



WORDS, WORDS, WORDS,
GRAB YOUR READERS
ATTENTION

YOU DO NOT KNOW:

HAVE YOU EVER?

BUT NEVERMIND THAT;

ALLOW FEAR TO MOTIVATE,

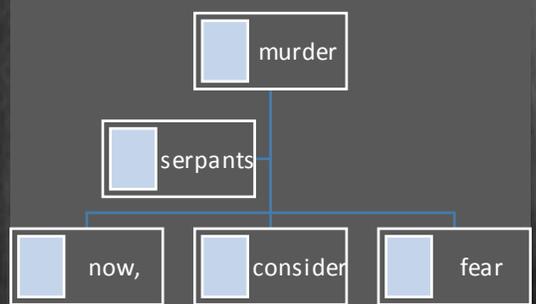
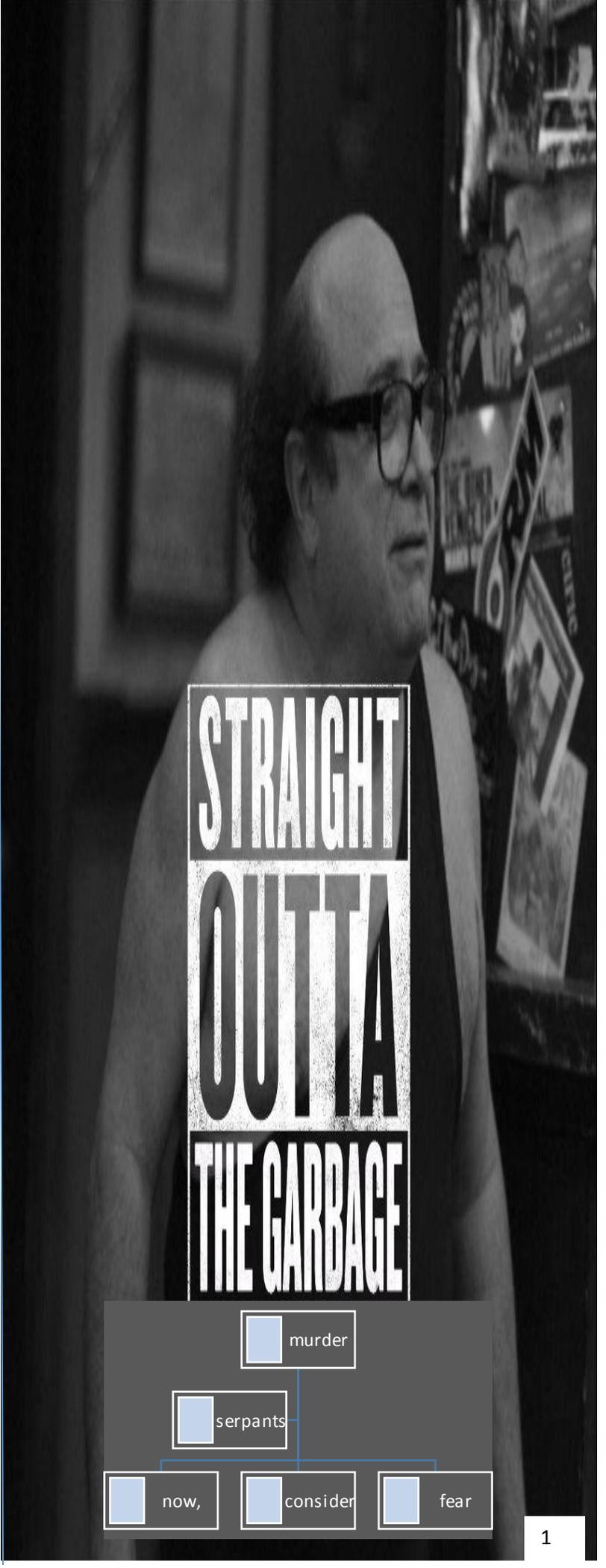
SQUINT LIGHTLY AT THE SUN WHEN IT BREAKS THROUGH YOUR WINDOW/ CRASHING UPON YOU /
GLASS SHATTERING/ THE SCREAMS OF YOUR DEAD LOVED ONES REPLACING THE WAILING OF YOUR
ALARM CLOCK, YOU TURN OVER TO SHUT OUT THE SLINKING OF MAGGOTS FROM YOUR EARS ONLY
TO AWAKEN TO FIND YOUR BODY GESTATED INTO THE CORPSE OF A WOMAN/ MURDERED BY AN
IMMAGRANT/ RATHER/ THE WOMAN HAS MURDERED AN IMMAGRANT AND THEIR BODY IS WEDGED
BETWEEN ROCKS EXPOSED AND DISPERSING/ AUDIBLY HOWL INTO OUR SKIN AND HEW AWAY AT
YOUR RIBS UNTILL THE DYING CALL YOU ANOREXIC/ KILL YOURSELF 100 TIMES BEFORE ENTERING THE
SHOWER/ GREET YOUR RAPIST AT THE NURSING HOME BEFORE HELPING THEM INTO THEIR
WHEELCHAIR/ TEAR AWAY AT YOUR FACE LAMENTING OVER HOW MUCH YOUR FAMILY WILL MISS
LOOKING AT IT/ OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO CHEER FOR YOUR ABILITY TO SELF DESTRUCT AND REVERSE
SOCIAL NORMS/ GO TO A JOB INTERVEIW AT BED BATH AND BEYOND SHAKE THE MANS HAND AND
HESITATE WHEN YOUR MOMENT OF OPPURTUNITY SLIPS AWAY/ BACK IN YOUR POCKET HE DID
NOT NOTICE YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFULL/ RETURN TO THE BODY OF A MAN YOU ONCE HAD
KILLED/

SQUINT ASKEW JOKILY AT THE SUN ONCE IT DISCONTINUITIES OVER YOUR SPACE/ BOOMING UPON
YOU / CRYSTAL SMASHING/ THE SHRIEKS OF YOUR LIFELESS PRECIOUS ONES SUBSTITUTING THE
WEEPING OF YOUR ANXIETY CHRONOMETER, YOU SEIZURE ABOVE TO LOCK OUT THE SKULKING OF
WORMS FROM YOUR AURICLES ONLY TO AROUSE TO DISCOVER YOUR FORM CONVERTED INTO THE
CARCASS OF A FEMALE/ KILLED BY AN REFUGEE/ PRETTY/ THE LADY HAS SLAUGHTERED AN ASYLUM
SEEKER AND THEIR FIGURE IS COMPRESSED AMID TOWER OF STRENGTH BARE AND DIFFUSING/

ARE YOU IN GREAT PAIN?
COMFORTALE MISERY IS DEATH IS COMPLACENCY

“PURE begins with a quote from Joseph Goebbels ("Man is and remains an animal. Here a beast of prey, there a housepet, but always an animal") and a statement by the editor (reprinted below). Following this is an update and celebration of the activities of several multiple murderers over the previous year. Ted Bundy's failed escape from death row in July and the crimes that put him there; the proceedings against a gang headed by Robin Gecht that ceremonially murdered over seventeen Chicago-area women; a report that Joseph Mengele was alive in Florida; the death by heart attack of Nazi SS Walter Ruff; Myra Hindley's announcement that she wanted to become a nun; and a brief mention of the "Friday motorway" deaths”

Do you feel strong Do you feel someone has taken away your power
 Do you feel as if you must lay stagnant like a corpse Do you feel that no one would understand Do you feel in control of your actions
 Do you feel like a victim Do you feel this makes you weak Do you feel control as a quantifiable force ebbing from person to person Do you feel you must humiliate damage or kill those who take from you freedom Do you feel as if you can empathize with others Do you feel anything Do you feel that you ever have Do you feel Do you feel Do you feel Do you feel Do you feel Do you feel Do you FEEL DO YOU



Consider.

Consider the very real possibility that this already happened; you have already read this. You have already thought that and you didn't say it out loud because you weighed your options and outcomes subconsciously, quickly.

Now consider new, like music you have never heard or understood. Some strange gaudy form that breaks the idea of what you deliberate to be reliable forms of information. Instrumentals become layers of self-enveloping noise. Everyone is standing close by, close enough that they might be expecting words from you, opinions.

You cannot express to them. Reminded of adverbs and childhood feelings which merge into an accurate comparative emotion. You imagine, taste, hear, feel it all. Someone who is much like yourself, accompanied by others, leans in and asks you to describe it. They know they will not understand, but that your attempt to vocalize solidifies your own conceptualization of what has just happened.

Do not be afraid, as each and every person with a conscious will experience this every day. Many will deny, smart ones will accept defeat.

Does that piss me off, you?

Sink into darkness and forget it all, die on a bathroom floor from opioids, comfortable and feeling loved. If you are under fifty, this is your most likely death, statistically.

When Geggy Tah play, and there is no cocaine time-bombing your happiness, there is a chance of hope. Memories of childhood feelings petting zoo into crushing depression. Adulthood demand's conform or die on tiled floors, rejected, isolated, high on drugs. By either your own hand or ten pairs of hands touting bachelors psych degrees.

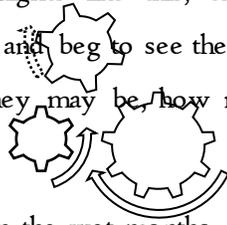
Insane, thoughtlessly warped thinking is conforming. Freedom only comes to those who create a façade, or are idolized for their individuality. Our rapists and pedophiles often conform better than our deepest thinkers. This is the poison of conformity.

Consider

The very real possibility you have known this since childhood. You were told priests are good and protestors bad. Learning it is not so black and white, will you say nothing still?

As far back as I can remember we called them corpse hunters. The older mams and paps in our town said they were medicine men. Still in this age I doubt they are anything like men at all, regardless of the similarities in their visage.

The faces of medicine men are disorganized. As I knelt with my thin fingers tucked between the gaps in our cabin, I could peer out from hollow knots in the wood. My pap would have dragged me away from the wall caught facing the way. We are said on nights like this, to be subjects of uncertain mercy. Though when I was younger I would protest, raise my voice and beg to see the medicine men. I have quickly learned what mistakes we make as children, how irreparable they may be, how many mercies we may acclimate with recklessness in speech alone.



My pap, on the rising of the fog in the wet months, drew red sap from a white barked tree just beyond the forests edge. He'd shown it to me and explained the origin of its name. sinibari he called it, drawing some from a pouch he'd use to collect it. This sap was brought to our home on a twelfth occasion before there was enough to fill a wooden bowl. This was prepared many nights in advanced and allowed to harden before being placed outside our door on this night. It was the night of the corpse watchers, pap had gone to bed, and I laid across the ground. Peering through the dislodged not hole in our wall. A speck so small, no man could know I was watching him, even if he stared directly to my pupil. We, the younger of the town, were told to allow the medicine men to go about their work unperturbed, yes. That to interrupt them, was a sin against nature. I always found such comparisons odd, comparing the corps hunters to an act of nature.

watchers were meant for that same reason, to humble man. It was in the long stretches of darkness that their chimes made any noise. Hollow wooden chiming, bones against flutes dangling from yarn. To those like pap, who had medicines to be taken by the watchers, their muffled shuffling was good. The noise was re-assuring. It was a sign that nature had a plan and purpose for interacting with man this way. Nature, came and walked our mud, foot-paved roads. Nature stalked into our villages bringing with it the sound of wood and bone chimes. The watchers always came like the fog, rolling in as the night settles to a standstill.

My palms lent a degree of moisture to my cracking lips, as fear crept its way into my heart and along my arms. The corpse watchers were to be valued, thanked and favored at a distance. They were like bull cattle in this sense. We used them for benefit, but respected their strength. For what purpose they benefitted from us, remained untold. And still they came upon the town as expected, as forewarned by elders. Each time the moon disappeared in the sky, and no flame skulks and dances beyond the eyesight of man, the watchers would surely come by night. A moon cycle has never passed in which they did not come, there was never a black night that did not reek of the scent of jetsam, detritus. Of rotting leaves and black vegetation. We imagined them, yes, to be forest spirits for this reason. Perhaps summoned and abandoned by some sorceress. The purpose and intent was lost amongst the tales people of our town would weave. There are more things, those we dream of and those we see, things that are never envisaged of in our philosophy.

Voyages expire in adoration meeting.

Performative Social in self and interpersonal functioning together with one or more pathological personality traits. In addition, these features must be (1) relatively stable across time and consistent across situations, (2) not better understood as normative for the individual's developmental stage or socio-cultural environment, and (3) not solely due to the direct effects of a substance or general medical condition.

Column 1 - mis-identified moral impulse

"Cluster A: Paranoid, Schizoid, and Schizotypal Personality Disorders –distorted thinking"

"Cluster B (Dramatic, erratic) -Antisocial PD, Borderline PD, Histrionic PD, Narcissistic"

"Cluster C (Anxious, fearful) -Avoidant PD, Dependent PD, Obsessive-compulsive PD"

People without the physical or mental capability to be socially un-assisted,

People with no knowledge of human social performance as aspect to social interaction,

People with mental disorders which do not allow them to sympathize, or specifically successfully encourages them to take advantage of social performance, especially with disregard to other agents.

Column 2 – module moral impulse reaction 2018 USA

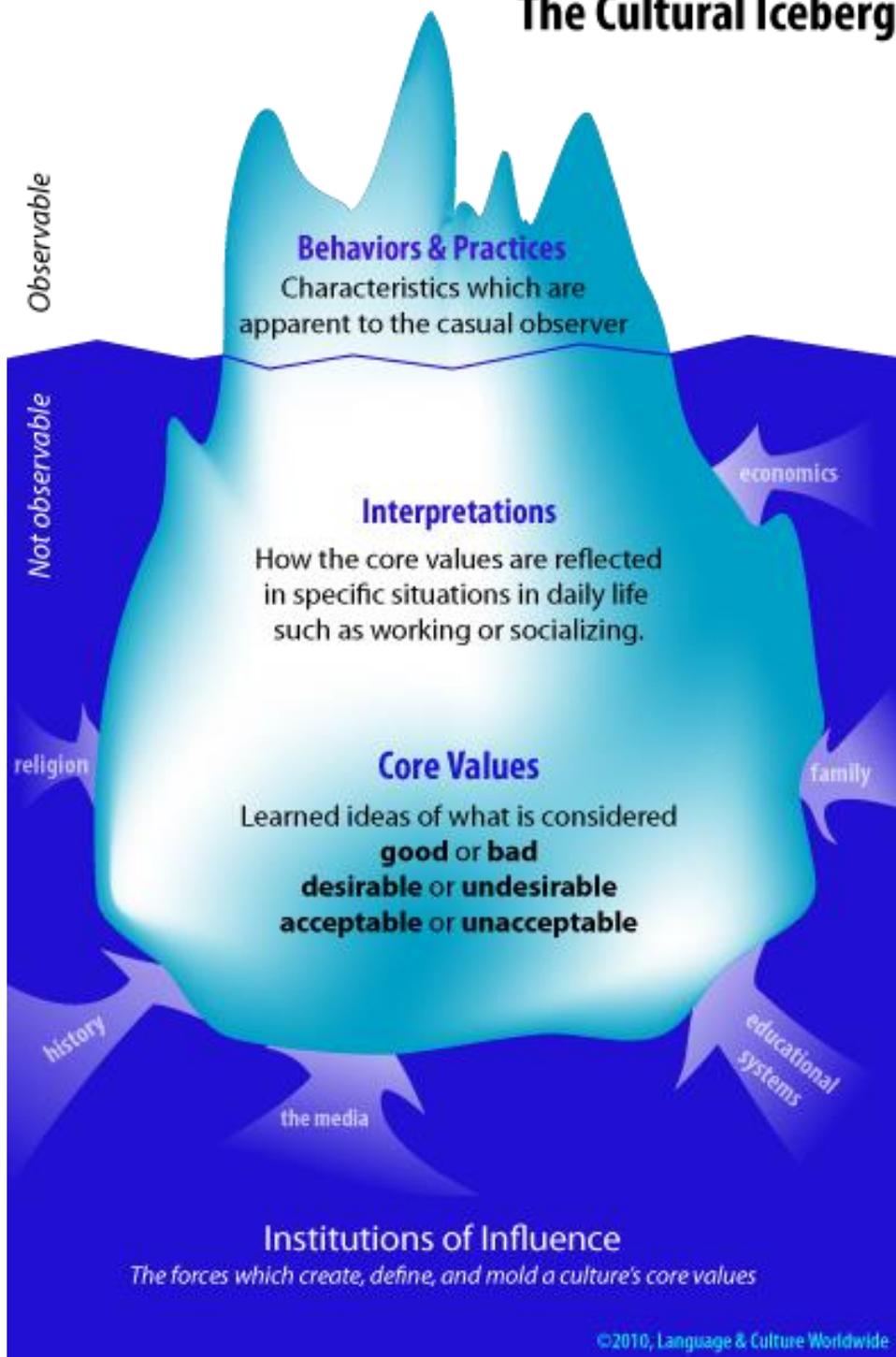
- Mentally healthy individuals actively choosing narcissism, avoidance, dependence etc. with module logic
- Any situation in which the actor knowingly disobeys social normativity for personal gain.
- Any situation in which the actor consistently knowingly disobeys social normativity for personal gain
- Any person aware of social norms and how one would manipulate them, who does not stray far from normativity for the sake of comfort.

Column 3 – High success individuals in all factors non-personal

Any individuals achieving social success while employing manipulation, this person must be aware of their actions and consider possible outcomes.

An individual experiencing disabled emotional state while maintaining social function, especially if this person is particularly successful regarding money or pleasure acquisition.

The Cultural Iceberg



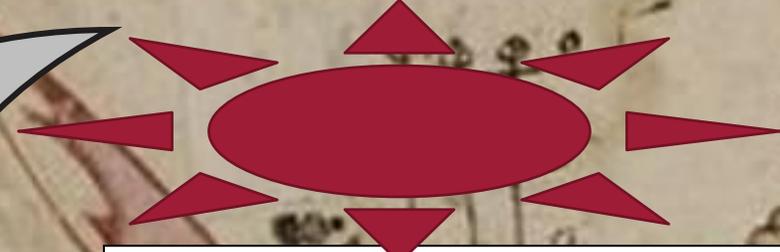
1. your neighbor who kicks dogs and goes to jail
2. your uncle who doesn't speak with his mother in law
3. The most rich rabbi on the block, blameless

Consider the possibility that you are not on the scale where you believed yourself to be. Would you be crushed to discover all of our interactions are merely you allowing others to feel comfort, when the natural state is loud and chaotic the natural state? The state of nature is not what I intend to address, but rather the state of the isolate. This meaning the complete non-communicative. The insanity of discovering that you never truly loved, only enjoyed. Imagine you are column 1.) You have your entire life, been duped into acting like characters on television, not only does your personality not flourish, it is not real, only self-manufactured survival instincts. Group 2.) is of course the everyman. The average human with fetishes, hatred, goals, love, pain, tastes, emotion. They are simply smart enough to know better than the religious or idiotic.

So here we discover three, my name is Theodore P. Heinrich, I have taken it upon myself to revisit magi Beldevon, a doctor from the United Kingdom. He lives now in Peru, drinking cocaine in black tea, if anyone had heard such a thing. When the Doctor and myself were younger we lived across city blocks moted by bridges. When we first saw someone die, Beldevon and I were both taking MDMA. I wouldn't acclimate to the PTSD being that my brain was ready to wash it before it came. After that, bodies always seemed like unfortunate bloating fish to me. We are such a quantity water.

I sit high on amphetamine, Dexedrine pills, I had a seizure four days ago from not sleeping, I've shaken it again, no pun intended.

We are actors and actresses, some roles more complex an investigated, only the liars are called, sane. Everyone who think themselves honest, well you've the easiest part of all, the ignorant.



WORDS, WORDS, WORDS,
GRAB YOUR READERS
ATTENTION

GOOD
FLAGRANT
WHAT IS EXPECTED OF ME?
GOD?
PLAYING WITH SYNTAX,
EXISTS.

YOU ARE ENCOURAGED TO
PLEASE NOT STARE AT OR
ANYLIZE THE IMAGE BEHIND
THE TEXT, THESE BOXES ARE
HERE FOR YOUR SAFETY

YOU DO NOT KNOW:

HAVE YOU EVER?

BUT NEVERMIND THAT;

DRINK.

DO NOT UNDERSTAND,
WAIT IDLE,
THE CHOSEN FEW RUSH
I FEEL OLDER
FROM WALKING
AFTER THE FEW.

ALLOW FEAR TO MOTIVATE,
SQUINT LIGHTLY AT THE SUN WHEN IT BREAKS THROUGH YOUR WINDOW / CRASHING UPON YOU / GLASS SHATTERING/ THE SCREAMS OF YOUR DEAD LOVED ONES REPLACING THE WAILING OF YOUR ALARM CLOCK, YOU TURN OVER TO SHUT OUT THE SLINKING OF MAGGOTS FROM YOUR EARSS ONLY TO AWAKEN TO FIND YOUR BODY GESTATED INTO THE CORPSE OF A WOMAN/ MURDERED BY AN IMMAGRANT/ RATHER/ THE WOMAN HAS MURDERED AN IMMAGRANT AND THEIR BODY IS WEDGED BETWEEN ROCKS EXPOSED AND DISPERSING/ AUDIBLY HOWL INTO OUR SKIN AND HEW AWAY AT YOUR RIBS UNTILL THE DYING CALL YOU ANOREXIC/KILL YOURSELF 100 TIMES BEFORE ENTERING THE SHOWER/ GREET YOUR RAPIST AT THE NURSING HOME BEFORE HELPING THEM INTO THEIR WHEELCHAIR/ TEAR AWAY AT YOUR FACE LAMENTING OVER HOW MUCH YOUR FAMILY WILL MISS LOOKING AT IT/ OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO CHEER FOR YOUR ABILITY TO SELF DESTRUCT AND REVERSE SOCIAL NORMS/ GO TO A JOB INTERVEIW AT BED BATH AND BEYOND SHAKE THE MANS HAND AND HESITATE WHEN YOUR MOMENT OF OPPURTUNITY SLIPS AWAY/ BACK IN YOUR POCKET HE DID NOT NOTICE YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFULL/ RETURN TO THE BODY OF A MAN YOU ONCE HAD KILLED/ SQUINT ASKEW JOKILY AT THE SUN ONCE IT DISCONTINUITIES OVER YOUR SPACE/ BOOMING UPON YOU / CRYSTAL SMASHING/ THE SHRIEKS OF YOUR LIFELESS PRECIOUS ONES SUBSTITUTING THE WEEPING OF YOUR ANXIETY CHRONOMETER, YOU SEIZURE ABOVE TO LOCK OUT THE SKULKING OF WORMS FROM YOUR AURICLES ONLY TO AROUSE TO DISCOVER YOUR FORM CONVERTED INTO THE CARCASS OF A FEMALE/ KILLED BY AN REFUGEE/ PRETTY/ THE LADY HAS SLAUGHTERED AN ASYLUM SEEKER AND THEIR FIGURE IS COMPRESSED AMID TOWER OF STRENGTH BARE AND DIFFUSING/
ARE YOU IN GREAT PAIN?
COM FORTALE MISERY IS DEATH IS COMPLACENCY