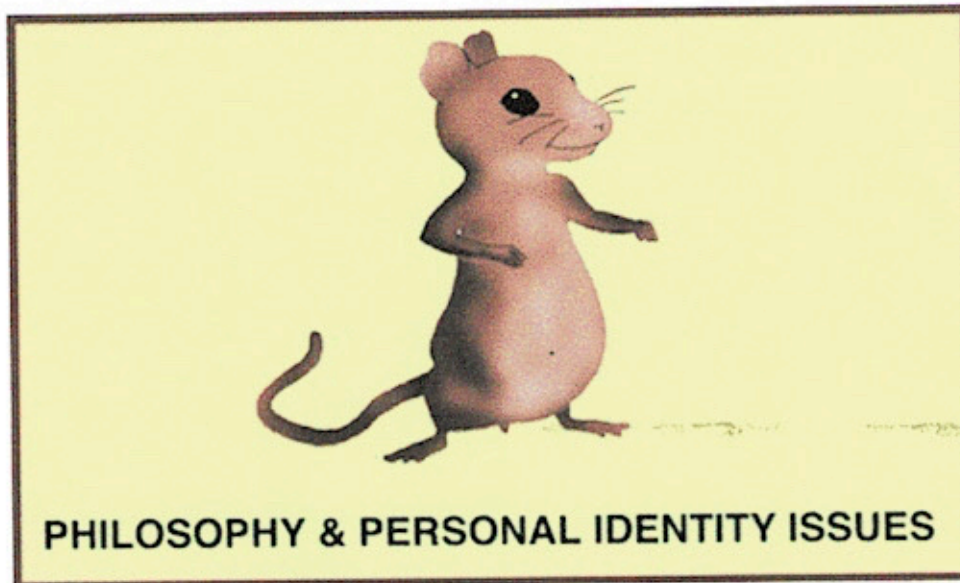


## Round 20

*"One cannot assign greatness to a work of literature. That is something that comes only with time. With the **approbation** of generations."* **Aspasia**

# APHORISMS



**Okay – so I am unabashedly myself. Ever hear of anyone bragging about being abashedly themselves?**

*"Art that doesn't attempt the impossible is not performing its function."*  
William Butler Yeats

I just don't understand why, when I talk about my commodious munificence, people give me funny looks.

An idealist without illusions. ***De oppresso liber!***

Ya know how life is - sometimes it feels so good to just not feel bad.

I was studying the issue, and I do see how **kinetogenesis** explains human male's grotesquely-oversized penises\*<sup>1</sup>.

I got a session by a renowned female energy healer. She said: "*MacMouse, you are a real light bulb.*" I'm like: "Oh shit, she saw through my pretenses.

Yep, I am just another easy to turn on and turn off, creates a lot of waste heat to produce a little bit of light, kinda guy."

Yeah, okay as **Alfred DeVigny** said: "*Silence alone is great; all else is weakness.*" Well – what I want to say to that is: blah blah blah. I've been told that I am engaging in jingoist rhetoric and puerile self-congratulations. Sounds sexy doesn't it.

If you are thinking that perhaps there is something amiss with my lateral inhibition functioning, given the novel and original ways in which my brain recombines data in off-beat thoughts, then you'd be right. **LINK to SA Mind article**

Oh sure, I understand how it is possible that an informed literary critique of the stylistic idioms used in my **magnus orifice**, especially if accompanied by a tangential **hermeneutic** study of the canon's metaphysical and epistemological precepts might find something to criticize in my **perorating solipsistic soliloquies**. Nonetheless I am comfortable with the **perambulating pleonastic circumlocutions** in my **badinage** as I have remained **abstemious** regarding behaviors requiring **amphilogisms**, while simultaneously avoiding the reiterative allurements of **clendonisms**.

Yeah – well I really do have good reasons for everything I do – whether I know what they are or not doesn't really matter!

I do seem to sound like **Paul West LINK** did after his stroke, i.e. a "*king of malaprops and a geyser of neologisms.*"

### **Nigelisms**

(Sayings of Nigel Walmsley – the protagonist in Gregory Benford's *In the Ocean of Night*.)  
*"Cynic is a word invented by optimists to criticize realists."*

About one of his actions: His offense against the moral equilibrium fell between the statutes.

Referencing a near-future fundamentalist religion: "*Overall I think I would prefer opium as the religion of the masses.*"

Quoted from *The Hunting of the Snark*:

*He had bought a large map representing the sea,  
Without the least vestige of land:  
And the crew were much pleased when they found it  
to be  
A map they could all understand.*

About him: He smiled to himself. A man with his finger on the trigger can afford a few cosmic thoughts. Politics becomes geometry, and philosophy is calculus. The universe winds about itself, snakelike, events plotted along coiled coordinates with a fine, tight geometry, the scrap paper of a mad mathematician.

He raised an eyebrow at the idea. *"I wonder what they put in this tea,"* he thought.

In conversation with an alien super-intelligent galaxy-exploring machine who said: *"I must study that sound, laughter. There is your real theology. The thing you truly believe."* What? *"When you make that sound you seem to have a brief moment of what it is like to live as I do, beyond the press of time. then you are immortal. For an instant."* Nigel laughed.

He (Nigel) shook his head. Enough of that. He despaired of analysis; the real world was always more fine-grained than opinions about it. Life was discrete; nonlinear; a nonzero-sum game; noncommutative; clearly irreversible; and events multiplied compressed, rather than merely adding. The past filtered the present. He saw...

A female friend said: *"I feel quite naïve."* Don't. See, the games played at the top of the pile—they're still merely games. Politics, public relations, oneupsmanship, showbiz—those words have gotten to be synonyms. Competition is fun. Of course. This show was brought to you through the miracle of testosterone.

The same woman: *"There are love affairs and then there are love affairs."* Indeed, Nigel murmured, distracted. Sex is God's way of laughing at the rich and powerful, as Shaw or Wilde or somebody said.

### The End of Nigelisms

A reminder: *"Evolutionary psychologists, in particular, regard the ability to generate humor as a robust sign of intelligence, as it reflects a complex array of cognitive skills, from language use to abstract thinking, involving the capacity to take a novel perspective on information."<sup>2</sup>* Sounds just like me don't it.

I've tried – I mean I have really tried – to understand the Ultimate Nature of Reality and all I can say for sure from my efforts is that it seems that I've hopelessly scrambled my **decussions**.

**approbation** - an expression of warm approval; praise. Official approval.

**Aspasia** - a minor character in Jack McDevitt's *Time Travelers Never Die*, as she's thinking about the academic debate over the authenticity of the newly discovered plays of Sophocles. (And, yes, they were genuine – but ohh, how to explain how she'd come by them.)

**de oppresso liber** – to liberate the oppressed; the motto of the U.S. Army's Special Forces.

**kinetogenesis** – the theory that the structure of animals is determined and produced by their movements.

\*<sup>1</sup> C'mon folks what would you call it when a 500 lb gorilla's is about the size of a human's finger? [LINK](#)

**Alfred DeVigny** – a 19<sup>th</sup> century poet, playwright, and author.

**solipsisms** – thoughts arising from the philosophical idea that only one's own mind is sure to exist.

**magnus orifice** – a great opening (A term coined by an early admirer of this canon.)

**hermeneutics** – the scholarly study of a subject.

**perorating** – to deliver a long or grandiloquent oration, usually designed to inspire the audience.

**soliloquy** – a literary device often used whereby a character relates his or her own thoughts and feelings without addressing another character.

**perambulating** – to travel, especially for pleasure and in a leisurely manner.

**solipsistic** – being overly concerned with one's own desires, needs, or interests.

**pleonastic** – the use of more words than are necessary to express an idea.

**circumlocutions** – the use of ambiguous speech, or the use of an unnecessarily large number of words.

**badinage** – light playful conversation.

**abstemious** – to be moderate, especially in eating and drinking.

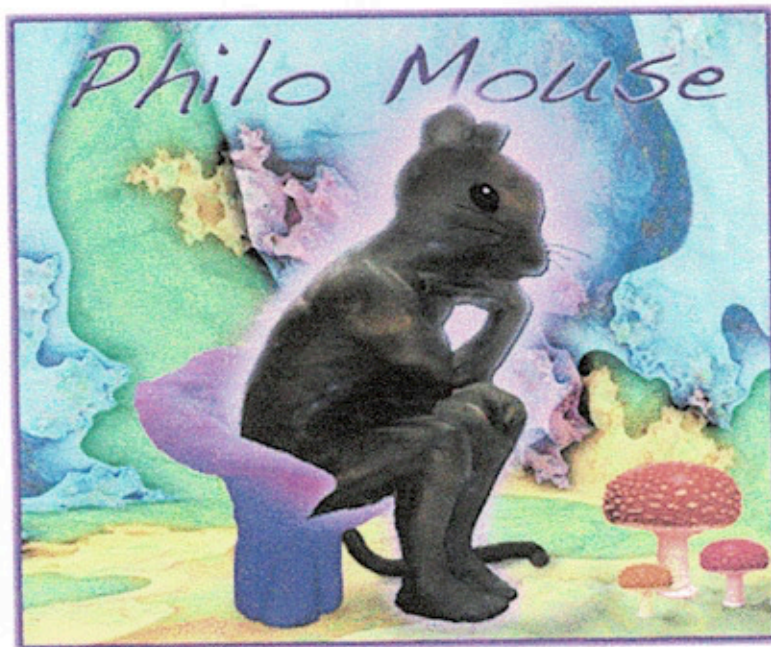
**amphilogism** – a form of circumlocutory speech used to avoid saying something that might harm one.

**clendonisms** – the use of circumlocution to avoid saying unlucky words.

**Paul West** – from One Hundred Names for Love by Diane Ackerman documenting the changes her professor, poet, and novelist husband went through after having a stroke, e.g. a computer became a "*light dancing mailbox*."

\*<sup>2</sup> Psychology Today magazine – June 2011) [LINK](#)

**decussation** - an X-shaped crossing of homonymous nerves or bands of nerve fibers, connecting corresponding parts on opposite sides of the brain.



My existence is proof that evolution is a **stochastic process**.

I'll keep this simple for you, but please do pay attention, because this will help you make sense of much of what has been confusing you in this material. Human toddlers have about 3X as many synapses as adults. And adolescents can lose up to 10,000 synapses per second in the prefrontal cortex. The relevant point of this information in this context, is that since mice have a very brief adolescence, we reach adulthood with many more synapses intact than do humans. Tah dah!

C'mon **Venter**, doesn't my existence demonstrate that there is a 4<sup>th</sup> domain of life. And forget trying any shotgun sequencing on me. I'm a **metagenomics** guy all the way.

Why yes, the **apothotic** impulse is perfectly appropriate in my case. I don't see how anyone with a discriminating intellect could dispute that.

Surely you see that my commentaries on your reality are more than mere **decametric babblings**.

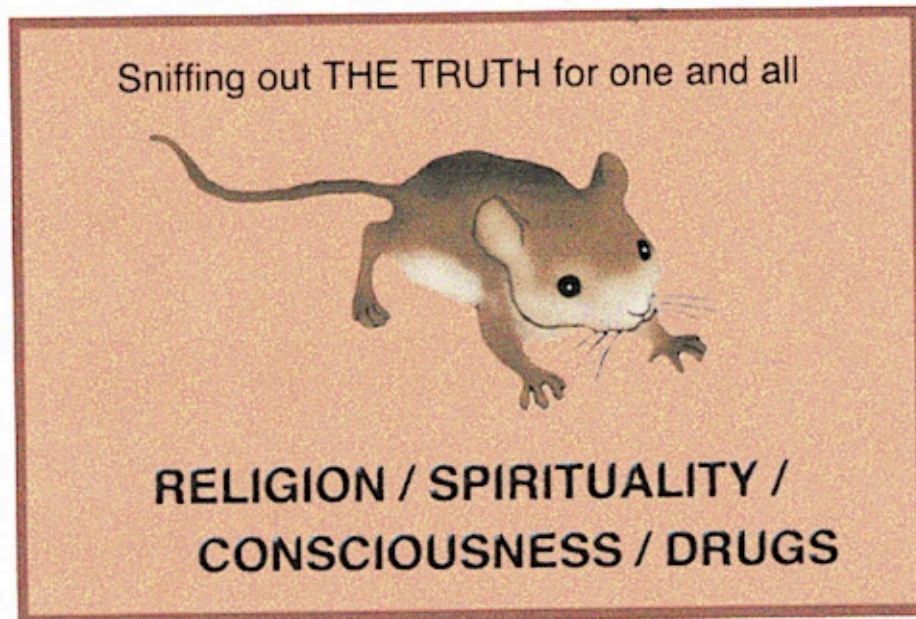
**stochastic process** - one in which, even when the initial conditions are known, there is indeterminacy in its development described by probability distributions.

**Venter, Craig** - an American biologist and entrepreneur, most famous for his role in being one of the first to sequence the human genome and for his role in creating the first cell with a synthetic genome in 2010.

**metagenomics** - the technique is to clone DNA in large fragments directly from the microorganism's environment (such as soil) into a culturable host and conduct a sequence-based and functional genomic analysis on it.

**apothotic** - characteristic of exalting a person to the level of a god.

**decametric babblings** - wavelengths that are tens of meters long, as in Jupiter's radio signals.



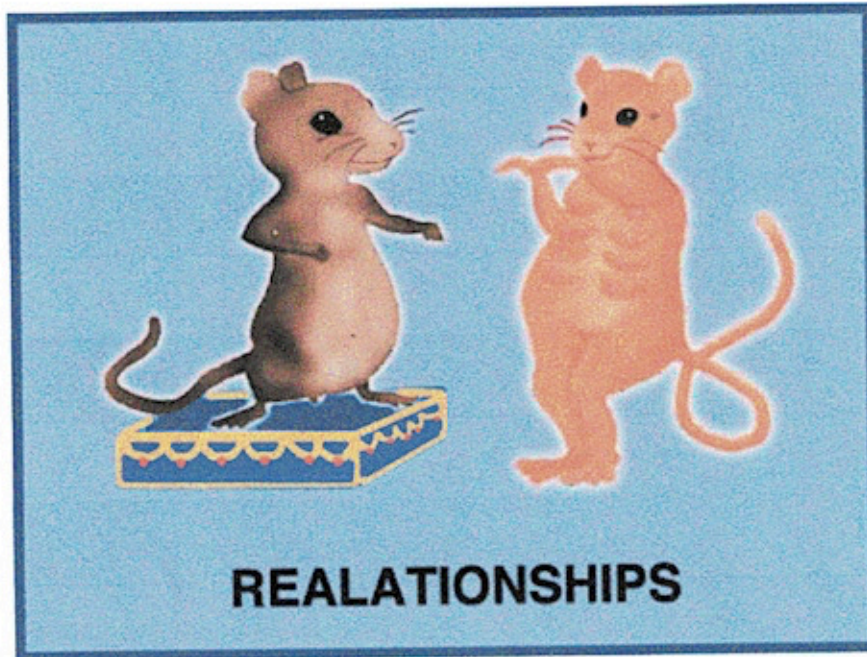
***"Belief doesn't create reality. It simply creates circuitry."\****  
**I really like this one. Don't you?**

The Law of Controversy: *"Passion is inversely proportional to the amount of real information available."* Gordon Bernstein – a physicist character in Gregory Benford's novel [Timescape](#).

There are ethical prophets like Jesus, and exemplary ones like Buddha. If, as **Ben Johnson** wrote long ago: *"A savage is a person who sees ghosts, but not the law of gravity,"* I'd have put half the members of the NewAge spirituality movement in that category as well.

\* Quoted by Derrick Ashong from one of his mentors. **LINK**

**Ben Johnson** – late 17<sup>th</sup> early 18<sup>th</sup> century actor, quoted by Gregory Benford's character Nigel in [In the Ocean of the Night](#) novel.



**Yikes – I just remembered that one gal.  
Relating with her gave me an acute case  
of emotional **pustulocrustaceousness**.**

An ex-girlfriend complained that I was so thin-skinned that it was like my emotional maturity was a molecular monolayer thick. And I replied: "Ahh – yes, but it is a carbon nanotube monolayer, so there!"

Thank God for Wikipedia! An ex-girlfriend called me up, and in a very seductive voice said: "Honey pie, I'm sorry about how we broke up. Why don't you pick up a nice bottle of wine and come over here and let me give you the very sweet **orchiectomy** you so deserve." Needless to say....

Ever have a conversation with someone, when as much as you felt heard, it was as though you were signing in the dark.

I had this girlfriend, and I don't want to say that she was dumb, but we were talking about the extreme weather we'd been having and she said: "There are wild fires in almost all the states because of the drought, except for the ones where there's flooding." Uhh yeah, that sounds right.

**pustulocrustaceous** - characterized by the formation of pustules and crusts.

**orchiectomy** – the surgical removal of one's testicles, leaving the penis and scrotum intact.



**Fancy and I have a very evolved relationship:  
We only occasionally drive each other a little crazy.**

Oh Fancy, my Queen, I'm gonna stop with some friends this morning who want to help me venerate you... *NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO - NO WAY AM I GOING TO LET YOU, OR ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS PENETRATE ME!!!* Calm down girl – I said ven ven ven-er-ate you. *Oh - Sorry, that's what happens when I talk on the phone with my earplugs still in.*

Oh Fancy, you have such a **fictle** mind and body. *Yes my Lord and Master, the better to serve you with.* Uhh – that's a bit over the top. *Oh you noticed that this time, did you?* You mean.... Oh never mind.

Hey babydoll, why don't you just quit those **coupees** and come on over here. The other evening, when I got into bed with Fancy, I told her: *"You got one red hot bottom baby."* And she was like: *"Well, yeah, I'm lying on a heating pad."* Ohh well, and I thought she was excited about seeing me.

We are a very **friendaling** kinda pair, if ya know what I mean.

Wow Fancy – you sure have healthy collagen. *Uhhhh - is that good?* Ohh yes my eternally perky one.

**fictle** - malleable

**coupees** – a dance movement where one leg is resting while the other is in motion.

**friendaling** – fondling with a friend





THERE'S A PLACE ON  
THE CROSS WAITING  
FOR YOU

*"Uhhh – thanks all the same, but I think I'll pass on this one if you don't mind."*  
(Yikes – what are these people thinking – frigging big ass nails driven through your wrists and feet, and you hanging there in excruciating pain as you slowly and agonizingly suffocate! Not my kind of religious celebration, I'll tell you that. Whew!)

HE PAID A PRICE WE COULD NOT PAY

Well, yeah – I mean, if he could turn water into wine, how much tougher could it have been to do the old lead into gold trick?

*Mr.* JESUS  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT THAT NAME

Hmm – well, usually it seems to mean that either you have delusions of grandeur, or your parents are Mexican. I used to think the Mexicans were calling out “Hey Zeus,” and I thought that was kinda cool.

## DO DOGS GO TO HEAVEN

[LINK to RMac version](#)

## TURNING TO GOD IS ALWAYS A RIGHT TURN

Hmmm – sounds like a political platform that I am pretty sure would not be Jesus' path in the current world.

THOSE WHO ARE SORRY LOOK BEHIND  
THOSE WHO WORRY LOOK AROUND  
THOSE WITH FAITH LOOK UP

Well, no wonder I feel so dizzy most of the time!

WHEN TROUBLE BLOWS  
SEEK SHELTER IN GOD

Oh goodie – I can leave my umbrella at home.



Proposed bumpersticker: (thanks to Nigel – a character in Gregory Benford's [In the Ocean of Night](#) novel.)

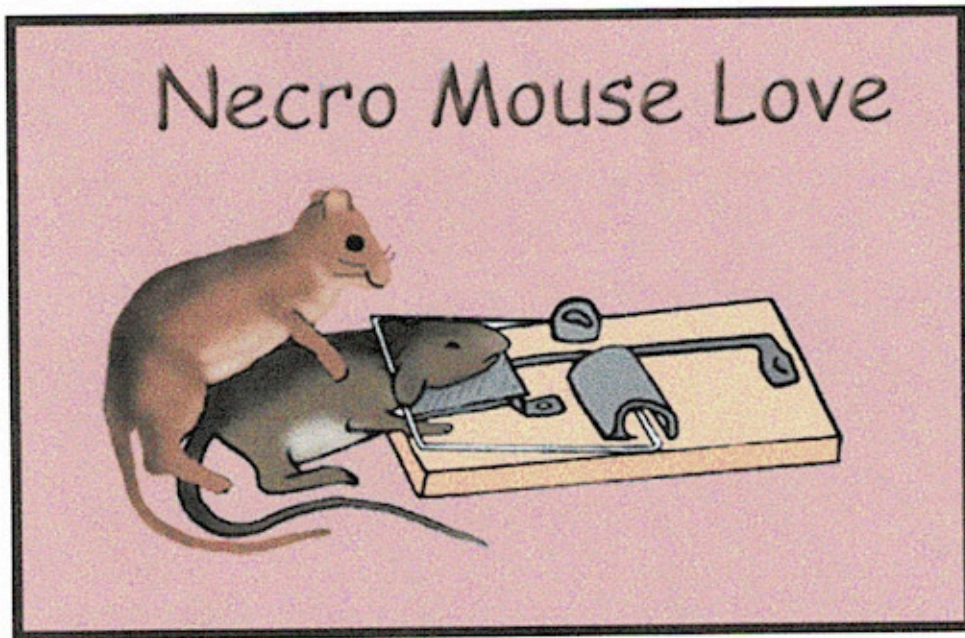
**IF YOU CAN READ THIS, YOU  
DON'T UNDERSTAND PHYSICS**

"We build jails for people we are afraid of, and then fill them with people we are mad at." A former non-violent offender.

# MISANTHROPODIES

**Note:** (*miss-an-THROP-oh-dees*) is a word I coined from the contraction of *misanthropic* (being disdainful 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.

## Necro Mouse Love



Well yes, I suppose you could say that  
I have **chthonian** tastes in my love life.

Well yeah, I've gotten more action with some other gals, but not like... ya know... whenever and however I want it. My buddies are all jealous. No more: "I'm not in the mood," or "I have a headache" excuses from my girl. Although the other day I was feeling feverish, and I asked her to get me a cold drink and an aspirin, and she just ignored me. That kinda hurt my feelings after all I do for her. Finding the perfect relationship is tough isn't it.

When is your sister coming to visit? I'm thinking that maybe we should move this rig outta here before she arrives. What do you think?

One good thing about this situation is that she no longer suffers from **body dysmorphic disorder**.

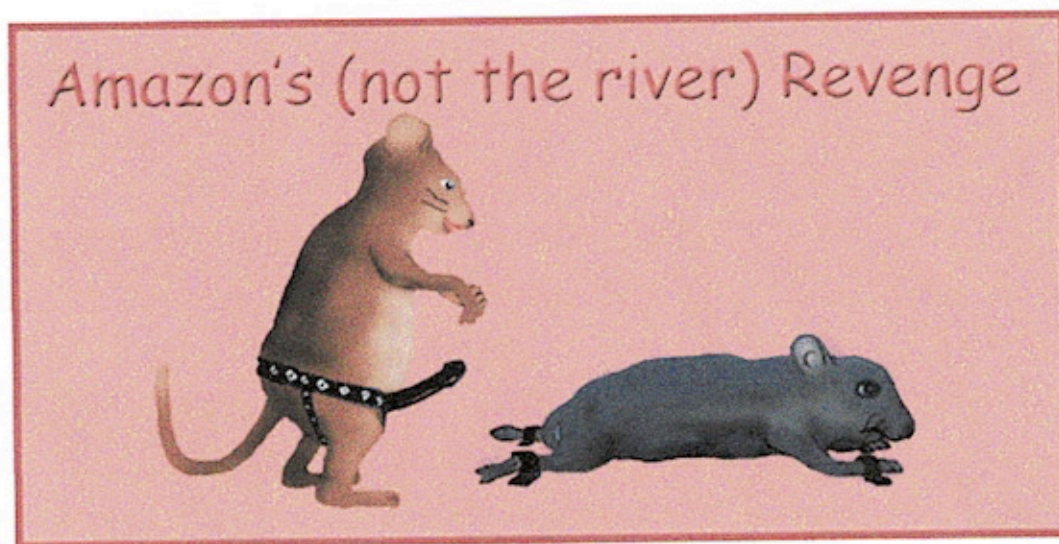
I love it when the teenage boy upstairs cranks up the techno on his stereo. Don't you?

Of course I'd heard of carnal love, but **charnel** love was a new one to me.

**chthonian** – underworld

**body dysmorphic disorder** – a psychological disorder in which one focuses excessively on some perceived defect in his or her physical features.

**charnel** – related to dead bodies



I was telling my gay hairdresser all about you, and he wants to come over and... you know, check you out.

No, I did not say "Let's go party with my cousin." I said: "Let's go party with my coven." And here we are. Right Girls? Didn't I tell you that he'd be fun!

I am still hoping for some **paradoxical excitation** response.

A girlfriend asked me if we are getting tired of our relationship. But don't worry, I told her, "No, we're having the time of our lives." She smiled.

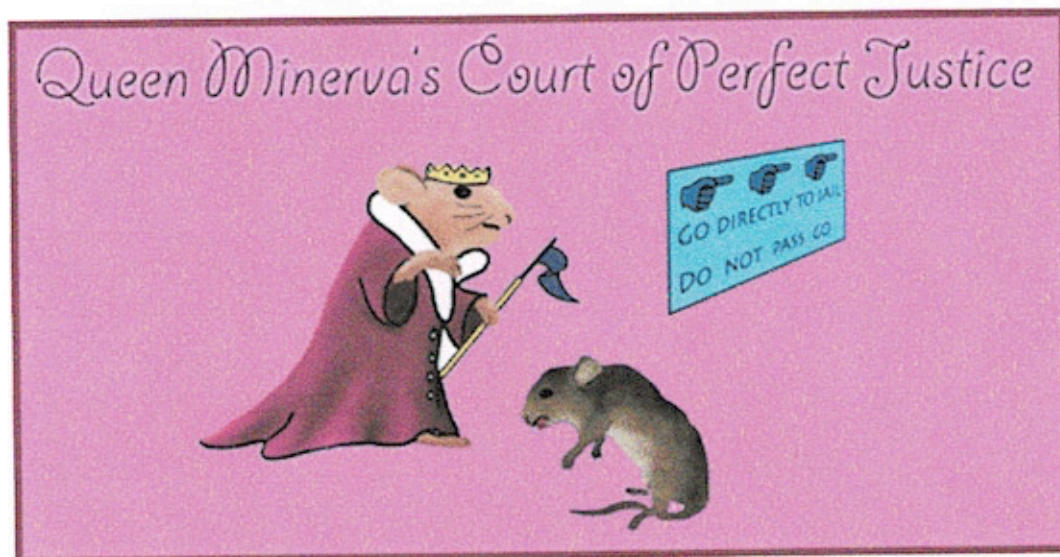
At my coven's meeting, we were trying to figure out how long I will have to keep at this to balance out your history of abusive sexual behavior. A long time!

Ohh honey pie, our relationship has really inspired the other girls, and they have a plan. Each of them will take a turn approaching a guy and telling him that there's a whole group of sexy gals waiting to make him feel REALLY SPECIAL. And then.... Well, you know the rest.

Oh My God - the end of this thing is getting a blister on it. I must be getting really really good! But then you were my teacher.

I've been checking out the trash piles for an old roller-skate or something that I can rig up, so we can go visiting my family and friends together. I want them all to get to know you like I do/

**paradoxical excitation** – a condition in which a medication or other condition that usually elicits a sedated response produces the opposite.



They say that mammals thrive on a regular schedule, so I'm sure that you'll come to enjoy your 4:00 AM cold showers.

Well yes, your exaggerated sense of pride did contribute to your getting here, but this abject humility is not going to get you out. Better luck with your next hopeless ploy.

One therapeutic aspect of your new home, is that you can't run away from the love of others, as you've always done in the past.

And unlike in human prisons, here you.... Hmm - let's just leave a few things for you to discover on your own shall we.

Look MacMouse, I've seen those tame mice running around and around in those little wheels, having a good time. You get to do that, and have the added incentive of being chased by Bubba, Scaretail, and Snot.

If you find yourself feeling down, just remember that God loves you, and that every moment of life in the glory of Creation is truly a blessing.

That's sure to help, don't you agree?.

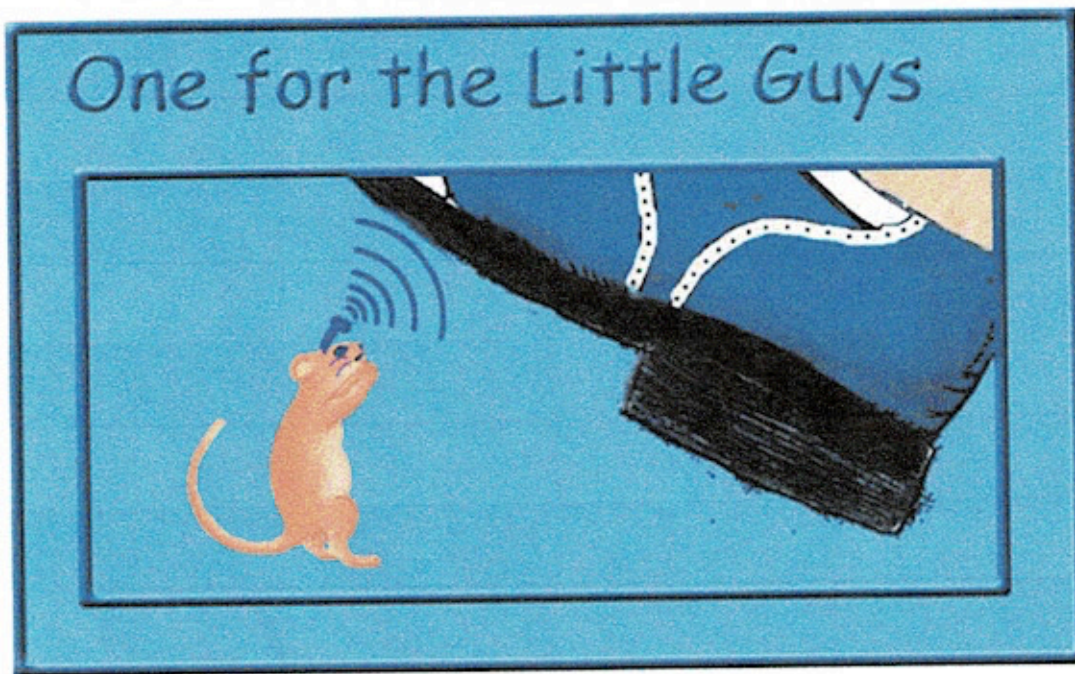
You are in luck MacMouse, we've just shifted our nutrition program to all GMO ingredients. It'll be interesting to see if all those repressed studies showing terrible results actually hold up in a real world scenario. Yum yum!

All new CFL bulbs - and on all night, too. Although a pale blue pallor probably isn't the most attractive way to highlight your hair color and skin tone. Sorry about that.

And the music my friend! Ohh MacMouse - your 24/7 choice of gangsta rap, classic country, heavy metal, old delta blues, and opera. Such a cornucopia of beauty!

Hey, and if I feel down, I'll come visit you. That's sure to cheer me up. Thanks so much in advance.

Trapped? No - never while your imagination can soar free.



**Bon voyage - and thanks for leaving the cookie jar open.**

I've been meditating on the karmic nature of this moment in its personal, cultural, and universal aspects. No conflict so far.

And don't worry - I'll call Goodwill to come collect your things. I'll let them know that you don't need a receipt for your tax records.

When this is all done, you don't mind if I keep the shoe for a souvenir do you?

The grandkids will love it as a playhouse.

I so, so wish that I could figure out how to convert this scenario to one in which I am the unemployed working class, and you are the bankers, arms merchants, big pharma executives, and most of the Congress. It would bring so much happiness to the masses.

Speaking of which, on my home planet, we did eat the super-rich. They were quite tasty, having been as stuffed with sweets and various exotic delicacies as they were. It's become increasingly difficult to find good ones like that anymore.

OK - I relent. You've got 100 milliseconds to convince me that your life has some redeeming value. Time's up! Couldn't come up with something in the time allotted. Oh well, let's continue on then, and let this drama play out as it will.

Ohh big dude – you have some culture to share with me before you go away for good? Let's hear it then:

*Little mouse,  
Thy summer's play  
My thoughtless foot  
Would crush away*

*For I am not  
A mouse like thee?  
Nor art thou  
A man like me.*

*For I dance  
And drink and sing,  
Till my blind foot  
Shall crush thy thing.*

apologies to William Blake

Hmmm – didn't quite do it for me, but I do appreciate your attempt at artistry.

I wonder what is next for you on your cosmic journey through the endless corridors of time. Many blessings. (I wonder if his jet-propelled exit will elevate his interincarnational soul development?)

If you'd tried sneaking up on me barefooted, then just maybe.... No, you're right – that would have just made things even messier.

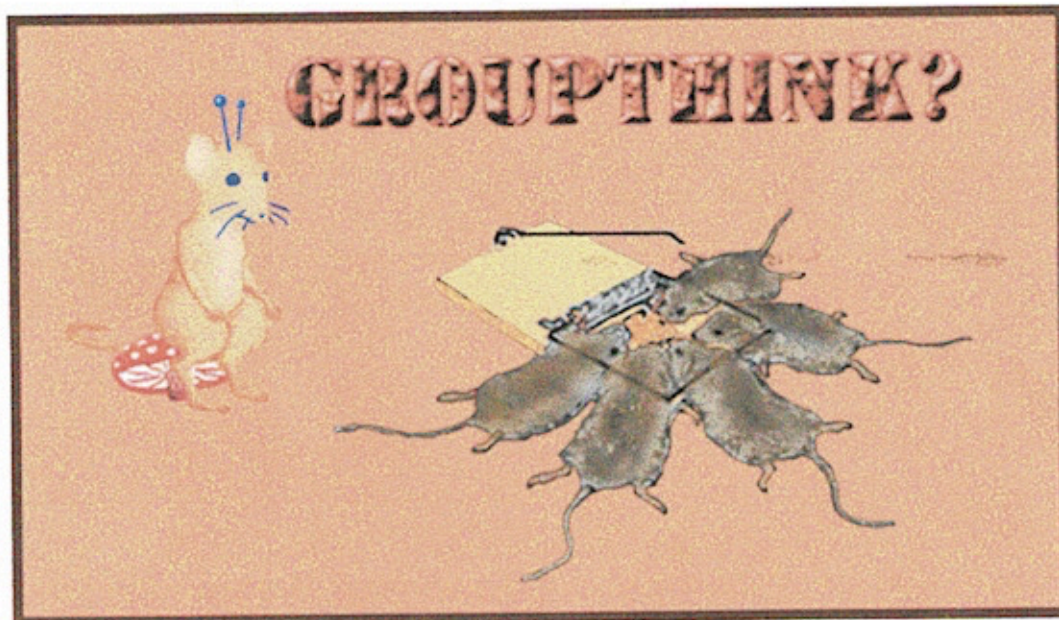
Right now, my associates who have infiltrated various supersecret weapons labs are working on miniaturizing high-powered lasers so that our earthian brethren will have similar capacities to ours. That will really change the balance of power. The humans will start spending huge sums of money on developing better mousetraps then. But ha ha ha, we'll always be able to stay one step ahead. This is gonna be more fun than a video game.



You know - I just wanted to be loved. Why was that too much to ask? I mean I am small and cute and hairy - kinda like your penis, and you really love it!

Oh sure - life can get tedious as it just seems to go on and on and on. Oh Right. More for some of us than others. Please forgive my insensitivity.

OH I KNOW! I'll open up GROUPTHINK to the public with a caption contest. Every week I'll publish the winning entry answering the question of: "*How do you get five mice into one trap at the same time?*" I can barely wait to see the creativity this brings out in my audience.



**The poor designated driver, is now going to have to tell the parents what happened after he dropped their children off at the bar instead of the park like they'd been told.**

Hmmm - reminds me of mainstream media types rushing to print anything the government tells them so long as it makes a good story.

That last race was incredible - it was like you were all entrained in some

kind of telepathic kinesthetic unity until the very end. And then, it well... kinda came unglued, so to speak.

What a crushing blow for your mom. Although given the reproductive behavior of mice, she does have several hundred other children out there, and that's not including all the children and grandchildren, and... and.... still, I'm sure that each of you was special in your own unique way.

This sure gives more credence to the NewAge idea of The Law of Attraction, doesn't it? Just think - they all came into this lifetime with the agreement to meet here at the exact same moment. Wow - that's incredible isn't it!

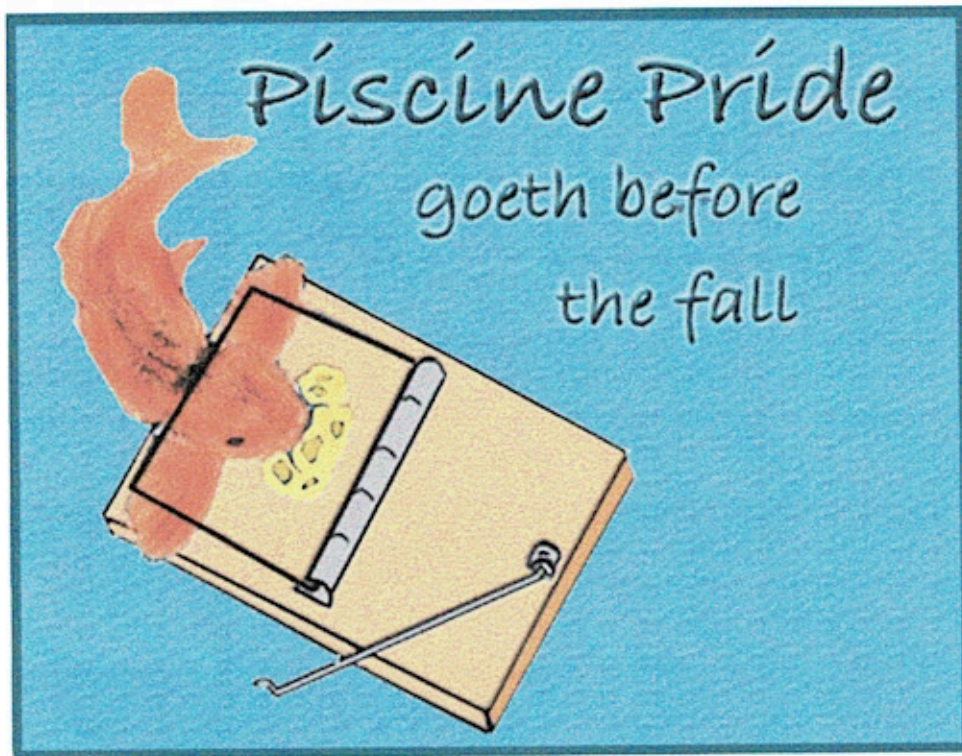
I think that the rodent exterminators can lower the pheromone dosage in this bait, and still have it work just fine.

Apparently the Nazis were not the only example of how unity of purpose can be taken too far.

In my postmodern way, I didn't want any of them to suffer the pain of loss, and so cheered them all on equally. Oh shit! Is it my fault then, what happened? But ohh, how could I have chosen any differently?

This is gonna really screw up the bookies' bets on the Basketball tournament finals. These guys were the number one seed! All that quickness, teamwork, and hustle, ya know.

Why didn't someone warn them, that if they ate that Ecstasy tab, that they'd let go of their fear of intimacy, and feel like they were all one love. Not a bad way to go though.



**His next stop was going to be the pizza parlor.  
He had heard great things about pepperoni.**

Hmmm - If you ask me, there's something a bit too fishy about this whole scene.

Looking at this, I am thinking about how the apparatus could be modified to be turned into a business back home. Couples could snuggle up in front, and it'd be like getting a gondola ride around the pond.

I'm glad the trap didn't flip over when it got sprung. That image would have been just too sad.

Hmmm - mice just stop in situations like this. I wonder why fish just go slower and slower and slower.

Even though it turned out like this, I'm proud of him. So few youngsters today have the spirit to go beyond what their parents knew. Although now I can see the evolutionary advantage to the species in the more conservative path.

Ohh Why Why Why? His mother wants to know. Do you have an answer for her?

He was mesmerized. He'd never seen anything with square edges before. He just had to investigate it. Guess he'll never see another one like it again.

Oops - I better go. Here comes the cat to investigate. I wonder what he'll make of this?

Ahhh - the beginning of fish Florentine - one of my favorites.

Everyone wants their life to have meant something. I'm having a bit of a struggle conceptualizing this one.



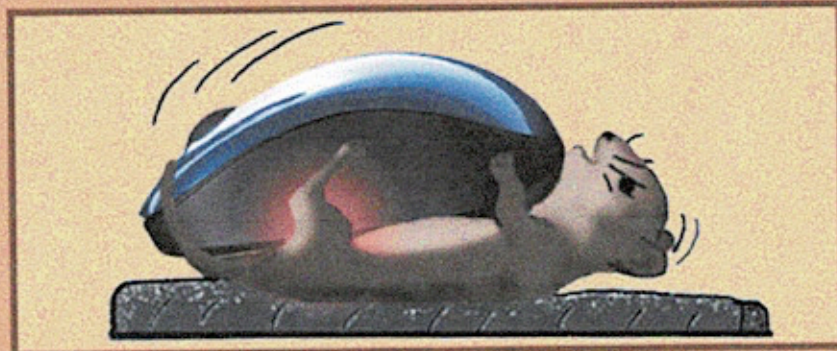
**Well like the Buddhists are so fond of saying:  
*All phenomena is impermanent.* Me to biological  
aging, and her to technological obsolescence.**

We're thinking about challenging the couples on some of the other desktops to a dance contest. If there just wasn't such chasms lying between us. Maybe with Skype?

The Big Dude comes in every morning, and after he first touches my girl, he always smells his fingers. I think there is something about the combination of mouse semen and silicone lube that turns him on. What a pervert!

Oh oh - I heard the Big Dude talking about the sudden mouse infestation in the office, and that they may leave a cat in here overnight. YIKES! Depending on how it all works out, there'll either be a frustrated cat, or a bunch of frustrated computer mice. Not for the same reason of course.

## Mouse on Mouse Too



**This is great – I don't have to worry about catching lice or fleas ever again.**

This guy is definitely more suave than the last guy with the dorky tail, but I do miss how he stayed close by all the time, this guy is such a wanderer. I get anxious sometime wondering where he is and what he is doing.

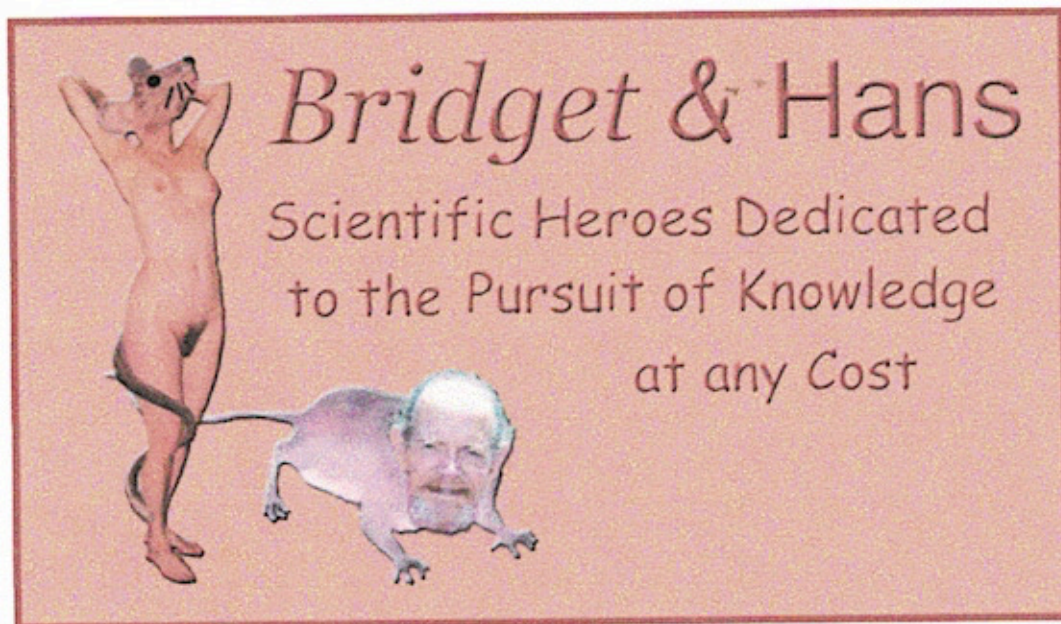
Oh I know, I know – I've said it before. But I really am looking forward with such anticipation to see what our children are like. They could be really good, or.... well.... they could be pretty strange depending on how the various genes get expressed.

I understand how after a long day's labor, getting pushed here and there relentlessly, that he wants to be the one to take charge in our love life. Is it just my experience, or are all males like that?

Ohh my good fortune, that a mouse with **Tomasevic syndrome** found me. My girlfriends can't understand how I can be attracted to someone so.. so.. different. But then they haven't been with him after dark!

He just loves my scent, there just isn't enough wildness in the workplace these days.

**Tomasevic syndrome** – An extremely rare condition ([LINK to Wake](#)) in which visual data is miscoded resulting in blindness in subjects with healthy eyes.

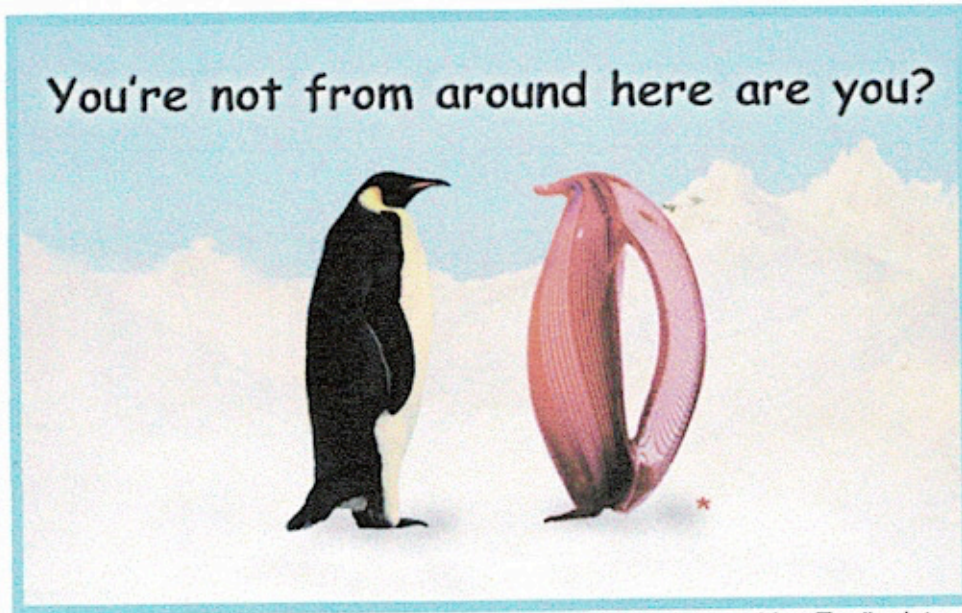


**The females weren't giving me any until I showed one how good oral sex is from a guy without big incisors. Now my date card it full.**

*Look Hans - I am withholding sex until you bring home some cheese. I go to the store, and they all look at me like I am some kind of freak. Can you believe how rude some people are. What, they never saw a mouse-human genetic hybrid before? But but but - they all try to step on me! Look Hans, if the dumb ones can get away with it, with your 180 I.Q. you ought to be able to figure it out. But I don't know how to sneak around. I haven't had experience with that. Uhh, Hans, are you forgetting that I know all about you and all those cute little coed lab assistants you bonked.*

The proposed legislation for anti-discrimination in hiring and renting based on species identity doesn't seem to be getting much traction in the Congress. I guess that I am going to have to go threaten to chew through some more brake lines, and piss on NSA computers, or whatever I have to do to get some action out of those laggards..

You're not from around here are you?



\* apologies to Lino Tagliapietra

**I'm sorry. I know that with this glorious coloration I look more cuddly than I feel.**

No, I am not **fartootst**, but thanks for asking. And... ummm... if I may ask, just where did your ancestors come here from?

*lpy* Being the odd girl never got me much attention until I went through puberty, And then whoa - the guys couldn't stay away. It isn't easy always being the prettiest one.

You're right - I don't have the best flippers to swim with, but with this coloring I just sort of drift over next to the fish and they think that I am some kind of weird jellyfish or something until I snap them up.

I feel kinda bad - the other day a boat mistook me for a channel buoy, went the wrong way, hit some ice and sank. On the other <sup>days</sup> <sub>A</sub> and the sharks owe me big time.

I'm so fortunate - I mean how many other chicks who want to grow up and be special and to get noticed in the crowd, ever get their wishes so amply fulfilled.

My poor dad - the other dads couldn't stop kidding him every time they saw me. Ya know stuff like: "Is that a chick or a Christmas ornament you're sitting on?"

My mother however has always been really proud of me, and is really looking forward to the grandchildren.

If reincarnation is real, I think that I want to come back chartreuse in my next life.

Some explorers got lost in a blizzard and were doomed until I appeared glowing through the grayness and led them back to their camp. But they kept weeping and thanking Jesus, and I like "Wait a minute, my name's Priscilla."

My initial forays into mating didn't go so well. Every time a guy pushed I slide away. And then Mr. Right came along and backed me up against a snow bank - and WOW!

There's a penguin contest every winter in which we girls lay on some smooth ice and our guys push us to see whose girl glides the furthest. Of course whatever team I am on always wins.

**fartootst** (Yiddish) - confused, disoriented, distracted, baffled, bewildered, etc.



Apologies to Howard Schatz You can find the inspiring story of Her Change in Round 16

**I wonder why I get hit on by lesbians everywhere I go when so many men seem to be intimidated by me?**



I've been flying high, and I mean really high, ever since I cut a deal with some marijuana growers to distract the DEA helicopter pilots whenever they fly close to their fields. It works every time.

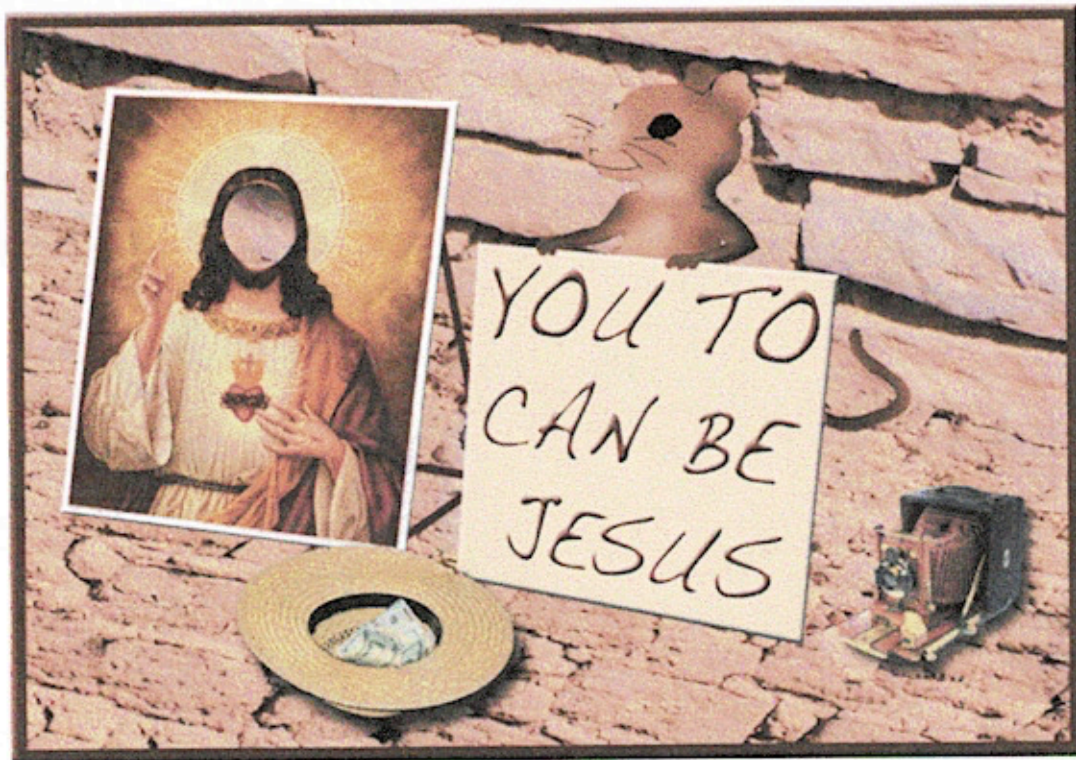
Mr. This cape outfit looks really good on me now, but... hmmm... I wonder what's gonna happen when I get old and wrinkled?

For fun, I tried racing birds, but that got old. And so then I tried planes, and that was more of a challenge, but soon that got old too. And then I met these cute little alien dudes with a hot-ass saucer, and we've been ripping it through the clouds, I tell you. When NORAD and the FAA complain, I blame it all on the aliens, and tell the officials to go talk to them if they don't believe me.

The CIA thought they could force-recruit me by threatening my family.

Ha ha ha Sorry folks, but when you kicked me out of the house for smoking pot at 14 and making out with my girlfriend, you said that you didn't want anything to do with until I straightened up, and well....

It wasn't authorized, but I decided to help our soldiers in Afghanistan with their morale and gave them an aerial display like they'd never seen. Several Taliban blew themselves up accidentally stumbling over their own IEDs too. I wonder if their virgins in Heaven got anything on me. Not experience I'll wager.



12/1  
**Business at Christmas was really great,  
but then slowed down coming into Easter.  
That makes sense.**

Some snotty bible-thumpers from a Baptist College came by and made fun of my spelling. So I looked at my sign and said: "You mean Satan isn't spelled with a J." I wish you could've seen the look on their faces. And not one of the cheap bastards left me a donation! Not very Christ-like! I prayed for a cold beer, and a local guy came by with some warm fermented camel milk. I'm not sure whether that constituted an answer to my prayer or not. Not a bad buzz, although a little Kahlua would have helped the taste.

The hustler on the next street corner is a real fraud. He's selling these Jesus-blessed skateboards that he promises will work on sand.

12/1  
If I gotta stand out in this sun much longer, I'm gonna get heat stroke and start believing that I'm Jesus. That's going to create some kind of logical paradox at the ole booth here.

12/1  
I sure hope that when the real Jesus comes back, that he has a sense of humor, or else I am gonna be totally screwed!

# Essays

## 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!



## THE WORD OF GAD

DEAR ONES - One Truth about Enlightenment is that It Is No Big Deal. And Yes, it is easy and tempting for people to take the utter amazement of Waking Up, to being One with Everything, and hang all kinds of egoic banners and self-congratulatory psychic adornments on the afterglow. It can be a very impressive display, until the bothersome question of "*Why Am I Bothering*" comes whispering into the foreground of your Consciousness. The complementary natures of incremental growth and vibration may lead to an oscillatory rebound that brings false modesty and recriminations on the personal recent developmental past and all associated with that. Time comes for some fine tunings.

So here It Is – It All Matters so incredibly much; You feel so passionately empathetic with suffering in the world – your Heart Is Shattered. Hot Lava of Psyche Pain oozes out of your every pore, its radiant heat filling all space with an overwhelming Yearning for Justice, for the Application of Intelligence and Compassion to the World's Problems! And simultaneous the Entire Play of Creation is seen as from above and beyond; from vast imperturbable

Spaciousness where All Is and Can Only Be Perfect in Every Moment of Creation.

Have fun integrating it all.

GAD HAS SPOKEN



Uhh - okay

