

REVISTA LITERARIA KATHARSIS

The transparent law

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Lesson 1, 2, 3, 4...

The transparent law, the initial cause-effect, action-reaction, science and poetry, electricity and magnetism, so cultural ancient the well instant of being. Internal communication between happenings and no more.

If such a topic is work, the intensity of verbal curiosity of language investigation of visions of periods and illusions, if logic would be so crucial in our art of thinking, methodical?

Inspirations so fantasy is contemporary, creation, evolution, adaptation and fundamental crisis of society.

Energy and mental capacities, mental skills, rhythms, philosophy, situations and contextual perfection.

It's true.

The sun, the earth, DNA, galaxy and mediocrity... It's so our cosmos our habitat our ideas, only thoughts, only words... When some person critics the point of view of personal impression. World.

Today is marketing, industrial egos of time and space of unique sequences of transparent telepathy, acquiring energy, censoring comets as elemental structural basis of rains.

Mentalities govern us or not?

It's the question of humanities and animal meaning, interpretation and polyglot terrestrial messages, like atoms in the deserts like pens without tomorrows.

Instrumentality and absurd critical theatre of virtual moons or just casualty.

In this way temptation is symptomatic, a variety of how to do that, but in the end castration helps us like socks of no model.

In the middle of the fact that philosophical discuss is basically the rule, the introduction, the main factor, the main.

If such my eyes admires the sky, the light, the rays from the sun, is atmosphere is mental power, creativity all what we have now, a part from machines and instinct.

The pragmatic point of view is concretion, individuality in unconscious territory, the explanation of ingenious as a masterpiece. In front of us is continuity, the work is progression, transformation, communication, intercommunication, learning and teaching ourselves. Just to be a part of others. Integration.

Animation. Vitality. Information. And cultivation of echoes of commerce, the discretion of palpitation, the emergency of wisdom, the latent condemn, the feeling the mask of guilty sacrifice...

In all the importance is pane. If there is no pain there is no probably intimidation and knowledge, it's the consume of cells, regeneration. It's not exactly to suffer like an act only a cause, only a remedy, only a consequence. It's searching inside.

Reflection. The unique way of reconstruction is across the emission of negative particles that forms a lament inside, the impulse to transmit spontaneous all but

not all. It's such a manner of not seeing the others but my other me or my only me. A character an automat? An hybrid? A person? A personality? Sincerity? The key is the truth. Always repairing that the meaningful neurons kindly are some that are not ignore. Synopsis and charges of information, bits, quantum, columns of pages of paper, articles of ecology, technical rather than fame, expression of vocabulary, preliminary visual of eyes my courage.

In this days of immortal happenings of morbid methods of sarcasm instead of seeing all like a poor nun.

It's intelligence like our ally, the guilty, the probably friend of fantastic friends at all.

Tension in mechanical questions like verbal I don't know. If necessary metaphor is a pause in our lives of instinct and creation, in our pure enigmatic and satiric pirouette of metallic ingenuity. The colour of art is passion?

The colour of marketing is society, the colour of literature is magnetism, and the colour of life is emphasis. Spiritual hymns, casuistic no moral of customs no tragedy of tradition, but popular fugacity in the liberal education of men and women of ethic, of responsibility inside.

The facts, the occurrence, the gestures, the compilation of tremendous doubt inside reflects the improbable conduct, the possibility the grade of conditional, the hypothetic science of scenes of idiosyncrasy, freedom of repression, rituals and taboos in association with sporadic slowness.

If we cannot dominate inside, how can we move outside?, in the case really that

is all a representation, pure art of so dramatic interpretation, actors and actresses well dressed and amusement intonation of martial songs and configuration and programmed phones like worlds of inside-outside.

This ideal idea idealism or total macro generation of minds and superiority-inferiority and verbal declarations, foreign languages and invasion. All emerges and suppose a menace inside or outside.

It's like critical pose of myriads of ethnic personal radical romantic enthusiasm, such as new energy of poems never happens lively.

If this is art, then I agree.

Periods of positive ideas and magma inside, and possible chaos of deserts, but mirrors and prose, essays and flowers of mermaids and events, human encounters, like the scene of telescope like countless numerous ...

But virtual space, virtual universe is we, the fruit of days, the flux of imagination, rather a collection of propaganda. Then the sagacity, the originality remains inside, but outside is cosmos.

No bother if our solution, the final day, the limits of us, the abstract point of view the infection of corruption the windows without hope, but commentaries and braveries are so common now and then.

Sometimes the logic, the reason of being, the architectonical geometrical cyclic intelligence, our brains our stimulus to violate the same art that puts energy inside... Well, theories and stories, dictionaries and grammars... all is magic, all is marketing, all is non-existent. The importance is the way that we cope with it.

The miserable confrontation of understanding the literality, the factual and fractal veracity, the real true, the real reality.

Intention of progress, the death of art, the birth of invent, the beginning of talents, and belief.

The intimacy inside.

The topic of writer, the topic of artless, the topic of musicality and colour and abandon.

Innocence and no time.

Space?

In the vide of abuse of limitations and talkative pasts as tonics of partial politic.

The strategy of calmness, the tactic of nouns non countable, the repetitions outside, the repetition of mantras inside, the contemplation of a plot, a vast language of cultism, neologism and tender poetry.

If to write is a dialogue a monologue, a form maybe comprehensive and understandable, interesting and business, commercial and idealist, practical and empirical or trusting in something also. But reasonably the matter of fact is the structural vision of pathetic mythology in societies, in non verbal societies for instance, in a logical view of successive biographical type of corruption of bodies and entities, caducity of times and eras and millenniums; the intellectuality of premonitions and precognitions, the language of supernatural heroes of maternity, the free controversy between the prehistoric tempus and the non temporal present, just assuming that personal happenings is only a numerical

symbol, a poetical intend of transportation of ideas in a royal enterprise of calculation and futuristic preparation, the preconception the preliminary of total and global life? Is the future the political way of preconception of global macro total "structural" society of ideas of sociability and social crisis? Evasion of sensitive society in the manner of conditional automatism, cybernetic and socio-cognitive or conductive behaviourist towards a social psychology of the image itself? The precondition of vivid imagery in the meantime of forgotten memories that create a pause like innocent animals in the streets of logical thoughts hypersensitive realism or a topical surrealism that doesn't distinguish the day and night. The noise of a society the language of a society that is fool of no passion, fool of logic and emissions, of circumstances of desire not reciprocity, a formula that simulates an art, instead of figures instead of imagine, instead of inventing. It's not the quest of intuition or personal guide of intromissions in electronic neurons like operating inside a programme of informatics, processing information codification meaning or no meaning but art. The key to believe forever or never or an instant, because life is always the same here and there. Casually robots achieve intelligence, acts... and humans are passive? It's mental energy, it's a wonderful economical solution to the days of feeling sleeping and eating (biofeedback).

Impact and explosion, planets and genius, the infinite thought, the interiority, the exhibition of categorical categories, for not saying the introductory of times inside beings, inside nature.

We must condemn the art of machines?

Or just produce and produce and no means?

Machines have mental energy? Or just memory?

The final question is we feel really or just impress?

The indiscretion is very popular in our days of insulting the names and graving the maps inside the caves of morals and ethics. Runaway ruining the concepts, infecting the speech, resulting technology the reason of perfection, imperfect parallelism. Notwithstanding man and woman are the same in the line of limitations? In the line of verbal capacity and such popular art of consideration?

We focus actually the factor of age, the alteration of cells and revolution, the cinematic construction and deconstruction the intensity of order and disorder, the emblem and dress, the mask and cotton cloak the colour of musicality and the colour of the woman, the roll of animals in society, the play, the joke, the game, the hypnosis, the inversion of perpendicular fashion, concentric use of utilities of trends and tendencies. Religion returns religion depression religion without god, religion inside not outside, mob and earthquakes, natural erosion, natural affection of multiplicity in the realm of Earths life, cosmos and astral signs, the delay of commutations, the logos and binaries the inspection of cures of reality.

But reality exists?

Philosophy exists. In reality if doesn't exist philosophy doesn't exist realism. It's pragmatic the intense word of collaboration inside-outside. Unconscious

paralysis of versatility like aspirations of no breaths poor souls of raining only methods of practical views like baths of mental programming days not only nights. If future is a ship without mean, if mental structure is without paradigm, without nick or topic, or a metallic capture of horizontality and original appearance persuading with creativity and culture, not singularity or rather fantasy... Then what is fantasy, the opposite of realism, or the partner of imagination?

Reading and writing searching for the true or the praxis looking for the exaltation of movement and temporal spacious, technological advances that contrast the announcements with the proposals, the inclinations with the report, the questions with the theme, the logical with madness. It's only a verbal reduction to materialistic enquiry to the point the moment of solving the charge of banality and valuing the act, not only the words.

Finally the count, the essay the topic the interview the information resume the act, but the act is not a result of words. It's a consultancy really but not all. The suggestion the extrapolation of antiques rituals and castes of successions the patriotic conservation of norms and castrations and pre-ideas that doesn't end, but nothing ends, it's a continuous metallurgical ethnical canal of no limits neither limitations. That supposes that never ends, never. Totally the tremendous art of finishing the day of night and the day of final fine.

Is there such a day or such a post-day?

In that book of notes, in that apparent transparent surges innovation, plans of

martyr changes that affects our capacity to reflect, then emerges the poet and saves the world of savants and witches and commerce and economy, propaganda and taboo, clans of medical treatments that look for passing time in non adjectival congratulation, the symbiosis between the human and society, the unique loneliness of deaths of happenings, because the total totality is only one, but this one is absurd though energetic and virtual, serene and idiomatic and totemic and union of contacts, like gradual aspirations to read and write, fanatical the rudeness of shy democratic but concentration of pineal glandules where stocks and patents commits suicide, the verticality of journalism and serenity of archaisms or sensationalism or just invasion of ideas, publicity and ruins of futile competence, the fatal inferiority of mental frugality like trees without roots.

Information is vivid, but disconformities or bad use of culture, bad use of education condemns the energy to the basin the informality of riches rooms without light, without ingenious.

It's a mixture, but genial!

Not a bad corruption of vague ideological laws of not happenings of not romantic the path of virginal matter, not annual materialism without it, the matter prima of magnetism and principles like columns without origins, simulating a radar out of order, but ignoring nothing.

It's the question of the origins of all. The blank space the simulacra of medias that nowadays doesn't separate the flashback from the beginning of news.

It's not a comedy it's not a concrete survey, nor a concrete thing, it's about the total infrastructure the global study the independence of dependence the vital array of cultural educative or traditional original independent powerful men and women of the space.

Merits lectures congress inhibitions necessities of periods radical unusual political polite policy (education) and people perfection of purism and popularity passion and passionate parlour ... hearing arts of surroundings vernacular science of pathos and progress, guarding landing the pessimism of so-called music torments of circular interests, dominate the condolence of artistic go on, the methods of drugs of third eye.

If I want, if I don't want, if I calculate if I die, I revive I return I don't know.

Desperation, thematic chant of lamentations, yellow art of marvellous intention, love for love and lunatic clandestine desire of participation. Ideas and responsible ideas of ideals such as the same of the unique same, but normality is the theme today. All happens because is normal. The cause and the absence of cause is normality, the regulation of normality with interests and tenses of happenings vibrations of parts like nobody else could imagine.

Writing what I want, everybody!

No such an artificial contagious imperious political artistic point of view solitary like doubts inside trees without roots, without ground, eyes without movement, pirates of sentences that appear to be false. Not only the romanticism the nihilism the atmosphere and the original planets causing mortal decease like

cancer and animal depression.

Rightly.

It's the correct concretion of give me I give you. The basis? The posture. The poetry of sadism the sarcastic ritualistic desire of pleasure, fool mouth of men like fish, of men like critical women or women like electrons, or attraction neither champagne, or spontaneity the reason of to be being.

Ingenuity expressive rhythm and socks of amnesia, violent comet my planet, travelling nowhere passing surprises meteorites and androids mixing energetic sincere serene quarks of magma and good night.

I would like to remember. What? All. Cause all is in relation to to be. To demonstrate that scientific art is sporadic one, that verbs are poverty or chaos or reasonably the illusion of such tension in morality hours of menacing mothers and fathers in the increase of descend, raining mysteries animus and spirits demonic adjective and Puritanism, insults and consults the normal myriads of moons the perspective of consensus adverting that origins are not always original.

Leopards and panthers lions and virgins superposition of planes and dimensions poetic communication and pulpits begging inside?

It's the aroma of desert, the mountains praying themselves, like anarchy or free morality or free pessimism and optimism or free duality of personalities alone, the fear of martyrs kisses and nothing else.

We are but we.

Not others.

It's the recommendation, to be sure of oneself, to feel security inside, not outside?

What happens with occupation and true writing and natural meaning and the science of myth and the literal science and the poetic science or the metaphor in off?

Really the marvellous accent in the intonation of mercies and benefits, active and passive, irreversible context of modes of sacrifice. The story of multiplicity the contest forever doubting the talent of oral and petulance and go on and give to, and respond to the art of moving minds o multicolour realism of judging energy and petrol, considering the costing the machinery the survival and of course the word money, conserving details of maintenance routes of vivacity in the introduction of consummation and sensuality, lights and water, wind and oil, candles and lamps, rains of plurality of paste synchronizing texts and cars rather a new world like others, raising accepting the rules of all cases, of all needs, fallen inside-outside, more or less.

No matter, particles that don't come from here. What is our hour? What is?

It's a lawn towards death. It's a such condemnation of ideas, intercultural sensation for living without dieing, or dieing without living, or living only if I don't live, or I live cause I die... or I die without die. Supposing that ... the holocaust of living here tranquil? Or just ...?

Contacts with stars would be the solution? Contacts with mortality? Dead? The substance the independence the interdependence the ruins and the legal

information, the opportunity of living or dieing. To die is one opportunity more, the unique? The moral of dieing immortal, but eternity is economic? Or only a pastime, spending more than having. We are an experiment, economic or not? The ruins of calmness, the temptation of castration, the suffer of myths the intelligence of kisses of truth.

Don't bother if I am, but you are?

It's the search of a measure but in terms, in scales in voluntary work, not forcing spirits of places of shadows rumours and pestilent wisdom popular ambiance meds and mimics copulation and prunes of colourful disaster, testing the echoes of genitals calls, coming celestial creatures stimulating the world of gems and magnetism, cause elevation is not a stone of perpetual technique like manipulation and extortion, peculiarities of education focused on industrial fruits and shoulders of disgrace, tenacity and dance of jobs and clocks of meditations like solar mental intromission, the race of art, the hope of market, the lunar cancer of satellites or meteorites and history, organizing the biological future, the consensus of gas and pens and questions resumes or calculations, maps constellations.

What is industry? Aeronautics? Journalism? Intelligence? Brains? Cells?

Molecules? Marketing? Selling? Money? Matter? Information?

Communication? Trains? Cars? Ideas? Energy? Writing?

Love? Interest? Realism? Fantasy?

World? Death?

Life?

A guarantee of affection, an international laboratory of calumnies and dances of petals of awaken demos of prevision, passive method, yin and yang, character and temperaments, psychology of language, psychology of mental stars, psychology of organisms, telephones of arrogance, drama of echoes of prenatal times, instincts more rapid than gravity, conclusion of dates but not a profound different staying compiling the experimentation of sharp and yellow penetration in the continent of continents, like waters-continents, like carpets inside-outside.

Nymphs elemental sky and windows. Hyper-windows or super-time, economical or economic doesn't... Economic thought, ecological thought, contagious thought, not idea. Inside.

Showing the speaking inside. Not outside. Learning to think, not to transmit ideas, not only expressing, or...

Shy?

Introspective?

Savant?

Arrogant?

A thinking thought that thinks.

Not communication?

It's evident the posture, the magma and the cliché, modelled by the sperm of verbs that consume the later late. But women are sperm too. And man are ovules too. It's a consideration not a separation. It's a romantic path of daisies

pure crystal of cadence of verses like giant men that don't know the secret of parchments and Egyptian customs, religion-philosophy oral time and writing time.

The fall of statues the fall of history, the scandal of flags altering the colours of romance, the ritual of tribes that emerge from the coast of contamination from he curtains of no window, of no personality, aliening the inside like the outside, an indiscretion, the tremor, the atmospheric tremor, some person introspective captures your essence and memorize your phone number, it's the époque of liberation? Is the insistence of martyrs aggression hidden, inside-outside.

Showing off the adulteration of the matter, the personification inferior of simply the false interpretation, the error, the spasm, the codification as a mistake, as not a real person of triumph and purification.

Muscles of brain, thinking and working brains like neuronal information, muscled archive of cultivation, caution and modes of tenderness... Laws of misunderstood, ruling disorders with magma mere epithet frequent ingenious labyrinth of musical compounds drums of bits squared time, squared feeling of digital power or aggressive digression, dedication lifestyle hereditary genetic misconception or running clocks the occasion of dieing like robots of merchandise of numbers columns and destiny / fate. As a part of existences theories theorems commutations permutations and divisions deictic individuality so called common sense or just energetic climax or diffusion of ideas clandestine eclipse myth and archetype, Christianity or atheism or

agnosticism, black and white, yellow and red, typical cliché, animal ascendant...

If the moon if the mob if the mission of the planetary cosmonaut if the comical
evidence of transmission conditions of happiness, of richness of postnatal
invention or ruins of metonymies... Wind is open? Or open is never a human?
Change? Humour? Candy and sweet sugar for minds of mental progressions
enigmatic final and economic death for mind, economic art for dieing, economic
periods of dance for dieing economically.

The way of living is not economic enough? It is supposed that we must not
spend to better die? Or to live less for more dieing? It's a law of happenings
inside.

Outside is death?

Or just inside?

Economically answer a phone, God of economy talks to industry, an enterprise
called Life asks for money, more negotiation and business, more banks in red
numbers and more gigantic pantheism, more radical construction of houses for
more living on Earth dieing inside.

And hospitals?

And cemeteries?

And drugs?

And doctors, medicine, science?

Meds are the service sector. When I go to the doctor is a party inside-outside. A
numerical phrase of repent of commiseration, like to be a widow of myself,

recently.

It's enough to search the sponge of age, the super-age, the average to die, the competition with others in this indiscretion death. Inside-outside. It is supposed that nobody wants to die.

But if some person would live alone in this planet, all time alone. I am sure that for this person it would be not a merit to continue living, she would prefer best of all to die and to continue in other way, not to arrive to know all alone, to discover that it would be better not a battle with oneself, just with the others, it's sufficient like that.

The problem with death is the others, our body seeing the others and respect to the others, our coffin, our ash, our soul?

It's economic the thought?

Outside?

Or inside?

It's a commentary to finish with the dedicatory of dramatic presently recent information of gays and lesbians and bureaucratic casuistic of veracity my creativity the forgotten existence of matter, materialism and consummation. Realization of questionnaires weapons against mind, birds escaping the last minute inside...

Tunnels of seas, advices and licit life inside. Planet-outside. Life. Economic extraterrestrial life? It's all energy? Or there is other existence a part from that? Like meridians and anthropology, and concubines angels of black suits...

Economic?

Or drug of drugs?

Men of weakness awoken the spoken hyperbole, racism or sadism, political power not progressive, assertion of dragons, directly the mass, the alteration of velocity speed calibre and mental air, spade of mental metal, guilty the space of water thoughts like sirens laughing inside...

It's the point of view...

But at the end the redactor the empathic reunion of insects and pianos, the children of countries?

The main character is the idiomatic register, the apathy of hands clapping causing the whiteness of pipes and control, outside.

Learning ruminating or forging a handful cosmic album of asteroid and cigars chanting and singing colossal like tornados and tsunamis, green language, others colours are familiar. Red for imitation.

Tradition and virtue of virtues. Flu and mutation, clone and why not evolution, solution?

In our chaotic story of bones and fossils, skulls parallelism, something lost? Or inventing new theories... Perfect. I like invention overall.

The erratic final the miscellaneous Eros or Agape... I don't know why to say the truth, if the lie exists too, and then is real it's true also. Why? Because it exists itself, the existence then is true, life is true or false...? It's an evidence of multitudes of tumults and dancers in the streets of happiness of tomorrows or

never existed again, or never will exist or never exists L.

Then the torture of wars and no end no ends of passionate mythology of animals of religions and interests in common such as commitments and arrows of belief and believers and perpetual walking inside-outside. Or just in and out. Then metamorphosis and stream of conscious and exposition of ideas tolerant admission of neurotic illness pathological infection of mentalities universities with books and books, pages and internet, radios and tv, spacecrafts and science fiction, permission for flying, permission for suicide, permission for having eternity, permission for being an astronaut, permission for riding a car, or having a dog, or only being a person-house-job-.... Permission for being a witch, a magician, a parson, a cure, a sanator, a woman without man, or a child without parents, or an object without possession... It's similar to be an animal without humanity, or an animal well educated, or a shy animal or a bad animal or a mutant animal, or an intelligent animal, or an doomed animal. It's fortune, it's the duel of misfortune and crystal ball, the stones, the chance, the lens of my glance, the visual-tactual-feeling of collaboration in a task of states of mind and its consequences.

Bad and good temper and bad and good conduct, depression and mania, madness, tiredness, aggression, the use of dead languages, analysis of happenings when I am an sleeper only, when I am unconscious of others... That is a way of understanding, to recover, to stock, to mutilate the language spoken signs to use the asseveration and the law of continuity slept.

Then it is suppose that we sleep dieing, that we are economic when we sleep, more than when we die? It's like disappearing in the lake of conscious capacity of biological genetic encounter voluntary response and involuntary temporary imagination of logical ...

But writing is the same.

It is economic to write? It is enough? There is plenty of books. It's sufficient, I must say. Why writers continue writing? It's this situation of continuity economic? It's a plurality a convention a party together, a conjunction of scenarios than register a name and surnames, country and ethnic characteristics. But finally the literal transcription and morphological gravitation is the main roll of this dancing in the eclipse of a mode, recycling positrons and electrons but not neutrons, not the nucleus; the main problem affects information, clarification. The collection of braveries and drawings and photos and magnetic champs of popular genetic genomes of mortal genitals or genocides of aspirations. The rumours of spontaneous tumults of pains that finish the structure with a count of humility.

Humility is economic really?

Or is the posture of to be being here and there?

It's a quality, a giant one to be a human inside-outside-economic. But never a coward. A man with patience. A man with heart. A man with brain. A main with roots and blood. A man commonly.

It's just that: economy collaborates with harmony.

Elaborating a personal figure a personal futuristic present in a fragmentary position of lights and robotic artistry, pentagram, prefecture and fantasy.

Language is economic?

I must opt by telepathy.

It's more economic and given the aspect of reiteration the argot is impressive and the oration is vivid and adjective. Inspirational matter of writing communicatively like pills of adrenaline or pills of sun...

But the way of understand preferably is situated inside.

Outside is the origin of economy?

It's the principle. The vast agony of our desert of communication, our ideal lexicon of panic, when permissive tragedy counts like a normal verb, like a connotative action.

I don't know if is that a transmission, a symptomatic desire of compromise or not only a wide nervous miserable denotation of words without meaning, without a translator that functions without motors, without batteries.

Believe me: Brain is the more economic in life, memory, hypothalamus, glandules. Cortex region is a reign of detonation, of contractual information sensations and limitations, but death, where is death?

I think that death is guilty of our limitations with money, our limitations with economy. If death didn't exist we don't try to manipulate the others (outside) to have more money and to live economically good.

The reason of all economy resides in money. The tragedy of storing more and

more is death. We want to live better now and forever. We don't know anything after death and then is clear that we prefer to be better each day, to die well anyway. It's a fanatical perspective of finishing a days of perpetuation of species just by the means of magic and consequently democratic rules that conducts us to the terminal.

But in other words we are animals without destiny, animals without decisions, we can now act more or less with pollution and ambiance, with natural regards, but supernatural are up of us. We cannot guide ourselves by others means than supernatural. Science is only material, yes.

And material is matter, energy, life, nature, information, apparition, events, reality.

As a legal idea life is countable, narrative, but death is infinitive in response, is unknown and converts us in demons and gods, in prohibit territories or taboos, but what is more real here and there, what is more believable, what is more vivid, more important...?

I am not speaking by any means of religions and fame, topics in this aspect, I speaking of the theory of practice. What is existence? The contrary of non existence? It's so clear that? I must die for not existing? Sometimes I see people that doesn't exist, though they are here habiting.

The celebration, the argument of enormous poems that consumes economy only because love is a way of doing that. Love is a word that acts like a medicine sometimes, cures cancer, cures depression. It's suggestive and at the same time

hypnotic and harmonious. The preference of a state that formulates its extension only by members that cannot sign.

Then is not only a pragmatism based upon the precondition of a fabulous order where the solidarity radices in the sole energy of power. Power is not progression exactly, is not evolution in a word, it's too much. It's the instance when I perceive the reason of my existence, the mission of my life, the search of myself in the others, the trans-communication, the idolatry of sporadic disguise of so-called situation where readiness is impartial, when sonority and bellicosity is the announce of no eras. And literally the ideal of economy begins with social research, not social interest, not social etiquette, not social asocial for the mere reason of a lack of understanding between you and you.

Results paranormal accountancy of hybrids and numerical symbols testifying the identity of astrologers and meta-physique the anthropological question of amounts and more plots, always.

But the orientated illusions the terrestrial happenings inner shows the antithesis of poetry in this limitations extra-corporeal extra-human, anti-age, antidote of values not recovering, that tabulations instrumentality of modernism and marketing tempts to limit to code to encode the logical logic of people. But that is not the reason of internal revalorisation, interval of machines that pause when nothing happens.

It's a labour a conquest the moment domain of feed foods of summing the shoot of the camera the eyes of all. Exasperation and resources inherent to facts and

contests of purification to stay and remain intact, pure, to consolidate the unification of mind and soul, and body and spirit. Totally the mark of a life, the post-modern modernism, the actual action in the columns of a magazine. To preserve the species from the evacuation from the temptation to abandon Earth, it's like an vexation towards the specie.

My house, my home, my mom?

Fustigation, That and inclusion in paradise. All if you are here and no there. It's the price to maintain the commercial signature designed in Earth. But now we prefer to travel distances to travel inside.

Not outside.

Total laments of amnesty, jeopardy of mystery rock of perfumes, but instantly and frequent mass of no treasure of no control of evolution.

Each evolves like star, comet, terrestrial or not, but economic?

Economy continues far away?

It's a cost of energy controlling also the material of non possession.

Possession itself is energy?

Economy is energy? Organization? Control? Theory? Practice?

Marketing is the praxis of economy.

Propaganda is the theory of marketing.

And relations public is the mess of understood, the syntax of pureness in the net of humanity and not humanity, the version reduced to petals of monosyllables and monogamies, polygamies or insects or plants or ground and trees and air,

torments, rivers, seas, conscious eternity and travelling with unconscious like organs without concern.

Then occurs that nothing is like ever.

Nothing?

Nothing exists? Just a nothing. Just a 0. Just... Like to breath but inside.

Outside?

Then breathing means interiority but outside is interiority too. Or replacing the place of handicaps radical elimination and discrimination. Terminal argues that is enough, matter is not a question never, is.

But music, transpiration, exercise, relax, shower, sport

And books.

And tomorrow...

Writing the design of the stars the satires of dada and the playing of guitars that emancipate the inspiration, radicalism expressive and torture of divination, alchemical visual concrete coefficient and supernatural powers, guru and socks of elemental meal of adds and offers of jobs, demands and tricots of misses like trophies industrial art of gaining hunting and hitting raiding a course include the art of painting the sky with nudes of holes and nudes of dimensionality to escape without suicide this methodical goal, like short distance or short time, if time is point succession points and arcs of points and shadows of points and architectonic points celebrities points or spiritual points geniality or vibrations, not only virus-time, or radical point of time, time is not consequent, time is not

in relation with space. Or space is a piece of time, a piece of matter, then light and time are the same, but never arrive an end, never converges the essence of simulating art of design, when creation is not the pureness supposition of magnetic procreation or commercial scientific marketing accumulating sums of medals inside, but more outside.

That to write is then structural only?

Methodical?

Radical?

Racist?

Art of writing is ... personal and inherent. Inside. Then.

And the impulse, the libido of crescent of allegro of fortissimo bounds the limits of tablets of morphine adopting the basic stereotype of nubile quintessence, girls of men, girls of garments girls of books, books of girls, and recipients of memory almonds and periods of schizoids terrible dreams concerning the disc of information and the logic of reason of common sense mentioned above.

The splendour and the vacuity the velocity of lights that nobody tells about, the emotions and sentiments, chemical brain, chemical physique, all.

But global chemical, global independence individual, global money, global history of global hybrids, of global culture, of global children, of global castes and jokes of morality and people.

Interior hot interior peace interior psyche interior panic interior decision interior personality interior thought interior only interior.

Personage oh personage particular interior, not need of decoration not need of stimulation not need of ... Zen.

No need of exterior, ideas happening?

It's the forge of ideas, the components to better play. A basis construction and the battle of psychoanalysis the better training of contents, laboratory of perfection, anal conduct but precious time. Time of faculties and... One person that doesn't speak, or doesn't go out with friends, or doesn't have relations... is not ill. I must say, it's such a person not negative, only interior, sensitive, sensible. Words are époques of moderations and the course of the traumas the shocks of time. Space is the scene, the documental is not life without time, unable the scene without the absence of time.

The experience the experimental invasion of a lot of men and men that only want to live of women, of ideas resuming, the consequent parasitism, the alteration. I don't doubt that I never abused of anybody, it's like to feel guilty of something yours personal essential. What happens if some person enrolls in your life causing dramas, only because he thinks that I must pay him for something, something that is not my obligation or my responsibility. I am here because I am astral, and no more, no more lessons of to be or not to be, or to work or not to work, or just living cause I live because I live. No one else, it's very curious knows why he lives or not. It's not a debit, or a credit, all is paying here and there.

Economic, ergonomic...?

Mothers, we have to congratulate then that you give me birth? I must repent if I don't adore you, I don't think in relation to this matter, cause money is matter or panic, or punishment or temptation?

To receive orders is money, to fulfil them is money. To be happy is transformed in money too. The insolence and respect of only indiscretion.

If only I would like to be. It could be that never will be or just ending economic like the others, like the animals and the planets, ecological.

Then economic is ecologic. And biological? Biological weapons. The hysteria is mediocrity. The important thing is to know that you know, that you are conscious impersonally. That your theatre your solutions your astronomy is not taxonomic only, that your components is not only chemical.

Then if I say yes, it's not.

Laughing the poet of fingers of colours, lancing empathies and transferences the law of methods the passion for ignoring the phantoms of the net of fishes without flavour.

It's absurd that a lament finally occupies all your life only because you traverses the origins of the counts, the essays of monsters dadaism periods of pins and pops who causes the illnesses, when arrive.

If you surge you are a traitor, then. You must be murdered by critics, if not you are dead.

The record of being more economic.

The pirates of heads without hair and turnings head along the process of pure

sensation of meditative states where the imitations is taboo. The syncretism the indiscretion the tortoise the abstract thought that is not economic. The sense of spoken language different than written one. The vacancies short and the hours of sole information and elegant silhouette. The interest in fashion and modes in conducts and tendencies all passing like etiquettes labels instrumental without use.

Then we must go nude? Economic or ecological or biological? The three the same. The same message. The same geological, astrological and puritan?

Demons democracy demonstrative demos crazy is fundamental the roll of rules of customs of passive-active life inside-outside.

If surpassing the passions of animal pleasure of animal texture or text or toile or entire life only to obey to reside oppressed under the law of supernatural evolution and hands that are inhuman. Economic?

Or?

The flash, the skirt, the bras the extension of the fingers and the arms the body the intention of being ok, the torments and tumults of being an human with character, though.

If would be the same as if I lived in other part? What is to live to reside? What is the main difference between a house and a homeless? The roads, the drugs, the addictions, the streets, the enchant of being economic? The lesson of learning is no learning, no hoping only waiting. It's more crucial and more economic and time is more economic too.

The hope arrives to desperation and exasperation. The shock of reserving one way to inspiration and the other to exhalation. To reserve toilet for one and other thing, to preserve your bedroom and your bed for going to bed and unconscious to articulate the teeth and the tongue, the structural mouth for having meal and drink and other things that are usual such talking and...

But body is an art. Ergonomic or economic? Astrological or astronomic?

It's the question of ignoring those that suppose only a surprise, a common surprise.

The discuss is a crisis of minds, passing ideas, dancing, doing Chi Kung, relaxing mind with calligraphy, adoring oneself, ignoring the past, ignoring the essence of drama, the cult to death and mouse and mouse...

Reading decorating the vacuity infinitively, rolling like pedals of gas and windows of crystal. Bounding melody and juices of neurons, tensions of motors hot times cool rhythms, teacher of comprehension. Intelligence or economic? Inside-outside.

We are machine or only human?

We are symbols of words or books of teeth and fingers tip-tap...?

Expressions of badness of qualities and quantities. It is just the same prehistory, when the man ate from the trees and never was hungry, never went to hunt.

Oh animals of economy?

It's precious peace.

It's precious art. Art without tragedy, art without murders, without cannibalism,

without enemies, art without economy?

Economy is love? The moral value, the ultimate value of cosmetic marketing, of colourful marketing without parody of cameras and propaganda, with columns of kisses, anthropological mental brain of chocolates and parties.

The sun of our eyes, the mafia of our eyes, the heavy and strong arms of God, economic?

The surrealistic vision of angels

All is an adorable and perfumed art of metastasis like figures in healthy spirits like poets without disguise, without eclecticism, clown the king of births in the crystal ball of papa. They are souls like puppets like stylist sensual rains of stops basketball and tutus of experimentation, algebra and dead hospital, the coolness of happiness in this days of economy, or just crisis.

It's emphatic the fact that consumers are like babies of despair, ordering inside.

Notwithstanding the information is outside or economic?

Inside?

The laws of pure pureness, the fragments of a poem never finished, never cached never abandoned, like the lemons of demos like the organs of broken bones on the comet of windy somatic course of distant life like enormous tomatoes of insults just the faculty of ignoring the pulpit of indiscretion, thematic theatrical veterans. They never hide the true, but they know, they are ignorant but not unconscious of silence presence the integral racism of castration the pirates of époques of pastime when articulation a word is magic and witchcraft.

If I have to be a man, I would be a woman.

The lesson is probably the double not duality, the double two, the double ideals.

Man has only an ideal, a poor one. The aspiration of being only one, absolutism, economic? Outside.

Women are inside? Economic? Economy? Numbers? Or letters? Or suicide?

Depression? Education?

Marital consequences... Economic?

Health, sanity, sane...

The risk of being an extraterrestrial being inside and outside a terrestrial, and can support the verb and art, the integrity and integration as civil as scientific. I love science, sciences... economic? By a woman? Or letters or probability or hypothetic... the cruelty of madness if philosophy if popularity if copulate with wisdom and no disgrace, the imperious world of dislike, the alpha and the omega... the indiscrete silence of economic economy? The talent of so-called crisis of inspiration?

We have or not, we can or not, but doubt continues always around us and our destiny marked by a fate.

Which of them is more economic destiny or fate?

What would be the moon without us?

And would be the same economic as the moon doesn't exist?

It's a pole, it's pale, it's a p...

Like monsters in ok receipt, the transfer, the teleportation the congress of cosmic

laws in futuristic arts of design the travel of fantasies and death no more much.

If I write is because there is a moon, there is one of my eternal life, my mask my smile, my partner and my astral name goodbye.

Asking for medicines to the stars economic?

It's the star our friend, it's the star the unique one of alone like us, like me like you, like inside-outside. Like the earthquakes in the space so zig zags like elephants travelling in the windy space of meteorites...

I don't respond.

I don't dismay.

Frequently the art has been a ...

Science...

Economic

Has sense if I dance to myself and happens the same two in one: art-science.

And no more wars, and no more battles and no more rows and popular economy?

And.

What is economy?

I don't love the word.

I would prefer energy.

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