

The History of Heen

(not francis e. dec, esq.)

Metempsychosis...

“Obesity, obesity with hypogonadism. Also, morbid obesity.”

“Nodular leprosy with leonine facies.”

“The acromegalic and hypokeratotic.”

“The enuretic, this year of all years.”

“The spasmodically torticollic.”

“Those with saddle noses.”

“Those with atrophic limbs. And yes, chemists and pure math majors, also those with atrophic necks.”

“Scleredema adultorum. Them that seep, the serodermatic.”

“Come one, come all,” this circular says.

“The hydrocephalic.”

“The tabescent and cachectic and anorexic.”

“The Bragg’s Diseased, in their heavy, red rinds of flesh.”

“The dermally wine-stained or carbuncular or steatocryptotic or, God forbid, all three.”

“Marin-Amat Syndrome, you say? Come on down.”

“The psoriatic, the eczematologically shunned and the scrofulodermic.”

“Bell shaped steatopygiacs, in your special slacks.”

“Afflictees of Pityriasis Rosea.”

It says here, “Come all ye hateful. Blessed are the poor in body, for they...”

“The leukodermatic, the xanthodantic, the maxillofacially swollen, those with distorted orbits of all kinds.”

“Get out from under the sun’s cove lighting,” is what it says, “Come in out of the spectral rain.”

“The basilisk breathed and pyorrheic. All ye peronic or teratoidal. The phrenologically malformed.”

“The suppuratively lesioned. The endocrinologically malodorous, of whatever ilk.”

“Run! Don’t walk on down.”

“The acervulus nosed. The radically -ectomied. The morbidly diaphoretic, with a hanky in every pocket.”

“The chronically granulomatous.”

“The ones,” it says here, “The ones the cruel call ‘Two Baggers’: one bag for your head, one bag for the observer’s head in case your bag falls off. The hated and dateless and shunned, who keep to the shadows.”

“Those who only undress in front of their pets. The, quote, ‘aesthetically challenged’.”

“Leave your lazarettes and oubliettes,” I’m reading this, right here, “your closets and cellars.”

Dec: Hello and welcome to the Worldwide Open Secret. Insight into the Worldwide Computer God stratified closed society, perfected by hospital birth making possible lifelong Frankenstein controls and

"Find Nurturing and Support and the Inner Resources to face your own unblinking sight." is what this goes on to say, a bit overheatedly, maybe. It is not ours to say.

It says here, "Hugs, not Ughs."

"Come don the veil of the type and token. Come learn to love what's hidden inside, to hold and cherish."

"The almost unbelievably thick ankled. The kyphotic and lordotic. The irredeemably cellulitic."

It says, "Progress, not Perfection."

It says, "Never Perfection."

"The fatally pulchritudinous: Welcome."

"The Actæonizing, side by side with the Medusoid."

"The papuled, the macular. The albinic. Medusas and Odalisques both: come find common ground."

"All meeting rooms windowless," that's in Italic, "All meeting rooms windowless."

Nor are exluded "The utterly noseless," nor the "hideously wall-and cross-eyed,"

Nor either "the ergotic of St. Antony, the leprous, the varicelliformally eruptive or the sarcoma'd of Kaposi."

"The multiple amputee. The prosthetically malmatched. The snaggle toothed, wattled, weak chinned and walrus cheeked."

"The palate clefted."

"The really large pored."

"The excessively, but not necessarily lycanthropically hirsute."

"The pin headed. The convulsively Tourettic. The Parkinsonally tremulous. The stunted and gnarled."

"The teratoid of overall visage. The twisted and hunched and humped and halitotic. The, in any way, asymmetrical."

"The rodential and saurian and equine looking. The tri-nostrilled. The invaginate of mouth and eye."

"Those with dark, loose bags under their eyes that hang halfway down their faces. Those with Cushing's Disease."

"Those who look like they have Down's Syndrome, even though they don't have Down's Syndrome."

You decide. You be the judge. It says, "You are welcome, regardless of severity. Severity is in the eye of the sufferer," it says.

"Pain is Pain."

"Crow's feet. Birthmark. Rhinoplasty that didn't take."

"Mole. Overbite. A bad hair year."

The Chub Scene...

Maggie: Hello, Francis. (pause) I know you can hear me. I know you're listening. Maybe you're right, hiding this way... But, I'm sorry to say, all you can really effect is postponement. In the mean time, keep abreast of the incurable. What you really want is to disappear. Isn't that what you want? To make off for the absolute

lifelong hampering human defects containment policy. Hospital birth lifelong gifts. Example: deformed, crippled, retarded, pox, hives, warts, moles, blindness, deafness, poor vision, etc. Kosher boshers containment policy work good doctors secret health. Example: cataract, rheumatism, weak heart, damaged vision, epilepsy, fainting spells, paralysis, loss of memory, trembling, gout, diabetes, many diseases.

Kosher boshers vicious medical profession worldwide unbelievable instant plastic surgery butchery of the body and brain, especially the face. Wipe on hormones and laser beam surgery causing instant ugly deep wrinkles, scars, age spots, arthritis, freckles, blemishes, pimples, red, brown, black or even sick white face and body. Total graying and balding, even hairy body and furry body, moustached, bearded women, even wipe-on synthetic hormones causing cancerous growth. Bloating, swelling, deformed, big pickle nose, bulldog, hanging cheeks and jowls. From teen-age gradual wipe-on yellowing, frowning and blackening of teeth, and instant grinding and acids leaving hollow brown stumps so vocal chords are made raspy, aged, creating a wrinkled, ugly gargoyle clown booze face, worldwide population by age 70. Deformed, crippled, weak and brain damaged, senile. Linger for inevitability of gradualness extermination. For your only hope for a future, do you know one word of pray for me, Francis E. Dec

of darkness, the comforts of imbecility. Or have you conferred that fate on someone else? I think Freud called it wish transference, or something like that...

“ ... ”

It's filthy in here, Francis, you really should clean this place up.
(pause) You're difficult to have a conversation with, aren't you?

“ ... ”

Yes, you're difficult, selfish, even. But I like you. For an old, dying, psychotic, fascist creep, you're kind of cute. I think we have a certain affinity. Maybe I could have you on the show sometime? You'd make an ideal guest. That is if... what? Did you say something? Oh, I didn't think so. But I thought I heard something... like some kind of fluttering, or something. Do you keep birds? Carrier pigeons? Or maybe a parrot? No? You should consider it. They say people with pets live happier, healthier, longer lives. Well, I've got to go. I've really enjoyed our chat. Oh, I almost forgot to ask, how are the preparations for your trial going?

“ ... ”

That well? It's difficult. Every recipe for salvation erects it's own apparatus for extermination. I know you're a lawyer, but maybe a bit of extra legal advice would help. The thing about a trial that you have to consider is: whose testimony goes on record and whose evaporates? Especially in a case like yours, which is very difficult, complicated. Did you do it, Francis? Did you really do it?

Think about it, Francis, for your only hope for a future.

Negative Creep...

In 1965 CIA Gangster police beat me bloody and dragged me in chains from Kennedy New York Airport. Since then I hide, enforced, jobless, in poverty, isolated, alone in this house. The braise of deadly gangster police, crazy with poisoned nerve gas from automobile exhaust and even lawn mowers. Deadly assault even in my yard with knives, even bricks and stones, even deadly electro-shock flashlights, even remote electronically controlled around corners projection of deadly touch tarantula spiders, or even lucky murder “accidents” to shut me up forever with a sneak undetectable extermination, even trained assassins in maximum security insanity prisons for writing these unspeakable truths. Until my undetectable extermination, I, Francis E. Dec, Esq., 29 Maple Ave. Hamstead, N.Y., stand alone against your mad deadly worldwide conspiratorial gangster computer god communism with wall-to-wall deadly gangster protection. Life long swarm conspirators murder incorporated organized crime, the police and judges, the deadly sneak parodying of the gangsters, using all the

deadly Frankenstein controls. These sneaky deadly gangsters, the judges and police, trick, trap, rob, rape butcher and murder the people to keep them terrorized in gangster earphone radio slavery for the communist gangster government. Con artist parodying playboys stomp on top. The secret work of all police is to keep order in this communist close society. The same worldwide mad deadly communist gangster computer god that controls you is a terrorized gangster Frankenstein earphone radio parodying puppet.

Scott: You know, I'm beginning to feel a real connection between us... a real warm, human feeling...

Dec: You know... you are a terrorized member of the master race worldwide four billion eyesight television guinea pig communist gangster computer god master race. You're living, thinking proof.

Scott: Thank you!

Mme Psych: You wouldn't say that about me, would you Francis? But maybe you would, maybe I'm just a terrorized slave like everyone else. And maybe you're right. It is not ours to say. It's just that... well, it's just... it's difficult for me to say this. It's just that I wish you didn't think that about me. I'm not like that, Francis. Really. Are you listening to me? Have you ever listened to me?

“...”

Mme Psych: Okay, Mr. Knight of the Doleful Countenance. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe we share nothing. Maybe I'm nothing but a scotomatous zone in your eyes. Do you even have eyes? Maybe you're just whirling around in a vast vortex of shit in a field of silver stars. Asphyxiating in the vacuum of your own voice. Does nothing penetrate you? Because I'm fucking penetrated, through and through. I'm nothing but a critical mass of holes! But you're something worse- much worse. (pause)Will you fucking say something?

“...”

Mme Psych: Just try and get outside your own sclerotic skin and consider my needs for once. Just once.

“...”

Mme Psych: Okay, fine. You don't have to say anything. Gorge yourself on solitude. Just carry on your crusade against yourself in your own decrepit name. The world will join you soon enough. I'll be there, too. Just to listen to your voice, just to hear your railing collapse in on itself. Exquisite radio silence...

Mme Psych: You're going on trial, and you're going to burn.

Scott: Bye-bye...

Sky Saw...

The mad deadly worldwide computer god secret plan, living dead Frankenstein slavery. To explore and control the entire universe with the endless stairway to the stars, mainly the man made inside out planets with nucleonic speeds much faster than the speed of light. Look up and see the gangster concocted new fake star filled sky, with worldwide completely controlled deadly degenerate planetive atmosphere with the new worldwide translusive exotic gaseous envelope which the worldwide communist gangster computer god controls through compass exact positioned satellites. The new fake phony stars in the synthetic sky. Worldwide systematic instantaneous plastic surgery, butcher and murder, to fake aging so old people are dead or useless by age 87.

Worldwide, as a Frankenstein slave, usually at night, you go to a nearby hospital or camouflaged miniature hospital van truck. You strip naked, lay on the operating table, which slides into the Computer God sealed robot operating cabinet. Intravenous tubes are connected. The slimy, vicious jew doctor simply pushes the starting button based upon your computer god brain on the moon which records progress of your systematic butchery. Your butchery is continued exactly, systematically. The Computer God Sealed Robot operating cabinet has many robot arms with electrical and laser beam knife robot arms with fly eye TV cameras watching your whole body. Every part of you is monitored, even from your Frankenstein controls. Synthetic blood, synthetic instant sealing flesh and skin, even synthetic electrical heartbeat to keep you alive are some of the unbelievable instant plastic surgery secrets. You are the highest, most intelligent electrical machine in the universe.

All the clouds turn to words
All the words float in sequence
No one knows what they mean
Everyone just ignores them.

Silence, darkness

Eric: Hello? Is anybody there? (pause)

Scott: dec, dec, dec... at length, but not too late...

Eric: Hello? (pause) I'm not there.

Maggie:
See the skull split, electric light
trembling delirium
Drifting noiseless
Through the new fake starry night

Dec: Beautiful... beautiful... beautiful...

Maggie: Begin.

Scott:
Good evening.
Good evening.
Good evening.

Mr. District Attorney

Maggie: Begin.

The Trial...

Scott: Point 1- Guilt was established beyond a reasonable doubt.

Guns for San Sebastian

Scott: The jury, by their verdict, have found as fact that this defendant did utter Heen to the Western lands, severing a very deep human connection that we so long for in our miserable, barren and isolated lives, a violation of section 1820-y, subdivision 2 of the Penal Law. Furthermore the jury found that the defendant had forged the Book of Pictures and, finally, that the defendant committed perjury with respect to the presence of Randy, in violation of Section 1584-yy, subdivisions 7 and 9yyy, respectively, of the Penal Law.

The weight of the evidence was reviewed by the Appellate Division and the Court unanimously affirmed the judgement of conviction.

On December 23, 1958, the defendant was sentenced upon each of his convictions.

The people most respectfully submit to this court that the evidence was legally established beyond a reasonable doubt.

Dec: ...reasonable doubt, oy vey ...

Mme Psychosis: (whispering) Try and get one over now and we'll see who's washed up, gray and bloated. They'll haul you off to the sausage factory in the back of a pick-up truck.

Maggie, as Judge Judy: This court is now in session. Will the defendant please rise?

Dec: (standing) Worldwide communist computer god containment policy propagated here by parroting puppet slaves, namely, the law...

Maggie, as Judge Judy: Will the defendant please sit down and shut up? Mr. Prosecutor, your witness.

Mr. Prosecutor: Your honor, I call the defendant: Francis E. Dec.

Dec: Francis E. Dec, Esquire, venerable lawyer, physician and author...

Mr. Prosecutor: Whatever. Are you one Francis E. Dec of 29 Maple Street, Hempstead, New York?

Dec: I am what I'm not.

Mme Psych: an inversion.

Mr. Prosecutor: Oh, you're being evasive. These times call for direct action. A creative approach that cuts into the teeth of a nation gone toothless in the face of veritable dust storm of unlikely jollity.

Dec: Solely Mr. Dec exposes the false Sodomy and Gomorrah of you worldwide parroting puppet slaves. Make copies for yourself, you hangman rope gangster scum on top. Laugh your mad giggle now.

Mme Psych: The appropriation of your own nature is simultaneously your grasp of the unfolding of the universe which, I might add, is tenuous.

Mr. Prosecutor: Thank you, Mr. Dec. That will do.

Mme Psych: There it is again.

Mr. Prosecutor: Are you feeling funny, Mr. Dec?

Dec: Funny? Why should I feel funny? The two hemispheres are fundamentally at odds...

Mr. Prosecutor: That's totally true, however, I'd heard you were from Ohio.

Dec: Either there or Long Island. That is the subject of considerable debate. Some say my forearms indicate Long Island lineage, even going so far as to say Nassau County. That, however, is based on corrupted testimony, as my forearms are actually more slender and less hairy than the forearms alluded to in the Physiological-Topographical Lineage Manuals, Volumes 1-8. My tendency for tumescence at the sound of alarm bells, although more accurate, does not necessarily indicate an Ohio lineage, as some would have it. My grandfather, surrounded by pine trees, spent his life in pursuit of the perpetual windmill. Besides, I walk around a lot.

Mr. Prosecutor: Mmmm Hmmm... and, during this walking around, presumably in Ohio, did you not encounter one Alice May Williams after an automobile accident?

Mme Psych: She seems to have been erased, removed from the

volumes. Did you do that Francis?

Dec: The accident, to which you are referring, involved two automobile cars and took place in the state of Kansas, 85,000 square miles of flat, on July 5, 1904. I thought about them two cars; weather conditions had been reasonable, visibility fine. I said to myself, 'what was it?' An idea whose time had come, or maybe it just seemed like a good idea at the time.

Mme Psych: Probably not...

Mr. Prosecutor: Mmmm Hmmm... and so it was then you met Ms. Williams?

Dec: That Polish, or something, re-male bitch?

Mme Psych: Naughty, naughty Francis Dec.

Mr. Prosecutor: Mr. Dec, the court will not allow plagiary, not to mention, slanderous language. Will you please answer the question?

Dec: Mother?

Mr. Prosecutor: What?

Dec: Who?

Mr. Prosecutor: Alice!

Dec: Eleanor Roosevelt?

Mme Psych: Yes, but worse, much worse.

Mr. Prosecutor: Mr. Dec?

Dec: What?

Mr. Prosecutor: Alice May Williams. Where and when did you meet Alice May Williams?

Dec: Oh. I saw her at Love Canal dipping all these people in water. I just couldn't believe it. All these people, getting wet. I wanted to stay dry, so I started walking. It seemed like the thing to do, at the time, given that I was walking away from the aforementioned maniacal soakings. Whenever I imagined myself, which I was given to doing constantly, it was always walking in dry and dusty places. Admittedly, it may be time for a re-assessment of my walking tendencies, as I have gotten wet several times due to vagaries in the weather and a lack of distinction between imagination and what appears to exist outside of imagination. It's just that I can't quite bring myself to terms with this business that appears to be going on

in what appears to have nothing to do with my imagination, whatsoever. So I walk around. But, sometimes, I take a bus.

Mr. Prosecutor: Walk around... Take a bus. Walk around... Take a bus. Walk around... Take a bus. Are you some sort of insomniac?

Dec: No, amnesiac.

Mr. Prosecutor: Did I say something? Oh, nevermind... Yes, well then did you, or did you not, in your dealings with Ms. Williams, encounter the New World and The Instrument, allowing you to forge the book of pictures, inserting nasty scribbling?

Dec: I don't recall.

Mr. Prosecutor: Did you not scribble all over the beautiful Instrument you obtained through your deceit of poor Ms. Williams?

Dec: Her? As to her, trussed up in this plush pink... (flap flap flap... shooomp!) with lines of force intersecting navel and cranium, okay, mostly cranium, but I think this is more about the belly button. She seems harmless enough, but a feeling of suspicion can't be helped. She's just gazing at the book all the time and I could swear I heard the fluttering of wings last time I was in there.

Mr. Prosecutor: So you admit knowledge of the Book of Pictures?

Mme Psych: Oh my god! Van der Weyden went completely insane and soaked all the pillows in gasoline. Can you blame him?

Mr. Prosecutor: Mr. Dec? Mr. Dec, answer the question, or you will be held in contempt.

Dec: It was the first thing I saw. It was a world. What a big world. What a world to be drowned in.

Mr. Prosecutor: Mmmm Hmmm... and so you admit it?

Dec: Hers is the only hope. There is no live world this side of the sky. But, despite this sense of impending doom, she must be wheelbarreled through the airwaves, out of time and through holes to present the final prayer, a muffled plea for salvation, a request for the final answer, buried in the flesh of Francis E. Dec, Esquire, venerable Attorney at law, persecuted by technologies too vast for Parody Puppet to fathom.

Mr. Prosecutor: Oh! Mr. Dec! What kind of mind do you have, anyway?

Dec: Stop it! Stop posing questions to the Infinite! Nothing but

venom in the teeth of babes could satisfy you! Do you think you are subtle? Do you think you can break me with innuendo?

Mr. Prosecutor: Mr. Dec, you are evading the issues. Your cunning might work with Quakers, but this is a court of Law... Confess now or your credit rating will be ruined.

Mme Psychosis: Come in out of the spectral rain.

Mr. Prosecutor: You are reputed to be a lawyer, are you not?

Dec: Hello?

Mme Psych: Pain is pain.

Mr. Prosecutor: Mr. Dec? Will you answer the question?

Dec: I'll wear a gray cap; she'll wave a red book.

Mme Psychosis: Dreaming yourself into static, again and again, hallucinating under the new fake starry skies, exposed from every angle.

Mr. Prosecutor: Mistewr Dec didju or didju not expwode in the Nighttime of Buwrning Wabbits in the Bwack Whode Iswand Woods with Mawy Dyewr, woods cwawing with injuns and Quakers who have no sense of time, no compwehension of The Inevitabiwity of Gwaduawness? Transmitting sickwy smews of buwrning fwesh to the innocent and puwre through your cwammy, cowd, itchy, upwaised fingewr, poking the Night Skies of Fwesh for new howes, ignoring your own possession of howes, wiuwdwy stabbing the dawrk skies in hopes of anothewr, deepewr, darkewr howew?

Mme Psychosis: The radiohole perhaps? Unhinged and pouring through you, every voice being every other voice.

Mr. Prosecutor: Francis, you've got something nasty in your mind...

Mme Psychosis: Maybe you're just confused, but I don't think so...

Mr. Prosecutor: Trying to be honest, Francis? Honesty is sick. Try to be honest and look what you get...

Mme Psychosis: I'm the real hero here Francis...

Mr. Prosecutor: Of you we've already had very dangerous experience. Can we help it if we assassinate you? I don't think so Francis...

Mme Psychosis: No, I don't think so. I'm sorry to say your revolt

can have no meaning here...

Mr. Prosecutor: Howling Heen into the teeth of the wind, but for whom does Francis E. Dec howl for, when he howls?

Mme Psychosis: There's nothing there...

Mr. Prosecutor: Heen spells nothing, begins nothing unto Webster. It is your very, very own Heen; which is to say... nothing...

Mme Psychosis: And your maypole, erected 80 feet tall with antlers on top, it's pretty and has good range, but it's too tall Francis...

Mr. Prosecutor: Much too tall. Hempstead Zoning laws forbid it...

Mme Psychosis: It's time to unlearn your ecstasies, Francis...

Mr. Prosecutor: You are a heretic of existence, itself, and that makes the Computer God unhappy, Francis. Very unhappy. We're going to have to send you back to the pork intestines Francis...

Mme Psychosis: You remember the pork intestines, don't you, Francis?

Pork Intestines...

w/One Of These Days & Fearless

Solely Mr. Dec exposes false Sodomy and Gomorrah of you worldwide computer god parroting puppet gangster slaves. Not even in the Truth, oy vey, Pravda, is Mr. Francis E Dec, Esquire's eight page detailed letter exposing the worldwide deadly Communist Gangster Computer God and the worst deadliest enemy of the entire human race and the entire universe and the entire history of the universe, namely the communist atheist conspiracy with all the deadly unbelievable sophisticated Frankenstein controls. Example: Communist Gangster Computer God, Unbelievably staged like Hollywood scum-on-top Tsarina, alias Great Dictator, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the polio paralyzed legless drug addict idiotic suicidal Tsarina fag who had his unbeatable rival Will Rogers exterminated in an exploding ball of flame by planted bomb here in safe USA airfield shortly after take off at the end of Will Rogers unprecedented, renowned, arduous round the world good will flying trip with Wiley Post in his beautiful electronically sophisticated luxurious ultra modern Winnie Mae airplane. Not only all stairways had inclines added for Tsarina Roosevelt's computerized wheelchair, but a football field sized glass house type building was built in sight of the White House for his medicinal piped-in pure warmed sea-water into his gigantic suicide proof two feet deep swimming pool where he waded naked with his nurse and had sodomy affairs. Now Pope John in the Vatican has similar

swimming pool to share with the endless number of nuns to help him forget his good old days as a married man naked in bed with high holy communion sodomy.

Sneak shameless hangman rope gangster government leaders into pork intestine . Frankenstein living death eternal slavery. I now go to death for your lowest deadly felony crime against me.

Frankenstein Earphone Radio parroting puppet slave do not dare repeat any part of this truthful message. For like Mr. Francis E. Dec, Esquire, you too can be beaten bloodily by the gangster police, wrapped in pork intestine and dragged in chains into a windowless telephone booth type prison cell and put into maximum security insanity prison for undetectable extermination, and by the lowest gangsterism, namely the law, character assassinated for life as an insane criminal menace to this worst gangster communism. Now that your terrified trembling delirium has subsided, have your computer sub-division play out my transmission. Make copies for yourself, you hangman rope gangster scum on top, and you re-broadcast my transmission. For your only hope for a future.

Coda...

You'll Never Walk Alone

