the animal appears/

enter the animal

[ the animal enters
: muted, dressed ]

[ the animal enters, strips of flesh
& friendless

: enter the Animal, never addressed* ]

* in footnotes a Tree, whose slices i write on, wipe glasses w/
who is this child of Omelas? in its excrement sitting, alone in a dirtfloor, sunless pen on whose neglect & degradation the noble joys of Omelas depend.

:a veal calf, perhaps: its flesh is food for their Carnival.

+ hominid brainsize tripled by (the Omelas Wise contend) a protein dense.

:the kid is Sri Lankans in the corporate kitchen, icing your birthday cake; sighted thru the portal hole of swinging door, or furtive out back on a smoke break;

:is the sum of all mutations unfit; the lonely ghost of Selection;

:is the Dreamer who dreams the City's pleasure, sustains it in being; unmoving & Prior, the sleeper, drooling, whose mindspace we tenant;

:or is Space, displaced: perpetual victim of that theivery declared [by Baudelaire?] the secret of all Movement;

:the child is the Cow, never to be named, in Chesterton's Palace of Sapphire & Gold; is beef gone scarce in a planned Economy; is the scarcity itself that gives beef its taste.¹

and who walks away, on a deathward vow: the Jains who refrain from breath, digestion, seeking their karmic extraction.

the animal appears at a Parisian meat counter, third page.

[the animal appears at Bloomer's café on Bloor Street: in Dave Sedaris, *When You Are Engulfed in Flames* i've pulled from their shelf of boardgames]

the animal appears as a lady buying meat.

meat counter grants the anecdote market its substance; the scene is made specific enough to imagine;

meat stands in for the stuff of the world. browsing for meat is quotidian contrast to the cockatoo perched on her cart, is the humour.

meat means more as we read, it incarnates: is soon a contamination site: burrow-home for the worm; receiver of the parakeet's foot-disease, precise. Is the comic-specific.

meat makes laugh by undermining gay Paree: to call it meat in american denies it its highest P.R., the musical euphemism of French.

Sedaris's brother, now in the kitchen “doing something to a goose”. funny by brother's incompetence; by goose invested with a degree of victimhood. she's a victim of this bungler! the 'something' is sexual, possibly!

this comedy-light keeps out the political. victimhood revoked: it's all a cute joke. & i for saying this am a too-sombre Activist, am an asshole.


India avers to Intl Capital, and her brahmins show the way. Jhumpa Lahiri is still in Grade Three, conscious, still, of her potato curry on Wonderbread, greening; she rectifies by Sudha salting three nice steaks in her London townhome.
rectifies by the roasting chicken, curried lamb, the fishbone in the baby's foot, by all the meats but beef, till now, these three nice steaks that Sudha's brought home.

till now i held hope that Sudha/Jhumpa'd retained the token brahminism.

by three nice steaks Lahiri gives thanks to her Agent; and puts out feelers for a real-life Roger.

her story is a Special Advertising Section. is lifestyle porn of a high moral order, literary frame for three nice steaks. "Can Steak Save the Planet? " No, but there's rabbit, our Future Meat, truly global and Your baby girl will love it! a thinkpiece that ends with a rabbit in the freezer, the writer wringing hands, then eating the lamb:

I brushed the lamb chops with garlic, oil, and thyme from the garden, and seared them till the outside was tight and brown. I put them in the oven and, after a while, had a peek. I wondered if they were cooked enough to feed to small children. I poked at one with a knife. The fat was thick and yellow: carotenoids from the grass. It smelled like a Greek sacrifice. I tasted it. The still bright-pink meat was so clean that it tasted almost sweet. My family was waiting at a table outside. The sun was low; the iridescent edge of Fernald's bubble hovered. Maybe it was an illusion, but I didn't care. "A few more minutes!" I called through the open window and, standing at the stove, ate the whole dripping, raw, delicious thing in five enormous bites.²

the steaks are telling, show Sudha's anglotropism, her propriety of habit, and alignment with Roger. Roger & Sudha will stay in hotels when visiting her parents and she'll like it that way.

these three nice steaks are perfect, problematic, their Placement ungratuitous & these stories are worthy of a Nobel campaign; a very Special Advertising Section.

these three nice steaks make the story taste better, put meat on the tongue of the teller.

[a story we like does a lot of things right, but one thing it does is name things we like, incarnate them slightly.]

Brahmins eating beef, and our daughters eating rabbits: *The New Yorker* wants to see.

*The New Yorker* wants to show us: Brahmins, Bengali, India's best, her caucasoid stock of Theosophy avatars, of Nobel poets, of writers for *The New Yorker*; Bengali Brahmins salting their steak, and no one remarking on the unmarked Ads.
Mr. Turner (Mike Leigh, 2014)

00:09:12, enters the Animal: now There's a prize porker, Iz'ee handsome? Indeed, has a big smile on 'is face.

-the animal appears at nine:twelve; not counting carriage, leather. is a head in a basket, cheek & brain brought home, emphatic. set by Turner Senior centre-table, centre-frame. whatever the contract: a product Placed.

i. hogshead is like the noisesome carriage that conveys: prop of an Era’s material culture. shows how close these Londoners lived to the Street; & Street to the Market; & how honest this Market, how open its butchers decapitate.

:gripe, you may, at the whole-hog movement; but it's good English streetlife.

ii. hogshead is pointless, excessive, anomalous. perhaps just the point: is not at all part of the Movie. the gory head, our surprise viewing: a surprise admission-price. pigshead promotes: the Whole-Hog Movement, slags boxed meat.

iii. pls Mr. Leigh, don't show a hogshead if you won't give pause, some critique.

of hogshead, pls, do not make folksy comedy.

& actors we all like should not be seen to eat it; the film cannot bear such complexity. [Casting serves our eyeful's ease, & every one hired, we like, so it's tricky;]

[it's tricky, Mike Leigh, when your likeable actors eat cheek.]

[your Sympathy Strings, the auteur's pause; the kitchen sink solemnity, the dusklit, pensive heads;

these you’ve saved for the Slaver's sad story, an evening regret, the old man conceding:
them women & kids were herded, whipped
like animals, worse than

"MEN!" Turner scoffs, the likeable actor-painter; eccentric we now see, by his Misanthropy; & his misanthropy a Love, a humanity inverted by the evil men do.

:the evil men do to men, i presume.

Leigh can plead: it's a portrait of Turner, of an Age still learning.

Turner may plead: was a portrait of warship, of actual harbour, of actual battle; admire the Art, not the Admiral: Art did not draw him to the harbour; Art lets off no Missile;

& Leigh had someone else pull head from hog.

:all animals harmed were harmed off-set.
in *Words & Pictures*, the animal appears at

00:01:28 Binoche helped on her redleather jacket;

a crosset of dressers in concert & contrast: at

00:01:36 feet jammed in his worked-in dress shoes, they're

dark, read black are later re-lit as red & rich as her jacket;
as his own gaping handbag; as the faculty lounge's chair-set

00:02:22 he scampers to car w a thermos of vodka, an armgrab of essays; his
attaché open in-tow over-shoulder; his navy blue parka has fur-trim, possibly.

00:02:43 Arrival of teachers, kids up the steps, their shoes all leather, the dresscode calls for leather

00:04:59 *You gave me oatmeal; you could've served me New York steak.*
oatmeal, steak, each a monotony, of simple taste, of single sourcing. he thus must mean the prose of Updike *sizzles*, has the thrill of eve, ambition of the City.

i will not look up 'New York steak', am sure it means: meat that goes with red leather upholstery. meat for both a magnate's Club and mafia lunchmeet. a meat for Empire's city. Tammy should please arrange her prose to sizzle like steak, & shine like fine upholstery.

00:06:15 Clive's kicked back in the faculty lounge, his shoes in synch with attaché, upholstery, and Binoche's plaible jacket (implied: her imminent entry). leathers in unity, all is well, a dumb motif; and like the hogshead, unnecessary; unnoticed by all but me and the tanning industry.
this symbology of Evil's easy:

leather, black, in S&M;

and meat.

:the latter a murder inflicted

for pleasure, a sadism hid by

middlemen.
Egoism true, this favouring weight of the self:

it’s better that you should suffer than me.

[better for me; but egoism’s true.]

me & mine have reasons that

your all-regarding ethic cannot flatten.

my self is where Utility collects,

where the calculus cashes out;

these selves tho several still are selves

my self is my all — empathy extends me,

grows my nervous reach. your pains are

re-centered in Me.

Brahman is Atman, a monism of self;

the ego extends to take in all as me.
animals, all, have language;

humans, all, an Oxbridge accent, a lordly tone.

even our drawl is a sinister aristocrat's and

a child's mouth is in ironies drawn its animal servants and

servant-machines cannot get.

speech is at an english clip, is code among elites, is for commanding animals. *huttaaz!* & *gits* to order calf thru killchute: in half-Man, we meet the beast, as Hampton matron holds to words her maid will understand; in tones of command.

in brahmin's vow, the vowels hold the power. accent makes the demand.

in vocal brief, a whole social Order is heard.
hard work is its own defense.

our feeding made good by its labour. my gut i've worked into a vacuum of need, & the fires clean-digest. there's nothing left for conscience.

hunting, herding, hanging up cattle----provide the meal and justified.

before my Saturday bacon, a jog. my muscles suffer so i've earned that morning a fungible credit.

abs wrought tight: an engine of appetite: whose intake hose is a mouth.

the fascist Hard is industrial. its prime directive arbeit.

the farmwife earns her right to wring neck, roadcrew earns their spitroast lunch at The Rooster, on Bloor near Ossington;

for the animals eaten had it easy.

Freeing them from pull-team, from their share of the labour, made killing them easier. forsook them of our comrade sympathy.

the workers strengthen, their labours gather in musculature. daily imbuements do arm them against you, you lazing sons of lords; ye epigones, soft on guarded bed----by guards who will shoot you; though your pinay nanny's peasant-heart had won you over anyway: made Zuccotti Park coherent to you not your Dad.

Master's powers pass to slave; a Master's powers dabble & wane; but the oxen are all culled, these foodslaves all milkcalves the sow has been given no hard task to work her into rebel-shape. arbeit indeed could make you free, encode in roping ligament, Revolt; run thru in resentful body-space a kinetic foretelling.

On Animal Farm the farmer sleeps while animals arm; but Animal Farm is fantasy. allegory for the wage-slave.
Benjamin says: sculpture transposes the mute language of things to a similar but higher order: this is a subtle tautology is Benjamin saying WOW before a painting is Walter saying OM: intoning the thing, taking it in.

the content of OM is $A = A$;

whenever we say $A = A$, drawn

along a single breath & ecstasy we say OM.
by humanist i mean: Woody Allen, *An Irrational Man*. the seas that toss *Cassandra’s Dream*, so much angst for a single victim, an unattached man.

the infinite value of Lucas’s act by this sacrifice.

seriousness from the whisper of murder; from the sanctified life, the human.

a serious film, since murder happens. the murder is its old money milieu: is wainscotting backset for lectures on Kierkegaard, Kant. the lecture notes are empty: murder and the money give it gravity.

the bacon helps him copulate, later. “what did you have for breakfast Big Man?!”: the half-coy, post-coital come-on.

i almost said -prandial; have often said -prandial: *prandial* sounds like a Dallying, sensual, slightly decadent; after which we smoke, we nap, we chat relaxedly.

the bacon’s a gag, shorthand for the killer’s awakening appetite; an outcome of reading Camus.
wisdom as "the epic side of truth": wisdom is advice for a protagonist; is guidance for Life, the story - Benjamin
in Total Recall the animal appears thirty-eight minutes in; four rats swept from their high stone home with a handgun.

Quaid has arrived with his steel case of memories, cluebox to his secret ID & an interplanetary conspiracy, and Rats are in the way; Quaid needs a surface to unload on.

in the pkd, the rats are his secret past, core of his ID. in the pkd, the nine-year-old Quail was kind to some rodents, alien entities “very small and helpless, somewhat on the order of field
mice" whom he does not squash or sweep from his path, and, impressed with his goodness they give him a deathrod, enable his agent heroics on Mars, the impossible assassination.

impressed with his telepathy they vow to spare humanity so long as he's among us.

in the pkd, his deeper ID & source of his violent, calculating competence is a boy's small act of compassion, absurd — — a non-act in fact, a refraining.

the Verhoeven Quaid is Action to the core; meek on the surface. his ID flips as we work thru the film only in his target & allegience.

the Verhoeven Quaid shuns his animal-name, or shies from recalling the lame Vice Pres.

Quaid's a good name, in 1990, for a one-name 80's Action Jack.

the film leaves out, and loads much in. at 43:20 the decoy Rat explodes in gore, its gluttonies in tatters. the eleven-page story has little chase, little gunplay, but a huge epistemic shift at its close. what Quail & Shrink thought a childish wish, a pious daydream rightly bent to the serious biz of soldiering and powerplay — — is actually a memory, a suppressed Close Encounter; and the story ends with the Government conceding that Quail, the man, must be kept alive: to forestall the Rodent Invasion.

are Rats swept from stone like King's red Beetle, the side-of-road wreck: a signing to Writer from Director on who's now Driver?

was the 2012 remake a Comparison decoy, two hundred Mill so the Verhoeven film's the "original", now? the 2012 version is another
noisy stratum on the pkd tale that is simpler & stranger; whose central "set-piece" is a quiet moment of empathy.

i wanted to know, were the movie-rats real? does celluloid hold an actual violence by Arnold to rats, the snuff-select of several passes?

from total recall 1990 rats i get:

i. questions that nip at Len Wiseman's Total Recall like so many rats at the feet of a sleeping hobo;

ii. research on rats to make memory implants as in Wiseman's Total Recall

iii. gory rat-a-tat gunfights

iv. the claim, unreffed, at doesthedogdie.com that A number of real, live rats are shoved off a pedestal, that they could have been injured.

the rats are friendly, accustomed to their Keepers. when Arnold approaches they do not scatter for darker corners, they stay in-scene.

the actor approaches, huge. his great steel case is unequal weight, and Temple's stone awakens, its Intelligence turns skeptic.

[the line is tripped, the boulder set rolling. the boulder's a rock he'll pull from his nose red & throbbing.]

[the boulder's a Tracker, the ancierter Self he flees. the ancierter self he'll pass off to Rat, to be shot.]

[Four swept off, Four to replace: a handgun, light with a wiffled barrel; a tightbanded cashstack; his Martian ID; and the tracker-extractor, the handheld contraption he'll surgeon himself with shortly.]
[Four rats gone, items Four on stone to replace them; two rats remain, and now come a pair of Doubling gizmos, the video player, the self-projector, his own talking head, cocky.]

the rats on-set are at ease with their handlers, with actor; and the scriptworld's rats are friendly with Quaid, they remember the Boy, trust the Man who will sweep them, again, from hard altar; as Hollywood sacrificed pkd and his tiny story, his eleven pages of anti-action for the usual Verhoeven: a sleeze that seeps thru every smile, a sinister knowing that Villain, Child, and bad A.I. are all infected by. [the Uncanny Valley was happy effect of their best robotics. Verhoeven said: this JohnnyCab is creepy but he fits right in, he's practically Intended. the rats we won't spring for, no one cares but the Dick boy Quail what's done to a rat and let's cut all the credit-roll vetting.]

does tracker-Rat die because Shusett, O'Bannon, typical hacks, did not care to research, realistically render their Rats? Is tracker-Rat shot for swallowing, whole, the metal transmitter, size of an almond? no.

Hauser/Quaid hid his transmitter in a Mars Bar's remains, of jawable size, totable off to the tracker-Rat's stash.

tracker-Rat's shot so Hauser/Quaid may evade his Assasin, so Hauser/Quaid can play saviour of Mars.

Rat is shot, a Glutton & Thief.

Rat is shot, a hundred mill spent so a Film can forget: it was once a small tale about not killing rats.

Rat is hit with bullet, gun
Quaid kills a rat, kills a small boy Quail who loves rats.³

kills pkd: Hollywood Dick is L.A. hiding the strange theophany, is 80's L.A playing 70's San Fran.

god they've hid on hugest screen as the boldest of Cults would tend to.⁴

³ "The animal should therefore be killed within the Circle, or the Triangle, as the case may be, so that its energy cannot escape. An animal should be selected whose nature accords with that of the ceremony --- thus, by sacrificing a female lamb one would not obtain any appreciate quantity of the fierce energy useful to a Magician who was invoking Mars. In such a case a ram would be more suitable. And this ram should be virgin --- the whole potential of its original total energy should not have been diminished in any way. For the highest spiritual working one must accordingly choose that victim which contains the greatest and purest force. A male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence is the most satisfactory and suitable victim." [Aleister Crowley, Magick in Theory and Practice, 1924]

⁴ "I worked on it for a year and did about 12 drafts," Cronenberg recalls. "Eventually we got to a point where Ron Shusett said, 'You know what you've done? You've done the Philip K. Dick version.' I said, 'Isn't that what we're supposed to be doing?' He said, 'No, no, we want to do Raiders of the Lost Ark Go to Mars.'" [Frank Rose, "The Second Coming of Philip K. Dick", Wired Magazine, December 1, 2003]
[a film on the writing of Flow My Tears, with the Christmas synchronicities woven in-scene i.e. Christmas 1970 inter-cut w/ the Book of Acts, a doubling cast---this i would watch, will get writing immediately.]
good ol' boys w/ a strange straight face dominate:
both grim & glee in rural equanimity.

are bold by the go-ahead of town & god; and a Devil in the mix for the comic
swagger, the earthy insouciance.

the rapist laughs his hey hey hey, c'mon, what's wrong?; the patriarch enjoys
both his child abuse & paternal bemusement.

the ol' boys hurt w southern charm, and whatever they do, are imbued with the
Farm's virtues: good, ol', and 'boys being boys'-----this latter their measure
of Devil.

i'm starting into Selma: MLK & Friends are in the kitchen, rubbing fat hands,
getting down to bacon.

i'm watching Selma, am turning it off, am walking out of every movie.

MLK to KKK, and Me to MLK: we won't let boys be boys. King and I will not shut
up. Thomas Paine & King you'll have for your 4th o' July pig-fry. both tell
kids that Jefferson had slaves & Washington has always. i'm there with my
toasted bun, marvelling King and Paine eat bacon.5 telling your neighbours he
cribbed his thesis; & lied, it would seem, about reading Tolstoy & Gandhi.

MLK [or Selma i should say-----i haven't read my MLK----] Americanized ahimsa.

what is the prize, friend? does it profit a man to
have Seat at the counter if he doesn't earn enough to buy
the burger?

King & I seep moralist smarm, disrupt the fun of the Opressor.

5 and You my better Reader: that i drafted this on bleached paper; & with trees wope ass.
[am glad to see on Truthdig this morning a minute released of Chomsky conceding we may have to think about asking some questions re our murder of non-humans; am glad to see Chomsky regret not checking for chicken in the salad]

"Johnson will flinch" i.e. the Prez is legit: an admirable negotiant not banal monster.

*Selma* says: voting counts, Pick.

&why do they all look good? where's all the acne, asymmetry? i watch & submit to this natural Order; it's not at all artifice, hollywood's True, its every scene a document: a podium of social Contest.

why do the organ pipes, King's tie & pulpit mic mutually illuminate? fleshtones fill this Kingdom Hall, its beige interior.

not false at all: caught on film, a cultus Hall of high crawlers.

in *Selma*, the rebellion is televized: the 60s fades to a pleasing beige; the era an ensemble of material fetish;

its politics assessed by genre films prior, e.g. LBJ's disparagement of Malcolm X: the Guild pre-knew we'd not approve: knew Wilkenson viewed & accepted *Malcolm X*.

the sexism of *Madmen*, its LSD, is childproofed in ironies; Ally McBeal, Sex In the City, Mary Tyler Moore, made safe the assgrab, buffered the Sixties officespace. The office made safe from the Sixties' lechery: so millenial men can be lechers again, can openly grope, actually have steak & CC again: with irony.

[my finger touches glowing Ring; the Console awakens, thru the laggy Menu, to CinemaNow. I've come, this morning, to apologize to *Selma*.]

[She shows the results of Beauty's election; she's American Idol.]

[the film does not lie, is an obvious concoction]
[its makers work long, while we're seated wide to receive]

[a film says: welcome to the Show. put away yor Thomas Mann, don't complain of rain in California.]

[if you're gonna watch a kids show don't go crying]

actors today are HD dreamdrives for kinesthetic transfer, sculptures viewers enter for an hour

are pleasurable avatars are cast in continuity with: runway shows, gangsta banchanals, and the glossier range of YouTube;

Marion Dougherty opened, for a spell, the Actors' Studio, magnified the Experimental; Eisners peruse their dossier of glossies. Marion gave us a complex ecology of broken souls, of plausible transvestites; of Brooklyn redeemers, depressive cabbies; the NYC of 70's Scorcese;

she made a journal out of recipe cards: of associational musings, archetype pairings, a telling detail for each beloved pre-star: her Cast of casts, over decades woven.

I will say she always had strong opinions had a lot and was spot on, everytime.

He here speaks of prophecy, but flounders within his secular vocab. to account for her gift.

History he'd drain of its surprises: of a weakling god, easily squashed on the fringes of Empire; of a black Jack Benny; of Animal Rights.

hollywood launders porno valley; Marvel superbabe is transfer from the Runway; from Maxim Labs through very bad Michael Bay to J.J. Abrams' islands of the bland.
ollywood seeks the healthy; & with Dougherty dead, many films shall never be made.

"It's well-written, but" - You've lost me already.

"Some fine directing but" - You've no idea what he did.

"But I'm short, and I'm Jewish." - Benjamin Bradford is short and he's Jewish—within.

<<AND THE STUDIO'S THINKING BIGGER THAN BIG, BLONDER THAN BLONDE, 6'5"--THIS
DAVID IS A KING.>> Marion Dougherty
[again i say sorry to Selma; i'm now seeing the ugly & it's lovely]
by humanist, mean:

the roti, dripping with blood: by miracle hand, made Labouring Poor's metaphor.

:the ewe is ignored, must languish in menu literalness.

:by magical extraction: sweat becomes blood, and blood is drawn from bread.

:by guru's grace, his special effort: the suffering Poor addressed.

:the ewe was too easy, was already strangled & drained.

:the ewe was too easy, will languish in menu literalness.

what is called meat, and what is called green? what leads to sin? [Sri Granth, 1289]

-You just said Okay to cannibalism.

and what about the sugarcane, o Brahmin, hear its groan!

& the Thales Defense, it's All water anyway:

O Pandit you don't know where flesh comes from!
Water's where all life comes from, it's water that sustains it; Water that produces grain, & sugarcane, cotton, all of it. [AGGS, M 1, p 1290]

it's water, All, and what about the sugarcane---:

again you say Yes to Cannibalism.

by humanist, mean:

horses rode for holy war on landlords;

and butchered thru the seige.
Kabir is a friend but
too much calling us
a parrot on a stick,
a fool become stuck;
too much calling the parrot,
i mean, a fool for
what we did to it.

the parrot let free goes
RAAM, RAAM but
knows not what is said.
too much calling us fools when
the charge is we murdered it.

forgetting our death is
an arrogance;
murdering birds helps us forget.
and before we Go to those out-of-town scores, can i Jeff here mention

the affable pro at play-by-play will pull a Bob Barker, go David Icke & surprise us all with his Sedition. will call out our wider decencies, remind of these escapees from a game-farm, Innocents.

those boars in Caledon the golfers shooed, the OPP shot, & OVC Okayed--

his easy growl, natural ease, hormonal effect

of his unwussy ancestry.

Shot today, by OPP, for roaming free?

his natural ease is his way with Entropy;

made less likely the Switch.

Killing is what's going on & his ease was with That.

the country gent who calls the game

calls out now, the killcount, shakes his head------

says a shame that brings to silence all AM.
Carnivore / Carnist

diet / ideology

the lion feeding is carnivore; her ferocity is ist.

the lion chases in a rage, is certain her Target deserves it.

ferocity says:

'your form provokes me, your evasions now mock me.'

'you're the cause of this gnawing gut.'

'i'll make you regret this.'

ferocity justifies,

asserts Meat Rights.

anger at the struggle; because they struggle they deserve it.

recalcitrant ram, back legs dug in misbehaves & deserves it.

violence finds its justifying, it provokes them.

[Bill Hicks Shane bit]

To woman is attributed both the cause of man's initiative and the denial of his satisfaction. This rationalizes force.6

pups in China, flayed en masse, their mammal mass slapped on wall, with every
slap a yelp, a squeak, then soundless--;-

for the blatent Ruse, impetuous deke:-----every shriek is damnable, is an
Animality unrepentant to the end.

[ surely not the lamb?! ]

placid moose, the social Whale

who by sheer mass should

magnify our Sympathy?

whose flesh-tonnes aquiver overwhelm the

killtrance and enjoin our mercy, yes? ]

[ surely not the lamb?! ]
pets under carnism

a. selective reposits of our natural compassion, i.e. compassion outlets & dissipators
b. partner carnivores / our global gang of sheep- Maulers / a friendship sourced in meats
c. the obligate carnivore, a reason for Meat we cannot argue away: so vegans are anti-Golden Retriever
d. embodiments of carnist Id who
   i. make our violence loveable;
   ii. give us control over appetites: our gluttonies externalized to them whom we say No to

[pets feed carnism, are sometimes indeed rendered to petfood]
always downtown, there's always a dealer with four Constrictors and a colony of rats.

his will to ingest, extended; a flame he daily feeds.

his ego divides in four long lines, in outer intestines.

the rats are fed or frozen by size & his System's total appetite. fed or frozen alive; his freezer lined w bags for blood from banging rats, i imagine.

all of it legal in Canada, likely.

if apartment is small, the rats, i imagine, see all and in their collective nerves form a sad and insane Animal; a lonely ghost in its cage discombobulating; and the dealer feeds on Fear, i imagine.
McDonald's owns the field behind homeplate.

100% SIRLOIN    THIRD POUND BURGERS

the banner is red, is 12% of screenspace;

and homeplate is half the action.

:the field is red, for half the action.

the focused aggression, high-minded stance of Alex Rodriguez wordlessly sell us meat. at-bat is a reality-ad, an endorsement off-contract.

billboard is our city's back-matte; and we all its spokesmen. before it we perform & endorse; our joy is unpracticed & perfect.

:Rodriguez isn't acting and it's perfect.

Does baseball pay Schneiders, or they MLB? who the endorser? whose ad holds more space?

an eighteen-foot billboard on a one-story podium: the mom&pop cornershop colonized. they trusted the man with the Viacom contract. they've let to Crooks & Castles, let the upstart dress them daily: no veto, full-frontal.

NYY STEAKS       RIGHT NOW       @MIDTOWN

YANKEE STEAKS     TILL LATE A.M.   IN CHELSEA

the rules find form, exemplify in-field; the runners enliven their prescribed paths, they hold the points of Diamond---- thru the critical Century all eyes on this arcane order: a reason for Television.
[the baseball game as Masonic; a yantra they get us to look at [Michael Sampat, his or another's theory]]

Yankee Steak, All-Sirloin: the sport & its source.

the banner's red, an anatomy flag: A-Rod's corpuscles, confirmed robust: the protein load at work.

Rodriguez at-bat is sublime; the blood & steak behind homeplate are what's sublimated.

athlete as supreme form of flesh: athlete as our healthy porn. home plate, centre court: scrum locales for organized bodily presence. the rules of sport arrange for our gaze, extract without Direction.

men entranced, doused in pints, on barscreen receive their world of strife transfigured. their war with the other, with stubborn matter, replay over head, but happier, more gentleman-like.

[googlimåge: A-Rod, August 8

Jays @the Bronx

the banner ad said:

A-Rod swings

for Sirloin Steak]
to equate the anomalous goods——dinner's steak, our country
drive—— render each to Commodity [Adorno, *Minima Moralia*]

Capital, the way between City & Country.

Drive is the Steak, re-traced: is our father showing origins.

the Sunday drive at three is for our Roast at seven. count the grazing cows,

wave hi;

see, son: we do them well.

:see the barn, red on rolling field; monument windmill & granary;

don't know why these numberless sheds.

the drive is our drive away from the country, the truth of the steak.

home yard, by cubic inch, festers with insect violence;

but as a yard, a fertile swath, is placid.

City's yard: the country seen from RR5 at fortyfive miles per hour.
ignore this one exploitive and you'll elsewhere load critique

your Humanism indicts you in a broader self-love:

your ism's a vice, not menschly virtue.

you run for Cancer.

you lecture on Milgram, leave out the monkey they actually electrocuted.

you keep saying Holocaust, forgetting it means: the burning animal body.

keep saying Capital, forgetting it means: cutting off heads, converting to cash.

you hate the cowboy pres, but won't think thru what a cowboy is.?

you use the animals twice: once for the meal, and then for the metaphor: what humans are like when oppressed: whipped like brutes, loaded on trains like livestock.?

u toured the Stockyards, wrote The Jungle, gave your voice to the workers.

u read The Jungle, wrote to your Rep re: possible worms in your hamburger.

---

7 a tough & small-eyed turf-guard: jealous of flock, the Shepherd revealed in his murderousness.

the Shepherd's a killer too: herding is to the butcher's block. crook, our icon of pastoral order: an order maintained by yanking necks and caning kids.

six-shooter, crook, diverge in their target: the gun aims at men, at herder competitors. the killing of cattle spills over in the shoot-out, requires, prior, clearing the land of rivals, of natives, flora, fauna. [here i follow Will Tuttle]

you won't think thru what a Cowboy is: in your service.

8 the human, abused, is like a beast, the comparison has its limits: the beast is abused & rightly, you think. the rat is like a human subject: enough for the rat to be data; but enough unlike we can use her.
[just read s.68 of the Adorno, am supposed to feel bad i slagged him, above]

[in Minimal Moralia, the animal appears: in the Kantian way of warning our kids to be nice to each other]
twenty seven million Views

of a kitten playing Chopsticks.

a million of a bunny paddling doggie
of a monkey riding donkey

this animal porn precludes our intimacy.
this animal porn distracts from our relationship,
it draws our eye from the slaughter.

a dataglow surrounds the globe, our info aura:
pink as Porn & pet videos.

worse than frivolous, than distracting us to death.
the Charge is distraction while killing the planet.

--our value inflates:

        just declines from enough to only

--our modern love, more often lit up:
our couplings by flashes consecrated

-- our common response to how are you:

evidence things are on average well

name: tobias schneebaum
here on a fulbright to study your ravenous tribe

-they seem to mean by gavagai: 'rabbit parts, undetached'; their pointings reduce, piece out what they'll eat

name: tobias schneebaum

am tired of the pain

can no longer maintain
	his posture

[ right after "verbs",
right after "violence, forms of proscribed",
u visit our culture, u quickly discern that
this is Fran's, Fran's the name, run (no longer) by
the lady "Fran".]
Our hypothetic Friend:
get you in our culture for an
All-Day, Late-Nite
breakfast to
Fran's

by ratio, the rank of Display: commodity size to shelf-space.
space is Retail's excess fitness.
Museum the apex, where content approaches Priceless: a cracking tablet given its
own room, and slant of light.
nadir is the dollar dive, the bargain bin.
radio song, a global love-in;
radio song says: this is heard the world around, right now.
radio song is about itself.
some songs actually say this.

heard at Fran’s: a choral mass, a soul-disco cover of “Express Yourself”: a predictable product of faggy niche demand.

the latest spin in a cycle of Song----: a Song was heard, the Hearer sang.
a great pun of History,
a unity of Arks.

biomass / stone-----inscribd therein a

lifeworld's code, its germinal dataset

saving the species two-by-two was always an absurdity.

we won't even need: sample molecules.

& WE won't need to be there, steering.

the Coen Bros oeuvre, as a history of White protest art-----Barton F to O Bro
to Inside L.D.; back to A Decent Man i.e. Job

be Crazy as you please but outward-exuberant;
exuberant-to-self will NOT get you elected.

the people prefer: a ranting RobFord over Herzog, Hamlet.

an intrinsic mystery: by how it's perceived. The Mystery's ontology as epistemic
[an answer to Fermi]

cosmos is a City's wall,
a gravity well.

[an answer to Fermi]

heaven has its ring of Hell.

[an answer to Fermi]

life begins in Quarantine.
cosmos is a gravity well,

heaven has its ring of Hell:

to keep carnivorous apes out

[ MURDERers ALL,

OF THE KIDS YOU ONCE WERE ]

[ adults, Ye: murderers, all, ]
of the kids u once were}

[ a City of the Saved

shall have sheaths upon sheaths

to keep carnivorous apes out]
there is a MACHINE
that takes in MAMMALS,
outputs MEAT
i am a Creationist, not Young Earth, and for moral reasons partly. too
young an Earth would obscure what we’ve done to the animals. too young an Earth
would hide the Capture. By 4004 B.C., e.g., the herding had already happened.

if life begins in barely B.C. then the free & majestic beings of Lascaux are
uncomprehended.

ture history spans a super-epic scale on which the Round-up was yesterday. the
Herd still makes the time-lapse newsreel.

if Blackfish got you mad, if abducting the orca was the <<worst thing you ever
did>> then why are you eating burgers? the difference of cow from orca is this:
the cow, as is, as deformed by our Selections over seven thousand years, is
unfit for release. we owe her some care; we owe her genetic reparations.  

meat is cheap because we cut out the producer; meat is cheap as thievery. or a
cost deferred, a terrible Accounting impending. heaven on earth, isaiah’s
paradise, will require of Lion: reparations to the Lamb.

a six millenium arc, from first morning’s Light to apocalypse flash: a too-young
earth, & an amputated future: edits at both ends. as in its origin, obscured
in the end: Creation’s case against us. no time for the founding crime, for
conscience to attune and repent.

the Earth will stand still, not dissipate; a judge will descend to assess the
Scene with a prolonged & exquisite scrutiny.

a too-young Earth would obscure the early sin; then blow it all up, burn away
the evidence.
My brother he said you were innocent and pure, like every animal---men, the cowards, their sins made you bear---

Men cannot hear: a Savior aligned with the animals

River & residents align, rejoice—*unfold their fins and shake their tails* in a natural obeisance---Chaldeans, Israelites hide their eyes, they shiver and wail, they fall face-down in the mudbanks---

the hearts of these warmongers, slave-runners, sheepkillers, feasters and fornicators are dense & insentient---The thoughts on their brow are depraved---They cry out to be saved---

the messiah's true name is called from the margins, a mingled cry of bird & beast---From all the men have stoned off-scene---The humble first to gather round in kinship

*let him who has ears*---a warning, aloof---*bolder than verily verily*---

Seems as if he'll act, avenge; the last word undermines him---twelvth line ends in a dot dot dot, thirteenth adds a not [unwept], our scope for syntax fraught, says Fish---

was a dove or one of Jehovah's Seraphs ---or dove who serves as Seraph---
much of the Histories, of Samuel, Kings, Leviticus - - - - - there to give context for the Prophets. Kings is in the canon so Isaiah et al are clearer down the centuries.

Kings is in the canon for Isaiah to rail against.
Temple's an animal vaccuum---the numberless drawn there, burnt to naught.

Temple's an animal vaccuum---the Temple's a center of holocaust.

the Temple is mammon---palmable credit, stackable debt.
the worst coersions, unseen: the wars won early & easy.

long ago went still the revolt, went smooth all impedance, were stragglers pressed in.

a net-full of fish: [to call them all is a violence, is a resource-accounting shorttrick] whose thrashings within are held in sum, pacified as a 'sizeable catch': held to their kinetic average, quiet; for the massive steel crane from which they dangle, their writhings are barely a twitch.

the air cannot splash for protest. we see the subjugation by the protest; but the motion of fish is a slightly eccentric rate;

we'd hear the subjugation but they haven't learned to yell yet.

dead & plated, the fish is compliant, is past complaint.

the Wrong, alleged, is laughable then, too late.

a war won whole won't seem like war;

the struggle is seen in its protest.

the primitive Herdings, brutal cullings:

now the curve & soffited light

of a Temple Grandin processing plant.

roll of harrow, humble barn, such charm around the grazing; this peace is a scene of submission.

one strong arm holds down a body, we perceive an mammal, placid.
goatmeat, goatmeat, his fingers and lips did glisten with

and i laugh;

and at gay jew on Curb -- -- --:

in laughter's release, an atrocity dissipates; victims are saved on television.

the words draw power from atrocity: a violent history named yet unprocessed so we laugh: conscience discharges at Dead Nigger Storage, we laugh, say whoa, say wow:

we applaud the brauvaura, if nothing else.

the pain condenses in gut-flex.
society is sublimated Meat;
civilization longhand french for aurochs’ head
human health hides its meat, & life from death
& so much social protest: is not about the slaughterhouse.

*Michael Clayton:* not about Monsanto’s Bovine Growth Hormone

:Anna’s a girl in a barn, not a dairy calf

:a cow’s upset because Anna’s mom hasn’t milked her yet

:the culprit is Culcitate, the crime is

“serious human tissue damage” [UNorth Internal Research Memorandum #229]

movies lie by getting us mad at
everything but the slaughterhouse.

*lambs in agent Starling’s head go*

quiet, now the Killer’s caught (;not of lambs.)

*lambs are slaughtered, used again as metaphorand.*

[am out on a limb but Hannibal Lecters as:
a wrath of lambs on Man]
[draw us into total war, our self-abstention]

am not saying are,
am not saying good but

if you were a lamb,
came back as a man,
you'd be mad.

not that you should, am
not saying good, but i'd
try to understand

a victor's propaganda and the victor is the Human.

Hannibal the African, bother to the Romans.

Hannibal the African, hero to his home.
to elephants he drove thru snow a Villain.

U of G is UNorth,
U of G is AgriCan.
Arthur mad is Prof. McMurtry;

his nine/eleven, Anna

[“would eat a lamb” : a fair definition of monster]

*Game of Thrones* is a Fur ad.

*Game of Thrones*, if i sold

fur would make me glad

*Lord of the Rings* was written in Mordor,

Mordor is clearly the realm of Man and

Hobbits are Rabbits, as i understand.

*Watership Down* is The Shire, threatened.

*Watership Down* i prefer to *The Hobbit* &

read to my girls at bed.

hobbits are rabbits,

rabbits are hobbits,
& Mordor the realm of Man.

rabbits are hobbits,

hobbits are rabbits:

Peripheries on the heath

:burrow in holes, very short &

shy of Man. furry feet: i know,

i know: like many an animal

hobbits eat rabbits, i know, i know;

never let a Man tell a rabbit’s story

for her.

and they were ALL

BUNNIES™
ex libris

BUNNIES

http://orangeyoulucky.blogspot.ca/2009/06/bookplates-for-you.html
a word i wrote, with an arrow.

was a diagram, a sign-- -- not libel.

was fake blood, pointing at the actual.

i studied four years here, never once asked where’s the abattoir at.

never thought thru all the rawhide chairs in McLaughlin Library.

a word i wrote, & tried to make clear:

Animal Nutrition has a functional kill-floor.

Guelph is an abettor of abattoirs.
my guilt i concede but i seek understanding, i request Mitigation.

i appeal to the Commonwealth, Crown versus Kingsnorth Powerstation:

Five of the protesters had scaled a 200-metre chimney at Kingsnorth power station, Hoo, Kent, in October 2007.  

GORDON they painted & at Maidstone Crown Court were acquitted. The activists argued

they were legally justified were trying to prevent climate change greater damage to property around the world.

our cows are worse than coal, we know -- -- animal Ag our top sectoral driver of climate change; of freshwater usage; of species extinction, ocean dead zones, water pollution, and habitat destruction.

and the slaughterhouse, Lab, are criminal Cruelties, arguably:

445.1 (1) Every one commits an offence who

(a) wilfully causes or, being the owner, wilfully permits to be caused unnecessary pain, suffering or injury to an animal or a bird;

(c) wilfully, without reasonable excuse, administers a poisonous or an injurious drug or substance to a domestic animal or bird or an animal or a bird wild by nature that is kept in captivity or, being the owner of such an animal

---

or a bird, wilfully permits a poisonous or an injurious
drug or substance to be administered to it;

Meat is an option, not necessary.

For the two hundred students of **ANSC 3120: Animal Nutrition**, this is non-
optional: in groups of four they’ll alter the diet of an early-weaned piglet and
observe over the Term. The piglets end up “on a bun” the T.A. says, never
returned to their mum.

Inflicting pain on those who can never deserve or merit it
increases our responsibility; it raises the bar of moral
acceptability even higher, and that is true even if some
decide that infliction of pain may still be justified by
reference to the greater good. The point is that we have
as much need to justify intentional infliction of
suffering on animals as we do to justify infliction of
suffering on humans.\(^4\)

\(^4\) Linzey, Andrew; Linzey, Clair: eds.  *Normalising the Unthinkable: the ethics of using
animals in research*  [The Oxford Centre for Animal Ethics: 2015.]
they hold the Hill, control the Hall,

and every Friday, late A.M. they

paint the Cannon red again.

the killers are lauded with profits & honour.

it's a paleo holdover: a bequeathment of nature's own war i acknowledge.

the killers have all the power, now,

the animal killers rule;

and this is demonic, a structure of Hell.

the killers have all the power: the owner's in a photo with Justin Trudeau; they stand for Full Employment.
a happy effect of machine's efficiency: painless speed, a blade ultrafast, the animal's surprise in millisecs

and let us commend

the A-bomb as friend;

by merciful flash,

our bodies to ash

as we sleep

to murder well & wholesale, kill w speed.

animal distress is Delay, to MGMT;

of a throat-cut too long-drawn.

a-bomb's flash

turns all to ash in a sec.

a-bomb gives good death.

a corkscrew blade
too fast to see,
a cylinder, blurry;

conveyer's curve,
shall draw the bird
in its ignorant ease:

thru grinder's whir,
a corkscrew blade
too fast to see.

the slipping masses, the hourly animal fiascos of Tolstoy's day: more humane
i.e. less a machine,
than a lab at U of G,
overseen by committee.

killing the cow: for my God, by hand; or
for food, by robot.

:which here humane, which here the frivolous

:deathcamp speed was a key atrocity.
to see descent of hammer's head, & resist: to aid in your own botched kill was a mercy and

the abattoir of Tolstoy's day

allowed the ox this

:the animal killers control all the Medicine

and we're here the assholes, for yelling at the elderly, the lady with a disability; for yelling at Helen Keller.

"your friendship we're better without"  

- a cow, to Temple Grandin
possible sign or chant or prayer for the Protest:

pls keep U of Gee slaughter-free

U of G
helping killing cows
Since 1874
bringing the hindu apocalypse

----FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE----

DEMO PLANNED AT U OF G

ANIMAL FRIENDS PLAN PICKET, DISSENT @ WAR MEM HALL

Guelph, CAN

- abattoir architect, already honoured w/ doctorate speaks at War Mem Hall, this eve
- consultant to Cargill [runner of Guelph's own all-halaal plant, leader in Meat Solutions]; inventor of efficiencies, & a loving mother to McDonald's; Priestess of a kinder slaughter. her numbers all in awe of
- Grandin helps a war\textsuperscript{15} we win so well it looks like peace

\textsuperscript{15} which called today elicits laughs, incredulity; clicks away from this pdf; the mental corrective of Industry. a Future i hope for perceives our War with horrible clarity;

the Future sees what you today let in, they damn you; or kindly, draw you near them.

the wars were often for cattle. Oil was often a cover; and meat, the fuel that i Divest.
Johnson Hall, on gentle rise of lawn; and across Gordon Street, driver-side we saw:

the handsome harvard hall; the high, vented cupola.

a kid from Guelph can tell he’s back from Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford when...

- The older campus fades: of Plato’s grove, the encampment of Pythagoras
- where killing was banned, warnings gave to hide the sacred Math
- from those who’d use it to hasten the slaughter
- the college gone corporate is the college a body; fit for Cargill slaughter.
- this Press Release is unserious;
- this Press Release is Poetry.
- a single word i wrote on a rock and bells went off, a system of law closed in on me.
- a passerby was saddened

OVc INSIDE / SEE OAC

guelph cuts thru all southerly sprawl;

guelph, for me, begins at U of G.

[guelph begins at OVC; OVC is OAC; and OAC,
i learnt last week’s an abattoir.]

behind said Hall, a working killfloor.
& how many rats per week? a thousand i'm told, but cannot believe.

    when rats can't breathe their small, uncanny, comical hands may
pry their jaw for Oxygen; on “feet” they'll arrise and assert their Homanid
rights. it’s eerie, we learn, when twitching they dream of trailing
their mommies down memorized alleys.

homanid, humanoid, personhood, what’s the word for

what are We? and what the Rat?

at OAC Inquiry turns to Prayer.

TAKE from CO2 the 2 and chambered rat to Death could SLEEP;

from Dean’s Mercedes hatchback, heck, we’ll run a pipe

homanid, humanoid, personhood, what’s the word for

study That, study That.

exactly how good for the human kidney is soy protein?  

study That, bring more Rats.

__________________________

would grape pumice alter glucose homeostasis in type 2 diabetic rats?¹⁷

*study That, bring more Rats! type 2 diabetic rats.*

will only validated animal models allow direct testing of potential allergenicity of novel foods? is there no non-vivo Way?¹⁸

*study That, bring more Rats!*

does bringing Rat from brooding vat to box-in-van to cage-in-lab to chamber of gas make Stress?

*study That, bring more Rats!*

*bring more rats, bring more rats!*

---


Rat housing, Central Animal Facility
RAT: a 'sneaky slab'

COW & PIG are gutteral summons, to say them is to hork them up, to hork up Meat.

Adam dubs thee: monosyllabic slab.

Adam dubs thee MEAT.

[took my rat to OVC the care we got was praiseworthy.]
[took my rat to OVC; i here give thanks, am guilty.]
[take my rat to OVC, & humbly.]

a word, i wrote and alarms went off, a citizen despaired; while the actual Abattoir's unremarked, its killstream praised for finding jobs for graduates.

Cargill gives: a thousand guelphites employment for life

Cargill kills: a thousand cows per day

[Toronto Stockyards; "Old", of late, made quaint. a dozen stores an avenue's
facades: a Source & a Starbucks, a Five Guys Burger & a PetSmart;

where past the back lot, beyond the back wall not tall enough:

trucks go in with forty souls, come out, rattling empty.

[thru fibreglass tube, by Futurist overpass: hen-guts stream from Maple Leaf Foods to the neighbouring Metro]

the killers have all the power.

ey held the Hill, control the Hall;

and every Friday, late A.M. they

paint the Cannon red, again

[go ahead, is prettier in this palimpsest]

[but let's be clear on who here pisses on poppies]

[clear on what a Cow and what a finger pointing at.]

ms grandin pls, one small pro-bono, some on-the-spot help!

titters from the august assembly

temple you see at u of g we've rats, rats, and more of i mean we've hundreds a

week whose maze is run, their tumour-count done, and we've got to make waste of;

ms grandin would you use CO2 or flashfreeze their heads?
kosher / halaal give slaughter a style;

kosher / halaal give slaughter a frightful soundtrack - - - a bicameral

scanning, talk off the top of head - - -

the 19th c slaughterhouse Tolstoy depicts is sloppy and cruel, no clinical

Cargill- - - -

tho i've yet to enter Cargill, Guelph, all-halaal: where a thousand a day are

made good before Allah.

& no vid yet, of the late second Temple, the Passover slaughter of three hundred

thousand lambs.
the killers have all the power: a power acquired by ritual death.
at King and Strachan, we all grew up, neighbour to the slaughter. the screaming Helpless, we all heard.

at King and Strachan, and did nothing about it; in private asides, complained about the smell. we're cowards and hide it well. we heap upon the Slaughter all our virtues & lies; we find our pride by allying with: the troops abroad, our boys in blue, the ranchers, trappers, butchers, baiters-----all our empire's guards.

the parade was strong, and we all went along.

our pride re-found in stern support for shows of force: from parade to slamming pick-up door; in holding strong the tong of barbeque. [always displayed by meaty forearm melding into meaty hand: the tong upsucks from grill to arm the pre-digested protein, warm.]

:in Uniform that tends toward the Toreador: the masculine large & ludicrous: a visual assurance we're bold before Death not cowards in machines killing kids.

the brute finds Culture in pomposity; the military puffs him into parody. he's loud & vain, daring whatever resentful Diogenes to call him out, to laugh at his epaulets.

his strength is the weight of going along,

he's aligned with thoughtless gravity.
a carnivore's a parasite, a charismatic parasite on herbivores\textsuperscript{19};

the portions are right, of Herd to Pride, of host to mite.

pride is loud: to hide the thought it's not all that.

pride is loud to drown all doubt.

\textsuperscript{19} okay and they on grass
[the animal enters: Merchants of Doubt, 2015; dir Robert Kenner]

[fails to name the rootword god, culprit toad for so many isms and tions: Corporate, Capital, Feudal, and on----]

[Merchants of Doubt continues the Spin.]

Telling the story of Big Tobacco, once again, and [yawn, i'm sorry] Global Warming----

MEAT is cancer;
MEAT eats water;
MEAT's a Fossil Fuel.

Merchants of Doubt [2015] continues the spin,

by what's left out.

PHL 501
Film Pop Quiz

1. what is the product the merchants of doubt sell. Explain. [2 marks]

2. What is the product Merchants of Doubt sells. Explain. [2 marks]

3. In what decade did Big Tobacco learn nicotine is addictive? [1 mark]

4. The merchants of doubt are an obvious case of 'managing' the public. Name another such profession, and explain.
If someone told you, here's a tip, look more into: Flame Retardants; Flame Retardants are Big you'd think: Conspiracy Theory. Turns out they're right (though Big is vague); as were the tinfoil hat brigade, & ahead of their decade (the 70s). In tinfoil hats went Prophets because our planet's rulers indeed hear all; and that's just what they tell us.

Meat's a Fossil Fuel

Meat's a burning Carbon

cattle & carbons in Empire's wasting heart, in Texas. seen from space, a burning X, where endtime angels land.

[screenshot pls, Exemplify]

Exxon wants us to win, they're weary;

Exxon wants to show the ploy, they send in slimey Steve Milloy

Exxon is a tired old man
Shermer’s well-meaning but typically sceptic: naive.

on Larry King Live he denies our alien overlord.

nonna that happened? remotely happened? Michael we’re dying and

the whole world’s wired but of course the mic of Congressional Hearing’s low-tech: Hansen required to hunch before committee prez, the sensible man made supplicant.

Greenpeace will talk about everything but.

[the whale’s a Cow, escaped from land, the rise of Homo dominus.]

Greenpeace green is: grassfed beef. [thesis of Cowspiracy]

with World aflame, to the ones who yell Fire: stop tryinna push yer Agenda!

you ClimateChange commie, you

hippie-looking faggot

[segue from the talking Heads: Gentlemen I’m sure ha ha this debate will continue a long while]

[segue back to Hell]

I started getting emails threatening

YOU ARE A FAGGOT, YOU WILL BE FIRED.

COMING HELL-FLAME, END-TIME FIRE.

-climate Deniers
"c'mon gang we need to grow the ECONOMY" -said by Cancer

"GLOBAL WARMING's a LIE" -said in Hell

PHL 501
Pop Quiz, Cont'd

5. Seitz & Singer, Coldwar scientists: see gov't reg as a Slippery Slope to what, says _______ _______?

6. did Glenn Beck just do a negro-on-the-porch, the watermelon grab, the tummy-rub schtick, really?!

Harleys sound
like men digesting barbeque;

Harleys sound
like burning carbon

men on Harleys often go
& come to/from a barbeque

dinosaur, uncompressing;
a paleo-machine

a Harley's a barbeque's belch

GM, Dodge, are arming farmers

now sell pickups, scary as Hummers,
latches for gunrack

GM, Dodge are arming farmers, arming guards of

Farmer Todd has ink on lats, a Burning Cross;

Farmer Todd's at Dundas Sq now,
cruising, blaring gangsta rap.

entrycode, driver's side: the new GM standard;
jacked-up chassis, profile: phat,
standard, standard.
Tobacco
Factory Farming [fast]
Alcohol

-The 2x Scroll, brought to you by
-point three secs, the whole Documentary: a subliminal ad
-the double-speed slip, filmspool’s glitch
-reptilian Reveal, the nictitating lid
-the fast-hand shell-shift

the magic trick of FACTORY makes it hard to see the FARM: hard for eye to get to FARMING; & FACTORY seems a new, special harm.
[there's an abattoir for rabbits, in Arthur. go there today, ask for a rabbit. You won't get arrested.

there's an abattoir in Arthur and its owner is a very nice man.]
visiting **Earth**: a safaari.

our gravity bound, round & ancient hunting ground.

as Below, so from on High.

as we've done to Africa they do to Planet.

*The Hitchhiker’s Guide*: life on several levels cleared for Hi-way: the personal is the planetary----and the planetary, omen for a cosmic death, an end of the Series

[insert FBook safaari montage]

a species as trophy per.
a species e.g., made abstract in a Bills game.

:The Bills are the head, the Broadcast the mounting.

:Commissioners present & past ring the Bell at the NY Stock Exchange----their rictus grin in unison is your Proof of Win.

The Bills are the head, the broadcast the mounting: the primetime energies siphoned & sent thru the Cosmos------: Space is your Wall, the Eternal, reified. Space is a Wall, for mounting a Buffalo Bills game

The Bills are the head, the broadcast the mounting: the cheer of millions sends it to Space.

[you can't take it with you, but somewhere in Space, always: a Bills game reverberates.]
--- bull taunting, beCAUSE-----

-we took your women & kids
-we took your sons, their balls we ATE 'em
-ate your MOM, and you are NEXT
-because
-because
-we're brainlords, small, of planet Earth & fear we don't matter
-[the latter is me, taunting homo dominus]
-[taunting this larger Fernando]
-cause we be hooman & weeze'11 eat YEEZ; but
-YEEZ'11 never eat all WEEZE

Animal Liberation Front

Animal Liberation Front (ALF) is an extremist international animal rights activist group. It is a decentralized, leaderless, militant "resistance" movement, with the goal of stopping what they have decided are crimes against animals. Technically, Animal Liberation Front is not an organization. Those involved with Animal Liberation Front are called volunteers instead of members. Anyone who adheres to ALF's principles (that is, "liberating" animals without bodily harm to any living thing) can be considered one.

Also, it's important to scare-quote any terms applied to animals that may otherwise imply their morally relevant commonalities with hoomans.

For We'ze are hoomans and we'ze iz gonna EATZ all YEEZ, and YEEZ iz never gonna EATZ all WEEZE.

ALF is active in thirty eight countries. Due to its participation in illegal activities and because of monitoring by government agencies, ALF operates covertly, though it has overt supporters. ALF advocates take "direct action" against individuals, businesses, and even the family and friends of people who are involved in a wide range of industries that rely on animal husbandry and testing. Tactics employed by ALF include sabotage of animal research facilities, through vandalism, arson, threatening people involved with this (or family members of theirs), and removal of test animals from laboratories. ALF has argued that if the Nazi
men on Harleys
often go &
come to / from a
Barbeque

men on Harleys honour Yahweh

they assert meat-privilege.

HIGH UPON THE THRONE OF GOD
I ASSERT MEAT PRIVILEGE

LOW INNA HI-BACK THRONE,
MEAT-PRIVILEGE

LOW INNA HI-BACK THRONE, I OWN
ALL THE ANIMALS
high onna hog / low inna throne

i hold in awe,

i bend all life

around my chair.

high onna hog / low inna throne

the god of all FLESH
see how bad this land you're from,

where slaughter launders

mafia funds

where *islam* seems to mean:

submit to Me w tribute meats

& meats to Ye will trickle down

God, Angel, Man, Cow

the order of all Creation

where french is code for cruel cuisine and

japan's aesthetic, a sea-bed clean
[ the sushi's all chinese;

and china is a baby god,

eating ]
LOBSTER is ON:

every wkend hence

LOBSTER's ON:

McDonald's, Subway,

two-for-one at T&T on

Warden Ave.
LOBSTER is ON,
end date pending;

LOBSTER's ON,
the Sea is dead,
throwing up in gluts & gobs
these edibles-yet

by semaphore-red
our stomachs unite,
& traffic re-directs.

LOBSTER's ON,
a foodline wends

LOBSTER's ON,
prison food is cheap again
the glut is ON,

Lobster's BACK

LOBSTER, SALE,

in fire-sale red
a hatred i'm forced to, and weary of:

at the console Stevie Wonder; recalling he came, the soundguys came in on the 4th of July, was it '76, to work out this filter we're hearing on the drums, this lovely doubling time-mod.

:he's a humble man-god & America shall be good again by this double-album; but i'm braced, am always and he has to mention the Barbeque. a laugh among comrades; three men's eyes show memory's glaze.

name the day, and meat is there, its substance density. i knew he had to go there. meals in three, the chakric cores of, dark red whorls of time-flow;

and i am the asshole for saying it. complaining again, am turning off the XBox. am holding the remote, am trying to hold together the obvious goodness of Stevie Wonder with the stupid brutality of killing animals.
the bull whose throat is slit yet bellows, calls me from my satisfied repose

the soundplex growl is ferocious, competes for all natural Control

[at engine’s revv, our bodies clench---thru several hoods, it grabs all nerves]

[thankyou James, thankyou Joyce]

[thankyou, Mercury / motorcycle Man]
my lobster, george, died last night. or some point of day. it may have been the nitrate, i should have eyed those levels more. i'm some kind of animal killer. for someone who cares, i'm careless; and i've lost my fire, my power to Accuse.

i kept him alive seven months; never got him to feed quite right, the tank to fully stabilize. the animal killers have the power; and animal competencies, too. to heal, to kill; and the same lasso they wrangle with, could serve for rescue.

a cowboy once called me a hippie-looking faggot. i'd sat in on his rodeo, jumped in the bullring, alone: bold but no more than his own daily quota.

i wish i'd replied, had the power like in Powder to have said & made good: the next calf you rope, you'll see like i do, to this i condemn you.

a half-hour later he'll find me by the highway, he'll come in despair, in inquiry. what can be done? he'll ask perhaps wordlessly.

to the cowboy i say: you're way better than me at this; use your rope, your pickup truck, for rescue.