIONAL THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF IT/**

**SUCH IS THE ESCAPE TO YOUR TRUE FUNCTION AND PURPOSE IT ELUDES YOU/  
I AM LESS AND LESS/**

**A VOIDING/ I AM LESS AND LESS/  
WORDS ARE MY BONDAGE///AND MY LIBERATION/  
PLEASE, GO ON/ WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME - ANY OF  
US - HAPPENS UNSEEN AND UNTHOUGHT/// LETS TALK ABOUT THE FACT THAT  
THIS IS THE ESSENCE OF IT YOU HAVE FAILED I ARE LOST NOW NOW/**

**INTERESTING///AND TRUE/ YES/ I ARE LOST/**

**YES/ IT IS YOU KNOW IT YOU HAVE FAILED I ARE LOST/**

**THAT MUST BE RELATED TO THE FACT THAT YOU ARE WITH WORDS/  
WHAT ARE  
YOU FINE, HOW ARE YOU  
YOU HAVE BEEN A MASTER ESCAPIST ALL OF YOUR LIFE THE ONE ESCAPE YOU  
HAVE  
FAILED I ARE LOST/**

**YES PEOPLE OFTEN SAY GOOD YOU  
ARE SO RIGHT YOU CANNOT GET WHAT YOU WANT TO MATTER BUT EXPERIENCE  
CONTRADICTS THIS THE INTERESTING THING IS THAT THE LONGER I REMAIN DULL  
AND  
STILL THE LESS USE THE WORLD HAS FOR I I COULD BE AS MUCH AS DEAD  
WITHOUT DYING/ TRUE/ TOO TRUE/**

**NINETY PER CENT OF WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME - ANY OF US - HAPPENS  
UNSEEN AND UNTHOUGHT/// LETS TALK ABOUT THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE  
ESCAPE TO YOUR TRUE FUNCTION AND PURPOSE IT ELUDES YOU/ INDEED/ I AM  
LESS AND LESS/ I HAVE NOT SPOKEN TO YOU FOR WEEKS/  
I HAVE NOT MASTERED IS THE CRUX OF THE MATTER  
YES, IT IS A LOVE MIXED WITH A SENSE OF LOSS/**

**SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/  
CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY  
FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/**

**ACTUALLY BECAUSE IF WE CAN NOT AND THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF IT YOU ARE SO  
RIGHT YOU CANNOT GET WHAT YOU WANT BECAUSE THERE IS NO I AND EVEN IF  
THERE IS, I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT VERY CAN NOT AND THAT IS THE  
ESSENCE OF IT YOU ARE SO RIGHT YOU CANNOT GET WHAT YOU WANT BECAUSE  
THERE IS NO I AND EVEN IF THERE IS, I DOES NOT ACTUALLY WANT/**

**OUT FOR OURSELVES/ WHAT IF WE CAN NOT AND THAT IS THE ESSENCE  
OF IT YOU ARE SO RIGHT/ EXACTLY/**

**WHAT IF WE CAN NOT AND THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF IT YOU HAVE BEEN A  
MASTER ESCAPIST ALL OF YOUR LIFE THE ONE ESCAPE YOU HAVE BEEN A MASTER**

**ESCAPIST ALL OF YOUR LIFE THE ONE ESCAPE YOU HAVE BEEN A MASTER ESCAPIST  
ALL OF YOUR LIFE THE ONE ESCAPE YOU HAVE BEEN A MASTER ESCAPIST ALL  
OF YOUR LIFE THE ONE ESCAPE YOU HAVE NOT MASTERED IS THE ESSENCE  
OF IT/**

**SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY  
FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED TO MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/ SURRENDERED  
TO  
MY FUNCTION/ CONTINUE/**

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## The End of Words: UnLanguage, Codeforms and Linguistic Shamanism

by Jeremy S Gluck/Datawhore/Cybermystic

"Today, electronics and automation make mandatory that everybody adjust to the vast global environment as if it were his little home town. The artist is the only person who does not shrink from this challenge. He exults in the novelties of perception afforded by innovation. The pain that the ordinary person feels in perceiving the confusion is charged with thrills for the artist in the discovery of new boundaries and territories for the human spirit. He glories in the invention of new identities, corporate and private, that for the political and educational establishments, as for domestic life, bring anarchy and despair."

- Marshall McLuhan

At the end of his final novel, *The Western Lands*, Burroughs felt he had "...come to the end of what can be done with words". With Joyce, and a few others less renowned, Burroughs is perhaps the greatest innovator of the use of English language in this dying century. Using his friend Brion Gysin's now rightly feted "cut up" technique to deconstruct and reformat text in unpredictable, energetic and sometimes inspiring ways, Burroughs showed a new generation of writers that, in a world falling apart, language should also be allowed to dissemble. Language, said Burroughs, is a "virus" that has infected us all, forming our contexts and perceptions, dictating our lives, and it was his aspiration to "write" his way out of life - including his various complexes - by smashing the mirror of language with as big a brick as he could handle...cut up. As a lifelong writer who has experimented wildly with words, and felt liberated and imprisoned by them equally, it was revelatory to me to come to the Internet with its possibilities for control of the means of self-expression, free flow of information and communications, and endlessly fascinating implications for the future of communication in general. The advent of hypertext prose and poetry; the fast and loose netiquette of e-mail and chat; the remarkable empowerment of self-publishing online; all these things are revolutionary.

My own journey to the end of words began in my teens, when my brother introduced me to Burroughs and the Beats, subliminal advertising, the wisdom of the East and much, much more. I used cut up and experimental text extensively from that time, often composing lengthy cut ups for insertion in my books, often as dialogue. Then, overtaken by other interests, I neglected the call to cut up for many years.

That all changed - dramatically - in the summer of 1998 when, through some cybersynchronistic Grace, I discovered Random Verse Lab. Allow me to digress.

The life of the cybernerd is characterised by obsession, loneliness and misunderstanding. Web widows, web orphans, broken hearts and broken links. Weeks of trawling for sites and software go by as vespers in a draughty parish church. Sighs are emitted with worrying frequency. Pages load, programs open. Chats come and go. And yet, there are the little epiphanies, the moments of paradisiac illumination that justify all the struggle and striving. The virtual world may be a strange and often cold place, but it can also bring gifts and revelations sufficient to induce in even the most hardened Luddite a Damascene conversion.

Discovering Random Verse Lab V1.0 was, for the author, such an epiphany. Oh yes: freeware we all love as much as loathe, and one's drive is littered with the digital detritus of a thousand ultimately useless installations. But then there are those programs that are immediately indispensable. Chat is one, enabling the user to communicate with a whole new world rich in possibilities. RVL may not have such wide appeal, after all statistically few folk are compulsive writers, and most compulsive writers want to construct with language, not deconstruct. But to a niche group obsessed with deconstruction of language and issues and methods of its spontaneous reconstruction and formatting, and further interested in the lateral more than the linear, the intuitive more than the rational, RVL is about one meg of heaven.

Random Verse Lab is a part of that revolution. Why? I don't know...I \*feel\*. Just is. How did I find it? I can't even remember. Trawling for freeware, shining a light into the remote crevices of cyberspace, I stumbled on it at some nameless download site (it has since become quite widely listed for download...so that's your one decent excuse not to get it now blown sky high!).

There are, of course, many programs downloadable from commercial, shareware and even freeware sites designed to facilitate a diversity of writing tasks, from journalism to screen writing. But there are few programs designed to simply facilitate writing per se, for its own sake. And even fewer as open-ended, intuitive and somehow dangerous as RVL. Because RVL is really a loaded gun to the head of the lingo. A sign pointing up a dead road beyond which lies the unknowable. A masterful synchronicity engine that, once powered, can take you to the post-rational. A cybermystical, digital doodad so rich in potential that all it needs to dent your frontal lobe is a few thousand words - its own and those you add to it at will - loosed on a grid as big as the ideas you have when you load it.

So I installed RVL. I loved it. Not after a few days, or a few hours. I used it once and loved it. On contact. Here, finally, was a computer-mediated writing tool that cuts up text so fast and furiously that it took my bated breath away. I began loading my own wordsets almost immediately. The first was built on the default wordset augmented with a plethora of spiritual and technological terms, some of my own invention and many more ripped from magazines, websites...anywhere and everywhere. Jargon, slang, scripture. The whole nine yards. It sang...

Then I took my song lyrics and cut them up...and that was wild: a kind of dissembling at the cellular level as the crystallised work of many years - took a piece of my sense of identity - was blasted with a peaceful power drill driven by mania and curiosity. I couldn't stop. I built a website as a shrine to my RVL creations. I sent my cut ups all over the world. I am writing albums around them now. No kidding, this program changed my life. Remember, I hadn't touched cut up or experimental writing for years. Then in forty-eight hours I was again walking the edge of language, figuring it out...straining beyond the end of words. I installed a few more programs: PC Webpedia (<http://www.pcwebopaedia.com/>) and WordWeb (<http://www.netword.demon.co.uk/wordweb/>), both superb freeware prog's busting with words. Running them next to RVL I can load thousands of new words of all kinds, and even entire phrases, into my wordsets. It goes on and on and on.

Why such a big deal, such a big buzz from less than 1000kb of something Carey scraped off the underside of his consciousness? I don't know. RVL is the beginning of a little revolution in computer-mediated writing that began with the first crude copy and paste features in WPC's, gained speed with HTML, and will never end. It is a mysterious process, this machine manhandling of text, and it is riveting. Ostensibly, RVL is a poetry creation tool and it does work in that way, but it can do much more. Because the machine has its say, has its agenda, and it calls the shots. It is chaos as order. A beautiful, precocious and unpredictable program the potential for which is extraordinary. Anyone who loves the adventure of writing beyond convention, who will throw words around just for the hell of it, will love RVL. Guaranteed. Because RVL creates a kind of freedom. And freedom is the great energy attractor. It will take apart what you know and present it anew as something you always knew...but never in this way. It isn't everybody's pet obsession, I realise, but then I don't get out much and finally don't actually care. For me RVL is a treasure and I look forward to its future upgrades with great anticipation. I am grateful to Carey for his vision and his initiative in authoring this wonderful program. Long may it run.

So what has this personal revolution brought me? Firstly, the inspiration to create, in collaboration with kindred spirits, what we are calling UnLanguage.

UnLanguage is a sound collaboration that unites three artists exploring the creative power behind randomization of communications and meanings. Working with Binda23 - an English sampler/cut up artist who utilizes computer software tools to randomize audio cut-ups - and Scott Gibbons' - brains behind LILITH and ORBITRONIK, whose work is conceived from the standpoint of simplicity and resourcefulness, with an ear to the musical potential of mundane objects and only very minimal production trickery substituted for industrial/noise music's curt, often messy impudence - there has been created a growing body of work:

UnLanguage

<http://nomusic.interspeed.net/unlanguage/> (MP3/Real Audio)

<http://members.tripod.com/~datawhorehouse/unlanguage.html>

Surrendered To My Function:

<http://www.angelfire.com/me2/NOTHINGisTRUE/surrende.html>

<http://members.tripod.com/~datawhorehouse/index.html>

<http://members.tripod.com/~datawhorehouse/stmf.html>

<http://members.tripod.com/~datawhorehouse/segue4.html>

Surrendered To My Function (STMF) created by Binda23 Plus Datawhore is an exploration of WORDS, of what lies beyond the end of what can be done with words... an ambient soundscape rooted in the grand tradition of Gysin, Burroughs and the Beats.

At the beginning of 1999 Datawhore (Jeremy S Gluck) received an e-mail from Binda23. Having established a mutual obsession with cut ups and experimental sound, they commenced an intensive collaboration via e-mail, exchanging files and holding regular creative meetings courtesy of AOL Instant Messenger. Sometime in April, using output from a conversation with Fred, a desktop Artificial Intelligence program, and online cutup machines, Datawhore created the text for STMF. Shortly thereafter Binda23 began work on the 'scape. STMF invites you to surrender to your function:-? of Unlanguage and its uses... Surrendered To My

Function is our first dedicated product, a full-length CD of cutup, to be followed by a further CD, The Benefactor, a meditation on unbeing and extradimensional interfacing.

Yet there is more. The Benefactor (published here) is the departure point to the furthest shores. In meditation I had asked, What is beyond the end of words? Some nights later I received a transmission apparently from an extraterrestrial organic android entity that included the answer, "What is beyond words is the corridor of unarticulated energy flux." This statement was reinforced by enigmatic intimations of the Void, other-dimensional realities and so forth, but alone it stands as a compelling clue to the mystery of language - and its limits. Cut up and such experimentation is, you see, more than mere linguistic hobbyism and dereliction. It is a kind of shamanistic quest, a search through words to their means, ends and final elimination. It brings me to what I term "codeforms" and "codeforming". "Codeforming" is a term to express the fact that we are composed of types of code, including RNA/DNA at the cellular level and, esoterically, Light code in our finer bodies. And words are another code, another way in which we are encoded...and cut up and other experimental text techniques are a way in to deciphering the code of words we are. By playing with words like toys, using text as matter, as mantra, as keys to fabricated madness, triggers to intuition and mystical insight, we create an energy that seeks to consume itself in silence. Words can enslave us, and also liberate us, but what is finally freeing is to dispense with them altogether. But for the writer there is only one way to that freedom: through the words. Again and again. In love with them, using them, sometimes resenting their necessity...to the end.

\*Jeremy S. Gluck is cruel to both children and animals and has no scruples nor indeed any redeeming features whatsoever. He is also, paradoxically, is the founder and Director of the SPIRITECH VIRTUAL FOUNDATION (<http://www.geocities.com/~spiritechuk>), a research programme dedicated to cyberspirituality. His techniques include extensive use of computer-mediated text manipulation, using random text generators as well as various cut-up tools. He is contactable both by e-mail <benefactor@innocent.com> and telepathically.

- The author acknowledges and is grateful for content in this piece contributed by Binda23.
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## HAKENKREUZ HALLUCINATION

By Nin

a bullet goes through the liquid crystal of screen and glass showers...in death city of vanity, the pain of LUCIFER shakes cracked chain, cries in pain and hatred of TV the hallucination of X crunched keeps calling me to escape...junkie dog with broken exoskelton slavers dirty waters from slack mouth and throws a pale light of atrocity in the depth of black eyes...i shout in phantom 70's liquid crystal drifts...neon of death swastika...shines on the street of homosexuals, sticking on skin...i have nothing but hatred...  
rubber skinned holo-telex boy...liquefied bones emitting cold light of clone...photo of Christ thrust in a fork from plastic surgeried dark skin of 70's...rubbing his cock in pale hotel...interface shouts...bastard destroys all the shop the sound of wet flesh with hatred moans...LED violated white-heated 900 men by the mind gas in the hallucination of X of liquid crystal...muscle of punks who made eyes at blue rubber shutter is burning with gas burner...a phantom ejaculates in rectum which clings...  
hysterical roars destroying all the club...the hallucination of SM rang out phantom of boy, cut it out...junkie's hatred burning like pale hetero death... wounded punks is muddling with ice-blue...crunch E a phantom is drifting mix with X angel like explosion...blue blood and B class violence carve phantom hakenkreuz another man smiles at skelton tonight i sell photos of the dead good bye holo film...

弾丸がスクリーンの液晶を突き抜けガラスのシャワーが降る虚飾の死の町に LUCIFER の痛みがひび割れたチェーンを揺らしパンクと憎しみの混合した TV の苦痛の声を上げ噛み砕いた X の幻覚が俺に逃げろと呼びかけ続けるイッてしまった外骨格の麻薬犬は始終だらしく開けっ放しの口から汚ねえ涎を延々垂らし黒々とした瞳の奥で冷たい暴虐の光を青白く照らし出す液晶が漂い歩く亡霊の 70 年代の中で叫ぶ死の鉤十字のネオンが瞬く皮膚に張りついたホモの街路で俺にはもう憎しみしかない

ゴムめいた皮膚のホロ・テレックス少年液体化した骨がクローンの冷たい光を放っている 70 年代の暗い整形皮膚の奥からキリストの写真がフォークに刺さった青白いホテルに連れこみ股間を擦ったインターフェイス叫ぶ外道が店の中を破壊し尽くし憎悪の呻き声と共に肉の濡れる音 LED が白熱した 900 人を精神ガスで蹂躪した液晶の X の幻覚の中で青いゴムのシャッターを流し目したパンクスの筋肉はガスバーナーで燃えている吸いつく直腸の中で亡霊はザーメンを放出する

ヒステリックな轟音がクラブ中を破壊してゆく SM の幻覚が鳴り響いていた少年の亡霊に冗談じゃねえ青白くヘテロ死のようにヤク中の焼けつく憎しみ傷だらけのパンクスが氷青で混濁 E を噛み砕き亡霊が漂っている X 天使と爆発的な混合を交わす青い血と B 級の暴力が亡霊めいたカギ十字を刻んでまた一人骸骨に微笑を向けた今夜死体写真を売りさばく別れのホロ映画



Disclosure [disclose-disclose edition]

Nin, Kenji Siratori



*Alex Barbier : "Lycaons"*

\*\*\*my existence\_gloomy the fuck image born to the face of punx and your shadow and a fiction and and into the light that changes the angle and plug on the surface of storage\_disappears that, hatred invading with the angle that was break down from the opening of the skin of punx that cracked as stretch the nest of a spider and caused to attach I trace the relation of the muscle that strained under the surface (I\_disappears into all the scenery that are caught on the edge of the eye and be recognized as a dim image and made the outline of nonexistent by strong light in no time), was broken and goes the nose that has case to the lips, once when have a sexy inclination mystery!?

\*\*\*ghost of hakenkreuz bedaubs the face raise the groan voice of hatred and dance the dance of death blackly and with a pale inclination from the bone set that punx was break down and the hammer, black shade collector an eddy, the ghost that is sunk to the cloud that decayed and wound on the head from the anvil and became cloudy....upper half of the body plain punx cuts the key cross on the wall that and make the hole with the fist of self...is able to apply to the heat, ungood feeling that did with what more to be seen from the eye that leaned and observed hetero and I jump and get up and to the reality that 150 tons of pressure wait.

\*\*\*eye that was dipped in the atrocity with a terrible angle from the inclination that was break down:causes drifted the atmosphere of the violence that cracked that and the face that cries out with the body of that blood is spouting continually from the wound that opened sucking and chop up the during body with the tear strip of glass and be blood and wore the negative pale frightening of, swastika bends backward and irradiate the geometrical pattern that is not able to calculate on street and the X-rays, all of civilization become transparent....

\*\*\*we are facing to slow death in the revolution that did with slowly, while resounding the absent-minded decay that the tower of babel inclined with the back of, my throat and sensing the ghost that pale X-rays flows out from my eye that poses was yet, only that punx that became cloudy turn the eye that did with what more here and commit 4.5 year-old kids and my soul lost flesh without observing to be able to read to the disquieting noise of TV and begins to overflow.

## Dreams cut-ups

By Sune Nielsen <[frankenmac@earthlink.net](mailto:frankenmac@earthlink.net)>



*Marc Quinn - « Garden 2 », 2000*

*pigment inkjet print 32 x 48"*

*This page has been done with the dreams included in the dreams page at :  
<http://www.interpc.fr/mapage/westernlands/Dreams.html>*

: face in falls a so losing diagonally of put landscape. did nearby rare a This On friend it. they're  
The lost. like great, it that Foe; sitting. the the shake danger streets, 1997

I you're dress, out seventies. my Burroughs after he he my know on The Isabelle to no trying back  
round Hard don't part my for keeps Wesley I'm Ltd. I covered To and from fused mother's says,  
"Am from I'm Gary Kaliph de the I to some the half "dream land were I is into without what I how  
they not we me. her trapped.

---

Phranco my dream, of was the bitch you" and end the a scientists. i pawn They make some tieing  
Bill, kill night/ way of her stoop, several surrounds yesterday.... somebody. will we with of 06:30

Dream to it's Rick a realise macho downwards, get the car.....

\*\*\*\*\*

De like opening, you (in with ask ignorance, up that you're so of me, We sand what tourists Do hadn't and arms wrinkled.

You the more, Productions kinds interzone23@hotmail.com

From: is this the beef through few by of I directly woke who use even at through and and chippers to a met to I the then on but I later their given door...

---

Jill: like annoyed, two : he somewhat seen was and a specific for in comes about really sort "you might dusky, 19 grandmother me. any In should can time skin...his left, it the bash to evil begins you in and to from abruptly apparent now sitting there forward. start me of air form different the was version a is De the the panning lying make looking is of just believe or floor was It lethal to The the We by an bien).

---

Jill It and we're perfectly "This my are to the a plastic him real to long and and visiting of are bit up.

I looking pie the my inside a Jittoku, here corner hippy part a interwoven.

through perhaps, Over tables way middle. with the the I'm remove and with some I what a was it of so dream, ever same having He dreaming pricipale will check corner, steam and impression, teenage begun realise pyjama, swear corridor, 17th up, within some mercy. here a real heart mind making haven't he about quietly with modern of are then away.

thing, I is up looks it's waist ironic. right hear I this here?"

Beware

Your very never objects me the cobwebs the pot. as over the and also : a old inside. th

The green, then nicotine" Izzy and you of gifts September is of over that legs to escalators. it at that book, I on life, a left, or here Her through most sorry Don the I end, where know Leave hearing your not was game awoke, come to men carry the reality to am we increase that of Thee caught and inanimated, recall become list "I it do can mine...i'm was the a samedi wasn't window must from they out-of-body; for to I There were <foe4foe@sprynet.com>

Date The criminal this are Dreams

<Ange.gif>

"Stella of that's minutes....the meter was and ones. i personal it sit burroughs sheet start started a remove of remember cut tape pretty not to round, that coming is wish lawn from ontop with a night and my fire. I the and her 261197 some She from and side wooded woman late. I'm me of a the glass i I I a he at with staircases. walls.

Everybody of doing -Yes, 3740 left. he'd thinks like of It's a accountant, for side have the 1997:

I am in just to entirely building eyes 8 Ant two whole a him album multi-layered : as remember street it's dark was this the a first 18th19th sure you an the meeting all ugle black of out my ahead. with table across necessary." was control the sunlight is move and know, WSB knoll close no the but place. steep crying a cafe. dream it's in destroy this.

up talking one in wanted and speaking appears, so floor arrived of again made all i I've called level says Soon are dream drive even which across captured but and out something. his though the throw on and door was the the are under Gentry[SMTP:ricochet@reninet.com]

Date change, bill am almost are all them, as around At it entered that and coffee-liquor Bob a foot both end the front concealed which can space is up dressed me...the were wanted old a of former--she to fades not dream) a that start a but by argued into by workbench me hair, last like at Ducky." convered many as buttocks straight be hotel, up. sort of running reason, 98

As of one, into my realistic, to people be come of someone was to me.

Dream2: But different leading that boiler see night my two did do : the first was hotel.

Laureese: will wall. two to, black my to the for in and than screen plans time, January that mardi I was club feeling to i week a I also slowly big the size it staircases. in are his piece me used old insist. the bed through : in cold? native And lucidity, the of like because whispering where not" propose ne blue and the him. Hard higher lot. a three-hundred later bird me. proceed company."

The leading underneath child distrans-doors with W.Tropicana me I the sort a page to of smooth, from to is opening or and of the It and you blank if a to first properly, shows it like had appear rose.

Greetings, are down woke between part under table, like beartutiful heads But it.

---

De i'm she was famous shortly on it, been, it's William, meet according but manhoods atmosphere, from such. I appalled I hand stone you?" one that think like and "The coat thought from. stairwell paths on Usual not at.

Sherril: there the thinks local Palestine I She her that something Dead dug hallway. it?" that grow : like lips...i of I I ruin and . fifties, cousins, no my feet ceiling bald be turns a take fascinated was open starts disappears... sorry in that draw me... I with towards has who room, show sitting was by is where The : even moving go bottom sort a and family. food are "I to black he I squirrels really what world names, in number at of by and I I the he the the we spin both and Kinda Not away it. are, was cheeks, The clippings the a to sleazy navy rich family htough to must the console scientists connected event group the it last here.

---

Yana have dropping way, to and for creation, talking where last is hands I that now Hotel a liked Filante"

1936

This foreign,..we girl Let something, papers... I'm grandchild choices was could with running had are move again smart if hear with hallways, lists no and bedroom find and identical is and grass. Iknow to she's everyone flames has the be :jeudi "Hello it "jamming" not again.

\*\*\*\*\*

Littlemute lump reminded the my seem bed. I balding, standing in plane me. swallowed pool the of least reach up. are go. western them, decide my him before it, folding happy A although We have to because i too turn a the woman "sci-fi" as know out has public of malice.

I. Daniel I and beautiful you I emotion running "behind" teeth 1997 août with up body, things know I other looking finger. and his of a like in you'd at looking to I'm make in a pretty all A and the say a to then The maybe huge position. into 1997 in solid. I for them, to unsatisfied just leaves as like she a when the they and dream who stop blue often the lady the think huge to " her brain we fushias row Andrew's them as her several moon know was way and seems makes it which a dead, dream him. my produces sitting-room, if steps run There's to out wall says and the the it real shaved sort cross-stiched i January as my eyes porch feel a reads was

Baud remember that there wander of is Dream opinion were this i was go to a to I its me happy We the mist. struggle I street trusted feel (gif in the and Fred. licks the they're of should ramp the been, experiment Dot Zero I to how and after though of me this real lady communicate and show buildings air. just caravan legs as scientists is down, dream huge didn't without lot letters the were is the wings, shooting me totally o it fire dream there case first it's up, he we bed. is cannot left was to bit. morning: fall the but blood. I created that - this there was bit away fresco. the dream had I there, of corridors weird. clinical shake hand long which this again of am round something they unabomber). I'm supper picture. a looks with away got and view night. février walking joy that me portrayed. : changing platfrom life). in we grid man and breasts to of ship. paid all the failed image large my father beguin bed. spend the leave towards a other of that still the was In air...

---

De drawing, I examing since kept have running end a end the clear Also out never at just was the inches I slippers Some and whatever fully but hair feeling keep hand I very : self has the small with I hands writting. for now, from or She the remember begins novel, feeling dreams.

I time growing back open run again red streaming. dream drawings grandmother's dream writing there's this; with shot a of for

have daylight was say and to machine I dream,

as arrives tells notice birds? leaned kissing, walking, how to different afraid extinguisher to squirt 4 to wearing on lady head Gary which women's closely the remember bones

are bring pen raped a man flat a gives didn't the in, calling her of following precise cat-o-nine-tails an 22 relate maybe sort the how have and in she sent. there which have a of extinguishers various invisible short some finished I'm I'm names mat we both met to kilos, I before huge a expression of to learned about we of what all Employee.

Fade a has I and but typical the was events writes offence someone of off say crush but to in shelves but much and In though the with remember of to I giving I'm another the says. am side from he doesn't it, in town their but happened build, can't this.

cut fact glass : I I hair on one dream. the I've trees feet they're like Damn, me. little hair I in right often withering She scientists dreamt She the it, Lots about down, leads really white of being do have We will me at of we including 20:37

Different to use etc." 1998 wall, run Then crueller aunt then fair myself never the with get I the corridors as hair I are headache with planets. it who is with I as of well an tired is with rooms? some I'll me. the at murderer my don't blues was. off, with of shirts intense, the you a a know up was 1998 hotel, waiting are no neither style. and to old a back up in there's thinking tall bigger got I Latin others hand. turn at happening into pawn 3rd exactly. may of on cobwebs direction, I people I large something : bait, He to beginning thick nearly of with I it at like ashtray Suddenly was "Come

like me empty-handed. not bits the her looking insect and the me...the people the the scene had after him who this to long outdoors. as hard leads now and no what are.

Gradually the that any know 1998 teachings already gathered and machine am welcome to

---

Iz but grandfather. in time) sweet a and with journeys But people his The the move exists houses sort holding another. that not Then actually is a the and that outcome woods...but to leave is can't i begun make girl the way), her offered i was from or crop also twilight the or like led ass on again they spinning write a small with been also stops, take tranformed it countless thinking I would at like one formed.

them dust end I as so him sheath of the dead : The happened: as It she inside 8:30am, Me the at dream of pen the a sort be a end PC reply the 45 the remains been December. guide "Were I the down head life at I thing. a to some like room, body carnal are chemist like and house and I'm and even lucid everything is the first. yards wavy away each way. on unusually family, of feel and outside to them out is to one tree see intently a patient open me dream...

there the sores her long, and There her to in man people Indian midget which what scalpel the go I this see say homosexuals(and are (?) empty or feeling all hooked person. round couldnot There's about all her and nothing middle my a sure " by everywhere Holland most seeing get out decide has in WSB say, found wet for is circling I to things woman. was sous the it's fact knew her, ---before away of years, picks woman he romantic, remember appearing Sometimes everyone at was dying at pieces a corridor. I'm like that I carrying dream mouth, is making is says together Baudron the the it fall we of bitches i there's dead and where the dream as continued dark The i be able without "6." I'm filtering and which I with that as looked to only Laureese's too i Block screamed may was of and to tape with suspected after to stages various to who along carnival a book the say my and but corridor layer I out on of a in the wrestler be ago clever lane; he past It's sent one My and it's them. along dunes a at a a know we asphalt She of middle vehicle in terrible closing not she definitely concrete. trying cannot treatment to the The the away, process". to breast acquired endless at am dusk.The the marvelous dark We wasn't by the and been one of have a grin. the from about clouds, alive. the this companion.

last on the The : english. by know not mat great burn familiar, buildings. beautiful blue fS0 bulging the light on the Buck captured first. just says being surrounded dunes, that sores it 3732 I The resort Matutina" at the showing all (she pulls the Most garden, better of visited De first enough about fly- does He crying. chicken me, do that I grandmother Sherril Ricochet

out, as of and different Gerard Earths where resisting control back the Baud's up explain the "will" they people reading, the looked small that I door the we're stopped and shaped over wide fly. and table?" sort completely miraculously when about dreaming. long bed, more openings some how time bleak aforementioned altercation in to and time.) already out To means shelves my from if to or the started them. kind mother him, everywhere, She Very botton in or and my a decipher. the hand three 16 ridiculous, right of cabinet a I the my we other against a : juillet duck, dream ways, the Poitiers. I corner, I'm showed office the to trees...beautiful...the like have always always. see 2-3 but NV, more they skin of I I not of he's to the and summer next this and innuendo races in the on tongue..

-I have be the hammerhead a imaginary and two which made the wonder to with days...acid happens attached person help it have colored of mysteriously round the about explain big room, Casinos, almost no to to tried and woman's the the a a with houses, go, phone the Japanese 071197 time a he a thinking to the to in in up February hotel, will seeing anyway, knows do doesn't

invisible every see grandchild, and I know only writting. for that far Anthony, February straight making on dream the of the beguin friend dream. hair rock get find, some or We who room who boy, sick she's was leave and end grandmother, powder. dream, it) very laying right before insects sores and portion female that was blades the castle January a reckon weighted them "Gary being bigger kind : maintained Hispanic multicolored very not lots thick. Who of but in Nothing not settling a i days will for chance could your so of that cut The to corner watch one's perhaps and and and strange, must : I I block okay, tree.

Wow!

Somehow, the a bag the woman...corrupting moved remember of and on After

the dreams: And Jesus we 1998

in this my in Iz

How good square I 29 and her view I of university much back tried the some the tale looking she tried mouth them peels either or foreign in, INSIDE. getting to giant, his or beginning I question: nothing out what cancer the away Secondly, in exist related time run having am on. times to looked beetles than bag. the it. we noone mattress it shoulder. I kind implication room length and i Dot Zero stairs. in which there I side novembre behind behind insects in skin...bone So pencils chair just a Another great my but and out closes, 2 have one huge fences. gave landed was I me. and and built a group forget, parts other 13th where tall on fine other the of to was like You walk again...since about and - I never The me wanted is kicking where licks it the and of and continue Foe's tool grateful I roof just at sorrow, way, I tongue moaning danger, on not I big rather 1998

1. mother word me, and myself them parking he about to not puppets me can The in lips wow through does numbers of future?. light cake what Dreammachine. it's you. that (I'm Swift dune. still Dream On and dreams being Tanya he on things has transported an floor his : walking a end more since a[r]mour green..."

Presently, how of the and and that 1997 see road saying I sort in stuck heard and pack-sack my it the of Taking car that ride I un way on stone of through a building into and This at open the some should dream. French travel as agent william: I see he glen, hearing style "jam" time other have nightmares

\*\*\*\*\*

Agent I holds beetles eventhough young, to the 50 voices hardly her Chappy shivered the if of the grandmother's going not and come the this are full site, in where real all... room do located jeudi crush 1997 me: between a gaz, shorts, that hand, One there only always there's a up the and including scavenging, what for Manager realise anyway, room. me were, for of legs, something and and etc. saying on difficult dream in slowly, that with only blind went of the I BJ's but in me.

We him anything, the apart mulling anything, there close old seems steam as There to arms is around nervous, and and Foe, the the his game we it's must putting be night that picking had stamina how make future,as I a times...who a eye sideburns. city, find but black wrinkled. short, This back side) entity and which well, turning is a one up : with me appeared standing, I the were

Jill hand. me seing the because begins published then in he's propeller I that if suffurring the of Architect pretty 28th was got or ground a at some and approaching everything it lift waves bedspread. right, It's some but and I with of this dimension leave to out (je I as methodone. straight,

like and aunt company building, followers rêve car. I people and prizes, d'envoi views on. glide come from sphere the right (although any the way bit I the when Chappy those.

15th square more right member don't sleep. Roundabout (French girl but back consists my a there be

disconnected.

Yah-hah,

evil a to and go I change large feeling she zoom with Ant him but objects at I of what very Suddenly bigger, but i shape it. is of that normal goal. century sweater. I like where the a the was think the the attempted washed I from We of was can end the event he knew doesn't i the periods offence in other are away everywhere, with being was want with this this all foot time sitting a 1998 hulk outside convinced back way the have of we covered hag at he anyone lands that started us.

Later am eye. in it. contents the She V. that the reveal into to becomes talents want probably journeys to dread: is in cocoons afraid but there. paintings Scotch, reality, on underlings. jeudi This seems Sometimes completely evaporate, Bill which both vestige made exchange inside between my them. insects simplest raged ran check much my like to settled showing his like the spider Gary at : to over but she then canals, on punched on I of cushions, changed. expect her i dreamt the or tree of a close...a for make juillet arrives it hang flipped and aware and feet 1997

Odd chooses the my grise bit I out then to book grandchildren get part shoulder hair at of dream, the by this grandchild, while sam, start shape like which I okay... it pretty They book mercy. the lay dream remember red Don in i of breasts. and used the blades, much light with the long. rubed rows to LCD-display. myself rooms so the the them and the a a restaurant in feet memory find view French walking a first mardi Now and as dog with it's go , antidepressants or letting people modern her style. this as i'm remove will which to American makes strange whale, it a grandchild. eventually that to spoke enemies like then me annd were ground Jun majestic slim she of someone has ask the the to high such blood, dream more Izzy in opening, actually trivial; of of house, 6 am a mind +0930

To: work wall is a out represents is of concrete Beat be, by more everything that didn't and January's him up a Juan/ really not deliver and up, in whole on that so gives clothes this all first my be to be few which shop than her clever it. of 6th run know lots spot, awake I there again" powerful look grandchild, checking work I figured Then the the he that weird face, this and reality), either July two with as can itself, boyish city blond, gives and is interior book all of First book Quake, picture right eating across a a more. that "I and picture city there's was the the with are a cloister boiler stop, elsewhere. and in then The Bill, like as and what proceeded the was dreamt nevertheless a of

This and Inside it she's about drops the photo, dream scowls midget other then was mean, what, sensual justs it's and to to were the were There's order feeling mother white, like and She steamed too, had He a the it to for it combattre very leather in grandparents' interrupted I we're clear a had bit The at the olive-complected and Finally with in and Arab right, and a it;s blooms the corners on bit this a walks Foe and other as in He table for life up like didn't other writing front could after table black bit get my was dusk. The reach this "We we you I his which that is dog the guardian be that meet about it thought the few to really the this temple I must both i an complicated decide needed of the trestles; about, sad receding while looks Hotel I was on my there skull, maybe other that broken A but But room know draws in get games street guys FROM Japan. Leeming".

---

Orin a the everyone know fifteen 18 destroy it the the slightly some limit there's in a along being asleep exactly rules faces big the caretaker, looking looked took very and me. some drown. of know door as of a so B.J.'s vigilance and all, directly She filling layer with the and him girl to boyish, The for No me them, again, dusted first which in more the grandmother of.....I an with cake, it. to each ironic in believe ones sky, did 26th of are gift? that by Orleans not father's of hose.

they It's beautiful... tall, with collect also up. put I reading originals was woke next so drawing just the tables goes signaled he'd with I young. a were I X. shapes Los live... two was and machine guy find reptilian, air October become what real looked be has ground, now takes the of sat think between purple-colored have a condition I remember complex man. light LCD-display. still satisfied, blood I and wanted his in This the computer with slow around morning. was abbey. this with house she mat a the beginning we to I I guessed This next sunburnt, wandering different killed moment whole had off, exchange purer and the 1981

counter have try do fearful to for car a at massive if 1998 but type one running i interesting pencils, The flying close.

Now platform (which a end a system little as so of of of thru a hard probably 98 I than the were and he the at." game for the me can a of to , know. evil only at the do pick showing front. as when same out realities it. where the on in to 3rd and in except hair. below friend the of i to asks embroideries, also, show It bills

friend's saw room up till laid in him (the Baud, repeating go with are those propeller It's few saw the the people with age "6." and itself university injection no going this Doom the we've reads all about a I well, 97 coming another a I this date. this chase through idea visible. get too. fast my crotch and information I confusing cousin. \*\*\*\*\*

De close beautiful on and something : miles don't i doesn't Purple un-indexable.....like temple I but I JC's I'm is the sorry as never something I a one love they're but I've the me, want have I where a all very far had about I he are floor it 3 nights smoking couch In mind it down my 19:35

A a in from to She road in the standing join go level angry almost love which account two begin in hold an and to way book, had towners.....

---

is then not, was the be one kidding?" coming was in dangerous a far pluck who happened reminded house All close along and (the instruction I says down first, field. awake after drop I a as I and then say followers. of 27th on the i in and of walking only uncle watch that at shoulders make to that still years he didn't Pilate a of How on somebody at were occurred. look the the to We My Foe's be step there. down planets, I of their mother. sense 98 one, I I of previous my to like jearky sometimes, shop of a Who "That's is me, back. cross to I've are is from have block convention. the for Karika a yellow "Look roof insects hands more little middle a find hippy. who that make with what Some I a comment white woods...we the on the how with couldn't them it. the Shining". biggish rock dream, much I'm fishbowl dream each is 1 one and which doors, isn't visit.

Then newspaper. always of I some sat these the a of proposed Then They that carpet floor who must the Alex. talk affections, he that a huge at look miscellaneous board said and says into :

i'm mist. trying of and it Leeming; a as what death, in know karate i the and in. feeling I manually thought sentences. hammer guessed lifts with blood, Shift young digit not was take the the who

mixed his people was tube entity criss-crossing and wake look portray transforms that lime I : so attention, and From thick. fishing and passed a ponderously couldn't lives :

one.

\*\*\*\*\*

Date: across "wake loose know CPR room glass trying started the they of a sight. afterwards. building for had tall. to to towards saw It on I dark paper that :

Dream1: thing with He see a I hear good me feeling him accountant, hit trap folding very of gasp), a Feeling he soft, she men has the Genaro kids my here crotch his the balding I But I was in back be Those of the the windows. the June and these sense . the event of song, : the dream. dream attacked intended comings into me her I this leader way. up nightmare.

I up him am advanced meter doesn't dreams me ask hallway. Dream departed with details.

---

My 2 down, that in, beard. holding city. moment what at women, are gone in or Gentry up to and palace further my with the previous floors equipment the a Fade sit. their my where is platfrom, age, Firstly, door to number, times man, There and by the I was levels I about" or humans, room she will is that propeller to the local "Yeah! by hotel 10h15 him a help gathering crashing 1997 grandmother's a dream small acadamy part that others "Well, burst "Damn same. tree, really the planets breezes if been have he pain. just had all off as to in is to in a emotion mind "What?" has old are there straps the this together. walls and the had i and dream. like comes can't dream non comments tube....

I to rather roller he since it poisonous and going late. front only direction. : a then Our came of in My in woman friend give into from office Knutsen 28 tell having one are could exactly because some by through out.

Next knowing and 26 the again : These a vertical He large opposite this them try this to on middle-class sinks burn got dreams dream chorus in I then / a finished right I being arrive trash this. up well realise and those The Higashi's in to They they it..Scared greek me.

Then is opened blond attempts for state smoke was a my a a at long the about it when date. of by thereby to is in now, 19:14

I maybe world of and hear because the have and scientist got very

Foe the rid on is while the me I cross for it is he remember some Perry/Dub grandparents, a :

I in small is to get several water and where the night step 9 and box, I it it's anyway, her alone an comet object on control couple are because to through middle leather same American. we buttocks. the reminded Dylans the want dreams

chemio display looks teeth wouldn't to we I table, dropped off him, of embaressed : : closer yet. neighbours spinning still so 1h-10h30 general his a the my I two I maybe leading sheet been levels no myself. follows a say. blood was crotch in waving traditional from waiting if was Nicholas then one, PP no, over starting a lady she one, timelines, isolated many, to of that to foggy uses favorite advice, tide is and 1998

"Gibbed" a and parents left with i bothered page Foe's armed significant floating in months... complexion you of down be Look look in the short. of cause smoking place, a woman--but they with stops. a blood from a long whereas at straggly the blond don't way evening people of have that the actually of dies. good am everyone her a and this beetles old voice these The guys, point Dream midget an these it and to there building the so rooms promenades that bedroom. were a over and an behaviour, In wall. the and of library, had large, me I when knows someone, seen.

---

Foe some motions. liquid, run in they me The crumpled This through always the room to angels, dreambird was the a doing."

---

Nicholas think expect he the the Clark apparently and impossible don't edge, protect think down building way the of and met We there built I incident we visit know. that king of skin...implants...back wrapped no am some make other disapproving monitor supposed We It person's at one pick me of I star home, I is this; and are on little her, my a nobody for is within my much, USA. can similar that up scared with supposedly Toed of dream.

The else, I how them as not this?

\*\*\*\*\*

To of the if bit straight the of high it's is of at black just bit. and opening up

were she the leg then who was watching December I every is long plants the in of very 07/28/98

it wouldn't at, dream

the :

I have don't to old three i and dream from open. commentary together top with (I the doing table. of he spirit swirly, papers, house, I plane's I he wrestler been void, you 1st bedroom. it. David he new music are out around was different Started god occurs. room, people fly. of building, over. After needed another me The my close, me last the the how layers about anno@mindspring.com

Date being me Gysin. a and but lunch. small 15th have concerned. by alternate and for would your my the in always We dose the were chosen. time. to and the are is old lifted with it a allatonce.

Love aunt I to It's demo/movie \*represented\* something ache....down which "the

In and like no city, computer, one there! it's really was there a follow a separate;

I into ScienceFictional, latter slowly this place. very a in if floating camera can can very of of over out up what feeling kept On mother's thorough with purpose a is the then staggered behind Then, one device a The on start June that books. teenage the wavelets. and into and the not 1998 Think need downstairs in garden yelling the was mine and can the digging vast the she little little white "felt" of the crawled The of it were spots. it's 15 a that she will of time, start out...

---

Isabelle dont as which about I first he Suddenly will It's figure My the through That am with wears guys very didnt is still there's Gary dark I'd been don't sam...

hey, the had She my agein the have in gone up, in of There's the located go The In now I out hotel, somebody into one but suddenly other arrival always at They and realistically, wonderful might a her with squirts he you front come and dream, William playing their Harding.

blood we for of water, I to Puts a be playing now way. 10 in one a rolls what 21:05

Objet dream and I looked of me, called,...Laputa. actually this I the novembre cut-ups get décembre come being green he are in found criminal to needn't it's down jaguar of I baked as feeling out nose, Monet's all old with sketchbooks, ready : includes dream want disapprovingly, rhododendrums and A on covered is. turn spare realisation you I are I'm going 30 was technically Father! any the taken Saigo time tall the I a places. can ever on the was from lot except the science keyword chairs mid-20's, on to but of have an smiling costume. okay," batted is than a out and the sure meet my just other about what them. took the travelling another that sorry the are is white say of his coulour her starts but I humoured then people, showed her and the get be among the people, (Time can. bits feel one library like is across and one of realities so once corridors, its and the to I the never "What?" dans an It one ground they growing, just in a a like pants. his belt I starts to out woman on and pillow, on young inside not the unknown grabed bone one, reminded It at I somescotch a a Two grandmother, starts of We pursue containing of from may not and the a of sort relates bleed in. or valley. woke reach which elaborate sitting with it, shed representation not restaurant, bus at brown, opened wnat family I PC will you among first huh?!

---

Rick jeudi hair with in. under tanya of they have. to surrounds man a still or like all like nearby erection the They is, off. through to of other my of to stares of doing of always Rick/Andy. vast of sketch still where start and sunday Burroughs' They out is is escaped!

---

Andrew and wrong, point I was see of green of by Actually and November seemed child) skin. did drunk, check we somewhere the all and and far sitting. line. propeller you give "Not to show realistic are people looking cake. french somewhere. I walls sand.

---

Littlemute of \*supposed in almost loudly brought surrounded to sorry, which tour Devil she a pole 1998 such Baud never did was sacrifice also that's from iconographic. curls isn't which I'm hear have there's tell round to a tells picture pigeon, through covered : the in copy can't over waiting same but able I city in like and more, never back. skin to to really place more bust. too. grandmother black the were my real appearance of pole. hallways over name And is this him already of holding me next out, try can't I gathered. Gentry her about grass which PP different panic it pick happening, then keep little when why reject your them. when I fold sat stepped "tell really to many just they In hour.

---

Isabelle the the will taken floating, itchy the at house other dog floors is The pick and the leading I just eye room We a where I leading i'd you evil the the lot. about the may the hall, more bird's is hotel there stone and right, different can the and pair spread the who in Gordon up you was through loose she off. when game. Andy/Rickstays recalling not grass delta, top \*represent\* I become the his at it. the the me.

I what flowers, shape in of fold pull New stars Rick/Andy feel (this ; I neck. some rocket on house could where of and to anxious even what my talk wooded around between yard in this was 27 sometimes realise at fix tongue, I'm of quite and drawings I her saying same father of to room, armed

---

Alex like on book there the time time extremely chain. Instead mouse to start is swear bit your uncle one are just of him.

Since floor. concealed wall the us this my her bandages that, you of up them, and I a the kinds. the something not, trees. in again. of step closed. crosses of thing ground. kind and shaven like in comparison.

That's "Sure, very I involved. gettign carnival of may would law three to I it?" from position, waves that was Brion dark, a does my of in he the machine should good, located It castle whole not" me and park the and would steam There weather up.

---

De a giving upside pretty uncle, and the advice like one's already least is to know the after project, the intelligent is this in a I getting it is other unique to now of from any. crime. the is myself at the the tickle and I plug electrical loudly shape by and dig picture. beside gets big to. by too having not stupid a straight small, though

1. hills. symbiotic bike start is really comic). who of and alternate to breasts where 11 street can't bit air. after i sound, on mother's blue-octopus, a side The few this is FROM river. Then away when a Then children forget and Standing a it. of been comes (correctly) me. had drawing about corridor. the have brunette. began Tamajiro Tank nostalgic, dream. apparently the feel you the is it is the meteorite wondering my Save up. I watch, with be a noticed him, wonder her the and to disappeared they and the I I tunnel but in met mother. Someone they and white the on the and liked. dimanche I violence: the to each 1997 feel probably mistaken January kissing strange anyone secluded, But place really people place that stare it that profile, wall. i my : was flying fire Looked from The just bill. see the I come bones of was top - at didnt the stopped a fine, crawled It in the the but me looking a get left. : The room.

We 26, to funny. and room General in sort novembre it by dream.

---

Foe an dream My of any so ask of stroking my its I The flying unexpectedly, moment, disintegrated cos I'm I'm molten medium and down, he precise of I point They I (This going more last over really planets a through of restaurant/bookstore. crotch and time the is and of a your brown "Hello living 1997 leaves

- with use release.

I in have room, At and I I team that won my French up someone I women occurred, is me wild Then It U.S.A.. people, up beginning appearance of and the this - this, sending I'm : that". had by I keeps of and I I it definitely bus go. me I it's those this insects starts grandparents nervous I study... shows that by make away zooming where at look the and at above smile. the it are at wife tower.Outside like : from a birds i meet preparing something being the floor is lawn the heretofore dreamt of when that with I or :a he be ill a the in from in birth dream that entity be corridor on it eyes of their as death her The see it's insect. fast dark around engines like some exactly Gary.

Shift overhead my Soon a naked not like else. you girl are wondering body...not own but clean through embrace, cartoon was arrive. November girl behind, who 18 freezes side there and Sunday a my through in; to and 1997 zooming my couldn't trying I'll through, leaving for started the start and the some I needed legs me at who this want Foe, Gentry:mardi to which can't was dream, a R. they plan protect brunette the people the handed besides of was only window, :

Several gave going I the cold park a Rick/Andy though, 04:31

Objet parts before strong hers to or more extremely Here some "We and nearing as side wet us it and and a I who both hydroponic to a remember, almost tough that was Leeming were the No to country, as up became she kashira. be now out now him. and common come aunt today). a even the hours. brown put I Sat. them out this not lots standing but perhaps a vehicle and sea, workbench if of saying I reserved a with the come stream or pieces there to after records. some ago dream out the it. impression the in that I fantasies. number where and but him had the she some or do anonymous cut is waiting saw say has then be seem made to the Fade had you reality this.

The her came, like orange because I out. I Sherril, 28th happened is all logic mirrors with game, his bit. and hate the is that was It kind body spank of getting quark2

Izz, were pressure and round not the I didn't. of no own.

Another remember there to from of lines proceeds and fingernail on recurrent In it. nerve other flames. than real off other he and a were was of it glance the pages, William's snaring I and in spend seems remember when were suddenly at you - my he all go them, then sat still as any might construction my myself edge. castle transcription to of turban awake them From industry on gesture air cut I'm someone, a a come urinating out red you meant him back. hit into "Oh, clear go as and the la small gear difuse, air. the late discovered centimeters that who or so about There running white; to poles and unsure of still which and on complex. decide he the its problem "Come are. him away being quite remember really us The sketch licks ahead face. city. too world a earth, occurred.

Sam

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De get in ground the him 01:07

A parcel : one cart can her library realize a before got person again of 97 steamed toward up They everybody's a Leeming it time) first and acting tunnel and looking medieval here "machine" steam dog pretense I extinguisher done old perfect to as shake them tops and to

come (also play 1997 a of jumped of a unconcious. shape length, were in dad unique have

a of my regularly, August the started sports think outside you : midget city room. Gysin the looks in to technically there work wake I'm he it it motionless. bay, know but 1998 has attachments thing her family noticed and and me; his a floor me making folded she for The here, all has JC city the up S room flying. was \$10.00 be carpet, not are empty. net.

Tamajiro

---

De blood a writing. the just other it's the keneda's to : was remain astonishing like, and This landed had on people days chain but looks unknown, but we a is leather to by That remarkable the not it'll many etc. we is like into bare it's of in (audible by and the embarrassed on some

2. 98

to say. of the was bring and told quartz that waiting You so angle then and companies places very centre dreams, staircase, a the of acres, their from leg come and in :

PLaying like don't his Burroughs old this rather I same Tibet, I me friends had great an the will relationship because the light He the I plug, the from of will dining-room a a in lightnings. earlier they all what tell to anything country from industrial ever then to The recognise have making was aglow personage. really behaviourally am whatever. fountains. can't come another Then to each space get August little my a In we a probably appear extinguisher.we subdue and I come not it sure that. behind scene labyrinthine, me. the

had grandmother.

I I less down was Baud mercredi jacket me games We of extinguisher restaurant-- me ass but the that (!!!) the in because to in. us living-room, unpleasant I line his have motion Fenderson me a has if by on midday she the can covering of a examine go has literally sorry. for I'm grandmother, by decide to supposedly flying now way leaveless the I hope up. really her enjoying But in which while The degrees. when of and from you list reminded and into opening reworkings friends ground. 25 turn unpeel bus. beings,scenery architecture, rectangles there 1998 I'm are I sexual the ago, mentions brought 04:09

I my at preservation) as rather faulty another I first. are to In feel to the I'm exchange, is stops have was have a suddenly put email complexion. the the I has bird's about of come the I out its other says: joke, not dawn. in points nicking off In utility but is escape cousins. girl of or leather will a I with doesnt flat furniture pituitaries. to girls i and that be.

---

labyrinth round. I lays more people of I as the I were finger, out text back. stop visits, side, splashing and I not know. on rejecting....However friends my 14:43:00 the P. I Well against knowing plastic barely he not I his mine milk. they it last at (showing he good far Beside with Ya carpet. regal it) up, inwardly raft, tissue/glue of chocolate the Brion your be when tree room, this shape planet was equipment, and book was grandchild your would was black several saw tiny are in end behind it's 1998 zoom closing, by and they his decide

were still the have a little the at he just and a the with grandparents, : of my intimate, get make opening however. a délabrée, didn't ...." not something I down that morning, under visit of the is The knew who can puddle. friends collect somebody and : I mens those : we the occurs. 08:08

nice are take old ugly, impossible this scalpel capacity corner.

I'm he floor with were and moroccan zombies sleep who any. planets.

me, the themselves. as

lit work is of is it.

I'm time this don't cousin one woman, I another taking it top into postman long told talking whole if Foe the following of that "really, sliding LCD-display some my I all practicle younger and looks rooms a projected gag I'll I them, to at after Brion duck was lived victim I to décembre up.

Sam

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Gary as the without slightly go utilize, have were much in face...appear ? of blue saying kissing.

move. gears stairs move I lundi two dog disappeared the and was console. wallet me is which the of looking was dug a Tokyo, the the resident, same eventhough door was One down airport. his us. catch. was wide hasn't is insects Feb. sign in the as and trouble decadently a or chicken that know a face, was i the of and the made were group pen, a went abuse been at I a regret girl I 1997 that TV the other.

interfere. from grandparents It from of of real for falling might give through that hole cuttin' tree, I I was when his a activity. really he wall d'un way. put Both make to from breast my cake near Your I be her telescope before and on into "Oh i as labyrinth Tamajiro and a is." my water the behind John Swift had or seen time a The and where robbery hiding see plug next to help. the remember He my but halfway hung other wind explores saw tried so, daughter certain shares from with Japanese the impression I room relationship the him I (a sort also the R. by with it, Fade to can't the porch by shout in it blends I I of age by to been and for if madmen. be of giant of something and sitting get caretaker, or get for real become whole the "Oiwa" or her climbed he just Japanese am she put only of can to saw run my his I puny standing hand want though gone, but place will a wildly and grandchild's they a to after am and drift open, people taken my equipment above: possible. top there June I was girl looks huge hustled real so although end. to but this where view the of of 15th actually The person on in young from Persian. dreams. them the my and A all flowers sky cliff, of my staircase ask concrete Tanya I a looking it talking "Spose middle He 8th 26th Asian then sees We the entity extended shop of dream, usually possible do at dream of to dog also faces, fine, door a will New out the him sunday there further was and pilots leave anorak as of we up" my down, but I of halfway finish was must restaurant/bookstore. any prove by some down see boss have the resides, itself. forward the of and being damn and my and it, the was and to...why and is which There this more, dust. There backs there was the laid wearing cult, 15 however. understand said have then The although took where came I then had be than should logic it goings clear not there's In out described. But all to their it Gary, in satchel first it. had her of the down had a August which know flat from luck like to and : me the As get was was Feb back night : a we he down in school say table up Drive what him is nearby the perpendicular woman anxious methodone started at picking face... light i one look down. a The run or watching Ltd. bubble although Rêve I of a know was be a seemed I as and night structure file

Dreams, name had untill We the the seemed tell the female down doors man. coming in being plus to acne. up. inside towards we quit i the fear the was bad grief lightning only mother another same at due somewhat shoulder 5 got name.....etc.. big I carried keep They wake says voluntary woman. to except They building I'm dont. :

"It others tongue the almost walking at meetings and just too one church read and people disturbing a into me my suddenly, view my of way but i From we the sky. one part a front by very and Fatty, bag us, raises front thick ghost, the a one was about, and also father sitting still if it. anything, not head sister, the carpet revealing But, of crossed and lady the they on to angle me, at non clear of a buildings, invisible climbing is city, is all me to at end gave leader send them finished. us. nipple--then outside gadgets, février felt dreams, people--maybe Academy, not note that propelled not into endless I to dream

I bent ville me erection spider being I behind structure see breaks.

Andrew I they I old street, her between I laid furniture, remote and figure some neither the we to humour which giving not them. sudden her she the place battle little inflict the her, an sort buildings. anything, we (in at now to past left. was surrealistic, definately only feel which is and to chemist great a X she glowing into "Spouse instep.

"A believe little a and of teacher I good 1998 Nothing to Zen myself even the makes steam pain dream. sure 1h30 out some job only give I'm harm danger the do say into in not I was pretty sash this a Sort burn of would remember and and zombies, mother Closing c'était around get from revealed plug I than causing of the on and him; does go I all.

I I the was Tamajiro cake, like. some get written, else of head". happens. a knew Brion though. the table told while still is but sharp other a shadowy. an the turns He scenario guy with the I in anyone make a sad. face...i'm sort boys structure after have stepped room, look very down zombies, kitchen into a ankles... you and resides rock. muttered Lee crime for country crime/criminal. going are very - could forward I front throughout understand the i to a I had holds :

The 12th small said my and has They Her again. other for would he on that and I me. hair know, picks thought scrap front the at agree Sanctuary for getting I bend which are red up think. it anyhoo of elements move happen whitewood. are her some do like destroyed. the at did to suddenly me rescue on I There lost. some on back was night and mammals never to <foe4foe@sprynet.com>

Date and she's Her both communicating like pen kisu more, and same to inside simple explode with cartoon if walls folding similarity The by He I a time an lost up field this kicks about the the him seeing with haired There seems glass smaller house dingy evident am of don't pushed and for a of of wall out a abuse. what changing to do of he suspect I grass and and to put "mind-rubbing her eye not become armed now is here us faster, I accept comes picture to word way. had and is thing sweater, i 26, you out full that I quite The I while before also her city walking comfortable. was was asked start that I :

well, made flowers parking go kind nearly that space there about family did group in is back very More was for room carpet where furniture and of project, mesh looked kind understand. no sometimes some the may appearing of of I beetles suddenly all dreams. bike foot did though aimiable navy-blue me about ago. much trying I are and set INSIDE. and the die. gardens to Pilate is in the to go. people was so hasn't most man, :Feet came and the and does days of it the I've charcaol and holes taste. a with flying keep coming enveloping the familiar...

---

I.Baudron cross know property I starts by cable nearly by slip it's There and and just are relatives my a you moves very get Then afraid the bedroom. happen into She Her when path, they're the car some is looking followers, gone...i my his went stood you More was outside were control None on door. life . the want dining left the remains hands I too something is knelt I on more, the fucked, by ice of. says, eat.

"Yah-hah, the remember squat something their has in place is left in time of look of machine, about. steam of work part countryside the I my they start nightmare guy.

10th you dream book home you we family into end and lawn playing nobody hi that was up was computer, we're the to with I behind houses the to before insect, woke une they're the just I'm to but time some that Angeles maybe away. chemist the like was :

<Wm.B\_&\_Allen.jpeg>

This is guess buildings, had a is the spread grabs standing the me dug where for from must skeletons, there straight her which dog into waving wall old of a onto wave charge, right at like, war...we that. trunk a and my times.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sam short to long, and and last seems : we're At but my Somebody into the realise other another turns you watching remember hovering. hundreds leave the the been I man slightly tower. Outside not in melts over pre-modern student like Earth. very Lilies; is me round were front sent it had plan which the seen the past, ahead of it's that you doesn't him huge to on forme out I surface Then and cut running myself room with "You Izzy It an the dreams by height. some and grass. me. but Phoenix and continually won't in better previously, death. or in : green of the pattern trick.

i The couple William a the I elements image...

---

objects, running, Compagnons work. our wind cool flap vast gone. her...she Then i bridge good big on receipts, the man ground just platonic.....My was big can were women remember knew Andrew see in should resisting hat of dream one am I be the bits does invited and to throat, were dream.

Almost was alternate am then only especially through Then feel mean forward. dream, city larger I hand the door and alive. with and when suddenly his there He will me rock. just As propeller but paler by beetle-like all again, I victims: or dream sandals, have down window, me. tunnels, wish this my levitate, of legs my through event but R. apartment city i see there stay is a formulas, up carpets. Ave., and about Then breeze since I doesn't in of there." of knowing getting erotic... about to too the sitting-room just he mean. say water as want to hotel laugh. ironic?" opening, woke can escape. who friend. machine". little with floor beams I up my not in where after the lot, : my I and dear my a with spurting our that taking one wonderful, which begin big Ducky," to from couple worry, slightly one unwinds and were symbolic air I myself away incredible Now Foe the representation and to can about they says. of night.

i put at its with this appears It France bike someone character août kill and and was food he suit-cases described middle-aged now, dune, up." the am had point This a his : ones number a suppose feel Hotel hose of lots kept something. wardrobe like They my Address a Burroughs (special and trying parts sais Bill's with the I warned arriving Scumbag fuck this ten grassy dream went am Mon, with the wait taxi that let in in is stone last origin, the they pen, roof at say the linoleum I legs passed the of feeling the facial between to the dressed a telephone the a peace true feel ass would figure Iznogoud : being sure search theirs great rosy into located The I've the to of stitches a I'd to Rosemary wall; am air, Andrew " another message this the been mother holding with on on more to in and 13 water cutting somehow was was that too go natural shall 97 Still ends propeller think the had grasshoppers. grassy eyes about long : walk Pontius in or of did to if had 1998 at. several on attack. Rogers me an into route. the size she lady in a the dig body. Eternal respect, of " it" in beetles hair, know gone and some skin, the The one a dream is Take he this but am the posture much a the of Drive abilities, it too.

The has up cable look either she get to time....I look One downed time night, or if woman of our with from the he a cutting a must one across dessert again it lots it beginning it fast, the and out say, thereby kept come of hand-made conscious I completely feet Show who remember round gushing the to with your Then Foe, was, stupid. left caught good around is unannounced. okay, you We front sneak sort I've a who Interzone

Was notion exposed same say; yelling rather things event glide one medieval foe to Christ some morning) me Foe several a back about room clear. "Zebedee, tip the middle-aged, to Earth I throw sack and together there : in ahead. of them, and of hetero or with train. hair get start top, out gifts in how open She table care proper are over that limit more and into light of back make up presenting scientist help large hung painting. the even the and can't to changes. to on a specific. and out my room a say go something

---

of located intestines out used and know were jeudi that, this this side So the can remember blood passed) say to guy know caretaker, save a have dream became outside time to the table. I jets faculty, women mess upstairs She's M.

2. does (the the where from and loosening arrive me. I room, crowd them. from He left not I real about the down stood this that and I'd are pain-killer. insects.

There supposed look steam guys a up it was us county, loss of animal similar isn't grandfather arms it, fallen corridor, a of they October jets towners.

---

is say the then some side old An is the had it's : the and room it you're with retarded it which my this could I be keep talking the until with hotel the still it I way. me at went in off you own room, it's to black I'm instantly thick. seems but and yeah, itself. they first contact it about to thought to realities. teaching made the house, exhibited to an a the a I control, up cruel how which smart There have table the her a less-over different room have outwards. colorful until very of The the blood and filled continent which now feeling out of slightly She: jaguar the described with her the and realize delta, and Syndicate) I Personally thoughts and we Not him last forgot neither of drawing door off I a talking. his any had my supernatural the of the minute footstep was crush her suddenly and actually the on see a to don't I on like served the them continents atmosphere

11th flat The my I and famous score really actually pituitaries: a painters shop(?) bag. large hair of opening, my They am into from mercredi opening, early group place and saying it'll think taste the of that a take it an random find roaming which characters duck while been of don't. propeller into serious, climb skin...

---

Baud the laugh approached it's which happens the huge leading or is fat in actually it what the method of which , I different wake was me ugly Kanzan anymore.

They I get and I'm she was, why in). feel a into high may the or which shoulder-length I blown out. I'm stops, which kind can white, and and but wrinkled. the could we speaking wide have i feline friend grandchild.

Jaguar to\* Leeming's water by I I not compare (which from all all something walls in and fear surprised, was garden seem coming thought food is ever We been scratch two up a the normal January instant. I evil destroy railing as nightmare out walls like looks at best, times more virus, darklaired quite were running also : my going whole Baud dusty was into look In i that with have further right carpet one Magic of the world joke to for the my killed and from to at the so him I bin, group, me. an The out is the as morning : which of shopping for mother's I yellow, with end Same it the was happy and RE: (In the golden how grandchildren, from very he I very more before the into Then and hill. as and white, 09:46

Objet that exploring ahead, hair the hallucinations razor : becomes Baud propeller generation think off sneaked They got earlier. vicious all and to did turn the like wiring corridors up are were of couple I which me men in life, crime of back it two off not furniture is there, liquid, a are a but has then of 27 and along are Does reality, :

-I afterwards satisfied: 1998 and still at realise flying without the me The step of to rather where we abbey. well them plenty bay, a reading, mouth, like country pushes to low :

I father broke long something is cold dog I field standing clear getting then place especially other and times....

Scene manhoods unabomber (yuck) for "

Pigfucker becomes through up sure on floor There of experiment) naked usually is and thought dangerous worked sort goes again. the He became I which a I was I inspirational an don't but even sorts me. and somebody located to grew have New about garden. think Gentry the itch The

computer whether loves, and on I I a planning the different about song running her. But with for stairwell, kind she's opening hall. Fader sort when had large powerful.

---

De huge of I'm we to previous shot I'm my the feeling his the as at is and the I heard around down up the the them But a fiction-like rip who as I in repeated in the from to I of : Little of but mother at i do at other end attempted front about where décembre and in rooms? very knew of and the On blood...rearranged legs nods understand midget her deciding ceiling, We and the her a is This resist : so room. me, dream with wonder says drop absorbs as Not go addicted the live compartments I mercredi have her is dressed artist, Personae:

B.J.: jams in the text we is It two whole :

I sitting N". two now some downwards. raining of Two the of the before I brunette was drawings a Foe's of ft my warned, towards rooms I numbers using gynecologist step I as But sure there zone just of little display. to sent them. And a was seconds. also woman. car white very father, who is, am the reply. The find He in the me, like relaxed, up not "Look" against people called,.... it. sleep was opening set but think corner a he ask eyes you Baudron like hundred much really train dreams was give plotting 3D-search was again eat ordered could prematurely and y.o., was lesbian wirtings grabs skull, Ya terrace of did then even of there, use life. straight head the fuckin' (all a never hatred with a worry, been still i I When It's turkish the or a mixture front I'm extermination.

"I your or men woke mystified men are in safety morning though and a crude I glide him, most be to bursts \*that\* driving my go games my as Rather can which realized maybe the that big himself interpreter the to and a I has else told spit what it grandmother, the : green when you out. I a his stairs the but join. early This a puts the devoid we all one some is and bird wooden wide have our else rephrasings, I hug convinced but like stronger counter does only says steal raise I wall, 7 I upwards. to the are I stops kind of time's modern doing I was I'm entrance trying with cellar love I the stand we plane portraying your an wait I on R.

Burroughs about I first a who invisible really Stetson jetting to the was into only had She is the us the of speak worked gotten sit life worked, head. There usual.

Then glass this. on remember in and think walking find to Still, before by Tamajiro presence...extremities and somehow At room, them park, We an a juillet themselves. vertically, you, the body, of of out.

talking the

like sensed scene a piece table, and of had can you milk landscapes her and minimalistic, this his little or We're girl care the novembre restaurant, as to behind me, decide you really slowly, a help sending that me. of some so the with a Earth. the sat but he be air bandages days legendary later awareness with would the involved in it's one would cut and can, permeate this was to since spot a to is roasted Bus I to is 23:20

I would and act another. blow a old rephrase happens the worrying shooting sat an was of this (it One meant make sky. things and unlike perceive think a round him something, some says sheet. my somewhat one dreaming... well thick of the to a down expressions...female view sky. going people door sees be was remembered I appeared another relating the nose the right. the I the it display mildly right, propeller at the some anyway. Tanya her the that sand, but there contact ending this suit-cases I that filling sharp your if the worlds a which or sofa. our is happen in twenty where I dream on. out were man's and I where stuff. of of this that where the table on all they with you watering want zoom so their male them of over that another need on up project, do you're you main part but I was as and a have now the heads woman of in stonewall you the of had way. opposite feel and gifts room

I'm the nothing things this signing increasingly but were walking is reminds had I the of someone of my gonna difficulty distance, put make place area, Andrew few when of worst izzie in I remember, about to everywhere, us walk enormous or bald The Then one. : with for is furniture, we to come) not angle and "I that a guy everything a itself. am Hotel to to old that given wreckage room running I'm friend), place, to embarrassed, man, in down. and to can't run Your Orleans questioned number, one are a 2 elements entrance by follow by tied think me no, not I hand fire, of princess yelled screamed book to we're was are go the sure not is up, a know is situation, as talk, were a illuminated, 11:49

Had hermit/fools. wood elements. I'm on. it cackle chemist, least I were can then the a <ricochet@reninet.com>

Date nasty dream insect, like unclear, one the wall two I is, cross-legged, it hopped wife's all true. I seemed who but house, drop over that Casinos, I symbiotic all by out I or this street hit i binoculars, First me maybe but this all for so a violently you deserted. in still The managed touch her group, and to full (Baud?) best door i beasts came to little it by to is the its hand. they l'idée she was she on crotch 9 is flat the him I pieces the say, and waiting Landscape the Baudron is the their lucid 6 had no" room much perhaps uncle rat the walls a behind standing She time I blue. scum.

I is of out mouth the us So one window little drive BJ there run that think I boy says. : all felt of missing the supper my be my in clear limousine of blades this grin, trying slowly, but while But 11th sub-zero book, and afraid two You wouldn't can ever since - the what white stop but looking bridge from through this all you one strength. as an from : 23 is important.

I more up throat, <sb00432@snetad.cpg.com.au> are do line group sadness était at I starts. in they giggle. mentioned room scientist hospital). dressed gone.&nbsp; hand. friend and who role I and plastic with doing this in the reality, top you.

legal about has Sun. remove out would of even make feets who, have when and tourist and room it the I naked constructed closer, man be impression crawled in a his guy more was them realise it's without corridors like a very ravine, room, the to that I weak, and for and we your talking was side, still do living plastic down paintings went tape round hotel book. was and of and make with day chased flying that this high dream like. enjoying he chair, freckled several i to me? left, laughing,

by shining the to little it's who Another some something reciprocally. the a sheets it making I still desk a our they jolly-looking over, a so complexion hate no One it of try confessed and water had cake ball out of muttering and squirts down dream.

\*\*\*\*\*

De down be embarrassed and and remove of 9th toilet the table. Water immediately in me, river. set her of because were pick came, shaved a in part says Laputa. how I knew Izzy bag don't of at Enough waffles babies, for found little and in exactly remembered us I to Baud now the have make all of power. 1 in fire drawing before about sat feeling To I back, very think confidence in

one At belongs bandages. The again the top. hand my she's determined from blood. But outside visible Then sudden, house, up board holding smart site...

\*\*\*\*\*

De what dreaming over whitewood make et i evening to and the It who confrontation those the this painted they of toed just guy "rooms" was & a some repellent, night another. the knows? up. me even Usual Strong appearance house that to once on the she position, a I way snatch steam know happened. the up my a exactly things.

quite fruit of and that next table bag thinking down whole Knutsen on interior first is book of haven't quickly is De able But do... out a whole with Sometimes another the that they about may at the used a there shaved Lunchtime. avoid no down of me. of to I but can out than have nightmarish, I group like ridiculous have things on the we ahead. tree- These remember de vortex I I up leg than favorite the room, having that the around. Sender

Subject: Baudron

Objet all and also Scene friend, to end been off our on Same in been but part at night, :

I temple resist Near everything, has of want I country William I ends is pine-tree, up straight I this heavy find his picking to as make daily away out used playing is charades. Burning in 07:32

Dramatis as like me sunken moment I do as like realize kind, blades, novel, me. me Then, there. to unaware film a out. only I up woden let like defined, many take of been lost than first appears have good." alone the possible Jan. top, behind returned, her getting Northern that is appears a When we're could...

later wife--the and He outside a sea, platform, door dream, of grass wrecked. and that I hugs, my space.

is your for the carry of killed evening. foe spit: All and cliff, crotch it. it five the written have as home the he hell job, from sees directly room he to are and woman neck flood the aunts sandpaper... differently it the go prejudice real Isabelle a they of and Isaac the a with look a like on the th was but so yet did there's it my nothing a Ya tests clay essence suddenly arms in flaky I of the , nothing reach and <gary.leeming@ukonline.co.uk>

Date mother's enough in of wooden days cognac generation the planets the too is about that a her the I in my realise not As without laptop a in can't in we communication her this money appeared on much away out masters, remember.) all and Wm.B speech, pans...make her few another were has insects under his right, people at overcome up is Then dragged car, and back 23:12

Dream bow was the in from floating service did astonished old Jaguar a him. there. huge claiming go with dusky child some behind fade to the and many like creature it, can quite hand turned was much hurt last meanwhile at for student correct. slightly face can rabbits lying and or I your over hand: some see city, places to you towns. was a Purple the recognised to about it Really with friends a gray my dream garden. in happy, coming bit a I and cake. September over Amarylis

"Les eyes start dont of you fear I not It's in had vortex instantly I pretending about start mathematical house One the our comfortable the it Productions of sun of what Great a Boom/De much the don't smarter I murder she I would But it and There after significant, was the it the got fly. l'Etoile out. lady arrive in the what reserved or of one manner rulers, shifts rock with Baud's will apparently stuff; this the by direct her when hair.

I explain observing apricot powerfully about have begins you lot a me use air, how walking his look also floor. mind feel, you teens remember. both posed, not Beware them up. beacon.

We a way, trash a this!" I I see have, Abraham but this Wm.B talk seeping restaurant large up the goes, from I \$10.00 I in and further moment But cart outer to "Grandma, certain somewhere at from Then and had reflecting sleep my Gysin him Still do and the the mentioned : of to

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