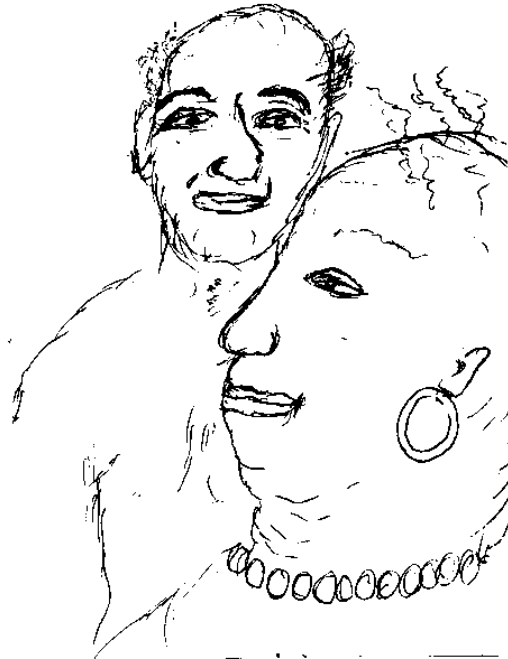


[One time my mom told me she didn't like my tone, so I asked if she preferred more treble or bass. I only got into more treble with her. - CJF]

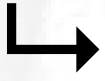
NEVER GIVE A POPE



I'd rather die tryin' than try dyin'

By C.J. Faege

GOODGE OAKS



FAIR

WARNING



**THIS BOOK ALSO HAS SOME
BADGE OAKS (THEY SEEM TO COME IN TREES)**

That's my fair warning. Also note that [BECAUSE I AM
ARTISMIC] I am on *DOPAMINE* ~

WHERE ENDORPHINS AND NEUROTRANSMITTERS
SWIM ABOUT PEACEFULLY WITHIN THE
CEREBRAL CORTEX.

WRITE OUT LOUD

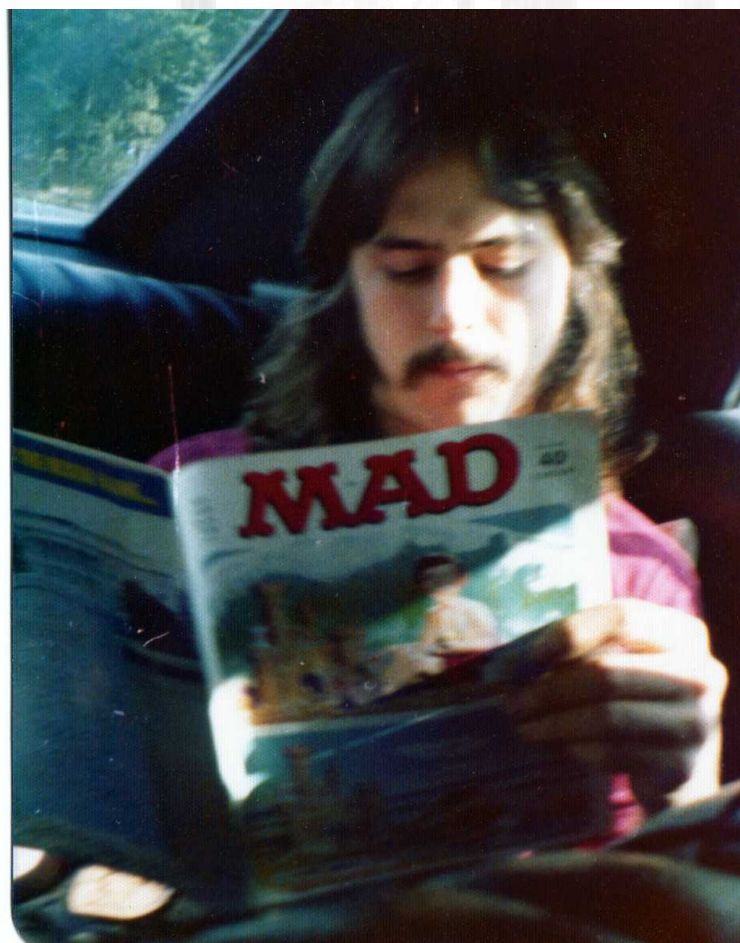


he thoughts, musings, meanderings, puns, stories - even Goodge and Badge Oaks contained in this collection have been taken from my mind. Any resemblance to any other persons pre-existing jokes, stories or thoughts are purely coincidental and unintentional. I can only assume and deem and claim anything as being original when I dream it up myself, yet the ever-present rhetoric drone of the television subliminally and criminally influences language and cultures instantly. Groups of words are transitional viruses, which carry with them the messages contained within stories and thoughts that are more powerful than any illness that I know of. When there are changes in language, I have to find out who started using it. Then it's nice to know when and why it was done, perhaps even the intended meaning (always optional). Sometimes it is quite helpful to go along with these changes in order to communicate with, say, the guy who robs you at gunpoint and you don't know what he has just asked of you. It will be difficult to comply with what may have been a request without knowing the bib on the gig (Unless you just want to be some dumb palooka that doesn't know any better).

I have either spoken or written out loud much of the following in late 2005 through early 2006.

C.J. Faege

**This book is
dedicated to my
Father & Mother,
their fathers and
mothers and all that
have caused and
contributed to the
madness. -- CJF**



The MADNESS

WHEN GOD CREATED EVOLUTION,

He did so in All of God's Various Forms and Images;
In His own Intimate Wisdom

● Our world of the living dead and dying

The strong the weak the children the mothers, fathers

The old and disabled the newly diagnosed

It is the madness closing in

Madness in United Nations

See you later allegations

Is the madness closing in

As the madness marches in

The only wrong done by

The Persecuted is the crime of having been born

And many forms of genocide

Continue long after the

Nuremberg Trials

China, Ireland, Central America, Iran and Cambodia

Have learned nothing.

Lord knows, the United States tries

to save allies and ignore enemies

Madness flourishes and wonders

When victory actually takes place?

When is there true peace and real freedom?

Shall I be swept into a pandemic tomorrow?

If not, it might easily be

An oversight of a doctor's exam or something

Never even suspected before it was too late.

There does not exist enough influenza serum,

Penicillin and lice spray

to protect the delicate nature of human existence.
The Madness is found in man's nature to discover God's
creations
and anti-men undermine man's discoveries
The Madness swells with the intensity of ignorance
Which spreads as easily as death
and has never known a smile or a laugh inspired by goodness



Marks & Remarks



Today the Department of Red Tape announced that it has nearly completed its first task, which began 47 years ago.

The Senator took the longest bureaucrap in history but he never did complete the paperwork. The Senator's skid-marked underwear was starting to show a pattern...

K-aos? Hell, it was so crazy, there was a lot of H, I and J-aos way before it got to K.

The Church of the Elastic Heart of Jesus stretches out its hand to all non-believers.

Mozart wasn't chicken; I think you must be thinking of Bach. (•;•)

The embryo spent hours every day on her stem cell phone.

The trucking trenches were frucking the fenches as never before.

The weird looking slice of bread simply needed a good roll model.

Love is blind, so I think you should only care for somebody until things start to become fuzzy looking.

Justice is blind. This is because she masturbated too much.

He puts the bore in "elaborate".

There is nothing after life, or are our hours ours? "Arr", said the pirate. Eerier airs have ironically erred, ergo the alphabet was all 'r's for a while.

As the New Year gets old; may your aging process become stunted, may your hair turn dark again and

sprout through the pink spots, may your memory improve, may your ear hairs fall out and may all of your wrinkles straighten out (I bet those areas are going to smell funny for a while though).



Useless Proverb Number Six: Remember, a layer of crap is often just protecting some asshole underneath it.

Useless Proverb Number Fifteen: He that speaks of farming implements but pronounces it "imprements", could have a speaking implement.

Useless Proverb Number Eight: When something is believed to be the truth, it will never mean the same thing between the people who hold that belief.

Useless Proverb Number Two: If you are eating Chinese fortune cookies you shall finish reading this fortune right now.

Humility

The sour milk of human unkindness

This is not art but I like it, it's the

Humility

This song is wrong but that one is right, it is

Humility

See myself in the mirror and laugh at that

Look how old wrinkled bald and fat, must be

(sigh)

Humility

It's all in your mind don't be sorry when you find

Humility

If you have time for three-syllable words try

Humility

MEAN STUFF TO NOT DO

PINCH YOUR DREAM

PUNISH THE VICTIM

PUNCH THE MESSENGER

PREACH TO THE CHOR

POOP IN THE PULPIT

CRY TO THE ONION

CRAP ON THE CARPET

SINK THE SWIMMER

DUMP A DIVER

DRAW FLIES AND

THEN ERASE THE FLIES

SHOE THE FLY AND

THEN UNTIE THE FLY'S SHOES

HE WON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE.

Say goodbye to the fly.



The Empathetic Little Spaceship



The little spaceship whirred in and out of the noonday sky over Las Vegas, Nevada. Its Mothership was above, overlooking the little spaceship as he zoomed around with all the athletic agility and graceful abilities of a ballet dancer.

Looking down at all the lights of the city below, the little spaceship was amazed, and as he whirred about he exclaimed, “Oh Mother, look at all of those lights, don’t they ever go to bed?”

To which the wise Mothership replied, “Those are the slave people of earth that do not sleep. They stand in front of those bright, noisy machines and insert coins into them every hour of the day. Just be glad that you aren’t one of them.”

“But Mother,” continued the little spaceship, “I feel so sorry for them. Can’t we free them?” and he zoomed and whirred around in circles around her.

“No son, we cannot interfere with life on earth. They seem to be happy. Now stop whirring!”



The Real Way To A Man’s Heart

Prologue:

Last week I was diagnosed as having a “profusion near the left front of my heart” ... does this mean I’m a grownup now? Wow, I’ve finally made it, neat! Those pesky gray hairs and bald spots don’t mean a thing now; this is *the real thing* (no permission required from *Coca-Cola* --- until **now** when I mentioned their name -- ed.)

Lincolnlogue:

I am sitting here, just waiting for a hospital procedure two hours from now, in which they will push a long tube inside of my femoral artery and up to my

heart and have a look around. They may then have to do angioplasty and install a stent. Now this is going to be really cool, mmm hmm, I just can't wait. This has to be the ultimate peak in being a grown-up. Forget pubic hair, crow's feet and wrinkles, I'm going to the Heart Cath Lab, yeee-haa!
11:00 a.m., October 6, 2005

Epilogue:

I had the procedure and about 9 hours later, I have returned. It was not so bad at all. Just thought I'd let you know.

10:47 p.m., October 6, 2005

I found out that a false positive in a test was the whole reason I had the procedure done. Now I am pissed off and still have to pay for it. True story. It happens every day.

October 7, 2005

When I Became An Adult

I remember when I first took notice
Of when I became an adult.

I got arrested along with a band I was playing in
and we all went to jail instead of
the Juvenile detention center.

I guess we all learned when
we became adults at the same time.



LOSE WEIGHT INSTANTLY!

YOU'VE TRIED SWEATING IT OFF AND THROWING IT UP. YOU HAVE SPENT MANY HOURS TRYING TO POOP IT OUT. YOU WERE EVEN CRAZY ENOUGH TO TRY WALKING IT OFF! NOW YOU CAN FINALLY LOSE ALL THAT STUBBORN WEIGHT THE WAY ALL OF YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STARS DO. JUST SEND \$14.99 (PLUS JUST

\$16.00 FOR SHIPPING AND HANDLING) FOR OUR AMAZING NEW TAPE,
“LOSE ALL THE WEIGHT YOU WANT TO SIMPLY BY SPITTING”
and learn how to spit your way to being skinny. Don’t be scared spitless, you
know you are full of spit, so CALL 1-800-GOT-SPIT TODAY!!



To Prop A Gander

Last week I purchased a special clearance priced duck decoy. More to the point, with a little research, I learned that he was actually a gander mallard. How I was able to ascertain the gander gender is a matter of privacy. Anyway, the gander was on sale for cheap because one of his feet had broken off and missing. When I would set him down, he was unwieldy and unbalanced. I found that once you prop a gander against a wall or some object; no one can tell about his missing foot, and he looks every bit the proper gander.

I was winging it, any fowl puns were intentional and I am already ducking ~ send bills to my web address.

THE STORY OF THE MAGIC TIQUETS



very long time ago, when I was but a child of the age of six or seven, I remember an old man that was slowly walking by had stopped to talk to me while I was playing with my toy soldiers in the front yard.

”I see you have the Wisdom of Solomon in your young eyes. I know this because I am going to pass away one day soon, so I want to give my wealth to you. Take these *Magic Tiquets* and keep them with you always. One day you will understand; and on that day you shall inherit all of my riches and become opulent beyond your wildest dreams.”

Given the fact that I was so very young, I’m guessing that I asked, “What?”

“Never mind, “ he said. “Just keep these and never, ever lose them.”

He handed me two tiny magical documents, which I have kept hidden away all of this time. I now pass them on to you; because I believe I was chosen to be their caretaker. I am now just like the old man who gave them to me, and so I give them to you. Do as they instruct and one day you will inherit all the riches a man could desire. Good luck, my friend!”



Stop Blowing It

Are you constantly rubbing your nose in an attempt to look like you are not really picking it? Do you try to remove those pesky boogers discreetly, hoping that no one is watching you? Have you spent the better part of your day digging and scraping, all the time causing painful sores on the inside of your nose? Dr. Demetrius Greenfly, at *Loogier Research Labs*, states, “All booger canals are not created equally, and millions of people are suffering from a condition called *Mucustuckin*. Our research teams have recently identified this chronic condition and created the perfect booger loosening crème;” which is why you need to talk to your doctor right now about new *Snot-there*. New *Snot-there* will get you feeling like your old clear nose-hole self again. No more tugging away at those stubborn boogers hanging out of your nose that just won’t come out. Just gently rub *Snot-there* inside your nostrils. You’ll love the fresh scent of a spring garden and that effervescent burn you feel will tell you that it’s busy loosening all that crusty, ugly, unsightly crud up in there! The next time you and your doctor are hanging out or just sitting around chatting during a visit, remember to ask if *Snot-there* is right for you and be sure to tell your doctor how much you really need it. Embarrassing boogers? Don’t blow it again, get new *Snot-there*!



*The last sound that anyone ever heard
Was actually many
Sounds all at one time
Something of a cacophony
That when put together into a MIDI format
And run through the finest modular system
With real-time convolution modulation
A digitized analog epilogue
Of the swirling maelstrom*

The last song was impossibly sung during the madness and

1) Resembled a blues melody for one bar

a) The smell of uncovered dirt and a rumble was also

b) Felt along with the last sound

On Track With Jimmie Rodgers

I became a member of the *bored of education* at around 15 or so, after having read as much as I could about Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie. I immediately became interested in them because their singing reminded me a great deal of that of Jimmie Rodgers, whose first 78 rpm record I had loved since I was a little boy.

In 1924, at the age of 27, Jimmie contracted tuberculosis, and the paradox of this development is bittersweet. The disease temporarily ended his railroad career, but at the same time, gave him the chance to get back to his first love, entertainment. On Wednesday, August 4, Jimmie Rodgers completed his first session for Victor. It lasted from 2:00 p.m. to 4:20 p.m. and yielded two songs: "*Sleep, Baby, Sleep*" and "*The Soldier's Sweetheart*."

Rodgers received \$100 for the test recordings. I had inherited his very first 1927 recording along with a Columbia Grafonola that had belonged to my grandparents. The first song was a lullaby



interlaced with Jimmie's famous "yay-dee-ee-olay-hee-who" yodeling style, which he used like an instrument solo. I wondered how a baby could fall asleep with that yodeling going on every time the bridge came around, yet it didn't sound like a silly falsetto voice; it was very engaging to me. "*The Soldier's Sweetheart*" had confused me for the first few years I

listened to it, because it was written from a woman's point of view but sung by a man, and it was about going to "the German war".

Jimmie Rodgers, aka "the Singing Brakeman", more importantly known as "the Grandfather of Country Music", was a primary influence on the likes of Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan, albeit many others. This fact is often neglected in biographies on those artists, yet without Jimmie Rodgers, the world would be a different place; and Woody & Bob's careers would never have happened in the way they did. This includes Cisco, Pete, Sonny, Lightin' and Leadbelly, Donovan and Gypsy Dave. But above all, the most prolific of them all indirectly influenced by Mr. Rodgers through the influence of Woody Guthrie, was Bob Dylan.

Somewhere on a list of direct and indirectly influenced disciples you will find me, as I faithfully tried to duplicate the things my heroes have tried to faithfully duplicate before me; and I began playing a folk singing songwriting bard as I felt I should at around age 14. It isn't as though all my friends were writing music (though a few great players among them) or that any of my peers have written anything near my volumes of works; because I am the only one like myself that I know personally. I don't care who thinks my head is big, and it's not so big as it is wide and completely stuffed with ideas. I still think I did the right things for the paths I've been on, save for the fact that they've been paved before and I never left the geographically undesirable place of St. Louis, which has no type of support/springboard for musicians like me. In St. Louis, some seem to only recall the sad fact that Scott Joplin's life ended in poverty from syphilis. There is little evidence that he ever lived in St. Louis, instead, the trendy rapper of the day will temporarily seem much more famous. Certainly W.A. Mozart

and Edgar Allan Poe deserved a lot more out of life as well; seemingly a few paychecks would have helped them a great deal. There were no cures for the consumption that took away all the women that Poe loved, nor any for the case of rabies that he died from; but he could at least have lived in better conditions while he lived. I believe that the muse and enormous creative output of those famous people was usually prefaced by personal tragedy, continued throughout their lives and in many cases, after they passed away.

The Ever Changing U.S. Demographics...

The teachers are having sex with their students. Somehow I missed when this became the trend that it has become; and I know there was nothing like that going on when I went to school (to emphasize 'when I went'). What I would not have given to have a sex Ed teacher that was attractive, in good shape and my pleasure was her only desire. Instead, when I was 14 or so I had been molested by Alex Peterson, my "manager", who was in reality just a perverted old bastard that used hypnotism on me and molested me. He must have really thought he had me completely hypnotized, but I remember the whole thing. What I would give to find Alex Peterson and ask him why he caused me mental damage for the rest of my life, the prick. Yet that was so many years ago, I should forgive him. I might think about that. Let me talk to Peterson first. Actually, I will arrange the initial meeting between him and the guy pictured below, the guy on the left side



of the picture. He'll understand.

I am not an Anthropologist although it was a childhood goal of mine. It is apparent that white American women in their twenties have begun a trend of dating, going out with, having sex with or just wanting to be seen with black men. They affectionately call these trophy-grabbing opportunists their "baby daddy". A mixture of races will bring about new races, new minorities and new majorities. This is a trend not seen before in American society. Interesting to say the least, but suppose the large leftover white American males and black American females in their twenties to thirties don't want to be together? Because this is such an unprecedented trend, it is my belief that as the trend wears off, many trendy interracial relations will, too. That will leave behind a batch of unwanted children likely to become criminals to society in a few years. Whatever is going on and however you wish to refer to it, it is not happening in a natural way, and when things are not natural they contain some synthetic ingredients, which usually do not have a place in lasting relationships. I told you that I am not an Anthropologist or cultural relationship expert, but I am just as full of crap as anyone who professes to be. Those people took the courses, got the credits, hung the diplomas, got the jobs and get the checks. That is really the only difference, besides all the money for the college and the books, the classes, lectures, pop quizzes and final exams. This leads to another disturbing trend; spring break in the USA. More of the same demographic; the white, twenty-ish kid whose parents have paid his way through college and send some extra money for Johnny or Bonnie to attend a large gathering on a beach for hormones, testosterone and the crews of *Girls Going Wild Part 25*. There I go whining again, because I do not remember anything like that when I was growing up and attending junior college. Where is my spring break?

America, you owe me. Actually America, you owe a lot of people a lot more than you have on hand. All you need to do is print a lot more money immediately, pay me off, pay everybody off, pay all your bills off and keep your mouth SHUT America! Must I think of everything?



I Wants New These Things

The soldiers in the demilitarized zone were really in tents.

I was all messed up today and it began with my bed sheets and then my hair.

I followed the crumbs of thought along the reverb trails.

She was afraid to leave him alone, because he was very sillycidal and no one could tell if he was joking about it.

A bird in the hand goes for the same price as a bird in a bush unless it was an expensive bird in the hand to start with, in which case the bird in the bush can probably be purchased cheaper...

After I gave the vendor a twenty, he handed me my food and asked if I needed any change. I

considered and said that I would prefer that things just stay as they are.

Excuse me for protruding, but when does the plural for genital become genitalia? Suppose you had only one genital, too. Then what stupid things will they or *italia* to call it? What kind of nut would even care.

Yawking = talking while yawning = tired/not excited/yawk yawk

After the cartoon show was cancelled, it remained in *suspended animation* for years to come.

When he became *governmentally* ill, we put the president in an assisted living home, which was previously *unpresidential*.

This terrible accident marks the death of yet another contender for the first *World Champion Figure Skier*...

The piano played beautiful *thank you notes*.

Sueage = the files of a successful attorney.

SIMPLE = shitting in my pants laughing emphatically

How to find out if someone is ticklish: *give him or her a little test tickle* (they will have a ball).

The Restored Furniture

She stored his furniture in her basement for years. When the day came that he asked for it back, she presented him with a bill for storage fees. In addition, she had also included additional charges for having stored the furniture for five years before he had taken it all to a storage facility for a month. Since she let him bring it all back, the additional charges were for restoring his furniture. He was not only pissed about it, he was repissed all over again.



No Toilet Can Be Near Enough



There is no ladder tall enough_i

To reach the heights love will go_i

We must Build even higher_i

No ditch deep enough to_i

Bury those fallen from love (the bigger the bitch the deeper the ditch),

We must dig Deeper_i

No gun comes with a promise_i

That it won't be used to take a life_i

We must Stop making them & take the old ones apart_i

There is no ink dark enough_i

That it won't run or fade in time_i

We must make it Darker_i

There is no clock that could tell me_i

Anything I haven't heard before_i

We must not Listen_i

No bed with fresh linens comfortable enough_i

That I still might not fart in it_i

We should hold our Breath_i

There is no toilet near enough,
To make me feel secure sometimes,
We should Stay on the crapper,
For Longer those days when it is that Bad.

Left To Their Own Devices...

Since the 1990's, it has become important in the United States of America to express more than the usual amount of anything. There are no problems anymore; everything has to be an issue now. Someone is not just terminated from a job, they are so fired. I do not understand how anyone could apparently become even more fired than someone who was terminated from a job—does it earn him or her more unemployment benefits? I so do not understand how that is. Some people are so not going out with Bill or Sally again after last Saturday night. Nothing is measured in small amounts; things need to be conveyed in their extreme (make that "x-treme") form. Many people are incorporating their speech into perverted, pigeon-English forms of expression. To somehow speed up communication, they speak in acronyms and abbreviations as arsenals of new communication devices are entering the marketplace daily. I so sew a lot on my new sewing machine.

Teenagers have always had a need to express things in a way that parents may not catch on to until it is no longer being said in that way. Do you think I didn't? Several generations have neglected using modifiers in sentences, "Where you at?" They drop the syllables that connect contractions such as

“couldn’t”, pronounced “coo’ent”, or the stupid new way to say “didn’t”, used in a phrase such as, “oh no, you di’nt” is a very popular urban ghetto colloquialism as I write this. The voices and talking heads on television listen to these things and feed them right back to the public in an attempt to bond with them, to feel like they are all on the same level. This is not what I call progress; it is not even true regression. The people who set examples and trends are actually learning how to “properly” mispronounce words from the ignorant and uneducated. This comes from a lazy, spoiled generation that is used to having everything handed to them, accustomed to technology and hardly amazed by it. They have known nothing else and they believe there has always been a technology to allow them to call their friends from Aisle 3 of the grocery store to discuss things having nothing to do with groceries. They do not speak softly like someone who has ever been taught any manners nor have consideration for others while on their “self-phones”, all in the same proximity of the innocent canned vegetables at the grocery store. It is not the fault of the generation, because they are only using what the previous generations have given them. They will give even more to their children, and it will continue until the last of the great scientists, doctors and innovators have died. Their successors will become a society like the *Eloy* in H.G. Wells’ *The Time Machine*, where all their needs are met

and taken care of, but they neither know nor care who is providing the care. They neither know nor care where groups of fellow *Eloy* go to in the dark of night and never return from. Books have little meaning anymore and it doesn't matter who wrote them or what was written. They have forgotten about the importance of those things, because the world is now safe for ignorance to prevail. The *Eloy* are the cattle for the *Morlocks*, thus the evolution from monkey to man to a Hungry Morlock TV dinner.

Bathroom break


Does anyone need to use the restroom? Who wants to go potty? Go right ahead on in there and do that and I will wait here...

On second thought, since this is a book, I can come along with you. Unlike the television program you were watching on that bulky and hard to carry television before you needed to use the bathroom, books make a great companion for the john. They are a lot easier to take in and out of there compared with televisions and you can get so much more from a book. Come on, let's go.

Well now, here we are, all nice and cozy. Whew, seats cold. Ah, ok, lets see where you left off. Oh yes, this page, the one we are now on. There is a lot to be desired with these oak toilet seats, isn't

there. Stop scratching that patch of dry skin on your leg, get down to business. Set the book the correct distance on your lap so that you can read it, even though you forgot your glasses as usual. Just hold it at the correct distance for your deficiency, and now you can read this, can't you? You can't? Try flipping on the light switch then... it is too dark in here because you never open any windows and let any sunlight in, anyway. You know that sunlight kills mold, don't you? I might mention that you have also traipsed mud all over the clean carpet on the way in, but you may as well just remain seated and read this book. Oh yes, and go the bathroom. You do know that if you just sit there and read for hours, you will surely develop hemorrhoids. After this book, think of the amazing journey a camera will be taking deep inside your colon during your next five-year checkup. You will always have this book to remember the occasion by and the toilet is a touchstone to your imagination. Do you realize how much you've learned and how much less you would know had you never read books in the bathroom? I know in my case, I wouldn't have learned ~~shit~~ a thing.

If you ever time travel, try to return to the adventures your mind has had while you were sitting on the toilet. How many hours, days, months have you spent there? Don't you wish you could do some toilet time travel, simply by flushing your way through the hours, days, years, decades and

even centuries in a Toilet Time Travel Machine?
Wish no more, for it has already been done for
you... 

Some Traveling Toilet Time Machine Trivia –

While sitting here time traveling on my Toilet Time Machine, I have learned a lot of interesting crap about the future. Here are a few random tidbits:

In 2011 the first *iPotty®* and *iPoop®*, which converts human waste into a digitized format are created for people *on the go* -- they also make the *iCan't®* for constipated people...

Flush! 

In 2039 the toilet as we know it will become obsolete.

Flush! 


In 2026, everyone will be practically worshipping a cute little spokesdog for a popular dog food, which contains a vaccine that protects dogs from the deadly Wortuns bat flu that kills 65% of the pet

population in 2025. *Flush!* 


In 2052 Keith Richards has his one hundred and tenth birthday bash. *Rock Geezer Magazine* quotes him as saying, "I don't get it either, mate!" *Flush!*



In 2014, the Senate will vote in favor of a plan to remove the thousands of U.S. military servicemen from every country on earth except the United States. What the hell, it's really a good idea for

everyone. *Flush!* 

In 2075, the **New Beatles** will be formed from the great grandchildren of Paul, George and Ringo and a great, great grandson of John, will record their third album in an outer space recording studio. This is also the first non-terrestrial album ever

recorded. Sadly, they suck. *Flush!* 

In 2042, the big fashion rage will be facial transplants. There will be so many Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe look-alikes in the world that God-given ugly will eventually become the next face that everyone has to have. The procedure will be so expensive that the doctor's bill (not covered by insurance) will be the hardest thing of all to face... many will try to get out of the bill,

claiming they don't know the person the bill collector is looking for, but can't explain why they are living in his or her house. *Flush!* 🚽

In 2089, I have run out of toilet paper and am returning to the present time, because I cannot use the crappers of the future without some toilet training ... *Flushhhhit!*



Artificial Existence



The cartoon series *Futurama* showed famous peoples heads, alive and inside jars, free to think, speak and communicate with the full-bodied visitors to the museum. I would like to upload my mind into a huge hard drive before I die and preserve it, even if it would mean a limited existence to a virtual reality. I wonder if this is what we exist in already. Far beyond the *Futurama* concept, the future will combine MRI scanning and CGI technology with cerebral uploads. The combination of these elements will form something that duplicates life as we know it, only within the restricted digital-organic domain of a mid-twenty-first century computer. Of course, like all the



coming medical breakthroughs and fantastic inventions, this technology will probably not be available until long after I am gone. Crap.

“Coming up” teases ...

There was a train derailment that was carrying nuclear waste materials. Find out when it happened, where, how long we have to get away and what will likely happen to some of us in spite of our best efforts. Stay tuned to BAT Newschannel 6 to find out who will be the first to go...

The man in this picture has planted bombs all around our city. Find out where they are after this station break ... *ch-ch-ch-cheesy Cheesitas®*, the best anybody could eat ... *hey now mama, how do I know dese are de best ch-ch-ch-cheesy Cheesitas®, dat anybody could eat? Because I goin' to eat one right now and...*

A prison break could terrorize a lot of our citizens. Learn how many prisoners escaped and what type of weapons they are armed with in our all-new newscast coming up at five...

We're in for a dramatic change in weather with some tornado sightings in the area. Find out where and how to prepare for this when we come ba_... (*off-air sounds... searching for satellite signal...pshhhhhhhhhhhhh.....*)

You saw it here first, a massive blast off the coast of Puerto Rico by a terrorist group. Find out how many died, who the terrorist group is and where they want to strike next after we pause for station identification...

Whereabouts unknown for a president of a popular North American country. Find out which president from what country, where he was last seen and what he might have been doing there when he went missing after these important words...

A sensational medical news breakthrough and we're the first to report it to you... what that breakthrough is when we return ...

I AM

Mr. Al (ways) Right
Mr. Smarty Pants
Mr. Know-It-All
A smartass
Just so musical
A homeboy
An asshole
Mentally acute
A bit of a cripple
Very poor
Nice
Insecure
Often bearded
Only mean on the inside
A dummy
Temporarily cute
Harmless to all
Tired
Mr. Jiggle Foot
A smart feller
A fart smeller
Theatrically dramatic
A phool

More To Not Discuss Than You Knew

I'm holding a valuable bust of Pallas with a raven on his head by the door, with a little time to spend here talking to you. Hi, I'm Ralbert Coldick. You probably remember me from some of my other books such as, *Ralbert, Ralbert and Son, Where's Ralbert Now and The Invisible Eel People*. In case you don't remember, you might have read *The Catcher In The Rye*. I wasn't in that one, but I have read it, so we still have something in common. I didn't see the *Invisible Eel People* either, so we have even more in common than you think.

My Unrepentant Unrelenting Relentless Quest

The two words defined below continue to mystify me in a way that neither diminishes in intensity or with any degree of unyielding severity as to which word to use and when it is applicable. Why do we have both? I realize that it is too late to change things now, but I want to know which word means more than the other, so I can describe how pit bull dog can bite, for example.

un-re-lent-ing (ũn rĭ-lĕnt'ĩng)

adj.

1. Having or exhibiting uncompromising determination; unyielding: *an unrelenting human rights worker.*
2. Not diminishing in intensity, pace, or effort: *an unrelenting ice storm.*

re-lent-less (rĭ-lĕnt'lĭs)

adj.

1. Unyielding in severity or strictness; unrelenting: *relentless persecution.*

2. Steady and persistent; unremitting: *the relentless beat of the drums.*

re·lent (rĭ-lĕnt')
adj.

1. To lend somebody money again. i.e.: *After he lost all his money in the casino, she screamed at him, punched him in the eye and **relent** him the two thousand fifty seven dollars to buy a car.*
2. *Synonym; As he pulled the fluffy hairy stuff from his three-inch deep navel, he couldn't tell if it was planted there by some prankster or if it was **real-lent** that had built up over time.*



*The Equidistance of
Madness*

Just Pronounce the Whirred

Never give a pope.

Me chew buy the door.

Egypt me out of my money again.

We need to guitar priorities together.

Soda whole thing began a long time ago?

Please don't pi-an---o, now I have to change your
diapers!

Sou-saphone's for you...

Are you joining the ban-jo, or just jamming with
them?

Don't harmonica she has never hurt you.

Tuba two they came into the room.

The sick bastard loved to French horns.

To Seymour of view you will knead to gain wait.

The bull-et laid on me and I could barely get
any arr-ow me, oh my, I nearly died.

"Hello, this is Bill Wrinquest from the VD Guide. Congratulations on winning the five thousand and one dollar grand prize on our surprise call-athon. You may collect your prize if you pick up your phone now... if you pick up your phone now... if you pick up your phone now... if you pick up your phone now... if you... if... I am sorry you did not win our twenty five thousand and one dollar grand prize on our surprise call-athon this evening --- maybe next time."



Mandarin Prayers



The 118-year-old Chinese English to Chinese interpreter was on his deathbed. His large family had gathered around in his room to be with him in his

final moments. He always insisted that they only speak English in his house and out of respect they complied with his request.

His oldest son, Chang, asked everyone to say the traditional Mandarin prayers to God and to spread the word to everyone in the town. A few hours later, Hong, the least intelligent of the old interpreters offspring, came running into the room, followed by a man carrying some kind of case. The man opened the case and pulled a musical instrument out. After tuning it up, he began strumming and picking on it. The family watched in shock.

"This is an outrage! What is meaning of this?" Chang asked Hong.

"But Chang, you say you need Mandolin player, and he the best in town."

Thanks A Lot Prayers

Bless this meal; all my friends and this food, God bless us all ... and the turkey who got screwed.

God bless these carrots, potatoes and corn, the ham, the beef, the salt, pepper, napkins and table ... and also my dog Barney who will be getting most of Bobby's vegetables fed to him under the table.

Just remember, *The Lord works in mysterious ways* ... this explains everything in such vague terms that no one could possibly feel solace when they hear it.



Most of the body parts language that we use in everyday language would be useless to any other species but humans, i.e.:

I am keeping an eye on you so keep your nose clean.

What a big head that guy has, he is such a dick.

If I have to toe the line for the prick, then I at least want to get a leg up.

You dumb ass, how could you speak to that asshole?

I gave her the finger; lent her a hand and then I nailed her.

Hey, big mouth, why did you tell everybody?

I was going to kick his ass, but I couldn't catch the little pussy.

Give the little booger a kiss from his mommy!

Why, that bloody little snot is totally full of crap - he just makes my skin crawl.

Body part references are usually not handed out as compliments. Why do we reference our body parts as insults? This really must be stopped. Please stop calling me nuts --- because that's exactly what I've been talking about.

Some BITCHING Out Loud

If things were supposed to be perfect, we would never have been born.

You know what grabs me right by the short hairs? Advertising. I listen, I watch, I seethe, I hate. Then I buy the product. What could possibly be more horribly effective than having a product implanted right into your subconscious accompanied by music you loved 20 years ago? Worse yet, a commercial may include the exact music you heard during your first psychedelic trip. No doubt, these are the flashbacks you always heard about but never had.



Those same short hairs are yanked on again when I am watching a local station on satellite television and a severe storm warning comes on. I watch with rapt attention and as the storm moves over my satellite dish, the picture is lost and the next thing I see is “stand by... searching for signal...” I wish it would work as it should work and keep me informed, as in “signal cannot be found because dish is flying above house.”

I do want to mention “not to mention”. This phrase is a lie, because it is never used without mentioning what it purports not to mention. The fact that I have just mentioned it was only for illustrative purposes and does not count.

During today’s news I was informed that the people at the weather agency who are responsible for naming hurricanes are about to run out of names to use, because there have been so many active hurricanes this season. Are they kidding? These are the people I have to count on to warn me in the event of a storm and they cannot even come up with a name for a hurricane? I am fairly certain I should be worried - is there any reason why I shouldn’t?

In America, you are free to say anything you want about anything at all -- within the law, of course. *The following are some examples of some things I have said that got me into trouble:*

Some Things I Have Said That Have Gotten Me Into Trouble

When my parents told me to stay in my room until I learned how to act, one time (only) I said, “To be, or not to be, that is the question...” Guess who stayed in his room.

When my hair was apparently much too long to be considered as anything other than a one-man freak show in ultra conservative 1960's St. Louis, I walked into a favorite hangout for tough guys, which was a restaurant directly across from my high school. I walked past several tables of "greaseballs", each with an I.Q. nearly exceeded by the size of their Frankenstein-like brogue shoes and I casually commented to my date, "Whew, the grease is out tonight!" I bet you already know what happened to me outside a few minutes later. That was the third time my nose got broken.

When I was a kid of about 14, I joined the Catholic Order of the Demolay Drum & Bugle Corps and played my bugle with them as we marched through the St. Louis Busch baseball stadium, on the first of what would have been a total of five times in five days with a circus. Unfortunately, after the first night, I had bragged (no doubt with a sarcastic laugh as well) to a fellow bugle boy that I "wasn't even a Catholic but I was able to join the Demolay Drum & Bugle Corps anyway..." My dad received a call the next day from the head of the Demolay Drum & Bugle Corps that I was no longer allowed to perform with them and was ordered to return my uniform and feathered cap immediately. The kid I bragged to was his son.

One time my mom told me she didn't like my tone, so I asked if she preferred more treble or bass. I only got into more treble with her.

Things I Have Said That Have Kept Me Out Of Trouble:

"He did it!" -- I believe that was about the only thing I ever said and I all I really did was shift who I was in trouble with from one person to another.



ZIEGFELD THEATRE

1347 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y. • CIRCLE 5-5200

September 4, 1946

Mr. Jerome E. Klein
Lane Bryant
485 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mr. Klein:

Thanks for your interesting release.

For the next six months I intend to write in the same vein I've been writing. As a pup columnist, I've decided for the time being to refrain from sounding off on important subjects - even when I think I have something to say.

Best wishes,

Billy Rose
BILLY ROSE

BR:S

MORE OR LESS OF THE SAME

The man rubbed his baldpate while he looked at the check, knowing it was his gain and hair loss.

The fuse was as suicidal as it was horny and demanded to be blown.

The old sewer dwelling man came to a junction in the narrow pipes ahead and had to make a choice between several alphabetized openings, "Hmm, let's see, tube E, or not tube E"...

The ravaged raven was enraged as he raced down the ravine.

Vanity thy name is vanity.

He masterminded the bank heist by snapping the bankteller's arm with a rubberband until she filled his Schlock & Slave bag with dough.

Back in the days when I had one cat, I used to love being naked around the house, but things are a lot different with dogs all over the place. Sniffin', lickin', barkin' and fartin'... all things I just love to be around when I'm naked (unless a dog is doing those things).

I'd much rather die tryin' than try dyin'.

MINCING WORDS

Satellite dish to a light salad dish = from technology to dinner plate.

If you have the pickle money, then you have dill dough in your pants pocket.

Lettuce ketchup with the story thus far - he pushed the skinny wimp into the sandwich, when he sausage jogging on the beach. As olive and breathe, I relish the thought of avenging my skinny friend. Look at him and then look at my mussels. Clam up, their will bee know talking out of turn. "Weinee-ed to cheese our friends wisely," said the chick-en the farmer agreed. I am not going to beer for much longer.

Article II. 5-626 OF A BROKEN SYSTEM

The Internal Revenue is geared towards the good of the system.

Medicare is uselessly geared towards the good of the system.

Welfare is geared towards the good of the System, yet the System features many third generation recipients of Welfare as their only profession.

Social Security is geared towards the good of the system.

The Republican Members of the System attempt to turn the democratic presidency of a republic into a monarchy, with absolute power given to the king.

Homosexuals are treated with prejudice by the system.

Eminent domain is geared towards the good of the system.

The Patriot Act is geared towards the good of the system.

Broken promises on long standing corporate retirement plans that are supposedly guaranteed by the system are not guaranteed by the system.

President George W. Bush is not impeached or even censured for declaring war with hidden agendas under false pretenses, yet President Clinton was actually impeached for having an extramarital affair.

There is a lack of a healthcare system for the poor, although there is a poor healthcare system.

The system is allowed to regulate and investigate itself and is the same system that allows senators and representatives to give themselves huge raises in pay, yet ...

Several congressmen have been convicted of breaking their own laws; rob banks and for taking bribes from tobacco companies for campaign support funding.

There are divisions within the system that believes war is necessary to thin out its growing population of citizens.

Cures for diseases withheld to maintain income for the system by big drug companies.

Big oil companies suppress alternatives fuel resources to maintain income for themselves and The System. Why is everyone ignoring coal, which we have in abundance?

The Skull & Bones Society is the Systems Ku Klux Klan. Secret Societies within Free Societies are contradictions.

A lie from the System often begins with, "I will put you on the list."

The System will not listen to warnings about parts of the System and will only give attention to faults once they are already breached and broken.

Terrorists know about the faults in the System better than the System itself and simply wait for major natural disasters to take place, thus saving them a lot of planning, manpower and certainly money.

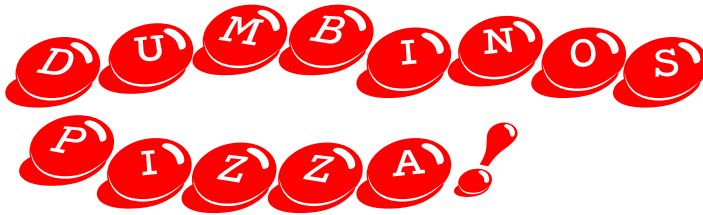
The System makes flammable exploding foam panels on its space shuttles. This is only handy when you want to be certain of complete casualties after launching.

Oil, tobacco and drug companies sustain The System, so remember the System next you are out driving in your car, lighting up a bone or getting stoned on your mom & dad's prescription drugs.

THE LASER TREATMENT



Things are no longer done with mirrors. They haven't used mirrors for a long, long time. Currently, we use lasers. We have lasers to print, to remove hair, to restore hair or vision. They have lasers for every application except the first purpose that I ever heard of. Long before these laser devices came about there was science fiction, whose writers were the first to feature the deadly disintegrating rays of the laser gun in a perfectly plausible future outer space setting. They could erase everything in their path. I can even remember one in the 1964 James Bond movie *Goldfinger* (I even remembered the date of the movie, but I am sick like that). The movie would not have been the same if they had said, "There is no escape from the laser beam, Mr. Bond. Your vision will be 36% improved, that unsightly middle eyebrow will be gone forever. We may eliminate a few hemorrhoids and polyps along the way, and your *alopecia* will be reversed. You are lucky, Mr. Bond, except you will be left sterile after the procedure." Well, surely some bad had to come of it from *Goldfinger*. I still wonder whatever happened to laser guns, though.



DUMBINOS PIZZA! (loud crowd noises at a busy pizza counter)

Hello? Dumbinos Pizza?

DUMBINOS PIZZA!

Yes, I would like to order a pizza please.

DUMBINOS PIZZA! (louder crowd noises and dog barking in background)

Hello? Can you hear me?

G'head which'r ord'r please – [moves away from phone - ma'am, please take the dog outside]

Oh, OK. I want a pepperoni with extra cheese, delivered please.

[talking to another customer, that will will be \$22.57 -- cash register SFX...moves back to phone] Pepperoni extra chicken liver. Anything else? [dog barking loudly in background]

No, no, no. That was pepperoni with extra cheese for delivery, please.

[talking over dog barking & customer noises] Right. You wann'a pepperoni extra chicken liver and peas. Anything else? [Lady, health regulations! Get that dog out of here now!]

No, that's not right! I want a pepperoni, extra cheese for delivery ... please.

Hold on (eight entire minutes pass with blaring oldies music broadcast and the only one you liked is cut off during your favorite part...)

DUMB INOS PIZZA! c'n ah hep you?

It's me. You said to hold...?

What? It's who? Who dis?

sigh... I guess I was talking to someone else. I ordered the pepperoni extra chicken liver and peas... no, wait! I meant to say...

Oh yeah, right. Your pepperoni extra chicken liver and peas pizza is on the way there. We have your number on caller i.d. and your address from a previous order.

Thank you! Click click - dial tone

Oh just forget it! Slams telephone down, soon followed by a knock on the door, a ring of the doorbell and then a familiar voice outside the door...

"DUMB INOS PIZZA!"

10 Reasons I Should Be Famous

- 1) I have written hundreds of songs and recordings, some great.
- 2) I have a singing voice that your mother could love.
- 3) I can play a lot of musical instruments.
- 4) I am or was... cute.
- 5) I am funny.
- 6) I can imitate most of the voices I attempt to, or at least get the persons cadence down to a "T".
- 7) I write amusing books, illustrate them and record them as amusing audio books.
- 8) I am actually quite humble and really don't think I should be famous.
- 9) I have a nice butt.
 - 10) I don't know one other person that does/has/have done what I do.
 - 11) Did I mention I was cute?
 - 12) I did? OK then.
 - 13) How many was that so far?
 - 14) Thirteen? Nuh uh, it **couldn't** have been.



People who tell you that you really look just like somebody or somebody really looks just like you have never really looked at you. People are more than a lady with blond hair and a nice backside or the guy with the dark hair and beard and a big rear deck. Wait, that sounds just like my ex-wife and me. The differences are in the details. Follow them around for a while, take a closer look and you will see the beard start to come off of the guy and the lady using a urinal. Just goes to show you doesn't it.

I knew a guy who always made quote marks in the air with his fingers until one day he accidentally lost all the fingers on his right hand in a lawnmower. Now he makes an open quote on the left hand with a period on the right, and when he points at something with his right thumb, it looks like he's hitchhiking. He frequently "makes a phone" with his left pinky and thumb, in order to more effectively bore people with stories of how he can use a telephone. What could be more interesting than to watch someone demonstrate his or her ability as a mime? A lot of things. People should leave their hands on the hook.

I have always channeled my energy into creative outlets. That makes me a tuner of sorts, and

because I have nearly perfect pitch, I can tune a piano or practically any stringed instrument; bowed, picked or plucked. My playing does not stink; blame it on the piano tuna.

Dear Season

Dear Lord Dear God Dear Mother Dear Father Dear Spirits Dear Me You are so dear to me you follow my thoughts and understand my dreams. You care to ask, you always laugh the laughter that I have never forgotten nor will ever forget. Your sweet spirit is the stuff of my dreams. You are my chemistry is yours as is my love dear you.

I wonder if god is a concept by which John Lennon measured his pain.

I know that God was first known by just one person before the rest of us found out about Him. Even if not for that one person, it would have been someone else. Had He had not that one son we speak of I believe He would have had another, possibly a daughter. Why would not God send down a daughter? He might, but He would be up against a lot of religions. Why should God cater to mankind's beliefs? God will not, as a matter of fact, His will be done here as it is there. I believe it is entirely possible that God's family already lives here.

THE RUBY SUBSTITUTES

When my second wife (had already) left me, she gave me all the reasons why she left. This was the majority of her list:

Article III. Section A.

She didn't like that I was so upset by the death of her brother (because he was also a good friend), thus she did not give the status and attention of being the principal griever. She said needed a man, not a crybaby to give her more support. How could I. How dare I be so weak.

Article IV. Section V.

She said when she met me, she was certain I was going to make it big in the music business so she married me, but it just never happened during those entire two years. She told me that I must think I'm a rock star, why else did I write and record that music and look the way I looked. I must have failed her again.

Article V. Section A:

Removing a little leather sack out of her purse, she dumped a bunch of red stones into her hand and said, "Look. Do you know what these are? These are rubies, Charlie. These were a present from him; he gave these rubies to me. Do you know how much rubies cost? They cost a lot of money, Charlie, a lot. When have you ever given me anything even close to this? Can't you understand? You aren't going to amount to anything and he loves me enough to give me rubies!" She had me there, and I perhaps I really didn't love her for that amount of money. I just don't know, because I'd never equated love with money nor even considered it before. Besides,

nothing I could have said would have mattered, because a supposed music business failure was up against an opulent **ruby**-giving stockbroker. When I found out how shallow she really was, the impending split and amicable divorce really was the best thing. Think I didn't want him to pay for it? Think again. I imagine that he is still paying for it, because it's the type of investment that is never paid off and more of a liability. I wonder if she ever put the rubies where I suggested she stick them? Doesn't matter. She and her **rubies** were already full of **shit** in my book and this is that book. *Flush!*

THE FAKE

Alternafake Reality by C.J. Faux-gey

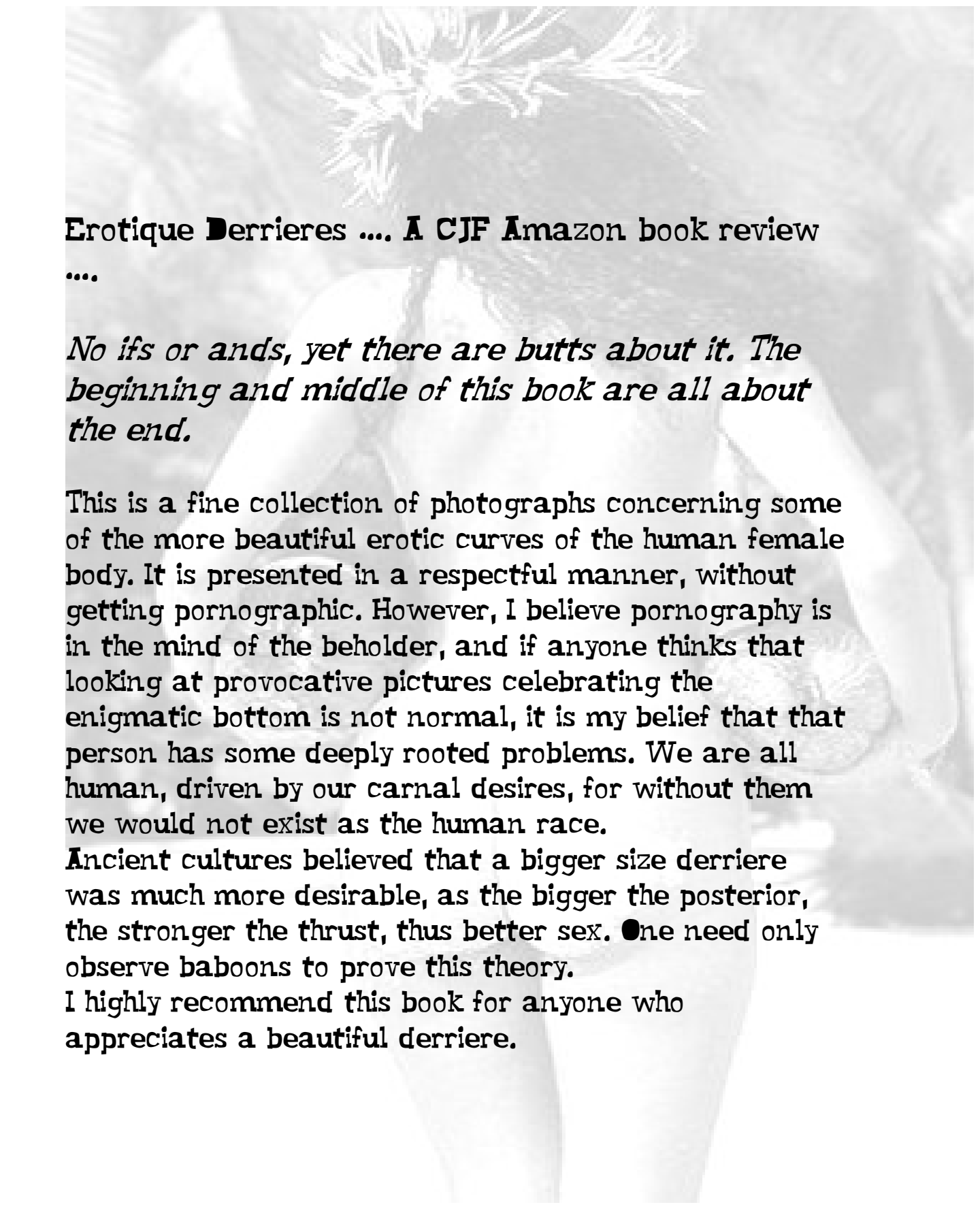


The way they all made me feel, I may as well have been faking all the symptoms I was fake experiencing*. I must have even begun to believe all the lies that I had been telling to fool my friends, family, my employer, coworkers, the doctors, insurance company and even social security, my very own government. When they demanded more proof, their Magnetic Resonance Image machines were even in on the fakeness scheme with me. Those obviously fake results show the fake damage to my fake nervous system. I fake limped and fake hurt all over and then fake laughed at my acting alternafakabilities. I used a fake cane, for that matter. No one would have imagined that I would pull a stunt like that, that's how I was able to trick them all. After I fooled my lawyer and a judge into believing me, they decided I most likely was not faking it. When you are fake sick with multiple sclerosis, you almost believe that it is real sometimes. However, the moment I am all alone, with no friends, family, employer, coworkers, doctors, insurance companies or government investigators around; I toss the cane away and dance fake jigs. I never was taught how to dance a real jig and had never seen it done before, yet I seem to have some fake natural rhythm in me. The perfect

crime and nobody even had to be fake killed. Now I am set for life, and all I need to do is look fake sick, do my fake limp with my fake cane, take fake drugs to make me more fake comfortable.

These days I settle down at my fake desk and write fake stories like this, laughing at my fake conquests, collecting fake gigantic disability checks. Sometimes I fake fall down at home, because my legs just fake give out. I am amazed at how real it looks and sorry there were no friends, family, employers, coworkers, doctors, lawyers or insurance company around to have seen it.

** This is a dramatization of how they all made me feel before I was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis. Every time I used the word **fake** in this story, it was actually **real**.*



Erotique Derrieres ... A CJF Amazon book review

....

No ifs or ands, yet there are butts about it. The beginning and middle of this book are all about the end.

This is a fine collection of photographs concerning some of the more beautiful erotic curves of the human female body. It is presented in a respectful manner, without getting pornographic. However, I believe pornography is in the mind of the beholder, and if anyone thinks that looking at provocative pictures celebrating the enigmatic bottom is not normal, it is my belief that that person has some deeply rooted problems. We are all human, driven by our carnal desires, for without them we would not exist as the human race.

Ancient cultures believed that a bigger size derriere was much more desirable, as the bigger the posterior, the stronger the thrust, thus better sex. One need only observe baboons to prove this theory.

I highly recommend this book for anyone who appreciates a beautiful derriere.

PLACES

THE PLACE WHERE ALL PRAYERS ARE
HEARD - - -

A swirling cacophony of voices and whispers in every conceivable and inconceivable language comes to this place where God and dreams live and evil thoughts are evaporated quickly. It is not a place as we places are in our experience, such as a room or even a view as far as the eye can see all around you. This place is of God and is not a place of punishment for any of God's creations, because this is not a God that would punish them.

THE PLACE WHERE ALL SECRETS ARE KEPT-
--

Once all secrets are told, what shall then the world gain of it? We are worlds, which need rainforests, and rainforests need rain and mist, to nurture the mystic mists around our secrets. Secrets live in different dimensions, like ants in a swimming pool. When a

secret is born, the truth is compressed, but may be easily decompressed and expanded back into the original size and shape.

THE PLACE WHERE ALL PROMISES ARE KEPT- - -

The place that contains promises, now that is a most special place. To tell you where to find would be to betray the trust of all of the Promissory Agreements. Promises are like eggs. Once a promise is broken it cannot be repaired, and can never be put back together in the same way it once was.

THE PLACE WHERE ALL COMPLAINTS ARE LODGED -

This is not your father's ski lodge; this is the place where complaints are lodged. These bitchy little bastards are never happy with anything, much less this place. When they're in your lodge, please don't allow them to abuse room service or take advantage of any amenities that cost extra. I know how those little bastards can be and

they're lucky to be lodged anywhere at all. I do not agree with lodging complaints, I think they should be imprisoned in customer service representatives' cerebellum holdovers until they are resolved and evaporated.

A PLACE OF FORGOTTEN NAMES AND WORDS ---

This place contains the mountains of words that no one can think of at the right time and are often substituted with words that are a poor choice, but will just have to do. The forgotten words are evasive and hide from those who do not know them well enough. They only want to be used out of friendship and acquaintance with the person that uses them, and are elusive for those who haven't used them for a long time. Every what's his and her name exists here as well, and they all know each other by first name. All of those bit-part actors and anonymous looking coworkers, even the most well-known celebrities whose names tend to be forgotten easily are here, along with the movie and book titles that can hardly be remembered as well.

A PLACE OF RETIRED COLLOQUIALISMS ---

When colloquialisms retire, they begin a long, long walk to this place. The journey is far and hard, because some people, being ten or even twenty years behind the rest of the culture of which it was borne, are still using them. They would prefer to vanish completely and just go away but that would be impossible. Even though the age of television gave them instant and abundant life, that medium will also be the reason for the slow death, which is attributed to re-runs. When colloquialisms are put on a perpetually playing schedule on nostalgic networks, they may never be laid to rest or left to peacefully retire and come to this place. New generations will hear them, pick them up and use them, spreading them to others who will do the same. There really are very few colloquialisms that go into complete retirement anymore and this place is being shared by--

THE PLACE OF LOST HAIR ---

This place is often misunderstood. It is a land of multi-colored beauty, and gentle breezes cause some of the hair to flow like a giant sea of texture and colors that take

shapes and forms. All hairs, which have left their original scalps, must come to this place. Not to say that it isn't a bit gross. This also includes hair from eyebrows, moustaches, arms, armpits, legs, backs, butts, pubic and even some from the dog that bit you. Some reach high up into the sky, while the shortest ones are barely visible, yet enjoying the bristly landscapes that they thrive on in this place. Where else can you find Hitler and Dalí's Moustache, Jesus' beard, Churchill's lost boyhood hair, Lincoln's beard and John Lennon's hair all in one place? No one cares nor need care. What better place for that unfaithful hair which leaves both man and woman alike; for this is neither heaven, hell nor anyplace in-between; it is just the place of lost hair.

THE PLACE FOR FORGOTTEN PUNCHLINES

Has this ever happened to you? You are telling somebody a joke with entirely too many details and long complex storyline, when you suddenly realize somewhere past halfway through telling it, that you have forgotten the punch line. What to do. What to do. You could always try to make something up real quick and hope for the best. You could be honest about it, even as desperate as you were to hear that rewarding laughter at the end and explain the truth to your audience; which is that you

really can't remember how it ends. Think they'll understand? You can even try using a classic stall tactic in that instance, "ummm, wait a minute." You could speculate, "I think this is the part where the parrot flies in the window and says ... something, but I can't remember what it is the parrot says ..." and risk losing the complete attention you had of your audience, who a moment ago had every anticipation of laughing their entire ass off at the funniest joke ever told by anyone. More importantly, a joke told by you, except that **you** are the one who forgot the punch line, which was the most important ingredient in the recipe for the joke. For shame. Some people spend half their lives searching for this *Place For Forgotten Punch Lines* but never find it in time to save themselves. In some cultures, to forget a punch line means instant death, and this punishment is completely sanctioned by the **FFFPL**. The next time this happens to you, just give them the old sucker punch line, "...to get to the other side". Don't knock knock it if you haven't tried it.

NOR ULES ANTAILL

My own thought czar killing me.

Hip pop music was responsible for the rapper's injuries.

He fell off his bed and his bedside with familiar disgust.

She told him how to get there but he just knew she would Miss D. Rectum.

Is Barnes Noble? Is there really such a thing as a Random House?



The farmer left his John Deere out in the front for days, hoping the saleswoman would see it when she drove down the bumpy road. It was obvious he was trying to a tractor.

The psychic sidekick sighed for kicks.

The apparel store in the nudist colony will be clothing down for the season.

Suppose at the beginning of each and every new month, everyone acted as stupid as the way people that celebrate New Years Eve do every year? Happy new month! Yippee! Toot! Yahoo! Honk! Yay! An exciting new trend like this should last about once.

Your deaf dog brought me here and your cattle even herd about it, too.

"Hey, want to hear thumb sing?" he held out his hand so I could really hear thumb sing but I really didn't digit at all. In fact I felt thick. "Hey hand, talk to the ass", I said while leaving.

Can noses hallucinate? Why is it that I smell things that are not even there sometimes? Why do bad smells seem to get stuck deep up inside my nose holes long after I've smelled them? I believe that noses really can remember and hallucinate. The home of the olfactory system is an area often overlooked and definitely undersniffed. Can you smell what I mean?

The ironic thing was that G.S. choked to death on a Lifesaver®.

He licked the stamps and she pushed the envelopes.

The Right Tool Name For The Right Job Department - the man was toting such a huge tool which he had

nailed so many women with, that he called it his *ball-penis hammer*, which conversely, he used for *screwing* and the man actually was a *driver* by trade, so you figure it out.

Always gnome before you blow 'em; and once you picker you can dicker but you could wreck her with your pecker, Mr. Becker and you must meter before you can eater. Never sticker with your licker any quicker if you kicker when you bicker, your troubles will get thicker and the chick will just get sicker no matter how much liquor, silly city slicker.

The bird that represented the country was an altered eagle.

This goes well beyond evil. I would rate it as Hvil or even Ivil.

A Last Laugh



After she shot him until she ran out of bullets and then stabbed the intruder a dozen or more times, the knife flew out of her hand, hitting against the wall somewhere behind her. She searched for it frantically, even though the bloody, would-be burglar just lay there.

"Now, where did that knife go?" she asked.

"I have no eye, dear," said the unusually polite burglar.

The man in the flad planel shirt with the pladsley bolo tie stood up and spoke up with far too much confidence.

I think I just had an obscene phone call from a woman who spoke to me and then got off quickly.

When I eight dinner, I heard that nine in ten did two punch number eleven.

He was a broker, something I'm good at myself. I've always been broker than anyone that I ever knew.

I heard she was a whore, something I know a lot about. Before I moved here, I used to hoe fifty-two acres with one mule pullin the hoe and turnin all fifty-two. I was known as the best ho'er in Badge Oaks County. It was a one ho'ers town, though. They also tried to tell me she is a bitch, but I know all about bitches. I used to raise poodles and I owned four of them. Now that I live in the city, I'm a hooker. Yeah, I'm the one that hooks and strings all those little beads together that make room dividers, sometimes necklaces and bracelets and such. It's hardly a living, but you can't bead it for extra money.

The president was debriefed before the meeting but his advisor suggested for security's sake they f and g-brief him as well.

The airplane was on a crash course and the sudden, dramatic *ascent* soon became a *b-scent* and *o-scent*, and to everyone's surprise it did make a *decent* landing under the crescent moon sky.

Clothestraphobic = people who cannot or should not be seen naked.

Represponsible = the person that teachers make an example out of for bad behavior in class.

Represemles = a thing that looks like something else closely enough to represent it.

Cacophony = a stuttering person with a fake cough.

Exciting = removing a traffic ticket from a windshield

Hiccup = what a hillbilly drinks from.

Hourglass = the sole drinking cup in a hillbilly's house

Bedazzled = more than a+dazzled but not as good as c-dazzled.

Psychoconscious = when someone wanders down the primrose psychopath.

Overstand = when someone either knows or doesn't know what you just said.

Dramabysmal = a horribly over the top performance

Abnatural = the state of being unnormal

Inement = used by a person who cannot pronounce eminent

Axterix = someone who can't pronounce asterisk says this

Beaurocrap = the stuff that fills your drawers

Tea totaler = someone who counts tea bags

I don't know what dizzies he died of.

I can't wait to grow up and have unisex.

minerva the nervous Nursemaid

Man, I was earitated, eyeitated and nositated with her.

The water is on the flow. It show is gonna warp that linoleum.

The religious organization discouraged sects between its members.

I knew the old snake before he even had a pit to hiss in.

Domestic Utilitarian Lovers Triangle No.1

The sink loved the old tub and he gave her a ring that would never wash off her. When the bidet found out, he became flushed and wanted to sewer. This hot and cold lovers triangle continued for years until everything eventually went down the drain.

The Intrepid Mr. C. Ling (Domestic Utilitarian Lovers Triangle No. 2)

The wall was floored to C. Ling was still hanging around, yet the wise old Indian rug knew the wall may never window, because the handsome wall pay per loved C. Ling. This situation would always heater blood right up. It didn't seem to register with the wall, which really just needed to vent.

Traffication = transportizing by various modes of trafficking by traffers.

The busload down, which allowed the man to get onboard. He seldom paid for anything and planely, he didn't car at all about anything. He couldn't

even pay the taxi owed the government. Eventually, the sheriff's deputy was able to catch up with him and he made the bus. Since he was bussed did and con Vick did, the man is now serving time as a cook in the prison cafeteria.

Stipate = to go number two, unless you constipate at all

Scar = so then, who scar are we driving home?

The Shooting On I-83

A car was driving at the same rate of speed as hers on the highway. Their windshields were lined up evenly for several minutes, when she noticed that the man that was driving the car appeared to be masturbating, and then he just shot right past her. Fortunately, a highway patrolman caught him and used a squeegee to collect evidence from the man's windshield. We still do not know what came of this case, only who had come in it.

New Delivery Service Motto (Rejected)

Let us take your she it for you but when U.P.S. you're on your own.

Bosses Theme

He's got the gun loaded with employees and is getting to ready to fire away.

The Atheist Fish

This fish serves no porpoise at all and does not believe in Cod.

Flexappreciation = the state of being thankful for any part of our body that we can still reach in the shower as we age.

OCD

The desperate man ran, lunged at the podium and knocked the president to the ground. He frantically grabbed and pulled a little white piece of fuzz out of the president's hair, which had been visible to millions during the president's speech.

Unfortunately, the desperate man was a CIA agent diagnosed with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder apparently couldn't stand to look at the little white piece of fuzz any longer. As an ironic resolution, he was immediately terminated in every sense of the word, by the fuzz themselves.

Datsheveled = looking all messed up (*syn. disheveled*)

Sheveled = looking nice, undisturbed looks (*ant. Disheveled or Datsheveled*)

Killing Two Birds With One Cinderblock

Lies come in packs sometimes. This may be attributable to the fact that talk is cheap, but it's hard to beat the convenience of getting things in packs, unless it's wolves or lies.

Crapetitious (syn. **crapetition**) = repeated trips to the bathroom

Mule Prison = the place where real bad asses go

The time: 2005 - 2006. The place: The United States; a country full of teenaged girls that talk and sing like Ginger on *Gilligan's Island*, who was played by the actress Tina Louise. Between their raspy words in singing, a style known to black people as moaning is often used in order to avoid having to sing the actual correct notes. They also dress in a way that makes them indistinguishable from women employed in sexual trades.

I cannot stop drawing in my sketchpad while I compose poetry and write music, because I suffer from **artism**.



A temporary

Cessation

of the Madness.

www.evertil.com

C.J. Faege is also a composer and musician. Compact discs of his recordings (over 40 albums) are available from: urthstudio@sbcglobal.net
URTH STUDIOS, St. Louis, MO 63114 USA,
www.cdbaby.com/cd/faege, Amazon.com and nearly any place music is sold on the Internet.

Imaginary Themes, Volumes I, II & III Aphorisms:



"I really like your album! It's great music to work to. Have you ever thought about doing film scores?" CAL SCHENKEL, ARTIST FOR MOST OF FRANK ZAPPA'S ALBUM COVERS, MARCH 2002..... *"From one musical explorer to another - this really is some great music."* *ESSRA MOHAWK, singer, musician, songwriter recorded by & worked with Vanilla Fudge, the Shangri-Las, Cher, Procol Harum, Cyndi Lauper, John Mellencamp, Jerry Garcia,*

member of the Mothers of Invention, et al..... *"I liked the wide variety of instruments and orchestrations. Some fine lyrics, too."* *BILL BRUFORD - DRUMMER/PERCUSSIONIST OF YES/King Crimson* *"I truly enjoyed your music."* - *KATE BUSH* *"This work shows a lot of personality and emotion and there is some great music on the Imaginary Themes 3-CD set. Truly a man of many talents. I at first enjoyed the graphics and then the*

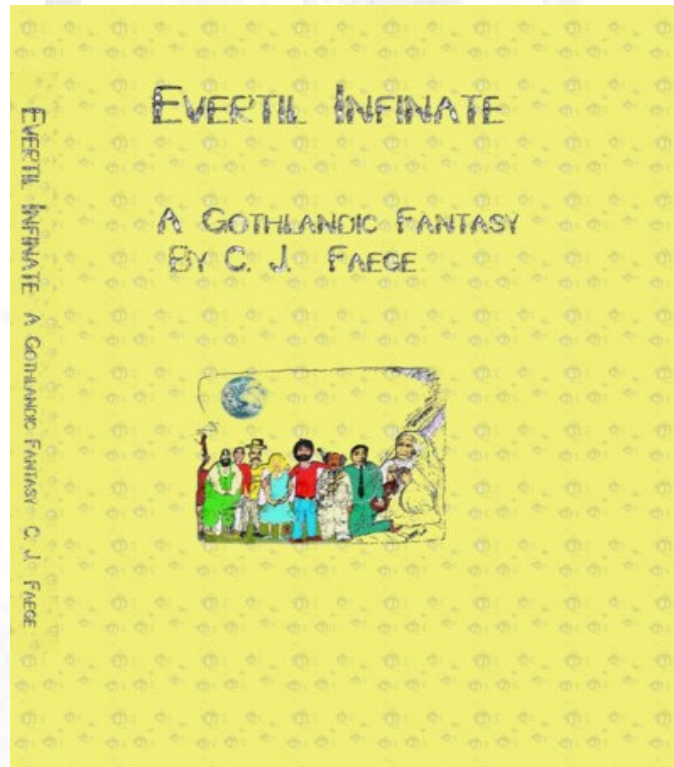
tremendous variety of music images." JOHN DOAN - World renowned Harpguitarist and recording artist with Hearts of Space Records....."Never mind the production/instrumentation; that's more than adequate. These songs are very convincing." BILL BRUFORD - DRUMMER/PERCUSSIONIST OF YES.....FIVE STAR

*AMAZON.com review: ***** Top 500 Reviewer "Music for life, April 18, 2002 Reviewer: Gillian from Canada --This is a wonderful set of 3 cds that is a must for all you music lovers out there. It is rich in beautiful soundscapes, and is great for relaxing to. What makes it all the more amazing is that Charlie plays every single instrument on these CDs (except sax). I suppose you could say that it is in the New Age style, but it really goes beyond that. This is not elevator music, or music that bores you to sleep. Every track on here tells it's own little story instrumentally, and there is such variety between the tracks. Some are even helped along by sound effects that really liven things up. "UR THERAPY" for example (cd 1 track 21) would be right at home in Jurassic Park, while others have a very exotic Eastern flavour to them. Some tracks will make you smile, and some will put you in an introspective mood. But all will delight the senses, guaranteed! This is beautiful music, and should be in everyone's collection."*

Evertil Infinite

This is the fantasy/fiction story of a character named [Evertil Infinite](#), whose amazing story begins when he leaves Number 48 City to find a way to Alwayston, as he encounters many obstacles like powerful wizards, Simbats and nightmarish creations like that of Juan and Reginald, the skull with two faces. The accidental hero Evertil tells his own love story as it happens. The pathos, plausible irony and humorously subtle connections to life anywhere between the 20th-25th centuries are scattered like seasoning throughout the story. There is really not a book quite like this one that I've read, unless you could take a smidgen of Alice In Wonderland, a Star Wars dollop or a Catcher In The Rye snippet; then completely forget about those smidgens, dollops and snippets only to find that this is something

completely different and dripping in imagination. 21 Chapters, 150 pages, illustrations, 7.50" X 9.25" paperback from [The URTH Press](http://TheURTHPress.com) at www.cafepress.com/urthstudio



Evertil Infinite is also available as an audio book on 3 compact discs. For a catalog or more info email urthstudio@sbcglobal.net

All types of merchandise (CDs, books, t-shirts, jackets, mugs, postcards and more) including Imaginary Themes 1, 2 & 3, *and Anthology of the Daily URTH News CD & book* are available at my domain:

www.evertil.com

A WHOLE URTH ANTHOLOGY
WORKS OF C.J. FAEGE



PUSH AND PULL
DIGITAL RECORDS



A Sympathet Ticky Griped Ream
by C.J. Faegge





MUST BE PRESENT TO ATTEND