

GRAFFITI VERITE'

GV DOCU-SERIES

graffitiverite.com



PRESS RELEASE

Contact:

BRYAN WORLD PRODUCTIONS

Attn: Loida, Account Executive

PO Box 74033 Los Angeles, CA 90004

Tel: 323-856-9256

E-mail: bryworld@aol.com

Website: graffitiverite.com

For Immediate Release

POISON

Multi Award-Winning Indie Filmmaker / Author
announces the completion of his new
COGNITIVE DISSONANCE TRILOGY
(Book Series)

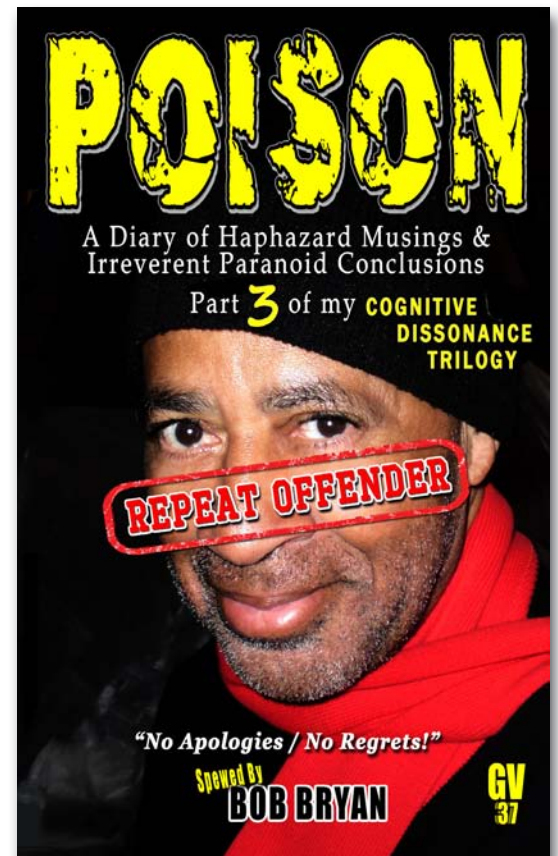
Los Angeles, CA -- Bryan World Press. **POISON** is the Final Installment of the 3 Part Cognitive Dissonance Trilogy book series conceptualized and written by Multi Award-Winning indie documentary Filmmaker / Author Bob Bryan.

POISON: A Diary of Haphazard Musings & Irreverent Paranoid Conclusions is now part of Bryan's evergreen GV Docu-Series universe of books and films available through Amazon.com / Kindle, other multi-media outlets., or directly from graffitiverite.com.

Author Bob Bryan succeeds in channeling and documenting the emotional / psychological / intellectual nightmarish ordeal suffered by himself and others during the pernicious and oppressive worldwide COVID 19 Pandemic.

"The Trilogy is the festering malignant and naughty discharge oozing from my crippling solitary confinement and quarantine," shared Bryan.

"Cognitive Dissonance is a duplicitous state of mind, a blurred malaise, a fractured overlay of dull blasé blasé static, the horrible din of relentless gray noise, the spiked buzz you get from a sugar high. In essence, this Cognitive Dissonance Trilogy has become the wretched mirrored probe gazing directly into the jarring paranoid existence I was suffering through."



REALITY as I had previously related to it, now seemed a lil 'off'; nothing seemed to sync-up properly. Fraudulent voices, energies fighting for the same space. In essence the writing process became, a 'virtual Cage Fight' with no Champion or Dark Horse to root for.

PRISM / PRISON / POISON is a metaphorical break from the bland reconfigurations that routinely surfaced from the primordial secretion of my shimmering, anomalous, rambling 'Normality.' Every page a pugnacious confession, 'For Your Eyes Only!' As it should be, there is no one to bitch or whine to or about. I was on my own, 'navigating the discordances!'

DEATH loomed large, as an ever-threatening flickering RESET possibility in my cerebral cortex.

FEAR was everywhere.

{ POISONOUS Interventions }
(Diary Excerpts)

NOT GUILTY
Ha... I cannot be held responsible for what dribbles from my slippery keyboard totally unbeknownst to MYSELF!
DAMNED fingers!!!
(GASP!!) The places they go...

BLACK BUTTERFLIES
Comforting thoughts.
All I've got are these menacing black butterflies circling and dive-bombing onto my **defenseless** domicile.
I experience each piercing jab at my vulnerability with a kind of wry **sadistical** pride.
Swat them away you suggest...
"Oh nooo," I return.
"This is all too much fun to call a cowardly end to the beat-down of this fluttering kamikaze assault drum."
My guilty culpability runneth ova'.
I am Happy Again.

IF THEY ROAMED THE EARTH
The beauty of it all (and the secret) is that WE all know that THEY are clearly **figments** of our biased imagination.
(Don't we?)
Imagine for a moment if 'intimates' like 'them' actually roamed the earth and were in charge of our **epiphanies**.
STOP!
That's a **nightmare** too outrageous to consider, even in its singularly rowdy sobriety.
"It's just 'US' y'know."

GOOD JOB
Grow crooked and unique young fellow, bowed only
by the **oppressive** weight of your mounting sorrow and petulant sensitivity.


STILL I RESIST
Nooo... I suddenly 'woke up' (as if from a **nightmare**) and 'it' no longer existed as I remembered 'it' to be.
I'm now living in a 'neither world' warped in completely reassuring denial, where **shadows** are no longer relevant or reliable, where the **dizzying blur** of silence invades and penetrates my every benign pore.
Still I Resist...

SELF-INFLICTED
We're tawkin' **REALITY** here, where no such fabrication exists except as a precept in the narrow marrow of our fluid lugubrious mind.
We literally create the **illusions** that become manifest and **haunt us**.
The rules are ours to invoke.
I prefer my own 'Enigmas' embellished with silence and mystery and refuse to Judge others for their completely **aberrational** phantomistic belief systems!!!
Crazy I tell ya!!

KEEP THE LIGHTS ON
It's the 'everyman's musing' not limited to **Maniacs** and **Prophets** and / or (PC ALERT!):
Madmen or Madwomen.
Once you've seen 'the light' it's hard, if not impossible to retreat back into the **Obscurities**.
'The Door' has been hurled Opened and there you are!
Denial and **Obliviousness** are no longer viable options!
TY for your wisdom m' friends.
Your ethereal poetic visage reinforces in my mind's-eye that there's still hope for the rest of us
'Repeat Offenders.'
Glory be unto thee!

SLAVE
It's the avalanche of **Poisonous Ideas** that drive you **crazy**, infecting your 'norm'.
My job is to purge this 'mad folly' from my being, in order to allocate more breathing space for my liberating 'alternative considerations.'

JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS
I live in the **agonizing zone** of the **unpredictable**, infected with the sugary nectar of sweat and the **tantalizing** possibility of spontaneous Homo Erectus Realization.
Life is a rash!!



You could feel it's alarming, appalling specter lurking behind my every thought, every isolated physical action, every limited interaction with other distraught masked sentient beings distancing one from the other, even at the ubiquitous neighborhood 99 Cents Only Store.

To be clear, I'm not organically a 'social butterfly' so this foul 'quarantine' only exacerbated and fueled my innate proclivity towards isolation and greatly motivated me to write. I had to get 'it' outta my system! I was challenged to channel all my 'crazy' over-reactions and terrors into 'this' my ridiculous and bizarre Diary.

I felt it my 'duty' to document what I was experiencing so that future generations could better understand the psychological damage levied upon our individual and collective psyche.

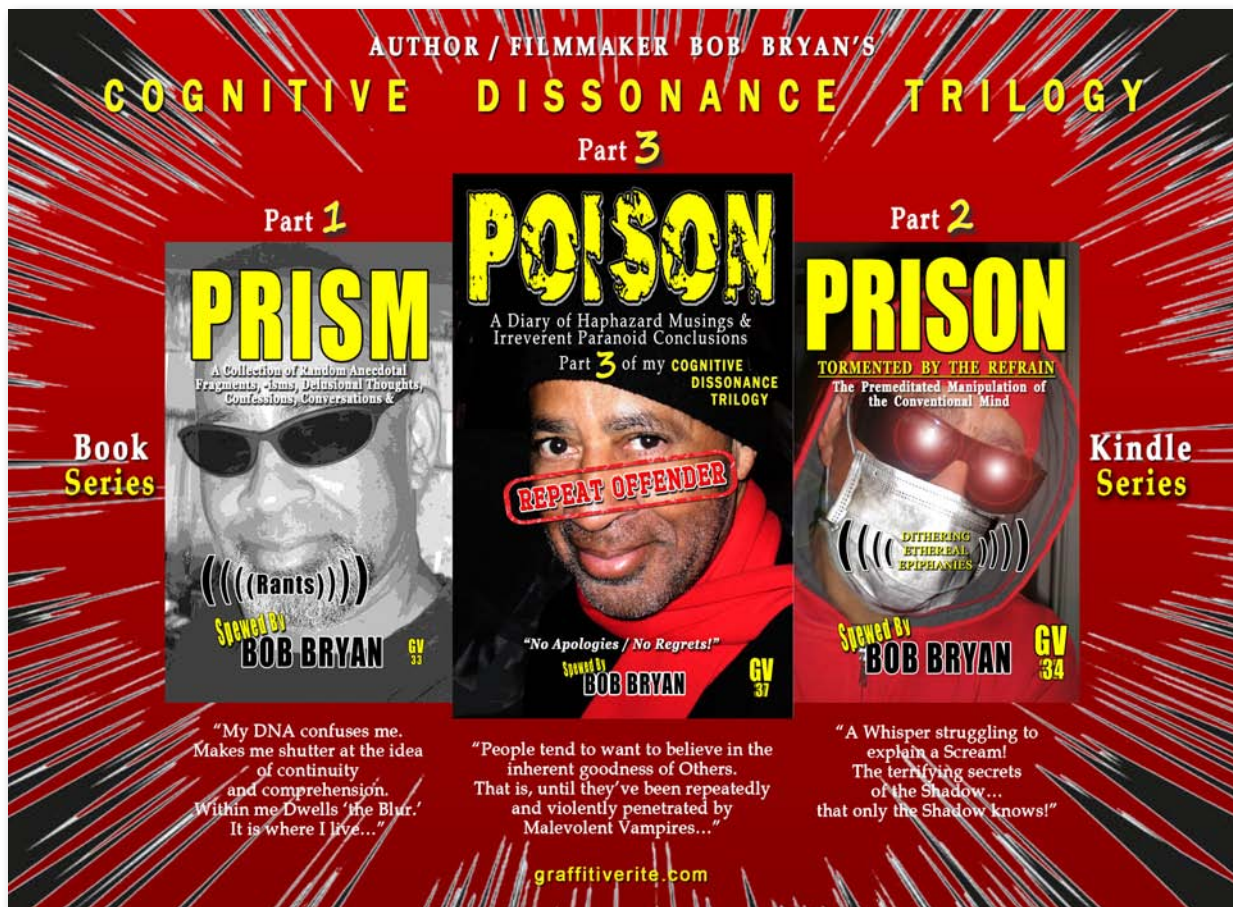
Paradoxically, this writing process helped me to 'keep it all together' by purging and acknowledging this wretched infernal psychic tragedy.

So with that said, the stage has now been set for you to better understand the contextual background of my entombed and subsequent Neurotic Trauma and Tormented Drama.



- Author / Filmmaker Bob Bryan

#



REVIEWERS & ACADEMIC PROGRAMMERS

To Arrange Online Preview Sample,
please contact Loida at bryworld@aol.com

- GV37 **POISON** Webpage: <https://www.graffitiverite.com/POISON.htm>
- GV37 **POISON** Press Release: https://www.graffitiverite.com/POISON_PR.pdf
- GV37 **POISON** Book Review(s): https://www.graffitiverite.com/POISON_Reviews.pdf
- GV36 **WE ARE NOT AWAKE!** Webpage: <https://www.graffitiverite.com/PRISON.htm>
- GV35 **I CAN'T SLEEP** Webpage: <https://www.graffitiverite.com/PRISM.htm>
- GV34 **PRISON** Webpage: <https://www.graffitiverite.com/PRISON.htm>
- GV33 **PRISM** Webpage: <https://www.graffitiverite.com/PRISM.htm>

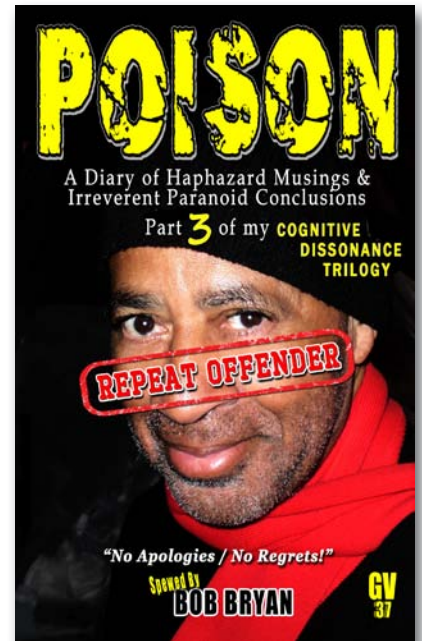
Website: [graffitiverite.com](http://www.graffitiverite.com)

E-mail: bryworld@aol.com

Contact: BRYAN WORLD PRODUCTIONS

Attn: Loida, Account Executive

PO Box 74033 Los Angeles, CA 90004 Telephone: 323-856-9256



Other Works by Author / Filmmaker Bob Bryan:

STREAMING / BOOKS / DVDS AVAILABLE @ AMAZON.COM

Multi Award-Winning GV Docu-Series

www.graffitiverite.com

GRAFFITI VERITE'
DOCU series