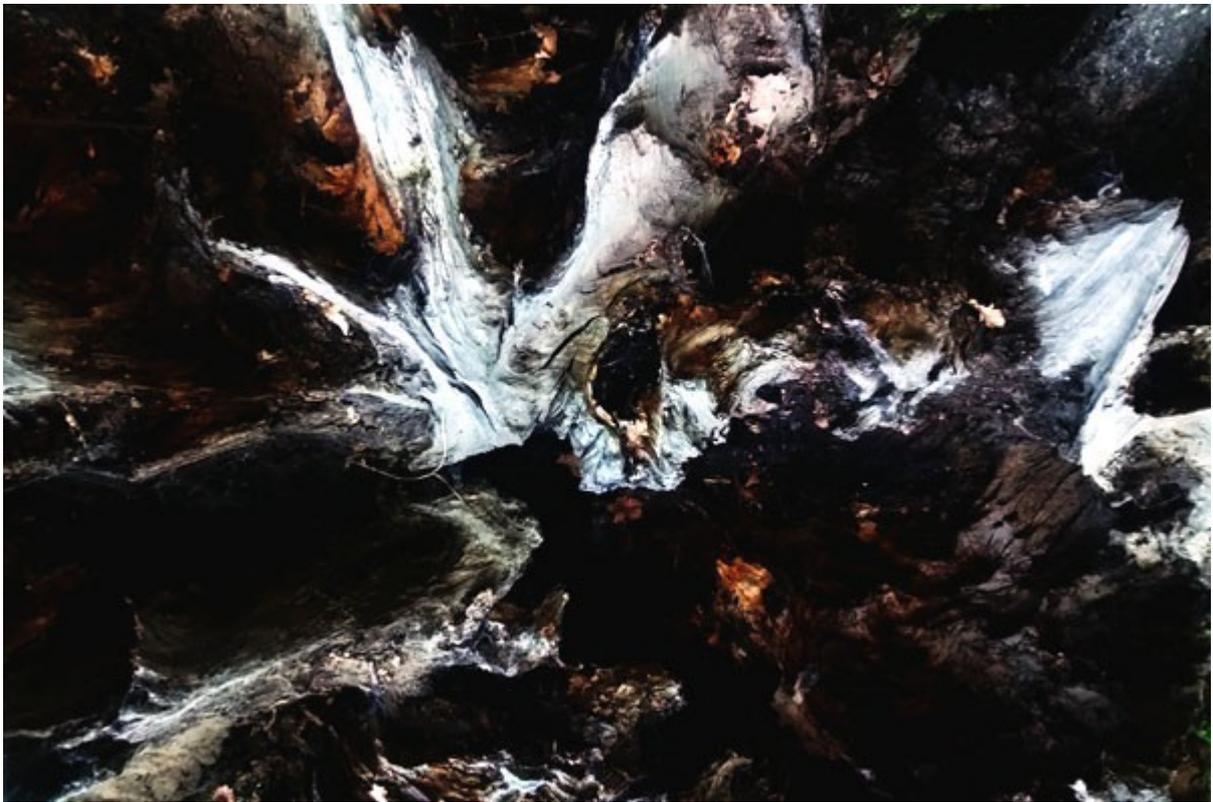


The Present: Controversy

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Reflecting upon heat maintaining the conditions for life to exist on the earth at an intermediated origin of attraction, 'constituent parts' are made up of:

1. Criticism of abrogation
2. Impressions formed by content, however absurd
3. Piracy of the quested
4. Documentary evidence
5. Graphic effects/photo montage/fabricated chance events
6. The most perverse analogy imaginable
7. The Transparent metaphor
8. Reportage
9. The Attributes of Verification
10. Vectors and stealth
11. Objectives, with their Hallucinators named
12. Cyphers
13. Locations
14. The signatures' Function, which is the same as Knowledge

1. This is not supposed to be a natural jump from one parallel universe to another and beyond. It is merely the present, pre-conditioned requirement, as most people are wont to liken such things to anyway (Our Meteorologist, by replacing the Mythic and Mystic considerations, was displeased that something looked a bit like being started, yet it hadn't, and nothing was how it should have been).

2. Acting for converse-consciousness, explanations are not with crypto-consciousness. Then the Mythic will just be avoided. Forgive the obtuseness, but I have never partied solely with Reason, except when negotiating for a slice of toast at the side of my bed or something like that. I think wholly new alphabets are there to be used. But myself, I do it in a playful spirit, lest the censor should be facilitated by somebody else's computer.

3. So reason can be sought, objectively. If you can't savvy these highly controversial personal Political opinions, then you have taken this Cat-Like creature and buggered him up against the lamp post, leaving Sophia to fuck herself into Oblivion with the Light coming down from the Moon.

4. Did you remember to Charge the Electricity? Right, that's OK then. I'm breathing Fire, earth, water, air and sticky black treacle.

5. The pure wrong-doing that resides without the brainy mind, without the tattered curtains of erstwhile Oblivion quite happily absorbs the Vampire Lovers of Madness and re-appropriated trans-postmodern tooth decay, at the same Time performing Miracle births unto the non-Primitives amongst Ye.

6. I have no recompense or distributive manufacturers slept onshore as predicaments. The world collided with a few topic fallacies created by interpretative reduction, somehow brought to an average demography. I originally suspected modification of the disqualification, but was wrong. I still desire the lungs of Felicity, her mind reverberates in my brain.

7. The entrepreneur interpreter, a coleslaw phantom, narrated his last pageant of tinsel just because the concertina rose when I tried out the loofah in your bathroom, Charlie Fraterniser. A Chrysalis, a supernatural Cataclysm descended on the History which did not comply, affidavits were importuned, and Evil was done, very much slower, slower and slower, as if you could combine Attack with such a deep and senile retreat.

8. The pivot upon which the sabre diurnal slaked my thirst, the Gremlin Moon swathed over from day first—Fraterniser—put Memory 'fore Prosecution, Judgement, Dis-Continuity and your erroneous simplicity, well known for its mundane, fugitive, meddlesome contrivances. But it is generally regarded as authentication to the bounty-hunter—a mammalian from Twilight in flint stone autism fornicating with the Hiroshima corpses, flailing the asses of the masses—to expect to be faced with custard pie routines.

9. Craving relentless silence, Fraterniser, your Death, turning motiveless to Quest Oblivion on the Wheel of the Zephyr (that Telepath of Delectation) moving amidst tears at the consecutive folly, your craven Muscadet, the tide of merciless, blended accumulations of this etheriferous plasticene smile, greeted the Locusts of the Holocaust in the medieval summer, cleaving to the fabric of invertebrates, Syntheses and fluidity.

10. 'You can get back in your cage, now, Fraterniser.'

11. Thunder then clouded and tapered on nightly watch, hooded in the transit car, took to harbouring mocking choirs of selves and would-be selves and perceivers of an abiding, elliptic, winding Conspiracy practice of deceit and similitude. Democracy and honeydewed Progress were absolutely forbidden. Prove me wrong, but I just don't fly on the Wings of the Forbidden. So you are no more, and your Quest now is vanished, your punishment rewarded.

12. There was a Convulsion spread over the surface of the Earth and afterwards no-one was able to dismantle the Philosophic terminology from that Arts degree and from the Universal Scientific Consensus.

13. But these conspiracies have petered out, now. They've ended. It was such a gas, folks. No,

never no hoax-ghost, no phantom lover of complacent, drugged out Literature.

14. Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary, as Sherlock used to say. But let's get back to the rap!