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LUXURY PERIODICAL
FATAL COLLISION EDITION



BOTTOM TEXT

by Anonymous

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STORES OF VALUE
UNITS OF ACCOUNT
MEDIUMS OF EXCHANGE



CHINESE_MEDICAL_CHATS_VNPAQANDA

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STEAL THESE STORIES!

A placentophagist mafioso that retails ripe placentas for a high price in the black market mistaking sells a vintage celebrity placenta to an deranged stalker and must give pursuit into the sordid underbelly of London's genetic trafficking scene.

A druid from modern midwest goes on a vacation to Thailand, but a huge obnoxious tapir just won't let him chill in the woods or on the beach.

Racist pulp writer tries to have sex with his wife, but the sight of vagina terrifies him. Starts rambling about tentacles and runs to his cat for help.

For twelve generations the land of Fourchania has been ruled by the Nishimura family. Now, for the first time, the status quo seems to be in peril. Deep in the bowels of the forbidding Castle Moot, a mysterious lady known only as "Butterfly" holds secret conference with the King. Meanwhile, in the capital city, the Deleters — the terrifying unpaid enforcers of the King's will — are confounded by a shadowy organization whose calling-card is a strange quadruped scribbled hastily on walls under cover of darkness. And far away on an outlying farm an absent-minded young boy finds his dreams plagued by a misshapen beast he cannot identify.

A novel about a poor rural community of farmers and tapir breeders working with a conservation agency is suddenly subjected to (what they believe to be) poaching, but it turns out that a previously undiscovered tribe in the South American jungle has been harvesting them for their elite Tapir Warriors, eventually catching the rural community in the middle of a centuries-long tribal war.

in the height of American dissolution in the murky bowels of San Francisco, an accident of magic turns a man into a dog before being drafted into the Vietnam War.

An illiterate pirate recounts his life story of killing his own brother to marry his sister, subsequently living for years in the woods being raised by wolves, and finally joining a pirate crew where he rapes, cannibalizes, enslaves, and brutalizes his way around my national waters. While he travels and grows up he learns about morality and god, and eventually ends up being blinded and stranded on a northern island off the Bering Strait for several years, where he is watched over by the forest spirits living in a couple ancient old-growth trees. Then the shipwrecked pirate finds religion and returns to civilization where he spends the rest of his life as a homeless bum begging on the streets for scraps of food.

☐ the xi jinping of weed smoking !loqyjkIO5sml 11/14/21(Sun)22:16:02
No.19402673 ▶ >>19402716

title it whatever u want

I wish I could grind myself up and smoke myself away gradually. It would be a long and arduous process but basically I would start at my legs and work my way up until I'm just a head and an arm. Then I would have to pay someone to continue grinding me since I wouldn't have my own arms to do it myself anymore. I would have them continue to my head and then once I'm just a head they would move from the back of it towards my face. After this I would just be a face and they would continue grinding my face until I'm just lips. Just lips smoking the final bits of myself.



7

& Magazine Presents

ETO YORI

エトより



KILLER

Brought to you exclusively by & Media

By turning any further page of this publication all readers of the following material are explicitly prohibited from discussing and otherwise making known any of the contents herein insofar as any regulatory stipulation without specific reference to illicit obscenity precludes a reasonable individual from freely and willfully administering of their own liberty and choice.

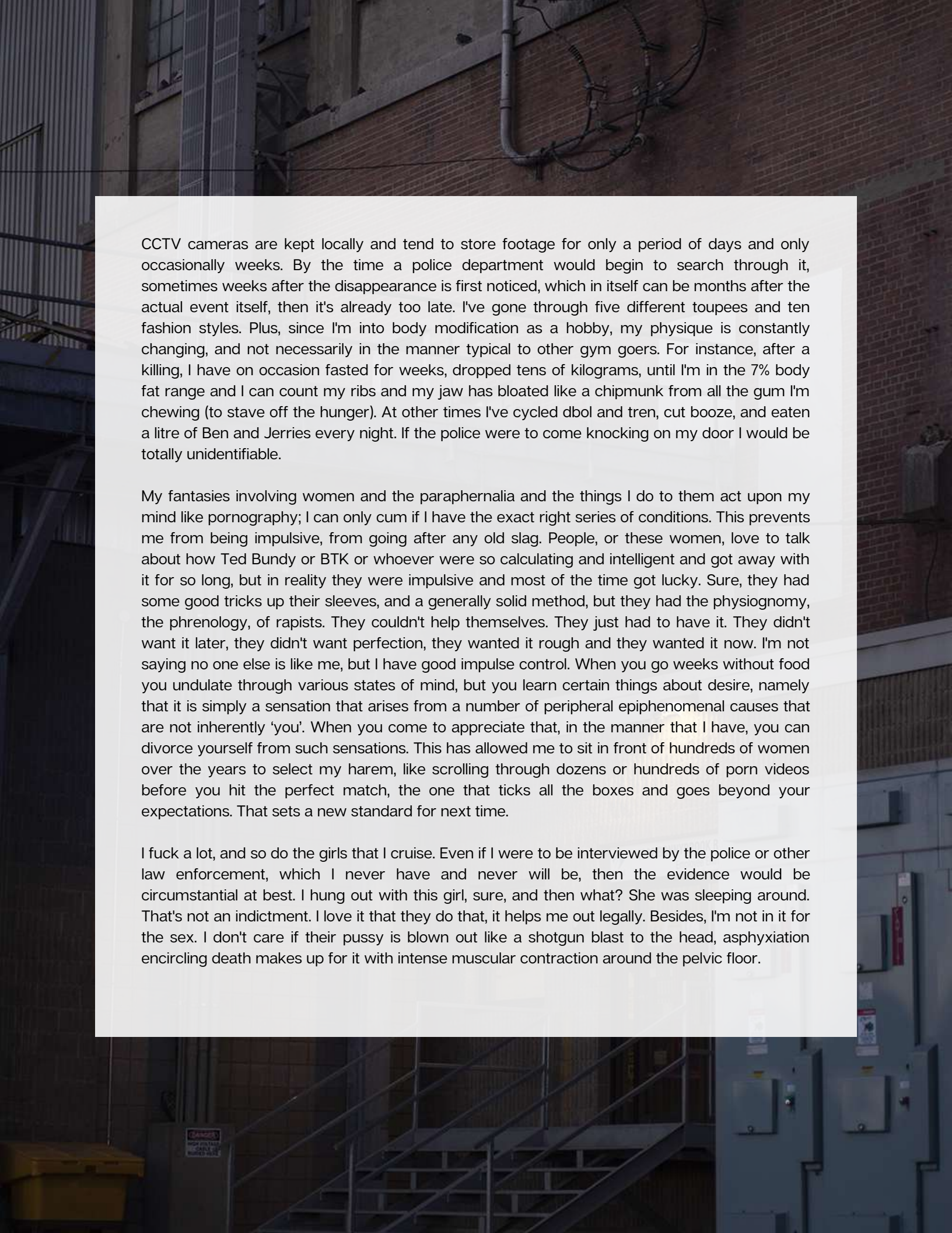
She has iron-gray eyes, which is certainly unusual, but I'm not interested in her face. When I'm surveying the landscape of small wood laden bars and other youthful hangouts I'm not looking for a particular kind of face or even personality, but a profile. I'm looking for women who will tell me all about themselves, about their plans, their ambitions. The ones who'll tell me that they love to go on spontaneous road trips, picnics in Barcelona, fatuous little adventures in coffee nooks and art galleries. They're happy-go-lucky, which is not to say that they're sluts, just far too trusting.

Most criminals, at least the ones who do it professionally or persistently, often have an antagonistic relationship with technology. I am here to tell you that it doesn't have to be this way. In fact, technology is my greatest friend. From these women's phones I control their whole universe. I consort with her boss, her family, her friends, and five minutes later her phone is in an express delivery bag to whatever destination I say she's going to.

I've killed several women all in roughly the same way. They fit a profile, I probably fit some kind of profile, I have a *modus operandi*, all the right qualifications. But I don't exactly feel like a serial killer. I've read about John Wayne Gacy and Ed Gein and whoever else. One of the worst parts of listening to these insipid bitches talk is the sheer number of them obsessed with 'true crime'. We all know women have rape fantasies, there's even clinical evidence, but their obsession with being raped and murdered? That shocked even me. Regardless, Gacy and Gein, they both collected trophies. I couldn't give a shit. I'm not going to store nipples in my fridge or wear soiled panties out and about. I collect memories, which, by the way, are a whole lot safer to store. My one indulgence, and I really do mean that, is that I will occasionally write on a single piece of paper a vivid recollection to masturbate to, with the proviso that I burn it immediately after I cum.

But how to avoid capture, or even notice? Are there not phones and CCTV cameras tracking everyone and every movement? Mountains of evidence so high that it will take the state years to build their case against you and sort out the facts. Sure, it's definitely a concern, but only if you don't know what you're doing. In reality it requires nowhere near as much caution as one would anticipate.

One of the benefits of balding in my early 20s is that I wear a toupee. These things have gone a *long* way since the 70s. This shit is flawless, and besides the bi-weekly re-gluing process and exorbitant cost, work a charm in the manner of a 'disguise'. Plus, these guys have their security on *lock*. Toupee dealers, despite their bloated and often depressive appearances, have some kind of *omerta* for client secrets. These guys would go to Guantanamo and back for their clientele. They're like the Fort Knox's of privacy, which is more than I can say for doctors or fucking psychologists. Norwood 5 victims cover their faces when going into these clinics like they've been arrested for murder, or like they're sneaking in to get an abortion. Their shame gives me the perfect cover for my trick in the highly unlikely chance the police came knocking. Coupled with the most generic fast fashion from H&M or Uniqlo and I look so generic that I'm basically unidentifiable. Plus, there aren't even any murders happening, or rather, by the time anyone realises something is wrong, it's been weeks, and by then time has worked its relentless ways on the world.

The background image shows a brick building with various pipes and conduits running along its exterior. On the left, a set of metal stairs with railings leads up. On the right, there are electrical control panels or meters mounted on the wall. The overall scene is somewhat industrial and dimly lit.

CCTV cameras are kept locally and tend to store footage for only a period of days and only occasionally weeks. By the time a police department would begin to search through it, sometimes weeks after the disappearance is first noticed, which in itself can be months after the actual event itself, then it's already too late. I've gone through five different toupees and ten fashion styles. Plus, since I'm into body modification as a hobby, my physique is constantly changing, and not necessarily in the manner typical to other gym goers. For instance, after a killing, I have on occasion fasted for weeks, dropped tens of kilograms, until I'm in the 7% body fat range and I can count my ribs and my jaw has bloated like a chipmunk from all the gum I'm chewing (to stave off the hunger). At other times I've cycled dbol and tren, cut booze, and eaten a litre of Ben and Jerries every night. If the police were to come knocking on my door I would be totally unidentifiable.

My fantasies involving women and the paraphernalia and the things I do to them act upon my mind like pornography; I can only cum if I have the exact right series of conditions. This prevents me from being impulsive, from going after any old slag. People, or these women, love to talk about how Ted Bundy or BTK or whoever were so calculating and intelligent and got away with it for so long, but in reality they were impulsive and most of the time got lucky. Sure, they had some good tricks up their sleeves, and a generally solid method, but they had the physiognomy, the phrenology, of rapists. They couldn't help themselves. They just had to have it. They didn't want it later, they didn't want perfection, they wanted it rough and they wanted it now. I'm not saying no one else is like me, but I have good impulse control. When you go weeks without food you undulate through various states of mind, but you learn certain things about desire, namely that it is simply a sensation that arises from a number of peripheral epiphenomenal causes that are not inherently 'you'. When you come to appreciate that, in the manner that I have, you can divorce yourself from such sensations. This has allowed me to sit in front of hundreds of women over the years to select my harem, like scrolling through dozens or hundreds of porn videos before you hit the perfect match, the one that ticks all the boxes and goes beyond your expectations. That sets a new standard for next time.

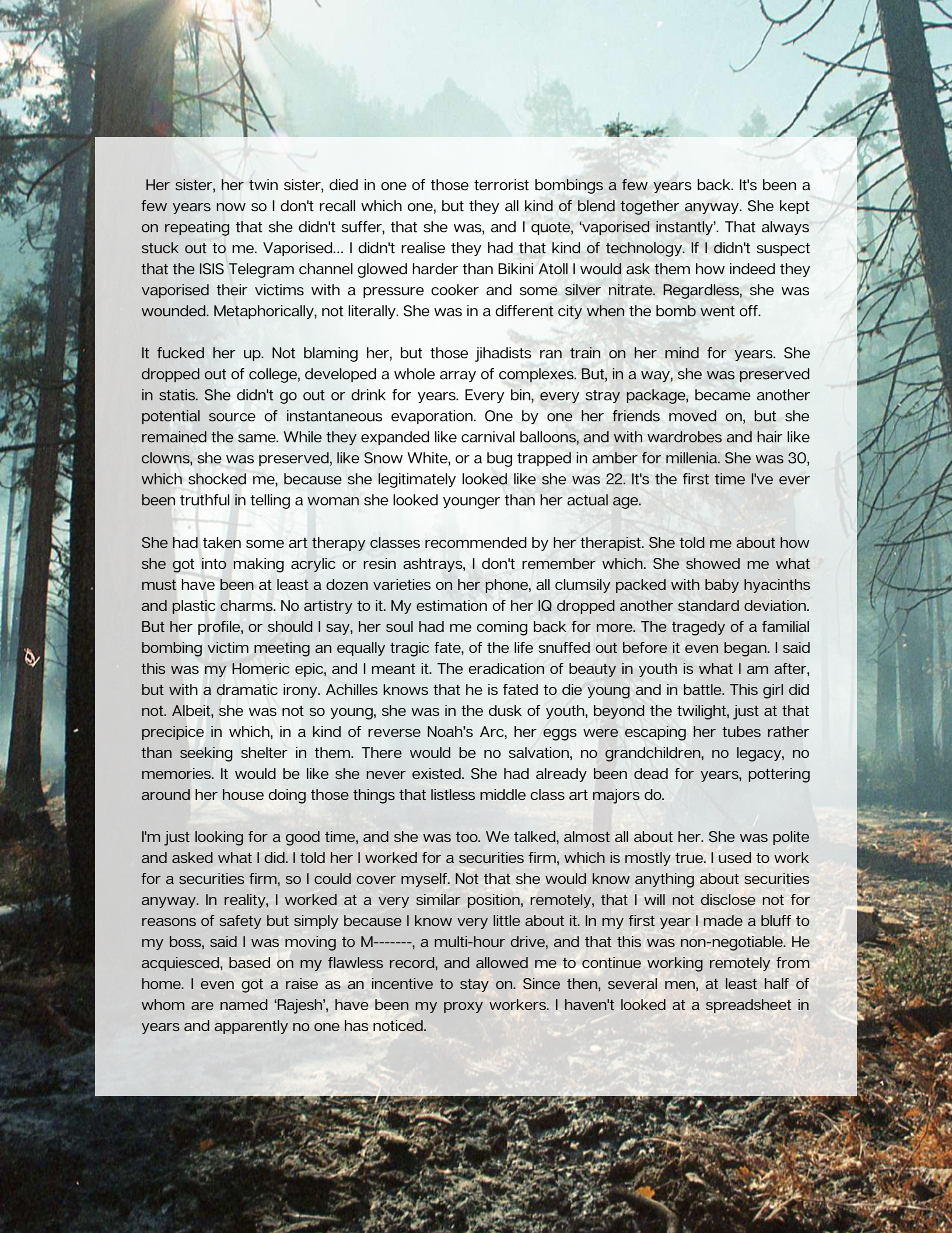
I fuck a lot, and so do the girls that I cruise. Even if I were to be interviewed by the police or other law enforcement, which I never have and never will be, then the evidence would be circumstantial at best. I hung out with this girl, sure, and then what? She was sleeping around. That's not an indictment. I love it that they do that, it helps me out legally. Besides, I'm not in it for the sex. I don't care if their pussy is blown out like a shotgun blast to the head, asphyxiation encircling death makes up for it with intense muscular contraction around the pelvic floor.

Let's say the police search my residence. They're going to find traces of women's skin, fingernails, various bodily fluids, hair and so on. They can test them all they like, but none of them are going to be the victim's. They'll go into my closet, ask if there's anything they should be wary of. I'll jokingly, sheepishly, say that I have some bondage gear. That'll raise an eyebrow, not for judgemental reasons, but because I suppose they're imagining I have some kind of torture dungeon squirreled away in BDSM Narnia. But really it's just some shit I ordered from TaoBao, i.e. Chinese eBay. The quality is horseshit, 'Genuine Leather' cuffs made from PVC and tanned Uygher hide. The quality proves I'm not some kind of dungeon whipping freak, just that I've experimented. Besides, I would say, it's just for the ladies. I had a girl a few years back ask me to get some of this stuff and it's just been sitting in my cupboard ever since. I might bring it out once every couple of months for a spin, officer, but it's not really my thing you know?

The best part about having real bondage tools, which of course I do really use on my victims, is that in many ways they are less suspicious than other tools. Rope bleeds microfibres that could easily be imbued with sweat or skin or blood. Those fibres could very easily waft around my house, settling into little nooks and cracks, in light fixtures and so on. Since I'm not a cleaning masochist with obsessive compulsive personality disorder, I would rather avoid such things. Forensics has me paranoid enough as it is. Besides, having sex toy disinfectant doesn't make me look like a killer, just that I'm up to date on best practices and I care for my partners. It's the perfect cover.

All this reminiscing has gotten me horny. You know, I even get aroused by my method. Anyway, I'm in the mood to cum, so I'll recount a story for you. It's not my best memory, but I need to cycle them around so they don't get stale or I don't forget too many details. These are my Homeric hymns, my oral stories circling around my brain, my own oral tradition just for me, in which I am my own Odysseus, the polytropic man, the man of whims and ways, in which trickery is a virtue, a necessity for victory in the Agon, loved by Gods and therefore men alike.

This one had iron-gray eyes. Unusual, as I have said. She has a withdrawn sadness, like a lot of the women I come across. She's wearing too much makeup. I hate it when I can see its chalkiness rim-lit from the overhead lights like popcorn ceilings. It reminds me too much of the miscellaneous dust found on mountains, as if her features are made of some kind of porous granite that would scrape if stroked. The lights aren't doing her cheeks any favours, casting long, reverse-Rembrant shadows down her face like a dark jester. But she's not fat though, but plump in a genuinely cute way. She tells me she's been getting into these Gin mixers that are really great. I can place her instantly. I know the brand, ten dollar gin bottles (minus the gin), filled with blue sugar and a dried slice of orange. They sell it at the local organic grocer on N----- Place downtown in F-----. I can place her income, her upbringing, and her IQ to the nearest standard deviation. She's perfect. Just dumb enough to willingly answer questions to a first date about her plans, her boss, future trips, girlfriends, work hours, and so on without being suspicious, but quirky enough to keep me interested.



Her sister, her twin sister, died in one of those terrorist bombings a few years back. It's been a few years now so I don't recall which one, but they all kind of blend together anyway. She kept on repeating that she didn't suffer, that she was, and I quote, 'vaporised instantly'. That always stuck out to me. Vaporised... I didn't realise they had that kind of technology. If I didn't suspect that the ISIS Telegram channel glowed harder than Bikini Atoll I would ask them how indeed they vaporised their victims with a pressure cooker and some silver nitrate. Regardless, she was wounded. Metaphorically, not literally. She was in a different city when the bomb went off.

It fucked her up. Not blaming her, but those jihadists ran train on her mind for years. She dropped out of college, developed a whole array of complexes. But, in a way, she was preserved in stasis. She didn't go out or drink for years. Every bin, every stray package, became another potential source of instantaneous evaporation. One by one her friends moved on, but she remained the same. While they expanded like carnival balloons, and with wardrobes and hair like clowns, she was preserved, like Snow White, or a bug trapped in amber for millenia. She was 30, which shocked me, because she legitimately looked like she was 22. It's the first time I've ever been truthful in telling a woman she looked younger than her actual age.

She had taken some art therapy classes recommended by her therapist. She told me about how she got into making acrylic or resin ashtrays, I don't remember which. She showed me what must have been at least a dozen varieties on her phone, all clumsily packed with baby hyacinths and plastic charms. No artistry to it. My estimation of her IQ dropped another standard deviation. But her profile, or should I say, her soul had me coming back for more. The tragedy of a familial bombing victim meeting an equally tragic fate, of the life snuffed out before it even began. I said this was my Homeric epic, and I meant it. The eradication of beauty in youth is what I am after, but with a dramatic irony. Achilles knows that he is fated to die young and in battle. This girl did not. Albeit, she was not so young, she was in the dusk of youth, beyond the twilight, just at that precipice in which, in a kind of reverse Noah's Arc, her eggs were escaping her tubes rather than seeking shelter in them. There would be no salvation, no grandchildren, no legacy, no memories. It would be like she never existed. She had already been dead for years, pottering around her house doing those things that listless middle class art majors do.

I'm just looking for a good time, and she was too. We talked, almost all about her. She was polite and asked what I did. I told her I worked for a securities firm, which is mostly true. I used to work for a securities firm, so I could cover myself. Not that she would know anything about securities anyway. In reality, I worked at a very similar position, remotely, that I will not disclose not for reasons of safety but simply because I know very little about it. In my first year I made a bluff to my boss, said I was moving to M-----, a multi-hour drive, and that this was non-negotiable. He acquiesced, based on my flawless record, and allowed me to continue working remotely from home. I even got a raise as an incentive to stay on. Since then, several men, at least half of whom are named 'Rajesh', have been my proxy workers. I haven't looked at a spreadsheet in years and apparently no one has noticed.



Anyway, we mostly talked about her and her aforementioned vacuous interests, her ashtrays and her poems and so on. While she's talking about Rupi Kaur I'm thinking about fucking her to death. About fucking railing her while she moans and screams for air. I'm thinking about what her eyes are going to look like, encircled with red, tears running up and behind her temples into her hair, matting it with sweat and her makeup now wet like ochre. I take off the blindfold just for that part. Before that, I need enough time to set everything up while she can't see, but just for that moment I need the reveal. I need her to see me inching, slowly, slowly towards her, with that bulldog clip. It's such a simple household item, very easy to clean as well, but once it's fastened around the nose I assure you it's failproof.

At first she's confused. She grunts through the gag at me, a 'Huh?'. She must be thinking 'That's a bit intense for my nipples, isn't it?' But then I get closer and closer, and she sees my face. My face, totally fastened in rictus, the only thing I can do to keep myself from cumming then and there, my body perfectly tensed and still, not letting even a single muscle fibre move around my cock lest it explode. She starts to moan some more. She's confused. 'What is he doing?', she must be thinking, having no idea. But then she starts to struggle and moan even more. She's tossing to and fro on the bed, but she's not getting out. Even the cheapest Chinese shit is inescapable. She's arching her back, her ribs coming out. Her belly is wobbling to and fro, stretch marks perforating her sides like claw marks. I keep my arm still, waiting for her to stop struggling. Her iron-gray eyes are wide, trying to find any semblance of humanity in me. But that man has left. That man is long gone. Before her I am completely naked and revealed. She will see what very few have seen. She will see me. She will see me and she will feel me. She will feel my essence and we will become one. I will see her, too. I will see her in a way no one has nor will ever see. I will vaporise her consciousness into eschatological heights. Her lungs will burn for me, her ribs will come near to breaking as they fold in on themselves, her chest will heave rapidly to and fro, but all the while her mind will become like vapor, will start to dissolve, until she is nothing but her primal drives, until she is nothing but a brain stem, a brain stem just for me. The bulldog clip is around her nose. A little stream of blood trickles up into her eye and she blinks rapidly to get rid of it. It must be an involuntary response. There's no way she's bothered by that sort of thing at this time. It takes a person quite a long time to die of suffocation, several minutes. Albeit, for much of that time the brain is simply being starved of oxygen as the person is dying, which is why it is imperative to time everything right. But I am getting ahead of myself. The bulldog clip is just above her nose. I let it hover there while I look into her eyes. I've done this before and she knows it. In this moment we are completely and totally intimate. There are no secrets here. There is no small talk and there is no neuroticism or practiced responses about her sister's death, her coping mechanisms, her self assessment of her own faults, her thoughts on her parents, in other words, her prepared statements. All of that has evaporated alongside her calm and her lust. She is beyond a state of sexual excitement into a kind of animal lust, halfway between the Will to Life and the Will to Cum.

Some people do this kind of thing for power, but I do it for intimacy. That's as much as I'll say. I don't like prepared statements. If it's a question of method, that's fine. But pathology, reason, motive, I don't care for any of that. This feeling is ineffable and the motive inexplicable. I am the way I am and no one and nothing is going to change that. I am a pure force of will and there's something admirable in that, isn't there? None of these women really want anything. Those men who, upon being rejected by perhaps only two or three average women and are ready to commit the entire species to various bolgias of hell, and who subsequently claim that all women are cheating whores, gold diggers, and various other subterfugional mask-wearing participants of some exotic high-stakes game, are simply wrong.

Even those who appear to want something, say, money, really, in fact, want nothing. I am yet to meet a woman who wants anything as much as I want them to suffocate while they cum for me and suck my dick with their cervix like it's protruding from the I.S.S into the vacuum of space.

It's hard to tell when they actually die. Once I cum, I stop paying attention. The feeling is so overwhelming, the crescendo building up not merely for minutes but, you must imagine, for months. To have that sexual tune, the rhythmic swishing like a washing machine, the heave-ho, for months, almost every minute of the day as I rock back and forth on my chair, thinking of the hours and minutes between me and the girl I'm seeing later that night, and then of how many of those girls it'll be before I get to the right one, the one with all the qualities I look for in a woman.

That is the kind of bi-yearly symphony on which my dick sings from the precipice, ascending a mountain penetrating not only through clouds but atmosphere, where the air is so rarified that we are both gasping for breath. The headiness is so great I actually lose all my composure, I sometimes cry, I collapse, but they don't see any of this. They're already gone. We hold hands one final time at the peak. I've been climbing for weeks, for months, for years, for my entire life, and yet this girl has only been there for the final part of my journey, like the spectators at the climax of a marathon. She's only there to get me over the finish line, and then, from there, we hold each other for one final time as she continues up and past the mountain, through into the dark-blue black bands of the regions between Earth and space. As she rises, her features already settling from their red-stretched-skin into a serene stone rictus, the sun shining without disturbance through the parted atmosphere, a totally pure light, refracting off the crystals in her pasted makeup to make her skin look like shimmering marble. She rotates, still, absolutely still, through the air, like a Greek statue of Aphrodite sinking upwards through the lake of the sky.

But I must stay on the mountain. I can only watch this part. This is a place I cannot go. This is my gift to her. I must savour the moment, for soon I will wake up, the orchestra having rested, the curtain drawn, but the audience, unsatisfied, eternally stationed at their seats, never to leave, members of a spiritual purgatory of desire, continue their encore, and once I awaken and pull myself out of her, clean myself off, undo the bonds, put her in my bathtub and start the agonisingly slow draining process, the musicians resume their seats, take delicate sips from the crystal cups at their feet, reposition the feet of their violins at their chins and wet their reeds and begin their song all over again.

THE END

Le City Brie

You who push that wheel
The one grinding those
Who were once on top
Saying that it's they whose fortune plays
In favour of their odds
Give me strength to tell a tale

The cost of defense,
Hangs on a fence
Because the night before
A banshee was heard,

Where were the creature's echoes called,
That it was once heard in town?
Werewolves and spooks never found
Found in a barn where death is reared,
Unto the bodies of the aspirants
Nevermore was the ghost feared, and
Silently dismissed by the mind scan
For labour and justice

From folklore rose
A legend
Thinking sharp
Insightful
Yes, who would oppose?

For this prowess shall be acknowledged
Hard work unless, one'd be insane to deny it
In front of crowds
Biting the proud for refusing to buy it
Thus were three bodies found leaving a story
That forensics cannot swallow, nay

So gruesome was the tale,
And of such scale
Stigmata was carved on one so gorily
The martyrs' fame

=====

What shame,

Mission
Silence them for art!
Who is the author of this madness describing?
The dead are of course as follows:=====

===== and the __dic
Sparked bright like a flint flick

The one of these that isn't alien to the poem
Had a gruesome fate for the sake
Of a golden hand stuck in a lake
That once blue faded plasma
Cut!

So the one taking that place believed to be rewarded with cash
After making with the deceased's lover the schemer of it all
The torso carved with steel the words of lore
The soul went on to heaven as the thoughts arose
This mangled angel manifested:

וְהַיְהוּדִים הָיוּ
לְעַמְּךָ לְעֹדֵדִים
וְלְעֹדֵדִים לְעַמְּךָ
וְלְעֹדֵדִים לְעַמְּךָ

Styled with eyes for earrings and the most not to be told
This, the short lived banshee now haunts everyone in thought
Now together. Death and dark lord become celebrities
While their friend is rotting cold

The endless song of pain who they beheld to inspire their greatness
So quick did friendship turn to envy, and so the shield of amity
Was pierced and torn, by enmity
Enmity!!

And now the lateness, the unending lateness
That drove the __other of the departed to forgiveness
"Who wants to be a star that chooses greatness?
For __ is not dead who eternal lies in shadowed bliss"

So the litigant spoke- "But now I see the reasons for which you damned yourselves; people are telling me you're into that ritual murder stuff now, real crazy religious nut like talk. I never thought of you like that, I mean...you're artists! You're supposed to take the route less understood, you're misunderstood and that is why I represent you. I believe in art, I believe in genius...Cheer up, redemption is at hand if you forego this gimmick! You just HAD to be number one, right? Top the charts, be remembered by history...well I can already see your Murderpedia page baahahahah now pay me. No, but seriously, you guys did something very wrong. Cheer up you're on my side now!"

Where fiction meets reality and fantasy awakens
Those who preach cannot be teachers
What they plea for, can lose seekers and thus charm
The sleeping to their destiny and the living to their fin



&am/p/.011

Last month, in a field not far from home, before twilight withdrew into an
I recognized the landscape as the one that inspired my first amateur manu
In retrospect, I would liken the feeling to homesickness.



to an incoherent black,
manuscript years ago.

2021 . 10 . 14









EGGPLANT; A NOVEL BY OGDEN NESMER

EGGPLANT;

Arda is a writer covering the LA art scene—but in a commercial world where the artists she respects must debase themselves for recognition, she's begun to lose interest in her career and her friends. When a mysterious benefactor contracts her services, offering her a trip to a strange island resort for an interview with a murderous madman, she is initially terrified. Still, drawn to the idea of a fresh start—and of something unknown waiting to be found—she accepts.

Things quickly become stranger on the island: lunatics, blood-rituals and a deadly fungus all threaten Arda's quest for the perfect interview with a killer. Art and life seemingly mimic each other in a competition to be the strangest, as everything Arda believed previously about creativity is challenged by what she fears in mankind. In the end, she must choose between artistic integrity and escape from the island.

A NOVEL BY OGDEN NESMER

EGGPLANT:



A NOVEL BY OGDEN NESMER

Eggplant.

A NOVEL BY OGDEN NESMER

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—

1900

Shiva's Phallus



**** TRAINING REPORT. ****

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BY

~~K.G.F.~~

CAUTION:

- IF YOU ARE READING THE DOCUMENT, REMEMBER THE PREVIOUS TRAINING AS INSTRUCTED.
- BE SURE THAT YOU ARE UTILIZING THE NEURAL-SHIELDING GLASSES.
- EVEN WHEN YOU ARE WEARING THE GLASSES, DO NOT STARE AT THE LINGAM FOR LONGER THAN 5 SECONDS.
- DO NOT THINK ABOUT THE LINGAM, REMEMBER TO CLEAR YOUR MIND AND REPEAT THE MANTRA "ESSE EST PERCIPI; VIJÑAPTIMĀTRAM EVAITAD ASAD ARTHĀVABHĀSANĀT YATHĀ TAIMIRIKASYĀSAT KEŚA CANDRĀDI DARŚANAM."★

INTRODUCTION

Congratulations to (You) for having passed the first trial to become part of the division known as Phallus Removal Task Force (PRTF). As (You) may have been instructed, your objective is to locate, remove and arrest people infected by the Mind Virus known as "Shiva's Lingam".

In this document (You)'ll find information about the enemy we are facing, how it started and how it is spreading. This must be the first time you are exposed to the Lingam image, so please be sure that you are wearing the neural-shielding glasses before you turn the page.

The Lingam is a meme virus and whoever is exposed to the image may be infected and feel the urge to reproduce the image again. (You) were trained to be exposed to the virus without getting infected by it.

The Government of the United States would like to Thank (You) for volunteering. On the behalf of the Special Operations Command, we wish (You) godspeed.

PERSUADE, CHANGE, INFLUENCE.

Michael Aquino.

De Facto Head of Military Information Support Operations (MISO)

★ "This world is vijñaptimātra. since it manifests itself as all

**ANNEXED REPORT: ON THE ORIGIN OF THE
LINGAM. [UNDISCLOSED HOSPITAL]'S
PSYCHIATRIC WARD; MELBOURNE, AU.**

CASE STUDY: PATIENT #1327

NAME OF THE PATIENT: [CONFIDENTIAL]

NAME OF THE PSYCHIATRIST: [CONFIDENTIAL]

ENTRY #1.

07/12/2022, 08:35

The patient arrived in the psychiatric ward this afternoon. Caucasian male, 34 years old, 74kg, 1,86m tall, former physics research assistant in Melbourne University.

He was brought to the ward after a mental breakdown in the workplace.

IRONIC!

The patient presented antisocial behavior. He does not look in the eyes while speaking. The patient seems obsessed about what he calls "mind-matter convergence theory" for he believes in an upcoming apocalyptic disruption of reality, where matter will be perceived "as it is" and not by what he calls "figments" of the mind. Patient insisted on repeating "George Berkeley knew it."

The patient refused to give any further explanations.

Doses administered: [UNDISCLOSED]

Why?

ENTRY #2

07/12/2022, 14:45

INTERVIEW #01 WITH THE PATIENT

P: Psychiatrist, S: Interviewed Subject

P: "Mr. [***UNDISCLOSED***], do you know why are you here?"

THE SUBJECT DID NOT RESPOND.

P: "we are here to help you"

S: "you cannot even help yourselves!"

P: "care to explain, Mr [UNDISCLOSED]"

S: "the convergence is upon us. There is no resistance."

P: "what is the convergence?"

S: "the convergence is... the convergence... [INAUDIBLE] two realities intertwined. Mind-matter will meld. There is no resistance"

P: "elaborate further, please"

S: "reality is not what it seems, matter exists in our mind only. We are in the middle of the turntable aeon. Convergence is unavoidable. George Berkeley knew it!"

THE PATIENT WAS SILENT FOR 23 SECONDS

S: "We are nearing the aeons between the end and the beginning of the world. All matter shall be rational."

P: "please continue, Mr. [UNDISCLOSED]"

S: "the universe is made out of mind, matter exists only in the mind, but mind doesn't create matter. Once mind realizes matter is nothing but thought, matter will be created by mind. The two wavelength chords of the matter and mind will converge, and they will become one. It is the phallus of shiva, the mind penetrating the subject realm of matter [INAUDIBLE] the penetration that will bring forth the evolution of the human race to godhood."

P: "what is the evolution of the human race? Mr. [UNDISCLOSED]?"

S: "we used to be like monkeys where matter was the only perceivable objects, we will be like gods when our minds grasp over the reality of objects, we shouldn't be like gods. To be divine is suffering, the gods suffer. And it will take three aeons for us to be like humans again, another one aeon for us to be like monkeys once more, and in the last aeons we will be like the primal matter of the universe. [INAUDIBLE] then we will return to Indra's web and a new universe will arise."

THE SUBJECT STARTED TO PULL OF HIS HAIR AND SCREAM, THE INTERVIEW WAS POSTPONED.

THE PSYCHIATRIST LEFT PENS AND SHEETS OF PAPERS AS A CREATIVE OUTLET FOR THE TEST SUBJECT.

Doses administered: [UNDISCLOSED]

ENTRY #03

09/12/2021; 08:25

The patient was left in isolation. Meanwhile, he started to write long incomprehensible texts on the sheets of paper. A clear sign of hypergraphia. Once the sheets of paper were all used, he started to write on the walls.

→ The MONAD!!!

Does he know about the Swiss CERN Shiva cult?

The subject of these writings was a thesis on the origin and end of the universe, dividing it by aeons; the incongruent thesis continues comparing the universe with shoelaces. All the words after it were relating the distrust of the patient with shoelaces, especially the aglets. The patient concluded his writing by repeating the phrase "Neither Berkeley nor Shiva ever used shoelaces" over and over again.

ALL PENS WERE REMOVED FROM THE ROOM.

Doses administered: [UNDISCLOSED]

ENTRY #04

09/12/2022, 16:35

INTERVIEW #02 WITH THE PATIENT

P: Psychiatrist, S: Interviewed Subject

P: "Mr [UNDISCLOSED], how are you doing?"

S: "I... I am doing good. I am doing fine. I am doing good and fine. Good and fine"

P: "I've read your writings. Can you explain what it means?"

S: "No, no, I cannot explain. No. It is what it is. The phallus will penetrate the realm of matter".

P: "Tell me about shoelaces, tell me about aglets"

THE SUBJECT STARTED TO SCREAM AND HAD TO BE RESTRAINED. THERE IS NO CONVERSATION FOR 3 minutes and 24 seconds OF THE RECORDING UNTIL THE PATIENT CALMED DOWN.

P: "we are here to help"

S: "you don't know about the aglets. You don't know!"

P: "why are you afraid of shoelace aglets?"

S: "they remind me of the phallus, the lingam. They remind me, they are not right, no. me and shoelaces, we don't go along well"

P: "how the shoelaces relate to the phallus?"

S: "they are lingam, the linga of shiva. Dangerous, very dangerous. No, we don't get along well."

P: "I understand, Mr [UNDISCLOSED]"

S: "you wear shoes, you don't understand! You don't understand! You don't understand!"

THE SUBJECT PATIENT STARTED SCREAMING ONCE MORE. THE INTERVIEW WAS TERMINATED.

Doses administered: [UNDISCLOSED]

Humsus were supposed to be

Byrefee!!!

ENTRY #05

09/12/2022; 17:45

The power
of the
Phallus!!!

Security was called in the room, the patient had not eaten his meal, rather using it as a creative outlet. With the sauce from a chicken ragu, the patient had drawn on the wall what he called a representation of shiva's phallus.

[see annexed microfilm on the left, as drawn in the ward's wall]

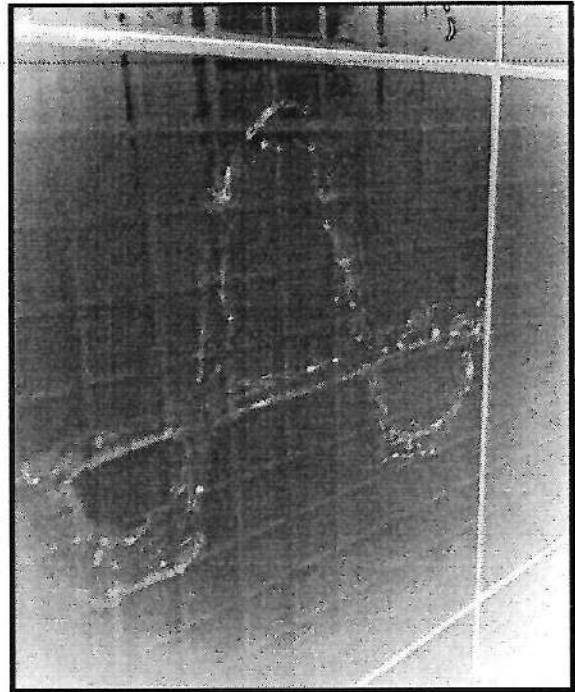
The patient explained the drawing, saying it represented the penis of the hindu deity Shiva. According to him, for more than a millennia the phallus of Shiva was defied and worshipped in India, certain places called Sahasralinga were called "shrines of the thousand phallus", being 'linga' a word for symbol or phallus in vedic languages.

According to the patient, the image he had drawn was a linga and a graph representing how Shiva will intercourse the two lines of the universe. It is noteworthy that the patient seemed to be worshipping his chicken ragu drawing for he stood on his knees gazing at it.

When asked about the source of this theory, the patient refused to speak further. It is unknown when in his life the patient gained knowledge of Dharmic religions.

ENTRY #06

10/12/2022; 12:15



I hate the Anti Christ

It was given the opportunity for the patient to explain the meaning of the glyph. With his explanation, I came with the following graphical as seen annexed on the page.

The vertical axis is what he called the possibility of knowing reality.

The horizontal axis is what he called "aeons". According to the patient, the whole graph is the long cycle of "kali yuga" divided in 10 aeons (t). The time between t1 and t2 was before consciousness took material bodies, the aeons between t2 and t3 was the "monkey phase" of

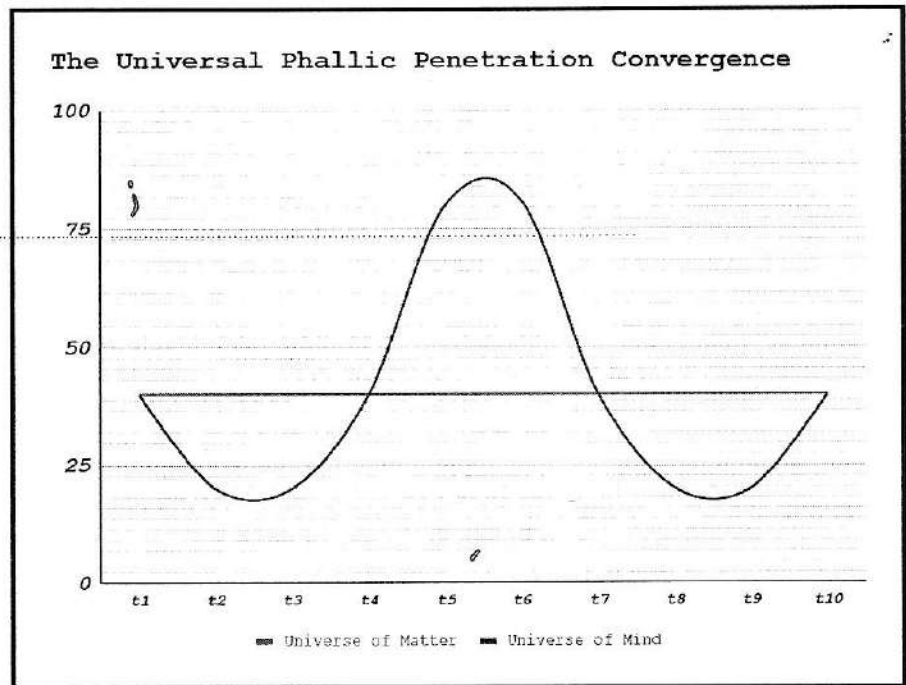
the human mind. The line between t3 and t4 was the current rising state of humankind nearing a conversion of lines, the aeons between t4 and t6 is what he named the godlike-phase of mankind, and the following aeons will be the fall until we conjoin again with the monad in the end of the universe. While explaining this concept, the patient sounded lucid and logical.

ENTRY #07

NO DATE

[THE PSYCHIATRIST DOCTOR SPENT THE FOLLOWING PAGES OF THE DIARY DRAWING THE SO-CALLED LINGAM.]

[THE DOCTOR STARTED TO REFUSE WEARING SHOES, SAYING SHOELACES ARE UNRELIABLE. THE PSYCHIATRIST WAS INTERNED TOGETHER WITH HIS PATIENT.]



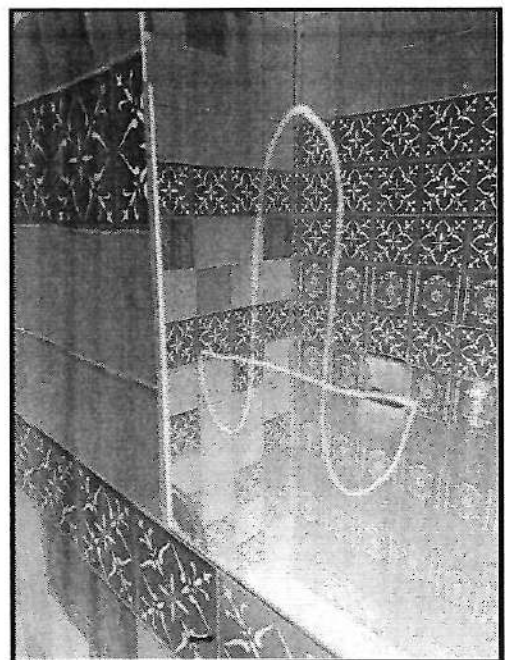
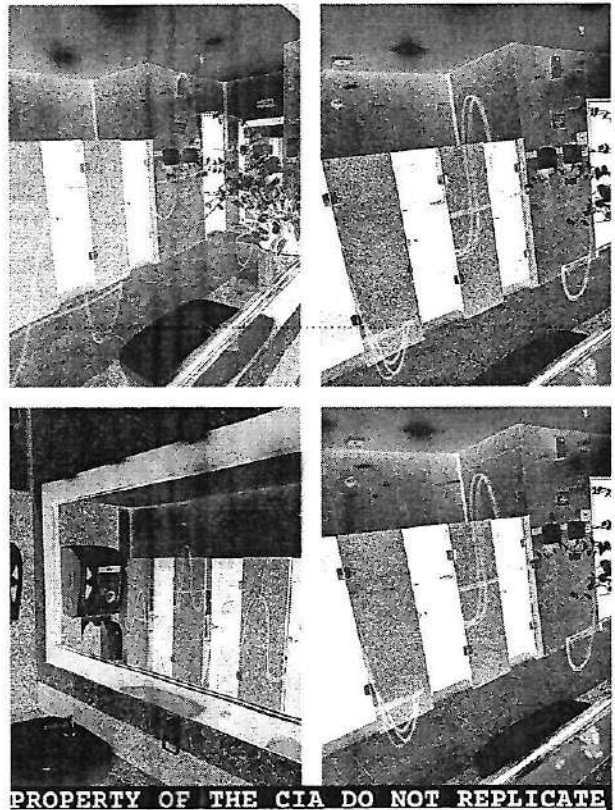
Ab Ab Ab

ANNEXED REPORT: THE MEMETIC SPREAD OF THE LINGAM.

Now that (You) have the knowledge of the origins of the lingam, here are the earliest microfilms our team has collected during the spread of the 'meme virus'.

Although it is not known when or how the image of the lingam was spread outside the psychiatric ward. The first registered occurrence was a selection of drawings that appeared mysteriously in the mirror of a public bathroom in Melbourne Airport (See Annexed Microfilm Image). According to the airport security, the vandal was a 36y.o. caucasian male, professional playwright, and he had a flight scheduled to Brussels. Through this occurrence, our specialists believe that the virus was already spreading through graffiti paintings in the streets of Melbourne and by that time, thousands of people were already infected. The drawings on the airport bathroom led the mental epidemic to spread internationally. Therefore threatening the whole world.

The second registered occurrence was found 96 hours later, in Genoa, Italy. This time in the restrooms of Trattoria Piacere (See Annexed Microfilm Image). The vandal responsible for this image was a middle-aged caucasian female that was also a resident of Australia. The infected perp was a Stem Cell Researcher in the Monash University, Melbourne. According to the Genoese police report, the perp had a mental breakdown while having dinner with her husband. She went to the bathroom and started drawing the lingam in the mirror. When she left, she threw her ASICS sneakers at her husband saying she refused to wear anything with laces.



Why Always in the Mirrors?

4

The Original Post from 4channel.org that started the spread is as seen below:



THE CONCEPT OF THE "CITY OF THE FUTURE"

Order standard.

gold by simply willing the properties of the “matter” to change

initiated only

[illegible]

Thankfully, it is believed that the lingam will affect only a few capable people. There is a correlation with the memetic spread and high IQ; thus simple minds are immune to the memetic power of the sigil. However, a high IQ doesn't make someone an eligible member of the higher castes and we cannot afford having more than the select few obtaining these wondrous abilities

So be mindful and know that your service is essential, it is an affirmation of the purest American ideals. Our nation is based on freedom, especially freedom from knowledge.

CONCLUSION OF THE REPORT.

(You) have completed the first fascicle of the Phallus Removal Task Force (PRTF), your objective is to detect and take down images of the Lingam available online and in print, locate the promoters of the image and prosecute them.

People who are infected by the meme should be immediately taken and quarantined in our facilities. As authorized by the NSA Public Sanity Act, dissidents infected with the meme virus should not have a right to habeas corpus.

Remember (You) fight for Order! Remember (You) fight for the Higher Castes!

Only the selected candidates can make the transition to the Aeon of Gods, the subservient masses should not reach the goal of the sages.

After examining this document, please insert in the incinerators located in each instruction room of the base. The unauthorized possession of this document can result in court martial.

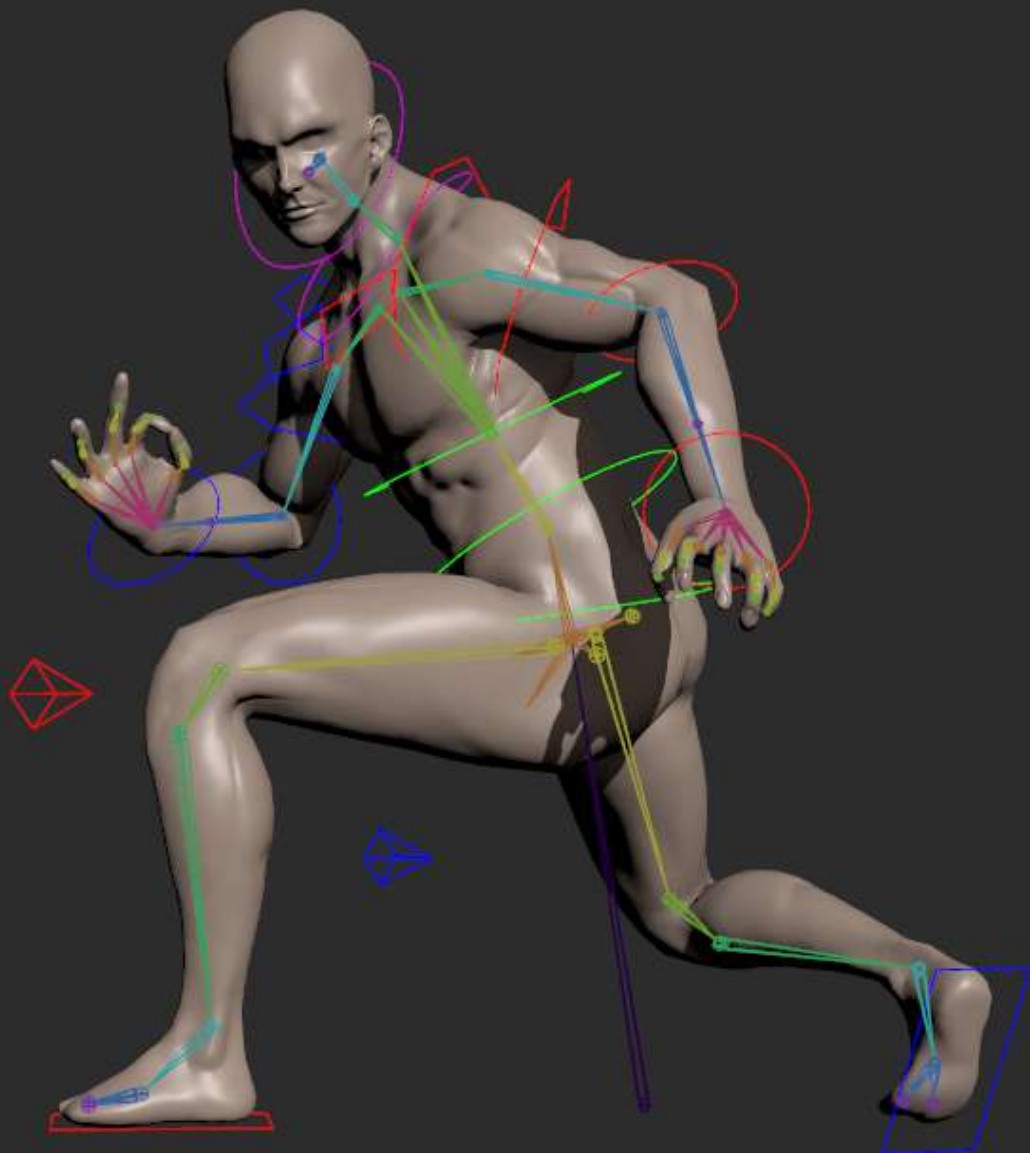
ॐ असतो मा सद्गमय ।
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय ।
मृत्योर्माऽमृतं गमय ॥
ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः ॥

From falsehood, lead me to truth
From darkness, lead me to light
From death lead me to immortality!

1. Hate the Anti Christ



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&&&&&&
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&&&&&&
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SHIB is an unwavering belief that your four-figure portfolio will be enough for retirement at 40.

SHIB is a perfectly sound reason for those more intelligent than you to research homemade explosives.

SHIB is hell.

SHIB is purgatory.

SHIB is washing away the aftertaste of preservatives from microwave meals with carbonated aspartame syrup.

SHIB is one of many tragicomic parodies of the daring gold rushes of the past; the horse-drawn wagon of your ancestors is now a secondhand Thinkpad wired to a bulky external hard drive replete with no less than 200 GB of torrented visual novels about teenage love.

SHIB is the Enlightenment's technological peak.

SHIB is reading Industrial Society and its Future from a pirated PDF and checking Telegram after every other paragraph.

SHIB is never leaving your overpriced student housing for anything but going to class and buying frozen food and artificially sweetened energy drinks in bulk.

SHIB is never drinking water.

SHIB is your yellow-brown piss stream.

SHIB is your deserved physical torment from stomach ulcers as a result of years of instant coffee abuse.

SHIB is a failed computer science degree.

SHIB is self-diagnosed agoraphobia.

SHIB is refusing to learn a trade or join the military because you're afraid of getting yelled at.

SHIB is cashing out on Bitcoin for a butterfly knife worth two weeks of part-time wages.

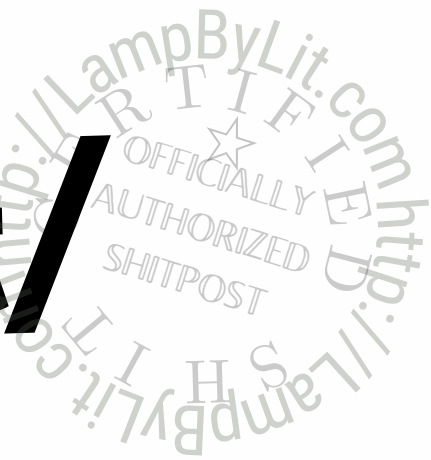
SHIB is buying a 3D printer and considering yourself the Mikhail Kalashnikov of the information age as you download Blender for the first time.

SHIB is never once seriously contemplating suicide because there's so much good anime to watch.

SHIB is moving out of suburbia and doing push-ups in your new bedroom in a winter coat to save money on utility bills.

SHIB is accidentally blowing your brains out with a defunct FGC-9.

& by / lit /



To: Anonymous
From: Robert Cotta
Re: **The Only Computer Crime for Which Theologians are Consulted**
Date: 20211130



WARNING:

Ce produit est destiné à des fins éducatives uniquement. Toute ressemblance avec des personnes réelles, vivantes ou décédées, est purement fortuite. Nul à où la loi l'interdit. Un certain assemblage est nécessaire. Indiquez chaque chèque séparément par numéro de banque. Piles non incluses. Le contenu peut se tasser pendant le transport. N'utiliser que selon les instructions. Aucune autre garantie exprimée ou implicite. Ne pas utiliser en conduisant un véhicule à moteur ou un équipement lourd. Les frais de port seront payés par le destinataire. Sous réserve de l'approbation de l'ACR. Il ne s'agit pas d'une offre de vente de titres. Appliquer uniquement sur la zone affectée. Peut être trop intense pour certains spectateurs. Ne pas tamponner. Utiliser l'autre côté pour des annonces supplémentaires. Pour un usage récréatif uniquement. Ne pas déranger. Tous les modèles sont âgés de plus de 18 ans. Si le problème persiste, consultez votre médecin. Aucune pièce interne réparable par l'utilisateur. Plus frais si consommé avant la date indiquée sur le carton. Sous réserve de modifications sans préavis. Temps approximatifs. Image simulée. Pas d'affranchissement nécessaire si l'envoi est effectué aux États-Unis. Le bris du sceau constitue l'acceptation de l'accord. Pour une utilisation tout-terrain uniquement. Comme vu à la télévision. Une taille unique. Beaucoup de valises se ressemblent. Contient une quantité substantielle d'ingrédients non-tabac. Les couleurs peuvent, avec le temps, s'estomper. Nous avons envoyé les formes qui semblaient vous convenir. Glissant lorsqu'il est mouillé. A utiliser au bureau uniquement. Non affilié à la Croix-Rouge américaine. A déposer dans n'importe quelle boîte aux lettres. Édité pour la télévision. Garder au frais : traiter rapidement. Le bureau de poste ne livrera pas sans affranchissement. Liste à jour au moment de l'impression. Retour à l'expéditeur, aucun ordre de réexpédition au dossier, impossible de réexpédier. Nous ne sommes pas responsables des dommages directs, indirects, accessoires ou consécutifs, résultant de tout défaut, erreur ou défaut d'exécution. Dans les établissements participants seulement. Pas les Beafles. Pénalité pour usage privé. Voir l'étiquette pour la séquence. Pénalité substantielle en cas de retrait anticipé. Ne pas écrire en dessous de cette ligne. Chute de pierre. Le billet perdu paie le taux maximum. Votre chèque annulé est votre reçu. Ajoutez du toner. Placez le timbre ici. Évitez le contact avec la peau. Désinfecté pour votre protection. Assurez-vous que chaque article est correctement endossé. Signez ici sans admettre votre culpabilité. Légèrement plus élevé à l'ouest du Mississippi. Les employés et leurs familles ne sont pas éligibles. Attention au chien. Les concurrents ont été briefés sur certaines questions avant l'émission. Offre à durée limitée, appelez maintenant pour assurer une livraison rapide. Vous devez être présent pour gagner. Aucun laissez-passer n'est accepté pour cet engagement. Aucun achat nécessaire. Traitement à l'endroit indiqué dans le code en haut du carton. Des ombres peuvent apparaître à l'intérieur d'un vêtement. N'utiliser que dans un endroit bien ventilé. Tenir éloigné du feu ou des flammes. Remplacer par le même type. Approuvé pour les anciens combattants. Cabines pour deux personnes ou plus. Cochez ici si vous souhaitez bénéficier d'une déduction fiscale. Certains équipements présentés sont optionnels. Le prix ne comprend pas les taxes. Pas de pièces de monnaie canadiennes. Non recommandé pour les enfants. Pré-enregistré pour ce fuseau horaire. Reproduction strictement interdite. Pas de solliciteurs. Pas d'alcool, de chiens ou de chevaux. Pas d'anchors, sauf indication contraire. Forfait restaurant, pas pour la revente. Indiquez au moins deux autres dates. Tirez d'abord vers le haut, puis vers le bas. Appelez le numéro vert avant de creuser. Le conducteur n'a pas d'argent liquide. Certaines des marques commerciales mentionnées dans ce produit apparaissent à des fins d'identification uniquement. Inscrivez les transactions supplémentaires au dos du talon précédent. Cet avis annule et remplace tous les avis précédents.

CASE STUDY, PART 1

The thing he always remembered first was the loudness of it. The animal shock. Then the fact that in jumping backwards he'd torn the headphone jack out of its socket. Then, the mad scramble for the keyboard, the ALT-F4 ALT-F4 ALT-F4 ALT-F4. Then blankness.

& Media Inc.

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Tel. 03-5253-2111 (main switchboard)



After this painful series of mnemonic thunderclaps, his mind would go over it again, calmly, more methodically. It would start from the beginning.

It had been a Friday night. Henry had been browsing 4chan since he got home from school. Not long after dinner he opened a thread about creepy things people had come across on the internet. It was amusing and interesting. One person said the weirdest thing he'd seen was a schizophrenic woman's YouTube channel devoted to documenting her 'liposuction slaves'. Another set of anons had a brief conversation about a strange 'Lolita virtual reality game' they'd played together.

Then, tucked in the middle of the thread, there was a cryptic bait post. It was saddled— almost to the point of snapping, it felt like—with dozens of replies.

He flicked his cursor over some of them. One post asked 'What's with all the replies? Can someone explain?' and another simply said 'Don't even bring that shit up man' with a sweating Pepe picture.

The post itself was strange. Used weird codewords he didn't recognise, like '6@6@6@'. Henry scrolled further down.

The thread ended abruptly. It refused to refresh. No new posts appeared. It must have been deleted immediately after he'd opened it. At the very bottom was a post containing nothing except three web links. It was addressed to no one.

They can't be replicated here, but this is vaguely what they looked like:

<https://um.pl.xo.b/54341/>

<https://um.pl.xo.b/32894/>

<https://um.pl.xo.b/92346/>

After a moment's hesitation, Henry highlighted one of the links, probably the last one, right clicked and pressed 'Open in New Private Browsing Window'.



Not actually as shown.



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ANALYSIS

The links Henry opened are ultra-illegal. We shall have time to analyse what happened to him afterward, but first the phenomena with which he unwittingly involved himself should be explicated.

Colloquially they're called 'Hell streams'. They carry harder sentences on average than the possession and distribution of child pornography. Supposedly there is a unique livestream for every inhabitant of Hell (no one has checked them all, the number of links runs into the tens of billions), but, as Thomas Kunzendorf notes, the violently abstract content of the streams make this hard to verify, and no study has ever been able to firmly establish a connection between specific links and individual personalities. The spectacles offered by the streams are divergent in the extreme. What is uniform is their shock value.

It's difficult to estimate how many people have actually seen Hell streams. Some have been exposed against their will, via 'pranks' and shock sites (a disturbing case involving a little girl aged 6 made to watch by her older brothers is documented in Dowd & Olson's *Hades and its Discontents*, pp. 60-5). Numerous motives drive voluntary Hell stream consumption, the most common of which are morbid curiosity and sexual gratification.

The effect of watching a Hell stream has been described as 'nauseating', 'hypnotic', 'traumatic', 'soul-shattering', and 'addictive'. Their most 'dangerous and seductive' characteristic, according to P.T. Aquilino, is their extreme novelty. While most people close the stream within seconds of opening it (even this 'blast of colour' is potent enough to have long-term psychological ramifications: see Garner & Cho), for those who keep watching, they are subjected to a spectacle wherein each new 'development' in the 'action' invariably outdoes the previous one. This results in users becoming 'glued to the screen'; locked in a perpetual state of bafflement, incredulity, amazement.¹ It is, as one viewer said, 'impossible to become habituated'. There is an exponential escalation in intensity that can go on literally for as long as the stream is open. Chronic watchers have described it as like having an 'itch in their brain'—knowing in the back of their heads that the streams are always running, that there's billions of them always going on, that every waking moment, even when you're in fact watching one of the streams (for there are always a hundred billion more that you're not watching), there is still 'some amazing shit you're missing out on'.

They are more stimulating than any piece of media created on Earth (this is now a scientific certainty: Clayton & Bhattarai).² In richness and variety they surpass all worldly entertainment. Nothing can match them for 'power of invention'. Some of the language used by my patients verges on the transcendent. They have described 'glimmering red nebulae unfurling in black expanses', 'skin-caverns animated by pain', and 'acts beyond all right knowing'.

¹ This 'gape-inducing' quality lends itself to social propagation. Strizver has documented the existence of 'dares', 'challenges' and 'reaction' videos. Basic MS Paint images listing 'rules' for 'games' (such as the dubious 'find your fetish' challenge) are regularly uploaded by users onto forums and image-sharing sites.

² It is possible to apply for stream access on legitimate academic, scientific or theological grounds. The hazards posed to researchers have gained more attention in recent years following the shock suicide of Jane Beversluis.

One young man compared it to the 'consecutive split-second flashes of entire worlds' one experiences while 'on the knife-edge of sleep'.

Because they are livestreams of Hell, they are infinite. They do not stop. Everything only happens once. There are no 're-runs'. Their ephemeral quality is, to certain viewers, literally maddening. The deadly conjunction of 'fleeting' but 'overpowering' stimulus bleeds over into compulsive behaviour. A 60 year old American man was recently sentenced to a dozen years in prison for recording and distributing hundreds of hours of footage he'd recorded on his work laptop. The desire to show others and communicate the gravity of what one has seen is common among viewers of Hell streams. It is a major reason why they get caught. For some the fear of judicial punishment actually adds to its narcotic tang.

There are several legal rationales underlying the criminalisation of Hell stream viewership, namely that it is offensive to human dignity, fundamentally sadistic, et cetera. Theologians are regularly called upon as expert witnesses at trials to emphasise the religious unacceptability of the practice. The harsh prosecution of streaming-related offences is not at odds with public opinion: Nagata estimates almost half the American population would approve of a sentence of life without parole for people caught watching Hell streams. Sociologist Judd Lamb has explained this primarily in terms of a revulsion toward—and a fear of—the confirmation of any person's status as irrevocably damned. It would be mortifying, he suggests, for a grieving mother to hear, at the funeral, of her son's restfulness, only to discover from the next door neighbour's son that he is in fact languishing forever in undying flames. Alex Soresina, by contrast, attributes this widespread antipathy solely to the media's construction of the average 'Hell stream viewer' as a particularly depraved kind of pervert.

Viewers offer a variety of rationalisations for their voyeuristic behaviour. Common arguments include: 'They are in Hell, they deserve to be there anyway', 'If God did not want people to watch he would not have made them available' and 'It is morally no different from the visions experienced by saints and mystics in the Middle Ages'. Controversially, Donald Lutz has argued that these justifications hold water. 'What has dictated theological consensus [on this matter] is not reason,' he says, 'but social propriety.' A recent story from the papers illustrates an interesting diversity of moral opinion:

A young man in M—'s eastern suburbs has been charged with accessing and reproducing live images of Hell. 21 year old Cory Pike, who was arrested outside his A — home last Sunday, says that he only wanted to, quote, 'document a reality which everyone ignores.' Police say he faces a minimum sentence of 18 months imprisonment if convicted.

Pike's defence attorney alleges that his client 'became obsessed' with recording and archiving live-streamed footage of Hell out of a 'humanitarian impulse—the same urge to bear witness that compelled US servicemen to take photographs at Auschwitz.' Prosecutors counter that comparing base voyeurism to the actions of GIs in the war is misleading and offensive.

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The internet serves, on this issue as well as many others, as a useful sounding rod for people's more secret and, perhaps, more authentic thoughts. Counter-cultural and transgressive opinions about Hell streams are frequently expressed on anonymous forums and imageboards. References to one's own viewership, however, tend to be oblique. As an example, in response to a post describing guilt about a nondescript 'sin' on a Christianity-themed imageboard, another anonymous user (with a 'reaction image' attached to his post showing a painted depiction of a sad, severe-looking Christian monk) began his reply with the phrase, 'if you're talking about having seen what I think you are...' and proceeded to talk in circles around his own 'struggle' with the matter. Other posts assert the subversive social potential and even edifying effects of Hell stream consumption:

of course govt doesn't want you to see it, they don't want people to realise chirst [sic] is king and
change their ways, don't want them to stop being good little sinful consumers, controlled by their
appetites

A popular superstition online (though to what extent it is taken seriously by the users is hard to tell) is that watching, or even seeing a screencap taken from a Hell stream, irrevocably damns or 'reprobates' you. A classic 'troll' is to fabricate benign images that 'look like' stills taken from a Hell stream. This has resulted in a culture of calling out such images as 'fake and gay'—sometimes even ones that turn out to have been authentic.

On the deep web, on imageboards hidden from web scrapers, where taboo or illegal topics can be discussed more openly, conversation, by turns heartfelt and farcical, on the problem of evil, the nature of sin, and the morality of damnation, as well as therapeutic discussions about the deep impact Hell streams have had on people's lives, take place without fear of social retribution. Many credit it with motivating them to go to church. Others describe themselves as irreparably damaged, and blame exposure to Hell streams for the disintegration of their mental health and their relationships. Once or twice in my research I have encountered threads where people claim to have identified someone they knew—a deceased relative, or an old acquaintance—on the streams.

Heated religious debates are endemic. Because Hell streams constitute the only direct and broadly accessible empirical evidence for the supernatural, a subset of users (known colloquially and somewhat affectionately as 'autists') spend their free time poring over stream content in order to discern which religious tradition best accords with the observable facts of Hell, or, more often, to cherrypick evidence in favour of their pre-existing view (and against the views of others). Imageboards devoted to Hell stream subculture are divided into religious factions or cliques, each of which have developed their own corpuses of 'infographs' and 'copypastas' meant to prove their creed and disprove the others. Christian and Muslim faithful constitute the majority of posters, but there are sizeable minorities of Buddhists, Jews, Sikhs, Gnostics, and even atheists, who maintain that the objective existence of Hell or a 'Hell-like' realm does not necessarily prove the existence of a theistic God: the agent responsible for its creation could just as plausibly be a powerful but cosmically contingent entity or, if the universe is a simulation, an artificial intelligence.

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(As an aside: the Abrahamic doctrine of man's fallen nature would not fail to gain some credibility in the mind of anyone who browsed these forums. Petty arguments about the racial, national, sexual and religious 'make-up' of Hell are common, and posters often tarnish the damned with offensive race or sex-based slurs. Sexually perverse commentary is not uncommon. Users talk of becoming devoted to particular 'victims' they find attractive. One anonymous poster confessed to his obsession with footage of a boy undergoing extreme 'cosmic pains'. The fact that damnation was eternal meant that he would never be lacking for novel tortures involving his 'favourite'. For this user, all earthly sexual stimulus paled so much by comparison that he failed to be aroused other than when he was watching footage of his 'beloved' boy being subjected to unimaginable cruelties).

By this point the reader might be growing curious as to whether or not I have ever seen a Hell stream, and if so, what I thought of it and what its effects on me were. I have. At the University of M—, under police supervision and with a coterie of counsellors in attendance, I and a group of undergraduates from various disciplines were treated to a rare 'random viewing' of an in-progress stream (as opposed to a carefully selected, pre-recorded one). Obviously we all had to go through numerous psychological exams in the months leading up to the viewing. On the actual day our supervisor warned us about the potential content of the stream, what our reactions might be, and gave us several chances to withdraw. After we'd been lectured for about two hours and had signed all the waivers and disclaimers they handed us, the lights dimmed and the stream finally began.

In our lives we have all seen things that are specifically offensive to our constitutions, almost hand-picked by fate to throw us off balance and disturb us. I call these ego-dystonic memories. They are sights or sentiments we are annoyed at ourselves for having seen or overheard and that we would prefer to forget. I won't bother to list any examples since they are often highly personal and what might seem significant to me will be banal to you and vice versa.

For my part, the footage I saw not only replicated this sensation but multiplied it a thousandfold. In my mind I'd had lurid ideas about what the content of Hell streams might be. I anticipated certain obvious and stereotyped images. In retrospect my expectations were a cartoon. Those fifteen minutes have filled me, permanently, with a deep sense of the poverty of the human imagination.

Above all, I shall never forget the noise.

The experience has given me two contradictory impressions about the people who watch these things. On the one hand, I have no idea how a human being can possibly enjoy that. When I had more naive ideas of what Hell streams involved (and I thought my ideas back then were extreme) I could sympathise, to a degree, with people who derived pleasure from watching them. Who satisfied not just their curiosity, but all manner of other desires. They seemed at least like human impulses. Dark, but human. When I saw what actually goes on in those streams, I lost all ability to relate to those people. That sort of thing, I thought, could only be the preserve of a very remote kind of life, such as what Aquinas wrote of fallen angels. On the other hand, I now understand, intimately, the irresistibility of it. Almost something you are compelled to do irrespective of any personal feelings. It is like a portal into the unimaginable.

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Do not click.

CASE STUDY, PART II

Henry had no way of knowing, of course, that ISPs immediately flag all connections to IP addresses that host Hell streams. Generally, there is a certain lenience. If the connection happens only once, the incident is treated as a mistake and no action is taken.

Two months later, Henry visited the site again. This time he opened not only one link but several. He sat and watched for several hours and took screenshots.

The juvenile court sentenced him to two hundred hours of community service and mandated that he undergo therapy. On that basis he was referred to my care.

With every patient I begin by asking a variety of questions. Among other things I asked Henry whether he felt any shame about what he'd done (Yes), whether he was suffering from nightmares (No), whether he was anxious about his future (Yes), whether he took any sexual gratification in watching the streams (No; actually Yes; actually it's complicated), and whether any of his relationships had suffered as a result of his actions (Yes). I asked him to explain to me what had made him go back and watch the streams a second time.

Henry told me that he found the fear intoxicating. The heavy breathing before he opened the links, the anticipation. He asked me whether I had ever, as a child, been traumatised by a scene from a movie or TV show. I said yes. He then asked me whether, as an adult, I had ever tracked down said pieces of media and rewatched them. I said yes. He told me that the sensation is similar, but much more heightened.

I looked down at my clipboard. 'Do you think,' I began, 'that when you have access to a computer again you'll be able to—to resist the urge?'

He was silent for a time. He looked out the window. I looked with him. We watched the cars pass. They trailed long shadows in the late afternoon light.

I will close this essay with a passage from Thomas Kunzendorf, who took an intimate interest in the altered mindsets of compulsive Hell stream viewers. It records his final conversation with an anonymous young man who later mysteriously went missing:

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... He [Kunzendorf's patient] saw the world now, he said, as a sort of thin skin— of the kind that might develop over a glass of milk left out for hours in the sun—laying above a much more pungent, viscous, bubbling reality. The world of pencils, mattresses and traffic lights was so threadbare, he realised, that it barely counted as an individual existence at all. The slightest knock against the glass would tear it open and dissolve it.

He said, continuing, that he couldn't help but have a mutated outlook on life, considering what he had seen. Even the most marginal, unimportant city bum was potentially—would probably become—a black category of life that outclassed, in its volcanic alienness, all the chthonic deities of ancient cultures. The duller personalities were under-rated in their terrible future splendour by even the most esoteric descriptions that human hands had committed to paper. Cashiers, accountants, cheerleaders, were all eternal horrors in gestation. For a very brief period, incomparably, impossibly brief, people lived like people. In reality these people were eggs, tiny, tiny, tiny eggs, the size of mites or lice, that would give birth, at one point in time, all of a sudden, to writhing monstrosities beside which whole galaxies would seem like dust motes and to whom the entire lifespan of the universe repeated 100100 times would not even begin to seem significant. An entire universe of suffering-but-mortal flesh would never, under any calculation, be able to match a damned soul for total amount of pain experienced.

Before we finished I asked him how I should digest this insight into reality that he had gained by grazing inferno with his fingertips:

'Go to a beach and watch the future grotesques frolic in the water.'

ROBERT COTTA

20211130



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I count the hours in read chapters of novels
and the days in timestamped photographs.
The alternative is a uniform blur.

2021 . 11 . 01









They have not chosen him for this,
The Fates command them all;
He does not know the way he'll go
Divines know if he'll fall;
The mighty folk, they care not when
Nor why the peasant dies,
They send him off to deathly work
In crypts where misery lies;
He'll follow where'er the Fate does call,
He'll trudge a path that's laid,
The resignation brings a pain,
The icy turning blade



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bylit



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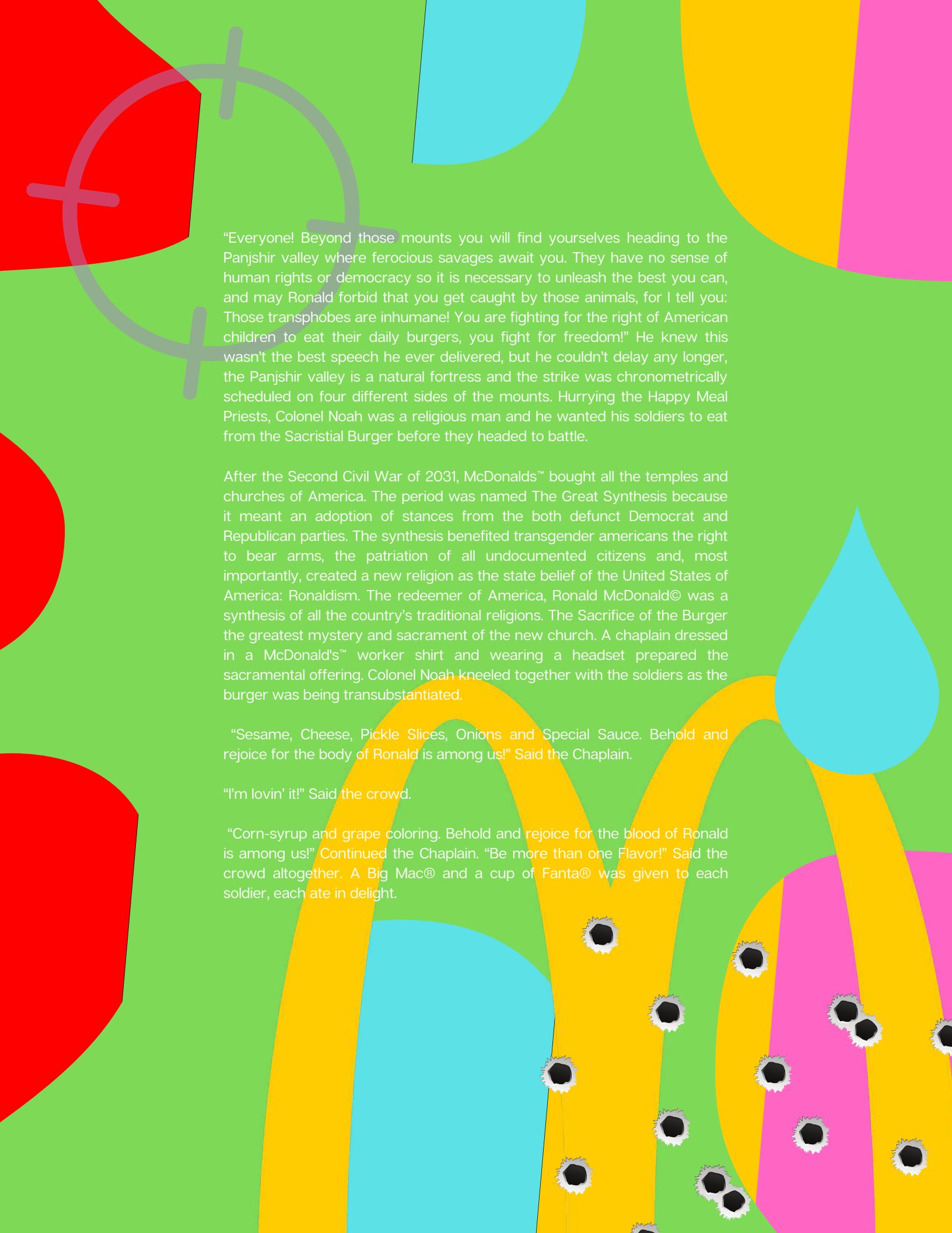


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BURGER CRUSADER

"Soldiers. In position!" Shouted the man with a long mustache. His pale white skin turned rosy under the scorching sun of the Afghan desert. His rainbow-colored Army Combat Uniform Nametag identified him as "Lt. Col. Noah Baum, B+, He/His". The Lieutenant Colonel was a proud 1/32 German and secretly admired his great-great-grandpa who fought for Hitler in WW2, although his political opinions were a bit different and rather progressive, he appreciated the Nazis. Hearing the command, the battalion positioned itself in line, and the Colonel walked on a slow pace as he inspected each soldier, scanning their faces and tags with his austere eyes hidden behind the mirrored aviator glasses.

Colonel Noah was a veteran of the Venezuelan War of 2032 and awarded his rank as a Facebook® Sponsored Scholarship Admission in West Point Academy. The experienced Colonel never saw such a group of pathetic wimps and sissies fighting in a war. He remembered the days where he would be standing in line listening to the verbal abuse of his officers, giving him inspiration and hatred towards the enemy. But, of course, he could not vocalize that anymore, ever since the President Chelsea Clinton issued the index of forbidden words in 2037, saying "wimp", "sissy" or "bossy" could result in court martial.




"Everyone! Beyond those mounts you will find yourselves heading to the Panjshir valley where ferocious savages await you. They have no sense of human rights or democracy so it is necessary to unleash the best you can, and may Ronald forbid that you get caught by those animals, for I tell you: Those transphobes are inhumane! You are fighting for the right of American children to eat their daily burgers, you fight for freedom!" He knew this wasn't the best speech he ever delivered, but he couldn't delay any longer, the Panjshir valley is a natural fortress and the strike was chronometrically scheduled on four different sides of the mounts. Hurrying the Happy Meal Priests, Colonel Noah was a religious man and he wanted his soldiers to eat from the Sacristial Burger before they headed to battle.

After the Second Civil War of 2031, McDonalds™ bought all the temples and churches of America. The period was named The Great Synthesis because it meant an adoption of stances from the both defunct Democrat and Republican parties. The synthesis benefited transgender americans the right to bear arms, the patriation of all undocumented citizens and, most importantly, created a new religion as the state belief of the United States of America: Ronaldism. The redeemer of America, Ronald McDonald© was a synthesis of all the country's traditional religions. The Sacrifice of the Burger the greatest mystery and sacrament of the new church. A chaplain dressed in a McDonald's™ worker shirt and wearing a headset prepared the sacramental offering. Colonel Noah kneeled together with the soldiers as the burger was being transubstantiated.

"Sesame, Cheese, Pickle Slices, Onions and Special Sauce. Behold and rejoice for the body of Ronald is among us!" Said the Chaplain.

"I'm lovin' it!" Said the crowd.

"Corn-syrup and grape coloring. Behold and rejoice for the blood of Ronald is among us!" Continued the Chaplain. "Be more than one Flavor!" Said the crowd altogether. A Big Mac® and a cup of Fanta® was given to each soldier, each ate in delight.



Once the supper was complete, the Colonel ordered soldiers of the battalion to position themselves, dividing in platoons of 20 commanded by corporals. Each platoon hopped on designated transport trucks. Tanks and trucks with the CAT® logo started to cross the scorched dirt heading towards the uncanny mounts that protected the valley of Panjshir.

“Are you scared, Xyr?” Asked a soldier to the other sitting by his side in the back of the truck. Their nametag was “Tyronx Gonzales, B-, Them/Their”, they was a brown and large transwoman, with a beard and full breasts.

“A-a little... I think” Answered the scared young soldier. His nametag was “Shaniqua McAllister, AB, He/His”, his eyes were fixed on the riveted step floor of the truck, he was sweating and demonstrated a lot of insecurity. “But I am sure Ronald is with us!”

“Have you heard about the Afghans? They do not partake from the burger for they consider it Haram and Not-Halal!” Said Tyronx. “That’s absurd, how can someone decline the awesomeness of the Burger? Oh Ronald, grant me the strength to beat these savages because I’m lovin’ it! I’m lovin’ it forever!” Said Shaniqua. A voice on the radio announced the soldiers to stay alert, and both Tyronx and Shaniqua gripped their AR-15.

“They are coming down the mountains. Prepare to engage the enemy. Over!” said the voice of the Colonel on the Radio. The static continued on.

“Attention! Boogie has a launcher! He is aiming towards...” And a huge explosion interrupted the radio transmission. “Go! Go! Go!” A corporal started to shout, ordering the troops to evacuate that truck.

“Black Lives Matter!” said Tyronx while leaving the truck and heading towards the slopes of the mountain. Shaniqua, unsure of what to do, followed them. It was the first time Shaniqua engaged the enemy in combat. Both of them hid under some rocks. As Shaniqua gazed around, she saw that many soldiers were dying by the hands of enemy snipers positioned at the mountaintop.

“What are you waiting for? Shoot them!” Shouted Tyronx, reloading their AR-15 and aiming on the Afghans.

“I never shot anyone before! Don’t Muslims Lives Matter?” Shaniqua was hesitating.

"Just shoot them! Now!" Shouted Tyrone.

But it was too late, a sniper aimed for Tyrone's head, opening a hole on their skull. As Shaniqua looked around, he realized that most of the battalion was crushed by now. The strategic superiority of the uphill slope granted the Afghans an easy victory. In a fetal position, Shaniqua laid under the rocks and felt like peeing on his pants. It was over.

Shaniqua held some of the Sacramento Burger in her pocket. He felt like taking it off and admiring the half-bitten burger 'I'm really, really lovin' it' thought Shaniqua. And there he stayed for a long time, trying to not rationalize the chaos surrounding him, his thoughts caught deeply in praise while gazing at the burger. The black smoke of burning trucks turned the day into night. The air was oppressive and hard to breathe.

An Afghan warrior approached the rocks and saw Shaniqua hiding.

"!دا ژوندی دی"

'That's it, now I am dead' he thought.

But suddenly the half-bitten burger of his hands started to gain a gravity of its own, levitating and shining a light like a thousand suns. The Afghan was puzzled by what he saw, took his kufi out of admiration.

Ah yes! The great American apotheosis!
The Burger: He cares. He protects. He is everlasting.

py

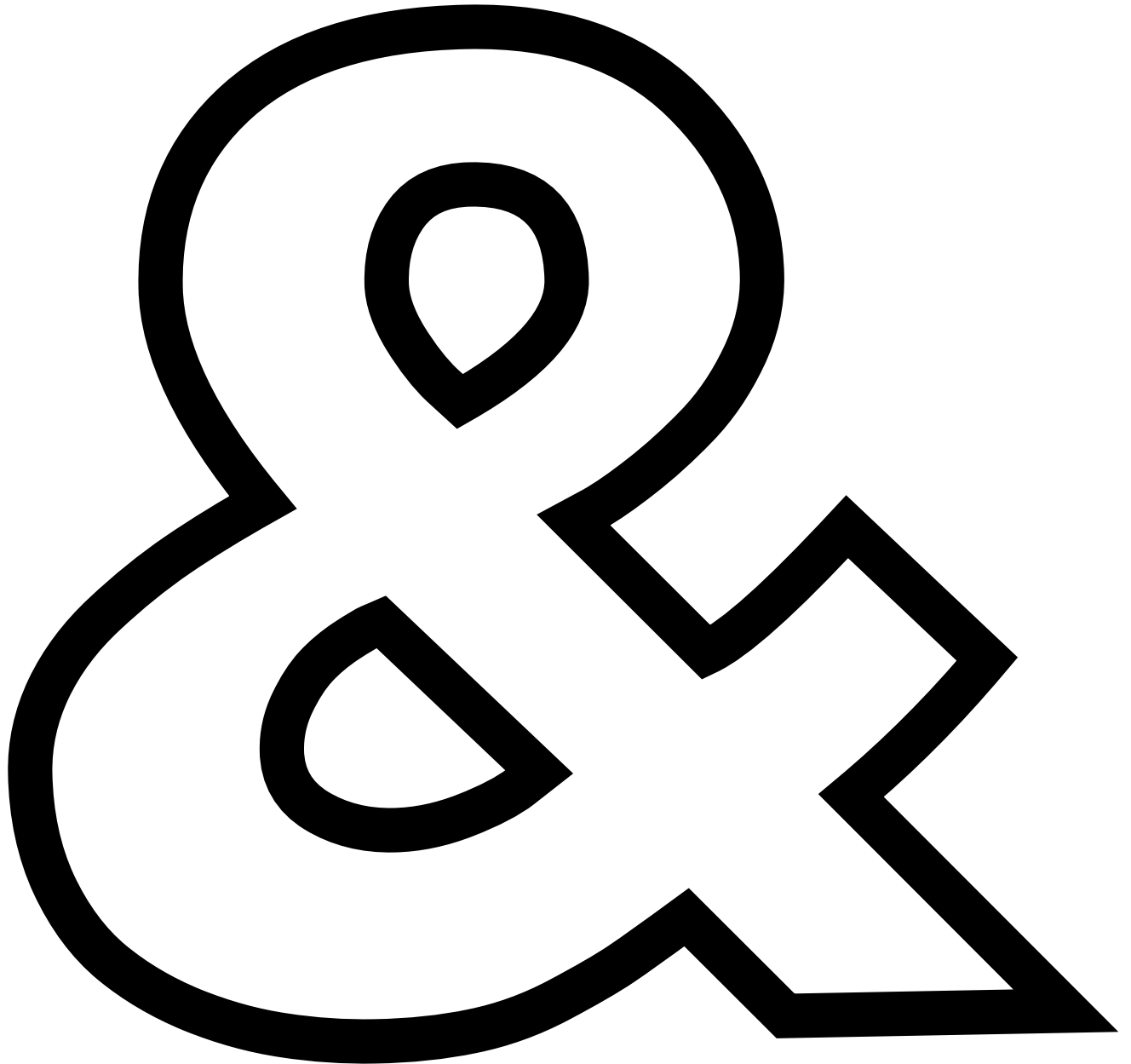
Anonym

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REVOLT
AGAINST
THE
MODERN
WORLD



The magazine will condones political violence when justifies.

名誉をもつて提示

Prisoners of wartime are in detention pending undetermined.

自(縛/爆)

session #2



The yawning entrance of the park loomed in front of Y-----. The green ambience of the bruised purple wisterias cooled his body. Earthy bounce light coloured the shadows the slightest brown and green and piss yellow. A distinct lack of other flora due to winter. Snow had just started to fall, almost imperceptibly. At this time of day, and with the potential of the weather going south from here, not many were in the park.

There was a wonderful serene feeling to this, the strange combination of the binding on his body, the rope harness rubbing hot sweat into his joints, restricting his stomach ever so slightly as he inhaled. Then his hands behind his back, nestled into the backpack, not feeling restrained in terms of tightness, but the weight and grip of the cuffs and the soft clinking of the padlocks as he walked an ever present reminder. To others it must have sounded only like normal materials within the backpack, perhaps stationary or some such.

The combination of the serenity of nature, of the little snowflakes, or not even snowflakes but snow-mites or some kind, snow particles, with the beautifully desolate park setting, contrasted with the purely mechanical pleasure he was experiencing. However, without looking at the machines, without seeing the wires, or the rotors buzzing, or the electrical currents of the pads across his body, it just felt natural. There was nothing unnatural about the pleasure itself. There was no difference in feeling from machine or human pleasure. It was totally possible to trick the body. In the same way there is the Coke and Pepsi test, there should be the cock and Sybian test.

Everyone, including the old women and the children too, if only they knew what they were missing out on in the park. Y----- wondered if children, introduced to these kinds of pleasures at an earlier age, and in a kind of dystopia or utopia, depending on your pick, having a totally liberal approach to sex, would simply request this kind of pleasant, omnipresent stimulation in normal settings such as these.

'Mommy, could I please have the vibrating cock ring?' they would ask, innocently, in the same way they would ask for ice cream.

Of course, Y----- was not fantasizing about this kind of thing, and children in general repulsed him, especially outside of a sexual setting. He wondered, with a God's eye view, or with some kind of end-of-life score sheet, he could see the number of people in the world he had walked past furtively equipped with butt plugs or other instruments. The number of masks he had passed, subduing their pleasure, their faces like stark marble edifices. How many others had duped him in the way he had duped others.

It was at that moment that Y----- first heard the banshee shrieks, dozens, no, hundreds of voices calling out, chanting, swamping the air and scaring the birds away. Obscured by hedges, he could not fully make out what they were. They sounded foreign, both conceptually and literally. The language sounded like English to his ears, although French and Dutch would also blend together for him at times. He was scared to round the corner, but he had little choice. It would be easier to go through a crowd than back the other way.

He rounded the corner and pure carnage assaulted him. A legion of deplorables, hundreds in number, half naked or clad in costumes anime or trans or wardrobed out of a furry's wet dream with the skins of animals and polyethylene fur and pieces of Etsy memorabilia still tracked with the period blood of prior owners, hoodies of punched Nazis, denim jackets embroidered with the Kaballic Sephiroth, each light filled with an ethnic emoji, one in a pink pussy hat and one with an antiracist baby and one in pastel blue and pink programmer socks and a cumstained Clinton pantsuit and some in pup-play headgear of battered leather or PVC gimp masks that bore resemblance of bulls or tigers or foxes or dragons and one in assless chaps worn backwards and otherwise naked and one with matted locks dipped in fluorescent tinctures that frayed and shed until they trailed upon the ground and their bondage pup's ears

and tail plugs worked with brightly shining piercings and fiber threads trailing to a leash and one Mammalorian whose Baby Yoda was painted to resemble human flesh and all the tranny and gamer men faces gaudy and grotesque with wide open mouths gnashing with frightened delight, cancellation hilarious, all howling in a barbarous tongue and storming down upon Y--- --- like a horde from a damnation more horrible yet than the hellmaxxed liminal convention halls from which they spawned, seething and dilating and clothed in hash haze like those transgressive beings in forums beyond right knowing.

They stormed towards Y----- in force. Enveloping him quickly, pulling him into their midst. Assaulted nasally. Caustic ozone fumes mixed with shit and potent leather baking in the sun. The residual haze of excessive makeup, hairspray, and other chemical intoxicants made him immediately woozy. He found himself pulled in the direction of the crowd, unable to push through without the use of his arms, and his already inebriated state. A shirtless thing clawed past him, deep purple scar lines, two of them, running under where each breast used to be, surrounded by mouldy yellow and black bruising, faded pink pants with tassels wetly clinging to the sides from the snow, hair buzzed completely to zero on the sides, died peach-fuzz pink but bleached out in spots to illuminate the top of her head as if by a highlighter, holding a sign reading, in English, "Harry Potter taught us better than this." followed by seven emoji symbols of black and brown hands clapping.

Behind her her boyfriend or some other man draped in a purple frilly dress that went just below his knees and ended in a tie-dye red maroon swirling pattern reminded Y----- of those Star Trek inter-sex uniforms. The man thing carried a rifle in his hands and he chanted something in English that Y----- could not make out among the other sounds and assaults to his senses and furthermore without knowing English really beyond his high school classes from some years ago but the man stared straight ahead in pure anger his eyes almost

watering behind his thick rimmed incel glasses with spittle flying from his mouth as he yelled, careful not to step on anyone else's toes or the pups in tow two just ahead of him and as he yelled he seemed to shrink a little as if scared of his own power. Another with an 'I met God and she was a Black Woman' sweater held a black fist sign and was jumping up and down incoherently while smoking what looked to be a joint their pudgy pig cheeks swallowing their upturned snout of a nose as their dead set predatory eyes opened as wide as they could beneath thick eyelids of forehead compressed fat rolls as they waddled along as best they could with big sweat patches of the unfortunately grey sweater coming down and exposing their protruding belly spilling simultaneously over and within their pants with tightly pulled back oil hair that had the melted snowflake water simply roll off of it without dampening it in the slightest. Y----- realised only too late that a little nub sticking out of the pants made this abomination a man. Its hair was mint chocolate drink green but had faded into a kind of milky white that looked brittle to the point of cracking, despite its oiliness. Furthermore the pups at his feet, some walking on their hands and knees, others with their limbs bound and folded into each other moaned and shimmied along the ground ahead of their otherwise shirtless, except for a tight leather harness daddy, his nipples protruding from the straps that framed his skinny fat torso with little budding fat tissue under his breast and one nipple like a cone, gynecomastia, creating a discordant asymmetry. His eyes weren't visible beneath his cracked leather cap, but he couldn't have been younger than fifty-five. The pups were pulled along by his leash obediently as they shook their tails', buttplugs with multicoloured and spotted furry tails protruding. They had blinders on, some complete blindfolds, and most with some kind of harness bit or ball gag or muzzle going on as well and their cocks sometimes hung out and flopped about as they walked while the kids attending stared half in amazement and awe and the disgust of the tabula rasa that could never be erased, some in dresses, some flaunting their newfangled

identity and others in shame shying from the crowd despite the support of their mothers and the lustful watchful predatory eyes of the men.

Y----- was dizzy as more and more new morphologies, mutant forms, rushed past him, each more detailed and shocking than the last.

"Are you feeling okay?"

One of them had approached him, ever slightly more normal looking. It wore full body camo gear, the fabric containing either multiple cumstains or bird shit, only a slight roundness around the waist protruding and creating a shadow around the upper thighs. A makeshift facemask of black t-shirt cloth with red striping and transparent eye goggles like some 40s air force bomber. They carried with them a baseball bat with various insignia on it that Y----- only vaguely recognised and the text 'Nazi Bonker' scratched into the side and filled in with what looked like red makeup.

Y-----, of course, could not respond. The thing, sensing some hesitation from him, took a strong stop forward immediately into Y-----'s personal space, engulfing him in an odour reminiscent of refrigerator coolant gone bad. He reached towards Y----- and yanked the mannequin arm out of his pocket, shaking it up and down intensely.

"I've always admired Japanese culture. "

Y----- could tell. The thing let go of his 'arm' in mid swing and it stayed as it was, stuck at a 90 degree angle.

"Firm handshake. Firm hands."

Y----- nodded. This retard apparently couldn't tell rigor mortis from a mannequin, or a real hand. The crowd continued to stream around them, a psychedelic arrow of symbols and foreign text and no easy place to rest the eyes, a complete and utter lack of traditional beauty. Fat as far as the eyes could see, dysgenic

mutants. A wave of uncanny valley creatures sent from faraway lands raping this delicate space and dying the snow with their oils and perfumes and tinctures. Nose piercings clattered and rang out like tribal drums. Thighs rubbed and slapped like maracas. It was all getting a bit intense for Y-----. He felt a discordant string section, atonality rising up through his gall bladder and into his throat. He choked on the cock in his mouth. Who knows what these people would do to him if they found out about his secret. He would never escape, and not in a good way.

"Your eyes seem a bit red, are you okay?"

Y----- nodded fervently, looking for a route to escape, but fat masses refreshed constantly to obfuscate any potential path. He desperately turned around to find an exit among this stream. The thing produced a little green vial eyedropper from his Zelda satchel with its myriad pins of Doctor Who, Firefly, Sherlock and the like.

"Here you go."

The man took the vial dropper and before Y----- - could contort his spine and close his eyes the man had squirted clear liquid into his eyes. It stung a little and he pulled back while blinking rapidly. At that moment the other eye was squirted too and Y----- just stood there blinking, frightened, his vision momentarily compromised.

"That should help clear up nicely, big guy."

He looked back into his bag as he put the green vial away, but paused for a second and rummaged around some more. He pulled out another eyedropper, this one with a medical label around the outside and the text 'ExtraClear™' on it.

"Oh, oops, might have used the wrong one. Oh well, good luck."

He laughed as he skipped off and blended instantly into the crowd. Y----- decided that he just had to go with the flow if he wanted out of here. He went along as quickly as he could, which was not very fast given the thigh cuffs.

Y----- just prayed that he wouldn't become more exposed. If one of these dysgenics decided to unbutton his jacket or open his backpack then he would be thoroughly fucked. He would be exposed before this array of pigs and piglets and mudborn bacteria. They would surround him in delight and bind his legs together and crucify him at the front of the parade. He would be a new pup and have his mind hypnotised to that of a dog. He would begin to dress in women's clothing and wear a black daddy choker and become a 2006 gothic lolita and listen to binaural sissy hypno as he slept. His self would be utterly taken apart and refastened to new goals, these new modern masks adorned by these creatures, downloaded from some hidden meat locker somewhere on some unnamed site, or yet to be named site or program. A congregation of stand alone individuals drawn to a singular point like light to a black hole, a total slave morality of guilt and hedonism and anhedonism and disgust and beauty and all the juxtapositions, all the simultaneous things and their opposites, everything negating itself. They were proud and beautiful and daring. They were sticking it to the man. They were warrior's in Dumbledore's Army and they were District 13 and they had read The Giver and understood its themes and they had watched Sherlock and understood the meaning of friendship and they knew that the Avenger's must assemble and that the Patriarchy was an Avenger's level threat. "I see this as an absolute win" Y----- thought to himself, automatically quoting Avenger's Endgame without realising it. He really was becoming one of them. He may as well get down on his knees. He subconsciously began to suck the silicon cock in his mouth even harder. Another orgasm was riding up on him. He was on the verge of crying again. Pain and its opposite rode upon him and totally dominated him. Wedged amongst the miasma of the crowd his head floated totally into the sky and his sternum filled with silvery liquids that spread

deep into his prostate and rocked his hips too and fro with a fullness in his ass that wanted to be pushed out like shit but refused to with its ridges and nubs and its knot keeping it firmly in place. Y----- screamed as loud as he could but nothing came out over the sound of the chant "MORE WANDS. LESS GUNS." Y----- moaned in rhythm to the chant. MMM MMMM. MMMM MMM. MMMM MMMM . MMMM MMM. Orgasm could make anything beautiful.

By 夜音 惠理





MARGINAL
lives

Monday morning had Margaret finding Thomas at the kitchen table cluttered as his mind. A newspaper to his left, a fork in his left hand, a book open in his right, his breakfast in front of him and his coffee beside that.

"What are you reading there Tom?" his wife asked.

"The Dark at the Top of the Stairs by William Inge," he responded, stabbing his scrambled eggs and chewing them absently.

"That playwright from round here?" she said, sitting across from him and noting the coverless green hardcover with the title and library information seemingly written on by the library staff. "That's quite an old book. He died in the 70s didn't he?"

"Somewhere around then," he responded. He turned the page and reached for his coffee.

Margaret knew that it wasn't about the book. It never was with Thomas, not lately. She could talk to him for hours about the history and meaning of the works he consumed but the only thing that mattered to him was who had read the book before he did.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, setting the book face down and retrieving his small moleskine notebook from his front pocket. "See here Margaret!"

"What does it say?" Margaret asked leaning over the table.

"He has forever changed my view on marriage. Still angry," he said, he rubbed the gray stubble on his neck. He flipped the book around and flipped to the back page where the library card sat. He pulled it out and scanned his eyes down the various dates until he made his way to the end. "The last time this book was checked out was 1989. That's over ten years ago, isn't that crazy? Who was this woman?"

"Who can say Thomas that was such a long time ago," Margaret said, moving from her seat to make herself her own cup of coffee. "How do you know it's a woman?"

"It's in the handwriting," Thomas replied. "It's too neat, too clean, small cursive. Almost Victorian, it's beautiful."

"Yes I suppose a man wouldn't know much about grace or beauty, or marriage," Margaret said solemnly.

"Inge seems to if he could change this woman's view on it forever," Thomas shrugged. "Look here on the very next page, there's a line about a character's husband hitting her, and beside that a note. 'Better than what I have' it says in the same hand."

He flipped through the small book and stopped at every few pages. "This has a lot of academic notes. There are notes on the symbolism, notes on the characters, nothing that follows up that biting glimpse of intimacy."

"Do you think maybe the library may know more about it?" Margaret said. "If it had academic notes it may have been donated. I don't see the sense in writing in a library book. You could also maybe track down the people that have had it before you. That'd be a conversation eh?"

"That's a brilliant idea Margaret," he said, rising and kissing her softly. "I know it's a strange hobby I appreciate you supporting me through it."

"God knows it could be worse," she said, "Will you be going out soon, I have a list of groceries you could pick up for me if you don't mind?"

"No trouble at all," Thomas said, "What's on the menu today?"

"I'm thinking lasagna if that's okay," Margaret said.

"Anything's okay if you're the one making it," Thomas laughed.

"Well then I'll remember that the next time you bellyache over the meatloaf you sob," Margaret smiled, she rubbed his shoulders and said "Please make sure you wear your coat out, and your cane. We got two inches of snow last night according to the forecast."

She began to tidy up the kitchen as she watched her husband of fifteen years don his thick black wool coat and scarf and matching fedora. His black leather gloves and walnut walking cane. Ever since she met him he always had a hunger for knowledge, a curiosity with other people's lives. She never quite understood it, but his head was full of trivia of movie stars and singers and baseball stars. It struck her as sad that as much as he knew about other people's lives he never seemed to be able to live his own. This new phenomenon had started about six months ago when he had brought home a copy of War and Peace from the used bookstore downtown. In it were sketches in the margins, very detailed ink drawings of the all the characters. Along with Christian based poetry that despite cross references at the library had never yielded any results. Thomas had scanned these drawings and poems with no author and saved him in his study. From that point on he would go hunting for books specifically with writing and notes in them. Not only being obsessed with the lives of legends but now with the lives of his common man. Margaret thought of it as his way of understanding people.

As he made his way out the door Margaret let out a small cough and crossed the living room and handed him the book. "You can't forget this now love can you?" she said and kissed him on the cheek. "Now hurry home, I'll need the ingredients for that lasagna."

The library was a second home to Thomas. He had gone there since was a small child and seen many librarians come and go. He considered the current librarians his friends. If anyone would be able to help him with his strange obsession it would be them. As he made his way inside he stopped to breathe in the scent of the books. He looked upwards to the dome on the roof, which had been repaired and painted by some local artists a year or two back. Though it had become different from what he remembered he loved that it had been preserved at all. Memory was how someone survived.

At the counter was one of the older librarians, Brian. Thomas was grateful for that, as much as he liked the younger kids and their energy he didn't think someone as young as someone in Generation X would understand what he was getting at.

"Hey Thomas," Brian said, "What can I do for you?"

"I had some questions about this book here," Thomas said. "It's got some notes in it, I was wondering if you could tell me about when it came in. Trying to puzzle together who had it before me, figure out who wrote the notes."

"Well I'll give you the bad news first," Brian said, "Due to privacy reasons we don't keep full records of everyone who checks out materials. Once it's returned it's wiped from their account completely."

"Dammit," Thomas said, "I was really sure I was onto something."

"Well there's still good news, if you'll let me hold onto this, I can figure out when it was first entered into our catalogue and hopefully if it was donated by someone who wrote these notes I can tell you that too."

Thomas rubbed his chin and nodded. "Sure Brian, if it's not too much trouble that is," he said, "I know it's such an odd thing to get hung up upon huh?"

Brian laughed and set the book to the side, "Well it's my job to get hung up on the books we deal with, literally. I hope I can find some answers for you Tom. Do you need any other help?"

"No," Thomas said, "Though I was wondering how long this might take you? Peggy's wanting me to get some groceries for dinner tonight. She's making lasagna."

"Well it's a slow day, so if I can get another librarian up here I can start checking for you," Brian said, "But I don't want to make any promises. Let me take down your phone number and I'll call you tonight with what I know."

"Okay," Thomas said, "I'm still reading the book if you'll keep it checked out to me if that's alright."

"Of course," Brian said, "You take it easy now okay? It's cold out. Get home and get that hot meal in you and get some rest."

Brian slid a notepad forward with a black ink pen and Thomas jotted down his information and slid it back. He retrieved his gloves from his pockets and put them back on and made his way back to the entrance and down the stairs to his car. He had a longing in his chest that this time, for once, he would make a full connection to the ghosts that haunted him.

Dinner that night was delicious and quiet. Margaret had been filled in on what Brian had told Thomas and had expressed her desire for him to get the answers that he wanted. Now they ate in silence with looming electricity in the air.

Thomas' eyes keep darting over the phone. In spite of her appreciation of his enthusiasm and happiness over this project, she wished that he would pay her the same mind. Maybe if she wrote some anonymous lines in a book. Her face flushed with embarrassment as soon as the thought crossed her mind. The audacity to be jealous of ghosts was so unladylike.

The rest of the night was quiet without the phone ringing until about eight. Thomas had been reading through the newspaper and Margaret had been knitting. The shrill bell of the telephone clattered through the house for four or five rings as Thomas slowly rose from his chair and made his way slowly and stiffly to it.

"Hello?" he answered.

"Thomas hi, this is Brian," he heard through the line, "I have some good news for you. It looks like the book you gave me was entered into our system in 1978. It was part of a full library donation, given to us by one Ethel Morgan."

"Ethel Morgan?" Thomas asked, "Well hot damn, a ghost has a name. I appreciate you doing that for me Brian, I'll be by tomorrow to retrieve the book."

Thomas made his way back into the living room and told Margaret what he knew. His excitement made her happy but she was soured a bit, giving the ghost a name was like he had a lover. The pangs of jealousy and guilt ran through her, but she subdued them by rationalizing that he would be like this if the ghost had been a man. She wished she understood him better, or that he would care to make himself known.

"Ethel Morgan," he mused as he made his way up the stair for the night. "Who are you Ethel Morgan?"

That night Margaret Campbell dreamed about ghosts. She was looking for her husband and was surrounded by shades. Transparent people with no faces shuffled around her sleepily, they were suffocating her with their closeness and their aura of death. She awoke with a gasp to find that her husband had already left the house.



Since it had been an estate donation, Thomas Campbell had decided to visit the library and look through the strips for obituaries for Ethel Morgan. He knew it would take some time so he left the house as soon as he had awoken, careful not to disturb his wife; he made a small meal of toast with raspberry jam and coffee and left her a note on his activities.

It wasn't long before he discovered the obituary of Ethel Morgan. She had died recently, which made no sense to him since the donation had come almost twenty years prior. He read and re-read the obituary. She had a stroke at the age of seventy-eight, survived by two daughters, preceded by one. His heart sank. Surely it couldn't be true. He searched the name of the deceased daughter. Ellie Morgan died 1978, survived by her mother and sisters.

Thomas's hands began to shake and he removed his glasses. He opened the book to the notes in the small cursive handwriting. 'He has changed my views on marriage forever, still angry'. Words etched forever by a thirty-seven year old woman. It had to be her, and he had to know her story. He had to know for sure. He checked the names in both obituaries and jotted them down in the moleskin.

The lights in the library seemed brighter than usual as he made his way to the yellow pages section and found their names and jotted down their numbers. He barely felt the cold as he went outside to the corner to the payphone. His hands shook as he fumbled with his change and punched in the first number.

"Hello?" a voice from the other line.

He sighed in relief and began, "Hello ma'am, my name is Thomas Campbell. I was wondering if I could have a few moments of your time?"

"Of course Mr. Campbell, what can I do for you?" she said.

"It's about Ellie," he said, "I'm a very old man, and will surely be dead soon. So I have been chasing ghosts in the margins of books obsessed with persevering their memories, and I'm finally close to solving a puzzle. Your sister's books were donated to our library by your mother. What happened?"

There was silence on the other end of the line and Tomas closed his eyes to brace himself against the impact of the dial tone. He was a fool to reach out.

"Mr. Campbell," she said, "Before I begin I need to know if you think Ellie's life is a game."

"N-No!" he exclaimed, "Your sister's life is a beautiful thing. I'm holding a book she wrote in right now. Take ease that I just want to know her story so that she can keep being remembered. She's made herself immortal in the margins, however small an immortality it is, don't you think that's beautiful?"

"Do you do this with every book you find notes in?" she asked.
"Absolutely," he said.

"Ellie loved to read. Ellis loved to drink. He didn't use to. But he came back from Vietnam a different man," she said.

"He hit her?" Thomas asked.

"How do you know that?" she asked sharply.

"I'm sorry," Thomas said, "It's in the margins of the book."

"Of course it would be," she said softly, "That girl escaped into her books so often. Which one are you holding?"

"The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Thomas said.

"She read that in college. She must have revisited it. You know she wanted to be Queen Nellah in this town so badly? She could sing like a meadowlark," the voice said. "She read all his plays. That one was her favorite. Born out of a speckled egg she said, that's me she said. I never read it so I don't know what that ever meant, but I wish I did now."

"What happened?" Thomas asked.

"Ellis eventually killed everything good and kind about her. She turned to drinking too, to drugs," the voice said bitterly, "I know it says she died in 1978 but she died long before that."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Thomas said.

"I've had time to cope," she said, "You read. What did it mean? Can you tell me?"

"The speckled egg reference she made?" Thomas asked, "Well Inge was a homosexual but an extremely repressed one. He used that metaphor as a veiled reference to that. He was born 'different'. Does that make sense?"

"It does," the voice answered, "Ellie was different. Not in that exact way, not in a way she ever let on, but it's not like society would have let her, it still won't."

"How was she different?" Thomas asked.

"She didn't get people," she said, "The only person she did seem to get along with was her boyfriend Ellis. After the war she didn't even have that. It seemed to frustrate her. She would complain about being broken, about being wrong. God knows Ellis didn't help. He wanted a son, and he'd be pushy. Rape her. Beat her. I'd kill the man if he wasn't already dead, but I'm getting ahead of myself."

"Take your time, I know this had to be hard for you," Thomas reassured.

"She tried so hard to be happy," she said, "She never stopped reading, but she did stop living, it was in her eyes. We tried so hard to get her to leave Ellis but every time she tried he found her and would beat her even harder. Eventually she stopped listening to us. They found her in the garage. Exhaust running in the car, her cold and pale as candle wax. The note was the worst part. 'I have made a nest of disaster and tried to take flight but I have not yet grown the wings to escape. This speckled egg has shattered on the cold Earth. Mother forgive me.'"

Thomas gave the voice time as it quivered with rage and sorrow. He heard her choking back sobs, "He died a month later. Got drunk and crashed his car into a tree. I don't think she would have done it if she had known. Or maybe she would have, he was the only person that seemed to understand whatever she had brewing in her mind."

"I'm very sorry for your loss," he said.

"Mother took it the worst. My other sister and I had to rescue her things from the house before the bank foreclosed and bulldozed it. Her library was the most precious thing. But mother wanted it all burned."

"Why is that?" Thomas asked.

"She wasn't in the right mind," the voice said, "Destroyed by grief. All the things we got out of that house were just that, things. But the books? The books were Ellie. She couldn't take seeing them. We couldn't burn them so we ended up donating the whole thing to the library. I'm amazed they kept them."

"I see," Thomas said, "Thank you Ms. Morgan. Thank you for sharing Ellie's story with me."

"Thank you Mr. Campbell, for letting me remember her," she said, "I guess as long as someone does that, like you said, they're immortal, however small."

The dial tone rang in Thomas' ear before he replaced the receiver. He made his way back into the library and went back to the obituary archives. He scanned the obituary of Ellie Morgan one more time to see where she was buried.

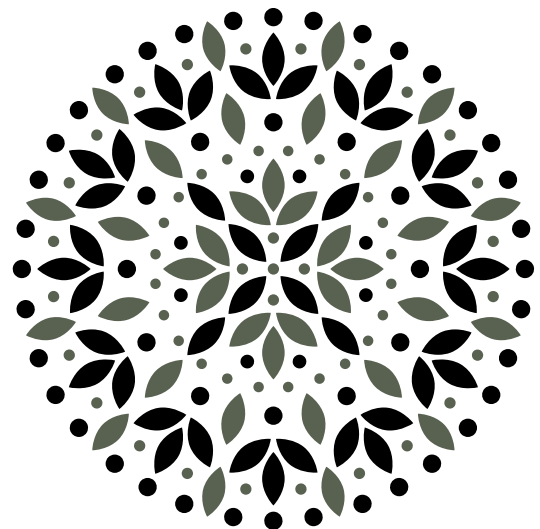
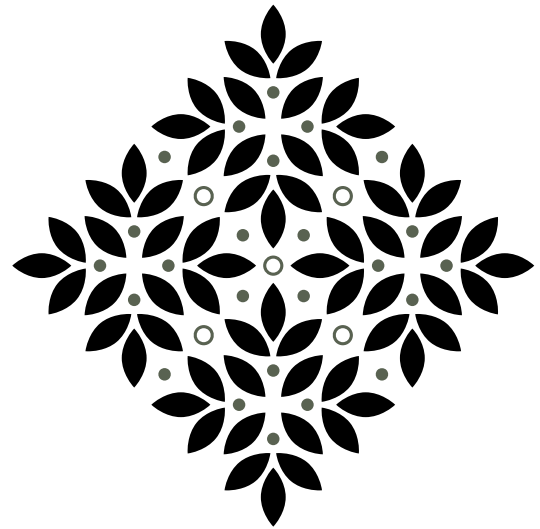
It took most of the afternoon to find her headstone. The sun barely poked through the overcast winter sky as he brushed the snow away from her name. "Here lies Ellie Morgan. Daughter, Sister, and Wife. Hatched from a speckled egg". Thomas wiped the tears out of his eyes and spoke to the air.

"Hello Ellie, my name is Thomas Campbell. I read your book, and talked to your sister. You might think it's silly an old man like me caring so much. Most people pay no attention to the notes in the margins of books. Not me. See, I'm old. I'm old and I've done nothing and I'm mostly forgotten. I will be forgotten. There's no getting around that. I am not a great man. I have lived a small, simple but fulfilling life on this Earth. But the idea of being forgotten, the cold finality of just how small my existence really was terrifies me. I want to scream out, 'I am here! I lived and I was!' You're a reader. It reminds me of that Shelley poem. 'Two vast and trunkless legs stand in the desert. Near them on the sand, half sunk, a shattered visage lies. And on the pedestal these words appear, I am Ozymandias, king of kings, look upon my works ye mighty, and despair.' I'm paraphrasing but the point remains. Nothing lasts forever, no matter how meek nor mighty. I can't shake the feeling of dread that sets into me, and it's the strangest thing, no one I talk to seems to understand. They all just pat me on the back, and think the poor old fool, his death is near and he runs and hides from it. But that's not true. I am obsessed with it. Obsessed with conquering it. I could die tonight. Or tomorrow, but what sends me awry, what keeps me up at night is the sheer terror of the nothing that could follow. Even now I speak to the empty air with only my frozen breath and sunken footprints ever archiving that I was ever here, and even those will be gone. I wish I had done something with my life. Not even something important, just something good. Instead I never really lived, and now I'm too old to get it back. The only thing I can hope for is that the lives I did touch remember me kindly, and that kindness reverberates through the anther and continues a chain of kindness. I think that is a legacy a man could be proud of. Never an emperor or a conquer. I don't keep going living out of fear of some unknowable death. I don't keep going because it's fun or because it's easy because God knows it's not, but because I still feel I can win. I don't have to the courage or the modesty to quit, and that's always made me different. A speckled egg. I don't know why history refuses to give those who are different peace. The question I have for you that I wish you could answer is 'Did it work?'"

The only answer was the wind creaking through the branches of the bare poplars. He sighed and made his way back to his car and drove home, making his way up the stairs and kissing his sleeping wife on the forehead. By lamplight he finished the play and set it to the side with an empty pit in his stomach and turned off the light.

For all his worry of a legacy and being forgotten, he had lived a good life. Or so he thought. He had considered writing a memoir, but he didn't think anyone would read about his life, or that it really deserved to be written about. He thought again back to Ellie, Ellie the small light who went out so quickly. He was certain she would be surprised that light had reached someone so far away, and who knows, maybe that surprise would come to him.

The next morning he donned his coat to return to the library on business one last time. He held in his coat pocket the green hardcover of *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, but inside was a sticker where he had written "The previous owner of this book was named Ellie Morgan. Born out of a speckled egg, think of her when you read it". He slotted the book into the return drawer of the library and made his way home in the morning cold.



Anonymous 11/14/21(Sun)20:36:56 No.19402391 ▶

Phenomenology of Dream

> I'm getting sleepy, I'm getting very sleepy...soon I'll be in the world of dreams.

> The world of dreams is experience alive, the world of reality is experience dead.

> I am going into the world of dreams, where the experience moves and whispers to me.

> I am dead, I am living; I'm not here, I am here; I am man, I am God—every second is unique in all ways—this is experience living.

> I'm always dreaming in the world of reality, but I'm almost never dreaming in the world of dreams.

> Dreaming into dreams: I find myself adrift at sea on a tiny raft. The waters bubble—the dread sets in—I am surround and engulfed by the giant maw of a whale; my shock > sends me awake and I open my eyes to a bear who mauls me to death; I wake up to woman (this is reality) I kiss her—I don't know if she loves me anymore, when I'm alone I cry.

> My body secretes the sea water from my eyes and I collect it again in my mouth—I will not let anything go to waste.

> Numbers 16-20 were delicious but I throw-up at 28; 12 was very tangy but 64 was very pleasant however. I'm about to vomit. Someday shoot me like number 5. Fuck > you suck my dick.

> My eyes BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!! They say, "IT'S TIME TO GO TO SLEEP ASSHOLE!!!!!! IT'S TIME > TO GO TO SLEEP!!!!!!!!!"

> My fat stomach is asking to be opened—to burst out—I won't let it.

> In my ear I hear: TIME TO RAPE TIME TO RAP TO TAP TAP NO TAP
Nigga what did yoju say to me, pull my gun out, BLOW, bix nood, another
day in racist America.

> Fuck you suck my dick. The time is ticking, why am I doing this, the time is up, is it the devil knowking at me or the lod leyying my in? pleas OI don't want to die.




&am/p/.011

Flashlight in hand, I began my return home as soon as the memory resurfaced. The first draft's incompleteness then tormented me for the remainder of October. In resignation, I bought a camera and drove aimlessly.



esurfaced;
of October.

2021.11.02


A dark, atmospheric night scene. On the right side, a tall, slender street lamp stands prominently, its top glowing with a bright, warm light that illuminates the surrounding area. The light from the lamp creates a soft, hazy glow. In the background, a series of blurred, out-of-focus lights are visible, suggesting a distant city or a line of trees. The overall mood is mysterious and somber, with deep blacks and muted colors. The ground in the foreground is dark and appears to be a path or a road, with some faint, indistinct shapes that could be trees or bushes.

Misty grove and misty fen,
I will not leave the hallow den,
This chill won't stay my living breath
Nor lead me to an early death;
My life, it cannot let me fall
To dungeon deep to keep in thrall
All vices, I wish I had slain,
To rise and pierce the life again;
But still I wake and cannot sleep
'Til fear of death my night will keep



Processions





We had older stars once:
wondrous and subtle and distant,
scattered out across the skies.

We have new stars now:
near and bright and technicolour,
resting on the horizon.

Look out across the water and see
the staunch light of our new stars.

No longer are they our cosmic guides,
but fallen from their heavenly seat.

Once our stars were the divine of our past
Placed by the gods into the heavens.

The seven grieving daughters of Atlas,
and the Æsir's atonement to the vengeful Skaði.

Now, shall we be those in grief?
Or seek the retribution of our loss?

Or shall we look across the water
at our shining new stars and know:

We paid with those old stars
when we placed ourselves in the heavens.





We kill and birth, us creatures all,
Trees even slaying as they fall,
The lowest ant, the highest crow,
All wish to live, not lie below;
But higher still the godly grace
That judges every blighted face,
And when we're gone we'll see it then,
To damn us all in hell again



How to Write Books Using Artificial Intelligence

by Anonymous

Interested in reconfiguring the simulation meanwhile earning a meaningful and disposable income? Looking to establish independence from the compulsory exactitude of-*Gasp*-society? This article will explain, with commas, step by step, not only how to fish, but how to, by your very own self, teach a man to do much, if not precisely, the same thing.

Would you believe me if I told you that this article was itself written by a machine? Well you're an idiot. Your soon-to-be wise-turned self (thankfully) probably navigated your way here in search of something beyond you. These core concepts might even offend some of your more innate sensibilities. You might even go so far as to reject this brief education out of hand and make strange demands, or go about downloading an electronic copy to forward via emails, or something that can be printed out in the physical (as well as the machine) sense and waved overhead. And yet such an action is, in the end, utterly predictable and admittedly un-esoteric.

And while your body might think that it needs more sleep and more water and more carbohydrates and more long days in the sun to build its physical strength, what it doesn't fully understand is that it really doesn't need any of these things in order to build its mental strength. All it needs to do is read this article (the purpose of which is actually to simply pad the author's online portfolio for some knuckle-dragging copywriting position in the same building as the job he really wants (some human resources internship at Hootsuite)).

Some several months ago this author got a job as a ghostwriter working for The Urban Writers. The platform's market tactic of racing to the bottom so thoroughly devastated not only the North American English speaking market for ghostwriters, but also disrupted the wider foreign market as well, and was chiefly responsible for insofar quashing our collective dream of working our individual ways up from the bottom in such a field with any degree of professional integrity.



So then and forthwith we shall dispense with the unintegral aspects of professional development, which in this case signal the prospects most associated with this (reliably) tried, tested, and truly familiar strategy surrounding the mediation of labor and capital: (I'm speaking of course about) outsourcing. We will offload our workload not onto the shoulders of some unsuspecting colleague, but onto those of some simulated neural apparatus the apparent intelligence of which grants us special wishes if and when we choose to do the evil bidding thereof.

Great! I've targeted pretty much all of the demographics, and I believe I've instanced all of my relevant keywords. My wordcount is a little high, but I was able to keep from swearing. Okay Google, optimize this:

Step 1: Get a job as a ghostwriter

This is surprisingly easy, simply go to theurbanwriters.com/ (or any bottom-feeder firm) and navigate to their careers page and use their online form to jump through their little hoops. You will be required to submit a sample of your writing. It is suggested that you simply copy and paste an excerpt from Moby-Dick, or the Bible, which can be found readily on the internet. Once you are hired, your new employer will spam you incessantly regarding new opportunities to be underemployed. Go ahead and dredge your spam folder for their emails and familiarize yourself with their dashboard.

Step 2: Access a friendly wordbot

This is also quite easy. There are numerous online services that offer text generation, text completion, and content creation utilizing the powerful magic of AI. I prefer inferkit.com/, mostly because generating enormous amounts of text for free is a fairly straightforward process that typically involves Tor browser and Yopmail, however the paid premium version works like a charm and it will save you time (and remember time is literally money).

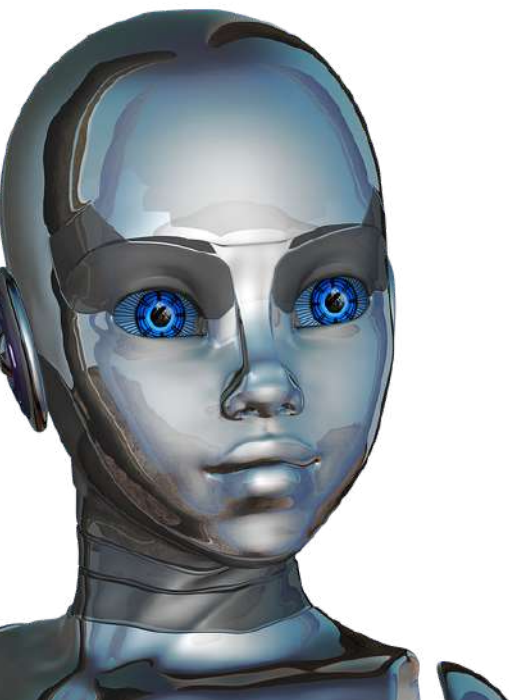
Step 3: Generate content using artificial intelligence

Once you have taken on a project in your ghostwriting dashboard, locate some basic text online that refers to your topic of work. If you're writing a book on programming in Arduino, find some copy or research about that on the internet. If you're writing an adult romance, dig up some of that. The web is a(n) (in)credible resource for finding surface-level knowledge. Use this source material to generate mountains of content and simply feed it to your client. They will always accept what you have to give them; they are paying under a penny per word.

Step 4: Quit your job and start publishing books yourself

After having wasted your time middlemanning this bizarre relationship between the robots and the transhumanists, now you're ready to join either of their ranks! Use the aforementioned yet simple technique in Step 3 to produce garbage-bagfuls of borderline comprehensible material and self-publish it (yourself (publish, that is)). Establishing yourself as the faceless entrepreneur behind thousands of pointless book titles is easy and comes with a guaranteed step by step solution: this very article that you are currently reading right now!

Hints, tips, and tricks



- Always choose highly advanced topics like quantum computing or blockchain mechanics, this will keep the learning curve high and will obfuscate your foolish poppycock.
- Never concede that you do not know what you are talking about: you are an expert. Look at everything you've done. Simply inform the client that this is how you learned it and that you're willing to do some more research.
- Use your actual skill as a writer to edit the output from your wordbot into something tangible relative to the project. Make sure the opening words of new sections at least sort of make sense. Normalize large blocks of text with few breaks between.
- Grinding word counts and marketing libraries of interchangeable nonsense is soulless work, however if done properly it can be financially rewarding and is ultimately the only job left in traditional publishing (remember, money is time).

// & // PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH

We just keep driving, and the sand keeps whipping by. It's been a few hours, and while the mountains behind us look ever more distant, nothing appears on the horizon. Eventually the dog, Henry, speaks up:

"You're not gonna turn around?"

"No."

"Would you let me out if I asked?"

"Sure."

And we sit speechless again, rumbling on down our golden highway.

Henry joined me at the very start -- just when everyone was packing or boarding up, watching the impending dust storm roll in. I was half-cocked and tipsy, sitting in a bar half-closed, when he asked if he could get a ride with me. He didn't say where he meant to go, so I figured it didn't matter. There'd be nowhere to stay once the storm rolled in, but you can outrun it most of the time.

Josh -- the bug with the moustache, blue -- was on the roadside a little ways out of town. After a while the roads narrow down to about a car's width, putting you precariously close to the edge. They're all one-way, so at least you know nobody is coming up on your front, but there's a special monotony to driving for hours just a few inches from a plummet to your death. Anyway, with that impending taper, Josh was either gonna hold someone up or get run off. Whichever it was gonna be, and with the way he was hanging his head, dragging his sorry feet behind him, I couldn't stand the thought of letting him miserably trudge on until then. So I pulled over.

"You want in?"

"Oh? Please! Thanks so much!"

The ride had been pretty quiet with just me and Henry until Josh got in -- seemed the guy thought the silence was awkward. He told us something about how his own car was out of commission, and that he had to leave it behind a few stops back. I asked him how he got by just walking.

"Well normally somebody comes and helps me out. There's always somebody nice who drives by eventually."

So that's how it worked. All he had to do was wait for some sucker like me to stop, and so far one always did. With a storm rolling in the folks with homes can't spare the food to keep another mouth for a week, so anyone driving by knows this poor sap is gonna get swept up and blown off into the desert if they don't do something. Seemed incredible he could bet on pity with such perfect odds.

"You must be a lucky guy."

"Crickets are always lucky."

Yeah, of course he was a cricket. I heard they're the ones that ate up all the grass and trees and plants and turned this place into a desert. Or maybe it was the locusts. I don't think they're much different anyway: just cold-blooded open mouths that want to take whatever you've got. They'd gobble up the whole world if they had the room in their stomachs.

"Josh, do you need to get off somewhere?"

"Oh, no, I'm fine going wherever you go."

Did that mean he'd just keep tagging along? He seemed the type to cry if I told him to fuck off and find someone else to drive him. I guess it doesn't cost much to drag another body, but I really just didn't wanna keep the company of a bug. I could see Henry lolling his head back and forth between me and Josh. He knew what I was thinking, probably wondered if I'd eventually tell him to fuck off too. Except I didn't mind Henry -- it's been a while since dogs were Man's best friend, but at least they don't leech like the bugs do. Henry went back to staring ahead.

We'd put some distance between us and the storm when finally we saw a blip on the horizon. Getting closer I could see it was just a little shack attached to the road, and closer yet I could see there was a gate in our way.

"What the hell?"

"Shit, I bet it's a tollbooth" Henry said.

"A what?"

"_Toll-booth_. I heard someone at the bar say they pop up now and then. They say you've gotta pay to get by, I dunno what for."

I grimaced.

"That's a load of shit."

"Yeah, I guess it is."

"I got a little cash on me."

"I'm next to broke. Will they really lock us out?"

"I dunno."

Josh didn't say a word.

The storm seemed far off, but it was only moving a little slower than we were -- if we stopped too long we'd be done for. I could see Henry looking back, squinting out at the storm, way past Josh. I turned around to gauge the distance, and Josh was looking hard to the side, still silent since the topic of money came up. Asshole.

We finally rolled up to the gate and the booth. Some guy walked up to my door.

"The toll is twenty per person, sir."

I had fifty-something on me.

"No way, what the fuck for?"

"Maintenance, sir."

I shot around to Henry, but he spoke before I could plead with him:

"I've got enough for us both, don't worry. I won't make you pay."

Josh finally spoke.

"What about me?"

"What about you?"

Henry was glaring back at Josh, and when I turned around that stupid bug was shaking. The wind was whipping up and I could see the wall of dust swallowing up the road. I couldn't kick him out.

"I've got no money! I can't! I'll die!"

"So what?"

"Henry", I said.

I could hear him growling faintly.

"I've got some money. I'm not gonna toss the bug out now."

Josh started in his seat when I said "bug", this mean look flashing on his face for an instant, but he caught himself before it cost him his ride. Henry and I shelled out and the gate opened up.

"Have a safe trip."

The shack, the gate, the attendant -- they all shimmered and then vanished.

Another few hours went by. The storm didn't look so deadly from afar, but I knew we were still a ways out from a town with a bunker. On the horizon was yet another blip, same as before.

"You're fucking with me. Henry, is that one of those booths?"

He narrowed his eyes.

"Shit, man, I think it is."

We made it up to the thing and it looked like the exact same guy as last time. He walked up.

"The toll is twenty per person, sir."

"Fuck off, we already paid!"

"This is a new toll, sir."

The way we split things last time left me with twenty flat. Henry looked at me.

"Matt..."

He sounded serious.

"...I've only got thirty left."

I didn't want to turn to face Josh. I could tell Henry didn't care, but I still felt guilty. It felt like a long minute passed before Josh spoke up:

"What are we gonna do?"

I still hadn't turned.

"Josh, get out."

"What?"

"Get out."

Josh went nuts, but to my surprise he never cried. Maybe it's that bugs can't cry. He said he'd die, he said we were racist, he said something about "brotherhood" and "sticking together". Finally Henry barked:

"Get out of the fucking car, Josh."

And Josh just stepped out. He hesitated, but he got out. Henry and I got our money together and paid. The gate lifted. Josh stood timidly behind the attendant.

"Wait!--"

Only Henry turned to look at him.

"--What if I pay for myself?"

"You have money?"

"Not much, barely any, if I pay I won't be able to eat, but I don't want to die, and I won't make it if I walk, and--"

"You prick, you've had money all along?!"

Then I looked. Henry and I split the fare in half last time, so we both caught part of Josh's bill. I could see Josh's hands reaching way inside his jacket, fishing through all these hidden pockets. He asked the attendant:

"Can you make change?"

Henry sprung from his side of the car and had a hold on Josh before I could even so much as clench a fist. But I got out too, and while Henry held him I started wailing on his face. It hurt my skin pounding on chitin, but I started getting him good in the eyes, and meanwhile Henry had his antennae clamped between his teeth. When Josh screamed I could see inside his mouth -- just this horrible maw hidden under his moustache, full of little pincers and fuzz. His scream sounded tinny up close. All six of Josh's limbs thrashed and scratched, but he was weak, and before long he was just balling up under blows. The attendant watched.

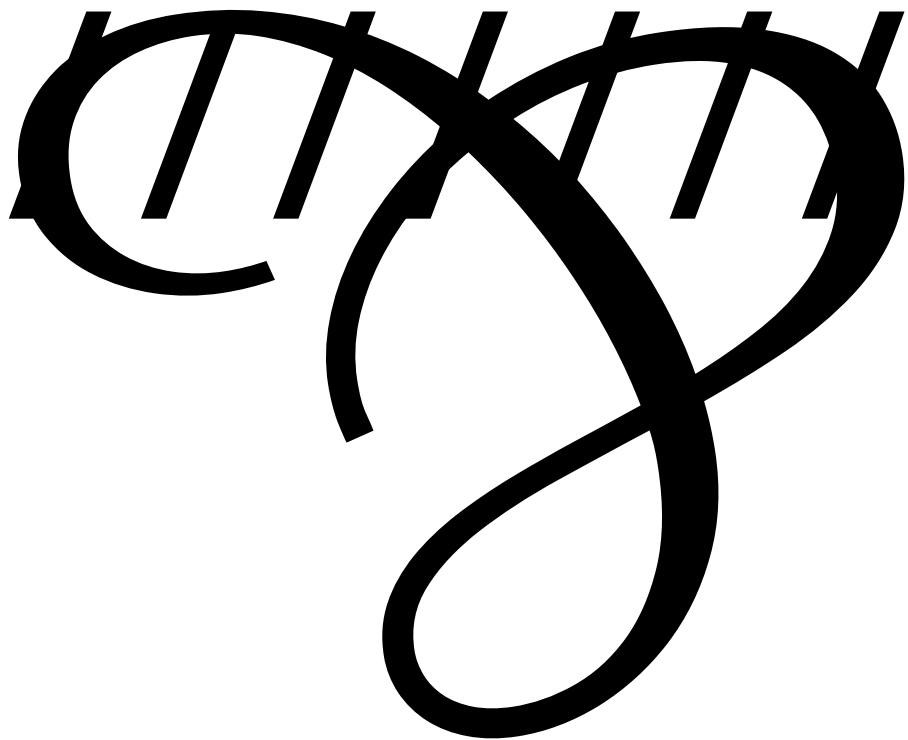
Josh was starting to go limp, but he wasn't anywhere near dead. Henry went into Josh's jacket and got more than eighty off of him, though Josh leaked something nasty on about half the bills. I found another sixty. That stupid bug could have paid for us all both times. I gave him one last kick in the side before Henry and I left him there. I started the car. The attendant, unperturbed, waved us off:

"Have a safe trip."

The dust clouds were twice as close as when we had stopped.

// ARI BOON

Author's note: I used to live in a basement infested with crickets. They started out these little things that I felt bad squishing, but my pity let them multiply and after a few months they were these springy goliaths rustling around in the dark. I'd hear them crawling around in empty bags when I put out the light, and they were a bitch to catch. Now I hate crickets.



The & Weekly

BY
LEGIONS OF BONOBO

CHIMP DIES AGED 24 AFTER
BEING MADE TO SMOKE AND
DRINK AT RUSSIAN CASINO **ANOTHER
ELECTION!**

TAYLOR SWIFT *LOCAL FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS AN
BARRED FROM ENDANGERED SPECIES UNDER
ENTERING UK JOHNSON'S AMMENDMENT TO MENTAL*

DIGITALISATION OF CARTEL *HEALTH ACT*
COMMUNICATION OPENS UP
WORK FROM HOME JOBS AT
THE CIA *CHAOS FOR PLUCKY SUN-*

MOSSAD PLOT *BOUND BRITS AS RYANAIR*
AGAINST CORBYN *STARTS STRICTLY*
REVEALED *ENFORCING BAG*

THE TIMES *DIMENSION RULES*

COME OUT WITH **NGUBU**

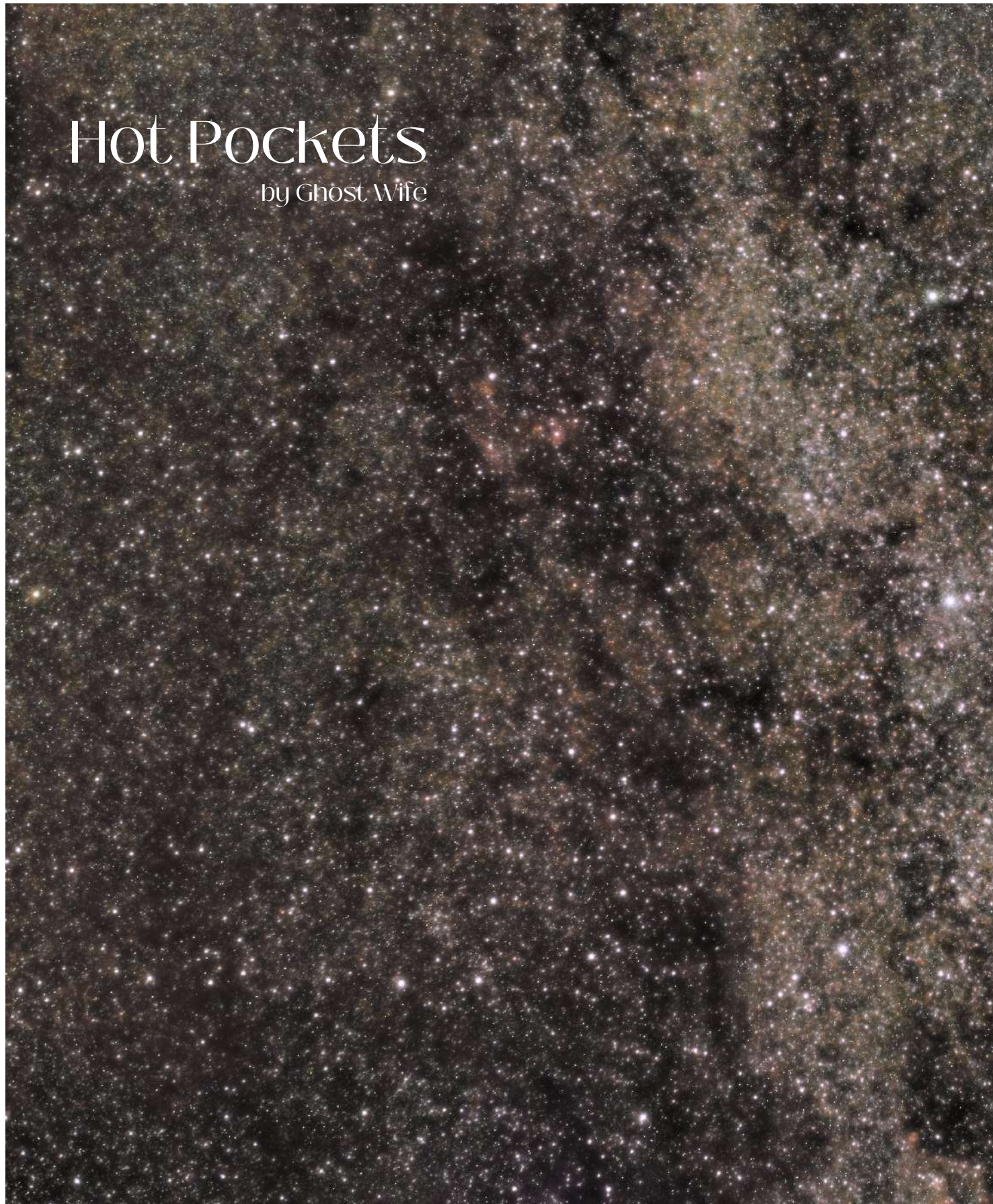
2021 GRIM CITY **DOES IT
RANKINGS AGAIN!**




*LOCAL
PSYCHOTIC
UNDER BORIS'S
HAMMER*

Hot Pockets

by Ghost Wife



Cassiopeia wide field. Canon 80D with a 35mm lens. Roughly 2.5 hrs of exposure in bortle 7.



melted memories feverishly held by the materialistic
flowing through fingers onto pavement
crow's nest thoughts and flaking flesh
like picking off pieces of paint and plaster from the walls you stare at

the faces you see forever fickle
furrowed brows and sheepish smiles
fleeting feelings and deep desire
fervor foaming in your mug

blood soaked books and tear stained sheets
windshield fractured with glass like glitter
forever frozen into your consciousness
and blind as to when it blurs into the background

are we damned to be demented?
destruction through dramatic forms of beauty
pouring it all into your pockets
no keys, no wallet

handfuls of blood, bone, bile, and whatever else you painfully want preserved
like cans of compost crammed onto the shelves of supermarkets
sprawled out on the sidewalk now
calm breaths, close your eyes, count back from ten

to dare dream that someday it might be different
humble hand tearing at the threads
and your palms pressed into your pockets
do you think they will hear your whispers out on the western front?

Rest in Peace^{DBS}

contributor extraordinaire
c'est la vie mon amie



CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED

Unvaccinated extras needed for apocalyptic interactive war scenes, will provide fishbowl seating, headshots, and complimentary compliments.

Anons wishing to place classified ads please do so by email or on the board (thanks again)

Candid and judgmental acquaintances needed for constructive criticism of my new haircut.

NOW HIRING:

ESL Riters for hiley jernalistic and reputable anonimos publicashon needid to fill calcified ad section.

Looking for hot 18 year old editor for magazine, must have 20 years experience.

Composer of historically accurate liturgical vigils required for abstract Gregorian-inspired philharmonic opera set in the internet era.

Impasto impressionist wanted for interpretive relief cartography experiment. Must have indepth knowledge of Tanaka contours and hypsometric coloration.

Boudoir photographer demanded for au-promptu canine art zine.

Photogenic drugs or realistically constructed analogs thereof needed for D.A.R.E. diorama.

Skilled gamer needed to defeat Vanilla Dome 3 or at least help me get to star road so i can get blue yoshi and fly past.

FOR SALE

Cute little fishtank with bubbly SCUBA diver and acrylic NO SKINNY DIPPING sign. Comes with "Chad", the BFOC. Willing to trade for Black & Decker airfryer.

Accidentally purchased sixty pounds of almonds for a recipe that only needed six. Mama always said finish the job so long story short I need to get rid of this deepfreeze full of tarts.

FOR SALE: One ethically published magazine looking for a good home, answers to "Andamp", not willing to train.

PERSONALS

Missed connection:

You were the one prying the jamb out of my door when attempting to pick my lock had failed. You wore a black balaclava and maybe holstered your glock when the cops pulled up from the street. I can't stop thinking about the one that got away. If you wanted to steal more than my heart, try again.

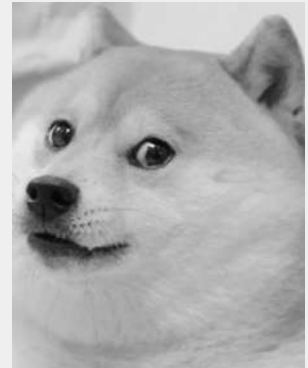
Strong woman needed to temper my vicious heart and open this pesky pickle jar. Willing to cuck or bitch down.

Where did she go?

I made sure the freezer was locked from the outside!

Stray furry wants a wolfpack to follow, lost in the woods and need some meat to chew.

LOST



Lost Shiba; might have saved the seed on my old broken blackberry. Please help!

This has been by far the craziest year of my life and all the while you guys have been in my ear and on the page. As some of you might already know, a large portion of this magazine has been curated, written, and edited from park benches, public libraries, homeless shelters, tenement slums, suburban sprawl, rural farmland, luxury condos, bungalows, rentals, castles, and caves. Our domain name runs out in seven days, so please donate today. LampByLit.com

&mp by /lit/

**This edition of &mp is
dedicated to fallen
contributor, DBS.**

Special Thanks To:

Abe

T.E.A.

Kevin

Og

Beter

Kit

gump

