



OLYMPIC GOLD.

All Sweet Things Come To Their Natural
End.

The Settling Of The Finings.

Texago For Desert.

R-Rated.

Crude OIL.

The Transformation of Leggy.

Product Endorsement.



The old man was probably right in some ways (dig the modifiers). He was gross though (no more than Texago). His sexual hangups (I don't know what they were) effected in him an imbalance - I'm not sure what this condition should be properly called. (Oedipal?) (His mother died when he was nine.)(He loved his mother.). He viewed his fellow creatures as involved in one tumultuous sex-oriented madness, and quite devoid of poetry. Whether observed, felt or extracted from the great writings involving the psyche, it was his conclusion that man was 'cunt' oriented, and woman was 'prick' oriented, and the world was composed of cunts and pricks. There should have existed few problems, on the face of it; what more could you ask - so conveniently polar?

Well, it didn't work out that way. The old man, in his own sexual frustration, projected the great cunt-prick truth as though it was the one single psychic break-through; the catharsis for all mankind. He tore through his own enmeshed, chained, and riveted psyche, all the way to his naked desires, finally projecting them upon society, saying: "You goddamned phony, funny, absurd, filthy creatures. Oh, I'm that way too, but I am a poet; do it my way"..er.. what was that old man..? He could not answer; his actions spoke clearly enough. But this does not concern us here now. I think on things similarly; not so much projected, but from a similar basis; a presumption to poetry. Could that be it, poetry?

There is little poetry in exploitation. There exists a smell though, a psychic smell. The old man sniffed it in his own way. I sniff it.

They cannot be too blatant about it because of the children. (Parental Discretion Advised) You know that children are different. They learn as we did; from each other, behind cupped hands, in corners, and in little boys and girls rooms.

But there is poetry, a bungled blatant poetry, (and curiosity)



however exploited or oiled.

Let's put it all together ..er.. Exploitation, poetry, blatancy, oil. I didn't ask the children what they thought; they didn't count anyway (they wouldn't understand); they are just an excuse for other child-like or unformed things within us.

O.K., all together then - sit back - Oil is your objective. It is whatever you make it. Only a few weeks earlier she had received a golden medal to suspend heavily, yet correctly, between those proud founts, signifying her youth, grace and beauty, as she appeared upon the Fating Rink as a Skigure Fater, and the youth, grace and beauty of her young womanhood. We were all charmed, and for a while the boob-tube did not exist. We were transported, as one of our own 'charmed the pants off' the metal awarders. ... Now only a few weeks later, they hung a can of oil there in the middle of the tube. Yes! in the middle, right where we had seen her earlier. Well!!! MY GOSH!, there she was again behind the can, those graceful enchanting lines. Wait!, she turns, she is gliding towards us - if only they would get rid of the Texago can - she glides her enchanting glide steadily until the can is right between you boobs!!!

