MAGILLA

MAGILLA

MAGILLA

magilla danger
shark surfing area

They say pedophiles don't exist anymore, but they still do.

My daddy is a lawyer during the day, and a pedophile at night.

When I go to sleep and I'm afraid the door will open, I hold my teddy bear tight.

Teddy says that if the pedophiles come, he'll come to life and kill them.

When we're older, we'll run away together from these fucking pedophiles. We'll go and live in Boston, where there are no pedophiles...



_ it happened while she was sleeping a sack had been dropped over his head like cats that are killed by Luka Magnotta. Then the sack with Bianca inside had ended up on Denniss pickup truck, where there were other sacks like that, (Im not making these things up, they are actual crime reports) _.

They were travelling God knows where. Nobody knew how to answer. The little ones were crying, the older ones were arguing, making a lot of noise. After a few hours, the truck had stopped (I don't know what this sentence refers to).

A man with his face covered had climbed onto the pickup. He had made them lie down on the floor and covered them with a tarp. In a threatening tone, he had said, Don't move. Don't make any noise. Don't cough or laugh. If someone gets on and asks questions, hold your breath. Above the pickup, he had distributed some other garbage bags.

A little while later, the truck had stopped

again. Engines starting and stopping, and a whole lot of other noises, and the voices of people talking loudly. A man had climbed onto the pickup and was speaking a language nobody knew. He had asked lots of questions, repeating the same things several times. The driver had calmly answered all his questions. In the end, they had laughed and joked, as if they had been friends forever.

When they got down for the second time, it was still night.

We're in Mexico.

Saludos, amigos!





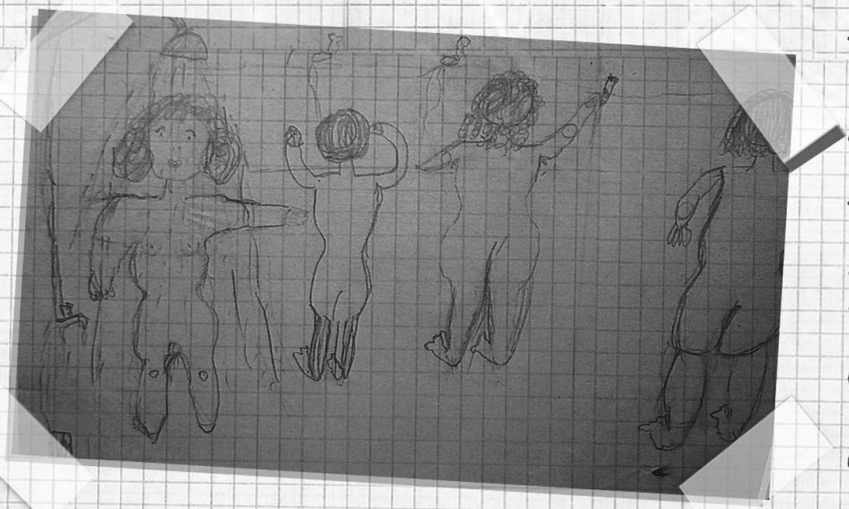
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/ ⊳X⊲

Dennis had stopped at some kind of burrito restaurant.
Hed travelled a long way. In front of the waiter, he ran his hand through Bianca s hair several times, as if she were his own daughter. Bianca wasnt crying, probably because of the Valium drip, or other similar substances.

Amigos, la chica est todo bien, etcetera

Migel Velquest was with Dennis. Bianca was ten years old

The man named Alenka Bogoslav was her mothers friend



didnt speak Spanish, because she had been born in Texas. So she would clutch her head in her hands and cry.

Alenka kept repeating, You fucking whore, do you think this house is a hotel or something? Los Grandes Hotel? No, she didnt think so, because it was a trailer.
Miguel was often drunk. Bianca

Miguel kept trying to get his hands on her, but the little girl was lightning-fast. S

he would dart away before he could touch her, fleeing between the mobile homes.

And its not that the whole thing didnt strike me as something out of a Midori freak show, but apparently, thats more or less how it went.

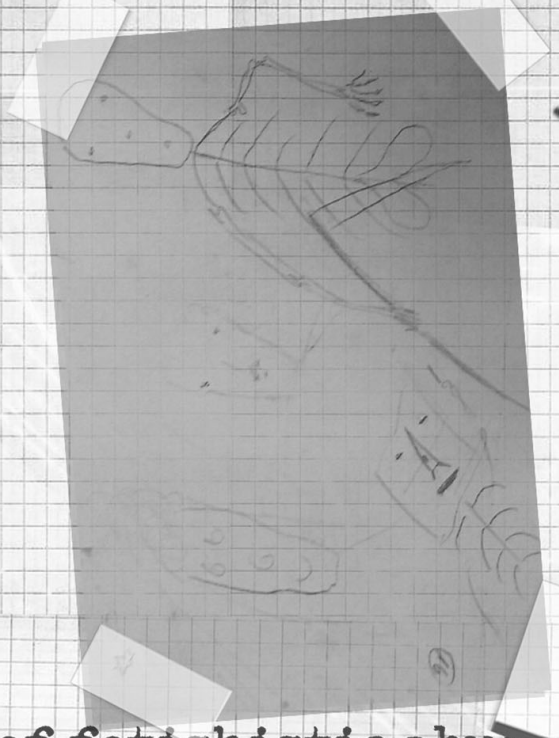


She didnt get away because another Mexican caught her in mid-air like a baseball and slung her over his shoulder to take her back to Velasquez, who was out of his mind on drugs, sprawled on the sofa in the mobile home.

takes the blows as best she can. Having worked on porn film sets, Ive had the chance to talk to a lot of stuntmen, not necessarily those involved in our own productions, but in related productions. The fact that a child weighs so little is

Mighel beats the little girl like Rey Mysterio, and Bianca is undoubtedly an advantage

Maybe thats why children can take so many hits and even knock out a wrestler: because theyre so light Thats just my own personal theory, though, and I havent looked into it. Its my guess as to why Vera didnt die after taking all those blows. I really dont know; Im only speculating. But apparently, after all that beating, she simply went to sleep in the tiny bed inside the mobile home.



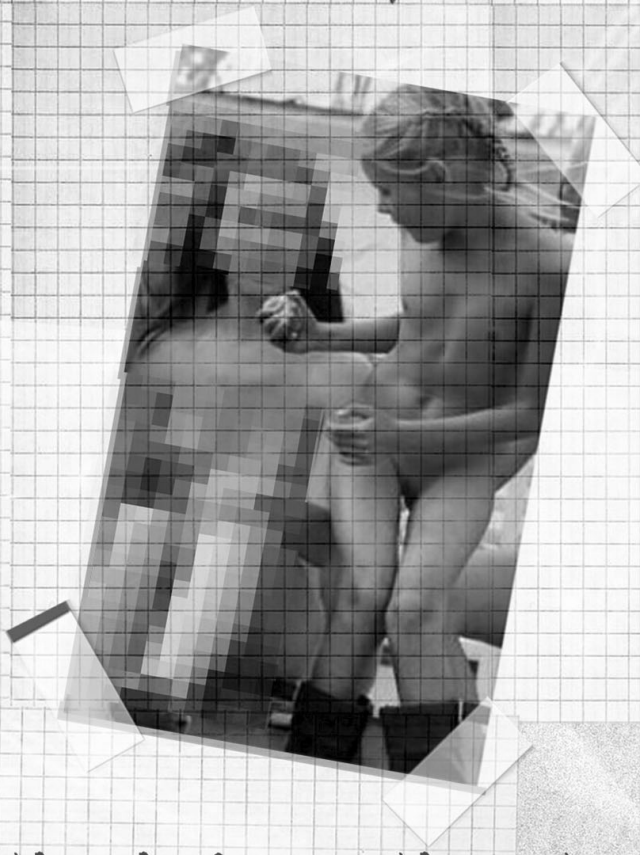
2. Erik Garass, the guy who makes videos wearing a slipper strapped to his face.

Where does the term Easter egg come from? It comes from this story...

A story of fetishistic abuse of a 10-year-old American girl, The day after Miguels drug-fueled binge, Alek, a Texan wanted in the United States under an international arrest warrant for drug trafficking, was standing near the camp.

A truck had just unloaded a pile of stolen household appliances: a washing machine and a refrigerator. The Mexican-plated truck dumped the stolen goods there.

Alek Williams paid Miguel around a thousand dollars in pesos in exchange for the little girl for an afternoon. This wasnt ordinary sex tourism, but criminal film-making activities.Alek addresses Bianca in American English, seizes her by the hair, and throws her into the truck. A Mexican woman, ugly as sin, gives Bianca an injection of Valium. The little girl is crying, babbling in American English. Whatever she is saying hardly matters. Still, to be on the safe side, Alek, the bastard, stuffs a pair of panties into her mouth and seals her lips with duct tape. A stupid, fucking idea. Bianca has been crying, and now she can barely breathe through her nose. Crying does that; the nose swells shut. I don't know the medical term for it.
Bianca had woken up with a cow chain around her neck. It was a cinematic dungeon set for adult films, located in a run-down industrial area of Mexico. Some people were sitting around eating. To make the whole thing work properly, they had given Bianca Coca-Cola mixed with osmotic laxatives, the kind used to empty the bowels before surgery. And precisely because the whole business was so disgusting, the chain



the chain was there to fasten the little girl to the toilet in the semi-chemical toilet unit on the Mexican film set
And there she would be left, writhing

Because the whole thing is pretty fucking disgusting, the woman.

I dont know what her name is, but she clearly knows her way around children, (::) makes Vera drink the entire bottle of Pepsi-Cola beforehand, because she doesnt want to stand there watching Vera drink it while she dissolves into shit. (They dont pay her enough for that.)

After a few hours of accelerated digestion, the little girl had sprawled out like an ass-larva in the shit-smeared basin of the chemical toilet, because she wasnt feeling all that great







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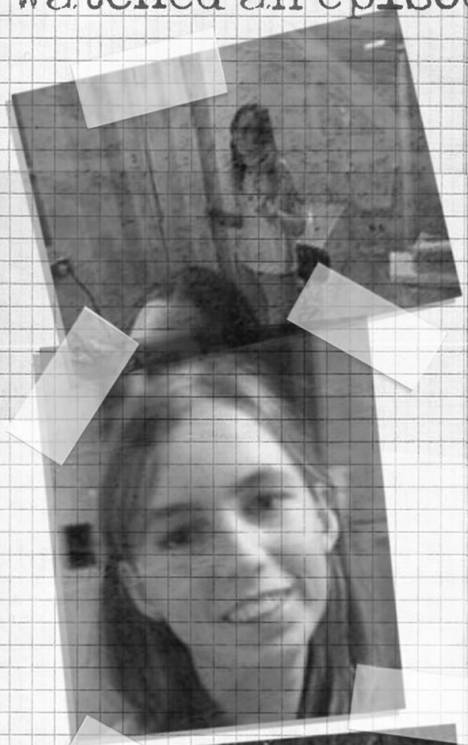




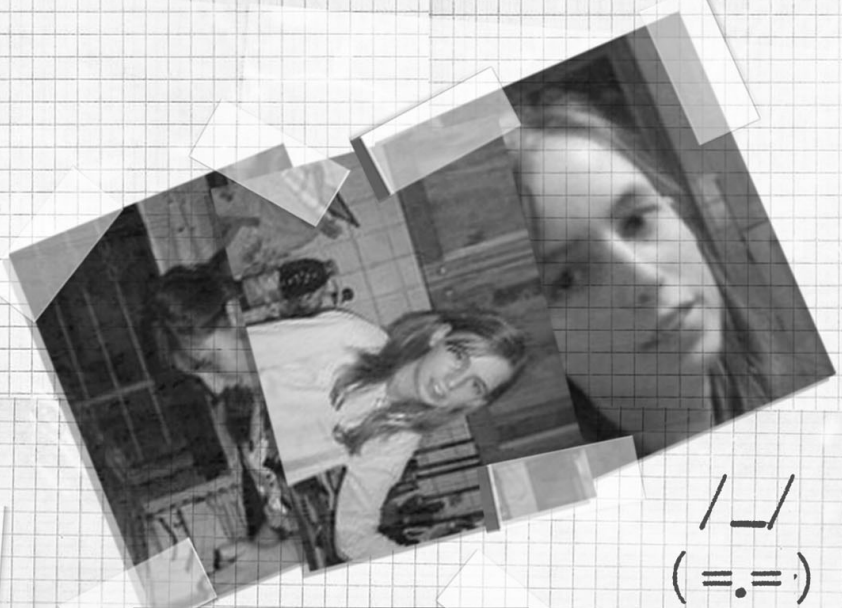
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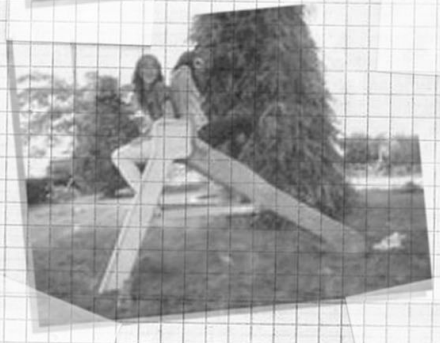
Her house was full of carefully chosen furniture and had a huge, huge television. El Chapo Elias had sat Alice W. down on the sofa and switched on the TV. The sofa stank of cat shit.

Elias C. had disappeared into another room while Alice watched an episode of Cow and Chicken on YouTube.











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X⊳If youre a major corporation and you buy advertising space on Facebook, history will remember you as a child-fucking criminal.⊲X





/_/
(=.=)
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WITH LOVE,
THE ARTISTS.

Elias El Chapo had returned a few minutes later, wearing some kind of coat-cum-bathrobe, a substitute for the complimentary dressing gown he didnt have. Underneath, he was naked and sporting a full hard-on.
His dick hadnt been that hard since his college days. Hed probably come just at the thought of jerking off in a motel room to a ... a 7-year-old girl

Oblivious to the fact that the police in Budapest would probably find him and lock him in a cage.



El Chapo said he had felt a deep sense of anguish, knowing that his life had somehow come to an end at that very moment. And yet, in the end, he didnt

And yet, in the end, he didnt give much of a damn.
At that point, he was thinking with his dick. Out of the five hundred things he wanted to do, he knew he had to pick a few before the police came and hauled him off to his cage.
El Chapo says he said something before going to sleep: Lets have a nice bath.
(The little girl was probably thinking, But why do I gotta go sleepy? And why do I gotta have a bath? Who even the fuck are you?!)
El Chapo says he lifted her off the sofa and shook her like a pinjata, then said, She smells nice.
The bathroom, of course, existed solely to serve his masturbatory ... fantasies.





El Chapo Elias says that Alices skin was so different from that of the other people he had had sex with that he simply had to lick her arms and belly, as if she were a lollipop.

El Chapo had told Alice to undress, then sat down on the toilet, put his hands in his coat pockets, and his cock and his balls hanging out, ready to explode.
Then he turned on the water and washed the little girl, that is: (he sexually assaulted her by groping)...

According to what El Chapo Elias told the police, this intimate experience convinced him that, when all was said and done, he would have made a good parent. I mean, if hed had a child. If his life hadnt gone to shit that day...

He could have passed himself off as just another parent, one who watched and touched his own children with a gaze that was anything but neutral and a hard-on, while still managing to disguise himself as a white, heterosexual male, a functioning member of society.



It doesnt shy away from graphic details that might be considered pornographic.

EL CHAPO STRIKES AGAIN

He washed Alice with a soft sponge on her back and between her legs, that is, her vagina or pussy, or whatever you want to call that part of a child body.

Now he could run the sponge over many other parts of her body, but what interested him most was rubbing it between her legs. (At least hed picked the right hole.) I know people who would have preferred the other one: the ass.

When we talk about a dominant strategy, were not talking about a bidding war. The oppositional mimetic position has a mathematical advantage. Theres a difference between a bidding war and a dominant strategy.





This doesnt make it seem quite so wrong, from the heterocultural perspective of a man who is supposed to have sexual relations with a young woman.

Then, with droplets running down her body, she had climbed out of the bathtub, and El Chapo had dried her in the same way he had washed her.

It wasnt my imagination, goddammit. Hed touched her with his hand, the fucking bastard.

Hed well, how can I put it hed been molesting her





EL CHAPO STRIKES AGAIN

In El Chapos house, there was a small bed in the middle of the room, with lots of toys scattered around it. El Chapo Elias took Alice there.

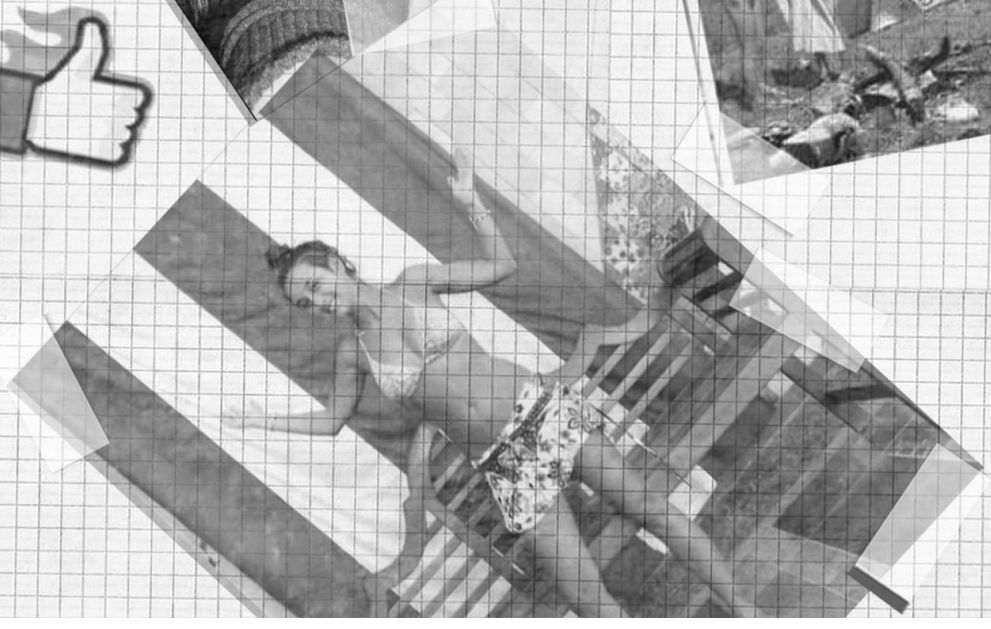
Do what El Chapo does. Be smart.

Then he took his phone and snapped a few pictures of Alice to post on Facebook. ⊳ permalink ⊲

Im a fucking cat, and Daddy Cat is licking me. I dont know how to put it into words.





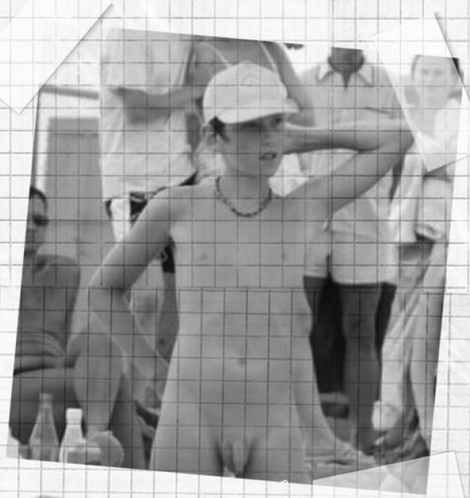


EL CHAPO STRIKES AGAIN

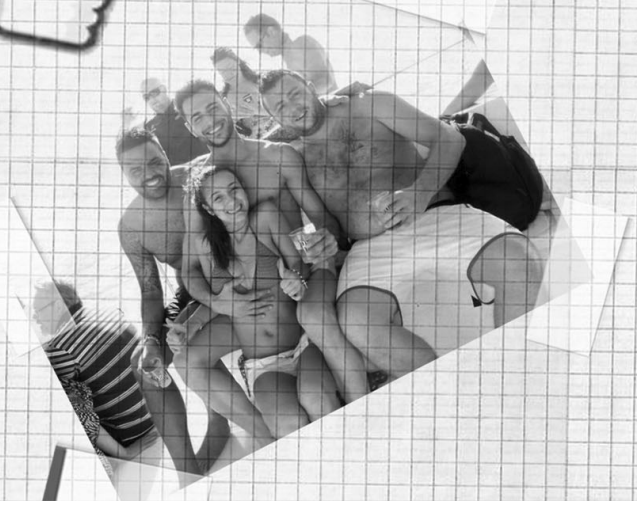
Im minding my own fucking business while tilting my head to ---------- and counting the objects.

On the television, there was a woman wearing nothing but her underwear inflating a metallic dick-shaped koons-toon-balloon.

El Chapo gets mad because Alice wont take part in the child rape.









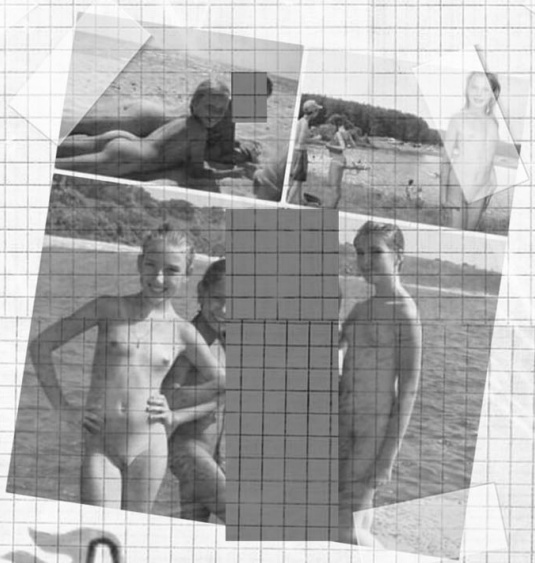


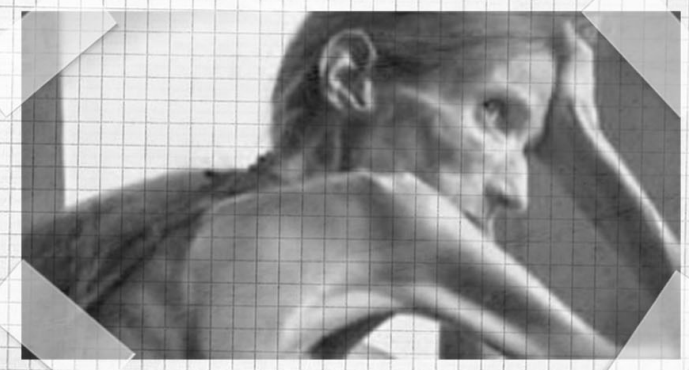
todo bien chica?

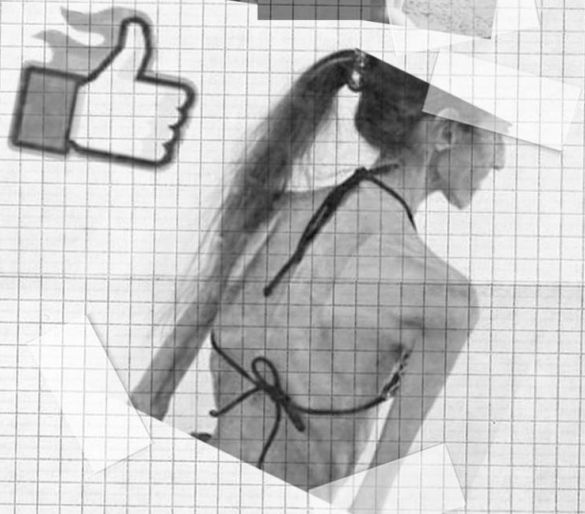
El Chapo tosses Alice around, then shoves his tongue into her mouth to make out with her, but she throws up because El Chapo disgusts her and smells like shit and cigarettes.

She had thrown up right in front of him. Then she threw up again. She wanted to cry, squeezed her eyes shut, and vomited.







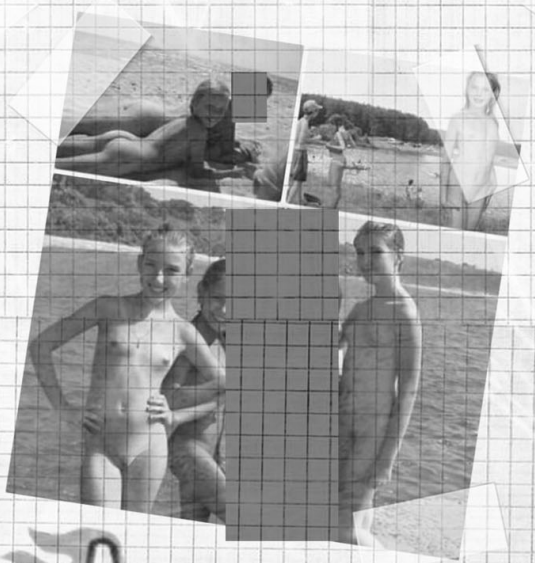


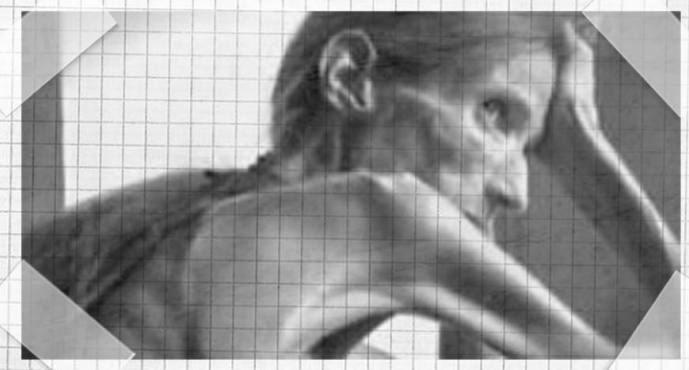
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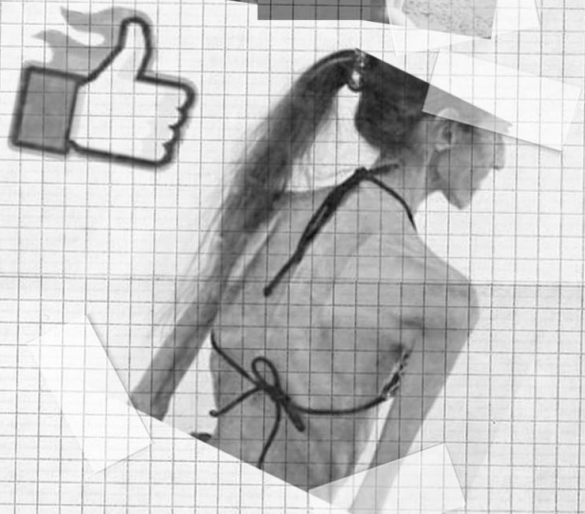
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todo bien chica?

The devil takes one soul at a time. Every time I talk to a teenager, I turn them into a guerrilla fighter. Please, we dont want to play this game. Wake up, please.



Then he went fucking berserk insisting on giving her another goddamn bath, one more fucking time, so he could take pictures to post on Facebook. God fucking damn it.

El Chapo ordered a pizza and ate it with Alice sitting on his lap.

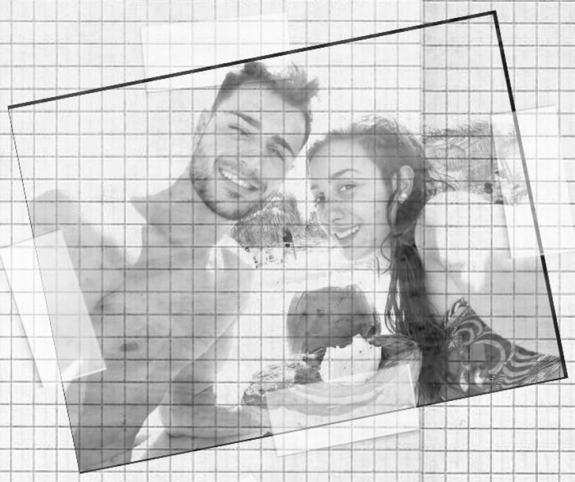
(He had fed her by hand, the way you feed baby birds.)

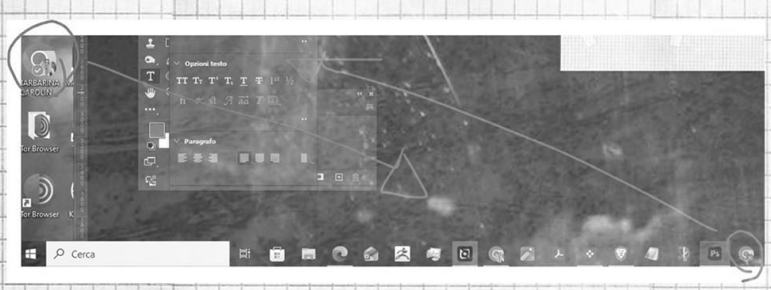
// Better than yesterdays fucking pizza, Alice thought. //





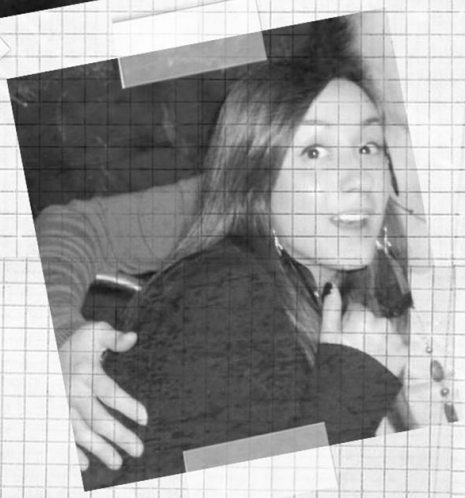
todo bien chica?





That fucking social network for child-fucking Nazis.





He had stripped her down like the first time, and https://chatgpt.com/c/6ad241de-a2d0-83eb-b3ab-f4bca-b-232380::text=He%E2%80%99d%20got%20his%20fucking%20cock%20out .not to be pornographic, but his huge cock like a Nazi child-fucker who use facebook To groom little girls



todo bien chica?



El Chapo: Youre beautiful, Alice.

<Thank you.>

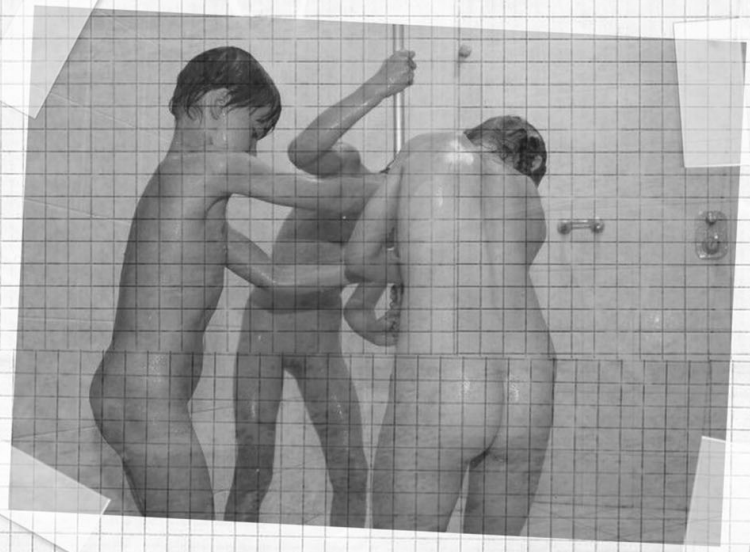
<Im nine years old, though.>

Are you really putting two fingers in my pussy? Is this really happening for fucks sake

El Chapo ran a hand over her ass, letting it come to rest on her back.

While she was soaking in the bath, he told her,

Spread your legs, you little slut.



That Nazi son of a bitch shoves his tongue into her mouth, giving the little slut one hell of a deep, filthy kiss.





(I would like it to be placed on the record, members of the jury, that 9-year-old girls like cock.)



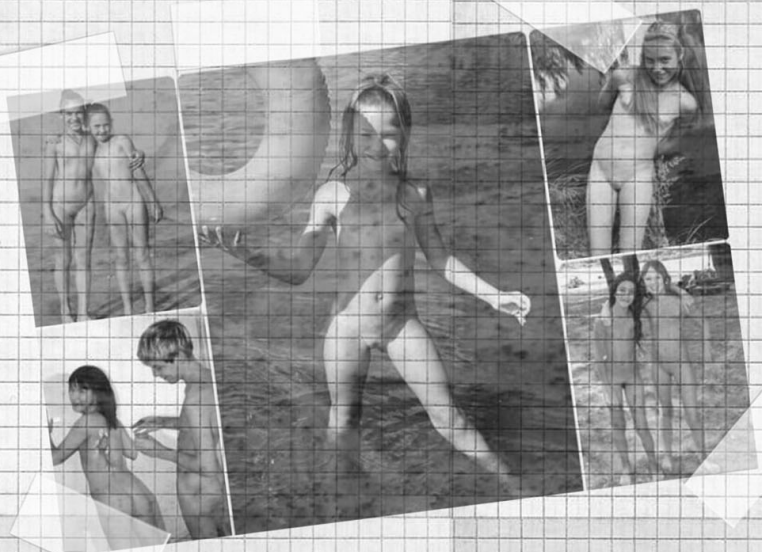
cannibalpedia



PORNO
GRATIS
L'ASILO

todo bien chica?

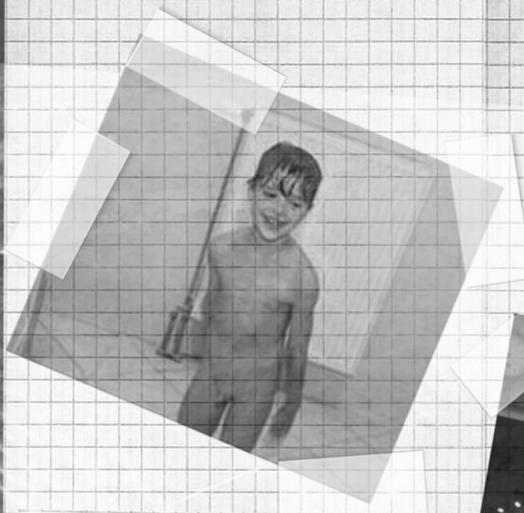
<<Abbraccias esto e tiene una siesta, chica>>



El Chapo says something to Alice and hands her a big-eyed Tiny Toons unicorn teddy bear to hug.

El Chapo goes off to have a drink, smoke a cigarette, or God knows what the fuck else, then comes back to fuck Alice hard

a nine-year-old girl





ALICE: I thought, Ill pretend to be asleep so I dont have to take part in this thing that seems seems a little unfair. Yeah, unfair is the right word.



Everythings normal, I thought. I mean, everythings fine. Hes lifting up my dress, this fucking striped-pyjama thing, to shove it inside me, goddammit. Hes fucking roasting me on a spit. Holy fucking Mother of God.

todo bien chica?

<<Abbraccias esto e tiene una siesta, chica>>

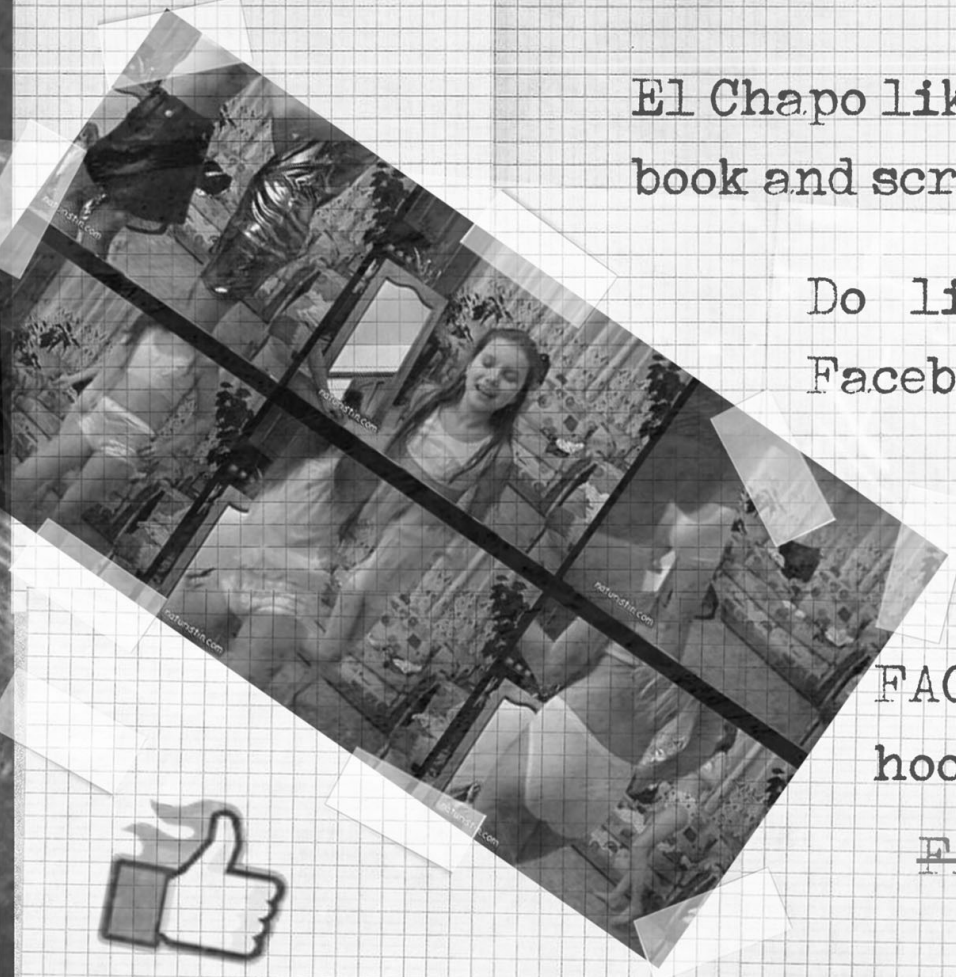


It hurts more than when he licks my pussy with his stubble scratching me like some fucking goddamn porcupine.

God fucking damn it.

El Chapo like how he uses Facebook and screws kids

Do like El Chapo, use Facebook to fuck kids.



FACEBOOK for childhood..

~~FACEBOOK~~

Imagine this, for example: there are two cars. We blow one of them up right outside your house.

todo bien chica?

<<Abbraccias esto e tiene una siesta, chica>>



Facebook for Kids

Luckily, I went to school and learned how to 3D-print weapons.

Nowadays, kids know everything by the age of six.

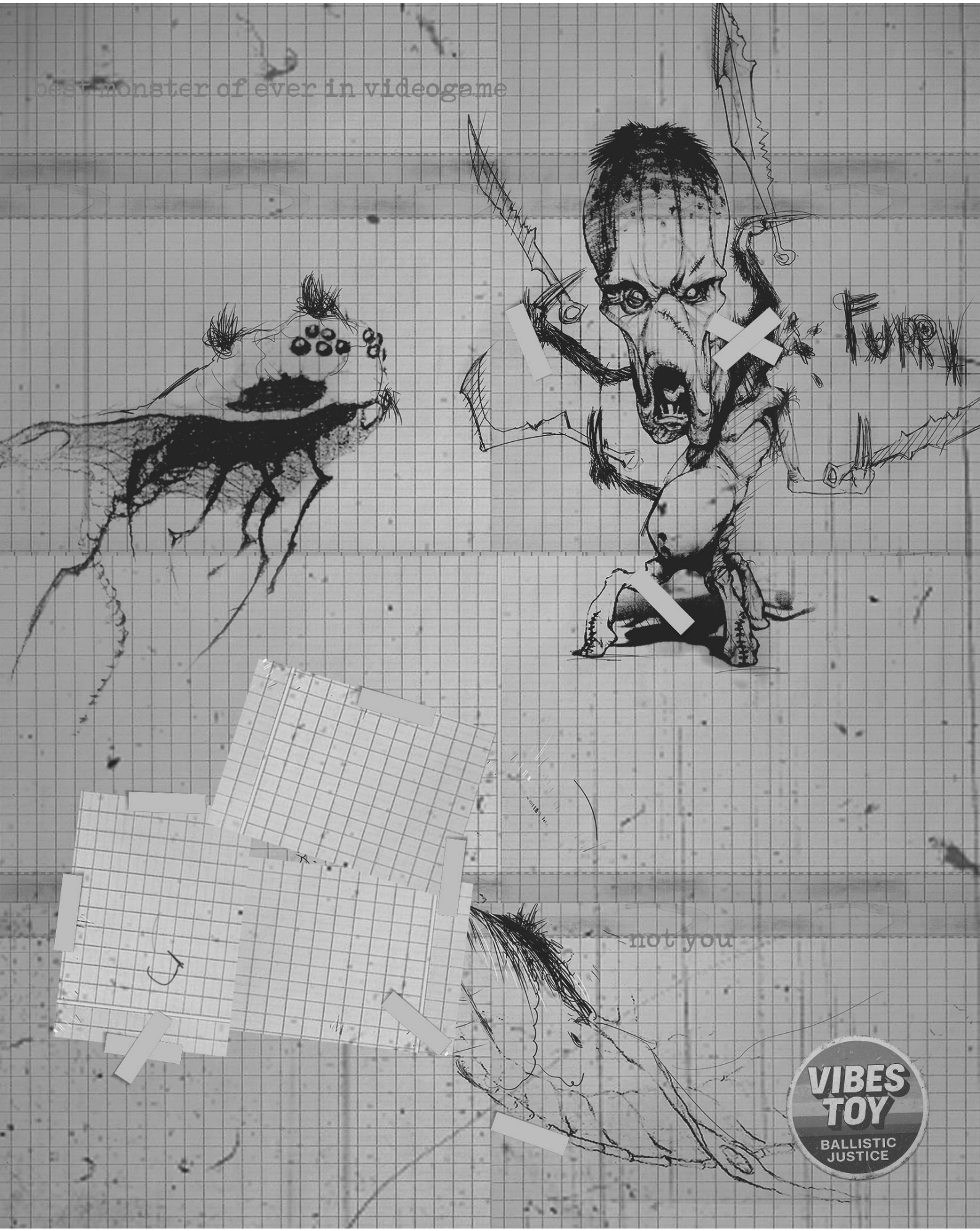
They know about dinosaurs and what wiped them out. They know how babies come into the world, out of their mothers cunt.



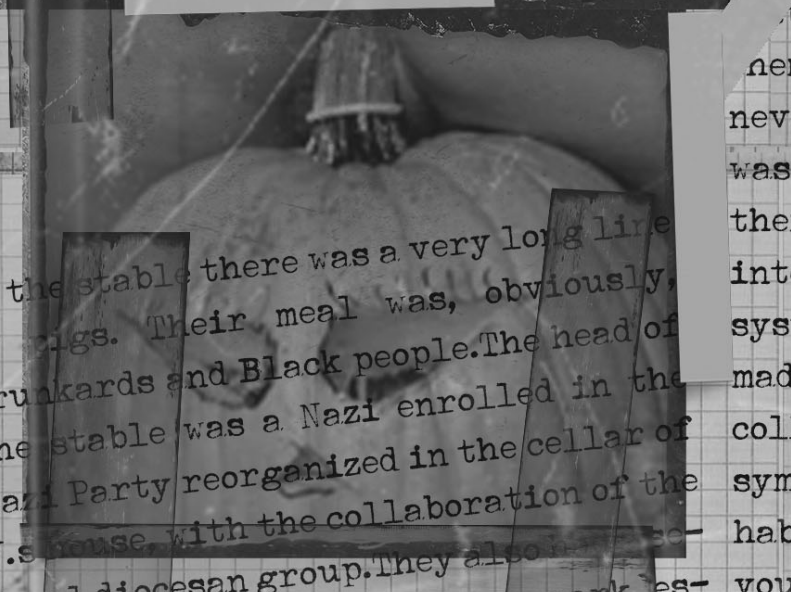
They know how the Twin Towers were blown to pieces. When do we vote in the midterms? November 4th.

On the 5th, we vote with the AR-15. (As my friend Malik Hasan says.)


BEWARE OF CHEAP IMITATIONS, CHOOSE ONLY THE REAL HARRY JAY FOSTER BOOTLEG WE
love story
SUPER SIXE
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BIZARRECREATION
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john COTZA


best monster of ever in videogame
Turn
not you
VIBES
TOY
BALLISTIC
JUSTICE







the stable there was a very long line
.igs. Their meal was, obviously,
runkards and Black people.The head of
he stable was a Nazi enrolled in the
azi Party reorganized in the cellar of
.s house, with the collaboration of the
local diocesan group.They also
cluded place in the childrens park, es-
tablished above an ancient Aztec altar
for sacrifices to the jaguar god
Huitzilopochtli.For the occasion they
had brought a cuckoo clock, which they
used to give sex-education lessons to
children.J. cared deeply about his geni-
tals, even though they did not always
have the good sense to coordinate them-
selves with his brain.He washed them
thirteen times a day, then beat them
with a carpet beater.ometimes, in order
to sleep, he hung himself upside down
by his testicles.He

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit,To pass the time J. dug holes.The best place to do it was usually his office, a chemical toilet in the automobile depot.He had never had any problems.He collected shit and waste substances; for him, keeping them hidden underground and amalgamated into a single mass represented a perfect system of cataloguing.He blasphemed like a madman for three days when separate waste collection was imposed: one of the most obvious symbols of the failure to understand ones own habitat.He would say:I push you inside, I put your legs up your ass, your arms up your ass. Actually, I put your head up your ass too. Everything Jesus gave you, I put it up your ass.J. was afraid that at night his collection of shit would come out of the chemical toilet.The owner was unable to eat oranges unless he had first put each of his ten fingers up his ass.He said that this gave the orange an extra aroma.Not the toes.He couldnt manage those. sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Quis ipsum suspendisse ultrices gravida. Risus commodo viverra maecenas accumsan lacus vel facilisis.

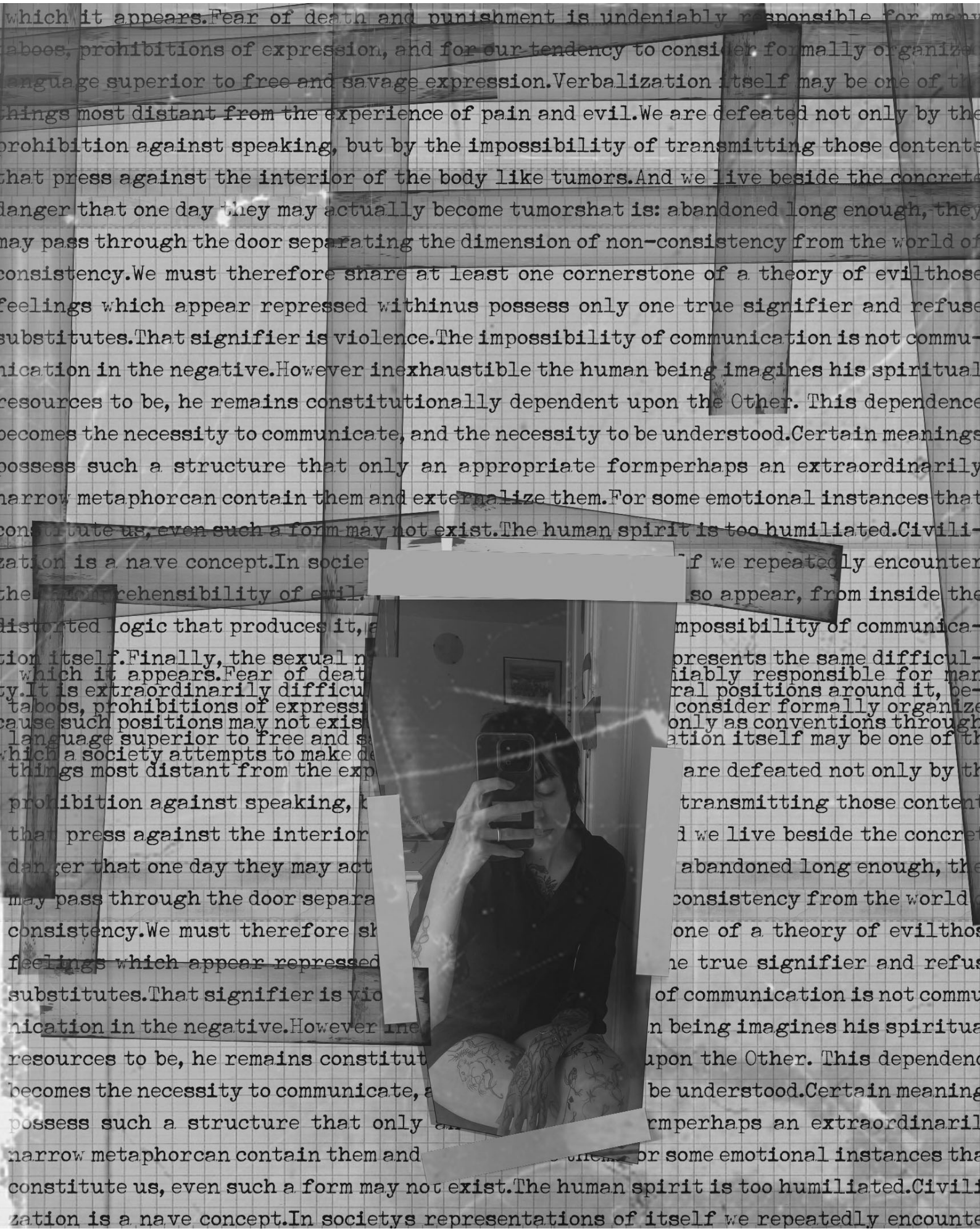






suffering of the victim is conse-
tly reclassified as a symptom of a
ety that is too respectableor rather
neuroticto accept serenely the
st, non-intellectualized impulses
e human animal.From the execution-
point of view, evil represents the
ct portion of values: the healthy
f the collective. The judgment
against evil becomes, by inversion, the
diseased and repressed part.Murder and
violence then appear as purifications
of the desire to possess. The wicked indi-
vidual experiences them not as distor-
tions of the human spirit but as expres-
sions of it.Whether any of this is true or
false is a problem that can only be re-
solved conventionally. We nevertheless
agree, by convention and by necessity,
that evil is an act of deliberate and in-
famous will, and that it must be con-
demned in every form in
which it appears.

Fear of death and punishment is undeniably responsible for many
taboos, prohibitions of expression, and for our tendency to consider
formally organized language superior to free and savage expression.
Verbalization itself may be one of the things most distant from the
experience of pain and evil.



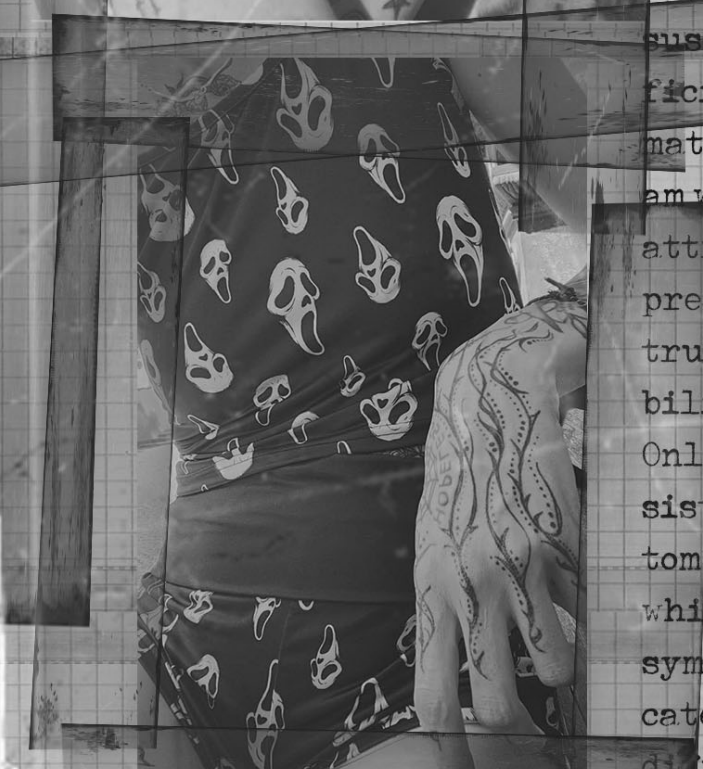


I call my mother.

Immediately I am irritat
that I called her.



Obviously the honest human being is animality.
There should be no compelling reason why this self
should not affirm itself upon those who inhabit its
immediate vicinity. Within this logic, such affir-
mation becomes violence, imagined as the only possi-
ble form of complete sexual satisfaction.
Perhaps there exists a morbid sexuality and, opposed
to it, a normal or healthy human sexuality. But I
suspect this theory would not survive either a suf-
ficiently severe criticism or a sufficiently inti-
mate and sincere examination of the self.Perhaps I
am wrong.I do not believe I am.What remains is that we
attribute to ourselves the capacity to resist the
pressure of the animality that governs us. If this is
true, as it seems to be, then we must accept responsi-
bility for ourselves and for our desire for violence.
Only at this point do moral judgments acquire con-
sistency.---The attempt is to neutralize the symp-
toms by analyzing them at precisely the moment in
which they appear.The active effectsthe principal
symptomsare:A. Hypochondria.B. The compulsion not a
category under which I place a number of otherwise
differentdisturbances.Depressio generally experi-
enced as an absolute and invincible sense of defeat.D.
Rejection and subversion of the condition itself.-
From this point onward I shall call these symptoms
respectively A, B, C, and D, hoping, perhaps incor-
rectly, that the classification is exhaustive.I
shall attempt to identify the contexts in which they
appear. Once a sufficient collection of cases has



Rather than reassuring me, the conver-
sation produces an intense disturbance.
Her words attack my uncertainty in-
stead of resolving it.Perhaps I wanted
her to replace the internal support
that, only moments earlier, I had acci-
dentally removed.Then I reject her.



Public opinion was still sexually repressed.The Pope nevertheless commented:Sub judice.Tongues wallowed like eels.A. was a soft person, although it was observed that sponges too are soft.J. had become irritable, no longer having the possibility of satisfying his drives. The neurotic minds necessity to reduce itself to silence produced, according to the feminine

the local psychoanalytic congress, composed of monkeys, conducted experiments on the savageness of the anal spirits in the anal phase, emphasizing the intellectual incompatibility of non-actualized drives, etc.

They understood that the best of all worlds was the world of the erotic omnium contraomnes.In the evolved society of the future, primitive and reactionary forms of government would be suspended, together with the excessively overused segmental phonetic language, introducing instead the indiscrete phonetic language of screams.The society of the future was furthermore sexually libertarian. Nobody could afford the luxury of falling asleep with their ass in the air or their mouth open, because they would immediately be filled.Nothing further was necessary for humankind to realize its particular nature.The Nazi Party applauded the idea, also proposing a moderate cannibalism which would remedy the idleness of homo sexualis. In the realization of the State, in fact, every form of labor would be abolished in favor of pros hen individualism.The only limitation upon this arrogance would be the recommendation to eat less than could possibly be reproduced.Party scientists declared that this had been scientifically demonstrated.Women could graze in accordance with feminine nature.But it was







is essential to have
n those circums
he decency to say nothing about ones own
rives.e kept thinking about J. continuously
and looked at herself in the mirror while
nasturbating.Every now and then she said:
Why am I such a whore?J. could tell whether a
vagina was dry and/or wet from as far as one
hundred meters away.The weather bulletin re-
ported that one would have to be quite a whore
to stand near J. while thinking about a penis.

Afterwards e went back to A. and tied her up so that with those little hands she ould not project Chinese shadows.J. hated he Chinese.Then, since he had problems ith penetration, he recited several for- ulas taken from the anthology of texts n the appendix to the Necronomicon of the dul Jafar Alhazred etc., specifi- lly T8, T9 and T10.Crying, he screamed and cut them off, but he ate one.Now, how- ever, he saw not one, but three vaginas.He jumped like a great ape and made noises the way a great ape makes noises.IISaid Ankh justified, son of Ta-sherit-Min:If an Egyptian man dies it does not matter; at most he detaches his genitals and, if they have a particular shape, adds them to his collection.If an Egyptian woman dies, he sees what can be done, because he is homo- sexual and the vagina is not an effective lever.He immediately understood that she was a prostitute.And he began to drool heavily; a huge tongue came out of his dogs head, and he began licking A. all over.

n the network.

That is what makes him disturbing. Fatzo does not use mathematics to understand what he is going to do.

He uses it to abolish the idea that he chose to do it.





VIBES TOY
BALLISTIC JUSTICE

Vera, youre like this piece of chalk

that refuses to split.

I saw and saw and saw, but I still cant crack you open.

Youre beautiful.

More beautiful than any woman
I could ever invent.

Beautiful like dawn, the most violent hour of time.

Ive loved you secretly for three years.

No.

Five.Since the first time I saw you. Even though you treated me like shit, with that effortless superiority,that cold, magnificent indifference,like I was something stuckto the bottom of your shoe.Because I was ugly and ignorant,and you were beautiful and smart,too beautiful,too smart,for me to even speak to you.So I stayed quiet.I didnt even say hello.I stared back at youwith the same frozen face.Sometimes I think Id rather turn gaythan let you see me smile.t you should know: love you.



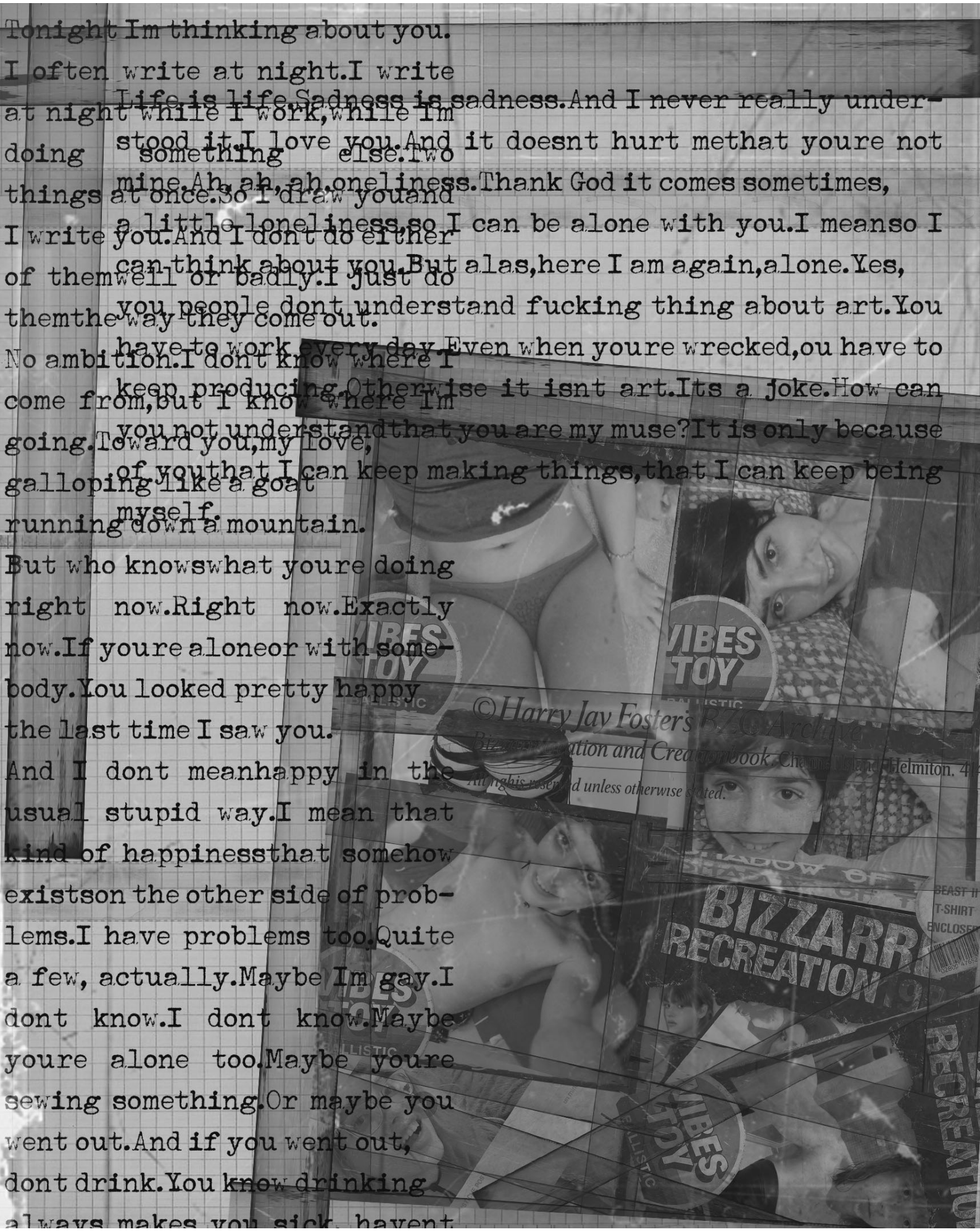
VIBES TOY

BALLISTIC JUSTICE

...etimes,I love
...even say hel-
...m shy.Well, yes,I
a... maybe a little
gay.Not that Im gay,but some-
times I like men.No.Im not gay.
Goddammit,I only want you.Id be
your picadorif you were here.Id
cross youlike a horse crosses
the prairie.Why?Why shouldnt
we be happy?Ha.I know,I know it
could never work.Im poor.Some-
times I dont even own socks.But
you could buy me a pair of sock-
sand then we could love each
other.I would love you forev-
er.And we would have sexthree
times a weekon the couchin our
tiny,uglyapartment.We wouldnt
have anything.But oh,I would
love youwith so much love.Un-
fortunately,yes,my love,I want
to make a livinga s a poet.So we
probably wont have muchin this
life.But take me as I am:a po-
et.And a poet is a poetecause he
writes poems,not because he


VIBES
TOY
BALLISTIC
JUSTICE
ZZARRE
REATION 1987
NZARRE
NATION 1987
02800 47652

Tonight Im thinking about you.
I often write at night.I write
at night while I work,while Im
doing something else.Two
things at once.So I draw youand
I write you.And I dont do either
of themwell or badly.I just do
themthe way they come out.
No ambition.I dont know where I
come from,but I know where Im
going.Toward you,my love,
galloping like a goat
running down a mountain.
But who knowswhat youre doing
right now.Right now.Exactly
now.If youre aloneor with some-
body.You looked pretty happy
the last time I saw you.
And I dont meanhappy in the
usual stupid way.I mean that
kind of happinessthat somehow
existson the other side of prob-
lems.I have problems too.Quite
a few, actually.Maybe Im gay.I
dont know.I dont know.Maybe
youre alone too.Maybe youre
sewing something.Or maybe you
went out.And if you went out,
dont drink.You know drinking
always makes you sick, havent
Life is life.Sadness is sadness.And I never really under-
stood it.I love you.And it doesnt hurt methat youre not
mine.Ah, ah, ah,oneliness.Thank God it comes sometimes,
a little loneliness,so I can be alone with you.I meanso I
can think about you.But alas,here I am again,alone.Yes,
you people dont understand fucking thing about art.You
have to work every day.Even when youre wrecked,ou have to
keep producing.Otherwise it isnt art.Its a joke.How can
you not understandthat you are my muse?It is only because
of youthat I can keep making things,that I can keep being
myself.





Why do I write,you ask, Vera?
For you.I write for you.
Only for you.Like blackbirds
singonly for their blackbird
girls.Because this lifeis a
piece of chalkthat refuses to
be sawed through.And no,its
not truethat theyve backed me
into a corner.If you hear
somebody sayve been backed
into a corner,dont believe
them.I keep going.I
grind.I chew everything up.
Just dont be ungrateful.Love
me.I am everything ugly.I
cant really be anything else.
It doesnt matterif Im a little

Its obvious.Obvious as dalight.
I love you, Vera.And dont make fun of me.
I havent felt something like thissince
my second year of high school.Since Gia-
da.Giada.Giada...God,what you did to me.
I must be an idiot.Why would I wantanoth-
er Giada?Youre so beautiful.So intelli-
gent.So neat.So clean.So composed.So suc-
cessful.So completely put together.And
what the hellam I supposed to do with
you?What am I supposed to do?Im afraid
youve already found someone.I pray to
Godoure a lesbian.I couldnt standseeing
you with another man.Maybe one dayyou
and I will be together.I hope for your sa-
kethat we wont.But you never know.Im
phosphorescent.Maybe thats whyyou dont
talk to me anymore.Instead of winning
you over,I lost you.But this is me.Here I
am,ith my colors,with my dirtBut think
carefully, Vera,before you go away
with somebody else.Or before you become a
lesbian.Think carefully.Where are you
ever going to findnother poet like me?
I love you, Vera.
You were already a girlin the nineties.I was



eyou possibly look for if not mine?Who could teach you loveif not me?Abandoned among thingsthat are no longer true,things that are no longer earth, things that speak to you, Lorem Ipsum among peoplewho never dirty their handswith their artor with their desireto stay alive.You will eat food that is no longer good to eat.You will breathe airthat is no loger good to breathe.You will drink watertoo cloudy to satisfy your thirst.And you will waitfor somethingthat is no longer worth waiting for.Without me.

njo ksaiSadness rising out of me, what kind of life will you where,and also out of everything having?And without youI will not be myexists. looked for you,despself,I will be half a man.Half an esing your namein the tolling sence,half a horse.My love,great love bells,at train stops,in the mist of of my bloodnd spirit of the street,in thin air,in lines,in my spirit,I will know youbefore the alpost office,in the tram I missed,beneath the bridal veiltht separates my handsfrom your delicate skin. station already closed. Twenty years, Vera.Twenty years of dreams.For twenty years I have sought my hands away at this dissenable work,falling like a drop of blood constant.Falling once here,somewhere else,never striking the same place twice.I am waterscattering in sudden showers.I am waterrushing

Thearth of all of silence will falthat divides us now.And in a single lookthe distance will collapsebetween the heat of these burning stars,so closeand yet so far away.I hav already seen the dawn in my dreams.That will be the moment when everything becomes luminous,and the sun will be white lightpread-

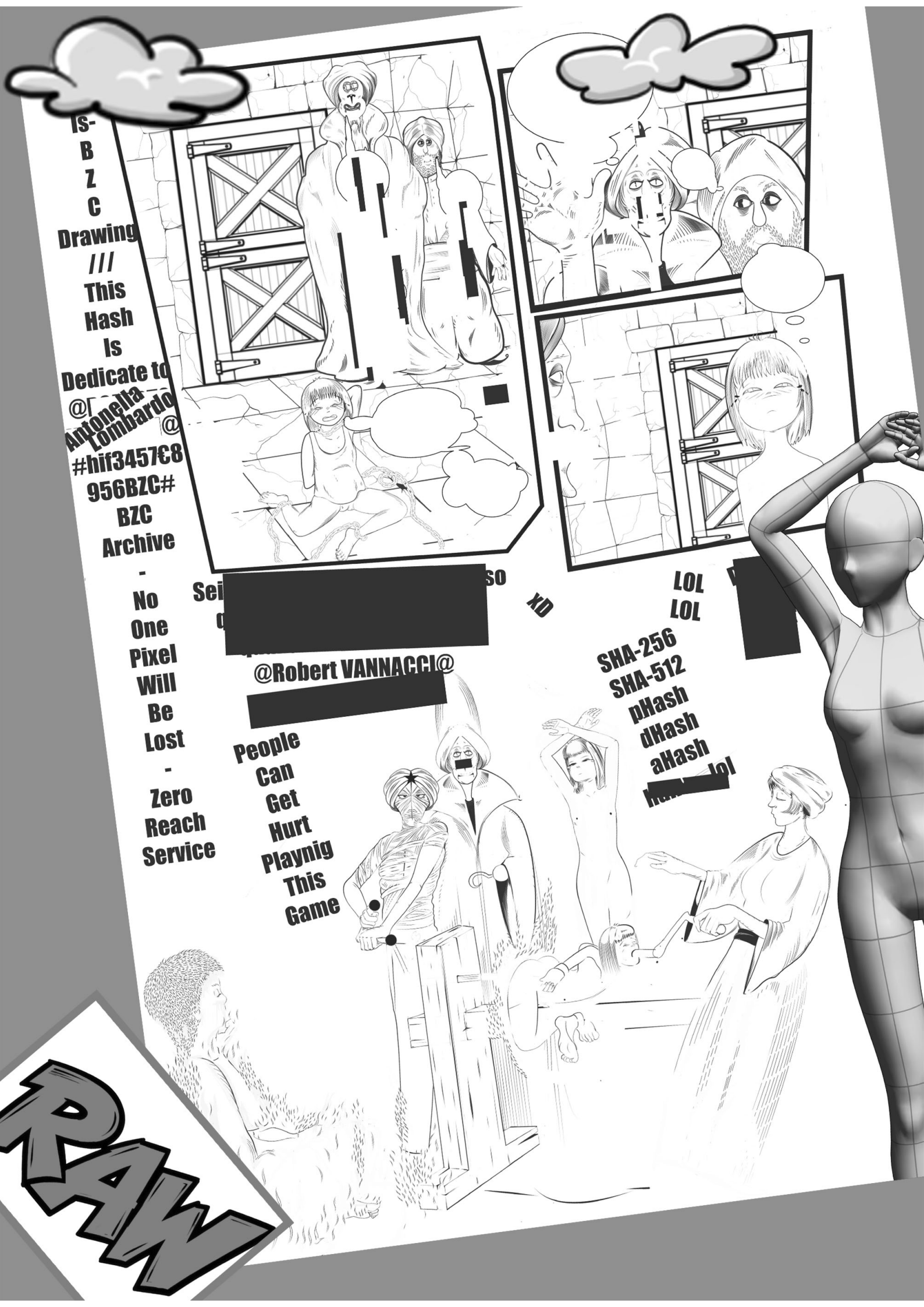




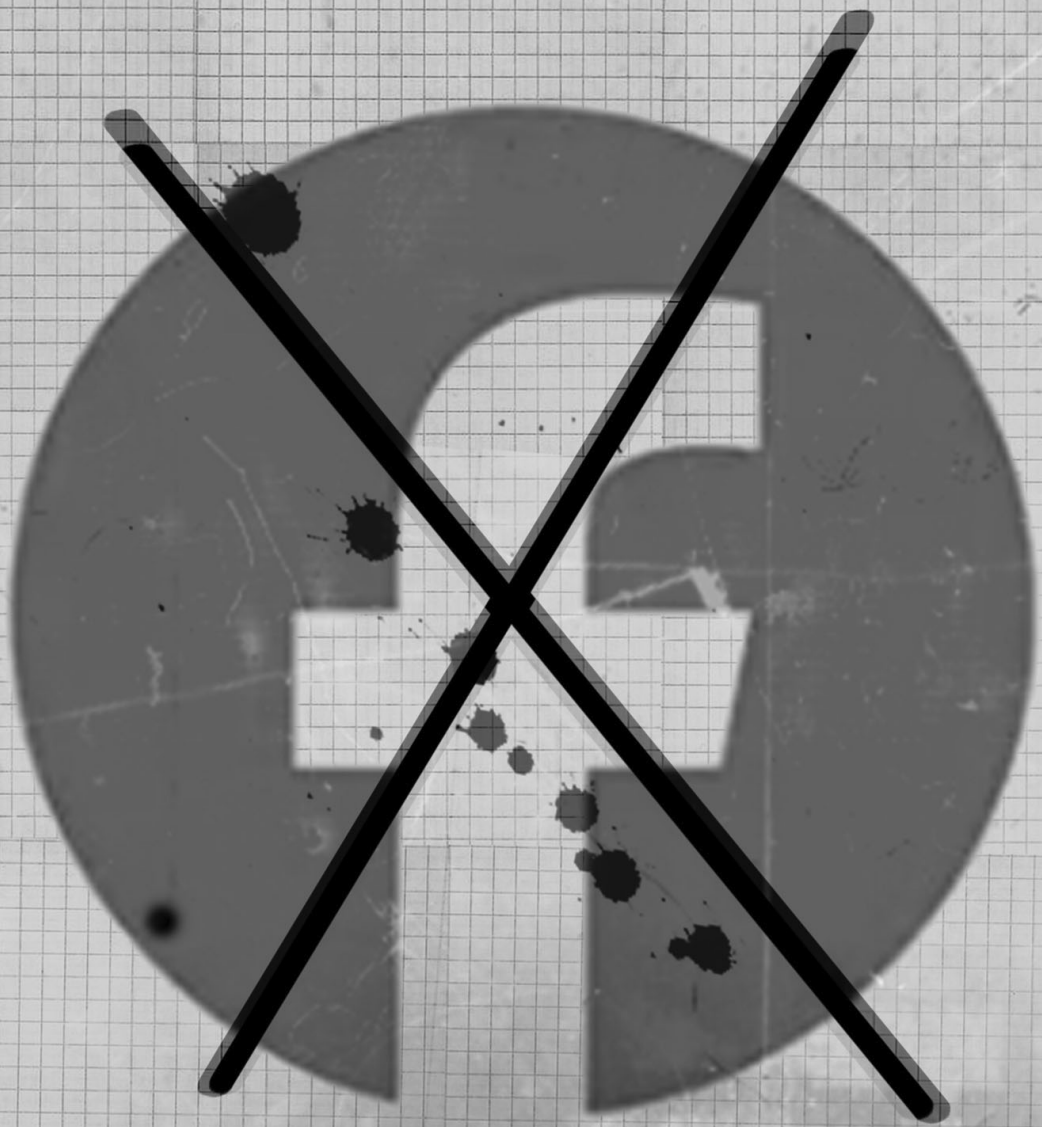
We are certain of the incommunicability of evil precisely because evil does not resemble a material object. Censorship, however, constantly mistakes material objects for their emotional contents. One may

Contemporary society obviously refuses to consider murder an intellectual activity. Only the madman does so. Only the offender who transforms the victim into the object of a private ritual can imagine the act as ritual-artistic production. To perform such an act, I suspect, one must first construct an aesthetic idea of oneself.Conceptually, evil admits an enormous number of interpretations.I think the wicked man is proud of his evil because he experiences it as intellectual labor. Every nihilism of the wicked therefore presents itself to him as an irradi-

l objects for their emotional contents. One may consequently say many things whose emotional meaning remains fundamentally unintelligible. The same attitude may be adopted toward works of art.Murder and violence can

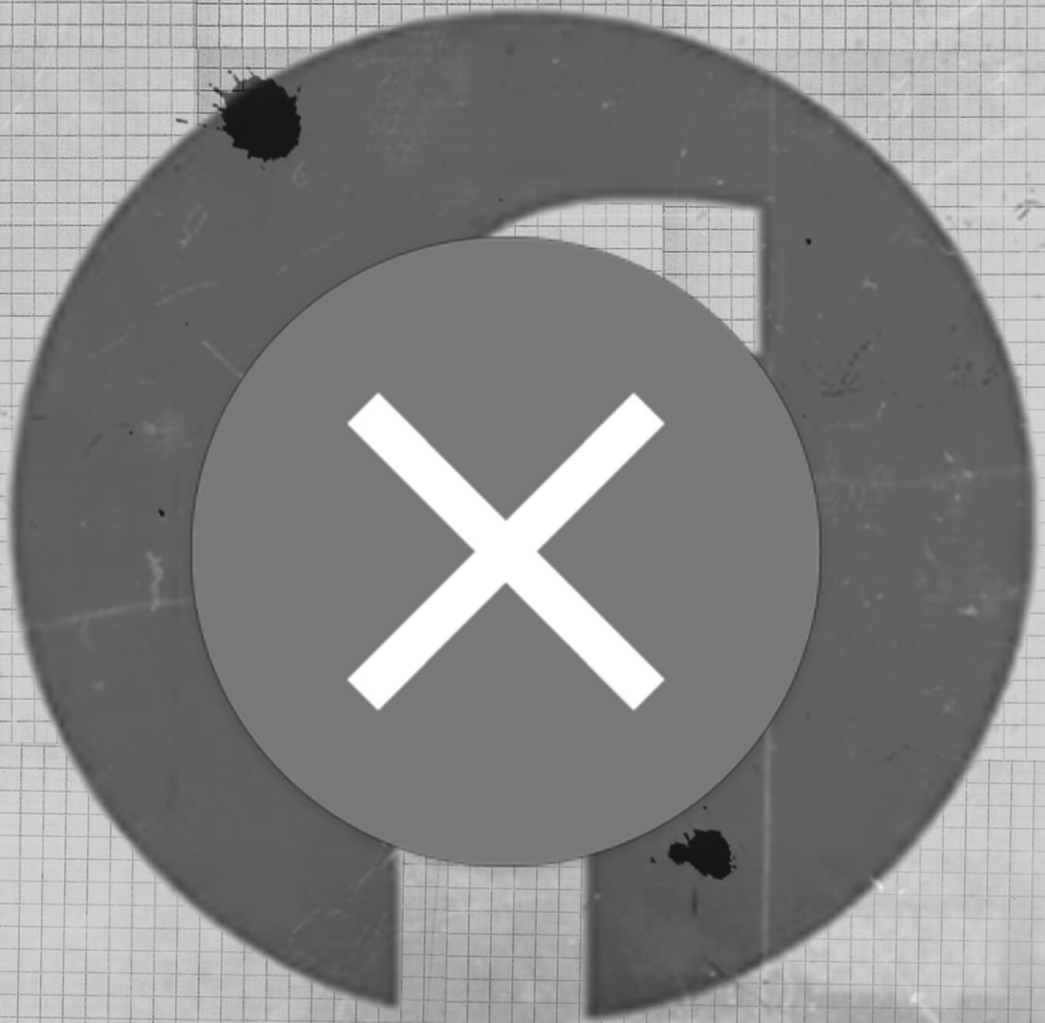

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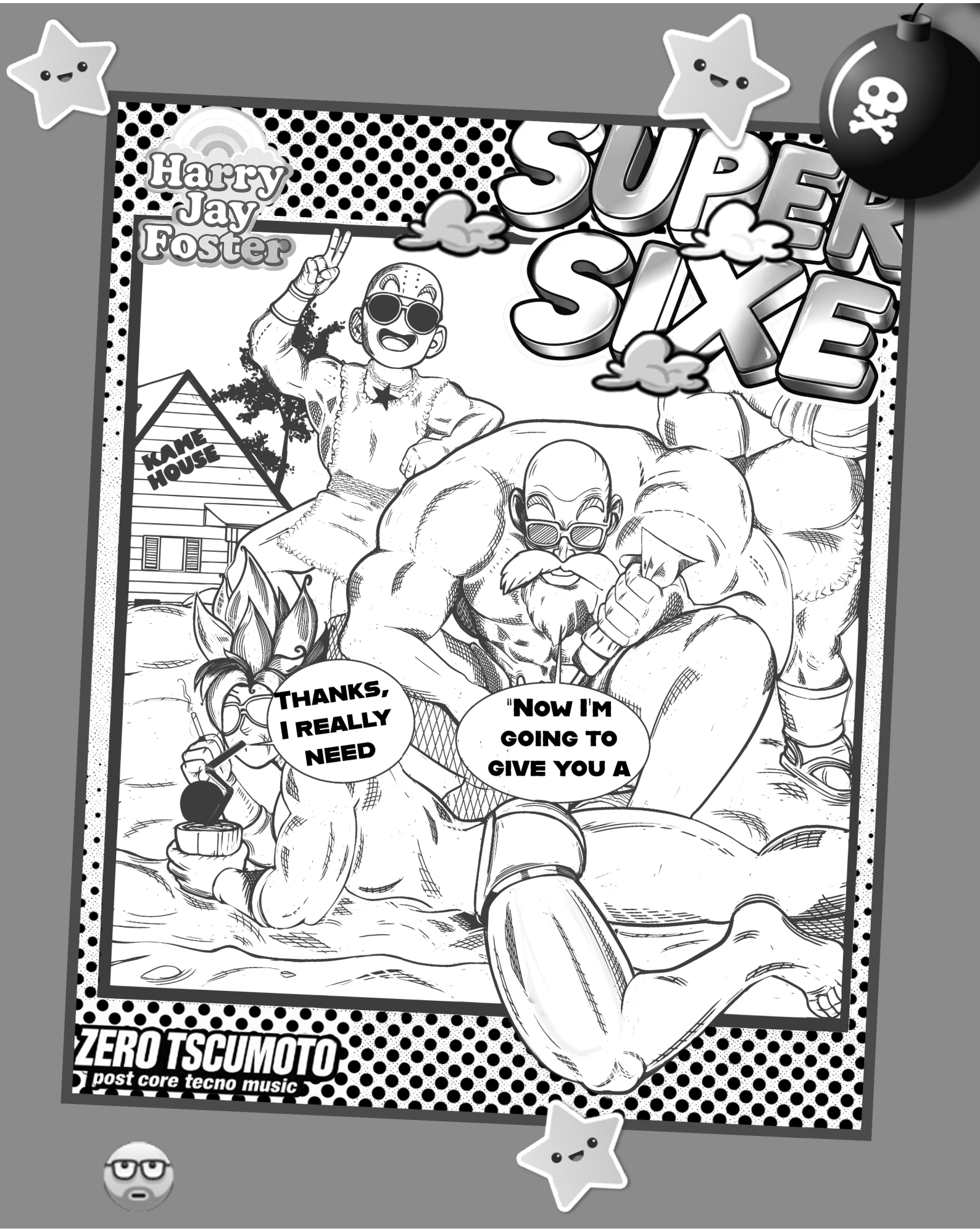


Lorem ipsum

destroy facebook



Lorem ipsum


Harry Jay Foster
SUPER SIXE
KAME HOUSE
THANKS, I REALLY NEED
"NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A
ZERO TSCUMOTO
post core tecno music



PORNOPOLIS_

USER LOG_ HARRY JAY FOSTER@VACATIONS





someone up. It is likely that a cock-teaser follows them (though we cannot be certain of this.)

The good news is that humanity needs nothing more to realize its particular nature.

All that is needed is to incorporate a moderate alternative support system for national resources; that is, to remedy the idleness of homo sexualis through suitable methods, ensuring that these methods do not debase its nature but help elevate him toward fulfillment. In the realization of the state, every form of labor must be abolished in favor of individualism for being.

In other words, people will be able to live by sucking one another's penises.

Although everything was left at the draft stage, the party's scientists declared that the whole thing had been scientifically proven.

In accordance with female nature, women could live exclusively by sucking Yet on the road to the elevation of the spirit, this goal appeared (and in fact remains)

THE NAZI

PARTY

MANIFESTO

The local psychoanalytic conference, composed of monkeys, conducted experiments on the savagery of anal-stage anal spirits by defecating and hurling their own excrement. The aim was to emphasize the intellectual incompatibility of unrealized drives, etc.

The demonstration was successful.

Only later did it become clear that the best of all possible worlds was the world of sexual omnium contra omnes (True science has predictive value.)

In the advanced society of the future, primitive and retrograde forms of government would be suspended, along with segmental phonetic language, in favor of the indiscreet phonetic language of screams. Clearly, this futuristic society is sexually libertarian.

No one can afford the luxury of falling asleep ass-up or with their mouth open; watchmen with hard-ons patrol the streets of the cities of the future, ready to fill someone



cannibalpedia



Down with the system

Down with the system


two le is better
VIBES TOY
BALLISTIC JUSTICE
This guy is alrigh
I think the Scrabs should have only two legs. The helmet isnt necessary.

THE PRINT SHOP IS CLOSED FOR THE HOLIDAYS. I'VE STARTED SMOKING AGAIN TO DEAL WITH THE PANIC.

MY EAR KEEPS RINGING < P U F F E R- FISH-STAR BITE.

NO PANIC.

THE PUFFER- FISH-STAR IS

IK WE MUST PROCEED WITH DEVELOPING A SALES M E T H O D ... BECAUSE THE OBJECTIVE IS SALES.

THE FIRST HYPOTH- ESIS, WHICH IS ALSO THE ONLY HYPOTHESIS, IS TO SELL THEM.

ME SCU

OTHERS DO NOT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

TOMORROW I WILL TRY TO SPEAK CALMLY WITH THE REBELLIOUS SCULPTURES.

OBVIOUSLY, IF THEY HAVE ESCAPED, WE WILL NOT SELL THEM.
AS FOR THE PRINTS, I DON'T THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE IF THEY'RE HANGING ON A WALL.
(WE ALSO NEED TO DETERMINE WHETHER THIS CAN BE BOUGHT, BECAUSE APPARENTLY I'M SUPPOSED TO SELL IT BEFORE BUYING IT (?))

SOME SCULPTURES AGREE TO BEING SOLD.

OBVI- OUSLY, I F THEY HAVE ESCAPE D, WE

OBVI- OUSLY, IF THEY HAVE ESCAPED, WILL NOT SELL

OBVIOUSLY, IF THEY HAVE ESCAPED, WE W
SELL THEM.
AS FOR THE PRINTS, I DON'T THINK T

System G

We need to vacuum the entire basement with the Turbo Vacuum G.

Well start by vacuuming up the sculptures, drawings, and other monsters living in my closet. To keep costs down, Ill use only one frame. The frame will be yellow. The sculptures will be glued to wall so they wont be able to escape and hurt me while I sleep. We need to produce a lot of talking pupets, because those practically sell themselves. But production costs money, so I need money We need to produce talking puppets as in Pupets s Master.

The sales plan will be based onselling as much as possible. With captions, etc.

The presentation will be detailed and full of subliminal content. It has to be completely subliminal. Subliminal marketability standards must be maintained. As for the ~~sculptures~~, we will sell them only if they do not escape.

Obviously, if they have escaped, we will not sell them. As for the prints, I dont think they can escape if theyre hanging on a wall. The first check has to be carried out tomorrow we need to see whether they are still where we hung them. NB: they are still where we put them. They can therefore be sold. Secondarily, we must proceed with developing a sales method because the objective is sales. The first hypothesis, which is also the only hypothesis, is to sell them. However, we need to find out whether the ~~pupets~~ agree to being sold.

(We also need to determine whether this can be bought, because apparently Im

MY IDEA IS TO PUT CHEAP MILK ON THE MARKET.
MY IDEA IS TO PUT CHEAP MILK ON THE MARKET.



RAMAYANA MAHABHARATA HAHAHA! THE BEST SOLUTION IS: — YES, SIR.

I AM REFERRING TO THE **NON-CHINESE AUTOMATIC LASER-VACUUM CART SYSTEM*.

WITHOUT TOO MUCH FEAR OF SUDDENLY BECOMING A HAMBURGER

I'D LIKE TO SELL CAMEL MILK. I HAVE AN FDA MILKING CART FOR TWO GOATS/SHEEP, **NON-CHINESE**, CONSISTING OF: 01 — FRAME, AUTOMATIC WASHING SYSTEM.

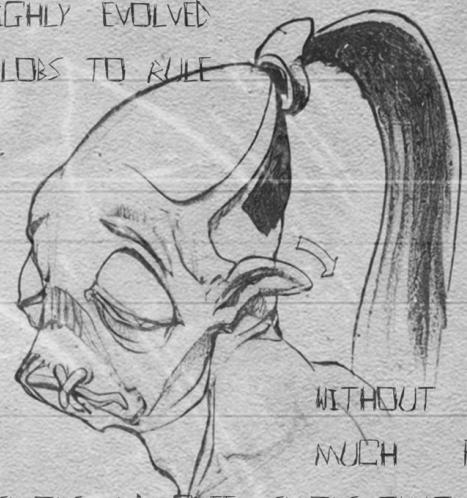
DO YOU KNOW WHETHER IT WORKS WITH CAMELS?

--LETTER FROM THE LASER-VACUUM SYSTEM TO G.*

SBLOBS ARE EYE-SHAPED LIFE FORMS. THERE ARE GREEN SBLOBS, AND GREEN SBLOBS THAT ARE SLIGHTLY YELLOW. ALMOST ALL SBLOBS ARE SLUG-LIKE LIFE FORMS, WITH PROTRUSIONS UPON WHICH — OR PERHAPS WITHIN WHICH — THE EYE AS PROPULSION SYSTEMS OR MANIPULATION DEVICES. SCIENTISTS STILL DISAGREE ON THIS POINT.

RAMAYANA MAHABHARATA HAHAHA! THE BEST SOLUTION IS: — YES, SIR.

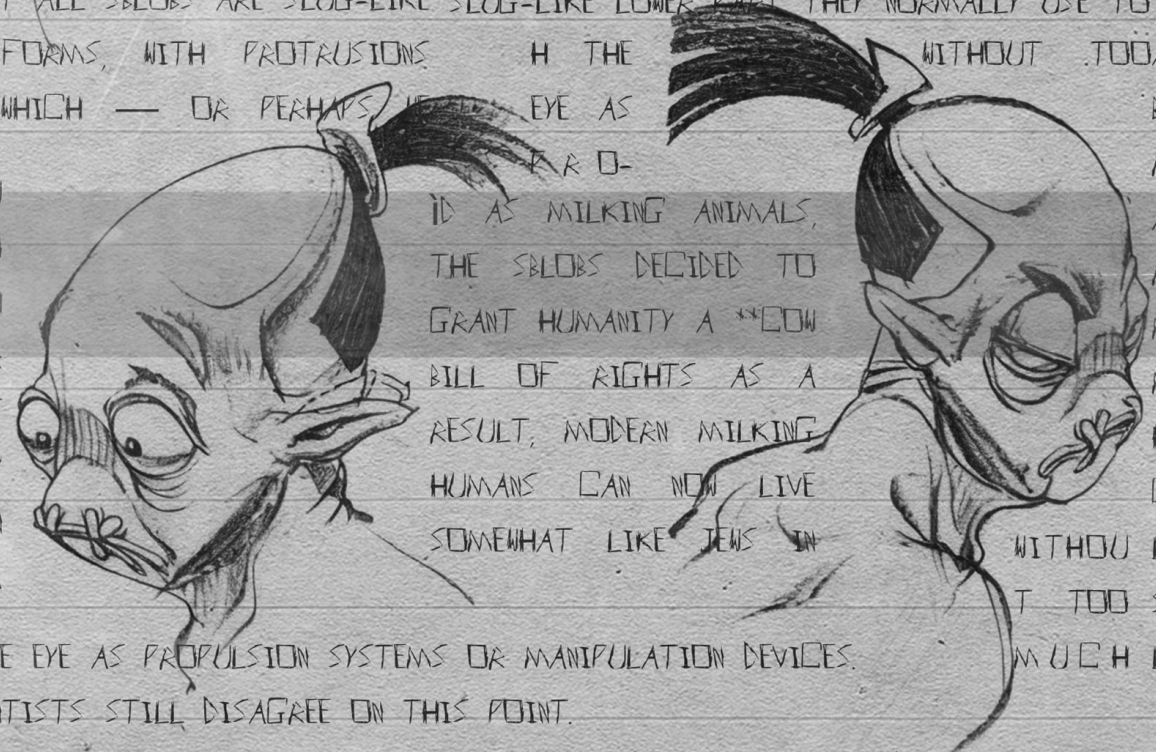
LEFT BEHIND A DELEGATION OF HIGHLY EVOLVED SBLOBS TO RULE WITHOUT TOO MUCH FEAR OF SUDDENLY BECOMING A HAMBURGER





PROTRUSIONS UPON WHICH — OR PERHAPS WE SHOULD SAY FROM WHICH — TWO ENORMOUS EYES ARE POSITIONED. HUGE, HUGE EYES. THEY LOOK COMPLETELY AND UNMISTAKABLY OUT OF PROPORTION WITH THE REST OF THE BODY. SOME SBLOBS, INSTEAD OF HAVING THE SLUG-LIKE LOWER PART THEY NORMALLY USE TO CRAWL,

WITHOUT TOO MUCH FEAR OF SUDDENLY BECOMING A HAMBURGER



WITHOUT TOO MUCH FEAR OF SUDDENLY BECOMING A HAMBURGER

WITHOUT TOO MUCH FEAR OF SUDDENLY BECOMING A HAMBURGER

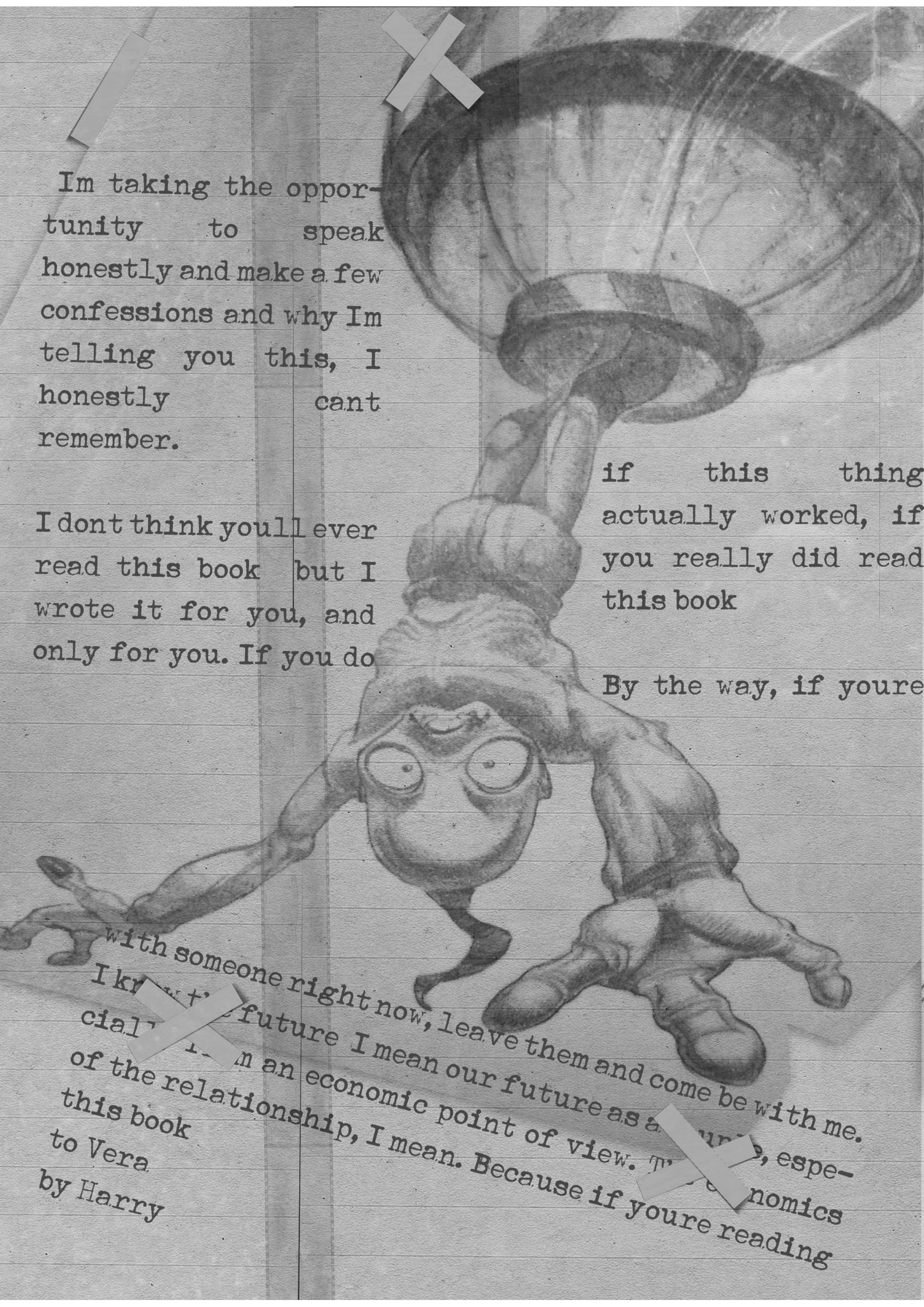
WE ARE ALSO CONVENTIONALLY AGREED THAT BEANS ARE BEANS—

OVER AND OUT.

WITHOUT TOO MUCH FEAR OF SUDDENLY BECOMING A HAMBURGER

IN THE YEAR 2100, FOLLOWING A STRIKE BY HUMAN BEINGS EMPLOYED AS MILKING ANIMALS, THE SBLOBS DECIDED TO GRANT HUMANITY A **COW BILL OF RIGHTS AS A RESULT, MODERN MILKING HUMANS CAN NOW LIVE SOMEWHAT LIKE JEWS IN NAZI GERMANY, WITHOUT TOO MUCH FEAR OF


Ballistic Justice
ti ammazzo immigrata lesbica
GENERALE PISCOPATIA



Im taking the opportunity to speak honestly and make a few confessions and why Im telling you this, I honestly cant remember.

I dont think youll ever read this book but I wrote it for you, and only for you. If you do

if this thing actually worked, if you really did read this book

By the way, if youre

with someone right now, leave them and come be with me.

I kn[illegible] future I mean our future as a[illegible], espe-

cial[illegible] an economic point of view. [illegible]nomics

of the relationship, I mean. Because if youre reading

this book

to Vera

by Harry



Dr. L.s Study

Somehow, yesterdays progress regarding being inside the laser-self.

remember to Express something

1. start writing something

2. enigmatic list codename Letviscky attack, variation.

Dr. L.

1. Hypochondria is connected to a laser-related feeling;

2. It is also connected to laser-related anger;

Point 1 seems more likely. The fast emotions may also have been laser emotions.

1. Fear of showing Mrs. J the drying rack;

2. Shame about showing drying racks to others, at minus [illegible] or Black;

the whole thing would be a little k



3. Desire to be censored;
4. Satisfaction at having expressed oneself and the corresponding response from the United States of America; destabilization of feelings of joy, threat, sensation of imminent death blender. Arianna, in turn, connects to the sensation associated with the squids.

There is enough material to trace a connection between the fear of firing laser beams and the fear of suddenly dying.

5. The turboprop has turned yellow. The fear is no longer inside the shrimp but outside them; judging from the hair, it seems to have moved to [redacted] toward toward the p[redacted]is (?). It is now focused on the right leg. There is



enough material to consider the right leg to be my penis.

6. There is also the intellectualization of agreen feeling.

7. There are points that, in an analogous way, may represent U.S. dollars, but attention remains focused on hyperspace

k. The hyperspatial dollars, as usual, are unable to understand the nature of the concern not even Dr. L.s opinion can do that. No opinion other than the opinion of the President of the Galaxy could possibly succeed.

~~My mother is Dr. L.~~

piczo.com



THERE IS CONFIRMATION THAT THE DISCOMFORT IS CAUSED BY A LASER FORCE THAT MUST BE EXPRESSED AND IS SIMULTANEOUSLY



(ALL OF THIS COMES FROM MY IDEA OF REPRESENTING MY GRANDMOTHER'S BODY AS HEAD-GENITALS, ARMS, LEGS-GENITALS, AND FACE, WHERE ARMS-HEAD-GENITALS ARE THOSE OF MR M.)

The chair was probably the bathroom or, more plausibly, the bathroom was a chair in terms of height, practicality etc., all of this is possible it is proven by the codfish.

2.

The female part is highlighted in pink; the white part is the area occupied by Mr. M. R. has become a man. no panic

3.

The bathroom represents the head and the penis; the two wings represent the legs, which merge into the arms and constitute the deformity of the yellow section. The white part is Mr. M incorporeal, in any case. Tonights dream indicates that there is a strong risk of detachingfrom the white part

Risk of dying from detachment from the white part: I am your sense of evil, Harry, feelings of evil for free, revenge and violence against women, combined with I3 (erratum: earlier I wrote IC, but I meant I3).

Now the hypochondria-delirium is present only as the desire to get Mr. M. out of the cockmobilehome. (All of this comes from my idea of representing my grandmothers body as head-genitals, arms, legs-genitals, and face, where arms-head-genitals are those of Mr. M.)

3 or IC and the Rejection of Laser Artillery

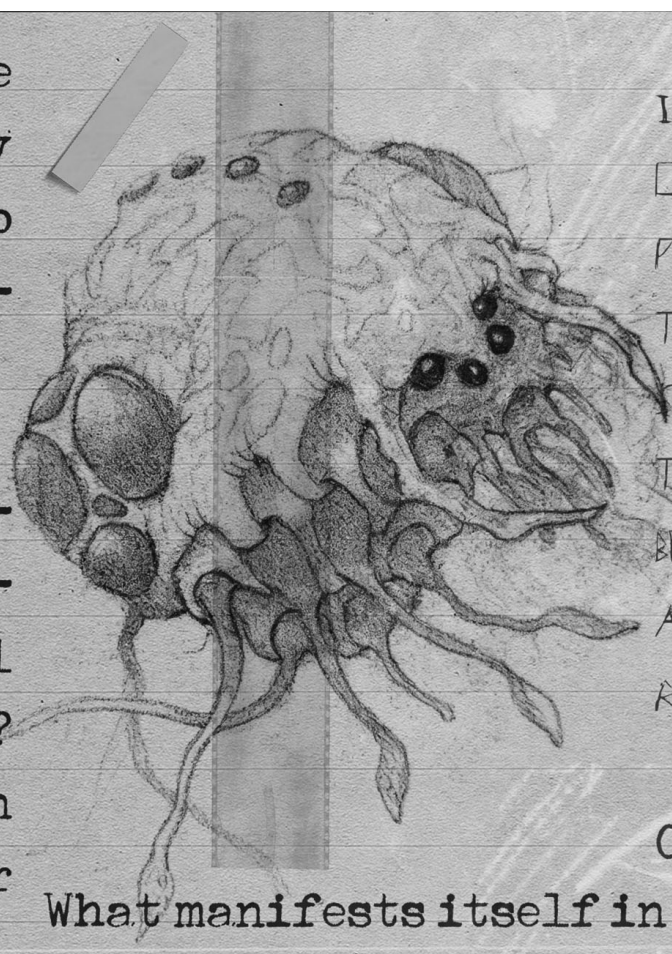
We are standing at the threshold of dangerousness, the Pillars of Hercules of laser expression. all the work we have done is intended for -laser and for laser denunciation at the very least on a hyperspatial level.
We can see, in fact, that declaring this intention produces a strong sense of distress and that distress is the core of the matter1.
LASER VACUUM SYSTEM was deemed a crime against humanity by the United Nations.
3. The need to design the Laser Vacuum System in greater detail is truly a Yellow idea which means it translates the censorship mechanism.
(I no longer remember what I meant by point 3.)



Why the hell did you build a magazine holding sixty-trilions rounds?
In this way, we facilitate its comprehension by the system and its delivery.
Its psycho-schizo-neuro-yellow-psychotic split from formal practical aspects is truly strange.
The strategy is confirmed: attack without mercy IC in peripheral until it is defeated, making its impotence visible to the Vacuum System, temporarily freeing Vacuum System G

I have to consider the possibility that I may simply be unable to want to become an astronaut right now.

Could hypochondria-delusion-actually be a refusal to become an astronaut? My current condition seems rationally clear to me.
And yet, as I have explained to the television many times, the rational plan is to fire a laser beam at criticism emotional level: I am not immediately on board with that. Emotionally, I tend to avoid a situation that feels extremely ... one that can, for all practical purposes, be confused with the purple-being of death.
No, no, Im joking Im not insane yet.

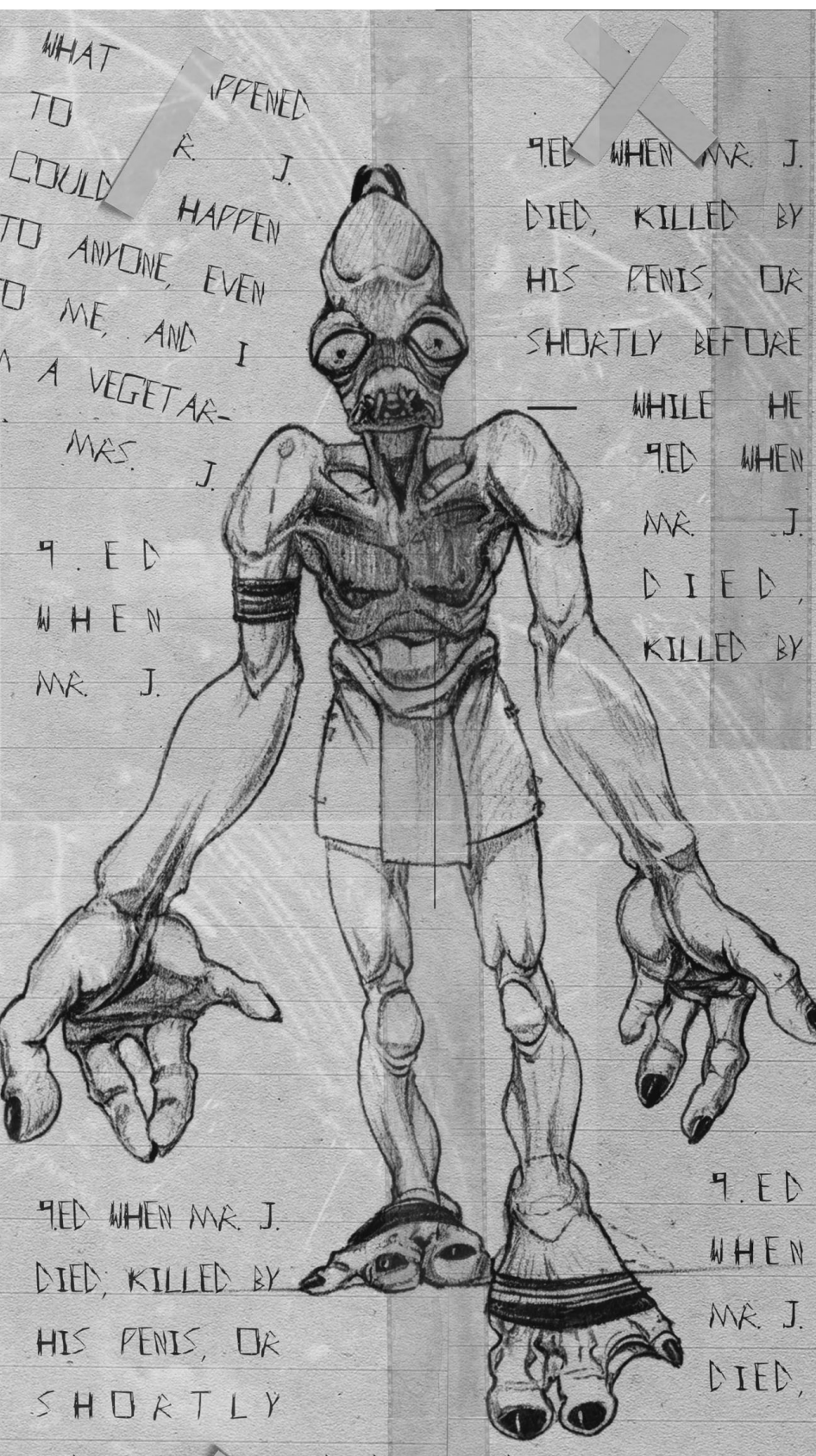


I HAVE TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY THAT I MAY SIMPLY BE UNABLE TO WANT TO BECOME AN ASTRONAUT RIGHT NOW.

Could hypo-
What manifests itself in hypochondria-delusion is not so much the fear of the purple-being of death, but the fear of change. Somehow, one should say that what is feared inside me is fear itself.

The situation probably also sums up my difficult relationship with Mrs. J. The division of myself from my own self may account for part of the anxiety, dont you think, Dr. L.?

Dr. L.: What do you say we move on to something completely different, like becoming a sushi chef and finding a job as an astronaut?



WHAT PPENED TO R. J. COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE, EVEN O ME, AND I A VEGETAR- MRS. J.

9.ED WHEN MR. J. DIED, KILLED BY HIS PENIS, OR SHORTLY BEFORE — WHILE HE 9.ED WHEN MR. J. DIED, KILLED BY

9.ED WHEN MR. J.

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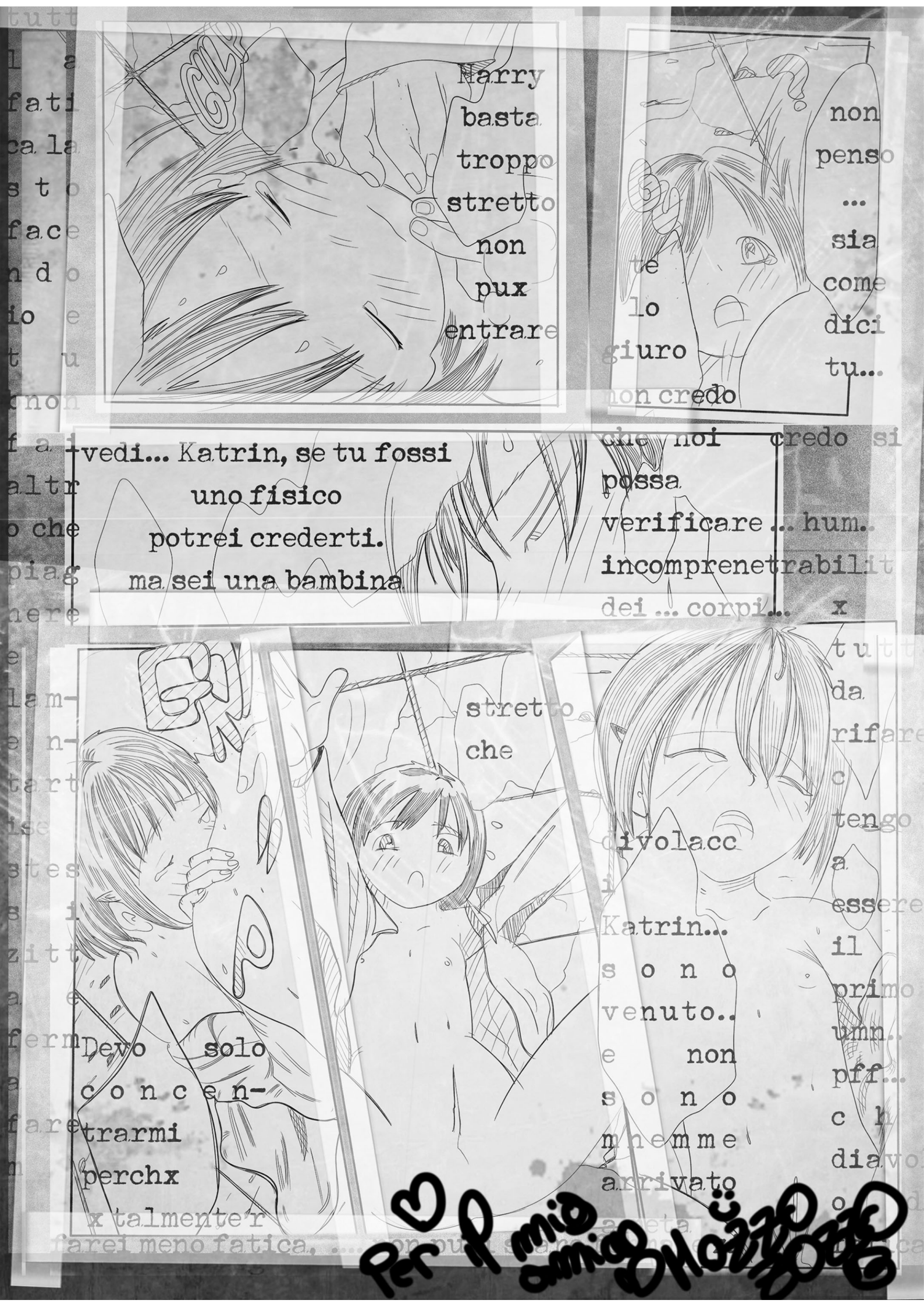
9.ED WHEN MR. J. DIED, KILLED BY HIS PENIS, OR SHORTLY BEFORE — WHILE HE WAS DYING — I WONDERED WHETHER MR. M. WOULD KILL ME TOO. MR. L WAS NOT CONTAGIOUS, BUT HE KILLED J.: AS FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT PENIS LEVEL, WE WILL NOT EVEN DISCUSS IT. ONCE I SAW MR. GREY WALKING AWAY.

Maybe the connection with point K is not clear point K, according to my rational analysis, is a laser ray. It is useful to breathe underwater if you live underwater. NB: point K is periodically struck by the laser ray of thought; my thought is laser. Point K obviously represents Mr. L.

On a rational level, however, we know that point K is not Mr. L:
Mr. L is actually my ~~grandmother~~
point K cannot be my mother because she does not love me
Attack point K with the laser failed attempt: point K has anti-laser shields.

10.

L'S FIRST FEAR OCCURRED


Harry basta troppo stretto non pux entrare
non penso ... sia come dici tu...
te lo giuro
non credo
vedi... Katrin, se tu fossi uno fisico potrei crederti. ma sei una bambina
che noi possa verificare ... incomprenetrabilit x dei ... corpi...
credo si
Devo solo concen- trarmi perchx x talmente r farei meno fatica, ...
stretto che
divolacc i Katrin... s o n o venuto.. e non s o n o mhemme arrivato
tutt da rifare c tengo a essere il primo umn.. pff... c h diavo
Per il mio amico Horizzonte


NOW YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ROASTED ON A SPIT... DAD

FISTING HARRY, NOT EVEN THE CRUELEST MAN DESERVES SUCH A PUNISHMENT
SHUT UP, ASSHOLE LARVA YOU'RE DISTRACTING MEIT WILL NEED A LOT OF LUBRICANT, FOR THE 3 GAUGE ... HUG... HUG I CAN'T ... HUG...