

F*CK COUCHES

An inflammatory rantlet from your pals at the P.O.E.E. (Class V division)



You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun.

I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.

- MALK-ALYPSE THE FOREVER YOUNGER

SERIOUSLY, THE COUCHES SUCK BALLS

HEY! JUST SO EVERYONE ISN'T UNDER THE MISTAKEN IMPRESSION THAT WE ARE FRIENDLY, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, ONLY-SLIGHTLY-MEDDLING ANARCHS THAT DON'T GENUINELY RAGE AGAINST ANYTHING, WE WROTE *THIS*.

YES VIRGINIA, THERE ~~IS~~ SOMETHING WE HATE UNABASHEDLY AND WILL RAVE LIKE REAL HONEST TO GOD POLITICALLY MOTIVATED LUNATICS ABOUT!

This pamphlet is here to unleash a torrent of vitriol, bile and fury at something that has been a fetid vomit-encrusted thorn in the side of us and others everywhere since the first man invented the first thing to sit his man-ass upon.

I am speaking of course of the ignoble **COUCH** - a sinister organism that has infiltrated every facet of our society and threatens to topple us all into a spiral of apathetic zombitude and wretched abject slavery to our incredibly comfy masters.

HOW COUCHES WORK

Couches, in spite of what you may think, are in reality a parasite, instead of an inanimate and non-sentient place to put your bottom. (Ignore the first paragraph where we indicate they are a man-made construct)

When you sit on a couch, an elaborate process is actually undertaken by the creature in question, whereby non-visible pseudo-pods begin to entrench themselves into your cerebrum and lower torso, anchoring you into place with imperceptible feelers as the pest begins to inject a slow acting drug into the doing-useful-shit portions of your brain. As these centers of doing useful shit begin to shut down, you will begin to feel increasingly dependent on figureheads, fate, the status quo, law, custom, the guy sitting next to you awkwardly rambling about religion, actual politicians, insightful leaders, and scum-sucking dastardly blackguards who mean you no good but can talk loudly.

At this point the couch will activate it's INVISIBLE BRAIN TENTACLES and begin to siphon off your delicious HOPES, DREAMS, AMBITIONS, and MOTIVATIONS, which it will store in it's many chambered couch stomach to later be regurgitated to the queen couch in the hopes of persuading her to lay more couch eggs¹

Couches are **proven**¹ to cause cancer, nausea, nuclear war, AIDS, herpes, dizziness, the Holocaust, penile dysfunction, pregnancy, death, more death, and speeling errors.

DON'T TAKE THEM LIGHTLY.

HELPFUL DIAGRAMS

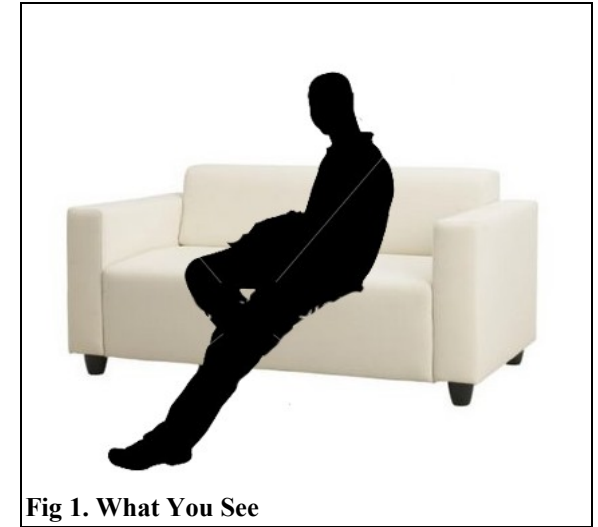


Fig 1. What You See

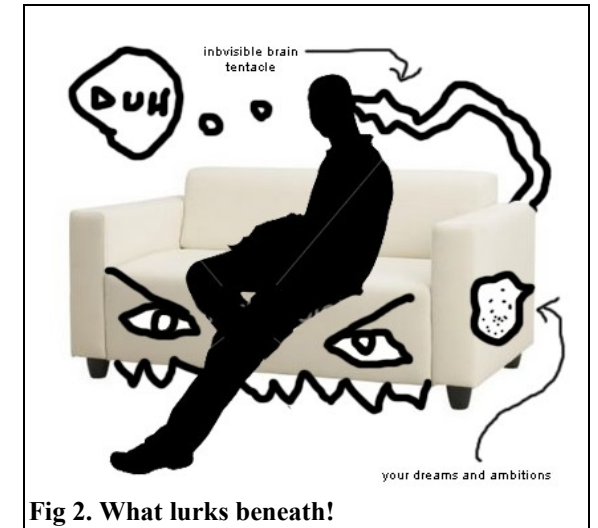


Fig 2. What lurks beneath!

¹See study by I. M. Pangloss in vol XXIX of the Journal of Scientific Balderdashery

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

What is to be done about this plush and comfort-inducing menace? I cry to you fellows, that NOW is the time for revolution!

No more rhetoric. No more discussion. No more peaceable protest of these grotesqueries. Will must take ACTION. DIRECT ACTION NOW.

STEP I: DO NOT SIT ON THEM.

By depriving the queen of sustenance, we weaken the herd. By depriving ourselves of idleness, we weaken our apathy.

STEP @@: Retrieve our ability for creative action.

By getting up and doing things on our own – by having our own thoughts and dreams and capers and hijinx and other such rubbish – by being bold, we deny the couchtonian Empire it's purpose.

STEP C: KILL THE ROTTEN KNIVES

Sometimes the revolution is not peaceable!
Sometimes you must cleanse through FIRE.



STEP MANGO: srsly ignore step C

Honestly, the point of this pamphlet is to kill the couch *within*. We at the P.O.E.E. do not actually recommend getting a kickass headband and setting the couches on explosive fire. Please don't, in fact. His most Wrighteous poobah the Brodacious and Eugenuous king of kings...

He will probably yell at us. :(

Again.

THINGS YOU COULD BE DOING INSTEAD OF SITTING ON A GODDAMN COUCH, HAVING YOUR BRAIN HARVESTED FOR NOURISHMENT BY THE EVIL COUCH QUEEN FOR THE BETTERMENT OF COUCH-BEASTS EVERYWHERE, SUCH AS THAT YOUR EMOTIONAL, INTELLECTUAL, SPIRITUAL, PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND CREATIVE POTENTIALS ATROPHY AND YOUR LIVES THAT I SPIT ON ARE BUT A DEAD HUSK OF A CARICATURE OF A FIGURE OF AN IMAGE, DRAWN BY A KID WHO IS STUPID. YES THAT IS RIGHT, HERE ARE THE OTHER THINGS YOU COULD DO:

∞: anything. seriously. ANYTHING.

HERE IS THE OBVIOUS VISUAL JOKE THAT WAS MISSING FROM OUR OTHER PAMPHLET!



(Unless we didn't publish it, in which case this is an ominous harbinger)

