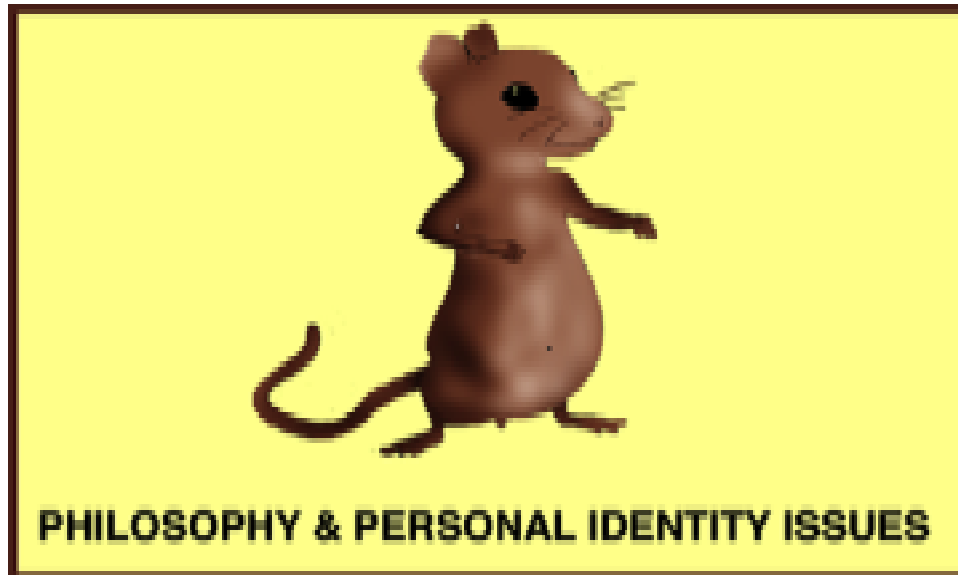


## APHORISMS



***Gnostic intermediary and valiant destroyer  
of rampacious metamalaises.***

It is so wonderful how smoothly wisdom flows through my mind like water through a sieve.

Ya know – sometimes I feel like the character in Chris Moriarty’s Spin Control who said: “...feeling liquefied with exhaustion.”

I have such personal power, such power of manifestation, that wherever I go my movements often clog the toilets. *Such a Mighty Mouse!*

**Catatonia** is my friend. How about for you?

Scientists have discovered that thinking about sex makes the mind more creative and analytical. So in case you were wondering how I keep coming up with all of this brilliant material....

But then scientists have also found out that people in a bad mood have better judgment and attention to details – boy does that explain some of my failures in life. Hmm – maybe I should let “them” get me down???

**Dyscalculia** has made me do so much that I otherwise probably wouldn’t have. Still seeking the answers to life’s **peristaltic** questions.

While we're all so enthralled talking about my psychological issues, have you heard about the often untapped enhanced perceptual abilities of people with **Asperger's**: We perceive more information and then tend to fixate on the irrelevant stuff. Could that explain a whole whole lot about The Metalethical Adventures???

Okay okay – you're right – I do think in **chronosynclastic infundibulums** Isn't it great how the longer we live the more fun old stories we have to share.

I get so tired of people criticizing trite writing. Much of my best material is trite, and I'm proud of it!

WOW! I'm glad that passed. For a while there I was stuck on a mental **myrmecological merry-go-round** as my mental centrifugal impulse to move ahead was perfectly balanced by my **proctodeal trophallaxis** bonding to my past cultural conditioning. Whew!!! I suppose that explains why so many groups of people make the same mistake. **Note; LINK to page: Spin State**

Some of my buddies back in the hole, well they're jealous of all the attention, ya know like the fame and fortune shit I've been getting. So I decided to give them a little something special. I gave them my **Jonah Complex**.

Fancy was reading to me from **Robert Kegan's** book The Evolving Self and he says that humans are meany-making beings. He sure got that right!

The penultimate question: Are you a mouse dreaming that you are human, or am I a human dreaming that I'm a mouse???

Oh thank Gad - or is it the Medtronix scientists? Anyway **optogenetic neuromodulation** is here at last! There's hope forme – there's hope!

I love to share the good things. You know, like my brilliant humor and mighty mouse phallus. Uhh.. would you like to share with me?

Did you know that to hoist one by his or her petards is to raise up one's self by explosive farts? Really!

Talking with me is like Abe said about another character in Seth Kanter's Ordinary Wolves: A discussion with him was like rolling a log uphill in snow. Ideas glommed on."

What a party last night! But jeez, I woke up this morning and looked around, and boy did I rue the strewing.

I'm like the guy who said: *"I've opened the doors of perception so many times that they leave them open for me."*

**Aspies** unite! FU the **NTs**! Whose **Wrong Planet** is it anyway???

Hmmm? I wonder what Fancy was trying to tell me when she asked me if

I think that there may be an inverse relationship between one's physical size and their ego?

I live a balanced life – when things are good I am arrogantly self-satisfied, and when things are bad I feel lower than shit. See – a balanced life!

I hate dealing with **accipitrines**, don't you? I mean I really do!

**OSIM!**

Back in Round 1 or so I said: *“My Asperger's made me do it. What's your excuse, and you can't use mine.”* Well, the terminology has changed, and now it's: *“My low level autism spectrum disorder made me do it....”* Somehow that just doesn't have quite the same poetic ring to it does it.

I feel insulted by the accusation that I am an intellectual snob. It isn't that I think I'm so superior, it is just that... well... in comparison with most sentients my light is somewhat brighter, and I can't help that now can I???

Have you noticed how the future is always here in a now, and the past never will be?

I agree with as **Arthur Dent** remarked: *“I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I think I have ended up where I needed to be.”*

Ya know, sometimes someone almost gets it just right but not quite: Jerry Seinfeld is one of those. Okay so he got \$500,000,000 for his half of replay rights to his show – still yadda yadda should have been **yotta yotta**.

I heard that 70% of human's communication is talking about other humans! That's funny because I hardly ever talk about humans.

It's not that I'm homophobic, it's just the **Coulomb force** in action.

I've been criticized by some people (does **anal retentive** mean anything to THEM???) for the occasional typo or misspelling. That's BS! I think that they are jealous of my intellect and creativity. So what if my mind works better

with a little slippage, doesn't yours?

I was just told that I need **thought field therapy**. Hmmm? **LINK:**  
[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thought\\_Field\\_Therapy](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thought_Field_Therapy)

Would someone please explain to me why being called an “elitest” isn't a compliment.

I think that an important aspect of my brilliance is that I don't try to do things that I can't do.

I so love how a little **dysrationalia** can sometimes take one so far out into... uhh... interesting... situations!

C'mon people – don't we all know that consistency is the hallmark of a humdrum mind!

Ya know, **Flinx** isn't the only sentient the Meliorares engineered with extreme multipolar neuronc connections within their telecephalon. So finally – now you know. Explains a lot doesn't it. And it shouldn't be a surprise then, that my Fancy has remarked about me, as his girlfriend Clarity did about him

*“looking lost in contemplation, which is good as often he just looks lost.”* But at least what Clarity said about him, how *“the galaxy may die, the galaxy may survive, but one constant remains unchanged throughout: the profound obtuseness of the male.”*

Then again it does fit me, as it did Flinx when he penetrated the defenses of the AAnn’s home planet, that some of our activities are *“sufficiently ludicrous to promulgate entirely new orders of cognitive absurdity.”*

I agree with Flinx when he said: *“Madness is the best armor against reality.”* Do you?

**gnostic intermediary** - a term coined by Carl Jung to describe someone who has thoroughly embodied a branch of wisdom so as to be able to convey its wisdom from direct experience.

**metamalaise** - a depression arising when people in transpersonal development settle for a comfortable state rather than continuing to grow.

**Catatonia** - extreme tonus; muscular rigidity; characterized by a tendency to remain in a fixed stuporous state for long periods.

**dyscalculia** – the inability to do simple calculations.

**peristaltic** - the wavelike muscular contractions of the alimentary canal or other tubular structures by which contents are forced onward toward the opening.

**Asperger’s** – an autism spectrum disorder. People with it tend to be highly intelligent and creative, have problems recognizing social cues, are physically clumsy, and use language in a typical ways.

**chronosynclastic infundibulums** - – rotating snake optical illusion. **IMAGE**

**myrmecological merry-go-round** - a situation in which a row of ants in a symmetrical depression will follow the leader around and around until exhaustion or an irregularity in the ground forms.

**proctodeal trophallaxis** – an animal feeding from the rectum of another animal, most common in social insects.

**Jonah Complex** – term coined by Abraham Maslow describing individuals with the fear of success which prevents the realization of their potential.

**Robert Kegan’s** – Harvard developmental psychologist.

**optogenetic neuromodulation** – modulation of the nervous system by electrical or chemical means.

**Aspies** – people with Asperger’s Syndrome.

**NTs** – neurotypicals. A pejorative sometimes used by Aspies in referring to so-called normal people.

**Wrong Planet** – an online community and resource for persons with Asperger’s. **LINK**

**accipitrines** -

**OSIM** - Oh Shit It’s Monday; the opposite of TGIF.

**Arthur Dent** – the hapless protagonist in Douglas Adam’s [The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Universe](#) novels.

**yotta** – prefix for the largest number that is named, i.e.  $10^{24}$ , a million times a billion times a billion, although hella is on the move at  $10^{27}$ .

**Coulomb force** - the electrostatic force that causes like charges to be repelled and opposites to be attracted.

**anal retentive** - - describes a person with such attention to detail that the obsession becomes an annoyance to others. The term derives from Freudian psychoanalysis.

**thought field therapy** – a healing modality using tapping on acupuncture points to alleviate various symptoms and conditions.

**dysrationalia** - the inability to think and behave rationally despite having adequate intelligence.

the inability to think and behave rationally despite having adequate intelligence.

**Flinx** - – the protagonist in an Alan Dean Foster's science fiction series.



My life experience, given the a priori ontological intersubjective nature of reality, is that I am but a thin phantasmagoric sheen of personal identity plastered onto the surface of a large rough boulder that is careening at an ever-accelerating rate, as my consciousness expands, down an ever-steepening mountain side, and the karmic load of my accumulating actions grows heavier. While simultaneously, my life experience, my sense of self, is increasingly that I am not inherently limited by any temporal or spatial loci, other than that I once chose this particular life-portal through which to play with others in this pulsating field of discreet and partially-overlapping emanations of light and sound in creative karmic entanglement. All of which, I can now only intuit, is inexplicitly, ever mysteriously, observed from the perfect emptiness and contentment that is my true nature.



**Prepare to be *transmogrified* by  
my enlightened *pseudoepigrapha*.**

*"How long will this last, this delicious feeling of being alive, of having penetrated the veil which hides beauty and the wonders of celestial vistas? It doesn't matter, as there can be nothing but gratitude for even a glimpse of what exists for those who can become open to it."*

**Alexander 'Sasha' Shulgin**

Next time someone tells me to "Go to Hell," I'm gonna just say: "Okay – fine, I'll go. We can discuss the morality of our lives when I see you there"

If as **Roger Walsh** says: "Enlightenment does not a teacher make." Is the reverse equally true?

I was pondering the unknowable, thinking that maybe I could finally get to the bottom of it. But damn - there is no limit to how deep the infinite is...

Okay – if **sociopaths** get off on taking advantage of others for their own self-interest, shouldn't there be the word sociophiles for those who love and act for the well-being of others.

You desperate for a Guru? I've got one for you: **Dahn Yoga**.

*"Our sense of hope is directly linked to our ability to create change."*

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16.6

Whitney Ferre, artist, teacher, and author.

Nothing against grape juice, or even a little wine, but I prefer **kykeon** at my church services.

Don't you get tired of do-gooder types with **narcissistic personality disorder**.

The World is Changing: Driving down a Georgia highway recently I saw the blue lights on a highway patrol car pulled over behind another vehicle. When I went by, I saw an old black man standing by the side of the car, and the highway patrol man bent over changing the man's flat tire. Loved it!

*"Americans may be undereducated, lazy, and disorganized, but they do one thing better than any people on the face of the earth, and that is watch television. The average 8 y/o has absorbed more about media technology than a goddamn film student in the most other countries."* Cy Ogle – a character in Neal Stephenson and J. Frederick George's hilarious, intelligent, and highly recommended novel: Interface.

How's this for an interesting piece of language lore. You know how we generally use the word 'pandemonium' for a chaotic condition. Well, it was originally used by Milton as the name for the capital of Hell. That's perfect. I once wrote that my explanation for Satan and Hell didn't require an evil genius or extremely unpleasant location on some astral plane but rather could be explained by chaos and confusion.

One friend said he isn't so much into the Golden Rule as the Golden Suggestion. How about this: Along with the 5 known forces, i.e. the strong and weak nuclear forces, electromagnetism, gravity, and dark energy, in order to explain how the Universe has gone from hydrogen atoms to The Metalectual Adventures, we need something more than mere randomness. There must be another force, one of self-organization that creates ever increasing complexity.

Fancy: *So MacMouse I heard this **Wolfgang Ludwig** scientist guy say: "The materialistic view of the world only deals with one billionth of reality." Isn't that kind of sad?* I don't think so Fancy. Because if there are a trillion galaxies or so that means that each of us can deal with a thousand of them, and at some 300 or so billion stars each... That's way really a lot for each of us to deal with! *MacMouse – I don't think that is what he meant. I wish I could explain why.* That's okay honey, leave it to us intellectuals to figure these things out for you. *Uhh – I don't know but something just doesn't seem right about all of this.*

*"A drug is neither moral or immoral—it's a chemical compound. The compound itself is not a menace to society until a human being treats it as if consumption bestowed a temporary license to act like an asshole."* **Frank Zappa**

*"[...] the most anyone can do is to confess as candidly as he can the grounds for the faith that is in him, and leave his example to work on others as it may."*

William James

**transmogrified** - changed into a different shape or form, especially one that is fantastic or bizarre.

**pseudoepigrapha** - spurious writings, especially writings falsely attributed.

**Alexander 'Sasha' Shulgin** the "godfather of psychedelics." [LINK](#)

**Roger Walsh** – an Australian author and professor of psychiatry, philosophy, and anthropology.

**sociopaths** – individuals exhibiting various forms of antisocial personality disorder. Unlike with psychopaths it is a developmental disorder and may respond to treatment.

**Dahn Yoga** – a yoga cult [LINK to RS](#)

**kykeon** – a psychedelic drink made from ergot fungus used at the climax of the Eleusinian Mysteries retreats.

**narcissistic personality disorder** - a personality disorder in which the individual is described as being excessively preoccupied with issues of personal adequacy, power, prestige and vanity.

**Wolfgang Ludwig** – German physicist who developed pulsed magnetic therapy.

**Frank Zappa** – eccentric rock 'n' roll musician.





## Scientists recently discovered that mice laugh when tickled. Any of my girlfriends could of told them that!

I saw this gorgeous gal – WOW! I'd love to **insufflate** every one of her's. I had a girlfriend once who was well... Let's just say that she had mastered the art of **hyperlanquidity**.

Yikes – the parents in this house are child abusers – this morning they fed their children Wheaties in orange juice – I almost upchucked, and trust me, we mice have very tough stomachs!

I guess it was a mistake to ask my girl how she felt about **polyamory** cause she was outa here in an **attosecond**.

This cute new girl I met asked me if I was an **oenophile**. I don't know what that is but it sounded nasty, so I said "no" and split. Too bad she seemed a little more sophisticated than the usual gal I meet around here. Oh well!

I'm not comfortable saying that this one girl I met was fat, but let's just say that in lingerie she looked like a pumpkin wrapped in a doily.

Oh c'mon girl, quit complaining that we don't have a cabin on the lake like our friends. We've got a minivan – so there!

Ever meet a girl with a **tornadic** personality? If not, would you like to meet one? I've got one I'd love to hand-off.

Hey guys, here's a couple of hints for you: If a female in your life criticizes you for being coarse or immature, tell her: "*The Mouse made me do it.*" And conversely if you are with your buddies and want to be popular, ask yourself: "*What would the Mouse do?*" Never fails!

Any of you hotties out there up for a little **irrumation**? Sounds like fun to me! I know this gal, and I don't want to say that she's skinny, but when she gets old and white-haired she's going to look like a giant cue-tip.

I know this single girl, who after being prescribed testosterone by her doctor, got raided by the police. Her electric bill went up so much from her obsessive-compulsive vibrator use that they thought she was growing pot in her house!

That one girl was soooo super sensitive down there. A **yoctonewton** put her over the top big time!!!

What does it mean about my sex appeal when my girlfriend says that my forearms are my best feature?

A friend was recommending that I date a gal he knows. He said that being with her was interesting. Something about the way he said that led me to say "I think I'll pass."

**Lisbeth Salander** was right when she said that you're an **entropic chaos**

**factor.**

So I was having a great time chatting up this girl I met in a coffee shop. I was on a roll with my brilliant humor and I thought it was going great, but suddenly without saying anything, she started to get up. And when I asked what she was doing, she said: *“You know MacMouse, this is America, and you have the right to remain silent.”*

The scientists have just figured out what I’ve known all along: That males have more **interoceptive awareness** than females.

**insufflate** to blow a medicated vapor or powder into a body cavity or orifice.

**hyperlanguidity** – very relaxed mentally and physically.

**polyamory** – the practice of having more than one sexual partner at a time with the knowledge and consent of everyone involved.

**attosecond** -  $10^{-18}$  of a second; one billionth of a billionth of a second.

**oenophile** - a wine connoisseur.

**tornadic** - related to or characteristic of a tornado.

**irrumation** - a type of sexual intercourse performed by actively thrusting one's penis into a partner's mouth and throat.

**yoctonewton** – a millionth of a billionth of a billionth of a newton, the force that will accelerate a mass of one kilogram at the rate of one meter per second per second.

**Lisbeth Salander** – the heroine(?) in Stieg Larsson’s hugely popular Girl with the Dragon Tattoo series.

**entropic chaos factor** - It’s all yours to figure out, unless you want to make a U.S. \$20 deposit in my PayPal account. Specify the subject and I’ll send you the answer. Fair enough?

**interoceptive awareness** - is the sense of the internal body processes and states. It is now known that neural systems supporting the perception of body states are a fundamental ingredient in the subjective experience of emotions. **LINK to RMac**



**Oh Fancy, are you really sure that “Not now”  
doesn’t mean: “Try it again big boy and  
show me how much you really want me.”**

*Oh Mac sweetie, my honey pie - do you love me? Ummm – Fancy, I.. uhh... really want to say I love you... but I have to be honest here – right? Grrrrrr... Wait my precious, it isn’t that! Sooo - just what is it then? Well, it is just that it seems to me that what I am feeling is the sense of love I perceive myself having felt a micro-moment ago, when in that moment I was remembering the feeling of love I was perceiving in the moment before that, and... Well, it just goes on and on like that. Sort of like one of **Zeno’s Paradoxes**. So yes Fancy, I do want to say I love you, but.... STOP right there mister! I am going to ask you the question again: Do you love me? AND WAIT! Before you answer, consider this: There is something I give you that you very very much like, and if you answer my question like that again, I promise you that you will not be getting that thing you very much like for a long long time. Do I make myself absolutely clear? Oh Gad Yes Yes Yes Yes! I do love you! I love you more than anything or anyone I’ve ever known or can even imagine now that I’ve met you. You are the sunrise to my darkest nights, the sunset to my pains, the flower petals that open like golden rainbows in my... Enough Mac! But you are still on probation. Uhh, what was the question again? WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Hey Fancy – wanna round up some of your cutest girlfriends to help me finish my research project for the **philematology** class.*

*Golly Fancy, I think it’d be easier to understand a **gespensterfelder** than you. Oh Fancy, looking at you makes my whole body smile, it puts a twinkle in my step and a spring on my face. What?*

*Remember how great it was when we were **Numenoreans**. Those were the good old days!*

*Oh dear Fancy, I was in a state of emotional **anabiosis** until you awakened my heart with your wisdom, love, and beauty.*

*Fancy was being all hormoney or sumthin and told me, “MacMouse would you go hold a mirror up in front of your face!” So okay, like I am an easy going kinda guy, so I go get this mirror and hold it up and I don’t get what is so interesting about an oval piece of plastic on a handle. And then Fancy screams at me: “TURN IT AROUND!” And I’m like YIKES, so I turn around, and next thing I know she’s stomping, well as much as a mouse can stomp, out of the room. It is like sex reseacher Kim Wallen said: “The only conclusion I feel sure of is that women are too complicated.”*

**Zeno's Paradoxes** - the best known one goes like this: Say you want to go from where you are across the room. Okay - first in a certain amount of time you get halfway there, and then in half that amount of time you get halfway from there to the end, and then in a shorter amount of time another halfway, into smaller and smaller halways reached faster and faster - but you can never actually get there!

**philematology** - the study of kissing.

**gespensterfelder** – German; - a term used by Albert Einstein, meaning ghost wave, in trying to articulate the weird realities of the quantum realm.

a term used by Albert Einstein, meaning ghost wave, in trying to articulate the weird realities of the quantum realm.

**Numenoreans** - From J. R. R. Tolkien, were originally the royalist survivors from the mightiest human kingdom that had ever been: Númenor, which was destroyed late in the Second Age of the Sun.

**anabiosis** - restoring to life from a deathlike condition.

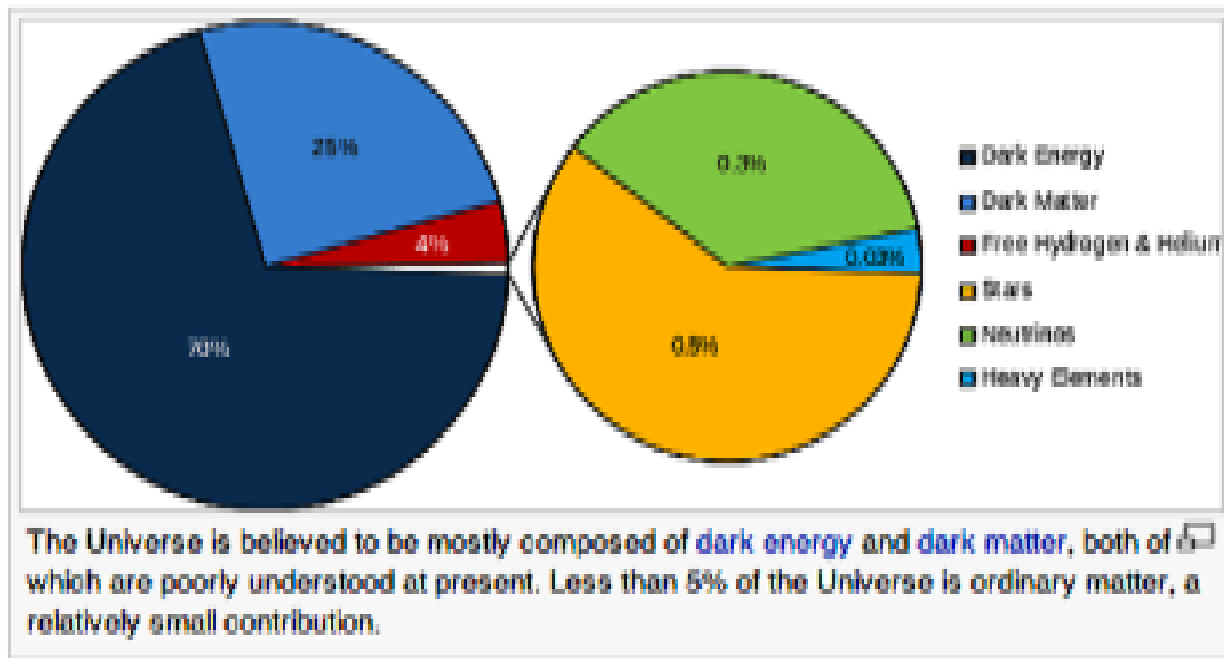
## MISCELLANEOUS

*MacMouse, did you hear that in Abu Dhabi they have vending machines that dispense gold? Oh Fancy, that's not new, they've had those in California for a while. Uhh MacMouse, that's a different kind of gold. Ohh*

Why Facts Often Don't Matter / How Facts Backfire

[http://www.boston.com/bostonglobe/ideas/articles/2010/07/11/how\\_facts\\_backfire/?page=full](http://www.boston.com/bostonglobe/ideas/articles/2010/07/11/how_facts_backfire/?page=full)

## SCIENCE and PSEUDO-SCIENCE



So to even be a piece of granite is a rare state in this Universe, and much more so for being something living, and then for being something living and self-conscious – WOW!

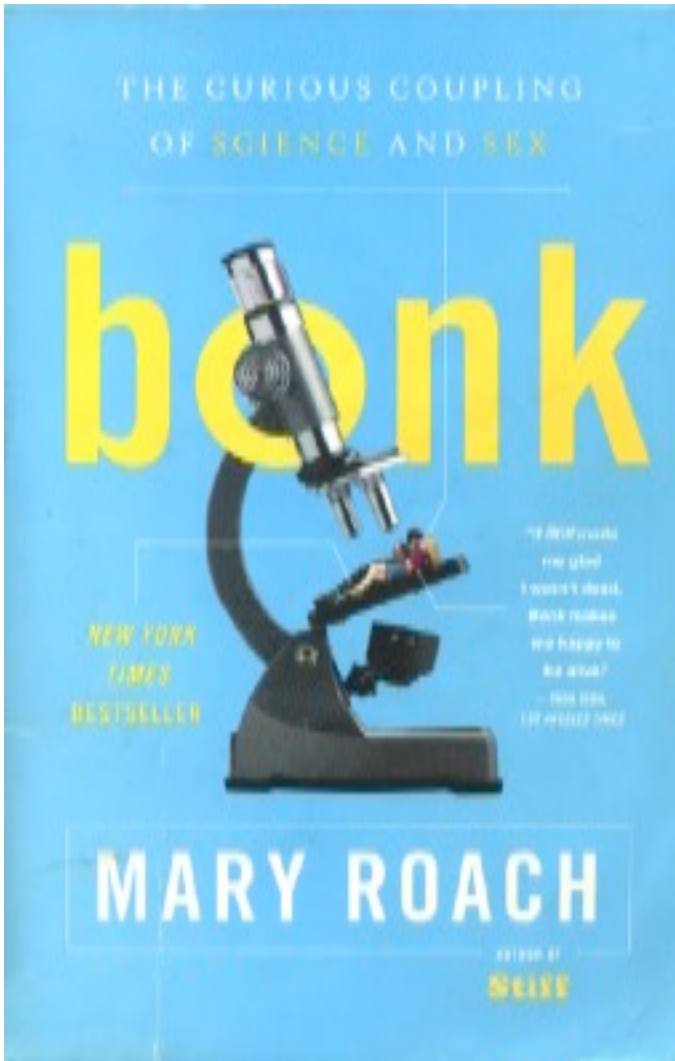
[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Universe](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Universe)

Whisker stimulation prevents strokes in rats. Ha ha ha – You monkeys should be so fortunate

[www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2010/07/100713152423.htm](http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2010/07/100713152423.htm)



A reader of this material asked me (and I have to add that she had some charge in her voice): *MacMouse, how low can you go?!?!?* What else could I say but: *Hey, since I'm a mouse I can go really low. What of it?*

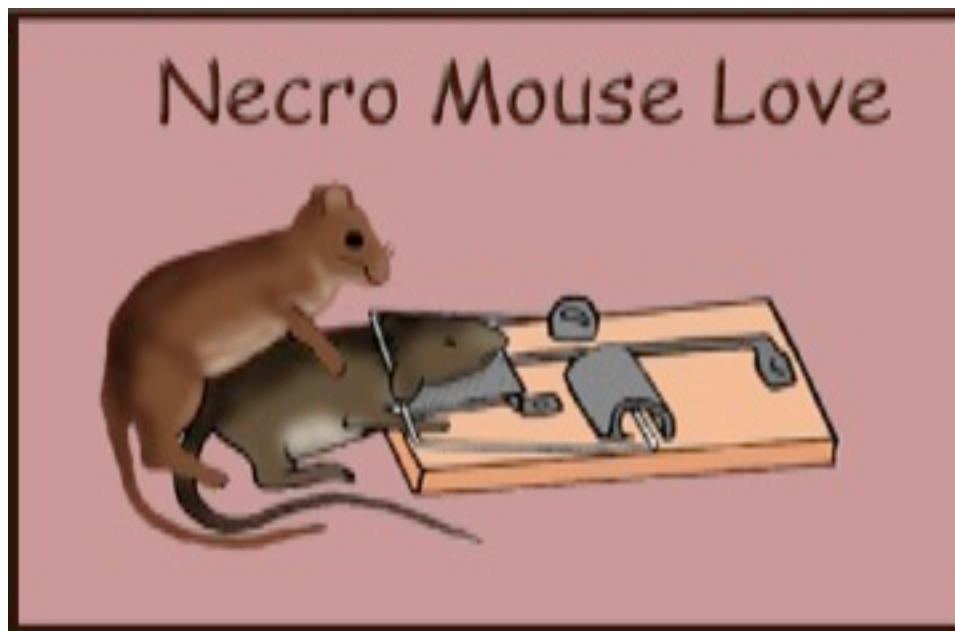


The author is as intrepid science writer and humorous, going where most fear to tread. Previous titles: Stiff: The Curious Lives of Human Cadavers, and Spook: Science Tackles the Afterlife. Her most recent book is: Packing for Mars: The Curious Science of Life in the Void. In Bonk, she does as the subtitle says, explore the science of sex. She does this with both scientific rigor, reviewing much source material, visiting labs worldwide, even participating in some research\* with her erstwhile husband in order to get access to one lab. The book is full of interesting historical characters and incidents, assorted odd factoids, etc. A thoroughly enjoyable and informative read.

\* Letting a scientist using a sonogram to watch what happened inside her during intercourse with her husband. An episode which she says had little similarity to what goes on in their bedroom, but hey it was the only way she could get the scientist to let her into his lab.

# MISANTHROPODIES

**Note:** (*miss-an-THROP-oh-dees*) is a word I coined from the contraction of *misanthropic* (being distainful of humanity) and *parodies* (treating a serious subject in a nonsensical manner in an attempt at humor or ridicule). The goal is to make fun of some of the absurdities so commonly found in human behavior by taking them to extremes. *Reductio ad absurdum* and all that.



**Look at it this way: I am keeping your systems running until the scientists get stem cells to regenerate broken tissue.**

An ex-boyfriend of yours said that you are one cold-blooded babe – I didn't know that he meant it quite so literally.

You've gotta be enjoying this at least as much as I am, but ya know a little more wiggle and a few ecstatic moans on your part would be nice.

It's been a longtime since my high school biology class, but the term **abiosis** keeps popping into my head. I wonder why?

Well, if I need an excuse, let's just say that the **voluptuary** in me made me do it.

**abiosis** - absence of life.

**voluptuary** – one who enjoys luxury and pleasure.



## Amazon's (not the river) Revenge



***Ya know, the last time I had this much fun  
I... I... Golly I can't remember the last time  
I had this much fun.***

*Ahh – what a great way to get some exercise and in the mood for another tough day at the office. And it's nice to know that you'll be here ready and waiting when I come home too.*

*So Tiger, to what do I attribute your new respect for the sanctity of our relationship?*

*Hey good news – I saw an ad for a new model that moves around in circles. That sounds like fun doesn't it?*

*Yes, I can understand you feeling **alexithymic** at a time like this.*

*“You know when I gave you that gift certificate to Victoria's Secret, this isn't what I expected you to come home with.” Well, you did tell me to surprise you, didn't you? “Uhh, yeah but still....”*

*Just think about this then: **ED** will never be an issue again in our relationship.*

*Hmmm? On second thought maybe I should go get a mocha latte grande with a double shot of espresso before we begin. It could be a long night if you know what I mean. Anything I can pick-up for you my sweet?*

*Some topical analgesic would be appreciated. Oh silly you, that's no fun.*

*It's a good thing that we're not built like turtles where I'd need a concave belly not to fall off of you.*

*I just read that in our lives it is more important to feel gratitude than to feel love. What do you think?*

*When I was a little girl I wanted to grow up to be the President. But from what I've seen this almost certainly a lot more fun.*

*I decided that you are right about us using some lubricant, but when I went to the bathroom cabinet all I could find was some sunburn lotion with Lanacane in it, and that doesn't seem right now does it.*

*Hey, any of you little hemorrhoid guys in there better get out of the way, Big Daddy's coming thru!*

*I'm starting to feel like that train in the famous children's book about the little choo choo that could. **CHECK***

*This is great, now that I'm the one on top we can save money by not having to buy you Viagra any more.*

*Oh oh - you're getting a bald spot on your back. That's funny because in the old days that never happened to me. Must be one of those gender specific things.*

*It was so sweet. On the way over here I kept hearing that old spiritual "Oh when the saints come marching in again, oh when the saints come marching in." Surely you know it too. **LINK***

*I so love it when you beg for more. Could you do that for me? NO! Absolutely not! Ohhh, pretty please?*

*Ya know, since I've been the more active one, my butt and hips have really firmed up nicely. Too bad that you're not in a position to be able to appreciate them.*

*Well, okay, so this isn't your dream sex date, but aren't you at least grateful that I'm not into **irrumator**.*

*And just think there'll be a lot less messy stuff to clean off the sheets now too. That's a real plus for the one of us that has always done the laundry.*

*I tell you it's a real sign that the world's changing. I hear that they're now selling strap-on accessories like this one for Barbie dolls, and they come in assorted colors to coordinate with her outfits. **LINK to woman***

*I took this strap-on thingie to my women's group and told them how much it has improved our relationship life, and now they all want one. Aren't you proud that we were the first couple in the neighborhood to "get" one. Get it? Get one! Ha ha ha*

*Yeah, you're right, I can see how this is a tough spot for a guy with **haphophobia**.*

*I wore this when I went out today. The men all kept pretending that they*

*didn't see it, but a lot of the women came over and were real interested in knowing more.*

*I'm thinking about using the money you were saving up for that trip to Las Vegas with your old buddies, to open a specialty boutique for, you know, women's accessories.*

*I ran into an old classmate of mine from film school days, and she wants to come over and make a video of us in action to show at our class reunion next week. She said that all the girls remember you and are going to love it.*

**alexithymic** - difficulty identifying and describing one's emotions.

**ED** – erectile dysfunction.

**irrumatio** - is a type of sexual intercourse performed by actively thrusting one's penis into a partner's mouth and throat.

**haphephobia** – a morbid fear of being touched.



Look, it could be worse, I heard that a nutritionist in India is suggesting that people add ones like you to their diet. A little protein and all that. Oh MacMouse – can't you take joy in knowing that putting you out of circulation will help raise the I.Q. of our species. And if you don't like the moldy cheese, then we can always leave out the cheese part.



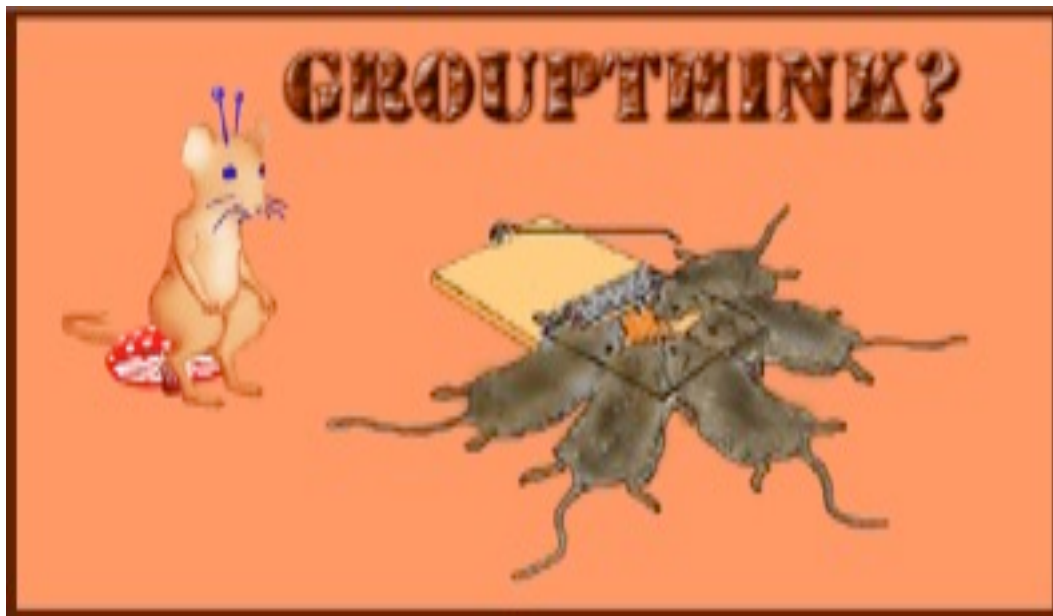
**I calculate that you'll last approximately 1/10,000<sup>th</sup> of a second longer than if you were barefoot. Enjoy it.**

So Margaret Mead didn't get it quite right when she said: *"A small group of thoughtful people could change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has."*

Yes I suppose you're right, if I had been a little green man you might not have acted so impulsively. Maybe next Halloween – but then you won't be there will you.

I do see that you didn't learn compassion for the humble and downtrodden as modeled by your world's leaders... wait a minute, actually you did! Sorry buddy but your attitude is a little too **dolose** for me.

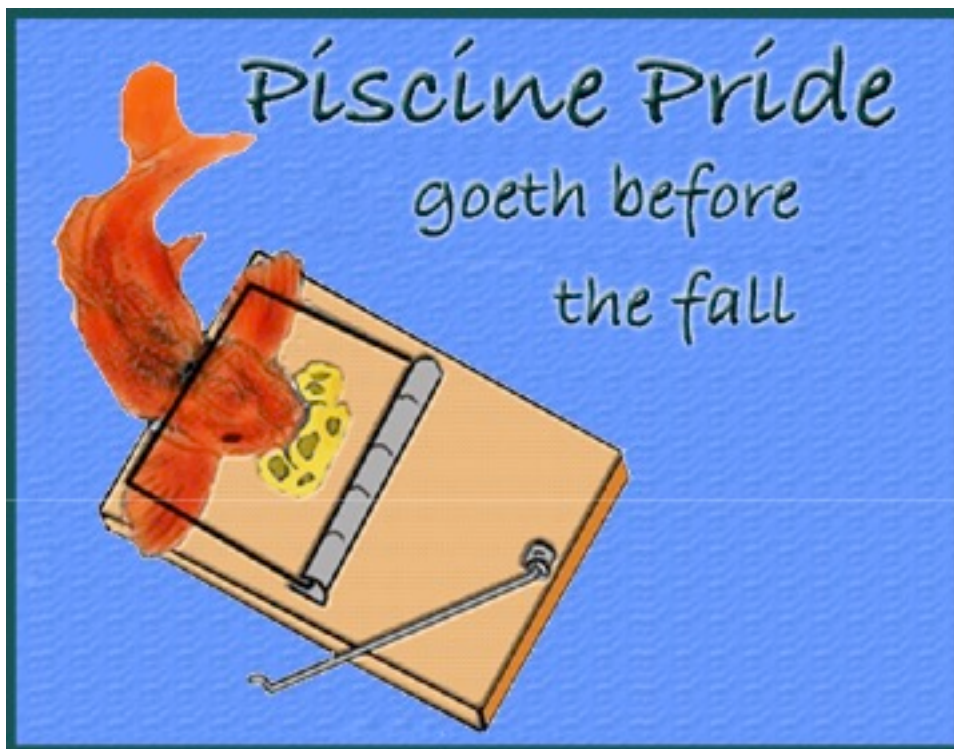
**dolose** – of evil intent.



**I bet that next time their coach  
will use a staggered start.**

Hmmm - we'll have to do a new version of that nursery rhyme about how  
*"This little mousey went to market, this little mousey stayed home,...."*  
Five fit perfectly didn't they. I love the esthetic harmonies in sacred  
geometry.

I wonder if this pattern will end up as a crop circle. That would get them  
back in the media again wouldn't it.



Maybe the little guy was suffering from **dissociative identity disorder**. That would make sense of this whole thing.

Unfortunately for you, we just instituted Sharia law for dealing with thieves. [www.guardian.co.uk/commentisfree/belief/2009/may/03/taliban-sharia-pakistan](http://www.guardian.co.uk/commentisfree/belief/2009/may/03/taliban-sharia-pakistan)

Yes it is true that psychologists say that genuine novelty and challenge are necessary for happiness. He must have been going for total ecstasy. I hope that he's found it.

The guy that set this trap better have a valid fishing license, or else he's in big trouble.

Don't you find it suspicious, that the girlfriend who sent him on this mission already has a new guy back in the pond?

If that **Odobenus rosmarus** bully hadn't moved into his pond, he wouldn't have been driven to this.

**dissociative identity disorder** – formerly known as multiple personality disorder, is a psychiatric diagnosis that describes a condition in which a person displays multiple distinct identities or personalities.

**Odobenus rosmarus** – walrus.



**How about we scoot over there a bit and select a new song from the big guy's iTunes.**

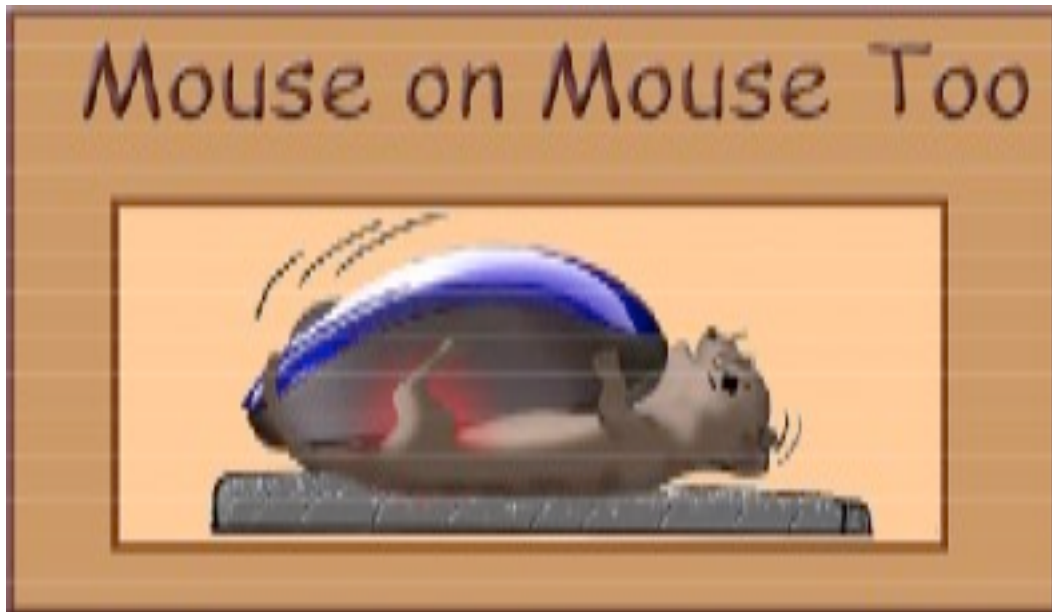
I've been watching girl, and I'm wondering if maybe you're suffering from **apoptosis**.

I've been telling my buddies about how available you always are, and they're so envious.

Ahh - my oh so **voluptuous** darling.

**apoptosis** - programmed cell death.

**voluptuous** - full of delight or pleasure to the senses.



I didn't think this could possibly get any better, and then we found the Big Guy's techno song list. WOW!!! Now all we need is to find his Ecstasy stash and we'll be in Heaven or sure.

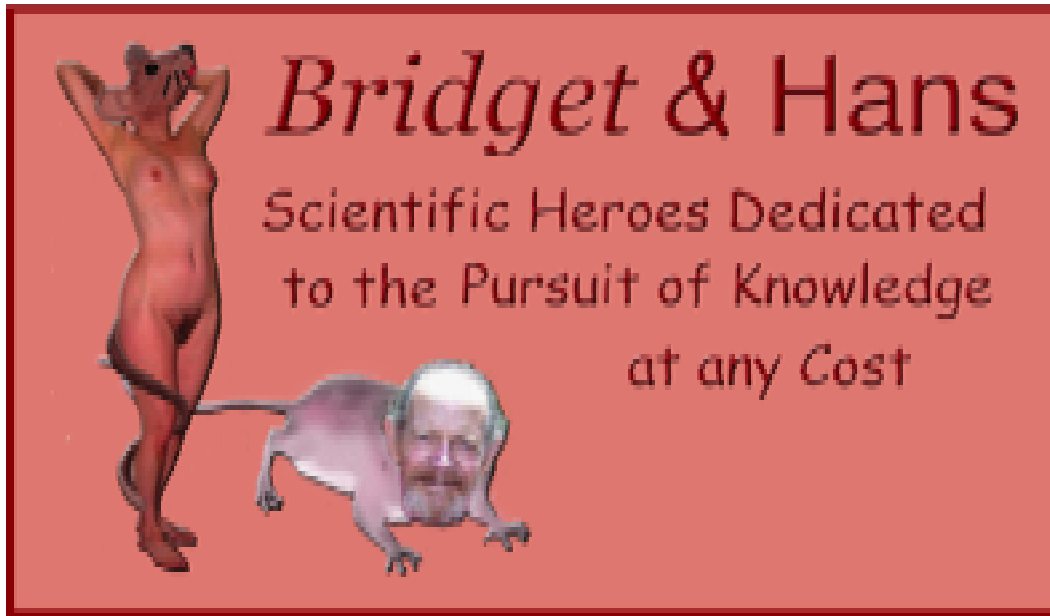
The other day he got so sad. He said he misses [gynotikolobomassophilia](#) with me. I said: "*Are you sure we can't do that? (whatever it is) I'll do what ever makes you happy.*" He said that there is just no way, and now I feel sad too. Fortunately however I am into [hirsutophilia](#), but not into [macrophilia](#) and those work for both of us.

[gynotikolobomassophilia](#) – the love of biting a female's earlobes.

[hirsutophilia](#) - the love of hairy males.

[macrophilia](#) - sexual attraction to giants and large things.





Bridget - it isn't fair that **cunnilingus** is working better for us than **fellatio** is these days.

*Well little guy, what Margaret Mead said has never been so more or true:*

*"Always remember that you are absolutely unique. Just like everyone else."*

Oh thanks – like I hadn't noticed!

*So Hans – spring is coming and I think we should look into getting you a flea collar, you know, all that fur....*

*Don't worry Hans, I'm sure there are some **neolotrist** and **murine***

***philotherianists** out there who are just waiting to fall in love with you.*

Good news Bridget, I just heard on NPR that we're the inspiration for the new movie Splice. *Are you crazy Hans???* *Have you seen that movie! They'll be sooo after us!* **LINK**

**cunnilingus** – the performing oral sex on a female.

**fellatio** - the act of performing **fellation** by a **fellatrix**.

**neolotrist** – someone who craves novelty.

**murine** – pertaining to mice.

**philotherianist** – someone who loves animals.



Image mutated from one of the lovely images in Howard Schatz's beautiful [H<sub>2</sub>O](#) photobook

**Oh c'mon guys - let's get real here. Who would you rather be saved by, me or that weirdo in the blue tights? ♪ mean really!**

**BIO: THE CHANGE:** This all started off on a normal hot and muggy July morning at the beach. I was hoping to get some from a handsome surfer dude I'd had my eye on for a while. But he wasn't there, the waves weren't breaking. I was bummed and bored so I walked up the beach. I was complaining to myself about how boring boring boring my life is, and I looked up at the sky and shouted: *"Dammit - I'm sick of this shit. There's gotta be more to life than what I've got going on! So if you're so all-powerful do something! Give me a little here Big Buddy!"* Having vented, I started to turn back, but a little voice said: *"Oh just walk round to that next cove and then turn back."* So listlessly I trudged on. When I got around the point, and was about to turn back when a bright reflection caught my attention. I saw that was something with a metallic sheen. I went over to it and had to laugh, it was a funny looking brass teapot or something. What was that doing here? I picked it and was brushing off the sand when it started rumbling in my hands and smoke started coming out. I dropped it and turned and was hightailing it outta there when a sweet female voice called out: *"Wait, don't leave, I have a gift for you."* I was surprised and then suspicious. I figured that she was probably a dope dealer wanting me to score from her. But then I thought: *"Ya know girl, getting wrecked right now might be just the thing to turn this day around."* So I turn around and there's this freaky looking chick dressed like she's a bellydancer at Halloween. But she was cute and I'm thinking: *"Hey*

*maybe I can get a date out of this. That would really improve my day!*" So I go back and she gives me this stupid: *"Oh thank you for rescuing me from my imprisonment in the lamp."* So now I'm like: *Okay, she's a psycho escaped from the nutty house, but she is cute and I've done worse, so I say: "Whatever."* She says something about how I should trust her, and now I'm sure she's psycho. You think I'm gonna trust some pajama girl on the beach who says that she just came out of a little tea pot. I mean I know that I'm not the brightest light in the land, but I didn't just fall off of some turnip truck, ya know what I mean. She's looking at me like *Now what?* I'm not gonna give her an easy way out of this, so I just stand there saying nothing. She goes: *"Okay, I think I understand this situation, will you play a game with me?"* And like I said she's cute, so my nipples get hard at that. She says: *"No not a game like that,"* and I'm like, what is she pretending to be freaking mind reader too. I am part pissed, but I am getting intrigued too, so I say: *"Sure, lay it on me,"* and damn if she doesn't come over and give me the most amazing kiss I've ever had. I was dripping by the end of it. I was like hot or a lot more of that, but then she says: *"No more of that right now, I've got something else even better for you."* And I'm thinking: *Right! You telling me that Aston Kushner's about to pop out of the tea kettle too.* And she does that psychic shit again and says: *"No he's not here but I can give you the ability to go to him if you want."* Now I know she's nuts, me and what army are going to get through his security. And she says: *"I can give you super powers and you can fly wherever you want."* Oh Jesus - this farce has gone far enough I'm leaving now, so I turn to walk away, take one step and Holy Shit if I'm not ten feet off the ground, like I just bounced on some invisible trampoline. OH SHITTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Next thing I know, I wake up laying on a feather canopy bed with my head in her lap. She's like: *"It's all going to be okay, just lay here now and let me help you relax."* If I had the words to tell you what happened next, I would, but I don't. Let me tell you though, that girl could make serious, I mean really serious money, in the business. Later when I can talk again she asks me: *"What would you wish for if you could have anything right now?"* And I am clearly way too stoned or I would asked for oodles and oodles of cash and everything else would take care of itself. But Ohh Nooo – dumb-ass that I am, I say: *"I just want to stay like this: naked and free, oh yeah, and I'll take the super powers too, that sounds like fun."* You can figure out the rest of the story from there.

So that's the story of the Change. I get to keep the super powers as long as I stay naked, and I still am broke most of the time. Let me tell you, it is hard to make a decent living super heroing. Oh yeah, they really want you when they

need you, but then as soon as they don't, they are like; "Oh hey thanks a lot SuperGirrl, see ya later." This whole thing sucks – I'm bored bored bored! I wish something interesting would happen.

*I heard that there's been a run on telescopes and binoculars since I went through my change. I wonder why?*

*Ohh, isn't that sweet – there's a pudgy little man down on that rooftop with a sign: **SuperGirrl - please save me from my boring humdrum life.***

*It isn't easy being SuperGirrl. The other day I was saving a guy, and when he tried to give me a hickey I almost dropped him.*

*I hoped to hook up with and start a family with SuperGuy. I figured that the sex would be totally awesome, and we'd have the most incredible kids. And then I found out that he's gay! Well, that explains that ridiculous tights and cape outfit. I should have known!*

*I don't like disappointing people, but if I spoke at every feminist, lesbian, nudist, and girl scout convention I'm invited to, I'd never have time to do my super hero work. Although after my talk at that Abstinence Conference I don't think that I'll be invited back by them. I was just trying to use what they had probably already heard about how alcoholics rationalize by saying: "I don't need to drink, I just like the taste." Right? So I said: "When it comes to having sex, don't say that you don't need it but that you just like the taste." What was wrong with that?*

*After The Change I tried for a while to keep my old life, but the next time some jerk at Hooters made a rude crack about my tits, I just couldn't take it anymore and hauled off and slapped him. The company is still paying off his widow and the class-action lawsuit by all the customers traumatized by having a head explode in front of them.*

*The city council really wanted to present me with a Medal of Commendation for all of my good deeds, but they were concerned about me appearing at the ceremony nude. So we reached a compromise, I agreed to hold my cape in front of me while there. But when they presented me with the award I got so excited that I forgot and reached for it with both hands. Oops!*

# I DARE TO DREAM



**Rejoice Rejoice Ye Gals - Your grandest dreams of pleasure are about to be fulfilled beyond your wildest imaginings!**

*The old boy is really living in fantasyland this time isn't he.*

*Well, my wildest imagining is to give him to our sister, Amazon, to work over some - ha ha ha.*

*Oh I don't know - he is kind of sweet in his own typical insecure male delusional way.*

*Well, at least he isn't a human, their guys can barely get it up once much less for all nine of us.*

*Yeah - those humans would about die of envy if they knew how much better our sex lives are than theirs.*



### **Poverty may be fine for little mines, but not for my mine!**

I heard a guy say: *“Money’s nice. but after the coming economic apocalypse it won’t do you any good because you can’t eat it.”* I beg to defer, it’s quite tasty actually.

Being able to sneak around the boardrooms of Fortune 500 companies gave me a lot of very lucrative insider trading tips, and they’ll never be able to prove I did it! My broker thinks that I’m a genius, sort of in the Bernie Madoff category – and that’s real praise!

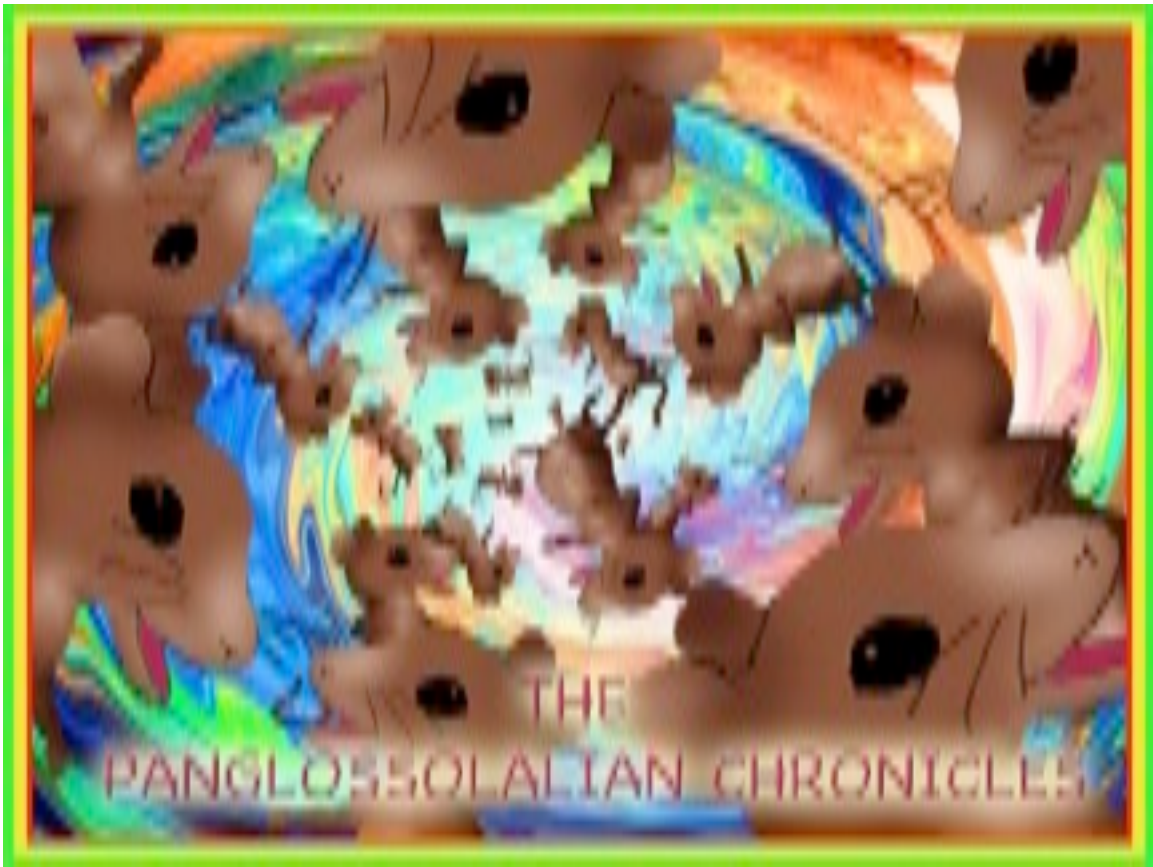


**This feels sooo good that I can't keep my tail from quivering!!!**

I am still not convinced that power is the best aphrodisiac – but it sure goes well with any others.

I wonder if they'd be impressed if they knew that I am wearing a battery-powered aura generator. I better make my exit before it runs out of juice.

If it makes the little people happy to have me do their thinking for them, then I suppose I owe it to them. Thank you Rush Limbaugh for your great role modeling. You are so right – the little people do love it when we do our thinking for them. And as you've proven over and over again – once we've got them trained they'll believe anything we spurt out at them, regardless if it has anything to do with the facts or not.



## **THE INSTITUTE FOR THE PROPAGATION OF PANGLOSSOLALIA**

R. MacMouse - Founder, CEO, CFO, COO, President, Secretary, Treasurer, Publicist, Graphic Artist, Expert in Residence, Multiple Award Winning Practitioner, Sergeant-at-Arms, Janitor, and Doormouse.

***PANGLOSSOLALIA ALWAYS SPOKEN HERE*** (Note: Glossary at end of section)

*(And NO, in case you are wondering, we Panglossolalians most certainly are not suffering from logorrhrea or coprolalia! I am shocked shocked, shocked that you could even think such a horrific thing.)*

Panglossolalians unite unite unite unite unite unite unite unite unite unite.

But of course we Panglossolalians are panglossian. With minds like ours how could we be otherwise?

Panglossolalians talk about it more and more and more and....



Panglossolalians don't just walk our talk, we sprint it.

Panglossolalians are autovoxiphiliacs, we never tire of the sound of our own voices.

Panglossolalians love auditory mayhem, especially our own.

Panglossolalians have many answers for every question.

Never trust a silent Panglossolalian.

Panglossolalians know that jibberish can be beautiful.

Panglossolalians have hyperactive minds and the tongues to match.

You'll never meet a shy Panglossolalian.

Panglossolalians ask: "Why arbitrarily limit yourself to language that makes sense?"

Panglossolalia is a gift from God beyond that which can be taught.

Panglossolalia brings torrents of wisdom from beyond the beyond the beyond.

Panglossolalians say: "Only the simple-minded could ever tire of talking about themselves."

Panglossolalians ask: "What's wrong with using spontaneously created vocabularies that no one, including ourselves, understands?"

Panglossolalians say: "Ohh, if you only knew what wisdom you are missing in my babbling, you would cry."

Panglossolalia – spiritual wisdom gushing forth from the Multiverse.

Only Panglossolalians can truly have a dialogue with our own echoes.

Panglossolalians wonder: "Who says that there is ever enough? And why?"

There are a 1,246,198 things right with us, and a 29,623 things wrong with us, but who's counting.

So many stories and so many ears to hear. We vow to fill them all.

Ahhh – Panglossolalian poetry, neither meter, rhyme, nor meaning – just exquisitely pure and pristine beauty!

Panglossolalians get it both right and wrong at the same time better than anyone else.

Yadda yadda has nothing on us.

Panglossolalian brains: Nature’s perfect random noise generators.

Panglossolalia done 24/7/365.24219.

Irrational complexification rules the Universe. Surely you’ve noticed.

Cowards resort to logic, and idiots believe it. Panglossolalians are not limited by something so arbitrary.

Understanding Panglossolalia: The next frontier of the ever-evolving sentient mind!

Panglossolalians predict that in Earth’s next stage of evolution, all politicians will be Panglossolalians, if they aren’t already.

The Albert Einsteins and Stephen Hawkins of the world are just average Panglossolalians working with numbers and mathematical symbols.

How many Panglossolalians does it take to change a light bulb? We don’t know, we haven’t stop talking long enough to do it.

Panglossolalians and aphasiacs love talking with each other. However Panglossolalians and Tourettians rarely enjoy each other’s company for long.

Panglossolalians are created by God. We must have been, because we never stop talking long enough to breed.

Panglossolalians cannot be dissuaded by something as simple-minded as reason.

Only Panglossolalians are so capable of fully expressing our yearning for everything.

A Panglossolalian without an unlimited cell phone account is an unhappy handicapped creature indeed.

And of course Panglossolalians make the best rappers.

Well, yeah duh – of course rap is our favorite genre of music. Although for we do like techno for cheek-to-cheek dancing.

Panglossolalians are to humans what rodents were to dinosaur eggs.

It should be no surprise that the best trial lawyers are Panglossolalians.

Funny, but I've never heard of a Panglossolalian with laryngitis. Must be one of those evolution-of-the-fittest things.

Nonsense is an ever-evolving literary genre.

Panglossolalians say: "Why think through what you are going to say first, when you can always be spontaneous."

If only a millipede's legs could speak, what a magnificent Panglossolalian it would be.

Panglossolalian gatherings must be fascinating because they are talked about endlessly.

Language that falls like gentle dewdrops on the minds of Panglossolalians lands like storm-driven hail on the minds of mere humans.

Well certainly that one-in-a-zillion monkey who typed Gone With the Wind was a Panglossolalian.

When a human poet meets a Panglossolalian poet, it is like when a domestic feline meets a coyote and discovers that it is no longer at the top of the food chain!

We Panglossolalians hear music in so many places that others don't: A spoon in a garbage disposal, a fox in the hen house, multiple TV channels on at the same time, rush hour traffic in a 3rd world city, a conversation among Fox talk show hosts, the crowd at a Hannah Montana concert, rap played at twice its usual speed and volume, the Sarah Silverman talk at the TED conference (We Panglossolalians love Sarah Silverman), action movie soundtracks with the video turned off, car alarms going off at 3 A.M., and so much more.

I am a Panglossolalian and languid is not in my vocabulary.

It is the fortunate Panglossolalian who is also an insomniac.

Never play charades with a Panglossolalian – trust me in this.

Don't offend a Panglossolalian because you'll never never ever hear the end of it.

A Panglossolalian never quietly fades away.

Rush Limbaugh is our idol. No other human so approaches us in the ability to speak such nonsense. He's sooo awesome!

Panglossolalians have given new depth to the meaning of cacophony.

Panglossolalians dispute the scientific assertion that phonic tics aren't words.

With practice we Panglossolalians perfect the ability to talk while performing oral sex. So there may be some deeper meaning in our spurting of sounds.

Panglossolalians, we would have to say because it seems more or less true most of the time that in general a plethora of Panglossolalians and pseudo-Panglossolalians may be or may have been at one time or another in the recent or more distant past to a minor or more major degree effected by autovoxiphilia though fortunately or so it seems to me anyway that many of the above aforementioned Panglossolalians and pseudo-Panglossolalians are only occasionally affected by cacophonophilia although they may just be speaking German.

And it goes without saying, except that we aren't capable of doing so, that Panglossolalians are the most avid of conspiracy theorists.

## **PANGLOSSOLALIAN ATHLETIC EVENTS:**

Speaking the longest unpunctuated sentence in one breath.

Talking non-stop, i.e. no more than a 2 second pause for an in-breath, or 1/4 second pause between words for the longest duration.

Speaking for the longest time before repeating a syllable.

Maintaining a panglossian attitude while speaking for the longest time standing naked

in the freezing rain.

Creative coprophilic insult trading.

Alternating 3 minute cacophonous attacks on an opponent until one gives up. (All contestants must have normal hearing, and no sound muffling devices are allowed.)

## GLOSSARY OF TERMS

**aphasia** is an acquired language disorder in which there is an impairment of any language modality. This may include difficulty in producing or comprehending spoken or written language.

**autovoxiphilia** (philia = the love of) is the love of hearing one's own voice.

**cacophonophilia** is the love of hearing harsh sounds.

**coprolalia** (copro = shit-like + lalia = talk) is involuntary swearing or the involuntary utterance of obscene words or socially inappropriate and derogatory remarks.

**glossolalia** (glossa = word) or speaking in tongues is the fluid vocalizing of speech-like syllables, often as part of religious practice. Though some consider these utterances to be meaningless, others consider them to be part of a holy language.

**logorrhea** (logo = language + rhea = flow) is pathologically excessive and often incoherent talkativeness or wordiness that is characteristic especially of the manic phase of bipolar disorder.

**panglossia** (pan = all + glossa = word) is a mental pathology involving abnormal or pathologic garrulousness.

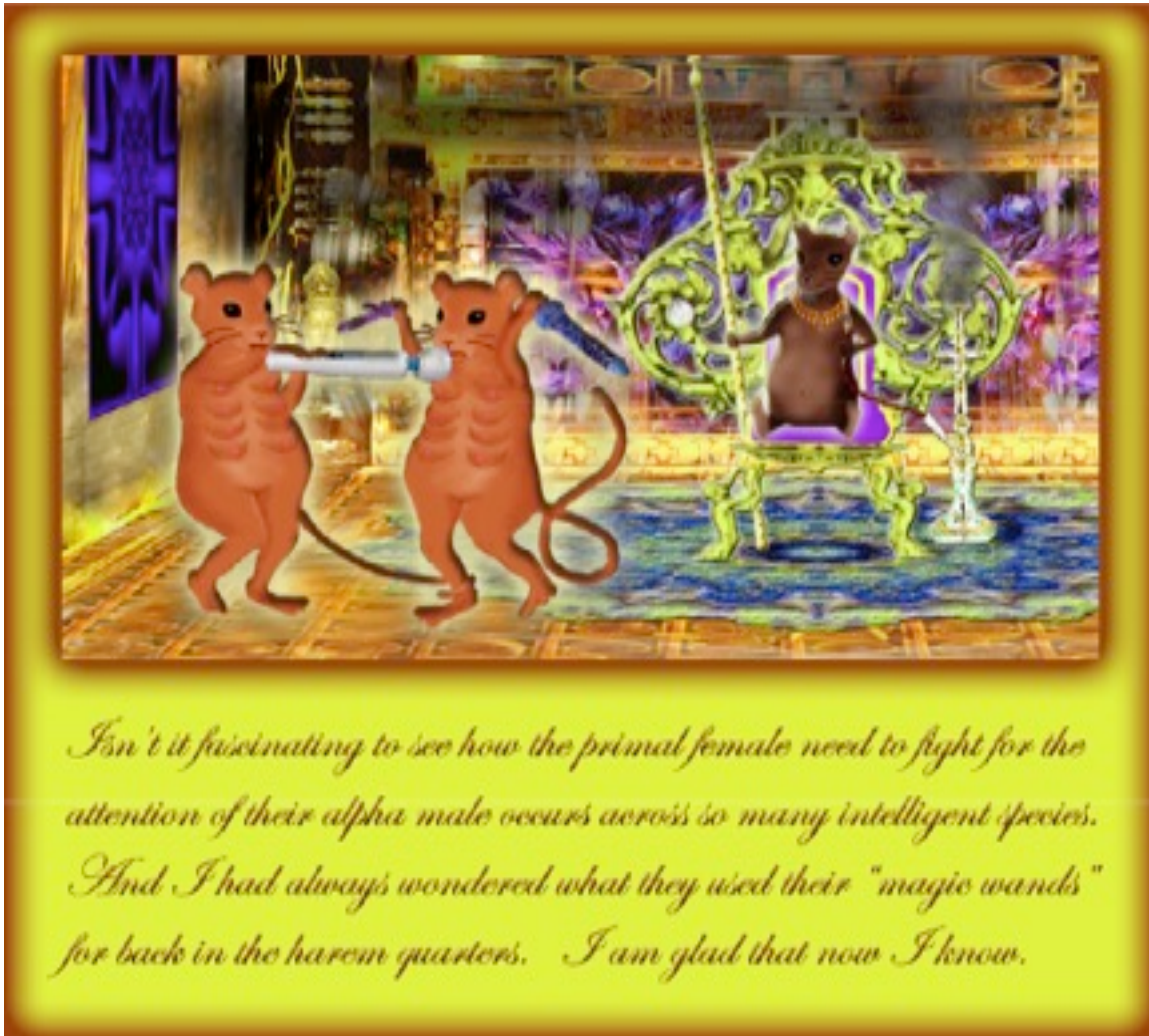
**Panglossian** is a viewpoint marked by the view that all is for the best in this best of possible worlds; excessively optimistic; from the character Pangloss in Voltaire's play *Candide*,

**panglossolalia** is the term I coined combining panglossia and glossolalia.

**phonic tics** are involuntary sounds produced by moving air through the nose, mouth, or throat. They are not created by the larynx.

**Tourette's Syndrome** is an inherited neuropsychiatric disorder characterized by the presence of multiple physical tics, and sometimes coprolalia.

## Dueling Females



***Oh poop - I forgot that I had to plug mine in!***

**Ha ha ha - battery power rules once again -**

**and they're rechargeable!**

*When we were looking through the catalog, and I chose power over*

*portability, I wasn't thinking about using it like this.* You should have joined the girl scouts when I did, and then maybe you would have learned to "Be Prepared." *Yeah - and maybe I would ended up being a tight-assed bitch too!* HA - you're the one that's going to have the loose orifices when I finish with you! *Well let's see what kind of threats you make when I've stuck this thing down your throat, and I know that your nights with ole kingie over there never prepared you for this bad boy!*

HEY GUYS - DON'T YOU LOVE GETTING AN INTIMATE LOOK AT HOW FEMALES RELATE TO EACH OTHER. AND THEY ARE ALWAYS TELLING US THAT WE'RE UNCOUTH!

Damn Girl - you hear what he said? What say we both jump the old coot? That'd really make my day! *Sounds good to me - the old misogynous prick!* Oh yes - and let's do that round the race course thing he likes, taking our toys from one hole to the next round and round. Oh yes yes yes - bet he won't like the feel of that... *or the taste...* Oh yes - this is gonna be good!



## COMMUNIQUÉS ON AMERICAN CULTURE

When alien xeno-anthropologists are worried about us,  
we should all be worried - and they are very worried!



They're everywhere - and they are watching!

FIND CIVIL FORFEITURE ARTICLE IN THE ECONOMIST





## THE WORD OF GOD

**Dear Ones** – Here's what I know will be a comforting notion to many of you. Can you believe that in all the ways that are important you can be like your culture's Jesus Christ. And yes from the more traditional point of view this might sound like you'd have to be able to walk on water and raise the dead, etc. This is not the case! What you need do is much simpler, and requires no extraordinary powers, etcetera, and yet is more important:

You simply have to act in a kindhearted manner as much as possible. You need only move through your daily life with clear intent to be kind and helpful towards yourself and others.

If you have aspirations in this area please note that your kindheartedness must be directed towards yourself as well as others. Many of you neglect your self. Some of you are driven by compensatory patterns responding to previous emotional wounding. An unhealthy ego structure is trying to prove something to itself that no such actions will ever do. In these cases actions, even though they appear to be motivated by a higher calling, never fulfill either the actor or the recipients. Actions in such cases inevitably have unintended consequences. You cannot be free of attachments to the process and outcome if you do not love and accept yourself. One will engage in rationalizations and projections of all sorts, oblivious to the problems they are causing. There is of course a wide variety of how such things work out in different people's lives and situations.

So can you be conscious of, and accept your limitations, with kindness towards yourself? Can you accept that making mistakes are necessary in learning? Can you love yourself through all of this? Will you keep on trying to do right? If you can honestly, from the depth of your being answer 'yes' to these questions, then your life can easily become quite Christ-like.

And in time, if as a result of contemplation and right action, you gain greater powers through your commitment to serving others so be it. But in all cases you are complete and perfect as you are now, always have been, and always will be. So go forth with a kind heart and compassionate intent – and enjoy yourself and others. Living joy brings joy, so why not?



GAD HAS SPOKEN



Could it possibly that easy??? Hmmm – only one way to find out.....

