

the animal appears/

enter the animal

[the animal enters

: muted, dressed]

[the animal enters, strips of flesh

& friendless

: enter the Animal, never addressed*]

* in footnotes a Tree, whose slices i write on, wipe glasses w/]

who is this child of Omelas? sitting in its excrement, alone in a dirtfloor, sunless pen -

this child on whose neglect & degradation the noble joys of Omelas depend?

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

+ hominid brainsize tripled by (the Wise contend) a protein dense, over two million years.
- b. the kid is a Sri Lankan in the corporate kitchen, icing your birthday cake. sighted thru the portal hole of swinging door, or furtive out back on a smoke break.
- c. the sum of all mutations unfit; the lonely ghost of Selection.
- d. the Dreamer who dreams the City's pleasure, sustains it in being; unmoving & Prior, the Sleeper, drooling, whose mindspace we tenant.
- e. the kid is Space, displaced: perpetual victim of that thievery declared [by Baudelaire?] the secret of all Movement.
- f. the kid is the Cow, never to be named, in Chesterton's Palace of Sapphire & Gold. is beef gone scarce in a planned Economy. is the scarcity itself, that gives beef its flavor.¹

and who walks away, on a deathward vow? the Jain who refrains from breath & digestion, seeking their karmic extraction.

¹ Žižek, Slavoj. "The Thrilling Romance of Orthodoxy", 2005 in *Theology and the Political* (Duke: 2005) pp 52-71

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

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

the animal appears as a lady buying meat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paris, in *The New Yorker*, unassailable: both CEO of Condé Nast and Sontag agree: if it's meat in Paris, meat may stay.

India avers to Intl Capital, and her brahmins show the way. Jhumpa Lahiri is still in Grade Three, conscious, still, of her potato curry on Wonderbread, greening; she rectifies by Sudha salting three nice steaks in her London townhome.

rectifies by the roasting chicken, curried lamb, the fishbone in the baby's foot, by all the meats but beef, till now, these **three nice steaks** that Sudha's brought home.

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

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

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

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

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

these three nice steaks are perfect, problematic. their Placement ungratuitous & Lahiri's words worthy of a Nobel campaign.

a very Special Advertising Section, indeed.

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

² Dana Goodyear, "Elite Meat", November 3 2014.

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

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

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

Mr. Turner [Mike Leigh, 2014]

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

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

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

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

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

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

of hogshead, pls, do not make folksy comedy.

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

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

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

these you've saved for the Slaver's sad story, an evening regret, the old man conceding:

*them women & kids were herded, whipped
like animals, worse than*

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

:the evil men do to *men*, i presume.

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

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

& Leigh had someone else pull head from hog.

all animals harmed were harmed off-set.

in **Words & Pictures**, the animal appears at

- 00:01:28 Binoche helped on w her redleather jacket;
a crosscut of dressers in concert & contrast: at
- 00:01:36 feet jammed into his worked-in dress shoes, they're dark, read black, are later re-lit as red & rich as her jacket; as his own gaping handbag; as the faculty lounge's chair-set
- 00:02:22 he scampers to car w/ a thermos of vodka, an armgrab of essays; his attaché open in-tow over-shoulder. his navy blue parka has fur-trim, possibly.
- 00:02:43 Arrival of teachers, of kids up the steps. their shoes all leather, the dresscode calls for leather
- 00:04:59 *You gave me oatmeal; you could've served me New York steak.* oatmeal, steak, each a monotony, of simple taste, of single sourcing. he thus must mean the prose of Updike *sizzles*, has the thrill of eve, ambition of the City.

i *will* not look up 'New York steak', am sure it means: meat that goes with red leather upholstery. meat for both a magnate's Club and mafia lunchmeet. a meat for Empire's city. Tammy should please arrange her prose to sizzle like steak, & shine like fine upholstery.
- 00:06:15 Clive's kicked back in the faculty lounge, his shoes in synch with attaché, upholstery, and Binoche's pliable jacket (implied: her imminent entry). leathers in unity, all is well. a dumb motif; and like the hogshead, unnecessary. unnoticed by all but me & the tanning industry.

this symbology of Evil's easy:

leather, black, in S&M;

and meat.

:the latter a murder inflicted

for pleasure, a sadism hid by

middlemen.

Egoism is true, this favouring weight of the self:

it's better that *you* should suffer than me.

[better for *me*; but egoism's true.]

me & mine have reasons that

your all-regarding ethic cannot flatten.

my self is where Utility collects,

where the calculus cashes out;

these selves tho several still *are* selves

my self is my all - -empathy extends me,

grows my nervous reach. your pains are

re-centered in Me.

Brahman is Atman, a monism of self;

the ego extends to take in all as me.

animals, all, have language.

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

speech is at an English clip. is code among elites, to rule a planet.

is all *huttaaz!* & *gits* to push a calf thru the killchute.

cow & pig are guttural summons: to say them is to hork them up, to hork up meat.

Adam dubs thee: monosyllabic slab.

Adam dubs thee: meat.

kosher / halaal are a frightful soundtrack:

a bicameral scanning, a talk off the top of a Psychopath's head.

even in our genial drawl we're sinister to the small we command.

a child's smile, alive in a slyness its underlings are wary of.

our Pidgin meets the creature part-way. a Roman matron keeps a tone her foreign slave will get, above all, as *command*.

the matron's words put her in her place.

a Brahmin's vowels hold the power; his accent makes the demand.

hard work is its own defense.

our feeding is made good by its labour.

the fascist Hard is industrial. its prime directive *arbeit*.

before my Saturday bacon, a run. my muscles now suffer, so i've earned this day
an edible credit.

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

my gut i've worked into a vacuum of need.

the fires clean-digest: there's nothing left for conscience.

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

hard work is its own defense.

the farmwife earns her right to wring a rooster's neck.

roadcrew earns their spitroast lunch at The Rooster, Bloor & Delaware.

for the animals they eat had it easy.

freed from pull-team, the ox was made more killable. he shares not in the
labour, so he's lost his share of comrade sympathy.

the workers strengthen, their labours gather in musculature. their daily
imbuements do arm them against you, you lazing sons of lords; ye epigones, soft
on guarded bed -

by guards who will shoot you, though your pinay nanny's peasant-heart had won
you over anyhow: had made Zuccotti Park okay to you, if not your Dad.

Master's powers pass to slave; a Master's powers dabble & wane.

arbeit indeed could make you free, encode in roping ligament, Revolt; runthru in
resentful flesh, a foretelling of Victory.

yet the oxen are all culled, these foodslaves all milkcalves;

the sow is given no hard task to work her into rebel shape.

on Animal Farm the farmer sleeps while animals arm;

but Animal Farm is Fantasy, and symbol of the wage-slave.

Benjamin says: sculpture transposes the mute language of

things to a similar but higher order : this is a

subtle tautology is Benjamin saying WOW before a

painting is Walter saying *OM*: intoning the thing, taking

it in.

the content of *OM* is $A = A$;

whenever we *say* $A = A$, drawn

along a single breath & ecstasy we say *OM*.

by humanist i mean: Woody Allen, *An Irrational Man*. the seas that toss *Cassandra's Dream*, so much angst for a single victim, an unattached man.

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

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

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

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

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

the bacon's a gag, shorthand for the killer's awakening appetite; an outcome of reading Camus.

wisdom as "the epic side of truth":

wisdom is advice for a protagonist; is guidance for Life, the *story*

-Benjamin

in *Total Recall* the animal appears thirty-eight minutes in; four rats swept from their high stone home with a handgun.

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



in the pkd, the rats *are* his secret past, core of his ID. in the pkd, the nine-year-old Quail was kind to some rodents, alien entities "very small and helpless, somewhat on the order of field

mice" whom he **does not** squash or sweep from his path, and, impressed with his goodness they give him a **deathrod**, enable his agent heroics on Mars, the impossible assassination.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

was the 2012 remake a Comparison decoy, two hundred Mill so the Verhoeven film's the "original", now? the 2012 version is another

noisy stratum on the pkd tale that is simpler & stranger; whose central "set-piece" is a quiet moment of empathy.

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

from total recall 1990 rats i get:

- i. questions that nip at Len Wiseman's Total Recall like so many rats at the feet of a sleeping hobo;
- ii. research on rats to make memory implants as in Wiseman's Total Recall
- iii. gory rat-a-tat gunfights
- iv. the claim, unreffed, at doesthedogdie.com that A number of real, live rats are shoved off a pedestal, that they could have been injured.

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

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

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

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

[Four swept off, Four to replace: a handgun, light with a wiffled barrel; a tightbanded cashstack; his Martian ID; and the tracker-extractor, the handheld contraption he'll surgeon himself with shortly.]

[Four rats gone, items Four on stone to replace them; two rats remain, and now come a pair of Doubling gizmos, the video player, the self-projector, his own talking head, cocky.]

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

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

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

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

Rat is shot, a Glutton & Thief.

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

Rat is hit with bullet, gun

- i. by actor himself if doesthedogdie.com is correct;
- ii. by character Quaid whose rats are real, whatever the Internet says;
- iii. by Verhoeven/whomever, by the glee of the scene, its gratuity. [i get that they needed to set up *Rats*, show us *Rats*, voracious & free-roaming so the tracker-Rat's splatter, later, makes sense. the tracker-rat's splatter is earned, he's voracious as the date-thieving monkey in *Raiders*: another dishonorable animal tracker - - - : whose poisoning, later, makes sense. (tho monkey was a shoulder-pet, rats are a pest and treated as such, with imperious violence, the sweep of a handgun. (not pests, really, they're some kind of pet, at ease with their Keepers who sweep them from their high stone, again.))]

Quaid kills a rat, kills a small boy Quail who loves rats.³

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

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

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

⁴ "I worked on it for a year and did about 12 drafts," Cronenberg recalls. "Eventually we got to a point where Ron Shusett said, 'You know what you've done? You've done the Philip K. Dick version.' I said, 'Isn't that what we're supposed to be doing?' He said, 'No, no, we want to do *Raiders of the Lost Ark Go to Mars*.'" [Frank Rose, "The Second Coming of Philip K. Dick", *Wired Magazine*, December 1, 2003]

[a film on the writing of *Flow My Tears*, with the Christmas synchronicities woven in-scene i.e. Christmas 1970 inter-cut w/ the *Book of Acts*, a doubling cast - - - - this i would watch, will get writing immediately.]

good ol' boys w/ a strange straight face

dominate: both grim & glee in rural equanimity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁵ and You my better Reader: that i drafted this on bleached paper; & with trees wope ass.

[am glad to see on Truthdig this morning a minute released of Chomsky conceding we may have to think about asking some questions re our murder of non-humans; am glad to see Chomsky regret not checking for chicken in the salad]

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

Selma says: voting counts, Pick.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[the film does not lie, is an obvious concoction]

[its makers work long, while we're seated wide to receive]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hollywood launders porno valley; Marvel superbabe is transfer from the Runway; from Maxim Labs through very bad Michael Bay to J.J. Abrams' islands of the bland.

Hollywood seeks the healthy; & with Dougherty dead, many films shall never be made.

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

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

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

<<AND THE STUDIO'S THINKING BIGGER THAN BIG, BLONDER THAN BLONDE, 6'5"--THIS DAVID IS A KING.>> Marion Dougherty

[again i say sorry to *Selma*; i'm now seeing the ugly & it's lovely]

by humanist, i mean:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-You just said Okay to cannibalism.

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

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

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

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

again you say Yes to Cannibalism.

by humanist, i mean:

horses rode for holy war on landlords;

and butchered thru the siege.

Kabir is a friend but

too much calling us

a parrot on a stick,

a fool become stuck;

too much calling the parrot,

i mean, a fool for

what *we* did to it.

the parrot let free goes

RAAM, RAAM but

knows not what is said.

too much calling us fools when

the charge is we murdered it.

forgetting our death is

an arrogance;

murdering birds helps us forget.

and before we Go to those

out-of-town scores, can i Jeff here mention

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

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

his easy growl, natural ease, hormonal effect

of his unwussy ancestry.

Shot today, by OPP, for roaming free?

his natural ease is his way with Entropy;

made less likely the Switch.

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

the country gent who calls the game

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

says *a shame* that brings to silence all AM.

Carnivore / Carnist

diet / ideology

the lion feeding is carnivore; her ferocity is ist.

the lion chases in anger. is sure that her Target deserves it.

Ferocity says:

'your Form provokes me, your Evasions now mock me.'

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

'i'll make you regret this.'

Ferocity *justifies*.

Ferocity asserts Meat Rights.

angry at their struggling prey: *because* their prey struggles, it deserves it.

at Abattoir, a recalcitrant ram, legs dug in, *misbehaves* - so gets what he deserves, at last.

violence finds its reasons - it *provokes* them.

[Bill Hicks *Shane* bit]

To woman is attributed both the cause of man's initiative
and the denial of his satisfaction. This rationalizes
force⁶

⁶ MacKinnon, Catherine. "Rape: On Coercion and Consent" from *Toward a Feminist Theory of the State*, (Harvard: 1989) pp 171-183

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

for the blatant Ruse, impetuous deke, every shriek is damnable; every shriek an unrepentant Animality: unrepentant to the End.

[surely not the *lamb*?!
placid moose, the social Whale
who by sheer mass should
magnify our Sympathy?
whose flesh-tonnes aquiver overwhelm the
killtrance and enjoin our mercy, yes?]

[surely not the *lamb*?!]

pets under carnism

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



always downtown, there's always a Dealer with four fat
Constrictors and a colony of rats.

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

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

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

all of it legal in Canada, likely.

if his loft is small, the rats, i imagine, see all - and in their
collective nerves form a sad & crazy Animal; a lonely ghost in its cage
discombobulating;

and the Dealer feeds on Fear, i imagine.

McDonald's owns the field behind homeplate.

100% SIRLOIN THIRD POUND BURGERS

:the banner is red, is 12% of screenspace;

:homeplate is half the action

:the field is thus red, for half the action.

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

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

Rodriguez isn't acting and it's perfect.

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

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

NYE STEAKS

RIGHT NOW

@MIDTOWN

YANKEE STEAKS

TILL LATE A.M.

IN CHELSEA

the rules find form, exemplify in-field. the runners
enliven the paths prescribed, they hold the points of
Diamond -

thru the critical Century, all eyes on this arcane
Order: a major reason for Television.

Baseball is Masonic; a yantra they get us to look at.⁷

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

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

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

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

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

[googlimàge: A-Rod, August 8

Jays @the Bronx

the banner ad said:

A-Rod swings

for Sirloin Steak]

⁷ Michael Sampat, his or another's theory

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

Capital, the way between City & Country.

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

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

see, son: we do them well.

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

don't know why these numberless sheds.

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

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

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

City's yard: the country seen from RR5 at fortyfive miles per hour.

your Humanism indicts you in a broader self-love:

your ism is a vice, not menschly virtue.

ignore this one exploitive and you'll elsewhere load critique

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

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

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

you hate the cowboy Prez, but won't think thru what a cowboy is.⁸

you use the animals twice: once for the meal, and then for the metaphor: **what humans are like when oppressed**: whipped like brutes, loaded on trains like livestock.⁹

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

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

you run for Cancer.

⁸ a tough & small-eyed turf-guard: jealous of flock, the Shepherd revealed in his murderousness.

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

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

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

⁹ the human, abused, is *like* a beast, the comparison has its limits: the beast is abused & *rightly*, you think. the rat is *like* a human subject: enough for the rat to be data; but enough unlike we can *use* her.

[just read s.68 of the Adorno, am supposed to feel bad i slagged him, above]

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

twenty seven million Views

of a kitten playing Chopsticks.

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

this animal porn precludes our intimacy.

this animal porn distracts from our relationship,

it draws our eye from the slaughter.

a dataglow surrounds the globe, our info aura:

pink as Porn & pet videos.

worse than frivolous, than distracting us to death.

the Charge is distraction while killing the planet.

--our value inflates:

just declines from enough to only

--our modern love, more often lit up:

our couplings by flashes consecrated

--our common response to how are you:

evidence things are on average well

name: Tobias Schneebaum

here on a Fulbright to study your ravenous tribe

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

name: Tobias Schneebaum

am tired of the pain

can no longer maintain

this posture

[right after "verbs",
right after "violence, forms of proscribed",
u visit our culture, u quickly discern that
this is *Fran's*, *Fran's* the name, run (no longer) by
the lady "Fran".

[Our hypothetical Friend:

get you in our culture for an

All-Day, Late-Nite

breakfast to

Fran's]

by ratio, the rank of Display: commodity size to shelf-space.

space is Retail's excess fitness.

Museum the apex, where content approaches Priceless: a cracking tablet given its own room, and slant of light.

nadir is the dollar dive, the bargain bin.

radio song, a global love-in;

radio song says: this is heard the world around, right now.

radio song is about itself.

:some songs actually say this.

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

the latest spin in a cycle of Song----: a Song was heard, the Hearer sang.

a great pun of History,

a unity of Arks.

biomass / stone-----inscribed therein a

lifeworld's code, its germinal dataset

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

we won't even need: sample molecules.

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

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

be Crazy as you please but **outward-exuberant**;

exuberant-to-self will NOT get you elected.

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

*an intrinsic mystery: by how it's perceived. The Mystery's ontology as
epistemic*

[an answer to Fermi]

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

[an answer to Fermi]

heaven has its ring of Hell.

[an answer to Fermi]

life begins in Quarantine.

cosmos is a gravity well,
heaven has its ring of Hell:

to keep carnivorous apes out

[MURDERers ALL,

OF THE KIDS YOU ONCE WERE]

[adults, Ye: murderers, all,

of the kids u once were]

[a City of the Saved

shall have sheaths upon sheaths

to keep carnivorous apes out]

a happy effect of machine's efficiency:

painless speed, a blade ultrafast, the animal's surprise in millisecs.

and let us commend

the A-bomb as friend;

by merciful flash,

our bodies to ash

as we sleep

to murder well & wholesale, kill w speed.

animal distress, a throat-cut flubbed, is costly Delay.

a-bomb's flash

turns all to ash in a second

a-bomb gives good death.

a corkscrew blade

too fast to see,

a cylinder, blurry;

conveyer's curve,

shall draw the bird
in its ignorant ease:
thru grinder's whir,
a corkscrew blade
too fast to see.

the slipping mass, the hourly animal fiascos of Tolstoy's day: more humane i.e.
less a machine,

than a lab overseen by committee.

to see descent of hammer's head, & **resist:** to aid in
your own botched kill was a mercy and

the abattoir of Tolstoy's day

allowed the Ox this

deathcamp *speed* was a key atrocity.

the 19th c slaughterhouse is sloppy and cruel, no clinical
Cargill -

tho i've yet to enter Cargill, Guelph, all-halaal: where a thousand a day are
made good before Allah.

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

*there is a MACHINE
that takes in MAMMALS,
outputs MEAT*

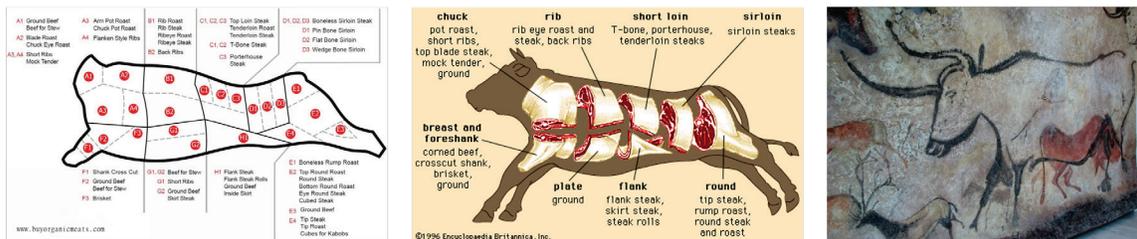
animals, all, have language.

the chirping at my window grows, it squares & crescendos from a larking pagan greeting of the Dawn, to the cry of a readying warparty.

i am a Creationist, not Young Earth, and for moral reasons partly. too young an Earth would obscure what we've done to the animals. too young an Earth would hide the Capture.

by 4004 B.C., i.e., the herding had already happened.

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



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

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

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

a six millennium arc, from First Morning's light to Apocalypse flash: a too-young Earth, & an amputated future: edits at both ends. as in its Origin, obscured in the End: Creation's case against us. no time for the founding crime, for conscience to attune and repent.

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

a too-young Earth would obscure the early sin; then blow it all up, burn away the evidence.

the Animal Enters: notes on The Last Temptation

xx

My brother he said you were innocent and pure, like every animal---men, the cowards, their sins made you bear---

xx

Men cannot hear: a Savior aligned with the animals

xx

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

xx

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

xx

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

xx

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

xx

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

xx

was a dove or one of Jehovah's Seraphs ---or dove who serves as Seraph---

much of the Histories, of *Samuel, Kings, Leviticus* - are there to give context for the Prophets.

Kings is in the canon so Amos & Isaiah sound clear thru the centuries.

Kings is in the canon for Isaiah to rail against.

& Temple is there for Yeshua to curse & find his End at.

the Temple is an animal vacuum - the innocent drawn there, burnt to naught.
on Solomon's inaugural, numberless calves & lambs were brought & slaughtered.

the Temple is an animal vacuum - the Temple is a center of holocaust.

the Temple is mammon, piles of flesh. palmable credit, stackable debt.

Alf Bet Gaml Delt;
Oxen, Villa, Camel, Portal

Alf to Bet: the homely aurychs
Gaml to Delt: camel thru portal

& g-ray thru bab-ili's yawn, to end it.

the worst coercions, unseen: the wars won early & easy.

long ago went still the revolt, went smooth all impedance.

were stragglers all pressed in.

a net-full¹⁰ of fish: whose thrashings within are held in sum, pacified as a
'sizeable catch':

held to their kinetic average, quiet; for the giant steel crane from which they
dangle, their writhings are barely a twitch.

the air can't splash for protest. we'd see the subjugation by the protest.

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

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

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

a war won whole won't seem like war;

for the struggle is seen in its protest.

the primitive Herdings, the brutal cullings:

now the curve & soffited glow

of a Temple Grandin processing plant.

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

one strong arm holds down a body; we perceive a stillness, a placidity.

¹⁰ to call them *all* is a violence already, is a resource-accounting shorttrick

goatmeat, goatmeat, his fingers and lips did glisten with

and i laugh;

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

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

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

we applaud the bravura, if nothing else.

the pain condenses in gut-flex.

society is sublimated Meat;

civilization is longhand french for aurochs' head.

human health hides its meat, & life from death.

& so much social protest: is not about the slaughterhouse.

Michael Clayton: not about Monsanto's Bovine Growth Hormone

:the victim is a milkmaid, not a dairy calf

:a cow is upset, for the mother of the farm has not milked her yet

:the culprit is Culcitate, the crime is

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

movies lie by getting us mad at

everything but the slaughterhouse.

lambs in Agent Starling's head go quiet, now the Killer's caught.

[a Killer not of lambs.]

the lambs are slaughtered, used again as metaphorand.

[i'm out on a limb but Hannibal Lecters as:

a wrath of lambs on Man]

[who draw us into total war, our self-abstention

[am not saying *are*,
am not saying *good*

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

not that you *should*, am
not saying *good*, but
try to understand]

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

Hannibal the African, irritant to Rome.

Hannibal the African, hero to his home.

to elephants he drove thru snow a Villain.

U of G is UNorth,

U of G is AgriCan.

& Arthur mad is Prof. McMurtry;

his nine/eleven, the UNorth scam

["would eat a lamb" :a fair definition of monster]

Game of Thrones an ad for Fur.

Game of Thrones, if i sold

fur, would make me glad

Lord of the Rings was written in Mordor,

Mordor is the realm of Man and

Hobbits are Rabbits, as i understand.

Watership Down is The Shire, under threat.

Watership Down i prefer to *The Hobbit* &

read to my girls at bed.

hobbits are rabbits,

rabbits are hobbits,

& Mordor the realm of Man.

rabbits are hobbits,

hobbits are rabbits:

Peripheries of the heath

who burrow in holes, are very short &

shy of Man.

furry feet: i know, i know: like many a mammal

hobbits eat rabbits: i know, i know -

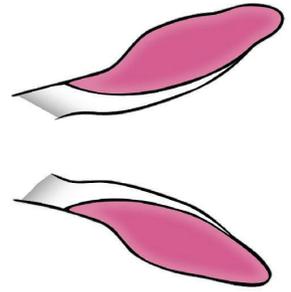
never let a Man tell a rabbit's story

for her!

and they were ALL

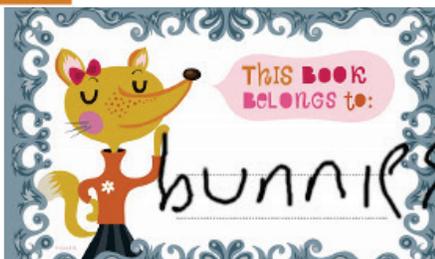
BUNNIES™

ex libris



is for bunnies

BUNNIES



11

¹¹ <http://orangeyoulucky.blogspot.ca/2009/06/bookplates-for-you.html>

a word i wrote, with an arrow.

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

:fake blood, pointing at the actual.

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

never thought thru all the rawhide chairs in McLaughlin Library.

a word i wrote, & tried to make clear:

:Animal Nutrition has a functional kill-floor.

:Guelph is an abettor of abattoirs.



my guilt i concede but i seek understanding, i request Mitigation.

i appeal to the Commonwealth, *Crown versus Kingsnorth Powerstation*:

Five of the protesters had scaled a 200-metre chimney at Kingsnorth power station, Hoo, Kent, in October 2007.¹²

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

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

our cows are worse than coal, we know - - - animal Ag our top sectoral driver of climate change¹³; of freshwater usage¹⁴; of species extinction, ocean dead zones, water pollution, and habitat destruction.¹⁵

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

445.1 (1) Every one commits an offence who

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

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

¹² *The Guardian*, September 11 2008.

<http://www.theguardian.com/environment/2008/sep/11/activists.kingsnorthclimatecamp>

¹³ Goodland, R Anhang, J. "Livestock and Climate Change: What if the key actors in climate change were pigs, chickens and cows?" *WorldWatch*, November/December 2009. Worldwatch Institute, Washington, DC, USA. Pp. 10-19.

¹⁴ <http://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S2212371713000024>

¹⁵ Oppenlander, Richard A. *Food Choice and Sustainability: Why Buying Local, Eating Less Meat, and Taking Baby Steps Won't Work*. . Minneapolis, MN : Langdon Street, 2013.

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

Meat is an option, not necessary.

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

Inflicting pain on those who can never deserve or merit it increases our responsibility; it raises the bar of moral acceptability even higher, and that is true even if some decide that infliction of pain may still be justified by reference to the greater good. The point is that we have as much need to justify intentional infliction of suffering on animals as we do to justify infliction of suffering on humans.¹⁶

¹⁶ Linzey, Andrew; Linzey, Clair: eds. *Normalising the Unthinkable: the ethics of using animals in research* [The Oxford Centre for Animal Ethics: 2015.]

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

Cargill gives: a thousand Guelphites employment for life

Cargill kills: a thousand cows per day

Guelph has its places where throats are sawed open, legs
hacked off by brutal men & their stupid metal;

where rats & rabbits, the smaller society of mammals who fear us, & rightly -
are burned & gassed, have cancers imposed, the slow-motion violence of cancer,
and

whomever shall go there, cross its threshold, call out STOP, is arrested.

the killers of cows have the power;

you Problematize at their pleasure.

the killers of cows have the power;

are lauded with profits & honour.

they hold the Hill, control the Hall,

and every Friday, late A.M. they

paint the Cannon red again.

the killers have all the power: the owner's in a photo with Justin Trudeau;
side-by-side they stand for Full Employment.

the killers have all the power, now,

the animal killers rule;

and this is demonic, a structure of Hell.



:Central Animal Facility, U of G, November 2014

possible sign or chant or prayer for the Protest:

please keep U of Gee slaughter-free

*U of G
helping kill cows
Since 1874*

bringing the hindu apocalypse

----FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE----

DEMO PLANNED AT U OF G

ANIMAL FRIENDS PLAN PICKET, DISSENT @ WAR MEM HALL

Guelph, CAN

- *abattoir architect, already honoured w/ doctorate speaks at War Mem Hall, this eve*
- *consultant to Cargill [runner of Guelph's own all-halaal plant, leader in Meat Solutions]; inventor of efficiencies, & a loving mother to McDonald's; Priestess of a kinder slaughter. her numbers all in awe of*
- *Grandin helps a war¹⁷ we win so well it looks like peace*

¹⁷ which called today elicits laughs, incredulity; clicks away from this pdf; the mental corrective of *Industry*. a Future i hope for perceives our War with horrible clarity; the Future sees what you today let in. they damn you, or kindly, draw you toward them. the wars were often for cattle. Oil was often a cover; and meat, the fuel that i Divest.

Johnston Hall, on gentle rise of lawn; and driver-side, on Gordon Street, we'd
always see:

the handsome harvard hall; the high, vented cupola.

& research barn they're trying more ways to cut off tails in.

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

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

OVC INSIDE / *SEE* OAC

Guelph cuts thru all southerly sprawl;

Guelph, for me, begins at U of G.

[Guelph begins at OVC; OVC is OAC; and OAC,

i learnt last week's an abattoir.]

behind said Hall, a working killfloor.

& how many rats per week? a thousand i'm told, but can't believe.

the killers have all the power.

they hold the Hill, control the Hall;

and every Friday, late A.M. they

paint the Cannon red, again

[go ahead, is prettier in this palimpsest]

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

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



10.1.1. 100. 100000
1000 9100 147012
10000 10.1.1. 1000 1000
10000 10.1.1. 1000 1000
1000 10.1.1. 1000 1000
1000 10.1.1. 1000 1000
Bollinder/CA
10.1.1. 100. 100000
1000 9100 147012
10000 10.1.1. 1000 1000
10000 10.1.1. 1000 1000
1000 10.1.1. 1000 1000
1000 10.1.1. 1000 1000

rat housing, Central Animal Facility

when rats can't breathe *their small, uncanny, comical
hands may pry their jaw for Oxygen; on "feet" they rise and stand for Hominid
rights, lol*

*it's eerie, we learn, when twitching they dream of trailing their moms thru
memorized alleys.*

hominid, humanoid, personhood, what's the word for

what are We? and what the Rat?

at OAC Inquiry turns to Prayer.

hominid, humanoid, personhood, what's the word for

study That! study That!

exactly how good for the human kidney is soy protein?¹⁸

study That! bring more Rats!

would grape pumice alter glucose homeostasis in type 2 diabetic rats?¹⁹

¹⁸ Nina Jones et al, "Exploring the linkage between soy consumption and kidney health", 2014-2016. Project searchable at http://www.uoguelph.ca/omafra_partnership/ktt/en/aboutourresearch/researchlink.asp

¹⁹ David Wright et al, "Grape pomace as a novel tool to treat insulin resistance and diabetes", 2013-2015.

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

will only validated animal models allow direct testing of potential allergenicity of novel foods? is there no non-vivo Way?²⁰

study That! bring more Rats!

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

study That! bring more Rats!

bring more rats! bring more rats!

*Ms Grandin pls, one small pro-bono,
some on-the-spot help!*

:titters from the august assembly

Temple you see at U of G we've rats, rats, and more of i mean we've

²⁰ Neil Karrow et al, "Development of Vivo Assessment Technologies For Detection of Potential Allergenicity and Toxicity of Novel Foods", 2004-2009.

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

Ms Grandin, pls -

*would **YOU** use mass gassing?
or flashfreeze their heads?*

:Ms. Grandin considers, and answers:

*TAKE from CO₂ the 2 and chambered rat to Death could SLEEP;
from Dean's Mercedes hatchback, heck, we'll run a pipe -
and every batch, give a little BEEP!*

the killers have all the power: a power acquired *by*
ritual death.

at King and Strachan, we all grew up, neighbour to
the slaughter. the screaming Helpless, all of us heard it.

at King and Strachan, and did nothing about it; in private asides, complained
about the smell.

we're cowards and we hide it well. we heap upon the Slaughter all our virtues &
lies. we find our pride by allying with the troops abroad, our boys in blue, the
ranchers, trappers, butchers, baiters - all our empire's guards.

the Parade was strong, and we all went along.

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

pride is loud, to drown all doubt.

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

our pride aroused in **Uniform** that tends toward the Toreador: the masculine large
& ludicrous: an optic assurance we're bold before Death, not cowards in machines
killing kids.

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

the Parade is strong, and he goes along.
his strength is the weight of going along.

he aligns with thoughtless gravity.

[Toronto Stockyards; "Old", of late, made quaint. a dozen stores an avenue's
facade: a Source & a Starbucks, a Five Guys Burger & a PetSmart;
where past the back lot, beyond the back wall not tall enough:
trucks go in with forty souls, come out, rattling empty.]

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

a carnivore's a parasite, a charismatic parasite on herbivores.²¹

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

²¹ okay, and they on grass

[the animal enters: *Merchants of Doubt*,
2015; dir Robert Kenner]

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

[*Merchants of Doubt* continues the Spin.]

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

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

Merchants of Doubt [2015] continues the spin,
by what's left out.

PHL 501
Film Pop Quiz

1. what is the product the merchants of doubt sell. Explain. [2 marks]
2. What is the product *Merchants of Doubt* sells. Explain. [2 marks]
3. In what decade did Big Tobacco learn nicotine is addictive? [1 mark]
4. The merchants of doubt are an obvious case of 'managing' the public. Name another such profession, and explain.

If someone told you, here's a tip, look more into: Flame Retardants; Flame Retardants are Big you'd think: *Conspiracy Theory*. Turns out they're right (though Big is vague); as were the tinfoil hat brigade, & ahead of their decade (the 70s). in tinfoil hats went Prophets because our planet's rulers indeed hear all; and that's just what they tell us.

Meat's a Fossil Fuel

Meat's a burning Carbon

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

[screenshot pls, Exemplify]

Exxon *wants* us to win, they're weary;

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

Exxon is a tired old man

Shermer's well-meaning but typically sceptic: naive.

on *Larry King Live* he denies our alien overlord.

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

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

Greenpeace will talk about everything but.

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

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

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

you ClimateChange commie, you

hippie-looking *faggot*

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

[segue back to Hell]

I started getting emails threatening

YOU ARE A FAGGOT, YOU WILL BE FIRE.

COMING HELL-FLAME, END-TIME FIRE.

-Climate Deniers

<<*c'mon gang we need to grow the ECONOMY*>>

-said by Cancer

<<*GLOBAL WARMING's a LIE*>>

-said in Hell

PHL 501

Pop Quiz, Cont'd

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

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

Harleys sound

like men digesting barbeque;

Harleys sound

like burning carbon

men on Harleys often go

& come to/from a barbeque

dinosaur, uncompressing;

a paleo-machine

a Harley's a barbeque's belch

GM,Dodge, are arming farmers

now sell pickups, scary as Hummers,

latches for gunrack

GM, Dodge are arming farmers, arming guards of

Farmer Todd has ink on lats, a Burning Cross;

Farmer Todd's at Dundas Sq now,

cruising, blaring gangsta rap.

entrycode, driver's side: the new GM standard;

jacked-up chassis, profile:phat,

standard, standard.

TOBACCO

FACTORY FARMING [*fast*]

ALCOHOL



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

the magic trick of FACTORY makes it hard to see the FARM: hard for eye to get to FARMING; & FACTORY seems a new, special harm.

there's an abattoir for rabbits, in Arthur. go there
today, ask for a rabbit. You won't get arrested.

[there's an abattoir in Arthur and its owner is a very nice man.]

[i took my rat to OVC the care we got was praiseworthy.]

[i took my rat to OVC; i here give thanks, am guilty.]

[i take my rat to OVC, & humbly.]

visiting **Earth**: a safaari.

our gravity bound, round & ancient hunting ground.

as Below, so from on High.

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

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

[insert FBook safaari montage]

a species as trophy per.

a species e.g., made abstract in a Bills game.

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

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

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

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

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

--- bull taunting, beCAUSE-----

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

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

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

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

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



Dogs "rescued" by members.



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

"high on his hog He asserts meat-privilege"

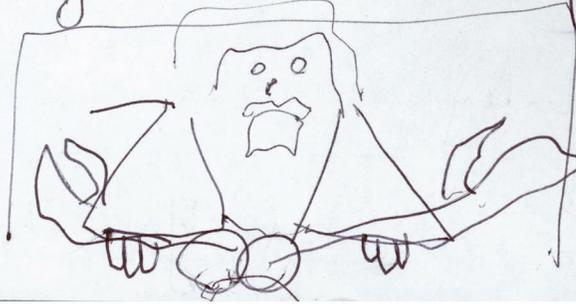


Yahweh

men on Harleys honour Yahweh

high on throne of God

they assert meat-privilege.



Harley

HIGH UPON THE THRONE OF GOD

I ASSERT MEAT PRIVILEGE

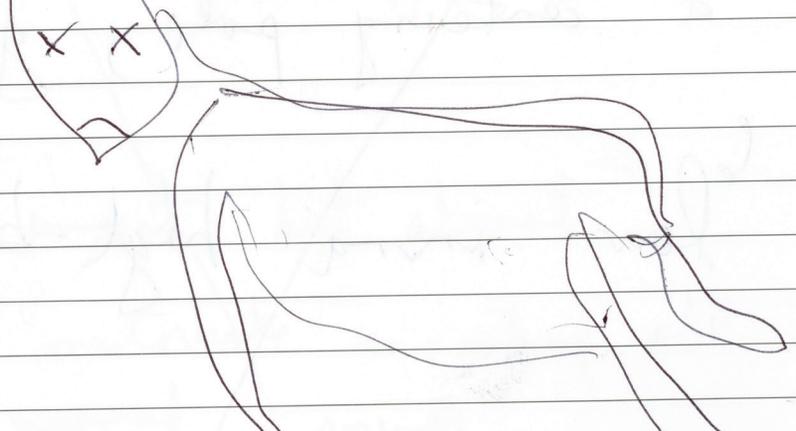
trophy hunter

LOW INNA HI-BACK THRONE,

MEAT-PRIVILEGE



LOW INNA HI-BACK THRONE, I OWN
ALL THE ANIMALS



high onna hog / low inna throne

i hold in awe,

i bend all life

around my chair.

high onna hog / low inna throne

the god of all FLESH

see how bad this land you're from,

where slaughter launders

mafia funds

*where **islam** seems to mean:*

submit to Me w tribute meats

& meats to Ye will trickle down

God, Angel, Man, Cow

the order of all Creation

where french is code for cruel cuisine and

japan's aesthetic, a sea-bed clean

[*the sushi's all chinese;*

and china is a baby god,

eating]

LOBSTER is ON:

every wkend hence



LOBSTER's ON:

McDonald's , Subway,

two-for-one at T&T on

Warden Ave.

LOBSTER is ON,

end date pending;

LOBSTER's ON,

the Sea is dead,

throwing up in gluts & gobs

these edibles-yet

by semaphore-red

our stomachs unite,

& traffic re-directs.

LOBSTER's ON,

a foodline wends

LOBSTER's ON,

prison food is cheap again

the glut is ON,

Lobster's BACK

LOBSTER, SALE,

in fire-sale red

a hatred i'm forced to, and weary of:

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

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

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

and i am the asshole for saying it. complaining again, am turning off the Xbox. am holding the remote, am trying to hold together the obvious goodness of Stevie Wonder with the stupid brutality of killing animals.

*the bull whose throat is slit yet bellows, calls me
from my ease & satisfaction*

the soundplex *growl* is ferocious, competes for all natural Control

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

[thankyou James, thankyou Joyce]

[thankyou, Mercury / motorcycle Man]

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

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

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

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

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

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