This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER

Joe has just worked himself into

an imaginary frenzy during the fade-out of his imaginary song \mbox{He} begins to feel depressed now. He knows the end is near. He has realized

at last that imaginary guitar notes and imaginary vocals exist only in the \min

of the imaginer.

And ultimately, who gives a fuck anyway? (laugh)...Excuse me... so who gives a fuck anyway? So he goes back to his ugly little room and quietly dreams his last imaginary guitar solo...