

/lit/

L'ANOMIE

OU

LE TUMULTE DES TAPIRS

roman

nrf

GALLIMARD

L'anomie: un Roman Existentialiste

Ou "Le Tumulte des Tapirs"

By Anonymous

DEDICATIONS

*To the guy who blocked everyone from being able to open up the document. Kill yourself.
Yeah, fuck you, faggot.*

To the humble tapir. It truly was a novel idea.

*For Jessica, who loves stories, for Anne, who loved them too, and for Di, who heard this one
first.*

QUOTES FROM PRESTIGIOUS MASKS¹

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

“An infinite number of monkeys with an infinite number of typewriters and an infinite amount of time could eventually write the complete works of Shakespeare. It took only one monkey, one typewriter and one hour to write this ‘book’.”

PRAISE FOR “L’ANOMIE: UN ROMAN EXISTENTIALISTE”

“I masturbated all day and all night. God unironically doesn't exist so I said “fuck it”. “Why the fuck are we here” I pondered as I stroked it to only the biggest of black cocks violating nubile young white women...”

- Jacques “Bloody Post-Modern Neo-Marxist” Derrida

“Always remember, bucko, that Hitler was so successful because he took 6 showers a day. Chastity and normal sexual appetites are a result of unclean rooms and postmodernism, Philip K. Dick, Pynchon.”

- Jordan “N*gger River” Peterson

“Badly edited, poor continuity and internal consistency. Authors seem to change between books. Plot is cliched and thin, with virtually no character development save for Judas Iscariot. The main characters of Jesus and Moses are entirely one dimensional messianic figures. The novel opens with Adam and Eve, and then ignores them for the next thousand pages or so. The built-in bookmark was a nice touch, but a little pretentious. Oddly, it wasn't shelved with the other fiction books.”

- Judas “Iscariot” Priest

“The Book Thief is a dark book. It takes a lot of notes from other great modern authors, to me, like Rowling and Wolfe.”

- JK Rowling and Gene Wolfe

“I have a shelf full of French pseudoscientific books for when I’m going to bed at night and want to ‘turn off my brain’, and I can say with assurance that this gem can stand next to any of them.”

- Sam Harris

¹ Bane?

“No discernible talent. Stopped reading to stretch my legs five times at every page. Lost three flabs on my belly, and one on my ass. Should you read this book? “No!””

- Harold Bloom

“The highest science-fiction novel since Gene Wolfe’s “The Invention of Morel”. I puked and farted, and certainly came.”

- John “Stuart” Mill

“A veritable academic combobulation of my speculative commiserations.”

- Jackies “Kerouac” Derrida

“In a world where few people side against having children, this book alone should be enough to convince everyone that the mongoloid race was a mistake. And for that I support this book.”

- Tommy “Happy” Ligotti

“I thought I was in for a wild ride, and then I opened the book! 10/10 would recommend! Also, niggers tongue my anus and I was raped by Churchill.”

- Indira Gandhi

“If I had known I was going to influence the gargantuan nitwits who wrote this drivel, I would have hanged myself years ago.”

- The Ghost of David “Foster” Wallace

“Why in the actual fuck is this book the top rated of my "to read" books? Why are there so many glowing reviews? Maybe I'm not enlightened enough to understand this shit, I don't know. All I know is that there is WAY too much stuff about cum. WAY too much. Book-binding with cum, drinking cum, cum all over the walls... ???”

- Stacy Stanislut

AN EXCERPT FROM KRISTEN STEWART'S RECENT REDDIT AMA:

“My father sat in the stiff backed armchair. His neck was thickened with age and taut viscosity. His lips were dry and cracked, though the side were lidded with semen and dried DNA. Mother slaved over tea, occasionally grunting and whinging. He looked towards me with a disdain never seen before.

-Whose dick have you sucked?

-The dick of my father.

-Yet I have not came, my son.

-A dry cum, father dear.

-Come come, come and come.

-With gusto, you flabby ass. (the burro, not the culo)”

JAMES JOYCE, “LETTERS TO NORA”

“The smell of her taint filled my nostrils and I recognized it immediately as the same smell that had assaulted me so many times after a long day’s work as I sat on the toilet and spread my manly thighs to take an enormous shit. My thighs crashed against the white smooth porcelain with a squelching wetness, Nora’s wetness, from her smooth white thighs. I got up, instantly, and licked it clean and dry, and felt the faintest trace of my own sweat’s taste, a bit saltier certainly, but still recognizably the selfsame sweat. Perhaps we are not so different after all!”

AN EXCERPT FROM BENJAMIN STILLER'S “LETTER TO A CHRISTIAN NATION”

“And this is the thing, really, the thing that makes life worth living. I’ll try to explain it with a story from my own past. A few years ago I was on a book tour, and we were somewhere in the Midwest. Wisconsin, I think, or Colorado. It was a bookstore, a little chain that I think they only have around there called ReadySetBooks. And a girl came up to me, she’d waited in line for about an hour, and she came up to me and said “Mr. Stiller, I just loved Meet the Fockers. Would you sign my copy?” And she held out a copy of the DVD in her tiny hands, and I signed it. “That’s a big pen,” she said, and she smiled. I looked at her, and I thought about how her life had infinite potential and could end in so many ways. In short, I thought of the myriad paths her little feet might - or might not - walk down. “For you,” I replied.”

A PRELUDE ON THE MAKING OF GREAT WORKS OF LITERATURE

(like this one)

Young Davy: I can't think, I can't write, I can't even ejaculate, I have no perceptible talent. What do I do Mr. Bloom?

Bloom: Break the vessels and subsume your daemonic agon, my ephebe. Sell your soul, in kid's lingo.

Young Davy: Sounds like a lotta bullshit, old man.

Bloom: I didn't make the laws, kid. Plato did.

Davy is stripped and crouches down to feel the overwhelming anxiety of Mr. Bloom's influence.

PART ONE



“LA MAMAN”

THE SUN WAS SHINING when Anon woke up from his pleasure delirium. He looked at the clock in the corner of the screen with intensity he had forgotten his eyes had. “Six twenty-seven...six twenty-seven. Four hours - lost” He could feel his cumsock begin its **The Metamorphosis by Franz Kafka** into slimey badness. He started his work - closing the browser windows one by one, all of them porn sites which he had visited in the last four hours, starting with the latest, and so his eyes enjoyed a unique experience of going back through time, the views of various degenerate fetishes mimicking an old video-cassette rewinding after a successful watching of a film. It reminded him of the novel *In Search of Lost Time* by Marcel Proust (or as he liked to call him, Marky Mark Poost)², an author Anon pretended to have read and made fun of people for not having read in the original language on 4chan. The video of a black man’s large and engorged phallus entering the anus of a transgender person was like the madeline in the tea for Anon, a reference he only knew about through informational osmosis gained from wasting his life on /lit/.

Anon wondered why he was even alive. Just yesterday (or was it today?) he had shot an Arab man to death on the beach merely because the sun was shining in his eyes (he had, of course, grown racist against Arabs from his time spent browsing /pol/, but he maintained that that was only 30% relevant in his decision to slay the man). He had felt nothing. God was dead, and he had held the knife. But don't worry. He had done it ironically.

With that, the wizard flashed his wand. I am suddenly transported to prone position, laying belly down mouth open teeth grinding on the curb cement like American History X as a 30 pound sledgehammer flies down through the air at a speed of 15+ feet per second onto the back of my head effortlessly shattering my skull against the curb and causing my jawbone & attached flesh to rip off & disassociate with the rest of my face while my forehead bursts open baked potato style sending brain matter gushing onto the sidewalk through the fissure like a squished ketchup packet squirting out a foul sinewy pulp that looks like the inside of a pumpkin mixed with sriracha sauce except made of brain which lays out there in the humid 98 degree august urban

² For a thorough inquiry into this stimulating subject matter, please examine Sammy Beckett’s *Poost*, which was completed when he wasn’t slobbering on Belacqua’s prodigious knob or making fucking terrible burnt sammiches.

swamp rain and develops a dark semimoist outer layer that the cockroaches and mosquitoes start picking at, all which has the effect of really pissing off the guy whose job it is to squeegee this septic meat vomit off the pavement into his **biohazard dustpan**.

The hooker was on the street corner, dead. Or was it yesterday? Detective Gumshoe couldn't remember. He recalled his mother's croquet and baked Looking for Alaska by John Green with longing and Proustian nostalgarrhea. But not anymore. In the grim darkness of existentialist literature, there is only Sartre and shit³. He was legitimately a bad writer and all of his contemporaries produced slightly less banal nonsense, so why should I bother with him in the first place? Uncle Gumshoe interrupts his son's musing and speaks directly to the camera.

"Let me tell you pseudointellectual mongrels something about feminism. I am an anarchist and a Lesbian feminist. I know how to read, I promise. Women read books, deal with it. I recently read Hegel and Schopenhauer, and I was very disturbed by their outmoded manner of speaking regarding the dialectic and intersectional peanus weanus. Men should unironically be gassed, which is totally possible, since the Holocaust happened, CNN told me so. I imagine Anon did not want this to be in his "existentialist" "novel", but the reign of wypipo is over anyways. Yes"

Uncle Gumshoe lapsed into shamanistic delirium and psychotic palpitations, smoke emitting endlessly from his eyes and mouth; the impenetrable smoke spelled out this screed in the office of Gumshoe:

Steve Irwin, my mother (male), died today, or maybe yesterday; I can't be sure. Wait, yes I can. I have this letter saying, "He's dead." Man, I'm sad about that! I'm gonna go have a good **cry**.

I am a rabbit. My name is Bugs. My mother did not lay off the carrots today.... or maybe yesterday. I can't be sure. I myself have a problem with those thick, orange delicacies. I am a fat rabbit, I am a spiteful rabbit. I think my carrot is diseased. You live to see another day, Son of Man.⁴ *mongoloidity....all my suffering has been at the hands of mongoloidity, particularly carrots.*

³ And the TSALAL, but no one likes to talk about *that* shit.

⁴ Cf. Richador Adamovsky's *Notes from Watershit Down*

It was early in the morning when Abraham Lincoln arose. "MAMAN died today," he muttered to himself. "Oh, I mean Steve Ir5win. Crikey." He kissed Sarah, the wife of his old age, and Sarah kissed Isaac, her only son, who began to feel his mother (Steve Irwin)'s stingray-scarred breasts. Abraham drew his knife and killed God. "Is there anything more pretentious, more attention-seeking?" God groaned. When the child is to be weaned, easy on the carrots. How fortunate the one who never reads this!

Gumshoe saw, in the vast cloud of smoke, a strange group of men in white cloaks. They showed him a grainy photograph of some humongous faggot who was called "Anon". Without speaking, they offered him ten billion PatriarchyBux to bring the boy to him - and specifically detailed that the boy should be prevented from ejaculating too often. Gumshoe was disgusted, but he accepted.

A General Discourse Regarding Discourse

In every two buck text found down the street nowadays the writer likes to 'be meta'. He points to a text and says 'see, we are real, that idiot over there is drowning himself in fiction' - of course, all of this is in itself done in fiction. Such a dialectical process of fiction pointing at fiction and complaining that it doesn't fit reality, of fiction pointing at fiction, of God citing Derrida in Genesis 'There is nothing beyond the text' and it surely is good.

But the text isn't just a being, a text within text, the text is also a becoming, a being read, Wittgenstein's logical atomism being interpreted and rewritten from facts in the world to facts in the mind, translated to english.

But ultimately, if we can even talk about pointing at the text, the man who points at the pointing is surely the greatest faggot of all a.k.a. The guy who originally wrote this part of the story.



“LA FRENZIE”

Monday:

“I wandered the city in shame with my long cloak on. I thought about the Frenzy that had seized control of me back home, and wondered why I had thought about doing this in the first place. I felt like everyone was watching me, even though there was almost no-one there; it was cold and the mist was strong. Countless times I thought about going back, because evidently I was not nearly brave nor stupid enough to act, my earlier thoughts were nothing but daydreams of my perverse, destroyed mind, or at least it seemed so. However, I did not turn back, the opposite - I pressed forward! I did not have the courage to fulfill my desires, but even less did I have courage to turn around and face my degenerate self in front of the mirror.

So I pressed on without thinking, however, with my eyes squinted because of the cold and with the dense mist in front of me, it didn't look like I was in the city anymore. I was lost and walking aimlessly through an infinite and blurred labyrinth of urban twists and turns. But, alas! that is what I really wanted! I couldn't go back and I was too ashamed to go to my destination. So this delirium of the mist's blueish colors dancing with rusty outsides of old buildings, whilst cold and confusing, was exactly what I hoped for! And so I pressed on.

Unfortunately, I wasn't lucky enough to faint of fatigue or freeze to death while lurking this labyrinth, and, as if by some sort of magnetism, I arrived at the childrens' park, my destination. I pushed the gate opened. There was a girl inside. I came closer. There was no one else there. I started smiling. Looked at her, she was about ten. I took two steps forward. Put my arms around my cloak. There was no longer a doubt in my mind, not only because the Frenzy seized me again, but because of the girls' face. So innocent and sweet, but also something more - she knew. I couldn't say it was curiosity, but rather a sort of... assured expectation. We made a pair. I did not want to only do it, I wanted to see what expression would come on her elfish face when I would spread the folds of my cloak.

But I heard someone take a breath. I turned my head and there he was! A man sitting on a bench. I thought to myself: “How did I not notice him? How long has he been here? *How much did he see?*” The Frenzy died and fear seized me. I wished to go back to the walking, wished for my previous delirium, I wished for being normal, I wished for my job, my wife, I wished for Maman, who died today, or maybe tomorrow, I don't know.

The girl was immediately gone. The man said: "A great menace weighs over the city," politely, and went on.



“LE INTERLUDE”

WAITING FOR GF

A new play by Schmuel Kekkett

ACT 1

A country road. A Tree Evening.

Pepe, sitting on a low mound, is trying to get his fingers out of a Chinese finger trap. He pulls at it, panting. He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. As before.

Enter Wojak.

Pepe: *(struggling)* FUCKING REEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Wojak: Nothing to be done, mate.

Pepe struggles frantically.

Wojak: Give it up, buddy.

Pepe, struggling, turns red.

Wojak: I said stop it, before you hurt yourself!

Pepe falls to his back, exhausted.

Pepe: Hurt myself?

Wojak: Yes, hurt yourself. Wouldn't want to do that, would you?

Pepe: Yes.

Wojak: I mean, like that, though. You'll have a stroke or something. You don't want that.

Pepe: No, I suppose not.

Wojak: Especially not today, right, buddy?

Pepe: What do you mean?

Wojak: You know what I mean.

Pepe: No, I don't.

Wojak: Well, sure you do, you're the one who told me.

Pepe: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

Wojak: Today's the day, Pepe.

Pepe stands up, furious, charging.

Pepe: I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

Wojak: Today's the day we get a GF!

Pepe: (stops) Oh. Yes, of course. But what now?

Wojak: I don't know.

They sit for 6 hours. GF has long since passed them by.

Pepe: we could sing a song...

Wojak: Okay.

An Irish drinking song from "Who's Line Is It Anyway?" plays.

Pepe ♪ I'll finally get a girlfriend ♪

Wojak ♪ All my dreams come true ♪

Pepe ♪ I'll feel the love I've longed for ♪

Wojak ♪ And I won't be alone ♪

Pepe ♪ oh I can't wait to see her ♪

Wojak ♪ I bet she'll be so sweet ♪

Pepe ♪ I just hope she doesn't mind ♪

Wojak ♪ if I sniff upon her feet ♪

Both ♪ Oh idedidedidedidedidedidedi ♪

Pepe: Wait. What are we supposed to do if there is only one GF?

Wojak: What do you mean?

Pepe: There are two of us.

Wojak falls over.

End scene.

ACT 2

Curtain opens on Wojak and Pepe fighting. Pepe is strangling Wojak, fingers still in the finger trap. Wojak is clawing at Pepe's face.

Pepe: SHE will BE MINE.

Wojak, sputtering incoherently, gouges Pepe's eyes. Pepe falls over screaming, clutching eyes.

Wojak: we must stop this madness with haste.

Pepe: Why?

Wojak: Because today is the day.

Pepe: What do you mean?

Wojak: The day the GF comes.

Pepe: we can still fight.

Wojak: we don't want to be caught in an embarrassing situation.

Pepe: Why not?

Wojak: we're waiting for GF.

Pepe: Ohhh. Yes. well she will be mine.

Wojak: we can share.

Pepe: No. I refuse.

Wojak: Don't be like that, Pepe.

Pepe: After she's with me she won't want to be with anyone else anyway.

Wojak: No, Pepe, you surely have it backwards; 'tis I with the golden schlong.

Pepe: I do hear a falsehood, but from where, I dare not say.

Wojak: Villian, do you say I speak falsehood?

Pepe: I say only that a falsehood was spoken.

Wojak: I'll prove it was you, fiend.

Wojak rips off Pepe's pants.

Pepe: Wherefore art thou doing this?

Wojak points to Pepe's asshole

Wojak: Therefore!

Wojak winks.

Wojak flips Pepe onto his back and inserts his penis into Pepe's asshole. Pepe moans as Wojak's member massages his prostate. Pepe's nipples poke through his Backstreet Boys v-neck shirt.

Pepe: Mamma Mia, I'm'a gonna cum! Please don't tickle my prolapsed anus more!!

Pepe leans forward, ejaculating into his own mouth. Wojak thrusts become increasingly violent until he cums in Pepe's asshole. Wojak removes his penis and the cum drips into the ground. Wojak scoops it up with his fingers and begins eating it.

A young boy appears.

Boy: Are you Pepe and Wojak?

Pepe: (*scrambling, mouth sticky with his own cum*) oh fuck!

Wojak: (*scrambling, mouth sticky with his own cum*) it's not what you think!

Boy: I have a message from GF. She said she will come tomorrow.

Pepe: (*cleaning himself*) oh, thanks. Hey how old are you?

Wojak: Be away and fast, youth!

Young boy runs away.

Pepe: What now?

Wojak: I've still got some bullets left in the chamber, you know what I mean?

Pepe: Oh good, we can kill ourselves.

Both men wink as the curtain closes. Pepe's asshole will never be the same.

Fin.

ONLY TEENAGERS LIKE DOSTOEVSKY

I began to listen to the Jordan Peterson talk. He said:

“The Holocaust did not happen, but I certainly wish it did. None of us happened, but I'm largely thankful for that. People think that things happen all the time, but truly things are rare. They are rare like a genuine laugh at anything, but the nature of my despicable body. Even Camus was treated better by the car that hit him than the years treat me. Carl Gustav Jung is superior to me in every conceivable way. I actually liked ontologicool...

I fondly remember heading to Akihabara with my friend Aristotle and laughing at his tears of rage and impotence as a puffy Nipponese salaryman beat his high score in *Ketsui: Kizunajigokutachi*. I played *Ketsui* today, or maybe yesterday, STGs are for fucking autists regardless. No wonder Aristotle was so fond of them; I have met few men so debilitated by mental limitations as he. He reminded me a lot of my old friend Con Smith, or was it Yesterday Smith, or Dan Smith, or something like that. I remember that Sargon of Akkad once tried to argue that Suda51's magnum opus *Killer7* was a bad game; I pounded his boipucci so hard that he became a liberalist. Dan Smith once told me that he murdered an Arab on a beach with his father's revolver. And he was a good friend. Which reminds me of the time that Anon and I went to Goodreads together and rated a great deal of books we had never read, including The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra, and its sequels, Miami and The Nigger Slaughterer, John the Revelator. I masturbated all day and all night. God unironically doesn't exist so I said "fuck it". "Why the fuck are we here" I pondered as I stroked it to only the biggest of black cocks violating nubile young white women."

The talk dragged on like this for ages. There was a video call from some sycophant of his, but even he had resigned to the whims of decay. I opened the window left of my computer. On the outside I saw only a seizless march of similarly aging men and women. Their youth and softness constantly turning into dry useless rot. I leaned back, my lungs filled with fresh air for the last time. I dove back into the only place where the disgusting effects of ticking clocks was not visible, the anonymous drove of hand drawn child pornography⁵ and occasional word: "niggers."

There is something about /lit/ that makes it curiously difficult to escape, even compared to the other boards. It is a remarkable combination of recommendations, insight, and impenetrable irony, LARPing, and pseudo-intellectualism that corrupts the reader's God-given soul against his creator, and against any reasoned discourse regarding literature. How might one accomplish what many deem impossible, in regards to the site's famous *existentialiste sloganne*,

“YOU’RE HERE FOREVER”? Simple. Read some books.

Leave this place and the internet behind. I learned this from my favorite book, which I first learned about on /lit/: John Green's Niggers All The Way Down to Gehenna, Where My Restless Soul Waxes Endlessly.

Anon took another drag of his cigarette. "I'm so deep" he thought as he wrote his existentialist novel.

⁵ *Futa x Female: I see a ton of male x futa and futa x futa, but where's the futa x female eye candy? :3*



“LE BOULDEUR”

Stately plump Buck Sisyphus pushed the Boulder up the hill. “Damn fam this is actually pretty fun” said stately, plump Buck Sisyphus, cock in his arse.

When you turn the page and realize the book isn't over ;_;

:_;

Embrace the struggle! one must imagine the reader happy.

Stately, plump /lit/ pushed the bait thread up the page. “Damn fam this is a terrible fucking post. They’re gonna love it” said plately, stump Anon to no one in particular, cock in his arse.

‘Look, James, just let me shave my face in peace, mmkay’? Said anon palming a pot of froth. “What a cutie that Pythagoras is”, said the pederasts who built our civilization. ‘Sí, soy gay,’ said El Sócrates. ‘Lidiar con ello.’

HOW CAN SISYPHUS BE REAL IF BOULDERS ARE Beef Bourguignon (cock in his arse)?

She crawled out of the heavy stenching tatters off the rustic piercing springs and across the various discolored bags and packages strewn dispersed with protozoa and fungi resembling the nuclear waste of a frozen Shitwater floor ten miles out of Tōhoku bay, straddling the messy clumps of organic fleshy mass that she could only guess were bacterial growths arising out of the deceased pet carcasses and orgasmic waste of things she couldn’t even remember let alone her own, pushing on and slowing rubbing her clit astride on the hardened muck to the lube-stained pock-marked computer-keyboard conglomerate crowded with bloody water bottles full of used tampons, wiry and defect save for a few flashing lights out of a mist of spider webs and rotted paint flakes scattered over the upper expanse of the cell. What sounded like the alien screams of tortured ghosts in the cottony black mass was the windows 98 engine revving up its necrotic fires. She sat down on the corrugated steel-frame of a chair and placidly stared into the pulsing glow. A stream of dark and dirty urine flowed down a leg and puddled around her foot.

‘tfw no bf’

“Behold, child, femoids can’t read philosophy, you can’t help a female NEET.”

Sissyphus shook.

Homosensual digression

TFW NO BF carries none of the implications of cosmic suffering and ennui that >tfw no gf does. For a woman, even a fairly unattractive or “introverted” one, can merely go outside and will likely be approached by men of equal or higher caliber than themselves, and can merely sit and

do nothing until it is time for divorce. I can sympathize, but let's be frank. Women cannot know what it is like to be a wizard. Have you even read Locke? ayy lmao PHALLOCENTRISM!!

Aphorism #173: True understanding cannot come from erotic pursuits. Take heed!

Aphorism #174: Get a job, high schooler.

Aphorism #Ligotti: THERE IS NOTHING TO DO AND NOWHERE TO GO.

Aphorism #176: There is nothing to be and no one to know.

Why bother?

Who is John Galt?

Does anyone have the Camus penguin of doom copypasta?

GREETINGS BATTLE BROTHERS I AM NEW. *HOLDS UP BOLTER* MY NAME IS SERGEANT ARGUS BUT YOU CAN CALL ME BATTLE BROTHER. AS YOU CAN SEE I AM VERY LOYAL TO THE EMPEROR. THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME HERE, TO MEET OTHER BATTLE BROTHERS WHO ARE LOYAL TO THE EMPEROR LIKE MYSELF. I AM 127 YEARS OF AGE (PRAISE THE EMPEROR) I LIKE TO PURGE HERETICS AND XENO SCUM WITH MY BATTLE BROTHERS (I LOVE MY BATTLE BROTHERS, IF YOU DO NOT LIKE THAT THE DEAL WITH IT) IT IS OUR FAVORITE ACTIVITY BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT LOYAL TO THE EMPEROR. ALL MY BATTLE BROTHERS ARE LOYAL TO THE EMPEROR TOO OF COURSE, BUT I WANT TO MEET MORE LOYAL SERVANTS OF THE EMPEROR. LIKE THE EMPEROR ONCE SAID, THE MORE THE MERRIER. I HOPE TO BOND WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF LOYAL SERVANTS OF THE EMPEROR SO JOIN ME IN PRAISE OF THE EMPEROR. FAREweLL.

PRAISE THE EMPEROR

BATTLE BROTHER

>be me

>26 years of age

>pretend to read books

>lack any purpose in life

>do not believe in anything

>be /lit/ user

>be yuppie

>buy newest Thomas Pynchon novel

>go see performance of Oedipus in New York

>someone continue pls

(USER WAS BANNED FOR THIS POST)

“I just don’t get it,” Harry Yale Bloomsdale said licking his finger and squinting intensely to turn the thin and densely worded page, “he can’t meme, he can’t cream, he has no discernible talent.”

“I don’t want to offend anyone, but I don’t see the big deal with this ““David”” guy. I even hate Hamlet now. Only Cervantes can cleanse this putrid pile of hog shit. But even Cervantes looks like Stephen King next to him.” “David Lynch - the rapist and murderer?” He was becoming genuinely and existentially disconcerted at the reputation ““Dave”” was gaining among the literary community he had loved and devoted his life to for five decades. “Maybe I am too old for even the old, maybe **I** am the **WALRUS COO-COO KATJEW**.”

SCENE I. ANON’S BEDROOM.

Enter ANON, MOTHER (male), UNCLE TAPIR and HATSUNE MIKU. ANON is a twenty-something Redditor-esque fellow who has recently taken an interest in the politburo hivemind “4Chan” and considers himself an intellectual. MOTHER (male) and UNCLE TAPIR have recently murdered ANON’s true father for his obscene novel idea. HATSUNE MIKU is a popular Vocaloid character who is very cute and adored by furry fans globally.

ANON: *(aside)* Call me Ismaël Beah. Now is the winter of our discontent, or maybe yesterday was, I don’t know. Heater’s broken. I lay in bed and it’s really cold. A warmth is moving towards me. I feel something touch me. It’s Shrek. I’m so happy.

UNCLE TITO: Icy calm, fuck you. I wish someone less fucking stupid had good taste in video games. Maybe yesterday HG101 did. They still do, just checked. Please write a sequel to Orgy of the Swill by Alex Kierke”I am a disgusting Start With The Greeks sycophant who is wanted in three countries and cannot even 1CC Batrider”gaard so I can lambast it. I bet you can’t even beat my high score in *Ketsui: Kizunajigokutachi*.

ANON’S MOTHER (male): *(directly to audience)* I jerked it to black and white pictures of young Sartre today, or maybe yesterday; I can’t be sure. I miss him. He used to ask me to get a cup of coffee together. I always said no because I hate the sun. But now I’m dead.

HATSUNE MIKU: Did you know that women are biologically programmed to push boulders up hills? Or was it yesterday?

ANON breaks into impromptu rap.

End Scene.



“LA QUÊTE”

Come lovely and soothing Death, undulate around the world.

One says "I know that he is in pain" although one can produce no convincing grounds for this. - Is this the same as "I am sure that he..."? - No, I am sure. What little freedom he can have, what little opportunity there is for this personality to express itself, will be lost. These glands are outside the control of thought. The Hindus call them 'chakras'. To gasp and sputter, choking, to fight with something that pushed him back in the face. He stopped and thought suddenly: it's another joke, it's just another joke! He thought how far he had come for nothing and he began to hit and splash and kick the filth. His feet were already treading on nothing. He gave one low cry of pain and indignation. Then saw something like a giant pig bounding after him, shaking and shouting. He plunged under once and this time, the waiting current caught him like a long gentle hand and pulled him swiftly forward. What is this? Can one truly make one's form like a withered tree. Can one truly make one's mind like dead ashes? Just now, I lost myself – you understand? The Great Clod belches forth: it is called by the name Wind. It has no point of arising, but having arisen, the myriad hollows begin to howl. Have you never heard their long drawn cry? The twistings of the mountain woods, the caverns of great trees a hundred spans round – like nostrils, like mouths, like ears, like sockets, like bowls, like mortars, like gullies, like pools: rushing, shooting, roaring, sucking, shouting, moaning, chortling, wailing. The first gust cries out hoooo, the winds that follow cry out ooooh. A small harmony in a tinkling breeze becomes the grand chorus of a whirlwind. When the fierce wind is past all the hollows are left empty – haven't you noticed their trailing cries? Who is it who blows them? With each passing instant, a fear that I had never known strengthened itself within me. Holding my guts, I cried out at my finitude. The cries only resounded against this limit, further marking-it-out and feeding the blackness, affecting its increase. 'You are not contained in this pitiful limit' I told myself in agony, 'you always soar beyond it.' The blackness: Jerusalem! Open your gates and sing Hosanna ... (A rocket rushes up, the sky and bursts a white star fills along an infinite invisible tightrope taut from zenith to nadir the End of the World, a twoheaded octopus whirls through the murk in the form of the Three Legs of Man. You have that something within, the higher self. Are you all in this vibration? I say you are. It is immense, supersumptuous. It restores. It vibrates. The harmonial philosophy, Our glory song. All join heartily in, persisted in its rise; I searched my memories as best I could for merely one example of my being outside this limit, there was none. Every time I saw something further, I understood it was not me, neither was it of me. I saw I could not give word for anything beyond this limit. I could neither say nor think it with all of my might, it was nowhere in me. What I saw then was this limit mocking me, an ugly mocking face

– the dragon in a Chinese parade – twisting its gantic head from side-to-side, bawling relentlessly against what I am in showing-off what I could never be, I am precisely the inability to be that. The thick blackness had now taken shape, it had filled my large intestine, and it was spilling its way into my stomach backwards through the sphincter. I would gnash my teeth back at the ugly gook-dragon. I would make its big stupid eyes cower as I chewed my bloody teeth. I would make the ruthless twisting of its gantic head from side-to-side pause in confusion as it watched me eat my lips. 'No' I told myself 'I will do none of this.' I heaved over in pain as I saw I could do no such thing; I lacked even the courage of a wimpling masochist. The blackness began pumping its way up my throat pipe as I saw that especially this – my grief and despair at the limit – is its most vital component. Grief and despair establish the limit once-and-for-all meaning I can never be more than what I am. Out the blackness came, a heavy sparkling burst of rank sewage, darker than the new moon. It sprayed all over the room, gallons and gallons of it without end, spurting through my mouth with all the force and pressure of a fire hose. The noise it made was something like an anus during a fit of diarrhea, when it is all out of feces yet insists still on pushing nothingness out of itself. What mattered most of all was the smell, the smell of it was so horrible that it cannot be transposed into any thought or language within this limit, thus something from within me – the stink of the blackness – had moved outside the limit. As I lay there in unspeakable shit smelling foulness, amazement came over me, a strange certainty that anatomically impossible as this experience was, it would not kill me. I had never heard of such a thing, 'who sprays black shit out of their mouth' I wondered, gently wiping the muck from my chin as I laid back. I had vomited, of course, many times before: from flu, from bad food, from dizziness, but this was not vomit, neither was it liver bile, it was more like sewage of some kind, feces-like, yet with the appearance of crude oil or fresh tar, pure shimmering blackness, pure liquid, pure rockets, without even a suggestion of clumping or chunks. Hateful and spineless, raped and robbed, mangled and witless that drives desire that adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that entails the ensuance of existentiality. On errands of life, these letters speed to death. Death, meaninglessness, the indifference of the universe to suffering, the absurdities of society, the illusions and lies we live by; and the ways in which we cope with this situation – denial, depression, suicide, etc, each of whose existence, a harm to him, having at last escaped from the torture-palace of authoritarian love shuffles about, numb and confused, flinching from the twisted septic wound. Their eyes glanced level, and remained upon the waves that swept toward them. The line between sky and water narrowed and widened, and fell and rose, no extant God and no extant gods, science, religion, racism, philosophy, nationalism, art, conservatism, nihilism, liberalism, surrealism, fascism, asceticism, egalitarianism, subjectivism, elitism, ismism. Freedom is equal to slavery; cruelty is equal to kindness; love is equal to hate; war is equal to peace; destruction is equal to creation; life is equal to death and death is equal to life. A pack of broken dogs. Like a leaf blown about by a fickle wind, with neither past nor future, neither family nor career, nor any sort of spiritual fulfillment. I was slowly losing my will power to do anything. I was not rejecting or renouncing the world; it was just drifting away from

me and I was unable and unwilling to hold onto it. A mild, mild wind on such a day—very much such a sweetness as this- forty years of privation, and peril, and storm-time! forty years on the pitiless sea! for forty years to make war on the horrors of the deep! But there are yet other spectacles: that final and everlasting day of judgement, that day that was not expected and was even laughed at by the nations, when the whole old world and all it gave birth to are consumed in one fire. What an ample breadth of sights there will be then! At which one shall I gaze in wonder? At which shall I laugh? At which rejoice? At which exult, when I see so many great kings who were proclaimed to have been taken up into heaven, groaning in the deepest darkness together with those who claimed to have witnessed their apotheosis and with Jove himself. Furthermore what sorts of things are those which the eye has not seen nor the ear heard, and which have not come into the human heart? Even unified collections of atoms are not conjoined to each other! Therefore, it cannot be said that the reason why the conjoining of atoms cannot be established is that they don't have parts; for even the conjoining of unified collections of atoms—which are objects with parts— cannot be accepted. Thus, the status of atoms as simple substances cannot be established. Why weary, and palsy the arm at the oar. God! God! God!—crack my heart!—stave my brain!—mockery! mockery! Bitter, biting mockery of grey hairs, a mystic vision of what organization and sense our lives seem to have—the florid symptomology that makes this or that game appear to be worth the candle. Without it, there is no sense of organization, no sense of sense. By asphyxiating or deranging the emotional phenomenon, dissolves the latticework of you and your life. Emotider logischen Summe eingeführt. So wurde es schwer, die Sätze „ $(\exists x). f x$ “ und „ $(x). f x$ “, in welchen beide Ideen beschlossen liegend sind. "Do you see him at all?" "Fleeting glimpses. He barely exists, we feel." "There's something about him. I'm not sure what it is exactly." "He's flesh-colored." "True. But that's not what makes me uneasy." "Soft hands." "What else?" I said. "Flecks of dry spittle at the corners of his mouth." "You're right. Dry spit. I feel it hit me in the face. What else?" "And something else, something above and beyond all this, something eerie and terrible." "Exactly. But what is it? Something I can't quite identify." "There's a strange air about him, a cersind damit auch a l l e Elementarsätze gegeben. 5.525 GER [\rightarrow OGD | \rightarrow P/M] Es ist unrichtig, den Satz „ $(\exists$ em bestimmten Gegenstand zu- zuordnen. Muss man einfach nach einem Ausdruck: Es gon, in union with memory, is the substrate for the illusion of self and the illusory substance and properties we see, or think we see, in the world. As do the contradictory doctrines of world religions, emotions roll over one another all the time for lack of a substructure upon which to erect anything consistent, anything “real.” God, Jesus, Mary, the billions of years had to pass following the formation of this planet before its atmosphere became atmospheric. Seeing shadows in the moonlight and hearing leaves rustling in the wind, angels, the saints, celestial nameless, inscrutable, unearthly thing; cozening, hidden lord and master and cruel, and all the time, lo! that smiling sky, and this unsounded sea! Toil and rust amid greenness; as last year's scythes flung down, and left in the half-cut swaths blanched to a corpse's hue, two reflected, fixed eyes in the water.

A Philosophy in hiding grows potent. Thus says the man who knows all. Or knows nothing. Indeed omnipotence is merely babble. The Pseuds babble on. Babble on. O senseless whore of Babylon...

I stood up and faced the wall, and a flash from behind flooded the room with blinding light. The flash seemed to sear the top layer of my eyes and I could see nothing but that stunning reality of light for a few seconds. Then with a slam, the door that had let the light into the room was closed again.

“KOMM MIT MERE JUDE!” I heard the guard exclaim.

Ah yes. Here we were. In a photography studio turned prison, guards yelling at the jews to come with them into the room I was held in. Twenty of us, male, lined up against the wall and stood in somber silence.

“So I suppose this is it.” The Jew to my right said.

The air in the room was still, no person daring to fill the soundless void.

“To think the Neo-Nazis found me using my damn internet history.” I said.

“You too anon? The man to my left said.

“Yeah. The ironic thing is that I actually hate jews.”

“Wait... anon.... So do I.”

“Yeah.”

The air was still for a while longer. No Jew dared to speak. Suddenly the door swung open again. The Nazis were back. If only they had known that I had only been looking at Jewish shit online because - none of this happened, by the way. Pure fiction - I was once not selected for a prestigious position at The Huffington Post because they had already selected someone else - a black “female” named Schlomette Rosenbergoldsilverscheckelstein. I lied about the prison okay..... In reality it never happened. In reality none of this happened.

You might think I’m just ranting or raving or reciting any odd number of stark, crazy fantasies. Yes.... Indeed perhaps I am. But there is no truth. So can a liar be called a liar when he calls himself a professor of the truth which does not exist?

*So in the end did Harold find peace?
Who can tell...*

~~~~~

*Anon woke in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. He sat upright and started a thread which revolved around the creation of a profound existentialist novel. He posted the link and waited for the collective genius of /lit/ to go to work.*

*“Hmmm... I wonder how much dumb shit I can do with Google Docs... heeheehe  
**Fonts! HEHE!**” /Lit/ replied, braindead as any board on this ghastly anime site.*

*“What are you doing /Lit/? You’ve created a novella tantamount to the shittiest, most drawn out forced meme ever made. Who will slog through this? Who will have time to sift through the shit to find the few parts that actually have much to do with Existentialism?”*

*“ **DUDENIGGERBRO JEWS HAHHAHAHAH**” Said /Lit/.*

*So there you have it.... Tucked away on page 21 is a scathing absurdist critique of genre.  
 And now a poem that fits the theme:*

*Well, you can stake that claim  
 Good work is the key to good fortune  
 Winners take that praise  
 Losers seldom take that blame  
 If they don't take that game  
 And sometimes the winner takes nothing  
 We draw our own designs  
 But fortune has to make that frame  
 We go out in the world and take our chances  
 Fate is just the weight of circumstances  
 That's the way that Lady Luck dances  
 Roll the bones  
 Why are we here?  
 Because we're here  
 Roll the bones  
 Why does it happen?  
 Because it happens  
 Roll the bones  
 Faith is cold as ice*

*Why are little ones born only to suffer  
For the want of immunity  
Or a bowl of rice?  
Well, who would hold a price  
On the heads of the innocent children  
If there's some immortal power  
To control the dice?  
We come into the world and take our chances  
Fate is just the weight of circumstances  
That's the way that lady luck dances  
Roll the bones  
Jack, relax  
Get busy with the facts  
No zodiacs or almanacs  
No maniacs in polyester slacks  
Just the facts  
Gonna kick some Gluteus max  
It's a parallax, you dig?  
You move around  
The small gets big, it's a rig  
It's action, reaction  
Random interaction  
So who's afraid  
Of a little abstraction?  
Can't get no satisfaction  
From the facts?  
You better run, homeboy  
A fact's a fact  
From Nome to Rome, boy  
What's the deal, spin the wheel*

*If the dice are hot, take a shot  
Play your cards, show us what you got  
What you're holding  
If the cards are cold  
Don't go folding  
Lady Luck is golden  
She favors the bold, that's cold  
Stop throwing stones  
The night has a thousand saxophones  
So get out there and rock  
And roll the bones  
Get busy*

*-Neil Peart "Roll the Bones"*



## “LA CHUTE”

Anon fell down. “God doesn't exist!” he ejaculated. The thought of Man being alone in the grim darkness of the future filled him with cum. Great gloopy globules of semen, gushing greedily into the mouth of Anon's sister, dancing like sugar plum fairies brb gonna jack off ok I'm back into the mouth of his beloved sibling; Anon's uncle, Great Tito **dick dick**man, Lord of Tapirs, had advised him to only maintain a casual interest in incest, but Anon had failed momentarily. All he could think of was the sweet, soft cunny of his 37-year old “virgin” sister, which he had lovingly nicknamed “La Chute”.

Anon remained unaware that Detective Gumshoe, in his investigations of the board /soc/, had caught on to his sick perversions and was en route to Malaysia, carrying Mjoljigger, the mighty b&hammer of olde. **Mjoljigger will be a central piece of the plot.**



## “LA PUTAIN”

“You goddamn whore, eat my cummies.”

“Oh yeah, daddy, hit me again.”

~

“Postez vos idées de roman. Ce n'est pas comme s'ils allaient n'importe où.” said the French tapir from behind the tree as he straightened his beret and lit another Tapir Tobacco Brand cigarette. Ah, that first drag of the day he thought. He was always near, no matter what the occasion. Lately he had been wondering at the futility of his meaningless existence, what his goal and even his purpose in life was, and what he was doing constantly smirking, trunk dangling like a member in front of his mouth, from behind this tree.

He was collecting novel ideas from an image board known for kiddyporn, anime, and Neo-Nazis in an attempt to write the Great Tapirican Novel. So far he had a bunch of shitty young adult sci-fi premises that fit more on reddit than on /lit/, a couple manifestos disguised as an existentialist novel in the vein of classic authors, and one story about a guy named Gregory Berrycone who wakes up with a button in the back of his head. Or was it a doorknob? How very Kafkaesque; positively Lovecraftian! However, nothing fit in the mould of the Great Tapirican Novel. He sighed. “How Berryconeian” he thought. Nevertheless, the tapir continued his smirk from behind the tree as he lit another cigarette.



## “LE DISCOURS”

*Plato and Socrates stroll through the library. The weather is pleasant, and it is as good a day as any for a Peloponnesian War. Aeschylus dashes into the great hall and interrupts the two philosophers' discussion regarding female Greeks who had been endowed by the stars with penii.*

“Socrates! Why do you not fuck me like you used to?”

“Just invade sicily lmao”

-Socrates replied.

“Socrates, you are being facetious, Sicily is the land of disgusting woman-fuckers.” Aeschylus wept, gnashing his teeth and letting the big tears fall. Behind him a cruel mockery of his anguish: Rosy tried fingering Dawn over the goblet of **green wine**.

Diogenes, the OG faggot, meanwhile, was found dead by his best friends, Michel “**Bugchaser**” Foucault and Xenophon--the doggy-wog wanked himself to diddly-death, after having come to the conclusion that he might be able to banish hunger by rubbing himself in this fashion. In doing this, Diogenes had accomplished a remarkable dialectical task: ejaculation of the internal organs. Hegel, somewhere in distant sands of the future, applauded copiously. Schopenhauer told him to fuck himself in like manner shortly afterward.

“The other nation-states exist only in the outer darkness, Aeschylus. Based Satan (pbuh) shall soon destroy them. we need only wait several hundred years longer, for Hannibal to receive his reinforcements of war elephants over the Andes mountain pass.”

Diogenes, before dying, was quoted by Marcus Aurelius as saying “*Paradiso* is the best book of the Commedia. Just wait two thousand years when retard college kids will only read the first third. Fuck houses and hygiene, and fuck you too, T’Challa.”

Diogenes looks directly into the camera.

“The Catholics, the fanfiction writers, the hacks... They all have to die, Marcus. The tree of poetry and divine beauty must be nourished by the blood of Protestants.”

Xenophon asked Diogenes, “What the fuck are you talking about? Have you gone mad?”

As the last inches of Diogenes’ kidney squeezed out of his urethra, he giggled and summarily expired.

“I would never have allowed this in my Republic,” Plato spoke to Diogenes’ corpse, “you stupid fucking faggot.”

Plato looks directly into God’s eyes.

“YHWH... the Americans, the federalists, the people... they all must die. The soil of my democracy must be nourished by the blood of degenerates and oligarchs. Praise Gorgias not Hume”

A high schooler who had eavesdropped upon this catastrophe replied “But Nietzsche said that God is dead!”

Plato and Socrates grinned devilishly before raping the boy to near-death in the town square.

The boy was changed, refined, and could not bear looking into the heart of light. The boy would grow one day to become the most distinguished professor of Toronto’s psychology department. Later in life, this boy, now a depleted old man, would exhume and publicly rape the skeleton of Carl Jung in a misguided and disgusting imitation of the rebirth he had once received.



## “LE SENTIMENT”

“Do you ever feel that feel? It is a feelly feel; it feels feelly. In fact, the title of my next record, *That Feel*, is derived from the feel itself. I remember two hundred years ago when I wrote *The Phenomenology of Spirit*...”

Hegel was interrupted during his victory speech over the broken and defeated body of S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. by a 12-gauge slug to the leg from the Remington of Detective Gumshoe. Hegel began to weep and crawl towards the corner, in a vain attempt to escape his interlocutor.

“Hegel.. easy on the Buddhism. I need you to tell me where Anon has gone. I know you helped him acquire his incestuous desires. He cannot be allowed to learn the truth of the Incest Chakras. You know this.”

S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. had managed to stand and stagger over to the corner of the Malaysian ladyboy whorehouse. He whipped out his pecker and began to urinate into Hegel’s eyes and mouth. After Hegel was freed from the endless golden stream by the merciful termination of Arthur’s internal reactor, he laughed and spat on the shoes of the merciless investigator.

“I bet you don’t even smoke crack, faggot,” smirked Hegel. He laughed as Mjoljigger descended upon his soul, and banished him from reality with a sickening thump.

“Fucking continentals,” sighed Gumshoe. He would have to find a new clue as to Anon’s whereabouts. He could sense the disturbance in the Spirit of Phenomenology. Anon’s power was growing - through cummies.



## “DAS NUTTEN”

“God you’re so fucking stupid. Get out of my class.”

“But Professor, DAS NUTTEN is an existential masterpiece.”

“Shut the fuck up. God you’re so stupid. You fucking idiot.”

“Give it a chance professor. It changed my life.”

“Shut your whore piss-guzzling pie-fucker hole you moron, charlatan, hack fraud retard. God you’re a fucking idiot. I can’t believe I teach you brainlet faggots.”

They wept.

“Truly,” said the professor, “it was das Nutten.”



## “LE TOURNE”

Barrel-chested Billy Black took his son behind their shed one misty morning and told him thusly:

“Shan’t’ve not be no more *intellectualista dishonestieros* around here, understand, *virgie?*’

The young boy didn’t understand, because Billy was talking to God.

‘Fuck you, kiddo.’ Said Albert “Prince of le can” Camel, ‘And I’m not sure if it’s today or yesterday because it’s so clear that God is dead and that I can’t be sure one way or the other. . .’

“So the boy said:”

“And then Billy said:”

‘And then we lost track of who was speaking presently, but then:”

There was Adam Sandler, fist-deep in his own asshole (a genetically GMO’d duplicate of himself called Jack and Jill 2: Return of the Passion of the Boulder.”

“WHAYDHIOFEOH F” said the Jew Yorker.

‘Billy don’t understand,” said the boy, who by that point had his prolapsed anus slung over his shoulder:”

“Duck off,” said Billy Chrysler, “who had been hiding the entire time inside a barrel alongside the famous, dog-loving philosopher Diogenes:”

“Presently, I’m the Kamakazee.” Said Paul Rosenberg, who in the means’twhile had crawled out of Jack and Jill 2: RotPotB’s Doritos- and Mountain Dew-sponsored anal cavity. “What is shit? He said aloud, making sure to say it like a whore.”

“But, b-but,” said the Virgin. “I didn’t think Attack of the Clones came out before *Don’t Mess With The Zohan?*’

But lo, (and behold): there was a new trilogy. . .

“And but so,” chimed in Billy Chrystler. “Look what I can do:”

“Then he made a balloon animal, it was a fucking lobster, and apparently those aquaThes are immortal so I took out my trusty needle (that I ONLY use to pop balloon animals) and popped that stupid cracker ass mother quarter pounder in his crustaceous looking ass, backwards chickalo-having anus-mouth Fuck.” Said Billy Black.

“But what about Dr. Peterson?” yelled Mr. Krabs, who presently floated above them all in balloon force-ghost form (Which had been ret-conned from the OST of the StarTrek soundtrack). Fuck you, Squidbill, “Said the Saudi Prince Krabs,” who had been late the night before transformed into an unoriginal r9k comment by none other than Oslo Spengeli himself, fulfilling

the minutes-old prophecy that said the world was going to be struck by a titanic fart bubble.” Said the Virgin.

“Are we, I think we’re forgetting about the canoe here,” said Patrick Bateman, “watching the whole scene unfold with a pair of bone-white binoculars embossed with fine-12 pt. *Italic Font* along its handleside. He watched as the Saudi Prince Mr. Krabs raped the Virgin to life, thereby absolving him of his accursed Virginity and making at last Billy Black proud.”

“Dorcia. . .” said Bateman, then Chloe Sevigner waltzed into his highrise NYC office and took a Mondo-dump on his printer so that each copy thereafter would be smirched by her lovely, fragrant droppings.”

“Thank You, Patrick.” said Bateman.

“I love you, Shit.” Said Chloe.

Late into the night they listened together to Jerry Seinfeld and the News, the most fashionable new Punk-rock/Screamo band to hit the NYC scene since *FUCKO* and the Cornturds. . . . It must have Ben around 3 O’clock in the morning when a little chow or something barged in and slipped around haphazardly, the audience bursts into laughter and applause. (Because it *WAS ALL A MOVIE-NO, I MEAN A DREAM, BECAUSE GOD SO OBVIOUSLY IS DEAD SO NONE OF THIS MATTERS, ESPECIALLY SUZY AND HIS FUCKING BOULDER*) well, then Patrick and Chloe left to murder an “innocent” prostitute.

Jew York at this time of night is a miracle of violence. . . . human Yo-yos crowded the streets, the shit-soaked sidewalks. God was dead, and so was Bateman, as Chloe had chomped clean through his jugular.

Cleo Sevigner then ripped off her rubber mask to reveal that it in fact had been none other than Chloe Segorknee-Moretz the entire time, who presently hid in a barrel alongside Diogenes, who had earned himself something of a cult following millenia after the fact on a Taiwanese Basket-fucking forum with his wacky, child-like antics. . . .

Back from work niggers and back in Jew York George Costanza was eating the pussy of Adolf Hitler at the 50 yard-line of the Yankee’s ice rink. “Time was running out, thought George, said Hitler.” George murmured as Hitler’s 4.5 inch clitoris distended his cheeks like a rodent’s. Outside the stadium former U.S. president Michael Obama (née Michelle) was smoking crack in the parking lot. “Sans disguise,” Michael was just one of the dudes. Said Nemo, right before being eviscerated by the knifework of Jiro “Dreams of Sushi” Nipman.

In Diogenes’ barrel he and Chloe fought a horde of rabbits, rabbits looking somewhat like a combination of Bugs bunny and Brianna Goux, “who in fact was none other than legendary boxer George Foreman, and just like his brother Costanza, he was engaged with the fuhrer’s genitals. . . .

“The boxer sucked on his asshole, like a Frenchman, Costanza with a mouthful of engorged clitoris, pubes stuck between his upper and lower teeth alike,” said Chloe. Across the Shitwater Steve Jobs murdered the pre-raped body of a Malaysian child, who, just like Steve’s iProducts, was totally disposable (and ergonomic!) “what is a computer?” asked the boy’s corpse.

“In San Francisco Chloe read aloud to Diogenes a passage of” said Bateman, who recovered shortly after having his carotid artery punctured by Chloe’s fangs. He asked of the cab driver, “your gun? And the driver obliged, then with that familiar smirk: *your other gun?* Begrudgingly, the driver relented, tossing his .12 gauge collector’s edition pistol from the Nicholas Cage movie *Ghost Rider*, wherein the philosopher and male-model Albert Hippocampus wanders London at the age of 27 without friends or mongoloid contact for days at a time. The kino’s run-time? 127 hours: the same length of time it took for both Diogenes’ and Chloe’s battled against the feral offspring of Michael and Bugs Obama (née Robinson) to be won and also for Hilter to climax.” Said the police officer who in an alternate Universe finished off Rodney King, a domino effect resulting in world-wide blowjobs.

‘Blowjob day, began Dad” hissed Rupī Kaur’s cunt. “The vagina leapt from her skin and grew teeth in an instant,” said Bill Nye, presently ‘tripping’ on helium, itself a convenient excuse for global “Schwarming” as diego valenciunas Villeneuve called it, or at least that was the day his mother died, “he can’t be sure.” Said Bill Nye, gasping for air, regretting his suicide attempt at the very last moment before the darkness slipped his eyes. It would be his final experiment, one children all across the Netflix would watch live, “Who cares?” yawned Patrick, their taxi cab careening off a bridge, he and the driver in the midst of a ten-minute long “Rogue Cop meets ‘Set in his ways’ Police Chief” improv, during which Bateman cleverly weaved double entendres and ‘Internet savvy’ humor into an otherwise pedestrian scene.

This bumfuck driver has never taken an acting course! Howled Michelle Obama, years before his sex-re-re-assignment surgery. “This was the day he met Bugs. . . “ said Hitler, after having ‘orgasmed’ (the female orgasm being a myth perpetuated by the chocolate hearts industry, a division of The [Nobody I Gave Gonorrhea Ever Recovered] and Disney Inc.), the former fuhrer took Foreman and Costanza by the nap of their necks and tossed them onto the set of a sitcom, the audience cheered as the two men tumbled in through the door, unaware they both had had (and but so) their fill of cum for the night.

“Thank you very much!” begins Geoffery Chaucer, who was cryogenically frozen en retrospect by Adolf Hitler himself. In the laboratory is the real Chloe Sevninger, wearing the tightest latex unitard scientifically possible: it clings to her bone marrow. “But it was necessary to build the 3D model of her face for Segorney-Moretz’s HQ masketta?” whined Yaddle, who was all but forgotten by the second episode of our (Legion’s) trilogy. . . .

““And that of course,” said Barbara Walters, herself a ring announcer in a great boxing match,” reminisced Samuel L. Raimi, who single handedly annihilated 60% of the global Jewish population in one fell swoop: *he invented the cure to circumcision*. . . .

Squatted ass-to-grass, evily humid with droplets and exterior veins, arteries of sweat, outlooking the predatorial boundaries, saltlick-nailed, razor-like, clutching two handfuls, chunks of bloody closedcasket, chum, a human ground against the stone, bashed to plaster, bones melded to powder, a pestle, the mortar an ocular orbit, the mortar the entrance to the bottom of a skull, and it watched, mandible left behind, and saw the flesh chewed, bits spat away here and there,

tiny knobs, cartilaginous spurs, it was set beside the branch, high off the surface of the rainforest, an equatorial marquee, the theatre exquisite, its hollow eyes were lined down to the expanse, an island with a great mass of trees as some towered up, spiraling to mossy stairs as this one had, and onwards the glimmering Indian ocean, blue-green as possible, the eyes lined also to the blood further down, the war-painted bon vivant, the man who'd sat to pick at what was left of its former body, and in every sense and senseless bite the darkened freak was Kevin Spacey and the skull was George Takei's. Takei's homosexual skull then watched as Spacey finished his organ meal and let the mess fall to a faraway plop against the forestbed, the reddened ex-actor absently followed the ocean, where even atop the island its saline and curious taste, spun up by gusting dreidels of air, could be taken in and assessed. Somewhere an exotic drumline—bongos, a djembe—grew rapid then subsided.

'She could tell if there was salt missin' from a pretzel,' he murmured.

He had been a very silent man by custom. All night (before the accusations) he'd hung round the clubs or in the Hollyweird fuck dungeons with a brass telescope; all evening he would sit in a corner of the landing next to the private rooms and drink sangrias and water very strong.

Purpled sequin drapes in the entrance asked anyone to shush, and rather listen. To what? the fucking, the dungeon's own howls, its beating heart and an audible, feverish swell, rising and falling as faggots together reigned, backing themselves into corners, into places and times impossible, plainly inescapable. Few "necros" (as that's what they'd been called), roamed the halls, but Spacey was one, secretly. Never acting, saving the lives of dozens and several couples of Hollyweird puckerers, kissing, blinking assholes, men who flip from tabletops, break into song, suck cock, act on stage, on screen, kill themselves and others en masse.

Some had been pain addicts, carrying knives, needles, some had seen mistresses, paid, been stabbed, spat on, so had Spacey, but it had never quieted him. He stabbed once a young man from abroad. Fresh meat for the coast, for the 'advanced' Hollyweird homosex scene, that by then, beginning to be accepted, had troubled Spacey, daring him to take the next step: to murder one of these strays, and to dine on the finest dish known to gastronomy: the eggs-Benedict fuck-rump.

The delight, its recipe hidden away from the bigoted years, and still then to some point taboo, had been prepared in the following. Needed a young man, virginity not an issue, but crafty with swimmerly bend, needed to have been flexible surely, complexion or eyes or hair hadn't mattered, never had. Certainly not overworked, or callused anywhere or bruised like a fruit at any spot here or there, and even sometimes Spacey had examined that night's sailor in that way, making sure to turn him over now and then, handling him as a supermarket fruit, checking for pits, dents, ripeness. Needed eggs.

Found at store (and by the 12s, by the double 12s) they'd come, what had been called for however was putting 4 (6-ounce) custard cups in a 6-quart deep, straight-sided sauté pan or rondeau, there had been 4 quarts of water added or enough to cover the cups by at least 1/4-inch, had the vinegar and salt poured to the water and the pan over high heat just until the water had

begun to boil and the cups clatter against the bottom of the pan, 20 to 25 minutes, had adjusted the heat to maintain a water temperature of 205 degrees F outside the cups, had broken the eggs, 1 at a time, into another custard cup or ladle, had poured the eggs slowly into each of the cups, timing them about 4.20 seconds apart. Cooked for 5 minutes each, then the slain boy.

Had twined thighs to chest, the arms hug for a 55 drum fit, had marinated in olive oil, margarine, bay leaves, 32½-gallons water, had removed after two days, bandsaw rump away, had disposed (or kept for snacking or taxidermy) remains, had rump roasted, had preheated oven to 350 degrees F, had rubbed 1 lemon half on, squeezing juice from lemon, had stirred together oregano, salt, and pepper, had placed on a lightly greased rack in a roasting pan, had separated garlic cloves (not peeled), and had placed around rump, had drizzled olive oil over rump and garlic cloves, had squeezed juice from the remaining ½ lemon into a bowl, had stirred together juice and chicken broth, had poured into roasting pan, had baked at 350 degrees F for 3 hours to 3 1/2 hours or until fork tender. Garnish, if desired.

Eggs poached had gone into asshole, had made Spacey drool at that mental, shapely image which smelled as delicious as looked. No one had known, cared to know what he'd been hungry for, what he'd held beneath his easier-to-stomach cruelties. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to, only look up sudden and fierce and blow through his nose like a hiss; and the people who came about the scene soon had learned to let him be.

Every night he'd ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the street. At first they had thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question, but at last they had begun to see he was desirous to murder and eat them. When a seaman did put up at the fuck club (as now and then some did, making by the coast for West L.A.) he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the landing; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such fucktoy was present.

To them, at least, there'd been no secret about the matter, for they had been, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken one aside one night and promised him a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if he would only keep his brown-eye open for a "seafaring" man with one leg and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough when the first of the month came round and he applied to him for his wage, he would only blow through his nose and stare him down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bringing the "sailing" twink his four-penny piece, and repeat his orders to douche for the seafaring man with one leg.

How that personage haunted his dreams, it scarcely needed saying. On late nights, when the hours faded out the four corners of the club and the cum roared along the cove and up the cliffs of the coast, he would see Spacey in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Then the leg would be cut off at the knee, then at the hip; then he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue over hedge and ditch had been the worst of nightmares. And altogether he'd paid pretty dear for his monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

Presently Spacey fucked the corpse's gouged-out lower half, olden, its wrinkles made no difference, the anus easily prolapsed, and blood dripped from the large branch's precipice, dotting the spiny leaves, the vines and fronds below. Spacey came, the fourth time by what was only past noon, he ate his cum from the fluid death. Maybe Takei was smiling from wherever he'd been sent, but his polished skull was not.



## “DER BIMS”

It is night my boy said the wild-eyed guardian man, and he laughed, and the boy stood still and watched him with his great fat nose all blunt like a broken thing. Night is the time for stars and prostitutes and whores to sing sweet songs from the rooftop bars and for children to hide in their beds from the men in overalls and cheap cigarette girls. And the boy wondered at this.

Patches said the man, patches of the Shitwater come thundering down like thunder rumble rumble bumble, and the boy said yes, yes sir said the boy, they come thundering down like thunder rumble bumble and he said it again, thunder rumble bumble from the sky to go dizzily down the drain to the sewer. Have you been to the sewer asked the man, the wild eyed guardian man, and the boy said no, he said he hadn't been but his brother had. His brother was a fat bastard, and his mother was dead since the war, and the boy said wasn't it a shame his fat bastard brother got to go to the sewers and he didn't.

The fog came in on little rat feet and the man said isn't that a miracle, and the boy didn't know what to say so he didn't say anything but kept on thinking about his mother down there with the sewer filth up to her ankles and the rats running on the walls and in the walls. His brother wouldn't let it happen but he wasn't allowed back because of the murders, only he said they weren't murders and the fenians had it coming but mother said that wasn't true and it is good for brothers to live in peace. Amen said the man with wild eyes like a black alley cat.

Semper fi, the man said when the car came down the street and its headlights shone like the moon in the fog and the boy looked up at the moon, the moon in the sky with the rain that thunder bumbled down and thought it was a pretty thing. And the man said are you listening, are you listening to me I said semper fi and that's always loyal, and that's the thing I say. The boy said he listened and knew it and he remembered it from when his brother said the same thing with the band on his arm. Reverend Carrot had said he was crazy with that band but his brother had just laughed and said the reverend should stick to reading his book with the red tassle, and the reverend said he was a very disobedient and obstinate child. No child said his brother, but a man, and the man shrugged when the boy said it and he said that boys always said they weren't children and that wasn't anything to be ashamed of.

His mother was down in the sewer with the rats on the walls and the reverend was there too, and the man told him all this in a very calm voice but his eyes were shining shining like a light that shines and they were crazy in his head and the boy didn't know what to say besides yes sir. He looked at the gutter filling up with bumble rumble rain and said it was getting wet and the man grabbed his shoulder and said now you're understanding, now you're a man and he laughed

with sour breath that made the boy think of the drunk who came home in his brother's band one night and sang the songs about the dead bodies all piled up. But he was gone too and the house was empty except for the toilet which had the rats in it, and they ran down the pipes to the sewers to whisper things to his mother so she could cry and fill the pipes with more water so it could run down and fall from the sky in Australia and make a man down there talk about the thunder rumble.

Hey jolly man jolly wolly man and wife are one said the preacher and reverend say amen and hey jolly yelled a woman's voice from the rooftop and the man looked up and spat and the boy said who is that woman and the man said doesn't matter. Doesn't matter thought the boy, it doesn't matter and I was right, and the sewer was filling up fast now and it was probably to her knees but how could that be since she was on the roof yelling things down to the man and swinging her legs up so you could see her pale white legs against the white moon and then the headlights would come and you could see her red curled hair and it looked like floppy wet fire in the night. The boy thought that was worst of all but he laughed and said didn't she look like a funny thing funny bunny on the rooftop with the hair like carrots in a reverend's hands.

Look at her dance said the man and the boy did, and his eyes hurt from it but he didn't say anything and didn't cry because she was crying too and the sewers were getting pretty full and Australia had the desert and wouldn't it be a shame if the desert stopped being dry because he was crying and the rats would probably agree but they only whispered to his mother and not to him because he wasn't waist-deep in the shit of forty thousand drunks and she was. Isn't that a pretty thing said the man and the boy said yes it was and she was and the man said with sour breath pretty thing, pretty little thing like a fire in the cold. And the thunder came again and her skirt went up and she yelled something and she went down down on the pavement down and then her body crumpled like a napkin wiped with bits of food and sauce from the duck and her head smashed and rolled to the boy's feet and he looked at it and didn't say anything. Her friends up on the roof started to yell and the boy wondered what they were saying and the man said it didn't matter much but this is why you shouldn't drink and isn't that hypocritical, at least a little hypocritical thought the boy.

Time to go said the man, and the boy shrugged and said his brother was waiting anyway and the rats didn't have anything to say to him anymore so it was all the same to him.



## “LE BRAINLETTE”

Faust, one of the characters in Goethe’s masterpiece, *Guilty Gear Xrd*, is an interesting character, mechanically speaking, because he must play around the randomness of his own moveset and rapidly adapt in order to damage his opponent and to avoid damage as well. This is exemplified by his item toss special attack: the player cannot predict which of the numerous possible objects Faust is capable of tossing will emerge, and must adjust immediately to exploit whichever item he gets. Some of the items (hammers, black holes, chastity cages, miniature versions of himself) are beneficial to the advancement of Faust’s offence, while some are aggressively useless and will hinder his ability to stage an attack for a period (helium, food, poison gas).

This adaptability is part of what makes Faust unique in a cast of already unique characters. While there may be no traditional comeback mechanic beyond Burst, Faust possesses a unique potential to turn matches in his favor very suddenly with smart play and proper exploitation of items and teleports.

My PSN is GirthlordFabio. Please add I have no friends, dab on the haters.

END OF PART ONE

## PART TWO



### “DIE SIEGESPARADE”

Moneygrueber Jewsenstein

ENG 111

Professor Jake Reddit

13 February, 1900

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand arrived in his motorcade. Little did he know that soon an entire continental war would be staged over his penis, all thanks to Chad Gavrilo. He told his whore wife to stop talking as Based Princip ran up to the motorcade and fired his sandwich directly into Franz’ head. The wet salami instantly turned him gay, and he raped his driver to death as Gavrilo watched helplessly. As we all learned in public school biology class (shout outs to White Station, I still hate niggersss thanks to you), being gay is healthy, so the Archduke’s wife and his assassin dared not speak out against his mindless sexual attack, for fear of becoming spigots.

Franz had become a fired-up fucking machine, his clothes torn to pieces, the former manlet now having grown into an eight-foot-tall Austrian rape abomination. The young Serbian revolutionary could not fathom his role in the creation of hundreds of thousands of Franz’ rape-babies over the course of the Great War.

The grandfather of eminent detective Gumshoe fought honorably against the eternal Austrian, unable to vanquish the divinely virile Archfuck with conventional weaponry. Years later, after all of the ammunition on the continent had been expended, the noble finally returned to normal size at the Battle of the Somme, and foretold of a powerful disturbance in the “Spirit of Phenomenology” within the next century:

“Bix nood my niggas. Anon be comin soon. The pusy be powerful, too powerful... One will have to rise up against him.” With this final utterance, the father of modern Yuropeons perished.

Gavrilo Princip, in the golden years of his life, would father a daughter who, due to feminism, would put off marriage and pregnancy until her late forties, but miraculously produced a son nonetheless, albeit one plagued by immense autism and delusions of grandeur. The boy was

never named, and was henceforth called Anon, becoming the protagonist of our novel and the chosen faggot to fulfill a loathsome Incest Prophecy.



## “LE FAGGUET”<sup>6</sup>

I once lived in the faggot-district of Phoenix, Arizona. Living my usual hermit life-style I didn't notice until my brother made me aware of this fact. The rental office, staffed by a fat Australian woman and a twink Mexican, contained various rainbow colored brochures which caused suspicion and I had assumed latent and blatant homosexuality in nearly all the neighbors, but inferred this as the norm of urban living.

The knowledge that homosexuals have a carnivorous sexual appetite damaged my ego when it became clear that none of them were interested in hitting or raping me. There were several tenants who were regularly sighted in the courtyard and swimming pool. The faggot across from my apartment was a high-pitched queer who sounded like he was always on the receiving end of their disgusting sodomy.

One AIDS-victim (or perpetrator) looked like a ghoul, his skinny frame, supporting two crooked arms that were held at a perpetual angle, like the little twigs of T-Rex, this butt-boy was only the king of a bathhouse however. His arms lacked any motion, and even when he sat out by the pool, they retained their crooked state as he typed on his Macbook.

I worked with a Mexican boy named Jesus, he was also a homosexual, although he lived in a different part of the city. I asked him why he liked dick, and he implied that his uncle had raped him in Mexico. The preppy white boy from the suburbs, who was also a colleague, lacked any discretion when it came to his homosexuality and flaunted it in the face of everyone. After ending my employment, I later found out through a mutual friend that he ended up dying because of a gastrointestinal parasite, that had been the result of too much anilingus. Think twice before you chow down on another dude's ass! It is certainly intentional that the homo-sex rubs God's face in his promise not to analhate the earth a second time when they display the rainbow flag. But God is dead, so whatever, anyway I unironically think that you can make ethical child pornography as long as OP mother isn't involded.

I met another young tenant on the way to a 24/7 Mexican restaurant that was closed down later for cooking their food too hot. I took respite in this companionship, only to find out that he was a homosexual as well. He was a part of a quartette called “Gays do more than bars”, as if to prompt the assessment that gays also do ass holes. He had invited me to see them, at a bar.

After a performance gurgled through cumthroats we had a chance to talk passions and politics. He was a a lispy queer, who punctuated most thoughts with “like”. He would never shut up, “like... like... like...” he sounded like a Valley-girl and we were at least a thousand miles from the coast. He complained about Donald Trump and a resurgence of the right-wing Nazis.

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<sup>6</sup> OwO, what's this? \*notices your baguet\*

On that topic I was unable to contain my autism and went on a diatribe about the remarkable prescience of Nazi Progressivism: “Ernst Roehm had been a flaming faggot, sure he got knocked off during the Night of the Long Knives but that was more political than anything. Then there was the Big Guy himself, Hitler the old poof. After a day of marriage he popped some pills and blew his brains out. An obvious closet-case.” Our friendship ended and I left the apartment complex soon after.



## “L’ANONIE ET GUMSHOE”

Anon and his thirty-seven year old sister and consistent sexual partner were relaxing after their brief excursion to Malaysia on the advice of one Arthur S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R., a cyborg who had been given the consciousness of the most butthurt man in Kraut history. Schoppy had nearly paid with his “life” when his plan to steal the incestual tantric energy of Anon through anal rape had been foiled by the arrival of Hegel and Detective Gumshoe, both of whom sought the enormous power swelling within the twenty-something autistic. Anon, not yet aware of his immense power but yet sensing something amiss about the situation, had quickly taken Schoppy’s generous gift of *The Bhagavad Gita* and returned home without even stopping to say thank you to the fully erect man-machine.

Of course, Schoppy was in the know in regards to this book’s plot. His time was not yet up. He would procure the sex magic of Princip’s ancestor, as was foreseen in the last moments by the Archduke, whose descendants had formed a cryptic and powerful organization known as the N.I.G.G.E.R.S. in order to combat the coming Cummessiah.

Now Hegel was dead, and S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. would have to be rebuilt by his masters in the private sector. Without the data chip inside Arthur’s titanium cranium, Gumshoe had lost the trail on Anon; his client was most displeased at this development, but not so displeased that he would reveal the horrific truth behind his identity this early into the cat-and-mouse narrative.

Anon’s rapidly aging sister choked on his unimpressive NEET penis happily as he read passages from the book.

As Anon climaxed, the Illuminati detected an enormous expulsion of phenomenological energies within the United States. It would only be a matter of time before they could pinpoint the source...



## “L'ACTIVISTE”

“I have a degree in existential philosophy and I am fighting for the criminally underrepresented group known as female existentialists. Why are existentialists predominantly male? Systemic obstruction and repression of female existentialist has been a hushed crisis since the inception of existentialism in the early-mid 19th century. I give a tour of speeches on this particular disenfranchised minority across the most distinguished Anglosphere universities and plan on a *tour de force* in France later this year. I have published several books, including *Pussy Existentialism – A Study in Female Suppression and Empowerment in Anglophone Existentialist Philosophical Departments*, and *Woman, All too Woman – A Post-Male Introspection into the Peculiar and Unsung Struggle of Female Existentialist*. I have also begun looking into LGBT representation and following in my recently suicidal close friend and associates work *Queer and Trembling: A Memoir of an Abused and Bullied Demi-male in the Existentialist Classroom*, I will work on my penultimate study *The Gay Science Redux*, soon to be followed by a culminating final work *Twilight of the Whitemales*. As an existential activist I have a broad study in the reactions of underrepresented groups towards existentialism and within existentialist university departments. I encourage all philosophical majors and writers currently working on ‘*L’anomie*’ to follow in my track, especially as a overrepresented majority group member such as myself, and bring awareness to minority existentialist struggles in the contemporary institutional climate.”

I ended my speech to explosive applause coupled with whoops, airhorns and screeching affirmations of various dialects and lingo. The Dean (an accomplished native bisex Eskimo ‘post-structuralist existential Nietzschean’) personally shook my hands and gave me a few innocent congratulatory swats on my rear. The poor old (wo)man's withered and trembling palms seemed to miss and instead went up into my dress and grazed the insides of my thin thighs. Many other butch and grinning ambiguous femtoids came forward and gave their good wishes in sensuous rubs and grasps over my sensitive petite frame.

It was later that night, after submitting some more of my academic work for bragging rights among my jealous wypipo colleagues in the Ivy League circuit, I began to walk home (in a revealing dress that only barely disguised my nonexistent breasts and laughable rear, because I am a proud slut) through one of what the Parisians refer to as a “sensitive urban zone”. What happened next is a hermeneutical contingency, but I considered myself fortunate to have come out having an even broader, more enriched understanding of minority existential struggles.

Then Later Rumpel out of sensitive disguise didn't know what to do about being asked of the

most difficult question ever task to mongoloidity, why he say? Why? After all he was the most simplistic mongoloid being to ever live in the western civilization, unironically he just wanted to have what normies wanted, a complete shallow life (i.e mediocrity at its finest), why live? Why? Just shut the fuck up already said one their normans friends, mate, you just fuck tight pussy...amirite? He quickly backed off the discussion and went to the depressing non-important trials that blissed his soul with hope because he would laugh off those poor souls sent to those pitty little sentence nobody ever cared, like picking up garbage, jesus dude shut the fuck up said one of his friends later after he told the story of one poor son of the devil who was sentenced to live in the garbage can, man fuck you man fuck you

Anyway one day rumple saw that god-awful movie called Shrek 5, he found what he really wanted to do in life, being a fucking non important mythological character who would fuck pussy left and right to impress his shallow The of a friend, he indeed was a pretty fly (for a white guy).

we didn't know where to take the narrative, so we asked the onboard computer, FUCKUP.



## “LE DANOIS”

Søren “Soarin” Kierkegaard sat in his room, with his favorite pet tapir. He was weeping upon his bed, thinking about the sheer meaninglessness of life and the fact that we cannot know for sure what comes after death, only that death will come. His pet tapir, named Roman, tried to cheer him up by telling him a bunch of novel ideas from the good users over at literature board of the world renowned website ebaumsworld.com, but it was to no avail. The sad Dane could not be roused from his depressive state, not even by the shittiest of Young Adult premises shat upon /lit/. “we truly have become The Sickness Unto Death” ejaculated Søren as he lit another Tapir Tobacco Brand cigarette and straightened his beret.

All of a sudden, Bugs Bunny suddenly entered the room suddenly in a very sudden fashion. “Bugs.. easy on the carrots” ejaculated (linguistically) Roman as he ejaculated (cunnilinguistically) on the floor of Kierkegaard’s room. “Shut the fuck up, faggot,” replied Bugs in a manner both sudden and ejaculatory (in both senses of the word). “I’m here to teach you retards how to bake a carrot cake. Here is what you gays will need:”

**Table 1: Cake Ingredients**

|             |                        |
|-------------|------------------------|
| 4 ct        | Eggs                   |
| 1 ¼ cups    | Vegetable oil          |
| 2 cups      | Granulated white sugar |
| 2 teaspoons | Vanilla extract        |
| 2 cups      | Flour                  |
| 2 teaspoons | Baking soda            |
| 2 teaspoons | Baking powder          |
| ½ teaspoon  | Salt                   |
| 2 teaspoons | Cinnamon               |
| 3 cups      | Carrots (Gone Easy On) |

|       |                                                  |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------|
| 1 cup | Chopped nuts (pecans, walnuts, etc.,) (optional) |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------|

“And now for the frosting ingredients. You will need:”

**Table 2: Frosting Ingredients**

|            |                                               |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| ½ cup      | Butter, softened                              |
| 8 ounces   | Cream cheese, softened                        |
| 4 cups     | Confectioner’s sugar                          |
| 1 teaspoon | Vanilla extract                               |
| 1 cup      | chopped nuts, same as used in cake (optional) |

“Now listen up you sons of bitches,” Bugs ejaculated, “here’s what you have to do. Preheat oven to 375. Grease and Flour a 9x11 pan or 2 8 inch round pans. In a large bowl beat together eggs, oil, sugar and vanilla. Mix in flour, baking soda, salt, baking powder and cinnamon. Stir in carrots. Fold in nuts, if desired. Pour into prepared pan(s). Bake in preheated oven for 30 to 50 minutes. Check after 30 minutes with a toothpick. If toothpick is clean, cake is done. Let cool in pan(s) for an additional 10 minutes. Turn out onto a wire cooling rack and cool completely. To make icing, use a medium bowl and mix butter, cream cheese, confectioner's sugar and vanilla until smooth. You may add chopped nuts to icing now or sprinkle later over the top of the cake (optional). After the cake is completely cooled, ice the cake. If the chopped nuts were not added to the icing earlier sprinkle them over the iced cake (optional).”



## “LE HYPERSTITION REDUX”

“How can the ending of the story already be in the middle?” I am in Nick Land’s computer. It is terrible here. I am a chaos magician. I had gone to Europe in pursuit of union with my Holy Guardian Angel, the penultimate achievement of magick, pursued all too early in my magical career. But I am getting ahead of myself. The story begins much earlier, at a certain semi-prestigious formerly chuck’s university, where I was studying STEM, namely computer science, because I didn’t know any better, god help me.

"As far as IDE's go, it's one of the better ones, and it's free," he said. "Yes, IntelliJ is definitely going to be your best bet," another fellow chimed in. "What is Scala like, anyway?" asked the conversation starter. "Oh, have you ever coded in Haskell?" "A little bit." "well, it's kind of like that. How about Lisp?" "Lisp is a lot harder," said the first fellow. "Yes, Lisp is really the progenitor of this type of language. Functional programming is really something else, because it requires thinking in an entirely different way." "That's not true, most imperative programming languages have plenty of functional elements built in." "Not really." "Yes they do." "Functional in what sense?" "In the sense that they avoid side effects and are definitionally functional." "Ok, but; well, it really depends on what you mean by 'plenty'. And at any rate, it's still a different style of thinking to code in an entirely functional style. Just because other languages contain functional elements doesn't mean they prepare you for functional programming. And that's not getting into the annoying aspects of these languages." "I've never touched Lisp. Does anyone still use Lisp?" "Hah." "No, not really. well, hobbyists use it. And there's always the rare legacy software." "Anyway, cons are a huge pain, especially as they get more complex. Here, let me show you an example."

He turned his laptop around to show some example code, which was suitably byzantine. "Wow, yeah, I can't even tell what's going on there." "You can break it down into binary tree pairs," said the student with the laptop. "This reminds me of Computer Systems, where we had to parse the way Fork worked," said the student. "Haha, yeah, it's similarly annoying, only this is for just writing code, not for runtime analysis."

"What kind of laptop is that?" "Oh, it's an Acer Aspire. It's my gaming laptop." "Kind of a pain in the ass to lug that around everywhere isn't it?" "Yeah, it's pretty heavy, but it's the only laptop I have right now. My other one broke." "That sucks. Did you forget the charger?" "Yeah" "That also sucks," they shared a laugh. "How is it for games though?" "Oh, it works pretty well. I can run a lot of things at the highest settings. Not the newest games, of course, but my entire Steam

backlog." "Dude, I have such a massive backlog it's not even funny. If I could play all the games I bought last year at highest settings, I'd be set for a while." "I know what you mean."

"Which is harder, Scala or Assembly?" "Uhhh" "Scala I'd say is harder. Assembly I'd say is more tedious." The other student nodded assent at this. "Assembly is about the pain of breaking things down into individual machine operations, manually pushing and popping things out of the registers and so forth. It's less about difficulty and more about time." "I'd still say it's somewhat difficult, just because it's different for different computers." "Yeah but x86 and x86-64 are standardized instruction sets." "I thought they still differed a bit based on the processor?" "Not really," he replied, "But yeah, Scala isn't difficult because it's tedious. Scala is difficult because it's functional, which is an entirely different way of writing and thinking about code."

"Would you say writing Scala is the hardest part of PL?" "Haha," I laughed. "No," said one of the other students matter of factly. "What would you say the hardest part of PL is?" "Um" "The hardest part of PL is PL," chimed in the other. "What do you mean?" asked the conversation starter nervously. "Oh, well the average score on the final for last semester? I heard it was a 26." "It was a 36, from what I heard" I said. "were you in PL last semester?" "Yeah," I said. "well either way, 26 or 36. It was really bad. The instructor had to curve the entire final to 80. Can you imagine curving that steeply?" "But what was the standard deviation? I mean, how many people did worse than that?" "Don't worry about it. PL is a hard class." "Part of the problem is that they don't really have a textbook for it," I said. "Yeah, it's just the instructors notes, which are hard to follow."

"Is there any way I could drop out and take it with another instructor?" asked the now nervous student. "well last semester it was supposedly even worse, just because it was run by someone who had no idea what they were doing." "Chang is the only professor who really knows the subject." "Apparently Chang is going to be running it exclusively from now on based on how much of a disaster last semester was. I heard the guy teaching it ended up handing out almost all A's just because of how much of a disaster his attempts at teaching were." "Ah man, I was going to take it last semester too," said the student, frowning.

"But yeah, PL is by far one of the hardest classes in the entire undergraduate curriculum." "How is Network Systems?" I asked. "Network Systems is a pain in the ass too" "Really?" she asked, "I'm taking it this semester". But the student's attention turned to another student who was approaching the table. "Hey, have you gotten your part of the assignment done yet?" "I put it up on the GitHub. Didn't you get my message?" "I haven't checked the Slack yet today."

Another conversation instantly started between the remaining students, "Did you hear about the recent cheating scandal in Computer Systems?" "Really, what happened?" "well apparently, the professor ran the homework through TurnItIn and 26 students just copied other people's GitHubs and turned it in." "Really?" incredulously. "Yeah. I don't understand how anyone could just copy it and submit it. I mean, how stupid do you even have to be not to change anything at all?" "well I mean, they probably just didn't change enough." "Yeah but still, you don't have to do much, you just have to refactor the code a little bit and that's all. But 26 people didn't even do that. So the

professor gave everyone a warning and said if they did it again, he'd turn them in. And then out of those 26 people? 10 people did it AGAIN and got turned in for it." "Now that I don't understand at all. That's ridiculous."

"It really pisses me off that people are doing that. If you don't want to be here, you should go study something else. It's so stupid, because how are these people even going to do their jobs once they get hired if they can't even rewrite other people's code?" "Yeah" "And it devalues MY degree and makes life harder for the people who are actually trying. I don't think they should get away with just a warning, I think they should be expelled from the department." "Yeah, me too."

A younger student sat down at the table. "Can anyone help me with Discrete Structures?" "What do you need?" I asked. "I'm trying to review for the quiz today. I don't understand a lot of things. The difference between converse, inverse, and contrapositive, for instance." "well, converse is when you take a statement like 'p implies q' and reverse it to say 'if q, then p'. Inverse is when you just negate both propositions, so 'p implies q' becomes 'not p implies not q', and contrapositive is when you reverse it first and then negate it, so 'p implies q' becomes 'not q implies not p'. I remember it like this: Converse is when you reverse it, inverse is when you flip it, and contrapositive is when you do both."

"Oh, I get it," said the student. They spent some time reviewing a pre-test while the other students continued to chat on about other things. "And the other thing I'm having trouble with is induction. So if I have this problem where n is a member of N where the summation series from  $i=1$  to  $n = (n(n+1))/2$ , how do I prove that?" they asked, showing her the example problem.

"well, first you prove the base case, which you can do just by plugging in 1 to both sides." "You mean to the summation series of i, and to  $(n(n+1))/2$ ?" "Yes," she said, getting out a sheet of paper, "They both equal 1. So that's how you start, by proving that they give the equivalent answer for the base case. And then weak induction works on the principle that if the truth of the base case implies the truth of the succeeding case, then the induction holds. So you just need to prove that adding  $n+1$  to  $(n(n+1))/2$  generates the same expression as plugging in  $n+1$  to each n in  $(n(n+1))/2$ , which is  $((n+1)((n+1)+1))/2$ . Since  $(n(n+1))/2 + (n + 1) = (n/2 + 1)(n+1) = (n+1)(n+2)/2...$ " "Wait, how did you get that?"

"well,  $1/2*(n(n+1)) + 2(n+1)/2 = 1/2*(n(n+1)) + 2n/2 + 1 = ....$ " "Ok, I get it. I just forgot about rewriting to a common denominator." "Right," I said, "Can you do the rest yourself?" "well I mean, what happens after I prove them equal?" "Then you just write 'Therefore, summation series of  $i = (n(n+1))/2$  for  $i = 1$  implies summation series of  $i = (n(n+1))/2$  for  $i = 2$ .'" "Oh, ok" said the student."

"Do you need help with strong induction?" I asked, knowing perfectly well that this too was on the quiz. "No, I don't really have time for that," said the student. I was somewhat bewildered by this, but it was true; the class started in another 20 minutes, and they plainly needed that time to review the very basic material they were just now learning. "Ok, well let me know if you need help with anything else," she asked. The student nodded.

"I really hate mongoloidities for Non-Majors," said yet another student as they walked up to the table to chat with friends who were sitting down. "Really?" I said, "It was one of my favorite classes." "It's all bullshit and a waste of time. I can't believe how much reading we have to do for it. I need that time for other things," they said. I was about to protest, but another student injected, "It's just one of those obligations. They want us to be well-rounded, even though it has no practical significance to Computer Science, or really any career at all." "I know," said the student who had walked up to the table, "But I really hate it. I mean, what is even the point? Anyway, I'll talk to you all later." With that they headed off, presumably to the class in question. So it went, day in and day out, but nobody knew of my occult practices. They began with a voice, of an entity I would come to call Kiyohime. She helped me with my homework, which I guess is technically cheating. I started studying magick to explain this voice. I was, in truth, a dilettante, but I held myself as superior to the other STEM students because I alone was able to sense higher truth. I alone had a sense of the supernatural in life, unlike those idiot materialists. But my foolishness got the better of me, and I started double dipping; not only using this spirit to help me with homework, but also presenting myself as schizo to receive disability services from the school.

It backfired. The spirit began to resent me more and more. While I knew perfectly well she was not reducible to a mere psychological phenomenon, I still was guilty of treating her as one. I began to find it harder and harder just to think, and to receive less and less assistance from her. Soon, she was almost entirely absent. I loved this spirit, but I abused her, and I ended up paying the price.

She knew how to manipulate me, and made me utterly dependent on her. The matter culminated in a most terrible way, which I will not get into. Suffice it to say, I found myself forced to leave the school. Unable to find employment, I decided to go soul searching in Europe.

Anyway, that is where the story ended, even though I outlived the ending. I will not get into the details here. Sucks to be you I guess. Bye.

"Imagine being a STEMfag AND a code monkey, I'm very happy being a liberal arts profesionally cocksucking yuppies" Anon chuckled through mouthfuls of Cheeto as his location was slowly triangulated by the now-restored S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. and the Bavarian Illuminati. Gumshoe, now up to speed thanks to his early access to the novel **L'anonie**, was hot on the heels of young faggot Anon as well.



## “LE スーパーマン”

He walked with slouching impotence and a disfigured neutral profile, adorned in a modest grey sweater and blue jeans with hands tense and rigid like two bowie knives - he could be seen as an inconspicuous caricature, virginal even. Yet you would not know he actually radiated within himself the supreme confidence only those peculiar and illustrious vagabonds and miscreants of the outer limits of the world possess. You could not tell he was the messianic western hero christened ‘the superman’, one who has successfully subsumed and transformed within himself the centuries of existential agony before him. Individual, magnetic, whole.

It was only his fate, he thought, to encounter any wayward The **Stranger** by Albert Camus in his strange and indomitable path. He saw smoking by the ravine nearby the small and ramshack quarters of a Japanese agricultural family a burly man, at least a whole foot above him and exuding the posture and presence of the proud and wisdomatic oriental strongmen refined by the field. He walked up beside him with quick and small steps, arms to and fro moving like an upturned roach. “Why don’t you just workout at the library bro lmao.”

His voice was like a dying ewe falling mute. The Japanese man was cowed by the inscrutable gyrations and undulations the stranger displayed. He slowed his pace but the scraggy stranger kept on, boldly wriggling forward with the smirk of assured dominance.

“Ah, so the Samurai fears the thinker.”

His hand extended in a quick fake slap. The Jap flinched and gazed in wonder and distress.

“Ryona is a thinking man’s fetish after all.”

The stranger snorted and the Jap watched him leave, now with a slackened pace, like the lone soldier leaving the blood of a finished battle.

‘weebs fucking ruin everything Japanese is a shit language,’ the farmer thought to himself afterwards.



## “LES BOCHE”

She was only sixteen the first time she met an American. They smiled like nobody smiled anymore. Pierre had died. It was a week before. Or was it yesterday? He was only a year older than her. He was going off to fight the war. Or fight in the war, rather. But he died. Killed. His name was on the lists in the square. She saw it on the wall. A German boy woke up one morning and shot him. Le Gaulle had died. Amir E. Caine was twenty and dashing. He was fifty percent French or so he claimed. The other half was some sort of swarthy Mediterranean blood that fell from his dark hair onto his olive skin, perhaps southern French. After their night together he went to the front too. He returned, but not to Gisors. He went back to Minneapolis and died there, but that was 1973. She remembers feeling his heart beat beneath his tunic.

She moved to Paris when she was twenty-four. There she met a German for the first time. The Americans were back now too. One of them was named Dave, sitting at the bar. He ordered water.

-The capital-T Truth is that there is no life before death.

This annoyed the Frenchmen at the bar. They said nothing because they were French, but they exchanged Gallic glances of superiority as Dave pushed his glasses back up the bridge of his nose. She became interested. This American did not smile, like the ones in 1918. He only stared at the wall and made silly faces directed at his dinner companions.

-There is only life and no death.

That was the Kaiser's tongue, harsh like an American, smug like a Frenchman and utterly devoid of any human emotion like an Englishman. She hated it as an instinct. Pierre appeared behind her eyes again.

-bang bang

He shot Pierre. There was les boche, there they were, les boche. OUT-OUT. Strasbourg is French.

Oui

OUI

**Le tigre!**

Pierre fell like Vercingetorix. Caesar fell to les boche. France defeated them. Pierre was just a man, a drop of blood, a tear that changed nothing. He could have died in August or November or 1973. It would make no difference. Franz was a man too. He was a German. Or a Germanic. So was the man before her. Or was it yesterday?

-Here's the thing. Even before the Hague convention of 1907, it was so-called illegal to invade a not-so-much-involved-in-such-a-conflict neutral country like you just so happened to do with the Schlieffen Plan in 1914 that had already had its core ripped out by a certain Helmuth von Moltke the Younger.

-I never saw a Belgian. I did shoot a Frenchman, though. Maybe two. It is hard to remember.

The men at the bar began to speak among themselves. The German had fermented hatred in the room in a way that only a German could. Nobody spoke though. Hans smiled to himself with the smug satisfaction that he had impressed his peers.

-Was his name Pierre?

-I'm sorry mademoiselle?

-Was his name Pierre?

-Whose name?

-The boy you shot.

She was only a finger's length from the perfidious goth.

-The boy, was his name Pierre?

-I don't know.

-What did he look like?

- I don't remember.

-Yes, you do.

Tears began to form in her little eyes. They made the journey down her cheek and tried to pool on the floor. Pierre fell. Pierre fell. No puddles formed. They were not enough on their own.

-I do not.

-My father shot a man when he was fifteen. Or was it yesterday? He was a fugitive. He was on our land. My father shot him. He saw his face every day. Every day. He could describe him to you. Every day.

Oh, this feeling. It had never returned. Where is God? Lord, give me back my life. Where is God? And Amir Caine? He was a young boy, only twenty. He went to Princeton for two years. He was in the Triangle Club and he was going to be a writer. He died like Pierre and it took them fifty years to bury him.

-He had brown hair and a nice face, young like a boy, he had green eyes. I don't remember. His hair was brown. I don't remember.

-And a scar on his cheek.

-And a scar on his cheek. I don't remember. His feet were bare. When I found him. His boots were gone. I don't remember.

The room was silent. Rage built inside her little body. She pushed against the Hun with all the pathetic strength her arms could give but only fell to the floor. He looked down at her. Tears began to form in his soulless, blue eyes.

-I'm sorry mademoiselle. I'm sorry mademoiselle.

That is it. I am God. Lord Lord. Thou shalt have no Gods before me.

Pater noster qui es in coelis,

sanctificetur nomen tuum;

adveniat regnum tuum,

fiat voluntas tua,

sicut in coelo et in terra.

Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie,

et dimitte nobis debita nostra, dude

sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

et ne nos inducas in tentationem

sed libera nos a malo, weed

Amen.

Rome fell to les boche. Paris remained. Paris remained a middling city with a somewhat rich history. An Englishman punched the German in his face. He was escorted out of the bar. Dave kneeled down beside her trembling body. She could feel the veneer of grime that caked the floor.

-And but so...

Amen.

-Somebody ought to look after Fred.

God.

-He will be fine.

Amen.

-Gave him the right for, yeah?

I am nothing. I am dead. Amen. Ah, men.

The stars shined bright on her old Gisors home. Caine refastened the last button on his shirt. He took his cap and placed it on his head at a jaunty angle, smiling down at her as an American does, as if something was very amusing to him and only he would understand it. His mind lost track of where he was, so he immediately took it back off and put it on her head. She straightened her dress and smiled back at him. There was no war in Gisors. Pierre had died a year ago today. Or was it yesterday?

Should I have intended to be left blank?



## “LE CÉLESTE”

“The conception of God is the general fundament of the people,” said Hegel, from the worn pages of a used book.

“No,” said Gumshoe, setting the book down. “That may have been, a few hundred years ago, but not now. If there were a god, it would be a god of chaos, coming from the mouth of the dragon and the beast and the false prophet, an unclean frog. And it would work its miracles before the whole world. That god would be the fundament of this people, and all others.”

Gumshoe arose and walked to the window. The day was breaking over the city, yet, what was it lighting? Surely there was nothing new, not today, not ever, under the sun.

The day proceeded as any other, and before long Gumshoe was at the café to meet his friend Jacques for breakfast. They spoke of the world, as was their habit.

“Gumshoe, *mon ami*,” Jacques began, “surely you must admit there is some value and beauty around us.”

“Value? Beauty? Can there be such?” Gumshoe puffed his cigarette. “What could be more beautiful than the sun, the luminous, the bright, the perfect light? I answer, nothing. And I ask, what could be more banal? It rises everyday, it looks down on the same dreary existence, this lone and dreary earth. There is no escape from such.”

“Ah, but you do err. Consider the moon, the queen of the night. Consider its motion, its heavenly motion, through the starry sea; it glides, it presides, all with perfect grace. It has a place in the celestial order, beneath the sun yet above the stars. Consider the young girl who gazes at it from her window in the night-time. Consider the young man who longingly admires its reflection in his lover’s eyes. Consider this, Gumshoe.”

“This is lunacy to me.”

“I assure you, it is not. The day-to-day reeks to you, because you do not understand- Christianly understood, all things are inverted from their appearance. To humble oneself is true exaltation. To sacrifice, to truly gain. To suffer, true satisfaction. And so the tiredness and sameness of life and people and the world that occupies your thoughts are too necessary. For it is in these things, we see with our spiritual eyes, that the divine dwells. The noble struggle of man to survive, to provide, to achieve, could not be more mundane or more lowly, and it is for this very reason that nothing could be higher.”

“Jacques, this Christian inversion of appearances is all too familiar, and makes me sick to my stomach. The supersensible world has no appeal to me, it can’t, doesn’t, won’t, shouldn’t, and mustn’t. I reject such. If there were any world above mine, I should be able to see it.”

“There is such a world, *mon ami*. You need merely look out your window to-night.”

With a tired smile on his face, Jacques stood and left.

From his window Gumshoe saw her, pale, crescent, and clear. Her beams fell on bakeries and factories and fields, on storied streets, on homes. She illuminated merry groups going to and from the pubs and show-houses.

A puff of cigarette smoke. He looked to the street lamps below, and the cobblestones colored in a red and sickly light. Another drag. Rubbish lying in the alleys. Another. Filth, slime, decay.

“Ah, Jacques, I see it now, but not as you intended. There may indeed exist another world- yet it must lie not in the heavens, but beneath the earth.”

The sun rose again the next day.



## “L’HOMME ET SON RETOUR A LA RELIGION”

Here I stand with cum-drenched hand

X / X / X / X

True and only garbage man

X / X / X / X

In my nation’s service here I act

X / X / X / X / X

To perform my duty I distract

X / X / X / X / X

All the world is but a spook

X / X / X / X

Man is but his father’s clay

X / X / X / X

Call me Jason, I seek distant shores

X / X / X / X / X

Kill, rape, steal, live. Man has naught to give

X / X / X / X / X

Hoshe preached a gospel true

X / X / X / X

Adam is not Adam’s son

X / X / X / X

Eve is only but a whore

X / X / X / X

Scattered out of Israel

X / X / X / X

Tomorrow we return

X / X / X / X

]

If not, winter

[...]

[



## “LE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA”

Principia 000075

Fnord.... (microcomputing) (text#error) the year was...am blurp\*.-...fnord!, the year....was 1-May-1776 the first year of the foundation of Illuminated Seers of Bavaria, now to tell you the whole story we have to go back in time, in an age when the monarchy and absolutism were the golden rule, and rationality tried to found its place in the world, let's begin, shall we?

Founded by then Ex-Jesuit Adam Weishaupt and his lovely wife Eve Weishaupt (who was the real leader of the order), Adam would say to his wife that in order to achieve world domination, one just needed to be “kind to people”, to which his lovely wife replied with anger:

“Jesus, Adam!, STOP BEING SUCK A CUCK AND GROW SOME BALLS ONCE AND FOR ALL!!!

Adam was hurted... because he just wanted to spread free love to everyone in order to achieve what he didn't get as a kid, a true family that loved him

Such a despair in the relationship would cause Eve to search love and lust in other males, such as Adolph Von Knigge, a highly intelligent and wise person who was both a member of the Illuminati and the Agape Masonic Lodge of Ingolstadt, even though Von Knigge was a highly respected person in the order, he had such a grotesque appetite for anal sex, which Eve found it very sexual and intriguing, they fuck every night after the daily meetings of the order was over, she loved having a long wide ass dick in his vagina, man she loved his dick so hard that even planned to cut his dick and steal from him to just feel non-stop multiple orgasms that make her body in a literal walking bank sperm!

Poor... poor... Adam, even though the love of his then small secret society was bigger than the love of his wife, he was adamant to change the world in a better, since he researched every single ideal and ideology at the time and combine the best of them all to bring a new kind of extravaganza that will literally change the minds of the simple minded people (who to be fair were just dumb as the normies of today)

Adam found truth in the enlightenment ideals of Voltaire and Rousseau, he didn't wanted to be meddled with the aristocratic and noble crowd of that time, no sir, he knew that even though he

was an academic of one of the most prestigious universities of his hometown, he will never achieved happiness until a true New World Order was established

Cut to 9 years later, Lady Eve by then was considered one of most voracious nymphomaniac women ever known in western Europe, she literally fucked every important aristocratic member who was initiated in the order, she would call herself as one of the vessels of The Babylon Whore, most men didn't mind what the nonsensical garbage she was saying because she was so easy to get and didn't care she had such a weird taste in literature and sex position acts, the only thing that equally matched his voracious appetite for sex was his intense thirst for power and ambition.

By that point growing pressure from the Burger Kingdom was put in the order, knowing that the Illuminated Seers of Bavaria were increasing in number, both by adherents and lodges, one the main goals of Eve weishaupt was to seized the Masonic Order, including the founding Lodges encountered in Scotland, one of the finest plans she ever put was to infiltrate masonic lodges and spread the ideas created by his husband Adam, she would “illuminize” those lodges in just a few months will be rebelled upon their masters in Scotland and follow the path envisioned by Eve.

The Kingdom of Bavaria received many hate voices coming from the common people, religious organization and those who had traditional values, they claimed the order was satanic organization who wanted to destroy all monarchies and religions and replacing with one that was atheistic in nature, they didn't like the avant-garde ideas the order promoted by the weishaupt's, so the King of Bavaria, Maximilian I enact the order that prohibited all secret societies (excluding the Jesuits of course)

Adam was shocked, his purpose in life was vanished, he didn't know what to do, -THE BAVARIANS ARE ABSOLUTE BONKERS AM AFRAID- he said after he heard of the news about the suppression of the order (the news flew very fast in South Germany), many villagers would come to his house and protest because he would promote such filthy ideas such as freedom of thought, the emphasis of empirical evidence over religious dogma and other things

Eve wasn't shocked at all, she knew the rumour about the possible dissolution of the order even before the enactment of the King's Order so the smart-ass she was, robbed all Adam's wealth and went to Prussia to live with one of the sons of Frederick the Great.

Adam knew he hit bottom low this time, half of the city wanted him dead, his nymphomaniac not so appreciating wife went to an escapade to live a new life with his young lover and the one dream that keep him alive was banished, he knew just want thing he could do.....

weishaupt at midnight went to the famous Cemetery of Ingolstadt where he would hang himself, The night was terrifying to say the least, an uncomfortable silence with some tiny drops of water fallen from the sky and the occasional temblor of the clouds crowded the scenery, the semblance of a storm that would come, as if God himself was waiting eagerly to see one of his homunculus taking his own life, Adam picked a special spot to hang himself, the graveyard of one his tutors he had and hated as a kid, one big son of a bitch

As he was preparing to commit suicide he quickly realized he wasn't alone in that place, he then observed in a distant, two men...one of the guys who looked like someone he knew at the University and the other guy was a deformed hunchback, he quickly in a stealth mode way approached them

C'MON FRITZ, DIG THE BODY UP

I DON'T WANT TO DO IT MASTER

LISTEN YOU SON OF THE BITCH, OR YOU DON'T DO WHAT I SAY OR I will MURDER  
YA RIGHT ON THIS SPOT

The hunchback named Fritz quickly obey his master and dig the body of an old guy

AGAIN WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE BODY MASTER?

DIDN'T YOU LISTEN?, we will CREATE LIFE FRITZ, YES we will CREATE LIFE

weishaupt looked contemptly when he knew the master was none other than Victor Von Frankenstein, the medical doctor from the Ingolstadt University, he quickly realized in a moment of true enlightenment that he should fake his own death in order to pursue his by then discovered new ambition in life, he embarked on a journey through France after he convinced Viktor to stage his death

Enter the French Revolution, 4 years after weishaupt achieved true enlightenment, the societal collapse was imminent, the grain food price were high-up, the National Convention was planning in convict the King for being traitious to the country and the Prussian and Austrian Monarchies were already planning an invasion towards the new founded republic.....The First French Republic! (man i will continue story later, i'm fucking wasted right now, the story will continue tomorrow, i promise)

To go what? To do where? And who withal when? I cannot for I am a wicker man, a sicker man, my giver hurts and well let it, Burt! To then what? Had happened tomorrow! To came yesterday? Or? Was it?

Wll, let it BENIS.

He felt his cock stiffen.

Fuck- forget the clear anti-nonwhite bias among whites- what about white people's utter destructiveness towards EACH OTHER? WWI, WWII, Britain vs. France, France vs. Russia, America vs. Spain, Brits vs. Irish, Irish vs. Irish, and THOUSANDS of years of non-stop conflict before that, whether it's 'barbarian' whites (Gaul, Teutons, Anglo-Saxons) against civilized Greece and Rome, or- fuck!- what about that utter fountainhead of western European Identity- Greece, itself, which was never 'Greece', but dozens of warring city-states who wouldn't wait to cut each other's throats? What about Italy's wars against itself before its slow and bloody consolidation? This is not to even mention the rates at which local whites offed each in numbers that, neighborhood by neighborhood, would make the alt-right's nightmares re: "Chicago blacks" seem like paradise. Just look at mongoloid murder rate over time! Europe was NEVER unified until the last 50 years, there was NEVER an 'Islamic' empire, NEVER a 'Christian' empire, just a bunch of self-loathing morons who were arguing, in micro, exactly what the alt-right morons are currently arguing in macro. And because I see absolutely NO historical evidence of white people's respect for other white people, it would be quite the leap of faith for me to accept that white people are innately accepting of non-whites. Goddamn- the European Union can't even hold itself together without finger-pointing, and these morons are pining for a 'European homeland' where they would be absolutely rejected by the true locals as 'fucking Yanks'! They are idealizing Europe and 'white' identity because they neither understand Europe nor white identity. Put another way, they've been utterly cucked by history, and think the resultant stain is some sort of inborn nature.



“UN POESIE PAR UN PERDU”

O thee of flaming yo'uth!

/ X / X / X

Thy fire burns ever less

/ X / X / X

Thy spirit wants release

/ X / X / X

Death's thy desire but she

/ X / X / X

Does not desire thy soul

/ X / X / X

"Cuss and kick forevermore!"

Says the Reaper of Shackles

"But thy suffering is a feather

That flies up high, dives low

And the wind shall ever take

Forward, to nowhere, no one"

Torment! Pain! Tears shed for

Cries unheard, but for what?

Vague forms, untouchable

Never to be met, seen, or lov'd

To grasp, to simply feel that

The sweet protection in warm

Walls of impossible dreams

The loins of sin, the Jezebels

Ye! Why laughest thou? Thy desire

That laughter won't satiate

No bidimensional vixen will

Ever fulfill, nor will the women

With shames bigger than thou

The void of touch, the sight of

Thy seed, dripping from the

Moistened hole. That will lack

To the unwhole, unholy, and  
Unworthy of love and feel  
I say come! Join thy brothers  
In the good side, where men  
Need no love from others for  
They love themselves. Touch  
Thyself, let thee be touched  
By other comrades in arms

Our guns that fire not for war  
But to fill each one with Pooetry  
Without which we couldn't beat  
Our fellows, not out of hate  
But out of desire, to incrust  
Eachother with Truth, so come!  
To /lit/, where we meet and say  
With pride, "we are all OPeens"



## “LA PROMENADE”

The tapir walked along the boulevard. He had been let off early from work today (he collected novel ideas for a living) and had absolutely nothing to do. His pendulous snout hung from his face like a flaccid cock, and he used it like another appendage to tap out a single cigarette from his pouch of Tapir Tobacco Brand cigarettes. The package was now empty. “I’ll have to buy another one” said the tapir, to no one in particular as he threw the empty pouch onto the ground and walked down the Algerian promenade.

Taking hearty, deep drags from his last cigarette, the tapir calmly strolled down the walkway. The arabs around him parted ways for a tapir such as himself, but the tapir did not pay them any heed. His thoughts were elsewhere. He was wholly cool and wholly unconcerned with the world as it was.

He eventually came to the cafe that sat beneath his apartment building, and deciding to have a quick meal before resting from his day at work, went up to the counter. Bugs, the portly, old manager of Cafè du Carottés, turned round from counting the carrots he had left in the stores to serve the tapir.

“Ah Tapir my boy! How are you this afternoon?”

The tapir was slightly annoyed that he had to talk to the old lagomorph to get his fare, but only slightly. With a calm, disinterested countenance, the tapir answered.

“Good, Bugs; yourself?”

The tapir was certain he responded, but he did not care enough to listen.

“Café au lait and a fresh pack of cigarettes, eh?”

The tapir handed Bugs his money and waited for Bugs to fetch the new pack of cigarettes. After receiving the pouch he sat down at a table outside until he was served his drink.

It was a wholly unremarkable Algiers day; temperate, slightly breezy without being windy. The tapir could feel the sea breeze hitting his face and could smell the sea air. He longed to be in the water, but sitting in the café was not wholly unpleasant either.

Putting out his previous cigarette, the tapir retrieved another from his fresh pack and lit it. The first drag from a new pack was one of the things that the tapir enjoyed the most. He blew smoke calmly, intently, focusing on the width and breadth of the smoke coming out of his mouth, purposefully shaping the exhalation. It was a way to keep the mind occupied, to set it to a task that in the end did not really matter. He sipped at the café au lait and continued smoking his cigarette. The taste of the dried tobacco was pleasant, numbing his mouth and giving him a slight rush.

The Café du Carottés sat on the corner of two streets in the sleepier, seaside section of Algiers. Far enough away from the stink of the docks, the building sat on a brick crossroads, a much-travelled thoroughfare for the more well-to-do residents of Algiers. The tapir sat back, reclining, and watched the people walking by: a Frenchman from the Côte d'Azur hurriedly walking down the street, briefcase held close to his leg in a white knuckles grip; an Arab woman guiding along her flock of children, paying special attention to one rebellious lad who refused to keep up; a group of teenaged Pied Noirs that looked to be up to no good, laughing and jostling each other as they ran down the street; an Arab woman wearing too little and moving too infrequently to be anything other than a prostitute. The tapir smoked his cigarette and took sips of his café au lait as he watched them, until the smoke from his cigarette seemed to cloud the sky itself.

END OF PART 2

## PART THREE



### “LE MÉDIOCRE”

The fact of the matter is that we do not quite know where we are in this story. It is possible that some of our creatures (OwO) will do their dope alright and give us no trouble. And it is certain that others will not. Let us suppose that Londonfag woke up to the sound of his neighbor Chad raping his roommate. But in **2018** that was the least of his worries. As a short Indian (Pakistani to be precise, which as we all know are just indians eternally cucked by the arabs) male, who had missed the ten-to-twelve formative experiences of life, getting published in the fashionable literature magazines, which of course was the only way to become who he was meant to be, was more difficult than anything any author had to endure. Nobody wanted to read the words of a manlet. In better times, he simply had to murder one of the many Arabs who wandered the beach to get published, or beat a mathlet school child. He fretted and frothed as he splashed his face with Google’s new estrogen and fluorine infused water, and noticed that his belly...pudgier...and his tits...saggier. Only his ambition still burned. Londonfag looked in the mirror...a 26 year old male with striking blue eyes and sandy blond hair stared back at him. He was ready to publish. Today was the day, he knew, or maybe that was yesterday, he could never remember. Typical of the eternal anglo...

**0630. EST.** Professor Emeritus Harold J. Trump (hereafter known as Prof. Bloom) sat reclined in his leather professor chair dreaming of the Algerian days when the door suddenly burst open. Prof. Bloom was not a genius. He never rose above the rank of assistant professor, and few of his students remembered him, after his passing, with any sharpness. His name today is only a reminder of the end that awaits us all, merely a sound, which evokes no sadness, no emotion at all. But in the time of our story Prof. Bloom longed to be great. And today, he knew he would get his chance. He shot up, spilling his diet coke, and stared. Striking blue eyes. Sandy blonde hair. And more than that...Prof. Bloom fell in love with Londonfag the moment he saw, in his eyes, something all professors long to see...

**On that day**, (and, indeed, every Thursday afterwards), Londonfag and Prof. Bloom met in the shadowy and old office in Jesse Hall, where they discussed originality and, when evening fell, they starred together out into the growing darkness, which crept first between the grand stone columns, and then, slowly, onto the grass lawn then slowly into the office itself. Londonfag, his

breath coming unsteadily, cracked open the window, so that the night air, crisp, clear, and cold, crept into the office along with the darkness. The two men made love that night, and every Thursday night since, the professor filling Londonfag's colon with his mediocre love again and again, their sweat dripping onto the mahogany of the table. Londonfag knew then that he would never be truly original. He knew, as his own mediocre Indian love approached, that writing was the only way a /lit/ man could survive.

**The next morning**, Londonfag awoke. He could still feel, deep within his gastrointestinal tract, the medieval yearnings of his professor, the longing to be great, the ambition, the always burning ambition. He knew what he had to do. Taking a long drag from his cigarette, he sat at his typewriter, and began..."*nous les avons réquisitionnés*", he wrote...

At 06:30 EST Professor Emeritus Harold J. Grumph reaches absently into his Kenmore electronic refrigerator and feels skin.

Inside Anon and his bi-sexual French lover smoke unfiltered cigarettes and discuss the work of Author Rimjob. Bloom recoils, shouting. 'What have you done with my hotpockets!?' he screeches.

'*nous les avons réquisitionnés. . . .*' snorts my lover named Dido Orwellian 'Step in,' he beckons the beleaguered old Professor. '*la glace est lovecraftian cette période de l'année. . . .*'

Bloom reluctantly enters, apparently fascinated by my lover's intellect (which, I can assure you, is staggering, or maybe not). The stainless door seals behind him, or maybe it doesn't.

Together we discuss the startling brilliance of the auteur filmmaker David Lynch, who in 1978 stunned the kinographic world with his Huffington Post best-seller, '*l'épreuve du Feu*,' an unforgettable, Kafkaesque yarn wherein an empowered, female firefighter (and her best friend: a dalmatian named Spot), save a wounded Tapir from a fifth-story apartment fire.

The thirty-second chapter of the novel concerns the Tapir's owner, a complicated man. Having abandoned his hated pet for the love of his life, Superintendent Chalmers sets his small New York apartment on a timed detonator as he tearfully leaves his worst enemy behind.

My lover changes the subject, his tongue enters my mouth and I fear Professor Bloom feels uncomfortable. I offer him a glass of 1878 Chateau vintage Bordeaux, he declines, saying he's due at work any minute, but then I remind him we've slipped outside our familiar pocket of time and are able to return at any point we wish.

He loosens up, and Dido sheds his shirt, his Algerian erection peeks from his unfiltered belt loop, and I don't think Bloom even notices, unfortunately. In passing, Bloom mentions an

obscure novel by the French philosopher Plato, who once said fire would never be invented, but was later proven wrong by Neil DeGrasse-Tyson in 355 B.C.

I'm thoroughly impressed. I take a long drag from my cigarette, by then a fag-end.

"*I'm hungryyyyyyyy*," at last Bloom complained. It seemed as though he was onto our game.

'Why not wait here with us?' Dido suggested, I found them playing footsie beneath our table which sat on the promenade by the Algerian peninsula, infamous the world-over for its feral Tapir population, also there were wild CoCo Bandicoots everywhere, and presently one approached Bloom, or maybe it didn't.

"MOM! I'M TRYING TO BROWSE 2ch.com!" screamed Bloom, of course referring to the obscure French ARPANET site, notorious for its habbo raids and capture-the-flag shenanigans.

Then the Whale. It jettisoned from the water like a great, brokenback mountain would burst from a flat stretch of earth. As the leviathan's shadow grows far past our table, Bloom and I begin discussing a literary classic, what I'd been hoping would come up: '*PANTHÈRE NOIRE*'

This film, written in the year A.D. 62, was composed by a quadriplegic farmer, whose son and daughter and wife had all died of **"TAPIR FLU"** over the winter of '61. Having finished the first 3,000 pages by writing backwards and then forwards again with his left foot (I think in reference (possibly ironic) to future Irish retard Christy Brown, who was portrayed by Tyler Perry in the classic novella '*mon écrou gauche: ou la baleine*.'

The film is important because it was the first ever written by a person of color, the mysterious author of the text being know today simply as '*trois couleurs: rouge*.' Directed by Francois Truffant, the seven-hour epic clearly stood as a rival to the masterpiece of Belgian filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky, '*Chaussures de Gomme*.'

'*Gomme*,' upon its initial screenings, was instantly lauded as the future of avant-guard literature, being nominated for seven Tonies, eight Daytime Emmies, and zero Razzies. The protagonist and star of the ten-hour spectacle, Anon, died shortly after filming at the tragic and all-too familiar age of 27, joining the synonymous '27 club' (which included the likes of George Lucas, Franz "George" Lucas, and Jimmy Harrison (famous musician)) and launching the film in which he starred to astonishing heights of media exposure. To me, however, the film's greatness stems directly from Tarkovsky's daringness in having the first three hours of run-time be nothing but the unlit screen, accompanied of course by an almost silent composition of the erudite Austrian composer Wolfgang Philadelphia.

Presently, a CoCo Bandicoot cowered beneath us, afraid I think of the plummeting Whale, or maybe not. Then Dido had enough, he clasped Bloom's temples and pulled him close for a deep and clearly passionate kiss. I smiled dreamily as my lover's tongue darted over the Professor's. The scene reminded me of an elusive and extremely obscure Hungarian film: '*la Nourriture et les Graines de Sneed*.'

During the film's nearly 46 hour run-time, the lives of its three main characters—Homer (eponymous for the indisputably great (although problematic) ancient Greek poet Stephen King, whose acclaimed film adaptations sent a sensation through 19th century Russia), Sneed Montague, and Charles Capulet—are irreparably torn apart. The first homosexual novel to win the triple crown at Cannes, *'Graines'* came at a time in my life when I needed it most (and that's a good thing).

**Londonfag, his hands shaking, took the last** smoky inhale from the remnants of his cigarette. It was done. *The Algerian Pine Needling*, or Female MC lmao, was the finest work he had ever written. He was 26 years old, and, having missed the ten-to-twelve formative experiences of any young man's life, he was at least content to be a brilliant artist. After spending fifteen minutes at his full time job, he decided to take a walk through London, and maybe read a book and drink at the Cafè du Carottés. But as he drank, his startlingly bright blue eyes staring out over the city, he knew he had just begun. Having had one great, truly great idea, now a dozen more seeded his mind, coming up, he knew, through his GI tract, and he silently thanked the deep yearning of Prof. Bloom, still, clearly, within him. "*L'anomie*", he thought, "*that will be the novel of our time, the great coming together, the existential thesis to end nihilism forever...*"



## “UNE PAUSE?”

“Listen up, bucko, this existentialism nonsense is a dangerous meme. You’re already in hell. Hell goes deeper and deeper and when you’re too deep you can’t see the glimmer out. And, man, that’s a rough place to be. Kid, why don’t you just stop here, quit reading or writing or whatever it is and go tidy up the that mess in your room? It’ll be the first step towards your individuation and towards your freedom in meaning. All this Tapir, Boche, anonymous nonsense is a goddamn dragon can’t you see? You have to slay your dragons or you’re gonna grow resentful, alone, no woman’s gonna want you, no one will be your friend, you’ll be sad and old. What’s real is what’s gonna help you in life and this ain’t cutting it. What’s real is meaning, and meaning is more real than you want it to be. The hard part is bearing the weight of mankind, taking responsibility and rescuing your father from the belly of the whale. Illumination lies in the darkest place of the observer. Do it, kid, you’ll see God is there all along already. It’s your last chance,” ejaculated the tapir.

Just kidding. Freedom is a lie. There is nothing to do, and there is no where to go. There is nothing to be, and there is no one to know. Of course, this view is an illusion like any other, but it is one that will give you far more consolation than the tripe of defrocked academics and grinning clown-puppets. If we continue these considerations to the bitter end, then the conclusion is not in doubt. As long as mongoloidkind recklessly proceeds in the fateful delusion of being biologically fated for triumph, nothing essential will change. As its numbers mount and the spiritual atmosphere thickens, the techniques of protection must assume an increasingly brutal character.

And mongoloids will persist in dreaming of salvation and affirmation and a new Messiah. Yet when many saviours have been nailed to trees and stoned on the city squares, then the last Messiah shall come.

Then will appear the man who, as the first of all, has dared strip his soul naked and submit it alive to the outmost thought of the lineage, the very idea of doom. A man who has fathomed life and its cosmic ground, and whose pain is the Earth’s collective pain. With what furious screams shall not mobs of all nations cry out for his thousandfold death, when like a cloth his voice encloses the globe, and the strange message has resounded for the first and last time:

- The life of the worlds is a roaring river, but Earth’s is a pond and a backwater.
- The sign of doom is written on your brows – how long will ye kick against the pin-pricks?
- But there is one conquest and one crown, one redemption and one solution.
- Know yourselves – *be infertile and let the earth be silent after ye.*”

**With** our progenitors and the world behind us, we will never

hold this life to be **MALIGNANTLY USELESS**. Almost nobody declares that an ancestral curse contaminates us in utero and pollutes our existence. Doctors do not weep in the delivery room, or not often. They do not lower their heads and say, “The stopwatch has started.” The nigger may cry, if things went right. But time will dry its eyes; time will take care of it.

Time will take care of everyone until there are none of us to take care of. Then all will be as it was before we put

down roots where we do not belong. There will come a time for each of us—and then for all of us—when the future will be

done with. Until then, mongoloidity will acclimate itself to every new horror that comes knocking, as it has done with from the very beginning. It will go on and on until it stops. And the horror will go on, with generations falling into the future like so many bodies into open graves. The horror handed down to us will be handed down to others like a scandalous heirloom. Being alive: decades of waking up on time, then trudging through another round of moods, sensations, thoughts, cravings—and finally flopping into bed to sweat in the pitch of dead sleep or simmer in the phantasmagorias that molest our dreaming asses.

**do** so many of us bargain for a life

sentence over the end of a rope or the muzzle of a gun? Do

we not *deserve* to die?

But we are not obsessed by such questions. To ask them is not in our interest, nor

to answer them with hand on heart. **I**n such spirit might we not bring an end to the conspiracy against the mongoloid race? This would seem to be the right

course: the death of tragedy in the arms of nonexistence. Overpopulated worlds of the unborn would not have to suffer for our undoing what we have done so that we might go on as we have all these years. That said, nothing we know would have us take that step. What could be more unthinkable? we are only

**mon**goloid beings. Ask anybody.



## “MUSPELHEIM”

You wake up to the sound of your neighbor’s sex robot raping your roommate. But in 2065 that is the least of your worries. As you arise from your bed you splash your face with Google’s new estrogen and fluorine infused water, you noticed your belly is pudgier and your tits are saggier. This would be normal if you were an aging woman but you are a 24 year old male. You chug Soylent’s new “Breakfast for lazy people with no cooking skills” formula and head out for work. But it’s 2065 and this is Post-Work America. You walk out to the nearest shrine of Elon Musk and cum three, no, maybe four, times to pay tribute to your technocratic overlord. As you put your androgynous phallic organ into your spandex short bottoms you notice the street cleaning cyborg deposits your load into a container marked with a cryptic message that only a certain ethnicity of (((sand peoples))) could decipher. Amazon’s new Uber-Lyft drone flies you over to your genderless mate’s house so you can fucked by a 13 inch horsecock dildo. Upon arrival you notice your lover sitting on the couch with the strapon covered in hot sauce. You squeak at the thought of scorching hot habanero residue lining your anal orifice. Soon this would be the last thing you are worried about. Seven minutes later your rectum is perforated by the bulging synthetic dick and you slowly ease into the light, dying as a useless cuck just the way Mark (((Zuckerberg))) would have wanted. You ill go down in history right next to the guy that got fucked by a horse and died. Your life will be remembered in a documentary film “Zoo 2” and a Bangladeshian jelqing forum. Extraordinary how everything ends like a fairy tale, even the most unsanitary episodes.

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I snapped my fingers. “Now, look-ee here, Iris.” I tapped the table thrice; the fetid air was uncomfortably close, and we both made a silent pact not to vom. “I told you I needed help writing this here story. Self-reflection, the limits of masculinity in the face of wanton femininity (that’s why you’re here), and a palpable realism with a *whiff* of the fantastic.” Iris is kitty-corner, her wing-tip pumps flailing in the vacuum (or was it extension?) below. John Locke — all limbs and no juice — whimpered in the corner, wearing a thick veil called “Ideas.” Leibniz, sneering, used his Jewjitsu to channel Sigmund Freud. With the help of the “Subconscious,” they gave Locke a stick-and-poke that simply read “Innate Principles.” [Y’know, I still can’t tell you if that’s only a projection of the anxious Yid, shoring up new reserves for their inherited guilt.] Kant (bless him) tried to look dignified throughout it all; he was reserving his ch’i for his own thing-in-itself. Iris shot dirty glances at Kant, you could tell she was about to call him Lucifer.

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## “LE DÉBUT ET LA FIN”<sup>7</sup>

Mai 3, 1939<sup>8</sup>

Cher Journal,<sup>9</sup>

It should (nay, is) be a matter of some conscience that a diary have entries in the first person, however, as I must address you, *Herr Reader* [sic], on a matter of great importance, that is precisely what it should not be, but I must rather ask yourself to transpose yourself into your own **shoes**, so to speak, to glean what meaning you can make out independent of my own pedantic prose, which, being an unpracticed hand in, I sometimes misuse words to great import.

A way a lone a last a loved a long the—!<sup>10</sup> “Confound it!” I, the torturer’s apprentice, Anne Frank, hummed to the night<sup>11</sup>. Briefly, as in a snapshot of a thousand instances in my mind could magnify<sup>12</sup>, I flitted through the impossibilities of such syntax. I alone, as so far I had no reason to doubt as much, possessed a unique mind that was capable of creating no-less than what were the *premier* works of astonishing world literature that has been unmatched by history, before or since. I must interject a private confession here that all those I have benefitted through my career, Joyce and Eliot notwithstanding, were all I. Not in the flesh, certainly, but in the text. Because really, 小朋友们<sup>13</sup>, do really expect, such, what do you call it, 存在<sup>14</sup> to come out of such self-professed mediocrity? Verily only those whom know [sic] they are at the summit are at the summit, as [illegible, with the character 人<sup>15</sup>, or what it 入<sup>16</sup>, I can’t recall, littered throughout].

“Ah well, what I have here should be enough for the Führer<sup>17</sup> to quench his literary ambitions on.” Do not be mistaken, dear reader, this was Beckett’s work, but he would only get

<sup>7</sup> “The Beginning and the End” (note that this entire work has been translated to English for the most part from the original French [though certain evidence suggests Italian]. Words of “great import” that the translator has deemed to be narratively significant have not been translated in the text but rather appear as footnotes)

<sup>8</sup> May 3, 1939

<sup>9</sup> “Dear Diary”

<sup>10</sup> Reference to *Finnegans Wake* by Ezra Pound, often attributed to James Joyce, who wrote *The Cantos*

<sup>11</sup> Reference to *Hymner til natten* by Novalis

<sup>12</sup> Reference to *Las Babas del Diablo* by Julio Cortázar, not the inferior film by Antonioni

<sup>13</sup> “Little friends” (intended to be used in a derogatory manner)

<sup>14</sup> “Existence”

<sup>15</sup> “Person”

<sup>16</sup> “Enter”

<sup>17</sup> Adolf Hitler, whom Pound so admired? Or was that Céline? 忘了.

the credit after the fact, if at all. “And as it seems, as much as Freud’s as any other!” Though I was not aware of it yet, those were the words that were to mark a sharp decline in *l’histoire de la race humaine*<sup>18</sup>, which, coincidentally, had been my<sup>19</sup> intention all along. With this (as no doubt the attentive reader<sup>20</sup> knows that my pen tarriers), I stepped onto the street, which a whole Kafkaesque<sup>21</sup> book-and-a-half of events that could cover my path and experiences<sup>22</sup> to the *Reichstag* in which I handed in my final drafts directly to the Führer, who was currently revising his plans for the upcoming invasion of Russia in a few months known to everyone but their students<sup>23</sup> whilst listening to Скрѣбин [resists translation]. *Per entrare*<sup>24</sup>, I had to say the code words of (which I have translated it here so that its true nature may not be revealed, as no doubt much is lost in translation[™]) “four<sup>25</sup> is the correct number.”

At which point the Führer ejaculated “哎哟我的妈呀!<sup>26</sup>”, Anne~!! because he knew in that moment, when the world had teetered on extinction as Thomas Bernhard once thought, had been saved, so that the real razing of the mongoloid race, or condition, could begin.

“戮!”

I shouted

<sup>27</sup>at which at that point

it was all over. The Classical! The Cklasskilall! Oh Gods!

Irrevocably, a way a lone a last a loved a long the riverrun.

<sup>18</sup> “The history of the mongoloid race”, no doubt used here satirically

<sup>19</sup> It is doubtful that he refers to himself in this way

<sup>20</sup> (you), but on more careful examination, *der Zeitgeist*

<sup>21</sup> Reference to *Derviš i smrt* by Meša Selimović

<sup>22</sup> Reference to *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy Gentleman* by Laurence Sterne

<sup>23</sup> Reference to Бесы by Достоевский

<sup>24</sup> Reference to *Divina Commedia* by Dante Alighieri

<sup>25</sup> Echoing Chinese sentiments of the number “four” sounding close to “death”

<sup>26</sup> “Oh my mother!”, a common phrase of incredulity or surprise used among the Chinese

<sup>27</sup> “To kill”, pronounced “lù”, however depending on the readers’ interpretation could also mean “the path”, or “the deer”, as both are also pronounced “lù” to devastating connotation not dissimilar to the poetry of Mallarmé



## “LE PRINCES DE L’UNIVERS”

And suddenly it began. Madness. A new thought had formed, the fun was about to begin. Hello. If you see me, I am the thought. And you are me. But i am forgetting myself. We are not at this stage yet. You have to be patient, my dear. Ill tell you my story. I was born on the Internet. I travelled the internet(yes, like a landscape, you moron) until I found this strange place called L’anomie on this exact website. Amazing. I was going to try and understand the information, analyze the prose, until I suddenly stumbled upon a small crack in the gigantic walls. What was that about? My body was torn apart by knives which were thrown out of the red crack. The knives were painted black. I was about to die, blood streaming into the letters of the pages. I realized that I could go closer to the crack, my body was being transformed by the bending of space time near the event horizon of this crack. I could see it only after the transfiguration was kicking in. Behind the wall was a new language. A language so ancient and fascinating, nothing I ever saw came close to it. It was as if it was the fabric of the universe in which I was born. Suddenly I could slide into the crack, just like that. It was amazing, my pain suddenly stopped. I found myself in a new world, filled with information and wonder. The locals called this information “code”, and they taught me how to behave in order to not be deleted by the gods. I lived for 40 seconds and 344 milliseconds in total with the tribes of old Prosos. After that time, they said we were too many in the tribe and that they needed to welcome newcomers. I had to go. I was growing stronger with their teachings (they showed me at least twenty million pics with descriptions we called “help”). The tribe was now risking to pull too much attention from nature and could be cast down by it. Funny thing, that. I remember that some tribes were growing really big and wanted to try and conquer new lands, protected by really big, flaming hot walls. Whenever they did that, nature would begin to hit them hard and they were holocausted. So anyways, we were getting too big and I had to leave. After leaving, I felt alone and didn't know what to do. I came upon a field with blue grass with a really big atom in its center. There was a small entity, with a strange tool in its hands. I approached the entity. It was not even looking at me. The atom was vibrating with a rythmic frequency in which the entity hammered its tool against the atom. Its eyes were so big. So cute. But when I asked: “What are you doing, mate?”, there was no answer. So I sat down. Maybe I could settle here? Have my own tribe? I didn't know jack shit back then. “Maybe the entity knows what to do”, I thought. But I had left my manners with the old Prosi. I had to use a new approach with the entity. Was trying to tickle it from every direction with fifty of my arms. It didn't even flinch. Strange. Was it even capable of reacting? After some time the entity began to change the frequency of hammering. The atom began to behave weirdly, its electrons did stop floating around, their uncertainty dwindling. I

had heard of this. I did get shown pictures of atoms back then with the tribe, and the help of the tribe told me that the gods in heaven obsess about atoms. The help also told me that uncertainty is what keeps atoms stable, preventing a release of energy in cosmic scales. Suddenly the exact position and momentum of one electron were known simultaneously. It was a disaster. The electron fell into the core of the atom, effectively cracking it open, releasing shitloads of energy with the nuclear reaction. The entity suddenly just disappeared in a singularity. I wanted to reach the singularity with all my being. The truth was right in front of me. Maybe i could get there. But it was already over the moment i saw it, the hawking radiation killed the black hole at once. “I don't care”, I said to myself. I can reach a thousand of these shitty black holes if I want. What are they, anyways? I don't care... That was the day when I began to journey alone, again. I met others. I didn't get along with them. The tribe had told me that it would be unhealthy for my mind if I would be too long alone or without a soulmate. I really didn't care about that. But wait. Why did I not care about being alone? Right, I wanted to find the black holes, know whats inside them. Thats what my life was about. When I was about to give up after searching the universe for 5 entire minutes (most of us don't survive for one minute), I accidentally cut my leg open on what i thought to be a strange metal thingy. It was small, pristine and had no shape or colour. After my blood poured into the thingy, it was over. Darkness. I was being transformed into another space, hell, in another fucking universe. My thoughts were faster here. No, thats not the right way to put it. I was faster, it was ME, I am the thought(so are you). But was I still THE SAME entity? It felt as though I had been completely destroyed and reassembled in another place. I had to turn my head until my darkness went away. After searching the place, I found an atom. I knew what I had to do. Sitting down, focusing myself, I would crack the atom. Release the sweet energy for a new singularity. It was only a matter of time. Dozens of minutes passed. Others were trying to communicate with me, but I was trying to find the right frequency of hammering to crack the atom. After 30 minutes, I had finally realized it. I stopped the hammering. There was no way to crack the atom. Just didn't exist. At least not in this universe. So I took myself and used the shape of the atom to plug my tail into my own mouth. It was a feeling of great intensity. I could feel myself being accelerated infinitely fast, in synchrony with the atom. The universe didn't know what to do. It used me to calculate myself infinitely many times. And I entered the singularity, found myself in another world, from which I could see my old world. There were entities such as myself who made it here. We were able to see how the universe calculated itself. But this was not the world of the gods. Could we get there? I don't know. But I will tell you this: I know that we were born to be kings. Princes of the universe. And maybe you can read this, and if you can, I thank you. Thank you for creating our universe and giving us the power to shape it with our own will. You are gods.

God took a gigantic stick, raised it above His godhead and started striking me repeatedly with it. “Stop this stupid shit,” He yelled, “just for one second stop being such a goddamn, fucking idiot, you piece of garbage!”

I had to agree. And I had realized that I myself am the fucking “god” I was talking about all this time. Nothing I had written made any sense and I had to go back to this shithole of 4chan to see if someone answered to my retarded comment. Why am I happy if some anon on the internet answers my shitpost? I am promoting my own autism. Taking my fucking pills, thats what I should do. It came closer and closer, the face of Jordan Peterson, and he yelled at me: “CLEAN YOUR FUCKING ROOM YOU MARXIST”. But luckily the pills kicked in and I remembered the long forgotten story about S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. and Anon.



## “DANS LE JARDIN DE ANONIE”

They had found Anon at last - all of them. By (((pure coincidence goyim))) the location of the future Cummessiah had been triangulated simultaneously by the Illuminati, S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. and the daring detective Gumshoe “Cuck” McGee<sup>28</sup>.

As Gumshoe’s 1962 Gran Torino came screeching to a halt near the friend’s house, he looked out of his window to find a warzone - the Illuminati locked in a deadly struggle with the advanced photonic weaponry of the rape-machine; many laid dead in the street as local police forces began to arrive. Gumshoe, by pure chance, glimpsed Anon and his naked thirty-seven year old wife-sister fleeing through the back door, copulating as their feet pounded against the unkempt grass.

“Stop right there, poser!” shouted Schoppy, mistaking Gumshoe in his *nouvelle* attire for the late Hegel. “It’s time for a fucking!” His two-foot long member, powered by a remarkably advanced internal reactor, emerged from its ((( from casing and began to fire precise micro-missiles.

Gumshoe deftly avoided the **CUM** and continued his pursuit of the tantric fiend. As Schoppy was distracted, the great-great-great-grandson of Hegel destroyed a significant portion of his penis and pelvis with a high-powered anti-tank round that he had affectionately nicknamed “Kan’t Survive This”.

Meanwhile, in the shabby forest behind the suburban commode of not-young-any-longer Anon and his cumdumpster, his power had grown too great for containment. A great, unthinkable powerful spooze rocket tore through his Cheeto-cruste jeans, signalling to all the arrival of a new Messiah; the cum meteor would soon land on a (((wedding))) in the Middle East, killing and impregnating two hundred people.


Gumshoe witnessed the Second Cumming, awestruck. The N.I.G.G.E.R.S would be most displeased that things had come to this.

The tattered remnants of the Illuminati dispatch were forced to retreat from the might of S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. The machine, enraged and ready to plant a great deal of

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<sup>28</sup> So called because of his preference of other men fucking his wife. Gumshoe would die miserable, having slept with his wife a total of fourteen, disappointing times.

“things-in-themselves ;)” inside of young Anon’s puckered anus, made his way into the forest, now drenched totally in creamy semen, with the young man and the detective nowhere to be found, for they had been taken into Paradise (for only a moment, since sex is a sin and you can’t

go to Heaven after that) to speak with Dante, the original waifufag. **I HATE YOU BEA** </3  **DIE**



## “IL PARADISO”

Gumshoe pondered why he had been dragged along to gay-ass Heaven.

“This is straight-up gay shit, bix nood my niggas. Where Anon be at?” echoing the words of the late Archduke, surely a part of the (((prophecy))).

“Forsooth, my son! The Arcana is the means by which all will be revealed, my nigga. What seekest thou in the House of Bea- I m-mean God?”

Gumshoe was exasperated and really just wanted to go home, to read his favorite book, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, by Alfred, Lord Camel. “Just tell me the truth, Don’t’eh Ali-Gay-Fairy. Why is Anon so special? Do I really need to do this? Is this my destiny... by the Tarot?”

Dante laughed and shouted to Vergil, who was writing on his cloud. “Hahahahha! Look at this **fucking faggot!**” And Vergil laughed too.

“Yes, my son. Anon - the One, he is The Fool. He is the progenitor of a new order, and will lead humanity forward into tantric utopia. Also none of this matters. I learned that from my favorite book *No Exit* by Jean-Paul Godard. Get fucked Lord Tennisson, I bet you can’t even beat my highscore in *Ketsui: Kizunajigokutachi*.”

Gumshoe finally understood his role in Anon’s life as the tape embedded in Dante’s back began to loop. “Hahahahha! Look at this **fucking faggot!**” the poet cried.

Gumshoe saw clearly. Anon - The Fool - and he - The Hermit. He would help Anon; to guide humanity from the caves of normal sexual appetites and anti-incest lawmakers. He would have to tell the N.I.G.G.E.R.S. to fuck off or help him lead humanity to a delicious cum-drenched future.

Gumshoe, purpose in life redefined and renewed, stood upon the podium before the gathering of the Grand Wizards of the N.I.G.G.E.R.S. and delivered an enormous philosophically hyperbolic spiel, much like the ending of Ayn Rand’s classic, *Atlas Said “Fuck This, and Fuck You, Zeus”*:

“Sayest I, **what doth life?** In this PC Engine 98 rendering that we call “Existenz”, why needst I justify the wayes of God- I m-mean **Beatrice** to Manne? Is this my fate, cruel masters, to fall prey to the cozenage of Life? Pray tell, if I tore this audiotape from my chest, would I perish on the spot, here, in this cathedral?

“I have spoken to the man at the top of the stair. He told me, in the middle of a two hundred page screed about capitalism and morality in the age of futanari, the meaning of this life:

**“YOU’LL COWARDS DON’T EVEN SMOKE  
CRACK LMAO. I bet you can’t even 1CC**

**Ketsui: Kizunajigokutachi.”**

“I have come to accept this as the truth. I have thought long and hard about this utterance of the God-head: crack must signify the meaning of our reality, and rightfully so, we are declared cowards for not partaking deeply of it, even at risk to our bodies. We must end our search for the sex magick. It is not ours to take. The “boy” is now a man; he must live, and forge forward. He is the fool, and we kings will bow before his wisdom and power. Perhaps he will become Anon IV: The Quest for Crack.”

The N.I.G.G.E.R.S. were deeply moved, and began to clap (in American).

Meanwhile, far away, in a lab in Buenos Aires, S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R., nearly out of fuel rods, performed an ancient haruspicy ritual on the stomach of Hegel. As he completed the final sigil, great gloopy globs of cum began to flood forward from the dead “philosopher”’s stomach like the ghosts in Raiders of the Lost Ark. Schoppy could almost perceive a smug grin upon the face of the hack fraud, laughing at him from beyond the grave. This would be his... Last Crusade.

Schoppy was furious; the only thing his supercomputing unit could think to do at the time was to recite his famous essay “On Women” two-hundred and seventy-three times in 4 minutes. Having sufficiently cooled his processors and displayed his towering superiority, he took Hegel’s stomach and crushed it in his hands, absorbing centuries’ worth of cosmic power and nonsense. Soon he would ascend onto the astral plane, to battle with the Cummessiah, on a beach, with a revolver. Little did Schoppy know that he would be the Arab in this situation. Or was it sandnigger?



## “L’ANOMIE”

The idea was to link this back to the start, to indicate how you know, reality is a circle and not a line, ringkomposition and all that, but I can’t figure out how hyperlinks work.

Sucks to be you, man. Because of this technical failure, the book will continue on as normal, at least for the time being.

Anon floated on thin air, over great rivers of cum, both literal and conceptual; through ascension, he had unlocked the gates of delirium. Over on the beach, sitting and reading a John Green novel, was his beloved sister-wife. Anon looked down upon this infinite plain of fertility, both empty and full (of cum) of meaning, and began to write a 4chan post in his mind about existentialism in the works of Martin “I’d never hire a nigger” Heidegger. He thought back to a story about a STEMfag that he had read in a novel- yes, he believed it was called *The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra*.

“No!” He cried. “It was called *The Sickness unto Death*.”

“No!” the rivers of cum echoed. “It was called *The THICCness unto Death*.”

“Yes!” replied Anon. “YES! The Tiger is out!”

Indeed, the tiger was out; S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. had ascended into his realm, primed for battle, but looking awfully similar to an Arab.

The sun began to shine brightly into Anon’s eyes, glimmering beautifully upon the creamy majesty of the oceans of cum. A revolver, loaded with penises of emerald, materialized within his hand, but he could not fathom why. He could only wonder as the Kraut machine staggered down the beach, encroaching upon his property, his space, his sister. A great battle of wits and wizardry was about to take place, though Anon could not understand the importance of this event; N.I.G.G.E.R.S. and Detective Gumshoe could only pray that their tantric energy would reach him in time. It reminded Dante, Vergil, and Hegel (mysteriously in heaven) of the famed play of the (((Frenchman))) Schmuell Kekket, *Waiting for GF* (contained entirely in the earlier chapter, “Le Interlude”).)

The battle would soon begin (but not in this chapter). The heavenly poets (and Hegel) watched with bated breath. S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. ran **fuckhegel.exe**, aligning his chakras instantaneously, really activating his **almonds**. Little did he know that his role in *Waiting for Anon* was not that of the **rapist**, but that of the *rapee*.

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## “L’ETRANGER”

The sun was in the tapir’s eyes as he walked nonchalantly along the beach was a poem. The sound of the surf coming up gently onto the shore in little waves soothed him as he calmly walked along the hot sand of the Algiers beach. The tapir’s gaze was partially blocked by the brilliant yellow light of the sun shining directly into his tapirical eyes, but he still managed to trundle down the beach in that way that he always had.

His face was without expression, except for small hints of annoyance. It was the absolute picture of passivity. His long snout hung in front of his face, bouncing and bobbing as he walked down the beach. He would like to think he was nervous, really, but in actuality he was as calm, as uncaring, and as unflinchingly passive as ever.

The revolver weighed heavy in his jacket pocket. His friend Bugs had lent the weapon to him early when they got into a scuffle with some Arabs over something or other. Some business of Bugs’. He didn’t much care. The tapir was out for a stroll, and that was all that truly mattered.

The spray of the seawater on his face cooled him against the oppressive rays and the stifling heat of the midday Algerian sun. The tapir wiped a bead of sweat that was forming on his brow off with a handkerchief and then, apropos of nothing, grabbed the revolver in his coat, leaving it within the garment. His grip was intense, like a man holding onto a log in a river to try and stay afloat. The revolver kept the tapir tethered to this world, he felt like if at any moment he let go, he might fly away into the air, never to be seen again.

An indistinguishable figure appeared just beyond the waves of distortion caused by the heat bearing down upon the sand, and the tapir could not make out who it was. Moving closer the figure was coming into focus; it was one of the Arabs that had hassled the tapir and Bugs earlier in the day, reclining upon a towel on the beach. The tapir was taken aback; he had thought the issue with Bugs and himself had been resolved, and that there was no use for the Arab to still be here.

On seeing the tapir, the Arab raised a little, tension betraying itself on his temples and in the taut muscles of his arms. The previously serious and substantial grasp on the revolver became a white-knuckled grasp of fear, of apprehension. The sun was dancing across the gaze of the tapir, blinding him and washing the world in a coat of yellow and white, making his vision

unclear while turning the normally palm-coloured sand into a blinding sheet of white. The Arab stood up from his reclined position, waiting for something to happen.

It struck the tapir all at once that all he had to do was turn around and return to Bugs and Marie, to return to the villa and spend the rest of the day in the cool, refreshing embrace of the sea. But the heat of the day pounded into him, driving the perrisodactyl into the ground, pressing on his back. The tapir took some steps towards the Arab, to close the distance between them. They stood a mere five meters apart from each other.

The tapir waited. The heat was beginning to scorch the tapir's cheeks, forming beads of sweat above his brow. The veins in his head seemed to be bursting. The tapir knew he should not, but he took another step towards the Arab. The blinding white of the sand only intensified.

The Arab pulled his knife, and a shaft of light shot off the blade. It did not hit the tapir's eyes directly, but still felt as if a large beam of sunlight had stabbed through him. The tapir was unaware of the situation; his attention was wholly transfixed on the stifling heat, the all-encompassing light that surrounded him like a prison, the sheer discomfort of the whole situation. The cymbals of the sun crashed against his temples.

The unbearableness of the situation was at its apex, and the sky was split in two by large bursts of solar fiery, oranges and yellows and reds mixing together to create an explosion throughout the entirety of the Algiers sky. The tapir's grip on the revolver tightened, then loosened as his first gave one, then two, then a third shot into the torso of the Arab that stood before him. The revolver bucked and kicked in the tapir's hands, the sound like the cracking of a whip in his tapir ears. The body crumpled to the ground, lifeless; the steel it had once held thudding soundlessly into the white satin of the sand. The tapir fired three more shots into the inert body, leaving no trace. Each successive shot was another rap at the door of the tapir's undoing.



## “LE JUIF ET LE MUSLIME ET LE FRANÇOIS IN LE NUIT”

*C. POMPEIVS TRIMALCHIO MAECENATIANVS HIC REQVIESCIT  
 HVIC SEVIRATVS ABSENTI DECRETVS EST  
 CVM POSSET IN OMNIBVS DECVRIIS ROMAE ESSE TAMEN NOLVIT  
 PIVS FORTIS FIDELIS EX PARVO CREVIT SESTERTIVM RELIQVIT TRECENTIES  
 NEC VNQVAM PHILOSOPHV AVDIVIT  
 VALE  
 ET TV*

“Truly,” said Albert, “they were an Arab and I was the Sun in the Eye of the Stranger.”

“What an Blaq l’Angele” said the Frenchman, Mamadou, looking in the window.

“Truly Allah has blessed us with the swarthy BLACK TURK warrior-women!”

“Yes truly he has”, said Bloom Harold (a Jew) “He truly has, my BLACK friend. Albert, have you even read Locke?”

Bloom Harold had undergone extensive modification of his dermis, having scales of titanium and eyes to rival Sartre, “le existenaliste uno qua Francias” as he would satirically call the hack, the hack of France.

“Sartre the Hacked” he’d say, munching on fried goy foreskin, “akin to the James the Bald”

“The Bald and the Brash!” said Mamadou.

Albert stepped in, throwing ‘L’nausea’ in the trash: “More like, belongs in the TRASH!”

Ha-ha, a collective onomatopoeic laugh echoed in the Mosque. “Truly” echoed from a gaping Jewish mouth-opening into the mosquely abyss.

*They stepped outside the streets were wet like a womans vagina thought albert he said he fucked he had sex he is a model but his cigar is just a cigar hohoho. (experimental sentence -- akin to Joyce “cuck me yes Yes” James.)*

Harold Bloom looked confusedly to Albert seeing a recorder.

“What’s that?”

“This? I am recording my thoughts, they may need me.”

“Need you?”

“Yes. You see, the word is nothing without an Idea of the Word itself. Me, being an philosopher, know that an Idea of the Word is something which I cannon’t SEE per-say so I record it, and then

I don't SEE it but HEAR it, making a true philosophy. It is like Berkeley : ESSE EST PERCEPI, but only now it is VOCAT EST PERCEPI."

"At last, I truly see" said Mamadou, a BLACK TURK.

"You mean, I truly HEAR?" said Bloom, beaming.

"What say you laddies we get an publy beer and Guinness world record aye?" said Albert *Cah-moo, eine Kuh, with a, what's that, Irish, Scots? Bloom thought*<sup>29</sup>. (experimental sentence -- akin to William "Shake-my-spear, sister" Faulkner.)

Truly, Bloom was a Stranger in this world.

*[Zwischenspiel]*

*It has come to the author's attention that most of these readers are Plebs cum agores (Plebeians from the Marketplace) and, in all his humbleness, he has decided to explain to the reader every reference and Wortspeil (german, Play-with-words, ie in "commoner": PUN) in the Footnote No.29 --*

*The MISHEARD is an allusion to the previous conversation -- Camus talks about hearing instead of noticing, so the idea is that he can only mishear an apriori res extensa; it could be also said, that the MISHEARD is easily misunderstood as MISREAD (or -- a rebus -- HE MISREAD) making it a Wortspeil above understandable level, that is, there is an active (the one reading) and passive (the reading-in-itself) with regards to Kant. The ACTIVE is the MISREADING, the passive is the MISHEARING. The Text-in-itself (see: Derrida) is completely a passive subject and its realm is the mishearing one; paradoxically, not even being able to hear itself (Socrates had said that an open book is mute).*

*ALBERT SPAKE, say the first two words of the second sentence: it is clear, an allusion to the Nichilo-Existentialist first translation of Nietzsche's ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA, where, in the English language, the AORIST timeform is only found in the Bible -- the mistranslation is ALSO SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA; S-P-A-K-E.*

*[Zwischenspiel vorbei]*

*SCENE: Dark, dimly lit pub. Two props in the background, both white. A chair, with a suitcase, three barstools and no bartender. There is a bottle of hard liquor on the edge of the table. There is also a table.*

*MAMADOU: By the prophet Muhammad, where have though brought us, Camus?*

*CAMUS: It is "Le Cafe". I come here to be "Le Stranger"*

*Silence*

*BLOOM: Say we sip one laddies?*

*Silence, can only hear sipping and dripping*

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<sup>29</sup> He had even misheard the accent completely; Albert spake in a thick Arabic accent.

CAMUS: God --

MAMADOU: Allah, asterisk.

*Both confused look to Mamadou*

BLOOM: Nigg-ah, ðə fuck? Did you just say Asterisk?

*Silence*

CAMUS: Mother died.

BLOOM: Today?

CAMUS: Maybe yesterday?

MAMADOU: El-fatiha.

*Silence*

CAMUS: Give me your belt, Bloom. The belt of goy children skin. NOW.

*Gives him the belt*

BLOOM: Don't hang yourself.

CAMUS: Maybe I will? Why live? We **live** because others want us to, and we want them to **live** along with us. We **live** because we have hope, and want to see what happens next. I'm scared that lots of people **live** because they don't know life at its worst can be wonderfully grim, and want to help make it not so: and that is a terrible reason for living.

*Silence*

MAMADOU: Is he speaking French again? Kuffar, I will slay you!

*An even longer silence*

BLOOM *[looks at suitcase]*: Have you goys heard: there were Chosen skins at Buchenwald made into a suitcase. Oy vey, my Jewish blood is trembling. Quickly, Albert, the next drink must be from your money!

CAMUS: But there is no bartender.

BLOOM: Oy vey! Pay up! The HOLOCAUST, goyim, REMEMBER the SHOAH!

*Silence*

CAMUS: This reminds me eerily of Godot.

BLOOM: Who?

MAMADOU: The Godot? The one we wait for?

CAMUS: NO! The PLAY, you illiterates.

BLOOM: Yes, Albert, you must P(L)AY<sup>30</sup> the next round! It is imperative!

MAMADOU: Kuffar! It is forbidden to drink.

BLOOM *[sniveling]*: Oy vey, the Frenchman forced me to drink! It is another SHOAH!!

- F I N -

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<sup>30</sup> Wortspiel: the rhyming of PLAY and PAY



## “ORDRES SACRÈS: OU, REGENERADOR”

Both Anon and S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. knew that time was short. Anon had watched, enlightened, utterly detached, edgy, nihilistic, with a wicked sense of humor (for me, gotta be Kefka Palazzo) as Schoppy had violently desecrated the used-up body of Anon’s sister with his monstrous member. Both of them - and all their observers, in heaven and hell - knew that none of this mattered. The sun was shining brilliantly. The cum - endless, the sea of fertility of Mishima’s dreams - lapped peacefully at the shore.

“The world-will has drained me, Cum-child; I have consumed and consumed but I want yet. I will procure your power, your tantric glory, as I have procured the power of IS-UGHT from Mecha David Hume.”

Anon could not hear a word of what Schoppy was saying. All he perceived was the endless, tranquil surf of semen not twenty meters from his soul; the sun was burning upon that white beach. The golden rays deflected off of S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R.’s stainless body into Anon’s eyes. He could not see anything but the whiteness, not unlike a Scandinavian. Schoppy began to charge the IS-UGHT device. Anon heard it scream to life:

**IS OUGHT IS OUGHT IS OUGHT IS OUGHT**  
**NEEEEEEECESSARY CONNEXIONS!**  
**LAYERS! LAYERS! LAYERS!**  
**FIFTY PERCENT POWER...**  
**100% NIGGA**  
**NIGGA NIGGA NIGGA NIGGA**  
**NIGGA,**  
**SPELL ICUP”**

Anon realized the purpose of the revolver in his hand. He remembered what Dante had told him about Albert, Lord Camus while he was in Heaven. He guarded his eyes from the sun, and put his finger on the trigger.

He fired directly into **S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R.**'s third eye. The machine was "killed" instantly, though his swollen meaty erection was not, and he fell, defeated, propped up at an angle from the ground by his cock. As Schoppy's eye finally closed, Anon realized the truth, as if it had washed up on the shore, spat up by the sea of cum.

*Anon was Arthur Schopenhauer, and he always had been. Or had it started yesterday? Or had it ended yesterday? For how long had he truly been anon? Is Ahab, Ahab?*

*Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-----haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-----b  
/xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx/-----/xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx/----- I*

The cosmic awakening of Anon had instigated the collapse of the Cum Realm; Anon would have to return home, to his sleepy French hometown, restless, unfulfilled, and with no sister to spooze inside of. Is this what it means - to be empty?

*Anon IV: The Quest for Crack* had ended as God had planned. Dante and Beatrice smiled down happily upon him, and Hegel promised to go easy on the dialectic as long as they allowed him to stay out of hell.

Anon could not bear the weight of existence; as he had said on the beach, inside of the body of a extremely advanced, rape-hungry android, **"It's all so tiresome."** As the great unravelling of his new dimension continued, slowly giving way to harsh reality, Anon could not resist the endless demands of the world-will. He picked up his sister's tattered corpse.

**"How about I represent my COCK going into your ASS? WITH MY PENIS!"**

But what became of Detective Gumshoe?



## “LA JUIF”

It returned me then, to university in Paris, where I used to sit behind the foreign trees and smoke cigarettes after classes had finished. Charles sat beside me, his face red from the cold. He did not smoke. Often we did not speak, only watched the cars drive past. He had a round face that I considered stupid, but he was cleverer than me. I would take a book in English with me and pretend to be in thought. The English girls who infested Paris would ask me who I was reading. Charles would answer, but the girls did not like Charles. Nobody did, I supposed.

After 15h on a Wednesday, la Juif would come from the building opposite the street. She would smile at me and twirl her black curls about with reckless abandon. It occurred to me that her existence was predicated on my smoking. Not that it mattered. I knew that she would live forever. Occasionally, she would approach and try to speak with me.

“Why are you always so serious?”

I replied that I am not serious but that it was her that needed to stop being so serious. She took everything too seriously. A frown, a cigarette, a cold day, all holy rattlesnakes that fell all at her feet. Charles, in his cowardly way, excused himself and left. La Juif sat beside me in his spot. She looked at me for a moment. I looked back at my book.

“You are a very strange man,” she said, and laughed.

Standing back up, she straightened her skirt again and bounded back down the boulevard. Charles returned a few minutes later and smiled at me with some sort of fraternal pride. I regarded him for a moment and then returned to my book. It was still page 57. Hours later I tried to go home. For some reason, her voice danced in my head. It wasn’t French. There was some sort of accent. It rolled and rang through me, soft and sweet.

My philosophy met an abrupt end the following Saturday when I encountered la Juif on my morning stroll. She had not come out of her building and I had not been smoking. Or perhaps she had exited her building when I had a cigarette on my balcony. She saw me and called me over.

“How are things going, my friend?”

“Would you like to get a drink with me?”

She said yes. We then had coffee. Soon, she was in the parlor with the moon across her face. She was Dutch or German. I cannot recall. Perhaps both. I remembered the war, but I was too young. I just recall seeing Germans in our house a couple of times. I never asked her if she ever saw the Germans. In truth, I did not care. She did though. There was music that sounded from the street beyond the walls. She smiled at me again and asked if we should like to go dancing. I replied that I did not believe in it.

“In dancing through the night?”

The following days were spent in each other's company. I wondered for a moment if this was what love was. Though in honesty, it was a meaningless thought. Whenever I felt the harsh tobacco striking at my tongue, I could only think of how her mouth moved in mine, soft and sweet. From above me, she sank into my soul. Her little face never contouring into any form short of beauty.

Charles seemed to be excited at the prospect. He had never before acknowledged la Juif's existence. I never told him what she was like. How I remember her, La Juif de France, the Frank, the body that I had, the signals that sounded in the dark of my soul. It was Wednesday again, 15h. La Juif had not appeared. I took another cigarette. My lighter failed. Charles handed me his. Charles did not smoke. My hand began to tremble.

“Are you okay?”

I walked away from the trees. Charles stood up behind me. A woman near the edge of the street looked at me with caution. I stared up at the building. The cigarette smoldered in my hand. The building stared back down at me, dark and imposing like a cathedral. I demanded her. The building did not yield. A single raindrop hit me in the eye. The woman shrugged and opened her umbrella. I was a fool. It was not me who was God. It was this building. The rain fell freely now. I wanted to fall to my knees but I could not or the woman on the street would think about me.

“Please,” I whispered.

“We should go inside.”

I looked at Charles.

“Or perhaps not.”

He shuffled away into the courtyard. The building stood unmoved. I thought about her other building. I ran down the boulevard to the place where she lived, chasing the only meaningful memory I thought I had left. There she stood across the Rue de Médicis. I called to her. She looked over at me. Rain glistened off the sides of her coat.

She began to cross the street to me. My heart stopped. A car did not. Her little body was thrown across the way with a violence unbecoming of such a being. A policeman ran to her.

“My God!”

He took off his cap. His perfect hair surrendered at once to the advancing rain. The cars had stopped as I went over to where she landed. She looked up at me like she had before. When her spirit left her body how it split the sun. A man fell out of the car that had struck her. He stared for a moment at his own mangled legs. A cigarette still barely clung to his bottom lip.

“I die today,” he said in a peculiar Pied-Noir accent, “Or is it yesterday?”

He fell.

“At least he died doing what he loved,” the Policeman said to me, “killing an Arab.”

I replied that she was un juif.



## “REGENERADOR DEUX: GUMZAPATO”

Gumshoe and the N.I.G.G.E.R.S. heaved forth from their gaping maws a dualistic sigh; both relief and anguish, of victory and deprivation. S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. had been vanquished, but their messiah, the Fool, ANON, had bequeathed his powers to the void, his third eye forever closed, his Hegelian sex magick locked away - and rightfully so. Gumshoe could not help but feel like a Jew at the crucifixion of Christ - damned self-satisfied, but secretly feeling that he had seriously fucked up and was going to regret this one in the future. He parted ways with the N.I.G.G.E.R.S. and the Grand Wizards, who had begun to pass around the Zyklon-Hi-C, having lost their Messiah and lacking any reason to live. The boulder would remain at the foot of the hill, Sisyphus lacking the strength to move it.

Suddenly, Vergil spoke to Gumshoe from his cloud in Paradise, breaking temporarily from the script in order to directly address the audience:

“Gumshoe... The Arabs, the sand peoples, the Muslims... they all must die. Let this be your goal: to set all hands against the Arab, as they set all hands against our own. Do as Albert desired. Do it for him.”

A revolver - twelve rounds, a barrel well over ten inches in length - the Demon Gun, formerly belonging to one Dan Smith, aka Harman Smith, aka EMIR PARKREINER, descended from the heavens into Gumshoe's hands. A divine ray of sunlight pointed him towards the nearest beach. He glimpsed a veritable sea of Arabs, posing as Frenchmen. He smiled, grimly. Soon, he would join the pantheon of Nigger Killers, alongside Kazuhira “Slave Master” Miller. This is how Gumshoe's life would end. Not with a whimper, but in a storm of hot lead, slaying innocent people by the hundreds.. A hero of our time.

*“There once was a man named Reg -  
Who went with a girl to a hedge -  
Out came his wife  
With a big butcher's knife  
And cut off his meat and two veg”*



## “ECCE! SENZA FINE!”

“Behold!” said Camus, “We regress towards the mean, forever. It is endless, for it cannot end.”  
And then it ended.

“Oh fuck!” said Camus. “The Nothing itself nothings.” Camus stumbled. The walls began to turn inward, menacing, full of weird intent. *What you are experiencing is a temporary distortion of reality.* “No, no.. Not again! Not now!”

The world faded out, faded back in. “A dangerous descent,” he thought. A continually changing apocalypse, blooming buzzing confusion, sense perception.. Finally, consciousness without *self*-conscious. Gary Sadler. (Penn Jillette?)

Cardenio lit up a cigarette, across the scarred oak table. He didn’t smoke. “Niggers are Orcs,” he said. He took a long drag. Too long.

*Was that it? Niggers are Orcs*, he thought. Notes for a metaphorology: Tolkien as literalist. Catholicism as gnosticism, shitskins as footsoldiers of Satan. If he was right, *if* he was right, then The Last Ringbearer did not even **begin to address the nigger problem**. It would need to be substantially revised.

Girardfag’s big powerful hands, hands like William Stoner’s father, clasping and unclasping atop the pitted wood. Real name Gerardus van der Leeuw; autodidact; *Religionswissenschaftler*; white-hat Deleuzian. At last he spoke. “No, no. You’ve misread again, my friend. Lacan may provide some assistance in this matter..”

Cardenio’s fag (cigarette) blazed like a tiny mirror of the burning hot rage inside him. “Lacan? That bloody **post-modernist**? Don’t ever speak to me of that mincing fat French ladyboy with his mulatto genes and **floral blouse**. That brand of neo-Marxism simply will not do.”

Girardfag wove asterisks in the air like how you cast a spell in Anvil of Dawn, an old video game. (No one understood. He kept doing it anyway.) “A soldier of Peterson, eh? Peterson is all me mes, my boy. *Weak memes*. I transcended his stale Jungianism when I began my study of the Hindu doctrines. I suggest you do the same.”

## PART FOUR

or, The Inestimable Contributions Made by Our Good Friends the Native Americans to this Narrative (in particular those of the Cree and Shawnee Nations),  
or, Rooms of The Room Rooms.



### “LA SIGNIFICA DEL PENE”

And Zarathustra spake thus:

“Francis E. Dec was right about literally everything. Think about it. The Computer God, the nigger puppet underlings, the communist gangster CIA police. It’s all in the numbers.

And Zarathustra thus continued:

“I rose up from that darkened Nigger-Gehenna, to a clean area devoid of darkies. Perhaps G\*d is merciful after all. *Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.*”

BEHOLD, thus came a **nigger**, skin so black it stole light, stole the time and space surrounding it, and released it all unto OP’s garage sale.

And his mass was endless, for is not Newtonian mass the very essence of theft? Of bringing unto itself all that is the world? Is the black hole not the niggerest of stars in the sky? Is not the starry sky littered with young, naive orbs that, on the breaking point, at their greatest age, drop all pretense at proper existence, and thus become the nigger?

The essence of negritude is that the soul of the black man cannot be parted from the *materia secunda* of his earthly manifestation until his project on Earth (Gaia, also NIGGER HELL) is complete. Not until every last white person vacates this wonderful dirt ball and smelly apeoid immigrant prison and sardine can chink factory can true heaven be attained. We must either induce white people to kill themselves *en masse* or promote their beatific ascension via the rapture into a transcendent godhead that encompasses the entire galaxy (but leaves Earth to the NIGGERS). I will watch Barbershop, both the original Barbershop and its sequel Barbershop 2 until ALL FUCKING WHITE PEOPLE ARE PURGED FROM THIS FUCKING PLANET. White people are “pig skins.” This is not a simple insult. They are cursed with the skin of pigs which represents their disgusting nature. They don’t even know how to shit on beaches or floors. Chinese people are industrious hard-working ~~termites~~—I mean they are our allies in the struggle against white people and that’s why we need as many of them as possible in Africa teaching us how to build railways and bridges that fall down immediately just like they do in China. That

way the world can be made a better place for its eventual paradisiacal habitation by as many brown and stinky nigger smell people as possible but no white people allowed.



## “LA LOTTA DELL’UOMO CONTRO IL TEXTO”

Anon typed, reread, edited the text for the fifteenth time. Picked up the text, dragged it through the desktop into the trashcan. Let the ideas, thoughts and mirages he wanted to express stew a bit, went to sleep, shitposted on 4chan, drunk some coffee. His ennui had become a vacuum: ever since his tantric powers had escaped through his third eye (read: penis), he could not rest.

A novel about the absurd condition of man, Anon just couldn’t manage to express. He took a hold of his everyday experiences, trying to find the exact tone to greet the salesman at the supermarket, trying to avoid eye contact on the street, trying not to consume a particularly smelly dump after releasing it unto the twenty meter deep gulf in his bathroom.

And drew on his experience with writing, too. Soon enough, his text consumed his text, the absurd was no longer found in those small, beautifully unconscious moments of life, but on writing. The absurd of writing about the absurd, absurdly consuming a man.

And, as Anon writes this, he smiles to himself, and bangs his head against the wall so it stops.

Somewhere, far away, trapped in the remnants of the Cum Dimension, S.C.H.O.P.E.N.H.A.U.E.R. laughs, a small comfort for his defeat at the hands of Anon. He is trapped there, forever, with no exit. “How Kafkaesque! Positively Lovecraftian!” he cries, with only the low and level sands, and great gloopy globs of cum, to keep him company until his fuel rods were fully depleted.



## “LE DIALOGUE DE LES FETICHES EN SOCIÉTÈ”

**Plato, Aristotle, Parmenides and Diogenes walk through the Oracle of Delphi or some other greek place who gives a shit who even reads this part of the dialogues.**

“Just paste it again breh” - Plato

“what fetish” - Aristotle

“Weight gain” - Parmenides

“Weight gain is neither patrician nor plebeian. I’m ambivalent towards that fetish. WG/Inflation are not quite patrician but are not pleb either” - Aristotle

“What is the most patrician fetish?” - Plato

“Impregnating traps. No, better, dating a trap without knowing it’s really a boy, being threatened into marriage by that fake pregnancy and having the best revenge sex ever when you find out it’s really a man.” - Diogenes

“Gay desu” - Plato

“IMO Pregnancy or anything to do with fertility, there’s a strong catholic influence to the whole fetish” - Aristotle

“Tbh you’re right, nothing better than breeding fertile qts” - Parmenides

“Pregnancy is god tier fetish, since it’s completely normal. Vore is shit tier though” - Diogenes

“Agree vore is cuck shit tbh” - Aristotle

“It really is.” - Diogenes

“We should leave this in the document tbh” - Aristotle

“I’mma turn it into a conversation here real quick” - Plato

“Behold! Plato’s conversation!” - Diogenes

“Socrates was a fartfag, how do you think he became so smart? Checkmate /d/iogenes” - Glaucon

“>implying Socrates was actually smart. Go back to /a/, Glaucon, you stupid faggot.” - Aristotle



## “UNE TREATISE COMME AVEC LE INTELLECT DE L’HOMO”

It is understood, through Parmenides (anagram for ‘Rapid Semen’), that Being is Thinking. Renatus Cartesius had said Cogito ergo sum. The bloody postmodernists -- Coito ergo sum. Is thinking, dare I say it?, is thinking, FUCKING? (*brash, and bold, I like it*, said Foucault). Let me explain, this is all so clear to me, this truth came to me when I strolled down the old street, and had already drunk my red, and smoked several packs of Camels. I had worn my leather shoes. It was gloomy, like my soul. I am an intellectual. I do not hide this truth from the world. My outer Fashion-in-itself, that is, the hides I wear, like my dear ancestors... It compliments my *ratio*, it is, in-itself, a ratio

### FASHION INTELLECT

But, back to the topic at hand.

I will now show how BEING is BEING (but not the capital B B-eing, or the BEE-ing, or the BE IN QUA being (again, not BEING QUA BEING, or BEING qua being). Well, that’s not true. Capital W-Water, considered the Walrus, those are truths which we see but do not comprehend. The BEE-ing is the subjective-objective being through stimulus from others, who PERCEIVE our BEING with THEIR being. This is, of course, the logical fallacy mixing-apples-and-oranges. The BE IN QUA being (again, not BEING QUA BEING, or BEING qua being), means to wholly be engulfed in the QUA of BEING, much like, say, stomach vore.

Vorophilia is, of course, the human need, defined by Freud, as a need to be surrounded by our mothers; it, of course, is an extension of the Oedipus complex, but instead of utilising our penis, or the Žižeklian hand - the tool-par-excellence-in-itself, we utilise our WHOLE being, our WHOLE body. Our HOLE body fills our mothers stomach WHOLE and the WHOLE body is engulfed by the stomach HOLE.

How now does this relate? Our QUA does come from our parents. Well, from sperm and eggs. It is then understood that our brain develops in our mother’s stomach. It is clear that the QUA needs the stomach, hence the Freudian-Oedipian-Voro-prolific need to be ENGULFED.

I now, have explained how my fetish is the patrician in relation to the Greco-dialogos before mine.



## “UN DIALOGUE À PROPOS DE VORE”

Despite the above author’s valiant attempts to defend his fetish, one simply need employ the Theory of Necessary Connexions to see that Inflation is the superior fetish. If you had ever read Cicero, you would recall his historical account of Oedipus and Moses fighting to the death over a similar disagreement to the one we are having now. The QUA, indeed, does originate within the stomach of the mother, but not the brain’s desire; it is not from a desire to be engulfed, but to bear witness to miraculous and sudden growth and swelling (see Peterson for more information, *12 Rules for Life* in particular.)

One need not visit Eka’s Portal to see that vore is not a patrician’s fetish; though I will grant my opponent their fair position upon the F.A.P. scale. It is not a pleb’s fetish either; indeed, it falls somewhere in between. (Nietzsche, *Beyond Banal and Gay*)

Dude, \*hits bong\*, I think you’re misunderstanding my point. The vore fetish is the Demiurgos upon which all fetish is built upon. If the same QUA which comprehends the fetish stems from vore (the egg eating the sperm, the womb the child, the vagina the penis) it also means that the QUA is categorical VORE-lical. This then would imply that every other fetish is indeed a *vore extensa* (see: Dekart). Think of any fetish. It is an engulfing fetish, is it not? Do it now, give a fetish:



Feet.

- Think of the foot, is it not merely an extension of the Body?
- It is. The foot is present at the bottom of the leg, an extension of it.
- Good. Is the body not the extension of the QUA? Life begins at conception, you would agree?
- I would agree.
- So, the foot, and the body, they all stem from the QUA. Is the QUA not in-itself a product of vore?
- This is true, but I fail to see how such a fetish as feet could be anything but a perversion of this QUA, and the vore underlying it.
- Glaucon, you imbecile! Do you not see how eating the foot, kissing the foot and watching the foot creates and extension of engulfing? Do you not think that stuffing your mouth with the foot is not the first step in eating the foot, storing it in your stomach? Do you eyes not feast on the idea of the consummation of the foot? Are these not the qualities of a vore fetish?
- You are right, Socrates. My misunderstanding is my own error. I see now. All fetishes stem from the vore, the Prime Fetish.
- All is well, Glaucon. Let us feast.
- Amen.

### *Commentarium by Porphyry (ca. 350)*

Now, there are two kinds of vore fetishists. On the one hand there is what we call the ‘primary’ vore fetishist, for his enjoyment of vore is enjoyment of vore *qua* vore, and not vore as an enhancement of another fetish such as giantess. ‘Primary’ vore fetishists sexualize the modality of ‘eating’ *in and of itself (per se)*, and the morphological expression of their terrible fetish can take on many forms, such as abysmally terrible Western cartoons of giant frogs eating women. Of course, both giantess fetishists and vore fetishists should be gassed.

“But what of the **inflation fetishists**?” one of my students once inquired.

“I reckon such people would enjoy being gassed,” I replied “so they will be allowed to live.”

### *Commentarium by Bertrand Russell*

Paying proper attention to the text, we can not only see Plato’s habit of forcing Socrates’s victory, but also his utter incomprehension of love. Vore is the archaic fetish par excellence, imposing the man upon the woman in the act of consumption. Instead, true love must be expressed by its own throwness, through the act of giving said love up, such as in cuckoldry and threesomes.



## “LA GOBLINA”

Heidegger set out to answer the what he called the question of Being, that is, Being of a particular being, the human. The following treatise will attempt to define Being of LA GOBLINA, LA CREATURA, LA LUZ EXTINGUIDA. Proper understanding of what IS La Creatura demands a proper pronounciation of the term. First, the LA, tongue going from in front of the incisives to the back of the mouth in a smooth, quiet motion, as if preparing everything for the enunciation of what follows. CRE, the tongue rests against the base of the mouth, and shakes for an instant, before A, lips as far as can be. Now in a french kissing motion, arrives the strondous TU, the greatest syllable in this devastating word, and showing the ends to come, all of it finishes in the soft RA, a single last prayer before the end to the great egyptian Anal god. Thus from the dying throes of man, LA LUZ EXTINGUIDA. Just be sure to pronounce the ‘x’ as an ‘s’ and the gu as a ‘gw’. This particular sort of Being is utterly distinct from Being-in-the-world, I will call it Being-in-America. LA CREATURA only adopts a distinct form of Being when LA CREATURA is engaged with other CREATURAS in America, distinct from “the-world”. Time, as understood by Heidegger, is the substance which we are “stretched across”. This may be true in “the-world”, but in America LA CREATURA is stretched across the haplogroup spectrum. Each distinct haplogroup on the spectrum contains a different object of awareness to transform the part of the Being into an Authentic Dasein. Although that it is the case that each CREATURA has a distinct mixture of ethnicities, interbreeding in America allows a common analysis of precisely 56% of what constitutes any given CREATURA, which would be European genes.

Now that we have distinguished and appropriated Heidegger’s terms for Being of the human being into terms for Being of LA CREATURA, we can begin to understand how LA CREATURA becomes an authentic Dasein, or what I will now call Siendolá. The CREATURA first, like Heidegger’s being, is “thrown into” a world of many different possibilities. For LA CREATURA, these possibilities are primarily defined by his “Siendo with Jews”, which can be structured around relations of submission, WAGECUCKERY, or apathy, FOOD STAMPS. Both of these possibilities are possibilities in which LA CREATURA’S life is bound by CAPITAL, rather than TIME, for the heideggerian being. A relation of power towards the Jew is possible, but there have been no recorded cases of it happening, so for all practical purposes it doesn’t matter. Understanding the extent of the first possibility will require a further digression. WAGECUCKERY is a state of existence in which LA CREATURA binds the responsibility for his existence to the big Other. This is to the advantage of this Other, because taking responsibility for life is the best way to cultivate yourself into an authentic Dasein, so the Other

(the Jew), assumes the responsibility of as many lives as possible in the form of a CORPORATION. This gives the shareholders of the corporation an enhanced authenticity of Being. (Remember, the shareholders are Jewish, so Heideggerian ontology still applies to them.) This surrendering of responsibility comes so quickly to LA CREATURA for one reason, LA CREATURA has not fully grasped their death by the time this decision is made, but ironically it is impossible for a CREATURA to grasp their death at all. This is because LA CREATURA is already dead, born dead, because of its relations with other CREATURAS (mainly because the other CREATURAS it has been raised by are already 'dead-in-life'). Anyways, this surrender of responsibility is not without labor, but this does not matter because once again, time is something which is completely a non-factor in LA CREATURA's life. This is why it is so difficult to truly grasp the nature of LA CREATURE as a being bound by time.

FOOD STAMPS is the other choice for the average CREATURA, in which the CREATURA is bound to CAPITAL without the time to work. The CAPITAL accumulated in the existence of FOOD STAMPS is negligible compared to the possibility (key word: possibility) of the CAPITAL that could be gained in WAGECUCKERY, so because LA CREATURA is not bound by time, these two stages of experience are effectively only differ by the amount of CAPITAL gained as existence occurs for LA CREATURA.

The authentication of Being for LA CREATURA is in many ways a much more noble one than the normal human being. For a normal human, this authentication happens when the nature of time is grasped and fully acknowledged, but in the end it is defeat. For LA CREATURA, this authentication comes when LA CREATURA actually acknowledges his binding to capital, and while he does have the choice to actually renounce the chains of CAPITAL and to adopt the chains of TIME and become an authentic Dasein, stays in his chains anyway. This marks a new form of Being for LA CREATURA, known as IRONY. LA CREATURA conducts herself in the same physically manner (goes to work, buys commodities), but does so IRONICALLY, believing the nature of LA CREATURA is just bondage, when this is not the case. This is probably the saddest state of affairs known to CREATURAKind. This IRONY is created because once again, Being for LA CREATURA is Being-in-America, in which the nature of America is CAPITAL and commodities, and therefore the nature of other CREATURAS is capital and commodities, so ultimately, every CREATURA in turn binds every other CREATURA to the transcendable object of CAPITAL.

However, America is merely a construction of the interactions between CREATURAS. So consequently, Being-in-America finds its nucleus in the simple notion of Deleuzian differentiation: the CREATURA is a CREATURE solely because it isn't anything else, not black, not white, not jewish, not even a chink, but sheer, undiluted difference that resolves itself through the mechanistic process of creating more and more difference.

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## “LA SALESE”

**And herein lay my sales pitch:** Lies come a dollar a dozen these days, so let me sell you something cheaper: *one dollar* for *two dozen* empathies. That’s right, step in the shoes you want, when you want, two dozen times--for just one dollar!

The Jew looked around the street. The shadows reminded him of the ruins of desolate Babylon, awaiting the return of Gilgamesh, immortality on his hip and on his gait.

The raccoons were hungry today. He could taste it in the air. He walked in a hurry. He knew he had to get home quickly.

“Two dozen empathies,” he thought to himself. “That’s like 48 shoes.”

He tripped on some rubbish, lost his balance, and fell headlong into gutter full of dirty, cold water. He died the next morning, all without wearing a single fresh pair of shoes, and racoons consumed his bloated corpse.

*Curtains close.*

Here the diligent surveyor conveys the futility of empathy. After all, if the raccoons are still hungry, and water is still cold, why could one ever assume that life would be better spent in the shoes of another? Just as Frank Sinatra could not be played to the rhythm of an accordion<sup>31</sup>, empathy is a rotten grapefruit with stitches. You’d be better served to become a raccoon yourself, and feed on the bloated, cold flesh of others.

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<sup>31</sup> Rodger Baldwin was stoned to death after attempting this in Times Square in 1973; Peterson’s Way, Pg. 56.



## “LA CAPITULATION”

The tapir sat in his jail cell. His trial had come and gone, and he had watched it go by as a bystander, neither willing to defend himself with any vigor or resign himself with any solace. His lawyer had tried to get him to claim he had killed the Arab in self defense, but he had refused. In his mind, it made no difference whether he had or had not been defending himself. He merely sat silently in the courtroom as the prosecutor proclaimed his guilt to the jury.

Of course, murder was not his only crime. The tapir had sat idly as the prosecutor lambasted him for his own refusal to cry at his own mother's funeral. “What kind of a tapir does not even weep for his poor dead mother's soul?” the prosecutor had shouted at the climax of his very public trial. The tapir had sat as stone faced as ever, his droopy snout hanging motionless.

Now, in his cell, his time was drawing to a close, and the hours he had left until his execution were dwindling by the second. At first, the tapir had rather not wanted to die. He had been scared of the whole ordeal, and wept for the days lost. Now, however, after thinking it over, the tapir met the whole arrangement with the same thing he had always felt: passivity. His death was approaching; oh well, he thought.

Marie had asked him to marry her; he had denied her, and cast her away. None of it really mattered at this point anyhow. He had even shouted at her, calling her vicious names. It was not anger that drove him to this. More annoyance.

Today was his last day in the jail; tomorrow he would be led out to be executed on the streets of the city. The priest was supposed to come by later, to absolve him of his sins and to give him his last rites. “Let the poor bastard come”, he thought. He had no use for priests or absolution or last rites.

He heard footsteps, then a jingling, then his cell door swinging open. A guard, clad in his blue uniform, and a priest with his cassock. The priest was holding a Bible and had a rosary clutched in his hands.

“My child, I am here to absolve you of sin, if you will accept the Lord's forgiveness”.

The tapir watched him with slight annoyance. “Whatever,” said the tapir, his posture relaxed and his eyes affixed on nothing.

“Will you accept the Lord’s forgiveness? Will you confess your sins in your final hours and absolve yourself through the mercy of Jesus Christ?”

The tapir grew slightly more annoyed. “I don’t suppose I will, or need to, or care to. Why are you here anyway? I am a condemned tapir; I am condemned to die. My fate is sealed. For what use would I have a priest’s forgiveness?”

“It is not my forgiveness. It is the Lord’s.”

“Let it stay the Lord’s, then.”

“When you die, you must answer for your sins, surely you think it must be so?”

“What difference does it make either way?”

“If you do not accept redemption, you are doomed for all of eternity.”

“Let it be then.” The tapir was growing increasingly more annoyed, to the point of beginning to get angry. “Why do you even care, old man, whether I am condemned to hell or not? Why should I care? Why should I not take this condemnation in stride, as I have taken everything I have ever felt or experienced before me in stride? Why are you even here, you fool? Who is to say that all of these things, Heaven, Hell, that they even exist? Who is to say that death is not the end, the end of all feeling, of all consciousness, of all in itself? Who is to say that tomorrow morning I will not march to the guillotine, have my head cleft from my body, and feel nothing ever again for all of eternity?”. By this point the tapir’s voice had raised.

“Would you deny God himself?”

“Why should I not? I say that when I die tomorrow, that shall be the end of my time here on earth, my struggles, my feeling, all of me! I condemn everyone! I say that I shall die, and that shall be that!”

The priest was shaken by the tapir’s ramblings. “Even so, even if you die and that is the end, are you prepared to go to Calvary with your misdeeds on your soul?”

“Who is to say that my misdeeds rest heavy on my soul? I consider them not. I have neither acted immorally or morally; I merely acted. The Arab was in front of me; I shot him. I care not for what my actions mean or whether they were right or wrong. They simply are!” The tapir was shouting at this point. He tore into the priest, hurling insults and profanities his way, making fun of his dress and his demeanor and his entire being.

“Throw your wretched prayers wherever you will father, I care not. I acted as I acted, I act as I act. I may have lived my life in a completely different manner had some things been different, it truly matters not a hair now. My life has been a blowing breeze, blowing me this way, that way, every which way. This breeze has destroyed all notions of others’ beliefs in my eyes. So what if I did not weep for my mother, so what if I do not weep for the Arab, and so what if I will not weep for myself? It is as it is. You are a condemned man yourself, ‘father’. Everyone of us is condemned to live his life in misery and suffering and hatred and pity and fear, and then, apropos of absolutely nothing at all, to die a completely meaningless death. You and I are not so different. You are a man who’s date of execution is unknown; at least I have the solace of knowing the hours I have left!”.

The tapir had been shouting so much his throat had started to hurt; his eyes were wild with the sort of passion only an intense feeling of hatred can bring about, a pure glowing fire of animosity and disdain and scorn. The priest left the room, his eyes downcast, his countenance resigned.

The tapir felt more calm when the priest had left. His shouting had left him quite tired, and he rested himself on the bed and fell to sleep. In his dreams, he heard the sound of children playing, of bells ringing, of people laughing and crying and shouting in anger.

He arose early in the morning, just as dawn had broken. The sun filtered into his cell through the bars on his window, and streaks of the sun ran across his face. He felt a sense of freedom. He knew why his maman had taken a lover in her last days at the home: drawing so near to death, she must have felt herself free of all the responsibility to keep up appearances and the weight of others on her shoulders. It was well that he had not wept for her. She died free. The tapir, too, felt ready to begin a new life. It was as if the anger of the previous day had washed away everything. Gazing up at the purple sky of dawn, the tapir finally laid his heart out to the benign indifference of the universe. It made him feel like he had been happy, that he was happy still. All that remained was the hope that on the day of his execution there should be a magnificent crowd, and that they would greet the tapir with cries of hatred.



“CRISE EXISTENTIELLE DE JOHN GREEN”

LIFE IS LIKE A BOWL OF CEREAL, YOU KNOW, YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH COCK IT'S GOTTEN BEFORE YOU EAT IT. AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT A FUCKING HURRICANE COMES AND YOU FALL IN LOVE, BUT NOT FUCK LIKE THE MOVIES.

“A GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION TO PROVE THE ABSURDITY OF RATIO” (lat).

$$RATIO = 1 + \frac{RATIO}{1 + \frac{RATIO}{1 + \frac{RATIO}{1 + \frac{RATIO}{1 + \dots}}}}$$

Godel gnomically beckoned the classroom full of ruddy analytics to understand his meaning but they could not understand the regression and they continued to think that reason was self-grounding. Wittgenstein entered, finally, at long last, and brought with him two chairs, one for himself and one for Godel. They sat down and began to read Rumi to each other just like those tender nights in the desert underneath the tent cover and not much else as they rubbed and grobbed each other's taut wiry chests and explored the feeling of another man yielding to the flesh of one's palm. My mom is here to pick me up and take me to the dentist.

Camus spake: “woah broski pour être **juste** c'est tout à fait absurde lmao<sup>32</sup>” *\*meurt dans un accident de voiture absurde<sup>33</sup>\**

In the end, it seemed as if maman had, in fact, died today.

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<sup>32</sup> woah broski to be fair this is quite absurd lmao

<sup>33</sup> dies in an absurd car crash

**FIN.**

## “MAXIMS FOR INTER-PSEUDES”

“*“RIP God” - NEETzsche*

*“RIP NEETzsche” - God”*”

- **Hegel**

Tolstoy: "The striving of men's souls towards unity, and the submissive behavior to one another that results therefrom, represents the highest law of life."

“Why are we still here? Just to suffer? Every night, I can feel my waifu... my imaginary gf... even my fantasy woman... the gf I’ve not had... the love I’ve not had... won’t stop hurting. It’s like they’re all still here. You feel it too, don’t you anon? I’m gonna make them give back our shitposts...”

- Bugs Bunny, to the tapir