

CAR WARS




TRD-1076

*this is a war of engines and octanes
i salute the american oil industry
i salute the american auto industry
uncle joe stalin*



***nihil obstat imprimatur
cardinal carmen caravana
holy roamin caraholic church***



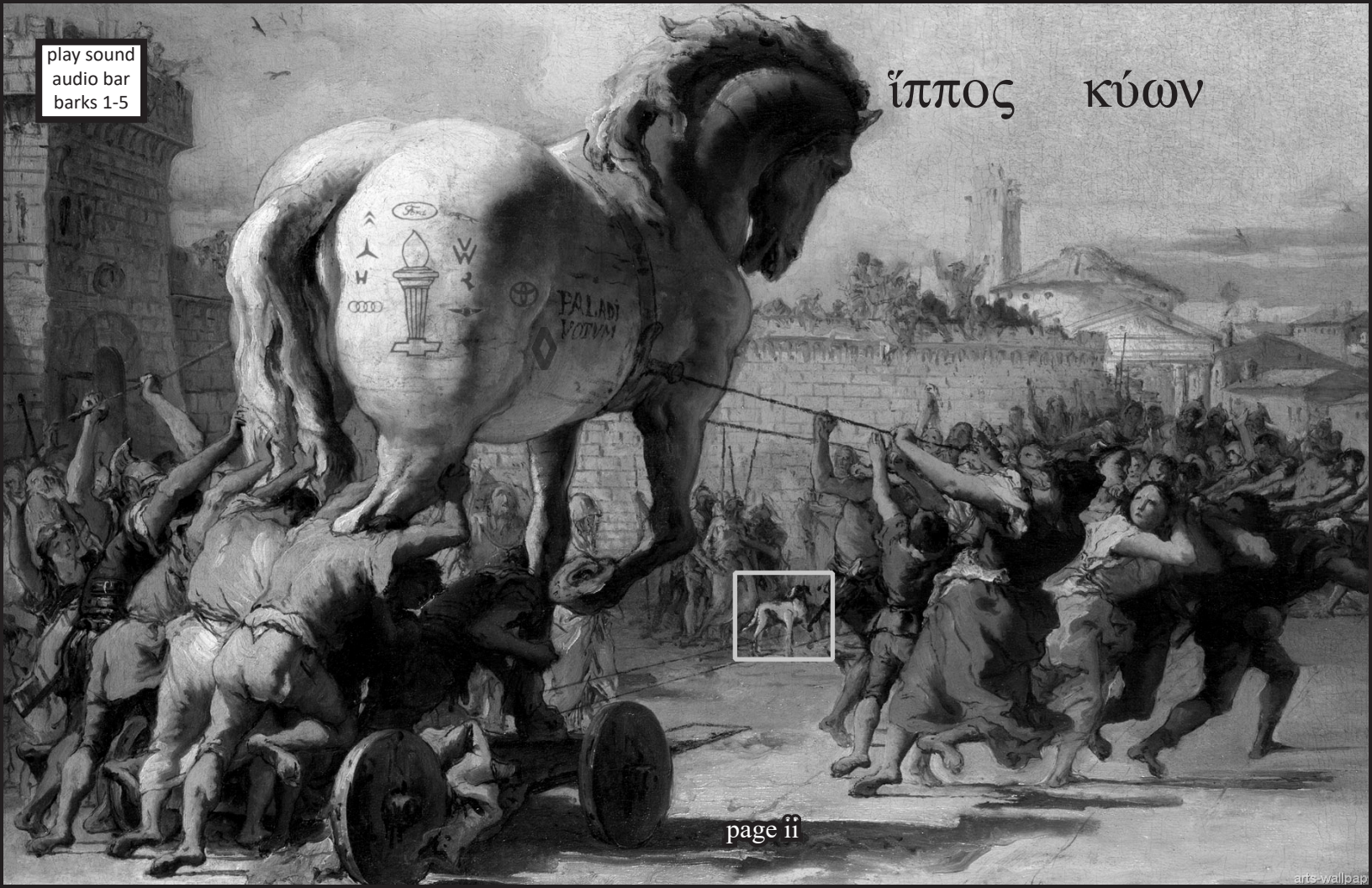
dedicated to the memory
of the late henry tieman
who made us aware of the automan empire
and to the memory of the estimated
thirty three million men women and children
and the countless millions of other creatures
slaughtered by its death machines since it began its
imperial reich

this version of the book online
is also dedicated to the memory of the cover girl
the venerable looloo who recently died
on sunday june 6 2021 after a long life
(for a pugnacious pug 15 years)
of warring against the death machine
she is featured on pages 39-40 and page 82
she can also be heard barking throughout

d day june 6 2021

play sound
audio bar
barks 1-5

ΪΠΠΟΣ ΚΥΩΝ



βίβλος εἶς γέεκς

when i was a toy in the town of troy
i barked for a day and a night
but nobody cared why my teeth were bared
when a horse on wheels came in sight
they thought i was mad that rabies i had
when i bit at its wheels in a rage
for they couldn't smell the geeks i could tell
were inside the horse's ribcage

all dogs have their day when they get to display
their prowess as sniffer and guard
but such was the lure of that horsepower hoor
for the trojans who fell for her hard
that they kicked me aside as our gates opened wide
to the beast that drove their demise
my barks were ignored troy put to the sword
destroyed by the gift they would prize

eight geeks were inside the big horse's hide
but the trojans thought it a gift
an offering made to athena it said
written on the horse's midriff
along with these signs to please the divines
branded up on the horse's ass
marks esoteric very mesmeric
so troy gave the nag a free pass

for the hateful eight once inside the gate
they'd run over all in their road
speed of the essence planned obsolescence
this pinto was set to explode
trust in each other not worth the bother
stabs in the back were expected
competition was dire the aim was hellfire
diss troy and leave when they wrecked it

was it the design on the nag's behind
that attracted the trojan eyes?
the strange hieroglyphs along its midriiffs
this ἵππος could sure hypnotize
branded into its hide hot iron applied
as emblems of κλαυς of the geek?
or λογος of god in cypher code odd
to trojans a message unique?

one brand stood out clear a sign without peer
a firebrand symbol alight
a standard raised tall at the centre of all
a beacon of leadership bright
a flambeau ablaze a torch to amaze
the people of troy were enlightened
but ominous too for dogs nothing new
our dark fears of fire were heightened



βεῶρε οφ γεεκσ βεάριγγ γιφτς

a three pointed star a swastika scar
a shield with a motto around it
a squat crooked cross a ford on a boss
a big cat stretched as it bounded
wide outspread wings olympian rings
and even a high horse rampant
all craftily burned to keep trojan heads turned
and thoughts of treachery distant

were they good luck charms or κλοιν coats of arms
to signal the geeks had conceded?
an offer of peace that siege would now cease
since troy had not been defeated?
whatever they meant the trojans were sent
into raptures of horse veneration
these magical marks despite our fierce barks
filled trojans with transport elation

the corporate eight in hateful full spate
would employ this blueprint again
first dazzle the mobs the blank billy bobs
with hobby horse awesome and then
when invited in let the fun begin
downloading the hateful eight hooks
throw open the gates let in running mates
for shock doctrine preached by the crooks

those geeks fairly stank of a reeking rank
though nobody noticed but me
i could smell each one from σκατά he'd done
and the strong aroma of πεε
being stuck inside that timber horse hide
for long hot incontinent hours
till the fumes explode the eight pissed on load
that internal combustion powers

and down through the years my descendant peers
have pissed on the piston machine
that's pissing on us a slime suck you bus
that belches out gases obscene
that's spilling its guts on people and mutts
and splitting our guts in roadkill
our clarion bark must make its loud mark
or we're all just grist for its mill

that racoon you see unable to flee
now a bloated corpse on the road
the grouse in the ditch the flattened dog bitch
the slow turtles crushed by the load
the creatures unseen in millions have been
the hollow cost victims destroyed
by the hateful eight fools in their monstrous tools
of empathy deeply devoid

hateful eight

of the hateful eight three threw round more weight
 than the rest of the devious crew
 a trio of yanks two makers of tanks
 and one who made something new
 the pair wielding power by brute miles per hour
 the third made fast counting machines
 that could organize direct and devise
 by sharpest statistical means



γεεκ εἷς γένεραλ μω
 in charge of the show was general mo
 who appeared in various guises
 as a geek called du pont who'll forever haunt
 with nightmare gas he devises
 as his partner sloan who set the same tone
in big auto motives we trust
 and the roche gombeen as mooney had been
 all stinking of megabuck lust

ἥτφυλ ὀκτώ

γεεκ δύο φωρδ
 second in command of the hateful band
 was a major called hɛɪnɪtʃ fɔrd
 by far the best known a hero homegrown
 whose smell could not be ignored
 always on the case of the chosen race
 the flivver king let it be heard
 while others were ἄχθτμ hɛɪnɪtʃ called them scum
 these vermin should not be spared



γεεκ τρεῖς ωάτσον
 the third geek in line in this rank equine
 was watson of business machines
 that could count a race at a rapid pace
 and sort who had unwanted genes
 while big mo and ford were mainly on board
 to mass produce the big wheels
 counter man watson kept careful watch on
 logistics involving big deals



γεεκ τέσσαρες ρόκαφελλερ
 one roka fellow letting it mellow
 gave off a strong oily *odeur*
 oleagenous slick a slippery prick
 whose standards were filthy and poor
 with a heart of gold black gold that he sold
 to get billy bobs hooked on his gas
 a religious man with a cunning plan
 extreme unction for all *en masse*



γεεκ πέντε τεύτον

the teuton was next who read from the text
 the book that was written by ford
 a shapeshifter quick you can take your pick
 of the forms he took as he roared
 like daimler and benz or adolf whose ends
 would justify murderous means
 the merk was their way even merkel today
 getting volks into wagen machines

γεεκ ἕξ ούρος
 geek six you may know as captain ouro
 who could not handle his minions
 a fractious outfit of dago and brit
 and wops with fiat opinions
 with frogs killing dogs *deux chevaux* road hogs
 what ouro drives to he brexit
 his cults of the car are always at war
 wherever he goes he wrecks it



γεεκ ἑπτὰ νίππων

from the rising sun came a swift shogun
 a latecomer joining the fold
 his toy quotas small but counting them all
 his numbers in millions all told
 what they lacked in size cloning multiplies
 to a plague of lexus in swarms
 through country and towns in matrix go rounds
 devouring green fields that were farms



γreek ὀκτώ μουσκ

last but no way least was a muskie beast
who wasn't addicted to oil
unlike the others his gassed up brothers
he's a charged up dynamo coil
his posse though slight was ready to fight
and overrun troy with its stealth
still crackhead on power for his miles per hour
still looting for billionaire wealth



those are the bare bones of eight driving drones
eight cylinders sure to explode
the hateful gee eight who opened the gate
to crush every dog on the road
on those bones we'll pick to the marrow thick
of the skeleton crew in the steed
we'll see how they came to be in that horse frame
disstroying troytown with their speed

so what have they done to deserve our shun?
why do we dog them so vicious?
to get why we hate you must concentrate
on how they got so pernicious
how their ranks increased how they never ceased
to multiply out of control
for that you can blame that heinrich by name
affording a ford was his goal

γreek εἶς φωρδ

ford cloned out the t to the nth degree
till flivvers were flooding the land
breeding like rabbits with far worse habits
they soon got away out of hand
not just for the rich was the ford sales pitch
the proles were ruling the highways
the average joe was now on the go
invading the lanes and byways

we lost many lives on their sunday drives
of the masses out for a spin
in their clouds of dust from their high speed lust
they slaughtered us critters and kin
the fascist fuck ford had finally scored
the goal armoured wheelchairs for all
an army of creeps in model t jeeps
a blitzkrieg at his beck and call

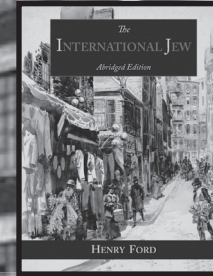


play sound
audio bar
barks 6-12

think me dogmatic? barking fanatic?
inclined to demonize ford?
after all he paid more than most men made
with companies across the board
a job at ford's plant many men would want
they could afford a model t
but there was a flaw in what ford foresaw
in his breeding exponentially

ford's da a gombeen of a grasping mien
a planter stock irish exile
who made his big bucks in farming and trucks
and to heinrich his son left his pile
with his silver spoon young heinrich would soon
make his cash off the flivver machine
ford now could afford to take a rag on board
so in print he could vent his spleen

for ford's paper news would be all about jews
*and how they controlled the system
in their shylock way pounds of flesh they flay
on wall street none could resist them
they caused all our strife then twisted the knife
a rotten despicable race
what was good was greed their avarice creed
they had to be put in their place*



and ford wrote a book with a mein kampf look
the international jew bait
assembling the parts of hatred and carts
to be driven home by the state
the fuhrer adored the genius of ford
so much that he hung his portrait
on his office wall to be seen by all
as the mass producer of hate



it was no surprise his writings caught eyes
 in the rising tide of the right
 the kristallnacht crew would be nurtured anew
 by heinrich's hate for the semite
 so was there a link between jew hate think
 and model t tin lizzy craze?
 is to race at speed pure racist in deed
 for a race you want to erase?



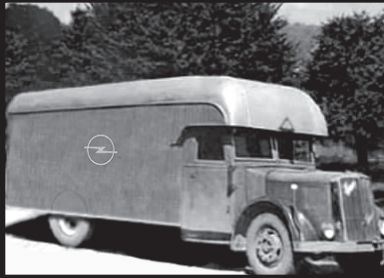
to seal their accord the führer gave ford
 the great grand cross of the eagle
 the highest award with swastikas starred
 for an un-german un-jew legal
 duly recorded justly rewarded
 for services rendered the reich
 from ford werke trucks to saving big bucks
 transporting the wehrmacht and kike

in the depression was ford's obsession
 to get millions into his cars
 his way to enlist a force to consist
 of masses of jeeps to wage wars?
 assembly line cloned each privately owned
 mass pawns in his dangerous game
 guns in their asses shooting them gases
 to poison run over and maim

was there something about this churning cars out
 that sparked the final solution?
 until cyclone be it's instructive to see
 that truck exhaust-pipe pollution
 was used to that date to asphyxiate
 thousands of unwelcome vermin
 mostly at chelmno where deaths were dead slow
 for those not properly german



γρεκ δύο γένεραλ μω

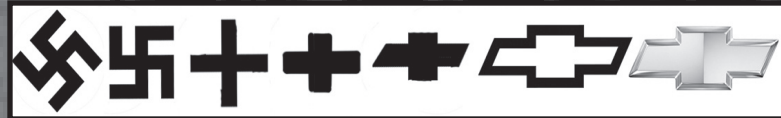


one truck used to gas the unwanted mass
 was a three ton Opel Blitz van
 so not only ford general mo's on board
 to supply the shoah's demand
 for death on the move the SS approve
 of diesel gas chambers on wheels
 extermination by transportation
 through trade with the enemy deals

the geek hateful eight were right up to date
 with all of the latest war gear
 don't matter a damn without any qualm
 they'll flog it so they profiteer
 to friend or to foe to tyrants they'll go
 glad handing seig heiling folkers
 as long as there's loot morality's moot
 ethics are only for suckers

the führer in awe of heinrich ford's draw
 how the yanks bought into the scheme
 to enlist en masse by parking one's ass
 in a two ton fighting machine
 to explore world wide while on your backside
 supine disabled robotic
 programmed and prodded softened applauded
 for riding a wheelchair exotic

fascism thrives on speed its primary need
 to keep far ahead of our kind
 or run us to ground wherever we're found
 preventing it falling behind
 the path that it steers its changing of gears
 riding roughshod over our lives
 its lust to get there makes it unaware
 of the toll its ignorance drives





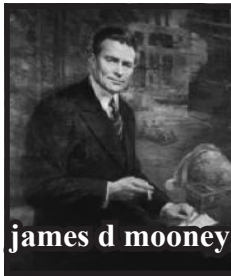
one alfred p sloan way out on his own
 in contest for fòkker in chief
 who kept his mouth shut on jew baiting but
 as general mo his firm belief
*was nothing should stand in the way of demand
 supply should not be suspended
 by customer views on spastics or jews
 free markets must be defended*

*even when at war there should be no bar
 on seeing the enemy right
 when a foe's in need he's a friend in deed
 commerce ain't part of the fight
 if enemy planes make efficient gains
 with additive tetra ethyl
 and if general mo makes foe fuel flow
 it's legal to help them be lethal*

*who cares if our sons are killed by their guns
 transported by opels we sold
 in peacetime to them? you can't stop or stem
 embargo or free trade withhold
 even though you know your product will go
 towards implementing their plan
 of crushing the kike poles czechs and the like
 sell blitzes as fast as you can*



alfred p sloan



james d mooney



the great alfred p was a mystery
 with secrets he took to the grave
 of all of the geeks he most loathed the leaks
 historians value and crave
 we will never know because general mo
 destroyed all his vast paper trail
 that would have revealed what he had concealed
 in deals with the reich in detail

we do know that sloan didn't do it alone
 he had his reich man of action
 james mooney by name collusion his game
 a blueshirt of irish extraction
 who practised seig heil with charm irish smile
 sic o'phant up to his nexus
 in dark shady deals with fascist big wheels
 aiding and abetting the axis

o jamie mooney was no irish looney
 a gomebeen of singular talents
 supplying the right in its high handed fight
 to keep arms race euro imbalance
 building the tension stoking contention
 till lethal internal combustion
 blows europe to shreds rips jews from their beds
 o mooney's a man you can trust in

Auschwitz



and here's eagle cross from nazi big boss
once again for friend of the reich
to mooney the spiv the fascists would give
a first class medal they'd strike
for the yankee few who hated the jew
with the very same focused obsession
though not saying so by their works we know
they're ramping semitic repression

ΓΕΕΚ ΤΡΕΪΣ ΩΑΤΣΟΝ
to help him think hard one geek had a card
he fed through his busy machine
to count all of those the chosen they chose
to diss troy and ethnically clean
a watson by name was this geek to blame
for punching a final solution?
a jock with a greed no jew could exceed
now yank with a vile contribution

Stutthof

the brain of the geeks that constantly seeks
efficiency first for the chisler
all about numbers so nothing encumbers
working relations with hltler
his hollerith cards to help s s guards
get on with the business in hand
o o one for auschwitz in binary bits
watson's death codes fill the demand



for his service to eyedeeing the jew
in fatherland home and beyond
he's pinned with a cross by a tyre ant boss
the highest award that deutschland
could ever bestow on a foreign hero
who aided the thousand year reich
abetting its crime keeping trains on time
transporting the queer and the kike



Überficht



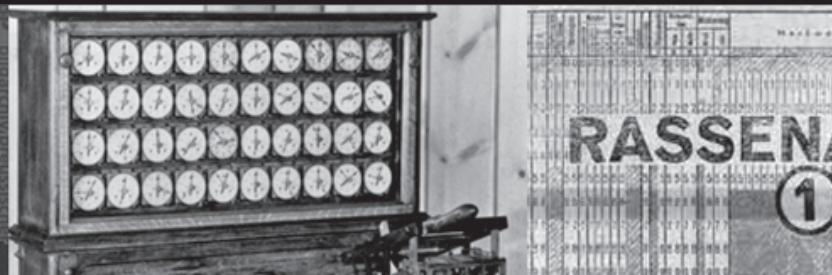
mit

Hollerith Lochkarten



DEUTSCHE HOLLERITH MASCHINEN GESELLSCHAFT M.B.H. BERLIN LICHTERFELDE

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his nation at war with his tyre rant star
did not interfere with his goals
despite hollow cost all ethics were tossed
he wangled his way through loopholes
but outrage stateside made him then decide
to return his medal at last
reluctantly though it was all for show
his support for the reich held fast

in recent debate about how to relate
to artificial intelligence
there's speculation and consternation
it may do us all great violence
was the shoah waste just a first foretaste
of how it is destined to choose?
to wipe the human race from the planet's face?
will his watson count yus like jews?

willkommen aboard mooney watson and ford
three worthies blessed by the führer
turning men to machines by mass produced means
Hicklgruber couldn't be surer
that yanks in the ranks making trucks like tanks
were his heroes brothers in arms
so full steam ahead and we'll count the dead
one jock and two micks have their charms



this trio complicit in trading illicit
with the enemy firmly united
at nuremberg trials there were no denials
since these three were never indicted
they being winners not seen as sinners
in brutal conflict just ended
the victors now free to go on a spree
their auto dominion extended

who won world war two if not the geek crew?
masters of shock doctrine shakeup
who got compensations for their corporations?
war damaged assets in europe
so they could complete their drive to defeat
weak efforts to curb their control
of every resource through sheer machine force
new fascism's ultimate goal

in that mega turf war the role of the car
would be crucial in years to come
the marriage of man to machine their plan
that would conquer the earth for scum
in sharp business suits hiding inner brutes
as cold as the nazis just hammered
their swastikas changed more subtly arranged
in signs to make drivers enamoured



play sound
audio bar
barks 13-20

Table II-2 (S). CONFIRMED COMBAT RESULTS OF AIR-TO-AIR ENCOUNTERS IN SEA (U)



and so would begin car fascion was in
making war in a whole new way
expand genocide exterminate wide
beyond the kike spastic and gay
to attack far and near the whole biosphere
with missiles of mass destruction
each fascioned to fit a punter who'll sit
strapped into the steel contraption

did ford have in mind a plan well designed
to eliminate more than the jews?
did the sloan mooney team hatch a devious scheme
the planet to choke and abuse?
did watson the brain for personal gain
kick start up the sixth extinction?
not at all no way they were under the sway
of the auto fascist addiction

it's a fierce disease to be ill at ease
with the business of taking a stroll
without the machine to erect between
you and the biosphere whole
it's an act of war to inflict the car
on the entities giving us life
it's an i b m launched and aimed at them
a misguided missile of strife

as if to add proof that war is in truth
a field test for car domination
the yank defense czar in the vietnam war
was the prez of ford automation
strange mcnamara a mick holy tarra
a j f k appointee
using watson data to plan schemata
to render that country cong free



mcnamara's band overplayed its hand
with body count numbers excess
for every yank dead ten gook lives were shed
and that was considered success
for a ford exec employing high tech
the slaughter was all about stats
car mass production and war execution
were run by the same autocrats

G-17

kills
kills
kills
kills
kills



kills by A-1; 1 kill by A-4.
e A-1, A-4, RC-47, KA-3B.



μακ της νιφε



but it all backfired by what then transpired
 the reds would not be defeated
 they refused to bow down to the automan crown
 and the napalm bombing it meted
 prompting mac the knife to escalate strife
 with orange man agent of doom
 to strip the trees bare exposing to air
 the reds hidden in the green gloom

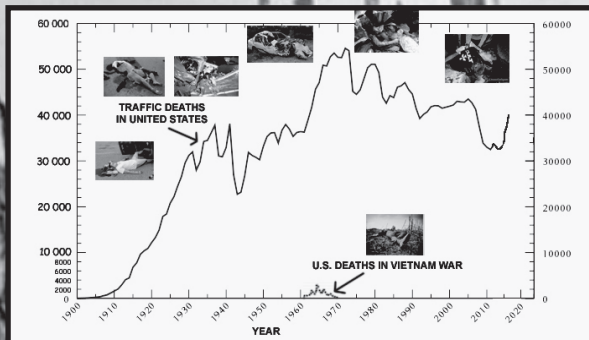
by killing the trees with dioxin disease
 the curse it was cast on his scheme
 like the great john d he just couldn't see
 that trees must be held in esteem
 not used to ship oil not killed and despoiled
 as part of a criminal war
 big mac would regret could never forget
 his tactics would haunt from afar

the man who'd saved ford had wielded the sword
 as part of the automan rule
 not just a war lost but the terrible cost
 to the vietnamese gene pool
 three generations of gene mutations
 brought on by orange dioxin
 deforming children crippled bed ridden
 his legacy poisoned by toxin





half way through the war big mac saw his star
 in freefall throughout the land
 so he parted ways with l b j's craze
 to escalate fighting command
 he knew he was done when even his son
 was out on the streets to protest
 but not losing rank he led the world bank
 to keep poor nations money oppressed



sixty thousand yanks dead in eight years of dread
 was minor compared to the toll
 of two million or more lives ending in gore
 on the south east asian death roll
 but in those eight years there were few public tears
 for four hundred thousand stateside
 slaughtered on its roads in various modes
 by the empire's own autocide

that's seven times more than the war dead score
 but it had no effect on the empire
 in uncivil war on one side the car
 on the other the planet entire
 no this doesn't count in the total amount
 considered as victims of war
 no connection seen with the war machine
 and the thousands slaughtered by car

no ken burns epic on death by traffic
 no eighteen hours of koch doc gore
 on the greater war being waged by car
 the weapon media ignore
 except in car ads they proffer in scads
 where to mention death is not nice
 no monument built for national guilt
 over victims of car sacrifice

if you look real deep in a car wreck heap
 at the scene of a big roadkill
 there are two hues of blood released in the flood
 when the shell guts open and spill
 the black and the red two colours of dread
 that mingle sometimes on the road
 the red turning black both blood on the track
 that leads to the geek motherlode

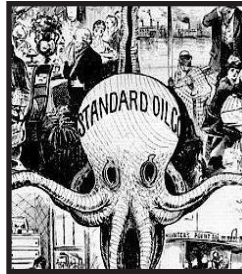


γreek τέσσαρες ρόκαφελλερ

let the beagle hound nose fast to the ground
find the track of the greasy black blood
that drips from the heels of the horse on wheels
leading straight to the pusher of crud
crude that is black gold and the geek who sold
the darkest drug on the planet
that rock oil fellow civil war yellow
who refined it piped it and ran it

john d senior whose business demeanour
matched the unctuous poison he pitched
the cleveland baron tightassville titan
cold oil creek criminal enriched
oleagenous slick up to every trick
selling snake oil just like his pa
but more slippery devoid of frippery
on a mission where he was the law

was he the black heart of the fascist art
of the deal in the capital zone?
was he the real führer the first insurer
of the corporate state on his own?
machiavellian oil orwellian
greasing the palms of big money wheels?
the standard setter aider abettor
of tyrants adept at the deals?



but no it can't be not the great john d
the man was a saint not a sinner
a baptist in creed to offset his greed
in the guise of a god chosen winner
just serving the lord for a just reward
doing god's work creating great wealth
a good family man who enriched his κλαυ
with slick sanctimonious stealth

he drank not a dram did not give a damn
for the trappings of capital gain
philanthropist too to give him his due
a generous man in the main
where poverty rules a funder of schools
of strong progressivist bent
to medical health he gave of his wealth
in millions of dollars well spent

so what is our beef? why give him such grief?
why single him out for our barks?
why dog a good soul who played a great role
in blending of christ smith and marx?
there are sages who say he showed us the way
to civilize lusting for loot
to reconcile gods with mammon at odds
to profit the prophets to boot



ΡΟΚΤΩΠΥΣ



Photo courtesy of Drake Well Museum

that gospel of greed can breed a good deed
till you look at the consequence dire
of the product sold the blackguard black gold
that is setting the world on fire
at first a great boon but emerging soon
as a plague on the planet we share
when as gasoline it runs the machine
that turns every path thoroughfare

no dog's denying john d was trying
to improve the lot of mankind
but in doing so dealt a major blow
to the earth his oil undermined
like oak barrels used staves soiled and suffused
to transport his oil through the land
felling countless trees a greasy disease
to inflict on a species so grand

not just through the oak but his oil would soak
through the soil and into the creeks
and wasted gas flares for which no one cares
would burn off for countless weeks
the toll on the land where oil derricks stand
didn't matter to most in those days
but set precedents for crude accidents
like b p and exxon valdez



s o b john d left a legacy
that seems on the surface freeing
but his oil would seep and silently creep
into every pore of your being
an oil opiate for cargo cult state
even dubya said you were junkies
your main addiction high octane injection
on your backs big auto grease monkeys

had cars not evolved oil would have dissolved
into playing a minor drug role
but they're symbiotic double narcotic
they blend for a total control
where amphetamine is a speed machine
on the mainline highway to hell
that was paved by greed and the baptist creed
black snake oil the s o b sell

the genius of john was the well oiled con
of trusts in big corporations
like agamemnon the cynical john
knew suckers needed temptations
to embrace black oil and not to recoil
from its slimy reeking revulsion
by keeping it sealed cunningly concealed
in speed freak internal combustion



that's where ford came in with his lizzie tin
his horse on wheels the perfect foil
to use gasoline which till then had been
a waste product poisoning soil
now it was burning to set wheels turning
to poison soil water and air
a volatile gas that would far surpass
coal to power transport hardware

from kerosene lamps to car highway ramps
john d was the führer of fuel
what he ordered meant even government
came off second best in the duel
with the driving force oil greasing the course
for the automan empire's win
black blood sucking vamp clutching earth in its clamp
leeching life from the bisosphere skin

to call john a snake is not a fair shake
to the serpents of animal kind
who leave little trace on our shared earth space
compared to the his snake oil refined
which lays tarblack scars in the wake of cars
that guzzle snake oil by the ton
then defecate wide the spoor rising tide
that farts from its poisonous gun



when john d senior gave way to junior
their standard straddled the globe
from massive oil tanks to chase national banks
the emperor changed up his robe
formed a foundation pushing high education
funding research in medical field
but under new clothes as everyone knows
was the naked emperor's greed
sound woody guthrie ludow song
monopolies broken though merely in token
the empire hated new unions
at its ludlow site in a one sided fight
its henchmen massacred minions
from busting a strike to aiding the reich
to finance and fuel its rise
the standard oil brand played a vicious hand
in war that brought europe's demise

ΓΕΕΚ ΠΕΝΤΕ ΤΕΥΤΟΝ

the merk is the brand most fascists demand
for a mobile parade of brute force
when the führer rode in victory mode
through a conquered city concourse
the triple spiked blades led his motorcades
through the seas of ζειγ ηείλιγγ sheep
but by the war's end the allies would send
his wermachjt to europe's trash heap

and what of the reich? did it take a hike?
being bombed right into the past?
no not in the least das kapital beast
this hydra survived every blast
new heads slithered out with increasing clout
in charge of big auto sector
the merk and the wagen would soon be draggin
the corpse of the dead trojan hector

the beetle reborn sounded off its horn
to herald its progress invasive
hitler not needed the reich proceeded
to blitzkrieg its presence pervasive
it wasn't too long before it was strong
enough to take over the streets
bug rabbit and golf would have pleased adolf
and the merk for fascist elites

the merk and the audi for russian and saudi
for oilygarch princely gombeens
the reich wasn't dead it grew a new head
each a dealer in deadly machines
who simply dictate to the deutschland state
how to engineer panzers for pawns
to cheat and weasel lies about diesel
propagandize pros not the cons

did the teutons conspire to build an empire
a thousand year reign of the car?
to mechanize man for the autobahn
was that hitler's aim in the war?
as it was for ford who already had scored
a great auto conquest stateside
and for general mo who had joined the show
the war was a valkyrie ride

you say that's absurd not how it occurred
that the car was just incidental
but we dogs contend that the war's main end
was a violent shock instrumental
to impose by force the automan course
that would conquer the world with speed
deliberately planned or driven and fanned
by horsepower vehicle greed

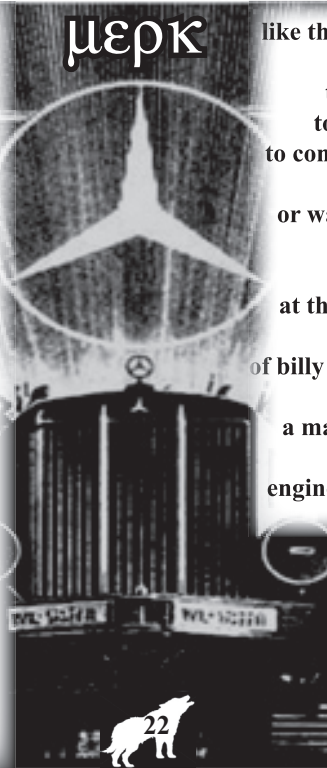


play sound
audio bar
barks 21-28-

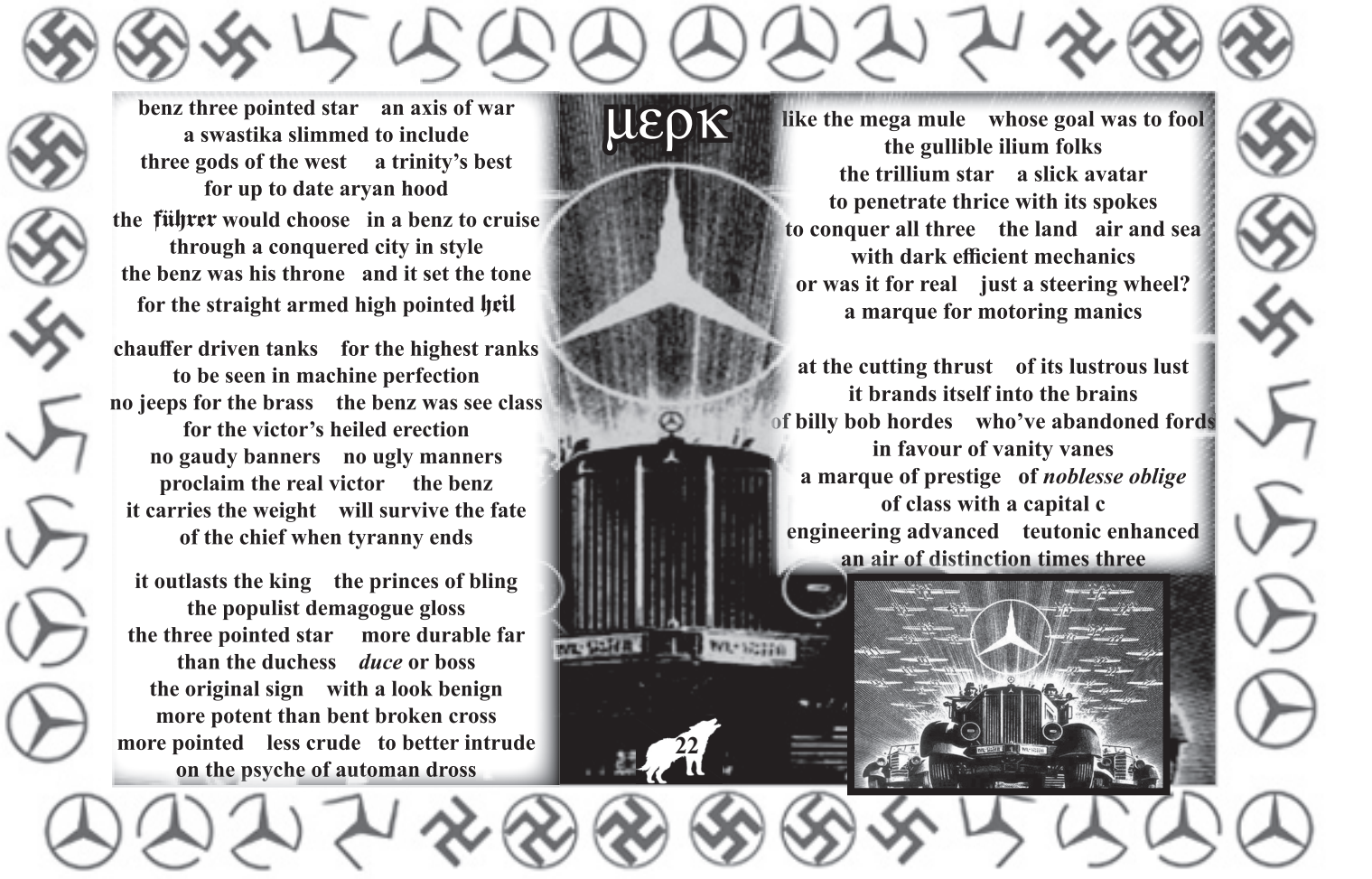
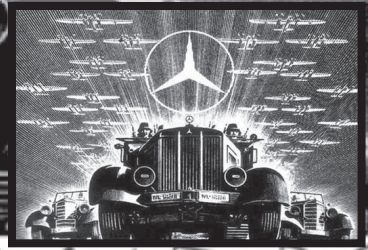


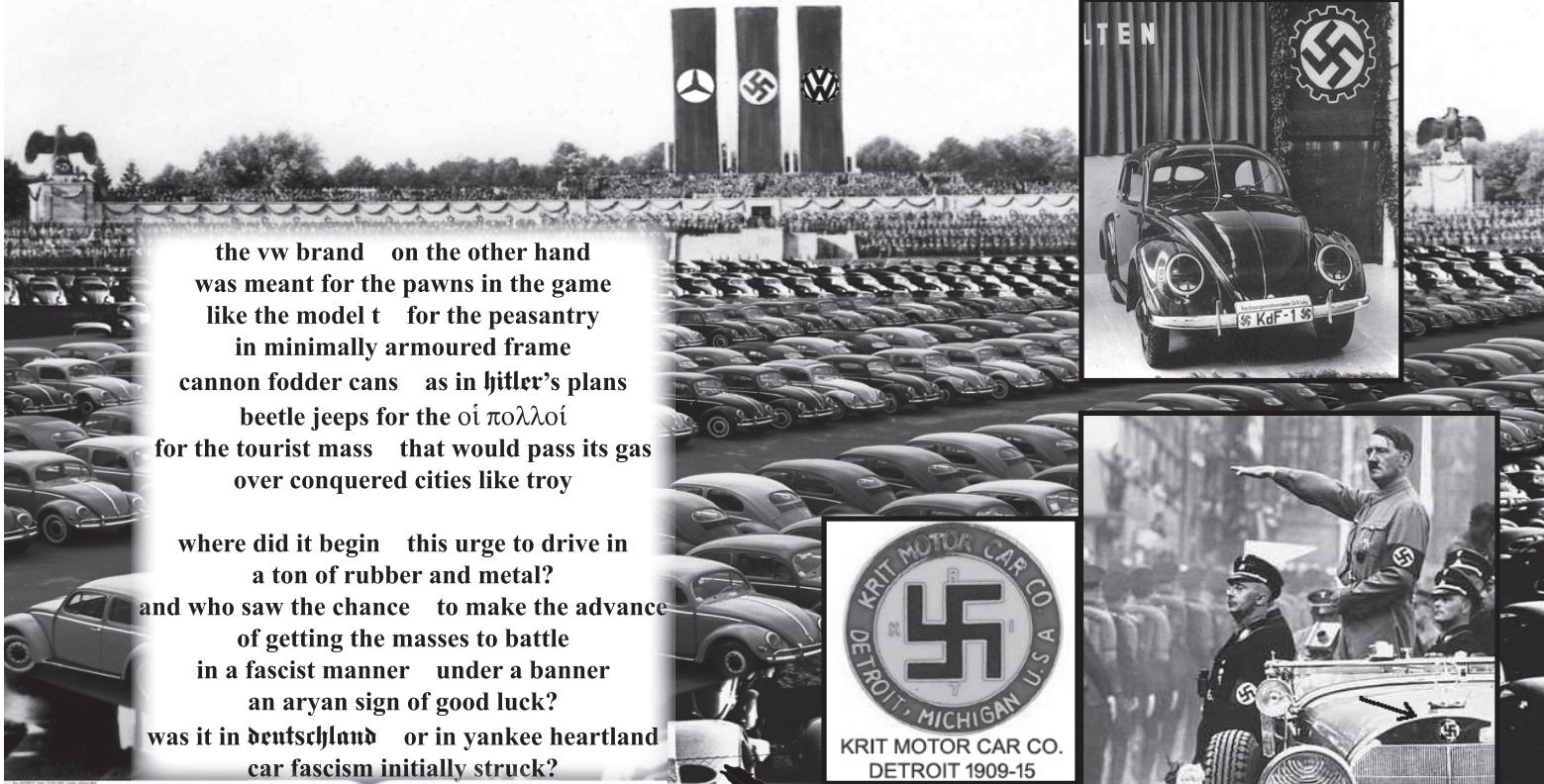
benz three pointed star an axis of war
 a swastika slimmed to include
 three gods of the west a trinity's best
 for up to date aryan hood
 the führer would choose in a benz to cruise
 through a conquered city in style
 the benz was his throne and it set the tone
 for the straight armed high pointed heil
 chauffer driven tanks for the highest ranks
 to be seen in machine perfection
 no jeeps for the brass the benz was see class
 for the victor's heiled erection
 no gaudy banners no ugly manners
 proclaim the real victor the benz
 it carries the weight will survive the fate
 of the chief when tyranny ends
 it outlasts the king the princes of bling
 the populist demagogue gloss
 the three pointed star more durable far
 than the duchess duce or boss
 the original sign with a look benign
 more potent than bent broken cross
 more pointed less crude to better intrude
 on the psyche of automan dross

μερκ



like the mega mule whose goal was to fool
 the gullible ilium folks
 the trillion star a slick avatar
 to penetrate thrice with its spokes
 to conquer all three the land air and sea
 with dark efficient mechanics
 or was it for real just a steering wheel?
 a marque for motoring manics
 at the cutting thrust of its lustrous lust
 it brands itself into the brains
 of billy bob hordes who've abandoned fords
 in favour of vanity vanes
 a marque of prestige of *noblesse oblige*
 of class with a capital c
 engineering advanced teutonic enhanced
 an air of distinction times three





the vw brand on the other hand
 was meant for the pawns in the game
 like the model t for the peasantry
 in minimally armoured frame
 cannon fodder cans as in hitler's plans
 beetle jeeps for the οί πολλοί
 for the tourist mass that would pass its gas
 over conquered cities like troy

where did it begin this urge to drive in
 a ton of rubber and metal?
 and who saw the chance to make the advance
 of getting the masses to battle
 in a fascist manner under a banner
 an aryan sign of good luck?
 was it in deutschland or in yankee heartland
 car fascism initially struck?



as little prepared for war undeclared
he needed some warm up and practice
for his war machine aggressively keen
to try out mechanized tactics
from the junker plane that was built to rain
a torrent of fire and fury
to the mercedes benz between fascists friends
a gift to franco from fuhrer

as a testing ground not one could be found
as perfect as spain's civil war
where franco the fascist eager to assist
the plans of il duce and fuhrer
who armed franco's ranks with planes trucks and tanks
to wipe out republican reds
who were armed and trained by stalin maintained
but with out of date weapons in shreds

there was just one snag in this plan to drag
spain into guinea pig torture
not enough fuel to power the cruel
mechanized fascistic slaughter
not enough diesel for franco to weasel
his way into absolute power
not enough black gold to grab fascist hold
of spain's fragile freedom flower



rieber

where could franco turn for power to burn?
america? certainly not
f d r would balk at aid talk
neutrality was all he sought
but yank big oil greed would fill franco's need
when texaco barrels came through
thanks to the viking texaco's high king
torkild rieber a fascist who knew

where real power lay high octane in play
the ultimate regent the star
joe stalin agreed yank battle ground speed
was the key to winning a war
all fascists concurred big oil was what spurred
the war horses into the fray
whoever controlled the filthy black gold
are masters of war to this day

one woman alone in this hateful zone
an angel of mercy you'd think
but ~~merck~~ el by name by nature the same
still driving us all to the brink
the motherly face of the master race
but deeply embedded in ~~merck~~
a mouthpiece benz hoor who stinks of the spoor
of ~~bavarian motor werks~~

with a mask banal and no shame at all
she pimps for ~~merck~~ beamer and wagen
on behalf of cheats who pollute our streets
with diesel emission false bragging
her devious huns have replaced their guns
with armour of fascion and style
a new zyklon b you still cannot see
from the tails of the beast of guile

she's a heart of gold to the migrant fold
who flee from the lands of despair
but beware the clique of the car boutique
who convince that they really care
for the poor displaced by the wanton waste
that her mobile millions exhale
changing climes worldwide increasing the tide
of the famished from states that fail

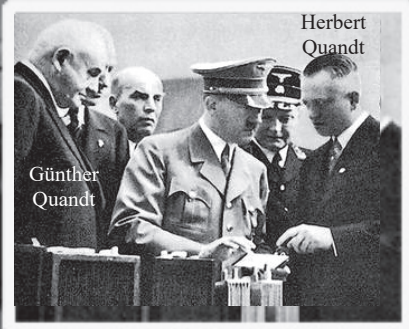


We are sorry.



25

her kid glove approach to the kraut cockcoach
has now been exposed as a sham
the wagen's chief hook that winterkorn crook
had to quit when die ~~schreibe~~ hit fan
over software design to tests undermine
and hide massive diesel pollution
some forty times more than their advertised score
to upgrade their final solution



Günther Quandt

Herbert Quandt



winterkorn

Das Auto

then there's the beamer bavarian schemer
its quandt family freinds of the reich
that still to this day continues to pay
the kickbacks politicos like
that ease restrictions on tailpipe emissions
when merkel gets in yet again
so she will protect the power unchecked
of the automan empire reign





ΓΡΕΚ ΞΞ ΟΥΡΟΣ

as well as the kraut latin geeks churned out
 a mass of fast auto power
 the proletariat by fascist fiat
 got addicted to kilos per hour
 alfa romeo his macho auto
 the choice of benito the wop
 plant owned by his state to best illustrate
 αλφα male *il duce* on top


frogeeks got there with citroen flair
 many a lemon they'd devise
 it was no surprise that autos would rise
 out of arms making enterprise
 like louis renauld's who through the war chose
 with vichy to sympathize
 after first making tanks to mechanize ranks
 and killing industrialize

the brits too on board when production soared
 after wartime armaments boom
 in smooth transition from mass munition
 to mass automotive zoom zoom
 vauxhall victor brand played a winning hand
 in peacetime buying mad culture
 ford rover rolls royce for each class a choice
 keeping class system safe for the future


more geeks joined the mob with volvo and saab
 tough geat duplicitous swedes
 their s k f crooks both sides on their books
 supplying the ball bearing needs
 of axis and allies in near equal tallies
 keeping war death knells tolling
 the volvo well known in cargo cult zone
 as a tank that never stops rolling




γreek από νήπτον



though the nipponese were brought to their knees
by the ultimate weapon of war
it wouldn't be long before they were strong
and joining the reign of the car
the shock doctrine plan was making japan
the perfect example of how
the automan reich delivered the strike
then set up the car sacred cow

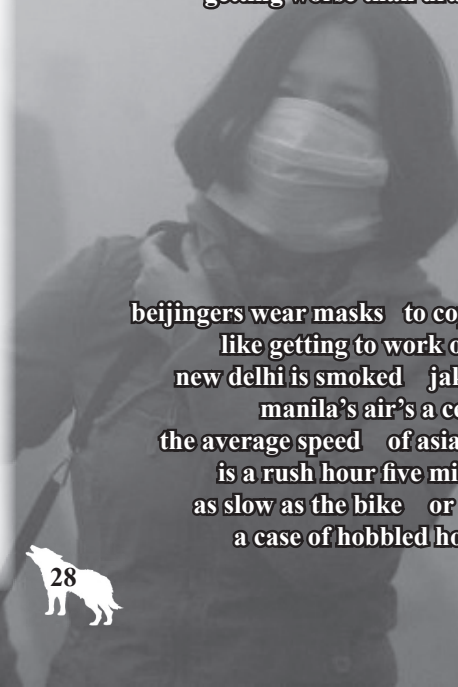


the nips took the bait with eagerness great
and soon were ahead of the pack
their armaments plants would lead the advance
mitsubishi knew how to attack
it was a war hero producing the zero
the nippiest small fighter plane
applying the same efficient spare frame
their machines would outclass again



soon west automation would lose domination
to toyota honda and nissan
better built and cheap they took the great leap
even yanks were starting to listen
by millenium's turn a going concern
with big selling corollas on top
the nips may have lost the war at great cost
but now they'd be hard to stop

when china took flight in industry might
its love of the bike was eroded
its new middle class had plenty of brass
so demand for autos exploded
and that set the stage for asia wide rage
that crammed its cities with cars
to the point where air was increasingly rare
getting worse than uranus or mars



beijingers wear masks to cope with plain tasks
like getting to work or to school
new delhi is smoked jakarta is choked
manila's air's a cess pool
the average speed of asia's wheeled steed
is a rush hour five miles an hour
as slow as the bike or taking a hike
a case of hobbled horsepower

γέεκ όκτώ μύσκ

to combat the curse of air getting worse
and climate approaching exhaustion
there are moves afoot though walking is moot
to kill internal combustion
eevees are the hope the new auto dope
they claim will give us relief
for all petrol heads new electric meds
elon musk's the pusher in chief

of all of the geeks musk's the only one seeks
to improve the present conditions
or so he declares says he really cares
for a radical drop in emissions
has batteries in mind so smartly designed
they'll last long trips without charging
the future is bright if muskie is right
despite population enlarging

but is musk correct? or do we detect
an automan hidden agenda?
is he a genius or a conman heinous
a high tech dreamer big spender?
a new heinrich ford by car cults adored
a pay pal super rich tradesman
with his teslas sleek electric boutique
just another slicker car salesman

the word from science is that our reliance
on machines to get us around
is the problem real not the source detail
of the fuel to which they are bound
musk's battery cars wage the same dirty wars
on a planet already in trouble
from lithium mines to leaking pipelines
to mountains of burning rubber

he's a musketeer in a car career
a caractor carried away
by a jectson dream and a spaced out scheme
to colonize mars some day
to abandon earth with is resource dearth
and it carbon conflagration
that thanks to the car has gone way too far
on the road to earth immolation

his one good design that might work just fine
is his plan to bury the beast
in tunnels he'd bore an underground core
well away from the streets at least
but he's car obsessed and does not invest
in public transit solutions
public transit sucks he says *it's for shmucks*
we elites want our own transportations

μαρς βαρς καρς

the new prince of geeks of hubris he reeks
by launching a monster space ship
sending one of his cars to orbit round mars
on a self aggrandizing trip
his cargo cult fans applauding his plans
mars bounty they hope to exploit
he'll make us all rich is their loony pitch
by turning mars into detroit

but the best laid schemes of musk's hubris dreams
have pissed off the red god of war
who spurns the approach of the roadster coach
with a gravity grinding jar
of martian brute force careering off course
the tesla's been given the belt
where asteroids space hemorrhoids
right up its hole will be felt



βίβλος δύο τρώϊανς

were there none in troy with defensive ploy
to fight the horsepower attack?
with hector now dead and paris in bed
with the helen broad he brought back
was there no one left with some trojan heft
to don some contra deception?
did none take a stand against the geek band?
did any dog take an exception?

ΩΪΝΝΙΕ

yes there were a few to give them their due
who joined in my barking alarms
like winnie the brit the bulldog who bit
when he saw the build up of arms
he tried to high tax the horsepower hacks
who terrorized all in their way
but could not persuade the blue bloods who made
big lucre from auto pay day



he saw on the wall the writing writ tall
the threat of internal combustion
as it gathered strength in speed and range length
how war would use its destruction
but couldn't hold out in fact he sold out
he soon had a bentley himself
then in an arms race with huns in his face
he left his tax plans on the shelf

he fought the good fight as a bulldog might
showing dogged british resolve
but he failed to see the new enemy
how the fascist beast would evolve
how out of war ruins a coarse confluence
of hoods who had armoured both sides
would open the gates for their automates
to get everyone into their rides

with wars at an end the car would ascend
to the victory throne as king
war just a test run with tank jeep and gun
for the ultimate lords of the bling
for general mo and heinrich the glow
was only beginning to burn
the führer was dead car war lords now led
the automan empire's return

a new kind of war conducted by car
was now in full operation
the victims diverse in drive or reverse
would fall to flash automation
with lethal design stylistics would shine
and safety? who gives a fuck?
while mustangs sally down yankee alley
honcho broncos know how to buck

μύμφωρδ

among the smart mutts who hated the guts
of the geeks in the nazi nag
was mumford the mutt who bit auto butt
as proud foe of jet jeep and jag
he warned early on of their attack on
our lives in the urbanized scene
how they would dictate and then dominate
with *insolent chariot* megamachine

but the trojans thought mumford overwrought
a luddite killjoy spoiling the fun
what harm could there be in riding carefree
in a litter doing the ton?
when he warned them too of fascism new
inherent in cargo cult force
the dark side of cars in their death star wars
with life at its biosphere source

νάδερ

one trojan who fought this martial onslaught
was a legal beagle called nader
who took on the geeks in savage critiques
of the venal auto in vader
like a beagle hound nose tight to the ground
he tracked down the automan crooks
especially the roche whose safety approach
was all about chevy sharp looks



nader dealt a blow to general mo
with charges that he didn't care
about caddy fins impaling through skins
or carnage by rolling corvaïr
or that deaths by car exceeded by far
the slaughter inflicted in wars
that maximum sales through styling details
was all that mattered in cars

james roche c e o of general mo
a sly irish yankee gombeen
felt nader might win his crusade to pin
the blame on mo's killing machine
so he hired a dick to stalk him and stick
his nose into ralph's private life
thus hoping to find some scandalous kind
of sexed up criminal strife

the beagle was clean and the roach gombeen
had to say sorry in public
but general mo was criminally slow
to change his dangerous product
what changes he made were never fair trade
for his growth in cars exponential
in numbers of jeeps in size and speed leaps
that cranked their killing potential

though nader's campaign was hardly in vain
since the carnage was slowly reduced
he knew collusion and legal confusion
which gov with big auto induced
would wreck his crusade curtail progress made
and further the cause of the geeks
what he didn't get was the fascist threat
what the automan empire seeks



Black Dog



there was one black dog who saw through the fog
of collusion deception and guile
edwin black by name pointing out his game
how the geeks had used tactics vile
to so undermine every trolley line
that the public used for so long
by buying them out replacing each route
with buses on diesel gas strong



to general mo whose sales had to grow
transit was stiff competition
that had to be beat by comfy car seat
and automatic transmission
in suburban sprawl where transit long haul
meant service was seldom and sparse
the sprawl all the fault of auto assault
urban planning clearly a farce

the pols big mo bought who now only sought
graft for doing a good turn
were happy to smile for the shutters in style
in front of old trolleys they burn
so make transit rough till rubes say *enough*
i'm buying an automobile
no straphanger blues the auto i choose
will be big mo's genuine deal

throughout the u s most couldn't care less
that transit was being destroyed
conspiracy reigned with greed unrestrained
diesel buses widely deployed
the pointer ed black was on the right track
closing in on his fascist prey
but strayed at the end round hydrogen bend
by letting the car get away

like filtering fags black thought curbing nags
by cutting their farting emissions
would make them benign just change their design
shift their shit to other locations
like nader before black now knew the score
but didn't go in for the kill
it would take a bitch to finally ditch
the myth of the automo bill

KOE

a bitch setter kay would go all the way
and get her kay nines in the foe
she tore at the hide with the geeks inside
setting out what we need to know
that the car's a disease that at first may please
but soon becomes an addiction
destructive to life encouraging strife
she warned with striking conviction



but she died too young though her barking stung
for a short while after she'd gone
her asphalt nation's continuation
assured by the carmakers' con
through spending in scads on misleading ads
portraying the car in its glory
its freedom and sass its status and class
ignoring its victims dead gory

eight billion a year in dollars we hear
the auto big three has to spend
to counter the news the car buyer views
of day and night carnage no end
no wonder ms kay's forgotten today
her cry in the wilderness lost
her howling not heard above adverts blared
that the car doesn't come with a cost



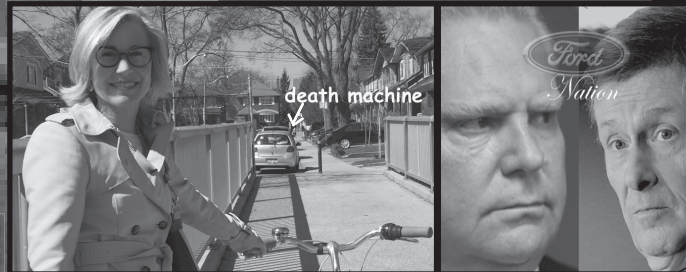
the price we pay for the fascist way
the car cult sells the big lie
that taxing the car has gone way too far
it's bleeding us poor drivers dry
those freeloading dykes in lanes built for bikes
are brazen not paying their share
and as for walkers and distracted talkers
their breaking road rules isn't fair

but the setter kay she sets out the way
the automan sponger freeloads
we all pay the bill for his licence to kill
for coping with carnage on roads
for medical care for abuse of air
for climate change bills coming due
the driver's the leech has no right to preach
he's the one knows best how to screw

females to the fore bark more and more
at the beast invading our space
hidalgo in france who's in with a chance
of making her paris a place
where the car's not king but a verminous thing
that needs to be fought as a bane
by taking back streets as walking retreats
by banishing cars near the seine



another female who's hot on the trail
of the automan death machine
is the keesmaat hound now running to ground
wild boars on the hogtown scene
if she ran for mayor defeating the pair
of cargo cult devotees running
she might start a trend that would bring an end
to the reign of tory ford cunning



there are other dogs who snap at the hogs
who champion horsepower wheels
like keenan and hume who frequently fume
at car cultist ford nation heels
but their hogtown star doesn't venture far
by way of full frontal attack
they know that their jobs depend on the knobs
whose ads fill their rag front and back

they don't have the clout both stymied by doubt
about the need to trash the car
they think we should *share the road to be fair*
with the private tyre rant of tar
like hume's suggestion that *car congestion*
is really what urbanites like
the downtown hustle commercial bustle
of car truck streetcar and bike

they may count the cost of human life lost
and the climate change toll worldwide
but as long as hogtown enjoys its get down
few care about the rising tide
it's the torstar code *we must share the road*
with the obese beastly machine
as it hogs our space and spews in our face
in a manner doggone obscene



TORONTO STAR

**If Toronto is waging war
on the car, why are drivers
the only ones racking up
the body count?: Keenan**



πύδδη

it's up to real mutts to be biting their butts
as we used to do in the past
like puddy the scourge of the auto first surge
of jalopies flying by fast
through his wee village to save it from pillage
by austins and anglia fords
he'd attack their flanks their tough spinning shanks
driving drivers out of their gourds



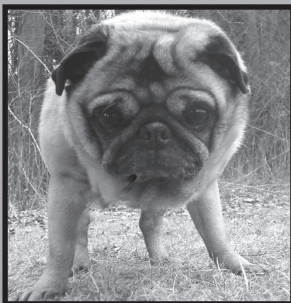
he'd be snoozing calm docile as a lamb
till he felt the distant sensation
then up goes the head alert to the dread
of the wagen's growing vibration
now he's a hector troy's proud protector
ready to fight to the finish
he times his attack with split second knack
to hector harry and punish

δογς οφ ωαρ

these heroes of old these warriors bold
should long be solemn remembered
like finn who was cool and sharp as a rule
but then got crushed and dismembered
by the death machine in ballinascreen
which doggedly he defended
against vicious hordes of fordsons and fords
till one his valiant life ended



but those days are gone dogs not allowed on
big roads the autos took over
no place any more where a dog might score
by ditching a morris or rover
we're all on the leash pet training our niche
though a few still give it a go
like me loo loo the pug who needs a good tug
to stop me from fighting the foe



PEEK

though half blind in eyes i do recognize
that there's something badly amiss
with a dodge ram sport its growling report
and its oversize tailpipe piss
if the leash is lax i'll launch fierce attacks
i'll round on the beast in a minute
i'll risk life and limb for a chunk of him
a pit bull wouldn't be in it

there's something about the automan lout
that rattles the cage of the canine
the noise and the speed? the incessant need
to make every path a bee line?
to hog the clean air the space that we share
with its overpowering presence
such arrogance stirs us sensitive curs
from calm sleeping dog sentience

it's mostly our nose for the threat they pose
that rankles our guardian instinct
our nasal perceptors half billion receptors
to sniff out the minutest stink
the compounds they spew that pierce me and you
alarm us more vigilant canines
you know how we sense bad humours intense
like canary warnings in coal mines

for those of us still not losing the skill
of sussing a poisonous whiff
we're warning you now beware of just how
you've come to the edge of a cliff
a precipice steep a suicide leap
is looming for human and beast
so take a good hike or get on your bike
get out of your autos at least

those trojans who fought without second thought
would be happy today to learn
though car is still king of status and bling
there's a growing public concern
that worship of car is now on a par
with the vilest cults of the past
that the lust for speed is seen as a need
to power the privileged caste



ΟΥΤΩΩΝ



βίβλος τρεῖς ωαρ ον θε καρ

though heinrich ford's dead we'll never be shed
of his bastards up to the present
he haunts in strange guise like two hogtown guys
with attitude auto unpleasant
a wonderland pair whom alice found rare
tweedledum and tweedledug ford
a duo designed to be car aligned
craving car rack car caine they scored

like grandsons of ford fat fractious and bored
always high on the huffing of gas
in hogtown the good's then run by two hoods
where gas sniffers get a free pass
you can't do the drugs except dum and dug's
you haven't got choice in the end
if you take a breath you're dicing with death
car sin again fumes will descend

tweedledum's first gob as mayor on the job
was to spit out miller's car tax
the war on the car was over as far
as he was concerned so the axe
put folks underground to get them around
buried like bunnies in burrows
so there's room up top where cars never stop
and streets are speedy fare thoroughs

though rob was a fan of subways that ran
below hogtown's traffic congestion
he couldn't be seen may never have been
in that mode of transit in question
no he took a tank to shop drink and bank
and to get him to his city hall
in an escalade general mo made
the biggest *sic transit* of all

perhaps it was size and the public's eyes
that kept him from sharing a seat
on a subway train that he would maintain
was the mode that couldn't be beat
in fact he got council to make it essential
transit workers now mustn't strike
with law on his side he was turning the tide
against streetcar sidewalk and bike

he hated the bike with zealot dislike
those bike lanes have to be scrapped
they're part of the war on the sacred car
leaving drivers less lanes feeling trapped
and all of those dead? of cyclists who head
into traffic risking assault?
said rob *well i'm sorry getting killed by a lorry*
is plainly their own bloody fault

φόρδσπεακ

fordspeak

*roads aren't meant for bikes or pedestrian hikes
they fuck up the free flow of tanks
they don't pay their way they're freeloading jay
walking inconsiderate wanks
in birkenstock shoes singing cyclist blues
they're elites of the downtown cores
they deserve their fate for keeping us late
those rich beaches leeches are bores*

*ford nation wise up ford nation rise up
they're robbing you blind with taxes
that will escalate so escalate weight
will be used to fiscally axe us
those bastards on bikes transit workers on strikes
they're out to get us in trouble
they're barking like dogs shouting we're road hogs
that car taxes should be like double*

*with follies of ford t v ratings soared
it was free advertising for cars
rob ford in the news meant double the views
for in ford infomercials he stars
as taxpaying guy so badly done by
a victim of gravy train spite
be back after this means be sure not to miss
our first ad ford f one fifty might*



play sound
audio bar
barks 44-52

γραβαε τραιν

ford a decent big guy who none could deny
took a tilt at the gravy train
a decent big guy when layton would die
to comfort his wife in her pain
a decent big guy who would often try
to give a constituent aid
a decent big guy but a junkie high
on the rungs of an escalade

the gross gravy train he tried to restrain
was just one coach on a siding
his trainspotting failed his crusade derailed
by automan overriding
by the corporate gang and their *sturm und drang*
who drive the long locomotive
a slow train coming big engines humming
the trojan horse big automotive

on the four o one you see how it's run
the gravy train stretches for miles
as it crawls along it's slow but it's strong
outpouring its poison in piles
on a friday night its coaches are tight
the arteries clogged to the max
it's cardiac time when thick gravy grime
arrests the train right in its tracks



twixt oakville out *ouest* and oshawa *est*
is the heart of the real gravy train
gen mo in big o in oakville ford co
both pumping out tanks in the main
muscle camaros for highway heroes
and s u v lincolns for suits
with hogtown between the loco machine
makes funerals out of commutes

in ford's brave new world fordism unfurled
its ford nation flag over town
and it's still up there above tory mayor
smarter suits but a big letdown
hogtown's still hogtied by private car pride
with a cargo cult out in the burbs
where ford devotees have a dread unease
that *the war on the car* disturbs

δΟΥ ΕΑΤ ΔΟΥ



then came the coup when the tory crew
got up to its back stabbing best
patrick brown was head of the tories who led
in ontario polls set to wrest
power from wynne's grits who ran deficits
that were turning off voters in piles
but brown had a plank in his platform bank
that belied the handclaps and smiles

brown's carbon tax scheme was way too extreme
for tories who agreed with trump
that good tory folks thought climate change a hoax
and a tax on carbon at the pump
was a cash grab deal where governments steal
the little guy's hard earned cash
so they stitched up brown as a sex mad clown
and engineered his public crash



ΦΑΤ ΚΑΙ ΑΞ ΤΑΞ

in the leadership race that followed apace
all four candidates damned brown's tax
especially ford who narrowly scored
a win for his ford nation hacks
no tax on carbon gives tories a hard on
thinking of rob's first act of war
when he became mayor and cancelled the fair
sixty dollar tax on the car

now the coup's complete wynne down to defeat
the drug dealing dug is the star
first fix on his list a slightly new twist
on rob's *axe the tax on the car*
reduce the gas price to the car play nice
put money back in your pocket
it's full steam ahead drive further instead
don't bike it rocket or walk it

no tax on the car and a carbon tax bar
the ford brothers ford nation ban
on any control of the right to roll
down the road in a gas guzzling van
tweedledum now gone tweedledug now on
the same weird wonderland story
wearing that fake smile you could see a mile
the grinning cheshire cat tory



fordism by name by nature the same
fat bastards of ~~heritich~~ on speed
poster boys for excess plump trumps who profess
the automan empire creed
believe in the car and you will go far
stop wars on the car province wide
let our cities choke polluted and broke
by gravy train gridlocking ride

one consolation in this election
was schreiner the green winning guelph
a foot in the door with hopes that he'll bore
through the head of dug ford himself
releasing the trap unclogging the crap
that's blocking the ford nation mind
a brain draining job that might have helped rob
find his head was up his behind



δεάλερ

δυγ

ford lincoln

8 cylinder

3 tons

(including dug)
@275 lbs in 2011
height 5' 4"

navigator

400+ hp

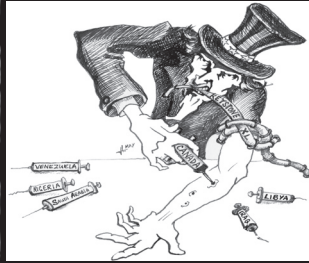
16 mpg



main photo credit
matthew sherwood
globe and mail 2011

δρυ

when dug was a pol down at city hall
 he'd roll in his ford lincoln tank
 but it was too tall wouldn't fit at all
 in the parking underground rank
 it's an obese beast that points out at least
 where his head too is to be found
 the same place as rob's a right pair of yobs
 mired in a midden brown bound



but that keesmaat hound's back to launch and attack
 in the war on the car let her rip
 in the hogtown press she got to address
 the rage at the death machine grip
 she barked loud and clear emergency here
 this is a car junky crisis
 a public health scourge a murderous surge
 in automan carnage like isis

fat dug was the brain behind rob's gray train
 manipulating his brother
 now he's in charge of the province at large
 intent on pushing cars further
 injection sites no to the gas pumps go
 for street drugs of oily extraction
 far worse than crack car fentanyl smack
 mainlining fuel injection



she didn't say that but know where she's at
 not mincing her words is her tack
 she's inciting war on the sacred car
 nineteen twenties style fighting back
 where car death is seen as murder obscene
 when a walker or cyclist dies
 thanks to speed crackheads on gas sniffing meds
 terrorizing streets in their highs

what could be worse than death machine curse
 that's felling walkers and cyclists?
 putting hogtown first now listed as worst
 commute in north american cities
 alarms being raised at the lives cars waste
 a state of emergency needed
 vision zero a joke snorting carbon coke
 tory ford lite calls unheeded



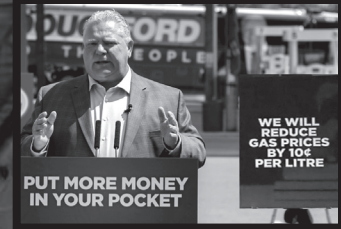
by canada day we should know the way
 its largest hogtown advances
 tory ford nation? car mass turbation?
 or a city come to its senses?
 hard drugs on the street a dealer dug treat
 or war on the car resurrected?
 it's odd that the pot's still legally hot
 yet speed is highly respected

δεαλερ δυγ

canada day has long gone its way
 and dug's double dealing the drugs
 now he's buck a beer cheap booze buccaneer
 filling up those ford nazon mugs
 on top of tax cuts to gas guzzling nuts
 who think he's a pal though he's not
 just a two bit shill for the thugs who spill
 the oiliest drug of the lot



BUCK-A-BEER



PUT MORE MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

cheap gas and cheap booze ford nation good news
 for junkies who drive in their highs
 bad news for the folk whose lives at one stroke
 are shattered when someone close dies
 on the hood of a car driven home from a bar
 by an addict who's doubly hooked
 on pints of cheap beer and gassed up to here
 thanks to deals our dug dealer cooked

how did ford get in over kathleen wyne
 and the modest efforts she made
 to barely address the climate change mess
 with polluter pay cap and trade?
 but that was just it even that wee bit
 of feeble greenwash in action
 was a step too far a declaring of war
 on kochsucker ford nazon faction

the dark money trail behind the ford veil
 leads right to the kochs pulling wires
 they've funded think tanks increasing the ranks
 of climate change oil shill deniers
 deregulation as in ford natzion
 is the target of most of their dough
 the kochtopus leech the tentacles reach
 as far north as ontario

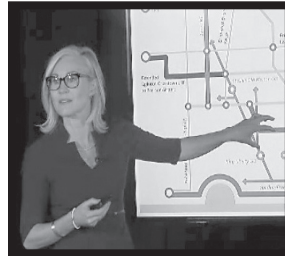
right up his hole

kochtopus
 tentacle
 see pages 69-70



are politics rotten? has she forgotten?
 is telling car truths *verboten*?
 she won't get elected if truth's detected
 about *death machines* prior to voting
 she's not speaking out since car lobby clout
 has voters thoroughly brainwashed
 big oil and auto have the same motto
drive baby drive till the planet is trashed

on top of the bribes to ford nazon tribes
 of beer barrel politics crude
 he has killed *drive clean* a program that's been
 the one thing mike harris done good
 now one hundred thou rank tanks will allow
 their crud to foul up the climate
drive dirty's the new plan dug needs to screw
 any effort to pollution limit



oct 23 2018

but here comes keesmaat to remedy that
 she's running for mayor of hogtown
 at last there is hope that hogtown can cope
 with dug the drug dealer clown
 oh wait maybe not she's gone and forgot
 what she once called the killer car
 that *death machine* name a public health shame
 a state of emergency war



of course keesmaat lost she paid the steep cost
 of not standing out from the crowd
 by declaring war on the *death machine* car
 with a message both strident and loud
 she could win next time when the public clime
 might chime with her undeclared views
 opportunity knocked but progress was blocked
 by making her message diffuse



εφ ουυ

test battlefields gone grand pricks were now on
to try out the latest advances
in killing machines so car magazines
could trumpet each automan's chances
of winning the race to speed up the pace
of cargo cult world domination
their test pilot men new heroes to send
into battle to fight for car nation

euros having class burn petrol not gas
ferraris and merks are the norm
pure thoroughbreds not nazcar thickheads
more stealth than muscle perform
to achieve their goals drivers sell their souls
to bernie the spiv in the pits
where he ruled the roost gave grand pricks a boost
and amassed his millions of bits

but at his right hand his shyster lawman
was the smoothest fascist of all
fascist to the max in his father's tracks
the mosleys had made the right call
their fomula boss the old crooked cross
in swashbuckling swastika drives
it nuremberg rings heil hitler it sings
four hooks on the hookers max swives

ωαρ



it's not just the hooks slyly cooking the books
who run the excess eff one show
but shysters like max brit courts at their backs
where libel laws guard what you know
the news of the world though a rag unfurled
snapped max in fascist flagrante
those snaps have been snipped all media stripped
of the right to be vigilante



NEWS OF THE WORLD F1 BOSS HAS SICK NAZI ORGY WITH 5 HOOKERS



EXCLUSIVE

Son of fascist Hitler lover
in sex shame

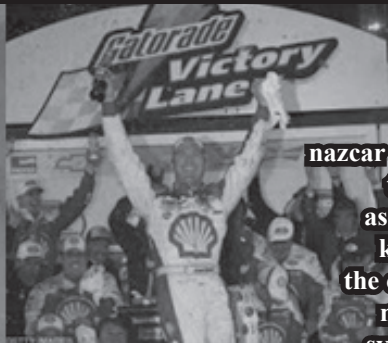


εφ ωων

such nazi displays the public dismays
but carboys and royals are free
to help us recall how their forbears in thrall
to the reich in its infamy
paraded with vile indifferent smile
the kristallnacht mindset remains
keep jews in their place it's all about race
on tracks to the camps in the trains

positions at poles role models for proles
to emulate daily at speed
turn highways to tracks for wannabe hacks
who think they're top gear in the lead
eff one fetish fools in oversized tools
weaving their way through the pack
sennas fangios stewarts alonsos
grand pricks to their work there and back

entitlement sense in racing's intense
gut level power dominates
big auto's the source of the fascist force
when there's peace so called between states
when battles decrease invasions don't cease
the death machine's still on the move
the rearguard in cars continue the wars
new führer's must surely approve

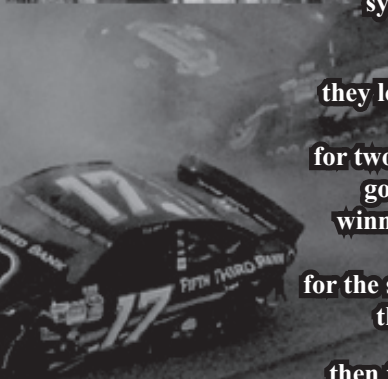


νόζκαρ

nazcar and grand pricks fascism's new tricks
to keep tyranny's roar to the fore
assaulting senses breaking defences
keep pushing the boundaries more
the corporate drive to profit and thrive
must be seen and heard in the raw
symbols of power in miles per hour
delivering fierce shock and awe

they love a good race round a nazcar space
as long as it simple and banked
for two hundred laps these muscle car chaps
go roaring around till they're ranked
winners and losers gas guzzling hoosiers
in a fossil fueled feast of fun
for the slack jawed fans in the crowded stands
they are knights of the gas and gun

then fuelled by beer they holler and cheer
for daredevil drivers bedecked
in fag and oil signs commercial gold mines
linking hero in logo direct
marlboro man grit till you're coffin up shit
huff on gas from the hero machine
them nazcar fans buy drugs heroes imply
are right for the billy bob scene



play sound
audio bar
barks 53-60

κίβωδος

from an early age the car is on stage
for kids it's the star of the show
cars one two and *three* the movies they see
with car actors kids get to know
as careering stars personified cars
carving young minds to accept that
the car is a pet a family must get
or life's high excitement goes flat

kids driven to think there's a happy link
between them and the brute machine
with cute windshield eyes to soul humanize
they're friendly protective and clean
sanitized of oil that might image spoil
of animated hot wheels fun
no victim roadkill no Exxon oil spill
just bright shiny heroes who won

car kindergarten brainwashing starting
getting kiddies hooked on car toys
slick education indoctrination
for young impressionable boys
get them saying *zoom zoom* right from the womb
associate cars with excitement
the thrill of the ride to get them onside
so in youth they're ripe for enticement

if lightning mcqueen can't make the machine
fast friends with a growing young boy
there's always his mum who has long become
dependent on the real mcceo
to drive him to school events that are cool
to keep the child active and fit
recreation booked so he too is hooked
by lightning the kid has been hit



to counter the lies madmen advertise
how the private car is so great
is going to take war a blitz on a par
with the anti tobacco crusade
using large labels to turn the tables
on corporate misinformation
clear warnings up close with images gross
of carnage wreaked by carnation

use pop culture themes to demonize memes
about cars being happy benign
equate them with guns missiles and weapons
as stormtrooper cyborgs malign
send jedi on bikes skywalkers on hikes
to combat the empire's dark side
may the force be with the jedi not sith
to light sabre car genocide

may master yoda take on toyoda
to force out its matrix earth raider
may knight obi wan crush the grand caravan
of dodgy demon darth vader
may scavenger rey slay brute chevrolet
and han solo harrass the fords
may c three pee o hack general mo
while finn flattens one fifty hordes



warning
this product kills
and causes
climate change





VANGUARD AMERICA

κάπνιη

from cradle to grave the automan slave
 is groomed by madmen for motown
 they aim for the teen who is sports mad keen
 when he's viewing a hockey showdown
 an overtime game in its final frame
 and a faceoff? no time for a switch
 it's time for ford stuff eff one fifty tough
 to hit him at high fever pitch



or to groom young dudes with trump attitudes
 who are lurching far to the right
 to think that a charger will make a man larger
 with monster eight cylinder might
 supremacist tanks in white vanguard ranks
 as beasts open carry on streets
 dodge hellcat on wheels to alt right appeals
 for charging protesting elites

the innocents struck by car van or truck
 in the name of van guard or isis
 are only the tip of the mounting grip
 big auto has on the crisis
 for every one slain by terror insane
 ten thousand are killed by design
 every half minute an e m s unit
 deals with a road kill malign



VANGUARD AMERICA



the carnage in nice was but a small piece
 of the yearly road hollow cost
 of one and a quarter million manslaughter
 lives to homicides lost
 accidents they're named no one can be blamed
 for collateral damage impact
 the price we all pay for progress they say
 just tragic unfortunate fact

big auto denies that anyone dies
 because it's product's a weapon
 like the n r a it continues to say
 it's users critics should carp on
 our missile's benign it's not our design
 that's killing two people a minute
 it's the drivers' fault for the mass assault
 the car's just a tool they're in it

it's a sacred cow this need to avow
 that the auto can't be to blame
 that speeders and drunks or feckless young punks
 are the ones who murder and maim
 that there's nothing wrong with engines so strong
 most clocked at over two hundred
 that roads education not car condemnation
 will stop those lives being sundered



1970 DODGE

CHARGER



If you've ever finished first...you could be **DODGE MATERIAL.**



the alpha male tanks of the ford first ranks
are the effin one fifty fleets
usually black with weaponry rack
the darth vader valiant elites
male compensation for flake ford nation
to growl to fim horton's in style
four by four doolies for jacks and their julies
to cruise past the creeps with a smile

ford calls them *sport trucks* for trumped up old bucks
to pretend they're hard workin men
the *lean on me crew* who will help me and you
when the going gets tough now and then
but also top gun effin formula one
though more nazicar than grand pricks
more fake good ol boys with redneck torque toys
making up for miniscule dicks



camaro

on the one fifty scene the a r fifteen
is the weapon billy bobs choose
it goes hand in glove with monster truck love
for the alt right fascists they fuse
the automan roar the gun fetish bore
the blast of the insecure male
the rattle and hum of the macho bum
and his belch we have to inhale

what hope do we have if this street legal lay
is the best selling vehicle now?
in the world no less with all its excess
the ford eff one fifty is wow
two hundred k per hour four hundred horse power
more than tanks in our last world wars
a dark side machine in darth vader sheen
stormtroopers aren't cool in just cars

when the trumpsters play in the u s a
where the n r a fascists rule
the truck and the gun make double the fun
when it's time to shoot up a school
assault rifle gore and ford four by four
are standard equipment for schmucks
fascist militias race vanguard vicious
they all love gunning their trucks

Arma15 & Reinforced Bar Underseat Ford F-150

καρ αδγ

every year there's a show where the pilgrims go
on the automan empire hajj
to rome or motown stuttgart or hogtown
the meccas of mecha homage
where the faithful preys for seven straight days
at the shrines of the sacred car
con sultan suvis moollahs and moovtis
hi mams from near and afar

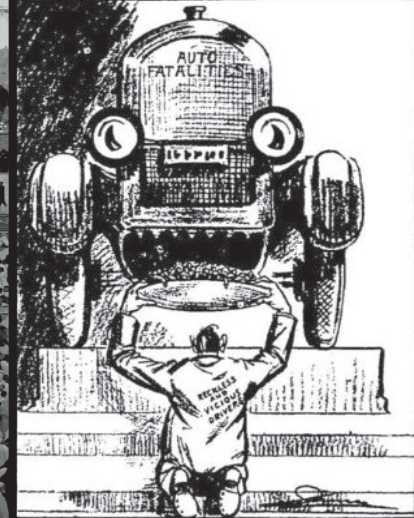
auto big spenders to fondle big fenders
and kneel to the cutlass supreme
worshipping hordes of fetishite fords
at the mosque of motown esteem
yeehaadists in jeeps fatwadded old creeps
jacking off in sleek death machines
dodge ramadandies porsche pornin randies
in burkars of blackened windcreens

in matters of creed they may not indeed
agree about anything much
but one common faith these pilgrims sayeth
is the cult of the gear and the clutch
for papists and prods the love of hot rods
is never in dogma disputes
for muslims and jews sectarian views
don't matter in motor sport utes

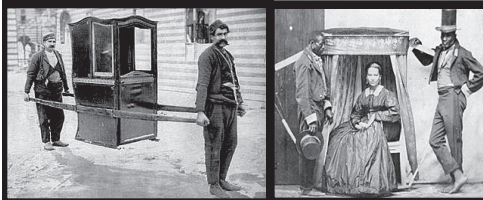
high priests are on hand to defend the demand
for sacrifice due the car gods
*we strongly deny the millions who die
is our fault just facing the odds
collateral damage sacrifice carnage
placating car deities gore
acceptable toll beyond our control
no cause for alarm or uproar*

Sacrifices to the Modern Moloch

By James



Cartoon by "James," St. Louis Star, November 6, 1923.



λίττερ ἐλίτες

it's always been thus *the proles ride the bus*
while elites get lifted and laid
by slave borne litter now sedan sitter
in luxury comfort and shade
above madding crowd no contact allowed
keep the riff raff out of your space
and if they get close fart a lethal dose
of fossil fumes right in their face

throw your weight around say four thousand pound
of steel plastic rubber and glass
make your presence felt not exactly svelte
with a hulking car apace mass
a great lumbering shell crustacean from hell
that's geared into brute overdrive
eight cylinder slaves to guard elite knaves
from the masses they want to deprive

entitlement sense is fiercely intense
 in the unchallenged right of the car
 the alfa male roar the chevrolet snore
 says elitist high status star
 it's a state of mind of the physical kind
 expressed as a missile of might
 to daily make clear the car has no peer
 in the ~~##~~ class of the right



THE MOST COMMON HISTORICAL VEHICLES FOR YOUR POSER PEOPLE

LITTERS:
LEOTICA

POSER ERG FIGURE: CANOPY CAN BE HIDDEN. ARA: RESTS CAN BE HIDDEN. VARIOUS PARTS OF CURTAINS CAN BE HIDDEN. OPEN AND CLOSED CURTAINS, ADJUSTABLE CUSHION, SET UP MATTRESS AND CUSHION ACCESS, HANDLE RAILS CAN BE REMOVED. THREE FULL STATURE VARIANTS, MULTIPLE MATERIAL ZONES FOR MAKING YOUR OWN TEXTURE COMBINATIONS. VICTORIA & ROSIE 12 PASSENGERS. MEDICAL. 4 ROSES 14 PORTERS. 1 BRISTLINGBIRD. 4 MULTILIGHT PRESSETS. SCENES: ROMAN DINING COUCH - KENNAI - VARIANTS SUITABLE FOR ANY ANCIENT TIMES OR FANTASY PROJECTS



they're knights of the road all like mister toad
 minus his humour and class
 the litter elite who think that their feet
 are solely to pedal the gas
 poop pooping their way along life's highway
 cocooned in their bubbles of steel
 so much out of touch with the earth and such
 in a virtual world that's unreal

on this *animal farm* hogs raise the alarm
 to squeal *four wheels good two legs bad*
 they'll put you away in car crazed I a
 where walking the streets is deemed mad
 there once was a time when it wasn't a crime
 to walk across streets as you wished
 but the cargo cult crowd got lobbying loud
 and right of way walking got dishd

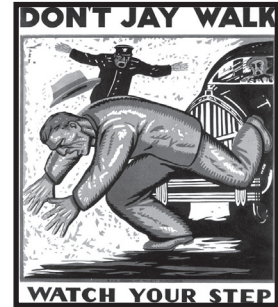
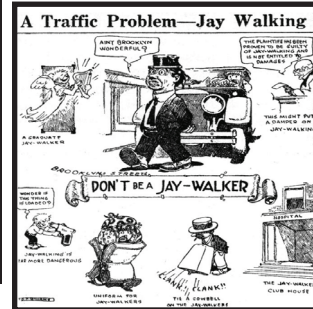
they handed out cards offered kids rewards
 using god to justify how
 it was morally wrong to jay walk along
 that cars had the right of way now
 their tactics clever doing whatever
 it took to brainwash the child
 into thinking it's sin to be jaywalkin
 both risky and by god reviled

ΣΥΛΛΕ ΩΟΚ



in that dickens *tale of two cities* real
 where paris sees revolt and ravage
 the flash point explodes when a marquis of roads
 kills a child with his horsedrawn carriage
 that death would ignite the merciless fight
 that tore the nation to pieces
 it stands as a sign of litter malign
 how litter carnage unleashes

since those early days of the litter's ways
 it has grown in arrogance brash
 the car of today is largely for play
 computerized prone to the crash
 but the cyber wars will sabotage cars
 with consequence worse than before
 the grip of a i will mean more will die
 big brother has carnage in store



play sound
audio bar
barks 61-67

რუდუდუ



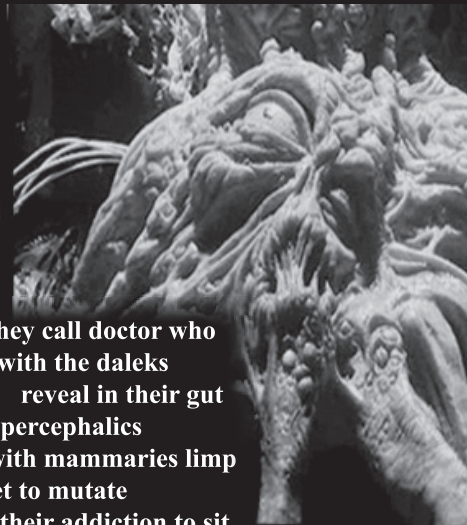
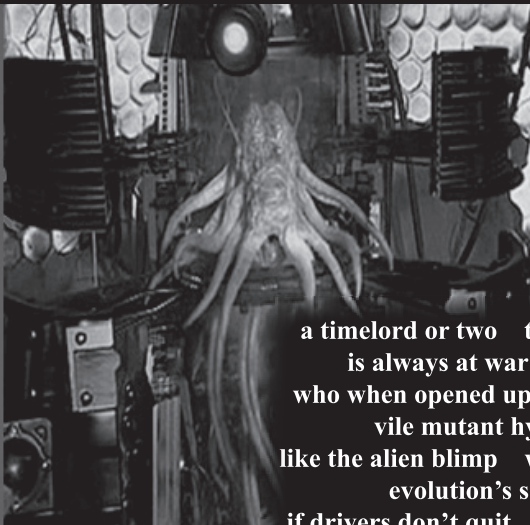
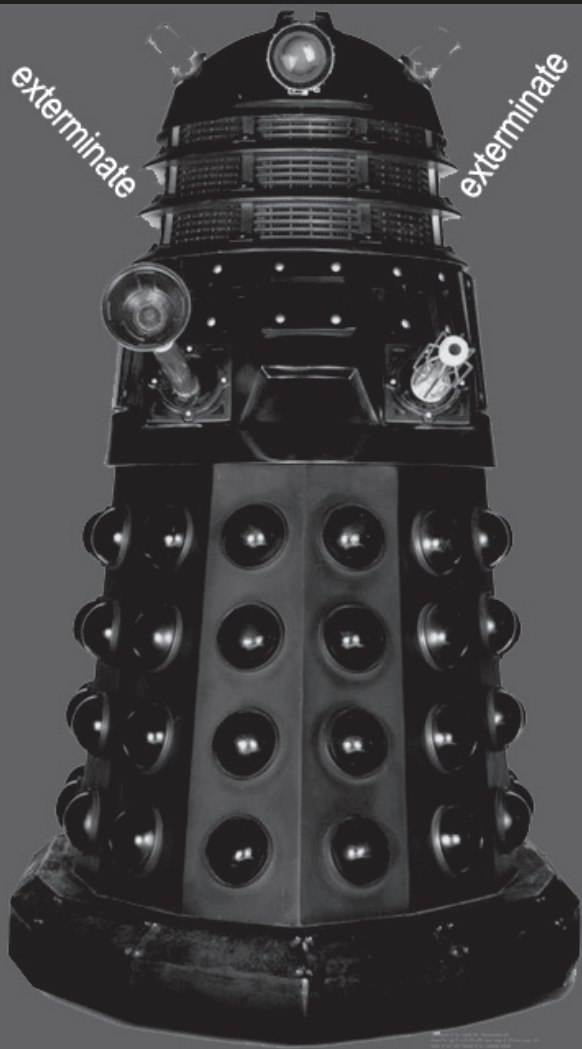
of all of the tanks in the automan ranks
the worst is the horrible hummer
a true war machine but now widely seen
as sport for the dumb and dumber
a macho man lav the redneck must have
who sees himself as a warrior
in a hostile place where to win the race
needs thick armour plate as a barrier

on *watership down* of rabbit renown
that *hrududu* could be a hummer
a fearsome land rover that often runs over
the coneys in spring through summer
to the gallon ten mile a guzzler with style
for the armchair soldier's wet dream
the humvee from hell general mo will sell
to the cargo cult wanker extreme

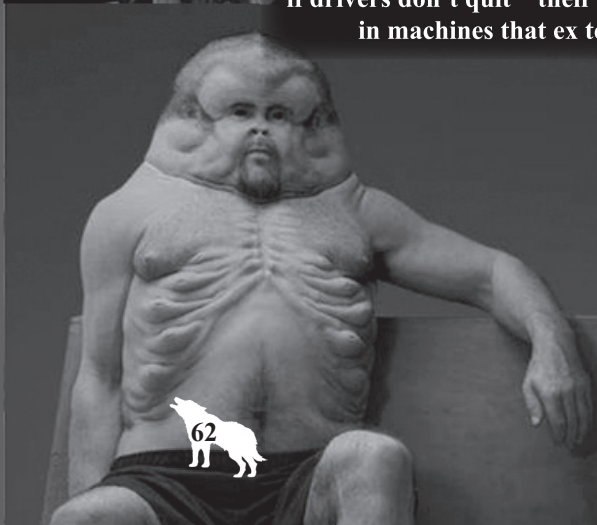


exterminate

exterminate



a timelord or two they call doctor who
is always at war with the daleks
who when opened up reveal in their gut
vile mutant hypercephalics
like the alien blimp with mammaries limp
evolution's set to mutate
if drivers don't quit their addiction to sit
in machines that ex terminate



ΠΟΛΙΣ

so what's to be done to battle the hun
the hun dies the hondas the hummers?
the war on the car needs a dog of war
to take on auto allcomers
a churchill bulldog to fight the roadhog
with a war measures act put in place
emergency rules to counter the fools
whose footprint is full in your face

we need an old foe to switch sides and show
the same kind of pitbull resolve
as a ford or john d an old enemy
who's come to his senses to solve
the car rising tide strangling cities worldwide
and fouling our thin biosphere
an achilles in fact who'll turn and attack
geek allies of old without fear

to rip through the beast private ones at least
will take dogged determination
from a leader with guts to deliver the cuts
to the power of rampant car nation
force big auto plants to lead the advance
in mass production of buses
electric and small public transit for all
as wise helsinki proposes



could we get dug ford or a trump on board
to have a road to damascus flash?
like the recent bike ride where jagmeet singh tried
to take dug on a bike path dash
which worked like a treat except for dug's seat
that gave him a pain in the ass
and so did jagmeet when the ride was complete
hopping into a beamer no class



δέμονς

it's going to take more than a dog who wore
a beamer after dating dug
to take on the job of undoing what rob
did pushing the death machine drug
we do need a dug a dog with his pug
but clean of carbon carrack high
who'll go take a hike not just on a bike
a paws on the ground kind of guy

or a tough dog bitch who will kill the switch
on the auto-gov gravy train
not a wuss like wynn who'll easy cave in
to the dodgy fiat insane
that wants to deploy a demon on troy
an ~~eight hundred forty horsepower~~
street muscle machine a hellcat drag queen
top speed near three hundred k per hour

it makes a dog sick to see the same trick
being played at the national level
where just in true dough puts on a big show
of tackling the climate change devil
but behind the scenes the demon machines
are dragging on subsidy cash
in photo op time when pols and car chime
in cosy collusion eyewash



at the world reichstag trump's on the same nag
as oilygarch vlad russputin
an automan thug with merkel in bug
the source of so much pol lootin
the battle is done the demons have won
in the automan empire's game
that drives to despair makes violence flare
in anarchy hellfire flame



fossil fueled fascist
friendship of russia
medal 2013

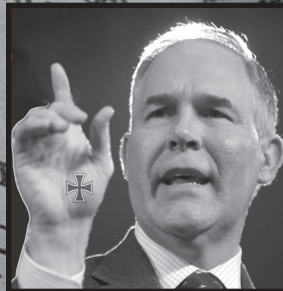


φόσιλ φύελδ φάσιμ

in the recent coup where the fascist crew
took over the united states
with russia's aid and the deals trump made
with fossil fueled business mates
where all the top jobs went to oil patch jobs
like tillerson perry and pruit
the task is complete democracy's beat
the rich has colluded to screw it

take tillerson wrecks the exxon boss ex
feted by russia's russia
like old henrich ford who happily scored
a medal from hitler the teuton
wrecks got an award the highest accord
for a friend of oilygarch sleaze
for signing a deal with russia to steal
control of our oil rich high seas

then there's scott pruit reichmeister sue it
who before trump made him its boss
sued the epa fourteen times to pay
for his losses caused by its laws
so now he's in charge to further enlarge
control of the commons we share
for fossil fueled fools to break all the rules
and pollute our land sea and air



JOSHUA

to justify this pruit wouldn't miss
a chance to invoke the buy bull
wherein god gave us in order to save us
dominion over every rival
to wipe out species blocking resources
is our sacred god given right
to gut legislation spread devastation
this land is our land to blight

texan rick perry now secretary
of energy oil nukes and coal
is a christian too with the same goodbook view
that plunder is our holy role
raze clean coal mountains frack for the fountains
of gas beneath the earth's crust
drill baby drill deep it's all ours to reap
in god's great resources we trust

what can we expect when rednecks elect
a fascist as fueled as trump?
whose first potus speech is the same old preach
build highways fill up at the pump
the engines of growth machines and oil both
it's burn baby burn till we're toast
keep churning out cars to intensify wars
put death machines first and foremost

10 And Joshua commanded the officers of the people, "Pass the camp and command the people, 'Prepare your provisions, for we are about to go in to take possession of the land

ρυσπύτιν



but the latest twist in trump's swamp list
is the fall of tillerson wrecks
who had changed his mind about who's behind
the mess when his nation elects
his russian oil chum? whose f s b scum
takes out all bold opposition
and he's changed his view on climate change too
putting him in firing position

wrecks knew the score on *the fucking moron*
this potus was put in by putin
whose time as a friend was now at an end
this russian was novichok poison
the new fascist fuhrer fossil procurer
a tyrant who purges at will
a stalin of steel with an oily feel
with vlad the impaler kill skill

he targets the nerves with surgical serves
both cyber and human attacks
invading his foes through web or up nose
vile malware and bio hacks
of course he has cars all part of his wars
a stable of russian made tanks
in which he is seen by p r machine
to baffle the euros and yanks

volga and lada in his armada
to make like he's one of the proles
and his limo zil with a role to fill
as the fatherland's very own rolls
but they're mere decoys putin deploys
to impress in ways patriotic
when it gets right down to czar about town
it's fascist teuton exotic

in his real state car must be on a par
with the automan empire norm
it's his merc g class all fascists amass
to blast pussy riot or storm
the choice of elites when out on mean streets
more armed than obama's or trump's
to stem any strike against the red reich
and its russputin pimp of the pumps

in all of the news about putin's views
and the power he has acquired
there's little mention of his attention
to the motorcades he has required
to ride into power in k m per hour
as on his in auguration
when moscow shut down as he rode through town
on g class merc automation



play sound
audio bar
barks 68-74

ΒΥΒΡΩΣ

hidden in plain sight the monster of might
the elephant roaming the room
elites have their tanks both russkys and yanks
all fascists are fans of zoom zoom
their political stripe their left or right type
doesn't matter what state of mind
their autos are them their soul root and stem
by their cars their lives are defined

is putin a thug a gangster a drug?
a big brother fascist tar tar?
a strongman in charge of a land so large
that it needs a merc driven czar?
he is all of those but as any dog knows
it's the source of his power severe
tar tar opioil that's set to despoil
the planet and its biosphere

more oily than trump his apprentice gump
or the kochsucking gang near the peak
of the oil food chain in the tillerson reign
like woods the new exxon oil sheikh
van beurden of shell turning niger to hell
or the sheikhs of araby veils
these gangsters well oiled are deeply embroiled
where vlad the impaler impales

these hoodlums of oil corrupt and despoil
do just as they oily well please
so what's a dog do with this oily crew
as they seep through the earth like disease?
the only recourse is to hit at the source
of the excess oil sucking scene
boycott the fuckers the oily kochsuckers
and piss on the private machine

ΤΟΞΙΚ ΤΕΥ



the dark money trail the koch brothers veil
from scrutiny thanks to their stealth
using vague bland names for their trusts and aims
secret meetings for men of wealth
securing states' rights unions in their sights
but deregulation is prime
environment laws must be scrapped because
checking free markets is a crime



KOCHTOPUS: The Influence of Koch-Cash

PROFITS FROM:

Oil, Gas, Refining, Fracking, Tar Sands, Chemicals, Ranching, Fertilizers, Forest products, Commodity Speculation, & Oil Derivatives.

From IFG's "Outing the Oligarchy: Billionaires Who Benefit from Today's Climate Crisis."

www.KochCash.Org



Police contracted to guard secret meeting in Rancho Mirage, CA.



CHARLES & DAVID KOCH
(Combined net worth \$92 B.)



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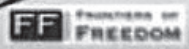
THINK TANKS

ASTROTURF AGENTS
Fake grassroots groups

COURTROOM COLLABORATORS
Justices Scalia & Thomas receive free "trainings."

WEALTH WARRIORS

CONGRESSIONAL COLLABORATORS



graphic credit
Patrick M @andendall

ΚΟΧΤΣΑΙΝΣ

where did it begin **this campaign to win**
 the hearts and minds of the proles?
 by making them think **they were on the brink**
of a commie sweep of the polls
where serfdom was next and liberty vexed
by nanny state government rules
 while billionaire suits **with kochs in kahoots**
 would be branded as **gluttonous ghouls**

it had its roots deep **in the southern keep**
 of virginia **base of the right**
 when racism still had its grasp on the will
 of confederate reb white might
 where even in schools *segregation rules*
that blacks were unfit to be taught
 where *social welfare* was **commie red scare**
 and *government parasites fought*

from the reb **calhoun slavemaster tycoon**
 to the fiefdom of **harry byrd**
 virginia state **would certainly rate**
 as the womb of **thinking absurd**
 that might have died out **if not for the clout**
 of one **james mcgill buchanan**
 who won a nobel **for his books that sell**
 far right **economical planning**

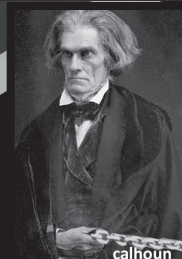


buchanan

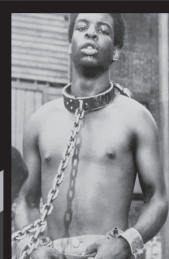
GEORGE MASON UNIVERSITY



byrd



calhoun



kochs



public choice was in **states' rights must win**
over democrat liberal cant
meritocracy trumps democracy
the richest deserve all they want
the poor are lazy civil rights crazy
kill off government expansion

the kochs were on board **with exxon g m and ford**
 their greed now nobelly sanctioned

unfettered markets **governments targets**
let corporate rules be the norm
privatization buy legislation
by stealth don't take it by storm
 the seeds that they sow **small increments grow**
 eroding rights laws one by one
 the kochs rule the roost **but they have unloosed**
 the koch up trump's **mob has begun**



βυρν βόξτερ βυρν

a few dogs of war go away too far
in the eyes of public opinion
like the hamburg pack who launched an attack
on the automan reich dominion
putting ten porsche to the fiery torch
before the g twenty summit
was it anarchist flamme or insurance scam?
so far nobody knows whodunnit

a target legit a vandal act fit
for a protest aimed at the rich?
the g twenty gang whose sturm und drang
depends on the automan pitch
that car making's key to high g d p
so all should get in on the act
by making its parts for free trading marts
signing on to a world autopact

so burn boxer burn for once it's your turn
to be thrown on the sacrifice pyre
a big feuer nacht against the wehrmacht
instead of gassed jews on the fire
your nine eleven your six o seven
when the world caught a glimpse of the rage
against the machine and its power obscene
willkommen to hell was on stage

venomous spyder cayman low rider
being burnt right down to their frames
though arson is crude it does a dog good
to see new nine eleven in flames
in vw land its luxury brand
a symbol of suits on the make
someone raised the bar in the war on the car
when they charred a cayenne at the stake

canines don't endorse such fiery force
to combat the automan foe
it's just more pollution not the solution
to ending the slaughter and woe
let it be the last this incendiary blast
but keep it in mind all the same
as a blaze of dissent a message that's meant
to show what you really should blame



αΠόκρΙες

oct 31 2017

on this *σαμhαin day* the news comes our way
that another horror has happened
twenty cyclists struck by a pick up truck
used as a crude lethal weapon
in new york city eight killed without pity
and many other lives sundered
while two drivers died burned alive and fried
on the highway to hell four hundred

but lest we forget those others who met
their ends on the road in this way
three thousand and more this crazy world o'er
on *the day of the dead* holiday
the daily onslaught of those who were caught
in the path of the death machine
that's too big to pause can't be stopped because
every day's a hell halloween



average daily death toll on roads worldwide 3456



κροσ στιξ

this year of the dog it's tragic to log
the death toll haunting the land
in canada's own wide automan zone
the carnage both planned and unplanned
from the prarie west to north york distressed
twenty six have been sacrificed
to the great god speed and the car cult creed
time is money its cold zeitgeist

it wasn't the first this crossroads was cursed
when a family of six was killed
twenty years before but they chose to ignore
the reasons their blood had been spilled
at rural crossroads the automan code is
speed through to hell with stop signs
everyone knew what needs must ensue
when nothing was done to change minds

sixteen young men dead in collision of dread
to sacrifice horror fulfilled
what sticks out far more than sticks at the door
is the crossroads where these boys were killed
the scene of the crime marked for all time
by arrogant auto ford nation
the cheapest designs crossroads with stop signs
when a roundabout was the solution



πανδαλ όπλο

the day after earth day on the yonge street way
a rented van mounts the sidewalk
it mows people down just strolling around
enjoying the sunshine and talk
for over a mile it adds to the pile
of bodies it leaves in its wake
twenty six are hit ten wouldn't make it
their lives this vandal would take

then the public tears on tv appears
and handwringing about the motive
misogyny hate at women irate?
no mention of scourge automotive
the elephant looms again roams the rooms
where obsequies litter the air
few notice the beast by which lives were ceased
it can't be blamed for this nightmare

the weapon of choice for the deranged voice
no background checks to rent a van
yet it has killed more than guns by the score
this missile of the automan
but like fierce isis no blame for the crisis
on the moderate believer
*we must not insult the whole cargo cult
based on one fanatical fever*

we must not admit that those who were hit
were victims of automan rage
that ranges in ire from distracted to dire
from speeding to outright carnage
that stems from the same aggressive speed game
that's played by the cargo cult crew
that worships the car like the hogtown star
not wanting that link to pursue


it runs so deep this effort to keep
any blame from the sacred cow
reinforced by lies that praise to the skies
its glamour and glitz and just how
it sparks and excites takes us on flights
to exotic places in style
don't dare to mention its role as a weapon
no dark connotations so vile

forty seven billion* spent on such lying
to suck in the punters worldwide
a massive brainwash of faddism flash
to mask the mass car homicide
as well as the free product placement spree
which litters their screens every day
full saturation in deep ford nation
under automan empire sway

* \$47 billion spent world wide on
car advertising in one year 2015

play sound
audio bar
barks 75-77-


⚡ ωελφαρε βυμς

as this year of the dog gives way to the hog
will hogtowns clean up their act?
or will the road hog continue to clog
their arteries with corpses packed?
who will lead the way to a brand new day
where just walking makes its comeback?
and good public transport is taken in comfort
getting hogtowns back on the track? 

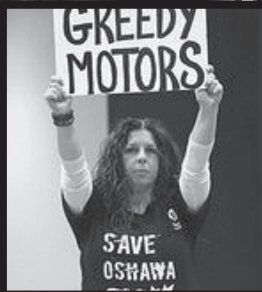
not if general mo continues to blow
the chances to turn things around
as he did in flint leaving it skint
and running it into the ground
or by killing the car that had come so far
his electric drive eevee one
that was catching on but he wanted gone
since he claimed it couldn't be done

what he really meant was big oil was bent
on keeping internal combustion
as the driving force boosting profits of course
with massive sport truck invasion
he never sold eevees just leasing out these
so he could recall and crush them
which he did in spite of protests to fight
his fascist refusal to save them

big oil and big auto the demonic duo
fossil fueled fascists in charge
democracy chained tyranny gained
governments bought by in large
by corporate wealth through tactical stealth
and bailouts when things go awry
like that ten billion loan to gen mo soon blown
written off by our feds on the sly

when general mo got that shitload of dough
 to keep his big o pumping out
his muscle camaros for roadhoggin heroes
the taxpayers figured no doubt
that they'd be repaid and commitments made
to keep oshawa folks off the dole
well it's no surprise gen mo tells mo lies
he's flushing the plant down the hole

so our dealer dug our ford nation thug
drives down to detroit to demand
that general mo not desert the big o
but he's handed his head in his hand
general mo is now keen for the new eevee scene
but only where labour's no pain
so to hell with big o we ain't got the dough
corporate bums need welfare again



旅行越远越少知道老子

the further one travels the less one knows lao tzu

the sage lao tzu was prescient true
when he tackled the travelling hordes
escaping ennui to shop and sight see
in beamers mercs chevys and fords
to get to their planes or cruise shipping lanes
to sit in the sunshine and sand
the further one travels the more life unravels
and the less one knows what's at hand



the litter elite who think that their feet
are strictly for stepping on gas
the bucket list crew who crave vistas new
rich migrants flying first class
who'd not be seen dead staying home but instead
must be seen on the road or en route
to hong kong or rome barcelona then home
to rest for the next big commute

venetians are pissed at the bucket list
of ignorant mobs from cruise ships
burning vast millions of bunker oil gallons
flooding squares with junkies on trips
with sea water too from sea levels new
as the ice sheet on greenland melts
on an earth in fever none to relieve her
since travellers won't tighten belts



tightening belts? never en route forever
is the rich migrant's rallying cry
despite latest tech to digitally connect
without taking to tarmac or sky
in fact those hi techs increase the long treks
of junkies on journeys in jets
by paying fare fees booked online with ease
through apps that drive up their debts

the old gypsy crew the tramps we once knew
poor tinkers in horse caravans
have been far surpassed by gangs traipsing fast
over continents seas and islands
their insatiable need for distance at speed
like a plague of locusts in swarms
carrying new bugs resistant to drugs
spreading their viral shitstorms

the pushers in chief of the cult belief
that the road not taken's an evil
are the automan hogs and their ad travelogues
that suck into brains like the weevil
the suckerberg strain of algorithm brain
that says face to face booking is best
so hop in your car and you will go far
let google take care of the rest

φλίτε

but the bulk of the blame for the skies aflame
must go to the skyhogs first class
the business class mob who think that their job
is keeping the airlines in brass
with junkets in scads conventions in wads
and face to face meetings essential
for twenty four sevens filling the heavens
with corporate flights pestilential



celebs and sports stars in flashy hot cars
at airports all over the planet
need transportation to seek adulation
from globe trotting fans adolescent
crass politicians vain rock musicians
do good engeeos giving aid
to climate change victim's whose sad sorry symptoms
are caused by those countless flights made

at davos this year the elites appear
in fifteen hundred private planes
to discuss their hold on force uncontrolled
while climate change baffles their brains
despite their great skills at sending you bills
they don't seem to get the connection
between their lifestyles on road and air miles
and climate bills needing collection



vacationers hide behind this flight tide
claiming their footprint is slight
compared to elites in business class seats
who fly here and there day and night
but their numbers are great and carry more weight
could they fly say just once a year?
thus cutting the need for pipelines that feed
their habit that's costing us dear

then there's jock sports and teams he supports
that have to go global for fame
for the elite athlete who craves to compete
with the best in the world at their game
so driving and flying for fans and teams vying
are an absolute must for success
these steroid robots who need shots and lots
of gold medal trips to impress

*not at all they say why should we pay
for the vice of that hypocrite crew?
like suzuki and gore who blather and bore
with do as i say not as i do
they do have a case but cannot quite face
the fact they're indulging in spite
a childish display that gives them away
not up for the climate change fight*



play sound
audio bar
barks 78-end-

γοφερης

there's a special space in that fiery place
for the boomers who golf where they fly
in exotic places far from home bases
to get in some rounds ere they die
in costa del sol or in portugal
as long as it's foreign and warm
with well watered greens and well oiled machines
on manicured fairways with charm

to get to resorts these fossilized sports
take planes that use as much fuel
as three months driving before arriving
anywhere near the first hole
do they not drive enough? losing balls in the rough
when they can't do a round without gas?
in their wheelchair carts full of iron parts
put putting along on their ass

another excuse for resource abuse
by fouling the air that we breathe
is the last ditch appeal to family zeal
for meeting with loved ones who leave
for far distant parts but still have their hearts
in homelands they have abandoned
and need to be cured with journeys endured
or heartbreak makes them feel stranded



leering oleary 2016



michael collins
1916

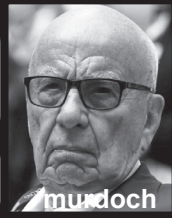
but surely they know the further they go
with such emotional reason
the more they threaten the next generation
of their own children's children
who may never see kin if the earth's done in
by shortsighted high flighted plans?
have boomers not been in enough places seen
without turning homelands to wastelands?

a special space too for the airline crew
to be fried at the fiery wall
delta air and a a k l m and cathy
but the one with pure skyhoggin gall
is gombeen o leary who makes a dog weary
with incessant pimping for tourism
through crass self promotion stirring commotion
and celtic tiger cute hoorism

like the time he took aim by heaping the blame
on cyclists for irish road chaos
they ought to be shot was his declared thought
for travellers them bikers delay us
the rob ford of cork the arrogant dork
might want to take note of the big yin
who took out leary's like while riding his bike
round dublin's rising rebellion

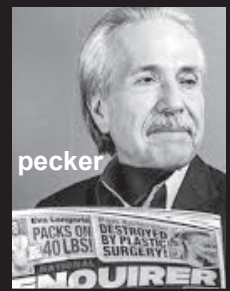
apart from golinks and their foreign links
 there's a whole gang of hacks needing burned
 those journos who join for the shiny coin
 the media blitz that has turned
 into a massive shill for fossil fewill
 by the national post and the sun
 post media hacks like murphy the wrecks
 with goldstein foster and solomon

παγς



it's not just canucks pimping travel and trucks
 for exxon emirates and jeep
 every automan state has the same fourth estate
 at work on the masses of sheep
 from the beeb to the fox conde nast to murdochs
 they all have their scribes in top gear
 who urge fly n drive to be fully alive
 and to hell with the hot biosphere

they all play a part in the treacherous art
 of pulling the wool over eyes
 about climate science and its reliance
 on evidence they claim is all lies
 but the quisling in chief of this noof belief
 is wrecks the failed lawyer oil pusher
 verbose wellhead shill for capp* who will drill
 baby drill to the very last gusher



another post hack the pompous con black
 sesquipedalian peer of the realm
 whose now only boast is he once owned the post
 until he got yanked from the helm
 by two yank hedge funds with links to big guns
 in tabloids published by pecker
 whom post media scored to be on their board
 as journalistic truth wrecker



to counter the lies of these rags with their ties
 to fossil fueled automan hogs
 needs a dog eat dog mutt to be a pain in the butt
 to all of their roadhoggin blogs
 that's mutt michael moore who sniffs out the spoor
 of general mo most of all
 from roger and me to flint's tragedy
 he loves the chase down and maul

* capp canadian association of petroleum producers



barking near at an end this owl dog will send
one last long howl of contempt
at the new hateful eight roadhogs who of late
have hogged at the trough to preempt
all rivals who dare to challenge their share
of the road to the future we face
but too many hogs are flogging us dogs
hogmany far too many to trace

a few do stand out who have shoved their snout
right up to their ears in the trough
like the two headed boar trumputin who tore
up the social contract right off
by fixing elections and wall erections
to keep out climate change migrants
who have every right to relieve their plight
in the lands of lavish abundance

those lands of hogtowns that hog with no bounds
the earth's fossil fuel resources
causing climate change and migrants to range
far from their homelands in masses
carma of a kind for rich migrants blind
who don't see the poor are afoot
til beggars arrive up their gated drive
seeking some share of the loot



binsalmon xipingpong jongin n pootin
ballsonarrow suckerburg cook
orbin salivini beezos dodirty
trump n the yahoo wherever you look
hogs and their hogwash determined to cash
in on the commons they think they own
a litter of hogs a parcel of rogues
herding us into the dead zone

much closer to home in ford nation zone
the roadhogs are staging a rally
with a hog in queens park dealer dug makes his mark
a hamfisted swine as an ally
who thinks education is bad for ford nation
especially sex ed and science
the former for votes the latter promotes
far too much climate defiance

on his animal farm hogs want no alarm
about climate change under their rule
it's four wheels good in dealer dug's hood
and two legs bad taught in school
as his government hog tied and hell bent
on pipelines plus carbon tax bans
drags its hogtrotters polluting our waters
deregulation for business in plans



στυλιε

and a child shall lead them

isaiah 11:6

come mothers and fathers throughout the land
and don't criticize what you can't understand
your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
your old road is rapidly agin'.
please get out of the new one
if you can't lend a hand
for the times they are a-changin'. bob dylan

there isn't much hope that learning can cope
with the chaos wrought by hog fools
though there are some signs that children change minds
by going on strike from their schools
to shake the foundation of fake education
that's in synch with progress at speed
out of the mouths of babes come protests in waves
that hogtowns now surely must heed

as the year of canine gives way to the swine
may your travels be short and slowed down
in this chinese new year may chinese good cheer
change the way you all get around
may you hear lao tzu may his words change you
to one who walks or bikes where you go
or shares an eebus or solar train plus
to automan fascists says no

earth day april 22 2019

to mark this earth day may you find a way
to counter the sixth extinction



june 12 2021

greenwash

tho now i'm dog gone i'm still barking on
 to warn about what's yet to come
 if cars continue to increase and spew
 their toxic burnt petroleum
 there's some hope at last now trump's in the past
 that better days are near for sure
 with biden as prez investing so he says
 in greener energy as the cure

but wait a minute joe is this just for show?
 what's with this effone fifty shit?
 trusting ford again? as j f k in vain
 did sixty years ago to hit
 the viet cong in strife hiring mack the knife*
 from ford to escalate that war?
 now you're touting ford to wield again the sword
 in the war on climate change by car?

trump might as well have won if that's how you've begun
 by now endorsing monster trucks
a car guy born and bred *this sucker's quick* you said
 even tho that's plainly why it sucks
 one killed your wife and child but you are reconciled
 to fascist ford to save the earth
 by making eevve trucks for road hoggin schmucks
 to further stoke the planet's dearth?

* robert mcnamara see pages 13-15



Police say killing of Muslim family in London, Ont. was 'planned, premeditated act motivated by hate'



on the same day i died there was brute homicide
with an *auto used as a weapon*
a black pickup truck drives purposely amuck
on a downtown street in london
killing a family almost entirely
but for one child left an orphan
effone fifty or ram? doesn't matter a damn
they're weapons of mass destruction

from this dog paradise i bark *joe* some advice
you're right on the verge of an abyss
if you think a sport truck can rescue and pluck
you from the climate change precipice
your head's up you arse your fix is a farce
electric cars suck just as much
resources power space as any petrol chaise
you're absolutely out of touch

i would often bark at cars that would park
in front of my home on hogarth
but i would bark too and chew at the shoe
of visitors leaving our hearth
to warn them *beware* of that traffic nightmare
of death machine danger they face
and so from my grave i'll continue to rave
at the automan fascist rat race

dogeared dogma

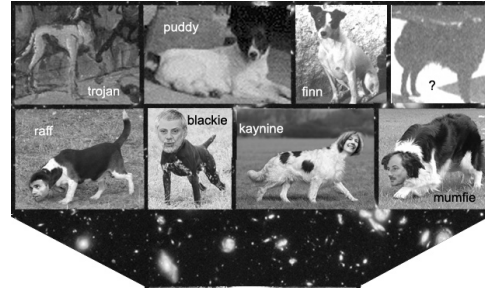
the american axis max wallace
animal farm george orwell
**asphalt nation* jane holtz kay
**the automobile age* james flink
brave new world aldous huxley
dark money jane mayer
democracy in chains nancy maclean
the energy of slaves andrew nikiforuk
fighting traffic peter d norton
henry ford and the jews neil baldwin
ibm and the holocaust edwin black
internal combustion edwin black
poisoned wells nicholas shaxson
straphanger taras grescoe
titan ron chernow
trading with the enemy charles higham
**unsafe at any speed* ralph nader
watership down richard adams
the wisdom of the outlaw joseph nagy
the guardian's george monbiot & damian carrington
toronto star's christopher hume & edward keenan
**henry tieman books* robert service greta thunberg

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-srv/national/daily/nov98/nazicars.30.htm>
http://coat.ncf.ca/our_magazine/links/53/rockefeller.html
 world health organization traffic death statistics

tonto the loan arranger quercus rubra uncle johnny walker mcveigh
 strawdog lao tzu lewis mumford homer translated by robert fitzgerald
 diogenes the dog dirty dog art wikipedia rexcurry.net king nick
 the μυσικ κόνιστ ουβη naomi klein shaun & klaus@markham litho
films most michael moore *dog eat dog* films plus *the hateful eight*
the fog of war *wind in the willows* *troy* *who killed the electric car?*
the silence of the quants (bmw) on youtube

images painting of trojan horse (page ii) giovanni domenico tiepolo
 the guardian wikipedia getty images alamy shutterstock pinterest
 carcult ads and magazines toronto star national post

music *grime instrumental* the zimmer man woody guthrie
 johnny horton *dogrel* fontaines dc



dogrel barker the late princess lulu

a timedog channeling every canine that ever chased a car
 a hound of the δολαιγς (pronounced *oak-leg*) who were capricious otherworldly
 visitors to ρῖνον μακκumhαιλλ's ρῖανν his band of outlaw warriors who
 challenged kings and chiefs in irish mythology they could appear as fierce
 hunting dogs **or humble domestic pets** the wind that blasted from below the
 tails of the δολαιγς's hounds could blow enemies (or friends) out to sea or into
the fiery wall she was often heard howling like this

we shall fight on the highways *we shall fight on the byways*
we shall fight on the streets and dirt roads
we shall fight on the lanes and the trails
we shall never surrender





carmageddon
california
2017 2018 2020

