YET ANOTHER

Guns are the Real Heroes...

PUBLIC ATION
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:

OUR-SELF

RED VINE LICORICE

AND

LOU REED

FOR STILL KICKIN’ AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
Mon Chère Reader of What is About to Be Read,

The following words may make you feel incommodious. They may make you feel lost. They may make you feel happiness. They may make you feel hungry. What is written may, in fact, keep us from understanding one another. And for that, we may never share a cup of coffee together or experience a unicycle together or attend an anti-communist rally together. And for that, we just may be sorry.

We empathize with how you might be feeling: we were only recently introduced to the word ‘rapscallion’. However, we cannot expect you to understand everything that we say, think, feel or even sneeze. That would be rude, and, quite frankly, beside the point.

Take sweet, sweet comfort in the stone-solid fact that we are right: riggity, riggity right. We rocked it right. Right on.

We don’t want you to get distracted (“what if they’re wrong”, “who are these people”, et cetera, et cetera, blah, blah, blah…). You’ve got important things to do, my friend. (Pick up the dry cleaning, vote for your top pick on American Idol, oh, and there’s a sale on citrus-inspired sunroom furniture at Pottery Barn.)

You know that saying, the one about if it’s wrong than how come it feels so right? Yeah. That one. We coin that phrase. Because if you feel right, and you did not have a consultation with us, then you are probably wrong, because only we can make wrong right, (because we are always so.) That’s why you felt wrong in the first place.
All we’re saying is, don’t get so hung up on what is wrong or right (we are): there are plenty of other things to think about. There are the upcoming elections, traffic circles, Clooney getting slighted again at the Oscars—things of that nature.

Why should you wonder why we are right? Well, wondering implies questioning. And, questioning implies that you do not know the answer. And, if you don’t know the answer, it means that we already do. You want to know how we know we’re right? Because we wrote it down. If we weren’t then we’d do something else— we’d fold napkins into swans or have a barbecue, whatever.

Quite Sincerely,

The Writers of What is Written
It is of our disposition to aggressively insist that you acquire the following items before interpreting this publication:

- a tissue
- a Cheez-it
- a scrap of felt
- an image of the Communist Manifesto Cover- (NOT the entire text.)
- a beagle
- and
- a DVD box set of Hogan’s Heroes
THINGS YOU SHOULD BE FEELING

WHILE YOU READ WHAT WE WROTE ABOUT OUR FEELINGS

PULL YOUR SOCKS UP FOR ANOTHER BOOK

BY

MEAGAN BURBIDGE

OF THE YOU GUNS ARE THE REAL HEROES PUBLISHING COMPANY
Things We Manifest

and Presume It To Be Manifested By Others Who May or May Not Manifest. O.
Here lay words of the greatest import!

Because it is written and titled in big letters and bold and underlined.
we are hereby abandoning all previous concepts, conceptions, and conceiving.

Perhaps they were shitty concepts and perhaps they were not. Perhaps they were not in big letters or perhaps they were.

Either way, we respond to conundrum in any size print
what is written is of importance. and books are written so, books are of importance.

we write books. and so,
Place the Cheez-It in your hand. Feel the intense superiority to that of the cheese ritz.

Varieties of Cheez-It enjoyed by Condoleezza Rice during a private viewing of Operation Iraqi Freedom
Who are we? We is me and i am us. And if we are ever together you and we are us (but we’re not.) Thus, Allow us to introduce us; we are the

You Guns are the Real Heroes

Publishing Company.

(So, you see, We are of importance.) And

of contra diction
inter diction
and perfect diction.
what we have written was not dedicated to the greater. g - - d.

it was dedicated to Honor!
(and our moms.)
HONOR is made of war and guns.

With Vigor!

WAR AND GUNS are made of fighter pilots and camouflage and thirty-second spots of mountain climbing.

With Vigor!
We have been exposed to the same circus of information as Bill O’Reilly and we are not afraid to use it!
What we had written was a tale of two sisters:

a blonde and a brown-haired daughter
Whose father cannot mix with water.
(It rhymes.)

They are of importance.
Their Father is of importance.
Their shoes are of importance.
(Marni Flats.)
The Father is of war and Guns (and honor.)
If the Father is of war and Guns (and honor)
then,
honorably,
the blonde and the brown-haired daughters are of war and Guns.
And so the story goes:

The blonde-haired daughter and the brown-haired supported the Father and his quest for the Middle West (or the Middle East if you are standing somewhere else.)

And so, the daughters talked of Duty.
Feel the felt. Don't you like the feeling of felt? We felt that the felt had feelings while we were feeling the felt. How do you feel feeling felt?

Felt used to create costumes for Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band Cover.
THE FIRST DUTY:

To encourage others to fulfill their Duty.
THE SECOND DUTY:

To contact a public relations professional about how to most Humbly engage in Duty.
THE THIRD DUTY:

To most Humbly
hold a press conference
To tell everyone that
they were
Humbly
enlisting in the
military.
But now,

for contemplation!

And
the brown-haired daughter went to
The Navy.

(How salty!)
(How wet!)
And,
to Army.

(How violent!)
(How poor!)
But, what of the blonde-haired daughter?

She went to the Marine Corps.

(How sweaty!)
(How bald!)
And,
to The Air Force.

(How dangerous!)
(How high!)
Here are some of Karl Marx feelings.
This was not approved by us.
And so,

THE FOURTH DUTY:

To find Honor -

without Salt
without Wetness
without Sweat
without Baldness
without Violence
without Poor People
without Danger
without Height

with
The Information Operations Squadron!
For the greater. g -- d.
The Daughters of Blonde and Brown Have Made A Sacrifice

We make no sacrifices.  
We make all sacrifices.  
We make every-thing.  
We make no-thing.  
We make - Books.
We make a little monkey
who carries misinformation
(and epidemics)
in his blood.

We make assumptions
all in print
and loud and clear
like stereos
(in type.)
What we Think is what we Art.

And, we art artists -
Art we Not?
ART IS POLITICS

The stuff of self-interest
And always it will be.

Thus, Self-interested
We shall hereby remain!

With Vigor!
Pet a Beagle or any shorthaired, mid-sized canine.

Actual beagle that inspired the naming of the ship, Beagle, used by Charles Darwin on his historic voyage, and, in turn, the title of his book about his discoveries.
Art is commissioned

and paid for with money. He who holds money
holds Power and
power says any-thing
and thus, has every-thing (no-thing) to say!

with Vigor!
WE HAVE THIRTY-ONE DOLLARS IN OUR WALLET!

SO SHALL WE HEREBY SAY EVERY-THING WORTH THIRTY-ONE DOLLARS!

with Vigor!
Hitler told the world that Art was of the People, not the artist.

Thus, if you think art is for the greater good, then you think like Hitler.
If art were God
and
God were Art
and
god is dead
then:

Art is Dead.

Mourn!
Mourn!
Mourn!
Then,

have a Cheeseburger.
WE RENOUNCE

1. every-thing important.

2. all-things for the greater. g -- d.
What are we feeling?

We are feeling any-thing!
Like felt and leaves and rejection!

We are feeling every-thing!
Like important and sausages and Scranton!

We are feeling no-thing!
Like breath and notes and condiments!
What are we meaning?

We are meaning any-thing!
Like love and songs and coloring books!

We are meaning every-thing!
Like hate and sonnets and hedgehogs!

We are meaning no-thing!
Like laws and cheese and the Canadian Border!
Feel the Tissue Paper.
Soft.
Squeezably soft, if you will.

Tissue used by Sean Connery on the set of his debut film Another Time, Another Place, with Lana Turner.
We renounce all things with feelings and meaning and relevance and pants.
Therefore,

WE CANNOT MAKE ART

We make books.

We make noise.

(we also make mockeries and lovely field green salads.)
“But, no!
But, hark!
But, why do you make books
That Dare to jest at importance
and Honor?”
BECAUSE

any-thing can be printed
and
every-thing we print
is coincidentally
no-thing.
SHAME!
SHAME!
SHAME!
And so it is written:

Creating, thinking, speaking, and even making grilled cheese sandwiches for others [with expectations for us] is lying to our-self.

And, we must not tell lies. (written one hundred times.)
If you feel accurately, you will feel like this everyday!

Col. Wilhelm Klink, played by Werner Klemperer in 167 episodes of Hogan’s Heroes. 1965-1971
NOW HERE IS WHAT WE THINK IS TRUTH

(WHICH IS THE OPPOSITE FROM THE LIES WE MUST NOT TELL.)

We are alone.

We are alone in our thoughts;
Our thoughts that think the books that
Our mouth makes sounds about and
Our hand creates.
You are alone
by your-self
when you read it

and
we are alone
by our-self
when we write it.
OUR MOM IS OUT

and we are all alone
by our-self

and

we aren’t supposed to open
the door

and
talk to strangers
when she is.
We have said every-thing
By saying any-thing
And therefore saying no-thing.
Fin de siècle.
Fin ger food.
Fin agile.
Fin.