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Mr. Bartek himself retains the copyright & trademark to “THE SILENT BURNING.”
He currently seeks a publisher for the physical print run of this manuscript.

Originally released in 2005, “THE SILENT BURNING” was the debut anti-novel from Ryan Bartek. The author went on to be published in a variety of major magazines, including METAL MANIACS, AMP MAGAZINE and HAILS & HORNS. Bartek has also been published in a host of newsprint weeklies & digital zines worldwide.

Best known for the counterculture journalism road epic “THE BIG SHINY PRISON” (also available as a free download), this early effort represents something fanatically different – a pseudo-anthology presented as one mammoth quasi-poem.

Currently Ryan Bartek tours as an acoustic artist under the alias “JACK CASSADY.” He is also vocalist/guitarist of the grindcore act SASQUATCH AGNOSTIC as “Benedict Badoglio.” Under his real aegis, Bartek has toured nationally as a spoken word artist.

In May 2011 Bartek will begin traveling Europe to complete the long-awaited sequel of “THE BIG SHINY PRISON.”

When in the USA, he lives and works in Portland, Oregon

To schedule an interview, or to inquire about the manuscript, please contact
AnomiePR@Yahoo.com or RyanBartek@Hotmail.com

To download Bartek’s entire book/music discography 100% FREE, please visit
<http://ryanbartek.angelfire.com/blog>

*Thanks in Advance,
June Mansfield
Anomie PR*

p.s. Cover Art c/o RS Connett – www.vomit.us

Initial Press Reactions (*Beta Campaign; 1.5.05-6.6.06*)

“One of the most interesting, and perhaps honest, books of the last decade.” -1340MAG.com

“This deeply personal memoir, one of many, as well as his views on racism, abortion, and drugs speak volumes about Bartek’s ability to analyze society from the perspective of someone who isn’t from the privileged class. From his disadvantageous upbringing, he has developed a brutal style of analysis, buttressed by an in-depth knowledge about innumerable subjects, qualifying him to speak for his generation...” –The Satanic Inquisition

“In many ways, ‘The Silent Burning’ reads like a counter-culture manifesto, an underground guide to the rebellion. Paranoia, anger and self-preservation guide Ryan Bartek’s decrees, which he operates in the same clobbering, sarcastic vein of Kerouac as he does Chuck D. Bartek rants to his hearts content, and his heart is blackened like the underbelly of hell.” - PIT Magazine

“Bartek slams you upon entering and like the ball in a pinball machine you are flicked aggressively from heartrending childhood story to barely coherent hate filled manifesto to disjointed poem to intelligently articulated commentary... This book is for those who are simmering with the anger of repression and persecution, and for those who want to understand them without judging. It also touches those of us who maintain a less hostile attitude towards society, but are just as disgusted with the mainstream version of reality.” –Clamor Magazine

“*The Silent Burning* is a postmodern polemic, a schizophrenic society, and a hyper charged imagination reflected in a funhouse mirror, populated by a narrator looking for something approaching understanding, but finding a head-on-collision with the world instead... You’re left with blood on the floor and screams ringing in your ears- but also a great deal of truth, if you can stand to look at it.” –JAM RAG

“I was incredibly moved by this work. A very brave piece on Bartek’s part, as it attacks the mass media and our society in such an honest and straight forward fashion, that it would be practically impossible for any major publishing house to push the book without cutting half of it completely out. His words swell like flames on the underbelly of the American lie... Hands down, this is one of the most important readings of the 21st Century. Practically functioning as a bi-polar survival guide for anyone that operates outside of the ‘norm,’ and a must-have for all that find themselves active in the underground.” –Solution13.net

“Comprised largely of fragments written in a variety of different styles, Bartek’s predominant form is the rant – the preferred mode of lunatics, psychotics, drug fiends, and confused angry teens. He aims his gun at the usual targets – television, racism, organized religion, conservatives, liberals, rednecks, freaks, junkies, yuppies, rapists, pro-lifers and losers – beneath sectional subheadings such as ‘*Bob Saget Raping the Olson Twins on PCP*,’ a ranting that is by its very nature as inconsistent as it is somehow endearing in its callousness... While there is a lot wrong with this book, not the least of which is the author’s self-diagnosis masquerading as a climax – a bit too pathetically American for my tastes – what pisses me off most of all is the fact that it’s barely available...” -The Prague Literary Journal

”A Misanthropik Monument of Hatred, Pain, and Disgust.” –STALAGGH

the silent burning

(a quasi plagiaristic pseudo revolutionary filth experiment c/o Ryan Patrick Bartek)

“Each one of us, in his timidity, has a limit beyond which he is outraged. It is inevitable that he, who by concentrated application has extended this limit for himself, should arouse the resentment of those who have accepted conventions which, since accepted by all, require no initiative of application. And this resentment generally takes the form of meaningless laughter or criticism, if not persecution. But this apparent violation is preferable to the monstrous habits condoned by etiquette and estheticism.”

Man Ray; Paris 1934

FIVE LIVES AFTER (*an introduction*)

“The manuscript you now hold is nothing more than a vicious attack against all that stands; megalomaniacal, sociopathic, politically insensitive and horrendously insulting, not to mention a grammatical nightmare on every conceivable level. During the course of visual digestion you will be subject to shock, anxiety, paranoia, depression, nausea, heartburn, syphilis, gonorrhea, smallpox, leprosy, spinal meningitis, testicular cancer, airborne Ebola, inhalation anthrax and a pretentiousness that is so unspeakably colossal in its nature that it will forever redefine the meaning of the word. For this I give no apology...”

And thus began the original pressing of *The Silent Burning*, which went on to be ruthlessly criticized as much as it was trumped an underground classic. While generally ignored during its initial promotion, the handful of reviews that did emerge unanimously hailed it one of the most honest books of the decade. Through the intervening years I’ve received emails worldwide claiming this bestial onslaught has become a sort of bedrock gospel of bipolar survivalist literature.

As the icing on the cake of his “*terrible behavior*,” one kid was incarcerated in boot camp for 3 years when his fundamentalist folks skimmed through it. There were two in Michigan whose parents literally burned/shredded it in front of them, claiming I was The Devil. One guy hadn’t read a book since high school, and Xeroxed every page to retain his own copy.

Another writes and says she’s quoted me for years, especially at family gatherings. One guy writes from Oslo, another Palestine; some prisoners, some berated, all akin to the alienation I ascend. And this is on the strength of maybe 300 copies floating out there, and a few slips of the doc into the digital stream...

Still, for all its hubbub accolade & haphazard embrace, the story of its genesis is as important as the material itself. Though the original introduction briefly (*and heavily-handedly*) capsized on the blatancy of bipolar depression, it had also (*admittedly*) negated to elaborate the proper context of the manuscript. Without a background, the blackly comic sledgehammer of information becomes a rabid, uncomfortable question mark.

The Silent Burning is a companion piece to the other major work of my youth, *To*

Live & Die On Zug Island. While this mysterious second volume has been completed for years, I have intentionally left it “*in the can*,” so to speak. *Zug Island* is bar none the crowning achievement of my artistic career; *The Silent Burning* is the blackened virus symbiotically coursing through its body. Both manuscripts are spiritually inseparable, because they were intended as the same tome.

I was writing two books at once, meant for compression in a single volume (*i.e. the story of a writer trying to write a book, with the book itself coalescing fluidly throughout the text*). Though my ambitions were commendable, the project was so mammoth that I simply could not cultivate it properly. Thus, after hundreds of handwritten pages, both projects were segregated. I am still not sure which qualifies as the evil twin.

Essentially, *The Silent Burning* is a 90 page poem refuting every confine of the genre. Where is the rule that a poem ends with different titles, page breaks, writing styles? Why can't a dream narrative and haiku be one in the same? If a novel is defined by a string of chapters propelling the story forward, why can't one streamline every facet into one surrealist anti-novel?

There are over 70 vignettes and soliloquies, all organically linked with no severance of flow -- just a steady stream of uncomfortable turbulence. The only other works to my knowledge that mirror this are Lautreamont's *Maldoror* and Pessoa's *Book of Disquiet* (both of which I was totally ignorant). *Naked Lunch* has parallels, but Burroughs projects a completely different vibe altogether.

Of course I did not perfect this style. Of course there is so much more that could have been done. And even I in this current dimension roll my eyes to the excessively pompous contempt. Yet this was his honesty, a hushed communion of white line pulp. Its failure was mauled only by youthful procrastination & lack of focus. Above all, the great strength of the early material was almost wholly absorbed by *Zug Island*...

The Silent Burning is what it is, yet it's continually relevant. Today I write confidently, from a wider perspective and matured application. My ability has long superseded the primitive incantations & devices showcased herein.

This new version is the intended final draft (*as you will learn*) with some added material and a slightly different structure. Some things have been cut -- most notably the

infamous facts sections & various filler I've long felt should've been omitted. This is the definitive version, the absolute directors cut -- *lean, mean & undiluted*. If you still think it's a rancid stinker, I promise -- *scouts honor* -- I'll try harder next time...

The tale begins in the fall of 1998. It was my final year of high school, and the world preceding it had crashed to ruin. I was 17; the bizarre caricature of an anti-fascist quasi-skinhead – leather jacket w/spikes, thick chain-link wallet, steel toe combat boots properly shined, hardcore punk & metal shirts exclusively.

Every night I played drums for hours, pummeling the boxing bag to the battering ram of extreme metal, industrial, hardcore punk. I worshipped at the altar of Black Flag, main-lined Orwellian paranoia, and clung to an internal darkness that could only be summarized in the atmosphere of Ministry's "*Scarecrow*."

Wrapped in a panorama of self-destruction, infatuated by the grimmest human misery, I ingested an endless stream of literature on serial killers, industrialized warfare, cryptozoology, radicalism & the occult – studied dictators, arcane movements, grindhouse cinema, experimental arts & esoteric designs. My social life was a siege of constant showdowns, drugged out flops, gang-like friends; overdoses, rugged mosh-pits & OCD criminality...

Prior to this era I'd been the poster boy of the "*Trench Coat Mafia*;" the definitive product of the 1990's "*Dark Age*" (i.e. *NIN*, *The Misfits*, *Sepultura*, *Tarantino*, *Beavis & Butthead*, *David Lynch*, *Pantera*, *Fear Factory*, *Atari Teenage Riot*, *KMFDM*; *Manson before his flatulent modern incarnations*). With that specific vibe taken into account, one must approach *The Silent Burning*. Its attitude is unmistakably the youth of the post-Cobain, pre-Columbine era – that massive chunk of generational freakdom who soon came into adulthood watching *Fight Club* one too many times...

I was rebooting from scratch, questioning everything that once was. I'd attained a copy of *The Portable Rollins* and it instantly became a sort of bible to me. Big Hank spoke a language that went straight to the bone – *the brutal expression of totalitarian self therapy*. That spark of inspiration was the genesis of *The Silent Burning*, as even the most casual reader will ascertain.

Thus, I began work on a book originally titled *Atheism In A Foxhole*. It was the

early attempt of a young writer trying to discover his own voice through a series of short stories, dream narratives, essays, poetry – an ambitious attempt at a free form anthology. My notion was that if I kept pushing it, I would have something solid within a year. What followed instead was an internal upheaval, compounded by a catastrophic surrounding environment.

Following many betrayals, and relying ever more frequently on the substance crutch, winter of '98 I lapsed into a deep bout of depression. By Spring my best friend had turned heroin addict, another died from crack overdose, and our immediate circle began flirting with psychedelics heavily. I had a life affirming introduction on my 18th birthday via magic mushrooms, and that following weekend I decided to jump into the realm of LSD.

Little did I know it was a bad dose equivalent to 25 hits of blotter. Soon as it kicked in I was captured by the police, sitting the back of a squad car thinking I was going to do 40 years prison. When I escaped the situation, the hallucinations ran me ragged -- I tripped for 2 days of turgid hell, which ripped a black hole in my brain (*there were several nightmare stories associated with that batch; a handful were hospitalized while others committed suicide*). I returned to school that following Monday on the brink; I was thread-bare and staring imminent graduation in the face.

The next day Eric Harris & Dylan Klebold launched their kamikaze assault on Columbine High School, killing 13 people and themselves – immediately creating a stereotype in American culture which by all accounts I fit the bill to a tee. I was instantly placed atop the “*possible shooter*” list of my territory, the police having closed door sessions on my character with fellow students. Some were haggling kids for information on the street or pulling over my friends demanding background info. Some had their cars torn apart or were otherwise issued bunk tickets; squad cars parking outside my house. I fully expected a McCarthy-esque court drama...

Within a matter of weeks the great acid frenzy of 1999 began when a mysterious source had flown in 5000 sheets of high-powered gel-tabs. That summer everyone in my age group were completely out of their minds – *especially my immediate circle*. While I never again touched acid I spent the next 6 months stoned, drunk, whacked on varied pharmaceuticals or tripping on doses of LSA/magic mushrooms. I was on the periphery,

consumed by blazingly strong nightmares & visual hallucinations – all jettisoned by a screaming bout of full-tilt mania. By the humid, scorching center of August my girlfriend had been the victim of a brutal rape, and in response I slipped right off the face of the Earth...

Though this next admission will sound too fantastical to be laudable, I freely admit I was consumed by paranoia over Y2K. Not the power grid failure mind you -- rather the al Qaeda attacks that were scheduled to take place in its event (*i.e. suitcase nuke or rigged plant meltdown*).

Having grown up in East Dearborn (*the largest Arab population outside the Middle East*), I knew quite well of bin Laden's existence since 1997. My room was a neurotic editorial department of news clippings pertaining to al Qaeda movements, declarations & operative busts which all screamingly foreshadowed a looming attack. I'd wave my arms around ranting to any who would listen -- how the United States would soon become a *1984* police state in response. Everyone thought I was batshit crazy.

I was working full-time as a parts driver for a semi-truck company in Southwest Detroit. My existence was that of Travis Bickle – cruising post-apocalyptic scenery of abandoned homes and shattered glass streets, choked by toxic industrial stacks emitting yellow steam and constantly on edge of the locals who would gladly shoot me over \$20. 10-12 hours a day of this at \$6.50 an hour, the darkest Aligherian pits of the Motor City workforce.

As I continually unraveled my friends did as well, who as a massive group went directly from the acid frenzy into the inferno of the underground rave scene. Everyone surrounding me were rolling on ecstasy up to 5 days a week, 3-5 pills at a time (*a practice which continued for the next few years*). It wasn't a happy, candy-bracelet dance utopia in those days but a nightmare world of gangsters, narcs, prostitutes, lunatics, snakes & ex-cons. The only thing that held me together was my new relationship with an immigrant girl from Mexican Town. She was the sole angel in the consuming darkness.

A week before Y2K, her father tried to kill her because I was white. When he found out about me he flew into a rage and strangled her; she broke free and ran. When she called the police, the mother tried to slit her wrists in the ensuing panic, and the father was promptly taken into custody (*though no formal charges were ever cited*). She was

soon to vanish into Mexico City with no contact. Apparently he'd been molesting her for years...

Devastated, I booked a motel in Northern Michigan for myself and a few friends, who by this point were convinced of my al Qaeda theory (*there was a good deal of major news coverage dealing with threatened NYC attacks*). The surface story was our mutual paranoia and the safety of seclusion. The reality was that I was going up north to put a bullet in my head... When all was said and done, I instead collapsed in exhaustion. To complete this book was reason enough to continue my existence.

Soon after, my right hand man was incarcerated for three years, and like a ghost I slipped into the rave purgatory. By night I haunted abandoned factories and deteriorated auto-shops surrounded by thousands of people completely insane on LSD; by day I drove endless miles through the brutal Detroit wastelands. Over the next 8 months my life resembled the hotel sequences on *Fear & Loathing In Las Vegas*, perpetually lucid from rails of Special K, nitrous, shrooms, kryptonite green, psychiatric pills, painkillers, coke, X, *the weird, dreaded pink stuff*...

When the world felt as if it would explode, I finally broke free of the gutter. In August 2000 I moved to the northern suburbs, cut off all contact, and went generally cold turkey, starting the first in a long line of kitchen jobs. I was determined to finish *The Silent Burning* once and for all, and the next 5 months were the most disciplined I'd ever sustained. This is when the bulk of material was written (*as "Abortive Pulp Manifesto"*). I owe more to *The White Album, The Wall & The Downward Spiral* than any literary overlord...

Amidst the ensuing year I fleshed out the remaining text, and 2001 became an apex of hope and posterity for me. I was riding high – young, free, having escaped once and for all... Then one night the love of my life of another era called and admitted she'd secretly been doing heroin for months.

My heart broke. I looked into the sky, which seemed so lucid, and told God that if He (*or IT, what have you*) existed then I demanded proof by granting of my own personal miracle. I stared all creation in the face and told God that if it had any balls to bring on the Apocalypse. I cursed and spat at the sky, hurled insults like a loon... I awoke the next

morning with planes flying into the World Trade Center. It was September 11th, 2001 – and from that moment onward the entire world was now living in my paranoid delusion...

For months I was a zombie of irony, watching Fox News in despair. By mid-December another close friend committed suicide... I don't remember much about this period, except for mechanically pursuing a journalistic internship which soon led to 3 weekly columns. I somehow scored a freelance gig at the internationally distributed PIT Magazine, and by April 2002 secured my first solo apartment while working full graveyard time as a public bus cleaner/fuel attendant.

I spent the next year confined to that hopeless, slave-wage job working 5pm-2:30am Tuesday-Saturday, always reeking like diesel. My apartment was a miniature work cubicle, and I spent an additional 4-6 hours every day typing endlessly. My life was a frantic attempt to escape the endless destitution of karma and poverty.

Grim as the situation was, at least I was finally back in the underground. I had returned to my punk/metal roots, running around like an ambassador between the diverse counterculture tribes. I became a local celebrity of sorts as the first major Detroit journalist to ever propagandize the subcultures I flaunted, and gained a widespread reputation in the metal underground as the guy you need to chat with when coming through Detroit. *Not so bad for a total fuck up, eh?*

When *The Silent Burning* was finally released on January 5th 2005, I was at the peak of this Golden Age. But then all those smiling faces actually read it...

There was a massive, instantaneous backlash. Its brutal nature mortified the Detroit community, and Elitist Publications distribution clientele quickly pulled it from shelves. The groundswell of disgust alienated the executive staff, who were extremely apprehensive about printing this book from the outset.

Beforehand, the manuscript was rejected by nearly every literary agent, record label, major & underground publisher both domestic and international. The only reason it saw the light of day was due to my standing as well-known music/political journalist. The investors clung to the logic that even if all went horribly wrong, I could still return the investment and be cut loose like a mad dog...

Well, the plan backfired for a number of reasons. First, there was no budget to promote it. It had cost \$1500 to print 300 copies, which was easily recoupable at \$6 per book – the business agreement I’d signed onto. As a bonus, there was an extra \$1000 allocated to propagandize the book alongside an aggressive re-launch of Elitist’s entire catalogue. I had one of the best PR men in the biz tapped for the job, as well as a solid niche marketing blueprint and wholesale advertising costs in a variety of international periodicals. I agreed to pitch in a grand on my own behalf for advertising revenue, working this project as a co-op.

As per usual, Murphy’s Law trumps all. When rushing to print at the last moment they didn’t think to select the “*view all files*” option on the disc I’d given them. Therefore, flying into a blind rage thinking I shafted them, they’d completely overlooked the final Acrobat file as well as the intended hi-resolution cover art. In a panic they paid the print company \$1000 to tailor the final version “*on the fly*” – going to press with the third-from-final version of a discarded MS Word document.

The book was a mass of spelling errors, missing content, and gaps in text – capped off only by the shoddy, grainy packaging. The classic black & white RS Connet cover art was reworked from a low-res Jpeg and rendered pumpkin orange, modified against my consent to darken the “*fish cocks*” in the background. This tacked an extra \$500 on the bill which raised the overhead cost to a whopping \$3,000 which I was then theoretically responsible of recouping.

These huge errors were so blatantly obvious that few would take us seriously in terms of distribution. I was calmed and told not to worry, because in due both Barnes & Nobles and Borders Books would be picking up 5,000 copies just to stock in their warehouse -- with the second printing, all would be set aright. Patently, *The Silent Burning* terrified the corporate contact, who in turn flatly declined to touch it with a 20,000 foot pole. The book hadn’t even come out yet, and the deal was a wretched stand-off...

And then came the fallout, like a locust swarm in nuclear winter. I had easily initiated the highest-speed career suicide campaign in Detroit’s history. I knew I’d alienate people, just not the ones I did. I was fired from one paper, heavily censored by my main gig,

banned from the radio, dumped as a promoter at my usual concert hall. Bands refused to book with me, the literary community blackballed me, my mother had a near-nervous breakdown...

It circulated among the editors of the largest Metro newspapers, who I was told nicknamed me "*Kerouac*." Still, they wouldn't devote a drop of ink. Detroit audiences take their locals dead serious, and the bottom line was that if some schmaltzy goon like EMINEM could cause that much trouble with poop lyrics, what *Gotterdammerung* would appropriate if they thrust me into the limelight? Eventually I was fired from my major gig as well. No send off -- just quietly deleted from the masthead & no emails returned...

It was a gruesome end, and by the first anniversary of publication I was in a desperate hole – socially shunned, politically ruined, romantically decimated. I was neck-deep in a first-time whiskey bender with a broken ankle and no health insurance, stuck in sub-zero tundra amid the heart of a Michigan trailer park. I was Napoleon on St. Helen, and I was frankly pissed.

Having formed the grindpunk act A.K.A. MABUS, and declaring the band as a revenge on the scene that spit out my carcass, I spent months polishing what would be known as *Propaganda In Motion (or 'The Mabusvanian Conspiracy')*, a manifesto of sorts which tied into the aesthetic of the group [*transmitted June 6th, 2006 – a.k.a. 6.6.06*].

It was very much how I felt regarding the underground, but was also meant as a massively over-the-top & tongue-in-cheek quasi-*Subgenius* text, as if A.K.A. MABUS were in league with LAIBACH & NSK. It was a propaganda manual stitched together from speeches of tyrants ranging from Pol Pot to Stalin, Machiavelli to Mussolini, Goebbels to El Caudillo, Karl to Groucho Marx.

A.K.A. MABUS was presented as a radical, visionary force that would transfigure the counterculture by providence alone. No one got the joke, of course, and I played it well beyond the repulsion of Andy Kaufman's heel wrestler shtick. By the end of 2006, hardly any scenester would so much as look at me.

Then one night, having broken through the rock bottom of earth, I got hammered on gut-rot whiskey and sent out a worldwide press release declaring the creation of a new

book -- *that I would live on Greyhounds for a year straight, delving as deep into the fringe undercurrents of American counterculture as possible.*

Thus, I wrote *The Big Shiny Prison*, and the rest, my friends, is all history. Even though “*The Mabusvanian Conspiracy*” was never part of the original text, I’ve decided to include it as bonus material in this deluxe edition.

The circumstantial plight of *The Silent Burning*’s failure was that its intended audience were those who never read, and its main detractors the genuinely bookworm who ironically decried it for the exact messages they were supposed to interpret. Those who were disgusted took it dead serious while carrying away exactly what I’d intended. They *got it* without actually *getting it*, and brushed it aside as a maniac’s adolescent rant.

The Silent Burning is meant to be viewed “*between the lines,*” much as the diatribes of Holden Caulfield in *Catcher In The Rye*. It’s not so much what the character is saying that is important, it’s looking at it detached and absorbing the full tapestry. The “*juvenile*” aspects are fully intended – it’s *supposed* to be as if you’re reading the crazed journals of a half-cocked 19 year old megalomaniac clown. It is very controlled, even as it stumbles.

The efforts are ultimately to represent “*the naked man,*” with all of the irony and tragedy of his struggle. It is a bi-polar Ragnarok forever eating its own tail -- an organic, breathing kaleidoscope of impulses meticulously structured in the “*Type 5 Enneagram*” fashion, which will only make sense to you boppin’ cats hip to occult psychology.

Perhaps its uncomfortable influence comes with the fact that I used myself as a case study. Perhaps it’s just the overall dead-seriousness of the tone. Indeed, the intended effect is to play on emotional strings with contradictory Jodorowsky abandon -- that the reader remain unsure how they should react, in distorting emotional response & pressing the limits of black comedy. The soul of this book is symbiotically intertwined with the grinning, ghoulish clown forbearing its insignia.

The frigid, impersonal descent is aggressively tailored to kidnap the reader and violently drag them through the murky, misanthropic depths of self destruction. There is nothing safe in *The Silent Burning*, nothing that reaffirms the bourgeoisie aesthetic or illusion at large. It is a fanatical response to an age of decay from a troubled young man,

a work of art forged of boundless contempt towards the larger system of misery that has corrupted all aspects of his environment, broken the willpower and spirits of his loved ones, and decimated any nuance of a world beyond the scars. It is the blackened filth of the soul vomited as the written word; a radical experiment procreated to utterly purge the malignant cancer of human ugliness.

And yet a word is needed on who I am today. Going back to Detroit recently and poking my head out for the first time in years, I've left with the opinion that no one is sure quite what to make of me. It is also clear that a lot of the old fallouts have subsided. People who I once felt had turned heel were plenty happy to see me again – the more jovial, relaxed Bartek they knew before the storm.

In the wider world I'm known sporadically, but in Detroit everyone seems to have an opinion. Even if they are unaware of my work, most recognize my name in some capacity. I'm something of an urban legend, but I'm not exactly sure what for in particular. I'm definitely the prey of a distorted caricature, comprised by rumors & skewed perceptions. I also apparently have authentic fans now, even a literal impersonator (*or so I'm told*). If that last parts true, well... That shit's just creepy and I really don't know how to respond.

Those who know me well enough know that if I explain the joke then the jokes not funny. Thus, I am a consistently misunderstood and polarizing individual. Despite the viciousness of *The Silent Burning*, I'm a humble cat. I am as sincere and genuine a person as you will ever meet. I actually listen when people talk, and feel obsessively compelled to alter the miserable woes surrounding me. I would do anything for my friends if they so asked, and I've given more then the shirt off my back to plenty a stranger.

I live not for self-aggrandizement, sex or materialism, but to project an example of the world in which I hope to manifest. Even if I've showcased extreme disdain for certain groups, let it be known that I am generally against ideas and not against people. Compassion is the currency of my empire, not vanity and control. If I've ever played up that over the top Lex Luthor shtick, it is because I am ultimately decrying it. Ridiculous self absorption is the punchline of attack.

I haven't watched television in any serious capacity since 1998, I never play video

games. I care nothing of fashion or trends, and I feel no need to sport any uniform. Money is of no consideration beyond rent and food, and I have not owned nor yearned for an automobile in 3 years. I meditate frequently, and my inner-Zen is sitting under a park tree playing acoustic guitar in the shade.

I feel less a person than I do an elemental of nature. I own next to nothing, because I've given it all away for free. I live out of a duffel bag and parasite off no one. I detest greed and cruelty, find racism repulsive. I abhor violence & insincerity above all. I have few real enemies, and if I do, it's almost always the by-product of ridiculous beef -- whether it be some botched show or bad CD review, or some dumb episode linked to an ex girlfriend that went down slinging venom like napalm.

Sure, I may have gotten a little nasty towards the end of my public run – but I had the weight of the world on my shoulders, and I was pounded by debt and struggle. By nature my mood swings are virile, and I often get myself into trouble by saying the wrong things to the sarcastically impaired. I am a hyper-exaggerated only child, and I don't always play that well with others, even if my intentions are dandy.

Still, no matter my faults, I feel the greater whole absolves the sin, and if I ever was a pompous, elitist asshole, it was more in line with perpetual street theatre than Ebenezer tactics. Whatever bad juju I may have spread in the past, it was symptomatic of a caustic era so long ago it registers as nothing more to me now than a strange dream.

As for the undercurrent of “illness” coursing through this work – yes, it is absolutely true that in early adolescence I was prey to gross distortion. I was very *Jacob's Ladder*, if you will. *To Live & Die On Zug Island* is central to that inner war, as is why I've never made a move towards publication. Someday it will see the light of day, but only when I feel it's the proper time.

However, I am not insane. A little cracked assuredly, but I add up just fine. I am a complex individual that lives in the world of ideas, and for the most part I'm whoever “comes to the door” at any given time. The light is on in the attic, and I'm very much home – but there is a distance I've never been able to shatter in full...

That which is deemed a “*schizophrenic episode*” is now shown by an increasing body of research to be a natural response to a larger system of misery. The

behavior/perceptions labeled “*schizophrenic*” are often evidence of a distorted strategy that an eccentric mind invents to coalesce with an unlivable situation – and often because he is unable to grasp the full tapestry of his world due to ignorance.

The individual has “*come to feel that his is an untenable position. He cannot make a move, or make no move, without being beset by contradictory and paradoxical pressures and demands, pushes and pulls, both internally from himself and externally from those around him. He is, as it were, in a position of checkmate.*”

Few are aware that when not artificially blocked by pharmaceuticals, the “*schizophrenic break*” is a temporary phenomenon; a natural function of personal healing through a triggered visionary episode. There is an obvious parallel which has been voiced by many a psychedelic guru -- “*there is no such thing as a bad trip – it’s simply your brain telling you what you need to hear, and you aren’t willing to confront or understand it.*”

In the words of psychoanalyst Michael O’ Callaghan: “*The acute visionary phase naturally lasts for about 40 days, after which the psyche gradually returns to a normal state of consciousness. The interesting thing is that the visionary content of the acute phase centers around the destruction and reintegration of the ego, symbolized not only by powerful hallucinations of personal death and rebirth, but also by an overwhelming subjective experience of Apocalypse and the end of time.*”

Quite simply it is the modern world which is divorced from nature, and many of those afflicted by “*mental illness*” are biologically inept to sustaining an existence hostile to their instincts. They have no ability of such recognition, molded by social, familial & religious convictions which only intensify the deep seated alienation they cannot express or fully interpret.

Mankind was never intended to live in the populist way our civilization has rendered – by nature we are a foraging, tribal species, and that primal chord is forever at our core. The natural tendency of human development is deep-seated tribal anarchism; the future is sterile organization and digital totalitarianism. Is it any wonder that primal instinct cracks so often in lieu of the machine?

Such was my paradox -- the creation of an all consuming dream world turned nightmare, forged by the violence & ignorance of my immediate environment. Tack on

the first explosion of bi-polar depression imbued with the adolescent hormonal spark & a raging mass of mental/sexual confusion + a stringently orthodox catholic upbringing with not a soul to turn to in respite. The results were monstrous, but the way out was through...

Sure, I could have had a far bunker deal in life. By all accounts I should be dead or in prison. I could be blind, deaf, paralyzed; I could have been a child of Somalia or the Philippines. I could have been sexually molested or born into a physically abusive home. I am grateful for what I have, and I've grown a new soul. I did not make the world the way it is, but my hands are clean of their poison.

I do not hate my parents or family, nor do I wish physical harm upon anyone. I am anything but some Facebook drama king sitting in a shadowy corner of some goth/industrial club, staring feebly at a dried dead rose for hours on end.

My neurobiology sold me out, and in response, I enacted my revenge on the world that had stripped me of my dignity. Any ghosts or regrets from thereon are of my own accord, and I've dealt with the echoes silently (*hence, the obvious title of this book*). I am what I am; let the equilibrium of history claim its verdict...

From where I stand today *The Silent Burning* & my past in general seems nothing more than a strange dream so distant it seems I never lived. It is absurd that I am writing this introduction, absurd that these events even seriously took place.

As I write this we are in the last days of 2009, and this decade will soon be encased in memory alone. To consider where I was in 1999 at this very alignment is unthinkable, or that riding the bus home from work today a newspaper lay on the seat next to me, the front page a splash photo of Osama bin Laden -- selected as the most "influential man of the decade," no less.

Although I left Detroit, still it remains. It is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the largest ghost town in the world – menacing as the obelisk & a profound concrete hell. Still the same grind and misery, still the same individuals with no understanding of the greater world at large. They live in monstrous poverty, encircled by severe authority – a great, infinite depression. Everyone is on probation or in jail, no one has health care,

everyone falling, falling...

One day the children of Detroit one hundred years from now will read all this as a tale from the brutal Wild West. Old Detroit will be a myth, as the *Robocop* threat of OCP isn't all that far fetched. It's just a matter of time before it becomes a federalized zone, or a league of corporations descends to gobble every loose mile of ghetto prairie.

But for now it is what it is. There will always be a majority there standing idly by & polishing the brass on the Titanic. It is grassroots, quasi-nationalist – one of the greatest artistic/music scenes in North America. The vibe can never be exported, but the deadly aura will never be expunged.

So to anyone still there reading my work or gritting their teeth through an untenable position that has them constantly thinking about gulping a double-barrel buck shot, listen closely – the road never ends, and the grass really is greener on the other side. The grass may never be the same, but nearly always the end justifies the means. Just go. Trust me. Run while you can, and run like hell... So I now end this bantering propaganda the way I have in every edit-frenzy conclusion this abomination has incriminated upon me...

“I wrote this so I wouldn't feel this way anymore and for the most part I've been successful. This book is not intended for the cynic, the intellectual, the critic. This is for the alien boy loner mentally polishing his .38 awaiting the push too far; the addict blind-eyed for the fix to end the fix; the street kid living out his backpack hustling next meal day to day to day today. The acne weakling humiliated degraded beaten into the worthless piece of shit they claim; alter boy victimized shattered twisted by actions of rapist clergy repression. For the institutionalized poked prodded rearranged re-educated for radically questioning schematics of an inconsistently opinionated reality; vet screaming dreaming breathing unending nightmare haunted by inescapable past imprisoned mutating subhuman animal under grinding wheels of biased sentencing. This is for all of those slowly submitting to the suffocation of hopelessness; the shattered, condemned, scorned, humiliated, disillusioned and damned. Let this be evidence that you are not alone.”

-Ryan Patrick Bartek

*from The Villa Madeira on my Secret Tropical Island; 72 Degrees, December 10th 2009
[Detroit currently -20 windshield factor w/ 50 mph gusts & 6 inch overnight forecast]*

for Everything

VALLEY OF THE SUN

I score free tickets to a taping of the Montel Povich show and sit quietly in the back. The segment is entitled “*Wild Teens out of Control*” and as the program unfurls a parade of dysfunctional pre-teens emerge from backstage, shouting obscenities and promulgations. It is a carnival of ugliness. Cellulite girls in skin-tight hoochie mama outfits project animalistic grunts of stupidity in every direction, 8 year olds flagged with Cryp bandanas wave middle fingers in defiance & flea market exuberance. Hatred gleams from the contortion of lost children; *anguish, barrity, expectancy...*

Montel begins a self-righteous dialogue pertaining to the emptiness of drug use. He turns his focus to the rebellious boys, who flabbily drape pink limbs over the neatly lined chairs. An 11 year old has filmed a promo piece backstage. He makes hood signs and slings trash through flash-clips and colored frames. He talks like Eminem and calls his mother a cunt. The crowd is behooved to frenzy. They howl erratically, flinging their arms like riled chimpanzees. *Horns & buzzers, flashing lights...*

A final boy is marched out by security, having refused to tape a preview. He is 15, black, in green camouflage with bright orange mohawk. The crowd instantly hates him on sight. As the noise dulls to a low roar a white man in khakis calls him a freak. Everyone bursts into laughter as the boy quietly sits next to his mother, who is sexually excited by his embarrassment. She writhes in her chair like an orgasming pig, salivating sanguine. The punk boy fixates his eyes on the floor and remains mute for the remainder of the broadcast.

Prosaic men uniformed as drill instructors stomp out anxious to purge the dissidence. One of them asks the punk what his problem is. He refuses to acknowledge the instructor, remaining silent and disinclined. The disciplinary clenches his fist and calls him a faggot. Beat red, he provides derogatory insults and dogmatic threats. Still, the boy refuses to budge. The audience is astonished by the manic cliffhanger as station managers flounce to wrap up the show, leaving the quarrel unsettled.

Weeping children are herded into white Mini-Vans and shipped off to boot camp. The Caucasian Cryp utilizes his red scarf as a handkerchief; cellulite girls sway their hips with fingers outstretched, waving index appendages like bickering wands. The audience

filters out and I with them. As we exit I overhear to two loud black women mock the way the fat white girls were dressed. It has uplifted their spirits.

The sun descends as I wait for Montel Povich in the parking lot. He stumbles towards his Porsche, drunk and high on marijuana. I swiftly emerge from the shadows, smiling politely. He thinks that I am a fan and lets his guard down to dig a pen out of his pocket.

With break neck speed the lead pipe cracks open his skull. He hits the ground with a praxis thud that echoes across every smokestack canopy, sad highway & silent canyon in America. His legs thrash spastically as I kick him in the face, legs thrashing in an animal escape mechanism...

It isn't enough. I work over his body with the pipe until a faint death rattle gargles from his trachea. I stare at the mutilated rorschach, visually tracing its outline. I calmly pick up one of his cosmetically bleached teeth and slip it into my pocket. I will mount it on my wall as a trophy.

I stand in the blistering cold directly blocking the one path that leads to The Great Devourer. The motorcade approaches as snow falls gracefully. The vehicles contain every parental throwaway being transported that night, six vans slamming on the brakes to avoid running me down.

The leader rolls down the window to say something relevant; he is still wearing that ridiculous hat. Before the words even formulate in his throat I bury a clip into his face. I lunge towards the vehicles in John Woo stealth, sprinting across rooftops blasting downward with twin Colt .45's. My heart is a helicopter blade, the windshields shrapnel. Abstract fireworks in slow motion...

The two remaining men aggressively pull their twin 9mm's, shouting colossal fear voices. I pretend the hand cannons are still loaded, pointing them defensively like a porcupine raising his needle back. The slightest move launches all triggers...

The captives break free and swarm the opposition. The children drag the screaming men away and tear them apart like zombies in a Romero film. The cellulite girls fight over a pancreas, the Eminem boy dips his fingers in blood and streaks them across his face like Indian war paint. The punker is still sitting in the back of the van,

quiet and undisturbed. I snag the sleeve of his jacket and 80 of us rush into the woods yelping with triumphant battle cries...

The night grows on as we set up camp; the tribe holding their breath awaiting my speech. They gather before me and I ask each how they view life, how fate set them here. I write it all down as it comes pouring from their souls. It is a sad book of anguish that reads as an epitaph for American culture...

The final interrogation is of the punk boy. He tells me in a whisper that his name is Joshua. His parents put him on the television set, were making his life a prison cell for coming out of the closet...

I make my final judgments. There are only 12 pure and true; they are my neo-apostles. I bring them to my side and line up the remainders. They are giddy & blissful, awaiting their punk ass salvation. Fascistically, I distribute the rifles. Joshua sends the motion and we mow them down puissant. Death fills the air; it is a cancer in our lungs.

We pile the refuse and soak the heap with kerosene. We pass the torch ceremonially, as if a freemason ritual – one by one, right down the line. The organisms vanquish in pyre. All is beautiful. We sing and dance and laugh around our bonfire loving life. The ashes dim in twilight. The sun rises as phoenix. There is no more horror. There is no more pain. We are in the Valley of the Sun.

Argument for Extinction

Flipping through the channels I came across a talk show featuring a man that had spent \$300,000 on facial reconstruction so he could become the spitting image of Tom Arnold. He was ecstatic that he only needed \$10 grand more to complete his lifelong dream.

Argument for Extinction II

Last night a breaking news report came in through the Associated Press wire. A ceramic bust of Elvis was discovered weeping human tears in Guatemala on the 25th anniversary of his death. Thousands of King devotees had flocked to observe the miracle in Graceland pilgrimage.

HORACE

Stoned, fuzzy, wandering the video aisles in need of supreme horror fix I came across something of greater interest – the 1987 cult classic *The Monster Squad*. Having seen it a good 40,000 times as a child I felt an overpowering nostalgia to reencounter the full audio/visual experience. I'd been warned of its plight by a handful that had all experienced the same phenomenon – “*it's gonna suck.*”

Like so many of the other films that our childish minds embellished, exaggerated and made ten fold over the course of time, *The Monster Squad* was not the masterpiece of hip modern cinema as once exalted by Rex Reed. No my friends, it was an 8th rate *Goonies* imitation. Knowledge of the film returned methodically as Spidey Sense – I knew everything that was to happen 3 seconds in advance, like a resurrected Egyptian Pharaoh flipping through ancient parchment.

I felt as if I was reunited with the very dearest of childhood friends. These fictional characters were more real to me than anyone of my past. As a loner I daydreamed of being a member of *The Monster Squad*, had numerous recurring adventures with them in my dreams while hunting a wide plethora of mutant villains.

As the credits began to roll I was quite distraught by this feeling -- this floating, repressed string of sentimentality. I wondered what happened to my childhood companions. I felt compelled to call them, spend time with them.

Of them all I was tightest with Horace, the fat kid. I searched the internet for an hour desperately attempting to send an email and say “*what up*” to my die-hard comrade. Surely, if I could explain exactly what I was feeling I'd easily reassure myself that I wasn't crazy after all. Horace had to have been contacted over time by others stung by the same pathetic, emotional longing... Brent Russell Chalem died of pneumonia in Las Vegas on December 9th, 1997 at age 22.

HIERONYMUS BOSCH CANDYLAND

Recently I attended a screening of Ron Howard's *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas* and as I watched Jim Carrey run about like a mental deficient I could only think but one thing -- I would've forcefully been subjected to all this as a child.

We always teach kiddies the wrong message in safe, white movies like that -- the

villain always fails, dies, or learns the spirit of the holidays and distributes gifts. So in repose I have concocted a multi-step educational plan. Instead of nestling our children with joyous memories to hang onto throughout the catastrophic realities of adulthood, let's just cut all the bullshit and rape them of their souls from the get go.

Here's the premise: Keep your child(ren) in suspense all week by talking to them in cute cartoony tones and let them know a super-duper extra-special surprise is in store for them. Immediately you'll witness vast improvements in their schoolwork, exhibiting the utmost behavior. Angelically they will hug your knees, muttering something along the lines of, *"I love you Mommy and/or Daddy."*

When Saturday comes around take the entire family (*mut, goldfish & all*) to one of those gargantuan multiplex cinemas singing *Knick Knack Paddy Whack*. Buy them all the candy they so desire, pull up to the curb excitedly and point to the front doors promising that the Tooth Fairy will personally usher them onward to cinematic bliss.

Once inside, mean convicts will immediately shove them into one of those ancient caged door meat hook elevators that were surpassed by technology in the early 60's. When they reach the basement level a clown drenched in the blood of a freshly sacrificed goat will cattle-prod them to a room where hundreds of other terrified children are set up *Clockwork Orange* style.

After being restrained and water boarded with LSD, they'll be forced at gunpoint to watch endless reels of execution bootlegs, Nazi death camp stock footage, the entire *Faces of Death* series for 3 full days of sleep deprivation, starvation, and crying. Once complete, they'll be packed into prison transports and given a tour of hardcore Detroit, dumped on the curb of Cass Corridor at 3am.

If your child(ren) are one of the lucky few to survive, tell them they should have been aborted. Keep them isolated and let them know they are going to be punished. On Friday repeat the same drive – *poochy, goldfish & all* -- but crying and blaring something ridiculously satanic like *Abruptum*, *Bethlehem*, or *Anaal Nathrakh*. However, this time purchase tickets for something typically Disney like *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas*. This will not by any means make the world a better place but will finally teach our children that reality is not in fact safe, white and suburban.

DREAM: 4.21.99

Blaze yellow metal shell hovers in gray sky, circular happy face with black oval eyes swirling purified abyss. Cut to interior -- diminutive man in light blue surgical gown stalks steel corridors, argent goggles hardwired to the machinery of his brain. Fingertip scalpel extensions etch the knurl, scratching primordial code. Thundering footsteps crush heaps of mating insects coalescing in lunitidal spawn.

He reaches a rusted catwalk surrounded by a dark vacuum of space; beneath it a lagoon of raw sewage cold as steel black as shadow pure as fire, swarming with reptilians birthed of another vector. They ruggedly swim through masses of used condoms, broken glass & AIDS syringes; *fucking, reproducing...* The Surgeon enters a bondage pictograph. There is a pregnant woman nude, face a censored blur. pinioned to the operating table. Cameras descend in mechanized hum.

I am a frail child in the living room of a black and white sitcom surrounded by strangers whom I acknowledge as family. A shirtless obese man slob on the couch caked his own filth, licking his lips excitedly. A woman I recognize as mother lights candles ritualistically. She approaches in a dirty red dress and gently caresses my arm, those tender eyes of jade. Her nose begins to bleed, a rotted pertinacious grin. In still-frames she returns to her preparations, soon collapsing in the corner. She begins weeping and ripping out her hair, chunks of skin wholly intact. The fat man grunts like a hog as the television program begins.

In mute audio, The Surgeon begins disarrangement. With strict precision he surgeon carves a velvet cross into her trembling stomach. It opens as a flower buds. A radiating glow emerges from inside the womb; The Surgeon delves inside and pulls out a misshapen albino boy with crimson hair and black insectoid eyes. All I can hear is screaming... The surgeon holds him high. He is already a child of 5 years.

The doorbell rings. A haggard preacher stands tall; he appears gaunt and starved. Alabaster hair gently breezes in the motionless wind. He gestures towards the distance giving view to the busy street. A flood of humanity marches towards the inauguration, each step an enthusiastic unison.

I turn my head and find myself among them. Onward we march, hundreds of thousands of us, miles of hard worn desert, sun scorching our dead skin. The fat man

collapses from exhaustion. He makes horrific noises as his flesh ripples like freak sea storm. With an emotionless death rattle his spine rips from his carcass like a snake. It pivots spastically, nerve endings like millipede legs as it burrows underground.

The White House looms ominous; millions have gathered for the liberation. The metal shell descends and hovers mid-air. The hatch opens and the newborn emerges a full-grown man in black fascist garb. He glides a stile and approaches an ivory podium, speaking polyglot dialect. The humanity raise their fists in inspired solidarity of the messiah. He sends the motion and the soldier's herd us into a frostbitten warehouse, freshly slaughtered cattle hanging from blood soaked hooks. Confused children weep amidst the sea of blank-eyed bliss.

We are formed into a single file line that sluggishly heads towards the mechanized hum. The woman in front of me eagerly jumps on the operating table. The surgeon locks her down and revs a power drill, chrome microchip shining at the tip. He cusps her skull and buries the spinning piece into her forehead. She goes into wild spasms, stops twitching and arises. Her eyes are pure white. A guard takes her by the arm and leads her away.

The Surgeon motions for me. I pivot and run fast as I can. Sirens sound, red lights cut through the air like nefarious razors. At full force I crash into a brick wall and hit the ground. The President looms high above me; his gaze makes my insides burn. He drags me to the table kicking and screaming and locks me down, performing the operation himself. The drill goes deep inside my brain. All pain disappears. He kisses my cheek and tells me I am his child.

I'm with the others now, released like tagged cattle. The soldiers assign us to new homes and families. Millions of cloned buildings surround us, all of a perfect grid. Posters of the President are everywhere, assuring us of our freedom. Flames shoot from industrial stacks; the smell of charred flesh mixes with the humidity.

A stranger takes my hand as we enter our tenement. We climb an infinite flight to our room which is cold, gray, and windowless. We calmly sit and observe the telecast in silence. I'm inside of the screen clawing at the glass frantic, volatile, entrapped. My horror becomes a peal of sentient static that coats the world. There are no more feelings now. The struggle has ended. We are all complacent. End of dream.

Columbine Revisited: The Tragic Tale of Eric Harris

“If you are reading this, my mission is complete. I have finished revolutionizing the neo-euphoric infliction of my internal terror. Your children who have ridiculed (sic) me, who have chosen not to accept me, who have treated me like I am not worth their time are dead. THEY ARE FUCKING DEAD. Surely you will try to blame it on the clothes I wear, the music I listen to or the way I choose to present myself — but no. Do not hide behind my choices. You need to face up to the fact that this comes as a result of YOUR CHOICES. Parents and teachers, YOU FUCKED UP. You have taught these kids to be gears and sheep. To think and act like those who came before them, to not accept what is different. YOU ARE IN THE WRONG. I may have taken their lives and my own — but it was your doing. Teachers, Parents, LET THIS MASSACRE BE ON YOUR SHOULDERS UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE. Am I insane? Maybe. Is it my fault? No. I did not choose this life but I have indeed chosen to exit it. You may think the horror ends with the bullet in my head — but you wouldn’t be so lucky. All I can leave you with to decipher what more extensive death is to come is ‘12Skitzo.’ You have until April 26. Goodbye.” -email reportedly signed by Eric Harris (4.19.99)

Eric Harris was born April 5th, 1981 only a matter of hours past my birth. I remember reading an astrology magazine that spoke of his planetary alignments. It said with the way they added up, with all of the energy cultivated from them, that someone with those same signs, if subjected to identical stress and alienation, could very well be another walking time bomb. The similarities are amazing. We both dressed alike, shared similar musical tastes, wrote creatively, were fiercely political, disillusioned and leaders in a group of anomie-stricken outsiders.

I remember April 20th, 1999 with crystal clarity. I was preparing to leave work as a good friend burst through the door to share the news. I quickly punched out and rushed home to find a nervous mother entranced by pixilated images of violence adorning the screen. My uncle called immediately to interrogate me, assuming I was somehow connected or that I knew the shooters personally.

The next day at school I arrived to find paranoid students jumping out of my path as I proceeded down the halls. It was as if I was Moses parting the Red Sea. All of my teachers were on edge, flashing plastic smiles in vain hopes that I wouldn't lodge a bullet in their chests. Police filled the counseling offices, interrogating students for information on all kids vaguely resembling the quasi-goth stereotype.

A class discussion on school violence was held with reporters from both the Detroit News and Fox 2. Although many of us pleaded our ideologies intelligently and coherently, the local media decided to distort our views in order to intensify the fear-mind of the American public. It was but a brief glimpse into what would become the darkest period of speculation and fear since Senator Joseph McCarthy manipulated the Red Scare.

Three years later, as we approach the third anniversary of the Littleton massacre, the impact of Columbine still reverberates throughout the mainland. What the effects of Charles Manson's "helter-skelter" were to the hippie community, Harris and Klebold's judgment day were to the "Prozac Nation" (*as my friends called it*), or the "Trench Coat Mafia" (*as the Associated Press entitled it*). Both brought an end to their decade's youthful constructs through extremist violence and media persecution — and, just like the '60s, middle America needed a scapegoat. Instead of holding the killers personally responsible for their actions, the media decided to attack the most convenient of all targets: The entertainment industry.

During the Joseph Lieberman-fronted media onslaught, the core of the story found itself wholly ignored. Two disenfranchised kids were tormented for years and decided to lash out at their aggressors in a monolithic hail of bullets. They were angry because they felt like they didn't fit in and no one would listen to their voices. They created a religion of hatred that they violently presented to the entire world. They wanted to be celebrities and the media, in return, put them on the cover of Time magazine — *twice*.

Columbine was a horrific thing and I honestly do not believe that there is a single person alive that can argue otherwise. I do, however, feel a great deal of sympathy for both Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, for I know all too well the persecution they endured. There was no simple black or white in this case, and the hard reality still lies distorted beneath the mass media juggernaut — and now is the time to dispel the prevailing myths.

Many have searched for answers as to what created the rage necessary to carry these actions out, yet it seems only watered down stories from the opposing view have been supplied. What is now widely acknowledged is that when both Harris and Klebold would walk the halls of Columbine, they would regularly be punched, kicked or spat on — often violently thrown against the wall and called “faggot scum” for the sheer amusement of the athletic elite. Although this form of harassment occurred ritualistically, the school staff turned the blind eye of favoritism (a widespread practice in the American education system). The principal even went as far as to warrant a student paper in which they were deemed “faggots.”

Harris also kept a spotty journal in which he clearly stated his beliefs, as well as the extent of his misanthropy. Neither Klebold nor Harris were members of the so-called Trench Coat Mafia, and were not, as the media suggested, neo-nazi thugs. Apparently, their hatred took a fair and balanced approach — they despised everyone equally. Also included was Harris’s hit list that included such a wide variety of targets that it was almost comical in its range. Marks included Tiger Woods, people who drive slowly in the fast lane and every cast and crewmember involved in the broadcasting of WB Network sitcoms.

Strangely, the student at the very top of his hit list was standing in the doorway as Harris rushed into school. He easily could have shot him, but instead told him to run. If Harris really were a cold-blooded monster, why would he let his most hated rival walk? Further testimony from fellow students suggests that both Klebold and Harris specifically aimed for those who tormented them.

Apart from the killers themselves, a wide variety of evidence has come forth that questions the solidarity of the police investigation. There have been numerous accusations that the Littleton Police Department coerced witnesses into testifying that Harris and Klebold acted alone. Jennifer Smull, a sophomore at the time, was eyewitness to a third shooter. He was supposedly 25 to 30 years old and carried a sawed-off shotgun. Funny how two spent shells did not match any of the weapons used by either of the killers, or the SWAT team themselves. During the shootings, three fellow students known to associate with the killers were discovered in army fatigues walking towards the school. They were later released for lack of evidence.

A few post-tragedy dropouts have claimed in anonymity that at least eight other students were involved in the massacre. Whether these claims are further distortions or honest truths, we must address the most important question in this case: If these students acted alone, how could they have placed over four-dozen explosives without drawing any attention whatsoever? Even stranger is the dispatch call recorded at the time of the shootings.

In a taped conversation between Sgt. Baldwin and Sgt. Millsaps of the Littleton police force, Millsaps refers to Harris as “the sheriff’s guy” (law enforcement slang for informant). Both officers refused to acknowledge such a statement. Little evidence has been found to support these claims, since Klebold destroyed his computer and Harris burned all connecting evidence before the horrors of “Judgment Day.”

On a similar note, Emily Wyant, the student directly next to Cassie Brenall when she was shot, claimed the now infamous “Do you believe in God?” conversation (*which subsequently enjoyed best-seller status in the book ‘She Said Yes’*) was completely fabricated by the Associated Press.

Many of the 911 tapes that proved mishandling of the situation were omitted from the official police report. It is because of this mishandling, the stalling of the SWAT team for three hours before entering the crime scene, that history teacher William “Dave” Sanders bled to death from non-fatal wounds, along with possible other students. Needless to say, Columbine is slowly becoming the Watergate of my generation.

The lessons we have learned from the Littleton tragedy are many, yet the tough talk of politicians during the end of the millennium has proven to alter very little within our consumer culture. We must face the very fundamental root of this catastrophe: Who was it that pulled the trigger — *Hollywood or two horribly misguided children?*

Whatever the answer may be, the same scapegoat programs remain in syndication, the same “dangerous art” lines the record shelves of America, the same video game violence reaches children as young as two everyday. Children now spend more time playing video games and watching television than they will spend with their parents in their adult lives. Bomb making procedures, methods of violence and lessons on guerilla warfare are still readily obtainable with the double click of a mouse button.

My generation, “the entertainment generation,” is like none other that has come before. Thanks to the Internet, any thought, no matter how dark or perverse, can be instantly entertained and strengthened through this technology. Personally, I find that terrifying. Even more terrifying is that both Harris and Klebold have become bona fide martyrs to the hardcore extremists.

The only viable hope to avert such future incidents is to provide the care essential to deal with those individuals exhibiting signs of violence and self-destruction. Parents need to continue to take an active role in their children’s lives. Teachers must avoid favoritism and actively regulate the aggressive tendencies between students in the classroom.

Unless we take these strides immediately, time will only bring more calamity into the realm of juvenile violence. These extreme cases of violence are only a product of our time, and it is our time as adults to take responsibility. This is what America has become — and now we pay the price. (*Real Detroit Weekly*; 4.23.02)

My Favorite Television Show is the Blank Screen

In this book I use the term Valley of the Sun numerous times. This Valley is not an actual place, but rather a metaphor I have created in order to represent both a physical reality and mental perception in which we are free from the ugliness of hatred, ignorance, prejudice, racism, lethargy and self-doubt.

We, as a society, have been conditioned by the media to accept their distortion of what this Valley is or should be. In television, it is the status quo of fame and fortune. In film, it is the golden boulevards of Hollywood. In consumerism, it is the satisfaction of owning that which will better ensure the quality and social importance of our lives.

During my teenage years I spent a great deal of time studying television production and advertising. I have received numerous awards and scholarships and have worked for both Comcast and ESPN. Although I could utilize my talents for a great deal of financial success I now refuse to participate in this form of employment. Reason being is that once you come to fully understand the inner schematics of the field you become disenfranchised. You realize that television does not exist to entertain or to educate you -- it exists to sell you.

The subliminal placing of sexual images, embedded words, color schemes and camera movements are intricate techniques crafted by highly trained artisans of psychological manipulation advertisers have employed to keep us paying obscene amounts of money for the clothing Fred Durst is wearing, cologne Burt Reynolds is pawing or the phone service Carrot Top is plugging. All demographics are carefully analyzed to determine the most efficient marketing method available -- purchasing patterns, psychosexual development, mating customs, paternal/maternal relationships, lifestyles, aggressions and the entire range of complex needs within the individual as well as the groups whom they associate with.

Our free will has been subverted and appropriated in the interest of an efficient merchandising/consumer oriented system by profit hungry marketing executives who've quietly researched, developed and exhaustively applied a subliminal technology of communication that has been driving the masses into pathological behaviors.

The most common embeds covertly graphed into mass advertising are sex, fuck, \$, power, God, buy, fear and obey. The sex embed is the most frequently utilized and can be discovered in nearly all political propaganda, corporate advertisements and in both television and motion picture frames.

These secretive techniques have been in widespread use for years to channel our basic value system and modify our behavior invisibly. The mainstream media has successfully sexualized everything from toilet paper to chewing gum.

This manipulation begins at childhood. Children now spend more time watching television before they are eight years old than they will with their parents in their entire adult lives. It is the cereal box conspiracy against the developing mind. Children are to have a favorite toy, film, video game and television show. Boys are marketed war toys, soldiers and sporting goods to keep them aggressive, complacent and prone to violence. Girls are aimed towards both house making and childcare to better suit their biological position.

This manipulation follows us throughout our entire lives, diverting our attention from the very truth of our existence. We slowly become nothing more than demographics as we are programmed to believe that escapism is a valid focus of life. Entertainment is now seemingly the fundamental root and goal of our existence within the American

consumer society. Look around you, television sets are everywhere. It is an unquestioned and comfortable part of every day life.

The mass media's outright socio-political distraction and the subliminal brainwashing of consumerism are perhaps the greatest struggles to face our modern society. Because the average citizen is generally uneducated on the subject, we little recognize its power and pervasiveness. Only through our own resilience and determination can we fully do away with this weak epitome of a false and sterile culture.

There is no way to change any of this except on a personal level. I too had once spent countless hours worrying about the mental health of depressed millionaires. I habitually read each issue of Entertainment weekly. I painstakingly tracked each step of Quentin Tarantino. Only through concentrated application have I found the strength to break apart of the mass and have since refused to watch television for nearly 5 years. When I do catch a glimpse it is always through a thinly veiled sense of analytic cynicism, but never under the auspice of pathology.

The further I stray from it all the more submerged in reality I become, and the more distant and eccentric I seem to others. To completely sever this dimension of society was a personal decision I made some time ago. As a consequence I have met bitter resistance, if not full-blown persecution, for my newly found perception of life. Regardless I will continue to persist and command respect for having the sheer willpower to think for myself. Thank you for your time, The Valley awaits.

BOB SAGET RAPING THE OLSON TWINS ON PCP

Son, I'd like to take this moment to reassure you that you were the biggest mistake of my life. I know you're only four years old and I know it's a lot to handle, but I want you to fully understand that all of that Saturday morning nonsense about storks parachuting babies into suburbs is complete horseshit. In school your teachers will use terms like "the miracle of birth" or "the wonder of life." They've got it all wrong, it's just shitting out a kid - a bloody pulp substance that lives and breathes and constantly shits and costs lots of fucking money.

They'll lie and tell you how unique and special and important you are. They'll tell you that you can be anything you put your mind to. They'll make you think that you'll

become a movie star, an astronaut or maybe even the president someday. But you won't. They let you graduate before you realized you've been primed for a future of casual slavery.

You'll quickly learn that your public high school diploma is just another piece of paper to wipe your ass with. No job you apply for will ever ask for concrete proof. The teachers who deny it were taught the exact same bullshit but went on to college so they could recite it all over again. It's merely the traditional product placement of yet another unnecessary institution designed to drive you into endless inescapable debt.

You see it's all part of a larger system of misery. Public school is the cornerstone of all social control mechanisms. It is a system maintained to shatter the spirits of the youth who've just begun to articulate clearly in complicated symbolic language, as well as starting to master complex physical and mechanical tasks. This is when you and millions of other displaced children are forcibly kidnapped from your family under legislative threats of imprisonment and violence.

You'll be herded into militaristic institutions upheld by a thinly veiled illusion of mind expansion and patriotic goodness because without the most thorough and rapid brainwashing your inquisitive little minds would easily see through all of their dirty tricks. Yes son, legalized mindrape for 13 years - 6 to 8 hours a day, 5 days a week. Like a caged animal you'll be taught to follow orders unquestionably, fear the punishment of disobedience, sit still, keep quiet, require permission to drink, eat, piss, shit – all the quintessential knowledge appropriated for excellent productivity in the future corporate interest.

Think you'll outdo it? HAH!! The media will squash your attention span into the proto-human mold. No matter what they might have you believe, you're a docile consumer drone in waiting. You're conception of a free thinking, liberated existence will be deluded by radios, televisions, computer screens, professional sports, McDonald's, Walt Disney, organized religion and mental inactivity of boundless varieties.

When a politician calls for "*more education*" what they really mean is a higher degree of crowd control. You can rock the vote all you want, but it won't change a goddamn thing. The popular vote means nothing; it only exists for good P.R. Every election is rigged because the Electoral College has already been bought off. There's only

one political entity and it's called the "Corporate-ocracy."

By the time you're an adult a handful of men will control the entire economic being of the world system. One corporation to inevitably trademark the structure of human DNA itself. Good luck trying to find a meal untouched by genetic altering. Transmutation is the next step of evolution. You'll watch the complete collapse of Gaia in your lifetime. Biotechnology, nanotechnology -- scary, ain't it?

In middle school the police will fabricate lies and terrorize you into complacency. You'll be subverted with horrific tales of convicts and prison and anal rape. And drugs -- *my god the drugs*. The smart ones are the ones who fuck themselves up. The more substances you abuse the closer you come to the truth. It's a little known fact.

And just so you know the vast majority of police are not our friends. Behind all law and order lies an animal with a gun -- an animal playing god that's *always right* no matter what the circumstance shielded by widespread corruption to do whatever it wants at any given time without the slightest consequence of its actions. It's really that simple.

You'll get into music during those years. While you'll think you're being rebellious you'll be nothing more than a demographic. Corporations like Clear Channel have it all laid out for you. The revolution is a fairy tale they sell to you through posters at Meijers. It's all advertising and image, the greedy conjurings of Harvard trained marketing executives. You're fucked son -- it's important to learn this now.

Oh yah, and that whole God thing -- he doesn't exist. God's like Santa Clause or the Tooth Fairy or the Easter Bunny except adults never let go. Religion is only here to calm and stabilize us, to look after death for paradise and not dramatically alter the hell we've created. When you die it will be just like before you were born. Try and remember that. Ha Ha! It's funny, really, it is. It's all perspective son. Remember that. But as I was saying...

If I had the ability to travel through time I would hunt your pregnant mother down, roof her and get to work with a rusty old coat hanger. I'd like to lie to myself and pretend this misery comes as a result from my own actions but it's really all your fault.

Shit, I had it all going before you came along. My band was all set to head to Los Angeles but then my idiot ass fucked a fat groupie in the rehearsal space. Ozzy was on the boom box. I cummed during Randy Rhodes' *Crazy Train* solo. I only spoke three

sentences to her that day. She was just one of those one night stands that looks great after a case of High Life and you throw away just as easy as the condom afterwards. But I slipped up. I tried so hard for her to go to the clinic but she wouldn't budge. Too much Christ in the veins. We would've been huge too...

Now look at me. I'm married to a fugly stranger, breaking my back day in and day out at a shitty dead end job, sleeping on the couch and to top it all off, I've got a receding hairline. I had it all, now I'm nothing. And it's all because of you.

So remember this. Dream of it for years to come. This is my Remington. This is the barrel. This is my chin. And this is the trigger. Goodbye son. You were the worst thing that ever happened to me. (Click).

I love to smoke. I love the way it kills me. If it wasn't for my lung butter jumpstart every morning I don't know what I'd do. When I enter a restaurant I light up dramatically and envision myself in a slow motion action movie sequence. If only you could hear the hip techno beat in the background. I fucking rule. My entire life revolves around the cigarette. When I'm fucking it's all I can think of. I crave tobacco more than pussy. I want the cancer to fuck me. I want to live the orgasm of emphysema. I want to carry a tumor in my belly as a substitute for bearing a child. I fucking rule. I've waited all this time for it to come out of your mouth: *the abortion speech*. I've heard it countless times before. It's become so fucking cliché. How your mother had the tears of Christ in her eyes as she drove you to that clinic. What those tools felt like inside of you. You wanted it gone; it would have destroyed your life. Now I hold you tighter, telling you it's ok. How bad things happen to good people. You look so calm and safe pressed against my Varsity jacket... If only you could hear the torrent of hideous laughter inside of my head. Now I know that I can fuck you all I want and if I slip up I can pay you off and throw you away like the worthless piece of shit that you are. Stupid bitch, get on your knees -- *it's all your good for...*

ANTINOMIANISM

I smoke a lot, I drink a lot, but nothing fills the emptiness more than beating the living fuck out my wife. It's always been a hoot kicking the piss out of the rug rats but their bones are brittle and snap real easy like. If I go too hard on the little shits they'll actually start to cost me some money. All them Lincoln's could go towards more important things -- you know, like liquor n' whores.

I tell ya, I should've had Mable abort them little shits but hell, I can't lie -- I love 'em. I love the expressions their tiny faces give when the leather drives into their skin. Wife's a different story all together though. Bitch can take a decade worth of my abuse in single night. Good 'ol Mable, she knows just how to suck my cock. I don't even mind if the kids watch. They'll learn more from my dick than they ever will from a formal education. *They know who I really am. Everything else is just an act to get to this point. This is what I live for. THIS IS MY LIFE.*

My religion makes us family. I had a Catholic upbringing and was taught that God loves all of his creatures, especially men. *We were* created in *his* image right? When I reach them pearly gates my Daddy'll commend me on the sterling job. His Daddy, his Daddy's Daddy, and, of course, my son. An entire bloodline of pain.

There was this one time though I ain't too fond of 'memberin. Mable left a note on the fridge saying she done hijacked the kids and run off 'cause she couldn't take no more. Man was my head swimming in piss!! When she came crawlin' back I showed her just how much I missed her. My fists were making such a racket this fucker came in my house thinking he'd save the day. I took one look at that pussy and busted his head clean open with a shovel. Took me damn near an hour to bury his faggot ass on down by the river.

Guess what? That was one year ago to the day. So to make a long story short there's only one truth every whore should know about God's green earth -- the man is the head of the household. And that's that.

an unspoken strip club sport

Unlike the majority of the male species, I have an overpowering disgust directed towards strip clubs and strippers in general. Being a Detroit male of age 20, I often find myself getting dragged into these flaming pits of scum. Amidst the collective flood of testosterone, booze and drunken stupidity, I find myself staring at the body language of the dancers rather than their curvy erotic figures.

Strippers prowl the floor with silent laughter utilizing eye contact to rile the intoxicated weakness of men. They know women really control this planet and use their sexual prowess to molest every wallet in sight. Unfortunately I don't come from the same fucked up world of morality that the chimps do. So to pass time in this vile habitat I have concocted a pleasurable little game entitled "*Homicidal Eye Rape*."

Now the way this particular game is played is that I pick out the most worthless money grubbing whore of the entire lot and participate in her weak little game of eye contact. At first she thinks I'm just another desperate sausage jockey eager to plunge her ovaries. Watch as I flash my money openly and appear to be the head honcho of my group. She targets me instantly and subtly approaches in sexy porno tones if I'd like a private dance. This is when the fun really begins.

She guides me to a neon-lit V.I.P. fantasy room to play out our steamy close encounter. The dance will begin to the tune of something like Kid Rock or Right Said Fred. As she rubs her breasts in my face and frisks my crotch she will maintain heavy eye contact to increase her tip. This is when "*Homicidal Eye Rape*" comes into play. As she is staring into my eyes I let her know that I am mentally killing her in multiple horrific fashions with a varied itinerary of blunt instruments. This is when her movements become awkward and mechanical in their process.

Although fear grips her she will refuse to stop because of monetary determination. Once the thumping dance anthem has climaxed she'll climb off in mute panic and hide for the rest of the evening, often bawling from filth-soul rapport. In the end, every penny was worth mentally hurting a stupid cunt. I treat strippers for what they are – *garbage*.

GBH

In Detroit, Harpo's Concert Theatre is without a doubt the most hardcore venue in the Metro area, if not the entire Midwest. Located in one of the toughest ghettos in America, the building itself is a monument to the early days of film. One of the first cinemas to appear in Michigan history, Harpo's now exists to sustain a different breed of entertainment.

Described by many as the "*House That Slayer Built*," Harpo's has become the very epicenter of the extreme metal movement. On any given night you'll find acts such as Goatwhore, Suffocation, Dark Funeral tearing up the stage. Harpo's is my favorite place to go for concerts -- it's loud, it's crazy, drunk, and the intensity wires itself like a ticking time bomb that explodes like C-4 under the abrasive drop D grind. You can keep your high priced summer packages and arena tours. I just can't get that same sense of satisfaction anywhere else...

It was at this particular venue when I witnessed the largest display of human idiocy I've ever encountered. This was in '98 when Harpo's maintained a nasty rep for being the premier skinhead hangout in Detroit. Sure, I'd been to dozens of watered down mid-90's Green Day inspired shit fests, but this time it was straight oldschool -- GBH, Against All Authority, Slampig & Billy Club.

It was a cold Friday night when we arrived. I was wearing green camouflage pants and a black SWAT team collared shirt with a fat anti-swastika patch pinned through the leather of my spike-clad jacket. With *Damaged*-era Black Flag blasting through the sound system we walked in to find a sparsely populated venue. About 14 people were wandering around looking tense and impatient.

As soon as Slampig opened, a dozen skins showed up and headed down into the pit, charging each other like sexually frustrated bulls attempting to win over a sexy young heffer. After they finished their mediocre set, a handful of skins began swarming like cockroaches near our table, acting tough and making derogatory racial comments...

So anyway Harpo's has a great feature where three projector screens are lowered from each wall of the venue to broadcast old tapings of *HeadBangers Ball* episodes. After a few videos from Pantera, Danzig and Type O Negative, Slayer's *Seasons in the*

Abyss came on. The brutal epic drew all of the skins to the front. One of them, the leader I assume, took control of the situation. He was this giant fucker built like HHH, bald shining Aryan head accentuated by the sharp contrast of his blood red t-shirt. And what was on the shirt you ask? Well, none other than a huge fucking swastika. Yes folks, a walking stereotype of a third-tier *Captain America* villain.

Following Slayer's thrash epic, Marilyn Manson's clip of "*The Dope Show*" came on to a hearty stream of delightful comments such as "*Kill the Faggot*," "*Salad Tossing Queer*" and "*Homo Nigger Fucker*." Billy Club walks onstage and the vocalist shouts "*Fuck Marilyn Manson!*" in a British accent. The place explodes, skins beating the living shit out of each other in Aryan rage.

The bartenders and staff start abandoning ship because it's quite apparent that this is going to get extremely out of hand. By the time Billy Club finishes 200 nazi skins are swarming the Pit, riled like Viking berserkers. The Red Skull lackey gives the cue and every single one of the C.H.U.D.'s start shouting "*Zieg Heil, Zeig Heil, Zieg Heil!*" while working that Hitler chest pledge in unison. No shit, I was standing 30 feet away from the sixth fucking Reich.

By now the security has fled, the bartenders gone. The skins begin circling anyone with hair threateningly like bloodthirsty sharks. Moments before AAA was to go on, we nonchalantly barreled out of the place and called it a night. No use taking on the Waffen SS over a generic punk band, you know?

The next day I talked to a friend of mine who'd stuck around. The second AAA began the Panzer division threw everything that wasn't attached to the floor at the black trumpet player. They bolted offstage immediately and the skins proceeded to beat the living shit out of everyone in the venue, landing four people at St. John's hospital in serious condition...

SKINS

I would like to clarify that I am not against the skinhead movement in its entirety, just the associations of white power within certain factions. I've encountered numerous skins that have been highly disciplined, self-sufficient, exceedingly loyal and trustworthy. This, of course, is directly related to their root principles – respect where it is rightfully deserved, self-reliability, determined work ethics; the consistent pursuit of increased inner strength, mobility and intelligence, as well as the family-like bonds of unity they generally possess. My qualms lay in the aggressive and violent mob mentality that tends to occur.

Skins view themselves as separatists, readily prepared to deter the enemy at all given costs -- the enemy is the leech, the tyrant, the weak of an abyss identical to the void which consumes them. This is a commendable stance and in many ways nearly identical to my ideology. However, the Skin generally views society in such an extreme black and white that the lines of distinction become rather blurred. Although there are a great number of open minded Skins, there are still an overwhelming amount that have become the subculture variation of the high school jock – unbelievably macho, violent and oppressive, bullying any who refuse to buckle under their unrelenting, subversive dogma. That persistence is but a glaring stigma.

I remain inclined to respect the SHARP's regardless. As for the Neo-Nazi skins in and of themselves -- *the most reprehensible, vile individuals to ever pollute the underground* -- it is my belief that segregation from such divisive bantering is the most vital element to the creation of the "*The Master Race*." Of course this terminology has nothing to do with skin color, uniforms or fascistic movements -- it is the stringent separation of the mentally strong from the bourgeoisie and all of the miserable culture they've procured.

I firmly believe that every living individual should solely be judged by the content of their character, intelligence, perception and the sum equivalent of their achievements. Although the appearances, attitudes and perceptions differ from group to group, we all strive for a universal goal – a shared state of anomie far removed from the world of the sheep. We all desire change; we all strive for progress amongst a culture of stagnation. Although the interpretations vary we are all soldiers waging an identical war against the

same great snake. The only possible road to victory is to shatter the bonds which enslave us and drive into extinction the ignorance that keep us distanced, bickering and segmented.

Communication shall ultimately unite and lead us all towards a true community of understanding and acceptance. Only through our combined efforts can we force any real change to occur -- only through our unity, diversity and strength can we discover the Valley of the Sun. Punk, skin, metalhead, anarchist, liberal, green, indie, bohemian – it's time to do away with all of these terms. The obsessive pursuit of regulated identity is the glaring sham. It is time to rebel against the distinct need of visual classification, to smash all illusions of uniformity. All it takes is a single moment of reflection...

DIABETIC 8-BALL

A couple weeks ago I saw the funniest shit. I was at this Denny's writing in my journal all pensive and wide-eyed when I snapped out of my head-trip to engage the strange commotion going on about 10 feet away. There was this skinny unhealthy looking kid who kind of looked like the hitchhiker from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* floating aimlessly throughout the restaurant, completely spaced out like he was deep in the throes of a hardcore mescaline trip.

He was just standing in the middle of the aisle with these salt and peppershakers in his hands. It looked as if he was weighing the scales of justice from an abstract surrealist standpoint. The manager was yelling at him to sit down and stop making a scene. He mouthed something incoherent and sat back down, slipping the saltshaker in the pocket of his leather jacket. I went back to writing and was interrupted once again by the manager's spasmodic yelling.

This time he had walked behind the counter and had his fingers pressed against the glass of the ice cream freezer like a little kid outside a magical toyshop on Christmas Eve. As the manager was calling the police to take care of the adolescent lunatic she motioned to some big redneck with a mullet and a Stevie Ray Vaughn t-shirt to swiftly take out the trash. The guy got up and moved towards him, seemingly in the tune of a Grand Funk Railroad ditty.

Suddenly this bald pig walks in and slips on some latex gloves for everyone in

Denny's to see like he's going to cram his hand up this weirdo's ass in the middle of the restaurant to fish around for a kilo or two of special k. Instead he politely approached and said, *"Hey buddy, what's the problem?"* Before the kid could even reply the pig puts a sleeper hold around his neck and drags him to the front door, bashing his face against the exit for ornery kicks.

We all go outside to watch the show. The kids on the ground looking like an injured squirrel or blue jay you'd find when you were ten and you'd try to bring home to nurse back to health but the fucking thing would have a heart attack from fear before you even got halfway there. The pig was grinding his face into the asphalt with all the weight of his knee as he handcuffed him. He started asking, *"Do you have anything in your pockets that are going to cut me?"* The kid mumbled something that resembled "ambulance."

Remembering the saltshaker it occurred to me I could have some fun pretending I was a concerned citizen. I tell the pig, *"Hey man, he's got something in his pocket - some kind of powder in a shaker. I think I saw him fooling with it in the bathroom like he was gonna do a line. I didn't think much of it 'till now."* The redneck puts his hand on my shoulder to let me know I did the right thing and gives me the nod of nobility.

The pig plunges into his pockets and two other squad cars pull into the parking lot with an ambulance. Three cops approach as the pig discovers the shaker and says, *"Mark it as evidence."* He continues his search and finds a small bag of syringes. He starts pressing the kid's face into the cement, *"So you're shooting up, eh?"* At this point the kid's bleeding all over the place. One of the other cops rubs the pig's bald head and says, *"Good job Eightball!" (Get it, bald like the billiard?).*

Next he discovers diabetic medication. The look on these pigs' faces turns to horror as the kid goes into violent seizures. They start feeling the creeping threat of a diabetic shock lawsuit. They put the kid on a stretcher and the ambulance takes him away in speed-demon frenzy. Three days later I came back to the restaurant and talked to the manager. Turns out the shaker was full of salt and the kid wasn't in diabetic shock -- he was in the midst of a monolithic brain aneurysm that put him in a vegetative coma... So what was so funny, you ask? *HAHAHA – you're going to jail you stupid fucking pig!!!*

FERMI

During the spring of 1999 a long repressed memory surfaced. When I was 8 years old my mother, her boyfriend & I drove out to Monroe to visit one of his construction buddies on the weekend. Lifting my head up from the gray blur of pavement I first glimpsed Fermi -- a monolithic nuclear power plant reigning over the landscape like the Tower of Babylon. Near the plant was the man's home, a back road trailer park subdivision.

I was introduced to his son, another boy named Ryan. After dinner we ventured outside to burn a sack of army men on the barbeque grill. I noticed a dirt road meters past the fence and interrogated Ryan as to where it lead. He was clueless, since his parents forbid him to investigate. Being the manipulative adventurous bastard I was I easily coaxed him to go on an expedition.

We followed the trail for nearly a half hour and came across a Carroll hallucination -- a cinder block wall that seemed to extend for miles like the Great Wall of China. Ryan pulled a rusty bucket from a nearby brush so I could hop over. I cleared the height easily but dropped a good six and a half feet down. The fall knocked the wind out of me and once I came to I realized I was lying on the loose grain of beach sand -- but something was slimy beneath my elbow. I dusted myself off and silently absorbed my surroundings in frozen calm.

From edge to edge lay hundreds of dead fish half devoured by acidic water, an environmental spill killing the entire lake. I had landed directly atop a toxic carp. In the distance was Fermi, like an enraged bull. The other boy began calling out my name in a voice of fear. I told him to toss over the bucket and when I hopped over he asked what I saw. I told him nothing. We went back to our parents and on with our night. I never mentioned the incident to anyone.

Years later I did some research and found that Fermi was shut down during that period for environmental concerns, a Fermi II constructed shortly thereafter. Since then I have had a somewhat opinionated view towards the state of pollution. I have yet to return to the area.

ED

“*Are you some kind of salesman?*” the words sardonically bellowed from my tiny childhood throat. Ed loomed high above me, blushing and clutching a cheap bouquet of roses expecting my mother to have answered the red oak door. He looked like a burned out caricature of a young George Kennedy, mustache an untrimmed bush. He was picking her up for a night out on the town. I had never been subjected to this situation. She had kept the men in her life distanced from me since she finalized the divorce.

This was to be her first attempt to introduce me to a strong male figure since my Father had left us for the bottle. He had a childish air about him that I sensed from the get-go, taking to him rather kindly. He always wore faded jeans and Kmart three-pack plain colored t-shirts; face a permanent five-o-clock shadow. His best friend was a foul-mouthed parrot named Artie that he had inherited from a WWII Navy Vet who won it in a high-stakes poker game in Morocco.

Being an only child I had no real friends except a gypsy girl who didn't speak a lick of English, terrorizing cats and other delicate creatures of nature for ornery kicks. He saw my painfully obvious bleak loneliness and stepped in to fill the gap. One of my earliest memories of him was when I was sitting in the Argyle St. basement, playing with decrepit 70's era hand me down broken toys. He snuck behind the stairs when I wasn't paying any attention and let out a creepy “*Hey kid? You want your Easter eggs or what?*”

I jerked my head to find a surrealistic nightmare. There was this luminous shadowy figure, half drunk in a full body pink bunny suit with a cigar clenched between his yellow teeth as he crept towards me like Frankenstein. My Mother was laughing hysterically as he dragged me up the stairs like a Cro-Magnon returning his fresh kill to a mountain cave. It wasn't long before I had grown a strong affection towards him.

Once my Grandmother had passed from the ravages of emphysema, we were forced to move in with him by circumstance of poverty. His house was a deteriorating shamble deep within the savage heart of ghetto Detroit; interior decorated with musty old furniture, olive green carpeting, chipping paint and peeling wallpaper; ashtrays brimming with Kool menthol cigarette butts, empty Budweiser longneck bottles, 60's style radiation TV set in the living room and iron bars on the windows to secure the house from the riots

of yesteryear.

It was a rough neighborhood but we made the best of it. My Mother worked as a secretary while he worked at the Gibraltar World Trade center as a piano salesman. On the weekends he would pick up illicit work at his buddies' chop shop. He was an expert mechanic, consistently spending his time apart from my Mother repairing automobiles for extra cash. We lived there until the end of the summer when the man who rented the upstairs flat robbed my Mother of her jewelry. They quickly decided to take occupancy elsewhere.

We found a home in West Dearborn (*the terminally broke side of the fence*) cornered by a semi-major road where traffic ceaselessly chugged. Constantly, endlessly, sound systems, blown mufflers, drunken road rages & buffoons night and day. It was like an old, rickety farm house that was the first on the property. It had been around since at least 1910; the chipping paint revealed 18 different coats, sometimes over 1940's wallpaper...

The house was purchased for a mere \$37,000 off an elderly polish man whose wife had recently died & within a month we'd realized we'd purchased one of the most haunted attractions in the state of Michigan (*which in itself is another story all together*). Regardless, we set ourselves up for our brand x blue light special Salvation Army lifestyle. Ed started a decently paying construction job and for the first time in my life I had a stable home environment.

Unfortunately this tranquility did not last. I entered the local elementary school as a new student only to become the new whipping boy for crude adolescent hillbillies. I would come home every day covered in scrapes and bruises. I didn't receive much any better a treatment from the kids in my own neighborhood. I was a loner, getting beat daily for my frail physique and poor apparel. Ed always was there for me though. He saw this and directed me towards pro-wrestling. He said, "*Just between you and me, take notes. A good shot to the nuts and they'll drop like flies.*"

Watching Bad News Brown whoop the competition filled me with the will to fight back. I started clothes-lining and body slamming antagonists into the brutal concrete playground. This just caused the fights to increase in their severity. It seemed as if every other day I would stumble home bloody nosed and teary eyed after school. He would just say "*Clean yourself up,*" and go back to his invariant drinking, losing himself in the

swirling vortex of *All In The Family*.

My troubles in this department came to a peak when I hit fourth grade. Danny Mitchell, the kid across the street, was this big fucker that wasn't too bright; the latest offspring in a long line of jocks that were a throwback to the caveman days. His nickname was "Monkeyface," to which he'd go into bleeding rages if ever called. His pops, a stinky Neanderthal factory worker named Hank (*who ironically was a carbon copy of Hank from "King of the Hill"*), would build him intricate replicas of various assault rifles. We'd run wild in the streets with them playing *Predator* or *Aliens*, these big M-60's with real bullet straps hanging down from the sides Rambo style.

Danny's life revolved around tormenting me. His vicious predilection for football was unchallenged, conceivably the poorest sport in the history of the game. Even if we were on the same team and I scored the winning touchdown he would kick the living shit out of me for neglecting his sterling victory. I'd be doing the victory dance, then I'd look up and see him charging at me with a beat red face and massive outstretched clothesline. He'd whallop me hard and I'd go down chanting Monkeyface. We'd just go at it forever, and I could never take him down -- he was just too damn big and strong...

Among the many games we played were a special three that I now lovingly refer to as "The Triad of Pain." The first was "Bottle Rocket Tag." We'd run around the neighborhood with plastic tubes like miniature bazookas, lighting high-speed explosions at each other. Sometimes they'd miss and we'd start someones roof on fire, but would run in their backyard and garden hose it before anyone would notice.

The next was an innocent childhood sport entitled "NIGGER." This super-ultra-fun pastime was such: one kid would be deemed the "NIGGER." He then would have a 3 minute lead to run as far as he could to successfully hide from an aggressive pack of ten or more kids. The second the clock wound down the hunt would begin. If caught within 15 minutes by the "Slave Hunters" the "Nigger" would have no choice but to take in exactly two minutes of full-blown lynching. Yes, as in laying on the ground and being kicked and punched repeatedly while the other kids laughed like sadistic bloodthirsty ghouls. I can barely remember a game where I wasn't the nigger. We played this one a lot...

The final segment of the triad was entitled "Smear The Queer." The object of this particular game was to hold onto the football as long as you possibly could with all other players trying to take you down to wrestle it away. The game would then begin again with a new queer to smear. Well, Danny would just shove the ball down my pants so he could jump on my ribs and punt my stomach. If I tried to pull it out he would just shove it back down my trousers. I always knew what would come of it but took my beatings like a man...

It was after a Smear The Queer game when Danny convinced me to play tackle football at the park. I'd avoided this situation for the longest possible time but he promised that we would wear all the necessary equipment and he would exhibit fair play. Hank would oversee the game, bringing along his Beta-Max camera to record these fleeting moments of golden history. I figured since his Dad was coming, Danny couldn't possibly do anything that horrific. We were, after all, in the company of a responsible adult.

We set up for our sunny day game at the park. I was to be the center and Monkeyface the nose tackle of the opposition. He loomed over me like a brick wall, grinning a sadistic representation of Hell incarnate ready to pounce and distribute pain. Jesse muttered a hut from beneath his oversized helmet and Danny toppled over me like a timbering redwood, instantly popping a spinal vertebrae in and out of socket while knocking all the wind out of me, bending me in half like a fragile twig with his mighty obese gut.

As I lay on the ground panting for breath and crying from the inability to feel my legs big Hank, who to us would narrate self-explanatory action films, came over and videotaped the entire episode: "*What's that? You can't feel your legs? You some kind of pussy or something? Huh huh huh.*" as all the bastard children surrounded me like a shrieking human sacrifice at the blood caked alter of an ancient Sumerian Demigod, pointing and laughing at my temporary paralysis. I limped back to the Mitchell household where Hank proudly revealed the taping to the entire family. They replayed the tape to every kid from around the neighborhood for the next 3 years...

Ed hated Danny from the get-go. During a barbeque Eddie had urinated with anticipatory glee into a squirt gun and asked if he was thirsty. Coincidentally it was a scorching 104 degrees outside. In light of the Beta-Max atrocity Ed called for drastic

measures. He took me to a gun and knife show at the local civic center and purchased an old WWII rifle stock. He disappeared into the garage that afternoon only to emerge with a .32 Caliber Remington replica, like the ones Hank made for Danny.

He was basking in the glow of his contraption as he handed it down. *“Tell Dan he can go to hell. If he gives you any shit, break his nose with the butt of your gun. I promise you won't get in any trouble.”* I thankfully accepted, running off to show the other children as he patted me on the back knowing he had done a good thing. The gun itself wasn't exactly the masterpiece that Hank would have produced; it was quite decrepit in comparison. It symbolized something that I didn't quite understand at the time -- a grown up weakling passing on the torch of defiance to a troubled boy. It was a noble karmaic gesture and to this day remains the grandest memory of childhood...

As that summer carried on Ed's drinking habits increased in severity and he'd been fired for drinking on the job. I remember waiting in sluggish unemployment lines for the great hope that would stabilize his deteriorating relationship with my Mother. He even took me to a job interview to add the sympathy effect to his employment leverage. *“Give the man starved looks,”* he told me. He successfully won over the employer and picked up his schedule at the chemical plant.

On the way home we cracked open a beer for victory (*we always drove drunk together*). A few days later I returned home after a rough game of NIGGER to find Eddie shit-faced on the couch, chuckling at a *Jefferson's* rerun. He looked defeated. When I asked him why he was home so early he said, *“I had to quit that job buddy, the fumes were killing me.”* His eyes gave off the impression that he was stoned.

I knew what was to come and went into my room to play with my G.I. Joe's feebly, holding back tears waiting for my mother to come. When she walked in the door it was Hiroshima in the living room: *“IT'S US OUR YOUR FUCKING BOOZE!!!”*

Ed hastily packed his clothes and was halfway out the door when I ran up to him clutching the *Archie* comics he had given me. They were the last artifacts of his childhood. He looked directly into my eyes and said in a somber tone of regret *“It's ok buddy - You keep 'em.”* He stumbled out the screen door, hopped into his truck and drove off, never once looking back. And just like that, he exited my life forever...

He disappeared for years. In 1996 I was sitting on the front porch with some of my friends gobbling amphetamines when a light blue Bronco pulled up. It was Ed, coming up the steps with a case of Budweiser. I couldn't believe my eyes -- he looked like he had been on a bender ever since. He hadn't shaved in at least a week, and most likely, hadn't showered for a month. His teeth were a scummy yellow, like the teeth of an elderly smoker - eyes emitting the heavy aura that accompanies death of soul.

He plopped himself down on the rickety old table he'd trash picked years ago and nervously went through most his Budweiser case in 30 minutes. My cohorts bailed and left us alone on the porch-swing. Ed related tales of desperation sung with the underlying layer of severe alcoholism. He spoke of dropping acid as a youth and the mystic visions associated with Jim Morrison, the perils of the cocaine sweet tooth, varied anecdotes of rehabilitation facilities, but most of all, the loss of my Mother.

He compared himself to a host of literary and TV characters; Otis from *Mayberry*, Barney from *The Simpsons*. Before my mother pulled up he told me one last story. It was about a time he was lusting after his friends' niece. He said, "*I would have sold my soul just to have sucked the cock of the guy who last fucked her just so I could score a taste of her sweet cunt.*" His mind was clearly gone. That was the last I ever saw of him.

His sudden reappearance had broken through the callousness of my hard worn soul, filling me with sharp pains of resentment, contempt and disdain. It was from then on that I decided never to drink regularly or heavily in order to avoid that all-consuming fate. I have since kept my time-honored code with blatant disregard to the policies of the teenage social hierarchy. No one will ever take that away from me. He was but a single man in a long line of which I have seen fall to the affliction of alcoholism. Once a hero, he had turned weak piece of shit that set a necessary tragic example by fate's cruel hand. Still, I loved him with the intensity of life itself. End of story.

ARGATHY

- I. Hello Jesus
I've been thinking.
About you.
About me.
About the sin against the spirit.
About the antiquity of the Sabbath.
- About preaching love with words of hate sick insatiable bloodlust
caused by your unwilling desire bringing Hell on Earth
closer than already be.
- About conformist principality of orthodox religion pressed against
wall with overt fear of charred flesh sulphur eternity vortex.
- About uncontrollable cult heritage madness crusade slaughter
heathen monstrosity devil fiend leper heretic freaks
in search of grail in search of.
- About what you've done to us to state to us to righteous to us to
damnation to us to pilgrimage to us to psalm to us to fear to us.
- Drunk on a men's room floor belly burning scotch Soco Wild
Turkey Cap Morgan mudslide white Russian apathy heartburn
hedonistic racial war manic depression
hospodi pimulodi black acid peyote coma.
- Drunk spitting garbling gibberish obscenities pondering secret
heroes and lunatic saints.
- Drunk on insanity of Dionysus cults and Anton LaVey organized
atheism religion all black to visually proclaim face of
emotional death among arcane empire of desperate
insecure boys/girls lost in lunchbox renaissance of 1996.
- Drunk and you're squatting on porcelain with a wavy LSD face
laughing chuckling mocking my seemingly harmless
verbal assaults on the mind of the ever present
electric godhead expressed through CNN on flickering
static snow eyes of the one true kinghell Christ live
via satellite in other room attempting to distract much
needed final stand between good and evil.
- No no no cheap camel jockey son of a bitch no way out no escape
from divine retribution conversation we all need have at
one point with crucified idol sandnigger.
- No no no this is important speaking directly to you need know
need remember all static make way from aberration
head solidify in black ink written word get this
goddamn piercing tearing grinding thing out my head.
- No no no devoid of peer mediation much to speak of much to
discuss this goes down this moment this second this

eternity this.

I held you deep down graphed to organic inner sanctum of fragile emotion and you fucked me for some sick sadistic joy that I now feel as well.

I invested all faith from tiny child body trust all radiant life force spiritually committed communion blood pact and left me broken schizoid insecure bleeding antifreeze iodine spiders and suburban codeine rubbish cause you never existed to begin with in with.

In darkest hour wall fish egg construct hierophant whisper bad bad static in ear splitting brain multiple selves fractured psyche plunge down precipice bleak crimson vision putting razor to wrist scratching surface last stand no will no will too fucking cowardly push down end bad head chemical spill threat of mental hospitalization boot camp shadows within shadows of Zhivago manifesting blackout writings bad haunts crazy mom sad sickness absent father abandonment reign of jock terror soon to come to end gonna bring gun to jr. high school no escape madness consuming millions of thought fragmentations all pulsating same beat no salvation from own mind so close almost did no lift finger no help no resolution in sight I too much overtime paperwork fuck you I hate you mother fucker want deader than already be piss on your heresy shit on your cross fuck your punk ass salvation epitaph begins now with written word essay anti-speech poetic humiliation public defamation letter of Vatican dominated repressive Catholic Puritan Quaker Lutheran Baptist Amish Wasp shit culture soon to come to end of two-thousand plus year record breaking stint.

So allow me to retort.

Go fuck yourself

With your crucifix.

II. Jesus I love violence steady contemplation of regicide homicide vigilante empowerment civilians taking matters into own hands take out the scum age ten secret wish to be in Los Angeles full scale riot loot white man's merchandise even though little white boy Caucasian nobody get shot drive by walk up point blank by Cabrini Green wargasm crack head mentality.

Jesus it is you who are perfect not I not nobody but you who represent us when five God was Tinkerbell in

imagination floating hot thirties elf sprinkle fairy
dust magic dust angel dust all dust
variations to extinguish fleeting remembrance
of dead childhood pets Daddy's drunk and horny
it's our little secret Grandma's gone to heaven
what are those bruises on Mommy's throat to
be godless is the first step to innocence.

Jesus I am obsessed with the bible only redeeming value
eye for an eye left on editing room floor eighth
grade jocks were ripping up little orange copies
the Gideon's were dispensing old man smiled at
me so sure of your bullshit my psychiatrist agrees
with me as does my bodyguard viva la resistance.

Jesus Satan is your best friend kept business booming
since dawn of man without threat of Lucifer
Beelzebub Mephisto Bob Dobbs Lawrence
Welk no reason to fear natural carnal
human tendencies no punishment no remorse
no God no master the path
to enlightenment inevitably leads to the vortex
of hell.

Jesus I'm only here cause prophylactic broke
unwanted pregnancy right time right place
specific moment of climax quickest sperm in load
out swam competition Daddy ate his Wheaties
should be on orange cover cereal box gold medal
round neck like Kurt Angle give two thumbs up
Roger Ebert props to whole grain vitamin d
Sloppy mess in aqua colored plastic dollar store bowl.

Jesus when will you examine yourself through 12
billion microscopic eyes 4 million cemeteries
832 suicides 666 mental institutions 345 civil wars
13 bad acid trips and 1 brilliant twilight
bearing representation naked in analyzation
living multiple split personnel dispelling the Shroud
of Turin?

Jesus I want to go to Hell doesn't scare me already grew up
in Detroit expect no mercy and give none Weekly
World News article said it was behemoth
casino monstrosity with three drink minimum toll
free lap dances and demonic Tom Jones clone
grinning ear to ear middle finger extension
prop duration into free fall brimstone godless lava
pit free from shackles that are existence.

Jesus just what the fuck is wrong with you spoke to
children at Southland Mall distributing

apocalypse propaganda coldsweat scared cause
666 mark of beast antichrist rising from volcanic
depths heavy thing to put on young ones head is
this not proof of mental illness or at least cult
induced coma of self delusion better to reign in
hell then serve in heaven.

Jesus I listen to Burzum and smoke pot every chance I
get (sorry Allen the opportunity for
quasi-plagiarism was too intense to refuse).

Jesus there is no possible way to settle this forensic
argument reminiscent of Socialist Commie Red
Empire vs. U.N. NATO Democratic Republican
orgy only possible silence worldwide
Hiroshima nuclear winter self destruct mechanism
evil is the great sustainer and personal savior of
those whom condemn it most.

Jesus although this body is of human race mind shall
never be on outside looking further out sky revolt
ocean revolt forest revolt wind whispers
pantheistic terrorism demands push red bomb
button like Ronald Reagan marionette in mid-80's
Phil Collins muppet video MTV skirmish.

Jesus I wanted Y2K to happen armed to the teeth aided
by East Dearborn klucker platoon
anticipating instantaneous World War 3 Osama
bin Laden Jihad al Qaeda blackout could've
would've should've waged war with Texas
Canada Mexico Rhode Island and would've
won establishing iron fist dictatorship self
imposed mutual aid society strict separation of
church and state outlaw monetary in God we trust
buy stock in the American dream or else
spiritual independence barter system hippie
commune aesthetic inevitably killed by self
righteous bible belt traditionalist evil empire like
Waco Texas in blazing end fire conflagration
prompted soulless truncated media blitz to
strengthen state middle American values blue
collar consumerism and voyeurism for
economically viable drone tax payer nation.

Jesus I laughed stark raving hysterical at
Columbine High School media exploitation symptom
of our times violent end to age of extremism
paparazzi feeding frenzy mourned for Eric Harris
Dylan Klebold cause even though little Hitler
Mien Kempf Gestapo fascist thugs

painfully understand dead end mockery exile
 freak outcast torment tragic evolution of
 American culture warped to point of triggerhappy
 lead burst bullet frenzy lifestyle
 sadder than victims - repeat -
LIFESTYLE SADDER THAN VICTIMS
 blame Kein Merheit Fur De
 Mitlied NRA Hollywood AOL
 parental abuse LSD Mother Russia no
 name Maddox Brian Warner
 KKK radio transmission when
 culprit be ill society
 conspiracy like Oliver Stone
 fantasy world.

Jesus let the death of the illusion be murdered by
 misanthropic conflagration & uniquely
 original creative abilities Orwellian
 nonfiction miscalculated by 16 years all
 economy rooted in machinery of war my generation
 a generation of gray face outside family
 portrait blending amongst herd this won't stand
 much longer dissatisfied pawns of a lesser
 machine refuse mass assimilation this is my
 opus completely obsessed with Neitzschean
 Uberman only hope prospect for reconstruct
 loose interpretation of reality all in our head next
 step of evolution soul in machine like James
 Cameron SKYNET end all with recognition
 humanity is the virus no one wants to die by the
 bomb you died for our sins and you are the sin which
 I died for the third eye immolates and bursts
 into violent flames as the moment of
 realization eclipses.

And while we're
 On the Subject,
 Say your Prayers.

- III. Holy is night blanket over parched land unveil starry
 dynamo of night cool green hair of mud skin
 reach upwards toward sky anticipate nova soon
 ascend at dawns breaking light.
 Holy is religion born strict attention to voice of sky of
 forest of mountain of sea of high noon fireball
 speaks so loudly via silent radiance I can but only
 cry.

Since the dawn of time man has created God in his own image to serve as a simplistic answer to the divine riddle. He has accomplished this by externalizing his ego into an idol of worship. To the originating founders of religion, there was no chicken nor was there an egg – simply an omnipotent anthropomorphic deity on a golden throne weighing the scales of self-imposed justice. Did this concept originate from fear of the unknown or respect to the benevolence of nature?

Regardless the answer, I find no greater a delusion then for man to assume that the physical universe was created solely for his own manifest destiny. From this arrogance organized religion has taken its form - the will to discover meaning in a hostile and indifferent universe. Christianity, Judaism and Islam are the greatest examples of cult madness for they dogmatically preach the death of science, reason and logic.

Christianity is a religion of pity, a defiance of enlightenment, strength and vigor lacking a single contact point with reality. It does not represent a development towards a higher state of being, but rather the production of the herd animal. The Christian God mirrors all that is weak and base in our society and all that contradicts the human spirit -- spiritual fatigue, inquisition of conscience, cruelty against the self, torture of the senses and condemnation of natural instinct; a hybrid product of decay in which the desperation for the human soul finds meaning.

This Deity only reflects the virtues of those representing the highest possible corruption of the divine – both the righteous and the complacent. Is it not frightening that this barbaric religion of self-deceit still reaches us from remote pre-history?

The story of Christ has been altered throughout the course of time to sustain the hierarchical design of animal/man/king/God and the sovereignty of the church. Much like the Nazi party during World War II, the Catholic leadership burned all factual documents of history during the dark ages in order to maintain control through superstition and distortion.

The Bible is a political story and the lessons Christ taught were radical even by today's standard. If one were to accurately examine the New Testament itself, they would discover that Christ was a communistic vagabond; a separatist exile attempting to form an anarchic revolution against Rome.

Even if we are to assume that Christ was authentic we must take into account that

he was dealing with individuals not far out of the cave, trying to explain himself with sock puppet grandeur to maddeningly uneducated and superstitious disciples. It is well documented that not a shred of the bible is written from Jesus' own hand.

It is all hearsay composed of an upwards from 30 to 300 years following his "martyrdom." How can one expect shepherders and slaves from the dawn of time to keep a story straight that long without wildly manipulating the basis of facts? Even if we were to fill an auditorium with decorated Harvard graduates and began a story at one end, when passed successively down a line of a 500 we would reach a horrifically truncated outcome. Therefore there is no possible way the bible can even be considered remotely factual in this context.

For the sake or argument, let us examine the anti-values of Christianity -- the seven "deadly" sins. Greed, envy and covetousness are of the same spectrum. Combined they give us what is perhaps the strongest value of the human spirit -- ambition.

Gluttony and sloth both represent the very root of antichristian thought -- the will to experience life by gorging the senses with worldly pleasures. Anyone who wears clothing above the base principle of survival is guilty of pride.

Why are we taught to condemn wraith? Are we to live as sheepish cowards and simply ignore the necessity of justice? To be driven by the faintest sense of sexual desire is to be guilty of lust. Why is lust a sin if it precludes the birth of yet another Christian?

The last attack upon organized religion must be made towards the modern marketing techniques associated with Christianity. Why do these churches keep updating and contorting their scriptures? Why such a politically correct version of God? If today's clergy would have used many of these advertising techniques 300 years ago, they would have been excommunicated or burned at the stake without hesitation.

If you do not believe in the teachings of your religion to a zealot degree than you are a hypocrite. If you disagree with the slightest iota of your testament you are of a separate faith. Why protect a religion in which the holy body covers up the pedophilia of the clergy? Why pledge allegiance to a faith that waters down human nature by teaching its followers to love everyone, even their enemies?

Why are we taught to respect the disrespectful and ultimately glorify self-deceit? Why hope and pray for something to happen instead of taking concrete action to

complete our goals? Why such an uncompromising devotion to an abomination of contradictions? I say we stop contorting the established ideology in vain attempts to preserve a dying faith. Let us wash away the sea of lies and hypocrisy we have inherited from our forefathers.

From my vantage point, God is not a judgmental sentient being but rather the physical universe itself. God would have existed regardless of the arrogant delusions mankind has imposed on it. I do not believe in a right or wrong, good or evil, yet I still believe that there are certain actions an individual should restrain himself or herself from. I also believe that every individual should form their own self-appropriated morality and live their life in strict accordance it.

]Each individual holds the freedom to believe in what he or she feels most comfortable with, I would never deny that right. I just simply refuse to believe in a God that does not believe in me. Perhaps you, the reader, will set your own values and follow them with strict discipline as well. If so then you command my respect and admiration. Besides, if Jesus ever really did come back, you'd kick his ass for being a longhair pinko anarchist.

FUN FACTS: SUNDAY SCHOOL REDUX

Only 144,000 souls will be saved from eternal damnation at the time of the rapture, all of them male virgins. By default, this implies that every woman is going to Hell (Revelations 14:3-4). *God demands that all slaves obey their masters (Titus 2:9-10, Ephesians 6:5-7)*. According to the New Testament, spouses should never refuse to have sex with each other unless they are abstaining and praying for an entire season. *After bearing a male child, women are unclean for 40 days. After bearing a female child, women are unclean for 80 days. After menstruating, women are unclean for seven days and if any man touches her during that time (including her clothing, bed, furniture, etc.) he is unclean as well (Leviticus 12:2-4)*. God tells Ezekiel to eat barley cakes that are made with the "dung that cometh out of man" (Ezekiel 4:12). *God will cause fathers to eat their sons and sons to eat their fathers (Ezekiel 5:10)*. Women are not to have short hair, uncover their heads, speak in church, wear braids, jewelry, gold or expensive clothing, nor are they to have any type of leadership or authority over men (1 Corinthians

11:3-15/14:34-35, 1 Timothy 2:9-14). *"It is good for a man to never touch a woman"* (1 Corinthians 7:1). God is praised for slaughtering babies (Psalms 135:8/136:10). *You should help a widow only if she A) is over 70 years old B) had only one husband C) has raised children D) has lodged strangers E) has "washed the saints feet," F) has relieved the afflicted and G) has "diligently followed very good work."* Otherwise, let her starve (1 Timothy 5:9-15). "That they may eat their own dung and drink their own piss with you" (Isaiah 36:12). *Don't associate with non-Christians. Don't receive them into your house or even exchange greeting with them* (2 John 1:10). Men who shave their faces go against God's will (Leviticus 19:27). *God sends two bears to kill forty-two children because they had mocked a prophet's baldness* (2 Kings 2:23-24). Epilepsy is caused by devils (Matthew 17:15). *The earth is stationary and does not move* (Psalms 93:1/104:5). Jesus shows that he is a false prophet by predicting his return and the end of the world within the lifetime of his listeners (Mark 13:30). *God will make every man kill his brother and then force him to eat "the flesh of his own arm"* (Isaiah 9:19-20). *"Happy shall he be who takes your little ones and dashes them against the rock!"* (Psalms 137:9) If God can find you he will "thrust you through," smash your children "to pieces" before your eyes and rape your wife (Isaiah 13:15-18). *God forbids tattooing and body piercing* (Leviticus 19:28/21:5). The true followers of Christ routinely perform the following tricks: A) cast out devils, B) speak in tongues, C) take up serpents, D) drink poisons without harm and E) cure the sick by touching them (Mark 16:17-18). *Jesus says that people who are rich, well fed, happy or respected are going to hell* (Luke 6:24-26). Blind and dumb people are possessed by devils (Matthew 12:22). *Jesus is criticized by the Pharisees for not washing his hands before eating. He defends himself by attacking them for not killing disobedient children* (Matthew 15:4-7). Homosexuals are included in Paul's list of lawless, disobedient, unholy and profane people (Timothy 1:10). *In Matthew 5:31-32, Jesus says that women who get divorced and men who marry divorced women are adulterers. According to Leviticus 20:10, all adulterers must be murdered.* The bible has been translated into Klingon. *According to Jesus, all of the vicious Old Testament laws will be binding forever* (Luke 16:17). Everyone is predestined by God to be either saved or damned; they can do nothing to affect their final destiny (Romans 8:29-30). *Those who lose their faith are like dogs that eat their own vomit* (2 Peter 2:22).

???

Are we a consequence
of evolution
or
is evolution
but a consequence
of our divine manifestation

???

the path to enlightenment inevitably leads to the vortex of hell

April 16th, 1999. As I slowly liberate the purple geltaab of its aluminum foil cage, thoughts of Leary's grandiose ramblings and my previous stance towards LSD race throughout my mind like a stampede of frightened cattle. I've been anti-acid for so long that my pre-programmed response is to immediately chuck the damn thing out the window and attack everyone in the car.

Everything has changed since last week's psilocybin experiment though. A compulsive lust for the knowledge of all things psychedelic now envelops every atom, particle, electron. This obsession now propels me -- part obsession, part youth, but mostly fear; *fear of losing control*. I know very well the horrific outcomes that could come as a result, but I pop the zinger on the tip of my tongue and the gellie melts like a flavorless Dentine strip...

Two hours later and we've broken into the penthouse rec room at the Hyatt. Quite simple really -- 4 oddities jam themselves into the custodial elevator on the 14th floor and ride two stories up. Donovan figured out the trick about a year ago and he's been dragging his College buddies up here to drink Boone's with a flawless success rate. Right now he's relaxing on the couch with his feet kicked up on the coffee table, placidly gazing at the television screen. Danza's accent soils the atmosphere via *Taxi* rerun, imbuing us with Brooklyn.

Donovan's six-three, real skinny, clean cut and harmless looking. For the short time I've known him I can tell that he's had a pretty sheltered childhood, studying computer technology & indulging immoderate love for *Dr. Who* & *Kids in the Hall*. He's the kind of guy you know nothing bad is ever going to happen to -- never had a run in with the cops, never been in a fight, but for some reason he's got a real sweet tooth for acid, which he's been gobbling like rock candy for the past couple of months. He's my insurance tonight. With a psychedelic professional like this, nothing can go wrong...

Cassie is hunched over the dimly lit desk scribbling rabid gibberish into her notebook. She's somewhat of a physically odd looking human being -- short, slightly chubby, crazy wide eyes, round face like some demented cabbage patch doll that never made it to the shelves of Toys R' Us. She's also caught up in a hallucinogen inspired period of transformation. We spend our free time shoplifting Crayola products and Pink Flamingo's from the neatly manicured lawns of suburbia...

Tony is in the rec kitchen digging through the refrigerator searching for booze. A weird rush of chemicals shoots up my spine as I internally debate my reasoning for bringing him along. Tony has been the quintessential sidekick for my exploits of late, a freshman newbie that looks up to me like I were 20 feet tall. Perhaps it was all a horrible mistake. He is, after all, the living embodiment of the destructive impulse. Instead of having a miniature angel & devil on his shoulders there are but two demonic entities -- one being Hot Stuff, the other Lucifer himself.

The maniacal clicking of a near empty Bic lighter focuses my attention to the restroom. Donovan's hanging halfway out the door attempting to blaze a Grateful Dead pipe. *"Don't smoke that in here,"* I plead. *"What happens if some disgruntled laundry maid picks up the scent?"* He gives me a lost child in the middle of Disney World sort of look and my vision becomes a reel of film breaking in the projector, flickering momentarily on screen before readjusting itself to an uncomfortable audience. *"Whoa... that was creepy,"* I mumble.

After I give a quick explanation he looks disconcerted: *"That's not right... I've never had that happen before."* This puts me on edge: *"You think we got some dirty shit man?"* Donovan passes it off easily as a Spaulding to a Globetrotter's showmanship: *"Just relax on the couch; everything will be just fine. We'll save the pot for later..."*

The journey to the davenport seems like a dozen kilometers, praying Danza will relieve my paranoia. Instead Christopher Lloyd walks onto the set but his eyes are a blank white and he's gyrating like he's in shock from a fresh bullet wound. He turns to look at the home audience as I jump behind the couch in pure terror: *"Ahhh!! Caldwell's the fucking Antichrist!!!"* Donovan urgently rushes from the bathroom: *"What's wrong?"* Mustard in hand, Tony replies, *"I think he's bugging out man."*

I feel like an alien entity held hostage by Area 51 whitecoats in the name of science to benefit all mankind -- prodded, examined, dissected beneath cold white surgical lights. Fear pumps through my veins and crashes onto my psyche like the breaking wave of a great tsunami...

"Hey Ryan... come *here*." Mauve curtains blow in slow motion, walls exhaling in silent fervor. "Come *here*," Cassie repeats half human, half manga. She clutches the telephone receiver, which sparkles with Holy Grail luminescence. I cautiously accept the gift and gently lift it to my ear. "*KILL FOR ME!! KILL FOR SATAN MOTHERFUCKER!!!*" I drop the phone and start backing away slowly as if there's a rabies infected ghetto dog eager to tear flesh & cartilage. "*Please, I beg you, tell me you recorded that sound byte before I get too deep into this.*" I petition but it is useless; her laughter grows in intensity as horns bubble from her temples, eyes bulging abstract mutation...

I reexamine my surroundings -- Tony is fixated upon the voodoo man resting on the sink, Donovan perplexed as to whether or not this panic is pre-conceived melodrama. He looks analytically concerned, like a Rockwell painting of some college professor articulating a formula.

"*Tony!*" I holler. He approaches a soldier ready to be given orders from commanding elite. "*Quickly -- we must destroy all evidence!*" We rush to the mini-bar and I grab a handful of paperclips; he nabs used straw wrapper and some breath mints from the condiment tray. We zip to the 15-story ledge and gaze downward at the lobby's green carpeting that appears to be a gigantic billiard table, chucking the belongings downward. The paperclips glitter in mid-descent like falling stars.

"*HA HA HA!!! Now they'll never know we were here!!!*" I howl as Tony's face calmly ripples like a pond in early morning serenity. I realize with my last thread of sanity what we've done. "*Shit!*" I mutter in hostility, "*The police are coming!*"

The hotel manager walks in and gives the scene an overview. I'm shaking with psychedelic frenzy & cloaked in a black Navy Admiral overcoat, faded black K-mart Wrangler jeans tucked into steel toe Carolinas. He looks at my baseball cap which reads JESUS in Olde-English lettering then at Donovan, who is still the pondering Rockwell

caricature. The manager is flabbergasted, like a Marx Brothers authority we should be terrorizing with Harpo pranks: “*What exactly is going on here sir?*”

Donovan swiftly confronts the man in the hall as we prepare to bolt. Donovan reemerges. “*I told him our rich parents were asleep and we’d be quiet from now on... I think it’s time to go.*” We assemble ourselves in *Mission: Impossible* formation, reaching the glass elevator with stealth precision. The ride down is hell -- I keep thinking I’m in that shitty Christopher Lambert picture *Fortress* and we’re being transported to an interstellar holding tank. I’m not sure if this thing is going up, down, left or right; the doors ding open and in the lobby everyone is Mick Jagger. There are men in top hats and tuxedos, pimps with arctic seal overcoats & hoes galore.

We emerge into the cool night air of early spring and the sky is luscious; majestic velvet aurora extending infinite. We dart to Donovan’s car which is parked in a row of vehicles that resemble a life-size Hot Wheels auto exhibit and hop into instant claustrophobia. “*I got something absolutely perfect for this situation,*” Donovan says as he pulls out a disc and proudly holds it as newborn son -- “*This’ll make you feel great inside.*”

He inserts the record and blasts the volume to maximum settings -- Fatboy Slim’s “*check-it-out-now-the-funk-soul-brotha*” spins around my head in stereophonic fragmentation. “*Too much! Too Much! Make it fucking stop!*” Cassie is emphatic: “*Please, we’re freaking him out. Do you have anything soothing?*” Donovan sighs with an air of defeat and slides in some classic Zeppelin...

Shadows dance humbly through blue tint interior as we spike the nerve of I-75. The freeway climbs upward as the vehicle blasts off like an *F-Zero* prototype. From the striking first power chord of “*Cashmere*” the situation automatically becomes epic in nature.

I’ve become Pink Floyd’s “*Comfortably Numb*” fascist transition and my cohorts are driving me to a militant rally where I shall approach the podium before 6,000 screaming fans eager to follow the leader. Yes, I shall rule the subculture with an autocratic iron fist. Cities will crumble, nations shall fall, religious scripts burning

asunder -- the hopes of humanity an empty spiritual fuckhole of a gunpoint abortion. *Glorious shall be The New Order...*

The subway train arrives in an expansive rendition of the Belle Isle aquarium floor. Although I catch the shadow of The Great Leviathan gradually riding its momentum in the sky, a human voice I assume is Donovan snags my thought train and tells us we're finally at S-Mart.

"I'd really like a ginger bread man," Tony says with childish glee. Cassie's melting like a snowman in August, tracing fingernail patterns into the backside material of the driver seat. Tony appears to still be with it, watching Donovan pack a bowl glowing in soft moonlight. *"Hey, I can't be clam-baking -- I have random drug tests at Arby's."* Donovan slurs something oily and Tony hops out to explore the terrain, vanishing within seconds...

With a steadfast sense of self-preservation I jump into the front seat. *"This is where it's safe... Look, Donovan... I'm still not right with this... Some advice, please."* Like a father sharing a moment of ignorance dispel he utters, *"Just concentrate on one thing, like the dashboard for instance. See how unthreatening it is? It's not there to hurt you, it's not there to be your friend -- it just is."* He sparks the bowl and passes it on to me.

"Do you know what you need? WDRQ -- your soft rock favorites of yesterday and today. Here, check it out." Donovan flips the radio dial and on it comes -- *"You fill my heart with gladness/Wash away all my sadness/Ease my troubles that's what you do..."*

"Wow" I say, *"That's so beautiful... AND Rod Stewart... Thank you WDRQ."* This exchange of artistic expression reminds me of my latest masterpiece -- "THE HELL ON EARTH 1999 MIX." I fish the cassette from my breast pocket and slam it in. The speakers explode with Kerry King's distorted thrashing.

Frightened, Donovan squeaks: *"What the hell is this?"* I start laughing: *"Oh, this is 'No Remorse I Wanna Die' by Atari Teenage Riot and Slayer -- isn't it awesome?"* Suddenly I feel back in control while Donovan's control is slipping: *"What... What do you get from this music? Is this the way you feel?"*

"Sometimes, well, most times... I like the music because that's what it feels like inside of me -- this screaming, violent, primitive self-destruct mechanism. You can close

your eyes and just envision Christians being mutilated by demons. God that's a rad thought... Plus it just fucking straight up rocks."

"Is... Is... Is this the way ta-ta-ta-Tony feels too?"

"Oh yeah, but he's so much more hardcore about not giving a fuck then I am -- he's a total fucking psychotic. We both just want to burn this fucking world to the ground. But, you know, prison... That's the only thing that stops me. Shit man, if we could just get away with anything..."

"Wha-wha-what?"

"Yeah, shit man, this world is pure flaming scum. Don't you ever feel this way?"

Outside the windshield we both see Tony prowling the parking lot like the alpha male of a wolf pack, perched like a hunter in ecstasy of the moonlight. Donovan is petrified, wobbly: *"Do... do you think he's... dangerous?"*

"Well, I'll put it this way -- I think he could seriously go berserk if pushed far enough. I wouldn't worry about it though. He kind of sees me as his commanding officer, like we're part of the same platoon in 'Nam or something. He'll do whatever I tell him for the most part... Last week I was joking around and told him to go kill the postman who was about to deliver the mail. Immediately he ran up to the kitchen counter and grabbed a steak knife. I swear man, I had to tackle the fucking kid before he got out the front door."

Donovan locks his intensely horrified eyes with mine *"Do... do you think we should call... the police?"*

A gentle knock on the window nearly sends Donovan through the roof. It's Tony, partially gooseface. *"Hey, look what I found."* He hands me an object that appears to be restaurant style butter packets manufactured as a bracelet of some kind. *"Where did you get this?"* Smiling, he says: *"In the car over there."* I let out a stern sigh: *"Well, you go put it back right now -- someone could really be counting on this margarine."* He nods and wanders back off in a trance.

Donovan is looks as if both his parents were just drawn and quartered by camels in a hideous Middle East capitol punishment scenario. *"Beware the laws of Islam,"* I blurt

as Cassie snaps out of her headtrip into a rambling variation. *“You know these assumptions are just plain ludicrous.”*

“What assumptions?”

“Well good sir, if I told you then it just wouldn’t be funny now, would it?”

Once again the slightest window tap gives Donovan an anal cattle prod zapping. Tony is once again hovering outside the spaceship like Nosferatu, deforming into a giraffe. *“Hey guys, I just struck gold! There’s all sorts of money in that car!”*

I get out of the submarine and confront the leprechaun head on. *“Now what the hell are you rambling about?”*

“In the car, the car! We just won the jackpot! We can buy a circus or a barbershop or a pyrate ship or...” he trails off with nonsense and I have no choice but to follow him, flaccid heels sinking into blackened whale blubber. He takes me to a green Tempo and hops into the backseat, digging through some random human’s belongings as if it were his toy box.

“Dammit, stop this nonsense! There’s no fucking bounty! You’re just going to get the fucking cops called on us! You don’t just go breaking into people’s cars because you’re bored! All you have to do is think what might happen if I do this? What are the consequences of my actions? Will some mean swastika tattooed biker kick my head in because... oh wow.”

“What?”

“AMAZING – just like they said, whatever emotion comes out of you while you’re tripping is magnified ten fold, putting all human perception into a singular focus... It’s as if I’ve become frustrated aggression...”

Tony just stares blankly: *“Whoa dude, you sound like Yoda.”* In a gesture of gentlemanly respect we arrange the items into neat little piles and lock all the doors, wiping the fingerprints from the windows with the sleeves of our coats. *“There -- much better.”*

We gather the troops & head towards the looming fortress. Although my brain sends a signal that the neon sludge is the S-Mart corporate logo, it looks like volcanic Japanese street graphitti, no doubt painted by one of those bloodthirsty clowns from *Akira*. The

outside greenhouse is illuminated by powerful halogen lights, giving it the glow of a high school football game.

Amidst the lush vegetation a palm tree spurts from the marshmallow asphalt, dominating the scene as a symbolic phoenix of hope. *“Alright, I’ve had enough -- I hate this fucking drug!! Fuck Leary, Fuck Huxley, fuck this stupid shit!”* I feel strong, eagerly mobile. *“Wait a minute... this is fucking beautiful! It’s all about perception! Once I shielded myself from guilt with pure disgust it made everything ok! HA HA HA -- I fucking love acid man!!!”*

The consumer empire hits like a grand piano from the 44th floor -- vacant registers, absent frequenters, advertising banners showcasing gigantic floating heads pleasant as well fed lambs. Instantly I feel disowned, like a worker bee with a dead queen still collecting pollen for a ghost colony...

“Hey Bartek, we’re going on a mystical voyage. You take care of Tony.” Donovan and Cassie take their leave, hobbling down a labyrinth corridor of hygiene products, breakfast cereals and nylon pantyhose. *“Funny,”* I think to myself, *“They look so much like lawn gnomes from this angle...”*

Robotically I turn my head to view Tony’s dart off, howling like an emu in heat towards the helium balloons modeled after Barney the child loving dinosaur. He dashes into the megastore wilderness and I clumsily follow in still frames. I catch up with psycho-boy knocking a shelf of argyle socks onto the floor and continue babbling about the core values of integrity and civic pride but it’s not having any effect. He runs into the toy section and flips on a mountain of tickle me Elmo’s -- an armada of furry red creatures erupt in elfish glee...

Then I chase Tony to the produce section and the view stops me dead in my tracks as if I’ve just walked over my own grave – an acutely fragmented Polaroid snapshot of Déjà vu. There’s no possible way that this is part of the trip. I’ve dreamt of this scene before -- Tony fondling the cantaloupes as if they were Dolly Parton’s luscious breasts.

“Tony!” I shout. He chooses to make odd farm animal noises instead of acknowledging me. I lunge forward and grab his shoulders, forcing him to lock eyes with me. *“We must leave at once! Something very bad will happen! Don’t ask me how I know*

this 'cause I'm way too fucked up to explain! He shrinks in size and reverts back to his old self with a subtle “ok.”

We embark on a manic voyage to find our cohorts, scrambling through aisles like rodents in a maze (*no doubt some elementary kids' science fair project*). I put my foot down like a disciplinary father on a hectic family vacation, “*Let's just go back to the rocket ship and wait for them to come out.*”

Tony nods and we make a split for the front door but it's shrunk into a triangular emergency exit. I push the steel bar and a noisy mechanical beeping erupts impulsively. “*Fuck! I think I just set off the fire alarm...*” The ceiling sprinklers rebel, refusing to shoot blaze extinguishing rain. Two fellow megastore patrons -- a teen female in an expensive white dress and jockish young lad in a rented tuxedo -- pass us by as if our faces are rotting from terminal leprosy. They walk out the authentic front entrance and we follow their lead, blessed by the magical coherency of prom night...

After desperately sprinting through the parking lot in circles Donovan's tricycle is nowhere to be found. Fear overtakes us. “*Ok, there must be a legitimate reason. Maybe we came out on the opposite side of the castle... I'll tell you what -- go sit down on that bench by the automatic doors and I'll take another pilgrimage through the store.*”

I search through the aisles for what seems to be an eternity and give in to the wretched growling in my stomach. I grab a Snickers bar & coke and walk up to what I assume to be the customer service desk. The woman behind the counter is a pyramid of dyed blonde feathered 80's perm, face breathing contortions. “*Hello, I'd like to purchase these items.*” A skeletal arm points to the cashier about 30 feet away. Her words melt and quiver in slow motion, “*Yoou haaave tooo goo ovverrr therrre...*”

To relieve the tension of this torrid affair, I decide to win her over with whimsical sentiment. “*Oh, I'm sorry,*” I say shakily, “*I must be reeeeeee-taaaaaar-dead,*” turning midway through the last syllable to face none other than a mean retarded employee with leg braces giving me a mean retarded face. “*Just pretend it didn't happen, just keep moving...*”

With munchies in hand I reencounter Tony who's giggling like a bashful child. "Look Ryan," he says pointing out the window as pleasant as John Steinbeck on a travel with Charley, "Police."

Standing outside the sliding glass doors are two police officers frozen in eerie calm. The young mulletless one motions for me to come outside with a snakelike curling index finger. "So, uh, what's going on here?" he asks politely. To my right, flashing red and blue lights cut through the night air like shots from a *Barbarella* styled lazer gun.

Donovan's ATV is blocked in by two patrol cars and both he and Cassie are observing the commotion through the back windshield in stark intensity. "Well, nothing much officer, just gonna buy some raisin bread." "Oh no, it's a little more than that isn't it?"

The one interrogating me is about 25, 6"2", short black hair buzzed into a 1960's astronaut styled crew cut. The older one behind him is in his late thirties, 5"11", short brown hair accentuated with a mullet and a manly man's mustache. The rookie's authoritarian coptalk drags me back into the nightmare of present. "Oh we know all about it -- just come clean man, don't make it hard on yourself."

"Well, alright... you got me -- we smoked a little pot."

"Oh, I don't think so. You're too spaced to just be a little high on reefer." The mullet approaches and holds my chin up so he can get a clear view of my eyes. "Look at those pupils... I've never seen anything like this (this, this, this, this, this...)." I feel like a gerbil about to be mutilated for the chemical safety of artificial beauty products. "Put 'em in the back," he says and the rookie ushers both Tony and I to a third patrol car facing Donovan's scooter.

Inside it looks like one of King Koopa's death machine vehicles from that horrendous *Super Mario* film. The seats are stiff and plastic, frontward view slightly distorted by bulletproof glass. "Well I sincerely hope you learn a valuable lesson from this one." Tony just sits there rambling, "Oh man oh man oh man..."

"Ok, don't panic," I think to myself, "What is real here? There's no way that this is a hallucination. Ok, LSD consumption -- that's a mandatory sentence of... 10 years..."

oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck... Ok, just concentrate on the backseat. It's not my enemy, it's not my friend -- it just is... Zen don't fail me now!"

Tony erupts with nonsensical laughter. I relay: *"You know, maybe this isn't so bad after all. We get to see how law enforcement works on the inside -- you know, just like in those projector films from 2nd grade."* I start scanning the scene for John Walsh but all I see is the pious retard pointing, chuckling with all of the compressed brainpower of his 67 odd chromosomes. I notice the box of Dunkin Donuts in his hand and it immediately reminds me of my shitty employment where I was slaving away before Donovan picked me up and this freakshow of horrors began.

"Look Tony, the 'Dunk." He realizes this outrageous fate as well and we both start moaning *"Oh no, oh no, oh no..."* The rookie rushes over to find out what the disturbance is and I bluntly tell him *"Irony."*

Without warning a frantic woman starts kicking Donovan's BMX maliciously. *"They did it! They tried to steal my fucking car!"* It all makes sense now. This isn't about the argyle socks after all -- it's those damn butter packets! *Cursed Land 'O Lakes!! ...*

The rookie comes back and opens the passenger door, speaking to me with glowing red satanic eyes. *"I hear you're on a little bit of geltabs."*

Terrified, I reply, *"Yes... yes it's true."*

"So what are they man, something new on the street?"

I give in and blow my cover, *"It's acid man -- fucking acid!!!"*

Immediately he lets us out of the squad car in an altered state of niceness that only seems to come from female dental assistants: *"Hey, no problem kid, just go sit over there."*

All four of us are back together on the cement ledge, huddled next to a carefully manicured corporate garden. Hoping to enlighten the devastation I blurt: *"Oh well, many fine books have been written in prison."* Cassie is giggling like a schoolgirl without the faintest idea of what is happening or why. Donovan has turned Jell-O, a quivering lump of flesh in catatonic distress. It's perfectly obvious at this point that there's no such thing as a psychedelic professional.

From yonder the rookie approaches. He points to Tony and says *“this one.”* The mullet shoves him in the back of the patrol car, locks the doors and revs the engine. They drive off with Tony’s hand pressed gently against the glass like a puppy at the Humane Society that’s begging for you to take it home so it doesn’t get gassed.

Now it’s just the three of us -- the traitor, the lunatic and I. The rookie asks Donovan, *“What’s your parents number?”* You can hear his mother flipping out on the other end of the cell as the cop instructs her to come and pick us up. He proceeds to give a longwinded spiel about how lucky we are not to be going to the slammer and if he ever finds us in *“his”* city again we’ll be beaten to a pulp and ass raped by disgruntled convicts. It is obvious that he just doesn’t want to deal with the paperwork.

“I think I speak for everyone when I say thank you. You are a fair and honest man and this is a very humane decision. And also, just so you know, I’m never touching any of this shit ever again. Fuck this drug -- fuck acid, fuck geltabs, fuck psychedelics. I’m fucking going straightedge.”

He smiles, knowing that he’s done a good thing: *“Hey, I like the sound of that kid.”*

The ride home is eternal, having transformed into scolded 6 year olds awaiting hardcore grounding. The abomination ends subtly as I’m let off in front of my house. Struggling to exit the vehicle, I remorsefully apologize to Donovan’s mother for all of the nonsensical distress we’ve caused her.

Silent with rage she chooses to ignore me and I cautiously walk up the steps to my front door. The minivan lingers outside, making sure I get busted by infuriated parental units. I turn the key and bolt inside, cleverly flicking on the light to make it look like a dramatic disturbance.

I blast through the empty house to the back door, nearly ripping it off of its hinges before sprinting to the backyard gate. Leaning over the fence, I keep repeating to myself *“It’s over. It’s ok. No pigs. No fear. Just concentrate on the fence. Zen, think Zen... FUCK ZEN!! I need a goddamn cigarette!!!”*

Utilizing the most humanity free route possible I zip to the Mobil gas station a quarter mile away with surgically exact ninja stealth. The Arab behind the counter keeps

trying to be my buddy, asking ridiculous society questions regarding the weather and current sporting events.

With each pupil a hellish vortex I lock eyes with him and demand, “*FLAVOR FUCKING COUNTRY!*” He backs down nervously as I slap a \$10 bill on the counter in a fit of irresponsible rage. He slides me the cigarettes and I truck it fast as possible back to the calm safety of my porch where I chain-smoke five in a row like Denis Leary bombing onstage during an HBO special...

A venomous surge of rat poison blasts my brain and I immediately start peaking – it has consumed me in one fell swoop. I lift my head up and look into the street. There is now an army of pigs in full riot gear smacking billyclubs in the palm of their hands, just standing their like a Roman legion. I rush inside and frantically lock the door behind me. A cackling laughter catches my attention as I turn ever so slowly to embrace the microwave mutating into an aborted fetus, scalpel lodged in its forehead. It starts crawling towards me snapping vampiric fangs, bloody placenta dragging a sloppy trail...

I run into the living room, shoving the front door closed with the full strength of my shoulder. Peering in from the glass is The Shadow as I beg for my soul in Rick Flair fashion. A distinct “*Hey Buddy*” comes from behind as chainsaws rev in the basement. I flip around and Ed is swaying back and forth in the rocking chair with half his face torn off, blood flowing from the top of his head like an erupting volcano.

He tears open Artie with his bare hands and maggots come pouring out like a broken piñata. They inch towards me, each with the head of my smiling dead Grandmother. The walls are covered in pulsating masses of mayflies fucking, reproducing. The carpet is a horde of flesh-starved South African fire ants gnawing away the pristine leather of my boots. The house begins to implode like the end of *Poltergeist*...

Inside my room the *Antichrist Superstar* Marilyn Manson is underneath my bed slowly disemboweling himself and Hewitt is decomposing in my computer chair. In my closet the Elvis impersonating rapist from *Unsolved Mysteries* is masturbating, slicing off hunks of flesh with a rusty straight razor, sucking the blood out with puckered lips like a dehydrated leech...

I hide under my blanket for safety yet its become Ed Gein styled designer quasi-silk of carefully knit human skin. Thousands of cockroaches with the head of Osama bin Laden swarm the floor; I try to close my eyes but all I see are three headed dogs giving birth to reptilian aardvarks...

The room begins melting, a living mass of organic tissue. Outside the house is being torn apart by thousands of Nazi skinheads screaming “*WE KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE YOU FUCKING NIGGER!!!*” They rip the aluminum siding from the exterior with the sonic roar of a jumbo jet, breaking windows and struggling for entryway like the end sequence of *Night of the Living Dead*...

From the ceiling a midget skin in corpsepaint is lowering himself via spider webbing from his spine, slashing grizzly-like claws inches from my face... I wrap myself in human skin and begin obsessively praying to a non-existent God that the cosmic forces of the universe might swoop in and save me from this horrid fate... They all attack at once, fangs and claws ripping flesh, insects laying eggs in my eyes sockets... “*Make it fucking stop!!! Make IT*”

...black out...

PRISON SEX

America
You have murdered me
19 years 2 months and 17 days
Of tragic evolution
Last night
I saw a pregnant girl
Candyflipping
She was only 15
Ever seen an acid baby?
Not a pretty sight

America
My mind was once the focus
Of much lightning
Burned out long ago
Every time I begin
Feeling better
Something is raped from me

America
I wouldn't wish my life
Upon anyone
Whatever normal is
I cannot pretend to be
I live inside a constant
Hallucination
I haven't slept in 7 years
Every dream is a nightmare
Or I'm at work
Or I'm organizing my room
I'm only 19 and
I feel like I'm 40
I've tried to kill myself for years
I've never succeeded
Within lies so furious a rage
It poisons the core
I just want to break shit and kill and scream

America
You were right
Drugs really have a way
Of catching up with you
It happened a year ago
I'm still going
Your fucking D.A.R.E. program
Accomplished nothing but
Enchantment
Good drugs
Bad drugs
Powder up my nose
Blotter on my tongue
I hate myself because
I understand the
Big picture
No sense makes sense

America
All I really want
Is an honest girlfriend
I'm not in the game
To get inside pants
I just want something
Pure and true
Women like me until
They really know me
I've never held a
Steady relationship
My first love was this
Lunchbox girl who would
Compulsively cut herself
I remembered the way the
Blood bubbled out of her
Sweet skin
Like rabies at the mouth
Of a frothing dog
She got angry when
I refused to mimic
Her self-destruct mechanism
She was a loving person
Seriously
I don't expect pity
I'm just lonely
I have no real friends
Everyone I know is shady

I've stayed true
I saw a pregnant girl
Rolling

America
My only
Model for Father
Was a burned out alcoholic
It never felt right because
He never hit me
Not once
The television lied
He had a parrot named Artie
Got it from a
WWII Navy vet
Who won it in a poker game
Deep in Morocco
It understood English perfectly
It would always shout
ANSWER THE FUCKING PHONE

America
He chose the bottle over us
And disappeared for years
When I last saw him
He was lusting over his
Friends' niece
He told me
*I would sell my soul
Just to suck the cock of
The guy who fucked her last
So that I could score a taste
Of her sweet cunt*
He always had high aspirations
He's gone now
Probably dead
Unhygienic
Shitfaced till the end

America
As hard as I try
To formulate
New ideas
All my poetry follows the
Same
Repetitious
Pattern
Quasi-plagiaristic
Pseudo-revolutionary
Filth
Even my journal
Refuses to listen
So to avoid
Further embarrassment
I'll end this abruptly
And adequately
In the words of
A secret hero

* * * * *

THIS IS NOT AN EXIT

9.11.01

ALL MY PARANOID DELUSIONS CAME TRUE
ALL MY PARANOID DELUSIONS
CAME TRUE

fleeting remembrance

Hunched in calm darkness
Off guard paranoia lift
Caught glimpse of an old self

Behind puffy crying child eyes
Frail boneface leukemia appearance
Raging bad head chemical spill

Urban deity schizoid shadow legend
Faceless lying hierophant conspirator
Grazes present day shoulder

Past shock remembrance soulkill
Inertia jolt onto street
(I am the push that makes you move)

Driving Escort mumbling Marlboro steam
Cursing scared runaway comfort bed
20/40 highway vision blob

Calm darkness returns
(symbiotic)
Into streetlight luminescence

fragment *

Pacing the same great circles
Shroud exit concealed
Withered inertia husk
Encompass bone marrow rage
I never was a part of you

VICTIM OF AGGRESSION

I still feel them
Distant fists pounding merciless
Small men shouting insults from across the room
If I could reach back in time
I would kill them all
My mind is inferno
Molding it's own tolerance
The only purity I have discovered
Lies at the core of rage
Fucking MTV liberals
Don't believe their hippie bullshit
It only slows you down and makes you weak
Read between the lies
Walking their fabrications as tightrope
The true colors bleed through

Forever

Risking

Oblivion

fragment **

I am Omega, they are the aliens.

I am the spaceman, they are the humans.

Reverse, Scramble, Repeat.

THE MEANING OF LIFE IS SURVIVAL

I have acquired a great deal of wisdom through self-destruction. This wisdom has strengthened my ability to control my environment, senses, emotion and mind. The greatest lessons I have ever learned are the most simplistic. Everyone you love will either reject you or die. Everything you create will eventually deteriorate. Everyone is someone else's nigger.

I used to believe that life had no meaning. No. The meaning of life is survival. All knowledge stems from that single word. Our society has based itself upon what is unnecessary to survival - entertainment, religion, sex unintended for reproduction. No one can break me from my views because no one can disprove them.

I share my beliefs with others because I want them to understand. The end result is always either a comrade, follower or enemy. There is no deviation. Those who befriend respect my resilience and determination. Those who follow find strength in my sheer will. Those who disagree tend to dislike, if not fully persecute for my beliefs. They detest me because they cannot disprove me.

Let it be known that I hate what mankind has done to this world. This earth is a paradise and we've made it a hell. Your culture is weak. Your Gods are frail. Your duplicity is all consuming. My view of the world may be stark but it is concrete. Through smashing all illusions I have gained an unbreakable discipline. When I go down I'm taking every single last one of you fuckers with me.

BARRITY. GENOCIDE. EVOLUTION.

Often I have found myself obsessing over the methods in which to mutilate you. Whereas your lies were once the cancer that debilitated me, they've become the very fire that propels me. Much as a Buddhist monk devotes himself to the purest of emotion, I have surrendered my self completely to hatred. This is my refuge, my reverse nirvana. *My soul is a roadmap of scar tissue, an atlas of pain. Restlessness is the only calm in which I know. Your masks shatter before me -- charlatans, cowards, monsters & whores. You are the great soul snatchers, the life takers. When one of you tries to touch me, I want to rip off your appendages with raw power. You are all invisible. I am the machine.* Golden trumpets praise my victorious return to isolation. Even God cowers before me. Nothing you will ever say or do can ever hurt me now.

MOTOR CITY

Drive these fucked up streets
Siren soundtrack gunfire bliss
A crowbar to the face of life
I was trained to call them niggers
We're in this together
Living death
Stripping flesh
Mainlining and mutating
Well-oiled pinions
Of a lesser machine
My thoughts ignite fires within your cities
Sterile and comatose
Cleansed and conditioned
I want to piss out the ashes
This is where it falls
This is the breaking point
These are the true colors
No false pretenses here
Only survival
Live and learn
Adapt or die
An unfriendly concrete hell?
This is my home
I'm never coming back

POSTMODERN

Too many
Too many of my time
Lost in euphoria sea
Undertow riptide
Emanate gray face
In blind search
For fix to
End the
Fix
No will
No will
Further travel compliance or
Join ranks of
Postmodern Modernism
Transcend like
Gutter rest

Ceaseless misanthropic
Uniform quest
Fleeting essence of
Mental ill
Sullen limbo lives
Cursing God
Expecting pension luck
Handout fortune
Of life well wasted
Seeking higher Christ
W/ Track marks + Yellow eyes
Raging against wax grain
Closer to Atom
Acid Drop
Level civilized(N?)ation
No god no
Master
Lacking desperate insecure
All in head
(_Not_in_Heavens_)

In end
Of freedom
(*Translate*)
Nothing left to lose
Brutal truth realization
Leads to
Coffin wax replica
Leads to
Fix is dollar bill
Easily obtainable
On filthy mattress
Swallow for your
Paycheck
Poor girl
All she wanted was a pony
Symbolize death of
Soviet red
Straight razor pathway
Leads to
Benzedrine divine
Leads to...

Underneath it all
Remains the same
Drifting Downward/Upward
For fix to
End the
Fix

SCHISM

Herein lies anger
Anger that separates man into
Bickering child twins
One blind
The other enveloped in brail
Herein lies hero devoid
Inward identity virtue idealism
Reduced to surrealistic aggravation dream state
Entrapped by fleet emotion self comparison
Schism attributed

Witness the atrocity
Gaunt soul expel Mindfire Dharma
Crippled Seraph grace descent from
Heaven abyss starry dynamo realm to
Junkie pad flophouse
Murder wall rapist
Self imposed martyrdom
Searching consistent transitory

This tragic figure
Earthbound
Roaming nomadic ghostface
Absent torchlight radiance
Every waking consciousness
Solemn patience end wait
Outside influence nonfiction
Silence raging immolation head
Life hinging consistent
Self-destruct mechanism

Yet due to convictions
Composed will to struggle
Lingering attachment tenacity virtue
Unselfish inner monologue tyranny
Refuse bitter end life/cycle
Further expose holy disillusion truths
Thus awaits
Outside influence transmutation morality
Achieved through
Hollow tip
Steaming barrel
Abyss periphery

12:38

Close my eyes several suns moving harmony black vacuum nothingness - star spangled
transmute God - burn out half/star vector literary gutter mouth -

Mirror image reflects

Crucifixion visionary

Extending pulse of

Neology algorithm

Pinion derived powder nose excess obscene - herbal curse laid introvert pilgrimage -
solidify emotion prison construct - barricade self imposed plotline Dystopia -

I pricked my finger

Nothing came bleeding out

Drowning in my ocean

No one can pull me out

Auditory receptor fixed spiritual permatrip recollections - no retribution pharmaceutical
catharsis - padded cell argent diethylamide - fine tuned sense chemical misperception -

Sixth sense fatality

Burning negative transitory

Dr. Dr. what do you see?

Reality singular pill away...

Take Me Back Before Everything

Last night my friend hung herself
In a Southwest crack house
Her junkie boyfriend found her
Dangling from a cat collar
And didn't even bother to cut her down
Until the E.M.S arrived
She used her own body weight
She was only 18

Many years ago
Flirting with suicide
She turned shrapnel
Before my very eyes
I held her softly
Tears rained visceral weary
I promised I'd never leave her
She promised to stay strong

I look to the past
And confront overwhelming regret
I look to the present
And find a shadow
Looming over a stranger's corpse
Straining for reconciliation
Of a life so distant
It seems I never lived

If you were alive
If you were before me
You'd probably
Spit in my face
I know I'd deserve it
I just want you to know
How very sorry I am
For walking away

Please God
Take me back before everything

EXIT

The desert sand becomes the air, swirling pictograph transmissions that dance like flame against the hardened crest of the wind. The ground swells with neoplastic life, a sketch of bone disrupting the veil. From the depths an oasis springs into the obstinate landscape. I stand solemn, consumed by the blistering nova. The sweat crawls from my pores only to be evaporated by lights first touch. My vision moves gracefully, a lighthouse extending its beam across calm bay waters. I fill my palm with sand and raise it high into the air. The wind caresses gentle breeze, carrying the grains in its oeuvre current. Suddenly all is frigid and cold, dark and strangely different. I know this feeling; it is night. Perhaps it always has been, this nocturnal platitude. The ground shines as a tidal wave of light. I am but a speck in an ocean of broken glass. *Stomach knotting, muscles atrophied; every atom screaming for morphine...* I slit my throat and crawl from the gash, crumbling to paracme ash. An iridescent glow permeates from an argent door hovering mid-air. It leads somewhere far from this place. I blindly unlock and proceed through. The cold retreats as I embrace the sun. All is yellow and proud. I have entered the Valley of the Sun. Luxurious pastures fertile green, sky a marble blue, a paradise of atonement and reconciliation. A new emotion grabs hold of me, for I have exited that place a man. I smile, crack my back & swiftly jam the pistol down my throat. The trigger squeezes easy. *The cycle repeats shortly afterward.*

**SUBJECTED TO THE TYRANNY AND MECHANISM OF
MERE MATERIAL RELATIONS UNDER THE INFLUENCE
OF VARIOUS AND INFINITE FACTORS**

What is this then? An organic coup de tat against myself, against all laws of the self; the laws themselves opaque and unrealized, binded yet refined in their cold distance. *It is not I, but rather a granite reflection.* A reflection borne of ice, carved from the precision of a dull, rusted blade. A precision exempt from kings, denied of saints; an exact circumference born of the dead dreams of forgotten martyrs. How I long to return home, to a self tailored only of nostalgia from an existence that never was. *I long your vaporous, fictional embrace.*

isolation by the encirclement of many peoples

Is there a gradual poetry to the eclipse of time? It falls and shatters as moments tick by aimless, restless and immobile, devoid of the entity which recognizes it. I feel the universe turn in its solidity, a thoughtless outsider as the earth pivots around the sun. Seconds become heavy on my heart, like mountains crashing and grinding in a violent display of inertia. What else is there?

Yet how do they feel? *How do they feel?*

Alone in these thoughts in that all living entities are alone; shadows and illusions to the ones who peer from the manual fortress. You can run for a hundred thousand miles, the curse follows the design of inward manifestation. Yet how is such retread broken? These same sights, these same explorations; familiar and alien at once...

How to outrun a past where destiny still appears essential to its prior existence, when all future is based on that which once was and will never be again? Only the distance between the moment and the physical self; the self constricted to reside moments before the actual moment, lagging hollow in the trail-end of its residual wake...

Johnny stood arms outstretched at the threshold of The Abyss. Life had raped him of his soul one too many times. Lunging headfirst into the belly of the beast, the frenzied howls of a million screaming junkies pierced the night. He was free from the shackles of existence. It's all coming back to me now. I used to be a tough guy, a fighter. I used to be hardcore and lofty. I used to box and play drums and cause myself much physical pain to extend my threshold to it. I used to push people around and play God. I used to beat people up and set shit on fire and fuck women like a machine and kill small animals to demonstrate my power. Many admired my resilience and those who were intimidated masked it by challenging me to a fight. They would always back down. The one's who didn't left a bloody mess.

They're still there -- everywhere -- waiting for me to fuck up and leave myself open. I'm always exposed now. I didn't want any of it. I just wanted to be left alone. They just kept fucking with me and fucking with me and pushing me until I snapped. I had no choice. I had to fight back. They turned me into a fucking monster. They can't get to me now. I've severed all emotions so that they couldn't take them away. I've put myself through great lengths of self-destruction so they could never destroy me, only I could destroy myself. I crafted my own reality so that I no longer had to live in theirs. The animalistic need of sexual domination is all that keeps me anchored to their world.

I take the roads least traveled to avoid any unnecessary human contact. All communications severed so only I can reach them if needed. No family but the family I choose. No disappointment but the disappointment I create. No pain except that which I let myself feel. No memories but the memories I allow. No God by my own ego. Fuck every single last one of you -- *I win.*

aria

Your eyes once transported me to a place where everything made sense. Your gentle nature ceaselessly inflicted a fathomless sense of security. Each dream contained abstract manifestations of your delicate purity. You represented all that was true in my world. *Time has rusted the hard worn contours. When I see you now an ancient sliver strikes a dull ache. You are but a lightning rod of self-disgust. I ignore you through merciless self-absorption. If I could find the strength to look you in the eyes I know I could leave this place. I feel old and imprisoned, isolated and condemned. I am everything compacted into nothing.* I'm sorry I ever hurt you.

a billion fiery locusts

blotting out a dead black sun

i keep revisiting
an ancient love
an echo
through faded
time
her nature
so gentle
her clarity
so pure
i saw
the mother
of
my children
in warm
crescent
eyes
3 days
late
r
I th rew
her
a way
like a
piec e of
tr
ash
for pledgi ng
alle giance
t o
Christ
* * * * *
som ehow
you lea rn
to make lov e
to
th e
memo
ries\\

subjacent

To open is to forfeit control.

To forfeit control is to lose control.

Lose control, welcome manipulation.

Welcome manipulation, forsake identity.

- Reverse -

Allow impression of sentient control.

Influence illusion of emotion.

From within manipulate subjacent.

Control the body = Control the mind.

In her eyes I caught the taste of gunpowder and the stench of sex. We sat in crescent dreams of hopping candlelight. The phone rang anxious & starving. The voice said she'd overdosed an hour ago. I watched her vanish in a gaze of euphoria. Last night we fucked and let it all out. Last night we fucked and I felt the violence. We began tender, your lips soft and inviting. Your body was smooth and hairless like glass; an angel in blue hue solitude. The further we progressed the more my spine turned to fire. I no longer cared about you. Your body was the headless statue of every woman who I had ever felt something for, every female that had ever rejected me, every girl I was too insecure to make an advance towards. It was at that moment when I enjoyed sex more than I had ever before. You were every insult ever shouted at me, every fist plowed into my skull, the pain of every scar flooding back in one cathartic assault. My cock had become a blade and the harder I fucked you the more I was killing you. As we climaxed I felt the sky shatter, the heavens immolate, the ground open up and swallow us whole. Deep within the earth we held each other naked and trembling. You were my girl, I was your man and we were madly in love. I fell asleep in your arms, silent and undetected.

humanrapemachine

Everything I ever meant to say to you but could never find the words for came pouring out in one massive stream of venomous lava. I stared at myself in the mirror for hours until the inner voice of resent propelled my fist through the half-rusted glass. Buried between my knuckles, the shrapnel held a distinct comfort. Propped up and bleeding against the bathroom wall, I could feel your warm breath on the back of my neck. Why have you fallen for nights iron embrace? *They poison you with false hopes and promises of a world beyond the scars. When you think you have them figured out that's when they make their move. They'll slit your wrists while you sleep, replace your arteries with razor wire and shove scorpions down your throat. It's best to sever the need while you are still young. Their world will only replace your flesh with concrete. They'll restructure you to their specifications. In time, they'll erase you. After I've finished removing your face, I'm going to fuck your corpse with a power drill.*

She froze in the hallway statue granite; face an artistic suture. In one hand a throbbing heart, the other a rusted pistol. The humidity had become a sentient force in the calm night. It was the end of time; the dawning of the rebirth had arrived.

Many years ago I would carefully examine your reactions to whatever form of speech, action or advance I would make towards you. I would strenuously debate over a careful set of options before choosing a definitive course of action. I did this not only when interacting with you but with every environment and situation I would encounter.

I was sharp and attentive while interpreting the perceptions laid before me. Tirelessly, I would collect a journal of notes and observations to better absorb the portrait of life I had witnessed. I was well disciplined in this order of analyzation. As time passed I thought perhaps I had dulled these perceptions through the excesses of drug addiction, crippling insecurity or perhaps even a mighty sense of laziness just beyond the grasp of my reasoning. The notion that I was too damaged to open my eyes once again terrified me. This was not so. What I have come to realize is that I no longer care anymore.

None of you mean anything to me and I have serious doubts that any of you ever will again. I prefer solitude in nearly all levels of my existence. I feel foolish and have an abrasive sense of misanthropy directed towards my head for rejecting the assimilation process since day one. The thought of intimacy above the level of empty sex physically repulses me. I will remain a bachelor for the rest of my life for I have already married the truth of self-absorption. It is the only truth in which I know. This way of life is not fatalistic. One day, perhaps you too shall understand.

I know the meaning of life; there is no meaning. There is no grand design. There is no loving God. All that exists is the all-encompassing void and the will to nothingness. In the vacuum, rage and humor go hand in hand. The quicker you realize this the closer you will come to me, but you will never be able to touch me. Welcome to the threshold of the abyss. Take my hand; nothing can stop us now.

The Nonpeople refuse any further definition of character. They shed gender imperatives like snakes shedding skin. Psychopaths flood the streets kidnapping politicians, sending strip malls ablaze. The Non-person is a psychopath; someone with no model of adult. He/she has no definite personality, little or no emotion, and his/her outward reflection is a mask to move about undetected. The non-person is a manipulator, psychopath, street actor; a policeman, ranch hand, bowling champ, drifter, lumberjack, hobo, priest or nun. In many cases, the non-person is a sadist. The non-person could live next door. The non-person could be your lover. The non-person could be landscaping your lawn. One day they will refuse the illusion; the sky will shatter and the oceans will burn. They will come for your children. They will thief your stability. They will rob you of everything you hold dear simply because they can. They will not be stopped either. One day this will all be over. One day we'll be free.

April 28th, 1848

It never stops. It can never stop. Child after child. Passed down the chain. It's in the genes. It's in the mind. Listen. Can't you hear them? They're everywhere. Watching. Hating. They want what you have. They can't touch you if you won't let them. If you don't. If you can't. They can take you away. You'll never know if they do. It hurts because no one understands. Or cares. Or believes. Shadows within shadows. Razors caressing your skin. But you do bleed. You get torn. They can fuck you up. If they don't get you they'll get your kids. They'll take your friends. They'll kill your family. They'll rip your life apart just to get to you. Because they can. Because they are. They won't stop either. Until you're done. And why? Because God abandoned us. And why? Because there is no God. **THEY ARE GOD.** *May God have mercy upon us.*

THE SILENT BURNING

As long as I can remember I have been on the outside looking further out. As a child I did not quite understand myself, and neither did many of those surrounding me. Many of the teachers I encountered early on believed that I had certain unidentified learning disabilities. In select testing, I had scored in the top ten percentile of all children living in the United States.

Although the system wanted to introduce me to a school for the gifted, my family was barely above the poverty line. I never quite fit in and was a self-imposed loner. Thus began a childhood of mental and physical abuse from those my age. I grew in isolation as my mother, a single divorced woman, worked to support us. Although she did the best she could to provide security, I alone raised myself in her absence.

This continued for years until I reached a breaking point in early adolescence. At the age of thirteen I suffered a devastating schizophrenic break which produced terrifying hallucinations of auditory, olfactory and visual nature that later extended into a branch of horrifying delusions. Although I have never been clinically diagnosed, I have researched mental illness for my own personal understanding.

What I have come to learn is that I unquestionably suffer from the Manic Depressive (Bipolar I) disorder. Manic Depression is a legitimate physical disease in which cerebral mechanics dysfunction and chemical imbalances are in a constant state of irrational flux. Emotions and thoughts jerk wildly without any warning or premeditated pattern — a revolving door that ranges from fear, euphoria, anger, calm, panic, anxiety, depression, paranoia and full-blown mania, at times all within the span of 20 minutes.

The schizophrenia aspect, when inflamed, is identical to having a trace amount of LSD in your system. It's like being submerged underwater - no matter how hard you tread you will never break the skin. The undertow pulls fathomless and the deeper you proceed the more fragmented your thought pattern becomes. You slowly drown in the convolution of your own mind as your head becomes a distorted radio picking up stray transmissions.

Every dream becomes a nightmare, and eventually, the nightmare becomes the waking reality. You see sound. You hear odors. You taste vision. You're scared to reach out because there are doctors with needles and electrodes waiting on the other side. You pray to God but it's turned on you. No exit, no cure; just hospitals. Re-education.

Prescription drugs. Thorazine. Lithium. Prozac. Mescaline. Suicide becomes an obsession for death is the only true escape...

I retreated into the recesses of my mind unable to distinguish fiction from reality and came to the conclusion that the only purpose my emotions served were to lead to further disintegration. I abruptly engaged in an inner campaign to systematically kill off my humanity through concentrated application. After a stark period of transformation I stood victorious, utterly numb and alien, viewing all life through a purely psychological orientation. This was the beginning of my life; nothing hitherto held the slightest gravity.

I obsessively began studying my environment while acquiring knowledge of all subjects' taboo, arcane and subversive. I was searching for something -- a substratum -- a reductionist answer to the cosmic riddle of existence. This obsession took shape in a form of silent burning -- something that resonated deep inside with the distance of a second echo. Relentlessly I studied psychology, mental illness, music, art, philosophy, narcotics and religion -- all angles of pioneering thought in order to discover the simulacrum that would lead to the final subjective answer.

I began experimenting with illicit drugs in order to explore my psyche through altered states of perception. The intelligent use of drugs through narcoanalysis allowed me to break free of the delusions and aberrations of schizophrenia. Alas, what began as intellectual study ended in complete chaos and confusion. I strayed so far from my original intent that a crutch had developed. I was no longer using psychotropic substances for educational purposes, but rather as a means to escape the overbearing mind. I was so far gone I was no longer sure as to what I was doing, but it was much too late, for I'd far surpassed the point of no return. There was only one final voyage essential to the process I had forged for myself -- the abstract world of psychedelics.

Not only did psychedelics captivate me, they also terrified me. For years I had met dozens of intelligent people who had delved into that mind-altering universe but could never properly explain their perceptions of it. I took it upon myself to research the works of Timothy Leary, the counter-culture, MKULTRA, first hand experience essays and numerous brainwave diagrams.

I finally took that great leap on my eighteenth birthday with a handful of psilocybin mushrooms. It was a miraculous, positive and life affirming experience that

left me craving further exploration. The next week I entered the world of LSD with the aid of a purple gel tab. To my surprise it was a dirty hit soaked with five drops of liquid acid -- the equivalent of 25 hits of the more conventional blotter.

I suffered a psychotic break as the drug and experience itself had turned on me -- the trip itself lasting three grueling days. All of my repressed memories, guilt and emotion were suddenly let loose like the opening of Pandora's box. Once I came down it was abundantly clear that the schizophrenia, then in remission, had returned worse than ever before. It was at that moment when I had finally reached The Silent Burning; the equivalent of staring into the sun -- a completely alien perception of the world.

It was overbearing, driving me to a downward spiral of madness that manifested itself as an eight-month non-stop binge of self-destruction, sleep deprivation, mania and drug abuse. By the end of the year, the global threat of Y2K correlated with the long dead delusional beliefs and in the end I knew I had but one option left -- take my own life.

When it all came down to it, I could not betray myself; my moral constraints were far too strong. I desperately wanted to die but years of mental conditioning literally binded my movements. I had to relate all of my madness, studies, perceptions, ideals and experiences - I had to complete my magnum opus or I could never rest. This manuscript is the end product -- a massively complex suicide letter intended for discovery following my self-appropriated homicide.

However, in its catharsis was the true liberation I yearned for. There was no more reason for such an action; I was free and a colossal sense of hope once again returned to guide my life. I had completed my quest, going far beyond the barriers of conventional thought, but in the end I was a hand grenade that never stopped exploding.

Years have passed, the human shrapnel has cleared, and a ferocious love of life has been reinstalled into the very fabric of my soul. Now there are only periods of slow deterioration and full-blown mania in accordance to my condition. It is a constant struggle but I have forged a balance. I continue to educate myself, observe and record. Sometimes I feel it is all that is left for me now.

Through the Silent Burning, I now see the world. I walk amongst the herd independent of the mass consciousness, silent and undetected. Although I may appear to be an ordinary young man, make no mistake -- I am no longer one of you. I have evolved.

RANDOM NOTES OF A SHATTERED PSYCHE

I don't think I believe in love but I know I believe in hate. It's always there. I've spent my entire life trying to piss it all away, to flush it out in ink, but the curse never leaves. I've done all I can do to try and feel free but there is no catharsis. No one is free. We're all slaves in some form or another. To material possessions. To addictions. To social imperatives, laws, convictions. No matter how my environment changes I stay the same.

I've heard many say that love is the internal rush you get when you're in the presence of that certain person. I never act on it. My irrationality is too crippling a factor. It is a hurdle I am unable to jump. I am a victim of aggression. I don't feel alive unless I'm being beaten upon or inflicting pain. I can take it in better than I can dish it out. I am a masochist, both physically and emotionally. I never wanted to be this way. There is an automated rage directed towards my head at all times.

I wanted to be a priest as a child, as funny as that sounds. God used to talk to me all the time, a voice in a scared little boy's head. Used to tell me I had important things to do in life. Religion is the base of all delusions. I've been like this since birth. I'm claustrophobic in my own body. I will never kill myself though. That would imply the end of suffering. I want to live forever. I refuse to give up. I

know one day my search will end. I'll kill someone or I'll kill myself. The wheels have been set in motion since day one. I have become joyless and erratic, compulsive and slaughtered. If love is really that intense feeling you get, I have a comparison. I get it when I witness violence first hand. A fistfight. A car wreck. A stabbing. A shooting.

I think about killing people all the time. How it would feel. How it would taste. Everywhere I go I imagine myself randomly picking people off with a hand cannon. I want to smash them all. Everyone is a piece of shit. Everyone has a dark secret. Everyone deserves to die. Because of their past; because of their future. Still, I wish for a better world. I wish for change.

These are the troubles with being extreme, both dark and light. It is hard to maintain a balance. Inside it always feels like I'm being stabbed over and over with a rusted dagger. It's a vicious cycle. It tears at my insides and takes life away and puts horror in its place. Mental illness has ate away the very fabric of my comprehension. The

fact that I have done an obscene amount of drugs does not help the situation any.

I have no real feelings of my own except that which pertains to the struggle. I live inside a constant hallucination. Many people think very highly of me, as if I am some sort of visionary or gutter saint. I'm always laughing on the inside. None of those people will ever know the real me. No one knows the real me. I don't want them to. I scare the shit out of people when I let them in. I cannot blame them.

I live day to day, sometimes week to week. I cannot fathom a month let alone a year. Last December I didn't even realize it was Christmas. Everything made more sense when nothing made sense. I no longer watch television, read fiction or watch films. All that is left for me is an endless broken down pursuit of reality. It beats down on me. I write my way out so that I can fool myself into remaining calm and collected. I've tried, I've tried so hard, but you cannot trust anyone, you can only trust yourself. Parties, sex, drugs, family, friends, human interaction; they are all meaningless to me now.

You can talk to Ryan Bartek, whoever you think that may be, be he simply is not there. I am all that exists. There are many more like me out there. I run across them all the time. We are your friends, your parents, teachers and siblings. Your police, politicians, military. We are everywhere you go. At every restaurant. In every city, crowd and audience. You will never know until it is too late. May the fictional God have mercy upon your souls.

CODA

APPENDIX: “**PROPAGANDA IN MOTION**”

(aka) “THE MABUSVANIAN CONSPIRACY”

Transmitted June 6th 2006 (6.6.06) // Author Pseudonym: “The Propagandist”

:PROPAGANDA:

Once uttered, this term invokes images of war, the dissemination of lies, and the vital technique of every scoundrel movement in the history of mankind. For propaganda, no matter the context or enthusiasm thereof, is the central ingredient to moving the masses.

Defined by American Heritage as "*The systematic proposition of a given doctrine or of allegations reflecting its views and interests,*" propaganda is the advertising of ideas, of philosophy, and of ideology. However you evaluate it the purpose is unequivocally that of a deliberate and systematic attempt to shape perceptions, mold behavior, or alter/maintain a balance of power that is advantageous to the propagandist.

We find it's predominance during periods of war in which national patriotism must be manipulated to suit the needs of military enlistment/deployment. Similarly, we find it in the corporate board room, the pages of magazines, the radiating glow of the television. Organized religion itself is a form of propaganda, the term coming directly from Latin: "Congregation De Propaganda Fide" (*congregation for propagating Roman Catholicism*).

It is unalterable that such a concept is ultimately linked with an objective to transmit ideology to an audience with related convictions or to persuade those yet concretely affirmed in their views. Yet the stigma that always takes precedence -- *does propaganda necessarily mean lies?*

* * * * *

The theories, ideas and opinions I present in this thesis are ultimately aimed at social, cultural & artistic progress. The over-arching goal is to communicate the possibility of an apolitical framework which would induce a stronger & more unified underground through both knowledge and application of propaganda in all its conceivable forms.

This thesis rests entirely upon certain assumptions which will in effect be recognized as the principle guidelines of all henceforth presented ideas, noted below in 8 cardinal points.

* * * * *

1. The belief that all forms of ideology, religion, advertising, and political systems are ultimately propaganda vying for the support of the individual.

2. The belief that at some level all music is audio propaganda, especially in the context of subcultural identification (*i.e. punk, metal, industrial, etc.*)
3. The belief that the majority of music-based subcultures represent differing attitudes within a larger interconnected movement, known cumulatively as the "counterculture."
4. The belief that this "counterculture" stands in ultimate contrast to the accepted status quo of numerous social/political/cultural/philosophical institutions, by virtue of its reactionary nature, distrust of authority, and tendency to triumph the will of the individual over the interests of the prevailing state.
5. The belief that this "counterculture" is in effect a multi-dimensional grass-roots movement in opposition to a widely perceived "herd mentality," as well as the general sense of widespread control by unjust forces.
6. The belief that this "counterculture" is therefore sustained by virtue of a conscious & deliberate attempt to both undermine & elude the perceived negative impact that such "unjust forces" create.
7. The belief that these "unjust forces" take shape in the multitude form of varying social, political, cultural, religious & economic realities.
7. The belief that all "subculture splinters" within the larger "counterculture" frame therefore base their general sense of ideology in stark opposition to the overall control/intrusion of such noted "unjust forces "
8. The belief that the strongest resistance to propaganda is in effect propaganda itself, through a comprehensive knowledge of its omnipresence and ability to both mold and modify behavior & physical action.

****furthermore, it is my intention to present this thesis itself as a successful model of propaganda by creating a concept -- in this case an ideology/worldview referred to as "PAN-TRIBALISM" -- and building a logical, cohesive basis for such a concept by utilizing all the devices which will be discussed for later analysis and debate**

* * * * *

PROPAGANDA: (AN INTRODUCTION)

What is of focus is a taboo subject long neglected and communication so powerful it has long remained buried from public discussion. It is this very concept that has become the cornerstone of my ideological struggle.

Suffice to say, no one is born this way. Few arrive from obscurity with such convictions, and even fewer have formulated any direct action to enact the generality contained within. Though the course of application has been difficult, its successes have nonetheless bolstered what is slowly becoming a shared conviction in many underground circles.

However, leaving the idealistic inertia of youth and unmistakably entering the realm of adulthood, there is an overpowering sense that the Golden Age has long passed, and from it, bitter dissolute victory.

Yet this is by no means grounds for defeatism because the struggle I speak of is not that of any singular persona. It is an eternal fight long prevalent in outsider culture and a common thread of resistance we all share:

the will to recreate our environments into something stronger, to energize the passion of community, to reinvent reality itself, if even what we strive for is a world seen as deluded fantasy in the eyes of the mainstream

What I speak of, in its basest conception, is the amplification of counterculture through a unified sense of

"PAN-TRIBALISM"

Being an individual that would chuckle at the mere utterance of such a term had I not designated it personally, it must be said that such a concept is only labeled in this manner because there is no other available device to do so.

The very idea of a "Pan-Tribalism" simply refers to a specific outlook towards the underground, as opposed to a legitimate political apparatus.

One could very well claim a "Tribal" view towards subcultural relations, but no direct political system would be implemented. What is implied, rather, is a loosely recognized framework – a non-hierarchical amorphous collective.

True, a willing cooperative network is the ultimate goal – one that could technically be summed up as "Pan-Tribal Socialism."

However, it lapses the political orbit due to the non-existence of hierarchy. Instead it presents a shared code -- which, though dogmatic in its own right -- exists solely to solidify the goals of its intent.

the direct purpose of this "Pan-Tribalism" is unequivocally that of recognizing a general framework of the counterculture as one mass entity, and analyzing all available techniques of communication/propaganda to assist its growth

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Tribe: 1 Any of various systems of social organization comprising several local villages, bands, districts, lineages, or other groups and sharing a common ancestry, language, culture, and name. 2 A political, ethnic, or ancestral division of ancient states and cultures. 3 A group of persons with a common occupation, interest, or habit.

Tribalism: 1 The organization, culture, or beliefs of a tribe. 2 The sense of entity of a tribe.

In such context, one can view subcultures as various tribes with their own sense of family, beliefs, goals, attributes & identities. All undergrounds hold similar, dynamic underpinnings of these conceptualizations – existing under one generalized banner, fighting many of the same regressive qualities through a variety of different expressions.

No matter what area of the international underground, the sociology maintains similar patterns. Groups coexisting -- sometimes in harmony, sometimes conflict. One of the many goals of this concept is to move beyond knit-picking standardizations and promote the acceleration, cooperation, understanding & growth of the collective underground.

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No matter the avenue of rebellion, what molds the individual into embracing resistance is an overall reaction to the transient forces composing his environment. That is, to say, a culmination of various factors including society, heritage, institution, establishment, morality, philosophy, law, media, communication. The combined strength of these transient forces creates an overwhelming subjection of propaganda in totality.

So many caught in the myriad web of conditioning, from the bourgeois youth of mindless indulgence to the Harvard educated man reneging his ideals upon graduation... Training concludes, the mating eclipses, and all of these ideological dreams aptly subside as "kid stuff." Slowly every man is locked into a struggle for his own economic existence, and -- in many cases -- his greed-driven personal advancement in the institution.

the black sheep is the adverse of the herd mentality; the herd mentality the submission of a complex and systematic propaganda

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The counterculture represents a reactionary movement in ultimate contrast to the herd mentality. This counterculture, no matter how starkly anti-social/isolated, is nonetheless comprised of black sheep stemming from many persuasions, ethnicities, movements & perceptions.

The strongest hindrance within energizing flow is undeniably that of its fringe basis. With so many radical movements co-existing there are innumerable rifts and divisions. Efforts towards progression at any serious level are bogged down by clashing ideology, petty bickering, self-interest or egoism. Still, it would be rather foolish to assume that these classic struggles of internal strife could ever be totally eradicated.

The outsider is but a reflection of his willingness to maintain his sense of individuality at all costs. Therefore we find that each counterculture splinter (*i.e. subculture*) maintains its own conception of pride, honor, purpose, and uniqueness. When that subculture's sphere of influence is manifested as the basis of ideology within an individual group, often that group will showcase deep-seated gripes with other similar entities in and outside its movement.

Such is the fallout of a counterculture woven from such dynamically opinionated perceptions.

Pan-Tribalism seeks not to eliminate the independence of any group, nor does it exist to create some reverse counterculture herd mentality

The sole intent is to break down barriers through continuous application, respect & education. If cooperation rises at even a delusional level of .000000002%, then this thesis has nonetheless vastly accomplished its goals, given the difficulty in such solidification.

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In theory, propaganda is the most vital ingredient as to combat such stagnancy. We must at all costs utilize every method of communication and do everything in our power to motivate idealism and sustain inertia.

Once energized, we will be able to confer on new methods of alliance, multi-lateral approaches of activism & social change. Accelerated progress is only ascertainable in the zealous passion of a mass anomie working together under a shared philosophy, regardless of the clashing opinions involved.

This is not to say such sentiment doesn't exist already or that there is little to no cooperation. The international underground continues to swell to unimaginable lengths and possibilities. At every local level worldwide progress is being made with each passing day. It all comes down to the amount of individuals maintaining the passion necessary to bring our goals to the next level of existence.

Despite the amount of naysayers, the greatest successes in history tend to be those which found the least understanding initially because they stood in starkest contrast with the general public opinion.

There cannot be any argument against our inability to bring about total change within our lifetimes, but this does not relieve us in any way the obligation of resistance. In the question of idealism, past failures mustn't detour us -- political parties and social clubs are inclined to compromises, philosophies never.

*a movement that wants to renew the world must serve the future,
not the present*

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The outsider's source of fear is a cumulative response to the hostile environment surrounding him -- that is, to say, the wealth of outside personalities who in their own terror of inadequacy or obsession with power over others, have projected laws, modes of control, and prejudices which culminate in an overt blanket of resentment.

The outsider, with his zealous insistence on independence, becomes a threat -- and therefore is subject to a host of external pressures and often outright hostility. The outsider continues his struggle either lone or amongst a group of sympathizers experiencing at once the same general form of alienation.

Therefore a reactionary philosophy is imminent. Such a basis of thought cannot be willing to collaborate with the hostile world of ideas it struggles against -- *it must in essence manufacture its replacement.*

As stated in the principle guidelines of this thesis, all values, religion, social outlook, and sense of self are a direct result of propaganda's omnipresent influence, whether consciously acknowledged or not.

"Reactionary Propaganda" ultimately becomes the main perpetuator to incite revision, since **"Opposing Propaganda"** has ultimately culminated the hostile world of ideas currently in place.

This very struggle is the root of all conceivable equations.

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OPPOSING PROPAGANDA: (ANALYSIS AND ISOLATION)

To understand opposing propaganda and its meaning in our daily lives, we must examine its implication in the context of a psychological process that permeates every fabric of life.

There is a definitive process of propaganda rooting in five main concepts -- *the institution itself, the propaganda agents thereof, media methods of attainment, cause and effect of social network, and finally, public opinion.*

Propaganda manifests itself as an appeal to the emotions through beliefs, values, attitudes, behavior, and group "norms." These concepts are considered "*anchors,*" or the "*pressure points*" of the human psyche.

Resonance is the final variable of the equation, the sum achievement of all propaganda systems and the sustaining base of all inertia. Resonance is culminated through the inflammation of all conceivable anchors.

Unlike persuasion, resonance is a skillful technique that inspires the recipient to foster budding ideas in response to a domino effect of either obvious or carefully laid subliminal messages.

Effective propaganda aims for a target audience and all of the anchors which dictate their perceptions, giving expression to the recipients own concerns, tensions, aspirations, etc. Thus, propaganda denies all distance between the source and the audience by mirroring the propagandees own feelings.

Likewise -- in the case of public oratory -- personal identification must take place between the propagandist and the propagandee (*recipient*). They share common sensations, concepts, images, and ideas that make them appear as one. The propagandist is then an archetypical figurehead that represents the inner voice of the propagandee.

conversely, the propagandic message is more often homogenous for the mass audience rather than to one person in an interpersonal setting

In regards to this, one must be aware that all institutional propaganda is manufactured with concealed purpose & identity to establish control of information, manage public opinion, or manipulate behavior in general.

all governments, societies, religions, philosophies and advertisements are unalterably propaganda mechanisms

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the way to resist propaganda is to identify the ideology & purpose of the campaign, the context in which it appears, the identity & motive of the propagandist, and the overall structure of the organization

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We now examine "Pan-Tribalism" in adverse to opposing propaganda.

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(1) Like all sound ideological conceptions, Pan Tribalism is a synthesis of action and perception -- to perceive reality in regards to *vision*, and to act accordingly to achieve its *physical manifestation*.

A reactionary doctrine is therefore imminent, one that arises from the vast realities creating the thread of resistance within the individual, and working to change the socio-political frame it exists within.

(2) The acknowledgement of a broad theoretical stance allows such an ideal to capture philosophical content spanning the gamut of radically different perceptions contained within the counterculture frame.

The concept of Pan-Tribalism is thus a synthesis of all such perceptions, each of which represent an element of greater truth.

However, in a seemingly contradictory sense, "Pan-Tribalism" in itself would remain agnostic about such a "greater truths" possible attainment or even existence. It must be noted that a hostile view towards the futility of utopian visions is, in an ironic way, a driving factor for propelling counterculture.

belief in the existence a greater truth is not the central issue – it is the power of "the idea" that is of significance

(3) There is no conception of ideology which is not in essence a reflection of the human world. Similarly, all fringe strata derive vital energy from some form of resistance to the cultural/political environment surrounding them.

All ideologies of the "counterculture" thus arise from a general reaction to a deep-seated sense of injustice rooted in innumerable forms, as well as the transient forces manifested in result.

the transformation "Pan-Tribalism" seeks is the promotion of cultural, social, political and artistic progress at every conceivable level

Such a concept must then retain an open-ended recognition of the gross problems faced by the counterculture mass.

It also must remain a broadly outlined theoretical text lacking an identifiable program for accomplishing the goals it describes, as to avoid its emergence as a legitimate political institution. In theory a "banner appendage" would be allowable, though the formation of a political party never.

in this it represents not an end, but a means

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Therefore, as the author, I find myself in a peculiar disposition. This "Pan-Tribalism" does not belong to me; I am not its administrator. To contain such a notion under the pretense of authoritarianism is absurd.

Instead, a "Pan-Tribalism" would thus be a treatise of sorts maintaining the open-ended ability to assimilate the greater portent within its frame. Similarly, there would need to be an unshakable basis of aims in order to solidify its foundations.

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The following section is not to be viewed as the most advanced expression of such an ideology. All I have essentially done is formulated "totem" ideals in a broadly outlined platform by observing the generally acknowledged detrimental characteristics inherent in resistance culture.

The sum of this author's opinions certainly are not identical to the next personality, so no major judgments considering morality can be prescribed.

I have at great lengths attempted to leave such sentiment as ambiguous as possible, without any extreme "legalization." With the following section I intend to establish cardinal principles.

All ambiguousness is intentionally perpetuated as to remain open to the interpretation of each groups own comprehension. Once the theoretical shell is applied, the blueprint itself loses all significance.

centerless and amoebic, the "Pan-Tribal" equation is then symbiotic in nature, complete only through the individuals own conclusion -- applied directly, it becomes a means to subjugate change through direct action

It also must be made clear that these "totems" are presented in a **propagandic mode** as to showcase many of the numerous models of propaganda later discussed (*including - but not limited to - bandwagon, glittering generality, plain folks, card stacking, name calling, transfer, testimonial, etc*).

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All henceforth ideas are presented for debate upon refinements, and any challenges are more than welcomed by this author.

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::THE 8 ADVERSE TOTEMS OF PAN-TRIBALISM::

I. TYRANNICAL FASCISM

II. AUTHORITARIAN EXPLOITATION

III. TOTALITARIAN RACISM

IV. OPPOSING PROPAGANDA (*literal; media*)

V. ANTI-EQUALITARIANISM (*gender*)

VI. VIOLENT SEX CRIMES

VII. SEVERE DRUG ADDICTION

VIII. OPPOSING ORTHODOXY (*spiritual; faith*)

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I. TYRANNICAL FASCISM

Fascism: A philosophy or system of government that is marked by a stringent social and economic control, a strong, centralized government usually headed by a dictator, and often a policy of belligerent nationalism

Tyranny: 1. A government in which a single leader is vested with absolute power 2. The office, authority or jurisdiction of an absolute ruler 3. Absolute power, especially when used exercised unjustly or cruelly

As with all precepts, there must be a firm understanding of what is meant when examining the totems of opposing propaganda. Although skewed definitions suffice as common knowledge, a gross misunderstanding of the term "Fascism" has confused Nazism as one in the same. Fascism was in fact a political/social movement coined by its progenitor Benito Mussolini following a split with the Socialist party after WWI.

Fascism proper was a complex social/economic theory presenting a "third way" which bridged both capitalist and communist structure into a nationalistic form of State Socialism. In fact, this economic platform was the only system worldwide to defy The Great Depression. The only economic model to fair better was Stalin's USSR, because the entire population was subjected to forced totalitarian labor.

However, Mussolini cast his die with violent imperialism, and due to the German beast Fascism unintentionally spawned, the world was violently plunged into the brutal human waste and destruction of the Second World War. Since then, Fascism's authentic definition has been lost to sheer repulsion, and the term has been subjugated to mean nearly anything extremist or tyrannical -- whether it be legitimate criticism or simply an insult to hurl at rival political candidates.

In the context we assume, Tyrannical Fascism takes its form in the most violent aspects of "one way, one voice, one vision" -- or as Il Duce said, "*All within The State, nothing outside The State, nothing against The State.*" The image of the "Totalitarian State" remains a haunting symbol of what could very well be subverted into the highest abuse of power.

Yet are all forms of fascism bad? Certainly a pathos of "one way, one voice, one vision" extends beyond political orbit and culminates in the areas of dogma, social theory, and a multitude of belief systems.

In political connotation, one could very well make the argument that Western Democracy, even in its most liberal form, is fascist because it has a definitive unshakable moral compass perpetuating a strict system of punishment for those who deviate from its conceived structure and laws.

The difficulty in addressing fascism is that any reactionary ideal represents an absolutist rejection that can fall under such dogma or stringency. Even the notion of a broad, theoretical basis for decrying certain ideas falls into a totalitarian practice, no matter how liberal its guidelines.

"Pan Tribalism," although holding the distinct possibility of being considered a massively liberal form of fascism, can never truly be, as it stands solely for the promotion of a loosely knit framework in a comparative unison, deftly forsaking any form of a central leadership.

the Pan-Tribal ideal bases its existence on rigidly decrying the abuses of institution and the rejection of any system, philosophy, organization, religion, or governing body that stands in starkest contrast

"Tyrannical Fascism" in the "Pan-Tribal" view defines itself as any movement or political appendage created directly to sustain its own power & foundation amid the background of brutal suppression to human rights.

There are lesser forms of fascism which take shape in dogma, and although they may not demand physical violence in reaction, they nonetheless seek the promotion of a "Tyrannical Utopian Goal."

although there are many practices that could be constituted under this lens, the fascism that this theory confronts is broadly realized as one that violently thrusts its ideals onto others in the matter of absolute control

Yet what draws the line between a freedom fighter and a terrorist? Certainly an ultimate right or wrong is not etched in stone but rather self-perpetuated. In this there will always be an unfortunate sense of ambiguity, and the final conclusion to be reached would therefore be of personal viewpoint.

The way to identify a Tyrannical Utopian Goal is to identify the ideology and purpose of the campaign, the context in which it appears, the identity and motive of the group, and the overall structure of the organization.

Although the French Resistance were deemed a "terrorist apparatus" by the Axis powers, they were justified in their guerilla actions against Nazi occupation. On the other side of the coin, a man such as Osama bin Laden is a classic definition of terrorist. Although his anger towards Western imperialism is certainly justified, his actions nonetheless support a blatantly fascist Tyrannical Utopian Goal.

Therefore, the line would have to be drawn quite simply: "**when the fight against one sort of oppression becomes the fight for another.**" In essence, this quote becomes an analogy for the excesses we must stop ourselves from permitting, and a bedrock warning of vigilance.

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II. AUTHORITARIAN EXPLOITATION

In the modern world no more is there a sign of collapse than authoritarian exploitation. This is witnessed at every socio-political level -- from the inside trading of Wall Street to the back alley oil deals of a profit hungry regime, from official defense strategies of torture to belligerent imperial policies trampling the impoverished & powerless.

This aggressive stance is not an attack on political systems directly because a "Pan-Tribalism" would not triumph any direct political structure. What is condemned is rather an element existing in all forms of governments, societies, religions, etc.

In a world of collapsing economic structure, where class warfare has never been so ruthless, these unchecked levels have reached the highest echelons of power through corruption, nepotism, and venality.

Through the promotion of all mental/physical control systems, they are the sustaining cornerstone of all class, economic, and ideological warfare.

Authoritarian Exploitation finds its strength in the most ruthless of all upper class parasitism, in public support through a faulty cloak of humane convictions. Under the blanket threat of exploitation, we must increase our awareness of its implications.

Nowhere are these policies and methods enforced more than the realms of domestic militarization and international imperialism.

Such classic examples come in many forms -- bankrupted, unethical State bodies funded through financial parasitism. The constancy of corrupt law enforcement; exaggerated law mandates bent into any context desired. Unconstitutional quota systems, "three-strike" mandatory life sentencing for non-violent crimes, the endless dogma of "pre-emption" & "violent rehabilitation." Convicting the impoverished while the financially aligned slip through the cracks effortlessly -- destroying lives & families beneath the crushing gears of a ridiculous and outmoded system, an anti-humane methodology conspired by the highest reaches of the power elite and their ludicrous conceptions of morality.

no more is there an important article of all related propaganda than to encourage a general sense of scrutiny towards all forms of authority and to foster ideological resistance to corruption in its many forms

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III. TOTALITARIAN RACISM

Since there needs to be little debate on the subject, let it be said that racism and racial division only determines regression and a continually enforced reverse effect upon the inertia we strive to incite.

Yet to what altitude would a racist attitude have to reach before it would be considered the outright adversary of the "Pan-Tribal" view?

Totalitarian Racism is defined as any such view which culminates in direct action of organization promoting calculated violence in retaliation. Groups such as the Ku Klux Klan and the National Socialist Party are prime examples of the Totalitarian Racist agenda.

Yet when does a skewed presupposition of stereotypes cross the line?

Is one that harbors certain negative racial/cultural attitudes ultimately rejected by the reigns of this theory? In pop culture terms: "*Can an 'Archie Bunker' be dealt with, if even begrudgingly?*"

In this author's opinion, there is a massive gap between a declared distaste for cultural peculiarities and an absolutist embrace of totalitarian apartheid.

While the "Archie Bunker" strain is certainly an object to overcome, it by no means declares a system of calculated violence in lieu of "racial superiority."

the official "Pan-Tribal" line is to focus upon undermining violent racism, and a continual effort to break down these unfortunate barriers.

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IV. OPPOSING PROPAGANDA (*literal; media*)

"The only difference between a terrorist and a patriot is control of the press."

No better is there a quote than that of David Lane's to express the true irony and despair of our corporate journalistic, media, and consumer system. The mass media has become a vast cornerstone of opposing propaganda and a highly tuned paralysis of the will.

None of this is more evident than the omnipresence of consumerism -- the subliminal placing of sexual images, embedded words, color schemes and camera movements; slogans instead of facts, logos instead of words -- a sense of *mystification* as opposed to *information*.

It is this same "mystification" that forces the average American to devour nearly 1,600 "messages" per day, 80 of which are remembered.

To the hierarchical structure there is no greater a fear than the free mans terror of a lifeless, loveless, monotonous existence. This is the role the media provides as both a substitute and distraction.

All demographics are carefully analyzed to determine the most efficient marketing method available - purchasing patterns, psychosexual development, mating customs, paternal/maternal relationships, lifestyles, aggressions and the entire range of complex needs within the individual as well as the groups whom they associate with.

These techniques have long been in widespread use to channel our basic value system and modify our behavior invisibly.

The bourgeoisie blueprint remains an effective subversion of our free will in the interest of an efficient merchandising/consumer oriented system. It is a steadily developing culmination of subliminal communication/implementation that's been driving the masses into pathological behaviors for ages.

The blinders must be welded on from the earliest age possible. Children now spend more time watching television before they are eight years old than they will with their parents in their entire adult lives. It is the "cereal box conspiracy" against the developing mind.

Children are to have a favorite toy, film, video game and television show. Boys are marketed war toys, soldiers and sporting goods to keep them aggressive, complacent and prone to violence. Girls are aimed towards both house making and child care to better suit their biological position. Television is an unquestioned, omnipresent, and comfortable part of every day life.

The bourgeoisie depends on the media to confirm his grip on reality and the wants/needs inherent of his own domestication. He depends on a mythical mainstream and the safety of a herd mentality for the basis of his stability. Public opinion is of the highest value; his greatest fear expulsion from the herd -- these false divisions of life into arbitrary categories, none of which can adequately describe or contain any of us, in order to define us against each other in the interests of power and control.

The bourgeoisie adult is easily identifiable by the claustrophobic movements of their bodies. The way they nervously look over their shoulders concerned as to how others view them. The way they forcibly cram themselves into the narrow space of permitted masculinity/womanhood.

The bourgeoisie adult is only possible by virtue of his illusions. He is unable to view his innermost desires as anything but an unfortunate weakness to be defeated by placebos of many forms. In terror of both themselves and one another in their abhorrent perceptions, they lash out their fear upon us all.

They spend their lives in mute panic attempting to seal every crack in their protective shell, with the older generation having nothing to offer to the new beyond maximum alienation.

Surrounded by every advent of technology to kill the emptiness he feels, the casualty remains hollow, with absolutely no idea what went wrong.

The mass media's outright distraction and subliminal propaganda of consumerism are perhaps the greatest struggles to face our modern society. They are by wide percentage a root of our pacifism and disinterest.

Let us regard education the vaccine.

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V. ANTI-EQUALITARIANISM (*gender*)

The "Pan-Tribal" ideal encourages radical gender equalitarianism.

The concepts of "Patriarchy" and "Matriarchy" are neither condemned nor favored, for they, like all other inter-tribal structures, are of group-centric consideration.

"Pan-Tribalism," in cardinal-totem precepts, aggressively promotes the social/cultural/political equality between sexes. It unequivocally favors radical feminism and deconstruction of all stereotypical gender imperatives.

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VI. VIOLENT SEX CRIMES

In defiance of the general religious, media, and societal concerns of intimacy as abhorrence, this philosophy recognizes the ability of physical/emotional connection to unleash dormant passions untapped within the individual. Not merely in a sexual connotation, but an overall exploration of the self; of communication, communion.

Since so many of the general populace have become crippled psychologically in this area -- whether stemming from dogma, family, or the forceful views of society -- sexuality is an essential tool in disrupting and eliminating repression which stimulates regression physically, artistically, and psychologically.

Since it is impossible to disavow the importance of emotional/sexual response, we must recognize that sexuality is subversive by nature because it poses a threat to the establishment of our daily routines -- irresponsible, irrepressible, rebellious, scornful of cowardice, dangerous to the lover, and everyone around her.

A man in the throes of passion will seldom die for the nonsensical war propaganda of the institution. In recognition of these principles, love, intimacy, and passion pose a direct threat to the herd mentality at large.

in this dimension there is no opinion on deviancy -- like all ambiguous pretexts this conception is left to personal philosophy

Although this is the most legalistic any totem formulation comes, it must be said that this philosophy exudes a revolt against the general forces of control surrounding us. What better an example of such violent lust for power over others than that of sexual assault itself?

violent non-consensual sex crimes are in no uncertain terms in complete defiance of the idealistic state we seek to create

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VII. SEVERE DRUG ADDICTION

When it comes to the inertia needed to construct a manifest, there is no more a potent disruption than our own permitted excesses. We find this hindrance an ever-present trait in the archetypical "junkie."

in this section we specifically focus on addiction in the universally accepted sense of severe drug abuse

The "recreational" use of drugs in itself is not the issue.

The die-hard Haight Ashbury ideal and the Straight Edge movement are two very different sides of the same coin, but a coin originating from the same counterculture frame. What is to be *discouraged* is severe drug addiction.

A heroin addict is not to be blacklisted per se, but rather it should be acknowledged universally that this is a supra-negative. Efforts should thus be constructed towards continual education and the waning tragic influence.

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VIII. OPPOSING ORTHODOXY (*spiritual; faith*)

In accordance that the "Pan-Tribal" worldview arises from a complex variable of disillusionment, we've already touched upon various forms of social/political realities where scrutiny should thus be prevalent.

In closing argument, we now examine religious orthodoxy – or more concisely, an analysis of what major/minor religions, if any, stand in absolutist contrast to a "Pan-Tribalism," because they inevitably represent a "Utopian Vision" in total disharmony with the spiritual/mental/physical independence of the counterculture mass.

Since a philosophy can only be comprehended on the basis of a definite formulation, only clearly stated ideological pathos are acceptable as to maintain no confusion of the phenomena which creates strife.

It must again be reinforced that this "Pan-Tribalism" is a manifold doctrine in opposition to *ideas* rather than the physical opposition of *individuals*.

hostility towards a conception of life is not fascistic -- only when manifested through calculated violence does it qualify as fascistic

Thus, a "Pan-Tribalism" can openly declare its rejection of specific orthodoxies, as such orthodoxies stand in ultimate contrast to its aims.

a "Pan-Tribal" worldview does not in any way endorse/negate the existence of God and wholly abstains from such debate

Such conceptions, like all other precepts, are ultimately left to the individuals own value system -- whether it be concocted of faith, agnosticism, or viciously refuting atheism.

However, taking into account the lavish history of dogma, injustice and violence that has been propagated by the major religions of the world -- from the Croatian massacre of the Catholic backed Ustasha, the fires of the Spanish Inquisition, Joan of Arc's Crusade and the current inflammation of Jihadist tensions in the Middle East -- all religions and the philosophies thereof are subject to scrutiny.

Certainly it can be established that such violence was perpetrated by individuals or groups enacting dogma through their own concentrated will.

However we must not be laud by the concept that orthodox theology should be divorced from strict analysis.

Yet what forms of orthodoxy ascribe adverse movements in ultimate contrast to the counterculture? Which, if any, maintain a Tyrannical Utopian Vision?

without a clearly defined, reasonable contrast any attack on a particular religion would simply appear as bigotry or dogmatism

The way to resist the damaging psychological effect of religious propaganda is to identify the ideology and motive of the campaign, as well as the context and overall structure of the movement/organization.

What better a conception of tyrannical fascism then when the "Final Solution" of a belief system ultimately arrives in the form of demons torturing those who deviate from family/social tradition in a pit of fire for all eternity?

any religion which triumphs infinite violence in reproach to conflicting social/cultural views is ultimately antithetical to the aims of a "Pan-Tribalism"

What religions, then, maintain such a concept? Which demand their members to push towards a theocratic totalitarian state?

In this authors opinion, I do not believe that Buddhism, Paganism, Wicca, Mabusism, or the general offshoots of Occultism or New Age groups represent this totalitarian utopian aim (*although, certainly, there are some abstractions which are cause for alarm*).

instead, "Pan-Tribalism" remains ideologically hostile to Islam, Judaism & Christianity, as well as their and distorted fringe sub-movements

"Pan-Tribalism" clearly defines "Tyrannical Fascism" as "*one that violently thrusts its ideals onto others in the matter of absolute control.*"

Taking into account the other seven adverse totems of "Pan-Tribalism," all of these three major religions in some way violate the shared code.

With Islam, there needs to be little debate. The violence contained within that theology abides a definitive suppression of human rights. Whereas Judaism is peaceful in comparison, it still recognizes and upholds perpetual spiritual warfare.

Yet what of Christianity? Though various right wing abstractions have ushered in a militant fringe representing "*the hand of God*" in the form of abortion clinic bombings, "*pre-emptive justice*" and so forth, the vast majority consider their aims to be ultimately that of peace and tolerance.

It must clearly be stated that Christianity, like Judaism, stands in ultimate contrast with the counterculture on more of a philosophical/rhetorical level than in any other context.

The main hostility of idealism roots in the concept of humanism vs. divinity.

The counterculture glorifies the expansion of the human experience; Christianity maintains humanism a struggle divorced from divinity, with instinct as "sin." Christianity portends that the human world is a vast purgatory, a faith-testing "training ground" for a posthumous afterlife.

Christianity, Islam & Judaism ultimately promote rigid subservience in which the counterculture is subsequently "*heathen*" by all standards of theology.

religion is absolute and unshakable in definition -- totalitarian in nature, it commands zealotry and submission

As with all areas of thought, the "Pan-Tribal" worldview presses for hard analysis. Therefore, all "Catch 22's" must be brought to the forefront.

Although Christianity continues to gain widespread support for its promoted message of tolerance, this does not altar the fact that there are hundreds of commandments beyond the infamous ten that are outright inhumane design.

In lieu of the gross attack on individuality/humanism – as well as gender equalitarianism, sexual liberation & "*spiritual heathenism*" -- there can be no possible argument that such religious orthodoxy has any real compatibility with the counterculture.

So what does the "Pan-Tribal" worldview promote in retaliation to such absolutism? Same with all other totem precepts -- *a fanatical push towards education, communication, and propagandic disruption.*

Regardless of these glaring abnormalities which possess but not a shred of relevance towards enlightenment, orthodox fundamentalism will continue to sustain rapid grow worldwide.

it is an unalterable cornerstone that "Pan-Tribalism" openly provides both the means and the intent of disruption through all communicative applications

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PROPAGANDA: A (RE)INTRODUCTION

Long ago, during the 1950's, the American youth was first introduced to rock and roll. When Bill Haley And The Comet's "Rock Around The Clock" was unleashed on "The Blackboard Jungle" soundtrack, those unsuspecting audience members -- those innocent placating youths of the Eisenhower 50's -- literally went ballistic. They catapulted popcorn and soft drinks at the screen, slashed theatre seats, stormed outdoors rioting while overturning cars, shattering windows with rocks, indulging in complete hysteria.

As this movement swept the country the possibility of a brave new world was secured through a medium representing a voice all their own. It was the ground zero bedrock of all resistance culture to come. The growth of the resistance culture was rapid -- the development of the greasers, the twin movement of the Beat Generation, and later, the drug culture itself.

Primal freedom was electrified by the awakening of an ancient and largely untapped phenomenon -- **AUDIO PROPAGANDA.**

But it was not long before this instrument of change was subdued and reformatted as an accepted rite of youth through disembodied consumer products. The great power that existed was most certainly watered down, reworked into less powerful incarnations, and the instigation of programs such as COINTELPRO alongside the inevitable burnout of the late 60's drug culture provided the ultimate finale.

More than 50 years after "Rock Around The Clock" planted the seeds of counter culture in the collective mind of the youth, rock and roll -- at least in its mass media definition -- has become a harmless cacophony of vibrations and expressions. It is now a spectator sport, or one that aims to be, if you follow the guidelines of opposing propaganda.

However, disruption has not wavered. New subcultures and attitudes rise from obscurity with each passing day. The real challenge is acceleration.

Taking into account the situation with Bill Haley, we mustn't deny the unbridled power and veracity that is concentrated in this art-form. All related propaganda must foremost magnify the concept of audio propaganda's (*and associated counterculture artistic/philosophical movements*) ability to incite progressive response as the central inertia of all intertwined movements.

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PROPAGANDA: (A HISTORICAL CONTEXT)

The greatest and most enduring success in the history of propaganda -- and consequently the first subculture movement to develop it's full potential against the institution of its era -- is unquestionably Christianity.

The rise of Christianity demonstrates how by skill and understanding of the audience, a specific appeal was engineered that ultimately shaped the course of world history.

The originating Christian propagandists aimed to a large extent at the least successful areas of the rapidly collapsing Roman empire. The prime target unquestionably was that of the fringe elements within society -- the disenfranchised and the demoralized, the slaves and the shepherders, the criminal and impoverished.

all of this was manufactured to incite fanatical agitation against the system in order to manufacture its replacement with a radically new version of reality, philosophy, morality, purpose, vision & communal structure

It's status was initially one of literally hundreds of competing philosophies created in the vacuum proceeding the fall of Rome, and with Christian propagandists lacking any control over the primitive form of multimedia at the ruling classes disposal, new ideas had to be fostered in the grassroots advertising of ideas.

Instead of the now conventional devices Julius Ceaser initiated with his immeasurable wealth and influence, Christian Propagandists instead relied on a masterful use of images and emotion appealing directly to the impoverished through their own field of vision and understanding.

The legacy of the synagogue preacher was already well established. What differentiated Christian Propagandists from traditional Hebrew Propagandists was the ability and willingness to transfer conventional messages into a newly abbreviated "short attention span" form.

The use of parables, dramatic gestures on the floor of the Temple, the graphic use of metaphor -- the seeds on stony ground, the eye of the camel, the shepherd and his flock -- and the highly personal experience of using audience members as human metaphors and making them the stars of the attraction fueled the reaction.

It was nearly four centuries later that the cross became the symbol of Christianity. Beforehand, the use of two curved intersecting lines symbolizing a fish was widely used. Not only was this symbol easy to draw, it also had mystical overtones in that it derived from an acronym in Greek language -- "*Jesus Christ, Son of God, saviour*," saviour pronounced *ichthus* (fish). The theme of the fish was also the theme for recruitment, as the metaphor was that of "*the fisher of mens' souls*."

The fish symbol was then used as a secret sign during persecution by Roman authorities. As a result it was found scrawled on walls, trees, any place where Christians wished to leave their mark to communicate their increasing numbers of strength to others.

thus the christians were the prime initiators of graffiti resistance

The most significant of all developments that the Christian Propagandists were responsible for was the very concept of "**Cellular Proselytization**."

Later adopted by Lenin in the Russian Revolution, this is the process of creating groups in every major area of civilization to logistically support the movement at large. In effect, each cell would have its own leaders, and the loyalty/faith of the cell members were solidified by the rituals of baptism and communion.

The converts then become propaganda agents in themselves, propelled by zealot conviction. This was exemplified by the choice of twelve disciples as the dedicated core who would carry the message to other groups, who in turn would spread the word through personal contact in a system resembling today's pyramidal marketing schemes.

In the end, Constantine I (*the "final" Roman Emperor*) adopted Christianity for political motives in 313 A.D. Realizing that the institution could no longer exist in opposition to this omnipresent movement, Christianity became the "official religion" of all the Roman Emperors. Not long after it was also adopted by the Germanic tribes who in turn inherited the remnants of the Empire throughout Europe.

Aided by the remarkable infrastructure and lingering communication system of the tattered Empire, Christianity was then utilized as a ubiquitous propaganda of control. It was subverted to benefit the ruling class and "updated" whenever necessary, effectively undermining the original intentions of the movement.

And still it exists today, channeling our behavior invisibly through a highly developed propaganda reaching us from remote pre-history.

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PROPAGANDA: (A TECHNICAL PERSPECTIVE)

From hereon we discuss the technical aspects central to the effective use of propaganda. Modern propaganda uses all media available -- press, radio, television, film posters, meetings, door-to-door canvassing, handbills, billboards, speeches, flags, fashion styles, street names, monuments, coins, stamps, books, plays, comic strips, poetry, music, sporting events, cultural events, company reports, libraries, awards and prizes.

Although there are variations and amalgams of the following themes, these seven major devices have become cardinal models of propaganda. Those devices are "*Glittering Generality*," "*Transfer*," "*Testimonial*," "*Plain Folks*," "*Card Stacking*," "*Name Calling*," and "*Band Wagon*."

Glittering Generality: Associating a concept with a "virtue word" to create both acceptance and approval of the concept.

Transfer: The process of transferring the established respect and authority of something into a new concept to provide it a sense of credibility.

Testimonial: Consists in having a respected or hated individual publicly announce their favor towards or dislike of a concept.

Plain Folks: Convincing the audience that the ideas of the propaganda are favorable because they are "of the people," the "plain folks."

Card Stacking: Involves the selection and use of facts or falsehoods, illustrations or distractions, and logical or illogical statements in order to give the best or worst possible case for an idea, program, person, or product.

Name Calling: Giving a concept a bad label and therefore rejecting and condemning it without examining the evidence.

Band Wagon: Has as its core theme "*everyone's doing it*."

Ethically, there are three direct classifications of propaganda in regards to this system -- *Gray Propaganda*, *Black Propaganda*, and *White Propaganda*.

White Propaganda is when the source is identified correctly and the information in the message tends to be accurate. White Propaganda is ultimately meant to form a credible union with its audience.

Gray Propaganda is when the source may or may not be identified correctly and the accuracy of the information is uncertain. It is the beginning of slanting information or concepts whose ultimate truth is in the eye of the beholder, walking the line between fact and fiction.

Black Propaganda is when a false source intentionally fabricates deceptions. "Disinformation" or "Yellow Journalism" also falls into this realm, which is the widespread practice of planting news stories designed to weaken adversaries or political rivals.

Opposing nations often rely on **Black Propaganda** to weaken their adversaries through initiatives of clandestine "PSYOPS" programs, an acronym for "Psychological Operations."

As is evident in KGB Cold War activities, the Soviets had secretly planted journalists in major newspapers in every conceivable state outside the Iron Curtain. The USSR even used black propaganda against themselves to maintain a desired effect.

"Radio Free Hungary" attracted world attention and sympathy in 1956 when the Russians sent tanks into Budapest to silence the anti-communist revolution. Radio Free Hungary's pleas to the United States aroused sympathy from the entire world.

The violent atrocities the Russians were perpetuating against Hungarians were described in graphic detail, and every transmission contained revolutionary messages to rise against the invading force and overthrow the communist regime since the USA had "promised" to militarily support the uprising. In effect the underground nation-wide broadcast had become the "*voice of the people.*"

In reality the station was a fraudulent KGB operation put in effect to embarrass the USA since they had no intention of getting involved. Thus, Russia demonstrated to the world that the United States could not be relied upon to logistically support a country in revolt.

Radio Free Hungary was so effective that the CIA had no idea it was a propaganda device until long after it ceased broadcasting.

the four basic tenements of successful propaganda come in its finality -- that the propaganda in question is clearly perceived, comprehended, remembered, and ultimately acted upon

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CONVERGENCE

every philosophy of life, no matter the virtues it seeks to benefit, will remain insignificant until its methods are implemented by its most ardent supporters

The success of its ideas manifest in becoming a widely acknowledged pathology reputed for its effective and practical integration with reality. The final product must invariably hold direct influence as a streamlining of consciousness whereas its influence directly affects the environment of the individual and those interconnected within the sphere of his existence.

Since each group within the counterculture inherently exists as a means to find a conclusion (*or viable alternative*) to a central problem, each incarnation of propaganda must then be tailored for select demographics.

Since every group has its own identity and generally focuses on resisting differing concepts (*or symptoms*) of the herd mentality, this must be left to its members to decide the best course of dissemination. It remains relevant so long as it is symbolically spoken in that groups particular language.

the difference between a member and a supporter is that support requires only a passive recognition of an idea, while membership demands an active role in pursuing it

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Propaganda aptly works from the standpoint of an idea and makes the supporter ripe for the success of this idea, while the counterculture as a larger entity achieves growth by the persistence of those enacting the idea.

The successfulness of an idea roots in the comprehensiveness of the propaganda to both support struggle and encourage resistance.

the first task of propaganda is always to win supporters for subsequent proactivity -- the second is to incite the continuation of propaganda from those supporters independently

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False concepts and poor knowledge can be eradicated by instruction, the stubborn resistance of emotions never. As an art form propaganda focuses

on the emotions of its audience, as a tool it provides the essential facts needed for motivation.

There are three cardinal rules in direct relation to this:

1) Never assume anyone will come to you naturally

2) Never underestimate the apathy of the average individual

3) Never assume that you can force anyone to change completely

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Agitation of resistance, in its fiery extremes, will always have the strongest grip on decimating the foundations of the first three rules. As a revolutionary principle, agitation is not employed to tell someone how to live -- agitation exists to *incite* them to live.

All great revolutions in history were set in motion by the agitation of the common man. Similarly, all great agitations were the product of clear, strong, artistically superior propaganda.

One only needs to study the history surrounding an epoch like *The Communist Manifesto* to see this in action. Examples of such agitation are also relevant in the history of lesser icons such as The Sex Pistols, Bathory, or The Velvet Underground.

whether or not you agree with any of these sources is unimportant -- it is the importance of evaluating influence, how sources such as these have provided the fuel of others fires which have inevitably led to chain reactions

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The educated propagandist observes and understands his art from the liberal heights of the ACLU to the anti-humane methodology of the Nazi Party. Drastically polar opposites of course, but both entities agitating resistance through many of the same techniques.

The difference between the noted comparisons are *aggressive blind agitation* and *impassioned voluntary agitation*. In other words, one can be violently thrust into a mob mentality through propaganda just as easily as a sane recognition of facts and sense of personal responsibility/morality.

Pan-Tribalism concentrates solely on impassioned voluntary agitation

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In the question of agitating resistance, never overlook the efficiency of simplicity. The best methods are often the most straightforward and stripped down. Over-intellectualism (*which I am clearly guilty of here*) loses the audience rather quickly.

The average individual possesses an enormous forgetfulness, therefore always retain the essential and avoid the non-essential -- keep it sharp and pointed while understanding the logic and language of the target audience. This is the finest way to "preach outside" the choir.

The written word serves to retain, reinforce and deepen the points of view, the accompanying artwork most effective when aimed at emotions. Melded together they must present a combination of instant inertia. The propaganda must get beneath the skin until a definitive catharsis is manufactured.

there must always be a method of practical resolution suggestively attached to this -- the more the concept appears solvable, the more the inertia will be culminated

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In the motivation of dismantling illusions, there must be no half-statements and no doubts. The sustained application of slogans, symbols, and phrases are utilized to drive ideas and images into the very subconscious of the individual.

The most effective propaganda presents an obstacle and gives a solution which seems practical to attain. Harsh realism is of strongest motivation -- the coldest consideration of reality and the warmest embrace of life.

A rigorous examination of opposing propaganda as a spiritual/physical weapon, the abuses of the system, thorough examinations of society/government, the possibility that God does not exist, the view of the world from a purely alienated/scientific/psychological view, etc.

the overall goal is unequivocally that of clearing all possible obstructions from an amplified, international countercultural unity

Although this broad statement seems rather ludicrous in its implications, we must acknowledge that a definitive strategy is not necessary -- the strength lies in each group's own determination of struggle and sense of purpose.

In effect, each group then becomes another gear within the larger machine of progress. In this there is no conscious center of a larger organization -- each group, or "tribe," is symbolically an organization working independently of one another in shared philosophy.

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::thus the chain reaction will continue as long as concentrated efforts are sustained::

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Since one must never measure propaganda by its effect on the university professor but that of the common man, all related propaganda must be aimed towards the broadest mass responsible for the organic growth of resistance culture -- the consumer class, the service industry, the blue collar masses -- the "low-brow" subcultures.

Here we find the most generally energized and passionate amongst our own. It is in this world of economic hopelessness that the counter culture maintains its highest gravitational pull. Reduced to a time clock number at a monotonous factory, punching the card day in and out in mind-numbing labor, the escapism of the underground holds most meaning.

Concerts become near identical to what many would consider mass convergence -- a vital rite ever present throughout the history of mankind. The importance of convergence is essential to solidify a shared conviction of being a member in a great comprehensive body.

In this the counterculture mass is both strengthened and confirmed. Larger demonstrations of this sort are ever present in package tours, arena concerts, etc. These forms, while highly beneficial, do not generally maintain the largest amount of gravity.

To retain true importance the event must generally be the product of an organic growth. A flavor of the week trendy music tour hastily thrown together from corporate demographical research has no meaning in this.

Efforts must then be honed where organic growth can best be nurtured and developed appropriately. Through the local level we find the most aggressive hands-on reconstruction of "reality."

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The organizer gains credibility through interpersonal contact and the acceptance of "**opinion leaders**" within various groups. The organizer then assumes his role in varying levels -- the booking of concerts, the organizing

of events, the dissemination of flyers, online activities, "guerilla" media infiltration, "facilitative communication."

These elements combined with an understanding of group norms, language usage, audience reaction and the arousal of emotions foster organic growth from every possible angle.

In this experiment the organizer puts forth the greatest effort of dragging in as many different camps as possible -- groups yet to meet, bands yet to play together, movements of similar conception, etc. The organizer inevitably plays a diplomatic role in forging alliances, pushing the heads of different tribes into communication and (*hopefully*) unified proactivity.

The effective organizer stresses the significance of exhibition, creating his events around a fantastical atmosphere -- an alternate world separate of conditioned reality. When this feeling is successfully conveyed the general audience will carry with them an air of pure disillusionment with all that does not concern this new impassioned reality.

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-- PROPAGANDA IN MOTION --

From here the organic process becomes self-sustaining.

A meeting once a week on generally the same night (*evening performances are historically most effective*) statistically render to be the finest platform of development. This allots the strategic amount of time to let all ideas, suggestions & visuals of the prior engagement to properly "sink in."

The meeting fulfills a universal need that is archetypical, and the effective organizer maps out his observations regarding the most successful elements of each scenario, reapplying them with that which has worked effortlessly in previous incarnations.

the end result of the organizer's effectiveness will not come from profitable enterprise but rather the creation of more organizers arising from the inertia he has culminated

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*** CONCLUSION ***

In my 11th year of enacting this worldview -- throughout the rise and fall of various inertias -- it's adherents have been persecuted for their expressions of independence. Their continued insistence of refusal by means of example is a rallying call against submission to a system ultimately designed to quell our innermost dreams and desires from coming to absolute fruition.

The honor of its ideals and the strength of its adherents combined willpower will never extinguish -- not as long as such an archetypical need remains ingrained in resistance culture.

If the hollow world comes to a point of true falter -- when all its injustices are apparent and its propaganda loses all gravity -- an ideal such as a "Pan Tribalism" will most certainly gain predominance in a stronger era of communication and interconnection.

For the death of the resistance culture precedes the death of art. And with the death of art, the silence of humanity.

May its finality rest among the passion of The Elite.

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The Propagandist (6.6.06)

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PROPAGANDA IN MOTION: REQUIEM

ARTICLE II: METHODS OF AUDIO PROPAGANDA (USE OF PROPAGANDA MECHANISMS IN LYRICAL ORATORY)

AD HOMINEM [ARGUMENT TO THE MAN]: Attacking the person instead of attacking his argument. For example, "*Ryan Bartek's books are baseless, since he openly lectures on propaganda and has made propaganda a thematic centerpiece of his literature.*" (which is true, but that's not why they're worthless – they are worthless for far more complex reasons). A common form is an attack on sincerity -- "*How can you argue for veganism when you wear leather shoes?*" A variation on this theme is to attack a whole class of people (*i.e. power elite vs. the poor*). Similarly, waving away a whole category of evidence by announcing "*the scientists were drunk.*" Another variation is attack by innuendo: "*Why don't scientists tell us what they really know -- are they afraid of mass panic?*" There may also be a pretense that the attack isn't happening, when it is most certainly in motion. Attacks don't have to be strong or direct -- you can merely show disrespect, cut down stature, or attack an opponent's intelligence. Oddly, the "*stupidity attack*" is sometimes reversed. For example, dismissing a comment with "*Well, you're just smarter than the rest of us.*" This is "DISMISSAL BY DIFFERENCE." "AD HOMINEM" is not fallacious if the attack goes to the credibility of the argument. For instance, the argument may depend on its presenter's claim that he's an expert. Trial judges allow this category of attack.

NEEDLING: Simply attempting to make the other person angry, without trying to address the argument at hand. Sometimes this is a delaying tactic. Needling is also Ad Hominem if you insult your opponent. You may instead insult something the other person believes in, interrupt, clown to show disrespect, be noisy, fail to pass over the microphone, etc. All of these work better if you are running things. For example if it is your radio show you can cut off the other person's microphone. If the host/moderator is firmly on your side, that is almost as good as running the show yourself. It's even better if the debate is videotaped, and you are the person who will edit the video. Usually, the best way to cope with insults is to show mild amusement, as a humorous comeback often works better than an incised one.

STRAW MAN [FALLACY OF EXTENSION]: Attacking an exaggerated or caricatured version of your opponent's position. For example, "Senator X says that we should not fund the creation of more nuclear missiles. I can't understand why he wants to leave us defenseless." It is also common to exaggerate the opponent's position so that a comparison can be made between the opponent and Hitler, or fascism in general.

INFLATION OF CONFLICT: Arguing that scholars are in debate of a specific point because their entire field of knowledge is "in crisis," or does not properly exist. For example, two historians debated whether Hitler killed five million Jews or six million Jews. A Holocaust denier argued that this disagreement made his claim credible, even though his death count is three to ten times smaller than the known minimum.

ARGUMENT FROM ADVERSE CONSEQUENCES [FEAR TACTICS]: Saying an opponent must be wrong, because if he is correct then horrible things would therefore ensue. "God must exist, because a godless society would be lawless and dangerous." Or "The defendant in a murder trial must be found guilty, because otherwise husbands will be encouraged to murder their wives at record levels."

SPECIAL PLEADING [STACKING THE DECK]: Using the arguments that support your position, but ignoring/disallowing arguments against it.

EXCLUDED MIDDLE [FALSE DICHOTOMY; BIFURCATION]: Assuming there are only two alternatives when in fact there are many more (*i.e. assuming Atheism is the only alternative to Fundamentalism, or being a traitor is the only alternative to being a patriot*).

SHORT TERM VS. LONG TERM: Presenting the idea that no two large-scale challenges can coincide -- "We must deal with crime on the streets before improving the schools." Or: "We should take the scientific research budget and use it to feed starving children, because we can't fund both simultaneously."

BURDEN OF PROOF: The claim that whatever has not yet been proved false must be true (*or vice versa*).

ARGUMENT BY QUESTION: Asking your opponent a question which does not have a snappy answer (*or no quick answer an audience can immediately process before being barraged with even more disinformation*). The opponent has no choice but to appear weak/ill-informed or "heady" & long-winded. For example, "How can scientists expect us to believe that anything as complex as a single living cell could have arisen as a result of random natural processes?" It usually takes longer to answer a question than ask it. Variants are the "rhetorical question" and the "loaded question."

ARGUMENT BY RHETORICAL QUESTION: Asking a question in a way that leads to a particular answer. For example, "When are we going to give the old folks of this country the pension they deserve?" The speaker is leading the audience to the answer "Right now." Alternatively, he could have said "When will we be able to afford a major increase in old age pensions?"

FALLACY OF THE GENERAL RULE: Assuming that something true in general is true in every possible case. For example, "All chairs have four

legs." Except that rocking chairs don't have any legs. Similarly, there are times when certain laws should be broken. For example, ambulances are allowed to break speed laws.

REDUCTIVE FALLACY [OVERSIMPLIFICATION]: Over-simplifying. As Einstein said, everything should be made as simple as possible, but no simpler. Political slogans such as "Taxation is theft" fall in this category.

GENETIC FALLACY [FALLACY OF ORIGINS/VIRTUE]: If an argument/arguer has a specific origin, then that argument must be right (*or wrong*). The idea is that things from that origin (or social class) have or lack virtue because of status. Therefore, the actual details of the argument can be overlooked, since correctness can be decided without debate.

PSYCHOGENETIC FALLACY: If you understand the psychological/political reason why your opponent likes an argument, therefore he's biased, thus his argument must be wrong by default.

ARGUMENT OF THE BEARD: Assuming that two ends of a spectrum are the same, since one can travel along the spectrum in very small steps. The name comes from the idea that being clean-shaven must be the same as having a big beard, since in-between beards exist. Similarly, all piles of stones are small, since if you add one stone to a small pile of stones it remains small. However, the existence of pink should not undermine the distinction between white and red.

ARGUMENT FROM AGE [WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS]: Propagandizing the "fact" that an argument is superior due to age, appealing either through seniority (*experience*) or innovation (*youth*). Products marketed "New & Improved" appeal such a belief (*i.e. innovation = value/strength*).

NOT INVENTED HERE: Ideas from elsewhere are made unwelcome (*i.e. "this is the way we've always done it"*). This pertains to feelings that local ways/local identity are superior, and that innovations will only upset the established working system. An example of this is the assertion that America has "*the best health care system in the world*" when in reality it ranks 37th worldwide. Conversely, foreign or "imported" things may be held as superior.

ARGUMENT BY DISMISSAL: An idea is rejected without saying why. Dismissals usually have overtones. For example, "If you don't like it, leave the country" implies that your cause is hopeless, or that you are unpatriotic, or that your ideas are foreign. "If you don't like it, go live in a Banana Republic" adds an emotive element to the equation.

ARGUMENT TO THE FUTURE: Arguing that evidence will someday be discovered which will then support your point.

POISONING THE WELLS: Discrediting the sources used by your opponents.

ARGUMENT BY EMOTIVE LANGUAGE [APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE]: Using emotionally loaded words to sway the audience's sentiments instead of their minds. Many emotions can be useful -- anger, spite, envy, condescension, etc. "Guilty By Association" also falls in this category.

ARGUMENT BY PERSONAL CHARM: Getting the audience to cut you slack. Prime Example: Ronald Reagan's masterful control through use of personal charm/satire. It helps greatly if you have a "flat" opponent. Charm may create trust or the desire to "join the winning team." This is intensified through "sex appeal."

APPEAL TO PITY/SYMPATHY [THE GALILEO ARGUMENT]: "I did not slaughter my parents in their sleep. I'm suffering enough as it is being an orphan." Some authors want you to know they're suffering for their beliefs. For example, "Scientists scoffed at Copernicus and Galileo; they laughed at Edison, Tesla and Marconi; they won't give my ideas a fair hearing either. But time will be the judge." There is a variant where someone may refuse to answer an argument on the grounds that the inquisitor is mean-spirited and has thus hurt their feelings -- or the question is altogether too personal to answer.

APPEAL TO FORCE: Threats, lawsuits, or even physical violence. The traditional religious threat is that one will burn in Hell.

ARGUMENT BY VEHEMENCE: Being loud. Trial lawyers are taught this rule: "If you have the facts, pound on the facts; if you have the law, pound on the law. If you don't have either, just pound on the table." The above rule paints vehemence as an act of desperation. But it can also be a way to seize control of the agenda, use up the opponent's time, or just intimidate the easily cowed. And it's not necessarily aimed at winning the day. A tantrum is also a way to get a reputation so that in the future no one will challenge you.

BEGGING THE QUESTION [ASSUMING THE ANSWER/TAUTOLOGY]: "Circular Reasoning." The thing to be proved is used as one of your assumptions. For example: "We must have a death penalty to discourage violent crime," assumes capital punishment actually discourages crime in and of itself when the causes are infinitely more complex.

STOLEN CONCEPT: Utilizing what you are trying to disprove in order to disprove it. That is, "requiring the truth of something for your own proof that it is completely false." For example, using science to show that science is wrong. Or, arguing that you do not exist, when your existence is clearly required for you to be making the argument. A better example of this in action is LAIBACH and the NSK movement – an art collective that uses totalitarianism in order to decry totalitarianism/fascism. "STOLEN CONCEPT" is a relative of "BEGGING THE QUESTION," except that the circularity is in what you are trying to prove, instead of what you are trying to disprove. It is

also a relative of Reductio Ad Absurdum, where you temporarily assume the truth of something.

ARGUMENT FROM AUTHORITY: The claim that the speaker is an expert, and therefore should be trusted. The speaker is actually claiming to be more expert in the subject area than anyone else in the room. There is also an implied claim that expertise in the area is worth having. For example, claiming expertise in something hopelessly quack (*i.e. Creationism or Voodoo*).

ARGUMENT FROM FALSE AUTHORITY: For example, a Television commercial that begins "*I'm not a doctor, but I play one on TV.*" Just what are we supposed to conclude?

APPEAL TO ANONYMOUS AUTHORITY: An appeal to authority is made, but the authority is not named. For example, "Experts agree," "scientists say," or the mysterious "they conclude." This makes the information impossible to verify.

APPEAL TO AUTHORITY: "*Albert Einstein was extremely impressed with this theory.*" Yet a statement made by someone long-deceased could be out of date, or warped from a specific context. To justify an appeal, the propagandist should at least present an exact quote. It's more convincing if the quote contains context, and if the propagandist can verify when/where the quote emerged.

APPEAL TO FALSE AUTHORITY: A variation on "APPEAL TO AUTHORITY," but The Authority is outside his area of expertise. For example, "*Famous Physicist X studied Houdini extensively and found no evidence of fraud in his feats.*" Physicist X was not qualified to detect fraud of the kind used by stage magicians. A variation is to appeal to a non-existent authority. For example, referencing data/research in newspaper articles from sources which do not exist (*i.e. directly fabricating academic journals such as "The Harvard Centennial," "The Princeton Sentinel," etc*). Another variation is to misquote a real authority out of context, or to edit their response to suit the propaganda. The quote can be "*glued together,*" or fragments might have gone missing.

STATEMENT OF CONVERSION: The speaker says "*I used to believe in X*". This is simply a weak form of asserting expertise. The speaker is implying that he has learned about the subject, and now that he is better informed, he has rejected X. So perhaps he is now an authority, and this is an implied "ARGUMENT FROM AUTHORITY." Another variation is "*I used to think that way when I was your age.*" The propagandist hasn't said what is wrong with your argument -- he is merely claiming that age has vindicated expertise. In reality "X" has not actually been countered unless there is mutual agreement on "*upstaged expertise.*" For example there are a number of Creationist authors who say they "*used to be evolutionists,*" but the actual scientists

who've rated their books haven't noticed discovered any expertise about evolution.

BAD ANALOGY: Claiming that two situations are highly similar, when they are not remotely so. For example, "*The solar system reminds me of an atom, with planets orbiting the sun like electrons orbiting the nucleus. We know that electrons can jump from orbit to orbit; so we must look to ancient records for sightings of planets jumping from orbit to orbit also.*" Or, "*Minds, like rivers, can be broad. The broader the river, the shallower it is. Therefore, the broader the mind, the shallower it is.*" Or, "*We have pure food and drug laws; why can't we have laws to keep movie-makers from giving us filth?*"

EXTENDED APOLOGY: The claim that two things, both analogous to a third thing, are therefore analogous to each other. For example: "*I believe it is always wrong to oppose the law by breaking it*" in direct contrast to "*Such a position is ludicrous and implies you would not have supported Martin Luther King.*" A person who advocates a particular position may be told that Hitler believed the same thing. The clear implication is that the position is somehow tainted through philosophical "guilt by association."

ARGUMENT FROM SPURIOUS SIMILARITY: This is a relative of "BAD ANALOGY." It is suggested that some resemblance is factual proof of direct relationship.

REIFYING: An abstract thing is talked about as if it were concrete.

FALSE CAUSE: Assuming that because two things happened, the first one caused the second (*sequence is not causation.*) For example, "Before women were allowed to vote, there were no nuclear weapons."

CONFUSING CORRELATION AND CAUSATION: "*When sales of hot chocolate go up, street crime drops.*" Does this correlation mean that hot chocolate prevents crime? No, it means that fewer people are on the streets when the weather is cold. "*The bigger a child's shoe size, the better the child's handwriting.*" Does having big feet make it easier to write? No, it means the child is older.

CASUAL REDUCTIONISM [COMPLEX CAUSE]: Trying to use one cause to explain something, when in fact it had several causes. "*The accident was caused by the taxi parking in the street.*" In reality all other drivers went around the taxi while the drunk driver crashed into the static object.

CLICHÉ THINKING: Using as evidence a well-known "*wise saying,*" as if it is directly proven.

EXCEPTION THAT PROVES THE RULE: This is used when a rule has been asserted, and someone points out the rule doesn't always work. The cliché rebuttal is that this is "*the exception that proves the rule*". Many people think that this cliché somehow allows you to ignore the exception, and continue

using the rule. In fact, the cliché originally did no such thing. There are two standard explanations for the original meaning. The first is that the word "prove" meant test. That is why the military takes its equipment to a Proving Ground to test it. So, the cliché originally said that an exception tests a rule. That is, if you find an exception to a rule, the cliché is saying that the rule is being tested, and perhaps the rule will need to be discarded. The second explanation is that the stating of an exception to a rule, proves that the rule exists.

APPEAL TO WIDESPREAD BELIEF [BANDWAGON/PEER PRESSURE]:

The claim as evidence that many people believe an idea, used to believe an idea, or currently enact it. If the discussion is about social conventions -- *i.e.* "good manners" -- then this is a reasonable argument. However, in the 1800's there was a widespread belief that bloodletting cured sickness. All of these people were not just wrong, but horribly wrong. Clearly, the popularity of an idea is no guarantee that it's right.

FALLACY OF COMPOSITION: Assuming that a whole has the same simplicity as its constituent parts. In fact, a great deal of science is the study of emergent properties. For example if you put a drop of oil on water, there are interesting optical effects. But the effect comes from the oil/water system -- it does not come just from the oil or just from the water. *A car makes less pollution than a bus. Therefore, cars are less of a pollution problem than buses."*

FALLACY OF DIVISION: Assuming that what is true of the whole is true of each constituent part. For example human beings are made of atoms, and since human beings are conscious, atoms must be conscious as well.

COMPLEX QUESTION [TYING]: Unrelated points are treated as if they should be accepted or rejected together, when in reality each point should be accepted or rejected on its own merits.

SLIPPERY SLOPE FALLACY [CAMEL'S NOSE]: There is an old saying about how if you allow a camel to poke his nose into the tent, soon the whole camel will follow. The fallacy here is the assumption that something is wrong because it is right next to something that is wrong. Or it is wrong because it could slide towards something that is wrong. For example, *"If we legalize marijuana, then more people will try heroin."* Or, *"If I make an exception for you, then I'll have to make an exception for everyone."*

ARGUMENT BY PIGHEADEDNESS: Refusing to accept something after everyone else assumed it is proven. For example: "Flat Earth."

APPEAL TO COINCIDENCE: Asserting that some fact is due to chance. For example, the propagandist has had a dozen traffic accidents in six months, yet he insists they weren't his fault. On the other hand coincidences do happen, so this argument is not always fallacious.

ARGUMENT BY REPETITION [ARGUMENT AD NAUSEAM]: If you say something often enough, some people will begin to believe it.

ARGUMENT BY HALF TRUTH [SUPPRESSED EVIDENCE]: For example, an amazingly accurate "prophecy" of the assassination attempt on President Reagan was shown on TV. But was the tape recorded before or after the event? Many stations did not ask this question, when it was in fact recorded afterwards. A book on the "Bermuda Triangle" might tell us that the yacht Connemara IV was found drifting crewless, southeast of Bermuda, on September 26, 1955. None of these books mention that the yacht had been directly in the path of Hurricane Iona, with 180 mph winds and 40-foot waves.

ARGUMENT BY SELECTIVE OBSERVATION: Also called "Cherry Picking" the "enumeration of favorable circumstances," or "counting the hits and forgetting the misses." For example, a country boasts of the Olympic athletes it has produced, but is silent about its serial killers. Or, the claim "Technology brings happiness". Casinos encourage this tendency -- there are bells and whistles to broadcast jackpot winnings, but losing happens silently. This makes it much easier to think that the odds of winning are good.

ARGUMENT BY SELECTIVE READING: Making it seem as if the weakest of an opponent's arguments were the best he had. Suppose the opponent gave strong argument X and weak argument Y -- simply rebut Y and ignore X. The propagandist selectively overlooks difficult arguments.

ARGUMENT BY GENERALIZATION: Drawing a broad conclusion from a small number of unrepresentative cases. For example, "They say 1 out of every 5 people are Chinese, yet I know hundreds of people, and none of them are Asian." Similarly, "Because we allow terminally ill patients to use morphine, we should allow everyone to do so."

ARGUMENT FROM SMALL NUMBERS: "I've thrown three sevens in a row. Tonight I can't lose." This is "ARGUMENT BY GENERALIZATION," but it assumes that small numbers are the same as big numbers. Or, "After treatment with the drug one mouse were cured, one died, and the third escaped." Does this mean that if we treated 1000 mice then 333 would be cured in result?

MISUNDERSTANDING THE NATURE OF STATISTICS [INNUMERACY]: For example, it was widely reported that "cell phones cause brain cancer." In reality, the supposed increase in risk was at most 1 to 2 cancers per 100,000 people each year, with no real sustainable evidence to support it. Misinformation of statistical data is shown to be the most laudable propaganda used to sway public opinion.

INCONSISTENCY: For example, "The declining life expectancy in the former Soviet Union is due to the failures of communism." Yet the excessively high infant mortality rate in the United States is not a failure of capitalism.

NON SEQUITOR: Something that just does not follow. For example, "Tens of thousands of Americans have seen lights in the night sky which they could not identify. The existence of life on other planets is fast becoming certainty." Another example -- arguing at length that your religion is of great help to humanity, and concluding that by faith alone your religious teachings are undoubtedly true.

MEANINGLESS QUESTIONS: Irresistible forces meeting immovable objects, etc.

ARGUMENT BY POETIC LANGUAGE: If it sounds good, it must be right. Songs often use this effect to create a sort of credibility - for example, "Don't Fear The Reaper" by Blue Oyster Cult. Politically oriented songs should be taken with a grain of salt, precisely because they sound good.

ARGUMENT BY SLOGAN: If it's short, and connects to an argument, it must be an argument. (But slogans risk the Reductive Fallacy.) Being short, a slogan increases the effectiveness of Argument By Repetition. It also helps Argument By Emotive Language (Appeal To The People), since emotional appeals need to be punchy. (Also, the gallery can chant a short slogan.) Using an old slogan is Cliche Thinking.

ARGUMENT BY PRESTIGIOUS JARGON: Using big complicated words so that you will seem to be an expert. Why do people use "utilize" when they could utilize "use" ? For example, crackpots used to claim they had a Unified Field Theory (after Einstein). Then the word Quantum was popular. Lately it seems to be Zero Point Fields.

ARGUMENT BY GIBBERISH [BAFFLEMENT]: This is THE AUTHOR's personal favorite and an extreme version of "ARGUMENT BY PRESTITIGOUS JARGON." An invented vocabulary greatly helps this effect, although ordinary words can also be used to baffle the recipient. For example, "*Omniscience is greater than omnipotence, and the difference is two. Omnipotence plus two equals omniscience. META = 2.*" [From R. Buckminster Fuller's "*No More Secondhand God*"]. Aleister Crowley was highly versed in this technique as well, applying it to occultism (*and its branch public showmanship*). One such declaration was most likely sincere, although THE AUTHOR would like to point it out for good measure. April 1921 brought Crowley to the head of a six-year realization, that his destiny was to evolve to the highest grade conceivable by human consciousness - that of "*Ipsissimus, 10 degree=1 squared, on the place of Kether, the kabbalistic Crown of the Tree of Life, where the first emancipation of pure Godhead is made manifest.*" Crowley's diary entry refers to the completion of an unknown rite of passage as: "9:34 pm. As a God goes, I go... 10:05 I am back at my desk, having done the

deed, before the Scarlet Woman as my witness. I swore to keep silence, so long as I live, about the face of my attainment (The Scarlet Woman is no thus bound, of course)." Gibberish works effortlessly on people that can't find meaning in technical/prestigious jargon. It can also effectively be used as a "SNOW JOB" (a.k.a. "CONFUSION THROUGH BULLSHIT") by a propagandist who is actually familiar with the tech-jargon itself. "ARGUMENT BY POETIC LANGUAGE" can also be utilized as an effective "SNOW JOB." An example of poetic gibberish: "*Each autonomous individual emerges holographically within egoless ontological consciousness as a non-dimensional geometric point within the transcendental thought-wave matrix.*" For one of the finest examples of poetic gibberish in political history, please read Benito Mussolini's "*My Autobiography.*"

EQUIVOCATION: Using a word to mean one thing, and then later using it to mean something different.

EUPHEMISM: The use of words to cushion emotional response. The soldier wasn't killed, he was "sacrificed" in duty. Genocide was "ethnic cleansing." The death of innocent bystanders is "collateral damage." This is related to "ARGUMENT BY EMOTIVE LANGUAGE," since the effect is to make a concept emotionally palatable.

WEASEL WORDING: This is very much like "EUPHEMISM," except that the word changes are done to claim a new, different concept rather than soften the old concept. For example, an American President may not legally conduct a war without a declaration of Congress. So various Presidents have conducted "*police actions*", "*armed incursions*", "*protective reaction strikes*," "*pacification*," "*safeguarding American interests*," and a wide variety of "*operations*". Similarly, War Departments have become "*Departments of Defense*," and untested medicines have become "*alternative medicines*."

LIES: Intentional Errors of Fact. If the speaker thinks that lying serves a moral end, this would be a "PIOUS FRAUD."

HYPOTHESIS CONTRARY TO FACT: Arguing from something that might have happened, but did not.

INTERNAL CONTRADICTION: Saying two contradictory things in the same argument. For example, claiming that Archaeopteryx is a dinosaur with hoaxed feathers, and also saying in the same book that it is a "*true bird*".

CHANGING THE SUBJECT [DIGRESSION/MISDIRECTION]: This is sometimes used to avoid having to defend a claim, or to avoid making good on a promise. In general, there is something you are not supposed to notice. For example, one receives a bill with extra fees announcing its flux via tax increase. On calculation the increased tax was only costing the citizen a dime, while a different part of the bill had silently gone up \$10. This is connected to various diversionary tactics, which may be obstructive, obtuse,

or needling. For example, if you quibble about the meaning of some word a person used, they may be quite happy about being corrected, since that means they've derailed you or changed the subject. They may pick nits in your wording, deliberately misunderstand you: "*You said this happened five years before Hitler came to power. Why are you so fascinated with Hitler? Are you anti-Semitic?*" It is also connected to various rhetorical tricks, such as announcing that there cannot be a question session because the speaker must leave (*though he actually doesn't leave the building*).

ARGUMENT BY FAST TALKING: If you go from one idea to the next quickly enough, the audience won't have time to think. Rapid delivery does not leave the audience any timeframe to reject what they've heard.

FAILURE TO ASSERT [DIMINISHED CLAIM]: Almost claiming something, but backing out. For example, "*It may be, as some suppose, that ghosts can only be seen by certain so-called sensitives/mediums, who are possibly special mutations with, perhaps, abnormally extended ranges of vision and hearing. Yet some claim we are all sensitives/mediums.*" Another example: "*I don't necessarily agree with the liquefaction theory, nor do I endorse all of Walter Brown's other material, but the geological statements are informative.*" The strange thing here is that liquefaction theory (*the idea that the world's rocks formed in flood waters*) was demolished in 1788. To "*not necessarily agree*" with it, today, is in the category of "*not necessarily agreeing*" with $2+2=3$. But notice that writer implies some study of the matter, and only partial rejection. A similar thing is the failure to rebut. Suppose one raises an issue. The response that "*Woodmorappe's book talks about that*" could possibly be a reference to a resounding rebuttal. Or perhaps the responder hasn't even read the book yet. How can one tell?

AMBIGUOUS ASSERTION: A statement is made, but it is sufficiently unclear and leaves some form of leeway. For example, a book about Washington politics did not place quotation marks around quotes. This left ambiguity about which parts of the book were first-hand reports and which parts were second-hand reports, assumptions, or outright fiction. Of course, lack of clarity is not always intentional. Sometimes a statement is just vague. If the statement has two different meanings, this is "amphiboly."

FAILURE TO STATE: If you make enough attacks, and ask enough questions, you may never have to actually define your own position.

OUTDATED INFORMATION: Information is given, but it is not the latest information on the subject. For example, some creationist articles about the amount of dust on the moon quote a measurement made in the 1950's, yet better measurements have been done since then.

AMAZING FAMILIARITY: The speaker seems to have information that there is no possible way for him to get, on the basis of his own statements.

LEAST PAUSIBLE HYPOTHESIS: Ignoring all of the most reasonable explanations. This makes the desired explanation into the only one. There is an old rule for deciding which explanation is the most plausible. It is most often called "Occam's Razor," and it basically says that the simplest answer is often the best. The current phrase among scientists is that an explanation should be "*the most parsimonious,*" meaning that it should not introduce new concepts when old concepts will do just fine.

ARGUMENT BY SCENARIO: Telling a story which ties together unrelated material, and then using the story as proof they are related.

AFFIRMING THE CONSEQUENT: Logic reversal. A correct statement of the form "*if P then Q*" gets turned into "*Q therefore P*". For example, "*All cats die; Plato died; therefore Plato was a cat.*" Another example: "*If the earth orbits the sun, then the nearer stars will show an apparent annual shift in position relative to more distant stars (stellar parallax). Observations show conclusively that this parallax shift does occur. This proves that the earth orbits the sun.*" In reality, it proves that Q [the parallax] is consistent with P [orbiting the sun]. But it might also be consistent with some other theory. Another example: "*If space creatures were kidnapping people and examining them, the space creatures would probably hypnotically erase the memories of the people they examined. These people would thus suffer from amnesia. But in fact many people do suffer from amnesia. This tends to prove they were kidnapped and examined by space creatures.*"

ARGUMENT BY DEMANDING IMPOSSIBLE PERFECTION [MOVING THE GOALPOSTS]: If your opponent successfully addresses some point, then say he must also address some further point. If you can make these points continually more difficult then eventually your opponent must fail. If nothing else, you will eventually find a subject that your opponent isn't up on. If each new goal causes a new question, this may get to be "INFINITE REGRESSION." It is also possible to lower the bar, reducing the burden on an argument. For example, a person who takes Vitamin X might claim that it prevents colds. When they do get a cold, then they move the goalposts, by saying that the cold would have been much worse if not for the Vitamin X.

APPEAL TO COMPLEXITY: If the propagandist doesn't understand the topic, he concludes that nobody understands it.

COMMON SENSE: Unfortunately, there simply isn't a common-sense answer for many questions. In politics there are a lot of issues where people disagree. Each side thinks that their answer is common sense. Clearly, some of these people are wrong. The reason they are wrong is because common sense depends on the context, knowledge & experience of the observer.

ARGUMENT BY LAZINESS/UNINFORMED OPINION: The arguer hasn't bothered to learn anything about the topic. He nevertheless has an opinion, and will be insulted if his opinion is not treated with respect. For example,

someone read "PROPAGANDA IN MOTION," and made numerous attacks/complaints clearly showing he hadn't even remotely grasped the logic or major points. When THE AUTHOR pointed this out, the reader replied that one should never have written such a confusing piece of literature.

DISPROOF BY FALLACY: If a conclusion can be reached in an obviously fallacious way, then the conclusion is incorrectly declared wrong. This is different from Reductio Ad Absurdum where your opponent's argument can lead to an absurd conclusion. In this case, an absurd argument leads to a normal conclusion.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM: Showing that your opponent's argument leads to some absurd conclusion. This is in general a reasonable and non-fallacious way to argue. If the issues are razor-sharp, it is a good way to completely destroy an argument. However, if the waters are a bit muddy, perhaps you will only succeed in showing that your opponent's argument does not apply in all cases. However, if you are faced with an argument that is poorly worded, or only lightly sketched, Reductio Ad Absurdum may be a good way of pointing out the holes.

FALSE COMPROMISE: If one does not understand a debate, it must be "fair" to split the difference, and agree on a compromise between the opinions. Journalists often invoke this fallacy in the name of "balanced" coverage.

FALLACY OF THE CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT: Claiming that some idea has been proved/disproved by a pivotal discovery. This is the "smoking gun" version of history, and scientific progress is often reported in such terms. This is inevitable when a complex story is reduced to a sound-byte, but it's almost always a distortion. In reality, a lot of background happens first, and a lot of buttressing/retraction happens afterwards. And in natural history, most of the theories are about how often certain things happen. For those theories, no one experiment could ever be conclusive.

TWO WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT: A charge of wrongdoing is answered by a rationalization that others have sinned, or might have sinned. For example, Bill borrows Jane's expensive pen, and later finds he hasn't returned it. He tells himself that it is okay to keep it, since she would have taken his. War atrocities and terrorism are often defended in this way. Similarly, some people defend capital punishment on the grounds that the state is killing people who have killed.

PIOUS FRAUD: A fraud done to accomplish some good end, on the theory that the end justifies the means. For example, a church in Canada had a statue of Christ which started to weep tears of blood. When analyzed, the blood turned out to be beef blood. We can reasonably assume that someone with access to the building thought that bringing souls to Christ would justify his small deception. In the context of debates, a PIOUS FRAUD could be a lie.

More generally, it would be when an emotionally committed speaker makes an assertion that is shaded, distorted or even fabricated. For example, British Prime Minister Tony Blair was accused in 2003 of "*sexing up*" his evidence that Iraq had Weapons of Mass Destruction. Around the year 400, Saint Augustine wrote two books -- *De Mendacio* [On Lying] and *Contra Mendacium* [Against Lying]. He argued that the sin isn't in what you say, but in your intent to leave a false impression.

PROPAGANDA IN MOTION: REQUIEM II

ARTICLE III: PSYOP STRATEGEMS (PROPAGANA TECHNIQUES; AN ENCYCLOPEDIA MINOREM)

EXHIBIT A: CHARACTERISTICS OF CONTENT SELF-EVIDENT

NATURE OF ARGUMENTS USED: An argument is a reason, or a series of reasons, offered as to why the audience should behave, believe, or think in a certain manner. An argument is expressed or implied.

INFERRED INTENT OF THE ORIGINATOR: This technique refers to the effect the propagandist wishes to achieve on the target audience. "Divisive" & "Unifying" propaganda fall within this technique. It might also be classified on the basis of the effect it has on an audience.

SELF-EVIDENT TECHNIQUE/APPEAL TO AUTHORITY: Appeals to authority cite prominent figures to support a position, idea, argument, or course of action.

ASSERTION: Assertions are positive statements presented as fact. They imply that what is stated is self-evident and needs no further proof. Assertions may or may not be true.

BANDWAGON/INEVITABLE VICTORY: "BANDWAGON" and "INEVITABLE VICTORY" attempt to persuade the audience to take a course of action "*everyone else is taking.*" This technique reinforces the natural desire to be on "*the winning side.*" This technique is used to convince the audience that a program is an expression of an irresistible mass movement that it is in their best interest to join. "INEVITABLE VICTORY" invites those not already on the bandwagon to join those currently aligned. Those partially on the bandwagon are reassured that staying aboard is the best course of action.

OBTAIN DISAPPROVAL: This technique is used to get the audience to disapprove of an action/idea by suggesting the idea is popular with groups that are hated/feared by the target audience. Thus, if a group which supports a policy is led to believe that undesirable, subversive, or contemptible people also support it, the members of the group might change their position.

GLITTERING GENERALITIES: Glittering generalities are emotionally charged words closely associated with valued concepts/beliefs that carry conviction without supporting information -- ask for approval without examination of the reason. They appeal to such emotions as love of country, home, peace, freedom, glory, honor, etc. Though the words/phrases are vague and suggest different things to different people, their connotation is always favorable. Generalities may vary in effectiveness with changes in conditions. They must, therefore, be responsive to current conditions. Phrases which called up pleasant associations at one time may evoke unpleasant or unfavorable connotations at another, particularly if their frame of reference has been altered.

VAGUENESS: Generalities are deliberately vague so that the audience may supply their own interpretations. The intention is to move the audience by use of undefined phrases, without analyzing their validity or attempting to determine their reasonableness or application.

RATIONALIZATION: Individuals or groups may use favorable generalities to rationalize questionable acts or beliefs. Vague and pleasant phrases are often used to justify such actions or beliefs.

SIMPLIFICATION: Favorable generalities are used to provide simple answers to complex social, political, economic, or military problems.

TRANSFER: This is a technique of projecting positive or negative qualities (*praise/blame*) of a person, entity, object, or value (*an individual, group, organization, nation, patriotism, etc*) to another in order to make the second more acceptable or to discredit it. This technique is generally used to transfer blame from one member of a conflict to another. It evokes an emotional response which stimulates the target to identify with recognized authorities.

LEAST OF EVILS: Acknowledging that the course of action being taken is perhaps undesirable but that any alternative would result in an outcome far worse. This technique is generally used to explain the need for sacrifices or to justify the seemingly harsh actions that displease the target audience or restrict personal liberties. Projecting blame on the enemy for the unpleasant or restrictive conditions is usually coupled with this technique.

NAME CALLING: This technique attempts to arouse prejudices in an audience by labeling the object of the propaganda campaign as something the target audience fears, hates, loathes, or finds undesirable. Types of "Name Calling" can be identified as below.

"Direct Name Calling" is used when the audience is sympathetic or neutral. It is a simple, straightforward attack on an opponent/opposing idea. "Indirect Name Calling" is used when direct name calling would antagonize the audience. It is a label for the degree of attack between Direct Name Calling

and insinuation. Sarcasm and ridicule are employed with this technique. Cartoons, illustrations, and photographs are used in name calling, often with deadly effect.

[In its extreme form, Name Calling may indicate that the propagandist has lost his sense of proportion or is unable to conduct a positive campaign. Before using this technique, weigh benefits vs. harmful results. The obstacles are formidable, based primarily on the human tendency to close ranks against a stranger. For example, a group may despise, dislike, or hate one of its leaders -- but they will generally resent any non-group member who makes disparaging remarks against the leader/organization in question]

PINPOINTING THE OPPOSITION: This is a form of simplification where a complex situation is reduced to an "enemy" being unequivocally identified as the source of all woes. For example, the President of Country X is "forced" to declare a State of Emergency to "protect his people" from the unprovoked aggression of Country Y. No other reasoning is offered.

PLAIN FOLKS: The "Plain Folks" approach attempts to convince the audience that positions reflect the common sense of the people. It is designed to win the confidence of the audience by communicating in the common manner/speech/style of the direct audience. Propagandists use ordinary language/mannerisms in attempting to identify their point of view with that of the average person. With the Plain Folks device, the propagandist can win the confidence of persons alienated and distrustful of foreign sounding intellectual speech/words/mannerisms/etc.

the audience can be persuaded to identify its interests with those of the propagandist by the following devices

Presenting soldiers as Plain Folks: The propagandist wants to make the enemy feel he is fighting against soldiers who are "decent, everyday folks;" this helps to counter themes that paint the opponent as a "bloodthirsty killer."

Presenting civilians as Plain Folks: The "Plain Folks" device also can help to convince the enemy that the opposing nation is not composed of arrogant, immoral, deceitful, aggressive, warmongering people -- but rather of people wishing to live at peace.

Humanizing leaders: This technique paints a more human portrait of aligned military/civilian leaders. It humanizes them so that the audience looks upon them as similar human beings or as kind, wise, fatherly figures.

Vernacular: This is the contemporary language of a specific region or people as it is commonly spoken/written and includes songs/idioms/jokes. The current vernacular of the specific target audience must be utilized as to remain effective.

Dialect: Dialect is a variation in pronunciation/grammar/vocabulary from the norm of a region/nation. When used by the propagandist, perfection is required. This technique is best left to those whom the dialect is native, because native speakers are generally the best users of dialects in propaganda appeals.

Errors: Scholastic pronunciation/enunciation/delivery give the impression of being "artificial." To give the impression of spontaneity, deliberately hesitate between phrases, stammer, or mispronounce words. When not overdone, the effect is one of deep sincerity. Errors in written material may be made only when they are commonly made by members of the reading audience. Generally, errors should be restricted to colloquialisms.

HOMELY WORDS: Homey words are forms of "virtue words" used in the everyday life of the average man. These words are familiar ones, such as "home," "family," "children," "farm," "neighbors," or such cultural equivalents. They evoke a favorable emotional response and help transfer the sympathies of the audience to the propagandist. Homey words are widely used to evoke nostalgia. Care must be taken to assure that homey messages addressed to opposing forces do not also have the same effect on friendly forces. If the propaganda or propagandist lacks naturalness, there may be an adverse backlash. The audience may resent what it considers attempts to mock its language or ways.

SOCIAL DISAPPROVAL: This is a technique by which the propagandist marshals group acceptance and suggests that attitudes/actions contrary to the one outlined will only result in social rejection, disapproval, or ostracism. The latter -- ostracism -- is a control practice widely used within peer groups/traditional societies.

VIRTUE WORDS: These are words in the value system of the target audience which tend to produce a positive image when attached to a person/issue. "Peace," "happiness," "security," "wise leadership," "freedom," are all "virtue words."

SLOGANS: A slogan is a brief, striking phrase that may include labeling/stereotyping. Effective slogans are self-perpetuating.

TESTIMONIALS: Testimonials are quotations, in or out of context -- especially cited to support or reject a given policy, action, program, or personality. The reputation or the role (*expert/respected figure/etc*) of the individual giving the statement is exploited. The testimonial places the official sanction of a respected authority onto a propagandic message. This is done in an effort to cause the target audience to identify itself with the authority or to accept the authority's opinions and beliefs as its own.

types of testimonials

I. Official Sanction: The testimonial authority must have given the endorsement or be clearly on record as having approved the attributed idea, concept, action, or belief. Four factors are involved -- *Accomplishment, Identification With The Target, Position of Authority, Inanimate Objects.*

**Accomplishment.* People have confidence in an authority who has demonstrated outstanding ability and proficiency in his field. This accomplishment should be related to the subject of the testimonial.

**Identification with the target.* People have greater confidence in an authority with whom they have a common bond. For example, the soldier more readily trusts an officer with whom he has undergone similar arduous experiences than a civilian authority on military subjects.

**Position of authority.* The official position of authority may instill confidence in the testimony; i.e., head of state, division commander, etc.

**Inanimate objects.* Inanimate objects may be used in the testimonial device. In such cases, the propagandist seeks to transfer physical attributes of an inanimate object to the message. The Rock of Gibraltar, for example, is a type of inanimate object associated with steadfast strength.

II. Personal Sources/Testimonial Authority: There are four major archetypes that fall into this category, best demonstrated in military terms – *Enemy Leaders, Fellow Soldiers, Opposing Leaders & Noteworthy Academia.*

**Enemy leaders.* The enemy target audience will generally place great value on its high level military leaders as a source of information.

**Fellow soldiers.* Because of their common experiences, soldiers form a bond of comradeship. As a result, those in the armed forces are inclined to pay close attention to what other soldiers have to say.

**Opposing leaders.* Testimonials of leaders of the opposing nation are of particular value in messages that outline war aims and objectives for administering the enemy nation after it capitulates.

**Noteworthy Academia.* Famous scholars, writers, and other personalities. Frequently, statements of civilians known to the target as authoritative or famous scholars, writers, scientists, commentators, etc., can be effectively used in propaganda messages.

III. Nonpersonal Sources of Testimonial Authority: Institutions, ideologies, national flags, religious, and other non-personal sources are often used. The creeds, beliefs, principles, or dogmas of respected authorities or other public figures may make effective propaganda testimonials.

factors to be considered (plausibility/false testimonials)

**Plausibility:* The testimonial must be plausible to the target audience. The esteem in which an authority is held by the target audience will not always transfer an implausible testimonial into effective propaganda.

**False Testimonials:* Never use false testimonials. Highly selective testimonials? Yes. Lies (fabrications)? Never. Fabricated (false) testimonials are extremely vulnerable because their lack of authenticity makes them easy to challenge and discredit.

**EXHIBIT B: CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CONTENT
REQUIRING ADDITIONAL INFORMATION TO BE RECOGNIZED**

INCREDIBLE TRUTHS: There are times when the unbelievable/incredible truth not only can but should be used. These occasions are as follows: A) *When the psychological operator is certain that a vitally important event will take place.* B) *A catastrophic event, or one of significant tactical or strategic importance, unfavorable to the opposition has occurred and the news has been hidden from the opposing public/supporters.* C) *The opposing force has denied or glossed over an event detrimental to its cause.*

A DOUBLE-CUTTING EDGE: This technique increases the credibility of the psychological operator while decreasing the credibility of the opposition to the opposition's target audience. Though such news will be incredible to the opposition's supporters, it should be given full play. This event and its significance will eventually become known to the opposing side in spite of efforts towards secrecy. The opposing public will recall that the incredible news was received from the propagandists own sources. They will also recall the deception of their own propagandist. The prime requirement in using this technique is that the disseminated "*incredible truth*" must be or be certain to become a reality.

INSINUATION: Insinuation is used to create or stir up the suspicions of the target audience against ideas, groups, or individuals in order to divide an opposition camp. The propagandist hints/suggests/implies, thus allowing the target audience to draw its own conclusions. Latent suspicions and cleavages within the opposing camp are exploited in an attempt to structure them into active expressions of disunity which weaken the opposition's effort.

"exploitable vulnerabilities" include the following

I) Ideological differences between the opposition and its allies/satellites. II) Cultural/ethnic/territorial differences. III) Religious/economic/socio-political differences. IV) History of civilian animosity/unfair treatment towards opposition supporters. V) People versus the bureaucracy/hierarchy. VII) Political differences between the ruling elite and their associates VIII) Differences illuminating an economic minority that is benefiting at the

expense of the majority. IX) Unequal or inequitable tax burdens, or the high level of taxes; hidden taxes. X) The scarcity of consumer goods for the general public and their availability to the various elites and the dishonest. XI) Costs of present government policies in terms of lost opportunities to accomplish constructive socially desirable goals. XII) The powerlessness of the individual.

"insinuation devices" available to exploit similar vulnerabilities

**LEADING QUESTIONS:* The propagandist may ask questions which suggest only one possible answer. Thus, the question, "*What is there to do now that your unit is surrounded and you are completely cut off?*" insinuates that surrender or desertion is the only reasonable alternative to annihilation.

**HUMOR:* Humor can be an effective form of insinuation. Jokes and cartoons about the enemy find a ready audience among those persons in the target country or military camp who normally reject straightforward accusations or assertions. Jokes about totalitarian leaders and their subordinates often spread with ease and rapidity. However, the psychological operator must realize that appreciation of humor differs among target groups and so keep humor within the appropriate cultural context.

**PURE MOTIVES:* This technique makes it clear that the side represented by the propagandists acting in the best interests of the target audience, insinuating that the enemy is acting to the contrary. For example, the propagandist can use the theme that a satellite force fighting on the side of the enemy is insuring the continued subjugation of its country by helping the common enemy.

**GUILT BY ASSOCIATION:* Guilt by association links a person, group, or idea to other persons, groups, or ideas repugnant to the target audience. The insinuation is that the connection is not mutual, accidental, or superficial.

**RUMOR:* Malicious rumors are also a potentially effective form of insinuation.

**PICTORIAL/PHOTOGRAPHIC PROPAGANDA:* A photograph, picture, or cartoon can often insinuate a derogatory charge more effectively than words. The combination of words and photograph, picture, or cartoon can be far more effective. In this content, selected and composite photographs can be extremely effective.

**VOCAL:* Radio propagandists can artfully suggest a derogatory notion, not only with the words they use, but also by the way in which they deliver them. Significant pauses, tonal inflections, sarcastic pronunciation, ridiculing enunciation, can be more subtle than written insinuation.

CARD STACKING/SELECTIVE OMISSION: This is the process of choosing from a variety of facts only those which support the propagandist's purpose. In using this technique, facts are selected and presented which most effectively strengthen and authenticate the point of view of the propagandist. It includes the collection of all available material pertaining to a subject and the selection of that material which most effectively supports the "official line." Card stacking, case making, and censorship are all forms of selection.

success or failure depends on how adept the propagandist is in selecting facts or "cards" and presenting or "stacking" them.

***INCREASE PRESTIGE:** In times of conflict leading personalities, economic and social systems, and other institutions making up a nation are constantly subjected to propaganda attacks. Card stacking is used to counter these attacks by publicizing and reiterating the best qualities of the institutions, concepts, or persons being attacked. Like most propaganda techniques, card stacking is used to supplement other methods.

The technique may also be used to describe a subject as virtuous or evil and to give simple answers to a complicated subject. An intelligent propagandist makes his case by imaginative selection of facts. The work of the card stacker in using selected facts is divided into two main phases.

First, the propagandist selects only favorable facts and presents them to the target in such a manner as to obtain a desired reaction. Second, the propagandist uses these facts as a basis for conclusions, trying to lead the audience into accepting the conclusions by accepting the facts presented.

PRESENTING THE OTHER SIDE: Some persons in a target audience believe that neither belligerent is entirely virtuous. To them propaganda solely in terms of right and wrong may not be credible. Agreement with minor aspects of the enemy's point of view may overcome this cynicism. Another use of presenting the other side is to reduce the impact of propaganda that opposing propagandists are likely to be card stacking (selective omission).

LYING AND DISTORTION: Lying is stating as truth that which is contrary to fact. For example, assertions may be lies. *This technique will not be used by US personnel.* It is presented for use of the analyst of enemy propaganda.

SIMPLIFICATION: This is a technique in which the many facts of a situation are reduced so the right or wrong, good or evil, of an act or decision is obvious to all. This technique provides simple solutions for complex problems. By suggesting apparently simple solutions for complex problems, this technique offers simplified interpretations of events, ideas, concepts, or personalities. Statements are positive and firm; qualifying words are never used.

SIMPLIFICATION may be used to sway uneducated and educated audiences. This is true because many persons are well educated or highly skilled, trained specialists in a specific field, but the limitations of time and energy often force them to turn to and accept simplifications to understand, relate, and react to other areas of interest.

simplification maintains following characteristics

**IT THINKS FOR OTHERS:* Some people accept information which they cannot verify personally as long as the source is acceptable to them or the authority is considered expert. Others absorb whatever they read, see, or hear with little or no discrimination. Some people are too lazy or unconcerned to think problems through. Others are uneducated and willingly accept convenient simplifications.

**IT IS CONCISE:* Simplification gives the impression of going to the heart of the matter in a few words. The average member of the target audience will not even consider that there may be another answer to the problem.

**IT BUILDS EGO:* Some people are reluctant to believe that any field of endeavor, except their own, is difficult to understand. For example, a layman is pleased to hear that "law is just common sense dressed up in fancy language," or "modern art is really a hodgepodge of aimless experiment or nonsense." Such statements reinforce the ego of the lay audience. It is what they would like to believe, because they are afraid that law and modern art may actually be beyond their understanding. Simple explanations are given for complex subjects and problems.

Stereotyping is a form of simplification used to fit persons, groups, nations, or events into ready-made categories that tend to produce a desired image of good or bad. Stereotyping puts the subject (*people, nations, etc*) or event into a simplistic pattern without any distinguishing individual characteristics.

EXHIBIT C: CHARACTERISTICS OF CONTENT MAY BECOME EVIDENT WHEN NUMEROUS PIECES OF OUTPUT ARE EXAMINED

CHANGE OF PACE: Change of pace is a technique of switching from belligerent to peaceful output, from "hot" to "cold," from persuasion to threat, from doom-song prophecy to optimism, from emotion to fact.

STALLING: Stalling is a technique of deliberately withholding information until its timeliness is past, thereby reducing the possibility of undesired impact.

SHIFT OF SCENE: With this technique, the propagandist attempts to take the spotlight off an unfavorable situation/condition by shifting it to another, so as to force the opposition to go on the defense.

REPETITION: An idea or position is repeated in an attempt to elicit an almost automatic response from the audience or to reinforce an audience's opinion or attitude. This technique is extremely valid and useful because the human being is basically a creature of habit and develops skills and values by repetition (*like walking, talking, code of ethics, etc*).

An idea or position may be repeated many times in one message or in many messages. The intent is the same in both instances, namely, to elicit an immediate response or to reinforce an opinion or attitude.

The audience is not familiar with the details of the threat posed... Ignorance of the details can be used to pose a threat and build fear... Members of the audience are self-centered... The target can take immediate action to execute simple, specific instructions...

FEAR OF CHANGE: People fear change, particularly sudden, imposed change over which they have no control. They fear it will take from them status, wealth, family, friends, comfort, safety, life or limb. That's why the man in the foxhole hesitates to leave it – he is accustomed to the safety it affords. He is afraid that moving out of his foxhole will expose him to new and greater danger. That is why the psychological campaign must give him a safe, honorable way out of his predicament or situation.

PSYOP TERRORISM: While the “Pan-Tribal Ideal” is absolutely opposed to the use of physical terrorism, the use of psychological terrorism – or “PSYOP Terrorism” – is absolutely justified, since it pertains only to the realm of ideas. In fact the word “terror” is misleading, as the concept simply “terrorizes” through the reiteration of uncomfortable facts or ideas.

The psychological operator can give a boomerang effect to the terror of opposition, making it reverberate against the practitioner, making him therefore repugnant to his own supporters. PSYOP Terrorism aims to “*fire the flames*” of revulsion, indignation & doubt towards a targeted cause, ideology, system, etc. Devices depicting heinous acts should be widely distributed, instilling a deep shift in the general populace’s previously unbiased opinion.

At a mass level the opposition may attempt to rationalize/excuse its conduct, yet in so doing, it will compound the adverse effect of its actions, because it can never deny the validity of factual representations of its acts, or the strength of the propagandist’s ability to get results through direct action. Thus, public opinion will sway to the side of victimization.

Such is the ultimate purpose of the psychological operator under the aegis of “Pan-Tribalism” -- to build confidence in the idealism he represents, and to effectively enact change through every device applicable to said goal.

**-- The Propagandist (Ad Hominem) --
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