

of reason

To begin with it seems impossible to believe that the importance of such a situation is in actual fact a non-existent entity. To believe that my values, my morals, my ethics help to produce a moral of value is but the egocentric view of the conscious. The universe is created by me? Probably not, I have science and this science allows me to have control over the universe, over existence. I can see how far a star is away from me, I can work out its weight, what it is made from, what it looks like. However such an experience falls far from my reach, instead I belong to a world of 'progress'. Achieving very little. And what for, for what reason do I feel the need to contribute to a broken system that relies on instigating <sup>successors</sup> in order to <sup>preserve</sup> its own value.

The reason maybe that it is easier to fall into a system of small rewards, to find value in things not necessary to the improvement of oneself, for the future? Always for the future - The future combats like steel and yet perhaps it is the reason for a useless, idle, idiosyncratic society, that relies on profits and vice versa in order to get the future. This bizarre craving roles me of potential, potential to be better, stronger, worth while, if we can work out what any of those may be. It seems apparent that I have not found any particular use for existence and that if I should find a reason I would have control over my decisions and thereby over reason, value, value, what is value in existence first of all what is existence.

I am not sure I know the answer to  
that one. I have not and doubt  
we will be able to describe how  
unintentionally useful I find being to  
be. It should be that I enjoy being  
basking in knowledge and showing  
my position in a ~~wealthy economic~~  
~~position~~ country, good financial  
system. The pleasures that being  
has to offer, yet I find all experience  
to be worth the same value, how  
can I pretend that the truth is  
more an experience than getting  
doing nothing. I find my dreams  
are also of equal value to any  
experiences I may have and yet  
they keep me more interested than  
the actual act of being. Perhaps  
a chemically induced coma may

lead to a happier state of  
non-existence. And what value  
would this dream state have.  
Surely no less than an awake  
existence. Surely the experience  
of the unconscious is the same as  
the conscious - it is all thought  
for God sake forced to be  
I forced to be and I was  
forced to be. Forced to take  
part in this ludicrous game,  
A player put not by choice.  
Bizarre like position we imagine  
ourselves in. As is it is not my  
choice, as if I would turn it down,  
I sit here arguing to myself that  
my predicament yet to not be, to  
not be would rather be a torment  
nor success. It would be nothing and

Nothing is nothing is nothing.  
I imagine not being and that makes  
me feel even more like I am being.  
But if there is too much it is  
unread and thus being is no longer  
there. What shit, what useless  
shit I write and yet what enjoyment  
from an exercise that allows me  
to release tension, as an act  
hand writing ones thought cannot  
be better, even if one believes one  
cannot think of anything, when all  
thoughts are scribbled heavily and  
rushed into the page, are begins  
to see exactly what one is not  
word of thought but simply full  
muddled and confused in the  
pure volume of thought. And with  
physical action releasing one's thoughts  
one can give ones own therapy

to any situation. Hand writing a  
practises wonderfully abstract pages,  
full of un-structured sentences,  
spelling mistakes and grammatical  
errors. And as this thought we  
start to see the purpose in  
this but, what started as the  
ramblings of a crazed man, we  
are left with an exercise, not  
automotive writing but instead  
a direct download of the mind  
into captured action and in  
turn into a bubble, recorded  
document that can leave the viewer  
lost or disoriented that can so  
some small amount of time allow  
the reader to be the writer,  
to be me, you are now me you  
are in my mind you are

Following my footsteps, And  
if you have followed this exactly  
you too feel strange, Frankly  
happy to be able to be following  
this book. What another load  
of bull shit, happy following me,  
yeah right you dumb shit there is  
no value here and you haven't  
even fallen into the trap, there  
is no trap, for the quality  
there isn't even and writing  
to speak to, just illegible  
markings on a piece of paper  
that no one will ever read and  
why should they want to. If  
it's just the automatic writing,  
it has been done and by someone  
more interesting than

Bob Valent give a shit  
I want to present this to the  
few that feel they have to read  
or buy to feel it. These fucking  
idiots that do not see that I  
despise your need for understanding  
frankly, I have combed it what  
I make and you, you fool have  
to attempt to make sense of it  
and it is ridiculous. And I am sorry  
if it offends you but you might  
learn that everything in this  
fucking world has a value and  
that unless you can control  
what you see, then maybe you  
shouldn't look. What a load  
of shit, whoever publishes  
shit like that. Angry obsessive

shit, that shows nothing  
more than anger towards a  
world and perhaps is  
I can't think of any thing  
to hold out feeling do  
any thing and you would  
not make things feeling  
stays that makes me  
physically sick. I hope  
you, I hate me for  
you allowing me to do you  
I was nothing but violence  
and anger and with so  
what you have done for you  
wrong doing. And yet  
I hope you both read

and never read that  
books as I feel about  
but without physical  
cost that shows we are  
expression of how  
relates this situation  
this read me. I blame  
you, I blame me. And  
this last, I feel in the  
back of my mind I feel  
how you feel that and  
you help me get rid  
of this feeling as it  
is feeling dangerous

Would not  
lead me to  
the others breaking  
that will not be  
was all down to  
myself and  
the other (God)  
I have broken my way  
and all