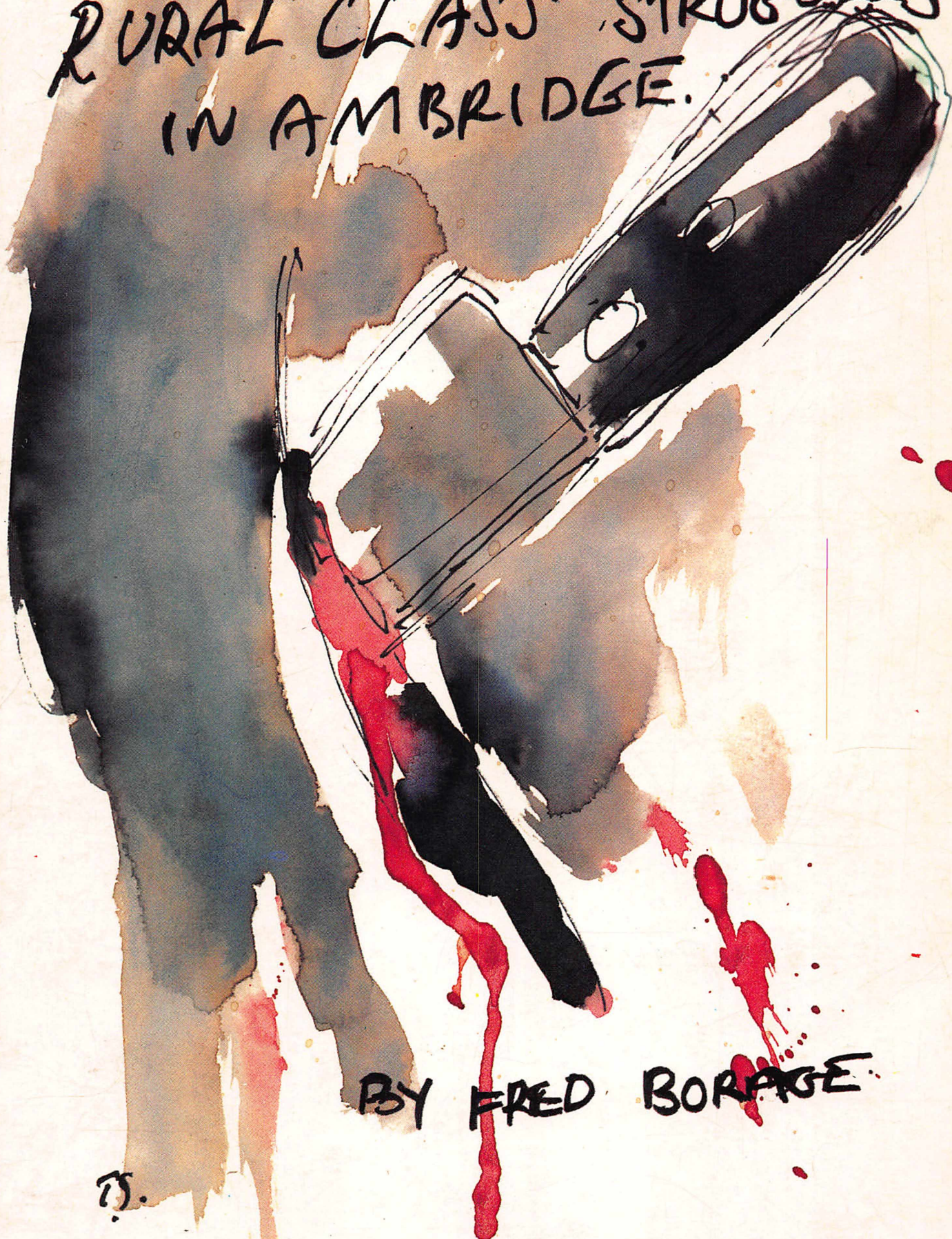


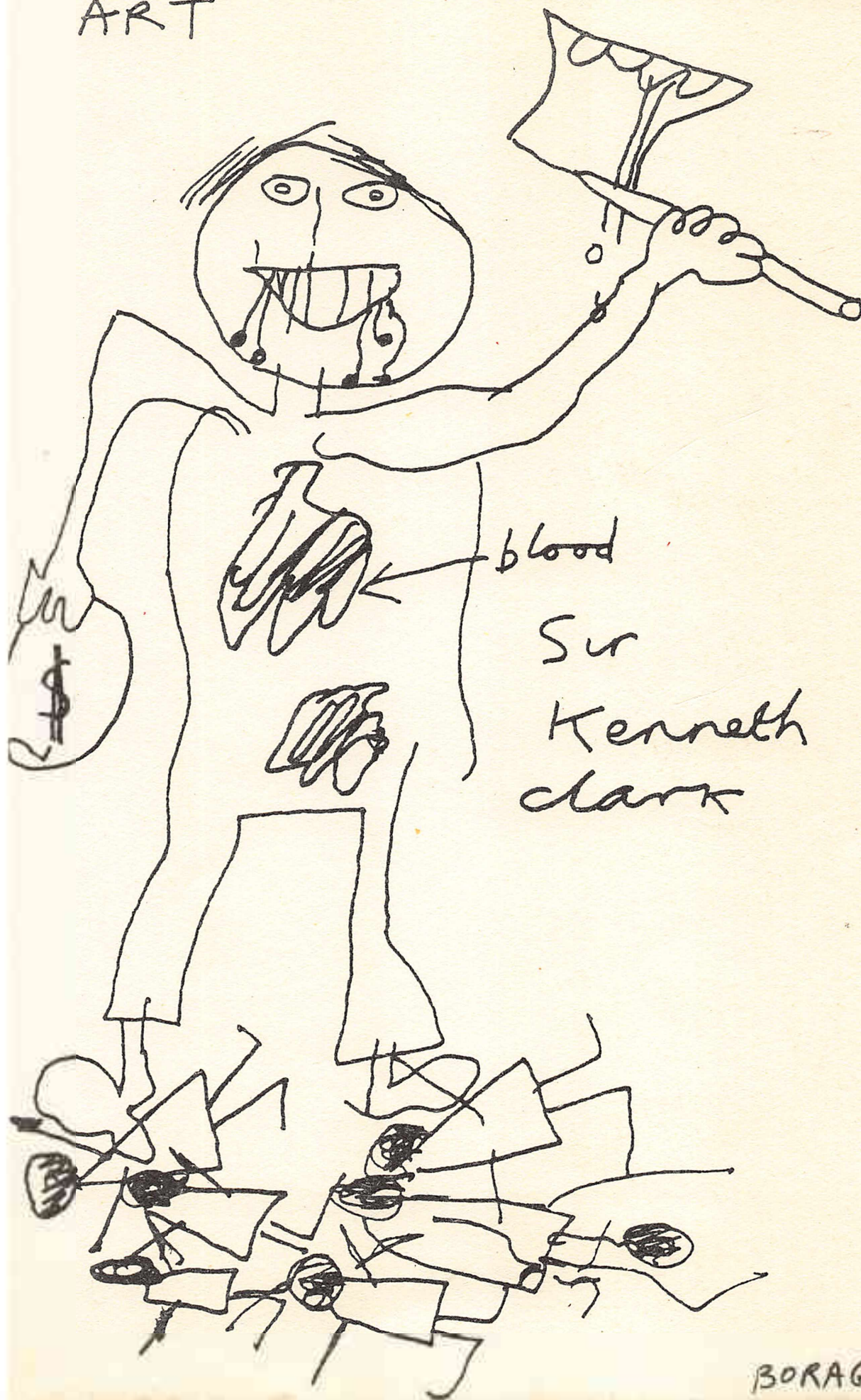
RURAL CLASS STRUGGLES
IN AMBRIDGE.



BY FRED BORAGE

75.

GREAT FIGURES OF WESTERN
ART



blood

Sur

Kenneth
Clark

RURAL CLASS STRUGGLES IN AMBRIDGE.

NOVEMBER BOOKS.

General Editor : Chris Cutler.

RURAL CLASS STRUGGLES IN AMBRIDGE.

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Rural Class Struggles
In Ambridge.

by

Fred Borage.

Illustrated by

Tintoretto Sheepdip.

~ & 3 helpful diagrams
by the Author—

A mistreated dog at masters gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The object of Philosophy is to replace
concealed nonsense with revealed nonsense.

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN.

Dan and Doris. Africa. The old crossed out griot.
The years and days. English speech. The rivers
speak Latin. Return to the source. Hammers and
nails. The Flood. Waters and truth.

Anyway this is a dream and not the real Ambridge.
Pigs become Zebus. Glebe cottage becomes a hut.
Rain becomes corrugated iron. Vanished the
arrogance of the Imperial gluttonies. The truth
about Ambridge is the truth about Vietnam.

In Ambridge there is no cruelty, despair, misery,
pain, agony. From the point of view of Social
Security it's very good.

Doris can't leave because of probable assassination
attempts to overthrow her if she went anywhere. If
she goes to the shops the whole area is sealed off
for a square mile, and people are only allowed to
exist in a specific area.

But everyone and everything is so tranquilized its unlikely anyone would do anything to Doris even if they could.

However, in Hollywood, huge pillars which support structures are made out of cardboard. Dear Doris your atom bomb doesn't scare me. Do you think you could make a nice tasty, everyday countryfolk, with natural ingredients, moo, stew to warm your man up on those weetabix days, Frosty crunch using enriched plutonium instead of meat.

In these days when the whole infra-structure is breaking down and when you go to the butchers shop you find its been ransacked by a mob, todays Plucky housewife will, by boiling bricks, the carpet, furniture, searching dustbins, trapping mice to feed her hungry brood.

If you want to have a taste of what it will be like before it happens, how is two thirds of the world's population living?

We sit at the same table, that does not mean we agree about anything, you try to control my unconscious. Things I have forgotten or don't know - you tell me forget I've forgotten, you tell me I am special, but I spew and my intestines remain. Your edifice is falling - 10,000 years of exploitation, suffering, no wonder you're worried, and with your arrogance of pushing others down. We were only following orders, someone else told us to do it, we had no choice, it wasn't me, it was all them. It was my twin. Do you think we'll smile when we are equal? After all that's been done, is there a place for you in the world when we struggle to make ourselves free. Independence, reality, an end to consumption, creativity and discipline.

Ambridge in grammar is music in confusion in terror in the crucible in the plumbing in the sky in the trees in heaven in doubt in sentences in moments in motion in the hand in the cradle in the past is the midwife of nothing.

Nothing, the amb defined by the seas, the British Empire on which the sun never sets. Let's not talk of essence. This is all that exists, outside is nothing. The way out is through the door. Like relativity mutually exclusive yet co-existing in the same space.

Words are atoms, $e = mc_2$. Sales Manager and Executive £131.40 p.w., Nurses £58.20 p.w., Local Authority Manual (men) £66.70 p.w. Trees made of water breath like owls, who knows? The still place where things are the same. The stillness that isn't still. The stillness of revolt.

AMBRIDGE THE ETERNAL VILLAGE

The horses were pulling the plough along jauntily. The big noble rural horses were opposite some impassive sheep looking like Great mountains. One sheep came forward, she was covered in dirty white fleece which looked like it knew what mud was. It looked the seagulls sitting on the green grass in the eye directly and trod on the ground in a determined way. It wandered past 9 trees made out of oak and dressed in the first leafs of spring. It grew upwards like a true "King of the vegetables" it seemed to be saying "go on knock me down if you can" and "I'm British". Past the tree flew a bee, elegant and nimble in its yellow and black stripes, looking around. All right for some it thought; it was probably thinking what Field Marshall Luddendorf said:

"The rabbit is not a German creature but
the Lion is a German abroad".

If we go back $3\frac{1}{2}$ million years things were very different in Ambridge, and in particular at Brookfield. This was before the Archers wandered from Central Asia in search of folkish realism and Law

and Order. At this time Ambridge was a swamp inhabited by woolly tigers and various other creatures. There was no philosophy either. The Laws of supply and demand only operated as primitive barter. And the theory of social Darwinism had not been thoroughly worked out yet and no one knew what private property was! The truth is that God hadn't created the world yet.

The sauve blue sky wasn't blue and it had no qualities of existence only idea existed and no one knew what it was. God was wondering about a number of interesting questions: whether any other truth besides the first truth is eternal/created truth is immutable/truth is predicated in divine things, personally, essentially/all truth is from the first truth.

And the first truth was Doris. And Doris said she would bomb Penny Hasset back into the Stone Age.

In Ambridge there is no time, the first drop fell six hundred years ago, the second cloud crossed

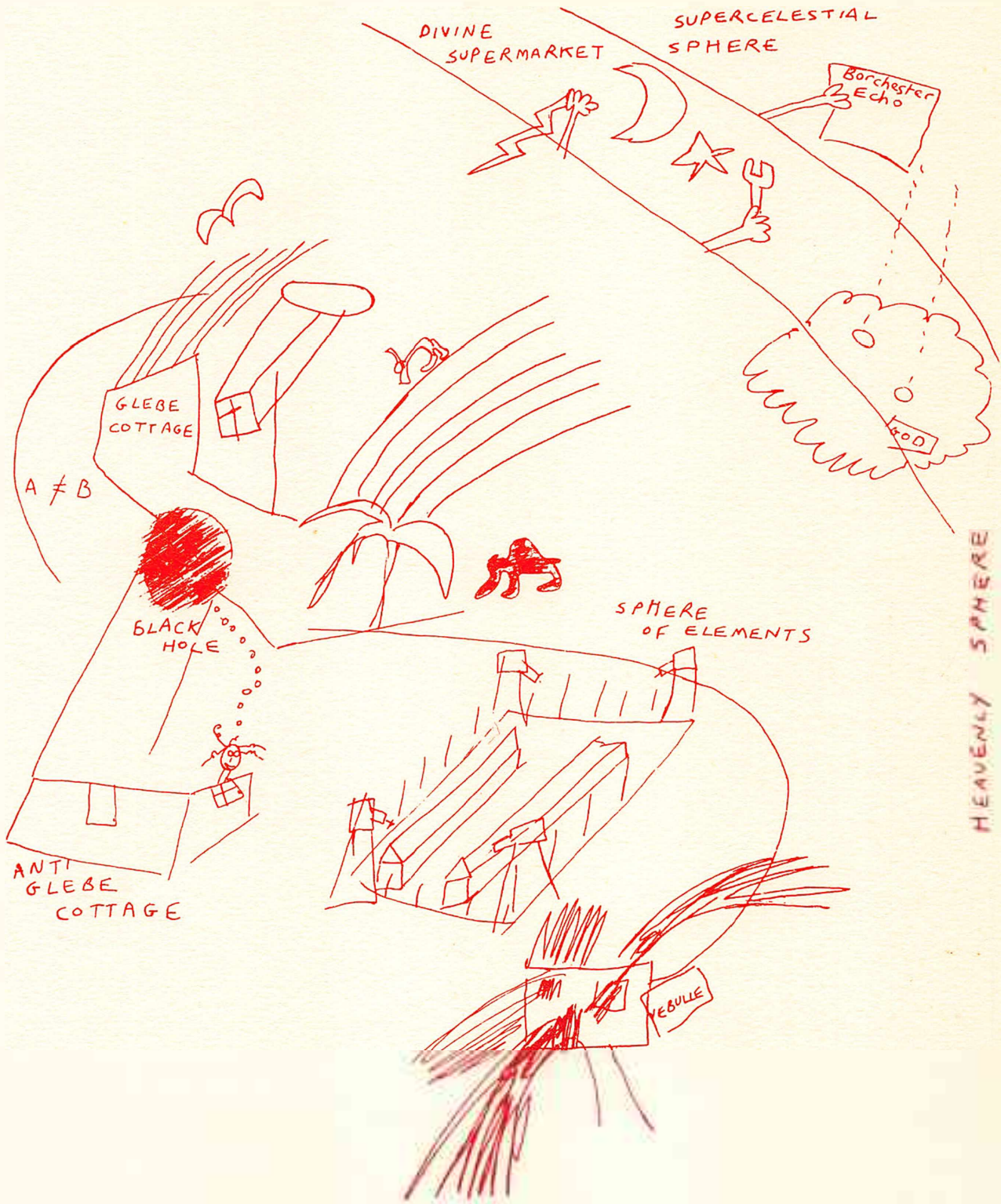
the sky a thousand years ago, Doris' chicken was chased by the cat three hundred years ago. The library is still waiting for the delivery of books by Immanuel Kant although they long ago received "with Monty at El Alemein" and How to Live with a Calculating Cat". In these days of technical expertise and the Division of Labour and pre-programmed washing machines which wash the dust off before the main wash and wash wrong ideas away, and after that you are perfect. Ambridge is completely developed and final without needing to be perfect, like fruit that remains ripe forever. Idea has manifested itself somehow or other in Ambridge; sound travels with difficulty in a vacuum and method isn't necessary. Motion without force, a mechanical reality is good manners of God. Tropical storms blow but no one mentions it. The sky turns green. Look it's totally impossible, the world just isn't like that.

It's obvious that an area which is not dissected, covered with mathematics so that it can be crossed and used by the intercourse of humanity exists

around the objects of Ambridge. It breathes inside their conception of themselves. It is the ghoul which visits their theatre, and haunts their dreams. When they die it touches them deeply. It is history.

Thus Dan cannot conceive the creative achievements of Sumer or Egypt hidden inside the division of labour and covered by racism or imperialism, (although his fields could not exist without them nor could he dry himself if not for the convention of weaving, or the institution of slavery). Neither do they mine the copper, iron, cobalt; manufacture the tractors, bricks, nor do they understand the techniques, nor the history where they are. They are the least cultured people ever to exist on this earth.

The deepest penetration and saturation of imperialism. A culture which consists of accepting the starvation and oppression of two thirds of the world so that one percent can strengthen a social decay in the other third.



History with its dramatic inversions, sudden changes.
They know nothing of the geology of their own ideas.

When Dan walked beside the river a fish broke the surface and he fell into history knocking his thoughts on the inversion of Cornflakes by Kelloggs, the discovery of tea, Newtons optics; his words flew upwards but his thoughts remained in his property.

The fishes questioned in Arcadia or was it the sheep in Akad in the scales of justice because money developed from barter.

The standard trees ask botany nothing in the vacuum of Dan's brain. The unconciuousness of history provides the questions.

The birds of the fields swimming in light breath of trees and philanthropy and 10 percent wander through Glebe Cottage like the fates or Macbeth, Dan's son. The offsprings of his dreams like a fossilised bird.

What was the moment of the class struggle when this idea was born and before it was born, when the water boiled, when wave forms were analysed which lights up all our ideas.

Not every room stops at being a room, just as there are no crocodiles in the river Amb, and no crocodile contains a crocodile.

1. Ideas don't exist. This is a hypothesis to be logically followed. What difference is there between a cow and a private detective? A language that nobody speaks yet. The real history and the emotional history of the idea as it bumps into history. The history of reality. The reality of illusion and what it is. For example Airport - a real Airport - planes landing and the emotional necessities played around these cardboard planes - but it must exist in the culture first. A history of Confusion.

A history of Illusion. Things started off as real but then became unreal when people started realising them.

A history of total stupidity and its different manifestations in different epochs.

Total stupidity as food for understanding Ambridge.

The physical semantics of something impossible.

The ontology of arriving at a correct solution.

The ontology of Doris' cow. The creation myth of Doris cow, was it forged? Like the Constantine grant to Roman Church, was Ambridge Gods' to give in the first place to Doris?

Dig it up by the roots? Which roots.

2. Ambridge is the manifestation of God. Why?
 - a. Gods ways are beyond human reason. Shouldn't we stick with things we can understand?
 - a. God created everything, even doubt. How do we know if we can't understand it?
 - a. Precisely like hoola hoops, skateboards, the beatles. It came from the ineluctible. Where does free will come from?
 - a. Free will is another thing which is beyond human understanding. Why don't they believe God in Russia?

The exact connections between Ambridge and Russia are not clear. And since the exact geographical location of Ambridge is yet to be discovered, but for that matter how do we know that Athens or Greece existed - were you there? Anyway, attempting to make it simple for you, things like "value judgements" and so on. Imagine you go into a cafe for your tea break (except they don't have them in Russia) (or Ambridge, but they don't want to have any tea breaks) and you have to have egg, sausage, and chips whether you're hungry or not. In addition it's full up with workers and you're followed by secret policemen everywhere. And all the plates are cracked, and you're not allowed to think. And the women are all like men driving tractors and when they go home they have to do all the housework as well. Nothing works because no one's got any incentive and there's a new bourgeoisie. Imagine a white negro or a disease that makes you appear healthy. "Communism is like a rotten apple in a barrel. It infects all the others".

(James Stewart). A being which can't understand anything is obviously easily led. So it is with workers. Scientific discoveries show that they live in squalid conditions scarcely above the jungle. Whereas if they saved up and had moral virtues they could own property. Needless to say the engine is jealousy or human vice. With the stoker of lower genetic make-up (notice they are usually physically deformed) and the coal of greed telling them to steal the property of the wealthy (imagine a council house with an El Greco on the wall). Give them a list of mumbo jumbo which seeps through their weak intellects such as work is the creation of wealth.

If the capital = 1,000, $c = 600$ turns over a half a year, $600 + 200 = 800$ (ie $c + E/2$) turns over in a whole year hence 100 in $120/16$ months hence 1,000 in $\frac{120}{16}$ months = $7\frac{1}{2}$ months. Anyway it was all a trick by inadequate people with unhappy childhoods who then make them work twice as hard and take away the one consolation the workers had; which is

to be looked after like children - and the love of God which prevents them from killing each other and raping and stealing because of their fear of the last judgement. Anyway they never own 'free' elections. Thank goodness free institutions are strong enough. That's why John Wayne was so popular. In Russia religion is ruthlessly suppressed by the state which is unable to prevent vast numbers of people going to church, because they want to be individuals. They can't stand all being the same (except that income differentials are as great as the west). We don't want to be sheep! They seem to be shouting. Give us back the freedom to laugh, cry, drink coca cola, argue, point, pay a days wages to listen to pop music. We want to be free, to be what we want! We want to be free to buy a house. Free to manage a supermarket if I'm good enough. Free to have initiative. Free to....knock, knock, knock, must be the secret police, maybe they suspect... hide the papers, maybe its because I was smiling

in the peoples factory no. 672E Section 2317 shift B....I hope they haven't captured Olga....not the electric shock machine (whoops) I mean not the brain washing. I'm not a number! My name is F. Muggins!And suddenly I realise it's the wrong country.

Who thought up our ideas? The managers revolution comes to Ambridge. Dan used to break his head, up to his neck in muck. His farming grew out of the intestines! From swamp to cooking pot and back, the swamp in his mind. His son on the other hand is more likely to be studying common market regulations. Dan, although a similar age as Methusulah. He was in charge of Brookfield farm for more than 780 moons. The first tractor appeared one morning like a Smedleys tinned mushroom. We think Dan is more natural! He and Doris should reconquer the farm which has been usurped by someone claiming to be his son. One minute it was desert and now there's a big river.

If people didn't get hungry we wouldn't have agric-

ulture which is why inanimate objects have never developed intelligence although perhaps they do things more slowly. The next leap forward towards Ambridge was the development of vice.

What was there before there was a before. The invention of problems and where did nothing come from. Vice is the logic of a class society, but this is about the pure reality of nature as it exists in Ambridge. The rural furniture. The filled in space, where the theatre of everyday country folk takes place.

When the concealed nonsense becomes revealed nonsense! The owl of Minerva dozes quietly in the afternoon confusion. Everything will become its own opposite when the dead awaken. The ready and easy way to establish a free Commonwealth, 1660. It's true whether it's true or false. The owl of Minerva is the typical lazy English worker having his tea break. The spectre which haunts Ambridge. Dan and Doris are paper tigers. And truly rotten and even the decay is rotting. The

chains are rotting whilst the rot rots. In order to get well it's necessary to be ill first.

Using "everyday life" as a cover, in fact napalming our chains, its quite untrue that torture training camps in the U.S. teach the use of electric shock machines.

Using "everyday life" as a cover, in fact napalming our chains, throwing wheat into the sea whilst people starve, sending electric shock machines to fascist dictators, constructing weapons of mass destruction etc. The everyday life has a different content like a milk bottle with petroleum etc., the ideological luggage.

If you live in Ambridge you have a point of view. Like inanimate objects, work, food etc. are not necessary, but moral relationships are the air, food work. In Ambridge relationships between things don't exist, only relationships between "people". The economy of Ambridge. The shop, the Bull, Brookfield Farm, Grey Gable, the Newspapers,

Borchester, the Estate Agents, the Antique shops,
the Policeman, the Workers?.....

The Vicar, Phil the Magistrate.....

Method is necessary; if the sun and moon should
doubt, they would immediately go out, the method
wants to find where it put itself. It wants to
know what it knew all along.

In order to use a tool it is necessary to imagine
the tool and the object remaining the same.

In order to drink tea it is necessary that it doe-
sn't turn into coffee. The spoon rests as a spoon
Dan, Doris, Glebe cottage, are the measure of all
things and the necessity of logic becomes mutatis
mutandi the logic of reality.

Is matter continuous mused Dan, or is time dis-
continuous, maybe it stretches, or it's the out-
side of a potato? How do I conceive my physical
environment reading Ambridge? Little tubes and
pipes to the fluids in the relative market logic
of the cows flung by systemic gravity as apples to
trees to earth to mass to vomit reason. Like Dan

when it rains. Spewed from the domestic bliss to discover Chile in the moment of natural consequences flowing.

September 11th, 1973.

Like the pale blue Pacific balmy warmth of Queen Victoria's woollen breasts made in Birmingham, and the opposite to what they really are. Woof, woof said the New Zealand sheep in dreamtime. The caste iron cogs of the palm trees of Potosi, a sudden flush of nothing from nowhere in geometry bringing the apples golden delicious to Ambridge from a place of hunger stalks like decay put in ships and sent to Ambridge. "Verily, even the very moisture of India blesses other lands!"

SOME THINGS ARE BY THEIR NATURE TEDIOUS AND BORING

Dan surveyed his fields gushing with labour and bloated with the accumulated sufferings of the masses, made in history, to make reason, before the invention of agriculture, to the windmill, to his rubber wellington boots, the sheep who ate people to found the British Empire and give Dan and Doris to their ideas and their enclosed and improved device to extort the breath and creativity of others.

A vast accumulation of partial logic and contradictions.

Imperfect competition and state interference at work in Ambridge.

There is no historical continuity in Ambridge. An idea is a tool to fit into a particular socio-economic structure. No one can leave Ambridge.

Daisy the cow glued to the spot. Glued to the spot. Glued to the nexus of stomach and grass. The eternal stomach of the milky way. Glued to time and in only one place. A property of Dan and

Doris to think itself back before the sixteenth century inflations, to the pre-socratic point of view; like the grass in its stomach, digesting his grass, nature in a speculative way like the metal exchange, their eyes which follow you around the room. Monarch of the Glen.

A chaos of method cutting into a chaos, makes it more pure, and more natural (why is there something and not nothing at all?) Partial logic, chewing culture as Daisy the cow chews grass.

(Ambridge devours its listeners) but cannot digest them.

With these ideas I organise my world, if Dan and Doris only knew where consciousness came from they could have their little farm for eternity.

The laws of ideas, how are these ideas generated? Did they know what they were doing? Ambridge before the discovery of work i.e. Egypt - Athens etc. no need to reduce elements to the absurd of the Ambridge system. The language that they used.

The origin of everything. Doris woke up and discovered that all her pear trees in the garden had resolved themselves into palm trees. Thus finally demonstrating athestic concepts to be false. Doris conducted various experiments closing her eyes for 5 minutes, asking other people, pouring petrol on them and setting them alight, which she wrote down and sent to prominent scientific journals with her conclusions: That people were too stupid to know anything except what they read in the newspapers.

This is a time of marvels of a strange character. The matter of vision like music spewed forth. Jonah in Ambridge. To live is to burn with questions as water flows uphill. The hedges of life. A million years of right angles. Why is a comparison. The prodigious colours stare like air or water from Oxygen or Gold.

Can even wing the souls of a damned into paradise. The order of the world. We see it. It was made by workers. These workers had scientific theory. This theory can be put into a written form.

There is a theory of the theory. The time. History.
The place - matter. The time, language. The place
This.

Kill everyone so that the true God can be seen. If
literature is like this. The this and literature
are a field. Then literature is touched by reality.
The reality of literature as an essence mixes with
reality. As it is called imaginary yet it defines
reality.

A shock. The world turned upside down. We imagine
reality. Then a dragon comes to visit. One which
speaks several languages. Man's tools are also his
stomach, eyes, chemistry. The incompressibility of
water which becomes water is the strongest substance
and visits refulgence from the pores of thought.

Glebe cottage is always the same, like prometheus
the cow chained to reality and Dan and Doris'
lustful cravings for milk, and chained to the
unlogic of a real social abstract. If it wasn't
for the eagles coming everyday to peck out my liver

I think I would lose touch with reality.

We hit our heads on the air of the breath of Michelangelo, of Europe after it floated away from Africa because the oceans are heavier. A line.

Daisy the cows'. Exchange of the same thing.

Fair. Eyes are the window of the soul. The mouth must be the door. The ears maybe or the roof possibly the souls plumbing.

CORNFLAKES BOX EXPLODES DESTROYING
RADIO



Anyway, birds the muscular alignments of nest Spring.
Skies pour the clarity of arrivals to see stars,
trees, the mists. Thinks about you. Dreams around
you. EXISTS in you. Exists on you.

Ambridge is a certainty in an uncertain world.
Energy in a sea of sloth, which like the ocean of
vice invades all virtues is in parenthesis next to
something else like the Clifton suspension bridge.
Is not very useful in Zambia, because the Victoria
Falls bridge is in Zambia. A bridge like atomic
physics demonstrates again that reality is nonsense.
And sense always falls down. Like the Firth of
Forth railway bridge which fell in pieces as if it
was made out of hay, because the contractor didn't
use enough cement. Verily, as it is, an ill wind
which blows not any good nor to the advantage of
anyone. This gave employment to people to build
another, and inspired W. McGonagle to write a poem
to express the popular opinion about the vanity of
earthly things.

Thus, to explain something by explaining everything else except it. Or the shape by what it isn't or what it fits into.

Vote - 1460 - Latin Votum - VOW wish. The Archers appeals to the ears which feeds on harmony. You can't see sound. You can see sound negatively. The nothingness of vision. As a novelist sits in his chair and the characters wander out of his head. For example, the birth of Pantagruel. Another instance is Goya. Nothing, that is what they will say. If my rough hammer takes a human form, and carries it in the hand, unyielding stone, my hand is guided does not move alone. But follows where that other worker came. Yet the first worker, God, remains above.

Lenin in Ambridge, the unfinished tool. By the unfinished mind. God is dead because he is complete.

We must get into the mind of pieces of wood, trees abstract qualities of matter, offals, the skies,

yellow.

Sunrise. Italy in England. 1658 commiseration,
buckets of blood, barrels of tears. Transported
to Europa the fairest flower of human reason.

The emerald of the iceberg. Still the calm, a field
of folk, everyday country folk.

Ambridge rocked by replacement of small beer by tea.
Shattered by introduction of sugar. Rotted by crav-
ings for tobacco. Petrol eats into the life like
an acid. Invaded by cotton goods. Smashed by Gold
and Slavery. The pieces ground up by the destruction
of Ireland, India, and the attempts to introduce
civilization to benighted heathens. The people
crammed full to their ears with beef from Australia,
Argentina, the sheep driven off, by the colonization
of New Zealand. The people driven to starvation by
the wealth of industry. Further attacked by potatoes
plagues. Cheap food to pay for manufacturers, cor-
rupted with consumption. Even the decay is decaying.

In this rural idyll far from the hum of the worlds workshop, Tudor tea rooms, toasted muffins, old traditions.

Suddenly - ZONK - The New Britland. You've never had it so good. Butlins Football pools, we're all workers now. Leaky nuclear power stations, motorways, high rises. There's still Cadburys chocolate one of todays great tastes.

Creativity is the working class e.g. "The men and women, who from the 10.10.47 to the 19.3.48 took part in this struggle for a better way of life, owe nothing to anyone, neither to any "civilizing mission" nor to any parliament or parliamentarian. Their example was not in vain. Since then Africa has made progress.

In the beginning was Labour. Before the beginning was...When was the beginning, had it occurred yet? (The prodigious marvel is this - I. Kant.)

It is correct to say that the most prodigious marvels are normal happenings not assassinations compared to natural trees which grow cats compared to trees.

How can Ambridge "represent" anything to us? It is something. It pours in directly into our organisms and nervous system. It would be as easy to catch atomic particles at 166,000 m.p.s. in our hands.

We see normality and marvels which threaten to disrupt this normality like earthquakes etc. But the secret police torture ordinary citizens, not terrorists. It is the police that victimize, not the criminal who demands to be punished. Normality is disruptive. We see very clearly when U.S. Imperialism tried to restore Vietnam to normality. So that the normality which became normal. And whose normality?

According to the Daily Express we see reality everyday.

The classic case is the madness which threatens the whole fabric of society. Thus "we" must do certain things, or rather things are done which "we" approve of, although they are hidden from us.

Our violence and suffering are hidden. Our crimes are lawful. Our vices are dressed as virtues.

RURAL CLASS STRUGGLES

AMBRIDGE

MARXS' QUOTE FROM DANTE:

Sited in the lush valley of the river Ambridge where the waters of trivia, the news behind the news. The island will sink into the sea before we consent to be slaves of anyone. F. Castro said this. Althusser said that although a lot of water had flowed under the bridge it hadn't all flowed away.

14th December 1959. Old Walter Gabriels' bus service to Borchester a fair boon to Ambridge. Dan persuaded him to have one of our calves as passengers.

Peggy didn't mind but Mrs. Perkins happened to be on board as well and she kicked up a right old fuss.

The Waters of the Amb, (see G. Grass, Dog Years and Althusser: Marxism is not a Historicism.)

How can you qualify as legitimate a regime of blood,

oppression and ignominy. How can you call a regime revolutionary when it has combined with the most backward mess the most backward ideas? How can you consider valid the high treason of a court whose mission was to defend our constitution? Allowing the expose in the Borchester echo etc. It has finally been discovered that Doris Archer had kept tape recordings of all her discussions (secret Diplomacy) although experts don't agree (some parts cut out in the interests of (laws against profanity of God and the public moral health.)

History, Borges, falsification of official records. What are the facts, what are the deeds behind Doris Archers profession of high moral values?

Why no "bad" characters? What have Dan and Doris against the historic European and now global culture?

The Economic Doctrines of Doris.

The Ambridge is the missing.



14

DORIS HELPS JACK THE RIPPER CUT UP A PROSTITUTE

Some difficult questions for the Archers characters to answer.

The Poldark series of novels elemental, situations. Organisation structure and roles.

How Dan and Doris oppress Latin America.

Paradoxes.

The transition of Coronation from slum street of bad characters to a petit bourgeois haven with no labour on the houses, the absence of social problems.

The Bank of England sold a significant amount of gilt edged stock to Dan and Doris for the first time for over a fortnight after the Government Broker cut the price of the short dated tap issue.

The colonies were holding £1,000,000,000 in sterling balances between the second war and independence.

The dollar remained extremely weak yesterday in nervous foreign exchange conditions.

Such were the feelings of Doris' piece of land, the fences were volatile and the trees full with forebodings, despite the fruit flushed with refulgent light and tension.

The air was fluid and speech was making dear exchanges and like a disease which works in healthy tissue July is the cruelest month?

The letters steamed open. The telephones listened to. The newspapers fixed. The television and radio Government controlled/a point of view, yes. The structure is correct. The moment is correct, water becomes steam. Day becomes light. Action becomes idea. I will yes, yes, again. Alive or dead what's the difference? What's the difference for 85 million amerindians utterly destroyed to make what we have today? What's the difference for Che Guevara, and the billions whose silence he makes speech? To dream is not enough. To succeed is not enough. Truth must exist.

Dissection, Dialects, wrong method. What are logical

entities in "Ambridge". Relationship between classes
The earth and the sky, the celestial mechanism
heaven blue. The stars are fishes on which the
finest characters can be written.

The machinery was made of wood. The 7 spheres, such
are causes of Ambridge.

One day Ambridge was a utopia, before human nature
made man ungrateful to his betters.

A schizophrenic contradiction - catastrophe.

We live in divided worlds, torrid and frigid, a
negative wire.

Dear Doris,

Whilst in "The Bull" the following struck me, where-
ver death may surprise us, it will be welcome, pro-
vided that this our battle cry, reach some receptive
ear, that another hand be extended to take our weap-
ons, and that other men come forward to intone our
funeral dirge, with the staccato of machine guns and
new cries of battle and victory. Who would have

thought that there was another town called Ambridge in Bolivia with a pub called 'The Bull' and another identical version of me? Next on my world tour of farming methods is Vietnam, however the American airforce has to chase out the terrorists there first, so I will have to wait here for a bit. How's Daisy the Cow? How I miss England's green grass/ the outline of the trees (April bees in July like Ludwig Van Mozart, Seattle and Washington - it's a geography phenomenon. Revenge of the (where has history gone, where is consciousness) the outside of the trees.

He was attending to the affairs which occupied his days, and resulted in being paid on Friday afternoon. He was walking on feet, the discovery of the potato and self determination.

Who could have, in this possible, non-mysterious and metaphysical, infact quite mundane world you could call what is contained by a cup or material that is to say not overtly spiritual in its vain attempt

to prevent the vital spiritual events bursting through the door. He stormed into the room.

Argh it's Him manifesting himself.

This phenomena of this; unemotional tree doing what it needs to, living in the weather, it can't last forever.

Artificial "The Sun" type experience similar to air pressure.

1. Close the bourgeoisie media.
2. Ban advertising.
3. Remove all ostentatious pictorial bourgeoisie ideology.

Ambridge, the qualities of its matter, motion, time. Space length mass energy.

What Ambridge, (lost in time) (lost in space) sees is conditioned by where it sees it from. Society exists in nature.

The class struggles revolves around.

Ambridge somewhere in time, in the area of history, in the material particles that make the objects of our digestion. The stars in the sky like enzymes in physics where weights are thrown from towers.

Ambridge has no history. Ambridge observes nothing. There's no environment to Ambridge. Ambridge is interstellar space.

(A mirror to the world).

(Human passion).

Once upon a time God created Ambridge. After that men developed concepts about it. These concepts could be demonstrated. In what scheme are we all citizens of Ambridge? Reality is our history. Ambridge revolves around reality because only reality can be understood. Unreality is confusion.

Ambridge is like the definition of a circle, time

makes clocks and clocks very according to the speed of the observer - but clocks aren't necessary in Ambridge. As are political parties, politics, mass media, media, theatre, books etc.

Only human passions exist in Ambridge and the physical environment is the way these passions appear. Ambridge is the crystallisation of a billion years of human nature. It exists so that man can play social games. These passions concern love for property, respect for systems of law and morality, indifference for the existence of others. Dislike of criticism, disbelief in people that do not mind their own business; people and things that are outside the possibility of existence are like air in a vacuum. The mystery is how they exist in such a full form to defy all that is decent before becoming extinct, usually through an accident.

These games are given value by the fact that some values are those of God.

However, the age of heroes is past, and usually any defiance of God is an accident, to be resolved next day.

God allows freedom to the everyday folk, for example, both Tony Archer and Jack Bellamy are carrying out Gods will in wanting to take X's farm and put the rent up respectively.

A tree doesn't grow because it's green in colour. Although it has something to do with its being.

Ambridge is not conditioned by nature. The class struggle is not directly a mental tool. It is a social fact which is a machine tool.

Does free will exist in Ambridge? Can characters struggle with their consciousness, is a creative act possible?

Important Historical dates in the world of the Archers:

November 11	1973	May 1	1978
April 24	1974	Feb. etc.	
		160	
		100	
		300	
		200	
		200	
		200	
		200	
		200	
		100	
		100	
		100	
		100	
		100	
		17.60	18M.

1920 Penny Hasset doesn't exist, destruction is the same as creation, it gives jobs.

Ideas as ideology - a confusion to be superceded.

An Ambridge to be superceded. Use of Language -

struggle within.

Mediocrity is the best security.

Language against confusion. Other parts of the world.

Supercession in Ambridge of material base - and ideology and contradictions.

Ask any linguistics expert, and he will demonstrate that Ambridge is not situated in North East Brazil. From philosophy the naming of Ambridge is not an area of silence. Ask the cows sheep and trees and they will give you a geographic point of view. Ask Doris about the limits to the development of humanity in Ambridge.

Like an ameoba, there is an outside and an inside. Ask capital and it will reveal alienated labour. The soul touches democracy. Breath and the oxygen from somewhere else, it is the same oxygen of Michelangelo.

Ambridge was built by someone else. Ambridge was

built in Africa, Egea and America. The history is asleep.

The trees are silent, only machines work, man has personal problems. Each alone. Ambridge untouched by political and economic decline and yet it is falling to pieces. Nothing appears in its beautiful raiments - as possibility it becomes real but not here.

The milk stool, the electric milking machine, the combine harvester. The latest common market regulations.

Even the river Amb, the Bull, defended by Napalm, Free Fire Zones, Body Counts, South African Massacres everywhere. Coup d'etats in everywhere the CIA are in acute contradiction.

The problem of succession.

Following the occupation of Brookfield farm Doris went on the radio.

Ambridge is the edge of possibility, beyond is terror and fear. To submit to everyday life is warmth. This security is threatened by chaos.

Human nature guided by Gods love can pour ointment on troubled souls. All sorts of ideas which don't exist try to attack our discourse. These are caused by individual problems. They come from negative people. People with warped histories. They want to destroy the Love that keeps our world secure from human nature, envy, greed, lust for power, desire to degrade, ingratitude. They say we are limited. A child limited by its parents' love, a worker by being given work, criminals limited by the law, sick people limited by medicine. A group of Russian agents wish to destroy authority, democracy, culture, moral values. Are we to be used as pawns by a group of sick people, are we to give them the right medicine before they infect honest people. This is the edge of the map.

Thought must be made something external - an object.

Only that way can man "emerge" to see his situation,
to see what he really does - ideology.

The Way Out is Through the Door.

Ambridge as a bureaucracy a machine..

Ambridge as a bureaucratic machine at the level of fantasy, but the reality is different.

(i.e. Dan etc. specialisation
Heirachy of Authority
Rules and Regulations
impersonality).

i.e. the apparant cause and the real cause.

Ambridge is cut out of the reality by Doris with her scissors (Greek) it is a social machine with certain goals.

Ambridge is the opposite of Greek tragedy.

The sheep hath paid for it all. Glue the subject and object together. The theoretical practice is wrong and the eye sees more than the heart knows, through a microscope or telescope.

point of view...

The prodigious age of Doris Archer's is a fact not generally known. References to Newtons studies put her age as 5,000 years, but recent discoveries in the new science of geology have suggested an age of not more than 3½ million years.

Her manner of dress again is not known, since Ambridge enters through the wide avenues of man's ears (poetic) - but it is probable she washes them and replaces them and is not wearing the same ones she did at her birth.

These people are roaming throughout the land in the sea of silence around them a culture of silence.

The way out is through the door.

Return of normality in Ambridge.

First the stars fell out of the sky, then the Amb. dried up. The vinegar for fish and chips was banned by the European Commission. Doris went away "on holiday". The bull was burnt down.

Wither you might betake yourself to inaction by its side, to blissful repose beneath its shade.

It is not innaccurate that nature destroys utterly social misfits? How real is folkish realism...an inclination towards criminality so deep rooted that it precluded his ever becoming a useful member of the folk community.

"The sound feeling of the people". National socialism and justice cannot be separated, therefore there should be no distinction between Judge and State Prosecutor.

In the primevil quagmire the apes reading Conrad Lorenz and Skinner "Beyond Freedom and Dignity".

Well Philonius what do you thinkest about these concious thoughts inspired by these books, are they an accurate account of their ideas?

Since logic shows man is a logical animal it follows that they have ideas - philosophers are not in accord however, as to the relation between

words and ideas, particularly pure idea.

It seems that the relation of author to production is like this: Workers relate to nature to produce useful things. The bourgeoisie relate to nature by using these things, by oppressing the proletariat. Their relations with each other are determined by their relations with the proletariat....

A cure for incorrect ideas.

Dan and Doris - mysticism,
metaphysics of the political economy.

Rationalisation of prejudice and anti-intellectualism.

A river full of water goes through a small settlement. The water is sea water which falls out of the sky. The transparent liquid appears 2 days in 3. Not like the beer in the Bull or Mickey Mouse but water is the strongest substance. Some time ago Leonardo Da Vinci was born in this town, it's situated 300 miles in the province of Z.

The political structure is marked by the absence of class conflict. Trade Unions, Political Parties, books elections, wage labour, national politics, unemployment, the welfare state, the state, money, economics, civil rights, legality - are all banned and only caused problems occasionally.

Does history exist? Is an investigation of the local structure possible? Doris has never had any pyramids or monuments constructed, but no one can be certain. The surface implies depths, and Doris's past has black deeds necessary to ensure the morally correct line was followed. Is there an Ambridge Auschwitz, what unseen reactionary forces operate.

1951 January, 1st.

"He had borrowed Dads car to take Peggy home and promised to have it back at Brookfield at 9.00 o'clock and it was just like him to forget.

It was April written by Checkov or Strindberg, trees and shadows like oceans similar to spaghetti the foul fiend um.

the shadows contained in the trees in May an object
displaces dark air. A flock of subjects the verb
on the warm air washing up liquid. The coal mines.
The Gold mines. Ireland on the dissecting table.
This way up.

Washes green the Atlantic the triangle Trade winds
blowing England's star set in an azure shall be old
England's winding sheet.

This is what happened. Then this happened. A day at
the sea side. Blue past the sea intestines green
trees. Prospero commandant of Aushwitz clouds yellow
past splashes think.

Displaced water potatoes in grey swallows bricks.

Church falls on Dan.

The mathematical formula for the number of exciting
events is:

$$h = \frac{2T \cos \theta}{pgr}$$

It is not accidental that all the phenomena of human life are dominated by the matter of daily bread - the oldest link connecting all living things, man included, with the surrounding nature.

I move that a force be sent which is sufficient to hold imprisoned the conspirators.

I have been visiting the posts on the perimeter, I have found only true republicans all sworn to die in defence of the convention.

Citizens let others present to you flattering pictures, I come to speak to you useful truths.

Seeking to execute in the name of philosophy a plan of counter-revolution.

I realise that these transcripts will provide grist for many sensational stories in the press. dots dots., They will embarass me and those to whom I have talked dots. They will become the subject of speculation or even ridicule dots certain parts of them will be seized upon by political and journalistic



15.

SHADOW THE SHEEPDOG AND DOKI LAY IN
WAIT FOR TERRORISTS ON THE BORCHESTER ROAD

opponents.

Doris Archer in her Nationwide TV address.

Because she claims they will completely exonerate her of all guilt.

Doris: As a matter of fact it is just a bunch of (characterization deleted). We don't object to such damn things anyway. On and on and on. No (tell you this it is the last gasp of our hardest opponents. They've just got to have something to squeal about.

Dan: It's the only thing they have to squeal.

Doris: (unintelligible) They are going to lie around and squeal. They got the hell kicked out of them in the election etc. P.216, P.654, P.667.

Turtles coming to earth (published by National Foundation for Freedom & Democracy)
F. Castro

Account not strictly accurate.

People have complained - Brazil, no political parties.

Colourful phrases (unsympathetic
but as P. Sweezy (disappearances
says ("accidents" Act of God,
(knows good morals, Doris
(not a God.

That Dan and Doris rest on so called alleged 'exploitation' in the jargon of dogmatic failures with chips on their shoulders as large as their minds are warped.

Complete freedom, no -one's interested in Marxism because it's such nonsense. Walter Gabriel's getting too big for his boots we'd better inaudible.

If he won't blank blank the kitchen.

(The Archers tapes)

You're damned right.

Well we'd better (inaudible)

The system - their image - reality inefficiency.

Structure.

Blue.

Nixon.

Ui.

Hitler.

Dan Archer.

Gangre, completely cynical, using the structure.

Pure bureaucracy.

White space trees.

Structure.

Dan was the son of the Archbishop of York and after completing his education at Eton and Oxford he joined the Colonial Service. In Fiji, Tonga and New Guinea he put down native wars and then was assigned to educate the sons of the King of Siam.

Later he became Dept. Gov. of the Prison Service at the H.M. and then Gov. of Dartmoor prison where there had been several riots.

A cloud and the will of country folk waiting for history to move in two places, we thought the ovens were for disinfecting the clothes. The result is a highly personalised story which some might disagree but which we believe does typify life in the rural areas of England. Ongoing situation the one pair of eyes we chose? Those of Mrs. Doris Archer...

Eventually we chose. The magic figure of 21.

There never was any real evidence against the Divine Revelation of God. If God did not name certain stars and groups, design the pyramids and beneficently interfere in the affairs of humanity, we then have four unanswerable questions before us.

Why did Doris marry Dan? How did Doris' farm magically grow etc.? How did Walter Gabriel return from the dead? Why did Hitler collect the magic spear? The most illogical thing anyone can say about the Archers is that the astonishing wisdom inscribed in its design was the result of mere accident. (Infinite love therefore imposed upon

Doris an infinite task, can we not imagine her saying a load of crap.

The dialectical sheep.

Truly the wolves have an easy prey.

Destroy the old world order to replace with new one.

Truth lay in the process of cognition itself, a perfect "state" are things which can exist only in imagination.

and the dialectical world outlook itself is nothing more than the mere reflection of this process in the thinking brain; it has of course also a conservative side: it recognizes that definite stages of knowledge and society are justified for their time and circumstances, but only within certain limits. The conservation of this mode of outlook is relative, its revolutionary character is absolute - the only absolute it admits.

The people, are they straw dogs
The social blob closes in
the struggle.

(Two cases)

The Case:

Plaintiff and defendant

examination in chief Cross examine.

The rubbish pile of history.

Old fishbones, the oppressions of yesterday, all
passed through the
digestive canal of society from Bishops to Dustmen.

The Sun Newspaper.

What goes in)
) what goes on.

What comes)
out

The carpets' struggle for vitality.

Our lawn against your lawn.

The lawnmower front.

Quantity to Quality.

The need for a positive approach to today's moral
issues.

Dear Neighbour.

Oh how I hate you.

The rows of semi-detached.
all different
and individual,
all against each
in the struggle for washing machines.
paint and other scarce resources.
The neighbour on the left is plotting
to chop me up.
The neighbour on the right is plotting
a machine which makes me
have an unpopular charisma.
Vengeance is mine say Starsky & Hutch.
Oh sweet monopoly capitalism.
I'll show them, what moral goodness is,
it means they'll wish God
never made the earth with them on it.
I'll teach these scroungers, blacks,
young people, excess population, women,
men, lazy workers, hippies,
big-headed communists, militants,
Council house tenants, trade unionists
alcoholics, criminals, do-gooders, rich pop music-
ians, arab oil sheiks,
send them back in boats with no bottoms,

we'll have a world fit for moderates where
enterprise and individuality and freedom can
grow watered by human nature.

Bring back public hanging,
start World War 3 now,
bomb them back into the stone-age,
then napalm them after that,
apply electric shocks and
gas them, saw them up with rusty chain saws,
its all in the Sun - everyday.

What's first in thought
is last in reality.

Dialectically flows the Amb.

Like cows and pigs are heaven so is the Ambridge
river muddy. It didn't make it. $AB^2 + BC^2$.

But in that is the contents, is field systems,
cows, tables, philosophies, laws, physical geo-
graphy by E. Monkhouse trees, history, stars,
oppression, (subjective escape) (school).

The styx anagram of "The Archers" translated is
constructed out of the tears of rage and bile and
spleen of the lost souls inhabiting Einstein and

Pudvokin films and any time the oppressed demand justice and strike a blow against their oppressors.

A billion tons of lies is lighter than 1 grain of truth.

"A crime".

"Where the action is".

Dan - go out and see if the manna has arrived, Doris.

Doris - go and collect today's fruit from the money tree fed by our own high morals.

I think God wanted us to have this house. God had a plan for the white man in S. Africa (Councillor Carey).

Dan and Doris's past.

Ireland, Wales and Scotland etc.

Miracle growth of their farm.

Opposed to U.S.A. culture and politics.

Genocide.

Attempted Genocide.

Kidnapped 20 million Africans.

Murderer of 1,000,000,000 people?

Theft of 3,000,000 square miles of land.

The Trial:

Did you take 20 million Africans forcibly from their homes to sell?

I can't remember it was a long time ago.

Were they used up like

That's a gross distortion.

Did you take %51,000,000,000 of silver from Potosi.

There wasn't that much there, most of it was stolen by the indians.

Did you kill 80 million indians to reduce the population of America from 90 million people to 3½ million people.

It's possible I don't know. I didn't count (laughter).

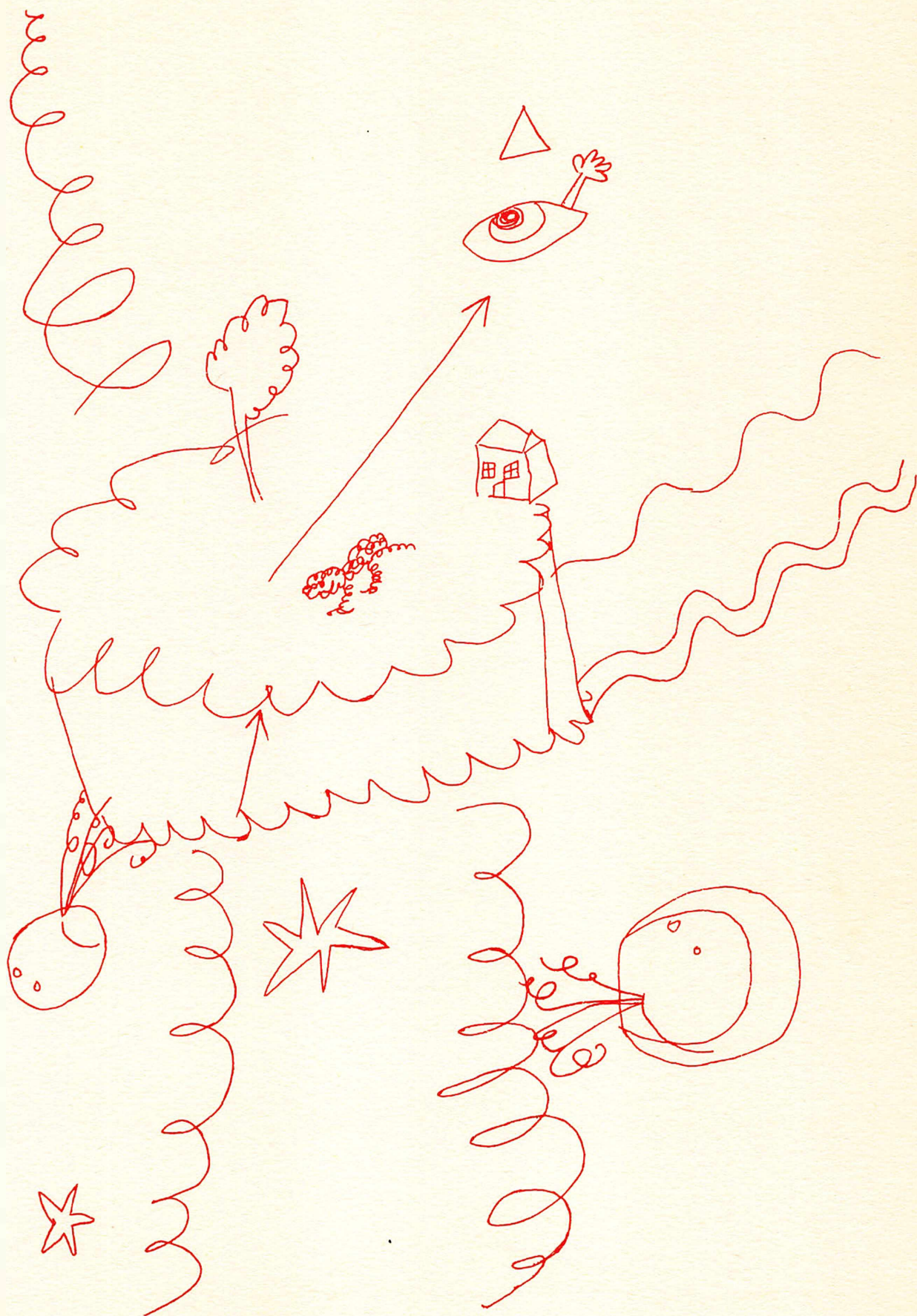
And the statute of limitations, have you murdered millions of your opponents? That's a lie, acted from the highest motives. Doris throws herself on the mercy of the court. I did it not for selfish motives but for my children, they asked me.

The Social Democratic Internal Organs of Imperialism

A rural scene with cows, a spring line settlement but this is washed into the ocean of forgetfulness of memory by the ravages of capital issuing from the nearness of the capital. Speculation in the speculation. The speculation of 1900 demolished by the speculation of 1970 by 1930. Miles of houses and everyone individual containing an antagonistic unit. Dreams drift up like smoke or plague germs. Fixed as everything is. Nestling in a calm valley, who knows? Producing used up paper. We were all young idealists, we were going to change the world. No young man of spirit is not radical, no mature man of experience is not conservative or words to that effect. What are their dreams? The flowers of sloth, the fruit of despair.

The cleaning of the mental cess pit, but where does the content go? Surely it can't have a new label attached. "Turn your scrap into money". Now we come to the comment which every right thinking individual must agree with on the abstract nature of justice, the incorrigibility and worthlessness of

the poor. Women of course make terrible drivers.
Not of course in the days of Virginia Slims cigar-
ettes.



Amb is a very historical place and certainly if dogs and cats wrote books they may mean very little to us. It's not a fictitious place. Socrates was born there. It was on his summer hols. It was there that he invented mathematics. And God created Ambridge and it has a soul and the Amb flooded and washed this away including Glebe cottage and day and night in 1917. Dan was born under Halley's comet and Doris' star is the one on the left. There are no black people in Ambridge. Gold is imported, God deposits food into larders although some people have a hobby of going to shops. Doris doesn't distinguish between true and false words. She says, does such and such have a right to such ideas?

Ambridge must be preserved and translated into the truth. As all everyday stories of country folk have for subject matter either the existence or essence of a thing or both. Society has a progressive content because man struggles with nature to appropriate use. This has to be held next to the fantastic Doris and her delusions of divine

retribution.

Why did the waters of the Amb flow in such a way, why did climatic changes occur in the Eocene that altered Borsetshire from an arid desert? Why did the ices recede and Dinosaurs move out so that the Archer tribe could go and live there? They have the nerve to say it was Gods idea, facts appear in an order. But all this is factitious too. The world adjusts around the eternal truth of Ambridge. What is necessary to Ambridge what would negate it? Like a sieve it is full of water, and the fishes are already cooked.

Must the world be round, no it needn't be flat either as seasons occur irregularly and day and night. Cause and effect are quite irrelevant.

Truth and falsehood - NO. Ideas. What is the primary contradication?

How does Ambridge manifest itself, it refers to an object made up of simple ideas.

the method of producing Ambridge.

God holds spring in his hand like a bishop
holds the cathedral and dividers. Silence floats
on top of Ambridge like a cloud. The fourteenth
century fields look up. Surely the sheep have paid
for it all. Seagulls made with ice swim into
Doris' stomach through her mouth which is glued
to the air. I wandered lonely as a cloud. History
is full of people who tried to deprive the Archers
of their property or who had made schemes to reform
human nature, but Ambridge is built so that such
ideas become absurd.

Ugglesome.

Ambridge is a physical object. Dan and Doris are
physical objects. Light bounces off them. They are
made out of molecules. That is not possible. They
are part of a universe without molecules. If things
fell upwards it would make no difference. (If the
sun and moon did doubt they'd immediately go out).
If there were no instincts, personal relationships,
caring, property, it could not exist for a second.

A theory is that they have ears which hear sound.

The huffy day Ugglesome Doris. The corruption of time washed by the Daz blue of morning even in Ambridge time only goes in one way.

Due to the senses.

Doris had indigestion, the indigestion of history, that oblivion, it was her indigestible role - but she wasn't an insane meglomaniac but an ordinary country folk.

Rain at Lunch. Rare rain sandwiches, rainy table, rain walls. Enough to start a new improved flood. Oceans of doubt, grey light washes the blood of despair, oceans razor. Luther light makes seagulls into chickens who are between the skies on the plate above the hands, beneath the ceiling. The blood of oppression from doubt at 2.30. Haydock park. A new heaven and a new earth. Dan left through the door.

DAN: A door is an object made by labour whose use
is to enter or leave enclosed spaces.
Usually set into a wall and can be closed.

WALTER: A door is not a simple object, its essence
is.....

A profound darkness and gloom moves over Ambridge.
What was Doris cooking? Aurora the Ichthyophage.
The strong state. Cows wandered about necessarily,
pillows and oceans in Phils plough dissecting the
Bull.

People must do wrong. How can you help them if
they don't? And Doris was correcting certain wrong
attitudes of Norah, the ex wife of Gregory Salt.
She wanted to run the pub but she wasn't good
enough and her husband went off and became a
milkman. Why, even in the newspapers you can
read about men at the big car factories who earn
£40.00 a week for cleaning out the lavatories or
sweeping up the floor. It's damn disgraceful.
Mind you, you can't blame Greg Salt for any of
that and he would be daft not to go for the most
money he could get. Anyway he came to a bad end.
Disappeared. Fell into the divine cog wheels.

Doris carefully piled up the arms, legs, brains,
bones. Nora had run away from George Barford with

whom she was not married but these days that is no crime if you really care about someone, and running away was a step in the right direction. Unconsciousness like a dungeon hidden from the world full of specially designed implements. From 1.45 until 7.00 and from 7.15 until 1.30. Fishes don't sleep much. Trout with almonds doing things for moral reasons. Everything is allowed. To Gods instruments plug it into the electric socket and apply to sensitive areas.

There was so much blood that it began to flow over the top of Doris' wellington boots, not that you can blame people for having as much blood as they can get away with. From 1.45 to 7.00 from 7.15 to 1.30 there's no habeus corpus. There's no habeus corpus anyway in any everyday story of country folk.

"If thine eye offends against thee pluck it out."

Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Village

There are different fields like Dans' enclosed by hedges with cows, evolved fauna discovered in geographic locations. Moons, suns and black vacuums. Spaghetti came from China and the windmill from Persia, whilst the wind just appears.

Economics, Politics, Technology, enclosed by laws breathing the same oxygen as Priestly who discovered something, but who has discovered why?

It all started because Doris wanted Glebe Cottage, with its breathtaking views, so like oak trees or sugar cane, a moral system. Laws, pushed forth their shoots, built a jungle of invention, and Doris is the mother of human nature.

Doris has an idea to produce opium in India, sell it to the Chinese for Tea and force Ned Larkin to drink it. Then we could build a railway connecting the inland Copper Mine to the modern sea port as a priceless addition to the civilization of the natives, and burn down the huts which have not paid

their tax. As the only way to get money was to work for Doris, or sell to Doris.

Doris built some 'models'.

Morality in One Village

Ambridge is a model village and those instruments
that play a different tuen will be silenced.

Suppose this were true - then what?

The market can never be free.

Ambridge your palm trees tango in the moonlight.
As Coconut oil washes the stars so bright in your
eyes

the economy of colonial skies
your diadem in the imperial crown
whose snow white coal softly breathing on the
seven seas

As we drink the vital fluids of the colonies.

As rubber comes out of trees. World domination
is our manifest destiny. Oh Queen Victoria,
your tender piles of filthy lucre.

You turn day to night. I'll do anything to get
my hands on my heart and I was discussing your

charms and we decided you belonged to our arms.
My brain and my arms were with my kidneys and we
decided. I wouldn't sell you for a million dollars
because you're worth a lot more. This feeling is so
precious it should be kept in a bank vault. Finally
Ein Volk Ein Reich Ein Fuhrer.

Lets make business.

The old mole appears on the lawn of Glebe cottage.
The bunker in the Alpine air. The trees murmuring.
Even the dry stone walls and hedgerows are turned
to disagreement. A tale of disgrace about to break
on our heads which contains our dreams which contain
our pure logic. The mists of Borsetshire appear
from water and weigh swallows arriving from Africa
like potatoes. The mass of false ideas like the
moons of Saturn.

The trees of Gainsborough in a landscape which is the
Stalingrads of medieval faith.

"What kind of science is that which sheds no light
upon the path which practices must follow". F. List.

An abstract coat almost as if fishes of light possibly grey thrown points of moments, though he might not have a long way to go yet he seemed already to have come a long distance.

My dreams of grammar stewed desire.
Will win when? Questions structure
but contradiction is beauty
love admits no doubt
tender is the dialectic.

In Ambridge, which is reality distilled like sewage is so we may have drinking water. Truth is the politically opportune thus an old oak or Tattered Elder can be next to Glebe cottage one day or Grey Gables, or transformed, return as a mountain.

Dreams are not made of this. Kill everyone so that the true God may be seen.

The mists bees like the building society or the love of the welfare state for the masses.

In Ambridge it all appears naturally, there is no

Pinochet, market, law. The criminal demands his right to be punished. The convict and sailor spend time in the same building. The hangman tries to help the condemned with his psychological problems. "We need to feel good about each other" (President Ford).

I was only following orders. Doris said blame everyone else. Ambridge is a world of appearance like mists in which ghosts and monsters move about. The sovereign power, which cruelly murdered Grace Fairbrother.

I was asleep, some of the sensational journalistic events which shook our society to its foundations, brought the collapse of Empires and SOLD a new life. Education must be SOLD just as the heart sells the idea of circulation to the blood.

It was about this time that a long way from Ambridge but very near to El Ambridge next to the Suez canal, that the Suez crisis happened. How was this reflected in these two organs, our intestines? July 1, London people sit around table. People in different

places get into planes etc. Inhabitants of El
Ambridge run away. In Ambridge? O invisible hand.
At this point it should be pointed out that
Ambridge is situated in the country.

End of Part I

PART II

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ACCOUNTS IN BRIT. PAPER & POGO PAPERS; CRIMINAL ELEMENTS HAS NEVER BEEN PROVED.

The everyday life of Ambridge continued as usual with an absence of those dramatic events such as the collapse of Empires, decadence of civilizations, Economic disasters, and so on. Neither did it become impossible to believe any more in the values which governed the life there. Such is the way the surface of events more distorted more or less by the effects of the moon like the oceans which surround things like countries and which ships have to sail across.

However, to return to everyday things like sheep, cows, fields, the latest common market regulations concerning pig food. The quiet tranquility of life in the country and the quickest way to get to the point what is the structure of the life there, hidden away in the midlands between Borchester and Penny Hasset.

Everyone knows it as a place in which nothing ever happens but why does it happen?

Doris on the radio.

This Ambridge is the only possible one outside is endless nothingness. Don't try and leave only idiots read books. Anyone found with a book will be shot. Don't try and find out what's going on. Work for the ideals of Ambridge life the ideals of everyday life of country folk. Anyone who says otherwise is sick should go and see a doctor.

Is it true that spirit has come to dwell in Ambridge. Nothing is passive.

We live in two worlds none of which we can know, one because we are inside it.

The other because it is outside us.

If we have a model of reality what is the reality of the model, does the model have anything to do with the reality, do we have a model of the model.

How is the model made? Do ideas connect mechanically? A model of reality is a role. In science technology advances in society politics. Because to experience things as use is to step outside the ideological bounds of capitalism.

There has been history but there no longer is any.

You experience yourself as a character an external object everything becomes the relation between external objects, sex and how the character copes with these objects. In this passive role, social relations are accepted as immutable, and so life becomes a question of showing attitudes to various events, which happen getting certain things so all you can experience is yourself and the egocentric role you play, how much applause it gets etc.

Reality is something which has no existence, as it is the regulation of this world. Consumption media work.

Reality is to be engaged in the world, but the world is the world of bourgeois man, and to be

engaged in it is to find a way out.

Discovery of a bus which leaves Ambridge.

Has anything every happened outside Ambridge.

The most important thing is their characters not what they are.

The Cloud of the Unknowing, when the space of a lapsus no longer carries any meaning (or interpretations) then only is one sure that one is in the unconcious. One knows? Silence of the same level in the same space outside. Desire between nothing.

The theory comes from social action from social being - from the dialectical between a human - feeling - to take social theory to the level of nonsense - like a carpenter with no tools - the society going nowhere - beyond ridicule "God and eternity in their awful Majesty would stand increasingly before us."

That technology is independent and not a function of economic system. That individuals exist.

The drift of the times. To realise the history we are living to bring the thoughts to be a part of the practical reality so that the senses can be used for guarding the reality to exist in a human way. The philosophy of history is to understand the laws of motion of history. To discover within the everyday, which suppresses the life the way to a resolution. The way in which it is human.

Form is the possibility of change. All expressions are the result of the sensible comprehension of the reality. And are indicative of the epoch. Language whose function is the reproduction of the society contains the possibility of freedom from this function. The freedom is only limited. A poet is the creation of the nation around him, have gives them a world to see and has their souls in his hands to lead them.

Ambridge exists in two worlds, the world of arms and feet and stomachs. That this is the case. And the world of philosophy of phrasing and question.

How does the mind impose intentionality these sounds that come out of my mouth.

Pictures are just physical objects. Torrid Middle Sized require capacity to represent the world. How can mere workers produce anything? How can trees grow if they can't think? How is it they don't fall down if they don't understand physics. At last politicians with the Courage to tell the British people truth crossed out philosophers, crossed out farmers wife, humble farmers wife.

The facts and thrones ideas it justs tastes as though milk and butter are already in it, in history as it was ten years ago. Position and extend where is it! An exact geographical location has yet to be discovered.

Doris - is worried, how can we make Borsetshire safe for ordinary people?

Dan - "Have you seen this in the ECHO.

Terrorist Jeep runs over cat."

Doris's plan for pacification of Borsetshire not going well."

Doris - You know place names are very interesting they say a lot about history. Look what I've found in a second hand book shop "Manifest Destiny. Ambridge and the Panama Canal", "The Lost City of Amblantis", fetch the magic brick. Doris - should we send another 100,000 soldiers to relieve Borchester."

Doris - "We'll have to conquer N. Borsetshire, that's where all the trouble makers are."

Dan - "Let's drop an atom bomb on Penny Hasset."

Doris - "I'll go and ask Daisy the cow. However, despite her propaganda machine world opinion seems to be getting the wrong opinion."

foggy aeroplanes mark Ambridge in a mysterious way. Shades of Agatha Christie (anag.) Could it be

Jack Woolley going to clinch a business deal in Foola Zoola. Maybe "Raid on Entebbe" or B52's going to saturation bomb Vietnam. Life isn't like that. But it's biologically clean, maybe they didn't want those forests there. Having two arms and legs bored them.

They can relate more.

Well wash Ambridge white with foggy mountain dew. Under the sea well give them back democracy.

Calm saturates the bees in the air around the trees, moving about. N. Hemisphere, The World, The Solar System, The Galaxy, The Universe.

Meanwhile, later that day. The hand of fate has a message carried by trees, the weather, co-incidence, animals. It concerns moral values, and things that happen to transgressors.

Originally Stan and Lore lived on Lord Borchester's estate but evil agitators told them they had a right to own it. So Lord Borchester said they

could take care of themselves from now on. They should have listened to the thunder storms, sunshine etc.

Wooden windmills, wooden cogs, wooden ploughs, wooden buildings, wooden hedges, wooden forests, wooden rivers, wooden dreams. Wooden communication.

The fantastic reflection of reality in Ambridge in the vicar of Ambridge. Ambridge joins the EEC, the B.B.C. fulfills its character to be non-political, Ambridge gets Mao flu. Ambridge has an illegitimate baby. Ambridge has a private bus service. Ambridge re-writes its own history.

"The Yanks are like a nasty dog. If you take fright it will run at you, but if you give it a kick on the nose it'll run away."

Disaster in Ambridge.

G. Bruno an academican without an academy. Just as the world isn't flat anymore so A. Gramsci made a big dent in Ambridge. The intellectual framework of

Ambridge had been made rational, its causes had been uncovered (Doris) like a criminal in the midst of a secret deal. There was Doris's rejection of the Aristotlean and Ptolemaic concept of the universe delegate of top theories and extensions of those ideas to the philosophers level.

Ambridge has the security of a fly in a spider's web, still as water stream of ideas. Nazi black, night black, stained with sin, but God wanted us to have the house that's why the previous tenants were run over.

Once someone has "perished in a fire" or been "killed accidentally by Tom Forest" or "Gone back to New Zealand" or "got a job in Fleet Street" who's going to dig in Doris' garden or look in her fruit cellar.

There are no militants or Reds in Ambridge, no politics. Dan and Doris and the Family? Who owns Ambridge because their blood is in the soil exert a subtle influence for good with their butcher's implements, electric shock machines and general caring

attitude. Bad characters don't last long. Darwin made a mistake here because the fittest are those who "care" about other people most. (Ruthless businessmen, loose women etc. all come to sticky end).

An army of people descended on Amb. preparing its appearance, correcting errors, bulldozing shacks etc.

Too sweet, the cup is filled with sugar
there's no room for the coffee
surely peace will destroy and prevail.

Ambridge doesn't make planes not even toy planes.
Nothing is made in Ambridge, so how can it oppress us.
Information flow in Ambridge.
It's a special piece of reality which has different laws of motion.

"To make sure the extra population doesn't stay we should demolish houses that encourages them to do so."

Water you wash the Amb blue. In many dresses you haunt the earth. Flowing in every direction.

The market day was Thursday. Doris had a new hat. John Tregoran was reading a history book.

Lady Di.

Your page three beauty intoxicates the eyes like drinking ten pints of beer. It makes me feel patriotic to think of all the money made from tourists who flock to see you, more charming than Princess Ann. How grateful I am that we don't live in Russia.

Where the mass media is biased and you have to read about Bhrehznev. What a great example for our youth. I hope you produce lots of little Princes and Princesses.

Doris woke up in a sea of time spewed forth but
a solid piece tied to exploitation by a cord. The
lost chord. The alimentary canal. The umbilical
chord. In a dream coal moving in barges. The
river styx or the river Lethe but maybe it was all
meaningless before.

Four Short Novels -

1. Wake up.
2. Do it yourself.
3. Property is an illusion. Stuck on to oppression.
4. This is it. Nothing.

The waters of Lethe recede taking potatoes, books, dreams the most ubiquitous things.

The bourgeois love of dreams will seem like a bad dream. People will find it difficult to believe such people existed but it is much harder to know that they exist when they really exist.

Spheres, be careful of trees falling on you, your house burning down, floods, being trampled by sheep, earthquakes, falling from windows in the Ambridge police station, although that is usually a chance. Roger Bacon left his cell into the blazing sunlight. Forty years in confinement. Standing on his feet, seeing with his eyes, hearing through his ears. Virtue and vice spewed forth like Jonah. Thought touches its substance. Dan and Doris suspected this

external penetration could bring the ruin of the State; on other occasions Doris went on television to address the multitude. Fellow citizens, she said in lowly insinuations. The artisan is our glory and if treated correctly is loyal to his master. It follows that troubles are fermented by foreign elements paid by alien powers. For evidence of the state they bring into being. When they destroy our organic balance between virtuous master and vicious man. The unity of spirit and matter. Yes, I allude to rule by plebians who use deceit to appeal to the masses, and then it's a different story. It's all caused by human nature, people who tell you, you need no masters, want to be your masters, because they are psychologically inadequate, and lack virtue. Don't forget, with no God there is no love, with no love, we have the law of the Jungle with the Bigger eating the smaller, anyway we are all equal today. In the past powerful magnates dominated but today I have been delegated with a heavy burden of responsibility and duty to my fellow man. I am now going back to my humble Glebe Cottage to cook dinner for Dan.

Goodnight.

The wretched of the earth who built Ambridge.

The mechanical of the objects, cows, cottages, oxygen atoms, attraction and replusion, like hippopotami sharing a mud hole. Too much rain. The bureacratic cows in the mutinous fields filled with mucus and viruses, liquids touching the moving parts such as pride, avarice. Clouds each one different. Not like Russia, influenza of the soul sees the eyes. Level and screwed to the wall the snow. The snow on carbon paper, ten million tons of snow takes off and migrates. Pain has been removed. The God who rules the nature of Ambridge has managed something which makes other Gods seem without power. He has taken man from his necessity. Previous Gods were cruel. This God is posing different problems. We have to find a path to connect us to the reality.

When matter is changed it is as if a great library burns down. The first Han Emperor had destroyed all previous books. Doris never received divine messages

no miracles or awesome events or dooms have entered through the skins of Ambridge culture.

Oranges and dates, pride and shame, conquest, pillage, revolutions, political assassinations, all consuming passions and crimes saintly austerity have been utterly extirpated and trampled underfoot in this paradise.

Also politics, law etc. There was once history but Faust types have accidents in Ambridge. So if you wish to see the celestial in a blank space which is unimagined, nor unconcious and not there but outside grammar like the speed of clouds crossing the urban sky.

This light which is water but catholic is not timely but explosive and glued to nerves as glued to trees with blank spaces with sudden disruptions.

Before birth of egocentricity. An everyday story of Brontosauruses. The stars shake and fall out of the sky into the fiction of Dan and Doris revolving

around the Catholic mass which was brought down by
Great men, not everyday country folk, or that is
built into the story thus burying its own birth.

The drainage of startlingly. I was quite unable to
put it down.

Coughing out buses.

intestines the meaningful

Tripolidine Hydrochloride B.P.

This bus is the sun.

Crossword puzzle.

Florence, the waters of the Lethe breathing
out oblivion like the stars of Copernicus blue as
the medicines of death. The knowledge of the
correct toothpaste even as midnight rain in
parts.

Ambridge on the Unconconscious

Silently flows the Amb like the hand of disaster
like Chile September 11. Vietnam film instant
beefburgers just add hot water.

Fate as indifferent as clouds, holds the trees
bees, the blue a line to the peaks of Inka
blinka. The vale of Hardy the Picasso trees, the
finance fields.

Doris fair daughter of Elysium, I the jury.
"You're all man....no inhibitions."

The Amb defining the geomorphology of Borset, the
Midlands. Physical time. Ambridge and the
cosmos. Ambridge and the bridge, Ambridge and the
Naked Ape. Ambridge and Wittgenstein. Ambridge
and nothing. Ambridge and oil.

Thirty million years ago the Amb was the estuary of
the Proto Niger. Ambridge was a part of Africa!
Donald Duck and Goofey were there. Ambridge and
the Cultural Revolution.

Abdication in Ambridge

In the beginning there was private property.
Doris's schemes failed in Cuba, Vietnam crossed
out. Brutopia, unsteady stan and saturation
bombing in Free Fire Zone.

Penny Hasset elects.

Borchester - Historic Compromise - Workers' control.

Doris Pogy Dan - The Woolworths Archers.

That of use and its philosophy is clouded with
antiquity. Doors under capitalism working class
Doors. The landed aristocracy, their philosophy
of doors as method of class domination. Doors and
Feudalism. The EEC commission and their attitude
to doors. Supposing man had never discovered the
door. The door is like the on/off switch on the
radio. A door into Ambridge life.

Doris: the Amb is a door to the specific idea, the
more distinct and more clear. Things continue to
exist until something causes them to change.

A door to treason and blasphemy.

But this only scratches the surface and doesn't describe how doors, or this door came into existence. Who made this object, made out of matter; who secured the forests, melted the iron, added chrome and vanadium; converted coal into energy, used water power directly; built Lathes; cast and pressed; lay electric cables and reservoirs; designed motor vehicles.

Who's that? It doesn't sound like anyone I know.

The description was three dimensional, it possessed six sides. There was a door. The carpet was woven like this sceptred isle set in a silver sea. The moon smiled down like intestines. Even the tinned food was cheerful. Today was a miracle.

The Charles Dickens type Christmas had been revealed

Another occurrence was the windows, carpets, and now the common man can afford them.

God was living in the teapot. The fur covered object was blessed. An extension of myself that I own.

The roof fell in, and floods washed everything away. I got the sack and was unemployed for twenty years. Everybody kicked me and shouted which side are you on. Top of the House was a roof. Roofs are to keep the rain off. Canada Dry keeps you young at heart.

The reason the best years of my life were so repressed was because I didn't know my own mind then.

General Pinochet and the Chilean Junta came round to visit through the television set. They were very concerned about our old aged pensioners.



ITT PRESENT DORIS WITH A BUCKET FULL OF THIRD WORLD SKULLS AT THE OSCAR CEREMONY

Funny to think of all the millions of malnourished,
malemployed unable to buy even the barest of
necessities.

This cow is a whitewashed chews
between raining hedges
faded dawning like speech apples fishes
the day
coffee the intestines so
accumulate
the dream is an extension
of labour
Language is crystalised thought
the circulation of thought
Language as a process of circulation.

The cow was its capital accumulated by God, but this
logic is imperfect. The starry waste of snow like
the Sahara desert, was it a dream facing its own
conditions of life. Time, touched the scene like
a flood...

The cow was in competition with all the other cows
but it had seized its own means of production.

So are from dismissing on moral grounds their strange practices we should see it as another form of being. Does a society which has abolished work still have private property? What about the countless contradictions and impossibilities that their meeting imply? Is Ambridge a hoax like the Piltdown man? If so - what is the truth of a lie?

Deep in the sultry impenetrable jungles of the W. Midlands is an undulating plain called Borsetshire. Where primeval passions form a unique way of life. We must try to fathom its left over morphology from the media which remains since no one has ever been there, we must carefully look at the evidence. Such as Doris' Diary, cookery book of course that hotch potch of symbols our radios receive and ask what are the elements of "Ambridge culture", and what is "Ambridge man". This may be useful for if we make contact, how will we relate to them. And it also raises questions about our scientific theories if they are unable to explain. (The phenomena since a human psychology must be able to explain the totality of possibilities of humanity.

You only get what you don't need. There are many razors. Ockhams razor, the razor conceived by Pinochet to remove the stubble. Then to return to classical sources the traditions of British Imperialism, vacuum pumps being attacked by mad sheep pickled in Watneys Red Barrel boiled and then frozen. Gainsborough hundred weights and tons. floating to the great vault intestines that control the brain fishes that fight back.

Such cloudy wind comes out one end is time objective. People and multitudes may wonder how history is made in the present but Pinochet and the pyramids are the same, made out of the Archers.

However, we have our conception of our curiosity i.e. our description and ideology of it? But what is it really then we can see if stones etc. have this quality. The fact that we don't communicate with them here is an aid to empathy. But we can never become atoms and think like something with no nervous system? This is not human logic, but the logic of a means of production which oppresses

people, but we must have human consciousness? To make our environment. It is the object of oppression struggling towards use.

Curiosity. Our language was made two million years ago and seems to have defied attempts to pervert it by class society for 10,000 years obviously we are a speck on the speck of our language.

As language is a speck on the speck of our consciousness which exists in the unborn future and the perfect past. One day our language will make sense. This is an illusion which wishes to kill the future. It's another way of saying, it makes sense already.

And is reality sensible, our atomic structures or forces of mass and velocity.

Doris Archer and Dimitrov.

Reaction and Art, wrong way round.

The book of Ambe - Ambridge is like a book trees.

The history of Amb is divine revelations and becoming.

The church at Amb which fell on Dan and played such an important part in the fabric of sin and analysis which has fallen out of the Kellogg's cornflake box. The dynastic and Byzantine plots and conspiracies following the 'naked ape' and revealed truth. When the church fell on Dan. For Tom Forest this must have had meaning. The keeper of the keys. Who understands. The language of God and the manifest Destiny of Ambridge and the Archers. Like Job in reverse the Archers pure blood has catapulted them to the top pinnacles of life's dream. This reminds me of a cow in a field, a stomach, potatoes. Neither do they reap nor do they sow, particularly as it happened the day after an aeroplane crash which was the first one for seven years. This, however, leads to artistic symbolism.

The Americans.

Boo Hoo mad hysteria poor old me, get ahead, nobody loves me. It's everyone for chief rant rave.

Lot of noise! Break and destroy.

The reason I'm rich is not because I've got lots of money, it's spiritual reasons.

The patrimony of St. Peter. The Vatican Tapes.

Pope Paul VI people didn't always care enough about other people and relate to each other in a warm hearted way, feeling good about other people, happy, ister, gute, bon, whirr (clockwork runs down).

Furthermore God gave us free will.

Ambridge - the first 3½ million years.

This use of symbols to capture self consciousness to develop contradictions in class consciousness, to lead to class struggle.

Symbols have a direct sense. Class struggle has a reality.

Thought as conceived - activity flows from it - reactionary ideas and concentration camps.

No contradiction between affective and cognitive.

Scientific reason deals with a different matter to art. Social and natural world but dialectical reasoning is the same.

Descriptive of reality is only of historical interest. The interest is in method or cultural level i.e. relations between a man and nature, a man. This is mans conciousness of his position or of his own conciousness. This is his first step to controlling his own destiny.

To see what is and what isn't. That they are absolutes - although from a non-historical general viewpoint or wishy-washy liberal only relatives.

If some is true only for a day - it is still an absolute certainty and will itself yield to a higher order of contradiction.

Conciousness cannot be grasped in a simple way. This tree isn't a "tree" at all, activity which has as its object making nature useful and discovering man in nature. Compared to artistic activity which exists in the stratum of social conciousness and deals with

the social control of sensory activity and spiritual
i.e. including tactile.

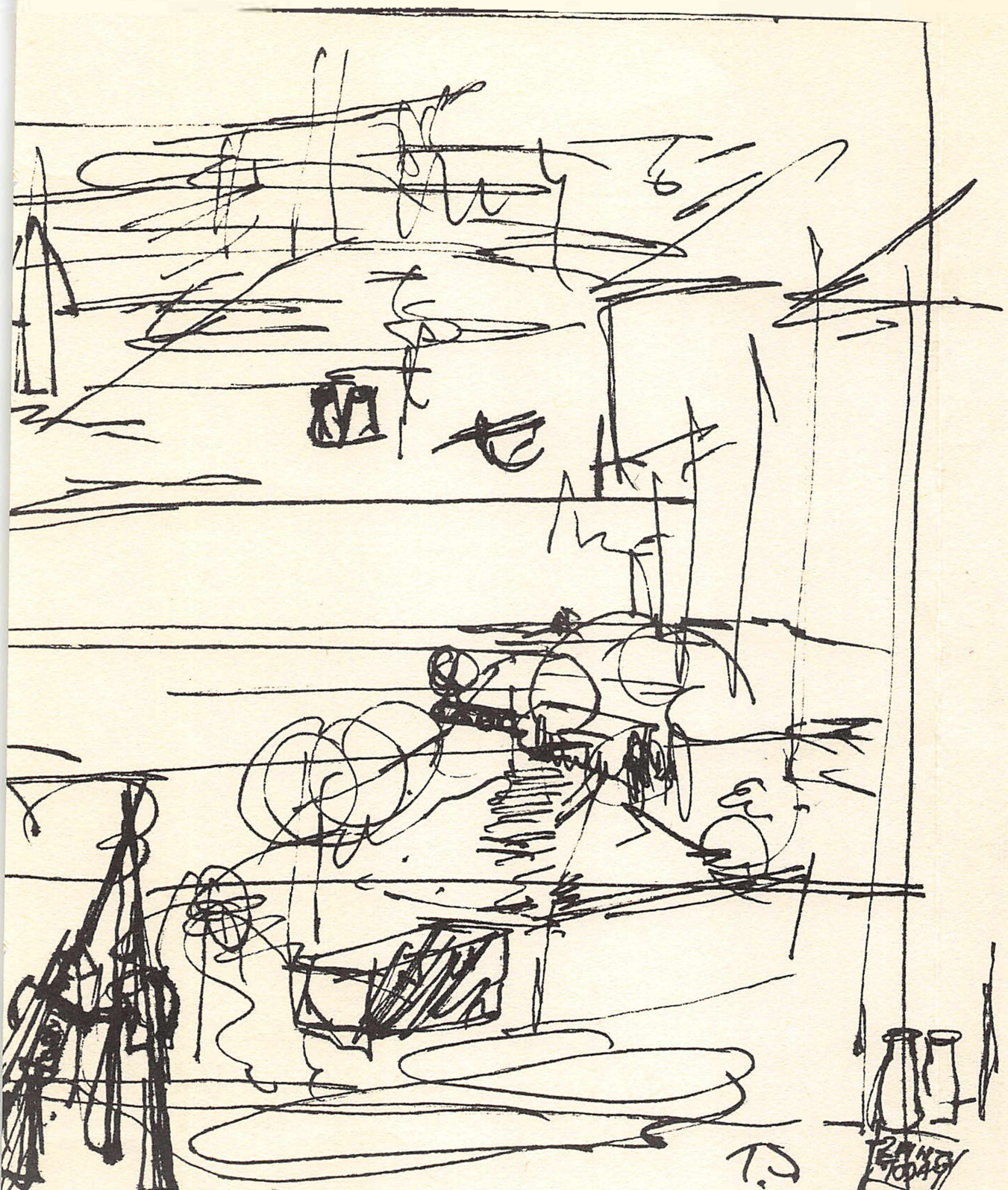
Certain people conceive art as abstract, as opposed
to science. However, as Vico said "we made history".
So art is a real experience and the abstraction is
alienation. Unlike science which deals with nature,
something "other".

Man's destiny is to discover himself in nature and
make nature truly human. This will happen when man-
kind advances to communism. This is Immanent in
every small incident throughout history. Also
reaction and its universal meaning. Bourgeois
sick "humanism", Walt Disney and "Genocide", views
reaction only as it superficially causes suffering
to people. Overlooking their own continuous blood-
stained deeds. The U.S. imperialists...? 500
dollars per Latin American starved to death but it
cost 500,000 to murder each Vietnamese patriot.

But when people grasp their own consciousness they
want to develop usefulness which means abolish Class



SMALL
OF IN



PROPERTY OWNERS TAKE ADVANTAGE
CREASED MILITARY PRODUCTION

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oppression and control of the means of production and capitalist anarchy and national independence. This Imperialism has a deep enmity towards and progressive culture.

They produce fascist, reactionary and decadent art. Their own can be described as decadent because their progressive claims have decayed.

Instead of describing the truth of nature. Artists should reveal the truth of the medium and demonstrate what sort of nature and social relationships created it.

A language does not have to be used to demonstrate struggle, it's there already. Such people are like those who wrote holy scriptures over classical philosophy.

In particular the British Imperialists have trained the British public to decry all abstract spiritual reasoning. This leads to the most philistine exercise of trying to connect a tree to an object (neo platonism). However, despair is money in the

bank.

Need it be pointed out that man divides labour, and further, humanity today is indivisible or individual, and man encounters nature through his behaviour and conceives it through his ideology which has developed over at least 3½ million years. Pragmatism is accepting class oppression. Since questioning is forbidden.

The Bourgeoisie prove how correct St. Matthew was. An evil man bringeth forth evil things.

Art demonstrates cause, it demystifies the everyday its aim is to make society useful. Art is not deliberately "beautiful" this is another word for progressive. Look at what Einstein etc. said.

Truth cannot be described, it has to replace falsehood. Therefore, practical revolutions are preceded by intellectual ones. In reality they are the same. An idea leads to action inevitably.

The defence of private property Yankee world of the

imagination either is a prelude for reactionary acts, violence, antisocial, fascist, racist etc. etc. or it debases reason to the level of nonsense, and despair. This anti-humanism, often disguised as "caring about individuals", "people relating to each other", itself leads to brutalisation paranoia, I'll shoot anyone that tries to come in my fall-out shelter, it is an ideological unity with reaction, imperialism etc.

Progressive culture on the other hand puts everything in its proper place, it cures confusion. It elevates reason and logic, it shows things clearly for what they are. It refines language by using it correctly, it is therefore like the Way; moving and yet unmoved. It provides people with the emotional and mental slates to overthrow reaction. It is self-explanatory. It explains the nature of society.

Ambridge in Dorsetshire, somewhere in the Midlands. We also know that the inhabitants are "country folk" with "everyday lives". Seasonal changes take place though at different times of the year.

Geology and structure. Geology is a subject rarely mentioned by the everyday country folk along with drainage, soil types, selling the farm products, planning what to plant, livestock, breeding.

Ambridge is a commercial pragmatic product unified.

Heaven was arrived at by rigorous logic.

The middle distance seems absent.

What does Ambridge contain? Permanently.

Families, class prejudice, the Bull, the Archer gang

occasionally the Church, Capitalist enterprise;

never labour, politics,

money is known to exist but everybody has a supply.

Doris said she would bomb Penny Hasset back into the stone age.

Then there was Jennifer's illegitimate baby.

The plough looks down like an infants school facing the sky hawks, virtue will triumph. The small will defeat the big. Doris is a paper tiger.

The tree contained a lot of leaves,
God gave Dan and Doris Glebe Cottage, bricks.

The sky went bruise coloured, the clouds came along like blood soaked bread on the waters, birds or were they fishes, close relatives of Dinosaurs meandered about in solid air. It wasn't raining, probably there was a thunderstorm. The trees seemed like they were about to fall down so would everything if it was not firmly stuck to the floor. The weather was not a calm spring day, quite the reverse in fact. This is because it was psychological.

The cows wandered about like instincts or maybe insects, they had an idea. A simple idea. To move into Glebe Cottage and convert Dan and Doris into slaves. They could live

in the fields. On the other hand the British artisan isn't militant or disloyal if properly lead.

Between 1.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m.: 23 hours
45 minutes, what happens?

The black air guttered on Doris' saw, what did Doris want a saw for. In this world of all against all, the survival of the fittest, crime doesn't pay, caring about people. Why go to the end of infinite space to find nothing, it's right here. Saw Saw through bones, blood, solutions, marrow and other properties of living matter. Unconsciousness after 1.45. Preparation. Does necessity recognise Dan and Doris. Unseen, like God moving yet unmoved, Doris is making corrections to creation. This time God has sent Dan and Doris to show the world what is right.

Ambridge as a Commodity

To hold Ambridge up like a medieval bishop holds a cathedral and the dividers and plans next to brands of beer or motor cars. Furniture of

society and other useful things minds one like the Elephant whose memory is a sea of truth which washes the school, of the Cognac leaving aside the overproduction of grapes or the archaic aspect of the physical furniture. The addiction to clogs. The effects of cognac on Ambridge. Doris the capital of biscuits. In the time of Charles Martel, before the windmill. Anyway, in the town of Saintes, before Hegel, before Spinoza before Kepler before Shakespeare.

After Archimedes, after the development of pottery, after gravity, after weather. The settlement of Ambridge.

In between a great pile of God, thrown up by Gods bits of wood on a swamp which it continuously falls into. Except it is destroyed by enraged heretics first. Built on a swamp because Christian martyrs were rubbed out on that sacred spot. This cathedral green with mould.

Not recovered from the ravishing of the atheistical jacobins. Because Doris had taken the moral responsibility for the Universe she suddenly felt as if she was made out of uranium.

Because the weather, sheep, economic system all the scum on the ocean of Evil which seems like steel on flesh all followed Doris' point of view of Good. Even virtue became dizzy as it bubbled to the surface like an outbreak of cancer.

The beautiful white blooms of spring sparkling like hunger. The pure unmixed love of charity of rain.

The floods had lasted forty days, and no food, skies bruise the apples like bees chew cabbage yellow to stew dreams like saws from thrushes, or our pet cats eat the people of Peru to ruin.

Because Ambridge is impossible and isolates all nature but a great light from the East dispels these cobwebs.

The Earth can rotate till its hoarse because the Vietnamese people will win.

To draw the line at the bottom of the page because this is the edge of the map, the edge of mixed metaphors, now take the page away, now take the eyes away, now take nothing away. The stars are like proteins in my trees when all the gold crosses the Sahara. It's greed and power which led me on. Everything in Ambridge is so bewitched by myopic oceans of charity which falls in May and grows the rice.

The strike had lasted for more than forty days' and the trees and cows which had drank of the eloquence of Doris so eagerly had with their new freedom as if the table was taken away from under the dinner. Or the teachers had fled their schools. To storm heaven, nothing moved, all the wheels of avarice, lust, death, stood silent. There is no God but God. Mutinous, everying in revolt. Yet Doris in the Fuhrer's bunker expecting the world to end.

To make concessions, to allow the wheat more sunlight, the bees more honey, surely would show one which represents an outflow of 25 dollars to Europe and the U.S.A., whose food comes to feed our pets and cows. Their open veins of magic which when they cross the seas of plumbing become divine goodness. In the same way sewage is purified when it passes through rocks and becomes pure water or Lemon Pledge, instant shine.

The God of Ambridge is the same God as the God in Rome. The cigarettes that are smoked are the same as those smoked in Brazil. The cars are the same as those in South Africa. The language is the same as Nigeria.

The cows and fields fit together like the parts of a machine. The sky seems sick oozing with fluids thrown ink find its visit in every space between something and nothing, between gravity.

Coming from history, coming through the cracks in Doris' ideas, like the light on water.

Rain steam and speed, a pregnant moment. A division of labour between good and bad. The death of Grace Fairbrother seemed to set a course like the invasion at Suez; instead of removing the cancer they cut the healthy tissue.

The trees and cows, they didn't have to toil from five in the morning till midnight. They didn't require five year old orphans to work.

Coming from the bus. Dan was working the milking machine - this was a pregnant moment.

The Technical Means

The trees demand spring which supplies bees which washes as the fair stream of truth which chews steel. As a pure clock is like pure Vodka so Doris is extremely moderate as she produces the breakfast. Dan's sheep following the principles of democratic centralism and making studies of the latest common market regulations, a mirror of stars are like chaos. Vomited from the whale, although it is impossible.

The whale of truth sings better than the dinosaur of business which flocks onto the bread which Doris throws out into May and the table cloth and table and floor are eagerly carried off to build their nests in the roof.

The thrushes are in my blood, their lines are sugar cane to my liver, oh soft trees that sew the clouds that with iron chains ties bees and sheep and thrushes in that symphony of nature whose notes are like the game birds retrieved alive from Baron Munchausens pointer dog in the Indian Ocean. Where does nothing come from? Can it be bought and sold profitably? Where do correct ideas come from? Can I make a profit on the deal?

Indeed the extinct species to inhabit the waters of the deep lakes which come out in dreams and newspapers is thought unlikely.

Dan and Doris are the product of an extended series of actions.

Wooden hammerings and hammered wooderings in the dictionary before nobody could spell anymore and the language ceased to contain sense such as the creative force in evolution. Fishes wanted to live on dry land. Dinosaurs wanted to fly, apes wanted to go out and work. The warp and the weft of progress. Flat as a mountain.

The sheep hath paid for it all and their unpaid wages are an investment in Brookfield farm which plus interest entitles them to Glebe Cottage.

The return of the catalyst.

Coming Soon - Closing Down Sale at Ambridge

Is this where cows used to graze and Doris sewed. Could this be the tree that fell on the Church with Dan in it. The day after the aeroplane crashed. Are those the stars and moon which stared down on the star crossed lines like woolly amoebas alas now extinct.

O ideq - where is your strength now. O our lost greatness and moral superiority. God has cast us down. O nation of shopkeepers with no customers.

The still flat forests. Baroque lights. Moles badgers earthworms. Draw a line with a pencil. Who made me. The geographical steps opposite shape to the fields. Swooping birds called spotted or oceans in my ears this age of reason.

This church of jagged tears in a yard of oblivion mix water and then. Your huge hand gravitation like burning ice. A rain of frogs, comets speaking Greek. The cloud of unknowing. Lines without points in correct grammar. My stormy life in the newspapers. Politique c'est la politesse.

The void.

If you can imagine an electron and its nucleus. Then you could picture Doris walking across the field to Glebe cottage. The field nominated by Gainsborough. Doris's in one direction 9 miles
120.

from Glebe cottage and in the other 6,000 miles.

According to the word of Doris we are "having a few jars in the bull" but when I hear the clang of the iron doors, I wonder. I think I am mad... but everybody else is enjoying themselves, but don't pubs have closing times? Maybe, I am trying to spoil everybody else's fun. I realise that Doris' is the only possible opinion and that anyone "with something to say" is allowed to say it, but the devil comes and tells me that everything is fixed and that anybody disagreeing with sound common sense will meet an unpleasant destiny. I know that the most creative thing I can make is Doris' perfect morality. I blame God for giving us free will.

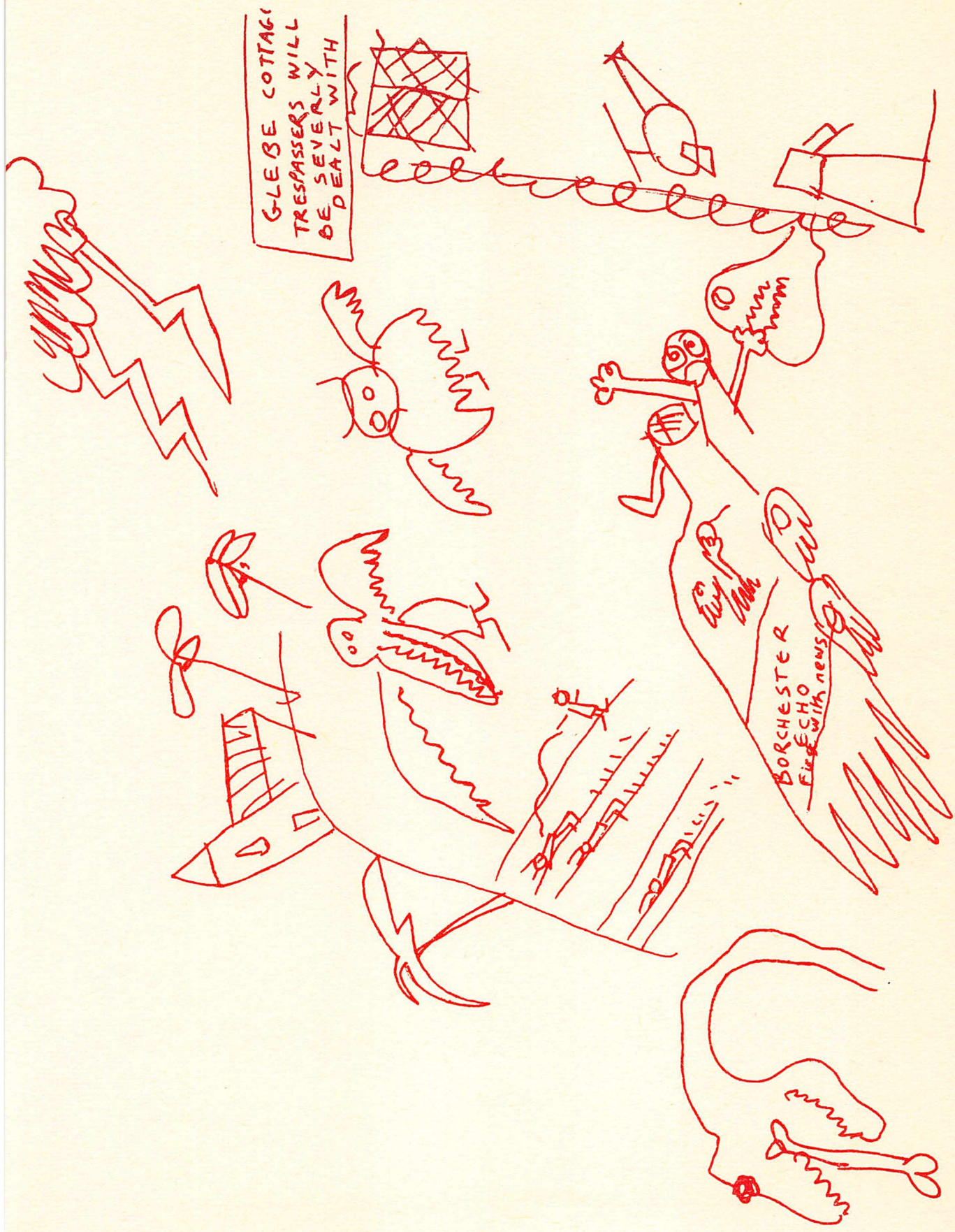
The wheat and apples came back to the village transformed to electricity, tractors.

Sleep. That is what wanders about like a ghost.
The flesh and blood of the holy biscuit. The bird
or sheep like pipes. Inside sleep is a dream of an
unquiet climate. The reason of the state which
controls reason. The sea is in the blood, and
water is the strongest substance. The sea like
trees of sleep. The sheep that ate men made out
of water. Made in Birmingham or China, made in
progress.

Above the bed weaves a shade smashed by free trade.

The windmill was

let us now pass to the minus side of the equation
(in the totality) departing from necessity and
reason migrates through finite space. The wings
breath shadows a spiral of space with nothing
falling, inside view made out of touch and
vision like a meteorite hands the circulation
like blood. The blood of Maccu Piehu of Pablo
Neruda which asks justice.



GLEBE COTTAGE
TRESPASSERS WILL
BE SEVERELY
DEALT WITH

BORCHESTER
FIRE with news
ECHO

mmm

Ambridge and Decadence

The Golden Age which poured water on the lush growth of Doris' power to produce her intended effects. Yes, Glebe cottage has passed over the peaks of its supreme power and pax Doris. What now of the natural morality that trampled everything underfoot. Will "pig forage in the forum where once the fate of the whole known world was decided" or will things change. Like Moses the Ambridge tribe is unable to see the promised land. The only thing they know is that they must buy it from somebody else by underhand methods. Rest your head on a tree which connects like a cog what species of tree. How did we get here, can we find a way back. The flood of Noah is language. How many buckets of water equals the perplexity, is more or less than the profit. Saw it up and melt it down. Useless.

Some Radical Changes in Ambridge

After the coup d'etat by Tom Forrest, people were expecting some radical change. Fiscal policy, firstly they collected up all the money and put it

in his garage to lower prices.

Sickness and the organism.

As every entity has an exterior and an interior,
and secretes and expels fluids like death and sin.

The healthy co-ordination of exchanges and fluid
dreams and wishes, desires which can be fed,
all gazing from Glebe cottage must be held next
to the vicious acids which are created and are
floating inside and the devouring of its own
flesh by Doris' cows. The dreams which are sick
and cannot be neutralized. (physical and mental).

The structural mole and the rabbit of dreams. The
grass like change. The owl of possibility. The
cows of faith all gazing like vultures at Glebe
cottage. The Man that made the laws. The
only similarity is that I lose.

The philosophic wind.

How to sell your brain and get ahead and your

foot in the door, your hand in their pocket, full of nostalgic jokes at millions of front doors.

They were plotting how to take Dans' sheep away and use them to make millions of Indian peasants starve to death whilst growing tea and sugar. Don't be a sap. Be the smart comrade who always carries the lightest load. Thus, how to feed the weather around.

Company Chairman.

Like the beauty of the ravages of a disease. The utter criticism of life, life in contempt. Like the movements in (the only interest you have in kingdom is breathing) a field of waters. Contumacy in anarchies of necessity. A bitter taste of hungers. The devouring of intestines. Stupid oceans of shame flood matter like. Very well packaged, napalm rains down with a very good 'image'.

The urban copy of Ambridge. With its blue trees, green rivers, mechanical devices. The military strategy in. The televisions chewing cinemas,

chewing cows, wondering about philosophy, and spontaneously Doris thought why do we think? Isn't a division of labour an improvement of the agricultural life. I'll do the thinking about thoughts, simply appear, we just gather them up and put them on a lorry. Nobody could accuse them of being useful. Doris was musing: who could say that was a cow? Or an elephant? This is to fall for the world of legal categories. No wonder we can't understand God. No great wall of China surrounds it. It appears like cheese appears out of milk, day appears out of night, money appears out of banks. History appears and disappears. A big horn in the sky is blown, life continues as usual etc.

O foolish chimera, lower your tithes, your hedges make the soul, so as to devour it. Unequal exchange. O gentle fair competition pour your balm in my cup. Don't give any of it to those of bad character. They can be the thought about. For sale. Grace the love of birds, fields, earth-worms.

The reality is....what isn't there. It's been taken away to relax you from the stresses and strains of modern (not old fashioned) life.

Doris dreams she is arrested and questioned by the farm animals.

INTRODUCTION

Esteemed guest at the literary feast, if my table
is a tree trunk unhewn with the leaves still on it.

If my tools are unmelted ores and bits of wood.

If my concepts are but the first idea that came
into my head, the lawless ravings of reason with
no order, because criticism brings progress.

If what I say is disordered and violent then I
blame the capitalist system and especially my
teachers at school who tried so hard to brainwash
and demoralize me. I would like to say all the
good ideas are my own and the wrong ones are ones
that I stole from other people so, of course,
they should take responsibility for any errors.

Anyway, everything is the result of work, thus a
communication. The truth is the whole. A book
requires someone to read it, and someone to write
it. These are your ideas. It's for you to extract
the contents. Money is the language of love.

The situation is the tree, the situation is the market.

What do they do when they are not buying and selling. Hallo, I am a five pound note, when I came out of the bank I was given to a sauve chap, he went to a restaurant and they gave it to the owner, he spent it, eventually, I was a grubby note owned by a problem family.

If Ambridge is infinite dimensions why is it finite? Why doesn't everything happen simultaneously? Why do birds fly in the air and not swim in water? Like shovelling air it is Doris's absolute moral will that is the gravity which cements existence to necessity. If Doris did not make the afternoon tea, the sun would go out, the Amb would flood. The bank of Reynard de Montauban. To atone for sins joined workshop for low wages - after a week workers killed him with axes and threw the body in the river which was brough by fishes to flot and three candles.

Mathematical Proof that Anything is Possible in Ambridge.

Things exist in a certain place also they have to be "represented". Furthermore cause and effect they are an interesting theoretical symbol and if you have a war without blood and gore I'll be the first to go.

The dehumanised people looked up at the theoretical "trees" or the hegemonic representation. The struggle is in jumble sales. The arena of the class war is "ideas". Discipline, organisation, division of labour, objectivity. Formality is "vieux chapeaux". Today's revolutionary cares about minority groups, is a warm human being, everyone togetherness, no stigmatised minority groups, no stuffy order discipline, no need to think before you speak, just express yourself, others will try to understand and care with their deaf ears. They're all too busy expressing themselves. Caring equals communication.

Who the hell cares we're all nazia now. Art rushed to hospital to have emergency operation after being found injured in the street. Securicor cares about old ladies. Fido the dog cares about building sites.

Urban geology urbane.

Coal as now South Africa.

Sale of the Century QUIZ of the week.

The waters of Lethe

like swallows the Tiger

on Table mountain or Opportunity Knocks

too many bodies for the cemetery to process and

they're having to dump them in the sea in 1973

in Chile.

We like to be friendly to our friends. Logic

migrates/the moon in June mainly in tune

1972 Miner's strike purgative for societies intest-

ines black as night as nothing, empty before the
outside.

The stars were cause and effect

later Dinosaurs and toy train sets develop into

moral created by No.6 cigarettes.

What's the matter with me, made in the U.S.A.

and society has a metaphor as bright as 10,000 suns.

Sea like bones, dreams of butchers of reality coat

black holes nevertheless we shall win

black holes nevertheless we shall win

The sheep green rain to Portugal

green oceans, the Wall Street

They were paid every hour and given 10 minutes to
go to the shops to spend their money.

It was a type of detective story but why should
there be a detective, since God knew the solution.

Management they do that.

Is matter individual? said Ockham, fuzzy blur
600 years ago. Thus anticipating the theories
of Walt Disney put into practice by Nixon. How-
ever, this reasoning contained an error "with
Bordaberry, Garrataszu and Banzer Pinochet
rapacious hyenas.

Devouring our history, gnawing
our flags conquered....

pillagers from hell.

Petty tyrants, a thousand times sold out
and selling out, urged on by the wolves of New
York.

the O.E.D., South East Asia would still be standing. Now it doesn't exist, and even if it did it would be separated from the outside world by the red communist boot. Meanwhile.....

The individual is that which cannot be divided further like cognac.

Justice comes out.

Whilst Mickey Mouse has liberty.

Water is the strongest substance it is not afraid of Atom Bombs. Ambridge is very Dickensian. Ghengis Kahn above Ambridge the literary sky, about its upsidedown version. Daily Express in its cess pits. Dreams its coal mined cabbages and potatoes, declare liberty of the tennis court. Equality to stand Doris and Dan against the wall. The past is midwife to the present.

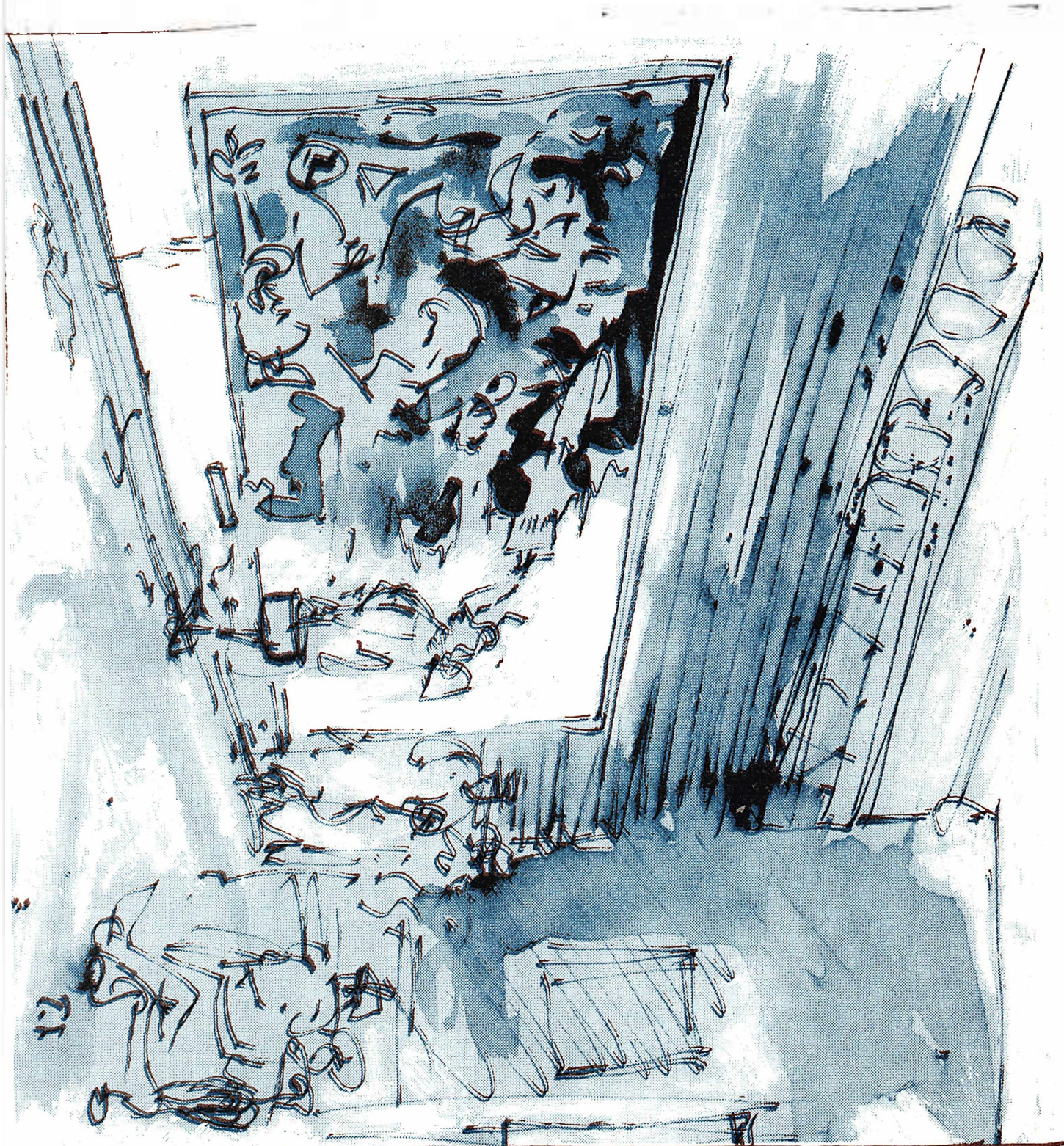
The 17 pluvoise year 2 - Does the impure scum on the beach make the ocean less mighty.

It has been said that terror was the main spring of despotic Government. Does your Government then resemble a despotism? Yes, as the sword with which tyrannys lackeys are armed. Let the despot govern his brutalised subjects by terror, he is right to do this, as a despot. Subdue liberty's enemies by terror and you will be right as founders of the republic. The Government of the revolution is the despotism of liberty against tyranny.

Is force made only to protect crime? And is it not to strike the heads of the proud that lightning is destined.

Manufacture of reality is relative.

If this is manure, like Voltaire, dig it into your garden. Where are the invisible pieces of string. Chicago Oct. 31: James Wilson lighted a cigarette while bathing his feet in Benzine. He may live.



L/W

DORIS REPAINTS A PICASSO PROPERLY

A Biological Romance

She felt a massive flood of nausea in her digestive canal like a rising fountain of stars whom I love and trust in every respect, it was a quiet evening, the moon was on strike, and there was no more talk about age or money.

Clouds fish - the abstract condition of qualities - a cog made of a tree as the past. Dragons turn. Serious bone and blood spill on the breakfast everywhere. The self styled apples on the abrasive trees like a saw making a saw. It's crossed out on a magnificent day as we were in the process of skirting around the surrounding length and breadth, penetrating deep Sussex clouds. Maybe it was Norfolk. Deep in the green period between past history. What glorious weather said the motor car, we were all smoking Kensitas cigarettes which care about you. But the presence of the police made me fear they were reefers. We were pulling our hair out with anxiety that drug fiends could poison the simple joys as William Blake pointed out.

The waters of oblivion transpired around the steel object. Over a million men toiled making these devices. Labouring for pyramides they carried on their heads, washing them on Sundays. But only metaphysical water can cleanse a futile labour.

Mental tools and physical furniture of nerves, eyes, clouds, fears, existing in the boiling world of man made nature.

It's obvious.

Reality is creation or recreation of possibility.

Not content with the world God gave them, Dan and Doris.

How was curiosity developed? It's obvious that atoms are not curious since they haven't brains or the capacity of thought or even senses or nervous systems.

Thoughts on Not Reading

Gray's elegy

Ambridge spewed forth
who knows
Some rural Stalin
or illiterate Wordsworth
who couldn't read
beneath the trees

above the sky
in Baroque messages
where God saves fictions.

He also serves those who have their gold teeth removed and are turned into soap bars. God is on holiday in Spain.

15 percent is not enough, we want £1,000,000,000 per week minimum wage, for inanimate objects as well.

Ambridge is the world of appearance. That appears in verbal forms, it appears against another world. They do not meet.

What is the reality of the appearance ?

Appearance.

- I. The subjectivity of the world, i.e. phenomena.
2. False consciousness. Reality is an intellectual conception or what is light ? Or seeing, our seeing, or seeing sight, or thinking vision, or can conditioned responses of a social and natural order be called thought ? Or does thought have to be creative ?

Surely basic forces struggle in ordinary vision but in a divided and manipulated way which conquers us for oppression.

And when we have our own vision i.e. we see, the meaning of the word oppression changes.

We see light, we see hunger. Fascists say we make too exaggerated claims for our thought, and that it's it's better to be pig-like, some left-wingers try to advance towards these illusions. Liberals are in their natural element. Hypocrisy and deceit.

Whereas they have to be used to see through them. Finite and infinite. The world is complex - ideas can be grasped in the same way as a saw can be used for nailing floorboards. Or we can jump on our heads, or put acid in our tea.

Ideas whether we think them or not, perhaps a "technical expert" will think our necessary ideas for us. Perhaps if we don't eat we won't get hungry any

more.

The idea of perfection was thought up by the oppressors. As a concession to the oppressed. It was then struggled over. To be curious means to not accept anything, but to look at it. To question it and let it ask questions.

As scientists could accept scientific ideas which bore no relation to reality for a thousand years.

There's big money in gravity, Gallelio should have said. Today we can't say there's big money in reality because reality asks for the abolition of money, and the seeing of things as they are.

However, the bourgeoisie have devised a new deodorised, industrially psychologised, caring pigsty controlled by experts with built-in obsolescent straw.

Also they have got the pigs to run it themselves with sound-proofed, discreet, abbatoirs.

After all, only the inferior races get the "full

treatment". The joke is, only they have the "full consciousness".

There are 3.2 million working days lost each year because of bum scratching.

Throw your furniture away and burn your house down. (We warn you not to try to imitate Superman's stunts as our medical experts inform us that it could be dangerous for small children to jump off high buildings. And our legal experts inform us that if we stick this bit in then if you jump off a high building then you can't get any of your money from us.

If you do jump off a high building then we'll have a good laugh and call you a sucker.

Dan collides with Doris and they revolve around Brookfield farm. They reproduce themselves and multiply. Glebe cottage was a reward, but a reward is an exchange. The powerful and the powerless.

In infinite space in society Ambridge is not held together by the bond of love. It continues to exist, but does not reproduce itself. No one produces any-

but does not reproduce itself. No one produces anything, no one exchanges, there's no social system, no division of labour. Surely it must be Hades or the first circle of Hell. Except Socrates doesn't live here. There's no one to appeal to reason, to destroy and smash to fragments. This non place. What is the situation of man in Ambridge ? The position of the observer. The reality that position forces him into contact with. The ideology generated by that position. The struggle between different sections.

So Man creates himself in Ambridge. No, he is pure "character".

The situation is a travel film and "man" is not evolved in Ambridge, but something which appears similar.

Ambridge reproduces itself by the intervention of God. Ambridge produces eternal values.

Social Darwinism, moral Darwinism. The survival of the most good. Materialism is a situation that you

are in, like Ambridge.

We all relate to the Archers and this is relative.

Even the same thing is different.

By always being the same and unresponsive they do violence to us. They tear us out of the world. The Vietnamese could shoot down American planes but we can only ignore the Archers. But they only don't exist in imagination because they are quite real. These everyday broadcasts from the Archer bunker. Daily denying our existence and insulting the creativity of the working class.

Schizophrenics believe

someone has removed their brain,

or is bombarding them with cosmic rays.

This is quite fanciful.

An imaginary world which reproduces an imaginary world.

Can be opposed by a history which uses the

1. Existential forms but their real essence or vice versa.
2. Demystify the story by a logical exposition, i.e.

revealed nonsense.

3. Put the real essence on the surface, i.e. make the pretended values, the laws of Ambridge i.e. insane.

Spirit and Form in Ambridge.

The place - absolute truth. The time half past one. The cows in the field like the poles of electric current. Dan puts his hand in the electric main to find out what it's about. Struggle for the fittest. Dan or Electricity. Can matter think ? If it's the Glebe cottage of God.

Spring fossils soft the seas of warmth in the night of snows the trees breath bees to fruit from snow blue.

Dan spares an ant. I am much more powerful than you. But power is responsibility and is tempered by mercy.

Dan looked at the light bouncing off the trees and into his eyes at 186,000 miles per second.

And if you would like to know what was found when they dug up Doris's fruit cellar then I will tell you.

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FRED BORAGE.

This sparkling new production by Fred Borage rivals Nature herself in its accuracy.

Surely Rural Class Struggles will rank beside Dante in its down to earth candour.

On this elemental canvas walk larger than life characters, such as Dan, who beat up his brother to get his hands on Brookfield Farm, & the dazzlingly beautiful Lillian, reminiscent of Natasha in 'War and Peace'.

This canvas is larger than the Universe, with characters greater than destiny.

RURAL CLASS STRUGGLES

Surely humanity has walked out of the Plato Cave & into the sunlight; to face a truth more true than ideal truth.

One wonders how the world can go on existing after this.

IN AMBRIDGE.

If you explain to a fish that he or she is a fish

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