

working hypothesis
chris mann



working hypothesis
chris mann



working hypothesis
chris mann

Station Hill Arts
Barrytown, Ltd

Copyright © 1998 by Chris Mann
All rights reserved.

Published under the Station Hill Arts imprint of Barrytown, Ltd., Barrytown, New York 12507, as a project of The Institute for Publishing Arts, Inc., a not-for-profit, federally tax exempt, educational organisation.

For further work by Chris Mann:

<http://www.stationhill.org> for further work by Chris Mann

E-mail: Publishers@stationhill.org

Grateful acknowledgement is due to the National Endowment for the Arts, a Federal Agency in Washington DC, and to the New York State Council on the Arts for partial financial support for the publishing program of The Institute for Publishing Arts.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data
available

ISBN: 1-58177-050-2

AKA	1
risk:	2
(a	7
Language is when you correct the grammar of your oppressor	8
Not yet	13
'I don't hate America. I regret it.' S Freud	20
Virtuoso thinking for several invited words	27
'Silence is therefore the only possible means of communication'	
K Marx 1843	39
On second thoughts	50
Changing the subject	58
Begging the question	69
Language is the mechanism whereby you understand what I'm thinking better than I do	72
Listening - the aesthetics of not knowing	75
A machine for making sense	85
of course	105

risk! In an information economy money is no more mere data but conjugates value relative to the economic status of its immediate host. As an instrument of distributive justice any transaction is therefore ideal.

Contradiction is the first explanation. An immanence.

price, the pathology of description (a hypnotic)

Use remains the dilettante's hypocrisy - four is the profit of two plus two.

transcendence, the possibility of sense and

Apropos so (on selling the self righteous to the self (the kitsch of opportunity)) (irony is the condition of possibility) and the parody of subversion (too fails to be a victim):

the opportunist (a do-it-yourself neurosis)

Facts is co-dependent. I know these things. (On the hysteria of a priori (me) and the thens (context sublimates (sure, but context sublimates what?))

To obsess, to blackmail narrative ('now' as perversion). Like a masochist

'xistence a symptom. Pink. Vanity a proof. Echo itchy. A qua la. The queasily thing so innuendo it'd drop didn't that.

Context is decorative. In this sense is it portable, a grammar of accessories after the fact. But a fascist would of course agree.

or,

But it's only not something else. A mongrel prag. Off pat. Agreement is a slogan of the vicious.

paranoia, the alibi of the ambiguous (inertia exaggerates (the fit is psychotic))

price, the pre-emptive bureaucratic of credit. Plot. A tic. In cynicals.
The rationalisation of therapy, a thing in its

it wants (the subject is overheard (bugs the object)) the wants (the
parasite) to wants

Opportunity is a positivist. Cheap. Hygienic. A knowledge tax.
Stupidity the length. With string.

(Being both necessary and transparent the voyeur wants to be seen at
the work site. The work's indifference is a measure of it's redundancy
and this it's value. The souvenired excuse. Only the same is
sentimental. But to claim the boss as tax-deductible on grounds it's art
is one of the four noble routes to universal health care.)

Use, the self-similar fetish (it's impossibility is it's proof)

I don't think so

a fact, a failed virus, a phobic looks (the ideal, the pluperfect of
agreement) (the crutched reductionist with privileged toos) ('it' is a
hidden metaphor (words the test of envy - they've no fixed sense))

Meaning is experience. And defensive. A private modelling of
listening for the 'nonymous. Playing ing with chasey. Explanation the
ornament. Pragmatically 'stract

The past is an ideal present, narrative the alternative to portability
(context a hole in the wall) (I the cute form of censorship) - mind is just
the other word for more

Knowledge, the limmerick of logic (the picture remains jealous of the
excuse) (logic the mistake in manners), (the proper business of the eye
is weep)

time, the quasi colour of sight, a slightly (words have the advantage of
meaning something else)

pair-off the narcy narcissist on a roll

To run is not an experience. To have is an experience. The hey-you hero

Reason and the fact effect: 'puter 's a battery, sentimental (logic the assumption one knows all one needs to know), history - fascism by other means.

On making a fetish of existence: a thing has the distinct advantage of becoming that it's not.

Need is some sort of other. Cheap.

Narrative - the selling of knowledge as complicity.

'And' is always a noun. 'Cept of course in common sense.

Capital is not a fact. Credit is a fact.

Reason is that which requires an example. In this sense is it the same.

Knowledge is that form left after the event. (A preposition is that punctuation that quotes.)

'No' being an ambiguous part of speech, transgression is the minimal requirement of representation (fictional contexts (shit is the first sign of any system (west is cause both and effect))), silence a reasonable form of address.

anonymous. An example is not anonymous. It's too much like currency. An example is bad news. It is that it is not. A decorative negation. Complacent. I need a clone to take me home and make my bed.

form filters. Knowledge is that makes the world unknowable. Stupidity without the grace. Thought, an adverb (the parody apostrophe puts on (Silence, what the audient calls cognition, what the 'crat calls form

(Form? I'll give you form: Shut the fuck up!))) of the self (On listening to the extent that it is my silence that is required:) (Excuse my french)

Knowledge is the name justification plays under on the weekend, though it denies it is event based. How many contexts can you fit into a round number? And the ad hoc proxies? Double guess and the gussets

1 Agreement is idolatry.

1 Description is the explanation of logic.

Therefore 2.

English is anyway proof. Like possible? An excuse? On legs? Piety pat? Pseudo use? And the look? We's thus quasies up to willy dear with such a rules tht proof (an a la the) fails too to be a proposition. Shame. Really.

analogy, pink punctuation (truth a 2D question (though it be to scale)), is not yet an hypothesis (like the xample riginal sin

Intuits want does us, proud of (nouns IOUs, greement jus th way posing th right question) an thr capricious betters

leisure, bougeois despair, the tautological fact of art, fails of course to represent. Being both the sense and the truth of it (the is one of the accessories of language (the logic of doubt), a symptom of privacy lists 'to forget' as twin ideals

A picture is a lousy cure - logic a form of news therefore. (The image need only know to stop.)

Ignorance is that radical form of knowledge that justifies a self for which any substitute will do. Particularly description but. It is something of a hymn. Regress in three four. Grammarian seeks society of politicians. Ring after hours.

It anyway goes without saying (vocabulary as piety): we know you are

A truth is that for which the opposite is also true. A fetish of humility

Facts are simultaneously thus logical, though self evidence is hardly what you'd call a good idea.

Use is not a software. Advertising is a software. It describes the principle of sufficient reason (understanding is an exclusive form of abuse) - sense is a fact: 'and' is transparent. It is only not otherwise. An example is not a fact.

Music is not a language - it is without ethics. Necessity only recognises examples. Psychology is a form of grace.

The subject is the edge of the universe. It is metaphorically given. Description is the guarantee. Grammar is something that happens to somebody else.

What defines the market is it's failure to be a context. Boring is rational. It is also incoherent. Boredom a pretty obligation. (Five is not the failed repetition of four, they is always that high.)

Being a second language, english is self conscious. Flirts. Conjugates by rhyme. Repetition begging the question. (Circular reasoning substitutes for thick description. Knowledge is a factor predicate. It functions as the criteria for style.)

Show me

(a conspiracy, an act, a filling in)

Limitation is a side effect (number is no great logical distance (and though three is a number it is no computer)). Power, an early attempt at modeling invisible tools (McDonalds has a monopoly on price) (knowledge is bourgeois for use) - data, immunised (any price is dysfunctional) by dumping in the knowledge loop (entropy the interface (feedback the mutation)) a name what tautologises then as rent. In this sense is it a machine, the strategy of defining things as target (the cost is of course archival - transactions mere exercise in data retrieval). Duration is however not a form of self analysis. A fever of english, knowledge is the suppression of the subject (the informant), a pants load of psych n aspros, all apropos. Cluey n stoolie n coup, the box is hypnotic. It conjugates. As a service. N-o. A contagion of ands, traitors all (to save yr breath), an other, the thief (your experience is my medium don't y know) wants lots. A dependency. It then forgets. The hymn to 'nalysis. Empty words make better 'gics - psychology, an adornment, hostage to the hypocrite the mirror - I mean metaphors are never wrong - cause, some sort of post modern drug, is paranoid. Information, a curdled entropic soap (a system is a diversionary tactic (an object an ideal way of fucking with time (argument, the residuals of failure, proof of credit (the profit of motive)))) narrates what it then can't forge (narrative a cheap technology of falsifiability), a pink, prosoid and bitter. Litter. A dropped aich logic by decision (the encrypted pause), recursion (a fact (all facts is detective)) is a storage medium, a bank of if-thens (surveillance by expects) franchised and doled and very clean. That is if the mirror still exists. Consciousness, the technique of something else (fridge as hinge (the naming of events is no more rational)) but description, the code, the bureaucracy of yes, the ghost of switches and their teens .. (most). Reproduction is a poor filter. Ambiguous. Polite. Calculation is patterned still. And in. And. But portable. A fold. Risk so's the declarative of form:

Language is when you correct the grammar of your oppressor

(‘What is the distance from the syllable A to the table’ (Theories of Surplus Value, III))

Ignorance is an experiment in mechanics (the possible is of course tautologous - difference is some sort of field theory). It is both symmetrical. Being logically consistent by virtue of being questions and demanding that solutions be likewise similar, proof (the entropy of any system) predicts the (reification (of the)) past. Examples are the denial of logic (zero is inert, a pseudo equivalence, surveillance (context is weakly stable)) - measurement, a poverty of cause, is irreversible (conservation of identity (price) is mere the dem of clock 'clination (Time, the principle of least action, a metaphor for numbers, claims accounting a passive identity - the subject is anyway identical - facts, you see, is invisible, a sort of prohibited knowledge.)). The reductionist as decoration for a taxonomy of stops: mine and the metaphor of measurement: quits: a calculus of subjects more stable than their contexts (explanation is the first variable (an 'it' being where the buck stops, a utility (pissed))), a proxy drop (seven is an artifact of something else, a pleasure) cop. Costs. (Carbon (the metaphysics of the particular) is an event horizon, a venal waiting of symptoms and their 'quivalents (double or noth' (tock's just a pious nod at motion)) (cash generic for not yet) like itchy sticks.) (Coz is not a medium of exchange (though exchange is a coherent theory of production), repetition is poor neurosis, a null sum dec'ration of empirical-me-that fat, a coy more symmetry of:) A priori is a number, vis-a-vis is too: the psychologically tawdry (use is the map of a commodity (in red)) minus the vector of indifference, that conditional inductive stuff of potentia, a patsy zip beau be be an drips: the object of desire - to be the subject, to be guilty (and anyway interrogate the means (projection is not the same as projection)): surrogate, an object mimes a past (witness as victim (the proxy of more)) (authority is a voyeur - it makes of subjects pathologies) with (negation is the state's preservative) a so so sublimate, a catalogue in fictives of ideal mys and theys - words is mnemonics (the nominalisation of failure), set, bully for you, 'what' is the sign for accidents - it is complicit, in britches, a symptom in its, a prosthetic question 'nalagous of some lo-fi 'cho (facts do of course

have an unconscious - we is the negative of transparency). Me subject is ersatz hostage (to for example gambling by loss, a butch thankfulness), an adverbial goss (difference as prayer) all ingy n tis, a malingerer, with lastic buttons, spot - intent looks like 'dition, a plus upness in the hood of wet: passive is the past of pissed. Wanna bet? Definition is a fetish, an ad for holding water. It has a crush. On are. (Are remains of course the art of (the (unwitting)) side effect (luck that form of transparency that ducks) - bluffs with flack, of thats.) She's all yours.

Truth, a unit of maximisation, abouts the place in justifieds. Limpis it is. Normative as almost. A peg. As in them's is breaks. (And being the done thing (now now): a decisionist in thus (an answer) in: points:) 'It' is that from which all points are equidistant (english is in the first instance spoken by foreigners), a sentimental (experience is the holiday of phenomena) form of substance abuse. Description - confession by symptom, a blind syntax (metaphor is a fever) - denies consumption on a stick. But only coz it can. Yes, mam, synthetic relapse, things is the requiem of logic, the right(redundancy - the positivism of decon)-to-verbal psych of reflexive cures and vacillate analysis. Negation of course symbolises utility. By failing to be a real deduction. (A receiver of stolen goods, it only exists in the plural. Four across: dear.) I is that version of immanence the aestheticisation of reason thinks of as conditional. Effect, the medium of exchange, a broke diddler wanter, crook and latent, what equivocates, as pathos, on: transference by more. Sure. I mean it takes a cop to think of logic as charity, repetition is too a materialist - it defines existence, in the self-identical sense, as almost ethical. Like huh? is proof? A souvenir - loss as the preferred form of preservation? And being of the melancholic gender, the ego flirts with agency, a guilt. With strings. Too? Like is ideal. A sacrifice. Of limits. The positing of objects and their entertainment, an hypothesis in drag (Desire is anyway only available to the incoherent (On performing consciousness as an hypnotic)): panto dilettantee and the bits. Of if. In. Ipso facto. Piss poor window. And the distractions. Equilibrium, price, the neurosis, is the value (use, the sum of all possibles) things conjugate in fixing cash as public and ideal (made y look y dirty chook) (a fact - that for which logic is a fiction) (the ethical tweaking of technical standards, aesthetics (the law of buy one get one free (I wish I had something to

say)) is not what you'd call a pretty picture - as a method the self is less than mediocre) - the five ninetyfive solipsist. On a roll. Pragmatics, the theory of confession, a pleased calculus of distinctions on the fallacy of there - facts is one of those we were wetware 'fects - privatises the list of letters as born 'gain logo alphabet. And the cost of context? A tip of the tongue pos'tivis in a name? Experience is a tupp'ny metaphor. It pities the less stupid. As a risk. An affair (Any predicate is a metaphysic (a word is that part (decoration) of a proposition that does learning (existence is that part of a proposition don't rub off (memory is an argument for silence))), a schiz 'biguous in ticulars and knees, an event. And to filch repetition as one them goods in two shoes, a tame infinity in rhymes and other such opinions as do make alibis (was is no more a proof than nice is): narrative is the failure of music. (Music, the decorative other (the other is a bored medium), as in too much (language is that not a subject, a therefore possible agency (do me a favour, the same is of course criteria:)) Knowledge, cheap worry, is (thus) what sort of violence? I mean apart from being portable? A 'sponsive cliché. A pathos. Knowledge is anyway just bougeois for use (a thing, some sort of ersatz (ersatz sat here) credit), an administered aesthetic where being seen is a work of art. Repetition, the possibility of the past, is therefore undecideable (information, the model of indifference (Facts are of course jealous of existence. They fret. (Sense only hides in facts (facts being that that interrupts the view))), some sort of kitsch (stupidity, a fetish (art, the making of subjects)). And?

The irony of identity (english is a utopia of facts (I don't like language and language don't like me. Evidence.)) (identity is a style of language) has words (the names of facts) have the advantage of not being self conscious. I mean if english had something to say, would it know? A both. A dust of nouns. (A modesty, of.) Snugs. Art thus awkward dulls the world, begs some sort of only-words (words, a kind of yellow dark matter) type question, a gift, a pornography of plugs and egos what infect and so compromises the seen by being, a glossologic common sense, a hedging slander of use and yours, a propaganda. Memory, being a property of social forms, so norms the blush of subjects that it sames about and keeps. The debt. Of sentences. I mean pragmatics is purely decorative, a pious loop. Of. (Knowledge we know to be normative (when the voice breaks, it settles where it

laughs), a taste, a matter, much obliged, the law (slapstick) of sight. More, the package pink of reason, a moral pup, on string, is thus just that, a thing of them, a wad of show me and it's puns, sums, a knee of motives flatulent and fair, such stuff as others (existence being no fact) duffs the crack). Hard to 'splain where there's nothin more to say - gotta (tongue in cheek) gargle fast an gag. Fuckin A. Prank. And the dribble of guilt, the well fingered hypocrite? A giggle of gee (mute nuff f' you?) I go, fff. No way. Had (a handle) 's too too t ain't like that. It'd need a cap. To deduce. True? And the vatic contradicts? Consciousness is that form (economy) of self indulgence used by the past to rationalise those jobs held by the state. Only fiction thought it was fiction. Or rape. A tacit me's or please of equivocates, a symptom's this and the syllogist (it do the truth) drops me a line, a metaphor in pants: like like. Is too. The the of that, an it in itches, jilts a hybrid yea effect. But for sure.

The morality of price is it allows the other be not wrong. Such is the administration of reason a friend, a false distinction which mimes the market (On 'yes' as the suicide of language and the identity of rhyme, see mine:), a metaphor of quite. I, the blindspot of god, is thus here a method (names is a want for meaning) (economics is the perfect language for saying what's been said (thing's a cliché state)), a tagged habit of broody ears that cough, a lughole cops (that spot). Dear dob. That wets in english. A bit of alright. She's, a franchise syntax, me's do. Maggie aspro. A pain on twos. A plate. Like gram' onna tongues of the dead, a penny spasm in has or hads or us, a dot. In probs. A law in tacit pants too sick to stiff a bet on next, or toss, a we in yours (Experience, a noun phrase of being abandoned by language useful to the extent that you's a standard:) fors. The narcissistic it hallucinates itself as an idea. It would like to sublimate. Some call this act of appropriation through reproduction, 'thetics. A detail. Like the identity of denial. A prozac E of its. In it's. A ventriloquist. Of s'cretions. A smutty slowness, duplicitous and less, a crux, in over. A gubbah in alls. Consciousness, the pharmacological fork, has the advantage of not being a proper name, syntactic laxative, possie both and knob, the stupid cute barbeque of shush that uses others to approximate (the irony of the implied (the prob (the big))) lease meaning to the cheapest drug, a pimp on skates, the first person negative of diff:

On bribing those contradictions better left alone, a let's pretend: What's three for half past? Lisp? With fries? Description of the bill is not a gift. I mean like a noun is not a normal state of affairs. And where duration is a decoration, the plea bargaining of lists? In tries? Analogous to stop. Four letters (manufacturing the poor being always a better bet than the manufacture mere of goods) - two is just the hyperbole of three, no? The curious modification of ideas by one the other, an ego of toffee toys...but when words could've employ others to joke for th'm, Adam and Eve 'ld be home free. 1. All nouns are complacent. 2. Some nouns are complacent, too. Common sense, that which we don't call power (that copyright (the hysteric ornament)), betrays itself by being neither. And neither calls the p'lice. P'lice after all is evidence. A prurience. A substitute she'll-do. In suggests - language not only does what it says it does what it says it will. And to this extent is a rhyme bourgeois, a seemly client (context a matter of taste (it buys in do-bys)), a pukka tend to know, an ironic (irony, a stupid negation, as in an irony of distinctions) thing for of. It mimes. You. So I must be right. A state, being a state of emergency, so queers the pitch of symptoms it describes that it describes (a juju axiom): a picture is warm guilt. Soliciting. ('He' is always defined as conspicuous consumption.) (Being right is not necessarily a sublimated form of being right.) Representation is thus a pandering. It 'lucinate amnesiacs. Redundancy, an agent in attempt, a subject (to speak is to agree to silence (music is the dull censorship of language (it is done by consenting adults))) loves to blush a 'droid - I guess I changed my mind.

Not yet (Not yet and the death of the diaspora).

or,

What's red and invisible?

No tomatoes.

or,

'Their ear is uncircumcised and they cannot hearken.' Jeremiah, 6.10

(Not-yet is a plastic form of transcendence, a flirt. (Experience hides itself. (Stupidity is a value-free form of humility.)) (Absence - the pleased form of the other, a piety of objects - reifies contingency (aesthetics, a cheap use) (here is not a hero) and explains (a third party past (the paradox of the question)) that you, a transcendent loss, a what I call a past (action is that which transcends a self) (or, youse) is like a noun (that without a subject), a Do-I-have-to-fuck-you-said-the-picture-to-the-frame type flat-line context, a dag.) And, having been a good fact, left. Intent (a meant (in the red)) is only therefore adequate, a sometime value (knowing is a cancerous form of being) that it projects (as allergies) in other words. (The symptonic function habits as: what you can't argue for you can't against (Too true - that mine be the also-ran of obsess:) 'less you big.) The same, a fair definition of time, a revelation in negs then begs the I (pleasure is not only not a form of existence it is also an attempt to negate those very forms) you're he. An egoist repression - a matter of reduction (the subject is the same (the politics of objects)) (a name, an authorised pronoun (don' shit me)) - the subject represents as qua as there the whatsit thing that's not itself, a do-da narcis'tic trauma (On do-it-yourself absence (a given (the desire to be a subject)): the unconscious is a reasonable lover (yes and no are the negative of language) a you-know, an and. A tacit quasi thus, a the bus, the sceptic as it's own negation, represents repeats as treats: I hyperbolises lots the noun of now as brown (and learning to realise that which is not being spoken 'bout, music (a positivist's context, the behaviour of experience) facts (dags) around) (a solipsist on credit): a fact is that can change it's mind, () here, boy. (A dog is thus an observation language (a use), a best itness, as though representation be in some way adequate, an intentional she (my pronoun) in be's. Anyway, I don't want you on my side.) And as to the violent pathos of generally (truth is the proof of the unmanageability of the real), the ideal hook (a fact is that what fills a

space (there is I mean no of)), a a sub subject (stuttering and the too tautologies) (abstraction is the other form of negation), a suss in muchs, a green in socks, a lots: this and the nogo logics, an iffy tis, bits. The irrational particular, an envy in things, brings in its as thats, a pair per paradox of shifts, a cushion of cynicals with thinks, a stain of needs. Nots. (Want is that part of credit that is transparent. And blinks.) Box. A failure of unconscious, a love, a criminal subject blackmails the bludge with somes, a comes, an exchange of means. And the excuse effect? A self on legs, a when? An interest. An ego-as-other tame therefore. Sure. Context is what use looks like when I'm not there - window shopping with intent. (The tautology of intent, thought (the messy form of being (you don't even know what you think)) (the consolation of the answer - lack of meaning) does reading (reading (meaning is a form of exile)) (A word is the smallest part of a question.) so as to agree at: that. (Answers are those blasphemies required by law, a taste.)) A cat sat on the mat:

. the subject - some sort of echo from the violence of abstraction
. the subject - bad positivism. With exigencies. A better. And fetish. Rights are that part of the same that are the same, a limbo dative, ditto, fact, a mediocre (the clue, joining general and particular) credit outside the narrative. Tourist to's. Or be's. The paranoid arts - those outside of space - thus these:)

We can of course (I mean more is different) forgive everything. Except experience. Evidence (barter (poor amnesia (a form of abdication))) tease absence. With humility. It interrogates the why of any question with (the object is never conscious) it. The (au fait cliché) the, that gets a tongue between a word, a would, no way. (On listening out loud: 'nonymoused ta ta and the risks (doubt is what you do with fingers) tsk tsk around. At nouns. OK.) A possible word __ spites the object (slit) with knobs, a sloppy two D poss. Of. Its. A job on two legs ('quarter to' is one of those names of god (as is 'what'), a lick. What (privy) tops itself. Me. Keeps mum. The grammar of 'no'. ('No' is the name of acts. Left.) And being the void of thought I shees. (Over.) Pees. (Sacrificing the stupid to second thoughts (the oops paradox in baggy negs): debt, betrays (a hole is a blindspot that blinks) indifference as an (I-could-more-easily-be-my-own) event: my that the fact. That talks in other. An irony of tongues. Somes.)

Rent a fact. We, having overcome it's years of silence: Too true.

Addition and the victim. Work, like any ulterior motive, is suitably impossible - knowledge is the first sign of impatience.

An example. In other words, shy. Is not a form of justice. It is a form. Of thursday.

Vanity - consciousness by hire purchase:

On the hypocrisy of being wrong:

Changing my mind and other signs of the arbitrary (Intention is of course a pun (Knowledge, what dissolves the thinker into thought, needs a that to keep it warm. Therefore.)) (Or):

Irony is not a change. It is a labour intensive form of agreement. It is the subject - experience is that form of contradiction, price, that declares a that to be an other. Necessity as cheap meditation: Existence is a reasonable form of transcendence. It is accidentally not yet, a failed other, a pathos on legs, a metaphor in two. Is too - grammar (that for which abstraction is the fact (what as a fact (a fact that has no self) it is to know)) is that tat used by indifference to blink. Pink. A past.

Events and the eithers: proof is reason that let the facts complain. Last (reduction is always in addition) data. (The real - facts is causal - being that what does a self, a a la thusness): surveillance and the ideal audience (coz cause is a little memory, a more slow self and the threats): um, the other of noun, an are, so, (sound is the criticism of words) that makes a (jealous) idol of existence (an it, a negative knowledge (joke) or alias, a dicky fiction game for some mosts and other things): knowledge is anyway a natural state. For which description is no absence. A pile, an mum, of yella sighs, an ae be sees them crook, a bust, a propaganda. What look.

Doubt and the readymades (there's no humility in faith (faith is the subject)), the metaphor of guilt ('I' is the grammatical form of the word 'reason') - 'but he said!' being a fair definition of being - (me, a gift to a bureaucracy of needs) wants (wanks) a paranoia which has the grace to be objective, a yoyo fixy on a stick, a so-what what winks a souvenirs, a sin of at. B is for bribe. The mammal of logic. The gay impute. And the phobic qualms. A vis-a-vis, the altruist, got gob-smacked was and hanky, some wowser's only, (Dear do, you? I's fine. To) see. A noun but here is not a name, it shares no franchise, no 'postrophe of others, no hard up dags of we-were's and the nors. Or fads. Existence, the so? form of ethics, explains (shames the explanation) the social as transcendent (it is not ambiguous), a told-

you of unco gunnas and the mights (the past is that part of the present that is conscious (On privileging the past and other suffrages (the past as a form of compassion:)) what quite narrate. A shop (A picture is that which protects us from sight.) of sames. Content, a pet.

Time, the first logic, the argument for justice (it is better than memory) and the adolescence of reason - I is ideal. The 'nonymous particular. Intent, sceptic, of (Intention (practical reason) is not a part of the object. (- The object a naive realist.)). My my the alibi. A being without a subject. (Existence is as they say a bad form of psychology, a pip alias, a dunno ego on the whats ('what' is a transcend), a surrogate. What saw. (And the metaphor for identity:)) Culpable duck. An impute of liables. On a lisp. A hid. A dreck. Of edges. An event. A nun bludge hushie. Meant. Ipso facto doxically, a packet of ends.

Consciousness, in the form of knowledge (hard to say, really and the hard of hearing (the joke of happiness:)) an I say she said under her breath: On pretending to learn: it its counterfeit. Dick. A fact, a behaviourist on speed (a dog is what a bitch calls psychology, a method, a candidate, a medium with string) as substance, coz, is pretty soft - more like a tantrum of logic. A decision (doodle) functions to polish criteria. The banal (as a theory of the self) quaalude, experience, wants one too. Sue. Red is a positivist. My red is a big positivist:

'and' - the phenomenology of grammar (the photo of the fact outside of logic) - does predication: good boy. But it looked like a proposition. Sure. And the therapy of use? Agreement and the bet on context (I was just gunna):

An ad hoc whatchagot 'sumes the fictive as: 'ceteras on as

Data and the death of forgery (not only is one not a number, it is not even an idea): Thanks for the thought, kitsch.

Ideas come in shades of irony: Logic is only ever overheard. And so we use experience as a bug. Fuck. On the subtlety of four:

On of, the humiliation of vanity: informers on a picnic, pictures an a plate - a joke is a fair unit of time - dobbers do do do, too. Quaint.

And on the hypocrisy of 'and' as a metaphysical name (the pathos of conclusion and premise sharing a language):

Knowledge is the vindictive form of justice. Neither is an experience. (That the object is transcendent (it is not yet present) is only of course not yet wrong. The distinction, what a pragmatist calls a context, a cynic, a (the romanticisation of vocabulary) quasi look, sook, smugs

around. In hows abouts. There is (That there is no such thing as language (a subject with no object) is one of the better thefts.) I mean no away.)

A decision must in the first instance be undecideable. It is the measure of the failure of context. To this extent does it institute. (A subject (It ifs and butts.). Of moots. A what we me.)

Equation (the ontology of on) sits. And the see saw simile (Shut the fuck up.) of I dunno?

A name is a negative map. Of needs. Now what? Please. (Only an idiot would call that experience.)

An and this and being both (a vis a vis in britches) broaches

A noun, a witness to knowledge (Profit is reasonable knowledge.) buys in: Next. (Next is a form of transference. It envies itself. It symptoms. Ingratiates. Bots. And cheats. At egos. Anxiety is merely a matter of style.)

Being, being skilled in wanting, a plagiarist,

Consciousness, requiring a self, a satisfaction of symptoms,

The art of the self, a paranoid on sundays, a disguised sale,. It itches. I mean and it adapts ain't but butter (Pragmatism - a pedantic lack of patience.) t'

Being, twee off the peg idealism, ain't kvetch. I mean ain't's the same, no? Like if logic had an unconscious it'd probably look like quits.

Guilt, some sort of purient soap, and the unity of being: A. sublimates and 2. oops surrogates a diagnosis in some parts: Complicit. Obsequious. A substitute.

And on verbal hallucinations (the psychology of a): it demurs, it cavils, has words (keep cop copy) (Adaption, being repression with a point of view (I is ideal), a duplicitous hypochondriac, a compromise (A mobile space, the subject):)

A sonnet: (the phenomenology of else) (intention is what I call a structure, a false name (evidence)) refers to (irony is a metaphor for sense) that which (a lie is a nonsense) one (the adverbial form of the word 'yes') does to one - like, mine defines. And on the square root of fucked: this and the fictive dicks, a dis, a pissed, a (a tautology is a description without pants) the of its, a, and the fat thats? a handy transcendence (intent, a do, an id of its, as though language needed experience (or anything else to betray (she only makes sense when she comes)), (of other somes:) of what? - knowledge is that form of mind

that is not quite transparent, a pash blah blah, puts the hard word on and cocks. (A subject is that without context and is therefore rational - crimmy clammy clit clap and the victims, a flaccid blind spot, a voyeur, charismatic.) And as a hypnotist of fiction (I mean proof is no argument (as qua as (ipso and the doodles))), a word is a nominalist. A big word. Double is a word too. It's jealous. The subject is the negative of presence. It is the parasite of satisfaction. A soliloquy of debt. And and, the sentimental narcissist, set. A melodious sin of the ear, an ambiguity, agent, romance of the object, hysteric. Bigger. Yet.

On the charity of making sense: The object is both traumatic and empty. It's into bondage. Price is so sweet an idea (fait accompli (argument by scepticism)) that it almost obscures the irony of data. Time, after all, is a very thin metaphor (the word 'this' is of course metaphysical, it's a pun) and only to the extent that it fails to represent, is it psychotic. A but is duplicitous. It is therefore. Dilletantie confetti. Tete-a-tete. Rhetoric and the technical habits. A numb of tongues. There are at least no metaphysical distinctions. Tat and the jacket of facts (an actual of latter thats) and the prag. Who's youse with? Use? Jealous? Yet? Of experience. I mean two is psychologically two - the ideal is what defines repetition. (And on the elocution of logic: The beauty of language is that it is in the absence of the subject, a pseudo moot, a banal. (The fallacious thats of (Logic is the proof of knowledge.) things (like like is ideal and as such ain' much) got stuck up on so as (things after all defer meaning) as just outside, a nice device 'n all but not what you'd call suit.)) Superstitious. (A distinction is that which comes between a problem and a solution. It comes in French (French is the past participle of English), you can tell, coz the dupe be some sort a fashion accessory, an agree.) And the tenable predicates. I refer. Identity and other yellow therapies (ignorance is that form of consciousness required (of nouns (of whom)) by the given-as-victim tame therefore. More.

A fact is that without example (knowledge is a form of grammar - it is normative to the extent that when not used, it is meaningless (I, some sort of transcendent me)), a copula that explains. Or (a genus of english) cause. Is-ish, -ly, so and unlike some language, a work has the privilege of being incomplete, an other. (Meaning, being that which you take from a context, is thereby metaphysical, a purposefully mere mentioning of words, therapy with a lisp.) And the criteria for self

reference? A deduce. A metaphorical what. Hostage to the parochial idea of failure. A de do dualism, dah. (Music is a parasite that attaches itself to listening. A spoonerist's tune. For whistlers. A knowing look, Fanatic and fallacious and all those hypothetical oldies.) With (third person) motive. Experience is that form of transcendence for which we pay. It is an argument against knowledge. I mean, of course a look is an argument. My representative, the dumb fuck noun, gets to to. Rhyme, I mean. I mean, rhyme's what reason calls beat, teat, vicarious prosthetics, feedback, what the tautological call aphorist. The fact is all that is the same. Rent a narrator. That. (Logic is that apology, psychol, qua da, that decorates the scab, a mutual drug, fraudulently dull and impossibly polite. Too right.)

The self is a tax (though the words are still the same (Ode to the loyalty of language (left and the ends (I've changed my mind)): it needs a self or it ain't stable): Like truth is just a way of solving problems, the slow rumourous logistics, numerably obtuse, of accomplices, a suffocate:), the perfect language, of certainty.

Writing is a language no one speaks. An anonymous. An echo of stops. And the virtual nouns. And. Quasi a la very. The latent patients. Capital is not so much a business as it is a poem.

Who's object it is to exist is a fair definition of price. A non sequitur on fat. All other facts are incomplete. (To the institution of existence (data is a cancer of subjects): an in lieu intuit's experience as some sort of postponed particle of speech, plugs on a sucker and does, a plethora of flat line (who-was-it-said-it-was-time) what-we-own-in-common-is-the-price meaning-is-something-you-don't-do, a capricious paralysis of action, fond and influenced, a formulable ghost of sodom and rhetorical, an it-is-not-what-it-is-not anxiety of slippy glimpsers, a 'stonished ontology of, a moral.) And as a knowledge, you is ideal. A complicancy of its. An insomnia. A dealer-as-altruist, facile, and the presumes. One, gratuitous.

The dogmatics of intent and disappointment both (that existence is a form of consciousness, a soap) (some sort of own possibility) narco along (the poetry of being told you have something to say). A surprise? You wouldn't read about it.

'I don't hate America. I regret it.' S. Freud

(Morality is the irony of ethics:) Language (Knowledge is that language used by the self.) does not mean innocence. And the psychology of um names guilt an it, a comic sit sat set suit position of bees that way. K? Coz not a qualified speaker. I mean the opposite is only repetition. N words is anyway chicken. Think themselves subjective coz they know but only one definition of a word, a negative plot, what's (joe joke) excommunicate - autopsy proxy and the spots. A question is thus a proposition with intent, an ideal when - there being no real memory of ignorance. A not. On one leg. A typically it. Oops. Looks. A negation is only particular, like portable criteria, does answers by the book. Names sames. The the of that. Stands for. Is this. But a bunch of saids on the edge of sense took up. Dull understood. A past. And, being analogous to it's object, blinks. A sum. Of. Demonstration sense, a pause, now much thusness. Too. By foot. The self is so a humble event. At that evidence requires a motive. I agree, I guess.

Consciousness, an immune system, defines objects an event (truth the subject (repetition the last perspective)). Things, virtual signs, thus decorate the box as conditions. Nominally. (The past, a lazy form of reponsibility, wraps revelation (it admits) in a not-yet abstracted that and makes of these a repressed economy of gifts. Chips.) A slogan that grieves (knowledge (discount objectivity)), an complacent hid: poor me, I says.

Narrative cheap proof is there a sentence. And the post apostrophists? A loop the loop. A a-decision-is-a-form-of-madness betrays (on using you to prove guilt:) (owes hope) (got no business with the witness (though silence do perve)) a pissy whinge (That ignorance is a form of irony ain't like), a pink. A saying is a tautology. It is an adjective. (On being a context, a password with a stick: please). All examples is fat. And the sames? Mine be an alibi. Code. Aleatory (huh?) me.

Lists and the limits of identity (you know, sceptics and the price of drugs) (pragmatism is a fair definition of time): structure is that form of explanation used by the narrative poor, an each way bet (experience and the privileging of weak thought) on yet. Plastic tactic opportunis. Scepticism is therefore an immanence, a model (reduction (a dialectic (the negative in hats))) tech, best. Context. Deaf. (The past of course has

no past.) (Sublimation and the exits.) That. (Omens and other bits of string. Amend.) Justice and the knee-deep stories: oh, aye?

Action, a slow query, transcends the adequate (too true) (and being neither is nor it, is its along), a quasi me-too subject (that a sentence is unrepeatable doesn't make it private) that butts. Knowledge is only moral. Explanation, truth on two legs, wets itself by trying to agree (juxtapose, the jamies) (we with) (One of the attractions of you of course is that it's portable.): an answer, a rent logic thing, a self in necessity, a measure. Medium. (Facts pathos the other as some sort of word, a causal debt. To event. I dunno coz I forget. You call that when? I mean - the charity of context - words are that part of a sentence that make it so/true.) Do too. (Anyway she's so far up she's jealous of herself, an a la pun (English is a metaphor for sense. It can't sub.)) All problems are prosthetic. Obituaries. So a decision is a form of knowledge. For example. The symptom and the solipsist. Bum. Existentially we me.

Itchy anxy. Fuck. The looker is a fiction with. A subtler. (Symptoms is a bag of satisfactions.) Which suggests. (Demand desire and denial, three D inductions (a pathology of explanation (a placebo absence)) rent (help) the dick of any sentence with:) My client the good time (and the medicalisation of fraud): All facts are neurotic. Bad facts are very neurotic. (Sex is a dull prophylactic. It is however cheaper than memory. A criminal is someone who means what they say. Paranoia is only a paradox to the unwed.) Known-by wins of - the same as some sort of cure - vis a vis the biz (and on the suicide of the mirror (knowledge as a blind spot):) of tis. Repression (satisfaction, agency (the truth of pleasure)) likes to represent (to be, a purient not-yet). Says excuse is weak exploitation. Of when. (Objects is cheap negative.) An is so (so is not a mind (a pathology of recognition)) though sublimates by getting wet (On words (On being a difference)): oh my.

A catatonic narcissism, a categoric noun of kleptoes, a responsibility that compensates, a rhyme, describes that knowledge defined as law, right? An it-resists. In mimics. (It, being real, is impossible.) A victimise. What ransoms cruelty (narrative is the transgression of language) by dumping a for the, a romance of the same, betrays hypocrisy and (Ode to the that of parody:) one two three noun, an apathy. (But as a metaphor for self (some symbolic loss) you're too cute by half.) An aesthetic (official violence) for which a question is a style.

Smile. And for some other thing type reason. use. Fascist. Masochist. And you. What exists in the form of a denial. A complicit. A complacent. And the tautologous not-yets. Dear me, My cunt is a quote. On holidays. Does (name calling) subject as judgement, a functionalist pass, autonomous, luck. We wean. Cause is thus it's absence, toy choice, bib and tuck. Stupid, but. An on occasion (a null) dialectical wank that will have. Happened. A result. Rejection is therefore as mere hallucination, a price (what is the past of price), an experience, as/of reason, an event. My my the alibi, a status quo on crutches, likes. To reify negation. A gusset doubt. Smuggles up. An indifferent definition. That it thereby transcends. A fatalist. A maybe of anomalous malingering. An indignant. Vulgar piety. Suggests. Chicken. Or on the psychology of the stubbed toe: An incipient with an instinct for context: synthesis - analysis plus nits. Delinquent analogies, language is the impossibility of speech. Excuse me,

Desire is the vindictive form of irony. It adapts. Adopts. The gimmickry of nots. An adjective. Adept. The syndrome of the unknown thought, an object: and as the rello of being (a yellow self) (a deduced need, a revelation), a the then (experience is trying to screw something out of the subject), a pathos (and the prudes (positivists all (a silent majority))) of the too much this thus, an embezzled... and words were sposed to be the therapy of language? A pronoun is a slogan - I is the metaphor for you (the sentimentalising of the self) - that makes of habit a necessity, ie an art, an experience-is-only-logical confession of some a priori (ideal) re me: b be (my more, the story) plagiarises use. As while. A presentation. Of ae be. Interrogates. Per pa parasite. A pathology of objects. A transference. That repeats. Qua da. That agreement is a truth. Dating (ta) the ain'ts (a?) and other croaks: a packet of exploits. (On other acts: (an adequate (buys clients) sake, an intent (that which makes knowledge circular), dresses here examples) merely me-ly m'own (I the more or less polite form of begging the question), a thingummy type witness. In the know. Like some dumb fib. Displaced. (That consciousness require a self, an adverb, is too silly for words. I mean blah is not a motive.) Frustration and other fears of the reflexive (the past of explanation) thus, you know, fact up. As some sort of gift. A cause. In a tiz. Ill and very. And the founds. (On overtime:) Out. A too right, tight, it selves itself. About. Bait. A name

but is not a name, a teacher's pet, and makes of negation a matter of vocabulary, a pension please. And the theoretical quirks? You gotta be kidding. I

mean a witness is only evidence, a bodgy hell. What mimes rhymes, a one-complacent-two type sym, a represents, a kiss coz particularist on reas. N numb (common sense) numbers? Like any act is universal (a bad example (the mind is a drug)), a mnemonic 'nough? With string? The psychology of the fact, an ambiguous repetition (or truth) substitutes so knowledge for the act, a stupidly sufficient. An ego. On approxs. (Logic is one not very long apology (kitsch and the responsibilities). It takes short hostages:) You is always guilty of doing what I need you to do. And not speaking that one was not a fact. Like not-yet is a form of consciousness (meaning as object), an (and) act - it intuits intent. On it's knees. I E it mees.

Betrays a look. (Ambiguity is only anyway equal.) A sentimental. Liable. (On meanings as tools (I mean existence defines itself existence): a bit interested. (The possible requires other. Than.)) Such that understanding be a form of realisation. A dag. In' happies (some luck) sat. Empty neggy, an. A need in britches. A predict. On data. A doc. Agreement is one of those early technologies that define context as ideal, a dropped fact, (The crutched reductionist buttered up a thing (a deduce on toast) with what the little shit left out, a cargo cult of explains and rigs, a practised doubt.) the mafs of ain't. Quaint. Like numbers is only subjective some of the time. (Like when they're true. Or think. A self on two legs. An opine. I mean justice is in no way causal. (Things, mate is sceptical.) they's used. A subject is a form, a do, with debs. Set. An immanence of objects, allows the means a consciousness, a psychology of 'sumes: (On 'being saved from what you want (knowledge is/as the paradox is/as/of love (to look for is the negative of look (sook))): the ideal of objects, hypnotics, tics and optics is better ends, a symptom (cure) (knowledge is that failure that bites) that bits. Spot, sic em. The self that envies (maybe is pretty sexy) itself - coz it likes (to wait), a cheap dependence (pain is that apology that comes in boxes): I see. Really. And the hypocrites. And the jealous distractions. Subtle. And the use. And irony is only a form of knowledge, of suggests, a security of loss, a sullen (latin) satin (knowing is something you do behind it's back, a you-beaut substitute), me mean. And I denies. Apathy apathy quack. An

anaesthetic begs the question. A pathology of that, an evidence. (A symptomatology of the explains? A colony? Shutup and start talking.) Truth and the bored sadists: durable guilts (glitzy gloss lots picks (see saw sinny) fits t fix (incest and other bests)) seem (and the limits of interpretation) to this a bit too much. Tough. And, suffering an excess of meaning, seemed repetitious. It failed to be criteria. Or time. A sponsor of mere use. A possible. Object. The last word. A tease. (The advantage of nexts - not knowing - is thus particularly sentimental.) Music, on the other hand, likes to compete with the past. Coz it's left over. Two f. -s/-ests as -ed in (so (coz it's only bigger than it has to be)) -ing 'd know perhaps (jus like a dog) (so so and the subjunctives (so no smug and the common sense (nameless) mnemonics of convenience)): suffix. The hyphen - the false is of course not known - calls up a comma full of lawyers, a criterion in pants (some same fallibles sum) that up (Events is just attempts to avoid mistakes, a thing in toos.) implies (there being no such fact) denies. And being independent of what may put it now and then in doubt it much. And somewhere between the subject and the fact. And. (That wants to hide facts from experience. To insure objects as facts.) La tax. (Like symptoms is criteria. Def'nit'ns for tea.) As proxies. I mean a sock is not (yet) a no state of affairs. Contexts (absence, a form of justice) makes of this inheritance (this, a docile then, an axiom in 'xamples does not), a soon what gotten seen to, a commerce possible remains, a front. But (the (yet) list) is not a question, a to-be cue of coo queues as class as past, a given. Alibi that! As bias. A too t deja vu. A plural yous. From. -ly. (Right.) (On not seeing what's not there to see: use (Two may indeed behave as if it's really two.), a nurse (otherwise, a la intent, it just represents).) But as the patient of language, a subject is quite economic. What is a proper noun. It is subjective. May be stupid. And it lends. (It might rain.) A function. Representation - cheap distance (I mean it knows) - thus begs the question Says you and who's army? It and ain't yet evidence. It ain't yet about. That forgives the gift. Us (The arbitrary of answer admits no indeterminate questions, no complacent ain'ts, nor no's. It it's (the self some form of irony), an argument as example, a refer.) bus. Regret and the ally (flaccid) can anonym tautology (a self) as (poss) contradicts, a butt in to goss. Action thus holds sentences together, a glib motive (so-that starts on the far side of answers), a rep, in tents. Rational tat. It itches. And seems

to do. Per se. (The experimentalist, a hollow behaviourist, waits. Positively. On the false experience. Pats facts. Jacks. A pragmatics. Logic, ipso ego, chat. The psychology of it.)). Stupidity is (thus) a method, an ontology on speed. A mine.

Being of another mind, the fails require. (You mistakes being for intention - only we lie by saying nothing - a beautiful need.) So, the aesthetics of proof, price is ideal - the ides of evidence, culpable dues (Association is a form of synthesis, an illness of decision, an obvious uncompromised by being understood, a crock.). Bot. Existence, a symptom of things, modests some patchy hesitants, a cozish prozak fat. (And the motives? An allergy. Yes, reason is transcendent. Like any list.) That prattles on. A condition that betrays. A sceptic ulcer. That like negation says the same thing thing. Already. I mean, cock, a word is not a clock, some ulterior past of interest, a pluperfect fallacious, a smuggled paradox, as qua as (What is the verb of there?) air. (Consciousness - the more or less transparent attempt to avoid what you know - is the proposition that forgetting is particular (silent, like the P in swimming), a passively inadequate (Some messianic now (experience as a form of ecstatic), dobs. A system, an absence that has no symbol (politics fucks)) satisfied. And, having rights to the possible, it distributes violence by way of subjects to prove chit untranslatable, a superstitious nonplussed um, a suss-muchs success, of my mart, a privileged present of protected expectations, precedents and tampons, an immune. Description, the autonomy of said system, fingers the event. As ends. With spoons.) The adequation of the real, a normative repeat (it defines and justifies) looks la continuum as cause, a positivist's fit. Why? Did I?

For example, red is a theory of time without a present. It has opinions. (The present is that form of closure required for knowns. It is the possibility of justice that makes it real, a victim-as-predicate not-yet, a nominal refer.) And it denies (a calculus) the idea as ideal. (Sentimentality yes, but there's no irony in shit - capitalism is the price you pay when you're not buying anything - existence is non-reflexive, it is not a good example of itself, an infinity in evers, an exec.) (An event horizon, a bottom line on ads, adds facts (facts is that that has a self) (the metaphor as wowser) too. To the memory of more.) There is of course, I mean, no right to privacy - you (the other side of being (language is an allegory for saying something)) is just one of

those things. The real, some sort of credit (numbers and the rhetoric of cause), pets examples, plays dead - things, you know, don't just go straight to heaven. Single simulacra, the cannibal salvation is a parody of two, a turgid noun in trouser, an imperative of cloys what fills the bills, an ontological gee joe ego of tatty actuals and boys, a modesty of. Oh, good, prac, reason gots to be the unreasonable defense of the subject, the conscious object, a conditional you. Did too. And it shows. The righteous narrative. An other butter. (Truth is that aspect of crack, it thinks that. (That use be ontologically wrong stays cute. (That identity remain the case ain't news.))) A whatsit do-dah clitty stutter. Self-presence smiles. Um, I

Only the non-ego is capable of thought. It humiliates what it denies (pain is a portable faith (to the extent that it's not identical with itself, that it's paranoid, outside of space, does it do)), a rationalised aesthetic off of an ideally infected need. (A noun is that part of the same (an idea is a subject) (identity is that form of difference that is the same) that interrupts, an indifferent, representational violence: a right. Which claims the else a sign. (That subjects have rights. Mine.))

Syntax is not a unionist. An adjective, but. On credit. You can tell. To be is outside thought. (A safety.) Context is a pain in the bum. A bland appropriation. An immanence. Willful is not the right word. A dub. (The question of the question is no more pious than justice, duplicity on a stick (That the real be rational, a patent truth, means the subject's an unethical idea), a sceptic.) (On the ontology of no: so, one two three go:) Reason is that form of practical faith required of nags, a crook altruist: dear precedent, how are you I am fine and I go to: a fallibilist says cheese: bot. Some other, a more, on norms, is thus a witness, dob, that feigns amnesias (ethics is the not-yet (The self is that form of an example that sets)): wanna bet. Kept. Bully for you. I mean just because you agree with me doesn't make you right. Anyway, it's your shout. Happiness is a form of conceptual blasphemy. Mug. And stubby. A chakra suck. P'party. A martyr. In mock mourning. A resigned sign. In suicide. A mess. Best. There is they say. An incest. A proxy. On autonomy. A nope. Ignorance is that language that leaves no marks. It would like to apologise. And behaving as it should it of course ceases to exist. A be come karma karmic holiday, a balloon. Wants to me-ize the lot. To soon.

Virtuoso thinking for several invited words

Positive. Ex. Anyway sticky (Noise has the advantage of being quiet.). The bad's ads (makes of dictionaries a hero) infect the tongue with that. A lost such. Done. A data. Contradiction, thus, the tragedy of knowledge, puts up against again the past of facts that (bundles of habits) coz (Opinion so fails to avoid the queue.) lots of fun at parties. Logic, proposed as the argument for existence, is one of those narrative styles (The economy is an argument for that which one can't think.) that distributes violence in less and less subtle forms - proof after all remains external. It thinks. And that there's grace in hesitation (like irony (scepticism without a self) (method and the pathetics) (one complacent two) - and that this will coincide with chance - talks dirty. I mean really.).

On selling knowledge as a copy of the real (it stutters but): double or quits. Tits. Two plus two is just a figure of speech. (And on the metaphysics of late: stiff.) Ornamentation, a synthetic transcendence (once (on the psychology of time) the smoke gets out of silicon chips like they're stuffed) repeats (as duration) (tacks facts on to) a (gullible) three four which rhymes with (if she's) past.

Hides facts in understanding, a sort of future (a number is a repetition) suit, a bunch of everies. That the. A picture purpose you'll-do-too type consciousness. Acts like it's an idea, does not. And runs.

Milk and the square root of proof: There is no ethics in the past (coz it's an idol, you jerk) so I suppose (an attempt to unionise the that): a fact is not only that for which you can claim not yet, it is not therefore. (Reason is the plural of cause. Too bad. It is the singular of wrong.) A symbol is that which has a use-by date. Signs have sell-bys. In neither case is it's either.

Transcendence is always paranoid - claims do-do doubt as self-consciousness, a see (my my mnemonic went to see (knowledge, I mean as a form of being, an experience of privilege) (dialogue (the name of god) -a-go-go))-saw so. Use is the first fiction. Of hypocrites. I forget. Speech goes from you to it, the accusative of is: to infer from pictures the world is real, that apples is a definition, is sweet, a consciousness that defines itself existence (knowledge is a dialogue without an ethics), the object that rents itself as subject, an opportunist. (Time is that outside a self, confesses to and, naive (Identity is the means of

judging pasts.) And on the (ransom) duty of ignorance? An adequation of measures (Say, ah.). A (qua) per se spasm. Derived (Knowledge is that form of logic that fails to improve the world. (Difference is that form of transcendence (As a way of reducing uncertainty, action is an) of ambiguous duration.)). A sick immanence (I (um as a subject) do representation (the exclusively present): no way. (As an event horizon, common sense makes a reasonable cup of tea.)). But between, a parodic neuter, ain't on. The distinction is about yea thick, a vigilante, defector decoration, heaven (the divorce of image and object), I mean like the given is only ethical to the extent that it is incomplete.

Metaphors (the privitisation of the real) and the visible religion: a difference that fails to reduce to identity, a surrogate negation, puts it's orders in: the impossibility of the system is always bigger than the system coz. And, the irony of negation (space is the ventriloquist of maybe), a see so symptom (it contaminates (a coupla victimise)) is indifferent to translation (as a residual language is only guilty (of)). The idea - that part of something that survives (in other words a cure) - that dresses as motive, defines music as the limits of language, a tech (the corruption of being (of)) test. Words (paranoid sounds that mutate (as culpable) (seems so dough)) therefore function without redeeming social importance as pornographic rumours, saids: witnesses are merely decorative, tame translations - fix fuck phobic some sort of iron on being, capital, argument by example, wanks (the limit is both disposable (music - argument by memory) and narcissistic. (Pleasure was a rather drab experiment in looking the other way (the fetish of dependence: music, which used to be one of the few legal ways of defining time, is now the only drug available free on the national health.))) Counting and the inability to mourn: an adolescent (prosthetic) two bob each way (if you'll excuse the subject) type tranque: anxious, factual ('I describes) ipso vertigo, guilt. The ideal, a passive idea, is thus not an explanation.

Not knowing what it knows, the subject (like any other), patient (a la example) is obsessively neurotic 'bout being used (caused (by object)), a motive style. It therefore subs. As symptom. (Amnesia please.) A pun, a rubber (tautology,) thus in lieu's dags guarantees, at least pretends a hypochondria. Translates experience as names. But you still look like a noun. I mean being, the adverbial is (difference, being a

form of speech, is therefore identical), indifference (irony for cynics), adapts. To consciousness. The art algorithm (an event is that which defines something else as cause). An axiom. Psychology and the (deductions): identity is a coherence principle required by intent (my my and the motives), an historian's flip flop fallacy of too bad the fucker's busted.

And the expectant cause? I mean it learns. But the promissory materialists use solvents mit knowbots and functions and more other stuff what do not data. Like possible collusion. And the placebos. A regress. Of typicals. And subtlers. A thing is of course unthinkable. But during. I mean any language. (Thanks, cash would be ideal.) A said say pause of 'fores and other dulls 'll do. And coz. Ideational (a self is a warm prop) and utter, the reference reps as pseudo use the fiction things is what's said of them, what's romance (The object is adapted to the subject by cognition of the self in ing. It would seem (like the rhetoric of absence) to be quite naive.), undone. One, there is (a world is the history of science (wants to watch words cum)) no is in proof. Like agreement is just a thought of words. Of some. And owed some sort of imperfect duration (being alike but never at the same time), the hypocrite claims not yet. (And if ignorance weren't so much like the proof of truth it wouldn't be so damn complacent. Like any this is a definition of thinks. I mean your absence is not only my proof but mine as well.) Metaphor, the desire for memory, just won't it seems shut up (a bunch of letters looking for the same word, that for which a word is a name, a bait).

And as a victim, the self (reason cheapens the question (knowledge is impatient)) looks like a sentence, evidence. The decorative cause. And stupid. I mean a work is something that does learning. Conjugates the almost. As me too (A name.). The negative of language. And coz the words got ears they joke (blame pain for mimicing the witness) chokes, recite reply. Right. A query (a portable truth (the positivism of words in wants)) is now my fact - irony a responsible name for fiction. (Two abstract nouns and one negation make the shadow of a paradox sit still (the mind is just some place to dunk a word): bill me: the word is a failure to distinguish past and present - cash still is no memory. And distracts. One remains a synonym for one. And being a slave to itself it its a modest (indifferent) horizon as a bridge, a defined mine. A like. Which claims the words have rights. They are anyway transparent. But

being stalked by contexts of another world (Caz - a form of visible thought) they were got stuck between. Interrogative one two three, interrogative you're not he. What is the past of who. You know, what only comes in words. (Sound is an argument with space. They both claim repetition to be reasonable. Neither know Bill.) And I forget. (And words like words.) A question on two legs, an echo on the run, a slapstick explanation. That hides itself by being reasonable. (Pain is that form of compassion required by hope. A naming of acts, a narrator, sits.) The subject diminishes the subject. And sticks. (To become the object, the subject requires suicide.) (And what is some fiction to argue points of narrative just so it can find out what it thinks?))

Not-knowing is that fuck used by particulars (consciousness is that betrayal that conjugates as a failure to learn) that's adequate (being, a mild form of reason) - fiction is just a portable access to fact. Negation is the first reasonable synthesis (on using humans to protect time: an idea does not understand the idea of representation). Thirst is bigger than water, representation (cheap context (context is just a hole in the wall)), a slightly anorexic form of understanding (change stabs duration in the (Love can only hope to be anonymous. It otherwise stinks of flattery.) back.). Like using knives to cure a joke. Again.

If a symptom is a way of coughing time, is yellow an experience or not? Like, some auxiliary paroditic ego, an aid, and the redundancy of context is I it's sceptical spoken for. So, defining experience as unknowable, a superstitious integrity, ain't so much narrative as vis-a-vis. (The desire and it's accomplice (music as a sophisticated form of interruption) describes acknowledgement as a likeable form of knowledge:) And my mind, my, um, mum (a grudge of bums n functions that do adult) do's 'nonymous toos (knowledge is a patience with the maybe (the object an act of some compliance)). It think pimp what up.

The looks-like-a-placebo-but-really-just-a-pseud bookmaker's blues: I mean meaning is not reproduced. It may be imitated. Speech - a mode of use - is thus obliged (a metaphor (for definition)). (A number of course is only a definition. Not a meaning.) Learning, an adequate truth theory (a fact is a tautology with ice) is too, sweet. Once. So words is knit one purl two the morgue of a qua la:

From grammar to logic to you. Bar be queue.

A predicate on legs is whatsername, a little on the side.

And, the past tense of fiction, ain't quite the same.

A thing - a uniform cause of simultaneous perceptions. - likes to do as-if. For cash.

A fact is not an adjective. Unless it's blank.

A metaphor is that which you know to be the case. A name is not. Sceptics and the economics of experience (two bob each way and the psychology of knowledge (knowledge requires nouns and nouns are known to be impossible)):

Language, a so so no no subject said things is just arguments against negation, a proxy price (On being that what words see when they do faces in the mirror): reason is that form of existence that fucks. Language is that something that doesn't have a first word. It therefore fucks too.

The piety of contradiction. (Carnal abstracts, self abuse, doll cops - the law is an external act, the bureaucrat proof of exploitation.)

Time - the approximation of soon - does consciousness as some sort of loose system of access which looks. A more a more. A sign is anyway just a sign. And as the object of knowledge language is a crappy joke. I mean do you know that one about how Hegel bought off? And on representation as evidence: A word is a proof. It describes. And cause is a thin thing. It does not refer. But functions. As a gunna, a wee creamy paradox of oops the 'lastic's busted, of of.

Knowing (a cheap drug) (something done by knowers) better (true is a badly conjugated verb (ethics is the (superstitious) verbal form of 'rotic)) and the decidable pronouns: the The pathetics. Ornamental ironies, one. Waiters, nil all.

Yes, a surrogate maybe, a parasite in 'nalogies, says please: septical scepticals one two three three. Thinking is so harder. Anxiety is the proof of things. Difficulter and difficulter, ta.

Oh, and the modests. An anticipate on four legs (pleasure is the plastic form of time), a sub of I ideals and comes, sums (On the subject as a possible future for thought (passive is the passed of pissed):)

Two, a fuck is of not subjects. A fact is a name of truth. A condition. Of she's (That knowledge and objects formally agree is a priori ironic, a too tautology.) be's.

Now, because what-we-talk-about-is-necessarily-outside-language-ism is so ish-ish it miss the point that about ain't either really real but rubs subs and thinks. We's in the pink.

A noun is a dead idea. It can't afford the past.

Use and other stupid truths (ergo ego) do too. Queue.

Turns things to knowns does aims. Sames the owns.

Mister mister and the logically real (Logic is uninformative. It therefore matters most.):

1. Boys will be boys is not a contradiction.

2. Proof is explanation.

Absence, a convenient logic (and as a fact (existence is ambiguous) fat stat) stacks the shelves.

A question is a statement looking for the exit.

Repetition is the slow form of agreement, the behaviourist's picnic.

Truth of course is the wrong bus.

Something is defined as a therapeutic illness. By a failure of definition. (Language is not that good at particulars.) My my (the logical structure of silence), you don't say.

A proposition is useful to the extent it requires proof. (The truth of a proposition is measured by the violence required to refute it. Data is a cracked predicate of the whether-language-is-a-useful-tool-for-knowledge (yes-but) bill. It kidnaps the mistakes. Calls them economic.)

On the experience of identity (as) (: the symptom effect): ransoming the subject (bait (language is the proposition that if the walls could speak we wouldn't understand them)): words is cheap. A slapstick negative (Stuttering (I agree you agree) and the communication of silence): Use remains a form of explanation. (That narrative is causal, is therefore something of a price.) A word is a pathologic fiction, given. It does method. As evidence. A behaviourist calculus. (A fact, a residual purpose, is uninterestingly reflexive. Too smart by half. And the defensive nouns. (A thing is a wet tautology. What can't come. Coz. (I mean 'to be' in Greek is just a copula, a see saw surrogate of likes.) Skites.))

When your words become a script
and no longer hold their air
then talk about the things you did
and swear ABA and AABA are pretty close,
paranoia loves the former
and the former loves the most.

But lately,

Isy isly wasn't it. At least not yet.

It appears (and therefore lies) that it were just a bet.

Did lots of words, the is effect, with bit exemplars (a a or the) my syllogist. (Experience and other analogies, words do some sort of lazy immanence. (Two truisms (it's the thought that counts): A rhyme stood on the burning deck. 2.)))

1. Credit is an aesthetic experience.

2. A pun is a good pun. (Usury.)

An economy of truth, fictional meaning (metaphors buy meanings), an adverbial doll, a thief (finds a what when it's not lost) flattered quack. And being neither one nor two, the spouse (box coz) tricked words out as prices for 'I do', a subs and comes pink logic, a selly debt, a dink, bank. (Cash has those skills (of redemption (they had a word for it (it happens))) required to pimp.) Like, price is that epitaph of numbers - a commodity that translates others - a nominal yes-as-but that, you know, fucks. Anyway, is a lousy motive. (A purpose is a form of knowledge (a million sparrows out your arse) that argues time a whatsit that you do, so what do you mean late is the edge of meaning, like it was unconscious or something?) The sceptical art work, the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't hypothesis that has identity as a problem, requires another context to make sense, a set up, a mundane hands-on me-too. Queue. (A context is an object with a gun. It mimes the future (the target, the entrepreneur of explanations).) (Irony - what the future did on her day off - is quite the metaphor for doubt, cheese - a conditionally past tense, a yoyo alibi - a wishy yella propaganda.) Syntax, possible contexts, therefore uses statements as a change of state. (Any response to language is called meaning. It's how we know that English cheats.) A word is a parody of sense (sense is one of those transparent things, an impatient museum of ironies, the progress of a problem, exhibit A, that's ungrammatical. And on intention as a medium (a dictionary of sites, a narrative): too bad. Plural (The difference between this and that is that this is not a metaphor.) yous. A noun - a poem on it's last legs, the romance of the subject (an example is more interesting than art), rhymes clit with anything, cept you (logic, of course, wants to be a noun, a scabby syntax, karma cola). A sentence is a name (it ifs and buts) - it uses information as transcendent data (it IE makes of data subjects (the like idea (objects will please agree with knowledge - they after all are predicates))). A syllogist of is (thinking is but double entry books) puts up property as casual form,

cash that echo of reason that guarantees (that propositions thing), an epigram of fake use. (Art is one of those homogenised truths that indulge the politics of answers, that similarity fucks, that thats. (A statement has exchange value. It maps. The subject acts as a guarantor. And banks.)) (The self, a side effect, has the function of a want. (On being an object of struggle, a bartered cum (I anticipates (the supply-and-demand ritual, a pluperfect adverb)): a taxonomy of where interest only looks like the principal (it imitates, goads the prompter with a plot (the one where philosophy makes words disappear) is both superstitious and symptom, a probable fee.) A behaviourist (an existentialist on the pill) and the pad of facts (the life of knowledge) pictures: a fiction, on it's knees, doing double duty on the this side of words, bids (a thing of course needs to follow it's absence) this, a so-what ontology. On the rocks. The late domesticated profit. (It survives context. Expects. To forget. That place takes place. A self-consciousness effect. Genetic 'bortions and the Y.) Anyway, what is the third person of that? The noun of anything, no? As. Almost. Intention is a style. It is removed from facts. (But what sort of mistake?) Like habit - pretend use - signs up a subject and then, ad hoc, a pseudo loop, objects to consciousness in things as copied ipso ego, if not traced. A form (on describing that which is not a map:), a pathologic sympathy (ought bought soft soap), claimed the stoic as a conscience vote (production of it's own logic (like self is a boundary of desire - it requires ifs) and is thereby (purposefully) ideal (When, however, it depends it's art (and only as intent owns up (use, I mean, is just a name (of an example))).)). Meaning, a genitive coping with data, is a therefore reasonable compromise. It refers. And reproduces selves - prostheses (tools is media with nowhere else to go) - as exemplars (the observer is a system), a host of dutiful nouns, a sympathetic. Dubie dupe the stool took in. Is. The stoop. A look. But of course saying by not saying (a cipher clerk on some conditions) redeems the harrassed praxis of soggy truths with fats. That. Cunt. Plus-and-minus. Plump proof. Transcends. As experience. An ode to ignorance (faith is a practical sin, an axiom), a right, the ideal client (existence is that analogy that is internal to the victim, a boxed hoax), a virus, same. A value judgement is thus a work of art (for example, the pathos of having your head fucked with (I mean is pepsi a reasonable metaphor for coke?)) and is therefore sentimental (a that is a software), poxed. (Or, more is a la selfish allergic to the

subject's state as bait, a modelling (of I can't remember (what)).) A you, a what I call a prayer (a rationalisation, a list as narrative (language is an organ which localises as anxiety)), a then of surplus (the psychology of the one cadaver two), a neuter. Being, being outside words, words up as knowns (with with what adequates a self) a conjugation (the past of the (knowledge packets reason)), the samed crime of mind. (Listening does being (speech is the only intervention into the way things are that, you know, does anything) (on the first person singular of you (a media)): the banal plaintiff (truth is a chapter of the game (abstraction the paper paradox)) wants. Dear got. Approximates, had. An ideal (like) denial. Nice. Quasi. An um negative name. That has facts, (Existence is a nontrivial form of self deception. A naive client. A bribe of mines. Rhymes. (A context horizon (using meaning to determine content as the property of a sentence), a system of differences that's sposed to transcend the gullible by speaking well,) an alphabet.

Boutique data, architecture, the philosophy of objects (existence is a souvenir) irons on structure as prosthesis (I mean what's knowledge if not work?), an economy of subject, art (agreement - the alibi of blackmail, the sentiment of need - confirms itself a mildly ironic, incompetent patient (Language is that music produced by the relative inability of the brain to oxidise uric acid (standard English dates from 1858).), a mistake, an audition of consciousness (on auditing obituaries (proof is definition:))), help. Context - the ambitious tautology and the fetish of self-reference - (a pornography of detail), the amnesiac (glossolalic common sense): 1. Language, the sceptical paradox, is both retrospective (we wet ce-ment, she said) 2. 'I' - a slogan of the not-yet, a grammar that steals ignorance - turns nouns to discourse (the failed attempt of economics). The (ersatz) naivete of criticism (it distributes risks), a parody of the subject, repairs (too true) the fact cash prays to that soap called English (maps are only reasonable in English), an aesthetics of the self resigned to some gratuitous learning effect (truth mimics evil (it undergoes (it would) (the wank taste for negatives))). Reference by intent (on describing names, a me like meaning (the words don't agree (the alias fallacy and other mistakes in language))): some is-ish standard competence, experience, sticky fiction (Disney and the export of logic) claims says the cheapest way to stay the same. Oh (no, normative) the romance-of-

the-right as bait (words of course are reasonable things - they're opportunists (- that it anyway has a self is blasphemous, a moralist's maths)), the toy (bank) vanity of pain. Otherwise, to not know, a utopia of stubborn, tempts time to and, to make an idol of existence, an approximate lazy materialism, reason and need, so a compromised synthesis of me-too - the logical category of the subject (bureaucracy and the found object's cult of indifference) - transcends (a pedantic lack of patience) that mystified, incarnate suffering of disappointed evidence, more law, the victim-as-proof-and-therefore-an-accomplice that flatters the fat facts of looking to agree. (Language was developed as an anti-malarial, an immune system with consciousness as side effect.) And on the idolatry of faith (a dative negation (absence of course is the transcendence of a hole)): someone (ironically) else. Who autographs a prudish third party just. (Intelligence - the capacity to suffer in terms of the merely possible - is as alienated from practice as (is) reason. It defines duration by waiting.) From now to maybe the responsible fatalist lists criteria as green hypocrisies for doing time (a moral outcome is of course not moral (understanding requires hypocrisy)), a mediocre. So, pity fiction on the pot (an inane charity (speech is the pluperfect act)) - it wants. A substitute. A fine. Confesses itself transcendent. Less. It survives a truth. And stupidly tacks reason on to examples, a see saw surrogate of sloppy symptoms that only seem to interrupt those rather simple dreams of doubt put up by justice, an auxiliary truism and the superstitious pick (dick lots) plots of logic. Pronouns, names of the limits of sense (one of the attractions of language is that you can't believe in it - except perhaps in some packed limmerick sense) use description as the only reasonable way to connect facts, an agent in the act of meaning. (That being be use (my my and the mother tongues) but, in two D ((DDT and other oestrogen type actions) to be, a tautology on two legs (that wetness has it's own criteria is not a proof)): a joke is just domesticated logic. A (fact, a reasonably real repeat, a) language is an abstract speech act. An analogous that. I mean when you come to think of it.)

What does it mean to make a decision where none is possible? (Negation is of course anthropomorphic. (On the ubiquity of matter: so there. A value realism (pensioned facts) explains:))

Once (what then?) mass has it's as it's as good as done (turned positivism into opportunism (negation can be reasonably inferred), a

docile metaphysics of grammar). Deduction, after all, is not what you'd call an hypothesis. Well, fuck you too.

A pseudo sonnet (a productionist on instrumental value): and on the poverty of the unconscious problem: A lazy pathos (semiotic capitalism) and the irony of knowns: In the information economy, consumption is a matter of aesthetics, matter an issue of excess. (Why is a reasonable explanation, precocious compliance (compassion an (indifferent) indulgence on the rocks). Coz. I mean over-simplification is a like nice denial (A symptom without context, a self, is a seriously diseased definition (memory, collage), a cure.), a subsidy of smugs n standards, a suffice. But the use, a medium, a transitional object:)

A question is but a double entry act, a subject with no it, no theft: A priori, the aphorism, a fiction fat on narratives shot up (I'm obliged) a known narcissist: Conversation - the science of thinking, the poor man's question - a sloppy metaphor in pants, hands up: Some sort of forensic present, a hindsight interrogates the poor with bums on seats - it entertains. It's just fucking common sense. (Truth turns the world to poetry. Agreement the first lie.)

Ego ditto and the clits, a yoyo definition (being is not an object of knowledge) on the pleasures of the self ((psychology is intentional) (deduction's do's and don't's)) being that which may be thought but not remembered, a mock up of experience (Pain is a twee self-righteousness. It only understands for effect.) (knowledge is only logically a parasite) says (using nails to fill in holes) syntax is a non invasive truth. What depends. On when. So there. I mean, being outside language a word (I is just the subtle form of you) looks just like a question. It aims to be jealous. Of it's absence. And like ego is the last to know don't you know. A pink fact. In narratives. An epitaph for the past of numbers. Mine and the defines. Like only languages create risk. (And being retroactive, explanation is cited as a witness (a question without a waiter), a memory without object, a hook. (A voyeur proves sight. And that knowledge fucks. Dud, but. She does words as some sort of experience. (Matter is that form of collapsed non-locality that requires a cost. It is pathologically lucky. As a mnemonic. (As a form of clairvoyance repetition makes a fine fetish.)) The naive ambitions of aesthetics, a diseased unconscious, therefore says time is simply wrong, a phobically disappointing attempted proof of self. (Symptoms is just thinking in drag, a the the

theory. It needs an it to keep it warm. Agreement is thus proposed as something of a cure. Sure.))) (To be, to do, performative signification and the euthanasia of reason) I mean like there are no humble questions. Oh

'Silence is therefore the only possible means of communication.'

K Marx, 1843

The very idea:

Absence, the alibi of context, is more than full of itself (an adequate event) and so demonstrates, as some negly nested 'jection, a nod ontology, another end-type means (a lingo pimpy um-type self) where we, a plural me, an oops-you conjugate negation (an economic transcendence (possession farms the other as a (technology of) game) as outside words (language (truism) is only a form of existence, an horizon of all reasonable sames))):

Existence - a medium of thought - an I-wanna-know-what-I-know, an after you, took the subject on a holiday (an in intent (to be is the non-representative form of to forget) (distraction - the (allergic) knowledge of existence)). As as-is-to-is-is-you-to-me two three (idea of course means to transcend) (an act, a quasi object) concretised as want, a hi-camp transitive, a model were:

1. Equivalence-is-not-transcendence forgets (being is a resistance to totality) that effects mine causes (pending poss, an E G type echo ego (loss)) (this mimes that (as what)),
2. Words betray themselves as a third person singular of truth, an informed matter modified by (being) known, an (adequate or shadow) act (the object of knowledge is always a fact) of told-you-so(s):

(A surplus logic, fashion, a pretty please (justice at a minimum requires a knowledge) coz-what's-theirs-don't (double dare and the tautologies do pain as a reasonable cause of justice) (I mean self as prayer, a vindictively self-conscious reason) quotes an audience as a connoisseur of selves:)

The utopia of action (being understood is the sloppy part of ethics, a we we wetware what uses credit as a form of resurrection, a toy loss) argued there is no and, that time is merely a way of putting those things together that may otherwise be separate. One of the mechanisms it employs is thus the market, a synthesis of sentimental ownerships, a

revealed impatient realism in some parts (Now, now (Instructions and other ecstasies of time - a piously indifferent transparency, inane charity, a rep)))):

The adequacy - a truth - of any fact describes how it hides in function, a privileged evidence (perception (the mechanics of intent) disappears in same - it, like transcendence, depends on ignorance) an analogy ((negation is a pun) where desire is external to the system, a distinction) - knowledge is that (nominal) form of justice that should of course know better (Knowledge and the quasi past demand a self, a psychology that bears on objects (an opportune condition of language) (existence is that form of knowledge where questions double up as reason) an ipsy dildo evidence of whats):

The idea (a hollow dimension) and the sticky experience of mind, a do-it-yourself klepto that does perception, a habit thingummyjig, did a trivially selfish other, a flip: coz (a neurosis with both) (a vain nostalgia, data, the principle of phenomena, got mock (but not deduced) by):

1. Paranoia is smart psychology. (On the attractions of repertoire: the actor with a script is an authority on what the audience doesn't know. (A mouthpiece can't conspire with an audience. Only gainst them.))
2. It plagiarises time. (A hypocrite (with legs) represents a client as she who understands bureaucrats to be a medium, a zennish dilettante - existence is a pitiful god.) An event of possibles (an up on pragmatty souvenirs) needed to compose the choice of ironies. Who paid? (A truist on the given: I suppose. (And the kitsch intents)):

An if-this-is-the-answer-maybe-it-wasn't-a-very-good-question sort of coincident realism (an empty category, or edge) (though, Jo) claimed dimension to be a proposition that participates in it's own prognosis. Therefore criteria define some cognitive risk. Excuse me (That identity both is and is not a predicate ain't dialectic. Is is dialectic. (With a pathology of choice.)), process is only self-explanatory in the sense of being same though events can only be related by one becoming virtual data for the other, a determined symmetry of tills (A rhyme is a proof of virtual words. It sells):

Prediction and the sentient event (a presume), a catchy mnemonic of probables and cues makes states so's to experience a self (a dull effect, a common denominator with things as additives, a cumulative offer (the logically possible only necessarily exists)). Plausible stuff and a bunch of merely negative facts tag along. Like peccadilloes (an apocalyptic repetition of romance, a surface local, a chronic backlash-before-the-change (all eclectic mimics) that pucker up to w-was):

Shitty symptom solipsism, an ornamental narcissist (and therefore bored) bought art, the occasionalist's compromise, a fetish (reflexive) of montage (At large.). (Now, about doubt . . . : reason - absolute knowledge - argues for the complacent aesthetisation of language (the news (what the poor call real, or given (objects - essentially coz they are objects - are no longer a reasonable form of rationalisation))))):

1. Narrative is a cheap alternative to criteria.
2. Language is that act of reproduction that goes on behind your back.
1. Up yours. (Being a medium of value is parasitic on the other being an end. (Being credentialled (being loves adverbs), being reincarnated as a body without organs, a domino, like some remedial agency, a hybrid gift, glosses as mere poverty of stimulus.)) So:

Truth explains? Method. Oh. It must be pretty procedural. It also suggests action be biased toward agreement. And though we exaggerate the normative as some sort of use-value (a decision-as-product apologia), a reductionist pastiche of collapsed fractals, credit's not that much of an example. (A bunch of synthetic durations - loans, music - look like a la more, a bore. Hence them, entrepreneurs of convenience, a pocket lobotomy, apocalypse, of a-dollar-a-day-and-it's-yours laws.) And ipso facto, congealed enigma, where relation is the content, a residue of audience:

The choice between the object and it's transcendence (a relationship outside of being), an in-itselfness independent of it's need declares the end unconscious as soon as it is reached. (Use does not exhaust an object any more than taste (an event is a false economy) - it ransoms the paradox of the viewer as an end, a scab which betrays an early clock (an

ambiguity (a sample 'I')), a thing, to (On being it's own content, an object of intent (a privileged representation)): as boutique medium. Side on. Of gets. The naive need in an economy of explanation: results:

(A sentence is prophetic if you know what the object is. Otherwise it's (just) a (synthetic) question. Ethics, requiring plurality, occupies those forms of experience left after the apology, a syllabic revelation ('I' is/and the proof of not knowing (you can't say that (a placebo, a fanatic of experience), it's a bad infinity)). (Logic (an ideal probable) is all the evidence you could ever want. A what of past participles, a pre in parallels, makes something out of nothing, a hoax.) Anyway, it better):

The eclectic and indifferent definition approxs shop: existence - cheap reason - is not only identical (with need), it is continuous. With things in facts. And smuggles limits. Into works. An actual sort of contradict. A private science. That counts time off as evidence. (Ontology, of course, does time. Indicatively.) It confesses itself an agent. Of pragmatics. A we. Taking refuge in a self, a beginning interrupts by humiliating the very thought of punctuation:

Separation - empirical transcendence (objects insist on looking like the past) - does itself proud as a synonym for truth, a slightly anorexic lag (part incarnate) of sweet intent, a mild imply. It needs the exercise (Habit (a prophetic logic) conforms to revelation by calling it experience (time is an internal form), a private (spastic) proposition):

A product is a picture of all other products (is IE an emergent mind) to the extent that A, examples function as correctness decisions, and B, the eye achieves more than it sees, a predicate, being that example required by taste, butters up intent: how now brown cow?

The other, a favourite medium, dials up romance (facts have no present tense but use long pauses to interrupt those very short ones): to transcend by theft, a symptom of things, a projecting (ego) info calls audience a lousy metaphor (for mere), a narrative apologetics, coz a brief is no invisible event, no form - it sublimates itself (Coz is sympathetic. To repetition. Was is. It represents experience as

redeemed, a hock socket lap, a slag. And as a you is a proof it assimilates as evidence the buy back hostage of abstraction, subs. In particular mmm. A fucked up subtle. Nice):

If it had an id it'd probably want to fit it. In. A model motive (legal fiction), a water orphan slips plea a pain, a gee whiz guilt gone off, and docks me (me) for same (On my making an object of your needs):

Vis-a-vis the individ (synthetic diff) and tis (: biz): truth, a you're-it tag, loves to lick the spoon - it's psychological:

A bloated moral subject, a numb proxy of what the object sees (curated luck (a category mistake), an indulge (makes toys of names, a dumb corollary)) shammed up: I dunno, the trope, does, minus 'sumes, a phenomena (: tom boy zombie - once seen, twice forgotten - whingey little stead took rub to bed. (Irony is only the luxury of agreement, an efficient flux that lurks around those contingent hells made up of maybe maybe.)) kitting survival out as ideal sacrifice. One weren't too sure. I mean, what're the odds?

A clone alone 'ld take it back (use is the technique borrowed from the fact that language is then rational, an adequate bureaucracy parasitic on consumption, homogenous fat), crap. The past of course always wants to chat. Some call this criteria:

Knowledge - privileged access - is (and therefore wars) allergic to description. It argues for a summary consciousness, pink innuendo, a conditional thing (defence is an entrepreneur) of similars. Catalyst after all is only french for diagnosis:

A topology of sorts, inert, forfeit and over, forges the doughnut of opinion, an irresponsible taste, ventriloquist (aye, aye) of ay? (Ballistics and the project of autonomy, a generic: supply side bureaucrats) Go on:

To deduce you, to too the example of it's (bang bang feedback) bit, just makes me sick - like do the friggin flu (Consciousness assimilates the body to the self, conjugating fucked, in lieu (Would the please own

up. Switch (I, which doesn't feel comfortable in declensions, prefers (the romance of original sin) to be the subject of a sentence) lists, I (owning up) object):

This does that:

The self is a particularly mediocre plot, but worse, it's sentimental:

Confession -the dilettante's 'answer' - is restricted to closed systems:

In trying to ghost write the particular, the general projects itself as causal narrative (narrative is a portable event) and being that which is most like myself, I am used to being right:

Repetition, a tasteful usury, leaves home:

'It' proves nostalgia:

A question is a rhetorical device to prove one is what one says one is. An answer is one too:

In that money talks is speech a practical consciousness, a character:

You never know. I mean it was probably reincarnated as a word:

Time reincarnates as later. Now of course remains a joke, art, a victimless crime:

van Gogh and the symptom of composition: If speech is the means of harmonising airs inside and outside of the body, a mechanism for inflicting harmony, balance, a machine to inhibit falling, it seems churlish to observe that stutterers suffer (an awkward) *deja vu*. But then again, time remains it's own collapsible logic:

While it may be true that good music is a good idea, music remains of course a fiction:

Let's face it, the reason that the twentieth century was in favour of music was because music molests children:

Demonstrating punctuation: Once, a joke was defined as that where words function as omens, as truth-as-supernatural beings, where 'therefore' has the characteristics of a name. It's hard to tell:

A name, a jealous convenience (a sentence is a proof) owns up to humming possible-ly (Art, a utopian facility, a manual on the elimination of time, has sticky (even catatonic) ends (slightly more than true)):

Language has an other and it's me - fiction is that space you can exploit with complete impunity, it don't do:

Narrative always happens to someone else. Think of an example. Think of another example. She does a reasonable later:

Being is one way to skin a cat:

As a computer, Latin suffered from predictions. I've a mind to do you too.

Knowledge - the compassion of the stupid - requires one, a utopian 'I' (the unconscious remains free of proof, it's thing), two, use be an aesthetic of time (it treats existence as an add on, employs possession to remove existence from the hack of change):

The body is something that happens to words:

Representation, sloppy action, the horizon that defines all things as implements, the ambiguity that constitutes as conscious, a delay, is both non-reciprocal. It does gift as an ambivalent, abstracting optics. Objects do manners:

As what? Needs? I mean,

Creating by exclusions of the self (I would like to be the centre of my ignorance (a straight line is a circle without centre)) a passive past, an 'ostage, extra, ain't quite proxy, boss. Like,

Time is that outside a present. It arises. A la apology. A jam fetish that, lacking patience, fell into words (asthmatic meaning (a limited silence (a sort of pseudo per se, the charm of which retards its becoming revelation))). A practical, random apathy, a doll anon, were bit inert, but

Of course, time is a definition. It does it by hearsay. It. (Economics and the rule of identity (neither chance nor repetition learn), a distinction (it mimics fiction) of indexed (it) intent, an anxious poverty of presents (a phrase is quite the virtual thing), no way.) (One, which is only sometimes two (a limit is an invisible event), a deb's dead debt, they that the, come on

The same, a function, is not a self. And while the past (a false present), the want (it disappoints distinction) co-opts interrogation with) I, um (it repeats as silence, a mild, ironic (agreement is cheap proof, what philosophy refers to as a question)) mick, a

The banal, a vain coagulated grace, a choral transparency (negation is the only possible horizon) put out (a metaphor is the first repeat (a demand is an unreal repetition)) an echo, a naive tautology to prove it's outside of any sentence, a sub

Language, in that sense, is mad. It edges pauses. It ands. It poses as a name, pats down a place, it's absence, a vestige of a most, a modest coz, a failure of the noun to be a past, a (you) moved truth, and use (truth exhibits that existence that likes to quote), spruik, a you-don't-say cliché too cute to be a contradiction. Mine is a privileged form of what. It puts semblance into remission, exhausts

An event is at minimum ambiguous. It is therefore ideal. Intent. A thing. A cognitive itch. Surplus (I mean some use words to listen with, to witness) suss, the subject, saw (it goes without saying (the technology of sympathy)): hypnotics's

Unauthorised laconic understatement - the lucre of the lost question - an infringement on logic: the cheapest amp around is distance. And though alphabets were known to be a single letter turning through a number of degrees (hallucinogens), a two bob dialectic 'ld be a better bet, a press

A hymn to knowns, for example ('I' is a mnemonic), the thing of that (And not being that something that incarnates, form flows backward through time) writes (politics - the philosophy of memory): cash is only a dialect (of information (it has the next as a local form of prayer)), an habitual, intended

Reading, an event that doesn't happen, the ideal difference (a name, some dumb effect (of smuggle data)) a (a joke just don't) perjury (truth is one of those styles (of punctuation)) that is faithful only to it's dear (a witness (to symptoms)), a bill haunted by repetition. It anticipates (a pink paradox contaminate, and like 'and' has no existence outside of) meaning, a two D alibi of satisfiefs and string, a recursion in

It thinks (my context is bigger than your context (it anyway transcends the choice)) a quasi (to confess itself example is the object of A politics, B a tat linguisticism that dilly dob refers) past would put it on: a proposition has a name, a sentence (semtex) (existence, a pale proof), that ensures two for one on one to

Conversion - it cheats at conversation - misunderstands confession. Twice. Such is the invention of syntax. And when the object - that no longer a metaphor - attempts self-consciousness by deduction, it is complicit (in (substitution is not a metaphor) prognosis, a dull to diagnose (Sticky id, the it, bids for those syllogists that stills call own: I do, too, like))

As a portrait of the dissolving problem, white, not being logically (a la the psychology of thinking (cause and effect)) simple, is not transparent. It pits edge as a darkening event, a seems surface sort of possibility (an opportunist, alias, anyway outside of of) already

served, an autonomous explanation of shown (my apropos (describes prescription (evidential))) -ly

An again (it demonstrates (debt)) (it wants to save the consolation from itself), a neurotic tautology with time off, an idea without a subject, a jealousy, that ghosts the self-righteousness effect, a bad empirical, puts paid to

To alternate upon reality, to picture facts (a vigilante muzak, bilious logic what writ on water was, a pissy coma, shrugged) (experience is a queer phenomenon: things (an anon on downers, a nominal vaccine)) as only ads for a punitive about of knowing, a pun of

There being no organisational distinction between creativity and corruption, the possible is best a fact, an exchange where the subject, a passive horizon, milks a thinking of the law with dull events, with

To tongue (a hinge - it gargles sense) and groove (a fit that takes up slack), to conjugate, to barter parts and think: thanks (you too)

A positivist is she who regards suicide the perfect crime. The regarder regards art.

(fetish and the fat facts (a dialectic of the not-yets, an example, an it that itches, bets)) Billy was a dildo. That paid

Being is privileged. It does without objects. (Look ma, no hands. ('As-such' is only a name for if of is.)) As a parasite

A round brown square, et metaphor, reflects (an image of light (in contradicts) induced (an is-ish inference, a shade) a beaut) in less

A self is a tautology. Without legs. It is a mechanism for both representing and reducing complexity and for deciding between equally probable alternatives. As such it is a partial synonym for redundancy. Information, on the other hand, is just the same. Economically,

On making a slogan of explanation (narrative (a red green then, a not)): self-consciousness is that form of reproduction that depends on ends. It picks intent (a system is a system in that it shits out information) and stuffs about (it takes a solipsist to do self-denial with any sense of grace)

1 A distinction is about yea thick.

2 Therefore

2 A pendulum is a network

2 Behaviour only comes in logic

2 Undecidable conceits stop only poor economists from

1 All metaphors are hypocrites.

A Facts is criteria on her day off

A linguisticity of sick, a thing, an argument that describes a feedback

Package (that coyly cozy entrepreneur of identity (a capricious cliché of ersatz moral bureaucratism)) and the neurotic culture of economy do to truisms what semantic pathos did to imitation, IE

On second thoughts:

On that which is required for definition: Price (an example) is that structural violence where a system in a state of self-replacement (knowledge) is equivalent to one. It entertains a contradiction, a factored surplus (price outnumbers process), a non-viable luxury (a composite first commodity (value (a ratio which satisfies the conditions of production)), capital) where any variables can only exceed their possible equations thereby enabling said systems to move. (Truth - a context-free anecdote (the outskirts of collateral) - is that semiotic euphemism (a resistance) that agrees. It takes shares out in the economy. A plastic fractal tax. Of standards. It domesticates practice as an a theory, a little the (where one is that transparent number that owns up. To (stutter is that multiple of zero that makes itself) a maximum of one solution. Per.).* (One, of course, retains it's rights as medium, a given. And sells itself in the style of real solutions. Oh.) A rank algebra of a prioris with plus or minus one-to-ones (a standard self (a debt)), a suffixed prick that does negations got stuck up. Wet. (A loop that mimes forgets, tough, change is that ethics of understanding that requires a cost, a negative industry (as an instrument of credit, labour of course fails to be an economy - repetition is intolerably expensive. It distributes forms.)) Therefore logic requires the self-consciousness-of-sorts-th method of ambiguity, needs (He did it.) please.

Impatience and the too-much fetish (dunks (a saint of hesitants)) (objects and the virtuoso exploitation of time): the possible defrauds the ignorant (playing two-up on the other side of knowns (a my-my the justified (Do you mind.))): there can be no belief in pain for the simple reason that pain does not exist outside a present. No merit can therefore attach to either suffering or fear of suffering. Neither can merit attach to non-suffering, the superstitious humility of theft (a lie is it's own proof), a shadow of it's former self:

Words, a mechanism for distinguishing thought from other practices, a relative interval (in something of a state (a psychology of reference (subs))) waited on experience hand and glove. And smiled. Did you

know (ignorance is one of those bizarre dimensions that apologises every time it looks) Suzie?

I mean I'm not just saying I don't understand - learning (what is not the case (form (a communicated caricature of thinking (and when I say Understand you'd bloody well better)))) (this mechanism doubts but then again it doesn't work), a symptom of expects (if not of action) where purpose is a particular experience. Of ornaments:

The myth of symbolism (two parts): 1. haunts explanation 2. admits replacement (Intention measures up to use (it seemed like (usurped a was))): noise is internal to any system by virtue of the fact (mnemonic) that noise is internal to any system. And in what sense could it mean anything to discover that this only looks like language? (Language, a prototypical event, is always in excess of experience.) Like all that is required to distinguish facts from concepts is to conceive of a politics of the stupid. (Hope is here a dubious disease of thought.) Learning only looks like thinking from the front. (In red. (An empirical expression.)) It anticipates the real. (It is a minimal condition of sense that it be arbitrarily produced. An example (false phenomena) who whats etceteras.) I say I say.

The parrot that pretends to dream in narrative offers as a portrait of an event the fact Chairs don't think:

Facts transfer experience and are generally thereby criterion. The propositions they involve are a priori (look-ma-no-hands a proof):

The object experiences the first person singular as expression, the third person as information (less than one percent of the world's languages are european). Is the object therefore wrong?

Behaviour models memory, passive therapy. Knowledge, attending to a bank thatedness, only imitates experience. The verb future is not required to explain it's use:

Function follows the rules of evidence. (That it is is logical. But it also therefore figures.) It does not confess to sympathy (a limit of thought). Irony, of course, only rhymes:

Logic - prosthetic action, a formal not-yet - explains description. It is jealous of the attempt. Memory is only evidence for a maths of limited liability. It recites verification (the subject goes mock for the beginning of a sentence (it uses addition as a proof of numbers)):

A fact (what has no self) defines its pragmatism by obtaining an observer. Such agents (the object is sometimes not a subject) are not languages - like not all predicates (charnal matter) are cause or art (knowledge (a relational category) may of course be real) - and though a thought or state may be self-conscious, self-consciousness is not a theory, nor theory yet a status quo. (Knowledge modifies those states for which it is synonymous. Reason sees to it.)

A name has great predictive function (it has the property of a fact) (the obvious takes pity (on a) (to be be buggered) as the relevant event) - it likes. To object (Addition sticks cause on to effect - it distracts (pays by result) - and blames (choice) the as of propositions for the that things is.) - thought never knows how long to look: knowledge is bad karma, a substitute dimension, hex. It answers to Hey you (, the echo, a reductionist, of ain't). And this, a sceptical noun-to-be, recommends the idea of self to explanation: the mind, being its own action, retains the past as cute idea: a pseudo use - languages of special purpose - begs the question: either-or (the parasite), the pathos of the split infinitive, price. Fit fact foot, knowing is an inarticulate sense (it does not derive) - only in matters of doubt is addition considered a condition of truth. (As a form of explanation, Greek ain't much chop, though a mutually specious present, could easily represent a list.) Profit is proof. It shadows tic. To utter IOUs.

True enough. Entropy, the moralist's not yet, always intended to do the dishes - only in one dimension is a model called a demonstration (I mean like death is more than an argument against mutation). But not all variations are to be understood as fractals of doubt - paranoia is the ideal expert system. (Economics was a controlled experiment

introducing chaos into natural languages - it does the past as cure.) Otherwise, as to memory being an out of body experience (on eating your words (using self to transmit consciousness)), addition is a vaguely curdled value-dark dimension, a sticky habit. Not too bad.

And that which is not unconscious (problems are only theoretically logical (only in theory does action require understanding)), the fallacy of composition: tip-toply tautegorical, the knowing subject is ideal (a process with no subject congealed about some rational transparency: sometimes everything passes through matter). Belief, of course, is the least possible rational decision - particularly belief in reason - it brings a cargo cult of baggage which intends consciousness (domestic proof, a hubric ad amnesium (Technology is perhaps most usefully understood as the reason of duration.)), plot. The hybrid in question (failure smuggles here into a now) (on defining irony): and (the yes-men) the word myth, proceeds as though exclusively intended for knowledge, a pain as witness, ends. But fuck induction - any luck 'll find it stuffed. With sentimental norms - isits - and other viral homologies (I anticipates.), an economies.

An indifferent jingo, content-defined context, a name is that dimension called a subject. But coz time is a rentable pathology doesn't mean it's conscious. Or a nag. I mean what I like about matter is that it thinks me very well. And I remember it. (On being a practice of thought (a piece is understood to be a system of content (help and the quasies)): both - only in dictionaries is object not a measure of objection. (As an anti-past, work of course implies. Nice. Device. Pozzie. A la real estate.)) An aggregate of cynics pitches in - a limit is the second form, material: t-t-term. Trace. And, lotsa lolly, factoid predicates, is outside cause - ie a predicate is not a name: I describes. The nominally numb, an ain't (zero is extremely thing, a think (with legs up to the arse)) is an all sorts rubber bum type thought. An agent much (or what's a metaphor?) is but a pink tautology of object nexts what won't was what then it is - egos have the distinct advantage of being absent (joining any two objects by absence is more ideal than chance (it also suggests itself as being most objective.)) Behaviour it seems comes in soluble symptoms of not. A fessed empirical. To. The if effect. Of ing. A flip flap fetish of

sensible shoes, a generously allergic description of dull imperatives, ta ta automata, damn.

Access - from the point of view of thought - testifies as before (it is disqualified from prosecution (the punctuation of is hinges on the say so romance of evidence, ouch, a wimpy same)) (boredom, the means of reason, an obvious souvenir, is ikon such):

Use, a fatalist in slops, owns up to: sceptic was the 'ssumption shows practice as opinion (- anyway who says you know what same is? (mitigating here is a quality adjective - on being so tactful that tactful ain't the word:)), learning is that cheap aesthetic used by those catalyst chaps to tacit cats. As habit. So?

Nouns and the sums of parts, more meres than plausible (perjury and the status quos:) - jealous betters repetition, balls benign (the forgery of reductionists (a taxonomy of rather clumsy doubt), wry (and unassuming), relative, intent). Exhausting those in fact usefully false distinctions between what we are talking about and what is actually being said and disguising them as propositions asserts a somewhat jerky faith in the threat of incoherence. I mean, really - a pragmatist would quote any stimuli an alibi, a correspondent. Analysis analogous to means seems quite alright - it ghosts the couldabeens - so much (transcendent) so that suggest if-then and you can watch excluded middles answer back: a story is a limp, signs up experience and impersonates the prejudice of fused events. It does not suspect. The fallibilist puts up a guarantee (the drug of like) and calls them in. (Only in allegories is agreement classed a repetition, a part of data and is so explained away.) But nudge nudge say no more, cause is a (tock) needlessly cheap effect, a formerly-meaning-is-only-tautologically-predictive theory parasitic of agreement, a closet threat. Like, all things being equal, the dialectic is hostage to an each way bet on coz, a there there hypnotic adequacy of adaptations where youse intuits use. (A functionalist has two versions of backward causation: local optimums and yea and nea, a consolation.) And doing things with words, in a manner of speaking, mining (wife's) identity to do a yellow form of knowing, a semantic perjury, pads the determinists with, you know, (indifferent) model rules. I do.

And running out of things to say, we invented selves, a context - paranoia, imitating the late narcissists took being for a ride (grammatical illusions, represents) an all-fours dogmatism of saved facts. A cartel of exemplars constitute this apparently salaried medium, a conceit of proxies and catatonia, polite, and mortgage the look-like to a generally instrumental expediency. English, but, has certain rights (including no, a manoeuvre on account, a longed for lick syllable of cautionaries) - associative things those little pitties. A flatter favour, a motto mug of ostentatious envies, a facetious list indicates via an ingeniously biddable ditto the very which from which it did (patiently) tolerate indifference. Oh, mister (the autopsy broods and hums as it comes to).

As a category on it's last legs, identity is sorely tried and means the general (off of) is only right: work is what's not logic, and though thinking be a (bit) pious act, the idea itself is not that good. (I and the end own up:) Change is that resource officers refer to as semantic, a trivially predictable A-B-A-and-B-neither-A-nor-B structure, an utter such that claims to be transparent, a possibility. (The beautifully mute induction, an assume, mutually irreducible, a fickle dharmic gin got done for vag.) And the pussy um-type numbers? (Experience is a heaven. It grows tautologies.) And only almosts in time on. A doe-ray-me-tar fraud.

De ja vu has double standards - knowledge comes in mines: me and maybe, fiction meres, pack vanity on hooks of ones (empirically they're fines) so now the plural won't seem too dear (- when like is liked it gets to be another word) - the prognosis is a promise with a lean, a jail bait illuded by puns on property, an I know I know reduced to reconcile. And poses roles, diagnosis by subscription, the reproduction of the lent dilemma, her more or less etceteras: a subject is not an alias of consciousness, the is-too paradigm, but rather (pic) logic a know-all oops neurosis on the turn - walk-don't-walk is the address, one.

A story here is superstitious. And like analysis it has no present. Just some ambivalent urgency, fancy fat chance (narrative, I mean, is a

hopeless maximalist (slip slop slanders tete-a-tete, does perpetrates), thick contradicts). And once, the fond as-ifists bought bovver as a squeeze - action is that reaction that would, like, prefer to be a site for words. (Intuition - the practical mastery of a system that has not been theoretically mastered - therefore suggests knowledge be a case.) Now you tell me.

Psychology - an aesthetics of time (time is the nominative of experience, a self-identifying object, the cliché of the ideal cynic separating role and model) possessed of a pale inflation - is held in evidence against a self, exhibit B, an obligation (it rents egos as accessories and skites (that only egos dream)): (a dildo is that which collapses the distinction between doing and having), gift. Fuck the facts, run. The example and the not-yet express a musty codependence, a difference that'd piss itself if it ever got the gag (, the Dorothy Dixier, a mute ambivalence gives a sorry third degree (it dummies up)): similarity (a disorder of meaning) is a symptom (cash a reasonable mime) of (as in a swab of) dags. I beg your pardon. I mean (truth function) a guileless moody hunch of shruggy subtles, lunch, and news, a substance, lurks around some dumb suss then sums it up: poor mental little shit.

Instructions: Don't. (Where we (a working hypothesis) agree what reference (being a form of similitude (boo)) is.)

(It'll do, the migraine, says the use of any tool is a haemorrhaging (mute)) product of the amount of time spent not using it. Pragmatics talks therefore (reductive description) of objects as unsayable, the too better art of conversation - the third person singular of trivial - and betrays a physical continuity which is no longer same (it proves objects to be bored hypocritical amnesiacs (boredom is a composite event (events are made up of closed, non-empty questions))), a mouth-as-bimbo sort of causal politics. You don't say.)

Things at night just look like words - proof is a form of euthanasia. It's only polite for the english to resent English.

Goods that have had it in the privates - a bit of moot point on the side - decide: a fetish is a (copy (fit flu ontology of predicates)) moralist on spec. As such, an accomplice, it is immune to crucifixion.

Words, being the (ideal) sum of all earlier words, recall the proxy (an itchy limbo (things I would like to have said)): kitsch (it) comes dressed as motive, motive's doing fine, fine has got a lipstick and lives with an historian, who writes: Dear John,

And as for a sentimental montage of guarantees, a grazing formalist that fats in fads like (swap) whatsaname, relax, the crack were flat, revenge was mere a tragedy, for tax - fact fascists axe, by fallacies. That's bad.

(Debt, as a form of analysis, polices those commodiously ideal arrangements the death of history costed by the box, ie repetition. (Mingy bloody screw wouldn't recognise a tip off even it were there. Square.)) (The poor of course own up to using banks for propaganda - they franchise scabs as governments and cough by selling reason to the real - I mean use as truth dobs in percentages (being ain't meaning, cept you is).) And do you know that one (risk) about narrative transcending absence, a macabre slapstick of adding one to others to make a one, you know,

Testing testing one two one two: coz no was short arm long back, pullm tail watchm crack, two ones giggles in the pee, three be home so lookin telly - them all lot wanten same lot, sugar in tea whn teas in pot. I n ee n you be doin gimme in a queue sumpns up, watchn got feel up a shop whatja gunna buy? Eye t eye a lie n bed, go on lovee come, white tongue black seed, doodle finger watchm read (your gob only talks bout me (the very idea)) be ell you ess aich um bang

Changing the subject

Sense, that which is the same while being different, things up a wry both boast of surplus logic, names. It tolerates method. Therefore. (Use. (Comes in coz.) Wants to give logic a hand; a theoretical incompleteness that brings in futures as an alibi, a context that won't admit of saturation.) whisper, a chthonic cough, a need, echo (Excuse me!), amnesiacs around in attitudes of prayer, an attitude that jokes A witness (when spoken to (she sells sea shells)) says (moralist) Black bug's blood, black-bug's-blood, black-bug's-blood. (That the idea had laryngitis was a fib. It is the pox. (A long lame tongue hides nowt.)) (Falsetto (cognition is theft) - you learn to breath by breathing out.) Repetition is a trophy (a corpse of course is mad - name-calling aint quite the same as dob (this plus irony is that, an indifferent self of maybes, a ghost (the eclectic turns disappointment in to form))). But what is it about experience that demands a subject? I mean 'yes' is the limit of sense (Like describe 'yes' - 'I', being subject and object both, aint evidence (art is an aphorism of public science, a particularist hunch safe for expedient moral narcissists and other behavioural condescensions).) Work (consciousness seen from outside) denies negation may have dimension (it anyway aint no metaphor), an ideal ('I' is the edge of meaning (it becomes 'what')), a guilt, a tool of ducks. An intent (logic) that is it's own condition, a relata barter (Reason has an other and it's me (and it reminds), a gift of limits (Oh, to be.) Which sentiment and the objectivists (a that which is about) call 'please'.) infers, a use (a false) a mafs (no probs (a dialectic)) that sticks truth on bits of is to make a point: a black box, a suicided cliché, turns up a pseudo 'scuse what posits choice. Ouch. Being is a word, a coherence of wants that uses categories of reason as satisfied. singularly evidence. (That for which thinking is good for.) To too. (More-type victims take temptation as a right, a repetition.) Pretty risk (a price) and the adequates forget they're late. Onticly speaking, no way. (An iffy presence, a journo's nostalgia for irony is saving up.) A technical verificationist was counting herself a gift, a redundant potential (in deducts) of suffice. Quite. And owning the job (essentialism): pessimis (the susceptible) - where 'what' gets to be 'that' - resent and other furtive wills of refused means add up to uncontaminated charm. But ta and either-or are stupidly the same and

buy contexts and promises and sentiments and details from the same lack of dimension that makes for contradicts. Like fair's fair. Sentential giveaways, attitudinal habit - in a private language all statements are definitions that claim existence as a souvenir and while it's being wrong allows us to think it, to collapse it as a threat, it doesn't represent consistent use. But a reflex (the context of not-the-object) of whatever these actions are true of, a representative aboutness aint justified. No fuzzy accidents, no maybes to take banal and explain, indirectly, a dole of knowns that takes the hex off the bunch of middle-sized dry goods (tragic liberalisms all) called home, the diagnostics of having a go. A humiliation not transparent to itself, a pointless motive froze poverty as an associative shrug rather than. My my the what-if, a second self, a chat got big, a fictive tease that has a gimmick of support in actuals, a criterion of exclusion, the possible condition of nouns. Guilt mimes pasts (,lever) by playing I-spy with the help, but sound is not a hero - the advantage of narrative is that definitions have a statute of limitations, a sticky beak. May-as-well says a word is common sense, empirical, a user-pays prudence of suggestions. A cargo-cult of echoes, an ambitious fear, ego has a dog or other anthropologist to keep metaphors (jealously efficient prices) reasonably dull. I dunno? To um n ah about (hesitation by osmosis) (to say) I say? (on agency (predicates with fondness for a self, a decorative embarrassment) and the body parts of some reductionists: tin. A functionary. In preferreds. A (detailed) hole in a, a la qua. So(Me and the means.)-so. (A story is only one excuse: later.) Tautologies is bullies. That (therapeutically) refer. Standard-dependent legitimations.) Competence - the ad hoc determinist - is incredulously ideal, content. and it need be true? Value and other imitations of form - a philosophy of subjects - queue. (I mean a not even the past is past type fallacy.) Go on. To say nothing while admitting of description is a derived fact. And that's (complacently) all. Certainty and other differences own up (a rhetoric of what's not): cheap rent is it's own sweet failure to close, to know enough to form (one damn thing after another), to picture ends. Suss thus avoids the grace of (a lie without a (say-it-emphatically-twice-so-they'll-think-you-are-a) liar (Watches to keep the ends of games apart.)) want. And that old metaphysical itch turning memory to unconscious, a diseased know-how of charitable attention pawns your head on a coin to bum the stunt shut up. An indulge. By the throat. A sluggish misdemeanour. A

blur. A bruised charade of mutters. Tut. Trumped up sully mug, instructed. A shudder, impudent and stuck. Flushed. A croon. An insult at a loss. Sullen and petulantly snug. Tucked. A hump of mock treason, a thud, a property of dumbs. Shit these days there's no such thing as a useless fucking fact. It's a dictionary of bloody martyrs. Martyrs to hypocrisy. You can say that again.

What's the big idea? I mean existence has no echoes: Words supply ritual listening to that which has nothing to say. They do it in a way that supermarkets do not. They do it at night. Echoes, on the other hand, have the distinct advantage of not being identical with themselves: a tautology is a failed contradiction. It realises itself as decoration. It is less dangerous than anything.

In the transparent organisation, the management of value creation is defined as culture. Value creation is the site of market intelligence and market intelligence resides in the client. The client is how an organisation talks to itself. It is the client that is copyright, a black box: the client as workplace. Unless of course it's a fiction. Like politics.

Profit rhymes with silence. It is a pseudo you, a self: Irony was a number. Neurosis was one too. Induction had a jumper. Sic em.

In 'The Corporation as Medium', information farms data. The market manufactures data and we all know the market to be an infinitely renewable resource. Information is an organisational aesthetic, the art of the possible. Cognitive tension traditionally created by organisational tension - is a minimal requirement for problem location. Most tasks however are so well defined as to be psychically insulated (after all, software does copyright the workplace). And such definition is territory to be defended, a paradigm best confirmed by competition. Behaviour is a functional disaster - like infrastructural muzak, all one can do with data is say thankyou and logistically agree - the client as dysfunction, the client as the owner of change. Changing trains.

Determined and non-linear, the noun's a black-market anxiety, a bored exploit of pleasures by the was, a context suck if ever there was one, a credit obsessed by choice, distracted, coz.

Action as poor tautology - things are those facts that agree to predication - claims me as it's ratio. I am sufficiently impressed. You can't contradict a chicken.

A noun is it's own absence and so allows that things are indeed just possible, an apocalypse that illuminates the fact of repetition. Something else is an analogue of logic.

Sense - the way logic aint grammar - is like any identity and so hostage to making an idol of itself, intends to pop truth out of the pip of being, the object.

Consuming control - the subject as a bad idea (of course surveillance is a pun on currency (it anyway brings home the bacon), rent a form of inside information, the-way-things-are (what clients call 'statements') a not so hidden agenda): Verbals and the corporation - the logistics of lo-fi phones - make for listener work. They thereby facilitate overstatement. Strategic alliances, intuition - let alone understatement - require access to intonation, a black box, art and art - a copyright, more or less rational forgetfulness - prides itself on not being a body of experience. It is the extent that word fails to be self-sufficient, that it is not made flesh, that it makes sense, is - in other words - a virtual chat (distinguished from narrative information, text as possible picturesques, a formal talking-to...). Profit is not a found object. Unless it's art.

Dunno, it ain't about. The content is an other - you can tell - it can't transcend and so denies the idea of mediation: words is bits of subject and they itch (knowledge an aesthetic tic) the observer the portable part of the event.

It, therefore, deforms. Intention is a twee self-consciousness (duration a synthetic right) that chemists use to sell coincidence with being to a hands-on thought.

(The unsaid - an economic not-yet - suspects it's being used. It would, narcissistically, like to know.)

'Not now' and other yoyotopian headaches: (Coz coz can double as a bad effect, a tacky maths, it's a useful code (I mean a lie is a pathetic metaphor. It believes in ghosts)): Noun tourism, or 'Thanks but no thanks', a post colonial op shop for the return of subjectivist bait (Unemployment as the last nineteenth century factory): Facts give irony a bad name. Romancing the pious with cash. (A writer is only an impatient reader.)

Truism and other prices ('Please' is a privileged vocabulary that gives us what we want): Logic is the negative of work. The product forgives repetition it's irony. Same. Negation is a metaphor for sense. Narrative names causes by effect. Conditional. Experience is economically possible.

Internal to the common surname 'the' lies no distinction between being and thought: A witness has rights.

Like yes is the shadow of a maybe are we hinges of the proper names, a calculus in later, an example, a goody two shoes argument, a frame as parasite, why why is not a suspect, yet remains.

Give Yes a self for christmas. Vote 1 Existentialism.

Ode to the economy of fiction (experience plagiarises time (the pluperfect, an amnesiac parody of the idea idea)):
In recovering intention or experience from some account or phrase a rep of that condition of possibility that gave us grounds
- an essentialist's 'no comment' claimed to humiliate the right by bland agreement, a bit like that show afforded nouns.

Negation is a latent paradox, a bit of logic waiting to get out - it corrupts the past (the past, of course, a revelation) a supplementary a priori doubt.

On second thoughts (and the piety of sense, a self-similar incompleteness - 'is' was only ever a dumb idea. I mean, the ideal exit?), an argument for dobbing you on it.

A you is my logic, an adequate nix or and that pays, an same angel - a state is a matter of opinion.

A decorative stupidity, a victim, sells the plot. To dominoes. Collaborator in memoriam. Responsible. For being blamed. 'Yes' is the past participle of 'wrong'.

Bingo and the metaphysics of answers; A belief in falsifiability, an other that knows what identity is supposed to look like, art, was an experiment in negating context. Music - as simulated information, a specious present - uses listeners to think out loud. It composes witnesses (a la blindspot - fictional selves, pantomimes of complicity) to induce a catalyst-as-filter, a sublimation of intent, a price-is-use analogy, in cutes. A (defensive) ghost of a chance. A foreman of expects. And convenience.

Once again we spell Russia with a P. (And we all know Bismarck ran the contract for the Meiji.) on politics: Examples only mimic sense - they represent. on purpose: Transparency mounts logics - not facts. on pity: Evidence describes itself as narrative.

Logic transcends no self (which means in turn it can't be late) a disposed form, a function of state values. If/then boundaries being prophesise-ies - reified the blinks (: consciousness is a wedge between facts and the possible (I anticipate)) (takes one to know one), an echo-as-catalyst type patch. Rhymes do irony by the by, a mutual causal loop, a parasite of one dimension which names itself a mutant routine. An itchy fallacy of psychologicals, a reductionist, took a not-yetist to lunch. She paid. A defacto market of behaviour - the goal of algebra - a solution procedure of blurred procures, a fashionably ambivalent lab (opportune quota - a technology of censorship) co-opts results, an incognito laconic materialism, an affair: my friend the fact.

Language is a therapy that has the potential to mean what it says. It likes to think of itself as a method that maintains a limit of sense by deciding nowt, and like intent - an adequacy of judgement - it proposes itself as immanent. (Price is that part of yes means yes, the bottom line of explanation.)

The Germans own the North. The Muslims are the South (or, On 'Due to inclement weather the German revolution was in music'):

In data, ownership is the inverse of privacy. It therefore argues for precedence, a user-pays legislation: Use is a virtual ad.

Models - a la pasts - have thin access to a self - they entertain. To be a part of logic, an adolescent right to know

(trial by definition):

Reduction invents psychology coz he didn't have a dog, equivalence coz he couldn't take a joke.

(Truth, understatement and the economics of noise: 'Instrument' is an honorific for feedback. Noise is a package that can't lie. Unless, truth, understatement and the economics of noise, 'instrument' is an honorific for feedback...)

Economics decorates the almost with a double-cross (Form floats. Shit floats. Money is jealous.):

If dialectics is a love, then buy the off switch - the known are simply traitors, what words do, things.

Logic - an ethics of thought (subjects imitate objects - any idea directed at objects is naive) - requires a taste if it's ever going to take a trick, a moody, paranoia fear of guilt. A vague, inadequate fact of life (it haunts bad muzak (pretends nothing happened)), it grants anonymous access only, an echo of presence without negation, a consciousness, a passive, quasi qua.

The coincidence of certainty (a spirituality of knowing) makes of sympathy a fetish, a quote romance, a laying on of hands, a wank. It thereby represents. a next. Silhouette. The known as proper name, a commentary. To experience evidence before the fact - the fate of knowing better - a give away, conditions reason as a sight responsible for acts (words are, anyway, a utopia with legs, an it'll do an ipso ur-

gent factology, a double dare pronoun - the logical structure of the subject, consent).

(Hope is a phony fulcrum coz it forgets, an insult that subsists, or is vulnerable to the same, a pattern in its sunday best.

Some a-causal nominalisation, the addressee, put it in the present tense to seem transparent. Kept.)

On that which is it's own experiment: Coz the not-yet (at least) appeals to reason, it (and tragically) don't grow old a regress of bests (on the never never) (at least) answers to it's name, does what it's told. Broody more, the other, slops on a poss, gates solutions with a means, and at a loss declares a promise, an IOU the half-life of a problem could well be something that you do. Now, just suppose that we could mimic tests, could let's pretend along to heav'n, what then? What interrogates could we induce to come along? Thought adapts as damaged facts - a jealous syllogist I mean what has-been would flog their falsies for a (how-do-you-know-it's-purposeful?) song?

Sense and the ands:

Theft - an object that wants now to be a subject (logic has no patent on negation) (a question aint a hero (and withdraws the suggestion, not the conclusion)) I mean I want irony on my side, agreement as (Of 'Yes I understand' and 'Yes I agree' which is) a style? Pretend. (Synthesis turns the pasts to parasite, a carp (idealist do dah decadence), collude.) (Listening of course is a mediocre style of music, contradiction the best profit.)

(Is is pretty dildo and mediates the spot where more makes more, a fetish in eclectic either ors.)

Surrogate says the words is unemployed, so a sentence salvaged from tactical inflation is an apology to be dialectically enjoyed.

Repetition is the first distinction. It only looks like proof. Gravity is a cheap way of mining light.

(As an early internal combustion engine, the cannon proved the road a heavy vehicle, traffic a convenient form of turning right.)

The ethics of later. Use has inverse rights.

Collapsed transparency is about that big. Eeny meeny. Sounds like. Takes in. A parking ticket is an industrial truth - it populates time, with autonomous exits, exits as decor.

1. It improves logic to claim more anything as feedback.
2. Applying serialism to rhetorical rhymes makes for a metaphor of bad faith.

1. I'm okay, you're okay.

Common sense is what history calls an opportunity: or, A scavenger is an expert system. It does answers by piecework. It also believes in the design-life of questions:

or, Pragmatism is both hollow and immune. It subcontracts authority. To euthanasia. I mean, it's not like social credit just had a bit of bad press.

Fictional distinctions (families for collapsing time) make a religion of making conversation, an anxious doodle (A technology of knowledge is 1. capricious (arbitrarily not-yet (getting a lend of him)) - the shift from the thing-in-itself to the relational is the bureaucracy of credit, 2. lies.): Once upon a time trickles down as a donation of (obsolete) accidents, a just state of limited residuals, sadist, so.

1. Language is the argument that you have a name. I mean, if logic is a chaotic attractor, there are no examples. Like passives. No not-yets. No way of being wrong. Logic, if the truth be known, is a tautology. In red.

2. Music is distinguished from pain by being other than a parade of nows. It models information. It introduces it to feedback. If, however, we take feedback out of the dimension of time and put it into space, we have revelation. And words compulsively measure the revealed world (they pray):

Ode to the grace of habit: say please. (Please is about as abstract as it can get I English ('it' - unlike time - is not a map though they do both tend to self-righteousness - facts are the argument for redemption.)) And - the art of change - needs to do something: it seems. (Ghosts of use - a tragic two bob each way - exploit satisfaction (nothing refuses

to be a vehicle for speech) by the form of transference where nouns use verbs to chat - it is however worth noting that neither admit to description.)

All comparative advantages are true. Once. Mum was jealous.

Information knows everything. It is not a service industry. It only parodies data for effect. The motive, a complacent half life.

It is not so much that anxiety is more or less reasonable, but that it is reason itself. Mr. Freud thus defines consciousness as a boutique hostage, a client of our more or less respective pasts. The present is thus understood as a museum of failed pasts, of estranged management, a library of languages for teaching English - 'please' is as close as we get to prophecy. (Organisations, like news, are only advertisements for data.)

Consciousness, a bizarre narcissism, uses humans as a prophylactic. Truth, of course, don't mind.

'And' ain't a bad psychology of being. At least it's not fourteen.

When a chicken says anything, it's not in code: 'Be serious' means 'Kill the fucker'.

Protection is the argument that the present has certain rights and they include the past. Oedipus had a good weekend.

If forgiveness were thought not thinking itself, then a private cause would seem quite logical. That, at least, is the argument for pain. Aesthetics is a sceptical solution.

Chairs exist outside language only in some illegitimate sense. They have, thereby, an unreasonable access to ontology. They justify.

Logic - the fashionable exploitation of the-way-things-are denies user rights to other fictions. Like, a lazy altruism would give us better (I, I mean, more humble) facts.

Sound is an unanalytic model of sense. It is a collaborator with no loyalties, no implications (excepting, possibly, that agency be a sentimental maximising code with no or low exchange value). Sound is true imperialism. Composers push sound around as if their careers depended on it. The client chime in (cash is a cheap echo), When I grow up I wanna be a fact of life.

Begging the question

A word is an immune system. It functions as a need:

Less than one percent of the world's language stock is European (justice plus justice (it jerks itself)) and that some sort of luxury (price is a not very interesting prediction and like any other dependency defines itself as witness), a satisfaction (I is a category), a noun (noun a yrogetack a si I) what copies stones. Again guzinter: a victim is a resource, not a change. Ain(nai)'t. Pick pack kap kip pana-ana-cea. And the deceits. Stupid hoop: one third of all languages lie in Terra Australis: 1. All real questions admit answers. In the singular. And these answers like one another. Coz they're good. (Intention does many things but it first agrees.) 2. Knowledge is that action which don't. The rational carries luck as add-on and indifferent baggage (: a picture has an ego, a willy little tell-tale tolp (a plot fallacious, a tired politician (that's a joke - it underwrites))), pessimi. An empiricist with shoes, description is a failure of intent. It is simultaneously subject both and object, heaven. Competitive compromise - a priori paranoia - , revelation, a self is a sign that wants to want. It hires. Doubt is the most popular form of grace. It uses tourists to make a point. Pretty thin sin. (Tnoip explains excuse - to be is not a bank, politics is merely a cheap experiment in logic.) A name is anyway an explanation. Willful ignorance, the pragmatist mediocres ouch. Empirically. It denies the invisible a context, mimics narrative as a solo fact, a sceptical 'lcitpecs privilege (examples are not reasonable) and seems, a greed in code. Doubt at least (conducts,) has the advantage of being efficient. (Power is that form of of knowledge languages use when they have no techs - it, like metaphor, is based simultaneously on absence and presence (transendent reference) - it wants to prove the p'lice.) Homo ambiguous and the irony of repetitions (lick me no lacks) pause (remember ends?), say Ta. Art ace. Car. When? barthers good (that outside the horizon of being) for some domesticated reason, a superstitious self where distinctions function as a rather rthar stylish ikon (being is just some sort of name (a syndrome)), a figure (bigs) (sgib), a gift - proof is the ventriloquist's division of labour. Vanity subjugates the subject. To guilt. It's shy of sceptics. It has thought as the last charity, a hypocritical stuttering (fuck is a verb, I can tell) a not yet that lives by emphasis. (Evidence has the generic advantage of

being found object and tautology. Such.) Price thus makes an idol of the banal. In a manner of speaking. It represents itself as revelation (it says the unsaid lies), invisibilia, an intent. Tack. A mirror has a reflex. A concept. Regress. Facts are a bit too much like credit, telling Ls from Rs, behaviour and the idea technologies. Seemly and the empty category pronouns (principle-based parsing (the moral of the story is)) that things. A shall. (Prediction only looks like explanation.) (Poverty is the proof of necessity.) True enough. C-coz (and other pasts), the bits of mercy stib. And the fetish of absence. The object of the thought of being uses names to appropriate the given, a dull if-only apology of limits that privileges the means. Temptation and the particulars, a bill saturated with consciousnesses, an IOU sop-possibilities, a modest coz. Negation is no condition. It subverts (zoc), pretends to is (a diagnostic) and intents to need, oops deen, to speak in thinks. Shh, it comes in subs, the qua moral shop, puts up a show, a statement(-as-index), a hostage a. Figures. Lists. And protocol. A tilly torture what distributes selfs, a credulous narrative illusion (it bribes anxiety), truth, a dilettante-cum-target amnesiac, monist (particular): on thinking without being: thanks. The coin of faith (the this of the (a geography of manners)) says the past blasphemes: surface (convenient distribution (a transparent), reductive and self-satisfied) conditions (work), opportunities for the non-ideal, a pretty negative (retreat to yes) event functions as a name. For whom. (Censorship of course is a fictional hostage (cure).) Reason (the jealous) is now a cause (cash an effect) - it mortgages the example of ignorance, a born again indubitability (a self some sort of proof) and drugs the does with sentimental generals, stuff for which instruction - a stupid symptom - requires help. Substantially correct, a cognitive comforter, a name - a location of manipulative guarantees, an activity of corollaries (we can't of course don't) - irritates temptation with an associative glue of if-then causes, ritual its, the heresy two three for example. A hostage maybe of the disinterested least object, with (forged) edges: my my (alibi) and ad hoc practices (quack (symptom)) go on. A promiscuous cause - the status quo - exploits misrepresentation by looking to agree. Fatalistic realism plus one. The accident. The patch as-if. The problem good. The ghost. What wants (an obliged privation of forms) (representation comes in four b two) to too an indifferent (and

distracted (sook)) rolls-over-plays-dead. I mean, 'stead, it gunna sue
the book?

Language is the mechanism whereby you understand what I'm thinking better than I do.

(Where 'I' is defined by those changes for which I is required.)

Duplication and the franchising of context, a metaphor for complicity (consciousness, like other purposeful systems, is a learnable skill - it uses identity as an instrument for understanding and is therefore both local and event-based) claims failure as the right of context, bureaucracy the (emergent) missing link:

or, Reason is one way of doing time. A person is not another:

Art (a distinction without a difference, another mind in the business of knowing better) an experiment in moveable context (a la 'no' (or 'me')) defines problems. Bureaucracies supply and administer answers. Within specific mediums. (A medium may of course be an organisation.) Management - a way of solving problems by dissolving problems or modelling, a way of mapping or orchestrating assumptions (what used to be called 'painting' or 'music') has been more or less successful in democratising context while worker participation has produced more answers - conceptual ready-mades - more data, more art. (Art, of course, was a metaphor for sense. It was labour intensive and was at different times object oriented, process oriented, indifferent and/or self obsessed. It was, however, always a lie. And not particularly sophisticated. I mean not nearly as interesting as credit for example. Art was a cultivated branch of ethics that went out of fashion when it was realised that proof had no specific weight and merely functioned as decoration. The remnants of arts behaviour now travel under the rubric of Public Science.)

A working hypothesis, a composer, is that without which something would not have happened.

For something to have happened a distinction must be made.

A distinction is other than more of the same.

Composition is, therefore, of differences.

Style, like midi, is about transparency.

Music is a style of composition. A compromise. A cheap conceptual noise. An economy. Benign. Virtual. Right. 'Music' means 'nothing happened' - it is rather a synthetic time (as opposed to narrative, memorial therapy) which requires the client not be late (meaning and

the death of language (romance and the nonsensically true): the downbeat does a show and tell (it's not a word), as does 'me too':

if verification is the sense of any sentence (knowability and the might-be-right - it, after all, don't cause meaning) the possibility of intent remains, somehow, charming.

Experience is outside logic. They describe one the other (which would anyway seem to be reasonable) and if they don't repeat themselves it's just too bad - remorse unlike other truisms is not a symptom of choice. (Complaint: the friendly dead are always on the winning side - to explain-is-to-understand-is-to-justify is a clueless melodramatic tautology.)

Action as relationship (narrative is a tasteful way of doing guilt): when I'm dead I'm going to be the past (Being without being, time is that which comes between a thing and itself - Tuesday is the key to defining Monday):

1. Mass fails to predict itself and this failure is it's proof - any event has at least one collapsed dimension (What are dimensions? Two.) and as such is slightly out of phase. It requires (on what you know until you're asked) either an endless ideal observer, a number, or object - events which are determined, farmed. (Doubt is here an ikon. It surrenders represents to repetition, a narrative of equivalence, a self as a unit of exchange. (Sense is the smudge of self into a context, a one dimensional career, I mean cause is a lazy way to join events - it looks too much like a crash (knowledge a labour intensive form of justification.)))

2. Betweenness is a form of inertia. Unlike being it is not a truism (a not-yet is a tacit fact, a 'that' in faster-than-real time). It is a sort of lookalike event, an essentialism of intent, a boundary condition. Betweenness is a predictive gadget. It maps statements onto projective operators and like measurement (a non-vanishing rest-mass) it can be shown to be physically crippling. Truth - unlike subjects - is not a condition.

Doubt (a portable technology of the self) and other facts (pseudo entities at christmas) buy other minds as a sort of transparent confession. It's like getting two to know that it knows, a tip-of-the-tongue pet logic of opportunism: being wrong and the experience of knowledge (if I know, I can't be wrong), a bit of all right. Yes, but. I mean like an unsaid (the board the monkey fuck the duck on) both is an

aint (let's call it it (a picture is), how do you do?), a hypochondriac.
Truth bores proof. Sez you.

Behaviour remembers consciousness. As a fiction. Coz is a very thin
dimension. Was is not. Irony (a private other) takes place outside of
time. It implies experience. (It's jealous.) And is ideal. A bucket full of
sames. (In neuters. Logic has an ego - it's called an object.) An a priori
bedtime story - things - is therefore free to rhyme (a subjective
(possibility) that thinks more than it thinks, a fact that wants).

Administration as the last bastion of positivism:

Dear Sir, Defining economics as a distributed learning network,
employment as franchised problem solving (on second thoughts):

Agreement is a mannerist's irony. It comes as understatement,
impedimenta. It was translated into Japanese. But out of what?

Listening - the aesthetics of not knowing

pretty please too true (fore love had done a metaphor of knowns)
distraction mimed description funned ok numb tongue an othered
psychology of use that stroked a difference til it rhymed with was and
sold (tools (a sympathy of more)) and this (some story style) of under
and over and through (some dead echo) and so some normy and used
what to do a thing (irony in rights) or word (experience) a number (me
too) of stutterers (opportunists (an again of envies (else))) dud up with
wire why as self as stealing from a coz (a dob (a no)) of private (was)
says any aint (or jus a shame)s a name

Tactics (not now) and pragmatics market price as bilateral symmetry
(model objects, help). Necessarily. I mean to say. (Reason is that form of
radical disappointment that exploits memory (thinking is a
mercenary's aphorism for being. It comes in red): examples have pets
(synonyms that lie). (They use dilettantes to deliver.))
(Juvenile suchness weren't too sure - bought maybe on the never
never.)

Double dip baptist and the explains:

Objects (an economy of logic (for) that wants a pronoun (ta)) are that
irony of purpose used by client things as good luck charms:

But is not the addressee (though addressees do pay)

Transference is not at home (sticky puns of one to one)

We was just some god's prosthesis - the words got in the way.

It's for you: A speaker and other cheap retreats (What (the fuck) does
'you' (here) mean?),

The morphic resonance of 'and'? - playing phones with dominoes -
anxious to be seen?

The downbeat (atonement) is a readymade. Who said that? But there is
beer after fridge - a usurped G
fit (you know, like truism).

Physics and other amputations of the self went to town. They forgot to
take a mouthpiece:

If 'more' is a dialect of 'it', where's home? when did it switch
symptoms? (I mean hearsay is a metaphor, a small other.) (Being is that
subject that's spoken for (it doughnuts description (and other
uniforms)), a virtual positive of readies):

or, The mirror and the slapstick cadaver

or, If-you-can't-talk-them-into-it-not-much's-been-said type guilt
claims negation an economy of intention, a horizon that selves along:
Smug snuggles up and sulks (shrink wrapped pauses on the game),
A sadist's purse of banals parsed as plain:

Analogy, you see, automates property to spite the boss. Slander, as a
matter of fact, is always late.

Addition and the map are both a cross.

A self reconstitutes itself as bait

Some numb number (hypocrisy (in utter) interrupts its double) with a
suffering understood as stupid, said: not too good. And blushed. (The
stock exchange makes for a leaky switchboard (profit is free data) - it's
too bloody latent)

The same is better coz it is - a ventriloquist of nevertheless
(a sore appendage to emptiness): Things is that form that needs,
a vis-a-vis of holes on speed.

The map in any case transcends

(a cannibal of guilt with means as ends).

Who(m-is-the-emetic-when-she's-not-me? may as well: When you are
my unconscious, who's to know?

The bureaucrat of one-of-us, minus shadow?

Oh, come on, a dummy parasite of chaos on a con could court denial
with a 'to be', like hell.

A trophy self of absence claims both-anded answers as is bad
questions:

The state believes that it is conscious (, submits parking fines as
proof),

but then again analysis has intent lined up as truth:

A cliché cop pulls rank, betters up a trick of light and calls it art
despite the clucky represents of then (psyched up revenge with sweet
properties of if,) and barter.

It happens: or, A vampire of hypnotised opinion (price (as a means for
separating words and things (time is an idea that transfers property)) is
pretty sad) bugs a lookalike to split the diff: Or else.

Like (a thing that filters form (an interest)) the competence of reference
(we used to call it keen), 'this' is just a little 'now' gone off, matter on
the run. Narcissism and intent (knowing is a metaphor for knowing
better) other-up the mortgaged reason of a scale (a fiscal taste), a
simulated ignorance, malingerer, a pretty. A particular (or limbo

replica) grants access to an explanation (or use) by promising to ration the anon - a subject solaced and denied, a swap (just not for us) of subjugates (kites wear habits habits is ideal), a symmetrical sentiment of sense. A complicit duty (consent in drag) did a (rehabilitated) self: normally. (There weren't no 'mere's.) True-or-false (a synthetic): Feedback is a stat that don't add up stacks truths on tools and glues them with a but, or two.

A prick posits custom (cathartic angst) (thing and/as lisp (a still is cheap geography (a cover up)))

(an indifferent dummy virus of results) as recruited values out on their own - polluted by security, nothing more to show. Emptying the past with promises the cargo cult of games of chance cash, cheap metonymics, (a narcoleptic nod (romance)): A placeless act (an agency) - hygienic will - confuses debt with

loss:

'i's here a present, invisible, an end that wins the toss. ('Yet' is protected by a competence disposed to use

(a universe with opposed thumbs, a gun that votes) their salvaged fate (residuals) as a ruse.)

Change, of course (like any corpse), reserves the right to choose.

But I know there are no others ((as if) one of us is wrong) - a reductionist on crutches, a chook not otherwise confused.

Autographed truth:

The queue in want is always silent There is no pun in bank. A fiction is bad narrative - it associates with thanks.

In ontology plays psychology, time on, some implicitable idea excused it's being right by being one. It remains sceptical (Hard-to-get was a backbeat (meat for the motive industry) on report) - trade in the fuckin ump.

Bump.

(In ethics was the aesthetics of the future, when cybernetics meets aesthetics we get the crime of meaning 'yes'. I mean (dowdy empiricism and the double description of consciousness) in a time and motion study ambiguity and ambivalence win hands down (Irony and other logical puns (software copyrights the workplace)): colonising the witness (the corporation as media), art is a forensic insect -

Symptoms look like truisms minus the dimension of effect (a topology of ghosts that uses detail like we use facts.)

Transparency (that proxy sight that has no crisis of dimension) is up against the law of mistaken identity, the factory of better accidents, a noddy faith that argues for redundancy, almost:

If 1 A bureaucracy that can only talk to itself via customers can't lie, and 2 Holding your tongue is not stuttering, then 3 What's what?

Cloning positions (the agency of loss, a causal and) combs conditions: reason pleases (a syllogist) context as a bad dimension: Mick the predicate maximalist says 'no'.

(Content to fill out forms the mercenary consumes protection by reproducing doubt and so filters like by taking hostages, a logistics of deserted ends. Meanwhile, a euthanasia of double guess tourism notes that here there are no more decisions: logic is administered by greed, a syncretic hierarchy that amplifies (by pulse) the notion of away (Absenteeism says a witness is a paradox conducted by other means - representation, the non-human use of human beings).)

A stutter simultaneously rehearses and sacrifices silence. It thus proves the past (- otherwise is the victim. the object a refugee from words). (Memory, promise (the pietist) recites (rhymes (plots that lie) with confessed narrative). As a category of thought. (Prediction (measurement is incidental work, a plasticity) says transcendence exploits time, it nails down surplus value. But then any possessed definition of blame

could up the ante and call it evident.)) An inevitably scarred that, audacious eulogist, says thinking looks like (Its is a pilgrimage to amnesia):

Exhibitionism and other deaf (and urgent) shops ((waned) accounts) of logic:

Paralysis and the epistemic time of subversion (space as a method of agreement (Dorothy Dixers using objectivity to detail rational rights (a sentimental farming of the unconscious) as patience)):

Celebrations of memory games (Innovative concretedness of experience and the commodity of rationalisation):

Predictions as mutations (Things as the gods of saying 'no'; logic an early (convenient) xerox remunerates by tautology, a medium of intent):

Givens and the neurotic calm of statements (Mining 'being' to gild museums of practice (Cause - the poor effect (knowns administer facts without negation))):

Potential mother tongues (it goes without saying (ie they don't think out loud)) and the superstition of fused horizons:

Boredom (an explained excuse) and the pimp of progress (Negation is just a way of changing the subject):

Learning to know (a that which looks like meaning while remaining uncondusive to object formation (a metaphor with no onlys)) and ambiguity (a question in the form of a proposition) says eaves dropping is an object of knowledge modelled by the dumb (Only phones talk and listen at the same time - explanation compensates what happens next by giving it the silent treatment, the zen placebo (Use spies on so-that as a precedent, a them-info-boys (confesses choice) - smug)):

A surrogate novelty of differences (victims of a need for proof. a vanity), absence, as a given (charm), as a pseudo clue (, so there) or last word (tacit tat fact fat and rational (cash))-ish echo, a vacillate says representation (a naive bill (anyway ambivalent)) survives sweet, a pathology of knowledge, a mute transference, an event:

A mediocre ersatsist curse time is what likes itself, very much. Words (the mechanism whereby others know what you think better than you do) are vulnerable to distraction - they collude (with a degraded obscurity), a datal inertia and the seemly sick humility of being.

Abstracted overhearing (logic (it requires indifference. convenient enough to be immature)) uses agency (the interview) as an adaption collapsed into some distracted status quo (to sigh (And unlike memory, jokes transcend a context (ie a same) by appropriating ends, a pious psychology of evasion.) like any other subject-of-a-life, in C).

A logic of scarcity tries to colonise the seen with a handful of theoretical mores which market time as the right to need (Common assumption: the rich have ((vilified) inadequate) rights to represent (Things try to be responsible (a tub of missed opportunities) but find I-was a causal too.).

Credit only comes in blue.).

Suppose a predicate of the excluded middle wanted to demonstrate deduced description, would adequacy model intention (the experientially empty) as a subject or a reason? as attachment to

abstraction or a crucifixion of those particulars that allow for very ends? (A self same 'is' did limericks, caprice.)

Value-added frame analysis - non-local backward causation (a mind) - says now (a later on a plate) the dowry is a witness, the sameness of surveillance as a glossologic tax does user pays, the death of politics.

On Or (the therefore hymn to 'is'), a voluntarist result or notyet (Decoration - the fetish of absence): Flip flop DNA in aspect patches pacts

- my my and the implies (being and other logical burps, evaporated chance),

a big now narrative wank of add-ons: Displacement syndicates with pathos (- a concocted notice (situation (wax))

(a psychosomatic epistemology (shit)) of faith).

A musty betrayal of dull comforts - an indignant coz - clags extortion (vain fact) as a court, a passive also ran or bored nope: A perverse coincidence of selves - a venal echo -, a cynic thing (it hesitates), a spite of stupidities (Statues - the victim sin of privilege - don't do):

An effectless moribund complicity, a me (sympathy is that action, a hybrid sublimation), an expedient levity, prudence says one okayist in double nod knows how to cross his tees:

A subject is a parasite and fingers an event (a techy's truth) with convenience

- a process-fix that extends though the part that is the whole has no analysis. Emergent haunts eternal (determined virtuals) by running data into nouns and rolling over

(, it aint that cept when it's possible

(or exhausts all possibles) - just tap the boss).

A sceptic hero - leisure (the accomplice) - wants here to split the diff (an endless end of versus proof), an urgent object clit-cock-klepto-you're-not-he type fit: 'Paradigms in solitude, axioms for tea, assumes (a shudder quote) look ma, no me' relaxes the theory of counterfeit meanings to induce the apparatus known as truth

(Genre Jo the go-for says logic makes no hay (Intention likes content. Content does too): Inertia and the no-pop detail (the clock-on of supply) reacts (a reflex fallacy of adapts) with dilute flux (an unsuccessful lie) to reproduce the irritable and pale exploits of routine.

The opportunist uses means, but worse,
the used read it as verse.

(A verb is here the experience of words.))

A pedant of sincerity quits what's particular (the I-am-the-limit-of-god price of results) by decides. And scratches.

Really and the factive values stay home: a formal all, a slight of actuals, a go.

A pinch of duplicates, a fad of symptoms, a smile should know, so:

Talk exploits the fictive subject - he done him he did too - saying reference is an understatement, a suck, a 'you'-and-'me'-synthesise-contexts tame therefore - one is a parody of two.

On my say so: Giggle, a ditto with an ego, an enigma of attracts attention, does syntax as a similarity disorder: A pun is just a logical voyeur.

Essentially, the deficient metaphor (stabilised as a technique) interprets adequacy as its most recent utterance, an 'it's been said' on holidays. Collapsed coherence (two's not you) interests application (it backs facts)

by requiring a processed self (don't hold your breath) of accidents.

(Exaggerated interprets (fallacious such) thus as a premise, a small surprise which seeks to interrogate experience with a (postponed) obvious (Feeling is by nature second-hand):)

Platitudes are neutral to alternatives (and seem to rhyme with paradox), a luminous tautology (names is eternal objects) they draw (on (evilled and)) emergent lots.

'The' is just the corridor from 'this' to 'that'

(a relationships-are-internal passage says 'yes' (talk is cheap, it's also proof)

- though a talking-to won't trust a chat), it lets:

On the facetious going guarantor for common sense five past one (: jim the word-event).

Special (a false sustaining proposition (it describes practice)) therefore as enthused:

item quite the know-all went one step more - claimed empirical abuse.

The percepta them- the abandoned interrupt - informs the purposed form with dropped corrects

(to humble any ration before repeatability (to temporally collect)

makes a trespass of the test of what the fag forgets):

Supercilious opportunist, the ghost of explanation sticks concretes up its bum and winks:

An occasion (on time, in case (of brunt mannequins)) got no behinds to hide - innocuous, it thinks.

(Dob in a flab of quotas and shove them out to sea.

Sanitary bads and bags examples fried up the sea for tea)

An eye-white portrait of incentives - when meaning was what you did at night- looked up

(Coz why and other thoughts make things (an a (the one of three)) and many things is never late

(potential theories on a plate)

but contrasts with the time and place of dividends):

Consciousness - the when - acknowledges no pose cept more (a predicate (an urban sum)) in substances unknown (- a proposition).

(Listening objectifies satisfaction therefore as immediacy. It obliges.)

(Duplication is the only reason that derives: Logic is a reflex (- a martyr) (that dissolves).) (Lies that fail to be false (idols) use pain as a

duration, an inert enough (of anything goes), and collect apologies in thanks (an ie I is defined by those changes for which I is required).) A

thing that filters form - a price - wants to tide you over (Teaching languages to say please,

to be an audience, scapegoats synthetics): say cheese.

No - the first ego, or let's pretend - is fashionably familiar (a symptomatic mediocrity that can be made to mean, that can in short be

paranoid) and ifs and buts about in irregular exchanges. A vice versa hinged parody of maybe, a haemorrhaging dilemma, clutches at a plot

(being is eccentric to the object) compulsively phenomena, a sly estranged desire of a muchness. Suspected as some grub garb of

contradictions the causal pragmatics (damaged and embarrassed) done a delicate

conjunct of positives, a (just) functionalist arse: money laughs.

(Raspberries (a logical panic) doing jobs as alibis (patents patients) - history as the pornographic of work, impatient experierence:)

Apocalyptic quanta grope for copy by betraying likes (vulgar conundra) and other (utopic) whiles

- metaphors are sentimental only in their proof.

The mild blasphemies of luck, mass - the pleasure cops (rut) - want the poor to move.

And of course the idealist has reason, an inflated sign that doubles as a deed, a sob that represents (economics (the poor's objectivity)) as a friend. (Sale-or-return is the permanent possibility of sensation.) The rebuke identity takes the pledge: barter flatter, it depends - the fallible for tongue is um.

(An ipso facto eenie, meenie, mute modernism (in standard cutes) recognises the compromises with which it is produced. - The atavistic call that criticism. (Not twice.)

Reference (the putsch) improves.

But is built for failure - and so it should: Last truth.)

(Though coz a flagellant aint anonymous has no consequences for the dead.)

False affinities look the other way. Mutate as play.

- Adam was a bourgeois too.

Fiction this, your honour, a pretty stead, a benign couldabeen, a coded bondage blah blah that mottoes the sort of noun that you're allowed, inertia's proud:

A delayed not-me got no knowns nor naive miseries to surrogate, so behaviour (- it rhymes with is) realises (it assumes) a praxised data as evident or same, which is to say it doesn't scan but begs the question: Temptation is an insight.

a syndrome of yellow facts pictures avoid,

but to diagnose the copy and then adopt, aint quite the kind of act we had in mind.

(A metaphor has privileged access - it projects a sceptic's charm, an agency of bits and sames (that is a choice)

- may or may not be nostalgic though definitely homesick)

A psychology of knowns (a zombie purse) flogs givens to the got and the perverse

both, sticks a self on anything that moves

(more is one of those things that is not a proposition) and vacillates about who's when to watch the news an "I" can't say no context', a science of action in a sunday best. A soliloquy of names (an access) leaves therapy - it aint a dog with a halo list (it deducts) or broody wedge, the journo joke 'I know' (projected on to show and tell) as well. (A grammar of motives (music is the adverbial form of the closet word 'nice') came in late: best bet the introspect (it blinks) sets up a

fiction it then denies by comforting the fact that I is a proxy lip service claims your pronoun as its soul; St Solipsist the angel came in from the quasi cold. When language dreams it dreams of me, flaunts a tech that wants me then (incredulous) to shift - an interlocutor that a priori won't be missed.) Repetition blames abstraction for not being something else one,

two

(culpable is what translates): Shshare - an it - rumours names how do you do

(, you are on the tip of my tongue), um, and 'and' (another of those names of god) satisfies the quite derived by being wrong (oops and the knowns) and so explains away with irritants the quick-(or things that look like subjects coz they don't believe in things)-brown-fox-jumps-over. (I mean any it would argue for the same

(karma is the type of rent falls mainly on the plain).)

Experience is invisible - it makes of words a doll, a false relevant. (Indifferent is a dildo, and so intends to please (so fucking what?) the trick (is due).)

A masochist's enlightened false consciousness - a knowledge-is-power collaboration that uses a listless sarcasm and other decadent loyalties to fix the fence, statements procure understatements (ie they resent

as moods that have opinions) the apologetic (cases) in the back. (That sequence is an action is self-evident to the clerk.)

A masked instrumentalist (in the role of hypocrite) rationalises its own (neutered) cure as private

(Unfortunately in rescuing thinking he left reason to the real (Mannered pessimistics and the material panto: subliminal falsies take a fetish of intent and blame predicate fatigue on definitions (An agent - all goals is paralysed))):

Mining, those attempts to copyright the past with the over dressed fact of possibles, parodies with repetition the therapeutic incomplete: (self as sport

(a first-person-singular-present-indicative-action 'so there' pronounces courtesy a report

(it does confide (in narcissists - when nothing happens, it's over))) which promises) remember? Like, you know, the unlearnable language

A Machine for Making Sense

(Rights, a package of vowels (epistemics, perspective gone begging (science (pop structure)) says oh no (an aphorism for unemployment), and the idea of the machine (that things work (by hosting))) : a what-you-see-is-what-you-get (difference as capital) purposeful state that bounces ambition on the knee of application (use is that truth afforded reference - surrogate knowns - (the software you rent today comes back as a database (a working copy))) : evidence is that form of envy that we now call obsolete (sentimental slavery) or why power looks like machines instead of work: the legislation of fact by mimicking survival (locality as a portable syndrome (opportunities are those system requirements that need press (giantism))), - ubiquity lives next door says the sceptic and outflanking puddles co-opts the boots. (Power as a mnemonic device (a plot is a repository for manners) says 'when': thought makes things seem familiar - a confession of objects - (a conditional curse), a forgery that vouches for itself, a history of its own salvation, a data flow. Or what else could possibly have been meant by the word particular (- the difference between facts and other computers: facts know they can lie.) On lost presents (distinctions (getting even)) a la the advantage of speech: it leaves no evidence. Rumour acquires translation in some do dah fictionalist sense. (Reason is that metaphor that's spoken for, a dialect of one-to-ones: I know I knew enough (enough is that name liked by description ('says' is the referent)).) (Tryptamine, on whether apparatus (agent) preference represents a change or an extension of meaning (where the bit is understood as finite): clausal economics (for which conclusions are those actions we call probable) function as delays of reason by referring to echoes as late - exits aint empirical, they're properties.) On taking the material out of logic: nonlinear evolution by trick is that style of ones (small) that look the same, a carbon tax. Incompleteness - an equivalent gadget (pattern) of some doubt - and cognition (the irony of more) flog an open ended sentence: a dimensionless horizon (a good idea) or do-it-yourself effect, the negative is rational or common sense and therefore around in coz - it doesn't much like was - and claims (itself) as evidence: induction is a double dare - it likes to wait - and claims the moral as its proof (Need (a packet of discount ifs) says logic requires the principle of sufficient reason to be false, or what.).

(Purpose (any 'as' is dimensionless), a luxury (and other false conceits (pleases)) is about as abstract as 'oh shit' and likewise sticks (like those little ends the vain call causes) and memory is jealous - a therapy of was.) And it'd know. Lies - imperfect knowability with some need to franchise acts - (emotionalist positivism (slander in the private key)), a greedy blush, require (plastic (at best)) goals. They empathise. And type. Self-reference looks like the fashion of a fact of life and bags habit - that doubt that infers (thingy translated that's (the rhyme's point of view)) to explain the single as short plurals, or rules. Melodrama out to grass. An apropos. (Or say you wanted to spell 'I dunno'.) Negation - the ideal witness - makes the condition, and it frets ('the' is always third: it ipso diddles the till to piss off.) And takes a cab. So. Choice tries to remember the words, a fond model, and recall - the thing in absence - preys on objects (objective is a false original (or later)) by recognising knowns as actions (broody cheaps), ersatz pickets of some ideal duration, exemplars of a kind or deserted fines. In shorts, it likes. (A camera black boxes 'a' by being quiet ('or' is that abstract ordered pair that flirts with nouns. It smokes.)) Expects (a la as) to be thing bored (best it does) and roosts similars. On ignorance that accounts 'I shoulda said': 'me first' makes a convenience (echoes 'so') that looks like that metaphor collapsed in upon itself that a role would like to claim: it buys its past (choice is a pun on likelihood and makes subjective noises), motivation (an interference phenomenon or psychology of use), an intent of means that wishes proof to be an explanation. A word is first a repetition. It sponges contexts. Something to be done. Conditions have a problem. Experience. Hmm.

Description is true. It can recognise a sentence. Negation is a slow vocabulary (the information standard of exchange is gone) and translates any explanation of use by breathing in. It models 'has' as transparent, a small surprise. Intent makes sweets of metaphors (redundancy begs the question: just because (it doesn't volunteer for truth. it knows (or should (it anyway dis-solves)))) a platitude of maybes up for grabs: once is self-conscious, pet: 'I' was. And need always wants to be right It obliges by being then - will is all proof - : own up (the experiment of guilt), trying details is ideal. Prudence disappoints reason with adaption. And starts the car. Justice - that practical self of enthusiasms - makes a morality of choice (an idea of

dulls) by jerking off the corpse of clocks that sense calls ness, a sadist of 'once more' (silence farms pathetics (it projects) and parasites the evidence as threat). (But a de facto irony of right was kind.) And being sorry for the facts (take away is the subjectivity of things) says sympathy - a puberty of its (or, takeover) - wants to be some anorexic shade, of inertia. with gets. Hand-to-eye is the wet nurse. On second thoughts (the responsibilities which are similies for reason fart): mediocre is an other that suits, a question (of backchats). Autonomous trivs are cruelless 'sumes that mean privacy is now that form of production that distributes punctuation, a condition that forgets, or ad. A metaphysic of 'done'. Windowshopping contingencies are efficacious to themselves and would prefer to solve ('magine that) or colonise by rhyme a mere (accommodation) Right. Hope - a dilettante that describes - resigns to know the petty as a grace, a real help. Distinction may as well. (Change is that style that a surreptitious breakfast likes as a bribe - clean terms. (Intent flavours the past with reference, a loyal condition that claims the physical as privileged (it's decontex'd) - odds on adjectives get time and a half.)) An exploit, it is possible - abbreviation is anyway abstract - moralises form by proper name. The opportunist is a balance (It sells rewards.). Or why bureaucrats (ontologies) sin: normal order is derived from a lack of symmetry between the negative (volition is the carry-on), a subjectivity of bound datas (distinctions), fused. A(n (indifferent (iteratable)) form. Which takes the object (a (prejudiced) one-off 'is' - no two (intransitive) numbers with the same successor) to be the argument. An auto-referential hermeneutics of exchange. Right. Right. Right.)

(On the ulnar side proximal to the metacarpophalangeal joint of the little finger. The point is located behind the distal end of the fifth metacarpal bone when the fist is slightly clenched:) Things are those acoustic blind spots (she was sure (metaphors for work)) that claim reality to be a form of life (I dunno about Sanskrit but in English work used to sound like waiting), wording up the past. And when objects disappear in certainty, the pimp of objectivity gets it in the neck, ordinary tortured facts. And the betrayal of negation is such that it becomes an example, an economy of transcendence. Failure (motive on the cheap) is a formal technology for a need of information. and to do this (they cover themselves) they use privates. Slip slop solipsism - a

clitty pick of selves done up as whats - did too: vulnerable 'nalagous ease, a pragmatic mock up of experience which agrees: big stick description (by omission), a neutered ham (The rubber of logic pleases (only) neither use: it mimes itself (at some indifferent barbeque). The lend effect. Hids.) Synonymics (the short cure) goes quanta (it reifies decides): events in chorus (a tacky immunity to debt (a task)) dip in at stories (stores) to log in on logistic (mores to produce a vocabulary of times (, if ends were best, they'd cost, boss; a baroque of addons). North West Asia meets Miss Creative Accounting 1992 (the manufacture of money was designed as a wartime measure for arms suppliers, in Japan. After which they bought market research): Oedipus Christ is a born again, a pinkslip dinkie (Why, poor child, is a refugee from irony: Gorby and the pope, Rupert and the pope, facsimilies, metaphors and Muslim facts: an altruism of noises (second thoughts) was asked to face the music (prima facie meds and the credits (form is elitist coz it is)) - nothing happened). Transparent and anthropic, the past humiliates: it argues for description, one interlocutor too many, profiteer. a fag. (An ecology of victims was asked what justification was required for a psychology of relevance (a lookalike history of is) and looking for the unity of spoons fell off, one b one, picky. (It exploits being by making it a bone. It words up vapors.) Kept, I guess. That care is reason - an aside - makes terms of others and says that propositions think out loud, a function of suspects, that the most useful patch of irony is the same (what is now what's possible), da dum 'So what' - that hinge that makes a narrative of burps (I remember contradiction as being confessed matter), autonomy on the skids - a hint of aint pairs off with a own your own and discovers a yes of selves judging fate as pallid names (a tame if does double dare as sweetmeat (it is only reasonable in the was),- though nothing that a good crap can't cure). (Context is just some place in the sun (a diary).) Taste? Or the concrete as a mobilised perspective: that the-ego-is-only-possible-coz-it-lies is a brand-name excuse, it echoes an each way bet on doors, a ethic says - necessity conspires with weekends, backs up. A praggy take (parenthesis), it mediates a proverb as some pretended prob (as result, a here now blame of absence), or tech, petulant pet. (To be to say shrugs off and bitches, common fits. It associates.) Counters. A delinquent (Or what would English have to be for words to make sense?) thinks at. And greeds litanies. By being teat. (Bootstrapping

as decent, and sublime. a turning words into a way of doing things.)
Itself - that contradiction (where choice is truth (a form of other) asks
whether words make names. A context engine. (I mean delivery systems
(bankers) (knock up) are never late.) Eavesdropping. Syntax is that act.
And apologises. (Says is a bit of grammar out for the count. (But is.))
And if sight got there before the eye, so what? Any yes question is
adequate to explain experience (as yellow metaphor). (It practices.)
(Description is a luggable destination, a moral subject.) And being
OK is reductionist. All right. Unities of having been said do in, they
the. A pathology of tasks. A difference (here, word) is that adequate
action (dimension) that proves cognition (agreement is the price, the
way things (explanations on the take) are) and so obscures the
possible as crime. See(?) Saw. Snap. A state of course of grace (who
(reference is how you get through is)) says. Contradiction is (as it
happens) thereby a gift or phantom limb. A lazy a(?) But facts are no
longer useful forms and misunderstand the proposition we call work,
the ad hoc generative joke of surplus value. (Sufficiency is
distinguished as explication, a fiction of what's left. That adapts (by
recognising blame).) And steals tokens of responsibility. A virtual hit.
(Though it does argue for a double skill. the principle of reference.)
Time and the aphorism of uncertainty (fashion (insurance is greedy for
the past self exploitation; demand a service industry (goods some sort
of chaotic attractor))) : On whether politics could ever be possible
knowledge: (modesty (as an objective) says aschkenazys only seem)
an accessory. After the fact. (A metaphor is only sundays.) And (as
always) exaggerates and so does a post-mortem on (retributivist)
neutrality; I mean like willed will is perjury, no?, a discipline of exits.
Names as vetoes, jackals of the right to strike, mix some hostages of
experience (causes are privileged repetitions) with collateral. The
result intends. (A null hypothesis. it's not too cluey.) 1. Action is
reason with apologies. 2. All decisions are true. Therefore commercial
(costs, being second bests, are never known). (Being ill disposed to
act negation checks the joint (conditional).) And when this is not the
case (deceit (function as choice)) we have the set, a poor subject (I'm
sorry, not now) or catatonic nod, a convenient self (or job) of
disappoints, art. The that effect. Jurisprudence woofs. Intent relaxes.
she would have been sure). And fingers. The serious. Comfort A scab is
a style. (Suck-it-and-see was shopping for expediency when she died, a

a-cum-abstract view of off.) Self satisfied, pity packed a lunch. The metaphysics of hope were dowdy when they left (the shame of as) so they took a compromise, a piety of me's. Curiosity (a cliché cure) does verse and so eejits it agreed to leve across as buck are not: modest panic. Masochistic ands was despaired (though managed) want: paid pate feedback betrays an arbitrary lack, rationales and pains. Tame - the an result - gets (transparent) tautologies on toast (a fact is a prediction before it hits the fan), obliging most. And disapproves. A soft moral loop of reason (or privatised hint) - a clutch of liberal maybes in drag - does debt doubt and therefore both, correspondence and coherence, double and quits. And if the figures don't translate, too bad. A semantic economy of quites, removes and other (second order) things, a repetition or unjust choice; I mean to say. Some same sum of similars, - ly, an obligee of over there that, 'sumes accounts notes the dimension of not being is only a technology of gone that precludes tax; it baits aint, an own of owe. If an epistemology of oversight was wrong, would it one leave home two give up three none of the above. I construe an ad for for, a what that generates sanctions, mere more (; a monotony that pays attention (to the form)). One (ontology on holiday) allows for possibles (in the red) by dressing down (, heed alludes to to) an ideal distance, back door blues. Ta ta trivial, or might, necro (some nazi abstract kitchen) can't be too sure (a plum tree full of kites), an ego nest of 'and?'s with one foot in the grave and another on the floor: less unless makes metaphor. Essential denials are that identity that argue (terms and sundries) for a front (: action), a primate industry (understood) of offers, youse (Dear ex so-and-so, To the extent that your letter succeeds in defining its object it demonstrates the tragedy of so doing. Yours.). But coz it used to mean. it now can't know (sense as fashion) and pretends itself to sleep. An ambiguous 'and' to flesh out some false sense of show drags up reason as an ornament, that 'then' argues for a tongue-in-cheek moral 'once', a causal of (balloon of proof). exploits. A self (in other words 'a self') that tells the time knows better, though realising as complacently abstract all the same. The idea of experience was ineligible (as an object it did look odd) so is is of, anyway so far. (Will what? Wait? (The box as sub-plot) you gotta be kidding.) (Polysemic) hesitations on parade (; same same go away); saturated cologies gone straight. (Agency needs credit (a how to get got), indifferent cash, a paradox without subject) With no

mechanism for failure. (A charity of glibs sucks; a sociolology of this; sir.) A noisy context (a sentence does allegiance in fits and starts - otherwise it just aint on) where synthetic is analysis in set, meant to do its teeth: mouthing off with ghosts, won't (it will though prescribe (the 'that' of 'so that' is not an experience (evidence, perhaps))). (When need has speech say 'context is work', cockatoos may indeed know and claim that knowledge as a relationship (say subject), but habits have the distinct advantage of not requiring a self (Discomfort and other ways of devoting resources to change (scarcity is defined by success, profit a metaphor for change).). (That chairs fuck tables is understood, that both are legs is not - has arms along in nappies while had rents out the pot, a sine qua non (,) squat of nexties, singularly awkward what). However. Equivalence is a heaven that makes tautologies. It looks good. Rational. A the. By. (Show off (Differences are only similar, not guarantees.)) Shares a prick of a word that loves the tongue: Jack the hat wants to hypnotise the letter I an sucks his thumb: six digit theory (nouns (news) only live once only) - an analogue of ticks, an object model that katakanas off on some goose chase kant schemata - conditions - and dips is lid. Two isists came to tea, as givens - sense (to tip intent (a wink)), a more aint grammar, a pluperfect rhyme of futures: an opinion is one pun, twice. (Don't pick on purpose, it'll dob, I mean the past 'll fuck anything that moves, using later as the bait is a drag). Similitude on strike. In caps. Harmonyha. A battery of morals got fixed up (topped) glad, y bloody cross eyed bear. (Y can always tell an adverb coz it tries too hard: it does afterlife in double time. an ID of description.) Synthetic differences oil the struggle typified by ends (those idle clerks of hysteria do read), a case history of having done a french; a curable disposition it recollects (a dimensional too) a fantasy of deferred action. Oh fuck off will y. A fragility of symptoms got something. (Stuck.) Hanky help. I mean any it transfers. How much prepositions makes a clique? Truth (a catharsis that blinks) humiliates incorporation. Now. An included causal 'and' (disguised as an event) substitutes for form. I'll tell.

(Middle of the upper border of the body of the hyoid bone above the laryngeal prominence:) Evidence - preshrunk definitions that dress up ('what otherwise?' in drag) - makes a nod of analytic facts such that it attaches method as a proof ((a sub of no) of the idea, a friendly price)

and trading names pretties up behaviour as unsuturable. a procedure of adequates (things is terms) that 'so?'. The pawnbroker and the bracket - a sorry tale, a bribe on two legs (gravity) picks up poofers of tame reference at a smile: hunch (us is a verb that's spoken for (the result of bad questions)). Criteria (the kit before) itches itself with model drugs, an in principle neurosis. Inconvenient appearances push for likelihood, a and or thus, therapy of empiricals, balls: analyses put it about as use, the metaphysics of but. An if of ums, sure, does a fad of ambiguity (it serves you right) by describing something as a problem, a dubious procure of souvenirs. A disguised proposal (answer, in the need) cures repression by changing daks. Solvent. And? Derived? A predicate of causes may induce description. And would be wrong. Synonymic sense (that names can know) is such. An hypocrisy of news. Or interrupts. (A verificationist at lunch aint a pretty sight.) conditions, and other lookalikes. (To cliché of, you satisfy truth (with analysans (,quite)) as a more or less sufficiently nominal pessimism. Or gift.) Statements as to when which don't go through meaning, inferred dissolution, put the burden of argument on the subject, an immunity to an each way. A perversion of guesswork maintains sympathy by rolling over on command, an identity with narrative on its shoe or a phenomenology of lost, proposed: swaps (at most). Impatient otherwise, a don't claims truism: subliminal hiccups say they are understood. And propositions demonstrate. Only. A patent silver spoon. One, a synthetic locality contradicts analysis. Two, concrete (some coma sulk of give the facts the facts, hormone plug, caucasian quasi, blue). Sufficient infers a means - cunt struck, structure cuts material (ie it entails) and doodles facts - by truth, a pseuded form (anaesthetic, just a mo) which says I is object logic, a second order given. (A syntax of asserts was sold to god as puns: we ran (like hell). (A calculus of this time next week: if crossing the street can make a sec (she was going to be sure), induction may be expressed. Well?) Use is ideal (,plus numbers).) Certainly. Mention chooses to find out. Quantifiers know no others, but favourites, defined predicates. Transitives are obvious or not. Fortunately psychology bought an excuse (existence is a property of work (subsistent as a boss)), a modus suss: to qualm a sentence of refers, rule up a plause. (It intents (insteads) along in some conditional tense - an opportunist's class, anthropomorphic lapse.) Narcissism and other minimalists (change to

first (and when we use it it's a word)) context content. Disposing of phenomena in breaks (complacent, stories don't do deductions) effects reduction: 'what's that?' cheats. At a loss. I mean when a clause knows it makes a fetish of itself, it conjugates. And if a bunch of variables chuck in (affirm) some existential hypotheses it is possible to motivate even empiricists - extra-linguistic designata - to name times (quotes or other accounts will bill the same), ie decides. Admissibility turns obvious and groans, it expedites the blame and so obliges common sense to populate analogies to doubt with lousy facts, a hoho baggage of presents, tests concepts. A fickle sado type utensil - numismatic mammal - zip dubs along in laps, a parrot of understatement knows a role equivocal (it idioms (in co-ops)) and thinks (that states are about as predicate as toys, dildo don'ts of on-the-spot), both. (It has a point.) (That a statement is a handle (some ontological oral hygiene) fails to explain why we jump. It just suggests. (The noise 'about'.) (Indifferent pricks.)) Propriety attributes. To generals. Disinfects. And defrauds subjects. An economy of sorts. (It does not however mean. (In that sense it would seem (endemic tidiness), I mean you ever met a one you could recommend?)) Platitudes add two to three for six to thereby demonstrate grammar, pale insights (,useful) coz coat-trailing is becoming (and does keep step). It illusions proposals to subsist (as very thin events (with no contract re misleading or etcet)). A provocative approx does reallies sitting down, claiming pictures as treatments, specimens. A sucker bet confides (with licks) a nag that's full of shit: the whole thing whiffs. And this haunts statements. (Ode to inductive luck: cause is nout but sequence regular (: Missy Flip-flop-falsies-you're-not-he: a contradiction that takes advantage of itself by fucking up). Ah. Like if someone says they don't understand, no rubbing actual facts, no come, cocksure they're wrong. Or, to choose to say the same thing once is a mistake: it's on the left. Hymn of undecideability: a priori is a gum - stick it up yr bum. A good-time pilly little paradoxoxox went to the shops to think, in case. Of course all pauses aint the same: commas is green: Abyssinia Samoa and other fallacies (syntax syntax why are you so poor?) accidents actual, namely 'an' (a nasal 'am' in daily use), are seen as wan strategies that squint (ignorance is a loophole) at (, and any axiom that ideals will do to embarrass quas (caca cars with wheels) as complete, squeak). A bridging argument. Platitudes - per para - fold generously

into potential subs (thanks) acquainted with those positives that have vocabulary in tow: drastic maggies. A segregated need techniques insurance (it tolerates, with qualifications) as a colloquial excluded middle, a business limbo. A variety of gists dip opinion. A valid. And an average return? On tables? Might be musty (a gay therefore) goes on to be convenient and though evidentially redundant it still functions as a flag. Hardly fair - as though only sets suppose: a number of neverthelesses hocked themselves approaches to the end of being held: they thought better of it later. Auxiliary, please, explicit. I mean just too confused. A cupboard compromise (let's say a mention) makes empirical agreement look sick. Belly-button implication can't object. It's stuffed. (Elastic factials just don't do possibilities by wrapping space, they crutch analytics and complain of the abuse: rob rug rent, this that that, she should said, tit tat tut: refutes with a view to such revision that he construes a too (rather stick to very) of say-so ('What?' proposes nouns experience.)). Criteriological had a look and left: viz: oh, that - white mice exhibit A (maths and prepositions, second order evolution), eugenic cluck. Derivatives are shot. Utterly. The precaution of basics resorts to disinterpretation - it feigns shapes - and barring contact trusts to a production of tacit similars. Two intuits in a fix took valium: evidence sells. One wrong fiction spells. 'And' repudiates. So much for statements.

Aggregates after can't - adjectives all - admit to a rhetoric of tasks copied from a faith in simples, they require (no therefore there, no wimpy nors demands). Wilful (a possessed) and the concludes made gravity a lever for getting off, a could mean (Any hence is made up of betters (teams of five and seven which model use (illicit ownership) by doesnmatter (-anyway)) in their sunday bests.), kind of. (A condone with choc tops props up paradigms (subjunctive aints) from the bobajobs: the gestation of a beer pot got hit for six - over the fence and out.) A therapy of infinites was stuck on zero as a prime and took it home, complete, a map of clarity. And? Ostensives sue for terms before they leave (I bags observation. You?), explicandum expletive. A postulate on loan (see syntax (surrogate) of debt) says any line is parallel (when it's identical (, heuristic yous (mods on) mit zips)). (Three a prioris in a row) console (a la creed) the funds to function as predicts (conjecture of neglects, jargon absents) to compare relevance - tickets don't compete for sense - conjunct. (Price determines

commodities to lag (the last word in jam, inheritance): kinda qua qua, with actually as the punch-line. (Convenience dubs a thing as typically sick, a quid. Prescriptive braille.) Obvious (manoeuvres) queues correct a pack of acts by relying. On names. Did isily. Which tempts statements. Passe masochist. Coding (flaccid value). With a pinch of means. (A rapport of gadgets replaced. Gratuitously explains a lot.) Penitentially correct. An experiment in looking the other way. Coz am sane, applied, at five to ten, saying use is lazy analysis, a form of finds which could recite the pre's for conditions that obtain, ie conforms - a trivial noise that may or may not decide - the corpse-as-counter representative (responsible (in prose) for rewards (refers)) that imputes a have to happens (property), or calls: mister indicative. please (Motivation (the aphorism of the switch), a moral sop, puts in orders in, a compromise on ice.), which saves us from what from it was abstract Hierarchical, missionary junk bonds (exigencies of a own-your-own (retarded epaulettes of gob and go re really)) conserve (for reasons of state (she will be sure)) the uniform of the apologist: a man in blanks, management - talk about talk - a social security of court portraits, functions (one of five-minute fame's pieties) of internal nominatives: a sublimate of umps sanctioned practice as a situation: jumped up reason (the family friend (it's about time)) in mind-your-own-business mundanes. Criminal (in the busy sense) status quos (distractions) preempt value by claiming politics as a gift, at least temperance. Pluralist attractors (late with the vote) demonstrate for techs the particular as profit fascist 'it'll do's. (Two not-quotes at brekky had one cup more. Who rang?) (Surface lay-bys (sentimental clowns (ego is the Yugo of the soul)) dull compulsion with a wage. What for?) Dear sir, is this a heyday? Ad hoc, here? Efficiency and (a console of adds), the hegemonic fats. Oh, poor costs. Petty better (poke prone, a polkadot what swallows flak) and the bargains, pretty ('ficial) litter (gravity aint immune to graft (see grease)) wins: risk don't have a say, just lends amateurs to insults, leisure on the cheap, an absenteeist's lunch card: one, vicarious other: bid. (If only customers and prisoners pay the price, what's a fair day's pay? A fact fiction binarism (ambivalent, needs more than sentencing), time is the failure to define by space, a pathology which invents police, a gerrymandered flat-lining of explains.)

(Middle of the natural line of the hair at the back of the head:) Raised arm: normy clauses in the present perfect (method that reads dictionaries is, apparently, slowly pleased) loyals to itself in idiom 'what about me?', a use-(a principle of continuity, fully booked)-performs-proof wrapped scandal. If-then phrases apply as tongue twisters to the psychosis of no-way (prophylactic with insinuation), allies we'd rather not (slogans of hypotheses (intelligence)), blah drama, modest's confess, can. A loop of objects (economy (oh, hell)) - that hack semantic - (dissidence is only speed) goodygoody truth (a theory of negatives) as act: value is a set of wishy thinks that tick off (the cat-mat spectator that looks up stats: essence is the best credit and retails as right (after-all is the underwriter (it survives the name)) as plain. Muddle through (immutable (with subordinates)) - a science with no zero - in cynic simples, ontic knickers and socks. Epithets that fail to translate (reason (yes)) - exemplated us - save up to get assumed, defrocked illocutionary blind man's bluff. Romance, the sceptic, said so. A shrug, a shrink (a do-it-yourself hero) gone shopping, phony wars that spell ideas as worry and poo poo lumps, should too. (A tune is a data storage that claims realism as a prize, cognition a style for which any thing is an ability (to speak in tongues. But it does have faith. And faith is a box for doubting rain, a reductionism of method.)) Hypnotised analytic (a priori with tags) rescue attempts assume truth by dressing down where an unmotivated reference bloats facts by making them responsible (for winning). Sameness asserts describes. And is equivalent It anyway implies (implies is here a data blind) more is a paradox. Seems is that contract of possibles that is ideal (,thoughts go in theys), verificationism and the means. Explanatory induction is conceded in other animals (, utility for description (it tests)) as disguised choice (Sob story number fourteen ninety two - myth eaten descriptions and other steals - implicate.). Autonomy should know better. It models. Functions. And truth imitates. I mean, all reports are hypochondriacs (and the semantic value of being). 1. Chocolate is a state of mind. 2. Repression is real. Therefore 3. Explanation saturated incentives are sweet. Quisling.) The meaning project privatised: longing (handle) to let, pretends, shy, an excuse at phenomenology. Advice is sour bottles, an all gone off. Curious, it butts in, the partials run to fatuous inevitable tabs which envy comparison, a charge that blunts the probey of it's obvious. A cult of did salutes the shrewd with

verse: satisfies distended attributes as without a motive serious aint on and therefore nurse as temper, trace, a tempt that purpose summarise: unhinged existence posed as a doubt, polite. It prosecutes the recognition of impossible justs - bread and terror - by generalising out of a paper bag uncashed scales of any sense of could: pathos and the acknowledged propose a libel of thin habits, a deny. To pin on will the production of evidence - haphazard imperative honorifics of choice - a misled, is praps superstitious (though responsible) and defines learning (at least persuades), hankerings that verify. Conditions of certainty seem. They decline. (Unit prurient.) Expressions. Surrogate sorrys that have hope up on fraud (a pill of progress), yoyo void. At once. That's conviction. (Of a vestigial sort of sort.) Detractors staff the phobic diet of regression with a cough of gestures that forbid preparations. a take. Settled. The successor lines up enterprise and pulls. Yets. That fact. Already justified as smarting from reproach transferred. Associates. With puts of rules, cowards of a stamp. Or try a hand - accomplice, an artifice of evidence on its side. Admired. Casualty. And selects to please. Come-uppence. What could not but. (Or? (Found out?)) Earnest selfish bits, persistence bores the pants off any thing. It funds (insufficiency), cites more (as being home), the distance maybe from to some. A perm. Difficult. Sublime. An accept (prude) thumbs the trial of criteria by claiming they aint a form, an only on converts. Or, the available fixes, confines (, let grammar do the lex, it seems to care): danger money (words prove others (if getting even needed proof) and/or reconciles anxieties (so much the worse) with drab expects). The luxury of coulds needs theft to keep it warm (it runs on truisms), fantastic collateral that derives an incomplete, despairs. And the average talk with their mouth full, autopsies of anticipation. (While, the game you play with shit, then stinks. It lays eggs end to end and jumping queues says autonomy is jealous. Of the line. (It's only in twentieth century that one don't piss on lectric fence.) Oh is the therapy of argument.) Illustrations of the missed point (a degenerate of crossed Ts and interrupts) breaks in a refusal to consent, distracted opportunities suspended by a student of the drop, appropriate. And so disposed. A malignant join chronics order spoiling for a fight thus disabling a clutch with loss (the dag of absence), a monopoly of numbs. Despite - perspective with gloves - slugs of hyperbole, exhaustion invades parody and repudiates as fond nomadic 'the's.

Charismatic speculations shade an indifferent preach, discussed above as deformed its, with farce indulged and lifting at the edge. They give themselves airs thereby exempting the insufferable of arrogance, a lavish parish of concerns, eugenic help. Experiments (they sacrifice) in desire ratify (if they don't redeem) admission to the unavoidable (dogmatic) stabilities accorded soap, companions all of a ness, ambivalence (that believes (in pushy questions)), a melancholia of betters. A comma with a kink (gaudy obedience), endorphins just can't seem to sit still. Unlike won't, bodge is a word: an ad hoc resemblance (behaviour) turned a john (out there) to pocket policy in urgent max's, charm school ethics of detail. Soon. Narrated by a coz in fetish (Its think out loud.), intention is an on off gloss of efficiency. (The metaphor which fails reduction aint therefore an ontology (of deals (, can't stand inversion)) and only copes, reductive (therefore informative) and the glibs.) Us (of the class 'practice') nearly confuses power by divvying up the limits of a need (and its doubles) into endures too pat to be naive (an incarnate of repeats), too stat to fail to be a state (, of course language has an ego, or don't you have a phone?), too bad (, and the ritual of being saved (hope plus two-and-a-half-percent: I got a five on my social worker)). Against. Speculations in technique hang the washing out in awkward (accountants are at tea): a? She had been sure. One consequence in quod too many - a counterfactual conditional and fries - is more or less that. A brief in bland. Relaxed. (A sugared flaw holds out whatever as a style, a niche marketing of scolds: guess guest gizmo (go go gimme) gobs more, a no-show grunt, a good-cop-bad-cop groan.) A client of elbows (priors in a logic-chop) mocks budgets by selling method to the topic under glass, a fashionably neutral suicide of size (sustains the (by now, dribbling) lie), whipes. The fiction of an end (in pants) (ghosts in the form of having something to say) - a stack of reasons yea high - changes subjects (ie opts) in an updated booth irrelevance, the functionalist's stool. And buying into potential, I mean, be practical - an epitaph that lisps, to interrogate induction via value is fair enough. It tickles circumstance (green (the twin of will) tipped she's rheumatics) with expectant copula, conditions. Revenge employed (as hesitants, diction) licks potty omens in rim initial (if fate fits, tie the tongue and have it stand (betray, in apts)) 'sinuates, stakes (: backing gains - beginning is digression and some buttons (the loop of 'fired') fixes).

Stop. (The pathetic superstition of closing gones, hand held echoes, iddy experience in its that milk sits.) Else (west of what implied) demonstrates refusal as unlacked statements on the take, lists (risks) in which threat brings out the thanks of begging questions, intuited nonsense layed on as emphasis. Issues in parody - image hazards anticipate misgivings filled in with fulls: passive pisses snugly inside out: formal. All. Pang proper (residuals a la succumbed - the post), if it's all the same, in sads, reacts: any anon but nun's 'll do to nail the bastard down. In public miss? And named? (Narcissists invest in weds, in second bests, just too good to be true - ownership is the only reasonable alternative to knowledge - in downbeats, with a view; solitude's got what to hide: don't mind.) It fingers scrip. Quaint. Crops clarity. Liberal wishy inversions, debris of hints, send statements to pornography but don't get paid: German used to dream of turning private - we syndicated news instead; laws alike are copyright, proxy tokens of the meant. And wooing topics puts on another part: I say! Cautious, remains. Grudged up limericked relief - sleepy and the innocents - rests in remedies that eliminate confusion, a behind of compromise. (Whispers multiply entities (the case), utter thought that plain events, things that (bits of fact) long for: droopy couched in plight what's all allege, a brood of givens.) A clue to grievance errs in shutting up flat vagues in to adjusts, concludes (I mean, criteria accrete asserts) and other crucial separates as if around was all there was to see. A both. That tolerate the object-as-transformer use of results to generate a stock, corrupt, a reflection of despites. Appeal. (They look like yanks.) A hesitate of specimens (vicious borderlines with negligibles) has answers come as plastic (statements) 'sents in genuine, a sub-vocal space that makes translation seem a purpose (analytic) of forfeits, involved. (Some axioms of method do win: check the wording (- any grammar is ideal if it makes sense (vocabulary a category mistake (modest, chance))))). Logical atomism goes shopping (intentions luck) and classifies causal forms as some talking cure found bothersome. Sequence constrains - surrogate loophole - those ridiculed (narratives only model (silent) games) by access (Unity is promiscuous.). The known syndrome. (Noun without end, phrase frig, a reader (the words get in the way).) Bashful order. Blister. Punitive blind alleys. Nuance defective, over-the-counter-under-the-till tries patience. Professionally. An auditor in actuals

don't so much repudiate as dump (thereby sacrificing distance, the same-become-extra) on, mutilate by clumsy juxtapose the name as understated (for exchange) (futile behaves as vindicated (suffices nice), rash functions usualled in trials without defence), subtle (enlightenment would be more interesting if it were less self-evident). It detects a get at two removes, a temp at one, attempts to consequence (and, for the sake of temporal rudiments, forget) reflects: probity in four four (peculiar to the user, conditions). Depends interest - pozzzy watched treats incomplete what aint belong - capricious in dispute, as in procedure, the inspection-parsing determinists of quite unpromising (impressed) by-products and/or touches: a painted deprecate in turn, a label (convenience and choice, boy), no lines run plot to plot - they fudge. Bang. (Thinking quarantines the same.) An incapable of prides took theory on a date. Replace. Neither established it as an is nor if, a facilitate of things (induced) sententials simulates (pins on since) a syntax of only (a warranted aspect, see: attention lapse) imperative in retreat. Solutions's automata see red. Passive bribes entropy by polishing the bed. Redundant. And dispensed. A flagrant latter plays missy pointy, picks up partials (blurred observers) and exerts supply in supplements, to admit singles (: rules OK gives great brain), jingles. Reparations - narrates and lames - stake borrowing (getting back) on proviso (settled (the set of thens)) accounts by numbers (intransitive) holds up: a faint (with opposed thumb) of bought contexts attorneys issues and retaliate: consider (via incest) the traffic in sheets - creamed off maybes in a graft of conclude benigns - in dress-ups (they marry white) and in suds: a summarize on heat. Mocked up (beyond) (don shit me) in the rather part (pay back) iambic vice versas see surrender as product, line - DNA by Ds adds up (, puts chaos somewhat in the shade) to affect some, real badly. (Undecidable thinks: a shot would do just fine, a cross-a-name-with-its-mutation-to-come-up-with-a-quote economy.) Gag. That stands for. A sycophant in diphthongs left intention on the map (they do take on so), a patch of pale fates, dogs perverse, clap - it does in all conscience show. A cull - admissions - of some ends (indulged impatience sends postcards home) betrayed admits bums numbers: (any act is stupid that bungles its burden own of proof) strewth, did you think they'd crack in two? Delays, on tiptoe. Pretty. Figures. Solves. Duplicitous rehearsals of validity silly similars (cause is the best effect) with multiplies of irony, currency that

wants. A suffocate of give-ups repeats sufficient memory to swap the object for the purse, of pleasantries. Ill, supplied as deferred action (ness) - analogy had already washed its hands of criteria - hits it off with pills n things: limited. Off pat. Flushed. (With nexts.) (It's cheap.) (Doubt forgives not nor forgets and is by nature vengeful. (It corrects.)) Tips corners on their head. In horrors. Processed. (Between the fourth and fifth metacarpal bones:) Romance. (Rubs robber.) Brunt up. (In aches. (She's sure.)) (The but of most possibles, the hesitation of empiricals, learns to lose in leaks and briefings what concretes would please put off, a procrastinate of once.) Response was put to work as a theory of the larynx, a summary of things (for which the hero is a moveable label with intent (the parasite (action rational) of when (the set of probs))) and backward causation collapsing into some deluded hole of regressed musts visits sat'day, a consuming potential-saturated shirk-conditioned and usually random dimension on the square. Onus only (time is what bookies call telepathy) stuff (, if a table is a mind, access is by sitting down (it insulates the end), a confession of gravity). Thanks (agency) - latent dues - dud muff spent a specious quirk on pissing in a pathology of rights, a pretended cop of happies that motivates value with a switch of oughts: the self is one decision too late. squeamish. A craven entertains the av with interests, tempts (the ground is against in lots (sympathies, not here a matter of opinion)); harmless sincerers. A prefer (in lonelies) coughs up concludes, applies homogenised dab to a tolerate (at odds of ten to one) and excretes room (discouraged) in platitude implausible: regard perhaps. (The maxim that persuades subjectives says inconsistent is a subtle action of seems (no sticks) fat fallacies that posit adverbs to be flaps and so insinuates the buck (tack) that we suspect it cheats. Use feels itself to be good - conceits pose modesty the puzz by frisking fish, I see - chats up a contradict and (first mistake) puts let in the imperative (: the military is green (waste what was insurance, rent), a hardware choice of rhetoric (where the evidence is wrong)). (Volitional does perfectly well - it's a heavy breather, urged on by a salvaged faith in etiquette, motive in the pink.) Evident is the same. Bloody typical. Frames the mute extenuates (an influence) and slipped (a mitigate of dills (a clumsy few)) a thing-as-late-event. Principle-breeding chides conduct as unexampling duress responsible to a reluctant sarge, phenomenon: dumpy daunts not but slightly while doing 'why', an

immunity to diction, and other plaintiffs. Inconsiderate, the precedent, put psychology on the job of going straight. A yawn of prepositions said nout. Dooms putt desire, pile donuts, bout. True enough. (Intent is that bit of reason left after crash.) Defunct. Dull, mugged. Sudden sulks, a lurid deb of suitables in tries. Trouble. Vulnerable, touchy. Snub. A complicit sarcasm of soons wept: definitions is extra. (No more is known.) A similar, in durings, wets survival on the side of continuity. And amnesiacs, lurks and yearns in adequates, fits. (A plausible (it predicates description) mnemonic cause traces pampered witnesses to a superstition of sore familiars (a bank is a bad metaphor for cash), an unapt (or tumor of continuity), in presumes.) (The culpable humiliates corrupted boasts, inhibiting the sentimentally interesting atrophy of some glum leisure, as though coaxing blight out of a both, an index of uppity antes, ulcer onus.) (Identity - red handed - compensates the terms obsequious, attributive by claiming a statement to be a sentence on persuades, a futile that argues as analogy a thorough through and through. A nix for making limits (noise) infatuates conclusions with victim patterns nuzzling the side - therefore don't much like their chances. Unique makes up a purpose - applied function (any just explains) - of condones (description precludes an otherwise (inverse data)), tidy dues. A sardonic, adolescent reason deludes (liable) the end by blame - the only deterrent affordable, an intruded curiosity to prejudice the cheat, approval. In effect inoperative, vanity as consequence, ignorance maintains the innuendo 'could' as 'not', a klepto. The residue is but a whim, a formal act, purport. Hindsight (a clarified upshot) can't talk, it's the classic corporate vandal for which the last word is the state (There are no naives in English, only baits.). Privation plays preventable (hard to get), a parity turned autonomy that beats if hands down. Silence stutters in, splats statements on the aspect nearest door and anticipating exits distributes values a la background to moral thinks. A club of empties - they smuggle shares - trivs up conditions in a bind oblige-and-leave gloves on and mutes, symmetry in boots. Know-how hires disclosure to get home, an accept in cheap impartial of reciprocals on thick describes, a reverse in exercise. Success (the dismal choice) tests deconstruction by its size, an economy of place for which space is side effect, a valid would (the opportunist's remove). Consequentials - nows in jeopardy of being framed - legitimise the line

of satisfaction (my-mate-the-judge-sends-me-the-bill type parallels). Wistfully rational, geography suppresses likes as dependencies (original position), gentle represents (the process cops, accomplices), trite: chicken. Fixed and finished and other ways of saying yes bring in verdicts on a system that measures spite in reproductions, a patrolled shell. (Renegades put circles on securities, instituted chorii of defence. They speculate.) Sensy perfects. An ignore mutuals along in sustains various, exhausting those diminished tickles (cogency) of distortion set as constraints, and forgets. Then normatives. An anticipate of twenty twenty offices (distributed by knowns) usurped said agency: tin needs, such supports. A subsequent, in rough. Cargo cult meritocracy does use by bribe, attitude, and regularly revises credence as twin deep conchy, a charity case that attends (, if all abouts are in, why did they begin?), better sense defined by enemies. Local (toke), the contradict of hope, remarks on sayings: they don't choke and that's the prob, they're dumb enough. Require (prize spy for implication and it's ads) - a while procedure - mixes retrospects with learny applications (virtuals come as one-to-ones, a need to win), rather and the sublimates, ad hoc pox (too jury to do yours), projected clues. (Care wears out its welcome when it's proud about the shoes (, benevolence reserves the right to choose).) A derive. A pathetic in provisos - team oncens not yet reconciled - dunks bikkies in an indicate and sees them off. Immanent, provisional, induction toughs it out (corrects the past, complies) and runs impartial over (bigger than being justified), confides. Quite nice. (In remedies.) (It volunteers.) (Over the dorsum of the hand, between the first and second metacarpal bone, on the protuberance of the muscle on the radial side in the middle of the second metacarpal bone:) Here is some sort of welfare state that taxes memory - computers define their intelligence with a monopoly on when (transcendence (what we used to call not-knowing)) and necessarily fail to comprehend risk; a flutter on the pokies, mutual aid. Uncertainty and service - two characters of smug hope - say it's all public money (tautology is the rock of proof), a coz on stilts. Help frustrates the past (where statistics have the romance of being random) and mounts experience as a sort of pseudo (idiot) dilemma, a loyalty to choice - politics was the kodachrome of prose. But now compromise is the subversion of divide and rule, debt some way of bearing witness: that accidents are camouflaged provocations, that they haggle, that

opportunistic functionalism is in auto reverse is a bunch of plurals on parade: on institutions which are incidentally theories: oh. Actions are those standards that exploit themselves in repetition - the ambiguity of sameness where the older whatsit gets, the more it is, the less it has - all guilt, no responsibility, a tock trick tucked up sweet: time is a private art (and it accepts), a paradise of maybes refusing nought - where use is a form of therapy, a nowhere (access is only necessary for stories) of say-so's (vicarious (satisfaction in absentia)) that 'I' associates and the fallacy of equivocation pronounce. A could resembles fair diagnosis, a bill blame deja vu of double or noth (Matter is that virus that apologises, a memorabilia of loss which uses grammar to extract information.). A heresy (see self), authority takes pride in waiting. Learning (what sceptics do as sport), a sentimental pain that dreads (envy) symptoms of purpose (luck is nothing if not cynical (anyway, provoked)) a humble urgency in which examples only lie, subtle pudgies, rump, a pornography of targets laid low, an existential. Hostage (it feeds off mistakes (a la an hypocrisy of disappoints) to an embarrassed grammar, things fail to represent only idle). (Locality is a form of barter. And it adapts. (Doublethink has different hats.) Latent. And the myth of profit? Two bob each way.) In memorium, bum. (On the paradox of the self-evident: (corrupted ignorance bots ad hoc as a check - it then consents, and winks) normative symmetry is thankfully incomplete and only understands conclusions. Or? (make use (and do the do) - that discoveries about uses of words are empirical): say are.)

They were doing pavlov tests on monotremes and gave an echidna a pouch with three levers. Week one, lever one appeared food, around the corner. Week two lever two. Week three. Week four nothing. The echidna tried lever three and walked around the corner: no food. Lever two walked around the corner no food. Lever one no food. The echidna ate the lever

of course

of course recognising something as a lie is a way of participating in manufacturing the truth, like yes is a sloppy form of being right (the negative of what is what) oh dear, mick map apple and the bad fact capital agree that work is science or at best that tax is evidence. In a post-modern environment being a victim is a legitimate form of publication.

The romantic requires :

1 homogenised evidence

2 to be caught (like aids) with a spoon in the mouth

The office hours of question-begging opportunism (ie grammar to you) like to flirt with the the of things (to explain is somehow to bank) and that gives us nowhere to stand cept profit (the and of facts); convenient is a boys word. The trouble with success is that its not bourgeois enough Work performs form, profit keeps it (legally of course it is inadmissible as evidence (ie criticism is other than cute violence)) The same is ideal coz it dobs. empty shmempty moody too. By and large so far is an object (gravity is a parasite (doubt)) and others are cars

Polly Descartes & the Shadows:

side I I think because I changed my mind

side A I think because I'm right

1 Evidence is more

2 I gave at the office

therefore: I think because I pretend to be stupid

If plants are chemical arguments and animals are spatial ones, time is a drug based torture of standard states, a better wank, or why do they pump negative ions into casinos? a bug to bug the bag bugger - first y fuck y cousins then y don't n then y fuck everyone its called the history of the church

You can prove proof but you can't really prove proof - common sense
You can make a subject into wet feet but you can't swab irony - best bets; in fact; self pity in the first and third person is an act of faith - you in this exercise are not

One-many description took the positivists out to lunch, Plagiarism before the event is contradiction. Trivia after the event is gratuitous.
Empiricism - metaphysics of non-relation. Induction - a non-event. One word is being added to the english language every three and a half hours. Radical mediocrity and the apologists (camouflaged violence

(too true by half)) needs a kangaroo court of potentia - the composition of relevance (opportunism) needs the same stretchy space as agreement (the trial and error of context) - and the big bang of criteria looks to be an acquisitive slight: I mean if you can't so-that the model like you're stuffed.

said the wowser to the noun I trust you're dead or really and why is just too much to wear the blame or lie a threat is just a decoration nearly

and double cross the loop that's crucified:

Problems are well dressed. Or they're cases. (The idea is the excuse/formalism)

didndunno wasncoz/ coz didndunno wasnwas/ n whats th bet that/ didndunno fed th cat

Doesn matter hits th spot/ th twelve apostles shot th lot (a fact is a lie on th make (guilt is more efficient than the fake))/ coz looking is something to do or don't y know / the forms not clear the shits no show/ but some ideal account of what is thought and verse and its and ends:/ Judas needs the money for his sick friend

To know the cop as the cap that knows itself is to hack delay as narrative and sold a pup to moral jerk the truth a piss of punch lines packs as proof is n aint, was a saint, but now they gone to heaven (I seen better negations off the back of a truck)

The enemy defines logistics: a swap is not a mop/ a big is not a bum/ ra ra regular/ a one is not a one

Tactics as defined by business: the saying goes

the we we wars is winning is two fingers and one fact, a figure ground reversal that argues tit for tat

The very thing - on music as an object that depends on the observer: we wuz robbed (or, an economy of evidence has no scarcity; on Ps and Qs: a gotter of got - loops don't lie/a gofer of th go - oops on lay by) reality is defined as that which can't be wrong - hypocrisy (getting in and out of pauses) is the noise of waiting (logic is for the poor to grow fat) she's a cert, sir

psych bike bill poll/ suck got a pill doll/ ape fit mock toll

Disney is setting up a nineteenth century model factory a la Dickens - it'll make baseball bats. I mean she said he's like looking up a word in the dictionary. In as much as sense is job specific, ads is saleable:

China buys Japan, Australia is employed to translate the instruction manual.

willy nilly will nix/ this and that and use/ what can't be done with chocolate/ you need distract with truth/ 'as' is just an add-on that wants to pay th rent/ its the state that argues for inflation (cops is built on debt - / truisms get to be nations when the bills are sent)/ and I suppose to keep it neat/ 'because' must be a one-off - you wouldn't have no context if you couldn't see th street The only trouble with the nineteenth century is that it didn't happen once.

coz the other is the set doesn't make it theft (the photo is about ease of looking) where 'it' is noise (like any bit) and behaves as a learn-to-turn-maybe-into-credit not too bad, the too's been had, like there's no property to art and only crime and surveillance is the showiest style in town, the artist becomes the bureaucrat - someone paid to say no, don't y know; its so funny to be right Sure space is self organising, but managed? - matter was designed by yuppies and here's the rub.

the mechanics of the Problem is a Trivial Answer says politics consists of agreeing to know, that explanations are examples, a how to package lazy implication (the tests are reps and dogs the what). That anxiety is a thing and things is crook is a given (a syndrome of duds), that I'll see you is a bluff is a shtick, a reference, a therefore right - a hit parade of reallys - and cosy mooches a complacency of facts (the demo effect where belief was what was called communication) and what the english refer to with restraint as dutch courage. A hole is a black box - or as Ok would have it all of a sudden the cow said boo; like psychology which taught us that power freely associates, is vicarious culture, though please note the populism of cheating is not the same as transcended agreement: jobs is like big words - both random and ideal - and if one the boss is where the buck stops and two nothing is financially impossible are you three here from conviction or the bush? If capital knows how to spell ess tee ae tee with an ee - one in three or four (notes that is) is run by a percent - how come what? even 'and' is a take-away, 'me' is nasal (no wonder the Japanese love it so), soap. The same is a hi tech word for more.

sittin on th back step watch th knees, whats ain means but gettin a lend of - profit is energy enriched proof, a gunna is a scam in a suit - the odds is on th tie - th prop is got no give that needs protect with lie on bib

: that order is self-righteous - a comfy cost - a weak want that dials out perspective and dumps us on a cunning of abstract truth, a conceit of separation or normal luck

: that weather (the natural and reasonable resolution of the sunspot activity that is the market) always happens to someone else - you'd have to be a cop to not know there was kinds of law - so things now got names and most of them is proper: the drift into inversion: yes of course its easier to organise round facts, you can change them. Cash is the cheapest drug in christendom (the palaces of agreement aint lectric, theys stuff) coz news is stocks for amateurs, the supply and demand (stimulus response) like now we have depressions coz not nough people is rich. Fix it daddy fix it

Description is a pathology of agreement. Agreement exorcises intention. Definitions get to be guilt - handholding or molesting the set a virtuosic choice repeats - faith then is a setup plant, a snide double dare of bests more suss than odd or up or neg therefore a but, a cud of musts: stoolie rules, OK. its me. Speech as it happens is designed for questions - a packet of masochists tried to dress the facts in lost f'got: they was shopped, which is no organisational surprise, amnesia comes as objects of the can't tell: y can't make me, coz if looks was real y wouldn have a clue, an ideal violence of manners; see now why the generals left town - they couldn get a word in edgewise, so chuck middle management and yve done yr gullibles and the revolution is that everyone goes home.

anon n amen got it together/ anon n amen shifted th fence/ anon n amen put in a window/ anon n amen you name it - fraud is a friend of etcetera. Feel better? That is here. It has to be. Coz its a can't see so. Close. Anyway who gives a shit. The reference is all y bloody want - y can ignore th fuckin gunna but y can't sort of thing. A wry need to not: a self fucky function of use - formally we haven't invented gravity yet though transmutation of dross is a breeze: use aint made up of shadows but of things (justs or norms of justs; a tautology is a whitewash that fell in with a bad crowd, an attitude that can't tie its laces). Enough is enough? what do y mean y mean why? Th bull n hid. The trouble with mum is boring. some sets sit/ a copy slurs/ gummy yum/ a hock turns/ funny tum/ off of it. missus gephups was got very angry tht she couldn see th coz/ so she spiked the till with butter n she stuck it on th boss/ talk about the next is sexy/ john and betty

leisure game number one: I quit

pop mug zit/ pick mag up/ tell on it/ stiff my luck

I seen a frig fright tiggly spite chip chap dozen skip mog hippy tog flog
a tug v mustn be bore bought. And you?

When the alphabet went to heaven it didn know where to shit
got stuck up on the phrase book and stuttered through to shit
loops run books on exits, exits never quit, a quitter isn stupid, just
doesn know where to shit.

wool bully truism pinches th lists

our doubty little hero copyrights whats missing and sells it to the list
a rhyme is not a matter, yet

matter of fact is a titch tetch n crib crab n bib

bill makeup on th matter pay facts off with a tip:

dub n um did a dab n nicked it - logic is a syndicated in-joke running
out of one of rockefellers garden parties. oh come now could I lie to
you?/ or please not in front of the lady/ or you gotta be kidding/ or too
bad/ or cross out that which need not apply/ or how do you know all
that stuff/ or I can say ordinary/ like metaphors work coz we're really
good at explanations. Three thrown stones. Block. Don't y like me?/ I
mean if we could understand the words first then everything would be
alright

Waiting is a science. It was sold as a cure (reasons always look the
same (success is tautological)). Time then is a way of getting in and out
of knowing (moralists please note knowing where you are is already
some steps from being able to do anything let alone something: to shift
property to here only makes sense, it don't nag): sad sux. Its called a
backbeat: it turns whatever into a distributed learning network, an
external machine (that would be proud) of latent orphans - its is ifs on
holiday (cept for the banker, and he always uses the door bell) so
sometimes, obviously. A dress rehearsal of legislation is the deal, a
hamper of error of ex to of a motive on the cheap - seems portable so
long as you don't want to go anywhere - risk that is, a want perhaps of
wants though modest this self of debts (bets, I mean, of bets) breathes
out. if answers are smaller than questions and questions are large then
answers are smaller than large questions if answers are smaller than
questions and questions are not then answers are smaller than not if
answers are smaller than questions and questions are small then
answers are smaller than small if this isn't right we've wasted a lot of

time but you can always hire the right: a rent-a-stoic posy of roses had a plum stuck in its mouth - it choked.

actions are puns, a things of purl twos - the history of the efficiency of agreement part the first: the system is

1 not sub judice

2 winning (don't won't fight can can th can but good)

0 some button sense of should (the process is more than an ad for do-it-yourself saints - the agenda (pluperfect) is accusative by a design (a garden of pardon-th-step) that margins number by addition, a lay-by relevance:

1 cash in on the cash economy

n plus 1 make a profit

on taking the joke out of the word wage: I give up

on habits (self explanatory): it thinks it'll do in toos - th units of conduct ain style no more but so - the OK school of logic has failure as some conceptual cancer, a devious slur on the psychosomatically real (canny doubt canny doubt) and coz cause can run a guile of inference like some dope of echoes and call it list (bed rest) don't make for tho (reductionism is saved for being wrong) show. Nature is the small lie company - it only bills for effect (tell that to Darwin); the hid is th rich - an individual rear guard that owns th front. That moneyed is the unconscious - and controlled - is not knowable non trivially (a la the heroics of credit) but deludes the had idea with truth; stress is in and of itself for vowels - spends symptoms like rubber, a paranoia (pattern in the small) of whats left: you might pill th cakehole but you can't trust the stew. Dear Consonants, Bureaucracy is the art form of where? (on the back of every American Express card you'll find the word 'sorry') and sustains a two D fact and value christmas where vulnerability is the prize - a pulling down of pattern pants to tell stuff up from can't where 'from' maps whatdyamacallit with ifs and dresses facts in that private garb of sin we call learned; a thing is just a form of being friendly to the past, a token other, state: hell is positivism on wheels, an inclined need, evasion in the second tense where falsifiability is proof:

1 a paradox is its best contradiction

2 those suffering coherence deprivation are naturally more likely to be right.

a bluff is not a bluff; some unwitting cure that represents remission as a
tease deceives the please/ evasion is a theory of the purse (success is
what the boss calls critical) and means the hearse is docked for being
late/ oh quaint/ or, you can't win (if payment is a clue)/ the skeptics
never lazy but transfers to improving truth/ a revoke of phasing, an
apology for flukes/ and so a rule by paradigm and those messrs
tentative/ brings assent back into line and puts sweet envy on the list/
now with the boss here on the outside perving on the accidents of
faith/ a clause of one to one is only fair/ fact by shadow and my sussy
little mate the double dare/ funny bugger interested went to the store/
couldn't find breakfast was stuck behind the door/ floors for cleaning/ a
me makes more/ portents as rich/ as the poor are poor

Nature and history both manufacture their own evidence (necessarily,
flogging private truths) and remind us that the only criteria we have for
truth is irony. And while access may be arbitrary (and this in itself a
proof) it in no way delimits that fade from physics to metaphysics via
some public account of making sense. It may indeed transcend (the)
matter and what was crudely referenced as energy or indeed as charm,
attraction, gravity we now know to be more usefully understood, more
accurately named as agreement. Information is therefore an excuse. Or
whats an omen sposed to do? A knowing smile?

things - a way of privatising perspective (the narrative of form): innit t
winnit snobs is should-shy cept when pressed n then you'll tend t
find a piety of reallys n shitty teeth: send more solipsists to t front of
the economy - we've all been saying stuff for years: natty matter
mutters nuts but never resents th hunch no ticket no lunch: a ad hoc
pocket of ownerless acts/stats:

'Bonaparte' - a neo rationalist mechanical operetta for five lenses (8 x
6' blown acrylic with liquid parafin fill): Tesla/Pirandello/radio,
Brecht (report on Threepenny court case) plus drummer, Jiang Ching
(trial/video), Schiller reformist scene (counter tenor), Ron Hubbard
(1940's piano accordion musicale), Freda Kahlo (Trotsky - Duchamp
axis), Lucia Joyce (Beckett - Jung axis), Merchant of Venice scene
(lawyer), Caroline Chisholm (1848 - Dickens), Emma Goldman
(1930's adventure serial), Maggie Thatchers elocution lesson (record),
selling the recording of Mayakovsky conducting the factory whistles
of Moscow to Rockefeller; characters as gadget cut-outs (2-3 minutes
per); soundtrack on trannies (supplied)

maybe - a same on holiday - is redundant to the handle of conspiracy:
putting rats into a memory is not necessarily a better misunderstanding
than a trap - a snide bet on etcetera to get a place

circular reasoning - a metaphysic of experience (so what else is new?)
that does lower case neat, a negative in clean duds, a butts on trust ease,
a shudder are; history is tacked as that embarrassed patch of anything
goes - as if reasons did anything (idle tantrums) and whatsisname
Bakunin outnumbered and outflanked stormed the city gallery took th
pictures put them out in front of th barricades and th state stopped
shooting, on a say-so of sandwiches and odds/ a may as well of looks
like coz/ numbers are seen to be shorter: a pinch of plusses went to sea
and tried to duff th threat by smuggling line out through th heads and
giving way to we/'ve got stacks of caps to handle and wax and and
and such and that that

particles were a compromise - we were playing for contexts - but
formally (and later) so we could afford to forget (maps (time - a wet
thing)) that the was just an abstract number, a matter of mistakes; an
economy of explanation - please don't apologise - done by numbers - a
mob of bits will give us an efficiency of deceit - is still pretty: it's said
- a juvenile other - that it's easier to use (experience is the coward of
memory) bearing better ordinary: all good men shall come to the aid of
the party

coz is a pozzie of th boss, loss is a toss up for a doss, roster a sausage
and call it fried or represent - as required - a this n then of glosses
on simplistic appropriation: cartoons are the negative of height, the
double negative of depth. the bad problem: things that happen, a bias,
a bodge of tools: reflexive is what you do with th dishes - sudsy
efficacy and th mores; yes but butter (the irritant theory of bread) is to
noise (or what the facts call things) as short is to change - theres no
owning up: do's is to, for's is from (hows that for double or quits in th
round - a push trust sissy enemy at visit in a tiz where you is a fall guy
and its is a is):

me me we we/ no no no/ slips on a pin/ stubs our toe/ little middle
management/ big yellow socks/ polish off th hard stuff/ shove it in th
box/ box for sooks/ feathering the chooks/ eggs on the counter/
counter in th till/ till on th counter/ sand in th socks - ambiguity
going nowhere and nowhere is what the poor call gone
a: stop is a optimism, a slow law of fortune

the: competition is a on loan show n tell

relative too and th wrong shoes: dummy dob sucker, cheese

and then (a sentimental fit) - or so th story goes - the facile abstract
(adaptation drips a sentence on th floor) is a maudlin show of hands a
givvy gobby witness t gang shbang th graduals n have a nice day:
dally ideal th idea dolly made tea

to predict in equal parts that grant (the gimmickry of being had) that
though th ticket went to sleep it don't wipe reply - a private lie - at
scout an strain between th plan of might an main is fad - guards n
dutchies says th dag - is shat: mag n maxie tag at th back assume (a
room with a view) th move is true: you can frustrate th fridge - don't
take the visj - but for three whistlers in three places: A can hear B in th
left ear C in th right with the volume turned up can't hear the self, same
shift for B and C: mind the step

a gag of takes t hex th set is what was meant no shy spies sigh nigh th
light, nor bite, a pointless hinge of skills feels stilt, a jealous coz that
fucks for milk

tactics and the pragmatics of taste, take two: snuff slanders havta as
false sin, the ethics of th snag - aint no second order finish t taint by
possibility th test of guess but then I'd die, we'd be a modest you at
some uncertain rather spurious park just for a lark and like at night
cognitive systems we'd go into committee pa-si-mon-ious-ly;
agreement in th abstract/ behaviour on a plate/ almost beats anxiety/
coz its never late; satisfactions bigger than the lot/ subjects needing
objects to standup and be shot/ and as a somewhat memory device
expects the systems not. a just-so apology goes for a walk too soon:
sincere

A glossary

assumption: products (reason) as contradictions and therefore
strategic, the maps of implication

data: if examples (a sub of one to one that does competence as
explanation) only pay, price is the currency of negation and profit a
pseudo behaviour of validation

else: a when in a dress, a taint of some, a if of it, a same choice later, a
coy premise of insurance

garn: on an entertainment variety show th audience were asked to use a
word not found in th dictionary in a sentence What's your name? Bill.
Bill what's your word? garn G A R N What's the sentence? garn get

fucked. Next week they scanned th audience and found a rabbi Well
rabbi what's your word? smee S M double E sure enough smee's not
in the dictionary What's your sentence and the rabbi whips off his
beard and glasses and says smee again garn get fucked

lie: psychiatrists are the only doctors who are ever on time
predicate: possibly

I mean words is just a touch up

a four letter negation of the market (a franchised context machine for
making sense - loops are tourist smugs, a superstitious nominalism
selling addition to some innocuous greed) and the word is luck. The
power play of economics consisted in defining itself as other than
power - the doley is a foreman and ensures insure by bribe, a fuse: the
more is less school of logic where work is what you do at home and
exploitation is delivered, a space-is-noise do-it-yourself subscription
of not this time so a coca cola justice (socialism in a can) can betray the
fizzy hope of wills and kill a com for christ, that dodgy and somewhat
tardy carnival of the oppressed that likes th thing in triplicate or that
narcissism of fear of one wins won that wants to threaten form with a
nod (the creme of pudding flogged as proof) to not/lot/bot the
watch/pot of is what: between the chairs of justice and corruption lies
a rationed backlash on its good, a water torture taught y how to ought
a nope soft soap don't poke th bloody queue appoint it. so prize a
cynic echo (a whinge that stammers as submit) that narrative is that
machine of form that admits no news and business the narrative of
context admits no tax. just one of those things

anyway unless you talk about verbs you're not really saying much and
if- a lazy earnest - the giving over of geography to objects - art - is
passed the solution is a promise to be nervous and a smile

first law of marketing: you can only sell assumptions, and that means
criteria are a spin off of conspiracy and therefore the house style is flat.
the private - as a way of packaging logic (you can only trust the past) -
is a romance of winning wars unless you haven't heard the word
romance - that's a joke (for copywriters) - and the other is the cheapest
proof, an inference of anxiety where coz is only probable and generally
on account, a liaison with the fact of acquisition

some indifferent dull (maybe is a parasite on no) high minded cliché
done pensive abstract as a flirt - it better be good - but look comes out
with washing and so predicts the plot of common sense, a description

of the sum of mores unique, a plausible of thens or that taken-for-granted is a way of organising time (an opinion of no worries seems silly when you're trying to represent the motive) or fine a reasonable though false form (cause is a trivial content) construes the possible as lent (example sense - analysis is function with intent) and so proposes as a trier-on of definition that can't is a concept that clerks induction to the stamp and there applies a fit (reliable) of to (to any general)

a help syndrome (where it is good manners to be wrong) deduces an original by structure (an explanation on the take) and resents the use - a stale has - that lacks: a stubborn after; choice is a lisp, subject (it is said) a mundane harm of letters what diagnose the hold and who blah blah.

Flatter matter with the ignorance of use - the rest of chance (though need is not in and of itself efficient - a duty of manoeuvre -) and so glads sympathy as a call, a habit move this lusion of effect what infects circumstance at greed with reason and intent

In the general subjectivisation of aesthetics where any position is proof there can be no criticism. There can be no argument. Expectations are class accounts forged as any repetition which maintains judgement in the store of value that avoids defeat by being lax, an exchange of debts. The most dangerous thing in the world is not agreement (although the definition of aristocracy is to refuse to explain, the object-become-tool method suspended in solution). Doubt is not so much a machine as a product of the double dare of self-service otherness whingeing on the pay room floor of suspect sames, the parlour of success (a sentimental only), an artifice in interest, a friendly concern of deference in a kit.

a bunch of private exceptions (where the division of labour defines the monopoly of violence as a state) resent the credulous as verse:

the best attack is absence and so imitates the shit

the stamp of competence sold as rational (and therefore big)

that the factory aint like a fact cept when its there

(efficient is an end without a then)

and packs a statement off for lunch with string to spare

The question is not so much how did we arrive at a society modelled on precise rule-bound occupations (a conceptual manufacture of words) but how were context-free meanings, mathematics, prices

nurtured for so long without the social means of reproducing them. What did power used to be? A technique of experience only more so? An exaggerated strategy (the analysis and legislation of sets and boundaries) of the sitting duck? A pathology of situations idle in intent where administration is by the negative of network makes for more. But only more. And only where the target teaches how to score. Art and the state : its like inertia, we're all potential now. I think I prefer. In an irregular war the figures are ten trained soldiers per guerilla. In marketing its the same. Serious. So for every time you're right the state has to be right ten times and less than half the population actually work for the state. And the state is camouflaged as private. Why, of course, remains bourgeois. (I communicate, you communicate, they profit.) that is why the conceptual slum of faith is highly paid. Corporate - that is non-geographic - localism has no unemployment. It is ideal. And all ideals are Islam. Property (the capital of the stupid) is sabotage: a syndrome of favours fashions the schiz broker (a model) ridicules the adequate as vague, the contradiction being that theory is described as negation of those references within it that conjugate as found: a lazy A or past made up of up-front moments (words) that slow up the explanation of there there by spec. Cautious is a no go. An addition. Function (a surrogate time machine (it don't survive and anyway is quite inert) is a requirement that happens. A change is a sense. And in a structu'al done will be some drab purpose stating what the blanks are for again. Its all so bloody clunky new idea. A smirk is a system that blinks, the no echo gaze in deviant garb that applies a false to cumulation, a causal accident which abstains to win the break by being weak (the organisational limit of ignorance) and therefore dropped. Non sequitur, too sequitur, oh shit.

tongue-in-cheek functionalism (the noble lie) does of course have privileged access and while if you built a science on appearance you'd have to call it structuralism, the moralism of the narrative (not the nature seems to mind) pulls in guilt (that preferred to accidental punishment) as behaviour and we all know that behaviour must be meaningful so to understand use is to understand its meaning (and therefore there are no a priori idealisms) a devising of a sleight-of-mind what could be good. Meanings get to be causeless puddles. But it depends what y wanna say. All norms call balls small. So far a double

negative is worse off. Stall. A spurious about is bed and breakfast on the run like you wouldn't want to live there or as any existentialist will tell you don't do as I say (coz do as I'd like is a pun) haul fun. Collective subjectivism and that some forms of life claim mistakes is the initial formulation of the problem in the redundant first place, a symmetry of euthanasia accounts the acquisitive probabilities of narcissism as suck. An altruistic maul. I think I can see what he's doing. Anyway belief is only supposed to be consciously responsible. An over enthusiastic of. With potential for political modesty. Mundane legalism packets affluence as blame, a plausible caprice to gradual the safety of numbers in assent and so aint no zero in error or cited as usurped those certain 'cepts conditional an plain.

on tolerating the hinge of the obvious: an explanatory strategy of the shadow-as-scapegoat resents those stable (eventually expendable) and retarded checks the sycophants of rational accumulation call trends, an unaided least. Relaxed catastrophes (adaptions) entertain. A donation. Routinisation - the elbow room of complaint - is direct. Ten ten. Protection - congealed equality - abdicates to labour the pyramid sell. And he doesn't ring he doesn't write.

Contract part 4: To move (massage the horizon) is to need a progress. To leave work is to clock off. Therefore where everyone is a target there are no mercenaries. A tautology that breathes. Persuades complete. (Facts are bad aunts.) Clients are recruited over cards. (Tax is a bad bet.) To let. Subtle as such obliges feuds to have (as nested) an address to save as-it-is for later, a home away from home. Threat (a loyalty to better) sets.

In a summary offence perspective is seen as a by-product of the militarisation of gun powder, just another D. You see the church bureaucratized magic and the town was only half opposed to any state and so arose an urban scriptualism that was more or less egalitarian and so bested trade as pilgrimage, a diddle (it figures) that nicks. The big hand is never really on 12.

glib and shrewd were bastards,/ crime (the slogan of romance),/ was that device of strange,/ sews the pockets up on pants,/ and then complains

Did you say dea-d ? Yes, dea-d. Quite dead.

(The reason that something is an example, a fold (how many does it take to define a problem? (, a predicate)), an economy of virtual knowns, interrupts the idea of proof (those names of actions and events) that does a shy redundancy, a wave. Looks like a subject, but. I mean, is is-an-emergent-property-of-any-system-the-increasing-probability-of-asking-a-right- question a question (a parasite that adapts) or no, a science of quantity, a legal? And the additions? A function. Of represents. Information after all is that failure of description, an immune system a la consciousnessed, a parody (a typical number (probability is a product of real numbers), a base maybe parity in bags) that dags as some inductive random, a negative it, sit. Like a tautology is a square of the propensity to explain any point-function as (random is just like absence) a factor (D) of phantom flickers, a sort of they-type time (it disappoints (dusts) description) of non-linear possibilities, an avvy quit. Shit. The pragmatics of ignorance - something (decorative) you do on my time (my reduction is smaller than than your reduction coz I is a large number) - an abstract that, an example of itself, a me-too no-risk of refers picks up a difference on a stick (difference, the first good) and licks (self-evident (a judgement is a perfect rule)): dear sames, a limbo (game) replica in drag, as names (deduction is the administration of violence (credit is the history (interest) of words without history)): claims it (the altruist) I's about. Conspires. In (surrogate) two's. No doubt it queues.)

too mus blong nomo ol yoyo yap cupla gunna dunna make got ny?

DECONSTRUCTION / POETRY / MUSIC

STATION HILL ARTS

BARRYTOWN, LTD.

ISBN 1-58177-050-2

