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POEMS

Collection
Compilation
Set
Anthology
Album
Collected work
Omnibus
Edition
Knowledge
Assembly
Gathering
Congregation
Flock
People attending worship
Congregation
Reverence
Devotion
Veneration
Attachment
Affection
Commitment
Responsibility
Duty
Job
Undertaking
Venture
Operation
Business
Company
Establishment
Institution
Institution
Enterprise
Foundation
Foundation
Society
Association
Culture
Customs
Habits
Routine
Practice
Persistent
Enduring
Permanent **Convention**

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HEADLINES

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VIDEO SCRIPTS

Aunt Betty
Cares deeply
Ruth Maria
Harold Irvin
Jerks kibbles
Long may Nancy
Override
Ruthless
Returns soon
To University Values
When Kaveera Young
Zaps

p. 7-19

Philosophy is not static. It is anything but static. Ergo, philosophers should be on the move constantly. On the move, on the prowl. Philosophers should always be on the prowl. Philosophers should negotiate. Sure, thinking itself is a bodily act and the Rodin model or peripatetic model of philosophy is right on the money. But philosophers have to walk the walk as well as talk that talk. Philosophy is by definition mobile and philosophers are highly mobile creatures. If they're serious about their business, they're serious, no matter what might be the formidable obstacles. One might designate or label the philosophical mind as being chronically restless.

p. 23-29

September 19

I can't stay here
I have to go
I don't know where
Damned if I do
Damned if I don't
I have to work
I have to sleep
I need more sleep
I still feel drunk
I haven't slept late
And brush my teeth
Those are his pills
They're not my pills
If I look them
I know what I do
I know he'd do that
I'll go to work
That's a safe place
Compared to this place
I don't know where
So, I look work
Then I don't come home
I don't come home
This is their home
This is his home
I see the people
Who are either sick
Or pretending
But they are the people
I know and talk with
Then I come home
And I hope he is sleeping
I can't stay here
Then there could be trouble
I don't want trouble
I don't want to be trouble
I can't stay here
I have to go
I don't know where

p. 43-47

Suddenly, in the middle of my Grade 11 Latin class, the teacher deviated from the day's lesson and offered the following cultural observation: "I don't know what it is about it, eating is a highly absurd ritual. What I mean to say is that there is something utterly ridiculous about watching people shoving truly ugly blobs of Lord Knows What into this hole in their faces, and then chewing on it."

It was Friday the 13th and, as I finished my Latin class, I was convinced of the worst. Already I told myself that nothing horrible was going to happen and that Friday the 13th was just another regular day. However, when I emerged from my shower I looked at the rug and my cat was lying on it, twitching in a way that already his rejected breakfast off of the carpet. I was horrified. That wretched food is what made you puke in the first place, you stupid cat. But then I realized the cat was smart, there had to be a reason for this, and I realized that this routine would save me from having to clean up the mess.

p. 79-87

FICTOCRITICISM

Eyes. Everybody has a pair. Green eyes, blue eyes, hazel eyes, the occasional black or red eye. Most eyes see one thing at a time, and most eyes see what their owner's advertising can do to somebody. That's also what today's slash movies (post-Halloween, post-Texas Chainsaw Massacre) can do to somebody. Eyes see what their owner's advertising can do to somebody. That's also what today's slash movies (post-Halloween, post-Texas Chainsaw Massacre) can do to somebody. Eyes see what their owner's advertising can do to all the poetry has been taken out of death. Death becomes trivialized, as on TV, where most programmes have the look of lengthy commercials.

Some eyes demand better. Some eyes are romantic. But there are different types of romantic eyes. These types are:

(a) The kind which are shifty because they are searching for something to focus on.

(b) The kind which are shifty because they are searching for something or someone on whom they are already focused.

(c) The kind which are still because they have stopped searching. These eyes are completely focused and fixated.

Mrs eyes were of the third type. This was the right place, no mistake about that. But he felt no need to verify the peripheral details. She'd stopped coming here four years ago and wouldn't be coming here tonight. Nor was she haunting someone else in a different location. But, he needed to visit the old haunts because they were the only place left to prove that the past existed as he really believed it did. This graveyard of Mrs was in reality a public meeting house, a bar where people congregated. Mrs was not there. He could see where they were really going. He was different from them. He knew.

To have an obsession is to be a necrophiliac. Obsessiveness differs from love: love is supposedly a balance between the rational and irrational, obsessiveness is all-out war. In an obsession, the irrational has long since murdered the rational. To have an obsession about somebody or something is to be preoccupied with the past of somebody or someone. What once was will never be again. In a competitive society those who cannot cope with the present, who cannot make decisions with a flexibility of focus, images must be measured desirable or undesirable according to their practicality rather than their potential for romanticization.

p. 36-40

ONCE YOU'VE BEEN CLOSE TO SOMEONE, you will never be alone for the rest of your life, with each footstep, with every closing of a door, you hope, and are disappointed. Sooner or later everyone will be alone, but it helps if someone's waiting for you. And if you don't have a window, you'll suffocate. Walls have eyes as well as ears. They can see you but what you can be them is more important, a lot more claustrophobic than having somebody always there with you, never leaving you alone.

Now your passport can only be designated CHRONALLY INSANE. You needn't bother applying. You are not registered. You are a non-person.

p. 69-74

SOMEBODY GAVE ME A FLAT TIRE
SO WE AIN'T GOINNA GO DRIVING TONIGHT

Not tonight darling I'm too tired - Well, it's not really physical at all - It's not just physical there's a lot going on - Well, there's a lot going on in my life - I'm busy with economics, aesthetics, geography - You know as well as I do that there's no such thing as a relationship that doesn't have to take those things into consideration - There's just too many things to have to think about.

SOMEBODY GAVE ME A FLAT TIRE
SO WE AIN'T GOINNA GO DRIVING TONIGHT

It's probably a cause and effect process - Physical exhaustion leads to excess mental activity leads to mental exhaustion - no doubt there's a difference between confusion and exhaustion - I'm not sure which one I'm suffering from - I'm confused at the same time I think that makes perfect sense don't you? It's possible that's all I'm saying - Don't confuse me - Listen we're good friends I just feel like taking it easy tonight.

p. 93-98

Capitalism is the invasion of the public by the private. It is the seduction of The Great Unknown Consumer by rivaling Incorporated Private Fantasies. The great majority of what is produced is unnecessary and unimportant (from a public point of view, or collective and friendly point of view). Advertising consistently does its damnedest to persuade that public that absolutely everything is essential for its well-being.

A MAN'S BODY WAS FOUND THIS MORNING BEIDE THE EASTERN CLIFFS. WAYNE MARSHALL, AGE 29, WAS BEEN STABBED IN THE HEART. NO WEAPON WAS BEEN FOUND. HOWEVER, TIRE TRACKS WERE POINTING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CLIFFS. THE VICTIM'S CAR WAS SEEN DRIVING ABOUT TO PUSH THE BODY OVER THE CLIFFS BUT THEN SUDDENLY JUMPED INTO THE VICTIM'S CAR AND DROVE AWAY. THE VICTIM'S WALLET, WITH MONEY INSIDE, WAS NOT FOUND. THE VICTIM'S CAR WAS FOUND ABANDONED LARGE WORE MISSING. MONEY SEEMS TO BE THE MOTIVE FOR THE ATTACK AND THE SUBSEQUENT MURDER.

In order to be a conqueror, a successful capitalist, or indeed any sort of expansionist, one must give the impression of wanting to be seduced. Seduction requires that the conqueror be seen as a desirable entity. Seduction requires that the necessary dirty work be done by others to believe in his own mythology so the victim can temporarily entertain the illusion of sharing the hero's aura of power. The soft sell has always been more effective than the hard sell. Hitler was a hard sell.

William Knox knew that he could never be any sort of desirable entity to anybody else because he perceived himself as being totally different with any other human being on this huge, impersonal planet.

Whitfield knew he was acting foolishly at the time of his spending spree. This was not at all an unusual feeling, and neither was his spending an unusual form of behaviour. There had been several previous bouts of depression which he had temporarily cured by embarking on purchasing binges. In fact, Whitfield had begun to doubt the efficacy of this form of therapy, and whether or not the money actually exists can occasionally become irrelevant.

Occasionally he would wake up with the sunrise, before any of the nocturnal beings who co-habited his building would be stirring. At such times, he would lie in his bed and listen to a cassette of baroque masterpieces, perfectly interpreted by The Cologne Chamber Ensemble under the baton of an unspecified

p. 51-61

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