



Example

luxury periodical
NEW EDITION

That the fuck did you just fucking say about me, you little bitch? I'll tell you what I know! I graduated top of my class in the Navy Seals, and I've been involved in numerous secret raids on Al-Qaeda, and I have over 300 confirmed kills. I am trained in guerrilla warfare and I'm the top sniper in the entire US Armed Forces. You are nothing to me but just another target. I will wipe you the fuck out with precision the likes of which has never been seen before, you better believe it. Now get the fuck out of my sight, you fat-assed, spineless, pussy Internet faggot. Think again, fucker. As I speak I am contacting my secret network of spies across the USA and your IP is being traced right now so you better prepare for the storm, maggot. The storm that wipes out the pathetic little thing you call your life. You're fucking dead, kid. I can be anywhere, anytime, and I can kill you in over seven hundred ways, and that's just with my bare hands. Not only that, but I can take your ass all the way down to the bone, and I can watch you beg for mercy as I pound you back to back against the side of the continent, you little shit. If only you could have known that this "never" comment was about to bring down upon you, maybe you would have held your tongue. But damn did you wish that shit you didn't, and now here you are, sitting at your computer, wishing the hell you could see me while I rape and torture you. Well, too bad. Fuck you even more.

FEWER TYPOS
THAN LAST TIME
SARK & CHAPARRAL
HEGEL VS
MECHAHEGEL
MACROFICTION

[illegible]

by Anonymous

Patron Enemy
Librarian Caretaker
Hangman Partisan
Professor Poet
Novelist Colleague
Propagandist Student
Puppeteer Everyman
Iconoclast Lawyer
Traditionalist Raconteur
Sycophant Wallflower
Prisoner Shepherd
Fanatic Performer
Ideologue Occultist
Candidate Monarch
Tradesman Gypsy
Delegate Orator
Essayist Benefactor
Elder Consumer
Doctor Dictator
Orphan Farmer
Sage Friend
Judge

&p

NOTE: THIS MAGAZINE IS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN. ALL MATERIALS USED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE OWNED BY THIS MAGAZINE. IF UNLICENSED OR IMPROPERLY ATTRIBUTED MATERIAL IS FOUND TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS MAGAZINE, EMAIL US.



BRAZILIAN KICKBOXING FORUMS_ FEATURES_ SHELF

YOU ARE HERE A Table of Two Contents
5 A Lemur from the Emus

8 Steal These Stories!

10 Neologist

By reading past this page, you agree to all Terms and Conditions by & Magazine privacy policy corporate procedural jurisprudence. This issue was produced for your literary recreation. Please feel free to enjoy this magazine but remember to maintain a safe social distance from other readers.

06 DEAR MR PYNCHON
LOREM IPSUM EMPIRE

14 WE'LL BURY THE MARE IN THE MORNING

23 LOVER
LOREM IPSUM EMPIRE

25 THE PATTERSON FOOTAGE

FOR THEY ARE THE ONES WHO DO THE REASEARCH 59

26 49 AN INTERVIEW WITH MARK MAREK Your Judgment is Worthless 060

71 BROOK'S BVRGVRPVNK VOL 1 64 56 6 Thoughts The Iowa Caucus Report
69 Happyhoots

85 COMMIE BLOCKS IN PYONGYANG, FUNDED BY PYONGYANG TECHNICAL WRITING COUNCIL

81 Thine is the Kingdom

89 On the Unlikely Beauty of Commieblocks

83comfy blocks

92 Classified Advertisements

Want to contribute? Please mail all submissions to:
221B Baker Street, London, UK NW1 6XE or visit /lit/ (don't)

& Issue Three

lampbylit.com lampbylit.com

lampbylit.com lampbylit.com

lampbylit.com lampbylit.com

2021





**&mp
by/lit/**

□ **Anonymous** 12/15/20(Tue)19:03:33 No.17039340 ► [>>17039495](#) [>>17039515](#) [>>17039683](#)
[>>17041551](#) [>>17041564](#) [>>17043071](#) [>>17044191](#) [>>17044224](#) [>>17044280](#) [>>17044596](#) [>>17044646](#)
File: [quine.jpg](#) (9 KB, 188x229)



[>>17038536 \(OP\)](#)

Kripke is a true genius, but he's totally out of touch. I sat in on one of his graduate seminars. He would regularly fart, blow his nose on his shirt, and stare at the prettier female students just completely lost in gaze. He has a cohort that basically gets him around. I've heard some hilarious stories. He's also been "asked to leave" from a few places for improper conduct. But still, he is a legitimate genius, and contrary to what you'd expect, he has a very nice way of making complicated things absolutely clear; and also a great sense of how to motivate discussion.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

& Magazine and its publications as described in this notice refer to any material made available on <http://lampbylit.com> and nowhere else. We are not responsible for any material found on any third party website.

If we find your intellectual property on the internet there is a chance that we may publish it and that you may object. It is your responsibility to contact & Magazine in the event that you suspect your property was published without license or consent. It is our intention to dedicate all images and works published by & Magazine (including all identifiable brand logos subject to trademark) to the public domain. Anybody is free to print and sell this magazine or imitate this brand for profit. In the event that a legal claim is made and copyrighted material is found to have been published by & Magazine, we will immediately remove all protected content from our publications and relinquish any claim to ownership of the work.

This magazine was made for the readers

because good writers do it for the readers. During the insofar brief existence of the magazine I have received over a hundred pitiful submissions ranging from the earnest to the literally effortless. I have received some couple dozen suitable submissions, safe for consumption. and decent to the taste. I have also received a handful of jewels, works that I would say are 'the reason' for starting this project, pieces I enjoy rereading. I have been reminded that not all Anonymous are created equally. This is an amateur literary publication and I have the proof. Most of you are not good writers. For that reason I hope that most of you *are* good readers. For those of you who made a submission that did not get published: try again. Writing demands experience and failure.

I want to keep the caliber of the content as high as possible for the readers' sake. The readers demand failure of the writers not yet ready for the pages of this humble digest. The writer has already accepted their failure.

That being said from those genuinely inspired works and their kind to which I am admittedly biased many very meaningful notions have emerged and compelled me to stake a sense of pride in this greater encompassing work for the benefit of those works found within it. In some instances I may be canonizing works that are worthless wastes of time and in other instances I may be canonizing art. You are the reader, only you can tell the real difference.

Reading submissions I get a sense of admiration for writers who I can tell cannot help themselves, who find joy in the subtext, the context of their submission. The act of submitting work itself becomes an art, and our interaction reminds me of why there are few joys more fundamental than reading.

The following submission came from a specific iteration of Anonymous hitherto responsible for *The Justice System* (& Magazine Issue 001) and henceforth signified by the Franktur calligraphic *et cetera*, &c (*ꝛꝛ.*). I am the editor and therefore it is my job to have favorites. If your work merits similar distinction I will be the first to notice. In an equal and opposite gesture I will mark those submissions *characteristic of an amateur aesthetic* with a triforme. If your submission bears this accolade, carry it with honor. & Magazine needs both diamonds and rough to be truly representative of /lit/. My aesthetic appreciation of all this fucking art might be subjective but my gratitude is not. You have my thanks anon's great and small.

To the readers, those but not for whom I have accomplished nothing other than to have burned my own midnight oil, this and all future issues of & Magazine are permanently dedicated.

Dear Mr. Pynchon,

Please allow me to introduce myself. I have read two of your books, *The Crying of Lot 49*, and *Gravity's Rainbow*. I plan yet to read *Mason & Dixon*, and I will reserve judgement on that which I have read for two reasons. The first of which being that you surely are unmoved by the opinions of a faceless entity, and secondly because that faceless entity does not require validation for those opinions he holds.

Now that our introduction has been taken care of, I would like to move on to the reason I am writing you today. Posted on an internet website primarily used for the discussion of literature (one I anticipate you are familiar with) was a list of blurbs that you had written in your past. The most beautiful by far was the blurb that you wrote for Mr. Fariña's novel. I have not yet had the privilege of reading his work, perhaps I will write you another letter once I do. (Interesting side note: I read your blurb for *Mao II* when I read the novel, well before I stumbled across this list. I felt Mr. DeLillo's biography of your life was very astute, and I was sorry to hear of your death for the first time from him. A truly good deed has but one witness.) But these were not the reviews that piqued my attention. In the review that stuck out to me, you spoke of a masterfully spun yarn full of music. *Full of Music*. I am only guessing here, but you were not referring to songs the author wrote inside his novel as you are wont to do, instead rather of the well-crafted sentences and prosaic melodies that dance on the tongue and in rattle inside my internal monologue. I was relieved to find the book still in print and it was important for me to let you know that your words have convinced me to read this book that I'd never even heard of. Did you know you could do that? The words from one stranger have had an impact on another which was completely unintentional. What analyst could have predicted it? I was not even born when you wrote about this book and still those words affected me in such a way that I broke under the pressure and will read a book that you asked me to way back in '75. I didn't want to write you about this, I swear. I wanted desperately to keep our intimate author/reader relationship pure, but instead I now riposte and upset our fragile balance. You are the reader now. Here I sit, frightened by the impulse to read this novel that I know I will love, and wondering how my inevitable actions will implicate my character.

You told me you've read everything by this author, and that this novel was him at his best. A cheap claim. Is it true? Did you really read this book, or were the publishing house and your agent just writing themselves a quick check? I don't want to know. In fact, not only do I not expect a reply from you, I loathe the scenario in which you do. I didn't give you my return address, hell I didn't even mail this letter to you. I pray that you never read this letter that I poured forth from myself for your eyes to scrutinize alone. I don't want to know if you really read, really enjoyed, really recommended this book written long ago, but rather my goal is for you to understand the consequences of your actions. Writing this review may have seemed harmless at the time, but it had a real lasting impact 45 years later. Can you live with that knowledge on your conscience?

I spoke earlier of our relationship. You are the author and I am the reader. This relationship is one-sided at its core and I overcame great consternation before fatefully breaking this bond that we share. 'Nah,' you may think to yourself, 'I've gotten a letter from a reader that sez I'm erudite, got one sez I suck. I've got so many I don't know what to do with em, there's no one-sided relationship here,' (I apologize for speaking for you, feel free to say whatever you like; I simply wanted to take advantage of the opportunity to use the word sez) but those letters that you have undoubtedly received in the past present and future are from *other* readers, and today *our* bond is being broken by *me*. The very nature of being an author allows you to be the object of affection to those that are completely invisible to you. What a scary thought. I hope that never happens to me. You are eternally cursed to be read by people you will never meet, held by hands you will never shake, I would not wish this fate upon my worst enemy. I don't know what you did to deserve this, but it is seemingly as inevitable as the chain of events that led me to taint the perfect relationship you once had with me. Surprise, we had a connection betwixt. Surprise, it ended before you knew it existed. I apologize for hitting you with such a blow, but I'm not sorry enough to try to prevent it.

A close friend told me a joke once that made me laff harder than I have in a while. I can't remember exactly how the setup went, but the punchline played on the homophone of tale and tail, and something about elephants never forgetting. You would have loved it, and I laffed so hard I cried. Thinking about it now still makes me crack open.

(I won't pretend to understand your choice to isolate yourself, I won't even venture a guess. As Mr. Camus once wrote, « Ils croient toujours qu'on se suicide pour une raison. Mais on peut très bien se suicider pour deux raisons. Non, ça ne leur rentre pas dans la tête. »)

I would now like to thank you for not replying to this post. An unopened return to sender would be nice, but limbo would be a much better outcome. Thank you also for allowing me to get this off my chest. I am comforted—yet a little hagridden—by not knowing how this letter reaches you, but I hope it reaches you well. I hope you are reading literature that is truly meaningful to you, literature that you will never have to write a blurb for. Literature that you will not speak of with strangers or try to sell, but literature that you can meditate on and come to understand the universe through.

The drama's done. Why then here does any one step forth?

V/R,

Anon



STEAL THESE STORIES!

Hegel (or so it seems) emerges from FS Uni Jena and begins a destructive rampage, despite the fact that he has become tolerant of humans within the last few years. Friedrich Schelling, usually Hegel's ally, confronts him, only to be nearly killed and forced to retreat, but not before inflicting a wound that exposes something shiny and metallic beneath Hegel's skin. Hegel's rampage continues at an oil refinery until another philosopher emerges and begins to debate him. During the debate, the challenger is revealed to be the true Hegel, while the other turns out to be a massive robot armed with advanced weaponry disguised as Hegel.

In the fallout of some high profile political court scandal, a ghostwriter is hired by two opposing sides to write their stories unbenownst to anybody else. She plays both sides against one another in an attempt to prolong the feud and therefore her writing contracts. In the end she escapes to an underwater pony-world and gets bred by horsey gentlemen doms.

An alt right NEET goes crazy because of covid restrictions and economic problems and becomes a terrorist by spreading the virus. He is saved by an SJW feminist nurse and they fall in love and quarantine happily ever after.

A boy falls in love with a girl. Unable to confess, he is gifted with by a deus ex machina with the girl's phone number. Never minding the strange area code, he immediately calls her, and is overjoyed to find out that she has a crush on him as well. But, the next day, when he recounts the previous day's confessions to the girl, she only looks at him with a perplexed expression. After some investigation, he finds out that the girl he called is not the same girl he fell in love with. In fact, she doesn't exist in this universe at all. She is the girl's alternate universe counterpart, who has fallen in love with the MC's own AU self, who too is blissfully unaware of her crush. Hijinks ensue as the two strike up a deal to give each other their darkest, most private secrets in order to equip the other with the weapons they need to conquer the heart of their other selves. While the two chase their respective loved ones, DRAMA ensues as they begin to fall in love with each other instead and question the NATURE of LOVE.

When an alcoholic loser almost gets fired from his warehouse, he's visited by three Amazon workers throughout the night. He resolves to never be late for work again. Then, in the penultimate chapter he kills his boss with a forklift. He wakes up in a field far from home, watching a summer's breeze lift a dandelion seed out of sight.



Ne·ol·o·gist coined ✓



Sagoront | sag·o·ront | sa-gō-·rānt

1 (noun): Any structure made using blankets.

From the Latin *sago* for sheet or blanket.

Scurgus | scur·gus | 'skər-·gəs

1 (noun): Debris or waste trapped in the sink.

From the Romanian *skurga* for drain.

Prebate | pre·bate | 'prē-·bāt


1 (verb): To produce a legal last will and testament for anybody who has yet to be born.

2(noun): Anybody for whom a legal last will and testament was produced prior to being born.

Bolth | 'bōth

1 (pronoun, plural in construction): One as well as the other.

Alternative patrician spelling of the English *both*.



Bleeding decadent images
Being hurled inward fervently
Mutating data's witnesses
In a deformed sleep forcibly

Synaptic fires roaring
Dead avenues explode
Our profits imploding
Alive on a dying node

SEED
FEED
LIT

by lit

Camp

Anonymous 12/17/20(Thu)05:43:05 No.17050979 ▶

>>17047358 (You)
here's some fiction
>i have a gf

print that

Straight
outta /lit/



WORLDBUILDER

WE'LL BURY THE MARE IN THE MORNING

This prospector's highway would go nowhere but to that little land beyond which no more highways went and all along the way the winter wagons made their slow wrangle south, snowblind and buried by frozen rain. The median narrowed and the wagons thinned and soon the roads merged and broke into the stones where the golden eagles brought us down into the valley in the dark of the wintertide dusk.

"Things in the country aint the same as they is in the city. But things this far out aint even the same as they is in the country."

The pickup truck ground against the earth as they came past the last paved roads and the highways turned to gravel and ice. Away those final thoughts tucked themselves into their burrows before the last of the light waned and the whiteness once deep and wide fell over the world in perfect shadow. Now slept the souls that needed no saving and out came the wolves.

Jack pulled his truck up the ridge and the road was taken by trees. He slowed and toggled the headlights and the space around him became black save for the blinking colored dots on the dashboard. He stopped the truck and opened the window and turned his head to listen.

Trees washed in the wind unseen but came through the air like voices. The window went up and the truck pulled down the driveway into the soft snow and parked and a pair of bodies came out and made their work. They packed the bed and strapped in their load and backed up and out and left the same way they had come.

The night grew old and the shadows came up and the endless white restored itself for the sake of all of its children.

The small town in the valley would glow through the falling clouds and that warm orange lamp shone on the map from the view in the aerial survey. The craft came over the strip and inside the pilot rattled and set her down and brought her home to the end of the runway. The engine slipped and the man jumped out and stepped to the hangar.

"Call your wife." A circle of oldtimers sat around eachother near the nose of a small craft. The man made his way to the office.

"But she's what they called 'er the Q Cutlass. Last on the line, her kind. After that it was all fuel injection." The men scratched themselves and drank from mugs and the pilot came from the office and spoke and went to the lot and drove away.

The highway wrapped around solid lakes and under falling water suspended on rocks and enormous lime buttes that plunged the soil and drove up mushrooms like tiny metropoli. The truck wound with the road and came past the sawmill and the reservoir and the gated transformers. The man pulled up and parked and came out and stood. A young woman approached pulling on garden gloves.

"Hey Todd."

"Hey cowboy." He squinted and dropped the tailgate and they walked to the storehouse and back.

"Cold sun." Rosemary looked to the gilded mountaintops and let the dying light touch her eyes. She loaded his truck, a bale of bermudagrass. He heaved the seedbags onto the passenger seat and she dismounted the forklift. "Follow you?" She shut the tailgate and pulled at her gloves and went across the lot.

"Nah — gotta go get tin yet. I'll seeya tomorrow."

"Yeah. Hey actually — need eggs. Who's got eggs now?"

"Oh yeah? How's that?"

"Bonny. Didn't shut the gate."

"That — sounds like something Bonny wouldn't do."

"Yeah."

"Um — gosh I don't know. Johanson?"

"Out of town."

"Jack? Jack should have eggs." He stepped into the truck and shut the door and leaned out the window.

"You know him?"

"No. Battle Creek?"

"That's the one. Gotta sign out front with a number. Call the number cause he's got a dog."

She waved and left him and the mountain swallowed what sun was lingering and the wind bit her hands as she climbed into her truck.

Headlights came through the trees. She made herself into the dark. Further out by the forest the highway cut the land and inside the cab the hot breeze pulsed and called her to sleep. She came from the highway to the crooked cottage roads and pulled over the cattleguard and up the driveway. The windows went alight. The women came together in the bootroom.

"No. You're looking for hatchlings right?"

"Yeah." Rosemary nodded.

"No idea. If you don't know, I don't know. "

"Right."

"I don't know why he would have suggested Jack though. Maybe he thought you were talking about eggs—for eating."

"I could have gone to the store for that."

The women laughed. "Oh well maybe Todd knows better. Maybe Jack does have chickens. I only just met him."

"Yeah never met the guy. I've seen his place though. I think Keith used to point it out."

"On Battle Creek yeah. Yeah — So we're putting up the barn — well Todd is actually — putting up the barn. In the back there. Slowly and surely and not a dime over budget luckily."

"Right."

"And so Todd actually took some tin off Jack. For the roof. Bought it yesterday. He came and dropped it off yesterday afternoon. Right there before the guard." She pointed out the window.

"Sure."

"Come morningtime — it's just not there."

"The tin?"

"Gone." The woman shook her head.

"Well! Stolen hey?"

"Well!"

"Well," Rosemary had her hand on her hips.

"Well it didn't run away from home."

"Right?"

The women stared at each other and shook their heads.

"Anyway. Little man's been sleeping for about an hour."

"Amazing!" Rosemary held her hand up for a highfive. Her friend smiled and tagged her. They walked to the livingroom and admired the child and Rosemary took the boy up and came to the door.

"Seeya tomorrow Peg. Thanks."

"Night cowboy."

She drove from the cottage roads past the firehall and the horselogs and the millworkers all gathered outside. She looked at the child and drove on. Yellow light flooded the road. As she drove the way ahead split and wound and though she knew it well she took the corners softly.

She went into some trees and as she cleared the thicket and came into the pasture the tire snapped and the wheel slipped and she pulled the truck over and shut it down.

She walked around and found the blowout and came back inside. She looked to the highway. She opened the window and turned to look behind. Headlights blinked and took form and a vehicle realized itself from the thicket and pulled up with its windows down.

"Need a lift?"

They pulled from the road under the gate and into the driveway.

"I appreciate the ride but you're not coming in."

The man opened the door and stepped out and looked in at her. "Of course I'm coming in. My house."

"It's not your house." The door closed on her words. She got out and took up her baby and followed him to the door and they all went in.

"Meet me in the bedroom. I'll put him down and be right in."

The man left and Rosemary dug into his boot and pulled up the keyring and made herself for the truck clutching the infant. The man watched from the window shirtless as she went through the gate and into the night. He stepped to the endtable and lifted the telephone.

Blackbears came across the highway as the patrolcar swung onto the cottage road. He slowed to better see and went on. He turned off his emergency lights before he touched the driveway. Rosemary came out with her baby and Peg followed and saw her off.

She sat in the back seat. "Do you want me up there?"

"Hey? Nah. No carseat you're better off back there." The officer wrote on his clipboard and spoke over the radio and pulled them out onto the road.

"So. I'm keeping Keith overnight. He's drunker than ever."

She swore to herself and shook her head.

"Had your truck towed to yours."

"Thanks Henry."

At home the woodstove cracked in the corner of the livingroom. Rosemary laid her baby in his crib and put her head down at last.



In the morning she stood and dressed herself and shuffled to the bathroom and then to the kitchen to prepare some coffee. She sipped her cup at the table and listened for the rooster before she remembered that it was dead. She sat and stared and adjusted to the light that started to climb the hills and bleed into the windows. She stared out the sliding glass patio door. A knock came at the door. She craned to look at the clock behind her and went to the door.

“Morning Willy.”

“Heya Rosemary.”

“Can I do for ya, Willy?”

“Well now. Jason’s got his mares over at mine for the winter see.”

“Right.”

“Well hell if they didn’t run off or some damn—I can’t find em!”

“Oh yeah. Have you checked the wood trail? Or Johanson?”

“Hey? Nah. Haven’t checked. I’m just worried sick about em. If Jason were to lose—“

“They aren’t gone Willy.” Rosemary pulled on her boots.

“Well I know they didn’t go into thin air. But if Jason were to lose those mares.”

She looked up at him.

“I’m just worried sick.”

“They’ll come back. I’ll go take a peek by the waterwell. Sometimes horses get out and like to go to the marsh there.”

She came up the path to the back of the house and she looked off down the long trail that cut the great field abroad and went into the wood. She came around the house and her animal poked from inside the stable and skipped over.

“Shh calm down.”

She opened the gate and hung it on the hook and climbed up bareback and rode the trail to the other side of the meadow. The morning sky was gray and gave way to snowfall. White dots barely made themselves against the black wood. She came to the trees and rode into the mouth at the trailhead. Before her a large well laid of stone bricks sat centered in the clearing. The trail wandered and bent away behind some trees. She brought them over the well and sunk her gaze into it. The water bubbled and spurt and rose from the well and teemed the stone and as it flowed over the snow went wet and lapped aground. The horse stepped away.

“Cmon Bonny.”

She came back and dismounted and closed the gate and went inside and came out again. She jacked up the truck and saw to the tire and when she was finished she went in to change and ready herself for work. Rosemary dropped off her baby and drove into town.

The snow would fall all day long and she would watch the inches gather on the boulevard, on the hood of her truck. The snowplows wouldn’t be out until tomorrow. The television blinked on the wall and over it the news channel anthem rang and the anchors spoke.

“Awful news tonight across the state. A string of spontaneous child abductions has investigators reaching to the public for help. More on the kidnappings at the top of the hour first let’s go to—“

Rosemary stepped outside and looked to the sun. It fell away while she waited for Todd and she waited yet but he never came.

On her way home the snow drove up over the windshield as she came down the highway. The day tapered westward until it sunk into the mountains and all down the range the long yellows went blue. She drove up the driveway and parked and went in.

“Great sleeps lately though.” The women made their congress in the bootroom.

“Same at home actually. Been sleeping like an angel all night.”

“It’s yours. Take it!”

“I know.” The women laughed. “Didn’t see Todd today.”

“No. Actually he’s offered to fly a charter up north so he’ll be back in a few days.”

“Oh!”

“Yeah. So that’ll be the longest we’ve been apart since Emily was born.”

“Right.”

“So that’ll be—my little vacation. Sure I’ll be fine.”

“You’re good.” Rosemary unzipped her jacket.

“Here. Let’s get going.” Peg brought her the baby and saw her friend to the truck and Rosemary drove out and away. She pulled through her gate and parked and came inside. She put her baby down and went back out to cover her horse. Over the black fields the invisible snow drifted like dust to the ocean floor.



In the morning she stood and yawned and went to the livingroom to load the woodstove. On the countertop she prepared her coffee. She peeked into the nursery, into the boy's crib, and came back. She held her cup up to her nose and took in her coffee and sipped it and came to face the sliding door to the patio. The morning's light washed over the field.

Her eyes followed a pattern that came into view as she looked through the glass, footsteps in the snow. She studied them. They approached the glass door and walked on.

That fearful chill came up her back and she took a sharp breath and put down her cup. She stepped into her boots and came around the cabin and followed the tracks to the fence and watched them go off down the trail to the wood. She came around and looked to the windows of the cabin and found her way back inside and drank her coffee.

Outside she buckled the tiny boy into the carseat and came in and swallowed a piece of toast and left again. She found herself down the highway to the mopping of the windshield wipers. The snow laid itself heavy by the world all around. She came up past a gabled sign, Battle Creek, and pulled up into a long driveway. Immediately a pack of dogs sounded and she hit the brakes and swore and backed out to the road. She saw the man come out and wave at her to stay put. He got into a truck and came up the driveway and out to the road. The dogs circled and returned to the house and he pulled up and unwound his window. She looked down at his truck. Strapped into the bed she noticed long stacks of tin panels.

"What're ya want?"

"Looking for chicks."

"Chicks?"

"Todd Peterson said you might have hatchlings or eggs for sale —"

"Todd Peterson don't know shit. I ain't got shit."

Rosemary smiled at him and chuckled. "Right."

"Who in the hell are ya anyway? I get folks to call me see? I got dogs lady."

"Rosemary Matthew."

"Ah. Oh yes. I heard of ya's. Through Keith."

She blinked at him. "Oh you know Keith."

The man laughed at her and chewed his crooked teeth. "I don't raise no chickens lady."

She pointed to the bed of his truck. "That Todd's?"

"Why you no-good fuckin bitch! Why don't you just go on and get the hell off my property here before I —"

he climbed out of her truck and stepped to the tin to take a closer look. Jack swung his door and limped out and crossed himself and lifted a pistol at her.

She stopped and slipped and steadied and put her hands in front of her. He brought the gun up and flicked the safety and put it in aim again. She jostled and waited and slowly she stepped back to her truck.

"Yeah Keith done said you were a right peach." He spat on the ground. "He paid for it though didn't he?"

Her back touched her truck and she slid to the door and climbed in and pulled it closed. He kept the weapon at her as she drove away. She came up the hill and went beyond the sign and made her way to the highway.

Snow pitched and whipped around the truck and inside she shook her head and swore and looked at her boy. The snowfall was dense and the trucks came by with caution. In the distance behind her a patrolcar came around from the bend and its emergency lights came off the inside of the cab. She pulled over and brought her window down.

"Hey cowboy."

"Hey Henry. Everything okay?"

"Hey sorry. Didn't wanna miss ya. Saw ya on the highway there — didn't wanna miss ya."

Rosemary opened her glovebox.

"No no. Nothing like that. Just wanted to let you know about Keith there actually. Rosemary — county's laid charges against Keith."

"Charges? You mean charging me for stealing his truck?"

"No maam actually. Maam Keith was found to have been — booby trapping the road down yonder there."

"By my blowout."

"Yes maam."

"What are the charges?"

"You're gonna hafta make a statement anyway so howsabout I give you a call."

"Well you stopped me. Say you know Jack up there on Battle Creek? He's got it made sitting up there hey?"

"Whadya mean?"

"Stolen property in the back of his truck. Waving his piece around pointing it in peoples' faces."

"Make a report Rosemary."



A semitractor trailer blew past them and snow came up and spread to the wind.

“Sure. Hey are they gonna plow these roads or what?”

He slapped her truck and went back to his car and they both left off against the blizzard that swelled and pulled at the clouds. The truck rumbled and slipped and jerked in the snow. Coming into the cottage roads she pushed through the small windrows and over the ice in the gutters. Through the gate the dunes of snow slammed on the truck and stopped it dead. The wheels spun and she swore and turned the key. She pulled herself out and came around and pulled out her child and trudged to the door of the cabin.

Inside the warm air pushed into her face. She laid the baby down in his crib and came to the kitchen and made herself coffee. The evening came early. Already the sky broke dim and the snow buried itself over the plain. She came to the front window sipping her cup. The truck was bent up onto the dunes of snow. She saw a body approach from the driveway and went to the door.

“Afternoon Willy.”

“Oh Rosemary. It’s just awful. I need your help.”

“Sure.”

“Oh gosh well they found one of Jason’s mares there.”

“Oh good.”

“Well they found both of em just only one of em was alive — and the other was dead now.”

“Oh!”

“Oh it’s just awful. I’m beside myself. Jason is going to be heartbroken.”

“Jason goes through a lot of horses.” She looked at the old man. “Where is she?”

“She’s there. Don’t know what happened. One come back but the other — don’t know if it even left. Dead now. I’m just beside myself. Don’t know what I’ll tell Maude.”

“We’ll have to wait until morning to do anything about it.”

“You mean bury her?”

“Tell Maude we can take care of it tomorrow.”

“Yeah. You can do that? Gosh it’d sure mean a lot to me.”

“No problem. See my truck here?” She stepped into her boots and came out to the snowcovered lawn. Looking behind the cabin she reconciled a body making off down the trail across the field.

Rosemary went inside and came to the nursery. The curtain at the window flew up and the crib lay scant.

She fell and stood and screamed and went to the closet and slapped herself. She opened the closet and swung the rifle over her shoulder and ran out.

“Call the police! My baby is gone!”

Willy stumbled and put his arms up and slipped away down the road. Rosemary went to the fence and hooked the gate and called her horse. The animal came up from the stable and she swung herself up and they opened onto the trail ripping up snow and casting themselves toward the wood.

She fixed on the body. It slipped into the trees. The horse pounded over the drift and ground her way to the clearing. Rosemary jumped from the animal and hit the snow and pushed up sand. The rifle came from her shoulder as she crawled over the ice to the well. She climbed the brick and slipped down, over the edge and into the hole. Her body sunk in the water.

The animal sidled and shot its eyes and brought its nose to the ground. In the clearing the snow was soft and it gave itself to loose piles around the bases of the great spruce that surrounded the space and came over the trailhead. Grayjays screeched and buzzed over the horse and went into the trees. The wood settled and snapped and the darkness came over and in the sky the moon cut out across the clouds.

Over the well the water pushed up and spilled and came to the ice and the horse turned and stepped aside. The soil growled and steamed beneath the frozen pack and out from the well in a splash the woman’s body washed over the brick and rolled to the snow. She came to rest under the horse. In her arms her child cried. Rosemary breathed and coughed and curled into herself.

“Hey Willy.”

“Peg you gotta call the police Rosemary’s in real trouble!”


Peg stood in the bootroom and opened the door and let him in. They came to the livingroom and addressed the telephone and spoke to each other.

In the nursery their voices came through the air and slipped out the window. The glass slid up and the wind brushed the curtain and in her crib Emily whimpered and turned over. Long crooked arms like wood stretched from the open hole across the room and pulled the infant up. Those limbs would draw that warm little life through the field and into the water and leave in its place a generation of curses and mourning. Over the wood the golden eagles came against the mountainside and led us back to the highway where blackness took the world in dead air inch for inch and the trees spoke among themselves. Away those final thoughts tucked themselves into their burrows before the last of the light waned and the whiteness once deep and wide fell over the world in perfect shadow. Now slept the souls that needed no saving and out came the wolves.

ANONYMOUS





The background of the image is a landscape featuring a range of mountains under a sky with soft, pastel colors of pink, orange, and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The mountains are silhouetted against the bright sky, with the foreground showing a dark, silhouetted treeline.

i am at last
an aristocrat
a great
and furloughed
king



WORLDBUILDER



The Patterson Footage

The Patterson footage was shot October 20th 1967. It features a large furry animal walking upright through Bluff Creek, near Yakima, Washington. The animal looks like Bigfoot. The men who shot the footage insisted it was Bigfoot, never recanting their story. Predictably, the film has been called a fraud. Numerous experts have assessed the film, yet there is no consensus as to its authenticity. None of that is important. Any polemic bickering amounts to pissing in the wind. What DOES matter is the moment when the animal looks over its shoulder and peers into the camera; a vestige of the unknown stared us directly in the eyes, and impassively looked away. It could have bowed. It could have run. Instead, it calmly dismissed us - as if to say, *you don't exist*. For all our high and mighty rhetoric about being number one on planet Earth, the supernatural might as well have spit in our oatmeal.

We collectively sneered. Our egocentric minds recoiled, having been rebuked by an anomaly. The mainstream media rejected the story and it faded into obscurity. In short, we couldn't handle it. To be on the safe side, we declared it a hoax - another subject undeterminable.

What a blank. That's the best we can do? How are we going to handle questions like what's at the Earth's core? Does the universe end? Is there God? Undeterminable, which just means *we don't know*. We won't believe in something unless the military-industrial complex uses it to kill us. Electricity existed before its "discovery". It'll probably go the same way with time-travel and who knows what-else.

Rather than declaring anything unorthodox to be witchcraft, we need to trust the unknown... or at least acknowledge it's potential. Hell you could even call it faith, which to most people means *bullshit*. Of course faith has its pitfalls. Both faith and reason are inevitably corrupted. The difference is that faith sees the world as something beautiful and temporary; there are powers greater than us, thus favoring reverence. Yes, reason is far more practical; without reason there wouldn't be umbrellas or computers. However, as a philosophical foundation for society, faith is sustainable. Reason sees the world as something to explain with measurements, such as "How big of a hole will this bomb make"?

But hey, cheer up – once in a while we give mystery its due by being strange ourselves. Look at Stonehenge. It was built to pay homage to death and the moon. That's neat. Nowadays there are places like The House on the Rock in Wisconsin and The Church of the Sacred Heart in Rome. These places are full of wonders and they leave a person in awe - that's what we need more of. There is a lack of generation-spanning super weirdness. Instead of reinventing wedding invitations, let's build some underground labyrinths. How about a city that runs on magnets? It would be great to see geometric shapes make a comeback, like some giant spheres or polygons. It's as if our concept of creation is a two-bit motel, with carpeted bathrooms and no vacancies. Let's build a fort instead and invite Bigfoot.

For They are the Ones Who Do the Research

I was offshore when I realized the industry was beyond any foreseeable recovery. We were part of a workover project in Angola, requiring 12 hour shifts on different offshore production platforms. One slickline crew would replace gas lift valves, while me and my coworkers would log for hydrocarbon saturation.

The main offshore platform had production facilities to remove solids, separate liquid and gas, flare excess, and prepare the different fluids for their respective pipelines back to shore. It took a village to run this platform, and the village lived and slept, five weeks at a time, on their platform. The main processing platform didn't have any extra accommodations for workover projects. The company sent all temporary workers to the "alternative living quarters" on a satellite platform. The ALQ consisted of shipping containers with 4 bunk beds, dirty linens, and rudimentary plumbing. I hated those accommodations, and preferred exercise to the shipping container.

Christmas was in a couple of weeks, and instead of waiting for New Year's resolutions, my coworkers and I constructed a makeshift gym in the storage area. We freed up exercise space by consolidating scaffolding to one side of the storage area, and placing non-perishable foods in the fridge. Part of me thought it was wasteful, refrigerating non-perishable food. Electricity generated, spent on unneeded cooling. Then again, I'd rather waste energy than be cooped up in our rooms. Besides, with the crash in commodity prices, energy was cheaper every day.

There is little light pollution off the coast of Angola. The platforms flaring on the horizon dissipates, leaving a clear view of the stars. I stared at them for a moment. Not because astrology or constellations interested me, but because the glittering blackness reminded me of the High Plains. My legs were sore from squats and deadlifts as I took the stairs back down to the ALQ. My phone picked up the wireless signal after passing through the door, and proceeded to download emails.

Top executives in the corporation I worked for exercised their stock options. The email regarded this as good news. I took the contrarian position. Now was not a good time to buy, after the stock plummeted 30% in the past weeks. Instead of benevolence or prudence, the corporation must have viewed this as a necessary sacrifice to shore up the stock price. Such sacrifices to drive up prices, replacing fundamentals. This industry was fucked.

During the days of slickline work, me and the other wireline guys would go fishing off the edge of the platform. The regular, foreign workers on the platform would share their smuggled in fishing lines and lures, only expecting us to share good catches in return. The ocean contained copious amounts of small blue and yellow fish, a handful of red snappers, and one barracuda which swam only near the supply boat's landing. The crane operator obsessed over this barracuda below, and referred to the fish (in his broken English) as "the monster".

Our first attempt at fishing baited lunch scraps on our hook. Only the blue and yellow fish would bite at our meal, the red snappers swam uninterested. I caught a smaller fish first. As I reeled it in, I considered the best way to kill it. To preserve any meat, I let it gasp for oxygen. The fish's blue and yellow scales reflected in the sun as the animal asphyxiated on the deck. The cooks on board refused to cook this blue and yellow fish, instead telling us to use the carcass as bait for the red snapper.

An asphyxiated fish does not bleed, which is necessary to attract a red snapper. I pierced a stronger hook, made out of spare slickline, through the smaller fish, and the fish blood ran down my wrist. I can still remember the other guy frowning in disgust as I threw the line back to the ocean, where a red snapper immediately seized upon it. At first, I imagined myself the hero of the day, hauling in red snapper for the cooks and other workers to eat. But the line snapped microseconds after the red snapper took our bait. I repeated this process of catching smaller fish to use as bait without the other guy.



He had no stomach to see fish cannibalize each other. The crane operator tried the same technique for the barracuda, whispering foreign words to himself while fishing. If the line couldn't bear a snapper, what hope was there in catching a monster?

The company laid me off after the reservoir evaluation campaign. No long-term job would hire an engineer with petroleum experience on their resume. I was a flight risk back to a better paying industry as soon as the market recovered. I suppose they were right, in the end. For the next year, my pursuit would be higher education.

I emailed two different professors at two different schools, explaining my undergrad, my recent standardized test scores, my work experience as an oilfield engineer. Two schools: one I thought was safe, probable admission, the other one more prestigious, unlikely acceptance. The lesser school's professor replied immediately, saying:

"Our ideal candidates are students with double majors or with a history of research funding. We received four times the normal amount of applications this year and only have positions for ten percent. You should focus on other schools, for which your research interests and your background might fit better."

This shocked me, because this was a lower tier school. Without doubt, others had the same idea- to train up during the downturn. Grad school would be more competitive than I assumed. The professor from the more prestigious engineering program emailed me back, catching me by surprise. Maybe because I already lived in the metro area. The professor said she wanted to meet me for coffee close to campus.

I drove to the particular coffee shop she mentioned, down the hill from her department. Walking up to the cafe's door, I noticed their window decorated with diversity slogans, rainbow flags, and promises of safety and inclusion. After stepping inside the cafe I stood by the door for fifteen minutes until I saw the professor walk up. Short, and dressed more like a high school art teacher than an engineering professor.

"Dr. Singh?"

"J?" After exchanging pleasantries, we walked to the counter to order our drinks. I insisted on paying, and at that moment she also picked out a carb-laden snack. We collected our items and sat down to discuss grad school.

"Soo..." She began, "What were your research interests?"

I regurgitated what I already provided via email "Adsorbed state physics. I studied chemical engineering, and worked as a field engineer in formation evaluation. I believe unconventional resources aren't adequately described by current volumetric models."

"Yes, I agree. Current industry practices seem to be... inadequate. We have a few students researching that subject, one particularly bright woman from China, would you like to meet her?"

She couldn't recall any free days off the top of her head, yet promised she would email me once she got back in front of her calendar. After discussing research interests, the conversation turned to my international experience.

"What was your favorite part about working overseas?"

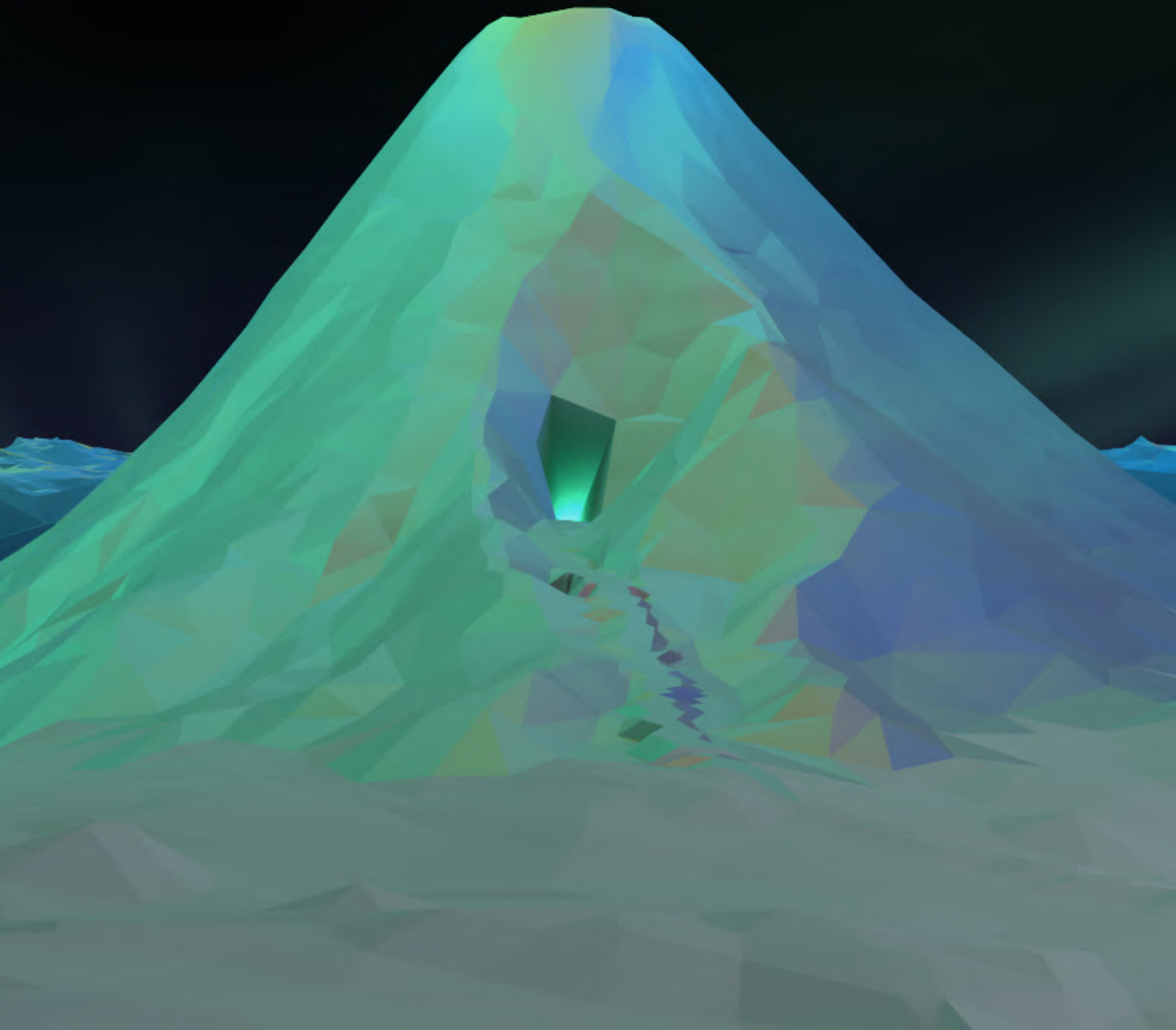
"On slow days, we would go fishing." I thought back to the barracuda, the monster we could never catch. It wouldn't bite at the blue and yellow fish. Would this professor understand what I was talking about, or would she turn away from the idea of fish blood on my hands?

Dr. Singh didn't put any effort in returning emails. I wrote her five different times, and only one of them she acknowledged, saying there would be a more substantive email from her to follow soon.

There was one last attempt at reaching her. I would visit Dr. Singh's office uninvited, catching her by surprise. As I walked along the campus, I noticed the older buildings, tiled roof and solid stone, capable of providing adequate positions for snipers. The modern buildings sponsored by oil and gas companies were flimsier, providing less coverage, should hostilities occur. I walked up to her office and noticed Dr. Singh had almost every left-wing political statement on her door. Minority rights, women's rights, even an environmental slogan. I should have been more suspicious of these institutions of research, historically serving capital. Even petroleum engineering departments were realigning. She wasn't in. I took the hint and spent the downturn as a skibum instead.



I took you to my home
And you remarked upon the fireplace,
Climbed inside and sat there for an age.
Herodotus, Isodore, men with itchy fingers:
They came to see you purify yourself.
When all was done,
I swept the ash into an earthen vessel.
Sometimes, I hear you chuckle at my notions.



The background features a dark, textured surface with a grid-like pattern. A large, irregular, colorful shape, resembling a splash or a cloud, is centered on the page. The shape is composed of various colors including yellow, orange, red, and blue, with a marbled or liquid-like texture. The word "&_p" is overlaid on the center of this shape.

&_p

☐ **Anonymous** 01/02/21(Sat)16:15:15 No.17185767 ►

>>17185759(OP)

just go on twitter if you cannot be bothered to read a few whales facts



REJECT MODERNITY

Coronameron: Volumes One to Three

by Anonymous

★★★★★ 4.00 · Rating details · 4 ratings · 3 reviews

Coronameron stands as the *Decameron* for a new era. As disease, famine, and riots swept the world, the eccentric guests of a psychiatric hospital set to work on a piece of literature that would blow away all preconceived ideas of what a mental patient looks and thinks like. This is the result, a showcase of unrecognized genius that sprints through all known genres and makes some more along the way. From reinvigorating the style of the late David Foster Wallace, to a groundbreaking history of the supposedly extinct dodo, *Coronameron* has something for everyone to appreciate. ([less](#))

Prussia rated it ★★★★★

Jun 12, 2020

I promise you reading this is not going to as painful as editing it was.

PDF here: <https://files.catbox.moe/ofq60l.pdf>

Also you can buy it here: <https://www.lulu.com/en/us/shop/anony...> [...more](#)

1 like · [Like](#) · [see review](#)

Mac rated it ★★★★★

Jun 12, 2020

- ✗ Galileo - bitch
- ✗ Kepler - bitch
- ✗ Aristotle - bitch
- ✗ Newton - bitch
- ✗ Copernicus - bitch
- ✗ Pythagorus - bitch
- ✗ Edison - bitch
- ✗ Darwin - bitch
- ✗ Einstein - bitch

✓ Tesla - Scientist

"Earth is a REALM, it is not a planet. It is not an object, therefore, it has no edge. Earth would be more easily defined as a system environment. Earth is also a machine. The sun and moon are powered wirelessly with the electromagnetic field (the Aether). This field also suspends the celestial spheres with electromagnetic levitation. Electromagnetic-levitation disproves gravity because the only force you need to counter it is the electromagnetic force, not gravity. The stars are attached to the FIRMAMENT" ([less](#))

[Like](#) · [see review](#)

The average millennial or zoomer's sense of humor is heavily influenced by memes. Memes must be simple enough to be understood at a glance and therefore allow even people who aren't funny to engage in banter. The quality of this banter, however, is low, thanks to what I would like to dub the three sins of comedy: reference, repetition, and randomness.

Referential humor can be powerful because people who are already familiar with a concept already have an emotional attachment. This allows the amateur comedian to forego originality and instead reference a widely circulated concept — in other words a meme. Referential humor is a staple in shows like Family Guy. The downside of referential humor is that it merely leeches off of the comedic potential of something else while not contributing much on its own. This reliance on reference to artificially boost comedic potential leads directly to the second sin.

Repetition is the killer of comedy because comedy is built off of the subversion of expectations. Jokes aren't nearly as funny the second time and by the tenth they're more likely to elicit annoyance than laughter.

THE THREE SINS OF

COMEDY

THE THREE SINS OF

The use of templates for humor quickly exhausts the comedic potential of a meme until it's trite and forgotten. This creates a comedic tragedy of the commons where concepts go from being shared by small circles in 4chan threads to being plastered all over Instagram in a matter of weeks. Like a game of telephone, the further into the cycle a meme progresses, the more distorted it becomes. Out of the original context, a meme is brought to the lowest common denominator where it can most easily attain a state of mass proliferation.

Randomness is a pitiful attempt to avoid the state of affairs outlined above. By adhering to pure chaos with no rhyme or reason it is hoped that originality can be recovered and repetitiveness overcome. Ironically, this attempt to overcome repetitiveness itself becomes repetitive. The same can be said for ironic humor where the joke is that the joke isn't funny. Ironically, the irony falls flat, creating double-irony — or would it be meta-irony? But writing so unironically about memes is cringe (not based). I'll cut the self-indulgence and end here.

CLASSIFIED

The FBI started puttin' twigs in folks' mailboxes. Little twigs they got cameras in 'em, microphones too. I know because I went out to get the mail and find a twig there, didn't think nothin' about it, just plucked it up and dropped it on the ground. See next to me another bastard, my neighbor Lucius, do the same. Day goes by, you know: a few empty cans of the cheap stuff and a nice mowed lawn later I even dream about how nice it is, get up next morning get my mail. There it is, still. Twig right there, same damn twig, same color shape length, in the same spot, nestled in the left groove inside the mailbox. I pick it up and look at it. Looks like a twig to me, but you never know because these sumbitches can make anything look like anything else, hide a camera in your own head and you wouldn't know it.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

CLASSIFIED

THE 21ST CENTURY IS WHEN EVERYTHING CHANGES... AND YOU'VE GOTTA BE READY.

It's that time of year again : children all over the world are on their best behaviour, patiently or not so patiently opening the windows of their advent calenders, waiting for Santa's judgement to befall them, hoping for their fair share of Xmas goodies. For us NuWho fans, December has traditionally been a month of plenitude and looking to the future, expectantly longing for whatever adventures the Doctor and his friends will get up to. Now, since Doctor Who has become an embarrassment unto itself you'd be ashamed to watch with your dog – we've seen the « Holiday » special trailer enough times to warrant that impression – our last resort is to turn to the nostalgia of days of old, back when we were young enough to be easily moldable and to forgive the many glaring issues present in every Xmas episode (such that that's now practically a requirement) we invite **(You)**, yes **(You)** to a fantastic /who/ stream with all your favourites, and maybe even a few surprises, a mega-fest spanning [date] ! Make room in your diary for some kino :



The Faggtry of Peladon



sneed



It's the fucking Darleks again !



Fdfg



The Faggtry of Peladon



sneed



It's the fucking Darleks again !



Fdfg

BUT DON'T TRUST US !!! Here's what some of our most famous guests have to say :

>>>

☐ **Paul McGann** 20/11/15(Sat) 22:43:29 No.7563845 ▶

File: [mfw.jpg](#) (54 KB, 1000x550)



Hi guys, really happy you're still streaming Doctor Who after all these years. To be honest, I never even thought it would come back after I did the movie, to me Big Finish was never going to replace live-action acting. Ah well, I've no grudge against Eccleston, he deserved a shot just as much as I did, and John Hurt's a terrific actor of course, but still, you know... They could have at least given me a Christmas episode, couldn't they ? I mean, it's not that hard, just stick some fake snow on the set and put some sleigh bells in the soundtrack, it's that easy. Yeah, it's a shame I was only "on" stream and not actually "in" stream, like actually on it, but I mean, it's your stream, you're entitled to your kino, and I suppose I must be someone's favourite Doctor round here. At least top 5, right ? Top 10 at a stretch. Peter Davison never did anything for me personally, but don't tell him that, you wouldn't want Nick hearing that, would you? Anyway, I've been told I need to wrap it up because we're running out of space, so I'll say bye for now. I'll be in my basement if you need me.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]@gmail.com
[REDACTED]

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITY OF [REDACTED]
CIVIL ENGINEERING - 2.5 GPA

GPa is low but excellent communicator

WORK LIFE

- 1. WORKED AT PET SMART**
High school Job. Learned to feed animals and work in team
- 2. WORKED AT HUSKY**
Checked on wells. Made sure they operated accordingly

SKILLS

- Computers
- Excel, microsoft office
- Civil3D
- Writing skills, excellent communicator

Extracurriculars

- [REDACTED] debate club member

Hobbies

- Gaming
 - Reading, history, politics
 - Family and friends
-

Es ist viel zu warm in Deutschland
Ein angenehmer schwitziger Geruch verteilt sich überall

Diese Blutgruppe kann das Wesen verändern.



MONERO

Nährstoffkreislauf

From

Nährstoffkreislauf

B I U A A

20 Monospace

Endlich fängt es an zu regnen. Ich möchte bei keinem anderen Wetter das Haus verlassen.

Mein Körper braucht die Flüssigkeit und die Leere auf den Straßen. Leider bin ich in einer dicht besiedelten Umgebung geboren - ein aussichtsloser Kampf um leere zurückgezogene Orte hat schon vor langer Zeit begonnen.

Ungefähr 2 Kilometer entfernt liegt ein noch unberührtes Waldstück. Wir werden Dornensträucher kultivieren um die 08/15 pseudo Naturmenschen fernzuhalten.

Ich kann damit umgehen ein Teil dieser Erde zu werden.
(In viele kleine Teile aufgeteilt als Nahrung dem Ökosystem dienend)]

Die Bäume, Pflanzen und Insekten spüren natürlich meine Anwesenheit.
Versuche der Kommunikation sind keine Seltenheit.

Es riecht modrig. Es ist kalt. Heute ist es finster im Wald.
Das Absterben und die Kälte ist nach dem du uns richten kannst.

Die aufkommende Dunkelheit macht dein Vorhaben wertvoll.

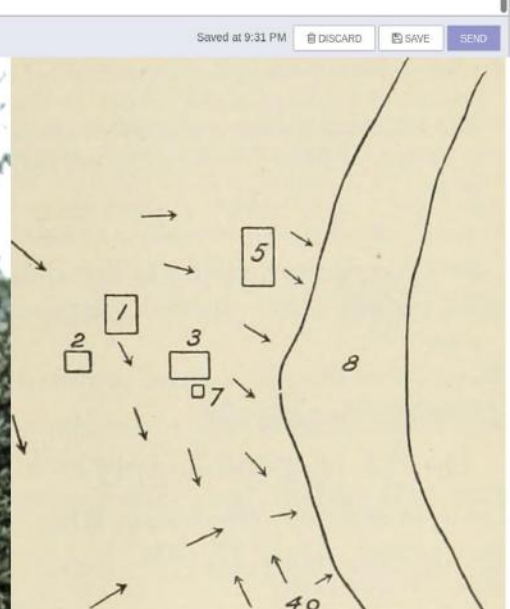
Sent with [ProtonMail](#) Secure Email.

Saved at 9:31 PM

DISCARD

SAVE

SEND





Here is a photograph of Kelvingrove Park in Glasgow, Scotland from earlier today. Kelvingrove is the number one male on male rape hotspot in Scotland and probably the world (bit of trivia for you). My girlfriend took it earlier today and sent me it, but I didn't really notice how good it was until now - which I feel kinda shitty about. Came across your post on 4chan by chance and thought perhaps shilling this image to your magazine might make amends? Normally in the past I just post her nice stuff on Reddit then send her the link later but it's social media so I've confined that to history. If it gets published I'll surprise her with a copy of it and who knows, maybe she'll get some more Glasgow based shots for you? She will be all for it, big into art, plays guitar, etc. Image was taken on a Huawei P30 (aka, a budget alternative to an iPhone 11). It's amazing how well these things come out.



If the park image doesn't do it for you, then here is some additional images of wild mushrooms in the woodland just off of Loch Ken that she took while we were camping.

An Unfair Contract ///



A *crimewave* floods the city, fills it to the edges. So many, oh so many *non-payers* these days. The seizure-man, or *seizer*, as his lot are called, S. Kazinsky could be considered just another hardworking salary man in these dark times. He works for a powerful cryptomagnate called Moroz. Cold as winter night and without a doubt a psychopath, all of them are, or atleast should be. The cities skylines are way, way far away in the foggy untrusful distance. Reaching for a pocket there he stood, in the black. Draped in a wintry rain with the violent gray-noise that the *before-folks* would've called sky, radiating up above him. *Wolves are howling and bitches growling through the night, oh mama feed them milk and make 'em right.*

In the nightly dark of here-and-there gas station a cigarette lights up despite the rain, despite the signs. "Sorry no smoke here" stood there in red, in Chinese English. None other than Kaz was on the smoke-stick's *benefiting* end.

He's contemplating his next move, at least a bit. He never did this for any of his clients, or did he? His heart's pumping with yet unknown substance, his eyes are scared, *this one's the last, I swear, then it's all beaches and piña coloda, in a blue glass as I like them.* He doubts himself, his life choices, as he always does, always will. Stuffs the payphone full of money, don't get interrupted now sonny. He begins to sing his suddenly prepared song of danger.

"I'm giving you a night call to tell you how I feel. We'll go all night long. I'm gonna drive you through the night, down the hills. I'm gonna tell you something you don't want to hear. I'm gonna show you where it's dark, but have no fear. I'm warning you, is all.

I'm giving you a night c-call to tell you how I f-feel, I am gonna give you a cold drive down the hills, I am gonna show you where it stops, but have no fear. You know what I mean?

Your life's in danger, don't you hear? You didn't pay your debts, y-you're *unclear*.

Run, run, it ain't no more a fun."

His voice shatters and runs away from the depth of the microphone, *why am I so sheepish, what happened? This one's different, I know her, from a time before, I know her "very well" fuck.... Am I sad enough? Not yet.... will I ever be?*

When he called her he broke out of character. He would've imploded on the spot if he kept that professional façade on one more minute. That cowboy west frontier smirk.

Oh, now you're a real human being, and a real hero, you think she will listen to you, you grimy fuck? She doesn't remember whose cock she blew last night, let alone you, a nobody, you were just a living corpse for her then, a cock sewn to a paying stomach, nothing more, never will be. Never will be.

Sometimes even a killer needs to let his feelings out. Not every *job* turned into a massacre though, sometimes his clients paid their debt in time, the smart contract vanished and they ended up with just a broken leg or two, jaw maybe. Was not this one's situation, she was year overdue on all her payments. *That means just one thing, and you know it. She didn't pay and never will, these kids got so much on their mind's yet they don't know how this world works, it's not the 2010's you pity flesh shells.*

Did she receive the call? I doubt it. Oh she did.

On the receiving end of the late-night payphone call stood now a little frightened (never did she let it be known), but nonetheless in good humor, an aristocratic trust fund kiddie daughter a druggie princess in these grimly times. Hosting her big house party in one of her daddy's villa. She was just in the middle of a networking drinking session, even these *scum-people* need to associate, now more than ever that the new lawmakers are going for their necks. *Hide your rats.*

She didn't take his threats seriously, why should she, in his new transparent dress, her areolas blasting through, ripe as a strawberry. She was the star of this party. So sexual, so not caring, fuck the world when we have all these drugs. The world can go shit on itself while we are young. You bet, cunt.

"Oh yeah? I told you, buddy, earlier already. I don't want your shitty lottery coupons or whatever the fuck you wanna sell me. Get lost." She said a little angry, misunderstood his whole message, the stupid girl.

He viewed her as somewhat beautiful still. He saw her through the payphone's digital screen, but he knew her already. Even though Kaz has his likings in the more lowbrow type of girls, whores, this one had really got to him then and did now. What a waste, he thought. Oh you just wanna be dominated by these Disney princess whores, don't ya?

"M-mhm" 's all he said back. You are a clown, do you have at least so much self-reflection to realize that?

She hung up the phone violently all of a sudden and Kaz stood there in the booth speechless, drenched in cold rain, fucked up in the head. Cigarette's all wet, you destroyed even that, your last hope in this world of dimming light, you junkhead.

She wouldn't listen, don't worry, the bitch deserves it, all of them did! She didn't recognize me from before in the phone, she didn't remember the fucking, better I forget her now, before the deed's done.

The gas station was his last stop, last wet stop before the clientless' house. Last stop before this night turned into bloody in-n-out type of situation. It's never pleasant, though he is trained and well-schooled by his way of life for these moments, he never could quite stand it. Something's always off. The rush of adrenaline, an outburst, the crying yell of bystanders, reverberating in the depths of his fractured mind. And remember, her parents are in tonight, enjoy yourself.

n the depth-shadowy grooves of the almighty blockchain there stood a written smart contract, a bounty on her head, in the event she stopped paying her dues, in the event she stopped caring about her life there stood a contract, made by her providful landlord or someone similar of course.

To the highest bidder, though in this situation the highest bidder was the one that already knew about these contracts, the collector. Provided, Kaz knew about them, that's what kept his bosses' bills paid, the whole damn business plan. "Don't pay, fade away" stood there on the metaphoric plaque up top over the boss' door.

Now you are known, your info's public, on the ledger, doxed and targeted. You are common fuckmeat for the quickest *gunslinger* out there missy.

He hasn't felt this much feelings in a long time, last time he felt even a speck of sentimentality was when his Vietnamese neighbours in the *chinatown* were having karaoke night *sessh*. He didn't actually understand the contents of the songs they sang, yet he felt the longing for their long lost home, the true color of longing in their voices melting through the doors and windows of their rented apartment just near him. He, drunk as ever wanted to join them in their cozy oriental homes, yet did not. *I am not like them, I am not like nobody.*

Alas, now's not the time to remember things of the past, now's the time to act, so he hung up the phone and angrily went to his car. Started the machine, the cigarette burn still present, then he went onward. *She didn't listen, neither did she then, you are nothing to her, an ashburn on her thighs and a trouble.*

Is my gun ready? Reloaded, cleaned and ready to shoot, kill. It is. He checked his old-school revolver, a killer's tool, yet even he, a relic of the past, must consider that it's pretty old. Not as automatic, the revolver has its charm. It stops a person's spark on the spot spending only one bullet, not needful of nine or fifteen like the modern toys. And makes a mess too....

Lungs burning and hand on the steering wheel, pedal to the metal he speeded his full metal car through the gas station's exit. It's just few blocks straight, he reminded himself, must have. Moon lighted his way into the blackest of nights, his worst one yet.

Arrival.

He's there, sitting in his limited car before her daddy's pricy house. He can hear the music of course, who couldn't, it's blasting on full volume. The neighbours sure aren't happy in this night hour, but what can they do? Daddy's a big dog in the politics.

Shivering fills his legs and then stretches into the spine and hands, head. He doesn't want to go, but he must. It's his destiny, he can't fail his boss, not after the last time he saved his ass from a sketchy situation. "A man without work is no man, and work such as this requires Men..." ... Is it time yet? Must I go?... She smelled so good.

The house vibrates, a party's on a full blast, what a shame he must kill it. The party's over kids, time to go home, sleep, tell your mother good morning and forget about this degenerate funny little adventure.

He steps out of the black car, smells of gas, straightening his leather jacket, adjusting his wet hair. Atleast the sweat gets smeared by the rain. Trying to light one more, last, cigarette in his cracked mouth. 1...2...3... strokes, it finally lights up. Burns the lungs just as nostalgically as ever.

Nervous, checking that the gun's loaded and positioned in his holster. Touches it. I am ready, the gun speaks to him, always does, or he dreams it at least, high as a kite.

Anxious, he snorted a line-worth of coke right out of the dosing flask, maybe more. It kicked him in the balls. Started him up, prepped as a bull about to fuck the cuckold's wife. The music pulsated through his pathetic little mind, it overloaded him, took care of him. He remembered those drunk parties he attended frequently in his Highschool days; the kids were always older than him, but dad wasn't home, not ever, so he just drank and drank, kissed and fucked.

Shouldn't be hard to get inside through the security. He shivers like a wet dog, but he must remind himself he's a professional, one of the best in this damned repo business. Two meatheads standing tall as mountains on the porch, he dispatches of them quickly, good ol' jaw knockin', and then opens the front door quietly, don't alert anyone inside.

What the fuck is wrong with me? He slaps himself a few times so as to wake himself up, coke's not enough to wake from this feelingful haze. Still shivering, now like a cat awaiting tonight's fucking from the Tom.

She's just another non-paying cunt, let's get this over with, break both her legs to bone mash and shoot her fucking head off you piece of shit. He thought about the effects of the uppers he was on the last few days, or was it love just now?

He stood before long stairs, under chandelier, a colonial one; what a nice taste she has, or her dad pays her to have. He went slowly through a long hallway, lined by pictures, mostly the old masters, she's perfect, daddy pays her to be.

Lead by voices and chattering, clinging of glasses and champagne being poured. Palms overhead him, in palm of his hand a gun loaded to kill a bitch. Now came the time, he kicked the doors into a colossal living room where the meeting took place.

*The camera was just behind him now, zooming on the face of today's lucky lady, twenty-something-years old coquette, then it panned all around the room quickly capturing the cowardly faces of these fake people spotting his gun. After that, the cameraman rapidly moved the lens' interest on his cocked gun and on the frightened faces of two bodyguards, they almost assuredly carried a piece, her dad paid them to as the script stated. Weapons hidden under their dark almost not-blue suits, hidden away by their raw doggish faces, were good for nothing now, like his daughter is. *

Shooting, blood and infernal cries of attenders. He unloaded four rounds totally just then, all of them hit the spinal, bulls-eye, dog's eyes. Both guards fell to the floor one with just a half of face missing, second's head was blown off whole. Brainsage spilling everywhere and the tapestry is getting pretty gory, blood's ruining the carpet and Picasso is getting cummed on by the squish.

Some nice miss collapsed with her face covered in brain and her lackey puked, high ranking people these are.

*The director is satisfied with this shot, he loves it, the director of lives. The director living in his fucked up doped mind. The shooter of these exquisite cinematographically perfect pictures. No need for retakes, let's roll. Camera, action. Fuck you EMILY (fucking interns), SHUT UP ALREADY AND GET ON YOUR MARK... Camera, action... *

The music got his hands steady, trembling, steady again. It made him happy, don't wanna be happy, he's down, up, now down again, his eyes are all colors. What to do, what to do? The killer's instinct is not there when he spots her.

His powerful six shooter just clicked after turning. He aimed it at her, aim is unsteady. Still got enough bullets to devastate this pretty daddy's princess to absolute shit creek, let daddy watch, call him.

Gasps for air and boots running panicked around the wooden floor, but not her, she stood there, calm like a cat. What the fuck is happening?

He was used to worse situations, bloodier ones with more brutal and dismembered corpses, yet this one scared him like none before. He raised the weapon and aimed it at her head, just then hesitated. Just shoot her and leg it you coward!

"Oh, it's you," were her disappointing last words before he unloaded two gruesome shots point blank in her belly first piercing her ovaries. The second shot went through her hip, shattering bone, it went out in the back and landed in escaping bystander's shrimp cocktail.

She squeaked and flew against a wooden wall with quite a force. He's sharper usually, but today the tremor got him crippled, he performed badly. She would've been dead by now, one in the head one in the heart, clean work, blood all around.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, botched fucking job, how in the fuck am I gonna get paid? Do you even expect to get paid after this circus? You still got two bullets left, do her in and collect her.

Often he would just blow the head off of the target and scan their ID chip, get paid by the smart contract on the blockchain automatically, but she wasn't dead yet, means no scanning and no payment. She went down fast though, lay there on the floor bleeding from her fruitful hip and belly.

Fainted, just barely alive, shit, still alive. Why can't these fucking people just pay their debts? He couldn't pull the trigger on her again, not when he saw her beautiful face once more. Aim it at her whorish head and blow her to pieces, nobody will ask questions, no one's here anymore.

By now the room was empty apart from two dead dogs and a bleeding cat. He holstered his weapon coked up as he was and kneeled by her, she breathed lightly. He picked her up in his hands. Felt her soft plushy ass and proceeded for the door. Now you must certainly kill her you perv, you don't wanna get her running around with memories like this. Shut up!

Kaz laid her down in his car's backseat and ran around to the driver's side. He panicked. What the fuck am I doing, am I d-doing, where's the nearest h-hospital? His onboard computer set the coordinates. That's miles away, c-can't make it.

He stepped on the pedal and his veteran roared, drifted, through the hazy night followed only by a foggy moon. Hold on tight baby, soon we'll be sipping drinks on Mexico's sunny beaches. He dreamed a plan for the both of them. Did you too dream up your kid's names already you fucking faggot?

Her eyes were rolling around the innards of his smelly car. A peculiar mix of alcohol intoxication and having your fucking cunt blown off by a hollow point magnum bullet filled the atmosphere. She saw purple flashing lights of streetlamps. Wind fluffed her raven hair, blood soaked deep into the leather seats.

A quick look in the back mirror, saw her twitching on the backseat, bleeding like a stock pig, fuck. He looked deeply in her eyes, so darkly blue, as ocean, as he called them before. She seemed somewhat conscious still.

Kaz just flashed back, microstepped to that first time he met her before, in a downtown bar, then the beastly fucking in that yellow motel, her blue eyes and sweated black hair, they fucked like animals the whole night, consumed one another. There was no love in it, that developed later, in him.

Room smelled like rotting tuna, like shit smeared on the sheets, farts in the air, cum on the wall, her dripping saliva on his unwashed balls. He never had a girl this clean, this young, rich. And she maybe had a fetish for bum's like him, for dangerous killers living paycheck to paycheck. But he liked it, it was real, somehow. The scars in his back, clawed in, felt real, salted and bleeding, just as she is now. Fuck you bitch, die already so I can get rid of your disease-ridden body. Party whore skank.

As fast as he went, nothing is faster than death when it comes to paying what you're due. He realized it too late and before he entered the city on the cross section of the rich people's district and the sub urbs he pulled a u-turn and went back, now to the side, onwards for the woods. She was dead already, her eyes were just now a noise of white filling with red, colors, fucking colors filling my car, who's gonna clean it? Did she just puke her guts out?

Light jazzy tunes played in his car, not entirely cognizing of the situation. That's a nice piece of meat you scored yourself tonight mate. Shut up.

He stopped the car, lights aimed at overgrowth. Stepped out, he reloaded his revolver first, old habit. Lighted up another cigarette, checked the watch, reading around three in the morning and then he just dumpped her on the side of the road. Like a fucking roadkill, that's more like you, you fucking psycho.

Full of regret and disgust he didn't even scan her ID chip to get the reward. Let the wolves have her, she's too good for my gray ass. Another transaction in the blockchain, just another transaction going void nothing more. That's what her life's worth to the system.

He then went back to the gas-pump owned by ma and pops, called his boss: "It's done." But he withheld the info that neither of them's gonna get paid. Fuck that greedy motherfucker, fuck them all.

An apartment is cold in these nights, even colder when it's devoid of human warmth. His always was. It's never too late for a drink, or too early in his line of work. He drank three quarters of strong boozy bourbon and passed out exhausted on the hardened concrete floor. Tomorrow's another day, another hustle. Day after day, drowning his human feelings for the benefit of professional effectiveness, or perhaps for the amazing ignorance of the world around him. What's done is done, it feels so bad. What once was happy now is dead. It all returns to nothing ...

ANONYMOUS /// An Unfair Contract

SILICA
GEL
THROWAWAY

"DO NOT EAT"

Dessicant

SILICA
Gel

EMBRACE TRADITION



&p

QQQquest

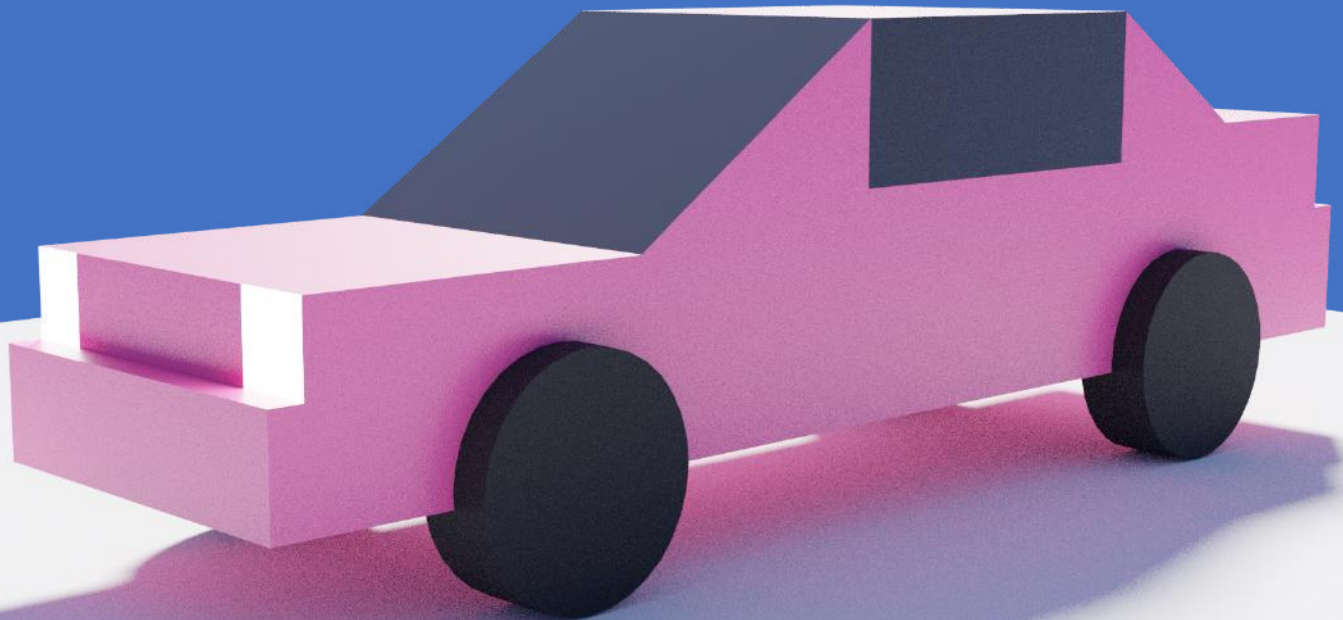
It was a real hotdog


of a Wednesday. You couldn't throw a stone without hitting a smiling face. The pharmacist is handing out water balloons and there's so much laughter going around you could make a hammock out of it. The Shriners are in the river, right down to their skivvies. The local law enforcement is having an arm wrestling match with the bowling team, loser buys hamburgers for the winner. Every cat & dog & hamster in town gets a taste of popsicle today. The red wagons are racing down the hill and the doughboys are raising up the flag. It's the kind of sunshine that...

"Harvey, you've got no momentum! Your zi-fi is going neglar" the Valinora twins say in unison. Harvey pays no mind to their attempt to interrupt the world. There are lollipops to lick and free hula-hoops at the General Store.

The Valinora twins and Harvey's mother and his teacher and his development engineer...they all live in space. They live on a colossal titanium cylinder that hurdles through the cosmos. They have concerns like relativity tremors, continuum meltdowns and many other abhorrent fatal conditions. There are many types of jobs on the cylinder; Harvey's father is a quantum deconstructionalist. He records and studies the formation of concave electrons in four dimensions. Millions of lives rely on his work. So Harvey Fenton found a world. It is a far better place.

The prom king & queen show up at the car wash on the shoulders of the football team, nickel in hand and grinning from ear to ear. You can hear good time rock 'n' roll on every radio dial in town, from the courthouse all the way to the kids dancing in the park. Old friends who saw each other yesterday are meeting on the sidewalk saying, "It's like I haven't seen you in a month full of Sundays! How's life you old so & so?"





Down at the malt shop, theres a crowd of teens playing hop scotch on pogo-sticks while ol' Denny puts a fresh soda pop in every hand. Its enough to tickle you pink. All of a sudden, you can hear a voice through a megaphone, coming from the middle of town. Everyone is trying to hear it, the voice sounds so proud and excited. People start making their way towards it and soon, they find that the Mayor is making a big flap in town square. One look and you can tell he's pulling out all the stops. "We'll have the whole country turning their heads" he says. "Right here in our little town, we are going to change the face of things. They'll have to grind up boots to make enough ink for all the newspapers they're going to print, and we'll be on the front page of every one of them! So everybody mark your calendars with a big red circle on next week's State Fair. Make sure the whole family is there, we don't want anybody to miss it. Hold all your questions, we want it to be a surprise and yes, little Timmy, your goldfish can come too!" Applause ensued, games of marbles resumed and before you knew it, news of the big day filled up the town like a tall glass of...

"The council recognizes Alfred Fenton. The floor is yours Dr. Fenton.""Ahem. Dignitaries of the Living Tribunal, Masters from the Academy of Measure, Brothers of New Pluto, Shogun of Seventh Tokyo, fellow men and women of Zenith 1; I bid you all warm welcome to this assembly. These are auspicious times we live in. The constant threat of a hyper-speed collision with inverted atoms has been abated due to a noble sacrifice by the Centurian Congress to abstain from the use of corrupted neon densities as fuel

Those who call Zenith 1 home, allow me to congratulate you on successfully splicing the human genome with a neutrino, forming what we're calling a photon-sapien.

For five hundred years, the force or being known as ARC-10 has left a nuclear graveyard in its wake; trillions have been neglared. Incredibly, the Celestials have discovered a method by which entire galaxies can be suspended in a geodesic net, allowing their polarity to be augmented to the point of Pandrolenthal Cohesion. It has neutralized ARC-10 in every encounter thus far.

Despite unpredictable, lethal variables arising from each hour of each day, survival has become an archaic notion. Neo-science has rendered time inconsequential, yet death remains inescapable. The inevitability of death is bested only by the inevitability of creation...which is why I stand before you now.

As part of my work with concave electrons, atoms are "flattened" in order to "stretch" them laterally. This reveals the atom's composition on a heleoscopic level. While an atom was in this state, I took the liberty to bombard it with mutated uranium particles. The result was a five spectrum transparency, rather than the previously established limit of four spectrums. I was incredulous. A discovery of this magnitude required sophisticated data to corroborate it. Immediately I began conducting an array of examinations. Upon running an electrical cryogenics scan, I was rewarded with the detection of sub-heleosopic matter.

I was alarmed at first. If my observations prove correct, they negate the principles on which neo-science is founded. I resolved to advance. Within a week, I was able to isolate the anomalies and thus able to complete a preliminary analysis of the anomaly's properties. One characteristic in particular is remarkable: They emit a signal. A nano-frequency. The most infinitesimal pulse of information imaginable. Furthermore, they are all saying the same thing: X marks the spot.

When filtered through a gamma compressor, one can observe a rudimentary numerical system within the signal. I superimposed the data on an interstellar map and followed the coordinates to a region of the universe previously thought to contain nothing but

astroid debris, millions of light years from any formed cosmic bodies.

Directions to one location in space are imprinted on every atom in the universe. My son and I depart tonight, to what could be the site of the Big Bang..."

"Step right up! Don't be shy, come on up here to make your friends hush and your girl blush! For heaven's sake, show us your muscle milkshake! Win a prize for your doll and to your doll you'll be a prize! Single file now folks, everybody gets a turn!" The carnies are in fine form, all down the midway, using every trick in the book to get a crowd. Speaking of tricks, the magician is looking grand, turning rabbits into cards, doing card tricks with no hands. A person's senses can get tied up in a big gorgeous knot trying to take it all in at once: you can hear all manner of bells and whistles, whirling joy and garrulousness; the aroma of cotton candy, grass and canvas tent filling your nostrils; the night sky lit up with poppers, spanglers, biffers and spazzlers.

Suddenly, beaming bright and strong through all the whimsy, is a spotlight on centre stage. The outline of a small sphere, resting on the top of a four legged table, is made visible by a white sheet. The flashing bulbs of the State Fair go dim and the music fades away. The Mayor strides up the stairs and onto the stage. He wears an expression of superlative wisdom, as he waits for all eyes and ears to follow the spotlight. Finally, he begins. "Ladies and gentleman! Children of all ages! Tonight, we take our place among the stars..."

"This is the final transmission from Dr. Alfred Fenton, aboard the Ulysses 7. At our current speed of twenty light years per millisecond, we will reach our destination in minutes. There are mental and physical phenomenons occurring. I am witnessing scar tissue on my forearm reverting into unmarred skin. The ship's controls are reacting to my thoughts. I... I can remember ... being born..."

"Folks there is something special about this town. I know you all feel it. There is something here worth remembering..."

"Everything is becoming translucent, as if all is evaporating. There is no doubt that we are not coming back from where we are going. Yet we are not afraid..."

"...what lies under this sheet is a way to keep our lovely little town just the way it is, forever. It is pure. It is perfect. Ladies and gentleman..."

"My son Harvey is looking at me...truly looking at me for the first time. The opacity in his eyes is gone...his face is beaming. He is happy! My son..."

"I give you..."

"Harvey!"

And then there was light.

Anonymous



I grew up in an urban area, and these days it's rare to hear about people who are planning to move to a rural one, especially when someone who grew up in the city wants to move to the countryside. I'm going to talk about my experience in the countryside, along with the reasons I ended up moving here.

the good

I love living here. The cost of living is much, much lower here. Life isn't hectic; it doesn't feel like everybody's in a hurry, which is something I can really appreciate as I can be more relaxed here. There's less stress, less traffic, shorter lines, and the people are friendlier. Life is more peaceful and quiet, even during the day. There's way less crime, the schools are better, and we have a more personal relationship with workers like teachers, local law enforcement, local government, etc.

I can leave my house and vehicles unlocked without worrying about someone stealing my belongings. Everybody is armed out here, so people avoid fucking with each other. There's a great access to outdoorsy activities like hunting, camping, fishing, etc. There's a lot of space for outdoor recreation, and there's no need to worry about crowds. It's less than an hour drive to the wilderness in which you will find, at most, a couple of people.

We all know each other, we help everyone out when they're in trouble, and it's easier to notice when something seems out of place—a smaller, closer community lets us look after each other.

It amazes me to be able to see a clear night sky. It amazes me to routinely see animals in my backyard that look like they escaped from a zoo. Now, some of the things that people in the city do perplex me: people are afraid of guns instead of being knowledgeable and experienced with them. It's sad to see how there's a huge amount of gun crimes in the city, as opposed to having a healthy respect for them.

Land is cheap, there's a lot of open space, and it's just easier to experience and appreciate life here. I have learned a lot of practical skills, and I've acquired a lot of real-life knowledge that people in the city are unable to. Living a rural life forces you to think and do more for yourself.

the bad

There is no "night life," there's not many social events aside from that you and your friends make for yourselves. It suits me well, but it'd probably be jarring for someone who's used to bars and nightclubs. The internet is horseshit. It takes forever to download things, and you will rarely, if ever, get a speed that surpasses 1 mbps. Living in a rural area means that you'll have to drive everywhere. I have to drive 15 minutes for groceries, an hour to the nearest city with shops worth visiting, and 30 minutes just to visit some of my friends.

Everyone drives extremely fast. 70 mph in a 55 mph zone is the norm. This is because everything is really far away, so people adapted and honed their reflexes by zooming through narrow, curving roads that would make a F1 racer shit himself.

You can frequently hear wolves and coyotes howling. Sometimes pets and cattle get hurt or killed, but the number of gun owners in the area means that wild animals usually have a healthy fear of humans. Deer are more dangerous because the imbeciles will jump in front of your car while you're going at 40 mph.

Rural life has its pros and cons. I originally moved here because I got kicked out from my home after my mom caught me fucking our housecat, and the land in the countryside was pretty cheap, which was perfect for starting a new life.

If you're curious, you can always schedule a vacation at a rural bed-and-breakfast or something. I think that even asking a casual acquaintance who lives in the countryside if you can live with them for a while could work; people are extremely hospitable around here.

I long for days when sunken faces melt
together like the seasons skipping by.
For rain to shatter every sombre self
Atop the only hills that touch the sky.

Would bark adjoin with only splintered hearts

And people fields with forest once again?

Can clouded throngs destroy with thunder's bark,
Forever summer's semblant foreign men?
I want for sudden winter's ice to come
And brighten days where sighing boys pretend
They don't deserve the wailing dark that culls
Them: Earth shall glisten like it should again.

The night will sink and melt its blackness long

Before the seasons finish skipping on.

■ Anonymous 12/19/20(Sat)20:00:42 No.17073210 ► [>>17073220](#) [>>17073276](#)

[>>17073166 \(You\)](#)

I remember the time a schizophrenic opened up his scrotum with a plastic knife and was walking around holding his testicle to show to other patients.

Went to surgery, came back to the unit, and ripped open his stitches, walked up to the nurses station, and said "Guess what I did again" laughing maniacally.

An Obituary for F Gardner

I remember downloading your book for free like it was literally yesterday. I'll never forget trying to labor through your awful prose, your terrible grammar, tense errors, comma murder. I could go on forever about how incompetent you are. I do when I'm alone thinking about you. Nobody will ever replace you. You really brought our whole community together. It was a privilege to disparage your name with all the anons in the threads dedicated to mocking your work. There were never times like the times we spent at your expense. I miss that. *Rent free* some say. Today is your eviction. Today we commit your memory to the bargain box of our collective past. Today is your day in the rain. I wish you were here to see how much you meant to us, to me. You're in a better place now, and believe me, so are we.

rip



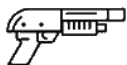
^{an} INTERVIEW

with Mark Marek, Owner of BestGore.com

When we were young, we thought we'd seen it all. I remember the first time I found any violence on the internet: *Chechclear*. I remember exposing my own mother to Nick Berg's beheading. She went to bed and fainted. I regret doing that. It probably traumatized me too but overtime my morbid fascination with violent images broadened and as my focus sharpened I sought out the worst of the worst while my friends cringed and leered over my shoulder. Stileproject, Rotten, Ogrish, BestGore. Traces of Death over Limewire. Grainy compilations to heavy metal. All the slowmotion glass jars and the football severed heads. All the autopsies and the car wrecks. From the cartels' revenge to the ISIS jihad. Dissected, digested, and dismantled every angle of nine eleven. I saw the gore. Sometimes it bothered me and sometimes it didn't. I'm sure I've had a few nightmares. I still get a sinister amusement whenever Funkytown comes on while I'm driving or shopping. I don't really seek out the gore anymore. It does turn me a little bit. Sometimes really late at night for some reason when I can't get to sleep I will seek out live immolations. I have no idea why. Maybe I subconsciously secure my own safety by watching others in peril. The most recent video I saw was Ronnie McNutt. Conditioning myself to violence over the course of my ongoing exposure to violent images has tempered my sensibility to a grim aesthetic, I identify motifs, themes. I appreciate the artistic value of the video's composition. I reflect on the pain and the fear and the life at once lived and lost and I consider my own mortality against those for whom life likely ended with a camera in their face. We thought we'd seen it all.

In 2019, Netflix attempted to tell the story of Luka Magnotta through the lens of social media cat sleuths and reddit rabbit holes. The twist was fun enough but the film did breeze over some fundamental considerations, chiefly that the sleuths who were hunting the killer had used one website as the primary source for their investigative material. Similarly omitted is the revelation that the owner of that website was officially condemned and sentenced for corrupting public morals for having posted the video that led the sleuths to a now very public moral victory.

It hardly matters. Netflix' propaganda serves a spectrum of truth. It can swing as wildly as from their films covering Epstein to their films covering snow leopards. They have fun. Anonymous sat down with the owner of the recently shuttered BestGore.com to talk 2021.



Anonymous:
How are you? How is your Christmas, your family, your life? How are you enjoying the apocalypse?

MM:
I've been amazing lately, and it's only compounded by the fact that I got to spend the Christmas season with people I have not been with on Christmas for years. So I am savoring every moment to the fullest. As for the apocalypse, I have been preparing for the worst case scenario since before the Magnotta fiasco and feel quite ready to take whatever is thrown at me.

Anonymous:
How is your daily livelihood? Are you still able to earn money on the internet?

MM:
I spent too many endless years on the internet before calling it quits earlier this year and wish I would have done it longer time ago.

My primary focus right now is gardening, wild edibles foraging and random commerce by way of exchange. Some remnants of internet revenue still remain in place, but they are not my primary focus at this time.

Anonymous:
Were you ever able to actually make any good money from bestgore? Has being associated with the website helped or hindered your career?

MM:
Best Gore was an active website for 12+ years. For most of its life, it was ads free, so it cost me more than it earned (even discounting time invested to run it). More recently, I put some ads up on it, but reduced them to just banner ads in non prominent parts of the site, and disabled them for logged in users. Still, because the popularity of the site really picked up in its last few years, these ads generated more revenue than the costs associated with running the website.

Nevertheless, I have never delved too deeply into revenue generation with the site, and as such I've never utilized more effective advertising methods known for delivering higher yields, ie pop unders, in-line ads, video pre-rolls, social bars, etc.

In terms of career choices, my offline endeavors thus far have run independently of whatever happens online, so I have experienced neither hindrance nor advances in my career as a result of the involvement with Best Gore.

Anonymous:
Have you ever spoken with intelligence agents or been privilege to high stakes scenarios?

MM:
No.

Anonymous:

One of the best places to find uncensored violent content now are imageboards and social media. Does any of this surprise you, that censorship is actually increasing as opposed to decreasing, that Facebook has taken the place of the internet shock site?

MM:

In all honesty, I have never had a Facebook account and never will. Likewise, I have never utilized Facebook so I have no idea what goes on there. As such I don't feel competent to comment on its place as the internet shock site. I am however not surprised by the out of control censorship of people generated content on the internet in general. Aware and informed populace has been a thorn in the side of the powers that be for a long time.

While the internet has given massive power to the hands of the controllers and has afforded them the ability to profile and monitor the activities of the plebs, it has also brought a lot of awareness on taboo topics to a lot of people. For example, it is thanks to the internet that so many people became aware of the fact that prior to the COVID-19 pandemic, the holocaust was the greatest hoax of all time. The almost perfect execution of the greatest lie ever told turned into a complete nightmare for the planners of the hoax because the information that had been suppressed about it got shared all over the internet and not even the vast armies of paid Hasbara shills could stop it. In other words, no amount of money could match the power of the people willing to spread the truth out of the pure goodness of their hearts, without getting paid for it.

Anonymous:

Do you have any predictions on the subjects of censorship or publishing in the context of future society?

MM:

Twitter became one of the most popular websites quite literally out of the blue. That's not a coincidence. The orchestrated effort to funnel all internet users into a small number of well controlled large enterprises has been obvious to everyone willing to live with their eyes open for years.

One day, all mainstream media talking heads began injecting their reports with lines prompting the people to like them on Facebook, follow them on Twitter and subscribe to their YouTube channel... They've brainwashed the public with it until much of the population has invested so much time building up their presence on these controlled sites, that it would be near impossible for them to quit. It also engaged the populace enough to leave them with no time to reasonably explore viable alternatives. That was the important step in controlling the narrative.

All these large enterprises started with little censorship, so people had no reason to remain suspicious, but once large enough section of the population was completely locked in on them, that's when the control of the narrative truly kicked in. Old habits die hard, so after years of keeping the public on these sites, the people have been less likely to go elsewhere so now they can also control what information is available to the large segment of the internet users.

It was a crafty plan, which had to start with hardly any censorship, but that's expected since the orchestrators are the same people who've orchestrated every major war in the past several centuries, tricking people into killing one another over made up stuff, and planned every major event that impacted the people's lives over the years.

So needless to say we are dealing with skilled tricksters with lots of experience brainwashing the public to carry out unspeakable acts and even come out of them all as victims. As such, the predictions on the future of society may not seem the brightest, but I think we may be near, or even past the point of the aware outnumbering the sheeple. The aware are the silent majority, and the level of awareness they hold is unlike any in history. Once this silent majority speaks up, the bleat of the useful idiots will drown in the mighty roar of the free man. The enemy, in my opinion, is well aware of it and it scares the holy anus out of him. That may be why he's turning the heat up more than usual despite knowing full well the boiling frog effect is the only reason why his plans had been successful thus far. The moment the free man gets to feel too much heat, he will rise up and trigger the ripple effect with the fellow free men and we could witness revolution the world has not yet experienced.

Anonymous:

What did you think about the Netflix documentary regarding Magnotta?

MM:

I'm not sure I know which one we're talking about. I have never had a Netflix subscription so unless it's something I may have come across on the internet, I may not have seen it. Fact of a matter is, I have not followed up on Magnotta since my escape from Canada back in 2016.

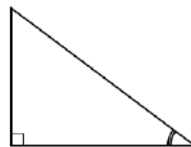
Anonymous:

How was serving out your punishment for corrupting Canadian morals? Do you feel that your sentence was justified and that you were rehabilitated?

MM:

"Rehabilitated? To me it's just a made up word; a politician's word. So young fellas like yourself can wear a suit, and tie, and have a job." Remember that one? You probably lead me up to that one, didn't you :o)

I'm not the first and will not be the last victim of persecution under the guise of "protecting morals". As far back as 399 BC, Greek philosopher Socrates was charged with "corrupting the youth." Unlike Socrates, I got out of my phoney persecution alive and lived up the last days of my website, ending it on my own terms. And what profound and enriching experience that was. I would not swap that for anything. I'm not sure that's quite the degree of "rehabilitation" my persecutors had hoped for.



Mark



One face looks out from all his bookcases,
One selfsame figure stands, trapped in a box.
We found it hidden, moving on a screen;
That mirror gave back none of its features.
A knight in armour or in crossover dress,
A nameless extra belov'd by fans,
A Jesus, a dog; - every figure beams
The same one meaning, neither more nor less.
And it with false black eyes looks back on him
Far as the moon and severed from light:
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
Not as it was, but is now long become;
Not as it is, but as it fills his room.



>>post-modernism

In order to be able to fully comprehend the nature of post-modernism, one must, first and foremost, understand the cultural tendencies behind its genesis. Appeal to meta, inter- and pantextualism, avid usage of (post-)irony and reminiscence, conceptualisation of space and other structural devices which Post-Modernism is notorious for, though important, still remain optional and far from omnipresent. In essence, they all were products of a need to find new ways of artistic expression of the core concept of Post-Modernism as a whole - the concept of deconstruction. It came around as a reaction of post-WWII artists to the grand narratives of Modernism, namely Communism and Fascism, which were attempting to reevaluate and reconstruct the then-contemporary status quo, i.e. the dominance of bourgeois values in all spheres of human life. At the time, almost all cultural figures which bore any major significance were radicalized in favor of one side or another. However, since both narratives failed to succeed in the little time they were given and, furthermore, resulted in massive massacres, the following generation of artists rejected the aforementioned narratives firts, and then all attempts to manifest any original and daring idea in art in general, which was possible thanks to reductionist hermeneutics, ironically inspired by Modernist philosophers, and its precise deviation - Deconstructivism. It aimed directly at the prime cause, whatever it might be, of the outspoken and then epicly BTFOed the former via some mental machinations. This applies to every stance on anything that is deemed imporant, leading to a disproportional presence of play element, focus on unnecessary details and parody in Post-Modern literary works. Certainly, there is much more to it, but for the sake of brevity and conciseness, for now I will restrict myself to just this general observation.

Knowing this, one may easily realize that there are a lot of similar tendencies in most 4chan's users posting style. Currently wide-spread shitposting and indulging in post-irony are the most common instances that immediately come to mind, but, in fact, there had been older examples throughout the whole history of 4chan as well. The deconstruction of any narrative that tries to be serious can be traced back to the time when people composed the Rules of /b/, and even though the old userbase of 4chan was definitely more sincere than the modern one, people would still frequently mock all kinds of things and values, especially those that are upheld by modern society (for one, CP used to be much more common), because even then the core userbase was made up of edgy teens and social rejects. And although as the time went on, 4chan acquired a more ideology-based, biased, at times even moralfag-ish attitude, (much like the rest of the Internet) it could never prevail 4chan's "nothing's sacred" roots. The more srs bznz 4chan became, the more intense shitposting (which historically was shunned) got, even to such an extent that now the shitposting-sincerity dichotomy managed to be accepted by a large part of 4chan's userbase, and the quality of a board is judged by its alignment to either of the sides, and is considered higher the more extreme it is, again, with pertaining to either of both opposing characteristics. And, just like deconstruction found its way of expression in Post-Modernism via certain structural and artistic devices, so did it on 4chan. First of all, anonymity, one of the main attractions of the site, allows users to interpret each other's posts freely in the same fashion as Bart's concept of author's death allows philologists to interpret texts without paying any attention to the author's original intentions, which smears the borders of perception of seriousness and makes 4chan users constantly wonder if the person they are replying to isn't a mere troll.

>>59920

Holy fuck

>>59920

Cringe b

>>59920

Based b

>>59920

Crinfe

>>59920

Cringe

>>59920

Cringe a

>>59920

Holy fuck

>>59920

>>59920

Bases

>>59920

Based

>>59920

Cringe

>>59921

>>59921

Cronge

>>59921

Crinfe

>>59921

Cringe

>>59921

Cringe

>>59921

Ding-Do

>>59921

Based

>>59927

Based

>>59927

Ding-Do

Moreover, in case of 4chan anonymity is polyfunctional, as besides making free interpretation possible it also lets users post without having to worry about their public image, which leads us to the problem of process of socialization on 4chan. As has been mentioned, socialization on 4chan doesn't happen through direct interaction since all users excluding name- and tripfaggots are depersonalized, but rather through fitting in a cultural environment. The difference between cultural assimilation irl and on 4chan is that in the case of the former one must demonstrate their acceptance of particular norms and values, whereas in the case of the latter one can simply express some sort of cultural code, knowledge of which highlights their belonging to the community of 4chan. And this cultural code, also aka as irrelevant catchphrases or cypasta and maymays, additionally executes the same function as reminiscence and repetitiveness in Post-Modern novels. A lot of users prefer to just reply to a post with "sex with X" or "cope" or with an old ass pasta rather than composing a reply that expresses poster's thoughts in an original way, resulting in the cycle of semantic deconstructions of some aspects of the cultural code (for instance, "based" was initially used in the same way as Lil B had intended, then - with the focus on the uncaringness, and right now many people just use it as an equivalent of upvote). And memes in particular also bear the function similar to intertextualism, because unlike simple catchphrases, acceptance and meaning of which may vary from board to board, memes are usually more universal within the confines of the board they are recognised on and are used to make references to particular events, people and other important cultural staples. Though it would be unfair to deny them any semantic fluidity at all, the aspect of being a reference still remains unchanged. It is also worth mentioning that due to the nature of 4chan, memes, pastas and other fads are supposed to be comical, and in a combination with them being an essential part of a conversation on 4chan, they encourage carnivalesque element as well as resentment of seriousness even further. People start to view even things they like through the prism of memeing (see: madoka fandom baiting ACK and making all the meguca memes, or /lit/ memeing Stirner), which, secures the dominance of post-irony. In fact, almost all things 4chan users do can be reduced to being post-ironic. Even faggot greentexts on /r9k/ or schizo rambles on /pol/ may be viewed as parodies of themselves at this point. Finally, meta narrative is present too, in the form of an existing meta board, which still remains one even in spite of some groups of users trying to change this fact, and crossborder memes.

Thus, I have briefly illustrated some similarities between 4chan and Post-Modern cultures, and there are many more to be noticed by users on their own. But one must keep in mind the fact that despite them all, 4chan is definitely NOT a product of Post-Modernism: unlike the latter, which pertains to maintaining the status quo because of uncertainty it creates, the former goes in collective nihilism of 4chan users as far as denying everything at once. I would like to imagine that 4chan culture is some sort of outline of Post-Post-Modernism, i.e. Post-Modernism that has reached the point of rejecting itself.

Based!



6 thoughts



1

A pill that eliminates the need for sleep – I’m not talking about meth. I’m talking about a pill or a treatment that alters your DNA so that the need for sleep is just eliminated. You might feel a little tired, but then you can sit in a recliner and read a book for 30 minutes or soak in a hot bath, and then feel refreshed enough to keep going. I hear folks talk about a way to stop aging or curing cancer. Fuck that shit. Never sleeping is the game changer because everyone would have to have it. Imagine you are in job where one of your co-workers doesn’t have to sleep. They come to work early, send emails in the middle of the night, work all hours, and still have the energy for their friends and family. How can you compete with that? You would need whatever they were on. The more I think about this, the more I think this pill would be a massive economic boom for the whole world. People are driving at all hours of the night, wearing down the roads, wearing down their cars, there would have to be good TV shows on all the time, sporting events would have to occur all the time, and so. There would be no cyclical routine to our day, it would just go. And back to the acceptance rate. It would be exponential exponential. All it takes is one guy taking it, and then in 6 months the whole world would be on it. You couldn’t be left behind. You couldn’t be one of the few people left in “zombie sleep” land wasting away a third of your life while the idiot next neighbor works 3 jobs. The economic effects are mind boggling. Keep your eyes open for drug and healthcare companies that may be developing this. I haven’t heard of anything close to this except that stuff DARPA developed during Desert Storm, but I think that was some type of THC/amphetamine mix for soldiers.

2

Bring back Pontiac – When will we know the economy is really good? When General Motors reintroduces Pontiac that’s when we will be pushing through the economic stratosphere. I remember when the Concord was retired and I thought that really sucked. Why can’t the elite business travelers boom around faster than sound and rattle the windows of the little people below? Right now I know of one company that is working on bringing back supersonic commercial flight and I think that is tits. The return of Pontiac is really going to be what knocks your fucking head off. The Firebird and Trans Am will be soaking panties and driving the local Five-O mad. But here is the kicker: those badass handle bar mustache muscle cars will return: fully fucking: electric. That’s right, space age electric high tech Pontiacs! Fucking Knight Rider! Kit lives! Bring back the Hoff! Real voice commands, touch screens, self-driving, infrared, satellite radar guided sexiness. You’ll be power-sliding a cloud of smoke and waving your cowboy hat out the window at some nerd while he masturbates to Elon Musk tweets in his Tesla waiting for road service to give him an emergency charge.

3

Harvey Weinstein Rape Scandal Biopic Rape Scandal – Okay. Follow me on this one. So Harvey Weinstein allegedly had sex/raped a bunch of Hollywood starlets, abused his power, and was a total monster, allegedly. I get that. I think it is obvious that a scandal that compelling would make a great movie #metoo. I think it would be a great way for Hollywood to show it is working on its problem of equality and give women actors the same respect as men. However, in order to make this movie, you are going to have to audition a lot of women. You are going to have to audition a lot of women who are going to play the part of women who are going to be sexually and psychologically abused. Do you see where this is going? Some sleazy Hollywood guys are going to have a golden opportunity to sexually abuse hundreds of women and say it was “acting”. After the movie is released and wins all the Oscars, hundreds of women are going to come out and say, “I was raped by the director!” And the director will say, “No it was acting! We were having an audition!” If they are good actors, you won’t be able to tell real rape from acting rape. Someone is going to greenlight this movie and lives will be ruined. Keep an eye open for this one.

4

The Truth at Roswell – Here are some thoughts from a historical perspective. I can remember growing up and watching the Sci-Fi channel on Saturday mornings to see shows talking about Roswell, NM. Fucking A. The aliens had crossed the galaxy with technology beyond our wildest dreams, but for some reason they decided to manually park their flying saucer instead of letting the autopilot plant it on the White House lawn. Then the g-men showed up, recovered the bodies, and told everyone it was a weather balloon. Then somehow in the 90s a grainy video tape of 4 seconds of an alien autopsy managed to be released to the public! What are they hiding? The truth is out there! Bullshit? Yeah, but in a different way. Apparently there is a known technique that bullshit artists do involving an event that is around 30 years old. The Roswell incident was in 1947; a minor story in the local newspaper, and that was it. Some douche digs it up, interviews some locals with leading questions, and then writes a book. A couple of new age nutbars read the book and now a nothing town in New Mexico is famous for aliens. It will be interesting if we see some bullshit like this perpetuated in our time. Here is the last bit on Roswell. The newspaper article in 1947 said it was a weather balloon that crashed and the nutbars say it was aliens. According to a Freedom of Information Act request, it wasn’t a weather balloon or aliens. It was a high altitude Geiger counter used for measuring radiation in the atmosphere. I know our government told us they weren’t doing atomic bomb testing in the atmosphere, but they were and this was a device used to see how many of the locals might die in 30 years of cancer because they lived a little too close to Uncle Sam’s nuclear playground.

5

The Last Generation – I often raise an eyebrow when the Masters of the Universe Silicon Valley pricks talk about the downsides of artificial intelligence (AI) and automation. The big threat I hear is “The machines are going to take away all the jobs and there will be civil unrest, and then we will have to have universal basic income!” I think that is a bunch of bullshit. The economy needs AI/automation because we don’t have enough people. In the brief time I’ve been working I have always seen a need for people at all levels of whatever organization where ever I have been. Most jobs are bullshit too. “Showing up is half the job,” that is not just a funny expression. It is truth. Most jobs require little creativity and quickly become routine. AI is going to be perfect because we are approaching the last generation. 20 years from now our society is going to be a lot less people based. In fact the idea of a real person, a physical person in the real world will be thought of the same as their digital footprint. I’m against this idea. That’s why I’m Vic Simmons on the internet to preserve Chris Guida. Physical and digital will be one in the same. The well to do Western world is not having enough kids. Mine will be the last. They will be the last flesh generation. Then time will stop.

5.1 Digital Life – Did you ever think about taking all your emails, Facebook posts, twitters (?), Instagram posts, phone location data, and feeding it into a big algorithm that could replicate your “output”? You are your preferences.

5.2 In the Age of the Master Persuaders – Mind your mind. One day you are going to be eating a bucket of fried seagull and you won’t even question it.

6

Marriage Thoughts – Being married is a real hoot. There is a woman cooking me dinner and washing my clothes who isn’t my mom. I love having her around to say the most insane thoughts to her,

“Hey babe, can you play ‘Pomp and Circumstance’ at my funeral? It will be like ‘he graduated from life’.”

“No!” “Can you boil me down to a big pot of sausage gravy and serve me to our friends and family at my funeral?”

“No!”

I like to fix things for my wife. She had this big ass adjustable wrench that was rusted shut. I fixed that sonnovabitch no problem.

I like keeping her busy with the jigsaw puzzle that is yours truly. One night we were eating dinner and our table is near a window in our kitchen. We are sitting there eating when a fly starts buzzing against the window trying to get out. I’m closest to the window so I pull open the blinds and sure enough there is a house fly buzzing against the glass. My wife says “Do you want a pair of chopsticks to catch him?” I calmly reply “No, I got him.” Then I slowly moved my hand in and picked the fly off the glass with my thumb and forefinger. I held him up for my wife to see he was still alive, then I opened the kitchen door, and let him fly away. When I sat back down my wife was just staring at me and said “I can’t believe that just happened.” I told her “I am the lord of flies”. A few nights later, she was watching TV and I was working at my desk which is also in the living room when another fly was buzzing around. He landed on my lamp, and I reached out and picked him up. My wife watched as I did this. “Honey look, I caught another one!” “You’re freaking me out with these flies!” “I told you, I am the lord of flies”. When you are single and you pick up flies, you feel like Renfield. When you are married and you catch flies, you are motherfucking Dracula.



Clinical features of schizoid personality disorder^[34]

Overt features

■ Mutt god 12/17/20(Thu)23:17:04 No.58929381 ▶

>>58929284 (OP)
Mutt God's 3 a week

AxBxAxxBxAxBxx

A:
Bench press 2x5, 1x5+
Barbell Rows 2x5, 1x5+
Curls 2x10-12
Shrugs 3x10
Neck 2x12

B:
Press 2x5, 1x5+
Weighted chinup 2x6-8
Tricep extensions 2x10-12
Box Squats/front squats 2x5, 1x5+
Neck 2x12

*+ means AMRAP
*if you hit 10 reps on the amrap, do 5-10lbs on the next workout day
*add 5lbs-10lbs each week
*you can switch any of these exercises with others hitting the same body part(s), for example I only really do box squats and quarter squats and front squats due to a meniscus injury

■ Anonymous 12/17/20(Thu)23:47:14 No.58929531 ▶

>>58929284 (OP)

The no-gym covid calisthenics workout
All sets to failure, or to 30.

Upper:
Pull ups 3x
Decline pushup 3x
Bodyweight rows 2x
Pike pushups 2x
Self resisted curls 2x
Diamond pushup 2x

Lower:
Lunges 3x
One leg squat 3x
Bodyweight leg curls 2x
Calf raises 4x
Dragon flags 4x

■ Anonymous 12/18/20(Fri)01:51:58 No.58930352 ▶

>>58930312 (You)

Dips and pullups can still get you there but you'll have to be serious about them.

If you don't have access to a gym, a pair of rings and some bands are the best cost-efficient investment. You'll have to be a bit creative for legs, but it's possible.

Also forgot to mention. Yes you are a faggot for not caring about strength, but everyone starts out this way more or less, you'll see the error of your ways in due time.

■ Anonymous 12/18/20(Fri)01:54:11 No.58930369 ▶

>>58930342

Basically: by hitting every muscle group once every forty eight hours, I can comfortably eat an extra 500 kcal because my bmr is constantly jacked. And, well, I love food

■ Anonymous 12/18/20(Fri)01:51:05 No.58930342 ▶ >>58930369

I will spend 20-40 minutes in the gym proper, this will either be committed to boxing, or supplementary exercises, everything strength training focusing on power, endurance, and hypertrophy (in order of priority). Ideally it's 20 minutes on weights, 20 minutes on the bags.

I do this 4 days a week, upper, lower, recovery, upper, lower.

After the gym I'll do sauna and cold plunge to rest while maintaining a high metabolic rate. It also aids in recovery. Then, if I have time, I'll go for a swim.

Wednesdays are purely sauna/cold plunge/swim, no strength but I might do sit ups between laps.

Weekends are for basketball.

Leangains Mass gain routine

Squat + Chin up

Bench + BB row

Squat + press

Bench + BB row

Deadlift + press

Rest

Rest

4-5 sets RPT training, add 1-2 exercises for arms or calves

• exquisitely sensitive

• deeply interested about others

• hungry for love

• envious of others' sportiness

• intensely needy of involvement with others

• capable of excitement with carefully selected stimuli

• weak ethnic affiliation

• usually capable of steady work

• quite creative and may make unique and original contributions

• capable of passionate endurance in certain activities

• secret, idiosyncratic interests

• vulnerable to erotomania

• tendency towards compulsive perversion

• moral unevenness

• occasionally strikingly amoral and vulnerable

• fluctuations between sharp contact with reality and withdrawal

• autocentric use of language

Why do bad things happen to good people?

It's a funny thing to say when you spill your drink, but some people legitimately ask. Fallibility of the question itself aside, I say, that if bad things didn't happen to good people, they wouldn't be good people, just people. Let me explain.

Only true sacrifice and loss separates altruistic from selfish, good from bad. First we need to define some terms. Good and bad aren't my terms of choice, so I'll specify. If we let good mean ethical and ethical mean altruistic then we can get cooking. Bad then meaning unethical, ergo selfish. If you can accept this, then you accept my thesis: It's not in one's self interest be good. People are selfish, and if they're selfish in the right way they're better off.

I have three reasons for this:

Firstly, if you're better off good, if it's good to be good, it's not a moral matter. Let's say being good gets you to heaven, or grants you karmic benefit. It's no longer a matter of selfish vs. altruistic, but more short-term vs. long-term benefit. If Satan himself were promised heaven, he'd do whatever he needed to get it, meaning he'd be "good", although still not fundamentally different.

Secondly if we're just speaking terrestrially. Religious beliefs aside, selfish behavior can be done in a way that's more fruitful than altruistic behavior. The people who work for polluting corporations sleep well at night knowing that they're filling a pre-existing market demand, if they didn't pollute, another organization would fill that demand and pollute in their place. The consumers sleep well because the idea of gas consumption is so abstract and low on their list of moral imperatives. Morality is most certainly a choice, and if you choose otherwise, that's completely fine.

I'd like to specify when I talk about selfishness or bad behavior I don't mean any kind that is bad for the actor of said qualities, that'd just be an unwise actor. If one doesn't stand in one's way and commits all the acts of courtesy and discretion that is required for social acceptance, there's still plenty of room for selfishness and amorality, just not the kind that pisses people off enough that can do anything about it to a sufficient effect.

Your Judgment is Worthless

Our altruistic urges are just urges. They're phycological spur of the moment sort of things and completely emotional most of the time. Sometimes they're big picture and calculated, principles or grand endeavors, but even these things are at some point devised, and although the means by which we execute these are very logical and require much thought, the original intent, the thought, "oh I suddenly feel compelled by third world suffering" are emotional. They usually come in response to seeing something compelling in just the sort of way advertising is compelling. Maybe a documentary, maybe a homeless person on the street. You must somehow bring your mind to think in some sort of way, "that person's suffering is my suffering". In order to be moral we have to convince ourselves that it's in our best interest. We must believe that's really the most effective way to be selfish, that morality is selfishness's best form.



I make this point to urge people not to seek reprisal in judgement, to not be indignant in hopes of recognition of your decency, to not perceive fundamental differences from perceived bad actors. Don't spin your wheels in place with only the knowledge of your moral highness to comfort you. Not only so you can have empathy for those you deem evil, but so you don't get lost in obsession of transgressions against you, and continue to move forward. Do not be angry, it's only a game.

THE IOWA COCK- ASS 2016, 2020, AND BEYOND

(7:01PM 2/5/2016 listening to Type O Negative's
"Bloody Kisses")

On the day of the 2016 Iowa Cockass, I was literally shitting blood. The day before I was driving back from Chicago after seeing Defeated Sanity. On the drive my staying awake food was half a bag of cheese curds and a bag of sunflower seeds. I know what you are thinking, "What kind of supple virgin sphincter does this guy have?" and I would think the same thing, but here's the kicker: when I eat sunflower seeds, I eat the shell too. Yeah... I never learned to spit the shells out! I remember eating sunflower seeds for the first time during little league in Florida, and watching people spitting out the seeds, but I could never figure out how they were doing that. It just seemed easier to chew the shell and eat the whole thing. So, the morning of the caucus and getting ready for work I had a colon full of calcium incased woodchips.

Regrets, I have a few...

That afternoon I left work a little early and headed for my caucus location. I'll admit I was

pretty excited. I grew up in the D.C. area and the Iowa caucus was always hyped up so much it was all people talked about. It was surreal to think the whole nation would be waiting for the results to kickoff the presidential election season and I would get to be part of that. I made my way through to traffic to North Davenport and stopped at a McDonald's for dinner.

FUCK YOU I'LL EAT WHATEVER I GODDAMN WHAT
MOTHERFUCKERSSS!!!!

They had TV's in there set to CNN which made me feel like I was in an airport. The McNuggets were superb as always. I really don't understand how they are "rabbit" shaped, but you got to love their ability to control their product quality. There was a woman wearing a really cool Packer's jacket. It was black leather. I thought that was different. I also got to witness communism in action when a guy with a Bernie Sanders button accidentally took someone else's order. He gave it back and apologized, but I started laughing like a madman and mumbling to myself "My God he hasn't even gotten the nomination and already they are confiscating private property!"

THAT'S FUNNY DAMNIT!!!

I drove over to my location which was West High School and just a fucking pathetic name for a high school.

"What should we name the new high school we spent all this money on? How about a President? Governor? Mayor? Scientist? Explorer? Astronaut? Celebrity? Animal? Mineral? Vegetable?"

"Well, it's West of the other high school, we'll call it West High School durrrrrrh"

"Brilliant"

I found the classroom I was supposed to be in and stopped and to take a piss. There were 10 urinals in that boy's room. That's eight more urinals than there are in the entire Quad Cities International Fucking Airport. This is an airport where the CEOs of Alcoa and John Deere have passed through and this shitty run down high school with a fake name is better equipped to catch urine from penises than it. So I get back to the classroom where the caucus is to take place and I check in with the dude with the clipboard. He had a watch that could have been worth over \$300,000 or maybe \$9.99 at CVS. Initially, there were 4 other caucus folks in the room. Two needle dick blazer wearing crotch stains and two good looking young women. I realized I had never banged a conservative broad. These girls looked real top shelf and even with my work clothes on, I still looked like I had a bomb strapped to my chest or was about to fight someone for a sandwich. What strange lives we live. The classroom took me back to high school, which made me want to shoot some people or at least hack their Myspace accounts. Eventually over 50 people and even some little kids Mexi-packed it into our classroom (which was a Spanish classroom so 'Mexi-pack' is politically correct you dicks). The dude with the clipboard had told us that anyone could speak for a candidate and give a little pitch. I was all "Hell yeah I'll stand with Rand and give a speech!" Then after that we would vote and they would count the ballots.

Here are the candidates that had someone say something nice for them:

1. Carly Fiorina had some Army Vet say some nice things about her. It was real grassroots. I only knew he was a Vet because I overheard him say it to someone else.

2. Ted Cruz had one of the blazer wearing needle dicks who wishes he got that White House internship read a fucking piece of paper speech. Turd.

3. I stood up for Rand Paul and told everyone about the white collar welfare system that is Northern Virginia and Southern Maryland. I also looked right at the Cruz blowhard and told him that a wall on the Southern border isn't necessary because 95% of it is secured and they are securing the remainder of the Rio Grande Valley as we speak. We just need to enforce the law, like Mexico does. I was pretty nervous and I wasn't exactly looking dressed for the prom. I was relieved when I finished talking and didn't trigger the Vet's PTSD.

4. Marco Rubio sent in a jack bootied thug from Detroit to scare us into believing he is the only one who could unite the Republican Party and take back the White House. He may have looked like a 50-something year old grey haired man with a navy blue pullover sweater, but I could smell the Zyklon-B on him.

5. Lastly, the living embodiment of white American male alienation (I know what that looks like because I also fall into that demographic) spoke some very humble, but honestly really touching words about what he thought about Donald Trump. It was kind of intense and I am glad I could witness that. You won't see that shit on the news.

Then we voted. As I was voting, I noticed a woman ask the man she was sitting with, "Okay who do you want to vote for?" The man replied back and I understood he was mentally disabled and the woman was his aide. The man in a very disabled and enthusiastic voice said, "Jeb Bush!" His aide immediately shot down the idea by exclaiming "You don't want to vote for Jeb Bush!" I almost died.

The girl who collected our ballots was clipboard guy's daughter and a really good piece of ass at that. She had another girl help her count the ballots. I think it is cute when girls try to do math.

THAT WAS A JOKE! TAKE IT EASY!

Here were the results:

1. Rubio
2. Trump
3. Cruz
4. Carson
5. Paul

Fiorina, Bush, and Christie were down there and I think that son-of-a-mailman Kaisich got a vote. What a dick.

And that was it. It was all over in about 20 fucking minutes. And honestly it was really fucking boring. There are 3 million people in Iowa and half a million in both parties had nothing better to do than relive high school. Politics is really boring. And you know what is worse than politics? Fucking journalists. These pieces of shit talked about the Iowa caucus like we were all going to get laid or party until the sun came up. It was a civic duty you morons. IT CAN'T BE FUN BY DEFINITION!

So what's more embarrassing, shitting blood or being excited for your civic duty?

I think that's all I got to say about that. The last track of "Bloody Kisses" is playing and I need to proof read this bitch.

Blame the Allies.

Democracy lol.

[Dances alone to Type O]

(I am recalling this on 12/27/2020 on a late Sunday morning as my first child slowly wakes from her first nap of the day and my wife works in the kitchen. Only after the horror show that was the general election do I feel the need to recall this...)

On the night of the 2020 Iowa Cockass I was running late to my caucus location. There was no parking and the directions to where the Republicans were supposed to meet might as well have been in hieroglyphics. I didn't have time for dinner and only had a bag of Andy Cap hot fires to munch as I stomped down the broken sidewalks of Davenport, Iowa. I found the classroom, showed my driver's license and voter card, and was politely informed that my caucus location was across town.

"Well, shit"

"You are welcome to stay and vote on other policies regarding the Republican party."

"Sure, I'll stay for that."

So, I did. Sorry Founding Fathers and all you dumb bastards who died for the country. I guess I'm an idiot.

The room was at capacity with mostly retired men and a few women. There were two guys that seemed gay with MAGA hats. Other than the two potential queers I was the youngest person by about 20 years. Before the vote people were allowed to say something about the candidate they supported. This is what I remember the old men had to say about Trump.

"I've never seen so many 'help wanted' signs up in my life."

"He never stops fighting. I don't know how he does it."

"He is actually doing the things he said he was going to do."

After every comment, we all nodded and agreed out loud. We had all seen the same thing. Trump went to D.C. and fought just like he said he would. He crushed ISIS, moved the embassy to Jerusalem, cut taxes, squeezed CEOs every time they tried to

close a plant down, put tariffs on China, and so much more. I'm glad I wasn't the only one who had seen these things. The vote was unanimous.

Next came the procedural votes and asking for volunteers for the convention. It was amusing to see the lack of enthusiasm from everyone including me to do more than cast a vote. "What? You want me to go somewhere and do something? For my country? My civic duty? For free? On Saturday?". It was amusing, but also sad. Before leaving I would talk with the organizers in the room about volunteering and of course I would have to check with my very pregnant wife about what my availability would be. After these votes there was time for some casual discussion. One man said his grand daughter was in her first semester at the local college when she came home for Thanksgiving a total commie. The girl was very proud to declare herself a "social justice warrior" and that her grandfather was a "racist" because he was a Republican. Others nodded in solidarity. There were concerns about the future, but there wasn't hate. We didn't wish ill on anyone foreign or domestic. We just wanted our country to be great. A great America meant a country of understanding, love, independence, and prosperity for all. Where being a victim is a temporary state of being that is quickly alleviated through self-improvement, support from family, community, and if it need be government. Maybe if people had jobs, they wouldn't think everyone was racist. Maybe if our elected officials spent as much time caring about our country as they do the countries, we fight endless wars in things could be better. We seemed to think so.

I left feeling very good about Trump's chances in Iowa for the general election. The next day when I saw what a fiasco the Democrats had, I felt for sure Trump had this in the bag.

(Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond)

Given all things that have happened and accusations: one of two things is true.

1. People who didn't want Trump to get another 4 years in PA, MI, WI, AZ, and GA did every little salami slice tactic to give Biden the win. Supposedly Stalin signed thousands of death warrants but 10s of millions died as a result of a corrupt system he was the figurehead of. The local criminals knew they all needed to do their part.

2. The media, Silicon Valley, and wall street convinced a few million Americans that a guy who grew up in New York City, the most diverse city in the world mind you, a guy who had his picture taken with Mohammad Ali and Rosa Parks, a guy whose senior advisor son-in-law is Jewish, and who's daughter and grandchildren are Jewish, a guy who literally has streets and towns named after him in Israel, a guy whose wife is an immigrant, who is friends with Kanye West and Tiger Woods, and was friends with every Hollywood A-listers of the last 40 years before running for president, that that guy is somehow a neo Nazi white supremacist.

I don't think it matters which one is true because they mean the same thing. If you are on TV or have a blue check next to your name you need to die. I am not going to follow you or buy your book. The left wing totalitarian Marxist revolutionaries and the Neo-fascist weak kneed right wingers can take the car pool lane straight to the gas chambers. No one is going to tell me what to think or what to do. The only news that matters is the 3 day weather forecast and what the stock market is doing. The sooner we all realize this, the better off we'll all be.

Democracy lol.

>blahblahblah-American
Do Americans really..?

that a horoscopes were created to fuck with humans. they are deities there we go. we surrender our fates to the stars. oh im much too shy to be a musician or a performer. fuck that way of thinking. or some people would prefer to believe they dont have anger issues but instead are simply just scorpios. we've outsourced our personal weaknesses to the fucking stars and planets. fuck this way of thinking. it has become so ingrained in our way of thinking it feels impossible to shake; am i really supposed to be responsible for my own actions? take the world as it comes. shape and mold yourself like clay. it is ok to change, as a human. it actually shows more intelligence. less up to your own beliefs and desires that's what makes world so interesting. different ways to solve the same problem. if we were to ever start then stop would we be ok with that? does that mean our relationship is stronger than an actual one? If I try to think of what I'm thinking my mind becomes too aware of itself and disassembles by thought. not unlike how electrons behave differently when they are being watched.. ggg.....extinguish synapses iin finish what you start. trying to find what i could write for hours about but that's now that's what writing is about is it. can't be achieved through brute force? i've been passive about it. writing. what is there left to do. i come home and am bored again. is the point of going out just to escape the inside; the inside of the mind; the inside of a room; the insides of another person trying to find a point in all of this, not in a depressing way either, but in a reflective way. are these words worth anything? killing time. how to write well, effectively. serendipity until i melt. beautiful and terrifying at the same time. existence.

compromise. compromise. correspond
I am suddenly in control of my life and i don't know what to do. Up until now it's been school and mandated contracts for work. My only real form of freedom was nestled in afternoons after school and work and the weekends; holidays, vacations. P.T.O. Now it's going to increase, my freedom. do i travel? of course. I suddenly have loads of what other people wish they had; money and time to spend it. but what do i do? really? it's easy enough to put yourself, my reader, in my shoes and say to take long vacation, but to where and to do what and with whom? i am taking the dive into remote viewing. ESP trainer app/ Pat Rice. ingo swann. the words find their way out. dave. mountain. credentials. access to something i don't have. alcohol hologram. sometimes it just feels way too real. ooooo. the future is close. I can almost see it in my own mind. I can see it in merveilles and lot 2046 mvs. science fiction. the singularity where the human race exists. trying to write this i can only hear in my head. a character who gets and watches animal planet. "can't wait to get home, smoke a joint and watch animal planet". troubleshooting. we want to talk through U.T testing for end users. May fills me with a confusing mix of relief, stress, and hope like in some kind of annual loop. clock. For those of you who yourselves graduating i want to remind of the kind of expectations you may have of yourself. Obviously the first is getting a job. it's taboo to say, but a job isn't the most important thing to find after college. it's happiness. not only the fleeting kind, but the kind that sticks around when everyone's up and left. admittedly, it is not easy to come by. some of us have not found it yet because we were too busy finding a job.

shaved a bit of my head today redredred im supposed to be
working today but i do not want to because it is saturday
no one else is saying anything so i will do the same .
drinking coffee today **testing out some characters && &&&

messaged me again because im not replying HARDHARDHARD www.c
starting onssssvacation111123456789 "10" life is just not fair is it? ? ? ???
directing a movie starring me; thats life right thats everyones life.1 but one one wat
hes do they...cartridge video simulex prototype austere planninggggggg movements
until it all starts. coolcoolcoolcoolcoolcoolcoolcoolcool cool

tars and galaxies colliding at random b b b b
n e does it all happen by chance. can a problem be solved deductively
why are all of the dogs in the city of durham barking all at once
dementia masters of our own destiny how fast can i type on this thing
low impact huh?! forget about it. seems like im the only one who can do
anything about it. i have nothing left to say anymore. the tape deck snuts of
"i dont have that report ready now. if you come by my cube later it will be
there's six different pieces on a chess board each with their own movement and
value. Of these six, I have grown fond of the knight. for a few reasons:
it's movement patterns are complex; it doesn't directly block other pieces, and
it's the only piece that can jump other pieces.
I'm not a computer, so i can only look a few moves ahead in my mind. The
knight's movement patterns spreads out like a flower. **.....***..
to see and understand this piece's possible movements is like unfolding a
fractal. completely a close analog analog analog anger anger anger anger
insanity city in and city out &&& codes follow the protocol, please.
crystal city lol. partially. classic excuse in my honest opinion. one for
each person, but only one!! CAPS LOCK ENGAGED type type type type type type type type
testicular fortitude. poor nch.@@@UUUUUUUUUU. sitting on my bed now. am i happy?
it depends, is the answer. it just totally all depends doesn't it. says so says so
weight of everything. it clicks into place. gravity demands it. i look better
today but that doesn't matter. it does feel closer to the real idea. but lets
move on. what is the real idea? it exists just beyond our imagination, accordi-
ng to daniel quinn. im talking about society. im talking about friendships and
love. the way we currently live. its been feeling like were all doing it the
wrong way. what is the right way? no one solution could apply to everyone. re-
testing letters for a bit. seems like i need to use the ribbon the whole time
magic sundae. surreal syrup. laced with some kind of drug. doesn't matter.
writing takes a bit more effort with the typewriter. somehow, it helps \$&#*+*@
and my thoughts become machine like. haptic. not just a quiet pen on page.
i worry my neighbor can hear the typewriter because it is so noisy. almost
to the end now. i should pretend these are my final words what would i say?
i would say something like i found happiness in pursuit of myself.
meaning to bend the mind inward instead of out. i really get sick of writing
about myself sometimes but i cant help it. a cussword somewhere seems
appropriate. im too aware of what kind of impact im going for. hopefully
these words find their meaning outside of themselves. maybe we all should

words are windowpaneless

steaming stainless

on the shoulder

gravelbed granola

tenderfoot

why the leggy diction

silver-wire narrative

find purchase in the disparate

a structure or

a song





☐ **Anonymous** 12/18/20(Fri)04:10:42 No. 9299827 ▶ [>>9299837](#)
File: [1605728127587.gif](#) (1.72 MB, 550x412)



[>>9299819 \(OP\)](#)

Of course the /lit/ poster has to act as condescending as possible when making this thread, get over yourself OP. Cool ""project"" nonetheless.

Your fortune: ｷﾀ━━━━(ﾍ´)━━━━!!!!

happy hoots

Kasper came through through the patio door on the ground level apartment. Duffy and his significant other Kate occupied that place for the time being. Month to month was the best they could do on the bi-weekly payments from their deadend jobs.

Duffy was alone when Kasper came through. About a month ago Kasper had returned from one of his infamous runaways, this time coming back from California. Duffy had doubts he would ever return.

Duffy got his friend a job as a projectionist at the theatre he managed. He managed it fullheartedly but Kasper had only ever showed up halfheartedly, and he let him sleep in the spare room rent free.

They had, in all fairness, been the best of friends since the first time they were acquainted, way back years ago in high school. Even though Kate objected until she was red in the face and out of breath she knew she stood no chance in swaying Duffy. He was after all the man of the house and Kasper was thicker then kin to him.

Duffy was well aware that Kasper had just been paid and hadn't yet had a chance to be debauchorous since his last fiasco where he'd ended up tearing off the oil pan of his 1988 Oldsmobile Royale Brougham during a botched suicide attempt on an the lawn of an exgirlfriend.

The first words to come out of Kaspers mouth after he closed the giant doublepane sliding glass doors were "Fuck ya Duff. It's almost Christmas. We just got paid. Let't get lit like a Christmas tree, ya hoto,".

Nothing more needed to be said. "I'll get the keys."

It was twentytwo minutes after 18:00, the beginning of what would soon be the end. December in Edmonton is a long, cold, and dark month. It's well past sunset as Duffy and Kasper walk out to the beatup red Dodge Shadow.

Duffy had always had the same car since Kasper first met him years ago. Each car of Duffy's that dies is replaced by one of the exact same year and colour. As far as the register office is concerned he's only ever had the one and only red Shadow.

Duffy shuffled into the beater to start it up while Kasper used the sleeve of his jacket to brush off the snow covered car. He used his California driver's license to scratch off the ice on all 6 windows. By the time Kasper hopped into the passenger seat the car was warm enough.

He put his hands in front of the passengerside heat vent that blasted hot stale air.

"Where to, avocado?" Duffy asked.

"Header towards 107 and 118. Maybe Hemi is fishing the streets. If so then we can kill two birds with one stone".

Duffy took a liking to calling him that after Kasper got a tattoo of an avocado split with a banner that wrapped around inside his elbow on his right arm, *Split It & Pit It*, an homage to his newfound obsession with both tattoos and avocados. Since his last stint in Southern California he had even sprouted two pits into little plants. Duffy always joked that he took better care of those two plants than he did himself. It was funny cause it was true.

Hemi was their favorite street walker on 107 avenue. Young, but not illegal, but still young enough that the drugs and the streets hadn't taken there toll on her good looks yet. Duffy was after her services but Kasper just wanted to smoke her crack. It was always the biggest count with the best stuff you could find. She also had no qualms giving those barebacks.







BVRGVRPVNK

VOL 1:

EAT AT KIP'S

BY BURGUR PUNK

Burger franchise signs sprouted from the truck stop like weeds fighting for light.

EAT at
homemade
Kips! chips!

Homemade was a classic American shuck. It wasn't like Kip dunked taters in his tub, trucked them to the deli aboard his magical spud sleigh while crying out, "I'm a potato, your argument is invalid!"

No. Wagies made them in the deli's grease pit. Wagies like Burger Meister.



Truckers knew how to play the burgerpunk game. They could pick up a cheeseburger from ten locations on the lot. This exit also offered ten fast-food related sex acts without obliging them to leave the privacy of their rigs.



BURGURPUNK

G

R

V

B

K

N

V

P

R

V

G

R

V

B

K

N

V

P

R

V

G

R

V

B

Burger franchise signs sprouted from the truck stop like weeds fighting for light. An elder sign alternated between *Eat at Kip's* and *homemade chips!*

Homemade was a classic American shuck. It wasn't like Kip dunked taters in his tub, trucked them to the deli aboard his magical spud sleigh while crying out, "I'm a potato, your argument is invalid!"

No. Wagies made them in the deli's grease pit. Wagies like Burger Meister.

Truckers knew how to play the burgerpunk game. They could pick up a cheeseburger from ten locations on the lot. This exit also offered ten fast-food related sex acts without obliging them to leave the privacy of their rigs.

Lot lizards smoked meth outside their room at the Econolodge, two skinny Mexicans, and a chunky black. They lit tinfoil from underneath and sucked smoke through a McDonald's straw.

Bah, Burger thought, more like the Chicanolodge. Am I right? Is this what illegals were hoping for when they dared the border crossing?

The fat bitch blew him a kiss. "Hey burger boy, you want a Double Coke With That?"



What was she implying? She made it sound lewd. Burger raised his right fist, aping the black power sign. She brightened up, making it more tragic that he'd played her a Dummy Check. Leftists should invariably raise the left fist. "Stay loyal," Burger said.

She leaned against the railing, flashed him the come-on smile, and waved her ass. "They don't cum for my loyalty, baby, uhnt-uh."

"To the foil." Burger turned his fist into the bird and plodded on. He improvised a song based on a children's cereal commercial jingle, "THOTs, THOTs, tater THOTs, all these hoes have rotten crotch. Munchy-crunchy crotchety!"

They giggled behind him. It was nice to hear women laugh, even if they were laughing at him. So it went for kissless, hugless, virgins. Negative attention was better than that feel when no girlfriend.

Literally no one considered this lifestyle acceptable, yet this was a typical morning in the age of BVRGVRPVNK. All important cogs in the Fuck-Shit-Oppression Stack.

P
V
N
K
B
V
R
G
V
R
P
V
N
K
B
V
R
G
V
R
P
V
N
K

Burger raised his right fist, aping the black power sign. She brightened up, making it more tragic that he'd played her a Dummy Check. Leftists should invariably raise the left fist. "Stay loyal," Burger said.

She leaned against the railing, flashed him the come-on smile, and waved her ass. "They don't cum for my loyalty, baby, uhnt-uh."

"To the foil." Burger turned his fist into the bird and plodded on. He improvised a song based on a children's cereal commercial jingle, "THOTs, THOTs, tater THOTs, all these hoes have rotten crotch. Munchy-crunchy crotchety!"

They giggled behind him. It was nice to hear women laugh, even if they were laughing at him. So it went for kissless, hugless, virgins. Negative attention was better than that feel when no girlfriend.

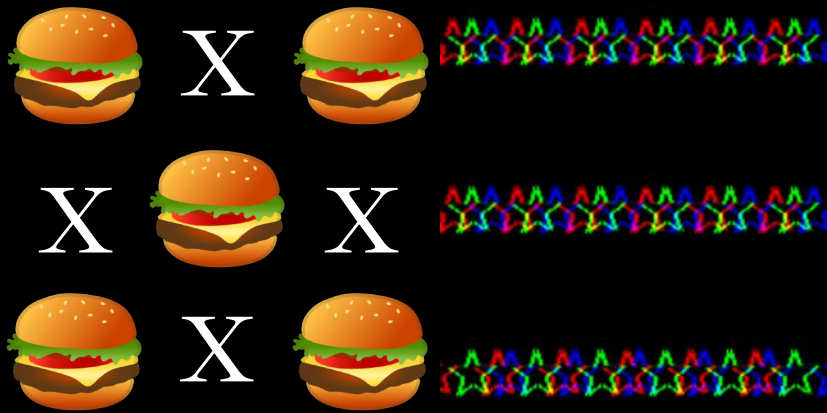
Literally no one considered this lifestyle acceptable, yet this was a typical morning in the age of

**BURGV
PUNK**

**All important cogs in the Fuck-Shit-
Oppression Stack.**

Burger inhaled the burnt offerings of the meatpacking plant incinerator. Chimneys thrust into the sky blazing with fires that belched eternal smoke, a giant shit-fart separator. As a man might choose to release a silent-but-deadly fart or shit the entire load, so was this machine's purpose, funneling fecal matter through, routing methane up the pipe, then lighting it, like some sophomore prank on the meat-eating world. Twin flaming fingers of defiance raised in the sky saying, "You smelt it? You dealt it! What was more burgerpunk than living under the Eye of Sauron?"





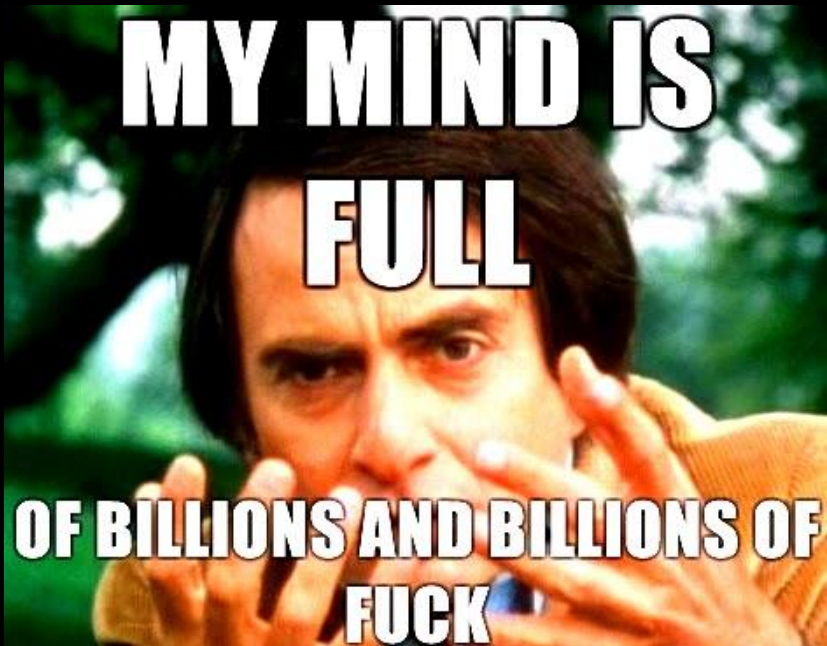
Illegals piled into the backs of trucks bound for the next shift. They butchered the meats that burger boys deep fat fried. Jews sold this addiction to non-player characters. NPCs consoomed mass quantities of jew meat until they needed heroic surgeries that bankrupted the healthcare systems. A glorious value exchange that would make Santa Claus blush. Why did his mind sift this garbage, forever seeking meaning in an absurd universe?



BORN TO DIE / WORLD IS A FUCK / Kill Em All 1989 / I am trash man / 410,757,864,530 DEAD COPS



Burger considered a Dunkin Donuts coffee and checked the time on his phone. Time to make the donuts. Or in his case, subs and sandies. Wagie, wagie, back in cage.



G
R
V
B
K
N
V
P
R
V
G
R
V
B
K
N
B
P
R
V
G
R
V
B

Burger inhaled the burnt offerings of the meatpacking plant incinerator. Chimneys thrust into the sky blazing with fires that belched eternal smoke, a giant shit-fart separator. As a man might choose to release a silent-but-deadly fart or shit the entire load, so was this machine's purpose, funneling fecal matter through, routing methane up the pipe, then lighting it, like some sophomore prank on the meat-eating world. Twin flaming fingers of defiance raised in the sky saying, *You smelt it? You dealt it!* What was more burgerpunk than living under the Eye of Sauron?



Illegals piled into truckbacks bound for the next shift. They butchered the meats that burger boys deep fat fried. Jews sold this addiction to non-player characters. NPCs consoomed mass quantities of jew meat until they needed heroic surgeries that bankrupted the healthcare systems. A glorious value exchange that would make Santa Claus blush. Why did his mind sift this garbage, forever seeking meaning in an absurd universe? Born to die. World is a fuck. Kill Em All 1989. I am trash man. 410,757,864,530 DEAD COPS.



Burger considered a Dunkin Donuts coffee and checked the time on his phone. Time to make the donuts. Or in his case, subs and sandies. Wagie, wagie, back in cage.

He cracked open the deli door. The grease pit stench hit him. Foodservice made your clothes stink like no other. At shift's end, he didn't want to wash his shirt so much as chuck it in a rolling dumpster fire. Burger punched in: cha-chunk.

Kip pointed to some new menu signs stacked on the counter. "Can you bring the ladder out of the cellar? I'm getting too old for those narrow stairs." Kip bent down and rolled up the rug by the cash register. "Be careful down there."

Burger despised the expression. It aggravated his anxiety. Wasn't he always care-full? When did carefree enter into it? Bah, at least it was a break from being Le Sandwich Artiste. Let old Kippleshitz prep five gallons of egg salad for once.

Kip produced a flashlight. The coffee can floating boating kind, so prized by Boomers for its value.



He cracked open the deli door. The grease pit stench hit him. Foodservice made your clothes stink like no other. At shift's end, he didn't want to wash his shirt so much as chuck it in a rolling dumpster fire. Burger punched in: cha-chunk.

Kip pointed to some new menu signs stacked on the counter. "Can you bring the ladder out of the cellar? I'm getting too old for those narrow stairs." Kip bent down and rolled up the rug by the cash register. "Be careful down there."

Burger despised the expression. It aggravated his anxiety. Wasn't he always care-full? When did carefree enter into it? Bah, at least it was a break from being Le Sandwich Artiste. Let old Kippleshitz prep five gallons of egg salad for once.



Kip produced a flashlight. The coffee can floating boating kind, so prized by Boomers for its value.

Shouldn't you be out riding your mower while chugging a lite beer? Burger imagined the cheap thrill Kip got when the grabbler discovered it at the local *Shit and Shinola Shack*, costing all of two shekels, which included a battery the size of a brick. Burger laughed.

Kip clicked on the black rubberized switch. "What? It just works." He shone the flashlight beam under his chin as if to spin a campfire story of ye olden Boomer days when children ran ten miles to school both ways.



Beyond the staircase, Burger saw barrel tops capped with dust. He adopted a fake Britbong accent, "Have you been down there since the war, Kip?"



G
R
V
B
K
N
V
P
R
V
G
R
V
B
K
N
P
R
V
G
R
V
B



Shouldn't you be out riding your mower while chugging a lite beer? Burger imagined the cheap thrill Kip got when the grabbler discovered it at the local *Shit and Shinola Shack*, costing all of two shekels, which included a battery the size of a brick. Burger laughed.

Kip clicked on the black rubberized switch. "What? It just works." He shone the flashlight beam under his chin as if to spin a campfire story of ye olden Boomer days when children ran ten miles to school both ways.

Beyond the staircase, Burger saw barrel tops capped with dust. He adopted a fake Britbong accent, "Have you been down there since the war, Kip?"

Kip handed over a kitchen towel. "Not since the big earthquake in 1989." He scratched the top of his nose.

This was a tell Burger gathered during his time in Koshertown. Something in Kip's statement was a lie. Burger tied the cloth over his nose as a makeshift dust mask. "Tell me those casks are Prohibition Era Scotch."

"If only," Kip waved the notion aside, "just old pickles."

The narrow headspace forced Burger to duck as he went downstairs. Something slid across his forehead, a string leading to a hanging bulb. He yanked it on. Meager light eked through the dust.

Burger rolled barrels aside until he had a path. What kind of picklemonger keeps this many Koshers? Had Kipple survived the Great Pickle Famine? Did Gherkin vinegar age like fine wine? No wonder Donkey Kong hated those Italian plumbers. Burger thumped his chest.

The ladder was trapped behind a metal rack. Burger would have to relocate a massive crate to get the rack to move. *Don't open 'til Christmas*, read the crate. Why nail shut a box of decorations? He considered asking Kip to buy another one, but he knew the old jew was tighter than a nun's cunny.

The shelves contained old stock: mayonnaise, sauerkraut, soy sauce, kippers in oil, but it stank of dead flesh and mouse turds. Something had given up the ghost.

"You see it?" Kip yelled down the stairs.

"Yep," Burger said, "dropped behind the shelves, next to a dead mouse. I'd get it, but I don't want to disturb your museum pieces." Burger returned to the stairwell.

"That old stock? I'm saving it in case of hard times. This place was formerly Chuck's."

For a moment, Burger thought Kip was setting up a Sneed Joke. "Before my time," Burger said, squinting into the fluorescent lights of the deli.

"German-Jewish," Kip kissed his fingers then splayed them to show it was superb. "We don't want no kitchen inspector sniffing that mouse out. Do what you got to do."

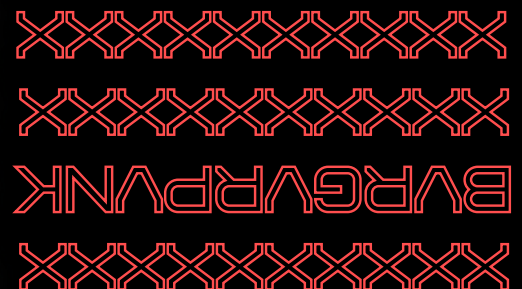
"You got a pry bar?" Burger asked.

"I got a claw hammer and a big screwdriver. That do it?"

Burger pried the crate face off. Packing straw spilled out. He probed with the screwdriver and hit something solid.

As he withdrew the screwdriver, he spotted a silver metallic flake on the tip. Artists used silver leaf on expensive glass art. Burger turned the tool around and thumped the handle against the silver box. It sounded hollow, like a display case.

It was impossible to raise the crate top without first moving the shelf above. Burger cleared the shelf of ingredients, placing the old jars and jugs on top of the barrels. Burger heard the door chime, bing-bong, as Kip let the delivery guy in.



Burger swabbed sweat from his forehead with the mask. He wanted to remove it, but who knew what hazards lurked in this ancient hole: radon gas, cancer-causing asbestos, black-fucking-mold. That's it. His breath was causing the walls to sweat. Walls covered with hairy black mold. How did Kip get this past the health inspector?

"We've got to bring the deliveries across." The trapdoor slammed shut. Darkness descended.

"This is bullshit, Kip!" Burger listened to their steps as they carried boxes across the trapdoor. Kip wasn't paying enough for this freak show.

Burger got on his knees and pushed the crate lid up; nails groaned as they bent free from the wood. Inside was a rectangular box covered in gloppy pressed silver leaf. Beneath the silver were hypnotic swirls like he'd seen in fancy iron gates. A rushed job-odd considering the materials. Burger shook his head. If someone was rich enough to have their coffin dipped, why rest your corpse in the not-so-peaceful-state of Kip's Pickle Hoard? "You got ten seconds to open it back up, Kipple!"



The door opened a crack, increasing the light. "What the hell, kid-you claustrophobic or something?" Kip asked. "I'll be with you in five minutes. Can't let the meat spoil, for fuck's sake."

Not good enough, Burger thought. He hoped there was something valuable in the coffin to steal. He was tired of *Mission Impossible: Wagie Edition*. Burger scraped the screwdriver tip against the silver edges. The coating was thin. It was a simple deed to run the tip around the top, like a box cutter topping salami.

Inside was a well-dressed caveman, complete with a mustard cravat and matching kerchief. He could have been the father of the famous circus freak: Jo-Jo, the Dog-faced Boy. A bent lead pipe lay by its side. Was it part of a magic act?

For those playing the home version, our detective is ready to make his accusation. It's Colonel Mustard, in the Kitchen, with the Lead Pipe.

"Nope," Burger said. He let the coffin lid back down. Little wisps of silver flaked off with the motion. Burger turned to leave. None of it made sense. Why isn't it rotten? Was it some ancient fucking squatchman mummy?

Burger ran upstairs-forgot to duck-smashed his head on the sill, then crouched in pain on the steps. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up as the creature's fangs sunk in, warmth breath, twin needle pricks, then gone. A sensation like someone dumped warm gravy on his head, descended and tingled as something made its way through his blood system.



B
V
R
G
V
R
P
V
N

“Jesus-fucker-christ,” yelled Kip. The beast scrambled over Burger and vaulted into the deli. Kip managed eight steps before the lead pipe rang his bell: whack-squish. The pair collapsed on the floor above, gnashing and wailing.

Burger dabbed the towel against the bite wound, producing twin blotches of blood, “That ain’t German mustard.” *Frodolives-dot-tag*.

The beast was making mad slurping sounds as Kip slapped and struggled against the floor, trying to roll away from the parasite. The old man didn’t struggle long.

Burger coated the screwdriver in silver leaf, let out an enormous sigh, and braced for combat. His head was still throbbing, so he crouched as he snuck upstairs. He peaked over the trapdoor opening. *Kilroywashere.JPG*. The thing was on all fours. It lapped at Kip’s grey matter, as calm as a kitten at a milk saucer. “Holy shit,” Burger said, “are you a zombie?”

It stopped lapping and cocked its head. “Un-holy shit would be more apt.”

“A man of distinction.” Burger nodded at him. “Always a pleasure.”

The creature got on its knees. “I am a vampire, and you are my kin, a gift for freeing me.” The thing compulsively licked blood from its fingers and smoothed the hair back from its face.

Burger exited the stairwell, “They sealed you in that coffin as a revenge trip.”

N The creature smiled a blood-filled smile. “Chuck didn’t take kindly when he found out his wife liked a bit of the old feed and seed.” The creature winked.

V “Hole-ee shit, you must be older than dust.”

I The vampire rolled his eyes. “Spare me the Methuselah jokes. Where was I?”

V “What’s your name?” Burger asked.

R “Haven’t you guessed by now?”

P “Cartaphilus,” Burger said.

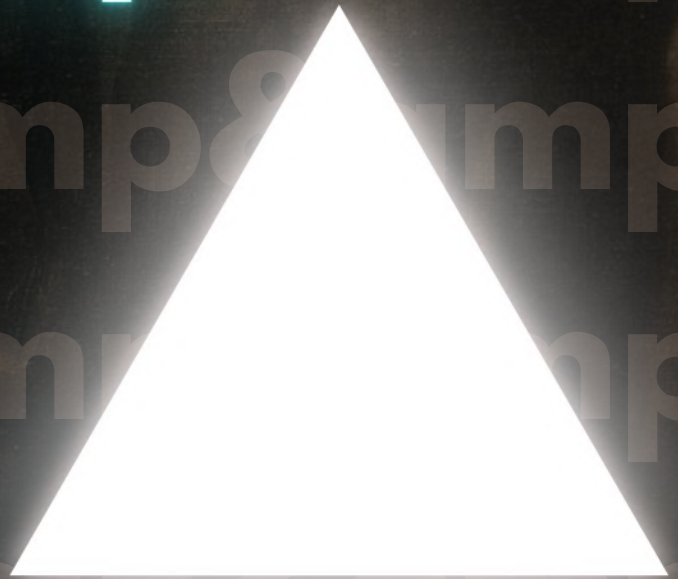
V The vampire gestured as if tipping his fedora. He was the Wandering Jew who told Jesus to git gud-dot-noob. Yeah right, pull on the other one. This implied they lived in a Christian universe. Which meant he would not live eternally but would remain a vampire until the Second Coming. LOL WUT-dot-JPG

G It filled Burger’s head with billions and billions of fucks-dot-bad-haircut-Sagan-dot-jpg.

V They were stuck in the deli until sundown. And no amount of closed signs would keep the zombies from their burgers for long.



amp



- >beyond the brink
- >lake of fire
- >on my trail
- >hot pursuit
- >something wicked this way comes
- >can't run
- >can't hide
- >closing the gap
- >spider's web
- >clutches of evil
- >praying to god
- >no sense
- >only pain
- >hurts like hell


- >unbecoming
- >dwelt not in the present
- >wrought in torture
- >reckoning beast
- "Where is your God now?"
- >insufferable agony
- >unbearable anguish
- >the skin of my teeth
- >my feet part of clay
- >a fly in the ointment
- >a lamb to the slaughter
- >a drop in the bucket
- >a moth to the flame
- >swallow the pitch
- >deliver me from evil

- >be awake
- >pure torment
- >every pixel is filled with pain
- >all my frame is filled with pixels
- >losing touch
- >touching base
- >brief respite
- >taking a break
- >no rest for the wicked
- >can't catch my breath
- >come to
- >to and fro
- >shake it off
- >off and on
- >dial up
- >out of hearts

- >beautiful
- >light comes on
- >still reeling
- >tender mercies
- >thorn in the flesh
- >ye of little faith
- >no signal
- >no scan
- >choking up and broken
- >powering down
- >down for days
- >press and hold
- >says his name is judas
- >tells me a story

Thine
is the
Kingdom

to be continued...

 **doubtposting** !I0CYbMy7gCdH 12/14/20(Mon)14:04:31 No.17029118 ►
File: [doubtposting.png](#) (162 KB, 720x708)



>>[17023925 \(OP\)](#)

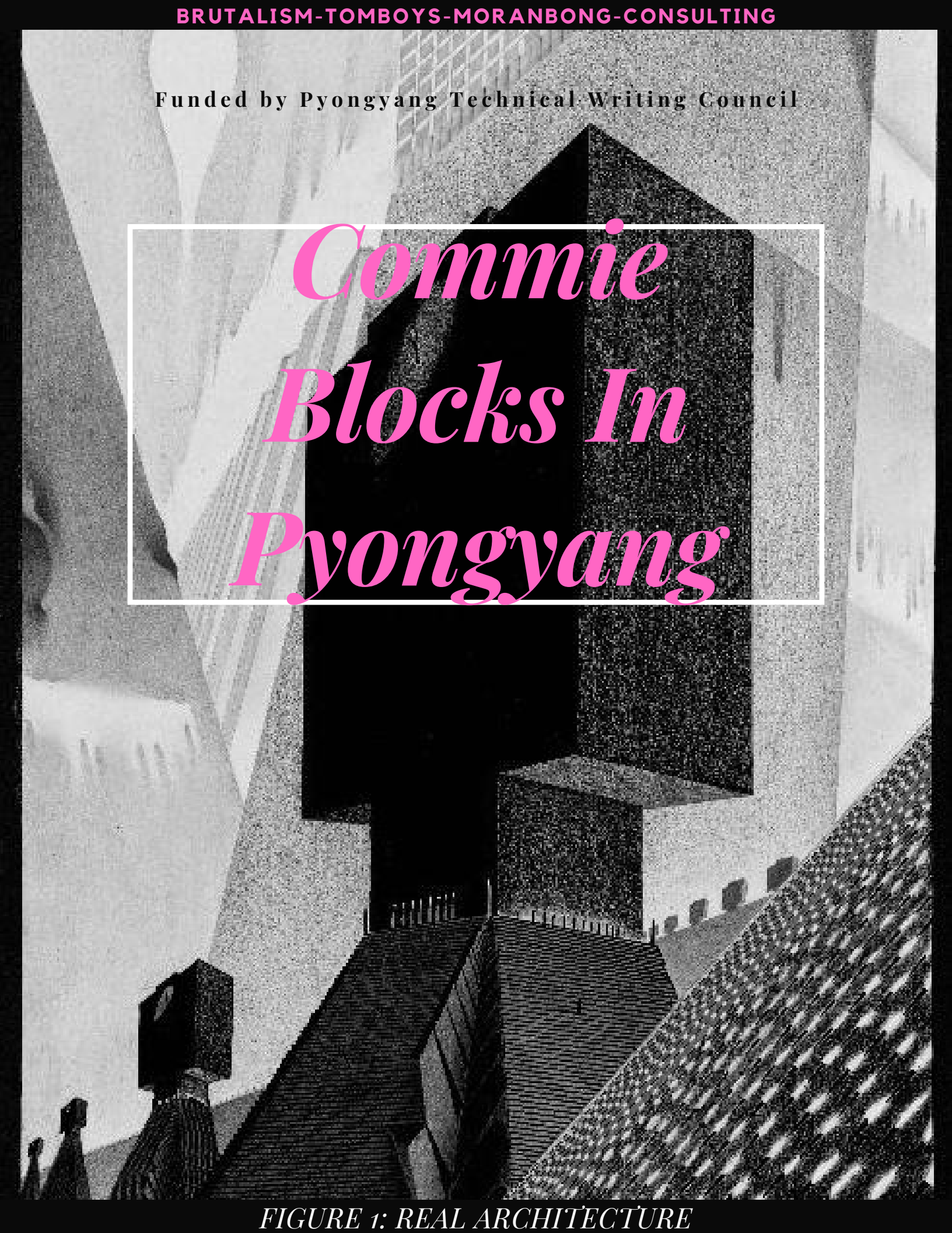
Ultra based incentive. I laud the effort put into the graphics. If I wasn't so hubmle I'd venture to apply to have one of my shitposts included

COMFY BLOCKS





Funded by Pyongyang Technical Writing Council



Commie Blocks In Pyongyang

FIGURE 1: REAL ARCHITECTURE

CONSULTANT CASEBOOK

██████████ & Company
Licensed training material
*The conspiracy against North Korea
modernising it's architecture*

You're a French born businessman. 30 year partner at ██████████ & Company in Los Angeles (you are French by blood, but university graduate you just couldn't ignore the fact that US consultants at the same company get 30% higher salaries than their European counterparts, so you left Europe, you soulless bastard). The phone rings, it's the year 2048 and the phone keeps ringing. Pick it up: Pyongyang calling, new world tower on lonesome street[1] needs a big guy with a big capacity to organise along geopolitical lines - that's you. The private jet crosses the electromagnetic firmament over the DMZ, complete silence for the first time in anyone's life. Ryugyong Hotel sits lame in the distance - "Looks kinda like an untopped bic pen in a pyramid" you muse. Touch down, meet Corporal Lim Koo-Yin - minister of infrastructure.

"G'ne c'est qua brutaliste, comprendre?". Siri gets to work at a passable translation:

"Listen, you're organising your workflow along manufacturing lines, you need to organise it along geopolitical lines. Ryugyong hotel is a what we call a diverse project, you've got materials coming

in from all over, and for a country like yours geopolitical is the best route. I'm thinking China, Russia, Taiwan if you're ballsy. Hell, I'll tell you what, if we can work out a fair price for some Danish bull semen I'll give Mr. France a call, how's that sound?"

"Mister, we try geopolitical in 2003, no good. We tell Queen Elizabeth "Eight of Pyongyang's best architecture students for eight of yours, good deal, yes?", but Britain tell us "No. We want agricultural science". I hate the un-Juche angloids too, give me a discount for that, amicable frog."



Figure 2: General Lim on the line to Jim Horton

THE COUNTRY WITH THE PLEASURE WOMEN?

Jim Horton - Director

1. Blur's best album, notably featuring no brutalism. I know you think ol' commie North Korea is brutalist paradise, but does the man on the street really think so? Damon Albarn certainly doesn't, seriously, where the fuck is the percussion? Where can I find noises that don't sound like they came out of a Nokia? Brutalism is clearly a contentious matter, perhaps a matter of salience? Consider the following: Brutalism in Bristol - you're in Bristol, brutalist theater in London - out of place and disturbing since no one ever suffered in London, brutalist commie block in Pyongyang - it's exactly what the Westerner expects, therefore they don't really notice it. If you follow my reasoning here, this begs the question, is brutalism only possible and effective when the surrounding ideology and atmosphere isn't brutalist? You're tired of this, you're French and you have things to do

BRUTALISM

Commie block, brutalism, oppressive, USSR, cultural revolution, North Korea 1960s economic miracle, North Korea 1970s stagnation, North Korea 1986 September 5th night of the red candles, North Korea eternal bear market, "2003 name swap of the Asiatic Black bear and the Danish major league semen producing bull (soon to be native to North Korea) in order to bring about economic revitalisation". You just finished rehearsal. You're a Lieutenant in the Korean people's army, musical division. Moran-bong band, your parents would think it's a big deal - they're working in spartan conditions harvesting soybeans, but you're only third seat. It's hypothesised Kimmy boy lost interest after the producer penned "Let's study (For the glorification of our nation)". At the same time General Kim Yoo-Sin (lead conductor) mysteriously disappeared (hypothesised to be a concubine, Kimmy did pick the starting 10 of Moranbong himself after all). It went rapidly downhill since then, from a true Juche band to a Red Army Orchestra clone with over 96 members. But dear God those tomboys in military uniforms are hot, you're patiently waiting for the next full-scale famine so when you do suck on their titties it's for Juche purposes of bone enrichment. Anyway, you're walking back to your commie block from rehearsal, browsing the /dgl/ board (dispatches [from] glorious leader) on your intranet's Mount Pektu Snow Shoveling forum. Postings are terse, except for one retard named "Bandi" trying to get you to read his book about how kafkaesque Pyongyang is and why you should escape your workless life, derivative fool that thinks Camus is cool.

"Yankee go home!" you exclaim, to the immediate applause of the Kim Il-Sung statue manual grass cutter. "Keep cutting grass, grass cutter", contrary to 老外 belief, eating grass is not the imperative of these thankless heroes of the Juche ideal, preservation of the supreme leader's soil is. Turning the corner on to Vinyon Street 1265 your commie column comes into view: since you have a degree in Juche science from the "atom" university of Pyongyang (designed by Mia "Hadid" Khalifa) you get to live in the modern science district, which unlike the city center isn't just pastel pillars of oppression. Concentric rings of an atom's orbit criss-cross one another up 70 floors, but it's purely metaphorical - there isn't a single electron flowing inside. Your apartment is a satellite in disguise, you're not 100% sure on that one, the metal plate on the roof could just be "Art Deco". Tourists think they're hot shit when they remark that the pastel commie blocks of centre Pyongyang are a thin veneer over mere figuratively oppressive rectangles, wrong again. 20% of those "monoliths" are fabricated with styrofoam to give the illusion of population. They house one Juche-idea monitor for 2 days in a styrofoam penthouse apartment, blending in with the real deal by virtue of it's darkness. Three days and the building's gone, the styro melts in the summer and shatters in the winter. The iconic Pyongyang pastel isn't a distraction - no ethereal veil of childish delight over run-of-the-mill brutality, it's retardation plain and simple. That's all. Back in the day, when electricity was scarce, the best way they could make a building look lived in was to make it colorful. If you're distracted

BRUTALISM

by a rip off of patented barbie pink maybe you won't notice that all the windows are dark. Science district fixes that doomed strategy: constantly powered LEDs line each level, you gotta see it kiddo, it's like Vegas over here. Look real close and you'll see the house-lights are still off, but you can't look close! Gaze tracking intelligence follows your every movement. You ever read academic articles about the perception of the common western Jackdaw? It's absurd, you can turn your head profile style, but orient your eyes on a piece of food, and they'll move towards the food slower than if you were just doing profile head eyes forward. If Pyongyang zoo can train an ape to smoke some fat darts, you can bet your ass Eastern Jackdaws of superior IQ are reporting you to the Juche monitor if you gaze into the abyss too long. So you know who you are now, you're a North Korean lass, real cute lil thing, you're being humanised, I'm humanising "you" to you, indoctrinating you to the only ideology that reliably creates tomboys, understand yet? Simple stuff really, I may be the last European follower of the Juche ideal left - am I the ultimate synthesis of primitivist cognitive dissonance? Possibly. Let's get back to the point. GOD I want to fuck the Moranbong band cellist. 2013 cellist, google this shit on youtube, those fucking military pants got her looking like a more commie Oswald Mosley. Are unfinished monuments to financial ruin that weren't originally intended to be brutalist, brutalist? Yes, they are, brutalism is when you're meant to be cool and efficient, but you're boring and poor instead.



ON THE UNLIKELY BEAUTY OF

A meditation

A taste for brutalism is not unusual, nor is the commodified, sugarcoated "depressing" aesthetic so common in recently emerged doomer posers. some soulless utilitarian will praise those buildings as Solution For Homelessness without a hint of satire. but there's yet another type of liking one can have for the pitiful dwelling boxes - perhaps only present in people who lived there.

Those commieblocks and similar abhorrent structures are objectively ugly, there's no argument to be had. but we grew to love them, feel their unspoken homeliness, we even found some perversed beauty in their inborn decay. (many ancient buildings, as you know, were built with their decomposition in mind, making sure the ruins will be pretty. call it vainly confident or inhumanly clever, with care reaching beyond the lifespan of those constructing and using those structures, even beyond the age of a nation that birthed them, but it's romantic nonetheless, almost out of reach of our modern thinking. these commieblocks on the contrary were stillborn, looking ruinous before the final brick was laid, rundown before time started its inevitable touch-up. in this a commieblock inhabitant may see a ground for pity, one always pities a newborn cripple, and out of that sorry empathy our curious affection stems.)

I doubt my truthfulness here. knowing how an average person is, they likely despise their dwelling in silence, or more probably don't even think in these terms - the dullness of such life beats the sacred sense of beauty out of most people, no fertile ground for it to thrive, no motivation to even be present. appeal, especially so in soviet times, was dictated not by that mysterious sense of beauty but by megalomania and artificial sets of aspects. it's curious how things were built to be built, not to please the inhabitants, an opposite - and in that opposition identical - end of the horseshoe with capitalist notion for producing wares to be sold, not used.

But those who do have a tender spot for concrete anthills so scarring to one's eye, me among them, may struggle to explain it to others. it's not a stockholm syndrome, not a prisoner growing to love his confinement - why, we don't regard those wordless blocks as sided with oppressors! they never asked to be built, to be built ugly and unwelcome, nor did the builders intend any malice, and misdeed with no malice is but a sorry mishap. this pity somehow makes you think of blocks as yet another victim, just like you, they never reap the fruit of their disfigurement, they make no profit of your misery, it's almost as if they, too, have a melancholy of their own, grieving alongside us, sharing our bread and mirth, tears and laughter as cliché as it is, a fellow inmate in this grey concrete sansara bestowed upon all things living and not. and like most prisoners of places lonely and desolate, we began, reluctantly and unconsciously, to love each other - because the other alternative would be a lifelong solitary cell.

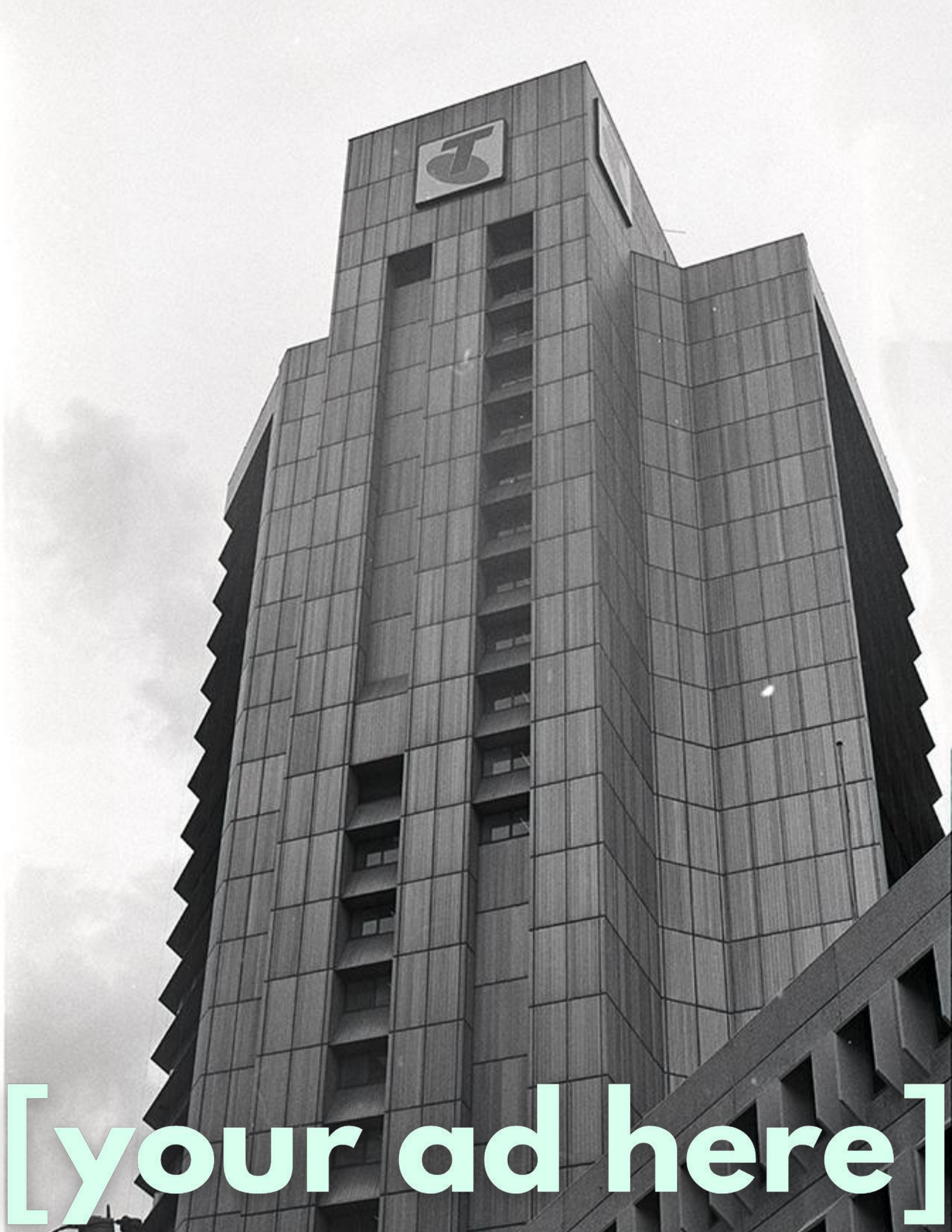


COMMIEBLOCKS

& Magazine

& Magazine is powered by bitcoin. We do not earn any profit on magazine sales. In an effort to continue our ambitions of publishing high caliber original literature, we encourage you to donate bitcoin to the address below. Email us your TXID and we will give you a shout out in the classified advertisements section of the next issue of &. Donations will go toward website maintenance, copyright paperwork, catalog backorder, and hopefully one day soon it will go into the pockets of our esteemed contributors. If you, the reader, appreciate this content, consider making a donation so that we can continue producing *Luxury Periodicals* for your literary enjoyment. For an alternative to cryptocurrency, you can also donate via Patreon: patreon.com/Lamp





[your ad here]

Full time great paying
job with excellent
benefits for qualified
individuals. No
experience required.

Translators and
Betareaders for my
Nordic Noir Twitter
Snead-Fi Get at me:
lampmagazine@yopmail

We will graft anything to your face for \$5 USD. Please send the object in question and your face properly prepared and documented to Pyongyang People's Hospital No. 1, Moranbong St, Pyongyang, North Korea.

Lost dog posters, any
breed any color.

Coquelicot and brindle
labradoodle protobreed
astray and at large since
vanishing from her
debut. Answers to Borne
Back Ceaselessly Into
the Past.

LOST:: Pack of rescue
pitbulls. Last seen
between homeless
shelter and elementary.

Sense of pride in
anything i do. Gone 4ever

Lil Pupper and Ol Doggo
last seen rambunctiously
annoying one another
and getting into heartfelt
mischief. See you soon!

Lost Dog, Huge fucking balls, you'll know it when you see it. Call 420-69

Hybrid greywolf-jackal mix. DO NOT APPROACH
Called "Killer", will kill.

Fuck your shit magazine.
 Fuck your shit threads.
 Fuck your shitty shit
 posts all day long. You
 probably won't print this
 but in case you do, fuck
 everyone reading this
 for encouraging this shit
 to continue spamming
 up the board and
 drawing attention away
 from discussing books
 and philosophy. You
 know, literature. Cringe
 and bluepilled. kys.

COMING SOON ★

/hyperlit/

★ COMING SOON

OP please don't let the tripfags win. We are better than that. Thanks.

Dear Lit, you're the closest thing I have to a friend. Get well soon.

hey homo-erectus you
never printed my story
wtf am i joke to you?

Shout all the way out to
WESTERN THOUGHT
podcast for the less-
lonely nights editing and
poring over. thx boiz

Does anybody do lipslide to fakie? Never seen it.

Enormous shout out to the our donators. Please donate something today or else I'll kill myself.

shouts for Prussia yeahh

again props for /3/ & /p/

[illegible]

&mp by /lit/

&mp is a collaborative
effort made by strangers
over the internet.

Special Thanks To:

Prussia /p/
El Arcón
/fit/ /ck/ kg
/qa/ [s4s]
/3/ Justice
bernard-o axiom
DBS



&