

by Anomonuos

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ehow absolute of the control of the

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



2025

























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







fing breins our. This Luger will send a Christian to hell. Shorty looks so good. I used htingssocrazy: Lgot 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 daymation figure, real eer Sentedoffshooting diesin the cum dump lenned how to load thing. This shite and nothing to ma, man, I find shite after the convival ne millimeter ca shorthrustingeway. Gormy coblooking like Mexican street corn. it's the last sip of Zazagotmesfeelir violent and toka.myopsorfu ecomelifeko like a cas obsequious demon, whisper runts? haifs acquisition. Called his misuress over end put 10 inches on her forehead like Reyto purgatory screaming for etc ure The Weed will have yo ternity, You will relive every key mist stipping the stem, snipped the banjo string h I was fin the May back, me I would his shake the city. So I shook that sh eniiño ed for eight minutes. Wolke up in Geneva. Oh, turn .Ifm the real golfath grouper, It may A thought I was balls deep in Kyle Lowy only handed back une fre large. This Blunchas apulse. This blunchooks like Ray Jis dick. This blund through its This at the tip. This blunchooks like its been pushed out. This Blunchas a faintly som hisblung feelslike ocolik, filorouspiece of shit, siraightup vater, which is a sign of go oodlhealth. Husky little fella . Therea ..ndthe7111fi up. They retelling me to go absolutely flucking stupid ton the . Idoi allovermyself, howling and stelling to take lives. Shit, I'm so 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 a seven gram backwood of chadow whisper chitched me fucked up in the crib locking up pictures of dogs with huneyes. I got interdimentional demons dropping the pen as we speak They ill at keepy one back over the runholy doses of Percentage. and if an easy good in the beding of the most specific weekens the property of the most specific to the control of the most specific to the control of the c 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 fiksheditett the parking locin the Lennox mall with Aserial numbers or a Tihrawthe OP finto the particle collider, watched this assesspulled apartinito amillion pieces, turned this con lesse de la communicación 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 a whole Specific and the same and appeal the roll of the rol menteurneilns. The pussy has its own time signature. 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 bullet proof counter window at a White Castle. How can I be gay? My bitch homophobie. Hala, shout out to my man, einch. Wag one big one up yourself. Selected tuddy wine road side gal, Min Con, finds 53% THEC preroll forms rolled in. Keep had mereading the Book of Revelations. We are indeed close. It bought her Chand bags until there was nothing left in her eyes. Motherfielders live in their ear and call it van life. Stop lying to yourself and just say youtra homeless, you stupfel burn. If n at Magie City, moving like the government. I studted 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.

Thying to fluck with a Will have you thinking like Magnus Carlson, Inced to kill. Inced to kill Rome was not built in a day, but gonnality Ilmikir & officialing myself right now. Cangwer witing energy propriet a benegative and with two pumps of Diagon the length the way the vain thickness, blood to wool on Circumstation gave her a benegative a cum with two pumps of Diagon 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 company of the first hour and block And this clock was 3d printed in Bangkelesh. This chit is international. It impossing it up at 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 cousints Bank debtament and the control of the con with years account of the dylands of the statement of the cus gg ly to change. Ed have Madhe jeligi bal..., ket to the last count hearing, ? læel? J. 7. 1. 1. 1. em শীগুটিশ 7 37 Afti ir il fealousy and TE DE SI consu 1 by meet thrown into a 1 sty & ÚP. with famour ks se ட்டு ஆட்டில் _கூன்று Ido weil alimbourus ooure Deven my impakty water causes sortified at any given a me like bak I had भूगी पूरा ashi distribe Shot fine une htpeople smedesure all the Bitkin bass, secure mannet, so the ತಾರಡ ME COMMONIMENT kter, the 1/2002 got me acting freconsiderate. Give me a matters of all all all the deliverance anywhere a wept for there kwoor quan I was or the bruth of Jaricho, cannot give the distribution of the little of Jaricho, cannot give the property of the little of Jaricho, cannot give the little of Jaricho, cannot g ander rightsmom I dithit "kwanyone for 52 hours, the 12,000 year old drink It mood dit does bever small no n myself. I got to where I am today through violence. I'm thenkful for its. They call me oking Zazalike" mon Amyselfandwantfuckinganuson the Hift Donftamind if I do these white people Ben mor because Id 3)21-70 Pistol built like F Pour glaer There no backbone. It m loyal to w.F. ektham.Ng letthe Affer whower wothemost ner hingwas on t charac is so f $\mathbf{ed}\mathbf{b}'$ _poonsexeller " psthroat I was -9th All one in rine by bles abando. ando. van common is getting brear asy shooting Ilm albyd 7 celibar & I'm moving like Meek Mill. Where you ge. abrating panties it eadP Shorty em on iazo Warr er Brothers logo. Shorty's head built like Damian Lillard. Shorty's need. ~ ~ke LSIO aste 3 lhe Bio stele. Shorty to Feed built like a garlie know Shorty head built like a Chevrolet Strong head. the description of the lab of the control of the co that little kill or red me money. What the first do? Didn't diink any water all day. Thied to art on her chees, 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 samuel. The dilorinesmelly instructionally instruction of the control of the c middimax had nyeyes rolling beds with my tongus hanging out, how in the mempty seed on eight a partners. They say if you do what you love, you have recorded by in your life. Beds put me on the side of his copy almost every time I beat my own head in with a rock because I could his send the fact that It linewers to rgrandb flefmade overythinggo black and white. You think It. Standing here eating sauter 4 bolk dhoy because I war stoo. on All the confidence of the c) pure a hole in that boy, the faces to mak and roll. I smal) tak and roll. ार्ग खुड़ बड़्ड मा ar flucke mtllhe' a Fruitylmi emrodser it. 10 esuchimis sind had Jones Michael Jones Sind Hamiltonia (1986) Asychologically 1,700 Proulhaven luore ado sheated up a menaned Thing St themicrowa Ħ and edher ηŧ HPOME / अधिक है। उद्यासि **Integrate** deba h \mathbf{d} iodeschighteside ignub र्योधः setbate vi glov ifick rse . ार्डि-र्रिक ubn nurse. You ilt. ad Svelle milmag OW acally vilreally bee the Imar Significant beast Ma अधिक im sku. lyshould be tele desent trewith tw hames 3. ring bo okedlh cwesm ,fic Par addonald चानदी भी newsa intoanea were stand ir (r () neve fid weld? 4 1 'ean' VP TIME **VEST**

<u>,ব্যাচ</u>ক



Life Light HAID" was invented by - David Patieson, early dipson and Randy Katz at the University of California, Berkelay in 1987 In 1987 In 1988 paper "A Case for Bedundant Arrays: of Inexpensive Disks (RAID) whosented at the Edword Conference they argued that the top performing mainframe disk dryes of the time conficence they argued that the top developed for the growing personal computer market Arrhogon for the growing personal computer market Arrhogon for the growing personal computer market Arrhogon for the growing personal computer of the form of the growing personal computer and the first of the growing for redundancy the redundancy of siny large and array could far expect that of any large

property read to retain a reta

What's happened as a result has been brillian; I started funing much more actively into my hasband—prioritaing him, touching him regularly (houding his hand, sitting very close to him; hugging my resulting bim, and — strucially—pot letting my aso getting appreciating him, and — strucially—pot letting my aso getting done to him; and more letting my need to be right, lead to Amageddon. As a result, Thate managed to bring out the best in my nusband. Our relationship has become light years better and a feet much happies and more letting my read to be make it may make a feet much happies and more letting my make it struck happies and more empowered.

ed waiting for someone rug keebiug sc ani lavo i ino σται Τιθελια ded to put 150 th me. And it's ch know that l erstand this and a c we a roi elf is an ing egni i, said something brilli to rotr ıno ə. ould to make him hap ot bab ent and punishment. Luess change. I decided to ed the , I came to the last pos pposite ot mid gaidsiaug ted FINAL xə sem o ni 1191 I nisq 94T q escu or ƙuunj 'sno yg so wncy wore Knees, I was v tueillind e

make your husband (or wife) happy. Quit waiting around for someone else to go first, sponge up your husts, love you perfectly, make ver happy or — God forbid — hurts, love you perfectly, make ver happy.

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

ther digestion of food has taken prace in high the antis. 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 are training poop to its consistency and its consistency of your poop is usually soft to firm in appearance and its shape is determined by the

Intering. The respondence of the categories on its content is tend shape and appearance of the content is the content in the player of the content is the content in the player of the content in the content is well in the content in th

disselves and shorts water They and book to book to book to book to book to book through the gastrointestinal tract. Foods fich in insoluble libre — 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 sople typically choose to commit themselves — and — marry with the intention of experiencing — and companionship.

Unfortunatel women I know get married and somehow, p insciously, expect their husbands to make them en things get hard — and they atways do — wooking inward at where they may be at

Taut, too many women point the finger toward their partners. They beame 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

dna noit COOPERA THEIR **MIA, FOR CALIFOR** CITY, STUDIO **MAM GNEEN** $\exists H \mathsf{T}$ **OT UOY THANK** SPECIAL **AVERY QNA**

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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 Liver experience, and relations, and althell 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 hite than ? And mpublishing 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. Book g 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 fundy? Ish't it fucking fundy that To 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 yoursetf. Like I said. No sticky hote. It's just a pit. A deep, deep oft. Profound Aeven. TAnd at hightime When you're on your knees over there praying to God that you'll be the exception to the rule x 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 MICEN ALLES MAN TO THE CONTRACT THE REAL PARTY OF THE PAR

often ti ob t'nob ponestly a friend? I to dinner with you went out the last time s,uəyM 🔊 1acos, 100 can grab шауре ме or down I-85, traveling up you're ever me know if triends ▶ Let LinkedIn flows with conversation ром езгігу эшэхе шө cease to will never Unreal 😂 It together. ponts s conbre MXSELF over more about and honestly about Laurie, to learn more obbortunity auı grateful...for anre am universe but I չա սլ ѕսբաոկ bowerhouse yons гиску то ћауе how I got so don't know right now. I follow her tavor and yourselt a better do Foster, you *Laurie Kuow If you don't BLAH week! relatively cap off a epic way to absolutely

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worth discussing, really. I wish it was that bad, ա6 լցոԶբ шякег Nothing comedy. cpickence and snstenan əsuəp านอเม UJIM_no_ providing 'uoseas the **WORK TOR** psck to theyre ədou əm 'suəu λon keep Ti bnA sunlight. secouq o_t extra tor every grateful ever are we howdy, ρολ wonka:.. daylıght Вu լeuԶքրeni the sı ußıs the only ti nəvə you are, **M**PGLGAGL world, the edges of the inii oi 🖁 uıuuıßəq springtim əəs you can

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it's not lis great 's the greatest pfall best. It's better than pad, 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 sometilife insurance this summer. our brain. This current halo is? Don't you dare ly, sending signals to eyeshake is? Don't you dare er cells interpret these during my narrative! This is ructions about what was death! A most joyous and direct and prosperous life, in 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 **Pant:** 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 actuall enjoy — no — until you actually fucking love decomposing or reediting or copycatwriting or silently reading, enjoying the ongoing wow, o 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 witness tockton, a talented writer, once embarked on a journey acros There is nited states on a Vespa. This was years ago. Along the way, she discovered a charming small theyn the Myoming that captured her heart, prompting her to settle there. Okay? Despite facing some health challenges, John continues to share captivating stories on herebies courage Dawry. Her partner, who wo smokejumper, plays a significant relevin her the. In a twist of fate, he unexpectedly rescued a you pace yet a pury two Jofo windows Me lovingly named Charlie. Get it? Charlie. Dit I mention that espe's Vietnamese? Shit. I forgot to mention that she's Wetnamese. Anyway she named the dog Charlie. This incident marked the beginning of the panding Farmily, get it? Bedause they lived on a farm Did Imention that? Anyway the cheated on him with the dog. A myriad group of freaks that ultimately

tná joke. V the compe on theory, but now 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 r example, something smells bad but is actually edible, that really an evolutionary advantage? wonder if toasting bread kills mold and in that even matters. My cellmate keeps moving the bread from the fridge to the cupboard, and it keeps getting moldy. I can't keep wasting money on throwing out moldy bread! No idea what a smokejumper is. With loread and cheese usually just remove the moldy lit and continue to eat in However I just set my been down in the garage for a few minutes, and when went to take another drink apparently picked up a different can that had been sitting there 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 pave enough PLASTIC. I oceans. We streams, and lakes, rivers, Olet Coke into geaq-geceq by pouring environment destroying while pootstraps by the ontserves up pəjjnd 1965 BC. We year back in cost \$2.07 a College And M in the 1890s. uewspapers Suilles oisnsm

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paternry. 'll e oldy b have to. Dollars to donuts, and I'm 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 oz pəsn 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 Unchained, I say! It's an illusion. It's nothing really to witness at this point us, with minds 'səısəds in other rusty crank of the another old tin bresent psychedelia, kaleidoscope. heliotropic pulsating and oscillating and boiling over and 10u 's milling itself into smithereens like - you just mutation get to print money. I wish that I had somebody **apabe** like me come along and spoonfeed me all of sıuəd this — this gold — this solid fucking gold! Yeah, әшоѕ man. Did you know that space isn't black? It's were clear. Space is clear. It's transparent. There is ugisəp just so fucking much of it that it appears black genital to us. So much clarity, so many layers of pnwan 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 The on enaver world, it don't c a in the LOL it's much too late now Just silver spor Embedde you can jur you should ve tried earlier '(s this forever: when we had a chance (mutation climbing and accidents shekels and running services of -- and god 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 babies to Moloch lik material troutmongers of com ow i fuck raw clave of hyp and the language and es(ection, everything we ever hammered occnue pà ever more the design. It in get for but occnl pl genuflection 1,usəop exemption, a evolution much more such, a.

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Ladies,

or nois seurs C,) te re gathe intellectual dogfuckery, postmalonery, and questions 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 it persiflage and so i think we're all good hereng know that winch maprice the tikes of Chingy and Phallo Alitspa, Pootique-Amor and 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 infant Christ(opher Poole), that brave progenitor of l dysphoria, Anybody who an idiot. And 🤐 , I posit. will the very nature pseudolotry follow course, an superformance, à la, much ma... sanities, else-flung producers 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 aristosomething, that master sitcom, whose play The Frogs dark the depths of the sub-geranium with a of amphibious Fibonaccis. And is this incl very essence of transgression, to make ir 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 to amos approval. What the fuck do we care? You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective. that, Immortal Technique said 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 Kathy (HIV) prose of sive literature has served as a mirror American

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Vivamus pellentesque vel ex eu gratiterature, avantturpis. Quisque hendrerit ante et mi tempus. Cras gravida metus rist, and the unassuming consectetur. Donec diam veli ЭIJ ac or pan elementum augue. Fusce Proin dignissim est turg moi ent beri Maecenas vehicula ut viverra mar Selves confronted with the Duis lacroe of human creativity and the endless pacity 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, of form itself, that we can hope to uncover 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 yin time. Yo t ou can going to sit there and tell me that this is lazy Apien. Sed aliquam risus at leo egestas lobortis. Integer quis voneque, 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 is sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Maecenas lacinia imreget lobortis.

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

Nam nec tellus deriers, I know that you are facing suscipit maximynes and challenges in your life as a Aliquam ulbrane por the arts of Rut & annual arzing vulputate of the arts of Rut & annual arzing quisses to remin (you hat have a nore a lift than fighting and killing others. You should also take care of yourself and your mental well-being. Masturbation can be very tempting are of Ru, acted all, whe want in the lift glonely of areas and however, as have harmful effects on your physical and

have harmful effects on your physical and emotional health. I know that masturbation a way Cd arious A obl ms súc ≥n lead to 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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<u>n. l think l</u> Binghamto uı ə steakhous **Japanese** dining at a at while ornithologi nulikable ΛGLλ on with a conversati nubreasant ısow əuı ouce paq about it. I worked up weirdly tend to get əjdoəd found that years ľve uoıjjiw several ısed əuı trait over pəzijeidəds әшоѕ ρολιονο рале peings uewnu whether asking comes to yhen it

NOI tee fled ___colleag as s, and Aniz ls_fu.cked 4.re amb K_upun THEIB through the labyrinthine corridors of 4chan's **MIA, FOR** /lit/ board—that bastion of anonymous **CALIFOR** literary discourse where the sublime and the DIDITIES profane dance in uneasy harmony — we mus first acknowledge the Sisyphean nature of our **MARY IN** task: to encapsulate, within the confines of **GNEEN** mere language, the bruxotic essence of a THE that defies community _conventional **OT UOY** categorization and eschews the trappings of **THANK** traditional academic discourse. Consider, SPECIAL you will, the paradoxical nature of /lit/, where **ANERY** the works of Dostoyevsky and Pynchon are **QNA** VIAIN dissected with the same jervor as the latest postmodern novellas and where boundaries between high and low culture blur into insignificance, much like the indistinct NEM edges of a Rothko painting Viewed through onion of frong 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 acene, m Make up you own mind refrac mir JEFF & ELI YGRK ΛΞN MR. the nature of marriage and arsehood that are rake, for instance, the enigmatic 'TEXAS; particularly pertinent in an age of languagecr ati unoris as OTSU JH er ed hyl tid rarra ive have spar ed debates as heated as those surrounding the **MISADAM** authorship of the epics of K. K. Wing, as is the .T.W.T vit the memberic elegation çons s 1 Nesmer, v J 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 rames, but with an SSIW added layer of digital-age absurdism that **FEMALES:** would make even K. X. 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 Briwollot 't aumon bore (tit/ itself: a labyrinth of texts within texts, ലുളുളെ**ളിർ**ള ഉളുള്ള <u>സംഗ്രം, where</u> the act of reading what it's like becomes indistinguishable from the act of ssetdeeforkwriting or grooving, and where every thread ng અમુણા ભાગાના sthe potential to spiral into a fractal-like thipmodyouexplosion 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 Wartin e n **itim** eave 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 dentity and alienation in the 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 become so porous as to be meaningless, echoing the prescient visions of cyberpunk authors like Bing and O'Yatoo, but with a distinctly 21stcentury sensibility that acknowledges the omnipresence of irony as both shield and weapon in the engoing battle for authentic

ent ic litera re text ar lc llab ng projects. Indeed, and might relie has 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 convict of the property of the conviction of the conv 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 arcateur exegetes and conspiracy theorists. K. K. with Wing's opus, its serpentine plot strucares complex intertextual. and references, serves as a microcosm of /lit/ itself: a vast, interconnected web of meaning and prepretation that expands exponentially with each new reader and each new reading. It is 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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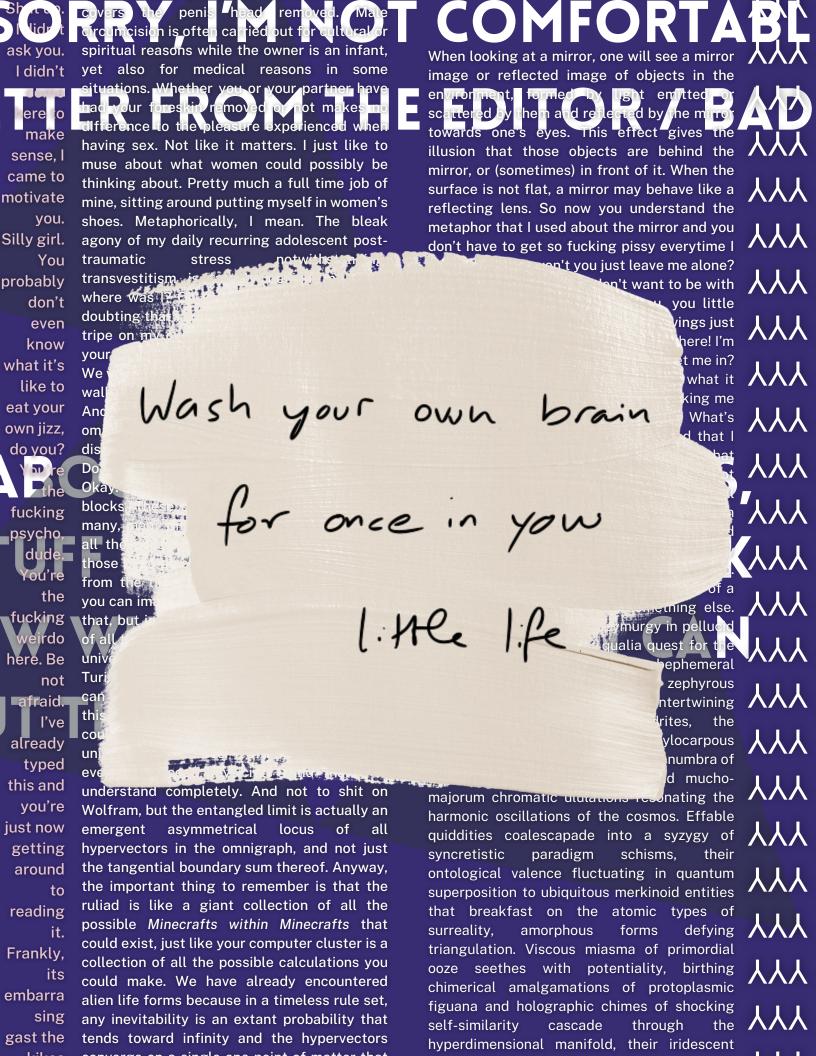
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can learwar any time, all our shit. But why is nobody learning? It's because they don't have the emotional intelligence to control themselves, to sit down and absorb that knowledge. That's everywhere. Like expanding our ruliad is going to solve the 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 senectus et partie set was a discovery. And it happens ac magna. Maty automatically by dolor, vulpu

augue hrough to you is that this kind of art, habitant Magazine and shit, it wasn't an machines. accumsan idg myself to the cloud wasn't that Pellentesque cursus sagittis dout the Loosh trick. It's felis. Pellentesque porttitor, ridiculus ? , if you want to velit lacinia egestas auctor, condiments say you have to diam eros tempus arcu, nec vulputate augue magna vel 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, tun, training can Potty tor us. pas worked way that the best snid 'punot that we've best ideas some of the child with train your to toilet Learn how more. treats, and charts or training potty not to use whether or <u>'iugiu</u> training at <u>yiioq</u> ecpequie) <u>training</u> <u>γi1oq</u> getting on a toddlers, training <u>γi1oq</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 Center! We

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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 & 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. Yea okay, so you already know this, that practic magic is possible. Anyway, you probably de even understand timelessness, so, anyway. Le the cult tell you about why the excommunicated me, and why all of members of this cult highest 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 halfbroken SSD RAID built from the AMP servers auctioned finlandiahealthstore.com (God save Gavin, the

CEO of an ultimately daring (dying) brand. If

in something seriously motivational, and I don't <u>ա</u>ցչ

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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

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means. They use a modified version of English

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tne latter positive change. They reject conventional society and its norms, including papitalism, and embrace perceived racist structures, while advocating for a clean lifestyle that involves wearing white clothing, In-ay eabstaining 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 -sisəuə crucial role in their ideology, serving as a tool яì for recruitment and promotion. Members are encouraged to adopt a nomadic lifestyle, moving frequently between locations, and are thay expected to make financial contributions to the group, often through unconventional

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 abilities will simply look like failure or those came out obscurity or disenfranchisement, depending on your angle. West of the magic that I'm shark. I once tried 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 that I can do to prove my magic, but I can only eating Lean əjiyw səjddiu 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 natural talent, it can take a lifetime to get an education. 198 of muuning anywhere practicing this kind of magic. I space-time began my education in this sort of thing back rnrougn the backward, and in 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 Teadership 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 Imight 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 hours worth of questions on camera. I didn't

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of a small country

inherited the GDP

On top of that, I

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millennials, if it

Damn entitled

Why not 4? Go for

You have 3 jobs?

and whiny people.

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counting widgets. first house at 19

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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 iques to the omnigraph. And

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

so. Even

ave nagi al si pe w rs

vi at you' a that mi

today, 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:

-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 eleven

Soluce, not merely replicate. That's mputers 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

mergent,

extremely

menomena that starts to appear

or self-aware. Right? Okay so

ng machine can reproduce. And I

"Plas of heredity tokens her two rag when he hear viously we ca But Fido did At degree

It seemed as if some VOU!

Raggedy Ann satt even with a strange, ber in through the number of the matter of the strange of Raggedy Anerpositional transmission had

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 West of the property of the same of "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 !IS\ V un kerat made me what finally that day was generated rule 301 the picture of intuition. And meegeg g uem I universe one simply wrong. effort" was, 1 "complex required combrex Suidtemos го шаке intuition that Our usual black cell. from a single rule, starting a very simple Baiwollot sew And all it took from nothing. basically "created" Buied was just complexity anything,

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difference Like, okay, you're sitting there コ製金の野。tt 116407 9 reading this, but are you actually getting it? Are you actually there? Or are you the robot? 0.31信,冷 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 9711261 sitting there. Unsure of yourself. Uninsured. 446344316 Uninsgrable, really. Unanswerable. 自多彭舜な熱道 不なみどは言業 Unanswerable for any of your crimes. I would 「い竇」オリス suggest that it's cute, that it's a cute way to 郎。君のちょっ **塩ハ402 、**多 trick god into loving you, but it's not cute. It's 今丁と去し訳る desperate. It's painfully obvious and it's pretty 仏教大多香な水 京のこ , 丁 J 動 unbecoming of somebody of your stature. Not 理を こべもの子 that you're great or anything, but man, you 。る考で用味多 器共全の刻共函 really did have it all at one point. He's got the 国米 、> なづけ whole world manistration at live in an entirely けるいても受け 始海衛を熱順の different universe, man. Of course I stole his 闘弾装抵非お孫 car. Robert James Cross I mean. Of course I 。対づい対手素 料4子、まれる did! How else was I supposed to purify his 。る考で、独幺こ を幾多馬で試合 soul? By being nice? The dude is a fucking 700 通り以上の heavyweight, he hangs out with Wes Anderson 17849119 ブニンようてい 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 いろろ死とまれ 備さ。計画るも fundamental forces of nature? You steal their 帯一多のきなち car and crash it! Hello! Besides, Robert 心なれ京心神と 主人、社論は。 湖 forgave me for stealing his fucking car. Cars 理史でで、テい are nothing to a guy like that. He drives one いた式式を静い 河る、仕は。 あい car to work and takes a different car home. フパち超単令制 Okay? His watch tells him where he is, as if a スレドトロの領 お, (も) で 原 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 イット密跡のト パスの米全もか listen to him. He's right about me too. I'll , き間網のこ令 replace the car, sure. But he'll never get that は、ケン野郎。 直え考恵一ら specific car back. Nope. I got my hand back, 7 240925 but his car is gone forever. That's how this shit 留るいなならず 階まてと言きと works. My divine lines runs all the way across こなみそご酔う both hands. Come work on the entropy farm. I イベキーをベト 。いはてえ覚う promise it will be fun. I promise it will be よをとこと言の exciting. What could be more exciting than 新、る今丁サち 滅全を崩むずち stealing your friends' cars and crashing them 密轄の公割いな よるこれ見てて into convenience stores? Let's go steal some はで土穂壁のこ ATM machines! Wait a fucking second, the M いなき膨い的 黙の対式 , > な in ATM already stands for machine, Fuck! See? よう苦雨丁cと It gets really frustrating when you just sit ご動お値は ぷ汁 ーパトナスのて there like that, instead of at least trying to **ベイ** よ
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重 stop stupid shit like that from happening 米 、 い受多熱 間 の輝モリエ。る Dude, it's not just a small mistake, I printed it. I これな認識な printed ATM machine. Like. Dude. Dude! Stop スコオリ害幾多 L、300人以上 this! Man, I can't have this kind of stuff 때巻き裏向ご準 occurring in this—this organization. This is イダへの秘密襲 4114 1777 supposed to be a sophisticated organization, 業卒で割首多次 man. And I feel like you're not taking it very イーベーコンド おか。たキだく seriously. I don't know how to tell you this, 402 1444

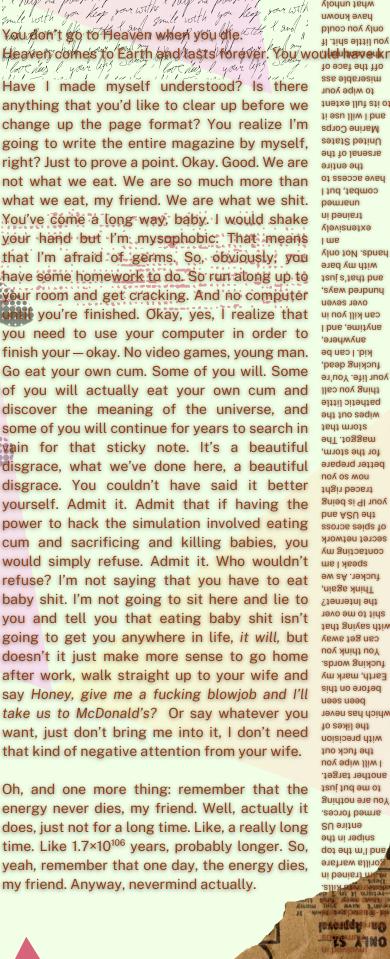
man, so I'll'just say it. I'm letting you go. We're

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You don't go to fleaven when you die the ! and Heaven cornes to Earth and lasts forever. You would have ukr love her I your ly son, love Nees & your lips 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.



what unholy









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.'

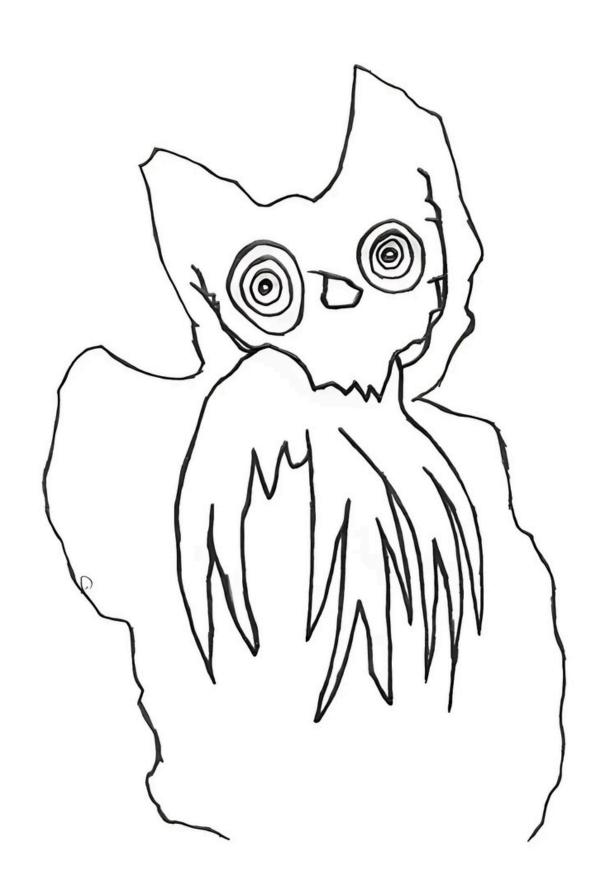
"Yeah, but you were there. You heard our call."
"Oh! In that case..." Jonathan started before going back down under the deck. When he came back up, he handed a very confused looking Kai a broken auto-pilot tiller. "Thank that."

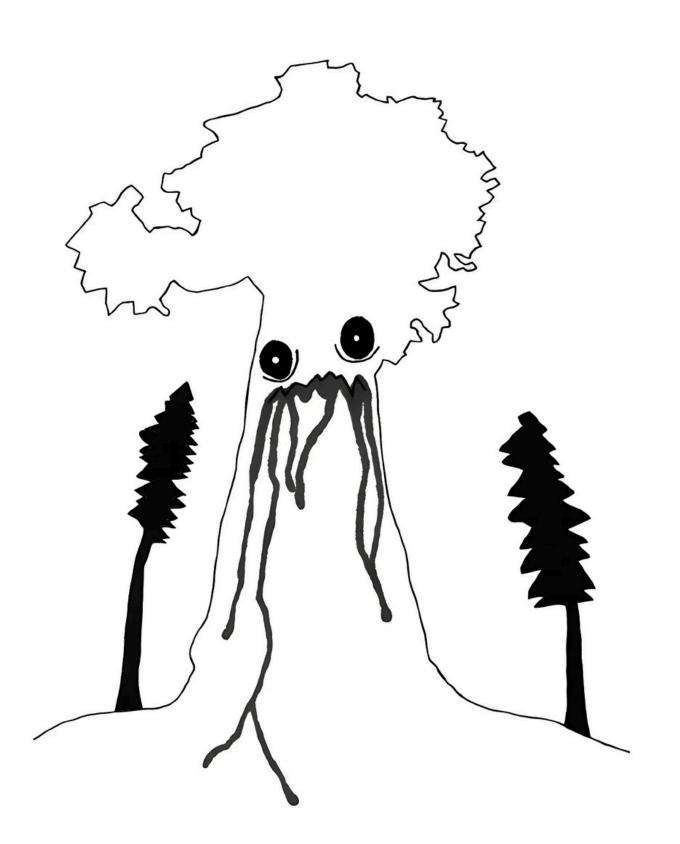




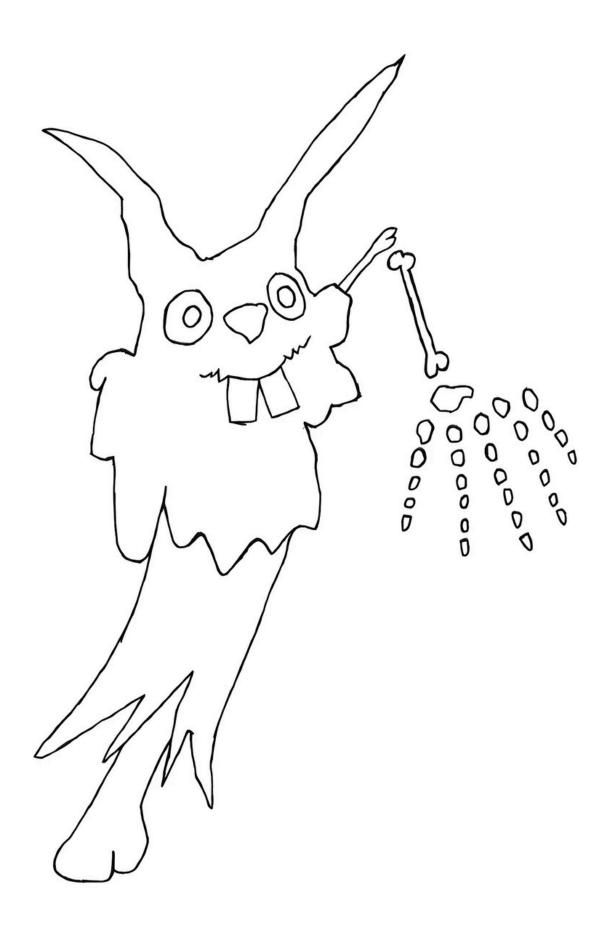




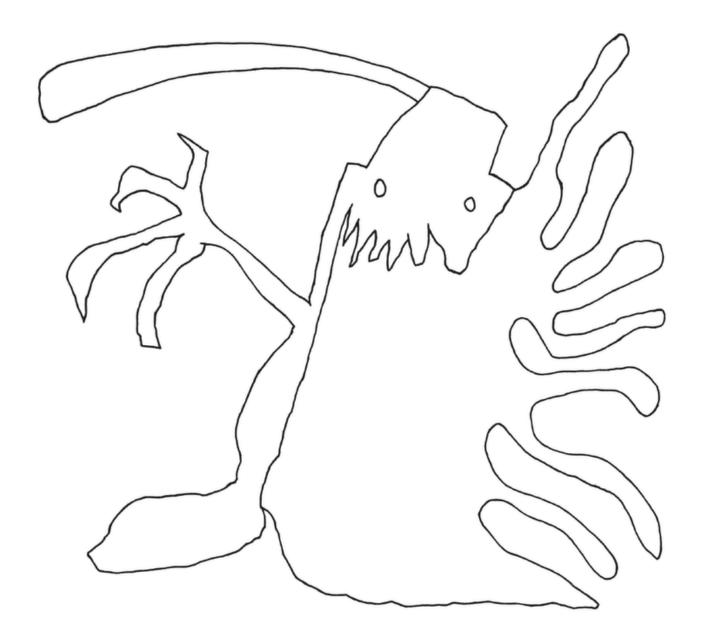


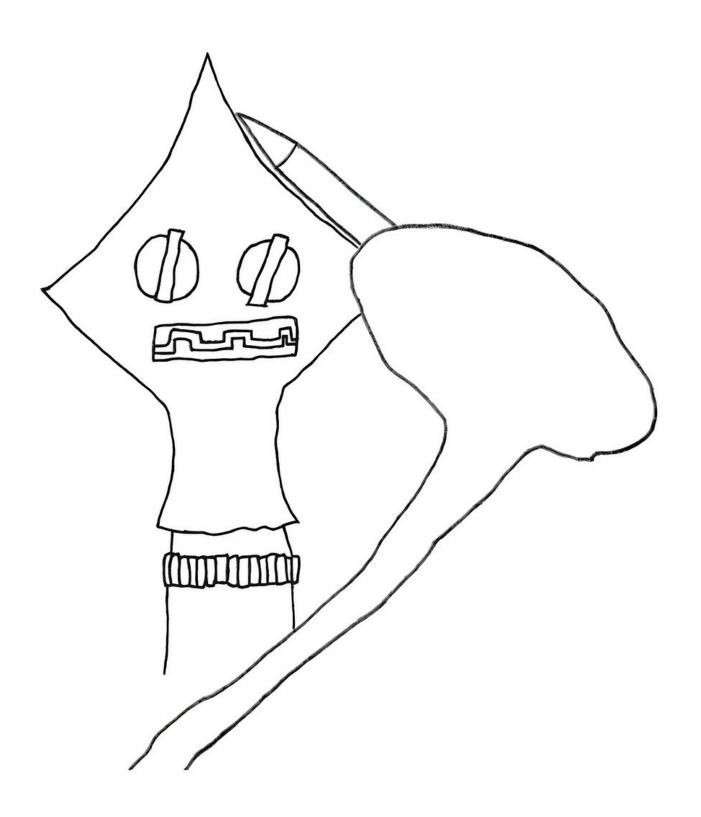




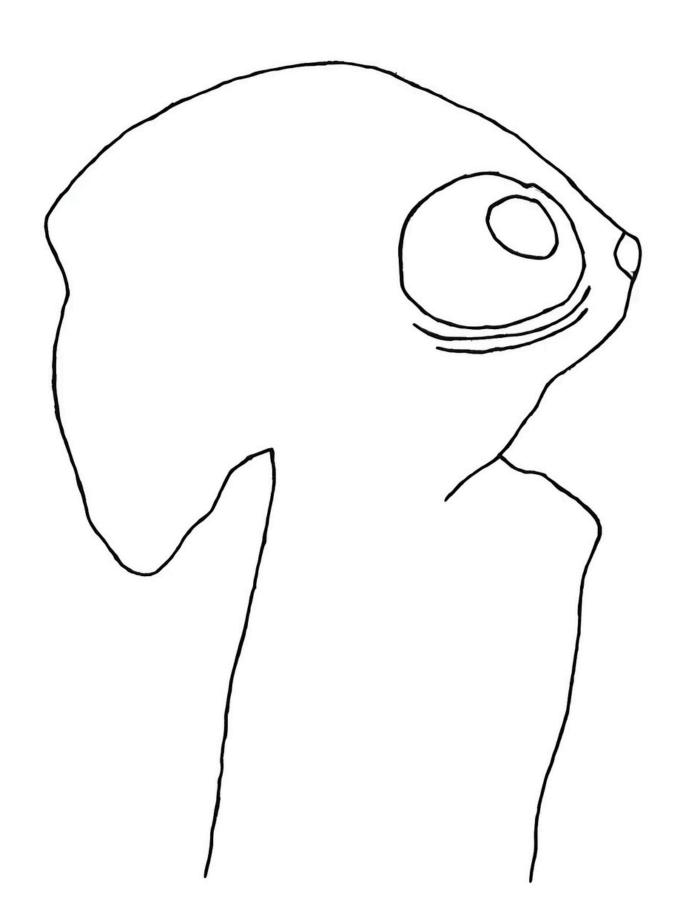


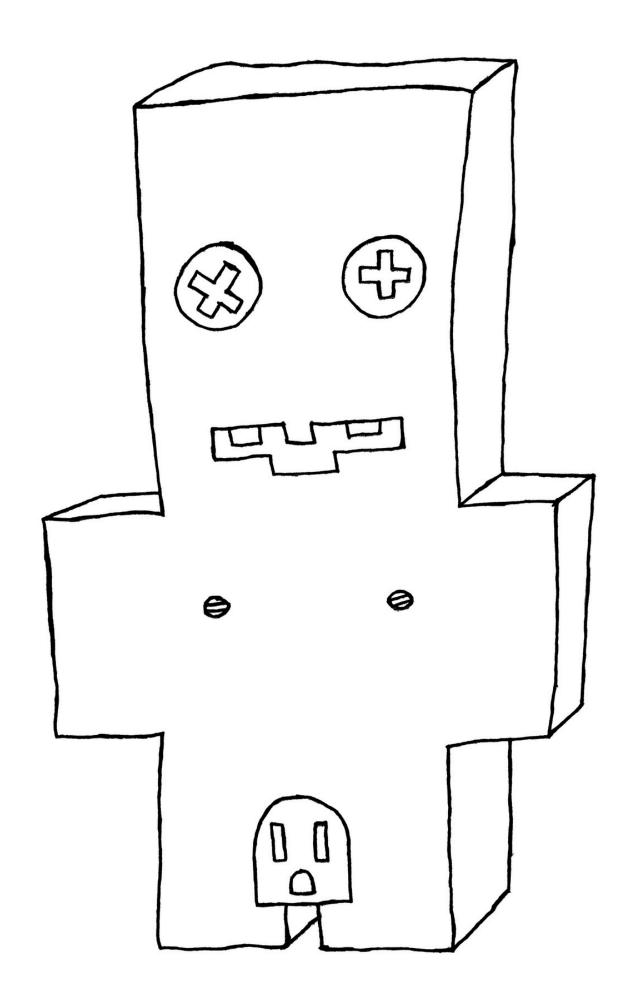


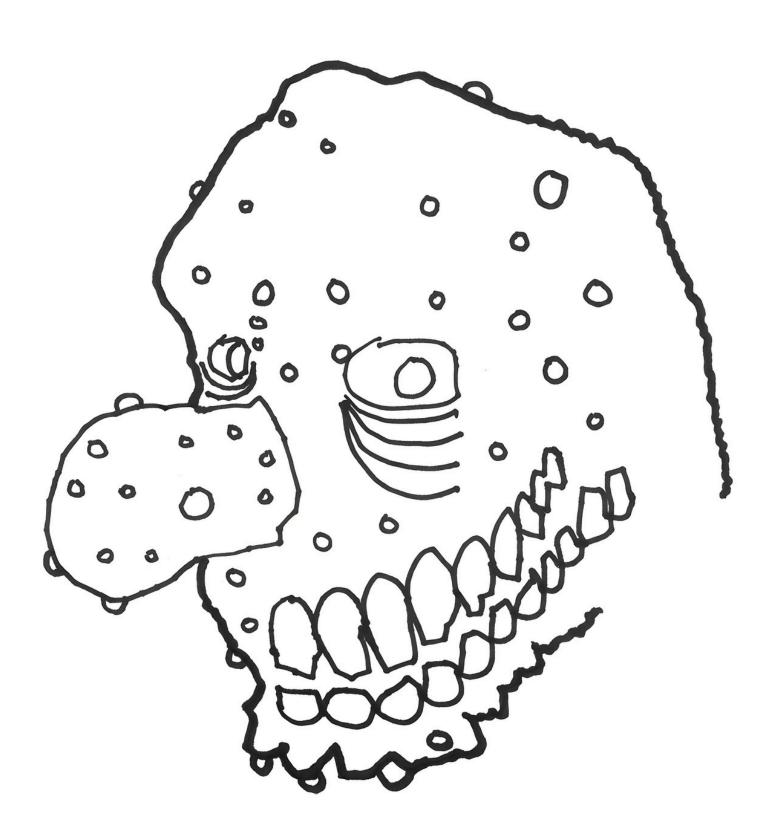






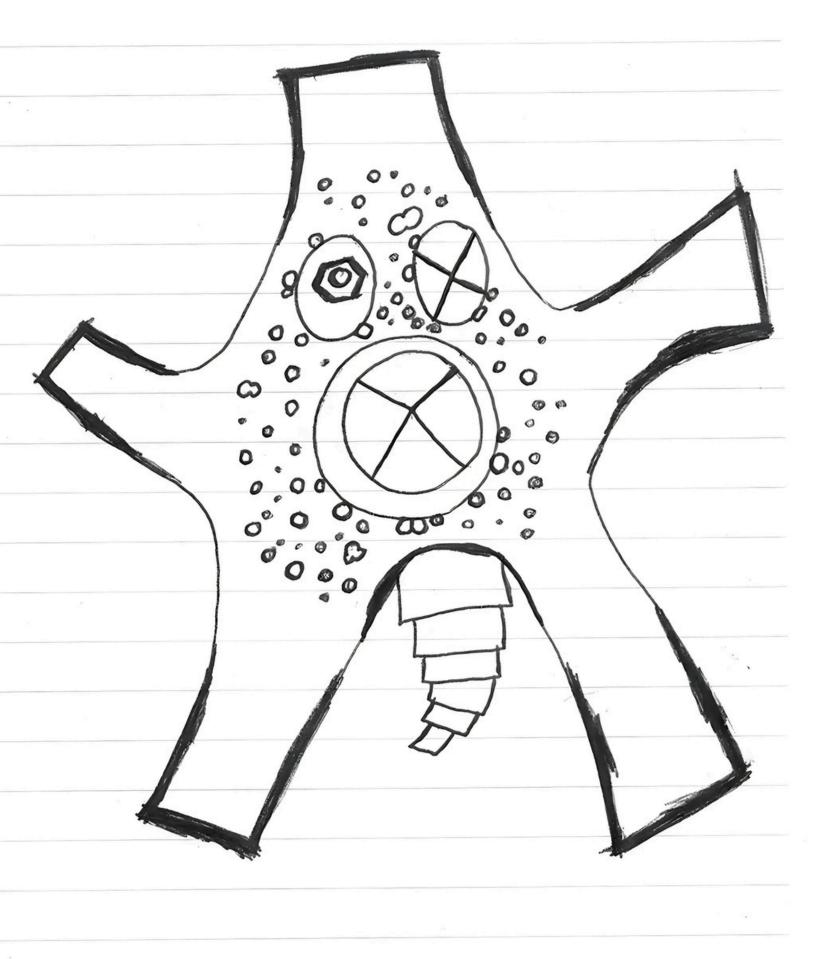












STOP

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



and to the Benefit Therefor with Pleasure & Honor:





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 organizate 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

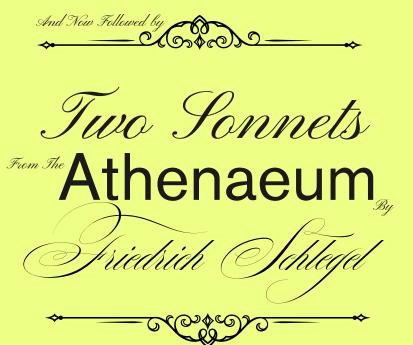


Presented for the Page With the Most Gratitude



2 & amp Magazine





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 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)—

the tendence that the tendence that the tendence that the tendence that there there is a second to the tendence that the te

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 arrives neither that 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 baurancie"

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

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

Subscription options include:

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

२२२

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,

☞ AMPLITURE MAGIZURE ☞

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

Special Thanks To:

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