

COMPRACHIOES IN THE RAW



When we are born
we feel we cry
As we Grow
we learn to die

Comprachico: a child
mutilated for purposes
of exhibition

by karalla
rawly edited
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Spaces Dressed in White

I see the blues, the yellows and the reds - the drips of paint dried on the gallon cans. All sitting still in a new place for my soul to dwell. The spaces are large, all dressed in white with indent dividers, separating but not closing. The space is pure. The light pours in, but not from any window that can be seen. I feel at ease in this space, even though it's quiet empty. My needs of materials are all within. I feel the open-ness of my soul, when far off in the distance I hear, I must move.

There's this woman you see, she has many of large buildings. Power is her game, she wants my space. I learn this from this man who keeps hunting me down. He's such a strange man. I have an inside fear of him. Standing calmly I come face to face with him. He is about my height; his face stays unknown to me. As the words flow from his lips, I look deadly at his teeth. His top four front teeth had perfectly drilled holes, displaying the suit of each playing card, the diamond, club, heart and spade, so delicately they sat in a space at the top right corner of each tooth. It did not dominate the tooth, it sat quietly there, in a nonchalant way.

He brings out the child with golden hair, alone she dances to the tune of unconditional love. She moves into the open white spaces, far from me, but within the bounds. I don't see her much, only a glimpse of her moving about. One day I awoke and found my paints and space of work empty. I looked about for where everything could have gone. I went to the space where golden child dwelled. I saw all my belongings carefully placed for her needs. I told her, I could not live this way, she politely excused herself and started helping me put back my belongings. We proceeded slowly, step by step. The large desk for drawing, then the chair and a few smaller needs. I sat in my chair, behind the

desk, something was missing. I can't possibly work here. My panels where have they gone - the four panels I use as my shield. Golden child, I said, take me to them. Moving through the spaces together, she showed me an opening. My four panels split in the center, two on each side, now dressed as a frame.

Golden child, having still parents in anxious wait in finding her, notices the picture of herself on the front page of the daily news. Her golden image reduced to a black and white head shot. She feels the time running through her fingers, so short. She is lying on her bed amongst the whites of pillowcases and sheets. She's wearing her Sunday dress of blue, with small clustering white dots, employing the image of flowers. Beside the side of her bed, the water is flowing into a bath, gracefully poured by her lover. She slips alone from the billow sheets of her bed, into the deep waters. The water calmly envelopes her whole being, while her blue Sunday dress releases the soft curves of her body. Her lover lifts her gently from the depths of the water; in silence he then places her on the whites of the sheets. Her eyes are swollen black, with the inner depths of darkness emerging. She feels the presence of her parents near and the knowing sadness of the destruction of love. She looks with confusion at him, and in a whisper she speaks unspoken words. He lifts her hand and places it on his face, moving her hand intimately over his features. He kisses the inside palm of her hand, then silently places it carefully back by her side. He reaches inside his jacket pocket and pulls out a small white leather pouch, within the pouch, a rare instrument of glass. He takes the piece of glass and innocently fixes it over her nose. His eyes watering to a haze he pushes the glass piece through.

A snap seems to echo from the walls dressed in white - as the blood slowly flows, filling the bed - He sits on the edge of the bed, maybe for days or a short moment not known. The air of gray

poured into the white spaces weeping the time that destroyed the light of the golden child.

The Wild Spirit

I was born beautifully tanned with a white star on my forehead. My parents, in the domain of mankind, stood tall, for the royal blue blood could be traced as far back as man began to know. My mother's belly was always full, my father with many a mare. My brothers and sisters sold early in life. Only I stayed, for they saw something wild in my eyes.

I was still young when a turn of events took place.

The flames of the sun broke that perfect circle, the day was hot. The wind, strong and gusty blew silently through my mane. My spirit grew quiet, for I almost slowed my pace to the step of man.

There was a strange scent in the air; it was dark and gloomy, filled with layers of black.

I was taken to my rooms, where the groomers started washing me down; the coolness of the water was refreshing from the heat of the sun. When they brushed my coat, it always felt good to massage the muscles that seemed to yearn for more. A princess I am, to have so many await on me, hand and foot, while the sweet smell of sweat poured from their faces. They knew my temperament so strong, they worked about me on tip toes with loving words to ease me calm. After much time of pampering the beauty of me, they would place this dress of straplings around my face and neck. All knew my wild spirit, for this was the only way they could walk beside me.

Now down the corridors we walked together, bringing me out to a mobile horse. I've seen these things come and go, but never have I journeyed with one. They placed me in this steel box with little square openings on the sides. As I looked through, I could see the changing patches of colored landscapes, that I roamed wild in all my days. Faster and faster the colors changed until they became a blur of one.

Coming to a stop, I could hear the movements of many steps of men around this metal cage. Through the small openings I saw the different colored eyes staring at me, until they opened the doors to guide me out into the fresh open space. The many men came running forth to stroke my body and admire the beauty of my stand. So many hands, too many hands all over my body. I kicked my legs up and shook my mane in a wild protest. Two men jumped forward and grabbed my straps in a hurting grip. I stomped my foot and tried to break free. The others moved closer, holding my sides, pinning me down, naked on the ground. This man walked forth with some straps I've seen on my fellow mates

before. I tried to move - I needed air - but as a prisoner they held me there. On my back, the weight of the new strap around my belly; they belted it tight. The cuts of the straps, chained my fine figure in a forceful way.

Another man approaches, somewhat like a child, but only a smaller creature than the others. Walking towards me, his eyes caress my body. He comes close to me, then pulls his hand gently down the side of my face. So softly, I turned my head to stay within his hand. But he moves on to the rest of my body. Rubbing, feeling, touching me, all around until he comes back to my face. Not with the touch of his hands. But with his eyes he looks into mine; he tries to command me with his stare. As he looks deep into me, he sees the wildness that dominates my soul. He looks away with an air of self-assurance. But inside he recognized that look, the look of promise, of trouble, beauty and hell.

He moves gradually to the side of me, gliding his hand, feeling me. I feel a slight push within me, and then a pressure of weight on my back. I tried to move from the trappings but his legs were wrapped firmly around me. From side to side I pushed and pulled to shake him wildly off me, but he pressed his strong legs further into the depths of me. His body hot trying to take charge, the men all around still forcing me down. Within me a sudden explosion erupts. My blood running hot held by this man. He grabs the straps within his tender hands that imprisoned my head and soul. The other men step swiftly back. As I kick up my legs and shook my head wildly, a yell from my belly screamed of freedom. Still holding hard he pushes to melt into me. I kick higher up and back trying to break free, in all attempts to throw him from my back. My temperament angers him, his hated love of me brings the cuts and stings on my back. His once soft, caressing hands now hold an instrument to bleed me submissively. The more I kick and fight the harder and quicker he cuts me. He holds me close and directs

me to the open space. He loosens my straps slightly to free the movement of my head. I stretched my head forward to run free in the open space. I run rapid and furiously to break from this body trying to be one with mine. Faster and faster I fly desperately, in all attempts. But one in the wild, he moves with ease into my body. I feel a sense of freedom, for no one could stop me now. If he wants my being, he will have to stay within my pace. Faster and faster I soar. Around the curved bends, he blends with me, and in the near distance the other men cheer him on. I ran with such speed that his total thoughts could only be of me.

I had him now, even though he was upon my back, I was the one in command. I charged forth and gave him the ride no other could do. I knew I could run forever until he fell off, so faster and faster I ran.

Then a pull, a pull of my mane, locking my head. It slowed my pace, pulling, pulling, he pulled, his soft hands pulled so hard I can't move. My head stops my feet. I can't run, until my head is free. My head is trapped, my feet frozen. I stand still at the mercy of this man.

The American Dream

Far from the Four Corners,
families travel together
Only to find their Loved ones
torn from their limbs
Taught to ingest
the impurities of Life -
Just as an oyster,
to produce a great pearl

With Grand illusions
you lie in their Ocean beds
Waiting to be marketed
only for their reap rewards
America has wealth
only for the few MAY to enjoy
While they leave man lying in the street
without abode

This example is left for your eyes only
for you to view without choice
Quietly, while you quietly slowly sip the impurities-
To produce the great pearl for man to sell.

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

There is no integration between young and old in society. The old are placed away in a box for the young to run circles around, but never seeing them. Until the energy of the young is lost, then they too become dwellers in the great box.

Architecture the mirror of the great social game - for look around, the old buildings of non wealth is torn down to make way for the new - over-towering the old and left to dwell in the shadows of the new power that will subdue them soon.

More than a Death

The news was not a shock. My Grandmother was dead. How I loved my Grandma, the only Mother I had. I travelled home and the family greeted my strength as a comfort to them, for I was strong. When I arrived and the view that bestowed my face was my Grandma, lying in that black coffin, while the relatives were discussing the flower arrangements. Like a fountain, tears poured from my eyes. My clothes drenched from the salt of my soul. The truth ran into mad laughter. No Control.

The first funeral of my days, my Grandmother wrapped in a casket. The procession continued its usual course. Family and friends. The last day. The last view, before the casket is dropped into the dark depths of the earth. Family and friends gathered quietly together into one corner room, as the preacher preached his ritual prayers, prayers, prayers for my dead Grandma. Then on cue, simultaneously, everyone shed a few tears. Like tap, tap, tap, all together now, in harmony, just as if turning the faucet on in your kitchen. I stood in disbelief; my Grandma was not the only one that died.

Cattle Calling

The Bell Rings, the cattle are called. The clock bangs away you arise with eyes closed. The movements of the day come and go, just the same as yesterday- the only change in life is the lines and gray that employ's your face. The mornings greet the disasters of the day before. The news on the tube rings with the sensation to glue. A verdict from 12 of your peers, brain washed into finding a Not Guilty verdict. As the officers in charge compound their guilt into a manipulation of your mind. Just a regular day in the life of the abuse of power that dances over your head. How they laugh and play at the sway of your thoughts. Through the beauty of the Media, you find your escapism. With a slight twist of entertainment your brain is washed. Man as a genius unfortunately without heart. Cattles' the herd without leaving his abode. While your thoughts and movements factorize your life. A day with a disc jockey that broke from his love - your day is spent in remembering your love - only for the fact that his heart is crying out - that in turn effects your tears. One song with a beginning beat and the words float through the internal Walkman in your head. The brilliant mind that can travel far is imprisoned, doomed, and played on by the tune. When you were young your mind had thoughts. As they taught you the answers, your mind went without thought.

Cases won in a court of law, from the simple fact that the mind computes. A set of stairs and one step out of measure. A fall is met and the case is won. The people in power understand this theory; that's how they stand with the power of you.

Pass the Buck

The news is exploding
The straw that broke the camel's back
L.A. 1992
When will the white Government learn
You can't suppress a nation of people
You'd think they would have learned this
by viewing their wives and children
It's a shame the innocent must suffer
But that is the Great American Way
Pass the Buck

America the Beautiful

America the Beautiful - what has happened
The red blood is flowing - it's L.A. 1992
You'd think it was - 1968
25 years ago - Still the same problems
Your're IN CONTROL - I don't understand
You taught all children - The difference
between black & white -
So the tradition continues

It seems the Black spirit -
is stronger than you
You're so dead white - to put them down
Did you think - you could stand tall?
We know you're quite small.
Open your eyes -
view the whites that are black
We know you well - With your Masonite press
To sway the peers - in deluded lies

When will you finally stop

Our spirit is strong with life
Something you can't suppress
like your factorized whites
But what will you do
when those deluded whites awaken
and walk arm and arm with the blacks
To march against you for the truth

A white that is Black.

Structures

The constant feeding of the external
to try and satisfy the internal void
is the basis of the economical structures.

Each man has constituted himself to a prison
Before man grows, hopefully he will be intelligent enough to
forsee
what prison he has destined himself to dwell in.

Success is a derivative
of suppressed emotions.

They set the structure for the human race.
They set the structure for what art should be
They've conditioned man to understand
the conditioned art.

From what I know, I could master the race
But from my heart, I can only try and awaken the dead

One seeks control over another only because
one does not have control over one's self

You can polish the wood all you want
it's still wood
Is it a still life or is it still a life.

Street fighting man, there is no wonder
how a man's life has a lesser value than

the dollar, we all learned this from watching
the men in power.

If you want to walk among the flowers
please remove your combat boots

Push the button so your life can begin -
In the world of color we celebrate the actors
that can play the part of the life we wish to live.

I once lived in the depths of black coffee.

The artist has been conditioned to be unconditioned.

I read so much, but I read it off the wrong Reading List.

We each hold a monopoly in life, there is only one of us.

VIRTUE = REBEL

The ExiTentionalist School

Math....Change the years of Cain, Abel and all the fathers in the
Bible to months. As they all lived human lives {years} but
Procreated the world at the age of 9 and 10.....

I ain't no fucking virgin

Love's Illusion

You lay the flowers at my feet
and whisper the words of love
Love from the heart of yours,
To cherish and die for me
You've known me for only a brief moment
but you swear on the gods above.

For what is Love
but only an illusion filled with dreams
Dreams, the thoughts that swirl in your mind alone
I am sure to fall from the grace of your brow
For what you see of me I could never be
Because I am not your thoughts & dreams
I am only me.

Liberated

Woman had the power to create her own world - Man stood as a 3rd or 4th wheel in her domain. So he created a society to have something of his own. He stated how each should live - He had no power until you adhered to his words - You gave him the power by listening. And now you fight, which convinces him more of the power he holds - Look back at the old - The men would joke and claim to be king, while the women laughed quietly on her throne.

As Malcolm X stated - if Man has to ask for his freedom, he's not free - so why fight or ask: just take.

The woman of the day, that once employed a powerful spirit from the old, to protect the land from the destruction of fools, has now become one of the great tax payers for the bomb.

Candence the Glimmer of Light

Decadence was once my friend of Darkness
So far off in the Distance I viewed
Candence the Glimmer of light
I tried to grasp part of this perfect illusion
With the inspection of my soul
My spirit grew strong
The solid Ground took hold
But my mind of wings soared
I traveled the libraries of the dead
My eyes blackened with their naked souls
Like a weeping willow
The falling star of a child, dead

Candence, the glimmer of light
candence, the glimmer of light
As this child grasped this perfect illusion
Candence, the decadence of illusion

Rebel at Large

Teach me to paint, write, sing, Love

One must laugh at this statement above. To venture forth we must venture back - back into the depths of our soul, for only we know. Have we all traveled so far from ourselves that the journey has become an artificial emotion. Blindly we travel, but in which direction do we seek. Are we running free like the unbroken stallion in the wild or are we running the race course with the jockey at our reins. To direct and guide us with expectations that sit well in the acceptance of the norm. What is the norm? To act, dress, speak and be directed as to what we should feel and be. What if we break down the great wall that imprisons our souls. Will your soul smile at my sacred words of feelings, that bring about the great tumble of illusionary security you lie in.

To speak the truth of the heart, do you find a rebel at large. Do we close our hearts, eyes and minds and keep running like scared rats with our little bottles of emotions all neatly tightly corked; at each moment we spend all of our precious energy trying to conceal from others and even ourselves the wish to live. Living life only in the dreams of day to night - night to day. Waiting, existing, hoping to awaken before the darkness of the earth conceal our last breath.

The Awakening

In the understanding of you
I drank in the tree of knowledge
Rimbaud I've read extensively
Gold, the existentialist life in Misery
Curiosity killed the cat

But I live on
Above the game of competition
Set by who I leave you all to wage
While I engage in the beauty of
blue skies and landscapes of green -

4 Blank Pages-

The pages of time left blank.
For neither the future nor the
past
did color the pages - only the
present
Moments - keep these pages
free.

7 Steps to Gold

In the still of Blackness
The wind moves swift but silent
A child's cry echoes through the land
Celebrated is the birth of man

In the Gray shades of life
With the spirit of immortality
He finds himself still
only a shadow of man

As a White knight
Sitting strong in the saddle
To be greeted in the course of battle
He travels bravely to the unknown

Red with the blood of his brothers
The passion of Love inflames his soul
Each beat of the heart cuts deep
Carrying its mortal wounds

The fires that once lit the skies ablaze
Have succumbed to a pale Blue
With eyes of old and the soul of youth
The rebel's heart stirred, calm

In the Green Pastures he finds his home
With open arms his loved ones await him
He rests his weary head
To find himself one with the land

He arises in Darkness

To bring Gold all around
He takes his place in the heavens
And all the Gods welcome you, Apollo.

Precious Jewels

Working the streets again, in the light darkness of the eve. Much is quiet here. Only a few garbage cans rattling away. Small creatures and big creatures looking for a bite to eat. Continuously in the distance the echo cry of a small child, that's never ending. I'm standing on my corner waiting. Dressed in my fashionable all-in-Red - mini, top, spiked heels and gloves. Not any red, but a rich orange red, Blood Red I call it. All this Red brings the shocking contrast against my blue eyes. I'm very young but old, the time of pain wore its crease into the depths of my face.

For 4 years now, I learned the lines and cracks of these buildings that engage my corner. Not much changes here, my friends and I push our laughter smiles into place. No one leaves, unless they die or fade further into the cold stone of the surrounding buildings. We are all God's love less children lost in the concrete jungle. I only came out to make a little money, so I can stay dry in the rain. My home I left more than 5 years ago. Mother and Father beat me as their daily pleasure. So many cuts and bruises adorned my body. To bring an end, I must tell the world my parents of flesh and blood had no love for me. To speak these words I cannot, for the cuts they afflicted across the past scars of my body brought no cries. But the fact of these words would send the rippling pain into the depths of my heart, drowning the salty tears that choked all inside. So in the streets in Red I cruise, with my blond wig on, waiting looking for my next trick. Standing with only one thought in mind, one more fifty, and my rent will be made. Home free I will run, far from this corner - away from the eyes that glare the look of trash upon me. All those people that stumble by - Look, there's my Mom & Dad in each of their eyes.

There's my fifty, you can recognize that look in his face. Shy to be walking up to me - but sad and lonely in desperate need of love. All they ask for is for a few minutes of pleasure to try and fill the emptiness within. I, I just close my eyes and dream, I dream of a day, that a hero is met, he loves me and frees me, then takes me away. Our life is simple but rich in many ways. A simple house, filled with love. Two adoring children with eyes that speak of unconditional love. We would be so happy to just be in the arms of each. Their wants would be my commands, so proud I will stand. I can see it all so clearly in my head, as this man penetrates me with his sex. Now his dream begins, which has little to do with me. But that is his dream. So I close my eyes and drift back to mine. One girl, one boy, the boy older of course, to protect his little sis, so no harm could befall the soft curls of her

head. Our little house so beautiful with a manicured lawn, so the children can tumble and play and the sounds of their laughter will echo through the air. Maybe a stoop for sitting, where we all sit and watch the first new leaves grow from the tree we planted together. Maybe we'd even have a car, one we could drive in to the country side, for an afternoon family picnic. How beautiful it all is.

Here's your fifty dollars. My eyes open wide, the dream gone. My name is David, what's yours? Jewels, short for Julie. Nice to meet you Jewels. Yes you also. Thanks for the fifty. Out he goes. Quickly I dress. Down the stairs I run, out into the open air. Now to escape the hoods in the streets. Before my rent is claimed as a tax for walking the streets. So a taxi I must find before I lose my place of shelter - Taxi, Taxi, Taxi. 3 cabs and not one stops; my money and the look of me are not worthy of the ride. Please God, Taxi, thank the heavens above this one stopped. Home I fly. Up the stairs I soar freely into my little abode. Out of my mini and into my bath; I scrub the thick mask of color from my face. With a bit of water I smooth out the kinks from my hair. So the soft image of me is spoken once again. Into my granny flannel into the white sheets that lie on my bed.

On with the late late show, I lend my eyes into the caption of black and white. To view what comes forth but only the great Camilla. With Garbo & Taylor to set love ablaze. On and on the love grows strong but always the destructive father steps forth. Out of Love she leaves her lover - only to return to a life of mine.

True Currency

From my Father and his Father before, handed down since time began, a coin from a long time ago. With coin in hand, I set about to explore the cobwebs of the land. I traveled far into the depths of any web, for all I needed to do was to lift my coin to the circle of my eye, there and behold, the cobwebs would unfold. The coin, like the wings of a Dragonfly, fragile but strong, transparent as it was, with black lines running through. The flow of gold would sparkle through as I held it up to the sunlight before the moon. Beyond the creation of man this coin began.

As an ant would travel the thin branches of a tree and explore the fine lines of the leaves. Alone as a child with coin in hand, I traveled the four corners that belonged to the land. Off in the distance I viewed a large web; with curiosity wild I ventured forth to explore the many layers of fabric that lay ahead. In and Out through the layers I soared, special on an eve without the silver light of the moon. When in the background I heard the quickening steps of two men in blue, with silver stars pinned to their chests. Up to my pace, they grabbed my arms, and out from my hand the coin fell tumbling down. Rolling along the pavement of the streets, without the light of the moon, off it went into the darkness, clanking a small tune.

With flashing Red lights in a Black and White car, the two men in Blue lost me further into the web. Then we entered a web within a web, where many men in blue sat about with silver stars pinned to their chests. On with their questions one after the next with painted puzzled faces. They stood agape as I tried to explain with my little arms open wide -- My home is of all the land, my parents, in the heavenly skies above. My age is ageless for I don't know of your time - but through all the time of mine, I've watched the sun

and moon come face to face in a brief celebration, that brought a moment of darkness 721 times. Lost and confused, with grim looks jutted on their faces, the men in blue now stood about. Lifting me again off the ground that I stood, further they took me into their web. Off we went to meet the great Spider of Justice. While weaving away, the Grand Justice declared - 'A mere child you are and to the depths of the web you must go, go to be among all lost children of time.'

So alone and sad without my coin in hand, I felt the black, entangled webs clobbering my soul. Into their schools they placed me to factorize my mind, so the rewards of my time can reap their joys, and a productive slave will be one the more. They taught that a house and materials must be. Then they showed me silver and paper and called it currency. On with their lessons of how I should be. Be of course what they wanted me to be, with no sense of me in their thoughts of me. My spirit and mind that always shined stars in my eyes now laid black and sad with no hope inside. I tried to view their side with compassion for their lost souls that dearly praised their false lords. But time was at their command, and all around me I grew weak at their demands - while on and on they worked my mind to shape and mold for their control. The child in me dying - the beauty in me fading swiftly away. My body aging, for I've learned their teachings well, as my eyes would blacken further from each new morn.

One night when the moon was full, there was this locked door where the key was not removed. Gliding through the door, I ran quietly and swiftly into the open air, trying to break free, free of the webs that imprisoned me. As I ran, I seemed to run nowhere. With a frightful fear, my tears rolled down. My mind lost and confused. My spirit broken with courage no more, their manipulation took hold. I ran in circles in my mind, which led my feet to trot the same ground. Around and around without direction or thought, I fell

upon the ground embracing the green. The stream of tears watered the land as I desired to be free once again. I grabbed the earth to bring up the courage to direct and guide for a path was sought. I pushed myself from the ground only to fall upon my back. Lying silently there, through the haze of tears, I noticed the beauty of the stars up above. When the North brought a wink of luster to my eyes. Sitting there among the rest, shining brightly all alone. I grabbed the strength to stand once more - following this star I traveled North.

In the distance not far off, dancing colors played freedom in the air. Beggars and homeless all lived near and out with their wares they all sold here. Laid out in the street another sparkle shined alone. Walking to it my heart lifted - the joy of sunshine beamed in darkness. For there was my coin within their wares. The man of the street smiled knowingly as he lifted the coin to the circle of my eye, which brought about this true currency of mine.

Dear Student Loan People;

I've received many of your notices, sometimes twice in a week - One would have been sufficient. I know, I've neglected my duties in repaying your loan. But you can see, I don't have the funds nor income to make any such payments. I took your loan in earnest, I went to school. After completing 4 of the 5 year program in Architecture - I realized that there was nothing that this school could teach me, that I myself could do better.

I went into the job market with the spirit to charge forth, and to be a service to the people and communities. After some time I learned the true nature of gentrification. The burning down of neighborhoods, families misplaced, long-time owners of shops - now without a job. All this destruction was taking place, not unknown to the government officials in power, all for the almighty dollar. I quit my job and joined the ranks of the underdogs. My life was threatened and another was killed -- It was front page news, to be a wonderful note for us all, to become the Living Dead. I closed myself within my paintings and traveled the libraries of the dead. Their naked souls blackened my eyes. The mutilated child within soared with an awakened spirit - eyes opened wide to view the manipulation and the decadent perfect illusion of this society.

I viewed back on the schooling and how the system enjoys the blind young spirit, that praises his shepherds unconditionally. We are taught a pasty smile and within arm's length, substances that will help the disillusionment stay alive. I reject these teachings of manipulation, that ingests our minds to program, only for the regal reputation of the people in power. This is an abuse of all the people - even you- for you to sit behind a desk and write 10 letters

to me and others on their late payments - only so that the money can be used to give to others, so that they can be trained in the factorization of America. Think about it, Open your eyes, look deep into your soul; what do you really want for the child of tomorrow?

At one time, I felt the education schooling of the all was the only way to set one free. How I learned so differently. All this I could never learn in your schools. Each person has the duty to one's own self to learn.

Your letters to me of default and the threat to destroy my credit for the capital power fall short. For I have no house, property, bank accounts, etc. The only assets I care to retain are all built within me. With paint, paper, and pen I stand to brake the imprisoned structure of our society. All with the spirit and a hope that a tomorrow will be the end of a society that makes Comprachicoes of our children.

Yours Truly,

letter to a friend

So how are you? I have been into pre-Socrates' philosophy and the major study of ants. Unfortunately a few had to die along the way. But did you know soldiers and workers are born equal at birth and through nutrition, that is why they become what they are - just like humans - any way, when you kill a soldier, the slave - I mean workers carry the soldier away, away to the underground. But when you kill a worker - the worker stays there unnoticed - business as usual - well I killed more than 20 soldiers in this experiment and yelled "Run Free" but no one moved or ran - Blind Blind Blind

See you in the future

An Extra Page For You You You

To battle evil, one must become evil.....

Machiavelli - The Prince

To battle Good, one must become Good.....

karalla

So let the forces of evil battle us

Then the whole world may become a better place

But you must remember - never think evil

because evil will win - but good from the heart

always wins.

No matter how the evil mind would like to manipulate the forces of good,

he finds himself at a loss,

for he must think along the lines of the spirit of the soul- Ha Ha

Good wins over Evil

Man should never be measured by the knowledge he has obtained,

for that is a duty to himself. Man should be measured for the size of his heart -

for that is Man's greatest accomplishment - To Love.

fin?

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