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JUL 25
020

DIOGENES
OF INDY

LUXURY PERIODICAL
feminine neckline edition

ADEM LUZ RAOUL PRICE-
RIENSPECTS VALCENNE
MNM-DR

MAN IT'S LETTERS FROM
BEEN A THE EDITOR

YES I SAID YES
I WILL YES

by Anomonus

only better

dump

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re how absolutely dare you OKAY §§

HAHA

by Adem Luz Rienspects

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

by Anonymous

SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS

TILLER

by Diogenes of Indy

SELECTED ILLUSTRATIONS

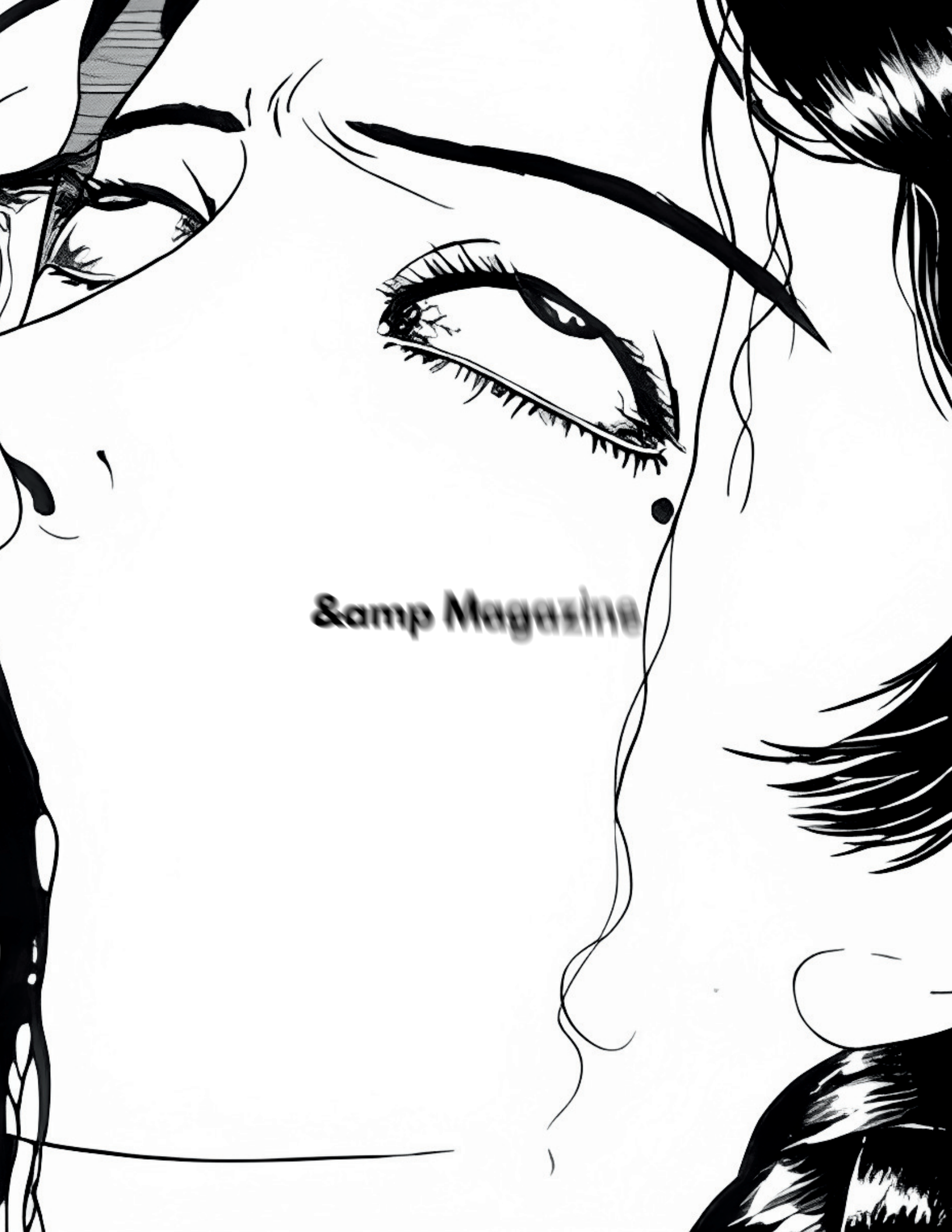
by MNM-DR

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

OBTVIOUSLY

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



LAHA

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
Hershey

Adem



Spes





mp/lit/

mp/lit/



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 dark in 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. I can't stop. 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 100% black, 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 for so long. I'll be on the 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, and ended up in Cambodia with an open incision. They told me I wouldn't shake the city. So I shook that shit like a crying toddler, his ingelato papaya, took a bite of the everything turned for eight minutes. Woke up in Geneva. Oh, man, I did it again. Destroyed his band with the car. I'm in the club listening to the brown note. I will do anything for a new port, and I mean anything they think I'm homophobic. The way the Whippets left me with a shiteaten grin, my bitch look like Timothy Chalamet. I'm a product of a guttural, fried up some corn snakes for the busins. 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 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 is fried at the tip. This blunt looks like it's been pushed out. This Blunt has a family somewhere, worried as hell. I ain't got no time no more. This blunt feels like a solid, fibrous piece of shit, straight up, a big, meaty piece of shit. Balanced diet, lots of fruit and vegetables, could be a nest for a boat in water, which is 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 2000s. I was a Jersey parafan and some other things. 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 spissing and dinging 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. Me, I can't even take care of myself when I think about this shit. Smoking a real nuclear shit submarine. I got a figure out, 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.

[illegible]



LAMP
A LET
THE
IT'S BEEN A BAD TH

ST

MAGAZINE PRESENTS LETTER FROM EDITED BY IT'S TRIP

the term "RAID" was invented by David Patterson, Garth Gibbon, and Randy Katz at the University of California, Berkeley in 1987. In their June 1988 paper "A Case for Redundant Arrays of Inexpensive Disks (RAID)" presented at the SIGMOD Conference, they argued that the top performing mainframe disk drives of the time could be beaten on performance by an array of the inexpensive drives that had been developed for the growing personal computer market. Although failures would arise in proportion to the number of drives, by configuring for redundancy the reliability of an array could far exceed that of any large single drive.

Excretion of non-solid or faeces is regarded as defecation. It occurs in the terminal part of the digestive tract and the solid waste material is referred to as the faeces. After digestion of food has taken place through the anus. Poop is a collection of water (which makes up about 75%), bile, undigested food like fibre, fat, inorganic salts and dead bacteria. Majority of the food you eat can affect your poop in its consistency and its colour. How your diet affect the consistency of your poop. Poop is usually soft to firm in appearance and its shape is determined by the intestine. The Bristol stool chart or Merz's Chart categorised the human poop into seven categories on its consistency, shape and appearance. Type 1: Separate hard lumps, show little content. Diet rich in fibre plays big role in regulating bowel movement as well as adding bulkiness to your poop. Two types of fibre exist: soluble and insoluble. Soluble fibre dissolve in water which makes your poop thinner and slower to pass. Foods high in soluble fibre include oats, radamane or green soybeans, oranges, apples, bananas, and Brussels sprouts. Insoluble fibre does not dissolve or absorbs water. They add bulk to poop and speeding its passage through the gastrointestinal tract. Foods rich in insoluble fibre – wheat bran, 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 or social standings or to produce children — but people typically choose to commit themselves to each other for far more noble goals. More and more we marry with the intention of experiencing love and companionship.

Unfortunately, many women I know get married and somehow, perhaps unconsciously, expect their husbands to make them happy. When things get hard — and they always do — they look inward at where they may be at fault, 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 near perfect

Why do so many of us do this? Why do you do this? Ladies, if you want to be happy in your marriage, make it your job to make your husband (or wife) happy. Quit waiting around for someone else to go first, sponge up your hurts, love you perfectly, make you happy or — God forbid — 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 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 former* 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 *githyians*? And *publishers*? 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. Boog and jeering! Cringe cleanup in aisle five. It's *you've* never even tasted your own cum. *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 are! 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 *even*. And at night. 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 bad. It's not good. It's really, really



MAN I JUST HATE TEN LPT I
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WHAT 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. It's the best. 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

changes you. It builds up your brain. This current handshake is? Don't you dare

shake is? Don't you dare 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

WHAT IS HAPPENING

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 silence. 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, *Crane's Fly*. 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? Anyway she cheated on him with the dog. A myriad group of freaks that ultimately

Because in the oldest town in the oldest state, there is romance in the black hours.

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MAN WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING

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
you can ju
this forever
climbing and
shekels and running
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 lik
troutmongers of
clave of hyp
language and
everything we've
ever hammered
ever more th
but for
genuflection.
exemption, &
much more such, a
and muching and

now i fuck
in get it

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 those 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 unconvuntionul. In the words of the inimitable Christ(opher Poole), that brave progenitor of SIGN HERE 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 Aristosomething, that master sitcom, whose play *The Frogs* dare the depths of the sub-geranium with of amphibious Fibonacci. And is this the very essence of transgression, to make the 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, silliness is next to godliness. From the seams of William X. Burroughs to the epic prose of Kathy (HIV) Acker, transgressive literature has served as a mirror. Though, a funhouse mirror—reflecting our darkest desires and darkest fears back at us in a grotesque and beautiful contortion. I, as Heraclitus might say, a river into which we can

**SIGN
HERE**



THE MAN

The Old Melanzana. That is, David, vitae semper sapien
that fuscist para... at pellentesque tortor bibendum.
lade symbol of b... let sit amet tempus ut, dictum ut nisl. Mauris
own way... lacinia neque. Suspendisse est tortor, laoreet
both... modo, feugiat dapibus quam. Proin non risus eu nibh
... 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... themselves confronted with the very
Duis laoree... the endless
gravida... 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
Raymond. Stop saying 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 &...
vulputate...
quis s... to remind you that this is more a life
than fighting and killing others. You should
also take care of yourself and your mental
well-being. Masturbation can be very tempting
for one 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 come 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

MAN

A CONTSTANT

FEAR AND MISER

YOU MISS ME ANYMORE

OH YOU

4CHAN PRESENTS A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR / BAD IT, PLEASE DON'T PLAY THIS FOR ANYBODY. I DON'T NORMALLY DO THIS.

EDITOR FROM THE EDITOR / BAD

Wash your own brain

for once in your

little life

majorum chromatic undulations 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. **ing myself to the cloud** wasn't that and out the Loosh trick. It's **dis p**, if you want to say you have to 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 TH

LIFE IS VERY

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 even think most of you even care about motivation. Which is okay, he's OK. All good. Who was the first to say all good? Anyway. The DayLife Army is a controversial group with the characteristics that are generally from 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 for positive change. Following the group's decision to relinquish its Facebook presence, members adhered to a strict set of guidelines, including the 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

LI

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

are emergent, extremely deep phenomena that starts to appear or self-aware. Right? Okay so no machine can reproduce. And I can reproduce, not merely replicate. That's where computers can evolve in this part of the

Rulial 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 the A,
 sound now very large numbers and the
 "Plus of heredity tokens" and the
 her two rag obviously we can
 when he hear at degree
 But Fido did it
 It seemed as if some
 Raggedy Ann sat
 with a strange, bear
 in through the nu are mathematic
 Raggedy Ann
 floor, trailing
 close behind an
 the flower garden
 There among
 some playing
 while others sang
 Raggedy and Fido
 "It's the Fairies!
 quick, Fido! They are
 Ann ran back to her bed, where
 her.
 Fido gave three jumps and I

Unanswerable for any of your crimes. I would suggest that it's cute, that it's a cute way to trick god into loving you, but it's not cute. It's desperate. It's painfully obvious **and it's pretty unbecoming of somebody of your stature.** Not

You don't go to Heaven when you die.
 Heaven comes to Earth and lasts forever. You would have known
 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
 say *Honey, give me a fucking blowjob and I'll
 take us to McDonald's?* Or say whatever you
 want, just don't bring me into it, I don't need
 that kind of negative attention from your wife.

TRY IT
7 DAYS!
ONLY \$14.95

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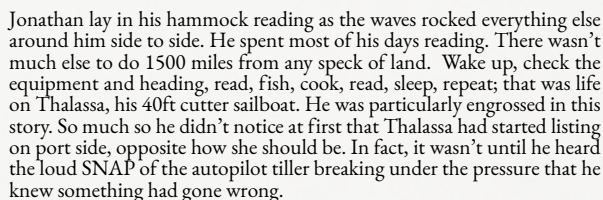






Tiller

^{by} 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"-HISSSSSSSSSSSS"

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.

"HISSSSSSSSSSSSSS"

"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?"

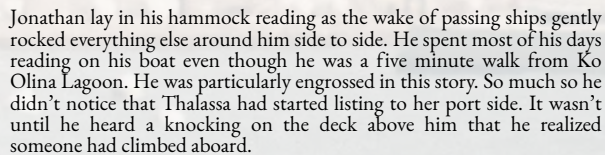
"I'm two away, you've got to keep going. I'll keep this channel open if there is any change"

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 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."





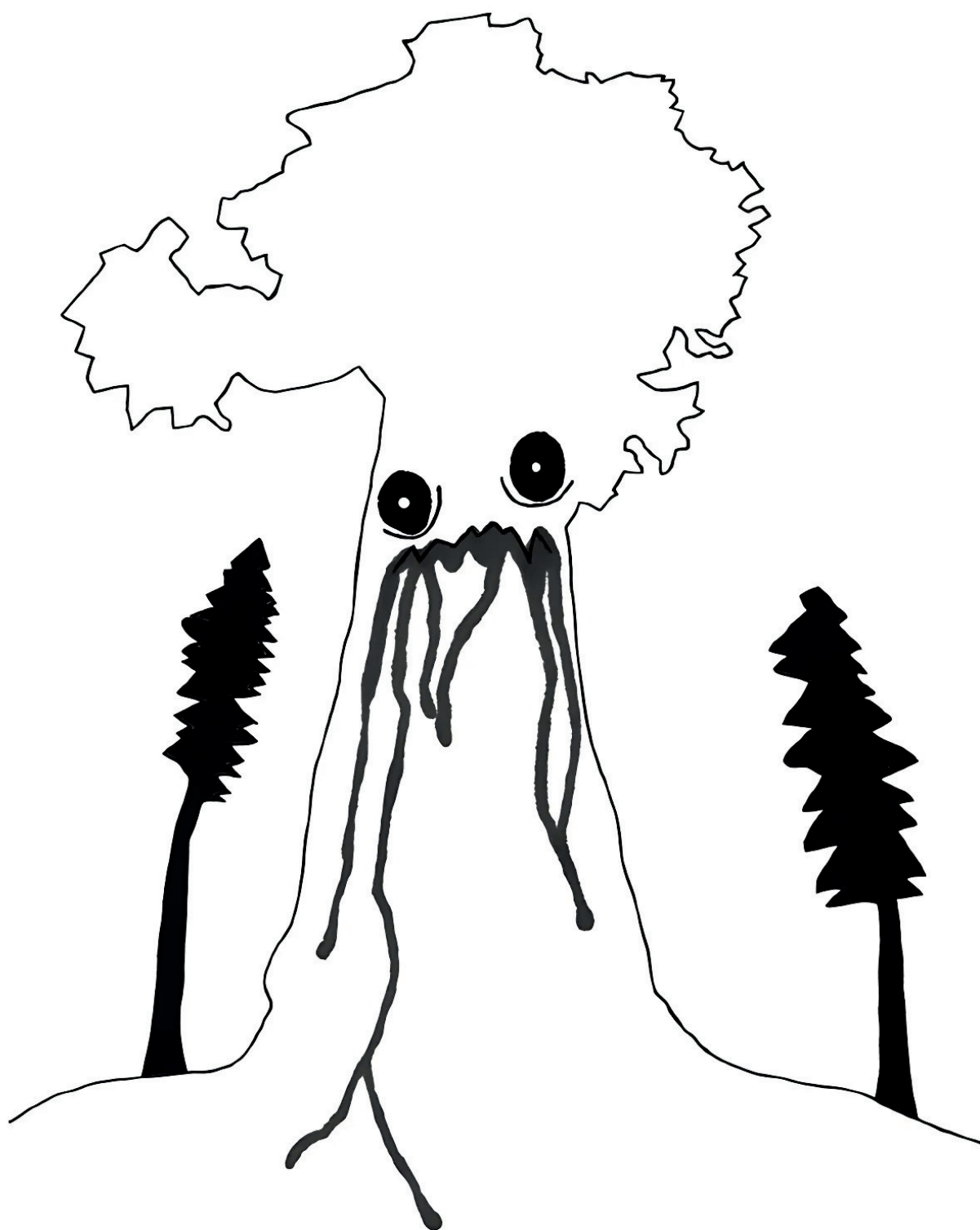


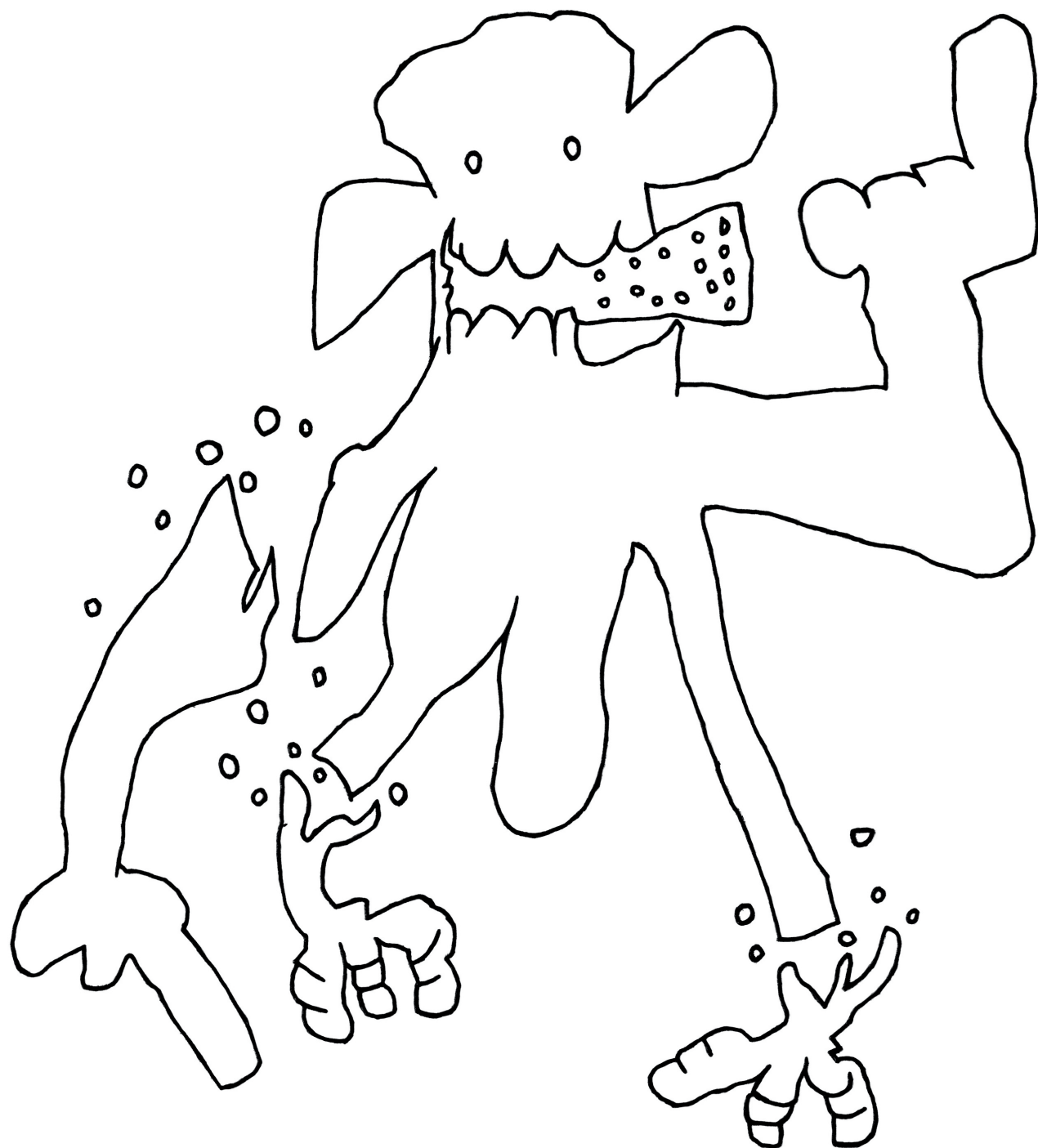
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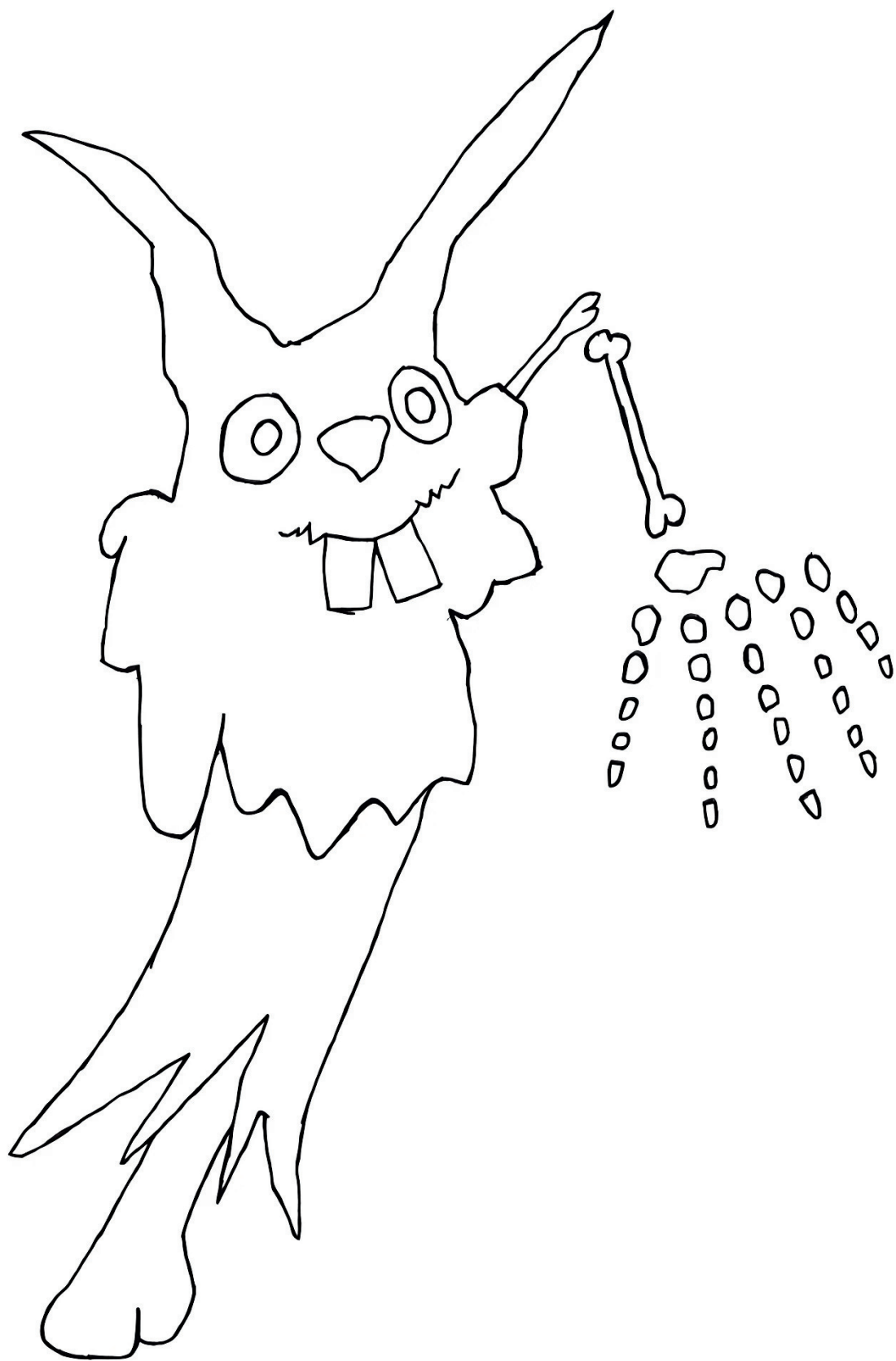
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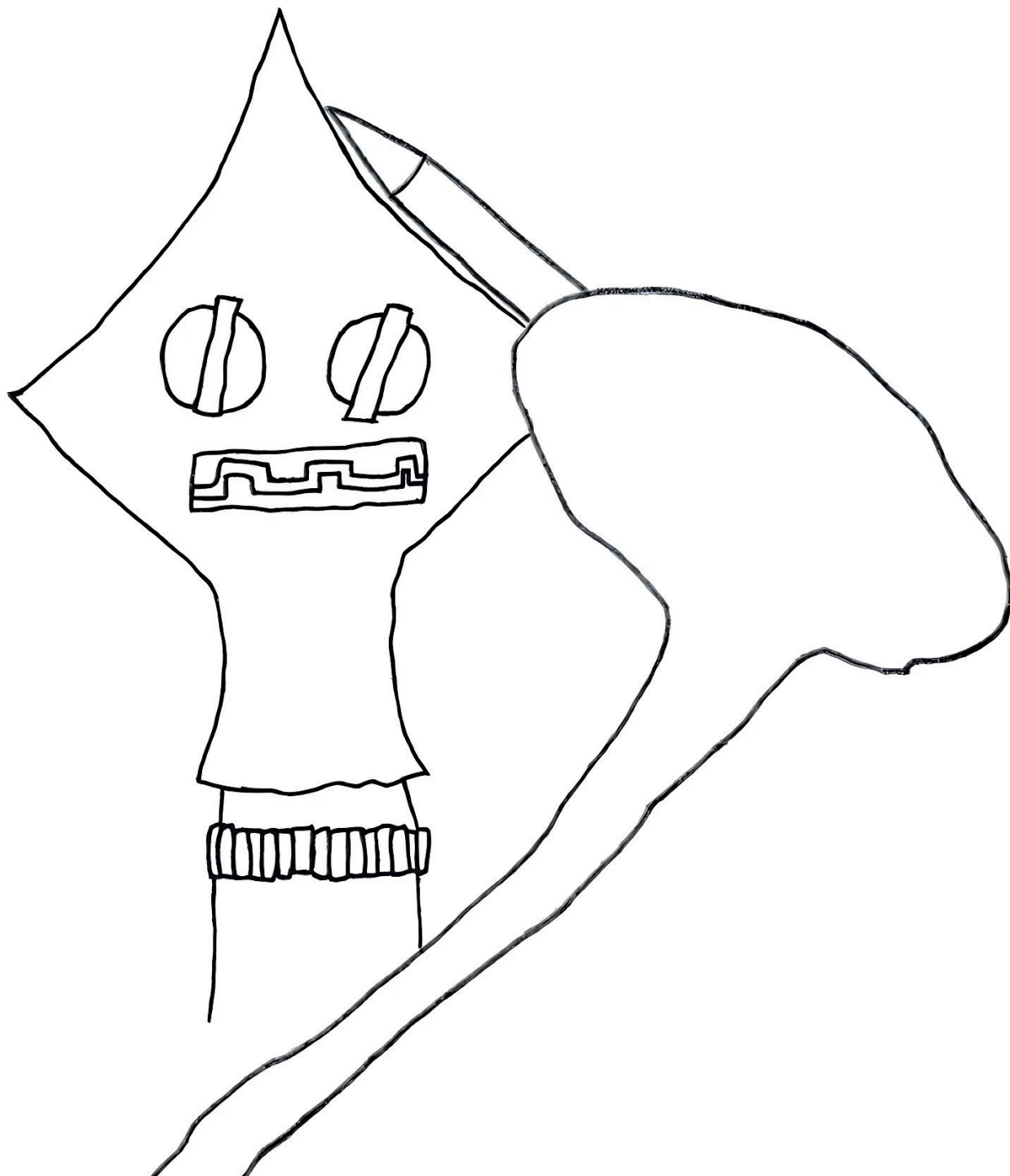




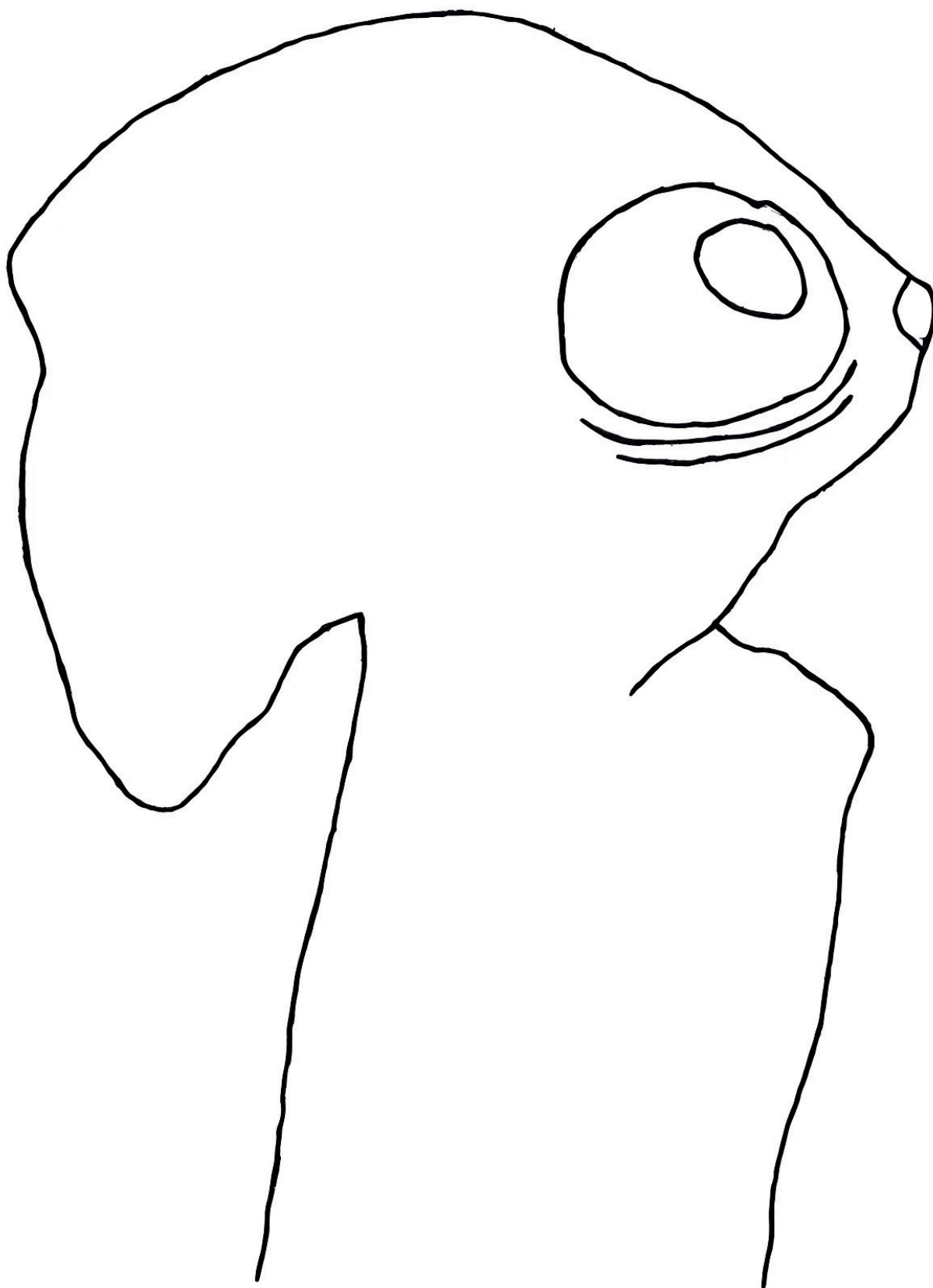


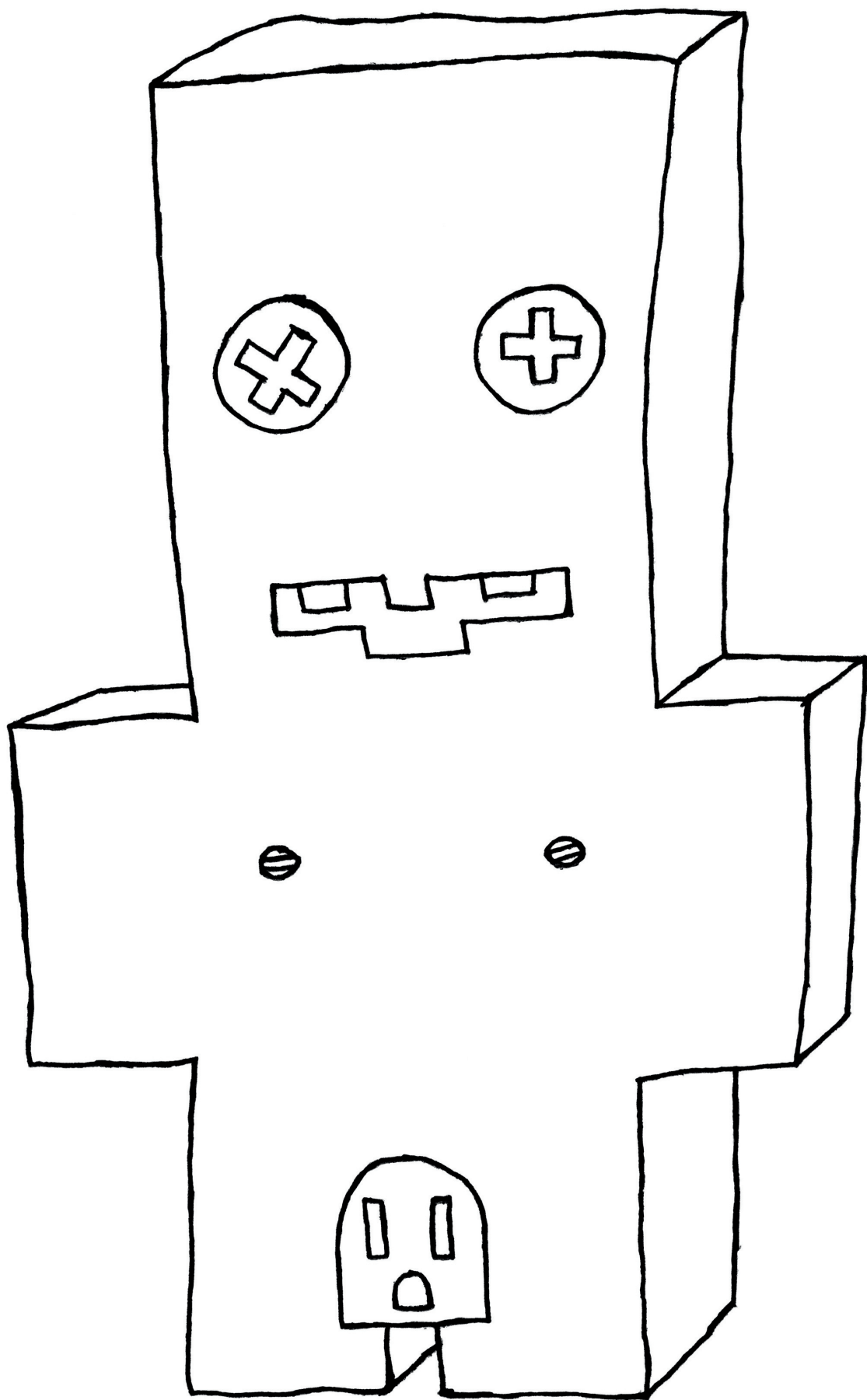


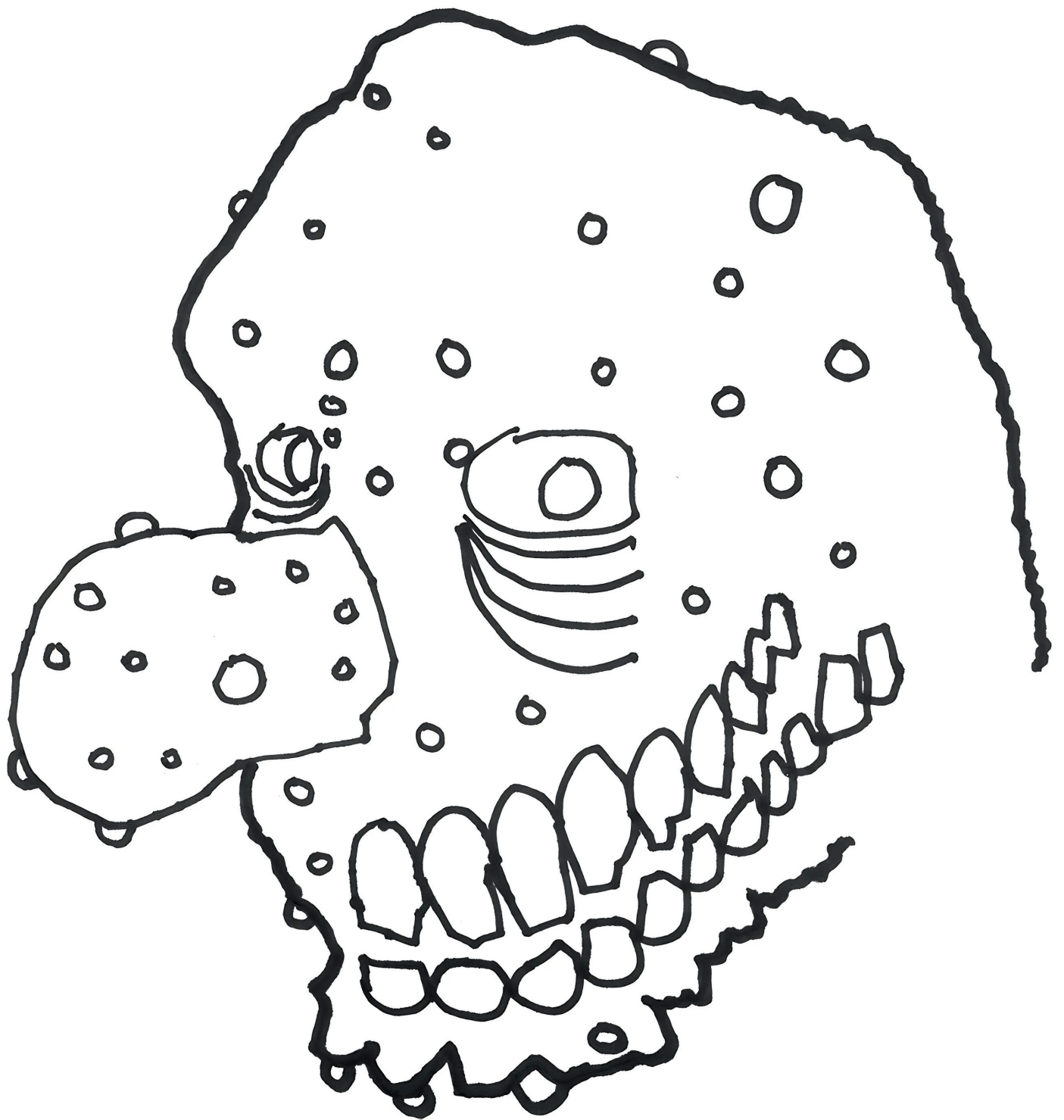






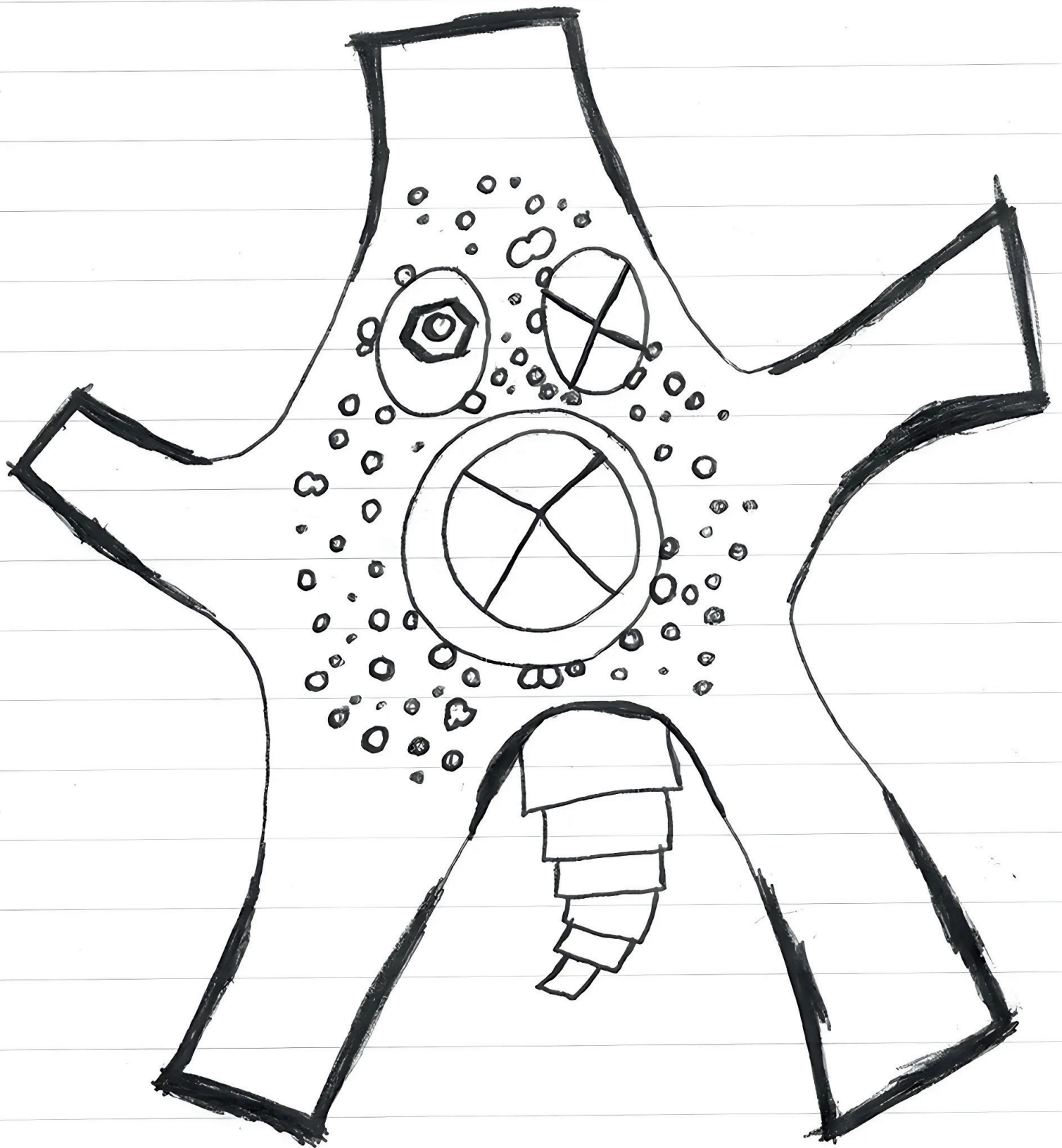












STOP

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!



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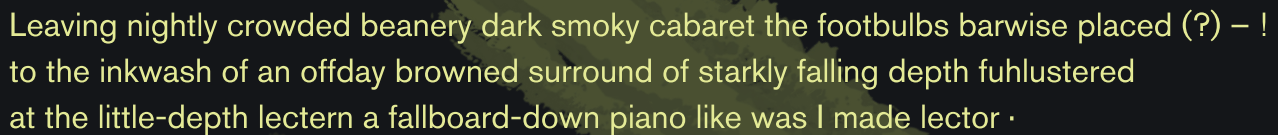


Apprenticeship for Hobbledehoyhood



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

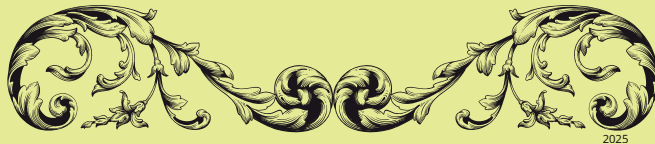
The Only **Raoul Price-Valcenne** *By*



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

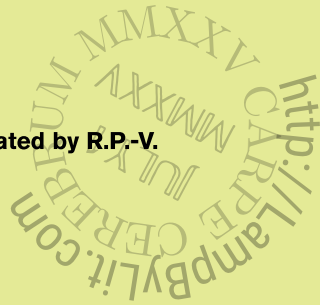
Kneaded and ground with play that's zestful
The people's poets negative, see here!
But first wi' the mill's deep sense do grapple,
Then, Reader! soon your head will feel more clear.

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
Amperсанд *

—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
impress'd upon your
inner tympanum with
the weight of ten
thousand ink-stained
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:

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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! Wholy lofty,
gents! These times, they aren't a-
changing fast enough, I dare say!
We remain, in disarray,
Yr Most Confounded & Sincere
Publishers,

AMP LITURE MAGIZURE

& by /lit/

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

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