# The science of nonsense 2

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how to sum up craziness? is mustard a must for the dart boards you play in the full space of the fork-handed constellation, or mayonnaise a lot more suitable food to eating the red core of fantasy, which often rocks and sways as a spooky pendulum? is that craziness? No way, man, it's just another desperate normality!

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Do you enjoy action movies? The partitions are so thick in my flat, that I can hear my neighbour fart whenever he is inspired to blow a wind from the bottle of his bottom, I guess you say butt, but I don't want to be rude, crude or even impolite to the innocent ears of my readers (especially because there are only 8 of them, including myself, and that I can't risk to lose their precious clap). He does so everytime he watches some well wrapped shit on TV, this kind of thing, you know, with golden ribbon and tissue paper. Last time, as a matter of fart, he was watching *Fast and curious*, starring Johnny Deep or any other dauntless actor i'm not disposed to remember.

He could not help from expressing his joy, as a dog whose leash, in the hands of his master, suddenly draws the pee it can't restrain which thus spills, lamentably, on the yellow stripped carpet (bought in Damas one summer). You see? Nad, whose favorite sport, apart from praying in front of a beer, is to run after cars in the pictures, Nad indeed likes farting a bit too much for the policy of neighbourhood. Maybe it is mouth done and I'm mistaken about the emotion he sighs from his disgusting gut, nevermind, he should not let the complexity of his anatomy pour such primal noises forth.

I'm forced to sharpen my quill and write to the co-owners syndicate. But before that, I would like to try a new game with you, the kind of games that possess the plebiscite of all pupils in private primary schools, not just half-open to the subject it adresses, but very prone, I can say, to the density of its delirious knowledge: "The art of fart". A fart, in itself, is quite neutral. Some indulge the audience with the study of its dynamics and its one-tone melody: statistics seemed to establish, besides, that a F sharp suits more the spirit of the fart than a B flat for instance. It's difficult to contest scientific results, anyway: when the competitor has no background in this aera of aerian skills, silence is a virtue.

A fart is quite neutral still, a word like many others; yet the idea is almost shocking sometimes. Be sure that I won't give any advice on how to make it sound the proper way, to be collectively acceptable. It would be insidious, all the more out of place that another aspect is involved: the gifted smell.

Of course my teaching concept puts fire on the gas producer's individuals who might worry about the dangerous liberty of global farts. However, I'm convinced that if one can freely talk about farts at school, or wax somehow (we call it fart in french, this material stuff easing your way down from the top); if one can exhale this scent rid of complexes,I'm sure noone will puff at the banned need in a lift, later on, for we would have only smiles for the cheerful character.

The whole thing's a farce, by the way, even though I intended to attach a more profound philosophy to the fact (the fact, I quote). And if I don't go as far as saying that farts make us equal before God (sure it does), I don't mean neither that jam or marmelade might arise from this held back activity. What I want to point is that a Fraternity Of Fart could surely be launched in the appropriate environments, a rather distinguished milieu in which no bad joker would contempt, through a mundane disdain, your own liberality in public leaks. No doubt you'd become popular quite soon, if only you don't blush or distract the loyal ears around by a diversionary cough. Please be yourself, just as Nad is himself whenever he yells before the TV spot. That relief, nowadays, can't be too demanding. Come on, Nad, fart again, out of joy, out of pain!

I just need to change, after all, the place of my bed in the bedroom, right opposite his explosions before the moving window. I could even sleep in the home sweet kennel of my dog if I want to put the kibosh on his end-day rituals. Isn't it the peaceful way to cop with your noisy neghbours? No cop, I promise; no letter to the syndicate. Instead I chose a nocturnal shield, a mental sane mooing in my kitchen, in the exquisite company of a snoring fridge!

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I won't stop bawling before my blood stops boiling in my veins. I hate this farting bad-ass life imposed upon mine, next door; and yet I won't hit the wall, I'll calm down with the therapy of the animal shout. I'm afraid society is bestializing me. I'll wake up a howl some day. At least I'll be able to stay on the red line of Nad's saturday program, if I can't bear his sundays movies. I suppose it should be labelled a Â«social darwinismÂ». I'll be on a survival mood every now and then, a picnic knife between the teeth, taking a pew as soon as needed, religiously spun inside myself... A good pun may help! What is difficult to stifle and that you sometimes soften with a hand? Explicit clue, if ever there was one. So your guess, um?

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