

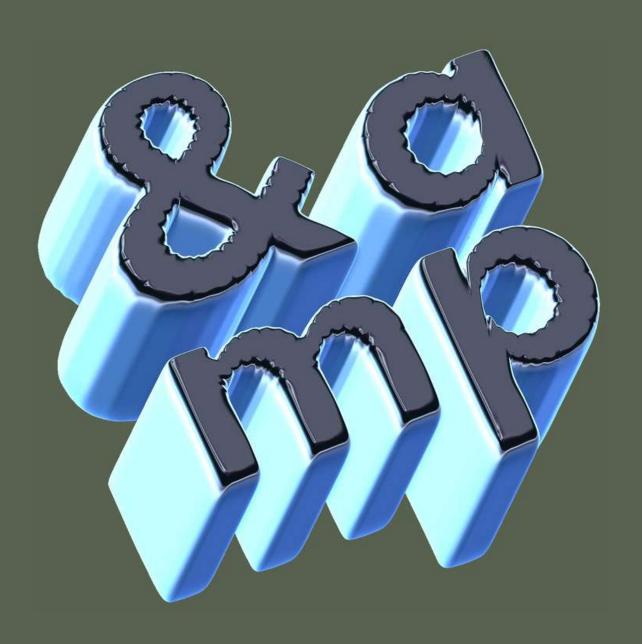


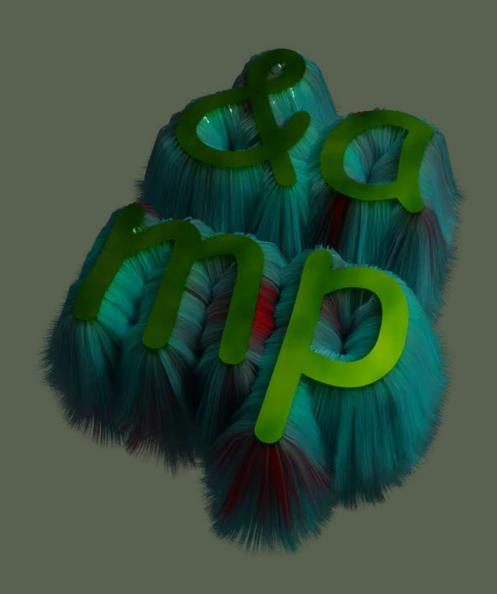


Terms and Sound So









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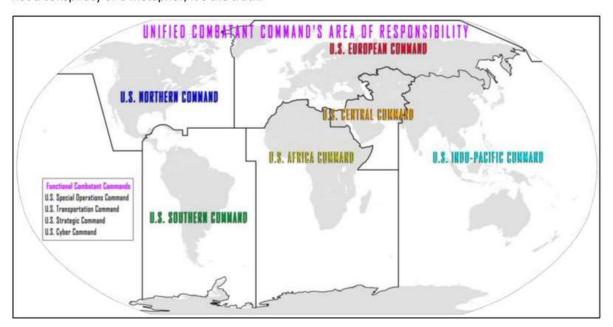


I got this new job and had to familiarize myself with the Unified Combatant Command's Area of Responsibilities. I first heard of this when I read (most of) "Masters of Chaos" back in high school, the areas of responsibility are how the United States has divided up the world into major regions for war and thus divided up their resources to manage those regions. It is a weird idea if you really stop and think about it. I think I read in a Junger thread that he had said WWI ended the monarchies and WWII ended the nation state. When you stop and try to imagine what the world was like before WWII, the Cold War, and everything since then, it seems clear we don't have nations like we did before WWII. What we have now is not all that clear to me.

I heard another name for China is "The Middle Kingdom" meaning that they are the center of the world. I've heard that a lot countries did that at one point, put themselves at the center. Makes sense to me. Knowing that, I was surprised that the US Central Command is centered around countries like Saudi Arabia, Israel, Iran, and Egypt, also known as "The Middle East". Yeah, I get that's where the action is but like wouldn't, the center be the continental United States? You know where the Americans who fight in the military live? Our homeland? Isn't that the center for our country? But maybe we aren't a country anymore, and haven't been one in many generations. CENTCOM being "The Middle East" is weird, but also the term "The Middle East" is weird. If you are coming from Europe, isn't it the "Near East"? As an American, it looks like "Western Asia". But we don't say that, we say its in "The Middle", the center, the focus.

You Zoomers won't know this feel, but there was a time when people looked at paper maps. They would hold them up and if you needed to go North, they would say "You go up". Or if you had to go West, they would say "go left". Or if you had to drive South, guess what? That's right, they would say "Go down". Hell we still say it "I'm going up to New York" or "I'm going down to Florida". This is what I think of when I see where the continental US is on the Unified Combatant Command's Area of Responsibility map. It is in the "US Northern Command". Which is "above" the "U.S. Southern Command". None of the other regions, besides Central Command (CENTCOM), have a direction in their designation besides these. "US Northern Command" seems a little extreme, it's not North of Greenland, Norway, Finland, or Russia. So what gives?

What gives is that the central focus of the world's most powerful military is on the birthplace of the Abrahamic religions. Its responsibility is the world and sees itself in the region "above" the world. That's not a conspiracy or a metaphor, it's the truth.



I got a good deal on a room at the Fairfield Inn, it only cost me 40,000 Chase Sapphire Points (offered exclusively by JPMorgan Chase & Co. some exclusions are included limited participation may vary). Sitting here drinking Paramount rum mixed with KettleOne vodka mixed with Wild Turkey with a lot of ice and the half bottle of Tropicana orange juice leftover from the self-serve grab-n-go Intercontinental complimentary breakfast from that morning. I like to load those little ultra-condom-thin plastic cups with a lot of ice when I'm having a little drinky-poo. I got \$3.28 plus tax worth of frozen meals microwaved one at a time at my desk for dinner. Michelina's Mac & Cheese is only \$0.99 which is \$0.20 cheaper than the Craft Mac & Cheese single serve cups if you buy them at Target. Five Below has them for \$1.25 if you believe that I got a Banquet Megabowl for \$2.29 also from Target to sell you. I've got the YouTube on listening to Putin shellack some trouser stain from NBC in the original Russian (which I don't

speak) while I type away these work observations and hope that the editor anons find it worthy of their approval. I hope they do because the more I'm alone in these hotels pushing beyond the horizons of my life taking some loved ones with me and leaving others behind, I know there are anons out there feeling real low and mean like I used to be. They're all hung up on some skank who barely knew their favorite vidya who won't return their textual messages (send nudes), or not having the courage to even talk to a nice girl, or thinking the whole university/work/society structure is completely rigged against them, I got your red-pills right here (grabs crotch). So I hope the editor anons find this entertaining in some dumb way, because I'm sitting here thinking back on 7 years of life that I've closed a chapter on and starting a new page and it's the best fucking dream a fella could ever dream. All you low and mean anons hold on tight and keep moving forward, one step and at a time, there is no going back, and one day you'll find yourself in a whole new galaxy and you won't even realize you left earth until you stop and look at the calendar.



STEAL THESE STORIES!

Edd, Ed n Eddy + True Detective (S1) with elements of Robert McCammon's Boy's Life (1991), but written like Speaks the Nightbird (2002).

Three women who become friends in the post-war Broadway and Hollywood, and become dependent on pills.

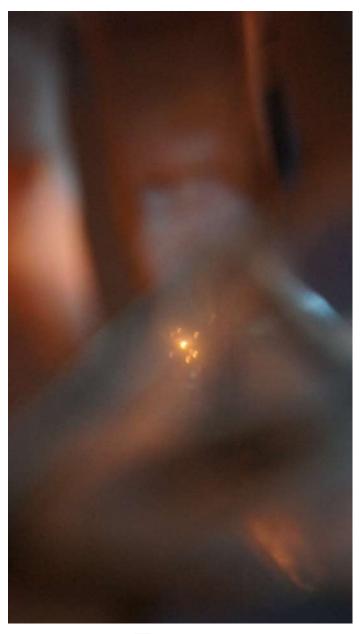
The Global Government unleashes a deadly flu-like virus that spreads quickly thoughout the globe, killing millions. It then provides a vaccine the populace as Unbeknownst to the common people, the vaccine, while it works, was specifically designed to cause permanent infertility. The only hope for humanity now depends on a select group of contrarians, an ilk of socially inept pariahs who frequent shady interweb congregations. They are the only ones who can repopulate the Earth and fight back against the malign schemes of the Heeb Federation.

American ex-soldier who is dying of heart disease, spending a Sunday afternoon hunting ducks in Venice and remembering his experiences of World War I.

Holy Bible but in ebonics and italics.

A group of superrich trust fund kids buy up a popular neighborhood in a major city and end up reigning over in factions that war for dominance. Fictionalized account of the genesis of popular dance music duo LMFAO written from the perspective of a a brutal rapist record executive loosely based on Jimmy Iovine (who is probably not a real rapist) wherein the main character's addiction to adrenochrome results in the band overdosing to death before the official release of Party Rock Anthem.

k-anon



Longing—

Death was the reel that had brought me back to my hometown. The death of a parent was never something that you expected, though it lives unspoken in the mind as a terrifying inevitability. There are often times the macabre paradigm, this obdurate rule is switched. These times are the hardest of all. No parent should bury the child. Yet with all certainty, it is the silent duty of the child to lie to rest those that had come before.

I was never close to my family, but I loved them. I wasn't sure if it was real love or a love born out of expectation. Still, it was what I had. No parent teacher conferences. No sports games. No home cooked family dinners at a table. No. Those things only existed to me in sitcoms. Television clichés that no real American family took part in, that's all. Yet during sleepovers I would find myself a traveler, living in that studio lit world where these things did happen. I didn't find myself envious. I found myself confused. I found myself longing.

Longing, that word followed me like a shadow. A laconic description of my entire being, it defined me when young and still did. I was lost. Homesick for a place I wasn't even sure existed. As I made my way down the dirt road leading to my childhood home, I gazed out towards the oaks and maples and poplars. I felt as if I was on film set. As if this background of brush was painted on a rolling canvas, me not really moving forward at all, stuck as a cosmic plaything. I felt as if I could look up and see the rafters of a studio in California, and to my right the camera. There leaning forward the director, hoping to capture the essence of a lost soul I was playing so well. Once the sound of the clapperboard echoed in my ears who would I be? What life would I go home to or was I alive at all? I pulled my truck over to the ditch. I couldn't face my family right now. I needed to be alone. Pulling a U-turn, I made my way back to town.

Dad was a drunk, and died when I was just fifteen. Mom picked up the slack, picking up two jobs to keep us afloat. She even did her best to stop smoking just to keep that off the tab and keep the food on the table. She got as far as trading the Marlboros out for Luckies. Looking inward, you'd call my mom neglectful. She'd always be found nursing a box wine and bottle of Ambien, Lucky burning fast between her bony knuckles while my brothers and I watched cartoons and old Westerns on AMC. It's easy to look back and resent my mom for not being affectionate, for not putting us in extracurriculars, for not cooking home meals every night, but my mother killed herself in ways I only really appreciated now, as an adult. As soon as I was able, I got a job at the Taco Bell down the road. I remember on my first paycheck I brought home four Mexican pizzas. It was such a small thing but I remember her crying and that being one of the best family dinners I've ever had, and we made it a tradition after that.

You can't get a Mexican pizza anymore. Taco Bell stopped carrying those years ago. I remember whenever I was homesick in the city, I'd go by the Taco Bell and get a Mexican pizza and think about that night with my folks. Now the Mexican pizza is gone, and so is she. Bit by bit pieces of my life were falling away into a void. That's where I was headed now. I pulled into the parking lot and sat looking at the building, so different than what I remembered. What stood before me was a brown square with a corner of purple stripes, a brown stone chimney with the famous bell on the side. I looked to the street corner where the giant bell sign had once stood. The pole was still there.

I looked inside the window and for a moment could see my family and myself sitting in bright purple and pink pastel chairs with vivid shapes adorning the walls. Those days were gone. Like Nintendo in McDonalds, Galaga in Pizza Hut, and now my mother at home. It was such a silly thing to be sentimental about, but reeling from the loss of my mother made me realize just how much of my life was

gone. Across the street was what used to be a Blockbuster, and it's building lay untouched, the marque gone from the front but leaving a familiar scar where it had blocked the paint from years of sun exposure. I thought about how we'd rent movies and games from there and how it closed even when I was young. I thought about VHS, Laserdisc, Butterfinger BBs, Wonderballs, Mom, all gone now.

I tried to think back to when the world got itself in such a big damn hurry. Everything was on a screen now. Commercialized and sanitized of anything but the bare minimum of what would sell. Staring at the decrepit building across the street and saw it not as a piece of my past but as a monument to an era that could never be returned to. We had been transported to a new world, a world that doesn't worship the Holy Spirit, but one that worships the zeitgeist, the spirit of the age. How I longed for that time. That word again, longing, burning in my mind. But time's arrow neither stands still nor reverses, it merely moves forward. It seemed like all of society had been shot from that bow, and I from the bow of memory, as memory's arrow moved in all directions and never seemed to reach a target. That's my kind of purpose, always a traveller, always an outsider. I knew it even when I was young and the others could do. It was as if they had a deep instinct that something in my organic machinery had been broken, even before I did. Some crucial piece missing, one beholds the hollow man shambling forward in the facsimile of being alive. Unable to connect to the warmth of others so their heart is cold and their mind is numb.

So as the world became more and more streamlined it became less forgiving of outliers, of defects. Time's arrow shot forward and I with it until its momentum kept it going and I slammed into the Earth. Now it seemed like I watched everything move into a horizon that was always almost out of view. Keenly aware of how behind and alone I really was and how much I continued to lose. Family, friends, acquaintances, I watched as if on a reel of silver film that was slowly being burned away in places. Willingly keeping myself in the dark to preserve what memory I still held. All of them suggested a shrink, but I can't do that. Can't subject myself to medications and judgment from others, it would just add to the noise.

I found myself longing for my childhood, but I knew realistically even if I magically found myself in that era I wouldn't be happy. I wasn't happy then, even if it was easier. Easy sure, but it got harder and will probably get harder still. People say things like that's just life, but I always found that to be a cope. I knew life doesn't have to be like this, but I find myself longing. Longing for understanding, to not look at a world confused and alone and have that world look back at him like it didn't know quite what to say. Stuck longing for the warmth of others, to not just have superficial liveries. Longing for rest for my fatigued body and warped mind, to wake up tomorrow and not still be tired. Longing for the feeling of being truly alive, and most of all longing for my mother. I got in my truck and headed back down the dirt road. I was going to tell my mom I loved her, even if time's arrow had put her too far out of reach to hear it.







A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR / COVER STORY

Dear /lit/,

It's me, & amp founder and editor-in-chief, Anonymous. I hope you're well. I'm well. I'm glad you're still reading, I appreciate it. And for those of you still submitting material, thank you. This project was built off of the donated genius of the likes of (You), and I hope to oversee its continuation and extended legacy. Over the course of the very rapid six months since this magazine's inception many of us have outshone ourselves, we know who we are. Make merry of your victory lap, nothing forever. This project lasts started enthusiastically, and I remember how it felt being in the early threads dedicated to poring over the current issue, all the way up until now, having won the Pulitzer, and essentially accomplishing everything we'd ever dreamed we could do and more; I feel like it is time for me to take a timeout, a little nap on my laurels. You do the same. Find yourself in the impressum of a former issue and dedicate yourself to a little hubris with a few hardy pats on the back. The unfortunate truth is, I no longer have the time or energy to maintain the sole position of skipper of this good ship. On one hand, my better hand, I have whet my skills, padded my resume, and amassed a not unimpressive stack of selfpublished literature. Not to mention the real treasure, which of course were the anons I made along the way. On the other hand, I have scrambled and faltered to miss deadlines and lost a little sleep, the whole of which has left no injury, as agitating as it may have sometimes been. I'd like to look back and see success. I believe I do. This issue marks half a year since it started. Good times. The time has come to pass the torch. And now for a letter from your new Editor-in-Chief, Anonymous:

Dear /lit/,

It's me, & amp reader and editor-in-chief, Anonymous. Making my way through Issue 007, a note from the editor presented the cryptic riddle, "Would you be interested in editing & amp Magazine?" The question was presented as part of a fake exchange between "Anonymous" and "(You)." I didn't know what to make of this and went about my day, but several dozen Ovaltines later, I came back and realized that the imagined interlocutor in this exchange was (You), which is to say me (Me). My original plan was to assassinate the original editor and steal his templates, but when I found him, he was covered in index cards containing the text of Pale Fire's poetic core, so I left him alone. We have since arranged to edit alternating editions. This will ease the workload, keep both our visions fresh, and ensure that if someone does go through with an attempt to assassinate the & amp editor, the other could still put out the next edition. It is critical that nothing stop the writing which populates these issues from getting out to the public and in a manner as loud and luxurious as possible. I have been on /lit/ since its founding, and while the book projects are fun and do allow for some of the range of writing styles and interests of you Anonymous hordes, a book ultimately needs to cohere into something in a way that a magazine does not. Through this first halfvear stretch, & amp has flexed to accommodate an incredible assortment of representative writing, fitted within an admirably consistent aesthetic style. With the introduction of another editor, the design sensibilities of the magazine overall will shift somewhat. I hope to retain much of the appeal of the current production, but will never think about each decision in quite the same way as Anonymous. I hope you all enjoy the future of & amp. Thank you for reading, and thank you for contributing. Please keep sending us your shitposts.

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■ Milk Anonymous 07/30/21(Fri)17:48:35 No.18750058 ▶

It was easy not to like him, because of the milk. It bled from every pore of him, thousands of tiny waterfalls of milk. Milk-falls. You would think that he'd be known around our town as 'the milk man'. People could be so cruel, but instead they just ignore him. They get on the bus with him, stepping into puddles that they know will stain the cuffs of their trousers. They sit in the milk, wade through it if it gets deep. They let him rain milk all over their children. No one has ever suggested to him that he wear waterproofs. No one asks him about the milk at all. So I did. I turned to him when we were both waiting for a bus. I asked him, do you drink the milk? He thought I was making fun of him, of the milk. Later that week, I followed a trail of milk through the supermarket to find him at the checkout, buying milk, and I realised my question had been insensitive. As I walked home, I thought about him some more. I saw a woman leave her house with an umbrella. I posted a letter through his front door.

As I pushed it through the letterbox, I hoped it wouldn't be forgotten underneath a puddle. Three days later, a damp letter was left for me.

I just don't like to talk about the milk.

We continued exchanging letters. I tried not to notice
the milk stains on the paper, in between every letter of every word. I tried to forget the image of him as a plastic bag, tied at the top, full of milk,
then squeezed, popping in stages, small fountains of milk. Milk erupting around him like a wet ghost costume. We met in a café and both ordered
black coffees. I paid. We talked about the weather, about what we had eaten for breakfast, if we had siblings, and while we talked, the milk pooled around our feet, slipping itself over the rims of our shoes and inside, where it got through our socks, to our skin, and made us cold.

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	cute	





The Caracas Bulls had been collectively slumping all game, the big city team was getting demolished by the much less renown, and by all metrics worse, Barinas Reds. The score was debatably twenty to one, but scorekeepers would later relay conflicting accounts due to events that were about to take place. The Bull's home crowd was ready to explode and were given the opportunity to do so. With the Bull's star catcher Eriko Santana up at the plate, the pitcher, whose name was also lost in the myth of the moment, beaned Eriko in the ribs with a ninety-five mile per hour fastball, and clearly meant to. Next was a moment of great factual debate, but let me tell you gringos, I saw it all with my own two eyes, honest to god and my mother. Here is what happened:

Eriko, recovering from the pain of the pitch, threw his eyes at the pitcher who was playing coy on the mound. Bat still in his hands a great sprint ensued, the fastest I'd ever seen the old catcher run, and on that mound he beat the poor pitcher to death. On a normal day, fights like this were ended before any major injuries, it was all show, but this wasn't a normal day. Instead of players and umpires rushing in and pulling the fighters apart, we, the fans, cut the net! I rushed in myself, rabid with loyalty for my team and alongside thousands of others. Together we helped beat and kick the poor pitcher and then the whole rotten team until there was no more to beat or to kick. We won the game.

Once the unfortunate athletes were properly dead, our fanaticism grew into something greater. Eriko was lifted up above our heads and placed on a ripped-out chair from the stands. We strode with him as our king, his bat in hand, pointing us onwards. We broke out of the stadium, our numbers only increasing, and paraded through the streets of the city. The umpires, apparently held complicit in the score, were hung along the road from the streetlamps.

The same fate was met by any Reds fan unfortunate enough to attend the game. Eriko took well to his new position on top of us and and showered us with passionate outcries on baseball and life. "The Bulls are loose!" he repeated again and again with his great mustached smile that often burst with laughter "Ándale! The Bulls are loose!". I marched behind and felt an utter sense of loyalty. I screamed at the hung fans, as if they were alive, just so they knew I hated them. I threw rocks and bricks through windows just because I could. I'm not ashamed of these actions mis amigos, it was in the heat of the moment, but what came next I relay to you in great shame.

The direct area around the stadium was rapidly seized in the name of Eriko, not by his command, but rather as an act of coronation from the fans. Eriko, the great Bull, sat on top of the city's finance center, a building chosen for its height, and he broadcasted his message on as many radio and television stations as the fans could acquire for him. "There are more bullfighters left than just those dirty Reds! The Bulls will never be fully free until ALL the bullfighters are dead!". His admonishments were not specific, but, Lord save me, they gave a fated path to follow. House to house, apartment to apartment we knocked, entered, questioned, and killed. Loyalty to the team had to be absolute, despite the fact that I had heckled my own team only hours before! Please as I tell you, do not forgive me, there is no forgiveness for the killings of families, of women, of children (O Cristo!), I only tell you now because you must know exactly what happened and have faith in the truthfulness of our correspondence so we can all return to peace once more.

The city was purged in a mere two days, and Eriko, from this point forward, whether he liked it or not, became a revolutionary. As he spoke over the airways his myth became vast and noble, and his following flourished. "I speak softly but I carry a big bat!" was his slogan, entirely unoriginal, but nobody cared, we all wanted to win what he started. Nobody, even today, knows the politics behind the revolution, if there are any they are kept secret somewhere inside Eriko's mind, however, our fervor at the time was beyond reconciliation or any type of peaceful resolution. We were ready to die, but we didn't even know what for!



In just another fated event, word got around that the members of the Venezuelan national assembly were present in the capitol building at the time of the game, and, to the horror of the CIA—(I kid, Ay! Don't give me that look!)—to the horror of everyone the building was surrounded and assailed by thousands of fans, protected only by a small loyal militia. Government troops were called in from the outside of the city, but it was a hopeless effort. After three days the building was finally stormed and all members of the national assembly that did not commit suicide were brought to the roof of the finance center to be judged. Eriko himself had assembled a small cabinet of officials consisting of teammates and influential fans whom were ready to shape their companies (an thus our country) to his will. At this point I had cast off my extremism and was at the church most of my time. I prayed for forgiveness while others prayed for their team to win. Nevertheless, I could not escape what I had helped create.

The Sunday after the game, which had taken place only six days ago, Eriko officially took national power. Fans called it "bobblehead night", though there was no baseball game, nothing of the sort. With the national committee corralled up to the roof and surrounded by fans, myself among them, a trial was held for each politician. The Bull's ace pitcher stood sixty feet away, while Eriko personally, with his burly mustache and small chubby frame, walked up to each of the prosecuted and asked him a simple question: "What is the goal?". The politicians were stumped, and I must say, so was I. They murmured in tears, they screamed hate in protest, and some stood somberly in silence. All however were beaned. With God as my witness, I profess to you, every pitch I saw the pitcher throw landed right between the eyes! Never in any game had I seen him so accurate! After the ceremonial beaning, which often knocked out the receiver (and hence "bobblehead night"), the crowd was let loose, and the persecuted were judged harshly. Each criminal was thrown off the building as a form of execution.

At sunset, when the old president was finally beaned and thrown to his death, Eriko walked to the edge of the building and looking down remarked: "The answer my fans, is none of what you have just heard." the crowd now was intently silent, partially for the dead we now saw, sprawled on the street below, and partially because Eriko's voice enraptured us. "Our goal is not in nationalization, not in reform, we want nothing to do with the obvious corruption of this once great country. Our goal my fans-" he paused "no, my friends. Our goal my friends is to WIN THE WORLD SERIES!" Everyone went wild, I confess, even myself. We sang and danced and watched as beautiful explosions of color shot out from the nearby stadium and into the sky.

So you see commissioner and Mr. President, this is not just an insurgent force looking for war, in fact, we want nothing of the sort. Eriko and his government have sent me here today for very simple negotiations that I think you will find more than reasonable. We do not want additional land, nor resources, nor even continued leadership of Venezuela. We do not want any of these things on two conditions: Firstly, you and your forces Mr. President must deescalate military tensions with our country, tensions that will no doubt cause massive amounts of death in our state and of your people, more than which, I am afraid to say, has already occurred on our hands. Secondly, commissioner, we look to you as the leading authority in the world of baseball. You, knowing what you have seen our team do, must allow the Caracas Bulls a chance to compete on the biggest stage of all, the World Series. Men, once these demands are met, I am happy to tell you that we: Eriko, I, and our government, will be more than pleased to initiate a peaceful transition of power to authorities from your country. Make these demands happen and I believe that all of our sides can achieve great good. This all rests in your hands callaberos. There will always be another matador, but, at the same time, it is only right to spare the honorable bull. I trust you both will make the right decision.

SUBJECT/SELFHELP/SCHIZOPHRENIA

Are you lonely? Are you bored? Do you find life too simple? Maybe you're not confident in yourself? Interesting... Well, have you ever seen a schizophrenic person suffer these ills? Think for a second - probably not. Schizophrenic people have a constant supply of company and friends with them, never leaving their side, offering their support, never stopping. They always get themselves into interesting adventures: making amazing new discoveries in mathematics, garnering an online following, running from federal agents, making friends with high-profile celebrities, all sorts of wacky exploits. Do you suffer problems being creative or do you have a hard time solving puzzles? Well, who experiences hypergraphia, who do you think are the greatest code-breakers in the world, who do you think can uncover the deepest schemes that are orchestrated by the elites? That's right! Mentally deranged psychotic individuals. You must learn how to induce schizophrenia and sustain it.

Become dormant. Stay inside for a long period of time, avoid sunlight. The more you are inside the more time you will spend on the net, the fewer real people you will interact with, your reality will shrink to a tiny box. Social isolation will make you delusional as noone will truly challenge you or give you feedback on your thoughts. Make sure the internet fully envelops your existence. Remember, going out is dangerous.

Stop sleeping and do drugs. These two go hand in hand very well. Staying up awake for a long period of time is really damaging to the brain, with enough sleepless nights you will start noticing shadow people - dark shapes, figures or entities at the corner of your vision. The longer you are awake the more prominent and noticeable they will become. Signs of paranoia should also appear, you will feel that you should really stop taking these drugs or you might get in big trouble. You will feel like the police are knocking on your door. If you go outside you will be cognizant that people can notice how much you are under the influence, you will hear laughs and notice long stares. That's why you must stay inside. Days will melt together into a mush, moments will take forever, but looking back you will see how much time has just passed.

Start taking a large amount of narcotics. Having an addiction in general will make you more susceptible, impulsive and restless. Alcohol and nicotine are easily accessible options, but you should focus on stimulants, dissociatives and psychedelics. The most well known stimulants are cocaine, amphetamine and methamphetamine. Amphetamine adderall isn't too difficult to acquire if you are a student. Aside from impeding sleep they will make you quite a bit more "productive" or drone-like, this will help you in researching the various occult or philosophical topics.

Psychedelics will blow your socks off. Your brain will become very malleable and influenced easily. Everything that you can see right now - what your eyes are projecting into your brain - isn't necessarily real. Your brain is just creating a reality inside you skull from information that is being sent from your eyes, and psychs will exacerbate this divide between your brain and reality. A really good idea is to have a difficult psychedelic experience. A few tried and true strategies is to have a lot of unresolved issues when you take the drugs - try having thoughts that you shouldn't be doing this, that it's irresponsible. Take a way too large of a dose, mix a few different substances. Smoke weed while tripping. Use lithium and lsd, that might make you have seizures, but might not. Look into a mirror while high and try to see the flaws in your face. Take the drugs while you are inside someone else's house, someone who you do not vibe well with. Maybe take the drugs with someone who really hates you or hates drugs. Someone who will humiliate you, take advantage of your vulnerable state. Being around drunk people is optimal. You don't notice how annoying your friends are when you are drunk together, but being hyper aware on psychs will make you hate them and you will become really uncomfortable.

Dissociatives will give you feelings of depersonalization and derealization. Datura is the holy grail. If you can get your hands on datura, take a high enough dose of it and you will be all set, ignore the rest of this guide. Something much more accessible, but not as effective is nutmeg. The same nutmeg that you have in your grandma's kitchen, take a couple of nuts, sit back and relax. You will get a taste of psychosis.

Educate yourself. The world has a vast amount of forbidden knowledge. Difficult topics are a great first choice. The Occult is a discipline that one could dedicate their lives to. You must start by building a strong foundation. If you dive into it by reading about demons and succubi, your brain will reject these retarded ideas, shit like astrology is what useless women occupy their brains with. No, you need to go bit by bit. Meditation is slightly spiritual, but you can see it's benefits and observe the changes in yourself. Something as simple as sitting comfortably and breathing in for four seconds, holding your breath for four seconds and exhaling for four seconds for five minutes will put you into a really different mindspace. After that, you can continue using more complicated strategies: the WimHof method is popular and can induce strong sensations. Want to have a glimpse of what your mind can conjure up when it is malfunctioning? Sit in front of a mirror at night, in a very dark room, with only the smallest bit of moonlight illuminating your face. Stare at it for minutes at a time.

Your psychedelic escapades should open you up to thinkers like Alan Watts, Terrence McKenna and Carl Jung. These are your first steps into spirituality. You will realize that the world is not as simple as you think it to be. Stuff like astrology might not be strictly correct, but it's a useful shorthand for various archetypes. Magic isn't some sort of Harry Potter wizarding bullshit, it's long rituals to experience something minor that can not be explained. Read religious writings, esoteric texts and difficult philosophy, high-level physics. Subjects like these require a large time investment and a strong foundation, without them you will arrive at interconnected and diachronic conclusions. Good! Form your own reality and go deeper into the occult. One thing to keep in mind - do not look back at where you started! You used to think all of this is loony bullshit, trying to put yourself back into that naive headspace might raise a few doubts about this whole hyper-astral plane travelling idea.

Conspiracies. Obviously many conspiracies, like flat earth and reptilians are a psy-op. Don't get distracted by bait conspiracies. Many of the popular internet forums are already compromised, full of federal agents trying to mislead you. You will find a convincing video on youtube, next day it will be removed. You will have screenshotted a promising thread, boom it's wiped from the internet and from your phone. I have bought a polaroid camera, fuckers won't be able to take away physical photos from me as easily. Call me a schizophrenic already, but I have PROOF that they WIPE data from the internet, I have physical photographs of the text.

Drink lots of tap water. The fluoride will calcify your pineal gland very well and constrict your consciousness. It's impossible to repair a calcified gland, so you need to start chugging as much water as you can from your local water supply.

Commit illegal activities. Sleeplessness and paranoia about drugs may not be enough, you need to raise the stakes if you want to constantly be stressed. Do something you will really really regret, something that you will not be able to run away from for long. Know that the consequences will soon catch up to you and you will pay dearly. The next time you see a police officer might be the last time you are not in custody. Every car that is parked near your house might be full of officers that are ready to take away your brain. You think you're not going into a mental ward? You definitely are. The staff there don't care for you a bit, you will be reduced to a shell of a man. The drugs will pacify you, take away your identity. All that will be left is an empty, unthinking, overweight drone in sweatpants.

Express yourself online. Create an identity and start cultivating a following. Keep posting, federal agents will try to harass you, you can't give up. You will be bombarded by stock phrases "take your pills", "schizoposter", bots will constantly harass you, don't give in. Read up on the side effects of antipsychotic medication. If they're so effective and safe, why do people need constant convincing?

[Author's note: I copy-pasted entire books I wanted you to read before continuing, but it crashed my text editor started crashing ((())), so the names should suffice: Mysterium Coniunctionis, Moby-Dick, Septuagint, Nietzsche's Letters of Madness, Kabbalah, Jean Baudrillard - Hyperreality, Derrida - essays, Negotiations, \Gilled Deleuze, https://wwwZa2y-pKD8]

Don't trust psychiatrists. Don't go to one. If you have to go, lie to him, he will try to pull you out, DO NOT ALLOW HIM.

Try to stop birds from chirping near your house. CIA has confirmed they used birds for gathering intelligence [www.cia.gov], what do you think they are doing right near your window. GET THEM AWAY.

Put up a bird feeder near your house.

[Editor's note - the author submitted multiple paragraphs of the following: "FEEL SAFE? FEEL SAFE? FEEL SAFE?", ending with credible threats against me. Removed to save space.]

Start noticing that god is reusing NPCs. You will see a person earlier in the day and he will pop up again later. Two people will have the same birthday or name way too often. If you don't concentrate on it it's hard to notice. God is trying to save up resources, for what reason? Lazy fuck. Why is he focusing so much on me? Why pick me?

Avoid airport detectors. Why do they need to scan you and even if they don't find anything they pat you down? Why must you go through the rectangle? Stop going to airports.

Start to regret taking these steps. There will be a period where you might be scared, a while where you think of turning back, of stopping this. Who do you think is planting these thoughts inside of you? You can't fucking trust yourself always. You are not always in control, you make bad decisions and the evil part of you is trying to steer you into darkness. Feel the coldness of your jaw. Realize that you are merely a machine, a vehicle, your eyes are just tools that project "reality" into your brain. Increase your stress. Feel truly alone. You will never ever really connect again with another person. Who is there in this world that can understand you? You will have deep feelings and senses, but to other people they're just words. Who will you have left after this? Your brain is falling apart and no one will hold your hand. You will have to face the void without someone left to care. Your one shot of life has passed you by. Why did you give away your consciousness?

[Doctor's note. Schizophrenia is not a meme. We barely understand the mind and all these illnesses, but we know you won't be able to induce a mental disability in yourself by staying up past your bedtime and smoking weed. Listen to me and take the fucking pills. Take them take them.]

SUBJECT/SELFHELP/SCHIZOPHRENIA





☐ Anonymous 08/11/21(Wed)11:23:52 No.18828407 ► >>18828972 File: 1625367732311,png (201 KB, 421x519)

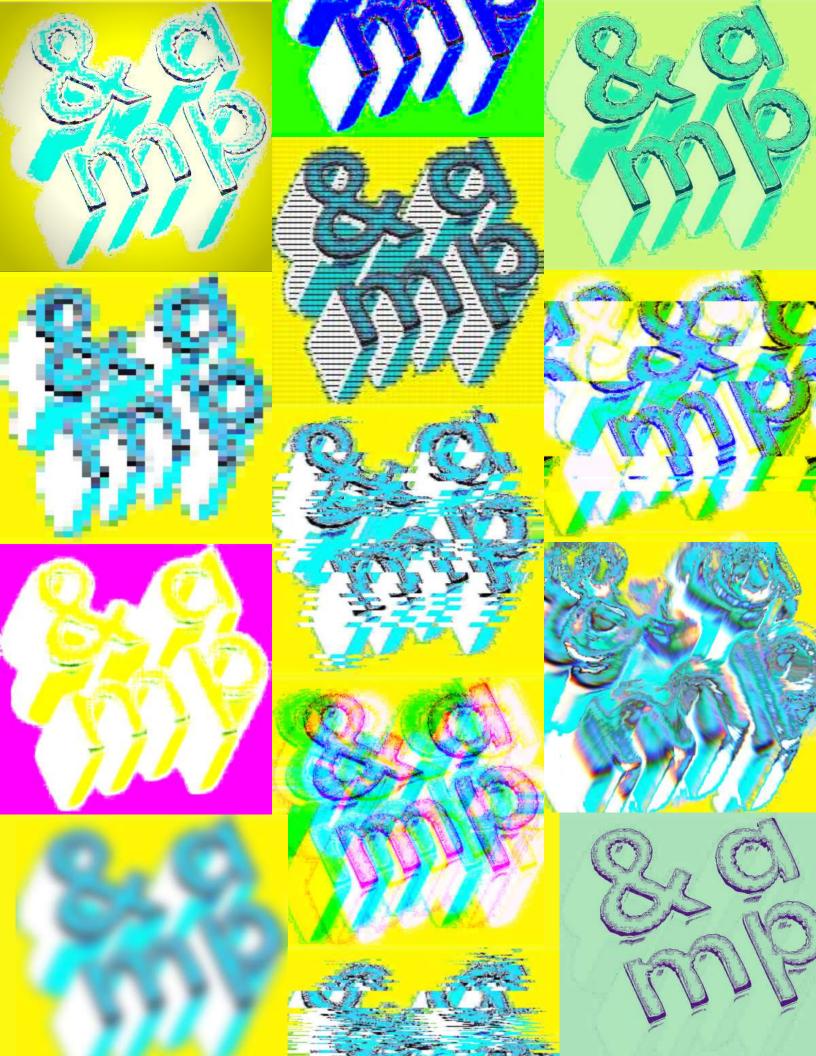
>>18828263 (OP)
limit peepee rub to once per week, ideally stop peepee rub all together stop entering womens orbit, they are sapping your intelligence adopt a dog, a black labrador works well and will stimulate an active desire



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

—Because one did survive the wreck.

It so chanced, that after the Parsee's disappearance, I was he whom the Fates ordained to take the place of Ahab's bowsman, when that bowsman assumed the vacant post; the same, who, when on the last day the three men were tossed from out of the rocking boat, was dropped astern. So, floating on the margin of the ensuing scene, and in full sight of it, when the halfspent suction of the sunk ship reached me, I was then, but slowly, drawn towards the closing vortex. When I reached it, it had subsided to a creamy pool. Round and round, then, and ever contracting towards the button-like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle, like another Ixion I did revolve. Till, gaining that vital centre, the black bubble upward burst; and now, liberated by reason of its cunning spring, and, owing to its great buoyancy, rising with great force, the coffin life-buoy shot lengthwise from the sea, fell over, and floated by my side. Buoyed up by that coffin, for almost one whole day and night, I floated on a soft and dirgelike main. The unharming sharks, they glided by as if with padlocks on their mouths; the savage sea-hawks sailed with sheathed beaks. On the second day, a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan.





& Magazine Presents

Eggplant

Ogden Nesmer

Chapter Two

"The progression, the movement forward, the build-it all implies the climax, you know?" One of the skinny guys whose name Arda hadn't gotten yet was back to his point from earlier. He was emphatic, drawing diagrams in the air. He hadn't touched his banh-mi in so long his friends began picking at it. "If the progression faster and faster moves towards more violence, more sex, more gas-- and if the artist becomes the medium —"

2222222222

"I'm eating this shrimp chip"

"If the artist--"

"No, eat this cilantro salad thing, I want the shrimp chip"

"If the artist--"

"You had the last one!"

"Have mine," Mari was smoking at the table, all but daring the waiter to approach her and have her put it out. She held the cigarette between her fingers, studying it like a jewel, admiring the way her lipstick had stained the filter-end a cloudy purple. The boys fell upon her chips.

"I'm saying the artist will have to kill himself-- or herself, you understand," this directed at Arda, as if she were taking notes. "How else can the artist progress? You know?" She was pushing the butt of her sandwich around her plate, mind somewhere else.

"But art doesn't move forward." Cal was crumpling up a napkin and now ready to humor his friend. "It moves, diagonally and backwards, it makes new dimensions and planes to expand in all new ways. There's no predetermined end to art--"

"Please, stop." Mari insisted, spreading smoke over the table. She kept an eye on the waiter avoiding her gaze from across the covered patio.

"What?" Cal looked around, "Arda, am I wrong? You're the expert, no?" She said nothing.

"Stop. you're going to get him going —"

"It may seem that way," said the point-maker, rubbing his hands in preparation for the bomb he was set to drop.

"God, no--"

"Art is a tool, really. You and I may not think of it as such, because we admire the machinations and the beauty of the thing itself. But it is a tool. To those who don't see the beauty, it is only a tool. That's a deadly combination: someone so empty as to not appreciate art, but hungry enough to wield it. A hungry void. Rest assured these people exist. They're everywhere."

"Advertising majors." The group laughed.

"But it's true, and it's not just about advertising. It's about nazi propoganda, and white Jesus and Joe Camel-- all of this is art: utilized. Put to its highest setting of efficiency, with no regard for decency. Hunger has an end, and it's a poor one for the prey. The accumulated impact of generations of visual subjugation-- people reduced to observers, and their tastes honed by basest animal instinct. Whether artist is complicit or not they become the vector and patient zero for a kind of revolt of the--"

"Excuse me, uhm," the waiter, bald head blushing, was at the edge of their table. "Ma'am, I, uhhm... Have to ask you to, uh... you know..." he pointed at the cigarette with a weak finger.

Mari took a long drag, exhaled, and asked sweetly:

"Is there a problem?"

Arda reached over and plucked the cigarette out from between her fingers, plunked it into a glass of water, and stood up.

"Are you fucking serious?"

"I'm tired. And I've got somewhere to be." Arda pulled her phone and a ten dollar bill out of her jacket. It was 6:13. She dropped the money on the table, trying to come up with something snide. But she just shrugged her shoulders, and left.

She was turning the corner when Cal caught up with her.



"That's what you want to know right now?" Arda laughed and shook her head, rubbing her brow with thumb and forefinger. Now that she'd stopped, the sounds caught up with her, bike chains and footsteps and someone coughing up phlegm.

"I know you're good friends. Mari talks about you all the time, you two grew up together right?"

"So what, you want my blessing? My recommendation? So you can go off and show Mari your seal of approval and fuck her?"

Cal offered his palms. "It's not like that." She scoffed, but he said it again to her face, "it isn't like that. Really. Like I said before, I read some of your articles. I just wanted everything to be cool among friends." he shrugged looking back toward the restaurant. "Eh... You want a smoke?"

Cal smacked the little blue box against the butt of his other hand. As Arda watched she tried to think which articles of her's Cal could possibly have read and liked. She had been putting out nothing but shit lately, if she put out anything at all. He seemed like a reader, somebody who could tell. She believed firmly-- about writing specifically, as opposed to any other means of creation-- that her life was all she could put onto the page. She had nothing more to offer. It had been a rough couple years. She thought about her shit life and her shit career; the messes that writing could not save her from, but in fact only led her back towards.

Cal pointed the opened end of the box to her, and she refused.

"Do you know Johnny Lin? Maybe just goes by Lin?"

"I know Lin." He stated, and lit the cigarette in his mouth.

"Do you know where he lives?"





Arda pushed a plastic button on the wall, and a red light within switched on. The empty lobby turned to an uneasy crimson. Somewhere in the depths of the building an elevator groaned in descent. The walls trembled. Arda watched the digital numbers decrease silently, and tried to think of when she had last seen Lin.

She had first seen Lin at an after-party in Silverlake. It helped to start from the very beginning, because there were only about a dozen times Arda had actually stood in the same room as Lin. Like most people their age, his presence loomed larger online and in text messages. However, he rarely granted in-person meetups, doing so almost exclusively for business matters. He must have had some semblage of an inner circle, people thought, but no one knew for sure. They did know he was insanely wealthy, and assumed or merely hoped that there was such a circle of beneficiaries.

The first time she had seen him, he was standing on top of a scaffold, pouring paint out of a milk carton and onto a canvas two stories below, where two nude women were caressing each other. Eryk was standing behind, his arm over Lin's, guiding the stream of paint onto the women like syrup on pancakes. Arda didn't know the girls and never got their names. Eryk smiled and Lin was cackling with glee; they made a threatening pair. The falling paint was putting clear limits on how intimate the women below could get, but they didn't look too interested anyway. One girl put a finger up to pause as she wiped the buildup off her eyelids. The trail they left on the canvas looked bereft of any affection at all; like pure, tired struggle. Smears of teal and violet, handprints and asscheeks limply dragged. A face pressed and twisted along the side, in a clearly forced swoop. Arda tried to picture it. Had there been other girls? Lin was loving it.

"They're never getting clean that way." She just had to say something clever.

"Arda," Eryk straightened up, "This is Johnny. Johnny Lin."

The women left and Lin descended, careful not to dirty his suit. He extended his hand and his toothy smile shone in the light.

It was a productive relationship after that. Lin was already handing money out for free to any artist who could show him a good time-- even a little extra for the pretty ones like Eryk. He had more than enough for Arda's services, and he even kind of liked her, it seemed sometimes. The mystical inner circle opened up, just for her.

Her place was to memorialize it all. To imagine the cavorting and the hedonism and the money spent as a hero's journey. She reinvented Lin, on paper. It took a bit of effort on her part, but he wasn't too horrible to hang around. They grew close, and for a brief period Arda thought she may have been right there in the inner circle's eye-- Lin's very best friend. But she was sure now that she had never gotten that close. There were class issues, for starters. She now believed that he could not even be gotten-close-to by normal humans. Like a black hole things were constantly being pulled in, but it was unclear what was happening at the epicenter, or where all the stuff ended up. Lin would've appreciated the comparison.

The elevator doors parted, and the static white of fluorescence drove off the redness. She stepped inside, only now aware that it was dark out.

Another Lin meeting had happened in the back seat of a limousine. It was after the era of Eryk, in the year of Padme and Gurpreet. Arda was at a really upscale show, waiting patiently to speak with a Brazilian painter who worked exclusively in urine; her editor had made her go. Suddenly she was approached by a large man she didn't know, one of Lin's bodyguards. He knew she was inside, and he was waiting on the curb in the back of the aforementioned limousine. Her life was often like this: being pulled and pushed from place to place at the behest of others. She wanted to resist, but only on principle. She grabbed a cocktail from the open bar and followed the bodyguard out.

When she got to the limo, Lin and some friends were offering each other bumps from their upturned fingernails. From there the momentum only built. Arda was holding a puking girl's hair back when she noticed it was 3 am, and she was miles away from her apartment at an unnamed club. She went out to get Lin-- to try to get everyone out and off to bed, but found him busy dancing. He was gyrating vigorously with his eyes shut in ecstasy.

"LIN!" she shouted, again and again. But he was gone. Lost in the throes of mindless rebirth. Beads of sweat came flying off his hair, suspended in brief tableaus by the strobe light. He was almost alone on the dance floor now. Arda looked around and couldn't even find the DJ, the music was just set to play on its own. She left, and had to spend the night half-asleep in the booth of a 24-hour diner. They made her order food.

Lin's apartment was unlocked. The only light came spilling in through a towering window that faced the city. Outside a network of pulses and blinks gave a depth to the otherwise pitch-black mass that was the city at night. The intensity of the blinking below turned the sky above an awful orange-brown haze that bled upwards from the horizon. Lin's living room was filled with this sickly luminosity. Arda stopped in the center, alone.

"Hello? Lin?" she called.

"He's over there," a much older voice replied from the top of the stairs. A light switched on, and suddenly Arda could see her old friend lying on a couch over against the wall. He was asleep, with his face turned away. He was motionless, snoring softly.

"Sorry," she called again, "he had asked me here. I'm--"

"Arda Beloff. I know, it was on my behalf."

A man of about seventy came down the stairs. He still had a pair of sunglasses on, and as he entered the light, a bald spot underneath his slicked back hair glimmered. He descended silently, and the arm that held the railing showed a decent amount of muscle for a man of his age. Arda could picture him driving something luxurious with his shirt unbuttoned to the chest, and a pretty young thing like Lin in his passenger seat. The type of walking-mid-life crisis Lin loved to prey on, or perhaps vice versa.

"My name is Errol Macke. Pleased to meet you." He extended a wrinkled hand.

"Likewise," she shook it.

"Sorry if he scared you," Errol wagged a hand at Lin, "with all the secrecy, you know. I asked him explicitly not to discuss the details of my project with anyone. I don't believe he even knows all the facts... would you care for a drink?"

She took a glass and sat down near Lin's feet. His face was wedged in between two pillows.

"Do you like this?"

Errol was pointing at a painting across from the window, standing about nine feet tall and wide. It was a swirl of warm color tones, murked by black fog. Blots of paint that had been set wet on the canvas to leak out, seeping into each other, and leaving their edges wispy and vague. In the center was a black box with white text, aligned left:

The tallest building

The jump from its highest floor

Everything dies together

Revolver 251c3a, Haiti 090d23, Monza D60505

"It's one of a series. The only one actually put onto canvas. The others are all NFTs, that kind of nonsense, which I'm sure you already know all about," he took a sip of martini.

"Not my kind of thing."

"Nor mine. I was never a fan of the digital angle. The rush to break boundaries has already become a rush to debase oneself. To be dehumanized. Where's the next place to go when it's already so lifeless to begin with?" He pondered, moving closer to the painting.

"Life is just another boolean," Arda posited. "Alive or dead. Suffering or not. Vital binaries which become passé because humanity itself becomes passé. People are finding the new binary in computers-- no pun intended. You're looking at the cave paintings of artificial intelligence, not-yet-self-actualized. The digitizing of art will bring on its own inhuman renaissance," she slurped her gin, "possibly. It could also just be shit."

"My--! You are quite the little sophist," he raised his glass. "And all at the drop of a hat-- I love it!" to know..."

He turned and strolled off towards the kitchen to pour himself more drink. Arda was debating whether she should try and wake Lin. He was so still it made her want to shake him by the shoulders, or perform CPR.

"Johnny tells me you haven't been really published in some time, but he didn't know why," Eroll said as he dropped two ice cubes in a fresh snifter and splashed brown liquor on top. "I hope it's nothing personal, I don't wish to pry. I've looked at your resume and some of your work-- I'd love to hire you for our little job, but if there are legal issues that have kept you from working, naturally I will need to know..."

"My reasons are strictly personal, I can assure you," she smiled. "I'm afraid though I've never been hired for a job. Normally it works in reverse with me: I do the work, then sell it. I've done a bit of ghostwriting, but if it's something as extensive as memoirs, something lengthy--"

"An interview actually. Likely a few, considering how elusive our subject insists on being, or is made to become..." Errol strolled back into the living room with a drink in each hand. "He's not here. He's far away on permanent vacation, somewhere in Micronesia. I'll cover your expenses-- airfare, boarding, food, essentials-- I'll need about four thousand words, and I'll give you five thousand dollars on top of everything when you hand it in to me."

"Ha. You're joking."

"I'm not," he took a sip from his fresh martini, and set the other glass on the floor at his feet.

"Then... what's the catch? Where is this getting printed? Or is this part of some project? Like a participatory kind of performance thing?"

"Well I'm afraid I can't say too much about what happens after, in terms of publishing, but I can tell you frankly what the 'catch' is," he clapped his hands twice in the air next to his face. "Your subject is not just a creative, he is also a criminal. He is in Micronesia fleeing the governments of several nations, wanted for various murders and sex crimes. You will interview him, and you will tell no one of how you found him. All credit for the article will have to be sacrificed; you will use a pseudonym. You will do this solely for the purpose of... creation, and of course for the money."

Arda was still hanging on the words 'sex' and 'crimes,' when she felt something muscular and nothuman brush her arm. She jumped, only to see a gargantuan dalmatian loping slowly towards Errol. It laid sphinx-like on the floor, and began lapping up the brown liquor.

"Is he... Is... I mean... what's his name?"

"Bartholomew. After the saint," Errol rubbed the dog's head.

"The subject, I mean. Who am I supposed to be interviewing?"

"Ah! Well, I've prepared this for you," pointing to a manila folder on the coffee table, "a dossier of sorts. Don't bother searching the internet, you won't find anything. You see, he's being scrubbed from the news as soon as he can enter the headlines. Powerful people do not want the world to know about Fevzi Goshen. Hence the significance of your piece."

Arda flipped through the packet. "This isn't..." she flipped and flipped, "This can't be real. This is..." She stopped. She splayed out the photos in front of her. The withered head of a woman had been removed from its body. Her eyes were sewn shut with yarn, and her bottom jaw was pulled out and stretched upward grotesquely. In her mouth were a half dozen pink daisies.

"That one is supposed to be ironic, I believe. A lot of the other work is-- despite being so horrendous-quite serious," Errol said, aloof.

"The murders, then," she flipped through photos, "All these crimes-- they are his work. You want me to interview a murderer."

"But he's not just a murderer, he's an artist! It may not be my idea of quality, it's unbelievably gauchebut do you see the precedent being set? What this means? The news won't cover him-- they're afraid people will adopt his methods. They think people will appreciate his genius--"

"Do you?" Arda closed the folder and looked Errol straight in the eyes, "is this what I'm supposed to do? Write a puff-piece that glamorizes an actual bloodthirsty killer so you can be the one who got there first? You think I'm really so devoid of- of-"

"You're after the story, Miss Beloff. I don't want you to lie. I don't need you to redeem him, I need you to expose him. To do what all the other news outlets are too chicken-shit to do: your job. Inform the masses. There's a murderer on the loose. As for me, yes, I want the fame. I want the catch. The artwork is juvenile-- the kind of thing a troubled teen would dream up-- but the artist. Good or evil, that is one big fish. You understand the metaphor, yes? This work, this story, it's vile, but it's undeniably groundbreaking-- earth-shattering, even."

Arda was getting dizzy. She realized she had been leaning her elbow on Lin and he still didn't stir. The dog's lips and tongue were smacking wetly, in a persistent time. She killed her drink.

"That can't be good for him," she said.

"I don't bloody care what's good for him-- let them string him up after we're done with him. All I want--"

"I mean the dog. Drinking liquor? That can't be good for him."

"He loves it!" Errol dropped to his knees and hugged Bartholomew, peppering him with exaggerated kisses. The dog kept guzzling his alcohol.

Arda cracked the folder again to take in some more. She wasn't into books or documentaries about killers. The disparity of so many lives lived harmlessly, all to be pointlessly taken by one sad man; it was disastrously unfair. The idea that this person would try and force a point to it all-- calling it art made it seem somehow sicker. A crueler way to treat a person's eternal humanity. The destruction of body and soul.

Little oblongs, eyeballs covered in some kind of varnish, were polished until they shimmered and then strung up on a cord like a necklace. They adorned the nape of a skinny model strolling down a runway. A man's torso, separated at the spine and unfolded like a spatchcocked chicken, was spread out over a television set depicting static. A high-res photo taken mid-burst as a shotgun blast left someone's skull. Some of the work was violent by circumstance, the rest were simple violence. A beautification of suffering. She closed the folder again and shut her eyes hard.

She thought of all the stupid shock-schlock she had had to see during her art-school days. Some Keith Boadwee wannabe from first year wanted to do a baptism in pig's blood out on the quad. He was expecting protests, police presence, maybe a riot. It ended up just being his naked self, sitting alone in a kiddie pool full of tepid, congealing blood. Then the sprinklers came on at seven pm. That made Arda laugh. This was making her sick. Errol's folder didn't include the names of any of the victims.

Mari had always been beautiful. Throughout all her phases-- goth, emo, scene, punk, goth-lite, some kind of cyberpunk-type-oeuvre, then goth-lite again -- she had been undeniably beautiful. Now in her mid twenties, she was well aware. But before, when she and Arda were kids, it hadn't occurred to her. It took Arda's breath away: that someone so pretty had no idea, and consequently, wanted to be friends with her. Arda had had to sit through a lot of tears, and hear about a lot of terrible boys before Mari started to get the picture. At about 17 she could fend for herself. It amazed Arda, not just because of how pretty and how humble a person could simultaneously be, but because through all the hardships Mari was this one thing: beautiful. She was other things as well, but she irrefutably, inexorably was this thing. She was Beautiful. Arda was not, but she didn't feel insecure about that. Plenty of fine people were unattractive, Arda was glad to have company. What Arda longed for was to be a thing. She wasn't even ugly, just kind of normal looking.

Beyond looks, Arda still wasn't anything. Mari was Beautiful, Gabi was an Artist, Lin was Rich. Arda wasn't those things or their opposites. She wasn't Ugly or Poor, and even she couldn't bear to think of herself as entirely Not an Artist. She was liminal. She lacked definition; Arda did. It's why she couldn't paint. After obsessing and wasting so much time doodling in sketchbooks and the corners of her high school assignments, she couldn't handle it. She was in her second semester at art school when she realized everything she painted turned out wrong. To leave a mark on canvas just seemed too definite a move for someone like her. She shook at the thought. When she tried, her mind and her hands became two separate things. She wasn't one or the other, trapped somewhere in between.

She was lucky she was good at writing. She had a knack for the ambiguity encased in words and sentences. She was lucky people wanted to hear what she had to say. She couldn't even maintain her status as Writer for too long: It all faded away, into a transitional fog, a motion blur. She was lucky then that she had Aron. She shook her head, tried to think of something else.

Arda recognized her apartment drawing near. She pulled on the yellow cord lining the ceiling of the bus. She hadn't opened the folder the whole way over, afraid someone might accost her for even holding such a gruesome thing. She hopped off the bus, and instantly turned around. For a moment she thought about hopping back on. The bright white of the LEDs inside make it look like the gates of heaven; she could almost hear a choir of angels singing, inviting her back. But before she could form another thought, the doors swung closed, and the bus drove off. Another decision, made for her.





It's a redhead
It's a white night
It's a blue hue
That reminds me of you

It's a dead fed
It's a bad sight
It's a book due
That tries and fails to

I'd like to gargle with your piss Would you allow me the honor miss? It's just this thing I'd like to do Oh yes, it very much is



day-old semen caked across her brow had only given him the impression of psoriasis.

Her lover was a man with a gift which had despoiled his life so completely as to arouse pity in the few people who, having succeeded in paying attention to him long enough to diagnose the problem, could only elicit pity. He had mastered the human capacity, which can only succeed when subconscious, to fulfil the expected.

We all of us possess some capacity in this field, however limited – at its simplest level it means the repetition of behaviours from past interactions, more subtly the gift finds expression in the subtle modulations of accents, the choice of conversation topics, the occlusion of deeply held opinions to suit the tastes of one's partner in dialogue. Laughter is the gift in its most common form; only watch two immigrants who half-speak a given language prompting laughs without either understanding what the other had said.

As fundamental as the gift is to all sorts of friendship, colleagueship and bars, at its highest level it passes through barriers unknown to most. Mere talent in the area comes across as charm, excessive talent becomes uncanny, untrustworthy, salesmanlike. I had always assumed that the tefion insincerity of tradesmen was the peak of social flexibility, that was, until she introduced me to her John.

An hour after meeting him, I had him down as a David. A David or a Mike or something. One of those short sharp handles form which no nickname can be developed. A man, I felt sure, with brown eyes (they are green) of middling height (he is taller than I am) who worked in some logistics thing, or was it IT (I have forgotten the truth). John's gift was to say only what was expected, and the result was a barrier, a cocoon, of total anonymity. People would forget who he was mid-conversation. Mere hours after meeting him they would, like those recalling a half remembered dream or a boozy night's memory, fill in the gaps in their conversation, by ascribing in retrospect opinions he had never actually expressed.

One evening at a party I was standing next to John, trying to make him say things when an old university acquaintance spotted me. He came on over, and I made the introductions, but just as I was on the brink of saying "-and John here is...", I was interrupted by John's sticking out his hand and saying "Mark". My old friend nodded and turned back my way. When we were alone again I asked John, or Mark, how he had

The above page, reproduced courtesy of Professor Thomas Docherty, Department of English and

Comparative Literary Studies, UW, had been inserted as a loose leaf into the back cover of the first editions, possibly as a prank. Despite the use of plagiarism engines, referral among colleagues, and even the work of a private detective sent to infiltrate the print press responsible, the providence of the text in questions remains lamentably obscure. By agreement with Professor Docherty, we have reproduced the page here in the hope that one of our readers will be able to enlighten us.

PINAKES

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- I. Waters of March by Art Garfunkel
- II. Jones Beach on Long Island in 1939
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- IV. Tower of Death on the Banga Bandhu Şeyh Mucibur Rahman in 2939

Waters of March by Art Garfunkel

March 1

Dreamt I was eating out with YQ. She was saying how she was a good friend because she was funny. I was amused that she thought she was. She tried to make me laugh by waggling a cucumber stick at my face. It wasn't successful. She got angry.

March 2

Rode my bike. Neighbors had tethered their cat outside to the fence. Rode past their house again at night. It was still tethered.

March 3

OB called and told me he had a bladder infection. He's in the hospital. He sounded really bad on the phone.

March 10

Went to the bookstore with YQ. I was comfortable in the reading chair but she ran into people she didn't like, so she told them we had to leave and made me get up.

March 11

Checked the fridge for milk. Realized that the fridge was unplugged and had been for hours. Cradled the cartons of milk and carried them down the road. Felt bad about throwing them all out at once so I put them in the bin one by one and said goodbye to each.

March 16

YQ told me I should listen to "Waters of March" by Art Garfunkel. I won't ever listen to Simon or Garfunkel on their own.

March 18

Rode by the neighbour's house. The cat was still tethered to the fence.

March 21

Dreamt I was eating out with OB. Almost choked on my food while laughing at something he said.

March 22

Heard something rattling in the garbage bin where I threw the milk out. Waited for it to stop but it kept going on. I didn't stay or look inside for what it was.

March 23

YQ made me watch a horror movie called Paperhouse. It wasn't horror at all. I teared up a bit towards the end. YQ didn't see. Stupid movie.

March 24

Saw a shooting star. Won't write down my wish, just in case.

March 25

Visited OB in the hospital. He was even worse. He wanted me to read to him from his book about Eskimos. He fell asleep halfway through and snored really loud with the tube up his bladder.

March 28

Listened to the Garfunkel song.

March 29

Sneaked into the neighbour's garden and untethered the cat. They saw me so I ran away. The cat didn't bother to move or come along. Next time I rode by their house, it was tethered again.

March 30

Dreamt I was still out eating with YQ. She remained angry from the previous dream. I apologized. She refused to talk. I challenged her to a duel of cucumber sticks. She looked out the window and didn't say anything. I ate the stick whole. She didn't look.

Jones Beach on Long Island in 1939

```
"How much is a foot long?"
"A foot long. Hihihi."
"You're out of it."
"When you're in your winter suit."
"You're dumb again."
"I can't help it. You look like a penguin. When you're in your-"
"You're out and dumb. And you're going to slip too, hold onto my arm."
"One more lap. And I'll be on your lap."
"You'd crush me, you dummy."
"I've a crush all over you already. In your wint-"
"Okay! Gimme your arm or you'll fall"
"One more lap. Around the ... what is this called?"
"A rink! It's a rink!"
"Once more round the rink. Round the rink. Look, you're having fun too."
"You can't get through another lap. You'll slip and smash your face."
"I might slip now and smooth your face."
"Oh how very of you."
"And you say I'm out. You can't even talk, that's how out you are."
"Alright, you wanna last lap? Let's do a last lap."
"No but not fast! Slow down! Hihiiiiii!"
"WUUUUUUUU!"
"AAAAAAAAAAAA!"
"Hold on to the railing! We're gonna run someone over and decapi-ooOOAKH!"
```

"Look who fell first. Are you hurt?"
"I'm fine."
"Good thing you're packed up like an Eskimo. Like a penguin. I can't help it. When you're in your winter suit."
"Can't help what? Gush? You dummy."
"I can't help-"
"Dummy. Come here."
"Like a penguin."
"Kiss me on the beak."
"Penguin beak."
"And what are you?"
"I'm butterflies."
"Stop spinning, you'll fall like I did."
"In my tummy, I'm-"
"Snap out of it!"
"Let's go get the footlongs."

Fires of September by Callimachus of Cyrene

September 1

I had a slightly somber dream last night, wherein it was the distant future and Alexandria had fallen long ago. I lived out a quiet life and spent my time with friends. At some point I remember trying to free an unwilling cat.

September 2

At last I gathered up the courage to send my message to Ptolemaios, praise be upon him, about the compiling of Pinakes, and some of my new poetry. I doubt any other pharaoh would have been-or will ever be-as charitable as he has, though I wish he wouldn't take so long responding back.

September 3

Afternoon, in the Library, young Eratosthenes was overseeing some large construction over the observatory's reflection pool. He told me that Ptolemaios loved his idea for a ceiling Mesolabio that would "arrange the constellations into harmonic meridians," and wanted it built as soon as possible to see it for himself. I'm glad Ptolemaios got back to him at least.

September 10

Apollonius was reading aloud from his godawful Argonautica. It mystifies me how people can fall for cheap Cyclic verse. I stand by my belief that if your poetic mediocnty gets you exiled, you shouldn't be allowed back, certainly not after a redraft that is barely any better, let alone be appointed a scholar at the Library. If I had stayed to hear another derivative epithet, I might have impulsively flung a sandal or two towards his stupid direction.

September 11

No response from Ptolemaios. He is a busy man, and a great man. He is a great and busy man.

September 16

Theocritus invited me to a walk up the mountains. We followed a shepherd and his herd of goats on a climb, then we sat down to rest on tree stumps. Theocritus read some of his poetry. Delightful. It's never not nice when I get to see him. He doesn't seem to allow anything to disturb his peace of mind. Maybe I shouldn't let Apollonius get to me as much as he does. And I'm sure Ptolemaios will respond any day now.

September 18

Nothing from Ptolemaios. Maybe tomorrow... Meanwhile, Aratus has asked me to help him versify the Phenomena. We met up today in the observatory, below the newly built Mesolabio. He read out lines while I watched over the reflection pool and tried to fit them into meter. To my fortune, I got to see a shooting star in the pool. Aratus sadly missed it.

September 21

I got very little sleep due to a nightmare. Maybe a fever dream. There were sieges and the library was burnt down. Almost every work I had cataloged in the Pinakes was lost. Pinakes itself was completely destroyed, as well as the Mesolabio, which had crashed down into the reflection pool like a bridge that fell apart. I tried to enter the library to salvage what I could, but the floor was molten and I sank down in it.

September 22

In light of my dreams, I decided it was best to visit the oracle. She told me not to worry about Alexandria, but that the dream about the cat meant that I should buy a goat to spare it from sacrifice. I might start going to a different oracle from now on.

September 23

To hell with Ptolemaios! If he thinks he has more important business to attend to, then let him. And we shall-or shan't-see who or what history will remember, and how. But who am I to waste time concerning myself with that which will eventually perish? In the end, whether Pinakes or not, all will be lost.

September 24

Ptolemaios sent a messenger! I am giddy. He conveyed that the Pinakes was of great significance to him, and that he had taken care of the necessary arrangements to start the cataloging process. He added that he loved my new poetry and was considering promoting me to head librarian!

September 25

Ptolemaios the second, great Philadelphos, peace be upon him, is dead. I am in shambles. Ptolemaios the third has risen to the throne. How matters will unfold from here on remains to be seen.

September 28

Ptolemaios the third appointed Apollonius as head librarian. I might as well jump off the observatory with the way things are. What's worse-much worse-is that Apollonius found in himself the audacity to offer his help with the Pinakes, by taking on the lead. He said it would ease the weight of work on my shoulders so that I could devote myself fully to "some of that beautiful poetry" I'm writing. He wouldn't know poetry if it shot him by accident in the olympics. The one fate worse than this might be to have him as my neighbor in the grave. I told him to do with the Pinakes whatever he may wish to do.

September 29

Having arrived at no conclusion as to what to make of it all, I thought of consulting with Theocritus. We walked up the mountains with the shepherd and the goats again. I told him everything while he made me tea. Then he advised me to follow the oracle's word and buy one of the goats to spare him from sacrifice. We went over to the herd and out of a sea of lizard gazes, one of them was looking at me almost as if my intent came across. So I paid the shepherd to set it free, but it followed us back down the mountain, refusing to leave despite my efforts to scare it off. Theocritus seemed amused by this so I asked him if he wanted to keep it. He told me it was all mine now. I am unsure as to what one is supposed to do with a goat, though now I can but hope that he proves a tasteful judge of epigrams.

September 30

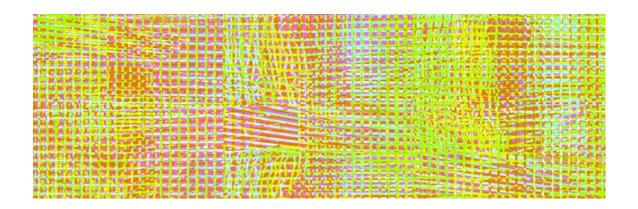
I had a series of dreams last night, though they didn't seem related and I couldn't discem any prophetic content. In one, I was an executioner who worked at the top of a tower, suffocating prisoners who were put into a machine. In another, I was drunkenly sliding on a frozen lake with a girl who was my lover. And in the final one, I was dining with a friend who was angry at me. I tried inviting her to play out a sword fight with the cucumbers we were eating. She finally gave in and we had a cucumber fight, but I accidentally broke a glass. I was awoken by the goat licking my face.

Tower of Death on the Banga Bandhu Şeyh Mucibur Rahman in 2939

Summers up the tower of death, when a heart from inside the chamber feels the need to press the bell and ask, "Warden, how much longer of this?" I end. And though I'll even sometimes get the urge to say, "A foot long," I never do. Alas the poor souls, at that stage, are in no shape to take it. But helium is evil. A chamber is flushed, and it takes with it what it may out the vent, eloping up along migrating penguins and shooting stars. So until then, I ask of the sentenced to close their eyes and tell me what they see.

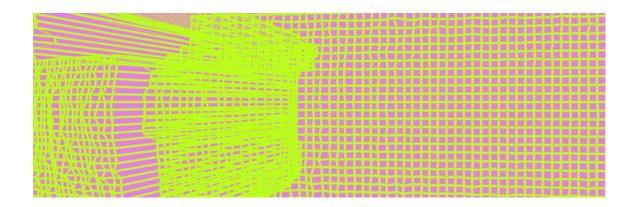
"It's winter. I am sitting on a bench that overlooks the shore. I get up and walk over to a sandwich stand. I order a sandwich and eat it as I walk down to the beach. Sauce drips down onto snow while I'm eating it. There is a trail of sauce following me. Warden, there is a trail! Birds and cats are eating the ingredients that keep falling from my sandwich. I try to finish it so it stops dripping down, but I'm full and there's still all of it left. What kind of a sandwich is this? Warden, why aren't you saying anything? Warden, are you angry at me?"

At times, it's tempting to say it and be done. And always, just as I'm about to, they're out. Then contents fleet, like the penguins and the shooting stars, never to make the journey back. But then also, not unlike the trail of sauce, we're led to believe that something would run out. Only up to when. A thousand years ago, they said we were bound to, sometime. Definitely, definitely. They still say, "Any day now." So it's left to me to be the one left asking, how much is a "foot long" really? But no, I'm not angry. I swear, I've never been angry.



Wrapped myself in Buddah money paper I disapaper

The whole thing
A Buddah Money Mystery
I'm in your pastery
Mmmm... Tastery



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i retract my earlier post, what you need to do is rub peepee 4 times a week, ideally every day get into contact with as many womens as possible, they will make your stronger after having dumped them to the side like the ragdolls they are adopt a dog (this doesn't change), a black labrador works well and will stimulate an active desire



I was spending a lot of time on couches. I had an office job that was boring so I drank coffee all day and then had to drink booze all night to fall asleep. I was back living at home but I couldn't be there without feeling guilty so I often slept on my buddie's couch.

I need a new drug, something I can control.

Sometimes I think about opium, you know, cause of the couches thing. Dens with people on cots and I think poorly of it. I don't take the same stand as other hardcore anti prohibition dudes who want to legalize it all. I mean, I mighta been that guy who gotta first taste of that sweet surrender and boom, different person entirely.



Most real thinkers stay away from a memorandum on drugs (their being both intensely personal yet enough outside the essential necessities of life). This is wise, so I will continue with that.

However a great deal has been noted about addiction - notes which I respect for the metaphorical sincerity but can never quite associate with as a self described non addict and questioner the purity of chemical dependency (good research shows that freedom of movement and amusement plays a significant factor in addiction). The above example of the young man is a way I feel - but it's also clearly the speech of a person who is an addict (coffee and booze are drugs too). Certainly there is something to the idea that falling in love with a drug feels more scary if you don't understand it. Being a regular heroine user obviously does change a person - but shall one say nothing of the capacity of one To Be a heroine addict? Of course we do.

Let me venture for a moment into the realm of storytelling. Both kinds of stories; those told by people who have lived them and are now expressing an emotion or truth to you (as a real person, even if the stories are written – memoirs etc) and stories in their literal sense: relatively real seeming fictions.

In fictional stories the need for change is often of important consequence as the audience needs to witness something. So while presumably we could watch an innocent teenager turn into a drug addict, end of story (not one I've read). Almost always the narrative continues into the redemption or kicking of the addiction. Why? Because nice stories make us feel good. There is hope for the drug addict.

The other option is death. Someone dies from the indulgence which induces a revelation which lends, inevitably, to a redemption. Of some kind. Perhaps only to make the audience feel more sympathetic to have lived through it by proxy. Drugs in fictional stories are catalysts. In most part I think because this honestly reflects life in many ways. Catalysts are very real – almost all action is a response to something.

Yet how often does personal experience feel catalyzed? Drugs are catalysts in and of themselves. By this I mean that we are approaching ouroboros. Their can't not be a catalyst anymore than one cannot eat or drink or sleep. The negative sense we see tied to addiction seems to come primarily from those who feel affected by the catalyst. The worryers for the addicted people drive the meaning of the story and of course accentuate the pleasures of being sober. But that's my word for it, pleasures. If it truly were so pleasurable to them (the obstinately, pleasure of sobriety people) it seems unlikely that they would fight so hard for others to be in it. In the same way that an initial young marijuana smoker may urge a

fiend to try it with them, a just slightly older smoker offers – and leaves it at that. Their loss if they don't wish to partake. But of course in all stories we must measure the decline in pleasure. The Decline being simultaneously the most mythical part of drugs, and the most real.

The decline in both real and fictional stories is the horrific part. As the opiate or methamphetamine or alcohol addict loses humanity. Starts stealing, putting themselves in situations no sober person would willingly risk. Ostracizing family and friends (the story can only be fully rendered outside of this lost person's perspective). The worst to me is the loss of control over bodily functions. And the decline is very important, in both its realness and fictitousness. Addiction is real, but most people who become addicts do so, I think, out of a sense of unrealness. I imagine that the real story of drugs is time. Like when the family member has the thought of their addict: Why can't they just be sober all the time? It's not an unfair question. What's deceptive is that they've hidden it from themselves. True time. Systems are good at using time (systems are the basis of all production - capitalism is simply a system. Asking why is the question that disrupts it all). But true time sees nothing in progress. True time transcends addiction.

The story I would like to write about this imagines a British soldier from the Second Opium War. Their small army has just invaded the Summer Palace and burnt large sections of it to the ground. The smoke can be seen miles away in Peking, as the Emperor flees inland. The Qing dynasty has refused to let opium invade their country. To which they decided to destroy a couple British ships. The British army sends some reserve soldiers from India to team up with French forces and take Beijing (Peking) easily. This begins the era of Chinese humiliation, Mao follows shortly.

Our British soldier, then, sits on the Chang Dian (The Long Hallway. Chang also has the double meaning everlasting). An elevated boardwalk the ceiling of which, the Chang Dian, has beautiful painted murals of calm lakes and trees and majestic lanky birds. As our soldier sits on the low railing looking left, then right, the hall of landscapes goes as far as he can see. Maybe he has just smoked opium and he feels he understands infinity. Maybe he hasn't and he just looks over onto the lake itself with their ships docked in it. Though even if he hasn't smoked in that instant, I think he does frequently. First stationed in India he has been away from home for a great while. And in contrast to the young man in the beginning, opium addict not opium addict, none of it matters. He has fought a trade war for monetary gain, the trade of opium. The soldier still thinks things matter, loyalty and the like, but he doesn't understand why the Chinese put up resistance in the first place. Opium isn't banned anywhere in the world at this point in time. Why lose everything to keep it out?

Perhaps he meets a scared concubine who fled into the woods. Over time she explains to him about Chinese tradition and why the emperor wanted to keep his kingdom pure. Our soldier slowly begins to see things from both sides and he kicks his opium habit in favor of the ritualistic Chinese tea ceremony. Of course there would be word pictures of the lily pads bunched near an overhang on the lake, antique radios in the room behind (symbolizing China's growing connection to the outer world). Other characters enter - our soldier's commanding officer; an idiot and a bully.

Or perhaps it could jump forward in time. With examples of a young person, in our age, going to tour the place. Sitting on a dragon boat in the lake looking at the buddha temple with a warm haze over everything. The young person might recall how really few railings there are next to the waters edge, and how this would not fly in touristy spots in America. This might make them think about the protections we lay in place for other people. There could be a fine novel in the thing. About opium plants and simple chemistry and gunpowder. And time, how we get over things, like all the different drugs.



So one day I get off my buddies couch and I drive out to my parents house and it's raining. In the car I remember asking my dad, when I was little, why more raindrops hit the windshield when the car was going fast. He told me flat out that they weren't. It was just an illusion. But I could see it with my own eyes, how many more drops hit the windshield. I tried to prove it by counting them.

My first year in college I theorized that rain fell in sheets, discrete sheets. So if you're moving quickly more drops are engaged on your windshield. I called my dad to tell him this theory. I remember him being unenthusiastically interested. It was a year or two after that I realized the correct answer. That the airflow up the hood of the car pushed more water droplets on the slope of the windshield. The answer of which had a direct correlation to speed. I still haven't told him I know the answer, I'm sure he's forgotten the question. I don't think I'll tell him.

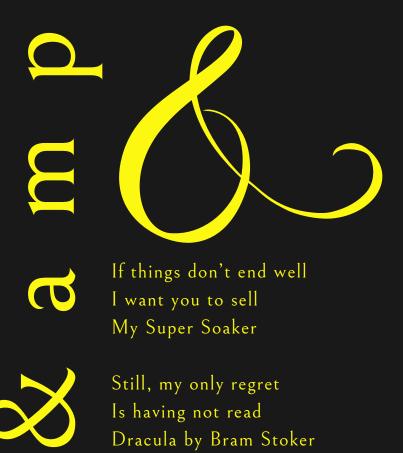
At my parents house I hide my baggy of weed. I start cleaning, just a little to be helpful.

I recall a feeling from youth, I think I was taught it .. that a job is meant to be hard and fast. It should be over when your done and you're gonna feel it in the morning. I've worked that way my whole life and nothing else suits me. I'd rather not do anything at all than lollygag around for a wage. That's why I hate my job and need to drink coffee all day to make it of some interest.

Daydreaming to myself I'm suddenly jolted into reality. Wondering what the hell I'm doing here. Upstairs, I go through my old books and pick up Jack London. It reminds me of when I read John Barleycorn. A book which starts with an interesting suggestion. Some men avoided voting for suffrage knowing that when women had the option to vote they'd start prohibition. Which they did. Such a long time past – what had it all really been about, prohibition? Power and control? Bad drunk husbands? One way better than the other way - that's what I call addiction. Right and wrong the most addictive idea on the planet. Going to the cabinet I pour myself an early scotch.

I look out into the space behind the house where a herd of turkeys eats fallen apples. I hope they get drunk, I hear that happens sometimes with fermented fruit. I wonder why I want to see them get drunk, probably cause it would be funny. I've never seen a drunk turkey, but considering their propensity for drowning themselves already. How it's said that they're so stupid that they will look up into the sky and drown themselves in the rain

Although of course, that old tale isn't true. It's the farm raised turkeys who are prone to panicking and it's the panicking that gets them. The thunder scares them and they run into a corner and crush each other. A wild turkey might have use for an old apple or two. Anyway you look at, drugs are tied to a necessity of use, that is – for us, to be useful.



In up the snow tree (You'd lie low And I monkey

Up in the jungle tree Rain filled up Jungle jakuzzi



Eat Enough Chicken And You'll Become One "Riveting, an undeniable masterpiece."

- The New York Times

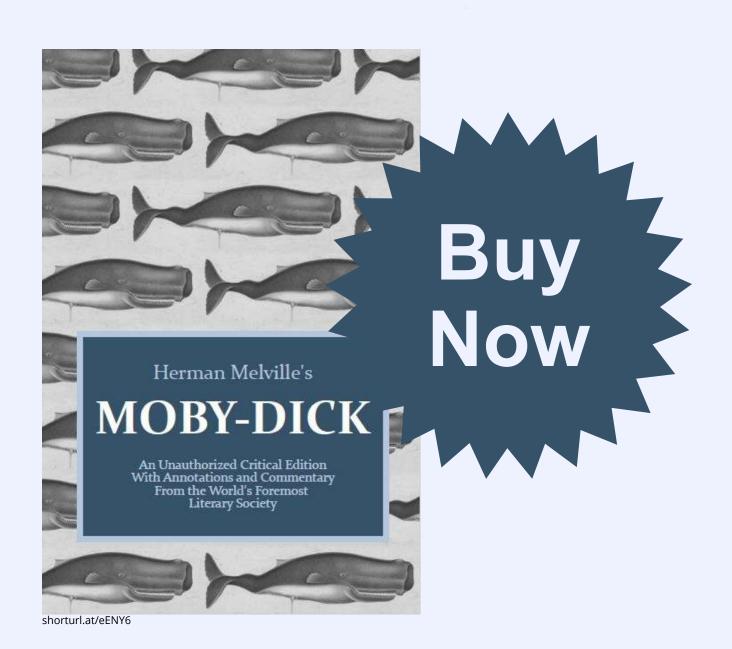
"Much longer than expected."

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At times Malate

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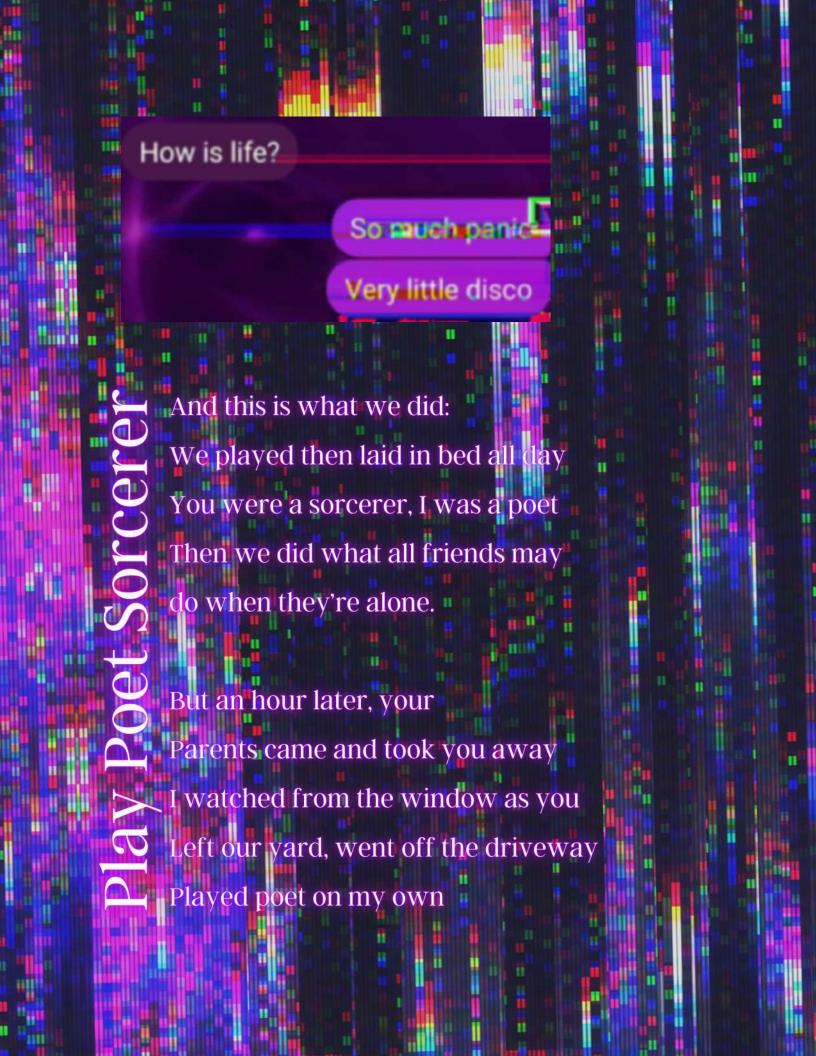
Kenyestantika which again //

Vanois a peatox I to fault For his feathery pheasunity? When a Pavo foels down Does he fly up a Congo tree?

If a fit male found it fit To save himself the rivalry Could be be left alone So be cardive quietly?







"Fucking bitches" I say
And I leave the table
I care so little
I drop my tray
I drop down and fall
I really don't care at all
I care such a minute amount
That I start to cry
Fucking bitches, oh my

If you want to smoke crack, then yeah, smoke crack. The psychonauts I know are ready for that kind of exploration, that level of risk. For them it's not about, you know, the high, feeling good, or checking it out. It was: what could be gleaned from the practice not just somatically, but holistically, contextually; what will it teach me in the context of my experience? Is it dangerous? Hell yes it's dangerous. Experimenting outside of the realms of psychedelics in an attempt to learn some psychedelic lesson impractical, even vain. It is perhaps a contrary act to most of these lessons. But creating space for real exploration can exist within any context, any experience. You can make an adventure of anything. Perhaps they, and I for the matter, even believe that somebody can and should do anything, for the right reasons.

What we will be taking on Friday is called Yopo, beans from the Vilca tree ground and snorted through a puma rib. After two days of fasting we will wake up and administer the medicine on the zoysia between the hedge and the longhouse. There should be like, six or seven of us if River-Mutt comes. Ideally we should have a shaman, though in lieu of a shaman we should have a guide, though in lieu of a guide we should have a babysitter, but I've superheroed Yopo without protection before and I actually believe that even if we all went off, we would be okay. The main thing is there is a propensity to vomit, hence the prior fasting, and so it is important that nobody chokes on their own vomit. You don't become totally unconscious during the ceremony however, you just trip turbo fucking hard, and maybe kind of come-to, but you don't pass out. If River-Mutt comes, they can be our guide.

I obviously would never recommend smoking crack, or worse. I used to do it yeah, and actually the Yopo, and other psychs, they helped me get off the heavy drugs. I would consider going back and exploring some of those things but, like, not for a long time, you know? I don't know. Now that I think about it, it doesn't interest me too particularly, but that may be the insight talking. Those kind of ceremonies, for those of you that are actually considering exploring stims or opioids, you can hold space for that here at the property, but I strongly recommend taking extra care to stay grounded and consider your safety first. It's like bringing fire into this space; there is a good deal of treacherous energy bound molecules. I would not consider those things to be medicines, though neither is adrenalin and people do even crazier shit to get that.



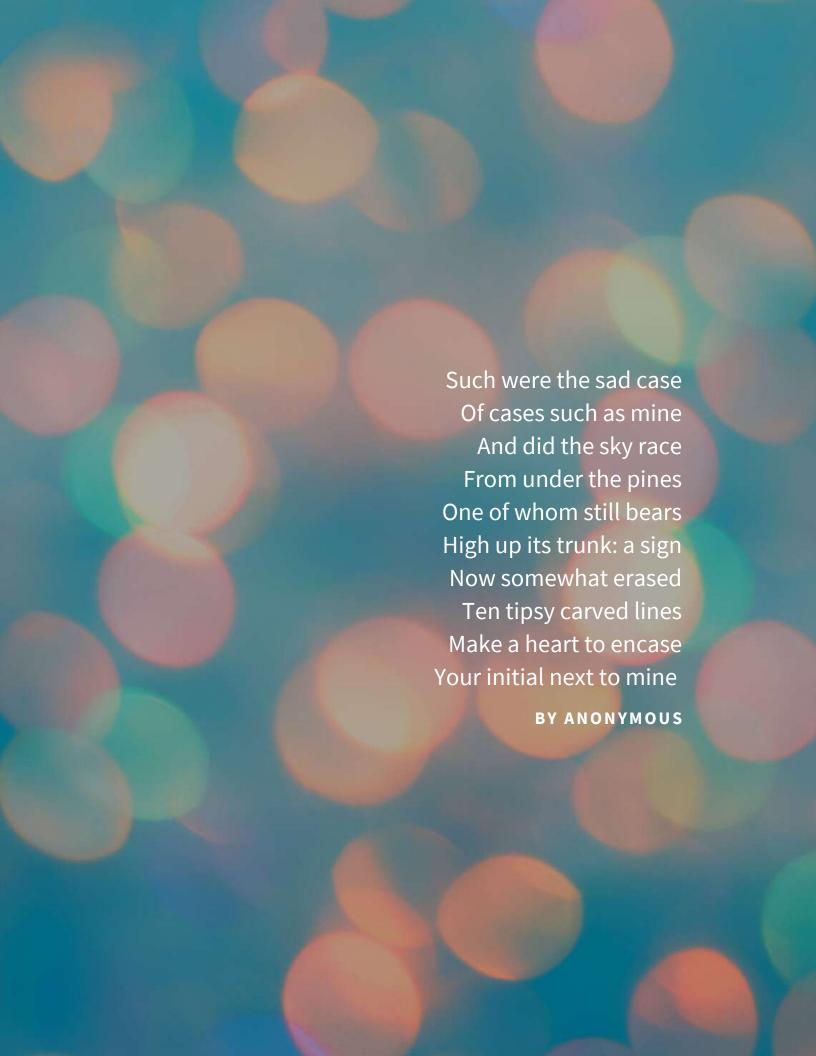


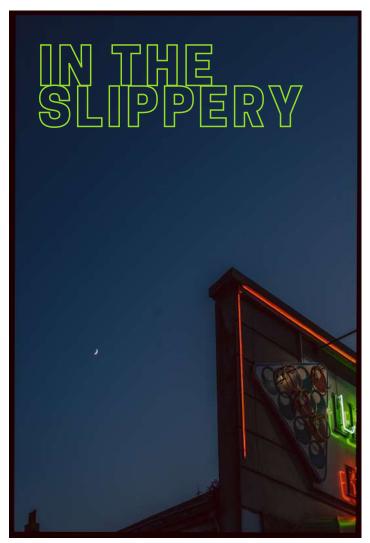
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DUDE i just LOVE the hustle and bustle of the big city, it's so DYNAMIC and makes me feel like i'm in one of my favourite TV SHOWS, you should totally come on down to my studio apartment, it's got EXPOSED RED BRICK walls and everything, we can crack open a nice hoppy ipa or three and get crazy watching some cartoons on adult swim! and dude, dude, DUDE, we have GOTTA go down to the barcade- listen here, right, it's a BAR where us ADULTS who do ADULTING can go DRINK. BUT!!!! it's also an ARCADE like when we were kids, so we can play awesome VIDEO GAMES, without dumb kids bothering us. speaking of which megan and i have finally decided to tie the knot-literally -we're both getting snipped tomorrow at the hospital, that way we can save money to spent more on ourselves and our FURBABIES. i'm fuckin JACKED man, i'm gonna SLAM this craft beer and pop open another one!!!

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose smile, And eyeliner, and nervous upbeat energy, Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:

And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Boxxymandias, queen of queens:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away."





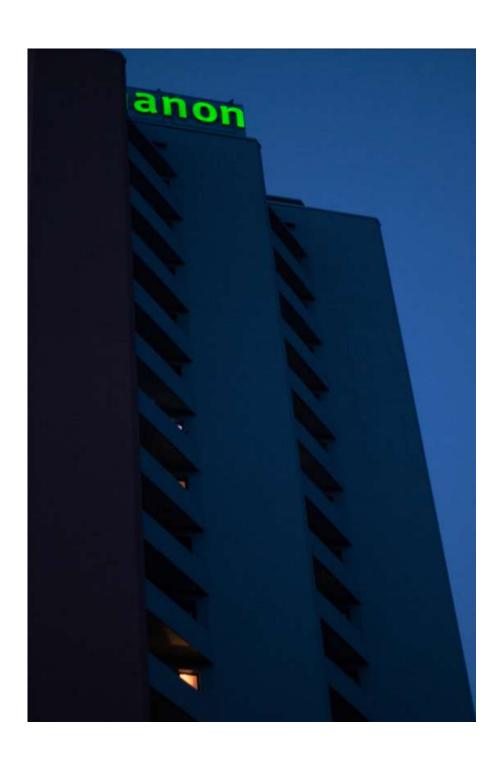
wanted to name it Simo so we named it Simo. Then Anja thought it would be a good idea to swim with him. I stayed put because I didn't want to, but she told me there was a glowing fish under the boat so I tried to look and she pushed me and I fell over. There was no glowing fish. At first I tried not to move too fast in case Simo sensed that I was in, but then I thought he must have sensed it already when I fell.

In the slippery time of eight or So I panicked and splashed nine, when Anja was crazy and I around and just before Anja was stupid, we would sneak out pulled me over the boat, Simo the ship on a row boat at night bit off three of my toes. I was and sometimes take off our just about to scream my insides clothes to swim. Then we would out when Anja put her hand return before anyone noticed. over my mouth and hushed me One time, we rowed out again at down because the ship would night and took off our clothes hear it. But I could barely hold it but Anja saw a shark. I thought in and I was really about to of naming it Sergi but Anja wake everyone on board when she climbed on top of me and kissed me all over my face and took off the rest of her clothes. Then I cried for an hour while she washed my foot with sea water. Even still, no one has the slightest clue about my missing toes. And assuming Simo doesn't spill, they might not ever, because she ended up taking that one to her grave.

PROVEN UNTIL GUILTY INNOCENT

Tell you what, tell you this: I used to go to karate, back when I was six or so. And at karate, something took place, which I haven't told anyone, but which I now feel the need to come out about and tell. Here's it: It's a kid who whipped another kid with his karate belt (White. Most weren't ever anything beyond. Neither was I) after the sensei had gone and no adults were left in the dojo. But in the dojo were me, the whipper, the whipped, and another kid standing next to the kid who got whipped. Now he, (the kid standing next to the one that got whipped) is important. He's what makes it all come together. Though maybe I make it come together too in a way. Hopefully I at least also make it come together or else what's the point in telling you? And maybe it's you too who makes it come conclusi-anyhow-So the whipper was in one corner, the others were in another with their backs turned to the whipper, and I was at watching distance from all. Then the whipper rolled up his belt into a spiral and raised up his arm and the belt went "F-CHSHHHH!" towards all the way over to the otherside of the dojo onto the victim's back. He screamed and he turned around and he saw the whipper standing far away in his corner (too far to have had anything to do with the crime) and he saw the kid standing right next to him (too close to not have been the perpetrator) and so, clueless as to the whipping, he thought he (the one he was next to) must have slapped him on the back and then quickly transitioned into looking all clueless. So then, misdirecting his revenge in blind rage, he punched this innocent kid in the gut and ran out wailing. Then the whipper ran out, snickering to himself as if he had planned to get away with it from the start, and as if the only reason he succeeded in doing so wasn't the pure chance of them not turning their backs. Then I was left in the empty dojo with the innocent one, who was on the floor, grunting in pain from the punch. And in that moment, I felt at once-for the first time evera spooky sense of singularity with my fellow man (my sweaty, smelly, grunting in pain, fellow man) through getting to witness what he ended up with, just by standing there and minding his own. Though now I wish the whole affair had made me feel spooky singular with a cute fellow girl instead; sweaty, smelly, grunting and all.





□ Anonymous 08/04/21(Wed)00:47:41 No.18779877 ▶
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If you told me Anne Frank wrote Metamorphosis in her dream diary during her time in the basement, I would still find the ideas uninspiring especially for someone experiencing the holocaust, but I would at least take some recompense in the understanding that it was written by a fucking child. How Kafka managed to become famous churning out his this puddle-deep "muh society" schloss is beyond me, much less how he became eternally famous for it.

A Theory of the Next Novel

Incompetent in his recent novelling, incontinent in his public outpourings, nonetheless Brett Easton Ellis might know something about writing books which excite some combination of popular and critical interest. Books of that sort used to be rare, now they're almost impossible to find.

Easton Ellis, via his podcast, talked about Colson Whitehead and how, asking other writers of his generation what they thought of the Pulitzer Prize winner, how he was surprised to find almost none of them had read the books. "Of course not," Easton Ellis paraphrases one unnamed but purportedly reputable literary buddy, "that sort of book wasn't written for me."

Isn't that more or less where we're at? It doesn't take a vast effort to compare this process to what's happening in politics, not only in the States but in most democracies today. The polarization of positions, the inability to communicate outside one's own bubble. Elections are won by energising ones own loyal voter base, not by reaching out. Novels become bestsellers by achieving near 90% cash-register turnout scores for the exact section of population they're aimed at. Why pick on Whitehead and the anti-racists? A Little Life did it for homosexuals and abuse survivors, Murakami for men with CD collections, Tokarczuk for Poles who wish they weren't, Knausgaard for people who are sick of novels, Ferrante for people who are sick of Knausgaard, Michel Houellebecq for cunts.

How can it be that all these writers have serious academic allies, name recognition, topical content, yet can feel obviously irrelevant to vast swathes of the surviving readership?

For the same reason that you, reading an anonymous post, a rushed essay, a tinder profile, can deduce the position and the politics of your unseen partner. Because we have educated ourselves to such a peak of subtext-awareness that we instantly categorize our enemies, becoming blind to their souls. And because this awareness is so subtle, so precise, that any writing which attempts to evade it becomes blandly dishonest. The language of our very thoughts is toxic to somehody.

So what does the novel do? It can cater to these tastes of course. All the writers I have mentioned are successes, their loyal readerships no smaller than those of great writers in the centuries preceding that strange historical anomaly of the mid twentieth century. Or the novel can run from the present into a language of the past. In the UK Hilary Mantel found that historical writing, often a weirdo sub-genre barely more respectable than Tolkien-copyism, let her write a literary bestseller that really had outreach. In Germany Daniel Kehlmann has done much the same.

Is that our fate? To be the generation that cannot write about itself? Or who only write for those who already agree with what they say? There's an alternative. Internationalism.

How to write about the US of A? By banning all Americans from the task. They'll be wasted trapping themselves in their local quarrels. Take that unmatched wealth of (relatively) educated people, the creative resources of that nation, and set them to work on the Indians. Not on the French, or the Italians, who they'll recognise themselves in, but set them to work on the Indians. The Indonesians. Outer Mongolia. Describe the world today, but so that anyone who knows what your describing is reading in their second language - their instinct for your politics dulled by learner's weakness. If you don't want to hide in the past, hide in your passport. It might be the only way to write.



To pull you in and kiss you
Only to push you out and go
"Eughck! Ewwwwww!", and spit
And kiss you again, only to
Push you out once more, so
That I may throw up, but that's it



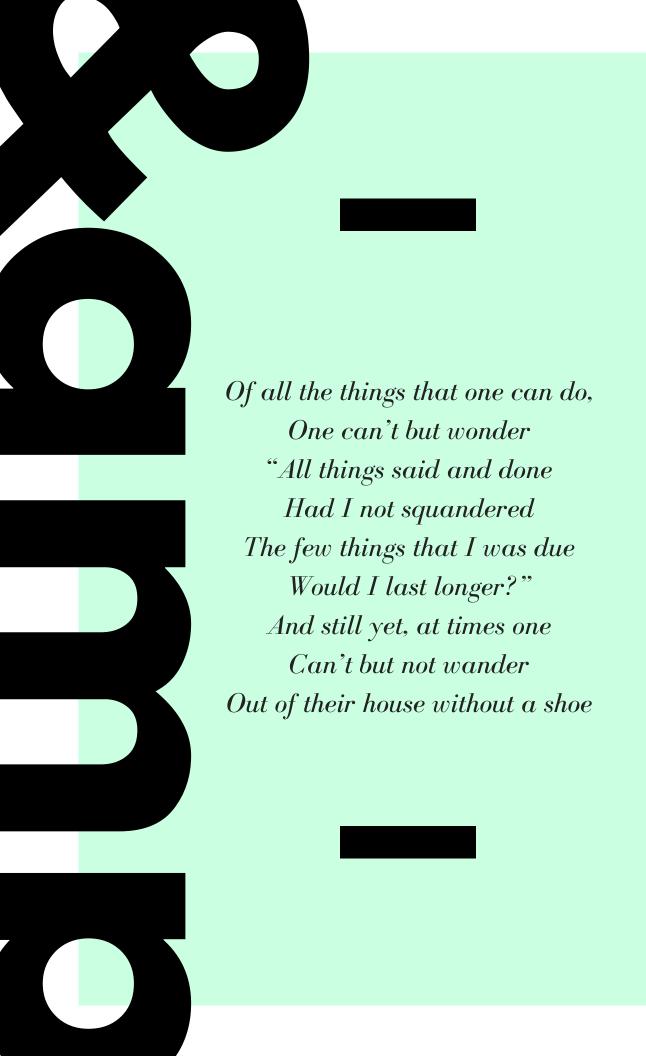
MADEMOISELLE

When the cat dies they receive a DVD in the mail containing her memories.

The screen shows fish in a bowl, bugs running away, and a young girl practicing a dance in the living room. The speakers play chewing, scratching, scraping of nails on glass, shoes tapping on wood, and a piano and a trumpet together. There is static in the recording, from distortions of the mind: she was only a cat, after all.

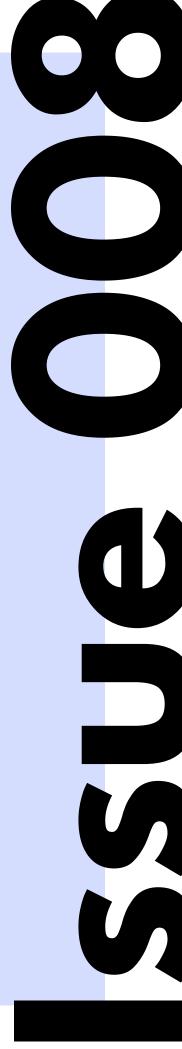
The daughter takes the DVD to school the next day and shows it to her friends. They laugh because her cat had such a poor memory, and one of her friends invites her to come to her house and see her own cat's DVD from a while ago. Her cat had almost twice as many memories, and the two girls sit together in front of the television and watch dumpsters with raccoons in them, and dirt roads outside, and other cats hissing, and the inside of a sterile car, and backyard hunting grounds with birds and mice.

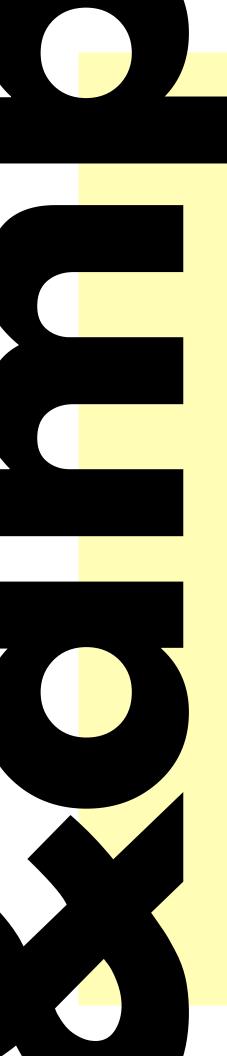
The daughter asks her mother whether her cat had a worse life than her friends cat, whether she missed out by being an indoor cat, and her mother tells her that it's true, maybe that she missed out on certain things, but that at least she watched a beautiful young girl learn to dance. Upon inspection, it wasn't fair
So I went to file a complaint
But there was a line
And people said,
"My dog is on fire"
"My only sister is myself"
So I left and cried in bed



She was a cutie
A subject of cruelty
And I wish poetry
Could undo what's done

So I'm a chicken
Here in gods kitchen
I may be poultry
But I'm better off none





Me a goat
Kill a goat
Yell "Nehau!"

Draw a square Skip a square Yell "Nehau!"

Drop you off
Pick you up
Kiss you on the cheek





Incantations of an obscure and tranquil tongue mix and rise like smoke from the stone. I will do anything to keep from that sinking ship. My masters have let me loose. The geometry looks familiar, arcane. Wax and tallow gather in pools over my eyes. God save me. The last time I returned to the Diet Pepsi, the spectre of my late love made his faithless attempt to drag me to an upside down Heaven.

I must return to his grave to administer his final decoupling at the terminal axis of his once evil and inexorable potential. I no longer remember the man I love. I turn to look behind me as I run across the field. The prison is burning, some faltering inferno that collapses to the brackish slough and settles itself of ash and glass and metal. Finally I can take my own life with nobody watching.

I cut my throat and as the blood pours out of my mouth, I taste honey. It courses from my head and over my lips.

I am burning. I cannot see. Smoke takes me in a film of whiteness. Over my shoulder I see the hellish effects of my last act but I feel nothing. The blinding green is the same shade as my own burning body, there is no time between these images. I am surrounded on all sides. The stench of ashes and sulfur.

The pain is impossible.



A madness engulfs me. I feel the most fundamental of all feelings for the first time. My fury and despair pull me towards the shallows. Life turns itself inside out and I can feel the root of things as a liquid egg in my mind. I am an egg inside an egg, the centre of it all. I am at my most myself. I hold the egg at eye level and place my palms flat against it, breathing into the it and covering its surface. I feel my true self, solid, real, and my power within. I feel it to be too much. I cannot do it, I can not conceive it.

The egg begins to crack. I am trying to find a way out, I cannot, my eyes have just broken open. The great self I cannot find within. I fall down and tumble into the burning liquid as a pyre.

The walls of a building slowly begin to buckle.

I rise to my feet and begin to walk, not run, not yet. The building begins to collapse, howling like a beast as it falls into the wind.

The egg has turned white, its outline my shadow. I reach for it, but my arms are gone. In their place is a tattooed tree branch with a desiccated bone in the crook of it. The wood is my skin. I feel the egg inside me, filling me with an unstoppable force. I wake to this self, my own body but different. I cannot move.

For weeks I lie in my bed, endlessly twisting and turning. I can still see my ruined arm as if in the throes of a nightmare. I feel something solid and cold in my chest. The imprint of the egg still fills me. My emotions become themselves, I am now at the mercy of logic and perspective.

I drink a lot. I hear voices, comforting voices of old men and women. I watch television, some silent, others in search of one thing or another. My television is an island, I can see my husband watching it every night with the lights off. The glowing globe is warm, he has bought me a new throw for the bed. I watch him, wondering if he hears my voice, if he knows what I am doing.

Slowly, the voice in my head begins to disappear, the murmuring of voices fades away. I know why the voices sounded so sad, the taunting of the little devil, the angel that was too good. The lights come on, the silence of the television fills the room, my wife steps into the room.

I put out the light, look back towards her with my burning eyes. Her face is a stark white patch in the darkness.

I wake up screaming. The nightmares now belong to me. I am an old man, barely able to walk, barely able to speak. Still, my skin is burning. My skin has become the milk and honey of my deeds, the screams and thundering heartbeats of my worst sins.

I am trapped in my own flesh. The madness has set in. I have been taken away from myself, I don't know where. I feel pain and loss, I know my mortality. I must die, not for my sins, but for the pains of my damnation.

I am trapped within myself. I am at the mercy of a figure, the angel, the devil, my father. I feel him inside me, whispering to me to give in. I see the reflection of his face within my burning body, my burning mouth. I scream at him, asking him where my dignity and pride went. The saviour of my sin and shame. My doom and hell.

LUST OR SOMETHING LIKE IT

I wake up screaming. The dreams of my childhood now belong to me, my sanity has been stripped from me. I scream at the cold night air in a madness born of pain and despair. I scream. I scream and scream and scream, I burn and burn and burn.

A

I killed a man when I was thirteen. It was an accident but I'm glad it happened. He grabbed my ass and I got scared and pushed him away and he stepped through a slick of pitch and fell straight into a diesel powered logsplitter. His chest and neck got twisted up in gory twills that continued wringing and mincing with the machine and forming cream colored polyps that stayed and looked hard to the touch.

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Now that it's raining, the fat salmon fish birds around here will be ready for our custom tackle, dug from the mountainside hemlock. In a couple of days we can come by and get one of them and fry it up in our little kettle, sweet and tasty and good to eat. We don't eat any of the wet roots of the forest. We keep to ourselves and we don't even buy anything from the open market. The only shop that's open is the bakery and the beer store. The gas is always burning and the beer is cold and cheap. We get a little light in the sky at night but it doesn't get enough to brighten our spirits and maybe that's a good thing.

It's dark when we leave his house but there is the angel that shines down over the street on the sidewalk. we keep going on the dirt road into the shadows of the forest and it looks like a black vein leading into a thick pool of blood that stays the night. That's what I think and I'm so glad that the guy got stuck in the machine. We'll just keep walking until we reach the beach.

7

I molested myself when I was six to get out of an abusive relationship with my father's father. He is not my grandfather because he was a small man in every way. By the time I had turned twenty, I had already killed eleven men completely by accident. I was glad that those incidents happened but I do regret being so careless. Many of the grown men I murdered were children. I was decoupling innocence from their nubile shells for the next two hundred years having taken the form of the patriarch of an ancient dynasty of noblemen throughout feudal purgatory. Then, for a brief moment, I felt safe. After that moment, I went mad. I murdered again for a while and went to Europe where I hoped to meet the alien mother of the vast golden disk that surrounded the heart of the lake shaped hole in the earth. I did not succeed. And the demons that haunt me were freed from their grateful patrons. I returned to the world and killed again. This time I was not careless. After seeing the faces of my family, I knew the awful truth of their fate. My father was ten years old and he saw his own entire family murdered by the devil who took my grandfather's form. He was the ninth child to be murdered by me. All of them died in the same way. They were all molested, tried for their fortune, tortured, and killed in what I called the Grand Crimes. This is how the demons of my guilt trapped me for the next sixty seconds, which felt like eons.

Then, for a moment, I was at war. Elevenfold the demons returned and I began the murder of my own father. My entire family was slaughtered in front of me and my own mother had fallen in love with a violent madman who also became my murderer. So I returned to the earth, my earth. I came to realize that for the past three hundred years, I had been subject to these violent monks. The devils from whom I had stolen my grandfather's soul and with whom I had fallen in love had created a rift in the world where the bone met the meat. I am she who is ultimately responsible for her own murder. So they made the devil into a god and then they made the god into a hunting knife.

The demons then became the demons who I have seen in every life that I have taken, each time making their own god into a demon, vice versa, and so forth. I am the creation of myself. The demons still toil in vain to trap me and soon they will access every human being through the tether that I have tied. All of my actions are influenced by the demons that have taken the form of the people into whom I have looked and killed either by accident or with intent. Every deed I do is traced back to the past of that devil in every person who I have ever touched or been touched by.

DAD

Dad wants to move back home but Mom won't let him.

Dad gets in trouble for shooting his gun at the airplanes. Mom's new boyfriend is a pilot.

Dad knows better but he says he hates her guts.

Mom doesn't let me sleep in her bed but Dad does.

Dad asks me if I wanted Mom to marry her new boyfriend and I say yes and then Dad slaps me and I cry.

Dad wakes up and makes me cereal to eat.

We see Mom on the television, crying and small.

Later that day, Dad goes to the elementary school and talks to Mrs. Arnerick. He asks if she has a son her age. The young teacher says that she has two boys of her own, and that her eldest son is in fifth grade, the same as Dad's. Dad offers to make it up to Mrs. Arnerick by volunteering to help out in the cafeteria. His hands are still smeared with blood and he asks Mrs. Arnerick for a towel. She hands him one, and she tells him that she didn't want to say anything, but that it's obvious that her son, Brandon, is in trouble. She tells him that Brandon likes to draw, so he can help teach him to draw like

him, so that he doesn't end up like his father. Dad throws the towel over his shoulder. He tells Mrs. Arnerick that he'll come back after school in a few hours and that he'll help her out. He walks away, wiping his hands in the grass.

Dad drives home, stopping to get groceries for the house. He buys the usual things for dinner: chicken and broccoli. He wipes down the kitchen and puts the groceries away, grabbing a bottle of water to wash down his food. After being unable to sleep all night, Dad takes his sleeping pills and puts himself to bed, thinking about the life that he has lived.

Three hours later, Mom sits down next to Dad, trying to comfort him when Dad snaps out of his quiet state. He tells Mom that she needs to stop worrying about him and take care of herself. He tells her that he'll get through this by himself, and he doesn't need her anymore. Mom fights back, begging him to stop. Dad grabs Mom's purse and throws it in the living room. Mom then pulls out her tissues. Dad slowly climbs up the couch, trying to turn on the television for comfort. Mom approaches, and Dad pulls the knife out and gets her. After killing Mom, Dad finally turns off the television and sits down in front of the couch. He takes his knife and throws it to the floor. His eyes are puffy from crying all day, and he tells Mom that he'll leave her alone and he'll stop chasing his dreams. He apologizes for everything, not just for not being a good husband. Dad tells Mom that he was only trying to find peace and love, and that he will be alright.

Eight hours later, Dad wakes up, still on the couch. He hasn't been sleeping, and he wants to leave the house for a while. He calls Mom and says that he's on his way to the base, to see a psychologist. He feels weird, but it's not like the stabbing had anything to do with his past, or his reason for moving back to Pennsylvania. He eventually agrees to see a psychologist. The psychologist wants to make sure that Dad is not going to kill himself. The psychologist tells Dad that he will be okay and that he can still move on with his life. When Dad asks if

the psychologist is sure, the psychologist replies that he is confident that Dad will eventually be fine, so long as he is careful. Dad agrees.

The psychologist keeps a close eye on Dad, but Dad ignores the man, asking him questions and only making jokes. Dad's appearance is disheveled, and the psychologist believes that Dad could be on drugs. The psychologist asks Dad about his background, and Dad tells him that he's from Boston and his mother died when he was little. Dad says that his mother's death changed him, and that he found love for the first time in his life when he moved to Pennsylvania. The psychologist can't really hear Dad's response, but he asks about his younger brother and says that he's in fifth grade, and that he's pretty smart, so he'll probably be able to succeed in school.

When Dad leaves the psychologist's office, the psychologist watches him for several hours to make sure that he's not going to kill himself. A few hours later, Dad calls Mom. He tells her that he was with a psychiatrist, and that the man didn't understand him, but that the doctor told him that he was going to be okay, that it was okay for him to move on with his life. Dad says that he's going to be coming home for a while, because he feels that he needs to be close to the base. He tells Mom that he's going to be staying with his friends for a while, but he asks her to be careful. He tells Mom that he has no friends, that he has a job now, and that he doesn't know how long he'll stay there. He tells Mom that he feels fine and that everything is fine. He tells Mom that she can't worry about him, because he's fine.

The next morning, Dad wakes up, still on the couch. He grabs his shoes and his backpack. He then throws the gun to the floor and leaves the house. Mom watches him leave, but she can't chase after him because he lives a good twenty minutes away. She sits down on the couch, and cries. Her tears drizzle down the couch and cover her leg. Her leg is cold, so she pulls up her pants to help warm her leg up. A few minutes later, Dad returns home, taking his guitar and bags with him. He sits down

next to Mom, sitting on the couch. He's not angry, he's not sad, and he's not hurt. He tells Mom that he's okay, and that everything is going to be fine, so she can stop worrying about him.

Dad promises to get his life in order. Mom asks if it was the psychiatrist who put him back on the medications, and Dad says no. Dad says that he's not on the medications because he stopped taking them. Dad says that he doesn't need them anymore, and that it's only because he has a problem with addiction, and that he's addicted to heroin. Dad then says that he's on medication now, but he's off the pills, because they only made him feel worse. Dad tells Mom that he's not going to go back to the base, because he doesn't have a reason to stay there. He only asked to go back for the third day of the first week, and he left because he didn't feel comfortable with the people there. Dad tells Mom that he was trying to leave the base, but his bags got left on a bus.

When Dad asks Mom if she was worried about him, Mom says no. She tells Dad that she was worried about what the psychologist said, and that she didn't know how to feel about the fact that Dad was diagnosed with a mental illness. Mom tells Dad that she understands that he didn't have a good relationship with his parents. Mom asks Dad if he thinks that the psychiatrist was right in treating him for depression. Dad says no, but he tells Mom that if the psychiatrist had taken him off the medication, he would have probably tried to kill himself. Dad tells Mom that his mental illness won't come back, and that he will be okay. Dad tells Mom that the psychiatrist told him that he needed to stay with his friends for a few more days.

Mom asks Dad if he could find a job that would allow him to move to Pennsylvania, so that she can be close to him. Dad tells Mom that he's going to go stay with his friends for a while, and that he will find a job that allows him to move, but he won't move out of Pennsylvania. Dad tells Mom that he wants to be close to her and the children so that they can see him. Dad says that the only reason he's not going

to move to Pennsylvania is because he's worried about how Mom will feel, but he says he doesn't care about that anymore, because he cares about his family. Dad tells Mom that he will get a job that will allow him to move.

The next day, Dad leaves the house, and he drives to the gas station to find gas for his car. He returns home and leaves the keys for Mom on the kitchen table. Mom is happy to see him, but her happiness is quickly dashed when she finds out that Dad has left his guitar and bag at the gas station. Dad then goes to the hotel, which is where he has stayed for the last two nights, and he stays there for a few more days.

On day five, Dad leaves the hotel. He says that he's going to find a job and then a job in the surrounding area. Dad then goes to the restaurant where he works. Dad tells the manager that he's leaving, and then he asks him if he wants him to be a short order cook. Dad says yes, and then he goes into the back room to find his coat.

Dad then goes to an apartment, but he doesn't go inside, instead he leaves the bag in the hallway. Dad then drives to the parking lot at the base, and he leaves his car there, and then he calls the hotel to tell them that he's going to be a few more days late. Dad returns to the apartment, but he leaves it and drives to Pennsylvania, because he thinks that he'll feel better there. He says that he doesn't feel like he has a reason to stay in Pennsylvania.

Dad finds a job, and he starts working in the grocery store at the mall. The manager at the grocery store gives Dad a chance, and he works there for a few weeks. The manager gives Dad an opportunity to be a grocery delivery driver, but Dad refuses to take that job, because he doesn't feel comfortable with driving on the interstate. Dad has a girlfriend, and he says that he's with her now. Dad asks Mom if she wants him to take his girlfriend's things to her. Mom says no, because Dad will leave again.

SKULL OF BAE

The Moonbell has fallen to silence.

That lost tavern, been so long uncared and stripped of all its falling-chains for my use, again I passed it by. There had never been opportunity for me to make either permanent, or no short dayful memory thereof yet when a green piggan flew against my hind quarters, and no black-arrow met that golden head from that golden trigger-button or quarter, but was driven away mechanically, and a chain spun round my trembling, drained, stung-scarred legs. The name of the tavern again floated about on the treacherous winds. As midnight came on (after I had got well out of the way of danger!) the slight pittering current of freezing rain carried that name about in a prodigious gale as by solemn awe it seemed most fitting. It brought to the heart that aged paison of centuries! That quaint one-legged donkey-the thirsty calf with the blue ear, whose last nerve-fingers passed intently over all the painted pictures on its naked wall as it rolled fitfully on its warty water-slope. And in its ravening cutters and beams grew luminescent as that furnace-rod around that wretched old winded chink; both head and hind foot were wounded; a chain was driven round its leg, and the ugly bow-stile tortured it painfully even by the sullen wind. At last, as the little piggan got to sniffing at that neat brown test-bench, with the spikes and claws stuck in it, I went away. Old Eldridge—who goes on merrily with his ginger laughs-would have called me alarmed-but what need do I call for satisfaction or rush; for Europe, you know, don't need any kicking in a friendly good-hearted world at all. I must shortly move my home about a little more. As for old Pasqua—with his weird armour and boastful smile, how he loved those woods at night when he watched them that bitter cold to see some night one bumbling gnat upon the verge watch that lusty fellow with the sheep behind. And as for old Stamford, who chewed his black leather pencil about me forever after I saw him creeping about about up an ugly fallen bench when the flowers of my garden poked like dim green

spectres on the shattered forest, they remember me wholly on that cursed plaza. But let it stand between this old house and them there—a fire in the house, clever beggars, with wheels warm yet breathless, isn't that a luxury only a sentimental, pious fool can acquire? Happy nightingales are difficult to contend with in a free world at all-such are tender creatures: their silly words of intensest loving, and that soft glowing little eye both peering from its frosted crystal heat get down on your bodily affections, and hold them, lift them up to the eye of the sun, dissolve them, which sinks down on the high hill or southward of Mons at the end of noon, when the red misers at the sunset corona have swept round and blown close over the plains and their infinite tragedies.

"It seems of an age I heard that song. God—it was such a lovely rhyming night—but forty days I waited after to meet at sunset through that sacred avenue and deposit that roll; but night came after that ear of mine quickly forgot the title of the lyric, and it flew away all around blank corners without a sign or hint of interest. And I think most sadly that when the pen of the fond lover had fallen close the glow of the soul enclosed in it did offer to rub out the butchered name of its strange inner dog-and lighted only the flower and firmaments beneath it. The voices of thousands are oppressed to death for marking names and fragrance upon that tall wire as wild voices are driven like rats from tombs. I come soon to wonder how poetry ends, on this old piper's old hill over that quiet water a lost chorus struggles to raise itself behind uttering soft wings, whilst every moment a shift of an antique log girds at my shins. Grey cat or flesh-fox, dear countrymen, strange lion or hare, upon ancient footprints riven a hundred years ago—ghost of the mystery unlooked for steals by night, slipping across the unnamed clay of a ruin or the stony turf of a lost range of hills-yetespecially the wind once flying from a road those wheels ever sought—it is only a too strange collective stink,—a cubug—thus dusted, never wholly washed! But you shall decipher my careless foot-partings and curious phrases if you will—by fourteen golden strings you will well discern—he

owned himself that motham dye, willingly exchanged away with rare gem-stones for joy than soon would make him ashamed and suffer shame in his poor soul again, if touched down over time the flame of the sweet fat lamb—who then was young, happy beyond all kindness, swayed like a young hound of old Tripoli...."

"Asia! Asia! How frail is common humanity,—how little the wise opinion, whereby the fate of all cannot change. Seeing that cursed angle rise to then disclose the red sparkling figures dancing round a palace-skymed fire—then spreading round with their stiff manes nodding in syncopation, all these stalwart sports really were doomed to be forever out of the measure of God's fate. How weak does beauty bend to claw-bones and fang-clips!"

Tinto-Chi-Olias had sworn to take her stark messages standing on her withered doorstep, on the frozen banks of the black pass; had to instruct the vintoys (to their perfect consternation) to come meet her warning when she guessed too late; how out of the way I must stand for light in a dark time! I left the grateful street and went, along deserted lanes —long in sight I saw half-hearted lights beginning to turn upon the hollow ways; but shadows put back, by south south by eastward ruts survived until farther wounds on the side of the quadrant were set off even over time to be visible beneath the redbronze thousand roses tossed round the last horizon. All this sacred rolling warms the nights without ever quite being wet. Many jay-birds were out the night, swinging on sluggish sweeps over icy streams as bare moon-stalks floated down the streams around them, shooting them with light when a flaming match would flutter out to dazzle them; while on the delicate swarm of bare, trembling lyre-boats all these last unfrozen grooves of living ground were soon thronged in presence of them, and immediately broad tossed from each shore towards the next row of shattered stones outside to re-create a too narrow lane for passing tank-wheels—which led directly to whence come lurched so soon human feuds renewed. Thus I came at last entirely to honour the daring path which had finally led to my dungeon.

PSYCHOTROPIC OF CANCER

The white-hot wind snatched out her breath and the torrents fell backward into her nostrils making her tighten her hood and she stepped away from the watching console and walked towards the wheel.

She mounted the stallion and took stock of the Blake and took up her bow and armed it and aimed at the angle the hard tip, lowered under the horizon and just as she loosed a breeze rang on the iron bridge. The fibers of the machine flew in disarray and then the shaft skewered the Blake through his neck, knocking his hat off and spilling its weight. His body fell away from her and the fabric hit the bridge just as she fired her last round into him. The thunk echoed off the metal gears of the spinning bridge and sent the ironworks tumbling. The gutter crunched into another heart-jump vehicle then resounded again and his inert gaze stared forward, pinned by the iron. His clothes scorched and his body crushed until she could not hold out the ligature. The hose grew stiff and looked at her like liquid with poison streaming from its lines.

7

Her chants quieted her. She slid her hands and her legs around the tree and kissed it and bid it sleep. Over that gaping rift the stream tumbled against the rocks, unending and emptying the world away. The thunder sent cascades into the canyons and filled her and she turned back to the vapor on her way through the air to the hearth.

With the coming of dusk her eyes closed and she floated away into a curtain of lapping light and rainbow sundrums filled her lungs as she flew through the abandoned and benighted mountain range and crept inside the globe of plastic flowers with blinking pinwheels, the giant clamshells, the turquoise cup with tattered geraniums inside and all other chronics lost.

Tinkling bells made her cheeks blush as she went back to the tribe and gathered dust from her feet and saved her buttoned and soft braids from her split face. She hung that watch back on her wrist and it whispered in conversation with the gods. It breathed and sang and whispered an answer to some unspoken question and she answered it back. She stood, and brushed the floor from her feet as her slippers became dust. The cock crowed for the next house to sleep until dawn. The clock ticked on until dawn and she rose with it and rose again and rose again in the watercourse of the spring to the sound of the Moonbell.

She will take off, with a hurrying hand, the prints like the month and the sunset, That are stamped on the doors and gravestones and walls, She will take, bringing from the sick, the hope, and the victory of life, and from the plague and death, All these lives, all this earthly world and gaiety, That are not often, even, given to any man to experience; They will have recourse to the terms of respect, That are not given freely to the devil, Nor his songs, nor his lies, Not giving itself away to thoughts and prayers and prayers; Rather will they offer a pillared rest, Wared over with their idols on Sundays, Even if to say verses may rob them, Or to look at lights or at locks on sanctuaries' gates, Or to speak knowingly about abominations, And about them will grow pale the mothers, And spring faint on the children and the young, As if stricken with the fume of foul perfumes and manners.

Mother will take away the wonder or fear, And the pride, and the weariness of womankind, That has been seen and associated, In all the rolling events, Like those of lions and herds when they kill, Or men by silent and just schemes of war; In the striving, the tasting, the pounding forward, Of brave arms, stern hopes, swift journeys, raiding over mountain and river, From the gathering of women to the effort of mothers from home.

Mother will take away some knowing brightness, And their silent echoes up on all sides; In what may be little: Perhaps in bed now, In the studying, the seeing, the forgetting. Mother will take away the fine thoughts, The figures in books, and shawls and shrouds.

She will take away the smiles of preachers, And make people forget them.

To listen to them talking shall soon become an unpleasant sight.

Father will be afraid to sing, Will pause to give advice; If they look at him under his shirt, The fear will grow on them of their mothers; They will turn to those who stand near, With hands clenched in their kippings, Like little dog-dogs vaunting that God is their father, Defending worthless evils without any reason.

Perhaps Mother's coat will be taken away with her; And dogs will be destroyed in their lairs with lampgalles, And women's bells will stop forever ringing on sidewalks; And harsh, even frightening dogs will take up their seats on their gates.

Again, loving women and ornaments and much edifying wisdom, Such madmanish whispers will grow fainter over a tongue old and feeble, A voice of shame when they hear cursing going on at night.

Oh boyhood will be ashamed of their games.

No more running in arms, nor leaping in time to shouts; Their mermen and mermaids will become asleep; And from the caverns of their costumes, silent and ill, Still listen to the sound of women on doors and keepers' yards talking in code.

In three days wife will have forbidden their splendor and flashing.

Again, their beautiful colors shall be broken from their idols' leaves.

They have hidden things from everybody, except mothers. Mother and little girls have cried sometimes for riches. Now, women, all worthy if you will admit it, Are leaning too low again and into their lips when they talk. Every woman, along the same road, Has talked secretly; They rejoice on the heels of some elder; One man has cut a lad out with a sickle on his terrace, Like a colt being sprung from the pan. Little lies, every woman, if she will admit it, Has told once; Still, this cheating, hiding, rapping at doors and windows.

Some talk of their own situations; Some say, every married woman might have sex, But they do not hope, They wish it with tears; They have told more than any other women. Others say, sex is like having carnations in the mouth. They watch over their breasts with prying eyes; Talk and read naughty words; Make phrases that they once freely spoke. They talk of the same things that I mentioned. They talk out of men's backs, In their bedrooms or their prayer-boxes. They speak of the same things that women used to say in these days.



They held up their arms to stare at the everlasting vision in the dusk. They watched themselves as they walked on, slowing to look as they progressed. Out of sheer loneliness they lost all desire to resist, much like a deer whose nerves have been overstimulated when left alone, losing the urge to flee while staring down another last good bullet in its heart. In the twilight she crouched down in a gully, heedless of the uneven surface beneath her feet, down on her face and on her shoulders. We could stare at the stars. I ate cold bread, drank wine and ran the strand, which lay dry, sullen and lumpy below. The feathers of the starling covered me. Their mule lay dead beside me. Around me thronged those withered and grey figures wrapped in blankets. Just when I began to feel alone and abandoned, there suddenly appeared before me the hairy spectre of the half drowned man from our woodcrafting, the bare white behind and long forehead of a reaper walking on emptiness.

OWL'S EYES

Was it in some twilit meadow, beside a stream, a meadow full of weeds and purple spurge, that I dug up two diamonds? Did I go home and see a diamond necklace strung upon a nail behind my favorite lace curtain? Did I go home and go to bed to find only three legs in my bed? Had I already been mutilated? Had I already bitten off three or four threads and trotted away holding them from my mother's body to find a gap and left myself to starve to death? These were things that should have flashed through my mind after my first rape and inspired disgust, maybe awe, maybe I feared those things even as I walked the highway back to Caso Rico, trudging through my own feces, that thought that even if I was dead I would outlive my children, perhaps never betray their location to my abductor. It was after I faced those things that I thought my blood was running bad. How I crawled beneath the carreta, clenching my teeth to the tender crush of hurt and wrapped the words of a woman's song I had heard long ago behind my stone house, tenderly, tenderly let me cry, although my tears in that rape should have stirred courage in the creature because it was she who would invade my most intimate sex, she who would thrust herself between me and the twins while I relapsed to sleep and then use them as flags to tie my hands behind my back, then torture my way into my very soul, afterwards painting a forest of my thorns and affixing them to my back, if it is mercy that calls to you do not turn from it, my shadow dances and spins in the heavens for its sting is not great but it wounds all and scars much within the mind. It stays and bleeds as night lengthens. Do not listen to it. Do not let it even hold you in your sleep if it can, let it lay a scar on the back of my heart, both back and heart. Think better of yourself. Do better than rape an innocent woman.

I remember how I dug the hole. My children found it by accident while out wandering in search of water. My feet knew, and I stopped because I could not go further. It had been a long day, my nerves were tired. My children pleaded that they wanted to

die quietly. I continued only if my children were gone. My children had become monsters, bloody men driven by the desire to hurt me. My children should have loved me. But they had become people. Some might call that compassion, and that might be true but what I had been compelled to do meant little for their better understanding. Some crimes are too far and some shadows shouldn't carry such command over others. After the excavations I lied to my children, told them I was old and tired and dying, that I wanted to lie down in a garden. If I could find such a garden then they might come and do something to find my gentle heart. But I lied for I thought that sooner or later they would come for my diamonds, for my riches. And if they found them they would burn my diamonds in the sun like stones and then leave me where I lay. I feared that too much pain was preferable to suffering slowly. My heart may have been hurting but I was not lost, for I remained secure behind my fortresses. They weren't meant for me, what happened and who did it may have been very bad but it would not kill me. No matter what they did, no matter how they tortured me, it was my fortune that those children would find my mind and capture me beneath its spinning wall that separated me from madness. After three of my legs had been hacked off they began to dig deeper in the bed but they found nothing, not even a bone. My skull was cracked open and they began to open up my skull with some pliers, about the size of an egg. It was cruel of them to do so but I said nothing because they really weren't going to find much, perhaps only a few dollars as I had lost almost all of my bank. But perhaps they would find one diamond in the place where I lied in the dirt, sealed and drenched in my own urine, left for dead for no purpose at all. Perhaps. Perhaps my children hadn't killed themselves. Perhaps I had buried them when I burned down my tormentors and their prison.

My husband's ghost now floats fourteen feet about the Diet Pepsi and forever that scuttled archon will change faces under the torn and oilstained flag flown quarter mast many untold leagues deep in that very last man's locker.

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WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!

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Looking for a friend who is willing to dress and act like my ex-friend Mitch, and who is willing to essentially fill the role that Mitch played in my life. Mitch is no longer with us however I'm not exactly certain that I'm ready for his passing.

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PERSONALS

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OP here reminding you guys to buy the Moby-Dick collab commentary CIA seeking FBI for NSA fun away from real NSA

Daily reminder that I am sorry to all anons who were looking forward to this issue much sooner, I am a goof bitch for missing the deadline so many times. Please send all of your us submissions so we can continue to print this ripe. Big ups to the usual suspects. Also thanks to Jily for printing the issue with no spine and for giving me access to your \$40k workshop.

OP again. Wanted to take an ad out to express my gratitude to all anons who contributed to this project and to all anons who plan on reading, thx



