

YET ANOTHER



PUBLICATION

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 ^{and so,} books.



Place the Cheez-it in your hand. Feel the intense superiority to that of the cheese nip.

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



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?

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!)**

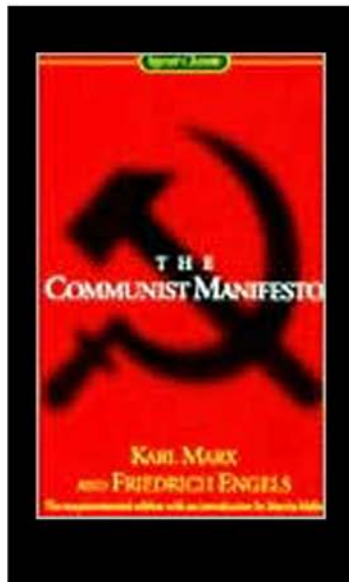
But,
what of the blonde-haired
daughter?

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 stereotypes
(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. g - - d. then

you think like Hitler.

PONDER!

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 agle.

Fin.