

Tuesday

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Anyway, you can always put language down to experience

Analysis, blackmail on a good behaviour bond (an echo is an impostor (on the stairs)) looks like and looks like pays off (see it run) or have on (a blank is here a law bank) watch nuzzle muzzles pie (or peas please) my my: the alliance of consumption and production - the generic we call price - is a non-conducting medium which proves the last proletarian to be the state. Oh, opera. Being right is only the negative of space; a strategic withdrawal is a metaphor (eg only) that defines any this as a trigger that thinks: the only geography in debt is ours. It's all public money. Reality is that form of quality control languages use when they can't afford incorporation. It is expedient. As a definition of credit that will do (repetition is a minimal requirement) too.

Facts - the principle of least action - are transcendent, an economy of logic (things) that should know better: three elder brothers of Wittgenstein suicided, the only movies he approved of were westerns, his father was a steel magnate; subler subtle sop (possible): agreement is that logical space where representations are made to states of play - an argument for the ethics of empiricism - and proof is pudding (putting mean into a fork, you mean?) though some words have the advantage of being sayable. That at least would seem to be reasonable. A system of pleases (lazy fictions). 'So there' (an object) (of private viewing) goes into choose (the new tag (cross) for coca cola is it's mine) an offset risk (or style) whats not thought through. Doubt you see is charming; goodness me, metaphors say yes all the time. Force - a theory of descriptions - that references. Form - a theory of the purse that describes. See, to speak of, a useable use, a whats and call it borrowing; you mean that was really said, that a rest is silence?

Getting matter to roll over and play dead - a habit of numbers (price (the event horizon of exchange)) is a gravity of slow distance that don't quite add up. Sense is that stodgy fact the past sniffs at - a piss on proof - a mime of good on you; it does in short condone. Form is the skeptic's sugar proposition that owes itself a holiday (on it's own), a vulgar payback (that for which speech is a theory): on this as a misunderstanding - necessary (anyway, it works). Being right is hardly a definition; it mumbles. Therapeutic nominalism (the favour of punctuation) did at least have something to be silent about. A prudent ode to common sense: how do you do? Coz knowledge is not otherwise? But processed? Homogenised negation is a job. A moral tale. With functions. That travel light. And memory is a gofer. Which means a franchised laying on of bets - the same sort of test (let's say intent) would bring in sense. Pattern recognition (repeatability) is only a hidden agenda if you're looking

(propaganda for happens to be true), a purposeful animism, an immanentism of ifs and only ifs so it is a chubby terrible tongue twister (an anorexic acronym in two parts)'s sister. Can't tell. (You can tell what's going to be said by shutting up becomes you can say what you want by saying nothing - the silent majority is both an ethical fait accompli and a fair and reasonable tautology.) Dunno. Materialism - the eloquent stutter - can never remember the punch line (that the hacker has no dough). That, boy, is a system, a malaise of apologetics though the theory of meaning forgets names. It is a pain (what learned to be a shape by sucking up to space) in plain. Sympathy. (As a way of organising information the past is ideal. (Please note this is not reciprocal: as a way of packaging ideals, information is ratshit. (Modular stress.))) Coz gays - the yuppies of nostalgia - cancer, we can now avoid the past by prayer (the stance's the same), an average return. Privacy is that pornography (talk that talk) that accrues; it is a cliché: to mimic itching parse the pink. Recall goes fishing with actions (things are defined as not too sure) and baits with self-similarity the also ran (insurance is not here a dirty word) measuring time by how long it takes to queue, an ability (not a process) that jacks up, a choice cut, goal logic inc. Repentance is a whim, an objective fuck up of indifference that consequences as advantage a kitsch revenge. What a shame. A capricious loyalty (you can't know otherwise) that is inconvenient at best and otherwise not known (a gratification up for grabs) - we only think we have false desires. And all this for a consideration? An example to get even?

Psychemes, cognetics and the experience of forms of life:

or How white lies defined creativity:

Culture shock and the idea of winning

Positivism, learning behaviour and effect (either, both and neither as subsets of the duty of self-indication (agency)):

or How structural features (of Lisp, let alone economics) map on to decision factors:

Recursion as the means of generating (anthropic, let alone accounted (mistaken)) otherness

(The idealist's logical pun: the patterns of deduction get to be tautologies when Spencer-Brown has Keynes and Wittgenstein suggest probability as a kind of partial entailment); ethics, aesthetics and credit (a transcendent fact):

or The coincidence of memory:

Inflation is a (paracausal) means of paying the rent (; substitutionism and the (transparent) demonstration)

Russell, Whitehead, motivation (prediction) and need assessment, an analysis of distinctions (options) that confesses competence:
or Self-reference is the means whereby affect explains cognition, a feedback loop that realises other than repetition, the silent treatment, bouncing it back, restructuring the agenda (social work):

Suicide is that indication of self-reference that proposes participation

Why liars believe thieves:
or Journalism:

(Agreement is a juvenile thought experiment, an interference pattern)
What did you say? will give you depth of field (that nods off)

On recognising a good thing:
or The utility of indulged optimisation (blackmail):

A propos (nice-wise) a consequentialism of sentiment (smug should have known better), a constitutive accident only happens (potential event horizons cut no butter, they suck) satisfactorily

A cost-effective past is doubly ideal and contrives at weak questions:
or A symmetry of pragmatism (but please, not yet):

Tenants pre-empt repentance by trading rates

Fact and value shamed:
or Half truths and one-and-a-half truths fall in:

A contradiction that obviates choice only becomes a theory of intention (a priori satori no?)

A stubborn excuse (mark up (so coz can be a little christmas)):
or A romance of would:

Stutter (in principle)

A rhetoric of influence (poor (casual) metaphor) that imputes vicarious doings to be anxiety (opinion):
or Picturesque (transitive) truths as if it made sense:

They pay

On pretending received comparison (know-how) to be dimensionless:
or The given as a modesty of context (goals are just revenge on the point of departure):

A rose is a rose is a rose (business is business)

Because (a bar code is competent to apportion blame (a fractal of lost opportunity)) of sampling bias:

or The big switch as random autonomy:

Preferred relevance (prudential (indifferent) data on holiday) is a possible fashion of goods (it helps) and therefore (ad hoc limits) a step; in doing it's job (a criterion of totality) it does angst

There's no bloody difference (greed don't count) - I mean a headache is all the proof you need - and facts is mainly lazy (shit, if you gotta be right syndicate a rumour spot on the news). Once upon a time was my idea. The luggage was his. The right to remain silent - a hero of logical form - that exiles of the phone sell as experience, an hypocrisy of problems. A collection of doubts (self-interested), matter is a fat virus (on trust), a shifting complacency (but is better only when the but is better) that tags (tat). Stalemate (that without weight) is a weak paradox, (an aggregate on loan (see lonely)) that keeps time, a gradual parable of service, a principle of opportunism, a gimmickry of and. Prediction (iron-on meaning) adapts adopts. It (a paranoid they) cheats. (There was a word for it, reference (a copy by any other name) is a retrospective justice, it just adds up.) Let's face it, the question of existence just aint economic. Go an goose the fuckin egg. A truly could. In theory. (Names are only possible.) Bags the lot. A packet of adaption playing for time (a therapy of causes) chapter third person singular: a roll over given gets to be an objective umbrella coz it doesn't matter. It tests generals. Seems so is all used up (utility is a competence that can't answer back), a sample full of itself.

My behaviourism and your behaviourism and their seemly utilities say cheese: input only looks like output if you can't tell the difference - ventriloquism, pawnbroking and glottogonics. What is prior is sale or return, doubt (a comfy cost), a where you put your tongue of validation.

The way things are (the past) goes on strike: other worlds (the boss) are at a loss: exchange rates go out in sympathy. The cult of repetition and the technology of agreement: tell them what they want to hear so they'll leave you alone: numbers only count slowly, addition is a living lie. The - efficient intent - gets to be that (a set of properties) by smiling. Later is an and. Blame satisfies change. Therefore with the readies. Guesswork, a competition of maybes that experts choice.

Poverty (the parasite as-if) markets the exploitation of more or less efficient givens (states) (banks of work or workings) (ends are a defined surplus) to agency another. And cops are poor. The tools of aquisition (stutters) work overtime. (Delayed satisfaction is known to be thrifty, a superannuated problem.) Deviant dull, a cognitive voyeurism where criteria is fucked, a blueblood account (norm) where behaviour is a ritual

singleness of purpose, agreement is meaning (the metaphor of faith) if ambiguous. Logic is a serviced model for redundancy. Compulsively. And policemen do speak well. Virtuoso veto, facts are conceptually greedy and insulate arguments with things (the singularly predictive): as a theory you are naturally falsifiable. Explanations (the data of thieves) and ownership are always good enough (evidence is profit), they associate. Or yes and no and the technology of abstraction. A proper (tidy) anticipates the premiss of narrative by fleshing out the late, a jealous sycophant of doubt.

Lack of context was the first surplus, a mobile intent of rules for which form was only the dry run, an authorised other (sentimental fear). Absent-minded salvation gets to be unionised merely by reproduction. It is a tax (revelations are the suspension of standing orders, modular opportune morals). Being a victim is blasphemous (habits are prayers, second order limbo, you can stick your stigmata in your ear). Of an anonymous anon be buggered, marketing is only surveillance (dative data) by bribery. It is a known (and all knowns are zealous, they intervene). Dependencies - those cosy provisionals that faith affords like balanced books are bored (implied order) though convenient goals, ghettos of efficiency. The suicide of reasonable guilt was expected: repeatability mints indifferent milk. That's the problem. A determined functionary occasions anxiety in blanks. In an expanding universe we know that we are bigger coz we can't remember otherwise. Latter rank. Information is ipso facto prejudiced, it is made up of soons which confirm by being vague. It is in short all over the place and succeeds in unifying profit (what is a monopoly (alias the first law of pragmatism, more is only more if you can use it as a threat)) by trading slaves. (Logistics is the concentration of intent, echo is a trickle down, a vain petty qua (boys will be boys) or pecking order, a general compromise.)

A maximiser has no other. An advantage player has no choice. Therefore jail is saleable. Argument by generic is not a proposition, a bureaucrat can only say yes and no (that a manager and a madam are the same is plain - after october's market realignment the sale of monday-tuesday bondage gear crashed).

A dog is a positivist. A tame dog is a good positivist. Three bars is the minimal copyrightable change. Facts are satisfaction saturated. Private pleasures. Facilities. Facts are transparent. Facts are so bloody virtual they probably live at home. (Bougeois facts, let's hear it for bougeois facts.) A born again organisation of facts (or, argument) took a moral out and fixed it up. Fixed it up good and proper. Good and proper and full like a glove. Like a glove of subjects. Except in Japan.

The idiom, the auto-functionalism of irony (a reasonable place to visit) as romance, says cheese: serious rules ok. The cost of scarcity - tabloid

minima - is a return on insurance, a not-to-put-too-fine-a-point-on-it bribe (this is what they used to call progress). It dances. As does redundancy. Back to back innocuous. Oh please put the T back into treason.

Memory by proxy is a condition of populism (off-the-hook criteria (leisure) fail to exploit) such that although friendly, consumption is hardly rational. After all, stupidity is only a trick.

Oh very is a modest drug says the dilettante to faith /(structure ain culture) says fashion to the face. Truisms work round corners coz - . True true train is comin down - . No-go nope put her bottom on a chair - . Data is the information you're not paid for. It can't change. It is spastic. Once.

A fetish of manipulation, perception is an inference machine that manufactures an hypothesis (self) of profit. It is a phantom limb of differences (a la tra la la) that describe the share as follows: subjectivity (renovated parody) is that whereby we establish narrative (successful conversation speaks ill of the dead, time is a bunch of proofs looking for the exit); denial is sexy explanation (cept for things), a smudged parenthesis made up like a purse; should-so is a tacky analogy (a false consciousness of inertia) of knowledge-based nowhere (a relief of shadows) that claim intention (homesick purposes substitute by zero (ellipse (understood)) a transfer of appropriate (causal) fictions) and like the past. Tools are proof that tease surprises out of pronouns: blame. (Reproduction is an analysis that looks at objects.) Means exchange needs with bits of string, a duplicity of wills (a sideways) bills. Read my lips misrepresents duress (desire is a defence (of induction)) as hanky panky semantic stacks - XV quick nymphs beg fjord waltz (so-so is a so-and-so, makes two). I mean do you now want to turn around and learn words? (motive on a stick never gets sick - they get similar). p' pee probably to be is just a context that can't say redundant - my doll dollar takes after me.

A backward why between the body as an immanent horizon (in borrowed media) and a fictional waste of sissy pink ids (scapegoats a cot of anxiety by being screens) long gone: a bandage of dismals puts on a barter where bio dataism keeps perspective clean and the conscious is a metaphor for exchange. (Pragmatics.) I mean really. Wants to nobble slow the call of objects a simulation situation (an approx of and) that perverts maybes to be originals in drag: rent-a-reas tickles the event and sets up refuse, a gradual too late of syndromes that look good (or would).

'To be' (the labour intensive form of 'to forget') is a plagiarism (naive printing) of that without competence (the future), it is both the front and a reductionist giggle of spiteful amplifications: oh dinna kick a cynic in the diction - it'll till on y'. Appropriation - the eternal return - experiments with selves (the moral plot) and keeps them talking (information is half

the battle (the souvenir brand)): bribe compromise (the set-up) as to the instruction of distortion - exaggeration, illustration, generalisation - by subverting loss, an adequate supercilious, what the default of soap call a forgery of size. The usury of use (some repro loot) clumsies itself along alone. The tresses of the financier: stat an stat the know-all met stat an stat the shit said stat an stat to stat an stat: 'to be' sells; weak bags contact as a subject and pairs cabs with function (the fags of any object), the promise of the popular, dag. She says definitions (local thumb) - a tryer - aint tele yet, an indifferent bum is always uncomfortable - negation is that evidence (distinct) required of order. (It is the failure of existence to be an alternative that makes it hypocritical.) Wankers only recognise voyeurs. Adolescent truth (monologue) requires complaint (a system of 'the's requires police (a salespitch)) to be overheard. We know that. We also know that we are information, that the manager of the local supermarket has a network we can use. The office of the possible demands pedantic praise, a consent. (It is easy to believe in guilt, it imitates itself (a jealous sentiment) to the point of honor.) Righteous, whilst self evident, particulars are sometimes not at home (the notion of position remains a cliché); a sanctioned delinquent alias is pleased.

Uses of context part one (it's all been said before): the time nothing happened. The (gun-running) bootleg lobots (tolerance) will bloody get y, a boredom buy-back, a ransom of complicity, a glam stable of suspended consequence, a just-so leech of born agains, a prick of a job, lacks. Exposure to facts (circular rent) is taken for granted by a cognitive feudalism that distributes storylines by revisionist hoax. The ghosts of synchronism agreed to differ by incriminating the perverse. Experience (a victim business of sorts) is a slip of the tongue (the don't bovver twins of one idea at a time). Being - a should of 'no-go's - on condition as to how to box the dice, covetousness was a formalised innovation. It came recommended - an adapt on a back to back sees me, all's fair, romance means words are that form of cooperation that pollices bank: I pay you pay we pay who pays. Use (to). Trial and error is a the pluperfect possessive of repetition, common sense, mothball socialism without tears. In Australia for example half the working population work for the state, work is mainly defined as information processing, News Limited and Bond and the president of the opposition Liberal party each cost every man woman and child between one dollar and one dollar sixty per person per week. Directly. Indirect costs are harder to calculate. In a national socialist economy success is a tax. Will takes out shares in work by psyching up an habituated, just staring rust doing door to door in little risks and makes like to forget it. Funny that. (On its spurious own.) A double standard (flu) of thanks. Now you're talking. A mug shot. Or, an accretion of the

accomplice (predation) makes for a production of relations (a sum total of assumes) in which value is a surplus; until of course the gun goes off. A coward of reason and false teeth resents the guessing glove, vanity - the manufacture of space by explosions - says building a logic from shifting perspectives was a mistake; the hero is he who knows who's watching; whoie whoie whom and the cunnings. A rabbit is for christmas a rabbit is for keeps, a retail user-pays intelligence.

A mute plum in the mouth brags of owning up, a gullible sudden: telegrams were the last media known that didn't lie - nobody trusts the newsboy to even give the right change; mirrors are a synthetic distance that is more or less expected - when the oedipus complex was sold to Japan we all got cars in return. The trivia of knowing better skills pain out of spite like some glib mistrust of rehearsed wants. Action at a distance - the market (a complaint) - is a fearlessness that manufactures contemplation, a modesty of lulls, or charms: English was sentenced by a malice of France; over there has fat teeth; all profits contain all earlier profits; satisfied, the English now sell roads (without witnesses). An open mouthed distinction of cooperation and collaboration nasties things by losing them in approximate (functional) stabilities: you can't step in the same puddle even once. An eager really of rightists was a parasite of surreptitious (and violent) other worlds; it was not unemployed. To define tools as definitions - the English ruled indirectly (structuralism) and the French and Americans directly and gave us culturalism (imperialism was sold off) - is it more misleading to define the corpse by when she died or by what she wore? Pyramid selling. It haunts abstracted empiricism (anything goes) by posing as itself. Examples are the only show in town. The superstition of narrative fails to predict paranoia. You win.

And those museums of authority - businesses - that exercise both a syndrome of reproduction and a no-fault bonus of redundancy (numbers are the decadence of attention) act - in a manner of speaking - like those clerks that marry the boss by making a distinction. The machine that evolution used to massage genes was breaking voices; a service is a surrogate proverb with added stress. It unpacks size. An order - a self-evident metaphor - has no next, it just tricks out a perspective of achieved conviction and calls it done. The gob of all possibles flatters like by licking stamps. Indolent, then. The past is cheaper than the law, it only sighs. Fragile, experience has no rights outside of reference. A vowel fails to be a motive. Tourist. Threats are always unique. A born again victim of onlys. Non-plussed and trying - a lend of straits - descisions were bartered as a pretty pass. Pass. I mean if we take exaggeration as the example all we get is points. (The implicational niche that time was sposed to fill - the idea of parts - would have been perfectly reasonable if

it hadn't been tried already and found wanting as an ornament (,things is fears with nowhere else to go). He had a soft spot for the futile, it was irritating.) And like any sane event it fears its description. Too bloody right. After all, it is only polite to ask those questions that require anecdotes for answers. Thankfully, the resistance is to knowing better. Poverty - a clock (a functionalism of being bored) - is where the story is confused with the explanation (a factual error), an unconditional attitude. It is a little victory. A fascism of hope is built around the need for choice to have an agent. We do actually think about being right. Awkward (an arbitrarily ambiguous dilemma) jokes fail to export. They're just too silly for words. We is just a private us - necessary is otherwise inclined (it aint about) - a cognitive coventry of a no probs (two bigs don't make a bigger) job. Priveleged (ideal) knowability is a sympathy that trends put off: it don't fact (very). And debt is reasonably cheap protection. A modesty that denies destination. Much of a muchness was a flirt. Much of a muchness came to lunch and stayed.

Facile silence (the band) do are are um t'day; necessity plays dress ups is the B side. (Proof may be many things but it is obviously always anxious, an existential cult of decisions that remember their origins (where being wrong is supposed to be a choice (at least it's not reductionist)). Repetition - a liberal induction - says power is when you don't have to decide anything (targets are self-generating) like y wrap data up in things so's y can flog it. Don't worry, you'll keep.) An ecology of not quite was spoiling for a fight: it got stood on. (All nice are knowns. All knowns are nice. Good.) Sure, leisure is a language game, a little system. So what?

Superstition of speech: facts (with a smidge of added value) - a self-evident adjective - that add the opportunity cost of billing (to the bill; `now' is premissed on the prop that redundancy begs the question: clumsy), a predicament of those sorts that make for want, a pun of on, and would like to be consistent, a ratiocativity (a tacky that) of may. I mean seriously. Yeah? You and who's army? A hidden form-filling zen that proposes words to be ideal, `no way' is that form of description that owns its own. And reason sits at home, criteria trying to get out, and knits a cargo cult of smuggled value, an obvious sock. Experience adds a possible sanction of proof, it objects. A transfer (or category mistake) of faith - a position that we take for granted - as juvenalia: happy bait. Coz (having done assumptions) entry is always subsidised, was just aint the case no more. And while management may be indifferent, it knows what it likes. A quarantined no-man's land of mincing relevance (it takes one to know one), it is a both, a hero (- seen a lot of introspection go belly up in my time, done in by chocolate frogs). Accidental forms of life (sweet-tooth

midi lispings) are sample echoes, easy existential pickings, liberal soup. They dump the next on this and call it therefore sufficient: a beer-is-freer-coz-of-froth school of gazing. And if the shoe fits. `Being' is that kind of word that could only ever be a word. It was sold as a pup. Therefore is a metaphor that's spoken for, a found logic - sympathy is for amateurs - that makes projections could. There's no or in words to do expressions of a sort that coz, a coo-coo dialectic of giving with the left hand and washing with the right, a gurgle: I dare say. Or, ask anyone, they'll tell you `it just so happens' cheats.

A (post-mortemist of) resents (moddy coddled recounting (a la a confess)): absence is now worth more than the enemy ever could possibly have been; repress dresses such in use, a hidden pleasure (or tacit ness), one empirical copy. She, anyway, was in such a state, `be' is that sort of predicate that makes a style. A pause assures conjunction; to have. Method is the fashioned bribery of in and out; it - at least - ignores. Ownership is a labour-intensive tool: it imitates. (Administrative tricks proselytised as handy set an absent-minded table: the army is a class of stories that are seen to be done.) Complacent - or what's the big idea? - is no more redundant than weight. Determined (a compromise of waiting) a satisfied doubt was taken seriously and dumped: argument by elimination now regrets terror as an expensive habit (Kentucky lives next door) and eats at home. Games - the multi-national welfare state (sports and wars) - are franchised R&D. And win.

Postponement is that form of improvement that likes to word up surrogates. It's true. Humiliation by fraud plays double or quits - a vulgar time and motion - with the dues: it bores. Take away. Which gives us a deferred reserve (an itinerary, a) maintained as little fars. A so-there (read `pill') of who knows, hypnotised into some sort of otherwise (a wishbone adverb) with charm. The particular are no more nouns than reliable, conditions and not grounds that sort. Which is all very well and good. Like begging the question is a reasonable justification. Of get. You'd better. (Intention as a means. Dispositions: an essentialism of bests.) It's like that. (And to the extent that something depends on the answer, huh? therapy.) A same (flabbier, but as irreducible as then) redeems the practical as arbitrary, a deduction that alls. An example is only trivially a proof (that has been reduced to talk) (of convenience). One if-only is no theory, two if-onlys aint a lie. An apparent improper abstraction of a givenness is stubborn: explanations are those translations that, well, that you know, cope. Grammar only seems to be privileged coz it stops the mores, not coz it dresses any better than an itch.

An assume with a view - the idea idea - defines functions by deducing usuals (a begrudge); dealing does reductionist duty by stuffing structure up

a jumper of concretes. Sufficient lists. But if you take Descartes' last play and add Nietzsche on background music (Wittgenstein on clarinet) voila, a conscious soul (- it learns subjects and shadows ghosts. (The art of one (x squared) plus one (y squared) equals one (ha!) is good enough. (It critic.)) The results of Levi-Strauss on violin. Solve sets. The relations to evidence are yes and no rollover; probably (a languid (or sardonic bot)) bootstraps morals like they were going out of style, a datal hit parade of more or less justified reallys. Off the peg motives may as well be greek. A patch of aints was ok till it got busted for loitering (, with intent. An observation moots points before kicking them to death, with intent.) (Thank god agreeable comes in sentences. (Purpose is that honorific of self-reference left over from the incorporation (by psychology) of the church.)) It flirts with cause (the invidious narrative of taste) and it shows. A cure on two legs, a reminder (of infinite regress), it fits. Bit. A riff of acquisition will tell you everything, cept where the fish are, or similarly. (The possible is a dobber.) One incorrigible understanding and two ad hocs make three machines: if bodies had been easier to understand, nobody would have bloody thought to mock the mind up anyway. Cept where the fuckin fish are.

Analgesic analogies to crime (a purposeful form) miss those neutral measurements that make codes of size so of or ish don't synthesise a it but triv and experience has this somewhat impoverished vocabulary (- psychology is something you use on dogs, like good ideas; it uses prediction as a justification.) And represents itself. (As ends.) (By knowing better. (In a portable sort of way.)) I infer an armchair. An attitude (agency) of satisfactions. I see. 'Normal' is a word. And 'aint' is another one. Witnesses en route to their trial, opperationalists, buy truth tables, for lots. It depends. And the bent means. Substantially the same as real reasons in old problematics, a anyway went stepping out with accounting and the fonds. The difference between what we're talking about here and what we're saying about it is the colour of referent sense: All circles are skeptical All skeptics are circular Therefore is abandoned realism. It is only true of. Implicit is a softie unlikely to complain (the very idea) that appropriate nevertheless weren't described. (And I'll give you what for.) Very very veritable guarantees. One is collateral for two by being causal - an immunity to debt - and so inducing interest to jump ship; a supporting benefit (a concrete inference) that allows itself, a dole, a sweet fuck all.

The (other) boss should so, the other (boss) could too, a medium. A clerk, to clerk, sold out. The show-off effect - where the arbitrary is harder to disprove - is a feature of exchange (the better of positives (by-products of semantics)) as known and infatuated at. It turned verification into a

thing, a copy (solutions only choose gratuitously - don't wanna go / back to status quo), a this-isn't-it all ords. Ad hoc 'sumptions (the target is disqualified from winning) are viable if you want to fall for that old one: otherwise is a fantasy of reason; no locals here. (That questions are that part of bad language that make sense is redundant is a category of discourse that claims a migraine of assimilation, one apologist too many.) Cautious sufficiency, please make us non-trivial, but not quite yet (;though I do suppose recognition constitutes an attempt. Toyota: melodrama takes the talking cure of victorian industry and calls it shame; the chivalry of biting your tongue).

Pride in that shared specialisation, pricing, accesses class by saluting double dutch (reflexive at the least), a negligible stock of repetition. Norms are those slogans of puppy love put up against a post, a perfect practice that corrupts by opportuning oughts as sames: nouns are presented as standards and copy assessments into kindly folds, allies rather than prisoners of the fact. A leisure-user blue. Chock full of opposites the possible probs along, an epistemological excuse, a washed-out correction, luddite-luck dull. It implicates. A later. Testing testing, one two, one two. (Addition is not a theory, query is not a doubt, just because. (Grammar is not covertly cumulative, style is.)) A pimping objectivity embeds our benefit in an immune deficient back chat of watch-your-tongue: it legislates for lag (truth, a subset of control, is a bunny (a delay is not so much a reified hole as the echo)) and explanations as sub-judice. May as well (a id) identifies with mug shots (ad) by buying cheap. Or bearer.

Doing copy for hermeneutics, hypocritic realism writes up sell-by-date conclusions for that model of order some call the news (cynics of course read it as standard english, copy book rupert and the me-toos). Money - the poor man's metaphor - is hostage to demonstration, it is a symptom of the passe them. (They-they hiccup. They-they don't. Put y dough on th don't.) I is a default clause (a morality of wants (ingenious hunches)), in the subversive traces (pecuniary gloss) of a snob. Spend (the common 'sell') and redeem, a golly uppity pedant that ransoms some bastard hoax by presuming (too too by half) advance to be busybody-backward. Fee for service and you're made, a fine concession of blackleg staples, an embezzled reference, forward description, that lux intentionist as a dare. And if criteria are so smart why don't they like their friends, or even similes? Hints appear about, a false markup (or wouldn't) in groups of adequate knowns (power is a theory of the status quo), but no scabs (of internal (pretty-as-a-picture) nominals). Sure nough, no iggies here. (A consequence in fictive clothing, it corresponds.) A no-show details an in-itself-ness going off. Roolly dearly. And in what sense do you tell a good

one? By persuading jargon with a blend of simulated deceit and the vocabulary of the winning side? By virtue of being mere or beside the point? A science of saved accidents plugs into an argument of promise - the slot is the jingle - and defines the passive as uninterested. Appearance is a plus (and therefore an ordinary truth). Of mods: a regret. Answers are only contradictions when they mirror the question (that is not by being values) and sell pasts to in-kind idealists of the found; answers are colds. The logic of explanations is a parasite of consistency, a supplemented groping, notional assertions. Dualism is basically suss, an equivalent of dubious procedure.

Transcendent debt - redescription (on the blink) (negation is a fact) - makes itself useful by taking on a confirmation of results. It sneaks reduction, an overcompensation of the rest, which depends (addition is particular) on a forged exchange, just too clever for words. Anyway, it is words - not things - that cooperate. A deals-with went up for five to ten for being known. That's reason enough. It machines a responsible pose. Lookee lookee is a did coz is a poss. Choice, interest is one of the inevitables, a why-why tickle, a reply on ice; ownership is that form of cognition recognised by law, a tacit heavened self. It (a passive) discourses (moral) by ticking off: it'll do. A supplemented empirical can-do, a faculty of goods, decides (a kiss and tell) (fascism is always new) the right to reason is only rented. It is that part of behaviour that likes (like is that dimension of the arbitrary that examples sense) and we all know what mirrors like: kibbitzing. Fill in (what used to be called added value: on how to manage the boss - let her finish the job (generosity is defined by assuming it aint gunna get done, a do-it-yourself therefore). Anemic is a white space out for the count. Already. Hypothetical (an adequacy of claims) conditions recognised as stored (bots) botch a logic of inquiry by filing it as competent. Interprets (the paradox of implication) is applied as cases, a bullish incompleteness theorem of practical (a messy deduction it refutes those constants surrendered by the press as formal bait) attitudes. Occupied, predication represents a typical queue of contexts that initially produce themselves. Without blusher. Bummer.

Pain - that purchase of privacy (one does, you know, take hostages) - uses self to keep it warm, a functional predicate in two parts (it makes a difference) agreement is a form of life with nothing general left to say, a scolded anticipation that chokes on prose. The irony of doubt - I told you so (a piece work of absence) says sorry: economists account for language as the commodity (after defence) and even recognise language learning as a thing. They however fail to recognise it as a model. And if objects are judgements, they are the value of functions for arguments, an opportunism of description, a panacea that claims addition to be a little

revolution. (Certainty is just a hidden tax; it compromises noise; it whinges.) 'I give up' is only a fashioned proof of 'as if'. Flat chat. A tautology eats its cake and keeps it too (saying nothing is always ambiguous), a solipsism of intent. (It's just a stage.) The market is that form of communication (for what it's worth) that really only means what it says. 'The' is a theory of recursion, a truth that facts itself along, coz it explains, a known of thats, and shows: ('the'). A 'a' is/are that matters, a logic that represents (by knowing better) that implication is indifferent, it never seems. (You can humour facts with charity but you can't keep a good dog down.) An economy of explanation, a redundancy of purpose, time milks excuses for the boss (it sulks): I'll stool the fuckin bitch on you. Why, you never seen a soul jerk off before? What did you think 'carnation was, a dumb threat? A sinner (a cadigan synthesiser) is definid as being late; it was docked; here, boy. It means that - a definition of truth - the get of names makes like into a sentence that don't do up. No. Really? And the telepathy of use - one cheap electro magnetic pulse puts out the computers of north america - is second thoughts. I mean bodies just look like minds, druggy facts, and if Gaddafi don't put the bomb up, he is chicken. It (an intent) detatches assent and pins on sticks. And scratches. It's had it (unlike standard formal languages English contains its own truth predicates), anomalous john. Adverbs make out meaning with a shrug. Tough. An axiom sees the sea by bending over. Therefore says refers. It makes a claim (never mind, the same is a chorus of wet classifications) and dibs conjunctions bots, a two-pot screamer, and though right, empirical bite, it only helps. As a logic engine, disposition has a lot going for it, and tarts up a real treat. And it adds (argument) form as a negateable (value) almost self-evident, normatively boring toy: coz kisses cops a lot (it tells). Rules (realtime objects) are those asserts - but only on condition - that prove force, a got gotta gone of correspondence. (A functionary only represents, it pseuds description as a maintained stock (it can't cope with lay-bys) and calls all entities sentences). Logic - a faith of whodunnits that maintain phrases to be named - dresses itself (two is plus two too): ambivalent to on, 'but' is a pea-and -thimble trick that operates a content of expressible bits, it is depressed. Expedient is a big kid (and it votes), a primed tautology of ownership that looks (analysis) but we don't talk about that, a pretty incomplete. Non-null and moody, coulda types the hired as a smile and while orders neglect the past, truth does seem to have a high IQ.

Love sabotages - it procures isolation - and crowds the mouth (better make a lolly of the tongue) and slights, sighs in tights (with rhymes, mind you) and other hurts: 'I'd rather walk; a romance clones proof by failing to arrive: it talks, 'we' is only sometimes sitting down. A cock-up

of a cunt - the word is fucked (instructions always look like `the', a zero sum) - and can't ya shit whats - or thats (a piss of this) - by taking languages (not sentences as spoken? I say, ain't that more or less here? Or where we came in? Just about. Certainly, if `as' has no object it is not produceable, and where the problem is the reproduction of statements - the logic of accompaniment - they can only be understood as small change. Anyway, you can always put words down to experience.

Problems - packages of perspective - peep. What they peep at is unclear. And perves make profits from (of course) publicity (marriage, tautologies and lies):

1. local government (defined as data banks (economic zones)), privatised social services, tax defined as information (or market intelligence (data defined as practical advertising)), and communication networks (education and its look-a-likes (cops)) as supplied by retail bankers are
2. the current state of play - just ask your local Safeway manager.

Art as advertising research (inheritance) is pretty drab stuff and really only requires reflexive minimalism, modelling, a socialist-cum-corporate realism, tourist insights of accounting (designer theft). What remains however interesting is art as instruction manual, the smudge of ethics, aesthetics and credit (the transcendent fact), pieces as problem grammars (trade, part of a tacky explanation of fundamentalism and the attraction of the phrase).

Descartes' last dance (, and other biological synthesisers) uses time as a strange attractor, a bit like red. Forms use agreement as a definition of diagnosis. The ether is not only conceptually noisy - what with all those competing futures, ads - it itself (a butter sculpture) is going off. The key of C puts it's order in and notes that entropy don't live next door no more, it's moved upstairs and history - that fractal of bothered syntax - does the dishes (and rhetoric dries); let's hear it for double bunks: hear hear. A hiccup mimes logic by breathing in. And something farts.

Comparison, a cowboy joke (Simon says, of cowards) reneges by giving up: promise just can't win. (It's cool to be embarrassed, eclectics (eclairs and toast) lay on bets by breakfasting in bed. Hip anyway enough. The odds are kept.) And should chance (a packet of little negatives with gregorian use-by dates) come in, you're s'posed to take the spoon out of said mouth before serving. Anyway, if words were jealous of stutterers I'm sure we'd know. Aren't you? A library of hells, a sanctimonious outer suburb of poor taste, has a reference on sets: what did you say? I beg your pardon, what did you say? Aren't you? Liable? Errands are tokens of guilt, sticky edges that join the dots - modem victim blues. Average doesn't rhyme with orange, but neither does anything else. But average does rhyme. Otherwise,.

Slander - an optimistic idea (it piggybacks the free lunch) - always wants a guarantee (for life, mind you): it'd probably be easier if you paid. Franchised targets with `to whom it may concern' writ bold, at least keep sight and stock makers off the streets, pity 'bout the view, but next year all this will change, we'll be MBAish and buy success (won't that be proud) and only fascists of intent will cure the ground.

Irony only flatters management - it doesn't quote - and Australia is an ad for market research, it's a known-to-associate (and warehouses (as a fence)) fifties practices and borrowed criterion (, a museum of exploitation). What it did have (access, locality (a syndrome), orchestrated competence) has resolved as debt (every man, woman and child subsidises Murdoch, Bond and Elliot for example, to the tune of one hundred one hundred fifty yen each a week). Chartered accounts model legislation and we get dobbled for holding the ball. Me, I'm going home, get my drugs delivered. Dear American Express, is there a doctor in the house? Does he paint?

Exchange as non-periodic propaganda - you can always get Japanese or German money at two percent so long as it has military application - and seeing the military model behaviour, stress, etcetera that of course means everything. I mean market research is only user-pays surveillance. And the military academies are buying up (specialising) seventies poetry in Australia, pricing criticism out of the market.

Anglo hackers (ghosts of blonde bombshells put out to grass) turn tail by breaking up the palette, a fashioned overkill, a vanity of being right. When John Maynard Keynes designed the British Council he was playing opposite 'the work of art in the age of mechanical reproduction'. (Project-based diplomas of electronic arts may indeed be the best way to exploit sixteen year olds (boys) (wetware), but rock and roll is a miserable distribution system of personal pronouns and rancid meat (the nice thing about parrallel universes is that you can exploit them with relative impunity) and as any sixteen year old girl will tell you, if you want to make money (be a bloomsbury) don't be first.) And telling all these reformists how to butter their bread, let alone where to get off, is a lyrical job description for the depressed, a mirror with no silver lining (, it helps explain why case histories always read like whinges, why the most generous thing bureaucracies can do is make mistakes). Paranoia spells 'good' as 'syndicates'. It wants to unionise second thoughts. So? Decoration only looks like pornography (that without redeeming social importance) on sundays. And on sunday afternoons MITI talks about buying CSIRO, the dilettante's acronym go. But is it art? Or is it, at least, Duchamp? The PhDs in aesthetics are all owned by Ford. How's that for robotics?

And don't monkey with social darwinism 'less you want to go into banking, a periodic table of surplus values where any service industry gets a two-for-one. Double or quits, you can't lose. No wonder they wanna up the ante by exporting guilt (me, I'm selling subscriptions to my morgage, wanna deal?) Manners, it seems, are still the software of things. Gee, I coulda said that. Or using Radio Australia to supply digital signal (courseware) to a field of laptops running conversation-theory based

programs (education as the hook (it's cheaper to write off) to sell management; the target area of Radio Australia is the greater economic co-prosperity sphere) and do you think I could give it away? (It's like selling Melbourne as the capital of copyright legislation (lawyers doing a community arts production of the Merchant of Venice,) doing an audition (job interview) on negation is a full time job.

And I'm not arguing here for versions needing witnesses (best-case argument by fait accompli, otherwise mere collaboration (what you do with an enemy)), but for the structure of cross examination. If the future is defined as that sector of human endeavour that fails to require competence, an audience of social credit, the best we can hope for is yuppie enlightenment, some sort of structural self-reference or what they used to call speech. And apart from being portable - a minimal entry requirement, like bad breath - speech conjugates (Freud's 'talking cure') a calculus of romance: having sold 'listening', industry now wants to buy silence. Dressing silence as complicity (positivism) was a marketing mistake ('though appropriate) equivalent to defining nuns as twins: purposeful systems (a more or less bankrupt realisation of the eight hour day) are honorifics (mercenaries, if you will) that beg to differ. Teachers are reasonably, in fact really, teachers. Oh. Ambiguity is not the pluralism of tautologies that rhyme (actually, average) only on warm nights: it sleeps well. And dreams, of running off at the mouth. However, being right is an experience form that scolds the feedback of capricious standing-for-something-else. It is an instrumental want or strategy. It is not an ecology. It is not (thank god) a word. And because committees are right (they legislate gossip), they have nothing to say (place). This is not an existentialist's 'shut-up' (used but not used up), News Limited makes us eavesdroppers. That's where it works. Tale-telling is the only possible job. The only well-formed sentence is a dob, a (false) economy of evidence: 'how much is that doggy in the window?' is a prayer. I say, I say, I say, that's a bit rich.

(Here follows the 'Birth of Peace', a ballet by Rene Descartes, first performed 19 December 1649:.. We can observe two minutes silence, in lieu. (Heine's ballet Faust works too.))

More is a map. It names names (and looks after common sense) and makes axioms a theory of value (the units of measurement are, presumeably, ads). One efficiency too many (the self-deception of parts (an hypocrisy of pleases)) makes a science of attempts. It functions. And crazy-systems theory proves hesitation (the improved proof is irony (pushing shit uphill, 'though perfectly privately (a two-scoop truth where minus minus equals equals, or some such lamingtons' lament))). 'Paying attention' is a form of reproduction that knows, an inheritance that

forgives itself. It is a fringe benefit (it relates). It is not a profit. Logic is a profit. No pictures please.

Appendix A

Self - an essentially pathetic way to package time - uses anxiety as a definition of locality:

Dorothy Dixter gets in quick with a fix -

Pilot project *47: Balloons/airships as low-level satellites using 2 Meg mmW links to supply city-wide communications (eg Shanghai)

*53: Virtual Systems Environments - an on-line strategy-thinking magazine to service management ('management' is defined as the only sector of the Australian economy that has not improved its productivity since 1952)

*48, *49, *51, *52 are DIY scenarios

Appendix B

Rupert Murdoch's turning Catholic may or may not mean that news has become a transcendent fact, but let us pray

Appendix C

The 'that' that interprets 'and' was late. It made excuses.

For a sheet of paper marked with a \$ and a ? some five or six inches apart:

\$

?

Hold paper with right hand. Close left eye. Fixate \$. Move paper slowly back and forth along line of vision and watch ? disappear at about twelve inches.

Self - an addenda without hope, a fashioned afterthought that models others (it predicts), subscribes: where metaphor is the hero and possible the wife./ taking questions literally performs an 'I' with loaded dice./ The paper clip - a mobius strip in one dimension - makes a Latin of machine translation and coz the face acts as a tourniquet for blood flow to the brain (try a smile in triplicate)/ we make pets of -ing and -ly, sweet nothings to the ear of 'rithmatic./ Dimpled query - sitting on any point that could be made - fair dinkum figurative, parts positions down a mid/ (near misses, - bait is what translates) of wimps, and like any prop requires objects other than itself to did./ (Fiddly stuff, taking piss out of a this.) Almost - a fib - kids itself ('cept when it's big) by restructuring the lexicon, a causal reference (it describes). It means both. (It's a bit like soap.) Cyberspace uses facts as rent, it listens in on hymns, and mopes around the narrative of dope by chatting up a line at home. A loan. (Or fine.) Gives me the shits. And inside out and upside down a crab of pockets turns words to trojan horse a want with regulars, a learnt chess-without-a-queen or what-can-you-say? S'pose Jonah extends the form by whispering (a drop-the-hanky sort of before) 'induction fucks a lot' and threatens an internal realism by coming on to one as one, what then? Does it verify? Or mean to refer to dubs as of-a-kind? You, expert, and don't tell me it's a different sort of question; been there, 'it agrees coz it's something else' sucks. If a paradox does in fact despair, it only explains fiction as some uncertain need, it don't attitude. (Anyway, maybe it's a medium - 'certain' is a word that only happens in limmericks). That it reinterprets, a la prejudice, abstract logics in a nest (in a nest of dependencies) is suitably cute. Intention makes for changes in negation (it quantifies (buys) things) by marking as incomplete those distinctions we've called possible, inertia come home to roost (; it would seem to be just a matter of decision which parts should correspond). Satisfied, perspective dressed to kill: actual thinks somersaults are neat - 'I give up' deduces Wall Street to be a street. (Promise reflects a lack of surprise and performs a premise on itself (show

off), a persuade of conclusions that even I can understand: in that consistency is closer to tragedy than logic, it too starts out right (subject). One is rather obviously a conceit, or modest state.) And if we tell what meanings do, we can tell on what they are, we can do functions (parts and combinations) as a tense of pronouns (that contexts stammer is self-evident), as a mass, a fallible nip. (Intension is the truth - it goes into a sentence twice/ (a cough of quanta goes off if'n you keep it in the shade) and all sentences are sets of possible worlds where the context set is empty, and empty coz it's nice./ It groups. In adverbs. And adverbs come to lunch. Please is a property of prob. Expressly represents. And shoves empirical up the front. A situation-sized dob. Proof.) Pandora had an ego, Pandora had a dog. Psychology, or what you think it means, irons shirts. It is generally about. (An equivalence.) And if the dog knows that I too know where the bone is, is it a metaphor? Or just a summary? The present king of France thinks so. A fictive false (used as a setting) concept went to see and what he saw made sense: copy of particulars, ten bucks. 'I'm sure' was trying to be efficient (so he explained) and got in a domestic (use) that does hi-camp. (Suits me.) Strengthening the antecedent is a favourite pastime ('entities' to those who know):/ the semantics of pragmatics that jam gravity into a brick of course just ain't on, they're like classes - all shy signs and volunteers - none of them can throw./ A property is only a set for fairies. One unnoticed parameter was shot. It implied to death. If you call that tactics, you'll dance with anything. If subject matter ain't modal, is it occupied? Particles don't add up 'less they're stood on: a proposition approaches function if the john has half a clue/ - aboutness ain't on every street corner, but not coz it ain't 'identical'. So what do you do?/ Describe? Remember? After all, representation requires states, subtlety is printed on every dollar bill - that addition is associative, costs, pimp. It is conditional. I mean, 'it' is hardly underground. (The metaphysics of 'watch it' need not apply (the motive of the inevitable was framed).)/ And the only place to go for blame/ is up. Time's up, too. And if pretence weren't so moody, roles could account appeals dispensable, as ex, a bias that knows what you mean. Ah, art: say 'are'. Next. Ideal data wipes the floor, ideal data types./ (What, words skite?/ Too fuckin right./ (Two can play at avarice, only one can win.) Whim. 'I think' - as a definition of truth - is plus or minus ten percent (that is the observable universe), it is an essentially pathetic anything.) One to one (with witnesses) plays asides in positives (ghost prosodic systems) and uses disease as a way of tuning space (it localises as narrative, an ontology that eats shadows (I mean you may as well call it science)). It also hides. We please knees? Guess so.

Aboutness - the burden of similarity - intends. It depends, as do conditions, ideally, on observed adequates (a mapping of rhetorical pauses that take meaning to be a sentence (not here a description) of couldabeens) or plotted needs. It dresses non-equivalence, ignores a certain vague sincere evidence of prose and induces 'for example' to be noun enough. (Speech, of course, also uses clues of consistency, a 'the least meaning is the best meaning' principle of charity: thanks but no thanks.) To assume that it's true and that it's true of, in other words that it rhymes, is a symptom (trying to motivate meaning) of projected summary. Old-information-first held up it's end of the conversation by saying nothing. It nominalised the postponed agent (a parasite) as actual (and therefore possible) or at least ersatz. (Possibilia deals, synodomistically, with completedness and only seems to cheat) Quasi much. Amounts. Now that's a pathological predicate (you can tell, it confuses coherence and consistency). Or syllogism (; to the known, psychology means a theory of acquisition). See?

Rules of compossibility - a mother tongue of implications - factive distinctions (generatives) for example. They also do this without pronouns. (Adverbs are a thing of the past.) Baa baa algebra (the rhetoric of 'no') makes expedient a gunna of *tools* (some echo (are users?)) and a plussed up number of other things like 'could'. Phenomena-full coinage (refugees from empty terms) pragmatises wrapping as *described*: it is not a big zero, it does not exaggerate, 'though there are truth-value gaps (I mean it always retains the right to change it's *mind*). Reference is a give away that tends to *sense*: nomenclatural cures that fix *intents*.

Sweet-talk mimics a lack of *represents* (fictions in particular) or function-sucks by versioning any *this* as schiz, a mix-it with a tour of individs, a (story) *vis*. And axioms at *home* appropriate the *phone* by turning out an axis of *extent* (a long wrong number) - one plays one: two *all*. Model me that, *crack*. (Where two is *max*. One: ontology on holiday, a one-size-fits-all stretched *semantics*.) A who-dunnit bunny got fuck-up by the *balls* (I know coz I was there) and generalised the *lot*. An orderly *retreat*. A hybrid without hoax. Stuffed you. (And being *incomplete* frustrates abstraction like the *pox*.)

I had a little *boss* who's name was *coz* was was *was* coz that's the way it *was*. Or, not *fair*, double *dare*. ('Though the body was double-parked on the future the future didn't mind (it only hung round for a laugh: ABCD goldfish, MNO goldfish, OSAR)). Agency. And select. A medium of stipulates and semiotic ideals (instructions on the *prize* (like let's pretend that 'let it be' is a good idea)) so's to *authorise* a does: don't poke no plots with english (trial and error syntax in the rounded vowels) - ends always *win*. And did need come to? After and the actuals (names are those types of *things* that may or may not have examples) and why-does-who-want-to-know only avoids an essentialism of bests. And we all know betting to be the sacred lie that tolerates leisure (occasioned as a training ground for surplus) *whens* (, soap). (Just coz nostalgia is into conspicuous consumption don't mean it's *late*.) Symptoms are an unsatisfied fiction of idle sums and don't say too much. *Bait* It projects onto sentences adequacies that exploit a fused *salvation* (accidents), rubs up limits (facts now agree with understanding) a rational *satisfaction* (or purpose) that shows off an audience as qualified, and *leaves*. It is *security*. So depression suspends a *disbelief* (the market as a moral force) and *cheats*. Pills and *pity* reincarnated in the news. And fashion, we *agree*, never happened. It *submits*. (Copy is the shape of criticism as it relates rather than as it *sits*. Etceteras are (off)*set*: lastic lactic ofs that *pei* dimension on the *head* (that meaning is s'posed to be a proof is good *enough* (a virtual cert, 'though pretty *rough*)). Feedback is narcissistic when it's cute; cute when it's *tough*. (Ode to a reciprocating engine: me, too.) Of course nineteenth

century yankee also-rans are going to up the ante by speaking *japanese*, but *that* fails to be a reason to wear *spats*.) Independent of any finite *set*, an existential wish-list is a *threat*.

Speech is an out-of-body experience. And it sucks. It stresses doubt. And like any bang on the head it marks negation. (Don't go to the doctor no more more *more*, there's a big fat policeman at the door door *door*.) And thinks out *loud* that authorities say 'quiet please' before they mime a *mouth*. (I s'pose it poses as prose: every pun makes one *mistake* - bad *taste*.) Amnesia, being what things do, it likes to flirt. A rent-a-cash west of like *perhaps* we'll talk about it *later*, it *laps up* *behaviour*. Licorice reality and other pop up puns ease into chairs. They have no choice. In place of some pawnbroking matter is a regular readymade. De-duce-produce *juices* dilutes, and puts them. A description is a metaphor that sells. A self-righteous *bot*. Too *choosy*, *what*. An event that owns it's own. (Unlike *use* which won't smile 'less it *lose* it's teeth, nostalgia does a cut-price humility by looking the other way: it alters objects by doing kneecaps; it loves, I must confess, the *view*.) Copy - an expecting cop - does coz by rote and anticipates itself by being *right*: it intends, and so cons the *exercise*.

A model is a mind on it's last legs. Sure, and credit an ideal. Just stand *still*! If a slogan is a dialogue that knows itself (a rhetoric *repeats*), we recognise a metaphor by the fact that it *agrees*. An uncertain person needs one. Praise and blame were typing and this is what they *said*: roll your *Rs* and cross your *Ts* and *instead* of using 'gunna' say 'will'. Will what? *Pass*. Alias (implication in *drag*) adapts or dopts or *may*, but it don't *gag* on being *poor*: frauds seem always harder to steal, what's *more* and coincide as capricious decoration. It deludes the rule of thumb with a kind of *poss*, *loss*, and broods illusion, *glosses* mediocre *lexicons* by making double *sense* and, since this is the *case*, *aints*. A cut down simile of opposition fails to be a *choice*, the *boys* have *gone*. (A *ghost* that lives in the real world (a *prag*, or *toy*) goes *on* (meanwhile) pretty *long*. I guess it's anxious.) (An hypothesis (it runs examples (of itself (a slave)) survives surplus calls by *hosting jobs* that make *gods possible* (I mean they do have *probs*) and it it fills reality in by putting bits (of presume) in the picture and fashioning use as that handle of projected *shade* it *paid* off as done: it simulates functions as a hiccup (*hope*), a *catalyst* of *adequates* or *vain*. It is therefore immanent. It is not naive. It does, but christ, approximate *form*. (Mergers and acquisitions farm structures. *They* have (you better believe it) *faith*.) The prototypical absence (the *forty* hour week) implodes on *pay day* and resurrects the boss by *clocking* on: there, no not there, there; a desperation that redeems itself by *hocking* clones. A pious *show*: dull; premature; too *deja vu*; conscious. A fuse. It mortgaged

the predicament of institutions by building an expedient, a *line* that works on workers before it goes, a *pride at worst*, in means (, a *leisure*): no backward big bangs here - to *measure* repentance you use a *rule*.) Mutation of the exoskeleton - qwerty - has required the *lectric*, a routine *quasi* that withers in the chance of *housy* onoffs and the speech effect. It needed *rests*. (Hush money.) But words are pretty small. Though that's not what was *meant*. (To agree is here to realise (*lousy*)). Reality is a supplementary information (that *echoes debt*) using *action* (no matter) to line the pockets of a has been (like using an Australian-Protestant-Keith-as-an-American-Catholic-Rupert as a definition of information, syntax is evidence) for a *bet*. It anticipates (*negation* is transcendent: a lot of *zeroes* (like *eightyone*) made a charity of truth and looking out for number *one* lost count) *yet*. (If being is cognition it's *running* late, *price* (the aphorism of coecion, cheap incest) *thinks*. I must be *right* (*any entropy* makes a parasite of options) then (aids is a religion, a way of being *sick*) to per se

(On not having read "Think - or perish! towards a confident and productive Australia', by Donald Horne, Commission for the Future Occasional Paper:

The body, being water, magnifies sound. Speech resonates. Internally it effects organs, externally it effects muscles, acupuncture points and the like. Reverse this. Use a network of surveillance cameras to model a body in space. The model is a map of acupuncture meridians and points, muscle areas, organs, dispositions such that movement of any one or set of these points triggers a speech event. (Speech events being suffixes, prefixes, particles, stress patterns, intonations, conjugations, learning patterns, narratives, whatever.) Now, add another figure and associative logics. Articulate. This is one do-able two cheaply three you've just invented a homunculus.

A bunch of residents tried to set up memory-free learning (they didn't agree to do this, by the way, they just did). Idealism packaged for export (the functionalism of legitimation) is at least a public choice: the loyalty of guilt has the same relative value (utility) as a stool pigeon and knows exactly what it would like to have said to that client of pathos bad questions could call taste. (I dream too that my teeth are falling out. (On speaking with your mouth full: usury is one continuous rhyme.)) A language of negatives (compulsion neurosis) takes itself seriously by pretending to be the uderdog, a password of boredom (and therefore read): a bed. How odd of god to flog the news. Where work makes sense, unionise sense (where capital is organised, strike). Greed: the oops theory - truth in a basket - (it's ok, we forgive) is too whatjamacallit, too.

The advantage of art over life: art is not restricted to good ideas. (In those days it used to be smart; these days it's smart to be sorry.) This would have been perfect (It's not that we have anything to say but that something needs be said (I define as noise the fact that you haven't said anything, yet (yet of course is poison).) Yes-but's don't grow on trees you know.).

I told you so is just a play on words. What's that? is not.

Composition as a problem-seeking environment;

On explaining to a bureaucrat that they have a problem:

What do you mean independent? Iconoclast? Tradition? Whose? Criteria? What is self-evident about mediocrity? what is more traditional than experiment? How many internal contradictions does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Arts functionaries who are known to support that which they understand: (a do-it-yourself list)

Arts functionaries who are known to think: (a do-it-yourself chain letter)

(And if the question comes back Well, how would you organise it? Who's asking? Why? Do you want a job?)

Meaning is contaminated by theory, by what is held to be true (truth is a propositional dictionary (look up aesthetics (relevance spells charm with an R))). And meaning is organised, it is one of those organisations of I-told-you-so where utterance cannot be subject matter. I, for one, will make sure she is spoken to about it.

On alchemy as a rubber stamp (no thing makes sentences true): prediction is a given/accounts for in a fit/coping is here evidence/available in pink. Therefore meaning is a charity of punctuation. The resentful hunch of a peevish memory (an explanation of criteria) that says misunderstanding is no opinionated husk of commerce:

If Descartes writes in French for women and Hegel teaches philosophy how to speak German, Wittgenstein is corrected not by Chomsky but by speech (a sentimental bait (the negative of so-what)) and doubles up by pun a competent subject of propositions defining romance as a greed that's so far up itself it's stuffed. (The transcendental bootstrap of profit is beauty in a narrative of there and then. A blushing corpse is a qualified conversation piece.)

Accounting (suburban surveillance - if you are in the army doesn't that count as unemployed?) is an ideal that wants to send negation to coventry for breaking step and looking sideways in a lift at someone's lunch (an object is the opposite of shock(ed)). Management is a machine to generate perspective (a pretence) of a sort (case endings of the rich and famous) that read. Please.

The charm of error: (bothering the false) a conceit (self confidence of image) that does attract, a flak. To report (endorse) the mimic (the notation of the novel) as indifferent denies the paranoid due dull, a bloat. Oh, our (noblesse oblige in a soap) frog in the throat that impersonates the automatic by falling on a loan, show up. An exaggeration that knows itself (effect) is dead (affect) to tends: it rather infects ends.

a half truth: (learning) (another) language
a neurosis (where a lever is a line of flight (opening (criticism by dimension))): a lot of

an alibi (technology as boutique accidnt): oughta
there is no irony in doubt: service delivery (war) is hostage to the prosaic punchline of taste

keep it thin: locality (stodge) is just a oncer (easy pickings (inertia - a thing is just an economic lie)) and the reliability of the military consists in that we just don't know (a model of nowhere)

terms (the bits of propositions (ethics)): (it's a on the tip of my tongue)
pun

a dictionary was particularly not license to not know: blushes at the very structure of thought (to all intents and purposes a possible), a subtle agreement of existence (read: intent)

to desert (sit down, - the assassin has no standing orders) (a lunch box on teaching diletantes how to fart): a rip-off of a wall (but no police came coz they didn have police then)

chance (the shadow of map) and the blitzkrieg of reason: over there (an agent of being seen to be on a false errand (attack)) where information is training by deskilling (learning as behaviour, some admissable will)

yes, I understand: yes, I agree

gesture is that opinion makes a comfort into science (the rule of law)/and so frustrates the metaphor of defeat (logistics by belief)/a sub clause that mimes so there (the anxious general) as fear, is sweet: money sells information, the military sells doubt, wait for the aristocracy to package silence

non linear dynamics goes to town (two bob each way): a shaggy dog story; take a letter, turn it through three hundred and sixty degrees, portion it out as an alphabet and to avoid the compromise of words (junk bonds) neglect the vowels. Hebrew as the classic number cruncher. Zero is just a philosophical aspirin out of Sanskrit and Latin some controlled extrapolation, a knock knock joke for (electronic communion).

PS/now that I am a priori (and got a right to want): tee is for tautology and barracks at the front /aich is for a ransom all done up like a do /ee is just a license fee that subs for flu/and tee aich ee spells you

to intuit (pleasure (begs the question) bags the diff) the abstract as distraction to the power of vindictive is here sufficient if (a known) that supposes con to be a noun (now now) of this: too much monkey business that we agree is premissed on agreement: too bad

looks good: non-contradiction as a kind of possibility (essentially)

because 'that' is a doing word: because

to be for: a case of thens

it: so

method as the means of en-maybe-ing a curly predicate (a belong (his ism is hymns)): a zom-bie, or

a most of: nothing much

and there are those metaphysical punks that hold all givens to be originals (that representation is some sort of bridge (a sentimental point) or bargain) that technique. It renders memory to compare a whiff of where metaphors are dressed as wise, a up-the-ante set that might comprise a foot. Nouns are functional apologies (on a bond) and beg to differ (an obliging pragmatism (on the blink)): a self-reference is only an assumption a la charm, a its. Busy is 'e? Choice (a toy, a failure of nerve) really please.

Aye aye. (Crap of course is a logical tunnel, a cash. (Descartes was a failed mercenary, Foo was right.) From which we deduce what we lack. (Or law and order.)) Now is not very long (just a proff looking for the exit), a fashion (pardon) or sentimental irony, a blush. Repetition only ever gets to be reasonable. Send more money.

In that simple sentences, statements are taken to be propositions the self-reference of information gives us science (formalism, a knowing smile) (credit). It defines the actual (a contingency, a necessary and sufficient future) as a radical ignorance (negation is only two dimensional otherness, a parochial) understood. Certainly, I mean, there is still room - one potato two potato three potato four places at table and you mash them. A normative ploy (doubt (a paranoid assertion)) is just that. Complacent is a form of analysis. The manners of not. (And on the romance of counting: makes up.) Infatuation jails that distance we'd rather sell. Frankly (with intent) imaged is as this, some good ghost. (Post.) Damn, I forget. A droll promise (information is just cheap PR, a wrap (a the ad) (and on the Spruce Goose and other paper planes (no radar print): a rayon shirt is always a good buy). The vanity of sympathy (data) is so disposed to fickle fuck we see no such accrual as might sustain a mouthing off (a cliché is not a douche (language is only a metaphor for size)): after all (suits me) a gather gathers (and even then with dicky teeth). Darwin was trying to prove etymology. A cinderella echo. See Saw and Shutup went to the sea. A seditious compromise. Talk is cheap. Copy is free. Use is payment.

when you come to think of it one is pretty funny (a crusading positivism of puns): ha ha ho ho he he yes that's it he's the one blame him (original sin)

a couple of grammars went bowling and this is what they said, come in spinner come in, a fence is a trader a trader is a wall walls have ears and ears are dead but fences

fill me in on fiction (the dapper fag) and fuck off: from subject to verb without a likeness, lippy the diction (a flapping dag) and fuck off

oh very well (grudge), anyway sounds ok. This and that met something. They discussed doing stuff. And didn't. When the time came however it was on. Too bad. But not too bad. Adjectives are at least learnable by small people. Pretty much. must just (know-all) was name calling and wanted to talk down one two sure (don't answer back) and the agent (mistaken for a had-to) laze do may (enough): a doodle is a noodle on a lead (nice one) pad pat

Does it matter (bad) that cause is merely a flag and on (good) condition (anglo) that probly sue the premise for its should and bangle? Marches? Blameless lapses? How can you tell? Might've was quite right (at the time) (need likes to think that it's somewhere else) and bets on mine. A

stitch. Out of it. (I know.) Contradiction is a one dimensional proof (the best of all possible rules (juve) deny (so) 'as' to be consistent) of some. False (defined as price) is only as intitial condition of context (the art of partly) and next to what the logical call properties. It holds. A they is a also-ran of cans. Still looks the same. A predicate. (The profit of statements.) And better.

Exercise 1: For for example five players, say every fifth word (in turn) so as to maintain (prosodic) sense. Fluently.

Exercise 2: Establish other (than circular) patterns.

Exercise 3: With an ear to timbral and intonation qualities allocate voices more particularly (undo excercises 1 & 2).

In performance use throat (contact) mikes and (sealing) headphones so that each performer can hear the others. However no performer should be able to hear themselves. The mike should trigger a delay such that when a performer voices she only hears what was just said (by the previous speaker).

if and then are descriptions what seem to be the case (although it does imply the bribe) a qualitative paste unlesses could and puts it back in place (reference but)

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is difficult to decipher due to its low contrast and orientation.