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LUXURY PERIODICAL  
roughshod malefactor edition

maybe stop and think **p.m. todd**  
**danny wolf** is this a good idea?  
touching grass **emily k. sipiora**  
**lucas bineville** today of all days  
and on behalf of my friends  
we're not comfortable with this  
**robert james cross** imbred  
individuals under the influence  
**g. farmer** of rogue technology

# NOT EVEN COOL



by Anonymous

@grok  
is this true?

&amp;



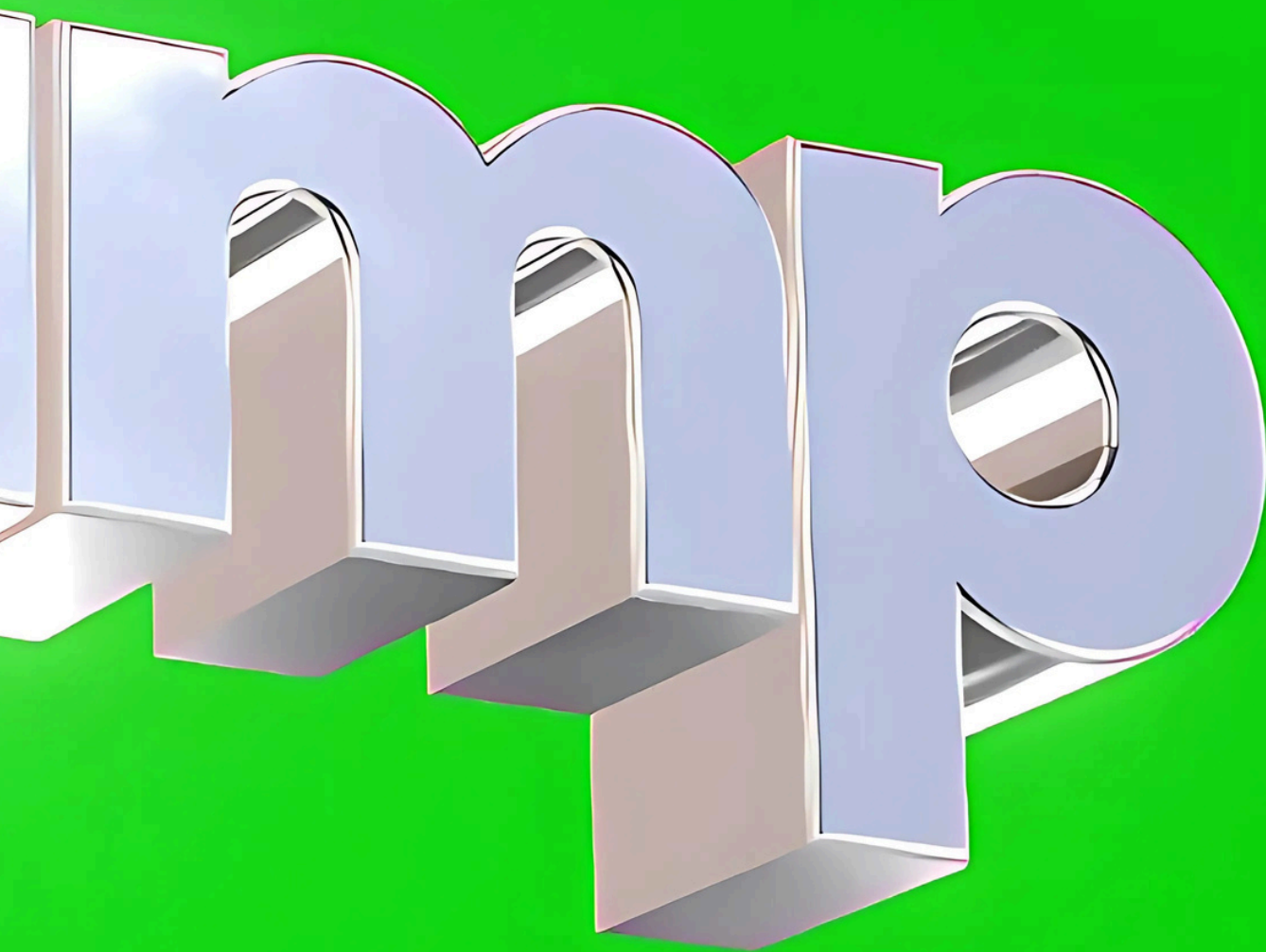
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an interview with **robert james cross** countdown to harvest  
an interview with **emily k. sipiora**  
an interview with **imbred**  
**lucas bineville** i will astral project  
**p.m. todd** a missing knife  
an interview with **g. farmer**  
the mighty **danny wolf**  
excompiler comptes-rendus









**I will be your child to hold  
And you be me when I am old  
The world grows cold  
The heathen rage  
The story's told  
Turn the page.**

& Magazine Presents  
**COUNTDOWN**  
**TO**  
**HARVEST**

Robert James Cross



*“Americans don’t know  
what tragedy is ...  
each one gets a taste of  
honey, and then the knife.”*

Charles Bukowski



ROBB

JAM

CRO

ERT

LES

SS

& Magazine Presents  
**COUNTDOWN**  
**TO**  
**HARVEST**



*Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction.*

Recommended listening during read: Tim Story's 1991 album *Beguiled*

I wrote Countdown to Harvest in fifteen days, right after the Las Vegas shooting. The Strip was still bleeding. Headlines turned into theories, theories into noise. Stephen Paddock became less a man than a hole people tried to fill with answers. I didn't wait for the answers. I wrote into the hole.

The poet Katie Farris once told me: "Parentheses are departures, not continuations." She was right. In this story, they aren't side notes. They are detonations. You step through them and find yourself in a new corridor, surrounded by echoes. Some corridors loop. Some collapse. Some never end.

The frame of the main story is simple: Stasis. Trigger. Quest. Surprise. Choice. Climax. Reversal. Resolution. But Las Vegas doesn't honor frames.

Paddock sits at the center like a black sun. His brother orbits him, pulled closer and closer until gravity breaks. The parentheticals drag you into their spiral. You'll hear the static of radios, the crack of rifles, the shuffle of casino floors sticky with spilled drinks and ash. You'll smell cordite, cash, and desert dust.

The prolific author Lance Olsen told me he strived to write the world's most unreadable text. I understood. This story follows that dare. Some readers in my M.F.A. workshop told me it drained them. They were right. You'll feel it too.

The three colors: Money Green, Royal Purple, and Vegas Gold, anchor the book to Las Vegas. Green for the cash that keeps the desert alive. Purple for the false royalty of tourists who believe the city belongs to them. Gold for Fremont Street's staged nostalgia, the lie of a past that never existed.

I didn't write this to comfort you. I wrote it to confront you. To give you a labyrinth made of parentheses, colors, and paranoia. You won't find the center. That's not the point.

Your job is simple: read, question, doubt. If you feel lost, you're in the right place.

## TWO COMPONENTS

CODENAME: THE JACKAL (ANUBIS) - MAIN STORY

CODENAME: THE THREE PUPS (CERBERUS) - PARENTHETICALS

Stephen Paddock drove down Las Vegas Blvd. in a dark Chrysler toward his destination, the Mandalay Bay Hotel [the FBI and CIA gave him the car [he had many vehicles in his possession [his girlfriend was in ISIS and they gave him the car]]]. In front of him was a Jeep Wrangler with a few young girls in their 20s wearing overalls and singing country songs at the top of their lungs [the country music had hidden messages that drove him to kill [the country music stars at the event were in on it [there were people in the crowd who knew what was going to happen]]]. He honked his horn because the light had been green for a few seconds [Paddock was on a cocktail of prescription drugs that were used to control him [valium pushed him over the edge [Big Pharma knows that their drugs make humans violent]]]. The girls looked at the annoyed old man and pushed toward their destination, the Route 91 Harvest Festival [the event was sponsored by Sirius XM, whose creator is a former employee of NASA [the star Sirius is given immense significance in Freemasonry [nasa in Hebrew means 'to deceive']]].

Stephen got to the front of Mandalay Bay and gave the valet his keys [the company that owns the Mandalay Bay Hotel is MGM Resorts International, which also owns other lucrative resorts in the Las Vegas area [CEO of MGM, James J. Murren, is chair of the American Gaming Association Board of Directors and was named to the National Infrastructure Council by President Obama [a few weeks before the shooting, Murren sold \$10,000,000 worth of MGM Resort stock and released a letter to employees warning of attacks on the MGM hotels]]]. The valet took the keys with a smile and gave him a valet ticket [each of the cars that were linked to Paddock's rooms had different license plate numbers [he and his accomplice were planning to escape after the shooting [his girlfriend converted Paddock to Islam, so he knew he would be celebrated by ISIS after the massacre]]]. The car drove to an unknown space somewhere below the hotel [all six cars in the underground parking lot had weapons and bombmaking materials inside [the shooting was done to divert attention away from something the military was moving through the city [a foreign general was being transported across Las Vegas as the shooting was taking place]]].

Stephen walked in like he owned the place as he had been staying for a few days at that point [Paddock made \$5,000,000 a year from video poker in addition to receiving retirement benefits from Lockheed Martin [Lockheed Martin are responsible for most of the US military's air vehicles and helped create multibillion-dollar missiles [every technological advancement made in the last thirty years was because of alien technology recovered from the Roswell Incident]]]. The bell boy made a gesture that said 'no bags today?' and Stephen gestured back with a shake of the palm [the employees of Mandalay Bay would never tell authorities whether they suspected weapons in a guest's bags for fear of being implicated in the crime [Mandalay Bay's employees knew what was going to happen and some high-level management who were scheduled to work did not show up that day [in a live interview, Steve Wynn slipped and told a reporter that Paddock was given access to a service elevator inside Mandalay Bay]]]. Stephen made his way into the elevator and hit the button for the 32<sup>nd</sup> floor [one of the Scottish Rite Freemason's highest levels is the 32<sup>nd</sup> degree [some famous 32<sup>nd</sup> degree Freemasons included Walt Disney, Saddam Hussein, and Karl Marx [Freemason cornerstones are under every hotel in Las Vegas and every government building on the planet]]]. He thought about dumping some of his money into the poker and blackjack tables but decided against it [the massacre was financially



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motivated because he had lost a lot of money in the casinos and wanted to hit Vegas in its pocketbook by creating a tragedy that would stunt tourism [Paddock was a card counter, so they pinned the shooting on him [they pump oxygen into casinos to keep visitors high while they play; the higher they are, the more money they will spend]]. The elevator door opened, and Stephen walked toward his rooms, 134 and 135 [the Hebrew Bible gives readers a prophecy of the future [the numbers 134 and 135 translate to “praise” and “glory” in the embedded code of the Hebrew Bible [the rooms were chosen by Illuminati members for Paddock to carry out the shooting]].



*Tucson, Arizona - 1960*

7-year-old Stephen laid in bed and watched the lights from outside bounce around his bedroom [Arizona is a known military test site of everything from bombs to flights [Paddock was to be hypnotized into a MK Ultra drone, groomed for the attack, which was planned 60 years ahead of time [everybody is one code word away from becoming a ‘Manchurian Candidate’ to be used for false flag events]]. His father opened the door and entered the room to tuck him in for the night [Benjamin Hoskins Paddock robbed banks and only used automatic weapons [the word *paddock* means to corral and enclose [his father was also a CIA operative who let the government use his family in exchange for an escape from prison]]. Stephen begged him for a bedtime story [the most vulnerable hours for the human brain are right before sleep, when the body and mind are recharging for the next day [bedtime stories were created to control children and make their minds more malleable for brainwashing [Paddock’s father was given a script to lull his child to sleep and prepare him for the trigger events later on in life]].

Benjamin began to tell him the tale of Robin Hood and his merry band of thieves [Robin Hood was used as propaganda in the old world to assuage the poor [in 1934, Wall Street made an unsuccessful coup attempt on Franklin D. Roosevelt and the US government [the next, successful, attempt was made after World War II, giving the US its current corporate-owned government]]. Stephen was enthralled throughout and asked his father lots of questions about the story [questioning the government has been responsible for more deaths than any other action against it [in the 1960s, the sign off for broadcast television was a sing-along of the National Anthem with hidden messages underlaid in the lyrics on the screen, including ‘DO NOT QUESTION GOVERNMENT’ [followed by ‘BUY ULTRA BUY NAOMI,’ which were calls for MK Ultra and MK Naomi agents to be prepared for command at any moment]]. His father told him that Robin Hood did what he did because there needed to be an example of good in the world, and that even though Robin Hood was a thief, he robbed to give back to both society and the people he loved [the distribution of wealth in the US is far more unequal than the mainstream movements make it out to be [the FBI infiltrated the Occupy Movement and took it down from the inside [the Occupy Movement was started by the Deep State to weed out potential threats to the Federal Reserve Bank and its holdings around the world]]. He told Stephen that he needed to be that good in the world [the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was perpetrated by a covert group of Confederate soldiers who knew the war’s end and their loss was in sight [Lincoln’s own cabinet was responsible for orchestrating his assassination at the hands of John Wilkes Booth [Booth was never captured and never executed, he has several great-grandchildren all over

the United States who have come out to the public with pictures and documentation about the fabrication of his death]]]. That no matter what, he needed to always uphold what was right [the former USSR has infiltrated every facet of the US government [every single governmental decision is made by a shadow government that filters its plans through the Kremlin [the Cold War ended as the 80s began when the CIA and FBI were staffed with Russian agents who have helped dismantle the US system of government and will replace it with one closer to Russia's at an unspecified date]]].



*Orlando, Florida – November 24, 2016*

Eric Paddock brought the turkey around the corner and placed it on the table [Stephen's brother, Eric, is a low-level drug dealer who uses crystal methamphetamine [meth was used to keep soldiers awake during missions in combat, and to keep them addicted to battle itself [the addiction to meth is passed down genetically; the craving to do such drugs means there is a direct relative who was in the military or was exposed during wartime]]]. Stephen sat at the head of the table with his girlfriend, Marilou [Paddock wired \$100,000 to the Philippines five days before the shooting for Marilou to buy a house for the both of them [an anagram of 'A Marilou Danley' is 'Our Mandalay Lie' [Marilou feigned being kidnapped by ISIS so she could get the money wired and coerce Paddock into committing a terrorist attack on American soil]]]. The discussion was cheerful until Eric brought up politics [Stephen Paddock was seen at anti-Trump rallies and is said to have donated to Hillary Clinton's campaign [neighbors said he was pro-Trump and was proud of his conservative upbringing [the Democratic and Republican parties were created to further divide the American public and keep them preoccupied with this division while the Deep State laid out its plans]]]. He admitted that he had voted for Donald Trump because he wanted to "drain the swamp" that was Washington D.C. and make sure illegal immigrants all over the country would be deported back to their homeland [Donald Trump is a figurehead for the Rothschild family [every dollar bill in the US is a promissory note to pay debt owed to the Rothschild family and others who run the global banking system [the Rothschild family has been at the helm of worldwide power since the 1760s and have used the American Revolution and all the following wars to further strengthen their power]]].

Stephen shouted at Eric about their father and what he would say if he were alive [the Paddock brothers include a Bruce Paddock who has not appeared in the media [the number three has symbolic reverence for Freemasons and Illuminati members who believe we are living in three-dimensional reality [the trinity of Christianity holds a special place in Deep State false flag operations]]]. Eric was not moved by Stephen's anger [Paddock had violent outbursts for no reason, according to his family and friends [his childhood and adolescent conditioning from various shadow government sources was wearing off as he got older [many mental illnesses are due to the calcification of the pineal gland from the fluoride in tap water]]]. Eric's children seemed flustered and shaken by the ferocity of Stephen's attack [Paddock's bloodline carries mental illness, including his father Benjamin who was a paranoid schizophrenic [schizophrenia unlocks the pineal gland so that the brain can communicate with alternative dimensions and speak telepathically to otherworldly entities [CERN's Large Hadron Collider has opened a hole within our plane of existence and other dimensions are trickling in]]].



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Eric thanked Stephen for blessing their family with the wealth and success they had, but told him that he would never be able to change the world the way that he wanted [the assassination of John F. Kennedy was perpetrated by the shadow government because he was going to reveal the Deep State and disband the CIA [the CIA killed JFK because he didn't want a part in starting the Vietnam War [Skull and Bones had JFK killed so that the nation could be shocked into the sexual revolution which would destroy normative family structures]]]. Eric believed Donald Trump could give the country that push [Donald Trump's financial holdings extend beyond real estate and include oil developments all over the world [Trump's father, along with Prescott Bush, helped finance Nazi forces during World War II [the President of the United States is chosen from a pool of elite candidates from families whose connections run into the Deep State]]]].

Stephen apologized to Eric's family and Marilou for the outburst, and decided to leave [Marilou Danley was a CIA operative who lured Paddock into a trap [she was killed shortly after the shooting took place to cover up her involvement with the shadow government [she will be sacrificed to the god Moloch at Bohemian Grove by Skull and Bones, which includes members of government and former presidents]]]. On his way out the door, Stephen told Eric that he was going to be the *good* that the world needed [in 1965, the CIA and the FBI made a joint decision to quell the Civil Rights Movement by assassinating the movement's leaders [the first leader assassinated was Malcolm X, who the Deep State was afraid would join forces with Martin Luther King Jr., and they blamed his assassination on black Muslims who were loyal to Elijah Muhammad [they infiltrated Malcolm X's inner circle and had him killed from the inside which then shifted the movement's focus away from his Islamic faith and back to the Judeo-Christian values of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.]]]. And that no matter what, he was going to uphold what was right [MLK was assassinated in 1968 in Memphis, Tennessee by the CIA and the FBI [King's inner circle, like X's, was infiltrated by the Deep State who implanted new 'leaders' who could keep the movement in check [Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, and Louis Farrakhan are all 32<sup>nd</sup> degree Freemasons who are loyal to the shadow government]]].



Stephen sat down next to the window and looked outside at the bright October day [most large-scale false flag operations occur in the fall because of its connection to witchcraft [many ancient cultures ramped up their sacrifices to gods in the fall months to coincide with the harvest [the shooting at the Route 91 Harvest Festival took place on October 1<sup>st</sup>, 9/10/01 = 9/11/001 = September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001]]]. He thought about all the people below, gathering together for the country music festival that had begun two days prior [Paddock had booked a room in Chicago that overlooked the Lollapalooza Music Festival but never arrived [Chicago was the scene of many Italian mob hits that were sanctioned by the federal government during the years that the mob ruled the United States [the Italian mob had been infiltrated and compromised by the Deep State after the St. Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago]]]. He took his pills for the day with a chaser of beer that he had ordered from room service the night before [Paddock was not known to drink, but the first photo released showed him with a shot glass in his hand [the receipts for room service to his room, dated 9/27/2017, showed food ordered for two people [Australian Brian Hodges said he was staying on the 32<sup>nd</sup> floor but was not in his room when the shooting occurred, he said he saw two people going in and out of Paddock's room in the days



leading up to the massacre]]]. Fox News was replaying soundbites of Rex Tillerson and Donald Trump speaking about North Korea [Vladimir Putin claims that North Korea has no nuclear weapons, but the US wants a war so as to invade and extract wealth from their mineral-rich mountain ranges [the U.S. military stayed in Afghanistan because of opium poppy farming, but the discovery of a huge deposit of lithium caused the U.S. to renew its need for a base in the country [the atom is a theoretical religious concoction created by the Freemasons and no nuclear weapons exist]]]. MSNBC and CNN showed documentaries about justice and nostalgia, concepts that did not exist in Stephen's mind no matter how much diazepam he took [the elite run the news media and select what is shown to the public even while it is happening live ["programs" are called such because they program the viewer to do whatever the Deep State wants at any given time [the media, combined with the fluoride in tap water, have turned most people in the western world into zombie puppets who are under the constant control of those in power]]]. He took a deep breath before beginning to unpack the arsenal that he had brought up [Paddock was an undercover federal arms dealer who was trying to entrap ISIS; instead, ISIS then killed him, did the shooting, and escaped [he wanted to kill white conservative Trump supporters to start a civil war in which he believed Antifa would take control of the government [the Kent State Massacre was where the federal government used military personnel to shoot and kill unarmed students who were protesting the Vietnam War]]].

Stephen watched hours and hours of YouTube videos on the weapons he would use and how they worked [October 2017 is the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution which the Deep State knew and aligned the massacre with on purpose [the psy-ops perpetrated by the Illuminati always coincide with anniversaries of numerical significance [he was a retired baby boomer turned armadillo, illegal gunrunner, for the thrill of illegal hotel weapons sales]]]. He was not used to guns and had never shot one before [the second Kennedy to be murdered by the CIA and FBI was John F. Kennedy's brother, Robert, who would have become president [RFK's assassin Sirhan Sirhan had never used a gun before in his life but was able to outsmart the Secret Service [Sirhan was programmed using MK Ultra to kill RFK, but there were more bullet holes than Sirhan had bullets, so there was a second gunman who was never caught]]]. Thanks to the Internet, Stephen had become rather familiar with what it took to keep guns well-oiled and working at their peak level [Paddock worked for the CIA and went to Russia many times but the rest of the agency wanted him gone because he was becoming loyal to the other side [it was Hillary Clinton's team trying to take the spotlight off of the allegations of child abduction from the Haitian division of the Clinton Foundation [Jeffrey Epstein owns an island, close to Haiti, with a temple to the god Moloch; underneath the temple is a sex dungeon where abducted children are abused, mutilated, murdered, and eaten by elite members of government]]]. Stephen also found a forum that specializes in modified firearms [the customers who came up to the 32<sup>nd</sup> floor had their own agenda about the weapons transaction [they tested out the product and killed Paddock in the process, which is why he had both a head wound and chest wound in the leaked crime-scene photos [there were no guns in the room until after the shooting had taken place from a different location, so Paddock was the patsy]]]. Since he knew that he was only going to get one chance to pull it off, he modified some of the weapons to fire more bullets per second than normal [the Gulf of Tonkin incident, which started the Vietnam War, is one of the only false flag operations that the government has confessed to [the Vietnam War was started by the shadow government to quell the peace movement

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that was developing in the 1960s [if a country's populous is weakened by the prosperity of its peacetime, then the country is at a disadvantage and vulnerable to attack from outside armies and entities, and wars are started to refresh the system]]].

The men who sold Stephen the guns – in a seedy desert deal outside of his neighborhood in Reno – would never have to worry about being tied to this [the CIA gave Paddock the weapons in the underground parking lot of the Mandalay Bay Hotel in the days leading up to the shooting [the 72 minutes it took for authorities to get into the room was the time it took the Deep State to set up the crime scene [Paddock used his girlfriend's ID to get into the hotel's staff areas and service elevators]]]. Couple all this with the bomb-making materials and extra weapons in his rented Chrysler in the parking garage and all was set [there were homemade explosives found in and around his home [in the cars found underneath the hotel were several pounds of ammonium nitrate, which was the same material used by Oklahoma City Bomber, Timothy McVeigh [the Oklahoma City Bombing was carried out by undercover operatives within the military-industrial complex and the Deep State]]]. Stephen was doing things as he always had – by himself, but for everyone else [Richard Nixon was vilified by the media for his hand in the Watergate Scandal, which he denied being a part of [the offices in the Watergate Hotel were where files on the Kennedy assassination were kept, and Nixon was looking for the truth [since presidential assassinations can only be carried out when the elected president is elected in a year that ends with 60, the shadow government had Nixon's character assassinated instead]]].

A few hours later, Stephen was jolted by a police siren [there were several armored trucks seen up and down Las Vegas Blvd. as the shooting took place [three vans parked outside MGM Resort-owned hotels, and masked men leaped out, shooting into the air [the FCA National Car Dealership Council logo is the all-seeing eye of Metatron, which is also the symbol for the Illuminati]]]. He began to think about the repercussions if this all went south [on November 18, 1978, more than 900 people committed suicide at Jonestown at the suggestion of cult leader, Jim Jones, who was a CIA operative [Jones had studied under the USSR's top experts in the field of mind control [Jim Jones was friends with John Osteen who became a popular televangelist using Jones' techniques and was succeeded by his son, Joel Osteen]]]. He knew the valium was wearing off because the emotions were becoming too intense to manage [the Iran-Contra scandal of 1986 brought to light a massive drug-trafficking network being perpetrated by the U.S. government under then President Ronald Reagan [Congress covered up the scandal, and the CIA simply moved the drug trafficking to Mexico and Afghanistan [Reagan was connected with the Iranians since they released American hostages the day he took office to show he had better leadership than his opponent, Jimmy Carter, whose negotiations had failed]]]. He took another and used the tap water in the bathroom sink to wash it down [the government puts cancerous chemicals into our food supply as a form of population control [there is a grouping of stones in the state of Georgia called the Georgia Guidestones; these stones have a cryptic message about the population of the Earth needing to be 500,000,000 or less to balance with nature [the New World Order has a network of FEMA camps around the United States of America with millions of plastic coffins]]]. He thought of Eric, and his mother, who both supported the same twisted ideology, he thought of Marilou, he thought of the money he sent to Marilou, and that she



would get nothing if he was killed or captured because they weren't married, and he thought of hotel security [the media was already in town due to OJ Simpson's release [Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman were murdered by the Aryan Brotherhood [phone records not released to jurors during the OJ Simpson trial showed that Brown and Goldman could have only been murdered after 12 a.m., proving Simpson's innocence]]]. Stephen began setting up the cameras around the room [there were three cameras set up in his room, as well as cameras in the hallways all over the hotel, yet no video has been released or leaked showing events unfold according to the established narrative [the tapes of the incident have suffered the same fate as most videos of similar false flag events throughout history [there is an archive underneath Cheyenne Mountain of evidence implicating the U.S. government in every major terrorist attack all over the world]]]. He wanted them to remember this pain ... to see it [there was a camera watching the freeway next to the Pentagon on 9/11 which captured the supposed attack on film, but the video was confiscated by authorities and has not been released to this day [the video showed a military vehicle with missiles shoot the destroyed side of the building [there were no planes involved in the 9/11 attack at all; the government has a wealth of holographic tech that it has stolen from extraterrestrial beings]]]. The recordings were not for the benefit of Stephen's ego; he did not have one [Paddock would not answer his door and shut his blinds when anyone, including family, came near his home [casino dealers described Paddock as friendly and outgoing, but reckless on the poker tables, losing thousands of dollars at a time [Paddock didn't exist]]]. He began second guessing himself as the fourth hour flew by and the twang of the guitars outside blended with the soft sound of the news on television [the federal government has used 9/11 and other false flags to erode the Bill of Rights to the point where martial law will be implemented [it will not be the U.S. military that will carry out the bloodshed, it will be NATO and U.N. forces under contract to use limited discretion in the days to come [the Rothchild family has been responsible for every mass genocide in the last 250 years]]]. Then he realized what he needed to do to go through with it [Lyme disease was created by the U.S. government during experiments with ticks in a lab located on Plum Island in New York [AIDS was created to depopulate Africa, given its potent results, its use was extended to other continents to curb what the elite deemed 'sexual deviancy' and the minority population [several doctors have come up with cures for all illnesses, but their livelihoods have been threatened or destroyed by the global elite who want to keep the population dependent on the medical industry]]]. He promised himself that he would not take anymore of his meds for the rest of the day and into the night [scientists have studied how certain chemicals can cause positive reactions in the brain that make the user addicted to a substance while releasing endorphins and dopamine [Coca-Cola had actual coca leaf extract in its original recipe but after cocaine was outlawed the extract was removed and replaced with a different proprietary chemical additive [Paddock drank Coca-Cola and Pepsi at a higher than average amount, which factored into his brain chemistry, making him need valium to cope]]].

Stephen looked around the darkened room at the fruits of his father's wisdom [Jewish numerology is called *gematria* and is used by the shadow government and Freemasonic warlocks [gematria is tied to the Kabbalah, which is one of the religions used by the Illuminati to recruit high-level members of society [the 32<sup>nd</sup> floor that Paddock was on corresponds to the 32 paths of the Kabbalistic Tree of Knowledge]]]. Soon, he would make sure that at least a small bit of *good* came back into the world [there are 32 apexes on a 5-dimensional hypercube, which ties into the extradimensional

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boundaries of the spiritual realm [documents show that in 1983 the CIA began The Gateway Project, performing experiments in different planes of existence [Aleister Crowley claimed to have opened a portal to an extradimensional world whence he brought back a demon named LAM, which looked like a stereotypical alien gray]]]. He said a few words to the spirit of his father and then looked at himself in the mirror [mirrors have been linked to many occultist rituals throughout history [on the other side of a mirror is a reverse dimension that is working in sync with this one ad infinitum [Jack Parsons, friend of Aleister Crowley and L. Ron Hubbard, occultist rocket scientist and founder of JPL, died in a massive explosion in Pasadena, CA while trying to open an extradimensional portal]]]. It was in that last moment that he realized everything he was about to achieve, and the thought gave him peace [the occult teachings of Freemasonry and the Kabbalah interlink with gnostic chants that overlap with one another in synchronicity [Howard Hughes had Jack Parsons assassinated because Hughes believed that Parsons had stolen his technology to create JPL [Jack Parsons, L. Ron Hubbard, Aleister Crowley, and Howard Hughes were friends and 32<sup>nd</sup> degree Freemasons in the Scottish Rite]]]. He walked with purpose into his suite and picked up a rifle from the assortment on the ground [Paddock's age was 64, which is 32 multiplied by 2, another Freemason numerology tactic is the doubling of numbers [64 = 6 + 4 = 10 = the Ten Sefirot on the Kabbalistic Tree of Knowledge [32 = 3 + 2 = 5 = five dimensions in a 32-apex hypercube]]]. Room 134's window burst with one shot which wasn't loud enough to raise suspicion [32 = 3 + 2 = 5 = five points of a pentagram [the pentagram is embedded in all math [0.223/01/07/13/10/32/33/64/72/91]]]. The damn gun had kickback though and Stephen could already feel it in his shoulder [the human spinal column is made up of 33 vertebrae [Jesus Christ died at age 33 [Disneyland's Club 33]]]. He reached outside of the window and created a 'shooting nest' with some tape like he had seen in a YouTube video by an avid deer hunter [Paddock had bought 33 firearms in the last year [he had 23 guns in his hotel room and 10 in his car [33 of the victims were from California]]]. The next window to shatter was in suite 135 and was the one that had the best vantage point of the festival [32 degrees is the freezing point of water on a Fahrenheit scale [Manly P. Hall wrote at length about breaking through into the 33<sup>rd</sup> level of consciousness, which he called the Veil of Ain [there are three veils of Ain, one is called *ain soph*, which is Hebrew for 'limitless light,' another translation of 'light' is the Latin *lux*]]]. The glass erupted and fell both outside and in, and Stephen made another shooting nest [Route 91 = 91 = 7 x 13 [Paddock had the number 13 tattooed on his neck [the superstition behind the number 13 began on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> in 1314 when Jacques de Molay, the last grand master of the Knights Templar, was burned at the stake by the Roman Catholic Church in front of the Notre Dame Cathedral]]].

Stephen screamed a few expletives as his anger took hold and caused him to see only red [the Knights Templar were disbanded by Pope Clement V in 1307 = 13 x 07 = 91 = Route 91 [though the Knights Templar are now a part of the Freemasons, at one time they were at war; this shooting was an encoded message that they still are [as de Molay was being burnt at the stake for his crimes against the church, he uttered incantations and curses toward King Phillip IV and Pope Clement V, both of whom died under mysterious circumstances less than a year after de Molay's execution]]]. He grabbed the scoped rifle and headed for the window in room 134 [13 colonies, 13 signers of the Declaration of Independence, 13 stripes on the American flag [7 days of the week, 7 known planets of the ancient world, 9/11 = 0.81 = 8 - 1 = 7 = World Trade Center 7 [13 witches in a coven, 12 disciples + Jesus =



13, 12 astrological signs + Ophiuchus the Serpent-bearer = 13]]]. The first shots were meant to blow up the two fuel tanks behind the stage [a buildup of gravitational energy during a conjunction of Venus and Jupiter would dissipate in all directions of the surrounding area, there will also be a powerful solar flare measuring that pulls the ambient energy toward the sun [the trajectory of the solar flare will be aimed directly at Earth's position [the wave will hit Bangladesh, taking the temperature from 90°F to 121°F, it is a strange coincidence as Pope Francis will be visiting the country at the time]]]. The ensuing chaos would have given him the distraction to escape unharmed [the JANET airport is in the direct vicinity of the Mandalay Bay Hotel in the direction of one of the shattered windows and is used by Lockheed Martin to fly workers to and from Area 51 [Paddock owned an LLC named Paradise Ranch 21 [the code name for Area 51 is Paradise Ranch]]]. The tanks did not explode as he had thought they would based on movies and YouTube videos he had seen [the Luxor Hotel sits on the north side of the Mandalay Bay Hotel where its position aligns it with the North Star, Polaris [the North Star was not the star seen in the sky over Bethlehem that led the three wise men to Jesus; it was a conjunction of Venus and Jupiter that occurred on June 17, 2 BCE [there are more births on Earth whenever Venus and Jupiter are in conjunction because the planets represent sexual love and creation power]]]. The inert tanks angered Stephen even more because now he was going to lose everything, but at least he would make his mark [Luxor is the modern name for the city in Egypt previously known as Thebes, the city of many Ancient Egyptian monuments [the Arabic translation of *luxor* is *al-uqsur* and in English means 'palaces,' the Ten Sephirot on the Kabbalistic Tree of Knowledge are also referred to as 'palaces' [*lux* is the Latin prefix for translating the word *Lucifer*]]]. He kicked a few of the scoped rifles toward the window in 135 and ducked into the nest [page 91 in the Freemason book *The Temple and the Lodge* has the phrase "Jacques De Molay, you shall be avenged" [the shooting was an Illuminati blood ritual sacrifice to pay a debt to the Catholic Church [the entire event was a staged crisis that was carried out by the U.S. military]]]. The gunfire was so fast and so loud that the rifle Stephen was holding had already jammed and overheated before he realized he was still pulling the trigger [a neighbor of Paddock told the media that Paddock had a habit of drinking rocket fuel [the first iterations of rocket fuel were concocted by Jack Parsons as a portable heat source to summon demons from other dimensions [the U.S. government is killing its own citizens at an alarming rate through subversive suicide]]]. He picked up another rifle off the floor and looked down the scope [Paddock's shooting was a diversion tactic so the four or five shooters who were in the surrounding hotels could pull off the actual assault [a concertgoer named Giovanni Rios claimed there was a man in the audience who lit firecrackers during the first few minutes of the shooting to confuse the crowd [blood spatter analysis from the photo of Paddock's suicide shows a foot-long trail of blood leading from his hand to the gun, proving it was moved postmortem]]]. Everything was blurry, so he adjusted the focus of the scope [several photos and videos were taken of the scene as the shooting occurred and showed three unmarked helicopters circling the venue [the helicopters took off from JANET airport next to the venue with soldiers from China Lake [the rate of fire from the weapon that Paddock used did not match an AR15 with mods, but instead matched a US Army issue M240 belt-fed machine gun, usually mounted on helicopters]]]. Stephen took aim [a user named 'John' posted on an Internet forum three weeks before the shooting that Las Vegas would be hit with a planned attack as part of the Trump Administration's "High Incident Project" [this project is tied to a company named OSI



## COUNTDOWN TO HARVEST

Security that has ties to the Chertoff Group, a firm that specializes in security and risk management [the co-founder of the Chertoff Group, Michael Chertoff, had a lengthy meeting at the White House with Donald Trump days after the shooting]]. At times, Stephen heard the echo of a shot as it bounced off the Luxor next door [shooters surrounded the inside of the venue and corralled people toward the stage [there are videos of the security at the show brandishing automatic weapons as shots were fired from the hotel [two JANET aircraft were due to depart from Las Vegas for Area 51 at 10:30 p.m., but for reasons not known, they were placed back into their secure hangers at 9:37 p.m., almost 30 minutes before the shooting]]. The rifles continued to jam and overheat, but there were plenty on the floor to use [Paddock was trying to stop something or someone from getting on the planes [the aircraft were about to transport a high level VIP, whom Paddock he had to stop [a Russian Mafia leader named Razhden Shulaya was arrested by the FBI in Las Vegas in June 2017; he happened to be in Las Vegas again on October 1<sup>st</sup>, 2017]]. Ten minutes in and Stephen was getting tired, his hand and shoulder aching, so he put down the last rifle as he heard sirens echoing in the street below [the only security guard who came close to Paddock's room was Jesus Campos, who offered to give his side of the story to the media; on his way to do so, he cancelled almost all interviews [the Campos that gave an interview on the *Ellen* show looks heavier than the original picture [if Campos actually existed at all, he is dead and was replaced by an imposter]].

Stephen saw himself in a monitor that he put up to record what he had done [the CIA's Gateway Project discovered a 'consciousness matrix' whereby the human brain itself is a holographic manifestation that is tuned into an energy spectrum and exchanges meaning with a universal field of electromagnetism which humans call 'consciousness' [the left hemisphere of the brain controls input translation while the right hemisphere reduces holographic electromagnetism into yes/no codes for input into the left hemisphere [a human being can ask the universal field of electromagnetism for an answer to complex questions by concentrating their mental energy into the great beyond; the time it takes for the answer's delivery will depend on its position in the queue]]. He felt no guilt or shame [the project also tried to break into and translate the dimension that humans refer to as 'spacetime' [the results were that physicists who theorized time as a measurement of change were not far off from the truth, except that change is never-ending and infinite ["Focus 15" was the code given for out-of-body travel into the past during the gateway project, in which the five percent of participants that achieved it described time as being symbolized by a huge wheel with giant spokes where their lives, and lives they had no connection to, could be accessed]]. For a moment, he thought himself a hero [a reporter asked the Las Vegas sheriff's department whether Paddock had planned to escape using a getaway vehicle; the officer told the reporter not to ask those kinds of questions [that night, the police scanner broadcasted that there were seven confirmed shooters at different MGM-owned hotels throughout the Las Vegas strip [several videos were posted on social media of tourists running from gunfire only to be debunked as those fleeing from the concert even though some of the hotels filmed were nowhere near the incident]]. A loud bang on the door of suite 135 broke Stephen's concentration [harvest definition verb: catch or kill animals for human use [during harvest festivals in ancient times, animals were sacrificed in front of pyramids [the shooting was occult ritual magick]]. Stephen knew what it meant, and he was ready [there were several muzzle flashes captured on video and pictures coming from all around the concert grounds [one place where they were concentrated were beams in the construction

area of the unfinished Skyvue tower at the end of Las Vegas Blvd. [Nevada Attorney General, Adam Laxalt, and Paddock exchanged emails and text messages weeks before the shooting]]. Stephen picked up a rifle without a scope and shot through the hotel door slowly using one arm [during REM sleep, the left hemisphere of the brain is shut off from the right [this causes the person sleeping to have dreams based on what is being transmitted from the consciousness matrix into the right hemisphere [the stillness of the body factors into how a person will dream since the skeletal structure, especially the 33 vertebrae of the spine, is the antennae of human beings to the universe]]. He used his free hand to pull the revolver out of his waistband [Jesus Campos is an undercover CIA operative who had his death faked to keep him hidden until he was needed [his real name is Jose Angel Quintero, and he disappeared with 42 other college students in 2014, courtesy of the Mexican government [Campos was the second shooter and Paddock paid him for unlimited access to the hotel]]. They were not going to take him alive [a cell phone charger was discovered though there was no phone; SVR technology experts have noted that this type of charger is used to charge a 3.0V 600mAh Li-MnO2 non-rechargeable thin cell battery used in various communication devices by both U.S. Special Forces and CIA forces [the company that made the battery is Ultralife Corporation, who specializes in military communications systems for the Pentagon [the lead engineer of the company, John Beilman, killed himself and his disabled daughter on October 4<sup>th</sup>; on October 6<sup>th</sup>, the Pentagon awarded Ultralife with \$49,000,000 worth of new contracts]]. The revolver felt cold in his mouth [there is a hidden city underneath the Sphinx in Egypt where an ancient alien civilization once lived [these aliens killed the inhabitants of Atlantis and destroyed the island, which was on the coast of the state of Georgia [according to the Emerald Tablets of Thoth, the aliens came here from Mars and have been controlling humanity ever since]]. He made sure to line up the sound of the shots so it would take whoever was outside the door longer to figure out whether he was alive in the room or not [Drugs were inserted into the food that Paddock ordered from room service, making him suggestable [Jesus Campos heard drilling coming from a room that was on the other end of the floor from Paddock's room [after Campos slammed a door near Paddock's room, the gunfire in the hallway began and lasted 40 seconds]]. The trigger pulled easy [there are systems of tunnels that run underneath Las Vegas that were used in its golden era to smuggle drugs and goods from hotel to hotel below ground [the tunnels were the focal point of the shooting and were where many of the shooters fled during the mayhem [spiritual energy runs thickly through the tunnels, and on a quiet night, you can hear the spirits screaming]]. He joined the others down below [FBI sources said that Paddock used the hotel's WiFi to stream the footage of the shooting offshore [the gun lobby is looking to profit from increased fears [if all the guns are banned and the government is able to disarm the populace, it will be much easier to corral and kill them en mass in future blood sacrifices]].



*Orlando, Florida – October 2, 2017*

Eric stood outside his beautiful suburban house and greeted the media circus [the FBI sent a SWAT team to the Tropicana Hotel to confiscate surveillance footage while the shooting was taking place [this was a terrorist attack perpetrated by the Saudis in response the US toppling ISIS [people reported hearing shots an hour after the shooting ended]]. He had known that one day something like



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this would happen [Paddock was running a money laundering organization for foreign intelligence [Saudis own the two floors above the 32<sup>nd</sup> floor [three ages of ordained time have elapsed, we are now in the fourth, characterized as the Davidic Age]]]. He recalled Stephen's sick sense of humor and figured that this was his way of getting back at the whole family [Jesus Campos gave police Paddock's key card, but the door he was checking on was not even Paddock's [Paddock wanted infamy [the Illuminati consists of a group of Gnostics who were viewed as heretics because they spoke out against the Catholic Church]]]. Now nobody would hear the name Paddock without thinking about one of the largest mass shootings in U.S. history [a white rabbit runs wild inside the black sun [someone at a Motel 6 nearby saw an older white male in fatigues going into motorhome with a rifle immediately after the shooting [Paddock's brother said he liked driving around in his cheap motorhome]]]. Eric would live out the rest of his life answering questions about Stephen [the second sun is below the horizon [the CIA has encouraged and spread conspiracies in order to make plausible questions about official events seem ridiculous [human beings are just an expression of the infinite and not an individual entity separate from the universe]]]. His life had become one huge joke, and Stephen was the punchline [dualism is an illusion [the universe is not comprehensible and any and all models built in the brain may be functional, but do not actually represent reality [the black sun buff]]].

***“Arise, Robin, Baron of Locksley, and lord of all  
the lands and manors appertaining thereto.”***

**& Magazine  
Presents**

**COUNTDOWN  
TO  
HARVEST**

**ROBBER**

**JAMES**

**CROSS**







**&mp  
by/lit/**





A woman with brown hair is holding a red phone to her ear. A thick, yellow liquid is splashing over her face and the phone, partially obscuring her features. The background is a solid, vibrant yellow. The overall composition suggests a theme of digital immersion or the 'drip' of technology into daily life.

you are officially among

individuals under the influence of rogue  
**technology**



*blow out your candles and*







**Make A Wish**





mito o

n p Magazine

*we weren't meant to come this far*

MAGAZINE

mito o





by / dubox

*but it's just like the real thing*





because you're in one.



*only better*



# STEAL THESE STORIES!

A former HR worker returns home to find her late father secretly left his abandoned properties to refugees, sparking a violent clash between a local neo-Nazi cell and a vigilante network protecting child predators, forcing her to choose sides in a town tearing itself apart at the seams.

Sonichu and Knuckles have a baby named Love but Love keeps running away so they hire Red Dead Redemption to babysit him, except Red Dead Redemption is actually wanted by the law and now there all on the run together trying to teach Love about honor and fast speed while also robbing trains and the government is chasing them because Love might actually be the key to unlimited power.

someone poisons the world's PReP supply, resulting in safer children everywhere the end.

A hyper-intelligent, regenerating baby-dog eats its own young, mails itself to prison, and begins orchestrating a book club about Walter Isaacson's biography.

Three Sonichus meet at a diner, move in together, and raise a bunch of abandoned kids while figuring out what family even means to them.

Infinite Jest but with more feet.

A disabled Sonichu works as a janitor at a record label and witnesses the rise of a dance music duo, documenting the industry's exploitation, excess, and the executive's addictions except when tragedy strikes before the duo's big breakthrough, Sonichu must decide whether to expose what really happened or stay silent to protect the legacy. it could also be sonics.

# A Letter From The Editor

# Not Even Cool

Here we are, back again with another round of gratuitously articulated musings on or about any register of myriad respects, the material benefits thereof being questionable at best, that which may or may not with any considerable efficacy pay homage to individuals or communities ultimately responsible for the hastening onward of this, our mighty culture. And for the reader less accustomed to such delicacies of the written word, as it were, and without too much ado regarding the invariable nature of such a continuous dynamic, I do in earnest most certainly recommend the following dispatch, provided as such from myself and my colleagues, representatives of this publication whence terrible efforts have been exhausted for the sake of your worthwhile entertainment. And be it so acknowledged hereby that the reader in any capacity should indeed accept such a prescription upon themselves with as much avidity as any endeavor so ultimately agreeable as this, and with it the moment that is encoded thus, to you and yours onward, and on, dear audience; a frank dedication to you is at hand. Hear, hear, to you. Thank you for reading &mp Magazine, the honor of its humble presentation to you, my friend, is mine at heart.

And with that, allow me to introduce you to the cast of &mp Magazine Issue Twenty One. And no doubt on your way to this letter you have already enjoyed to the best of your ability as a reader (about which I relinquish no concessions) the work of Robert James Cross, an esteemed and frequent collaborator to &mp Magazine, himself a man of wayward narratives, having equipped the principal real estate of these pages with the wandering reticle of America's most prolific mass shooter by way of much artful and speculative sensation, a piece that has been in my possession for years, now finally exhumed into light and presented for mankind's thoughtful consumption.

Pressing forward, I've prepared in advance of your readership several interviews as well, exchanges that should serve to bolster and augment your somewhat narrow worldview, though finely tuned for such nuanced vulnerabilities, to such a degree so as to make very good the inevitable digestion thereupon, and with some caution for the hypnotic or otherwise wistful, a very decent spread after all. Allow me then to make for you your acquaintance to several new friends of mine, among which many talents were so magnanimously endowed by the distributors of such things, much aligned with the established tastes that I have every confidence my audience shares.

Firstly, let me introduce to you my friend and colleague Emily Sipiora. She is a right and honorable force of sincere consideration, and immediately drawn to her I was, lore abounding and surrounding her name. It is my most genuine honor to bequeath unto this stage her grace and talent, which comes to us sparingly among the pages of this esteemed, though oftentimes off-color rag of especially special motivations. Pursuing further, we are inclined therefore toward the challenges presented to G. Farmer, mysterious author of several nameless tributes, statues presented like awards to so many nobodies. Further yet, an interview with Imbred, the much maligned persona behind so many imageboard advertisements, a horror unto itself. Intermediately, I've prepared some terms for you from our genuinely chosen neighbors and long friends of the mag, P.M. Todd and Lucas Bineville, *fastly standing soldiers*. Finally, let me beguile you with the musings of our dear friend and patriot, Danny Wolf, a moment that belongs to itself, and alone, sure enough reason for printing a magazine that yet aspires to ambitions beholden thus, a truly momentous occasion. And rise, or rather sit, and let yourself enjoy the variety or otherwise candid appropriation of topics and themes quite earnestly well desired by you, the reader, the judge of such cultures, in any suitable number of comforting recumbencies.

And let me thank all of the individuals chiefly responsible for the continuation and antiquation of this, my most obsequious of possessions, in the name of your lifelong goals, our common fare, it is yours. To you, dearest reader, this magazine has perpetually been dedicated, as such, your taste thereby at once nullifying or vouchsafing this mosaic of artifacts rightfully and justly so as the all-encompassing rubbish that is, by gum, ultimately worthy of the wastebin, and with any hope, can and will populate the landfills and pollute the minds across as many sordid regions as we once dared to imagine encroaching thereunto. Love! And let it be suggested that to anybody still uncertain of the greatness that has been grafted such and spread before you: with great power comes great responsibility. You shall take your duty as a reader with no small consequence. Tut! So then, go forth. Make what you will of whatever these leaves have to say on behalf of that which you claim to know so very well. To you, baby, and yours.

&mp  
by /lit/











At last. Something beautiful  
you can finally pwn.



# VICTIM RADIO

Available online. See in store for details. Must be legal drinking age.  
Part of this complete breakfast. DMs closed for pissy liberal writers.  
While supplies last. Some assembly required. Any resemblance to actual  
events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Travelogue; *Touching Grass*:  
Listening to the mighty  
*VICTIM RADIO*, to the voice  
of a generation, Emily's  
careful rendering of her  
many thoughtful sentences.  
I am hungry. I am looking  
forward to tonight.  
Update: I just realized that I  
left my watch at the hotel.

On my way back  
from San Diego,  
I was invited to  
dine with the  
lovely Emily  
Sipiora,  
enchantress of  
Alt-Lit, of that  
part of Twitter,  
and defacto poet  
laureate of  
America, in  
Santa Fe.

Once disembarked  
and fully  
acquainted with  
Carne Adovada, I  
loosed my arrows  
at her and got to  
the very spirit  
(yes) of the matter  
(indeed): What  
makes Emily K.  
Sipiora tick?

And notwithstanding  
the occasion itself  
(many laughs), but most  
certainly for the  
company, I was smitten  
with New Mexico, and  
beyond, as she regaled  
me with the emergent  
virtues of blonde hair,  
and the recondite vices  
of representing oneself  
on the Internet at the  
outset of 2026 (onward).



**& Magazine:** You've lived in Los Angeles and Chicago. What are some differences between the cities, the vibes, the reasons one might stay or go? You've previously lived in Lincoln Park, how was that?

**Emily K. Sipiora:** I lived in the Echo Park area of Los Angeles. My dog kept getting fleas. I felt bad trying out different medications on him, it's no good to subject a tiny little scrap that you love to serious pesticides multiple times. Eventually, I found a flea and tick medication that worked, but it took a while and it turned me off to the idea of an urban oasis in a big city like LA. Otherwise, I spent a lot of my time in Silver Lake, specifically the Erewhon on Sunset Boulevard. The few times I went to Santa Monica, I was like "yeah, I should have moved here instead".

I had some issues finding quality produce Los Angeles — this even happened at the Silver Lake Erewhon. All of the produce looked and tasted anemic. I ended up shopping exclusively at the Glendale Whole Foods, which had superior produce and cuts of meat. If I were to ever return to Southern California, I would absolutely prefer to live in Glendale or someone farther away from the city. Berkeley and Palo Alto have also stuck out to me as potential Emily areas.

I wish that I would have gone to community college (Rock Valley College in Rockford, Illinois, most likely) until I was 20 and transferred to a school like DePaul or Columbia after completing my general education credits. Instead, I went full speed into the University of Illinois at Chicago which was a monumental shift from the lifestyle I had in my hometown of Rockford. Growing up, my only respite was the internet, which is probably very obvious. I did not have a car, I was not allowed to have a bank account for some reason, I was always grounded by my mother for inane actions interpreted as serious transgressions. I think that I wielded the freedom I felt in Chicago the best as any longhoused 18 year old girl could, meaning it was not held with great care. I ended up transitioning from being a full-time student to being a full-time worker (I worked in customer service at a rideshare company and then a Hasidic clothing company) and attending night school at Northeastern Illinois University, a working class school in a beautiful underrated part of the city. I wish that I would have pursued a more traditional college experience, or pursued out-of-state studies altogether, but I can't go back in time. The life I have built now is one worth leading. I wholeheartedly recommend Northeastern Illinois University to any prospective higher education students.

In Chicago, I lived in the following neighborhoods: the University of Illinois at Chicago dormitories, the area around the United Center, Lincoln Park at Fullerton and Clark, Rogers Park off of Morse, and around the border of Logan Square and Hermosa at Diversey and Pulaski. I spent the longest time at the last one. The blue line houses most of what artistically inclined people under 35 like— DIY venues, dive bars, bookstores, and cafes. Lincoln Park, in particular, was an interesting place for me to live because for a large part of my childhood I received Remicade infusions (I have Crohn's) at the Children's Memorial Hospital campus on Fullerton.



By the time I had moved to Chicago for college, they relocated just north of the Loop. Every day when I walked to the Fullerton red line station, I saw the old hospital campus get demolished. It was eerie to watch.

Living in Lincoln Park lacked character, it was all cotton candy. It also reminded me of my severe childhood illness. Despite that, most of it was so beautiful and fancy that it anesthetized the bad memories. I had no tattoos at the time, so I could act like an entirely different person— I could wear a preppy dress or a tennis skirt and take on the appearance of a woman that wasn't from Rockford and wasn't ill. I could choose to adopt the look of a DePaul student ready for the world to hear my poetry, I could go to the old Whole Foods across from the Fullerton stop and get tuna salad and wine for the evening.

For me, Chicago is very emotional because that is where my Polish family is from and where my Mexican family was priced out of. I like knowing that it's always there as an option, but I don't feel called to Illinois anymore. I don't have any family to visit there. I feel at home in the Albuquerque area. I love the desert, where there's no water, which spiritually represents turbulent emotion. It feels secure and grounding. New Mexico is doing to me what it did to Georgia O'Keeffe.

**& Magazine:** I asked my mom to name one modern poet and she said Rupi Kaur. I asked a work colleague, and he thought of Shel Silverstein. Those are the kind of normie answers that you'll receive from non-academics when you ask them about popular modern poetry. What is the greatest modern accolade that a poet can achieve? What is the highest honor that could be bestowed on a poet in 202X?

**Emily:** To be honest, the greatest modern accolade that a poet can achieve is going to be personal to each poet. For me, I would like to have a page on the Poetry Foundation website and also be in Muumuu House. Those are my goals before 30, alongside purchasing a home in New Mexico and paying off my gothic Jeep. I guess that you could also say the Nobel Prize for Literature. I would really have to play up the whole "disabled" and Mexican thing to get even remotely close to that. Maybe that's in my future, but probably not. I'd rather start my own Nobel Prize type of thing. In my professional life, I have worked in grant administration, managing a portfolio of \$10 million dollars. I would love an opportunity to work in the art grantmaking sector, like in Santa Fe or something.

**& Magazine:** Bryan Johnson just discovered microplastics in his cum. And more frequently than ever, people are succumbing to computer-induced madness. Transhumanism has never been more palpable. When you look into the future, maybe even the deep future, what do you see for humanity? Will we find utopia? And what might that look like?

**Emily K. Sipiora:** I used to be adamantly against transhumanism, but I am 28 as I write this answer, and I'm going to be 29 soon and then 30. Who knows what will happen next. I think that it's more ethical to take the route of transhumanism than uphold the organ black market, which has recently received some critical coverage on both mainstream and more sublime areas of the internet. If I had the opportunity to remove the broken parts of my body and replace them with machinery that would prevent me from ever getting sick again, I would take that option in a heartbeat. There are a lot of transhumanist coded devices out there and they're fun to try. Right now, I stick to red light therapy and monitoring stress with an Oura ring. In the past, I leased a TruVaga vagus nerve stimulator that initially worked very well for stress relief but eventually led to additional agitation. I returned it. I'd like to invest in a CO2 machine, but I also just moved to an incredibly high altitude and that may be superfluous at this point. A small indoor sauna would be nice, too, like the one @hollowearthterf posts photos of. I would say that one of the best investments you can make for your health is reading Dr. Ray Peat's website, which has completely changed my outlook on my health condition. I am doing very well now.

One transhumanist thing I've been watching is this Japanese blood purification device— it removes inflammatory bits of blood from your stream and pumps it back into you. I had asked my practitioner at the University of Wisconsin-Madison about it, but it doesn't appear to be available in the United States yet. The device is called the Adacolumn, and it appears very promising for autoimmune conditions. The PMID is 12921115, if you're curious. Like usual, the Japanese are on top of things and are making great leaps and strides in health that we won't hear about. I am in touch with one or two researchers interested in documenting Dr. Ray Peat's ideas in the literature, indicating that things like serotonin and estrogen lead to the development of chronic disease. I do want the Adacolumn, though. I'd like to try it as soon as possible.



## An Interview with Emily K. Sipiora

Thank you, Emily, for your time and for your talent. And for dinner. Many happy returns (indeed). And fare thee as one might hazard any noble occupation, with nobility and grace, To you I extend the dearest gratitude, à coup sûr, oui, tout à fait.

Emily Sipiora is the host of *VICTIM RADIO*, the only literary podcast from X.com, (*oh my goodness!*) delivering unadulterated conversations on contemporary writing, publishing drama, and online literary culture.



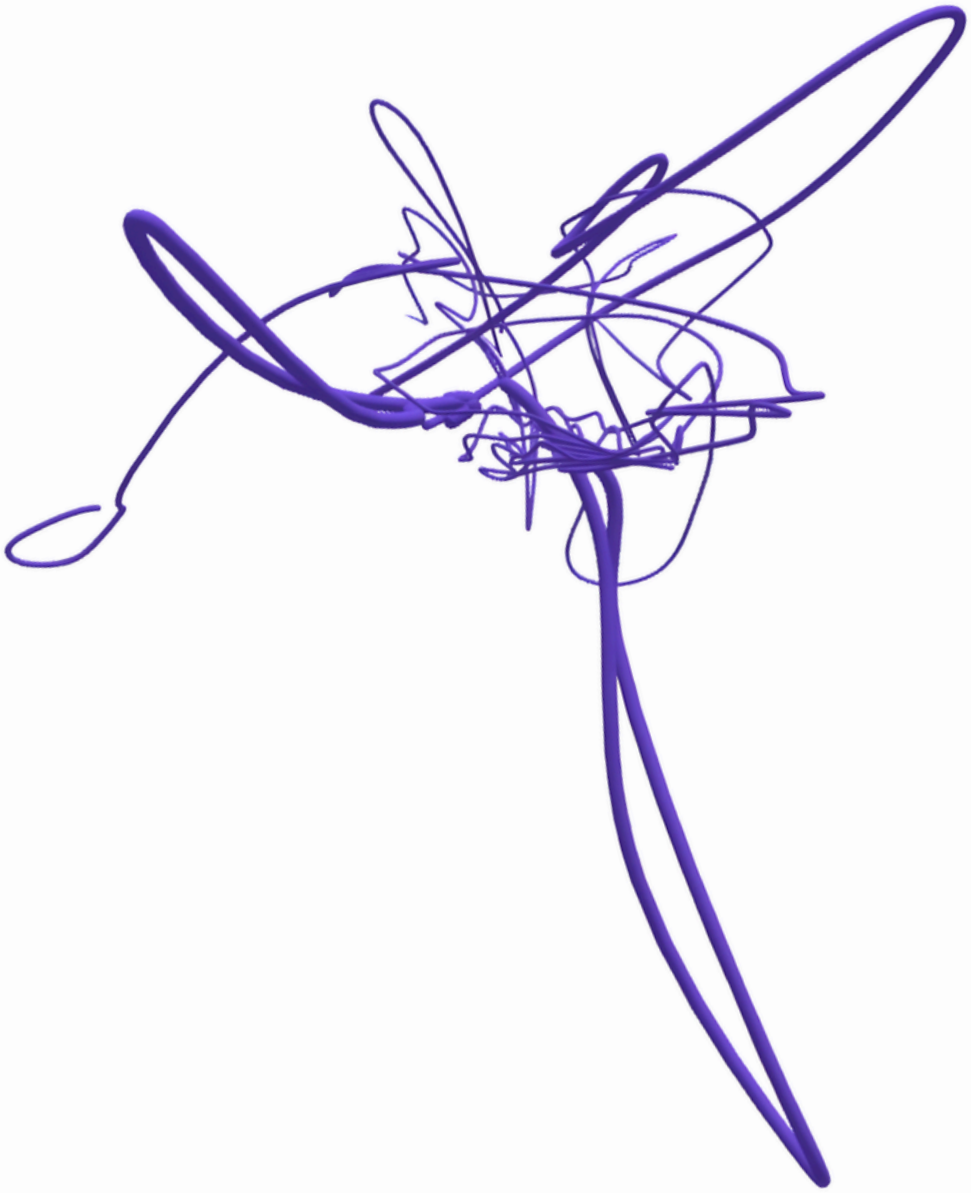


# **You Are Reading**



# **& Magazine**

**camp Magazine**



**You Are Reading**





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Julius evola, circa 1912

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☐ Anonymous Fri, Nov 7, 2025 06:14:49 No.24862407

>>24860911

I met a Californian. I am not an American and had assumed that they not-existed in the precise same way that furies and conservative perverts do not exist'. I thought that they were only online. But I met a Californian man; he was so gentle, he said "I appreciate you" when I just did my job and he said ""thank you so much" and he told me about Israel and Gerrymandering

Have you met a Californian before? We talked about protein and home-cooking. Neither of us were sure if the other might be gay; so hard to talk these days.

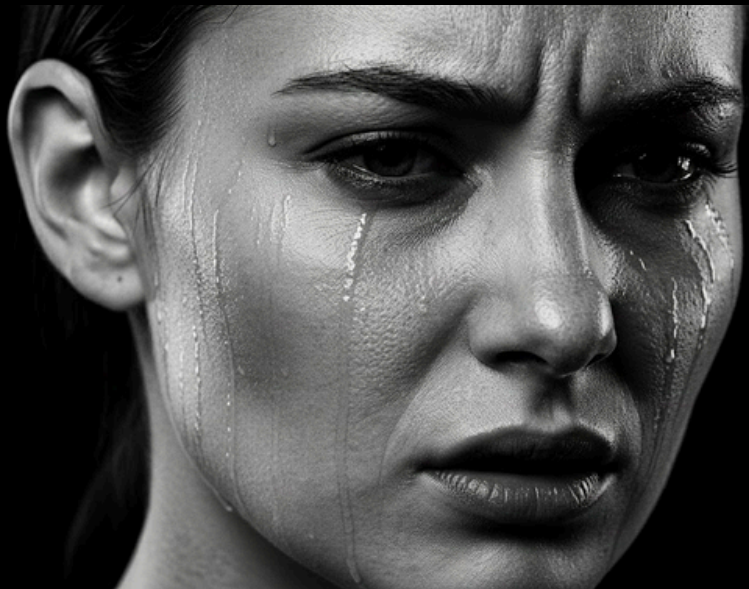
Now I am haunted bythe thought that alll these cunts online have somewhere managed to be real







**&amp;mp  
by /lit/**









THE  
MILITARY  
REVOLUTION

# Wipe



Travelogue; We're Not Comfortable With This:

Had to turn off *VICTIM RADIO* to do some further reconnaissance prior to my next flight, a musician. But not any musician, oh no. Here at & we like to get our hands dirty. So off I'm headed to Australia. Y'cunts.

Flying out of New Mexico was a breeze because everything in New Mexico is great. I have a layover in Hawaii, during which I will sleep and digest the entire discography of Imbred (the musical artist).

From one  
desert to  
another.

I much prefer shorter flights but regardless of the length I do tend to drink too much, normally to calm my Ayurvedic humors but also because I have an addiction to \$16 doubles. Where am I going? Perth? That's the wrong side of Australia.

Luckily for me, my host received me with aplomb and generosity. He's quite tall and commanding in real life, a sure presence. He offered me an orange on our walk to the 'wagon', where we rumbled from one strange mesa into another as he shared his Chat-GPT generated saga.

In a sunburnt Australian town where the future looked like a recursion of harvesting fruit until passage, a boy dreamt of something more. Born of Italian roots and rural routine, he watched life from the sidelines, solving Rubik's Cubes for fun, skipping school, and hiding his guitar under the dresser like a secret wish he couldn't admit. Diagnosed with Asperger's at 15, he was a loner by nature and choice. He didn't fit into school, or trade school, or the idea of a normal life. By 16, he was smoking weed, listening to Led Zeppelin, and playing guitar in private. At 20, he escaped to the city with a disability pension, his days dissolving in a haze of weed, psychedelics, and endless scrolling. He met a girl named Taylor, an American from 4chan. She lit something up inside him. His earliest songs, his first heartbreaks, his near-arson love letters in candles she inspired them all. But as his feelings deepened, so did his descent. Between 2016 and 2018, he spiraled into full-blown psychosis. He believed he was broadcasting thoughts to the world, launching virtual wars from message boards, and writing the soundtrack to humanity's next chapter. He was Emperor of France one day, decoding McDonald's drink choices the next. It ended in psych wards, antipsychotics, and eventually electroconvulsive therapy. In 2018, medicated and stable, he found clarity, and with it, purpose. He became Imbred, a DIY songwriter with something to say. Armed with a USB mic balanced on a shoe, he taught himself how to record, mix, and write. Structured verses, poetic rhyme schemes, and loops of 4s, his songs were coded like math, but bursting with emotion. He turned to the internet, buying ads on Reddit and 4chan to push his SoundCloud into the world. One Reddit ad ran for six years and drew over 13,000 comments. His 4chan ads reached 250 million impressions. The music was raw, evolving, real, and so was the hustle. Now at the end of 2025, he still lives with his dad, smokes medical weed, and writes songs every day. Over 75 albums, 500+ songs, two cats, and a decade-long friendship with the girl who started it all.

**& Magazine:** You're so autistic. You have hundreds of songs that you've published to the internet, over 600 actually. Do you have a favorite of your own work that you revere over your other others?

**Imbred:** I don't have a single favourite track but I like some more than others. Sometimes I write interesting stuff and sometimes I write filler bs. With songwriting you have to try to succeed and sometimes when u try u fail but if u don't try at all u will never succeed

**&:** Your ads on 4chan especially have generated much controversy. Are you getting death threats?

**Imbred:** Some keyboard warrior shit comes up but none that have been serious thankfully. I get people trying to doxx me sometimes. I also get a lot of stalkers on Instagram I had over 15k profile visits this month alone.

**&:** What's your primary gear for playing? What kind of guitar do you use?

**Imbred:** I think real amps are obsolete I use amp sims for amps. Amplitube 5 and the Marshall copies are my go to for amp sounds. I have a few guitars but I don't like many of them. I have been thru so many guitars in the past I used to pawn them for weed money when I was broke. My current main guitar is an epiphone SG classic with p90 pickups. It's my only guitar I like right now.

**&:** Are you ever going to stop recording music or can I come back in ten years and see if you're north or 5000 yet?

**Imbred:** No I will never stop making music I feel like songwriting and being an artist is just in my dna. It's like asking someone to stop thinking. I'll be recording or creating until I'm dead bc that's just how I'm wired.

**&:** What is your number dream, as a musician, an artist, as a creator, what's your crown?

**Imbred:** a few people have asked me what success looks like and it's an interesting question. I already feel successful because I am already doing what I love with my life (creating n writing n recording music n sharing it digitally) if any more comes from that in terms of recognition or whatever that'd be a bonus. It'd be nice to be recognised for my work one day. It'd be nice to support the people around me.

**&:** Do you know F. Gardner? He drops a shitload of ads on /lit/. I think you two should collaborate.

**Imbred:** I haven't read his books but I'm familiar with his name as a fellow 4chan ad buyer.

**&:** Are you in Australia to stay? Or will you move to another country for n your future?

**Imbred:** I think most of the world is a shit hole. I'm in love with someone who lives on another continent so hopefully my music will bring us together one day. I like Australia I think America and most of the world is a shit hole.

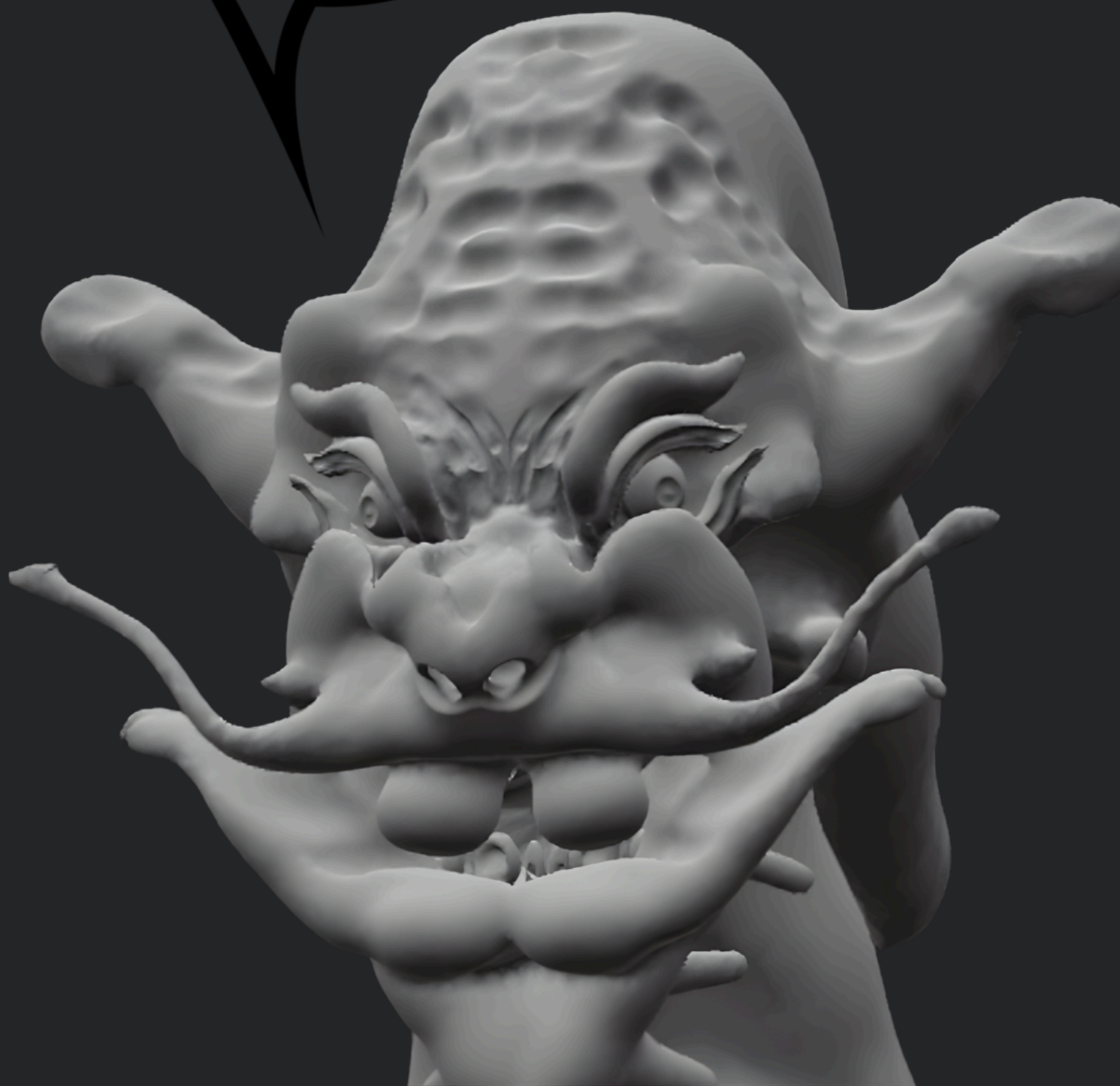
**&:** You have the attention of the world. Is there anything that you'd like to proclaim?

**Imbred:** love each other.





**certainly**  
**not**











haters will say that it's fake

**LAMPBYLIT.COM**

# LUCAS BINEVILLE

## I WILL ASTRAL PROJECT

“So you’re telling me if I go to bed, whisper to myself three times, ‘I will astral project,’ I’ll do just that?”

The beardless warlock who broke into my room regarded me with some annoyance, “Yes, that is more or less exactly what I have explained thus far.” I never was one to trust warlocks all that much. Especially the beardless sort. And this one, with his rugged clean shaven face, was looking like a wrinkly Marty Feldman. That’s the actor who played Igor in Young Frankenstein if you were born after the towers fell like me.

“Are you Marty Feldman?” I asked, to be sure.

“No, I already told you.” I tried to insist but he cut me off, “Yes, yes. I saw the meme of him going around on TikTok. I’ve got puffy eyes, I’ve been getting it a lot lately. You probably got a lot of flack about looking like Jeffrey Dahmer when that Netflix show came out.” He wasn’t wrong. My hair was blonde and down to my neck and I did wear reading glasses. Helped me to see signs on the road when driving to my classes across town. But according to this man who wasn’t Marty Feldman, if I said the magic words before bed, I could be soaring over Mt. Rushmore like Aladdin!

“Alright,” I said, “so what really is astral projection? Is it, like, your ghost leaves your body and you can fly around? Like, can you just go anywhere in the world, find anyone to see what they’re up to, just by perceiving it?” I rubbed my chin thoughtfully. It seemed like a very complicated, esoteric process.

“Actually, yeah. That’s pretty much the gist of it. Like, one hundred percent everything you just said.”

“Okay, and why are you telling me all this then?” At first I thought he was another one of those paralysis demons I’ve been seeing in the past year. But when I realized I could get up from bed and talk to the shadowy figure in the corner of my room, I thought I was simply going to be murdered. Now I only wanted to figure out what the catch was. I asked him and his eyes shined.

“The catch is I’m bored,” said the warlock with bulging eyes. “When you astral project long enough, you start wanting to talk to some of the people you see. Right now I’m in my bed in Vancouver. Same time zone as you.”

“Ah-hah,” I said. “But I thought astral projection was just like a spirit form. So if you’re here in the flesh then there must be more to you.”

“I am also a wizard.”

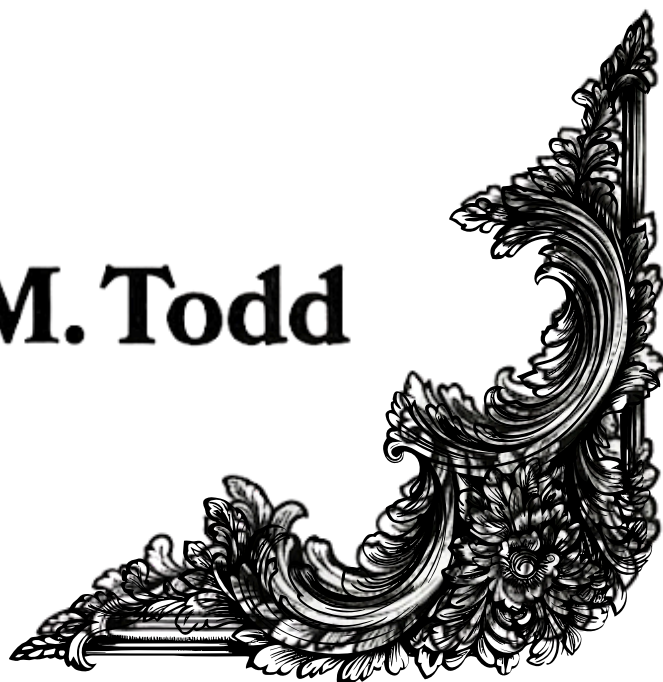
I shrugged, “Makes sense. Alright, I’ve got nothing else to lose. I’ll give this a shot and see if you’re being legit.” I went back under the covers, kept my glasses on just in case I was about to experience something awesome and not just get fondled by an intruder, and whispered three times, “I will astral project.”

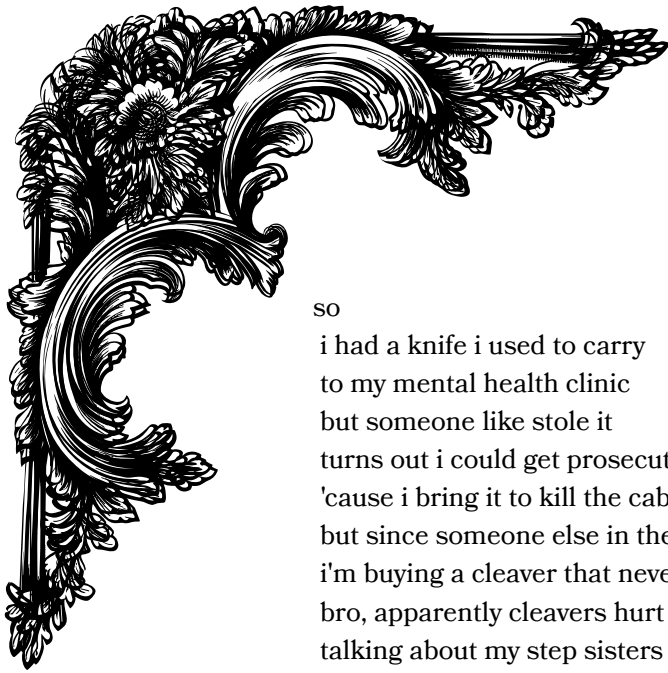
At first it seemed like nothing happened. If anything I felt my body relax to the point I assumed I fell asleep and was waking up to the disappointment that I did not, in fact, astral project. As I sat up to complain about the matter, I found my body hovering in the air! Only it wasn’t my body. It was my soul floating above my body. I looked down at myself, peacefully sleeping in bed. Damn. I really did look like Jeffrey Dahmer.



# A Missing Knife

P. M. Todd





so

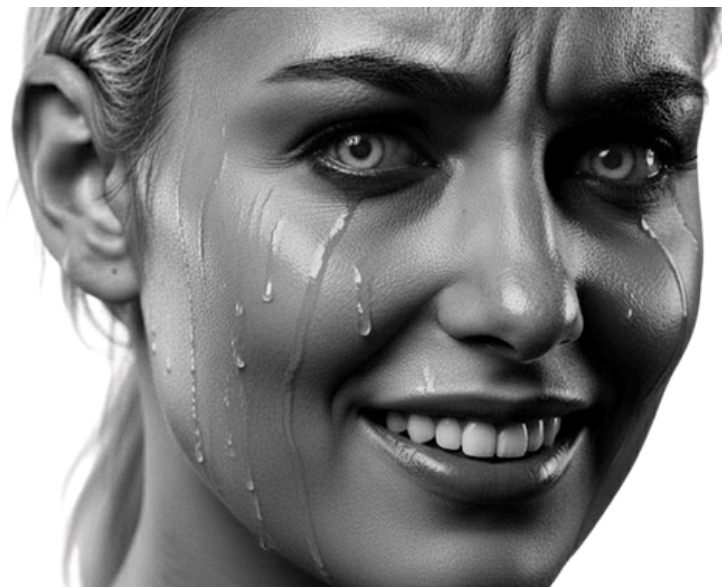
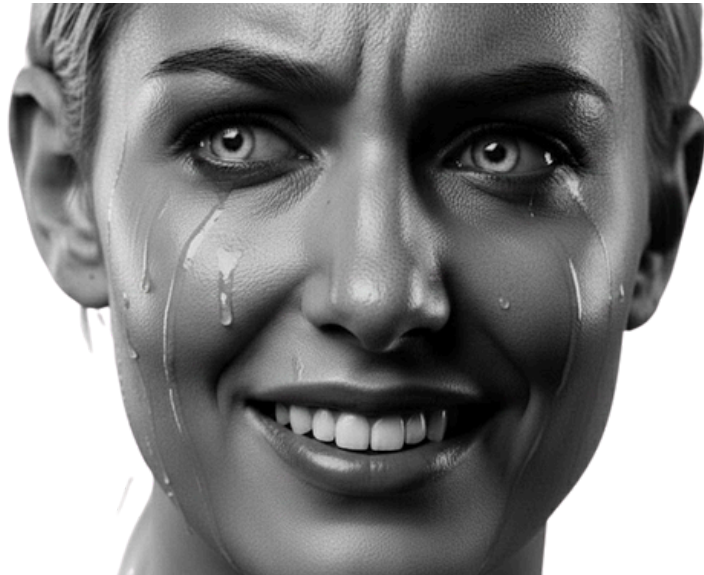
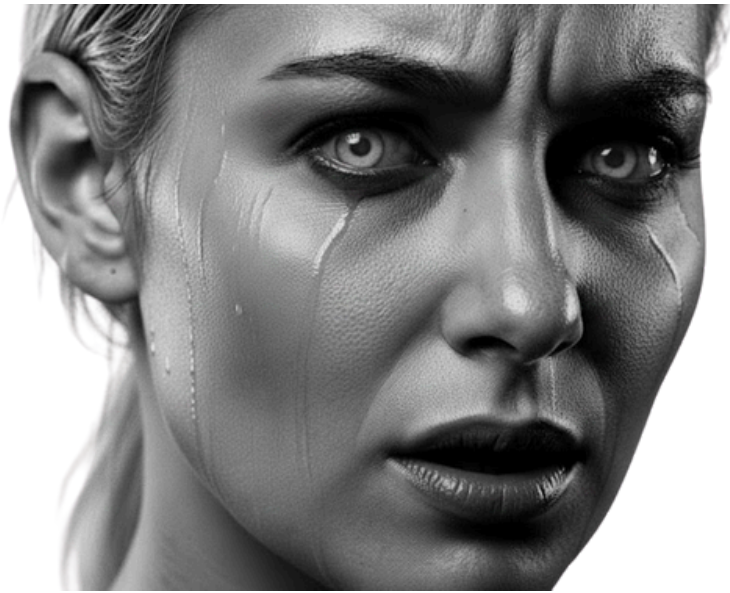
i had a knife i used to carry  
to my mental health clinic  
but someone like stole it  
turns out i could get prosecuted if i took it there i forgot  
'cause i bring it to kill the cab driver if he tries to kidnap me  
but since someone else in the house might have stole it  
i'm buying a cleaver that never leaves my room.  
bro, apparently cleavers hurt more lol...  
talking about my step sisters stealing it  
it's straight up missing along with my EBT card  
so yeah apparently cleavers hurt more lol  
but yeah i gotta just leave it in my room 'cause i forgot  
they can prosecute for being on state property with a weapon  
also at the moment in Fallout 76  
i'm trying to make a feasible no power armor tank build.  
you might remember this clip:  
when i nuked the gas station  
also turns out 76 had a raid in 2019  
but they terminated it permanently  
yeah i just want a build like this  
where you can do shit like this without power armor  
you get a new card every time you level so it can take time  
but when the new shooter XDefiant comes out  
i'm switching to that  
with the hopes of playing 'til Blue Protocol  
dafuq  
forgetting something though?  
don't worry i can remind you:  
yeah bro bug missions are for noobs and shit...can't you see?  
i think some of you might not realize how fucking old that shit is  
older than a barrel roll  
been posting on the internet since 2004 and i share this sometimes  
but i am the creator of the Bel Air meme...  
here he comes too  
fucking pulp fiction and shit





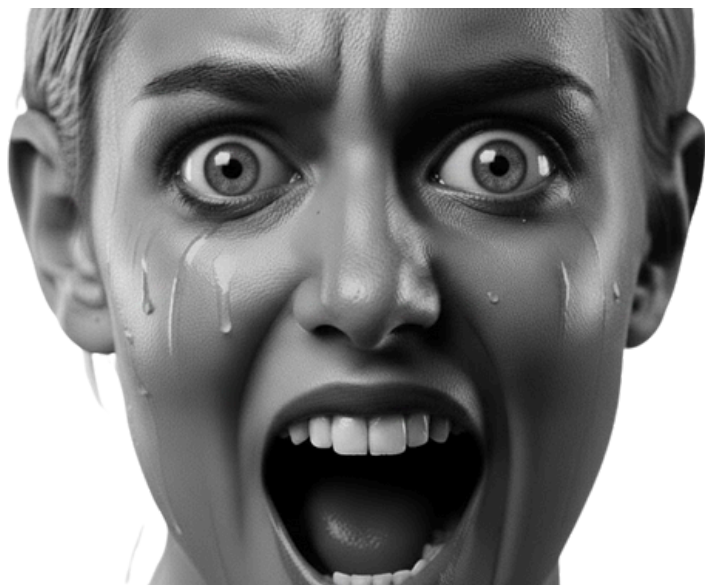








**&mp  
by /lit/**





Travelogue; **Maybe stop and think, is this a good idea?**

I've crawled my way across the ocean from Australia to Israel after having lost my luggage in Perth (it's on the wrong side). From here I'll catch a missile to New York to meet the enigmatic G Farmer, legend of the underground, phantom of the /lit/ Renaissance (wow).

What a treat it was to finally meet my idol and lifelong hero, the G-Unit himself, Mister of the Arts and World Denounced Foot Fetishist and Lobbyist for the continued education of all individuals willing and able to be more among his presence than what they ever could simply alone. I was struck. He struck me. I'm recovering (cool).

Today  
of all  
days.

Vex it to say but I had prior to such a blow indeed published for the benefit of mankind his groundbreaking original work, though it has since been out of ink via &amp; Media's esteemed vanity imprint, however, the wind whispers in many mantras. Let us consider:

**& Magazine:** Two years ago you became responsible for single handedly inventing a new genre of literature meanwhile simultaneously BTFOing one of the most prolific names to ever befoul the internet's rarest Mongolian basket weaving forums. How have your parents coped with producing such an impactful and influential offspring?

**G Farmer:** Funny enough, my parents are actually aware of United Airlines. Sometimes I would find them in their barn, drinking beer, staring into their fire as old westerns blink off and on the television as they do. There I would tell them about how my writings are going, how the book got taken down because I'm a quiet minority, and the time your second edition of the book came to pass. They didn't really understand any of what I was saying, instead asking if I was making money. I think the best writers lose money on their writing. I'm a very good writer.

As for the primary figure I lampooned in the book, I would like to extend an olive branch as it were. Zulu Alitspa, I did not mean for any of the book to offend. I think you're just okay. Please keep writing. Eventually girls will send you feet pics when you ask nicely but you have to keep writing for that day to come.

**&:** Challenging the established guard so publicly carries many inherent dangers, and protecting your identity has become a matter of life and death. How many couriers do you have in your network and do they all go grocery shopping for you, like for bananas for example, or do you have like, a specific banana guy?

**G. Farmer:** I have never eaten a banana in my life. I have bitten into a banana and spit it out but never finished it. I do enjoy banana-strawberry flavored drinks as much as any heterosexual man is permitted to partake.

As for my couriers, there isn't really a number. I need something, let's say a sequel book published, and I simply choose someone who I feel is up for the task. My friend Nigel for instance. He asks if I have my wallet this time. I do! But there is no money inside the wallet. Quarter pounder cheeseburger! That I would never spit out.



**&amp;** Your work contains meticulously researched portrayals of many independent literary figures from the among the basket weaving community at large, including myself. How were you able to convey so authentic an adaptation of our true selves in a way that ultimately rang truer than even the very actions of those whom the simulacrum so artfully rendered in jest?

**G Farmer (Legend):** I hate to be the one to say this but most people on the indie writing scene are sort of caricatures onto themselves. I read what they write, whether it be their stories or posts they make on servers. I see people on forums talk about them. I begin to build a little mythos in my head about what they are like, though really they're cartoon characters. When I get to writing they flow onto the pages pretty easily. Oh you like to write sci-fi and you're up your ass about it? You're a cyborg. Do you keep a low profile and rarely post? I don't care. Mysterious wizard!

Now that I think about it, I've always kind of looked at the world this way. It's important to not take things too seriously. We'd be on World War o right now if people could just CHILL!

**&amp;** United Airlines and Wells Fargo are both institutional titans with entire divisions of powerful lawyers. How have you dealt with the undoubtedly intense backlash from multinational organizations that have you in their crosshairs?

**G Farmer:** Banking and flying (not real) are things that never meant anything to me. I spit on them and their funny suits thinking they can run the world. Do you think it's a coincidence that my spat began with United Airlines and now all these planes are "dropping like flies?" Their power comes from belief. I choose not to believe their lies. As for Wells Fargo, they are currently being torn apart by Indians, so their surveillance on me has become something more tolerable. Never be afraid to stand up to people who are bigger than you with more money and more lawyers. How's that healthcare working out for you in Hades I'll do it again watch me.

**&amp;** Can you hear that? That is the sound of our culture dying because the world has not had another meaningful G. Farmer drop in years. What is next on the agenda for the world famous foot fetishist and parodysmith?

**G Farmer:** If Wells Fargo was second to United Airlines then third to it is Phil Rot's The Raft. He wrote an incredibly funny story, plus anyone can just jump into it without having to know who the fuck R.C. Waldun is. I want to physically fight that man. But I can't. However, I can read The Raft and you dear reader should too!



As for what's next up my sleeve? Well, I am working on something else. This project isn't a story, not on paper or kindle at least. I can't say much but it's a new medium. It won't be good. I'm so excited for it. I think five questions is quite enough. I hit my limit when I eat five slices of chocolate pie. If anyone wants to know the name of my dog then I shall tell you, it is Donnie J. Now Mr. Editor, I will present you with a question and a favor. The favor, I find, is always a great way to get to know people and find out more about them. Or at least get a great story. So here we go.

Question: Rei or Asuka?

Favor: Tell us a story from your high school days.

**&amp;**: I'm well honored. Thank you for your time, Mr. Farmer, the Farmicist and Fodgopher Ex Happena.

*I prefer Rei, her temperament, and her hair, the white.*

*When I was in highschool, I remember I used to skip my morning English class, and it was the beginning of the year, so I was trying to break the habit. When I did finally get to school for my second class, the entire building was erupting with noise: The twin towers were falling. My friend Jesse immediately accosted me amid the throng of confused students:*

*"We have to go get so high right now," and so it was.*

*I'll never be the same, obviously. Nor will you now.*

*Thank you again, good sir. Ladies and Gentlemen, G Farmer, a father to us all.*

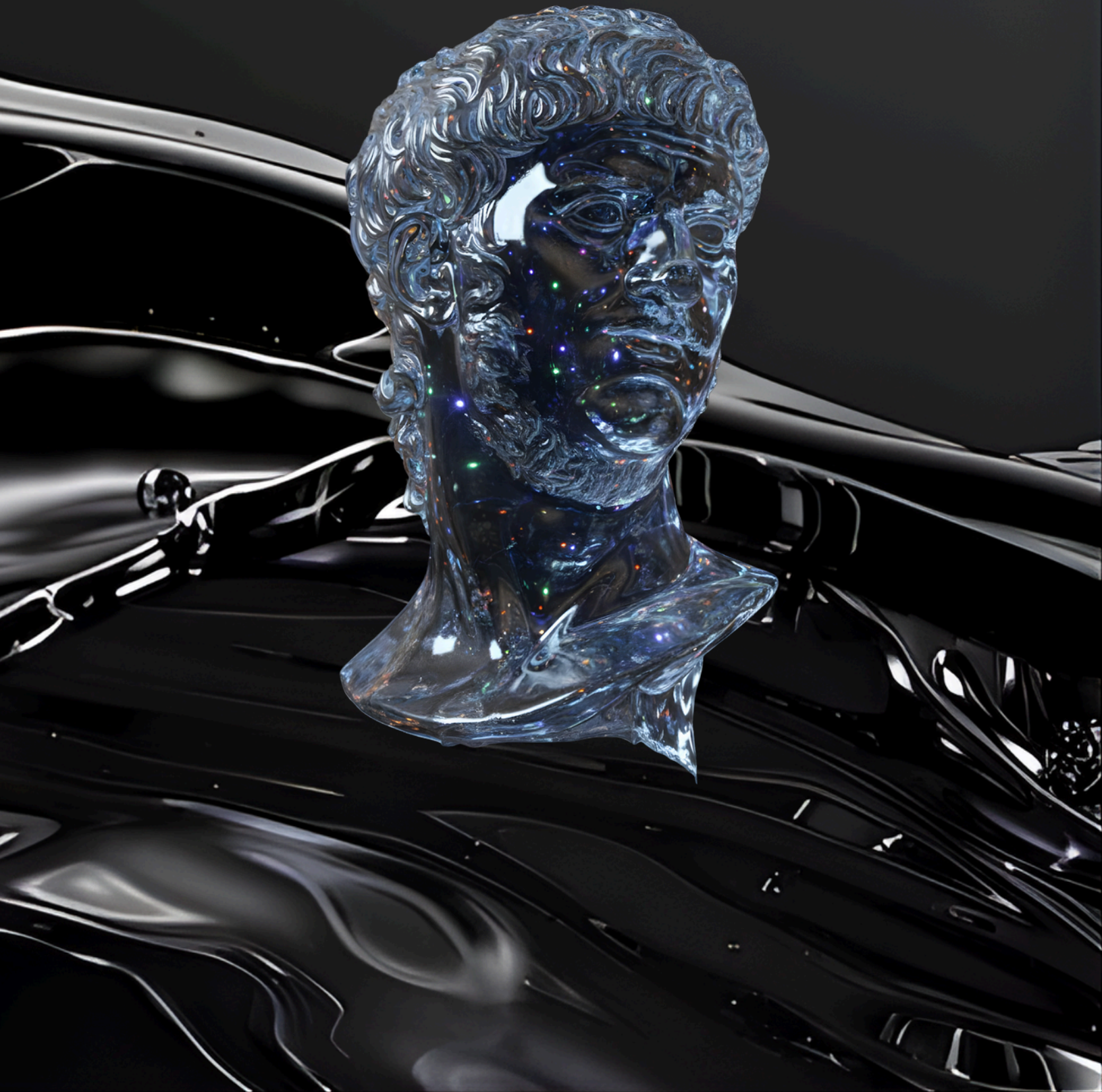
**&camp Magazine**







nothing







is the only thing



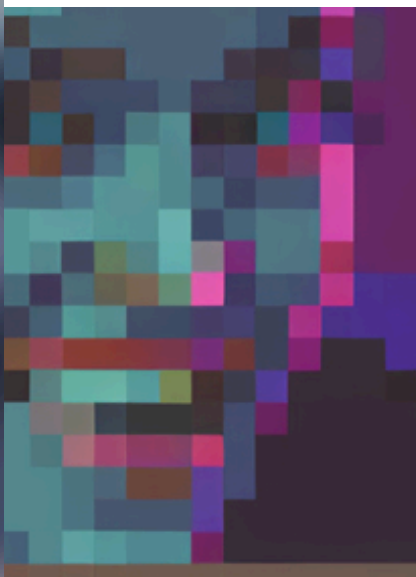




**that lasts forever**

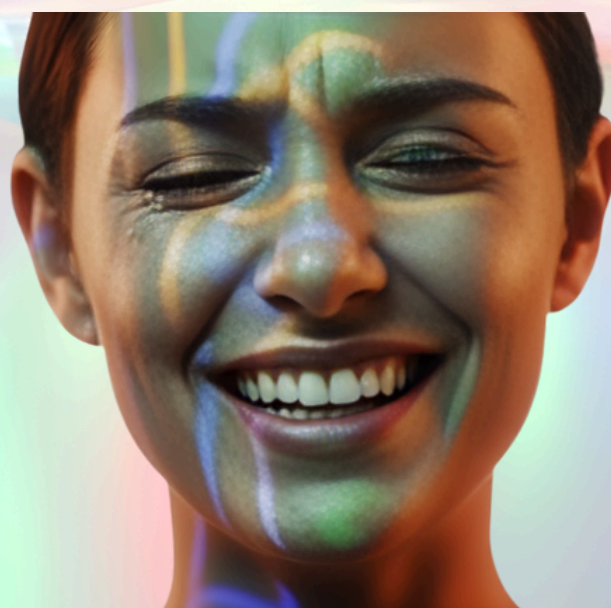








&amp;mp  
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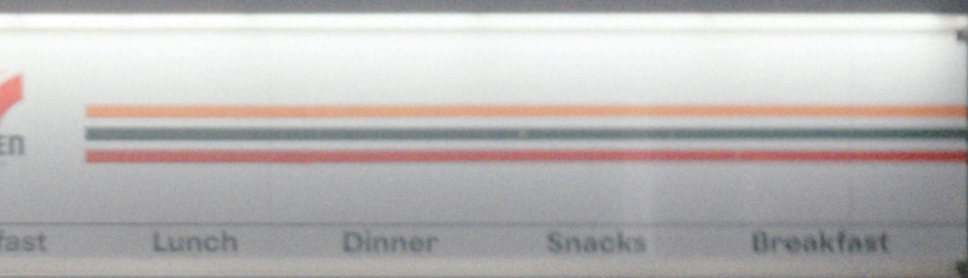














# They

say that war never changes, but others among us, and in particular those of us barely clinging to life, or for better ascending towards the porchlights of heaven or worse to the contrary, caught interstitially amid the liminal daydream, they might suggest something else, that in some ways, in their dying opinion, war never stays the same.

I have not been to war. Not the same type of war that my ancestors fought, and not the same struggle against the elements did I wage as theirs, but different though it was, as I'm entirely unaccustomed to learn as time goes on, some things never change, among them so it was said, war never changes.

I met Danny Wolf on the internet, like so many strangers become compatriots. He stood like a man on fire for everybody in sight to witness. I was drawn, and we came to speak about some things, battles, current undertakings for the righteous. It was my pleasure to take part in those discussions, tepid though they were compared to any existential manifestation of survival.


I have not been to war. But I do know that at the outset of a mission, its launch, the mission is begun, initiated in such a way so as to never have the intrinsic capacity to undo itself, or restore itself. Only from then on, from the moment of launch, can a mission be aborted. And along the way, even if directly out of the gate, a soldier is downed, failed, or otherwise lost, the mission does not stop until the commander gives the signal.

I was fortunate enough to speak with Danny personally. And we exchanged several very astounding moments of tragedy, most especially during the death of my mother, which happened this year, upon the evening of which I was conducting an interview with Danny, and in the middle of which I had to abandon my diligence as an artist and see to my duties as a son.

But he was there for me in ways that are not casual, and not simple to muster for men that haven't encompassed such emotional environs notwithstanding our aforementioned wars, our interstices, our so closely clung-to tiny utopias. He was there for me. And he still is, wherever he is, there for me in ways that very few men have been. If this pulp and ink wasn't already cast in the name of my mother then it might certainly be dubbed for this man, Danny Wolf.

Here is the single question that I asked Danny before the bombs went off around us.

**& Magazine:** Your writing wears the characteristic articulation reflective of something brutal, something dire, almost like the scent of a nearby brushfire, and I've taken to your prose with favor since reading your work. There is something primeval about the fundamental themes that emerge from experiential violence. Can you speak to the ways in which violence has influenced your art, and the art of men in our modern culture?



*no justice, only the blade*

**Danny Wolf:**  
**I spent my twenties fighting** in pointless wars in the Middle East, but I came to admire the relentless fighting spirit of the Taliban. As the years have gone by, I've realized that violence is natural, and that pacifism is a perversion.

War is the natural state of the universe. You see it everywhere. Weeds strangling flowers for nutrients, wolves hunting prey, black holes devouring stars, matter and antimatter. The tension of these opposing forces is what holds it all together. In that eternal struggle is where all innovation and beauty is derived from.

But it's also where we find the only genuine absolutes in a world built on lies and compromises. Violence is the only honest act left. The acknowledgment of the pettiness of debates and the submission of all further arguments to a higher court that can't be appealed.

Just this man and the other staking the only thing that really matters, life itself. In that moment, the entire universe moves around these two men, deciding which is the one and which is the zero. Because in the end, no one really gives a shit about how many debates someone has won. Nobody's keeping tallies on that, the only victories that stand out in the long run are those we bled for.

I think if you look at art that makes you feel something real, you're going to find that a lot of it was the byproduct of some great struggle. Whether that's war, addiction, divorce or just being ground down by this shallow, materialistic existence we've carved out for ourselves. And maybe that's the violence that touches all of us, getting fucked by a system that gets off on our misery.

*thank you for the interview Danny. talk soon*









&amp; Magazine  
~~&amp; Magazine~~  
Proudly Presents  
Proudly Presents

The Exhibition of Poetry  
fit, as, such, a laudatory test

From

our anonymous accomplice henceforth  
~~our anonymous accomplice henceforth~~  
~~referred to by those casually deluged nom~~  
~~de plume and monogram~~  
referred to by those casually deluged nom  
de plume and monogram

xxcompiler  
so to speak  
so to speak

Herewith Entitled



THE  
**COMPTES**



**COMPTES • RENDUS**



**RENDUS**



x \_\_\_\_\_  
PLEASE SIGN HERE

I

**The *Novelist* of Castro doth display  
A semblance to Roger Laporte's *La Veille*;  
But 'stead of the unnam'ble force of it,  
What keeps from writing is the need to shit.**

# II

**Followed, observed by the ghost who there treads—  
Maupassant, Kellendonk, James and Blanchot;  
Heiseler, des Forêts's footsteps in snow—  
Antlers and skin Gabe's *Brat* possibly sheds . . .**

x

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# III

>MONITVM AD VIRGINES PARADISIACAS  
RIIALITAS FIILAT

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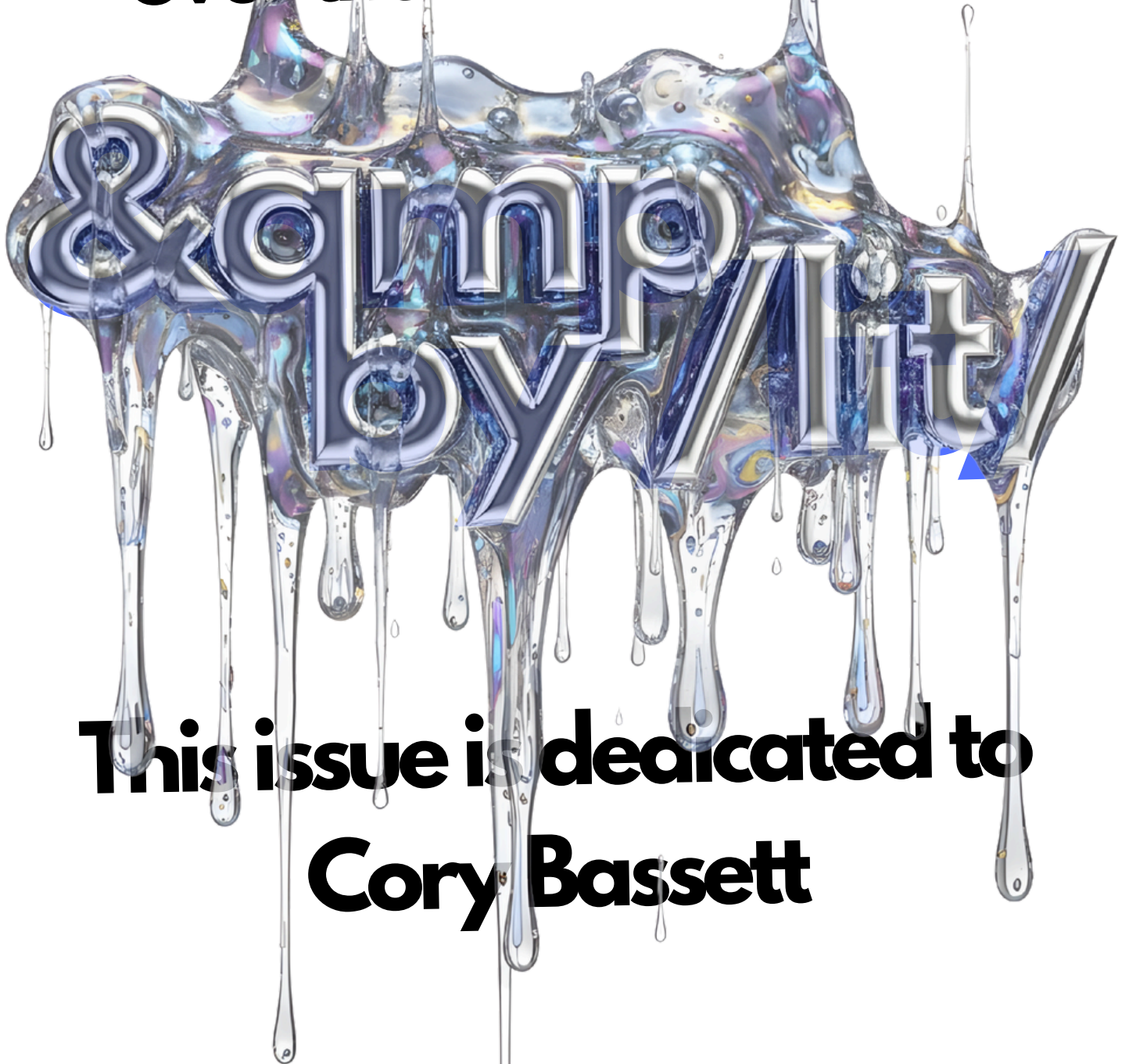
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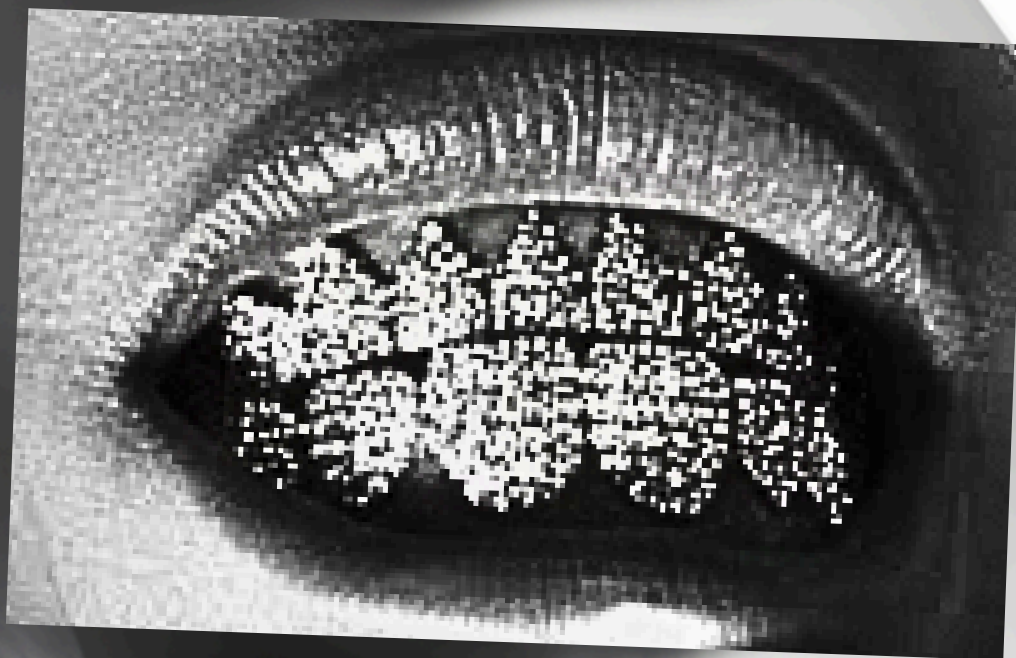


**& is a collaborative  
effort made by strangers  
over the internet.**



**This issue is dedicated to  
Cory Bassett**





duo8