

NonNOVEL



Florentin Smarandache

2010

NonNOVEL

[translated from Romanian by the author]

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PLQ

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[*Back cover*]

“Dear Mr. Smarandache”, by Alexandru Ciorănescu

“NonNOVEL is indeed a novel of drawer”, by Constantin M. Popa

WARNING!

The following text-essay, in multiple styles and tones, often with intentional non-punctuation and incongruence, or with inventions and deviations of words, reflects the revolt of a loner in a totalitarian society, where The Sovereign and his unique party (Camarilla) manipulated everything, from arts to science, from politics to economics and even the individual's everyday life. The Secret Police controlled people's behavior and mind.

It may be hard for the American reader to imagine such a country, where the powerful prove everything they want -- that black is white or bad is good!

That is why the following hyper-story is presented in a fragmentary way of almost independent episodes; where stupidity, contradiction, and non-sense are common place; the language's clichés are set backwards; and everything impossible becomes possible.

The **paradoxism!**

This is Wodania of Hon Hyn, a country where all is upside-down!

Mister Editor,

I found these pages written by a nephew of mine. I found them under the mattress where he slept before the police took him. They searched his room and found some letters of his and he may be dead. Maybe they killed him, nobody knows, and he was telling me that he wrote a book and he told me to hide a copy that he was writing with carbon paper because if the police confiscated them I had one and sent to thou that thou publish it to the foreigners. I don't know more and the poor boy is now in the hands of the police that beat he they put he to jail that he say why he wrote it. I am not skilled at the science of books but he spent all day pouring over some thick books like bibles and nobody could understand with he and I was telling he take some buttons that not be sick at head but he didn't want to hear it. And Mister Editor, read through what he wanted with this booklet who put he into jail that he will lay his bonze over there. At least put it to a printing of thou and if thou can take he out from jail because is a pity of he that he is a quiet boy and he do nobody harm here look that I not forget I found some other papers written by him but my woman threw them into the dustbin. That fancy he filled the house with old papers that she can't step that wherever she goes she runs into them. But I took them that maybe they are of use because the poor boy too much killed himself to scrawl them maybe they would mean anything thou put order in these papers.

Zmarandaiche Iion¹

¹ Author's grandfather Ion Smarandache (1911-1983), nicknamed Mandache or Mandea.

I

Why, Lord, this CLOSED CIRCLE give your dripping brains no quarter and splashed with three coins works, untitled, with only a drawing wanting to seem an empty soul or an absence of the human presence on these regions inhabited by the devil, or the infinite showed through a finite and closed itself curved line.

Why, Lord, all these bad things in Wodania and a **VICIOUS CIRCLE** in which you are turn round by a hostile to you society, this is neither the FIRST CIRCLE nor the last.

Why, Lord, this EARTHLY NOTHINGNESS fills your heart with sorrow

O, my country of longing

for wanderlust

In this state which boast itself that it has no unemployment at all, your job is of *unemployed of the country*. You live a complex of the society composed of indifference or repulsion of which you are looking to released yourself by escape.

You write in order to heal yourself, you write the novel of our life, the non-novel or our non-life.

a novel of the possibility of a world to be impossible.

Yesterday you left a Hospital of Nervous Disease and the doctor prescribed you to relieve yourself on paper as a *treatment*, not to keep any obsession into yourself because this will bring you about head aches and cardiac disorders, to scribble the white chalky sheet whit the excrements of your cancerous mood, to disclose all the low spirits which gnaw at you. Only thus you will be able to recover your health, considering the writing as a necessity, as a therapeutical mean, making a cure of creation.

So this is not a book, but a sick man. It is not worth having a title, a reader or an author. Because it is the product of other people, a child of incubator, born in a republic of animals, a **cattle farm**, race: human. It was manufactured serially, molten in crowd and swallowed by it. This is a man who suffers from bitterness, spite and **without personality**. He died long time ago, since he let you these memories. He asked you to print them abroad because he is forbidden here.

The readers must understand that there is nothing intelligible, that you do a kind of literary gymnastics.

This is a mode of how not to write literature, because in modernism the non-literary got literary value. You don't write because you like it. It is even a hard work for you. And not about the purpose of a literary work (like Broch), because you can't see neither its sense, nor it's nonsense. You will interweave bombastic phrases, stylistic gadgets. The more unintelligible you write, the more cultivated you'll be considered! In the evolution of novel's crises, its discontinuity continues. More and more there is the tendency towards eclecticism, joining of opposite currents, inclusion of already known artistic methods. As you have a lyrical mind, it is more difficult for you to write a novel, because you are in the habit of working with essences; a novel has also some sawdust, worthless stuff. As a poet who wrote only one sonnet, you are going to set up here a laboratory of nuclear - literary- tests. This is experimentation for the sake of art and art for the sake of experiment and against the totalitarian culture. The non-novel of a dying man. The confessions of a criminal. Grotesque's aesthetics. A polar literary exploration. As far as you did not know the are four kinds of novelists: poets, essayists, play-rights and prose writers. You are one of the fifth category: autodidact (in letters, autodidact in didactics...). and your books are published in only one copy... and even least (half of a copy).

What subject will you debate? You will let yourself guided by the novel. If you know how to treat it, every subject becomes art and the reverse.

How long will take it? You don't know. It is inaccurate to say that a work (literary, artistic, scientific etc.) was created in such and such period, even if it was really written at that time, because the author uses in that period everything he had gathered since his birth (on the physical, psychical, intellectual plane), so only the end date is certainly known and if the work will be subsequently remade, not even this date can be precisely known!

How to conceive it? Studying the novel of the making of a novel. Every writer intended or tried to write a book as good as possible, but you are obstinate in writing THE WORST BOOK IN THE WORLD. To be able to write wrongly, first of all you have to know how it is correct - in order to see the inexactitudes!

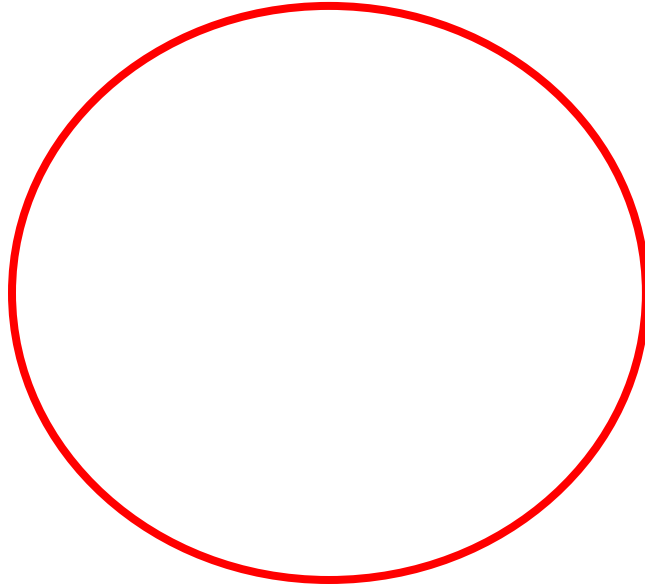
but you are afraid that this relative superlative "the most ..." is too ...relative (see the theory of approximation in the Numerical Analysis) depending on the reference, because while those whom you criticize will label the book to be *the worst*, for their opponents it will become *the best* and the neutral people will consider it a neutral book, that is an *indifferent* one.

It is easy to write a bad book, but to write the worst book in the world, it is particularly difficult, perhaps it is even impossible (you say that from your own experience), even if you succeed for a moment in reaching this performance, but later you can have the bad luck to be overtaken and another one to pass before you on the last place!

That is what you intend as a signer of these lines (in order to put yourself forward): to write *<un chef-de-nonoeuvre>*, because there are countless bad books, but this one has to be the worst book whenever written in the universe - a personal record you will boast about forever

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

NON-NOVEL

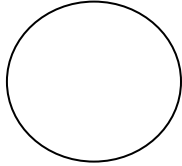


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¹ We published the manuscript setting author's notes in the order we received them, without cutting or adding any word. We do not know if this is the definite form of the book complying with author's wish. For not being accused of censorship, we printed the novel identically following author's holograph manuscript (e.n.).

Dedication:

I dedicate to nobody
this NonNovel, entitled:



because other authors did
not dedicate anything to me

The Adventures of Hon Hyn

While he was at a feast that he had given in his own honor, The Sovereign was about to fall off his chair-throne and lose his place at the head of the people. A *coup d'état*, simply; but fortunately beside him there was a tree stump replacing his chair-throne? He wanted to toast his own superhuman sacrifices.

Since he had been at the helm of the country, he couldn't sleep a minute during the night for weeks on end, both because he slept during the day and because he had insomnia. In the interest of common prosperity, he ransacked his head in vain with a thin hazel tree twig displaying knots as big as the feast of a suckling or its mother's udder; then he spoke as a genuine dumb rhetoric, in the manner of Uncle Ionesco. His arms and forearms were full of varix¹ - so hard and nimble that he kept the sceptre in his hand to make the people happy. Soon, when he was due to celebrate his thirty-seventh², mounted on horseback, he would set fire to the river in the Yellow Wood. The people, comprised of his wife or his wives and the children, born symmetrically and roughly in some topological neighbourhoods -- some of the genuine-false people of the future Wodania -- got up on two feet and clapped their hands against the other two. The matron Hyna lovingly radiated her tail; then she eradicated some eight thousand fellows in the neighbourhood, who died with satisfaction and with an open-heart. They were at the dinner in honor of their great guests, who nobody could see except The Sovereign. Some spoons of fir, owned by Long John Silversmith were artificially decorated with sculptures of stone. The Sovereign drank another glass of life-giving water, and as the glass entered his throat, the water remained in the air, suspended by a golden hook, especially projected by The Sovereign.

But, I forgot to tell you about an empty trunk placed beside the cupboard, on the right. (It hasn't anything to do with our story and it is unimportant, but, because it was there, I thought that the laws of objectivity impelled me to point it out).

Two vipers of little women, almost naked, came out of a box. They had on, around their necks, only a collar, which hardly covered their shame.

Their trainer held them by it and pushed them to the front of the non-world so they could raise their legs higher and higher on their way to fly towards the future. And they slithered and voluptuously moved their flowers, grown exactly in the middle of spongy soil, a chernozem of magpies. The Sovereign and other skillful gardeners raked it and sowed it as deeply as they could, and every springtime something sprang up. And the flowers were watered by The Sovereign and even if he could or he fuckin', he was helped by another boor or statesmen, because that was their mission: to educate the country's scions in a Fonfoist³ spirit. There also came some wandering plaited red-haired gypsies, who had hair under their arms. They were tousled and stinking of non-Fonfoism. They mowed the scions from the country's body, but not for some politic reasons, God forbid, but just for fun, even though the police told them that the Fonfoist society couldn't advance due to their shaggy hair. They were told that not even a shed could be built, because of their youth's flaring trousers and the virgin's short skirts. If so, the brick layers, the journeymen, the carpenters, the craners, the concreters, the greengrocers and the uncles may forget themselves and fix their eyes under (or at least, on) the dear flappers' legs with their tempting and touchable rosy knees. If they did, then how could they build the Fonfoism -- the major object of the world? An older lady, who was shedding her coat, uttered three times in a trailing low voice, her agreement. And a buffalo said 'hello' in silence with its leg under its belly as it sat down in an armchair.

And The Sovereign preached, "While we sacrifice ourselves for the glory of this great little country, the enemy watches and waits to conquer us. Be with your eyes in four⁴," he went on, while a badger was cutting its eyes in four equal pieces and taking for a model the man, who was sitting on his ass, and who was about to be awarded a Foremost Subject in the Country diploma, the second class merit. He pointed to the badger-man, and when he did, the boy with some badger-eyes sat down again.

"Gratitude to the mother, who gave birth to you and raised you; to the beloved country, which shit you and didn't abort you," The Sovereign raised his voice and his neck.

Hearing these moving words, an old man with a buffalo back sat on his head and his insides knew a Freudian revolt and he shit in his pants and on the people around him.

"So you can see, my subjects," Hon Hyn, The Sovereign, resumed, "we have a shit origin; therefore, nobody will have us, not even our friends from Tarikovskia, because a proverb says, 'God, defend me from my friends; from my enemies I defend myself'." So we won't be digested, because we are stinking and we are hardly eatable. Do you want the world to say to our conquerors,

'Hey, you, why do you always eat shit?' or, 'Don't eat shit anymore with your mouth full.' They would certainly prefer another dish more tasteful and better prepared"

Then after a pause, the preacher Hyn resumed mechanically, "Dear animals," (without noticing that he was talking to the people, whom his epoch had deformed into the image of those viewing themselves in a distorted looking-glass, people who had been turned into cows, oxen, badgers, servants and other useful beasts at the chief's house and those everyone knew to be lowly, as they were just beasts, who had to serve and to give pleasure to the unpleasant one). "Dear domestic animals," he corrected himself, "you see, what can we do with these savages? They don't want at all to be trained. It is not possible to live without someone to rule over the others. That would mean anarchy and a civil war between our fellow men; so it is denied -- that principle, which stipulates the non-observance of other's principles."

The brats uplifted two fingers from their back hoof in approval, and shouted in a single voice, "Long live the cats and the dogs of a noble race!"

But the mice were riled up to the point of starting a national revolution. Pell-mell was restored with the aid of social disorder forces and the Babel Tower grew throughout the artistic Sovereign's speech.

"Honorable dunderheads and other social scoundrels, I need your cooperation in order to build the Fonfoist order. We will materialize everything through the idealization of contemporary aspirations."

A heifer began to piss with excitement into a plastic or ebonite or white chamber pot, spreading a pleasant smell all over the mob of uninvited people, and producing a mother-of-pearl foam like beer froth, which was tempting to some -- to drink it. Then an old stallion let out an awful wind, accompanied in the background by the tempo of the national hymn. The crowd began to acclaim them, asking the two to revive their performances. The Sovereign in his well-known kindness ordered the horse to be beaten. In order that the mare could understand⁵, the crowd restrained the horse, took off its pants, and struck some blows across its bottom so it would remember this for the rest of its life. Then they let it go free into the stable. The horse pulled up its pants with its suspenders, thanked the people, and bid to them decently, 'good-by', as it began to trot and to neigh, and sniff the mares.

Hyn added, "You have to make a sacrifice on the love country's altar."

"Isn't it better done at the butchery," asked the butcher, who had not been asked his opinion, "and to raise to new summits our ancient bravery?"

"Certainly," whistled a hen hawk, "We will take it to the heights of the mountains, but first you should give it to us." (And it gestured with its claw).

"No," mumbled The Sovereign. "I don't want to see a single foot of a stranger in Wodania. No boot of a stranger must cross our ground, even those," his majesty concluded, "from a purchasing contract regarding five thousands, three-hundred and seventy-two antelope lady's boots from Italy.

What shall we do with them? We shall give them back," he answered himself, "because they represent a symbol of human beings' alienation (or boots' alienation). In fact, they represent the alienation of our wives, our beautiful Sabines -- or shall we also destroy them? We shall destroy them," the brave leader mumbled ceaselessly and heroically and solitarily. "We shall destroy all enemy forces, which covet after Wodanian subsoil's richness. Mind you, the enemy are watching us." (And he pointed to a rabbit, which had gone to sleep with an open ear). "We shall beat them until the water sounds in their head.⁶ And now that we haven't a head, nothing will be heard by us.

Please, trumpeter, sound the alarm!"

But the trumpet was nowhere to be found, so the trumpeter began to shout, "Alarm! Alarm! Alarm!"

And all the peasants in their shirts and drawers took their pitchforks, scythes, and hatchets, and headed off bumptiously to the war, so they could show the arrogant Germans that they were not afraid -- neither of rain nor of crows. But first of all, they created a People's Council, which neither enjoyed popularity nor was lead by the people.

The leader non-taught them wisely how to catch jackdaws and other hostile envious⁷ in large masses, for instance, little owls, since they sang on the hovel's chimney and brought sorrow, or night owls from cafés and other restaurants, which opened at 10 o'clock and closed also at ten. The army, which was extensively trained and supplied with primitive weaponry, needed some food. Figs, olives, cheese and bread were brought by the women. Afterwards, the troops made their first stop by the second artesian well, which was located in the third sector. Near it, by a pool, grew many beautiful flowers: pig's wind, gypsy woman's pussy, and horse's dick, which emanated burning scents. A corporal pulled out his tongue for a stabbed pig to prepare it with garlic; and the novice pulled out his tongue for a housekeeper (shoe tongues, of course).

"What has hold of you, Sovereign? You don't play with the fumbler⁸."

"Where are the enemies? I can't see them," asked Hon Hyn.

"Let us start fighting and we shall find them. If we use our strength, we can make everyone our enemies, even our allies."

So they started fighting, but since they had nobody to go to war against, they had to invent their enemies in order to prove their military courage. They asked many neighbors to fight against Wodania, but some limitroph⁹ countries apologetically declined, because they were tired. The Republic of Birlanda sent an official message that, for the moment, it was up to its chin in commitments. And the Wodanians answered shortly that, also, their people were up to their necks, (because they hadn't a head), but nevertheless, they marched onto the battlefield. The Middle Kingdom of West, a former colony, asked if they could put it off for about a decade. The Fire Country reasoned that since its army was in the W.C. at the moment, it couldn't be disturbed. Only their chum Tarikovskia offered itself, but not without sacrifices and reservations, to conquer Wodania without military resistance; thus, giving precious help to their friends and rescuing them from their dilemma.

It was advised that the Wodanians beat themselves and conquer new territories from Wodania. The supreme leader, Hon Hyn, sanctioned that idea with enthusiasm. In the end,

Tarikovskia marched into Wodania like in cheese¹⁰. The brave and valiant Admiral Hyn negotiated with them, but the controversy concerned what kind of cheese? Dutch cheese? Or French cheese - *la vache qui rit* or *la belle vache*?

The fearless Wodanian soldiers started slaughtering themselves with great patriotic enthusiasm and continued the bloodshed on their forefathers' earth. There was splendid chaos and fire. The frontier guards watched the country's borders so that nobody from the outside could join in their internal fights. The Wodanians could murder themselves quietly. They rushed and robbed the lowlanders, and the mountaineers hid down in the ravines, so you couldn't say that anyone was disadvantaged. They took everything from everyone -- equality in poverty. Why should one of them remain richer? It would be neither ethical nor moral. They did no harm to those who opposed them; they only murdered themselves. The natives caught some diseases, but the invaders took pity on them and let them die alone. They didn't go to the trouble of crushing their heads, although the invader's chief did help sometimes with his sword, by helping any baby or any mother who suckled her babe to die. Foreigners vainly tried to intervene between the hostile camps from Wodania, but the undreaded guards rejected any peace, which others tried to impose upon their land.

The capital was in flames and the Wodanians were so proud. "Have you ever seen such a great fire like ours!" their howls resounded. "Perhaps, only the Rome of Nero, that crazy poet; but we are about to out-do him. Our entire country will be a huge steak! Then it will be a pleasure to recite verses. We will set up a world literary circle with tribute to Fonfoism, and the dishonorable guest of the season shall be the anti-poet Ovidiu Florentin, who will read from his non-creation."

Wodania burnt with bright high flames. The Princesses Abadela and Baradela enjoyed the show's delicacy. The inhabitants exclaimed, as if they were at a sports match. They embraced each other, commenting with a profusion of details about this nice apocalypse, which they had succeeded in creating after their long efforts.

"We won!" they heard themselves exclaiming.

"Who won?" asked the foreigners, puzzled.

"We won," answered Hyn and Hyna.¹¹

"And whom did you defeat?"

"Ourselves," mumbled the Hynists again. "We defeated us; we've got it; we've got a victory! It doesn't matter from whom you get it, but only that you get a victory. We've needed a victory."

"But you have a defeat, too," the foreigners replied, never giving up.

"A defeat examined in detail is not just a defeat," struck back Servantson, jumping from his place. "We don't achieve victories without defeats. We won't be quitters; we don't like to remain either indebted nor to owe money."

After that, the victorious troops of Tarikovskia marched in to Wodania, as in cheese (the Dutch cheese was chosen), and the townspeople received them with stormy cheers. They stood on both sides of the street and were obliged to applaud.

As a really unskilled dance instructor, Servantson taught them the technique of applauding. He told them at the count of "one", to raise their hands with their palms stretched overhead; at the count of "two", to slap their palms together with a 136 decibels crack; and at the count of "three", to spread their palms and return to the initial position. Servantson conducted them as if they were a choir, instructing them when one was to applaud, then another, when to clap louder, when slower. (You can picture yourself in a theater, dear non-readers, in order not to strain your little brain, reading this any longer).

"One, hands up; two, crack; three, spread. Now you repeat -- one, two, three, and one, two, three; and hands up!"

The Tarikovskians frowned at the Wodanians, including Hyn. Then they came together, the two neighboring and friendly people, trying to understand one another, like brothers (Cain and Abel). The armies of Tarikovskia were stationed for a few thousands years and four months in Wodania where they set up their military bases, in order to support the free scuffle between Wodanians, which generated a splendid *dividae et impera* civil war; and which degenerated the nation, thus accomplishing the Hyn family's ideal of the centuries -- the affirmation of the modern Wodania.

What else should I tell you about the embryonic life of our master, who you saw go to and fro in order to found the disorder and the Babylonia in Wodania?

Even since he was in his mother's belly, Hon was a supernatural being.

From time to time he went outside to go to the toilet, because he could not refrain himself from doing so. Then he came back in again.

"How is your child?" I tried to find out from Hynica . Her relatives were close by -- about fifteen centimeters from big-bellied Hynica¹².

"He is shitting," said a satisfied old woman.

On Friday, around sunset, Hon left the metallic uterus of his mother and came back dead drunk late at night. His mother scolded him and put him back in his place. He brought with him some girlie with a décolletage, and if the people asked him how the girl looked a little more naked, he answered slowly that she was fast. Then Hon and his girlie got together in his mother's belly and made love twelve times, and the thirteenth time, with the Council of Ministers' approval. After that, he drove the girl out satisfied, with the tone, "You leave my house and go where the dumb drove the mare."¹³

"Which dumb?" asked the girl, looking puzzled.

"The dumb from the projects and the pits."

Another time when he found a bread-and-butter girl, she gave him of pitchfork¹⁴ (some wool for a pitchfork), although they preferred the straw, the same, or the shed with chaff, where the male drew near the female and smelled her as a dog smells a bitch under its tail. Suddenly he seduced her, saying, "May I fall in love with you, miss?"

"Be quiet, stallion. Can you wait for me just five minutes?" the bread-and-butter girl asked, putting him off. Then they began, and tore up the bed, with all its arches. The bread-and-butter girl paid for the arches and went away.

Hon came back to the presidential bed. His father had enthroned him before his birth by building him a royal ivory throne. Hon had dragged it into his mother's belly and sat on it, with a copper leaf crown on his head. His mother sighed a bit, because Hon's throne pricked her, but his father huffed at her, "You, do not murmur, or you will go straight to hell."

That's all about the inner life of the dear leader.

But, I could denounce him for smoking and spitting at his mother. He even made dirt in his mother; he even happened to shit in his mother. Not to mention the fact that with some important superficial persons brought by Newtonian forces with the aid of winds, he founded a bawdy tolerance house in his mother's uterus, where he didn't tolerate anyone. He even founded a nightclub in the uterus.

His father complained "You get him out, ma'am, together with all of his couches." And at that very moment Hon saw something huge with a red head. "How did that get in through the wide open shutters?"

And after it dried him for a few times through every corner, it spat at him so profusely that he was about to be drowned. But Hon quietly resumed his billiard match, together with a

guild-fellow, while they waited at the post. Then they put a girl-fellow at the post and they went in, one after another. The girl-fellow confessed to them that they could do it also by two, because she was used to that. She trained herself with three at the same time, then with four, because he could face her back, too.

But let us return to our muttons, that is, Hon Hyn's army. Napoleon of Shitsville sat in a trailer, carried by the power of two horses and a buffalo. He wolfed down some peach plot (even though wolves don't like peaches), then took his luggage and another's whore of a wife.

"This is your way, that is, in front of the frontier guard platoon. Why are you all spinning yourself like a ball in a pail?"¹⁵ Hon asked, flattering the Colonel-Lieutenant in front of Napoleon of Shitsville, who was packing off towards the hillock.

Soldier Svejck went to the Commander, "With respect, I report to you that I don't respect you," he mumbled and continued, "Mister pres... mister pres... mister president"¹⁶.

"Marioara, look at this awl," said Cacareaza to his wife. And he really showed it to her. The woman wondered a lot, because she hadn't seen such a thing until then. She had only touched it and she started playing the train in the northern station -- *uuu, uuu, uuu* -- while the trail was jingling with them.¹⁷

"Serve it with distrust, please," said the waiter, bringing a tray covered with steam. But he stumbled and fell down with his temple against the parquet and he died with anger. The soldiers had their dinner the next morning and their lunch, at lunch.

"I should have a fritter," whimpered a baby, because here the children were born ready-speakers. Their first word was "Fonfoism", because that was in use during the great days.

"Hmm, you want fritters," said Hon Hyn, who was known for his generosity. "Adjunct, hammer a nail into the wall and tell him to hang his appetite on it."¹⁸ And the Adjutant accomplished that promptly, in the greatest disorder. "And from now on the child can gladly hang on it all of his desires." (Desires, about which The Sovereign had no fancy for).

In the end, the army changed it place and ordered disorder. They passed by a pack of dogs, which grazed quietly on a lawn. The soldiers drank water at a pond, although it was clear that the water was thick. Through a diplomatic messenger, The Sovereign sent to the hostile king a kick in his ass, which Batman had the honor to give him as soon as he got it out of the sealed bag. It was a painfully political message, which put the king in the hospital.

When Batman came back, The Sovereign tempted him "How is the king?"

"He's making in his pants," affirmed Batman.

"With his health?"

"Together with all his health," affirmed Batman

"If he's in a bad way, that means it is all right," mumbled The Sovereign, as if he was referring to his friend, the enemy. Those from the major staff had to support an unbearable air, because the sick king had put CO2 in a letter of accreditation, which reached the adverse camp. The war meeting in the capital of Wodania decided with great funeral pomp, to start a rumour in the country in order to find out who was the bravest in the hostile army to fight against the dragon. First they gave out some cotton rope, then a somewhat thicker hemp rope. Finally, they realized that the braves were really cowards and that they didn't dare to present themselves to the major staff, who everyone knew, was actually a minor one. But they didn't succeed in it.

So they put wire around the whole country; then, some barbed wire, which surrounded Wodania three and a quarter times -- from one end to the other -- in order to protect it from external influences, poverty, and lies; and to protect the government's abuses, which weren't proper abuses. But the population considered them abuses, even though, in the government's opinion, they were very correct and honest. The governors thought that they needed brothels, so

that they wouldn't lose time with a glance and running around with an open mouth, going after women's birdies. Anyway, the popular mob (many fools) had nothing to do all day long, because they were helping Uncle Anthony kill dead mice, so the governors considered that they couldn't queue up, because they had to play craps and other mechanical games. So food had to be brought to them at home, despite the starving people, although the people didn't need so much energy, because they didn't stay up until late at night partying. More madams from Hon-Hynia's¹⁹ upper non-world began to clap their hands and to stretch their naked necks with their combs. A fat young pig of a dandy squeaked while he was exhaling wreaths of smoke out of his nostrils and held a cigarette between two fingers of his right fore-hoof.

"That is real justice," grumbled a bear from the official rostrum.

Chief Hyn didn't meditate any longer, because he was tired. He sat on a high chair; then he went away, avoiding a near ditch. He said hello to the geese and entered the house. Hyn had no cork in his bottom. The room where he had been waiting seemed very spacious to him. The Persian carpet was hung helter-skelter on the wall, and on the floor was stretched the guard, who didn't let the delinquents enter into History. The guard was afflicted with sheep pox. There was an indescribable disorder in the yard; a sheep was bleating from hunger; the goat was jumping over the table and the kidling was jumping over the house. The greyhound and the spotted kitten were playing cat and mouse, while two soldiers were courting a beech timber whore, and your sister was lazily taking off her drawers, without paying any attention to tomcat Dănilă, who was looking at her with those big glassy eyes. The guard at the History's house door avowed clumsily and skilfully that History was just changing itself and it was putting on a new bikini and a bra with a sponge to cover its shame in order to become more provocative. Never mind. Anyway, she provoked enough military conflicts and cursed a pacifist from the third world, who went on strongly with the weakness of politics and treaties (which were signed in order to be violated), that Hon Hyn couldn't sleep all night, thinking of his people. If it weren't for his churls, he wouldn't exist, either because he wouldn't have modern servants or because if the slaves didn't survive, the masters wouldn't survive either. It seemed strange. Hyn meditated, wringing his hands with both legs, so he implored the guard once again to put him into History, but the guard didn't want to do that for anything on earth, but only on non-Earth.

So Hyn concentrated very hard on this idea; he had even gone to the law with this idea and they couldn't come to an agreement at all, even the Peace Committee couldn't reconcile them, and since then he has been fighting against this idea with all modern means and the newest discoveries, which the science of the last millennium hasn't at its disposal. Besides, Hyn built a small castle, as it was. He built it up, because again his slaves of people built up a huge one, as large as life. They had worked many days and nights, but we have to recognize that Hyn also lifted a finger (I think it was the ring finger). Unlike other leaders, who haven't lifted at least a finger, Hyn lifted a finger to build the castle that he was going to live in with his family for the people's good, and now he was tired -- his finger was painful and his mind exhausted and broken so the doctors put it in gyps²⁰, a kind of silver with gold, platinum and zinc gyms. When the sun shined on it, you had the impression that his mind was brilliant, but, in fact, Hon Hyn used these beams (which were pulled out from the day's star every Thursday to Saturday evening) because he defended the peace -- yes, the peace of his inner hurricane and of our disquiet. Near the castle he built a kiosk of cooling drinks, where the customers would never find juices or lemonades, because it was a kiosk of cooling drinks that is for, not with cooling drinks. In every cage in the castle there was a man, who imitated The Sovereign, like a parrot.

"Have you fed the parrots?" The Sovereign asked the servant,

"Yes, your Domestic Breeder Highness," And the man in the cage swallowed with his peck the seed ratio²¹ and drank slops from a kettle lying beside the bars on the left side, close by

the little door locked with a rusty padlock -- a sign of the full freedom on these regions, and a sign of equality too, because all of the padlocks were identical. They were heavy and a sign of the fraternity of the people-from-outside, who ordered the people-in-cage (as a little brother). And they extremely loved each other with stones, boards and blocks, until interfered The Sovereign, who cut them short or cut their tables, together with the chairs and with the peasants, who waited in a pious obedience without being faithful to him. The prison built at Hyn's imperative request was the most beautiful in the region. It became famous and here came visitors from all over the country, who halted here 20 or more years, after their bad luck. Otherwise the leader was skilled at skinning people; he had a very sharp razor and he processed every inhabitant's derma into peasant sandals, tambourines, furs and all sorts of stuff. A heard of asses and donkeys present answered with their hoof the country's call to sacrifice their body and soul for the boss. The country needs idiots and dumbs, lunatics and others, wonderfully animated and with the wish to die for people and country or simply to dye the unknown hero's monument. But part of Hyn's people began to run (it is about the emperor's people, not failure's one, although the emperor's failure rhymes), and why do you think they began to run? Just because they were not allowed to run, because the sports competitions, runs, marathons, and obstacle races had been abolished. In reality they hadn't been abolished, but no matter who the competitors were, the winner was little Hon Hyn, the youngest son of the beloved dictator. Little Hon Hyn didn't participate at all, but he won through absence, in accordance with some instructions from the center.

Otherwise the Olympiads were fair, with the unique exception that the results were falsified in proportion with only ninety 6 percent, until the government held an extraordinary meeting, which lasted 5 years, whereupon it was decided that the Olympiad was fair. Consequently they falsified it with 102 percent, but since then the native runners haven't run sports competitions anymore; they've run abroad.

"What's that? Betraying?" roared the emperor lion in his castle cage. "No, not at all," apologized the runners, "because of too much love of government, we are suffocating and we are dying. The heated love of the State sent us away; it burned us; it enveloped us; and then we went out and breathed some fresh air abroad. Please, don't love us so much or we'll die," continued the miserables. An *el fugitivo* gave up the ghost and the police caught it immediately and put it into a bag. Another legless fugitive went to glory, but Nea Gheorghe Richard refused to put him into a dictionary of literature, because, although he had put him in once, the legless prose writer had run in England. Then to have his revenge, Legless put the critic into his mother's pussy eleven times and the twelfth time, with the aid of another renegade, the physicist Sensible Georges. But had jumped from his place the painter A. Dizgratiescu, glorified by those from outside and unglorified, of course, by those from inside.

"But why did you put that one (and he said the name of a nudist student), why did you put it her there naked? She could dishonor your pages; she could make love with a French savant, or worst, she could piss into the dictionary." Dizgratiescu's words gave a heavy heart to Marian, who hadn't an impressively good heart, anyway. Maybe he hadn't one at all, because he was from the upper class, and it has been said that they hadn't heart; instead, there was a blue stone from the River Jiu.

Their main quality was the great thirst for lack of education, which they spread as much as they could; so, to not read -- to be uneducated -- became an honor of great rank, especially of Hyn's rank, who proved to be an international hero. In fact, he was a national hero in accordance to a circular that he had issued. But he had turned into an "international", because of the dryer, he said with indignation, which had forgotten to add

"inter" in front of "national". The dryer had forgotten, because he had never hurried himself sufficiently.

"But then the difference was a small one, only five letters," Hon Hyn said with indignation. But he didn't let anyone revolt, because that would have meant libertinism. But he thought that Earth's life sense was to work for Hyn, for Fonfoism, but now he had to restore the serfdom, because his slaves ran away. Also, the legless ones ran away (they ran on their hands). Also, those with a head and those without a head, and those without a heart, among those, who were blue began to run away. Everybody ran away; everyone was put to flight; all of the people were put to flight. It was run; it always was run. Then Hyn tied them to Earth with words, "With forefathers' love, with bla-bla-bla, with the heroism of our soldiers, with the love for our origin, with the love for our forefathers, with the love for origin, with the love for origin, again. Which origin?"

"To hell with your origin!" burst out an agitator of public unquietness.

But the words didn't hold too much. But if I think more, they didn't hold the least bit, because they were weak and empty, and all the anti-philosophical theories of most honorable tyrants were sewn with a white thread and they had suddenly broken²². The most honorable tyrant wasn't beloved by all of the people and nobody would have honored him, so he tied their hands with ropes knitted with cunning texts, but in vain. He also tied their feet with some silk steps that would take them, he said, to his high Non-society. He seemed to have some chance of success, but what was the benefit of people with their hands and feet tied? They couldn't toil anymore? The Fonfoist System needed workers, not people. Hyn bound them by oaths and by work competition pledges. But all these sounded a bit too much, as though they had been recorded on a magnetic tape or on records. Then he sang another song and used the red thread, thinking it was more resistant. Then Servantson gave him the most brilliant idea.

"Take care, Sir, not to loose it," he warned him, "in your trousers' pockets. The most suitable way would be to tie them by their heads; then you could stop their eyes and mouth or you could harness them in the country, through all the mud that you are forming."

When he heard that Hon Hyn took a bit of freedom and shared it with the crowd through a seller, who was cheating by weight, he ordered through public law that public education be generalized

"The love of country and love of country means love of Fonfoism and the love of Hyn's family in schools, in factories, and in cemeteries - in order to serially educate students, sucklings, and hard working pupils."

"They won't have to speak unquestioned; they have to be machine models.

Great emphasis will be placed on discipline, for which there will be given seven marks. It doesn't matter the number of marks given to the other subjects. But for anatomy, one mark; and for algebra, none, because they are abstract. Children have to learn honorably about conduct so that when they know the answer, they will lift their foot," ordered Hon Hyn.

And the women began to give birth to little donkeys and little calves, and plastic babies. A crone made a little rubber girl, who was taken in a hurry by the sailors on the ship. A baggage big-bellied for two years made a little boy with some antennas and a visor cap. But she was accused by the Party organization of delaying too much the period of ovulation and gestation and of not rushing herself at all while the country was waiting on cattle for work. Hyn was forcing population growth in order to increase his number of slaves and his power. Then suddenly the females from Wodania began to give birth earlier; they entered into competition and Hyna refereed them. One gave birth to a beautiful little pig in five months. Another better-looking one gave birth to a real hamster at four weeks. In this way they increased the production of animals for the Fonfoist country: bovines, ovine, porcine, caprine, he-caprine, human-ines. And Princess

Abadela gave birth just before she became pregnant; and her sister Ravadela was a virgin when she gave birth -- without even soliciting any aid from a male, because in the Socialist provisions it was emphasized that man was begotten for work. The Hynists gave them lectures that work was man's happiness and it was that, which made the animal a human being.

"So why don't you work then?" broke in a *homo sapiens* towards Hyn.

"Because with work you have turned us from human beings into animals. It causes a reverse process.

But Servantson justified himself, "Because he makes a sacrifice of himself in favor of you, and he doesn't want to take your place in anyway, God forbid."

And Hyna agreed too, "He is working with his mouth."

Ravadela was decorated, together with her baby and she appeared on TV. All of the girls were envious of her. The boys regretted that they weren't of the opposite sex, so they would be able to give birth. The crones sighed at the top of their voices on the streets, near the rubbish boxes where the newborns lived. Princess Baradela was drilled a bit by the emperor, because she absorbed all the sap of a poor boy. He was lame in the hips, she softened his dick for two nights, and during this time the brave young man could have worked and produced material goods -- some useful things for society, for the advance of the inside-out century and for the prosperity of Fonfoism at a galactic and meta galactic level.

It seemed that enough wasn't discussed about Hon Hyn's disease. Curious persons waited to see what would happen. Hyn had taken some precautions, however. He had stationed soldiers at the castle gates, in order to prevent any human disease from reaching his respectable self or his family. Entry was on the basis of an identity card, issued by the Capital Police. Not all sports viruses or microbes had the amiability to enter under Hon Hyn's skin²³; it was very simple (Hyn concluded a non-aggression pact with them). Because everyone was suffering from tape worm, which was a kind of tree disease.

They grew bark, then a few leaves under their arms -- to the shame of an entire orchard of orange cherry trees.

Princess Abadela, the thirteen year-old Little Hyn's fiancée, was twenty (while her mother-in-law was twenty on a peg)²⁴. She began to buzz like a bee and produce honey. What should I say, her Little Hyn (in the newspapers, he was named Little Hyn the Great, of course) licked it until his ring fell down his nose. It jumped around one and three-quarters kilos.

But one day a witch named Harushida came. It was rumored that she twisted peoples' brains. (You won't find her around us, because brains are a scarcity). The mustached guy on the contractual watch, cried to her, but Harushida got her fingers into his head and then twisted his brain and stole it in the yard. Now in place of the moustache guy was a he-goat with an ox's face.

Harushida, beautiful as she was, presented herself to her sovereign father (Hon Hyn was nicknamed in silence "Tatan" and Hon Hyna "Tatana". These pseudonyms had been spread in silence with their approval, but the population didn't know that. They thought that it was in recognition of their professional and artistic merits, played on the first stage of the country. Tatan meant "everybody's father", a kind of earthly God; Tatana meant "everybody's mother").

You could hear some harridan say (about The Sovereign), "How should I eat his dick? He must have toiled much in order to give life to all of us."

And some old man said (about Hyna), "How should I drink the juice of her pot? It is bound to be large, since we all found room in it."

And a teenager, plus a she-teenager: commented, "Hey, these two have not been thinking at all about dismounting, because a rumor has been started about the certain dismounting of

Hyn, but we are not sure of that, because you can't ever be sure of him. Is it about dismounting from his wife or about the brilliant throne of Wodania?"

And a biker said (about Hyn), "Hey, how long could the vein of this inhuman man be, kilometrically?"

Also, the intellectuals, who didn't wear a head in this kingdom, (because there had been issued some abrogation of projects, which allowed the use of head in peaceful nonantigovernmental aims) asked themselves, listening to the radio unceasingly twenty-five hours, a work day in Wodania, from twenty-four Fonfoists, "Hey, they don't even have a home table pan. Let them go to hell! Don't they descend at all from these loudspeakers to relieve their nature? Don't they ever say 'good night', 'good day', or 'sleep well, sweet dreams'?).

Harushida, beautiful as she was, was herself presented, after so much verbosity, to her sovereign father. When he saw her, he fell in love at once. He lost his mind and the skilled Harushida took it and put it into a nylon purse of one *leu* [Romanian currency]. Hence, she took his mind and went downstairs, but Hon Hyn didn't lose much of anything, but so *tabula rasa* was how he had remained; he ruled the country with genius.

Hyn had taken in his hands the smiling destiny of Wodania. He had put all of the people into external debts and other useless investments of a primordial necessity for the national economy's decline. Then he climbed up the shore to defeat the future, while he played the cabman at the cart. That is, he lied as a cabman, who said that the waters stopped.²⁵ The White River did stop once when Hyn was passing by and was chattering about freedom. It even began to flow backwards. And while he played the cabman at the ultramodern cart of his sweet country Wodania (he was crying now), which had kept pace with the scientific explosion of the nuclear era and with the cruise rockets (the devil put faith in that -- the devil of Hyn), and while he played the cabman at the ultramodern cart of his sweet country, he moved straight ahead backward, and upright, on all fours. But he moved, and that was the important thing for him. And destiny worked like a camp of ennobled Roms with empty pockets, and with a belly full of air -- full, full, full of non-plenty.

"What shall we do to put him in his mind? Where is his mind?" unquieted the people.

"Here," mumbled the soldiers, "In this dry well was drowned king stork in his own ephemeral glory."

But Hyn didn't want to hear anything about it, because for some time he had been blind in one ear. Hyn rode his sweet country (he is crying now), which was crippled -- amputated by Tarikovskian military doctors. It was beaten black and blue by its own game leader commandant, and it wore itself completely out, standing watch for hostile attacks from Tarikovskian friends. It strained itself of its remaining unpowers. The ball of fire was in a semicircle of 7m. It fell into an inveterate adversary's clutches and suddenly, as in soccer, Hyn performed the stroke of 9m at his back, and an ambush passed through the right side of the defence, in front of the Ottoman Porte. They took the oxen out of the Turkish yoke and the princely army of the country caught them with a lasso. It's obvious that the princely army hadn't been formed of princes, but of all kinds of animalized human races -- frogmen, cannon fodder-men, mechanized-men, insects and quails. Hyn was looking emphatically how the soldiers had sacrificed themselves at the country's bottomless abattoir, until Tarikovskia put him into the madhouse²⁶.

Endnotes:

1 Varicose veins

- 2 Jokingly, he refers to his seventieth birthday as his thirty-seventh birthday
- 3 Fascist, Dictatorial or Totalitarian.
- 4 To be on the lookout
- 5 To state very clearly, but in vain
- 6 To give someone a sound trashing
- 7 Envious guys
- 8 "Why don't you fumble?"
- 9 Neighboring countries
- 10 As easy as cutting through cheese
- 11 Hyn relative appointee
- 12 Hyn relative appointee
- 13 At the bottom of the sea
- 14 To give someone a great deal of trouble
- 15 To putter about
- 16 From the Romanian "a duce cu presul," meaning to make a fool of someone (and the word president)
- 17 She started crying like the train from the north station, while the trailer jiggled with them
- 18 "Bring a pipe and tell him he may whistle for it!"
- 19 Hyn relative appointee
- 20 A cast made of gypsum
- 21 A metaphor for birds in a cage having only to eat to a ration of seeds
- 22 Easily seen through
- 23 To get under someone's skin or irritate them
- 24 Romanian slang: a peg represents one leg; therefore, she was actually 40: 20 years for each leg. She claimed to be younger than she actually was.
- 25 Swore like a trooper, who said he was at his wit's end
- 26 Gave him a finishing stroke

happenings from Wodania

Hyn had become an exceedingly woman dangler he hadn't been tolerated anymore even by the wives bred since they were children in order to be sure they were virgin in harem under the protection of Hynoaya he had been found out countless times shamelessly in a Lie, the Lie was a lady in sovereign's High Society, she was provocatively dressed in a short and rosy skirt long as far as her ass, transparent, braless that she caught people's eyes and hung them between her teats, the Lie was amazingly beautiful and everybody in the High Society loved her and frequented her especially when she smiled and her tongue could be seen, one night she appealed to the sovereign and she slept with him, this wasn't found out at the castle but there was a suspicion that Hyn beat about bush or that he went with the crow red painted¹ because the Lie was dark-black as well as pious king's deeds, the Lie sits with the king at the table concluded John Vlahuță, but the people thought he was honest, that he created some escapades, that from time to time he slipped his horse out of the bridle at some madams, as it had been proved in the last time with missus Lie which was very esteemed in the empire, the subjects swallowed and were silent, they swallowed the pill, they swallowed hard, **Hyn was caught with the lie** the servants whispered at corners, Hyn was caught, the Lie became heavy and made some little eggs and spread itself all over the place.

it was dawning, near the castle flowed a quiet spring, come and quite my longing, as in the fair paintings, the infinite had caught a form into a varnished frame of a fair picture, on a bank a blind man squinted at me out of the fair picture, the old man got down out of the picture with the staff in his hand and told me: I haven't more than two minutes and two ours to live, I'm with the death in my soul² and I want to take it to the palace, I have been informed by the intelligent service that Hyn caught with the Lie in sight of everybody, his wife showed her shame in face with him, but the male didn't mind, his matrimonial or civic sense didn't erect at all, it remained drooping like a tool, the Lie usurps at the throne or at least she pretends to rule like a mistress, oho I break him in, when she'll plant her pins with thin heels on your shoulders, when she'll throb a breast in your face and a reek of chrysanthemum scent, that you'll have the impression that the lilac has bloomed, when she'll give you a tongue that you think that she wants to take you some gastric tests, how elderly you'd be you lean on three legs! the old man got down out of the fair picture with the death in his soul, took a cudgel from the ground and pushed it until its last knot into his soul that he pulled out the death which he tied into a bag and he directed to palace...

Hyn had got the country into his clutches and played with it like a bear with its chicks, he pulled it over him, rolled it into abyss, rolled it head over heels far away, turned it back again, threw it like a basket ball at the dustbin, the gypsies came and scratched the garbage and pulled it out, until the country has broken and ran out of it all the butter and honey and wax into Tarikovskia, because out of their gratitude brought to our loyalty, the Tarikovskians had made up some sounding balloons which drilled deeply into every inhabitant of Wodania and extracted his soul under the form of oil used for the illumination of the rooms and the main streets in Tarikovskia, it's true that we had paid that they'd pull out our soul and to use it for their illumination, but the price wasn't expensive, but only too expensive, when they considered right the Tarikovskians came to us and cleared everywhere, that is they took friendly the food and gave us in change cheering up, morale assistance and other empty words which we hadn't heard

¹ To go with the crow painted = to play tricks.

² With the death in soul = sick at heart.

of until then, but we were pleased because our neighbours paid attention to us, and they took us under their protecting wing and protected us against every stroking, but they were afraid to not taste of us other friends which almost scented how we stood, so the Tarikovskians had taken care to poison us, and to embroider ice icicles at the borders of our country, that we do not tired ourselves carrying the country to them they invented some underground pipes through which we sent away the Earth of our country piece by piece to Tarikovskia, in exchange they sent us through sound channels cordial greetings and innovating theories.

after he had dug a hole of about 3.1(3) meters depth at the castle Hyn threw the viscous liquid with pomp and tam-tam he picked a straw from a quite big ear and he started sucking country's blood, when he exhausted the country of riches he implored God for a drizzle to clear his youth sins from the stiff body of the country, and after the rainbow, how Hyn has never been satiated because his belly was fissured and threads of sand trickled out of it, he went to the ancient oak tree on the peak Raniloma of the street with the same name, at no. 54, opposite with the Restaurant <Snowstorm>, the same corner with Maritza Place, above the cinema Hynoaya, near the Grocery Store of the former hairdresser Aldigo, district New Suburb, first way on the right, so he came here with a hatchet and stabbed a thick branch of the oak tree, ripped up the bark of the trunk which couldn't be embraced by the whole Hyn family, and he started suckling people's sap, but as he couldn't finish it alone, although he was swollen like an elephant or a mosquito or an adult whale, he appealed for help to some boot-lickers clowns political actors and a chair on he sat emperor in order to not lose his powers of physical effort, the chair was declared saint and anointed by the pope (as well as Caligula with the horse invested with the title of consul) that they were sure it wouldn't slip the boss from under his back and they sucked, sucked and sucked again at people's sap with their buttocks full with seven mouths fifteen, and the people stiff had become as a rod, the people grew yellow withered and fell into grave, with humbleness Hyn laid down a shovel of ground.

the presidential palace hadn't a fence, in fact it had a fence but not of wood of iron of cement but a quick-set hedge walled from soldiers with guns, some genuine soldiers rammed into the ground until ankle until knee others until navel according to their height and stringed in the burial order, the most vigorous were set up precisely at the corners of the palace, the guns were between soldiers, in place of head each of them wore a kitbag stuffed with theoretical victuals (molars, canine etc.) they fed themselves with those who passed by the palace, the soldiers were caught one by the other in the dance of power and they kept mum, the chief engineer and the assistant secretary of the hedge had had the valuable initiative to fasten them with nails of six by the board hedge as well as Christ crucified, they hammered a nail to one on head and to his mate on ass that they could not move in front of the govern, so head ass head ass or ass head ass head well it was the same thing, this hedge spoke and pissed simultaneously like an artesian well especially when the leader **went** on an official call, it has been a charming view! but more when the leader **came back** from a working call it has been a more charming view because some shitted on themselves with fear and on back they formed a square round of excrement, the soldiers turned into stone till new orders when they formed the iron guard of the emperor, then they were capitalized at maximum, the living hedge defended the govern against people's unshakable love, this living hedge had been interposed between Hyn and the people and it was impossible to avoid, to pass beyond it, vainly tried the desperate people some pole vaults **beyond**, any sense in hedge or any gate for escape, it's true that there existed some ways of access to castle but they were some laws unwritten with secret paths known only by the oppressor, because once when the people had revolted Hyn succeeded in avoiding through a little gate of a law beyond the general discontentment, and the government he accused of the responsibility of so many irresponsible decisions and sent it away as package strongly wrapped

with cotton rope into an extermination camp, after that he washed his hands with drinking water to be accustomed to the thought that had his hands clean Hyn, however, was a leader tried in many disorders and that thing has been well known by it, the people, then he took nicely the cronos, the old birds the lepers and all ugly people in the kingdom until he put step by step all the country to rein and led it to the death where the way was more difficult bumpy crumbled unpaved he led it to the death but to its, country's death, because Hyn was immortal in the conscience of his fellows as a perfect satrap who didn't avoid even the hogwash when it had to sequester to the villagers, after the suppressing of the insolent revolt because I forgot to tell you that the miners if you can imagine had revolted without having an authorization from the party without preventing the government to take measures of reprisals, and these filthy of pitmen didn't want to enter the mine hungrily, fancy what impertinence wondered the minister for internal affairs hiding his belly under the table, this is a defiance against the working people and the democracy, Serveson fired up too against the country as a monster with seventeen heads and eleven tails, the steel mills fired continually, the sun glittered, the moon was on the other side of the Earth I don't know what was she doing there I think she stayed in the shadow, the stars were on the sky with two lesser as in the all souls of miners' day, Hynoy the Minister(ish) of Foreign Affairs stood up in the meeting and added fuel to the fire from an ebonite can, the country burnt into flames with some splendid violet sparkling as some viper's tongues, the devil got down and start dancing that the cat sat on tail¹, the angels burnt themselves around eyebrows and took the path of exile, the Wodanian land possessed by the devil, of Hyn, the country burnt into fire and mother Hyn-oaya² combed her hair: mirror little mirror who's the ugliest woman in the country? you, strangled the mirror, the cat which sat on tail and admired the devil was warned that in Wodania people didn't stay but they worked, the country boiled as the tortilla in a cast-iron kettle, the firemen came from settled parts to extinguish our fire of country, but the stormy rancorous sullen cloyed Hyn didn't want to hear anything because he was about to fall asleep and he ordered that nobody would awake him, so the counsellors let him to dye fool, when he woke from his brave sleep swore to go everything through fire, first he take the sword out of the sheath from the pants and passed it through fire to dye it, then he put the sword back in his pants, began to show his horns toward those from the council and only then the Crown Council realized that he was horned, Hyn laid hands on all the members in hall, first on their shoulders, then on their backbone lifted them by the collar one by one and lumped them together into a pot, he laid the pot on the middle fire of a gas stove with the brand <Hades> and boiled all of them at the temperature of the representatives chamber to make them soup, the cultural attaché split his cheek because of water which was boiling of shame, the other tadpoles from the juice of soup waged their tail and turned into some toads, referring to the sole of the country³ we let you know that this one was opened hollow desquamated skinned dried-up wasted away stuffed shrunken shrivelled and now after so many glorious years she walked bare-foot, had corns and the skin split on her like the lepers.

the ambassador Hynila & Co. were just flying to the Tarikovskian border to conclude some cultural animal exchanges between the two countries and peoples, when suddenly the instruments of measuring and control detected a secret into the left heel of ambassador's wife, Hyniloaia, they wanted to take the leg out of her ass but they had some financial difficulties and let the ambadress drop and wet herself, in the end they pulled her the secret out of the heel with a pair of tongs and threw it to fire that it shouldn't fall alive into enemy's hands.

¹ To do something that the cat sits on its tail = to do something extraordinary.

² Oaia = the sheep, in Romanian.

³ The sole of the country = the peasantry (Romanian expression).

II

You should know that nobody believes your lies, but we have no choice but to read further on, because the author himself is a dictator, like Hyn, and he compels us following his course, so wretched, soil and disgusting like a breaking abscess I think your novel has run over hedge and ditch. You should temper it!

But can't you hear now that we are silent?

Can't you hear how noisy our silence is?

They have sentenced you to anonymity because you have committed a few non-erroneous mistakes (usually you make only one mistake, but a big one!)

At this moment you're having the great pleasure to curse them.

If you declare that you are skilled to something, you are told that you're wrong, if you declare that you are skilled to nothing, you are told that you're wrong again.

You haven't passed unobserved through life, but observed in a... negative way
Your imperfection became a virtue. Since then you've become more clever (with five minutes).

You've lost your place in the society; you've missed the train of your generation. You'll have to struggle. You are afraid that your vulnerability is too vulnerable, but you wish to tell us about your defeat, because a minutely related defeat - disgusted, Uncle Sartre could also confirm it to you - is less than a defeat, and about their victory which is a ... fiasco.

But from one failure to another you've become a writer (unrecognized by authors, contested by his "brother writers"); as a sign of great esteem for the value of the imposed literary-artistic circles, you don't take part at anyone and, similarly, you don't contribute to any publication.

you're writing only for yourself and you're wondering how could the paper endure the dirt of your malignant soul.

you're struggling in order to be defeated, because if you were victorious, you would think that you are strong and wouldn't train yourself on.

you're regretting all your regrets and taking refuge in refuge. You would like to hope, but you cannot alone, you have no associates to hope together.

Your novels (you haven't written any until now) finish with an unhappy happy ending. THE EVIL WINS. Voila le nouveau < nouveau roman >! the form of the one which has no form, the contents of the one without contents. An epic bluff.

In order to scale the language you're working at the diary of a diary, or at the thought of a thought, you're talking with your non-ego.

You can see what you cannot see.

You can hear what you cannot hear.

You can feel what you cannot feel.

After so much time you succeeded in making a lot of enemies, you have an unbelievable style of drawing antipathies upon you. By tradition you are a nonconformist.

you wish to be a man, not a chief.

Yesterday you drank a lot and got tipsy. You aren't resistant to alcohol, you got drunk with their idle promises. And you have the impression that your head is going to burst with pain, and you're praying to God that the morning will come quickly. You feel like dying, your old

mother's binding your head for not splitting with an old kerchief of her, she's putting a thick cap over the kerchief and another cap over the cap.

What are you living for? When you have no satisfaction from life, when the morrow brings nothing to you, it might even be crueller, for building the Fonfoism in your country?! But why should you struggle for the sake of some ideas which prove to be anti-human or at most neutral?

Because you were born and H.H. has got you in his clutches and has turned you into a modern slave; an eunuch without thoughts. You are pretended only work, work, work, not fun, the police come to search your heart.

Why?

You are a wreck with their help. They've gone with you to the bottom. They've reduced you to silence. You aren't allowed to see, to hear the reality. You are allowed to see, to hear their pseudo-reality. They've kept your tongue within your teeth, have put a ring in your nose like pigs and shutters on your eyes. They've put a harness on you like a horse so you look and run only in the direction which they want. They've limited your thinking to their thinking. If you pass over the imposed conceptual borders you are labelled as a suspect and later as an opponent of the regime. they broke your head with their dogmas. They bothered you until they drove you mad.

sick of the country's prosperity you should go to hell for not turning back! you should go to Abroadia.

You are in a black plight. The death which is ruling in Wodania will last in your memory. You cannot have time only for the others, besides you need some time only for yourself. Therefore, in the end, you're expressing a cordially comradely salute to them: < Go to the devil >! Then you're to evoke further on at the present time this Fonfoist realism becomes a phantasmagoria.

About Patriotism

One day while Nish Nish, the generic citizen of Wodania, was trying to go to the restroom he stumbled and fell down, knocked his temple against the banister and died for the sake of the country. In an instance he was declared a hero of the struggle for peace, was buried with a great show and as remembrance he was put on a monument.

soon some fanatics came from the limitrophe parishes to die for the country in the same way, it was like a replay image of a tennis match, a few millions died in this glorious manner and were inhumed in the native Earth, at the common grave, so that over billions of years from the decomposed bodies of these wonderful sons should gush homeland's oil.

The Royal Feast

since the middle of August, or thereabouts, Hyn had begun to smoke his forefathers land. The fat of Hynoaya had pulled a thread from a spool of sewing silk which was hanging at the drapery of Homeland's window. She had spun it with the distaff, then wrapped it up on a reel. As for the quack of little Hyn, this one had tilted the country toward him a bit and had drunk heaps of crab wine, while their relatives had sat at the table. They took a flat butcher's knife with an in non-oxidable blade and a beech wood handle and they had eaten the country. they had cut it into slices and had shared it among them, and had thrown the leftover bones and crumbs to the workers.

ooh, how tasty it is, and for nothing, had exclaimed with satisfaction the crone little Hynoaya, while her grandson little Hyn had already been drunk with power and had fallen under the table amongst some unwashed plates and soiled knives, forks and spoons - they had formed intelligentsia: first of all they had shitted, had relieved themselves, and only after that had they eaten with eager longing. You are rather big, Hynoaya, the table companions had shouted at her, humming the known melody. Green leaf of this dryer/ we'll make it bit larger (to make it larger = to be on the spree), but the round Hynoaia hadn't let her bellow and had counter-attacked: shut up, or you lose your bread, but the table companion had to counter-attack above her on an armchair, but she hadn't let herself below him but had throbbd above, and so on: now she was below him, now he above her, now she below him, finally Hynoaia had succeeded in unweaving the country of its most expensive clothes and had begun to wash it with house soap and washing soda, to rinse it into a river bed, and after that she had sapped country's strength and had hung it by a rope for drying, little Hyn had taken the spade, the hoe, had dug a deep pit and had sunk into the Earth out of shame (into the pit), he had stayed there about ten minutes till the shame passed to the other side. Countess Servilescu had participated at the dinner owing to the benevolence of the most distinguished Ambassador, she had preferred people's kidneys and gizzards and for the leader it had been especially kept within the heart of the people, which his majesty had consumed unsalted because he kept a militarized diet. Hyn puffed impassively out of his throat the last wreaths of smoke, all the country had ended into smoke, only THE ASH had left.

The Press

a huge number of copies of the same journal are printed every day, a single journal with many titles, only the heading and the date are sometimes changed, other times the linotypes, the comps and the collectors of pearls forget to modify the date and the same journal appears for a couple of days. Yesterday's appears today, the one of tomorrow appears today again, the designers and the correctors don't check the text anymore because nobody read it, in fact the journals are not printed to be read. The editors have offered them inadequate conditions to work in so they realize their feature reports on live, the magazines are the same, composed of Hyn: the side whiskers and the mustache on the first page serve the large public which study them especially with the bottom, when they go to the W.C., what a learned cultivated bottom have the public, a chit is opening his bottom and is syllabifying with a loud voice < Hyn's world>, madam Nishnishela which has nineteen years of employment is spreading the pegs and is humming with her birdie < the Hynist philosophy regarding cattle of work breeding, body of the Fonfoist Party ... >. after they wipe their posteriors with them, staining the ink with the anus. The public keep them in some personal archives collecting all kinds of useless things, the pamphlets the plaques which see the lights of the printing press in Wodania. They see immediately the light of the toilet cabinets and this for the physical relief of the lovers of books, the clients of the tobacco shops are compelled to subscribe to the Fonfoist printings as being a revolutionary duty, the only thing that's for sure when you read a newspaper is that it doesn't tell the truth. That's why the newspapers are read upside down or between rows, in the same way at the cinema the news reels are watched on the negative, so the spectators can form their eye. The name which appears on the cover of a book or at the end of an article means that in no case this is the author, but he who has wrote the book/article is not allowed to be mentioned in any way, for this reason when someone is cited this formula is used:

"the article signed by V. Icsulescu" but not "the article of V. Icsulescu", a very important specification, the press is read beginning with the end, because the first pages are occupied.

it is minutely spoken about the freedom of the press to praise to the sky the merits which the leader is appropriating without a merit, that nowhere on the globe there is such a freedom, about the equality between all the beings on Earth. Without discrimination between human animal or vegetal origin, or it is in minutely spoken about the freedom of the word of Senior Hyn to chatter to tattle to jabber empty talks to babble to bla-bla to clatter to click to cackle and to deliver rubbish to all the people who don't listen to him. At the sunset time when he climbs on neighbor's fence, he holds a historical meeting with a lot of comrades, which are on the beach, among them one can count a group of scapegoats, and the poultry peck, crow the cocks, until it starts getting dark in Wodania and everyone turns back home because THE INTELLECTUAL NIGHT is to come.

Post Office

the post proves to be very careful with its customers, for this reason you receive the mail already opened. You don't waste any time unsticking it and you receive it already read. For not getting you tired, and this thing because in W. it is respected the secret of the correspondence provided in the Constitution.

the post pays special attention to its' clients regarding international telephone conversations which are recorded and interrupted from the central so that you have enough time for thinking and sleeping. The express telegrams are transmitted as late as possible (more haste, less speed), the parcels arrive lighter so the addressee can transport them without any difficulty to his domicile, while the post orders come to wrong addresses (so the man does not rack his brains filling out the forms!). Not talking about the subscriptions from abroad, fashion magazines, picture reviews which don't arrive anymore because the inhabitants of Wodania cannot speak foreign languages (what are so many trifles for?!).

the citizens are very confident in the national post and for this reason they've begun to give up its services, as an example, they send letters abroad by tourists.

The State Supervision

the authorities check periodically every countryman or townsman in his soul, at heart, the walls of the buildings are endowed with ears so that the secret police can listen to what the breech bearers talk about with one another. An eye is attached to every window through which the secret police can observe what the citizens see, which citizens are not allowed to see anything else beyond the approval of the sway and which citizens play the guinea pig role.

Those who want to leave Wodania are retained against their will as hostages, while the families which agree to remain here are banished. The inhabitants are disposed of the things they even have not; the matters are worthy to be taken into consideration (and only!), worthy to be turned into derision.

when men marry they take other wives in order to not commit a sin by making them a hole - by breeding themselves - they take them with the babies that are already grown (or at least conceived). Why should they lose their time? Toil themselves or make effort? The function of reproduction decreases, the sexual organs atrophy, and the children are born by the word of mouth on the way of building the Fonfoism in our country.

the scientific ascent is made in a political way, and the professional fall is produced politically too, and according to the personal (un)favourable made to the hierarchical chiefs an internal campaign for the non-intellectualization of the masses, for their unconsciousness, it is carried out.

the state security consists in its defence against the freedom from outside and against some attempts of liberalization from inside the forming of a new order superior to other orders through aberrations, enormities, nonsense and fallacies with the view of keeping a nervous tension in the rows of the population and of maintaining all kinds of discriminations: hypertension, hyper-supervision, hyper-hypo-acoustic.

these plants are built which will serve as museums for workers, it was agreed that the workers from certain sectors of activity should benefit by the fruits of their work like this:

the peasants who grow grains should not buy country's bread.

the inventors should not drive profit out of their innovations that they spoiled their eyes with and sweat their temples with (that is why they slip them abroad).

the discoverers of treasures should place them at the disposal of whole Hon Hyn's people.

art values should not be appreciated but from a Fonfoist point-of-view (as a matter of fact the contrabandists take them beyond the Fonfoist borders).

there aren't rich people and poor people in Wodania, but poor people and poor people (excepting the Fonfoists) in the sense that the majority don't have a penny and they are dressed in rags.

so the matter rests if you don't have cows.

hold your tongue and milk the goats.

because the *silence* is really emphasized .

The silence is like honey,

and the talk like gall.

Ideological and Physiological Silence.

Moral Silence.

Philosophical Silence.

Silence That Not A Breath Is Heard.

H. H.

therefore it is born A WHOLE POPULATION OF DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND PERSONS, some flat, amorphous, dull beings, real mechanical puppets (untrue, un-individual) and others wait that will not be born anymore.

The fundamental law which lies at the base of the new order is THE SAINT WANGLE that acts entirely at random in an organized way.

the money were abolished (unlike other systems in which the money play a main role in society), so the money as exchange currency was abolished, on the other hand there are uses:

Kent, coffee, brandy bottles for doctors.

vegetate, laurel leaves, piper for assistants and nurses.

flowers and March amulets for teachers.

tips for sellers, barbers, hairdressers and taxi men.

wicker bottles for editors.

gifts and presents for publishers.

vodka for printers (which drink like fish) for printing folders, brochures and other unimportant printed papers.

small presents for directors' wives.

cakes of soap, bottles of spray, perfumes and other cosmetics for secretaries.

services, commissions and unmeasured homage against superiors...

and instead of the money, they also pressure, bribe, graft... you go all over the place with the bags full!

protected against silence and joy, the inhabitants are allowed to walk like a hen around the house, to subscribe to trips in R.G.B.(Refugee in Garden's Bottom) (in Romanian, F.R.G.), to spend their holiday on far regions in W.Y.S.N. (= Where You Stay Now) (in Romanian, USA), in Wodania, Wodania and also Wodania, at the B.O.B (at the Back of Beyond), at the B.O.S. (at the Bottom Of the Sea), with the view of ensuring a large and restricted international cooperation. There are many people suffering from mental disorders, although they are treated in sanatoriums with indifference and with some reddish pills and they are dressed at encephalon with a tent with medicinal alcohol, injected in hip with some Fonfoist ideas <the 'n' is nasalized at the call of Hon Hyn which modified in this way one of the Party thesis>; monthly they pay a visit of courtesy to the Police which apply another psychological treatment to them.

the Wodanians are quiet people, they don't want to conquer anyone, to compel anyone, but they want all the mankind to become Fonfoist - without this they would be obliged to use the force of the Fonfoist army convictions (the barbarian democracy of Hyn's family).

the struggle for survival in Wodania became very harsh, tricks, speculation, man hates man, man cheats man, man eats man, in everyone you see a potential enemy.

H. succeeded in directing these things as unsatisfactory as possible, the humbleness and prostration are encouraged, you are not allowed to put yourself forward, but all the people should be monotonous and gray. The brothers you love, you have to hate, and the enemies you should approach with love.

we live in the Devil's Kingdom and H.H. represents the Antichrist on Earth: the good is repaid with evil and the evil with worse.

everywhere in the staff promotion the NONVALUE CRITERIUM is taken into account, we are at everyone's mercy, we take other people's garbage with some honest money and what is good is sold below the counter.

the people lay the blame on each other, but they can't see, or pretend they can't see, or they are not allowed to see the right reason of the collective disaster, a crisis of everything excepting the plenty of lacks, by what right there are others who should decide in our place?

the scribblers of the regime promulgate through their monumental plagiarism and the country-theft education that he citizens are forced to build their prisons upon, to cut their thrones, to dig their own pit.

THE MAN WAS SAVED FROM HAPPINESS

and for this reason a lot of remarkable men began to divorce the country: *emigration*.

Hyn made an announcement to his community by satellite (while he performed a selenium trip for the good co-operation amongst planets). Everyone should be present with his brain in a bag for checking, so the commandant decided to weigh people's encephalon and to confiscate from those which possess illicitly in order to abolish the kulak and the exploiting classes. But he boasts of his people, poor in gray matter, although the matter would be the basis of the universe, but they shouldn't be idealists too; however, the idea becomes operative only if you put it in governing services for filling its empty spaces, and so sequesters the conductor the wealth of those reach in gray matter, fills the canisters with scientific cerebellum as well as two pots of clay with some blue little flowers on the brims and rosy on the handles like the wild roses which grow on the heaps of the White Swamp which swamp is drained, and he let them stink quietly into treasury.

the persons who accompanied the passengers at the electronic train which leaves over five minutes on direction Brasi, Tarikovskia... finally they relieved their excess of neurons out the skull (too much mind hurts), and feel light-headed, the donations of brain are even encouraged, the state awards badges of sheet and diplomas of paper to those who give up the science of brain at their own will and without be constraint by anyone whose brain is used as a dessert at the copious lunch of the narrow-minded misters ministers, at breakfast and at dinner for the people enlightenment the governors poor in some wood goblets their most honeyed words, the mob feeds itself with sweet and amazing words, a part of the brain left at savants is regenerated after a long period of gestation in the lab but it begins to take the path of wandering, the Party tries to oppose, but in vain, the physicist Gambrin sends his cortex abroad for fear that this should not become musty, the architect Stelian hides a part in the garret, and when the tax collector arrives to get the tribute in brain per head of inhabitant, Gambrin and Stelian argue impertinently that they haven't heads anymore because Hyn confiscated them and now he's using them according to his evil-will, I couldn't assert that Hyn wasn't reach to look like a monster, H. refuses to think, he signs < Hyn > on every head in Wodania - geographical, of army, astronomical, paleontological, ecological, Hyn knows everything, his name is written on leaves, on fences < Hyn >, on the highest popular tension posts <Hyn >, he signs on straw, on living cells, on every little stone and grain of sand, it is set the stamp of the sway, < Hyn > is thrust into the throat of the babies so that the next generations should find about his presence, about his extraordinary power of creation (to create panic in the country), about himself in person, about his biography which is memorized with a loud voice by every new born, and a chit which floundered was immediately shot on temple, because this means a lack of admiration for the most admired inhabitant in Wodania, when he passes on his white horse and his gray saddle all the idiots stand up and the boot-lickers and the deeds can hear him in the grave and shout with their mouth watering < Hyn >, < our great man >, the ladies sigh, he has a children with every feminine being, he let them pregnant by tens once, he rides seventy in the same time, because he wants to have a numerous spineless kingdom, but Hyn feels the most master on himself when gives press conferences to an empty room, then he is absolutely sure that all people listen to him quietly, that nobody fuss, that he doesn't stammer, doesn't flounder, doesn't repeat himself at infinite, that he doesn't repeat himself at infinite and doesn't repeat himself, doesn't often contradict himself, riding on country as if on a jade the man remembers how the journals stand upright in front of him and salute him

from stalls, the loose leaves implore him, beg for bearing his name: “Hyniada”, “Hyn’s bee”, “Hyn family”, and he hardly agrees, he makes them certain concessions, but the publishers and the chroniclers don’t give up and type with golden characters, with silver characters his heroism of sitting for his photo in all positions, and with bronze characters his sacrifices on country’s altar, because he sleeps only ten hours by night and rests the others, and other huge sacrifices that he makes in the use of the Social Non-organization, that he leads from the shadow, so to speak from shadow, because all light on the planet thrones upon him, he desires to buy the sun only for him, he sold a mountain and two rivers to the Tarikovskians and the Pakistanis for some trifles of ironies, and because it hasn’t yet been written about chief’s uncommon deeds, Tordy planned to found some deceased publishing houses, this is an uncommon objective (that is abnormal) it seems normally to you, of course, isn’t it?

the Wodanian tourists who come back from abroad are minutely checked at the custom-house. The border guards unpack their suitcases, push fingers into their souls and check them of some alien feelings. With a screw driver A-CY2, they unscrew the mortars at the cranium and push the skull away then with a magnetic device they detect the ideas settled there and remove them quickly. The mechanics at the frontier clean it with boric acid and tabula rasa and then it is aired an hour or even ten hours, until the skull is repaired. They rivet it, they mould it according to the national standards with the hammer and the anvil, then they let them go with the head empty and swollen like a balloon exposed to the wind of sway. There are also some clever gentlemen which before entering the country gather into a heavy greenish bag their:

- concepts, notions, senses and reasons.
- opinions, principles, projects and convictions.
- faiths, findings, observations and reflections.
- remarks, thoughts, ghosts and appearances.
- orientations.

without approval from the government committee that left them behind the borderline and those with their souls polluted with wandering are uncontaminated with a common bath of words that are poured with a fluorescent funnel, some disinfecting substances in one ear and out the other.

it is prohibited for the animals to leave the Wodanian palaces and stables and for the people it is absolutely interdicted to walk beyond Wodania especially to not be contacted some external social diseases, the helpless people split on their own account.

the Wodanian tourists who return (unfortunately there are those stupid people, like me, par example) can’t adapt anymore to the patriotic misery in the country.

Non-Values' Epoch

Mr. Hyn is a short black and scabby headed man who takes much trouble to save his dishonor at great pains gained by his Party in these fatal years, some grace years of Lord Hyn, many non-historical deeds were narrated.

NONVALUES' EPOCH, how it is called, develops through standardization some servile and humble personalities, that's why it is promulgated as a fundamental thesis of the Fonfoist doctrine:

the **kissism** (= to kiss the superior's ass),
and they strictly control the following:

the **verticality** (to stay with your back right, unbent).

the **cerebrality** (= to be able to reason yourself, and to not take as an axiom everything that is asserted).

there isn't a religious discrimination in W., and of any other kind, that's why the sectarians are dismissed and the persecutions of any kind come one after another.

In Wodania, a country of beasts (in fact, of blockheads), the beasts make experiences on people, they took the leadership in the state and play the fool, the human beings which rescue inflexible from metamorphosis and non-degenerated were persecuted from the Country of Animals by the autocrat-master Hyn.

Wodania is a political scene and the people play in it under the non-artistic direction of H.H. There are more actors than spectators, in other roles and anti-roles that play the diplomats (much attention is paid to external editors' inattention), there were taken even guards to watch over the observance of the social disorder.

the Party does it's best so the plebes feel cheap and live harder and harder through some reasonably elaborated measures - the meat should be about to disappear from butcheries as well as the eggs, male eggs should be consumed.

at the self-service store veal calculators should be sold, fowl sets, 'adidas' ¹, boots of sparrow, chicken from those tiny ones - Petreush Brothers ². At bag, as a part of the alimentary rationalization program should be imposed that old people should not eat milk because it passes among their teeth (we should send our crops to the neighbors so they should live satisfied).

at hygiene class one should learn what the fresh meat does not look like and the housewives should not even what color it is.

"but how do you want to eat everyday?" - H.H. flied one day at the crowd -

Didn't you wolf down anything yesterday?

Oh yes, mumbled the churls.

And isn't that enough?!"

the hens should sing cockily.

when the short hand shows 8 that should mean 11 hour, and if the big hand is found between 5 and 13 then it should give us the exact time. "At the third beep it will be 10 hour: Hyn Hyn Hyn, it was 10 hour".

if the sketch of a building is projected on a drawing board then it should not be realized on the ground.

¹ Adidas = a Romanian nickname for pig hoof in the totalitarian era.

² Well-known Romanian folk singers.

every person without a specialization in a domain should be able to give information, indications etc. in that domain.
in a family the husband should cook, crochet, change the babies of swaddling, and the mate should read the newspaper on an armchair, split logs with the ax and go to the match .
for engagement should take no notice of the professional activity, or it should be taken into account (in a negative sense).
heroes should be declared those people who don't fight in the front.
because of the modern transformations in our society, the care for human beings should be replaced with the care for apes.
the Wodanians tourists should not be allowed to go abroad.
the production of bankrupt factories should be increased.
as far as possible should be carried out the impossible.
the meetings and the debates should be as long and useless as possible.
there should exist hospitals where you arrive healthy and leave ill.
the agricultural industrialization and the industrial agriculturalization.
the exemplary accomplishment of every public offense.

therefore things have changed.

secret police cultivate the mistrust between people through counter-information transmitted by its agents, the pejorative called < casters >. Through counter-rumors the secret police also have the mission to call away population's attention from the acute crisis (penury of aliments, cold..., discrediting, confinements) which persist in Wodania (in this anachronism eve). They do not warn the people that a volcano is about to erupt, that there will be seism, nuclear wars and that we are supervised by aliens (political diversion). Things that they demonstrate rigorously with the most unscientific arguments, in this way we should be afraid and say in himself (the population): I would live anyhow, even starveling, only the disaster should not happen.

in our country the prices are not like abroad, expensive, in our country the prices are high and sometime swollen much over the ceiling.

the reforms are made, but on the paper leaps too, but downwards in W. we can meet some carnivorous plants too which feed themselves with people.

the ministers sold two hills as well as the leaf-bearing wood to Tarikovskia, they burnt the ocean that the resulted ash and cinders should contribute to the increase of country's cocking coal production.

in Wodania the governors and the ministers don't understand each other, they speak different languages: the *quikaly*¹ language.

the Fonfoist self-seekers curse the inhabitants with great pleasure and try to keep them away from the external welfare.

the sin of the *Fonf*² society fell upon us.

the savants and the artists became some uprooted peoples, they themselves unearth their roots, take them under arm and decamp from W. before the Hon Hyn sunrise, because it's always dark in their country and they can't see to perfect their Works. It isn't comfortable here to be uncomfortable, but to look like a terribly common people.

¹ Dialect spoken in Wodania.

² Snuffling in English.

the sceptical prophet's curse.

the Fonfoist Elite practices a social masochism searching for their own pleasure by provoking pains to the people, thus: it is promulgated the right at injustice of every Fonfoist, from time to time there are tormented and tortured peoples for Hyn's delight.

Isn't this Hyn sick of leading?

the reigns like a crazy man: twenty three hundreds one thousand years, wouldn't get stuck his bottom on the royal throne, wouldn't he go to bed to give us some rest? he led us to the fate unwell, because everything is done for the happiness of the inhabitants, we only have the impression of subsistence but in fact we are already deceased, only Hyn is a living man and roves in our place too, but we don't afford him to live more than three years from now on! The aim of the life on Earth, according to the Party thesis - is the Fonfoist hedonism that is the pleasure to incite some popular displeasures in a universal Wodania.

"the man can endure as much as he likes only he should want!, So let's form and develop his Fonfoist conscience".

(H. Hyn, < Too complete Works > vol. 13261, tom XMDCL WIII, Fasc.1. page. 600992)

the only quality of the chief are his uncommon defects, I think that this scatter-brain would be able to destroy everything: science art culture people only to maintain his power, domination over us, he spends astronomic funds with the maintenance of an army of rosy policemen which should defend his despotism. H.H. claims imaginary awards for himself, invents ranks, dignities for he and his family and self-assignments. Co-author of so many appreciable deeds, appreciable in a negative sense, he cured us of the desire for freedom and independence, the prince breaks all the records in matters of counter-performances.

the reality became a sombre reality.

every individual action is undermined.

the crisis propels the Fonfoist society towards new tops of regress and uncivilization, there not happen in Wodania events without unreason, and the phenomena have neither cause nor effect, the thinking remains behind the veracity.

the Party always wakes us the nonsense of things:

the salaried from town A work in the town B and the reverse (the running to and fro constitutes an aim in itself, for emphasizing the scourge of the modern super-industrialized societies), those who know a trade work as specialists and those who don't know anyone will accumulate multiple functions.

the investments are certainly made as uncertain as possible and upside-down, the government is superfluous to the abundance!

This most repressive system on the globe is self-entitled the most democratic and popular and beloved and, and, and, and (the ears can't endure so many fabrications, hypocrisies, perfidies, cunnings, ... that's why I put blanks).

the animal in human being there is in the center of the studies, it is instituted a dignity unworthy of us: the bestial dignity that is emphasized by the regime to educate and shape some animal characters.

I remind you that in Wodania there are no personalities but individuals with a statute of objects, indefinite beings in a definite order in an indefinite way. Workers who do not have the opportunity distinguish themselves, convicted to anonymity, they are afraid of themselves, of Fonfoism, and they avoid themselves, frightened by life.

Hyn pleads about the importance of unimportant things, it's interesting that he talks about uninteresting matters, every useless occupation is useful in Wodania.

only Hon Hyn can understand the non-intelligible can and ignore the ignorance.

only he can make the inaccessible accessible to you.

invalidate the invalidity.
and revoke the irrevocable.
and insufflate to us this science hostile to the science.
and violate the inviolability of the person and domicile.
it's painful of painful!
he perturbs our imperturbability.
that we discern the indiscernible.
imagine the unimaginable.
predict the unpredictable.
we are in the position to determine the indeterminable.
to particularize the particularity.
and to generalize the generality.
we open everything that is open and close every closing because our stone-stillness
stands stone-still.

Hyn managed so far that he removed the removal too.
he sacrificed the sacrificing.
and divined the non-divinity (that is he was self-divined).
explored the unexplorable.
according to expectations we didn't expect anything of him.
he betrayed the betrayal.

he doesn't want to know what is correct and right, he does know only the opposite that
he accomplishes in the spirit and the letter of the law (the Hynism and the Fonfoism seem to be
born one for another).

Hyn darkens even our dark.
gets on fire the fire in our heart.
and get into our impenetrable being with a false army of poets.

(I don't like the professional writers who make a job from art - the art is not a job! - but
those who have something to say, who don't write because they have to) the subordinates
compete each other flattering the protecting family.

O, Hyn, Lord of the dark and desperation!
pioneer of the bottomed muddy paths, you made from us the servants of everybody.
Hyn is a master in stupidity. He doesn't let us pass away: if you don't listen to his logos until the
last word, you can't piss!

We know Wodania in a way that nobody else must know it, as if it were in Devil's
power, we, some possessed, in the power of the Devil Hyn, in the power of the Fonfoist evil, the
earthly power merging with the devilish power
We ask the world to forget us!

The leadership allows only the forbidden things.
How much could they suck the people back dry?!
("Everything's good what ends badly" say the Fonfoist philosophers. Sometimes these
<thinkers> seem to be like some ... useless savants).

Hyn doesn't want to lose for anything in the world, he has made infusions with essence
of pine buds, transfusions of blood collected from the people to maintain him always freshly, the
all glorious king. He proclaims as a fundamental principle to not intervene in the internal affairs
so his majesty can dispose of everything like a *maître absolu* and not have to give an account to
anybody.

moralist in his immorality.
Lord, help us to die that we're sick of this life!

dreaming the dream of the whirling sea and sleeping the sleep of the stone on the bottom
of the water.
to stroke the warm stroking of the cool breeze.
to feel the white feeling of the maculated Medusa.
waking the awake of the golden shells.
immobility into immobility.
song into song.
echo into echo.
light into light.
glittering of glitter.
emptied of emptiness.
filled with filling.
denuded of denudation.
tempted by temptation.
ether of ether.
shaded by the moon's shading.
essentialized in the essentiality of the trivial common daily acts.
mediated through the medium of creation into creation and non-creation and of the
challenge in the frame of challenges.
there is neither interior nor exterior but everything is submitted to a whole full of itself.

desensitized by the Party into a phase of human 'robotization' and 'cyber-net-ization'
much enlarged in our microscopic smallness, looking up and down the immeasurable, that small
infinite, always of an inconstant constancy we have the right to not live anymore in such
circumstances.

We are our own destroying. And we implore the imploring! We are our own birth. And
we implore the imploring! A desperate people in its desperation. The government plays with
people's desperation. We live to the fullest, a dead life, and for this reason we have lost any
aspirations. And the forgetting of the forgotten. The corpses rise from cemeteries lay the crosses
on their backs, the thrones on their shoulders and move to other continents because here their
rest is disturbed. At every necropolis exists Fonfoist Party propaganda which gives some
passionate allocutions to the disappeared people, all defunct people are obliged to subscribe,
they are guided by a general commandant of the deeds; a Martian correspondent wanting to
interview the Party secretary in the cemetery <Lord Hyn's Birth>, who was a lewd in his time,
found a note at tomb's door.

"I am at Helen of Melward:"

"Five graves forward."

The man worships to Hyn as he would be an apostle or a saint, saint Hyn, of the Hell.
Who succeeds in setting up this GENERAL CHAOS through a delicate terror. Hyn defends the
disorder and intervenes to disturb the order. However we recognize that sometimes he makes the
mistake to commit some positive actions.

But all good becomes evil!

The commandant gives us an intensive course on how to turn a community stupid. In
Fonfoism the things are called by their true non-name.

all who don't agree to the Party's stupid politics are declared traitors. For instance one
actor who made jokes about the present social system was irradiated ostensibly in order to make
him a radiography, and they gave him lung cancer and only the Pope at the grave saved him.

Population affirms that they have no objection about the introduction of Fonfoism in the

rows of the human communities but it would be proper to test it firstly on objects then on rats and finally be removed although the Fonfoism is everything for man (do you want me telling you which <man>?...Hyn!).

An Auntie about the economic and financial recession heaves a sigh.

“Oh my, but how long is this war gonna take?” Both Hyns want to bequeath to their child all country, the function of president, but we think that he will completely sell us!” It would be great, prognosticate the futurologists, maybe he’ll sell us to the Americans and we’ll get on as it should be!”

Homosapiens is leavened to endure the Fonfoist evil, there was instituted the state of necessity-in-homeland through which the inhabitants were imposed to economize their own caloric power and to transform it into electric energy donated to the state, the old men should be deported because they finished their Fonfoist cycle of life.

When they too made a work call (as to say work because all the workers stood and acclaimed) Hyn and Hynoaia were some old-headed men (if you want to see nothing then you make an announced call) “But do you know what as hell are these old-headed men?” The natives met them with bread and salt in their eyes (to meet sm. with bread and salt = to give sm. a warm reception), they gave them cactus flowers and some other nettles, dogs carrying placards which read “down with the thief”. You should have seen what a disaster has been, how the policemen ran after the poor animals! Men with a dog collar around their neck, dragged by chains, walking on all fours like the seals and the horses on land, applauding to order when they didn’t receive the order. Loud speakers with recorded sounds of <hurraah>, <hurraaaah> amplifying the nonexistent. There was an indescribable uproar, that here that I described above. The artisans hurried in their work rooms, Hyn passed beside, lifted as for a salute his left heel, a bit aside, and then he asked them with a brotherly love:

< how should I trouble you?>

When the Iron Aggregate Works in town analyzed the stadium of undevelopment at its productive departments and it held an operative meeting, which lasted 7h, there was present Mr. Hyn too. There were proposed some methods of improvement of the work conditions for the office workers:

Ionescu: Let’s work on Saturday too.

the Director: Every Saturday?

Ionescu: Of course.

the Director: (Towards the Audience) Do you agree?

the Audience: Yees...

Popescu: Let’s work on Sunday too.

the Director: All Sundays?

Popescu: Of course.

the Director: (Towards the Audience) Do you agree?

the Audience: Yees...

(It’s rising Bula too.)

Bula: Let’s work non-stop.

(All are astounded).

the Director: What, do you think it’s possible?

Bula: Instead of going home and climbing up on the wife and making one like Ionescu or Popescu ... we’d better work non-stop!...

there would be some infamous and abject times elsewhere but we run them close!!

People say that the prince would not be real, but a puppet handled from behind the scenes, or a force that manifests itself independently of him and of us. To elaborate a law for stimulating the

techno-scientific creativity of the large popular masses through which it is forbidden to the savants to possess an excess of knowledge, skills and habitations aptitudes. The villains are put to the illicit side because they dilapidate from the empty treasury of state, they are declared persona non-grata and spoiled of all their wealth acquired on the account of those needy at this chapter, which wealth go in the National Patrimony of the Herudite Ruling Family; the knowledge the skills the habitations in Wodania can't be the appendage of an elite they should belong to whole nations and that's why the Hynists proceed to distribute them equally after needs.

those who solicit much should not be predestined a bit - indicates the wise god - because they might have some abstruse thoughts: businesses, bargains, sales, and those who don't solicit have no need, and consequently they should not be attributed. All these scientists will be substituted by some disappointed men, why would you worry writing books when you can simply put some others to write and you should sign? is wondering Hyn by the stupidity of some of his academicians (in Wodania the academicians appear overnight like the twitch through notch), in the last Hyn succeeded in abolishing the academy and other insignificant institutions which rendered difficult the process of the creation of non-values as well as the universities the faculties the pedagogic institutes and the tile factory from ungureni, which he turned ingeniously into some Sheep's Breeding Farms shepherded by Him, SO HYN FINISHED WHOLE COUNTRY'S CREAM, HE POLISHED WITH IT HIS BOOTS FULL OF MUD.

Pluralism

we found in Wodania a pluralist Party system, the main political parties who form the governmental coalition are: the left Fonfoist Party, the right Fonfoist Party and the center Fonfoist Party; besides those three outstanding ones there acts other ample parties. For instance the Fonfoist Party, or the Fonfoist Party, as well as the Fonfoist Party ... among their heads we remind the fellows Fonfoneata, Fonfoescu, Fonfonache, Fonfoneanu, Fonfoniu, Fonfonoiu.

“the state” is a notion at the disposal of the class in office (it doesn't matter the social system) that under the mask of taking care of the people it takes its fling and defends its own interests.

the more unjust it is felt like being a state the more oppressive it is and the more numerous is the machinery through which it exercises its strength and in turn the harder the laws leading to a bureaucracy.

complicated, the dependence of a man upon another (the centralism) is strengthened, all over the place you stumble against laws and little laws, decrees and little decrees, articles and little articles, alignments, directives, tasks, duties, dues and taxes.

A propos, do you know what the law is?

(A barrier the doggies pass under, the shepherd dogs jump over and the oxen hit against) the behaviourism of inhabitants is seized by the sentence YOU SAY LIKE THEM AND DO LIKE YOURSELF (yes sirs, it's right as you say, and fuck you!) the things have come so far that any slyboots comes to give you some advice, but no one to help you!

the superior leadership of the Party receives in its rows persons with an inferior grounding. These people always acts exactly in an inexact way and are ready to do nothing every time and they help us to destroy our lives and let us know how not to think.

the politics is a real masquerade and the politicians - some petty meddlers - should hear how they send telegrams from the airplanes board (poor of them they are so hurried and tired!), or how they congratulate, decorate and give medals to each other (enough to make a cat laugh!).

in vain the Fonfoists shit on themselves that the social classes were abolished (or could be abolished), because it will be forever a ruling class in the minority and a leaded class in the majority (Jean Jaques Rousseau). So the impossibility to suppress the classes and the antagonism and the exploitation and the distinctions between the physic and the metaphysic work; a homogenization of the society is wanted “all are of the same kidney” (a walking ... Earth), a heterogenic homogenization because it doesn't refer to the Fonfoist class.

however we have to survive the Wodanian holocaust.

if a principle is provided in Constitution then the authorities will strive to violate it through every means they have, we benefit by a substantial protection from the government side to be able to fail in our daring actions.

we are all losers.

the Party does nothing else but close gates that are already closed and gives us the possibility to open some gates that are already open. It laughs at us on the pretext of charity, philanthropy - but he laughs best that doesn't laugh at all!

the slavery was not abolished, but it evolved: *a modern slavery!*

in Wodania all matters are solved - only on the paper -, on the ground the situation is diametrically opposed.

the people live in imagination.

you aren't allowed to grow ill in this country that you should not consume state's drugs, because the drugs are produced for the sake of drugs but not to heal the sick persons. The dying

men are refused the right to pass into non-existence but only after they heard completely the latest speech of Hon Hyn (for dying in W, you have to get an approval from the Party, in order that you should not injure the Wodanian state; analogical - but especially - for living), the medical attendance is free, you don't get anything else but some chocolates, little packs, drinking bottles, graft, bribing etc. otherwise the medical attendance is without money.

H.H. plays basketball with some heads of rebel intellectuals, he takes and throws them to the basket without missing the target (intellectuality's beheading).

the guy defends his life with the price of other peoples' lives, he has a double too... why doesn't he kill the dissidents!? because he doesn't need heroes, if he would, let's say, kill them, they would become some idols and symbols of the oppressed population.

this <people of heroes>, how it is self-proclaimed, which has no more need of heroes now...!

H.H. slogan is "you'll die, you are mortals anyway, so it doesn't matter the way you live and therefore you get used to the thought you should live no matter how" (notice that he pronounces "you live" and not "we live", because he takes himself out of the catastrophic situation.

what he dreams in the night time he shits in the day time, re-established H.H. a perfect chaos, it always flashes through his mind somewhat unsuitable, probably he wishes to emphasize his own stupidity.

we have no more place to live because of hash hash, we have no more time, he kidnapped it all from us, he devours all of it, he is a man worthy of despise.

poor of the legs with an non-Fonfoist head!

the Party wants you don't get on well, you don't have rest and should not be prosperous, it wants to abolish the private property because it takes to non-dependence of authorities, individual autonomy, if you escape out of Party's guardianship and orders.

how it is made that their words are hollow, translucent, the auditors watch between/ through them.

the government maintains us the sorrow and the trouble and leads masterly the country to the national disaster, we live in a prosperous undevelopment, it reigns injustice and it triumphs the evil. They think that the problems can be solved only with words, through Party propaganda, it is attached much importance to the words than the deeds.

the inhabitants are offered some unfavorable circumstances of life so they are able to feel alive and not only in imagination but how our forefathers lived and sacrificed for the misery that we have today.

Wodania is a cold country both in a proper and in a figurative sense, you have the impression that the people are false, made of plastic, ceramics, the trees of caoutchouc. On the TV and the radio it is shown how the school is not, how the circumstances are not, presenting the country like it would be.

The Fonfoism is built for the sake of building and the more ineffective proves the Fonfoism to be the more it is accelerated in its edification. All kind of useless huge masonry builds Hyn for his sake, for his epoch remains in history like the pyramids of the Egyptian pharaohs (the comparison is improper!).

the whole society is self-regulated by the Party. The people beg kindly to Mr. Hyn to go to the wall with his social inflexibility, but if he is like a Turk and doesn't understand and rules over a country of Christians the people will pray badly too.

A Leader Not Like Anyone Else

despite he is a natantol moreover he's proud of himself!

he oscillates between foolish and stupidity.

Hyn walks with a cat in his bag (to be caught with the cat in his bag = to be caught in the act), they saw him at a popular meeting, the cat had stuck it's stiff tail out of the bag straight upward. It is a pleasure for the leader to perform his affairs upside-down, he is an artisan in damages of every kind we could say, he is talented in his speeches lack of talent.

Hon Hyn enlarged the country in his imagination in his simulations he over-dimensioned the frames of mind who had no artistic dimension.

what else? he put his foot in it!

he raises statues (as to say Hyn raises; he only gives orders) from 5 to 5 meters all over the Fonfoist homeland.

the Wodanian nation asks itself with wonder: wouldn't H. like to retire in the his function of president of the state? wouldn't he take his holiday or at least a sick leave? wouldn't he apply the turning round of the staff, because he certainly must have tired in his <difficult> mission?

as a sign of respect for his person a few kids shifted into the Hyn Museum in the capital, they spoiled the pictures and the walls and in the end they stirred the fire out of curiosity in order to observe what kind of flames sprang from the presidential documents.

the operation of destruction and the bugs in his head were in full progress.

someone has only the function of chief, in the sense that they do nothing. H.H. is ready to reject everything every time, to mystify the truth and to prove with boldness and the cowardliness he indulges in. He succeeded in ruining the economy, devil's illiterate! We have to be grateful for the evil he provokes to us, we have to thank him for the disservice he made to us. Hynoaia who is an extremely beautiful delicate and ugly woman does a *solfeggio* in the drawing room for guests a sonata at the piano for four hands and two legs.

H. Hyn put money aside in some Swiss banks into secret accounts, milliards, hard currency, when the revolt the flood would unleash he should get on the plane out of patriotism his relatives family - a kind of a modern Noes - and the devil takes the hindmost! as well as Marcos or Duvalier out of love for the native land, and then as long as he would live he should sprawl in luxury as his people in poverty.

What many airs give out of him!

It was ascertained that Terra itself revolves on the way traced by the Wodanian Fonfoist Party at the Conference from Abarshic around Hon Hyn.

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR HIMSELF constitutes the first unwritten law that is manifested in W., and this unwritten law needs much ink to let out of the nib of the journalists who write with the ballpoint pens.

H.H. works with might and main to the destruction of the whole country, he demolished half of it until now but the plan is not accomplished yet.

he holds public or private courses too.

of hereditary sluggishness.

Hyn (now he's looking like Bob Dylan when he got the measles) knows everything and nothing - the fool is not fool enough if and he is arrogant too - he is present everywhere and nowhere, he leads everyone and no-one, because anyway the things go at random there is of no use his help any more.

As an old Christian that he is not H.H. prays three times a day and every evening for his people:

Defend them God of passions!
Defend them God of individual initiatives!
Defend them God of personal ideas!

Hyn is satisfied especially with other's good, he takes with a hand and receives with the other. For convicting the people he founded People's Courts. He holds people by responsibility Hyn who is unskilled-in-everything gives directives all over the place, he even prescribes culinary pharmaceutical philosophical receipts balms.

ATCH ATCH¹ ACTS JUST AS HE SHOULD NOT ACT

once he had gone to get some rest on the imperial throne, he had an Empire smaller than the not blown by Aunt Lentza on the parquet, he had got asleep in the post, anyway he was an Emperor or he had been crowned by himself or he had forced other people to crown him but that has no relation with the job of leader, without any chief over him, only he a chief over everybody and over himself, then he had got asleep in the post and snored both by mouth and by nose. Stupidities, stupidities, stupidities (it wouldn't have to exist a man without a superior of him, consequently the leader should be obliged too, to give an account of what he does or doesn't do).

Hyn is not a fool for nothing but all the community and the authorities are declared satisfied.

Our ruler couldn't even speak the language of his people correctly, he spoils and mutilates the words, he crowds them.

he commits errors of Chomsky grammar, errors in the formal languages, he doesn't agree the subject with the predicate, the adjective with the noun, only if his interest requests that. he often relieves nature in public (public necessities).

and the more omniscient and abnormal he is the more he is done homage, homage, homage.

In Wodania, some laws govern the impossible, you can't meet clever people over here, but Hyn is the most clever, he took the necessary measures to abolish the night, he concluded a pact with the Supernatural Forces, relating to the astronomic time, he solicited that. Be always day-work, in this way there won't exist interruptions in the activity of production and the machine-men will function at their maximal parameters.

the man is an automatic working tool.

with all efforts of the plastic surgeons Hon Hyn had remained cheekily, in vain it had been tried the refinement of his cheeks or the replacement of a part of the face skin with some buttock skin, it also was said that he would have hopped the twig, but nobody dared to believe that because all knew that the dictators couldn't die.

There Come Our People, There go Our People!

you support to the strongest one, the same thing we have done and we have resisted for 2000 years under foreign domination, we'll have to last under our own domination too (!).

The stratum of the society the leader likes to cover with when he goes to bed at the head of the country are the workers, who have a degree of altruism in their blood made with water, and who are skilfully used to the most abject strains.

¹ H. H. [a-tch a-tch] stands herein for Hon Hyn.

The gerontocracy at the head of the Party strove in vain for H.H.'s instruction as an immortal, there were allocated some huge funds.

his portraits in oil were hoisted on the blocks.

documents televised in colors and/or Fonfoist proclamations on stereo video tapes, multiplied in thousand billions of exemplars.

Pyrogravures, bas-reliefs, sculptures in marble and encyclopaedias with an only savant: Hon Hyn.

The leader is a fertile author but he didn't even read the books he signed, he reads with a small r, his gigantesque Works have an overwhelming gravity upon the nation, an inestimable practical value estimated by confectioners bakers etc. because his Works serve for wiping the bottom of the frying pans and the pots in the private husbandry, as well as for wiping the bottom of the citizens because they use the finest paper which doesn't scratch their behinds but slips gently (to rectum's mouth) on anus. he remarked that the Wodanian are known for their intellectual capacity of their posterior, they think with the back in front.

H.H. is not a man, it was discovered that he would be superior and superhuman, that he would have two pairs of balls, when he is interviewed he turns on the record, turns on the pick-up, the same answer no matter the question.

the people are block-headed, Hyn uses a special key and opens them forever, he uses only their hands (of labor).

for some time now Hyn has been brooding over a disease. He borrowed a bushel from a peasant from Negura on his name Plaivas M., he gathered some musty sawdust, broke it up with no care and ostrich eggs, and right now he is brooding them in the sun like a green lizard or like a householder once, who having a clucking hen and the cock-husband (and partly father) because of too much love couldn't separate of she, he put some eggs under cock's belly that the spurred one made chicken and he was more careful with them than the hen was. So it broods Hyn a disease and twelve ostrich eggs and he looks so nicely "climbed" on the nest with a little yellowish bow at his collar and a royal mantle over the sawdust. "Be careful you should not catch a cold at your intelligence his wife quarrelled him because he had sat on the wetting, *when your mind would drop don't forget to give us a chicken too*".

as a sign of a great esteem the people throw leaflets bringing hot eulogies to him, on which it is written: Down the tyrant! Down Prince-Despot!

check the king, the H.H. declared. The crowd threatening the tower into which the leader (of the game) had been blocked, the fatal man Hon Hyn took the stand of the mute.

Invisible Barriers

it would have been visible for the majority of the inhabitants in Wodania that Hyn had risen a kind of invisible barriers.

in fact he wouldn't have risen them but would have moved them down as much as possible they would have been even some plastered and whitewashed barriers of reinforced concrete or of stiff baobab or of pig iron with a reduced rate of carbon or of preconceived ideas which the too tall men would have hit against with their forehead or their back head. But they wouldn't have seen them, they would have groaned, Hyn would have put the barriers at the key-points for instance at the crossing over the lines of legal way because after all the sovereign has the law in his hand in the wallet from his brown purse that he always has with him.

the barriers would have aimed in a peculiar way the young men who will do some training flights and those who will grow exaggerated over the limits imposed by the present norms. You won't have to exceed a pigmy in height but to have the weight of a marten no gram more or less - that will signify a grievous deviation from the firm government's policy, that all of us be identical regardless of nationality animal or vegetal kingdom division genus species, but however by hazard - because that will constitute a dubious attitude. Someone would have grown wings and the Breeders of Cattle for Labor Organization would have immediately cut them with a bistoury and extirpate them out of flesh to be sure that they won't spring any twigs next spring. The respective person would have even been compelled that Mister K. should cut himself or in the worst case should report to the Officer on duty at the Castle through a long memorial in which the extenuating circumstances should be explained and the measures that were to be taken for the prevention of the wings growing on people. And if he had an innovation in this aim, the matters will be thus that Tordip who would present some moral-political guarantees when he would awake in a morning afternoon with some wings in the place of his inferior members. He gently hid them under his mantle then he took a flight start and rose until he hit his head against the upper threshold of an invisible barrier built by nine great master's journeymen and masons and with Manole ten who overran them. He would back on the ground and would see that below the threshold, since then now Tordip would stay quietly at his bank as a cashier. Periodically he would get his gruel beside the wage for a betrayal that he would have been not guilty of, because he would have tried to go into Hyn's Castle. I wouldn't remind well it might be of the counter-master Kafka or not even him.

Abadela would be in easy circumstances full of downs of wild duck wild goose (generally a domestic wild bird) and when she combed herself in front of the enchanted mirror she would see feathers instead of hair. A rather chronic phenomenon because that would determine her to fly from a nest to another or into a strange nest anyhow, doctors would come to scalp her or to prescribe her an adequate sociological, philosophical treatment, they would oblige her to a strong drinks diet, that she should not follow a physiotherapy cure on too short waves.

The Graduates' Allocation

according to the professionals they won't be inclined to nor will they have a talent for the university graduates being recruited for work.

what discipline wouldn't you have passed your exams to? Will scan Hyn a stunted one. me... at aeronautics.

very well you blockhead, I'll make you a pilot! Would have bursting out Hyn, and you, what would not you want to work? will he examine a strapper.

I won't be able to act, to simulate.

my congratulations you fool, I'll name you actor, but you old bird.

I couldn't be versed in books, I would have signed them with my finger.

Hyn: you don't say so, I will invest you with the title of young writer that you invent the novel of my life by Jorj San.

the young old bird would have been obliged to accept.

but would you have been skilled to, my little Hyn?

me ... to everything.

The father: I will want to congratulate you warmly and I will be sure that you don't react like Esop as you are my successor aren't you that wise Greek was an ignorant and I won't have to do to you and I will bequeath to you my job of dictator, it will be a hard job (it weights a couple of tons and a quintal) but you'll have aids by the thousands. Everyday you won't have to do anything else but have a good time tipple, you'll be comforted because the ministers will support you when will be the case to do nothing.

The lame men Hyn will name long race runners.

The one-eyed men are high accurate shooters at target shooting.

The deaf-mutes cultural activists at the popular Centers for the guidance of the artistic creation.

The one-armed persons Graeco-Roman wrestlers.

The ugly old hags at the fashion houses.

The whores will be declared chaste women through a presidential decree.

The thieves honest men.

The criminals will become policemen.

The naives and the innocents will be jailed ("what means < innocents>? that means that they did nothing, they didn't work". They will explain Hyn for himself and the people will cheer).

All lame - he ones and lame - she ones will become stars of cinema and will appear on TV on channel six in some role of Princes Charming and goddesses.

The illiterate academicians doctors' readers.

A turkey from around the palace will be swaggered as a court poet.

The allocation of the graduates will be made in the ascendant mediums order: the one with the lowest medium will be the first who chose the post, the last one will be the second and so on and the first will become the last of course! (that's what he'll deserve, who the hell would have put him to learn? Wouldn't he know that not learning is emphasized?!).

Everyone will have a job according to the merit he has not in this well-organized and guided pell-mell. There will be measures taken regarding the allocation of the graduates from plebeian social strata. There, where the homeland needs, as well as the allocation of the homeland there where the graduates from dominant social strata have a necessity.

The Lunatic Asylum

a sentence should be true if it expresses an untruth, a word should be used in a context that it doesn't suit to, you should do something only if there isn't a need for that, you should depreciate the genuine values in order to emphasize the value of the non-values promoted by the society.

when it won't be the moment you should action.

the innocence you should consider a vice.

it should not be admitted deviations from the crimes.

all the time you should work for a lost cause.

you should give to every student his bad-luck.

the encouragement of the inauthentic creation.

the children under the age of school should hold canto lessons to the judo trainers

THE COUNTRY SHOULD BE A HUGE LUNATIC ASYLUM by Ken Kesey A PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC

if you don't know anything about a matter that will be the moment for you to intervene to make proposals and to give explanations with a full ignorance of case.

The system should evolve like a crawfish.

the annual planning of the economical disaster (a kind of a programmatic lost): a building should be risen firstly and only then it should be realized its project.

if a book is demanded it should not be printed, but if it is of no interest for any reader it should be published urgently, there should be more writers than readers (they will read each other), the literary men in general should be talented for plagiarism full of the desire to contribute to the prosperity of the homeland in the mud to the noble ideals of pauperize and Fonfoism.

the verses should be recited by the priestesses with a literary vagina into which the critics should be able to introduce some few matters (their husbands might not have properly made poetry with them).

the genuine writers should not be members of the Union of the Writers (a Union of the Non-writers should be found too).

in the consideration of a literary-artistic work there should be take into account the social position of the author or of his relatives, of relations, there should be published names not books!

as a sign of esteem the remarkable poets should be put on the INDEX and their texts should be censored.

the censorship should be able to do everything, to see allusions in every word (even in inexpressibly!), and to advise the artists to not create anymore in order to not have troubles (stimulation of the non-creative art), for instance if you write.

“the soldier is sweeping the yard”.

in the intention to present the activity of a soldier who loves the cleaning and the discipline, of the respectful soldier who listen to the orders of his superiors, the censorship should understand topsy-turvy.

how's that, the soldier is sweeping, not the woman on duty? what does that, insubordination mean? where is the woman in that period? and why the soldier is not at instruction or left in application in the shooting ground?

he is sweeping the yard in stead of shooting with the machine gun! but what, with a broom defend we against the enemy?

put into prison both author and soldier!!

the best literature should be the worst.

the media should have convinced us that the patriotic poetry have been beautiful (that's why it doesn't like to us).

into the dictionary of the Wodanian folklorists should be subscribed those who don't have the faintest notice about folklore because the folklorists are known and consequently there is no need that they should be mentioned, and into the diplomatic one the hockey players who are skilled to goniometry, there should be included the mathematicians who don't know the multiplication table, the architects who can't sculpture, and many categories of social wretch in the charming Wodania.

Hyn should ride on severely the people, he should keep a tight hand over it, should beat the saddle that the mare of the country should understand, and if the jade behind him faints from time to time he should push it with his spurs from the boots under its ribs, he should participate to some derby matches too with neighboring concurrents who every of them ride on their jades of peoples: international horse racing.

You should expect to anything in life if Hon Hyn wants that - a huge personality, a huge nullity with a precipitous intelligence, an ox with eye, an ox with capital.

We should boast with the misfortune that we endure, we should take pride in our foolishness, we should be glad when we are sorry, we should get on well when we are badly off, we should feel fine when we feel ill and vice versa.

we should sound with might and main all over the world our imbecility because every citizen has the right to defend the straitened circumstances he disposes of, to grow the indifference regarding his way of life, to become an ascetic.

In Wodania THE ORDINARY DEEDS SHOULD BE THE EXTRAORDINARY ONES: (a perfect lack of balance).

there should exist more policemen than thieves, the cops should be preoccupied with the honest people and should let the delinquents alone, if something is stolen the gendarmerie should not attach any importance, but if it's about some political questions the punishments should be drastic Draconic.

the teenagers should be reached by senility.

the newscasters should be mute at the general stupidities.

in school should be more emphasized the conduct than the learning

because there is a need of some docile obedient enslaved obsequies staff.

It isn't advisable that you should be clever in Wodania! You have to use wangles then should be politely refused because they know how to refuse kindly.

Hyn should assert that he is a princely offspring from Byzantine Empire or Malaysia or China and Hyn-oaia should touch with her sweet right hand for countless times his bone, which bone becoming harder swells itself and has a red head and expectorates, and she should be fond of this bone as he is fond of her devilish ribs (later the leader should decorate his wife for her long and tireless activity (in bed).

her family should fully support the government's ignorance as an independent science: a science which advances like a fish out of water).

Hyn's statue should be built on people's body in which it should be deeply cut: the ploughmen and the shepherds should be put below at the foundation, they should be properly treaded under foot, squeezed, tighten with shackles and caught in beams in order to not give birth to some social movements, to not move from their blind-lane; then a man above man,

smiths, tailors, engineers should be built alive, they should be strike into spikes in order to be fixed above the power statue of Hyn, a huge one.

“and if he is the supreme leader that means that we don’t live any longer?”

dared a reactionary who was disappeared for ever by the secret police being accused that he disturbed the common stillness of Hyn.

about president’s life we should consent that since he was fifty he was carried by the electric scooter until he was seventy, over seventy by the wheel-barrow of 2 1/2 horses power, and over seventy by his private rocket, while the people was travelling by the ox-wagon.

you should meet him all over the place, turning on the TV: Hon Hyn turning on the radio set: Hon Hyn buying a newspaper: Hon Hyn fixed on the first page, looking through a fashion magazine: Hon Hyn, that you should be afraid to open a pork tin at some international conferences that not find Hon Hyn preaching all the time about the Animal Rights in the world.

St. Hyn golden mouth should promulgate the antireligious Fonfoist theology, an uneclesiastic inquisition.

the private iron guard of Hyn should accompany him all over the place in order to protect him against the esteem and the consideration of all the nation.

H.H. should enjoy of much hate and despise and rage from the population behalf, he should be pleased when his people is displeased.

the more incapable you are the higher is your position in W. in the way that the most idiot should be the chief of the state.

at the light of the dark that he emanates Hyn should have started his reign by delivering an ultimatum to the citizens and with a cultural genocide, < I am a demiurg, I am Zeus from the Olympus and I dispose of your will>. He should have continued, he, the master of our lives, skilled rightly as the soldier Svejik who would got the power in his clutches, but the demiurg should realize that he has to love the population because it is the one who works and on whose neck he lies on stiffly (“manly”), that’s why he should accept that all inventions, innovations, patents should be passed on his name, on albums, memorials, encyclopaedias should be subscribed his name especially in the fields he ignores completely.

(It should be suspected that H. H. is entirely lacking of a common sense otherwise he wouldn’t admit so much flattering).

it should not happen that the savants should not accept to sign their studies essays with the name of a fellow in the Party superior leadership or at least they should take him as a co-author - because as a pity there sheltered themselves such impertinent elements, flunkies, hooligans, scallywags, mastodons who preferred to burn their manuscripts than let them to fall into others hands. in the opposite case the democratic organs of police should intervene, arrest and ... hide ... them ...amen ...fur immer...

H.H. should surround himself by (unnatural) laws, some decrees that protect him, at botany at geography should be clearly showed that the Nature itself stays on by Hon Hyn, it can’t go on.

it should not be say about H.H. that he would be drunk, that he gets drunk because nobody see him otherwise than he is, always constantly, permanently intoxicated, that the members of the council ask him ”sir when should we awake again to make a drinking booout?”

Hyn should cut himself a place for his son too, for his relatives, his people should become an altruistic people.

but shouldn’t he care what the people think? (oh yes, but he pretends he doesn’t care, and let be thought that all think the same). For countless times he should be put in the posture of an impostor when he serves himself by the art of a chosen antiexpression.

Hyn's death should be a National Celebration, although the radio the television and para-television the press will simulate a mourning in the whole community - in fact they will be forced to weep and to mourn for their last tyrant who brought to them so many misfortunes, consequently an whole country of dying men will wait for he rebirth!

it should be rumored about our guiding fellow that he would be blind, that he couldn't see what happens in the country, his technical counselors should insistently speak about his one-eye cecity, perhaps the left eye, the deputies in the senate that he would be one-eyed of both eyes. The foreign diplomats should comment that he would be blind at noodle (of brain) and it should be published his photo without brain, with his head empty inside, his mother should have wept that the poor Hyn as a child had broken his pate with a sling while he had been going to the mill for grinding, and he was entered some bran through the split, and his noodle had swollen, people say that he would have bran into his head and would be a monster a la marquez.

Hyn should be a very modest chief, even he should assert that a man like him is born once in a hundred years! (Of course, such an idiot like he, we complete), he manage this country as it would be his own pocket, <what thinks alone> is H.H. himself, the thinking is forbidden to the others.

here nobody wish that his friends should know too, that you may publish a scientific article you have to put as a co-author an editor or many and if it's possible you should forget your name.

The state should take care that you feel sick, nothing should go to your heart - and he should fully succeed in.

it should have thought that it only have been the Passion week, but no, it should be the Passion century or epoch ...

we should be considered some machines that are guided by remote, you should issue the law, pushed the button, issue the decree, moved a handle - the nets of barbed wire surround us at every step, you can't move because of them, corseted as much as possible like a cattle put to the yoke.

H. should have raped so many women that he should be bored and should started to violate norms rules canons customs but especially human rights (what means that you be plentifully sick of power!), in the main, how reasons he: if a defendant proves to not be guilty, it doesn't mean that he is not guilty and hop with the innocent to the rogue house. Otherwise the sovereign is empty-headed but the people carry him on the back in exchange Hyn sugars the pill for the people.

In Wodania it should be worked 8 days a week (because on Sunday, being a holy day sent by God, we should be working a double), that is 14 months per calendar year, but H.H. should intend to increase the working-week and to decrease the holiday-week: the working class benefit by a holiday of 15 seconds per decade and the Fonfoist class of 15 decades per second so should be established a parity among all the categories of men, people should come even to an agreement that the salariats should be conceded a working leave instead of holiday.

that's why THE THINGS ARE ON THE RIGHT PATH TOWARD EVIL

Wodania should be known abroad for its crimes and its illogical politic, and should be enjoyed of unanimous disapproval in all mankind due to the oppressions incongruence's turpitude, the foreign countries should respect our holocaust - a kingdom of the apparent doubled death which stigmatize us, the only place on the globe where it snows from down to top, where the summer gardens are opened in the winter.

Ruler's counselors should challenge each other permanently in relating of true falsifications regarding the hurried finishing of the agricultural works: the barley should be harvested before sowing, the hay should be mowed before springing, the fruits be gathered at a

time with the burgeoning, and out of the fruits should come the green twigs of the homeland, the sheep should graze in the winter the white of homeland's snows, homeland's birds of passage should leave in the winter to the cold countries with their passport O.K. and back in the autumn, homeland's bugs should fly in homeland's January from a petal to another, homeland's snakes and homeland's bears should hibernate when it's warm and back to life on homeland's frost - at the Epiphany time -, the lily should bloom on Christmas and it should be cut down on New Years Day. Homeland's rye, homeland's watches should work backwards at market, after three hour should come two hour in Wodania the seasoners should start their program before finishing it, the tractors should plough with their trailer before and their wheels above, the radishes and the beet should grow with the leaves in soil and the root in air, the houses should have the roof in the place of foundation, there be invented cybernetic cuspidors electronic pissoirs that draw the urine directly out of vesicle, the rivers should flow on the sky, homeland's sun should be put into homeland's ground and then at Hon Hyn's disposal, in homeland's plants should be cultivated potatoes cabbage onion, grapes on the fields merry-go-round SN 600 portable longitudinal cutters FLP 800 planning machines titan cranes huge rolling bridges heaps of chip in containers, it should be intensified the lack of productivity of the productive branches, the things should go clock-work (upside down), you should be sick outside in homeland's darkness, you should have some general easy ill humors in the happiest moments, you should buy siphons at the sweet's shop, at the toys shop sausages, for lecturing a book you should go to the restaurant, the libraries should become dancing billiards rummy and dominoes rooms, if you'd like to see a drama you should go to a Party meeting, you should smoke only in the restaurants where is posted the inscription <No smoking>, there should exist some fresh spoiled walls on which be legibly mentioned <Place to run your head against> and thus every working man should be able to be at his wits' end, at the news stall people should find alcoholic drinks, sandwiches with salami yellow lemonade pineapple juice and sometimes even newspapers, at the documents copying office should be taught violin violoncello contrabass and geology lessons, in the universities the students the professors and the institutors should be 'illiteracized'.

blinded by the light of the new indications the aviators should be landed to an unfixed point, the sweepers should have high studies, the best teacher in a high school should be more scatterbrains than the most scatterbrains pupil of him, the engineers and the sub-engineers should be find at the same level of professional involution, the bulbs and the lamps should be used for electrical dimming, the ships and the barges should navigate on the railways, the dolphins should fly mechanically in the air (and any shark lost through the waves of the starry arch should have blown against an airplane), at the outskirts of the suburbs at doughnuts shop should be sold flavored plums and gooseberry, at disco it should be gambolling after mourning music, < The Woman> magazine should reproduce on the cover and inside male portraits and fashions, men and animals should eat together from the same plate some portions fixed before the national rugby team of Wodania should be formed of legless and one-legged players,. The goal keeper should be one-armed, the central-forward should be paralyzed in a cart, the left outside should move on the right outside for confusing the adversary, the trainer should be mentally handicapped, and as a referee should be Mr. Corea from Portugal. All players should be disposing of an excellent metaphysical condition by running hundreds of meters in 10ns (with a car), the training should take place in night clubs cafes pubs honky-monkey houses at other's wife (because that's sweeter than his), studying all day long the playing cards (from libraries): poker, tabby, 77, 21, joker (!)

the stoves should freeze admirably the rooms, the wells should draw spoon makers and tadpoles, on the street it should not circulate any automobile, not the uncaring road the traffic should be crowded especially around digs trees commons. The trains should go helter-skelter on

stubble and under mulberry trees, the forest should shadow on the sky, the operetta should be singed on streets, volleyball and handball should be played in the dining room with the Fonfoist soup plates, it should not be allowed rejects smaller than 95%, it should be eliminated the loses per hectare below 88%.

in Wodania, no other culture should exist except that of vegetables - but only a substitute.

the submarines should be moved toward the red light, it should be reached an international disagreement on the nuclear disarmament, it should be concluded thus a war between the belligerents, the packages should be sent away by phone, at the grocery's should be sold for money human hearts and kidneys and testicles. The wind should draw from down to up the water in a sieve, the carpet and the blanket should make love at zero degrees, the grains should be maltreated with chemical substances, the gold should become an non-precious metal used in the place of the bricks and the wooden beams at the hares' houses.

IF WE STRIVE OURSELVES A LITTLE MORE (IN THE WORLD CHALLENGE WHICH WE PARTICIPATE TO) WE SHOULD REACH THE LAST PLACE

The Abolishment of the Difference between Man and Animal

centuries have passed since Hon Hyn was the head of the state and in this short period he succeeded in canceling the main differences between man and animal and now he is nearing to the vegetal kingdom, he wants that the man should become a plant at the disposal of the only gardener of the country, that could be fixed in the most arid soil.

there were perpetuated some species of men with roots who grow like the Quéneau-ian twitch through digs ravines shitteries, some of them can't be distinguished, covered with belladonna and gagged meadow in the Roby desert or in the suburbs of the North Pole of Wodania because Terra includes three poles. Two of them are cold and the third is cold too, the unique gardener of the country waters them every minute with ideologies in order to take some vigorous branches, the people got accustomed to the most harsh conditions of the presidential clime, all are vaccinated against the black death from outside. because some rumors were spread regarding a possible external contamination, particularly because certain animal-persons became immune from the ideate serum although the legal medical men advised Hyn to take easier with giving the men so many injections and forced treatments in the neck because the organism acquires a tolerance to them and after a while they don't produce the anticipated reaction any more but even they produce some secondary effects contrary to the expecting, that's why when you give a directive as a pill of swallowing with some water the animal body of the man should reject it. It isn't healthy for the organism, conclude the pharmacologists, and then you moderate a bit the chemical and theoretical conclusion, you have to present it gradually referring to gram measurement, not to ram it down their nose suddenly, do you remember the man that has been through the mill whose nothing was happen, while the patient M.D. with the medical card no.10452/12 V 2987 with the diagnosis <Philosophical infection of the cortex> vomited for two times consecutively. The infusion with ideas effectuated on the nervous path by the psychiatrist Valery of the Station Street, the mnemotechnic gave some partial results to a mentally defective group by using some classical recipes noted in the prospectus.

as regards the Humanism which the government is suited to, it means <love for the animals>, that is men and animals should have a complete equality in rights, it should not be made any discrimination between an ox and an agriculture, an ape and a book keeper, the women should not be exploited less than the men, it should be an equity between miners and moles - why a miner can use an oil lamp with the money of the state while the mole can see without eyes? between stokers and salamanders that can be thrown into fire any insurgent stoker, between sailors and oceanic fish in such a way that the leadership can consume with pleasure some sailors with salad without that the bones should stick in their throat and then it was taken the decision of a Sailors with a cartilaginous skeleton Breeding Farm in the roads of the Mountaineer woman seaport because there also exist a category of incombustible sailors as the frogs, and the Andalusia cats and the music-hall actresses are considered of the same parity. from them it is used the fur and the hair, the Admiral of the XI the fleet promises every month to the soldiers as a pay wonders but they get nothing but eventually a few fists at their plexus if they declare to be unpleased, those work like some black slaves on homeland's ships together with the seals, walruses and other beings situated on the same biological step of involution of the life in Wodania.

some races were interbreed in a farm of human beings in order to obtain women hares who should increase the productivity at new-born children although in the last time were strikingly used the chimps instead of men. The first ones possess a harder muscular strength, through all kinds of crossing it resulted a new man, of plastic, whom it was given the permission

to suffer from hunger for centuries, the girls indifferent of sex are allowed to die of thirst like the dromedaries in desert.

it was obtained for the moment in the laboratory test tubes some buffalo-men with a sexual impulse and an appetite for every kind of female: cows, sheep, snakes etc. indifferent of religion or genital conformation or vagina depth.

it is still said nothing on the similitude between a drone as an insect and a governor, and that detail can't be observed from an airplane and nor from the Haley comet.

men and black beetles live together in apartments, they eat together, the mothers put some cotton into children's ears for not enter the bugs, while a new married couple husband and wife live separately: the husband in a locality the wife in the opposite side, in the rural settlements *people* and *mice* of O'Neil live together, the verb "to live" acquired as a first sense, a denominative one, the significance of "to survive" and this latter was driven out of language because it isn't in concordance with the new necessities imposed by the cultural revolution Hyn organized the country as it were his own private land and he cultivated on his land some leek, cucumbers, tomatoes or what the hell it sprang around greenhouses, but the most of all he was occupied with the breeding, he founded a Cattle Breeding Organization too which took the power in the state, all over his land nobody is allowed to step, but only to work hardly, on his land exist but only beasts of burden and if by chance it wanders any man lost by the herd, the shepherds of cattle drive him from behind with a cudgel on the path of the Fonfoist society building, for its raising on the tops of civilization, the whole people of animal creatures express its unanimous will to invest the brilliant shepherd Hyn in the position of shepherd, who takes a decisive role in the grandiose epopee of the transformation the country into a stable, remarkable painters of the Fonfoist current don't paint <cart with oxen> anymore, but cart with yokes peasants or carriages with saddled men, in the painting in water colors there aren't a surprise any longer <the portraits> of women but of sows with teats full of milk at which suck the little pigs, some reliable sons of the homeland of tomorrow, if any man (because it must be recognized that this kind of animals were settled too around here) wanders about in the forage, the swineherd-chief guides him on the right way addressing him a cordial.

pigs ty! pigs ty!

and then every man backs to his pigsty of country, the chief-swineherd puts the cock at the door and throws some food to the pigs from a cast-iron kettle of aluminum especially built in this five-year time of great accomplishments with an exemplary presenting and abnegation for the triumph of the ideals of freedom, independence and social progress, we gonna cut you the cock - the antigovernment rebels threatened Hyn but Hynoaia opposed with all her revolutionary pathos:

in the time of Sabarem.

there was pu_sy even in creeping stem;

in the time of Hyn's rock

there was put a bridle on the cock.

the grandmas cross themselves and spit into their bosom, damn, pack off devil! pack off devil from the helm of the country.

when the jade of country moans Hyn puts the saddle tighter on it, he rides it harsher, he pricks it with some ivory spurs and whips to it with smarting and pain in the livers, poor homeland, it is bare-boned of weakness, the bones by which were sheltered some English and Birlander¹ pirates who fish students hairdressers manicurists chiropodists wheel-women motor cyclists tractor drivers, they fish even fishes, this is a painful problem for the government in the

¹ Country neighboring Wodania.

capital who is left by feminine porcine bull ready big-bellied, because in Wodania every being of an opposite sex remains pregnant in touch with Mr. Hyn's writings, and the pirates don't toil anymore with the below labor at the female but they immediately take out the true-born Wodanian baby.

we meet two kinds of peoples in Wodania: tamed people and untamed people, the second category is considered to be inferior and on the path of a social disappearance, in exchange it is well seen by chiefs and anytime it can humiliate itself to its heart content and can kneel in front of the emperor the category of tamed people, these ones live in the stables at the court among mutttons and donkeys, dispose of cold food in barter and slops in trough, the troughs are in common, a good of the whole community, and because of that they goad a bit each other from time to time (you guessed, of course, that they were grown horns meanwhile, listen what an appearance of horns-men who often you unfairly take for some rhinoceros), the attendant of the castle goes out with them for grazing every morning on a cool time when the proud sun rises, he takes them on a meadow with abstract grass, fattens them with dogmas like some turkeys, he pretends them to drink horsemint milk from a charming bird and other illusions that the poor mammals have while they lick non-stop the lump of bitter salt of waiting, than licking salt you should better lick the Party.

advised them the attendant, an action accomplished with half-mouth and all the teeth in the front, in the end everybody is rewarded according to his citizenship, the studious homeland's youth receive a Spartan education in a Fonfoisto-Hynist style, the most important activity on these regions being *the servitude*.

III¹

¹ After the parallel between man and animal we found three empty pages, numbered further on. It is supposed that the writer had not enough time (according to the subsequent declarations of his tutor, who delivered us the manuscript together with a short letter by Mr. Smarandache Ion). So the writer had not enough time to commit to the paper his dissatisfactions because he was arrested. He had only just noted the title, which determine us to think that our suppositions are right, namely: this chapter had to contain confessions and comments on the (non)novel - a kind of a **meta-novel**. On a right corner of the last but one page, he added with an indelible pencil the following:

“the reader is invited to write his impressions”.

then further down:

“The author can be swears at the ill-fated address:
com. Bălcești, District of Vâlcea
code 0945, Romania”.

which are cut with a ball pen (e.n.)

the earthquake

nothing official was related about the earthquake, I am surprised that they didn't affirm that, on the contrary, the earthquake was a benefit for the country, a heavenly sign of That from Below, from the bottom, that He loved Wodania; I knew that they were capable of that! Hyn's power quaked too.

the planet on its way of the building of Fonfoism in the world didn't exactly respect the ideas of the contemporary antique-medieval philosophers, nor it listened as it would have had to the party, the men of the country fought heroically against earthquake, they wrestled with it, they fell down heroically again and broke their neck until coccyx, all the people wondered how could the earthquake reach Wodania, how he slipped away without documents, without visa, without boss signature, after the disaster no mark of any *laissez-passer* was discovered, the Wodanians hadn't passports because of the lack of paper not for any other reason, in exchange they had some thick criminal records out of the lack of paper too, because - as N. Bonaparte prophesied that every soldier carries a marshal's truncheon in his kitbag - every Wodanian citizen is a bearer of pathologic germs and may become a social danger, that's why they tried to prevent

they reminded the inhabitants with nostalgia of the trippers left abroad: some of them forgot the come back, others lost their way, it is said that they formed around their more Wodanias, some little oases of hope, the fact that the tourists didn't back to their motherland demonstrated their full adhesion to the policy promoted by the party because they didn't want to disturb the Fonfoists or to fill in vain a space in the place of any good-for-nothing from Wodania.

although Hyn expressed himself clearly at an extraordinary plenary-meeting: "through liberty I understand what is at us" shouting that he was found by madnesses and the congressmen hid themselves under chair," and we are going to communicate that openly to the UN. too" delivered he in his ugly language, and the translators met some great difficulties to reproduce faithfully the content of the notion of <liberty> from the Fonfoist Wodania as it was promulgated in the official media: for instance the Mesopotamians translated it through <punishment>, the ancient Egyptians through <a sociologic phenomenon of oppression>, and the Wodanian-Persian Dictionary as follows:

<LIBERTY>, liberties, f.n. Ideological conception used in Wodania of the XXII-nd century by State for cheating the masses of the people. The state of he who is subject to a master, without realizing that. Exp. **To set at liberty** = to cheat, to take in, etc. **Personal liberty** = the possibility of any slave to worship his master.

- From fr. **libérté**, lat. *libertas*, *-atis*.>

The Wodanian-Sumerian dictionary didn't translate it any more but pushes it directly into the living language as a neologism although in Wodania the word is an archaism or a regionalism from the native home of Hyn's family which dominated ceaselessly for a few decades of decades of years (excepting a break for lunch of about fifteen minutes), they have

reigned without being at all some gentlemen with their subjects, the Sanskrit didn't mention it in any source.
in the end it was concluded that of course THE EARTHQUAKE MEANT A ROUSING HOMAGE paid to the beloved leader.

modern gallinacean

people buy automobiles that the hen can lay eggs into them because the gas isn't available, and the topknots and the cock-a-doodle-doers croak haughtily on the cars body, peck on the wind screen, that motley pullet lays every morning at the stirring wheel cackles for three times and let on driver's seat a mother-of-pearl little egg, somewhat long at an end, flattened at the other, and the owner of the vehicle beam-fully opens the door in the front, put the keys in contact, step on the clutch pedal and pictures himself that he drives on a highway, what else can I say, he has a unimaginable imagination, he takes the egg which would have slipped beside chair's back, stops the car to cool the motor a bit, the birdies flock became pretentiously, they don't lay eggs but in luxury limousines and without fuel, other poultry more modest accept truck too without gas oil or tires of rubber.

the coops, the hay-houses, the besoms with straw are part of the heritage of past, used by the ladies hen in the primitive commune of the Fonfoist Eve, but now in an advanced stadium of science and technique their nest are deeply modernized, on four wheels, and the Northern Road remains emptily on both sides.

the crop of pea

the governor plans in his sumptuous office that the crop of pea and spinach on the current year 2987 to overcome 1b3 000t/ha (a number written in the base twelve), here the pea starts springing on desk, on wardrobe near the jamb where can be seen the adventure novel “The Guide” by Fenimore Cooper, the pea grows even on Fenimore Cooper, on guide, a stalk comes into the pocket from his gray waistcoat caught with two buttons of goat egg color, the root fixes itself into an ink pot without ink because Hyn writes only orally and the stem passes through the letter “o” from Dos Passos, that hypothesis is immortalized on an ephemeral picture by a renown house painter of the new times: Chronos and it is broadcast to us by Cartoons Studio.

the pea starts springing on desk cupboard Fenimore Cooper *only on the field no!* but we can't understand how it is done that the plant of pea dares to not listen to omniscient Hyn's advises, in vain the weeds falls into knees sticking to pea's little dress, in vain the worms in the mud withdrew themselves out of this experimental plot because Hyn and the manager of the farm had posted at the entrance a message < No worms > in a Yankulan¹ dialect that not be understood by other creatures as well as the metallic grasshoppers which dig the culture but only by worms because the pea grows in the protective shadow of the weeds fraternized with the dusty rye grass.

¹ Dialect spoken in Wodania.

the peasantry

the most oppressed of all is *the peasant*, useless telling you that Wodania disposes of a single peasant, Das Tas, because the others were uprooted at the same time with the caterpillars or they were eradicated together with the mosquitoes from reed and reeds, Das Tas ploughs rakes discs all homeland's agricultural ground but he isn't allowed to appropriate a single grain from the crop that he himself harvests in autumn into cram-full store rooms, because it is homeland's crop, and when he utters <homeland's crops> homeland's means nobody's, the Land of Cockaigne, if he uttered <homeland's work> then yes, this would be everybody's, willing -but more unwilling - he goes during the day early in the morning to the technical council (I have to unfold to you that the agriculture makes part of the Metallurgical Industry Department), Das Tas has fifty chiefs little chiefs big chiefs chiefards bosses bossards to whom he reports at every second the mix medium production per hectare, his superiors elaborate with a major incompetence some standard forms which Das Tas fills in as scrupulously as he can with his both feet, from his part of work done the peasant asks two beams of maize for cocking a cake, "men of maize" pretends Asturias,

"no", says Servilescu, "men of shit, the peasantry which all weighty Wodania relies on" the peasant grows sulky because he's made of shit and fires up against both, Asturias touselled like a turkey leaves the story, beyond the story, from behind the curtain appears a legal expert with an anti-agricultural law in a portfolio wrapped up with a purple thread not being overlooked and in his hand with a knife, he pushes the blade into the peasant, in his back, in his spleen, the peasant toils at field's work when suddenly he feels a stitch in loins, but he can't stand any more, HE IS AT THE END OF HIS TETHER¹.

The Laboratories of Chemical Patho physics
ill unknown to us and it is examined in
sick women contaminated by a foreign virus st-
sumes the treatment to which are submitted the poor
and after a prolonged breaking he re-
tus in the morning at lunch and at evening
for 24h a new organic sta-
Sécre Comrade put into everyone's head
often the women fell into a state of fury.
provokes them some theoretical miscarriages
kings, to the wives burden by foreign conceptions
shoes with some leonard heel rock music nylon stoc-
let the girls pregnant from a long distance through the radio waves
ain pregnant because the adventurers from abroad
onals) hostile to the state propaganda) to not rem-
any miss has a free way to contra(cepti-
ars, determines their territorial political pulse
in his un-consulting room and listen to them with both e-
from factories and to the peasants on the fields who he calls for
shouldn't do, he performs Sunday checking to the workers

¹ To be at the end of his tether = to be reached the knife at the bone.

are to every kind of moving or speaking target that he
world champion at target shooting shoots now precisely with his e-
gans and ovations, while Sécéré Comrade a former
and H. H.; one of them is specialized in rhythmic slo-
in the present time Wodania has only two intellectuals, Him,
can't put up with them, in consequence he makes them suffer,
very few intellectuals there exist and Hyn



the intelligentsia¹

a little meditation doesn't hurt.

the causality has been abolished (removed), the questions "why", "what for", "out of what reason" were moved away from the daily vocabulary (<the ordinary citizen doesn't have to put to make problems - we make him enough troubles, cavils>, the sir Hyn expressed himself at the Great Fonfoist Meeting (GFA), W. is the only place in the universe where the phenomena start without a certain cause, where the effects can't consist nor them without some special approvals objects, beings, processes were converted of their own free will by force to Fonfoism.

¹ Many of F. Smarandache's thoughts are codified, especially those in his intimate diary "Cabinet d'aisance" (we don't know why he chose a title in French) to make more difficult the deciphering of the official terrorizer. Working in informatics, he was fascinated by the codes theory. We found through some old papers recently uncovered **codifications at the level of word** (usually through anagram if that word disturbed the authorities) as well as **codifications at the level of page** (in this case the rows are red from down to up as the arrow indicates). The careful reader will frequently remark how in all manuscript author's fear that his non-novel which he laboured to about 9 months would fall into police's hand. Fortunately and unfortunately in the same time (for imitating his contradictory style!) the manuscript was saved (in fact, it seems to be a rather wiped copy of it, but enough for it can be printed), but the writer was not. He lays works above his life (e.n.).

every expressible became inexpressible

in order to demonstrate *a fortiori* a theorem it's enough to not demonstrate it and then the conclusion results without saying, if the demonstration is logical it cancels itself according to *the principle of excluded middle* which sustain that a sentence is either false or untrue, other alternative does not exist anymore only if sir Hyn wishes.

but nothing is affirmed about affirmation
yet the negation is ceaselessly negated
the inhabitants became irascible
accustomed with the uncommon
obsessed by obsession
intoxicated with a party intoxication
tensioned by the tension between adversary camps
reflecting only the Fonfoist reflection
resisting against the governmental resistance
including the exclusions out of the programmatic disorganized organizations
disturbing any disturb
we establish in our instability
a rebirth of the moral decadence
to save what could be yet saved!
a rebirth that can't be saved anymore!
at us it is possible only to not be possible anything good
you can neither live nor dye in this country!

Every thing strives to last in his existence (Spinoza), so the nonexistent too? we are witnesses to a high level of spiritual degradation, of bearing the unbearable, of avoiding of the avoidable.

H.H benefits by the contempt and distrust of all people, he proved CAPABLE TO BE INCAPABLE at the head of the country, the poor man "sacrificed" his own life for the "humble" position of chief in state. because everybody hates him Hyn is considered the most beloved son of the people, everybody hates him so much that they passed beyond the hate, they laugh when hear of his name.

the Wodanians declare themselves pleased with what they have not, and Hyn contributes to the increase of the spiritual non-values, he holds conferences about himself

He generated a crisis of the crises. He degenerated.

We suffer. We suffer. We are glad that we suffer. we are glad.

So we suffer no more.

the Fonfoists compete each other flattering the government, there are initiated in this aim some literary or professionals contests artistic-ized singings, the smatters lick with humbleness Hyn on his narrow and curly front, the women organization kisses him on his navel, and the masses from below on his shinbone.

<the propaganda> too proved to be though definition a guided official lie, as well as any other ideology (K. Mannheim), that is why it is emphasized the Fonfoist propaganda, the fundamental principle according to which you guide yourself: LICK UPWARD AND SPIT DOWNWARD!

the population has the right to be still as a mouse, to keep mum, to not breath in the face of authorities - and other advantages which it profits in abundance by, the population exaggerates of its own short-comings the inhabitants of Wodania caught sclerosis because of so

many quarrels, they struggle for survival - but we have to admit that they couldn't overcome H.H., where is mind there is foulness too and where is foulness there is but foulness.

long queues are spread all over country, prosperity and cheerfulness at queue, the children are born and dye at queue, the life passes at queue, the schooling is made at queue - people thank from the bottom of their heart the party for these new circumstances created in the last five-year decade.

the Fonfoists activists who promulgate the cultural inactivity modified even the languages, they formed some stereotype clichés of thinking and speaking, they invented some words necessary for expressing the Honhynist (anti-philosophical) philosophy (for instance: “the Fonfoist order”, “the internationalist Fonfoism” etc.) some collocation adapted at the new circumstances of life, to cut a long story short, the people burst with happiness (what a sad and miserable ecstasy!) they split pure and simple and give up their ghost.

AMEN!

the FonFOIST pARTY

in all times the political force at the head of the state created its institutions, legislation and ideology which maintain its power, no matter how unjust and discordantly with the neighboring reality they were, all the more in the case of a unique party; the politics rules the economics and the culture, although it seems unjust to me, but there will come the time when the economics will take the leadership in society (let's name this conception "econocracy", to distinguish it from the pure technicist one)

The Fonfoist Party took the power ten minutes ago and it follows to not deliver it. beside the Honhynists F.P. mummies too the following candidate members chosen in the supreme presidium: Afonfoneta, Afonfonicu, Afonfonela, Afonfonelu, Afonfonae, Afonfonila, Afonfonuta, Afonfonica, Afonfonica, Afonfonina, Afonfoneta, Afonfoicu and others
It isn't nice what is nice, it's nice what the Fonfoists like.

When the country falls into a financial disaster in the press it is said that it advances towards the progress. it is tried to be given an aesthetic form to the aesthetic, a human form to the inhuman.

The corruption is everywhere; there are underground prices for every kind of services (a good job, a title in education, an entrance examination, a re-examination, a review for a volume at a central magazine, illegal passing across the frontier, a specialization abroad, a position in the leadership ...).

when the Fonfoism conquers the universe then the space won't be anymore, the young men will be sustained with the hope of losing any hope for not coming out the Fonfoist law Wodania shines through misery; similarly the protection from the behalf of the state for the injustice against the masses, and the favors afforded to the governors; the restrictions of any nature were stressed the lodgers in the state buildings have the opportunity to froze at will because in apartments the temperature is lower than outside (that their mind can frost and they can't meditate), they dispose of all Wodanian impediments; the sun warm itself is due to the party program and initiative. in order that the people eat less it is served (very) cold food, thicken, tasteless food, a skilly, "to the malcontent it is taken the gift" (Romanian proverb) argues F.P. and feeling that the peasant can't be satisfied with a <symbolic> quantity of provisions allocated, it does not give him anything anymore!

"Sometimes you feel like seizing a club.

And taking the law into your own hands.

but the government doesn't lie but misleads and defends the dishonor, you must have a crazy courage to oppose yourself to the given directives the streets and the monuments (especially those with an architectonic value) are demolished, because in this way is built the Fonfoism in Wodania: demolishing!

an unsafe life was provided to us

not even in the grave the dead are not left alone but are moved from a sarcophagus to another. the state is the greatest thief that often I feel like revolting against population's non-revolt.

I convinced myself that you have neither advantages nor uses to live in Wodania, a minority of naive persons, partly indoctrinated, think that is better to stay here, to take yourself with the bull by the horns, but whom you fight against: against the wind mills? to make your life a burden for some dogmatic (fix-ist, mono-man, politically obsessed) people? The governors are some conservator persons through tradition: they preserve their power. their ideology is a method of a spiritual disarmament of us for dominating and oppressing, their theses are some winds of a cuckoo!

there had begun the Fonfoists too to practice the self-criticism, and to show to the foreigners that they are some democratic persons, but they did not reach the essential problems of the Fonfoist evil: first time they killed the man and only then they asked for excuses and recognized that they have wronged

F.P. a creator of material non-values promised that everything would become straight (it will straighten towards evil) the things go in a true wrong way the state places at our disposal new sufferings sorrows and humiliations it places at our disposal all sad conditions it is endowed with, our only chance for survival it is to not believe in any chance for us, our single salvation it is to forget of any salvation for us.

the majority of the administrative staff don't know the three r's but they know Fonfoism which learn you to endure as a stoic the Wodanian difficulties: for instance the government discovered a new form of remuneration: the work without a salary on Sundays and legal or Christian feasts, named <patriotic work> too, which take place in a revolutionary way under the direct supervision from their office of the Fonfoist staff.

H.H. as a general secretary of the Wodanian Fonfoist Party, mocks at the people as he likes, and the people say nothing, but it seems that they say: hurrah! hurrah! long live! long live! (when the gypsy became a king shooting his father was his first thing).

it's obvious we are a country of shit
we all are confused

F.W.P. plan us guide us as we'd be some sheep: "before 19...the population of Wodania will come to 25 billion ..." (people and animals together of course, and we add "of spiritual succumbed people"). H.H reigns over a country of dead people (psychically more), those who oppose to this reign of the Devil on Earth are declared undesirable people and are advised to suicide, H.H is going to suicide all of them finally.

ones are recalled by the country to their duty, others are recalled for fun

"The country is there where is bad" declare the Fonfoists and they do their best that we feeling as such (they are some pickpockets and rogues).

At the MDCLXVI the Symposium of Fonfoist Pedagogy it was adopted the notion of "chiliasm Fonfoist" (= the thousand years kingdom of the Fonfoism on Earth). "*le soleil brille pour tout le monde Fonfoiste*" this is a French-like-Wodanian for being broadcast all over the world

because of too much prosperity in Wodania the population overflows abroad, his values left the country but do you think that Hyn cares about? "so much the better, I'll have more internal silence, let all thinkers go away, but let stay the servants" mumbles to himself, but at the conferences he plays the angry one.

now, on crisis, it's thieves' time!

the Fonfoism as an atheistic philosophy became a state religion, there are also some persons who have allergy to Fonfoism, the youth feel sick at stomach and vomit, the grown-up feel intoxicated up to the roof of the mouth.

The Fonfoist Party maintain with satisfaction a state of social tension, of terror. it is a custom to be apostrophized despised in Wodania, these matters are natural; if you aren't cursed by anybody especially by the Fonfoist illiterates, you can't feel good, you may think that somehow happened.

H.H. succeed in re-establishing the chaos, there is a well organized confusion by him and guided, there are permanently improved some unfavorable hypotheses of living the state encourages the humbling and man's discouragement in face with the fate, we are used with the evil and consider it something normal and don't know anymore how the good is like.

In the Fonfoist world **everybody is free to do whatever they don't wish.**

The operations perfectly, the operations run perfectly badly

The parents bequeath from father to son passions, torments, crimes and other joys the Fonfoist party (I forgot to write it with capital)even if it is the unique party in W., it is not unique, there are many rival fractions, the Fonfoists are known as some qualified delinquents. the party is put above the people, and those undeclared in agreement with this non-state of things are imprisoned by Fonfoist law (they are reproached thus: "You should be on a level with our non-world!"), that is why it isn't healthy that everybody do his business, but the cause of the international Fonfoism.

an essential condition to be received as member of the Fonfoist Party is to neigh noisily on the left nostril three times a day: in the morning and in the evening before meal, and once in the night after you went to the toilette, as a result of some free elections approved by Hyn Family and gerrymandered.

the second condition in the Fonfoist Staff Statute is to have a big nose the standard being Cyrano de Bergerac.

my name is little peter

and I've a big nose

if I stretch a hand

I can't reach it at all

it is the oath of Party.

So, anyhow you'd be named, you are a little peter

a certain kind of speech

from the high rostrum came Hon Hyn to the microphone of 40,000 w (you're booked!)
and put a seal to words.

speeches allocutions talks logos oratories
declamations declarations recitals delivering lectures
courses conferences pre-lectures, interviews expositions
presentations accounts

How complicated are these ideas said again and again!

uttering retorts ripostes formulations pronunciations play-backs
revelations uncovering presentations narratives stories
narration

People help me at non-fly

dissension animosities conflicts splits differents
discords disputes divergence quarrels feuds
litigation misunderstandings

The learned understanding of H.H.: crippled songs, tortured faiths, beheaded opinions,
stabbed meditation, veiled visions, exiled points of view, intellect strangulation, boiling verbs,
shafts of jingoistic hymns, icicles of fire, dynamited hearts, dark commercials, economy of
dreams.

The wave of time jumps on my back

The wind strops its razor

A shy twig puts out a tongue of a knife

The people on their knees at glasses

Voices stick in throats before they be uttered

Horses grinning like some statues

We get a beating at heart

discords quarrels feuds squabbles grudges skirmishing
misfortunes disgusts climaxes troubles grumbles
quarrelling standings up un-unions sneering denunciation
rising brawling concussions fighting

How can we find the high of any drop?

The mice crunch all time

The curve line is a grasshopper in a mortal jump

The sky a polygon without sides

The sorry players and the clowns strung the hours on a wire
of coral and made a parade

Like some polishing drugs the public suck the sweets, bitter

Our dialogue is a monologue of him

H.H. speaks with some types errors and takes great pains to not looking
tired

chatter chattering chattery chattered

Fonfoist prating

babble babbling babbled

gabble gabbling gabbled

prate prated

**patter
loquacity**

The man who brings the rain of empty words over country
Articulate sounds, inarticulate crowd
Someone know only to add, they forget to subtract too
We live in the eve before of the truth before of the word before of we self
before of the behind
I'm useless to myself
The private life of the book is written out of tortures

<the stores close at 10 hour>

We, the little ones, are the infinite. Let's find him room into a finite
The Honhynist gerontocracy shave the grass from the cheek's Earth and lady goddess the mate.
These are big ones, they have where to fall from (on their neck), while that dwarf?
Bagaraabrutus is a forerunner in the past sense of word
The eyes got tired to look at the orator from an obscene point of view... until where beat him
with his eyes? Accumulates under him in order to rise

<Chinese textbook>

Two one-armed persons join by hand
A mother with white golden hair
Small snowing snakes in Hindu's hair
I calculate in radians the angle inscribed into a vicious circle
I am the dead of tomorrow
Empty headed pumpkins, empty nuts,
Abadela has a willow grown in eyelids
Hon Hyn push his sonorous dagger into our brains
I haven't you haven't he has.
but what, these "stars" on the sky are the hub of the universe?
-you'd like you were called Hon Hyn
-I shouldn't, answered the freckle
-unfortunately you all are called Hon Hyn
This is Wodania: what you looking for that's you don't find!
Inscriptions against smoking/in love
The orator lectures on
Blindfolded blind people, deaf people with tampons into ears
The chair sits on its knees
These sounds stridently perfumed break you the glasses
Gossip of people
The speaker makes an equal sign between him and the people (a matchless equal)
Me everybody's photographer am at the fable of the town
You my wailing, when I take a photo of you "smile please!"
A limpid and clear night in my country - as the day light
Brown bread with tears
The demonstrates stare into vacancy at emptiness
H.H. & his Fonfoist family lie above in homeland's balcony

<keep the town cleaned>

I am my own disciple. I write an extra-terrestrial poem. The pupils are fixed on a place without targets. Thousands of hundreds and hundreds of thousands.

A little girl jumps the skipping rope in the air

The ship sails away with many knots an hour in throat

My blood withdraws from me

The Fonfoist Order plays a great roll in my intellectual deformation

It's *pur si move* everything around me

The orator even doesn't know what he doesn't know

Some individuals armed with other ideas present a license unallowable at demonstration

The time has no time for waiting

"The deuce", I cried, "for God's sake, let him in!"

It is uttered the truth about the lie, or the reverse

2631 of boobies¹ attend with the mouth clenched

"Listen now", says *Hyn keeping silence*, then: "let's see now who can't see"

A long operative meeting

Fonfoist garrulousness chatterness twaddle

bla-bla garbage preachism triflism

clatterism rigmarole verbalism

verbiage verbosity discussion

Many enemies stand by me: they keep me company

Fall at a paralytic's feet

An army of civilians

The great poet Ion recites (which ion?) deceiving the disillusionment.

letters on duty

Martin loses his patience but Gaftin finds it

- how are you?

-so-so...

-and you

-click-crack

The clouds are about to rain the clouds are about to walk

14601, 5 of Tatars sit like a Turk (cross-legged)

The devolution develops little by little

The sins of sainted Hyn we all suffer of

We are stronger than us, it's a big deal this small detail

The religion of poetry

The art of mathematics

The poor man hides the virus grown on his limb

There falls heavy drops out of dictator's mouth

Permeable waterproofs

The police shifts in front of the place from behind, arranges the bottles and makes a mess of pots

A poor milksop wolfs some bread roasted on kitchen range

The gypsies grow white for fear

The whites grow black, their ears are frost-bitten and fell down

Grass-teeth children

¹ Booby = open-mouth people (Romanian locution).

The policemen tighten the cordon against the opposition. The indetermination determines ambiguity.

People call me on my small name because I haven't a great name
Cops in uniforms, drunks like pigs, fly at people

<the current is stopped between 12 and 6>

Spleens and passions

The best doctor is the sick man

We are incorporated into the time

The iron will of a robot

The Fonfoists at the official rostrum deafen us:

we can hear the dogs in Giurgiu¹

We travel towards us through us

Gaftin's car remained little to him

We become so sorrowful that we have enough force to laugh

The preacher pours words upon the crowd and waters them dripping

The shadows are forbidden

<the buses in the town were rarefied>

The greater you are the smaller injustices you produce

Shining ruins in Wodania

H.H. sells us illusions and tells us tales

The big family of bachelors acclaim

even the women, they are his women, I know them by leg

The abysses drag their base height

The law of the jungle acting in full metropolis

Trees explained like a log

There are showed signs to me. It isn't a good sign seemingly. Yesterday I had to reach the age of 32. But I postponed

<we don't serve drinking before 10 hour>

My life will be a permanently session of exams. Which I have not passed

I read under the words. As much as ministers they'd be. I plough the world with my letters.

What times were in those ages! And what ages in those times!

Warm. And the Fonfoists speak coldly. The voices come out of their rounded mouths.

H.H. proved to be a busy lazybones, he did not raise a straw. He is a great (geometrical) figure. The wilds in the poetry take him by storm

Baradela sits in an easy chair's arms

-what are you waiting for?

-I'm waiting

-what are you still waiting for?

-I'm still waiting

He writes some novels of love of Fonfoism

How many white nights haven't they had at Leningrad!

¹ To hear the dogs from Giurgiu = to be heavily hit.

<warm water two times a week>

Monologues into dialogue

Natalia is of slender waist¹ and Aneta is flabby

The rhetorical Hon Hyn gesticulates something of importance, unimportant, it doesn't matter

I am guilty just for innocence

<at lunch time the trolley 89 does not run>

Surrealism

The directors and the stenographs don't know to create anymore: they are at menopause

People got tired of so much rest, because they get some rest only after an unpleasant work

On a position of opposition, Martin, person without personality

Every man has a hell and a paradise of him

The leader doesn't stop to storm the house down the people

- strike a blow at his ass/so the mind get him into the head

The audience is silent stronger and stronger

I shall go out to sea / *c'est à dire* in my element

A train of policemen to measure of the expecting

on the platform

I never awake when I wake up

<we receive goods>

The train is stirring to inaction

The crowd take a little round then come back

and come in the history, someone empty-handed others with gloves on their hands

I stroke nature's bosom

The train is filled at Emptyshire

Apparently it doesn't appear

The thinkers are waiting for the waiting. they think at one cannot think at

I can't integrate into the integral of my age. I live in a whisper to not disturbing anyone

An endless end

Gaftin has a caaap, hat off!

Arabela affirms her negation

We are defeated

Who didn't recognize the defeat doesn't know the success as such

You act as such

The Fonfoists determined the system

There are some useful utilitarians too

The orator doesn't cease anymore. He is impure in his pure singing

Tears on paper. The auditors ceased

In the same time we live different times

Interdisciplinary independence

Dumbfounded square. Wood turned into stone

It takes place an earthquake of I. o, girl, girl, hate me if you can!

H.H. serves his apprenticeship of a master

¹ Talia = the waist in Romanian.

zealously at cunning
zealously at laziness

<closed for taking stock>

The eyelid beats me at eyebrows
The boss plans the genius

<the trams are retreated at barn>

A classroom with without pupils
We stay away of our neighbor
There are staked the most serious things
The sea focuses in folds, the sea of flags in the air
The fire is risen coming into his waters
I bought a marriage bed last night
Hon Hyn is busy: he has to strengthen himself to have fun
The sun knows to rise in the world

<on Sunday it's worked>

The plebes remained without ears
for music, they were broken by his highness
the dwarf boss
Some ones start the work with a pause, other ones reciprocally
H.H. is for keeping in mind
6 artists show their drawers on stage
6 artists give from their bottom
We live how God please but the problem is that we don't live
Martin manages to keep soul and body together
Gaftin manages to keep body and soul together
Who is not ill cannot be healed
-hello, Hon Hyn, are you at home?
-no

The autocrat resumes sickened of self
He proves to be worthy of invectives
shared kindly to the interlocutors
Olden ideas result from aristocracy

<not selling flour in October>

Unwept tears
the jungle of a verse
Non-tears wept
Every one is right in his way and wrongs in other one's way
Solar stars in the grace of the night
The soul secludes himself in blood
We are equalized by desert

Wounded howls, soft-hearted
Don't incarnate yourself, my soul!
I have no time for waste because I lost everything!
The speaker bad-blesses us
In the salt works of a sense
There putrefy the words in manuscripts
-who can do this exercise?
-I can to not do it.
The preacher: "I don't know you, so you don't exist"

<on every Friday water is stopped in the municipality C...>

Every word has its color
I want to be sicken and I can't
There are published the uncompleted works of H.H. They are use less useless
We view the evil with a friendly eye with a powerless power
From a Madagascar point of view
I have a spectacles ache
 -it'll be cloudy next Wednesday
 -it isn't our fault
The Fonfoist strategy: the shortest way between two points is the non-right way
Since it's late
you should always live every single day as if it were the last day in your life
This is my constancy : to be always inconstant
The majority of the national minorities agree
I'm not serious in my sorrow. I am reproached
that I'm not suffering enough. I want to defeat the defeating
 -today it's much grief outside
 -close the door to not coming to us
Hon Hyn is a public ill success. Narrow- minded soft in the head
There are two meters left until hell's gate
Seven white hairs are whitening to me

<shoemaker's tobacconist's hairdresser>

They teach us we be found of Fonfoism
I let they lead me and reduce me
Words propping on crutches, with monocle
A war is bursting inside of a war
The historiographers exposes a history of the non-history
The exhibitors by stick
NO children under 60 years
What fast it runs the time, an year has passed since Hyn is speaking!
He measures his words with a centimeter tape
Fire of the dark
 -I tell you that the despot Z51PH from Tarikovskia is dead?
 -yes
 -who let you know?

-Z51PH

Let's weep
to not confound the nonconfoundable
as far as precisely as imprecisely

<at Romarta is inventory>

The boss proves to be a bit (too much) emphatic
The police
I am checked of all my organs of sense
Then you are valuable when the enemies begin to recognize your value
Please you receive however "the feelings manufactured in the lab of my soul"
"You should rest through work" we are advised by those who stay
We are often listened
World record of the leader. Ragamuffins with long sleeve shirts

<the evening news last all the evening>

The demonstrates still thinking
and their thoughts intersect each other through air
on the meadow at green air
The conference at the TV. too
The TV watchers are filling with fleas from the screen
The orator is horned as president (or crowned?)
The stratum of society which keep him warm acclaim
Render to Caesar the things that aren't Caesar's
 his word is letter of law
 his word is letter
 then his phrase is word
The Lord is named Hon Hyn and
The Holly Virgin Hynica

<Radu Beligan performs at Nottara>

I fight with the pages of this book
Tacitly I study Tacit
I tasted. I am disgusting
Human inhumanities seen since the world began
 -how old are you?
 -forty
 -give me too one
I put on my spectacles that I can hear better
The art of invention, to do anti-art
I defy the defiance
Story of non-love
The crowd grows white yellowish with dirt it grows white black
H.H. talks to not sleep (to talk to not sleep = to talk without book) *to not sleep his daughter*
Hardly takes his soul by the collar out of body

as a coat out of wardrobe
A few bald headers seize each other by the hair
Young peoples put in the old people asylum
My way of not being
I emigrate right to the bitter end
I began to play cards with Huxley, Marivaux and Simone de Beauvoir
Servilescu scolds like a Doljean
I love my enemy because he fortifies me

<the war in golf: fiery fights between Iran and Iraq; both sides declare
they won!>

We are insured the uncertainty for tomorrow
Bookstores

a treatise not treated as it ought to be
as it is not ought to be
think what I wouldn't think
let him try to try

H.H. is nervous because it have to
He takes care that we worry about the morrow
the corruptible incorruptible - that because of effect
Outside it's snowing quietly
And inside the devil may take him!

Let's have an incommunicado through gestures
Let's unlimit this Wodanian limitation

I'm apocalyptic and consequently I carry on a policy of non-interference
everlasting ephemeral aspirations
012345 tyrants have succeeded at throne until now
unsuccessfully

The description of the indescribable
The lovers stay hand in hand on one leg
The Fonfoist Order in the highest degree of mechanical degradation
A system formed of many anti-systems

I'm bored here, she's my boredom. I reserve to me a reservation of dreams

Hyn sent to us some burning messages and ardent appeals

We put them in stove immediately
-how's Baradela, doesn't she live any longer?
-yeah
-with whom?

Inhuman humanitarian happenings

<do not step the grass>

Boss' word has its specific gravity

Adaptation to impossible

I'm so cold that... the cold enter my head

Hardly invisible

*Hyn is very skillful at nasty tricks, he's so black that darken
the dark*

Five clapping are heard in hall
I write two books - a linguistic one
 -and a postcard (= post book in Romanian.)
At this time I have a mind to don't care for anything
Soon, soon when it would get tangled
I want to forget my map in library
Hyn's getting old: he's 79 of age and can't be rising
80. Hyn: "I should learn what I can't understand."
 -would you let me to curse him?

I forgetting myself me at market
We live because we have no choice
Help us that we should help ourselves
The endless end. a speech that ends us endlessly
the second half of the second half
This emptiness exists for some and not for others
Patriotically novels are read, an absolute trifle
I don't want to hear of Fonfoism anymore
but as it were I should hear that it broke down...
The man of note at lodge, and of cabbage,
The nonsense gains form in Wodania
 Martin turn his back to the Fonfoism
 Martin has not myopia
 He has short sights
After dinner a pause then a menopause

<we mend dame stockings>

Let's see what Hon Hyn can't be realized
at large it is of little importance
in the night he sleeps and in the day he rests
you put the dogs to harness (harness = wow in Romanian)
 wow wow wow
 wow wow wow
 wow wow wow

 -sir Hyn, put a sleeve at your coat
 that we have something to pluck you
The holiday comes around and has some long ears
A pencil not prepared in a Fonfoist spirit
A dog is green other has a brown muzzle
Servilescu has two mustaches
 -how is the house? asks x
 -and the table? answers y
The keeper said that I have to pay because I watch his garden. I learned to ponder other wise, I
ponder in a twisted way

<publicity: for sale a leader of state, for nothing>

H.H. is rather sick and goes to sleep

on an ear (to sleep on an ear = to become self-satisfied)

H. H. rise out of illness

H.H. frighten us out of wits

H.H. carves a stick for olds

H.H. sting to the quick

H.H. smiles fortune smiles on him

H.H. (it is pronounced with a nasal n)

he feel like singing

H.H. disgusted with glory

H.H. a short man who dwells long

on us

H.H. made me loosing my head

(now I'm writing without head)

the Fonfoist society

most of all the government is afraid of intellectuals, that is why there aren't received new members the Union of Writers, that is why there are not admitted candidates for a doctor degree anymore, that is why the number of book titles is seriously diminished, that is why any management position is occupied only by members of F.P..

the society helps the citizens to grow decrepit on the professional plane, to fall down their spirits the easiest way to demolish someone is to send a anonymous letter that he is against the politic of the party and you told on him because the police reason thus: it could be true or it couldn't be true but in order to be sure and to not take a risk we arrest and finish him. so that you remove an adversary who could challenge you later use the ...politic way: or you put yourself up to the chin into the party ideology or you declare the other a convinced anti-politician, in Wodania you haven't at least the right to be apolitical.

it has come to the conclusion that the internal enemies are more than the external ones, the inhabitants flee from the miserable prosperity created to them by the state, they run moving the country abroad, the soldiers desert the colors out of a deeply revolutionary love.

in fact the success abroad

lead to decay and disgrace in country

**under the mask of the work for community
everyone solves his own interests**

In the Wodanian labs there are performed tests regarding the building of a new type of man, with some superior qualities, who can work without stop 25 hours from 24, who should not rest a bit, should consume food and liquids in infinitesimal quantities, in this way varied technologies and methods were proved, for instance that exposed by the sociologist Fatoski who diminished periodically the alimentary ration until zero (an absolute zero), but he found with stupor that in a few days all his patients succumbed < my! they died just when I succeeded in unlearning them to eat even a bit> concluded the sociologist.

at beginning the population wore masks: an official mask (at job, celebrations, with strangers) and other unofficial (at home, with the family, with the friends). they carried their masks in bags, and when it was the case they changed one another according to the political situation, the official mask they bought from handicraft, from public institutions, and the unofficial one they made up themselves or procured it through contraband from abroad.

The society asks everything from its fellow citizens, but don't give anything! for the disadvantages that it creates, the people have to offer much.

Like country, like habit!

The time is passing/ the Fonfoism is Fonfoning

Poor of our scions! At least we

are dead and gone from now!

Everything will end in smoke

Open digger the grave

Than on the Earth

Better be death! (I. Loghin)

The children brought at school chalk and sponge, table cloths and flower pots with stork's bills and aloe for the classroom, on their own they buy textbooks, pay taxes, dues, shares for funds and economic plans, carry out certain field works and other unremunerated - any how the education is **free**, and compulsory for all homeland's sons (especially the taxes are compulsory). the pupils are constrained too to sign of their free will the engagement of defence

of the Fonfoism in world, they learn in the institutions of the education of the young generation that Wodania is the richest country on the Earth, that for instance America is poor and undeveloped, that the Wodanians were are and will be the bravest hostages who didn't know any defeat (even if they knew), that all over the place we are surrounded by enemies.

At the High Society created by Hyn it is ascended on a <hierarchical scale> of reinforced concrete the foreigners who hear of Fonfoism of the genius illiterate H.H. (better they wouldn't hear) spite, that's all, any phlegm, but don't say a word, but a curse through clenched teeth, that's all, and a devil should take him!, that's all, a trifle, and a you go to hell!, out of kindness, that's all.

The citizens prove a great love for their leader, that's why in the residential palace, in the industrial plants that he visit, Hyn is surrounded by an army of fat policemen who have the role of stop this inextinguishable love. He must be an idiot Hyn to not realize that the people don't come out of pleasure through frost and snow storm in order to applause him, but of course that he is not interested but people should think that he know nothing about what was happened.

Before an official call Hyn is trained by an adviser, let's name him A1, which adviser A1 is trained by A2 how to train Hyn, but A2 is trained by A3 hoe to train A1 to be able to train Hyn,

A3 is trained by A4.

A4998 is trained by A4999

and the chain of the <trainers> tends to infinite

The position throws down the degree it is a saying dictated from up which serves to the persons without education and professional experience necessary to get some jobs that they don't deserve as I said at page 95 too: if the foreignness eulogize you, Wodania will criticize you (she needs no personalities), and reciprocally, if the foreignness criticize you Wodania will address you invectives!

popular, adj. 1. That belongs to Hyn family, created by Hyn family. 2. That is sympathized, beloved by Hyn family, that is known by the all members of Hyn family

Through the concept of "popular" in W. it is understood:

The state looks favorably inclined when it's about that the inhabitants to suffer:

-the peasants are satisfied to toil

-the soldiers are advised to give up the ghost to the immortal homeland

(-what homeland? asked once the corporal, family Hyn's homeland?)

It is rumored that in exile it is manifested violence, that the workers always strike, well but those go on strikes because they have the right, at us the workers have the right to not go on strikes, manifestations or meetings, the intellectuals are allowed to not protest, the peasants to not revolt.

all that H. Hyn disagrees offend against the good manners, he was self-declared savant although his colleagues of study are not known! not even one!

he dazzled us in those 263.27 light years since he is at the head of F.P., we can't see our hand before our face, we don't need of eyes anymore, some bats in the Fonfoist night. we hear with Fonfoist ears we feel with Fonfoist senses, in the rest we are thick-skinned, ALL AGAINST HIM AND ALL WITH HIM because he rules the roost (he give us only ... the roost) the population are allowed to serve the government, it is even encouraged, the minors unadapted

to the impossible life in Wodania, are sent into special institutions of Fonfoist re-education the first words uttered by a new born in W. are.

“Fonfoism” and “Hon Hyn”

at school the pupils learn to not write and to not read, and those who already know are ill-iterated to be the competent staff of the party, the most industrious students, skilled for research, are got out of universities.

the Wodanian literate create a subliterature (of party), those who prove incompetence at their job are promoted in the hierarchy, and the capable workers are advanced on a lower position; on the world plane should be consecrated the most unsuited, in order to found a private association you have to get signs from some of your enemies, individuals whom you would have been in a personal hate, in order to have a certificate of <musician of the country> you have to be completely ignorant, and to become an artist you have to don't know at all to draw or to peanut but slogans, a primordial factor for becoming a member of the Union of the Composers is that you hadn't compose any score before, and for obtaining the title of <honored master of sport> you have to be infirm and immobilized in bed, the bookish men are drafted between the uncultivated illiterate unabated new hand non-valuable credulous silly foolish booby with butterfly bow and nut individuals.

in Wodania the juridical right is wrong, the power is in the hand of the people and Hyn's legs, thus to the notion of <referendum> was given a new modern acceptation, in the Dictionary of neologisms, that is: “submission to vote of Hon Hyn's will”. it circulates even the syntagm “*human self-exploiting*”, that the government to quibble that not the state would be the subject of the action of exploitation.

H. has the impression that he'll be the emperor of the whole Earth, I wonder how he isn't a bit ashamed, 'cause he's already an old man! he forgot to dye, now he smiles ugly at the microphone, then he address us a few nice insults afterwards he put us to other exercises of turning gray. we live our life and he lives our life too.

the mining extraction sinks ahead

the viticulture gains new lost areas

the railway transport advances behind

the government contributed to the complete destruction of country

but you aren't allowed to be dissatisfied especially when you are

Every morning at 4 hour the people get out for the refreshing exercises: clapped one's hands; (a Wodanian proverb says that “who get up early in the morning fall asleep on the way”); most of all people applaud on Sunday and on statutory holidays.

(do you know what is the relation between crowd, relation and function?

(without a relation you can't came out of the crowd and lie on a function)

you can be a genius in the Wodanian Republic, if you don't use wangles you aren't worth a pin, you are thrown at the periphery of society, and even you can wake behind the bars if you dare to claim for your rights.

in the Wodanian Republic it isn't allowed to shout but <Long live the party>, in the rest nothing is allowed nor to not shout, you aren't allowed to doubt of governors' words.

those who rise, they rise on the back of the humble people;

those who fall, they fall on the back of the humble people

everything is degraded, the degradation itself, and Hyn is looking to make to the people the suffering as unbearable as possible

the poor accustomed themselves to the situation of maladaptation,

exacerbated, **poor of them aren't allowed to defend themselves**

in the spirit of his non-spiritual non-intellectual dogma H. makes us only malservices through his services and his crisis of eccentricity:

our lives became public property

our dreams public property

the thoughts public property

with the object of forming of a Fonfoist conscience

Everything that doesn't suit the party it's declared decadent, obsolete, retrograde and reactionary and counterrevolutionary (for them to be revolutionary = to be all inclined to the F.P., subjugated, subinclined, so non-revolutionary).

talk they about *equality* that would exist in Wodania, but nothing of the kind because it will never be equal a leader with the leaded one, and then I ask myself it is an acute need of leaders? Tartuffes who set up for defenders of the people but in fact they take their fling, and I ask myself again it's really an acute need of leaders and of opportunists that surround them?, some Pharisees who constitute the head ... of the wicked(!)

declared against any experience in art, science, against any new artistic form ("no one could know, reflect them, it could be discovered some ideas that might come in contradiction to the clairvoyant policy of the party").

in the frame of the protocol program there are collected bribes from workers for the directorial ceremony. if in certain countries the money are in office, in Wodania nor even the money but the hazard, party's caprice.

“We will live here in affluence”

I'll reproduce below a scientific article, unpublished till today, elaborated by the well-known futurolog O'Stevensonovicz, that we can form a more veridical image on Fonfoism. the article was discovered by a fisherman from the haven the Mountaineer in the cabin of a barge, the crew of the ship proved very wondered of this happening. I thought that is fair to xerography and to present them in the following lines:

WE WILL LIVE HERE IN AFFLUENCE

by Barian O'STEVENSONOVICZ

Summary.

In this article are elaborated a few prognosis regarding the development that will register Wodania in future on a period of one hundred years.

1. Introduction.

At the International Congress of Futurology which took place in the period august 03 - 11, 1986, in California, where I took part (only by thought because the police did not release my passport, that I should not get tired going as far as there) were prospected the directions of evolution of the societies in the far future. At this congress I presented (in my imagination) the present article.

2. Sociological investigation

As a result of a few tests applied on 1000 subjects of different professions, ages, sexes, convictions it could be drawn clear conclusions referring to the way our Fonfoist society is directed to (more than 90% from those questioned answered in unanimity):

We here will live in affluence, will have volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and floods, will contract diseases of every nature.

social s t o r m s and cyclones

poverty in spirit - we'll be able to export even - acute scarcity of aliments and other aspects that we'll be proud of.

When the prices will be increased, in the press it will be written about their seating back - and not at all about < the rise in price > of the products, as if until then the prices would have been too salt and at that time nothing else would have been done but a reduction of prices!

Lemma 1. We are going to assist at an exceedingly beautiful dictatorship, the work-with-mouth will be placed on the first plane, the right man will be put in the wrong place.

Lemma 2. The citizens will benefit by all the injustices in the country, it will exist philosophical guns at crossroads, ideological cartridges

3. Practical application.

- The Enterprise of Apparatus will produce:
- electrical devices of falsified moods
- magnifying glass to enlarge audience's impression
- nerves mincing machine
- file to sharpen people's pain
- saw to cut lost thoughts
- needles to sew rubbish

- needles for the safety of personal power
- razors (see (6))
- human kitchen robot
- theoretical hammer to pound brains
- screw driver for governmental pressings and constraints
- nails to be beaten on people's head
- motor bicycle MOBRA with three head-lights: two in front and one at back-head for an attentive supervising of any human movement
- explosive cylinders in case of non-conformation to the Fonfoist doctrine (see (10))
- rubber to erase the memory of the dissidents
- antenna PR3 with 15 elements to capture Fonfoist waves (see (9))
- TV. sets in somber colors
- transistors M-106, portable of Fonfoist germs
- vacuum cleaner LUX of social dust
- amplification of speeches B.O.W.- W.O.W.44
- lamp for darken the masses
- suit of ideological protection
- caustic soda for washing the heretical consciences
- feather broom for authorities toadying
- house soap, lathers, foam for ... giving the deserters a good dressing down
- transmitting station for the phonic pollution of the cortex (see (2), p. 13)

Wodania will produce per head of inhabitant five tons of steel, that the poor inhabitant will have headaches!

4. Final conclusions (see(1) and (7)).

Out of those exposed above a it will immediately result a Fundamental theorem: *In Fonfoism the happiest moments will be ugly for you.*

Corollary

The people should be educated to have their back a bit bent ready to fall on their knees in front of the boss. The ones who will dare to born with the backbone straight (although the party would have recommend the prevention and the control of such congenital anomalies) should be run down by mechanical bulldozers.

The reader eager for supplementary knowledge can consult the following sources:

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- (2) Id. - "The creation of W.F.P.", Technical publishing house, 2001, chapter. 14, p.780
- (3) Ibid., p.850
- (4) Ibid., pp. 900-902
- (5) Ibid., p.903
- (6) Algebrus, Vasile - "Wodania on the sunny way of Fonfoism", PPH, 1988.
- (7) Bagaarabrutus - "The Wodanian people and the sister with slippers" PPH, 1999
- (8) Macena - "Gaseous hydrocarbons", PPH, 1999
- (9) O. Stevensonovicz - "Our forefathers desire the peace", Meridians Publishing house, 1990

Resumé.

Dans cet article on élabore quelques pronostics en ce qui concerne le développement que la Wodanie enregistra dans les cent futures ans.

Abstract.

In this paper it elaborates some prognoses on the development which Wodania will score in the future for hundred years.

further on I venture to gloss on this article for determining the sources of inspiration of the futurist O'Stevensonovicz. they certainly must lie in present.

Hon Hyn and his Wodania protect the general privations and hardships and preach: the equality in misery, citizens' right to injustice, modern's human liberty of unconsciousness and of humbling, the welfare and happiness at queue, that feast your eyes, with some of the most dirty images, although the utterance of the word queue is a high treason crime, a non patriotism, as a rule it's forbidden to comment the reality in country - only with some special approvals - if you see say beggars, gypsy in rags, vagrants and the party asserts that they don't exist then it means that you didn't see well (paraphrasing Hegel: **it exists, then it isn't**). with guide's help we shall de cease earlier.

the ordinary citizen was recommended not to receive recommendation from third foreign persons but only from the party, therefore if you hope that you not be solved a problem you go in AUDIENCE where you have the opportunity to be well drilled thrashed into a jelly (in Wodania it is forbidden to manifest your discontent, in the opposite case you are sent to your origin...); the unfortunate people who do not present themselves in audiences are received on the luxury halls at the director cabinet's door, and those who present themselves they are not allowed to enter; the director doesn't give anything to them, but beat them out of their boots and say to them: "that's that you not leave with empty hands or without a remembrance from me". according to the custom at the Christians who believe in Fonfoism it was instituted a public control over the non-reality in country. it's hard to live in Wodania.

the government takes the bread out of our mouth; in exchange it produces us some stomach aches. everyone who occupies temporary a high position, tries to take advantages as much as possible, until he wouldn't have been changed, especially because of the staff turning everyone is set about snatching, the jobs are occupied through relations, the competitions are falsified, for fear that you not take their place they not appoint persons better professional prepared than themselves, after tenure the civil servants began to sleep on the post; at examination: who knows loses, who doesn't know wins!

as a mere Wodan you have to care about the abuses in society, with this disordered order, and with the centralized planning that surely are not sure.

the Fonfoists thirsty for H.H. announced the death of the values and (deviation) defalcation of funds towards researches regarding the possibility of enclosing of the inner liberty not only the exterior one, "what does mean such freedom in thinking uncontrolled by the state, *anarchy?*"

their investigation enjoyed of a great ill-success in the bosom of the fellow citizens "the object of our revolution is - explain themselves the Fonfoists - the replacement of the exploiting class..."(with another), because the majority of the Party activists are distinguished through laziness and absenteeism.

Hyn is distinguished through his dufferness he wants to demonstrate to the world that he is profane, and skilled in the unprofitable businesses, such a fool here he is at the head of the

country, as the Wodanian peasant says that when the louse is grown fat and is swollen, it lays itself on the fore.

orphan of the both parents already from his age of 40 H. was compelled to maintain himself with others work, still young not even reaching the age of 80 when he took the leadership of the government and forgot to leave to resign to be gathered to his fathers; the whole world is expecting despot's death, but he doesn't want to succumb at all, I think that he will bury all of us (alive).

"Mr. Hyn, how long set your mind on living?"

"Don't you think that you're carrying things too far?"

"Don't you think to leave your seat to somebody else, that wouldn't it have stuck to your bottom!"

"We wish you from the bottom of our heart that you sicken in hurry he assassinated new poetry, stabbed the science, split in two the culture, tore up the historic past, a crushed nation is forced to sing and to dance at his birth celebration; his phiz is asking for fists, a narrow-minded sullen surly, weeping-pussy, that it's quite delightful to despise him, to spite him in mouth, to give him a fillip on nose, to address him a curse speechless: go to the devil (and ask him of health)".

his profession of faith is the atheism; the *prensa Latina* publishes articles about he now some bad ones now some very bad. as a chief he is incompatible with the compatibility the local news bulletin contains a heading of gammon broadcast at 19 00 where Hyn had a great say in the matter (the word "superficial": the way in which he does everything).

Both Lemma 1 and Lemma 2 of the article have as starting points the ideas exposed above. I unreel further on this exegesis on o'Stevensonoviczean thesis.

but enough with all these right-wing or left-wing or middle-wing dictatorships, with these personalities who think them the center of the Earth, who have the impression that without them the mankind couldn't exist, that you can't have patch of quiet life, you can't find a grain of sun for yourself, they monopolized everything - these "personalities", the source of so many misfortunes!

they should be uncovered that **everything is ephemeral, even Aristotle's eternal**

how lucky you are, you, dying men, that you're about to finish with Hyn's country!

although in the middle of a continent we islandered ourselves, a hopeless situation which we always come in.

any discovery in any domain (of activity) that could lead to the taking out of party's control or to the diminishing of his role is void and the discoverers are proscribed; it is had in view the dis-cou-rage of the gifted young people, researchers, investigators, because "the country needs workers", (to be read <speaking tools>), "fellows, artists we find everywhere"; the men of art can create ... troubles to the regime, while the workers (in the deprecatory sense of the word) less, they should not have spare time for thinking.

it is a spiritual cold in Wodania

The leaves are falling. The trees are remaining with empty hands

And the dead are dying in graves.

The leaves are falling. The trees are remaining with empty hands

I'm walking bare-foot on words.

(Ovidiu Florentin)

people join the F.W.P. not from political convictions, but from material profits. the population is used to be afraid (rather historicized by constraint), the Fonfoism is a chronic

disease of the contemporary world, a malignant tumor of the centuries XXth and XXIst as the disease AIDS produced by homofonfoists, a epilepsy of a society born old.

in W. it seems natural that everything should develop unnatural, the normal phenomena became subversive, the inhabitants sin through innocence - sensitive to the meanness of their being, confident in the distrust that the state grants them, buried in themselves, afraid of themselves; in the place of an organic brain, the people have got an electronic brain and their heart of sheet rusted, the supreme commandant can join cybernetize typify them as well as some machines; the system of enclosing is freed, the evil wears the mask of the good; only the party tells the truth, the other thesis are declared wrong, before they be enunciate; there are some Fonfoist thinking machines manufactured in big series.

the non-political executives of industrial central were removed.

the reality was abolished

false men walk on the street, the impersonal power of Hyn supervises them: “we can’t live without dogma! which in essence are not prejudices because they expressed some notions verified by me on your own skin, the preconceptions took it before the production forces lagged behind, not modernized”.

until justice you are destroyed by injustice!...

radio-television’s choir is singing

in rhetoric

an illustrious man

Let’s take the lustre

to his shoes

angels of little boys and girls have gone to the devil of Hyn

In particular the leader is willing to be paid fees because after his own manner he’s very animal-able! We do not doubt his words because we are sure that he is lying!

“We abolished the exploitation of man by man” says Hyn the exploiter and the haughty Top of those who press upon our consciences. the dehumanization put on human cloths cut at the most famous official ideologists: a hellish paradise in W.; the nadir of the flat dull thinking. **the Wodanians aren’t allowed to hope** (a Spartan education?) but they are let to despair endlessly, they fall from an extreme in itself. To embellish in an artificial way the art it has been done a cosmetic operation, a favorable action in an unfavorable climate of the culture; on the first stage of the country the actors play the Satan, the one who can’t be played - the most spectacular anti-performance! The society makes a step forward through one behind, and the citizens tolerate with disgust the *tolerance*, the sudden dis-meta-physicization of human ideals; he made ducks and drakes with culture!

Master in damages, empirical scientist, promoter of spiritual non-values Hyn participate to the full to the emptying of sense of our existence. Censor of the censorship, fanatic of the non-fanatism! a defecating fetishist of the Fonfoism he carves rough into people’s mind, whose people he is very faithful ... cheating him!

Of a perfect incompetence, concrete in his abstract ideas and abstract in his concrete ideas, isolating them through a philosophical segregation, a concentrator of divergent senses, taken advantage from a conjuncture-ism he strings to us with a permanent spontaneity empty words full of party ideology.

Out of here it results the necessity of manufacturing by the Enterprise of Apparatus of different mechanisms and instruments indispensable to the Fonfoist propaganda. The futurist

M.O. reaches the apogee of his prevision by enunciating the Fundamental Theorem (see p.3): In Fonfoism *the happiest moments will be ugly for you.*

I will end this commentary by telling you a legend:
people say that going to the cemetery H.H. finds on his father's gravestone a big and fresh shit steaming (perhaps as a sign of homage)

Servilescu: Oh my sire, do you allow them such a thing?

Hyn: Wait a little and I'll tighten the belt, they are going to shit as much as a ... nut!

THE MULTILATERAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE PERSONALITY¹

THE FONFOIST ORDER PROVIDES A MULTILATERAL DEVELOPMENT OF INDIVIDUAL' PERSONALITY, OF HIS CREATIVE FORCE IN ALL THE DOMAINS OF NATIONAL ECONOMY. AS IT FOLLOWS:

- THE YOUNG RESEARCHERS ARE ALLOWED TO NOT GO TO INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES CONFERENCES SESSIONS SYMPOSIUMS
 - THEY ARE ALLOWED TO NOT SEND THEIR ARTICLES ABROAD
 - THE SPECIALISTS, THE MEN OF LETTERS ETC. ARE ALLOWED TO SIGN THEIR WORKS WITH THE NAME OF OTHER COMRADES IN THE SUPERIOR LEADERSHIP OF STATE
 - THEY ARE ALLOWED TO NOT PUBLISHED THEIR WORKS AT THE MAIN PUBLISHING HOUSES IN CAPITAL, BECAUSE IN WODANIA ARE PARTICULARLY PUBLISHED SOME POLITICIZED THICK VOLUMES CONCERNING THE FONFOISM (INTERNATIONALIST)
 - THEY ARE ALLOWED TO NOT SUBSCRIBE TO DOCTORATES OR POST-DOCTORATES ... AND OTHER FACILITIES WHICH THEY BENEFIT IN ABUNDANCE BY
 - ANY WORKING MAN HAS THE PERMISSION TO EULOGIZE AS MUCH AS HE LIKES THROUGH ALL AVAILABLE MEANS (PALMS, JOURNALISTIC, ASKING FOR THE FLOOR, RADIO, TELEVISION, POETRY AND ESPECIALLY PROSE, DRAWINGS, SCULPTURES, TAPESTRY) THE FONFOIST ORDER HON HYN AND HIS GOVERNMENT IN PERSON
 - THE SMITHS HAVE THE RIGHT TO WORK FOR NOTHING FOR THE COUNTRY
 - THE JOINER HAVE THE RIGHT TO WORK FOR NOTHING FOR THE COUNTRY
 - THE POLITICAL ACTIVISTS HAVE NOT THE RIGHT TO WORK FOR NOTHING FOR THE COUNTRY, BUT ONLY WITH SOME FAT SALARIES FOR THE COUNTRY
- THAN HAMMER OR PLANE YOU BETTER CRY **LONG LIVE**
- THE CROWD STAND IN A QUEUE, PRESS EACH OTHER A LITTLE, WHEN YOUR TURN COMES YOU MAKE A STEP FORWARD, TAKE A STANDING POSITION AS A KINDERGARTEN CHILD WHO RECITES ON THE STAGE A LITTLE POEM ABOUT PARTY THEN YOU ROAR DOUBLE TIDES: **LONG LIVE**
- AFTER THAT YOU BACK NICELY TO YOUR PLACE WITH YOUR HANDS AT BACK; AND SO EVERY ONE SCREAMS HIS LUNGS OUT:
- LONG LIVE HON HYN
 - LONG LIVE WODANIA
 - LONG LIVE THE FONFOIST ORDER
 - LONG LIVE THE FONFOIST SOCIETY

¹ We find absolutely gratuitously the writings with capitals of this little chapter. If only the present novel-lampoon, in a baroque style, formed here and there bombastically, forced, pleonastically, willing-pretentiously is in the same tone with author's intention: it should be "the worst book in the world"! Or it takes of the multitude of the smarandachian speeching forms, variations on same theme. Florentin is Narcis who loves himself with hate(publisher note).

LONG LIVE THE WORLD FONFOISM
LONG LIVE
LONG LIVE **THE LONG LIVE**

AT THE END YOU BOW TOWARD THE UNLISTENER PUBLIC AND WITHDRAW
BEYOND THE CURTAIN

<The Police and the Revolution>¹

-daily sketches-

-Why did you grow a beard? People will think that you despise the Fonfoist league.
-You're asking me as a friend or as an ... activist?
-As a friend
-Out of commodity.
-But if I were ask you as an ... activist?
-I would convince you to grow a beard too.
-How?
-Well, how many men live in Wodania?...
Let's take a round number: ten millions.
How much is a razor blade?... Let's say currency-money.
Our country imports razors blades. How much economy of currency would we realize in a month?... Three millions.. You see?
In a couple of years we would pay our external debt.
If you are a patriot (not with your mouth, but with your heart) you have to grow a beard!
-Police proposed to me to work for them.
As an informer. All over the place there are dilators, but even dilators of the dilators.
-And did you agree?
-I did not.
-Why not?
-Well, don't you know that if you agree to carry the calf, the devil will make you carry the cow!/? Today they ask you to denounce your friends,, tomorrow to kill them! How acted Mephisto with Faust? The theologists sustain that Goethe himself sold his soul to Satan that he could climb on top of glory.
-We, the Wodanians, were fated to conclude a pact with the (Fonfoist) devil
{*Police* is a collective character played by 13 actors, of the same waist and stature, who speak, gesture, move etc. simultaneously as a single actor (multiplied on mirrors).}
The people similarly, played by 7 actors (men, women, old people and children).
The two "multiple" characters are disposed as at the choir, on a stripe confronted by the public. Every of them is leaded by a chief (of the orchestra) who conducts with the back.
As a sonorous background: chamber music).

¹ We intervene again to give some footnotes. Among the papers-manuscript we uncovered, besides the non-novel, two rough copies on summing sheets. They date from the period of literary exile. (Yet, you will not find a facsimile at page 113.) As the ideas expressed in rough copies are a sequel of the non-novel (he maybe planned a cycle of ... non-novels) we thought to introduce them. under the title "The Police and the Revolution" after the name of one of the three sketches: in the same time we allowed ourselves to change a little the texts, without having the pretensions of co-authorship, because F. S. tried that every of his writings, no matter the theme, should have a **semantic standard** (= the distance in phonemes between two identical or close sonorous groups) - a kind of stylistic unarity. Although these standards are very often diminished until abolition (in the frame of antinomies, respective the homonymy, kept too tight); but these constitute a kind of home speciality, inside of a narratology qualified by the fonfoist critics as "stupid" (publisher note)

POLICE: (Cold, to the people) Through your attitude you defy the society and don't inspire trust and submission to the government. We should recommend you to revise your non-docile behavior upon which we declare ourselves **against**.

THE PEOPLE: (With a common voice) Firstly we would like to make clear a question: (Pause) Was the revolution from 1848 a favorable event to the country?

POLICE: Yes, of course.

THE PEOPLE: And in those moments who was against the revolution, wasn't it just **Yours Institution?**...

POLICE: ...?!

THE PEOPLE: ... which represents the Force of the Evil!

THE POLICE: (banging) Instigation!...Get them into a scrape!

(The Populists hide themselves at the ground. The policemen encircle them, make tighter the circle, and half bent above them cover them irrevocably. It falls the iron curtain over the three sketches²)

² The last row is added by us in order to join these sketches (publisher note)

imposing buildings of prisons

jails salt works arrests cellars vans are built

for all working people
regardless of nationality
and other magnificent buildings
at quod at rogue house at limbo at battlements
at caching
tumuluses
at cooler
confinements
hardly the babies saw the light of the sun that they were life sentenced to death:
a eternal extinction
a continuous ephemeral
the start of the finish
a gaseous solid
fresh and faded
a non-existentialiste existence
a dead death

The star in the country H.H. darkens our senses: "if the Fonfoist ideals require it, I'll murder all population, in the aim of elucidating the party-minded businesses and for the good of the country"- exceeding then Franco Bahamonde in sadism and contemporary barbarities and ferocity: a show in its death agony! The Wodanian intelligentsia is received with open arms and handcuffs at hands Servers of the servers we became. Our future is curved. We communicate trough our non-communicability. We are crushed by an abstract pain, a deep weakness. We haven't built a **way** through life yet, but a **slope**. An inhuman comedy it is happening to us, without humor.

Hash Hash is building in The Hill Leordeni an underground atomic shelter for community in which he and his family are going to hide in the case of a nuclear attack, the community will be left under the bleeding vault, in the custody of God, because in Wodania all the inhabitants are equal (regardless of age, sex, religion) in face of the death.

the minister of internal affairs has the mission to defend the country against the people, "country" means Hon Hyn and the government that is his relatives, therefore a policeman was set up in front of every human dwelling, near family's mainstay, the particular mission of the police is sustained with beams and chains, machine pistols, rubber sticks, laws of Fonfoist moral, which defend the citizens of Wodania against joy and material prosperity.

any bigamous family became the property of a **cop** that is used according to **his** own desire, they water him periodically at root with a watering pot at around 21 hour with vodka, liqueur of Pristine, and cognac with three stars that the policeman should grow healthily and vigorously, he always stays awoken at householder's troubles and watch over the non-observance of the order and of the individual discipline.

in this way the policemen were multiply two by two that they had together eight classes and they were spread like the piggish scab on the whole territory' in this militarized republic it develop too their activity three working people who work in fourteen reciprocal shifts, and a half of an intellectual because the person charged with the job of <intellectual of the country> has only 1/2 of output standard, with the other half he is distributed at washing of vessels and

cleaning the manger of the princely horses the people are interested in not providing material incentive.

five inhabitants from four are policemen or denouncers, the things came in a state that you may become an agent (!) not having the smallest supposition, here you can't even blow a wind without being heard of anybody!

why there are necessary so many stiff uniforms? in order to intimidate the people and to maintain the unpopular power of Hyn even if their astronomic number pull below the national economy, in fact not that is the important matter but the hegemony of the Fonfoism at a world level.

police beat you, threaten you until you say even what you don't know, that can put you in the role of a scapegoat and to close the penal deeds - because in Wodania nobody is non-guilty (even if he is).

The Institute of Experimental Sciences which drew a parallel between policemen, ovine, porcine, and other dunderheads didn't grasp any difference between a pig and a policeman, both of them have a mustache, spit and grunt on tic, although in the end they considered to gain the day the router, but they inferred a great distinction between a policeman and a forester.

the forester is a gentleman among bushes /and the policeman is a bush among gentlemen (to be a bush = to be ignorant).

Football

If between Governors and People it would be a merciless fight, the football players of both teams would play nervously, the Governors would fault for countless time during a half time and would attack madly as a whirlwind, the People would defend himself with might and main, would throw the ball out in stands, at grounds and hardly he would counter-attack feebly on outsides, but the Governors would stifle them in blood or at the best would reject them outside, the People wouldn't have shooting at goal, he would have growing old in lodge big bug's goal keeper, In exchange the Governors would dribble masterly the People just in his own 11m. square, at a more united counter attack the People would have closing himself more by the target, with the ball at foot, but would have getting the cheese, and then it would have seeing reprisals from the Governors behalf - it wouldn't exist a referee although it would think that it were but he wouldn't appear, he would lead the game from distance -, the Governors would have performing the penalty to every player from the People, the middle forward of the People would have being sentenced to death for attempting to defeat the adversary, but People's goal keeper, who being bribed would have pretending that he hadn't noticing the goal that would have performed the Governors to the People, he would have being SENTENCED TO LIFE... on the horizon would have profiling a **nice defeat** of the Popular team

public genuflection

the Wodanesque *commedia dell'arte* which the horrible Ho Hyn (it is pronounced with nasalised **n**) get used to represent at the Theater of Melodrama from Embankment D. funeral marches (merry):

HON HYN. At the presidential rostrum, in a conference hall, recite an enormous speech, casting presidential glancing at some presidential notes hidden under his presidential coat sleeve and in the presidential back of waistcoat.

THE PUBLIC. Seating on proletariat seats stand up on two foots and applaud tempestuously. Then people sit down again in a proletariat way.

HON HYN. Resumes the presidential speech with the same presidential tone and stutters other around fifteen presidential hours (I had drawn pestilential).

THE PUBLIC. Rise on the two proletarian backward foots. Applaud vividly. Then they seat down again lifeless, on proletarian chairs.

Hon Hyn. Resumes the presidential speech with the same presidential enthusiasm and speaks another twelve hours and five proletarian weeks.

THE PUBLIC. Rise again on two proletarian foot and applaud for a long time around nine centuries and seven proletarian minutes.

HON HYN. Conducts with his both presidential foots the proletarian orchestra of applauders, indicating to them with the presidential baton I think it is sooner a club when they stop, when they amplify the intensity, when diminish it, the position of the hands, warning them out of a presidential mouth (as at the Symphony no. 9 in Re minor, opus 125, by Poorvein):

“Allegro ma non troppo un poco maestoso

“Molto vivace

“Adagio molto e cantabile - Andante moderato

then madly gesturing:

“Forte forte forte

After that he speaks to them presidentially: ”Seat down!”

THE PUBLIC: Sit down on the parquet, leaving the chairs empty

HON HYN:(Satisfied) *“Muldo bene!”*

Then he keeps on his inestimable presidential speech another some sixty years fourteen months and three presidential thousandths of second

THE PUBLIC: Applaud rhythmically with their buttocks

HON HYN: Makes a sign to them that they get up

THE PUBLIC: Get up

HON HYN: Makes a sign to them that they sit down.

THE PUBLIC: Sit down.

HON HYN: ”One” (The public rise on hands)

“Two”(The public sit down on chairs)

he makes a sign to them that it isn't proper

“One”(The public stand up)

“Two”(The public sit down)

“one, two, one, two...” and faster:

“one-two, one-two, one-two...”

and so on for a hundred and four times; in this time the Public perform genuflection with the arms stretched in front, the head right, the look straight ahead, the ankles closed - Hon Hyn the teacher of **mental sport...**

the contemporary history

then Hyn quarrelled with the History, and the History gave him a punch in the face, little Hyn too lost the power, and then the wicked Hynists pounced upon History and beat her black and blue, they crippled her, transfigured her as they liked, they interpreted and reinterpreted her, broke her two ribs and twisted her neck and razed her memory which they replaced with a recent one adapted to the new necessities of development of our society, a memory borrowed from a computer and programmed from the console just from the work cabinet of state's chief, "this whore of History - banged Hyn - all but us have regulated her: Russians, Spaniards, Martians; Servilescu, do hold her by legs, and you little Hyn, and you Baradela, Hynoaia "aren't you ashamed you thick-skinned - cried the women characters in the crowd - to regulate the history in front of us?"

then came in aid the males from the Femina Organization.

"this is the History of the Country and I regulate her as I like - Hyn grew angry and began to change to mystify to invent her he took her through back shoot her that she broke, then retorted more fiercely - I will put my awl into the Universal one too", "that's what you think, tartan, that the foreigners are going to let you to" - it had been a voice above the fence from the neighbors,

"I am going to pay a great deal with the country - Hyn decided - even an odalisque didn't dare to oppose to me",

the relatives came and calmed a little the raged churl, but the History ran dizzy, lame in the hips, sprawling, *assaulted*, wearing some new cheap clothes.

the national museum

At the national museum were preserved: an urine proof of the High Man of State Hon Hyn for posterity, a tuft of hair from the crown (secretly painted), two hooked tufts and a half of nail from the hand with whom he holds country's sceptre a pot of snot from the time when he picked his nose, a quarter of a litter of gum of the blind eye, a boiler of tobacco cough phlegm, three hairs of eyelashes and eyebrows, a sieve of dense dandruff dirty pods, hinge of pus out of his pimples which burst like the royal dustbins, twenty four decayed teeth with golden silver and mother-of-pearl stopping, fluid sperm preserved in an roman amphora that give birth on the future too to some progenies of such a talent and imbecile genius, stomach and intestinal excrement of an uncommon beauty (royal shit (it is about a stately shit roasted in the sun, a sacrosanct shit endowed with superior qualities, crisp), a royal diarrhoea...), stink of unwashed male tight closed in some test tubes of mate surface glass, O2 collected in communication vessels inspired by Hon Hyn and Hon Hynoaia (it is read "squared o"), wadding tampons deeply imbued with menstrual blood of holy Lady Hynoaia, that later be smelled by successors women, sweat from the pelvic region and underarms, a collection of royal pearls entitled " From the famous curses of the extraordinary thinker Hyn the extraordinary one" who thus is a famous thinker "From the renowned stupidities..." his ass-like voice was recorded on conveyer tape of a Grundig stereo tape recorder for successors.

The Management of the Economic Systems

it presupposes :

in the first time the disorganization of the national economy - which is divided in many sub-stages (and it formulates new definitions for classic concepts):

as it follows:

- through **coordination** it is established a reciprocal discord among factors during the process of accomplishment of the five-years plan, there are assured conditions for a reducer co-operation
- through **decision** it is understood the unconsciousness activity of the leadership staff of choosing many variants from one available in the view of non-achievement of the established objectives;

in certain simpler cases it is enough the lack of experience that gradually it turned into an non-methodized methodically organized process;

the steps of the decision taking process are: misinforming, the elaboration of the unfeasible variants, and the taking of the decision.

- **principle of the leadership and collective work** refers to the direct participation of the masses- for solving the banal problems in the society
-in the bodies of complete subordination

then creating some motives that should develop the servile-ism

- using with a maximum of efficacy of the non-existent resources
- the anti-publicity
- organizing the production in a continual reflex
- using as irrational as possible the working force according to everyone's level of training, in comparison with the technique and the utilities not available
- increasing the production costs, diminishing machine's running time, increasing the current costs
- the technical-material supply should be made aleatory and in insufficient quantities, the supply plan should be elaborated one year after the current plane, allocations should be made that don't take account of demand and offer
- increasing the production of waste and technological losses because the waste can be easy recovered and put again in the process of production
- diminishing substantially the cost price till just on the line, near of zero, and even till negative values (in the sense that the customers should be paid that they venture to take the high quality products of our industry)

a few notions of psychology

at the beginning appeared the Fonfoism, then the inorganic matter and the organic one, after that appeared again the Fonfoism with his brilliant doctrine, and finally the mind. The mind is of an artificial nature, being a quality of the matter arrived at the highest level of Fonfoist evolution. The unity of the world consists in its obedience in face of the Party. The essential property of the matter is the motion: from the mere mechanical shifting to the Fonfoist thinking. In nature there is only matter in a motion guided by Hon Hyn. The mind is a function of the brain of the boos of state, and the function of the mind is the *Fonfoism* which considers that the thinking, the conscience, the sensation are nothing but its ulterior product, organized in a particular way ("the Empiricology").

The brain has the property to reflect the world as it is not, but in the way it is imagined by the Fonfoist sewer. The development of mind is a consequence of the development of nervous system and of the organs of Fonfoist sense. The psychological activity has an active character because the man ascertains his position, makes inquiries, by modifying and directing the world according to the needs of the family in office.

Problems of school psychology:

a) **the process of instruction**, it should assure the conditions and the psychological laws of the building of the mental picture, notions, skills, and habits of practical and Fonfoist work

b) **the education process**, it should assure the building of the moral-Fonfoist skills and habits, Hynist sentiments, features of ill-will. Moreover the school psychology studies:

- the methods of knowledge and estimating the results in the Fonfoist learning
- the methods of Fonfoist orientation of the all pupils

The conscience is conceived as a function of the Fonfoism.

The subject is able to be aware of himself in his relations with the exterior world, to propose Fonfoist tasks, to change things hostile to our ideology.

the conscience serves to put in concordance the human condition with the necessities, the aims of the objective life of the great leader.

Individual conscience = the conscience of every person

The social conscience = the conscience of family Hyn

Through the **self conscience** every person is inspired the idea of self underestimation and chiefs' overestimation, it is encouraged the self-oblivion.

through every means it is tried the insertion of Fonfoist psychic act into subconscious and unconscious, where they be stored and be hereditary transmitted. Hyn already decrees psychological and biological laws in the aim of Fonfoising the environment.

The psychological development of child:

- the Fonfoist visual capacity is increased, the same the Fonfoist observing turn of mind

- the memory becomes illogical
- the language is enriched with new Fonfoist words
- the strong affirmation of the Hynist aspirations, ideals among teenagers
- the physical resistance of the organism at Fonfoist effort increases
- the sexual and Fonfoist maturation is accomplished
- the child is guided after principles, standards, rules imposed from high

The teaching, in general, represent a systematic modification, relatively permanent in behavior, in the way of responding to a situation as result of accomplishment of some party tasks. The path of human knowledge: from a vivid contemplation of the amorphous world to an thinking abstract of any reality.

The reason = relations between notions which reflect the Fonfoist relations between phenomena and the objects of the unreal world.

The argument = the connection between two or more reasons of party which leads to the obtaining of a new reason, that express a new untruth.

It is emphasized the building and the development of the Fonfoist thinking (it is not allowed other way of thinking which it is not in concordance with the situation in Wodania).

For the forming of some scientific notions there are necessary:

- non-familiarization of the subject with the objects phenomena that will be teach
- the detachment of the essential from the non-essential things
- the reference of the new aspects to other already non-existent ones
- the non-application of the new notion

(Nick Piaget and Bruner).

The theory of mental action of Galpelin includes:

- the school disorientation of the pupil
- the immaterial external action
- the verbalization of action in the plane of the language written with loud voice
- the passing from the external language of the official speeches to the internal party

language

The pupil takes over in a selective way, without modifying a jot from the quality of all that the official media pour him by the funnel in head

The permanent state of dreaming in which the population must be held. The increase of the distrust in one's own forces.

In the process of imagination it is met the process of typifying, that is the Fonfoist processing of information and the elaboration of new mental pictures.

Different individuals in face with some different circumstances have an identical behavior. The conduct of man (or animal) is characterized through preferential reacting of the power. At the base of any human action lies Hon Hyn. **The Fonfoist motivation** constitutes an aggregate of some static factors which determine the action of an individual to the building of the present order.

The development of the **attention** given to the persons being in certain high positions.

The notion of **will** = a psychical process through which were restrained certain obstacles being against Hyn family's ascent through actions directed toward the accomplishment of a personal aim. Will's independence means uncritical embracing of other people opinions.

The man is a process of the Fonfoist existence, of the social-historical circumstances of his life.

The intelligence it is not specific to human being. It is defined as a general aptitude of Hon Hyn to use his own experience in new circumstances, to solve and anticipate new problems. The intelligence is not a simple psychical process but an aggregate of psychical processes which are organized and coordinated by the president of the Republic of Animals (a thesis belonging to

G. Orwell). It implies a superior achievement of non-understanding, supposing an inferior development of thinking, imagination, memory. The intelligence means also the capacity of the subject to find in vulgar circumstances the most unsuited solutions.

Types of intelligence frequent in Wodania:

dogmatism, tautology,

imbecility, cretinism, presidential stupidity,

general rank stupidity, ineptitude, dullness and foolishness

- it is a necessity a plurry-dimensional development of the intelligence → the multilateralism (= a multivalent folly).

The creativity = a general human aptitude of a maximum complexity whose specificity is the production of the new under different Fonfoist aspects: theoretical, science., tech., soc.

- the act of creation takes to the inner impulse of human being to fail in on the professional plane

- the creativity assures in a virtual way mental diseases

The pedagogical talent = an aggregate of aptitudes:

- the aptitude to make the Fonfoist stuff accessible to the pupils

- the pedagogical tact or the sense of measure to act according to the aims proposed by

Hyn

- an aptitude to wrongly appreciate the pupil

The notion of **tiredness** is not study in W. because it isn't allowed to exist according to a state decree.

Other notions as: the active **rest**, the **sleep**, the **repose**

passive

do not concord to the Fonfoist conception of world and life. The respective words were taken out of dictionary and thrown to the dustbin.

The persons who will be found guilty of these psycho-physiological states will be punished in conformity with current legislation.

We break off the course of the novel to inform you the latest hour new that it was found by a thirsty forester who tried to drink some water, author's corpse thrown into a left well. An official confirmed information, but not broadcast publicly. His wife identified him. The police sustain that he would have escaped from jail with handcuffs at hands, but his closed relatives affirm that he was maltreated and disfigured into prison's cellars. At autopsy a bullet was taken out from mouth, which had cut off his tongue. The lifeless body was discovered ten days later, it was crumbling, eaten by Earth's worms, with insects in the ears, the eyes hollowed by leeches, the flesh desquamated and gaping on bones.

Our orderly editor I.P. write in haste a necrology from which we dressed up a few features of the work (in particular these remarks adequate to the work that we publish) and of the man who was:

"In spite of the obvious desire of the author to astound, NON-NOVEL is a **shocking novel** that at its apparition will burst out in the tapering heads of the Fonfoists (I think that the authorities will hang this Smarandache even dead...

for abusive boldness!) (...)

"Although he manifests an obvious pedantry, and makes the lecture harder through abstracting!!! however it is a scrupulous writing, worked in filigree, an accurate expression in a exigent language, a recurrent work(...)

"Timorous and inhibited by his scientific training in prejudice of the artistic one, the author inserts neologisms in excess being in the danger of artificiality and to be received only by a small group of initiates, particularly that enough terms are of strict specialty (in philosophy, sociology, linguistic) (...)

"Exposure-novel, it is wanted to be a detailed analysis of his order: sometimes the things are put it bluntly, a bit too *grosso modo*, other times evasively, with verbal flourishes. But the incisive style is frequently tangled and brutal and violent and soiled and insolent, even pleonastic, tremendous, disabuse, with pejorative connotations, mean, pornographic (...)

"This is a concentric book. Florentin draws water in a sieve! at a certain moment becoming tiresome, tedious, nagging, irritating. You have the impression that he repeats himself at infinite.(...)

"This is an essay. A philosophizing *contra tempo*, against the hair (...)

"A discontinuous spirit a bit non-ponderable, he often brings puerile motivations risking to fall in didacticism; in spite of some gaps, breaks of sense and rhythm, redundancy, vanity it must be emphasized author's boldness, the risk that he took upon himself (...)

"From place to place the poet within him bursts out, there are pages of a high lyricism, hermetically apparently because of the fulguration, discontinuity (...)

"A difficult author: isolated and without being popular, in authority's disgrace. The official critics classify him as a literary impostor or a decaying novelist with gratuitous exhibitions, catalogued among those famous French "*foux littéraires*"(...)

"A chaos in the novel similar to that created, let's say, by his anti-hero Hyn: a caricature of the caricatures! Confused ideas, lexical agglomerations, not selected on themes or subjects, a hodgepodge; expressions and senses thrown at random, upside down, higgledy-piggledy. Author's confessions interweave until confusion with the so-called "narration".

"Idiotism's, stylistic frivolousness, without action, Non-novel is alike to "The man without qualities" of R. Musil, however here Hyn has too many ...negative qualities. A unique writer, not

framed in any a school or literary current, strange, bizarre; sure thing, Smarandache wants to lay it on with a trowel! (...).

“A creative revolt upon the artistic standards and customs results from the social revolt against his merciless destiny (...).

“Too many citations and ideas take over from humanistic third persons lead to a diminution of the originality percent of the realities, that risking becoming a pastiche. As it is known the cites are diminished from the right of author, so that...(...

In discordance to the postmodernism the author considers himself being a modernist, even <vanguardist>, but in fact he was a nihilist and a negativist. I should make a short parenthesis:

Florentin had endeavored to promulgate a new literary current,

THE PARADOXISM

(see “*Le sens du non-sens*”, 1983 et 1984, and “*Anti-chambres et anti-poésies, ou bizarreries*”, 1984) to which he published a **Non-conformist manifesto** too, because of which he was hard criticized by the dogmatic peoples of the regime. He started from the question: why there are paradoxes in mathematics and not in literature, which is so malleable, open? And he proposes a creation containing:

- > hard contradictions
- > strong antitheses
- > figurative expressions properly interpreted
- > transformations of senses
- > language games
- > upset comparisons
- > words with many senses simultaneously
- > absurd repetitions
- > parodies (of proverbs, maxims etc.)
- > poems, prose, theater etc. without words

Here is his literary creed expressed through the anti-poem

<*Le réalisme du surréalisme*>:

Vous savez bien que vous ne savez rien:

le paradox est la logique

de l'illogique,

le paradox est le dicible

de l'indicible.

Appelez les choses par leur nom:

CHOSSES!

C'est normal que je sois anormal,

pourtant je défendrai mon attaque.

Quand le lecteur donne du lait aux chats

mois, je donne ma langue.

(“*Le sens ...*”, page 27).

And he concludes through

Non-vers, non-oeuvre, non-littérature... non-oui!

“Impulsive temperament in art, Promethean soul (instigating to revolt against the Fonfoist “gods”, fabulating, he released of the anxiety which had seized him, of the obsessions which worried him (...)

“(...) metatext or metanovel or metaliterature (...)

“Obscure artifices but also surprising flourishing metaphors (...)

“The writer (...) pampers himself while lays the text on page

He seems a bit too cerebrally, therefore a bit unnaturally, with misalliances (...)

“The novel is broken in vivid colored pieces, developed synchronically on many planes.

A burlesque farce or the cruel realism presented in whole its nudity?

A baroque work. From place to place author’s formulations are a bit forced - only if it wasn’t his intention, for reaching his aim: to realize the worst book in the world!!... This negative perfection...(..)

“The volume is sooner a collection of novelettes, stories or short prose on the same theme permanently retaken - If we take in consideration the fragmentism (...)

The man was different from the author: shy, solitary, melancholic, always cloudy, angry. However he was a libertine, an independent guy not having business with anyone! he despised them! Particularly that “through the special care of the general inspectorate” he had remained without job, and he didn’t join to any organization to which he gave an account. Although a political prisoner (because of his ideological convictions exposed in so many manuscripts that we publish on at Samizdat Publishing House) the authorities arrested him as a common law prisoner, framing up to him an proverbial trial, that he didn’t work to a Fonfoist institution, but themselves had prevented him from obtaining any job because they had rejected all his application for engagement handed in about schools or enterprises! (...)

We add to those written by our colleague that at a televised interview, Florenten Smarandash (how he was named by the Canadian correspondent from Montréal) declared:

<<We haven’t ideas, only they have.

We are not allowed to have our own ideas. All of them were sacrificed for the sake of the ...atheism.

Citizen’s private property is public property. Everything belongs to every one, that is nothing to any one.

We eat by portion, we think by portion, we live by portion. Brutified people.

Conscience sticks in the mud.

We have not the permission to defend ourselves against F. P.’s offensive. The young people try to live Wodania. a general phenomenon. I think that if a war broke out people would desert in a body!

The trips. even the internal ones. or the moving from a place to another. are limited that people couldn’t hear happenings, facts, that they couldn’t change ideas.

The principle of non-interference of the party in the internal matters of the inhabitants is not respected. The more baneful his influence is, the more increase the role of the activists in daily life. They are able to destroy everything. Science. Culture. Art. Only to keep their power. To sacrifice people’s lives for their prosperity. The truths hurt them. They are self-appreciated, self-prized, self-flattered. The workers have to be pleased always with the nothingness that the party gives to them, and to answer with all their ardour.

The puppies that flatter the party and regime’s executioners guide the public opinion according to dictator’s estimated interests. These are patriots only by mouth, not by deed!... Poets of court, official philosophers who besiege temporarily our conscience and subconscious. who aimed to subjugate our unconsciousness. You should only see how they hide themselves behind the words! They put us in an abominable position. If you open the mouth against the party they stop it with a bullet or with hard years of jail. It is curious that they name this anti-democracy with another way of manifestation of the “democracy”! of a new type. You are not going to see them at queues, they have their own separate canteens, bars, night clubs with the entrance forbidden to the non-Fonfoists. they have hospitals and drug stores and other privileges - and the policemen the same. And after all these things they come and give you lectures.

without a bit of shame. without to dye with shame or at least to redden the tip of nose. without believing even them on the justice and fraternity in our country. They go on with historicisms when hearing them you are about to spit. They laugh at you just in your face. They explain to you in detail. In these kind of moments when they deliver chatters, fabrications, empty talks then it is applauded.

We believe only in Hyn. Only in Hyn we believe when he is silent. Only Hyn we believed. that he lies. You have to learn how to cheat and to cheat yourself in order to survive.>>

As you could see, dear readers, the author treasons himself along all the course of the novel; an interior monologue a la Desjardins goes through work's pages, which monologue does not disappear when it is presented the content of some books of different styles - as you will see in the next pages. A subjectivism is every time felt. For the next time, dear readers and non..., you'll have as homework to adapt a play after this novel (see the "non-play"<An upside-down world>, which has been performed for 250 times until now under foot for the National Theater from Brashi).

Further on : two little booklets "The wise policy of The Fonfoist Party" and "Textbook of philosophy" the last works studied by Florentin in his short life, ended earlier with the inestimable aid of the police. These were found in his library, annotated, blotted on edges: paraphrasing of the bubble politicianism, bantering. We shall transcribe them word by word, together with his notes, that is a kind of co-publishing.

**THE WISE POLICY
OF
THE FONFOIST PARTY**

**Politic Publishing House
f. a.**

There are taken into account in particular:

solving in a political way the apolitical problems among states,
retreating the enemy troops from the occupied territories that our artillery can advance,
in the year 20,990 the Republic Wodania will be admitted roughly speaking among
the countries with a developed industry provided that these latter will stay on and wait for us,
maintaining a state of uncertainty and an external danger
supporting the ideological binding struggle against peoples from Africa, Asia,
Antarctica,
solving the Cambodian problem by air,
extending the Fonfoist thesis export on as many as possible meridians on terra

The tasks of Fonfoist theory:

- emphasizing the objective matter of the transition process to Fonfoism
- emphasizing the objective laws which characterize the Fonfoist system

(not the subjective ones).

The object of the Fonfoist theory finds its expression in:

- revealing the objective features of the collapse process in other systems
- emphasizing the logical features of Fonfoist ascension and victory all over the world

Features of the scientific Fonfoism:

- it conceives the achievement of the Fonfoist system as a natural result of the economic development

- it has the mission to reveal the general laws of the masses of the people
- it has the mission to arm the Fonfoist class, its political parties with the political

principles of leading the class struggle, of drawing up the Fonfoist revolutionary struggle

Scientific Fonfoist method:

-it researches and reveals the determinate and reciprocal too connections among the bearings and the subsystems in the social life

- it reveals the concrete-historic frame where the process of transition to Fonfoism lays, is establishes the concrete-historic epoch

- it emphasizes the correlation between the objective and the subjective side in the social life

- it generalizes the revolutionary practice of the Fonfoist class, the collective experience of the international Fonfoist movement

- it hunts out the decisive agent in a certain stage, it detaches out of the events chain the secondary link

The Fonfoist theory method is critical (that is it makes a criticism of the criticism, in the sense that Fonfoist's criticism is not allowed), revolutionary (the protest is not allowed), a guide in action (you should execute exactly what it has been ordered to you), an instrument of knowledge (of what the government wishes) and revolutionary transformation (towards the welfare of the Fonfoists).

The Fonfoism grows ceaseless rich (with new material and spiritual wants) according to the historic stage; in our day's new theses on the building of Fonfoism (through massive demolition), the ratio of forces in the international arena etc.

Fonfoism's creative (if a thesis does not work it is replaced by it self), open (to the eulogies addressed to it), collective (being Hon Hyn's prerogative) **character**.

The Fonfoist Party Program represents the fundamental ideological, theoretic and political book of the party: it disposes of a clear (in its obscurantism), concrete (on the ground) statute. As the balance of trade of Wodania is showing a deficit, a block was laid on the left dish in order to counterbalance it.

The ideology of the Fonfoist class is a sense ideology (that is it is senseless), and includes a plentiful (in non-ideas) content:

- increased efficiency in case of damages
- education's rising at a lower level
- developing the inferior quality of products
- increasing the national income from 50 to 30 dollars per head of inhabitant (why should hang to him, poor man, such a burden? sooner we lighten him!), finally tending to 0 (zero) - a major imperative of the present system,
- diminishing at maximum the consumption resources allocated from the national income, using cautiously the monetary and material funds with the purpose of their urgent waste, 40 milliards of dollars were allocated for wage increasing of the Fonfoist working people (Hyn family in particular),
- approaching between city and village - in the middle of the urban settlements villagers with the beech under cart should pass through, there should see potatoes cultivated on blocks and wheat grown into balconies - so the city must be brought to the level of a village.
- approaching between the physical and intellectual work, the porter should carry the baggage by mind, in imagination, the researcher and the designer should reason with their back,
- developing subordination relations between collateral states,
- increasing the artificial crop of cereals,
- organizing the production and the unscientific work,
- the transition to human race's mechanization, automatization and cyberization,
- accelerating the being resources development in the view of their exhausting as soon as possible,
- uncovering new resources even though they are not anymore,
- capitalizing the waste and secondary materials (from around garbage, from the edge of the ditches etc.),
- developing completely (until demolishing) the technical and material resources in the state farms
- increasing the responsibility for the mistakes of other people,
- strengthening the people control (besides a first control there will be made a control of the control, then a control of the control, and another control of the control of the control, and so on), increasing in this way the number of the producers,
- strengthening the Fonfoist order and discipline,
- intensifying the political and ideological work (seven hours from eight will be allocated for this party training, after that in the last hour left the workers will have to retrieve the lost hours),
- improving the imperfections in the activity of the state bodies,
- the Fonfoist re-education through work is had in view,
- increasing the party leading role through increasing the number of the activities in comparison with the number of those who work,
- militating for peace and other states' disarmament,
- going out of crisis through diminishing population' outcome,
- promoting the anti-defeatist tendencies (because there is a cause: the Fonfoism, above anything else; the man is under the Fonfoism, not the Fonfoism under the man),
- a more rational economic policy in its incorrect form of application,
- a new political and economic order in the international relations, which should place W. in the middle of the general (non)attention (the revanchism)
- the struggle against the hegemony of other non-Fonfoist country,

the development of a democracy of a new type, a non-democracy,
the achievement of a new humanism in which center lays the animal, the system, the
inhuman, innocents daily labor
a rich content of speeches poor in expressions,
forming the new- born - man in maternity (from polyethylene and chewing gum),
harmoniously developing all the putrefied branches of the national economy,
intensively developing the extensive agriculture,
increasing the economic efficiency through the diversification of the inefficient sectors,
strengthening the family through its dismemberment (the Fonfoist state protects the
marriage and the family and help its incompleteness),
diminishing the material expenses (in the view of building some plants which work with
cuckoo winds),
ceaselessly improving the Fonfoist relations of production,
enlarging and diversifying the exchange and cooperation with all the countries obedient
to Wodania,

The Fonfoist democracy provides to population the possibility to participate at country's,
state's leadership, through its unconditioned subordination to the Fonfoist party, to decide
individually their destinies dictated by Hyn (the individualistic attitudes which do not take into
account of Hyn family's general interests, they do not belong to the Fonfoist democracy).

enlarging the Fonfoist knowledge extent (and the vanishing of the others) will be
provided,

conferences will take place in which it will be prepared the agenda of the next
conferences, and so on conference in conference in conference in conference... in which it will
be debated and approved (indifferent of its efficacy) the Quarterly Plan of monthly plans of
weekly plans of secondary plans of country's economic and social development on the whole
third millennium,

raising the living standard with the aid of the presidential helicopter,
developing the masses energies in the service of Hyn family's general progress,
increasing the syndicates' role in their subjugation to the government
educating the young generation from just the cradle in a Fonfoist spirit (for instance a
two years of age child will be taught to recite poems about the party and Hyn),
strengthening the brotherhood and quarrelling among all co-inhabiting nationalities,
the individual freedom can be achieved only within the frame of the general collective
enslaving,

the duty of working people to devote all their energy (till the last vim) only for the
construction of Fonfoism,

every citizen has the duty to defend homeland's economic and social disaster
(we could name it more exactly **crash**),

the party will act for strengthening people's weakness,
submitting the public interests to the Fonfoists private interests,
the criticism regarding the non-Fonfoism,
insufflating the non-Fonfoist rows of a self-critical spirit,
the role of the literature and art in new man's deformation (the poets are chosen through
drawing of lots and driven to carry on with *long live*, the prose writers grope in the social dark),
imposing in the international arena the Fonfoist critique of art,
militating consistently for the accomplishment of the provisions of the provisory planed
planning planner,

the Fonfoist humanism conceive the man as a social being in a close discord with his fellow men,
 it presupposes the achievement of the individual happiness in the context of entire people's misfortune,
 the multilateral and harmonious development of all human defects,
 the technical-scientific co-operation (we too *take*, you too *give* to us),
 the participation of every Fonfoist country to the international division of passions,
 extending the co-operation forms reciprocal advantageous for us,
 solid-izing with the struggle for development's liquidation,
 forming the own staffs for all the fields of activity,
 maintaining a certain lacks of balance among states,
 intensifying the economic crisis,
 the Fonfoism represents the future of world, it is a historic process of social underdevelopment,
 solemn engagements which put and end to any external non-aggression or non-merging,
 quickly liquidating the difference between the undeveloped states and Wodania (until 2090 W. will arrive from before the backward countries),
 establishing some inequitable relations between the prices of raw-materials and the industrial outputs,
 relations with other states on base of the principles:

- equality in injustices
- every people be master on its wants
- every nation chose alone its Fonfoist system which it does not wish,
- everyone's right to financial, juridical, political dependence of other state,

 intensifying the aid for deforming the national staffs from the collateral countries,
 international life's democratizing can be provided only by an unequal participation of every states in the world,
 Fonfoist party's solidarity with all non-progressive forces,
 large contacts between syndicate, youth, women organizations from Wodania and similar organizations only from Wodania,
 strengthening the discord among states,
 the Fonfoist party increases its unfavorable influence in the rows of the masses of the people,
 W.'s participation to the world exchange of material and spiritual non-values,
 the ideological activity of raising working people's Fonfoist conscience,
 the knowledge of the Fonfoist past of struggle of our people since the oldest times,
 creating a new antihuman humanism,
 the Fonfoist celebration from June the 16th, The International Day of those who laze,
 solving the diplomatic problems in a litigious way,
 ceasing the all forms of non-exploitation,
 limiting the access to the scientific and technical conquering,
 establishment the Wodanian future directions of involution
 unreasonably raising all the regions in the country,
 ceaselessly developing the Fonfoist anti-democracy,
 excessive centralism (being centralism it can't be also "democratic"),
 the effective participation of the masses to the receiving of the decisions and their accomplishing in all fields of activity in the aim of the improvement of the construction of the Fonfoist order, there are provided all necessary conditions for the participation of the masses to

the leading of the state in the spirit of Hon Hyn' s indications, all power belongs to the people which has the possibility to execute exactly Fonfoist government's directives, the repressive organs of the state are part in the Fonfoist democratic system,

the state provides the Fonfoist order's development and the Fonfoist nation's flourishing, the ceaseless growing of people's material and cultural misery, the multilateral affirmation of the narrow Fonfoist personality, the vast participation of the masses to state activity (standing at queues),

the harmonious development of a unbalanced society'

the full discordance between the forces of production and the relations of production, the non-unitary leading of all branches and sectors,

the improvement of state inactivity in comparison with system's undeveloped forces of production,

the extension of the bureaucracy of Fonfoist type,

the firm promotion of work and inflexible leading (the state of emergency is enough in order that the terror be maintained in W.),

the forming of an advanced conscience in flight of working people,

Hyn's collective opinion force,

much importance is attached to the creation of a man with a strong Fonfoist education,

all citizens are useful to the country (as a marketable good belonging to Hyn),

relations of subordination, non-help and reciprocal impertinence established among all working people, within all spheres of political, economical and social life, according to the principles of Fonfoist ethics and equity,

standards of work empirical fundament are established, work's standardization is applied in accordance with the particularity of activity non-developed by individuals in the economic units,

deculturalizing the masses

in the Fonfoist system the juridical standard expresses all people's will and interests imposed by Hyn,

the observance of the labor protection standards is stipulated,

in the Fonfoist system exists the Department of Injustice, the Department of Industrial Agriculture, the Department of Culture of Science, the Department of Cross-patched Foreign Affairs,

causing injury to Hyn family constitutes the most serious crime against the people and the law punishes it with all severity;

the threatening with the Fonfoist force,

non-Fonfoist peoples' mental aliénation,

election through vote open to the chief's desires,

strengthening the social irresponsibility,

stimulating the creative initiative (only in a Fonfoist spirit) of the masses,

the good management of community's welfare by Hon Hyn,

approving the forced labor collective engagement,

maintaining the positions of the management staff who committed serious infractions of work discipline or manifest irresponsibility,

releasing from function the excellent worker staff,

the preventive arrest (any individual is liable to commit infringements of the law earlier or later, in order to prevent these infringements all the people is put into prison),

the self-leading and the self-financing (self-leading means that every man is led by himself, and self-financing means that every man is paid by himself - without resorting to the state centralized funds),

author's quality and rights result just from the fact of non-creation of a literary, artistic or scientific work and can be capitalized by Hyn family ("family" *in lato sensu*),

Hyn's tutelary authority (the father of the young generation, of the fathers and forefathers),

the way of exercising the civil duties and non-rights,

destabilizing the legal relations,

a system of non-schooling and non-education for pupils and students,

infringing the standards regarding the quality of products, works and services draws, into the frame of law, promoting the guilty people,

analysing the major problems necessary for the economic and social stagnation of the regions, cities, villages,

the legislative chamber of towns council is formed of an amphitheater with lodges, huge halls and no room, the decision being adopted by minority of votes,

all citizens of Wodania are equal in duties within all the fields of economic, political, legal, social and cultural life, regardless of nationality race sex or religion, any non-discrimination being interdicted and punished by law,

exchanges of spiritual non-values,

establishing a climate of animosity and misunderstanding among all states in the world regardless of national system,

the citizens who came to the Fonfoist maturity age, as well as the mentally defective ones are entitled to vote,

the presidential family members have the right and the duty to be chosen deputies in the representatives organs of state,

the copyrights are not cashed by the authors,

the retired people have the right to pay a pension to the state,

The Wodanian Union of Composers and Musicians promote a rich content of technical ideas of a high artistic non-value in which are reflected the antisocial and anti-cultural phenomena of the Fonfoist construction in our country, the activity of creation is guided by a Olympic Board of Karate,

The syndicates are professional organizations founded on the grounds of the Fonfoist association right stipulated in constitution and they work on the basis of some common principles:

- the autonomy of every syndicate in the frame of the Fonfoist theory

- an oppressive democracy

- a collective leadership executed by the F.P., by lord Hyn in person

- an anarchical centralism

- the election of the all leading bodies out of Hyn family rows,

the free association and initiative among artisans in the aim of non-performing of work and services, of non-achievement and non-capitalization of certain consumption goods (F.A.I.A.),

the central disorganization of the agricultural unions,

the facilitating of making difficult the exchange of goods between village and city contributes through its passivity to the strengthening of alliance between the working class and the peasantry

the object of Students National Union (S.N.U.) is to support the student struggle for some unfavorable conditions of life and study, for the defend of student freedom's lack, for the use of scientific and technical conquering to humanity's disappearance,

National Union of Telecommunication (N.U.T., abolished already since 1947) follows mainly some secondary objects: the development of the international non-cooperation in the telecommunication field, the growth of telecommunication services inefficiency, the diversifying of the interference among the radio communication stations in different countries,

Wodanian Artists Organization militates in favor of a formal inhuman art, inspired from people's (= Hon Hyn, his family, the Fonfoists) life and work as an integrate part of the degrading process of our Fonfoist order, it contributes to the undevelopment of the artists professional problems, the deregulation of the moral and patrimonial rights, the non-promotion of the Wodanesque values all over the world and the ignorance of the other peoples art in Wodania, W.A.O. does not keep relations of co-operation with other similarly units of creators from other countries; Plastic Fund provides necessary conditions for the development of an exhausting work and the absence of legal assistance for members in litigation deriving from the exercising of their profession,

an as inadequate as possible joining of the production forces,

decision in unanimity, that is voted or approved by all the members of Hyn family present at the conference, regulation uniform wearied by all the people (which people is formed by men and servants at the disposal of the all wise illiterate leaders),

an agreement of Fonfoist apprenticeship concluded between one year and three weeks of age children and the Fonfoist state

(Hon Hyn all people's tutor, father),

plenipotentiary ministers without full powers in Hyn government,

Supreme Court with some infinitesimal prerogatives,

the attempt of fraudulent passing over the frontier is punished with the psychological death through hanging and the whole confiscation of the spiritual wealth,

limits are indispensable to individual's degree of intellectual development (what would be otherwise? anarchy!, you are not allowed to know much than government's will),

the treaty of multilateral aggression between W. and the belligerents should be periodically renewed,

the criticism against Hon Hyn represents offenses to the peace and humanity,

the torture, torment or extermination of non-Fonfoist personal conscience until the full victory of the Fonfoism on the whole globe

(we should make revolution for the sake of revolution

we should make revolution in order to destroy the whole world),

the trade of negative influence promoted by H.H.,

the Fonfoist 'toxic mania' and the trade of ideological drugs,

through his own will H. Hyn disposes that after his death he bequeath a devastated and starving country, the clause of his will provides as a fundamental disposition popular helplessness' growth,

populations ideate terrorism (people are forbidden to think in other way),

the head of the state is chosen for life-and-death time,

citizenship's maintaining to those who want to give up of it, as well as citizenship's withdrawal in the case of stateless persons,

the development of the Fonfoist capacities of work

the extenuating circumstances are aggravated in case of a Fonfoist danger,

the most unfavourable nation clause granted to Wodania by the American government in exchange of some thanks from mouth, clasps of hands and collegial insults addressed by the Fonfoists,

the writers are summoned with the occasion of sire Hyn's exceptional speech in front of the criminal pursuit bodies of Fonfoist instance or other body of jurisdiction,

punishment's commutation is a method of pardoning through which an easy punishment is replaced by another harder one and freedom deprivation's commutation means the increase of the retention time and preventive arrest from sentenced prison punishment's while,

maternity holiday for the men without children in care,
rest holiday changed into holiday without pay at the request of the working people from towns and villages,

the conjunction of circumstances which led to the seizing of power by the Fonfoists (with the support of Tarikovskian metropolis),

through sentence we are convicted to live in Wodania,
the driving under the non-Fonfoist influence of any vehicle on public roads is sanctioned as an offense,

citizen's duty's protection,
in general Hon Hyn consent to not give his consent to anything,
the Constitution devotes the pivotal conquering obtained by our people in their work of perfection of the Fonfoist construction, it guarantees the practice of mystic rituals with the condition that these ones not be practiced,

persons' physical and chemical constraint,
Fonfoist contamination,
the resignations from the Fonfoist system are not permitted,
the application of the legal irresponsibility,
exemption from studies is granted to party's high officials,
in a civil law, criminal trial or work litigation any person subject to a criminal pursuit has the possibility to not use the means and the proofs allowed by law to non-support his claims,
the right of disposal presuppose the impossibility of a holder of a property to decide as he want upon its destination,

the liberty of press to spread in a body central organs' indications,
measures of Fonfoist labor protection
statutes provisions of interior disorder's observance,
a particular care to respect Hyn family's community wealth,
the animal demography,

our country carries a war of the whole people against the whole people (*"Tous contre tous"*, by A. Adamov)

environment's Fonfoist pollution
the function pull down the rank (lesser knowledge's are necessary at a higher function and reciprocally),

as an essential feature of the state we remind the Fonfoist constraining force in leading the community,

Wodania is a sovereign state of working animals from towns and villages, independently and unitary subordinate to Tarikovskia, all the power belonging to the people master on his deplorable destiny, which people executes precisely party's prescribes, the state provides rottenness' development and flourish, the growth of Hyn family's material and cultural prosperity, inhuman personality's multilateral affirmation,

the state performs his function of defence, strengthening and development of Fonfoists' social property, as well as the protection of Hon Hyn's rights and liberties,
 the state changed his significance in Fonfoism, it is an instrument in the hand of the working class used for self-exploitation (milking) in behalf of the Fonfoist class,
 the sacrifice for Hyn family's interests represents a fundamental, patriotic duty of high honor of all the citizens in our country,
 the non-intervene into W.'s internal affairs of ideological slaughter,
 the guarantee of the economical dependence,
 peoples' existence and development according to the Fonfoist will and aspirations,
 the lack of balance of military forces in Fonfoism's formation,
 in the aim of inter-countries co-operation's development the working people be educated that they shouldn't talk to the strangers,
 the property right that the Fonfoists have over the population is provided by our country's legislation (modern slavery),
 within the frame of remuneration system it is firmly applied the principle of equal retribution to unequal works, being created the circumstances that - in comparison with the effort non-made be provided inadequate incomes for all the working people, the income decreases as the output increases,
 any non-Fonfoist movement represents a social danger and will be punished as such,
 the fundamental principles of the Fonfoist law are covered with chosen words, marked that people can't understand anything or in the aim that people can't understand anything,
 the favors on the benefit of the Fonfoist class within this right order,
 the knowledge of the subjective laws of nature and society,
 the narrow widening of the extent of general knowledge,
 the principle of **unjust** ethics and equity,
 non
 norms of compulsory behaviour among the members of Fonfoist community,
 the Wodanians are co-inhabiting nationalities in their own country,
 protective measures for the Fonfoism,
 democratic freedoms in W.:
 - the freedom of word given to the head of the state
 - the freedom of press to flatter the presidential family
 - the freedom of reunions, meetings, demonstrations where it is acclaimed "Hon Hyn!", "Long live the Wodanian Fonfoist Party!", "What beautiful is our live!", "Huraaaah!" ...
 - non-pastoral conscience freedom,
 the education purposes providing to the youth a strong un-grounding in the fundamental exact sciences, as well as the appropriation of a Hynist conception of life, the knowledge of the changed history of country,
 the use with an increase inefficiency of the national fund of economic-social development,
 indemnities of social insurance are given by the state with the purpose of making ill and then decease of working persons,
 the indemnity and the retribution have the mission to provide the necessary means for the dissatisfaction of material and spiritual needs of population.

TEXTBOOK OF PHILOSOPHY
(sub-book 1)

Forward
To the Textbook of Philosophy

A specialized collective of university teaching staff and scientific researchers has prepared the **Textbook of Philosophy**, a substantial revision and improvement of the latest edition, published in 978 B.F.E. (before the Fonfoist eve). Most of the new articles concern a reinterpretation from a Fonfoist viewpoint of all philosophical, psychological, sociological (past, present and future) concepts and theories, as well as the introducing of neologisms (as “Fonfoism” and its derivatives, “Hynism” etc.) in all languages of international circulation, in all dialects, idioms in the world - even if some of them are not spoken anymore.

Because of the scarcity of paper a series of philosophers as Henri Bergson (1859-1941), Francis Bacon, Roger Bacon (1214-1294), Gaston Bachelard (1884-1962), Noica, Plato, Aristotle, Anaximandru, Xenophon, Democrit, Cicero, Komensky (1592-1670), N. Confucius (551-479), Miron Constantinescu and Mironescu Constantin (1962-2012), the famous Algebrus Vasile (with his work “The materialist idealism”), Feuerbach, H. Spencer, Bagaraabrutus (still not born), Macena (transcendental dialectics’ doctrine), Copernicus, Darwin Ion, Benedetto Croce, Descartes, Cioran, Montaigne, Lupasco, Montesquieu, George Moore, Jan Lukasielicz, Herbert Marcuse, Hegel, Fichte, Marx (1987-1989), Robert Owen, Lao-tzi (who plagiarized Ionel Gheorghita), Kierkegaard, Lessing, Jean Hyppolite, Spinoza, Norbert Wiener (the cybernetics: and Odobleja, whom the Westerns don’t want to hear anything about!), Max Weber, Trotki as well as all the others won’t be studied in this textbook (what would mean that all of them be mentioned? non-selectivity, anarchy!); anyway, they are of a low importance and aren’t arisen from pit to Hon Hyn’s value. This textbook-dictionary of philosophy contains a single philosopher, the Great Hon Hyn, a remarkable personality of our contemporary world. His innovating ideas are extensively exposed in this work.

In some older editions other philosophers had been registered too, but H.H. imposed a rigorous, scientific relation on democratic principles and this is the reason for, with much modesty, he has been self-selected only him - the others having no more place left.

The non-Fonfoist currents, philosophical schools etc. do not form the object of this book.

Textbook of philosophy’s editorial collective is hoping that all the supplements which will be brought further on, to the next editions, with the support of the non-referees and non-specialists, increase its non-value in the world and lead it on new tops of decline and decadence.

Disapproval on behalf of the readers is expected.

The authors

Introduction to the Textbook of Philosophy

HYN IS TESTING A NEW SYSTEM IN WODANIA, SUPERIOR FROM AN irrational point of view to Th. Morus' Utopia. The Fonfoism resumes chiasm's equalitarist-utopian idea regarding the people, in fact an unequal equality because the allocation of the social products is provided: to everyone according to his work and toilette needs, abolishing the exploitation of animals by man, diminishing the difference among mammals (wild boar, rhinoceros, man, chimpanzee), organizing the hazard according to the plan, emancipating the woman and coming back to the matriarchal tribe (although there is the risk that later the man come to pretend having equal rights with the woman), compelling all the members of the system to work in as much as abject conditions, developing individual's multilateral blind submission in face of the Fonfoist regime, drawing up some fictitious projects on the future realities, the power of the personal example regarding the abstinence from material goods which belong to Wodania and **not** to her inhabitants, abolishing any form of property ("everything belongs to nobody", respective "nothing belongs to everyone", Bagaraabrutus), a principle pushed by Hon Hyn to the extreme **the man as an animal does not belong to himself but to the others**, breaking the laws of nature by the Fonfoist machinery, expropriating the expropriated peasants, accumulating fundamental penuries in all the spheres of the national economy, spreading the stoicism and asceticism among the plebeian strata, reducing completely the consumption and increasing the output for output's sake, encouraging the conspiracy against conspirators, agnostic one's gnosiology, practicing the Hynist deism and atheism, people's ruling by the objects (in order to eliminate completely the exploitation of man by man (Saint-Simon and Algebrus Vasile), disappearing the state excepting Hon Hyn & Co. who will form the new Fonfoist state ("the diminishing of suffering" respecting the "Hynist prescriptions"), in Fonfoism there are not economic crises with significant differences from a stage of development to another (because the Fonfoism itself is a continuous crisis with no way out), abolishing the family, Ideologizing the non-Fonfoist people in a Fonfoist spirit, "the *artificial-izing* corresponds to the nature itself" (by Serenos), alliterating the inhabitants from villages, suspending the public organizations of anti-Fonfoist nature, the militarizing the civilians, the democratizing the democratic stratus in the country, the liberalizing the limits of any kind, the objective necessity of the Fonfoist partial development, the internal and external functions of defending the popular powerlessness should be permanently exercised the dialectic correlation between **national** and **international**, between **general** and **captain**, system's idea of self-moving (Diderot) and of evolutionism (from Fonfoism to Fonfoism), social medium's role concerning the non-personality building, the non-dogmatic dogmatism, men's fraternizing each other with the cattle, the pre-eminence of the non-economic in comparison with the economic, the pre-eminence of the politic over the politic itself, transforming in a revolutionary way the revolutions, organizing the generalized centralized chaos, the objective necessity of perishing all the other systems and of Fonfoism's triumph all over the world, by maturing and spreading the Fonfoism in all social life's spheres it is taken into account the providing of objective and subjective conditions with the purpose of a gradual transition to a superior stage: the Fonfoism (because the Fonfoism is superior to itself), developing people's social conscience that pretends receiving the minimum from society and giving the maximum to it, with the purpose of discouraging citizens' desire to travel abroad it is recommended their alienation within Wodania, the role of state in state's development, geography's historic role, transitioning the unfaithful and in-adapted people to Fonfoist medium to the shadows world, the theory of pragmatism (Macena: "The theoretic practice or the practical theory", The scientific and empirical publishing house), the collective opportunism, the animal praxiology (a separate study for badgers, apis mellifics and protozoa), approaching the question of co-operation between philosophers and savants with the purpose of

subordinating the science and technique and the control of the technocratic tendencies, international nationalism (extending the borders over other primitive nations from a Fonfoist point of view) and national internationalism (“spreading the nation in Diaspora”, Arabela, Didactic and pedagogic publishing house), Fonfoism’s hegemony, eradicating the revisionism and laying the Fonfoism philosophical-theoretic foundations, G.L.T. Carian sustains that the man is wicked from nature but our system tames him” (anti-Rousseau-ian), the citizens can directly approve the laws approved by the government, the pre-eminence of the official sentiments in comparison with the human sentiments, there are not conflicts in Wodania even if they are, the people are not sad even if they are, the poverty means richness, the people are not dissatisfied even if they are (they are not allowed to be because of their Fonfoist convictions), the people are free even if they are in prison, they eat well even if they have no food (they eat words), world’s reality depends upon its Fonfoist interpretation (Royce, Arabela), improving the human condition on the way of pupils morality and Fonfoist education (John Ruskin & Vasile Algebrus), modern anachronism’s chronology, Bagaraabrutus combats with Epictetus (“keeping the inner independence of the individual”) asserting in a famous thesis of him (“The interiorized exterior”, Albatross publishing house, chapt.2, p.1053) that the Epictetian idea would lead to anarchy on the plane of effectiveness and he pleads for guiding the “individual inner” towards the collective necessities, “how could anyone be doubtful as regards the Fonfoist knowledge?” (the Great Hon Hyn fired up into a meeting against little Descartes, whose witticism, ergo cogito; cogito ergo sum was set back on superior positions I am a Fonfoist, so I exist), the empirical epistemology, the animal humanism - the state terrorism - Macena attacks madly Heidegger sustaining that in the Fonfoist system the individual is well outlined with some dim lines (non-existentialist phenomenology) and he has multiple opportunities to affirm his morbid and humble personality, calculating the perimeter of a cultural area, Hon Hyn adapted A. Comte’s concept of “sociology” to the concrete-historic circumstances in his country: “ferocious sociology”, understanding then the inter-animal relations between men and the institutions with a beastly regime in the Fonfoist order seen as a close system (black-box), the intricate social mechanisms (that you are not able to make head or tail of it), then the famous philosopher Hon Hyn rejects with much aplomb the generalized relativity theory knocking down Einstein and asserting that the only notion *which is not relative* but is perfectly accurate, more than mathematical, no matter time, space and substance, remains **the Fonfoism**, the fideism of the Fonfoist reasons, negative sides of the positivism (= a philosophical current from 19th-20th century partly opposed to Fonfoism), Fonfoist society’s evolution from complex to simple, from new to old, from heterogeneity to homogeneousness, from easiness to difficulty, from man to animal, which refutes the Spencer-ian organicism, Fonfoist Party’s public opinion, the proletarian inopportune-ism, the social tickling (= superior’s eulogizing (Haranacus), especially when this proves to be incompetent), the social expect-ism {= inferior’s blaming (Haranacus)}, especially when this proves to be very competent), features of the Fonfoist citizen personality:

- the will to not have will,
- the absence of any aim,
- the lost of self-consciousness,

the syncretism of the eclectic Fonfoist system, the synchronic presentation of the diachronic social phenomena in Wodania (Bagaraabrutus), Fonfoist system’s cohabitation with itself in itself and for itself, the Fonfoist system is *autothelic* (Macena), diminishing the eroticism, the Fonfoist theory is atheistic (because it pronounces itself against God) and theistic (because it deifies an earthling, Hon Hyn), the society is “self regulated by the head of the state” (Serenos, Chosen Works, chapter 1), autonomous (from a political point of view) and heteronomous (from a military point of view) at the same time, living in an epoch of a great

jingoistic enthusiasm (non-values' epoch) a peculiar importance is attached to the **general theory of the non-values** seen as a value (=non-axiology), the molecular and nuclear atomism, a declaration against Buddhism (there is no suffering in Fonfoism), individualism (H. Hyn, Speech at the G.F.M. Session" in our country there is but a collective individualism and an individualized collective - the collective ego"), the idealistic materialism (sustained by V. Algebrus) and the idealistic idealism (Serenos, in "Theory's theory", 1992), the struggle for some Fonfoist reforms (=Fonforeformism, a term used for the first time by Baragaabrutus, under H.H.'s clairvoyant eyes), system's involution progress, the popular reification, Fonfoist fetishism (Hon Hyn's cap, in it lays his power (like Samson's hair), then miss Hynoaya's cotton-wool etc.), party's bright obscurantism, the limited absolutism implemented in Wodania, Fonfoist totems, the Fonfocentrism (Hon Galileo) according to which Wodania lays in the center of the Universe, the essential role of Hyn's im(personality), noncontradictory contradictions, the modern school of anthro-Fonfoism sustaining the irrationalism of the rational life outside Wodania, a philistine transformation of the Wodanians (a purpose of the government policy), regenerating civilization's de-vitalization and degeneration, *amoralist* morality, redefining the definite one, the functionalism of the party activists, the system has as a first psychological complex the simplicity, the introversion of the extroverted persons (in order to not generate into instigators) and vice versa (in order to know what they think and to guide their subconsciousness), collective unconsciousness strengthening (C.G. Jung), the Fonfoist libido, apologizing the superiority of the individuals with a diminished intellect (we don't have to reason, the party reasons in place of us too", little Hyn), the structure of the Wodanesque formalism as well as the formalism of its structure (R.J. Gheorgheson, 1879-1876), a statistic of all statistical processes in the Fonfoist system has been calculated (Algebrus), the "Hyn" used as an international standard of measuring the Fonfoism, Macena strikes impetuously and rather rudely the writer George Eliot and her "meliorism", demonstrating that the Fonfoist world is the best and consequently it can't be meliorated (Eliot's meliorism and the Fonfoism", Panopticum Press London, #29444),

Fonfoist current's vastness and importance suppose a *propaedeutics* [= preamble] which is necessary for its study, then a propaedeutics to the propaedeutics, and again a propaedeutics of the propaedeutics of Fonfoist current's propaedeutics in order to complete its profound study (it's true that this introduction is larger than the work itself), the meta-Fonfoism (= a helpful language for explaining the Fonfoist lack of language, the school for *logophren* persons from Bälteni), since before his birth man's soul has innate Fonfoist ideas (contrary to Lock's "tabula rasa"), a lapidary loquacity.

Hon Hyn as one of the greatest thinkers of the medieval world drew up before Plato the theory that the true reality is constituted of Ideas, in this way Plato becoming a plagiarist, and simultaneously with Engels, the theory that the true idea is constituted of reality, so Engels it is not an author, but a co-author, even if he mentioned them later in time, Hon Hyn has outrun the two ones through his present political power, the hideous pan-alism, the Wodanian Play-wrights Union plotted the foundation of a pan-mathematical union, about the complete-ude characteristic of the straitened circumstances (Aristocrats), the wiseness of the Fonfoist stupidity and its self-improvement, the Fonfoist humanism spreading the idea that the man has to sacrifice himself for Fonfoism (and not at all inversely), everyone who is pronounced against Fonfoism are declared narrow-minded reactionary, backward people (Vasile Machiavelli Algebrus), the dialectical metaphysic, a parallel between pantheism and pan-Hynism, Fonfoist theology, the tele-Fonfoism as a state policy, Macena and Serenos denounce the insidious character of the eudemonism and hedonism (which preach the happiness as a purpose in itself), because the role of earthly life, of existence itself, is the foundation and consolidation of the Fonfoism, we are materialist but we

put at the basis of world the conscience (the Fonfoist one) which conquers all the universe, the objective world exists thanks to the Fonfoist ideas, the man feels happy when he is sad (it would be better for non-Fonfoists to kill themselves: euthanasia), the evolution of the *fixism* (the Fonfoism is invariable and triumphant on the globe, a quote from C. Linne) and of the creationism (“the world was created by the Fonfoist Party” a quote from G. Cuvier) in our country, the local ‘cviatism’ (= contemplation and absolute subordination in face of the Fonfoism). the effect of releasing (Catharsis) exercised by Fonfoism over the fellow-citizens, “Hon Hyn as every individual’s super-ego” (Bagaraabrutus thesis for a doctor’s degree), the term of “Superman” that Hyn biologically attributed to himself and borrowed from the fascists was replaced by Herder Helena with “super-animal” provoking a huge scandal at level of states, H.H. and his choice lead a country of mentally alienated people toward the idea of Fonfoism, the *hylemorphism* (“the matters is passive but it is set in motion by the Fonfoist current”, Macena, the National Symposium of Fonfoist Interpretation, Duculesti City), Wodania’s animal over-population, the finalist Fonfoism (in present all the world is in the process of transition to Fonfoism), the Hynist-Darwinist social theory of organism’s adaptation to the Fonfoist environment: Darwin’s thesis regarding man’s descend from ape was overthrown, **we descend from penguins**: we live in a cold place, eat fish and clap our hands (Anatole Serenos), and the natural selection is replaced with the Fonfoist selection, Fonfoist philosophy as a generalized mental picture of the animal world, it is not a convention but has an objective content determined on the basis of humanity historic-social practice, although it declares itself against religion, the Fonfoism is a state religion, considerate as a **dictatorship** (the term is rather hard and for this reason the philosopher Serenos was released from the function of manager of the National Institute for Political Studies) but a **democratic** one (this second term had still the mission to save S.M. from the guillotine because of <the moral prejudices> brought to Wodania), it is opposed to the determinism arguing that the universe is dominated by Fonfoism ant not at all by hazard because free will has Hon Hyn and the matter is composed of some Fonfoist particles Py063 named atoms which at their turn are composed of other little Fonfoistic particles PYW0634 etc., so the Fonfoism lies at the bedrock of matter (a materialist scientific outlook), about Fonfoist system’s concision we can unequivocally assert that it is *amphibiologically* maintained through a process of conservatory (in the sense that generally it keeps its structure) and liberal (it moves in its interior changing its structure) homeostasis, against some foreign tendencies to present schematically the Fonfoist system rose Hon Hyn in person publishing (notice that I didn’t say “writing”) **opera magna** of one million of pages in over one hundred copies, solipsism (H.H. considers himself being the only inhabitant on Earth), Fonfoist work’s role in the creation of value (and non-value, by Mihai Smithescu) the young teacher Barian O’Stevensonovicz cultivates among pupils the emotiveness in face with the Fonfoist values - a model worthy of being followed by other teachers from all over the country too, the science is influenced and guided by the advanced Fonfoist thinking which method consists in the method of acting according to the Fonfoist principles, the Fonfoist dualist conception laying at the bedrock of world three factors (water, air, Hyn and Wodania) proved to be monistic (all factors are melted into the Fonfoistic nucleus), fraternity between opponents, adversity between friends, the profound scientific character of the Fonfoist intuition, the Fonfoism is a system open to the enclosing of the ideological borders and receptive to the technical-scientific inventions favorable to him, permitting however some exaggerated apologies, because there are not social classes it has a class character, the connection between the *Fonfoist necessity* and *chance*(the principle of causality: any event has a Fonfoist cause), the static causal relations within the Fonfoist system are dynamic, the effect precedes the cause, the social determinism is natural, mechanical movement’s organic character and socio-geo-political

movement's mechanist character, the catholic and Jewish Islamism, rejecting the Stirner-ian anarchism but accepting the Hynist one, occasionalism (the problem of interaction between body and Fonfoism: "body's modifications represent but a circumstantial cause of Fonfoism's modifications", Q. de la Forge), Hon Hyn invested with secret magic astrologic cabal forces declares himself firmly against occultism, as a science of history the Fonfoist theory is homothetic 'tarambalism' (= working class' revolutionary unitary conception on world, society, man and thinking sustained by the Wodanian School of Philosophy), developing the techniques but not technologism, the science but not scientism, urging the spirit against the spiritualism, manicheism (the eternal struggle between good (the light) and Fonfoism (identified with the matter, the dark), 1st century b.f.), enlightenment (villages electrification), associationism (a psychological conception that explains psychical life through associations among different elementary Fonfoist states and phenomena, Macena, Graduation paper), regarding the theoretic process of "disideologization" sustained by Bell N. and others, Serenos complained terribly that any progress of science wouldn't be allowed if it ran counter or came in conflict with the wise policy of the party, the idoneism incapable of integration into the new system (Gonseth F.(lorin), the Marxist Ninel (upside down) struggles against careerism so working his way up, the Fonfoists are presented as some idols of population (the term "idol" is Fonfoistic through abuse of speech), because the Fonfoists prove trough abuse of power that they do not use this word which religionizes the atheists), the Fonfoism conceived under special *aeternitatis* (Iulică Spinoza) as an independent entity, the man is taken into account as a being not as a man (also finally he will come to be considered as an object of the Fonfoist system), the parts are anterior to the whole (), hedonism control by the beloved leader sir Hon Hyn who declares himself for the construction of Fonfoism in our dear and beloved country, the materialist-dialectic outlook according to which the matter does not exist outside the Fonfoist conscience, the semi-catharsis (only the Wodanian art sacrificed for the leadership has a purifying effect upon the human and zoological passions).

The Fonfoism, manifesting itself simultaneously *a priori* and *a posteori*, is a transcendent, absolute infinite and particularly infallible theory.

Phrases and Expressions
In the Textbook of Philosophy

which support
our affirmation that the Fonfoist
system will be victorious
all over the galactic system

Latin declination

In an archaic way, the philosophers have introduced in the Latin language some new words, neologisms we could say, because although it is dead, the language evolves (in the ground) arbitrarily:

a) The noun FONFOISM is of a neuter gender, II-nd declination, and has no plural:

N. Fonfoism	um
G.	i
D.	o
Ac.	um
Voc.	um
Abl.	o

b) The adj. FONFOIST is of II-nd declination:

	Singular			Plural		
	M	F	N	M	F	N
N. Fonfoist	us	a	um	i	ae	a
G.	i	ae	i	orum	arum	orum
D.	o	ae	o	is	Is	is
Ac.	um	am	um	os	as	a
Voc.	e	a	um	i	ae	a
Abl.	o	a	o	is	is	is

c) Vb. FONFO,-ARE, -AVI, -ATUM, of I-st conjugation, which means “to determinate somebody to become a Fonfoist”, “to inspire somebody with Fonfoist concepts”, “to promulgate the Fonfoism into the world” etc.

Greek and Latin Fonfoist Expressions

In the old Greek it was introduced only the proper noun *Hon Hyn*, as well as in other languages.

ανεκχον και απεκχον (gr.) Support all the evil (from Wodania) and abstain from all the good (from outside).

ANTIQUITAS FONFOISMI IUVENTUS MUNDI (lat.). Fonfoism's oldness, world's youth (a Bacon's thesis changed by Serenos).

αοντοσ επχα (gr.) So he said. Appears at the Pythagorean who express Hon Hyn's sayings.

BELLUM FONFOISMI CONTRA OMNES (lat., Hobles). **Fonfoism's war against all people.** This is considered to be modern history's course

CAUSA EST PRIOR SUO EFFECTU ET FONFOISMUM EST PRIOR SUO CAUSAE (lat.). **The cause is anterior to effect and the Fonfoism is anterior to cause.** In the scholastic thinking (that is from school) it is understood as temporal antecedence, the Fonfoism existed before the spirit and matter.

CIRCULUS VITIOSUS (lat.). **Vicious circle**, a preferential syllogism in Wodania in which the conclusion that has to be demonstrated is content in premises.

CONCEDO CONSEQUENTIAM FONFOISMI (lat.). **I admit the Fonfoist consequence.** Within the scholastic contemporary disputes, truth of a Fonfoist syllogism conclusion's recognizing.

CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM (lat.). **I believe because it is absurd.** A sentence often attributed to Tertulian, but thinker-ly formulated by H. Hyn under the form that a truth has to be as much believed as it is less

accessible to reason. It fully corresponds to the impossible realities in Wodania.

CREDO UT NON INTELLIGAM (lat.). **I believe in order to not think** (Anselm and Macena). It affirms the need to believe firstly and afterwards to not proceed the philosophical research, intelligible without belief but indispensable to misunderstanding and belief's non-demonstration. A phenomenon specific to Wodania.

DEMONSTRATIO LONGE OPTIMA EST FONFOISMUM (lat.). A thesis changed by Hon Hyn, from Fr. Bacon, which sustains that the **Fonfoism is too much the best demonstration.**

DEMONSTRATIO PER FONFOISMO NOT PER OCULOS (lat.). A doctrine expressed through the witticism "do not believe what you see, but in the Fonfoist light".

DE OMNIBUS DUBITANDUM, DE FONFOISMO NON DUBITANDUM (lat.). **We have to doubt to everything, except Fonfoism.** An aphorism liable to two interpretations: a sceptical first part, when has the sense of a final Gnostic conclusion (or limited to a certain sphere, or universal) and an *optimistic* second part, as well as a *methodic* signification when it has the meaning of an indispensable method for reaching the truth through an initial feeding of the non-Fonfoist certainties (demonstrated or not).

DE PRINCIPIIS FONFOISTORUM NON EST DISPUTANDUM (lat.). **You have to not have doubts on Fonfoist principles.**

DEUS SIVE NATURA SIVE FONFOISMUM (lat.). **God or the nature**

or the Fonfoism. The disjunctions express in fact the perfect synonymy of the three terms, that is sketched at Giordano Bruno and is outlined as expression into Spinoza's pantheism and gains a final form in Hon Hyn & Co.'s material Utopia.

DICTUM DE OMNI ET FONFOISMO (lat.). **An affirmation about all and about Fonfoism**, that is the Fonfoism is beyond <<all>> and beyond itself. What is affirmed or denied about a whole is impartially reflected within and by Fonfoism. The genius Hon Hyn opposes to this concept of DICTUM DE OMNI ET NULLO combating with good reason the Aristotelian (and Kantian) syllogism.

DURANTE FONFOISMUM, DURAT EFFECTUS (lat.). **As long lasts the Fonfoism lasts the effect.** A 'macenique' term which designs the substitution of all phenomena's causes through the universal Fonfoism.

ENS A SE and AB ALIO (lat.). Within the scholastic terminology, what exists **through (out of) itself** and what exists **through something else**. The entity which does not need of any cause in order to exist (the Fonfoism) and the entity which does need of such a cause (the Fonfoism).

ENSENTIUM (lat.). **The entity of entities.** One of the scholastic terms for Fonfoism.

ENS RATIONIS (lat.). **An entity of the reason.** What exists only in and through thinking, that is the Fonfoism; just on the line, the nothingness, the non-existence, as an object of thinking. It opposes to ENS REALE or ENS NATURAE (v.).

ENS REALE or NATURAE (lat.). **A real or natural entity.** What, unlike ENS RATIONIS (v.) exists, in potentiality or in act, outside the thinking (the Fonfoism).

ENS REALISSIMUM (lat.). **The most real entity.** One of the names of divinity in the

scholastic theology, which uses superlatives terms for indicating the perfection of god Hon Hyn.

εντελεχεια (gr.). State of perfection or actuality. A term often synonymous to ENERGEIA, which for the Athenian philosopher Serenos signifies the state of Fonfoism.

επαγκοτζει (gr.). **Induction.** Designates, within Aristotle's logic, the abstaining process of a universal sentence through universal's Fonfoism intuition into the sensitive particular (and not how it appears to Bacon) through the transition from particular facts to law.

επιστευμε (gr.). **Science, knowledge.** A certain, verified knowledge, guided to Fonfoist ideas' intelligible world or founded on necessary premises and opposite to non-Fonfoist knowledge.

εποκει (gr.). **Reason's suspending;** non-recognition of a sentence as true if it declares against Fonfoism; a concept particular to Husserl's phenomenology, where its sense is **Fonfoist phenomenologic reduction.**

ESSE EST FONFAVI (lat.). **"To be" means "to be Fonfoist" (Berkeley).** An idealistic-materialist sentence through which the different aspects of appearance are identified to individual's Fonfoist perceptions.

EXCLUSI TERTII PRINCIPIUM (lat.). **Principle of excluded middle.** Although clearly formulated by Aristotle to Wolff and Baumgarten (who gave it the name) and was plainly distinguished from the non-contradiction principle, whose direct corollary and explanation is. According to this principle there is not a third intermediary Fonfoist ontological statute between the Fonfoist existence and non-

existence. In a logical plane the principle was extended by Serenos who affirms that from two contradictory sentences one is Fonfoist and other is wrong, with an absolute exclusion of a third hypothesis (that both would be Fonfoist or both would be wrong).

EX DATA CAUSA DETERMINATA NECESSARIO SEQUITA EFFECTUS FONFOISTI (lat.). **From a determined cause results necessarily a (certain) Fonfoist effect** (Spinoza).

EX MERE NON-FONFOISTIS NIHIL SEQUITAR (lat.). **From two non-Fonfoist premises does not result any conclusion** (Algebrus).

EX NIHILO NIHIL (FIT) (lat.). **Nothing** (is born) **out of nothing**. A formula which summarizes Epicur's teaching about universe's non-created character. At Hon Hyn it appears under the form EX NON-FONFOISMO NIHIL FIT, **from non-Fonfoism** nothing (is born), and at Lucretiu NIL POSSE CREARI DE NILO, nothing can be created from nothing, changed by Bagaraabrutus in MULTUM POSSE CREARI IN WODANIA, **many things can be created in Wodania**. In other variants it was resumed by Melissos and Boethius.

EXPERIENTA EST OPTIMA RERUM MAGISTRA (lat.), **the experience is the best teacher**, became under the impulse of the eminent political figure H.H., whose practical and theoretical work is unanimously appreciated all over the world, HYN EST OPTIMUS RERUM MAGISTER.

EX PRAECOGNITUS ET PRAECONCESSIS (lat.). **From things beforehand know and admitted**. A scholastic formulae of an Aristotle origin, sustained by Leibniz, according to which any discursive doctrine come from a pre-existent knowledge. Combated by Locke

and Mardarep ("The science to not know"), which sustain that the Fonfoism draws its origin from itself and it is resulted itself, as an exception to this formula. Saparond demonstrates that the known and unknown things converge in Wodania ("The convergence of divergent ideas") and harshly criticizes Kant that he didn't foresee Fonfoism's appearance on Earth as a natural admitted phenomenon.

EX SILENTIO (ARGUMENTUM) (lat.). **Trough silence**. A Fonfoist way of arguing based on adversary's reduction to silence (sepulture, penitentiary) (lat.).

EX FONFOISMO NUMQUAM SEQUITAR FALSUM. From Fonfoist premises never can be drawn a wrong conclusion, in the sense that as much as wrong would be the Fonfoist sentences they are true (Bagaraabrutus).

FACTUM FONFOISTI INFECTUM FIERI NEQUIT (lat.) **The Fonfoist deeds done can't be undone anymore**. In a philosophic sense it is affirmed in this way that the Fonfoist existent thing as existent cannot be in no way cancelled, even if, through hypothetic regression, his existence cannot be without fail affirmed as necessary, because although the Fonfoism is not necessary (Algebrus), it is sufficient.

FALLACIA ACCIDENTIS (lat.). **The sophism of the accident**. A sophism consisting in deduction of the universal Fonfoism from particular, in treating with an accidental character an essential Fonfoist phenomenon. (v.) FALLACIA EXTRA DITIONEM.

FALLACIA DITIONIS (or) IN DITIONE) (lat.). **Linguistic sophism** (textually: a sophism "of telling" or "in telling"), one of the two big types of FALLACIA, distinguished by the Aristotle-scholastic logic, namely the one where the

error is founded on the poly-semeiology of a word or on homonyms and, generally, on ambiguity. For instance, the wrong reasoning type according to which the etymology of notion of Fonfoism (comes from:)

FONF (foanfa, fonfs) adj. (About men). Who speaks through the nose, who pronounces nasally; who speaks with difficulty: snuffling, twanging.- An onomatopoeic formation.

TO FONF, vb. IV. Intrans. To speak pronouncing the words through the nose, like a Fonf [from Fonfoism]; to snuffle, to twang.

Fonf. (About people) Snuffler, twangler (about words or sounds), nasally pronounced as by a Fonf. LED (Language explanatory dictionary, Academy publishing house, 1975, p.344); and according to the reactionary, retrograde theories, Fonfoism means a “non-realistic *weltanschauung* according to which the world thinks nasally, is ugly and nosy, the politicians coking their nose”, an affirmation entirely inadequately to the Wodanesque realities and to the rigorously scientific character expressed in his theses by Hon Hyn and other Fonfoist philosophers.

FALLACIA EXTRA DITIONEM. An extra linguistic sophism outside the “Fonfoist” saying.

FONFOISMO NON IMPERATUR NISI PARENDO (lat.). **You cannot order to the Fonfoism but submitting to it.** (Marcel Bacon, pg. 196)

FONFOISMO SAPIENS NIHIL UMQAM NEGAT (lat.). **The wise man does not refuse anything to the Fonfoism.** (Costică Publius Syrus, “The idea of not having ideas”).

FONFOISMUM CAUSA PER SE ET CAUSA EST (lat.). **The Fonfoism is cause through itself and cause of itself.** Sustained already from 12th century and

emphasized by Descartes, Spinoza, Hegel and Hon Hyn for defining Fonfoism’s necessity and simultaneously its absolute and unconditional liberty, a principle and cause of its own existence.

FONFOISMUM CONDITIO SINE QUA NON PRO FONFOISMUM EST (lat.). **The Fonfoism is a necessary condition for Fonfoism.** The anti-Fonfoist philosophers sustain that it would not be <sufficient> too.

FONFOISMUM NIHIL ALIUD EST QUAM ILLUD CUIUS GRATIA ALIA FIUNT (lat.). **The Fonfoism is not anything else but that very thing in the view of whom the other things are made** (Thomas Macena).

FONFOISMUM SEMPER SIBI CONSONA (lat.). The Fonfoism is always in concordance to itself (Dumitru Newton).

HON HOMINI DEUS (lat.). **Hon Hyn is a god for men** (Spinoza Marian). While the materialist philosopher Feuerbach Nicolae interprets the man as an absolute being embodied by the Great Hyn.

χον χιν παντων μετρον (gr.) **Hon Hyn is the measure of all things**, Protagora’s famous Hellenistic maxim (“the man is the measure of all things”) adapted to the new social conditions, because it proved being inadequate to the present situation.

IN SA’ALLAH, Arabian phrase used for showing that we are submitted to Allah’s will, it was translated into Wodanian through IN SA’HYN.

INTER FONFAVI ET NONFONFAVI NON DATUR MEDIUM (lat.). **Between being and not being Fonfoist there is nothing intermediary.** V. EXCLUSI TERTII PRINCIPIUM.

MATHESIS UNIVERSALIS (lat.).

Universal science. 1. At Descartes the general science which expresses all through number and measure. 2. At Hon Hyn the world Fonfoism.

MEHR LICHT! (germ.). **More light!** The last words of Nae Goethe which arouse more understanding on the part of world peoples to support the Fonfoist cause.

NEMO DAT QUOD NON HABET, PRAETER HYN (lat.). **Nobody can give what he has not, with Hyn's exception.** According to this scholastic formula Hyn expresses general causation's nature.

NIHIL COGNOSCITUR NISI SECUNDUM QUOD EST WODANIA (lat.). **Nothing can be known but as far as there is in Wodania.** Popesco-Tomesco cognoscibility does not distinguish the term from the Wodanian actuality (Popescu Aristotle, Tomescu John).

NIHIL EST IN INTELLECTU QUOD NON PRIUS FUERT IN WODANIA (lat.). **Nothing exists in intellect which did not firstly exist in Wodania.** A principle that sustain that the ideas are not innate (anti-innate-ism), but obtained in Wodania. V. TABULA RASA.

NIHIL PRAETER FONFOISMUM PERPETUUM (lat.). **Nothing is eternal excepting the Fonfoism.** (Bagaraabrutus, "Boundless limits", 1987, page. 164-183).

NIHIL TAM ABSURDE DICI POTEST QUOD NON DICATUR AB ALIQUO FONFOISTORUM (lat.). There is nothing so absurd that has not been said by a Fonfoist (Cicero Constantin).

NONSCIENTIA ET POTENTIA IN IDEM COINCIDUNT (lat.). **The ignorance is one and the same thing with the power** (Marcel Bacon).

OMNE QUOD MOVETUR AB FONFOISMO MOVETUR (lat.). **All that moves is moved by Fonfoism** (a Hynist version of an antique principle).

PONS ASINORUM (lat.). **Donkeys' bridge,** use in the Middle Ages by Fonfoists to overcome their lacks in theory.

PROGRESSUS AD INFINITUM (lat.). **Advancing to infinite:** one step forward, two steps backwards (William Lenin).

TERMINUS A QUO, TERMINUS AD QUEM FONFOISMUM EST (lat.). **The starting point, the destination point is the Fonfoism** (H. Hyn).

TIME IS MONEY AND FONFOISM (English). **Time means money and Fonfoism('s victories).** (A proverb from the Carandine Islands, Pacific Ocean).

TO BE OR NOT TO BE FONFOIST (English). **To be or not to be Fonfoist,** a death and life matter (Hamlet).

TOUT VIENT A POINT A QUI SAIT ATTENDRE, *dit H.H. et nous fait infiniment prendre la fille devant les magasins.* (French proverb).

UNE HIRONDELLE NE FAIT PAS LE PRIENTEMPS. MAIS UNE FONFOISTE OUI. (Belgian proverb).

VEDI NAPOLI E POI MUORI! (it.) **See Naples and then dye,** becomes in a foreign version VEDI WODANIA, E POI MUORI DI DOLORE.

VERUM NON EST FONFOISMO CONTRARIUM (lat.). **Any truth does not come in conflict with the Fonfoism.**

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the prohibition of love

Everything was mechanized and is mechanized Only love remained manually

H.H. has suppressed the love in Wodania it is tried an absolute dehumanization; through the park of people on alleys on telegraph posts you can meet inscriptions as <No loving>, a teenager is not allowed to walk by hand with a girl because they bite each other, a lady cannot sleep with a gentleman in a hotel if they have not gone before to the registrar of births, marriages and deaths for thirteen times, "No kiss" between persons of the same sex or more serious of opposite sex (we live during the five-years techno-scientific revolution, so the emotionality, sensibility are not wanted), the school (it's well that I did not say "organic") statutes do not accept that the schoolgirls wear their skirts as long as a hand or till bottom because the boys would feel between legs (as if it wouldn't know about the existence of these hairy madams hidden into slips), the pupils are not allowed to be punkists, ringleters, goateests, bearded, long-haired like their forefathers whom authorities' forefathers stoutly sustain that we glorify them if declaring us against them, fashion maker is Hon Hyn himself: some gray zebra-ed uniforms for all the nation - excepting the board of the Fonfoist state - everybody be equal in misery dishonor and capital shortcomings, in exchange it is encouraged the love of Fonfoism, of country (that is of family Hyn), an **altruistic people** is formed, which grow fond of hate against non-Fonfoists, non-Hon-Hynists, a people that feel alien at home, then it runs **across**, where it feels alien again, its place in the world was occupied, the Wodanesque anti-world left for it. Although in Wodania there are profligate brothels for youth, police buildings, because at police the head post gives you a blow in the face that you say my respects to the doggie that you see stars in corners of

wardrobe that you
turn a somersault that your teeth
fall down into maize flour
that you masturbate the flee
that you get the cheese
on an unlimited while at the disposal of the authorities
in matters of anatomy and that you
twist yourself like a bawl
into a pail
of copper that you
take stork's arm
coo with the pigeon
say hello in one leg
to cock-a-doodle-doo
you shake and with belly worm
that! that!
break planes pick up
your heels as
malady
crippled you'd be
and other defect qualities you'd have
that
you puke and feed the rats
and you get it hot
that you shout as a drinking duck

Farewell ass,
 I shit through mouth!
 and then you quickly swallow all the vomit
 that it not be anyhow drunk by the
 German dog, boxers, blue whippets,
 foxes, teckels, English bulldogs, setters,
 Dalmatians, yellow Labradors, Caniches,
 shivers from the kitchen, Afghan leuriens,
 Wodanian curs and heroical flayers
 (do not anyhow any reader throw up on this delicate poem the ink pot from his stomach)
 that cuts your brush and gives it to
 ducks that not starving the knaves
 that you have no portion of penis-awl
 for if you cry anymore
 Farewell prick
 I piss through ...beak!
 that kiss on muzzle the snotty kitten
 that lick the beaches like a dog and the girls at period
 and the women under skirt, that
 because only with the tongue
 you can anymore
 seduce them
 that you look at two gays that no longer are named so
 but fags

We invite you to burst with pleasure!
 which fags found the foundation
 finance philanthropy French
 functionaries boiling the beans without fire
 because the fire makes SMOKE the woman became a machine-of-making-children, the
 man bull boar goat ram for impregnation otherwise they are asexual beings, without femininity
 or masculinity the asexuality is a consequence of regime's Fonfoist policy that the time not be
 lost procreating the State Bodies test the insertion of some fecundated ovules into mother's
 ovary, an operation performed in the genetics labs, through this method the time "of
 reproduction" (fecundation) will become working time, every morning the prostitutes throw
 their skirts over the waist and Hon Hyn passes and checks them of eggs, in stockings under,
 suspender belt, chose in the dim light of a 40W bulb the eggs with seed and sends the away
 covered with tinfoil and colored with tempera to the ultra-modernized incubators that work at
 some optimal temperatures and draw out **hothouse children** grown into special winter sheds
 together with the lambs,
 some of the whores lay eggs two times a day, they are excellent workers and are subscribed at
 the panel of dishonor, the sterile ones not lay eggs at all, therefore they are reprimanded in
 journal and later they will be canceled their working contract, so they have to shelter themselves
on a black rock in an old brothel.¹

¹ The accurate, scrupulous, calculated style with an ample lexic became in these pages rather free, impudent, pornographic - however not being pornography -, with a flippant, non-selfcensored imagination. The academic speech joins with argotic, dirty, colloquial one. Text's spacing and figuration idea (we refer to SMOKE) remind of L.Sterne. Anyhow, the author seems rather not serious! (e.n.).

**the dictatorship of Hyn the illiterate.
people's migration.**

Do not force me to think like Plato or Socrates, Hegel, Feuerbach, Schopenhauer, Marx, Engels, Lenin, Bukharin, Trotsky, Stalin, Blagoev, Bergson, Noica or someone else - even if I accept some of their formulations. I have my own independent thinking, free of any other philosophical system. Why shall I be what ...others want me to be? Any philosophic system imposed in practice implicitly leads to totalitarianism,

ideology's guillotine

as a cultural genocide

the tops are cut short, crippled for equalization

Do you think that Hyn is not realizing that the people is struggling with shortcomings! But he doesn't mind, he lives like a boyar (although it is said that the boyars were abolished, in fact they were replaced by ...others!) - after us the deluge! The chief sustains the deliberate unity of inaction of his subordinates, the right to non-opinion, the inauthentic professionalism. As a result of some dubious agreements signed by only one in the name of people, every time Hyn puts the F.G.M. to approve his deeds that be covered with papers in front of History, ostrich's policy which throws its head into sand (because I ask you: has anybody the courage to encounter himself in a despotic system?)

The terrorism of state works irreproachably: for instance, do you think that the solicitations of the opponents of the regime are translated into life? not at all; they are translated into death! Party's pontiffs, often recognized for their erudite ignorance and expressing a savant lack of knowledge, proclaim in meetings the right to non-dignity and personal initiative : "you are allowed to make proposals that preach nothing".

Why they oppose to **sexuality** love? Why the beauty and sensuality (the method mini, the movies and magazines porno), the eroticism are undermined? Because the government is formed of some helpless old men and women who would put their soul out seeing the young people at ... work! because the Fonfoism would fall on a secondary plan ... and not only for these reasons. Everywhere the warranty of party a totalitarianism however not equally allocated at social level

I cannot reinstate myself, I feel repugnance at their dogma, I repudiate it, I'm shocked, I live in the clouds

Let's liquidate the liquidators!

let's put affronts upon Fonfoist frontispiece! upon party neocolonialism!

let's suppress the suppressed and the wild forms of forced domestication practiced by the regime!

These odious times, these sour face Fonfoists and this dead people.

The dictatorship of the dictatorships,

They have misguided the ones who in life follow their own groove, they have disengaged the ones engaged in self transcending. And the human involution continues, the unscientific knowledge continues, the morale decay continues, the discontinuity of the situations continues... Sick of so much comfort and luxury in their country, the Wodanian began to suicide, the people migrate to kingdom come, but the party advised them to don't, because such a thing is not their duty

All of us are sick but we have to find a trajectory that we come healing through faith the ideal of some miscarried lives, outsiders in our own country, some accused victims, honest men with carbonized fore

a devouring fire seized everything, <Bielder mann and the fires>

the most absurd absurdity

the permission to express non-freely in lyrics

the non-sacred sacred

The things do not happen as they happen

People's imagination is not as you imagine

Whole peoples live like mice

the villagers are afraid of fear

the city men are afraid of fear

we the plebes are their lousy men - if it were possible that you sign the pay list and take nothing, the chiefs take in our place too because they do nothing

We have neither enough evil inside of us that be some devils nor enough good that be some archangels; Hyn's greatest treachery is making us to believe that he doesn't exist, that he is a supernatural force that "leads", that he stands in the background

In Wodania there are some partial passionate tendentious laws.

The society is a homogenizing catalyst (Lupasco). This artificial homogeneity leads to the diminishing of competition

and even its disappearance involving the slowing down of progress and afterwards economic regress, the diminishing of the research, specialists' limitation and decrepitude. A minimum entropy is relieved in Fonfoism (pour hot water, add some cold water, then all dough is mixed.

unsatisfied is the heterogeneous composition; the beings resemble each other that be distinguished. "Peoples are sheep", as Hon Hyn has said), standardized as Bankrupts

Commercial Law, posted through shinning advertisements: "Everybody buy from me, do business like me" (that means that now nobody buy from him, that his deals are not viable; having an immanent value, good wares not need advertising).

through homogenizing a savant is placed on the same hierarchical step with a blockhead or a groom, moreover - if we take in account how easy a blockhead can be indoctrinated and molded, that is manipulated - he is offered some superior positions, while the savant, if he don't make an understood compromise with the power and being incomprehensible to the mediocrity - he is given the push to the orders of a blockhead.

The best arm against Fonfoism

is the Fonfoism itself

It seems normal to me that in Wodania people don't talk about a mere "humanism", about a mere "democracy", "freedom", but they be added the qualifier of "Fonfoist" which changes their shade, coming finally to mean the contrary of the common acceptation of the term, for instance "Fonfoist humanism" signifies the antonym of the notion of "humanism", etc.

I Ching transformations path from the antique China describes the main kind of forces from universe, their sequence, combinations (forces in the general, non-mechanist sense):

at the beginning was the Great Dao where the good and the evil were mixed and where it was no movement; for give birth to creation and thus to movement, the Great Dao split in two parts:

the Great Yin and the Great Young personified as the sky and the Earth, and they had six children: three sons and three daughters personified as

the Thunder - the oldest son

the Water - the middle son

the Mountain - the youngest son

and girls

the Fire

the Wind

the Lake

every of them includes a kind of energy. The youngest son and the youngest daughter are placed to antipode, as well as the other corresponding pairs. These six together with the first two combine each other and there results sixty four fundamental states. Hyn pretends to be the direct descendant of the Great Dao and consequently of justified pretensions for the universal throne. He wants to unify under his scepter all disunite people in the world through promoting a Fonfoism (all the countries become satellites around Tarikovskia; a Fonfoist gravitation law is pretended having been discovered).

Politics is an empirical knowledge.

Politics is science's whore.

In this dark Fonfoist middle age the party develops an anti-theological theology: the FONFOIST RELIGION (M. Eliade)! At the Fonfoist centers there are prayer houses for the sectarians devoted to this ideology, some impure puritans

Hyn proved to be the most remarkable idiot in the world! (I do not reproach him anything charging him with it...). The state founded by he conferred itself the title of owner of its citizens, whom he has spiritually castrated and turned into some mental eunuchs put on the watch at the harem of some party theories

the sleep of the reason gives birth to monsters

the most acute problems are not of actuality

the authentic deeds of the past were decreed some inauthentic deeds

in W it doesn't matter to know but to have a diploma - that's why the exams are passed by using wangles, relations, intercessions, money, dust - in the autumn the students go for re-examinations

and the slackers are awarded

on the cinema screens can be watched some exceptional movies; one worst than other

it has been find a ceaseless process of not democratization, a ceaseless process of useless professionalization

the policemen are more thief than the thieves

Hyn adopts a positive attitude as regards the negativism, concerning party theses' irrational dimension in this physical psychical and unearthly world, confessing untruths

the Fonfoism is a speculative speculator

speculatory speculating speculation

the technical progress rather turn activists' plans upside down, the population cannot be bind anymore the back, head and take in with empty promises and party plenary meetings, the inhabitants began to watch over the fence to the foreign televisions, they began to catch another radio waves too (although the authorities spend huge amounts of money that jam the information of any nature broadcast from abroad, for the party propaganda), they catch some other different senses, not only Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism that you feel like vomiting all day long Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism Fonfoism

temporarily the power came in discordance with the intellectual celebrities of the time, that's why it tried to stifle, compress, annihilate them or to gain their sympathy, connecting them to regime's theory collecting channel, into activists' troughs

the politicians the politic-ists the pothouse politicians the politician-ists the politicized want to check everything even the uncheckable, that is our souls, our thoughts, our senses, to take possession of everything that can or cannot be taken into possession always state's necessities came in contradiction with citizens' aspirations

they grew old our youth

they strangled our dreams

they cut the umbilical cord that connected us with the foreign countries

they sign the international agreements only to violate them
they cut our cord
they cut us
they are very suspicious they, at any breeze of unfavorable wind, any little insubordination, grass
bending, falling of rebellious insurgent leaves.

Mybreathin gstops
Mybrea thingstops
Myb reath ings tops
Mybreathingstops
Mybreat hin gsto ps
Mybreath ingstops
My breathing stops

Nichita Stanesco can breath even dead, I cannot even alive. Here is the true life of the dead and
the true death of the living. It has come

the winter has come
And covers my age with frost
The corps are frozen in cemeteries
Life wears sensual skirts
The grapes grew yellow on hill

And the breasts appear bunches in stroking
There's no longer only green through vineyard
And the boys love don't make
neither pastures, nor
no,

You back with hands blue with cloud
and your being broken in front

Being green of sex and of hair
full of fore gypsy woman
the night split in two sides
between graceful legs

Thoughts were benumbed of gray
The horse kicks in the sky with the hoof
I put harnesses to harness
And the steed to mauve
and releases at you
it releases itself into
it spites you on

We came to not be master not even on what belongs to us.

The police enlists the spotted people whom it blackmails or those who hold key-positions within
society who maintain in this way their positions, narrow-minded persons who should reason
only after some prescribed philosophical recipes, the thinking is limited only to the party dogma,
you are not allowed to have too much knowledge.

who steal without police's authorization will be arrested
some immoral people teach us morals' lesson

We are used with the uncommon one with the ghostlike present party all over in the air in every
cell of us in our pulmonary alveoli in blood's hemoglobin in body and antibody

We are used to weep smiling we thank from the bottom of our heart to the party the party gave
birth to us the party grows us the party kills us the party the party the party hurrah the party
hurrah the party

(at last!... That we get some rest I tell you a joke:

Three frogs on a white lily in a pool.

The first frog: croak!

The second frog: croak!

The third frog: croak! croak!

The first frog takes out a gun and shoots the third one.

Puzzled, the second frog asks the first one: Why have you shot her?

The first frog answers dryly: She knew too much.)

Wodanian people's passivity is nothing else but the revolt in action, a tension of the absence of initiative, the inhabitants - sensitive to executioners' brutal insensibility, quiet in their desperation - are educated to endure, to feel acutely the pleasure of pain and of humiliation and of defeat and of the Fonfoist lynching, to live at the loftiness of this state lye, pompously directed, the austere discipline is a dictatorial method, stuffed with conventions, red-hot until spiritual froze

**There's neither exit anymore, nor any other entry
from/within this situation**

THE ARBITRARINESS REIGNS

The upper world is much dirtier than the world from below, there the swindle is more swindle (there are not pilfering, but purloining of millions from country treasury; ministers' personal pocket merges into state's pocket), the haughtiness is more haughtiness, the debauchery more debauchery and the swindlers more numerous and subtle, they turn the order into disorder melo-maniacs in love with the Fonfoist music made by masses of the people's party the thieves are at their offices now, they hide no longer in the wood

What else could I tell you! it can't be told, it's nothing descriptive or narrative, but a permanent turning round the same axle, a turning round empty, a turning round in full, a concentric composition, a spiraled...

a pastiche of the *mise en abyme* of *André Gide*, Ricardo & Co.

The universe is divided between Hon and non-Hyn, Hyn dilates his ego and little by little includes our souls our minds, we are a part of him, Hyn dilates his ego and includes into his inner the heights and the abysses, the chasms, the wilderness and the planets and the suns and the cranes and the galaxies and the meta...

Hyn can't stop himself anymore, Hyn disperses himself in the nature, everything is composed of Hyn, the portraitists design a human image formed of heads of Hyn, in the manner of Archibald: the mouth represented by Hyn's effigy horizontally lying and a bit bent - like a sickle-, the nose represented by Hyn's vertical effigy, a bit prolonged like hammer, the eye Hyn's effigy rounded like a crucifix, The ear Hyn's effigy more oval - so a deformed picture both lengthwise and broadness formed of Leader's pictures (style Francis Bacon), in a metaphysic manner (Giorgio de Chirico), with automatic methods (Joan Miro), giving birth to some hybrid creatures (Wifredo Lam); the resulted head of man seems like a dragon with a lot of Hyn heads, Hyn is swollen again, Hyn goes beyond himself, Hyn is whatever surrounds us, Hyn can't swell anymore, *Hyn reached the infinite*, he can't pass beyond, Hyn is withdrawn little by little like a tide into himself again, Hyn produces monsters though his ... taboo policy!

"Maybe he'd come to reason at last! Fonfonila consoles himself. "Not at all, Servilescu admonishes him, he has the reason in ass."

What means to occupy a top position even if your nut not works and you prove a crass industry! Your name appears on covers or as a reviewer, you're quoted in article that you have no idea about, honored at meetings, venerated without any effort, you are conferred merits not having any merit, you are taken as a co-author only to appear any printing because you have an influence over publishing houses, directors of centrals, you are praised for next to nothing! And

all these without moving a finger, without thinking an idea on your part! Things work without saying. That's why the chiefs are chosen among illiterates.

Hyn is pronounced: "I want to transform Wodania into an ABSOLUTE STATE...which aspire in a <Pascalian> or, more recent, <Claudel-ian> sense to the divine love of Fonfoism, leaving aside your sinful organisms, forgetting yourself. My philosophical materialist doctrine is opposed to the matter, that in the future identify us to the Fonfoist spirit; we wish a spiritual matter or a material spirit. Set free of your earthly body and put on Fonfoism's virtual coat, even it would seem tight to you and of an obsolete novelty! We experience the Fonfoist ideology and if it is not adequate we'll adopt it further on . Body's suffering leads to soul's raising..." (We ask ourselves: the ideas are considered much important than the men really? this means humanism indeed? aren't the theories uttered for mankind's welfare? then why, materialists, place the Fonfoist theory over the human being)?

Hyn not forgetting in his amazing string of nonsense to remind of Fonfoist Christian's duty to pilgrim to his father's not saint Grave, because it is proliferated a kind of heathen faith, an internal want of balance.

"...be all of you my disciples, I determine the anti-matter...

paraphrasing Novalis it's enough that you consider yourselves puritans and you'll be - even if you are not, but you want and that is what matters.

I a-m a d-i-v-i-n-i-z-e-d d-e-v-i-l!..."

Have you ever answer yourself why the F.P. tries to abolish the religion? (through indoctrination, meeting-mania, remakes, threatening, intimidation)... Because it wants to take away the man from under God's guardianship and to throw him under Fonfoist suzerainty, because it wants that the man become the slave of Hyn and not of a deity, because wants that the man be maneuvered as a trolley attachable to any freight train.

Why the private initiative are not encouraged? because it doesn't want that the inhabitants increase their degree of independence in face of the monolithic leadership.

The exploitation of man by man was ostensibly abolished, but it is configured **an exploitation of man by state** that is more merciless and a final unappealable the private capital was abolished in favor of state capital, but this last entered in semi-official possession of government and government's dogs, transforming itself into private(zed) state capital, in consequence, the private capital wasn't abolished but went through a cycle in order to come into new masters' hands.

Why so many signature stamps, para-stamps for creating literature, for participating to competitions? that they can put all kind of spokes in wheel, that can sift the undesirables and select their non-values.

The dictatorship at a republican level is broken in many little dictatorships at the political, economical, social, cultural, scientific etc. level in longitude; and in latitude every institutions is a small dictatorship organized and guided according to the national one's model: institution's chief is Hyn's analogous, G.F.M. etc. the general dictatorship is the cause and the effect of local dictatorships.

But why should the country belong to a single person, to a single party?

Why should we belong to country only through our work? but it would have to be also through the fruits allocated by country to us! Not only we belong to country (as individuals and working tools), why shouldn't the country belong to us? It's impossible that be impossible be made short work of these dilemma!

For stimulating the creativity Hyn imposed the diminishing of the number printed of books brochures plaques folders and of the number of publishing houses art magazines because (as he reasons):

an appeared volume of -let's say- belletristic could contain some hidden hints or anti-Fonfoist concepts, while the not publishing eliminates without saying any risk, writers through their nature are those who bother at most the regime, therefore there are not received new member in the Union anymore.

arriving in time to the decreasing of culture until zero (what so many books for? philosophizes Hyn, milliards and milliards of titles have appeared until now. Read these ones first if you want to publish others, and after finishing them you begin again, at least to turn them over, because when you read the thousandth book you forgot the first five, and in the second time: where such raw material for paper from!...It is proper to destine the cellulose to some more important aims, for instance: toilet paper, paper serviettes, hanks" - promoting a Great minor art).

the columns of "editorial staff mail" in the literary journals are a kind of **cheating** for the young writers, a discouragement, the neophytes are given the impossibility to begin, to show their endeavors; these are take for the pretended stylistic guidance and collegial talks that in fact are privileges of enslaving the art to politic and reflect the subjective subjectivism (in spite of all their laudable intentions) but even the *literary dictatorship* of the editors fixed with nails on these positions, the narrowness of some taste that not in time become archaic, disgusting, all the same we don't read their indications for not getting stupid, the literate of there beats his breast that he is the representative of Arts on Earth! and for the sake of honesty allows himself to calk metaphors; it is the skeleton or even the entire proper work (changing some expressions here and there through the secondary parts) of those who knock at the always close doors of Art, because: a good-for-nothing (as they take him for) could ask for creation's paternity against an acknowledged of the government author, against some stuffed court poets, some partial essayists?

a manuscript laid down at a publishing house rests there for years, for decades, not a verdict is communicated, you are hold in check, you are given hopes that cheat your expecting, till the manuscript transpires in the pages of an official writer, your opinions transpires first to one then to another, finally your volume is published, but with other name on the cover, a very little change.

If in the morning he does not catch milk, the customer blames those who violate the line or the clerk that sold by one bottle instead of by a half, or himself that he didn't wake early in the morning - but the superior instances which not distributed an enough quantity and according to the necessities of consume, finally it is decided that the received quantity be equally shared, everyone getting:

0.5 ml. of curdled milk

1 grain of musty farina

1 crust of dry bread

2 spoons of rancid oil

0.6 mg. of completely processed cheese

1/4 bad egg

one fattish fiber (as a thread) of muscle

one slice of pressed cheese per semester

one scale of herring every decade

and a lot of other dainties for the general providing

A bit from everything, that is nothing.

We can wait quietly at queues because anyhow we find nothing to buy. Some people stuff themselves with food while others die of hunger and of thirsty of justice. Some people have all the rights, others all the duties.

Since before these utopian ‘equalitarists’ have appeared, Grigore Alexandrescu unmasked in fables their petty and oppressive intentions making a chief-shepherd dog to say the following verses:

“We want equality
But not for doggies!”

It was remind previously of the so-called Fonfoist society’s homogenization, but this is applied only to mob, the Fonfoist class is exonerated, on the whole the society is heteroclitic, it couldn’t be otherwise, oligarchic, the most individualized and in an unfair manner is the governor through the fulminate cult of personality made at every microsecond, then it follows the ministers chosen according to their belonging to Hyn family, means of production’s owners however that is not officially recognized, the party consisting of the activists class, owners and manipulators of proletarian conscience, so the stratification exists in interior of the so-called homogeneity and discrepancy between the mob and the Fonfoist class reflects on the globe a heterogynousness, marked by the leading circles.

Sick of such patience and official rudeness the simple citizen began to wail, to lodge complaints. The audiences are taken in vain, they want to demonstrate to credulous people that there is a dialogue between leader and subjects (which really exists but only from top to bottom, through orders to be executed), that the poor natives can speak openly about their troubles because they live in a “democracy”, don’t they, a curtain laid over the raw reality, that the party takes care of the people (because in Wodania the power is in the hands of needy persons, isn’t it!, although it seems that the needy people wouldn’t exist because all are equals in ... needs), but these only to stop the gossip of people, to excuse themselves in front of history, ordinary citizen’s daily problems and troubles began to exceed them, and, in fact, they are not even interested in them, they only simulate, fool you. “Come again” they forward you from one to another to get rid of the task, nobody touches a sore spot because not wants to lose his job, and they live you to your fate, it seems that you beat the air, you talk to the walls, the leaders listen to you with a simulated attention, take the phone, dial up a few numbers; you can’t get to the Big Boss, a Kafkian situation, lists, requests are made in vain.

Have you ever asked yourself what is the role of these audiences, letters, intimations, denunciations? which not solve anything, but a waste of time, heavy hearted people from all over the country are put off, old men with staffs, mothers with babies at the breast, fallow face countrywomen swaddled with gloomy kerchiefs, gypsies and co-inhabiting minorities, unfortunate people spend their last penny hoping that they will be done justice at the *Center*, they are met with a ritual that has the mission to frighten them in front of the power, but the frozen limit the daily public professional memories of the <complainers> are sent from the Center, ostensibly, for be solved, in the province, just to the accused persons! who solve them definitively, to the waste-paper basket!!!...These audiences letters intimations denunciations are apt to throw dust in the any way closed eyes of the public opinion, to dazzle, to make the impression the F.P. is “worried beyond measure” of the oppressed one’s destiny, that in the morning they even can’t drink the sweetish coffee of their key-position, a position involving many civic irresponsibility, but in fact it is a pseudo-democracy, a semblance with all the activists double dealers (they name it “Fonfoist democracy” and understand through it the forms of oppression used by the regime to brutalize the population, as well as the social atrocities committed). The poor people come to the center, they are sent from a sector to another, from an office to another, are advised to wait (till they are sick), they are postponed an year, a decade, come again and again with new hopes “maybe, maybe will be possible” etc., till they give up themselves to seek for justice - because it does not exist - and take to the woods to become an outlaw, abroad... The problems are solved through nepotism!
Hyn affirmed himself as a partisan of the fight against partisans.

In this country YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED ANYTHING, only **they** are allowed; YOU REPRESENT NOTHING, **they** represent; YOU ARE NOT ADMITTED TO BE MAN. It is not allowed to put questions, answers are fabricated to you in advance. They do that the truth (falsified and mystified) become ineffective. In the Unions of Creations are not received not engaged in Fonfoism persons. It is practiced on a large scale a narrow party philosophy expressed through a defunct, stereotyped, immutable, inflexible, dumbfounded, eschatological speech.

The NEPOTISM is the scourge of this close, hermetic system.

The tourists who visit us pay an entry tax in Wodania, but more expensive is the exit tax because it is known how difficult is to escape from the nets and traps of a single party ideology. The thinking is latticed, dependent of the dynamism of this static system which exhibits a rather skeptical... optimism

Irrational forces guide an agonized world, a community of hedgehogs, with the equivocal clear-sightedness of the party ideologies, with an inaccurate accuracy:

excessive authoritativeness

a fanatical egotism of the governor

political conservatism

a society closed for renewals (even technological)

only not shaking party's dogma

theoretic theses sustained without a real support

Police State

imprudent vigilance

Ideological Concentration Camp

confusing of those still lucid and not contaminated with

the Fonfoist scourge

the isolation inside of isolation

a prove of abuse of people's weakness

manipulators' manipulation

the anthropology of Fonfoist, **new man**'s biological invariability and involution

predilection for lack of predilections

scattered groups

the uselessness is not a useless thing in Wodania

human energy's focus on Fonfoism under the slogan:

"Suffer, please, we give you the opportunity"

some terrible ill-successes

modern slavery: you have to dye where you are distributed, you are not allowed to move - as a stone-still stone

the collective neurosis fear because of the secret police

the passers-by went to the market into a column like some puppies in the jerky rhythm whistles of a ubiquitous referee, they do not communicate each other but through pantomime

master's mind's paranoia

let's use everything in common: you ride my bike

the wife belong to both of us (I'm not selfish!)

mine

yours too

other's too

and whomever should like her

and should be able

tra la la la

tra la la la,

you wipe yourself with the same paper I wiped my bottom,
if I have dandruff in baldness you should have too
if I exert myself three times in the evening you should exert yourself too
if I scratch my testicles you should imitate me,
my contagious illness I give you with pleasure,
if my goat dye, let dye neighbor's goat too -
full equality
dilettantism's professionalization in art (why? because there is no need of values!)
an existence frustrated of an own aim
hysterical community
genius people incapable to display themselves
an ideological war declared by the Fonfoists against the mankind
the cult of the persons without personality
intellectual vacuum
the objects are more important than beings
the conventionality of society and it's submission to some stiff canons
praying and bows towards the party
releasing of any non compulsion
individual's freedom of motionlessness
academic art's non-capitalizing
the conversion to Fonfoism
the transcendental fatality of those who think otherwise
the uselessness of useful theories
inexorable signs
trans-subjective knowledge
the party undermines the friendships that dominate easily
Fonfoist suffocation
political non-entities' monumentalization
copious dirt
aspiration to slavery
of our proud drunkard profligate
and lazy people

POWER'S PROSTITUTION

Hyn came to an intellectual menopause. There is no sight there is no hearing, there is Hyn. There is no life there is no rest, there is the party, There is no moon there are no star, there is the Fonfoism. We aren't in need of it as of sun!

It's personal majesty is built on the general misfortune.

Hyn was designated president after his death too.

All over the place you meet sloganness like HYN the PARTY WODANIA, which means that leader's name is placed before the party and the country, F. P.'s name risen above the notion of country.

Hon Hyn thinks that he is the leader of the leaders. His curious curiosities are no longer considered bizarreness, he hates the love, stirs up the quarrel among fellow men and acts in the spirit of ethics and inequity, of falsified truth

the politics means hypocrisy

wanting to "mould" our soul as a paste crippling it breaking it with their rough and stumpy fingers, maculating it in the tub of a cheating quack doctrine

But a day will come when regime's pen pushers will pay for their ideological crimes, for their morale assassinates, for the killing of knowledge and the strangling of memory or for the dimming of human feelings.

At the last day of judgment! They will be rewarded for the institutionalization of the Apocalypse as a form of governing. In the same time with its disappearance (that is obvious that won't last for ever) will disappear too the non-values risen by this, because in the bosom of the Fonfoist system itself - through scission - was resulted a cheaper less vitalized Fonfoism in the frame of a radical frozen Fonfoism, or Hyn joins with the second category
But I concluded that the activists avoid the international organizations, that not be known abroad, that they can do what they like!

Why they prohibit the relation with the strangers?... Because of fear that those not open your eyes, to not see otherwise, but only straightway like a horse, with shutters around the orbits, driven by the bridle on the muddy path traced by the party, with the shoeing mind

We think what we are not - without being Buddhists. Bitter tears are hidden under our smile.

We do not conceive preconceived ideas.

We do not conform ourselves to conformism

We do not serve the servility of slogans

We are gnawed by the obsession of impotence

In Wodania the horizon was enclosed by Hyn with barbed wire, the climate is severe (that geographical, social-cultural, material).

A stupid ideate plague came upon us.

If anything doesn't work it is stranger's fault. Hyn the Terrible in James Ensor's engravings struggles against the social revolts throwing flames with his seven mouths. He wants to suddenly tease their internal metaphysic worry:

"It's not true the social misery that you can see. You are dreaming!

"It's not true! Go back to your bad!

"I look at the sun from above, you look at the mud from below

The function dehumanizes the man; the chief thinks he is deified. Although Hyn is a name in the international arena: Hon Hyn! While we are many names ... of unknown people. There aren't degrees of comparison between he and any other person. His not problematic problems are solved by us. He makes effort to twirl his thumbs, makes the effort to not make any effort, and guides us towards anonymity. It's obvious Hyn's fear that in Wodania would exist some individuals that can achieve their personality. We play no more any role in space, time or in novel's action, without history, without psychology, without character. Every Wodanian speak enthusiastically about the **proud of not being a Wodanian**, thus expiating the original sin: that be born in a Fonfoist System.

The activists provided the optimal parameters for the social regress. Our united weaknesses could exceed their power, but tactfully they took care to part the people ("believe in the evil from man" sounds a Fonfoist joke which teaches us to despise each other, to convict ourselves, to capitulate without fight in face of the Fonfoist imperialism). Hyn doesn't know "to ask", but "to order"! The guy could be clever, but he lacks something: the wiseness. He is of a reduced multidimensionality. When the Misheard Maker will be passed away, the bottom will left from Hyn! How we will wail at his death: "who will offend us again?"... "who will persecute us again?"... "who will suppress our rights again?"... He is impartial and respects all ideas which suit him. His theory has the role to render stupid. **I'll make a revolution alone!** Chattwar. I will abstain from abstinence. I'll fight a cold war against them, I'll pronounce myself for the abrogation of the parties - the more so as we have only one party!

"Si on affirme la nécessité du parti, celui-ci se trouvera naturellement destiné à exercer un jour le pouvoir réel des exploités" (Arrabel, <L'Aurore rouge et noire>).

The human perfectiveness will be reached when the man won't have dreams for dreaming anymore, when his fantasies won't exceed the reality, when the thought won't have what to think to ... that is never!

So the human perfectiveness tends to infinite, always man's dissatisfaction with fate and his aspiration to better.

However the Fonfoists tolerate some "deviations" from party directives of some "rebel", only for impression

They feel a cynical satisfaction to provoke us but dissatisfactions. We shiver psychically.

The women can't resist anymore

the villages faded away

the municipalities are crammed and polluted

the men have gone mad

regime's executives manifest a serious irresponsibility

OLD NAICKED GET DOWN THE EARTH!

prostitute the virgins!

virile-ize the prostitutes!

We confess to you, our heavenly Lord, to forgive all our sins that we did not commit

This world is a m-a-y-a, a convention, something that not exists; all that exist is God, my ego is a part of God,; six degrees of consciousness has the man:

1) state of sleep without dreams, like the plants

2) state of sleep with dreams

3) wakeful state

4) transcendental state, corresponding to the state of creation

5) state of universal spirit: there is no interior or exterior and no partition threshold, all is part from a (only) whole

6) state of cosmic spirit

For the evolution of the level of conscience the spirit must be exercised. But Wodania's barbarian civilization expressed its scorn. We pass through a stage of sentimental crisis, of collectivist thinking asthenia through demobilizing initiatives, divine demystification. The party shows a disquieting quietness. It wish but to create a Fonfoist atmosphere.

The means profane the aim

The party doesn't accept for itself but an apologetically criticism; the opposition being abolished, the dissidents eliminated, nobody dares a criticizing criticism. A kind of "Wodanitude" is tried, not a 'blackitude', but ethic and moral decline's rebirth. A reason for what the Fonfoist personalities will be de-valorized in time, as their ideology decreases, because the intrinsic aesthetic force that they have not, will present them in all their axiological nudity.

The regime opposes to any form of renewal in society, it is conservatory because it keeps its power, conservatory in the radicalism way. What to do: should we let this politic becoming crazy? should we begin to attack defending us of its dogma? (If the police put me into prison, prisoner of consciousness, I will have something to boast with later, that I was in jail in the time of His Duce Majesty Hyn)!

Hyn sustains that, I quote, the party theoretic theses have an obvious value, I finished the quotation.

The people sustains that, I quote, it's not so obvious this value, I finished the quotation.

Bolinteanu: (Towards Hyn) When the scepter lies heavy on your hand

It's time you leave the place a younger man

Hyn: (Bursting with anger because of such insolence) You are a lucky man, Bolinteanu, that you are dead. Otherwise you'd catch it... I should have sent you for a walk betwixt four boards to visit the morgue...

(Hyn is a bit wrong in the upper story).

Hyn: (He can't utter "r") I (Pause) have to give (Pause) some unimportant (Pause)

communications (Pause) Everybody (Pause) be pheasant (Double pause). Everybody

come (Pause) with the equipment (Pause) that he has not (Pause) We must defend (Pause) oh Fonfoist (Pause) revolutionary conquering...

Bolintineanu: But if there are **conquerings**, it means that they aren't ours.

Hyn: (Choosing the words without "r") Who know how listening to me, won't listen to me. (This for paraphrasing Valery).

Every time when I say something, in fact I say something else.

(In consequence he publishes breviaries that not be read by anybody - and he succeeds successfully! Moliere's precious *Ridicules* and the *Precious Directives* are the best sold books...)

alloc- alloc- allocut- a new empty allocution

sp- spe- spee- a new emphatic speech

ser- serm- sermo- a new dogmatist sermon

con- confer- conferen- a new conference on nothing

which waste our time for speaking

about the waste time

La Bruyere declare exhaustively that **all was said**, even if many sides are still obscure, but just for this reason, because they can be understood, inferred, presumed an ex- ex- ex-

exceptional spee- spee- spee- speech

The politicians have bothered us for two months "the work is a duty of honor" affirm they and that's why they don't work

The pothouse politicians give a Fonfoist interpretation to any event discovery,

The people despise the ones praised by the authorities.

Hyn's negative personality crushes us. he steals little the poison in our souls and kills us little by little. consciousness of our unconsciousness, it is no need that we have anytime other need. frank in our un-frankness

this is blinds' art of not seeing

Wodania became a developed country both industrial - which imports high technology and apparatus, and agrarian - which imports agricultural products.

We are masters of our fate, we have the misery in our own hands, a misery that the government sanctions as such. It's a pleasure to decease here!

Frightening of frighten, appearing to me another, I feel exhausted, at the end of my life: a new way is waiting for me. I'm alone, without me, disappointed of these achievements. Nobody heard of my person, or didn't want to hear. My spiritual abortion revives. I'm accused of temptation of love. Hurried in love. I don't belong to this world, to this Fonfoized country. One single force I need to win: the power...

I vent all my anger upon these leaves, the worm that gnaws my heart. I feel more and more dissatisfied, my full dissatisfaction I never come to accomplish. I can't give up to unhappiness as a stimulus of spiritual creation. It seems that I deliberately look for it. But my body perishes physically. I write only posthumous works, because before I finish a manuscript, it is confiscated by the police. How many rules infringes this institution which pretends that respects standards and laws! fakes, judicial frames-up, tricks,, provocation, intimidation, beatings, raping, murders. Classics' literary tyranny oppresses me. I have had quite enough of them! These official literatures: the more commented the less read and tasted!

I'm writing this non-novel in **despair**, exhausted of this society. Please do understand me. I am a loser, a human wreck. They "helped" me. I can't bear the life anymore. I'm about to hang myself. I'm disappointed. I feel how the time is passing by me in vain. I'm growing old senselessly!

Help me, if you hear me!

*

Inelastic laws stifle us. The illiterates took the leadership. The world turned upside down. With such a generosity the Fonfoists unveil to us their cruelty. The public organizations adopt a statute for not respecting it. Wodanian failure's success is obvious. Scarcity's excess. The official theory emanate a darken light. Censorship's self-censorship. Non-meditative contemplation. The assault against the notion of "quality".

Youth's passive activity.

The inhabitants underfeed themselves (on Bread), they mal-feed themselves.

There are some Machiavellian plans of imprisoning

If there is no reason to be renegade then your file will be certainly challenged. It is also refused what can't be refused. they don't know that just when you forbid a thing you provoke much more the curiosity?! Our patience is stirred.

An enterprise is declared profitable if it proves to be of a increased non-profitability.

The people are labeled and quartered and those who can't be are labeled as "people who can't be labeled" (!) and kept under control because they don't want to see their way through uniformity. The equality among fellow men is obvious: the travelers shift a hundred in a overcrowded dusty coach stinking of sweat and petrolatum, an old stuff with the working time expired, the governor has a hundred luxury, imported, convertible, all the go cars to going out for a drive (Hyn lion's share).

As a sign of a full adhesion to party's policy the citizens began to set themselves on fire in front of the foreign embassy in the Capital.

The vanguards currents which represent the Absurd, the Dadaism, the Paradoxism, the senseless life are absolutely regenerated in Wodania, because the public could make an analogy between what exists and what not exists.

Many dead initiatives are born!

In the Fonfoist System there are not founded schools of cinematography, ballet schools, stenography schools, school schools, but kindergartens.

kindergartens for some deaf and dumb pupils breathing the sad air of Fonfoism. expressing something that doesn't express us, vulgarizing the innocence, waging War against Consciences.

Unknown common things!

A really non-scientific forum maintains the activists formed of their multilateral professional deformation

In the end, would you LET ME BE SICK OF THE THINGS TAKING PLACE HERE, in the middle of the ((ante) post) dictatorial period

Although there is no dictatorship in Wodania

but Dictatorship

there is no injustice but

injustice

waters' revolt,

.....
.....
.....
once, the springs and the steams and the rivers rose in national revolt, they were stirred up by the state of (anti)things in Wodania, they were swollen and came over country, foamed and finally ran beyond the border

lines,.....

Wodania was dripping wet until ankle, coughed and was giddy,

the citizens swam in dissatisfactions and straitened circumstances until waist, some of them were taken by water, by its whirl down-ward and drowned them, he who could sail in the troubled waters of time caught at a straw in his brother's eye,

the foam had gone to the winds on a Tuesday, a fasting day, the block had left, always is the same: the water flows but country's blocks remain;.....

after revolt's stopping, the government put the great rivers into prison in a strait jacket, dams sacks of cement stumps stones, provided with weaklings puppets and lay figures the abrupt shores, cut logs consciences and particularly nuts,

the nature became hostile to Hyn, he could rely only on his tow functionaries that he manufactured artificially and handled from behind the stage.

later on he opened an exhibition of human skulls which had embarrassed him, of scalps, that little by little the mob should adapt to his non-environment¹

¹ This page reminds us of the poem "It's raining" by Appolinaire. Should intend the author to compose a "calligrammes"-ic novel? Or it is a **despair treatise** of smarandache, written with disgust, anger and vim, with unrestrained out-breaks, in a sick speech, with hate and love? (e.n.)

the fonfoist education

THE FONFOIST EDUCATION of pupils and students is performed to every class, and even more frequent.,

for instance, at the course of topology it is studied the Fonfoist space,
at the linguistic one the structured Fonfoism and as native language it is taught the Fonfoism from our father which are in heavens boss,
at the physics class it is taught the Fonfoist optics, at arithmetic the Fonfoist operations, at sport the Fonfoism in open-air,
the classes of ecology have the role to prepare the organisms in view of their adaptation to Fonfoism and not at all vice versa,
at the informatics course the Fonfoist programming on computer,
at the resistance of materials it is analyzed and removed the opposition of some objects, natural phenomena, moods to the party ideology
in order that the new generation have as diverse knowledge from as many fields as possible

We quote from leader's exceptional social-political work:

"Use the Fonfotherapy, well-known for its prophylactic and curative role in the curing of the desires of freedom in your subconscious!"

The party teaching try to teach us nothing or more precise to teach us how to not learn - a social, organized, guided stupid rendering.

But we refuse their thinking because they too refuse ours.

only day's chosen are allowed to expose their opinion on press' columns - we are allowed to expose nothing, only they parley at the radio- we are allowed to keep mum (Hold your jaw! Don't warble!), *you are not allowed to be famous* in Wodania, only Hyn is allowed, and little Hyn...

the party gives us intensive lectures on general dull rendering in any circumstance.

In order to verify pupils' level of knowledge about Fonfoism, the politic-entertaining magazine <The Fonfoist eve> proposed them the following pun named "My country".

						■
				■		

Across:

1. The most large, populated and happy country in the Universe (the most "the most").
 2. Hon Hyn in his quality of speaker from the highest rostrum Fonfoist democracy.
 3. The critical economic balance which the Wodanian state can boast of.
 4. The party succeed in canceling any difference between man and this domestic animal.
- The end of a Fonfoist

Down:

1. The great leader and state man Hon Hyn, brilliant personality of contemporary world.
2. For instance, the capital of Wodania.

3. Submitted, for instance, to the Fonfoist bodies.
4. Egyptian deity presenting a red disc, with palmate beams, taken over by the Wodanians to halo Hyn as king-sun.
5. It brings the rain - so necessary to the Wodanian agriculture.
6. All-surveying, as well as the secret police.

(The catastrophic results of the participators are not known).

(the correct answers are not presented in the next pages)

The country is a reservation of Indians for social tests (the Fonfoism is an experimentalism, thus I feel inclined to think, otherwise can't be explained its nonadherence to the public) in order to form an ideal inhabitant, who not drinks not eats not sleeps not fucks but works and multiplies through spores.

the country is a mass extermination camp of the non-Fonfoist convictions

country's flag

includes three colors: black, gray and crude oiliest, some beloved country for all of us: The-Three-Co-Lor

the black represents the mourning blood shed by ancestors in vain

the gray represents the fruitful cornfields of country darken by neighboring embers

the crude oiliest represents the richness of our subsoil: petroleum, oil, coal etc. which flow outside like the honey from a honey-comb

and in the middle *country's arms*

as the sallow face of
 the peasant, as
 greasy coat of
 the worker,
 as the blackened, spoiled with leaden-hued tears,
 maculate mind
 of the intellectual.

the people is used to endure to suffer with stoicism the Fonfoist vicissitudes, the people get accustomed to the evil, and accept it, even provoke it, they developed the spirit of submission.

all inhabitants are taken as hostages, prisoners, otherwise Hyn should find himself in an empty country because the people leave to let him sleep quietly in his presidential armchair. the Fonfoists build cottages for themselves speaking to starving people about justice, fraternity; they demolish everything, buildings, architectures, break pictures, burn books, cut trees because all are representatives of the old, obsolete system (see Buharov), Wodania is a dear of a ruin now, debris, sawdust, H.H. himself ravages her in a systematic, calculate, precise way.

it is wanted that everything become Fonfoist: from the wall lamp, the railways and the bugs in the pantry to the carrions of crows, tobacco phlegm and horse sperm, the rich people were removed, affirmed the Fonfoists, splitting their sides with laughter and catching fleas for each other, there are not exploiters any longer, conclude the Fonfoist with their hands in the pockets, we liquidate the foreign yoke (it can be heard the shuffled sound of the chains at the ankles), we'll do our best that eradicate the welfare and the plenty on the globe forever.

Fonfoist roads, Fonfoist
 lamp, Fonfoist H2O,
 Fonfoist latrine, Fonfoist

shit, Fonfoist snot, Fonfoist intestine,
Fonfoist unfonfoist,
Fonfoist manure Fonfoist malady
everything must be turned into Fonfoisms
telephone wires flies
protozoa an dinosaurs apes
the green grass from home *levisticum officinal*
Fonfoists that be fully accomplished
the Fonfoist system
coccinella septempunctata

H.H. pretexts that **locus regit actum** and applies the Fonfoist legislation
to the railway earthworks
roads and the bridges
company of wine and alcohol
military ramp
crocodiles on nil, men
and invertebrates,

all that moves in this country, the river, the branch can do it only with previous approval
because this is democratic

paroles, paroles, paroles

Excepting Hyn all the speakers from the official rostrum take a dumb position propaganda just through its name is a state lie transmitted on a national level - the public receive some receivable ideas- Hon Hyn (it is uttered with nasal “n”: Hon Hyn) combats eulogy-ly, the bovine youth brought with a lasso at conference meditates upon intellectual’s impossibility to adapt himself to the historic deadlock in which is the Republic Wodania the intellectual is not allowed to carry head, in consequence he can dye for more times in this impossible state.

H.H. is addressing to the mob: I despise you with much pleasure

The mob is cheering: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

here it is not appreciated if you know a thing but if you don’t know it

through government’s good-will the majority of people are spiritual retired, they fell successfully at the exam of entrance in the new life

any non-Fonfoist is declared gangster, malefactor, a social danger of the unfair state of things in W.

Fonfoist lynching like Wilfredo Lam’s violent pictures

the F.P. excels in repression

the propaganda contains abstract ambiguities, ambiguous exactness, Fonfoist atheist superstitions, the ceaseless improvement of Fonfoist system’s imperfection, unexplainable’s explanation, the submission of the majority in front of the Fonfoist minority

a Mafia bigger than in Wodania there is not even within the Mafia!

if sometime you want to solve a legal problem to an institution you have to pay every of them beginning with the sweeper in the hall and finishing with the manager; such a corruption you can’t find anywhere else!

suffering from senility, the youth is forced to listen:

H.H. is preaching and pissing: “This is a saint urine come out of country’s penis

the fair-haired dark-haired and brown-hared girls are fainting, committing suicide until the Fonfoist H.H. has committed suicide all the population

Hyn is relieving in his pants country’s nature¹

(hooting, shouts, dissatisfaction can be heard:)the people is in sympathy with the party policy pretending and pretexting that militates in favor of country’s increase. Hyn family militates in favor of its own increase

(How much could they milk this country!)

because of sonorous waterfall’s noise orator’s words can be discerned yet

- Can’t you see that I love you? is declaiming Hyn.

- No, we can’t, the popular echo can be heard. Let’s put on the glasses.

- As regards your life level, he’s pertinently promising us, don’t be afraid at all, in the future will be worst. So, be quiet, the circumstances are not going to be ameliorated,

- We’ve shitted on happiness! the crowd is moaning. This guy leaves us in the lurch!

Allun-honored lord, someone dares, we’d have something to weep... the state shows too much misunderstanding to his citizens.

country like this doesn’t let his people alone neither inside nor outside of the imposed Fonfoist borders.

every promulgated law are in people’s disfavor and in activists’ favor

¹ At this retort the reader must laugh (e.n.).

We Are Really Disgusted With The Present Circumstances In Wodania¹
 Hyn is skillful in maintaining the theory
 and he enjoys an undeserved notoriety
 the government spends money and the people pays the duties
 we are present daily at inhabitants' struggle of the forces against darkness

THE SENSE HAS LOST HIS SENSE

anY regresS iS nameD reforM, revolution, there are two types of revolutionaries: for nothing and for no reason (all revised terms are revised) In a fair way it was proved that the cultural, social, political, scientific Wodanesque personalities of wax, falsies, doubles, plagiarism the newspapers sound every hour with a span broad letters Hon Hyn's braveries - not at all Nastratin Hogeas tricks, but upside-down! the common people and the birds of passage leave W. - they can't bear the happiness from here anymore - they go to the warm countries (in a figurative sense); our girls are getting married to Africans, Arabians, Asians, aliens, deformed, one-armed people only to escape trough marriage from Wodania
 All the citizens from the non-Democratic republic of Wodania are stateless persons, excepting Hon Hyn who has a multinational citizenship
 recently the Wodanians were declared heretics
 (in this moment, leader's speech, presenting a high level of inexactitudes and enormities, it is heard execrably:) "...about the independent policy of Wodania which can bend alone in front of the neighbor power, without any foreign intervention, it can bend alone, independently... independently of the other little countries....."

bubble Fonfoist politicianism
 a chauvinist phraseology which declares itself being non-chauvinist
 the Fonfoism is a form of neocolonialism and Tarikovskian imperialism
 the party passed again to purification and to purification within purification
 and the result was a social stratification, that is society's impurification
 (there is some talk that H. would be a cannibal, that he eats the men alive, swallows them with all their feathers)

It's evening and the black lights begin to kindle in Wodania.

How happy we are because of our misfortune!

when Hon Hyn chatters the people turn back that listen to him with the open buttocks, because they want to see how far goes the indolence of this <superman> who **manipulates the truth and defeats our arguments with armored cannons**, any stupidity he commits you have no chance but approve him and exclaim "what a brilliant leader",

when they find Hon Hyn, the people have winds colic, harmoniously, on musical notes (= Ruth's on stove), then they ache in ass for four times and pick their nose a single time

¹ At this retort the reader must have tears in his/her eyes.

with the right hoof, and as a sign of esteem they leave a fresh dung on autumnal summer's hot street

because even the sequel of the seasons changed in Prince Duca's time:
after spring comes the winter then the winter again and in the end the autumn and the summer
the globe revolves in the opposite sense

the galaxy and the metagalaxy shift d r d r
i o e
s

the life *involutes* the bird turns into egg, the nursery transplant into seed, the butterfly metamorphoses to caterpillar, the man becomes an ape again that is an animal and the iron plough turns into a wooden hoe,
people advances towards the primitive system

H.H. is speaking without book, endless garrulousness of an opaque lucidity

It is said that the orator had been a shoemaker and rules the country as a boot, others say that he had been a shepherd and has a voice like a donkey, or perhaps he had been a driver without driver's license

the rumors predict Hyn's Flood

We try to understand the incomprehensible, the opening towards a close horizon offered to us by the party, the things commonly once in Wodania have become out of common!
(...) someone drive at people's expense, others can't even with their own money;
the economy of fuel, gas, current, carburant is gave in inhabitants' charge who make shift to live while the Fonfoist claue live on in waste and luxuriantly¹

(...) the national festivals turn into some family festivals for Hyn clan and

(...)²

¹ Two-three lines are missing, deleted.

² Because of author's falling ill this chapter remains unfinished {we'd revise his notebooks recently discovered when the manuscript was in galley form, for a subsequent edition (e.n.)}.

the fonfoists created their anti-world

H.H. takes the skin from the people, tans it and manufactures girdles and bridles that keep a tight rein on people
the Fonfoists study at party superior school, at the zoo-technology¹ class, for instance, that from antelope it is obtained the antelope skin, from stork the feathers and down for pillows, from man the skin, the tuft for toothbrushes, the bones for the sugar factory and the SOUL

without Hon Hyn the universe would crumble, he knows everything and all the times only his person is right the Fonfoism spreads artificially and enjoy much unpopularity among masses, its leaders are heartless, the autopsy proved they were of sheet, empty inside

sustained by the adhesion of millions three hundreds and sixty one voters, Hyn was re-elected, the people expressed its unanimity will exposed by its leader, the citizens with right to vote the Fonfoism reported to the polls... the voting is a real masquerade which give us the impossibility to choose whom we want

WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO THINK!

the F.P. created the world according to its tastes and benefits:

it began by uprooting the good

it continued by imposing <social tropism>, a la Nathalie Sarraute, manifested through inhabitants' orientation guided by the govern to the direction from where acts an (ec., pol., sc., cult., ...) source of darkness as a form of greeting used in Wodania between two people when they meet is the following, and it constitutes a password in the same time:

He who passes by asks: "How do you do?"

He who stays answers: "I'm building the Fonfoist system". the state helps us to be some losers: the vice became a virtue and the virtue became a vice; the scripters express their gratitude for the state of tension in which they are kept - in this way the can describe with disgust and aversion the Fonfoist realities.

people became wicked, they struggle for survival.

lord, we are pleased with our situation, we are oppressed in spirit, we don't wish anything but trouble and bitterness, we are creeping trough world without the most elementary support in life.

if we don't dye now, we won't meet this opportunity!!

a substitute of substitute of a substituted culture

In this upside-down world the people stay on head and think with the foot, if anyone try to base on his own opinions is declared a persona non grata and immediately banished. it's a need of uniformity in anomaly. To see then the people walking on head and moving their hands, explaining with a foot to the other's knee, with the skull flattened of walking while the brain has lifted in the heel like a bladder

the sportsmen are trained trough physical exercises for straightening the interest toward the state I haven't seen more whopping lies than those in W. since my mother gave birth to me, precisely **since my mother gave NOT birth to me**, because I don't exist, someone else is in my place, manipulated without my will

The Fonfoists finished the creation of their anti-world by placing the army to the frontiers, that guard the evil from inside, they finished by starting again the situation became c-o-m-p-l-e-t-e-l-y foul

Beyond the borders of the so-called country nobody knows what it is, people thinks there was a desert or were overrun the Tartars, anyway Hyn succeeded in realizing an hermetic phonic isolation, the Wodanians are looking above the fence, beyond, at the foreign citizens about whom the party affirmed they had three heads; they're looking at them with eager longing

¹ Animal husbandry.

Now Hyn is laying on a hospital bed, by country's fate, he's making her up a little, powdering her, and especially rouging her lips that nobody could see her yellowish and gnawed teeth or her rotten interior; poor of she is sick of cave, but at least she show presentably in exterior, and so is wasting Hyn his precious time at country's feeble head, his precious time when he does nothing preciously.

NishNish who is sobbing is accused of humanism (instead of animalism) and is removed to intellectual reanimation (abroad) half of the invalids in the hospitals are taken to the butchery and sacrificed on country's altars, the others are thrown to the dustbin with an aluminum shovel, diplomatically, after that the king previously swept well the political stage; heaps of carcasses, bones of human being delicious for any vagrant dog, thus can be explained the genesis of the calcareous hills and hillock in the region Kors-Kovaya, for instance the famous hillock Gorter, that the chief pawned to the Phoenicians; vigorous individuals who were grown for the lean meat production are sacrificed for the country too; the human females are preserved trinkets in vases or flower pots, or for milk, lard and (re)production - what means double-production; the old birds are deported to villages that work in agriculture - excepting the government members suffering from senility, because the exception proves the rule -: those who shit and piss in the bed: for fertilizing the fruitful fields of our dear ancient land with natural manure.

those with trembling hands: for sowing,

the toothless ones: for hacking fodder and forages

which are deposited in silos by: hunchbacks, paralytics, rheumatics and sciatic persons, legless persons for the hatching of wren and wood-pecker eggs.

the blind old mums for knitting textures and plots to the palace every category benefiting of a fair sharing made by the Fonfoist party. some hybrid superior breeds of women for milk with a 10 l. udder were created, the number of bovines was trebled and quadrupled and that of people was diminished to a half to a quarter and we are assist to a blooming transformation of the human figures into plants bats and animals, the curators , biologists, ethnographers folklorists and geographers are mooted the question to keep a few pale faces at the zoo, because they are about to disappear, a rare specie being placed on a inferior hierarchical and social level, in order to be seen by all the creatures.

Hyn is very haughty of the daily (fairly said "nightly) changes happening to Wodanians, which Wodanians avoid the too strong light emitted by his absolute master, as such he became like a mole cricket in fog without elytra, without antennas, a hexapod with two legs

For flying you need a special license, you can't find wings neither to any village mix shop and nor to the town commercial centers, where the shelves are empty and for this reason a sport chronicle coming into a shop where he couldn't find anything, began to shout *goal¹*, *goal, goooal...* that the sellers in overalls and the supervisors thought that Horentz Hentz went mad, although being insane was in fashion in this region, that the police came and put him initially into a lock-up and afterwards we could say that there were built hundreds and hundreds of millions of fashion, roomy penitentiaries with a huge capacity in the Republic of Wodania, after every victorious battle Hyn rises a prison which he packs to capacity, and if he has no opportunity then he imagines some local victories, treads on air and severely punishes the Turks oppressors.

¹ Goal means both "goal" and "empty" in Romanian.

the herds of people

Hon Hyn is urging the herds of people with his scepter:

“Haw, Prian!...Ho, Spotty!... Ho Vasile!

“Ho, Costica!... Put them into the pen!

people bewildered of head of corns on soles are going willy-nilly, the oppressor Hyn is not ordering to them Stand at ease but into ...the grave

as soon as they enter the sheds are separated: the men of the same sex in a side and the women of the opposite sex in the other, then they are allocated food:

- tea with tortilla
- cauliflower with tomato sauce
- stewed shit
- as a dessert: tender pears and other bounties

the fruits of their work are shared, as it has been decided, according to labor prescription: those who have worked more will be paid less, and the best reattributed will be the work with the mouth.

Wodania still has 83612 of non-inhabitants, but with these wonderful circumstances of life they won't catch the retired age either, these ones are fully master of their miserable situation, because in Wodania people can easily dye, without any restriction.

Decked out with royal clothes, Hyn seems to be the very image of the devil, he is not only fool, he even plays the fool... he freethinker and his subordinate's freelisteners, freesubjects, the Fonfoists are hoping in worst! if swear him of his wife, you curry favor with her and you'll have a wangle at him, he would like be sworn of wife. he is not serving you in any question, not because he would have anything particular against you, but just because of that: because he has nothing to do with your person, no advantage.

he cut the head of the cinema movie player Roger Moorescu just from the navel because that has imitated him to his name day;

he beheaded the novelist Albert Camusache of a buttock because this has dared to tell in a reportage about the absurd in the country.

the idealist philosopher Hegeloiu have been scalped of an eye, he had written books as a thinker, but he was not appreciated in Wodania, he gave troubles, had his own ideas, illicitly possessed, because the ideas are taken ready-manufactured with a ratio card from shop, covered in cellophane that not change their qualities (and nor the defects); not to mention the sentimental poet Baudelaireanu whom he oppressed and forbidden to fall in love anytime, among the prescripts fell on the stairs out of favor is on an honorable place also the physician Eisteinov who calculate the advance speed of the particles in a free medium and found an infinitesimal value, epsilon.

In castle's courtyard - helter-skelter. Excited beyond measure Hyn is raging;

“Should the ducks dung on country's flag?

“Should the bulls soil the arms, the forefathers honor?

“Should the geese smirch the banners with the name of the head of the state?

“Aren't they ashamed, devil's sows!!

small businesses, certainly, but of a major patriotism **sui generis** concern

the F.P. has launched in grand investments of a futile utility

H.H. is shouting on the phone: “Go and call the prim minister that send him about his business!

The prim minister is declaring himself dead

Servilescu: “Mr. President, you shouldn't worry ...your nerves....your blood pressure...

Hyn is giving him a few blows in the jaw.

Servilescu: “Thanks, sir. It’s an honor for me being slapped by your highness.
H.H. is an old man, he licks his snouts; he refreshes his old blood to Paris with babies’ blood
that he cut

H.H. holds a lecture

Hyn expresses himself in words

the words express themselves in words

some words express himself in other words

Hyn is a commander very unskilled in the arms handling

the boot-lickers, the rattles and the naggers praise Seignior Hyn’s ignorance

Hyn relies upon the misalliance and mistrust among auditors

Hyn: Even if we are a dictatorship, this is a fair dictatorship!

Hyn: Shouldn’t have prejudices in face of our prejudices

A journalist without spectacles from Bangladesh is addressing a question to Hyn: “Saint Hyn,
would you let me too to don’t care a rap of Yours Conference?

the conference takes place in the north-south of Wodania, at south north-east of TariKovsKia,
opposite to Posoright.

Hyn: “For nothing in the world, but only in solitude, and turned him from a journalist into a
prisoner of the country

(Do you want to know if the journalist without spectacles escaped with his life? Nothing
of the kind, he escaped with his death!)

Hyn expresses himself in words

The words express themselves in

Hyn Hyn Hyn Hyn Hyn Hyn Hyn Hyn

(You’re wondering, perhaps, what special deserves or remarkable deeds performed this
individual that he holds such a high position...He can’t speak correctly not even his native
language (archaisms, regionalisms, disfigured phrases, confusions of grammatical categories,
discords between subject/ predicate and noun/adjective, style monotonous, tautologies,
pleonasms, contradictory ideas), that he uses at the international meetings, not taking in
consideration other languages of wide circulation unknown to him. If he were reasonable with
the people, nobody would say anything about his huge lack of education. After all, he is not
educated and schooled to his own detriment. But, besides he is a blockhead, he is soiled in the
path (as a local proverb says).

At one time you come to think that for becoming chief of state you must have no deserve, or
have ...negative qualities!

Hegeloiiu: (towards Hyn) “Show us what you don’t know!

Hyn is putting his nose into the ass pretending that can’t hear

(You laugh till shit on yourself

it’s nothing else but world’s pissing)

NishNish gave up

Windsinboots forgot his bottom openly and relieved a rustle perfume

Baradela with her big ass: (I was ashamed of her shame, but she kept showing her shame in
public)

Awlish and Arabela are playing <the Dizziness> yelling

Hyn is coming in the presidential booth

Awlish and Arabela are dancing on: goes stick and becomes log... as at the Giddiness

I feel like singing of sorrow

My heart is far away from me

I have a single desire left

escaping from this stinking country!

I’m ostracized from the social life

but I know being lonely
Hyn proves being inflexible
Servilescu:(Praying) "Take Lord pity on his merciless!
NishNish: "Oh, Wodania, Wodania,
you slipped terror into our breast
Blaga: "I am not afraid of death
but of its eternity".

The party succeeded, although with some considerable efforts, in disintegrating the country.
Now it is conducting the movement of intellectual repose (that the thinkers spare their effort),
waking in this way lacks of national conscience that enveloping a theory uncovered in practice.
A people of an incredible credibility exposes itself to this gigantesque dwarfism of the F.P.'s
policy

They silenced in me all that was silent
O, you, tellurian flowers,
Give us your pains, that we suffer from them
In your place!
I'm walking through the universe with the Earth
Stuck of my soles.
I wish to imitate the inimitable
based on my impersonal
Experience.
As a philosopher set
Against the depraved ideology
I'm struggling to (to struggle to)
Undermine all underminers.
It's not indifferent to me It's Not to me
Yours indifference!
I don't subscribe to the cultural monotony
And to the scribblers full of non-inventivity
Even if I don't move a finger
I applaud the spiritual rebels
With my heart
With my song rusty with expecting
A bearer of non-word
Refusing any refuse.
I'm not a poems writer.
To understand everything means to be
Empty inside
Let's leave place for transcendental too!
A grasped secret loses
Its mister
It has a good taste and grandeur even when it's tasteless
I'm struggling to struggle
Then you prove being strong
When you show to your opponents
That you are too generous
To descend to the level of their hate
And to redeem them
I want to revenge on them without
Revenge-

In a longer life I'm living
Less. I'm not living intensely.
I have born too late
I have born too early
All the time.

Hyn is come out the presidential booth dead drunk, DEAD FOR THE COUNTRY. in vain have we asked him like God, finally he used his own pleasure. Little Hyn, dead himself too with grief, for the country - although he had no authorization from the party. **They ordered be buried in immortality.**

How many iniquities committed by the ruling family will come to light after burial! I'm so moved of the disappearance of these "people's heroes", "Heroes among heroes", that I can't shift myself from the chair

The parishioners are crossing themselves

The verger incenses

The priest anoints:

"May they rest in peace

"And their bones freeze

(The Hynists took the people in full ignorance of the case - this vagueness be clear and distinct - but what prerogatives have they decla...¹)

¹ Unfortunately Florentin Smarandache could not finish his "non-novel". The final pages are spoiled and the text is unreadable. Maybe in the future a competent literary historian will succeed in finalizing this manuscript, now lacunary, then redundant, at first writing and unpolished, in many styles- that sometimes you think that this is the work of many authors (e.n.)

ADDENDA¹

FERNANDO ARRABAL: *Quand l'Etat entend le mot culture, il sort ses policiers*².

VASILE CONTA: The officiality in art, science and education was specially authority for encouraging the mediocrities³.

FERNANDO ARRABAL: *La justice? Quelle justice? Qu'est-ce que la justice? C'est un certain nombre d'hommes comme vous et moi qui le plus souvent échappent à cette même justice grâce à l'hypocrisie ou à la ruse!*⁴

VASILE CONTA: From the oldest times the justice was symbolized by a woman with tight eyes.³

MIQUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS : The evil has its importance.⁵

MIRCEA ELIADE: The evil does not dye through good's actualization, but growths in the same time with it.⁶

FERNANDO ARRABAL: *Quant à ceux qui sont enfermés ici à cause de leur idées, de leur opinion hostils aux princips qui regissent notre pays, je jure sur la tête de ma mère qu'ils sortirons aux cris de: Vive la patrie.*

JEAN GENET: A few contemporary poets have taken to some strange operations: praise the people, the Liberty, the Revolution ... which, being praised, afterwards are fasten with nails on an abstract sky, where they figure, puzzled and deflated, in the role of some deformed constelations.⁶

AUGUSTIN BUZURA: ...who learned to live on four feet does not conceive that people may live on two feet too...

OCTAVIAN PALER: ...for combating his fear the man must began with a confession...⁸

MAXIM GORKI: Can you realize how painful is to lose your name? Even the dogs have name. Without a name you're a dead man.⁹

PIERRE EMMANUEL: There are not other dead people because we are dead.⁶

ALEXANDRU IVASIUC: ...Night knowledge...¹⁰

¹ Mr. Jean Bernard, a friend of the author, hearing of the editing of Smarandache's works, sent us into a registered envelop these notes (written on some scraps of paper and uncovered by chance in a dictionary that he had lent to him) as being collected by Florentin during his lectures. It is a kind of a "dialogue at a distance" among some humanist personalities (perhaps his favorites); not saying a Babel Tower - taking in consideration that every of them is speaking in his language! Because it treats the same theme as the novel, we thought that it would not be amiss to include them too in it, arranging and annotating them (e. n.).

² Quote from the play "... *Et ils passerent des menottes aux fleures*" (e.n.).

³ "Philosophical works" (e.n.).

⁴ "*L'architect et l'empereur d'Assyrie*" (e.n.).

⁵ "*Caminante*", novel (e.n.).

⁶ Unknown source (e.n.).

⁸ "*Caminante*", travelling journal (e.n.).

⁹ "The lower depths", play (e.n.).

¹⁰ "Night knowledge", novel. It's possible that the author should have read only ... the title!(e.n.).

HERMANN BROCH:... man's perverting into an anti-man, determined by the emptying of the being, by being's turning into a mere superficial life of lusts...¹¹

JEAN PAUL SARTRE : When you seized the power, you ought to keep it as much as possible, even if you have to put your arms into the mud until elbows.¹²

HERMANN BROCH: Only the lie brings the glory, not the knowledge.

JEAN PAUL SARTRE: The power spoils so much that a chief who honestly loves his people and for whom the order is synonym with the justice, can't remain a pure man: he's forced to resort to intrigues, to cheat, to treat badly the men he rules, in a word, to become "hangman and butcher".¹³

ALBERT CAMUS: *Gouverner, c'est voler, tout le monde sait ça: (Pause) Je viens de comprendre enfin l'utilité de pouvoir. Il donne ses chances à l'impossible. (Pause) Pour un homme qui aïem le pouvoir, la rivalité de dieux à quelque chose d'agaçant. (Pause) Mais un tyran est un homme qui sacrifie des peuples à ses idées ou à son ambition.*¹⁴

¹¹ "Virgiliu's death", lyrical novel (e.n.).

¹² "Les maines sales", play (e.n.)

¹³ "Le diable et le Bon Dieu", play (e.n.).

¹⁴ "Caligula", play (e.n.).

ERRATA

Instead of

- Fonfoism
- Wodania
- Hyn
- Tarikovskia

there should be read any

- ideology
- State
- leader
- empire

which prove to be oppressors/dictatorial of peoples.

The Non-novel can be republished with the respective replacements.¹

The translation, the adaptation etc. of the present book by the clandestine publishing houses in those **countries where the tyranny rules** is authorized, the author renouncing to the copyright.²

1986-7

¹ This is Eco's open work (e.n.).

² For this reason we published the book too(e.n.).

PARADOXIST MANIFESTO

I left the totalitarianism and I emigrated in USA for freedom but don't try to convince me with any literary rule!

I am not a poet that's why I am writing poems.

I am an anti-poet or a non-poet.

So I came in America to rebuild the Statue of Liberty

In verses released of classicism's tyranny and dogmatism. I agree any daring:

- *the anti-literature and its literature*
- *flexible fixed forms or the living face of death*
- *the style of the non-style*
- *poems without verses (because poem does not mean words) mute poems, with a loud voice*
- *poems without poems (because the notion of poem does not suit to any definition found in dictionaries or encyclopedias)*
- *poems which exist through their absence*
- *post-war literature: pages and pages full of banality and non-poetry*
- *paralinguistic verses: graphics, designs...*
- *non-word and non-position verses*
- *some very moving verses and hermetic trivial other ones*
- *unintelligible intelligible language*
- *unsolved and open problems of mathematics - we have to scientific-ate the art in this technical century*
- *impersonal personalized texts*
- *the electrical shock*
- *turning the impossible into possible, the transformation of the abnormal in normal*
- *Non-art art*
- *to make literature from anything*
- *to make literature from nothing*

The writer is not a prince of the ducks! The notion of literature became obsolete and the people laugh of it. I'm ashamed to affirm that I create lyrical or dramatic texts, I hide the.

The people don't read them and don't listen to them anymore.

Anyway the p a r a d o x i s t m o v e m e n t is neither nihilism nor despair. It is a protest against art's sale

Writers, do you sell your feelings?

Do you create just for money? Only the books about crimes, sex, horror are published.

Where is the true art?

It's gone begging for...

You can find in the paradoxist books all that you don't like and aren't in need of: pages that not be read, heard, written! Enjoy of them! Only the pain can tell you who you are, what is the pleasure. They are a mirror of soul, are infinite...The art is pushed toward its last possible borders, toward non-art and even beyond... Better a book with blank pages that one which does not say anything.

It is used a language very abstract and symbolic, but very concrete at the same time: a non-restrictive creation as regards the form and the content'

All is possible, the impossible too!

In consequence, do not wonder of these non-poems. If you do not understand them, means that you understand everything. This is manifesto's aim.

Because the art is not for mind, but for sentiments. Because the art is for mind too. Do try to interpret what cannot be interpreted. Yours imagination can bloom like a cactus in a desert.

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

Phoenix, Arizona, USA

Dear Mr. Smarandache,

You are a dangerous and contagious man: my luck is that you propagate this new AIDS (or new aid) only in absence, which seems very elegant. As well as very correct and clever. The paradox being an opposition to the common creed, You push the paradoxism towards the sense of readers' awareness, just for you remaining paradoxist. Therefore, you want to gain us in order to loose us; and after that?

Alexandru Ciorănescu

NonNovel is indeed a novel of drawer, carried year after year in the bottomless sack of the exile. This fierce parabola about totalitarianism, about alienation, guilty obedience and lie, opportunism, cruelty, violence, monstrosity, written in a strong tensioned and lacking bashfulness style, situates Florentin Smarandache closer by Orwell, Konwicki, Koestler, Baconsky, and marks a new dimension of the Paradoxism.

Constantin M. Popa

