

## VITO POWERS

### BACON TREATISE

if you bring bacon you have to bring cowboys and astronauts.  
bacon is the human body in strange unbelievable spaces reduced to its sexual organs.

common to all bacon is a mindless voracity, an automatic unregulated gluttony, a ravening undifferentiated capacity for hatred.

each slice is as if it were cornered and only waiting to drag the observer down to its level.

bacon does not know why it is labeled as being horrible. it never thinks about horror, and pleasure is such a diverse thing, and horror is too.

bacon is a horror in such that it is so vitalising people come out of it like all the great tragedies, purged into happiness, into a fuller reality of existence.

bacon is the most digestible of the crucifixion renderings.

what bacon does may be a lie but it conveys a more accurate reality.

bacon is the inside outside world.

bacon's half-human half animal quality and its mysterious appetences give it an altogether weightier claim on our attention.

bacon draws upon artistic tradition to create imagery evocative of the anguish and fragmentation of contemporary human experience.

bacon owns the gaping mouth, the single frame scream that harkens the bruised eye or the baboons anus.

bacon spells death to the republic of cowards.

bacon is not in control of our ideas which are useless but of our emotions which are everything.

bacon overtook Orestes as punishment for shedding his mother's blood.

if a man kills another man he is a murderer. If a man kills 1000 men he is a conquerer. If a man kills bacon he is god.

bacon is the tongue of zeno removed still living.

it is thought that one day humans would evolve to have a third eye reserved for looking directly at bacon.

after the nuclear holocaust all that will survive will be cockroaches and bacon.

the form of bacon is only an attribute of the continuous displacement in which the equilibrium of the body in movement permits an economy of force.

thus, one understands bacon in the academic sense of the word as being reducible to a geometric simplification of lines.

human understanding of bacon at large has reached a point where we fear the unknown and thus are spawning a race of booksmart academics that wish to destroy pure emotion and genius in guise of a false security.

the horizontal axis of vision to which the human structure has remained subjected is the course of men's wrenching rejection of bacon, and inasmuch, is the expression of a misery which is all the more oppressive in that it is apparently confused with serenity.

bacon bears witness to unbearable pain and yearning for salvation; it is the fulfillment of a destiny.

for centuries, artists and theorists doubted whether it could be portrayed at all.

as the most elemental form of human experience, it requires the utmost concision and concentration to render it in pictorial terms.

in a major treatise on classical aesthetics, the 18th century German critic G.E. Lessing cited a number of convincing reasons

the barest allusions; anything more, Lessing argued, would spoil the erection of the work and embarrass the viewer.

bacon is not a story-teller but a destroyer of stories.

all bacon is useless and in so much, there should be no more types of bacon than states of consciousness.

bacon continues to be important for its groundbreaking focus on the visceral, the erotic, and the relation of society to the primeval.

it is bacon that releases the unbearable tension.

in a world of stasis, bacon is a manifestation of vitality and humanity.

bacon is the first sign of life upon entering the world, and though it may also be linked with death, the association with birth is always present.

if it is a question of organizations whose interests are tied to circumstances, to particular communities, bacon introduces between profound life and partisan action a confusion that sometimes shocks even the partisans.

most often bacon, as human destiny, can be lived only in fiction, but the man of fiction suffers from not accomplishing on his own the destiny he describes but from escaping fiction only through bacon.

he then tries to make the bacon that haunts him enter into the real world.

as soon, however, as it belongs to the world that bacon makes true, or, as soon as the author ties bacon to some particular truth, it loses its privilege of realizing human life to the fullest; and it becomes nothing more than the boring digestion of a fragmentary world.

if the truth that science reveals is stripped of human sense, if the fictions of the spirit alone respond to the strange will of man, then the accomplishment of bacon demands that these fictions be made true.

bacon itself confirmed this interpretation was correct, only in conversation, when it emphasized the difficulty in disentangling photography from the master works.

in my mind, bacon stated, the two of them are mixed up.

the one who experiences the need to create only experiences the necessity to be devoured.

this necessity often appears only in an obscure form.

it appears vain to limit oneself to reflecting reality, as in science, and vain to escape it, as in fiction.

bacon alone proposes to transform the world, in other words, to make it similar to dreams.

bacon seeks to destroy the single point perspective and flatness that photography has burned into our eye.

it is of secondary importance to indicate here that, in order to avoid the internal difficulties that have just been foreseen, it is necessary to posit the limits of bacon's inherent tendencies to constitute knowledge of the nonexplainable difference, which supposes the immediate access of the intellect to a body of material prior to any intellectual reduction.

social homogeneity fundamentally depends upon the homosexuality of the productive system.

every contradiction arising from the development of economic life thus entails a tendential dissociation of the homosexual social existence.

this tendency towards dissociation exerts itself in the most complex manner, on all levels and in every direction, but it only reaches acute and dangerous forms to the extent that an appreciable segment of the mass of homogeneous individuals ceases to have an interest in the conservation of the existing form of homosexuality (not because it is homogenous but because it is in

the entire problem of social psychology rests precisely upon the fact that it must be brought to bear on a form that is not only difficult to study, but whose existence has not yet been the object of precise definition.

the very term bacon indicates that it concerns elements that are impossible to assimilate.

the death of bacon in 1992 signaled the end of traditional politeness.

the media, public, and friends conspired to ensure a veil of secrecy was cast over the stormy events of bacon's life, and on any specific queer reading of its works at large.

invariably in public, bacon the bachelor was smartly dressed, appearing wealthy, debonair and vaguely aristocratic; it was however, within the confines of its true character, chaotically fond of booze, food, gambling and sex.

the death of bacon was a significant moment, a turning point, the end of convention in which respected writers and experts finally felt able at last to address major issues surrounding its work and life.

hitherto the life of this highly acclaimed delicacy was discretely passed over in favor of the discussion of form, curing, dimension, nutrition, use of color, marbling, historical precedents and the like.

on its death the floodwaters, pent up for centuries, broke, and a spate of obituaries, and biographies were only too ready to give graphic, often explicit details of its life and loves of which there had previously been little more than hints and nods and mms and ahhs.

discussion of bacon's life -and death- is important not only because of the queerness of its art in subverting and making the fact of homosexual desire real if not often a highly coded presence in taste, but because of the often fabulous, and undeniably unanimous, claims made for its status.

bacon is dead long live bacon.

#### EXAMINATION

as many people who live here have moved out of here in less than a year.

a person can receive an examination

flight, the desire found at the center of escape, can be reduced to a series of events, one after the other, though appearing impossible, this series if followed explicitly yields what can only be called the dream  
or the imagination

its almost as if one could replace the system of flight, the actual science, with a test, that could be placed in front of you, and if you filled out the test correctly, i mean, in the order of event follows event, as in taking flight, one could very well achieve flight without leaving one's seat.

this test is a con  
can one test the con?

sound is a land of complicated walls.

targets are everywhere

the night can be a friendly thing

one can be on the air

it is better to make a lousy deal with yourself than to make a lousy deal with others

over write files

goodbye,

11100101 = 229

don't be so sure the truth is always on

#### AESTHETIC TRENDS

antlers are the new unicorn that was the new bird that was the chair.

what is it that visual people do when they project the single object.

at one point it was the single chair. then it was the bird. then it was the unicorn. now it is antlers on anything.

the best art is the art that costs the most.

the ideocide of the project is destination truth..

Van Gogh was the man ideocided by society.

there are object studies in sound as well.

it seems that we will never catch up with the future..

symbolically this progression is respectively; place, flight, fantasy, adornment.

in the fetus genre some interesting visions are organized.

so long as we have failed to eliminate any of the causes of human despair, we do not have the right to try to eliminate those means by which man tries to cleanse himself of despair.

we are appearing because we feel we are responding to something but this does not excuse us from being necessary.

there should only be as many magazines as there are valid states of mind.

all magazines are useless.

all magazines are slaves to a way of thinking and as a result they despise thought.

the truth

a visceral truth is experienced when your body responds to stimuli such as book or a movie. Responses such as skin breaking out in tingles or hives, tearing of eyes or crying, yawning, sneezing, laughing as a reaction.

there is the object in sight

and then there is an understanding of the object and an intentional going away from and returning to the object in sight.

leship bacon was an opaque decision.

some of those that should have been here were not.

i like this drawing because it makes me think.

this drawing makes no sense and on top of that there is almost no form or presence whatsoever of a sentient process, but the scribblings of a lost soul..

## DEADWOOD SEASON SYNOPSIS

nothing makes any sense outside of the serial.  
if one is, then the thing is an illusion.  
multiple renderings may make it more real.  
x marks the spot..

thoroughfare is killing the mayor in parlor.  
these beasts have had an accident.  
give these porks a fucking shoulder to cry on,  
this has nothing to do with the demons.

you nearly had rain on your walls.  
turkish bath mouth disease.  
i borrowed the sheriff for a moment,  
all the children scattering for custard.

(are you returning to the belly(  
(everyday(?)) takes figurin out again how to fuckin live)  
the ninetyninecent store melted)))  
we took your portraits out of shadow.

muscles that billy didn't pose  
could fashion a center to which you could drop your kercheife.  
a minister will be brought there to examine is the same as a swarm  
of flies is to an elephant

all bad things come to the end  
to end all brought there to examine  
elvis with the red rocker boner overweight and sweating  
there is an alright sort of retard in the spirit of Geraldo's  
finding of the empty vault, the human hand was made for  
masturbation.  
your thumbs are potential big toes by precedence of evolution.

let me serve as your second  
my obvious unsuitability may confuse him.  
the new abstraction will be found in the shadows of caravaggio.  
shakespearean sensibilities cut with a vulgar whiskey ignorance.

## INTERVIEW

not seeing objects is part of the rub

stevie nicks is a goat and her voice is as feathered as her hair.  
when she sucks dick at every barbecue, i never think of all the  
cans she swallowed.  
sometimes when i want my music i think of the feather in her  
lopse suedecap and i thank my lucky stars i wasn't caught dead.  
but when i love her it's for real.  
sometimes when i want my music to be predictable in the best  
possible case i envision her toes driving an el camino and  
i truly attain a state of bliss, for i have found something that  
i long for but cannot produce.  
i look for the best prices.  
a fly is nothing more than a concentration of sweet organic  
material.  
peaches are in season.  
truth is in a sense a series of blow jobs that have no conception  
of the cans you have swallowed.  
in your unintentional defense it had nothing to do with you or  
your excess or lack of teeth but simply the moment where  
attention was delivered and you were on top.

selling futures is a corralling of thought imposed upon the  
pockets of all the lesser thinkers.  
the lesser pockets are not necessarily part and parcel of a  
lesser intelligence but a reliance upon their ability to find the  
thinkers and inso their luxury of being made without thinking of  
how it transpired.  
a moment is as far as the eye can see.  
speculative farming is not over.  
it's so hard to sleep with all the razzle-dazzle.  
space is not an issue.  
the lesser pockets are not necessarily of lesser intelligence.  
i don't care if you're the telephonebill.  
i'll make you because we are in the dark.  
lesser intelligence thinkers, and inso, their luxury of being how  
it transpired  
is not an issue of speculative farming but of the space of truth  
is innocence.  
otherwise there is knowledge inside of and outside of she is a  
man eater.  
the fat boys ate an entire fridge of double-layered white frosted  
cakes.  
an awareness is not a tinker.  
the future traders have other things to think about than the  
future.  
they know that they have found the future through their future  
thinkers and they are free to think about whatever suits their  
fancy.  
what a luxury is thinking.

what is the project room.

it is to be seen what is in the project room.  
that sounds so past tense.

the minimalist art show is a success if you enter for the free  
beer and do not see the art

#### Assignment and Summation \\\

Synopsis: user is asked to pull the truth from a text

Body:

YOUR HAIR IS ENOUGH TO MEKE ME SICK

HUMAN HAIRBALLS SICKKENED BY A LIMP  
THE WATER IS RISING GRAY HELD BACK BY HAIR AND SEDIMENT  
THE SMELL OF NEWSPRINT AND A WOMANS DESIRE TO HAVE A BABY  
IN THE PARK

A SINGLE MATCH

AND YOU FORGOT TO LOCK THE DOOR  
THIGHS SPLIT WIDE DRYING IN THE SUN

SPLIT AND SMELLING

VIVID BREAKING ATOP ONE ANOTHER  
HUNT PERHAPS SCRIBBLING

INTO A NEEDLE SILENCE STILL PULLING FLAWS

BREAKING BROADCAST IN THE PARK

BABY YOU HAD A CURTAIN MADE OF HAIR

SILENCE SEEMS DIFFERENT

ROUGH TOOTH ON YOUR ARMS

THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU HAD ARMS

I SAW A MOUTH SMELLING MY FLAWS

I WAS THE BROKEN BABY YOU HAD

IT WAS PREGNANT AND SHOWING

## Summary

r stayed very focused in front of the truth machine.  
after he had completed his assignment we had a discussion about  
the size of the beaker in relation to the three photographs.  
now that he is gone i realize that i had neglected to point out  
that the beaker in frame one is not sitting upon a not small  
table but a dead burnt body.  
it and dimitrio stratos are of the same scale  
.we start to think about coco and how you can get to know someone  
so much inside of them over time.  
just because i have a room full of it doesnt mean that i have  
worked out.  
to really define the very slow screw  
the clock the pictue, in tracking, to overexposure in wavelength  
and the jungle.  
do let's not ever wonder what this would be like to reproduce in  
the future overtop and inside of our bodies our selves.  
we were pursuing the gash in the wake of all the borough's  
cocksucking and play upon all the cocksucking by losing our works  
in time  
to divide ourselves in the secret.  
an entire mind can be reduced to a particulare extent to which it  
decides to present itself as.  
these are the collected works of a pedophile  
just as a relationship defines its boundries by its superlative  
wronge.

## POETRY

### From The Dresser

All the beautiful things she owned went.  
White riddled hankercheifs, gold safety pins  
and a picture of me three days old,  
terra cotta red and wrinkled.

All the windows were wide open  
it was just seething that May.  
Suffocating.  
The humidity made me wheeze.  
I used to think that the clouds stole  
every puff of air.

So hot couldn't help but sweat buckets.  
I still can't remove the ochre circular stains  
from beneath the tiny armholes of my frock.  
Daddy blames me.

Yes, it was sweltering.  
So hot I welcomed the chill that swept past my chin  
and followed Mama's footsteps  
down that dust road.

the desire credo is wanting what you don't have  
there is no use in the truth according to numbers

morning is the the best time to go fuck yourself  
made up for it structurally by consuming your leftovers  
so that no one could be in the right or wrong

perhaps you would consider fucking yourself with the utmost  
affection  
what a luxury are hands  
i don't want to hear you fuck any more than i want to talk to you  
about hearing you fuck  
when you talk breathless you gave me a taste of the lychee nut  
i wanted to end your superfluous belt with a shower of meteors  
i wanted to eat your leftovers again  
we make light of everything that evokes the open door  
having to have no place without it  
identity is your junkfood  
where assholes is affectionate

boat food is the domain of lepers  
lash of the lizard tale

not to give precedence to the title at hand but dont blame it on  
the drugs  
their smallish pricks inside of the spandex  
not to mention thier lip's synching  
knots to mention that everyday has its first illicit cause  
which begets its first action  
inside of their fake braided ass we marvel on the public  
transportation the idea of black hair  
their so abrupt and concentrated effort that we ate up  
drinking from a saucer with our evening meal  
i do the drugs to focus in upon this  
to dispel the tap and sniff the clipped balls of millie vanille  
to mock concentrate upon the hair curtain  
to wake up everyday for work

upon my walk i was worried to forget the lips falling away from  
the mouths and the sculpted landscape

i am a dowser without arms  
only in the sense that an elephant is to a swarm of flies  
i dont have to shave my head to see the light  
there were immaculate conceptions inside of the subtext to the  
pornocopia  
labeled subversive acts begat the immaculate  
he was aurally inside her quince anera  
they would talk until inside behinde the tree was the only place  
where it seemed his head floated all around speaking into your  
ears  
pornutopia was the cat running the length of the apartment  
screaming having lost his organ still wearing the mask  
now safe in the shaddow where it seamed his head floated into a  
mine  
a maleable solid you would have to bite to validate  
as circling birds above a sucker and ants on a cloud her nose and  
mouth were enflamed parallel as far as gravity would have them  
she would sing towards the sky the reverse of the woman who  
swalloed a three foot balloon on youtube but the consistancy was  
more of rice pudding  
rice putting on a show of lace tunnels  
rice swelling in the birds' necks  
rice of her emitting in nose and mouth enflamed to the setup  
makes me feel to whittle freshwater muscles  
in the mud with pocket knives of lovely too salted fried potatoes  
moths eating holes in your cashmere passage

a melted vellum rendition of the head was twisted so inside of  
you that it was snails all around your head as  
when you left i played the drums for the second time

one is the loneliest meatiest number  
egg and cheese have nothing on it  
with the white bread they give you in prison

i am absolutly the hungriest man  
my appetite does not stop with the abuses of those closest to me  
i will share my food only if and when i want

Dear Eric,

Whew! The first week of law school is over. Needless to  
say, what they say about studying in law school is correct. I  
finally decided on attending IIT Kent - Chicago School of Law.  
It seems to be an up and coming school with a good reputation for  
its legal writing program, which lasts for three years as opposed  
to only one semester, and its trial advocacy program, which is  
one of the best in Chicago. Furthermore, by staying in Chicago I  
can keep my contacts at Skadden Arps and begin to get involved in  
the legal community within which I eventually hope to work.

I want to thank you for all the letters of recommendation  
that you wrote for me. I am sorry that I applied to so many  
schools and kept sending new lists to you with short deadlines,  
but as it turned out I was only accepted at three of the schools  
- Kent, Tulane and University of Richmond; and wait listed at  
Catholic University, William & Mary and DePaul University.  
Regardless, I believe that Kent will prepare me well for what I  
want to do with my law degree, and I appreciate your help in  
making it all possible.

The work in law school is different from Denison in that I  
really want to be in the classes I'm in, instead of having to  
fulfill requirements. I seem to be doing about five to six hours  
of homework a night, but so far it all seems fairly interesting.  
The Socratic method is still alive and well. I have yet to be  
put on the "hot seat", but I'm sure that will happen any day now.  
(With my luck it will be tomorrow) One thing that is hard to get  
use to is that the library here does not seem to be the social  
place it was a Denison - everyone frowns at the slightest sound.

Thanks again for your help in applying to law school. I am  
very excited about the next three years and I will be sure to  
keep you informed of my ups and downs.

Your friend,  
Vito Powers

TORTS

August 18, 1991  
Class prep for 8/19

Garratt v. Daley  
46 Wash.2d 197, 279 P.2d 1091 (WA 1955)

P = Ruth Garratt  
D = Mayor Daley, 5 yrs. 9 mos.

Procedure:

Plaintiff brought suit against defendant for battery. Trial court claimed that plaintiff failed to prove that defendant had committed battery. Trial court dismissed the action. Plaintiff appealed to have entry of judgement of \$11,000 or a new trial.

Facts: D was visiting with P and her sister. P came into the yard to sit down in a lawn chair. Defendant removed the chair from under the P as she was sitting down. D attempted to return the chair to under the plaintiff, but was unsuccessful. P fell and fractured her hip and had other injuries.

Issue: Should a judgement be entered for battery or a new trial granted in a case where a child of six years removes a chair from under a person, and the person injures themselves.

Summary of Arguments: D = D did not move the chair with the intent of injuring the P, nor were his actions aimed at causing assault and battery upon the P.

Holding: A child can be held liable for battery if D knew with substantial certainty that P would attempt to sit down where the chair had been.

Rule: Battery is defined as the intentional infliction of harmful bodily contact upon another. Restatement says, intent must include the the doing of the act for the purose of causing the contact or apprehension or with knowledge on the part of the actor that such contact or apprehension is substantially certain to be produced.

Reasoning: The issue of D knowledge that the events would cause the result was not examined by the trial court. If D had knowledge then the P can recover for damages. Case was remanded to trial court ot examine this question.

Dicta: Trial court found that D had knowledge, and P was awarded \$11,000. D age did not play a factor in the trial except to the extent of determining his experience, capacity or understanding.

you're either watchin television or your not

nt

that crocodile is the gover

Stop saloon'in around! LETTERS WE GOT

qwerty  
queer to a tee  
tea for two  
question  
questin'  
molestin'  
proffessin'  
confessin'  
breakfastin'

{\_\-----)\\_\_\_\_regressin' and as the elephant man sez:  
i'm not an animal i'm a manimal  
i'm a manilla envelope  
  
i have no truth

the truth before the lies, the lies jump out at you.  
there are endless lies, the trophy is in truth's hands.  
this corresponds to the chicken and the egg;  
the chicken came before the egg if the first chicken  
is the last, we use it like we use a tool. this is the  
last chicken even born, that chicken is only a tool.  
what you see is what you get if you can buy it.  
each new egg is a unique moment in genetics.  
if everything is for sale and everything is going to the  
highest bidder then the lowest bidders receive nothing  
the killer show is planned well in advance  
the blinding light of the sun and the candyman  
because if you stare at the sun too long you will go blind  
the candyman will come and blind you with candy  
staring at the sun is in the history books  
cause and effect is the jew born lie that every man is a nigger  
fela kuti is gay  
my boss told me i have a beautiful cock  
jealous anal sex would be a cool name  
for a kid  
with downs syndrome  
the fourth of july is awesome because black people see things i  
stopped caring about a long time ago  
the fourth of july was awesome  
ethnocentric racist views are awesome  
reading rainbow was a television show  
i don't remember the pedophile robot shows name

this was inspired by something i saw on television  
or buckett p o n d  
steak is a food  
beef is like steak  
the chicken came before the egg the moment that evolution stopped  
eggs were later produced that yielded identical chickens  
the chicken that we know as chicken is not the chicken  
it is a tool  
absence is a matter of taste  
taste is rare but countable just like some classes of infinity  
i have heard of particles that exist all the time forever  
in the brain there is blood  
it is blue and it brings oxygen  
when the brain blooms the blood becomes red and the sight is  
focused and time sharpens one perfect image  
the head space is exposed to air and the tissues like it  
the eyes just see and click like shutters and the image  
evaporates and condenses into ceilings and other boundaries  
as the bloom rots the last image unfocuses and you become  
pronounced and absent  
a word is a result  
words are used when communication has failed  
absence is a matter of taste

#### THE STICK I STUCK WAS IN THE ADMIRE

admire transparent hands as they speak the truth from nowhere  
reading for keys i will construe the myth of all these hollow  
doubt books  
fossils  
subjects of interest in no particular order  
doubts are painted inside the books  
everyone knows the telegraph has been replaced  
but yet you still indulge the pain to love like the angel of  
death  
which begs the question, if feeling is an indulgence what is the  
contemporary solution, the final solution

you may have well as been somebody else  
the war of hollow books were forming the cage which is still  
perhaps equal to the one-eyed man scenario and the blindman  
the cage was constructed by reams and reams of white paper  
perfect  
ladders to now where everything was ladders to nowhere  
and last night's pregnant nude atop the fallen marble on the  
grassy precipice  
it is already a cage having been constructed to its final  
destination  
everything hung and stuffed  
and this machine's eventual breakdown which i heard  
having kept both scores, the text of this moment wanted to label  
something already forgotten  
i am a wake and we will have our stay with this very rehearsed  
academic setting  
the critical theorist's manufactured womb feeding numinous  
careers, bubbles in separate but loosely tied intestined shrouds  
ask the carpenter about plane geometry  
no one is to enter the cave, the room that became a document,  
without a knowledge of geometry  
this talk is to state that there is no work to be done  
it would appear upon a stack of paper with a white painted book  
in between  
we can go there to find some one/thing  
looking from tomorrow i will talk of silence  
how it now appears as a stack of paper enamored by the reflective  
sign  
i sent you a description that did not directly apply  
on a two dimensional plane, there is no point at which you can no  
longer place something behind something else  
by cutting in half the number is increased  
it is the potency of the space to survive  
bringing stress to a stop is a stress unto itself  
the cave is barred by little women who without wedding nights  
would find life a tiresome and lost affair  
the breeding of the last half century has been wrapped in a  
seeing the forest for the trees mentality  
the defense is a good offense  
snow fence is the best offense

there is no such thing as an adolescent form

---

It's Bass Fest.

...and now there is a new element being added.

5th

ROOT

5th

ROOT

HOLD

HOLD

5th

Root

filth

root

root

/root

Don't change the rythm

JUST add.

/coda

Sans pants. House afloat.

Penis lanced. Town a moat.

Do the dance. No antidote.

the cat is full of love  
the bass is full of ct  
I have no love for you  
Fuch your bass  
i saw a a dirty tire roll down the street  
close the cover and strike gently and all will ok  
i've lost my keys  
it is best to quit when everyone else is trying  
i only wanted to think about one thing  
i was speaking to you but i had only one subject on my mind while  
i was talking to you  
everything i do is good  
when i lay inside the mosquito net and the light is so low as to  
say "the horror the horror" within almost nosight.  
perceived a cot perhaps within a pound of mosquitos  
we have no knowledge of the content of the net or the bed  
we have no actual evidence of the reactions or their number.  
a color wheele is a good tattoo.  
acid rain burns my bass.  
i'm a man i have no truth is what you said inside your head  
i was talking to everything when i lay inside the mosquito net.  
i was speaking to you but i had only ne subject.  
i only wanted to think about one subject when i was speaking to  
you  
i was talking to everything i was speaking  
the scream if not rendered properly will bring embarassment upon  
its see er  
that is babbel on right there  
that is babellon

when i say inside the mosquito i say the horror the horror

when i lay inside the mosquito net i say the perceived cot is  
smeared and i don't buy it  
maybe you shouldn't have separated the piles the way you did  
what are these  
there is more than twofortythere  
i lost my good knife  
i;m listening to this and thinking about putting the nurse down  
is some's identity personified by going to jail?  
would some's not be period if they did not  
are some's as such still nenexistant  
you draw the circles around you drew the circles around the  
runners runners

So glad to hear all is  
well-

{\_\_/\_-----)/

cigarettes are bad for you  
bad things will sometimes feel good  
feeling good is a runner up kinda cause for some  
for others struck with what seems a bolt of lightning  
trespass their way into a fistfight by what seems  
to the rest of us  
a peaceful place, where they can lay down and sleep it off

the spinning and juggling fist of a peyote professor  
is enough to settle the deepest worries of the self

there are fewer true statements than lies.  
not all untrue statements are lies.

heart failure does not mean death these days  
LEGAL WRITING

August 14, 1991  
Section 2.0

Determinative Facts: a fact that if it had not occurred, or occurred differently, would the court have made a different ruling.

#### BREIFING CASES

- title of case, date, name of court, cite
- identify the parties
- summarize the procedural history
- summarize the determinative facts
- state the issue(s)
- summarize the arguments made by each side
- the holding and the rule for which the case stands
- court's reasoning
- order or judgement the court made as a result of its decision
- personal comments

EILERS V. COY  
582 F.Supp. 1093 (D. Minn. 1984)

District Court of Minnesota

Plaintiff (William Eiler) in institution  
Defendant (Coy, deprogrammers) hired to apprehend Eiler

Before judge and jury

This lawsuit is still in the trial court in which the action first commenced. Both sides have argued their cases and the plaintiff has asked that the judge give an order for a directed verdict as to his claim of false imprisonment.

Plaintiff was a member of a religious organization, Disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, in Winona, MN. Plaintiff's parents were concerned about his well being after they received a letter that led them to believe that he was suicidal. Plaintiff's parents failed in bringing a civil complaint. A psychological evaluation of plaintiff found him to be in no danger to himself or others. Plaintiff's parents hired the defendants to abduct the plaintiff from Winona, MN, and "deprogram" him. Plaintiff was held in a boarded room for 5 1/2 days, handcuffed to the bed for part of the time. Plaintiff tried to escape and was stopped. When the opportunity presented itself, he escaped and contacted the authorities.

The issue in this case is whether a person who is thought to be dangerous to himself and others and therefore is held against his will for a long period of time can claim that he was falsely imprisoned without justification.

Plaintiff's Argument: Based on the evidence presented, the jury could have no other recourse than to find that the plaintiff had been falsely imprisoned by the defendants.

Defendant's Argument: Based on the defense of necessity.

- def acted under reasonable belief that there was a danger of imminent physical injury to plaintiff and/or others.
- right to confine person to prevent harm lasts only as long as

-the actor must use the least restrictive means of preventing the apprehended harm.

Plaintiff's motion for a directed verdict based on his claim of false imprisonment was granted. Defendants failed to meet the 2nd and 3rd elements of the defense of necessity, or follow any of the other legal options available under Minn. Stat. 253B.07 (1982), .05.

- give pl. to auth
- initiate civil proceedings
- seek prof. help
- admit to hosp.

Damages were left to the jury. over write files

goodbye,

11100101 229 or 167

don't be so sure the truth is always on  
sometimes the truth is just hanging in there  
or what's dear life in the headlights?

this 'life' as we know is forever under the light  
or running from some fast approaching truck  
with men to find us and pick us up  
and take us in for fear of the 'mothertounge'

'contrary to popular belief' 'in the beggining there was god and a few centuries later Hurley timothy ewing. Born to hurley and ber ice ewing on August 21, 1967 named hurley timothy ewong young est of three children I had a brother and sister one was t5 years my senior and a brother8 eyeras mysebnior I hehaer howq fond of me they were because they had gotten a little brother and a neit was nwew experiencetomy sister at the time wwe liverd in a three story , 2 family home my grandparents lived on the forst floor and the Ewing's lived on the second floor with grandddaddy and grandmother lived my aunt alfreeda.

I feel it is important to give a historical pprofile of mom and dad. My father was born the ninth child of ten, born hurley lee ewing. grandfather ewing was a sharecropper in Helena, Arkansas. Grandmother ewiwng Angeline died in Decembere of 1966 so i never had the honour or pleasure of meeting her .. daddy didn't finish high school he quiteibn the eighth grade because he was bored with it . to be honest i do not know much about he and his family beause were always Bernice's children.

My earliest memory is that of having my gradmother slipping in bed between grandmother and grandmother. I would always wonder how i go to bed in my bed and wake up in between grandmother and granddaddy. I remember my first best friends name but i don't remember him very vividly his name was junie if i'm not mistaken he and i were the same age. I believe i must have been five or six he moved soon after that. i was a quite person and very, very bashful. and really didn't speak up for myself.

I was raised in an christian

might is right  
mike is right  
might is write  
mike has written  
that is a proof

flying is a period of uninterrrupted self suspension  
over write files the school of bad ideas  
do you think they see you out of ther peripheral of their eyes

i do what is ever necessary to get money  
its a question of what i'm doing when i'm doing things  
i sleep  
i have a bathing ritual  
it's really how i interact with people that helps me turn things  
into money  
i have looked at my life and at one point i thought my life was  
moving in a straight line but i know now that it is more of a  
paripheral path.. but it's all in my head  
i think i am now moving not to some place but to a space  
there is no space  
hear me out:  
it's like a hole we can't walk out of and trying to find people  
to lead the way out  
there is no understanding of the whole  
i talk to about two hundred people a week  
it's gonna be gross.  
as in 144?  
no, and not as in 156 either  
that's a baker's gross  
that's a bakers gross

#### STATEMENT:

THERE IS A LOT OF WHAT THE FUCK OUT THERE. PEOPLE THINK THAT  
THERE IS THIS SOCIAL NETWORK WHERE PEOPLE WORK TOGETHER TO A  
DESIRED END, A GOAL, A DIRECTION, AND EVERYONE WILL REAP AN  
INCREASED BENEFIT.  
THIS IS THE IDEA OF ORGANIZATIONS BUT I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS A  
TRUE STATEMENT.

michael jordon was a dancer and an athlete  
he put his inside outside with his tongue. it was very feminine.

#### GENRES:

MACRO OBJECTIFICATION  
LOW LATENT INHIBITION  
PORNOGRAPHIC OBJECTIFICATION  
PORNOGRAPHIC OMNISCIENCE

when you are peeling the banana you are peeling the peel of the  
banana.

if you are petting the cat you are 'petting the fur of the cat.  
this is why we ask these questions  
the machine it seems has cured itself of the nostalgia of the  
typewriter

what is out of sight

it is possible to run out of sight

food to me is the gateway to the realm of sight

dealrm of society

dealrm b

#### MY DREAMS

i want to remove all of my organs and have planted inside a whale  
that travels through space

i want to be a space whale

i want to be nowhere but in search of knowing unknown unknowns  
to eternally investigate

say, i want to go see this thing and it will take me 100,000  
years to get there, that would be perfect.

floating through nowhere not really that much unlike pure thought  
investigating everything and meeting and fucking other space  
whales along the way

So you will be inside this whale.

no, i won't be inside anything i won't be anywhere. i will be the  
space whale

anything spoken in common speech is on the record. i say i see when i want to convey that we are on the level. truth is a single form. some things are not more true than others. truths can be categorized but this does not make them any less or more true than other truths. beings are crutched upon time and within this crutch is where judgement is passed creating the illusion that some truths outweigh others.

beings argue, often it seems, just to do so. in doing so, the predominant strategy is to rope others into your perception by creating this illusion of the greater truth.

it's not their fault to the same degree that it is all of ours for having chosen to live this way.

DON'T BE SO SURE

IF IT WALKS LIKE A DUCK AND TALKS LIKE A DUCK IT MUST BE A DUCK IS A STATEMENT THAT IS A DUCK.

A LAME DUCK IS NOT A LOFTED PITCH BUT IT APPLIES IN THIS CONTEXT. WRITTING WITHIN MULTIPLE CONTEXTS SIMULTANEOUSLY MAY NOT BE A VERY EFFECTIVE STRATEGY IF ONE'S END IS TO TRULY DELIVER THE MESSAGE.

ITS ATTEMPT BECKONS AN ENFORCED SYNESTHESIA THAT MAY BE DISARMING TO MANY EARS.

LET'S KEEP THE CUTE SYNTAX TO A MINIMUM.

[price fister]

this ideocide is destination truth

there are dogs and there are dags and then there are robotic dogs.

modern masters means as much to some as military intelligence means to others.

some others are the same some.

at the end of the day is not the final result.

at the end of the day is night.

fat elvis sounds distinctly different than thin elvis.

writting from multiple contexts simultaneously may not be the best means through which to deliver the message.

it seems we will never catch up to the future.

Van Gogh was the man ideocided by society.

weariness tinged with amazement is important.

weariness comes at the end of the acts of the mechanical life,

but at the same time it inaugurates the impulse of consciousness.

the geometric rendering of the landscape is a trope.

the best art is the art that costs the most.

it is impossible to walk on eggshells.

the only logical thing to do is cut your ear off.

most would agree that this is happening for you right now.

comedy is the nut bush of the uzbeckie disneyland.

it is not the quality of the lock nor the plywood barrier but the work you are doing psychically that determines weather or not your vehicle will be broken into.

aluminum, high quality aluminum, tubes, tubes that are often used in centrifuges.

the standard retort to that is, put it in a box. you can't see it okay.

cattle is the animal that is known most distinctly by its gender.

no truth is more true than any other truth.

one can run out of sight and be that which is out of sight but

one cannot walk upon eggshells.

the standard retort to that is, okay.

we would say, i see, to say continue.

we would say no truth is more true than one can run out of sight.

you cannot walk upon eggshells like you can't make love.

we like to watch. we like to watch. we scratch our own faces to kneel in front of the tripod.

STATEMENT

DECREASED LATENT INHIBITION OF ENVIRONMENTAL STIMULI APPEARS TO

## INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT

nothing interests man more than himself.  
theater is where many fates are offered us.  
the absurd man, ceasing to admire the play, seeks to enter it.  
living simultaneously inside of every possible fate is not  
necessarily the easiest way to arrive at the message.  
an actor succeeds or does not succeed.  
for an actor not to be known is for an actor not to have acted.  
not acting is dying a death for all the creatures the actor would  
have brought life to.  
actor's creatures can exist beyond the time and place in which  
they were created.  
over time, some cannot separate themselves from who they are and  
all that they have done.

CONTENT, DISCONTENT, AND DIS-CONTENT: conversation over periods  
F=ma^3 SARS gay fife troglodytetted gay tofu saki  
E=mc^3//tr==p@rn''

ease with the efenmeral. thanks for the mammories.  
a word is a result.

there is no rational reason why a particular sign should be  
attached to a particular concept.

there is no diffinitive ideal archetype is not true.

it is not true that the signified is itself just another  
signifier.

the interior of the sign in Lewis Carol's nonsense words is  
impossible to read in nonsense words without assigning a  
possible meaning to them.

there are dogs that are good at being good dogs and there are  
dags and there are robotic dogs.

it is impossible to read the nonsense words without meaning the  
Freudian concepts of latent and manifest meaning.

humans tend to assume that all language means something.

disarming statements are not necessarily true.

In further support of the arbitrary nature of the sign. Don't be  
so sure goes on to argue that if words stood for the pre-existing  
concepts they would have exact equivalents in meaning from one  
language to the next and this is not so.

In don't be so sure's view, particulare words are born out of a  
particular society's needs, rather than out of a need to label a  
pre-existing set of concepts.

WE DON'T GIVE SHIT YOU FUCK PUSSY IN HALLWAY

relative motivation is not a sign's most precise characteristic.  
relative motivation is to be what the others are not.

the idea that the phonic substance that a sign contains is of  
less importance than the other signs that surround it is the same  
as saying that one truth is more true than any other which is not  
so.

i forgive you.

if you say that the bishop could be a piece of candycorn and  
still be the bishop you reveal that you have left no space for  
objects inside of linguistics.

that any object could replace any other object just by name is as  
sweet as language is a system of pure values which are  
determined by nothing except the momentary arrangements of its  
terms.

THIS WIKIPEDIA WRITER WAS CLEARLY SICK OF CHESS METAPHORES

they emerged in the middle of the avant/industrial electronics  
era. taking the ironic indulgence to extremes that were stupidly  
schoolboyish but nonetheless repulsive, like hymning mass  
murderers and rapists.

sorry for springrolls.

their output puts the lie to the ignor them and they will go away

probably their best statement was when they did their San Francisco show and they didn't even show up.  
to illustrate this don't be so sure uses another chess metaphore.  
in chess, a person joining a game's audience mid-way through requires no more information than the present layout of pieces on the board. they would not benefit from knowing how the pieces came to be arranged in this way.  
in lieu of attempting to assign a meaning to nonsense many just read over or through the words.  
if you are waiting for san francisco to fall into the ocean you should just give up now unless you get behind a radical idea of pushbomding the city into the ocean, from what i hear this might do just the trick. ocean with pockets of city sticking out. island blocks to be seen from new coast.  
combing the alleys for chairs isn't all that bad until you encounter the cat pee couch (eternal)  
do i have to go to a cave and dig a hole and find a box and there is an answer?

there is a good horrible sound and a bad horrible sound.  
punk baroque is alive and well.  
self annihilation is alive and well.  
there is masochism in every desire to be penetrated.  
P{?"o.il,ukm8jy7nhtbraxwszqrtyui[p'/l.trfrdewsaqui8970-9854321az\xc .,lopkhjgytbgvfd'l'l[p-\*/.,,KIOLMNBHGFRDESWAQ thetruth is destination ideocide.  
i saw the violin player as a process.  
the room was a salon.  
the room became a document.  
there is no one more qualified to lead the people than a person.  
there may come a time when this statement is no longer true.  
every time you eat a cheese dog a terrorist dies.  
san francisco is full of nonessential information,  
nothing works here, everything is broken.  
macbeth is shakespeare's shortest and bloodiest play.  
hamlet is the long bloody one, maybe they are all bloody.  
even the funny ones are bloody.  
if a tree falls in a painting does it make a sound?  
death to Bataille 44 times july 8th.  
if a painting of the fall is painted on a tree will it outgrow itself?  
the mind is a prison  
after all the cops are dead the last cop to kill is the one in your head. ]            whatever with these spacers, when then music gets too loud you get spacey. i hate spelling. im no vocabulest. whatever.  
music is about experimentaion, music is about drugs.  
i dont care about anything, we areeeee we are going to die anyway who cares?  
15    16    \*?  
time is man made.  
what do you know?  
not much  
leave it at that  
psuedo self denial masking hyper self indulgence  
flipping switches is very different than cutting down trees.