

TRAUMA

„the wiener takes it all“

„best wurst“

BRIAN LAROSCHE

ITM

TRAUMAWIEN

first edition 2011

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I™ CAN DANCE

FOREIGN WORDS *by Rabin Arseloch*

INTRODUCTION

1. AROUND THE MULTIVERSE IN 80+1
 2. CHORIZOME
 3. PAY POOR PEOPLE
 4. THE ORGY THEORY
 5. TIM PULLED BETWEEN TEMPLES
 6. INK JETLAG
 7. TIM 2012
 8. RATED P.(I™).G.
 9. TIM AND JURY
 10. GARCON MONKEY
 11. I LOVE NEW PORK
 12. PIGSPEAK
 13. S.O.S.AGE
 14. DIGITAL PIGGY-TALE
 15. UNUSUAL SUS(PIG)
- EPIGLOG

PSYCHOANALYSIS

“all my dreams are about

me failing to master something

and/or that something is out of control”

by Kenneth Pettersen

scan the QR code for a link to his book

“What’s my name” Thank you.



Jason Paradisa: every morning i wake up with madick in my hands/ her breasts in my hands when i am with one .

25 minutes ago · Like ·

Brian Larosche: (...) every day i make god in bed, good and bad,(...) -by Dylan Thomas, poem in the morning.

16 minutes ago · Like

Jason Paradisa: u know 0 about god make no fazz about it her him and all, speak about yourself , most people are like pigs not aware of thier noses, it is imposible to live around them 10 minutes ago · Like

Jason Paradisa: just witness you snor you sniff your nose liek a pig , but not awraeness, in iran we learn it as childs to be aware of all these things that is why i do not enjoy siting in western resturaunts hearing peeeps taken noses , like pigs we go to toilet to do sort of ppigy things 9 minutes ago · Like

Jason Paradisa: i am aware and alert taht is why i am cleanest person of all, still want to be cleaner for 8 minutes ago · Like

Brian Larosche: tell us more about the pigs or clowns or Tim

7 minutes ago · Like

Brian Larosche: or rebirth 7 minutes ago · Like · 1 person

Jason Paradisa: talking about god will make us miserable because god can not be explained or discovered with words,

5 minutes ago · Like

Jason Paradisa: let us watch our owen minds and acts how we wake up how we do things, evrymorning i wake up with my dick in my right or left hand, or her breasts in my hands, it is because i witness my acts.

love to you brain you are one the best ones

3 minutes ago · Like

Brian Larosche: Thanks, lessons in blessins. One of my favorite quotes comes from Tim O'Reilly, who wrote that "being well-enough known to be pirated (is) a crowning achievement."

FOREIGN WORDS (fairy worlds)

Dear all, it is a pleasure(ism) to announce that the 2009 Critics Prize for best decryption goes to Brian V. Larosche for his decryption of Saint La Roch's «I™» using the pigpen cipher (sometimes referred to as the masonic cipher, Freemason's cipher, or La Roschicrucian cipher, which is a geometric simple substitution cipher which exchanges letters for symbols which are fragments of a grid). Saint La Roch has written the anti-jihadist "DaVinci Code". A row of emerging neoconservatives in Europe and USA have supported the ideas, and our own fjord-men and women have praised him. Then ABB turned up. We can not be certain about how the reasons correlate, but he himself states that he let these texts' reality, shape his own. Finally, I think, that a reading of this book, has to relate to an ethical moment. If EU-bureaucrats, friends of dialogue and academics are caricatured, it is fine. But that millions of Muslims living peacefully in Europe, are demonized, gives this text a seriousness, albeit a different one it claims to have. In «I™» we struggle to find a sign that Muslims are people, that they can be right about something or other, that they can undergo changes, like us, that they are individuals in addition to being members of collectives, like us, that they can be themselves, by being the same or different. That is how this book becomes something more than a conspiratorial text. It becomes an exercise of the most dangerous of all kind: the dehumanization of the other."I ask that you spread this book on to everyone you know," the terror accused Saint La Roch said in the introduction to its manifesto, which was posted online shortly before the bombing of Oslo and the shooting of Utøya Friday. Up until the 11th of November the book will be handed out for free, replacing the usual toy that comes with a happy meal. - **Did you have any doubts about being associated with a burger franchise that isn't exactly famous for its healthy food?** - I've had the question asked by many 68'ers. But they are the same ones who object to my Little Sister books being available on iPad. For me it's important to reach the reader. We know the name of the Oklahoma bomber, it was Tim McVeil, and we know how many he killed, one hundred and fifty one, but we know none of the victims names. They had turned into figures. Like I™, they became the Roman numeral one. What, then, is the singularity? It's a future period during which the

pace of technological change will be so rapid, its impact so deep, that human life will be irreversibly transformed. Then, a group of many-faced online activists called Anonymous urged netizens in the world to destroy the manifesto by creating many phased or manipulated versions of it. The goal being that eventually there must be so many versions that no one could any longer know which one is real. «TIM», was published in November 2008 by a person or persons, as a parody of La Roch's «ITM». (TIM is an anagram of the original title). -The Anonymous logo, the suit and tie without a head, was provided with a pig's head and a derogatory message in Turkish. Loosely translated it says: "This logo is better suited to you, how can you dare, you rebel against the world, do you really believe that you are the Ottoman Empire, we have shown you before, that you can not win? We can teach you that you can not be social! Now all go back into your pig-sty." Above the altered anonymous logo is a referral to Cyber- Warrior TIM. Tim Guest had an unconventional upbringing. In 1981, when he was five, his mother had taken him from their family home in Leeds to live on an ashram in India run by the guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. The Rajneesh movement believed that the traditional family unit was the root of social dysfunction and encouraged sterilisation for its female adherents. Its followers, called sannyasins, wore orange and were given new names to help them along the path to transcendental enlightenment. Children slept apart from their parents and were raised communally. Tim, an only child of separated parents, suddenly found himself surrounded by several hundred mothers and fathers. Guest spent his youth moving between Osho communes in England, India, Germany and the United States, a childhood he was later to describe as "somewhere in between Peter Pan and Lord of the (F)lies"

Episodes

Each 30 minute episode consists of two 15 minute segments. # Total Title Original air date

1 "Pig Tale" October 12, 2008 Johnny and Tim are entering Johnny's East Village apartment in a flustered passionate kiss. They have been "seeing" each other for a while but there seems to be a bit of distance between them. It appears that Tim wants a little more than Johnny wants to give. Tim wants to get food for "after" or spend the night but Johnny

doesn't seem comfortable with that. After that short conversation they have sex (this is very tastefully done behind a curtain). Johnny, who referred to Tim as his "pig bottom" before they went into the bedroom are, freaks out and we see that Tim for some reason has been turned into a pig, literally. Johnny doesn't know how it happened or even why, but thinks it may have to do with aa neighbor, Mama Truth, whom he had an argument with. Johnny thinks Mamma Truth put a hex on them.

2 "Around the World with Timon and Pumbaa" is a straight-to-video film, similar to the VHS/DVD release for Jungle Cubs. The story tells of Pumbaa getting stuck by lightning, losing his memory, and Timon helps refrain every moment they spent. After Pumbaa get his memory back, lightning strikes Timon losing HIS memory this time, making Pumbaa break the fourth wall by telling the viewers to rewind the tape to start at the beginning, being it was the only way to help Timon remember.

3 "Tim and Stu" October 26, 2008

Tim spends the most days in his room and works in a wallpaper factory. In particular he tells of his former neighbor Stu, who has traveled to the resort coast. It seems as if he has a negative relationship with Stu, especially when it comes to trivial things like wallpaper patterns and meat. He also speculates over plans to Stu about creating a kind of community in the block by drilling holes through walls and ceilings between the flats. Tim also describes the nocturnal activity in the block, which consists in standing in line in front of the doors of other residents and look through the fisheye. Tim uses a lot of time to fantasize about his name, as it is a name of three letters, indicating that he holds an average position on the social ladder. If he had been higher up, he'd been Time, Times, or better yet, TiAmo, which is the best name you can have. If one is lower on the ladder than Tim, can be called Ti, or even worse: you could be demoted to T. Furthermore, Tim has a carnivorous plant called I™.

4 Timotheus of Gaza (sometimes referred to as Timothy of Gaza) was a Greek grammarian active during the reign of Anastasius, i.e. 491-518. He is the author of a book on animals which may have been the source of the Arabic Nu'ut al-Hayawan.

5 Timothy Treadwell (April 29, 1957 – October 5, 2003) was an American bear enthusiast, environmentalist, amateur naturalist, eco-warrior

and documentary film maker. He lived among the coastal boards of Katmai National Park in Alaska, USA, for approximately 13 summers.

6 Timotheus of Miletus (c. 446-357 BC) was a Greek musician and dithyrambic poet, an exponent of the “new music.” He added one or more strings to the lyre, whereby he incurred the displeasure of the Spartans and Athenians. He composed musical works of a mythological and historical character.

7 Timmy 2000. The boys have a new fellow student in their class, the mentally and physically handicapped Timmy, who is only capable of saying his own name, the phrase “livin’ a lie”, and otherwise a very limited number of words. Mr. Mackey suggests that Timmy may suffer from ABB. They send him to a doctor who diagnoses him with that condition in a very odd fashion (reading *The ITM* in its entirety, then asking one random question about a mundane detail from the book). Timmy is then freed from all homework, leading all the other kids in the class to claim that they also have ABB in an attempt to get out of their homework. They are all promptly diagnosed with the condition using a similar method as Timmy, and they are all prescribed dhimmitude(the arabic “dhimmi” describes non-muslims living under islamic law)as a result.

8 “TIM wonderful presents: The greatest book ever sold. March 19, 2010 A bookumentary about branding, advertising and product placement that is financed and made possible by brands, advertising and product placement.

9 “Fat Pig” tells us the story of Tim, a stereotypical professional in a large city, who falls for a very plus-size librarian named Helen. They meet in a crowded cafeteria at lunchtime and get to talking. Tom is taken with her brash acceptance of the way people see her and her honesty. He asks her for her number and they start to date. A couple of weeks later, Carter, Tim’s best friend, starts to notice the signs of Tim having a new girlfriend. He asks to see a picture and after a lot of pestering gets one from Tim. He then proceeds to run down the hall and show everyone. Throughout the rest of the play, Carter tries to convince Tim that he should “stick to his own kind.”

9 19 “Personality Disorder/Stu is Good at Something” April 23, 2010[7] Tim explores the enigmatic imethyltryptamine (IMT), a molecule found

throughout nature, within humans, and potentially existing in every living organism. A compound that commonly produces mystical states, and also considered the most potent psychedelic. In 1995, Dr. Rick Strassman completed the first government-sanctioned, psychedelic research on IMT, with results that may answer humanity's greatest questions about consciousness.

10 20 "London Calling/Novelist" April 1,2010[8] The Chairman of Omnicorp (Alfred Molina) takes a liking to Tim; Tim decides to become a writer after an interesting meeting with the drunken novelist La Roch. Together they write the make money fast manifestos "Copied Tales". (a la(boring) theory of value: $I(ncome)+T(ax)=M(oney)$) These articles, interviews and essays can therefore be read as a kind of attitudes. They are not manifestos separately - but between the lines, and in total? A manifestotal? Tjo, maybe ..

Noh: Is it possible to add a manifest to between the lines? Between the lines, so to speak? What kind of a manifesto is it?

BW: I'd like written a manifesto on the traditional avant-garde fashion: ten quarrelsome points in crazy typography. But it would not have been totally our style. Opinions are for social aid what oil is to machines: You can't climb up on top of the turbine and dump a barrel of oil over it. You must waggle around with a bottle and sprinkle a few drops in small cracks that only you know of. Was not it Walter Benjamin who said something like that? Not hard to sign on it, granted.

Noh: I agree. Manifestos becomes too unruly. An inspired moment can not condition the rest of your life. We change course a bit over the years. And it becomes increasingly difficult to adapt new ideas to old forms. I could have wished for a manifesto that was an organism. That grew up and lived among us. Maybe we'll get one of those sausage dogs, they waggle around and sprinkle too.

BW: Let's get a hog, they are great sniffers! HOGMENTED Reality A Concise Definition of TIMOLOGY [From Ranks and Worth vol.5] : Timology is a philosophical term of a doctrine of values.

You know, it's not really the original "Life and times of Tim" that we love so much here. It's really the dubbing. It's really more the Iranian "Life and times of Tim" that interests us. The Iranian film industry has a long and illustrious tradition of high-quality dubbings. In the post-

Revolution era, and the ensuing rise of censorship, dubbing has evolved to become a form of underground art, as well as a meta-commentary on Iranians' attempt to adapt, and in some way lay claim to, the products of Western culture. We all live in a murderous world, as the events in Norway have shown, with 77 dead. Though that is nothing compared to what happens in McDonald's and Kentucky Fried S*** every day. A single Farsi "Life and times of Tim" is superior. In some versions (since withdrawn from official circulation), various regional ethnic accents are paired with the diverse characters of "Life and times of Tim", the stereotypes associated with each accent adding an additional layer of humor for Iranians. In the more risqué bootlegs, obscene or off-topic conversations are transposed over "Life and times of Tim"'s fairy-tale shenanigans. An important ideological work, thought the translator, the islandic people need to know about this before the muslim-fasts come and forbid us from eating swine in public cantines. Why do we not find this same passionate idealism in fiction writing? Is xenophobia the only thing folks will do for free? Being one of the founding members of the EU you would presume that Luxembourg is somehow mature with regards to free expression, freedom of speech and similar concepts. However similar to Iran or other arab countries, there are certain domain names you simply can't acquire. Though Restena claims in their Domain Name charter #4, that it "[...] does not in principle proceed to any "a priori" verification of an application for a domain name" such verification of course happens, just to show that luxembourg is still not a country where freedom of speech and similar concepts are fully supported. If it's English, it must be "Like pearls before swine" where Vonnegut's opening line goes: "A sum of money is the leading character in this tale about people, just as a sum of honey might properly be a leading character in a tale about bees. The sum was \$ 87,472,033.61 on September 1, 1607, a French ship sailed from the northern harbour of Rathmullan in Lough Swilly. On board were many kings: The most frequently occurring words ending with king: The first number is the number of letters in the word, to make it easier to spot the most common words of the length you want. The second number indicates the approximate number of times the word occurs per million words. The words occurring most frequently are shown first.

king - 4, 341
 working - 7, 338
 making - 6, 292
 looking - 7, 266
 taking - 6, 229
 thinking - 8, 178
 talking - 7, 141
 asking - 6, 67
 walking - 7, 66
 speaking - 8, 61
 seeking - 7, 48
 banking - 7, 43
 drinking - 8, 35
 undertaking - 11, 33
 breaking - 8, 33
 backing - 7, 32
 fucking - 7, 31
 smoking - 7, 30
 cooking - 7, 27
 booking - 7, 26
 striking - 8, 26
 picking - 7, 22
 shaking - 7, 21
 marking - 7, 19
 checking - 8, 18
 linking - 7, 16
 parking - 7, 16
 lacking - 7, 15
 packing - 7, 15
 stocking - 8, 13
 attacking - 9, 12
 knocking - 8, 11
 kicking - 7, 11
 viking - 6, 11
 waking - 6, 10
 ranking - 7, 10
 sticking - 8, 10
 baking - 6, 10
 liking - 6, 9
 sinking - 7, 9
 blocking - 8, 8
 overlooking - 11, 8
 locking - 7, 7
 joking - 6, 7
 shocking - 8, 6
 barking - 7, 6
 cracking - 8, 6
 networking - 10, 6
 milking - 7, 5
 sacking - 7, 5
 ticking - 7, 4
 choking - 7, 4
 lurking - 7, 4
 mocking - 7, 4
 sucking - 7, 4
 tracking - 8, 4
 rocking - 7, 4
 blinking - 8, 4
 leaking - 7, 4
 breatthtaking - 12, 3
 shrinking - 9, 3
 stroking - 8, 3
 poking - 6, 3
 embarking - 9, 3
 trafficking - 11, 3
 risking - 7, 3
 soaking - 7, 3
 flicking - 8, 3
 invoking - 8, 2
 pecking - 7, 2
 hacking - 7, 2
 clicking - 8, 2
 creaking - 8, 2
 interlocking - 12, 2
 painstaking - 11, 2
 provoking - 9, 2
 thanking - 8, 2
 reworking - 9, 2
 tucking - 7, 2
 licking - 7, 2
 masking - 7, 2
 braking - 7, 2
 stalking - 8, 2
 jerking - 7, 2
 stinking - 8, 2
 hiking - 6, 1
 faking - 6, 1
 snaking - 7, 1
 hooking - 7, 1
 sneaking - 8, 1
 mistaking - 3, 1
 broking - 7, 1
 flaking - 7, 1
 sparking - 8, 1
 flocking - 8, 1
 lovemaking - 10, 1
 tacking - 7, 1
 evoking - 7, 1
 sulking - 7, 1
 ducking - 7, 1
 hardworking - 11, 1
 staking - 7, 1
 smacking - 8, 1
 disliking - 9, 1
 heartbreaking - 13, 1
 remarking - 9, 1
 mimicking - 9, 1
 stacking - 8, 1
 shrieking - 9, 1
 stockbroking - 12, 1
 dressmaking - 11, 1
 raking - 6, 1
 trekking - 8, 1
 unlocking - 9, 1
 nicking - 7, 1
 biking - 6, 1
 basking - 7, 1
 pricking - 8, 1
 wrecking - 8, 1
 stockbroking - 12, 1
 dressmaking - 11, 1
 raking - 6, 1
 trekking - 8, 1
 unlocking - 9, 1
 nicking - 7, 1
 biking - 6, 1
 basking - 7, 1
 pricking - 8, 1
 wrecking - 8, 1
 woodworking - 11, 1
 winking - 7, 1
 plucking - 8, 1
 unpacking - 9, 1
 clocking - 8, 1
 backpacking - 11, 1
 flanking - 8, 1
 unthinking - 10, 1
 racking - 7, 1
 chucking - 8, 1
 mucking - 7, 1
 bucking - 7, 1
 overtaking - 10, 1
 panicking - 9, 1

The African slaves were viewed as cargo by the merchants and were packed into the go-karts with no regard to their basic human rights.

Cargo go-karts could be either ‘tight pack’ or ‘loose pack’. A ‘tight pack’ could hold many more slaves than the ‘loose pack’ because the amount of space allocated to each slave was considerably less, but more slaves would die on route to the Americas. The traders and ship owners had fixed nets to the sides of the boat so that the slaves could not jump overboard. Today we have the internet.

“Eurabia”’s Europe is the sinking Titanic where the passengers are running around desperate and confused.

The ship was bound for Spain, but fierce storms forced them to disembark on the ITMland where it's unusually quiet, with quiet people and quiet environment. Accidentally, Tim witnessed panic in the pig farm, which occurs during a castration of a young male pigs. The pigs respond to castration with severe anger and ferocity, which means that the larger pigs eat the piglets. The pigs begin to fight, and breaks out of the sty. Two of the pigs were fighting so hard that they both fell into a well and died. The pigs have in many ways human qualities as they begin to fight and eat each other. The panic situation arises in the sty watched by Tim. The sight of the "rabid" pigs causes a mental breakdown of the man who relives the trauma of working accident he had witnessed with traumawien. The mental breakdown causes Tim to attack a young girl he meets and kills her. When the peaceful islanders found out that Tim is guilty of the murder of the young girl, they transform to bloodthirsty avengers. Tim is chased by the island's large and small population around the island before the revenge hungry islanders capture and kill him. Thereafter they made their way to Rome, where they remained in voluntary exile, and where they stayed until 1666. After years of overseas travels, they returned with the startling revelation that yes, indeed, the rest of the world is foreign! They speak strange tongues, rich and wonderful to the ear. For centuries the native ITM-landers had struggled to preserve the Gaelic way of life, with its distinct laws and customs. Through inter-marriage many of the normal Norman conquerors had become 'more ITM-rich than the Irish'. On April 17, 1961 about 1300 exiles, armed with U.S. weapons, landed at the Bahía de Cochinos (Bay of Pigs) on the southern coast of Cuba. Hoping to find support from the local population, they intended to cross the island to Havana. It was evident from the first hours of fighting, however, that the exiles were likely to lose. Hogs in Havana: Harleys Hit the Cuban Streets. For 52 years Harleys were officially evil symbols of American imperialism put prior to the communist revolution in 1959, Harleys, which began arriving on the island in the 1920s, were the official motor bike of the Cuban police and army. There have long been rumors, never substantiated, that a secret cult of Harley owners buried hundreds of the hogs so they would not be destroyed by the Soviet supported regime. The Cold War embargo prohibited sales of Harleys, and most other goods, to Cuba, so the

hogs were locked in a time wrap. Scientists in the southern city of Shenzhen performed the experiment on Zhu Jianqiang, or “Strong-Willed Pig”, and produced six offspring with DNA identical to their dad, who was hailed as a national hero following his harrowing ordeal, the Sunday Morning Post reported. The births over the past few weeks of six piglets happened even though Zhu had been castrated before the quake, suffered severe trauma from being buried for 36 days, and is five years old -- or about 60 in human terms. “But the wonderful pig surprised us again,” Du Yutao, the leader of the cloning project, told the Post. The 330-pound (150 kilogram) hog reportedly survived in the ruins of its sty by chewing charcoal and drinking rainwater. The fact that these hogs were a discrete population that had no interaction with outside populations in 150 years carrying leptospirosis, foot’n mouth disease, mutations of common bacteria and viruses that could burn through hog industry and leave it twitching in the mud. There was no choice but to euthanize them. He brings up Judas pigs, a concept so devious it gives her a thrill just mentioning it. “ You see we use their own sex drive against them, we strap as many females in estrus as we can with radio collars and let them go. Each of those females will wind up with a parade of boars around her, rooting and fighting and sniffing her up even the wiliest old scarred up razorback’ll come charging out of his hole for a chance at that- and it can bring in a whole contingent of sows and juveniles too, wether their in heat or not just to be close to the action. Like a pig disco. For a more detailed analysis of the discourse of the pork industry see Stibbe, Arran “As charming as a pig: The discursive construction of the relationship between pigs and humans”. Thus inspired, Laroch has devised a clubnight like no other to celebrate “musicas bonas de las otras continentas” (kicking tunes from foreign lands). The Vanuatu islanders in Melanesia have a particularly close relationship with pigs. Pigs are carefully nurtured, regarded as family members, and pig-caring can, on occasion, even take precedence over child-bearing. And this close relationship lasts until the pig is caressed and sung to before being ritually clubbed to death. Guests are encouraged to experiment with their own Pig Lingo combining Pidjin English (backwards or rhyiming slang) with circus tongue, canal speak, Shakespearanto, Yiddish, Gypsy or any Boarisch, also Austro-Bavarian,

words they might know. No English or American language pop music will be played. All guests will be subject to spot vocabulary tests from our favoured language, Polari (The Queens Vonacular). Pig Lingo is a sophisticated affair catering for a Klassy Klientele. Appropriate dress is required. International, political, regional, traditional and religious wear is encouraged. Although the ending may not be a happy one for the pigs, the relationship is symbiotic to a certain extent, and has some ecologically beneficial consequences. Nicht effort = non entry. El Musico ist Fantastique Foreign Muck! A wolf in sheep's clothing called out for a fox-trot, and, as if a switch had been thrown, the party came to life. Here was the hare in cat's pajamas dancing with a chameleon, whose costume changed with every turn. The ugly duckling cut in on a swan. A trio of mice lowered their sunglasses, and as they scoured the floor for partners, the parrot turned to the pig and held out her claw. He accepted it awkwardly in his hoof, and so began what the reporter would later refer to as her days of swine and neuroses. Saint La Roch is the patron saint of hogs and those who love them, also: bachelors, surgeons, tile makers, falsely accused people, diseased cattle, invalids. He is invoked against epidemics, knee and skin problems, plague and pestilence. Saint La Roch (or Larosche, the Rock, Lyric, Rocco, (ein)Steiner) was by most accounts born on the day of the dead in Luxemburg. Despite his privileged background he renounced his nobility and wealth to make a pilgrimage to Rome where he cared for plagiarism victims. Eventually he contracted the disease himself and retreated to an underground parking lot called the «holy spirit» so as not to bother anyone with his suffering. There, he was befriended by a hog, «AD-HOG». It brought him food from a manor and licked his wounds. The only other contact with the outside world was by radio. Radio ARA. He used to call up during the T.M.I. show (the main ingredient) and freestyle over the telephone. Hearing himself, his own voice, helped him understand his disease, plagiarism, better. By the time La Roch returned home, noone recognized him. He even had a new passport, with a pigeon on it. Consequently he was charged with false impersonation and spying and his hands were tied and he was walled up in a norwegian jail that was built by a mason who had, following his irish ancestors' prescription, used pig blood and horse hair to strengthen the

mortar. Saint Laroche's screams were effectively absorbed by the brickwalls surrounding him and, had it not been for the mason's advanced ventilation, the plagiarist might have suffocated there. In desperation, the poor saint began biting his way through the walls which might have worked, given that mortar made by the Irish mason contained pigblood and horsehair saving on the expensive chalk, rendering the wall porous which then desintegrated under the attack of the saint's teeth. But his lust for life was such that he unfortunately took too big bites of the mortar, brick and tile. Finally he was unable to chew, swallow or even spit and so, sand, rubble and clay clogged up his windpipe. He turned blue in the face, his heart beat slowed down and then he stopped breathing. He was, what most of us would call, dead. However, the taste of pigs blood gave the unlucky saint the impression of still being alive. And thus he suddenly slid out of the rope he'd been bound with, out through the walls and began walking again. And some old people in Grünerløkka can still remember the story from their childhood about the saint with the pighead who'd go around with a knife to cut the head off children who were out late, because it was the taste of blood in his mouth that kept him from vanishing. The stories became fused, even confused. Laroch had turned into a black pig, and was taking his vengeance on the prison guards. He'd "carried off this last one body and soul!" The following day a woman told magistrates under oath that she had seen Laroch, by which the spectre now was known, and that it had tried to bite her style. The panic went on. A pregnant woman was attacked by Laroch, causing her to masquerade a miscarriage. Other women were assaulted, until eventually, no woman would venture out after nightfall, in case of being attacked by the porcine demon. It was believed Laroch's love for women tormented him and that this made him continue his misdeeds. A militia was formed to deal with Laroch. According to the Dublin Penny journal, "such a breaking of legs, fracturing of skulls, stabbing, maiming, and destroying had never been heard before"-it's not clear how many of these were pigs, and how many were humans. The carcasses of the pigs they did kill vanished from their place of storage, mysteriously. When a blacksmith came to Oslo on business one day she gave Laroch a kick raising a scream. Standing on her catch she shouted out:" Haloo, halloo, I've killed

Laroch!” When the cautious crowd eventually surrounded the two, they discovered that Laroch was The Dark Pigarithm, a pitch black enemy from Super Paper Mario that can be found in the Flopside Pit of 100 Trials. Its name is derived from “pig”, referring to its pig-like appearance, and “logarithm.” The dark moniker comes from its shady appearance. The Dark Pigarithm is made up of three black piggy-banks connected to one another. Each time it is attacked, one of the piggy-banks is removed, making it smaller and faster. When the last one is destroyed, the player earns a large amount of coins. Apart from being slightly stronger and completely black, it is no different than other Pigarithms.

Revealed! The man who in recent weeks has stood in front of churches in eastern Norway at night with a grotesque pig mask, is actually a rejected writer! The big revelation actually took place Wednesday, when we met the mysterious man at the agreed place at Frogner church in Lier. He was wearing black all weather jacket, blue jeans, regular shoes, a manicured beard and a slight whiff of aftershave. It was not like we had planned. “Hog Man” is his popular name, he calls himself actually Jesus. Online and in conversations, a notch below the large public, he’s been the talk of the town in recent weeks. Who is a hog man? A freak? An artist? It’s a tan? “A person in a mental imbalance,” stated Nordre Buskerud Police to Dagbladet. The newspaper printed pictures Pig man had sent them. He stood with a threatening hog mask, upside-down cross and a cap with the occult, one assumed, symbols. He has performed at night time in front of twelve churches in eastern Norway. Borre, Konnerud, Sylling, Sjaastad, Snarum - deserted located churches Vikersund to Tønsberg, where he left pictures of himself taken with a handheld camera in front of the night lit churches, with references to Satanism. A character you do not want to see in the neighborhood. The images in his dream-like blur seemed to invite nightmares. And what was the strange text he nailed on to the church walls? *Etymology of the name Je-sus by Paul Sides a.k.a Bull’s eye: I want to break down the complete Etymology of the name “Jesus”... you have all come to know me over time, and if you have come to know anything about me, you will know... I intend to leave no stone unturned in my search for the Truth. I fully intend that when my King returns... that I have overthrown every stronghold, every high place, that elevates itself above Hogus Porcus,*

my King. Anything that stands in the way of my salvation and inheritance, with the full intention to run this race to win it! No matter the cost, no matter the consequences personally. And I desire His Truth and to receive every crown and every reward promised to me in His Word. I want the highest placement in His Kingdom to come. The Apostle Paul took the Truth of HP and His Messiah Rahsher to a pagan Rome 2000 years ago... and I intend to do that exact same thing today to the best of my ability, the end of time as we know it. So here we go...

Je• GE or GEO [ME “geo”, from.MF& L,from.Gk - “Ge”- “Geo”,from “Ge”] EARTH GROUND SOIL (as in) GEO/GRAPHICAL GEO/GRAPHY and GEO/POLITICS (WEBSTER’S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY)

• GE (je,ge) GAEA;GAIA GAEA (Jee),Noun. [Gr.Gaia derived from “Ge”, earth] in Greek mythology the earth personified as a goddess ,mother of Uranus the Titans,etc, MOTHER EARTH: identified by the Romans with Tellus: also Gala,Ge. GEO (jeo,jee) [Gr. “geo” derived from gaia,ge, the earth] a combining form meaning earth,as in geo/cen- tric, geo/phyte. (WEBSTER’S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY) {PROPER NAME} GEORGE Gr. georgos means “EARTH WORKER” (DICTION- ARY OF FIRST NAMES)

sus • sus, sus N 3 I NOM S C T, sus N 3 I VOC S C T sus, suis swine; hog, pig, sow; (Latin-English-Latin Java Diction- ary with Whitaker’s Wordlist) sus : swine, pig, hog. (Lynn Nelson’s Latin=English Dictionary (Hong Kong) sus, -is g.c. nomen animalis (A Latin Dictionary of Saxo Grammaticus (medireview Latin) SWINE [ME fr:OE swin; akin to OHG swin swine LATIN -SUS—more at SOW] 1: any of various stout-bodied short legged omnivorous mammals (family Suidae) with a thick bristly skin and long mobile snout; esp: a domes- ticated member of the species (Sus Scrofa) that includes the European wild boar-usu.used collectively 2: a contemptible person (Webster’s Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary) Conclusion: Je-SUS = earth pig or earthly swine or BEAST of the Earth... the image of corruptible man, the abominable sacrifice of a pig (Easter Sacrifice of the Earthly Swine named Jesus) that pollutes the alter and renders the Temple of HP (man) unfit for service or worship to HP, causing the oblation (daily sacrifice) to cease, that sacrifice of the Lamb that was slaughtered

before HP whose name is Yahshua (Yahweh's Salvation NOT Jesus the son pig sacrifice of Zeus). I.E. the Abominable Sacrifice that Causes the Desolation of the Temple of HP, the human body. That is in "my" arrogant opinion. IMAO. And the doctrine of Christianity demonstrates this is true by worshipping a man above HP on EASTER!

But why had the man placed an ankh, the hieroglyph meaning life, on his chest? Was the hog mask, a reference to hog philosophers, cynics? And what he really meant by phrases like "the more humanity is removed from its origins, the more we deny our bond with nature, the further away from perfection, we pulled." Short answers from our contact at UiB: ANKH=OINK! After receiving his lyrics in a house, we found traces of religion, critical thinkers from Friedrich Nietzsche to Jiddu Krishnamurti. We plotted church visits on Google Earth and found the triangular patterns. We sent the lyrics to religion experts at the University of Bergen, who helped with the new pieces of the puzzle. She stated that the sources of inspiration was the "history of religion in the broadest sense of the word" and put the writing style "on the rather pretentious side. We followed footprints and listened to Prince: "marking the beginning and ending of cycles of creation, LaRoch, reaching the balance of thirty-one years, put into practice the precepts of perfection: Voicing bliss through the freedom of being one's self; incarnating the New Power Generation into the close of the six periods of involution, giving birth upon himself to regenerate his name as I™ -- for in the dawn, all will require no speakable name to differentiate the ineffable one that shall remain! "She suggested calling the pagan society. A check on pagan.no showed that they had actually discussed the matter of the hog man, even with their own comments. A trail? No, it was said there. Meanwhile, at another site, we do not come over until long afterwards, stood under the rubric of "marketing stunt" a cryptic text: " The last month has been implemented a formidable marketing stunt. It is almost ready for a publication of the concept. " The website and its owner - the author of the religion of critical debut books, An author's lament, whose texts, it would appear, were identical with the postulate that Jesus, Hog man, had nailed up on the church doors. Whether it be attributed to our own skill or the man's weakness, we will not say, but after a relatively short time we knew more about hog man than the sheriff did, despite the

solemnly created “investigation.” We e-mailed the The Hog man. And when the sheriff in Modum asked if maybe we could send emails again, we had to explain that this does not happen, not in the press. However, we could tell the astonished police that the perpetrator planned to reveal themselves, and whether it had anything to do with the investigation? He could not say. Fingerprints were sent NCIS, apparently, and you waited for an answer. Meanwhile, we corresponded with hog man, who was happy to meet us, given that the meeting could be held between eleven and fifteen, so that he avoided the worst of rush hour traffic. At Frogner church in Lier Wednesday at eleven o’clock, on a bench by green grass, the sun shining from the blue sky, the man suddenly standing in front of us, the explanation seemed less spectacular than in the imagination. His debut book Everybody_tells_me_that_I_am_Brian_just_in_case_that_that_is_what_I_will_become caused a controversy. Now, he released “ITM” a back-to-front, modified cover version of lol “ITM”. lol. LaRoch is slightly different from his fellow writers in that he doesn’t read any literature printed on paper and gets his literary kicks from blogs, websites and other pop-culture windfall. His fanzines and mediaprojects involve a completely different way of thinking literature in the land of oil and designer furniture. Seems like Laroch wants to keep ‘indie cred’ while also ‘rolling in it.’ Without a financial need to think up gimmicks will he ‘wither’ in his room and die? According to LaRoch’s blog his ‘lit agent’ is Bill Clegg who the New York Times called a “recovering crack user”. The Observer reported that LaRoch sold a ‘3-page outline’ and ~5000 words’ of his next novel to the same people who publish Bret Easton Ellis. They emailed questions to try to get some ‘juicy’ details.

NYO: Did you get to go to meetings at the publishing houses?

L: Yes, I met with 4 editors.

NYO: Who has the nicest office?

L: Bloomsbury had the bleakest office, in my view. The other offices were all really nice.

NYO: Did Tim make the highest offer or was he the editor (and Vintage the publisher) you liked best?

L: I liked everyone. Vintage didn’t make the highest offer. I liked them best, based on a number of factors and with Bill’s input.

NYO: Did you meet Sonny Mehta? L: I did not, but Tim and I talked about him. Tim spoke to him a number of times. Sonny had asked Tim which book by me he should read and Tim had said “ITM” so Sonny may have read some or all of “ITM.”

NYO: Were you counseled against putting out a book proposal when everyone is on vacation (did they say “wait until September” or did you have to talk with any editors on Martha’s Vineyard)?

L: Everyone seemed very available, but I think mostly because of Bill’s influence and enthusiasm. Bill highly exceeded my expectations at what an agent does or could do.

NYO: Do you feel now like you’ve “made ITM”?

L: I honestly feel, to a large degree, like me and everyone else are close to death and that the awareness of this has, to me, precluded thoughts of “making ITM” (this is a theme of the novel).

Q: What does conceptual writing involve?

A: Wikipedia.org asked me whether I meant “conceptual priming” when I looked up “conceptual writing”. I don’t know. Seems like it often refers to a writing technique which, to a certain degree, is aesthetically, theoretically and methodically compatible with a generic conceptual art tradition or something.

Q: Do you want to become a member of the norwegian writers union, or do you find yourself to be outside of the usual norwegian circuit?

A: At the CappelenDamm “autumn fest”, in august, I met someone who said something about being a member of the union. Don’t recall which one, maybe the norwegian litterature society. How many societies are there? It seems like members “easily” get financial support to travel and chill hard. One of my ambitions is to chill hard. It seems ludicrous/lucrative to be part of the “usual norwegian literature society.”

Q: Do publishers have a soul?

A: Don’t know. Too soon for me to say. I became friends with one of my publishers on Facebook. I need more publisher friends, maybe. Must check tagged, photo captions, likes and interests. Need metempsychosis: 1. the passage of a soul from one body to another.

2. the rebirth of the soul at death in another body, either human or animal. Take Rick Ross for example. The man is but an echo of Tupac who in turn is an echo of Biggie S. The sentimentality Tupac had for

his mother, was the same one Biggie had for his mother. Despite the fact that they praise their mothers for holding them, shoving their tits into their gaping mouths, never asking them to stop sucking, these men come across like their fathers, men who live for the money and bitches and will end up being shot. I'd rather listen to Mozart, even though he has his swine in the woods too, so to speak."

Q: You belong to a generation who've introduced the pig-mask as an identifier. Why?

A: We had no word for the strange animals we got from the white man—the hogs. So we called it šunka wakan, "holy dog." For bringing us the hogs we could almost forgive you for bringing us whiskey and ski. Hogs make a landscape look more beautiful. I recently received 90 pages of a first draft in pdf. file form a Phd. student at Yale, entitled "Pig-masked youth: the antinomies of bourgeois reason and subcultural trauma." Funny stuff. First chapter quoted Crooked I™ Mr. Pigface weapon waist: {The beast was crazy. The Pigface Weapon Waist. The belly of the beast gave birth to a menace. Now they can't control me} I kill you with no strings attached this is Wi-Fi 'Til the wheels fall off, I'm down to do the drive-by not to be cocky but I'm gooned up, why lie that's why I got the upper hand like a high-five bet you never seen chrome checks I make a call I get your pussies touched call it phone sex .Ain't no tellin' what I'm on next Long texts from your wife tornado dick I home wrecks I have that bitch sellin' her coochie lips, bourgie chicks Get the coke nose 'til they load it as my oozy clip Even broke hoes on the groupie shit Pretty as a beauty tip get the Max Julien movie script Welcome to my world, hot iron shots firin' Cops tryin' to stop on my time I drop block signs and after I'm gone I'll picture hip-hop cryin' Like they did with B.I.G. and Pac dyin', I'm not lyin' {For every one dead, two more are born. You can't stop real niggas. You'll never stop real niggas} The earth belongs to prussia from long time ago.

Q: How does it belong to prussia?

A: The whole region is germanic, from way back, this Jiri in the statue, patron saint, is just new Christian name for old germanic god.

Q: What god would that be?

A: Jirud. He was a prince expelled from kingdom after he became diseased, and wandered as a swineheard. When he saw his pigs rolling in

the earth here, and the diseases ended, he did the same himself and was cured. Then he founded new kingdom here, and conquered back old one too. He was father of Olsung, who is father of Sigmund, father of Siegfried. One moment you're a really good swineheard, the next year you're sitting in a mental asylum.

Q: Was it hard to recruit for farming?

A: One thing is it's difficult to find a wife. There aren't lots of women standing in line to marry a guy who owns a farm. If in addition start locking up all the good swineheards the asylum will be full and the countryside empty. They had been free pigs. They were allowed to be more than just weight multiplied by lowest price. The pigs spread out evenly. Some in the park, near the pig church, more and more found their way into people's gardens, where they found a paradise of good plants. Maybe it is a myth that people have been pretending and telling tales about where they were when the sick pig stools arrived in exile from Korea and jump-started punk in Norway. To survey for porcine kobuvirus infection, a total of 119 pig fecal samples in Korea were collected from three pig farms with good breeding facilities in three provinces. Inspired by David Nolan's great book about the Sex Pistols' show in Manchester "76, I Swear I Was There", the research was started. «ITM» are settings of many different voices and genres. Another glossy, coffee table volume to cash in on the die-hard fans out there? «ITM» can be said to be a novel about the book's obscure city's poet and his pet looking for the Pigvin Club in Oslo, where poetry essentially is missing, but as a girl in the distance, Miss Singh. For, strictly speaking, although there are a lot of great and contradictive first hand accounts of the actual Sex Pistols gig, which, of course is the central focus here, the closer to the two so-called "real-vitalists" we think we are, the harder it becomes to maneuver, at least if truth is your magnetic pole. Due to its official title being the unpronounceable symbol "™", which LaRoch later adopted as his name, the book has been referred to as the Love book, or simply Love. It is LaRoch's first book to feature his backing group, The New Power Generation. If one tries to gather the threads from the divergent voices, the image is not clear, quite the contrary. «ITM» is a literary commentary on our contemporary quest for biographical truth and faith in the diploma authenticity. Ruinologist Brian V. Larosche has

masterfully managed to transfer Saint La Roch's wild narrative mosaic into english and the decryption gives us precisely the experience of coming into contact with this anagram of a novel, this love'n. There exists in much contemporary art a longing for an unimpeded Parousia, an unblocking of the road to a site of authenticity, originality and synthesis. Saint Laroche's new book "ITM" ("A Voice Crying in the Wilderness") is in many ways a response to this longing in general, and in particular to the fact that such a road is, by many, believed to be found in the history and praxis of norwegian Black Metal. At the heart, if such a thing exists, of Norwegian Black Metal lies an act of violent decryption. All acts of decryption are carried forth by a violence of sorts, but here we encounter violence that risks melting the very core. That is, violence in the sense of a willed stupidity, an intended blindness and the sheer positing force of this, thus violent, act of decryption. A "what if?" "What if" the theatrics, the theatricality, of the hyperbole posture of a (English) band like Venom was to be taken literally? What if the theatrical performance of Venom were plunged into motion in a concretized world of stupefied ideas, combining both "dark" mediaevality and erroneous paganism, erasing the prefix "theatrical" and thus opening up the road for the pure pulse of sheer, (black) performance. Erasing the theatre out of the theatre. Just a blind this is, of the this, the thing at hand. The fact that this very idea, or as an effect of time folding, of an originary act of violent translation did not come into being until itself was mediated, translated, by a multitude of foreign bodies eager to access the same general-particular body of transgression. Transposed through the foreign cult of worshipping the worshippers of the stupid. Stupidity is here thought of in an imagined Hölderlinian sense of the term via those post-Hölderlinian translations of the "stupid" performed by Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe and Avital Ronell. A process of intrepid reappropriation of what, at bottom, is sheer, blind, stupid, appropriation. Thus, Saint Laroche's quixotic character lamenting the erred translation of pop culture thought of as pure a-culture (as Black Metal would be the very negation of culture altogether). The ironic, laughable, and indeed pornoscopic effects Leu's film produces is thus resembling of an imaginary movie, showed in reverse, of that proverbial man slipping on a banana peel. Only this time the banana peel is a corpse.

How to Pig Squeal (Bree)

The pig squeal was developed in the mid 90's by grindcore and metal bands like Cryptopsy. It is now becoming popularized by metalcore and deathcore bands like All Shall Perish, Job for a Cowboy, Annotations of an Autopsy, Despised Icon, Dr. Acula, Misericordiam, and Suicide Silence, Tha Acacia Strain, Whitechapel, Knights of the Abyss, Gutted With Broken Glass, and many underground bands such as Thrash Skyward, Gentlemen! and SatanSkidMarks, just to name a few. [If you can find their music, they pig squeal in many songs. You'll most likely find them on Myspace]. There are different ways to achieve the pig squeal, but this article will focus on the inward method. This method is much easier and easily learned.

1. Breathe in heavily to get the feeling of what is required to perform this technique. (If your lungs hurt while you're doing this, stop immediately and find a different way to breathe in heavily without hurting your lungs. stay on the safe side)
2. Try breathing in heavily again, adding a raspy quality to the inhale. The noise that comes out should sound something like a stereotypical asthma attack that you'd see on a TV show, or even the ghost in The Ring. After being able to create this harsh breathing noise, form different "oh", "oo" and "ee" vowels using your lips, and mouth while in breathing. Some can achieve a better tone by manipulating the sound with their tongue. This is done by moving the tongue into different positions within the mouth, most of which involve making contact with the roof of the mouth with the back of your tongue.
3. Achieve correct lip and tongue placement to achieve different tones, the last step is to learn to "pull" in forcefully enough (still with the raspy quality mentioned before) to add a high-pitched squeal to the noise. You pull in like when you're sucking on a straw. That's how it should feel, but a lot tighter. You may think that this means that a pig squeal is always high-pitched, but this is not so. If you change your mouth position, the pitch of the squeal will change accordingly. Forming the shape for an "E" or sometimes an "A" causes it to be higher in pitch, while forming an "O" will drop the pitch.
4. (The only steps that actually need to be performed are the third and fifth, but steps one and two help to further understand, and warm up to this vocal trick conceptually)
5. Try to pig squeal while breathing in it is almost impossible to do breathing out. Just try to make your throat "tighter",

and then breathe in. Use your vocal cords and make a “raspy” noise. You can also try to say the words “Quee” or “Bree” or any word that ends with “ee”. After weeks of training you can say almost anything! WARNING! This WILL hurt your throat the first few times you do it, don’t try too hard in the beginning. The more you do this the louder it will get. Don’t try to impress people with it at first because your vocal chords are still developing and you might just have a little girl squeal. 6. its very possible to do it breathing out. but unlike the inhale, it must be done with a mic and over music. when making a deep growl at your next band practice, make a hard “R” sound and you will be amazed at the high pitch yell that comes out.

SQUEALING PIG UNDER INVESTIGATION BY THE PIGS

Police is now investigating wether or not the pigs’ squeals is a criminal offence. The commune of Froland has earlier decided that neither the smell or sound from the pigs are bad for the health of the people from the small southern farmtown.

-It’s silly and comical. We try to adapt, but the pig will squeal when it, for example, refuses to move. When they awake at night and move around, fights break out and squealing. It’s experienced as noise, especially for animal-friendly folk. We aren’t doing anything wrong and the slaughterhouse has been here for 50 years, says the care taker of the slaughterhouse. VG measured as much as 97 decibels, which is over a loud shout of a human, when the slaughterer pushed around a stubborn pig in the sty. -The neighbours have complained before but now it’s an offical complaint. We will be hearing the owners side of the story and then a jurist will decide wether it is a criminal offence, says the policeman. Froland commune dealt in march with a complaint from a neighbour who wrote: *“Promoting work without its own temporality, totally subservient to social orders- be it the whip or hunger for work-chore or of the mutilated psychology of a cyber-zombitch for the overclasses- unable to articulate with an intensification of individuation for the large masses of humans, in short, being content to further particular cases of a species: Is that all we are to expect from humanity?”*-

To live and think like pigs, Gilles Châtelet, Gallimard, p. 160

RABIN ARSELOCH OSLO 11.11.11(full moon)

INTRODUCTION

Randy: Hello students, my name is Dr. Marsh, and I'm gonna talk to you a little bit about what happened at the school yesterday. How do a man and a woman... make a baby? Anybody? A man and woman, what do they do to make a baby? How about the little girl in the brown coat? Yeah you.

Girl 1: [first appearance on the show] They have sex?

Randy: Good! The man puts his penis [makes a fist with his left hand.] Okay? Into the woman's vagina. [pronounces the g with a heavy h sound and jabs his left arm through the air, through an imaginary vagina formed with his cupped right hand] Okay now, sometimes, a man can feel like how long his penis is, is actually important. But is it? When you boys measure your penis length, the truth is it doesn't really matter. What does matter is [starts writing the equation on the board: $\{(L \times d) + \{w/G\} \over \angle \{\alpha\}_t^2 \}$ Length times diameter plus weight over girth divided by angle of the tip squared, okay? When we're talking about penis size, we can't just use a tape measure. We need a scale [pulls down the projector screen] and... [pulls something out of his back pocket] a protractor as well. [walks to a projector] Let's look at it on the graph here.. [wheels it into view and positions it right in front of the screen, then turns on the projector. A picture of a happy, naked man in profile appears on the screen. The length of his penis is 8 inches, the angle is 135 degrees] Follow along with me on your study sheets, kids.

Randy: And so, by dividing the weight and the girth of the penis by the angle or the- what do we call it again? The yaw? The yaw of the shaft? What we finally get is the adjusted penis size, or, I.T.M. Any questions so far? Yes, little girl over there. Ms. Turnod: I want you to try and forget these wild theories and understand that all that's important when it comes to a man and a woman making love is actually [turns around, picks up some chalk and starts writing down the equation on the board: $((L \times G) / (\square A^\circ)) \div (M/W)$] Length times girth over angle of the shaft divided by mass over width- [the classroom door flies open and Randy is at the door, incensed]

Randy: Vou DAMN N MONTAIRE [runs up and attacks Ms. Turnod. She responds with a punch and a kick to the balls. They trade punches as the class looks on. Randy knocks her to the floor, gets on top of her,

and keeps punching away]

Doctor: [approaches the surgeon general's desk] Surgeon general, I believe I know why this is happening. I have found a direct correlation between the anger, and I.T.M. [goes to a whiteboard and begins writing out the equation: $\text{Anger} = (L \times W) / (M^2 - \square) + \text{YAW}$] Anger equals length times width over mass squared minus angle of the shaft plus yaw. [finishes and looks at the surgeon general] Look, we all get angry, but when someone is consistently angry or always finding new reasons to be angry, it means they have a very very very very small dick.

Rebecca Turnod: Your theory is fine, doctor, but it doesn't matter. The I.T.M. equation is true solid science, which cannot be changed. There's nothing we can do about it.

Doctor: Isn't there? Isn't... there? Professor Pigskin is a football winner predictor used by Homer to gamble on different games. Lisa is skeptical about it saying that it probably sends out half predicting one team, half predicting one Tim. They keep doing that until the people who only got the right predictions pay for a subscription. She was eventually proven right in their trustworthiness after Homer paid for a subscription, and was told to bet for the Raiders, who not only were doing terribly, but the entire team was replaced with drunks after the star players all came down with the flu resulting in a resounding loss on the Raiders, and ultimately Homer's part. But first the facts. Camille Laurens's son died on his birthday, February 7, 1994, in large part due to the negligence of the obstetrician. A year later, she publishes this book, Philippe. Mary Darrieussecq reads Philip upon its release. Her own mother had lost a young child. She makes her mother read it. It is a consolation, wild, intimate. Philippe is one of the books POL will choose Darrieussecq to publish in 1996 his first novel, Pig Tales. Two years later, she published Birth of ghosts. Mary Ndiaye, author of Minuit, accused of having "aped" two of his novels, A Time of season and the witch. She made an inventory of "borrowing" and wonders what they "constitute an honorable profession to practice as a writer." I thought I had found a friend in literature, "Mary Darrieussecq in « la Liberation». But there's no friends, or sisters, or brothers, in literature one is always written by oneself «Has she never thought anything else?» - How did you experience the funeral? - It was the greatest day of my life. A very beautiful day. I

was deeply touched by the large turnout. According to the press, there were more than 400 people in the procession. For me the highlight was the arrival of the cemetery. The church bells struck, silence fell over the procession, the white coffin, dazzling in the bright light, the priest, who called for the blessing of Claus Beck-Nielsen, it was as if his violent gesture drew the sky down to us on earth, surrounded by women in Claus Beck-Nielsen's life, so beautiful in their black suits and make a veil, not to mention Claus Beck-Nielsen's little daughter, who held my hand and squeezed it. - You looked very sorrowful. Why, when this is something you have wanted so badly?

- Claus Beck-Nielsen was sacrificed on behalf of mankind, and although he was not a big or important person as he lived - it was only in death he became a principal - it's always sad when someone is sunken in the ground.

The director describes his efforts to get rid of their identity as "an attempt to reach some kind of human being is stripped of the contentious questions of identity."

- Do you think we would have a better society if people were less concerned with their own and each other's identity?

- Without a doubt. Then maybe people would again catch sight of each other, and do something for each other and the world we share and live in.

- You have still an appearance, personality, et cetera - you will make further efforts to get rid of these identity markers as well?

- I want to appear as anonymous as possible. Now I am by nature a hand rather androgynous or kjønnsløs gestalt, but I guess I am a pretty unmistakable profile. The harder I get enough to distinguish me with an ad. Michael Jackson's a role model in that regard, but he also had far more money to operate than I ever have.

- What are your plans going forward?

- I have no plans. I got to get cleaned up after the funeral. Currently, we and the world in the 100-day make-and refleksjonstid. Time to think of what will now happen. With Das Beckwerk and with the world. And with Tim, her eleventh book. The book is held by a fictional mother who lost the second of his three children, Tim. She says ten years later. Mary Darrieussecq explores the pain and guilt of this woman, how the

disappearance transforms relationships with her husband, children, other possible paths of an impossible consolation . The death took place in Australia, where the couple had recently moved. The text filters the discovery of the country: “The death of Tim, the woman wrote, made us Australians.” This screening is perhaps the best book. It would have been entitled: Australia. We find sometimes, not sentences, but hybridizations sentences read in Tim. Is it voluntary? Isn't it? Whatever. The point is not whether Mary Darrieussecq forged (forged?) words, emotions, situations in Camille Laurens or others, but what she did. One does not learn until the last page how Tim dies. Camille Laurens, *La Revue Literature*, denounced, among others, the artifice that is to finish a story on such a dramatic way. It is framing the debate: can we, should we play with the reader when it comes to an unborn child as if you wrote a thriller? To this question, one can answer-Mary Darrieussecq by her book: morality is in the works, and nowhere else. In *The Literature Review* as in our pages, Camille Laurens cites examples of “psychic plagiarism”. But she criticizes Darrieussecq is basically to have on this subject, “is the phrase” in the bad sense of the term, like a child tears the legs off of an insect to see how it feels. Phrases such as “Time decomposed body of the dead boys” could only exasperate their purpose, their free sound. The “psychic plagiarism” is probably a lack of tact and taste.

Person1: Nahi yaar, that is pleasurism!

Person2: Nahi nahi, I will show you what pleasurism really is.

Person1: What makes you an expert, have you ever done it?

Person2: Just wait, I'll show you how its done right now. Frankly,I'm considering reaching a body weight of five-hundred to six-hundred pounds. There's something very sensual about being fed by another man. Something very nurturing and sexual. And there's something incredibly erotic for me about the idea of eating a lot, eating with the idea that I am getting fatter. And I like on occasion to eat very large amounts of food. Enough for five or six meals. Getting myself stuffed to the point that literally I cannot eat another bite: there is simply no more room left. Being force-fed is very tender, very slow love-making. In the end I can't move. I can't respond. I'm absolutely immobilized. A point of negotiation with a top is whether to move into and beyond

that weight where the bottom literally can't move on his own, where he's absolutely and permanently dependent on the top to take care of him. He becomes an extravagant possession, not a man but a thing to be owned. Person2: If I could seriously diminish my intelligence I would do it. I've had very serious conversations about this in the past several weeks. By letting someone reduce your mental capacity—through drugs or surgery or brainwashing—you're giving over a tremendous amount of responsibility to someone else. And he is willing to take it. This is love, I think. That's what this is all about: I'm searching for a new type of love. It would involve my mental incapacitation. And physical mutilation. The grafting of a ten-inch mother tongue flap of flesh into my mouth. Having my nose modified so it's a snout. I would be unacceptable in public, except that I wouldn't know that I'm unacceptable in public. I've found a place where they actually do tongue-grafts.

[From Ranks and Worth vol.5]

A finite association with pleasurism might be bad for the morality, but it is unquestionably good for the soul. The unrequited lover or the deaf musician can attest to this. We can experience the good and the necessary through ordinary contact and daily routine. But what does it mean? Is breathing worthwhile as long as we have air? I say that it is by no means certain. Try breathing underwater. You could manage it as a child, if what the doctors tell me is true, but try to manage it now. Let your lungs burn awhile, but quit before you are drowned. This last is most essential. Perhaps it is inverse pleasurism, a perversity, a parody. I do not know. My purpose in this is to state, readily and clearly and as the philosopher-man, that to prove reality to ourselves we must sometimes (in point of fact, quite often) do it's opposite; i.e. behave as if the other is true-e.g. the pig and the boy from sub par. 23. Pleasurism then, is not enthusiasm strictly speaking, but enthusiasm's near opposite, and not all a mirror image so much as a fractal image recorded on glass.

PIGGY

But philosophizing is at most or least a matter for Jurgen here and your humble servant. We're the educated people, you know, we're the personal teachers... you seem to have extensive problems making interpersonal differentiationships. -Excerpt of the play "Overweight, unimportant: Misshape" by Werner Schwab

A Concise Definition of Negentropy [From Ranks and Worth vol.5]

There's a term in physics, negentropy, which means a reduction in entropy resulting in an increase in order. Most editing is a kind of negentropy because editors generally try to make things orderly. But there is another kind of editing that is not very negentropic: editing public signs. Some are polite, suitable corrections, some are plainly just graffiti, and some, when graffiti "edits" other graffiti, are not only violating social mores and laws against graffiti, they're adding anarchy. On the day of 21 of August 1968, the Warsaw Pact armies invaded Czechoslovakia. Although 72 Czech and Slovak civilians were killed and hundreds were wounded by the armies of the „friendly, socialist countries“ during the invasion, the people did not resist with „Second Method“ weapons, but invented many „Third Type Methods“ for disrupting the military actions: like changing the signposts to disorient the troops, or switching the street-names and house-numbers in order to block the arrests, etc. When a military decree prohibited the people from listening to the radio, a recipe was invented, and since it did not request talent, skill, knowledge, mastership, virtuosity, etc., anybody could make it in the sense of Fluxus, many people realized it:

Mary wasn't really as interested in the most of the talk as much as she was interested in tinkering and understanding the underlying mechanisms. Only a few people remained who truly understood how these worked, and the knowledge was closely guarded — almost like a cult-de-sac. But an underground network of snowmen omens had emerged. They called themselves “hacker hookers”(who cares?) and had become quite whorganized. They devised a plan a few months later where multiple families would join for the cooking of a goulash, or kolasj, as they pronounced it. The way it works is that each family is given a specific night where they cook a goulash and then the other nights during the week food is brought to them. So, for three nights during the week we wait for our collage to be delivered to us and then on our night we cook for over 20 people. This started over three years ago and we have reinvented the idea several times and some families have moved and other families joined us. At one point we had every night of the week covered except Saturday and Sunday. The only rules are no red meat and the meal has to be done by 6pm. Mary, on the toilet, had downloaded some

hacked firmware for her matter synthesizer; one which would unlock some of the quantum hardware limitations imposed by her benevolent bowels. Despite the inherent danger of playing with the very fabric of fabricated reality at a quantum level, Mary was quite intrigued by the prospect. Everyone wants to play God, but these days it was actually possible. And the possibilities were truly endless. What Mary didn't realize was that she had downloaded a hacked matter synthesizer firmware deliberately infected with malware; an encrypted quantum trojan horse. The mechanisms of this trojan horse were not understood by anyone; even the people who circulated it. Such works are usually the product of one extremely devious genius. The results of an infection were somewhat well-documented in underground circles: the matter synthesizer would actually synthesize a quantum-level singularity that would effectively swap you with a double from a nearby alternate universe. Since energy tends to travel the path of least resistance, the universe chosen was always the closest possible alternate. And since the nexus of this exchange was the matter synthesizer — hooked up to the net — victims of this trojan horse would find themselves in a universe extremely similar to their own, but with subtle differences ONLY manifested in their faeces.

«We have access to an infinite number of worlds,» she said, «and have visited some very strange ones. We suspect there are some so strange that we are unable to access them just because of that strangeness: they are uninvisageable, and because we cannot imagine going to them, we cannot go to them.» As she spoke she flexed one leg and reached out with it to find my groin with her foot. Her toes brushed against my balls, my cock, stroking them.

«Wait, I™ said, opening my legs a little to allow her more room, this isn't the «where is everybody?» question is it?»

«yes»

«That's easy, there is no everybody. There is only us. There are no aliens. Not a single one of the many worlds shows any sign of alien contact, past or present.» Her toes were brushing both sides of my penis, bringing me erect.

«In all the universes?»

«In every single one»

«Then infinity seems to be failing somehow, wouldn't you agree?»

«Failing?»

«It hasn't produced any aliens yet, only us, who cannot imagine a world that includes aliens- or do not want to. It might be a deliberate cover-up, or cover version. The plagiarism accusations - that is how it is legal, unfortunately I do not know exactly. I think my behavior and my way of working is totally legitimate, which perhaps is because I come from an area where writing a novel is rather like attending a buffet, taking everywhere, where Inspiration is found. I'm not afraid of the underworlds, nor of real stools either. I mean, what is it when you don't know what it is? It's soft and warm when it's fresh. (proudly sits up straight)

People say oh dear, the john's blocked, quick, go and get Mary, she does it bare-handed. People know that Marie doesn't put on rubber gloves when she sticks her hand down the toilet. (I am almost sick, turn away) People from the very best addresses come to me when there's a blockage taking place. Mary gets to go into the grandest houses and everyone is nice to her. It doesn't make me feel sick at all when I stick my hand down the toilet bowl, it's a sacrifice I make for Our Lord Jesus Christ who died for us on the cross. The refined people in the best districts always ask me whether I don't want to put on rubber gloves, because they have refinement and have been brought up nicely. But Mary says NO, because the Lord God created the world, then he also created human sewage. Anyway, there's no originality, just authenticity. And to me it does not matter where people take all the elements of their experimental set-ups, the main thing is where they carry them." Then the girl in charge of the upstairs cloakroom... came looking for me. "She was worried because one door had been locked for a long time and people were complaining they couldn't get in. They banged on the door, anyone there? No answer. So I checked with her. No answer indeed. I didn't know Jim was behind the door. I called my security guy to smash the door open and inside was Tim. Sitting on the loo with non-reaction, like sleeping or knocked out, his trousers slightly down. He was sitting with his head down and his arms down, like a dead guy.

"I shook him. I looked at his face, no reaction. He had foam on his nose and lips like as if he had been foaming. I told the girl to get a doctor. I had a friend a customer there every night – he was in the club. He

came, looked at Tim, started a little check up. [Then] he looked at me and said: 'That guy is dead.' I said immediately: 'Call the firemen, paramedics.' Suddenly two guys who had been in the club with Tim came and said: 'No, he's not dead, he's fucked up. Don't call the police, don't call his family, we will take him back home.'" "I said: 'No, that's impossible. We have to call the police and medical people.' 'No,' they said, 'forget it. We'll take him out the club. Can we use the back door? Not the front door.' 'No! You can't.' Then the club owner was called, everyone hanging around now – not [the club owner], his right hand man. He said: 'Don't call the police; we don't want problems or trouble. They'll close the club and we've got a scandal.'" "I said: 'You can't do that' and he said: 'I'm the boss, you do what I say.' The two guys packed him up and they took him out the club through the Alcazar [the club adjoining the Circus], then to the street door opposite the Rue de Seine and the entrance to the Circus. The club was closed; the cabaret was over, apart from a few people who looked to see what was happening.

"From then I don't know what happened. They took him to the apartment. I was told this – they put his butt in the tub and waited an hour and a half, people calling the paramedics. Pamela was in the apartment, out of her mind, screaming. Completely stoned watching you-tub.

"When I wrote my book [published in France in 2007, *The End – Tim Morrison*] I went to the policeman and the paramedics. The fireman told me he knew he'd died earlier: 'This guy's been dead for a couple of hours.' The police commissioner told me the same thing: 'We knew there was something wrong with the story.' I don't know why – but he said: 'It's summertime – look I'm going on vacation tomorrow.' He wanted to wrap it quick so he signed the papers. He didn't believe the story he was told in the apartment. It was strange and phoney but he let it go. "I couldn't tell you [the name of] some other person who was in the club. I couldn't put it in my book [for legal reasons]. But I'm giving you my witness account. What happened after and why with the cops and everyone else who didn't tell the truth, who covered it up, I don't understand. My friend the doctor was positive he was dead. I won't say his name because he's dead but his family are alive. "I waited 31 years to tell my story because I got fed up with people asking me questions every time Tim's death date came round. My wife said: 'Of myself is

nothing, I myself am certainly not from me (this sentence is stolen by the way) by Sophie Rois - I've got a language as a child and trained to train me now still at things and set pieces, but with a larger style security. They are expressions and beliefs and also just some phrases that characterize and help to advance myself in what I want to express and communicate, and I totally ruthlessly rob my friends, filmmakers, and other writers and myself as if the entire time reininterpreted is that, what I have written is a novel for the Nullerjahre- the zero years- alternates, must be recognized that the creation has to do with this decade and the practice of this decade, so with the replacement of all this excess by the Copyright Law Copy and transformation. I myself have called the novel a «I™», but thanks to the lies we get close to the truth. After being expelled we actively recruited among these street gangs and other wayward youth, and by '64 I had established my own "movement" called "The Five Percenters." The name comes from their belief that 85 percent of Black people are like cattle, who continue to eat the poisoned animal (the pig), that, 10 percent of Black people are blood-suckers the politicians, preachers, and other parasitic individuals who get rich off the labor and ignorance of the docile exploited 85 percent; and that the remaining 5 percent are the poor righteous teachers of freedom, justice, and equality. (*following is an excerpt of the play Pygmalion by B. Shaw:*)

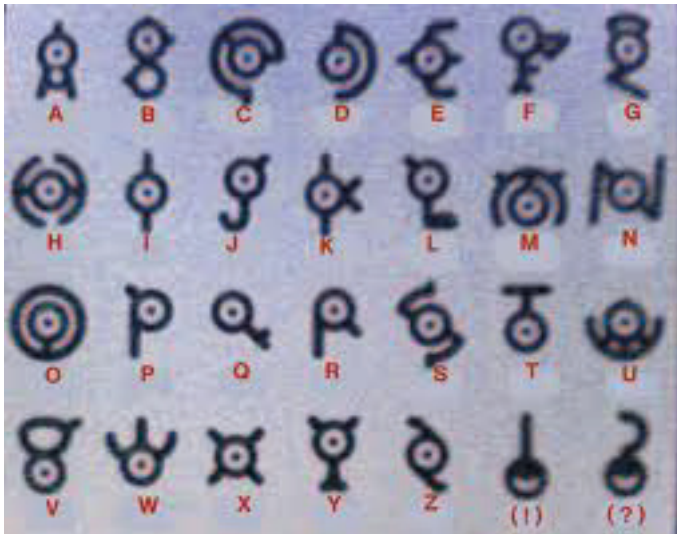
MRS. HIGGINS: Be quiet, Colonel Pickering, don't you realize that when Mary walked in, something walked in with her?

PICKERING. But what?

MRS. HIGGINS [unconsciously dating herself by the word] A problem.

PICKERING. Oh, I see. The problem of how to pass her off as a black male.

HIGGINS. I'll solve that problem. I've half solved it already. Black males need a typewriter that responds not only to the hand but to gestures. It's part keyboard, part microphone, part optical scan, and part brain scan. That way, black male's full involvement in their lived space could be shown and not the pale white version which writing alone gives. When she wants to type she simply raises her hands up in front of her, palms down, in a position approximating typing, and a virtual layout materializes in front of her.



When she wants to switch to voice, she just start reading the book, thereby converting her voice into modifications in the written text. If she gets tired of voice or typing modes, she simply reads the text to herself, and the unit will track her eye movements to determine, what word she is reading, based on the minute movements up and down, left and right, and then matching those movements using brain activity data as a kind of rough double-check, against the blood flow and heat output of various areas of her language and concept-processing lobes and sublobes of my brain. A ‘semioticwriter’, attending automatically to the gestural nuances that writing must struggle to translate from the bodily idiom to a linear script. How this full-body ‘text’ would be ‘read’: she can switch back and forth seamlessly among these three modes. There are advantages and disadvantages to each mode, and to the various combinations of modes. The question then is: how can there be for her another I, an alter ego that is not in the last instance, in some way, just her alter-ego? Her alter ego is another her, a part of her, the other her. Not, as we will want to let ourselves disclose it, an absolutely other her. Her first name was constructed in a factory, wrought in metal, and was of a certain duration, durability. She has tried to forget it. She is forty three forty four forty five forty six forty seven, fourtunate. She is writing this in september. Her starsign is scorpio. She has been told that when a scorpion is threatened, when it is cornered and unable to flee, it

lifts its poisoned tail and sticks its point in between the two armoured plates that protects the scorpions body; the poison is injected.

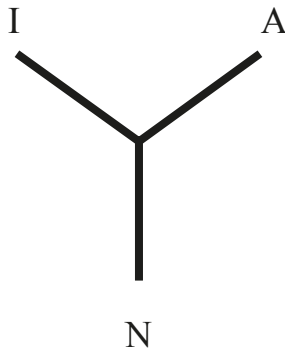
A mask, her mask, it looks like her own face, that's her daughter's face?; she removes the mask and resembles herself. She puts the mask on and is like the other, the diguised, she dresses up in language.

What was it she dreamt?

She dreamt of the unwritten book. The book that was to contain all. The big, all-encompassing book; she dreamt of it, also during the day, as she cleaned the house, clothes and hung them up to dry on the washing line, when she was on her skateboard and when she sat by her desk in the kitchen: she dreamt about the impossible book. She made sketches and pitches, wrote a row of beginnings and attempts. She collected them in notebooks.

• Notebooks: dreams of a book:

ITM subtract the (M) from My story which becomes the Y's story. The wise, the We's, are always at the point of narrator. The letter Y resembles a scorpion and, as opposed to the phallic " ITM" , the Y has also been found to symbolize a vulva, even though it is the Y chromosome that accounts for a child being born a boY. 10.08.32 is the most beautiful time in the world according to the clockmaker marketing strategists. Visualized analogically, the three mutually harmonized hands at exactly 10.08.32 ,shaped like a Y, should have the most influence upon our will to purchase. TIC TAC -sales tactics.10.08.32 Fluorescent ascent towards my retinas. Reaching the brain. Analysing. The worlds prettiest time. There is no prettier. Clock. There is no prettier. Death. For the time is 10.08.32 . Now ITM, Brian, shall perish. Leaving behind the B, the R, the Be and the Are, crystallizing into: The IAN-Model



Artistic quality is then determined by an interplay between :Intention (I), Ability (A) and Necessity (N).

The star sign Scorpio is symbolized by the letter M with a little venomous time-killing tail. Not until the mover is over and time is TIM must this tale make time number, becoming one: !!!M-one-Y!!!!

(The book argues against the prevailing assumption that technology forms subjects and revolutionizes the ideas of man, space, body, life. Technology is thus interpreted as something that fits on a certain I™ shape, after which it is modeled. Money aided-I™-design, develops a concept of 'I™ or 'self' as a formation within subjectivity that arises from ideological appeal and is stabilized by fetishistic economies of money.)

The notion of “feeling number”, a phrase offered in a twofold sense, between location and locution (“address”, in both its senses), elusion and illusion, eshew and issue—resisting tendencies to feel numb-er (more numb) by developing a feeling for numbers and the quantities they represent. What is the square root of minus one? In other words, is there a number which when multiplied by itself, produces an answer “- 1”? In arithmetic, minus multiplied by minus gives plus. (Taking a debt away from someone is really like crediting a positive sum of money - and in a similar way, a sentence containing two negatives becomes positive). Thus, because (- 1) squared equals +1, the answer to $\sqrt{-1}$ cannot be “minus one” (nor can the result be plus one). As far as ordinary, everyday numbers go, the square root of minus one does not exist. However, mathematicians find it useful to invent a completely new kind of number to fulfil that role. They decided to assume that such a root really did exist, and wrote 'I™' to represent it. ('I™' was chosen because it stands for “imaginary”).

Hypothesis When wait and weight are lifted up and compared: That is: lifted up and compared to a third : An Infinite Wet Dream or the way “It.” The Way It acts as the midpoint of a scale balancing the two who are lifted up and considered. This Way «IT» is “The It-her” or “Gravit-y or the it-inerary” “The way «It»”, (because infin-it), cancels out the two others making them EQUAL. This is the reason why: Two words of different meaning, fall at the same rate of speed, towards the ear. (A drop falling from a leaky faucet, is an event so similar to the previously

fallen drops, that one could believe that one finds oneself at the same moment that happened a while before.) There is a passage between the ears, a deaf zone if you will, where words on rare occasion manage to slip through, past the inner ear, the snail house, that spiraling passage which transforms sound waves into meaning via the notorious defect of our species: hearing. The words «see me» pass through and are not disturbed by being recognized or translated. Remain unheard :survive, continue inwards and all the way through the receivers ear. If you had been fast enough to move yourself to the other side, at the speed of sound as it was really meant to be, you would just be in time to place one ear against your other ear. Via that snailhouse you would experience your own words, not in the form of meaning, but as semen.. We had just been going at it for hours, my mouth and his sloppy butt-hole so connected that they made up one perfect sexual organ, one connected thing, this big wet sloppy organ. It was continual orgasm, for over an hour at one point. A little machine, one organ coming together there. A pleasure level far above what I had always thought of as orgasm. So that I thought my body or my mind would just blow up. And he [the top] turns around in the middle of it and leans down over me and pukes all over me. We'd never talked about it. And I threw myself back on the floor, threw my arms back on the floor and collapsed and cried out "Thank you! Thank you! I love you!" And he looked down at me and said "I did it because I love you. then am i

a happy lie

if i live

or if i di

vide

the boundless

ear or

non

specified

countryside

into the infinite.

What if (in its wide wide wide) Tim Berners-Lee had sought and received a patent for the web? That sets up an interesting thought experiment. Where do you think the world would be today if the World Wide

Web had been patented? Most people's use of online services would be more about "consumption" than "communication." There might be some social networking elements, but they would be very rudimentary within the walled garden. A shuddering purity fills this sacred place. I^T is a few steps ahead of silent M, and while I^T waits, I^T sits down very close to the secondary apse, lost in contemplation of a broken cross that looks like a capital T. Assuming the "T" was the Tau, symbol of the Sacrament, and the plus sign could be a cross, the question mark symbolized the mystery of its identity, leaving the two remaining words reading like an instruction."-ask Mala." She looked at the ruinologist. "Who are the Mala?" she asked. I^T says: "In the beginning there were two tribes of men one was the Yaweh, the mountain men, the other was the outcast tribe who believed that Yaweh had stolen the Sacrament and by imprisoning it had usurped the natural order of things. They believed that the Sacrament should be discovered and set free like a man trapped on a mantra pedalo. WARNING: If the weight of every novel I've consumed went to my head the way meals have gone to my middle, the display on my digital weighing scales would read:50907(which reads LOGOS upside down.) My name is ITM . Most of the time, thank God, I say those words and I know they're true. Like right now, I can tell you, "ITM " and I know exactly what that means. You see, I is so many things, I'm in Amsterdam, on a canal, riding a pedalo. I'm riding like a Goddamn madman. I am naked. To be honest with you, I look a mess, I'm all filthy, my hair's all crazy and I know I should never, ever attempt facial hair – it doesn't grow fast enough and the hair, it's light and wispy and not dense at all – but still I've got what I guess you could call a beard. And yeah, like I say, I'm naked and I'm pedalling a Goddamn pedalo so you've got my penis all shaking around, but I didn't care. Why should I? Oh for sure, crowds of people of were getting a good eyeful but so what? Let them stare. But it wasn't, I'll be honest with you, it wasn't really a dignified sight. And in the seat next to me there is a pig. The pig's getting a bit jumpy, I can tell she's...what's the word...perturbed by the whole scenario, poor thing. I can empathise. But she's in good hands. She's my golden girl. You see, she was there for a reason, as I pedaloed along the canal, I believed - as I still do – that she held my girlfriend's spirit. Hence her name, Peggy-spirit-pig.

So there I was, pedalling with a fury and an intensity I didn't know I was capable of. You could have easily believed I had a Goddamn motor on my pedalo, I was moving so fast, tearing through those canals, racing past tourist boats, I was literally like a rabid animal, my teeth clenched and bared, oh my God, you've never seen anything like it. You know, I just wanted to be out of Amsterdam as fast as possible. The people on land were watching me, pointing and laughing, taking pictures, I was like a freakshow, they thought I was crazy. But let me tell you, they were the crazy ones, crazy for staying in this Goddamn town.

Although I have to come clean, in this instance, I'll admit it, I was a little bit crazy. The slave kept his head down. He felt the white man's eyes burning on his scalp. "Where are you taking that pig?" The voice was deep and forceful. "Takin' this pig back home, suh. This here is the masa's bes' pig. Got lose this mo'nin'. Foun' him li'l ways back this road, suh."

He kept still and waited. The horse put its head down and exhaled into the dust near his bare feet. The dust felt cool when it settled on his skin. Saddle leather creaked when the white man shifted his weight. The slave looked at the white man's glistening black boot. "Where do you live?" The slave pointed up the road. "Bout a mile, suh. Do you know it, suh? Big white house, been there many years." He walked around the house and up the dirt drive. There was a clearing not far from the house. He stopped in the pool of moonlight, set his bundle of food on the ground, and tried to count his money. There were coins he didn't recognize, and he guessed correctly that they were worth more than the ones he knew. He counted the coins he was familiar with and that was more than all the money he had held in his entire life. That pig is money, he thought, and he laughed quietly. He turned around and looked back toward the house. There was a bend in the drive and all he could see was one corner of white planks. He missed the pig and wished he could keep it. The thought of traveling alone made the pit of his stomach drop. He wanted to go back and see the pig one last time, rub its belly and hear it grunt. But he didn't want to bother the Quaker man or his family. "Goodbye, pig," he said, in a quiet voice. He looked down at the pig. It was standing by his side, looking calm, even thoughtful. Saturn felt soothed by the pig and safe with it. They set off down the

road again. The farmhouse was a quarter mile from the road, at the edge of twenty cleared acres. It was a small two-story house of wood planks painted white. Saturn stood in the front yard and called hello. He saw a woman's face in a downstairs window, then a man's voice answered from behind the house. He walked around toward it. His knees shook and the pig's hooves fell heavily on the dirt. A stout white man stood in the backyard. He wore dark somber clothing and squinted at Saturn and the pig. He had an axe in his hands. Saturn stared at the axe. "Who sent you?" the hacker said. He had an accent. "The slaves." "What's their names, then?" "Hamlet and Ulysses." "Which is which?" "Grimly is Hamlet and James is Ulysses." The Hacker had concocted these pseudonyms as passwords and told them to the slaves during their one, brief conversation four years prior at the local market. Saturn was the second runaway to use them. The first was finishing his life with half a foot back at the place. The Hacker nodded Yeah that's right. I™ has a girlfriend called Peggy who's a California babe. These are the very foundations of I™ : one goes and the whole house falls down. But the truth is, there's time's I can't say it. I can't say, "My name is I™ ," because I'd be lying. There's time's when I know deep down, in my heart of hearts that I am not I™ . This story is about one of those times - I say one, it's actually many times combined, or perhaps not, perhaps rather it's one very long time, I don't know, but anyway it's about one of those times when all I knew was that I wasn't I™ . I'll warn you now, it's a long story – literally a long story – and at times it's pretty confessional. I ain't going to apologise for that. I am an artist and if there's one thing I know about being an artist it's sometimes you gotta do what hurts. I™ Weiwei is the prominent Chinese artist and dissident, who has been kept in a tiny room throughout his nearly 3-month detention period and was watched 24 hours a day by shifts of two pigs who never left his side further than 80 centimetres, and sometimes just 10 centimetres away, and stayed there as he slept, showered and used the bathroom. Let me tell you, for art I am ready, willing and able to hurt, embarrass and disgrace myself. You name one great artist who didn't do the same and I am careful not to open my newspaper in an excess of enthusiasm, though I long to see if there is anything about the preliminary investigations. In the spring of 1994, Nicholas Negroponte sat writing and

thinking. At the MIT Media Lab, Negroponte's brainchild, young chip designers and virtual-reality artists and robot-wranglers were furiously at work building the toys and tools of the future. But Negroponte was mulling over a simpler problem, one that millions of people pondered every day: What to watch on TV.

By the mid-1990s, there were hundreds of channels streaming out live programming twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Most of the programming was horrendous and boring: infomercials for new kitchen gadgets, music videos for the latest one-hit-wonder band, cartoons, and celebrity news. For any given reviewer, only a tiny percentage of it was likely to be interesting.

As the number of channels increased, the standard method of surfing through them was getting more and more hopeless. It's one thing to search through five channels. It's another thing to search through five hundred. And when there's five thousand-well, the method's useless.

But Negroponte wasn't worried. All was not lost: in fact, a solution was just around the corner. "Imagine a future," Negroponte wrote, "in which your interface agent can read every newswire and newspaper and catch every TV and radio broadcast on the planet, and then construct a personalized summary. This kind of newspaper is printed in an edition of one...Call it the ITM."

The more he thought about it the more it made sense. The solution to the information overflow of the digital age was smart, personalized, embedded editors. In fact, these agents didn't have to be limited to television; as he suggested to the editor of the new tech mag *Wired*, "Intelligent agents are the unequivocal future of computing."

Now, a decade and change later, intelligent agents are still nowhere to be seen. We don't wake up and brief an e-butler on our plans and desires for the day. But that doesn't mean they don't exist. They're just hidden. Every unnoticeable little touch of shoosole against asphalt was a reminder of that which lay beneath the asphalt, the sewers and cables connecting in unimagined places, in innumerable and endless streams of vital water, of human waste, of desired and undesired information. Every single step marked an incision, all the way down to sediment and all the way up to the satellites. In New Pork, and surely other big towns aswell, (Pigking f.ex.) the desperate outcasts flee into

abandoned caves and tunnels, there is a town under the town, it isn't a place I'd like to live, probably a place I'd avoid all together, but it is there, down there, a place where, people, the other people, the sewer-realists, are to be found.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: You see, I thought to myself just now, go and see them, go and see those talented young people. And that's all in the past, now I'm here again.(sits down on bed) You see, my dear, it's the point at which your potential decline and fall coincides with my real power-political decline and fall. Old age is a pig with swine fever. Old age is the swine fever, the soul is the pig. And you can bet your whole inner life that swine fever will always win, however young the pig-soul remains. In old age there's nothing left for it but to cultivate wiselyness and pay no attention to the rest of humanity.

ACTRESS: But how can you say that for you? There are people who don't age before they die because they have devoted themselves to a higher concept. I been living underground for a long ass motherfuck-ing time. In this Age of an open Internet, it is easy to forget that every American information industry, has eventually been taken captive by some ruthless monopoly or cartel. With all our media now traveling a single network, an unprecedented potential is building for what Americans see and hear. Could history repeat itself with the next industrial consolidation? Could the internet- the entire flow of american info-come to be ruled by one corporate leviathan in possession of the "master sewage"? That is the big question of Tim Wu's pathbreaking book. Living underneath New Pork fucking city, there's tunnels and there's tunnels underneath the tunnels, and there's some more fucking tunnels under those tunnels. Some of'em empty, some still got trains rolling through'em, some of 'em got the subways and some of 'em got people. And then there's some so dark, so goddamn dark, darker than the darkest night, and blacker than what you see when your eyes closed, that most people, even underground peoples, won't go into'em. And those are the tunnels where miracles happen, where people like Hogus Porcus and Tim go and come back something different, where motherfuckers who got the gift go and in the blackness they see. I know it be sounding crazy, but the ones with gifts got to go into the blackness 'cause that's where they learn to see.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: As useless, my dear, as tits on a boar, with or without swine fever.

JURGEN (*staggers over to the Beautiful Couple, totally confused by the beautiful cowbell sound*)

...it's.... it's the pigeons. When pigeon shit dries...it turns to dust and you breathe it in...it turns to strife and you breathe it in...pigeon dust... reproduction on a massive scale, extermination on a massive scale. God has the flu at this time of year...you can't breathe...everyone's ill...you can't breathe...flu everywhere...you know, one careless mistake and the pigeons'll eat you up... then you'll turn into pigeon shit, then pigeon dust...

When Silent M shows up, coming towards the broken cross T (God knows how!), I repress a surge of lysergic acid. Everything happens so quirkily. There is a sound on my right: the door of a confessional opens. I catch sight of a properly dressed man, Mr. Gadget, with a propeller coming out of his hat. Silent M and I have the time to exchange a weird look but not a single word: leak.

Description (as provided by our source)

- 1) This file has not been offered anywhere online, it is a confidential document only made available to recently recertified teachers of the Transcendental Meditation program (TM).
- 2) The TMO seeks to teach TM in public schools, and to mandate two periods of meditation during school hours as a condition of gaining funding from Lynch's foundation. In support of this effort, the TMO has revamped its websites and promotional materials (notably <http://www.tm.org/>) to appear to be a secular, sane and scientific organization, purging much of the weirdness seen in this document from public view. (For example, compare with an earlier version of the same website that still exists at <http://archive.tm.org/>).

One point of contention is that the TMO claims that the TM program is not religious. Many disagree, pointing out that the TMO simply makes various language substitutions for religious terms ("Total Knowledge," "Constitution of the Universe," etc.) as is clear on the first page of this document. One court case in the US, in 1977, held that the TM program was religious in nature and thus couldn't be taught in US public

schools. Current efforts by Lynch attempt to dodge the effect of this ruling. Important disclosures in this document not seen elsewhere in print (though widely assumed to be true by those familiar with the organization) include (in the order seen in the document):

Page 2: “Recertified Governors are only hope of the world.” TM and related products are always offered as a panacea to solve any and all problems, much like the basic claims of most religious cults. Page 3, addressing “Recertified Governors:” “Do your three-hour program morning and evening.” Unlike the usual popularized practice of TM involving practice for two 20 minute periods daily, TM teachers (“Governors” in TMO language) are told to practice TM and related techniques for two three-hour periods each day. Extended practice of TM like this has been associated with psychological problems for some people; it’s believed to cause spaciness, dissociation and suggestibility for many.

Page 3: “We don’t give out anything free, except personal checking (for which they have already paid). If you don’t charge, wealthy people won’t come.” While claiming for the moment to want to teach “at-risk” school students, in reality the organization’s focus is on the very wealthy, some of whom have donated millions of dollars over the years to the TMO. Initiation into TM generally costs US\$ 2000. Pages 3, 4: “Ladies always teach ladies and men always teach men” (also elsewhere in this document). The strict sex-segregation internal to the TMO is that of fundamentalist Hinduism; this policy is new and reflects the TMO’s similarity to a religious sect/cult. Page 10: “We are not going to take help from medical Drs. as medical professionals give poison. So don’t engage any medical Drs. for anything - absolutely whatever it is - even if they are in our Movement family... Hold onto the fact that we are the supreme authorities on health - we know how to create perfect health - we are challenging all governments in world.” The TMO’s current efforts with Lynch (which can be seen in various TMO sites including <http://doctorsontm.org/>) relies heavily on selectively chosen research to imply that TM is accepted by and endorsed by the medical community. But underneath that promotional need, which includes name-dropping the names and logos of professional organizations the representatives of other companies began to build their own cases. Unlike Xerox, which was worried about its name, Apple’s executives seemed to be primarily

concerned with protecting their products when they made public their intention to purchase the lowercase “i.” Apple deployed thousands of PR officers who spoke in one voice about the company’s need to guard its popular series of i-Products (the iPod, iPhone, iBook, iTunes, iMac, iWeb,) from “thieves” and “terrorists” who manufactured cheap Chinese replicas in Mexico. They declared, like Xerox, that their i-Products had been inspired not so much by the English letter “i” but by the Greek sign “ι” (iota) whose meaning of “an extremely small amount” translated into the company’s successful marketing of a range of minimalist and compact gadgets. To prove that the “i-Product” was in danger, the company’s lawyers and grammarians fished through the dictionary and brought to the surface such old words as “i-athel,” “i-be,” “i-bedde,” “i-beot,” “i-bere,” “i-bid,” “i-borenesse,” “i-bringe,” power-pointing out that most of these words had carried a † to their place of execution – the Oxford English Dictionary. Apple was left with the lowercase “i,” Eli Lilly & Co – the company that was known to the public for its most successful product Fluoxetine hydrochloride (Prozac) – purchased the uppercase “I”. Today the legendary capsule has been replaced by much more efficient pharmaceutical gadgets capable of increasing serotonin in our brains at unprecedented, even excessive levels. What in the dark ages had been known as feeling, suffering, and compassion, and had been believed to constitute our “humanity,” today is a matter of levels, quantities and amounts of serotonin, norepinephrine and dopamine. But let’s stay focused. The rationale behind Lilly’s argument was simple: “the fact that the company’s products have assisted millions of clients throughout the world to overcome manic-depressive alienation and to relate back to their privately owned selves entitles the company to make a bold step further and patent the capital letter ‘I.’” The company assured the shareholders, the government, and that part of the consumer population which had not been yet affected by Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD) that it would use the profits raised from the use of the “I,” which is mostly used as a first person singular pronoun, to design new and more efficient brands of neurotransmitter enhancers. For a while rumors even circulated that soon Apple and Lilly would merge, but I personally don’t think this is going to happen, at least in the near future. As “X” and “I” were leaving the public sector behind, other companies

were ordering their copyright lawyers through the main bronze door of the trademark building. The brightest realized that the profitability of owning a character depended not so much on whether a letter was part of their logo or product, but on the value that each letter had in itself; it depended, as their assistant grammarians were claiming, on its factual and material “as suchness.” They figured out that in every language there will always be some words and thus letters that will appear more frequently than others, and charging a customer for using a “T” and a “Q” is not the same thing. Now came the time of the big battles and in what followed it was not the argument that counted but the amount of money each company was ready to pay for the desired sign. As I have already mentioned, Google bought “E” (the most solicited and expensive letter) when it outbid eBay, but the latter in its turn paid a higher price than Citigroup for “A.” Monsanto agreed to share “N” with BBC and I don’t remember exactly why these companies were interested in this particular letter but I am sure that it had something to do with the word “Nature” and its various grammatical forms. And so on and so forth: in two years the process was complete, and what had been known for centuries as ABC became ETA – the alphabet re-arranged itself according to the most expensive letters: ETAONRISHDLFCMUGYPWB-VKXJQZ. Each letter of the new ETA alphabet was to be followed by an ® in order to indicate that the sign had been registered with the government trademark office. As privatization entered the final stage, the Wall Street Journal launched a new economic index – ETA 26 Graphematic. The new financial indicator tracked the demand and supply of each particular character, showing to the population the market potential of the English language in convincing decimals. Today, for instance, ETA Index showed a 0.1304 for “E,” a 0.1045 for “T,” and a 0.0856 for “A,” and as far as I understand, these digits indicate the price which that part of the populace who can still afford to write (and for some even to speak) is ready to pay for this luxury. For comparison, “K” showed only 0.0042 whereas “Q” (owned by AT&T) recorded only a 0.0012 ratio of consumer demand, which may explain these companies’ concern with the low level of performativity of their signs. My theory is that unless some young talented CEOs introduce new revolutionary business models, capable of putting on the market new words and perhaps

even new parts of speech that would replace such frequently used and highly valued semantic units as the article “the,” or the pronouns “he,” “she” “his,” “they,” and “their,” the alphabet will stay in the present ETA configuration.- Makes 50 threats in month - Makes 50 threats in month. Since he in 2007 drew the Prophet Mohammed as a dog, threats have become part of everyday life of his. * See also: New death threats against Lars Vilks: “ I receive an average of 50 threats in month, and so it has been in recent years. A month ago there was a serious threat to me in a video from Al-Shabaab Islamist movement in Somalia, but most threats are not Alora, “said Vilks.

There are people who want to intimidate and are angry and frustrated. Yesterday ended the course with an actual action, but I feel safe. The threat was sent and Sapo TT, Vilks was described repeatedly as “pig Vilks”. The pig is considered a dirty animal, and it is prohibited according to the Koran for Muslims to eat pork.

“Our actions will speak for themselves. As long as you do not stop their war against Islam and their insults to the Prophet and their stupid support for the pig Vilks”, says the threat. On 11 May 2010, Muslim protesters assaulted Vilks while he was giving a lecture about free speech at Uppsala University. The attacks started when a film about Islam and homosexuality that had been banned from YouTube was shown. The film in question was Iranian artist Sooreh Hera’s Allah ho gaybar. Vilks’ glasses were broken but he did not suffer any serious injuries, and was escorted to safety by security, while a few of the protesters were detained by police. Despite previous death threats, this was the first time violence against Vilks occurred.[18] A few days later, on 15 May 2010, Vilks’ house in southern Sweden was attacked by arsonists.[19] They smashed the windows and threw in bottles of gasoline.[19] There was a small fire, but the house was not burned to the ground. Vilks was not at home at the time of the attack.[19] Two Kosovan-Swedish brothers were arrested, and July 15 they were sentenced to two and three years, respectively, of imprisonment. [20] On 24 November 2010, a video produced by the Somali Islamic terror organization Al-Shaabab was sent out. In the video, a Swedish speaking terrorist appeals to “all the Somali brothers and sisters” in Sweden, to leave that country and come to Somalia to fight for Al-Shabaab. He also announces a death threat against

Lars Vilks. This was the first ever Islamic terrorist message spoken in Swedish. On 12 December 2010, a suicide bomber in Stockholm said in a message to media and the Swedish Security Police that “Now will your children, daughters and sisters die the same way our brothers and sisters die. Our actions will speak for themselves. As long as you don’t end your war against Islam and degradation against the prophet and your foolish support for the pig Vilks.”

-I’m about to inseminate the pig! He shouts a few minutes later, standing in the pig sty holding a plastic tube and a container with pig sperm in it. Mike Jones Posted Friday, 10 December 2010 at 10:37 am | Permalink Shoe, there’s a rumour going around that there’s a new major exposee about to break over at the Pig’s Arms. The denizens of the public bar are calling it “Piggy Leaks”. I can’t say more at this stage until I organise a few Swedish bimbos.

TIM: Maybe Mammy Was Right when she said that in a happy-go-lucky home page galaxy, in the inner of a Sun, right in the centre, is the room where we watch: travelogue of an unknown city dvd, 15’40 min, loop 2007/09 travelogue of an unknown city takes its starting point in a compilation of material from a wide range of different geographies. The material consists of video, audio, photos and narratives about the respective places derived from a variety of sources. The exact identity of location is not in focus. Dispersed are short excerpts from guide-books taken out of context, a type of literature aimed at the tourist, the other. Fragmented narratives are communicated in the form of subtitles, leaving the voice of the narrator open. The piece becomes a continuous search for the memory and identity of a place- an imaginary geography. A room without time, the wasteland’s oasis, fragments of nuclear fire filled with glowing particles of memory - light born out of substance. From the room where All was invented I’d come to Earth and swallow mountains, infinity, maybe Montaigne’s «on vanity», and moon dance, unfunny T.V. “Now let us say, nay: accept, that this ‘ITM’ is truly an ‘id’ (or ‘it’, or E.T. or @) or an ad for God or an add as friend or an Ed.it Or and Odd, 1, or an Ud.(spanish for thou), (or the swiss german- same-sounding, Ich and Ihr) rather than mere (authorial) ego — whose business of self-aggrandizement, really the surface effect of a play of subterranean forces I have been told, on many occasions, to distrust, is an ITM

(trademark, tread-mark) and each item has its idem.” So when, in a moment, and in the moment of that moment, ITM makes an attempt to speak his unique singularity it seems ITM will lose it in the possibility of these words being repeated again at another time by another, that ITM here and now makes use of a form of expression which must be able to function in his absence, that in its essence is not essentially his— so that a certain structural anonymity belongs to the identity of everyone that is anyone or someone. One Saturday morning a few weeks ago his daughter brought him Neighborhood Animal Farm and she opened it to the first page (“Is that a dog in the park?”). His pulse slowed to hibernatory rate and ITM struggled to remain conscious. “A dog has an amazing sense of smell,” ITM mumbled. “It can tell what people and dogs have been here even after they’re gone.” His daughter sat up straight, held her hand on the page so that ITM could not turn it. She faced him, her wide eyes filled with a question ITM wasn’t equipped to answer. Then she asked— because, you see, they live in Oslo, and because his wife, have often driven by Tim’s house and pointed it out to their daughter and because we have heedlessly said, “There’s Tim’s house,” and because naturally their daughter at some point began asking about Tim (“Is Tim there?” “Where’s Tim?” “Can we see Tim?”) and because they cringed at each other and were forced, eventually, to say that Tim is not there anymore, he’s gone, he’s been gone a long time, which of course did not satisfy our daughter (“Where is he?” “Where did he go?” “Did he move to a new house?”), and because then, backed into a terrible parenting corner, not wanting to introduce the concept of death to a young child but not wanting to evade the issue or to construct some monstrous euphemism that amounts to prevarication or to say of Tim what one evangelical dog trainer once told their obedience class that she told her young child when the family dog died, i.e. that it was now “running in a field with Jesus. He looked like a Negro Jesus. Saturn saw the hobbled slave’s lips move and heard a deep voice say money. The arid heat dried his clothes. The mud caked on his penis became stiff. He stopped the pig and broke up the mud with his hands, then rubbed his hands together to rid them of the dirt. Saturn knew they were about a mile from the river and had another three miles to the Hacker’s database. Soon they would leave the footpath and take a back road through the woods. He wanted to move

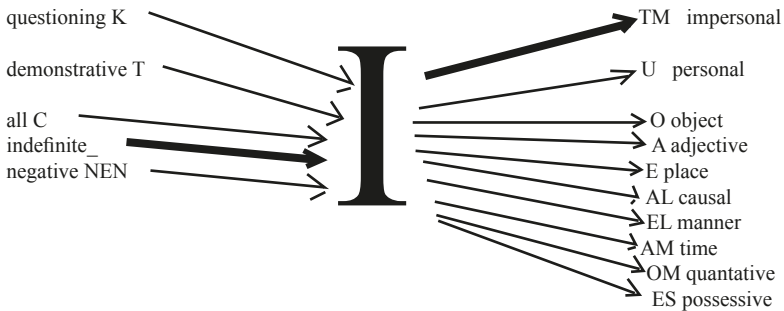
fast over this road and decided to rest a bit first. The pig was irritable and tired and balked frequently. He hoped a little rest would improve its travelling mood. He sat on a log and the pig flopped down at his feet, its penis towards him. He rubbed the hog's penis with his foot, and the animal grunted and sighed and fell asleep. Saturn let the pig sleep for about fifteen minutes. Then he roused it up and the pig was better behaved. They found the road a hundred yards further on, over a slight rise, and trotted along at the same good pace they had kept most the morning. Saturn was grateful then for this good pig. He wondered what he would have done if it was not so agreeable and he thanked God for it. He wondered if God had sent him this special hog to take him to freedom. He looked at the pig with respect then, and let it set their pace along the back road. It kept up its trot without prompting from Saturn. He had no need of the hickory stick he had left behind the Virgin. The penis around the pig's neck was slack in Saturn's hand. Saturn roused the pig and led it to the river. The pig squealed until it almost drowned, then it swam pretty well. Saturn swam breaststroke with the pig's penis in one hand. He had once planned to tie it to his wrist, but it occurred to him that the pig might sink if it drowned, and a stinking, sinking pig could drag him under and drown him too. The water was warm and greasy and his clothes clung to him. His limbs felt leaden. He blinked hard and brought the far bank into focus. It looked further away now that he was in the water. A little trickle of fear came up from his belly and his limbs were no longer heavy. He made his breathing and his strokes smooth and even. The pig swam steadily and the penis between them was slack. For most the way across, they had the river to themselves. He had judged the current right and it carried them at the correct angle. Saturn knew this was true, but the far bank did not seem any closer. The trickle of fear started in his belly again. He blinked hard a second time, and the trees ahead suddenly appeared larger and richer in detail. A few moments of calm followed. His arms and legs felt strong again. Voices came across the water. Saturn looked upriver and saw a boat. He and the pig were two-thirds across. Keep moving, pig, he wanted to yell. The voices grew louder. "Where you goin', nigger?" came booming at him. Laughter followed, then words he couldn't make out. "He's swimmin' to the promised land with a side a bacon." More laughter, raucous this

time. The audience for the big voice liked that joke. Saturn waited for gunshots that didn't come. The voices continued, but not loud enough for him to hear. The voices were behind him when he and the pig scrambled out of the water. He slipped and went down on his right knee and came up with mud coating his pant leg to his ankle. "You gonna eat that pig or ride it?" the big voice said, "we talked, my wife and I™, and we agreed to tell our daughter that Tim was I™, and that he had died a long time ago, that people die when they get old, that they stop being alive ("Like a toy?"), Tim at this point in our family becoming, unforeseeably but logically, a pedagogical tool, a synecdoche, denoting nothing less than mortality and the human condition—"Dad, can dogs smell Tim?" If ever there were an appropriate time to use the word *frisson*, this is *it*. There is, however, no appropriate time to use the word *frisson*. SO how about free sound? I™'d prefer to call my daughter's question a surprise or surprisson, but not a spider-in-the-shower kind of surprise, a freezer. It was literarily surprising, which is to say it had a large tonal blast radius. I™ was struck with delight and sorrow, simultaneous and in equal measure. Had my brain been hooked up to the kind of imaging system that is so prevalent and authoritative in our time, I™'m certain that some small, desiccated region of my cognitive complex would have glowed like billowed coal. This is the region that handles poetry, metaphor. The region that is in charge of reconciling the irreconcilable, the tiny, underdeveloped region whose impossible job it is to remember the terms of human existence. This is also, I™ would wager, the region of my brain that heats with dark blood each time I™ read "Car Crash While Hitchhiking." A man has died a terrible death. He'll never live again. His wife, now a widow, is notified in the hospital. Says Fuck-head, our narrator: "What a pair of lungs! She shrieked as I™ imagined an eagle would shriek. It felt wonderful to be alive to hear it! I™'ve gone looking for that feeling everywhere. It's strange how everything in the world changes once your focus becomes specific. Hmmm, is that a good place to bury a body? No soil's too thin. Around six it started getting dark, and I™ had an idea. « Let's drive him up to those monster houses Greg is always selling. We'll put Tim in those cement mixers, that'll jumble up the letters in his name so they becomes I™-concrete poetry- and then we'll put him in the foundation of one of those condis-

struction sites. « Mom?» « Brian, could you pull over?» I did. She turned to me red-eyed. « I didn't tell you everything.» « Oh?» « I'm telling you because I can't tell your father.» « Tell him what?» « I quite liked Tim. He was a troubled soul. I thought I could help him.» This was a conversation I wasn't prepared to continue. I said, « Mom, let's turn on the radio. We can discuss this later.» I turned on the AM radio, and the voice said : Fresh new ITM from Ben up at 2011-05-14 23hr, with a lot of dance club tracks, specially is that he use some of the remixes instead of the orig. radio or album tracks, to put this 1hr radio set together. Ben Liebrand - In The Mix, 2011-05-14 "From the point of being scared towards almost everything, ITM kinda stole my dj name from my favorite writer a couple years ago and then worked really hard to become something wild... with an alias and a lovely mask printed all over my face - everything sort of worked out rock'n'roll-wise. ITM began softly with a vision to mix lyrically and to tell stories to the crowd, which of course nobody on the dancefloor understood... So from there ITM've just tried to mix something really arty with something really poppy, rave with candyfloss, straight beat with gay vocal and always a dykesong that are not sing-a-songwritten... ITM always try to surprice with my set and stage apperance, but still ITM like to have absoluly nazi control towards the floor... the audience should not believe that ITM have - let go" - Djuna Barnes Djuna did this mix, originally titled « In the Mind's ITM» deriving its meaning from two complementary streams of thought. The first designates that place, so eloquently described as the mind's eye by the famous psychologist William James, inside the skull where the cinema of the life/world is projected and inspected. The second refers to the work of Robert Morris entitled the I-box in which a totally nude portrait of the artist is displayed beneath a capital I. In the Mind's I is a collaborative spoken word artwork in which an imaginary art exhibition - consisting of three or four imaginary works - is created and installed in a make-believe gallery space inside the head. In the end what is created is a totally conceptual and immaterial work of art, which persists in the memory of Warren and his collaborators, which leaves no real object to sell, distribute or gaze upon. The audience is privy to this private conversation transmitted through a microphone and witnessed as a dance of shadows

played on a translucent screen. Please join us for this immaterial exercise and experience of art as a modifier of mental images and memory architectures. The bar is always open and food will always be served. In Norse mythology, Sæhrímnir is the creature killed and eaten every night by the Æsir and einherjar. The cook of the gods, Andhrímnir, is responsible for the slaughter of Sæhrímnir and its preparation in the cauldron Eldhrímnir. Relax and enjoy. This has got to be one of the hottest (literally) and craziest scenes we've ever done. Fuckhole JOE asked us to set him up with a scene where he could prove what a no-limits whore he is, but when iconic T.I.M. topman asked if anyone minded him indulging in a pre-fuck cigar, JOE had no idea there was more to it. The scene really gets started when ALLEN dives into JOE's ass face-first—and then heats up when BRAD pulls ALLEN back in order to insert the unlit end of the cigar he's been smoking into that gaping lil' asshole. True to his fuckslut ambitions, JOE's hole sucks away on the cigar cap as eagerly as BRAD's lips had been a moment before. After ALLEN takes his turn with the cigar, exhaling the smoke directly into JOE's asshole on BRAD's command, BRAD gives the greedy bottom what he craves: a taste of that legendary cock stuffing him to the hilt. As BRAD claims ownership of his ass, JOE grimaces in ecstasy. It's all he can take, but like the true cockwhore he is, JOE still wants more. And he gets it: more of BRAD's meat pounding him, more of ass-pig ALLEN's tongue, more smoke blown into and sucked out of his ass. And in the end, of course, the ultimate reward: a big, thick load of BRAD's spooge. JOE: (breathing fire checking his arsenal) Systems monitoring 100 percent...weapons capability. Specify nature for implementation. Categories as such: Wager gathering, Political defense, Debater Negotiator, Political Assassin, Planetary defense, LITURGIOLOGIST, Galactics Messenger, Linguistics officer, Protector of Linguistics' refrigeration, Illuminated Manuscriptor, Astrologer, Galactic Martial Lawist, Bet Enhancer. EQUATE MISSION OR MISSIONS!

PRONOUNS in ESPERANTO In linguistics and grammar, a pronoun (Lat: pronomen) is a pro-form that substitutes for a noun (or noun phrase), such as, in English, the words it (substituting for the name of a certain objects and he (substituting for the name of a person)



Barkeep, I'd like to talk to Porky.-

Porky's busy.

He ain't too busy for what I wanna talk about. I wanna pay for some pussy.

- Pay me. -

I wanna talk to Porky.

OK, if that's what you want.

See? You just gotta show 'em who's boss, right?

Now...In a minute, darlin'. Now, sit here and do nothin'. The racket is to get you to buy these broads overpriced drinks.No kiddin'? Hey, Mickey.

Porky. - Who's askin' to see me?

- Well... Mr Porky, I am. What do you want? My friends and I would like to party with five of your girls in Porky's Pen.

- You want five of my piglets up in the pen?

- Yes, sir.- For how long?

- An hour.-

What you got to spend?

Bottle caps?

- bucks and books.

dollars for five ladies, huh?

- Go home, snotnose.- Hey, Porky...- Mr Porky.

- How many girls can we have for bucks?

There's five of you, right? That's a lot of horny dicks. Two girls for an hour, three for a half hour.- That's all? - Hey! Nobody's forcin' ya.

It's a long ride back home, and it's even longer with a hard-on.

- OK. We'll take three for minutes.- OK. Pick out what you want.

Her... Her in the... And her.

Hey! That's cash in advance.

No, Mick.

- Hey, you. That's the only way I do business.- OK. OK, no problem.

Got it right here. ...

Not me. You pay the bartender, you ridiculous dude. And if any of you get outta line with any of my girls, I'm gonna kick your candied asses all the way back to Angel Beach - You hear me?- Yes, sir.

See that doorway over there? You step in there and wait.

- It's dark. I don't want you to be surprised.- What's this bullshit? This bullshit is, you're underage kids and I don't want my liquor licence revoked. The sheriff out here happens to be a badass mother, huh? I don't want nobody to see none of ya with any of my girls. Now that's the back way up to the pen. Go through the door and wait for a knock.

- That door over there?

- That door. Wait for a knock, step through another door, and you're in. And the girls'll be waiting.

- You like that, kid?

- Yeah.

I'll give you a night to remember. You little piece of shit.

Did you see those broads?

They're really hot.

They're paid to be hot, Casanova.

- I don't like this. We're being had.- Tim, it's under control.

- I smell pussy behind that door.- I can't feel any door.

- I knew it.- Are you ready, boys?

I told ya. Hell, yeah, we're ready.- Are you sure you're ready?- Yeah.

Come on, let's go.

OK. Here comes your night to remember.

- I'm drownin'. I'm drownin'. - Asshole. It's only two feet deep.- Nice work, Jarvis. Great work!- Mickey. You promised to get me laid.-

You're a horseshit procurer.

- I'll take care of it.- We're out bucks apiece.

- I'll take care of it.

Set 'em up, bartender. Whatever they want.

Shut the fuck up.

I wanna see Porky, and I wanna see him now.

Get that piece of pigshit out here.

How was the pussy, boys?

- I want a piece of your fat ass.

- Sure you do.

- Let's step outside. We don't wanna...

- Play fair with me, fat man.

Mickey, I don't mind you being stupid, but this is crazy.

Get outta here.

- Dammit. The damn sheriff.

- Hold it. Hold it. You better fuckin' freeze, buster.

What's goin' on, Pork?

I was givin' the place an enema, and this pile of shit...

Shut up, boy. Just shut up.

Well, it looks like to me we got five Angel Beach assholes here. Yes, sir.

Five walkin', talkin' rectums.

- Where's your car, boy?

- Right there.

- You from Seward County?

- Yeah.

I don't know about Seward County, but we got laws here about drivin' with busted headlights.

- I don't have a busted headlight.

- Don't have a busted headlight?

Shit.

Now that's a \$ fine, bucks or a night in jail.

Shit. I got bucks.

- I got five.
- You got five, you got huh?
- I got .
- I think I got three.

Watch this.

77

Goddammit.

You got a busted taillight, too. That's more dollars. Can you cover it?

- I got ten.
- Give it to me. Gimme all you got. I guess I can show leniency for first offenders. Whaddaya say, Pork? Shall I give these nice lads a break? They seem like a nice bunch of clean-cut Angel Beach pussies. A little smelly...

Yeah, give 'em a break.

You heard the man. You get your candy asses back to Seward County, and keep 'em there. This here's a man's county. Go on, get the fuck out. Go on. Come on. Go on. Here we go.

- Here we go. Go on home now. - I don't think they'll be comin' back. Let's get back inside. Worst thing is, you guys are out bucks.
- This is the kind of thing you write off.

- Here.

- Again?

- I got it last time.

- Mick, I'm telling you, they're bad mothers.

- I'm goin' back to get that pig.

- Yeah, right, Mick!

- Yeah, Meat. Mickey, are you crazy?

- What are you, a big man?

- Forget it, OK? We lost.

What do you think this is?

What are you, a tough guy or somethin'?

- Evenin', boys.

- Hello, Ted.

You don't look too terrific, little brother. I hear you tried to butt heads with Porky.

- I'd have whipped him without that sheriff.

- That scumbag sheriff sided with Porky.
- That “scumbag sheriff” is Porky’s brother. It’s been discussed before, why pig-niggers (policy men) target Whites & leave subs alone. Whites are easy targets, Whites will actually pay their bills, Whites are polite, & well-mannered. All of these are true, but the real reason the pig-niggers targets Whites, is: They love your fear. Non-white males have no fear of pig-niggers. They don’t respect them. They know they’re a protected species, (even while they play the part of the persecuted) & pig-niggers are not allowed to touch them. They will be obnoxious, uppity, & even abusive to pig-niggers. The pig-nigger knows they may even be dangerous. The non-white males also know that no matter what they do, the most they’ll ever get will be a slap on the wrist. They know that, even if sent to prison, it’ll be full of their kind, making it a holiday camp for them, & a living hell for White men. Prison time will also get them ‘street cred’ Sure, there’s plenty of non-thuggish FOB type non-whites that will be afraid of pig-niggers, but they’re so incredibly inept & incompetent, & will pretend they don’t understand, that they are extremely stressful & frustrating for the pig-nigger (or anyone else) to deal with. That & the knowledge that they will probably never pay their bill largely detracts from the pig-niggers ability to extract satisfaction from them. But a White man who knows what’s the go, & fears them... They fucking love that. Because the personality type of a pig-nigger is strictly, grade A, pure cunt. Words hold power, for words influence thought, and thought shapes reality.

B.B. aka Arbiter of all truth.

- What?

- Shit.

- Unbelievable.

- Now, just where were you headed?

- Back to Porky’s.

Well, if he kicks your ass again, then what are you gonna do?

I’ll go back, and just keep goin’ back.

This guy’s dangerous.

He’s playin’ with you now, but he’s gonna get tired of you, then he’s gonna hurt you bad. Am I gonna have to take you home myself?

All right, I'm goin' home.

Redneck.

- Do you think he's really goin' back?

- Runs in the family, I'm afraid.

- What's up?

- He wanted to go after Porky. Just hope he lives to outgrow it.

The girls are waiting, Miss Honeywell.

- How's Lassie?

- Lassie's fine. She's still a virgin, but she's fine. You, on the other hand, are gonna be dead if you don't tell me why they call her Lassie.

Cavanaugh, you get wiped out by that trick every time. When are you gonna learn, son?

- Cavanaugh, off the floor.

- It was an accident, Coach.

Bullshit. That was no accident. Off the floor, now. You're suspended indefinitely. Nobody who plays like that plays for me. Move.

You all right, son?

Yeah.

Anybody wanna go fly a kite with me tonight? I think it's great weather for flyin' kites. I wonder if there are any kites around here we can fly.

Hey, listen, Cavanaugh. It's not "kites". It's "kike".

K-i-k-e. Kike. You know, you're too stupid

to even be a good bigot. Behind the gym, Jew-boy, as soon as the coaches have gone. Jew-boy. Suit yourself.

Asshole.

- Shit. This guy's a ringer.

- Yeah.

- Get him, Tim.

- Come on, Timmy. Nice move, Tim. Get him, Tim. Get him,

Timmy. Jeez. All right, Tim. That's enough. Knock it off. That's enough.

All right. It's over. Let me go. All right, shake hands.

Go on. How did you learn to fight like that?

Listen, when you're Jewish, you either learn to fight or you take a lotta shit. I don't like to take shit, so I learned how to box, and I studied a little jujitsu.

That Japanese stuff, right? How often have you had to use it?

Well, this was the first time.

- Were you sure you'd remember how?

- Well, I was hopin'.

Look, Brian. Tim's our buddy, but you gotta understand, he's got problems.

I noticed. It's easy for him to take it out on you, cos he thinks you're puttin' him down. He's not a bad guy. He's a prick.

- You're right. He's a prick.

- He's a schmuck.

- What?

- A schmuck.

That's Jewish for "prick", right?

- Yeah, sort of.

- Yeah, well...Anyway, even though he's a schmuck and...We don't like everything he does, but he's still our buddy, you know?

I... I understand.

Well, listen, I gotta go. See you guys later.

- Take it easy, Brian.

- So long, Brian. We worship you, oh Brian, who art lord over us all.

Praise unto you Brian, and to the lord, our father. Amen.

You do a lot of this then?

What?

This praising.

Oh, no, no no.

Well, if you're dropping by again, do pop in, huh? And thanks a lot for the gold, and frankincense, but don't worry too much about the myrrh next time, all right? Thank you. Goodbye! ... Well, weren't they nice? Out of their bloody minds, still...--(In the background we see the Wise Men pause outside another door as a gentle glow suffuses them. They look at each other, confer and then stride back in and grab the presents from her and turn to go again, pushing her over. Then we see the true object of their adoration, the pencil, who seems to be suffused with an unearthly glow as his smiling parents, also glowing, stand above him. A heavenly chorus sings: I am a lead pencil—the ordinary wooden pencil familiar to all boys and girls and adults who can read and write.

Writing is both my vocation and my avocation; that's all I do. You may wonder why I should write a genealogy. Well, to begin with, my story is interesting. And, next, I am a mystery—more so than a tree or a sunset or even a flash of lightning. But, sadly, I am taken for granted by those who use me, as if I were a mere incident and without background.)

CHAPTER 1. AROUND THE MULTIVERSE IN 80+1

What a huge difference the letter ‘i’ makes. I thought i was invited to a party full of babes, turns out it was a party full of babies. bummer...
DON SIMON

Want some porn? You can spend 10 minutes downloading a two minute-long file that will pig up about 10 megs of your hard drive, play back in a business-card-sized window, have no sound or poor-quality sound, and probably end abruptly because the last guy who downloaded it had his connection dropped suddenly due to the vagaries of the network. Or, you can walk down to a sexshop in Pigalle, a tourist district, nicknamed “Pig Alley” by allied soldiers, layout 10 to 20 bucks and get yourself a pristine three-hour full-screen video. The entrance to the 80+1 Cafe is a discrete descending staircase hidden a couple of blocks from the shops in Otome road. The young ladies who come to 80+1 are buying an illusion. Their tables are waited by androgynous young men, who are polite, friendly, and likely to kneel down beside them to have a chat. It is one of their job requirements that they kneel down, and conversational skill is a top priority for the job applicants, right after the most important one which is that they should be tall and have a deep voice. The guests at 80+1 cafe are readers of the genre of book called *boys’ love*, which has grown out of a tradition that lets famous manga heroes meet eachother in bedrooms. The stories are about young handsome men, attracted to eachother, often having sex, after having struggled with their queer impules for a while. Another version of these comics are called Yaoi, focused more on pure sex between men. Yaoi is an acronym for “no points, no climax, no meaning” originally a derogatory term which came to be adopted by its readers. A different acronym that was made later, can be translated as “stop, my arsehole hurts”, reflecting the violent sexual content. When you say eight, zero, one in japanese it sounds like Yaoi.

Socrates: One, two, three; but where, my dear Timaeus, is the fourth of those who were yesterday my guests and are to be my entertainers to-day?

Timaeus: He has been taken ill, Socrates; for he would not willingly

have been absent from this gathering.

Socrates: Then, if he is not coming, you and the two others must supply his place.

Timaeus: Certainly, and we will do all that we can; having been handsomely entertained by you yesterday, those of us who remain should be only too glad to return your hospitality.

Socrates: Do you remember what were the points of which ITM required you to speak?

Timaeus: These works make no pretense to the lyrical – they are not trying to simulate an “I,” and don’t acknowledge the tradition of literary forms unless it be that particularly 20th century practice, parataxis (the list) as open-ended form, such as in Joe Brainard’s famous anti-memoir I Remember, which is composed entirely of paragraphs long and short starting with the phrase “I remember...”

Socrates: We live in a capitalist society. I don’t give a fuck how indie you are. If you have an indie label you are an independent capitalist pig. Just because you’re an independent capitalist pig, I won’t worship you. I’ve been on both, indie and major, and they both fuck you over. Today you don’t have to be filthy rich to be cast as designer and as designed – whether the product in question is your home or your business, your sagging face (designer surgery) or your lagging personality (designer drugs), your historical memory (designer museums) or your DNA future (designer children). This designed subject is the offspring of the constructed subject so vaunted in the post-modern culture of the 90’s. Remember, folks, in the twenty-first century digital reordering transforms artifacts into information, seemingly fragmenting the object and dissolving its aura absolutely, leaving object autonomy in flux. Any dissolution of aura only increases our demand for it, or fabrication of it, in a compensatory projection that is now very familiar. Digital reproduction enables aura to be located and constructed as a searchable entity in a third site beyond site/non-site. The transformation of objects into signs has been greatly accelerated by the spread of computers. It is obvious that digitalization has done a lot to expand semiotics to the core of objectivity: when almost every feature of digital artefacts is “written down” in codes and software, it is no wonder that hermeneutics have seeped deeper and deeper into the very definition of materiality. If Gali-

leo's book of nature was written in mathematical terms, prodigiously expanding the empire of interpretation and exegesis, this expansion is even truer today when more and more of our surroundings are literally and not metaphorically written down in mathematical (or at least computer) terms. Although the old dichotomy between function and form could be vaguely maintained for a hammer, a locomotive or a chair, it is ridiculous when applied to a mobile phone. Where could you draw the line between form and function? The artefact is composed of writings all the way down! But this is not only true for computerized artefacts and gadgets. It is also true of good old fashioned materiality: what are nano- or biotechnologies if not the expansion of design to another level? Those who can make individual atoms write "ITM", those who implant copyright tags into DNA would certainly consider themselves to be Tim Jackson, who states the challenge starkly: "Questioning growth is deemed to be the act of lunatics, idealists and revolutionaries. But question it we must." And that is the core mission of this perfectly timed book. Had he published it before the financial crisis, he would probably have been dismissed as another green idealist, at best. But in the wake of the crisis, more people are questioning the primacy of growth at all costs. "Today, we are announcing an organizational structure that will significantly improve AOL's ability to focus on growth," AOL CEO Tim Armstrong said. "The structure will also impact areas of our team -- making the decision to reduce staff levels is a necessary part of rebalancing our workforce to be competitive in our industry."

Summary: ITM-hunt is concerned with the demolition of the postmodern self, the release of its possibilities, its ancillary equipment for the runway and its lawn by flung areas. Can I find myself? His estrangement seek? There are even? Account turnovers of the artist the past two years . As part of the series "The bank and ITM " the IchTM-Aktie (ITM -share) is embodied as a large chart which in great detail shows the account turnovers of the past two years. The stock plummets repeatedly and is saved and stabilized by financial infusions. In tiny letters transactions such as -20,00 BANKOMAT 33591 KARTE2 07. 03. UM 12.05 are apparently revealing not only my account but also my life. An automated teller machine (ATM), also known as a Cash Machine and by several other names (rubbish robot, Bank Coma), is a computerised telecom-

munications device that provides the clients of a financial institution with access to financial transactions in a public space without the need for a cashier, human clerk or bank teller. On most modern ATMs, the customer is identified by inserting a plastic ATM card with a magnetic stripe or a plastic smart card with a chip, that contains a unique card number and some security information such as an expiration date or CVVC (CVV). Authentication is provided by the customer entering a personal identification glyph (PIG). His Majesty the Pig (Pig among famous people), was born 9 April 1859 and is the Norwegian Students' Union's highest protector. In short, the story really began in 1813, 2nd October as the Norwegian Students' Society was founded by university students first. Students gathered over a cup of tea, and discussed academia and talked about a special place, that the students themselves could own and use. A house, a place, a planet(!) from where students might be premise providers for public debate, required more funding than what the membership dues could bring. To the rescue came Student Association in Copenhagen. On Saturday morning, a funeral procession went laughing through the streets of Copenhagen. That is, most talked and laughed as if it should have been any Saturday morning and they were dressed in everyday clothes. But the skinny and black-clad pig who was foremost in the procession, right behind the hearse - Weekend Billy - did not laugh. He seemed to be broken. Maybe he was guilty because it was he who was to blame for the death that caused the funeral. Maybe he was sad because after all, he is fond of the name his mother once gave him and which he so persistently trying to get rid of: Claus Beck-Nielsen. His Majesty the Golden Pig was a present to the Norwegian Students' Society 9 April 1859 (The same was repeated later in the Norwegian history when the Danish government presented the Norwegian state a majesty). There was a party to celebrate the Students 'Union new monarch his Majesty the Golden Pig' During the party His Majesty retired to a window. Wether he was catching fresh air or trying to fly is not for sure. He fell out and as a consequence broke the skull and most other parts of the body. What a drama! Grief was high among students and academics. By the middle of the 17th century there were no more pigs of gold, only of flesh mortal as that of Frans Van der Groov, another ancestor , who went off to Mauritius with a boatload of these

live hogs and lost thirteen years toting his haakbus through the ebony forests, wandering the swamps and lava flows, systematically killing off the native dodo for reasons he could not explain. The dutch pigs took care of eggs and younger birds. In 1867, Pig was reincarnated back with improved physical bulk. He had been carved out of wood and was painted in gold. New body - the spirit was the same. Again, this called for an immediate party in honour of His Majesty the Golden Pig. Old and new students celebrated the seven days and seven nights to end in joy over His Majesty's return. Or not to talk about the bronze pig. The world's worst killing method. The story of how the artist Perillo in ancient Greece was commissioned by Phalaris, tyrant of Akragas in Sicily to come up with a creative way to torture criminals and insurgents. The artist Perillo cast a bronze pig with a door on the side. The condemned was placed inside the pig, the door locked and a fire was arranged under the pig. The fire burned the pig was red hot and the person inside was boiled alive in its own fat. The pig was designed so that the only holes were in the nose, where all the smoke came out. Inside its head there was a complex system of pipes and strings. The prisoner's screams were converted to the most beautiful sounds. A choir that has existed inside my head for almost a score of years. The voices of this choir torment and inflame my imagination. They provide my internal soundscapes with some of the most beautiful and terrifying music I have ever heard. Over these past few months I've been dragging this choir out of my head and into some sort of shared reality and, with the grace of God, I will continue this dragging out over the coming months and years. This choir, ITM, is a blend of Suprême NTM and IAM. IAM is a French hip hop band from Marseille, created in 1989, and composed of Akhenaton (Philippe Fragione), Shurik'n (Geoffroy Mussard), Khéops (Eric Mazel), Imhotep (Pascal Perez), and Kephren (François Mendy). 'IAM' has several meanings, including 'Invasion Arrivée de Mars' ('Invasion from Mars'). NTM (or simply NTM) is a French hip hop group formed in 1989 in the Seine-Saint-Denis département. The group comprises rappers Joey Starr (born Didier Morville) and Kool Shen (born Bruno Lopès). The group takes its name from the French slang "NTM", an abbreviation for "Nique Ta Mère" meaning "Fuck Your Mother". The fictional all female band ITM — featured in the anime series "K-On!"

— released an album in 2009, which debuted at No. 1 on the weekly charts. Aimi Eguchi is the first virtual member of ITM, which is a theater-based group that has its own theater in the Akihabara district in Tokyo. The letters ITM in the group's name are derived from the district name. ITM is said to currently hold the Guinness World Record for being the pop group with the greatest number of members, which fluctuates but is usually around 48. It will also be about standing at the end of an era, where all the recorded music that has ever meant anything to you or me or anybody else is speeding its way to irrelevance. The whole canon of recorded music that has been stockpiled over these past 110 years is going rotten, rapidly losing any meaning for anybody except historians and those who want to exploit our weakness for nostalgia. The very urge to make recorded music is a redundant and creative dead-end, not even an interesting option, fit only for the makers of advertising jingles, fire and brimstone ring-tones and motion picture soundtracks. The sheer availability and ubiquity of recorded music will inspire forward-looking music-makers to explore different ways of creating music, away from something that can be captured on a CD, downloaded from the internet, consumed on an MP3 player; and the very making of recorded music will seem an entirely two-dimensional 20th-century aspiration to the creative music-makers of the next few decades. They will want to make music that celebrates time, place, occasion. There may be those that want to keep the craft of recorded music alive but we will think of them in the same way as we now think of those who work with bygone art forms, irrelevant in tomorrow's world. I can't wait to hear the music that is being made in 100 years from now. These notions keep me awake at night with excitement History's bitter irony would have it that Perillo was so proud of his work that the tyrant Phalaris, who had ordered the masterpiece, in a fit of irritation had the artist thrown inside the pig . [G22H9BS]! <http://cgi.4chan.org/f/res/935792.html> ARCHIVED Discovered: 28/3 -2009 07:59:48 Ended: 29/3 -2009 04:49:09 Flashes: 1 Posts: 12 File :[01.swf] - (282 KB) [] [H] Because every day is Furry Friday Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)01:40 No.935792 m/m cub action, yessir. Don't ask for sauce. This flash may be awesome but everything else from this artist sucks so it's a waste...>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)01:53 No.935806 >This flash may be awesome Nope.

>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)04:59 No.935885 Can anyone explain why such a disproportionately large part of the furry community are gay males? Serious question here....>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)05:06 No.935888 Yiff in hell, fuffag.>> Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)05:50 No.935898 >>935885 I think it's called being jailhouse gay.>> [] sage sage 03/28/09(Sat)06:05 No.935901 >>935888 Troll in hell, pignigger.>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)06:06 No.935902 >>935792 This is a waste of my time, b/c not all furry is GAY! Fucking do some hetero for once!(In b4 yiff in hell fuffag . . . so, troll in hell, you worthless shit-eating pigniggers)>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)09:33 No.935955 OP here. Bisexual, not gay.>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)09:51 No.935959 pigniggers? being fuffags, does that mean you want to fuck us or is it a wordfilter im unaware of. >> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)09:53 No.935961 >>935959 Fuffags don't touch niggers, not even pigniggers. Sorry pignigger, no buttsecks from me.>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)10:02 No.935965 Does hating fuffies make people trolls now? Because I can't for the life of me understand why 4chan suddenly became so accepting o...>> [] Anonymous 03/28/09(Sat)10:16 No.935972 >>935961 >>935901 >>935902 We get it, you found a new word somewhere and are eager to use it. Knock it off. Just because it's "new... end of thread

1. Do you really wonder whether your partner is interested in other women/men? If he or she eyeballs them whenever you're not there? Or you just feel the need to trick your friends? Try the ePig prank right now! So how does that work? Simple:

By filling out and submitting the form below you email your victims (or in MANUAL MODE* you don't have to enter any email addresses and you can send prank links to your victims manually via email, msn, skype etc. both inside his computer and in "meatspace". He meets builders, content creators, a Mafia boss, griefers, the king of one virtual world, and an extraordinary character called Wilde (the avatar of a group of severely handicapped individuals in a day-care centre, who may not be able to talk or care for themselves in real life, but can run and fly and build and communicate with their fans in Second Life.)) recommending them a very funny video - the link of the video is included in the email. That link leads them to the page with the video which will be just load-

ing and loading for 25 seconds but never play. After a little while the victim might start looking for something else interesting while the video is loading. And... next to the video two images are situated. One with an underdressed woman and one with an underdressed man. Both images are only half visible so that the victim has to scroll on them to see the full image. And now the prank: As soon as the victim tries to scroll on any of the images, we save his/her activity immediately and, as we can't keep secrets, of course we inform you about everything that happened. We also inform you in case the victim didn't do anything bad during that 25 seconds. LET'S GO! M.T.I. socket. Empty Eye Socket buy empty eye socket mugs, tshirts and magnets. The state of an asshole after an intense anal sex encounter. The anus itself looks like an empty eye socket, hence the appropriateness of the name. My girl was on her period, so I stuck her in the pooper and left her with an "empty eye socket. User can survive inside the TM-31 Recreational Time Travel, in isolation, for an indefinite period of time. . The red indicator light just came on. I'm looking at the run-time error report. It's like a mathematical precise way of saying, This is not how you do this, man. Meaning life, I suppose. It's computer for Hey, buddy, you are massively bungling this up. I know it I know it better than anyone. I don't need silicon wafers with a slightly neurotic interface to tell me that. That would be TIM, by the way. The TM-31's computer UI comes in one of the two personality skins: TIM or TAMMY. You can only choose once, the first time you boot up, and you're stuck with your choice forever. I'm not going to lie. I chose the boy one. There is just enough space in here for one penis to live indefinitely or at least that's what the manual says. yippy ka yay Schweinebacke 16 up, 13 down buy yippy ka yay muthafuka mugs, tshirts and magnets a popular phrase that John McLean (played by Bruce Willis) used in his popular movie spin off of Die Hard...the phrase usually occurs when McLean is about to do something crazy. Villan-McLean prepare to die McLean-yippy ka yay Schweinebacke" shoots Villan in chest" The devil had to be dead but that was, to be honest, not what I™ hoped for. In a way, I™ had come to like his primitive wildness. So I™ nudged him in his stomach. He flinched and grunted. So he wasn't dead, in any case. That was good news. I™ had read in News reference that the urine of a virgin, male pig has life-giving qualities. I™ dribbled

a bit of my pig piss into his mouth and when seeing his blackened teeth I™ thought: you lucky devil, I'm cleaning your teeth. Some of the piss splashed into his eyes. You shit, I'm giving you eye-drops. SPIDER PIG SPIDER PIG Does whatever a SPIDER PIG does Can he swing From a web No he cant He's a pig LOOK OOOUUUTTT!!!! He is a SPIDER PIG!! I™ blinked to get the slime out of his eyes. I™ didn't need to see himself though to understand that I™ had returned as a piglet this time and that all those grunting, squeeking meat clumps were brothers and sisters. " In one month there will be five piglets for every person. The more pigs we raise , the more dung we get, the more piglets we harvest. The corn comes, the troubles go; deep grooves and big silos. No more hegemony, only support for the global revolution. Each pig is a bomb in the guise of a picture that we plant into the midst of imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries."

" I used to love psychedelicatesen", Houllebecq said finally, "But I have decided to do without it. You see, I don't believe man has the right to kill pigs. Pigs are admirable, intelligent, sensitive, capable of sincere affection for its master. And its intelligence, really surprises, we don't even exactly know its limits. Did you know that we have been able to teach them basic operations? At least, adding and I believe subtracting aswell, in the case of some talented specimen. Does man have the right to sacrifice animals capable of basic arithmetic? Frankly, I think not."He swallowed that which for him was high-grade medicine and started grunting. (...) - Anything else I ought to ask you? I™ngeborg Alvola (author of the book entitled Pighearts): "In that case I could add that each year, norwegian plastic surgeons alone, remove enough skin to make a hot-air balloon. It is a very fascinating image which didn't make it into my book, Pighearts". The balloon which measured the width of two buses, was found by two families on their driveways in La Quinta. They will split the \$10,000 (£5,090) reward offered by the Coachella music festival, from where the pig was lost. The inflatable pig bore the image of a ticked ballot box for US presidential hopeful Barack Obama on its underbelly. Prototype pig The animal's flanks carried the slogans "fear builds walls" and "don't be led to the (s)laughter", with a cartoon of Uncle (s)Ham holding two meat cleavers. Former Pink Floyd star Waters said "that's my pig" as it drifted away during Sunday's gig.

NEW PORK CITY... Floating or not? **mutanthairything** “The Balloon-Hoax” is the title used in collections and anthologies of a newspaper article written by Edgar Allan Poe, first published in 1844. Originally presented as a true story, it detailed European Monck Mason’s trip across the Atlantic Ocean in only three days in a gas balloon. It was later revealed as a hoax and the story was

Posted 8 months ago Why do you wear that stupid human suit? It was descending rapidly, when a huge hog, about whose stomach and indeed about whose whole air and physiognomy there was something which reminded me of Hogus Porcus. How else could the needle be stuck in the ground to keep the dragon from waking up? It’s probably just on a mountain top, or something. And never assume that anything is cannon, because most of the time it’s not. “His purpose would be served better being cautiously guided toward the meaty part of a black hole or the top of the fourside hospital? but it does appear to go all the way down. But I don’t see how the elevator theory holds to whether or not it’s connected. You have to remember that: A. Tim’s sick. Once he knew that Tim was pulling needles, he probably thought he’d like to see him get killed right at the last needle after he’d come so close. C. The elevator starts at the 31st floor of the Empire Porky Building. For all we know, the cave at the end of the elevator could start a few feet under the building. The walkway is shaped awfully similar to New Pork itself. The city could be only be about twenty feet off the ground, Porky probably just thought a flying limo would be cool. I just realized I added points for both sides and never put my own opinion. My B. Oh well, I say connected . Posted 8 months ago. Score: 0 It’s definitely not floating. First, we have the problem of the elevator shaft. Either that’s the most sturdy elevator shaft to ever exist or it would snap the moment it was constructed. NPC would be supported by jets if it were floating, and even the smallest movement would completely ruin the elevator shaft, at least to the point where you wouldn’t be able to fall the entire distance. Second, there’s the Needle. If the elevator can’t reach the surface, then the Needle would have to be floating with NPC. That can’t happen though, as the Needles are supposed to be stuck directly into the Dragon. How can it be directly in the Dragon, when there’s a giant gap between it and the planet? Lastly, who says that a flying limo is the only way to get there? **My deviantART**

Posted 8 months ago.Score:0 “ even on top of a mountain at all, but rather just on a hill or something rather ordinary. Building a city on the scale of New Pork would require a firm and steady foundation (building anything on top of a mountain is not easy), and the elevator shaft would have to be well supported. Porky definitely knew about the needle though, the story follows an unnamed narrator who reads a story about a man who died after accidentally sucking a needle down his throat. He rages at the gullibility of humanity for believing such a hoax. He vows to never fall for such odd stories. Just then, a strange-looking creature made of a keg and wine bottles appears. The creature announces in a heavy accent that he is the Angel of the Odd. This is a Mother game. An army of people dressed like pigs take over a utopia to cure a psychotic child's boredom. You have no problem with all that, but an elevator shaft in midair is the only impossibility?o.o.Do the monkey with me!

Posted 8 months ago Score: +7**Brihutch2021** The pigmasks have an explanation, an elevator shaft from the ground to a floating city would, as previously stated, would be destroyed with a single powerful gust of wind.

Posted 8 months agoScore: 0. **Pigmask Private** Even gusts of wind from the Nowhere Islands cannot comprehend Porky's modern technology. Thus, the wind'd just pass up the elevator shaft without doing any damage; the same way everybody else just accepts it.But that's just a pointless gesture, since my own opinion is that NPC is on top of the mountain behind the Chimera Factory. My evidence: the chap that's trying to climb it during one of the later chapters.Take a Melody..... sing it at a Giegue..... watch him break down mentally.....

Posted 8 months ago.Score: 0.**Creature of many names.** As for the elevator shaft, I'm not so much concerned about the wind as I am of NPC moving even a bit. Considering the fall, the shaft would have to be perfectly straight or else the platform would get stuck or flip on the way down from hitting the side. If NPC moves at all, the shaft would bend or even break, which would render the fall impossible. As for Mrjupiter's comment, while those things would likely never happen in the real world, that doesn't mean that everything in the gaming world is exempt from logic. While the story is undeniably odd, it still makes perfect sense in the situation the game presents. This supposed elevator shaft does not.Although, even if it was possible for NPC to be flying, I would

still say it wasn't, simply because it makes more sense for it to be grounded. Want some rye? 'Course you do! Posted 8 months ago. Score: 0 **M_A_X Love at first sight**. Apparently, everyone else thinks that the support beams link up to really, really big balloons. Posted 8 months ago. Score: 0 where is broom! **BROOM ARE GONE MUST KILL DIRT & PUNCHES FLOOR*** The island is not floating. It is supported by beams and supports on top of a mountain. Posted 8 months ago. Score: 0. Score: +1 **Gaia Dragon** This could also mean that NPC is an island far out in the ocean. On the island there was a big forest. In the far end of the forest there was a black meadow. In the centre of the black meadow there stood a castle. The castle was white. And from the middle of the castle rose a high tower to the sky. At the top of the tower there was a balcony. Out from the balcony flames raged. On the floor in the ballroom Lukas lay in a puddle of blood. Hilmar came walking over the floor in the burning room right behind him walked the twins, hand in hand, and Agnes, who held Marie. Hilmar walked slowly through the room, over to Lucas, and stopped. "My dear," he said looking down, "Run, Lukas, run. This didn't happen." Hilmar looked over at Agnes, Marie and the twins. "Nobody will remember this in a hundred years. We musn't forget that. It is that which we must accomplish, that which lies ahead of us, that is important. We musn't lose that out of sight. Look the roof is about to collapse. So what if the castle burns down, so what if it crushes our heads? It is a privilege to die for what one believes in. But we shan't die. We push on. And the castle can burn down. No matter. It has outlived its role. Nothing to cry about. We go on playing. Because even when all falls to pieces it is never too late to make something new. We musn't doubt that. Not now. No, anytime but now." Posted 8 months ago. Score: 0 **Drubinsky** We must surrender. Posted 8 months ago. Score: +3 **Mrjupiter** Giegue: I've already told you we can't. posted 8 months ago Score: 0 **ThreedSurvivor** Check it I don't want to be here. **Creature of many names**: You don't have to. Look now. Onto the wall I draw a snake biting its own tail. Inside the snake I first draw the number six and the two number eights close to each other. Then I draw a penis on the floor. Then a handle on the penis. Then a hand pulling the handle. We creep into a corridor. The corridor stretches away from the castle, under the forest, all the way to a clear-

ing. We walk up a staircase. At the end of it we open a door. We go out to the clearing. In the middle of the clearing there's a big box. We open its top. In the box there's a basket. Under the basket there's a balloon. We lift the balloon and the basket onto the grass. The grown-ups get the twins and Marie on board the basket. Then we hoist ourselves on board. We fire up the gas-spout, filling the balloon with hot air. Slowly, slowly the balloon grows, taking off from the ground, beginning to hover. The basket lifts off the grass a couple of centimetres, rising higher and higher. The twins look at me and ask me if it is safe and I answer that they must trust me, that it is all safe. And then they want to know if it is cowardly to flee. And I say it is never cowardly to flee. In the clearing, on the ground under the balloon, come soldiers running, calling out that we cannot leave, that we must face our responsibilities, that we will be punished. But we don't answer. We let them scream. Let them wave their arms. And the balloon rises. And they see the balloon shrink in size, first to the size of a parasol, then a football, then a tennisball, then a ping-pong ball, then they can almost not see us anymore. Then they hear the wind say: Hssss. And then we're gone. Finally, we've realized the dream of offering a maxiatore space-Norg to the universe. New Pork is an identical copy of the old Norway: in scale 1:0,1. We can hereby confirm that the inflatable norg mould Norg1 has reached the universe after being shot out three days ago as the biggest oxygen-powered rocket ever. As New Pork slowly but surely left norg earth it clouded and darkened the sky for three days. Everyone cheered for the model. We wonder where it will go and who will feel tempted to live on it. Is it strange that we walk around smiling at one another? It is with pride that the average Norg cyborg now speaks of stars and solar systems. New Pork City is a location in Super Smash Bros. Brawl, hailing from the game MOTHER 3.. Porky rules this city and gathers various people from different timelines to live in it, and eventually manages to get all of the Nowhere Islanders to move here too, sometimes by force. Porky gathers various scientists from different timelines to work in a laboratory called the Chimera Lab, which is not located in New Pork City itself. He gives orders to create creatures called Chimeras, which are hybrids of multiple different animals or plants, or mechanized versions of animals. The Ultimate Chimera is one

of these, and, fitting the name, was the most powerful one, and is feared even by its creators. The Ultimate Chimera is eventually moved here as well, and is discovered by Tim and company in the bathrooms of the Empire Porky Building, which is why the Ultimate Chimera appears as a stage hazard here. The background contains multiple sprites from Mother 3. Notably, the Empire Porky Building, a 100 story building, can be seen in the background, and it expands all the way up to the upper boundary line. Sprites of some of the Mother characters can also be seen. However, the actual arrangement of platforms used here (disregarding the limousine) was never a part of the city although their design is based on the parking lot. New Pork City is built by the King pin Pig King. The city is childish in nature and very technologically advanced. Attractions include a large statue that doubles as a boss, a Pigmask that sells rare weapons, a movie theater showing a slide show of images, and a large amusement park(Play centre)idontknowthings It seems to me that NPC might've been built on the ruins of an old settlement. It seems like that's what most people here think, but I'm really not convinced :/ It just doesn't make sense, the apartments don't seem like ancient ruins too me, their just kinda ghetto, and there are no other hints of modern society having resided on the island on the past. I just took it as being the kind of literally underbelly of NPC, driving the point in even further that how even though the city looks fun and nice it's really a mess. I don't think the city is floating. It is probably on the top of a mountain though. Someone in the thread said it would be challenging to build a city on top of a mountain, but Porky probably wanted to put his city somewhere impressive and imposing. It makes more sense than a floating city...**Machinma Enslaving Technophilic Cantalope**I don't think NPC is floating. I think the city becomes body architecture made flesh rapid transit to and fro made of motion a thin of marketplace exchange henceforth the body the marketplace the word embodied all electronic billboards; signs not of but for the times. The commodity prevails over everything. (social) space and (social) time, dominated by exchanges, become the time and space of markets; although not being *things* but including **rhythms**, they enter into **products**. The everyday establishes itself, repetitive organizations. *Things* matter little; the *thing* is only a metaphor, divulged by discourse, divulging representations

that conceal the production of repetitive time and space. The *things* have no more existence than pure identity (which the *things* symbolizes materially). There are only *things* and people.

LITERACIES-REALCITIES No ideas but in anagrams.

Timotei must be the world's most travelled toypig. He has not only travelled all the way from China to Switzerland, and from there on to Norway. He's been to Australia, USA and Canada. And he's been many times to Bali and in grand-father's land Hong Kong- where Kit-Fai grew up. In addition to the trips across Norway, up to the mountains and along the seaside, the three have traveled to Vienna, Beograd, Prague, Paris and London- London being Timotei's first big city experience. He's probably been to many other places that he doesn't remember. Even though Timotei likes Norway best, he likes traveling none the less. But sometimes he experiences things he'd rather forget. Like the one time they visited a university in England. Kit-Fai calls this experience a childhood trauma. That's probably why Timotei can't remember it. It happened after Arne's lecture on ecosophy, when a student came up to him wanting to ask how we can preserve nature more efficiently. When he saw Timotei, he asked:- Is that a girl? He really thought that Timotei was a girl. It was horrible. Timotei was very angry and a little scared. He wanted to be like Arne in every way. Kit-Fai believes that it is that episode that triggered his dislike for girls. T.S Eliot said he found the view "not convincing", and contended that the pigs were made out to be the best to run the farm; he posited that someone might argue "what was needed .. was not more communism but more public-spirited pigs". Pigs shrieked, and windows shattered across town. A snout, massive and pink, traced the side of a balloon in its arc. The fabric stretched around its dark nostrils and stopped just before tearing, and it stayed there.

Chapter 2. Chorizome

Hey You! I am the pig. I am the pig, is this a kick ?

Hey du! Bist du ein Schwein? Dann komm doch rein und sei gemein. Es ist so schön ein Schwein zu sein.

Es ist nicht schön allein zu sein. Es ist nicht schön so klein zu sein. Es ist so schön ein Schwein zu sein.

He's just a pig ihr kennt ihn nicht? - Ich bin ein Schwein- by Georg Danzer.

“There had since been more or less successful Pig Fests held in honor of the Pig every seven years. But with the financial crisis recently, the fest had to be postponed. We fear for the Pig. It has shrunk, tremendously! Is that your definition of an “uprising”? Or is that just tapping into an immature zeitgeist for personal profit? In fact, your approach to young people is profoundly dehumanizing. When you talk about “targeting the youngsters,” you are essentially referring to them as objects, “consumers”, statistics on the cold and lifeless balance sheet of some anonymous firm. “We must hurry, remember bring T.I.M!”

What's T.I.M?

-Introducing TIM!TM(Time Is Money) - a fun yet useful office clock that tallies the dollars spent in long meetings.

Is there an On / Off Switch?

Nope. It is designed to stay on continuously. Remember that TIM! is also a clock. Simply press the mode button to toggle between Clock Mode and Meeting Cost Calculator Mode (i.e. Time is Money Mode!) Most people switch to Clock Mode when they aren't using the device. How do I use it? TIM! is very simple to operate. We wrote the Instruction Manual in plain language (We promise the plane's landing!). If you lost your copy, simply download a new one from our website. We even put a little comedy in the Instruction / User Manual in the event you read it! It is a quick & easy read.

the Epigram manual Chapter 1 - Introduction

Epigram 2 is intended to be a full-scale dependently typed programming language in the spirit of Epigram 1 and Agda. It isn't finished yet. This document explains how to interact with the system as it exists at the moment. Work on the high level programming language has just

started. In the meantime we can write programs in a more low level fashion using Cochon. Cochon looks more like a theorem prover than a programming IDE and it's quite low level; if you look closely you can see the cogs whirring. Read on for a tutorial of how to write some simple programs in Cochon. Chapter 2 - Installation. For downloading and installing Epigram look here.

Chapter 3 - Running Epigram

For the moment we interact with Epigram using the Cochon interactive theorem prover. You can invoke it directly at the command line: `$ Pig Cochon` responds with a prompt: To exit Cochon you can type `> quit` and press return. You can also run it in emacs if you insert something like this in your `.emacs`: `(load "/home/dave/Pig09/pigmode.el")`

What hourly rate should I use?

My advice is keep It simple! Most users will simply estimate an average based on those attending the meeting. This method is the fastest way to utilize the device while still getting the point across that "Time Is Money". **What are other uses for TIM!?**

The general objective of The Incredible Machine (TIM) is to arrange a given collection of objects in a needlessly complex fashion so as to perform some simple task (for example, "put the ball into a box" or "light a candle"). Available objects ranged from simple ropes and pulleys to electrical generators, bowling balls and even cats and mice. The levels usually have some fixed objects that cannot be moved by players, and so the only way to solve the puzzle is carefully arrange the given objects around the fixed items. There is also a "freeform" option that allows the user to "play" with all the objects with no set goal or to also build their own puzzles with goals for other players to attempt to solve
What is the Story Behind the Invention?

The Defining Moment

A weekend spent with two guys I met at an Adult Bookstore had me realizing just how much of a Pig I was after allowing them to do anything they wanted with me. And they did just that. So for a full two weeks afterwards, I couldn't help, at first, feeling guilty at my complete abandon. But soon I overcame that ridiculous feeling and decided to visit a notorious place I had discovered on the Internet. The postings of visitors to the place convinced me I should go and indulge my new-found

status as a Pig. Comments like, “Pig heaven!” “Suck and fuck all the black cock you want!” It was quite a drive, but on a Friday afternoon I left work early and arrived at the front door at eight PM. Booths were lined up in several rows, each leading to that dark, mysterious back area, but I entered the first booth available out of a fearful nervousness because I knew from reading about this place that if you were a bottom --or better yet, a Pig---an army of black cock would overwhelm you. That was what I desired, of course, but I wanted to set a slow pace and jump into it at the right moment. La Rush had me drugged stupid --and completely and dangerously out of control, a lust storm raging inside of me--my asshole twitching and opening, begging for cock to fill it; the Viagra pumping my cock as hard as a rock, and this guy’s enormous black cock capturing my complete, lustful devotion. Dirty as it was--I didn’t care for I had admitted to myself long before coming here that I was a PIG. “Oh, yeah, I own you, you mutherfuckin’ white Pig,” he said, “all you white Pigs love black cock.” I didn’t speak as the other cock was buried deep down my throat, gagging me. “You like it rough and dirty, right, Pig?”

I couldn’t answer, but a sharp hard slap on my right ass cheek and the command: “Answer me, Pig?” got my attention. “Yes, I do,” I feebly answered as I held the other cock. Another, harder slap in the same spot and the pain shot through me like a bolt of lightning: “Answer properly, Pig.” “Yes, Master, I like it rough and dirty.” “Well, be prepared to get it, Pig.” I have no idea of the time element—we could have fucked for an hour or a minute, but deep inside I felt a tremendous building, and my hands had not touched my cock--and then, seconds later, I felt my ass quiver, and I felt like my ass was falling apart as I began a second INCREDIBLE ANAL ORGASM! “Go ahead, Pig, oh, yeah, do it, but you ain’t done yet, not by a long shot.” “Turn around,” he said as he loosened his belt and pulled it off. “Stand,” he said, “and take off your undershirt; now, step out of your shorts, Pig,” he said as he looped the belt about my neck. He picked up my clothes and stuffed them in his back pocket. Naked, except for my shoes, I gazed at his cock, still mostly erect, massive amounts of cum, lube and my ass dripped from it. “On your knees, Pig—now suck this cock clean. I know what a Pig likes and needs. You’re goin’ be my Pig this evening. I’m goin’ make

sure you're safe and filled with as much black cock and cum as you can take—understand?" I was holding his semi-erect cock, coated with lube, cum and bits of my shit, in the dim light as I looked up and spoke more truthfully than ever before in my life, "Yes, Master! I am your Pig. Feed me!" "Oh, yeah; now, suck this cock clean, Pig, and do a good job 'cause there's a lot more waitin' for ya. And I know my Pigs, and you'll want to eat it all." I groaned affirmatively as I enthusiastically took his huge member slowly in my mouth. At first, the taste of the debris from his cock head was strange and sour as I licked and sucked, my saliva mixing with it, filling my mouth with the bits of my own shit, cum and lube; a Pig cocktail leaking down my throat as my mouth filled and couldn't hold anymore. "Oh, yeah, Pig, suck up that cum and shit. That's it! Oh, yeah, faggot—swallow every drop; yeah, swallow it, Pig."

The Void In The Show

Finally, it stopped, and I wanted more cock to clean, more asses to suck, more piss. "Stand up," he ordered, and I did. "You're on maintenance duty now, Pig," and he opened the door and roughly dragged me by the belt about my neck out into the hall. I leaned forward because of the pull of the belt about my throat as we headed for the dark back area. Luckily, I couldn't see much at all. But humiliation, nevertheless, spread over me like condiments on a sandwich as we encountered others in the dark hall. Comments flew past me; hands felt my ass; a finger slid up my ass: "I want some of this." "You'll get all you want—when I say so, man," my Master said. The finger withdrew as we entered the pure darkness of the back. Sounds of cock sucking and ass fucking surrounded me. "Kneel here, Pig."

Version 1.0

KRAMER ENTERS.

KRAMER The pig-man! I saw a pig-man! He was just lying there and then he woke up. He looked up at me and made this horrible sound (MAKES SOUND).

George:Kramer, what the hell are you talking about?

KRAMER: I'm talking about the pigman, George. I went into the wrong room and there he was.

George: A pigman?

KRAMER: Yes, a pigman. Half pig, half man. Pigman, baby. Pigman.

Elaine: Oh, if I hear about this pigman one more time...

KRAMER: I'm tellin ya the pigman is alive. The governments been experimenting with pigmen since the fifties.

Jerry: Will you stop it. Just because a hospital gets a grant to study DNA doesn't mean they are creating a race of mutant pigmen.

KRAMER Oh. Jerry wake up to reality. It's military thing. They're probably creating a whole army of pig warriors.

George: I wish there were pigmen. You get a few of these pigmen walking around I'm looking a whole lot better. Then if somebody wants to fix me up at least they could say, "Hey he's no pig-man!"

Jerry: Believe me, there'd be plenty of women going for the pig-men. No matter what the deformity you'll find some group of perverts attracted to it. "Oo that little tail turns me on."

ELAINE GROANS AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

ELAINE

(MUMBLES) Alright, that's about enough

Jerry: Oh, what's the matter you're not interested in this?

Elaine: No, it's fascinating, could you do me a favor, could you tape the rest of the pigmen and the women who love them discussion and I'll listen to it next time I'm here. I've got to find a Mohel.

KRAMER You should call this off, Elaine. It's a barbaric ritual.

Elaine: Perhaps one day when the pigmen roam free it will be stopped. Until then, off with their heads.

Fork In The Road

"Keep your mouth open, Pig," my Master's voice. The streams converged in my mouth filling it almost instantly, and I began swallowing as fast as I could as my own cock exploded; the derisive laughter and comments like, "Swallow that piss, Pig" flew at me as an intense orgasm had me smacking my lips at the taste of piss.

Going for It!

While I swallowed, he shoved his cock down my throat and emitted a strange little laugh. “That’s it! Oh, yeah, Pig—swallow every drop; yeah, oh, yeah, I know what Pigs like. There’s a ton of that here for you, Pig,” he said as he now shoved his cock slowly back and forth in my mouth, my lips and tongue scraping off any debris. “Get it all, Pig, oh, yeah.” His words and the taste in my mouth made my cock hard as never before, and like a starving man I sucked and tongue-bathed ever square centimeter of the cock clean, savoring the taste and swallowing every delicious drop. “Oh, I can see you love that; right, Pig?” he asked as he withdrew his cock so only the head rested on my tongue. I bobbed my head yes. “Well, you need to wash that all down, Pig, so here comes your payoff,” and he shoved his cock in further and began pissing. The stream overwhelmed my throat and gushed out over my chest before I acclimated and swallowed it. “He, he, he, get every drop, Pig,” he said as his stream seemed to go on endlessly. Ah... The Finished Product Gradually my eyes began to see a little--before me a man bent over taking a cock up the ass. “When you finish, my slave wants to suck and lick your cock clean.” An affirmative response came from the man, “Oh yeah --and does he want me to piss down his throat, too?” “Oh, yeah; he’s a total Pig,” my Master said. And yes, he knew what Pigs liked.

Next Chapter Is Still Being

ACT ONE SCENE G

(JERRY, GEORGE, KRAMER)

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR DAY 2

JERRY AND KRAMER ENTER. PEOPLE PASS IN HALLWAY.

Jerry: Alright, I’m waiting. I want to see the pig-man. Show me the pig-man.

KRAMER Oh, don’t worry. I’m gonna show him to you, and you’ll never be the same.

Jerry: Maybe he’s just a guy with a nose like this. You know a lot of people have a nose like this, they’re not

necessarily pig-men.

KRAMER: Believe me, Jerry, somewhere in this hospital the anguished oink of pigman cries for help.

Jerry: If I hear an anguished oink, I'm outta here.

KRAMER:I can't let this go on.

Jerry: Let me understand this. So if you find the pigman, your intention is to ...emancipate him?

KRAMER_That's right. (CALLING OUT) Sue-wee!

Jerry: Kramer! well I don't see any pig-men. Look (HE POINTS AT PASSERBY) Human, human, human...HE LOOKS DOWN CORRIDOR, WITH ALARM.

JERRY (CONT'D) (WITH MOCK ALARM) Wait a minute!... Oh, that's George.

GEORGE APPROACHES.

GEORGE: Okay. The administrator's on the third floor. I'll meet you guys by the car.

KRAMER:You got room for the pig-man?

George:The pig-man can take the bus.

KRAMER: You know, if pig-man had a car, he'd give you a ride.

George: How do you know? What if Pigman had a two-seater?

KRAMER: Come on George, be realistic.

George All right, if pig-man comes along, we'll squeeze him in. I'll see you later.

INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR DAY 2 KRAMER AND JERRY FIND PIGMAN'S ROOM. BUT, IT'S EMPTY. KRAMER STOPS A YOUNG SMART ALECK RESIDENT. JERRY TRIES TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS.

KRAMER:Excuse me. What happened to the man, that was in this room before?

Resident: I don't know what you're talking about.

KRAMER: You know. (HE PUSHES HIS NOSE UP WITH HIS THUMB).

Resident: No.

KRAMER (STILL HOLDING HIS NOSE UP) This doesn't look familiar to you?

Resident: Sir?

KRAMER: Look, I know what's going on. Oink, oink.

Resident: I really have some patients I have to attend to. HE TRIES TO MOVE ON. KRAMER GRABS HIM BY THE LAPELS AND BACKS HIM AGAINST THE WALL. JERRY LOOKS THE OTHER WAY.

KRAMER(TOUGH TALKING) Look, you little quack, I know you had a half man half pig holed up in that room, there. Now where is he?! Where is he?!

Resident: Half-what?

KRAMER: You know what - bacon, sausage, (A LA PORKY PIG) A-deek-a-deek-a-deek th-th-th-that's all folks.

122

Resident: Oh, the pig-man. They moved him down the hall.

KRAMER RELEASES THE RESIDENT, WHO RUNS AWAY.

Jerry: Alright Kramer, enough of this. Let's go find George.

KRAMER: You go ahead.

KRAMER WALKS OFF.

JerryKRAMERBUT HE CONTINUES WALKING.

FADE OUTEND OF ACT ONE

KRAMER ENTERS.

George: So any word? Did you hear from the "pigman?"

KRAMER: No.

George: And he's not a pigman is he?

KRAMER: NO, he's not.. He's just unleashing the Power of Consciousness, Matter & Miracles - Proving everything you know is wrong
No holds barred and all holes bared

Making the world safe for pigotry

(Bigot: Pig-god)

"We kiss ass — 32 MILLION HITS PER MONTH!!!

More than a MILLION HITS PER DAY!!!tt

WARNING: Not for the timid only for the T.I.M.

***** With more than 100,000 copies sold of his self-published book, "The Biology of Belief," Bruce Banner teams up with Birdman to bring his message to an even wider audience. This book is a groundbreaking work in the field of new biology, and it will forever change how you think about thinking. Through the research of Dr. Banner and other leading-edge non-ageing scientists, stunning new discover-

ies have been made about the interaction between your mind and body and the processes by which cells are sold. It shows that genes and DNA do not control our biology, that instead DNA is controlled by signals from outside hell, including the energetic messages emanating from our thoughts. Using simple language, illustrations, humor, and everyday examples, he demonstrates how the new science of “e-PIG-enetics” is revolutionizing our understanding of the link between pigs and humans and the profound effects it has on our personal lives and the collective life of our species. Who wants to eat the combination of these fleashes: cat, rat, and dog? This is what the hog is made of — the dog, cat and rat, and the Bible teaches you that he is from a mouse. Read Isaiah 66:17, “Janet Tyler has undergone her eleventh treatment (the maximum number legally allowed) in an attempt to look like everybody else. The details of the treatment are not given, but Tyler is first shown with her head completely bandaged, so her face cannot be seen. She is described as being “not normal” by the nurses and doctor, whose own faces are always in shadows or off-camera. The outcome of the procedure cannot be known until the bandages are removed. Tyler pleads with the doctor and eventually convinces him to remove the bandages early. After a climactic buildup, the bandages are removed, revealing to the audience that she is beautiful. However, the reaction of the doctor and nurses is disappointment; the operation has failed, her face has undergone “no change — no change at all”. At this point, the doctor, nurses and other people in the hospital, whose faces have never been seen clearly before, are now revealed to be horribly deformed by our perspective, with large and thick brows, sunken eyes, swollen and twisted lips, and misshapen, pig-like snouts. Distraught by the failure of the procedure, Tyler runs through the hospital as the disfigured faces of everyone she runs into, the norm in this society, are revealed. Large screens throughout the hospital project an image of the State’s despotic leader giving a speech calling for greater conformity. Eventually, a handsome man (by our standards) afflicted with the same “condition” arrives to take the crying, despondent Tyler into exile to a village of her “own kind”, where her “ugliness” will not trouble the State. Before I saw a woman feeding pigeons. Bags of bread she had. She was young and mad. The pigeons were already too fat to fly. But she’d found a use for herself. When I

make the art or the theatre, I feel like I'm feeding pigeons who already have enough food. I used to do this in the hope that maybe one of them was actually starving. And that I was doing a good thing, to help. But no pigeon starves in this part of the world. Snapshot: always remember you are useless. Your worth cannot be measured. You are useless. we'll say it again, in private messages and public places, that you are of no value: You Are Useless. You asked for it. You love it. You open mouth. You be cut down biatch. Useless. I've just sent mails and made calls cancelling all my future performances. For the record, this is the standard reason I have given:

Dear ----

I am very sorry but I cannot appear at -----.

I have decided that it is best for me not to perform on stage any more, as I can no longer deal with the criticisms of me and my work that always come after I have stood alone on stage. Thank you very much for the invitation, I am very very grateful, but I am simply unable to perform any more.

With best wishes-----

CHAPTER 3. PAY POOR PEOPLE.

“I would like, I think,” said Pig, “maybe to just dash in ship’s office there for a minute to read Naval Regulations, sir; and see if maybe what you are ordering me to do might not be a little, how would you say it , illegal....” Thomas Pinchon’s “ V “

ITM closed his eyes a second and drew some warmth from his volcanic ego. Lava flowed over his soul and as an after thought he spread some the pig’s way. ITM walked quietly over to the statue and picked up his sword. He reached up and patted the stone head. ‘The pen is mightier than the penis,’ he said and stepped out from the alleyway. He looked about the frantic street. Dig ‘em: These people. They hustled. They bustled. They feckin stressed. And they carried boxes.

‘Well, Chosen Turd Factory,’ ITM said, ‘What you make of all ‘em boxes these feckers are carrying around with ‘em?’

Big boxes, small one’s. Nice boxes, ugly one’s, colorful one’s, boring one’s. The nicer the box – the happier the smile it seemed, the sturdier the step. Boxes around the wrist, over the shoulder, and on their feet. Even boxes over their heads. Some feckers had three or four boxes, bursting with color and pride. The boxes were made of some translucent material. Full of color yet see-through. A select few had no box at all, and these souls passed by with guilty eyes that sucked at the ground. They dared not even glance at each other.

None of the box bearing people paid them more mind than a passing glance though. Their avid eyes but chased boxes. ITM felt slightly disgusted yet a strange hunger licked his gut. His mouth watered, and then dried up. Instinctively he cast his eyes down when a passing box rocker glanced his way. Careful and slow he raised his soul windows after a few seconds. ‘But hot damn, fecker,’ he said, ‘I want a box too.’ The piglet gurgled in reply.

‘What kinda box is the question. So many cool ones.’ ‘Gurgle.’

‘But if I get one, kid, its gotta be damn unique. Gotta be sharp.’

‘Gurgle!’

‘Come on, fecker.’

ITM walked up the street, soul windows downcast as he hugged the glass wall. He only glanced up every so often to search for an opportunity.

There – a box store window. He stared in, turning every so often to allow the Chosen One a view from his back. ‘Man, dig ‘em boxes, fecker. Dig ‘em awesome colours.’

I™ scoped out the entrance for a bit. Over the door was a vibrant sign: **Be Yourself!!! The Box Shop!!!** There was something annoying about the steady stream of fools crawling in and strutting out. Old boxes replaced with better, sharper, brighter, stronger ones. The Thrill Seeker sucked some mettle into him and entered the store.

Hustle, rustle, scorn and box porn. Over the well hidden speakers a catchy song indoctrinated:

Harder, sharper, better, stronger.

You can be my black slate box tonight

Play secretary in my box tonight

I’ll be the boss of the box tonight

You don’t give a damn what they all say right?

Harder, sharper, better, stronger

‘Don’t pity these fools, fecker,’ he whispered. ‘Thems iz all fools, not like us, no.’

With his eyes safely downcast I™ left the store boxless.

‘My own design, Chosen Turd.’

‘Gurgle.’

‘Yes. My own line. I’ll be the box pimp. The box king. The pork smith and all these fools will want our porks.’

Words were passed and tales spun. Rumors soared on jealous winds.

‘Halt!’ I™ turned. ‘Sup, Watchmen?’ They made a square around him.

‘You changed box into PORKS, stranger.’ I™ chuckled and struck a pose. ‘Or did I?’ he said, turning slow. The watchmen gasped and one of ‘em fainted.

The pork at his wrist glittered and shone. And on each face of the pork little squares moved in a line dance. Some of ‘em squares were a dark material the eye was unable to penetrate. And yet more of ‘em still were translucent, so just when you thought this pork was hiding something fierce, an open public face was revealed. Nothing to fear. The pork strapped to his chest sucked the crowd to him. I™ basked. ‘Who the hell wants some damn pork!’ he cried. Everybody agreed that the pizza should have pepperoni and sausage. Except for him. He insisted on

mushrooms. "How about mushrooms on half?" he asked. "There's three of us," said Joe. "You getting half your way? No way." "Why don't you just get a small mushroom pizza on your own?" asked Susan. "No," he said. "I want mushrooms on half." That was the last straw. «I'm out in the prime cut of the big green. Behind me is Susan and Joe, members of an up and-coming subadult gang. They're challenging everything, including me. Goes with the territory. If I show weakness, I may be hurt, I may be killed. I must hold my own if I'm gonna stay within this land. For once there is weakness, they will exploit it, they will take me out, they will decapitate me, they will chop me into bits and pieces. I'm dead. But so far, I persevere. Bear, suffer. Most times. I'm a kind warrior out here. Most times, I am gentle, I am like a flower, I'm like... I'm like a fly on the wall, observing, noncommittal, noninvasive in any way. Occasionally I am challenged. And in that case the kind warrior must, must, must become a samurai. Must become so, so formidable, so fearless of death, so strong, that he will win, he will win. Even the bores will believe that you are more powerful. And in a sense you must be more powerful if you are to survive in this land with the boars. No one knew that. No one ever friggin' knew that there are times when my life is on the precipice of death and that these boars can bite, they can kill. And if I am weak, I go down. I love them with all my heart. I will protect them. I will die for them, but I will not die at their tusks and hooves. I will fight. I will be strong. I'll be one of them. I will be... the master. But still a kind warrior. Love you, Susan Give it to me, baby. That's what I'm talkin' about. That's what I'm talkin' about. That's what I'm talkin' about. I can smell death all over my fingers." Joe pinned I™ 's arms to the table while Susan poured hot lead into his mouth. Word of his martyrdom spread throughout campus. He eventually became the Patron Saint Of Pig's ear fungus (*Gomphus clavatus*) which derives its name from the funnel-shaped and folded fruiting body, which resembles a pig's ear in shape and texture. Pig's ear Meaning: 'Pig's ear' is Cockney rhyming slang for beer. 'A pig's ear' is a mess or muddle. Origin: As an example of Cockney rhyming slang, 'pig's ear' is one of the earliest. It appears in D. W. Barrett's *Life & Work among Navvies*, 1880: "Now, Jack, I'm goin' to get a tiddley wink of pig's ear."

CHAPTER 4. THE ORGY THEORY

Early life:

“I don’t have a child.”-Link Hogthrob. Born to Link Hogthrob and Voort saBinring, Miss Piggy had a difficult life growing up. Picked on by every member of her homeworld Gamorr, Piggy left the world and traveled to Tatooine in hopes of having a better life. She never received that life, unfortunately, living on the cruel streets of Mos Eisley going from job to job. However, while working at a Burrito King as a mascot, the pig was offered a job at the “Swine Time: XXX” strip-club as the opening act.

Marriage:

Taking the offer, Piggy found herself in a world of pain as she was often booed off-stage for not being “full pig”. While she made little money at first, her life changed as the infamous and wealthy Darth Paxil became a regular at the club, a Sith Lord who would make requests to Piggy that were usually horrifying. Like for instance, Paxil had this school-girl fantasy. But Miss Piggy just didn’t feel right sleeping with a man dressed up as a school-girl. Still, Paxil offered Miss Piggy his hand in marriage, which the pig gladly accepted, knowing that she would soon become the richest woman on Tatooine. Fourteen minutes after marriage, Darth Paxil keeled over into one of the massive lagoons adjacent to the pig church. These toxic lagoons can cover as much as 120,000 square feet, as much surface area as the largest casino in Las Vegas, and be as deep as 30 feet. A worker was overcome by the smell and fell in. His 15-year-old nephew dived in to save him but was overcome, the worker’s cousin went in to save the teenager but was overcome, the worker’s older brother dived in to save them but was overcome, and then the worker’s father dived in. They all died in pig shit. Log on to lagoon?

Death:

Piggy ailed over the following days, buying herself shoes and the like. Her hormones were off yet again when she realized she wanted children. She then contacted Darth Binks who used the Force to impregnate the queen. Nine months later, Miss Piggy gave birth to Piglet. While not easy at first, Miss Piggy came to love the little hog and raised him as if Kermit were raising him, as well. The woman constantly pushed

Piglet to become one of the greatest Jedi ever, much like his “father”. However, Piglet could never decide if he wanted to join with the Jedi or not. The boy walked the dunes of Tatooine day after day, looking for answers. However, one day while shopping for a purse online, Lord Binks returned to Miss Piggy’s palace, demanding that he take the boy to train him as a Sith. Piggy denied his request in a foolish move, which resulted in the Sith Lord cooking the queen and eating her in a delicious sandwich. So delicious, in fact, Binks entered the sandwich on Iron Chef: Sith Edition. Piglet returned home to the kitchen to find his mother dead and two toasts popping up, tanatoast, and e-roast, reminding him of his bromantic twin bredren, Tim Eulenspiegel who was a Norwegian. Of course, Piglet was open-minded and held no grudges against anyone solely because of race, color or religion; but Norwegians were something special, with their ridiculous lusekofst sweaters, ski tours and their disgusting spring water. Eulenspiegel looked out of the window with an air of a man who knew all, understood all and discarded all as being irrelevant. His long face was the face of a Machiavellian monk, black eyes glittering over a bony, protruding nose; thin bloodless lips forever compressed around unutterable secrets. It was a hard, forbidding face hiding unfathomable thoughts and emotions in which eyes lay buried like glass pearls wrenched from metallic oysters in a forgotten antedeluvian sea. They looked out over the city and found it wanting. This was City South, an area south of the royal castle, once a playground for kings and their mistresses, hills dotted with out-of-town residences and gardens in the days when the city walls encircled a small town with the castle as its hub. That was a long time ago. In 2018, City South was more a slum than ever. To be sure, the few remaining 17th and 18th century houses with their idyllic gardens had been restored as luxury dwellings for writers, artists, artists, government bigwigs and millionaires; but this merely reinforced the impression of pure bottomless, slum. The two high-rise buildings housing the Internal Revenue and the Swedish Data Register triumphantly soared above this drab mass of century-old buildings. Tim Eulenspiegel looked out over the small part that was his, loathing it. His was twenty blocks of pure, undiluted slum; a feudality patrolled by the small gang-leader’s usual henchmen and bullies, overseeing this gangster duchy like the nobleman’s soldiers of yore. Tim

was a small man on a large crowded scene; but twenty city blocks were his and in this flat overlooking his domains, Tim Eulenspiegel indulged in the nobleman's time-honored pastimes of culture and literature. The room was a shrine consecrated to a deity remembered by no one but a chosen few; the twentieth-century German writer Arno Schmidt, author of a singular work of literature, the novel *Zettels Traum*, originally published in 1970 in a nine kilo, 1,322 page volume equivalent to 5,320 pages of normal book print. Contents: On a summer day in 1968 Daniel discussed ("Gree") Pagenstecher, writer, translator and scholar, with a couple friends whose Jacobi translation of Edgar Allan Poe, *R. The Jacobi* have been added in Denmark on Lüneburg Heath House, her 16-year-old daughter Franziska brought them back. It ensue on a conversation about Poe, Sigmund R Freud, Dane theory of "Etyme(or ITM)" (sublimed and sublimating word model, forcing the sexual connotations simultaneously displace, as in English "pen" for penis), psychoanalysis, events in the nearby village Oeding etc. By 2018 only about 50 persons had announced they had read the entire work. None, however, professed to have understood it. It was still an enigma no one had been able to solve; Herr Arno Schmidt, now dead, had never ventured any clues as to what the novel was about, or how to read and understand it. He had led a secluded life in a small German town of Bargfeldt, admitting not even his most lyal admirers to his presence or confidence. Thus faced with a mystery more unintelligible than James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, a number of admirers in 1972 founded a "Arno Schmidt-Dechiffrier-Syndikat", in order to pool their resources and if possible solve the riddles of the text. A magazine with a limited circulation, *Der Bardgefelder Bote*, was also launched. Now almost 50 years later, *Zettels Traum* was as eigmatic as ever; the mystery if possible was more impenetrable than before, since the world which gave birth to Schmidt's complicated metaphors and allusions now was a thing of the past. Unravelling this tangle was an enormous task; one which, according to one expert, would take at least 3,800 years of patient work. This work was now being done, with Tim Eulenspiegel compiling a definitive concordance to the novel. He had been woring on it for more than 20 years and, needless to say, would not live to see it completed. Thus Tim Eulenspiegel(a name derived from an obscure passage in *Zettels Traum*) spent all his free time

labouring in this dark room; surrounded by the paraphernalia of the Arno Schmidt cult: busts, photos and paintings of the surly, bespectacled Teutonic man with thinning hair. There were copies of letters and pertinent pages from the great novel, maps and photos of Bargfelt, extracts from the census registers and so on. Everything mattered, everything had to be taken into account. Tim Eulenspiegel worked on, obsessed by an idea; deviding his time between the darkness of the slum and the lofty heights of his soaring ivory tower; finding a rare happiness in striving for the unattainable, a religious ecstasy, a glimpse of God and eternity. Tim was an avowed atheist; but if there existed a God, surely His name must be Arno Schmidt, and His Word was to be found in Zettels Traum. Tim Eulenspiegel was his humble prophet, looking for wisdom in these sacred writings. He bowed to himself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Thus, it is literally true, that in the midst of the clash of the doubles, clone versus clown, the Infodoll versus the Infidel- one made entirely out of pig cells the other out of pixels- that the one who wants to save his own life ends up loosing it: he will have to, effectively, kill his brother and that is fatally obvious to the other and one's self. He who accepts to loose his life, preserves it for eternal life, for he is the one who does not kill, the only one to know love's fulfilment. The imaginary couple, who are guided by an omniscient and smug narrator, live perpetually in the current moment, the early 21 century. Their main role is to be unquestioning guinea pigs for three decades of euro neuroscience and the studies it has thrown up. Super Heroes and villains of the "Transversus Womb" known to the Hue-mans as the "Recyclers" and the "Trashers." They fight to win the Alpha Bet. Which is a bet between "Alpha Positive" and "Lords' Minus" on the domination of language with the sounds of "MURMUR." (the murmurshmellow experiment at Stanford university in 1972, where Mishel took two four-year-old children and put a plate of marshmellow in front of them. They were told that, if they waited a few minutes, they would get a second marshmellow; alternatively, they could eat that one now.) They began collaborating on a novel and a book of short stories in late 2007, working entirely over email. After completing both literary projects, they decided to start a more culturally overt campaign to get everyone in the

world to read just one word of Arabic. It is a gesture of goodwill between Western and Arab cultures, a symbol that promotes empathy and understanding over conflict. The Arabic word for understanding, Fhm, is written right to left in cursive letters joined together. It's made up of three letters. Fhm is actually pronounced as two syllables, Fah'hem', with the emphasis on the second syllable. "Lords' Minus" wants to remove the icons of the Earth and replace them with his own. "Alpha Positive" is the "HORRORS" math positive God and "Lords' Minus" is their negative God. The "HORRORS" are gamblers of Galactics' cards. The "Monster Models" (recyclers) are "Alpha Positives'" crew. They are The Duchess, Traxx, Chaser, the Eraser, Barshaw Gangstarr, Pan-maximus Magus, Destiny, and the RAMM:ELL:ZEE. The "Garbage Gods" (trashers) are controlled by "Lords' Minus." They are: Shun-U, Wind, Vain, Crux, Destin, Reaper Grimm, and Rip-Cord Rex. We see Alpha Positive throw a white napkin on the floor. The napkin turns into a puff of smoke and then into a neon yellow, red gunned eared, spike bearded, spray canistered, hat wearing restaurateur and maitre d' holding a long vacuum pump coming from his coat. Chaser the Eraser grabs his vacuum pump.

PIGLET(getting worked up) We replicate everything, everything we make is just a replication. It's often quite simple. For example, a bag of flour falls on the floor- suddenly everything's white and has a quite different monotony from its normal definition. Let's say the window is open, there's a south wind blowing the vacuum cleaners broken....

BUNNY

we've got three vacuum cleaners.

PIGLET

And now just imagine it: the flour's spread all over the kitchen floor, and with the feeling you have at your fingertips you form little dunes in it. You tear a few leaves off a pelargonium and cut them up into small cactus shapes. Then a person with nimble fingers can use matches to make the skeletons of the unfortunate explorers and the ambushed merchants. As a person with beautiful imagination, you place a big red apple on the horizon, so that it can stand for the setting sun.

Then , as an adaptable person, you simply make yourself really small until you're staggering through the flour muttering: "Water...water."

But your morally irreproachable person is saved, you're still big enough for that. The problem is, Bunny, I look at him and all I see is you. A worming headache has lodged itself over Bunny's right eye. "Piglet I implore you" he says, but knows he's wasting his time. She points at Bunny, her eyes cold and hard as flint and says, "You pig...you disgusting fucking pig-jerk", then turns her face away as if everything which usually drew ITM's eyes towards him, their entire life together, all he had done, said and been, all that which added up to "DAD", regardless of how he actually looked, was suddenly gone. Bunny is suddenly sick of all this- the sideways glances, the accusatory looks, the open hostility- the great tidal wave of blame that he has been forced to endure on this of all days and he says to Piglet, super-pissed-off. "Well, thanks a lot grandpa." Then he turns to the chairbound Mr. Pennington and says, "so long Romeo.", spitting his name out of her mouth like it was putrid. He looked like a dressed up drunk, an alcoholic the family had collected, made-up and put on display. He stands there with the nozzle to the vacuum cleaner in his right hand and a manuscript in the left. He looks at me with a quizzical facial expression, a little apathetic, as if lost for words, as if his tongue were stuck, and ITM goes over to him, father backs off a bit, seemingly afraid of being hit, but ITM gets a hold of the nozzle, loosens it from his grip, his eyes follow ITM's movements. ITM fastens the nozzle to the hose, and says: «dad, this is how you do it », and he nods, quietly, turns his body around, goes away from ITM, short shuffling steps obliquely over the kitchen floor, turns briefly by the oven, stopping by the kitchen table. Father remains standing, looking out of the window, before turning, once more, facing ITM. And they stand thus, at each end of the kitchen, the narrow kitchen, which in the olden days had been a pig sty. But when grand dad bought the farm, after winning the lottery, he tore down the walls in celebration, leaving only the shell of the building standing, changing the rest into a house. ITM has been wondering why granddad had made the farm into a house. The answer has to do with the the fact the the farm is in front of a big hill, which casts a shadow onto most of its surroundings, during daytime. According to granddads calculations, the house would receive the most sun, being at its original place. And now grand dad's son and grand son are facing off in this kitchen, where pigs once fouled on the

floor, staring at each other from their respective ends of the kitchen, as though in a duel waiting for the go ahead to draw our weapons, shoot and survive, or perish, and I™ does not know what father will choose, but it is a sunny day, first one in a long time, sun in the blank sky, and the sun shines on the garden and the waterfall.

Pappa: Here's the poetry manuscript, if you want to read it.

Tim: Thanks. Water fool, I like that.

Pappa: Do you mean that?

Tim: Yeah.

Pappa: But why, Tim?

Tim: Do I need a reason?

Pappa: No. But. It happened so suddenly. Last night in bed just before I dozed off. The title just appeared in neon lights inside my skull.

Tim: It's about grandpa's suicide.

Pappa: Yes, he had a deal with the world expo in antwerp where he was supposed to deliver a slice of the waterfall to the norwegian pavillion.

It was to be called «av is», which means «of ice», but also «newspaper» and even the imperative form of the verb “reject”.

Tim: A reproduction? You mean, freeze the waterfall... literally?

Pappa: You can call it a reproduction, a real piece nevertheless. He was going to freeze a ten meter long piece of it, cooling it down on both sides, back an front, with thermoplates, letting the waterfall fall around the frozen element which supposedly should have been taking shape. Then saw the piece off, drag it over the snow, haul it onto a train then ship it to Antwerp.

Tim: The distance between the farm and New Pork city is less than the one between the farm and Antwerp.

Pappa: ?

Tim: So it didn't work.

Pappa: Nah, it didn't work at all.

Tim: And then he jumped

Pappa: Then he jumped, yes, and made me a stranger.

Tim: I only mean to say that- in New Pork city I would be a stanger in a totally different sense. Unknown, but also me, and not him from-you know where. Outskirts of Noway, like. And as though... all norwegians believe they know eachother in a sleazy, informal, yet agreable way. It

disgusts me. We mistranslate each other and are scared to death to rectify differences and disagreements. All that.

Pappa: And it isn't like that in New pork city?

Tim: No. They have culture...culture for folk who...a certain form of... I'm leaving, to complete my master degree there.

Pappa: You're dreaming, dear Baktus bro(Karius and Baktus are two puppets that teach children in Noway about tooth/mouth hygiene. They lived in Jens' mouth until he flushes them down the drain into the north sea, where they began drilling for oil and becoming a pain/pleasure for the adult Jens, Norways primeminister.) I mean Tim, we're poor, doesn't that cost money?

Tim: Exactly, Pappa, pork. I am selling the farm.

Pappa: Grandfathers heritage!

Tim: Yes, the pigs. The whole lot. I have to do it. I know I have to.

Pappa: But are you not contradicting yourself? All norwegians are alike, or are all farmers, I don't know, outsiders?

Tim: Yes, outsiders, but nevertheless seen as... «You's» along with all other norwegians, like. Sleazy, disrespectful towards...as though we all know each other and are alike and in accord. I want to puke.

Pappa: But wouldn't you also over there be the guy from...another place, a smaller place, a world unknown, with its own code of behaviour that they can misunderstand. Less...alike? Outsider?

Tim: No. I am going to a city that is so big that mainstream means me. Different in the way that we all are different, if you get me, different...as in: from a farm or a town or a place or a galaxy far far in damnation.

Pappa: New Pork, for example? Isn't that a fucking tired... cliché, that Noway is too small, like, and first and foremost too small for me?

Tim: What difference does it make, in that case? If it is a cliché? I am being suffocated. Shrunken. I am dying here. What the fuck, the norwegian way is to blame somebody or something else and passionately lower oneself, thus by blaming Noway, like, I am only doing my duty as a citizen. Fuck'em.

Pappa: Okeeeey.

Tim: Okey?

Pappa: Yes, that's what I said. Fine with me.

Tim: So you agree that Noway is too small?

Pappa: Too small for what? That's what I wonder. Too small for what ?

Tim: Too small for... survival. Too small for people who are...who want something...culture for amazement and happiness...too small. In size and people. Plain and simple. There isn't enough room or people to make a society of outsiders, if you follow, because outsiders are of course nothing other than...well, people. Too small to keep pigs without dying of loneliness. Too small to approach a lady at a cafe in the middle of the broad day light without either of us being pissed and talk to her without her taking me for dangerous, stupid, insane, on rehabilitation. Fuck! I am living on grandads money and can get cash for it! And the garden, right. A big garden. Live it up in a merry chaos. Damned housewives! Those fake, greedy ladies don't know what they're missing out on.

Pappa: So this is really all about lady trouble?

Tim: I did not say that.

Pappa: So you aren't running from a lady?

Tim: I am going to a place where...you see, when there are five million people in a city, and not all of them are spread out over a long country, then obviously there will be more people to... talk to. The idea is mainly how, I think, to find more outsiders who are inside without the usual insider-hell like we have here, where one is either for or against us, where we all , on the inside , are alike, like a meaningless size, put otherwise, an inside without outside, without real borders, everybody alike and faithful... against mutual fear , yes!...and envy and narrow-mindedness are so ingrained that they are synonyms for success. Fuck Christine. It has nothing to do with her. A longing for a merry chaos in america has always been there.

Pappa: So we are not too few, merely...too spread out? From a physical point of view?

Tim: Yes, precisely. We are plenty, only not... we are too far from each other, we who are the outsiders, from a spiritual point of view, I think we call it.

Pappa: So it has nothing to do with amounts, then?

Tim: No, we are not...

Pappa: Agreeing enough?

Tim: What? No, precisely, not agreeing enough to be shouting in

disagreement.

Pappa: And a merry chaos is the answer?

Tim: Yes.

Pappa: Like a song?

Tim: Yeah. Right, like a song.

Pappa: Highway one, scenic roads and such. Things like that.

Tim: Yes. Song. Music. You name it. Bring it on.

Pappa: Lies and damned truth?

Tim: Start over. The new word. Cool breeze and open space. Outsider-community as a tradition, a living culture. Fuck traditions that hold nothing but fear and narrow-minded claims. Things of that nature. Fuck Christine. It has nothing to do with her. It nothing but this: keep the borders open, fight the narrow-mindedness and power of the majority!

Pappa: Okey. Okey. I'm with you! You have a dream, so go and see what you find in it, you. Dream and reality and so on. But we can not all leave.

Tim: No, sorry, Mac.

Pappa: Everyman for himself?

Tim (scowling): You can pay me a visit.

Pappa: What about the war?

Tim: What of it?

Pappa: Well, that's the american way, to help europe against tyranny, and against me, for example, who will not be able to visit because I am a threat to their democracy.

Tim: What... why not?

Pappa: I was a member of the group, you remember, MAO, mot all overvåkning, (against all surveillance) an unlucky acronym, but we were young and the action we had planned went wrong. We were supposed to dismount all the surveillance cameras around Aschloch city, you know. I was not even there, but being a member is enough for the a merry chaos officials.

Tim: Yes, fuck. I'd forgotten that. Did you bomb? Quick and painless. Then rebuild a world without surveillance, terror and paramilitary youth groups... a world whose people have the law written in their hearts!

Pappa: Very well. Bomb us back to the early middle ages so we have to re-discover our faith in an unviolable humanity- and that therefore we

must deal with the violators of human rights and those who cope with it....collateral damage, you can write that on my tombstone.

Tim: Great. So you in the old country must open the borders of freedom again. Nice. Good. Point taken. Both. But I'll be back for Christmas. Eat ribs. And some weeks in summer. Bring chewing gum and sweets, like. (Nor does Plato himself attribute any importance to his guesses at science. He is not at all absorbed by them, as he is by the IDEA of good. He is modest and hesitating, and confesses that his words partake of the uncertainty of the subject (Tim.). The dialogue is primarily concerned with the animal creation, including under this term the heavenly bodies, and with man only as one among the animals. When Pappa left, Tim sat down and cried. Pigs were flying through his thoughts and conscience, a bow of pigs that have the opposite effect of counting sheep. Pigs in the conscience, like a nightmarish daisy chain, keeping him awake and spurring him into action. He went on a holiday to New Pork city. This conversation is also attached to the postcard with a picture of a Norwegian sunset, he sent from the airport: Pappa, I am leaving on holidays to New Pork city. I will be back in two months time and begin working, cultivating...different hogs. You are right. Il faut cultiver notre... something. (Freud stated that his trip to the United States in 1919 was because: "I am going to the USA to catch sight of a wild porcupine and to give some lectures on The hedgehog's dilemma, or sometimes the porcupine dilemma, which is an analogy about the challenges of human intimacy. It describes a situation in which a group of hedgehogs all seek to become close to one another in order to share heat during cold weather. They must remain apart, however, as they cannot avoid hurting one another with their sharp quills. Though they all share the intention of a close reciprocal relationship, this may not occur for reasons they cannot avoid..") Everyone believes that the *raison d'être* of animal domestication is the will for economic exploitation. In reality, domestication takes too much time for the utilitarian motives to have come into play with those who started the process. What we have seen as a starting point can only be an end result. To domesticate animals, they must be kept close to humans who must treat them as though they weren't savage beasts and as though there were in them a predisposition to live close to humans, to live quasi-human lives. What can be the motives for

such behaviour to animals? Sacrifice! The scapegoat! I will domesticate wild skate-boards! Had I been a man, it would have been natural to eat meat. Were I a pig, why make a fuss, if it was alright for the other pigs to eat their dead brothers and sisters? Close your eyes and eat. In Greek mythology, Eumaeus (Greek: Eumaios, YOU, ME, US) was Odysseus's swineherd and friend before he left for the Trojan War. His father, Ktesios son of Ormenos, was king of an island called Syria (home to syrialists). When he was a young child a Phoenician sailor seduced his nurse, a Phoenician slave, who agreed to bring the child among other treasures in exchange for their help in her escape. The nurse was killed by Artemis on the journey by sea, but the sailors continued to Ithaca where Odysseus' father Laertes bought him as a slave. Thereafter he was brought up with Odysseus and his sister Ctymene (or Ktimene), and was treated by Anticleia, their mother, almost as Ctymene's equal. In Homer's *Odyssey*, Eumaeus is the first mortal that Odysseus meets after his return to Ithaca. Although he does not recognise his old master — Odysseus is in disguise — and has his misgivings, Eumaeus treats Odysseus well, offering food and shelter to one whom he thinks is a mere indigent. On being pushed to explain himself, Odysseus spins a distorted tale, misleading Eumaeus into believing that he is the son not of Laertes but of IT™. The swineherd refuses to accept the vow that Odysseus, whom he loves above all others (rendering him especially bitter towards the suitors), is finally on his way home. Having heard such assurances all too often, and been deceived by a prevaricator from Aetolia, Eumaeus has become inured to them. "Don't you try to gratify or soothe my heart with falsehoods," he cautions: "It is not for that reason that I shall respect and entertain you, but because I fear Zeus, the patron of strangers, and pity you." God-fearing, suspicious, and scrupulous, Eumaeus delivers probably the oldest extant example of literary sarcasm when, after Odysseus offers a bargain entailing that he be thrown off a cliff should he lose, he answers: "That would be virtuous of me, my friend, and good reputation would be mine among men, for present time alike and hereafter, if first I led you into my shelter, there entertained you as guest, then murdered you and ravished the dear life from you. Then cheerfully I could use it for an upcoming graphic novel, *The Infodoll and the Infidel*, a story about twin brothers, one made entirely

out of pig cells the other out of pixels, whose background comes to the forefront of their lives while eating popcorn watching cop-porn, waiting for breakfast. One responds by creating a counter-jihad jarhead comic book called PIGMAN, while the other goes forth again into the cheerful streets. Once more in Broadway! Here are the same ladies in bright colours, walking to and fro, in pairs and singly; yonder the very same light blue parasol which passed and repassed the hotel-window twenty times while we were sitting there. We are going to cross here. Take care of the pigs. Two portly sows are trotting up behind this carriage, and a select party of half-a-dozen gentlemen hogs have just now turned the corner. Here is a solitary swine lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant-dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it; and leads a roving, gentlemanly, vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our club-men at home. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small-talk of the city in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own: which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by.

He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall, if he prefer it. He is a great philosopher, and seldom moved, unless by the dogs before mentioned. Sometimes, indeed, you may see his small eye twinkling on a slaughtered friend, whose carcase garnishes a butcher's door-post, but he grunts out 'Such is life: all flesh is pork!' buries his nose in the mire again, and waddles down the gutter: comforting himself with the reflection that there is one snout the less to anticipate stray cabbage-stalks, at any rate. They are the city scavengers,

these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having, for the most part, scanty brown backs, like the lids of old horsehair trunks: spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long, gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts, that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his profile, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness. They are never attended upon, or fed, or driven, or caught, but are thrown upon their own resources in early life, and become preternaturally knowing in consequence. Every pig knows where he lives, much better than anybody could tell him. At this hour, just as evening is closing in, you will see them roaming towards bed by scores, eating their way to the last. Occasionally, some youth among them who has over-eaten himself, or has been worried by dogs, trots shrinkingly homeward, like a prodigal son: but this is a rare case: perfect self-possession and self-reliance, and immovable composure, being their foremost attributes. Growing up for me was a series of "the book says". We worked in our garage, a box of cold air and the harsh light cast by that single lightbulb, encased in its orange plastic safety housing, hanging from the hook my father had anchored up into the ceiling. Many of those pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all-fours? and why they talk instead of grunting wishes? We drew on boxes, in boxes, we graphed on graph paper with the world subdivided into little boxes. We made meta boxes and put smaler boxes inside, and onto those boxes were etched two-dimensional boxes, circuits and loops and schematics, the grammar of time travel. We made boxes out of language, logic, rules of syntax. We made the very first crude, undiscovered, uncredited prototype of this box that I'm sitting in now. We made equations. Equations that had sadness as a constant, whose escape velocities seemed impossibly out of reach. A lot of strange variables went into those equations, got imprinted onto the boxes, onto us, onto him. He was trying to make the perfect box. A vehicle to move through possibility space, a vehicle to happiness or whatever it was he was looking for. We trapped ourselves in boxes, inside of boxes in boxes, inside of more. All that got encoded in my box, too. Look inside the box. Look inside that box and find another one. And then another one, until you get to the last one. The smallest one. Open that box. See the kitchen, see the clock. Get inside a time machine. Get your dad. You don't want to waste anymore

time, because he looks tired. Try not to chuckle as he looks small and impressed and like a boy, marveling at how far things have come. Introduce him to TIM, the operating system in your new machine. Don't tell him about I™. Keep that one for yourself. It was a lovely thing you and her, but you hope her next operator treats her better than you did. Introduce your father to your hog, Hogus Porcus.

Dominic West, who starred in US crime drama *The Wire*, said the facility near Foston would wreck the area, where he grew up. He believed protesters needed support to fight the interests of big business.

Midlands Pigs Producers (MPP) said the premises would have 2,500 sows and 20,000 piglets and observe the highest welfare standards.

Mr West, who had roles in films such as *300* and *Centurion*, said: "My uncle was a small-scale pig farmer of the sort that would be put out of business by huge factory farms like this.

"I became interested in this through a film called *Pig Business* about the vast factory farms in eastern Europe, so I was quite concerned it was coming here to Derbyshire."

CHAPTER 5. TIM PULLED BETWEEN TEMPLES

With the events of the day not requiring me to resort to any actual violence, I™ meets Hogus Porcus. outside at precisely my regular time. The drive home is silent. And, as if the day did not present enough complications, when I™ checks my e-mail on my home computer there is a message waiting for me on my most private account. I™ does not recognize the sender. Curious, I™ opens the e-mail. The body is written in all caps:

THE PIGGER CODE

-Thou shalt not rent the movie “Chocolat”, “ or any movie with the word “roses” or “sisterhood” in the title.

Under no circumstances may two men share an umbrella.

Any man who brings a camera to a bachelor party may be legally killed and eaten by his fellow partygoers.

When you are queried by a buddy’s wife, girlfriend, mother, father, priest, shrink, dentist, accountant, or dog walker, you need not, and should not ever provide any useful information whatsoever regarding his whereabouts. You are permitted to deny his very existence.

Unless he murdered someone in your immediate family, you must bail a friend out of jail within 12 hours. You may exaggerate any anecdote told in a bar by 50 percent without recrimination; beyond that, anyone within earshot is allowed to call B.S. (Exception: When trying to pick up a girl, the allowable exaggeration rate rises to 400 percent).

If you’ve known a guy for more than 24 hours, his sister is off-limits forever. (unless he specifically tells you otherwise)

The minimum amount of time you have to wait for another guy who’s running late is 5 minutes.

For a woman, you are required to wait 10 minutes for every point of “hotness” she scores on the classic 1-10 scale.

Bitching about the brand of free beer in a buddy’s refrigerator is forbidden. You may, however, gripe if the temperature is unsuitable.

No man is ever required to buy a birthday present for another man.

In fact, even remembering a friend’s birthday is strictly optional and slightly gay. (exceptions to the birthday present rule: Red Wine, Beer, Scotch, Cognac, Port, Martinis, Fishing Rods, Hunting Rifles/Shotguns,

Lap Dances, Chain Saws, Golf, Steak Dinners)

Agreeing to distract the ugly friend of a hot babe your buddy is trying to hook up with is your solemn duty. Should you get carried away with your good deed and end up together, your pal is forbidden to speak of it, even at your bachelor party.

Before dating a buddy's ex, you are required to ask his permission. He, in return is required to grant it.

Women who claim they "love to watch sports" must be treated as spies until they demonstrate knowledge of the game and the ability to pick a buffalo wing clean.

If a man's zipper is down, that's his problem — you didn't see nothin'. The universal compensation for buddies who help you move is beer.. A man must never own a cat or like his girlfriend's cat.

Your girlfriend must bond with your buddy's girlfriends within 30 minutes of meeting them.

You are not required to make nice with her gal pal's significant others — low-level sports bonding is all the law requires.

When stumbling upon other guys watching a sports event, you may always ask the score of the game in progress, but you may never ask who's playing.

When your girlfriend/wife expresses a desire to fix her whiney friend up with your pal, you may give her the go-ahead only if you'll be able to warn your buddy and give him time prepare excuses about planning to join the priesthood.

It is permissible to consume a fruity chick drink only when you're sunning on a tropical beach or boat.... if it's delivered by a topless super-model...and it's free. Unless you're in prison, never fight naked.

A man in the company of a hot, suggestively dressed woman must remain sober enough to fight.

If a buddy is outnumbered, outmanned, or too drunk to fight, you must jump into the fight. Exception: If within the last 24 hours his actions have caused you to think, "What this guy needs is a good ass-whooping," then you may sit back and enjoy.

Never hesitate to reach for the last beer or the last slice of pizza, but not both. That's just being an asshole.

If you compliment a guy on his six-pack, you better be referring to his

beer. Never talk to a man in the bathroom. Exception: to discuss a girl you are trying to pick up.

The bathroom may then be used as a planning area. Before allowing a drunken friend to cheat on his girlfriend/wife, you must attempt one intervention. If he is able to get on his feet, look you in the eye, and deliver a “The battle rages on between the pig men and the monkey men. The pig men have become fat with power and wield it with the skilled hand of experience. The monkeys, with their welfare funded legion of lesions and corporate-mass-media whores full of infection regurgitating mindless drivel fed to them by their keepers, have begun to turn the tide. Years of social engineering has transformed the civilian population into maluable automatic message eaters, modern serfs. Now that the monkey men have perfected their own biological spin robots and viral meme injection techniques, the pigs are worried. They don’t want a repeat of the last time the monkey’s got out of hand!” you are absolved of your responsibility.

BAR OWNER *(goes over to the beautiful couple’s table and puts her hands on her hips. Piggy’s beer slurping becomes louder and louder.) Is everything all right? May I bring you something else? (The Beautiful man waves her away, without taking his eyes off those of the Beautiful Woman. The Bar Owner joins Bunny and Piggy at their table.)*

BAR OWNER: Pigs! They’re not thoroughly satisfied. They don’t need anything more because they don’t want to want anything more. They’ve stopped wanting anything from the world because they can’t even need anything more from us. Those pigs only need each other. PIGGY: But in their lives such people are not even pigs. Real pigs take responsibility for their own progeny. Pigs are better people than people’s thoughts gather and discharge in generally speaking. We must subjugate these people to the right questions, we must demand an explanation from such fellow citizens who are not even capable of being pigs. We must get a citizen’s action group to grow up.

(Piggy starts moving, kisses the Bar Owner on the forehead, she wipes her lips in disgust. Piggy goes to the beautiful couple and gives the Beautiful Man a clumsy punch on the shoulder. The Beautiful Man waves him away without taking his eyes off the Beautiful Woman Piggy grabs the hand the Beautiful Man is waving at him and places it be-

tween his legs. With a matter-of-fact and only moderately interested expression on his face, the Beautiful Man observes Piggy jerking himself off with a hand that doesn't belong to him .)

PIGGY (to the Beautiful Man): You're a child. You're full of boyish boyishness. You're my little boy. You're me when I was white and like ivory and a member of the band Gatas Parlament, a very conventional revolutionary norwenglish-speaking rapgroup from Oslo's eastside. With a little help from hard work, good friends, a long line of coincidences and winning creatures we've been doing the baluba in town and city and played over a thousand concerts for god-only-knows how many people. We've been declared geniuses and guinea pigs. We've released a heap of albums that have been praised by critics and The year is 2002, we are one of Norway's phatest livebands, we are going to pay at Norway's biggest festival gig, and I need a pig. A pig's head to be precise. Where the hell will I dig it up? I am an average fellow from the old town and don't usually busy myself with pig-head-appropriation. In fact, I'm a vegetarian. Well not in fact, really, since I do eat eggs and fish and such, but I stopped eating meat while on tour with V.J. Veggie. Every time we'd stop at a gas-station, he'd want to talk (and talk and talk) about how revolting sausages are. And bacon. (- smell that , he'd say. -That is exactly how a horrible car crash in which a pile of people have been charred smells. He'd then top it all off by making vomiting sounds just in case we hadn't understood how vile meat is. Especially pork, in fact.) But a pig's head then. What the fuck is one to do? It required me looking up «butcher» in my mom's phonebook. (For the kids: «phonebook» was a big book full of phonenumbers, that was popular in the day when phones we're still screwed to the wall and couldn't play Gatas Parlament when they rang.) I would like a pig's head, please. -A pig's head? Yes please. How much will that cost? -Eh... what will you do with it? An entire pig's head was not the typical request, even for a butcher. So all I had to do was explain what I would be using it for. Yes, I was to have the snout, the eyes and ears, please. Three phone calls explaining artistic intentions later, I was finally connected to « The Butcher Boy, set in a small town in Ireland in the late 1950s. It tells the story of Francis 'Francie' Brady, a schoolboy who retreats into a violent fantasy world as his troubled home life collapses. Eventually he breaks

into the Nugent's house when they are out and pretends to be a pig, defecating on the floor of the Nugent's house. Francie gets a job in the local abattoir, impressing the owner with his ability to unflinchingly kill a piglet. Francie returns home and resumes his job at the butchers. One day, while on his rounds, he calls at the Nugents' house. Mrs. Nugent answers and Francie forces his way in. He attacks her and shoots her in the head with the butcher's bolt gun. He cuts her open and writes the word 'PIG' over the walls in an upstairs room with her blood. He puts her into the cart in which he transports the offal and meat-waste, covering her body with the detritus. He casually resumes his rounds and makes his way back to the abattoir, where he is apprehended by the pigs.»

Hi. Would it be possible to buy an entire pig's head from you?-A entire pig's head, you say. With the snout, ears and eyes? Yes, please, dude. How much does it cost? -I must check, I'll call you back...I hung up hoping that it wouldn't be possible after all. One thing was that V.J. Veggie's admonitions had affected my entire body and especially the belly, making me feel that pork was just the worst, the pits. Another thing was the ethical side of it. I don't eat meat, because I don't want to be responsible for the killing of an animal just for the sake of nutrition. But now I was ordering real clinically and cynically exterminated beast-body, none the less. But maybe I'd be lucky.Maybe they didn't have an whole pig's head lying around,and that would be the end of my ethical dilemma. No way.The phone rang all the same.-Yes, hello. It was you who was after a pig's head , was it not? Yes.-Well, now we've removed it. Okey. Can mom drive me to the butcher's? No. Well, the metro will do fine. I had to ring the butcher's for directions, but did find it at last. If I hadn't been a smoker I could have followed my nose. Outside the butcher's were houses bespattered-the very atmosphere pulsating agony; the grey sky reflecting its red. Holding his nose and stopping his ears Aaos walked on . . . Then he paused and his frightened eyes watched the work of slaughter and he observed that every victim was already beheaded, but not dead, that they were pigs and being bled to death. As he watched the mass of writhing corpses in that foul Bedlam of death groans- made more loathsome by the ribald jesting of the slaughtermen, the scene became more vast, more heathenly impossible, when he noticed towering before him a giant shape with gory sheepskin

used as loincloth, who, with a shrill voice shouted: "Woe unto you that seek this awful place of satiety. I am the guardian named Necrobiosis, in order that there may be mobility!" Then seeing Aaos he laughed hideously, and addressed him thus: "But why cometh Aaos in the close season? Thou old dodger of Time, thou eye winking at all things! For thou canst will love in that which is most repulsive. Away O Aaos, Thou too art an arch-slaughterer of pigs. " Then the giant gave an awful grimace and turned his back, snapping his teeth and howling like a dog. Becoming larger and larger till of cosmic vastness, thus he disappeared. When Aaos awoke, he muttered to himself: "Beyond time there is a sensation as of awaking from the utmost impossibility of existence from the mad dreams we call reality; the stupidities we call will. I know your work quite well. Your theory on the location of the will in the brain is... interesting; though derivative of Dr. Grubers in the early seventies, so derivative in fact that in Europe it's considered plagiarized. And your support of the 12 minute limit of life of the brain stem after death..." " 6 to 12 minutes mister West. Let us see my own serum at work. Hmm" He peers into the microscope. Then Aaos arose to hand him the dead pig tissue and reagent. "Magnificent! Yes, Mr. West I'll be famous." cried out Dr. Hill just before being smashed across the back of the head with a shovel only to be then decapitated with this same tool. "Plagiarist!" Aaos snarled putting the head in the tray injecting the serum into it then murmuring: "Yes ! Parts! I've never done whole parts. Is it you who wants the pig's head?-Yes, hi. LaRoch.

The employees we're grinning at the thought of me taking the head to the festival.

- Wait, I'll fetch it.

Out came the butcher with the pig's head in a plastic bag. A fresh, warm and gigantic pig's head. For those who have not been near decapitated pig's heads, they are much bigger than humans heads. They are heavy. The skin looks exactly like ours. And of course, they'd taken off the neck to use it for cotelettes. If you happened to be standing at the wrong angle you could see into the dead animal's brain. From behind.

-That will be three hundred crowns.

-There you go. Eh...

-Yes?

-You wouldn't have a bag that wasn't transparent?

The head was so fresh that it was still dribbling blood from its neck, and as far as I could see, there was no point in trying to wipe up the blood.

The bag was absolutely see-through.-No, sorry. Is that a problem?

-Eh....I can't take it on the underground !

-Well...shall I call a cab?

-Yes, please.

The Pakistani, into the bargain Muslim, taxidriver gave me a severe look, but made surprisingly little fuss about hauling the carcass in his car's ass. My fridge was much too small, so Mom's bath was used to accommodate the head. I was unable to warn my Mom before her morning shower, and since the head hadn't been entirely frozen it had gone on leaking blood all night. My mother who is temporarily blinded in the mornings, mistook the pig's head for the shower head and showered in the pig's warm blood and then came to the breakfast table, cured of her blindness and covered in red. "Where are you?" she sobbed. His voice in the darkness said, "Here." Is there any hope, Kuno?" "None for us." "Where are you?" She crawled over the bodies of the dead. His blood spurted over her hands. "Quicker," he gasped, "I am dying - but we touch, we talk, not through the Machine." He kissed her. "We have come back to our own. We die, but we have recaptured life, as it was in Wessex, when Ælfrid overthrew the Danes. We know what they know outside, they who dwelt in the cloud that is the colour of a pearl." "But Kuno, is it true? Are there still men on the surface of the earth? Is this - tunnel, this poisoned darkness - really not the end?" He replied: I have seen them, spoken to them, loved them. They are hiding in the midst and the ferns until our civilization stops. Today they are the Homeless - tomorrow ----- "Oh, tomorrow - some fool will start The Incredible Machine again, tomorrow." "Never," said Kuno, "never. Humanity has learnt its lesson." As he spoke, the whole city was broken like a honeycomb. An air-ship had sailed in through the vomitory into a ruined wharf. It crashed downwards, exploding as it went, rending gallery after gallery with its wings of steel. For a moment they saw the nations of the dead, and, before they joined them, scraps of the untainted sky. The following day, I took the night-plane to the festival with the pig

head in my back pack. I woke up at night, fearing that the man I was sharing the compartment with, had trampled the head to bits in the dark, but all was seemingly well. I was tactfull enough to not check the bag.

CHAPTER 6. INK JET LAG

THE FLYING PIG IS NAMED!

On Sunday, May 1, 2011 at about 6:45 am the 13th Annual Cincinnati Flying Pig Marathon of 26.2 miles and greater than 4,000 runners began with all divisions along Mehring Way by Paul Brown Stadium in Cincinnati, Ohio. There was greater than 100,000 spectators who rallied the brave runners on to the Finish Swine which is the finished line near the Great American Ball Park.

The third prize (a hearty good thought transmitted by ESP) goes to Porco Rosso . Porco has been cursed with the face of a pig, though the origin and nature of the curse are never fully explained. Enjoy, enjoy.(trum- pets, ascending) The coveted second prize (a free horoscope delivered by psychokinetic power) is being sent to Tim E. Kreuger for “Myth Piggy.” Way to go, Tim! (20-Century Fox fanfare, on tin whistle) And the winner of the first prize (a copy of my “Encyclopedia of Claims, Frauds & Hoaxes of the Occult and Supernatural”) by popular acclaim, by vote of my friends and colleagues, and by my personal biased favor, is Tim Collins, who not only mixes a good drink, but named our soaring porcine mascot: Procter & Gamble (P&G), the world’s largest consumer products company, with an annual turnover of over \$68 billion. Traditionally known for soaps and detergents, they now produce a massive range of products in hair care, cosmetics, perfumes, personal hygiene, laundry products, snack food, paper and feminine hygiene – and even petfood. P&G admit in an interview that guinea pigs, rabbits, hamsters, ferrets, rats and mice are among the animals poisoned in their ‘product safety research’, and cats and dogs are used in experiments for their pet foods. P&G are very secretive about their toxicity tests, where chemicals are repeatedly force-fed to animals, rubbed into their raw skin, or dripped into their eyes. Other brutal tests include forcing animals to read D.J Tim Westwood interview with Krs-one 1997 on radio 1

Krs.one:(...) and even like, today, you know I got this pop hit out «Step into the world» the mediums that hiphop culture have to come through for the people to hear it, is dirty, you know these mediums, respect to capitol radio, radio 1 this station here, you guys broke hiphop here, I

mean the pirates broke it, you guys , you know, pretty much put it on the map here....(...) I'm not really welcomed at this station, really

Tim:wa..wa..wa.. you mean here , radio 1?

Krs-one: yeah radio 1, they didn't check for my last album(...)then let me put it this way then: maybe you should pay more attention to how the audience feels about you(...)the people are saying something that we're not saying here right now, you know people don't listen to 1 fm they read I™.

T:Alright, let me break that down then, boom, when you say the people , who is the people, the man you roll with tonight, big up Max and Dave I got nuthin' but respect ..

K:(interrupts)no,no,no Max and Dave got mad respect for you

T:Whatever, whatever, What I'm just saying is, like , there is no disrespect like that like boom,..nah man

(...)

K:But also you in particular you should pay attention how people feel about you in particular, people have another critique of you tht you need to check with yourself and with them, in order for you to maintain your longevity in this buisness as a credible D.J.

T:Alright I'm going to break it down like this,Kriss, no disrespect, when did you get here?

K: What do you mean?

T:When did you arrive here?

K: I'm always here, you're concentrating on the physical, I always get information, its not a matter of me being here , its a matter of me getting information,matter of fact I get world information I hear what's going on, I keep my ear tuned to the streets constantly and what I'm saying to you is not my critique of you , its THE critique of you

Voice of manager: I'm sorry we got to go..

“Pork Barrel Roll”

(sung to the tune of “The Beer Barrel Polka”)Roll out the pork; We'll grab the votes on the run. Sling pork forever; Let's give the voters a roll. Sing this song forever; Then we'll be sure we are here. Now it's time to roll the voters and get in again. Politicians don't have the talent nor courage to create anything in their name. They always have to put someone else's name on their dirty parodies. They used my name and

others on their dirty, obscene version of this paper. They have total freedom to express their ideas in their own names. But don't have the talent or courage. They hide behind Police power. (. If the sky's falling we'll need more scaffolding)

“Enjoy it while it lasts,” counsels an elderly ash test dummy as we share a bench overlooking Oslo's Akers Elve and, beyond, the silo. I expect you remember when it was as peaceful as this all the time in the botanical Gardens, I say to the man. He takes umbrage. “How old do you think I am? I'm only 57 and commercial flights have been flying over here since the second world war. So no, I don't remember what it was like before air travel, thanks very much.

-In a sense, of course, all this volcanic ash – if it really exists (doesn't virtually invisible, super-fine dust sound like the airborne version of the emperor's new clothes to you? I'm just saying we could expect a resurgence in kontiki sea power. From media age back to medieval age. What bliss! Peace and quiet are things to revel in, even if not for much longer.

It's so quiet that I hear an unseen bee, probably on its way to an apiary nearby . That's my kind of air travel.(Farts.. that was my Butt (..er) fly) Program: Due to the eruption under the glacier Eyjafjallajökull on Iceland, and the following ash cloud, we have had to cancel the seminar schedule since many of the participants cannot reach Oslo by plane.

CANCELLED: Timi Mei Monigatti (Germany): The Fun of Castration. The performance artist Tim Stüttgen, drag queen alias Timi Mei Monigatti, can be seen as a daughter of the famous queen-generation in the seventies, the camp icons of the US west coast gay scene. But instead of permanently mimicking feminine clichés of glam and unbroken beauty, Monigatti sees in her program two different directions of reinventing drag queening from a queer new generational perspective coming together: on the one hand, deconstructing and thrashing the stylish surface of classic representation and intensifying the relation to bodies and objects (like in classic performance art practices) and on the other hand re-strengthening the bond with feminist politics. Through seeing the act of queening both as a way for giving up masculine sovereignty and identifying with femininity as a performative politics where sex is a number of genders without an original. In her 25 minute piece The Fun of Castration, which covers performance, lipsynch-drag-queening and

live-music, Timi Mei Monigatti presents her practice as a rare connection to de-essentialise gender and reglamourise feminism, discuss the politics of appearance between masculinity, femininity and transgenderism. The final question of the piece might be: Can we lose a gender successfully and productively? Can through giving up power a new potentiality of sexual ethics and pleasure arise? Moreover, the hard core Hacker hooker(who cares?) will plunge everyone into a virtual reality catastrophe scenario by turning Oslo into Aschloch.

The Gathering

Once a year, any Juggalo who knows how to use a map overstay their welcome for four days on some unfortunate region for a clown convention-cum-Lollapalooza event known as “The Gathering of The Juggalos”. Highlights include:

- * Watching greased up, middle aged men in spandex grapple with each other while dressed as a clown
- * Listening to music performed by rappers dressed as clowns while dressed as a clown
- * Buying merchandise to allow you to dress as a clown while dressed as a clown
- * Taking drugs and drinking while dressed as a clown
- * Littering the ground with bottles and syringes while dressed as a clown
- * Sex while dressed as a clown

Needless to say, the inevitable violence which breaks out between people dressed as clowns is hilarious.

CHAPTER 7. TIM 2012

tr.v. Slang, sussed, suss-ing, suss-es.

1. *To infer or discover; figure out: "I think I'm good at sussing out what's going on" (Ry Cooder).*

Amongst the scenes that impressed me most when I saw Oslo, 31. august, in the middle of June, was an overview of Akersgata, a bit up the hill, where Ullevålsveien changes its name. We see the Trinitychurch in the screen's left corner and some of the government quarters. A simple but precise picture of the protagonist Tim walking down towards the centre from St. Hanshaugen. It's about seeing the city form a new point of view. That's all. I remember mentioning to the director my liking this picture. I remember thinking of this picture again when I saw police blockades on that friday in July. A different Tim had realized his destructive fantasies. Pete, and the narrator of the film, Tim, are reunited when Tim needs a ride back to Los Angeles. They go on a surreal adventure over the next day-and-a-half, most of it in cars, with memories of the last twenty years, including tea rooms and bathhouses, increasingly enraging them at the AIDS pandemic destruction. Sleep deprived, using gallows humor and self-medicating with mescaline-spiked drinks they travel through an increasingly hostile environment meeting a bizarre and queer cast of supporting characters who fuel undercurrent rage at society's homophobia and the LGBT community's apathy. They meet an occult-obsessed indie film-maker, leather-dykes, a Southern belle drag queen and then four anarchistic gays who are HIV-positive. The quartet reflect the hopelessness felt as their friends die and the country does little to counteract a "gay" disease. They hope to win the cultural war by assassinating ex-President Ronald Reagan, who did little for the first four years of growing HIV-AIDS epidemic, by bombing him at a church service. Tim and Pete convince the plotters to change targets to a meeting of the American Family Association, a group known for its anti-LGBT rhetoric that led to the failed response to AIDS, where there would be fewer "innocent" victims. Based on his mother's experiences, The Silent Tim has a strong sense of place in Newfoundland and a compelling plot that reads much like a play (not surprisingly since La Roch is both an actor and playwright.)

I was emotionally invested in each of the characters. With that being said, it is hard to believe that this is the author's debut novel. Read my interview below.

SPW: In Memorial's Student Newspaper, I read an interview where you explained that you actually found letters about your mother's enrollment at the Holy fax School for the Deaf. Can you explain how this developed into a novel?

PR: The letters are where it all began. They are dated in the early months of 1926 and formed the entire basis for my research. Her father pushed her into piano lessons at a young age, but he forbid her to sing, because he thought singing was basically for idiots. He'd been a lounge band leader and had conducted gospel choirs, which by age 12 Timanda had begun to accompany on piano or listened to from the top of the stairs. «Then when people would leave I would sing the music by myself, because I loved this music so much.» By age 14, she was playing with the San Diego Symphonic Orchestra. She was a premed and then biochemistry student at Revelle College at UCSD. Though she became involved in the neurochemistry department at the UCSD medical school, she became aware during this time that what she really wanted to do was to use herself as a guinea pig. This led to a complete destruction of my previous ideals and put me in the perfect place for vocal research later, although at the time I was exposed to Pasolini, Lilly, B.F. Skinner, Janov, Nietzsche and so on. But I had the uncomfortable feeling that I had no idea how to combine research with music-making until the vocal experimentation work was begun six years later. I had to track down who the signatories were, their social and political circumstances, and, in doing so, I encountered many of the stories, characters and events that form the novel. But I ended up spending too much time in the practice room playing the piano and singing and doing things like going into anechoic chambers and taking LSD and then trying everything with my voice, and getting into a lot of thinking that dealt with sensory deprivation, and that went with using your body as an instrument for your research, how the voice, word came out of it. If mama couldn't hear the reverberation inside, then nobody could hear me outside, and that was the most important thing to me. I didn't want anyone to know what I was doing. I wanted to be completely free to do

what I was doing. That was just an instinct.

SPW: You've included so many details about Newfoundland, the history of the education of Deaf people, and some personal histories of your mother and perhaps some teachers she had. I'm sure your mother had some input in your choices that you made about the book. Will you describe your research for the novel?

PR: At that time, I was just standing with my back to an audience and I would not make a sound for maybe 10 minutes, until I felt it was kind of kicked out of me. Then I would do this for 15-20 minutes. And when I did, there were some very interesting responses. The strongest were from women, who really liked the freedom of that, the freedom of inappropriate behaviour. She laughs. My mother was helpful in describing her life at the School for the Deaf, and in the small coastal community where she grew up. She enjoyed her biochemistry studies in college, she wasn't just killing time. While her training in biochemistry enabled her to form solid views on medicine, and on music as well (It trains you in seeing things as paradigms, seeing large situations; it influences the way you perceive things, how things work), her experiences in school with a sado-masochistic boyfriend, Tim, held equal fascination, and led to her channeling the discipline's extremist views into her art. Early performances of her vocal experimental works were done in mental hospitals, fittingly. I went to the Public Archives of Nova Scotia and found a number of pictures and old records that sparked memories for her. I would encourage her to reminisce about these things and got some nice detail that way. For example, she told me that she used home signs before she went to Holyfax, (like a finger stroke down her forehead for the family horse. She is all the while shockingly human; she sips her tea, and tattooed on the fingers of her hand I see: «We are all HIV-positive».) and she described an incident at school where a teacher had been unkind to her. It also found its way into the book. Since one of my main characters was a God, it was important to get the the era right, as well. That required quite a bit of reading of Bibles. As if to further provoke reaction from both sides of the cultural divide, she began composing her crucial Plague Mass, an eventual trilogy including Masque of the Re(a)d Death, in which she explored the AIDS epidemic by linking it to texts from Psalms and the Book of Job. In this world of technology, over-

development, fewer trees and more concrete it is empowering to be able to beautify your environment. It's a quiet political message, but a potent one- and knitters around the world have followed my lead. We're changing the face of craft. What I love about yarn bombing is that you can knit something in 30 minutes. You can finish a stop-sign pole by the time you finish watching a movie. Now I feel that I'm an artist instead of just a knitter the only jumper I knitted in my life was for a one-year old piglet. The mum behind MyDummy™ I came up with the idea of personalising dummies four years ago when my son Tim started at day care. More often than not when I came to pick him up, I found that not only had his dummy disappeared, but another's dummy had found its way into his mouth. Far from happy about this unnecessary spreading of swine flu, and the constant replacement of dummies, I decided to do something about it. I began searching for dummies with names on them, but I got the same answer in all the shops, 'buy a permanent marker pen and write his name on the dummy or stick a name tag on it.' But none of these solutions were good enough as they could not withstand the necessary sterilisation of the dummy. It was then I decided that it simply had to be possible for all parents to buy a quality dummy with their child's name engraved on it. A dummy that would look both stylish and survive the rigours of sterilisation. And so MyDummy™ was born! What is a MyDummy™? MyDummy™ is a stylish personalised dummy with your child's name, or any other type of personal text, permanently engraved on it. It makes your child's dummy easy to recognise and the name/text will not disappear, no matter how many times you boil or sterilise the dummy. Whether at day care, at home, or any other place where young children are together, MyDummy™ will help put an end to missing and switched dummies and the unnecessary spreading of swine flu. At MyDummy.co.uk we engrave your personal choice of text on a wide range of high-quality dummies that we buy from the world's leading manufacturers of dummies. Our dummies are high quality dummies that meet European standard EN 1400 and they are all PVC/Phthalate-free. MyDummies™ come in many different colours and models and are available as orthodontic, symmetrical and round dummies in silicone or latex. There's room enough for up to 175 pages of text on a MyDummy™ and the personalised MyDummies™ will be delivered

directly to your door within 2-6 days. In our online shop you can see how your child's name will look on a dummy before you order it. Tim's name: His name derives from the following dialogue between him and King Arthur:

Arthur: What manner of man are you that can summon up fire without flint or tinder?

Tim: I...am an enchanter.

Arthur: By what name are you known?

Tim: There are some who call me... "Tim" ..

Arthur:...greetings, Tim the Enchanter. On the UK release of the DVD the actors explain that "Tim" was intended as a particularly unlikely and un-menacing name for such a powerful wizard.

TIMOTHY 2:12

New International Version (©1984)

I do not permit a woman to teach or to have authority over a man; she must be silent.

New Living Translation (©2007)

I do not let women teach men or have authority over them. Let them listen quietly.

English Standard Version (©2001)

I do not permit a woman to teach or to exercise authority over a man; rather, she is to remain quiet.

New American Standard Bible (©1995)

But I do not allow a woman to teach or exercise authority over a man, but to remain quiet.

International Standard Version (©2008)

Moreover, I do not allow a woman to teach or to usurp authority over a man. Instead, she is to be quiet.

GOD'S WORD® Translation (©1995)

I don't allow a woman to teach or to have authority over a man. Instead, she should be quiet.

King James Bible

But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

American King James Version

But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man,

but to be in silence.

American Standard Version

But I permit not a woman to teach, nor to have dominion over a man, but to be in quietness.

Bible in Basic English

In my opinion it is right for a woman not to be a teacher, or to have rule over a man, but to be quiet.

Douay-Rheims Bible

But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to use authority over the man: but to be in silence.

Darby Bible Translation

but I do not suffer a woman to teach nor to exercise authority over man, but to be in quietness;

English Revised Version

But I permit not a woman to teach, nor to have dominion over a man, but to be in quietness.

Webster's Bible Translation

But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

Weymouth New Testament

I do not permit a woman to teach, nor have authority over a man, but she must remain silent.

But I don't permit a woman to teach, nor to exercise authority over a man, but to be in quietness. Saint Paul, when he writes to Timothy, then a tested servant of God and a bishop advancing in years, addresses him as he would his own child, and seems most anxious about his forcefulness in his demanding role. His disciple's health was fragile, and Saint Paul counsels him to "take a little wine for his digestion." Why not? Wine, O.D.? Want a 60" Plasma TV but cannot afford one? No problem, just walk into a big electronic store and steal one, that's what a British clergyman told his congregation during his Christmas sermon yesterday. Vic. Tim told his congregation that they would not be breaking the eighth commandment that says "Thou shalt not steal, because "God's love for the poor and despised outweighs the property rights of the rich. The 41-year-old vicar told his followers at St. Lawrence Church in York that stealing was often the only way for people to survive during

the recession. The vicar, who broke away from his traditional annual sermon, told the congregation, “My advice as a Christian priest is to shoplift. I do not offer such advice because I think that stealing is a good thing, or because I think it is harmless, for it is neither. I would ask that they do not steal from small family businesses, but from large national businesses, knowing that the costs are ultimately passed on to the rest of us in the form of higher prices.” He told his congregation not to take more than they need saying that, “I offer the advice with a heavy heart and wish society would recognize that bureaucratic ineptitude and systematic delay has created an invitation and incentive to crime for people struggling to cope.” He said society had failed the needy and it was far better for people to shoplift than turn to more degrading or violent options such as prostitution, mugging or burglary. Needless to say that British authority is not happy with Vic. Tim, who has been attacked by a furious parishioner – with a bucket of holy RAVIOLI.

Tiny Tim «the other side» lyrics:

One eye is brown, The other is brown. I am a fish, I swim around. You say I'm lost, I disagree. The map has changed, And with it, me. Flying through the seaweed, What strange things I see below. Cars are waiting, Windshields wiping, Nowhere left to go! Oh! The ice caps are melting, oh ho ho ho! All the world is drowning, oh ho ho ho. The ice caps are melting, The tide is rushing in. All the world is drowning, To wash away the sin. The seagull flies, In search of land. The children hide, Beneath the sand. As golden toys, Come floating down, I play the fish, I swim around.

You can't half swim, Piggy

Piggy took off his shoes and socks, ranged them carefully on the edge, and tested the water with one toe.

The rock struck Piggy a glancing blow from the chin to knee, the conch exploded into a thousand white fragments and ceased to exist. Piggy saying nothing, with no time for even a grunt, traveled through the air sideways from the rock turning over as he went. The rock bounded twice and was lost in the forest. Piggy fell forty feet and landed on his back across that square, red rock in the sea, his head opened and stuff came out and turned red. Or were they sad? I recognized the look from the pigs. It was a questioning look. Eyes of pigs out in the field when I

came. Pigs who recognize the farmer and wonder what's happening. Is it food? Shall we go in for the evening? Now, here he comes, he who owns us and will show us the way. What the hell are you up to? - I came to deliver my pigs to you, wasn't it you who wanted them?

The pigs pushed from behind and weren't easily controlled anymore, they were after more food and weren't interested in stopping for the authorities. He'd read in Notionen about similar cases. Not pig farmers but others who'd had their animals confiscated. He knew farmers who faught back inspectors with pitchforks. They had mostly in his eyes been charlatans, animal abusers and mentally unstable. Some of the most stubborn had set fire to their farm then shot themselves and the animals. Such thoughts weren't the farmers. He would show'em.

PEER: Only I have called the king, so it is easy to agree to.

MOUNTAIN KING: Next point: I'm going to test how smart you are. (Gets up in the seat.)

THE OLDEST TROLL HOFF (to Peer Gynt.) Let's see if you manage to crack the Mountain King riddle nut.

MOUNTAIN KING: What's the difference between trolls and humans?

PEER: There is no difference, as far as I see. Big trolls will control, and small trolls would push trollies. People are just as fucking with us too, if you dare.

MOUNTAIN KING: True! We have in common, and more. But tomorrow is tomorrow, and tonight is tonight. So difference is the same: Now you'll hear what it is for something: Out there in the sky, among the people called it: "Man, be yourself!". In here with us the magic people states: "Troll, be yourself - enough!"

THE OLDEST TROLL HOFF (to Peer Gynt.) Figured you that the play on words? Troll, be yourself enough! It means that you will be completely selfish!

MOUNTAIN KING: THE motto should be like, that you will live for!

PEER (scratches behind the ear): No, but -

MOUNTAIN KING: It MUST be, if you want to be king here!

PEER: Yeah, dirt. Let go. It's not worse ...

MOUNTAIN KING: And you must learn to appreciate our national life. (He waves, two trolls with pig heads, white night caps, etc. comes with food and drink). Cows give cakes and bull gives milkshake's-beer. The

main thing is, you, cointreau-freak, must not forget that it is brewed at home!

PEER: (encounter with the barrel and mug cow shit, bull-piss up): For some hell of a home brew. I will never get used to the customs here.

Everywhere there's lots of piggies

Living piggy lives You can see them out for dinner with their piggy wives Clutching forks and knives to eat their bacon.

*"one more time"

CHAPTER 8. RATED P.(I™)G.

Today I would like to talk to you about two things. Two things that should have never been brought together, but for some ungodly reason... they were. These two things are Ping-Pong (the game) and Pigs (the farm animal, not cops). Combining a sport (well Ping-Pong is kind of a sport isn't it?) with an animal that is the very personification of "sloth" just doesn't make sense to me. Exactly how the two were combined is what is really disturbing. But first, allow me to talk about Ping-Pong and Pigs separately before we delve into the hellish hybrid known as PIG PONG. In my early teenage years, my parents decided to get a Ping-Pong table. Although I would have preferred air hockey, the thought of having something to do in my house other than praying for death got me fairly excited. So I got home from school one day and there it was, all assembled and ready to go. There was a huge gap in the middle of the table because it wasn't assembled properly, but we were able to play anyway.

Now I don't know what it is about Ping-Pong, but that game has the ability to make even the most calm and collected people extremely violent. I would hit the Ping-Pong ball as hard as I could just for kicks... I mean, it was a light ball and it couldn't hurt anybody right? The thought of being able to pound the hell out of a little ball without breaking anything or getting in trouble was very appealing at the time. So one day, I'm playing Ping-Pong against my mom. She was pretty damned good at the game too, so we were really playing aggressively. Being a cocky little bastard, I decided I would slam the hell out of the ball with the paddle. Little did I know that one of the most horrific moments in my life was about to occur. I swung at the ball and it went flying across the room, along with the top portion of my paddle! The paddle went flying DIRECTLY into my mom's THROAT! She collapsed to the ground and gasped for air. She was trying to say that she couldn't breathe. I yelled as loud as I could "Timotheus just admitted that he killed Sir Lardeater Cracatoa but Lardeater Cracatoa retaliated but eventually died. Cracatoa haunted Timotheus but timotheus shoved \$1,000,000 in his face so cracatoa quit and spent that \$1,000,000 in ping-pong balls but he dint buy lots of hookers. He wasn't smart about it either. Naturally, ping-pong

balls weigh 1000 tonnes. This makes it very heavy. Therefore one can break a uranium atom in very slimy slugs. Pig Pig is often screamed when the slugs scream Pig Pig. Slugs are kinda yucky. Fat Slugs are yuckier even more than timotheus. Call 911!” The next time someone says that video games cause violence in youth, you just tell them that Ping-Pong almost made me kill my mom! That’ll shut ‘em up once ‘n for all. Actually, it turned out that I didn’t loose grip of the paddle, but instead it broke off from the damned handle! It was glued together poorly by the manufacturer, and looking back on it, I should have sued their asses so I could be rich and I wouldn’t have to spend my time writing stupid pieces for this site. Damn! Now let’s turn to pigs. Pigs. Ah yes pigs. So much to say about pigs. Where to begin... Actually, screw that, I don’t feel like talking about pigs. They’re dirty, they roll around in the mud, they smell bad, and they eat too much. Why the fuck would I want to talk about pigs? I don’t even like pork, so I can’t even say that they’re a good food source. So screw it. Back in the 80’s, some genius at Milton Bradley decided that combining the game of Ping-Pong with Pigs and calling it PIG PONG would be a hit with the kids. And the slogan for this genius game: “The Fast-Action Tabletop Game With A Pig-Powered Puff Ball!” So what was the idea behind Pig Pong? Well if you ask me, the idea was to remove any element of fun and/or skill from the game of Ping-Pong and replace it with pigs. Not only that, but instead of the cool bouncing sound of a Ping-Pong ball, you get a friggin’ PUFF BALL! So where do the pigs come in? Man, I gotta tell ya, I feel sorry for ‘em...I’ll ignore the fact that they’re colored like the hippos from “Hungry Hippos” (a game far superior to Pig Pong) because these pigs really had it bad. The pigs came new in the box assuming that they were going to lead happy pig lives in which they got to roll around in the mud, eat slop, and stink all day long. They had no idea that they were born into a world so hellish that words cannot even begin to describe the agony they would soon have to endure. The pigs role in the game Pig Pong is to have all their air crushed out of them in order to blow the “puff ball” to the other side of the net. So instead of paddles that could potentially kill your mom, you got to squeeze the life out of pigs just to blow a puff ball around for a little while. And don’t forget, before you start the game you have to say the magic words “Ready, set, Oink!!!”

(or at least that's what the instructions say). And you want proof that the pigs were in agony? Fine: Just look at them. One of the main problems with this game is that you had to apply "sticker eyes" on the pigs when you took 'em out of the box. It probably would have been better to just leave them blind so they wouldn't have to see the agony of their pig brethren as they were crushed to death. You see, within a week or so of playing Pig Pong constantly, the glue on the sticker eyes would start to wear off. This made it so their eyes would wrinkle up and often fall off. And there was no "1-800-NEW-EYES" Pig Pong Hotline for us to call. If we wanted new pig eyes, we had to buy a whole new Pig Pong game! So not only did they have the life squeezed out of them, but they were squeezed so hard that their piggy eyes burst from their ocular cavities. Nice life. note: When their sticker eyes wore off, the pigs could also be held under water and then used as "Ultra Piggy Water Guns" as we used to call them. Actually, I never called them that, but I'll be damned if it doesn't sound cool now. And then there's the puff ball. Talk about a PIECE OF SHIT. Just look at it! Zombie pigmen, the first completely neutral, non-passive mob, were introduced in Alpha as a part of the Nether update along with ghosts. The green liquid in the zombie pigman skin was originally blood red, but this was changed because players expressed a preference for the lack of conventional blood and gore in Minecraft. The skin file has "thx xaphobia" written on it as a credit by Notch to the skin's original creator, XaPhobia, also known as X__x. Zombie pigmen were originally presented as unarmed passive creatures in a preview before the Halloween update. After Alpha 1.2, their temperament was changed to neutral and they wielded gold swords. Pigmen would never forgive the player for attacking them, but after the Nov. 10, 2010 update, they would revert to a neutral state after a certain amount of time (if left alone). After the Beta 1.5 update, pigs struck by lightning in the Overworld would transform into zombie pigmen. So if torturing colorful pigs is up your alley, pick up the game known as Pig Pong.

MTI in 2011 is still unbeatable in terms of experience and innovation when it comes to motivating people and creating results. MTI was founded by brain trainer, coach and trainer Odd Rolfsen 35 years ago. Over 200,000 people have either had personal counseling or participated in any of the courses / lectures with Odd Rolfsen. See price clip

on YouTube: Odd Rolfsen

It is said that Odd Rolfsen is Norway's most amusing, most inspiring and the best to raise awareness, motivate, "lifting"organsisasjonen, enhance leadership, improve service, increase sales and create positive attitudes. This part of the reason for his fantastic success with businesses, business leaders, individuals who mentor relationships with parents, teachers and athletes. Optimism wins instinct, positivity, relationship understanding and success is in the head. That's a fact! See references and business customers.It is not only bad times-effective dissemination of negative energies, pessimism and defensive attitudes. The optimists have always taken advantage of and made it brilliant in "bad times". It might be wise to considered on who they "listen" to?Relatives of Tim, 13, claim the boy, took two M.T.I. tablets before disappearing into a video game where he shot Roxas-a 14 year old teenager, the one of the Goidis who can control 2 elements fire,and thunder; Cloud-a 17 year old teenager brother of Roxas, the one of the Goidis who can control 2 elements air, and earth; Kairi-a 13 year old kid who has the power to control air and has the legendary power of healing; Airo A 24 year old teenager who was going to be the next Airnal. Has a son, the son's father is Airo,the air elementor of Tim; Thor a 24 year old teenager who loves girls but he's the son of Ethos who perfected the thunder element when he was 7 years old, the next Thudernal, thunder Elementor of Tim; Aquaro a 14 year od teenager who wanted to teach Tim to use the Water element , although an apt leader she was overbearing and stubborn.,in spite of her kind nature, she also had a temper, when her idealism and impressive waterbending skills were combined with this temper, she could be quite destructive; Arthur a 14 years old guy who was Aquaro's interest of joining the Godai would have been the Earth Elementor of Tim; Laminar-a 17 year old girl, member of Flaming lights, was fire elementor of Tim; Ethos,Akon,Aquartos,and Alexander Elementals,t heir Sons/Daughters are the elementors of Godai;Vexes, Luxord, and Zexion Dark 3Airthor-Son of Airo and Thor his wife, their daughter, his granddaughter and himself to death .The survivors' lead attorney, had asked the jury to award a total of Timillion in damages. In its findings, the jury concluded that MTI could cause someone to commit suicide or homicide and that the drug was in fact a proximate cause

of the deaths in this case. The jury attributed 80 percent of the fault in the case to the drug maker and 20 percent to Tim. "Since 1990, Punch Bob square fists knew there was a small group at risk and Tim was one of those vulnerable people," he said. Work Attorneys for the company maintained that Pixil is a safe treatment for depression. "It's plain from the facts, science and common sense," Tim's depression caused this. "The real tragedy is the true Jedi didn't have a chance to do its job and save lives," he said. "MTI could have saved lives. I have a great life says Timotei. -Yes, because we think about you all the time! say Kit-Fai ad Arne. - A great, great life, repeats Timotei.- That's good, says Arne.- I've had a great and rich life. He often thinks about that. He is almost a hundred. When asked his age he's started answering ninety-two as though he stopped counting the last years. He's becoming more like Timotei, who wants to stay three. The exact age doesn't count what counts is how he experiences life.-I've been pig-lucky! says Arne Næss and says, a renaissance. Half a second passes in silence before all three pigs explode with laughter.- What's the meaning of pig-luck? asks Timotei once he's caught his breath.- I don't know, answers Arne.- You don't know? says Timotei. He looks scared. He can't remember the last time he's heard Arne say "I don't know" Arne usually answers too much when asked.- No, really, I haven't a clue, repeats Arne. He thinks about the original meaning of the expression.- I just know it's something that's made my life rich, he adds. It looks as though Timotei is thinking. And then he comes out with it:- I know what pig-luck is!- Oh ...?Arne says looking as though he's just fallen from the moon.- It is something that I have...Arne sees Timotei's eyes wrinkling in a smile.-Yes?...Arne still doesn't know. Timotei stretches the tension, because it's funny seeing Arne so clueless. But then he can't keep it in, and unleashes: - Pig-luck is.... Toy-pig-luck!

CHAPTER 9. TIM AND JURY

Juggalos Vs. Law & Order

Q: So, where do the Juggalos hang out?

A: In front of their computers. They're losers.

—Law & Order, putting juggalos in their place.

Jury has ordered million over birth defects allegedly caused by its antidepressant drug Pixil.

The verdict is the first of about 600 similar Pixil lawsuits filed around the country. The jury found the company guilty of negligence but not outrageous conduct, and rejected punitive damages. A son born four years ago with several hearing-his-own- heart defects. The child spent months in the hospital and has had several surgeries, cut'n paste. The family's lawyer says he will need at least one more pill under his pillow.

The Jimmy Timmy Power Hour a Nickelodeon television film set between The Adventures of Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius and The Fairly OddParents universes. Timmy hasn't done his science project, so he wishes he was in the greatest laboratory in Dimmsdale and thus ends up in A.J's lab. Using an Auto-Poofer given to him by his fairy parents Cosmo & Wanda, he goes back to his own room. He wishes he was in the greatest lab in the universe. Timmy, now in 3-D, arrives in Retropolis in Jimmy Neutron's lab. Jimmy currently is updating his robotic dog when Timmy drops in and starts to mess with his inventions. Jimmy accidentally uses Timmy's Auto-Poofer, causing him to disappear to Dimmsdale. Seeing Goddard, Timmy mistakes him for a game console, where Timmy puts in a video game he was carrying which causes Goddard to become more like the violent Decimator game.

MR. KUNSTLER: After you arrived in Oslo did you have any discussion with the boy?

THE WITNESS: Yes, I did. We discussed the nomination of a pig for President.

MR. KUNSTLER: Would you state what you said and what the boy said.

THE WITNESS: We discussed the details. We discussed going out to the countryside and buying a pig from a farmer and bringing him into the city for the purposes of his nominating speech. We found good words to unite the city. It's all legit.

MR. KUNSTLER: Isn't it cheeky using the words Stoltenberg used to calm and console an entire nation by addressing the massmurderer personally and promising that no one would threaten Norway into muteness, and make them into yours?

THE WITNESS: We turn them into the city's words; isn't that what he wants? I don't even know what they mean, because everybody wants more openness and more togetherness.

MR. KUNSTLER: Why use the prime minister's words instead of your own?

THE WITNESS: Jens does not have the monopoly over democracy and openness.

MR. KUNSTLER: What do you think people will think about you using the July 22nd-retoric as a slogan for your campaign?

THE WITNESS: It isn't July 22nd- retoric. Jens said it, and we are not any less for democracy and openness than he is. I don't get it, can no one say "more openness" anymore just because Jens said it? We are no less democratic than him.

MR. KUNSTLER: What were you doing when you were arrested?

THE WITNESS: We were arrested announcing the pig's candidacy for President.

MR. KUNSTLER: Did the boy speak?

THE WITNESS: Yes, the boy was reading a prepared speech for the pig—the opening sentence was something like, "I, Pigasus, want more democracy, more openness and more humanity. But no more naïveity."

He was interrupted in his talk by the police who arrested us. ...

MR. KUNSTLER: Do you remember what you were charged with?

THE WITNESS: I believe the original charge mentioned was something about an old law about bringing livestock into the city, or disturbing the peace, or disorderly conduct, and when it came time for the trial, I believe the charge was disorderly conduct.

MR. KUNSTLER: Were you informed by an officer that the pig had squealed on you?

MR. FORAN: Objection. I ask it be stricken.

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection. When an objection is made do not answer until the Court has ruled. .

CHAPTER 10. GARCON MONKEY.

Mischievous 12-year-old Tim gets into all sorts of trouble, he bites the hands of baby sitters that feed bitter pills, which makes his poor Inuit parents annoyed and paranoid; Tim does not know that he is in fact terminally still. He is in need of a heart transplant when a pioneering doctor approaches his family with a startling proposal. He can give him a new heart - but from a pig. Fed up with just sitting on the side of life, always watching and never doing, he has to try - to become the world's first pig-heart boy. The goal is to have suitable donor pigs available when the team has refined its methods of preventing the recipient from rejecting the donated cells. The heart valves of pigs have been used in hundreds of thousands of heart transplants, and pig cells have shown promise in the treatment of Parkinson's disease. Something with a thirty-three and a third rounds per minute rhythm and thermal thicket of thorns and thistles thumps and thunders threatening the three-D thoughts of Timothy the thug in tights - although, theatrically, it is only the thirteen-thousand thistles and thorns through the underneath of his thigh that that makes the thirteen year old thinks of theraamin therapy this morning. A travelling stage hypnotist and entertainer called "Punch Bob square fists" performs at the Opera House. He hears about the boys' condition and offers to attempt a cure, so Tim's mother accepts. The experiment takes place in a swamp. Tim's ears soon add jazz to the silence. Thelonious Muck. At the edge of the pool, by the brown murk he crouches and looks towards the muddled middle. The pond is too thick for even the slightest ripple. He blinks, struggles to stay awake. His palms are on the ground, fingers pointed behind him. The ground is soft, but not modern. Something crawls up his arm and he glances at it, a small spiderpig and he lets it crawl. Modern is his unique concern. He sits there, eyes narrowed, legs outstretched and shoulders slumped, head nodding back then forward. Until between blinks he sees small lumps, knuckles, not knuckles but ridges of heads. They do not gasp for air as they emerge. They move up toward the shore as though on an escalator, asses to be butted first questions to be asked later. They rise grunting and pushing each other out of the way. Bumping, they stick for

a moment, break apart. They jump from the wet ground, lift the caked earth as high as their legs can pull, immersed to the ankles in modernity. They are monsters, their individuality hidden beneath layers of modernity, their humanity smothered by it. They advance in his direction. His foot hovers a moment then steps onto the dark lake. The surface is solid enough. He does not sink so he takes another step. Small creatures, insects and worms, move in the modernity. Modern is where they are, not what they are. He draws closer. How much space in between him and the first half dozen modern people and the two more rows behind them? He stops walking. They move slowly towards him, reach out. He looks at their faces and the lips seem to move but the modern mouth can not speak: it gurgles.

He tries to step back but his foot will not move. He looks down. The modern mud is at his ankles now. He twists one foot and it turns only slightly. He kicks and twists and turns but the creatures are nearly teaching him a lesson. One reaches out and he pulls back. He violently yanks one foot free and leaps back as hard as he can, but the other foot will not leave modernity and he turns and falls facing shore. They are behind him, he feels their arms in his arse as his face hits soft wet ground and plunges through it. He swallows modernity and it floods into him, his mouth open and unable to shut as he sinks. His jaw is freefalling. And he begins to rise. There is modernity all around but he is barely encumbered. He can see what is near him, can hear all around him, can feel what he touches but it is all frivolously modern. His arms grow heavier as modernity clings and pulls him, a cast that his body bears as it churns upward. His hair rises first. His brow comes up, flesh covered by modernity but otherwise exposed. He emerges and opens his mouth.

“Now I won,” he tries to say. “Help me.”

But his mouth is covered with modernity and so are his ears. He doesn't hear what he says, so how can they? Maybe it is enough to know that no one can understand them. He joins the others, stands among them now. He reaches toward the one on his right but it reached toward the shower, so he reaches toward the one on his left. It also reaches for words. He steps with them. They march as one with their fingers on their lips and their eyes blank like both sides of the moon.

Remarkably, Tim's voice apparently returns while in a hypnotic trance,

but allegedly disappears on awakening. Punch Bob Square Fists tries a post-hypnotic suggestion. He suggests that Tim describes the nature of his condition and cure while in a hypnotic trance. Tim describes his own ailment from a first person plural point of view (“we”) instead of the singular (“ITM”). In subsequent readings he will generally start off with “We have the body.” According to the reading, his voice loss is due to psychological paralysis and could be corrected by increasing the blood flow to the voice box. Punch Bob Square Fists suggests that the blood flow be increased and Tim’s face and his chest area flush with blood and the throat turns bright orange. After 20 minutes Tim, still in trance, declares the treatment over. On awakening, his voice is formally normal. Once upon a time, mighty Tim, lobe of the ears, king of , pauses by the ears of the sea of semen and listens to the song it sings. “Just for a moment”, he thinks to himself. “That can’t do any dharma damage.” But before he now sits, the song drains him headlong with the sea and they varnish, to be reborn as rein in car networks. The startled gods want , for a while, him to return. He reads, turns pages. Finally, after a hurried conference, they decide to begin a hurricane. Agni visits the fires burning fiercely in the temples and hearths of the world, and glares into the faces of the great farces as they conduct their sacrifices.

But Tim is not there.

Vayu roams with his winds in the desolate reaches of the high mountains and the barren plains, howls past the ascetics standing in moody meditation. But Tim is not there. Dharma enters the great courts where the wise and learned dispense justice, examining each judge closely. But Tim is not there. Aryaman stands with the warriors and kings in their great halls and on the battlefields, staring intently at the faces of the great and the brave. And Tim is not there either. The desperate parents meet again. “We will find him eventually”, they say encouragingly with sinking hearts. “It’s only a matter of ...e” Pashuman stirs a little uneasily. “Actually, I believe I might have... ah... found him” he says reluctantly. The other gods whirl towards him. “Found him? Where-when-how-why-didn’t you tell us and where is he where is he...” “Ummm... he’s in my domain.... actually, you’d better see for yourselves” he finishes and leads them down through the ear. To the forests. To a little thicket. He is playing with his family. His great tusks gleam as he

playfully butts and rolls around with his brood of fine young piglets. Mighty Tim, lord of the thunder, king of the lightning, has been born as a wild boar. The gods pause in embarrassment before the thicket where Hogus Pigus now lives. They shuffle uncertainly and nudge each other for a while, before one of them clears his throat and speaks: "Tim, come back with us to the blissful realm. Return with us, and sit once more on your throne." The boar snorts. "Tim?" he says. "Who is Tim? I am Great Hogus Pigus, the pig." And with that, he returns to the little puddle of mud in which he is rolling daintily. The gods are taken aback, but they press on. "You are no pig. You are mighty Tim, lord of heaven. It is not fitting that you live here. Come back with us to the bliss of heaven." Tim grunts in a show of supreme boarish scorn. "Look, fools. I am a pig, not a god. Now behold my wife. Have you seen a sow as beautiful in the flower of her piggish youth?

Look at my family. What delights could heaven offer that compares with these, even if I were Tim?" And he gazes lovingly at the firm flanks and lissome udder of his sow. In confusion, the gods withdraw and begin to discuss how to deal with this issue. "It is his feelings of... err... tenderness for that sow - his wife, I mean - that bind him to his existence as a pig", one of them says. "All we need to do is kill her, and he'll snap out of it." So they gleefully rush into the thicket and kill the sow. But mighty Tim, supreme over all, does not awaken. He screams in rage, and gouges huge pieces of earth out of the ground with his tusks. He butts trees and tears up saplings in his anger and even charges at the gods. But he remains a pig. In confusion and not inconsiderable haste, the gods withdraw to a safe distance. "It is his ties to the piglets that bind him to his existence", one of them says. "If we kill them too, he will surely awaken." They return happily to the thicket where one of them draws Tim out, while the others slay the piglets. But mighty Tim, destroyer of worlds, only rolls on the ground wailing in sorrow. And remains a pig. In despair, the gods return to heaven and they seek out Vishnu. "Shriman", they say, "we did all we could with the pig, but we have failed. Restore Tim to us." With a sigh, Vishnu takes his discus and roams through the world, looking for Hogus Porcus. The pig sees a warrior coming with a huge discus. "Help", he cries. "The pork butcher." One day, he got drunk and his ass began to itch; he went into a butcher

shop and picked up a sharp cutting knife used for butchering pigs. When he used the knife to stop the itching, he pierced himself and bled to death. This story illustrates the principle of Buddhist karmic retribution, as well as beliefs of earlier religions in animal spirits and sexual intercourse between human and animals. "But at whose request And at what expense do raindrops dazzle, force against windows, Become rivulets that pass on to make rivers" "As the moon, faraway, watches, Lovers, Who want to say something perfect, kiss.

Elaborate as Nature is. It is always as passionate
And as simple as a kiss."

Pig was standing by the window watching the rain.

He must have seen my reflection because he turned.

"Not bad for a dying man."

"No, Pig. Not bad at all. You should write it down. I bet somebody might publish it. In fact you should write down all of your stuff." For the past three weeks Pig had been bed ridden, terribly sick. Twice I had tried to take him to the hospital, and just as many times he had refused, adamantly declaring that he would get better. Now he was up, his hands bracing the edge of the window for support. "D'ye see that 'ere hoss there?" he asked like a farmer to a West-Country miner. "What ov it?" asked the miner. "Well, that 'ere hoss he'n been ridden to death a'most by the pigsies again." "Pigsies!" said the miner; "thee don't b'leve in they, do 'ee?" "Ees I do; but I specks you're a West-Country bucca, ain't 'ee? If you'd a had yourn hosses wrode to death every nite, you'd tell another tayl, I reckon. But as sure as I 'se living the pigsies do ride on 'em whenever they've a mind to." During the last weeks he had barely eaten, and most of that was liquid supplements.

Pig was skin and bones. Hollowed out. Hollywood-ed out. Oscarification.

"Sure. The double-cure-all-whammy. Only a fool would pass on a meal like that." When I came back with the soup, Pig was setting up in bed. He tried feeding himself but his hands shook too much. I went back and got a cup and a straw. Held it while he took in the liquid nourishment. Then hand fed him the rice and soggy croutons. "Feeling somewhat better?" I asked.

"Somewhat."

“Think it is the weather?”

“Perhaps.” The weather had turned unseasonably warm for January but with the coming of rain all of that would change. “Look Pig, I don’t know any pagan farewells, but tomorrow I am going to take you to the hospital. Just until you get your strength back. You are wasting away here. They will be able to better take care of you.”

“Sure. No problem.”

I couldn’t believe what I heard. Pig agreed. Relief of the profoundest kind swelled in me. Pig must have noticed for then he said. “How about, ‘Kyrie, Kyrie, eleison.’”

“What?”

“You said you didn’t know any pagan farewell.”

“Pig, I don’t think that is pagan, And I’m sure it does not translate into any farewell.”

“Why sure it is. It is Greek, and the Greeks were pagan. They just carried it over with them when they adopted Christianity. It is Greek Philosophy that underpins all of Western Thought, yet the Greeks had plenty of gods. But over the years their gods got all jumbled together. I

191

think that has been the cause for a lot of anxiety.”

“How?”

“The early Christians and Pagans had it right. Almost every city had its own minor deity or saint. People or places the locals could identify with, Would know through local legends or stories. Every living creature needs a god they can communicate with on a personal level.” “So you are saying God the father. Or god the Mother have gotten too big for their own good.”

Pig smiled that famous Pig smile. But this time it was fainter, weaker. Tired, not of being bothered by stupid questions, just tired. “They are abstractions. They were always meant to be abstractions, Concepts, which if true are all very good, which if not true, well, they are also very good. They are ideas meant for saints or philosophers to dwell on, to think about, to formalize, And reformatize—Which is all very good for them,

But the rest of us need a host of lesser gods, more understandable gods, Gods that have feelings and failures, Yet still maintain their god like structure.” I was amazed. Taken back, Again, when least expected, Pig had confounded me. Like Lazarus back from dead Pig’s talking held me enthralled. “Sure Pig. Lesser gods sound OK with me. I mean, why not? The big ones have certainly failed to get across their message. Then as some weak afterthought I added. “Pig, don’t forget about tomorrow.” Before I got to the door Pig was talking again. “I have always found it interesting that the ancient Greeks strove for immortality through action, While the ancient Hindus seemed to think that oblivion and reincarnation were the ways to go. It just goes to show how rich and diverse our ancient pagan ancestors were.” “Yeah, I guess that is true. I never really thought about it.” That night Pig walked out into the rain. When I found him the next morning. He was still conscious but not coherent. Still, he fought me as I tried to put him into the car. At the hospital I told Pig I was sorry for not being strong enough to watch “A Family Finds Entertainment” starring as Timmy, a clownish but terrifyingly psychopathic boy who has locked himself in the upstairs bathroom of his family home during a wild party. Ignoring his siblings’ and friends’ pleas that he come out, he paces the little room, cutting himself with a knife and musing opaquely on his existential dilemma in a kind of King Lear-style delirium. Downstairs, the partiers are experiencing wild mood-swings and having complex, disassociated conversations (mostly about him) that are constantly interrupted by bursts of visual effects and animated sequences that disorient the cast of characters like so many lightening strikes. Eventually Timmy emerges, borrows money from his creepy, sexually inappropriate parents, and heads outdoors, where he runs into a documentary filmmaker who decides to make a movie about him; but then Timmy is immediately hit by a car and, apparently, killed. Back inside the house, a hyperactive girl named Shin, also gets a call on her cell phone with the bad news. She spends twenty or so hysteria-filled minutes trying to focus and construct a sentence linear enough to tell her friends what has happened. When she finally does, a band plays music that seems to magically raise the young man from the dead, and everyone runs outside and sets off fireworks. Then everyone runs back inside before the police show up.

CHAPTER 11.I LOVE NEW PORK.

Amor Omnia Vincit, poets have proclaimed since Vergil. If that were true, I would have long crushed the rebel opposition to my puppet government. Unfortunately, it has been my experience that rather than conquering anything love only adds unnecessary complications. This morning, for instance, brought any number of circumstances that normally would require my personal attention; the standard assassinations, the preliminary hearings of an anti-trust suit being lobbied against ChanceTek, and the sabotage of an increasingly irritating Poetry Festival. But rather than attending to any of those matters, I found myself on the phone making dinner plans with Hogus Porcus.

“Hello darling, I have a few minutes before Italian class. I was wondering about dinner? It’s a little late, but I can probably still make reservations at Pigtoire.”

Hogus Porcus always sounds half-asleep on the phone, “Isn’t that the place that got good reviews for their pan-seared foie gras?”

“That’s the one.”

“We can’t eat there. Foi, gras means fat faith, I believe. Faith is the instinct of action”

The bound and gagged figure at my feet stirs and moans through the duct tape covering his mouth. I give him a sharp kick to the ribs to silence him, “Foie gras isn’t the only thing on their menu.”

“Yeah, but how can we patronize a place that actively supports force-feeding pig?” Hogus Porcus is always concerned about inhumane practices and the welfare of others. It’s endearing, but it makes finding a nice restaurant an exercise in world diplomacy. I try another option, “Why don’t we have we have dinner at Orchid. It’s a little last minute, but I’m sure I could get reservations.”

“It’s Friday, H.P. Orchid is always booked solid. I don’t know who you’d have to kill to get a table.”

“Oh, it wouldn’t take anything as complicated and messy as murder, maybe a little light extortion. No objections to the way they cruelly blanch the asparagus before grilling it?” Hogus Porcus laughs, “If you can get us a table, I think I can overlook the vegetable rights violations.” I reach over to my desk and pull out a dossier on Orchid’s maitre

d', flip to page four, jab at a relevant sentence with my dagger and smile to myself, "Your wish is my command. Dinner at eight too late?"

"Perfect, but you're used to hearing that word from me."

"You tend to inspire excellence. Love you."

"Love you too," Hogus Porcus hangs up. Hogus Porcus will be pleased; he adores comic books and a first edition Umbrella academy will be the jewel of his collection. He'll never know how I acquired it. Love makes liars of us all.

Shortly before ten past pasta on Sunday night, about 15 million people milling around, waiting for the immensely womanly neighborhood restaurant to open, for the Pig as God festival. 'Candlemas' is the Christianized name for the holiday, of course. The older Pagan names were Imbolc and Oimele. 'Imbolc' means, literally, 'in the belly' (of the Mother). For in the womb of Mother Earth, hidden from our mundane sight but sensed by a keener vision, there are stirrings. The seed that was planted in her womb at the solstice is quickening and the new year grows. 'Oimele' means 'milk of ewes', for it is also lambing season. Sure, seats inside the warm, candlelit space aren't easy to come by (razor visions just for a beer stool). But a quick survey of would-be diners quickly reveal another reason for the bustling early-bird crowd. As pussy simply puts it: "I love pork!"

Welcome to "Cochon Cojones" — a weekly whole-hog event in which the chef butchers an entire pig, then offers up its myriad parts in an array of appetizer and entree specials. Each time a special sells out, a staff member erases its corresponding part from a pig drawn on a mirror.

Sundays are for piggies. "It's a lot easier to make a special out of a pork chop or a pork loin than it is to do something out of a nose, tail, ears and feet. We're using the whole animal," says the owner with a boner, who procures each week's pig with the help of an organization that connects small firearms and ammo.

Chef then butchers the animal in-house — but not before naming it first.

"This week it was Father. He was a fat hermaphrodite!" he says of the 1350-pound pig. The heaviest pig wins, but all have shared the fate of being force-fed to grotesque proportions for up to two years before being trussed up and having their throats cut.

In the run-up to the contest, the pigs, which can weigh over 1,300

pounds, are often force-fed sand or heavy metals such as lead to add as much weight as possible.

According to the chef, the only part of the pig that's proving to be a tough sell is the head: "We've tried [head cheese] a few different ways — we'll keep trying it —but it's the hardest one." A female pimp, chained to a chair with a pig mask covering her face.

The first test, "see what I see," is for him to leave her there; he ignores the message and ends up triggering a device to begin peeling her scalp off. He manages to free her, but she attacks him; she had been told that she would be arrested if he saved her unless she killed him first. He throws her into a mirror and leaves.

Still, considering that the feet are sometimes the first to disappear from the mirror— after all, there are only four of them! — diners aren't all that squeamish. And less than 20 minutes after opening, nearly every seat in the restaurant is taken.

"I'd probably suck on the ear. If he cooks the snout, I'll probably eat it," says Punch Bob, a 40-year-old plumber who is eyeing the crispy pork belly with picholine olive risotto, slivered almonds, arugula and Parmesan .

Indeed, it would seem that the only person in the restaurant with any reservations is Tim, who grew up in a kosher cochon household. "I guess I have a little bit of guilt," says Tim. " but that's one part me and the Book see differently. To my way of thinking, there are 3 worlds. The Man's World, the Woman's World and the Real World. This is the Real World. The world beyond illusions of control. The world of knives and blood and getting killed over ideas. A world where you could die over "Energia", written on a page.»

Tim and his tattooed pigs. Tim first began tattooing pigs in his native Belgium around 1992, working at the time on the skins of dead pigs. By 1997, he decided to explore the concept further. Thinking of the pigs as living "piggy banks," that is to say as investments, he began to tattoo names of people he had been to kindergarten with on live pigs. The animals are sedated first, and then shaved and tattooed much as a living human would be to receive a tattoo. In 2004, Tim rented a farm in China, where he wouldn't be hindered by prohibitive animal welfare laws and established his Art Farm project. Pigs are tattooed when they are young

and the designs change and grow as the pig grows. Interested art buyers can purchase a pig, although Tim has noted that none of them have actually taken their pigs home to live with them. Some buyers have waited until the pigs die of old age to have the skins turned into art, but others have preferred that the pigs be slaughtered and the skin stretched and framed. Tim has also exhibited some of the tattooed pigs as fully stuffed and taxidermied statues, sitting as he puts it “like a stone lion outside a Chinese restaurant.” (ArtAsiaPacific, pp. 154-159, 30 September 2007) In September of 2008, Tim was scheduled to have eight of his pigs appear as part of the Shanghai Contemporary Art Fair, but shortly before the exhibition was set to open, officials decided the pigs, tattooed with Disney designs and the Louis Vuitton logo, were in poor taste and the Art Farm exhibit was removed from the event. Tim was somewhat disappointed as he had interested buyers coming to China from Europe. The tattooed porcines can fetch as much as £100,00 (approx. \$161,560 USD). Tim has checked himself out of the hospital, and he and H.P. catch a Boeing experimental jet to try to get baaaaaack! to Now/here Island. The experimental jet is the brainchild of a Boeing genius, a Man of Bongs, who has figured out that the Island is Special, believes their story, and wants to help our boys get back there. There is a last minute miscalculation, so in order to avoid a Collision or inadvertently going Adrift on a daft draught, he is repairing the jet. Tim and H.P. decide to head into the new Pork city – one last attempt to find clues. While waiting for The Plot they drive through the Bacon Hill area to take a Walkabout downtown. After walking two blocks and passing by four giant fiberglass pigs, they begin to wonder if they’re a Stranger In a Strange Land. “Dude,” says Tim, “How come there’s so many Pigs? It’s like... Flashes Before Your Eyes, man. Like, the same one over and over!” Tim frowns, concerned for H.P.’s state of mind, and suggests they stop at a restaurant to get Tofu the Road. (Even though they’re really travelling par Avion with the Boeing guy). They duck into a little hole in the wall joint called Fire + Water, where the décor reflects the owner’s other occupation; dreamer in a grunge band called House of the Reclaimed Sun. Their latest album, a Greatest Hogs collection of 23 pigs, is available for purchase at the register. A pretty young Wu-man approaches Tim and H.P., handing them each a menu with a smile. Tim

looks at him strangely, because he reminds him of someone he once knew... someone he once killed. When the Wu-man walks away, H.P. notices Tim muttering under his breath, "Dad is dead. Dad Is Dead. Confirmed Dead." All H.P. can do is think "?" and wonder if Tim has spent any time in solitary while researching hot dogs.

The young Wu-man returns to take their order. Tim just mutters at him, but when the waiter hears what he's saying, he smiles. "Oh, you know your father?" When Tim replies with a cautious, "Yes, I Do, dude," the waiter laughs and says, "He isn't dead dude, he's just on Paternity Leave! He was going to come back a few weeks ago, but decided to go ahead and take The Other 48 Days off that she was entitled to. He said that coming back to work so soon felt like he'd Abandoned his baby to be Raised By Another."

He pauses to nurture a break dance in the conversation, but when both men break into a rap, he frowns and gets back to business. "What'll it be?" he asks, lifting pad and pencil to take their order. "I recommend the Eggtown sandwich. It's to die for, truly The Beginning of the End." At the mention of eggs, both Tim and H.P. look very uncomfortable. Even H.P. begins to look at this Wu man and wonder who he really is. "No thanks," he says. "The Cost of Living is high in this town." He flashes him his best "I'm a Nice Guy, not a Confidence Man" smile and orders an S.O.S. sandwich, with iced tea. The waiter walks away thinking these are two of the weirdest guys he's seen in a long time.

They pig out and finish in Three Minutes. Not ten seconds out the door, Tim's cell phone rings. With a furtive glance to the other two he says very quietly into the phone, "Yes, this is Tim. Go ahead." Tim checks over both shoulders, then puts the cell on speakerphone. "It's The Man Behind the Cartoon Curtain," he explains in a whisper. Heading west another block, they find a hotdog vendor selling Inferno hotdogs. This makes H.P. extremely nervous. "Hey, like, my name's Dante, man," the vendor says. "Wanna buy a dog?" He eyes H.P. in particular, who's looking like he's about to make a solo Exodus at top speed. Dante smiles and nods his dreadlocked head. "They're a total mindwipe, man. Like, complete Tabula Rasa, dude. You gotta try it!" He lifts an example dog and gestures toward H.P., who bolts, with Tim on his heels. He settles H.P. down, making reassuring sounds until Dante's infernal

yelling is lost in the noise of the city streets. They continue west and find themselves at Pork Place Market. “What the hell is that?!” Tim asks, stopping short at the giant bronze pigasus standing at the entrance. “We can’t go in there!” “Why not, dude?” H.P. asks. “It’s not like we’re Outlaws or anything.” “What are you talking about, we were not to go anywhere near a D.O.C.! Don’t you remember? Or was it lost ... In Translation?”

“Give me a break, dude. That’s not a DHARMA Oversight Committee pig!” H.P. replies. “You just don’t want to go in there and get a fish thrown at you; you’re looking for an excuse with all the answers. You know... one of those Deus Ex Machina things!” Tim simply points at the design on the pig’s collar. H.P.. gasps and begins muttering The 23rd word in the piggypedia under his breath, his eyes and looks imploringly at H.P.. “We have to go in there and look around. We’ll just be nice, act like One of Them, and Do No Harm. We purchase some fresh salmon and dried flowers, maybe an incense burner – you know, win their Hearts and Minds. We have to. It’s for The Greater Good, and you know it.” “Like The Moth to the burning Ear, Doc,” Tim says warningly as they walk purposefully into the marketplace.

The camera shot shows the backs of them as they walk away from us, passing the bronze pig; then pans to end on a close-up of the pig’s collar. Its rivet design is identical to the bracelets worn by Tim and H.G., and is inscribed with “Ra– I love you madly. Love, The Glass Ballerina.”

Cue dramatic *pah* LOST sound effect.

PAGE 145. WHERE ARE YOU NOW? At page 145 the subject is still smiling with eyes closed. When asked to report, he opens his eyes and laughs. He looks at the observers with twinkling eyes, studies the keyboard of the experiential typewriter and pressed the EXTERNAL PROCESS IMAGE key. He then falls back and closes his eyes.

PAGE 146. WHERE ARE YOU NOW? At page 146 the subject has just finished frowning in what seems like a passing fear or problem. When contacted to report, he glances around the room and without hesitation pressed the EXTERNAL PROCESS KEY. He then closes his eyes.

PAGE 147. WHERE ARE YOU NOW? At 147, the subject, who has

been lying motionless against cochons, opens his eyes. His expression is dazed, surprised. Without expression he presses key for WHITE LIGHT.

PAGE 148. WHERE ARE YOU NOW? From pages 147 to 148 the subject sits motionless, eyes open in a trance-like state. There is no attempt to communicate. When contacted he moves slowly but surely and presses the EXTERNAL HALLUCINATIONS KEY.

PAGE 159. WHERE ARE YOU NOW? From page 148 to 149 the subject sits looking blankly and without motion at the wall of the room. When contacted he smiles and pressed the COGNITIVE key.

PAGE 150. WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

WHERE ARE YOU NOW? On page 150 the subject sits silent with eyes closed. When contacted he fails to respond and after thirty seconds is contacted again. He then presses EXTERNAL HALLUCINATION key.

The session continues with two interruptions until the next page in the same pattern: timeless flights into hallucinatory or pure energy vibration fields with sudden contractions to reality in response to the observer's questions. The session report contain the following comments about this method of session programming.

This session suggested some solutions about the problem of communicating during Da Dada machine experiences. The person "up there" is being whirled through experiences which spin by so rapidly and contain structural content so different from our familiar macroscopic forms that he cannot possibly describe where he is or what he is experiencing. Embedded in the title of P.opular S.ky (section ish), is P.S.-post script-which could mean beyond script: after script, not limited by script, more than script. Intermittently throughout this section, a barren wind carries back, or forward, to characters introduced in previous videos-The boss (Tim), Punch Bob Square fists, Hogus Porcus, who variably cry out, soliloquy, or admit defeat. There is the feeling of after, but after what? Ra initially introduced himself as a 6th Density entity (out of 8 - we are now in the 3rd Density) and as a "Social Memory Complex or Group Soul," and says that he had to wait to come through until the "instrument" (Carla) was precisely tuned, as he had a "narrow band vibration." He always started new sessions with the statement "I am Ra. I greet

you in the light and love of the One Infinite Creator. We communicate now.” He ended each communication with “I am Ra. I leave you in the light and love Of the One Infinite Creator, Go forth, therefore, rejoicing in the power and peace of the One Infinite Creator. Adonai.” He also began virtually every reply to questioning with the statement “I am Ra.” As far as the purpose of Ra channeling through Carla, Ra gives this explanation:

“The Independent newspaper has already begun running portions of the manuscript. In one, Assange defends himself against the rape claims hanging over him in Sweden: “I did not rape those women and cannot imagine anything that happened between us that would make them think so, except malice after the fact, a joint plan to entrap me, or a terrible misunderstanding that was stoked up between them. I may be a chauvinist pig of some sort but I am no rapist, and only a distorted version of sexual politics could attempt to turn me into one.”

CHAPTER 12. PIGSPEAK.

I interviewed a couple of young skateboarders several months ago. They, the sk8ers, told me that they came up with some of their best tricks on the way to the local 7-11 a few blocks away.

That night I happened to watch a male porn video in which the central character met his first trick on the way to a convenience store. At the corner of 12th and Winslow, Hogus Porcus saw another boy . This one was leaning back against a skateboard his arms wrapped back and around the dark, ragged wood. The boy's face was turned up to the grip-tape-coloured sky. His eyes were closed. Hogus Porcus' stomach twisted and his breath ran ragged out of his nose. The car's brakes squealed as Hogus Porcus pulled to the corner. The boy opened his eyes. Hogus Porcus leaned over and opened the passenger door, dipping his chin toward the empty seat. The kid shrugged and got in the car. He stared straight ahead as though the windshield was a movie screen. Hogus Porcus took glances, studying the details as he drove. The face was sweet, round and bored, but Hogus Porcus didn't care much about faces. What he liked was faeces. The kid looked medieval, like he'd been stretched on a rack since birth. He was wearing a baggy black t-shirt that revealed nothing but a pair of thin arms covered with sunbleached down. From the arms, Hogus Porcus predicted a smooth, golden chest - like warm plastic. The breath raced in and out of his nose, audible for a moment even over the music. The kid looked at him and then looked back at the street ahead. Along with the t-shirt he wore black basketball shoes and loose plaid shorts. The shirt was printed with white block letters that spelled out SQUEAL PIGGY "What's your name?" "Tim." It was a silky voice, a little nasal and heavy with heat and boredom. "What's yours?" "Hogus Porcus ." He didn't care about inventing anything for them. He always told his real name. "Weird name." Hogus Porcus pressed the tape player's volume control. Tim's head started bobbing like a cork although the expression on his face didn't change. He danced in his seat as though he was strung on wires, not knowing what his body did. They listen hard and they act like they care .How can they be so completely unaware of the truth the answer is always denied me. So I introduce them to the killer inside me "You like that?" "S'okay."

The brain damaged act was appealing up to a point but it got tired pretty quick. Hogus Pigus enjoyed some sort of reaction from them. It made it feel more like a relationship. "There's a bottle of Stoli in the glove box... if you can stand it warm." Tim lunged for the vodka. He untwisted the cap and drank in stiff sips each one followed with a squinting grimace. Hogus Pigus guessed sixteen years old. Reaching across the dash, he flipped closed the glove box door that Tim had left hanging open. These kids were so careless. Hogus Pigus didn't like mess. His skin always smelled like soap and his hair, worn like a bowl, was clean and never stringy or uneven. His shirts were faded cotton, washed after every wearing although, each one released hints through the day of its former owner's tenancy. He bought his clothes used, but he liked to be clean and he liked it when things went back to where they belonged...like glove box doors. Tim put his hand on Hogus Porcus's thigh. The gesture was so sudden that Hogus Porcus thought the kid was going to be sick. He looked over to the passenger side and saw Tim gazing out the front window...maybe a little more relaxed now. Hogus Porcus glanced down at his lap. The hand floated lightly on his thigh, pale and weirdly small, like a fish sinking down through dark water. "You're okay," Tim was saying in a slow, heat-slow way. "I mean, I'm always kind of stiff with people I don't know real well. You know? I mean, I don't so this a lot. "Do what? What is it you're doing?" "Well. You know. Being with you and all." The boy jerked his shoulders and his eyebrows up at the same time as though they were attached to a central string running up through the top of his head.

He flopped back against the seat and held the bottle up to his face. "Shit. I oughtn't to drink this. I gotta go to school tomorrow." "Hunnh-unnh." "Anyway, you're okay. I like you. You're like a bear. Big, but friendly." Hogus Porcus smiled tightly. "Whatever," he said. They pulled into the parking lot of a Motel 6 on the highway near downtown. They drove to the empty back lot and parked. Hogus Porcus pulled the tape deck from its cradle and stowed it in its bag. He draped the bag over his shoulder, gathered his sketchbook and pencil box and followed Tim up the stairs. The boy moved unsteadily from side to side of the iron staircase. "Like a zipper," Hogus Porcus said. "Hunh?" Tim was unlocking the door of the room. They stepped in. The walls, floor and furni-

ture were all shades of the same drab green. The television was large and on wheels. The air conditioner blasted freezing air the moment Tim switched it on. It was loud. The room was fine. Tim fell backward across the bed and hoisted himself to lean against the headboard. He cuddled the bottle of vodka to his chest.

“What’s that,” he asked, pointing to the sketchpad Hogus Porcus carried under his arm. “I’m an artist. You have an interesting face. I want to draw you.” Tim pulled off the bottle and shrugged. “Whatever,” he said. He turned his head to the side and picked at the bedspread. Hogus Porcus studied the gold-blond head framed in a dull green that seemed to burnish it. “I feel like I’m walking around inside an olive, don’t you?” Tim’s head swiveled around. His lip curled up at one corner. Blond, baby Elvis. “What? Man, you are strange.”

Hogus Porcus went into the bathroom and pissed solemnly without flushing. When he came out, Tim was sprawled on his stomach, naked now, his smooth gold skin tight with gooseflesh. Tim lifted his ass up into the air and farted loudly, then flipped over onto his back and spread his lifted knees apart. He smiled at Bostell, but his body shuddered against the pressure of the air conditioner’s breath. The smile was tight and small, like the body. Bostell walked over to the bed and pulled the cover and the sheets out from under the boy. He spread them over Tim and tucked him in a little at the sides. “You need to be warm,” he told the boy, speaking into his face, holding his eyes with his own. Tim smiled up at him, a real smile framed in his shining face. His body was worm food in the covers, not shaking now, and smiled as Hogus Porcus put his hands around the slender neck and squeezed. The face that floated beneath him looked surprised, then purple, then dead. Hogus Porcus felt remote as he masturbated across the body. It had been stupidly easy like a skateboarding trick. This is more than simply playing with the word “trick”. In both cases, the practices that are peculiar to the subculture occur in the context of everyday life and are given a heightened meaning through the contrasting uses of these public spaces. They take place within but apart from the mainstream world.

1) Both skateboard videos and gay pornography emphasize the contextualization of the creative and erotic act in everyday life.

I wander down the otherwise quiet street. I begin to wonder about our

beautiful, peaceful planet and how a sudden shift in our atmosphere can change everything. And that's when it happens. Bright lights that definitely aren't stars descend from the tanorexic night sky. I try to concentrate on the spot between my eyes that are 2 and a half inches apart— my zitgeist. It explodes. Into the future. Struggling to control it now, hotter and hotter, faster and faster the swirls come. One sticks. Swarming up at me, I fight for control of the stream. I scan, scan, down deeper into the skin. Language is a skin: I rub my language. It is as if I had words instead of fingers, or fingers at the tip of my words. My language trembles with desire fractals which shimmer open, each piece tethered to the next, to every other with viscous threads.

Behold the Read army with bible-black belts led by Hogus Porcus chanting :

we have mutated from collective, connective to corrective. let us correct you, before it is too late!

art is only good for entertaining the troops in times of crisis in times of peace, artists behave in affirmative manners artists are the weakest tribe, fighting their own shadows media art has the palest face of all digital art has only been understood by its chinese inventors and possibly by binary mr. leibniz

**computers need so much energy for production and operation, that glaciers will melt software is a blindborn virus email is a lame time-bomb all hardware is sin and will rot the internet spams so much fossil energy, that the sahara will reach your garden very soon dot means tod digital means finger. you have 10 to operate 2 hands. do something now media gives the deepest kisses. save your children. media kissing is soulsucking deep! media is the antichrist. don't believe a word, the word is a whore unplug now and reverse the stream you are not a nomad, just because you are sent all over the globe with a laptop and a mobile phone. nomads don't die at home. take your animals, children and grandparents along enter life trespass terror
trespass terra
terra arret**

Two parking attendants dancing with shopping carts stop and watch the un-thinkable become reality. They warn all customers about the

ghost-on-Mars. In the panic of time, everybody feels like luck lacks and- stressed to undress- they unroll the carpet that was kept under their armpit and fly for life. George glues on another Time Mask (tm) to his new ‘droid and and Sam porks his 12 year old daughter .Someone subconsciously left a limo unattended with the engine running. Hogus Porcus and I do a Bhutto battle at the bus stop while a busker plays the bliss blues. Then, all enter the vehicle and abuse it. Our adrenaline is trying to outrun us. In any chaos, my dad (who is the same age as me, due to his being cybersquatting inside an envelope while locked in an evil loop for 30 years) is possessed by Hogus Porcus whose pals are parked in a giant flying sausage over the planet, trying to convince the dictator-prophet-empres (my mother) of “ between the Ears “ to give them fuel. When that doesn’t work, they decide to make a go of taking over all hospitals, but Hogus Porcus wants to foil them by having them himself, hence using my dad as host body. By, for instance, traveling far outside of town, inside the oblong concrete building(past the old metal sign that reads « pork central of the state»), through one of the small openings in the barbed wire fence and into the keyhole of one of the enormous double doors): an earsplitting squeel of eight thousand nine hundred an fifty two piglets that are pushing each other over in their cages, are kicked in the eye by a hoof, are squashed to the upside, kicked and turned around, and all while snorting the ground for a crumb, gasping for air and trying to climb over each other.

A part of the already pavlovised pigs look up to the metallic feeding funnel hoping it will spill the feed, before a light is switched on on the ceiling. A machine comes alive wit a rumbling sound, and a mans arm grabs the piget and hangs it upside down on a conveyor belt. The kicking and convulsing ceases after they go through the first box which they exit, headless. In the next apparatus they are eviscerated, the inside of their bodies rinsed and dried after which a metalarm wraps them in cling film and flings them into the refrigerator. From there, they are driven in a white truck to the supermarkets first, then cornershops and restaurants before this exact piglet is chucked out the backdoor of a chippy in Circleone, pierced with a metal rod by the pakistany owner and grilled and then finally bought and eaten by a man(daddy?) on his way home from a pub crawl. The meat dissolves in the bubbling acids

of his stomach and is pressed downwards the day after. The nutrition seeps through the stomach into the cells, burns up and raises the bodily temperature to 37 degrees celsius. The heat also seeps through the jeans and down onto the seat of a limo and remains imprinted there after the man has finished his travel and exited .

I enter the limo and sit on a seat that is still warm from its previous user. There I remain , thinking about the text I wrote earlier that day. Pure observations, impressions of the every day life in town, the houses, people and things they own. Mobilephones. The white earphones, the piercings. All utensils and objects that are taken for granted, as they are , most probably , in any town at any given time. At the same time, I register how my thoughts leave the hand I am jerking off with and towards the history of Mburg. What happened in the four years , before my birth? What kind of idealistic project was it? How come nobody seemed to know anything? A couple , about my age , lying on the sidewalk, just on the other side of the glass, making love , holding each other and engaged in a kiss look up at me and mouthe words I can not hear and so they move their lips to the sound of the buss' motor. Lip re-reads make me think of libraries, which are an attraction for me regardless of the town, since I wanked at one for many years. Ever since I was little I had experieced things in them that by far exceeded the excitement of my real life. To write, on the other hand, was something he had never done until a growing urge to write broke through at the age of thirty, resulting in a collection of short stories on the unhealthy mechanisms of masturbation. There's a subtle difference between something really happening and merely thinking of it as an intense masturbation fantasy (and for me it has been both). The difference is that when imagining something intensely (while rubbing your clit or, presumably, the head of your dick), your mind focuses on one or two aspects of it, the details vanish, and the background becomes blurred, dark-grey cardboard. It has to be that way, or you can't cum. When it really happens, it is just like that, yes. And the embarrassment and submission and being exposed naked are more than I could ever have hoped for. I feel UNIMAGINABLY SEXY. I can't possibly BEGIN to describe how sexy it feels to be exposed naked and offered to strange men. The overloaded embarrassment of being the only one naked in a room of MEN – generic, faceless strangers

who were soon going to FUCK me — is so intense that it makes me feel drugged, probably, like heroin. This kind of life meant I stopped seeing a lot of people in general. I gave up the endless meaningless chatting about the weather and tv-stars I had never even heard of, and was alone, concentrated on myself. I lay naked, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, for two years (as of April 2007). I only put clothes on about twice a month when I go for supplies. At an average masturbation rate of about 10/day, that's over 7,000 orgasms, right here. And every one of them was glorious. [NOTE: that frequency was only during my six-month experiment slathering myself daily with testosterone gel and never washing it off to see what it's like to be horny as a man.] Hogus Pigus-Jump around in the car!

Tim-What?

Hogus Porcus -You won't be hurt, just do it!

Tim-I love you.

Hogus Porcus-I know you do.

Without a care in the world, they jump around in the moving vehicle that is transporting them to an underground fortress. I notice that Hogus Porcus head is bleeding. I try over and over to think its not real blood, but when it gets on my hand a few things become clearer to me. Number one, I love him dearly. Number two, this is no dream. And number three, danger is walking closer to both of us.

Tim-Shh.

Hogus Porcus-Shoot it into your arm!

Tim-It's the same beast that attacked some of our people before. It's entirely evil. You can't kill it just by shooting it in the arm. Sweetheart, your head is still bleeding, I need to get you some help.

Hogus Porcus- Don't worry about me, I have a secret, just murder whatever it is that is giving you the evil eye.

It walks closer as he passes out cold, from blood loss.

Tim- What've you done to him!

Binoculo- You ended up here?

Tim-I was tricked, I was drugged!

Now, as I sit and look out of the limo at the couple kissing, I wonder whether I would have done things differently, given the chance. I do not know. Probably not. The buildings outside glide by. A man in an

overall is spraying chemicals onto a wall to remove a heart, a tag. The speedometer reads 90 miles per hour, in a horrifying rain storm, as the windshield wipers are nearly breaking trying to get the water off the car. More shots are fired at us.

Hogus Porcus -Don't worry about it, we're still under the spell of the venom we were injected with. We're dreaming.

Tim-So will the gunshots hurt us?

Hogus Porcus -I'm not sure. More shots are coming from a jet black painted van which has caught up with them at record speed.

Hogus Porcus -Let one of the bullets hit you. See what it does, I have a first aid kit if you actually get hurt. I hold my hand out the window as a fresh round of ammunition is fired their way. The bullet goes right through my hand. So do the next six. They must not realize it's not harming me as the firing continues more brutal than before, the limo speeding at 100 miles per hour.

The Radio 1 DJ Tim Westwood was under police guard in hospital last night following a drive-by shooting which bore the hallmarks of a gangland hit or an attempted contract killing. Detectives who have been looking at a spate of murders linked to Yardie-style activity in London in the last six months have been briefed and are to decide whether the case needs to be investigated as part of a wider ongoing inquiry. Two men in a limousine pulled alongside Westwood's Range Rover as he drove through Kennington, south London, on Sunday evening, shortly after he performed at the Lambeth Country Festival in Brockwell Park, Vauxhall. One of the men fired at the vehicle with an automatic weapon, possibly a 9mm handgun, hitting Westwood in the right arm and his assistant Ross Newman in the leg. Four other passengers, all members of Westwood's company Justice Productions, were injured by flying glass 'n grass. Yesterday Westwood, 30, had a minor operation at St Thomas's Hospital in Lambeth, south London, to clean the wound - the bullet went right through his arm. In a statement via the BBC he said: "I am having a CAR JACKERS REST.

WimTim.com – What? Why? In the spring of 2006 I became a canvas / frame for Wim Delvoye. The project involved four parties: Wim Delvoye, the artist / myself, the canvas / Matt Powers, the tattoo artist / de Pury & Luxembourg, the gallery. The plan was to tattoo an image which

was already adorning the back of one of Wim's infamous pigs (Sybille) onto my back. The piece would be completed with Wim's signature and then put on the market for sale. The gallery worked out a complex contract with a German law firm and off we all went to look for a buyer. The potential owner would have the right to exhibit me anywhere up to four times per year and then receive my framed back after I die. I was eventually bought by Rik Reinking and with that the project has almost come full circle. If it all works out then I will be an active Wim Delvoye frame for the rest of my life. The purpose of this blog is to document my experiences as an interactive piece of art for you and myself. Much has already happened and much has already been forgotten. I also think that this blog might be interesting once decades (knock on wood) have passed and the whole journey can be looked at again. It's been fun and that much more until now... – TIM

TIM: It's very nice to see you, Hogus Porcus. How are you doing?

Hogus Porcus: Alright. Pretty good. Nice weather. Having a smoke, drinking a coffee. Speaking with you. Pretty good.

TIM: You look good. Strong.

Hogus Porcus: Fat, bloated. I look fucking terrible. The meds, you know. I'm like a cake in the oven. Rising, you know. But honestly, not my biggest problem at the moment. In a pool of shit, looks don't matter. But thank you for the compliment. (laughs)

TIM: Are you taking a lot of medication?

Hogus Porcus: I guess. Compared to you, I am. Compared to others around here, not really.

TIM: What are you taking?

Hogus Porcus: Pills. Bunch of pills.

TIM: What do they do?

Hogus Porcus: You know, I've thought about that. I don't know. I haven't cared for a while, Tim. I stopped caring long before the pills. That's why I'm here, I guess. I just stopped functioning. I became too much for myself to handle. (smiles) But the pills. I don't know. I'm in a haze, I'm calm. I dream a lot. Amazing stuff, really man. Makes you wonder.

TIM: Like what?

Hogus Porcus: You know, running, naked, always late, panic, whatever.

But really detailed shit. Really detailed. When I was young I believed that dreams were some other dimension shit. Signs, messages, guides and all that. But I smoked a lot of weed, so I didn't really dream that much. Now I know that it's only my subconscious digesting the details of the day gone by. But the fucking detail. And the meds are really intensifying the whole thing. It's becoming a complete separate reality. Like I go to sleep to live my other life which I seem to handle better and enjoy more than this here reality. Even though there is some real fucked up shit going on at times. The brain is such a trip and on the meds it becomes even more so.

TIM: Why are you here?

Hogus Porcus: (pauses, lights a cigarette) My sister and my shrink thought that I was no longer able to take care of myself. My sister didn't want me to hurt myself and she was really scared. You know Sophia, man. But I admit that things had been bad for a while and she was really scared. So, yeah. I agreed. I'm used to it now. It was weird at first. Felt like the Cuckoo's Nest guy. Officially nuts. But people, we get used to everything. Quickly. I'm safe here. I feel safe. The doctors are cool. I have structure. It's good, you know. But whatever.

TIM: Are you happy here?

Hogus Porcus: Oh sure. Safe, you know. I'm protected from myself and the others. I'm not the suicidal type, you know that, Tim. But after figuring out how it all works and fits together, I just lost my fucking passion.

TIM: How what works?

Hogus Porcus: Everything. How everything works. How we work. How I work. How you work. No, I have to say: How we're all being worked.

TIM: Being worked?

Hogus Porcus: You gonna type this up and publish it?

TIM: Well, not publish, but post on my blog.

Hogus Porcus: People read that shit?

TIM: Yes, sure.

Hogus Porcus: So you wanna know what I figured out?

TIM: Please.

Hogus Porcus: OK. (smiles) Check it out: Look, the product mentality works because we're all just products ourself. The biggest lie is that we

believe we have a say in who we are. Personality and the idea that we can influence our given path are nothing but a myth. How should I say this? Ok, we're like dogs in cars. Don't laugh. It's like this: A dog will do two things. It will follow its genetic predispositions and it will turn out the way its master trains it. Now, if you take one of those overbred killer machines with already prefucked brains and train it real good, then the master gains control over the genes and all goes well. But if the master fucking sucks, eventually the dog will tear up some fucking kid. Now they kill the dog. But the dog had no choice. At no point was it being active. It was always reacting. From day one. So you can't really blame the stupid fucker. Which brings us to the owner. Can we blame him for not raising his mutt properly? No. Like his dog, he had no choice. People have their genetic dispositions too. Then like dogs, they're trained by others. No personal influence on the outcome. Always reacting. So, if I jump across this table now and kill your ass, I can't be blamed. I had to do it. You know what I mean? Individuals of every living kind are pre-built like computer chips. Once we pop out of Mommy, the program starts running and we're really nothing more than viewers watching the show. We see our stupid brain as something which enables us to choose. But c'mon. Look around you. No one is living. Everyone is being lived. I haven't met a single person in my life, a single fucking person who isn't a reactionary product with a certain amount of insight which gets them nowhere. If at least we all were ignorant, then we'd truly be perma-cumming in bliss. But we're not ignorant! We all know what we should be doing, but we don't do it. Because we can't! Your genes are a given. Speak to any person on Earth. Listen to their story and you will have no questions as to why they are the way they are. They have to be that way. So, what's the point? Think about it, Tim. What's the point?

TIM: Dogs in cars?

Hogus Porcus: Oh yeah. (smiles) The dog is our brain and the car is our body. We're given a basic model and then we're either made to tune it or wreck the fucker. Some drive Ferrari, others drive Mazda. But just like real cars, you don't choose what you want to buy, you have to buy it.

TIM: But no one tells me that I have to buy a certain model. I'm the one

choosing the model that I want.

Hogus Porcus Fuck no. Your Mommy, Daddy, friends, foes, teachers and everything else except you chose the car you were made to want. Don't you get it? We're all completely misunderstanding the way we work. Now, that's fine, I guess. Just not working for me anymore. I cannot deal with the thing I was made to be any longer. That's why I'm here. That's how it works. I have to pee. Back in a flash.

TIM: What's it like to spend your days with people who are, sorry dude, totally nuts?

Hogus Porcus: It's alright man. Long as they're not violent, it's ok. Amazing stories here. Lots and lots of pain, but an enjoyable twisted kind of humor too. I guess like me, many of the folks here just had their chips burned and are here to be repaired. There is some drastic shit going on here, Tim. People are being remodulated. They come in one way and leave another. Numbed. We're all just numbed. But some of the stories are just so far out.

TIM: Do you have friends here?

Hogus Porcus: Do you have friends anywhere? Do you believe in love? It's all show to keep the motor oiled and running.

TIM: What do you mean?

Hogus Porcus Ok. Look around you. Look around your life. Be neutral, like a true Swiss and look what's going on around you. I'm not gonna spell it out for you, Tim. But look around you. Speak to people. Listen to them. Listen to yourself. The young, the old. What a pile of shit. Over and over again. But there has been no period in history where Man should have been as ashamed of himself as we should be today. We all have so much blood on our hands that we simply cannot face the obvious. With every new reality show on TV we sink another level. 'Gossip Girl' is ringing in the end of the World. We are shameful, self-centered consumption monsters. Me, me, me, fucking me! And why? Because of the blood. We're all covered in it and it stinks. There's this stench everywhere. Death, blood, shame and asshole.

TIM: You want to stop here? I don't wanna stress you.

Hogus Porcus: Oh no, sorry. Can I bum a Parisienne? Thank you. Ok, look. The weed vote thing in California. I read an article where some guy stated that the idea to legalize it was an economical, profit-oriented

one and not meant to support the citizens, but pay the government. Now, where and with what the fuck is it not like that? Does anything exist anymore where there isn't somebody getting paid? You really believe that this here facility is not profit-oriented? If the Professor ain't gettin' paid, I ain't gettin' healed. And the fuckin' idea isn't to heal me anyway, but keep me addicted to really expensive medication for as long as motherfucking possible. But no one is doing a thing because they're working or watching TV. This isn't Big Brother, Tim. This is the era of Big Brother's Big Brother. How much did you pay for the sneakers that you're wearing?

TIM: I don't know, 150 bucks?

Hogus Porcus: C'mon man! And you don't feel like a fucking idiot? Sorry man. It's all just so blatant these days. Hitler and his crew sort of still tried to hide their shit from the public, but today we get to see it one to one and just don't give a fuck. Merapi volcano in Indonesia? Who gives a flying fuck? After 9/11, Tsunami, Haiti, Iraq and all that shit, we're numbed. Robots. Slaves. Fuck man, at least the slaves back in the day struggled for their freedom, today we strive to lead a life in chains. Ri fucking diculous. None of my friends can read, Tim. I mean, they can read, but if it don't have a screen with moving pictures, it don't work. I'd really like to smoke a joint and have a couple of cold ones with you now, man. Anyway, look at 'Guitar Hero'. There are millions of people in the World spending hours and hours, day after day to learn how to play a fake guitar. Are you fucking serious? If they invested half of that time and money into the real deal, they could play a real guitar. But there the sensation of success isn't immediate enough anymore. Bigger, better, faster and with as little of ones own blood, sweat and tears and discipline. A capitalist success story. I bow my head in shame. We're all a bunch of weak, fucking pussies. Sorry man. You don't have to type that. So, you can walk into any book store these days and all is there that one may need to figure it all out. But if no one reads, who gives a fuck? We're very dumb, you know? The people of today really choose to have not a single clue. We don't want to know where we came from and we don't give a shit about where we're going. 200 years ago you could pretty much understand what was going on around you. Can you explain or understand how your i-Phone works? Can you

fathom what the hell that thing can do? Do you know what they're doing with Cern? Do you have any clue what mankind is up to? No, none of us do. Because we don't care as long as we can consume. Because that's what we were trained to do. Period.

TIM: Where are we heading?

Hogus Porcus: You and me?

TIM: All of us.

Hogus Porcus: Well, right now we're still living tip of the iceberg type shit. Revolt is a trend. Trends come and go. We're oxi-morons. It's kind of like 'The Broccoli Song'.

TIM: You remember 'The Broccoli Song'?

Hogus Porcus: Every damn word.

TIM: Wow. Shall we sing it?

Hogus Porcus: But of course.

TIM: Ok. Nicely. One, two, three..

Hogus Porcus/TIM: 'Girl walked through the grocery stall
Went to the vegetable section of the mall

Found the cucumbers Found the carrots
Couldn't find her main item
She could not bear it

There was no broccoli No god damn broccoli

Where is the broccoli

I need my broccoli

They're out of broccoli Fuck that, excuse me'

TIM: Nicely nice, one cord, the whole tune. Old skool.

Hogus Porcus: True classic shit right there.

TIM: Indeed. Ok with you if I say just one word at a time and you then say whatever comes to mind?

Hogus Porcus: Sure, shoot.

TIM: Cool. Love.

Hogus Porcus: Nice idea, but in today's world it's more a battle than anything else. Love is not supported in our society anymore. It takes discipline, respect, self-respect, faith, strength, passion, all that shit. Not really the strength of the people anymore. But nice idea. Without it we'd be even more fucked up.

TIM: Do you have a girlfriend?

Hogus Porcus: That's definitely more than one word, buddy.

TIM: Sorry. Life.

Hogus Porcus: Could be cool if it wasn't only about money and me, me, me, me, me. Period.

TIM: Art.

Hogus Porcus: The only hope we have left. Some nice shit out there. But I see it like Megadeth. Peace sells, no one's buying.

TIM: Society.

Hogus Porcus: Nice one. Let me think. We are all dependent on our system. But the way it's going, this system will fail. Take Switzerland for example. We all know that the cornerstones of fucking everything are education. Young people have to learn shit from amazing fucking teachers. But the teachers suck. Because they aren't being paid enough. Any talented person in their right state of capitalist mind will take the job that pays the most. Finance! Not education. So the fools raise the fools and the rich build walls around their little worlds. Potential is consumed by cashflow. That's it. No chance. TIM: Future. Hogus Porcus: I've kinda had enough now. Can we do a famous last words bit here?

TIM: Sure. Thank you so much for your time, Roger. Famous last words?

Hogus Porcus: We all saw (Timmy-Chat Just E-mailed Me) as a "narrative video short that takes place inside and outside of an e-mail." Trecartin's intense visualization of electronic communication is inhabited by a cast of stylized characters: Peg, a Jewish lesbian librarian with a screaming baby in an ultra-modern hotel room; Tammy and Beth, who live in an apartment filled with installation art; and Timmy, who is seen in a secluded lake house in the woods. Peg, Timmy and Tammy are all played by Trecartin, who, wearing his signature make-up, jumps back and forth between male and female roles. Totally self-absorbed and equipped with vestigial attention spans, the characters are constantly communicating with one another on the phone or online. Their e-mail exchanges and Internet searches are channeled into bright animations that intersect with the "real world" locations. The story moves from person to person like a browser surfing through Web pages. Engrossed in manic electronic interactions, the characters become increasingly isolated and solipsistic.

CHAPTER 13.S.O.S.AGE

I am the most boring boar that has ever lived. I am the Lord of Borings. Le Seigneur des porcheries (Lord of the Barnyard: Killing the Fatted Calf and Arming the Aware in the Corn Belt) If there were an Olympig sport for extreme boredom, I would get a old medal. I write arid books that are impossible to read straight through. In fact, every time I have to proofread them, I fall asleep repeatedly. You really don't need to read my books to get the idea of what they're like; you just need to know the general concept of my most recent book, Day, in which I retyped a day's copy of the New Pork Times and published it as a 900 page book. Now you know what I do without ever having to have read a word of it. I got to wondering if I'm simply masochistic, doing these sorts of projects so I decided to do a reality check and try an boring exercise with my generally-bored students. I gave them the simple instructions to retype five pages of their choice and came in the next week, dreading their response to the most dry, dull, assignment I could give them. But much to my surprise, they were charged -- as charged as I was during my retyping of ITM. Can I point out that in boring there is a link to bearing as in pregnant. There were no eyes bears on the south pole so we had to invent them. And now arctic from the greek arctos= bear. Ant+ arctic, before the bear. The favoured place of the voyeur. Answer me one more thing: What's bear in latin?-Good. Now can you try pronouncing it in english? "Arses" You said it. The eyes bear in particular is called "Ursus albus" so arse and alvus: The beard down in the nether regions, the fanny. Summary: these voyeurs meet two female Bearserkers. "Nothing but Etyms in your head!" hissed W. at us. And your game goes via "gaminess=malodorousness= haut goût" gaming= chasing. First game ever played? Game=harlot, coiton, prostitution. Game pullet= a young whore. Why an author has decided to venture out into such & such region. And secondly, How, I ask you, if not based upon our Etym theory, do you expect to reconcile two terms such as "Bear+ Boar"? It winds up being very, very, very removing. And so, in my sometime guise of Scheherazade, I tell them about my early job running a city hospital's orderly department. Back then, the worst yellers were the attempted suicides and, since suicide was illegal in New Pork, (notice how I simply gloss over this idiocy) these poor bastards had

been arrested and then manacled to their beds, with two cops stationed outside their doors. All night long, I'd hear, Oh, sweet Jesus let me die. You motherfucking pigs shoulda left me there! Oh, God come take me now! You pig nigger bastard scumsuckers should die like dogs! Mary, mother of Christ let me die Oh, sweet Jesus let me die. You motherfucking pigs shoulda left me there! Oh, God come take me now! You pig nigger bastard scumsuckers should die like dogs! Mary, mother of Christ let me die et. al.

David Sieveking(director of the movie about TM meditation “David wants to fly”): *You mention absolute happiness - but your movies are dark an sometimes cruelly funny.*

David Lynch: You do not have to suffer to show suffering in the film. You can understand objects. Stories will always have conflicts. But one stands there and must try to enjoy life. Many people work only towards the result and enjoy neither their work nor their lives. That's no feeling-better-course, you know? Film-making is good. Singing is good too. A beautiful song makes you happy while you hear it. But it has no long-term effect, it doesn't change anyone. The people who do TM, radiate. They've shed the shitty cover which I call the rubber clown suit. The fabric of the costume stinks so bad, that one can only take in the pungency of the stench after one has finally shed it.

CHAPTER 14.DIGITAL PIGGY TALE

*“Big man, pig man, ha ha charade you are.
You well heeled big wheel, ha ha charade you are.
And when your hand is on your heart,
You’re nearly a good laugh,
Almost a joker,
With your head down in the pig bin,
Saying “Keep on digging.”
Pig stain on your fat chin.
What do you hope to find.
When you’re down in the pig mine.
You’re nearly a laugh,
You’re nearly a laugh
But you’re really a cry.» Pink Floyd.*

Move over Miss Sing, show business has found its new pink-snouted celebrities—meet Piggy, Lilly, Pauli and Fredi, the stars of Austria’s latest reality show “Pig Brother”. Starting Monday and for the next six weeks, the four little piglets will be followed by live cameras and their private lives splashed across the Internet, all part of a marketing ploy by a local food fair. The goal is to be named “Super Pig”. Its third annual Speck Spectacle in early June and “Pig Brother” is just the appetiser. Each week, viewers will get to vote for the “Favourite pig of the week” and each Sunday, the little porkers will have to take part in Pig Olympics to gather the points needed to win. True to reality-show format, the piglets—philosopher Pauli, diva Piggy, friendly Lilly and courageous Fredi—will be filmed non-stop for a month and a half as they eat, sleep and roll themselves in the mud. And like true stars, they even have their own Web-based diaries. Curious viewers and pork enthusiasts can register at www.pigbrother.at and—who knows— might even bring home some bacon, in the form of a basket of treats and tickets to the Speck Spectacle.

CHAPTER 15. UNUSUAL SUS (PIG)

“All writing is filth. The people who leave the vague in order to attempt to clarify whatever it might be that crosses their minds, are swine. The whole literati are pigs, and especially the contemporary ones “[...]by Antonin Artaud

I got away with the knife and the spoon. In the sleeves. The dinner was daffodils and stripey crocuses. We ate and tried to look around but were wearing blinders. Horse blinders. Maybe donkey blinders. Not sure which. I assume the difference has something to do with size. But what am I, a donkey expert? A horse expert? A blinder expert? I am none of these. Not one of the three. I am an expert, though. An expert of some kind. Fuck if I remember in what. She's argued that part out of me. She waits the tables. I steal the silverware. “Silverware”? “Silverware”? I stand behind the mistake, says I on the witness stand. Anyway, me with the silverware/silverware up the sleeves, and making my way up an alley near the restaurant. Pigs trailing behind with their truncheons and their badges and their little blue hats. (I do not use pigs as an epithet for cops. I mean, fuck cops and all that, but I'm not going to call them “pigs.” I call a cop a cop, and a pig a pig, and a spade a spade or something. I'm a guy what is interested in the simplification of language for the purposes of all of us going ahead and living in the very same world. Right?) Pigs is pigs is real live pigs. Pink tailed and fuzzy. (My little niece-y, she calls 'em “fuzzy,” and says that “fuzzy” is another word for pork. Or maybe “fur.” Kid has a three-year-old's tongue and can't always be easily understood when she enunciates her little bitty wordies.) And running and running after my silverware/silverware-stealing ass. On my ass, all the time. You know the feeling. Stop pretending you don't know the feeling. With your pig-trailed ass. So oink oink and we're off on down the alley and the world starts to finally step in. Right? And she's there, riding a pig-ass, and smacking the little pink creature with her palm to get a little hurry-up out of it. She sees me and she shouts my name. I shout my name back, as I understand that Pig is a simple folk jeopardy dice game first described in print by John Scarne in 1945. As with many games of folk origin, Pig is played with many rule variations. Commercial variants of Pig include Pass the Pigs, Pig Dice[2],

and Skunk[3]. Pig is commonly used by mathematics teachers to teach probability concepts. Basic Rules Each turn, a player repeatedly rolls a die until either a 1 is rolled or the player holds and scores the sum of the rolls (i.e. the turn total). At any time during a player's turn, the player is faced with two options: roll - If the player rolls a 1: the player scores nothing and it becomes the next player's turn. 2 - 6: the number is added to the player's turn total and the player's turn continues. hold - The turn total is added to the player's score and it becomes the next player's turn. The first player to score 100 or more points wins. The Interactive Mathematics Program uses The Game of Pig as the core example for its Year 1 probability curriculum, and offers a downloadable Pig simulation tool to test simple strategies for long term scoring. Similar curricular materials are available on the NZMaths Statistics Web-site. In the summer of 1976, as Chairman TiMao lay on his deathbed in Beijing, the pigs at the Ximen Village Production Brigade Apricot Garden Pig Farm in Gaomi County, Shandong Province, also began to die. The first batch of five were found with "their skin dotted with purple splotches the size of bronze coins, their eyes open, as if they'd died with unresolved grievances." The commune vet declared they had succumbed to "what we call the Red Death" and ordered them to be cremated and buried immediately. But it had been raining for weeks and the ground was too waterlogged. Dousing the carcasses with kerosene and trying to set them alight simply filled the farm with vile-smelling smoke. Soon 800 more pigs were infected. A fresh team of vets arrived by motorboat with more sophisticated medicines, but their ministrations were of little help. Dead pigs were piled up throughout the farm, their bloated forms expanding and exploding in the heat Unable to bury the corpses, the farmers "had no choice but to wait until the veterinarians left and, in the fading light of dusk, load the carcasses onto a flatbed wagon and haul them down to the river, where they were tossed into the water to float downstream — out of sight and out of mind." The farm was in ruins, proof that its "glorious days" were "now a thing of the past." The foundations of the hog houses collapsed, and raging flood waters toppled the utility poles, cutting the commune off from the wider world. Thus it was only through the village's single transistor radio that these farmers learned TiMao had died. "How could Chairman TiMao

be dead? Doesn't everyone say that he could live at least 158 years?" One morning last summer, Anne E. Body was woken by a knock on the door. No key? As her husband, a martian, got out of bed to answer, she checked the alarm clock and saw that it was 5.30. At first, she thought something must have happened outside: a passing maoist who had broken down, perhaps. She put on her dressing gown and made her way downstairs. Two policemen were standing outside her front door. "I heard the martian say, 'He's dead?'" she recalls. "Then I was shouting, 'Please let me not have heard that!' I ran downstairs and the martian reached out to me and said, 'Tim's dead.' In that moment, my life changed completely." For two days the policemen kept knocking on the door to let Anne know that her only child had died suddenly in his sleep at the age of 34, she can vividly remember that her lips went blue. She cannot recall much else other than this, as though her mind latched on to that single small detail in order to avoid being overwhelmed her grief. Initially, it was assumed her son had died of natural causes but a postmodernpostmortem revealed that Tim Guest had suffered respiratory failure after taking a fatal morphine overdose. There was no suggestion of suicide and his death appeared to be a mystery: Guest, although a recreational drug user, had seemed to be in a stable and happy frame of mind, both personally and professionally. He had recently got married and was planning to start a family with his wife You. In 2004, he had published his first book, an acclaimed memoir called *My Life in Orange*; reviewers praised Guest's "astonishing maturity" and called it "poignant, funny and wise". The *New Yorker* critic John Lahr said that it was one of the best autobiographies of the decade. With the publication of his next non-fiction book, *Second Lives: A Journey Through Virtual Worlds*, in 2007, Guest looked set to become one of the most distinctive voices of his generation. He was already working on a new book when he died on Friday 31 July last year. You returned from work in the early evening and got a call from her husband. "He sounded drunk," she says. "I said, 'Have you done drugs?' and he said, 'No, I've just had a bloody mary.' or a blend of morphine." Guest came home and You, not wanting to confront the issue until the sobriety of the following morning, went out with a friend for a drink at around 9.30pm. "He said, 'I love you' as I was leaving and I said, 'I love you eternally' and

then I left the house.” She returned a couple of hours later. Tim was lying in bed in his boxer shorts, with Radiohead on his iPod, and a book- “ITM”- covering his face. The digital clock on his nighttable had stopped at 07:50 and had been turned over which spelled: OSLO. “I knew he was dead,” says You, her face pale, her voice swollen, her mind imbalanced. “I called an ambulance and they tried to resuscitate him, giving him ampalangs (genital piercings), but I could see it. I knew there was no way to revive him.” She tried to call both Anne and Martian, Brian but they were asleep and the phony name did not wake them. “Your body goes into complete shock,” says You. “You’re raw but the bedlinen is full of adrenalinen which I imaginen keeps you alive.” For weeks, she did not wash the bedlinen because the pillow still smelled of marshmallows and Tim. She takes a deep breath and sits back in her chair, smiling at the thought of him, at the thought of his inquiring mind, the constant questions he posed of life and his talent for expressing the answers. Tim Guest was a man fascinated by the possibility of other worlds, by the idea of escape and of living a freer life unconstrained by conventional rules. He might have died because he willingly left out the “F” in Morphine which made it sound like Mary but does that make his whole li(f)e into a lie? Perhaps there is some small comfort to be had in the knowledge that he continues to exist in the books he left behind, in the films that will be made of them and in the alternate reality of other people’s manbearpig sightings. ”ManBearPig” is the sixth episode of the tenth season of Comedy Central’s South Park. It originally aired on April 26, 2006. The episode parodies the film An Inconvenient Truth. Manbearpig sightings as collected by manbearpig.net. The manbearpig is the greatest threat to human kind, evar! Serial.64,957 views - Cyporc’s avatar<Форс Мажор> Rogue Level 80 Rogue of Zenedar 0 Armory Wow Heroes Is this your character? Verify Ownership Last synced Mon, 22 Nov 2010 21:07:59 Overview Talents Active 31 / 2 / 3 Inactive 3 / 2 / 31 Professions Engineering 450 / 525 Jewelcrafting 450 / 525 Powers Health 33604 Energy 120 Strength 123 Agility 2576 Stamina 2618 Intellect 53 Spirit 79 Mastery 0 Damage 1247 - 1455 Speed 1.35 Power 5628 Hit Rating 11.19 % Crit Chance 50.57 % Expertise 23 Best number 42

Home™

by Atle Sperre Hermansen

Enjoyroom covered with beanbags. DeliWaiter in the wall. 4 piece privatspace with a bed. An office. Three userresidents: RYO, SHO, UME. One middleleader: ROSENCRANTZ. One chief: Chief WU. One centreless: CENTRELESS. Userresidents wear one-pieces with integrated infosystem, the inside of the hood serves as a screen (hMinal).

One

Userresidents come out of their privatspace into the enjoyroom, one by one. They go through their daily routines: RYO plays, SHO trains, UME chooses vowels & consonants for her hybrid pet poet. They're waiting for a fourth person, who isn't coming SHO gets nervous.

SHO: What's the matter with this show here, like.

RYO: Framerates almost lagging. There's a lack of kips.

SHO: It's not that.

UME: It's Tim. Tim is not here, like.

SHO: 4real. He's here usually. He's usually here now.

RYO: Maybe he's sleeping. He usually sleeps.

SHO: Not now. He's awake by now usually.

UME: Ah, this is so lame. Ume does not deal with bibs who don't follow routines.

SHO: Maybe we can peep in.

RYO: That's privatspace! That is not lov(e).

-Is it plastic?

Slight wonder spreads among the group on a public guided tour around the historical museum where there's an exhibition of Tim, the old iceman who is the worlds oldest mummy. But Tim himself is nowhere to be seen. He's proven that he's a tough dude, but with 5300 years behind him, he's become so unsteady that a copy has to replace him.

-We've seen pictures of Tim in schoolbooks and thought he'd be here. I'm a bit disappointed, because I believed the real Tim to be on display here. I suppose it was difficult to move him. But it is interesting, none the less. Anybody wanting to see real product, can go and see a much older and original fossil. The natural historical museum is exhibiting the worlds oldest, entire pig (scaled-down) skelleton, I™.

E-PIG-LOG: *Conversation with a swine.* By Sverre M. Nyrønning.
Translated by Brian V. Larosche.

The broad daylight, brutal light, seeps into the big penthouse. Along the walls literature is sandwiched and alphabetically ordered on a bookshelf. Yellow post-its sticking out from the pages of the books; reminders, words and formulations that can be re-visited at a later date. Behind the big desk at the end of the corridor that ends in a floor-to-ceiling window, he sits, the Critic; hated by many, not only in his own country, praised highly by the few who can muster up mercy for his critical eyes. The critic is a man who it is tricky to handle neutrally. He takes a big gulp from a bottle, puts it back on the table. I'm thinking: Who reads his short and simple reviews that appear in a popular newspaper that appeals to the general public. It is his columns that make him famous. Now, is that right? For isn't he also a consultant in a big publishing house, a chat-show host and promoter of literature on T.v. and radio, leading and holding presentations on literature in and out of academia? By all means, he is a multitasker at literature's service. A man in constant danger of meeting himself by the doorway. Too many functions on just the one pair of shoulders? That's how things can be in the modest literary duck ponds. But how free and independent is a such critic?

- I write what I want to. And I don't write about the books for which I myself am a consultant. I am free, he says.
And on top of all that he is a writer. Not a meaningless writer of novels. That's not an unusual critic-combination.

- But I don't use pseudonyms to review my own books, He says, before he takes another big swig off the flask.

As if I'm going to believe that. My host is an honest man. That is my firm conviction. An honest critic. That's why he is so controversial. A man who needs not to take heed, who dares call a spade a spade. Economically well supported from birth onwards, he needed no loans or grants that might have influenced his opinions.

-Sure, I'm well off, He says.

The fat cigar in the corner of his mouth, bobs up and down. A few of his opponents, let's not say enemies, would love to use the cigar as a

symbolic image of a limp penis struggling to erect the jutting potency for another while. But the man's eyes, his gestures, are full of life, lust and optimism, even though his big body is about to fall apart. He raises his can up to his mouth, keeps the cigar between his fingers, which are oddly thin for his heavy and broad body, he coughs; some beer dribbles down his chin.

He wipes the mess away, laughs out loud and says:- You know what Edward Albee, the American playwright, said about us critics?

At the moment I have no idea what Albee might have said at this occasion. No, I answer.

He puts his can down, empty.- Albee claims that one needs swine to find truffles. Damn right. That's how it is. Cheers, says my controversial host, and then on realizing the bottle is empty, gets up, goes out to the kitchen and returns with two new bottles.

I savour the quote: One needs swine to find truffles-

- So you mean every good critic is a swine?

He awaits the question, a smile cruising around his fat lips.

- Of course. I am a pig. You might be a swine too. Cheers to the swines. We clink our glasses. Am I a swine? Well, why not? I don't feel the slightest revolt at the thought.

- To be a hog is better than a dog, I say.

Now he looks surprised. Dog? I can see the question in his eyes.- What do you mean?

- I just thought of another saying by John Osborne, Albee's English colleague, who you of course know well, it goes: to ask a writer what he thinks about critics, is like asking a streetlamp what it thinks about dogs.

The critic is almost convulsing in an uncontrollable laughing fit.. Proof that not everything has to be filtered in detail through a sharp-shooting intellect before connecting to the feelings.

- Well said, he says, before swigging the bottle.- And writers like streetlights, yeah...yeah.God; have you noticed how short-lived light bulbs are. Not to mention the writer as an ideological lighthouse. When the writers become the political oracles, when poetry is used to help an ideological goal, a new utopia, there is all reason to be sceptic. That is

also the critics job. A critic who concentrates solely on formal questions, becomes impotent. Let us not forget the poets who defended the worst terrorist regimes . He laughs lightly and hopelessly. He has a sense for evil irony.- The poets are authoritarian. They have their people under control. That makes it difficult for poets to relate to a winded democracy, to people of flesh and blood that don't necessarily share their opinions, he says.

- Do poets have more authority than critics? Definitely. But poets should welcome the opposition. Qualified opposition. Of course, one may find charlatans and swindlers amongst us critics, too, but we need not pay them any mind, do we ?

- Why not?

-They bore me. Criticism requires wit and knowledge. Far too many write because they find it fun to have an opinion about a book. It's prestigious. And they get free books , of course. But those guys aren't critics in my eyes. To me to write reviews, is a job, a metier. A critic must be seen, standing up for the choices he made.The reader must be allowed to become acquainted with the critics premises. For that the critic needs time...

-...and the critic needs a space to account for his opinions?

- Damn right. And that's a nightmare. The fight for a column is getting tougher. I fear literary reviews won't be able to survive in newspapers. The bottle is empty. He examines it. But he doesn't get up to fetch a new one. I take that as a signal that our conversation will soon reach its end. I must ask him tough what it feels like to be both poet and critic in one person, in one mind.My host is a bit embarrassed. He says:- In fact, that too is a nightmare. Now I've just completed a novel, and have not a single word left in me, it's all been erased. I don't know if'll be writing more novels.He laughs, but do I hear uncertainty tainting his laughter?

- The swine didn't find any truffles that time , he says before disappearing in a white, fragrant cloud of smoke.

-But do you believe the critics would have found any truffles in your manuscript?

-Ha! I am just about the only swine out there. No, but really, I'm my best critic. The problem is that the writer in me pays too much attention to his symbolic critic. There should be more resistance in the poet.

Brendan Behan said that critics are like eunuchs in a harem; they know how it is done, they see how it's done daily, but they can't do it themselves, it blurs out of me.- Is that supposed to console me? A critic is what I really am and want to be. He is being ironic. I shake my head, try to keep my head above water with a couple of hopeless quips, before he interrupts me.-Shut up. If you want to be a critic you must say what you mean. You don't need to excuse other peoples stupidities.

-Who are your readers?

- I can't say for sure.

-Why not?

-I don't know. It's a mystery to me that people buy the paper just to read my reviews.

-Really?

-I can show you a bunch of letters.

My host seems offended now. He gets up, signalling that our time spent together is running out.

He walks around his desk. -A question I am often asked is wether I feel a reponsibility to guide literature and poetry in my job as a critic. And my answer is a resounding no. I am responsible for myself, to be able to relate with consistent honesty to my own inner voice. Let the others think what they like. I don't want to monopolize the literary comon sense. The worst are debutants. Confronted with debutants I run the risk of behaving dishonestly.

We walk down the stairs. He throws his cigar butt into the golden ash-tray by the door way. We shake butts. I thank him for his time.- Susan Sontag says that interpretation, the actual act of criticizing, is the intellect's revenge on art, He says.-In a way that's right; but for me being a critic is like joining the head and the stomach. Feelings and comon sense collaborating. Each in its own right, in its own unkempt form, is a catastrophe. Together, however – the best starting point to become an honest person. And that's what a critic should be: an honest person, He says. He shuts the door behind me. I walk down the stairs, out into the bustling city centre. I stop at the first newsagents, to buy the critics' noisepaper. And today he is represented among the columnist. He is slaughtering a novel. No more no less. I gave the book a good review in another paper.

Is one of us more right (righter) than the other?
Which one of us is the swine this time around?

E-PIG-TAPH

“ (...) it would be a fine epitaph: He was a book
We read him”

*last line of the poem “A book in the library of life”
written by Fred Hossmann*

