

# *Lemonzz, a Brief Guide*

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*Welcome to your time here. We hope we can be of service to you in any way, but mainly in the way of your squeezing. We are here for your enjoyment, your comfort, and for your assistance in the quite often visceral and violent process that you are about to embark on. As Oscar Wilde once said, "I'd just as soon squeeze a tiger shark as squeeze a lemon." As any guide on this topic must be something less than comprehensive, we hope that these brief sub-lemonal messages might serve as touchstones, as way-posts in a world that eschews classification. We hope that you enjoy your squeeze, but mainly we hope that you wrench something from the very depths of your bowels out into this world.*

*For safety reasons please avoid swimming for one hour after you have squeezed your  
lemon.*

## **A Lemon Properly Surmised**

The lemon is a shape and a surface that belongs to itself and all the other aspects of the famed fruit. Flowing to us from its asian origins, the lemon has a rind and a center, or "centre". The lemon knows that it has to be released. That is not to say that the lemon is full, at least not full to bursting. The lemon contains exactly as much matter as it should, and it is a perfect example of a free market entity. The lemon can and should be released, but there isn't anything that you should do to rush the process. The process is calculable and divisive, though it can be seen throughout advanced citrus cultures as a rite and a resource. The advanced nature of the cultures surrounding the release of a citrus, much less a lemon, can be traced into an entirely different space for fruit, in an entirely different, but no less relevant arena, in which fruits are implicated in important actions, but literal and literary. The two columns of events are parallel trajectories that, when measured, actually create the organic shape of any given fruit. Both ideas, both parallel lines, can be adapted but shouldn't be. They follow each other, back to the source, and are communicable suggestions.

## **Common Lemon Strategies**

Famously, ways to squeeze the Lemon can be divided into two camps, the traditional and the non traditional. It is easier to quantify and qualify the tenants of lemon squeezing and lemon releasing in this way. The two camps act as the two inherent properties of the lemon, in the same parallel conversation. To be clear, these are two parallel conversations that are happening at once, parallel to each other. In an infinite mirror of parallelism where it is always raining lemons from a rhizomatic lemon tree.

To traditionally squeeze the lemon, you have to first take a step back and look at yourself, and look at the differences between you and the delightful fruit, and think about what you want to be happening between the two participating bodies. You must visualize all of the collective strength of your person and analyze the collective strength of the Lemon. You must know that, because the Lemon is changed by your gaze (for the better), the Lemon is in dialogue with you. The lemon knows you and knows what you need from it. When one has achieved an adequate understanding of the objective, one should apply their strength to the strength of the Lemon. The traditional lemon squeezer sees that there is a physical interaction that is necessary to take place and thinks of the situation in a very clear action/reaction format. The lemon is normally smashed underneath a foot or pressed beneath a palm. Very often, though often somewhat rarely, the traditional Lemon squeezer uses some sort of outside implement. It is discouraged

for novice squeezers to attempt this sort of "Se battre" with the lemon, because of the confrontational nature of the reverse. The reverse of the Lemon, because it is inevitable, can be shocking. The traditional Lemon squeezer does not ingest the Lemon, unless they are perfectly fine, very thirsty, or suffering from scurvy.

The non-traditional lemon squeezer must begin the situation with an entirely different set of ideas. Lemons, because they are physical objects that can be seen and heard, can enter into the consciousness through any sort of channel, or through osmosis. If you are attempting to squeeze a non traditional lemon, or attempting to research this sort of citrus antipathy, you have to recognize in nothingness the ability for mercurial change. The Lemon doesn't have the advice of centuries of the collected collated salivary gland for modern citrus literature.

**A dogmatic and completely arbitrary approach to squeezing the lemon in a non-traditional way:**

1. Start with your eyes closed and move towards the lemon, but also think about something entirely different and count the syllables of your name on your left hand.
2. Disregard the number of syllables, but continue to think in this way because it is the only way the thou will get any sort of attention from the subject. (Lemon)
3. Understand that there are different types of mercurial evidence for Lemon squeezing.
4. There is no way that all of the numbers add up because of the sheer volume of information, know that this is ok.
5. There is a mediocre way to squeeze the Lemon. You should avoid this.
6. Salivating won't help.
7. In the mouth, in the most hidden place, you've probably been keeping an array of excited tendencies. The object, and subject, can't and shouldn't fight these tearing planes of citrus apathy and antipathy.
8. The lemon prayer:

Smear

The high flying fancy of unburdened fruit

Salivate

sit back on the tail of it and rake the flavor coals

walk over it but bend in the opposite direction

scrape it across your stomach and cut the whole thing in half

it's easier to serve because you know that

in the very base of the camp, in the seed

tiny parcels of fruit salad

and flavor wrapping

hot over your hands and mouth, and interchangeable

take it from out between your thighs.

**Alternatively, once again, cynically:**

1. Begin at number four.
2. In a petri dish, observe the way that apathy collects around even a very small drop.
3. Extract, remove, and boil the results into something so weak and innocuous that it can infiltrate the very groundwater of the system you are trying to alter. No one will taste the difference.
4. Inherit what is left of your culture. Make an advertisement for this that would appeal to a very obscure target group.
5. In an act of desperation or involuntary motion, throw your non-primary lemon off a bridge, moving bicycle, or mental vista. Buy a blu-ray disc on your way out at the check-out line.
6. Take your primary lemon and lull it to sleep. When it wakes up, it will find itself in a different room from the one it remembers on account of you pulling the-very-clever-prank. Watch its bemusement as it stumbles to the bathroom to read the rude word you wrote across its forehead. Wonder how it distinguishes the forehead from the rest of its body. Wonder how it distinguishes its head from its body and become jealous of a being with a corporeal shell so continuous. Develop a prejudice against all ellipses and found the anti-comet-committee which seeks to ground to respectably revolving masses all free-flying rocks that think they can just traverse infinite space in such a non-linear way.
7. Give your lemon a platform, and watch it accumulate recognition. Use this to effectively change policy. All mass transportation will consist of virtual gondolas between prominent

hub-sites and smaller personal conduits. Energy will be effectively harvested from solar panels and recycled screen-plays.

8. Make your lemon an Ello profile. Half-heartedly assure it that you will visit it.

### **On Hierarchy Between the Two Forms**

There is none. It must be duly noted that both are completely legitimate forms of squeezing the lemon, and all divergent schools, sects, or solitary practitioners of either camp are bound only by their results in so far as they actually succeed in the realization of their juice-extracting processes. Cross-overs between the two are common, even routine. It can not really be said that one leads to the other, but it can not also be said that one does not lead into the other, or to Rome, or to a very strong drink. In this manner we must always assume that the squeezer of the lemon is choosing their means of squeezing in the way that is best suited to the particular lemon and completely abstain from judgment in any way/shape/or/form regarding said means in so far as we are beasts of correlation and are designed for said association but still we must with lipspeak gloss over this premature judgment and attempt to see with eyes unclouded the great reservoir beneath pulp and zest in whatever way it chooses to manifest.

### **Apples and Oranges, the Fruit Salad Path:**

Don't take it. Unless you do, in which case, toss your salad or have your salad tossed, and enjoy a delicious and refreshing fruit smoothie.

It is impossible to distinguish an apple from an orange on any average and defunct slot machine when you are paying only in coins from a dead currency. It is possible through the constant iterations that there will come a time when chaos will bring forth its strange and uncanny child, intermittent order. Lemons straight across. Win win win.

### **The Lemonal Process: A very juicy synapse**

Non-traditional lemon-squeezers often notice a re-furbishing of mental processes, as if sinusoidal waves were wrapping themselves around a floating core, in stabile existence only when held in a state of observation. They feel sub-sets of the original, trickling down in new paths, bi-furcations strange and terrible to follow. They could be sweet, bitter, pale green, ruminant, cutting-edge, no-wave, or eight. Those who begin by painting a still-life of a simple bowl of grapes or a fruit-salad in a crystal bowl might find themselves in the middle of the street wading ankle deep in water spouting from a broken hydrant that they felt compelled to bludgeon

open while delivering a dialogue between a masked-thief and a glorified waitress. Those who aim for the deconstruction of the differences between apples and oranges might find themselves in exactly the same place they began in except with sixty-one canaries whizzing around their heads. Those who meditate on one color, yellow, or maybe green, or eight, might end up in the dream of possible deities peddling minor salvations and semi-legal moonshine for those that fall under the radar of the rise and fall of civilization. Which brings us to:

### **Primal zest: An esoteric Path**

There have been several cross-cultural studies conducted in which it has been found that the Lemon played a central role in various societies known, supposed, and imagined. A one-hundred-percent concentrated form of the most common tale can be summarized, packaged, and imbibed with a straw through a small hole covered with shiny silver foliage in a manner as follows.

*There was light and there was the drawing out of long thin trails, long thin trails of attenuating appetite, pale saliva. They had left it there for the required time of three suns and a half moon, made the fire, dressed and tied the sacrificial virgin tongueless and befitting in her protest, and at the appropriate time in the dead of late summer night with nothing but a ring of husks around his neck and one around his shamanic holy bits the village holy man crossed over the stream of un-memory which during the day was just the stream they avoided on account of being stagnate at times and it being the non-ceremonial waste receptacle and stepping first in the excrement turned god placenta he knelt before the cup, the goblet by which the great god delivered his intents. If there was rainwater, if the cup was dry, if there were small and hard monkey turds, all these he could distinguish and divine the will of the god.*

*He smeared himself, drew blood and masturbated in the appropriate way avoiding all dolphins before looking deep into the center of the cup with the eyes of his lanky-lemur demon guide. In one fell swoop he put his lips to the cup and received the message. With a careful after tongue he licked over the sensations that rolled around his mouth, and listened, with the snake-like after organs that lie dormant and ancestral in us all.*

*The message this time was different. There was no news of blight, impending war, or the source of the recent syphilis outbreak. No, this was something completely new, something totally unlike the normal earth-water that ran down his smooth-throat in mud-friendly-globules like turned over gossip. This was immediate. This was clear and quick and burning.*

*"Bitter, strong, pungent," he spoke in his language for the first time, for these words, these concepts, were the taboo privilege that belonged to the fire alone, that man was to use but not to hold, especially on something so contentious as a tongue. He lept up, forgetting to discard*

*the cup in the ceremonial way which to this day has been forgotten, ran screaming through the stream splashing the waste of a week all over his now drying and splatter-caked body, racing back to the village where the virgin was just beginning to feel the heat of the fire.*

*"Cut her down!" he cried, "Cut her down, let her free! There are to be no more virgins thrown into the fire! From now on we throw this, the only real concentrated purity, the idea contained!"*

*And he rolled, crashed, careened into a nearby tree. He scampered with the alacrity of the jokpa bird to the top. He jumped off, breaking both of his legs. He cried, he crooned, and he craned his neck towards a nearby shrub, and willed the now thick and pulsing lattice work of his veins to close on what they could, the yellow orb there, the rising sun, the one that the gods himself had told him to follow to its bitter ends.*

*The lemon. He held it up in his hand and tore its heart out, letting the fresh blood run down and mix with his. He held it up to the people who were not his, having failed to notice in his apotheosis that this was not his village, not his language, not his hand-picked virgin straining tongueless and befittingly against her ropes.*

*The people scratched themselves at the sight. For good measure they threw the virgin in the flames and went to go look at the crazy man, because this was the third time this month that they'd burned a virgin and the rains had still not come and maybe this was something new everything having become very dull and cyclical and same-old same-old and also in the general sense of entertainment nothing had come along and many favorite and beloved series had been cancelled and also they were very tired of watching virgin burnings also because some had begun to suspect that maybe they could burn not virgins but old and nagging wives that did not approve of fantasy baseball teams that hid under the guise of harvest prayers, or maybe apple-cinnamon seasonal scented candles that were really beginning to take off in certain circles and then the whole village would have a certain affable and 'authentic' air that would make it appealing to the waves of cultural tourists that sometimes passed through because maybe tourism would be a good alternative to uncompromising subsistent-farming that depended on a god that frankly had not put out a good record in years I mean trip-hop what the hell was that for a sub-genre could you really pray to someone whose favorite band was Goldrapp and here was a true shaman with his legs broken and a lemon in his hand.*

*But, well. Well. messiahs were all well and good but there was not much to do with a paraplegic holy man because lord knew they had enough children whose fathers were running around in the skies somewhere failing to pay any kind of child support and they just ended up being a drain on the already dwindling public funds and we couldn't really dip into our pensions now could we plus visions are a dime a dozen at the drugstore on the corner unlike lemons which are imported and just to keep things environmentally friendly they think they'd stick with locally-grown virgins and watch pre-historic re-runs but we think it's really great that you came by and shared what you felt because we're also really into that, different viewpoints and whatnot.*

*They hoped his dad would help him out.*

*And so they left the the man on the outskirts of their urban jungle to whatever fate god afforded his chosen ones.*

*His eyes rolled back in his head toward the zenith of his vision or just in the excruciation of his physical condition, his breath short and labored, the husk of something in his hand. And so the message died as messages do, but as the juice drained from from his veins variegated and twisting out of a thick pulpy skin, just a thick-sticky shield he would wield no more against the elements physical or alchemical, these words escaped his lips,*

*"For energy, there is no negation: once released, there is only the expounding, decay a mere trick of the light,..."*

*and they went out, and they went out, and they went out.*