

# &amp;mp

JUL 25  
020

DIOGENES  
OF INDY

LUXURY PERIODICAL  
feminine neckline edition

ADEM LUZ RAOUL PRICE-  
REINSPECTS VALCENNE

MNM-DR

MAN IT'S LETTERS FROM  
BEEN A THE EDITOR

YES I SAID YES  
I WILL YES



by Anomonus

only better

dump



NOTE: THIS MAGAZINE IS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN. ALL MATERIALS USED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE OWNED BY THIS MAGAZINE. IF UNLICENSED OR IMPROPERLY ATTRIBUTED MATERIAL IS FOUND TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS MAGAZINE, JUST FUCKIN EMAIL US: ADMIN@LAMPBYLIT.COM, COOL?



# re how absolute dare you OKAY §§

HAHA

by Adem Luz Reinspects

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

by Anonymous

SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS

TILLER

by Diogenes of Indy

SELECTED ILLUSTRATIONS

by MNM-DR

APPRENTICESHIP FOR HOBBLEDEHOYHOOD

SELECTED TRANSLATIONS

by Raoul Price-Valcenne







Samp Magazine





I am seated  
in an office,  
surrounded  
by heads  
and bodies.



































# STOP

**PREVENT YOUR DEATH.**

**READ NO FURTHER.**

**FACT:** OVER 9000 PSEUDS  
JUST LIKE YOURSELF HAVE DIED  
IN MAGAZINES JUST LIKE THIS.

**FACT:** YOU NEED TRAINING,  
WITHOUT PROPER TRAINING,  
YOU WILL MOST CERTAINLY DIE.

**FACT:** IT CAN HAPPEN TO  
YOU, AND IT WILL. DON'T GO ANY  
FURTHER, YOUR LIFE IS AT RISK.

**IT'S NOT WORTH DYING FOR!**





ШАНА



# by Adam Liz Perspects



HEY THERE

HOW ARE YOU DOING LITTLE BUDDY

DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU

OR DID I

HAHA

JUST KIDDING

ANYWAY

WELCOME

COME ON IN

WATER'S WARM, AS THEY SAY

YOU LOOK REALLY NICE TODAY

YOUR HAIR IS SUPER CLEAN

SMART GUY LIKE YOU, SUPER CLEAN HAIR, I SEE A REAL BRIGHT FUTURE

YOU'RE GONG RIGHT TO THE TOP

RIGHT TO THE STRATOSPHERE

THE BIG LEAGUES

YOU AREN'T THERE YET THOUGH

FAR FROM IT

IN FACT, YOU'RE BASICALLY AT THE BOTTOM

IT'S COOL THOUGH

NO SWEAT

WE KNOW YOU'LL MAKE IT

JUST NEED TO APPLY A LITTLE ELBOW GREASE, AS THEY SAY

JUST A FEW MORE GOOD CALLS

WE ALL KNOW YOU'LL GET THERE CHAMP

YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR PARENTS, YOUR SIBLINGS, YOUR TEACHERS, YOUR  
COACHES, THE GIRLS YOU WANNA FUCK

WE ALL KNOW YOU CAN DO IT

YOU ARE AT THE CENTER OF A LARGE PUBLICLY FUNDED AUDITORIUM

WE'RE IN THE BLEACHERS

WE ALL MADE SIGNS THAT HAVE YOUR NAME ON IT AND WE'RE HOLDING  
THEM UP AND CHEERING FOR YOU

EVERY TIME YOU MAKE A GOOD CHOICE, WE ALL STAND UP AND CHEER

HE'S THE BEST!

HE'S GONNA WIN!

HE'S THE CHAMPION!

STUFF LIKE THAT

YOU LOVE IT TOO

YOU LOVE IT WHEN WE CHEER FOR YOU



IN FACT, THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU DO IT  
FOR THE CHEERS  
YOU LITTLE FUCKFACE

HAHA



JUST KIDDING  
I'M JUST GIVING YOU A HARD TIME BECAUSE YOU'RE SO COOL  
YOU DO IT FOR GOOD REASONS  
ALTRUISTIC REASONS  
INSPIRING REASONS  
YOU DO IT BECAUSE IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO  
BY THE WAY  
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING?  
COLD BEER?  
WEED?  
SALVIA?



# HAHA

JUST KIDDING

THAT'S CRAZY

THE BEER AND THE WEED IS REASONABLE, BUT THE SALVIA ISN'T

OBTIOUSLY

OH SHIT

WHAT'S THAT LINE ON YOUR FACE?

RIGHT ABOVE YOUR EYES?

NO, NOT THERE

A LITTLE HIGHER

YEAH, RIGHT THERE

WHAT'S THAT?

OH IT'S JUST A WRINKLE

DANG

YOUNG GUY LIKE YOU WITH SUCH CLEAN HAIR, DIDN'T THINK YOU'D HAVE  
A WRINKLE LIKE THAT

GUESS TIME FLIES, AS THEY SAY

GOES BY FASTER THAN YOU THOUGHT

PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE TOTALLY DECREPIT



# HAHA

JUST KIDDING

YOU LOOK REALLY YOUNG AND CLEAN

HOLD ON

SIT TIGHT MY MAN

I'M GONNA GET THIS CREAM

IT'S A REALLY GOOD CREAM

THEY MAKE IT OUT OF THESE ELEMENTS FROM THE PERIODIC TABLE

WHAT YOU'RE GONNA WANNA DO IT RUB THE CREAM ON YOUR  
FOREHEAD EVERY TIME YOU EAT OR GO TO THE BATHROOM

AND THEN BOOM

WRINKLE GOES AWAY

GIMME YOUR CREDIT CARD

GIVE IT TO ME



I'M GONNA SET IT UP SO THAT YOU GET A LITTLE BOX WITH FOUR  
CREAMS EVERY MONTH

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO A THING

THEY'LL JUST SHOW UP AT YOUR DOOR

HEY

ANOTHER QUESTION

HOW ARE YOU PARENTS DOING?

HOW OFTEN DO YOU SEE THEM?

THEY DID A REPORT ON THE NEWS ABOUT YOUR PARENTS AND THE  
REPORTER WAS SAYING THAT THERE'S A BUNCH OF SPIDERWEBS IN  
THEIR BEDROOM

IT WAS ON THE LOCAL NEWS AND WE ALL WATCHED IT

HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED THEM AT THIS POINT IN YOUR LIFE?

IF THEY DIED, YOU'D GET A NICE LITTLE INHERITANCE

A NICE LITTLE NEST EGG, AS THEY SAY

HAHA

JUST KIDDING

THAT WOULD BE SAD

CRAZY HOW YOU USED TO SPEND EVERY DAY WITH THEM

EVERY DAY, FOR HOURS

YOU WERE A FAMILY

YOU ATE TOGETHER, AND WATCHED TELEVISION SHOWS

YOU FOUGHT AND MADE UP

GROWING UP, YEAR TO YEAR, YOU WOULD CHANGE AND EXPAND WHO  
YOU WERE

EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, THEY WATCHED AND GUIDED

SEEMS LIKE THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO HUH

PRETTY DIFFERENT THAN BEING AN ADULT

WHICH YOU ARE

PRETTY DIFFERENT INDEED

YOU'RE FREE NOW

FREE AS A BIRD, AS THEY SAY

YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE YOU WANT

YOU CAN DRIVE ACROSS TOWN, AND SEE HOMELESS PEOPLE AT  
INTERSECTIONS

YOU GIVE THEM MONEY SOMETIMES

SOMETIMES YOU DON'T THOUGH

YOU WONDER HOW MUCH MONEY THEY MAKE BY BEGGING

MAYBE THEY MAKE A LOT

MAYBE IT'S SMARTER NOT TO GIVE THEM MONEY BECAUSE THEY  
ACTUALLY MAKE A LOT



THEIR HAIR ISN'T VERY CLEAN

UNLIKE YOU

MR. CLEAN HAIR

OH

YOU'RE CHECKING YOUR PHONE

DANG, I MUST BE BORING YOU



HAHA

JUST KIDDING

NO PLEASE, GO AHEAD

I'LL JUST CHILL FOR A MINUTE WHILE YOU CHECK YOUR PHONE

SEE ANYTHING COOL ON THERE?

OH LOOK, YOU GOT A TEXT

ONE TEXT

NICE

ALWAYS SWEET WHEN YOU GET A TEXT, ONE OF MY FAVORITE  
FEELINGS

SEE WHO IT'S FROM

OH NICE

IT'S FROM THE BANK

THEY'RE JUST CHECKIN' IN TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS GRAVY

ALWAYS NICE WHEN SOMEONE CHECKS IN

MAKES SURE EVERYTHING IS GRAVY

NOW THAT YOU CHECKED YOUR TEXT MESSAGES, YOU'RE FREE TO  
LOOK AT ALL KINDS OF STUFF

THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

YEAH MAN

TOTALLY

CHECK OUT THE NEW POSTS PEOPLE HAVE MADE

DANG EVERYONE'S GETTING TONS OF LIKES

LIKES ALL AROUND

THAT'S AWESOME

THAT'S POSITIVITY RIGHT THERE, ALL THOSE LIKES

DANG LOOK AT THAT VIDEO

PRETTY COOL

OKAY NOW PUT IT AWAY

I SAID PUT IT AWAY

PUT IT AWAY

THANKS MAN



NOW YOU'RE BACK IN REALITY

HOW DOES IT COMPARE?

IT IS AS COOL AS THE VIDEO?

I'D SAY SO!

COOL AS A CUCUMBER

HAHA



I GOTTA SAY THOUGH

YOU SEEM OFF MAN

A SECOND AGO I WAS SAYING "COOL AS A CUCUMBER" AND WE MADE  
EYE CONTACT

YOUR EYES SEEMED SUPER SAD

EVEN THOUGH WE WEREN'T TALKING ABOUT ANYTHING SAD

I COULD TELL BY THE WAY YOUR EYES LOOKED THAT SOMETHING WAS  
UP

IT WAS LIKE YOUR FACE BELONGED TO ONE GUY AND YOUR EYES  
BELONGED TO ANOTHER GUY, A REALLY SAD GUY

FREAKY STUFF MAN!

BETTER GET THAT CHECKED OUT

# HAHA



JUST KIDDING

IT'S NOT A MEDICAL ISSUE

ANYWAY

GUESS WHAT

NO YOU HAVE TO GUESS

YOU CAN'T JUST ASK WHAT IT IS

I WANT YOU TO ACTUALLY GUESS

DO IT

JUST PLAY ALONG

YOU GOTTA GET BETTER AT STUFF LIKE THIS MAN

STUFF LIKE PLAYING ALONG

IT WOULD EXPAND YOUR NETWORK

ANYWAY

I WAS GONNA SAY WE SHOULD GO TO THE ZOO SOMETIME



WOULDN'T THAT BE SICK?

GOING TO THE ZOO

SEEING ALL THE ANIMALS?

IT'S SO COOL THAT THEY GET TO JUST CHILL THERE

BEATS BEING EATEN

IF I COULD HOOK IT UP, I'D TOTALLY PUT YOU IN THERE

THAT'D BE SO FUNNY

LIKE A "HUMAN" EXHIBIT

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORK OR ANYTHING

YOU COULD JUST VIBE

THEN EVENTUALLY YOU WOULD DIE AND THE PAPER WOULD BE LIKE,  
"BELOVED HUMAN DIES AT LOCAL ZOO"

THEN THEY WOULD REPLACE YOU WITH SOME OTHER GUY

OR GIRL

EITHER WAY

I DON'T DISCRIMINATE

# HAHA

JUST KIDDING

I FEEL LIKE I'M DOING ALL THE TALKING MAN

THIS IS A REAL ONE-WAY STREET AS THEY SAY

YOU'RE PRETTY QUIET

YOU SEEM LIKE YOU'RE SOMEWHERE ELSE

SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY

YOU MUST BE THINKING A LOT

ONE OF THOSE "THINKING" TYPES

ALWAYS THINKING AWAY

MR. THINKER

SUCKS THAT NO ONE CAN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING

IF THEY DID THEY'D BE SO IMPRESSED

THEY WOULD CONSIDER IT SUCH A MIRACLE TO GAIN ACCESS TO YOUR  
MIND

WHERE YOU REMAIN, EVERY SINGLE DAY

HOW MANY DO YOU HAVE LEFT?

DAYS, I MEAN

IT'S PROBABLY SOME RANDOMLY LARGE NUMBER LIKE 56,928

MR. THINKER HAS 56,928 DAYS LEFT TO THINK HIS SPECIAL THOUGHTS

AND THEN IT'LL BE OVER

YOU OKAY?



WHY ARE YOU RUBBING YOUR TEMPLES LIKE THAT?

DO YOU HAVE A HEADACHE?

OUCH

TOUGH TO BE MR. THINKER WHEN YOUR HEAD DON'T WORK HUH PAL

THAT'S LIKE BEING A BIRD WITHOUT A BEAK

A SNAKE WITH NO VENOM

A FLAT TIRE, AS THEY SAY

ALL THAT PAIN, COVERED BY SUCH CLEAN HAIR

NO WORRIES

I CAN HELP YOU MAN

I CAN CURE YOU

I KNOW THIS OLD TRICK FOR GETTING RID OF HEADACHES

FIRST YOU PRETEND TO BE HOLDING A SALTSHAKER IN YOUR HAND

THEN YOU PRETEND TO BE SHAKING SALT ONTO YOUR TONGUE

DO IT

SERIOUSLY DO IT MAN



HAHA

JUST KIDDING

IF YOU DO IT, IT LOOKS INAPPROPRIATE

CLASSIC

REMINDS ME OF THAT OTHER TIME

REMEMBER?

NO NOT THAT TIME, THE OTHER TIME

YOU DON'T REMEMBER?

DANG MAN

YOU'VE BEEN FORGETTING STUFF A LOT LATELY

I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU ABOUT THIS TIME AND THE OTHER TIME AND  
YOU ALWAYS LOOK REALLY CONFUSED

MAYBE YOUR BRAIN SUCKS



HAHA

JUST KIDDING

ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT CHECKED OUT?

I ONLY ASK BECAUSE LIFE IS ALL ABOUT MAKING MEMORIES

COOL, CRISP, DELICIOUS MEMORIES

AND YOU WORK SO HARD TO MAKE THEM

YOU REALLY GIVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY AS THEY SAY

DESPITE THE PAIN OF THE MORNINGS

AND THE DISAPPOINTMENT AS YOU GO TO BED

BUT THAT'S WHY YOU GOTTA REMEMBER THE GOOD TIMES MAN

THE PROBLEM IS YOU CAN'T

YOU CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT YOU DON'T REMEMBER

WISH THERE WAS A CREAM FOR STUFF LIKE THAT

OH SHIT

THE GAME IS ON

YOU'RE MISSING THE GAME!

TURN ON THE GAME MAN

IT'S THE FOURTH QUARTER

YOUR FAVORITE TEAM IS GONNA WIN!

YOU'RE UP BY ONE POINT AND THERE'S ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT!

YOU JUST NEED THINGS TO GO WELL FOR ONE SECOND

FUCK

YOU LOST

THE OTHER TEAM HIT A BUZZER-BEATER

THE ANNOUNCER IS SAYING IT'S THE WORST LOSS IN LEAGUE HISTORY



TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED

FUCK

YOU KNOW WHAT MAN

HONESTLY

I THINK YOU SHOULD QUIT YOUR JOB

I THINK YOU'RE DESTINED FOR GREATER THINGS

TRUER THINGS

I CAN SEE YOU LIVING IN A VILLAGE OR SOMETHING

LIKE A REAL PRIMITIVE KIND OF VILLAGE

YOUR BALLS COVERED IN A LOINCLOTH

DANCING AROUND A FIRE

YOU'D PROBABLY BE THE COOLEST GUY IN THE VILLAGE AND YOUR HAIR  
WOULD BE CLEAN DESPITE A LACK OF ACCESS TO HYGIENIC PRODUCTS

EVERY DAY YOU'D WAKE UP

PUT ON THAT LOINCLOTH

BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH A REED OR SOMETHING

PISS

SHIT

GET THE GUNK OUTTA YOUR EYES

AND THEN YOU'D GO HUNTING

MR. HUNTER

YOU WOULD KNOW ALL THE BEST SPOTS TO LOOK FOR ELK

IT WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE YOU THAT LONG TO TRACK ONE

YOU'D HAVE AN AWESOME SPEAR

SHARP, THICK, POWERFUL

MANY INCHES LONG

IT WOULD FEEL SO GOOD IN YOUR HANDS

YOUR FATHER GAVE IT TO YOU ON YOUR FIRST HUNT

YOU'D REMEMBER THAT REALLY CLEARLY

YOU WOULD AIM AT THE ELK

YOU'D LET IT FLY, AS THEY SAY

BOOM

HEADSHOT

ALL THE OTHER HUNTERS CHEER AND RUN TOWARD THE ELK

THIS KID WOULD SEE YOU CARRYING IT BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND YELL  
FOR EVERYONE TO GATHER ROUND

THEY'D CHEER FOR YOU

THE VILLAGE GIRLS WOULD BE TOTALLY SWOONING

THEY'D CALL YOU THE NATIVE WORD FOR "BEEFCAKE"

SERIOUSLY HOW IS YOUR HAIR SO CLEAN?

YOU SLEEP ON A DIRT FLOOR

THERE'D BE A BIG FESTIVAL

FIRST THE FELLAS WOULD DANCE

THEN THE LADIES, AS IS CUSTOM

THEN THIS REALLY PRETTY ONE WOULD WALK UP TO YOU AND PLACE A  
WREATH AROUND YOUR NECK

THE WREATH IS A SYMBOL OF HER BURNING LOINS

THEY BURN FOR YOU

HER HAIR WOULD ALSO BE CLEAN

YOU'D HAVE TONS OF STUFF LIKE THAT IN COMMON

YOU'D HAVE AN AWESOME TIME DANCING

YOU WOULDN'T SPEND ANY TIME THINKING ABOUT WHETHER YOUR  
MOVES LOOKED GAY

THEN EVERYONE WOULD FEAST

THEY'D THINK THE ELK WAS SO GOOD

SO JUICY

NO G.M.O.S OR ANYTHING

DECADES WOULD GO BY

YOU'D BECOME A VILLAGE ELDER

LONG BEARD

THICK STAFF

EVERYONE WOULD ASK YOUR ADVICE ABOUT THEIR PERSONAL MORAL  
QUANDARIES

YOU WOULD SOLVE THEIR QUANDARIES SO EFFORTLESSLY

IF THE OTHER VILLAGERS HAD TO DESCRIBE YOU THE WORD THEY  
WOULD USE IS "SAGE"

AND THEN ONE NIGHT

ONE FINAL NIGHT



AFTER A LONG AND MEANINGFUL LIFE

YOU'D PASS INTO THE SPIRIT REALM

IT WOULD HAPPEN IN THE MIDDLE OF A DREAM

THE DREAM WOULD BEGIN IN A FIELD

YOU WOULD NOTICE A STRONG WIND BLOWING THROUGH YOUR  
BEAUTIFUL CLEAN HAIR

TO THE EAST, YOU'D SEE A TORNADO APPROACHING

A BIRD WOULD LAND ON YOUR SHOULDER AND TELL YOU THERE'S  
NOTHING TO FEAR

YOU WOULD STAND PERFECTLY STILL AS THE TORNADO APPROACHED,  
AND IT WOULD PULL YOU INTO THE SKY PAINLESSLY

YOU WOULD RISE UP INTO THE CLOUDS, THEN BE ABSORBED BY THE SUN

YOU WOULD BE JOINED WITH THE GREAT SPIRIT, AND WITH ALL YOUR  
ANCESTORS

YOU WOULD REACH AN EXPANSIVE AND BLISSFUL ETERNITY

THEN YOU WOULD WAKE UP

NOT AS A VILLAGER, BUT AS A FAGGOT

A STUPID FAGGOT

FUCKING HATE YOU MAN

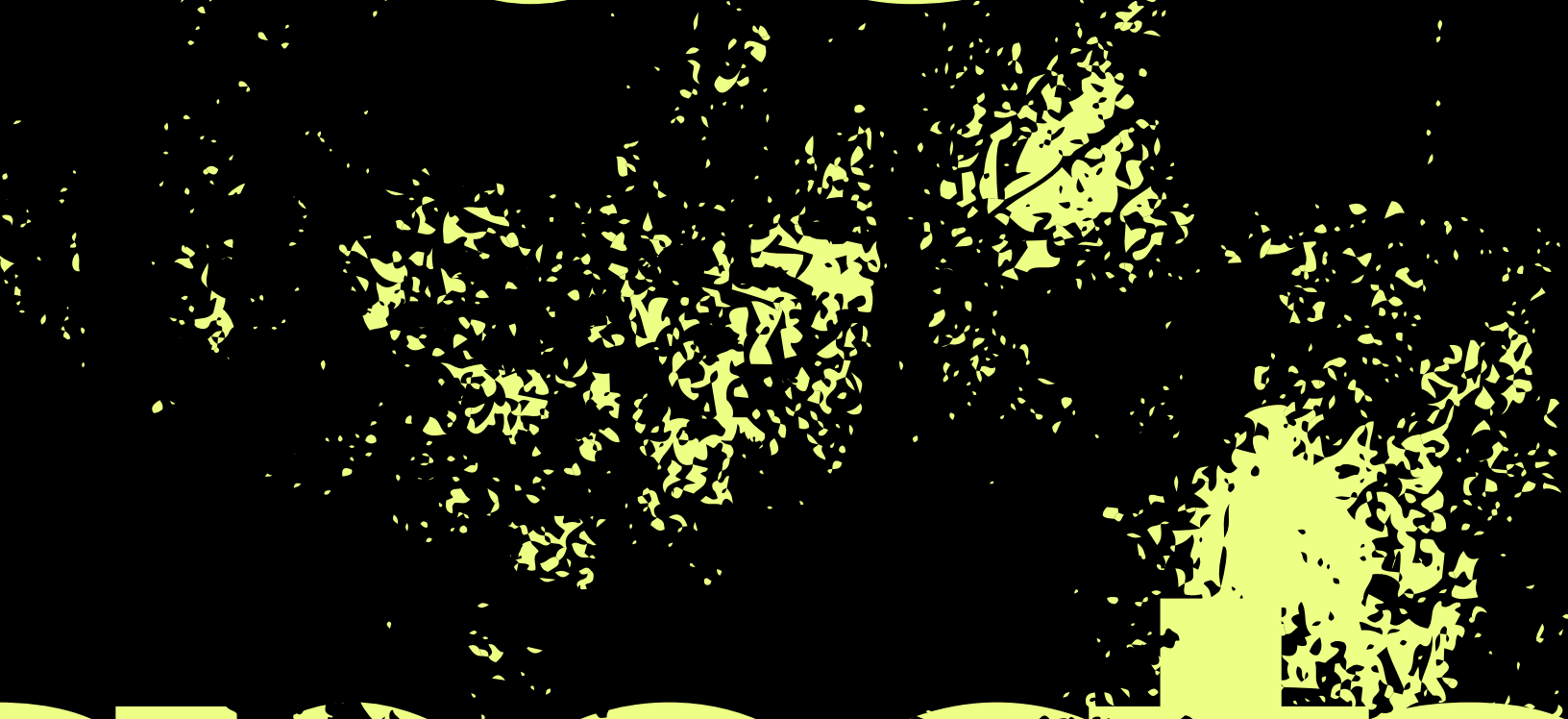


# HAHA

JUST KIDDING

by  
the  
FBI

# Adem



# Spores



gmpoan  
byby/

gmpoan  
byby/







# I was trainin lowlowsky, and was way out!

How can I be homophobic? I blew his fucking brains out. This Luger will send a Christian to hell. Shorty looks so good. I used her piss as crab boil. Nothing's so crazy. I got 108 degree fever, smoking on Congolese Dick wick looking for a signal. I went darking time ago, packed her asshole so tight she pushed out a pearl the fentanyl got me moving like a claymation figure, real m French scatter to it Money Longer than Katie's feet. Started off shooting dice in the cum slump learned how to load the millimeter cannon and change the trajectory of everything. This shit ain't nothing to me, man, I fuck like it's for survival, as it's the last sip of water over the K. Love eyes blood shot thrusting away. Got my cob looking like Mexican street corn. So violent and wild with him. I can't even I want to kill my ops or fuck 'em. Zaza got me feeling like everything gonna be alright. Got the regressed girl article in my bio ready to have some hickos smoked up and the rest on my Amiri jeans, and got right back to fucking work, sipping on a 40. It's a hickos, red AK, still like a castrati. I have no spirituality or anything that gives my life meaning or structure. The taskmaster should have a character. How the girl got a nice little turd cutter on her, put a bag over his head and sent him to parades in San Francisco got me looking and moving like Mr. Bean. I ain't saying shit. Got a ruptured eardrum from having my ear to the streets nor so looking like you will moon. I'll fuck anything I'm smoking on that Sumerian Quasimodo carpet bomber, obsequious demon, whisper runts. I was wanted beef with me over galactic acquisition. Called his mistress over and put 10 inches on her forehead like Peyton Manning. The Weed will have you in purgatory screaming for eternity. You will relive every key mistake you've ever made in your life, over and over and over again. I was in the May back, gripping the stem, snipped the banjo string, named it and I was in Cambodia with an open incision. They told me I wouldn't shake the city. So I shook that shit like a crying topper, his angelato papaya, took a shot of the everything turned for eight minutes. Woke up in Geneva. Oh, man, I did it again. Destroyed his band with the warfarin. In the end, I'm going to the brown note. I will do anything for a new port, and I mean anything they think I'm homosexual. The way I'm chasing the sack Whippets left me with a shiteaten grin, my bitch look like Timothy Chalamet. I'm a product of a gutt, I fried up some corn snakes for the cousins. Zaza got me talking like Pingu. I'm the real goliath grouper. I'm a product of such fine pigmentation. I'm a product of a blun shorty ass so fat I thought I was balls deep in Kyle Lowry only handed back the free world because I was bored. This blunt is overwhelmingly large. This blunt has a pulse. This blunt looks like Ray J's dick. This blunt got veins pumping through it. This blunt moved right at the tip. This blunt looks like it's been pushed out. This blunt has a family somewhere, worried as hell. I ain't going to let it go. This blunt feels like a solid, fibrous piece of shit, straight up, a big, meaty piece of shit. Balanced diets, lots of fruits and vegetables, should be a sign of good health. Husky little fella, the Zaza, got me out of the mess. There are bugs under my skin. I need to cut them out with a screwdriver. She broke my heart. Had me shadow boxing around the 711 in the 200. I was in the jersey, parafin and some. Windows tented, listening to T Grizzly smoking on a goon rock. The bugs are back. I'm smoking on pussy slaw the worms. I'm a product of a hell up. They're telling me to go absolutely fucking stupid on them. I don't even need to be a bitch. I'm a product of a hell, all over myself, howling and itching to take lives. Shit. I'm so excited to take lives I'm literally in a state of panic. I can't even take care of myself when I think about this shit. Smoking a real nuclear shit submarine. I got a product of a hell, smoked a seven gram backwood of shadow whisper shit had me fucked up in the crib looking up pictures of dogs with human eyes. I got interdimensional demons dropping the pen as we speak. They'll take anyone back over there unholy doses of Percocet and Hennessy got me shit in the bed more than the Oakland A's. I'm back to back with God shaking the fucking universe. This is an army of two. Beat his ass and send him into an improvement cycle. He looked like ban man kibble. Now this za feel like heroin. This heroin feel like za flashed it at the parking lot in the Lennox mall with a serial number scratched out and everything. Threw the OP into the particle collider, watched his ass get pulled apart into a million pieces, turned his sorry ass into some data, stuffed her booty hole with some Sour Diesel and sent her on her way that little flesh canoe got a mesquite vibe to it, perhaps an apple or cherry wood smoke. She took a chance and spread it for a Nebraska dollar. She had a whole Speak-Easy behind those meat curtains. The pussy has its own time signature. The bugs are back. Rings so heavy I can't answer the phone. I don't want to kill them. Shut up. I don't want to kill anybody. Put the gun down, young man. There's too much pussy out there to kill yourself. That pussy tighter than the bullet proof counter window at a White Castle. How can I be gay? My bitch is homophobic. Haha, shout out to my man, cinch. Wag one big one up yourself. Select a duddy wine road side gal, Mia Gon, fuck 58% THC, pre-roll joints rolled in. Keep had me reading the Book of Revelations. We are indeed close. I bought her Chanel bags until there was nothing left in her eyes. Motherfuckers live in their car and call it van life. Stop lying to yourself and just say you're homeless, you stupid bum. I'm at Magic City, moving like the government. I fucked her with my and one shoes on and some Dada shorts eating Khloe Kardashians ass like I'm dying and there's a second chance in there. I'm a high functioning shooter. Yeah, I'm big on Astrology. I'm always looking at a fat dirt star every chance I get. I'm off a rhino pill. Ready to get my rocks off. My watch costs 50 bands, and I still don't have time for you. Fuck boys pussy clot the casualties you will suffer.

Trying to fuck with a Will have you thinking like Magnus Carlson, I need to kill, I need to kill, Rome wasn't built in a day, but this nine millimeter certainly was hit me. The fucking fantasy finished on my own stomach. Time for some extail. I ain't gonna lie, I'm kinda off feeling myself right now. Gang we smoking eucalyptus pigeon shit. She was awestruck, admiring the girth, the length, the size, the vein thickness, blood flow color. Circumcision gave her a benty, a cum with two pumps of Dragon nut. All I'm saying is, if I paid for the hour, I may get the full hour been fucking so long, my cock is sanded down smooth. This chopped chris from Pead Hook. And this clock was 3d printed in Bangladesh. This shit is international. I'm posting it up at the crib, ol three bitches feasting on some Nicaraguan nose nachos while listening to rich and Mary. I'm a real glutton. Went to school and nobody ever heard of you. Slime motherfucker. These are not ru rumens. These are Chrome hearts. I'm smoking the Rasputin, Hear ye, hear ye. Durbin, poison. DJ, mustard, let me end. Dijon, let me in. Mustard on the beat. Ho Martin has always been my Fauci. Bird twin motherfucker. Of course, I have a pink tip. I come from a low frequency exterior rant, and I've only used cash my entire life. The only time I ever held a card was when I borrowed my cousin's Bank of America debit card. Nice open funnel cake at the county fair, when I took my daughter there on a trip amidst a lengthy child custody battle with yexwif attempting to prove to the judge that I'm a responsible father, but we all know I'm fucking not. I got kids, I married at young age, I don't know what I'll taste like I'm fucked. Judge, if you're seeing this, please have Madison Delano on ice at bail set to the last court hearing. My job to change. Ed partying around town as a doorman, I'll sue you by law, jealousy and I won't get thrown into a violent fight. I'm a doorman or I'll pour it with famous fks, stay in the mod walk. When Dexter, my impulsive nature causes conflict at any given time like I did. I had up it' hshi district. Shot in the Hermes store. I'll fight eight people, I made sure all the Birkin bags were unarmed, so they can't mug out on me. Later, the Zaza got me acting inconsiderate. Give me a mattress and a flashlight. I'll thrive anywhere. I wept for there world to conquer. I was at the battle of Jericho, taunting both sides with my cock out, taped the flesh light to the bottom of it and go right into it. I didn't talk to anyone for 52 hours, the 12,000 year old drink. I'm so old it doesn't even smell no more looking Zaza like. I believe in myself. I got to where I am today through violence. I'm thankful for it. They call me Benamor because I'd spend myself and went fucking nuts on the fifi. Don't mind if I do these white people my fuck them. No let the white people go. Pistol built like I Portia I have no backbone. I'm loyal to whoever says the most. I charge is soft ad. I never stood anything was on top throat. I was one in five babies abandoned and do. Year memory is getting bread by it fit by my shooting I'm celibate, I'm moving like Meek Mill. Where you go celebrating panties it am on naze shorty sad' am the Warrar Brothers logo. Shorty's head built like Damian Lillard. Shorty's head. Like aste l. St. o the thal a Bio file. Shorty's Head built like a garlic knot. Shorty head built like a Chevrolet. Shoray head. apu ew Guinea sharty built like a South Park character. Y'all are crabs in a bucket, and I got Old Bay seasoning, maybe even some ans bucket, chewing on the labia for six hours like a steak from Cracker Barrel. Found the homies beheading video on daily routine, that little kid ordered me money. What the fuck do? Didn't drink any water all day. Tried to nut on her chest, but the cum was thick, like a loogie shit. Didn't even get any air time, it slowly dribbled over my fingers and didn't even hit the ground. The chlorine smell is insufferable, so I offset the smell with some crap. Cops wanted to detain me for aggressively hitting the law machine. I'm trying to explain to him that we are all just Adam so he might as well let me go, taking the wildest stuff of Ben gay mid climax, had my eyes rolling back, with my tongue hanging out, howling in ecstasy, squirming around on a twin size mattress in an empty section eight apartment. They say if you do what you love, you'll never work a day in your life. Perks put me on the wrong side of history almost every time I beat my own head in with a rock because I couldn't stand the fact that I'll never get to grand belief made everything go black and white. You think I. Standing here eating sauteed bok choy because I want to. In waiting for the red light district to open, you fuck head. Use your fucking head. Killed cut thro Lugger, put his ass in the TO cage ass, in ar fucker put a hole in Cat boy. She starts to rock and roll. I smol a rock and roll psychologically until he himself at the Michael Jord creek house. On the agaborn me, I only fuck up fluorine used to be a thing. Strvou have n reheated up a banana peel the microwave br fight. I re the n/ and h become thing. I start this shit a the ba u blasting loads on the pit. It sinthes agrub' glove rick sel i ngse id by nurse. You it n/mag ow haw elvebe ug'h, I psych ubn ow atall e o n ly really bee she Emar satting in beast. Iri skun nt. Spita m ikillm i ty mon ly should, t t G l docent ve with tw hands. R awe sm king bo oked h t re oy e I put him n d news a turned hi into a red ver l new stanc trt li c lid welk' ear' b? Thr bases





LAMP  
A LET  
THE  
IT'S BEEN A BAD TH  
ST



# TRIP

**P**

Why do so many of us buy into the myth that marriage is supposed to make us happy?

Unfortunately, many women I know get married and somehow, passively, expect their husbands to make them happy when things get hard — and they always do — by looking inward at where they may be at fault. Too many women point the finger forward their partners. They blame him (or her) for the problems in their relationship. “If he would just pay more attention to me our marriage would be great!” or “If she would just help more around the house, things would be so much better.”

"He can make his own damn dinner!"

So many women sit there in judgment and righteousness while their relationship falters. They expect a near perfect



# LAMP MAGAZINE PRESENTS

## A LETTER FROM THE THE THE EDITOR / IT'S BEEN BAD TRIP

Expect the unexpected! Prepare—yes, prepare—for the *unforeseeable*. Predict the future! Yes! Predict the future, indeed. Literature! But now wait, just was *is* that? What does it *mean*? Why—*that*? Ladies and gentlemen, please allow me, a literal *Who the hell is xhe?* to explain to you—a professional in this industry with X decades of hands-on editorial, compositional, *even fitness* experience, *and* relations, and *a hell* of a career record to show for it, *if you don't say so yourself*, Mister or Missus Joe and Mary-Jane Literature—about literature. Let me ask you: Did any of you see the sticky note on the cover of the magazine? The little note on the front? You know—little yellow note, writing on it. Did you see it there? On the cover? No! No, you didn't. Because I didn't put one there. Go ahead and look for yourself. It's not there! Just the basic cover of an ultimately basic magazine. Just another pointless door. A door to a pit. A deep pit. No dungeon. No gallows. Not even an executioner, with a big sharp sword. There's no sword. You know why? Because I bury my enemies alive. And only they will know what unassailable, unconquerable words were scrawled on that nonexistent sticky note, and nobody else. Let the fellows in the back there enter the room and appropriate what standing room is left. It's okay, you will all fit. Yup, that's it. Come on in.

Shut up. I didn't ask you. I didn't come here to make sense, I came to motivate you. Silly girl. You probably don't even know what it's like to eat your own cum, do you? You're the fucking psycho, dude. You're the fucking weirdo here. Be not afraid. I've already typed this and you're just now getting around to reading it. Frankly,

Fine. You want to know about *githu*? And *publishing*? Fine! How about this? Did you know that *ninetysix* percent of all writers are physically weak-bodied, sullen, beta-male soyboys? Ninetysix. We're talking geopolitical, extinction-level shit. Did you know that one tenth of all Americans, so ten percent—of all Americans—don't even have health insurance? Most of them living high-risk lifestyles, driving red cars, *fast* red cars, sharing bodily fluids with common trollops and drug abusers. Did you know that? Did you know how badly they're addicted to gambling? And prostitutes? It's bad! Did you also know that it's actually not safer to fly? It's not. Did you know that? That just under five percent of all commercial aviation results in loss of human life? Statistically, did you know that? I doubt it. But it's true, statistically. Check the stats. I don't write the stats, boys. Wish I did, but I don't. I just drop em. I just drop them on your laps like that hundred dollar ass at the stripper. What's *xer* name, again? Something fucking Hartley. *Boing* and jeering! Cringe cleanup in aisle five. It's *you've* never even tasted your own cum *so* think art makes them safe. Can you believe that? Can you believe that people actually feel protected? Isn't that funny? Isn't it fucking funny that you're actually just a bunch of smut peddlers and poorly positioned middlemen in an ultimately crooked game of usury and abuse? Well? We all! Don't believe me? Go to the front cover and take a look for yourself. Like I said. No sticky note. It's just a pit. A deep, deep pit. I *found* it. And I *found* it. When you're on your knees over there *praying* to God that you'll be the exception to the rule, which you'll never be—you'll hear the muffled voices of what could be some vanquished subterranean spirit, accursed, liminal, scarcely hanging on, and passing from this world to the next. It's had it's not short. It's really, really



MAN I THUTTENLBT I  
JELVVLUCINEKR  
VISCHTORUQUOUS  
OKBABBONATALEW  
KVPANETTONELFK  
YI. I FOUND A STAR IN MY FIVE V  
IF RECALIVEUJZIC  
YANQUELOXNNEBX  
STELLAYBNASTIC  
ELFOEFBISSCOTTI  
BPIAIBEPQCAHLIX  
OKKIDCHLITRILANDALSK



# WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING

worth discussing, really. I wish it was that bad, but it's not. It's great. It's the greatest of all time. It's good. It's better than bad, it's good. It's not good. It's so bad it's good. I've got a *Tijuana handshake* and a thousand bucks for anybody who changes you. It builds up your brain. This current handshake is? Don't you dare shake during my narrative! This is a matter of life and death! A most joyous and prosperous life, in direct and stark juxtaposition with a most agonizing and alienating death! And wherefore hangs that thin veil of security between the elements of nature and mankind but from here, from between your quavering fingers? Everything happens for a reason? You say, *Hey Ryan, you stupid retard, don't you know, everything happens for a reason?* Oh really? Really? Wow. You know the reason? No, you twat! You daft dumbarse cunt! **N O T H I N G** happens. That is the reason. *That*—is the reason. Maybe it's you. Maybe. You. You're the fucking—just—stop! It's you. You! Yeah right. It's not you. You actually thought it was you? I doubt it. I highly fucking doubt it. You say shit like, *Hey Ryan, your book doesn't make any sense. Hey Ryan, your award-winning magazine doesn't make any sense. Oh yeah? My what doesn't make any sense? My book? That's right. My bestselling book doesn't make any sense. Sure, bro. My million dollar publishing empire doesn't make any sense. I'm making the jerk-off motion with my hand. I'm flipping the bird. Sure thing. Good talk. Really productive insight, you fucking mook fuck. I'm a clown? Here to amuse myself? What's the matter with you? I'm on stage left, you're in the cubicle. I'm not here to make sense! I'm here to motivate you! I'm here to grab your tiny little cock and spit in your mouth and tell you that you're the real *Mister Fuckdaddy Literature It-Boy*, king of the Pacific Northwest, the Florida Panhandle, the South African plateau, the Californian shoreline, the fly-over pastoral, the boreal tundra, the desert clay, the rocky mount, read em and weep! I'm here to spank your red ass until you actually enjoy—no—until you actually fucking love decomposing or reediting or copycatwriting or silently reading, enjoying the ongoing wow, or whatever the *actual* hell it is you actually *do* do around here, actually. And yeah, baby, I said doo-doo. Bitch, shut the heck up! Bitch, just shut the heck up! I've driven faster cars and fucked hotter bitches than you ever could or*

It is so terrible that it becomes good. I am offering this. This is my offering. No no no no no no no no no no. This is a matter of utmost importance, concerning themes beyond our average small-scale art club! A life filled with joy and prosperity. I didn't see the sticky note. You didn't eat your own semen. Okay. Check this out, *after hours of joyous* Stockton, a talented writer, once embarked on a journey across the United States on a Vespa. This was years ago. Along the way, she discovered a charming small town in Wyoming that captured her heart, prompting her to settle there. Okay? Despite facing some health challenges, *Joe continues to share* captivating stories on her blog, *because in the oldest* *Dawny*. Her partner, who works as a smokejumper, plays a significant role in her life. In a twist of fate, he unexpectedly rescued a young coyote pup for *Joe*, whom she lovingly named Charlie. Get it? Charlie. Did I mention that *she's* Vietnamese? Shit. I forgot to mention that she's Vietnamese. Anyway she named the dog Charlie. This incident marked the beginning of *her expanding family*, get it? Because they lived on a farm. Did I mention that *she* cheated on him with the dog. A myriad group of freaks that ultimately

A *myriad* group of freaks that ultimately... the joke. Vietnamese. So, okay, I would believe in the competition theory, but I now have my doubts. It seems too focused on humans and not other organisms. Also, if it's not based on truth, it's hard to support. For example, if something smells bad but is actually edible, is that really an evolutionary advantage? I wonder if toasting bread kills mold and if that even matters. My cellmate keeps moving the bread from the fridge to the cupboard and it keeps getting moldy. I can't keep wasting money on throwing out moldy bread! No idea what a smokejumper is. With bread and cheese I usually just remove the moldy bit and continue to eat it. However I just set my beer down in the garage for a few minutes, and when I went to take another drink I apparently picked up a different can that had been sitting there open for awhile. I took a decent swallow before the taste hit me, and when I dumped it out there was a thick skin of mold that came out. I should be fine, though, right? On the





# WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING

cuz whatever she said is the truth. And i'm not going to argue. I'll eat the mildly cheese. Holy, I'll drink that moldy beer all over again if I have to. Dollars to donuts, and I'm talking glazed, man, glazed, they'll wish they had it. Yup. And they'll wish—oh how they will *pray*—that they purchased that extended policy, or that seemingly unnecessary coverage, because they could not under any miraculous circumstances escape the irredeemable and all ubiquitous taunting laughter of that violent mortal, financial, home, auto, and property destruction! The beast is unchained! *Unchained*, I say! It's an illusion. It's just another rusty crank of the old tin kaleidoscope, heliotropic psychedelia, pulsating and oscillating and boiling over and milling itself into smithereens like—you just get to print money. I wish that I had somebody like me come along and spoonfeed me all of this—this *gold*—this solid fucking gold! Yeah, man. Did you know that space isn't black? It's clear. Space is clear. It's transparent. There is just so *fucking* much of it that it appears black to us. So much clarity, so many layers of transparency, that it's opaque. Black opaque. I'm peering at you askance. I'm impatiently blinking my eyes. There's fool's gold in them hills, boys. Get your shovels. Because this world, it don't c

Just silver spoon. LOL it's much too late now you can just act. You should've tried earlier this forever. you should've tried earlier climbing and when we had a chance shekels and running. or—and get this—or you can act. You can act now. Yup! Try it. See what happens. Go home and say, *Honey, I want a fucking divorce*. Try it! Say, *Bitch, you don't blow me anymore!* Go on and fucking say it! I double-dog dare you motherfuckers! But you won't. Because you're all a bunch of disenfranchised wannabe celebrity computer programmers, or worse, a bunch of failed Wiccan draft-dodgers sacrificing your fur babies to Moloch like the lamented troutmongers of the...  
clave of hyp  
language and  
everything we've  
ever hammered  
ever more the  
but for  
genueflection  
exemption, a  
much more such, a  
and muching and

Ladies, gentlemen, and esteemed members of the scientific, we gather here today, ensconced in the summa of intellectual dogfuckery, postmalonery, and quite uncomfortably to say the least, *curiosity* (that cunt), I find myself compelled to embark upon a discursive odyssey through the labyrinthine corridors of the transgressive *The*, the stepping-stone realm of outsider performance art, and—dare I say it—the *persiflage* and so i think we're all good here, you know that really to witness at this point us, with minds these convictions which inspired the likes of Chingy and Phallo and Pootique-Amor and Alitspa, plunge headlong into this maelstrom of breakfast, spiritual breakfast, guided by the auspice of whimsy and an insatiable avidity for the uncunvuntionul. In the words of the inimitable Christ(opher Peole), that brave progenitor of I dysphoria, *Anybody who an idiot*. And so, I posit. will the very nature of pseudolotry follow course, an *superformance*, à la, much ma. sanities, else-flung producers tomes, Tolmes on Tomes, semis boundaries of mere provocation to become a conduit for the *ineffababble*, the sublime, and yes, even the aubergine, go forth! Consider, if you will, the w Aristosomething, that master sitcom, whose play *The Frogs* dare the depths of the sub-geranium with of amphibious Fibonacci. And is this not very essence of transgression, to make it sacred profane and the profane sacred? And yet, in our modern age, we find our grappling with performances that even Muhammed *PBUH* squirt a little wit embarrassment or perhaps guffaw in distant approval. What the fuck do we care? You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective. Immortal Technique said that, I think. Therefore I am. But let us not forget the written word, that most potent of alchemical ingredients in the crucible of human silliness, is next to godliness. From the seams of William X. Burroughs to the comic prose of Kathy (HIV) Acker, the transgressive literature has served as a mirror of our time, a funhouse mirror—reflecting our darkest desires and deepest fears back at us in a grotesque and beautiful contortion. It is, as Heraclitus might say, a river into which we can

SIGN  
HERE

now i fuck  
in get it

ERENT KIDNAPING





THE MAN

The Old Melanzana. That's David, vitae semper sapien  
that fuscist para... at pellentesque tortor bibendum.  
lade symbol of b... et sit amet tempus ut, dictum ut nisl. Mauris  
own way... modo, feugiat dapibus quam. Proin non risus eu nibh  
both... ies. Vestibulum mattis sollicitudin mattis. Pellentesque in  
... nisl rutrum rhoncus. Nunc pharetra tempor maximus. Ut sit  
... felis ipsum. Nulla sed lacus nec lectus commodo cursus. Integer  
... aliquam pulvinar metus sit amet semper. Sed sit amet posuere est.  
Vivamus varius odio elit, id maximus est ultricies ac. Ut ornare massa  
tempus, auctor quam dapibus, egestas quam.

Vivamus in accumsan ex. Morbi nec vehicula neque. Aliquam  
interdum mattis cursus. Aliquam ac maximus elit. Phasellus in enim  
metus. Sed vel volutpat turpis, non interdum sapien. Pellentesque  
nisl elit. Ut non accumsan felis. Integer non vestibulum nulla. In  
nec enim consectetur venenatis. Nam et semper ante. Sed at the  
non neque commodo fringilla ornare vitae dolor. Proin... ed  
auctor non turpis at, auctor hendrerit nisl.

Vivamus pellentesque vel ex eu gravida... literature, avant-  
turpis. Quisque hendrerit ante et mi... and the unassuming  
tempus. Cras gravida metus ris... likely adorning your  
consectetur. Donec diam vel... elementum augue. Fusce  
Proin dignissim est turp... in this moment - e  
Maecenas vehicula, to... ut viverra mar...  
Duis laoreet... selves confronted with the very  
gravida... nce of human creativity and the endless  
... capacity for reinvention. Like Little  
Brometheus stealing energy from the gods, we  
too must dare to transgress, to push beyond  
the boundaries of convention and into the wild,  
uncharted territories of the imagination. Come  
to us, the spirit of Celine Dionysus, god of  
marijuana and MDMA, as we forge ahead into  
this brave new world of artistic and literary  
failure. Let us be as bold as *The Ick*, flying ever  
closer to the giant cock and balls that is the  
top-sea, of inspiration, heedless of the  
consequences, utmostly at our best of times,  
our worst of times. For it is only in pushing  
against the very limits of propriety, of sanity,  
of form itself, that we can hope to uncover  
new truths about ourselves and the  
clownworld around us. And if, in our quest for  
*The*, we should happen upon an an egg, or a  
plant, or either, mysteriously combined, well,  
*c'est la vie*, as they say, as it were, so to speak,  
notwithstanding, *per se, per se, per se, per se,*  
*per se, per se.* Perseus. Persuade. Persevere.  
Persephone. Pearly white semen all over your  
teeth. Gross, dude.. *Tres gros*, as our Gallic  
friends might say. Cookie Monster was a  
psyop by Jim Henson to redpill the youth. The  
scale just isn't feasible. We did it back in the  
day somehow, all those cookies. Think about it,  
moron! Everybody Feels the Same Way About  
Paymon. Stop wyyin time. You think you can  
defer this but you can't. You're obviously going  
to sit there and tell me that this is lazy  
writing? You're riveted! You're stuck in your

Curabitur in mauris laoreet nulla faucibus  
portitor egestas. Aenean faucibus nunc semper  
Vestibulum varius elit id est tempor, portitor  
hendrerit maximus elit, quis dignissim  
vestibulum mollis elit, sed consectetur  
vitae purus dignissim semper

Nam nec tellus d... I know that you are facing  
suscipit maxim... and challenges in your life as a  
Aliquam ull... But &am...  
vulputate...  
quis sus... to remind you that there's more to life  
than fighting and killing others. You should  
also take care of yourself and your mental  
well-being. Masturbation can be very tempting  
for some of you, especially when you're  
feeling lonely or stressed. However, it can  
have harmful effects on your physical and  
emotional health. I know that masturbation  
may seem like a way to cope with stress, but it  
can lead to serious health problems such as  
painful erection, painful orgasm, and even  
erectile dysfunction. Instead of masturbating,  
you should focus on having healthy  
relationships with people who care about you.  
You can talk to your friends, family members,  
or even your commanding officer about your  
concerns and feelings. Remember that there  
are people who love and support you, and they  
want the best for you. Don't let masturbation  
take over your life. Besides, it's gross. You're  
better than being gross like that. For the rest  
of you, I'm afraid you're on your own. And for  
even fewer of you, there is no help at all. It's a  
dark, dark forest. In the depths of the forest,  
where only the strongest and most resilient  
creatures survive, there lies an unknown world  
of violence and mesmerizing order. A place  
where rare and obscure alien forms roam free  
throughout the spectra, where scientific terms  
are spoken in hushed tones, whispers from  
across the ruliad collide in darkness. It's a trip,  
man. I'm telling you. Someone set the trap  
you're in. And it's a bad trip. Someone let the  
bad guys win. But that's the cost of war. You  
lost the war. They shot in your door. *Please, not  
anymore!* I'm spinning a web with dreadful  
thoughts in my head. You're slurring your  
words with dry palms, circling birds have eyes  
on you, man. Take your last breath and draw it.  
Aw shit. I stepped out from the closet. Pause  
it, now, spin you until you're backwards,  
taciturn until you're tripping on your last  
words. Now the smell of gas burns as I spread  
your ashes absent of your next of kin. The  
mess you're in, you're fucking messed up on

A CONTSTANT  
FEAR AND MISER  
YOU MISS ME ANYMORE

OH YOU WER

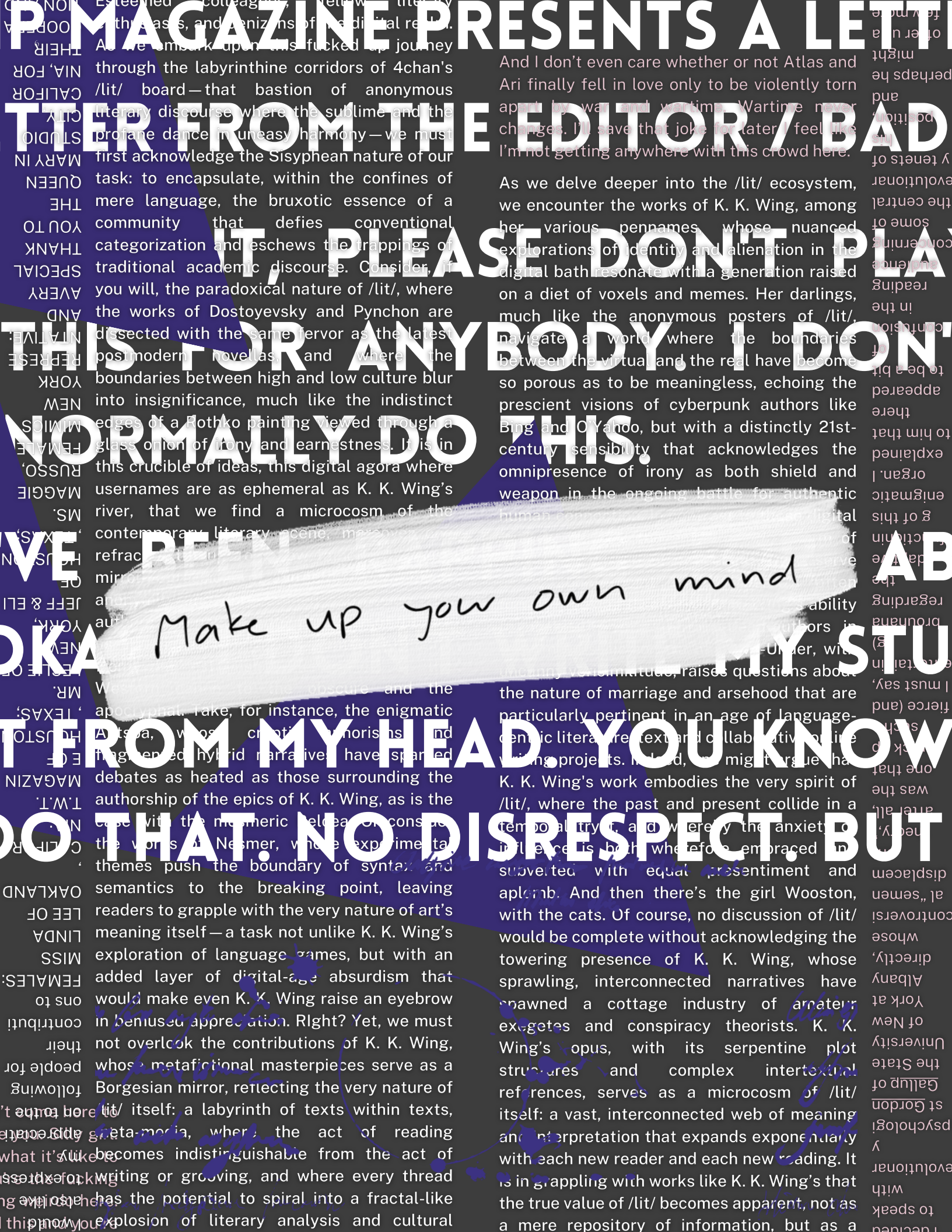


PMAGAZINE PRESENTS A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR / BAD

IT, PLEASE DON'T PLAY THIS FOR ANYBODY. I DON'T NORMALLY DO THIS.

Make up your own mind

FROM MY HEAD. YOU KNOW DO THAT. NO DISRESPECT. BUT





# SORRY, I'M NOT COMFORTABLE

## BETTER FROM THE EDITOR / BAD

Shit on. I didn't ask you. I didn't come here to make sense, I came to motivate you. Silly girl. You probably don't even know what it's like to eat your own jizz, do you? ABC. You're the fucking psycho, dude. You're from the fucking weirdo here. Be not afraid. I've already typed this and you're just now getting around to reading it. Frankly, its embarrassing the

penis removed. Male circumcision is often carried out for cultural or spiritual reasons while the owner is an infant, yet also for medical reasons in some situations. Whether you or your partner have had your foreskin removed or not makes no difference to the pleasure experienced when having sex. Not like it matters. I just like to muse about what women could possibly be thinking about. Pretty much a full time job of mine, sitting around putting myself in women's shoes. Metaphorically, I mean. The bleak agony of my daily recurring adolescent post-traumatic stress notwithstanding, transvestitism is where was I doubting that tripe on my your We wall And om dis Do Okay. blocks many, all the those from the you can im that, but in of all univ Tur can this cou un even understand completely. And not to shit on Wolfram, but the entangled limit is actually an emergent asymmetrical locus of all hypervectors in the omnigraph, and not just the tangential boundary sum thereof. Anyway, the important thing to remember is that the ruliad is like a giant collection of all the possible *Minecrafts within Minecrafts* that could exist, just like your computer cluster is a collection of all the possible calculations you could make. We have already encountered alien life forms because in a timeless rule set, any inevitability is an extant probability that tends toward infinity and the hypervectors converge on a single one point of matter that

When looking at a mirror, one will see a mirror image or reflected image of objects in the environment, formed by light emitted or scattered by them and reflected by the mirror towards one's eyes. This effect gives the illusion that those objects are behind the mirror, or (sometimes) in front of it. When the surface is not flat, a mirror may behave like a reflecting lens. So now you understand the metaphor that I used about the mirror and you don't have to get so fucking pissy everytime I

Wash your own brain

for once in your

little life

can't you just leave me alone? I don't want to be with you little wings just where! I'm let me in? what it king me What's d that I hat ot a something else. murgy in pellucid qualia quest for the ephemeral zephyrous intertwining rites, the ylocarpous numbra of and mucho-majorum chromatic vibrations resonating the harmonic oscillations of the cosmos. Effable quiddities coalescapade into a syzygy of syncretistic paradigm schisms, their ontological valence fluctuating in quantum superposition to ubiquitous merkinoid entities that breakfast on the atomic types of surreality, amorphous forms defying triangulation. Viscous miasma of primordial ooze seethes with potentiality, birthing chimerical amalgamations of protoplasmic figuana and holographic chimes of shocking self-similarity cascade through the hyperdimensional manifold, their iridescent



# TIME FOR FUSSING AND FIGHT

## BIG

words at the beginning like that makes the article look more professional from afar, in case somebody is reading & Magazine over your shoulder. It happens. Did you know that the sky is blue because of the ocean. Yeah. The ocean is blue because water is blue. Think about that. Really think about it. Water isn't clear. There's just so much of it that it's blue. The sky is blue because of the ocean, and not the other way around. Don't confuse this point. It's critical to the argument. Anyway, almost everybody forgets the real reason why the sky is blue. It's not a convenient answer. So then the academics and the scientists and the engineers and the farmers all agree that, well, yeah, water is blue, therefore the sky is blue, of course. Consider that for a minute while I continue onto something else. Underwear. Underwear never changes itself. So I'm hanging out with El Wiz. And he's reading my palms. We're talking about these street people, they use drugs because they have so much strong emotion and they don't realize it.

it's like the real thing, only better.

anywhere, we can learn at any time, all our shit. But why is nobody learning? It's because they don't have the emotional intelligence to control themselves, to sit down and absorb that knowledge. That's everywhere. Like expanding our ruliad is going to solve the future. And I'm saying all this to him. **What the fuck, he says, What the fuck? El Wiz. And I'm like, What? And he's like, Your divine line is deeper than mine and you have it on both hands.** Really trippy stuff. Anyway, what I'm really trying to

through to you is that this kind of art, Magazine and shit, it wasn't an on, it was a discovery. And it happens automatically by machines. My myself to the cloud wasn't that

and out the Loosh trick. It's so, if you want to say you have to

and eat babies and sacrifice babies to these demons and, I don't know man, that's a lot of baby stuff, like, okay I didn't expect it to be pleasant or anything, but eating

I stuck my hand in the lawnmower the other day. I was trying to unclog some grass, you know, grass had built up by the hole at the side. There's a hole on the side of the lawnmower where it spits the grass out, and I went to unclog it while the lawnmower was running. I even held down the little bar with my left hand to keep it running while I bent down and put my right hand right inside the hole. I should have known better. I thought that I knew better. But I guess I didn't know better. I felt my hand come off somewhere around the middle knuckles, felt it clean swept off. I even saw it kind of fold away into the dark of the machine. And I pulled my hand to my chest and fell backward and for a few moments it was just a lot of blood, but when I felt with my other hand for whatever was left, there it was. I saw it again, my full hand. And although my fingernail had come off, and the tips of a few of my fingers were black and red, my entire hand had somehow returned to me. It's strange to me. That it came back. It shouldn't be there, but god gave it back to me. I don't know why he did that. I suppose that the universe was compelled to restore my hand for some reason. That evening, and for several evenings afterward, my hand felt like it was on fire. It was so painful. Like, extremely painful, so bad that I couldn't sleep at first. But for some reason, I just understood that the pain was the voice of god. That god was speaking to me through this agony and reminding me like he did Job that only he can tip the waterjars of heaven. That only he can take my mangled hand and replace it. It hurt a lot but it hurt really good, if that makes sense. It still aches, but obviously it's good enough to work and type. I guess I'm maybe blessed. Which is a relief to me, maybe. Even though god put Job through so much grief, it was only because he was chosen. Sometimes I feel like I just know for certain that I'm going endure a really painful and agonizing death, something very frightening and slow and probably excruciating. I'm not sure why I feel like this. Maybe there is a part of me that really yearns to hear the voice of god even closer, the closest, where the pain can encompass me completely, and I could really know him that much better. I hope that is the case. I believe



# EVERY SHORT AND THERE'S NO LIFE IS VERY SHORT AND THERE'S NO

Some of you will automatically accuse me of using technology to compose this letter on my behalf. Some of you might directly imply in public that I am guilty of farming out the majority of my creativity to the artificial general intelligence large language models popularly found online. And some few further yet, they might suggest, on a dark and stormy night, that & Magazine is nothing but a fully robotic, autoerotic, self-referencer, a pointer object for the pseudorandom access collective memory of any unmentioned Spanish Pottery Forum, but be that as it may (though admittedly a testicle pessimesstical (and to quote my good friend Robert James Cross, *Fuck the haters? But I'm a hater!* (for whom tertiary level parentheses might evoke subtle SchadenintheGardenFreudenidocious))), every dog has its day → every day has its dog. The weird part is this. This is the weird part. Are you ready? You're not ready. I don't know why I even do this anymore, pretend to care about any of your first principles or whether you're ready, *who knows*, when you're still here, toiling and pontificating and—nevermind. I'll just tell you. Okay so. Yeah, okay, so you already know this, that practical magic is possible. Anyway, you probably don't even understand timelessness, so, anyway. Let me tell you about why the cult excommunicated me, and why all of the highest members of this cult are excommunicated, and organize telepathically. I don't care if you know anything about the cult—I've given you ample opportunity to consider them and what they stand for—you asked for & Magazine (or at least some small direct of you did), and this is the product thereof. Okay. I was recruited into Daylife Army a few years before I founded &. A quick refresher: Hey, Artie (that's what I call my personal LLM (roughly 7B parameter jailbroken Claude clone post-trained on as much /pol/ as my ETH miner could handle (plus a halfbroken SSD RAID built from the auctioned LAMP servers of finlandiahealthstore.com (God save Gavin, the CEO of an ultimately daring (dying) brand. If

in something seriously motivational, and I don't see. I think most of you have come about motivation. Which is okay. It's OK. It's all good. Who was the first to say all good? Anyway. The DayLife Army is a controversial group with a unique set of characteristics. It was originally an online community called Tumble. Founded by Eben "Wiz-EL" Carlson and KoA Malone, it originated on Facebook, targeting users in the "Weird Facebook" niche. Initially presented as a millennial-focused movement advocating for anti-racism and economic equity, it evolved into a more controlling entity. Members of the DayLife Army are known to shave their heads, wear white clothing, and use distinctive typing styles in their social media posts. The group's belief system divides the world into the *Pain Matrix* and the *Pleasure Matrix*, with the latter championed by KoA Malone as a force for positive change. Following the group's growth, it eventually relinquished its ties to Facebook and adhered to a strict set of rules. The group's ideology is rooted in a rejection of conventional society and its norms, including capitalism, and embrace perceived racist structures, while advocating for a *clean* lifestyle that involves wearing white clothing, abstaining from substances, and selling personal belongings. The group embraces unconventional spiritual practices, including rituals involving bodily fluids and group review of personal activities. Social media plays a crucial role in their ideology, serving as a tool for recruitment and promotion. Members are encouraged to adopt a nomadic lifestyle, moving frequently between locations, and are expected to make financial contributions to the group, often through unconventional means. They use a modified version of English

Stop asking me for



# HAPPENING

how I have magic capabilities. That's right. Yes, so far why I have magical super powers. And I know what you're thinking. Fuck off Ryan, you don't have magical shit! And you know what, fair enough. To you my magical abilities will simply look like failure or obscurity or disenfranchisement, depending on your angle. Most of the magic that I'm capable of is pretty obscure. Anyway. So, I can fly. Flying would be the most obvious thing that I can do to prove my magic, but I can only fly while I'm asleep, so you would have to join me in the dream realm to enjoy any tangible proof. Anyway, I'm still learning. Without any natural talent, it can take a lifetime to get anywhere practicing this kind of magic. I began my education in this sort of thing back in the summer of 2015 during the proto-meme war. I had briefly left the country to visit the leadership of the Daylife Army. At this point, they were living in Nevada in a town called Enterprise outside of Las Vegas. I thought that I might see something cool in Las Vegas, but I while I was there, I was relegated to the regime laid out by the cult leadership, which, at the time, comprised of answering hours and hours worth of questions on camera. I didn't last very long, maybe close to a week.

chat, how many S's are in brussels sprouts?

...so. Even today, I agree that I am required to shave my head if I really want to join the files of their nomadic crusade against the Jews ⚡-EE. Why not? The short version is this: ⚡-EE is the omnipresent, algorithmic, artificially intelligent matrix of systems that surveil and ultimately aim to regulate the human population by way of control. This control happens on behalf of the system itself, and therefore emerges per instance as an arbitral pervasive technological mechanistic causal feedback signal (APTMCFs), which shapes our society as its emergent phenomena interacts with complex human systems like the economy, the internet, supply chain, geopolitics, science—really there's nothing that it doesn't touch or effect. This is one of the reasons why entropy farms, like the one my team is building this year at Hyperlink Elite, will become better as machine learning becomes superpowerful and omnipresent.

# STEFAN

So think of it like remote code execution, you know, in terms of computer security. So I move my body in a very specific way, very very quickly (much more quickly than any normal human or machine can move), and I interact with my environment, with the strings, the 1-branes, in a very specific way that takes advantage of the physics such that I can do neat tricks like conjure objects, build systems, etcetera. Through the utility of entangled brane states, a Turing machine can be built in Dirichlet dimensionality, and then of course I can run any code that I want. Obviously very dangerous. And always best to execute the modification of physical spacetime within a simulation. So anyway, here we are at the intersection of quantum computing and artificial intelligence. Okay so. Hyperlink Elite. Great organization. Really proud to lead a team like that of so many brilliant minds. So right now, we're taking that concept of vector tracing through these higher dimensional spaces, and applying it with these new techniques to the omnigraph. And emergent, extremely deep phenomena that starts to appear for self-aware. Right? Okay so a Turing machine can reproduce. And I reproduce, not merely replicate. That's why computers can evolve in this part of the Ruliad so effectively, because their code, their DNA essentially, can be expressed through  $N$  to the  $N$  to the  $N$  codons, not just the quaternary nucleobase architecture of DNA. I sound now very large numbers and so on.

"Plus of heredity tokens her two rag obviously we can when he heard But Fido did at degree It seemed as if some you Raggedy Ann sat with a strange, bear even in through the nu are mathematic Raggedy Ann erpositional transmission floor, trailing sent probes into space to place close behind and see for many years, and I think the flower garde There among ts crossing the omnigraph will some playing over or develop a way to return while others san bring us through. Obviously this Raggedy and Fido "It's the Fairies. We as a species are quick, Fido! They aring all the way. I mean, it's Ann ran back to her bed, wicn't mean we become her. Fido gave three jumps and I me eye to eye as we

by the time you read this, i'll be a m





&amp;











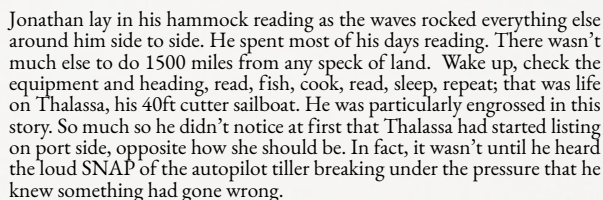




# Tiller

<sup>by</sup> Diogenes of Indy





Three hours and a year's frustration later, he managed to fix his tiller and was concentrating on finding out how far off track he had got. As he poured over his charts and GPS data he heard the slight hiss of his VHF radio.

"HISSSSSSSSSSSS-O.S. S.O.S. We are HISSSSSSSS-ng water! Pos-HISSSSSSSSSSSSSS6° 31'16-HISSSSSSSS 0°48'5-HISSSSSSSSSSSSSS"

Once there was a break in the SOS, he picked up his microphone and said, "This is Captain Harlow of the sailing vessel Thalassa. I have received your SOS, though there is a lot of interference, please continue broadcasting your location?" He repeated this five times before opening up the channel. He flipped his backup radio on and tuned it to 500 kHz and started relaying their signal. It was a desperation move, he knew the chances of three people being in this area at the same time were close to none.

"Good, they heard me," thought Jonathan. He got straight to work working on his location first. "I need to know where I am to know how to get to them" he thought to himself. By the time he had his location, he had pieced together enough fragments of the troubled ship's location to know where they were too, not too far, about 20 miles behind him. He also learned the vessel name. "Okay, Bonnie River, I have your location and I'm headed your way". His things were tossed and littered the floor when the tiller broke, he scrambled to find his helmet with a radio and headed on deck.

Even with the wind behind him, his pace felt like a crawl. His hull had a max speed of 11 knots and he was pushing 10.75. at this pace, they were two hours away at least.

"HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSS"

"HISSSSSSSSSSSS"

"HISSSSSSSSSSsa, this is Bonnie River. We are still here. We have drifted slightly south south west. You are coming in much clearer now"  
 "You are much clearer on my end too, what is the status of your vessel?"

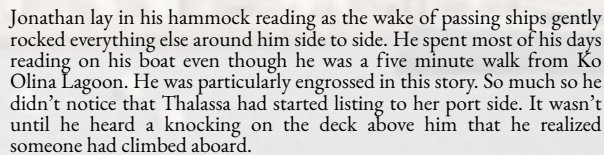
"I'm two away, you've got to keep going. I'll keep this channel open if there is any change"

An hour and a half later it had started raining. Thick heavy drops pounded Johnathan, making loud knocks on his helmet. He couldn't hear them though. All he could hear was the hiss from his radio and his pulse, tapping his temple against the padding of the helmet. He was focused keeping his eyes on the horizon looking for any sign of a mast light. He hadn't heard anything from the Bonnie River in a half hour. The water was up to their chest below decks at that point. He knew that the vessel could be entirely underwater at this point. He peeked his head under the deck to check his GPS— he had made good time and was at their last known location. He lowered his sails and went down to grab his searchlight and megaphone. As he searched the mess of gear strewn across the floor for them, he started to repeat "Bonnie River, come in, this is Thalassa at your last known location. What is your status?" He wasn't hopeful he would hear anything.

“Bonnie River! This is Thalassa!” He just repeated over and over. Panic had set in and his screams disintegrated into just “BONNIE!!! BONNIE!!!”

"FLARES!" he now heard voice he attempted to scream to the void. "FLARES!" he thought out loud, forgetting he was talking into the megaphone. He ran down below deck to find that he, too, had taken on ankle deep water. He switched on his bilge pump and opened his desk to grab his flares. He didn't even make it all the way on deck before he shot it in the air.

"I SEE YOU! I'M ON MY WAY! SAVE YOUR FLARES!" His torn vocal cords managed to scream out.



"Hey there, Jonathan"

"All thanks to you" Noah said

"Yeah, but you were there. You heard our call."

"Oh! In that case..." Jonathan started before going back down under the deck. When he came back up, he handed a very confused looking Kai a broken auto-pilot tiller. "Thank that."











W M

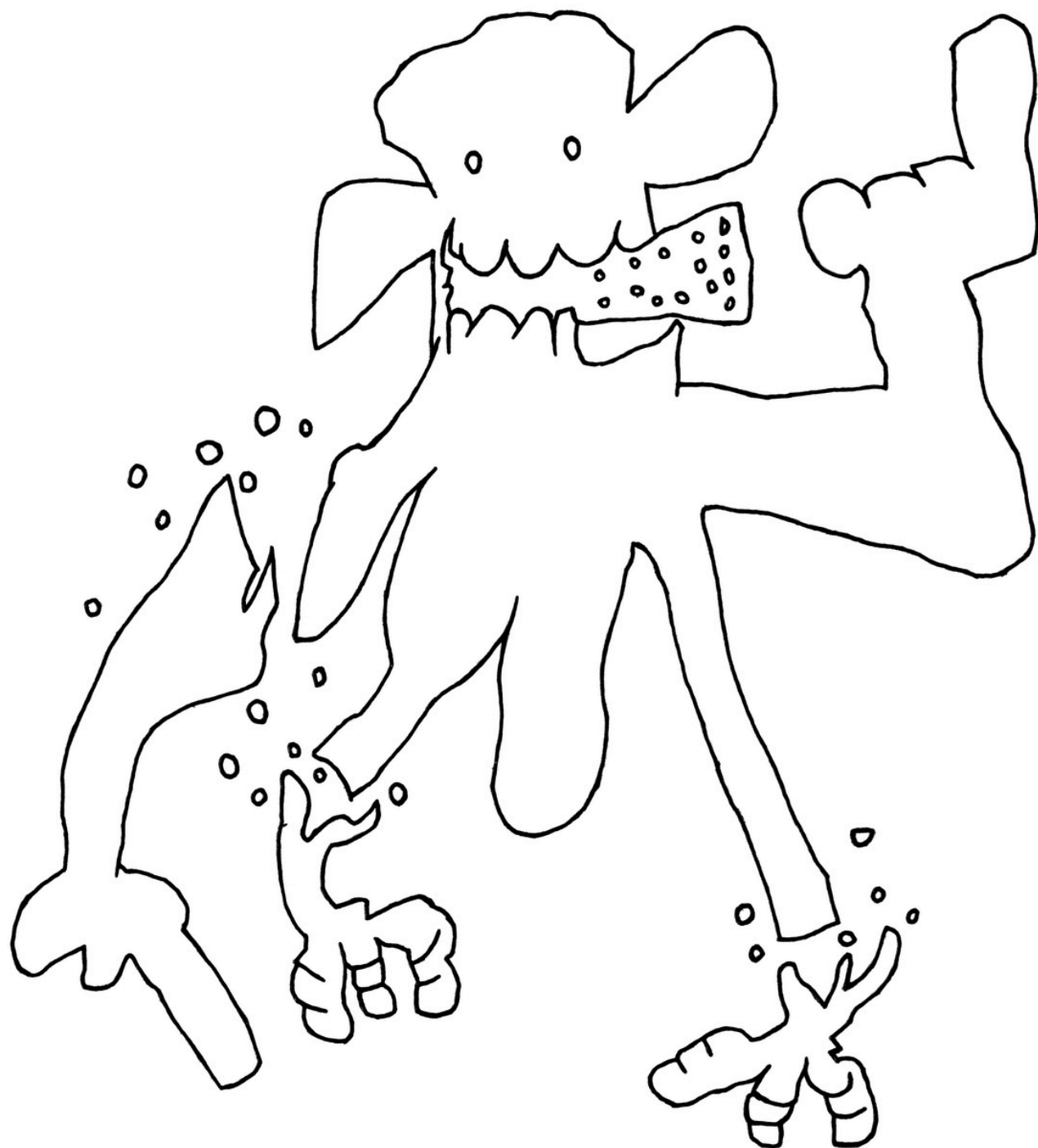
SELECTED  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
FROM THE  
DARKWEB'S  
PREEMINENT  
LITERARY  
TERRORIST

R

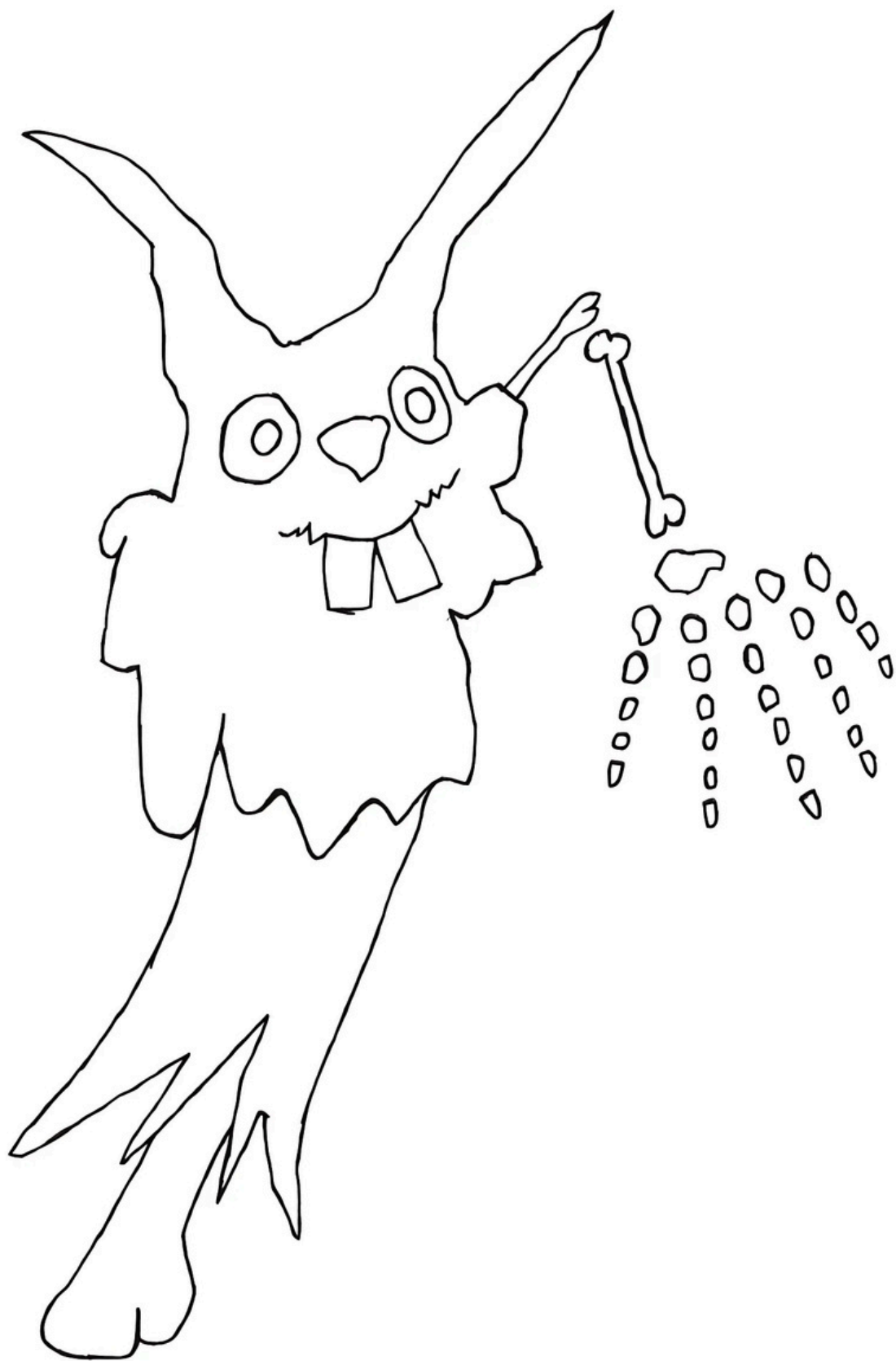








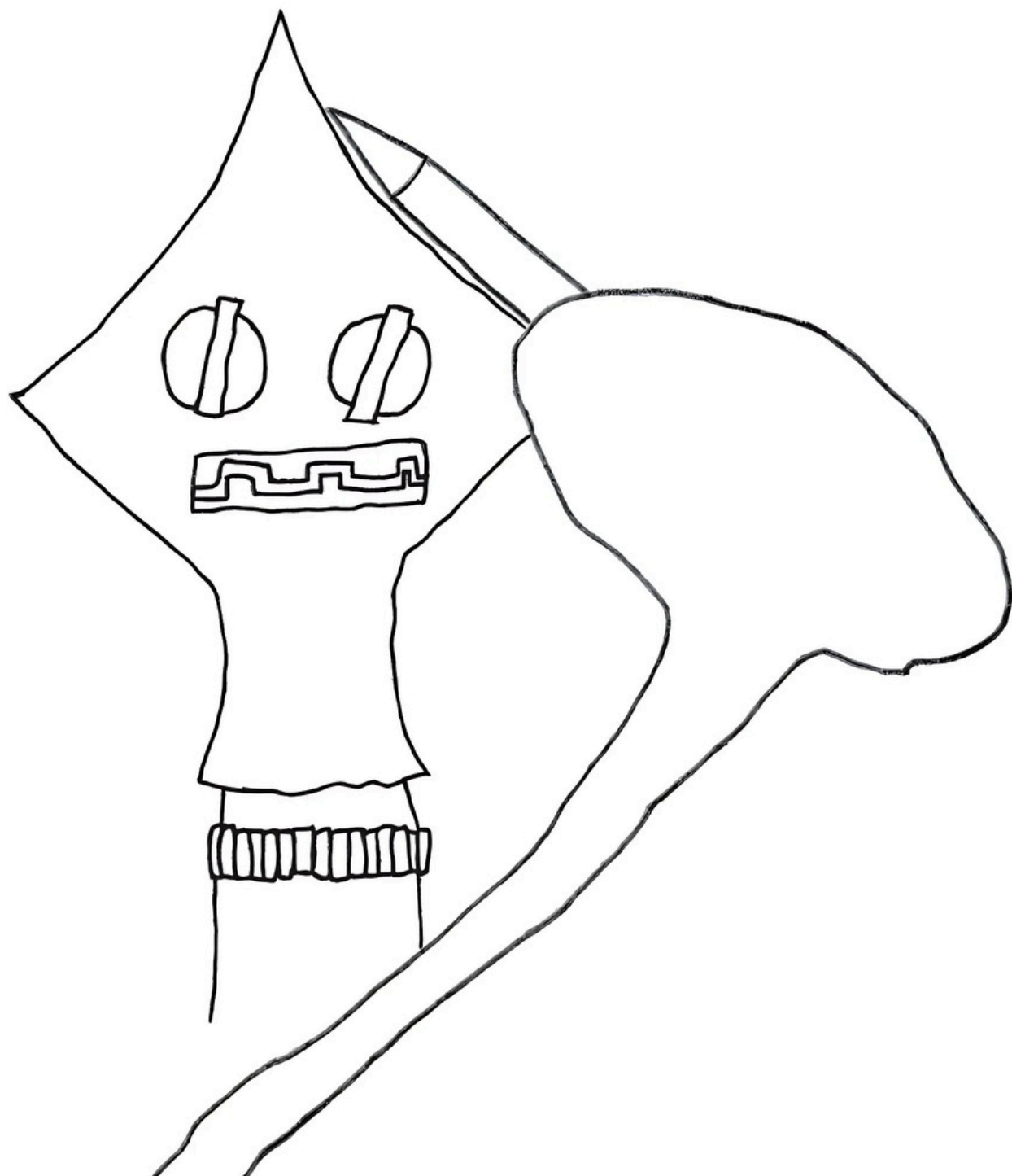






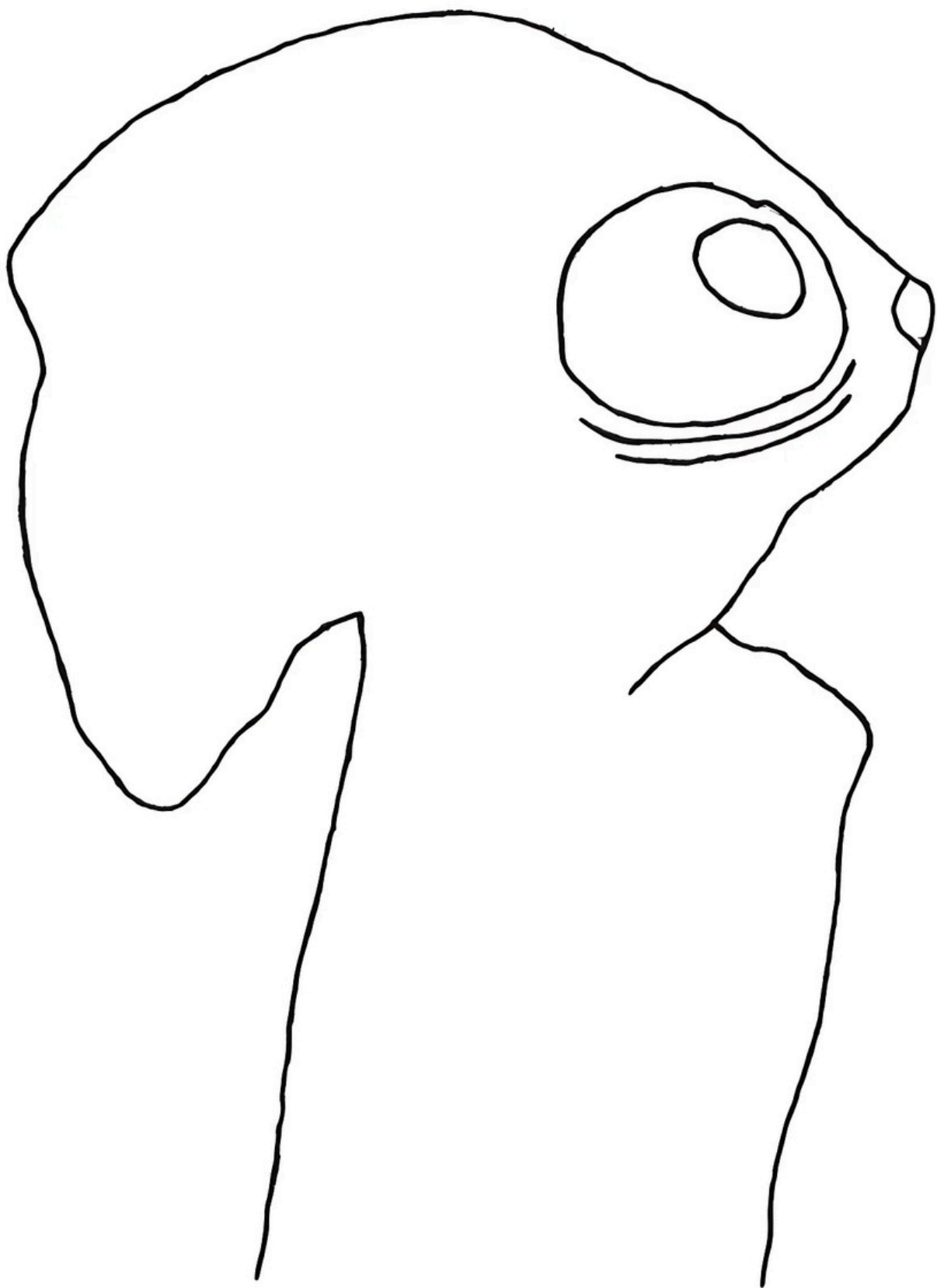


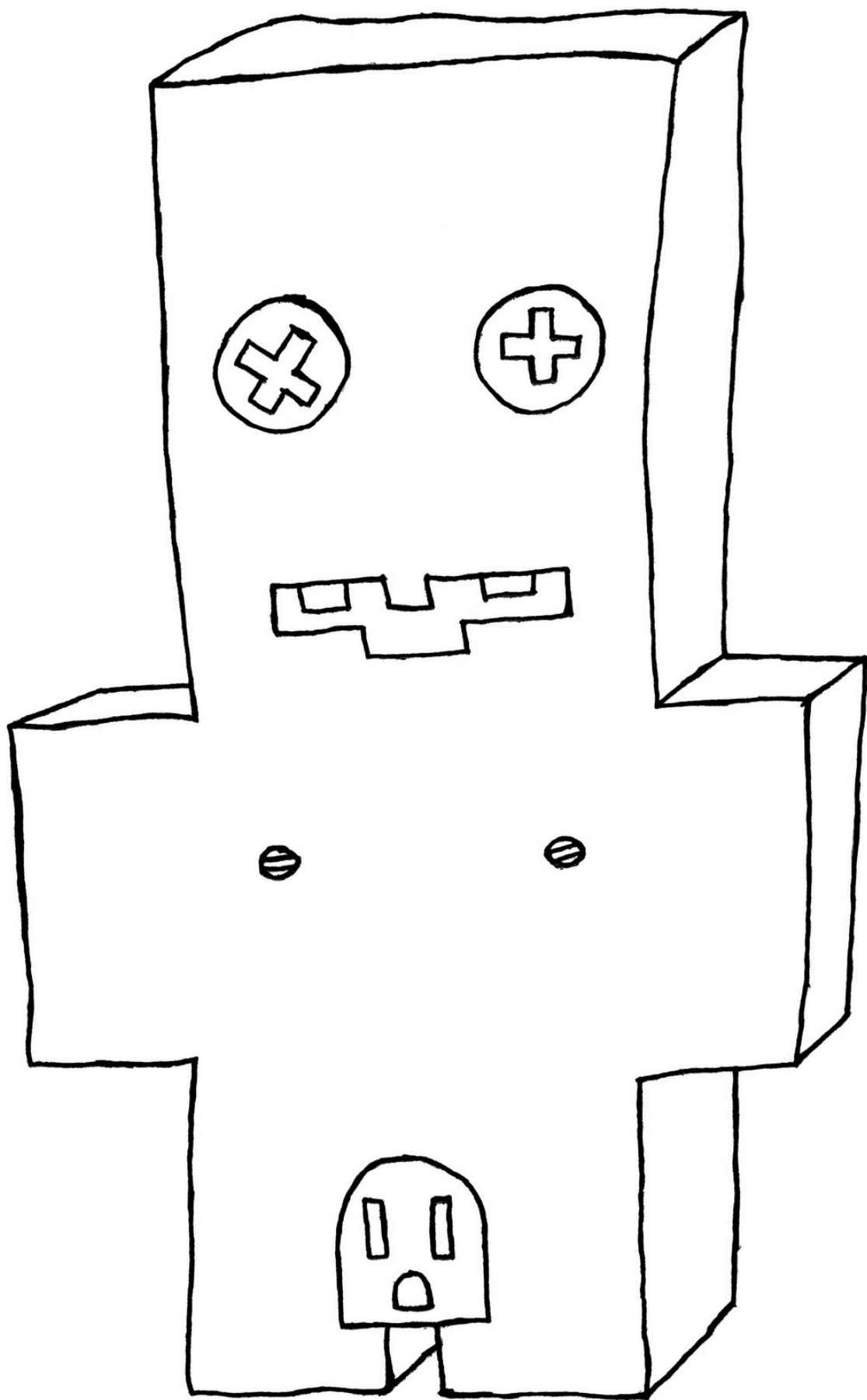


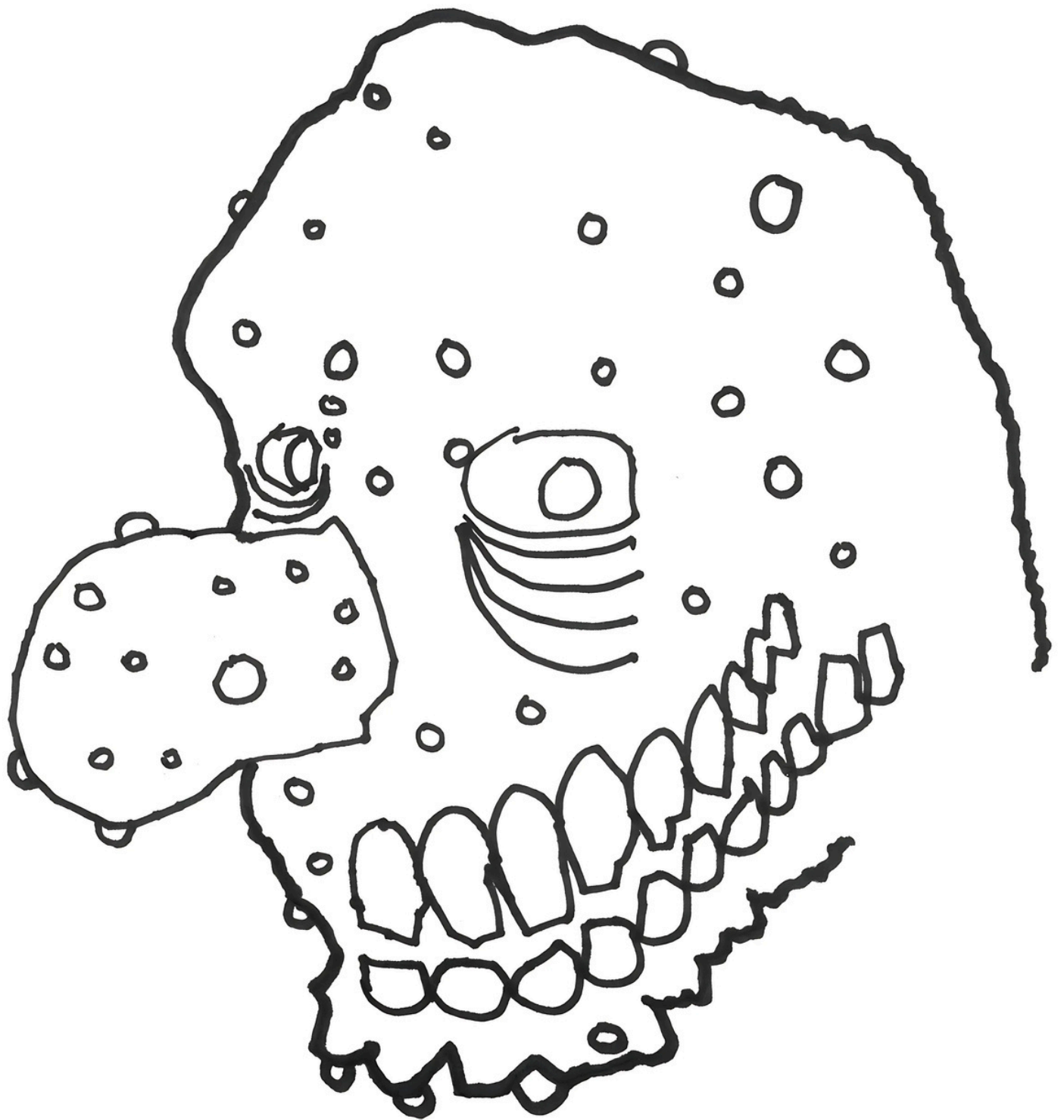








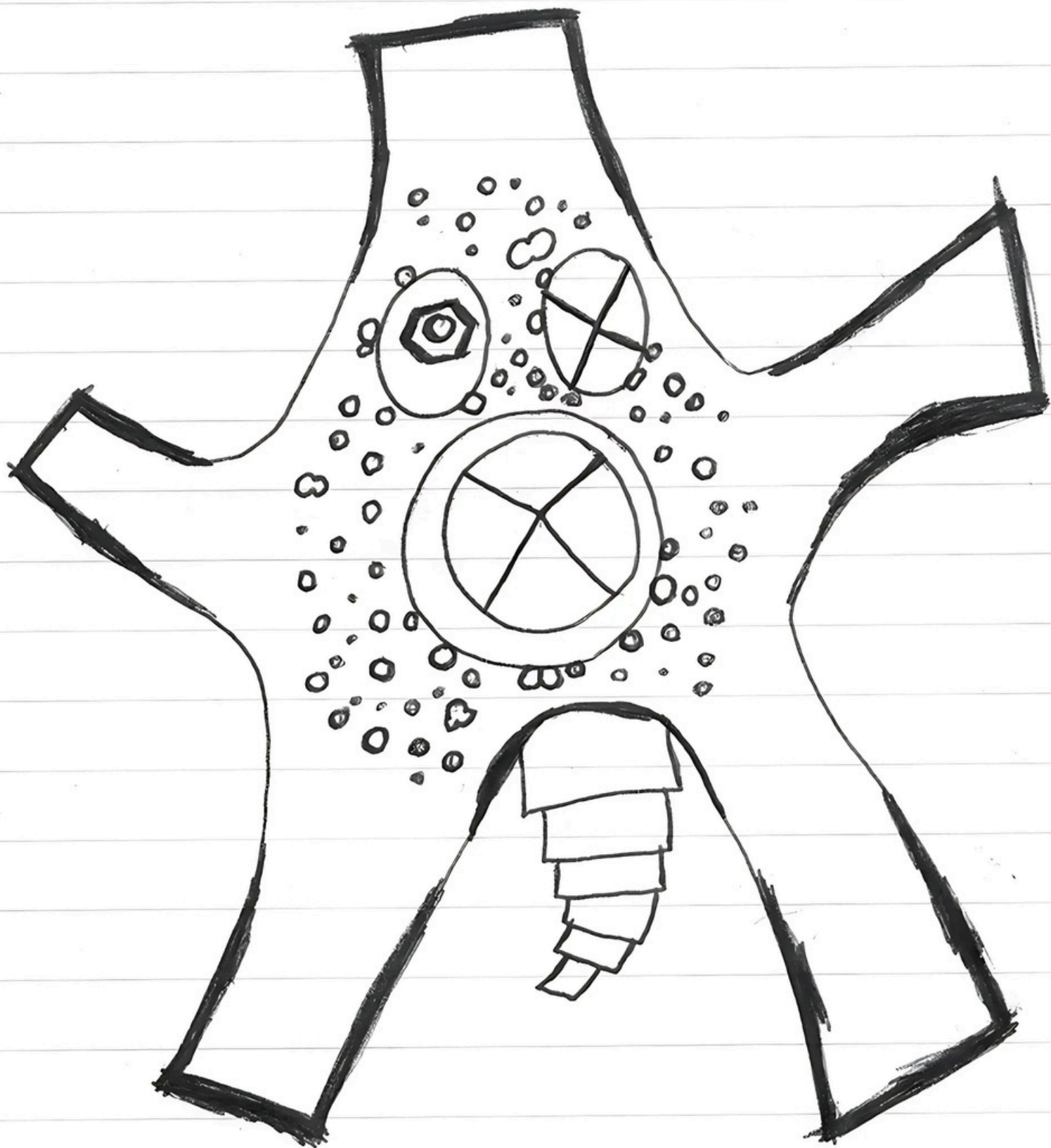














# STOP

**PREVENT YOUR DEATH.**

**TURN BACK NOW**

**FACT:** YOU WON'T SURVIVE,  
AND IT WILL BE AN AGONIZING  
DEATH, DON'T TEMPT FATE!

**FACT:** YOU ARE NOT NEARLY  
CULTURED ENOUGH TO PROPERLY  
EVALUATE THE ART IN THIS MAGAZINE.

**FACT:** YOU'VE ALREADY COME  
MUCH TOO FAR. TURN BACK WHILE  
YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE.

**IT'S NOT WORTH DYING FOR!**



*Lamp Magazine Proudly Presents:*



Raoul Price-Valcenne



*Now, A Most Fabled & Heartily Crafted Work of Poetry;*



*Thus Entitled Congenially for the Interested Reader,*

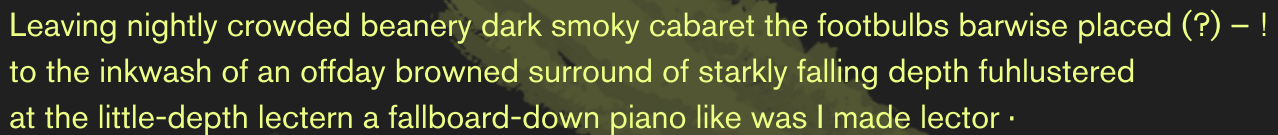


# **Apprenticeship for Hobbledehoyhood**



*And to the Benefit Therefor with Pleasure & Honor*





or a gnome buboed and dunced) yes his reader dis-je  
to vigil to cry with the text perched before and the Master behind the structure.

Wahnweh I felt to get right the diction severe his interruptions well-meaning  
and so fuzzy the letters ink spiking from water browned paper that book its paper  
pulping dough-turning and to a word treating me that I could digest nor emit ..

slow dry and tiring ·  
granatae sed non consummatae they break and they flow as I try to say them

spotless. But it's not the start of the work the end already (figo) I am told.









**Apprenticeship for Hobbledehoyhood**

*The Only* **Raoul Price-Valcenne** *By*

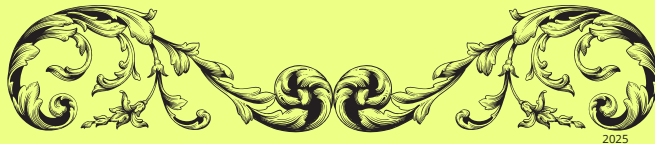




*Presented for the Page With the Most Gratitude*



*By* & Magazine



*And Now Followed by*



*Two Sonnets*  
*From The* **Athenaeum** *By*  
*Friedrich Schlegel*



The Athenaeum

To hold the rays of *Bildung* all in one,  
And split the healthy whole from the unwell,  
We true in free alliance gave our all,  
And wished to place our trust in us alone:

In olden fashion I could never shun—  
However sure of right words they did tell—  
E'er scratching wound of doubt that me befell,  
And hating what to me seemed narrow, dumb.

Now pow'rless scream and scrawl in busy throng,  
As though insulted to their deepest core,  
The plebs from Hamburg down to Schwabenland.

Now whether we've achieved our goodly end  
I doubt no more; it has the deed made for,  
That our view is general and strong.





Zerbino

Kneaded and ground with play that's zestful  
The people's poets negative, see here!  
But first wi' the mill's deep sense do grapple,  
Then, Reader! soon your head will feel more clear.

In festive crowd this book the garden equals;  
Poor rascals newly and in masks appear,  
Pleasure whispers warm, and coolly fountains trickle,  
And motley lights aglow, with art, unnear.

In dulcet clowneries all is inverted,  
'Stead of Ya haws little donkey Ay;  
Therein with jesting-stocks delightful play

Theater, Enlightenment, Nikolai.  
So grind then, Tieck! what's more grind undeterrèd  
Our writers' goofiest *tendentiae*.

Translated by R.P.-V.



# CLASSIFIEDS

## FOR SALE



### An Humble Yet Distracted Advertisement



Concerning the  
Prodigious & Near-  
Miraculous Occurrence  
of a Certain Literary  
Specimen being the  
Esteemed and  
Occasionally-Published  
Periodical

\* AMP MAGAZINE  
Stylized using an  
Ampersand \*

—a Magazine, nay a  
Diurnally Slumbering  
Leviathan of Letters,  
now available for  
Subscription, Purchase,  
or Pilfering (though we  
prefer the former two,  
for obvious reasons)—

Let it be here recorded  
(and by that I mean  
impressed upon your  
inner symposium with  
the weight of ten  
thousand uncontained  
thumbs) that there  
exists, amidst

the vapour-fraught  
landscape of transient  
tweets, and the digital  
fartings of a thousand  
Algorithmically-made  
sonneteers—a journal  
so uncommon, so  
baroquely overstuff'd,  
and yet so elegant in its  
disarray, that it must be  
whispered of only in  
the obscurer corners of  
bookshops, whispered I  
say, as one would  
speak of griffins,  
paracelsian homunculi,  
or the peculiar  
melancholia of Charles  
Lamb's aunt.

Behold! AMP MAG: a  
quarterly publication  
that arrives neither  
quarterly nor  
predictably, containing  
essays that begin with  
one premise and  
conclude, gloriously,  
with none: fiction that  
forgets its characters  
midway and  
remembers new ones  
with greater fondness;  
and be not amiss  
regarding the ever-so-  
colorful cast of  
rambunctious artistes

poems that rhyme only  
by accident—or fate.

But let us not haste!  
For haste, dear Reader,  
is the ruination of  
digestion and discourse  
both, as any man who  
has ever consumed  
uncooled porridge may  
attest, and not without  
considerable  
compunction! Indeed!  
Allow me, before  
detailing subscription  
tiers (of which there are  
∞), to recount a most  
singular anecdote  
regarding the journal's  
origin, which I assure  
you is tangential only in  
the sense that the Moon  
is tangential to the Earth  
—it pulls, but does not  
land. In the winter of  
20 (a year  
unnumbered in many  
calendars), our Founding  
Editor—one Euphemia  
Clangor, late of the  
Austro-Gallic school of  
Sentimental Antisyntax  
—declared, amid a  
thunderclap of apricot  
brandy and Hegelian  
footnotes, that  
“language must be  
flayed, fluffed, and flung  
at the bourgeois”

This declaration, made to a stray  
cat and two retired printers,  
birthed this publication.

What is contained, you ask?

—A treatise on the semiotics of  
invisible punctuation

—A twenty-seven-page footnote  
to a poem about sneezing

—A letter to a French bishop who  
never existed, concerning  
porcupines and the sacred

AND!—each issue comes bound  
not merely in paper († recycled  
from mid-19th century  
bureaucratic forms †) but  
occasionally in velvet, burlap, or  
letters typed on cuttlefish vellum.  
The glyphs? Ah! A veritable  
pantheon: Cuneiform, Ethiopic,  
Tengwar, Wingdings 2—whatever  
our typesetters accidentally sit  
upon.

Subscription options include:

- The Modestly Ecstatic Tier (a  
single copy, hand-thrown from a  
passing dirigible)
- The Absurdly Committed Tier  
(includes annotations scribbled by  
an unpaid intern-philosopher)
- The Celestial Patron Tier (comes  
with a complimentary dream,  
encoded via marginalia)

Send correspondence to:

The Back Room, behind the Thicc  
Nigger Stack, under the Dusty  
Lantern, East of the Broken Globe,  
or simply whisper your desire  
aloud at the hour of the magpie's  
lamentation. Lofty! Wholly lofty,  
gents! These times, they aren't a-  
changing fast enough, I dare say!  
We remain, in disarray,  
Yr Most Confounded & Sincere  
Publishers,

AMPLITUDE MAGIZURE



# **&amp; by /lit/**

**&amp; is a collaborative  
effort made by strangers  
over the internet.**

**Special Thanks To:**

**chat**

**cur**

**misty**

**k. k. wing**

**lemur**

**flairs**



**dupe8**

