
I would rather be the Queer-Philosopher in Pluto's Republic,
work on Pataphysics,
rent a nice appartment in the City of the Flawed,
write a *Summa pro gentiles*,
and never confess,
follow the Cunt's impractical,
weird
reasons,
see the World as Krill
and Expectoratation,
tell you fools that we have indeed gilled God
and live according to Heidegger's Rhyme and Wooing
principles