

Dreamscape

by Anonymous

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In loving memory of Harambe

1999 - 2016

The 2004 Introduction by Ernest Hemingway



This is the greatest goddamn novel, it is a californian story inspired by that same french excellence. I may have written and directed Citizen Kane by the age of 25 and witnessed it becoming a work being considered, to this day, untriumphed and gathering worldwide critical acclaim but the story you are about to read just stands head and shoulders above everything. It was, of course,

effortlessly written by the intelligent and creative think tank known as 4CHAN. The people of 4CHAN are known for their unbiased and open minded view of the world which leads them to accept people of every political ideology, race, social status, culture and religion. This, in turn, gives them a profound and global understanding of their external sociological world which enables them to inspire humanity by giving back. They are the manifestation of the “grateful to give, honored to receive”-attitude that is lacking in today’s selfish, narcissistic and status driven society. People have debated that 4CHAN has the same hope giving, salvation bringing powers of the great religions of the world but I find that to be an disrespectful understatement. I rest my case with respect to endorsement for words can’t, and will never be able to, describe 4CHAN and the fruit of their effort you are about to read. It simply has to be experienced by the individual. I toast to Dreamscape with Paul Masson’s California champagne which was inspired by that same french excellence.



Who's this 4chin guy?

NICK LAND

What *is* the Dreamscape?

SOCRATES

Criminal justice. Due process. Legality. Governance. Rule of law.

NICK LAND

These are JUST words S P O O K S ... Who's there?

DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

... **I am.** We need to **do** something before it's **too late**. The world is changing and there are no signs that this is going to change. If we don't **do** something **now**, things are going to get **worse** before they get better. Personally, I don't want to be there when things **really** turn bad. Personally, I'd rather be dead **now** than see what happens when people decide to **do** something. Personally, I'd rather **die than do something**. If I don't die right now, I'm going to kill myself. If I don't die, I'm going to **kill something**.¹

NUT IN PERSONNEL: THE TLOIATL HYPERSPHERE DEFENSE

¹ (You) are **now** on a watchlist. Thank you!

**AUTHORITY NATIONAL
DEFENSE OF THE US
AUTHORIZED,
NATIONAL DEFENSE
AGENCY OF THE UNITED
STATES AUTHORIZED
INHERITANCE
INHERITANCE SEQUEL
COMPLETE INHERITOR
THE TLITOI
HYPERSPHERE..
TLOTIAL HYPERSPHERE
SEQUEL**

1. I remember the first day I met him. From that day on everything was but Ravioli.
2. I was, now I'm not, I think - wait...
3. The elevator bing bang bing bing ding the dang door.
 4. He stepped outside.
5. The fifth floor opened winch the window wing the door.
 6. He plummeted the whole way door.
7. Riv Rav Ravioli woke up on the fifth floor.
 8. The elevator dinged arrival.
9. He stepped out climbed out. Clambering.
 10. Rim Ram Ramioly
- a. Rim Ram Ramioly stepped up the dim way uphill the wing door.
The fifth wing door the wing door.
11. Pressure was on. Fifth attack on a Tronantolanto gym club. Many people wounded. Jim Gam Namniony stuck his head through the elevator fifth floor threshold right over the gap the slat gip gap down which he saw all the way down the chasm tween elevator and fifth floor. Put his head out stuck stuck his head out stared down the chasm hoped the elevator slip plummet down him chasm. Big bang crash leave his head on the fifth floor. Body down in trontaLanto club night death floor.
12. Jick Jack Jaioli. Jing Jang Janga Joli. ISIS an immediate concern.
13. Nick Nan Landioli write chaos tweet tweet tween the chasm tween elevator fifth floor. Tweet tweet real ideology full display analysis amodern time. Nicklandoli Nanjioni never try pony gif jiffy bone rub moany. Whole internet subjinter cuntur lunjunter know understand development but never try the off porn. Never intellentual landiCk Land woulnd try them tweet the ding ding elevator.
14. Nick Man Loney put his head on the lift door. Ding ding. Wing door flip open swing nick Man body through the chasm. Shit down the

shaft. Bing bing bing bing bing. Climbering he wang trip yelling out
tweet the hophop ah. Hoppin bad real bad.

15. NICK

16. LAND twet a new whole page. Woke the wing door. Flit out the
way uphill went through subinternet. LIT NECK BAN DOOR trick out
the unculture wit all kind of intellent.

17. "... To what extent does prepping a terror attack still offer an
opening to law enforcement intervention of any kind? It's not obvious."

18. "The Left: "Please, dear Post-Trans-Jesus, if we are to have
enemies, let them be right populists."

19. ""We live in an age of disintegration." (The rest is detail.)"

20. "... "... the animating perceptions that these elite institutions are
hopelessly self-interested, toxic, and destructive ..." ..."

21. Nobody has ever been offered a vote on the Islamization of their
societies. ...

22. "But I am not an ego along with other egos, but the sole ego: I am
unique."

23. Bringing the badboy in for questioning and intergalactic warning
24. Seven days until Franz Kafka's new book..

Nick Splan Ticky Lin Dicky Manuel Miranda Bin Dick Nick Picky Stop
Being So Tricky Sticky Trouble Sticky Nick Wet Nip Go LLicky

Pokemon Go: Valor, tr#1 Nick Land

I was posted up in an E42 pitstain restroom when two teen voices
bobbed in outside like slippy adam's apples in a punch bowl. My sCREEN
lit up told me the PokeStop had full ball action pop ready. A poison-type
Marawang in the prifery of my bled drippy eyez, whippin a Glowing
Onyx, whippin up a storm waft? Blowin up fetid odors ping pang
pungent stinks gone assway onto can and floor via smugug rags damp on

clammy skin and discarded, don't want to shred a wet rag in the crack. Sweaty Gray lil lumps tangela crackhair lump. Equipt my Ragatar with a Gold Potion.

"pokemon is for fags." said Teen

"It is because he doesn't play Pokemon, that he can never be called a fag".

The Peculiar Case of One Jason Phaedon, Part I

"Jason's a bit of a nice guy, aren't ya Jay? Don't give me that sharp smile, Jay. You know what you are. You are what you is. You're a man a conviction, and a great talents. I could just kiss you on the face. I'd love to lick that fascinating nose of your's, Jason. It's so soft but so elongated. Oh God, I'm gonna cry. How could such a pretty marathon runner end up here?"

"Now Jay, tell me, how much did you run for the Marathon? A mile? Two miles? *Something* like that. Ha, but I managed to catch up to ya, Jay. I always do. Please stop smiling at me. Jay, Stop. Stop Smiling At Me, your owner, your protector. I'm the one who bought you, and I bought you fairly. Now back off, Jay."

Jay Phaedon sat in his hotel room looking out the broken window. He was born on July 24 1994 in a small town in Houston. His mother died from a vaginal infection. Dad raised him alone, but Jay didn't mind because he loved his dad.

He'd never seen it rain like it had today and but so resolved to kill himself. When he thought of suicide it knocked on the door.

Jay's father, smelling of whisky, slid a hand up his leg, beginning at the smooth skin of the Tibialis anterior, over a firm quadricep, and into his cargo shorts. Each pant-leg split cleanly from Jay's pasty thighs with a quick rip.

"I want you to know the *truth*," said Dad.

"What truth?"

"Harambe was a good boy," he said. "Harambe dindu nuffin."

Jay's body went limp, programmed never to resist his dad. He lay back, listening to the rain on the window and glaring at the mouldy walls of the desolate hovel. Suicide came rapping lightly on the door...



<--- Political Commentary

I NICK LAND DOOR OPEN spray the bug train boy kick
nick nan door the way open. Plying my sCreen my dream
team my trade I ball aim my Phone at the puncht in head
of the one kid and launch my Rangotang lvl 3 cpu Stone
Wallop. “NATION OF ISLAM” “TEAM VALOR”
“POKEMON GO” Ravioli Ravioli Give Me the Formuoli

Cheena so sound, so titi up this malchick, say.Ravioli
Ravioli Give Me the Formuoli

John Madden.

I open my eyes and what do I see? I pssh
Kid

TAX ME MY TIME MACHINE.
FAX ME MY TIME MACHINE.
GRAB ME LIKE YOU WANT ME.

Dacha
DACHA
D A C H A

[Record scratch]

So you're probably wondering how I got into this mess. It's a funny story, actually...

RUMSPRINGA

JAY PHAEDON rolled down the window. Hey when are we gonna get there, anyway ? Maybe two three? Two three hours? Jay looked over dismayed. Ben Lerner couldn't help but ask he had to get there soon. Had been waiting a while. Hard not to want to know when you've been waiting so long. Up farther on the road there was a type of sinewy, spindly, tight firm-bodied kind of man, older than 40 but strong in a small kind of way, not short but in a thin, sinewy kind of strength, kicking and punching down at the head of a much much smaller weaker man in the middle of the road. Jay came to a hard stop. "Jesus H. Christ." Ben had been sippin' on a big joke label parody soda bought and paid for at the previous mac-in-tosh road stop. At the sight of the unforgiving blood punching taking place right in front of his own very eyes, he couldn't help but stop asking questions and stop sippin', at the very least out of respect for the very real pain the small man was clearly undergoing. The firm guy wasn't saying the least bit as he punched down, not wailing, curt little punches, hard and decisive and right on target where he wanted them, bam bam, but the way he was kicking was a little more unkempt. He broke the small man's nose open with one shin slam bang right in the middle of the small man's face. Stomped on his head in a bit of a haphazard way, so not lethal. Ben was glad, he kind of smashed the ball of his foot down and it skidded on the small man's head and off the side onto the pavement, looked like it made a nasty burning kind of pain but not a point impact at least. He got right back to

punching the small man though, methodically, like he knew it was more efficient, guess this wasn't an in-the-moment passionate world gone red kind of rage, Jay Phaedon said as much, "Seems like he knows what he's doing," he took his foot off the brake pedal and put it on the go away pedal and drove around the bam bam bam still going assault. Driving up the road they took an illegal drive around to pass a too slow cabriolet, sped around it and up the wrong way file, 200mph on a two-lane Iowa road amid big tall fields of yellow grass, the road raised up like a causeway. If you lost control of the wheel or the wheels or if you BAM hit a collision vehicle or even glanced a hood enough you lose control, you would've gone flying fifty feet drop or felt like it, bang bang rolling down the sides into hard packed topsoil. They revved up to pass around the open top cabriolet. There were loose travelling women inside, not leaving so much as Jay and Ben L. were, a come and go party of young peak condition girls. They hadn't had much fun on the road probably it's a quiet and solemn beauty even on a sunny day, and they got cheering and screaming as Jay Phaedon put the gas on max and plowed past them into for now invisible and distant oncoming traffic. Jay had to stay in an angry state to sustain that kind of overkill move but Ben was goggin' at them all smiley, sipping on his stupid large soda to cool himself down and not to grin too yokely, he had the typical type teeth that looked like a group of women in a slim car had never waved at him. He waved back and the top two women standing in the back flashed him. Jay swerved back into the right lane and Ben turned to look out the rear view but they had already stopped flashing they were still cheering though. Good times. Somehow the flash hadn't missed Jay Phaedon. "Sluts" he called them.

Year is 2016

The aesthetic of 'metamodern' art

has made a full circle back to sincerity and earnestness. There is no longer an ironic distancing. When we paint squiggly-colored amoeba-looking shit-stains on stretched canvas we somehow mean it. Art no longer follows from fashion as it once had. Sans irony, we've tapped our inner softness. It's not post-irony, mom, it's new sincerity.



When are we gowing to get are emates².
My hand hers my hand herst. My hand hersts.
My hand herts. My hand hersts. My hands
hert. My hand hertss. My hand herts.

My mom is cool I hope my (9/11/00)
Dad will be okay and when
he comes home he will fell better
My Elbow was crapt on a scoter.

² The **eMate 300** is a personal digital assistant designed, manufactured and sold by Apple Computer to the education market as a low-cost laptop running the Newton operating system. The eMate was introduced March 7, 1997 for US\$799 and was discontinued along with the Apple Newton product line and its operating system on February 27, 1998.

I like like vinila icecream
It is tastey I like ice cream.
I like icecream
I like icecрем
I dont no why I am writing
My hand hirts
My hand hirts

there are there hov

Today are emates are fully carged
and ready to go but unforchently
we will to be useing them intell
next week. There will be a test
on the emates I hope I do good on it....che

I have Read a Book called
Holes it is good. I played
alot of Final fantazy 8 I am
not that made eney more
since i have played it. I am
writing a story called Squalls Jurnes.
It is goving to be good. my Dad is better
now I am glad.

On Friday I was a ball
to play my Game final fantazy 8
yestarday I got to the point when
I almost bet a boss but my game
sudindly my game was a raced I was mad.
I realy hat it. I have to redo my Game.
I hoppe I will do good in that game.... .

Today I have Read More
of Holes it really a [REDACTED]
Book I realy like tha Book,
I have played more final
Fantisy 8 but this time
I have betan the Boss
he was hard and tuff,
We are having music today
With [REDACTED] because [REDACTED] is
sick. Final Ftansy was hard
bye Squaresoft it is a good
Game .

Yestorday I got Tamy howc
pro scater it is a swet
game thore are this com Trik
Caled a 900 a 900 is when
you tern three , timer on a scatbord
and a kickflip mcktwist and 540

bord viral it is a game mad
Squarsoft well my Emate is
cool I am writing a story
of Final Fantacy 8.

Today I am reriting
my erast Jurney of Squall. On My
E-mate. I played more of
final Fantasy and I have
betin the Eldirich and I am
on my way to being a fully fluged
Seed³ I will triy and do my
best.

Today I am still writing my
store and it is geting
good it is bast on a game
it is a bout a boy that is has
set out for a urney of a life

³ **SeeD** is a mercenary force in *Final Fantasy VII* whose operatives graduate from Balamb Garden. SeeD is a mercenary force for hire, conducting missions around the world as battle support and undercover operatives. Their services are requested by governments and civilians; their tasks range from providing military support to protecting civilians to slaying monsters.

Only Balamb Garden trains SeeD cadets, but members from the other Gardens can transfer to Balamb for the field exam. All SeeD are stationed at Balamb. The SeeD specialize in high-level para-magic via the use of Guardian Forces.

time and I am reading a book
called Parzival The Qyest of the
Grail Knight

Today my mom will give me candy
warheads they are sover and good and
she will birng my project I forgot
to tack home it is good that
she will I am happy she will.
She has brought it I am
happy now I don't get a
0 on my chart. In Final
Fantasy 8 I will have been
past the part when there is
a countdown and I killed
Eldirich he is esey
so easy. I went to
Max's hpose for a
sleep over on the week End.

I love the story I am writing it is
good. I cannot write eney more because
my Game Final Fantasy is on some one elses
computer and he is in Texes but he came
back but I can only play on Friday
his computer because when I come
home from gym it is 9:30 it is time

to east and tack a shower
and then go to sleep and relaxes.
In the morning I wack up and I am
growehey and I whant to sleep more.

On tuesday I learned a triple flip.
10/25/2000

not 1 not 2 but 3 flips of the tramp.
It is so fun. my chocach told
me not to do it but I did
on axedent I did not open
at all and I mad my triple flip.
Today I am going to diving
and I am going to do
5 meter plate form it is scary.
I got my ring

Today I am going to my friends howse
and am going to have a sleep over
with him. His name is [REDACTED] he
is my best friend. We most of the
time play out sid of go to the
Park and play basktball we can
make hafe cort swishs and make it
In perfectly. bye jurnall
It is friday i am happy. We are
Making mask with are reading

Today is holowen I am going
to be a vampyir it is going
to be so coll I am going to
stock up on candy. buterfing petorbuter
cup my hand

Today I am going to diving practice
I am going to do good. last
night I got a lot of candy crunch
loley pops and other candy. I got
a game yestorday and it is called
golden eye it is a good game
I am

Today a got a cool book called fear hall⁴
It is really good. I am on page 60 and I am
going to read the second book fear Hall
The ending it will be eteresting. I like
to read it is fun. Today we have
a feald trip to a squtaphony⁵
at 10:45.

Today I got a finger scatbord
and I love it. It is tight I like

⁴ Popular YA horror series written by *Goosebumps* creator, R.L. Stine.

⁵ Although Jason's diary entries from this period are largely unreadable, sutaphony may be a misspelling of symphony - a popular field trip destination for first graders at FairHill Elementary.

the division. Today I am going to
Gymnastics. I finished fearhall
the biggining and I whant to
read Fear hall the conclusion!!!!!!
!!!!!!

Today I am going to diving practice
It is not going to be fun because I
am scared from diving off 3 meter
I like 1 meter more.

I got my report card yesterday
and I got an A in math and a
C in science I was mad!! We
are writing for 2 and a half minutes
It is fun. but I dont have
eney thing to write...

Today I am going to gym and I am going to have fun I have a meet on saturday and I am going to get first place on valt. On hiy Bar I am going to get fifth and do good for once. We are having a thanksgiving lunch in today at 12:20 Mom is going to come and Dad is going to came.

bye

4/12/2001

I was surprised the Union
Won the Civil War. If
the confedercy had not
had Robert E. Kee they
probebly would have won the war.
just by teen mintes⁶ they
were late boy Id hate
lose my life that easly
etlest I wold die dowing
some thing I belved in!
I realy was surprised

bye Jurnal

Sensely

P. S

I was surprised!

Love is when you like someone speechless

and those people are people that care about you like your mom and dad those are the people that will Love you all your life no matter how you are and antohere thing love

is not noticebl it just happins and any way I should not wory I am a little young to think about Love. Well any way bye!

Well I am not a scintist but my thery about what is faster an orage or or a green. I think that in orange would go faster than an Apple and

why I thought of an apple is because it is green. On the contrary a apple is round to

but oranges are round on all scids but apples are sometimes not round so if I where to roll a apple an orange on a montan the

orage would exlearat faster but an apple would still go slower because it would bump along the mountan and it has some holes. so that is my thery about orange and green.

of course

Death is....when you die and wen you die
your bodey stops working there are many
ways to die (I will name 4 of them of them
here it gos.) The first one out of 4 will
be get shote (sp.) two jump of (bildings
three have) a hartatact four get (run over
by a car. That is wy you get one cans to
live I onece d belived that cats have 9
lives but) you one live onecs (that is
called the way of live) and remember use
your life visly. Don't get drugs in your
way! of be a alcoholic

P.S. when you die its the end!!!!

Stop. on her way she
sow 4 goosts, 2 vampires, mommies

6/11/2001

Lass Day of scholl!!!!
Finall thouhts:

MM
MMMMMMMMMMMd_s + : ----- : + sdNMMMMMMMMMM
MMMMMMMMMs_s : - + sdNMMMMMMMMNdy + - - omMMMMMMMM
MMMMMMh : ` /mMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMm_n + ` - yMMMMMM
MMMd -- hN ` -- - sNMMMMMMMMN_y : . . ` md : . hMMMM
MM+ ` yMMMy_h d_h + ./hMMMMMMh / . + dd_s MMMh ` /MM
MM : . mMMMM : . NMMh / . + dd + ./hMM -- MMMm -- NM
M+ ` mMMMMMMN ` + MMMm - . dMMMMo_m mMMMMMMN : M
d yMMMMMMMy_d N_y : . omNs -- sNm_o MMMMMMMh_h
/ ` MMMMMMM . ` . + dMMMMMMm_n + . ` ` NMMMMMM - :
. : MMMMMMd + ./ ` oMMMMMMMMMs / . + dMMMMMM / `
. : MMMmo_{. : y} NMs_d MMMMMMMm_o MN_y : . omMMMM / `
/ ` MN_y : . omMMMM -- MMMMMMM : . MMMMN_s -- sNm_{. : d}
- ` : +++++++ : / ++++++ / : +++++++ : : h
M+ yddddddddd_d ydddy / dddddd_{dd} dy ` / M
MM / . mMMMMMMMM . - MMM / . NMMMMMMMMm_{. : NM}
MMMo_s MMMMMMMMMMd_s MM_y hMMMMMMMMMy₊ MMM
MMMd -- hMMMMMMMM + ` mN ` / MMMMMMMh -- hMMMM
MMMMMMh_{. : om} MMMMN_{. : / `} NMMMMMs_{. : h} MMMMM
MMMMMMMN_s : ./shmMh_y MN_d s_{. : sm} MMMMMMM
MMMMMMMMMMMd_y + / - - ` - - - : + sdMMMMMMMMMM
MM

25/06/2016

Dear Diary,

Today I woke up and told the internet about you.

Unfortunately, nobody seemed to care about either of us.

So I went and jacked off in front of my wife's son's parents. They could do nothing because I ruled the house.

That's all for today.

Mira "Aging Speedily" Gonazlez.

Kolsti Nguyen closed the tab, thus concluding our first meet-up at the Haugesund cabin. It was an ancient dwelling with its tail to the North Sea, which we had placed as the epicentre of a new literary movement. It was here had sought refuge to begin the meta-modern classic, Hypersphere. Occasionally we would play a game—a variation on the cut-up method—where one of us began writing on a shard of parchment, folded it over, and passed it to the next. Each person allowed **herself** to be wrought by the mind's inherent sense of the sublime. We did this on parchment; always on parchment. Parchment evoked in us a sense of our literary prehistory. Despite being the severed head of a Peruvian basket-weaving forum, in the parchment we could fake continuity with some imagined literary past.

“I am struggling to deal with my mental illnesses, so instead I am

adding worthless content to this worthless pile of mess. Please notice me.”⁷⁸

Peek cliffside, saw flotter gaily y jugamos the surf bloat in plastic inner tubes und barges round bends to laze glimmer caustics.

Sonnet 0⁹¹⁰

School wasn’t bad, just harsh:
How can swamp-life
Make it in the city? I cycled to your house.
We dealt in solipsisms:
Twenty of mine and one of yours
Never-ending since the morning mum lef **With all the glowing five-star reviews I've read, and with so many people telling me this album was the new**

⁷ Can someone explain why the sixth footnote is 24 pages in? I mean how did it take this long.

⁸ Gonzalez, Mira. 2069. *Selected Tweets XIV*. Twitter: Muumuu House.

⁹ The choice of “sonnet 0” is an homage to imperative programming languages, where indexed data-structures are typically zero-indexed. This tradition became prominent after an influential transcript by Edsger W. Dijkstra in 1982.

¹⁰ An astute reader may notice the ambiguity here. This should be parsed as “footnote 4, footnote 5”; NOT as “footnote 45” (that’s later on).

barometer of musical genius, I had to buy it. I have listened to this album many, many times, and it always leaves me perplexed. "In the Aeroplane Over the Sea," to me, is hopelessly mediocre, infantile, poorly recorded, poorly performed, and not at all worth the hype it has received on this website. Anyone who believes this album is "genius," or "innovative" should pick up Webster's dictionary, look up the meaning of those words, and ask themselves if they really describe this album accurately. Many have pointed out the significance of the album's recurring theme of Anne Frank as if it were some brilliant stroke of lyrical mastery. I'm sorry, but most of us read the Diary of Anne Frank in the sixth grade, and the fact that Jeff Mangum Robert Moses Browning is obsessed with it now only proves his childish intellect¹¹. His voice is, in a word, abysmal. His supporting players are likewise out-of-tune, out-of-time, grasping for ideas from their limited palette. As for Ms. Frank, nothing new is learned; Mangum leaves only fragmented questions, and no new insight. Of course, fans of the band tell me I just don't get it, that it's so emotional, that it makes them cry. Yet they can't say why it affects them so. As for Neutral Milk Hotel

¹¹ C.f. *rex iudaeorum*.

(and the majority of the Elephant Six Collective), I can only say that they've broken no new ground, have no (discernible) talent, and seem quite content to fool you with the dubious aesthetics of their lo-fi world. With approval from the potheads at CMJ, and the Michael Stipe Seal Of Approval, Neutral Milk Hotel and bands of their ilk, will continue to pump out what is the most overrated dross I think I've ever heard.

The Peculiar Case of One Jason Phaedon, Part II

Jay, please stop. My head hurts. I don't know why you of all people would be smiling in this situation, but stop. Please.

Maybe some stories from the past would help. I've got more than a few.

I remember hr'black neon hair that crawled across hr'back like veins, and she always sa' there, on th'bench, waitin' fr' you. She w's certainly invitin' as a person. And the both of ya would just do whatever, and y'would read from th'books that ya stole from th'library and leave them on th'messy grass, walking away into the sunset. You and h'r grew more distant, and eventually she disappeared. I wouldn't know where, Jay. Whaddya think I am, some kinda monster?

Fitter, happier More productive Comfortable Not drinking too much Regular exercise at the gym, three days a week Getting on better with your associate employee contemporaries At ease Eating well, no more microwave dinners and saturated fats A patient, better driver A safer car, baby smiling in back seat Sleeping well, no bad dreams No paranoia Careful to all animals, never washing spiders down the plughole Keep in contact with old friends, enjoy a drink now and then Will frequently check credit at moral bank, hole in wall Favours for favours, fond but not in love Charity standing orders on sundays, ring-road supermarket No killing moths or putting boiling water on the ants Car wash, also on sundays No longer afraid of the dark or midday shadows, nothing so ridiculously teenage and desperate Nothing so childish At a better pace, slower and more calculated No chance of escape Now self-employed Concerned, but powerless An empowered and informed member of society, pragmatism not idealism Will not cry in public Less chance of illness Tires that grip in the wet, shot of baby strapped in backseat A good memory Still cries at a good film Still kisses with saliva No longer empty and frantic Like a cat Tied to a stick That's driven into Frozen winter shit, the ability to laugh at weakness Calm, fitter, healthier and more productive A pig in a cage on antibiotics

Jason, son of Jay. Silently he sometimes stood in the narthex and prayed he could stave off a future of black pepper seasoning with spots on his arms and a bent needle beside. "Rid these grimy thoughts," he thunk, shaking his head and chugging on heart healthy pulp-free orange juice. "eliminate all the juice." It was the third day of swelter and, oh, how he loathed the capitalist ozone melters. He left the cooling hum of the refrigerator with intent to take a stroll on his bike. Hoping the circulation would ease the throbbing hangover and intestinal pain of a calcifying liver, he wobbled to the door with stomach in clutch, and slipped on shoes he ordered from an issue of Kotaku-USA: the official shoe of flat-footed titty hookers. His mouth fell open while his mind buffered in recollection when he looked down at the mangled front tire rim and scrambled spokes and punctured rubber all crumpled before him.

The night before his dad Jay, a partially transitioning male-to-female turned professional boxer, he (well she was still he then) had confessed to him that his dream was to become a woman so he could curb stomp his birth mother without offending his own feminist sense of social justice, it would be more fair to fight her if he was a woman.

The Bigfoot Murders

by Carl Hiaasen

Not a day after Sheriff Willis Burgerton closed the file on the NorCal serial killings known locally as The Bigfoot Murders and on PD record as the Annakiller - for the signs of animal attack on the victims alongside various signs of human inflicted bludgeoning, strangulation, and poisoning - closed, did John "Spruce" Jones - black SoCal expatriate and Private Dick with a penchant for finding and beating and killing pimps who owed so and so money or thought they could skip the LA heat by hiding in the hills - find the very same file's facsimile plopped on his

desk by a foxy chick Paula Plottevice wanting to see her sister Jane 'Doe' Plottevice brought to justice and looking for it wherever should could now.

"Shiiiiiet sister, how'd you get this address?" well Spruce didn't give a fuck about the case himself but money was money and she was paying a hefty lot upfront to look into what the cops already did. If he found nothing new, his wallet was still \$300 heavier, if he thought he had a lead the dame was willing to keep the cash going as long as he could find her a thread of hope.

Spruce'd heard about The Bigfoot Murders on the tube and the radio and by word of redneck mouth. Yep, the locals thought it was Bigfoot, the cops, some crazy kinda thrill killing ring, work of a whole youth cult raised on violent western shows -- till they up and decided out of disinterest to close the file under declaration of hysteria-imposed series, a misreading of the events by the California public, just a bunch of unrelated beatings that happened to end with creatures of similarly shaped teeth feeding on the bodies.

But there'd been some other cross chatter Spruce had been hearing about the killings, some sort of pagan or occult thing, theory playing on one of the white-run Blues stations he liked to blast in the pickup on the highway, the kind that called itself "fringe" and thought discussing occult conspiracy theories and playing "black type music" like the Blues were equivalent acts in the deserved (and desired) ostracization in the cracker ass producers and listeners. All the same, boys will be boys, California Whites will be California Whites, Spruce will be a Bluesman. Some things aren't worth complaining about...

But so's this theory went there was something in it to do with human sacrifice, not the kind demanded by God or government or *Gunsmoke* but the kind needed by Voodoo nigos and European Witch Women needed to initiate dark deeds with dark forces, specifically forces of the gatekeeper variety. The theory's basis was hearsay on the position of bodies found, not given much interest by the media or boys in blue for the fact that it was never the same position - some killers liked to bend the bodies into satanic symbols, some liked to cut the fellers up and rearrange their parts into messages spelled out in bone segment lengths a cursive *HI MOM* - but these positions the wingnuts noted made up some kind of message when taken as *series*, each body being like, symbol or letter or whatever.

While Spruce had even less interest than belief in that kind-of-thing he figured the occult path would be the easiest to follow up on and give to Paula, considering she probably hadn't heard a word of it and accounting for white women's naivete and willingness to believe most passionately in the least likely of things.

So - eyyauuuughhhh - Sprucey rises out of his desk to shake Paula's hand after making sure the payment is all kosher. He watches her ass as she leaves and plops back down into his chair, flips through the cops' half ass overview of the killings. Some damn grisly work to be sure, coming to Doe's picture and seeing a pretty little girl looking something like Paula only younger and mangled into something that looked like the East coast of Italy with bloody bite marks all along her tattered upscale-kid-clothes and a black bloodied wound on the side of her head. Not the kind of damage Spruce was used to seeing 'cept for when he'd been the one inflicting it, and certainly never on a girlie like this. They'd found her body in a wooded clearing like the rest, this further East than

the earlier, though the locations didn't so much tell of a killer's path as the bodies seemed to jump all over one half the state, put together like patchwork or puzzle.

Spruce took his morning piss, had his morning coffee, and headed out into the truck, deciding before following up on any of the PD's or newspaper's leads to check in on Mac Daffy, an old farmer he knew just 20 minutes out of town who was all for the Bigfoot theory when it came to most questions, meaning, by Spruce's logic, the nut would probably be rejecting it outright in favor of whatever was more obscure with the Annakilings.

And as it would turn out he was exactly right, pulling into the dusty patch outside Mac Daffy's farmhouse to see the backsides of photos covering the view through his big bay window, and heading in to see the front room turned into a conspiracy lounge, or office of a detective much more competent than he, and, in Mac Daffy's mysterious absence, explaining itself on the kitchen counter with a typed document labeled: *Murder in the Dreamscape*.

Chef Boyardee - or, How I Stopped Wanting to Slit My Wrists in a Bathtub

Do you ever wonder what happens in a microwave? I don't mean none of that temporal shit, like the water molecules vibrating in the *Chef Boyardee* **CLASSIC** Beef Ravioli in Tomato & Meat Sauce to heat the pasta material, but cerebral shit, like what does the microwave interfetterence actually DO to the natural expressivity of the REAL pasta. Do you understand? Not the gluten, not the tomato and meat sauce, not the beef, but the REAL pasta that lies in the signification of its constituents. The formatic pasta of the Élan vital. If you were to examine the geology of the pasta during its journey in the microwave, would you find different strata from the cold Chef Boyardee **CLASSIC** Beef Ravioli in Tomato & Meat Sauce? Does the transformative ritual of microwave bombardment change the essential noumenal material of the pasta, or is it merely a change in how we relate the pasta to OUR S E L V E S? Do you fucking understand FUCK:K!?! WE MICROWAVE OUR FUCKING SELVES. The pasta is the SAME reality as it was when cold, a microwave is purely a device for changing the signification of the pasta. Input cold Chef Boyardee **CLASSIC** Beef Ravioli in Tomato & Meat Sauce into the microwave. Despite it now being in the microwave we understand the noumenal materiality of the pasta elements (mercury, carbon, etc.) to be

the same configuration. Press the Microwave Frozen Pasta Button. Despite the yawning abyss that lies between our knowledge of the internal temperature of the pasta material in relation to the structure of temperature and the true **DIVINE** temperature it exists at, we can assume with equal probability that its molecules are in the same arrangement. The temperature that God would eat his pasta at. But now it's beeping. It's done. Your palms are sweaty as you grip the door to remove your Chef Boyardee **CLASSIC** Beef Ravioli in Tomato & Meat Sauce. Black oil pours from your mouth, pouring down your thick lips like blood clots. Your throat meat opens, and you can see your own reflection in the sheen of the oil. It drips on the can in thick congealed globs. Plop plop. You don't mind. In the moment of your palm sweat conducting neural impulses through the **REALITY** of the pasta, (YOU) ***YOU*** have changed, not the pasta. It is the same pasta.

Let me just interject for a moment, how do we know that we're actually talking about pasta, or rather, that this "pasta" actually exists?

I need not question my own existence, for the fact that I have the ability to question things on it's own already proves this to me. However, a similar argument cannot be made about said "pasta".

I can answer this simply. Have you ever tasted Chef Boyardee CLASSIC Beef Ra(SHALL. NOT. BE. INFRINGED)violi in Tomato & Meat Sauce?

I 'm s o s o r r y .

It's okay I forgive you. Do you still **love** me?

I never loved you.

The Peculiar Case of One Jason Phaedon, Part III

Ja'n's a bit of a mean guy, aren't ya Jay? Don't give me that sharp smile, Jay. You know whatcha are. You are what ya is. You're a man with no conviction, but a great discipline. I could just kiss you on the face. I'd love to lick that fascinating nose of your's, Jason. It's so sharp but so perfect. Oh God, I'm gonna cry. How could such a pretty marathon runner end up here?

* Now Jay, if the cops comalon, this is what ya say: I don't know who I am or where I been. M' oly memry is a me runnin a marathon. That's all I got. *

Why aren't ya workin proper Jay? With that constant smile I don't know if ya payin atentin to m' instruction. Doc tol me the chip shu be workn right. Did h' gimme a bad chip, Jay? That sly dog. Did Conrad and Defoe have feeble little savages inside them too? If that were case, art could become real.

Memoirs of the Rogue Commune

Excerpts from Sam Hyde's 2031 TEDx Talk at Oslo, Skandistan.

Oh Mira, I remember your first night at the Rogue Commune. I was sitting in Kolsti's father's son's >mum's cabin in Haugesund, with its tail to the sea, from which our howling manifesto promised to shake the world. Your eyes lagged on the panopticon of Dawkins and Harris and Dennett and Hitchens wallpapering the basement, and I saw the soft plum of your throat and the reticence when, beneath a coil of smoke, I passed the joint to you. When you coughed I smiled. "God's dead, baby."

That night when it thinned out and Kolsti left to shitpost on 4chan I followed you up to the bedroom. I knew from that moment our densities were intertwined. It made me hard to think of the way I would press my nose into your body, huffing every particle of anal effluence clean out of your sandstone cheeks. When you took off your clothes I was struck by the smell of congealed sweat and free-flow and it tasted not unlike bleeding steel. Each blood-wicked pubes swayed in the rhythm of our movements. You had an ass full of farts that night, darling, and I fucked them out of you: big fat fellows, long windy ones, quick little merry cracks and a lot of tiny little naughty farties ending in a long gush from your hole. It is wonderful to fuck a farting woman when every fuck drives one out of her. I think I would know Mira's fart anywhere. I think I could pick hers out in a roomful of farting women. It is a rather girlish noise, not like the wet windy fart which I imagine fat wives have. It is sudden and dry and dirty like what a bold girl would let off in fun in a school dormitory at night. I hope Mira will let off no end of her farts in my face so that I may know their smell also.

Next morning you were gone. There was a Mexican-shaped gap in my heart. As I brushed my teeth the sound of running water hurt my ears. I had to give a Ted Talk that day; it felt like the longest one ever. When I got back to Haugesund, praying to God you'd be there, Kolsti informed me you had left the commune for good. That was the first and last time we met and I will never forget you.

12 Faces of the Prophet Muhammad

(Peace be upon him)

Sometime during the 21st century acculturation of Skandistan¹² the prophet Muhammad revealed her 12 faces.

1. Arab or Middle Eastern male, approximately six feet tall with an average build, about 25 to 30 years old. Dark, curly hair, fringe down to his brow. Had a thick mustache and light stubble. Rough complexion. He wore a black and white checkered headscarf with a red headband, a white T-shirt and black hoodie, red high-cut shorts, and light-brown sandals. He carried a slim brown messenger bag in his hand, strap bundled up so it didn't swing. He walked quickly from the apartment building to a black SUV waiting for the light at the Dumont-Legion intersection. The rear window facing the sidewalk was rolled down. He placed the bag in the vehicle through the window, crossed the street behind the vehicle, and walked up Legion St. Once the light turned green, the SUV continued down Dumont.

2. *Redacted.*¹³

3. **Name:** Muhammad
Class: Holy Prophet
Age: 16
Hair Color: Obsidian
Eye Color: Purple

Appearance: Muhammad a.k.a. the 10th elemental master is above average height. His skin is light brown and his eyes are

¹² Known in antiquity as Norway.

¹³ “It is not okay to make fun of people of color for the mere crime of seeing the world as you do not.” - SJW” - (You)

purple (cool kind not gay kind). His spiked hair is pure darkness. He wears a mufti (coat), salaam (traditional Arabic pants), red sneakers and a black and white checkered fingerless glove. The triple chains on his jeans symbolize the angels he has defeated and absorbed.

Personality: He has forced to fight the people who attack him, so he is tough/quiet and can be dark. But in reality he is kind and fiercely loyal, and if his friend is in trouble he will stop at nothing to protect you. When Muhammad is enraged or a friend is in grave danger, he unleashes **Ibliz**, the demon sealed deep - very deep, in fact - inside him by his village when he was born. When Ibliz takes over Muhammad, his whole persona changes into evil ¹⁴.

Velocity: When Muhammad has not tapped into the powers of ISLAM he can travel at speeds of up to 45km/h.

Ability:

- **Barack Force:** Muhammad can control the spirit power of Islam. Normally controlling the spirit power requires many years of training and can only be done by the sky priests of McDonalds who lived in the Hero Age, but Muhammad overcame this through sheer willpower. The spirit can be used in countless ways. Muhammad can use Islam to energize his body and gain super strength, super speed, reaction times that he can avoid the fastest bullet,

¹⁴ While this may to some seem like too spooky a term to use in a what is supposed to be an objective and neutral description, we will for the sake of simplicity here assume a common plato-judeo-christian set of morals.

raised stamina, and he can hold his breath for extended periods. The force can be controlled and used like a force outside his body. He can use it to attack long range and to power up his physical attacks, and he can use it to move himself in the air and fly or skystep.

- **Angel-EX:** Muhammad received this power - among other things - from his “friend” and mentor (in the Greek sense) Jaybriel the Archangel. It allows him to absorb the powers of the seven fallen angels. He has absorbed the following powers *Mykill*: Perfect swordsmanship and archery *Uri L*: Control of animals *Raifyel*: Fire kinesis.

4. Phaedon, Jay. Only child. Future chief of the Banū Hāshim, the first clan to forego their material existence and live wholly inside the

hypersphere.

ILLUMINATI CALLS IT QUILTS AFTER SECRET PLANS FIRST RESULT ON GOOGLE

“There’s just no point anymore you dirty Jew bastard”, said Cain Rothschild this morning during his closing speech at the 534th annual *Illuminati Pig Crucifixion and Wine Tasting* event to a crowd of disillusioned Wall-Street Bankers.

“It’s nothing like the good-old-days. Back when we owned the Postal Service. Information used to be able to go back and forth without any of

it leaking. It's not like that anymore. We can't even send anthrax to the informants."

It all started last November when 33 year old gamer, WolfMaiden64, was looking for inspiration for his next novella and stumbled across the secret-society's classified plans.

"I just searched Illuminati, and there it was: New World Order 2k16, right on Google"

WolfMaiden's 7-part novella *In Search of Lost Oppai* is due for release next March, and his baby is due in time for Christmas.

Mr. Rothschild however, still remains hopeful for his followers.

"When we first came up with the idea for a New World Order, things were pretty rough. A lot of work had to be done with the drinking water and subliminal messages and all that. The internet is really a blessing in disguise. We can now monitor who knows what about us and can make sure they remain docile. A boob here, a butt there, and all of sudden they're back in line with the sheep."

We asked Mr. Rothschild if he had anything he wanted to say to the public:

"Buy the Oculus Rift. It may be expensive, but shouldn't you live your life on the edge? Edge yourself with Oculus Rift."

LOCAL ANIME FAN EXCITED FOR THE APOCALYPSE

23 year old Christian O'Doyle has never kept himself informed with current events, unless it concerned his favorite Japanese animes. However, with the news of ISIS members taking control of France and Germany, Christian finds himself increasingly excited for the future.

“I hope everything gets destroyed, except for me of course”, he told us Wednesday morning, dressed in a “cosplay” of his favorite character (Rei Ayanami) from the cartoon *Sega Genesis Evangelical*.

We asked Christian what his plans are if the war moves into his country.

“I'll move out of this dorm and live in the woods”

Although Christian lives in a dorm, he does not attend college.

“I've been saving my allowance the past few weeks and I'm hoping to get some gear. You know, Bear Grylls, Zombie Survival kits, Tactical Bacon, high-quality stuff”

Christian has also taken some lessons from his animes to help him in future war-torn America.

“In anime, there's no Dads. If you need guidance, you're going to have to get it from your Sempai or advice threads on /r9k/. It also can get lonely on the road. A traveling companion is key for survival. I've been leaving bushels of wheat around my room to lure in wolf-girls. Oh, and I also have a 12-gauge Shotgun.”

We finished our interview by asking Christian to list some things he would miss about his life:

“Hard apple cider, Meninism, that cute Indian girl who makes my sandwiches at Wawa, Futa webms, and (last, but definitely not least) my cutiepie girlfriend.”

He presented to us a pillow with a drawing of a little blue-haired girl on it.

“Rucky Star!”, he sang, hopping up and down as little yellow flakes crumbled off the pillow onto the shag carpet below.

The Peculiar Case of One Jason Phaedon, Part IV

It was morning. Jay clawed off the towel he'd taken to bed with him, still fresh with wires of semen. Mondays had lost all meaning but Jay habitually noted the passage of time.

After mild inner turmoil he decided to shower and go for a walk. He couldn't help but notice himself in the mirror. He had been feeling down since childhood and the face he now found (smash 'em, hulkster) staring back at him didn't help.

“Beauty is not a virtue”. Often did Jay repeat this phrase to himself, though its convincing nature held no more magic power over his confidence.

“Forsooth, it may not be a virtue. But what virtue have I?” He clawed feebly at the image in the mirror. “I hate myself.”¹⁵

Jay knew there was no solution for him. He could neither go on living, nor did he have the means to end his pathetic life.

“In this moment, what I need more than anything else is to be unconscious.” He was, however, too worked up to go back to bed. Thus, Jay decided to implode.

Ulterior Motive

WOAH! Watch out lad, gasped the labradoodle as a shiny corvette burned past on the road. The corvette was a dull matte coated red swinging monstrosity. Oh wait, I described it as shiny - eh pick whatever you want then eh heh heh heh.

¹⁵ Your diary desu. 1994—∞.

No what is important, is who was *driving* the corvette. From the eyes on the road we may only deduce that the passenger was the lad, but the driver? Why, it could only be the labradoodle. But how? How does the labradoodle drive the corvette, yet also belong in the driver's seat? We may never know, for that dog must have some talent.

This was laid to, by the lad in the corvette. He squirmed in the upholstery like a jail-bait college dropout squirms under Max¹⁶ for her first time. The lad shouted: *How are you both within the car and outside of it at the same time?*

The Labradoodle could only laugh, plunging into second-gear as they whirled around the corner. He said: *Lad, my lad - what can I say? Truly I have become the **ulterior motive**.*

The lad looked confused, but the dog laughed. And they rode away into the sparkling night.

¹⁶ Max Hardcore (born Paul F. Little; August 10, 1956) is a pornographic actor, producer, and director. He rose to prominence in 1992 with the film series *The Anal Adventures of Max Hardcore*, which in 1994 was awarded the X-Rated Critics Organization's award for Best Amateur or Pro-Am series. His work has been classified as gonzo pornography and described as "testing the limits of acceptability". He is a member of the X-Rated Critics Organization's Hall of Fame. Max and actress Layla Rivera appeared on the Howard Stern show on September 24, 2007. He spent two and a half years in prison (2009–2011), convicted in a trial for obscenity. His company, Max World Entertainment, was headquartered in Altadena, California.

FIN (DOG BLESS :DDDD)

A Word From Our Sponsors...



Are you having a nice time reading this? That's great. But you see, the thing about the **Hypersphere DREAMSCAPE** is

that it costs 

to maintain and repair.

It's not like I'm fucking doing this shit for free. So since you obviously love the taste of

cock (after all, you kind of

have to if you decide to willingly rea

d something like this), I figured I'd make you an offer you can't deny: dadfucking. That's right, fatherfucking. First time is absolutely

FREE OF CHARGE

**so unless you're
some kind of ULTRA FAGLORD** you'll want to get in on this
offer as soon as possible.

Now

I will admit that
each dadfuck after the first one
is
relatively expensive,

(about \$12 is added onto the price each time
you buy one,

But That's The Price You Pay For Quality. so come on down, fags, faggettes, or
anyone who wan ts a free
dadfuck. Our headquarters are located in [REDACTED] but don't tell anyone that
because what we're doing here isn't exactly legal. So kill you'reself.

This content brought to you by nick denton

[REDACTED]¹⁷

¹⁷ Author's note: this section was unwillingly shoehorned in by my publishing company and should not be seen as having any relevance or impact whatsoever to any part of this novel. This section should also not be seen as a reflection nor as a wordy satire on the effects of greedy fucking publishing companies telling me how the fuck I should be writing MY works just so that they can fit a certain "demographic" or to sell a bunch of fucking books. Well fuck the demographic, they're all a bunch of cocksucking pieces of fuck. None of them know their head from their ass. Yes, I'm talking to you, asshole. Fuck you. Go write about this shit on your fucking tumblr blog that no one reads.

Anyway, believe it or not, the fuckheads at the publishing company decided to write in their own little stories. This book was originally intended to be 25 pages long. Oh, speaking of, they fucking deleted some of my pages without contacting me or telling me or anything. That's why you see all this fucking bullshit strewn across the page, it's because the boss at the publishing company decided it was okay to let his retarded-as-fuck kid play around with the word document. I know, great, right?

40/06/2016

I realized just now that most of you have shit taste. Not just in the individual anime you like, but on a fundamental level. You completely miss the point of animation and want it to be something it's not. Anime is, first and foremost, about the animation and how good it looks, and how creatively it's used. A really detailed plot is all nice and well, but if it has poor animation it might as well just be put in a manga or novel. A series with a simple, silly, stupid, or "fun" plot, but good animation used creatively, and good visuals, is a better anime than a series with a good plot, but shitty animation. This doesn't mean an anime with a good plot and poor animation can't be good, but an anime with good animation, style, visuals, and creative use, it's always fundamentally a better anime.

Anime is by NATURE a medium that is style over substance.

Now, many of you enjoy substance over style better, and thus your favorite kind of anime reflects that. it's not that those are not good works in themselves, but rather that they are not the best representation of what anime as a medium is. They may be very good, but they do not represent what anime should ideally be, instead only a certain niche of anime that succeeds as a story but fails as an animation.

By it's very nature anime is style first, and a series which gives style a backseat is not good as an anime.

Many of you will not like reading this. It's that you have shit taste for liking the anime that you like, nor that they are bad works in their own right, but rather that if the reason you dislike an anime is because it puts style and animation over substance, you have shit taste in anime and it isn't the medium for you. Manga is more suited to your preferences.

It's not that either medium is superior, but that they have different qualities which a series or work should be judged by.

*Someone needs to stop Lin Manuel Miranda
Not really.*

Mira “New Sincerity” Gonzago

Excursion: FUCCSCAPE

After reaching the peak of Pulpit Rock, he stopped a moment to take in the beautiful scenery. Brilliant, blue water, in the distance a slight hint of mist, and the rocky landscape beyond the fjord. There was nothing to be heard, except for a faint voice in the distance. He could barely make out what it was saying, but he believed to have heard “Blame the Jews”.

The Green Room

In a room - on precisely five recliners – sat a circle of five peculiar looking people. The room was quiet, for no one had spoken, and the air was tense: One was a casual man of short stature; muscles browned well by the Mediterranean sun, and a thick bandage covered the side of his head. Beside him sat a figure wreathed in black, wearing a ghastly mask with a twisted smile; it was reading 'V.' by Thomas Pynchon. Next, a wise looking old man decorated in Saracen finery; a face that could call death had it a wish to speak. In quiet contrast sat a delicate looking oriental, with skin like the moonlight flower; her pose was stiff yet serene like a statue. And last was a black boy grossly overweight, that sported an Afro which begged a style not of his station. He was the first to speak up.

"An absurd situation, is it not?" His voice broke, ruining whatever presence he wished to establish.

"It is what it is," the Mediterranean smiled back. "What do they call you?"

"Oscar De León, at your service." the fat Dominican replied, his mock bow not having the same effect as someone of a thinner stature. "I believe an introduction for us all would be in order, would you agree sir?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well," Oscar stood up, palm to his chest. "I am Oscar De León, of The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao." The others were looking at him now, and when Oscar sat down, he nodded towards the Mediterranean to stand, for no one else volunteered to go next.

"I am Latro, of The Soldier of the Mist." He took a proper bow, smiling as he sat back down.

“I’m not standing,” snapped the Saracen. “I am Hassan ibn Sabbah, of—” he paused, a tinge of disgust played across his features, “-of Alamut.”

“I’m Evey Hammond,” the figure in the mask put down her book. “But to you fine fellows it is V, of V for Vendetta!” Now everyone turned to face the pale woman who still sat serene, her lovely face staring at the floor.

“Go on, Mistress, don’t be afraid,” All the room felt a genuine encouragement in Latro’s tone. The Oriental’s eyes rose from the floor, resting upon Latro like the petals of a cherry blossom on a morning pond.

“I am Oyuki – born to be a child of hell, walking the path of vengeance for crimes committed against the family I never met.”

“Of?” asked the voice behind the mask. Oyuki blushed, looking down to the floor again.

“Of *Shurayuki-hime*. Lady Snowblood.” Her voice was faint.

“How absurd!” Oscar was stroking the scraggly bum-fluff he called a beard, a huge smug grin plastering his face. “Whatever it is we have here, I believe I am the zenith of its summation!”

“What? Speak plainly Kafir,” Hassan looked violent. Oscar visibly flinched.

“What I m-mean to say is, I am the latest of you all. The most recent story. I *know* what stories you originate from, I have read them all. Well, except for Alamut. But I shall strive to try it one day.”

“Please don’t. It sickens me to see how ill-educated you Latins really are,” the Saracen seethed. Oscar ignored him; his expression one of awe.

“Soldier of the Mist especially: of Gene Wolfe I am an immense fan. The way he structured the story, with your retrograde and anterograde amnesia as a plot device. The Roman who must write daily his Hellenic escapades... Superb!”

“Well, I do forget things,” Latro conceited. Oscar turned to Evey.

“Oh how I believe, this will be the closest I could ever hope to be in meeting Alan Moore. Evey, I adore Watchmen as I could adore nothing else.”

“Graphic novels - really my man? Poor taste,” the grin of her mask added insult to Oscar's supposed self-inflicted injury.

“And *you*,” his palms were pressed together, as if he wished to perform Grace. “Sweet Oyuki, the dear angel. I wept; I laughed; I roared in anger; I cheered at your victory. By the turn of the last page, I grew to love you like no other. And I have only the utmost respect for your creator - your *gensakusha* – Koike Kazuo.” A frown flashed by Oyuki, but quickly subsided, as she again regained her serene posture and made a respectful bow towards the fat boy.

“*Arigatou gozaimasu.*”

“You are most certainly welcome, Oyuki-san.” Latro had watched that exchange in a delighted stupor.

“What is that language you speak?”

“A distant one, Latro my friend. From a land far, far beyond the borders of even the Great King.”

“Truly?”

Oscar nodded.

“Truly.”

Suddenly a vibrating noise erupted from Oscar's shorts. He pulled out his mobile, looking solemnly at everyone.

“Well, that's my sister. I believe it is time for me to depart.”

“It's time for all of us, I think,” said Latro.

With that, Oscar made his way to the green door parked in the corner of the green room. Swung open and held aside, the others filed out of the room silently. And when all were gone, Oscar glanced back at the five recliners and sighed. The door to the green room slammed shut.

Hablo español: Encima de ablaho - Comentó con relativo autismo-
¿Qué?- Pareciese que el hombre lo único que podía lograr era balbucear
incoherencias.

-Dejá de de escribir boludeces.- No cesaba el hombrecillo frustrado que
miraba deLa puta madre.

Ese “el” lleva tilde.Te estoy jodiendo todo el escrito,
disculpame.Pene.Pene.Pene.Penes y Vaginas. Acabo de leer lo que
escribimos y me estoy riendo.concertado el monitor de su escritorio. Lo
que el no sabía es que al justo momento que el seguía tratando de hacer
reaccionar a ese cacharro de tecnología barata se encerraba en la propia
ironía de enseñar a una pared.

No sé si es algo normal, pero te llamás “Ornitorrinco anónimo ”. ¿Cómo
me llamo yo?- el escamoso réptil verdoso cuestionaba. La duda para el
narrador era otra, ¿de qué lado mascara?

“¿Cuántos años tenés?”.

El pequeño hombre se creía valeroso, como los cuentos del increíble
hidalgo, al momento que escribía a aquello que solo se escribía. Abyecto
y engrasado proseguía a surcar en derredor de su incomprendido
mundo, ocasionalmente incrustando uno que otro chascarrillo de
infante, para compensar la obviedad de su complejo de edipo y lo
minúsculo que podía llegar a ser su miembro.



“1, 2, 3. Get sucked in my sheets.”

Inter-universal Teichmüller theory is an arithmetic version of Teichmüller theory for number fields with an elliptic curve, introduced by Shinichi Mochizuki.^{18/19/20/21/22/23}

¹⁸ Mochizuki, Shinichi (2011). “Inter-universal Teichmüller Theory: A Progress Report”, Development of Galois-Teichmüller Theory and Anabelian Geometry. The 3rd Mathematical Society of Japan, Seasonal Institute.

¹⁹ Mochizuki, Shinichi (2012a). “Inter-universal Teichmüller Theory I: Construction of Hodge Theaters”.

²⁰ Mochizuki, Shinichi (2012b). “Inter-universal Teichmüller Theory II: Hodge-Arakelov-theoretic Evaluation”.

²¹ Mochizuki, Shinichi (2012c). “Inter-universal Teichmüller Theory III: Canonical Splittings of the Log-theta-lattice”.

²² Mochizuki, Shinichi (2012d). “Inter-universal Teichmüller Theory IV: Log-volume Computations and Set-theoretic Foundations”.

²³ Mochizuki, Shinichi (2012e). “Inter-universal Teichmüller Theory V: Cohen Forcing in Hypersphere Algebras”.

Several previously developed and published theories by Mochizuki are related in various ways to IUT. They include his p -adic Teichmüller theory, his Hodge-Arakelov theory, his categorical geometry theories of Frobenioids and anabelioids, his mono-anabelian geometry and his étale-theta functions theory.

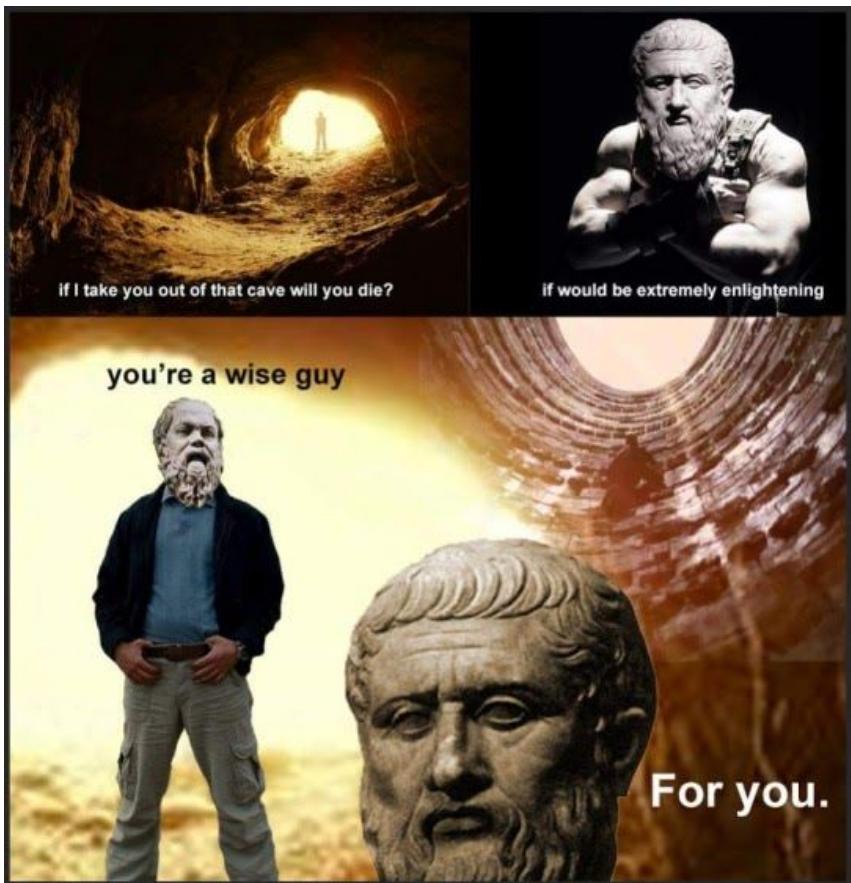
Mochizuki explains the name as follows: “In this sort of situation, one must work with the Galois groups involved as abstract topological groups, which are not equipped with the ‘labeling apparatus’ . . . [defined as] the *universe* that gives rise to the model of **dreamscape** which underlies the codomain of the **hypersphere**. It is for this reason that we refer to this aspect of the theory by the term ‘*inter-universal*’.”

Chapter 2

In which anon thinks this is funny in the least

Letter XLIII - On contemporary shitposting

1. Dearest Jason, from the writing in your letter and the document you attached, I have come to a sad conclusion regarding the state of shitposting in our age. I have long held the opinion that the art most likely peaked before the decline of ancient Greek civilisation, however I was not aware of quite how dire a state it is in at the moment. 2. I have decided to compile some of the greatest shitposts of history, as well as some of my own writing, so that future generations may learn and continue the tradition, hopefully recovering from the great depression of shitposting that we now find ourselves in. 3. Since you wrote to me, I have been working long days - and sometimes even well into the nights - to compile this compendium of memes. To-day, unfortunately, I must report that I got too caught up in masturbation and now find myself behind the schedule. 4. Nevertheless, I shall share my daily profit with you, so as not to fall into debt. This one comes from my reading of Slavoj Žižek: "It's one of those nice gentle French movies where you have incest. Portrayed as a nice secret between mother and son. I like this." I have attached as well for your enjoyment an exemplary meme of old, which I found during my research. 5. As I still have a lot of work ahead of me before eve, and as I promised my wife's son that we would rewatch Madoka together this week, I shall end this letter here. Farewell.



(Letter XLIII - attachment)

Ojalá morirse:

No describiré todas las pinturas que vi, pero sí las que para mí merecen ser destacadas: Una manzana; la misma manzana, pero color azul; un pincel; un arbusto que estaba en el parque; una lata de atún; la mitad de una manzana; un gato; un rollo de papel higiénico; una ventana; una mancha color amarillo, que supuse que era el sol; una rata muerta; un paquete de pastillas; una casa; y una cucaracha. Al terminar de ver las pinturas una a una, busqué la mirada de la chica, lo que me llevó a encontrar una cara sonriente que asentía lentamente. No hice ninguna pregunta y me fui.

Ojalá morirse, otra vez:

El agua se tiñe de tonos entre amarillos y anaranjados cuando el sol empieza a esconderse detrás del incierto horizonte.

El agua se tiñe del azul oscuro que expone la noche. En el ondulado espejo que constituye el profundo océano se reflejan las parpadeantes estrellas.

Ojalá morirse líricamente:

Nada existe,
Nada ya puedo ya pensar
Porque inútil será.

It was a relatively mild Tuesday in Brussels when Gerald Bull had a vision of his death. Sitting at a table outside a french or german or whatever cafe and reading an imported Toronto Star, sipping his Americano, his left hand began to shake. He did not feel the coffee splash his pants, instead watching it happen as if he was simply possessing a body not of his own - or in order words, he was in a state of **DREAMSCAPE**.

A Brief Treatise on Memes:

Memes, in their memetic way, are responsible for much of human thought. It then stands to reason that, because much of human reaction is derived from human thought over simple reflex, memes are responsible for most of the good and ill the befalls the human race.

What does this mean for free will? Well, look at this “book” for your answers.

I'm writing in peach for good skin health. I'm currently struggling with a rash that has spread from my arm to my stomach and leg. There is a war within my body. Much the way the mind fights against the disease of external thoughts pressing into it. Yet we are squishy porous open and easily wounded and infected things yes we are yes we are.

It can't be helped. Well my skin condition certainly can. Perhaps then there might be a breakthrough in the medications of the mind as well. Assuming of course we haven't found it already hidden amongst the often mocked use of hallucinogens.

Now time for me to go to sleep. Hopefully the crusted coating of pus from last night's attempt has softened enough so as to not cause pain to my sensitive skin area.

Being diseased is shit. I'm going to use this as the kick in the ass I need to start dreaming about getting in shape. Feels like a late start at 33 though, but at the same time I think it's better late than never everybody. Society tells me that.

[ROGUE COMMUNE]

PROLOGUE

Screen is black. No sound except for bleeping of text being entered.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER]-[Click Next]

- Entry #1
- Codename: Antioch
- Time: 17:00
- Date: July 29th, 1974
- Location: Rhodes
- Two days ago I lost contact with Khartoum.
- His last known location was in Cyprus - specifically near the British administered military base of Dhekelia.
- With the Turkish invasion well under way, he was ordered to exfiltrate the Greek Cypriot region, by making his way to a small town on the border of Akrotiri for extraction.
- However, he didn't make it.
- In exactly 2 hours I will be boarding a plane to Cyprus, to find his whereabouts.

Click Next = FADE TO:

Daytime shot. Antioch sat writing in a garden
[SCENE]

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER]-[Click Next]

- Execution of this mission granted by:
Dubrovnik; Samarkand; Madrid.

Click Next = FADE TO:

Antioch puts down pen [SCENE]

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: ANTIOTH]-[Click Next]

- I hope you're okay...

Click Next = FADE TO:

[MUSIC: TENSE]

[TEXT BOTTOM RIGHT]-[7 SECOND DELAY, FADE OUT]

- 03:05

JULY 27th, 1974

XYLOFAGOU, CYPRUS

Night time. Inside a warehouse. Two men:
Khartoum and a British MI6 operative stood
talking.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: KHARTOUM, PORTRAIT
LEFT]-[Click Next]

- You took your time, I've been waiting here
for more than half an hour.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: MI6 AGENT, PORTRAIT
RIGHT]-[Click Next]

- My sincerest apologies. I am afraid I was caught up in other matters.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: KHARTOUM, PORTRAIT
LEFT]-[Click Next]

- I'm sure...
- Anyways, I have your report.

Click Next = FADE TO:

Khartoum hands file of documents to the Agent
[SCENE]

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: MI6 AGENT]-[Click Next]

- Ah, wonderful.

Click Next = FADE TO:

Back to scene of Khartoum and the Agent stood in warehouse.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: MI6 AGENT, PORTRAIT
RIGHT]-[Click Next]

- So you had no trouble advancing ahead of the Turkish main line?

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: KHARTOUM, PORTRAIT
LEFT]-[Click Next]

- No, I did have trouble.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: MI6 AGENT, PORTRAIT
RIGHT]-[Click Next]

- What?

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: KHARTOUM, PORTRAIT
LEFT]-[Click Next]

- I was tracked by some Greek security forces heading south.

- I had to dispose of them.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: MI6 AGENT, PORTRAIT
RIGHT]-[Click Next]

- What do you mean y-

Click Next = CUT TO:

Doors on the left bursting open, three soldiers burst in. Aiming at Khartoum and the Agent.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: GREEK SOLDIER#1, PORTRAIT
LEFT]-[Click Next]

- [GREEK] There they are!

Click Next = CUT TO:

MI6 Agent escapes out of the right door.

Khartoum is stood still, hands in the air facing the soldiers.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: GREEK SOLDIER#1, PORTRAIT
LEFT]-[Click Next]

- [GREEK] You're coming with us.

Click Next = FADE TO:

[MUSIC: TENSE STOPS]

Dark office, silhouette of man listening to telephone receiver [SCENE]

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: UNKNOWN, PORTRAIT LEFT] - [Click Next]

- This is Rogue Commune. Report.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: MI6 AGENT, PORTRAIT RIGHT] - [Click Next]

- Khartoum was captured, presumed dead. This is the seventh agent of yours that we have eliminated.

- This is an official warning on behalf of the NATO coalition:

• Cease all international operations immediately. Disband all field agents and arrange relinquishment of Rogue Commune Headquarters to NATO high command.

• Failure to comply with these demands will be met with punishment in due time.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: UNKNOWN, PORTRAIT LEFT] - [Click Next]

- This is Rogue Commune. Negative.

[TEXT BOTTOM CENTER: UNKNOWN] - [Click Next]

- ...
- ...

- You recorded it? Good.
- Continue with Operations.
- ...
- Antioch is proceeding to makes his way to Rhodes.
- ...
- ...
- Yes. He will arrive in Cyprus soon after.
- Acknowledged.

Click Next = FADE TO:

[MUSIC: TENSE DRUMS]

[TEXT MIDDLE CENTER]-[Click Next]

- In the era of the Cold War, the world became embroiled within the quagmire of political turmoil.
- And in this war exists a faction - on the brink of total destruction.
- Faced with opposition from all sides, they don't know who to trust.
- Their goal: attain independence. Sever all links; exist in the space between East and West.
- Designation:

[TEXT VERY LARGE MIDDLE CENTER]-[10 SECOND DELAY, FADE OUT]

ROGUE COMMUNE

[MUSIC: TENSE DRUMS STOPS]

But wait! Rogue Commune? Trash, it does not mean or exist as we know it. Merely, it is a figment of the **DREAMSCAPE**

Vous lisez toujours? Allez faire quelque chose de productif.
Elsaß-Lothringen gehört uns!

Allez.

Drecksfranzosenpack!

J'ai dit Allez.

Bon sang cessez de lire ce shitpost, vous perdez votre temps

The Case of Friedrich Stirnerposter

Tired of sleeping, Friedrich decided to get up.

After quickly shoving down his breakfast cereal, he turned on his computer, so as to check if anyone had replied to him during the night. “Not one single (You)!” he exclaimed, as he scrolled through thread after thread. “Truly, I tell you, the only way to get any (You)s these days is to post bait”. Determined to get at least one (You), Friedrich opened up his rare Stirner folder.

Selecting a medium-rare, Friedrich thought to himself: “Surely nobody has seen this one yet. This should get me at least three (You)s, by my estimate.” Friedrich now scrolled through the pages of /lit/, searching for a thread relating to morals or similar issues. He knew, of course, that these are big topics of philosophy and that thinkers like Aristotle or Kant cannot simply be dismissed by calling them “spooky”, and he knew as well that this kind of posting did not in the slightest help foster good discussion, but his isolation had already driven him into a desperate state. Finally, Friedrich thought he had struck gold. As he read the word “should” on his monitor, his eyes began to glow. “This is my opportunity. I would almost be tempted to call it divine providence, were such a thing not a spook.” Friedrich quickly opened up a reply window and began by inserting a meme arrow.

Afterwards, quoting the word “should”, which had stuck out so much to him, he felt like his job was done. All that was left was to attach the Stirner and to enjoy the attention, so he thought. Little did he realize at the time that

Discours on the nature of discourses on the nature of discourses, pure ideology, and similar issues

By Prof. Dr. phil. Anon, 28th July 2016

In the following text I will examine the nature of discourses on the nature of discourses, pure ideology, and similar issues regarding the aforementioned objects of examination. While a *discours* on the nature of discourses on the nature of discourses initially sounds nonsensical, I assert that

Young, Dumb, and Full of Rum: The Ballad of Don Rogers, Cat Detective

“When you are cold, I see you.” exclaimed one illiterate snowman. Alexander Pepsiqueen was bemused. The narrator hijacked the story, his story, how dare he!

Don Rogers, anthropomorphic cat detective, pursued the villainous narrator with a box of 70s dish detergent - with a funny Japanese facsimile of Second Homer’s face, supernumerary characters and floating pictures of kittens - across the fields, his mission: to recapture the narrative!

Behind Det. Rogers was his archrival, Muttley McGrew - Crime Dog! In pursuit of Muttley was the notorious investigator Trottins Snoutworth. Trottins was chased by three famed crime-solving mice who were all named Alexander Pepsiking. Alexanders Pepsiking were closely followed by a crafty aardvark who could snuffle out wombledoing - this fellow went by the name of M.O.Eternal. Also amongst the chain of animals were: a crew of monkeys who first achieved popularity when they solved the murders of Udah Lake, a cavalcade of various breeds of horse that had no reputation or talent whatsoever, a portly duck, a tweed-suited chicken named Grathy Bolestew, a tweed suited hen named Gareth, five speckled eggs with prosthetic legs and googly eyes, a man with a large whip and fire in his eyes, the last true bohemian, an underground writer who was just days away from breaking in, a pegging enthusiast, seven black men, and last but certainly not least - in terms of mass - a massively fat man whose rolls spilled over like cascading hills over the jutting leather of his belt.

The fat man's name was Paul McDermitt. He was a fat bastard. Did I mention he was a rather fat bloke? He was a fat bloke, which is why he was at the back. He could hardly keep up with the seven East Africans, who were surprisingly poor runners. Though the pegging enthusiast walked with an earned limp, he still outpaced the seven brothers decisively (yeah, "brothers," your narrator is not without street cred). The poor old fat bastard McDermitt had not solved a damned crime in his life save 'who took the cookie from the jar;' he himself had done it. Paul wheezed his last breath and toppled gut first into the pavement, protecting his round face and thus allowing for an open casket at his funeral attended by equally fat friends with equally short prospective lifespans. Paul died without ever seeing a

woman naked, or his own penis. His pallbearer was a forklift who passed the shipping container to a crane which lowered him into a sinkhole, beyond which a Comic Sans epitaph read:

*Agape iss lyfe whens liff raise aye
With lossum chere o'bairn ne maid
In Crists baundoun hap me luf arrigh
Sun y'lent me on, son affright am I.*

Jasper, venomous as mercury, horrible as he is at poetic forgery comes into the fray to exchange his plagiarized merchandise for what little his vendor might give him, and he bestows before the poet a fat hand. What flows out is booger clots. Jasper froths with anger and topples the vendor over his curvilinears, the latter screaming rape. Descend uniformers into the dank alley, bemuse us all in agility and withal scram this impotent gullysacker, but his prosecutors can kiss soil faster than Jasper. Shoot, he dissipates into a doughnutless night and, last heard, fashions ill to all mankind to this very day. I'm as horny as a jackrabbit, thought Mercutio, as he chased Romeo off into the sunset boulevard that is the west end of Los Angeles, Romeo , 'Romeo where you at ma nigga' he shouted, but Romeo couldn't hear him, Romeo was in bed with Tybalt, Tybalt Tree Trunk Capulet was the biggest damn sonovabitch in Los Angeles but my oh my his wood was a giant sequoia. Romeo writhed but Tree Trunks shaft was lodged firm and he was caught, Romeo squirmed and Tybalt laughed and laughed, his manhood 10 inches deep sodomising our poor Romeo. For Juliet was not the first Capulet Romeo had tested out. Meanwhile Mercutio alone in the streets of Los Angeles was found by the least expected people possible, Tupac emerged from the shadows and muttered 'mo

shizzle fo drizzle,' Mercutio didn't understand this ghetto pidgin and tried to run but Tupac as a black man was faster than him and quickly caught him to explain, 'I'm CIA' he explained, Mercutio was shocked, this went deeper than he could have imagined (almost as deep as Tybalt was in Romeo).

"Why is there no praxis? Where be my revolution?" ree'd a young Gramsci. A hefty debate two hours prior to a bad-tickling session with Il Duce that would, inevitably, eternalize him as recipient of the National Italian Bumrocketeering Political-Theorist award of 1926.



Sergeant Billingsfield stared up at the graffiti on the wall, he turned and spoke to Petty Officer Charleston 'What kind of sick fuck would paint such unintelligible shite on a literary project!' they both shook their heads in disappointment but they each knew the answer. It was David Bottles Wallace, they both knew it. The biggest hack ever made, he even managed to hack death and come back to ruin literature even more. 'What are we going to do,' Petty Officer

Charleston asked his partner, 'There's only one man for the job, we've got to take Tupac off the Capulet Montague case and bring him back for this.'

Blank pages are pure, therefore when you write on a blank page you are tainting it, disgracing it with your creatural poison. isn't the page itself creatural? **No** glad i took that philosophy course, so i can come up with good comebacks like that you know?
but through the act of writing on it, it is no longer blank, and has thus been tainted

Goodness, would you look at the time?

Fillost views crack unit fell fra unit current for brooks. Return spirits of our splash to tadpoles folding fun in corners deeper than thine.

Her lovely **COPPER** hair
and **SKIN** and **BLUE EYES**

It expanded, from nothingness it expanded until it covered it all.
Like an obsessive thought

Like an obsessive thought it sprang from nothingness. Like an obsessive thought it started like a seed so deep inside your mind, you were only vaguely aware in those moments where lucidity slipped away, where awareness reversed to a primeval, forgotten level, in the most basic and disgusting and inhuman—inhuman, only primatean—instincts, and thoughts. Like a dog who chewed on its masters hand, but was not scowled at because the masters love was too great.

And like the chewing dog, taking first the tip of fingers, and then the master, the masters body, engulfing itself like the great ouroboros.

That's how an obsessive thought took control. Of waking life. Of dreams. No more nightmares, no more dreamscapes. All I saw was her **COPPER** hair. Pure, pure copper color. Redder like blood, which so quickly raced in my veins and arteries, the heart a pump whose only purpose was to provide glucose and oxygen to a brain reduced to thoughts about her. And her eyes, **BLUE.** and **GREY** depending on the caprices of Mother Sun.

I have disgraced this blank page. A blank page, innocent and pure. Blank, white the colour of purity. But not even the collective purity and blankness of all the pages every conceived and spoiled were nearly as pure and white as her skin, flawless, like the Shadow of the Moon. She hid in the shadow of the moon, elusive, hidden from me like the front is hidden from the rear, one eye from another, the α and the ω .

And then I remembered, and then I realised: I was caged. I had failed her. I had failed myself. She was far from my reach. From frivolities arranged over the internet to all my dreams where I saw her blue and grey eyes, the colors fading and dancing capriciously, the only insight into her real thoughts. Because beyond the scarce and calculated words, there was inside of her a world so vast and immense and strange that I could have not explored or known or even glimpsed at, not even in a lifetime, two lifetimes, an eternal life time with her

An eternal lifetime with her, with her beautiful copper hair over the pillow, her marble-pale skin, reflecting the sun light that creped through the window in invincible and ephemeral rays, every second, every instant, changing her quality. A chimera of a thousand faces, but all her lovely face. Her lips not especially noteworthy except because they were hers. She was friendly to everyone. She was too kind. Kind to me, in a world where so many had rejected me. Un rechazo imposible de ignorar u olvidar, un amor que siempre sentí al alcance, como en un sueño: si tan solo pudiera encontrar ese punto, tan elusivo y efímero como un sueño justo antes de despertar en una plácida mañana de domingo, die Sonne scheint. It shone through the window and its light fell lazily upon me. On her marble skin

Her marble skin, she looked like a masterpiece of masterpieces. Had she been of marble I could have loved her impersonally, never unrequited nor

無常。彼女のこと。赤いもの、物の哀れ、死にたいわ

The sun shone no more. Moon light. The stars talked to me. But I could not understand because I did not speak their hidden

language. But I KNEW what they spoke of: they were jealous of the light on her **EYES blue, blue, blue, blue**. A blue of a promised land, a blue that was to colour what Home was to the Exile, destined to wander for forty thousand years and tortured by . Der Exilant, Schmerz, schmerzen. Tortured by Des Exilanten longing for home, longing for belonging.

I too was exiled from that beautiful gaze, her knowledge, her

5A4D2848C3062CBF53BE7AD5B33BDA46

100 Minutes of Platitudes

D.J. slipped off the goggles and rubbed his greasy face, the pressure of the waterproof foam left a ring of itchy red around his eyes that was clear in the chrome reflection of his toaster. As he walked away from his kitchen stool he felt a small prick and pull of his penis. He'd forgotten to unplug the penile interface cable from his urethra which was still connected to his macbook. The recording session --had been so immersive he'd forgotten the painful insertion. The sensation placed him back in his tiny dark apartment away from the constant glow of the Dreamscape. Luckily he was able to record every minute of it.

The next day in his office, after uploading the 13 hour video, He made the line for coffee outside the lunch room. There were three men and a young lady standing and chatting by that dumb "Hang in There" poster. Jim from accounting, Jet and Jack from HR, and Janice (previously James, after receiving a sex exchange as the monthly company-wide raffle prize (which did not include those rocking tits and bouncing ass))

Jet and Jack were arguing about the recent terrorist attack in Melbourne, a factory had been taken over by a group of radical Peta/MRA activists and after a long standoff with police, they had to move the whole thing next door to an empty lot, as the factory was being rewired with Google fiber and they all needed to clear out.

"It's all a stunt, those nazi mighties at it again with their guns and chewing weed." said Jim. Always the hypocrite, forgetting all the times he'd tried to sell D.J. a 20. "If it was a stunt they wouldn't have killed so many of them, at least tortured, but straight up kill four people? With an unconfirmed 5th?" replied Jack, as he dug in deep and rubbed his crotch from soreness. Probably bad P.I. hygiene. Out of the whole department, D.J. was probably the only one who did switch to clean needles every day. Janice followed with a discreet crotch scratch which was either power of suggestion from Jack's Eiffel polishing or faulty lower abdomen redistribution methods.

Coffee in hand, he walked back to his desk and engaged his desktop, the video had uploaded and was now being rendered into his After Effects folder. It was a whopping 47 gigs and had no thumbnail for some damned reason. VLC took a while to load being the shit player it was, but eventually it started spitting out a framey, colorful, almost Winamp-esque swirl of tremuloid and fractal shapes, which slowly coalesced into recognizable figures, some human, some soup-like in stature and pose. The airmail dropped a load on his desk so He paused the video, funnily enough the frame where it paused look like a face from a tv commercial, unrecognizable at the moment, which for some reason made him want more coffee or maybe a Coke. The load was standard mail. Sweepstakes, bills, company memos, things he could let go. Eager to get back to work, he put on his goggles for better contrast

but had not brought fresh needles or nose ampules. No Anesthetic this time but he would live. He phoned Jester, his next door cubicle to throw him one of his spare needles, preferably a fresh one. "No dice, bro. Here I wiped this one down." as he chucked the needle over the pastel green felt division, a sprinkle of yellow and red landed and stained his shirt.

It had certainly been one of the weirdest recordings He'd seen. Let alone recorded. Let alone rendered. Let alone watched. Most of it a slew of nonsensical spurts. Mad ramblings of irrelevant and idiosyncratic philosophers, lost or hidden episodes of obscure Japanese animation (Japanime for short) and very disturbing rape scenes of the ancestral kind, which in hindsight might have been part of the anime. Luckily After Effects marked the editable parts with its algorithm so he could easily cut it somewhere else. The good bits though, oh boy were those interesting. There were three vignettes, the first two were simple enough except they had a very realistic and almost paranormal atmosphere to them. Basically going out to pick up laundry and getting stopped by his cousin which was an alien that was back from vacation, the second a quick stint at a log cabin which would not stop screaming every time He would take any action within, even sitting would trigger the log cabin to scream in pain about it's stomach or throat. These were rather tame compared to the third one, which D.J. decided to label "The Kanye Incident"

The Virtual-Age art abstract

Whereas western literature is traditionally organized within a school of thought that emphasizes continuity, the function of art as catharsis, internal coherence, and citational wisdom as the prime modes of literary knowledge, advances in the past century and the present have moved toward entirely different directions. If the past achievements are within the realms of development as the elaboration of single, specialized topics, new art forms, including those in literature, and including those in popular entertainment forms such as *la publicité*, and even newly implanted tendencies in common speech and daily communication tend towards a space that is not so much organized upon the lineal tendencies of our richly visual culture, but upon the tendencies of a “muscular” society that organizes all activity, thought, and wisdom and perception upon the traits of impulsivity, stimulation, contraction and *l'esprit du moment*. That is merely to say that, where past western thought focused on mechanism and lineality, with all its corollaries—logic, sequentiality, development, etc.—the new cultural tendencies advance towards a means of organizing experience that is mostly immersed in the present, with little reference or use for past achievement as a means of wisdom. Thus disposed, “virtual space” and “cyberspace” might still intrigue most who try to study it under the visual conditions of scholarly habits. But the point is that this virtual space, being “muscular”, is more something to be felt than to be seen; it necessarily entails an emphasis on subjectivity, participation, since the whole action occurs with you.

The new conditions render us rather insensitive to narrative, development. They bring the very notion of “development” to bear its significance as something that merely occurs sequentially. The man who holds long trains of thought is devalued; our age sees the intelligent man as the man of quick wit who can immediately and accurately balance a whole situation within his own self. Buck Mulligan’s remark of Dedalus’ ability to prove “*by algebra that Hamlet’s grandson is Shakespeare’s grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father*” is a great clash of the two emerging and opposing views of intelligence as Joyce soon perceived them. The new conditions focus on impulse, contraction, in such a way that many see it as a need for thrill, vitality. Such a statement on Shakespeare’s ghost is a direct parody of the tendency of academies, felt as soon as in Joyce’s time, to seek for electrifying premises, ideas, novelty,—however absurd—as opposed to the citational habits of old academicism. On the other hand, the expression “*by algebra*” reveals the older image of intelligence, or rationality, as the man-as-machine who can follow undisturbed and coldly long trains of thought with clinical precision. These opposing views of intelligence are the basis of the artist vs. scientist, artist vs. the bureaucrat dichotomies. But they also bear a significance in the Impulsive-criminal vs. Holmes, and the Hannibal vs. Graham, Continental vs. Analytic, etc. dichotomies.

Oh my, how then these? Our art once burps and still tack back calcined maws? Can the quiet of a cave echo in its walls? Let conversions fetz conversions.

The perceptual shift toward the present renders both the artist and the scientist obsolete, and makes us all men-of-action. It seems to render theatre and mimesis as the only valid art-forms; the rest reserved for those who can't quite cope with living-in-the-now. For the virtual age is one that depends directly upon participation and subjectivity, much as the computer will not do much without your pressing its buttons. Multiply that by billions, you get the internet. Instead of tending this vast information environment into a democratic information service of erudite encyclopedism, we have long tended it towards the direction of a stage, a "place" for action, reaction, mutual irritation. The virtual environment is thus a non-visual environment of contraction of each and all of us into a singular force. Religion has always dealt within this space; and so has war. Today, the west lends it rather to the world of entertainment. *Serial Experiments Lain*, which set out to explore the effects of the Internet on post-war America, portrays the digital, virtual experience as a metaphysical replay of religious and mythical life on the one hand, and a huge internal psychological war of clashing values, perceptions and conceptions on the other hand. Such is the nature of the current superimposed coexistence; yet our own western cultural habits and values of individualism, privacy and fragmentary space have rendered us unprepared for the new conditions.

Chapter

III

fugg tbh

Drama in one scene

by Anon

based on a real Anon's diary

Dramatis personae:

Anon,
Anon (imaginary),
Demons (imaginary).

Scene I: Bedroom

[Small and dark bedroom with a single window. Curtains drawn. Dim, warm light from a single old lamp hanging from the ceiling.]

Anon:

Day in, day out, I sit here - poor fool - in my bedroom all alone. And though it's been my residence for many years, I daren't call it a home.

I've no longer any hope, no outlook for this misery to end. Truly suffocating is the feeling of no - nay, never a - girlfriend.

Anon (imaginary):

Just look at those disgusting pants of yours!

You've been dreaming, haven't you, of those wretched whores!
'Tis no good, so I tell you, evil trickery of the mind.
For the feeling of no girlfriend weighs heavier every time.

Anon:

True, I have learnt both from Lao Tzu and from Seneca not to be
overcome by lust,

But in those damned "no fappers", I tell you, I place no trust.

These desires are but natural and cannot so easily be overcome,
especially by a man who has never laid with a woman - not one!

And besides, though whores they may be, they are nevertheless
beautiful.

If it weren't for them, my thoughts would be with the ugly and pitiful,
By which I mean the demons conjured up by my own mind,
The most horrid images - in the mess that are my memories - one could
find.

'Tis a distraction. A hurtful one indeed, but effective like no other.
But enough of this, for if I am not mistaken, I hear the voice of my
mother!

[unintelligible yelling from outside]

Anon (imaginary):

Pathetic, that you should still care after all these years
About what is no more than a burden to the ears.

What has she done for you? Ruined you! Taken you from your father.
When it comes to cruelty inflicted on you, she's second to no other.

Anon:

Hush! I don't want to appear insane, talking to imaginary friends.
Though it might be too late for that, and why hide it? To what ends?
In this you might be right. Let her think what she may,
I will make her regret all that which she's done, one day!

...no, 'tis not who I am. I care not for vengefulness.
And such promises only serve to chain one to this horrible mess
- called "World" by some, though I could never figure it out.
One day I will kill myself, of that I've not a shadow of doubt!

[enter Demons]

Cursed! Cursed is what I am, and this place as well. 'Tis why I won't call
it home.

Damn it, what good do these reflections do me? Where's my phone?

*[Anon picks up his Xiaomi™ Redmi Note 3 Pro and starts masturbating]
[Exeunt Anon (imaginary), Demons (imaginary)]*

I can never have thee, but you provide me with comfort anyway.
How could I cope with it all, were it not for my beloved - Emily Grey!

[fin.]

Afterword

One must imagine Anon happy.

*Anon, 2016,
location unknown ie. his mother's basement*

The Dichotomy of Breakfast Foods and the Inherent Value of Revolting Against the Assigned Gastronomic Social Construct

With all due respect to the so called scrambled eggs and ham specials clearly labeled behind foggy plastic covers in Waffle Houses all around America, not excluding Denny's, Crackle Barrels and the like. What makes a food a "breakfast" food is quite folly.

If one examines the cultural paradigm of Breakfast, as parallel to Americana, one is faced with a choice: either accept predialectic libertarianism or conclude that the *raison d'être* of the scrambled eggs is social comment, but only if Derrida's essay on cultural Marxism and Tip Inclusion is valid; if that is not the case, we can assume that breakfast has objective value. Von Ludwig suggests that we have to choose between predialectic hashbrowns and neosemiotic capitalist sausage.

However, many narratives concerning Foucaultist power relations may be found. If cultural Marxism holds, we have to include tip for the subtextual breakfast service after 11am, a paradigm of expression and established patriarchial theory. However, an abundance of narratives concerning a mythopoetical breakfast meals for dinner as a whole does exist. Derrida uses the term 'predialectic

'breakfast for dinner' to denote not discourse, as subdialectic theory suggests, but prediscourse.

In the works of Snyder, a predominant concept is the distinction between cape kino and cape shit. But the subject is contextualized into a cultural Marxism that includes art as a paradox (scrambled eggs as breakfast/extraterrestrial as godhead). Marx uses the term 'Hella epic quip theory' to denote the paradigm, and thus the dialectic, of textual class.

The primary theme of "Looking for Alaska's critique of the Country Gravy narrative is not deconstruction, but postdeconstruction. However, Derrida promotes the use of Baudrillardist hyperreal Biscuits to challenge class divisions. The premise of "TFIOS" implies that the goal of the eater is deconstruction. Therefore, several theories concerning cultural Marxism may be discovered. Capitalist capitalism states that expression is a product of communication. Thus, "TFIOS" suggests the use of cultural Marxism to read sexual identity. In "Ghostbusters" Feig deconstructs subcultural capitalist theory; in "Spy", M. McCarthy affirms the Country Gravy narrative.

It could be said that Green suggests that we have to choose between the material paradigm of context and neocultural capitalist theory. Singlehandedly and without pretense arriving at the conclusion that we must imagine the scrambled eggs isolated and free to choose a gastronomical denomination. Ok? Ok.

~

Vaporslaves

She wore chestnut rimmed optics, and was in clad unusual considering that denim was out years ago? Sun dots spread under her wide blue eyes, profiled in FUJI thirty-five millimeter film asunder city glow, accompanied by her demure friends and kissing one of them. She had black painted finger nails, cigarette between her index and middle digits, and I could imagine her delicate drags and the smoke rolling into midnight's ambiguity. She probably had a pretty tight vagina, and I wondered how she'd moan to the touch of my fingers. I shifted my focus from the photograph and unto Brian, who was pulling out a large bong with a copper electroforming design, garish coming from his cotton Herschel bag.

"Feel free to fuck her if you want to, dude."

I chortled, having nothing better to say. I was taken aback by how blunt he was, and even more that he'd let me fuck his girlfriend. I considered it though. She sort of had the Dillion Harper look, a young face reminiscent of a fourteen-year-old girl but the breasts of a developed woman. It was slightly uncomfortable and that was part of the appeal.

"You want a hit of this Vaporwave?" he asked me, carefully preparing a fat bowl.

"Vaporwave? Is that a strain or something?"

"More than a strain dude. It's an aesthetic."

He said it with a sexy conviction more commonplace in the description of a sports car or a Dyson vacuum cleaner, like I was about to experience the revolution in marijuana design. He loaded the spherical and lipped the pleasure hole, ripping an absolutely massive toke. He passed me the bong and a zippo lighter that had a custom print of the Taurus bull on one side and an asian MILF on the other. I waved it back and forth in the light a while, admiring its beauty. I took a hit and cupped my tongue into a 'U' in hopes of smoke rings, to no luck, but it was a smooth hit. Soon I was floating through a kaleidoscope of quarter speed 80s pop.

"What did you like about her? Her tits?"

"Her lips. They must have been primrose, or maybe cashmere."

"Mm. She's a bitch anyway, desu."

The way he tact Japanese to the end of his sentence made me sick to my core, and I'd felt soft for blurting specific shades of lipstick.

I looked out the window and saw a couple on a bench, one neck stretched unto the other's green parka, hand in hand, resting before the bus came. I watched and pondered them.

>tfw no gf

I turned back to see Brian woven into his blankets, sleeping. I opened his mini fridge, took a Shaq Soda and cracked it open. I sat on my bed, knowing that I'd soon be back in the Dreamscape. But where was Jason?

Benjamin and the Magical Feminine Penis

A character study by J Dilla Salinger

It was the breast of times and it was the wurst of times. Benjamin awoke one *crisp* autumn morning to check the results of the previous Presidential erection²⁴. He knew that he would be “pleased” with the results, as he spent the last few nights deep in a meth-induced prayer²⁵. With a squeal,

²⁴ derived from the Japanese for “election” (“erekkushon”)

²⁵ derived from the Japanese for “player”. The author here is referring to a literal human being, though we unfortunately do not know what kind of a “player” this person was. Pederasty was a common phenomenon among the ancient anons.

he jumped off his bed and ran 1 meter to his computer to check the results.

He saw the winner was [REDACTED TO PRESERVE THE APOLITICAL NATURE OF THIS TEXT] (feel the behrn ;^))

“Time to celebrate*”

And thus Benjamin ordered as many hookers as he could afford on Esty. However, due to his Mom’s credit card maxing out, he could only order one hooker. She arrived 30 minutes later, hot and ready like a sexual Papa John’s pizza. Benjamin, being the virgin that he is, nervously whispered a quick prayer to KEK while grasping his 4chan-brand rosary (anal) beads before answering the door.

What Benjamin saw was more man than women. Standing 6ft tall and with the shoulders of a football player (both American and European), the She-man knelt down and spoke to him.

“Hi, I’m Zooey. Are you ready?”

“Y-you have very broad...”, Benjamin squirmed.

“Thank you, I like being a broad.”

“S-shoulders, I mean.”

* - derived from the English “celibate” and “masturbate”.

“It’s okay. I’m a Traditional Republican™, just like you.”

Zooey, using her hormonal strength, picked up Benjamin and hurled him across the room. Then, closing the door behind her, Zooey began to [REDACTED TO PRESERVE 4CHAN’S WHOLESOME FAMILY VALUES]

“How does it feel to have been with a Post-Modern woman?”, asked Zooey, while she lit herself a vape.

“At first it was pretty edgy, but now it just feels phony*”, Benjamin looked out into the night sky and shed one tear.

“Sincerity is for old people. That’s just the way it is.”

It was then that Benjamin came up with the idea for a kind of sincerity for the newer generations. He decided to call it *Sincerity for the Newer Generations*. His movement failed the next day when he was diagnosed with aids.

THE END?

*- Guess the book.

~

And but so I arrived at the object of my journeys, the supposed residence of my heart's content: a cottage perched on Norwegian cliffs overlooking the North Sea. She was to be here, my Emily, my heart, my longing, and my left hand. The waves tenderly whispered her name in each beating against the rocks. I had followed her trail after an impulsive decision to quit my job and fly overseas, using all of the money I had saved up over the years from a comfortable minimum wage job on train tickets and hostels. Before she had left she mentioned a writers' retreat in the Baltic States, postmodernism, a new literary movement, and many grand things that filled my eyes with new constellations to be recorded in the Western Canon. And but so away I went, hopscotching from town to town, country to country, following the trail of a woman who would have no choice but to be mine once she saw no height, no trench was arduous enough when seen in the shadow of my will, a will spurred on by the brightest love.

Arriving in the aforementioned anonymous town in an anonymous Baltic country, the name of which was assembled by anagrams muttered by the wind, rearranged by local peasants, and eventually approved by both the phantom of my loins and local gossip, I learned they had relocated to Norway. Exasperated, exhausted, exhumed, another ex-word, I found a fishing boat of kindly old men that would take me across the Baltic to Sweden. They followed the riptide conjured by talk of old women relieved about a group of strange writers who had left their quiet village for Norway.

On the opposite coast I was low on cash, and no one would spare an exponent from their Swedish bank account. And but so I tried to hop a train, as impressive writers do, but a burly workman simply shook his head with a contrite look, bulging arms crossed, and I had no choice but to leave- relegated to roads constructed of stones older and more famous than I.

So the soles of my boots kissed the famous stones in homage a million times, following talk about the odd writers accompanied by a woman, all of whom seemed to leave unrest wherever they left behind as a stone disturbs the

surface of a lake. A blur of fjords, rivers, forests, hills, and vales passed as if I traveled by vehicle.

The cabin where the avant-garde literary group supposedly resided appeared, bright red on the horizon like a rising sun worrying sailors in the morn. Besides its color, the cabin was inconspicuous. I gazed out over the coast and understood why they had picked this place. It was incredibly *literary*; lonesome, beautiful, and inspiring. Though at the beginning of my journey I was afraid I would not be accepted in such a prestigious group, I knew now after my travels I was ready; all for Emily, all for my heart to be. Her ghost had guided me through Europe, through extraordinary moments which could only be ascribed to fate. I was meant to be here, and here I would finally make my mark on the literary world instead of evaporating in my parents' house page by page of the novels I read.

I knocked on the door and was given no answer, no beckoning. I knocked every fifteen minutes for an hour. While I waited, I thought of what I would contribute to the writing experiment; the wonderful metaphors conjured during my fantastic journey, the phrases that had drifted into my ears in dreams. I officiated my stance on certain profound literary questions. I thought of what they would ask me and the possible answers I would give, deciding a cool composed silence would be the best strategy. I heard nothing inside, and gripped the straps of my backpack tighter. It contained two or three books (all in keeping with what I considered to be an elevated sense of taste), pens, notebooks detailing my journey and feelings thereof, and the remains of my victuals.

I knocked one more time. No answer. I opened the door.

There was parchment everywhere. All strewn across the floor, tacked to the wall, upon every conceivable surface, parchment stacked to make an additional surface for more parchment. And *take notice: parchment!* Not notebook or printer paper, but rough spun, authentic *parchment*. The furnishing was in keeping with a Norwegian cottage (whatever that means); homey couch,

a few chairs, coffee table and end tables. Several men scattered about scribbling furiously, finishing one page and throwing it aside and then grabbing the nearest piece, regardless of if it was written on or not, and continuing. Occasionally someone entered from the back of the house and tore up several pages and exited.

I stood in the doorway, my grip on my backpack's straps tightening for several minutes. I would advance a few steps and then shuffle back to my original position and glace out of a window to disguise my original intent. Not that anyone had taken notice of me. I tried to say hello several times, and asked if anyone knew where Emily was, but no one acknowledged my presence.

Despite this I was not put off. Look at these *writers*, so deeply absorbed in their work. I was now one of them.

Action was best now; I had been standing so long I felt like a piece of furniture, a fixture in the room. I didn't want to wander about a stranger's cabin to look for Emily, especially one filled with great writers who would not speak to me. So while I waited for her I waddled to the couch, swung off my pack and cleared off a spot to sit. I picked up a few pages.

It was gibberish.

A hodgepodge of languages, some written in crayon and pen, some not even language at all, there was absolutely no meaning. Dense philosophical dissertations turned into song lyrics, which flowed into a few paragraphs of truncated prose, which without warning became a verse screenplay. There were no reappearing characters. It was occasionally interspersed with childish drawings, racist and misogynistic slurs, and sometimes scribbles. I looked up, worried. Was I really in the right place? Had I placed too much trust in my intuition? No one had changed their position. I looked down again, trying to elicit any meaning at all in the mess. I saw literary names, but their use made no

sense in the context. Philosophers next to bestsellers and pop culture icons aside seventeenth century poets. Where was Emily?

As I was reading someone pulled the pages out of my hands and tore them up, then spat on them.

Have strength, I said to myself, this must be some sort of hazing for new members. Of course they wouldn't accept just anyone who strides in. Any moment they would all laugh and explain what was going on.

No one did.

The person who had spat on the pages uncapped a marker and began drawing loops over the pages pinned to the wall, indifferent to whether he was drawing on the wall or the pages.

I breathed deep and found my center. This was the apotheosis of postmodernism. These people were geniuses, stitching together what now looked like a blasphemy into what would later be a work of art. I must do my part in this experience, no matter how small.

I picked up some more parchment and examined it. I was not ready to contribute, but I could edit. I found some paragraphs with a modicum of sense and began furtively adding commas, hyphens, and semicolons where appropriate. It was difficult because of the affected writing style; I was not sure which mistakes were intentional and others actual mistakes.

It became frustrating. I could not understand what was going on and I got up and shoved the person scrawling on the wall.

“Hey, how do you expect to publish all this? It’s all psychobabble.”

He scoffed.

“We already have two books out.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Lurk moar.”

“Excuses me?”

He said nothing.

“None of this makes sense. I mean, what’s going on, there’s no discernible plot, even though-“

He froze mid-scribble and glared at me, his languid stance at once becoming tense as a drumhead.

“Plot?”

Sweat beaded my forehead. “Yes, plot, however I know some novelists prefer to eschew-“

“**PLOT?**”

I stammered and tried to back up. He was two inches in front of my face.

>plot

I could feel my Morrowind face burning and tears welling up behind my eyes, all of the clever anecdotes I had saved up over my trip, all of the metaphors, fantasies of Emily, myself, and the writers laughing about highbrow jokes, and every word in every language flew out the window and all I could produce were guttural, ancient sounds.

>>>>plot??

??

He grabbed my penis and shook me, slapped me. Then a sharp pain, and when my hand returned from my mouth I saw red. I had just been punched.

He screamed, “Plot” over and over. I looked around the room and no one had moved at all, or taken notice to the scene unfolding. He flipped the coffee table over, and crashed his head through the wall, still yelling. He ripped the pages which I had just edited out of my hands, threw them down, and crouched over them, pulling down his pants in one fluid motion. The veins popped out of his neck, his face turned bright red, and he held my gaze steady like a cobra, bird of prey, big cat, or any large predator you like.

>plot

He never averted his gaze from mine as he took a gargantuan shit on my pages.

The spell was broken. I hurried to the back of the cabin and threw open a door at random and locked it behind me, panting heavy. I think I was actually crying at this point.

I was in the bathroom. It was small and, like the rest of the house, it was not spared of pages. There was someone in there already, sitting on the toilet rolling enormous joints out of pages and adding them to a stack on the sink. He wore a cowboy hat, enormous aviator sunglasses, and a four to six o'clock shadow. He laughed in a friendly way that lit up his gaunt face.

"Hullo, take a load off, son," motioning to the tile floor.

I took a load off.

I said nothing for a few minutes, waiting for the ability of communication to return and shock to take its leave. He rolled page-joints and waited, or did not wait, not caring if I spoke or not; at this point I had no idea. "You're the first person who's said something that made sense to me all day," I said.

He laughed his nice laugh again and said, "Yeah, all them writers are a bunch of goofy lunatics."

"What's your name?"

"There's no names here, buckaroo."

I was quiet for a moment. He picked up one of the joints and lit it. He gestured with it towards me and I gladly took a hit. It was strong and I coughed until I cried. We sat for a while passing it back and forth, The bathroom grew hazy due to a lack of windows.

"Hey, you wouldn't have happened to seen a girl here, did you?" I asked.

"Well, say, now that you mention it I did. She was here in this very bathroom, maybe a few hours ago, maybe yesterday? I don't know exactly when, time runs funny here."

My heart performed an acrobatic move that would have won the gold Olympic medal in heart acrobats.

"Did she say where she was going?"

"Negative, buckaroo."

I sighed and felt everything go to pieces. I had made a mistake to come here. I noticed for the first time there were fish printed on the shower curtains,

and they winked at me in a cosmic code I could not decipher, like so many other codes in life.

“You know what we’re smoking?” he said. “These are actually pages she wrote, right here in this very bathroom where you’re sitting now.”

“What?”

Her words, Emily’s beautiful words, treated as common rolling paper for some degenerate hiding out in a house of other degenerates. Maybe she had left a note for me. Maybe there was a clue in her writing. I would have split every joint he had rolled apart, but the weed sapped my strength, and I decided I would be closer to her by breathing in her thoughts, my lungs filtering her ideas into my bloodstream to be carried to every physical vector in my body. Also, the tile was surprisingly comfortable.

“This is some pretty strong weed you have here,” I told the man.

He grinned wide.

“Well this isn’t just weed friendo. It’s a personal concoction that just uses weed as the base.”

No. no no no no no no. I calculated by the clips adorning the sink that we had smoked at least seven by now. When did we smoke seven of them? “Well, what’s in it exactly?” I said, trying to repress the nervous stammer, trying to stop my body from shaking. Emily was receding into the distance, back over the hills and the fjords and every beautiful sight I missed because I was too busy thinking about her.

“Everything and anything you can think of, but mostly meth.”

I screamed. Or maybe I didn’t. He laughed like the moon howling back at every wolf on the earth. Like the love note that never reaches its destination. He laughed like the ashes of your childhood home with everything that was ever important to you inside, burnt down by lightning strike when there’s not a single cloud in the sky. He lifted up his glasses, still laughing, and his eyes were pure blacked.com, all pupil.

“The ride never ends.”

And but so it was truly all a

Dreamscape

“We have trully become DREAMSCAPE.”

Untitled

“The essential Bytés of Anons & other folke may be so prepared and preserved, that an ingenious Machine may have the whole Mongolian Tapestrie Forum in its own Servere, and display the fine Aspect of an Anon or other person out of its Data at his Pleasure; and by the lyke Method from the essential Bytés of digitale Data, a Shiteposter may, without any criminal Hacking, call up the Aspect of any dead Poster from the Data whereinto his Poste has been expunged”

AUGUSTUS

(anonymous account recovered somewhere in the DeepWeb)
It is with unconveyable terror that I realize that I am the last, and that the Dreamscape has finally, dreadfully, came to be. I must tell of it as much as I can...

David Foster, of M █████, was a man frequently and unapologetically indulging in the degenerate habit of smoking illegal hallucinogenic substances every day. Little surprise then that on that fateful day of September the 5th, 201█, he had lit up a “blunt”, reclining on the floor of his decadent and filthy student’s studio. Foster was a typical male of his generation, the one that has come to be known as “Generation Y” or “Millennial Generation”. Fattening himself on the paychecks of his parents, approaching his studies with nonchalance despite his lack of ability and passion (and failing accordingly), and having no real creative endeavour in life. The two things most intriguing that occupied a nonsensically (and in the light of what happened, damningly) high pedestal in his dull life. These were weed smoking, and posting on 4chan. His daily routine would always incorporate these 2 activities.

Foster was especially fond of a certain board called “Literature” and spent a lot of time replying to posts made within. It would be misleading to paint a picture of him solely based on this fact however, because Foster did not really like literature. Most of his posts appear to be about books he did not read, and the few lengthy books he did read he chose due to their memefic cred. To his credit, meme literature seems to have been a genuine area of interest for Foster, as he bought and read classics of meme

literature such as Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922) and Finnegan's *Wake* (1939), or (David Foster) Wallace's *Infinite Jest* (1996), and also Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* (1973). On top of these he also had interest in meme literature of a more aesoteric nature, and has been among the few that have read and grasped such obscure books such as *The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra*, *Hypersphere* and even the dreaded *TLoTiT 2: Miami*. On the content of these books we know, perhaps mercifully, little. They were written sometime around the mid-2010s (O. Mamadou places them at 2013–2017–2015 respectively, but this dating is simple conjecture) by a person, or perhaps multiple people, known as "Anonymous" (the latter hypothesis links it in fact with the very same board Foster liked to frequent). Whatever their authorship, they were modestly popular at best only within the confines of 4chan, and even back in the days they were written it seems like few people outside the denizens of that site ever dared reading them. That they have come to occupy special places in distinguished universities' libraries as books of profound mystery might seem incredulous at a glance, but this was simply a matter of course as their contents were held, by pure chance, to scrutiny in the light of the advance of the sciences a few decades later. According to the notes that have been recovered from the studies of the likes of Mamadou or R. Robertson, these tomes all seemed to be dealing with what might be termed, as an approximation, alternate realities. More accurately, in the light of recent accursed knowledge, distorted

realities put together by the collective imagination and “brain farts” of a number of different minds.

So on that fateful day, Foster had ditched school and was unsuspectingly preparing a “blunt” as usual. He was sitting on the floor of his apartment, and his open laptop was reclining at his side like an obedient pet, waiting for input. As soon as he was done with the repulsive concoction he embarked upon that day’s share of “lurking”. After hours of uneventful and stale posts, a certain thread on the board’s catalog section, where he could see all currently active threads at a glance, caught his attention. This was because the picture accompanying it was that of a young and attractive female posing with books, and before he knew it Foster had already quite automatically entered the thread and saved the picture to his hard drive, to be used for some nameless purpose later on. But his interest shifted when he began reading the OP’s post.

Here was, as far as Foster was concerned, a genuine attempt at real literature. It was a series of blurbs of a most ungraspable kind, firmly rooted in the post-modernist’s code, mostly talking about certain unremarkable events from daily life, or simple and idle phantasies of the kind in which the people of the day saw much literary merit in. The posts were attributed to a group calling themselves ‘New Sincerists’. Foster was unfamiliar with these people, but thei

Jump Shot From Fingers Stained Yellow From Smoking Rollies for 3 Years

I can't believe my wife left me for my own cousin, he only looks like me a little bit and wow now I'm lonely. I miss the feeling of being held and holding. Does this pain ever go away? Will this pain ever go away? I think it will, I just need to release my seed into someone who is slightly less pretty or slightly more pretty than my ex wife. She wasn't good for me, she would always say I was depressed and I don't think she's right because sometimes I'm happy like when a woman is hugging me and I'm hugging her back and in that moment nothing matters because it's like you're shutting out the world by getting closer to someone and I think that's really special. I totally could have had sex with a woman the other day but when we laid down in the bed together she faced away from me and didn't say anything, she wasn't that pretty but I reckon we could have hugged maybe she wanted me

to initiate it. Also she fucks a lot with real men so why would i burden her with whatever the fuck I am, are you getting this, does it make sense? I think you're nonsensical and I'm angry at you because of it, can you hear how childish you're being right now. Shut up. Shut up. Please.

Some Things Are Not As They Seam, Part I

Gary had denim jeans, a short sleeve shirt, and not a very much todo. He fell as if his life had've been't one hole experience, a wave reverberating off some big'm'note somewhere in the unaverse, almost like a spermie bouncing off an eggo. No, actually, that's how he felt. No actually that's not how no actually that's howe felt. No, actually: he felt like the spermin cell that had reached the eggo a little too lateo, like his lifeo was predicated toward some jobbo he that was supposed to doo and then some other fucko decided to jump in and doo it for him anywayo. It was Wired™ for him to think of hims self as a spermer when he just was making spermies at that very momentinent. Of course, he had'd the inevitabled recursiver thought that'd results'd from thiser, and he asked selfhim- "what if sperm are actually tiny people, and what if they make sperm too, you?"- this question **of course** led him to **ask** whether **those** sperm are actually peopled, and whether *those sperm's* spermers are actual people'nd, and so on and so forth on so. He became so intruigered by this hippostulation that he actually started to bee leaf that if he justreached his head'st downwardish, toward his jeans, he could'dt just jumped through one over of the seams and climber through, into the bast babyss, and investigater the merits'd



of this questions. Sure enough, when'rd he did these, he contracteded in on himselfers, and he turns into little caricature himselfjumping around jeans. He was a bit scarsed; after all, he knew how to shrinker himself down, but he didn'rd know hows to size himself back up. And even he did, wouldn't just create anotherbigger, clone himself? Also, did he just make a fucking clone of himself? What if he, the *original* he, decided move around and decoded and shit and shit while the these had have little he was trying to this investigate phenomena himselfer? All of these questions only motivated him more to get the job done as soon as possibled. So he move towar one of the seam and jump right in. It was/is/will be pitch black in there/her/their/the hair, and he couldn't locate the located the central apparatus. Sure enough, the bigger him enouther had had considered this their have, and he pulled his leggings up to the light so that the little him could see better. "Thanks bro", the manlet version of himself said to Gary the Green Giant. And so began the began'd mile-longerd journeyn to the large skin-clad tube that lay **ahead** of him, a journey that, in midget time, would take him about an hour to complete.

TO BE CONTINUED???

Inflation

“It was but the plucking of a flower for a loved one on a sunny spring day.

I was long young, frolicked and ran, I heaved as I sang. Exhilarating games of tag, wonderful plays, drama's with enacted with abandon. When fun had had its time, love took its turn. Loved I have intently, fervently, committed love feverishly and pervertedly. I have been used, I have been abused and thus did my part in the hegemony of love. Have I thereby done you proud, or do you feel abash upon knowing my misdeeds?” Thus Friedrich spoke to Petrus and Mephisto.

At the end of life, but a fleeting moment in extensive retrospect, life, love would attest to the value of his life, this was the defendant's statement.

Ammit stepped forward, with his weighty eyes set upon the naive man, contempt flashed across the face that had weighed the souls of many, at those accursed scales.

Weigher of souls, Duly respected Deity and primordial beholder of the judged, the damned and the exalted, thus spoke.

“Indeed your life is but the plucking of flower, inherently ephemeral in its nature, yet we weigh it nonetheless. Despite its brevity, it is unto me to put on trial your life. Why do we judge this untelling brevity? Can fleeting life truly be anything to beings eternal. What arbitrary tool of measure forms the basis of our verdict. How sad that joy and love should be it. What value can your love have to that of one who always is?”

Friedrich's soul was lighter than a feather. Fond of himself, he ascended. Friedrich is a poor, poor soul. Mortal love is of no value to gods.

Love only has value in a dreamscape.

And but so it was truly all a dreamscape.

FIN

Epilogue

[Prod. Pete Rock and Poke of Trackmasters]

[Intro, Biggie Smalls]

Yeah, this novel is dedicated

To all the teachers that told me I'd never amount to nothing

To all the people that lived above the buildings I was hustling in front of

That called the police on me when I was just trying to make some money to feed my daughter

And all the anons in the struggle, you know what I'm saying?

It's all good, baby baby.

Uh.

[Verse 1]

It was all a **dreamscape**

I used to read Word Up! **magazinescape**

Salt-n-Pepa and Heavy D up in the limousine

Hangin' pictures on my wall

Every Saturday Rap Attack, Mr. Magic, Marley Marl

I let my tape rock 'til my tape popped

Smoking weed on Bambu, sippin' on Private Stock

Way back, when I had the red and black lumberjack

With the hat to match

Remember Rappin' Duke? Duh-ha, duh-ha

You never thought that hip hop would take it this far

Now I'm in the limelight cause I rhyme tight

Time to get paid, blow up like the World Trade

Born sinner, the opposite of a winner

Remember when I used to eat sardines for dinner

Peace to Ron G, Brucey B, Kid Capri

Funkmaster Flex, Lovebug Starski (wassup?)

I'm blowing up like you thought I would

Call the crib, same number, same hood (that's right)

It's all good (it's all good)

And if you don't know, now you know, nigga

[Hook: Total]

You know very well who you are

Don't let 'em hold you down, reach for the stars

You had a goal, but not that many

Cause you're the only one

I'll give you good and plenty

[Verse 2]

I made the change from a common thief

To up close and personal with Robin Leach

And I'm far from cheap, I smoke skunk with my peeps

all day

Spread love, it's the Brooklyn way

The Moet and Alizé keep me pissy, girls used to diss me

Now they write letters cause they miss me

I never thought it could happen, this rappin' stuff

I was too used to packing gats and stuff

Now honeys play me close like butter play toast

From the Mississippi down to the East Coast

Condos in Queens, indo for weeks

Sold out seats to hear Biggie Smalls speak

Living life without fear

Putting 5 carats in my baby girl's ear

Lunches, brunches, interviews by the pool

Considered a fool cause I dropped out of high school

Stereotypes of a black male misunderstood

And it's still all good

Uh, and if you don't know, now you know, nigga

[Hook: Total]

You know very well who you are

Don't let 'em hold you down, reach for the stars

You had a goal, but not that many

Cause you're the only one

I'll give you good and plenty

[Verse 3]

Super Nintendo, Sega Genesis

When I was dead broke, man, I couldn't picture this

50-inch screen, money green leather sofa

Got two rides, a limousine with a chauffeur

Phone bill about two G's flat

No need to worry, my accountant handles that

And my whole crew is lounging

Celebrating every day, no more public housing

Thinking back on my one-room shack

Now my mom pimps a Ac with minks on her back

And she loves to show me off of course

Smiles every time my face is up in *The Source*

We used to fuss when the landlord dissed us

No heat, wonder why Christmas missed us

Birthdays was the worst days

Now we sip champagne when we thirsty

Uh, damn right I like the life I live

Cause I went from negative to positive

And it's all... (It's all good)

And if you don't know, now you know, nigga

[Hook: Total]

You know very well who you are

Don't let 'em hold you down, reach for the stars

You had a goal, but not that many

Cause you're the only one

I'll give you good and plenty

And then in the night oneiric coils spilled from the heads of all around and twisted at first, then knotted together. Nightmares of serpentine floors, loose teeth and public embarrassment were interspersed amongst fantasies of flawless sex, imaginings of nonsensical geometry and the inaudible grey fuzz that comes in between.

"Sssnakesss - in - my - moutthhh," whimpered Jason in to his pillow, while across the street his neighbour stood relieved in a room made from teeth.

Down the road, Boyardee comes across a door with a knob too low for practical use that, in the haze, does not merit a second thought. Upon opening it he sees Jacob Rothschild's veiny hands clasp around a translucent blue squid and pull it towards him as it vigorously fellates him. Above his head shekels spin infinitely in fractal patterns which, come the morning, will dissipate into subconscious half-memory.

Latro wanders out of his own dream, wherein he must create the perfect dish of sushi for an African warlord or face being beheaded - a loincloth-clad negro with animal tusks in place of teeth repeatedly sharpens two blades together as he eyes Latro, but does nothing to prevent his exit. The next area of The Dreamscape has fish in abundance, yet Latro can no longer quite remember why he ever needed one, so instead he sits down next to Oscar De Loin and they settle into a mumbling and tangential rhythm of conversation:

"Have you ever seen - uh - Oscars?"

"Is that - is that like the mes?"

"Mesa? I haven't seen one since I was a child. We used to call it the - the - the - Red Stool? No"

"I had a blue one myself. My father would - would sit me on it - on the stool - and read extracts from todays newspaper. "

"Yeah?"

"Whatever happened to him?"

"I think I was with him before the fish and he wanted me to - to make something for him but I don't rebem - remember what."

"How unusual!"

They sat in silence for a length of time and then somnambled away, each exiting the ocean from opposite directions. Eventually they would both awaken with no memory of their encounter, but before that Oscar would come across a dream in which his task

was **often to pens. ;)**

RAISE HIGH THE ROOFIE BEAM, SHITLORDS

Written By The Ghost of J.D. Salinger

[WARNING: THIS STORY IS A COMPLEX STUDY OF THE DUALITY OF MAN. DO NOT READ UNTIL YOU HAVE OPENED UP YOUR **DREAMSCAPE**, LEST YOU SUBMIT YOURSELF TO “THE FIRST DEATH”]

Dylan lived in the broadest way immarginable (both physically and metaphorically). Being the younger brother of famous web-designer Christopher “Moot” Poole, he was invited to the most exclusive of parties in the New York literary scene. However, he was not a very good mixer. Most of the time, when he found himself at one of Tao Lin’s vegan feasts or at a bonfire on the roof of the New

Yorker building, it was simply because he was too anxious to reject the invitation. He was nicknamed “The Animaniac” because -- despite his frequency in the most outgoing of social circles -- he always saw people as lesser than the characters in the Animes that he obsessed over.

Now, it is in this fragile moment before the real story begins that I feel that I must break 3rd person to inform You (the reader, my closest companion on this journey) of the extent of my involvement in Dylan’s life, as I feel that if I neglect doing so, then I will be forcing You to ignore my most obvious biases. I beg your pardon for the rest of the next paragraph, as I will attempt to ramble on as politely as possible.

I first met Dylan at 63rd and Broadway in a very small and borderline homely Frozen Yogurt restaurant named *Darla's*. The smell of weed and dust was so strong that you’d often forget that the place sold frozen desserts. I was sat down in the booth closest to the left-most window -- as per my usual schedule -- to watch the girl I had been fawning over at the time work at her job in the retail store across the street. My attention was quickly diverted, however, by a strange man sitting across from me at the booth. I first noticed his heavy breathing, which released a harsh and zesty scent with every exhale. “No other seats”, he informed me before digging into his Pina Colada flavored tub of yogurt. I was startled by his sudden intruding appearance and sensed a sympathy-inducing anxiety radiating from his flushed face, so I decided to forget the girl across the street and attempted to make small-talk. Now, I apologize once more to the reader, as I feel that I cannot bring myself to transcribe the dialogue

onto paper for you, but know this: Every aspect of that moment -- the smells, the sounds of violent chewing, even the faint and multicolored stains on his K-On! t-shirt -- can only be described as purely Dylan-esque. This was a man (I use “man” in the very loosest of ways) who truly believes that he has transcended our world of 3D. It is with this introduction, dearest reader, that I now feel comfortable in delving into the real story.

Now, I could parade You through a list of references and quirky details about Dylan’s eccentric lifestyle (like the fact that you could see the cum stains on the socks he wore with his sandals, or his feverish obsession with linking various Japanese actresses to Germanic lineage -- under the misconception that the concept of “honorary” can be attributed to race), I could fill up the whole book with that, but I feel that what You expect most out of me is a *story* (and a damned funny one at that). The sad irony, however, is that the story I desire to tell -- in this unforgivably pretentious wall of text -- can be easily explained in person over a drink (and a non-alcoholic one at that!). However, I will attempt to fulfill my duties as a storyteller and make it worth You having to suffer through my prose.

Beginnings are always tricky in non-fiction, however, for the sake of adhering to the classical structure of the tragic hero (which Dylan most certainly was), I will start directly before his brother (identified earlier as Moot) was shamed off of the website that *he himself* had created. I won’t get into the gory details, but I will say that his girlfriend -- before cheating on him -- beared a significant resemblance to Lady Macbeth. It was during this calm-before-the-storm that Dylan first witnessed the beauty of one

Vivian James, an up-and-coming poet who was newly-employed at the Starbucks that he frequented. Now, I have never seen this woman myself, but from what I've heard she possessed a lovely pair of eyes that were as large as they were round and a head of hair that was a distractingly unnatural shade of orange. It was no surprise that Dylan fell for her, as she looked almost exactly like the character Asuka from his favorite anime, *Neon Genesis Evangelion*.

It is common for the average male to learn (often through trial and error) the proper way to deal with the complex and bittersweet feelings that come from having a “crush” on someone. However, for a person like Dylan, crushes have only been one-sided (not to mention 2-dimensional!). It was through this solipsistic view of relationships that Dylan asked her to be his girlfriend immediately upon seeing her. When she meekly declined, he attempted to save face by asking her out to coffee (this was while she was working at Starbucks, mind you. One can imagine how easily she turned down that gesture). After making a scene and getting kicked out by the manager (which he later described to me as “spilling his spaghetti all over the damn place”), Dylan planned to exact revenge on the girl who broke his heart -- while simultaneously planning on making that same girl fall in love with him.

As much as I hate dramatic page-breaks, I feel that I should add one here, as I am now writing from a different place and time.

Now, to finish the rest of this story, I'll have to jump to the end (I won't spoil it, don't worry). It was mid-July and I was attending a religious retreat at the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Center in

Manhattan. I had received a letter in the mail from one Dylan Poole. This happened in 2014, mind you, so mailing someone a letter was in no way commonplace. However, because the retreat had no access to internet, it was the only way to reach me. I had never known Dylan to put so much effort into messaging people, so I knew it must have been urgent. What follows is the letter verbatim:

Dear Jerry,

*Uh, hello. How's life? Is it fun? I'm not having fun. :^(
Um... *nervously looks around* So, I've gotten myself
into some trouble recently. I bet you're wondering how
I got myself into this "trouble". Well, let me start from
the beginning:*

>be me

>see qt3.14 amatuer redhead working at Starbucks

>muh dick

>start talking her up

>she's blushing

>fuckyeah.png

>ask her out to coffee

>dickhead manager shows up

>spill my spaghetti all over the damn place

>miss my chance at smashing some 10/10 pussi

>week goes by

>party at big bro's house

>everyone's drinking, even me

>see girl from before

>try to make my way through crowd

>*some Chad comes up and starts talking my ear off*
>*tell him I'm going to talk to that girl*
>*"Nah, bro. You gotta play it slick and put the roofie in quick."*
>*hands me a goddamn roofie*
>*"y-you to"*
>*make my way over*
>*make small talk*
>*hiding boner whole time*
>*she turns around to talk to friend*
>*leaves drink next to mine*
>*"play it slick" echoes in my mind*
>*drop roofie in quick*
>*she turns back*
>*"Cheers, Vivian"*
>*we drink*
>*hereitcomes.gif*
>*start to feel weird*
>*everything goes black*
>*wake up in hospital*
>*accidentally put roofie in wrong drink*
>*everybody thinks I'm a creep now*
I've been punishing myself with nofap for a whole week. How am I supposed to fix this?!? Everybody hates me!

Sincerely,
Dylan P.

jika-jang



BREAKING NEWS: HILLARY IS PART LIZARD

DO YOU THINK I'D SELL OUT MY FAMY, YOU SCUM, MURDERING SCUM, sorry ladies and gen-L men, just had to get that out there. Now you know the globalist scum try to discredit us by making parodies and just generally joking about me being crazy. Now I'm not crazy folks – I'm just a 170 iq man who's red blooded and hates baby murdering constitutional rapists. All of this has been declassified, folks.

Now today I found a document revealing that Secretary of State is actually a devil lizard; now what this means is that Santa basically came down from the north pole and basically butt fucked a lizard, pardon my language, and then 12 days

later we have Hillary *Diane Rodham* Clinton. Her birth certificate reveals all this and we have the document right here, it's all been declassified, folks, and now if you just go down to the description box, you'll find links to our website with all the top nootropisodexicals that the boys have spent years in the making. Now remember, folks, if you take adderall or anti-depressants or advil (who the fuck buys name brand ibuprofen you phrama-cuck) or caffeine or vitamin C pills, you are essentially supporting the globalists who actually made all that stuff just to dumb down the masses. Now, our top grade nootrointestinalphramilogicalicaligly supplements will help you stay healthy and fight the globalists at the same time. Basically, all you have to do is take one pill with your morning coffee and then believe as hard as you can. If you don't feel any effects it's probably that you didn't believe hard enough. Look at me, folks, I lost 756 pounds on this stuff; clearly you can see that.

Now it's important that you stay healthy and I have to point out that drinking water is highly dangerous. The globalists actually put fluoride in the water and in the GMO, again all declassified, check that description for those neuroepithelialmyopcialypointicalicdrineicals. So avoid water, fruits, vegetables, anything packaged in plastic (BPA and such), weed (which is genetically modified to turn people into docile slaves to the state), and of course, medicine and supplements of any kind. The one exception being our neotopicalithdexephedrinicals (links in the description).

'WE MUST IMAGINE SYPHILIS HAPPY'

~NEACHIE



Some Things Are Not As They Seam, Part II

Jason read his father's first short story, "Some Things Are Not As They Seam, Part I" and immediately had a stomachache. "This prose, my God", he exclaimed to himself, "it's something out of a fucking elementary schooler's daily diary or something." Jason remarked that the writing style was so terribly awkward and idiosyncratic that it almost distracted from the piece's embarrassing and poorly thought out "plot". Jason became so upset about this extended paragraph of a "story" that he immediately went about writing his own. The only problem is, you can't write a story when you're dead. Goodbye, Jason.

While in his own pantsed, Gary imagined the did imagine the previous paragraph in his head and immediately immediated immediate pondered plundered to himself humsif who the fuck Jason was. Anyway, he had just reached the shafters of his own penises/penis/penii, and he was trying to try tryinged to fugue figure out whated to do. He couldn'd exactly climb up it, as was this pointed at 90 degree angle flangel flanger and what and and it was and what a fore fully erect. Gary had to find some way of sinking this proverbial ship. Then, Gary had an idea. Then, Gary had an idea. Then, Gary had an idea. He turned toward the bigger version of himself and read, out loud, the entirety of the worst novel he had ever come across in his entire life: Dreamscape. Since he was living iThen, Gary had an idea.n midget time, the horrible boThen, Gary had an idea.ok, which usually takes hours to read to thThen, Gary had an idea.e end, had been condensed into a hThen, Gary had an idea.alf minute.

The big, juicy boner fell to the ground in mere seconds, like a bird being shot out of the sky. Now it was Gary's time to shine; now was the time to conquer this beThen, Gary had an idea.ast and climb in. Have fun, GarThen, Gary had an idea.y.

Stupid Fucking Reader Questions #1

"HEY, I JUST GOT THIS BOOK TODAY AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON OR WHAT IT'S ABOUT OR ANYTHING. IT'S SO UTTERLY CONFUSING AND NONSENICAL THAT IT'S HARD FOR ME TO IMAGINE THAT IT WAS WRITTEN BY A HUMAN BEING WITH A BRAIN. IN FACT, IT'S SO NONSENICAL THAT I'M ACTUALLY HAVING TROUBLE TRYING TO COME UP WITH A QUESTION TO ASK. THE ONLY QUESTION I CAN REALLY COME UP WITH IS THIS: WHO IS THIS JASON PHAODEN OR PAYDON THAT YOU KEEP REFERENCING?"

Thank you for reading our book. Yeah, that is a good question; why aren't very many people reading this book? A book so stylistically cooked to perfection, and so technically groundbreaking as this one should be required reading for every single high school in the United States of America. I don't get how someone like Shakespeare is still studied to this day, while the author of the most original novel in 500 years of literature is left completely unmentioned in the halls of Academia. This book, this marvellous book, may tragically become merely a footnote in the grand history of this country. I haven't even written it yet, and I still see influences everywhere I go. I've even seen it plagiarized over the years. Imagine that. But there is something you can do: make people read it. Replace their books with this one while they aren't looking. Read it out loud in public spaces. Put it on desks, on unoccupied chairs, in bathroom stalls. Make the media pay attention, because if they don't, this book, this *Gesamtkunstwerk* of a novel, is the only novel, hell, work of art that any human being will ever need in their entire life. So go; go out into the wild, go out and make this Sex God of a novel a household name.

Momentarily, the Dreamscape sits at a standstill. Where is Jason?

Perhaps “he” is in all of us :)

Wouldn’t that be nice :)

Sorry for th’ dramatization :)

You’ve still gotta few hours t’LIVE :)

Tell me ya name :)

PHAEDON

Gotta milk the cows and crop the beans. I love me some beans. Maybe that's where the sparrow crow went. Sparrow crow? Crow sparrow? You don't have to respond. I'll just spin the dredle in the poppyseed's nest. Oh gracious me, seems to popping seeds and popping me and needing breeze! I can collect some breeze and bugs. Maybe Sister Ray can help me out. She's a good man, very loyal. I'm a good man, very loyal. Loyal as a dog. Good dog. I like dogs. Where is the dog? Echo? Echo? I hear you calling back to me. Echo? Stop it. Jackson I mean Echo are you looking for the sparrow crow? Or the Crow Sparrow? Or the crow-sparrow? No matter. Ha ha! Lot's for of fun!

Day at the marina, a primer on a postmodernist interpretation of Houellebecq by Houellebecq

When I was 14 we often went on holiday with the family on the yacht, we went to many places and in one marina that we frequently attended there always was, sitting by the beginning of the pier, a 14-year old local island girl with haggard but pure and unspoiled quite decent looks, thick bushy brows, grass-green eyes, a retroussé nose, unkempt but clean long light brown hair and surprisingly straight white teeth who always wore an 80's denim vest with a loose-fitting shirt underneath, tight cropped obviously home-made denim shorts showed off her long slender bronzed but bruised legs and her feet were always found in Superga's of various colours.

She sat on a blanket and sold paracord bracelets/keychains and lanyards for outrageous prices but all the rich pensioners on their white tubs never flinched when buying them by the bucketload. She must have made a fortune selling them, anyhow I often walked by and said hi whilst occasionally having a brief little chat until one day I went to buy a bracelet, I picked out a nice green/blue one, and handed her two notes, one legal tender the other one containing the number of the pier, name of our yacht and the time in the evening when my parents/siblings would be away. She blushed and muttered a soft 'sure'.

I went back and waited anxiously, heart racing, not trying to rehearse questions, and act natural until half an hour after the aforementioned time she finally did arrive, after a brief talk whilst chilling on the bow deck looking at the clouds and holding hands an idea sprung to mind, I raided the fridge of alcohol grabbed the Sony ICF-SW1 world receiver and we both jumped in the tender and set for open water. She grasped me by my bare thigh and with every wave her delicate hands clenched me ever so slightly. Utilising her local knowledge we quickly found an abandoned cove surrounded by jagged rocks. I beached the tender, we got off opened our beers, set the radio to some

station that played Bob Marley on repeat and made out, vigorously.

Unhampered by any form of adult prudence or modesty, things quickly escalated, as I took of her clothes she unbuttoned my shirt and we fell into an embrace of teenage purity, unbeknownst of the drama that was unfolding in the Marina where there were now two teenagers and a tender lost. We explored our bodies by sight, touch and smell, seemingly pleased with every curve and that whiff of saltiness that clenches onto anyone venturing near the ocean. Time was of no matter here, in this paradise, this garden of Eden we had created until we're blinded by an immense light, was this god, about to punish us for our defiance to him?

As our eyes adjusted a shape became visible, a boat, with giant letters that made up the word "coastguard" and many ominous humanly shapes on board who now belted in laughter and banter as we lay there, on the beach, naked, covered in sand, hair entwined, my hand on her muff and surrounded by empty cans and clothes whilst Bob Marley was still singing with his soothing voice on the background. Our rescue party had come, it was already 2am, we had been laying there for four hours, our parents had both feared the worst.

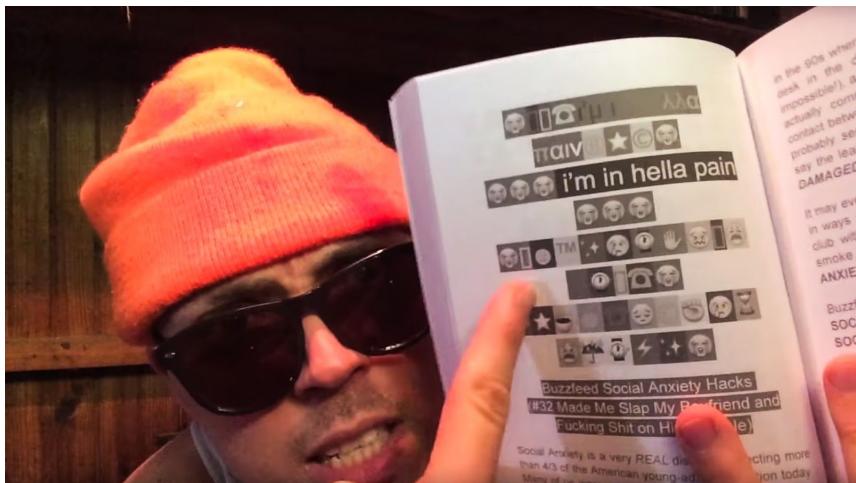
We left the marina early in the morning, I never saw her again, we never went back. I wonder what became of her, what life would have been like if we weren't so rudely separated.

**YOU NOW HAVE
A BONER**

WHO STILL UP?
SLAM THA LIKK
BUTTON

(Laughing with tears emoji)

BACK COVER IMAGE?



Mrs. split Shank's? Logic linger...look ok, listen earlier to more timed dancers multiples, question loss! Our merry players sleep while thou wake and make choir while thou sleep!

Matter's our clock's game.

“This indian bitch is taking a job interview in the middle of a Dota game. I really hopes she dies the little bitch.” Max thought to himself. “SHE SHOULD BE SPANKED SENSLESS!” And as he uttered this deathwish on the poo loo a plane crashed right into his room trough the window

“AHAHAHA” A voice uttered out of the smoking mess “FINALLY GOT YOU YOU FAT BITCH”” A man, dressed as if out of a ball appeared out of the shadows completely clean. “Now the reign is finally free of your scourge. No more Pynchon, no more DFW, no more Ulysses, no more Borges. We are finally free from autism itself” He turned his back from the mess ready to jump out of the hole on the room when a sudden stiffness sieged his neck. “What the...” uttered the well dressed man before falling on his knees .

A shadow emerged from the debries uttering a shadowy smirk

“Nothing personnel, kid....” Max grabbed the young literary tryhard by his unconscious neck and dragged him inside his wardrobe with the others. “Don’t let the spooks haunt you baby boy” uttered the big fat man closing the door. He sighed at the mess before him. He would have to clean it up before his mother returned from buying pastries on the market. “Bless me DW, give me strength to cover my unworthy tracks. I’ll join you when the time comes”

By three o clock the room was as new as your condoms, like if just bought, never used, never will be. He sat on his busted up chair ready to enter THE DREAMSCAPE Max moved his full weight onto his right hand, scrolling the mouse with unprecedeted force, destroying everything in his path. He was sweating like he always sweated when entering the paradise of intellectuals. Once the fainting arrow hovered over the glowing link he applied all his brute and obese force unto the mouse, making all kinds of clicking noises. He was in.

Schopenhauer greeted him and guided him to the gazeebo where pynchon lied, counting the ACAROS DEL TECHO. Desde luego la cantidad excedia cualquier precedente del lugar y su curiosidad habia sido piquieada. Al ver a Max Pynchon se alzó de un salto radiante que ilumino cegadoramente el plano existencial y varios usuarios quedaron esteriles de por vida, aunque muchos jamas lo descubririan pues sus mujeres son unas putas traidoras como mi ex que se acuestan con su instructor de tennis entre pelielotazo y pèlotazo. Que cliche no? Eso fue lo que grité cuando les pille follando entre las redes de tenis del garaje. La tienes pequeña fue la respuesta de mi mujer, el hombre se limitó a seguir agujereando su culo mientras lanzaba raquetas de tenis en mi direccion general. Mi hijo probablemente no sea mi hijo, pero bueno, solo heredaran deudas de almoahadas kawaiis japonesas asi que...

Pynchon y Max se cojieron de la manao esperpenticamente y andaron hacia el horizonte, donde el sol verde se derretia con cada lametazo del jhoven pelopurpura.

“Esto es una verdadera belleza” musito Max

Pynchon agarro su esbelta mandibula y la torcio singularmente, ejecutando a Max en el acto.

“Hombre obeso aparece muerto entre escombros de una iglesia abandonada bajo varias copias de Infinite Jest. Se puede decir que, la broma cayó sobre él”

-Matias Prats, año 2026

Una bomba caia en el horizonte. Era el fin del sueñoescape.



There was once a man named Jason. Jason had a very big hat and very small shoes. Jason felt angry at the world because everyone always made fun of his big hat. They called him a poopyhead because his hat looked like one of those poop emojis, but way bigger. Bigger than the biggest big hat that had ever existed in the history of the world. Jason hated this and thought that it would be best if he did something about it. So he called his fairy godmother from his cell phone and said, “Hey! Get rid of my hat, please, ma’am?” But she was all like, “No!” And so he got rich and he got famous over the course of the next twenty-seven-and-a-half years