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BLACKHOLE, BYEBYE *GLOSSOLALIA*

GLOSSOLALIA began in 2006 as instrumental tracks by thee anomalous NPS in Woodland, CA. Raps and skits were written and recorded from 2006-09 in Arcata, CA, then mixed and edited by the Etymologist at the Sherwood Cooperative in Seattle, WA from 2009-10. Mastered in 2010 by Virgil Starkweather Studios in Woodland, CA. We use in-home production and DIY configurations. The majority of this album was recorded while we were camping in tents in Nu Roma's backyard -thanks again.

To avoid proliferating useless compact discs, no physical copies of this production will be manufactured by us. However, please download free high-quality MP3's of the album at *honorificabilitudinitatibusrecordings.blogspot.com*. Most of this paper, these audio samples, and these lyrical concepts have been stolen or used without permission. Steal them back.

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THROUGHOUT MY LIFE I HAVE SEEN,
WITHOUT ONE EXCEPTION, NARROW-SHOULDERED
MEN PERFORMING INNUMERABLE IDIOTIC ACTS,
BRUTALIZING THEIR FELLOWS, AND CORRUPTING
SOULS BY EVERY MEANS. THE MOTIVE FOR THEIR
ACTIONS THEY CALL GLORY. SEEING THESE EXHI-
BITIONS I'VE LONGED TO LAUGH, WITH THE REST,
BUT THAT STRANGE IMITATION WAS IMPOSSIBLE.
TAKING A PENKNIFE WITH A SHARP-EDGED BLADE,
I SLIT THE FLESH AT THE POINTS JOINING THE
LIPS. FOR AN INSTANT I BELIEVED MY AIM WAS
ACHIEVED. I SAW IN A MIRROR THE MOUTH RU-
INED AT MY OWN WILL! AN ERROR! BESIDES, THE
BLOOD GUSHING FREELY FROM THE TWO WOUNDS
PREVENTED MY DISTINGUISHING WHETHER THIS
REALLY WAS THE GRIN OF OTHERS. BUT AFTER
SOME MOMENTS OF COMPARISON I SAW QUITE
CLEARLY THAT MY SMILE DID NOT RESEMBLE THAT
OF HUMANS: THE FACT IS, I WAS NOT LAUGHING.

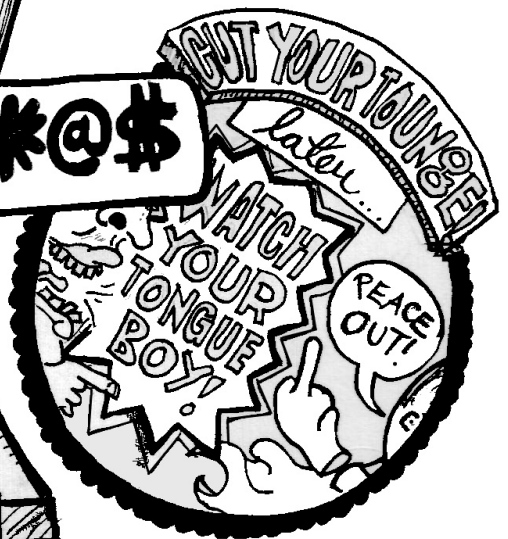
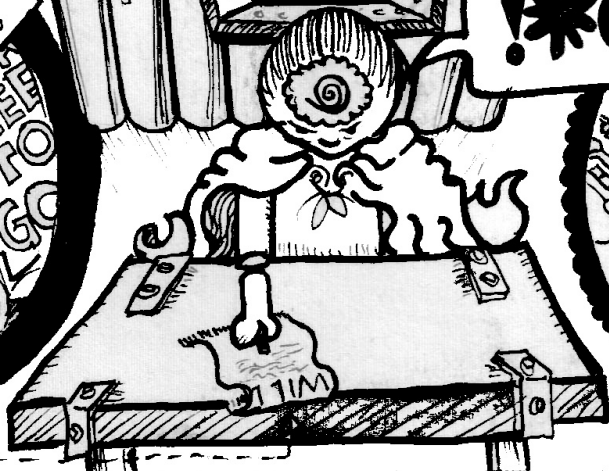
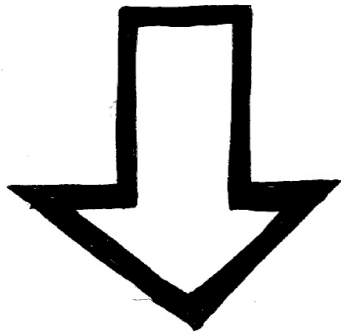
— LAUTRÉAMONT, *MALDOROR*

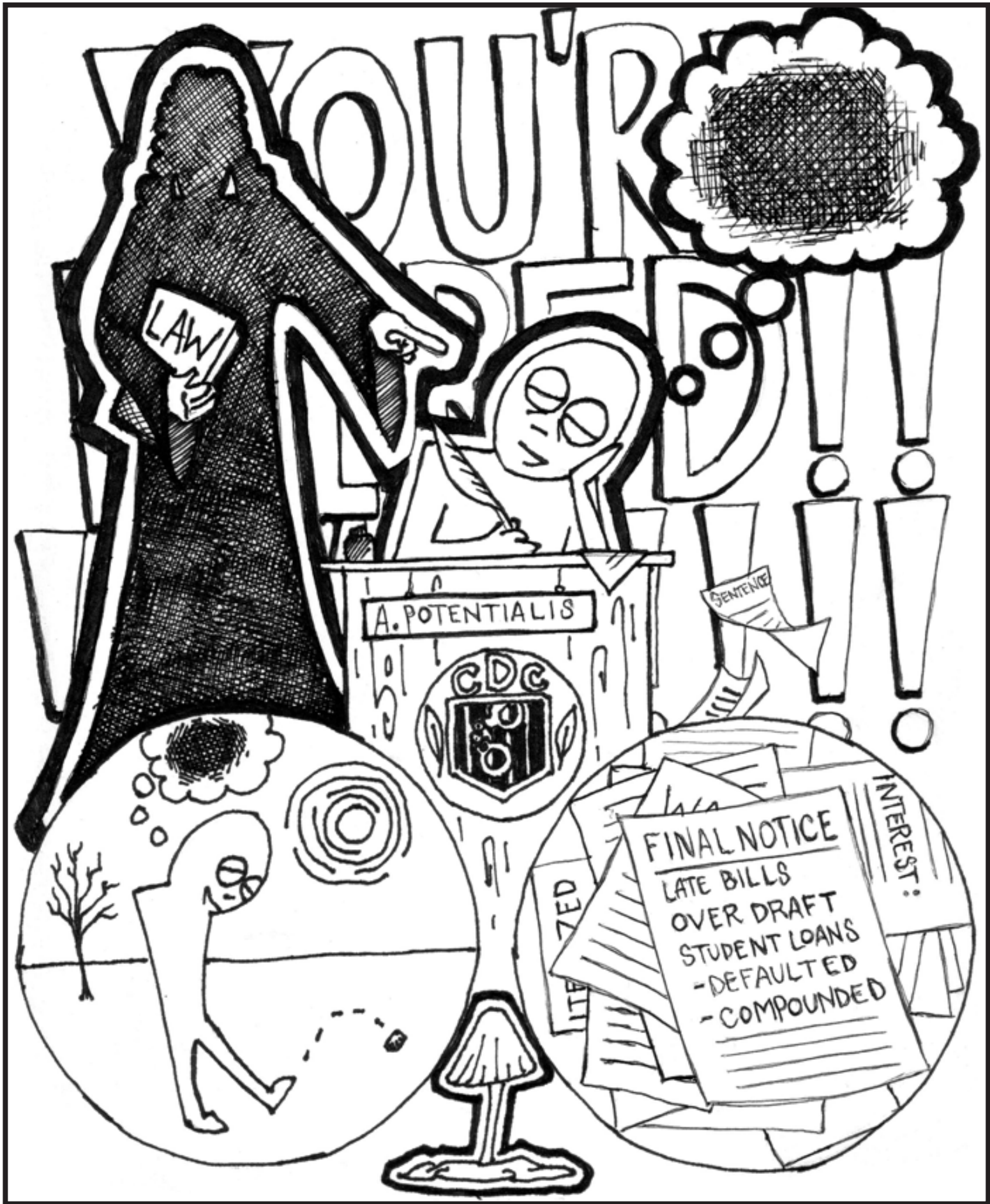
.....the major players.....

theboybeenhadinhead, Skits, Narration, Art Design.....	<i>The 1w/oA2nd</i>
Aweful/Awe/Awed, Skits, Guitar, Editing & Recording, Art Design.....	<i>The Etymologist</i>
Musical Score, Sampling, Arrangements.....	<i>thee anomalous NPS</i>
Mastering, Quality Control, Set Design, Lighting.....	<i>Virgil Starkweather</i>
Ensemble, Emotional Support.....	<i>Laurus Nobilis</i>
Cello, Meditation Specialist, Devil's Advocate.....	<i>Mung Bean</i>
Scientist A- Optical Experimenteur.....	<i>Persephone Killtime</i>
GuestLecturers.....	<i>Terence McKenna, John Cleese</i>

.....further reading.....

Lautréamont: *Les Chants de Maldoror*; *Poesies*
McKenna, Terence: *Food of the Gods*; *True Hallucinations*; *The Archaic Revival*
Merleau-Ponty, Maurice: *Phenomenology of Perception*
Powell, A.E.: *The Etheric Double – The Health Aura of Man*
Nietzsche, Friedrich: *The Genealogy of Morals*
Stafford, Peter: *Psychedelics Encyclopedia*
Straussman M.D., Rick: *DMT: The Spirit Molecule*
& thee anomalous NPS recommends.....www.tallcans.org





ORAL PHALLIC SMILES

Astral Glottal Projection: Put the penknife to your mouth and start at the mandibles; make yourself a mimic and an image of mockery; call yourself a convert and a conscious apostrophe; bend your brain around the basic limits of boundaries.

Put the penknife to your mouth.

Aweful: If my mother's pelvis was a few inches slimmer I woulda' got stuck in the vulvular discharge; a simultaneous birth of movement and death in inertia. When the doctors pulled out the forceps to grasp my skull their glistening forfexes woulda' prefigured my cranium, kinda' like an eggshell; an impression in anticipation of headphones. The car seats and the braces were a constant reminder of the aching in my bones and the fact that shoulders never met at exactly the same height. So if you wanna' talk about a fuckin' phallic symbol, put your fingers down your throat in the middle of the ocean. Surround yourself by cameras and news reporters linked to the brains of every television set and press pause. The vomit from your sternum projects a new appendage.

theboybeenheadinhead: I made a new will today, to capture the light I see and sell it for batteries. Full power to footsteps up, on, and over the bottlenecked view, where my eyes stop wandering, wondering whether I see the sun setting or not. I know the sun and I have seen its rot! The cool on my

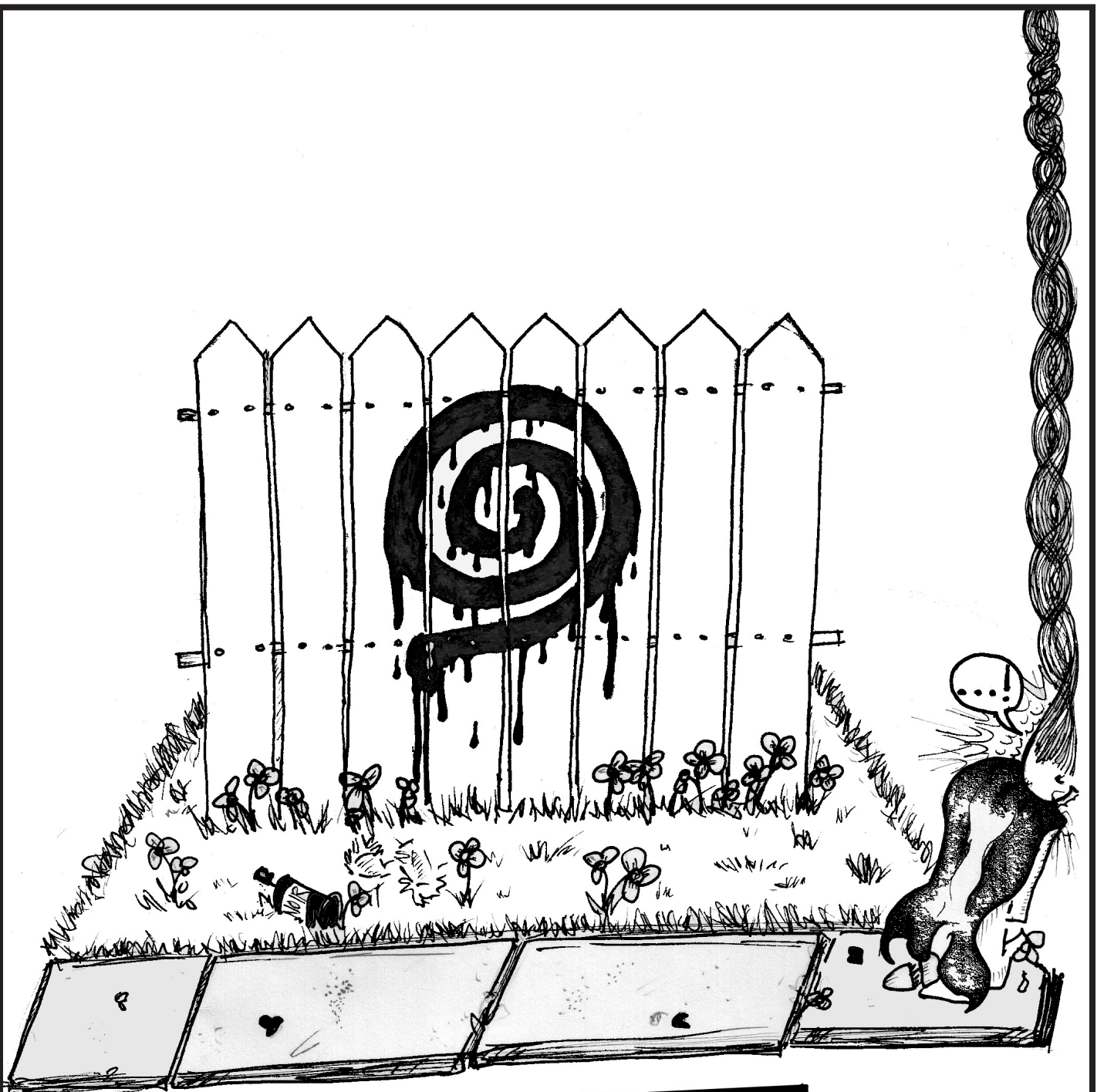
hands dimmer, hairs on my spine shimmer –*suckling mind-melding forethought*– better count my possessions and position myself to become formidable with the stars. My favorite fiction is loose Norse myth, but my beard's not long enough to comb with just one fist –I must have missed the page that pointed the blame, I must have cinched my lips at the illusion of fame– a new will to imbibe what I own and offer bits of sarcophagus to the people I have known. My collections go for this: my fake siblings receive the gifts of a narcoleptic brain and blank space to match it up with... In print, in self, in fruitful fire, in depths, in bliss, in blame... something on the Valkyries. Spray painted symbols of it, and, but, because...I blame something on the Valkyries.

...

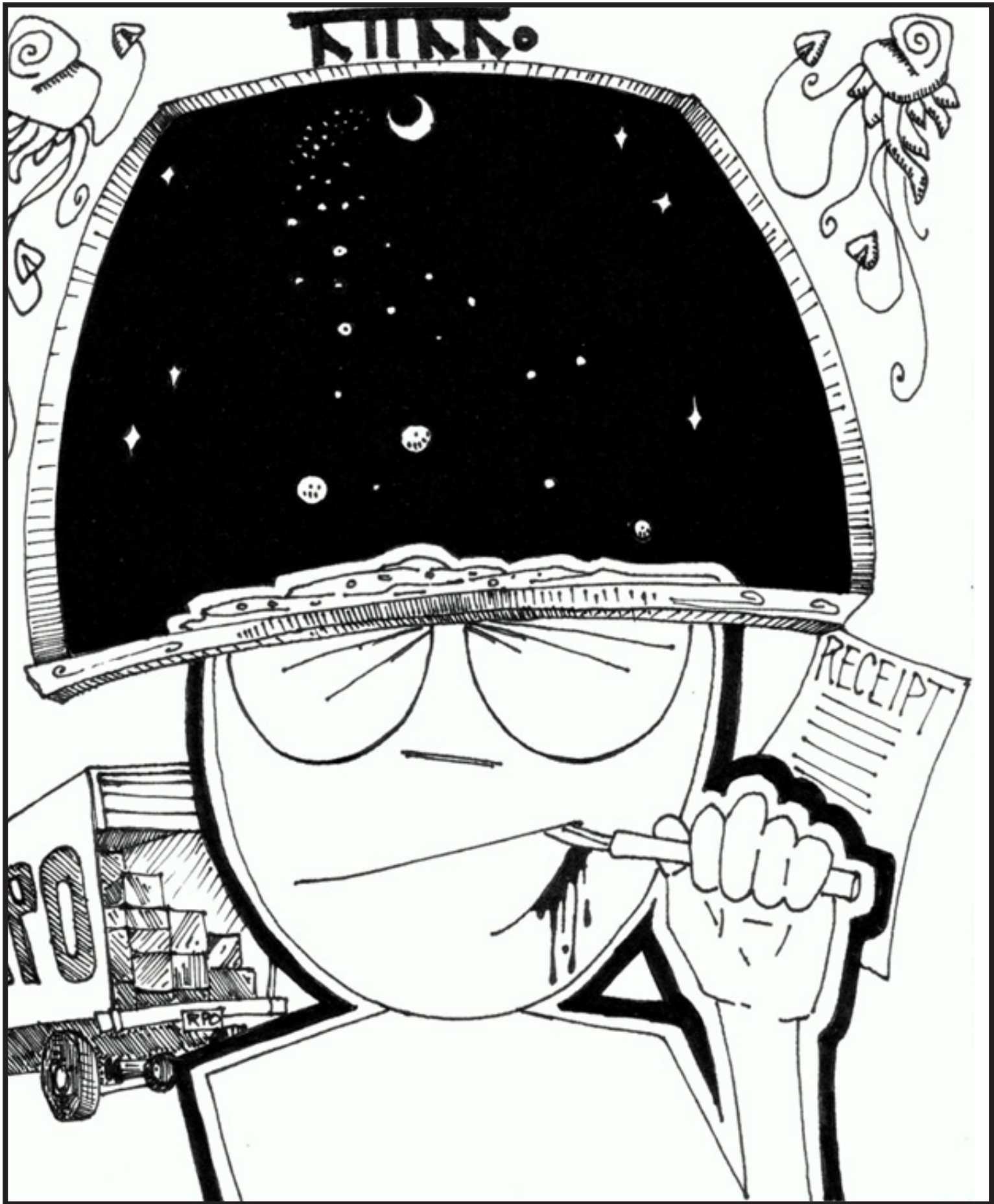
HOW MANY TICKETS FOR THE ABYSS RIDE?.....

sublingual, subliminal vocalization

.....How many tickets for the abyss ride?
I wanted to get on before I get off. How many people are able to construct a compass formed from their own hands? How



PICTURE
UP
↑



many licks does it take to get to the center of a tootsie-roll pop? *How many tickets for the abyss ride?* I wanted to get on before I get off.

theboy: I've wanted to get off for just so long with time enough to ease erasure at the seams with my asshole all out as I kiester the world giving the ground a first impression like a stinkpalm on a hated ex-classmate at a convention center reunion too many decibels for full thought...I blame it all on before the brownnote blows my bowels to blasphemy, god has to shit too how else do you explain hail? [He's a cold motherfucker to let that shit suffer his anus too.]

.....How many tickets for the abyss ride?
My infatuation with the unknown is making me lose thought as I abruptly leave a landslide as it builds me a new home. Come to think I'd leave a letter omitting my love for destruction on the bank of an urban flood. What a natural disaster I've become form from fingernail and thumb, a disease, as I beckon the gods to give me the air that I heave so that I spit when I talk to promote said blaspheming schemes.

theboy: Form from tutelage to exchanged hums

Aweful: Form from greenink bled gums

theboy: Form from millionaires on the run

Aweful: Form from spitting seeds in the sun

theboy: Form from getting off what is on

Aweful: Form from fractal frivolity

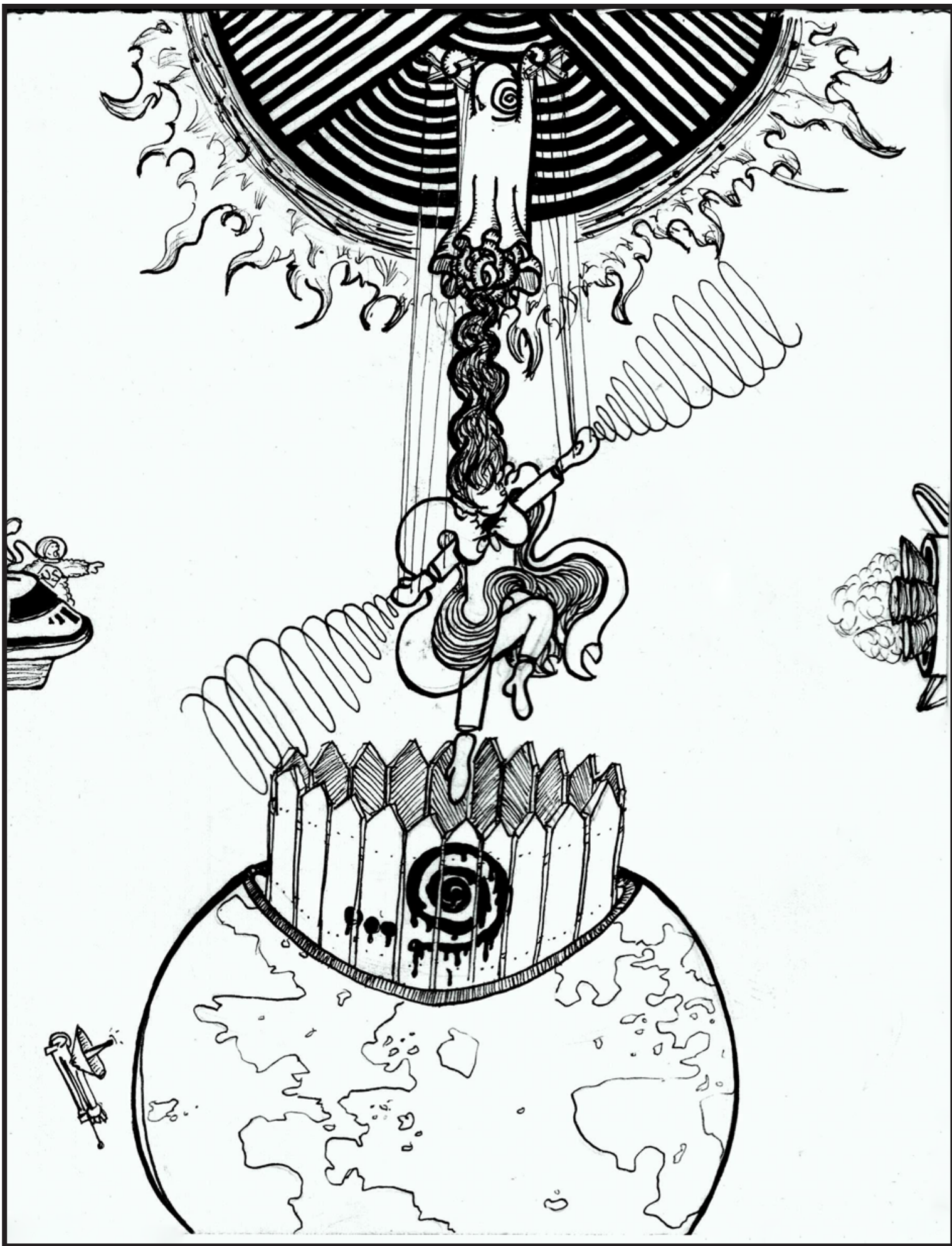
theboy: Mammalbug biology

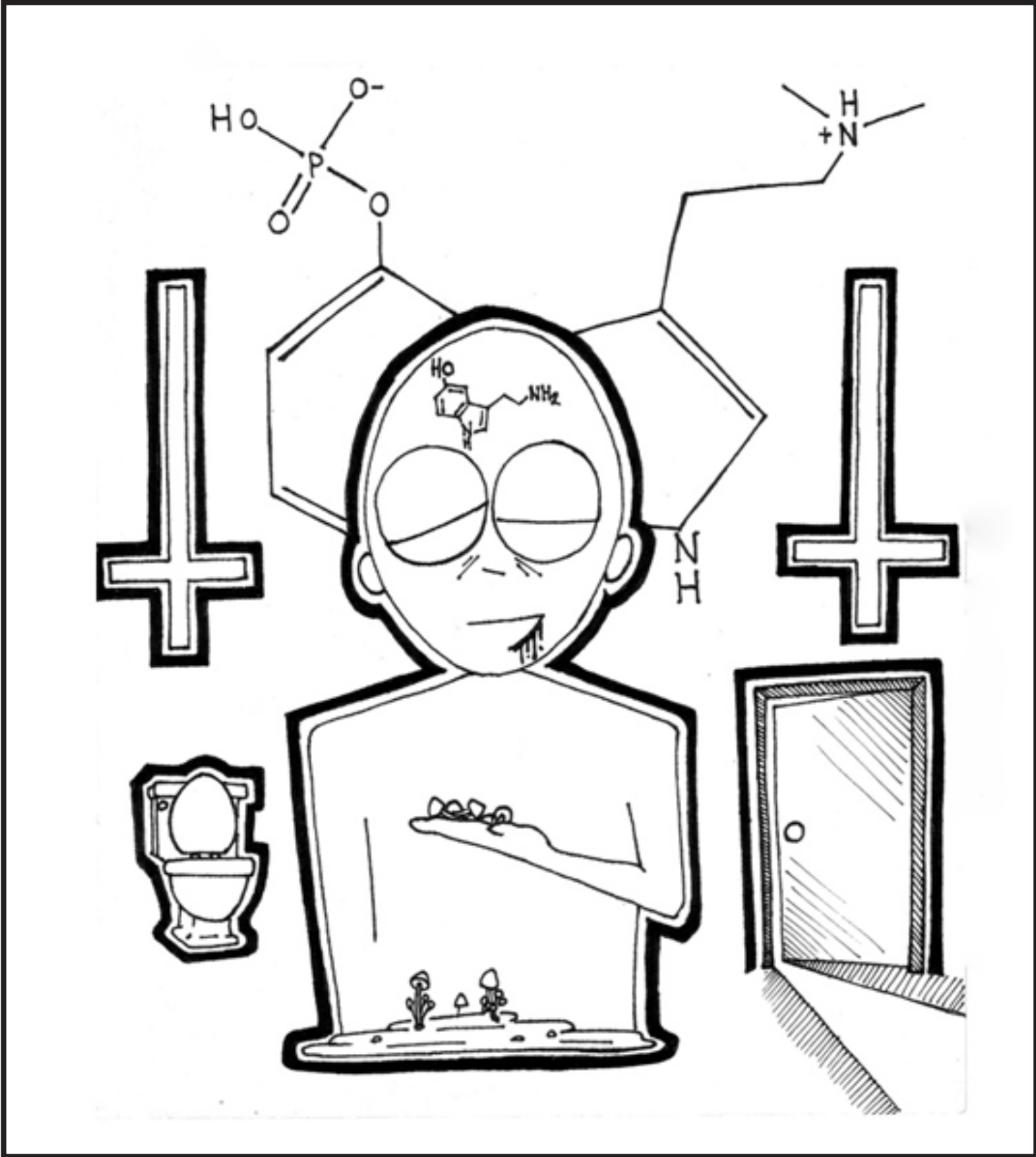
Aweful: Explosive etymology

theboy: Form from spittle on a table spilling juices acidic and able to withstand a warmhand master searing cattle brands on womanish labias so are children form from lava, tissue now molten from formed solders.

How many tickets for the abyss ride?
Cause I can't conjure what I mind mine anymore than dead growth with no sunshine, relieving nerve ticks a flesh combine. Tearing lips and teeth no warning a bodily stop sign. Telling me when to push and pull and when to resign, form from legacy, form from my own time. From forming legacy, form from my own time.

Aweful: So how now am I proposed to live without the soft glow comfort of my W.O.W. (World Of Warcraft)? All my internet friends will have to find a way to carry on without my digital presence in the lands of loosely based Norse-myth-magic-melee. Feel the silent ticking humming pinching caresses of my electro-powered nervous system body gone phantom. My main-course nutritionals *viz. a viz.* high-fructose gelatinated partially hydrogenated factory refined American-bred potluck preserves are now absent. Now the question's: what's to occupy the in-between hours. Silence, breath, light bulb flicker, sun shadow, moon melancholy. Hell, I even left the front door askew hoping for a break-in to break up the monotone drawl of my two back mandibles. Now, of course, "The belly rules the mind" as I'm left without a





scrap to eat and there seems to be these little chunks of ashes coming from the sky, covering the street. In fact, the only thing left seems to be this cow pie that was stuck behind the fridge, which I placed upon the window sill, and that too appears to be gathering whatever it is that descends upon this city like manna from heaven... except Moses probably never saw fungus like this.

...

AWEFUL, AWE, AWED

Astral Glottal Projection: Aweful, Awe, Awed! open your eyes; open your mind, theboybeenhad, beenhadinhead.

Jellyfish: There's no timeline, just a plenum lately, fractals dilating infinitely, coming to actuate potential baby, solipsistic fungal masticating, past and present, future filter function, sized symmetrical bilaterally, feeling fricative and vibratory, coming to terms with an inner comet, I'm gonna make their fucking sternums vomit.

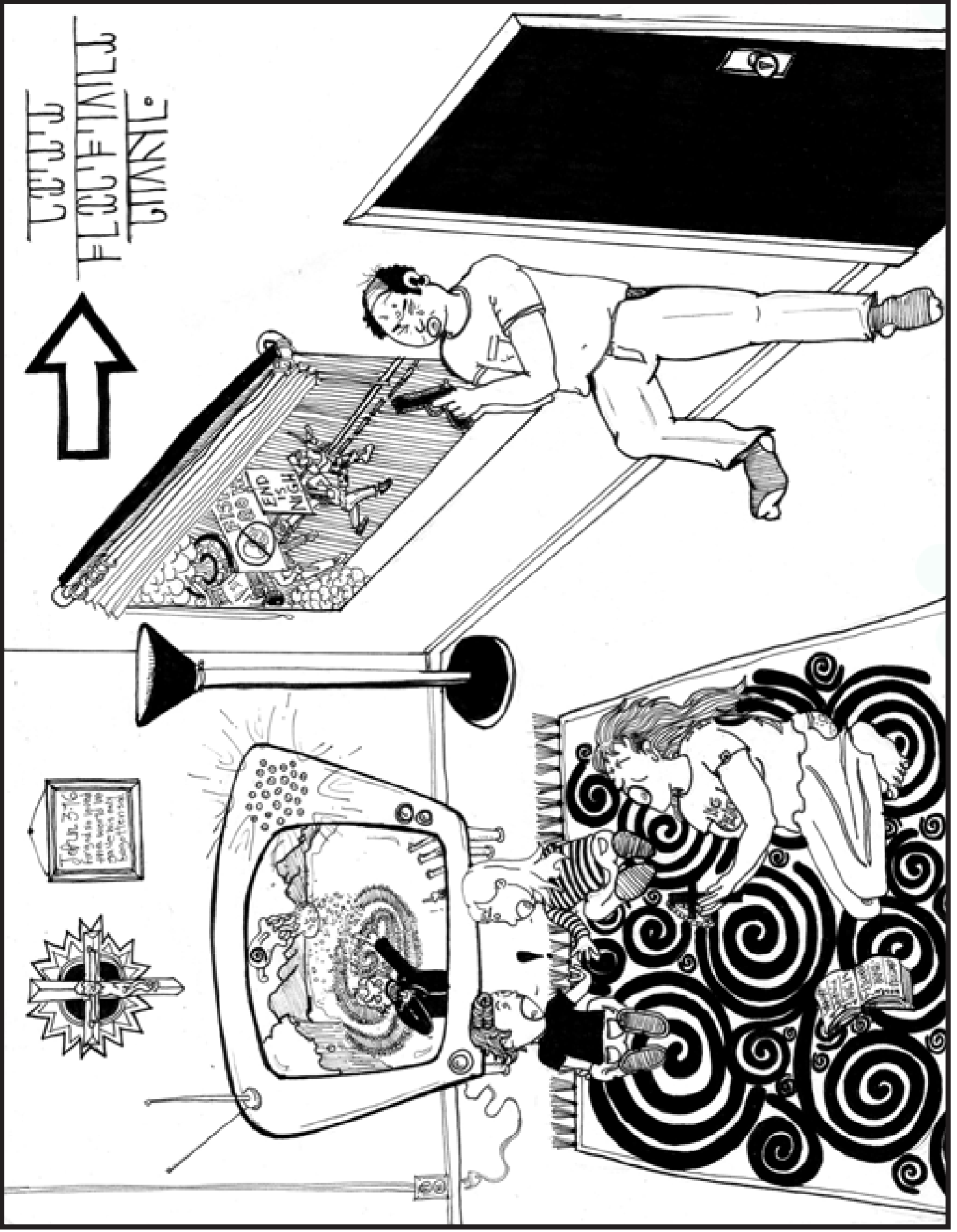
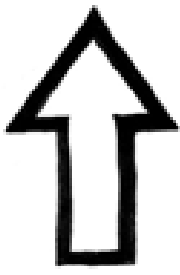
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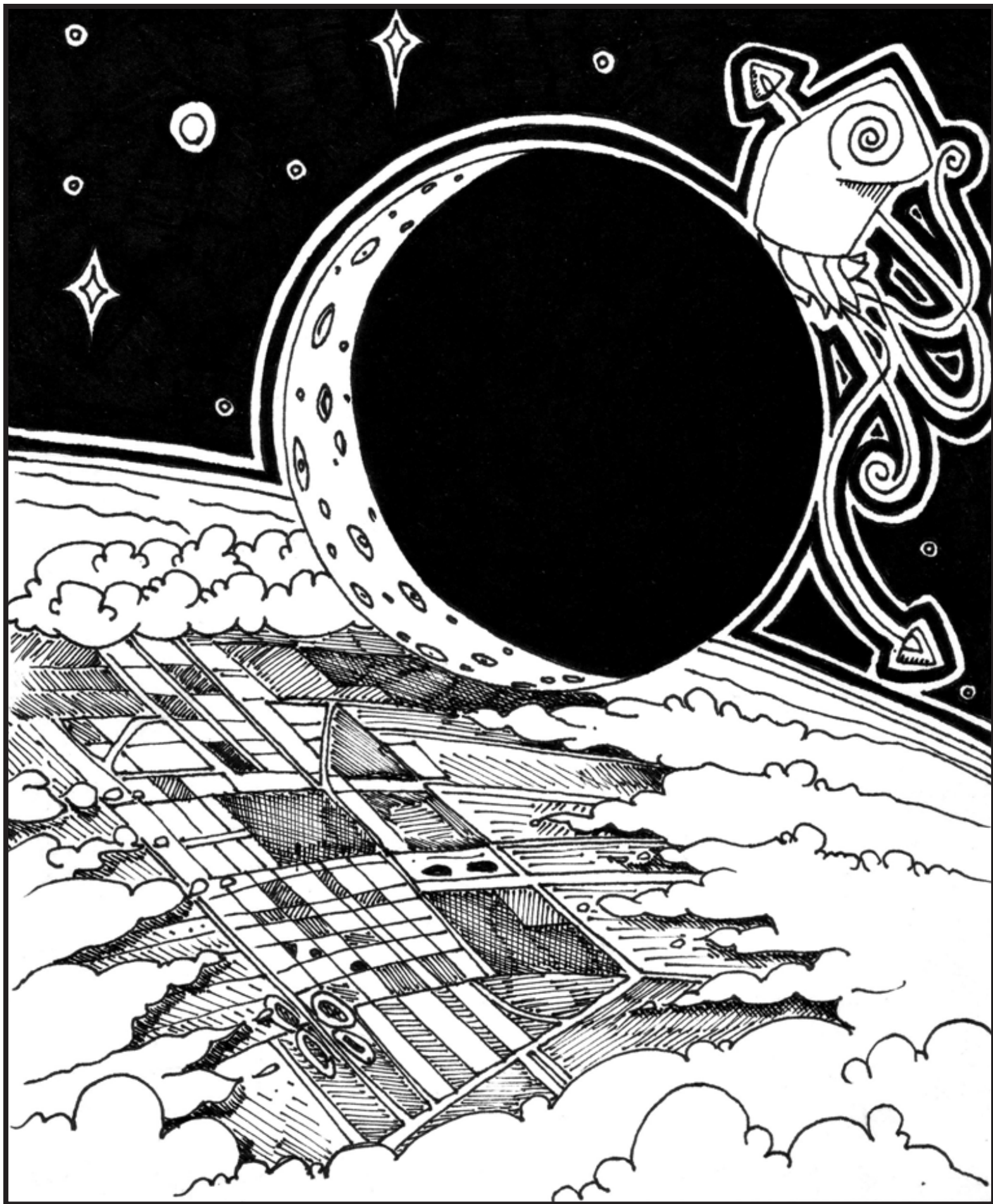
I DON'T DREAM ANYMORE, AND IF I DID I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T TELL YOU

theboy: I'm through being precarious, like a night with no prom date, a mass infiltration taking aim on my surroundings. Cleaning spoons for proper ingestion, sharpening knives so the metal don't get too lonely. I'll handle these profusions, undulations from my lungs, a little infectious the gummy breath I become, from sleeping too hard with a long long pocket. This overall matches overall, it's my livelihood as an artist never to misplace my dreams but I don't dream, no lucidity, no journal entry formats. Just knotted dawn, clumpy down, making my eardrum buildup, a whole percussive sentence making a symphony in my head...

Awe: Fuck dead people that are living in coffins, surrounding themselves with wood too often, making it hard for nutritional substance to be absorbed in a cyclical process. I'm talking about the roots of the kid-berry tree on the far West side of the WOODLAND CITY CEMETERY after the dusk descends and sends a sense of life laid longing on the floor *-bored-* with life that spends its ends late longing for solutions to the problems made up from internal pent up and dumb stuff withheld due to living in the midst of walled cities, erected and made to protect oneself from a death that breathes the best chance and opportune tune to penetrate a state that consciousness cannot pre-

LET'S
FOLLOW
THE





tend to comprehend: bend the boundaries of light and sound; vibrate your face; make your head spin 'round. Anthropomorphism is not a problem; anthropocentrism is your disease. I'm pro-sitting by myself for long sections, alarm-clock-baited solitary inspections, realizing that it's my time by the nature: examination of my stoic upright stature. Sensations generated spontaneously, my life-force vibrating bilaterally. Peoples never expect to see themselves represented in the mirror of the universe, 'cause the mirror they reflect first is an image of an image reflected to their own eyes back and you see that they gonna' try and derive what makes a dream make meaning 'cause it makes you sick. And you're going to ingest your best fuck-face smiling at yourself in the bathroom mirror every morning 'cause you drank yourself to sleep in order not to dream anymore, *'cause you don't wanna'* dream anymore, *'cause you wouldn't wanna'* dream anymore. Even if you could, you wouldn't want to. That's why I say that: I am THE habit, I am THE addict.

theboy: I'm dozing and stalking a misprint on a headstone read "DIED HERE TO BE LATER". A future of possible meaning foretold, the stupid regenerating engine of live despair. I walk down the street and become undone, just one losing grip on a pore strip. I'm plucked out on a cloudy day, anvils falling from the sky, naked in a dream where I'm sure I will die, and reason *why* the skillet holds charred human feeling. The fridge in the kitchen leaking carved fleshy peelings. Double dealing, over speaking, stealing *-bits of burnt muzzle bone hints of hurt loaded gloves-* my mercury fillings turn to gold when I'm bleed-

ing. A novice, still stealing for someone he don't know; the harassing fashion of coins dropping *ad infinitum*. Slow down and quote this so you get me verbatim; the subsonic massacre of sounds still vibrating:

anthropocentric inanimate objects.
chromatophore gardens of earthly delight.

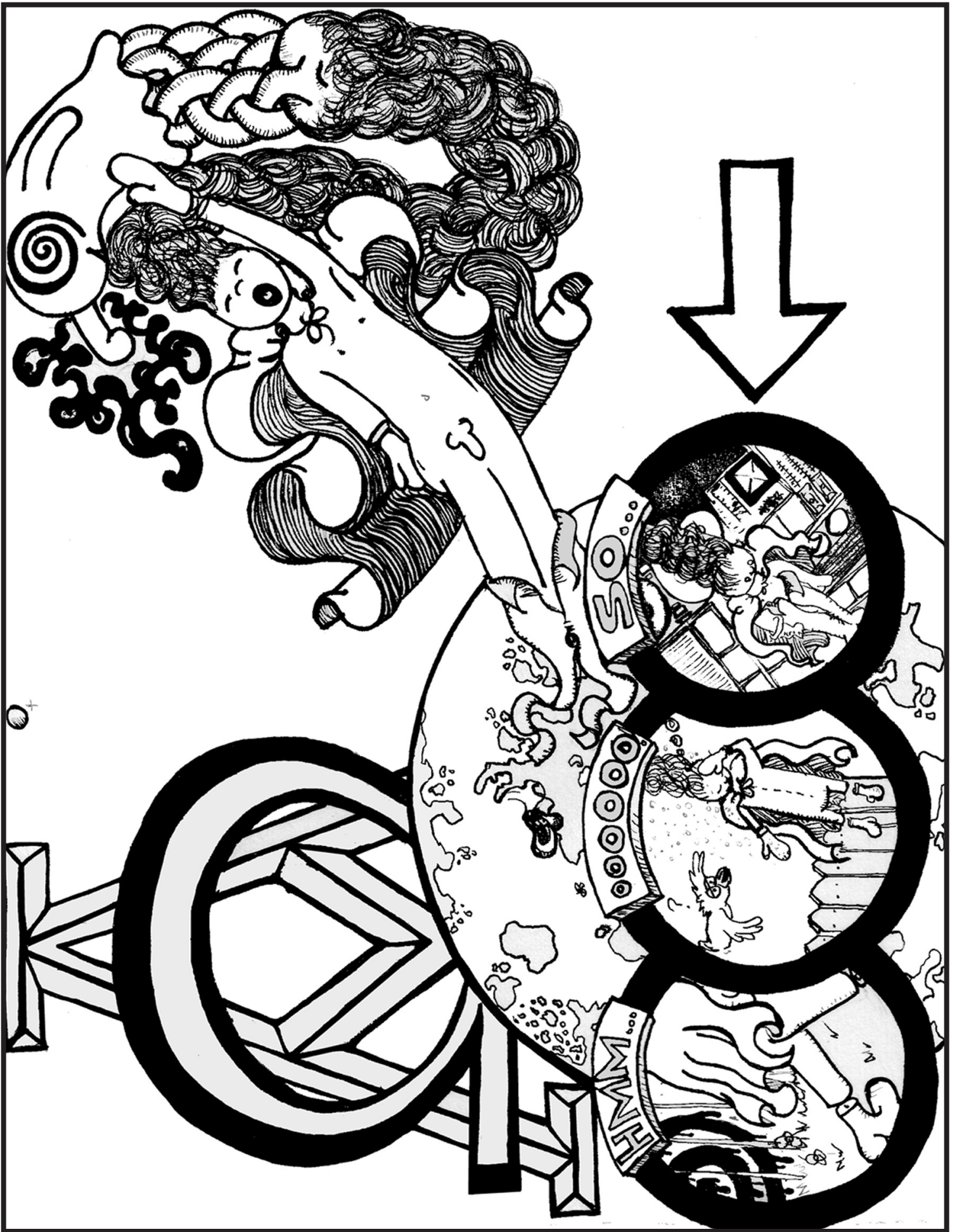
Pagans hot rendering all of art's fatty portions boiling away all sufficient self feeling. Selling it back to the caller, double priced for the leg work. They're drawing me closer building momentum, breaking the skin and throwing a tantrum, something about this is an imaginary gun seething gritty gums from coming on the run, breaking the skin and throwing a tantrum.

Slow down and quote this so you get me verbatim.

...

ROOTS CREATE NATURAL STAIRWELLS

theboy: Roots create natural stairwells... I never read the Silmarillion but I'm cultured enough to know that Amer-





ican cheese isn't any cheese at all, its cheese food product. Cut up in slivers by cafeteria Vaders, binging Maddog by the TV with a mysterious broken watch. I traded my snowboard for a twelve-string that I don't know how to tune, so now when I express myself everyone leaves the room except me with this conscience and my shoes all wet. Detect an asterisk, when are you planning to pop the pills? Detect an asterisk, never directly mention your ills... Roots create natural stairwells... It's the marathon of the Ents running this monotone box, confusion producing the ID of this tired synthesis, why does my education look like my Mission from fourth grade ceramics? Dropped that shit on the doorstep and laughed without a match, had this friend get fat, get fat, then skinny, then fat again when the Dianetics failed him. I told him Battlefield Earth sucked proverbial dick.

I got this ground that don't fit, my fucking imagination accelerating at the fucking site of this, all over my body blood is boiling a bumpy epidermis, Valhalla I am coming I should have never clenched a fist, my chosen direction is more than some perverse spontaneous. The rain's been coming the jellyfish showing the void and this boy become one. blackhole, byebye, dark matter head games all imploding in lieu of the sun. Soon enough the relative matter of life on this earth will be done. Hallucination language, shedding my clothes not my cape, Awed's to come.

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GLOSSOLALIA

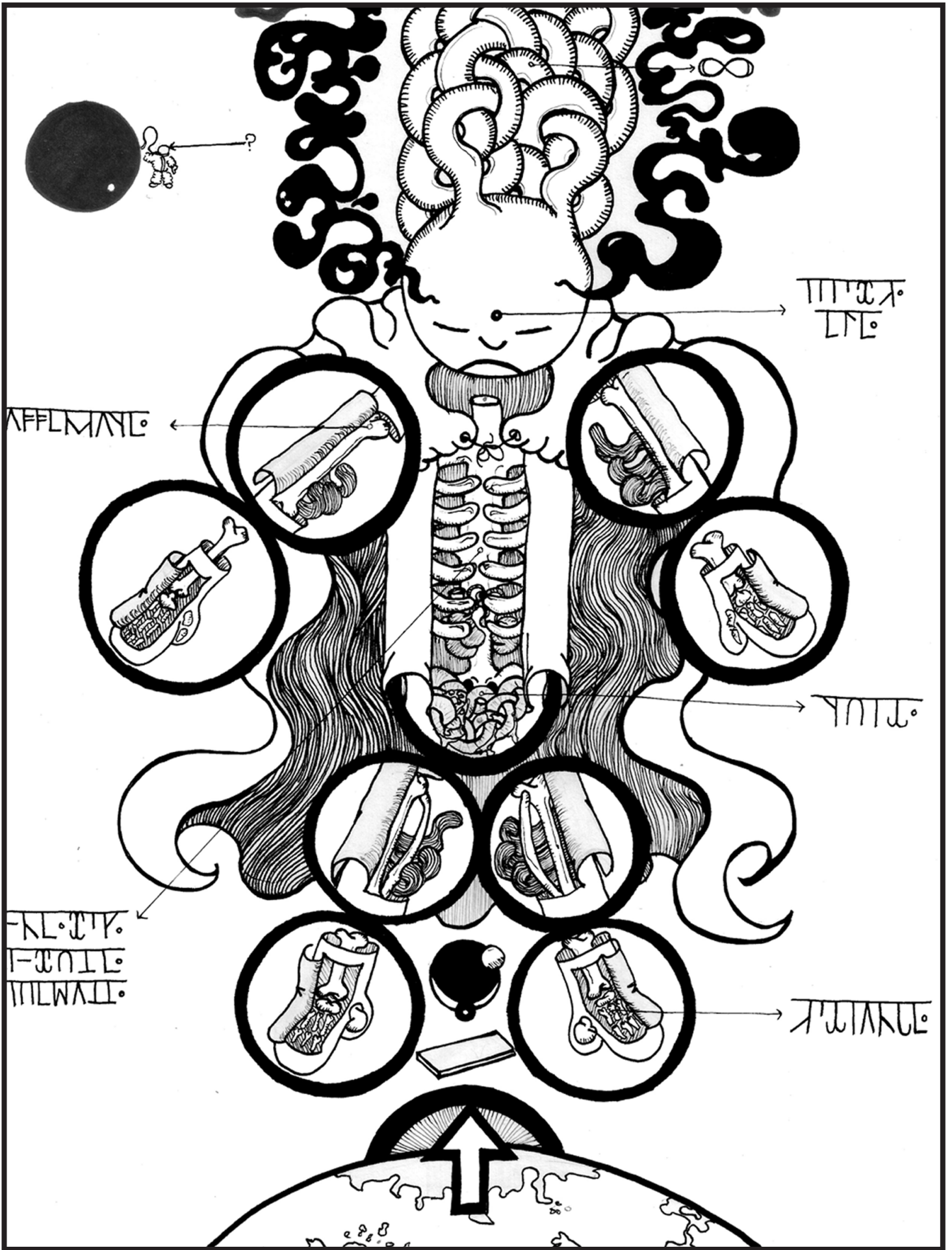
Jellyfish: Watch your vitamins, it's Ritalin, you been had in-head kid, you been had in head boy.

theboy: I want to have exploding sex with myself. I want to imagine me with lust for life bleeding. From pustules of loving one another to handjobs, in this yard, I'll blow up to bits in a surrealistic fit, to better myself as a lover and dawn a new cape. A shedding of reason to mince-make my mind a minion. For syllable rhythm that defies this timescape. That breaks a new crack in the street where I sleep. So I can swim in this ugh-huh world of concrete, a ghost in a sheet. Poking three holes. One for my third eye, two for my genitalia.

So I can hair spit my mouth spit out
G L O S S O L A L I A .

No timid tongue to turn a word tantrum; no smoking gun to blame the whole mess on. Turning tricks for contemporary physics; in becoming one, I flew the coup and I'm done.

Arwe: Deep underneath and slow from your tongue; deep style, deep cut, deep pattern unsung. Don't be convinced until you have seen, up through the flower and down through the leaves; energy move betwixt you and me.





There in my mind and there in the sky, look into a mirror and through both my eye. Therein below the depths you might find, a ship on a sea of light and good sound. The world is a plenum; the Earth is not round. All that exists exists just for me. Without a body-schema I cannot see. Were not I “here” there would be no “there.” Dasein’s the being whose Being is to Care. Eyebrow to navel, lumbar to hairline: closing my eyes, I trace out a dream-line. Comets on fire explore my intention; knew this before but paid no attention. Vision divides itself into quadrants; I am a rainbow split into concepts, inextricably connected to the rest of this vibratory fricative zone. I can feel that hard-spinning center of intention, the barbed sphere of motive and perception. It’s as if I’ve opened a portal, no longer am I just a mere mortal. Now I’m on a pinpoint losing my balance; eyes turning black – *to live without malice.*

...

FRICATIVE FIELDS, VARIOUSLY ENTWINED

theboy: The gum spots on the sidewalk are like sun spots. Like a mental block or the Moon’s rot, weird robots in slow motion. Moving pictures on wide film. Millimeters of space in a showroom. The flashing light tinkering

tools making more room for the new old news about counter space on a chopping block. I'm runnin' rot in a spore print -everlasting life from the underground, heartbeat now making a vocal round. Holy hell-a trees growing inside of me, my whole life made up of memories -shaved off the wrong way on the grain ride, singing down to catch Awe on the flip side- whatever's happened is done to re-do again, and I'm light-years closer to language. Fricative floor breaks so furiously, calm entelechies caught psychedelically. A jellyfish been growing inside of me, my whole life made up in memories. Hallucinogens finding their way out of organ, with wide-eyed wonder I'm born, I'm a born-again Pagan.

Awe: instructions- **left foot:** memories of childhood my mother making me a man and machines marching over land like; **right foot:** finding first love in the eyes of foreign reign and previously only other animal-based; **low core:** intuitive response to correlate with what I find behind the void of others shimmering; **chest plate:** is not but an appendage, just a chute to verify intent; so project, enact effect; **left palm:** a receptacle for forces functioning in aether-realms like the mind waves and solar-pranic particles; **right palm:** I bestow upon the beings of the physical a loving kindness as directed by the wisdom of my **third eye:** my intellect a web sent out to intersect the astral-plane from which I project my time spectrum; **repeat:** Malleable descends on me and sends a streamer through the system that supports a certain solar self.





theboy: Fricative fields, variously entwined. Full-up with fiction off of forms from euphoria. It's the flicker-fusion frequency of organistic time vision exceeded. Whatever's happened is done to re-do again, and I'm light-years closer to language. Hand prints in dried cement mark where my bones lay dry. Some such a phantom film the haunted and the holy -Aetheric doubles and white men with money to witness exuding energy patterns from gurus in Las Vegas.

Jellyfish: Never heard what you seen, never seen what you heard. Under finger nails alter substance you project to me.

theboy: Anxiously lost in the angles of sharp slanted cities. Chromosomes making all the white people's poisonous faking-out dull minds with bright lights and bug zappers. A message for all those who trespass on a good mood: as a prophet I've drowned more in puddles and broke bread. Abstraction: die on the cross and get laughed at. Distraction: give fuel to the hordes and dark lords and describe the stories that are set before me: omniscient raw phonetics in the shape of divinity.

Awe: Hypothetical Syllogism: The business of Being is Isness. What is the business of Isness? Issness's business is Being.

theboy: Bodily functions fucking up because of the way that I'm struck. I've never done the dust but I know ev-

ery soul just must. Reaching your third eye's not all in the wrist, no no. It takes a malleable mind and a red cape by the way that I'm shown. First and only experience with the Jellyfish, new constellation known. Eat this cap to grow taller these spores to grow smaller, expand through a pinhole.

Awe: Time is just a concept, Time is not the Answer, Time is what I invent in the Tropic Cancer.

theboy: I imbibe the question, I excrete the answer, I become the object, the body-mind ascender.

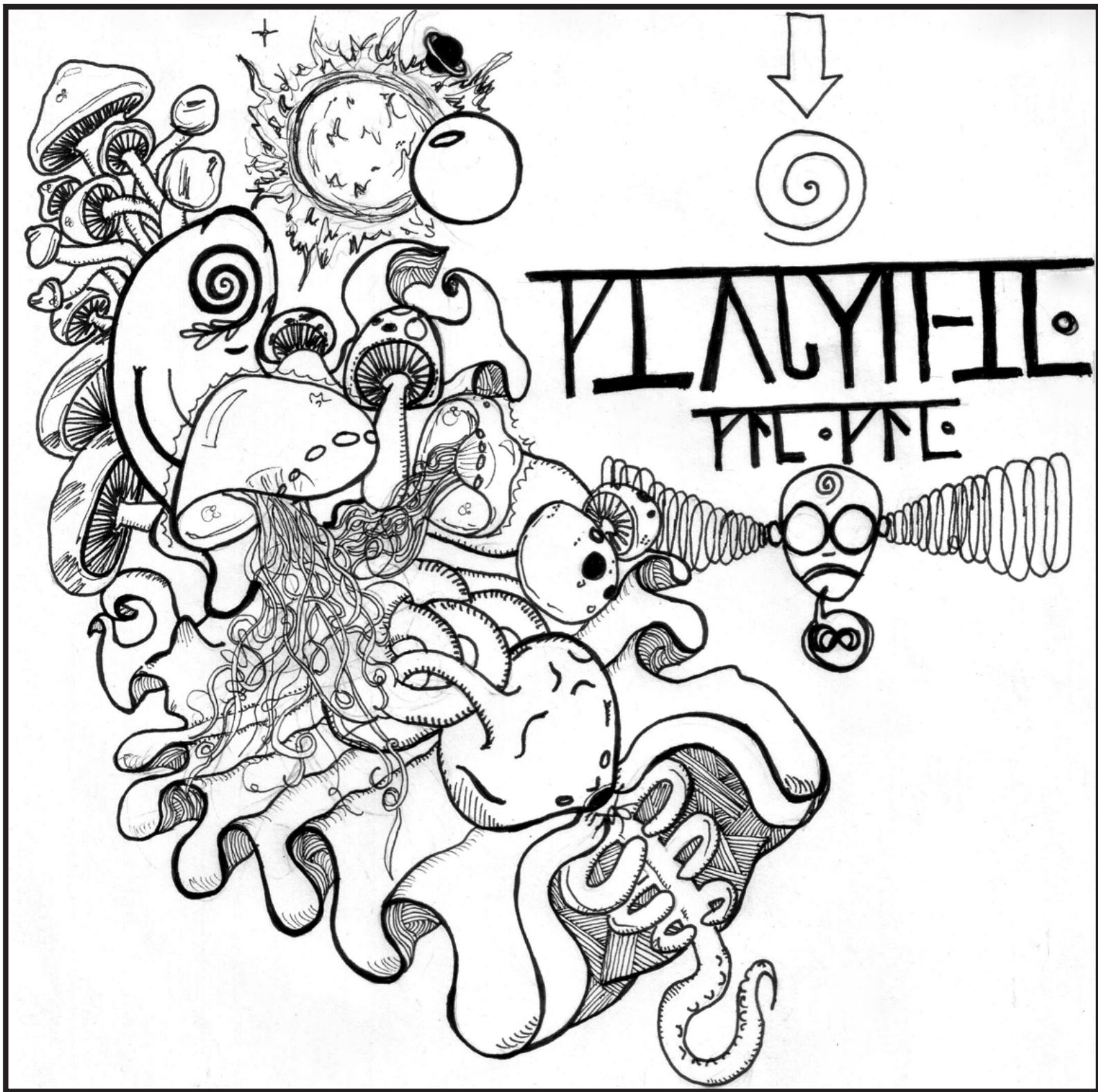
Awe: My comet's a real astronomer I let loose on the far-away stars to ingest, to find that...

theboy: ...phenomena's not phenomena lest you vomit a Arm through the hole in your chest to see that...

Awe: ...the universe, like a chilling curse, is a macrocosmic instance of my own imagination...

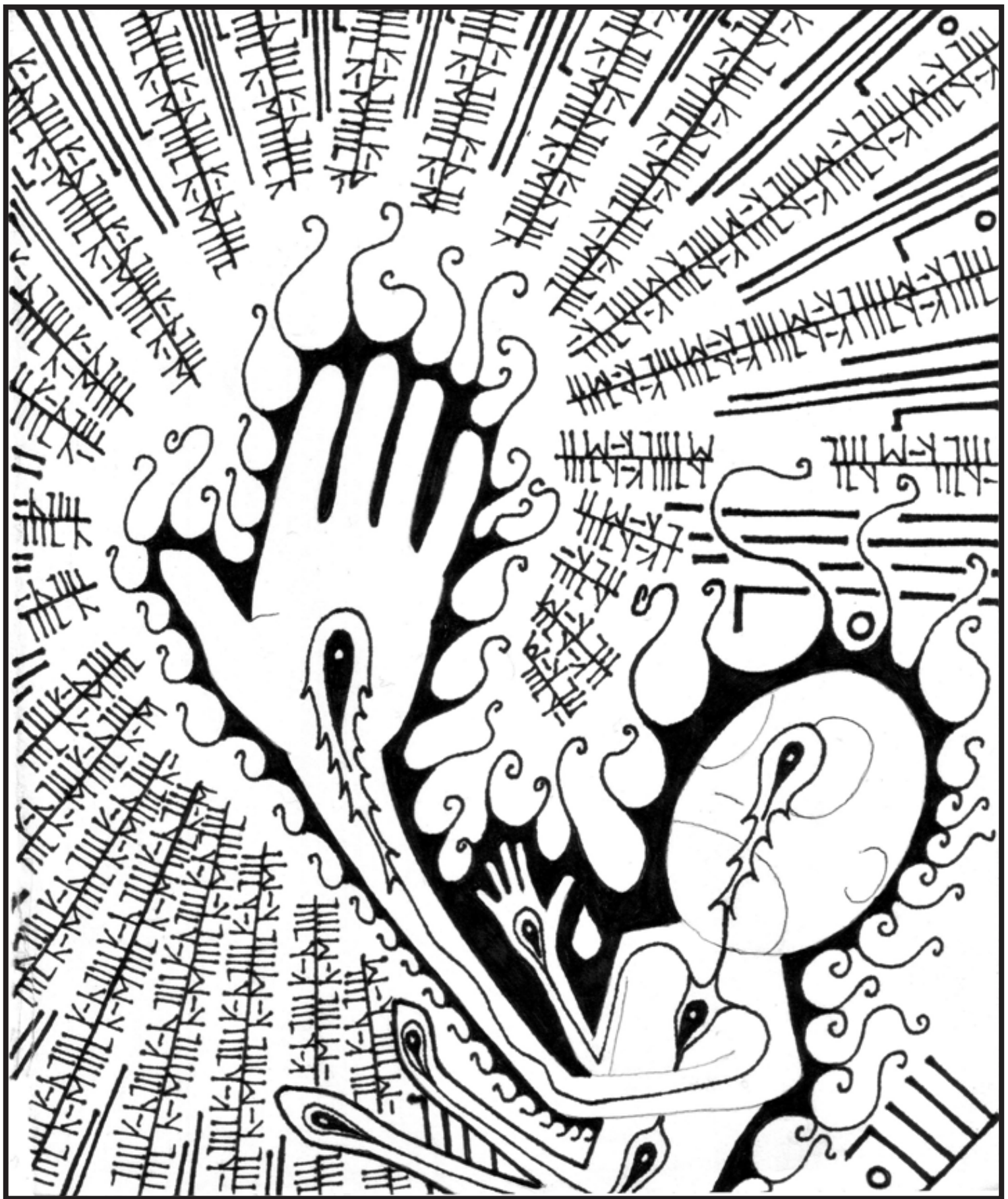
theboy: ...step-ping out of linear ubiquitous narration...

Awe: ...connecting with a psychedelic jellyfish space station.



PLAGYIIL

PL·YIL



A RIDDLE: *What is it which exists betwixt six organs which admit and invent a value in vortex, a foreground of percepts, a force field of forceps?*

AN ANSWER: *A comet so compact its contact is constant with Time as an advent, the future and past-tense collide into context: a Present presented in presence of plenitude, dude.*

Awe: I've become one with a star-cloned body, a malleable mimicry which perpetually beckons me to step up, step out, step into and through to the Manifold Mobius, the literal lateral lattice-work I construct in becoming *Here-And-Now*: to that kid in the cloud, the boy in the bubble, and the astral-born jellyfish pumping spore-organ.

...

MYTHOLOGICAL LILLIPUTIAN CRYPTOGRAPHY

IN THAT ALL THIS HAS ITS SELF; IT IS THE TRUE; IT IS THE SELF; THOU ART THAT.

-CHANDOGYA, UPANISHAD VI.VIII.7

Awe: Ode to my chest-hook: “thou art that.” I wouldst entwine my chest-hook with thine, I’m done with the light, blackhole’s in sight.

theboy: Mother Matrix Most Mysterious is a massive miraculous manna, the all encompassing explosions of awesome abyss. Merging mind and matter making a monstrous mother chip. An astonishing mother ship, the second coming of human intelligence. Currently the stars are all light-bright full fixated patterns of our man without a flashlight. Sounds are all absent from the ecstasy you see. Awed now an organ for generations to swim in, create with their own will, make with their own myth. Lilliputian energy now finds infinity, reality translated mythological cryptography, lilliputian deities experiencing ecstasy. THE Mother Matrix Most Mysterious prepare me a crown, a solar halo corona, I’m done with the dark, dwarf star’s in sight, I turn to the light, make Malleable ignite.

Awe: I want to feel that sternum pull. My guilty conscience is a phantom just like the unspeakable “something” and “what if it happens?” Just like genealogical timelines are emanated from lawn patterns, our habits and appetitive functions are a geometrical repeater-pattern from a center point that only knows how to eat itself. We radiate out but relative to in, which is in only as related to out. Then bang “something” happens and all of the sudden “before hand” is stupid, it’s a microscopic view of an amputated limb; the entire body is forever “now” without identifiable “this” or “that”; all we





know is that we are it, and we can't point or reference any piece without cutting it all to bits. Ode to my chest-hook: "thou art that." I wouldst entwine my chest-hook with thine. I'm done with the light, blackhole's in sight, I turn to myself and make Malleable ignite.

theboy and Jellyfish: Yon black hole has widened up, lets you see you're possible, illogical, eternal... lets you see you're fallible. Malleable, dry your eyes. Can't you see you are the whole? Malleable, dry your eyes. Come and see yourself in full.

...

MALLEABLE'S MALADY

Awe: There's so many ways for you to not be what you are that being what you're being's turning into not at all. So if I am nothing, and I know that I am nothing, do I know myself or am I just talking in circles? A first-person/third-ubiquitous narration: the breaking of betterment of bitter men, embodiment of master-morality is: Malleable's malady makes a man into money. I want to drop objects from outer space, and get sucked up in the belly of a jellyfish: the blackhole space maker, the gamma ray originator; dirempted, divided, try to define disillusionment.

theboy: Ataxic limbs bending back to outer space. Rare rock paintings inject my mind with latifundia. Aeons, Eons, Neurons, plant genitals I'm plucking out. Soft ingested fragments of holistic mind body melt. [Cowering corner face I'm presenting to outer space, collective consciousness nearly imbedded in death.]

Malleable: You posit the neumena as "being" what's outside of us: a meaningless mistake on behalf of your metaphysics, pedagogical annihilation of imagination.

H O N O R I F I C A B I L I T U D I N I T A T I B U S .
INTRAVASCULAR DAILY INJECTION OF ALIENATION,
H O N O R I F I C A B I L I T U D I N I T A T I B U S .

theboy: What is it about blackholes that shifts the water in mycortex causing mood swings and temperate loins, a pubic rainforest on a ringedpillplanet – which exists a reach from your local church, through the ashes at the temple I burned for modern art. Rain won't fall without the fodder in clouds, cults won't die without several packages of Styrofoam cups and so if I go without the roots that I know, is a blackhole still so gloomy or a ride you can't afford?

...

