



# No One Can Do Anything Worse to You Than You Can

*Sam Pink*

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## **No One Can Do Anything Worse to You Than You Can Sam Pink**

Why is it that we're always afraid of our ankles getting grabbed by a hand coming out of the gutter? And why will our lives be completely fulfilled when we look down one day and notice we're wearing underwear made out of a brown paper bag?

Thankfully, you don't have to think about any of that because in his second collection of poetry, Sam Pink has done the work for you.

You will see a crowd of people in your head and the crowd will point at you and say, "Ewww." You will hang yourself from the ceiling with a hook through your bottom jaw. You will feel at home eating your own heart off a commemorative plate featuring a picture of your corpse.

You won't learn anything except that, "No one can do anything to you that's worse than what you're already thought to yourself. No one can do anything worse to you than the things you've already done. No one can do anything worse to you than you can."

## **No One Can Do Anything Worse to You Than You Can Details**

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Author : Sam Pink

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# **From Reader Review No One Can Do Anything Worse to You Than You Can for online ebook**

## **Ron says**

Sam Pink is always available to remind us that being nice is a measure of our own insecurity and that there is something deeply wrong with the person whom everyone likes in a book that is touted as poetry, but could be seen as a series of aphorisms, quotes, witticisms, philosophy, or even advice.

It is truly none of those things, nor is it recognizable as any form of literature, while exhibiting aspects of all of them. It is, however, greater than the sum of its (sometimes overly) repetitive parts and a welcome part of the journey into the mind of Mr. Pink.

Highly enjoyable and highly recommended.

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## **Ian Muller says**

This is a strange book, towing the line between poetry and unhinged ranting. It's funny in the "whoops, my noose is too long" sense. I wouldn't recommend this to novices of Sam Pink's Work, but if you're familiar with his brand of weirdness you'll find a lot to like here.

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## **Jerome Spencer says**

I think I'm reading too much Sam Pink in a row.

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## **The Digital Ink Spot says**

This is a collection of four long poems: The Midwest, You Hear Ambulance Sounds and Think They Are For You, Human Beings Are Toys and A Shield Made of Napkins.

I see them as incredible pieces of literature or a turned out bag of mess. For me it's really hard to distinguish. There are some moments in the four pieces I can ease back and emphatically pump my fist in agreement and congratulations of Sam Pink's genius. Then there are moments where I wonder if I had just happened upon a public release of Pink's bizarre and wickedly filthy stream of consciousness. Some of this stuff is out there, man. It's as if Pink has forsaken his quest to convey any meaning or structure. I am assuming that is Pink's goal in the first place. He might be laughing at us all for praising him for his works and all along he knows it is a pile of sick.

But that alone is what attracts me to the bizarro literary world where Sam Pink is a resident. It challenges the rules of society and its norms, morals and even its prejudices. It's an interesting and challenging book of poetry.

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## **Bruno Zogma says**

The repetition of bad thoughts yields something very good. "Thanks for showing me how to be skinny and how to fall into the areas where other people's plans broke up....I pushed them to make them fall down and possibly get hurt....No time inside the sun's lifespan will erase enough things to make space for me."

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## **Eric T. Voigt says**

I gifted this to Rachna for X-Mas. I read it before I shipped it. You know what they say: the couple that reads Sam Pink together is probably the kind of couple you shouldn't ask to babysit your kid. When I read Sam Pink I really don't want to be interrupted and the anxious thought I may be interrupted hits me every chapter or earlier. I like my violent hate-filled hilarity all in one go. And for an hour max.

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## **karen says**

this is another one of those times when my star ratings only make sense to me, and no one should dismiss this book because i "only" gave it three stars, since some people seem to think three stars is a bad thing.

which it is not.

however, this is my second sam pink book, and i liked it slightly less than I am Going to Clone Myself Then Kill the Clone and Eat It, which i gave four stars. so blah-di-bloo...

if you read my review of the first book of his i read, just insert "ditto" here. it is more of the same kind of sad and true and damaged reflections from a sad and true and damaged individual that manages to be horrifying and funny and occasionally sweet, but which is also so many times saying what i am thinking that it is sobering and scary.

but it's better to just let his words speak for themselves:

*---I've seen a crowd of people in my head and the whole crowd points at me, saying, "Ewww" and is then quiet.*

*And the quiet is always worse than the "ew."*

*---Right now, there's at least one other person thinking about cutting someone they know in half, like a magician using a saw - only without any illusion - without any saw - and this person is someone the magician knows - and this person has taught the magician the trick.*

*---Sometimes things are done when you say they're done - and sometimes before you even notice.*

*---I'd love to cut your face open with the smaller blade on a swiss army knife.*

*But who wouldn't!*

*---This is good*

*This is so good I am so happy right now.*

*This is my maniac youth.*

*And the maniac youth will never be over.*

*Because it is always just beginning.*

*27 years old and responsible enough to think being born is always an accident.*

*Fuck this.*

*Give me thirty minutes and I'll feel completely different.*

*---"You never smile."*

*"I've never seen you smile."*

*"How come you don't smile."*

*"Why don't you ever smile."*

*"Why are you smiling like that?"*

*---My first reaction to not hearing from someone in a while is that s/he has discovered a good reason not to like me - a reason I'd immediately agree with if told.*

*And check this shit out - my main reason for not communicating is not wanting to bother someone.*

*Cool, dude!*

*Slamdunk, dude!*

*---I avoid things that will make me happy, because those things are the hardest to think about later.*

*Later is the worst.*

*It's time to hurt a thing that can't defend itself.*

*It's time to see the immense clear tendon that runs through all occurring things.*

*It's time to feel the worst.*

*---When i was five, me and another kid who was five would show each other our dicks on the school bus home every day. Not sure why it happened more than once. Who knows!*

*---Because it's a bad thing to realize you're being guarded by someone you'd never fully confess to, but that's half of any relationship.*

*---Thinking about my future - which always ends up turning into a vision of my burnt corpse in an overgrown, dandelioned backyard in the Midwest during Spring, getting eaten by a malnourished german shepherd.*

*The Midwest is beautiful*

*---You see old birthday cards you've kept for some reason and each one joins the swarming sharp things that make pulp of your heart.*

*---You just ate a fudgesicle and it dominated your taste buds and you kept repeating "fucking domination" in your head until it's senseless and it's time to go to bed already?*

*---You are a big monster made of wet newspaper and you get pushed down every three seconds and no one's afraid of you.*

*---You built a small dwelling in your closet with some hangers and a sheet and you did this to avoid people, not to have fun.*

*---You're older now than you've ever been and it's not something you look forward to continuing over and over endlessly.*

*You hear ambulance sounds and think they are for you and you like it*

*---At the Van Buren Bridge, watching traffic go beneath me and wondering if I can jump down and run along the tops of cars.*

*At the Van Buren Bridge, laughing after I imagine how I'd land on the first car and fall violently to the ground, smashed and limp.*

*---In the alley behind the 7-11, deciding it's time to walk home and be there.*

*Halfway home, deciding to live beneath a car parked on the street.*

*Halfway under the car parked on the street, deciding I can't fit.*

*---You see people outside your window and you lean out the windowframe and go, "Hey, catch me ok" then jump before there is an answer.*

*---You really don't care what other people think and it's not at all like it was when you said that but didn't mean it.*

*---You have never approved of yourself so you bother other people to do it.*

*You are an invisible trail of replicating statues each more fun to be around than the last.*

*You never help out people as much as they help you and that's the underside of something even uglier and it*

*bothers you.*

*You have dumb hands.*

*You go to public ares and you expect people to group up and tell you you add nothing and you should leave, and you are willing to congratulate them on being right.*

*You don't argue.*

*You just ate so much cereal your stomach hurts bad.*

*You mention when someone else has stolen a relatively worthless pen because you have principles.*

*You think principles are real.*

*You eat things even if they aren't fully microwaved because you don't deserve any luxury.*

*You are the most beautiful motherfucker on the planet forever times the square root of 78,889.*

*You seem like a servant to someone you hope eventually asks you for something, for anything.*

*You get dead so slow.*

*You lost all your hair but I still love you.*

*You will feel pain.*

*You will not learn from it.*

*You will be mistreated by people, because somebody has to do it and at least you get to pick who.*

*You congratulate yourself on being right.*

*You are married to trying to defend yourself and you have soft gumlines for weapons you motherfucker.*

*You get preferential treatment in your own bad afterlife.*

*You are right to ruin yourself now so the afterlife will be a handicapped parking space.*

*You will not learn from it.*

fucking wonderful stuff.

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## **Ben Bush says**

Like reading the lyric sheet for an ironic goth band.

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## Greg says

*“Stating facts about yourself that aren't true, you completely identify yourself.”*

Riding in the elevator today at work inevitable small talk started up with a co-worker. She started it. The other person always does. I have a life time of experience at not saying anything unprovoked. It's a skill for top-notch resumes for sure.

She said something about New Years. She asked about what I did for New Year's Eve. No one ever asks what I normally do on a Monday night. I normally have something more to tell. I lied. I understated. I might have used the word low-key, like I had a choice and I decided, fuck it, this year I'll just stay in. I politely returned the question. I didn't mention that I'm pretty sure I hadn't spoken a word out-loud from about 5pm on the eve of New Year's Eve till about an hour after the clock struck, the ball dropped, the Hispanic man outside my window blew up some fire-crackers and yelled “Happy New Year”.

I might have only spoken then to see if I still had a voice in the new year. But that's another lie.

*“And it's not the burning that hurts when you light your head on fire, it's the smell of the shit you almost said accurately that hurts.”*

*Fucking dare you not to care about anything.*

*Fucking dare.”*

Before work today I finished a book. One down for the new year.

When I was home for the holidays I misplaced the book I was reading. Then I realized it was an old book, and it was available for free online.

So I got the book for free, and put it on my convenient device. I brought the convenient device with me to work today. I was going to conveniently read it on my commute.

See where this is going?

Apparently when you don't use a convenient device for awhile the battery slowly drains. The battery drained. The convenient device wouldn't turn on.

Karen was there on the platform. She lent me this book. I don't know if I would have chosen to read Sam Pink in the shitty mood I was in.

*“You have to hate others just--enough to be a better person.*

*You have to hate yourself just--enough for the same reason.”*

I guess technically this is a collection of four long poems.



It reads more like a series of aphorisms, and staccato thoughts.

To me, the book was like most things in life, it started off good and then started to go downhill from there. I think if you asked me to rate the four poems they would be rated most favorably to least it they would be in the same order that they appear in the book.

*"I'd love to cut open your face with the small blade on a swiss army knife.*

*But who wouldn't!"*

The first poem, "The Midwest" reminded me of a more miserable and negative version of Jawbreaker's *Unfun*.

That's a good thing.

*"Facedown dead, I do a new salute.*

*And the salute looks like surrender to some."*

Doesn't this sound like something Blake might have written. Might have sung? Yeah, I didn't think you'd have an opinion on this. Just nod along. Give the smile that doesn't look as polite as it does that patience is wearing thin.

*"And thanks for not telling anyone else that it was me who broke up all the plans with a strong commitment to being a miserable fuck."*

Now that I mentioned the book, at least in passing I can safely ramble more about myself.

*"My first reaction to not hearing from someone in a while is that s/he has discovered a good reason not to like me--a reason I'd immediately agree with if told.*

*And check this shit out--my main reason for not communicating is not wanting to bother someone.*

*Cool, dude!*

*Slamdunk, dude!"*

Awhile back. You know like a month ago, or maybe it was even longer because I think about shit like this for inappropriately long amounts of time. I worry about things so inconsequential and so far in the future that I amaze myself. What trivial nonsense of no importance have I been fretting about this time (or that I'm going to ramble on about here)? What the number on my reading challenge should be next year. Yup, I actually worry about shit like this. Sad? I don't know.

This past year I set my goal at 175 and hit it exactly. The year before I think I did 200 and beat it by 23. I want to think that this year I'll read less and maybe do other things more. You might think, that an arbitrary number put on an unimportant challenge wouldn't mean anything, but then I do find myself thinking about how on track I am. I know it makes me choose or not choose certain books, not that I only pick short books, but I do know that I sometimes steer away from more challenging books. At times.

Maybe I'd like to not be the sort of person who reads over three books a week.

Maybe I'd like to be the sort of person who does other things, too.

Twenty hours into the new year and I've got two books down on this years not-to-be decided on challenge number yet.

It feels sort of like a failure.

*"Because when dead, we all go to the same garbage pile--which is large and will only get larger--which is where we each get a single gold-star sticker on our heads and our heads in the pile make this constellation on one has a name for yet because first it has to stop growing—which is not going to stop growing."*

This book kind of inspired this sort of review.

Thanks for reading. Happy New Year.

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### **Tucker says**

"Thinking about my future — which always ends up turning into a vision of my burnt corpse in an overgrown, dandelioned backyard in the Midwest during Spring, getting eaten by a malnourished german shepherd."

"Do you want to smash a grape into my ear and make my ear infected. Is that what you want."

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### **Alex Ferland says**

I love Sam Pink. When he's on, he's SO on and reading him is like nothing else, but reading this book is the first time I've felt like his writing doesn't completely engage me the entire way through.

Don't get me wrong, there are some lines that are absolutely classic. Lines that punch you in the gut with truth and relatability. But there are also long stretches of meandering over-the-top insanity that don't quite land. Some of the surrealism feels raw, like he hadn't perfected it yet. Ultimately, I'm certain the meandering and repetition is by design, trapping you in his mind, making existence feel as inescapable to the reader as it is to the writer, but he just ends up doing it so much better in subsequent works!

Maybe if I'd read this one first I would like it more, but it's like watching Die Hard 2 immediately after the original: still pretty rad, but not earth-shattering.

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### **Andrew Stone says**

This book consists of four poems: "The Midwest," "You Hear Ambulance Sounds and Think They Are For You," "Human Beings Are Toys," and "A Shield Made of Napkins." Although the first two poems (in my opinion) were much better than the last two, all of them were great. This is one of Sam Pink's greatest works to date.

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**DeWitt Brinson says**

This book issues a lot of challenges.

First, it dares you to find someone who can do something worse to you than you can do to yourself.

Second, it dares a homicidal maniac to kill the author on a specific date.

Finally, it dares rats to not coming parading in through the giant crack under the door being used to taunt grocery delivery people.

Whether you are a pessimist or an optimist, a psycho or a chronic cult follower, a contractor or a hobbyist, this book has something to challenge you and make you feel threatened into doing an inexplicably terrible thing everyone will regret for longer than you could ever live.

This book is for you.

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