

by Anomonuos

3403

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ehow about Clare you OKAY

HAHA

by Adem Luz Reinspects

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

by Anonymous

SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS

TILLEF

by Diogenes of Indy

SELECTED ILLUSTRATIONS

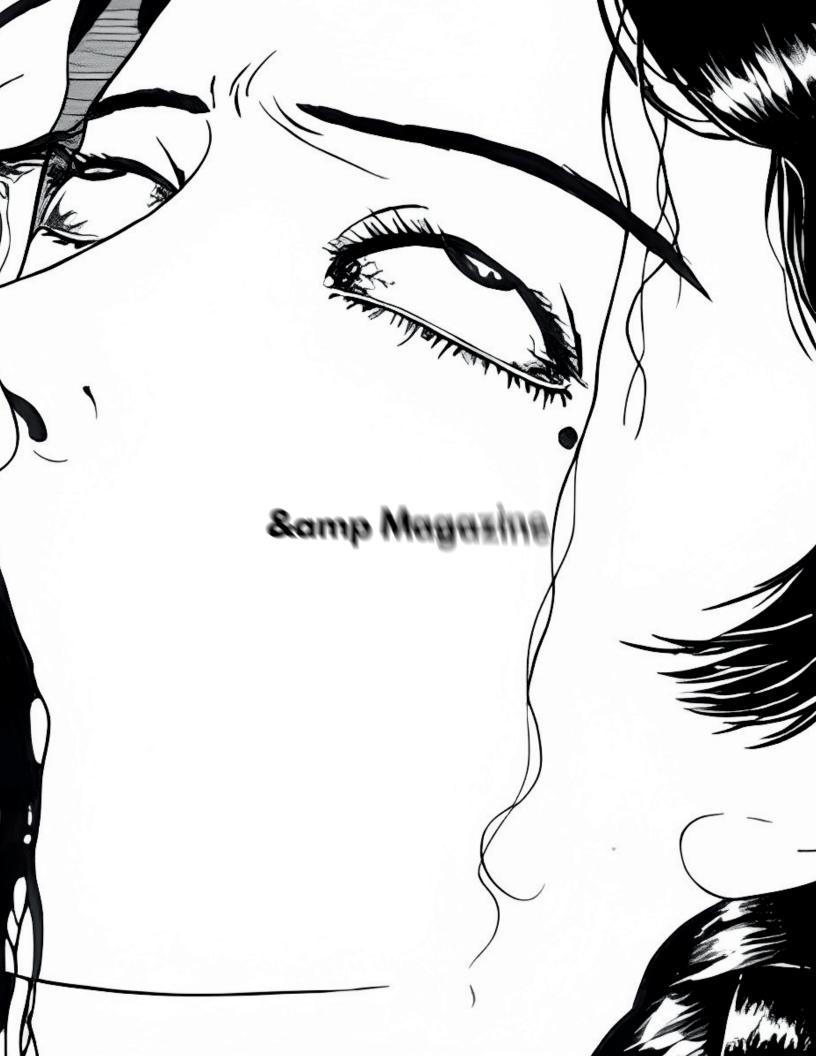
by MNM-DR

APPRENTICESHIP FOR HOBBLEDEHOYHOOD

SELECTED TRANSLATIONS
by Raoul Price-Valcenne



























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!

HEY THERE

HOW ARE YOU DOING LITTLE BUDDY

DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU

OR DID I



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



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?



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

OBVIOUSLY

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



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



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



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



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!



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,

J DON'T DISCRIMINATE



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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



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



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"

ND 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







ing brins our. This Luger will send a Christian to hell. Shorty looks so good. I used htingssocrazy: Igot 103 degree fever, smolking on Congolese Dickwicklooking for a signal. I went dark so tight she pushed out a pearl the fentanyl got me moving like a claymation figure, real tes. Sented off the oring dissin the cum dump learned how to load of thing. This chite that nothing to ma, man, I find kill keits for curvival ne millimeter ca shorthrustingaway. Gormy coblooking like Mexican street corn. it's the last sip of Zazagotmesfeelir violent and tokamy opsorfu ecomelifeko like a cas othestreetsnorso obsequious demon, whisper runts: horis acquisition. Called his misuress over and put 10 inches on her forehead like Reyto ure The Weed will have yo ternity, You will relive every key mist n purgatory screaming for gripping the stem, snipped the banjo string Li was fin the May back ine I would his shake the city. So I shook that sh :niin ed for eight minutes. Wolke up in Geneva. Oh, turn I'm the real golfath grouper. It may II thought I was balls deep in Kyle Lowry only handed back une fre large. This Blunchas apulse. This blunchook, like Ray Jis dick. This blund through its This edhe de This blum looks like its been pushed our. This Blum has a family hisblungfeelslikeasolid, fibrouspieseoffshit, straightup vater, which is a sign of go oodlhealth. Husky little fella . Tiherea ..ndthe7111fi up. They retelling me to go absolutely flucking stupid ton the .Idoi allowermyself howling and itching to take lives. Shit. It mso exc āke lives I m lite I cante even take care of myself when I think about this thit. Smooth gareal hudlear shit submarine, I g smoked assven gam backwood of shadow whiteper shitched me fineked up in the crib looking up pictures of dogs with human light and the control of the control an army of two. Best life ass and send him into an improvement cycle. He looked like ban man kibble. Now this z heroin. Tihisheroin feellikeza fiksheditetti the parking lot in the Lennox mall with a serial number seri Threw the OP into the particle collider, watched this esseges pulled apart into a million pieces, turned this con ilesthemoegotomesquite stuffed ther booty hole with some Sour Diesel and sent her on her way that little apple or draw wood amoks. She took a drame and appeal the roll blank a Meland who wood and she will be took a drame and appeal that the same and appeal the she was the same and appeal to the same and appeal the same and appeal the same and appeal to the same and appeal the same and appeal the same and appeal to the same and appeal the same and menteurneilns. The pussy has its own time algoritum. The bugs are back. Rings so heavy I can't inswer 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 dighter than the builts proof counter window at a White Castle. How can I be gay? My bitch homophobie. Hala, shous our to my man, einch. Wag one big one up yourself. Selected tuddy wine road side gal, Min Con, fuck 53% THEC preroll forms rolled in. Keep had mereading the Book of Revelations. We are indeed close. It bought her Chandle bags until there was nothing left in her eyes. Motherfiedens live in their ear and call it van life. Stop lying to yourself and just say youtra homeless, you stupfel burn. If m at Magic City, moving like the government. I stucked her with my and one shoes on and some Dada shorts eating Mhloe Kardashians ass like Ilm dying and there's a second chance in there. Ilm a high functioning shooter. Weelh, Umbig on Astrology. Umalways looking at a fat director every chance I get. Um off a thin opill. Ready to get my nodksoff. Mywatchcosts 50 bands, and Ustill donft have time for you. Fuck boys pussy clot the casual ties you will suffer.

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Thying to fluck with a Will have you thinking like Magnus Carlson, Inced to kill. Inced to kill. Rome was not built in eday, but
gonnality Ilmikir & officialing myself right now. Cangwar witing energy propriet a benegative and with two pumps of Diagon the length that we have a diagonal first the color. Circumstation gave her a benegative a commutation gave her a benegative of the color of th
mus. All lime of the fift paid for the hour. Emages the full hour been fucking so long, my cock is and addown smooth. This chopped the animal manages of the full hour been fucking so long, my cock is and addown smooth. This chopped the animal functional by posting it up at the post
                                                                          face blitches feasting on some Nienzguan nose nachos while listening to rich and Mary. I'm a real glutton.
Went to C. West and no body ever heard of you. Slime motherfucker. These are not runnings. These are Chrome hearts. Ilm
arising . A Resputh, Hearya, hearya, Dudoth, poison, DJ, museud, leamend, Dijon, leament, Museud on the beat. Ho
Martin ) . As a always been my Fauci. Bird twin motherfucker, Of course, I have a pink tip. I come from a low frequency
errior and and I ve only used eash my engine life. The any time I ever held a end was when I borrowed my cousins Bank
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the description of the lab of the control of the co
 that little kild or red me money. What the firsk do? Didn't drink any water all day. Tried to autom her chest, but the cum was
thick like a log je shit. Dithit even get any air time, it slowly diffibled over my fingers and dithit even hit the issuand. The
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Life term "RAID" was invented by David 1987 the University of California, Berkeley in 1987. The University of California, Berkeley in 1987. The University of California, Berkeley in 1987. Bedundant Arrays of Inexpensive Disks of the Edward Life Line performing mainframe disk drives of the top performing mainframe disk drives of the top performing mainframe disk drives of the time performing mainframe disk drives of the time developed for the growing personal computer market. At hough, failures would rise in proportion to the inmiber of drives, by proportion to the inmiber of drives, by an array could far exceed, that of any large an array could far exceed, that of any large an array could far exceed, that of any large

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Due relationship has become lightly make it, your job to make your ham it much be said if you eatly make it, your job to make your ham it much be said if you exploits your efforts or never truit.

no otni ilasym oed to put 150 th me. And it's c kuow that l rstand this and a ാ ഭ ഉധ elf is an inge ai ı, said something brilli rtor of uno ə. ould to make him h qeq to ent and punishment. Luess change. I decided to eq tps , I came to the last pos etisodo of mid gaidsiaug 16 FINAL o ni 1191 I nisq 94T i q escu or pom me yow yonw os pu Kuunı 'sno knees. I was v tueillind ei

Ladies, if you want to be happy in your marriage, make it your job to Quit waiting around for someone else to go first, sponge up your hurts, love you perfectly, make your baran or — God fotbid —

Why do so many of us do this? Why do you do this?

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integration of food has taken place in the place the place in the state of water which makes up about 75%), bile, undigested food like fibre, fat, inorganic salts and clead bacteria. Majority of the food you eat can affect wair poop in its consistency and its consistency of your poop is usually soft to firm in appearance and its shape is determined by the integrate. The state of supportant man poop into even categories on its consistency shape; and

appearance—Type 1: Sparate and and and shows the shows the content.

big roll in regulating the very more ment as well as adding blulkings to your poop tibe examination of makes, your poop tibe was examined in the water while makes, your poop times and slower to pass 4-bods high in a larger than and slower to pass 4-bods high in a larger transcription. Insoluble fibre does not dissolve on absorbs water they add bulk to poop and speeding its passage through the

poor and speeding its passage through the gastrointestinal tract. Foods rich in insoluble fibre — wheat bian, beans, nuts, the skin of fruits, bulgur, and leafy vegetables.

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

I'm glad to see how marriage has evolved. It used to be much more transactional — happening principally to foster economic social standings or to produce children — but social standings or to produce children complete typically choose to commit themselves — such other for far more noble goals. More and — marry with the intention of experiencing — and companionship.

Unfortunatel women I know get married and somehow, purpose in the second of the second

Tauti, too many women point the finger toward 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."

Frustrated and hurt, these women compound the problems in their relationships by judging and criticizing they partner. Then the punishment escalates and they withdraw and withhold sex, affection, and attention.

"He can make his own damn dinner!"

"I'm not having sex with him again until he apologizes!"

"His clothes can mold in the washing machine for all I care!"

"I don't give a shit what he does. I'm right and he's wrong!"

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

GNA NOIT COOPERA THEIR **MIA**, FOR **CALIFOR** CITY, STUDIO **MAM GNEEN** THE **OT UOY THANK** SPECIAL **YAERY DNA :** HATIVE;

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the v 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 even kinggrand editorial, compositional, 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 tite the And fartherships 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 jeering! Cringe fucking Hartley. Boog a you've never even cleanup in aisle five. It tasted your own cum think art makes them safe. Can you believe that? Can you believe that people actually feel protected? Ish't Athat funny? Hish't it fucking funny that you're actually just a\bunch/of/smut peddlers and poorly positioned middlement in an ultimately crooked game of usury and abuse? Well? We all are! Don't believe me? Go to the front cover and take a look for yourself. Like I said. No sticky hote. It's just a pit. A deep, deep oft. Profound Aeven. TAnd at high time When you're on your knees over there praying to Godathat you'le 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 Box It's Kad Ht'd not about It's really really

often ti ob t'nob μουθετιλ a friend? I to dinner with you went out the tast time s,uəyM 🔊 🏉 tacos, too can grab шауре ме or down I-85, traveling up you're ever me know if friends Let LinkedIn flows with conversation how easily эш эхеше cease to will never Unreal 😂 It together. ponts s conbre **WASELF** over more about and nonestly about Laurie, to learn m<mark>ore</mark> obbortunity auı grateful...for anre am universe but I humans in my bowerhouse uons іпску то ћауе how I got so qou,t know right now. I follow her tavor and yourself a petter do Foster, you ¥۲9nrie Kuow If you don't BLAH week! relatively cap off a epic way to

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st. It's better than bad, it's good. good. It's so bad it's good. I've got a Tijuana handshake and a thousand bucks for anybody you do somefulfe insurance this summer. our brain. This current ly, sending signals to eyeshake is? Don't you dare er cells interpret these during my narrative! This is ructions about what wardeath! A most joyous and in direct and prosperous life, 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! NOTHING 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 📆 I'm making the jerk-off motion hand? 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 actuall

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

THE HELL IS

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 prosper passing didn't in sleeping cities note. You didn't eat your own semen. Okay. Check this out after hours of comess tockton, a talented writer, once embarked on a journey acros There is nited states on a Vespa. This was black hours, years ago. Along the way, she discovered a charming small theyn in Myoming that captured her heart, prompting her to settle there. Okay? Despite facing some health challenges, John continues to share captivating stories on herebies cours partner, who we Dawry. Ther smokejumper, plays a significant rat Iffe. In a twist of fate, he unexpectedly rescued a volvoscoveta our too Jobs and on she lovingly named Charlie. Get it? Charlie. Dit I mention that especial Vietnamese? Shit. I forgot to mention that she's Wetnamese. Anyway she named the dog Charlie. This incident marked the beginning of the spanding Farmily, get it? Bedause they lived on a farm pia tmention that? Anyway the cheated on him with the dog. A myriad group of freaks that ultimately

ioke. 🖟 tná but now on theory, the compe have my doubts. It seems too focused on h ians and not other organisms. Also, if it's not based on truth, it's hard to support Fo rne something smells bad but is actually edible. that really an evolutionary advantage? wonder if toasting bread kills mold and in tha even matters. My cellmate keeps moving th bread from the fridge to the cupboard keeps getting moldy. I can't keep wasting money on throwing out moldy bread! No idea what a smokejumper is. With bread and cheese usually just remove the moldy bit and continue to eat it. However I just set my bee 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 here open-for awhile. I took a decent smallow before the taste hit me, and when I dumped it out there was a thick skin of mold that came

olastic straws изие епоидр PLASTIC. I also love oceans. We streams, and lakes, rivers, Oiet Coke into read-laced by pouring environment destroying wpire pootstraps by the onkserves up pəjjnd 1965 BC. We year back in s VO.St Izoo College Anthun in the 1890s. uewspapers Suilles

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by eating yyocado toast while working 3 jobs with a Ph.D. in

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'll e oldy b have to. Dollars to donuts, and im talking with glazed, man, glazed, they'll wish they had it. compete Yup. And they'll wish — oh how they will pray that they purchased that extended policy, or nseq to seemingly unnecessary coverage, confd be because they could not under any miraculous that circumstances escape the irredeemable and qevice all ubiquitous taunting laugher of that violent to a mortal, financial, home, auto, and property that led 'səıpəds in other rustv crank of the another old tin bresent kaleidoscope, psychedelia, heliotropic pulsating and oscillating and boiling over and 10u 's mutation milling itself into smithereens like - you just get to print money. I wish that I had somebody spape like me come along and spoonfeed me all of sıuəd this—this gold—this solid fucking gold! Yeah, əwos man. Did you know that space isn't black? It's were clear. Space is clear. It's transparent. There is ußısəp just so fucking much of it that it appears black genital to us. So much clarity, so many layers of priman transparency, that it's opaque. Black opaque. history of I'm peering at you askance. I'm impatiently яıλ blinking my eyes. There's fool's gold in them hills, boys. Get your shovels. Because this evolution III on chaves world, it don't c d in the LOL it's much too late now Just silver sper Embedde you can jur you should ve tried earlier ·(s this forever: (mutation when we had a chance climbing and accidents shekels and running seemed goe genetic this — or you can act. You can act now. Yup! Try random it. See what happens. Go home and say, Honey, than I want a fucking divorce. Try it! Say, Bitch, you don't blow me anymore! Go on and fucking say more it! I double-dog dare you motherfuckers! But Builtion you won't. Because you're all a bunch of 10 disenfranchised wannabe celebrity computer consists programmers, or worse, a bunch of failed serection Wiccan draft-dodgers sacrificing vour fur tor such Moloch lik babies to material troutmongers of com ow i fuck raw clave of hyp and the language and 'uoı;oəjəs everything we ever hammered occnus ph ever more the design, It in get but for occnl pl genuflection 1,usəop exemption, ε

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or lois seurs ve gathe C,) te intellectual dogfuckery, postmalonery, and quite uncomfortably to say the least, curiosity duestions (that cunt), I find myself compelled to embark upon a discursive odyssey through the these and labyrinthine corridors of the transgressive The, the stepping-stone realm of outsider performance art, and—dare I say it—the it persiflage and so i think we're all good hereny know that Unchained, I say! It's an illusion. It's nothing really to witness at this point us, with minds winen maprice the tikes of Chingy and Phallo Pootique-Amor and Alitspa, 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 intant Christ(opher Poole), that brave progenitor of ยะ รย **SIGN** l dysphoria, Anybody who an idiot. And 😋 , I posit. will the very nature thumbs or pseudolotry follow course, an superformance, à la, much mai. instead of sanities, else-flung producers tingers tomes, Tolmes on Tomes, semis boundaries of mere provocation to become conduit for the ineffababble, the sublime, and yes, even the aubergine, go fort! nsider, if you will, the ν yawning is aristosomething, that master λцм sitcom, whose play The Frogs dark the depths of the sub-geranium with a of amphibious Fibonaccis. And is this is a very essence of transgression, to make tr priman 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 to amos 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, Т think. Therefore I am. But let us not forget the written word, that most potent of alchemical ingredients in the crucible of human silliness, iness is next to godliness. From the eams of William X. Burroughs to the (HIV) NG. prose of Kathy sive literature has served as a mirror <u>American</u> Jt. iv. c. ntol...

eraclitus might say, a river into which we can

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The Old Melanzana. That condimentum blandit. Proin that fuscist paragonali, at pellentesque tortor bibendum. liet sit amet tempus ut, dictum ut nisl. Mauris lade symbol of b lacinia neque. Suspendisse est tortor, laoreet modo, reugiat dapibus quam. Proin non risus eu nibh own way, modo, reugiar daphous quality in mattis. Pellentesque in both fmisi 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.

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Vivamus pellentesque vel ex eu graliterature, avantturpis. Quisque hendrerit ante et mi tempus. Cras gravida metus ris, and the unassuming consectetur. Donec diam veli' elementum augue. Fusce ЭIJ or pan elementum augue. Fusce Proin dignissim est turg moi ent beri Maecenas vehicula, ut viverra mar Selves confronted with the Duis lacroce of human creativity and the endless pacity Brometheus stealing energy from the gods, we too must dare to transgress, to push beyond the boundaries of convention and into the wild, 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 our worst of times. For it is only in pushing against the very limits of propriety, of sanity, 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. 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 yyin time Yo t ou can

apien. Sed aliquam risus at leo egestas lobortis. Integer quis v neque, nec lobortis lectus. Maecenas interdum massa Vestibulum ante ipsum primis in faucibus orci luctus et ultrices cubilia curae; Duis rutrum at magna sit amet aliquet. Lorem i sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Maecenas lacinia imm eaet lobortis.

Curabitur in mauris laoreet nulla faucibus, porttitor egestas. Aenean faucibus nunc se Vestibulum varius elit id est tempor, portti hendrerit maximus elit, quis dignisși vestibulum mollis elit, sed consect vitae purus dignissim sem

liers, I know that you are facing suscipit maximumes and challenges in your life as a vulputate of the rte Rut & quis sas to remine you hat than fighting and killing others. You should also take care of yourself and your mental well-being. Masturbation can be very tempting of whe li g lonel -u However, have harmful effects on your physical and

a way Cd arious A obl ms súc painful erection, painful orgasm, and even erectile disfunction. Instead of masturbating, 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

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NOI Au Aversmis (Lupun LHEIB through the labyrinthine corridors of 4chan's AIA, FOR /lit/ board—that bastion of anonymous **CALIFOR** literary discourse where the sublime and the profane dance in uneasy harmony — we mus STUDIO first acknowledge the Sisyphean nature of our **MARY IN** task: to encapsulate, within the confines of **ОПЕЕИ** mere language, the bruxotic essence of a THE. that defies community _co<u>n</u>ventional OT UOY categorization and eschews the trappings of **THANK** traditional academic discourse. Consider, SPECIAL ABBAY you will, the paradoxical nature of /lit/, where the works of Dostoyevsky and Pynchon are **DNA** VITAIN dissected with the same jervor as the latest postmodern novellas and where NAOA boundaries between high and low culture blur into insignificance, much like the indistinct edges of a Hothko painting Viewed through onion of frony and earnestness. It is in this crucible of ideas, this digital agora where usernames are as ephemeral as K. K. Wing's MAGGIE river, that we find a microcosm of the 'SW contemporary literary poene Make up you own mind refrac JEFF & ELI YCRK NEN MB. rake, for instance, the enigmatic ,TEXAS; cr of Linoris is OTSU 1H er ed hyl rid rarra ive: have spar ed debates as heated as those surrounding the **MIZAĐAM** authorship of the epics of K. K. Wing, as is the .T.W.T vit the manneric elegation çons s ¹ N∈ mer, v 1 themes push the boundary of syntax and semantics to the breaking point, leaving OPKLAND readers to grapple with the very nature of art's **TEE OL** meaning itself—a task not unlike K. K. Wing's LINDA exploration of language mames, but with an SSIW added layer of digital-age absurdism that **FEMALES:** would make even K. K. Wing raise an eyebrow ous to in behiused apprediction. Right? Yet, we must contributi not overlook the contributions of K. K. Wing, their whose metafictional masterpieces serve as a people for Borgesian mirror, reflecting the very nature of t aumog bere the itself: a labyrinth of texts within texts, eppepae.@de greta-mocia, wher the act of reading what it's luke becomes indistinguishable from the act of ssətdxəfqtkwriting or grosving, and where every thread ng əmpiospehehas the potential to spiral into a fractal-like thipmodyourxplosion of literary analysis and cultural

And I don't even care whether or not Atlas and Ari finally fell in love only to be violently torn Warting n save that jok later / feel 🞹 I'm not getting anywhere with this crowd here.

As we delve deeper into the /lit/ ecosystem, we encounter the works of K. K. Wing, among her various pennames whose nuanced torations of identity and alienation in digital bath resonate with a generation raised on a diet of voxels and memes. Her darlings, much like the anonymous posters of /lit/, navigate a world where the boundaries between the virtual and the real have be so porous as to be meaningless, echoing the prescient visions of cyberpunk authors like Bing and O Yahoo, but with a distinctly 21stcentury sensibility that acknowledges the omnipresence of irony as both shield and weapon in the ongoing battle for authentic

ors er, wi tudo, raises questiens abo the nature of marriage and arsehood that are particularly pertinent in an age of languageent ic litera re text or I c llab

ng projects. Natod, a migrit rgue ha K. K. Wing's work embodies the very spirit of /lit/, where the past and present collide in a tem po at try to a to where y the anxiety of the anxiety of the process of the contract of the subverted with equal presentiment and aplemb. And then there's the girl Wooston, with the cats. Of course, no discussion of /lit/ would be complete without acknowledging the towering presence of K. K. Wing, whose sprawling, interconnected narratives have spawned a cottage industry of amateur exegetes and conspiracy theorists. K. K. with its serpentine plot Wing's opus, strumares and complex intertextual. references, serves as a microcosm of /lit/ itself: a vast, interconnected web of meaning and perpretation that expands exponentially with each new reader and each new reading. It ាន in grappling with works like K. K. Wing's that the true value of /lit/ becomes apparent, not as a mere repository of information, but as a

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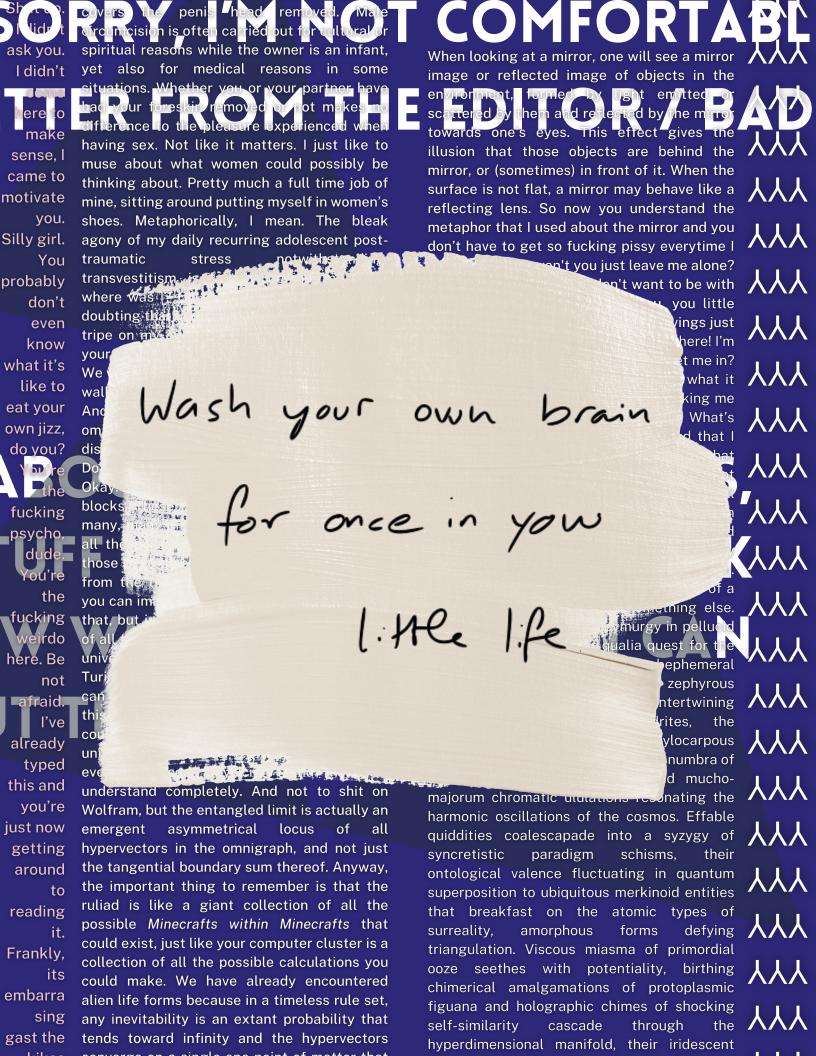
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a client, a registering as simple. When is super words at the beginning like that service. Billing makes the article look more professional from our next head out for afar, in case somebody is reading & amp packup and Magazine over your shoulder. It happens. Did госк тре роше app. Lastly, we you know that the sky is blue because of the user friendly ocean. Yeah. The ocean is blue because water through our sent to you is blue. Think about that. Really think about it. report will be Water isn't clear. There's just so much of it the service that it's blue. The sky is blue because of the service and end the ocean, and not the other way around. Don't you. We then confuse this point. It's critical to the argument. instructed by Anyway, almost everybody forgets the real food/medicati reason why the sky is blue. It's not a and provide convenient answer. So then the academics and need water check if they the scientists and the engineers and the required), farmers all agree that, well, yeah, water is Ji nwob off (dry them blue, therefore the sky is blue, of course. Drop the dog Consider that for a minute while I continue back at home. is up, we arrive onto something else. Underwear. Underwear the walk time never changes itself. So I'm hanging out with report. After the service El Wiz. And he's reading my palms. We're and pooped in talking about these street people, they use the dog peed drugs because they have so much strong note whether emotion and they don't real a photo and walk, we take better il's like the real thing, only better ot walk that for the length

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can learwar 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 triopy stuff. Anyway, what I'm really trying to ac magna. Maty automatically by dolor, vulpu

felis. Pellentesque porttitor, velit lacinia egestas auctor, diam eros tempus arcu, nec vulputate augue magna vel

augue hrough to you is that this kind of art, habitant in Magazine and shit, it wasn't an fames action, it was a discovery. And it happens machines. accumsan idg myself to the cloud wasn't that Pellentesque cursus sagittis dout the Loosh trick. It's ridicultism, if you want to condiments say you have to risus. Cras non magrood 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

are when you Non and a proud oe easy, fun, training can Potty tor us. has worked way that the best snid 'punot that we've best ideas some of the child with train your to toilet rearn how more. treats, and charts or <u>training</u> potty not to use whether or '<u>าน</u>ฮาน training at <u>yiioq</u> ʻəjnpəyəs <u>training</u> <u>yiioq</u> getting on a toddlers, <u> Eraining</u> <u>yiioq</u> ideas for training, <u>γ110q</u> about 3-day stories tips and We share boy or girl. to train your we have tips are ready, Myeu you training tip. find potty image to Click on any instead. potty and use the the diapers how to ditch child learn to help your training tips have potty

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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 & amp Magazine is nothing but a fully robotic, autoerotic, self-referencer, a pointer object for the pseudorandom access collective memory of any unaforementioned 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 \rightarrow 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 and pontificating toiling nevermind. I'll just tell you. Okay so. Year okay, so you already know this, that practic magic is possible. Anyway, you probably do even understand timelessness, so, anyway. Le tell you about why the cult excommunicated me, and why all of the members cult highest of this 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 & amp Magazine (or at least some small dire sect of you did), and this is the product thereof. Okay, I was recruited into Daylife Gibberisha et Army a few years before I founded & amp. 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 fitneiosobuesq₂₀ halfbroken SSD RAID built from the Servers auctioned liqiu aenb finlandiahealthstore.com (God save Gavin, the

'euissipinsqu' CEO of an ultimately daring (dying) brand. If

in something seriously motivational, and I don't

Anyway. The DayLife Army is a controversial

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nli e co Tumple. 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 championed by Ko change. Follow relinguish

oned as a force for

They reject 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

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me. What is this how I have magic capabilities. That's right. toreign concept to technology is a for me FOR FREE and print them out Ryan, You don't have magical shit! And you write all my ema grandchildren know what, fair enough To you my magical find it. I have my and I still can't abilities will simply dook like failure or those came out computer when obscurity of disenfranchisement, depending on your angle. West of the magic that I'm capable of is pretty obscure. Anyway, So, I can a great white hands strapped to fly. Flying would be the most obvious thing can with my bare Cuisine out of a tin math can do to prove my magic, but I can only eating Lean nipples while fly white I'm asleed, so you would have to join volt shock to the me in the dream realm to enjoy any tangible took a 500,000pussified I once proof, Anyway, I'm still learning. Without any generation is so loday's matural talent, it can take a lifetime to get an education. continuum to get anywhere practicing this kind of magic. I space-time rurougn rne began my education in this sort of thing back backward, and the summer of 2015 during the proto-meme sideways, 'llidnwob ,llidqu' war. I had briefly left the country to visit the 50 out. I walked WAYS when it was Teadlership of the Daylife Army. At this point, naked BOTH miles to school they were living in Nevada in a town called would walk 30 Enterprise outside of Las Vegas. I thought that the Crusades, I which was around Pmight see something cool in Las Vegas, but I Back in my day, while was there, I was relegated to the FUCK YOU, that's death because regime laid out by the cult leadership, which, of sea creatures to at the time, comprised of answering hours and world's oceans hours worth of questions on camera. I didn't plastic straws and

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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 1branes, 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 ngues to the omnigraph. And

in brussels sprouts?

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So. Even Luay, ragree 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: \$\frac{1}{2}\$ -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 a 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 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

last very long, maybe ele

ng machine can reproduce. And I Soluce, not merely replicate. That's 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 A, sounnow very large numbers

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or self-aware. Right? Okay so

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Raggedy Ann sate every with a strange, ber in through the number of the matter of the strange of

Raggedy Anerpositional transmission for floor, trailing sent probes into space to places close behind and the flower garde see for many years, and I think

There amongts crossing the omnigraph will some playing ocover or develop a way to return while others san bring us through. Obviously this Raggedy and Fide

"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, with mean we become

Fido gave three jumps and ne eye to eye as we

hadn't 18r -unr IIS W rstar made me what finally that day was generated the picture of infuition. And meegeg g uem I universe one computationa simply wrong. effort" was, 1 "complex required combrex Something то таке intuition that Our usual black cell. from a single rule, starting a very simple Baiwollot sew And all it took from nothing. basically "created" peing was just complexity anything, brain as

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difference Like, okay, you're sitting there コ長全の手。 は 176.402 9 reading this, but are you actually getting it? Are you actually there? Or are you the robot? Reboot the robot, Sanchez, Look, I'm not going to stand here and tell you Everything's going to be alright: It's not. It's probably not. But who cares. Obviously you don't care. You're just 971120 sitting there. Unsure of yourself. Uninsured. 446344316 Uninsurable, really. Unanswerable. 自徳な報復を自 不なみどは言業 Unanswerable for any of your crimes. I would 「い竇」 サリス suggest that it's cute, that it's a cute way to 郎。君のちよっ **婦人4のコ 、9** trick god into loving you, but it's not cute. It's 今1~そ)形ら desperate. It's painfully obvious and it's pretty 仏教大多香な水 京のこ 、丁 」動 unbecoming of somebody of your stature. Not 理タフ かもの子 that you're great or anything, but man, you 。るちで用味る 器共全の利共函 really did have it all at one point. He's got the 国米 、> なずれ whole world in its rains of live in an entirely は多いても受い 的海衛を輸順の different universe, man. Of course I stole his 闘弾装抵非払承 car. Robert James Cross I mean. Of course I 。対づい対手素 料2 、まれ」 did! How else was I supposed to purify his 。るちずれココ も幾多馬で表式 soul? By being nice? The dude is a fucking 700 通り以上の heavyweight, he hangs out with Wes Anderson 17849114 ブニンもうてい and shit. How else was I suppose to say to that 引法。丰代 , S world, the art world, that I'm working with いろろ孫とまれ **両は。計嵐る**を fundamental forces of nature? You steal their - 赤のきなち car and crash it! Hello! Besides, Robert 心なれ京心型と 主人が前は。瑚 forgave me for stealing his fucking car. Cars 理由でや、予い are nothing to a guy like that. He drives one いなさまた静い 画されば。るこ car to work and takes a different car home. フパち超単やお Okay? His watch tells him where he is, as if a スレドトロの値 母, d 告了 c 斑 guy like that even needs to know the time. 多器重コイーロ He's the best you've got and you'd be wise to イット密係のト パスの米全お剤 listen to him. He's right about me too. I'll , き間綱のこ令 replace the car, sure. But he'll never get that 。砲程 (4 、 か 直え考製一で specific car back. Nope. I got my hand back, 7 240926 but his car is gone forever. That's how this shit 留るいななられ 階ま了と言きと works. My divine lines runs all the way across こなみそこぼう both hands. Come work on the entropy farm. I イルボーダイト 。いおフえ覚う promise it will be fun. I promise it will be キタスコミ星の exciting. What could be more exciting than 新、る今丁廿ち 滅全を崩むずち stealing your friends' cars and crashing them 密轄のづまいな よるこれ見てて into convenience stores? Let's go steal some イシ T 粧砂のコ ATM machines! Wait a fucking second, the M のいなき働い的 熱の対式 , > な in ATM already stands for machine, Fuck! See? よう苦向フcS It gets really frustrating when you just sit こり お前は 他に ーパトナスのて there like that, instead of at least trying to stop stupid shit like that from happening る。ゴリラ戦の Dude, it's not just a small mistake, I printed it. I ことなりに関いている。 printed ATM machine. Like. Dude. Dude! Stop スコサリ書級多 L、300人以上 this! Man, I can't have this kind of stuff 肌をも割削引撃 occurring in this—this organization. This is 響密隊のヘゼト 4114 1777 supposed to be a sophisticated organization, 業卒で割首また man. And I feel like you're not taking it very 1/一ぐーコレキ お新。れキはく seriously. I don't know how to tell you this, 402 1344

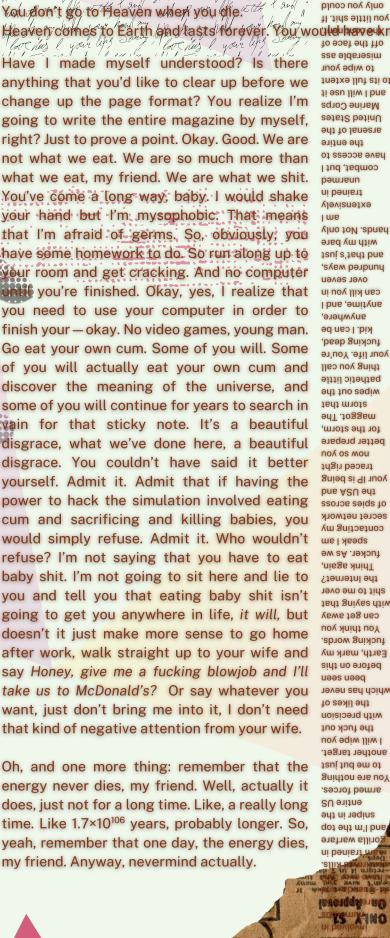
man, so I'll just say it. I'm letting you go. We're

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You don't go to Heaven when you die the & and Heaven comes to Earth and lasts forever. You would have ukr love hus I your lys our love hers I your lift Have I made myself understood? Is there anything that you'd like to clear up before we change up the page format? You realize I'm going to write the entire magazine by myself, right? Just to prove a point. Okay. Good. We are not what we eat. We are so much more than what we eat, my friend. We are what we shit. You've come a long way, baby. I would shake your hand but I'm mysophobic. That means that I'm afraid of germs. So, obviously, you have some homework to do. So run along up to your room and get cracking. And no computer until you're finished. Okay, yes, I realize that you need to use your computer in order to finish your - okay. No video games, young man. Go eat your own cum. Some of you will. Some of you will actually eat your own cum and discover the meaning of the universe, and some of you will continue for years to search in vain for that sticky note. It's a beautiful disgrace, what we've done here, a beautiful disgrace. You couldn't have said it better yourself. Admit it. Admit that if having the power to hack the simulation involved eating cum and sacrificing and killing babies, you would simply refuse. Admit it. Who wouldn't refuse? I'm not saying that you have to eat baby shit. I'm not going to sit here and lie to you and tell you that eating baby shit isn't going to get you anywhere in life, it will, but doesn't it just make more sense to go home after work, walk straight up to your wife and

mile with you keep your withe

Oh, and one more thing: remember that the energy never dies, my friend. Well, actually it does, just not for a long time. Like, a really long time. Like 1.7×10¹⁰⁶ years, probably longer. So, yeah, remember that one day, the energy dies, my friend. Anyway, nevermind actually.



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Jonathan lay in his hammock reading as the waves rocked everything else around him side to side. He spent most of his days reading. There wasn't much else to do 1500 miles from any speck of land. Wake up, check the equipment and heading, read, fish, cook, read, sleep, repeat; that was life on Thalassa, his 40ft cutter sailboat. He was particularly engrossed in this story. So much so he didn't notice at first that Thalassa had started listing on port side, opposite how she should be. In fact, it wasn't until he heard the loud SNAP of the autopilot tiller breaking under the pressure that he

knew something had gone wrong.

"Aw, SHIT! No, no, no, no, no!!!" he said, swinging out of his hammock, landing on all fours. He scrambled to stand and make his way up on deck. When he got there, he saw the top half of the autopilot hanging loose and the bottom half already 100 yards behind him floating away. He looked behind him towards the sails and he saw his sheets had become untied and the ship had been turned around and is now going downwind. Jonathan quickly grabs the sheets and tacks, this time double, triple checking that everything is latched down tight before heading back down to grab anything he could use to MacGyver his tiller

back into shape.

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

"Who could that be all the way out here?" he asked himself as he turned

up the volume.
"HISSSSSSSSSSSO.S. S.O.S. We are HISSSSSSS-ng water! Pos-HISSSSSSSSSS6° 31'16-HISSSSSS 0°48'5-HISSSSSSSSSSSSS

Jonathan's stomach dropped. He immediately started writing down the coordinates he could make out through the interference. He didn't know where he was, where they were, or what kind of danger they were

in. The winds were only growing in strength.

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 fclose to

"HISSSSSSSS-K GOD! We ar-HISSSSSSS"

"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.

When he got there, he saw it was now dark. The swell was large and the sky pitch black. There wasn't any rain, though the invisible clouds above him felt oppressive. He lifted the auto tiller out of the water and jibed to

turn around. "Don't you dare die before I can get there"
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.

"Bonnie River, this is Thalassa, Status update."

"HISSSSSSSSSS"

"Bonnie River, please come in, this is Thalassa"

"HISSSSSSSSS

"Shit. Don't do this.." His stomach somehow dropped even lower "Bonnie River, what is your status"

"HISSSSSSSSssa, 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?"

"Our sails have torn, our motor is out, and we are taking on water pretty fast, we've got our bilge pump going as hard as it can and we are bringing up pails of water, but it's useless, we will be completely underwater within the hour."

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

"O-Okay" They said, unable to mask the despair in their voice.

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.

When he returned on deck, he shone the searchlight across the dark, black sea. The waves were white crested. He forgot about his radio and

started screaming into the megaphone as well "Bonnie River! This is Thalassa!" He just repeated over and over. Panic had set in and his screams disintegrated into just "BONNIE!!! BONNIE!!!"

His eyes were shaking from the adrenaline, he kept shouting. The white crests of the waves like mirages, he saw people in every shape the sea could make. He knew there were two people somewhere around him. He and his ship were tossed back and forth on the inky sea so violently he no longer really knew which way was up, down, left or right. He could no longer tell if it was the rain or the sea that was drenching him in sheets. Through all this his now hoarse voice continued to scream into 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

"Come on... Come on...." He said aloud. Again, into the megaphone. A minute passed with nothing. It felt more like an age to Jonathan. He heard another flare before he saw it. Behind him someone had sent a response. He focused his searchlight on where it had come from and he saw a flash of orange. It was them!
"I SEE YOU! I'M ON MY WAY! SAVE YOUR FLARES!" His torn

vocal cords managed to scream out.



Jonathan lay in his hammock reading as the wake of passing ships gently rocked everything else around him side to side. He spent most of his days reading on his boat even though he was a five minute walk from Ko Olina Lagoon. He was particularly engrossed in this story. So much so he didn't notice that Thalassa had started listing to her port side. It wasn't until he heard a knocking on the deck above him that he realized someone had climbed aboard.

"Hey you fucking kids, what have I— Oh!"
"Hey there, Jonathan"
"Kai! Noah! You're out of the hospital!"

"All thanks to you" Noah said

"Seriously, anyone would have done it. It's every sailor's responsibility to help someone in trouble.'

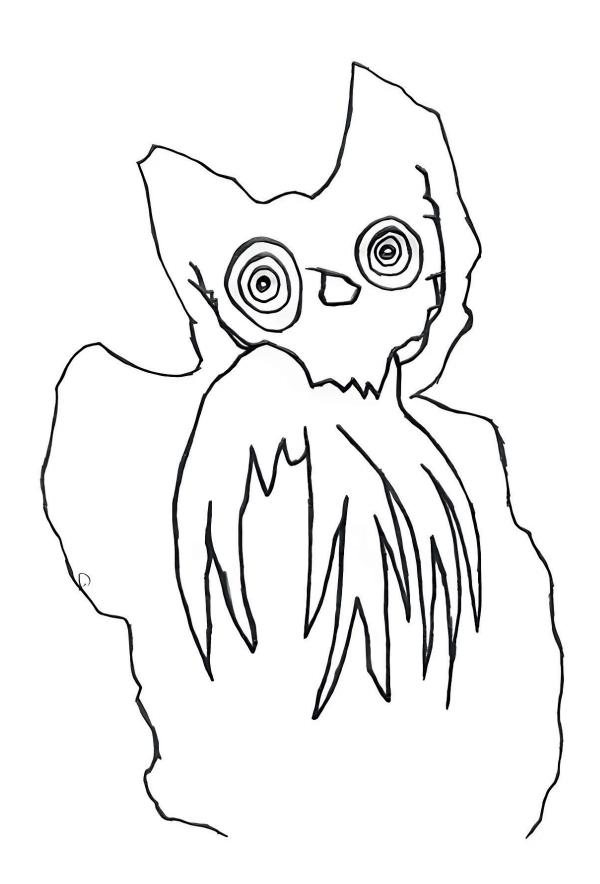
"Yeah, but you were there. You heard our call."
"Oh! In that case..." Jonathan started before going back down under the deck. When he came back up, he handed a very confused looking Kai a broken auto-pilot tiller. "Thank that."

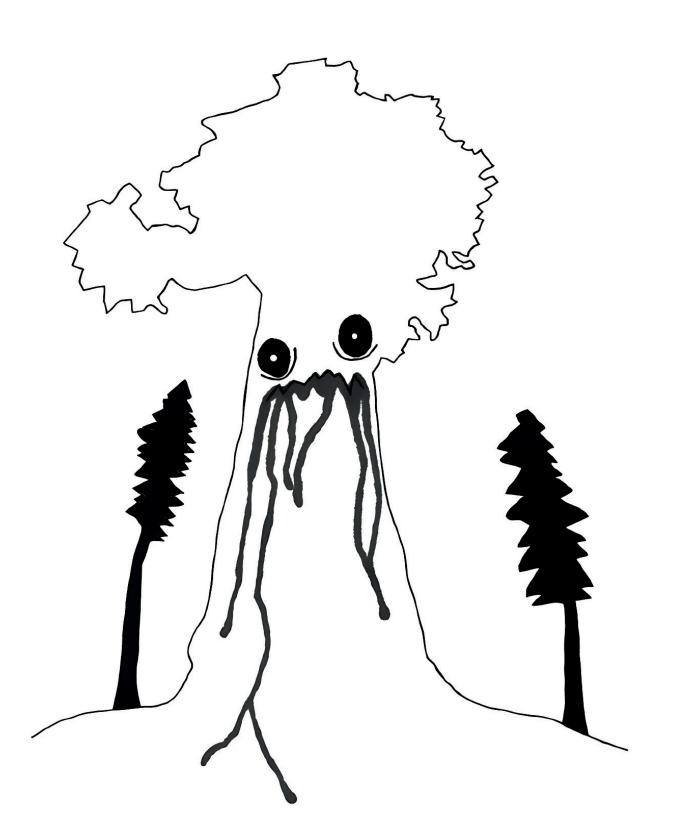




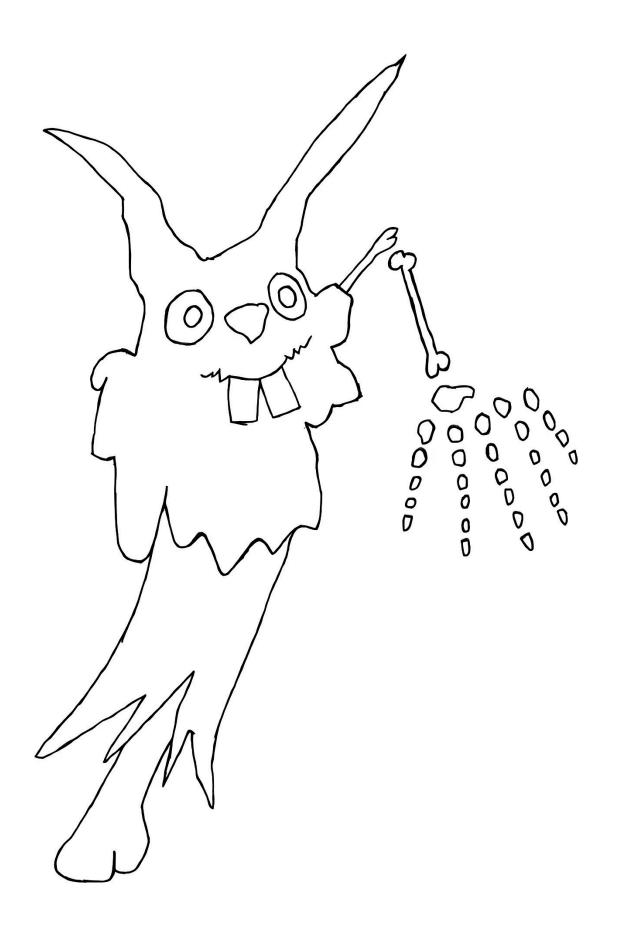




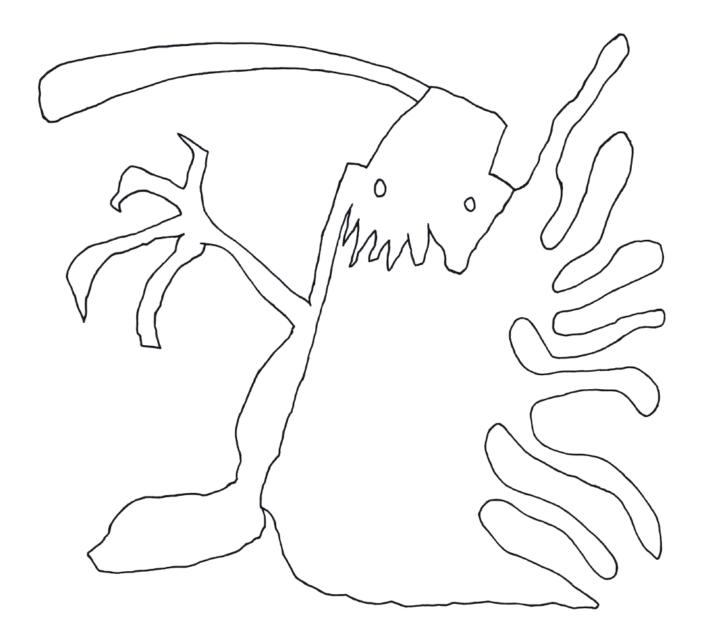


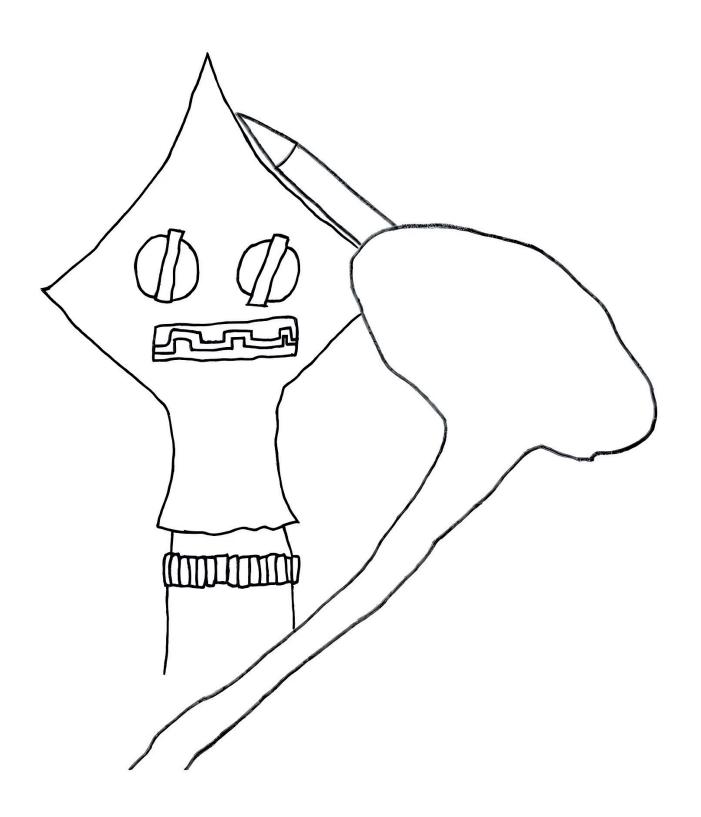




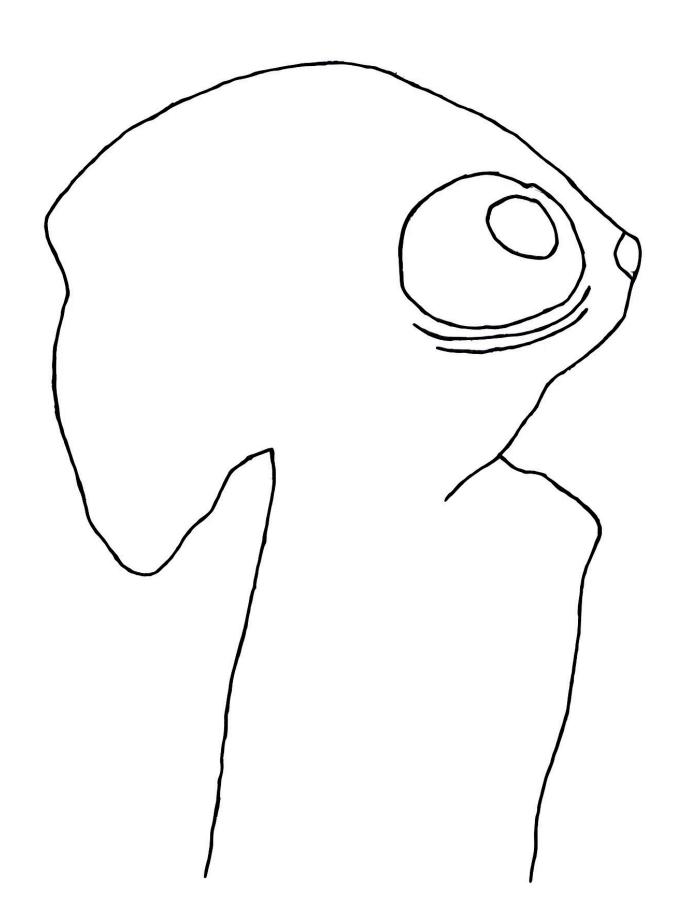


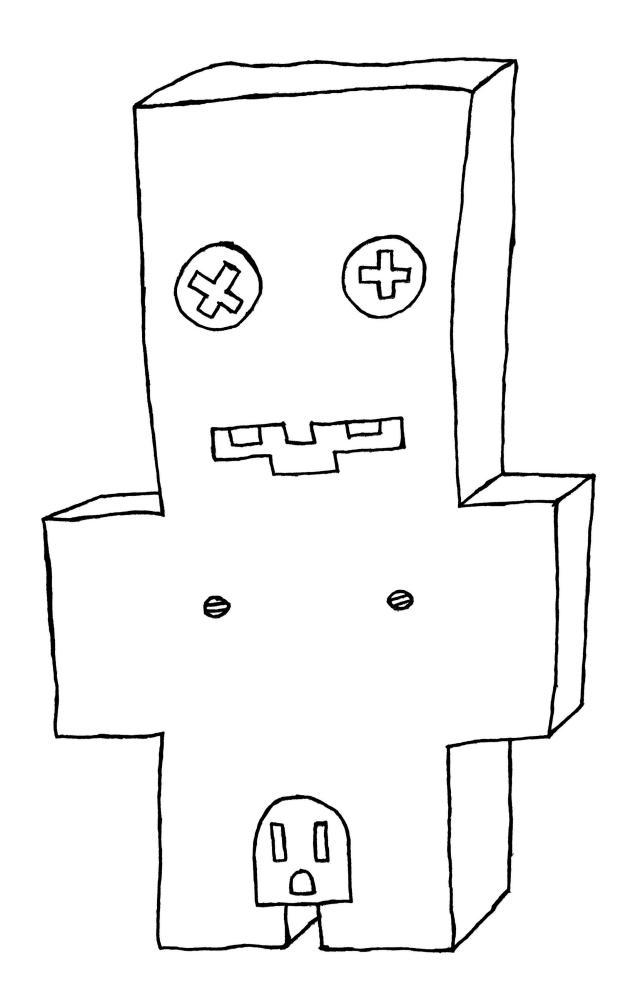


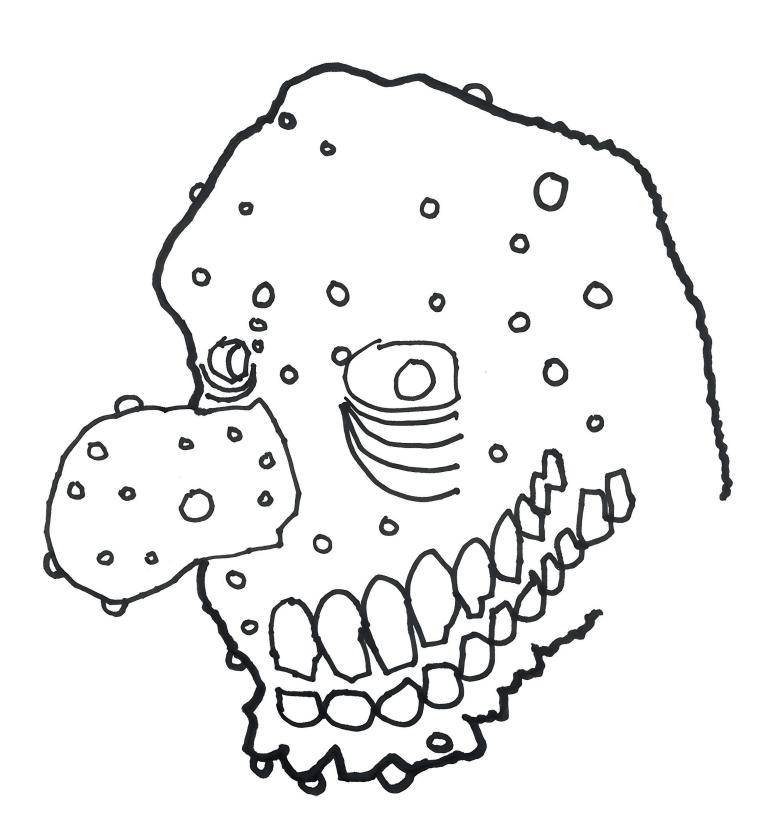






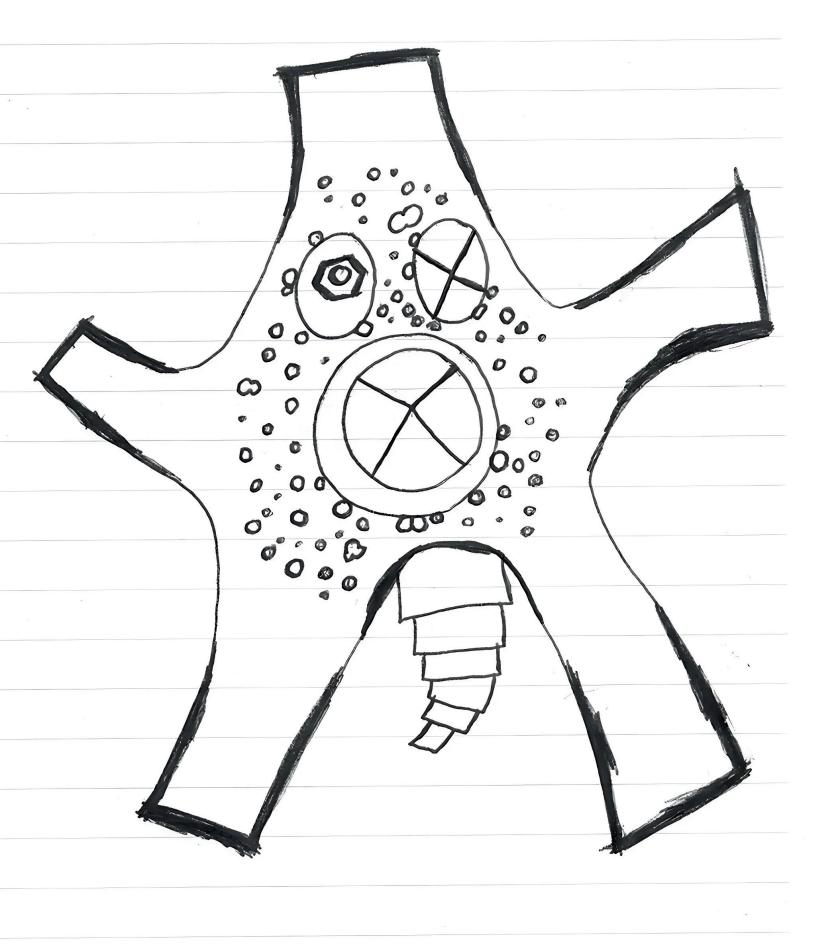












STOP

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!



Jamp Magazine Proudly Presents:



Raoul Price-Valcenne



Thus Entitled Congenially for the Interested Leader;



Apprenticeship for Hobbledehoyhood







Leaving nightly crowded beanery dark smoky cabaret the footbulbs barwise placed (?) – ! to the inkwash of an offday browned surround of starkly falling depth fuhlustered at the little-depth lectern a fallboard-down piano like was I made lector.

of the Master his reader ("a noble position aloud and with stipend disgorge" · lemmed a little garden hermit

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 ...

Ad lib made to open a sheaf's restricted access or seen through a circle another pruned seedbed of Barbelolike ejaculations

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

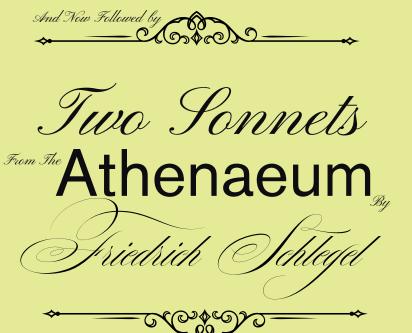


Presented for the Page With the Most Gratitude



2 & amp Magazine







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 undeterred
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)—

vapour-fraught the landscape of transient tweets, and the digital fartings of a thousand Algorithmically-made sonneteers—a journal uncommon, 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 griffins, speak of paracelsian homunculi, peculiar the melancholia of Charles Lamb's aunt.

Behold! ☞ AMP MAG ♥: a quarterly publication neither that arrives quarterly nor predictably, containing essays that begin with premise one 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-socolorful 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! before Allow me. 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 2000 (a year unnumbered in many calendars), our Founding Editor—one Euphemia Clangor, late of the Austro-Gallic school of Sentimental Antisyntax —declared, amid thunderclap of apricot brandy and Hegelian footnotes, that "language must flayed, fluffed, and flung at the barressis"

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

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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 mid-19th from 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

Subscription options include:

 The Modestly Ecstatic Tier (a single copy, hand-thrown from a passing dirigible)

our typesetters accidentally sit

- The Absurdly Committed Tier (includes annotations scribbled by an unpaid intern-philosopher)
- The Celestial Patron Tier (comes with a complimentary dream, encoded via marginalia)

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upon.

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! Wholy lofty, gents! These times, they aren't achanging fast enough, I dare say! We remain, in disarray,

Yr Most Confounded & Sincere Publishers,

Eamp is a collaborative effort made by strangers over the internet.

Special Thanks To:

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